
Title: Le Morte dArthur

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THE NOBLE AND IOYOUS BOOK ENTYTLED LE MORTE DARTHURNOTWYTHSTONDYNG
IT TREATETH OF THE BYRTH / LYF / AND ACTES OF THE SAYD KYNG ARTHUR / OF HIS
NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE / THEYR MERUAYLLOUS ENQUESTES AND
ADUENTURES / THACHYEUYNG OF THE SANGREAL / & IN THENDE THE DOLOROUS
DETH & DEPARTYNG OUT OF THYS WORLD OF THEM AL / WHYCHE BOOK WAS
REDUCED IN TO ENGLYSSHE BY

SYR THOMAS MALORY KNYGHT

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[Caxton's Preface]

AFTER that I had accompysshed and fynysshed dyuers hystories as wel of contemplacyon as of other
hystorial and wordly actes of grete conquerours & prynces / And also certeyn bookes of ensaumples and
doctryne / Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royaume of Englonde camen and demaunded me
many and oftymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorie of the saynt greal /
and of the moost renommed crysten kyng / Fyrst and chyef of the thre best crysten and worthy / kyng
Arthur / whyche ought moost to be remembred emonge vs englysshe men tofore al other crysten
kynges / For it is notoyrly knowen thorough the vnyuersal world / that there been ix worthy & the best
that euer were / That is to wete thre paynyms / thre Iewes and thre crysten men / As for the paynyms

they were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryst / whiche were named / the fyrst Hector of Troye / of whome thystorye is comen bothe in balade and in prose / The second Alysaunder the grete / & the thyrd Iulys Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thystories ben wel kno and had / And as for the thre Iewes whyche also were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord of whome the fyrst was Duc Iosue whyche brought the chyl dren of Israhel in to the londe of byheste / The second Dauyd kyng of Iherusalem / & the thyrd Iudas Machabeus of these thre the byble reherceth al theyr noble hystories & actes / And sythe the sayd Incarnacyon haue ben thre noble crysten men stalled and admytted thorough the vnyuersal world in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of whome was fyrst the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpose to wryte in thys present book here folowyng / The second was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thystorye is had in many places bothe in frensshe and englysshe / and the thyrd and last was Godefray of boloyne / of whos actes & lyf I made a book vnto the excellent prynce and kyng of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth / the sayd noble Ientylmen Instantly requyred me temprynge thystorye of the sayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes wyth thystorye of the saynt greal / and of the deth and endyng of the sayd Arthur / Affermyng that I ou3t rather tenprynge his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of boloyne / or

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only the other eyght / consydering that he was a man borne wythin this royaume and kyng and Emperour of the same / And that there ben in frensshe dyuers and many noble volumes of his actes / and also of his knyghtes / To whome I answerd / that dyuers men holde oppynyon / that there was no suche Arthur / and that alle suche bookes as been maad of hym / ben fayned and fables / by cause that somme cronycles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noo thyng ne of his knyghtes / wherto they answerd / and one if specyally sayd / that in hym that shold say or thynke / that there was neuer suche a kyng callyd Arthur / myght wel be aretted grete folye and blyndenesse / For he sayd that there were many euydences of the contrarye / Fyrst ye may see his sepulture in the monasterye of Glastyngburye / And also in polycronycon in the v book the syxte chappytre / and in the seuenth book the xxij chappytre / where his body was buried and after founden and translated in to the sayd monasterye / ye shal se also in thystorye of bochas in his book de casu principum / parte of his noble actes / and also of his falle / Also galfrydus in his brutyshe book recounteth his lyf / and in dyuers places of Englonde / many remembraunces ben yet of hym and shall remayne perpetuelly / and also of his knyghtes / Fyrst in the abbey of westmestre at saynt Edwardes shryne remayneth the prynte of his seal in reed Waxe closed in beryll / In which is wryton Patricius Arthurus / Britannie / Gallie / Germanie / dacie / Imperator / Item in the castel of douer ye may see Gauwayns skulle / & Cradoks mantle . At wynchester the rounde table / in other places Launcelottes swerde and many other thynges / Thenne al these thynges consydered there can no man resonably gaynsaye but there was a kyng of thys lande named Arthur / For in al places crysten and hethen he is reputed and taken for one of the ix worthy / And the fyrst of the thre Crysten men / And also he is more spoken of beyonde the see moo bookes made of his noble actes than there be in englonde as wel in duche ytalyen spaynysshe and grekysshe as in frensshe / And yet of record remayne in wytnesse of hym in wales in the toune of Camelot the grete stones & meruayllous werkys of yron lyeng vnder the

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which dyuers now lyuyng hath seen / wherfor it is a meruayl why he is nomore renommed in his owne contreye / sauf onelye it accordeth to the worde of god / whyche sayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contreye / Thene al these thynges forsayd alledged I coude not wel denye / but that there was suche a noble kyng named arthur / and reputed one of the ix Worthy / & fyrst & chyef of the cristen men / & many noble volumes be made of hym & of his noble knyghtes in frensshe which I haue seen & redde beyonde the see / which been not had in our maternal tongue / but in walsshe ben many & also in frensshe / & somme in englysshe but no wher nygh alle / wherfore suche as haue late ben drawen oute bryefly in to englysshe / I haue after the symple connyng that god hath sente to me / vnder the fauour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen enprysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystories of the sayd kynge Arthur / and of certeyn of his knyghtes after a cople vnto me delyuerd / whyche cople Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frensshe and reduced it in to Englysshe / And I accordyng to my cople haue doon sette it in enprynte / to the entente that noble men may see and lerne the noble actes of chyualrye / the lentyll and vertuous dedes that somme knyghtes vsed in tho dayes / by whyche they came to honour / and how they that were vycious were punysshed and ofte put to shame and rebuke / humbly bysechyng al noble lordes and ladyes wyth al other estates of what estate or degree they been of / that shal see and rede in this sayd book and werke / that they take the good and honest actes in their remembraunce / and to folowe the same / Wherin they shalle fynde many Ioyous and playsaunt hystories / and noble & renommed actes of humanyte / gentylnesse and chyualryes / For herein may be seen noble chyualrye / Curtosye / Humanyte / frendlynesse / hardynesse / loue / frendshyp / Cowardyse / Murdre / hate / vertue / and synne / Doo after the good and leue the euyl / and it shal brynge you to good fame and renommee / And for to passe the tyme thys booke shal be plesaunte to rede in / but for to gyue fayth and byleue that al is trewe that is conteyned herin / ye be at your lyberte / but al is wryton for our doctryne / and for to beware that we falle not to

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vyce ne synne / but texersyse and folowe vertu / by whyche we may come and atteyne to good fame and renommee in thys lyf / and after thys shorte and transytorye lyf to come vnto euerlastyng blysse in heuen / the whyche he graunte vs that reyneth in heuen the blessyd Trynyte Amen /

THenne to procede forth in thys sayd book / whyche I dyrecte vnto alle noble prynces / lordes and ladyes / gentylmen or gentylwymmen that desyre to rede or here redde of the noble and Ioyous hystorie of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng . Kyng Arthur / somtyme kyng of thys noble royalme / thenne callyd / brytaygne / I wyllyam Caxton symple persone present thys book folowyng / Whyche I haue enprysed tenprynte / And treateth of the noble actes / feates of armes of chyualrye / prowessse /

hardynesse / humanyte loue / curtosye / and veray gentylnesse / wyth many wonderful hystories and adventures / And for to vnderstonde bryefly the contente of thys volume / I haue deuyded it in to xxj bookes / and euery book chapytred as here after shal by goddes grace folowe / The fyrst book shal treate how Vtherpendragon gate the noble conquerour kyng Arthur and conteyneth xxviiij chappytres / The second book treateth of Balyn the noble knyght and conteyneth xix chapytres / The thyrd book treateth of the maryage of kyng Arthur to quene queneuer wyth other maters and conteyneth fyftene chappytres / The fourth book how Merlyn was assotted / and of warre maad to kyng Arthur / and conteyneth xxix chappytres / The fyfthe book treateth of the conqueste of Lucius themperour and conteyneth xij chappytres / The syxthe book treateth of Syr Launcelot and syr Lyonel and meruayllous adventures and conteyneth xviiij chapytres / The seuenth book treateth of a noble knyght called syr Gareth and named by syr kaye Beaumayns and conteyneth xxxvj chapytres / The eyght book treateth of the byrthe of Syr Trystram the noble knyght and of hys actes / and conteyneth xlj chapytres / The ix book treateth of a knyght named by Syr kaye le cote male taylle and also of Syr Trystram and conteyneth xliiij

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chapytres / The x book treateth of syr Trystram & other meruayllous adventures and conteyneth lxxxviiij chappytres / The xj book treateth of syr Launcelot and syr Galahad and conteyneth xiiij chappytres / The xij book treateth of syr Launcelot and his madnesse and conteyneth xiiij chappytres / The xiiij book treateth how galahad came fyrst to kyng Arthurs courte and the quest how the sangreall was begonne and conteyneth xx Chapytres / The xiiij boook treateth of the queste of the sangreal & conteyneth x chapytres / The xv book treateth of syr launcelot & conteyneth vj chapytres / The xvj book treateth of Syr Bors & syr Lyonel his brother and conteyneth xvij chapytres / The xvij book treateth of the sangreal and conteyneth xxiiij chapytres / The xviiij book treateth of Syr Launcelot and the quene and conteyneth xxv chapytres / The xix book treateth of quene Gueneuer and Launcelot and conteyneth xiiij chapytres / The xx book treateth of the pyetous deth of Arthur and conteyneth xxij chapytres / The xxj book treateth of his last departyng / and how syr Launcelot came to reuenge his dethe and conteyneth xiiij chapytres / The somme is xxj bookes whyche conteyne the soome of v hondred & vij chapytres / as more playnly shal folowe hereafter /

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¶ The table or rubrysshe of the contente of chapytres shortly of the fyrst book of kyng Arthur /

- Fyrst how vtherpendragon sente for the duke of cornewayl & Igrayne his wyf & of their

departyng sodeynly ageyn ca primo

- How Vtherpendragon made warre on the duke of cornewayl and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the duchesse & gate Arthur Capitulo ij
- Of the byrthe of kyng arthur and of his nourytur / & of the deth of kyng vtherpendragon / and how Arthur was chosen kyng and of wondres and meruaylles of a swerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur capitulo iij iiij & v
- How kyng arthur pulled oute the swerde dyuers tymes vj
- How kyng arthur was crowned & how he made offycers vij
- How kyng Arthur helde in wales at a pentecost a grete feest and what kynges and lordes came to his feste viij
- Of the fyrst warre that kyng Arthur had and how he wanne the felde Capitulo ix
- How Merlyn counceyllid kyng arthur to sende for kyng ban & kyng bors & of theyr counceyl taken for the warre x
- Of a grete tornoye made by kynge arthur & the ij kynges ban and bors and how they wente ouer the see Capitulo xj
- How xj kynges gadred a grete hoost ayenst kyng Arthur xij
- Of a dreame of the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes xiiij
- How the xj kynges wyth theyr hoost fought ayenst arthur & his hoost and many grete feates of the warre capitulo xiiij
- Yet of the same batayll Capitulo xv
- [note.1](#) Yet more of the said batayl & how it was ended by merlyn xvij
- How Kyng Arthur kyng ban & kyng bors rescowed Kyng Leodegraunce and other Incydentes xviiij
- How Kyng arthur rode to Garlyon and of his dreame / & how he sawe the questyng beest capitulo xix
- How kyng Pellynore took arthurs hors & folowed the questyng beest and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur xx
- How vlfius apeched quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treason / and how a knyght came and desyred to haue the deth of hys mayster reuengyd capitulo xxj
- How gryflet was made knyght & lusted with a knyght xxij

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- How xij knyghtes came from Rome & axed truage for thys londe of arthur / and how arthur faught wyth a Knyght xxiiij
- How Merlyn saued Arthurs lyf & threwe an enchauntement vpon Kyng Pellynore and made hym to slepe xxiiij
- How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur hys swerde of the lady of the lake Capitulo xxv
- How tydynges cam to arthur that kyng ryons had ouercome xj kynges & how he desyred arthurs berde to purfyll his mantel Capitulo xxvij

- ¶ How al the chyl dren were sente sore / that were borne on may day . & how Mordred was saued
xxviij

¶ The second book

- Of a damoysel whyche came gyrde wyth a swerde for to fynde a man of suche vertue to drawe it oute of the scabard ca primo
- How balen arayed lyke a poure Knyght pulled out the swerde whyche afterward was cause of his deth capitulo ij
- How the lady of the lake demaunded the Knyghtes heed that had wonne the swerde / or the maydens hede iij
- How merlyn tolde thaduenture of this damoysel capitulo iiij
- How balyn was pursyewed by syr Launceor Knyght of Irelande / and how he lusted and slewe hym v
- How a damoysel whiche was loue to Launceor slewe hyr self for loue / and how balyn mette wyth his brother balan vj
- How a dwarfe repreuyd Balyn for the deth of Launceor / & how Kyng Marke of Cornewayl founde them and maad a tombe ouer them capitulo vij
- How Merlyn prophecied that two the best Knyghtes of the world shold fyght there / whyche were Syr Launcelot and syr Trystram Capitulo viij
- How balyn and his broder by the counceyl of Merlyn toke Kyng ryons and brought hym to Kyng Arthur ix
- How Kyng arthur had a bataylle ayenst Nero and Kyng loth of orkeney / and how Kyng loth was deceyued by merlyn and how xij Kynges were slayne capitulo x
- Of the entyrement of xij Kynges / & of the prophecye of merlyn / how balyn shold gyue the dolorous stroke xj
- How a sorouful knyght cam tofore arthur & how balyn fet hym & how that Knyght was slayn by a knyght Inuysyble xij
- How balyn & the damoysel mette wyth a Knyght whych was

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- in lyke wyse slayn / & how the damoysel bledde for the custom of a castel Capitulo xiiij
- Ho balyn mette wyth that knyght named garlon at a feest & there he slewe hym to haue his blood / to hele therwith the sone of his hoost Capitulo xiiij
 - How Balyn fought wyth kyng Pelham / & how his swerde brake / and how he gate a spere wherewith he smote the dolorous stroke capitulo xv
 - How balyn was delyuerd by Merlyn / and sauyd a knyght that wold haue slayn hym self for loue capitulo xvj
 - How that knyght slewe his loue & a knyght lyeng by hyr / & after how he slewe hym self wyth

- his owne swerde / & how balyn rode toward a castel where he lost his lyf Capitulo xvij
- How balyn mette wyth his brother balen & how eche of theym slewe other vnknownen tyl they were wounded to deth xvijj
- How merlyn buried hem bothe in one tombe / & of balyns swerd capitulo xix

¶ Hrre folowen the chapytres of the thyrd book

- How kyng arthur took a wyf and wedded gueneuer doughter to leodegran kyng of the londe of Camelerd wyth whome he had the rounde table Capitulo primo
- How the knyghtes of the rounde table were ordeyned & theyr syeges blessyd by the bysshop of caunterburye capitulo ij
- How a poure man rydyng vpon a lene mare / and desyred of kyng Arthur to make his sone knyght Capitulo iij
- How syr Tor was knowen for sone of kyng Pellynore / and how Gawayn was made knyght capitulo iiij
- How atte feste of the Weddyng of kyng arthur to gueneuer a Whyte herte came in to the halle & thyrty couple houndes / & how a brachet pynched the herte whiche was taken awaye v
- How syr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte / & how ij brethern fought eche ageynst other for the herte Capitulo vj
- How the herte was chaced in to a castel and there slayn / and how Gauwayn slewe a lady Capitulo vij
- How iiij knyghtes faught ayenst sir gawayn & gaheryse & how they were ouercom & her lyues saued atte request of iiij ladyes capitulo viij
- ¶ How syr Tor rode after the knyght wyth the brachet & of his aduenture by the waye capitulo ix
- How syr Tor fonde the brachet wyth a lady / & how a knyght

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- assaylled hym for the sayd brachet capitulo x
- How syr Tor ouercame the knyght / and how he losth ys heed at the requeste of a lady capitulo xj
- How kyng pellenore rode after the lady and the knyght that ladde her awaye / & how a lady desyred helpe of hym and how he faught wyth ij knyghtes for that lady of whome he slewe that one at the fyrst stroke capitulo xij
- How kyng Pellynore gate the lady & brought hyr to Camelot to the courte of kyng arthur capitulo xiiij
- How on the waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght in a valeye & of other aduentures capitulo xiiij
- How whan he was comen to Camelot he was sworne vpon a book to telle the trouthe of his queste capitulo xv

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the fourth book

- How merlyn was assotted & dooted on one of the ladyes of the lake / and how he was shytte in a roche vnder a stone and there deyed capitulo primo
- How v kynges came in to this londe to warre ayenst kyng Arthur / & what counceyl arthur had ayenst them capitulo ij
- How kyng arthur had adoo with them & ouerthrewe them & slewe the v kynges & made the remenaunte to flee iij
- How the batayl was fynysshed or he came / & how the kyng founded an abbay where the batayl was capitulo iiij
- How syr Tor was made knyght of the rounde table and how badgemagus was dyspleased capitulo v
- How kyng Arthur / kyng Vryens & Syr Accolon of gaule chaced an hert & of theyr meruayllous aduventure vj
- How Arthur took vpon hym to fyght to be delyuerd oute of pryson / & also for to delyuer twenty knyghtes that were in pryson Capitulo vij
- How accollon fonde hym self by a welle / & he toke vpon hym to doo bataylle ayenst Arthur capitulo viij
- Of the bataylle bytwene kyng Arthur & Accolon ix
- How kyng arthurs swerde that he faught wyth brake / & how he recouerd of accolon his owne swerde excalibur and ouercame his enemye Capitulo x
- How accolon confessyd the treason of Morgan le fay Kyng arthurs syster & how she wold haue doon slee hym ca xj

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- How Arthur accorded the two brethern / and delyuerd the xx knyghtes / & how syr Accolons deyed capitulo xij
- How Morgan wold haue slayn syr vryens hyr husbond / & how syr Ewayn hir sone saued hym Capitulo xiiij
- How quene Morgan le fay made grete sorowe for the deth of accolon / & how she stale awaye the scawbard fro arthur xiiij
- How Morgan le fay saued a knyght that shold haue be drowned / & how kyng Arthur retorned home ageyn capitulo xv
- How the damoyssel of the lake saued Kynge Arthur from a mantel which shold haue brente hym capitulo xvj
- How syr Gawayn & syr Ewayn mette with xij fayr damoysselles / & how they compleyned on syr Marhaus ca xvij
- How syr Marhaws Iusted with syr Gawayn & syr Ewayn and ouerthrewe them bothe capitulo xvij and xix
- How syr Marhaus syr Gawayn & syr Ewayn mette the damoysselles & eche of them toke one

capitulo xx

- How a knyght & a dwarf stroof for a lady capitulo xxj
- How kyng Pelleas suffred hym self to be taken prysoner by cause he wolde haue a syght of his lady / & how syr Gawayn promysed hym for to gete to hym the loue of his lady xxij
- How syr Gawayn came to the lady Ettard and laye by hyr & how syr Pelleas fonde them slepyng capitulo xxiiij
- How syr Pelleas loued nomore ettard by the moyan of the damoyssel of the lake whome he loued euer after ca xxiiij
- How syr marhaus rode with the damoyssel and how he came to the duke of the south marchis Capitulo xxv
- How syr Marhaus faught wyth the duke and his vj sones and made them to yelde them capitulo xxvj
- How syr Ewayn rode wyth the damoyssel of lx yere of age / & how he gate the prys at tornoyeng capitulo xxvij
- How syr Ewayn fau3t with ij kny3tes & ouercam hem xxviiij
- How at the yeres ende alle thre knyghtes wyth theyr thre damoysselles metten at the fontayne capitulo xxix

¶ Of the fyfthe book the chapytres folowen

- How xij aged Ambassyatours of rome came to kyng Arthur to demaunde truage for brytayne capitulo primo
- How the kynges and lordes promysed to kyng Arthur ayde and helpe ageynst the Romainys capitulo ij

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- How kyng Arthur helde a parlement at yorke & how he ordeyned how the royame shold be gouerned in his absence iij
- How kyng Arthur beyng shynned & lyeng in his caban had a meruayllous dreame / & of the exposicion therof capitulo iiij
- How a man of the contreye tolde to hym of a meruayllous geaunte / & how he faught & conquerd hym Capitulo v
- How kyng Arthur sente syr gawayn & other to lucius / & how they were assaylled & escaped wyth worshyp Capitulo vj
- How Lucius sente certeyn espyes in a busshement for to haue taken hys knyghtes beyng prysonners / and how they were letted capitulo vij
- How a senatour tolde to Lucius of their dyscomfyture / & also of the grete batayl betwene Arthur & Lucius capitulo viij
- How Arthur after he had achyueed the batayl ayenst the Romainys entred in to almayn & so in to

ytalye Capitulo ix

- Of a bataylle doon by Gauwayn ayenst a sarasyn / whiche after was yelden & became crysten Capitulo x
- How the Sarasyns came oute of a wode for to rescowe theyr beestys / and of a grete bataylle Capitulo xj
- How syr Gauwayn retorned to kyng Arthur wyth his prysoners / And how the kyng wanne a Cyte / and how he was crowned emperour capitulo xij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the vj book

- How syr Launcelot and syr Lyonel departed fro the courte for to seek auentes / and how syr Lyonel lefte hym slepyng and was taken Capitulo primo
- How syr Ector folowed for to seek syr Launcelot / & how he was taken by syr Turquyne Capitulo ij
- How iiij quenes fonde Launcelot slepyng / & how by enchauntement he was taken & ledde in to a castel capitulo iij
- How syr Lancelot was deliuerd by the meane of a damosel iiij
- How a knyght founde syr Launcelot lyeng in his lemmans bedde / & how syr Launcelot faught with the knyght ca v
- How sir Launcelot was receyued of kyng bagdemagus doughter / & he made his complaynte to hir fader Capitulo vj
- How syr Launcelot byhaued hym in a tournement / & how he mette wyth syr Turquyn ledyng syr Gaheris capitulo vij
- How syr Launcelot & sy Turquyn faught to gyders ca viij

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- How syr Turquyn was slayn / & how syr Launcelot bad syr gaheris delyuer al the prysoners capitulo ix
- How syr Launcelot rode with the damoyssel & slewe a knyght that distressid al ladyes / & also a vylayn þ^t kept a bridge x
- How syr launcelot slewe ij geauntes & made a castel free xj
- How syr Launcelot rode dysguysed in Syr kayes harnois / & how he smote down a knyght Capitulo xij
- How syr Launcelot Iusted ayenst four knyȝtes of the rounde table and ouerthrewe theym capitulo xiiij
- How syr Launcelot folowed a brachet in to a castel where he fonde a dede knyght & how he after was requyred of a damoyssel to hele hir brother capitulo xiiij
- How sir Launcelot cam in to the chapel peryllous & gate there of a dede corps a pyece of the cloth & a swerde capitulo xv

- How syr Launcelot at the request of a lady recouerd a fawcon by whiche he was deceyed capitulo xvj
- How syr Launcelot ouertoke a knyght which chased hys wyf to haue sleyn hyr / & how he sayd to hym capitulo xvij
- How syr Launcelot came to kyng arthurs court / & how there were recounted al his noble feates & actes capitulo xviii

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the seuenth boook

- How beaumayns came to kyng arthurs courte & demaunded thre petycyons of kyng Arthur Capitulo primo
- How syr Launcelot & syr Gauwayn were wroth by cause syr kaye mocqued beaumayns / & of a damoyssel whyche desyred a knyght to fyght for a lady Capitulo ij
- How beaumayns desyred the batayl / & how it was graunted to hym / & how he desyred to be made knyȝt of sir Launcelot iij
- How beaumayns departed & how he gate of syr Kaye a spere and a shelde / and how he lusted and faughte wyth Syr Launcelot Capitulo iiij
- How beaumayns tolde to syr Launcelot his name and how he was dubbed knyght of Syr Launcelot / and after ouertooke the damoyssel Capitulo v
- How beaumayns fought & slewe ij knyghtes at a passage vj
- How beaumayns faught with the knyght of the blacke laundes / & faught with hym tyl he fyl doun & deyed capitulo vij
- How the brother of the knyght that was slayn mette wyth

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beaumayns / & fauȝt with beaumayns tyl he wos yelden viij

- How the damoyssel euer rebuked beaumayns / & wold not suffre hym to syt at hir table / but callyd hym kychyn boye ix
- How the iij brother callyd the rede knyght lusted & faughte ayenst beaumayns / & how beaumayns ouercame hym ca x
- How syr beaumayns suffred grete rebukes of the damoyssel / & he suffred it pacyently capitulo xj
- How beaumayns faughte wyth Syr Persaunt of ynde / and made hym to be yelden capitulo xij
- Of the godelye comynycacyon bytwene syr Persaunt & beaumayns / & how he tolde hym that his name was syr gareth xiiij
- How the lady that was bysyged had worde fro hyr syster how she had brought a knyght to fyght for hyr / and what bataylles he had achyeued Capitulo xiiij
- How the damoyssel & beaumayns came to the syege / & came to a Sykamor tree / & there beaumayns blewe an horne / & thenne the knyȝt of the rede laundes cam to fyght wyth hym ca xv
- How the two knyghtes mette to gyders and of their talkyng and how they began theyr batayl

Capitulo xvj

- How after longe fyghtyng beaumayns ouercame the knyght & wold haue slayn hym / but atte request of the lordes he saued his lyf & made hym to yelde hym to the lady capo. xvij
- How the knyȝt yelded hym / & how beaumayns made hym to goo vnto kyng arthurs court & to crye sir lancelot mercy xvijj
- How Beaumayns came to the lady . & whan he came to the castel / the yates were closed ageynst hym / & of the wordes that the lady sayd to hym Capitulo xix
- How syr beaumayns rode after to **rescove** [correction; sic = recsowe] his dwarfe / and came in to the castel where he was capitulo xx
- How syr gareth otherwyse callyd beaumayns cam to þ^e presence of his lady & how they toke acqueyntance / & of their loue xxj
- How at nyght cam an armed knyght & faught with sir gareth & he sore hurt in the thyghe smote of the knyghtes heed ca xxij
- How the sayd knyght came ageyn the next nyght & was beheded ageyn / & how at the feste of pentecost al the knyȝtes that syr gareth had ouercome cam & yelded hem to kyng arthur xxijj
- How kyng Arthur pardoned them / and demaunded of them where syr Gareth was Capitulo xxiiij

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- How the quene of Orkeney came to this feste of pentecoste / & sir gawayn & his brethern cam to aske hir blessing xxv xxvj
- How kyng Arthur sente for the lady Lyonas / & how she lete crye a tournoye at hir castel / where as came many knyghtes Capitulo xxvij
- How kyng Arthur wente to the tornoyment with his knyghtes / and how the lady receyued hym worshypfully / & how the knyghtes encountred Capitulo xxviij
- How the knyghtes bare them in the batayl capitulo xxix
- Yet of the sayd tornoyment capitulo xxx
- How syr Gareth was espyed by the herowdes / and how he escaped oute of the felde capitulo xxxj
- How syr Gareth came to a castel where he was wel lodged & he lusted with a knyght & slewe hym Capitulo xxxij
- How syr Gareth fought wyth a knyght that helde within his castel xxx ladyes & how he slewe hym capitulo xxxiiij
- How syr gawayn & syr Gareth fought eche ayenst other / and how they knewe eche other by the damoyssel Lynet ca xxxiiij
- How syr Gareth knowleched that they loued eche other to kyng Arthur / & of thappoyntement of their weddyng xxxv
- Of the grete ryalte & what offycers were made at the feste of the weddyng & of the lustes at the feest Capitulo xxxvj

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the eyght book

- How syr Trystram de Lyones was borne and how his moder deyed at his byrthe / wherfore she named hym Tristram primo
- How the stepmoder of syr Trystram had ordeyned poyson for to haue poysened Syr Trystram Capitulo ij
- How Syr Trystram was sente in to Fraunce and had one to gouerne hym named Gouvernayle / and how he lernyd to harpe / hawke and hunte capitulo iij
- How syr Marhaus came out of Irelande for to aske trewage of Cornewayle or ellys he wold fyght therefor capitulo iiij
- How Trystram enterprysed the bataylle to fyght for the trewage of Cornwayl / & how he was made knyght Capitulo v
- How Syr Trystram arryued in to the Ilond for to furnysshe the bataylle wyth syr Marhaus Capitulo vj
- hoow syr Tristram faught ayenst Syr Marhaus & achyeued his batayl / & how syr Marhaus fledde to his shyppe ca vij

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- How Syr Marhaus after that he was arryued in Irelande dyed of the stroke that syr Trystram had gyuen to hym / and how Trystram was hurte capitulo viij
- How syr Trystram was put to the kepyng of la bele ysoude fyrst for to be helyd of hys wounde Capitulo ix
- How syr Trystram wanne the degree at a tornoyment in Irelande / & there made palomydes to bere no harnoys in a yere x
- How the quene espyed that syr Tristram had slayn hir broder syr Marhaus by his swerde & in what leopardye he was xj
- How Syr Trystram departed fro the kyng & la bele Isoude out of Irelande for to come in to cornewayl capitulo xij
- How syr Trystram and Kyng Marke hurted eche other for the loue of a knyghtes wyf capitulo xiiij
- How syr Trystram laye wyth the lady . and how her husbond faught wyth syr Trystram Capitulo xiiij
- How syr bleoberis demaunded the fayrest lady in kyng marks court whom he toke awaye & how he was fou3ten with xv
- How syr Trystram faught wyth two knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xvj
- How Syr **tristcum** [sic; correction = tristram] faught with syr bleoberis for a lady / and how the lady was put to choyse to whome she wold goo xvij
- How the lady forsoke syr tristram & abode with Syr bleoberis and how she desyred to goo to hyr husbond ca xvij
- How kyng mark sent syr trystram for la bele Isoude toward Ireland & how by fortune he arryued in to england xix
- How kyng Anguysse of Irelande was somoned to come to Kyng Arthurs courte for treason Capitulo xx

- How syr Trystram rescowed a chylde fro a knyght / and how gouernayle tolde hym of Kyng Anguysshe ca xxj
- How syr trystram faught for syr anguysshe & ouercame hys aduersarye & how his aduersarye wold neuer yelde hym xxij
- How syr blamor desyred trystram to slee hym / & how syr tristram spared hym & how they took appoyntement xxiiij
- How syr tristram demaunded la bele Isoude for kyng mark & how syr trystram & Isoude dronken the loue drynke xxiiij
- How syr Tristram & Isoude were in pryson / & how he faughte for hir beaute / & smote of another ladyes hede capitulo xxv
- How syr Trystram faught wyth syr breunor / and atte laste

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smote of his hede Capitulo xxvj

- How syr galahad faught wyth syr Tristram / & how syr tristram yelded hym & promysed to felaushyp with lancelot xxvij
- How syr Launcelot mette with syr Carados beryng awaye sir gawayn / & of the rescows of syr Gawayn Capitulo xxviiij
- Of the weddyng of Kyng Marke to la bele Isoude / and of brangwayn hyr mayde and of Palamydes xxix
- How Palamydes demaunded quene Isoude / & how lambegus rode after to rescowe hyr / and of thescape of Isoude xxx
- How syr Trystram rode after Palamydes and how he fonde hym and faught wyth hym / and by the moyne of Isoude the batayl seced Capitulo xxxj
- How syr Trystram brought quene Isoude home / and of the debate of kyng Marke and Syr Trystram capitulo xxxij
- How syr Lamerok Iusted wyth xxx knyghtes / & syr Tristram atte requeste of kyng mark smote his hors doun xxxiiij
- How syr Lamerok sente an horne to kyng Marke in despyte of syr Trystram / And how syr Trystram was dryuen in to a chapel capitulo xxxiiij
- How Syr tristram was holpen by his men / & of quene Isoude which was put in lazarootte / & how tristrā was hurt xxxv
- How syr Trystram serued in warre the kyng howel of brytayn and slewe hys aduersarye in the felde xxxvj
- How syr Suppynabyles tolde syr Trystram how he was deffamed in the courte of kyng Arthur / & of syr lamerok xxxvij
- How syr Trystram and his wyf arryued in wales and how he mette there wyth syr Lamerok Capitulo xxxviiij
- How syr Trystram faught wyth Syr Nabon / and ouercame hym / and made syr Lamerok lord of the yle xxxix

- How syr Lamerok departed fro syr Trystram / & how he mette wyth syr frolle and after wyth syr Launcelot capitulo xl
- How syr Lamerok slewe syr frolle / and of the curtoyse fyghtyng wyth syr belleaunce hys brother Capitulo xlj

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the ix book

- How a yonge man came in to the courte of kyng arthur / and how syr Kaye called hym in scorne la cote male taylor primo
- How a damoyssel came in to the courte & desyred a knyght to take on hym an enquest which la cote male taylor emprised ij

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- How le cote male taylor ouerthrewe syr Dagonet the Kynges fole / and of the rebuke that he had of the damoyssel ca iij
- How le cote male taylor fought ayenst an hondred knyghtes / & how he escaped by the meane of a lady Capitulo iiij
- How syr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of la cote male taylor / and how he folowed after hym / and how la cote male taylor was prysoner Capitulo v
- How syr Launcelot faught wyth vj knyghtes / & after wyth syr bryan / and how he delyuerd the prysonners vj
- How syr Launcelot mette wyth the damoyssel named maledysaunt / and named hyr the damoyssel bien pensaunt vij
- How le cote male taylor was taken prysoner / & after rescowed by syr launcelot / & how syr launcelot ouercam iiij brethern viij
- How Syr Launcelot maad le cote mayle lord of the castel of Pendragon & after was made knyght of the rounde table ix
- How la bele Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by hir mayde brangwayn and of dyuers auentures of syr Trystram x
- How syr Tristram mette with syr lamerok de gales / and how they faught & after accorded neuer to fyght to gyders xj
- How syr palomydes folowed the questyng beest & smote doun syr Trystram and syr Lamerock wyth one spere Capitulo xij
- [note.2](#) How syr lamerok mette wyth syr Melleagaunce / & faught to gydre for the beaulte of dame Gueneuer capitulo xiiij
- How Syr Kaye mette wyth Syr Trystram / and after of the shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl / and how they lusted capitulo xv
- How Kyng Arthur was brought in to the forest peryllous / & how syr Trystram saued his lyf capitulo xvj

- How syr Trystram came to la bele Isoude / & how kehydyous began to loue bele Isoude & of a letter that tristram fonde xvij
- How syr Tristram departed fro tyntagyl & how he sorowed & was so longe in a forest tyl he was out of his mynde xvij
- How syr Trystram sowed dagonet in a welle / & how Palamydes sente a damoyssel to seche Trystram / and how palamydes mette wyth Kyng Mark capitulo xix
- How it was noysed how syr Trystram was dede and how la bele Isoude wolde haue slayn hyr self capitulo xx
- How kyng Mark fonde syr Trystram naked and made hym

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to be borne home to tyntagyl and how he was there knowen by a brachet capitulo xxj

- How Kyng Marke by thauys of his counceyl bannysshed syr Trystram oute of Cornewayl the terme of x yere xxij
- How a damoyssel souȝht helpe to helpe sir launcelot ayenst xxx knyghtes / & how syr trystram faught with them ca xxij
- How syr Trystram & syr Launcelot came to a lodgyng where they must luste wyth two knyghtes capitulo xxiiij
- How syr Trystram lusted wyth syr Kaye and syr Sagramor le desyrous / and how syr Gawayn torned Syr Trystram fro Morgan le fay Capitulo xxv
- How syr Trystram and syr Gauwayn rode to haue foughten ayenst the xxx knyghtes / but they durst not come oute xxvj
- How damoyssel brangwayn fonde trystram slepyng by a welle & how she delyuerd letters to hym fro bele Isoude ca xxvij
- How syr Trystram had a falle of syr Palomydes / and how Launcelot ouerthrewe two knyghtes capitulo xxviiij
- How syr Launcelot lusted with Palomydes and ouerthrewe hym / & after he was assaylled with xij knyghtes xxix
- How syr Trystram byhaued hym the fyrst day of the tournement / and there he had the prys Capitulo xxx
- How syr Trystram retourned ayenst kyng arthurs partye by cause he sawe syr Palomydes on that partye capitulo xxxj
- How Syr Trystram fonde Palomydes by a welle / & broughte hym wyth hym to his lodgyng Capitulo xxxij
- How syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes / and how he lusted wyth kyng Arthur and other feates xxxiiij
- How syr Launcelot hurte syr Trystram / and how after syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes capitulo xxxiiij
- How the prys of the thyrd day was gyuen to Syr Launcelot and syr Launcelot gaf it to syr Trystram ca xxxv

- How Palomydes came to the castel where syr Trystram was And of the queste that syr Launcelot & x knyghtes made for syr Trystram Capitulo xxxvj
- How syr Trystram / syr Palomydes / and Syr dynadan were taken and put in pryson Capitulo xxxvij
- How Kyng marke was sory for the good renomnee of syr Tristram / somme of arthurs knyghtes lusted wyth knyghtes

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of Cornewayl Capitulo xxxviii

- Of the treason of kyng Marke / and how syr Gaheris smote hym doun / and Andred / his cosyn capitulo xxxix
- How after that syr Trystram / syr Palomydes / and syr Dynadan had be longe in pryson / they were delyuerd ca xl
- How syr Dynadan rescowed a lady fro syr breuse sauns pyte & how syr Trystram receyued a shelde of Morgan le fay xli
- How syr Trystram took wyth hym the shelde / and also how he slewe the paramour of Morgan le fay capitulo xlii
- How Morgan le fay buried hyr paramour / and how syr tristram preyed syr Launcelot and hys kynne ca xliii
- How syr Trystram at a tornoymment bare the shelde that Morgan le fay delyuerd to hym capitulo xliii

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the tenth book

- How syr Trystram lusted and smote doun Kyng Arthur / bycause he tolde hym not the cause why he bare that shelde ca j
- How syr Trystram saued syr Palomydes lyf / & how they promysed to fyght to gyder wythin fourtenyght capitulo ij
- How syr Trystram sought a stronge knyght that had smyton hym doun & many other knyghtes of the rounde table iij
- How syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramor le desyrous / & syr Dodynas le sauage capitulo iiij
- How syr Trystram mette at the perron wyth syr Launcelot / & how they faught to gyder vnknownen Capitulo v
- How syr Launcelot brought syr Trystram to the courte / and of the loye that the kyng and other made for the comyng of syr Trystram Capitulo vi
- How for despyte of syr Trystram kyng Mark came wyth ij knyghtes in to england and how he slewe one of the knyghtes Capitulo vii
- How the kyng came to a fontayne where he fonde syr Lamerock complaynyng for the loue of Kyng lots wyf viii

- How kyng marke / syr Lamerok / and syr dynadan came to a castel / and how Kyng Marke was knowen there capitulo ix
- How syr Berluses mette wyth Kyng marke / and how Syr dynadan toke his partye ca x
- ¶ How kyng marke mocked syr dynadan / & how they mette wyth vj knyȝtes of the rounde table xj ¶
- How the vj knyȝtes sente sir dagonet to Iuste with

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kyng marke & how Kyng marke refused hym ca xij

- How syr Palomydes by aduenture mette kyng Marke fleyng & how he ouerthrewe dagonet / and other knyghtes xiiij
- How kyng marke & syr Dynadan herde syr palomydes makyng grete sorowe & mornyng for la bele Isoude xiiij
- How the kyng had slayn amant wrongfully tofore kyng arthur / & syr launcelot fette kyng marke to kyng arthur xv
- How syr dynadan tolde syr palamydes of the batayl betwene Syr Launcelot and syr Trystram Capitulo xvj
- How syr Lamerok Iusted wyth dyuers knyghtes of the castel / wherin was Morgan le fay capitulo xvij
- How syr Palamydes wold haue Iusted for syr Lamerock wyth the knyghtes of the castel Capitulo xvij
- How syr Lamerock Iusted wyth syr Palomydes and hurte hym greuously capitulo xix
- How it was tolde syr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng marke / & how a knyght ouerthrewe hym & vj knyghtes xx
- How Kyng Arthur lete do crye a Iustes / & how syr Lamorak came in and ouerthrewe syr Gawayn & many other xxj
- How Kyng Arthur made Kyng marke to be accorded with syr Trystram & how they departed toward Cornewayll xxij
- How syr Percyuale was made knyght of kyng arthur / and how a dombe mayde spack & brouȝt hym to the roȝnde table xxij
- How syr Lamerock laye wyth king lots wyf / and how syr Gaheis slewe hir whiche was his owne moder ca xxiiij
- How syr agrauayn & syr Mordred mette wyth a knyght fleyng / and how they bothe were ouerthrowen and of Syr Dynadan Capitulo xxv
- How Kyng Arthur / the quene & Launcelot receyued letters oute of Cornewayle / & of the ansuer ageyn ca xxvj
- How Syr Launcelot was wrothe wyth the letter that he receyued from kyng Marke / and of Dynadan whiche made a laye of kyng Marke capitulo xxvij
- How Syr Trystram was hurte / and of a warre maad to Kynge Marke / And of Syr Trysstram how he promysed to rescowe hym Capitulo xxviiij

- How syr Trystram ouercame the batayl / & how Elyas desyred a man to fyght body for body capitulo xxix

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- How syr Elyas & syr Trystram faught to gyder for the truage / & how syr trystram slewe Elyas in the felde xxx
- How at a grete feste that kyng Marke made / an harper came and sange the lay that dynadan had made capitulo xxxj
- How kyng Marke slewe by treason his brother bowdyn for good seruyce that he had done to hym Capitulo xxxij
- How anglydes boudyns wyf escaped with hir yonge sone alisaunder le orphelyn & came to the castel of arondel xxxiij
- How anglydes gaf the bloody doblot to alysaunder hir sone the same day that he was made knyȝt & the charge withal xxxiiij
- How it was tolde to kyng marke of Alysaunder . and how he wold haue slayn syr Sadok for sauynge of his lyf xxxv
- How syr Alysaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment and of Morgan le fay / And how he faught wyth Syr Maulgryn and slewe hym capitulo xxxvj
- How quene Morgan le fay had alysaunder in hyr castel / and how she heelyd his woundes capitulo xxxvij
- How Alysaunder was delyuerd fro the quene Morgan le fay by the moyane of a damoyssel capitulo xxxviii
- How alysaunder mette wyth alys la beale pylgrym / and how he lusted wyth two knyghtes / And after of hym and of Syr Mordred capitulo xxxix
- How sir galahalt dyd do crye a lustes in surluse / & quene gueneuers knyȝtes shold luste ayenst all that wold come xL
- How syr Lancelot fought in the tournoyment / & how syr palomydes dyd armes there for a damoyzell Ca xli
- How syr Galahault & syr Palomydes faught to gyder / and of syr dynadan and syr Galahault Capitulo xliij
- How syr archade appeled syr Palamydes of treason & how syr palamydes slewe hym Capitulo xliij
- Of the thyrd day & how syr Palomydes lusted wyth syr Lamerok and other thynges capitulo xliiij
- Of the iiij day & of many grete feates of armes ca xlv
- Of the v day & how syr Lamerok byhaued hym ca xlvj
- How palamydes fought wyth Corsabryn for a lady / & how Palamydes slewe corsabryn xlvij
- Of the vj day & what was thenne doon ca xlvij
- Of the vij batayll / and how Syr Launcelot beyng desguysed

lyke a mayde smote doun syr dynadan capitulo xlix

- How by treson syr Tristram was brought to a tournoyment for to haue be slayn / and how he was put in pryson L
- How Kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the pope & how syr percyual delyuerd syr Tristram oute of pryson lj
- How syr Trystram & la bele Isoude came in to englond / & how syr Launcelot brought them to Ioyous garde capitulo lij
- How by the counceyl of bele ysoude Trystram rode armed and how he mette wyth syr Palomydes capitulo liij
- Of syr Palomydes and how he mette wyth syr bleoberys & wyth syr Ector and of syr Percyuale Capitulo liiij
- How syr Trystram mette wyth syr dynadan & of their deuyses & what he sayd to syr Gauwayns brethern lv
- How syr Trystram smote doun syr agrauayn & syr gaheris & how syr Dynadan was sente fore by la bele Isoude lvj
- How syr Dynadan mette wyth syr Trystram / & wyth Iustyng wyth syr Palamydes syr Dynadan knewe hym lvij
- How they approached the castel Lonaȝep and of other deuyses of the deth of syr Lamerok Capitulo lviiij
- How they came to humerbanke / & how they fonde a shyppe there wherin laye the body of Kyng Hermaunce lix
- How syr Trystram wyth his felawshyp came and were with an hoost whyche after faught wyth Syr Trystram and other maters capitulo lx
- How Palamydes wente for to fyght wyth two brethern for the deth of kyng Hermaunce Capitulo lxj
- The cople of the letter wryton for to reuenge the kynges deth and how syr palamydes faught for to haue the bataylle lxij
- Of the preparacyon of syr Palamydes & the ij brethern that shold fyght wyth hym Capitulo lxiiij
- Of the batayl betwene syr Palamydes & the two brethern and how the two brethern were slayn capitulo lxiiij
- How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes mette Breuce sauns pyte and how Syr Tristram and la beale ysoude wente vnto Lonaȝep Capitulo lxv
- How syr Palamydes Iusted wyth syr Galyhodyn / & after wyth syr Gawayn & smote them doun lxvj
- How syr Trystram & his felaushyp cam vnto the tournement

of loneȝep and of dyuers Iustes and maters capitulo lxvij

- How syr Trystram and hys felaushyp Iusted & of the noble feates that they dyd in that tournoyeng lxviij
- How syr Trystram was vnhorsed & smyten down by syr launcelot / & after that syr Tristram smote down kyng arthur lxix
- How syr Trystram chaunged his harnoys & it was al reed and how he demenyd hym and how Syr Palamydes slewe Launcelottes hors Capitulo lxx
- How syr Launcelot sayd to syr Palamydes / & how the prys of that day was gyuen to syr Palamydes lxxj
- How syr dynadan prouoked syr Trystram to do wel lxxij
- How kyng Arthur & syr Launcelot came to see la bele ysoude & how Palamydes smote down kyng arthur Capitulo lxxiij
- How the second day Palamydes forsoke syr Trystram / and wente to the contrarye partye ayenst hym capitulo lxxiiij
- How syr Trystram departed out of the felde & awaked Sir Dynadan and chaunged his araye in to blacke ca lxxv
- How syr Palamydes chaunged his shelde & armour for to hurte sir tristram / & how syr Launcelot dyd to sir tristram lxxvj
- How syr Trystram departed wyth la bele Isoude / & how Palomydes folowed and excused hym capitulo lxxvij
- How kyng arthur and syr Launcelot came in to theyr pauelyons as they satte at souper / and of Palomydes lxxviij
- How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes dyd the nexte day and how kyng Arthur was vnhorsed capitulo lxxix
- How syr Trystram torned to kynge Arthurs syde / and how Syr Palomydes wolde not capitulo lxxx
- How syr bleoberis & syr Ector reported to quene Gueneuer of the beaute of la bele Isoude capitulo lxxxj
- How Palomydes complayned by a welle / & how Erynogris came and fonde hym / and of theyr bothe sorowes lxxxij
- How syr palomydes brouȝt to syr epynogris his lady / & how sir palomydes & syr safer were assayled ca lxxxiiij & lxxxiiij
- How syr Trystram made hym redy to rescowe Syr Palomydes but syr Launcelot rescowed hym or he came capitulo lxxxv
- How syr Trystram and syr Launcelot wyth palomydes came to Ioyous garde / of Palomydes and syr Trystram ca lxxxvj
- How there was a day sette bytwene syr Trystram and Syr

- How syr palomydes kepte his day for to haue foughten / but syr Trystram myght not come / & other thynges ca lxxxviij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xi book

- How Syr Launcelot rode on his aduenture / & how he helpe a dolorous lady fro hyr payne / and how that he faught wyth a dragon capitulo primo
- How syr Launcelot came to Pelles / and of the sangreal / and how he begate galahad on Elayn kyng pelles douȝter ij
- How Syr Launcelot was dyspleasyd whan he knewe that he had layen by Elayn / & how she was delyuerd of galahad iij
- How syr bors came to dame Elayn & sawe galahad / & how he was fedde wyth the sangreal capitulo iiij
- How syr bors made syr pedyuer to yelde hym / & of meruayllous aduentures that he had & how he achyeued them ca v
- How syr bors departed / & how syr Launcelot was rebuked of the quene Gueneuer / and of his excuse capitulo vj
- How dame Elayn galahads moder came in grete estate to camelot / and how Launcelot byhaued hym there Capitulo vij
- How dame brysen by enchauntement brought syr Launcelotte to Elayns bedde / & how quene gueneuer rebuked hym viij
- How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Gueneuer to voyde the courte / & how syr Launcelot becam madde ix
- What sorowe quene gueneuer made for Syr Launcelot / & how he was sought by knyghtes of his kynne Capitulo x
- How a seruaunte of syr Aglouals was slayn / & what vengeaunce syr aglouale & syr percyuale dyd therfore xj
- How syr percyuale departed secretelye fro his brother / & how he losed a knyght bounden with a chayne & other thynges xij
- How syr Percyuale mette wyth sir Ector / & how they faught longe and eche had almoost slayne other capitulo xiiij
- How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of the holy vessel of Sangreal Capitulo xiiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xij book

- How syr Launcelot in hys madnes took a swerde & faughte with a knyght and after lepte in to a bedde capitulo primo
- How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter / & after syr Launcelot rescowed syr blyaunte his hoost Capitulo ij

- How syr Launcelot faught ayenste a bore & slewe hym / & how he was hurte / & brought to an hermytage capitulo iij
- How syr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn / and was borne in to a chambre & after helyd by the sangreal iiij
- How syr Launcelot after that he was hole & had his mynde he was ashamed / and how that Elayn desyred a castel for hym capitulo v
- How syr Launcelot came in to the Ioyous yle / & there he named hym self le chyualer malfet capitulo vj
- Of a grete tournoyeng in the Ioyous yle / and how syr Percyuale and Syr Ector came thyder and syr Percyuale fought wyth hym capitulo vij
- How eche of them knewe other / & of their curtoysye / & how his brother Ector came to hym / and of theyr Ioye viij
- How syr bors & syr Lyonel came to kyng brandegore / & how syr bors toke his sone helyne le blank & of sir launcelot ix
- How syr Launcelot wyth syr Percyuale & syr ector came to the courte / and of the grete Ioye of hym capitulo x
- How la bele ysoude counceyllled syr Trystram to goo vnto the courte to the grete feste of Pentecoste capitulo xj
- How syr Trystram departed vnarmed and mette with syr Palomydes / and how they smote eche other / and how Palomydes forbare hym capitulo xij
- How Syr Trystram gate hym harnoys of a Knyght whyche was hurte & how he ouerthrewe syr Palomydes xiiij
- How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes fought longe to gyders / and after accorded / and syr Trystram maad hym to be crystened Capitulo xiiij

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xiiij book

- How at the vygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entred in to the halle before Kyng Arthur a damoyssel / and desyred syr launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght / and how he wente wyth hyr capitulo primo
- How the letters were founde wryton in the syege peryllous & of the meruayllous aduenture of the swerde in a stone ij
- How syr Gawayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde / & how

- an olde man brought in galahad capitulo iij
- How the olde man broght Galahad to the syege peryllous & sette hym therin / & how al the

knyghtes meruaylled iiij

- How Kyng Arthur shewed the stone houyng on the water to Galahad and how he drewe oute the swerde v
- How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes to gyder for to Iuste in the medowe besyde wynchester or they departed vj
- How the quene desyred to see Galahad / & after al the knyghtes were replenysshed wyth the holy sangreal / & how all they auowed the enqueste of the same capitulo vij
- How grete sorowe was made of the kyng and ladyes for the departyng of the knyghtes / & how they departed viij
- How Galahad gate hym a shelde / and how they spedde that presumed to take down the sayd shelde capitulo ix
- How Galahad departed with the shelde / and how Kyng enelake had receyued thys shelde of Ioseph of armathye x
- How Ioseph made a crosse on the whyte shelde with his blode & how galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe xj
- Of the meruayle that syr Galahad sawe & herde in the tombe and how he made melyas knyght Capitulo xij
- Of thaduenture that Melyas had / & how Galahad reuenged hym / and how melyas was caryed in to an abbey xiiij
- How Galahad departed / & how he was commaunded to goo to the castel of maydens to destroye the wycked custome xiiij
- How syr Galahad faught wyth the knyghtes of the castel & destroyed the wycked custome capitulo xv
- How syr Gawayn came to thabbey for to folowe Galahad / & how he was shryuen to an heremyte capitulo xvj
- How syr Galahad mette with syr Launcelot & with syr Percyuale / and smote hem down and departed fro them xvij
- How syr Launcelot halfe slepyng and halfe wakyng sawe a seek man borne in a lytter / and how he was heled by the sangreal capitulo xvij
- How a voys spake to syr Launcelot / & how he fonde his hors & his helme borne awaye / & after wente a fote xix
- How syr Launcelot was shryuen & what sorowe he made / & of good ensaumples whyche were shewed to hym ca xx

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xiiij book

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- How syr Percyuale came to a recluse and asked hyr counceyl / & how she tolde hym that she was

hys aunte ca primo

- How Merlyn lykened the rounde table to the world / and how the knyghtes that shold achyeue the sangreal shold be knowen Capitulo ij
- How syr Percyuale came in to a monasterye where he fonde Kyng Enelake whyche was an olde man capitulo iij
- How syr Percyuale sawe many men of armes beryng a dede knyght and how he fauggt ageynst them capitulo iiij
- How a yeman desyred hym to gete ageyn an hors / and how Syr Percyualles hakenay was slayn / and how he gate an hors capitulo v
- Of the grete daunger that syr Percyual was in by hys hors and how he sawe a serpent and a Lyon fyght vj
- Of the aduysyon that syr percyual sawe / and how hys aduysyon was expowned / and of hys Lyon Capitulo vij
- How syr Percyuale sawe a shyppe comyng to hym warde / & how the lady of the shyppe tolde hym of hir disherytaunce viij
- How syr Percyual promysed hir helpe & how he requyred hir of loue / and how he was saued fro the fende ca ix
- How Syr Percyual for penaunce roof hym self thorough the thyghe / and how she was knowen for the deuyl x

¶ here folowth the xv book whyche is of syr Launcelot

- How Syr Launcelot came in to a chapel where he fonde deed in a whyte sherte a man of relygyon / of on hondred wynter olde capitulo primo
- Of a dede man how men wold haue hewen / and it wolde not be / & how syr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man ij
- Of an aduysyon that syr Launcelot had / and how he tolde it to an heremyte / and desyred counceyll of hym capitulo iij
- How the heremyte expowned to syr Launcelot his advysyon & tolde hym that syr Galahad was hys sone capitulo iiij
- How syr Launcelot Iusted wyth many knyghtes / & he was taken Capitulo v
- How syr Launcelot tolde hys aduysyon to a woman / & how she expowned it to hym capitulo vj

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¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xvj book

- How syr Gawayn was nyghe wery of the queste of sangreal and of his meruayllous dreame capitulo primo
- Of the advysyon of syr Ector / and how he Iusted wyth syr Ewayn le auoultres hys sworne

brother ca ij

- How syr Gawayn & syr Ector cam to an hermytage to be confessyd & how they tolde to the hermyte theyr aduysyons iij
- How the heremyte expowned theyr aduysyon Capitulo iiij
- Of the good counceyl that the heremyte gaf to them v
- How Syr Bors mette wyth an heremyte / and how he was confessyd to hym and of his penaunce enioyned to hym vj
- How syr bors was lodged wyth a lady and how he took on hym for to fyght ageynst a champion for hyr lande vij
- Of a vysyon whyche Syr bors had that nyght / and how he faught and ouercame hys aduersarye capitulo viij
- How the lady was restored to hyr londes by the bataylle of syr Boors / and of his departyng / and how he mette syr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes / and also a mayde which shold haue ben deuoured Capitulo ix
- How syr boors lefte to rescowe his brother . & rescowed the damoyzel / & how it was tolde hym that lyonel was dede x
- How syr boors tolde his dreame to a preest / whiche he had dreamed & of the counceyl that the preest gaf to hym xj
- How the deuyll in a womans lykenes wold haue had Syr bors to haue layen by hir / & how by goddes grace he escaped xij
- Of the holy comynycacyon of an abbot to Syr boors / and how the abbot counceyllled hym capitulo xij
- How syr boors mette wyth his brother syr Lyonel / and how syr Lyonel wolde haue slayn syr boors capitulo xiiij
- How syr Colgreuaunce fought ayenst syr Lyonel for to saue syr boors / and how the heremyte was slayn ca xv
- How syr Lyonel slewe Syr Colgreuaunce / and how after he wold haue slayn syr boors capitulo xvj
- How there came a voys whyche charged syr bors to touche not hym and of a cloude that came bytwene them capitulo xvij

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xvij book

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- How syr Galahad faught at a turnement / and how he was knowen of syr gawayn & of syr ector de marris capitulo j
- How syr Galahad rode with a damoyzel / & came to the shyp where as syr boors and syr Percyuale were in capitulo ij

- How syr Galahad entryd in to the shyp / & of a fayr bedde therin wyth other meruayllous thynges / & of a swerde iij
- Of the meruaylles of the swerde & of the scaubard iiij
- How Kyng Pelles was smyton thorough bothe thyes by cause he drewe the swerde / & other meruayllous hystories v
- How Salomon toke dauyds swerde by the counceyl of hys wyf / and of other maters meruayllous Capitulo vj
- A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon & his wyf vij
- How Galahad and hys felowes came to a castel / and how they were foughten wyth al / & how they slewe theyr aduersaryes and other maters capitulo viij
- How the iij knyghtes wyth Percyuales syster came in to the waste forest / & of an herte & iiij Lyons and other thynges ix
- How they were desyred of a strange custom / which they wolde not obeye / wherfore they faught & slewe many knyghtes x
- How Percyuales syster bledde a dysse ful of blood for to hele a lady wherfore she dyed / and how that the body was put in a shyppe Capitulo xj
- How Galahad and Percyuale fonde in a castel many tombes of maydens that had bledde to dethe capitulo xij
- How Syr Launcelot entred in to the shyppe where syr Percyuales syster laye deed / and how he mette wyth Syr Galahad hys sone capitulo xiiij
- How a knyght brought to syr Galahad an hors / & bad hym come from his fader syr Launcelot capitulo xiiij
- How Launcelot was tofore the dore of the chambre / wherin the holy sangreal was capitulo xv
- How syr Launcelot had layen xiiij dayes & as many nyghtes as a dede man & other dyuers maters capitulo xvj
- How syr Launcelot retorned toward logres and of other aduentures whyche he sawe in the waye capitulo xvij
- How Galahad came to Kyng Mordrayns / and of other maters and aduentures Capitulo xviii
- How syr Percyuale and syr boors mette wyth syr Galahad

leaf 15v

- & how they came to the castel of carbonek & other maters xix
- How Galahad & his felowes were fedde of the holy sangreal & how our lord apperyd to them and other thynges xx
- How Galahad enoynted wyth the blood of the spere the maymed kyng and of other aduentures capitulo xxj
- How they were fedde wyth the sangreal whyle they were in pryson / & how Galahad was made kyng capitulo xxij
- Of the sorowe that Percyuale and boors made whan galahad was dede & of Percyuale how he dyed & other maters xxiiij

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xviiij book

- Of the Ioye of Kyng Arthur and the quene had of thachyeuement of the sangreal / and how Launcelot fyl to hys olde loue ageyn capitulo primo
- How the quene comaunded syr Launcelot to auoyde the court and of the sorowe that Launcelot made capitulo ij
- How at a dyner that the quene made there was a knyght enpoysoned whyche syr Mador layed on the quene iij
- How syr Mador appeched the quene of treason / & there was no knyght wold fyght for hyr at the fyrst tyme iiij
- How the quene requyred syr Boors to fyght for hyr / & how he graunted vpon condycyon / and how he warned syr Launcelot therof capitulo v
- How at the day syr boors made hym redy for to fyght for the quene / & whan he shold fyȝt how another dyscharged hym vij
- How syr Launcelot fought ayenst syr mador for the quene / & how he ouercame syr Mador & dyscharged the quene vij
- How the trouthe was knowen by the mayden of the lake / and of dyuers other maters Capitulo viij
- How syr Launcelot rode to astolat / & receyued a sleue to bere vpon his helme at the requeste of a mayde capitulo ix
- How the tornoye began at Wynchester and what Knyghtes were at the Iustes and other thynges capitulo x
- How sir Launcelot and syr Lauayn entred in the felde ayenst them of kyng Arthurs court / & how launcelot was hurte xj
- How syr Launcelot & syr Lauayn departed oute of the felde and in what Ieopardye Launcelot was capitulo xij

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- How Launcelot was brought to an hermyte for to be helyd of his wounde and of other maters capitulo xiiij
- How syr Gawayn was lodged wyth the lord of astolat / & there had knowlege that hit was Syr Launcelot that bare the rede sleue Capitulo xiiij
- Of the sorowe that syr boors had for the hurte of Launcelot and of the angre that the quene had by cause Launcelot bare the sleue capitulo xv
- How Syr boors sought launcelot & fonde hym in the hermytage / & of the lamentacion bytwene them Capitulo xvj
- How syr Launcelot armed hym to assaye yf he myght bere armes & how his woundes brest oute ageyn capitulo xvij
- How syr boors retorned & tolde tydynges of syr Launcelot / & of the tournoye and to whome the prys was gyuen xvij

- Of the grete lamentacyon of the fayr made **of** [correction; sic = os] astolat whan Launcelot shold departe & how she dyed for his loue xix
- How the corps of the mayde of astolat arryued tofore kyng arthur and of the buryeng / and how syr Launcelot offryd the masse peny capitulo xx
- Of grete Iustes doon alle a crystemasse / and of a grete Iustes and tournoye ordeyned by Kyng Arthur / and of Syr Launcelot Capitulo xxj
- How Launcelot after that he was hurt of a gentylwoman came to an hermyte and of other maters capitulo xxij
- How syr Launcelot byhaued hym at the Iustes / and other men also capitulo xxiiij
- How Kyng arthur meruaylled moche of the Iustying in the felde and how he rode & fonde syr Launcelot capitulo xxiiij
- How trewe loue is lykened to sommer Capitulo xxv

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xix book

- How quene gueneuer rode on mayeng with certeyn knyghtes of the rounde table and clad al in grene capitulo primo
- How syr Mellyagraunce toke the quene & al hyr knyghtes whyche were sore hurte in fyghtyng capitulo ij
- How syr Launcelot had word how the quene was taken / & how syr mellyagraunce layed a busshement for launcelot iij

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- How syr Launcelots hors was slayn / & how syr Launcelot rode in a carte for to rescowe the quene Capitulo iiij
- How syr Mellyagraunce requyred foryeuenes of the quene / & how she appeased syr Launcelot and other maters v
- How syr Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr / and how syr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of treson capitulo vj
- How syr Launcelot answerd for the quene / and waged bataylle ayenst syr melyagraunce / and how syr Launcelot was taken in a trappe Capitulo vij
- How syr Launcelot was delyuerd out of pryson by a lady & toke a whyt courser and came for to kepe hys day viij
- How syr Launcelot cam the same tyme that syr mellyagraunce abode hym in the felde and dressyd hym to bataylle ix
- How syr Vyre came in to arthurs courte for to be heled of his woundes / & how kyng arthur wold begyn to handle hym x
- How Kyng arthur handled syr Vyre / and after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xj

- How syr Launcelot was comanded by arthur to handle hys woundes & anone he was al hool / & how they thanked god xij
- How there was a party made of an hondred knyghtes ayenst an hondred knyghtes / and of other maters capitulo xiiij

¶ here foloweth the book of the pyteous hystorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur / and the chapytres of the twenty book

- How syr Agrauayn & syr mordred were besy vpon syr Gawayn for to dysclose the loue bytwene Syr Launcelot & quene Gueneuer Capitulo primo
- How syr Agrauayn dysclosed theyr loue to kyng Arthur / & how Kyng Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym ij
- How syr Launcelot was espyed in the quenes chambre / and how Syr Agrauayn and Syr Mordred came wyth twelue knyghtes to slee hym Capitulo iij
- How syr Launcelot slewe syr colgreuance & armed hym in his harnoys & after slewe syr agrauayn & xij of his felawes iiij
- How Syr Launcelot came to syr bors & tolde hym how he had

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spedde & in what aduenture he had ben / & how he escaped v

- Of the counceyl and aduys whiche was taken by syr Launcelot and by hys frendes for to saue the quene Capitulo vj
- How syr mordred rode hastely to the Kyng / to telle hym of thaffray & deth of syr agrauayn & the other knyghtes vij
- How syr Launcelot and hys kynnesmen rescowed the quene from the fyre and how he slewe many knyghtes viij
- Of the sorowe & lamentacyon for the dethe of his neuwes & other good knyghtes / & also for the quene hys wyf ix
- How Kyng Arthur at the requeste of syr Gawayn concluded to make warre ayenst syr Launcelot / and layed syege to his castel called Ioyous garde capitulo x
- Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur & syr Launcelot and how Kyng Arthur repreuyd hym capitulo xj
- How the cosyns & kynnesmen of syr Launcelot excyted hym to goo oute to batayl / and how they made them redy xij
- How syr Gawayn lusted and smote doun syr Lyonel / and how syr Launcelot horsed kyng Arthur ca xiiij
- How the Pope sent doun his bulles to make pees / & how syr Launcelot brought the quene to kyng Arthur xiiij
- Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng by sir launcelot & what langage syr Gawayn had to

syr Launcelot xv

- Of the comynycacyon bytwene syr Gawayn and syr Launcelot wyth moche other langage capitulo xvj
- How syr Launcelot departed fro the kyng & fro Ioyous garde ouer see warde and what knyghtes wente wyth hym xvij
- How syr Launcelot passed ouer the see / & how he made grete lordes of the knyghtes that wente wyth hym capitulo xvij
- How kyng arthur & syr Gawayn made a grete hoost redy to go ouer see to make warre on syr Launcelot capitulo xix
- What message syr Gawayn sente to syr Launcelot / & kynge Arthur layed syege to benwyck and other maters xx
- How syr launcelot & syr Gawayn dyd batayl togyder / and how syr Gawayn was ouerthrowen and hurte capitulo xxj
- Of the sorowe that kyng arthur made for the warre / & of an other batayl where also syr Gawayn had the werse xxij

¶ here folowen the chapytres of the xxj book

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- How Syr Mordred presumed & toke on hym to be kyng of england / & wold haue maryed the quene his faders wyf ca j
- How after that kyng arthur had tydynges / he retorned and came to douer where syr Mordred mette hym to lette his landyng / and of the deth of Syr Gawayn Capitulo ij
- How after syr Gawayns ghoost apperyd to kynge arthur & warned hym that he shold not fyght that day capitulo iij
- How by mysaduenture of an adder the batayl began / where Mordred was slayn and arthur hurte to the deth iiij
- How Kyng arthur comanded to caste his swerd excalybur in to the water / & how he was delyuerd to ladyes in a barge v
- How syr bedwere fonde hym on the morne deed in an hermytage / and how he abode there wyth the hermyte capitulo vj
- Of thoppynyng of somme men of the deth of kynge arthur / & how quene Gueneuer made hir a nonne in almesburye vij
- How whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kyng arthur & of syr Gawayn and other maters came in to england viij
- How syr Launcelot departed to seche the quene Gueneuer and how he fonde hir at almesburye capitulo ix
- How Syr Launcelot came to thermytage where tharchebyssshop of caunterburye was / & how he

toke thabyte on hym x

- How syr Launcelot wente wyth his seuen felowes to amesburye / & fonde there quene Gueneuer deed / whom they brought to glastynburye capitulo xj
- How syr Launcelot began to sekene / & after dyed / whos body was borne to Ioyous garde for to be buried capitulo xij
- How syr Ector fonde syr launcelot hys brother dede / and how Constantyn reygned next after Arthur / and of the ende of thys book capitulo xiiij

¶ *Explicit* the table

Book One

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leaf 18r

¶ Capitulum primum

HIt befel in the dayes of Vther pendragon when he was kynge of all Englonde / and so regned that there was a myȝty duke in Cornewail that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme / And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil / and so by meanes kynge Vther send for this duk / chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym / for she was called a fair lady / and a passyng wyse / and her name was called Igrayne / So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kynge by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe / the kynge lyked and loued this lady wel / and he made them grete chere out of mesure / and desyred to haue lyen by her / But she was a passyng good woman / and wold not assente vnto the kynge / And thenne she told the duke her husband and said I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured Wherfor husband I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto oure owne castell / and in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed / that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng Also soone as kyng Vther knewe of their departyng soo sodenly / he was wonderly wrothe / Thenne he called to hym his pryuy counceille / and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf /

¶ Thenne they auysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge / And yf he wille not come at your somōs / thenne may ye do your best / thenne haue ye cause to make myghty werre vpon hym / Soo that was done and the messagers hadde their ansuers / And that was thys shortly / that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym / Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth / And thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne / and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym / for within xl dayes he wold fetch hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath /

¶ Whanne the duke hadde thys warnyng / anone he wente and furnysshed and garnyssed two stronge Castels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil / & the other castel hyȝt

leaf 18v

Terrabyl / So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil / And hym self he putte in the castel of Terrabyl the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute / Thenne in alle haste came Vther with a grete hoost / and leyde a syege aboute the castel of Terrabil / And ther he pyght many pauelyons / and there was grete warre made on bothe partyes / and moche peple slayne / Thenne for pure angre and for grete loue of fayr Irayne the kyng Vther felle seke / So came to the kyng Vther Syre Vlfius a noble knyght / and asked the kyng why he was seke / I shall telle the said the kyng / I am seke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool / wel my lord said Syre Vlfius / I shal seke Merlyn / and he shalle do yow remedy that youre herte shalbe pleasyd / So Vlfius departed / and by aduenture he mette Merlyn in a beggars aray / and ther Merlyn asked Vlfius whome he soughte / and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym / Well saide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou sekest / for thou sekest Merlyn / therfore seke no ferther / for I am he / and yf kyng Vther wille wel rewarde me / and be sworne vnto me to fulfille my desyre that shall be his honour & profite more thā myn for I shalle cause hym to haue alle his desyre / Alle this wyll I vndertake said Vlfius that ther shalle be nothyng resonable / but thow shalt haue thy desyre / well said Merlyn / he shall haue his entente and desyre / And therfore saide Merlyn / ryde on your wey / for I wille not be long behynde

Capitulum Secundum

THenne Vlfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kyng Vtherpendragon / and told hym he had met with Merlyn / where is he said the kyng sir said Vlfius he wille not dwelle long / ther with al Vlfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the paelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kyng Whan kyng Vther sawe hym he said he was welcome / syr said Merlyn I knowe al your hert euery dele / so ye will be sworn vnto me as ye be a true kyng enoynted to fulfille my desyre ye shal haue your desyre / thenne the kyng was sworne vpon the iiij euuāgelistes / Syre said Merlyn this is my desyre / the first nyȝt þ^t ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her &

leaf 19r

whan that is borne that it shall be delyuerd to me for to nourisshe there as I wille haue it / for it shal be your worship / & the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth / I wylle wel said the kyng as thow wilt haue it / Now make you redy said Merlyn this nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the castel of Tyntigayll / & ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband Vlfius shal be lyke Syre Brastias / a knyghte of

the dukes And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Iordanus a knyghte of the dukes / But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men / but saye ye are diseased and soo hye yow to bedde / and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow / for the castel of Tyntygaill is but x myle hens / soo this was done as they deuysed / But the duke of Tyntigail aspyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of tarabil / & therfor that nyghte he yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to haue distressid the kynges hooste / And so thorowe his owne yssue the duke hym self was slayne or euer the kynge cam at the castel of Tyntigail / so after the deth of the duke kyng Vther lay with Igrayne more than thre houres after his deth / and begat on her that nygȝ arthur / & on day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng / & bad hym make hym redy / & so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in all hast / But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her husbād and by all record he was dede or euer kynge Vther came to her thenne she merueilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord / so she mourned pryuely and held hir pees / Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the Kynge of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym / the kynge gaf hem leue / for fayne wold he haue ben accorded with her / Soo the kyng put alle the trust in Vlfyus to entrete bitwene them so by the entrete at the last the kyng & she met to gyder / Now wille we doo well said Vlfyus / our kyng is a lusty knyghte and wyueles / & my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady / it were grete ioye vnto vs all and hit myghte please the kynge to make her his quene / vnto that they all well accordyd and meued it to the kynge / And anone lyke a lusty knyghte / he assentid therto with good wille / and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and ioye / And Kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne

leaf 19v

wedded Margawse that was Gaweyns moder / And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / Al this was done at the request of kynge Vther / And the thyrd syster morgan lesey was put to scole in a nonnery / And ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye / And after she was wedded to kynge Vryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blaunche maynys fader /

Capitulum tercium

[note.3](#)

THene quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter & gretter / so it befel after within half a yere as kyng Vther lay by his quene he asked hir by the feith she ouȝt to hym whos was the child within her body / thāne she sore abasshed to yeue ansuer / Desmaye you not said the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I shall loue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre saide she I shalle telle you the trouthe / the same nyghte þt my lord was dede the houre of his deth as his knyȝtes record ther came in to my castel of Tyntigail a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenaunce / and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes barcias and Iordans / & soo I went vnto bed with hym as I ouȝt to do with my lord / & the same nyght as I shal answer vnto god this child was begoten vpon me / that is trouthe saide the kynge as ye say / for it was I my self that cam in the lykenesse / & therfor desmay you not for I am fader

to the child / & ther he told her alle the cause / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioye whan she knewe who was the fader of her child / Sone come merlyn vnto the kyng / & said syr ye must puruey yow / for the nourisshyng of your child / as thou wolt said the kyng be it / wel said Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passyng true man & a feithful / & he shal haue the nourysshyng of your child / & his name is sir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englund & walys / & this lord sir ector lete hym be sent for / for to come & speke with you / & desyre hym your self as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nourisshyng to another woman / and that his wyf nourisshe yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder pryuy posterne vncrystned / So like

leaf 20r

as Merlyn deuysed it was done / And whan syre Ector was come / he made fyaūce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the Kynge desyred / and there the kyng graunted syr ector grete rewardys / Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kynge commaunded ij knyghtes & ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold / & that ye delyuer hym to what poure man ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel / So the child was delyuerd vnto Merlyn / and so he bare it forth vnto Syre Ector / and made an holy man to crysten hym / and named hym Arthur / and so sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe / Thenne within two yeres kyng Vther felle seke of a grete maladye / And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Vsurpped vpon hym / and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men / and slewe many of his peple / Sir said Merlyn ye may not lye so as ye doo / for ye must to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar / for ye shall neuer haue the better of your enemyes / but yf your persone be there / and thenne shall ye haue the vycory So it was done as Merlyn had deuysed / and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooste towarde his enemyes / And at saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the north / And that day Syre Vlfius and sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes / and kyng Vthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flight / And thenne the kyng retorned vnto london and made grete ioye of his vycory / And thēne he fyll passyng sore seke / so that thre dayes & thre nyghtes he was specheles / wherfore alle the barons made grete sorow and asked Merlyn what counceill were best / There nys none other remedye said Merlyn but god wil haue his wille / But loke ye al Barons be bifore kynge Vther to morne / and god and I shalle make hym to speke / So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng / thene Merlyn said aloud vnto kyng Vther / Syre shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce / thenne Vtherpendragon torned hym and said in herynge of them alle I gyue hym gods blissing & myne / & byd hym pray for my soule / & righteously & worshipfully that he clayme þe crowne vpon forfeiture of my blessing / & therwith he yelde vp the ghost &

leaf 20v

thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng / wherfor the quene fayre Igrayne made grete sorowe and alle
 the Barons / Thenne stood the reame in grete ieopardy long whyle / for euery lord that was myghty of
 men maade hym stronge / and many wende to haue ben kyng / Thenne Merlyn wente to the
 archebisshop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to sende for alle the lordes of the reame / and
 alle the gentilmen of armes that they shold to london come by Cristmas vpon payne of cursynge / And
 for this cause þ^t Ihū that was borne on that nyghte that he wold of his grete mercy shewe some
 myracle / as he was come to be kyng of mankynde for to shewe somme myracle who shold be rightwys
 kyng of this reame / So the Archebisshop by the aduys of Merlyn send for alle the lordes and gentilmen
 of armes that they shold come by crystmasse euen vnto london / And many of hem made hem clene of
 her lyf that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable vnto god / Soo in the grettest chirch of london
 whether it were Powlis or not the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon / alle the estates were longe or
 day in the chirche for to praye / And whan matyns & the first masse was done / there was sene in the
 chircheyard ayēst the hyghe aulter a grete stone four square lyke vnto a marbel stone / And in
 myddes therof was lyke an Anuyld of stele a foot on hyghe / & theryn stack a sayre swerd naked by the
 poynt / and letters there were wryten in gold aboute the swerd that saiden thus / who so pulleth oute this
 swerd of this stone and anuyld / is rightwys kyng borne of all Enlond / Thenne the peple merueilled &
 told it to the Archebisshop I commande said tharchebisshop that ye kepe yow within your chirche / and
 pray vnto god still that no man touche the swerd tyll the hyghe masse be all done / So whan all masses
 were done all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerd / And whan they sawe the scripture /
 som assayed suche as wold haue ben kyng / But none myght stere the swerd nor meue hit He is not here
 said the Archebisshop that shall encheue the swerd but doubte not god will make hym knowen / But this
 is my counceill said the archebisshop / that we lete puruey x knyȝtes men of good fame / & they to kepe
 this swerd / so it was ordeyned [correction; sic = ordeydeyned] / & thēne ther was made a crye /
 þ^t euery mā shold assay þ^t

leaf 21r

wold for to wyne the swerd / And vpon newe yeersday the barons lete maake a Iustes and a
 tournement / that alle knyȝtes shat wold Iuste or tourneye / there myȝt playe / & all this was ordeyned
 for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the comyns / for the Archebisshop trusted / that god wold make hym
 knowe that shold wyne the swerd / So vpon newe yeresday whan the seruyce was done / the barons
 rode vnto the feld / some to Iuste / & som to torney / & so it happed that syre Ector that had grete
 lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Iustes / & with hym rode syr kaynus his sone & yong Arthur that
 was hys nourisshed broder / & syr kay was made knyȝt at al halowmas afore So as they rode to ye Iustes
 ward / sir kay lost his swerd for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng / & so he prayd yong Arthur for to
 ryde for his swerd / I wyll wel said Arthur / & rode fast after ye swerd / & whan he cam home / the lady
 & al were out to see the Ioustyng / thenne was Arthur wroth & saide to hym self / I will ryde to the
 chircheyard / & take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone / for my broder sir kay shal not be
 without a swerd this day / so whan he cam to the chircheyard sir Arthur aliȝt & tayed his hors to the
 style / & so he wente to the tent / & found no knyȝtes there / for they were atte Iustyng & so he handled
 the swerd by the handels / and liȝtly & fiersly pulled it out of the stone / & took his hors & rode his way

vntyll he came to his broder sir kay / & delyuerd hym the swerd / & as sone as sir kay saw the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone / & so he rode to his fader syr Ector / & said / sire / loo here is the swerd of the stone / wherfor I must be kyng of thys land / when syre Ector beheld the swerd / he retorned ageyne & cam to the chirche / & there they aliȝte al thre / & wente in to the chirche / And anon he made sir kay swere vpon a book / how he came to that swerd / Syr said sir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me / how gate ye this swerd said sir Ector to Arthur / sir I will telle you when I cam home for my broders swerd / I fond no body at home to delyuer me his swerd And so I thought my broder syr kay shold not be swerdles & so I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the stone withoute ony payn / found ye ony knyȝtes about this swerd seid sir Ector Nay said Arthur / Now said sir Ector to Arthur I vnderstāde

leaf 21v

ye must be kyng of this land / wherfore I / sayd Arthur and for what cause / Sire saide Ector / for god wille haue hit soo for ther shold neuer man haue drawen oute this swerde / but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land / Now lete me see whether ye can putte the swerd ther as it was / and pulle hit oute ageyne / that is no maystry said Arthur / and soo he put it in the stone / wherwith alle Sir Ector assayed to pulle oute the swerd and faylled.

¶Capitulum sextum

NOw assay said Syre Ector vnto Syre kay / And anon he pulled at the swerd with alle his myghte / but it wold not be / Now shal ye assay said Syre Ector to Arthur I wyll wel said Arthur and pulled it out easily / And therwith alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and Syre Kay / Allas said Arthur myne own dere fader and broder why knele ye to me / Nay nay my lord Arthur / it is not so I was neuer your fader nor of your blood / but I wote wel ye are of an hygher blood than I wende ye were / And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nourisshe hym And by whoos commandement / and by Merlyns delyueraūce

¶ Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he vnderstood that Syre Ector was not his fader / Sir said Ector vnto Arthur woll ye by my good & gracious lord when ye are kyng / els were I to blame said arthur for ye are the man in the world that I am most be holdyng to / & my good lady and moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath fostred me and kepte / And yf euer hit be goddes will that I be kyng as ye say / ye shall desyre of me what I may doo / and I shalle not faille yow / god forbede I shold faille yow / Sir said Sire Ector / I will aske no more of yow / but that ye wille make my sone your foster broder Syre Kay Senceall of alle your landes / That shalle be done said Arthur / and more by the feith of my body that neuer man shalle haue that office but he whyle he and I lyue / There with all they wente vnto the Archebisshop / and told hym how the swerd was encheued / and by whome / and on twelfth day alle the barons cam thyder / and to assay to take the swerd who that wold assay / But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur / wherfor ther were many lordes wroth

leaf 22r

And saide it was grete shame vnto them all and the reame to be ouer gouernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne / And so they fell oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candelmass / And thenne alle the barons shold mete there ageyne / but alwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerd day & nyȝt / & so they sette a pauelione ouer the stone & þe swerd & fyue alwayes watched / Soo at Candalmasse many moo grete lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the swerde / but there myghte none preuaille / And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmasse / he dyd at Candelmasse and pulled oute the swerde easely wherof the Barons were sore agreued and put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester / And as Arthur sped afore / so dyd he at Eester / yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur shold be kynge / and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of Pentecoste / Thenne the Archebisshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the best knyghtes that they myghte gete / And suche knyghtes as Vtherpendragon loued best and moost trusted in his dayes / And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn / syre kaynes / syre Vlkyus / syre barsias / All these with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feste of Pentecost

¶ Capitulum septimum

AND at the feste of pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the swerde that wold assay / but none myghte preuaille but Arthur / and pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there / wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones we wille haue Arthur vnto our kyng we wille put hym nomore in delay / for we alle see that it is goddes wille that he shalle be our kynge / And who that holdeth ageynst it we wille slee hym / And therwith all they knelyd at ones both ryche and poure / and cryed Arthur mercy by cause they had delayed hym soo longe / and Arthur foryaf hem / and took the swerd bitwene both his handes / and offred it vpon the aulter where the Archebisshop was / and so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there / And so anon

leaf 22v

was the coronacyon made / And ther was he sworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to stand with true Iustyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf / Also thene he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in / and to do seruyce as they oughte to doo / And many complayntes were made vnto sir Arthur of grete wronges that were done syn the dethe of kyng Vther / of many lordes that were bereued lordes knyghtes / ladyes & gentilmen / wherfor kynge Arthur maade the lordes to be yeuen ageyne to them that oughte hem /

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had stablissshed alle the countreyes aboute london / thenne he lete make Syr kay sencial of Englonde / and sir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Constable / and sir Vlkyus was made chamberlayn / And sire Brastias was maade wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was þ^t tyme þ^e most party the kynges enemyes / But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the north scotland / and alle that were vnder their obeissaunce / Also walys a parte of it helde ayenst Arthur / but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble prowesse of hym self and his knyghtes of the round table

¶ Capitulum octauum

Thenne the kyng remeued in to walys / and lete crye a grete feste [correction; sic = seste] that is shold be holdyn at Pentecost after the incoronacion of hym at the Cyte of Carlyon / vnto the fest come kyng Lott of Lowthean / and of Orkeney / with fyue C knyghtes with hym / Also ther come to the feste kyng Vryens of gore with four C knyghtes with hym

¶ Also ther come to that feeste kyng Nayntres of garloth with seuen C knyghtes with hym / Also ther came to the feest the kyng of Scotland with sixe honderd knyghtes with hym / and he was but a yong man / Also ther came to the feste a kyng that was called the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / but he and his men were passyng wel bisene at al poyntes Also ther cam the kyng of Cardos with fyue honderd knyghtes / And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge / for he wende that al the kynges & knyghtes had come for grete loue / and to haue done hym worship at his feste / wherfor the kyng made grete ioye / and sente the kynges and knyghtes grete presentes / But

leaf 23r

the kynges wold none receyue / but rebuked the messagers shamefully / and said they had no ioye to receyue no yeftes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood / and sente hym word / they wold none of his yeftes / But that they were come to gyue hym yeftes with hard swerdys betwixt the neck and the sholders / And therefore they came thyder / so they told to the messagers playnly / for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to haue a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land was / With this ansuer the messagers departed & told to kyng Arthur this ansuer / wherfor by the aduys of his barons he took hym to a strong towre with / v / C good men with hym / And all the kynges afore said in a maner leyde a syege tofore hym / but kyng Arthur was well vytailled / And within xv dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem in to the Cyte of Carlyon / thenne all the kynges were passyng gladde of Merlyn / and asked hym for what cause is that boye Arthur made your kyng / Syres said Merlyn / I shalle telle yow the cause for he is kyng Vtherpendragons sone borne in wedlok gotten on Igrayne the dukes wyf of Tyntigail / thenne is he a bastard they said al / nay said Merlyn / After the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten / And xiij dayes after kyng Vther wedded Igrayne / And therfor I preue hym he is no bastard / And who saith nay / he shal be kyng and ouercome alle his enemyes / And or he deye / he

shalle be long kynge of all Englonde / and haue vnder his obeyssaunce Walys / yreland and Scotland / and moo reames than I will now reherce / Some of the kynges had merueyl of Merlyns wordes and demed well that it shold be as he said / And som of hem lough hym to scorne / as kyng Lot / and mo other called hym a wytche / But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that kynge Arthur shold come oute and speke with the kynges / and to come sauf and to goo sauf / suche suraunce ther was made / So Merlyn went vnto kynge Arthur / and told hym how he had done / and badde hym fere not but come oute boldly and speke with hem / and spare hem not / but ansuere them as their kynge and chyuetayn / for ye shal ouercome hem all whether they wille or nylle /

¶ Capitulum ix

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leaf 23v

Thenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour / and had vnder his gowne a lesseraunte of double maylle / and ther wente with hym the Archebisshop of Caunterbury / and syr Baudewyn of Bretayne and syr kay / and syre Brastias / these were the men of moost worship that were with hym / And whan they were mette / there was no mekenes but stoute wordes on bothe sydes / but alweyes kynge Arthur ansuerd them and said / he wold make them to bowe and he lyued wherfore they departed with wrath / and kynge Arthur badde kepe hem wel / and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel / Soo the kynge retorned hym to the toure ageyne and armed hym and alle his knyghtes / what will ye do said Merlyn to the kynges ye were better for to stynte / for ye shalle not here preuaille though ye were x so many / be we wel auysed to be aferd of a dreame reder said kyng Lot / with that Merlyn vanysshed aweye / and came to Kynge Arthur / and bad hym set on hem fiersly / & in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the best that were with the kynges / that wente streyghte vnto kynge Arthur / and that comforted hym gretely / Syr said Merlyn to Arthur / fyghte not with the swerde ye had by myracle / til that ye see ye go vnto the wers / thenne drawe it out and do your best / So forth with alle kynge Arthur sette vpon hem in their lodgyng / And syre Bawdewyn syre Kay and syr Brastias slewe on the right hand & on the lyfte hand that it was merueylle / and alweyes Kynge Arthur on horsback leyde on with a swerd and dyd merueillous dedes of armes that many of the kynges had grete ioye of his dedes and hardynesse / Thenne Kynge Lot brake out on the bak syde / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes and kyng Carados / and sette on Arthur fiersly behynde hym / with that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes / and smote behynd and before / and euer sir Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne vnderneathe hym / And therwith kynge lot smote doune kyng Arthur / With that his four knyghtes receyued hym and set hym on horsback / thene he drewe his swerd Excalibur / but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen / that it gaf light lyke xxx torchys / And therwith he put hem on bak / and slewe moche peple And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and

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stauys and slewe many knyghtes / but alle the kynges helde them to gyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyue / and so fled and departed / And Merlyn come vnto Arthur / and counceilled hym to folowe hem no further. ¶

Ca / x

SO after the feste and iourneye kyng Arthur drewe hym vnto london / and soo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to co^uncel / for Merlyn had told the kyng that the sixe kynges that made warre vpon hym wold in al haste be awroke on hym & on his landys wherfor the kyng asked counceil at hem al / they coude no counceil gyue but said they were bygge ynough / ye saye wel said Arthur / I thanke you for your good courage / but wil ye al that loveth me speke with Merlyn ye knowe wel that he hath done moche for me / and he knoweth many thynges / & whan he is afore you / I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his best auyse / Alle the barons sayd they wold pray hym and desyre hym / Soo Merlyn was sente [correction; sic = fente] for & fair desyred of al the barons to gyue them best counceil / I shall say you said Merlyn I warne yow al / your enemyes are passyng strong for yow / and they are good men of armes as ben on lyue / & by thys tyme they haue goten to them four kynges mo / and a myghty duke / and onlesse that our kyng haue more chyualry with hym than he may make within þe boundys of his own reame and he fyghte with hem in batail / he shal be ouercome & slayn what were best to doo in this cause said al the barons / I shal telle you said Merlyn myne aduys / there ar two bretheren beyond the see / & they be kynges bothe and merueillous good men of her handes / And that one hyghte Kyng Ban of Benwic And that other hyght Kyng Bors of gaule that is Fraunce And on these two Kynges warrith a myghty man of men the Kyng Claudas / and stryuet with hem for a castel / and grete werre is betwixt them / But this Claudas is so myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good Knyghtes that he putteth these two kynges moost parte do the werse / wherfor this is my counceil that our kyng and souerayne lord sende vnto the kynges Ban and Bors by two trusty knyghtes with letters wel deuysed / that and they wil come and see kyng Arthur and his courte / & so helpe hym in his warrys that he wil be sworne

vnto them to helpe them in their warrys ageynst kyng Claudas / Now what saye ye vnto this counceill said Merlyn / thys is wel counceilled said the kyng & alle the Barons / right so in alle haste ther were ordeyned to goo two knyghtes on the message vnto the two kynges / Soo were there made letters in the plesaunt wyse accordyng vnto kyng Arthurs desyre / Vlfius and Brastias were made the messagers / & so rode forth wel horsed and wel armed / and as they gyse was that tyme & so passed the see & rode toward the cyte of Benwyck / and there bysydes were viij knyghtes that aspyed them / And at a strait passage they mette with Vlfius & Brastias / & wold haue taken hem prysoners / so they prayd hem that

they myght passe / for they were messagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors sent from kynge Arthur / therfor said the viij knyghtes ye shalle dye or be prysoners / for we ben knyghtes of kyng Claudas And therwith two of them dressid theire sperys / and Vlfius and Brastias dressid theire speres and ranne to gyder with grete raundon / And Claudas knyghtes brack their speres / and ther to hylde and bare the two knyghtes out of her sadels to the erthe / and so lefte hem lyeng and rode her wayes / And the other sixe knyghtes rode afore to a passage to mete wyth hem ageyne / and so Vlfius & Brastias smote other two doun And so past on her wayes / And at the fourth passage there mette two for two / and bothe were leid vnto the erthe / so ther was none of the viij knyghtes but he was sore hurte or brysed And whan they come to Benwick it fortunied ther were both kynges Ban and Bors / And whan it was told the kynges that there were come messagers / there were sente vnto them ij knyghtes of worship / the one hyghte Lyonses lord of the country of payarne and Sir phariaunce a **worshipful** [correction; sic = worshipsul] knyght Anone they asked from whens they came / and they said from kynge Arthur kyng of England / so they took them in theyre armes and made grete ioye eche of other / But anon as the ij kynges wist they were messagers of Arthurs / ther was made no taryenge / but forthwith they spak with the knyghtes / & welcomed hem in the feythfullest wyse / & said / they were most welcome vnto them before alle the kynges lyuynge / and ther with they kyst the letters & delyuerd hem / And whan Ban

leaf 25r

and Bors vnderstood the letters / thenne were they more wel come than they were before / And after the hast of the letters / they gaf hem this ansuer that they wold fulfille the desyre of kynge Arthurs wrytyng & Vlfius & Brastias tary there as longe as they wold / they shold haue suche chere as myghte be made them in tho marchys / Thenne Vlfius & Brastias told the kyng of the aduēture at their passages of the eyghte knyȝtes / Ha A said Ban and Bors they were my good frendes I wold I had wyst of hem they shold not haue escaped so So Vlfius & Brastias had good chere and grete yeftes as moche as they myghte bere away / and hadde their ansuere by mouthe and by wrytynge that tho two Kynges wold come vnto Arthur in all the hast that they myȝte / So the two Knytes rode on a fore / and passed the see / and come to their lord and told hym how they had spedde / wherof Kynge Arthur was passyng gladde / At what tyme suppose ye / the ij Kynges wol be here / Syr said they afore all halowmasse / Thenne the kynge lete puruey for a grete feeste / and lete crye a grete Iustes / And by all halowmasse the two kynges were come ouer the see with thre honderd knyȝtes wel arayed both for the pees and for the werre / And kyng Arthur mette with hem x myle oute of london / and ther was grete ioye as coude be thouȝt or made / And on al halowmasse / at the grete feeste sate in the halle the thre kynges / and syre kay sencial serued in the halle And Syr lucas the bottelere that was duke Corneus sone / & sir gryflet that was the sone of Cardol / these iij knyȝtes had the rule of alle the seruyse that serued the kynges / And anon as they had wasshen & rysen / al knyȝtes that wold Iuste made hem redy / by than they were redy on horsbak there were vij C knyghtes / And Arthur Ban and Bors with the Archebisshop of Caunterbury / and syre Ector kays fader they were in a place couerd with clothe of gold lyke an halle with ladyes and gentilwymmen for to behold who dyd best and theron to giue Iugement

And kynge Arthur and the two Kynges lete departe the vij C knyghtes in two partyes And there were iij C knyghtes of the reame of Benwick and of gaule torned on the other syde than they dressid her sheldes / and

leaf 25v

beganne to couche her speres many good knyghtes / So Gryflet was the first that mette with a knyghte one ladynas and they mett so egerly that al men hadde wonder / And they soo faughte that her sheldes felle to pyeces / and hors and man felle to the erthe / And bothe the frensshe knyghte and the Englysshe knyghte lay so longe that alle men wend they had ben dede / Whan lucas the botteler sawe Gryflet soo lye / he horsed hym ageyne anon / and they two dyd merueillous dedes of armes with many bachelers / Also syre kay came oute of an enbusshement with fyue knyghtes with hym / and they sixe smote other sixe doune / But syr kay dyd that day merueillous dedes of armes / that ther was none dyd so wel as he that day Thenne ther come ladynas & Grastian two knyghtes of fraunce / and dyd passynge wel that all men preysed them / Thenne come there Syre placidas a good knyghte and mette with syr kay and smote hym doune hors and man / wherfore Syre gryflet was wrothe and mette with Syre placidas soo harde that hors and man felle to the erthe / But whan the / v / knyghtes wyst that syr kay had a falle they were wrothe out of wyt / And therwith eche of them / v / bare doune a knyghte / Whanne kyng Arthur and the two kynges sawe hem begyn waxe wrothe on bothe partyes / they lepte on smale hakeneis / and lete crye that all men shold departe vnto their lodgyng And so they wente home and vnarmed them and so to euensonge and **souper** [correction; sic = fouper] / And after the thre kynges wente in to a gardyn / and gaf the pryce vnto syre kay and to lucas the bottelere / and vnto Syre Gryflet / And thenne they wente vnto counceil / and with hem gwenbaus the brother vnto syr Ban & Bors a wyse Clerk / and thyder went Vlffys and Brastias and Merlyn / And after they had ben in councell / they wente vn to bedde / And on the morne they herde masse and to dyner / and so to their councelle and made many argumentis what were best to doo / At the last they were concluded / that Merlyn shold goo with a token of kyng Ban and that was a rynge vnto his men and kynge Bors and Gracian & placidas sholde goo ageyne and kepe theire castels and her countreyes / as for kynge Ban of Benwick and kynge Bors of Gaules had ordeyned hem / and so passed the see and came to

leaf 26r

Benwyck / And whan the peple sawe kyng Bans rynge & gracian and placidas they were glad / and asked how the kynges ferd / and made grete ioie of their welfare and cordyng / and accordynge vnto the souerayne lordes desyre / the men of warre made hem redy in al hast possyble / soo that they were xv M on hors and foot / and they had grete plente of vytaylle with hem by Merlyns prouysyon / But gracian

and placidas were lefte to furnysshe and garnysshe the castels for drede of kynge Claudas / ryght so Merlyn passed the see wel vytailled bothe by water and by land / And whan he came to the see / he sente home the foote men ageyne and took no mo with hym / but x M men on horsbak the moost parte men of armes and so shynned and passed the see in to Englonde / and lounded at Douer / and thorow the wytte of Merlyn he had the hoost Northward the pryuyest wey that coude be thoughte vnto the foreist of Bedegrayne / and there in a valey he lodged hem secretly /

¶ Thenne rode Merlyn vnto Arthur and the two kynges & told hem how he had sped / wherof they had grete merueylle / that man on erthe myghte speede so soone / and goo and come So Merlyn told them x M were in the forest of Bedegrayne wel armed at al poyntes / thenne was there no more to saye / but to horsbak wente all the hoost as Arthur had afore purueyed / So with xx M he passed by nyghte and day / but ther was made suche an ordena^{nce} afore by Merlyn that ther shold no man of werre ryde nor go in no countrey on this syde trent water / but yf he had a token from kynge Arthur / where thorow the kynges enemyes durste not ryde as they dyd to fore to aspye

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd soo within a lytel space the thre kynges came vnto the Castel of Bedegrayne / and fond there a passynge fayr felauship and wel be sene / wherof they had grete ioye / and vytaille they wanted none / This was the cause of the northeren hoost that they were rered for the despyte and rebuke the syx kynges had at Carlyon / And tho vj kynges by her meanes gate vnto hem fyue other kynges / And thus they beganne to gadre theyr peple

¶ And how they sware that **for** [correction; sic = sor] wele nor woo they shold not leue other /

tyl they had destroyed Arthur / and thenne they made an oth The fyrst that beganne the othe was the duke of Candebenet / that he wold brynge with hym v M men of armes the which were redy on horsbak / Thenne sware kynge Brandegoris of stranggore that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horsbak / Thenne sware kynge Claryuaus of Northumberland he wold brynge thre thousand men of armes / thenne sware the kyng of the C knyghtes that was a passynge good man and a yonge that he wold brynge four thousand men of armes on horsbak / thenne ther swore kynge Lott a passyng good knyht and syre Gawayns fader that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horsbak / Also ther swore kynge Vryence that was syr Vwayns fader of the lond of gore and he wold brynge vj M men of armes on horsbak / Also ther swore kyng Idres of Cornewallle that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horsbak / Also ther swore kynge cardelmans to brynge v M m^{en} on horsbak / Also ther swore kyng Agwysaunce of Ireland to brynge v M men of armes on horsbak / Also ther swore kyng Nentres to brynge v M men of armes on horsbak / Also there swore kynge Carados to brynge v M of armes on horsbak / Soo her hool hoost was

of clene men of armes on horsbak fyfty thousand and a foot x thousand of good mennes bodyes / thenne were they soone redy and mounted vpon hors and sente forth their fore rydars / for these xj kynges in her wayes leyde a syege unto the castel of Bedegrayne / and so they departed and drewe toward Arthur and lefte fewe to abyde at the syege for the castel of Bedegrayne was holden of kynge Arthur / and the men that were theryn were Arthurs

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo by Merlyns aduys ther were sente fore rydars to skumme the Countreie / & they mette with the fore rydars of the north / and made hem to telle whiche wey the hooste cam / and thenne they told it to Arthur / and by kyng Ban and Bors counceill they lete brenne and destroye alle the contrey afore them there they shold ryde /

¶ The kynge with the honderd knyghtes mette a wonder drewe two nyghtes a fore the bataille / that ther blewe a grete wynde & blewe doun her castels and her townes / and after that cam a water and bare hit

leaf 27r

all away / Alle that herd of the sweuen said / it was a token of grete batayll / Thenne by counceill of Merlyn whan they wist whiche wey the xj kynges wold ryde and lodge that nyghte At mydnyght they sette vpon them as they were in theyr paueylons / But the scout watche by her hoost cryed lordes att armes for here be your enemyes at your hand

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban and Kynge Bors with her good and trusty knyghtes set on hem so fyersly that he made them ouer throwe her paelions on her hedys / but the xj kynges by manly prowesse of armes tooke a fayre champayne / but there was slayne that morowe tyde x M good mennys bodyes / And so they had afore hem a strong passaye yet were they fyfty M of hardy men / Thenne it drewe toward day / now shalle ye doo by myne aduys said Merlyn vnto the thre kynges I wold that kynge Ban and kynge Bors with her felauship of x M men were put in a wood here besyde in an enbusshement and kepe them preuy / and that they be leid or the lyght of the daye come / and that they sterve not tyll ye and your knyghtes haue foughte with hem longe And whanne hit is daye lyght dresse your bataille euen afore them and the passage that they may see alle your hooste / For thenne wyl they be the more hardy when they see yow but aboute xx M / and cause hem to be the gladder to suffre yow and youre hoost to come ouer the passage / All the thre kynges and the hoole barons sayde that Merlyn said passyngly wel / and it was done anone as Merlyn had deuysed / Soo on the morn whan eyther hoost sawe other / the hoost of the north was well comforted / Thenne to Vlfius and Brastias were delyuerd thre thowsand men of armes / and they sette on them fyersly in the passage / and slewe on the ryght hand and on the lyft

hand that it was wonder to telle /

¶ Whanne that the enleuen kynges sawe that there was so fewe a felauship dyd suche dedes of armes they were ashamed and sette on hem agayne fyersly / and ther was syr Vlfyus hors slayne vnder hym / but he dyd merueyllously well on foote /

¶ But the Duke Eustace of Cambenet

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leaf 27v

and Kyng Claryaunce of Northumberland / were alweye greuouse on Vlfyus / thenne Brastias sawe his felawe ferd so with al / he smote the duke with a spere that hors & man fell doune / that sawe kyng Claryaunce and retorne vnto Brastias / and eyther smote other soo that hors & man wente to the erthe / and so they lay long astonyed / & their hors knees brast to the hard bone / Thenne cam Syr kay the sencyal with syxe felawes with hym / and dyd passyng wel / with that cam the xj kynges / and ther was Gryflet put to the erthe hors & man and lucas the bottelere hors and man by kyng Brandegorys and kyng Idres & kyng Agwysaunce / thēne waxed the medle passyng hard on bothe partyes / whan syre kay sawe Gryflet on foote / he rode on kyng Nentres & smote hym doune and lad his hors vnto syr gryflet & horsed hym ageyne / Also syr kay with the same spere smote doune kyng Lott / & hurt hym passyng sore / that sawe the kyng with the C knyȝtes and ran vnto syr kay and smote hym doune and toke his hors / & gaf hym kyng Lott wherof he said gramercy / whan syr Gryflet sawe syr kay & lucas the bottelere on foote / he tooke a sharp spere grete and square / and rode to pynel a good man of armes / and smote hors and man doune / And thenne he tooke his hors / and gaf hym vnto syr kay / Thenne kyng Lot saw kyng Nentres on foote / he ranne vnto Melot de la roche / & smote hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng Nentres the hors & horsed hym ageyne / Also the kyng of the C knyȝtes sawe kyng Idres on foot thenne he ran vnto Gwymyart de bloy and smote hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng Idres the hors & horsed hym ageyne / & kyng Lot smote doune Claryaunce de la foreist saueage & gaf the hors vnto duke Eustace / And so whanne they had horsed the kynges ageyne they drewe hem al xj kynges to gyder and said they wold be reuenged of the dommage that they had taken that day / The meane whyle cam in syr Ector with an egyr countenaunce / and found Vlfyus and Brastias on foote in grete perylle of deth that were fowle defoyled vnder horsfeet / Thenne Arthur as a lyon ranne vnto kyng Cradelment of North walys / and smote hym thorowe the lyfte syde that the hors and the kyng fyll doune / And thenne he tooke the hors by the rayne / and ladde hym

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leaf 28r

vnto Vlfyus & said haue this hors myn old frend / for grete nede hast thou of hors / gramercy said

Vllyus / thenne syre Arthur dyd so merueillously in armes that all men had wondyr / Whan the kyng
 with the C knyghtes sawe kyng Cradelment on foote / he ranne vnto syre Ector that was wel horsed syr
 kayes fader / and smote hors and man doune / and gaf the hors vnto the kyng / and horsed hym ageyne /
 and when kyng Arthur sawe the kyng ryde on syr Ectors hors he was wroth and with his swerd he smote
 the kyng on the helme / that a quarter of the helme and shelde fyll doune / and so the swerd carf doune
 vnto the hors neck / and so the kyng & the hors fyll doune to the ground / Thenne syr kay cam vnto syr
 Morganore sencial with the kyng of the C knyghtes & smote hym down hors and man / and lad the hors
 vnto his fader syre Ector / thenne syr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyghe lardans / & smote hors & man
 doune / & lad the hors vnto syr Brastias that grete nede had of a hors and was gretely defoyled / whan
 Brastias beheld lucas the botteler that lay lyke a dede man vnder the horse feet / and euer syr Gryflet dyd
 merueillously for to rescowe hym / and there were alweyes xiiij knyghtes on syr lucas / & thenne
 Brastias smote one of hem on the helme / that it wente to the teeth / & he rode to another and smote hym
 that the arme flewe in to the feld / Thēne he wente to the third and smote hym on the sholder that
 sholder and arme flewe in the feld / And whan Gryflet sawe rescowes / he smote a knyght on the tempils
 that hede & helme wente to the erthe / and gryflet took the hors of that knyght & lad hym vnto syr
 lucas / & bad hym mounte vpon the hors & reuenge his hurtes / For Brastias had slayne a knyghte to fore
 & horsed gryflet /

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne lucas sawe kyng Agwysaunce that late hadde slayne Morys de la roche / and lucas ran to hym
 with a short spere that was grete / that he gaf hym suche a falle that the hors felle down to the erthe /
 Also lucas found there on fote bloyas de la flaundres and syr Gwynas ij hardy knyȝtes & in that
 woodenes that lucas was in / he slewe ij bachelers & horsed hem ageyn / thēne waxid the batail
 possyng hard on both partyes / but arthur was glad þt his knyȝtes were horsed ayene

leaf 28v

& thēne they foughte to gyders that the noyse and sowne rang by the water & the wood / wherfor
 kyng Ban and kyng bors made them redy and dressyd theyr sheldes and harneys / and they were so
 couragious that many Knyghtes shoke & beuerd for egrenes / All this whyle lucas and Gwynas &
 bryaunte & Bellyas of Flaundrys helde strong medle ayenst vj kynges / that was Kyng Lott / kyng
 Nentres / kyng Brandegorys / Kyng Idres / kyng Vryens & kyng Agwysaunce / Soo with the helpe of
 syre kay & of syr gryflet / they helde these vj kynges hard that vnnethe they had ony power to defend
 them But whan syr Arthur sawe the batail wold not be endyd by no maner / he ferd wood as a lyon / &
 stered his hors here & there on the right hand & on the lyft hand . that he stynte not tyl he had slayne xx
 knyȝtes / Also he wounded kyng Lot sore on the sholder and made hym to leue that ground / for syre kay
 & gryflet dyd with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes / Thenne Vllyus and Brastias & sir Ector
 encountred ageynst the duke Eustace & kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kyng

Claryaunce of Northumberland & kyng Carados & ageynst the kyng with the C knyȝtes / So these knyȝtes encountred with these kynges that they made them to auoyde the grounde / thēne Kyng Lott made grete dool for his dommagis & his felawes / & said vnto the x kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyse we shalle be slayn & destroyed / lete me haue the kyng with the C Knyȝtes & kyng Agwysaunce & kyng Idres and the duke of Canbenec / & we v Kynges wol haue xv M men of armes with vs & we wille go on parte / wyle ye vj Kynges holde medle with xij M / & we see that ye haue fouȝten with hem long thēne will we come on fyersly / & ellys shall we neuer matche hem said kyng Lot but by this meane So they departed as they here deuysed / & vj kynges made her party strong ageynst Arthur and made grete warre longe / In the meane whyle brake the enbusschement of Kyng Ban and kyng bors and Lyonses and Pharyaunce had the aduant garde / and they two knyghtes mette with kyng Idres and his felauship / and there began a grete medele of brekyng of speres and smytynge of swerdys with sleynge of men and horses/ And kyng Idres was nere at discomforture

leaf 29r

That sawe Agwysaunce the kyng and put lyonses and pharyaunce in poynte of dethe / for the duke of Canbenek came on with all with a grete felauship / soo these two knyghtes were in grete daunger of their lyues that they were fayn to retorne but alweyes they rescowed hem self and their felauship merueillously / Whan kyng Bors sawe tho knyghtes put on bak it greued hym sore / thēne he cam on so fast that his felauship semed as blak as Inde / whan kyng Lot had aspyed kyng bors / he knewe hym wel / thenne he said O Ihesu defende vs frō deth & horryble maymes / for I see wel we ben in grete perylle of dethe / for I see yonder a kyng one of the most worshipfullest men & one of the best knyȝtes of the world ben enclyned vnto his felauship / what is he said the kyng with the C knyȝtes / it is said kyng Lot kyng bors of gaule / I merueile how they come in to this countreie without wetynge of vs all It was by Merlyns auyse said the knyghte / As for hym sayd kyng Carados / I wille encountre with kyng bors / and ye wil rescowe me whan myster is / go on said they al / we wil do all that we may / thenne kyng Carados & his hoost rode on a softe pace tyl that they come as nyghe kyng Bors as bowe draughte / thenne eyther bataill lete their hors renne as fast as they myghte / And Bleoberys that was godson vnto kyng Bors he bare his chyef standard / that was a passynge good knyghte / Now shall we see said kyng Bors hou these northeren bretons can bere the armes / & kyng Bors encountred with a knyght / and smote hym thorow out with a spere that he fel dede vnto the erthe / and after drewe his swerd & dyd merueillous dedes of armes that all partyes had grete wōder therof / & his knyȝtes failled not but dyd their part / & kyng Carados was smyten to the erthe / With that came the kyng with the C knyȝtes & rescued kyng Carados myȝtely by force of armes / for he was a passyng good knyght of a kyng / & but a yong man

¶ Capitulum xvj

BY than come in to the feld kyng Ban as fyers as a lyon with bandys of grene / & therupon gold / Ha a said kyng Lot we must be discomfyte / for yonder I see the moste valyaunt knyght of the world / and the

man of the most renoume / for suche ij bretheren as is kyng Ban & kyng bors ar

leaf 29v

not lyuynge / wherfore we must nedes voyde or deye/ And but yf we auoyde manly and wysely / ther is but dethe / whanne kynge Ban came in to the bataill / he cam in so fiersly / that the strokes redounded ageyne fro the woode and the water / wherfor kynge Lott wepte for pyte and doole that he sawe so many good knyȝtes take theyr ende / But thorowe the grete force of kyng Ban they made both the Northeren bataylles that were departed / hurtled to gyders for grete drede / and the thre kynges & their knyghtes slewe on euer that it was pyte on to behold that multitude of the people that fledde / But kynge Lott and Kynge of the honderd knyȝtes & kynge Morganore gadred the peple to gyders passyng knyghtly / and dyd grete prowesse of armes / and helde the bataill all that daye lyke hard /

¶ Whanne the kynge of the honderd knyghtes beheld the grete damage that kynge Ban dyd / he threst vnto hym wyth his hors and smote hym in hyhe vpon the helme a grete stroke and stonyed hym sore / Thenne kynge Ban was wroth with hym / and folowed on hym fyersly / the other sawe that / and cast vp his sheld & spored his hors forward / But the stroke of kynge Ban felle doune and carfe a cantel of the sheld / and the swerd slode doune by the hauberk behynde his back / & cut thorow the trappere of stele / and the hors euen in two pyeces that the swerd felte the erthe / Thenne the kynge of the C knyghtes voyded the hors lyghtly and with his swerd he broched the hors of kyng Ban thorow and thorow / with that kynge Ban voyded lyghtly from the dede hors / and thenne kynge Ban smote at the other so egrely / and smote hym on the helme that he felle to the erth / Also in that yre he feld kyng Morganore and there was grete slaughter of good knyghtes and moche peple / by than come in to the prees kynge Arthur / and fond Kynge Ban stondynge among dede men and dede hors fyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon / that ther came none nyghe hym as fer as he myght reche with his swerd / but he caughte a greuous buffet wherof Kynge Arthur had grete pyte / And Arthur was so bloody that by his shelde ther myght no man knowe hym / for all was blood and braynes on his swerd / And as Arthur loked by hym he sawe a knyght that was passyngly wel horsed / and therwith syre Arthur ranne

leaf 30r

to hym / and smote hym on the helme that his swerd wente vnto his teeth / and the knyght sanke doune to the erthe dede / & anon Arthur tooke the hors by the rayne and ladde hym vnto kynge Ban & said fair broder / haue this hors / for ye haue grete myster thereof & me repenteth sore of your grete dammage Hit shall be soone reuengid said Kynge Ban / for I truste in god myn eure is not suche but some of them may sore repente thys / I wol wel said Arthur / for I see your dedes full actual Neuertheles I myghte not come

at yow at that tyme / But whanne Kynge Ban was mounted on horsbak / thenne there beganne newe bataill the whyche was sore and hard / and passyng grete slaughter / And so thurgh grete force Kynge Arthur / Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors made her kynghtes a litel to with drawe them / But alwey the xj Kynges with her chyualrye neuer torned bak / and so withdrewe hem to a lytil woode / and so ouer a lytyl ryuer / & there they rested hem / for on the nyghte they myghte haue no rest on the feld / And thēne the xj kynges and knyghtes put hem on a hepe all to gyders as men adrad and out of alle comforte / but ther was no man myghte passe them / they helde hem so hard to gyders bothe behynde and **before** [correction; sic = besore] that kynge Arthur had merueille of their dedes of armes and was passynge wrothe / A syr Arthur said kynge Ban and kynge Bors blame hem noughte / For they doo as good men ou^t to doo / For by my feith said kyng Ban / they are the best fyghtyng men and knyghtes of moost prowesse that euer I sawe or herd speke of / And tho xj kynges are men of grete worship / And yf they were longyng vn to yow / there were no kynge vnder the heuen hadde suche xj knyghtes and of suche worship / I may not loue hem said Arthur / they wold destroye me / that wote we wel said kynge Ban and Kynge Bors / for they are your mortal enemyes / and that hath ben preued afore hand / And this day they haue done theirre parte / and that is grete pyte of theirre wilfulnes Thenne alle the xj kynges drewe hem to gyder / And thenne said kynge Lott / lordes ye must other wayes than ye do / or els the grete losse is behynde / ye may see what peple we haue lost / and what good men we lese / by cause we waytte alweyes on these foote men / and euer in sauynge of one of the foote men

leaf 30v

we lese x horsmen for hym / therfore this is myne aduys / lete vs put our foote men from vs / for it is nere nyghte / For the noble Arthur wille not tary on the foote men / for they maye saue hym self / the woode is nerehand / And whan we horsmen be to gyders / loke eueryche of yow kynges lete make suche ordinaunce that none breke vpon payne of dethe / And who that seeth ony man dresse hym to flee / lightly that he be slayne / for it is better that we slee a coward than thorow a coward alle we to be slayne / How saye ye said kynge Lott / ansuere me all ye kynges / it is wel said quod kynge Nentres / so said the kynge of the honderd knyghtes / the same saide the kynge Carados and kyng Vryence / so dyd kynge Idres and kyng brandegorys / and so dyd kyng Cradulmas and the duke of Cādebenet / the same said kyng Claryaunce & kyng Agwysaunce and sware they wold neuer faille other neyther for lyf nor for dethe / And who so that fledde but did as they dyd shold be slayne / Thenne they amended their harneys and rygthed theirre sheldes and tooke newe sperys and sette hem on theirre thyes and stode stille as hit had ben a plombe of wood /

¶ Capitulum xvij

WHanne Syre Arthur and kynge ban and bors byhelde the mand all her knyghtes they preysed hem moche for their noble chere of chyualrye for the hardyest fyghters that euer they herd or sawe / with that there dressyd hem a xl noble knyghtes and saide vnto the thre kynges / they wold breke their bataille / these were her names Lyonses / pharyaunce Vlfiys / brastias / Ector / kaynes / lucas the bottelere /

Gryflett la fyse de dieu / mariet de la roche / Gwynas de bloy / briāt de la foreyst saueage /
bellaus / Moryans of the castel maydyns / flānedreus of the castel of ladyes / Annecians that was
kynges bors godsone a noble knyght / ladyes de la rouse / Emerause Caulas / Gracyens le casteleyne / one
bloyse de la caase / and syre Colgreueaunce de gorre / all these knyȝtes rode on afore with sperys on
their thyes / and spored their horses myghtely as the horses myȝte renne / And the xj kynges with parte
of her knyȝtes russched with their horses as fast as they myȝte with their speres / & ther they dyd **onboth**
[sic; correction = on both] partyes merueillous dedes of armes / soo came in the thycke of the prees
Arthur ban &

leaf 31r

bors & slewe doune right on both handes that her horses went in blood vp to the fytlokys / But euer the
xj Kynges and their hooste was euer in the vysage of Arthur / wherfore Ban and Bors had grete
merueille consydering the grete slauȝter that there was / but at the last they were dryuen abak ouer a
lytil ryuer / with that came Merlyn on a grete black hors / and said vnto arthur thow hast neuer done /
hast thou not done ynough / of thre score thousand this day hast thou lefte on lyue but xv M / and it is
tyme to saye ho for god is wrothe with the that thow wolt neuer haue done / for yonder xj kynges at this
tyme will not be ouerthrowen / but and thow tary on them ony lenger / thy fortune wille torne and they
shall encrease / And therfor withdrawe yow vnto your lodgyng and reste you as soone as ye may and
rewarde your good knyȝtes with gold and with syluer / for they haue wel deserued hit / there may no
rychesse be to dere for them / for of so fewe men as ye haue ther were neuer men dyd more of prowesse
than they haue done to day / for ye haue matched this day with the beste fyghters of the world / that is
trouthe said kyng Ban and bors / Also said Merlyn / withdrawe yow where ye lyst / For this thre yere I
dar vndertake they shalle not dere yow / And by than ye shalle here newe tydynge / And thenne Merlyn
said vnto arthur / these xj kynges haue more on hand than they are ware of / for the Sarasyns are loded
in their countreyes mo than xl M that brenne and slee / and haue leid syege att the castel Wandesborow
and make grete destruction / therefore drede yow not this thre yere /

¶ Also syre al the goodes that ben gotten at this bataill lete it be serched / And whanne ye haue it in your
handys lete it be gyuen frely vnto these two kynges Ban and Bors that they may rewarde theyr knyght
with all / And that shalle cause straungers to be of better wyll to do yow seruyse at nede / Also ye be
able to reward youre owne knyghtes of your owne goodes whan someuer it lyketh you It is wel said **qd**
[sic] Arthur And as thow hast deuysed so shal it be done / whanne it was delyuerd to Ban & Bors they
gaf the goodes as frely to their knyȝtes as frely as it was yeuen to them / Thenne Merlyn took his leue of
Arthur and of the ij kynges for to go and see his mayster Bleyse that dwelde

in Northumberland / and so he departed and cam to his maister that was passyng glad of his comynge / & there he tolde / how Arthur and the two kynges had sped at the grete batayll / and how it was ended / and told the names of euery kyng and knyght of worship that was there / And soo Bleyse wrote the bataill word by word as Merlyn told hym how it began / & by whome / and in lyke wyse how it was endyd / And who had the werre / All the batails that were done in arthurs dayes / merlyn dyd his maister Bleyse do wryte / Also he did do wryte all the batails that euery worthy knyght dyd of arthurs Courte / After this Merlyn departed from his mayster and came to kyng Arthur that was in the castel of Bedegrayne / that was one of the castels that stondyn in the forest of Sherewood / And Merlyn was so disguised that kyng Arthur knewe hym not for he was al be furred in black shepe skynnes and a grete payre of bootes / and a bowe and arowes in a russet gowne / and broughte wild gyse in his hād and it was on the morne after candelmas day / but kyng Arthur knewe hym not / Syre said Merlyn vnto the kyng / Wil ye gyue me a yefte / wherfor said kyng Arthur shold I gyue the a yefte chorle / Sir said Merlyn ye were better to gyue me a yefte that is not in your hand than to lese grete rychesse / for here in the same place there the grete bataill was is grete tresour hyd in the erthe / who told the so chorle said Arthur / Merlyn told me so said he / thenne Vlisyus and Brastias knew hym wel ynough and smyled / Syre said these two knyghtes It is Merlyn that so speketh vnto yow / thenne kyng arthur was gretely abasshed and had merueyll of Merlyn / & so had kyng Ban and kyng Bors / and soo they had grete dysport at hym / Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoyssel that was an erlys doughter his name was Sanam / and her name was Lyonors a passynge fair damoyssel / and so she cam thyder for to **dohomage** [sic; correction = do homage] as other lordes dyd after the grete bataill / And kyng Arthur sette his loue gretely vpon her and so dyd she vpon hym / and the kyng had adoo with her / and gat on her a child / his name was Borre that was after a good knyghte and of the table round / thenne ther cam word that the kyng Ryence of Northen walys maade grete werre on

kyng Lodegreance of camlyard / for the whiche thyng arthur was wroth for he loued hym wel and hated kyng Ryence / for he was alwey ageynst hym / So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were sente home vnto Benwyck / alle they wold departe for drede of kyng Claudas and pharyaunce and Antemes and Grasians and lyonses / payarne with the leders of tho that shold kepe the kynges landys

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd thenne kyng Arthur and kyng Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felauship a xx M and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of Cmyliarde and there rescowed kyng Lodegreance and slewe ther moche people of kyng Ryence vnto the nombre of x M men and put hym to flyghte / And thenne had these thre kynges grete chere of kyng Lodegreance / that thanked them of their grete goodnesse that they wold reunge hym of his enemyes / and there hadde Arthur the fyrst syght of gweneuer the kynges

doughter of Camlyard / and euer after he loued her / After they were weddyd as it telleth in the booke /
Soo breuely to make an ende / they took theyr leue to goo in to theyre owne Countreyes for kynge
Claudas dyd grete destruction on their landes / Thenne said Arthur I wille goo with yow / Nay said the
kynge ye shalle not at this tyme / for ye haue moche to doo yet in these landes / therfore we wille
departe / and with the grete goodes that we haue gotten in these landes by youre yeftes we shalle wage
good knyghtes & withstande the kynge Claudas malyce / for by the grace of god and we haue nede we
wille sende to yow for youre socour / And yf ye haue nede sende for vs / and we wille not tary by the
feythe of our bodyes / Hit shalle not saide Merlyn nede that these two kynge come ageyne in the wey of
werre / But I knowe wel kynge Arthur maye not be longe from yow / for within a yere or two ye shalle
haue grete nede / And thenne shalle he reuenge yow on youre enemyes as ye haue done on his / For
these xj kynge shal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and prowesse of armes of ij valyaunt knyghtes
as it telleth after / her names ben Balyn le Saeage and Balan his broder that ben merueillous good
knyghtes as ben ony lyuyng /

¶ Now torne we to the xj

leaf 32v

kynge that retorned vnto a cyte that hyghte Sorhaute / the whiche cyte was within kynge Vryens / and
ther they refresshed hem as wel as they myght / and made leches serche theyr woundys and sorowed
gretely for the dethe of her peple / with that ther came a messenger and told how ther was comen in to
their landes people that were laules as wel as sarasyns a xl M / and haue brent & slayne al the peple that
they may come by withoute mercy / and haue leyd syege on the castel of wādisborow / Allas
sayd the xj kynge here is sorow vpon sorow And yf we had not warryd ageynst Arthur as we haue
done / he wold soone reuenge vs / as for kyng Lodegryaunce he loueth Arthur better than vs / And as for
kyng Ryence / he hath ynough to doo with Lodegreans / for he hath leyd syege vnto hym / Soo they
consentyd to gyder to kepe alle the marches of Cornewayle / of walys and of the northe / soo fyrst they
putte kynge Idres in the Cyte of Nauntys in Brytayne with iiij thowsand men of armes / to watche bothe
the water and the land / Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres of garlott with four
thousand knyghtes to watche both on water and on lond / Also they had of other men of werre moo than
eyght thousand for to fortyfye alle the fortresses in the marches of Cornewaylle / Also they put moo kny
ghtes in alle the marches of walys and scotland with many good men of armes / and soo they kepte hem to
gyders the space of thre yere And euer alyed hem with myghty kynge and dukes and lordes / And to
them felle kynge Ryence of North walys / the whiche was a myghty man of men & Nero that was a
myghty man of men / And all this whyle they furnyssed hem and garnyssed hem of good men of
armes and vytaille and of alle maner of abyement that pretendith to the werre to auenge hem for the
bataille of Bedegrayne / as it telleth in the book of auentures folowyng

Thenne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors kyng Arthur rode vnto Carlyon / And
thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a message / but she was sente thyder to aspye
the Courte of kyng Arthur / and she cam rychely bisene with her four sones / gawayn

leaf 33r

Gaherys / Agraunaynes / and Gareth with many other knyghtes and ladyes / for she was a possynge fayr
lady / wherfore the kyng cast grete loue vnto her / and desyred to lye by her / so they were agreed / and
he begate vpon her Mordred / and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne / So ther she rested her a
moneth and at the last departed / Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreame wherof he was sore
adrad / But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster / Thus was the dreame
of Arthur / hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they
brente and slough alle the peple in the lād And thenne hym thoughte / he faughte with hem / and
they dyd hym passynge grete harme / and wounded hym ful sore / but at the last he slewe hem / Whanne
the kyng awaked / he was passynge heuy of his dreame / and so to put it oute of thoughtes / he made
hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntyng / As soone as he was in the forest / the kyng sawe a
grete hert afore hym / this herte wille I chace said kyng Arthur / And so he spored the hors / and rode
after longe / And so by fyne force ofte he was lyke to haue smyten the herte / where as the kyng had
chaced the herte soo long that his hors had loste hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman fette
the kyng another hors / So the kyng sawe the herte enbusshed and his hors dede / he sette hym doune
by a fontayne and there he fell in grete thoughtes / And as he satte so hym thoughte he herd a noyse of
houndes to the somme of xxx / And with that the kyng sawe comyng toward hym the straungest best
that euer he sawe or herd of / so the best wente to the welle and drank / and the noyse was in the bestes
bely lyke vnto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes / but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no
noyse in the bestes bely / and therwith the best departed with a grete noyse / wheros the kyng had grete
merueyll / And so he was in a grete thoughte / and therwith he fell on slepe / Ryght so ther came a
knyght a foote vnto Arthur / and sayd knyght full of thought and slepy / telle me yf thou sawest a
straunge best passe this waye / Suche one sawe I said kyng Arthur / that is past two myle / what wold
ye with the best said arthur Syre I haue folowed that best long tyme / and kyld myne

leaf 33v

hors / so wold god I had another to folowe my quest / ryȝte so came one with the kynges hors / and whan
the knyght sawe the hors / he prayd the kyng to yeue hym the hors / for I haue folowed this quest this xij
moneth / and other I shal encheue hym or blede of the best blood of my body / Pellinore that tyme kyng
folowed the questyng best / and after his deth sir Palamydes folowed hit

SYr knyghte said the kyng leue that quest / and suffre me to haue hit / and I wyll folowe it another xij moneth / A foole said the knyghte vnto Arthur / it is in veyne thy desyre / for it shalle neuer ben encheued but by me / or my next kyn / there with he sterte vnto the kynges hors and mounted in to the sadel / and said gramercy this hors is myn owne / wel said the kyng thow mayst take myn hors by force but and I myȝte preue the whether thow were better on horsbak or I / wel said the knyght seke me here whan thow wolt and here nygh this wel thow shalt fynde me / and soo passyd on his weye / thenne the kyng sat in a study and bad his men fetche his hors as faste as euer they myghte / Ryght soo came by hym Merlyn lyke a child of xiiij yere of age and salewed the kyng / and asked hym why he was so pensyf / I may wel be pensyf sayd the kyng / for I haue sene the merueyllest syȝt that euer I sawe / that knowe I wel said Merlyn as wel as thy self and of all thy thoughtes / but thow art but a foole to take thought / for it wylle not amend the / Also I knowe what thow arte / and who was thy fader / and of whome thow were begoten / kyng Vtherpendragon was thy fader / and begat the on Igrayne / that is fals said kyng Arthur / how sholdest thou knowe it / for thow arte not so old of yeres to knowe my fader / yes sayd Merlyn I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyuyng / I wille not bileue the said Arthur and was wroth with the child / Soo departed Merlyn and came ageyne in the lykenes of an old man of iiij score yere of age / wherof the kyng was ryght glad / for he semed to be ryghte wyse Thenne saide the old man why are ye so sad / I maye wel be heuy said Arthur for many thynges / Also here was a chyld and told me many thynges that me semeth / he shold not knowe / for he was not of age to knowe my fader / yes said the old

leaf 34r

man / the child told yow trouthe / and more wold he haue tolde yow and ye wolde haue suffred hym / But ye haue done a thyng late that god is displeasyd with yow / for ye haue layne by your syster / and on her ye haue gotten a chyld / that shalle destroye yow and all the knyghtes of your realme What are ye said Arthur that telle me these tydynges / I am Merlyn / and I was he in the childe lykenes / A sayd kyng Arthur ye are a merueillous man / but I merueylle moche / of thy wordes that I mote dye in bataille / Merueylle not said Merlyn / for it is gods wyll youre body to be punysshed for your fowle dedes / but I may wel be sory said Merlyn / for I shalle dye a shameful deth / to be put in the erthe quyck / and ye shall dye a **worshipful** [correction; sic = worshipsul] deth / And as they talked this / cam one with the kynges hors / and so the kyng mounted on his hors and Merlyn on another and so rode vnto Carlyon / & anone the kyng asked Ector and Vlfius how he was bigoten / & they told hym Vtherpendragon was his fader & quene Igrayn his moder / thenne he sayd to Merlyn I wylle that my moder be sente for that I may speke with her / And yf she saye so her self / thēne wylle I byleue hit / In all hast the quene was sente for / and she cam & broughte with her Morgan le fay her doughter that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be / & the kyng welcomed Igrayne in the best maner /

¶ Capitulum xxj

RYght soo cam Vlfyus & saide openly that the kynge and all myȝt here that were fested that day / ye are the falsest lady of the world and the most traitresse vnto the kynges person / Beware saide Arthur what thow saist / thow spekest a grete word / I am wel ware said Vlfyus what I speke / & here is my gloue to preue hit vpon ony man that will seye the contrary / that this quene Igrayne is causar af your grete domage / & of your grete werre For and she wold haue vtterd it in the lyf of kyng Vtherpēdragon of the byrthe of yow / and how ye were begoten ye had neuer had the mortal werrys that ye haue had for the moost party of your barons of your realme knewe neuer whos sone ye were / nor of whome ye were begoten / & she that bare yow of her body shold haue made it knowen openly in excusyng of her worship & yours / & in lyke wyse to alle the reame / wherfor I

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leaf 34v

preue her fals to god and to yow and to al your realme and who wyll saye the contrary I wyll preue it on his body Thenne spak Igrayne and sayd I am a woman and I may not fyghte / but rather than I shold be dishonoured / ther wold some good man take my quarel // More she sayd / Merlyn knoweth wel and ye syr Vlfyus how kynge Vther cam to me in the Castel of Tyntagaill in the lykenes of my lord that was dede thre houres to fore / and therby gat a child that nyght vpon me / And after the xiiij day kynge Vther wedded me / and by his commaundement whan the child was borne it was delyuerd vnto Merlyn and nourysshed by hym / and so I sawe the child neuer after / nor wote not what is his name / for I knewe hym neuer yet / And there Vlfyus saide to the quene Merlyn is more to blame than ye / wel I wote said the quene I bare a child by my lord kyng Vther / but I wote not where he is become / thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand sayeng / this is your moder / and therwith syr Ector bare wytnes how he nourysshed hym by Vthers commaundement / And therwith kynge Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his armes and kyst her / and eyther wepte vpon other / And thenne the kyng lete make a feest that lasted eyght dayes / Thenne on a day ther come in the courte a squyer on hors back ledyng a knyght before hym wounded to the dethe / and told hym how ther was a knyght in the forest had rered vp a paelione by a well and hath slayne my mayster a good knyght / his name was mylis / wherfor I byseche yow that my mayster maye be buried / and that somme knyȝt maye reuenge my maysters deth / thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the Court / and euery man said his aduys / thenne came Gryflett that was but a squyer / and he was but yonge of the age of the kyng Arthur / soo he besoughte the kyng for alle his seruyse that he had done hym to gyue the ordre of knyghthode

¶ Capitulum xxij

THou arte full yong and tendyr of age sayd Arthur for to take so hyghe an ordre on the / Sir said gryflet I byseche yow make me knyȝt / Syr said Merlyn it were grete pyte to lese Gryflet / for he wille be a passynge good man / whanne he is of age / abydyng with yow the **terme**

leaf 35r

[correction; sic = terme me] of his lyf / And yf he auenture his body with yonder knyght at the fontayne it is in grete peryll yf euer he come ageyne / for he is one of the best knyghtes of the world / and the strēgyst man of armes / wel said Arthur / so at the desyre of gryflet the kynge made hym knyght / Now said Arthur vnto syre Gryflet / Sythen I haue made yow knyghte thow must yeue me a gyfte / what ye will said Gryflet / thou shalt promyse me by the feythe of thy body whan thou hast lusted with the knyght at the fontayne / whether it falle ye be on foote or on horsbak / that ryght so ye shal come ageyne vnto me withoute makynge ony more debate / I wyll promyse yow said Gryflet as yow desyre / Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haste / & dressyd his sheld and toke a spere in his hand / and so he rode a grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne / and ther by he sawe a ryche paelion / and ther by vnder a clothe stode a fayr hors wel sadeled and brydeled / and on a tree a shelde of dyuerse colours and a grete spere / Thenne Gryflet smote on the sheld with the bott of his spere that the shylde felle doune to the ground / with that the knyght cam oute of the paelione / & sayd fair knyght why smote ye doune my sheld / for I wil luste with yow said gryflet / it is better ye doo not sayd the knyghte for ye are but yong and late made knyght / and your myghte is nothyng to myn / as for that saide Gryflet I wyll luste with yow / that is me loth said the knyght / but sythen I muste nedes I wille dresse me therto / of whens be ye sayd the knyȝte syre I am of Arthurs courte / So the two knyghtes ranne to gyder that gryflets spere al to sheuered / and ther with all he smote **Gryflet** [correction; sic = Gryslet] thorowe the shelde & the lyfte syde / and brake the spere that the troncheon stack in his body / that hors and knyghte fylle doune

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THan the knyght sawe hym lye soo on the ground / he alyght and was passynge heuy / for he wende he had slayne hym / and thenne he vnaced his helme and gate hym wynde / and so with the troncheon he set hym on his hors and gate him wynde / and so bytoke hym to god / and seid he had a myghty hert and yf he myght lyue he wold preue a passynge good knyȝt / & so syr Gryflet rode to the court where grete doole

leaf 35v

was made for hym / But thorowe good leches he was heled / and saued / Ryght so cam in to the Courte xij knyȝtes & were aged men / and they cam from themperour of Rome / & they asked of Arthur truage for this realme / other els themperour wold destroye hym & his land / wel said kyng Arthur ye are messagers / therfor ye may say what ye wil other els ye shold dye therefore / But this is myn ansuer I owe

themperour noo truage nor none will I hold hym / but on a fayr felde I shall yeue hym my truage that
 shal be with a sharp spere / or els with a sharp swerd / & that shall not be long by my faders soule
 Vtherpendragon / & therwith the messagers departed passyngly wroth / & kyng arthur as wroth / for in
 euyl tyme cam they thenne / for the kyng was passyngly wroth for the hurte of sir Gryflet / & soo he
 commaunded a pryuy man of his chambre / that or hit be day his best hors and armour with all that
 longeth vnto his persone be withoute the cyte or to morowe daye Ryght so or to morow day he met with
 his man and his hors and so mounted vp and dressid his sheld / & toke his spere and bad his
 chamberlayne tary there tyll he came ageyne / And so Arthur roode a softe paas tyll it was day / &
 thenne was he ware of thre chorles chacynge Merlyn / and wold haue slayne hym / thenne the kyng rode
 vnto them / and bad them flee chorles / thenne were they aferd whan they sawe a knyght and fled / O
 Merlyn said Arthur / here haddest thou be slayne for all thy craftes had I not byn / Nay said Merlyn not
 soo for I coude saue my self and I wold / and thou arte more nere thy deth than I am for thow gost to the
 deth ward & god be not thy frend / So as they wente thus talkyng / they came to the fontayne / and the
 ryche pauelione there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armed in a chayer / Syr
 knyght said Arthur / for what cause abydest thow here that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he
 Iuste wyth the said the kynge / I rede the leue that custome said Arthur This customme saide the knyght
 haue I vsed and wille vse magre who saith nay / & who is greued with my custome / lete hym amende
 hit that wol / I wil amende it said Arthur / I shal defende the said the knyȝt / anon he toke his hors &
 dressid his shyld & toke a spere & they met so hard either in others sheldes

lefa 36r

that al to sheuered their sperys / ther with anone Arthur pulled oute his swerd / nay not so said the
 knyght / it is fayrer sayd the knyȝt that we tweyne renne more to gyders with sharp sperys / I wille wel
 said Arthur and I had ony mo sperys I haue ynow said the knyȝt / so ther cam a squyer and brouȝt in
 good sperys / and Arthur chose one & he another / so they spored their horses & cam to gyders with al
 the myghtes / that eyther brak her speres to her handes / thenne Arthur sette hand on his swerd / nay seid
 the knyght / ye shal do better / ye are a passynge good Iuster as euer I mette with al / & ones for the loue
 of the hyghe ordre of knyȝthode lete vs Iuste ones ageyn / I assente me said Arthur / anone there were
 brought two grete sperys / and euery knyght gat a spere / and therwith they ranne to gyders that Arthurs
 spere al to sheuered / But the other knyghte hyt hym so hard in myddes of the shelde / that horse & man
 felle to the erthe / and ther with Arthur was egre & pulled oute his swerd / and said I will assay the syr
 knyghte on foote / for I haue lost the honour on horsbak / I will be on horsbak said the knyght / thenne
 was Arthur wrothe and dressid his sheld toward hym with his swerd drawen / whan the knyght sawe
 that / he a lyghte / for hym thought no worship to haue a knyght at suche auaille he to be on horsbak and
 he on foot and so he alyght & dressid his sheld vnto Arthur & ther begyn a strong bataille with
 many grete strokes / & soo hewe with her swerdes that the cantels flewe in the feldes / and moche blood
 they bledde bothe / that al the place there as they faught was ouer bledde with blood / and thus they
 fought long and rested hem / and thenne they wente to the batayl ageyne / and so hurtled to gyders lyke
 two rammes that eyther felle to the erthe So at the last they smote to gyders that both her swerdys met
 euen to gyders / But the swerd of the knyght smote kyng arthurs swerd in two pyeces / wherfor he was

heuy / thenne said the knyghte vnto Arthur / thow arte in my daunger whether my lyst to saue the or slee
the / and but thou yelde the as ouercome and recreaunt / thow shalt deye / as for deth said kyng arthur
welcome be it whan it cometh / But to yelde me vnto the as recreaunt I had leuer dye than to be soo
shamed / And ther with al the kynge lepte vnto Pellinore & tooke hym by

leaf 36v

the myddel and threwe hym doune and raced of his helme / Whan the knyght felt that / he was adrad /
for he was passynge bygge man of myghte / and anone he broughte Arthur vnder hym / and reaced of his
helme and wold haue smyten of his hede /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Ther with all came Merlyn and sayd knyghte / hold thy hand / For and thow slee that knyghte thou
puttest this reame in the grettest dammage that euer was reame / For this knyght is a man of more
worship than thou wotest of / Why / who is he said the knyghte / it is kyng Arthur Thenne wold he haue
slayn hym for drede of his wrathe / and heue vp his swerd / and therwith Merlyn cast an enchauntement
to the knyghte that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe / Thenne Merlyn tooke vp kyng Arthur and rode
forth on the knyghtes hors / Allas said Arthur what hast thou done merlyn hast thou slayne this good
knyghte by thy craftes / there lyueth not soo worshipful a knyghte as he was / I had leuer than the stynte
of my land a yere that he were on lyue / care ye not sayd Merlyn / for he is holer than ye / for he is but
on slepe and will awake within thre houres / I told you said Merlyn what a knyghte he was / Here had ye
be slayn had I not ben Also ther lyueth not a bygger knyght than he is one / and he shal here after do
yow ryght good seruyse & his name is Pellinore / and he shal haue two sones that shal be passyng good
men sauf one / they shalle haue no felawe or prowessse and of good lyuyng / and her names shal be
Persyual of walys / & Lamerak of walis / & he shal telle yow the name of your own sone bygoten of
your syster that shal be the destruction of alle this royaume

¶ Capitulum xxv

[note.4](#)

RYghte so the kyng and he departed & wente vn tyl an ermyte that was a good man and a grete leche /
Soo the heremyte serched all his woundys & gaf hym good salues so the kyng was there thre dayes &
thenne were his woundes wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo / & so departed / & as they rode
Arthur said I haue no swerd / no force said Merlyn here by is a swerd that shalle be yours and I may /
Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake the whiche was a fayr water / and brood / And in the myddes of the
lake Arthur was ware of

leaf 37r

an arme clothed in whyte samyte / that held a fayr swerd in that hand / loo said Merlyn yonder is that swerd that I spak of / with that they sawe a damoisel goyng vpon the lake / what damoyssel is that said Arthur / that is the lady of the lake said Merlyn / And within that lake is a roche / and theryn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and rychely besene / and this damoyssell wyll come to yow anone / and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will gyue yow that swerd / Anone with all came the damoyssel vnto Arthur / and salewed hym / and he her ageyne / Damoyssel said Arthur / what swerd is that / that yonder the arme holdeth aboue the water / I wold it were myne / for I haue no swerd / Syr Arthur kynge said the damoyssell / that swerd is myn / And yf ye will gyue me a yefte whan I aske it yow / ye shal haue it by my feyth said Arthur / I will yeue yow what yefte ye will aske / wel said the damoisel go ye into yonder barge / & rowe your self to the swerd / and take it / and scaubart with yow / & I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme / So syr Arthur & merlyn alyght & tayed their horses to two trees / & so they went in to the ship / & whanne they came to the swerd that the hand held / syre Arthur toke it vp by the handels / & toke it with hym / & the arme & the hād went vnder the water / & so come vnto the lond & rode forth / & thēne syr Arthur sawe a ryche pauelion / what sygnyfyeth yōder pauelion / þ^t is þ^e knyȝtes pauelion seid merlyn þ^t ye fouȝt with last / syr Pellinore / but he is out / he is not there / he hath adoo with a knyght of yours that hyght Egglame & they haue fouȝten to gyder / but al the last Egglame / fledde and els he had ben dede / & he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon / and we shal mete with hym anon in the hygh wey / that is wel sayd / said Arthur / now haue I a swerd / now wille I wage bataill with hym & be auenged on hym / sir ye shal not so said Merlyn / for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng & chacyng so that ye shal haue no worship to haue a do with hym / Also he will not be lyȝtly matched of one knyȝt lyuyng / & therfor it is my counceil / lete hym passe / for he shal do you good seruyse in shorte tyme & his sones after his dayes / Also ye shal see that day in short space ye shal be riȝt glad to yeue him your sister to wedde Whan I see hym I wil doo as ye aduyse sayd Arthur

leaf 37v

Thenne syre Arthur loked on the swerd / and lyked it passynge wel / whether lyketh yow better sayd Merlyn the suerd or the scaubard / Me lyketh better the swerd sayd Arthur / ye are more vnwyse sayd Merlyn / for the scaubard is worth x of the swerdys / for whyles ye haue the scaubard vpon yow ye shalle neuer lese no blood / be ye neuer so sore wounded therfor kepe wel the scaubard alweyes with yow / so they rode vnto Carlyon / and by the way they met with syr Pellinore / but Merlyn had done suche a crafte / that pellinore sawe not Arthur / and he past by withoute ony wordes / I merueylle sayd Arthur that the knyght wold not speke / syr said Merlyn / he sawe yow not / for and he had sene yow ye had not lyghtly departed / Soo they come vnto Carlyon / **wherof** [correction; sic = wheros] his knyghtes were passynge glad / And whanne they herd of his auentures / they merueilled that he wold ieoparde his persone soo al one / But alle men of worship said it was mery to be vnder suche a chyuetayne that wolde

put his persone in auenture as other poure knyghtes dyd /

¶ Capitulum xxvij

THis meane whyle came a messenger from kyng Ryons of Northwalys / And kyng he was of all Ireland and of many Iles / And this was his message gretynge wel kyng Arthur in this manere wyse sayenge / that kyng Ryons had discomfyte and ouercome xj kynges / and eueryche of hem did hym homage / and that was this / they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of / as moche as ther was / wher for the messenger came for kyng Arthurs berd / For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes / and there lacked one place of the mantel / wherfor he sente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes / and brenne and slee / & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd / wel sayd Arthur thow hast said thy message / the whiche is the most vylaynous and lewdest message that euer man herd sente vnto a kyng / Also thow mayst see / my berd is ful yong yet to make a **purfyl** [correction; sic = pursyl] of hit / But telle thow thy kyng this / I owe hym none homage / ne none of myn elders / but or it be longe to / he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys / or els he shall lese his hede by the feith of my body / for this is the most shamefullest message

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leaf 38r

that euer I herd speke of / I haue aspyed / thy kyng met neuer yet with worshipful man / but telle hym / I wyll haue his hede withoute he doo me homage / thenne the messenger departed

¶ Now is there ony here said Arthur that knoweth kyng Ryons thenne ansuerd a knyght that hyght Naram / Syre I knowe the kyng wel / he is a passyng good man of his body / as fewe ben lyuyng / and a passyng prowde man / and sir doubte ye not / he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyssaunce / wel said Arthur I shall ordeyne for hym in short tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

THēne kyng arthur lete sende for al the childrē born on may day begotē of lordes & born of ladyes / for Merlyn told kyng Arthur that he that shold destroye hym / shold be borne in may day / wherfor he sent for hem all vpon payn of deth and so ther were founde many lordes sones / and all were sente vnto the kyng / and soo was Mordred sente by kyng Lotts wyf / and all were put in a ship to the see / and some were iiij wekes old and some lasse / And so by fortune the shyp drofe vnto a castel and was al to ryuen and destroyed the most part sauf that Mordred was cast vp and a good man fonde hym / and nouryssed hym tyl he was xiiij yere olde / & thenne he brought hym to the Court / as it reherceth afterward toward the ende of the deth of Arthur / So many lordes and barons of this reame were displeasyd / for her children were so lost / and many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur / so what for drede and for loue they helde their pees / But whanne the messenger came to kyng Ryons /

thenne was he woode oute of mesure and purueyed hym for a grete hoost as it rehercyth after in the book of Balyn le saueage that foloweth next after / how by aduenture Balyn gat the swerd.

¶ *Explicit liber primus*

¶ *Incipit liber secundus*

[Book Two: The tale of Balyn and Balan]

[Chapter 1]

After the dethe of Vtherpendragon regned Arthur his sone / the whiche had grete werre in his dayes for to gete al Englonde in to his hand / For there were many kynges within the realme of Englonde and in walys / Scotland and Cornewaille / Soo it befelle on a tyme / whanne kyng Arthur

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leaf 38v

was at London ther came a knyght and tolde the kyng tydynges how that the kyng Ryons of Northwalys had rered a grete nombre of peple / and were entryd in to the land and brente and slewe the kynges true liege peple / yf this be true said Arthur / it were grete shame vnto myn estate / but that he were myghtely withstand / it is trouthe sayd the kynghte / for I sawe the hoost my self / wel saide the kyng / lete make a crye / that all the lordes knyghtes and gentylmen of armes shold drawe vnto a castel called Camelot in tho dayes / and ther the kyng wold lete make a councel general and a grete Iustes So whan the kyng was come thyder with all his baronage and lodged as they semed best / ther was come a damoisel the whiche was sente on message from the grete lady lylle of auelyon / And whan she came bfore kyng Arthur / she told from whome she came / and how she was sent on message vnto hym for these causes Thenne she lete her mantel falle that was rychely furred / And thenne was she gyrd with a noble swerd wherof the kyng had merueill / and said Damoyssel for what cause are ye gyrd with that swerd / it bisemeth yow not / Now shall I telle yow said the damoyssel / This swerd that I am gyrd with al doth me grete sorowe and comberaunce / for I may not be delyuerd of this swerd / but by a knyghte / but he must be a passyng good man of his handes and of his dedes and withoute vylonye or trecherye and withoute treason / And yf I maye fynde suche a knyghte that hath all these vertues / he may drawe oute this swerd oute of the shethe / for I haue ben at kyng Ryons / it was told me ther were passyng good knyghtes / and he and alle his knyghtes haue assayed it and none can spede / This is a grete merueill said Arthur / yf this be sothe / I wille my self assaye to drawe oute the swerd / not presumynge vpon my self that I am the best knyghte / but that I will begynne to drawe at your swerd in gyuyng example to alle the Barons that they shall assay euerychone after other whan I haue assayed it / Thenne Arthur toke the swerd by the shethe and by the gyrdel and pulled at it egrely / but the swerd wold not oute /

¶ Sire seid the damoyzell ye nede not to pulle half so hard / for he that shall pulle it out shal do it with lytel myghte / ye say wel said Arthur / Now assaye

leaf 39r

ye al my barons / but beware ye be not defoyled with shame trechery ne gyle / thenne it wille not auaylle sayd the damoyzell/ for he must be a clene knyght withoute vylony and of a gentil strene of fader syde and moder syde / Moost of all the barons of the round table that were there at that tyme assayed alle by rewe / but ther myght non spede / wherfor the damoyssel made grete sorow oute of mesure and sayd Allas I wende in this Courte had ben the best knyghtes withoute trechery or treson / By my feythe sayth Arthur here are good knyghtes as I deme as ony ben in the world / but theyr grace is not to helpe yow / wherfor I am displeasyd

¶ Capitulum ij

Thenne felle hit soo that tyme / ther was a poure knyght with kynge Arthur / that had byn prysoner with hym half a yere & more for sleynge of a knyghte / the whiche was cosyn vnto kynge Arthur / the name of this knyght was called Balen / and by good meanes of the barons he was delyuerd oute of pryson / for he was a good man named of his body / and he was borne in northumberland / and soo he wente pryuely in to the Courte / and sawe this aduenture / werof hit reysed his herte / and wolde assaye it as other knyghtes dyd / but for he was poure and pourely arayed he put hym not ferre in prees / But in his herte he was fully assured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght that there was / And as the damoyssel toke her leue of Arthur and of alle the barons so departyng / this knyght Balen called vnto her and sayd Damoyssel I praye yow of your curtosy / suffre me as wel to assay as these lordes though that I be so pourely clothed / in my herte me semeth I am fully assured as somme of these other / And me semeth in my herte to spede ryght wel / The damoyssel beheld the poure knyght / and sawe he was a lykely man / but for his poure arrayment she thoughte he shold be of no worship withoute vylonye or trechery / And thence she sayd vnto the knyght / sir it nedeth not to put me to more payn or labour / for it semeth not yow to spede there as other haue failled / A fayr Damoyssel said Balen worthynes and good tatches and good dedes are not only in arrayment / but manhood and worship is hyd within mans persone and many a worshipful knyghte is not knowen

leaf 39v

vnto alle people / and therefore worship and hardynesse is not in arayment / By god sayd the damoyssel ye say sothe / therfor ye shal assaye to do what ye may / Thenne Balen took the swerd by the gyrdel and

shethe / and drewe it out easily / and when he loked on the swerd hit pleasyd hym moche / thenne had the kynge and alle the barons grete merueille that Balen hadde done that auenture / many knyghtes had grete despyte af Balen / Certes said the damoyssel / this is a passynge good knyght and the best that euer I found and moost of worship withoute treson / trechery or vylony / and many merueylles shalle he do / Now gentyl and curtois knyght yeue me the swerd ayene nay said Balen / for this swerd wyll I kepe but it be taken from me with force / wel saide the damoyssel ye are not wyse to kepe the swerd from me / for ye shalle slee with the swerd the best frende that ye haue and the man that ye moste loue in the world / and the swerd shalle be your destruction / I shal take the aduenture sayd Balen that god wille ordeyne me / but the swerd ye shalle not haue at this tyme by the feythe of my body / ye shalle repente hit within short tyme sayd the damoyssel / For I wold haue the swerd more for your auaylle than for myne / for I am passyng heuy for your sake / For ye wil not byleue that swerd shal be youre destruction / and that is grete pyte / with that the damoyssel departed makynge grete sorowe / Anone after Balen sente for his hors and armour / and soo wold departe fro the Courte and toke his leue of kynge Arthur / nay sayd the kynge I suppose ye wyll not departe so liȝtely fro this felauship / I suppose ye are displeased that I haue shewed yow vnkyndenes / Blame me the lasse / for I was mys senformed ageynst yow / but I wende ye had not ben suche a knyght as ye are of worship and prowesse / and yf ye wyll abyde in this courte among my felauship / I shalle so auaunce yow as ye shalle be pleased / god thanke your hyhenes said Balen / your bounte and hyhenes may no man preyse half to the valewe / but at this tyme I must nedes departe / bysechyng yow alwey of your good grace / Truly said the kynge I am ryght wrothe for your departyng / I pray yow faire knyghte / that ye tary not long / and ye shal be ryght welcome to me / & to my barons / and I shalle amende all mysse that I haue

leaf 40r

done ageynst yow / god thanke your grete lordship said Balen / and therwith made hym redy to departe / Thenne the moost party of the knyghtes of the round table sayd that Balen did not this auenture al only by myghte but by wytchecraft

¶ Capitulum Tercium

THE meane whyle that this knyght was makynge hym redy to departe / there came in to the Court a lady that hyght the lady of the lake / And she came on horsback rychely bysene / and salewed kynge Arthur / and there asked hym a yefte that he promysed her whan she gaf hym the swerd / that is sothe said Arthur / a gyfte I promysed yow / but I haue forgotten the name of my swerd that ye gaue me / The name of it said the lady is Excalibur that is as moche say as cut stele / ye saye wel said the kynge / Aske what ye wil and ye shall haue it / and hit lye in my power to yeue hit / wel sayd the lady / I aske the heede of the knyghte that hath wonne the swerd / or els the damoyssels heede that broughte hit / I take no force though I haue bothe their hedes / for he slewe my broder a good knyȝte and a true / and that gentilwoman was causer of my faders deth / Truly said kynge Arthur I maye not graunte neyther of her hedes with my worship / therfor aske what ye wille els / and I shall fulfille your desyre / I wil aske none

other thyng said the lady / whan Balyn was redy to departe he sawe the lady of the lake that by her
menes had slayne Balyns moder and he had soughte her thre yeres / and whan it was told hym that she
asked his hede of kynge Arthur he went to her streyte and said euyl be you foūde / ye wold haue
my hede / and therefore ye shall lese yours / and with hys swerd lyghtly he smote of hir hede before
kynge Arthur / allas for shame sayd Arthur why haue ye done so / ye haue shamed me and al my
Courte / for this was a lady that I was be holden to / and hyther she came vnder my sauf conduyte / I
shalle neuer foryeue you that trespass / Sir said Balen me forthynketh of your displeasyr / for this same
lady was the vntruest lady lyuyng / and by enchaunement and sorssery she hath ben the destroyer of
many good knyghtes / and she was causer that my moder was brente thorow her falshede and trechery /
what cause soo euer ye had said Arthur ye shold haue

leaf 40v

forborne her in my presence / therfor thynke not the contrary ye shalle repente it / for suche another
despyte had I neuer in my Courte / therfor withdrawe yow oute of my Courte in al hast that ye may /
Thenne Balen toke vp the heed of the lady and bare it with hym to his hostry / and there he met with his
squyer that was sory he had displeasyd kyng Arthur / and so they rode forth oute of the town / Now said
Balen we must departe / take thow this hede and bere it to my frendys / and telle hem how I haue sped /
and telle my frendys in Northumberland that my most foo is deed / Also telle hem how I am oute of
pryson / and what auēture befelle me at the getyng of this swerd Allas said the squyar ye are
gretely to blame for to displease kyng Arthur / as for that said Balen I wylle hyhe me in al the hast that I
may to mete with kynge Ryons and destroye hym eyther els or dye therfor / and yf it may happe me to
wynne hym / thenne wille kynge Arthur be my good and gracious lord / where shall I mete with yow
saide the squyer / in kynge Arthurs Court said Balen / so his squyer and he departed at that tyme / thenne
kynge Arthur and alle the Court made grete doole and had shame of the deth of the lady of the lake
thenne the kyng buryed her rychely

¶ Capitulum iiij

AT that tyme ther was a knyghte / the whiche was the kynges sone of Ireland and his name was
Launceor / the whiche was an orgulous knyȝt / and counted hym self one of the best of the Courte / and
he had grete despyte at Balen for the encheuyng of the swerd that ony shold be acounted more hardy or
more of prowess / and he asked kynge Arthur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde after Balen and to
reuenge the despyte that he had done / Doo your best said Arthur I am right wroth said Balen I wold he
were quyte of the despyte that he hath done to me and to my Courte / Thenne this Launceor wente to his
hostry to make hym redy / In the meane whyle cam Merlyn vnto the Court of kyng Arthur and there was
told hym the aduenture of the swerd and the deth of the lady of the lake / Now shall I saye yow said
Merlyn / this same damoyssel that here standeth that broughte the swerde vnto your Court / I shalle telle
yow the cause of her comyng / she was the falsest damoyssel that lyueth / say not so said they / She

leaf 41r

hath a broder a passynge good knyght of prowesse and a ful true man / and this damoyssel loued another knyght that helde her to peramour / and this good knyght her broder mett with the knyght that held her to peramour and slewe hym by force of his handes / whan this fals damoyssel vnderstood thys / she wente to the lady lyle of Auelione / and besought her of help / to be auengyd on her owne broder

¶ Capitulum quintum

ANd so this lady lyle of Auelion toke her this swerd that she broughte with her / and told there shold noo man pulle it oute of the shethe but yf he be one of the best knyghtes of this reame / and he shold be hard and ful of prowesse / and with that swerd he shold slee her broder / this was the cause that the damoyssel came in to this Courte / I knowe it as wel as ye / wolde god she had nat comen in to thys Courte / but she came neuer in felauship of worship to do good but alweyes grete harme / and that knyght that hath encheued the suerd shal be destroyed by that suerd / for the whiche wil be grete damage / for ther lyueth not a knyȝt of more prowesse than he is / and he shalle do vnto yow my lord Arthur grete honour and kyndenesse / and it is grete pyte shall not endure but a whyle / for of his strengthe and hardynesse I knowe not his matche lyuyng / Soo the knyght of Irelande armed hym at al poyntes / and dressid his shelde on his sholder and mounted vpon horsback and toke his spere in his hand and rode after a grete paas as moche as his hors myght goo / and within a lytel space on a montayne he had a syghte of Balyn / and with a lowde voys he cryed abyde knyght / for ye shal abyde whether ye will or nyll / and the sheld that is to fore you shalle not helpe / whan Balyn herd the noyse / he tourned his hors fyersly / and saide faire knyghte what wille ye with me / wille ye Iuste with me / ye said the Irysshe knyghte / therfor come I after yow / paraenture said Balyn it had ben better to haue hold yow at home / for many a man weneth to putte his enemy to a rebuke / and ofte it falleth to hym self / of what courte be ye sente fro said Balyn / I am come fro the Courte of kynge Arthur sayd the knyghte of Irlond / that come hyder for to reuenge the despyte ye dyd this day to kyng arthur

leaf 41v

and to his courte / wel said Balyn / I see wel I must haue adoo with yow that me forthynketh for to greue kyng arthur or ony of his courte / and your quarel is ful symple said Balyn vnto me / for the lady that is dede / dyd me grete damage or els wold I haue ben lothe as ony knyghte that lyueth for to slee a lady / Make yow redy sayd the knyght launceor / and dresse yow vnto me / for that one shalle abyde in the feld thenne they toke their speres / and cam to gyders as moche as their horses myght dryue / and the Irysshe knyght smote Balyn on the sheld that alle wente sheuers of his spere / & Balyn hyt hym thorough the

sheld / and the hauberk perysshed / & so percyd thurgh his body and the hors croppe / and anon torned his hors fyersly and drewe oute his swerd and wyste not that he had slayn hym / and thenne he sawe hym lye as a dede corps.

¶ Capitulum vj

Thenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoyssel that came ryde ful fast as the hors myghte ryde on a fayr palfroy / and whan she aspyed that launceor was slayne / she made sorowe oute of mesure and sayd O Balyn two bodyes thou hast slayne and one herte and two hertes in one body / and two soules thou hast lost / And therwith she toke the swerd from her loue that lay ded and fylle to the ground in a swowne / And whan she aroos she made grete dole out of mesure / the whiche sorowe greued Balyn passyngly sore / and he wente vnto her for to haue taken the **swerd** [correction; sic = fwerd] oute of her hand; but she helde it so fast / he myghte not take it oute of her hand onles he shold haue hurte her / and sodenly she sette the pomell to the ground / and rofe her self thorow the body / whan balyn aspyed her dedes he was passynge heuy in his herte and ashamed that so fair a damoyssell had destroyed her self for the loue of his deth / Allas said Balyn me rep^{er}teth sore the deth of this knyght for the loue of this damoyssel / for ther was moche true loue betwixe them bothe / and for sorowe myght not lenger behold hym but torned his hors and loked toward a grete forest and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balan / and whan they were mette they putte of her helmes and kyssed to gyders and wepte for ioie and pyte / Thenne Balan sayd / I

leaf 42r

lytel wende to haue met with yow at this sodayne auenture / I am ryght glad of your delyueraunce and of youre dolorous prysonement / for a m^{an} told me in the castel of four stones that ye were delyuerd / & that man had sene you in the court of kyng Arthur / & therfor I cam hyder in to this cuntry / for here I supposed to fynde you / anon the kny^{ght} balyn told his broder of his aduenture of the swerd & of the deth of the lady of the lake / & how kyng arthur was displeasyd with hym wherfor he sente this kny^{ght} after me that lyeth here dede / & the dethe of this damoyssel greueth me sore / so doth it me said Balan / but ye must take the aduenture that god will ordeyne yow / Truly said Balyn I am ryght heuy that my lord Arthur is displeasyd with me / for he is the moost worshipful knyght that regneth now on erthe / & his loue will I gete or els I wil put my lyf in auenture / for the kyng Ryons lyeth at a syege atte castel Tarabil & thyder will we drawe in all hast to preue our worship & prowess vpon hym / I wil wel said Balan that we do & we wil helpe eche other as bretheren ou^{er}t to do /

¶ Ca vij

NOw go we hens said balyn & wel be we met / the mene whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of camelot on horsbak as moche as he myght & fo^{und} the dede bodyes / wherfor he made

grete dole & pulled out his here for sorow & saide which of you knyghtes haue done this dede / where by askest thou it said balan / for I wold wete it said the dwarfe / it was I said balyn that slewe this knyght in my defendaūt for hyder he cam to chaace me & other I must slee hym or he me / & this damoyssel slewe her self for his loue whiche repenteth me / & for her sake I shal owe al wymmen the better loue / Allas said the dwarf thow hast done grete dommage vnto thy self / for this knyght that is here dede was one of the most valyaunts men that lyued / and trust wel balyn the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the world tyl they haue slayne yow / As for that sayd Balyn I fere not gretely / but I am ryght heuy that I haue displeasyd my lord kyng arthur for the deth of this knyght / Soo as they talked to gyders there came a kynge of Cornewaille rydyng / the whiche hyghte kynge Mark /

¶ And whanne he sawe these two bodyes dede and vnderstood hou they were dede by the ij knyghtes

leaf 42v

aboue saide / thenne maade the kynge grete sorowe for the true loue that was betwix them / & said I wil not departe tyl I haue on this erthe made a tombe / and there he pyght his pauelions and soughte thurgh alle the countrey to fynde a tombe / and in a chirche they found one was fair and ryche / & thenne the kynge lete put hem bothe in the erthe & put the tombe vpon hem / and wrote the names of them bothe on the tombe / How here lyeth launceor the kynges sone of Irlond that at his owne request was slayne by the handes of balyn / & how his lady colombe and peramoure slewe her self with her loues swerd for dole and sorowe

¶ Capitulum viij

THE mene whyle as this was a doying / in cam merlyn to kyng mark seying alle his doyinge said / Here shalle be in this same place the grettest bataille betwixt two knyghtes that was or euer shall be / and the truest louers / and yet none of hem shalle slee other / and there Merlyn wrote her names vpon the tombe with letters of gold that shold fyghte in that place / whos names were Launcelot de lake / and Trystram / thow art a merueillous man saide kynge Marke vnto Merlyn that spekest of suche merueilles / thou art a boystous man and an vnlykely to telle of suche dedes / what is thy name said kynge Marke / at this tyme said Merlyn I will not telle / but at that tyme whan syr Trystram is taken with his souerayne lady / thenne ye shalle here and knowe my name / & at that tyme ye shal here tydynges that shal not please yow / Thenne said merlyn to balyn thou hast done thy self grete hurt by cause that thow sauest not this lady that slewe her self that myght haue saued her & thow woldest / by the feyth of my body sayd balyn I myght not saue her for she slewe her self sodenly Me repenteth saide Merlyn by cause of the dethe of that lady thou shalt stryke a stroke most dolorous that euer man stroke excepte the stroke of oure lorde / for thou shalt hurte the truest knyght & the man of most worship that now lyueth / & thorow that stroke iij kyngdoms shal be in grete pouerte mysere & wretchidnes xij yere / & the knyght shal not be hool of that woūd many yeres / thēne merlyn toke his leue of balyn & balen said yf I wist it were soth

that ye say I shold do suche peryllous dede as that I wold slee my self to make the a lyar / therwith
merlyn

leaf 43r

vanysshed away sodenly / and thenne balyn and his broder toke her leue of kynge Mark / fyrst said the
kynge telle me your name / syr said Balen ye may see he bereth two swerdes ther by ye may calle hym
the knyght with the two swerdes & soo departed kyng marke vnto camelot to kynge Arthur & balyn toke
the wey toward kyng Ryons / and as they rode to gyder they mett with Merlyn desguysed / but they
knewe hym not / whyder ryde yow said Merlyn / we haue lytel to do saide the ij knyȝtes to telle the / but
what is thy name said Balen at this tyme said Merlyn I will not telle it the / it is euyl sene said the
knyghtes that thou art a true man that thou wolt not telle thy name / as for that sayd Merlyn / be hit / as it
be may I can telle yow wherfor ye ryde this wey for to mete kyng Ryons but it will not auaille you
without ye haue my counceill A said Balyn ye are Merlyn we wyl be rulyd by your coūceill /
come on said Merlyn ye shal haue grete worship & loke that ye do knyȝtely for ye shal haue grete nede /
as for that said Balen drede yow not we will do what we may /

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne Merlyn lodged them in a wode amonge leuys besyde the hyhe way & toke of the brydels of
their horses & put hem to gras & leid hem down to reste hem tylle it was nyhe mydnyȝt / Thenne Merlyn
badde hem ryse / & make hem redy / for the the kynge was nygh them that was stolen away from his
hoost with a iij score horses of his best knyȝtes & xx of hem rode to fore to warne the lady de Vance that
the kyng was comyng / for that nyȝt kyng Ryons shold haue layn with her / whiche is the kyng said
Balyn / abyde said Merlyn here in a streyte wey ye shal mete with hym & therwith he shewed Balyn &
his broder where he rode / anon balyn & his broder mette with the kyng & smote hym doune & wounded
hym fyersly & leid hym to the ground / & there they slewe on the ryght hand & the lyfte hand & slewe
moo than xl of his men / & the remenaunt fled / thenne went they ageyne to kyng Ryons & wold haue
slayn hym had he not yelded hym vnto her grace Thenne said he thus knyghtes ful of prowesse slee me
not / for by my lyf ye may wyne / & by my dethe ye shalle wyne noo thyng / Thenne sayd these two
knyghtes ye say sothe & trouth

leaf 43v

and so leyd hym on on hors lyttar / with that Merlyn was vanysshed and came to kyng Arthur afore hand
& told hym how his most enemy was taken and discomfyted / by whome said kynge Arthur / by two

knyghtes said Merlyn that wold please your lordship / and to morowe ye shalle knowe what knyghtes they are / Anone after cam the knyght with the two swerdes and balan his broder / and brought with hem kynge Ryons of Northwalys and there delyuerd hym to the porters and charged hem with hym / & soo they two retorned ageyne in the daunying of the day / kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng Ryons and said Syr kynge ye are welcome / by what auenture come ye hyder / syr said kyng Ryons I cam hyther by an hard auenture / who wanne yow said kyng Arthur / syre said the kyng the knyght with the two swerdes & his broder whiche are two merueillous knyghtes of prowesse / I knowe hem not sayd arthur but moche I am beholden to them / A said merlyn I shal telle yow it is balen that encheued the swerd & his broder balan a good knyght / ther lyueth not a better of prowesse & of worthynesse / and it shal be the grettest dole of hym that euer I knewe of knyght / for he shalle not long endure / Allas saide kynge Arthur that is grete pyte for I am moche beholdyng vnto hym / & I haue yll deserued it vnto hym for his kyndenes / nay said Merlyn he shal do moche more for yow / and that shal ye knowe in hast / but syr are ye purueyed said Merlyn for to morne the hooste of Nero kynge Ryons broder wille sette on yow or none with a grete hoost and therfor make yow redy for I wyl departe from yow

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne kyng Arthur made redy his hoost in x batails and Nero was redy in the felde afore the castel Tarabil with a grete hoost / & he had x batails with many mo peple than Arthur had / Thenne Nero had the vaward with the moost party of his peple / & merlyn cam to kyng lot of the yle of Orkeney / and helde hym with a tale of prophecye til Nero and his peple were destroyed / & ther syr kay the sencyal dyd passyngly wel that the dayes of his lyf the worship went neuer fr&omac; hym & sir heruys de reuel did merueillous dedes with

leaf 44r

with kynge Arthur / and kynge Arthur slewe that daye xx knyghtes & maymed xl / At that tyme cam in the kny3te with the two swerdys and his broder Balan / But they two did so merueillously that the kynge and alle the knyghtes merueilled of them / and alle they that behelde them said they were sente from heuen as aungels or deuyls from helle / & kynge Arthur said hym self they were the best knyghtes that euer he sawe / for they gaf suche strokes that all men had w&omac;der of hem In the meane whyle came one to kynge Lott and told hym / whyle he taryed there nero was destroyed and slayne with al his peple / Allas sayd kynge Lot I am ashamed / for by my defaute ther is many a worshipful man slayne / for and we had ben to gyders there hadde ben none hooste vnder the heuen that had ben abel for to haue matched with vs / This fayter with his prophecye hath mocked me / Al that dyd Merlyn for he knewe wel that and kyng Lot had ben with his body there at the fyrst bataille / kynge Arthur had be slayne / and alle his peple destroyed / & wel Merlyn knewe the one of the kynges shold be dede that day / & loth was Merlyn that ony of them both sholde be slayne / But of the tweyne / he had leuer kyng Lotte had be slayne than kynge Arthur / Now what is best to doo sayd kyng Lot of Orkeney whether is me better to

treate with kyng Arthur or to fyghte / for the gretter party of oure peple are slayne / and destroyed / Syr said a knyght set on arthur for they are wery and forfoughten and we be fresshe / As for me sayd kyng Lot I wolde euery knyght wolde do his parte as I wold do myn / And thenne they auanced baners and smoten to gyders and al to sheuered their speres / and arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the knyght with two swerdes & his broder balan put kyng lot & his hoost to the werre / But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formest frunte & dyd merueillous dedes of armes / for alle his hooste was borne vp by his handes for he abode al knyghtes / allas he myght not endure the whiche was grete pyte that so worthy a knyght as he was one shold be ouermatched that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded the sister of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lots wyf the whiche was arthurs syster & gat on her Mordred / therfor kyng lot held ay¯st

leaf 44v

Arthur / So ther was a knyght that was called the knyghte with the straunge beeste / and at that tyme his ryght name was called Pellinore / the whiche was a good man of prowesse / and he smote a myghty stroke att kyng Lot as he fought with all his enemyes / and he fayled of his stroke / and smote the hors neck that he fylle to the grounde with kyng lot And therwith anon Pellinore smote hym a grete stroke thorow the helme & hede vnto the browes & thenne alle the hooste of Orkeney fled for the deth of kyng Lot / and there were slayn many moders sones / But kyng Pellinore bare the wytte of the deth of kyng Lot / wherfore syr Gawayne reuenged the deth of his fader the x yere after he was made knyght and slewe kyng Pellinore with his owne handes / Also there were slayne at that bataille xij kynges on the syde of kyng Lot with Nero / and alle were buryed in the chirche of saynt Steuyns in Camelot / and the remenaunt of knyghtes and of other were buryed in a grete roche

¶ Capitulum xj

SO at the enterement cam kyng Lots wyf Morgause with her foure sones Gawayne / Agrauayne / Gaherys and Gareth / Also ther came thyder kyng Vryens syr Ewayns fader and Morgan le fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs syster / Alle these cam to the enterement / but of alle these xij kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kyng Lot passyng rychely / and made his tombe by his owne / and thenne Arthur lete make xij ymages of laton and couper / & ouer gylt hit with gold in the sygne of xij kynges / & echon of hem helde a tapyr of wax that brent day and nyȝt / & kyng Arthur was made in sygne of a fygure standynge aboue hem with a swerd drawen in his hand / and alle the xij fygures had countenaunce lyke vnto men that were ouercome / All this made Merlyn by his subtyl crafte and ther he told the kyng whā I am dede / these tapers shalle brenne no lenger / and soone after the aduentures of the Sangrayll shalle come among yow and be encheued / Also he told Arthur how Balyn the worshipful knyght shal gyue the dolourous stroke / wherof shalle falle grete vengeance / O where is Balen & Balan & Pellinore saide kyng Arthur / as for Pellinore sayd Merlyn / he wyl mete with yow soone /

leaf 45r

he wille not be longe from yow / but the other broder wil departe ye shalle see hym no more / By my feyth said Arthur they are two merueyllous knyghtes / and namely Balyn passeth of prowesse of ony knyghte that euer I found / for moche be holden I am vnto hym / wold god he wold abyde with me / Syr sayd Merlyn loke ye kepe wel the scaubard of Excalibur / for ye shalle lese no blood whyle ye haue the scauberd vpon yow though ye haue as many woundes vpon yow as ye may haue / Soo after for grete trust Arthur betoke the scauberd to Morgan le fay his syster / and she loued another knyght better than her husband kynge Vryens or kynge Arthur And she wold haue had Arthur her broder slayne / And ther for she lete make another scauberd lyke it by enchauntement and gaf the scauberd Excalibur to her loue / and the knyghtes name was called Accolon that after had nere slayne kyng arthur / After this Merlyn told vnto kynge Arthur of the prophecye / that there shold be a grete batail besyde Salysbury and Mordred his owne sone sholde be ageynste hym / Also he tolde hym that Basdemegus was his cosyn and germayn vnto kynge Vryence

¶ Capitulum xij

WYthin a daye or two kynge Arthur was somewhat seke / and he lete pytche his pauelione in a medowe / & there he leyd hym doune on a paylet to slepe / but he myght haue no rest / Ryght so he herd a grete noyse of an hors and therwith the kynge loked oute at the porche of the pauelione / and sawe a knyght comynge euen by hym makynge grete dole Abyde fair syr said Arthur / & telle me wherfor thou makest this sorowe / ye maye lytel amend me said the knyghte and soo passed forthe to the castel of Melyot / Anone after ther cam balen / and whan he sawe kynge Arthur / he alyght of his hors / and cam to the kynge on foote / and salewed hym / by my hede saide Arthur ye be welcome / Sire ryght now cam rydyng this way a knyght makynge grete moorne / for what cause I can not telle / wherfor I wold desyre of yow of your curtosye and of your gentylnesse to fetcche ageyne that knyght / eyther by force or els by his good wil / I wil do more for your lordship than that said balyn / and so he rode more than a paas and found the knyght with a damoyssel in a forest & said sir knyȝt

leaf 45v

ye must come with me vnto kynge Arthur for to telle hym of your sorow / that wille I not / sayd the knyghte / for hit wylle scathe me gretely / and now do yow none auaylle / syr sayd Balyn I pray yow make yow redy for ye must goo with me / or els I must fyghte with yow and brynge yow by force / and

that were me loth to doo / wylle ye be my waraunt said the knyght and I goo with yow / ye saide Balyn
or els I wylle deye therfore / And so he made hym redy to go with Balyn / and lefte the damoyssel styll /
And as they were euen afore kynge Arthurs pauelione / there came one inuysybel and smote thys
knyghte that wente with Balyn thorow oute the body wyth a spere / Allas sayd the knyght I am slayne
vnder youre cōduyt with a knyght called Garlon / therfor take my hors that is better than yours
and ryde to the damoyssel and folowe the quest that I was in / as she wylle lede yow and reuenge my deth
whan ye may / That shalle I doo sayd Balyn / and that I make vowe vnto knyghthode / and so he
departed from thys knyghte with grete sorowe / Soo kyng Arthur lete berye thys knyght rychely / and
made a mensyon on his tombe / how there was slayne Herlews le berbeus / and by whome the trechery
was done the knyght garlon / But euer the damoyssel bare the truncheon of the spere with her that syr
Harlews was slayn with al

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SO Balyn and the damoyssel rode in to a forest / & ther met with a knyght that had ben on huntynge / and
that knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorowe / me lyst not to telle yow saide Balyn /
Now saide the knyghte and I were armed as ye be I wolde fyghte wyth yow / that shold lytel nede sayd
Balyn / I am not aferd to telle yow / and told hym alle the cause how it was A sayd the knyght is this al /
Here I ensure yow by the feithe of my body neuer to departe from yow whyle my lyf lasteth / & soo they
wente to the hostry and armed hem / and so rode forth with balyn / And as they came by an heremytage
euen by a Chyrche yerd / ther cam the knyghte garlon invysybel and smote thys knyghte Peryn de
mountebeliard thurgh the body with a spere / Allas saide the knyghte I am slayne by this traytoure

leaf 46r

knyghte that rydeth Inuysyble / Allas said balyn it is not the fyrst despyte he hath done me / and there
the heremyte and Balyn beryed the knyght vnder a ryche stone and a tombe royal And on the morne they
fond letters of gold wryten / how syr Gaweyn shalle reuenge his faders deth kynge Lot / on the kynge
Pellinore / Anone after this balyn and the damoyssel rode tyl they came to a castel and there balyn
alyghte / and he and the damoyssel wende to goo in to the castel / and anone as balyn came within the
castels yate the portecolys fyllle doune at his bak / and there felle many men about the damoyssel / and
wold haue slayne her / whan balyn sawe that / he was sore agreued / for he myghte not helpe the
damoyssel / thanne he wente vp in to the toure and lepte ouer wallys in to the dyche / and hurte hym not /
and anone he pulled oute his suerd and wold haue fou3ten with hem / and they all sayd nay they wold
not fyghte with hym / for they dyd no thyng but thold custome of the castel / and told hym how her lady
was seke / & had layne many yeres / and she myghte not be hole but yf she had a dysse of syluer ful of
blood of a clene mayde & a kynges doughter / and therefore the custome of this castel is / there shalle no
damoyssel passe this way but she shal blede of her blood in a syluer dysse ful / wel said Balyn she shal
blede as moche as she may blede / but I wille not lese the lyf of her whyles my lyf lasteth / & soo balyn

made her to blede by her good will / but her blood halpe not the lady / and so he & she rested there al nyght / & had there ryght good chere / and on the morn they passed on their wayes / And as it telleth after in the sangraylle that syre Percyualis syster halpe that lady with her blood wherof she was dede

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Thenne they rode thre or foure dayes and neuer mette with aduenture / and by happe they were lodged with a gentyll man that was a ryche man and well at ease / And as they sat at her souper balyn herd ouer complayne greuously by hym in a chayer / what is this noyse said balen / forsothe said his hoost I wylle telle yow / I was but late att a Iustynge / and there I Iusted with a knyghte that is broder vnto kynge Pellam / and twyes smote I hym doune / & thenne

leaf 46v

he promysed to quyte me on my best frynde / and so he wounded my sone that can not be hole tyll I haue of that knyghtes blood / and he rydeth alwey Inuysyble / but I knowe not his name / A sayd Balyn / I knowe that knyght / his name is Garlon / he hath slayne two knyghtes of myn in the same maner / therfor I had leuer mete with that knyght than alle the gold in this realme / for the despyte he hath done me / wel said his ooste I shalle telle yow kynge Pellam of lystyneise hath made do crye in all this countrey a grete feest that shal be within these xx dayes / & no knyght may come ther but yf he brynge his wyf wyth hym / or his peramour / & that kynȝte youre enemy and myn ye shalle see that daye / Thenne I behote yow sayd Balyn parte of his blood to hele youre sone with alle / we wille be forward to morne sayd his oost / So on the morne they rode all thre toward Pellam / and they had xv dayes Iourney or they cam thyder / and that same day began the greete feeste / and soo they alyght and stabled their horses / and went in to the Castel / but balyns oost myght not be lete in by cause he had no lady / thenne Balyn was wel receyued & brought vnto a chamber and vnarmed hym / and there were brought hym robes to his pleasyr / and wold haue had Balen leue his swerd behynde hym / Nay sayd Balen that doo I not for it is the customme of my Countrey a knyghte alweyes to kepe his wepen with hym and that customme wylle I kepe / or els I wyll departe as I cam / thenne they gaf hym leue to were his swerd / and so he wente vnto the castel / and was sette amonge knyghtes of worship and his lady afore hym / Soone balyn asked a knyght / is ther not a knyghte in this court whos name is Garlon / yonder he goth sayd a knyght / he with the blak face / he is the merueyllest knyȝt that is now lyuyng for he destroyeth many good knyghtes / for he goth Inuysyble A wel said Balen is that he / th&emacron;ne balyn auysed hym long yf I slee hym here I shall not scape / And yf I leue hym now perauentur I shalle neuer mete with hym ageyne at suche a steuen / and moche harme he wille doo and he lyue / Ther with this Garlon aspyed that this Balen behelde hym / and thenne he came and smote Balyn on the face with the bak of his hand / and sayd knyȝt why beholdest thow me so for shame

therfor ete thy mete and doo that thou cam for / Thow sayst sothe said Balyn / this is not the fyrst
despyte that thou hast done me / and therfor I will doo that I cam for and rose vp fyersly and claue his
hede to the sholders / gyue me the truncheon sayd Balyn to his lady where with he slewe your knyghte /
anone she gaf it hym / for alwey she bare the troncheon with her And therwith Balyn smote hym thurgh
the body / and sayd openly with that truncheon thou hast slayn a good knyghte / and now it stycketh in
thy body / And thenne Balyn called vnto hym his hoost / sayenge / now may ye fetch blood ynough to
hele your sone with all /

Capitulum xv

ANone all the knyghtes aroos from the tabyl for to set on Balyn / and kynge Pellam hym self aroos vp
fyersly / & sayd knyȝt hast thou slayn my broder / thou shalt dye therfor or thou departe / wel said
balen do it your self yis sayde kyng pellam; / ther shall no mā haue ado with the / but my
self for the loue of my broder / Thenne kyng Pellam cauȝt in his hand a grym wepen and smote egrely at
balyn / but balyn put his swerd betwixe his hede and the stroke / and therwith his swerd brest in sonder /
And whan balyn was wepenles he ranne in to a chamber for to seke somme wepen / and soo fro chamber
to chamber / and no wepen he coude fynde / and alweyes kynge Pellam after hym / And at the last he
entryd in to a chambyr that was merueillously wel dyȝte and rychely / and a bedde arayed with clothe of
gold the rychest that myghte be thought / and one lyenge theryn / and therby stode a table of clene gold
with four pelours of syluer / that bare vp the table / and vpon the table stood a merueillous spere
straungely wrought / And whan balyn sawe that spere / he gat it in his hand and torned hym to kyng
Pellam / and smote hym passyngly sore with that spere that kynge Pellam felle doune in a swoone / and
therwith the castel roofe and wallys brake and fylle to the erthe / and balyn felle doune so that he myghte
not stire foote nor hand / And so the moost parte of the castel that was falle doune thorough that dolorous
stroke laye vpon Pellam and balyn thre dayes

¶ Capitulum xvj

THenne Merlyn cam thyder and toke vp Balyn and gat hym a good hors for his was dede / and bad hym
ryde oute of that countrey / I wold haue my damoyssel sayd balyn / Loo sayd Merlyn where she lyeth
dede & kynge Pellam lay so many yeres sore wounded / and myght neuer be hole tyl Galahad / the haute
prynce heled hym in the quest of the Sangraille / for in that place was part of the blood of our lord Ihesu
cryst that Ioseph of Armathe broughte in to this lond / and ther hym self lay in that ryche bed / And that
was the same spere that Longeus smote oure lorde to the herte / and kynge Pellam was nyghe of Ioseph
kynne / and that was the moost worshipful man that lyued in tho dayes / and grete pyte it was of his

hurte / for thorow that stroke torned to grete dole tray and tene / Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and sayd in this world we mete neuer nomore / Soo he rode forth thorowe the fayr countreyes and Cytees & fond the peple dede slayne on euery syde / and alle that were on lyue cryed O balyn thow hast caused grete dommage in these cōtrayes for the dolorous stroke thow gauest vnto kynge Pellā thre countreyes are destroyed / and doubte not but the vengeance wil falle on the at the last / whanne Balyn was past tho contrayes he was passyng fayne / so he rode eyt dayes or he met with auenture / And at the last he came in to a fayr forest in a valey and was ware of a Toure / And there besyde he sawe a grete hors of werre tayed to a tree / and ther besyde satte a fayr knyght on the ground and made grete mornynge and he was a lykely man and a wel made / Balyn sayd God saue yow why be ye so heuy / telle me and I wylle amende it and I may to my power / Syr knyghte said he ageyne thow doest me grete gryef / for I was in mery thoughtes and now thou putttest me to more payne / Balyn wente a lytel from hym / & loked on his hors / thenne herd Balyn hym saye thus / a fair lady why haue ye broken my promyse / for thow promysest me to mete me here by none / and I maye curse the that euer ye gaf me this swerd / for with this swerd I slee my self / and pulled it oute / and therwith Balyn sterte vnto hym & took hym by the hand / lete goo my hand sayd the knyght or els I shal slee the / that shal not nede said balyn / for I shal promyse

leaf 48r

yow my helpe to gete yow your lady / and ye wille telle me where she is / what is your name sayd the knyght / myn name is Balyn le saueage / A syr I knowe yow wel ynough ye are the knyght with the two swerdys and the man of moost prowesse of your handes lyuyng / what is your name sayd balen / my name is garnysshe of the mount a poure mans sone / But by my prowesse and hardynesse a duke hath maade me knyght / and gaf me landes / his name is duke Hermel / and his doughter is she that I loue and she me as I demed / hou fer is she hens sayd Balyn / but xj myle said the knyghte Now ryde we hens sayde these two knyghtes / so they rode more than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr castel wel wallyd and dyched / I wylle in to the castel sayd Balen / and loke yf she be ther / Soo he wente in and serched fro chamber to chābir / and fond her bedde but she was not there / Thenne Balen loked in to a fayr litil gardyn / and vnder a laurel tre he sawe her lye vpon a quylt of grene samyte and a knyght in her armes fast halsynge eyther other and vnder their hedes grasse & herbes / whan Balen sawe her lye so with the fowlest knyghte that euer he sawe and she a fair lady / thenne Balyn wente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne and told the knyghte how he fond her as she had slepte fast / and so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepyng

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd whan Garnysshe beheld hir so lyeng for pure sorow his mouth and nose brast oute on bledynge and with his swerd he smote of bothe their hedes / and thenne he maade sorowe oute of mesure and sayd O Balyn / Moche sorow hast thow brought vnto me / for haddest thow not shewed me that syght I shold

haue passed my sorow / forsoth said balyn I did it to this entent that it sholde better thy courage / and that ye myght see and knowe her falshede / and to cause yow to leue loue of suche a lady / god knoweth I dyd none other but as I wold ye dyd to me / Allas said garnysshe now is my sorow doubel that I may not endure / Now haue I slayne that I moost loued in al my lyf / and therwith sodenly he rooffe hym self on his own swerd vnto the hyltys / when balen sawe that

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he dressid hym thens ward / lest folke wold say he had slayne them / and so he rode forth / and within thre dayes he cam by a crosse / & theron were letters of gold wryt; that said / it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this Castel / th;ne sawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd Balyn le Saueage thow passyst thy bandes to come this waye / therfor torne ageyne and it will auaille the / and he vanysshed away anone / and soo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a best / That blast said Balyn is blowen for me / For I am the pryse and yet am I not dede / anone with al he sawe an hondred ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr semblaunt and made hym passyng good chere / vnto his syght and ledde hym in to the castel / and ther was daunsynge and mynstralsye and alle maner of Ioye / Thenne the chyef lady of the castel said / knyghte with the two suerdys ye must haue adoo and Iuste with a knyght hereby that kepeth an Iland / for ther may no man passe this way but he must Iuste or he passe / that is an vnhappy customme said Balyn that a knyght may not passe this wey / but yf he Iuste / ye shalle not haue adoo but with one knyghte sayd the lady / Wel sayd Balyn syn I shalle therto I am redy but traueillynge men are ofte wery and their horses to / but though my hors be wery / my hert is not wery / I wold be fayne ther my deth shold be / Syr said a knyght to Balyn / me thynketh your sheld is not good / I wille lene yew a bygger / therof I pray yow / and so he tooke the sheld that was vnknownen and lefte his owne and so rode vnto the Iland / and put hym and his hors in a grete boote / and whan he came on the other syde / he met with a damoyssel / and she said / O knyght balyn why haue ye lefte your owne sheld / allas ye haue put your self in grete daunger / for by your sheld ye shold haue ben knownen / it is grete pyte of yow as euer was of knyght / for of thy prowessse & hardynes thou hast no felawe lyuynge / Me repenteth said balyn that euer I cam within this Countrey / but I maye not torne now ageyne for shame and what auenture shalle falle to me be it lyf or dethe I wille take the aduenture that shalle come to me & / thenne he loked on his armour / & vnderstood he was wel armed / and therwith blessid hym and mounted

leaf 49r

vpon his hors

Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydyng oute of a castel a knyght and his hors trapped all reed and hym self in the same colour / whan this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn hym thought it shold bee his broder Balen by cause of his two swerdys / but by cause he knewe not his sheld he demed it was not he / And so they auentryd theyr speres & came merueillously fast to gyders / and they smote other in the sheldes / but theire speres and theire cours were soo bygge that it bare doune hors & man that they lay bothe in a swoun But balyn was brysed sore with the falle of his hors / for he was wery of trauaille / And Balan was the fyrst that rose on foote and drewe his swerd and wente toward Balyn / and he aroos and wente ageynst hym / But balan smote balyn fyrste / and he put vp his shelde and smote hym thorow the shelde and tamyd his helme / thenne Balyn smote hym ageyne with that vnhappy swerd and wel nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan / and so they fought ther to gyders tyl theyr brethes faylled / thenne Balyn loked vp to the castel and sawe the Towres stand ful of ladyes / Soo they went vnto bataille ageyne and wounded eueryche other dolefully / and thenne they brethed oftymes / and so wente vnto bataille that alle the place there as they fought was blood reed / And att that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther smyten other seuen grete woundes so that the lest of them myȝt haue ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this world / Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merueillously that doubte it was to here of that bataille for the grete blood shedyng And their hawberkes vnnailled that naked they were on euery syde / Atte last balan the yonger broder withdrewe hym a lytel & leid hym doune / Thenne said balyn le Saueage what knyghte arte thou / for or now I found neuer no knyȝt that matched me / my name is said he balan broder vnto the good knyght balyn / Allas sayd balyn that euer I shold see this day / and therwith he felle backward in a swoune / Thenne balan yede on al four feet and handes and put of the helme of his broder and myght not knowe hym by the vysage / it was so ful hewen and bledde / but whan he awoke he sayd O balan

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my broder thou hast slayne me and I the / wherfore alle the wyde world shalle speke of vs bothe /

¶ Allas sayd Balan that euer I sawe this day that thorow myshap I myght not knowe yow / for I aspyed wel your two swerdys / but by cause ye had another shild I demed ye had ben another knyȝt Allas saide Balyn all that maade an vnhappy knyght in the castel / for he caused me to leue myn owne shelde to our bothes destruction / and yf I myȝt lyue I wold destroye that castel for ylle customes / that were wel done said Balan / For I had neuer grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther / for here it happed me to slee a knyght that kepte this Iland / & syn myght I neuer departe / and nomore shold ye broder & ye myght haue slayne me as ye haue and escaped your self with the lyf / Ryght so cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them and there she herd how they made her mone eyther to other and sayd we came bothe oute of one tombe that is to say one moders bely / And so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte / So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true seruyse / that she wold burye them bothe in that same place there the bataille was done / and she graunted hem with wepyng it shold be done rychely in the best maner / Now wille ye sende for a preest that we may receyue our sacrament

and receyue the blessid body of our lord Ihesu cryst / ye said the lady it shalle be done / and so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her rygthes / Now sayd balen whan we are buryed in one tombe and the mensyon made ouer vs / how ij bretheren slewe eche other / there wille neuer good knyght nor good man see our tombe but they wille pray for our soules / & so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte / Thenne anone Balan dyed but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after / and so were they buryed bothe / and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan how he was ther slayne by his broders handes / but she knewe not balyns name /

¶ Capitulum xix

IN the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte balyns name on the tombe with letters of gold / that here lyeth balyn le Saueage that was the knyȝt with the two swerdes

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and he that smote the dolorous stroke / Also Merlyn lete make there a bedde / that ther shold neuer man lye therin / but he wente oute of his wytte / yet Launcelot de lake fordyd that bed thorow his noblesse / and anone after Balyn was dede / merlyn toke his swerd / and toke of the pomel and set on an other pomel / so merlyn bad a knyght that stode afore hym handeld that swerd / and he assayed / and he myght not handle hit Thenne Merlyn lough / why laugh ye said the knyghte / this is the cause said Merlyn / ther shalle neuer man handle this suerd but the best knyght of the world / and that shalle be syr Launcelot or els Galahad his sone / and Launcelot with this suerd shalle slee the man that in the world he loued best that shalle be syr Gawayne / Alle this he lete wryte in the pomel of the swerd / Thenne Merlyn lete make a brydge of yron & of stele in to that Iland / and it was but half a foote brode / & there shalle neuer man passe that brydge nor haue hardynes to goo ouer / but yf he were a passyng good man and a good knyght withoute trechery or vylonye / Also the scaubard of Balyns swerd Merlyn lefte it on this syde of the Iland that galahad shold fynde it / Also merlyn lete make by his subtylyte that Balyns swerd was put in a marbel stone standyng vp ryght as grete as a mylle stone / and the stone houed al weyes aboue the water and dyd many yeres / and so by aduāture it swam down the streme to the Cyte of Camelot that is in englysshe wynchestre / & that same day galahad the haute prynce came with kyng Arthur / and soo galahad broughte wyth hym the scaubard and encheued the swerde / that was there in the marbel stone / houynge vpon the water / And on whytsonday he encheued the swerd as it is reherced in the book of Sāc grayll / Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Arthur and told hym of the dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf to kyng Pellam / and how Balyn and Balan foughte to gyders the merueillous batail that euer was herd of / and how they were buryed bothe in one Tombe / Allas said kyng Arthur / this is the grettest pyte that ouer I herd telle of two knyȝtes / for in the world I knowe not suche two knyghtes /

¶ Thus endeth the tale of Balyn and of Balan two bretheren born in northūberlād good knyȝtes /

leaf 50v

[Book Three: The weddyng of kyng Arthur]

¶ Capitulum primum

IN the begynnynge of Arthur after he was chosen kyng by aduētute and by grace for the most party of the barons knewe not that he was Vther pendragons sone / But as Merlyn made it openly knowen / But yet many kynges & lordes helde grete werre ayenst hym for that cause / But wel Arthur ouercame hem alle / for the mooste party the dayes of his lyf he was ruled moche by the counceyl of Merlyn / Soo it fell on a tyme kyng Arthur sayd vnto Merlyn / my barons wille lete me haue no rest but nedes I muste take a wyf / and I wylle none take / but by thy counceill and by thyne aduys / it is wel done said Merlyn / that ye take a wyf / for a man of your bounte and noblesse shold not be without a wyf / Now is ther ony that ye loue more than another / ye said kyng Arthur / I loue gweneuer the kynges doughter Lodegrean of the land of Camelerd / the whiche holdeth in his hows the table round that ye told he had of my fader Vther / And this damoyssel is the moost valyaunt and fayrest lady that I knowe lyuyng or yet that euer I coude fynde / Syre said Merlyn as of her beaute and fayrenes she is one of the fayrest on lyue / But and ye loued her not so wel as ye doo / I shold fynde yow a damoyssel of beaute and of goodenesse that shold lyke yow & plesse yow and your herte were not sette / But there as a mans herte is set / he wylle be lothe to retorne / that is trouth said kyng Arthur / but Merlyn warned the kyng couertly that gweneuer was not holsome for hym to take to wyf / for he warned hym that launcelot shold loue her and she hym ageyne / and so he torned his tale to the auentures of Sancgreal / Thenne merlyn desyred of the kyng for to haue men with hym that shold enquire of gweneuer / and so the kyng graunted hym / & Merlyn wente forth vnto kyng Lodegrean of Camyllerd / & told hym of the desyre of the kyng that he wold haue vnto his wyf Gweneuer his doughter / that is to me sayd kyng Lodegreans the best tydynge that euer I herd that so worthy a kyng of prowesse and noblesse wille wedde my doughter / And os for my landes I wylle gyue hym wyst I it myght please hym /

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but he hath londes ynowe / hym nedeth none / but I shalle sende hym a gyfte shalle please hym moche more / for I shalle gyue hym the table round / the whiche Vtherpendragon gaue me / & whan it is ful complete / ther is an C knyghtes & fyfty / And as for on C good knyghtes I haue my self / but I fawte / 1 /

for so many haue ben slayne in my dayes / and so Ladegreans delyuerd his doughter Gweneuer vnto Merlyn / and the table round with the C knyghtes / and so they rode fresshly with grete royalte / what by water and what by land / tyl that they came nyghe vnto london

¶ Capitulum Secundum

WHanne kyng Arthur herd of the comyng of gweneuer and the C knyghtes with the table round / thenne kyng Arthur maade grete Ioye for her comyng / and that ryche presente / and said openly this fair lady is passyng welcome vnto me / for I haue loued her longe / And therfore ther is nothyng so lyef to me / And these knyghtes with the round table pleasen me more than ryght grete rychesse / And in alle hast the kyng lete ordeyne for the maryage and the Coronacyon in the moost honorable wyse that coude be deuysed Now Merlyn said kyng Arthur / goo thow and aspye me in al this land l knyghtes whiche ben of most prowesse & worship / within short tyme merlyn had founde suche knyȝtes that shold fulfyllen xx & xiiij knyghtes but no mo he coude fynde Thenne the Bisshop of Caunterbury was fette and he blessid the syeges with grete Royalte and deuoycyon / and there sette the viij and xx knyghtes in her syeges / and whan this was done / Merlyn said fayr syrs ye must al aryse and come to kyng Arthur for to doo hym homage / he will haue the better wil to mayntene yow / and so they arose and dyd their homage / & when they were gone / merlyn fond in euery syeges letters of gold that told the knyghtes names that had sytten therin / But two syeges were voyde / And so anone cam yong gawayn & asked the kyng a yefte Aske said the kyng / & I shal graunte it yow / syr I aske that ye will make me knyȝt / that same day ye shall wedde faire Gweneuer / I will do it with a good wil said kyng arthur & do vnto yow all the worship that I may / for I must by reson ye ar myn neuw my susters sone /

¶ Ca iij

leaf 51v

FOrth with alle ther cam a poure man in to the Courte and broughte with hym a fayre yonge man of xviij yere of age rydynge vpon a lene mare / and the poure man asked all men that he met / where shall I fynde kyng arthur / yonder he is sayd the knyghtes / wylt thou ony thyng with hym / ye sayd the poure man / therfor I cam hyder / anone as he came before the kyng he salewed hym and sayd O kyng Arthur the floure of all knyghtes and kynges I byseche Ihesu saue the / Syr it was told me that at this tyme of your maryage ye wolde yeue any man the yefte that he wold aske / oute excepte that were vnresonable / that is trouthe said the kyng suche cryes I lete make / and that will I holde so it apayre not my realme nor myne estate / ye say wel and graciously said the poure man / Syre I aske no thyng els but that ye wil make my sone here a knyghte / it is a grete thyng thou askest of me said the kyng / what is thy name said the kyng to the poure man / syr my name is Aryes the Cowherd / whether cometh this of the or of thy sone said the kyng / Nay syre said Aryes / this desyre cometh of my sone and not of me / For I shal telle yow I haue xiiij sones / & alle they will falle to what laboure I put them & wille be ryght glad to doo

labour / but this child wylle not laboure for me for ony thyng that my wyf or I may doo / but alweyes he wille be shotynge or castynge dartes / and glad for to see batailles and to behold knyghtes / And alweyes day and nyghte he desyreth of me to be made a knyȝt what is thy name sayd the kyng vnto the yonge man / Syre my name is Tor / the kyng beheld hym fast / and sawe he was passyngly wel vysaged and passyngly wel made of his yeres Wel said kyng Arthur vnto Aryes the Cowherd fetch al thy sones afore me that I may see them / and so the poure man did and al were shapen moche lyke the poure man / But Tor was not lyke none of hem al in shap ne in contenance / for he was moche more than ony of hem / Now said kyng Arthur vnto the Cowherd / where is the swerd he shalle be made knyght with al / it is here sayd Tor / take it oute of the sheathe sayd the kyng / and requyre me to make yow a knyght Thenne Tor alyght of his mare and pulled oute his swerd knelynge and requyrynge the kyng / that he wold maake

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hym knyght / & that he myghte be a knyght of the table round As for a knyȝt I will make yow / & therwith smote hym in the neck with the swerd say&emacrg be ye a good knyȝt / & so I pray to god so ye may be / & yf ye be of prowesse and of worthynesse ye shalle be a knyght of the table round / Now Merlyn sayd Arthur say wether this Tor shall be a good knyghte / or no / ye syre he ought to be a good knyght / for he is comen of as good a man as ony is on lyue / and of kynges blood how so syr sayd the kyng / I shalle telle yow sayd Merlyn / This poure man Aryes the cowherd is not his fader / he is no thyng syb to hym / for kyng Pellinore is his fader / I suppose nay said the Cowherd / fetch thy wyf afore me said merlyn / and she shalle not say nay / anon the wyf was fet which was a fair houswyf / and there she ansuerd Merlyn ful womanly / and there she told the kyng and Merlyn that whan she was a maide & went to mylke kyen / ther met with her a sterne knyght / & half by force he had my maidenhede / & at that tyme he bigat my sone Tor / & he toke away from me my greyhound that I had that tyme with me / & saide that he wold kepe the greyhound for my loue / A said the Cowherd I wende not thys / but I may bileue it wel / for he had neuer no tatches of me / sir said Tor vnto Merlyn dishonoure not my moder / syr said merlyn it is more for your worship than hurte / for your fader is a good man & a kyng / & he may ryght wel auaunce you and your moder / for ye were begoten or euer she was wedded / that is trouth said the wyf / hit is the lasse gryef vnto me sayd the Cowherd

¶ Capitulum Quartum

SO on the morne kyng Pellinore cam to the Court of kyng Arthur / whiche had grete ioye of hym and told hym of Tor / how he was his sone / and how he hadde made hym knyght at the request of the Cowherd / Whan Pellinore beheld Tor / he pleasyd hym moche / so the kyng made gawayne knyght / but Tor was the fyrst he made at the feest / What is the cause said kyng Arthur that there ben two places voyde in the syeges / Syre said Merlyn / ther shalle no man syt in tho places / but they shall be of moost worship / But in the sege perillous there shall no man sytte therin but one / and yf ther be ony so hardy to

doo it he shall be destroyed / & he that

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shalle sytte there shalle haue no felawe / And therwith Merlyn tooke kynge Pellinore by the hand / and in the one hand next the two seges and the sege peryllous he said in open audyence this is your place and best ye are worthy to sytte there in of ony that is here / there at sat syr gawayne in grete enuy & told Gaherys his broder / yonder knyghte is put to grete worship / the whiche greueth me sore / for he slewe our fader kynge Lot / therfor I wille slee hym said Gauayne with a **swerd** [correction; sic = fwerd] / that was sente me that is passyng trechaunt / ye shall not soo said Gaherys at this tyme / For at this tyme I am but a squyer / and whan I am made knyght / I wol be auenged on hym and therfor broder it is best ye suffre tyl another tyme that we may haue hym oute of the Courte / for & we dyd so / we shold trouble this hyhe feest / I wyl wel said gauayn as ye wylle /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THenne was the hyghe feeste made redy / and the kynge was wedded att Camelott vnto Dame Gweneuer in the chirche of saynt steuyns with grete solempnyte / And as euery man was set after his degree / Merlyn wente to alle the knyghtes of the round table / and bad hem sytte styll that none of hem remeue / for ye shalle see a straunge and a merueillous aduenture / Ryght so as they sat ther came rennyng in a whyte hert in to the halle and a whyte brachet next hym and xxx couple of black rennyng houndes cam after with a greete crye / and the hert went aboute the table round as he went by other boordes / the whyte brachet boot hym by the buttok & pulled oute a pees / where thurgh the herte lepte a grete lepe / and ouerthrewe a knyght that sat at the boord syde / and therwith the knyght aroos & toke vp the brachet / & so went forth oute of the halle & toke his hors & rode his wey with the brachet / right so anone cam in a lady on a whyte palfrey & cryed aloude for the kyng Arthur / Syre **suffre** [correction; sic = sussre] me not to haue this despyte for the brachet was myn that the knyght lad aweye / I maye not doo therwith said the kynge

¶ With this there came a knyght rydyng al armed on a grete hors / and tooke the lady away with hym with force / and euer she cryed and made grete dole / whanne she was gone the kynge was glad for she

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made suche a noyse / Nay said merlyn / ye may not leue this aduentures so lyghtely / For these aduentures must be brought agayne or els it wold be disworship to yow and to your feest I wyl said the

kynges that al be done by your aduys / Thenne saide merlyn lete calle syr gauayne / for he must brynge ageyne the whyte herte / Also syr ye must lete calle Syre Tor / for he must brynge ageyne the brachet / and the knyght or els slee hym / Also lete calle kyng Pellinore for he must brynge ageyne the lady and the knyght or els slee hym / and these thre knyghtes shalle doo merueillous auentures or they come ageyn Thenne were they called al thre as it reherceth afore / and eueryche of hem toke his charge / and armed them surely / But sir gauayne had the fyrst request / and therefore we wille begynne at hym /

¶ Capitulum vj

SYre gauayne roode more than a paas and gaheryse his broder that roode with hym in stede of a squyer to doo hym seruyse / Soo as they rode they sawe two knyghtes fyghte on horsbak passyng sore / so syr gauayn & his broder rode betwixe them / and asked them for what cause they foughte so / the one knyght ansuerd and sayd / we fyghte for a symple mater / for we two be two bretheren born & begoten of one man & of one woman / allas said sir gauayn why do ye so / syr said the eldar / ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many houndes chaced hym / & a whyte brachet was alwey next hym / and we vnderstood it was auenture made for the hyhe feest of kyng Arthur / and therefore I wold haue gone after to haue wonne me worship / and here my yonger broder said he wolde go after the herte / for he was better knyght than I / And for this cause we felle at debate / & so we thouȝt to preue whiche of vs bothe was better knyght / This is a symple cause said sir gauayn / vncouth merye ye shold debate with al & no broder with broder / therfor but yf ye wil do by my counceyl I wil haue ado with yow / that is ye shal yelde you vnto me / & that ye go vnto kyng Arthur and yelde yow vnto his grace / sir knyght said the ij bretheren we are forfoughten & moche blood haue we loste thorow our wilfulnesse / And therefore we wolde be loth to haue adoo with yow / thenne do as I will haue yow said sir gauayne /

leaf 53v

we wille agree to **fulfille** [correction; sic = fulsulle] your wylle / But by whom shalle we saye that we be thyder sente / ye maye say / by the knyght that foloweth the quest of the herte that was whyte / Now what is your name sayd gauayne / Sorlouse of the forest said the eldar & my name is sayde the yonger Bryan of the forest and soo they departed and wente to the kynges Court / and Syr gauayne on his quest / and as gauayne folowed the herte by the crye of the houndes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer / and the hert swamme ouer / and as syr gauayne wold folowe after / ther stode a knyght ouer the other syde and sayd / Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte / but yf thou wilt Iuste with me / I wille not faille as for that said sir gauayn to folowe the quest that I am in / and soo maade his hors to swymme ouer the water / and anone they gat theire speres / and ranne to gyder ful hard / but syre gauayne smote hym of his hors / and thenne he torned his hors & bad hym yelde hym / Nay sayd the knyght not so though thou haue the better of me on horsbak / I pray the valyaunt knyght alyghte a foote and matche we to gyders with swerdes / what is youre name said sir gauayne / Alardyn of the Ilys said the other / thenne eyther dressid her sheldes and smote to gyders / but sir gauayne smote hym so hard thorow the helme that it

went to the braynes and the knyght felle doune dede / A said Gaheryse that was a myghty stroke of a yonge knyght /

¶ Capitulum Septimum

Thenne Gauayne and Gaheryse rode more than a paas after the whyte herte / and lete slyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes / and so they chace the herte in to a castel / and in the chyef place of the castel they slewe the hert / syr gauayne and gaheryse folowed after / Ryght soo there came a knyght oute of a chamber with a swerd drawe in his hand and slewe two of the greyhoundes euen in the syghte of syre gauayne / and the remenaunte he chaced hem with his swerd oute of the castel / And whan he cam ageyne he sayd / O my whyte herte / me repenteth that thow art dede / for my souerayne lady gaf the to me / and euyll haue I kepte the / and thy deth

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leaf 54r

shalle be dere bought and I lyue / and anone he wente in to his chamber and armed hym / and came oute fyersly / & there mette he with syr gauayne / why haue ye slayne my houndes said syr gauayn / for they dyd but their kynde / and leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me than vpon a dom best thow saist trouth said the knyght I haue auengyd me on thy houndes and so I wille on the or thow goo / Thenne syr Gauayne alyght afoote and dressid his shelde and stroke to gyders myghtely / and clafe their sheldes and stoned their helmes and brak their hawberkes that the blood ranne doune to their feet / Atte last syr gauayne smote the knyght so hard that he felle to the erthe / and thenne he cryed mercy / and yelded hym and besought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to saue his lyf / thow shalt dye said sir gauayne for sleynge of my houndes / I wille make amendys said the knyght vnto my power / Syr gauayne wold no mercy haue but vnlacyd his helme to haue stryken of his hede / Ryght soo came his lady oute of a chamber and felle ouer hym / and soo he smote of her hede by mysauenture / Allas saide Gaheryse that is fowle and shamefully done / that shame shal neuer from yow / Also ye shold gyue mercy vnto them that aske mercy / for a knyght without mercy is withoute worship / Syr gauayne was so stonyed of the deth of this fair lady / that he wiste not what he dyd / and said vnto the knyght aryse I wille gyue the mercy / nay nay said the knyght / I take no force of mercy now / for thou hast slayne my loue and my lady that I loued best of alle erthely thynges / Me sore repentith it said syr gauayn / for I thoughte to stryke vnto the / But now thow shalt goo vnto kyng Arthur and telle hym of thyne aduentures and how thow arte ouercome by the knyghte that wente in the queste of the whyte herte / I take no force said the knyght whether I lyue or I dye but so for drede of deth he swore to goo vnto kyng Arthur / & he made hym to bere one greyhound before hym on his hors and another behynde hym / what is your name said sir gauayn or we departe / my name is said the knyght Ablamor of the marise / soo he departed toward Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum

leaf 54v

ANd syr gauayne went in to the castel and made hym redy to lye there al nyght / and wold haue vnarmed hym / what wylle ye doo sayd gaheryse / wylle ye vnarme yow in this Countrey / ye may thynke ye haue many enemyes here / they had not sooner sayd that word but ther cā four knyghtes wel armed and assayled syr gauayne hard and said vnto hym thou newe made knyght thow hast shamed thy knyghthode / for a knyght withoute mercy is dishonoured Also thow hast slayne a fayr lady to thy grete shame to the worldes ende / and doubte thow not thow shalt haue grete nede of mercy or thow departe from vs / And therwith one of hem smote syr gauayne a grete stroke that nygh he felle to the erthe / and gaheryse smote hym ageyne sore / and soo they were on the one syde and on the other / that syr gauayne and gaheryse were in ieopardy of their lyues / and one with a bowe an archer smote syr gauayne thurȝ the arme that it greued hym wonderly sore / And as they shold haue ben slayne / there cam four fair ladyes / and besought the knyghtes of grace for syre gauayne / and goodely atte request of the ladyes they gaf syr gauayne and gahersye their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as prysoners / thenne gauayne and gaheryse made grete dole / Allas sayd syre gauayne myn arme greueth me sore / I am lyke to be maymed and so made his complaynt pytously / erly on the morow ther cam to syr gauayne one of the four ladyes / that had herd alle his complaynte and said syr knyȝte what chere / not good said he it is your owne defaulte sayd the lady / for ye haue doone a passynge fowle dede in the sleynge of the lady / the whiche will be grete vylany vnto yow / But be ye not of kynge Arthurs kyn saide the lady / yes truly sayd syr gauayne / what is your name saide the lady / ye must telle it me or ye passe / my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney sone / and my moder is kynge Arthurs syster / A thenne are ye neuewe vnto kyng Arthur sayd the lady / and I shalle so speke for yow that ye shall haue conduyte to go to kynge Arthur for his loue / and soo she departed / and told the foure knyghtes how their prysoner was kynge Arthurs neuewe / and his name is syr gauayne kyng Lots sone of Orkeney / and they gaf hym the hertes hede by cause it was in

leaf 55r

his quest /

¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd syr Gauayne vnder this promyse that he shold bere the dede lady with hym in this maner / The hede of her was hanged aboute his neck and the hole body of hyr lay before hym on his hors mane / Ryght soo rode he forth vnto Camelot / And anone as he was come merlyn desyred of kyng Arthur þ^t Syre Gauayne shold be sworne to telle of alle his auentures / and how he slewe the lady / and how he wold gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thurgh the lady was slayne / Thenne the kynge and the quene were gretely displeasyd with syr gauayn for the sleynge of the lady /

And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was set a quest of ladyes on syr gauayn / and they Iuged hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with all ladyes & to fyȝte for her quarels / & that euer he shold be curteys / & neuer to refuse mercy to hym / that asketh mercy / Thus was gauayne sworne vpon the four euuangelystes that he shold neuer be ageynst lady ne gentilwoman / but yf he fought for a lady / and his aduersary fouȝt for another /

And thus endeth the auenture of syr gauayn that he dyd at the maryage of kyng Arthur Amen

¶ Capitulum ix

THan Syre Tor was redy he mounted vpon his horsbak / and rode after the knyght with the brachet / so as he rode he mette with a dwarf sodenly / that smote hys hors on the hede with a staf / that he wente backward his spere lengthe / why dost thou so said syre Tor / for thou shalt not passe this way / but yf thou Iuste with yonder knyghtes of the paelions / Thenne was Tor ware where two paelions were / & grete sperys stood oute / and two sheldes henge on trees by the paelions / I may not tary said syr Tor / for I am in a quest that I must nedes folowe / thou shalt not passe said the dwarf and therwith alle he blewe his horne / thenne ther cam one armed on horsbak / and dressyd his shelde / and cam fast toward Tor / and he dressid hym ageynst hym / and so ranne to gyders that Tor bare hym from his hors / and anone the knyght yeld hym to his mercy / But syr I haue a felawe in yonder paelione that wille haue adoo with yow anone / he shall be welcome said syr Tor / Thenne was he ware of another knyght comyng with grete raundon / and eche of them dressid to other / that

leaf 55v

merueille it was to see / but the knyght smote syre Tor a grete stroke in myddes of the shelde that his spere all to sheuered And syr Tor smote hym thurgh the sheld by lowe of the sheld and it wente thorow the coost of the knyȝt / but the stroke slewe hym not / And therwith syr Tor alyght & smote hym on the helme a grete stroke / and therwith the knyght yelded hym and besought hym of mercy / I wille wel said syr Tor / But thou and thy felawe must goo vnto kynge Arthur / and yelde yow prysoners vn to hym / by whome shall we say are we thyder sente / ye shall say by the knyght that wente in the quest of the knyght that wente with the brachet / Now what be your ij names said syr Tor / my name is sayd the one Sire Felot of Langduk / & my name is said the other Sir Petypase of wynchylse / Now go ye forth saide syre Tor and god spede yow & me / Thenne cam the dwarf and saide vnto syr Tor / I praye yow gyue me a yefte / I wylle wel said syr Tor / aske / I aske no more saide the dwarf / but that ye wille suffre me to doo yow seruyse / for I will serue no more recreaunt knyghtes / Take an hors said syr Tor and ryde on with me / I wote ye ryde after the knyght with the whyte brachet / and I shalle brynge yow there he is said the dwerf / And soo they rode thorow oute a forest / and at the last they were ware of two paelions euen by a pryory with two sheldes / And the one shyld was enewed with whyte / and the other shelde was reed

¶ Capitulum x

Ther with syr Tor alyghte and toke the dwarf his glayue / and soo he cam to the whyte paelione / and sawe thre damoysels lye in it / and one paylet slepyng / & so he wente to the other paelione / and found a lady lyeng slepyng ther in / But ther was the whyte brachet that bayed at her fast / and therwith the lady yede oute of the paelione & all her damoysels / But anone as syr Tor aspyed the whyte brachet / he took her by force and took her to the dwerf / what / wille ye so sayd the lady take my brachet from me / ye sayd syr Tor / this brachet haue I sought from kynge Arthurs Courte hyder / well said the lady / knyght ye shalle not go fer with her / but that ye shalle be mette and greued / I shall abyde what auenture that

leaf 56r

cometh by the grace of god / and so mounted vpon his hors / and passed on his way towarde Camelot / but it was so nere nyght he myȝt not passe but lytel ferther / knowe ye ony lodgyng said Tor I knowe none said the dwarf / but here besydes is an hermytage / and there ye muste take lodgyng as ye fynde / And within a whyle they cam to the heremytage & took lodgyng / and was there gras otys and breed for their horses soone it was sped / and full hard was their souper but there they rested hem al nyght tyl on the morne / and herd a masse deuoutely / and tooke their leue of the heremyte / and syre Tor prayed the heremyte to pray for hym / he sayd he wold and betooke hym to god / And soo mounted vpon horsbak and rode towards Camelot a long whyle / with that they herd a knyȝte calle lowde that came after hem / and he sayd knyghte abyde / & yelde my brachet that thou took from my lady / Syr Tor retorned ageyne / and behelde hym how he was a semely knyghte and wel horsed and wel armed at al poyntes / thenne Syre Tor dressyd his shelde and took his spere in his handes and the other cam fyersly vpon hym / and smote bothe hors & man to the erthe / anone they aroos lyghtely and drewe her swerdes as egrely as lyons and put their sheldes afore them and smote thorow the sheldes that the cantels felle of bothe partyes / Also they tamyd their helmes that the hote blood ranne oute / and the thyck maylles of their hawberkes they carfe and rofe in sonder that the hote blood ranne to the erthe / and both they had many woundes and were passyng wery / But syr Tor aspyed that the other knyght faynted / and thenne he sewed fast vpon hym and doubled his strokes and garte hym go to the erthe on the one syde / thenne Syre Tor bad hym yelde hym / that wille I not said Abilleus whyle my lyf lasteth and the soule is within my body onles that thou wilt yeue me the brachet / that wylle I not doo sayd syre Tor / for it was my quest to brynge ageyne thy brachet / the or bothe /

¶ Capitulum xj

WYth that cam a damoysel rydynge on a palfrey as fast as she myȝt dryue and cryed with a lowde voys vnto Syre Tor / what wille ye with me sayd syr Tor / I byseche the

leaf 56v

said the damoyssel for kynge Arthurs loue / gyue me a yefte / I requyre the gentyl knyght as thow arte a gentilman / Now said Tor Aske a yefte and I wille gyue it yow / gramercy said the damoyssel / Now I aske the hede of the fals knyght Abelleus / for he is the mooste outragious knyght that lyueth & the grettest murtherer / I am loth seid syr Tor of that gyfte I haue gyuen yow / lete hym make amendys in that he hath trespaced vnto yow / now said the damoyssel he may not / for he slewe myn owne broder afore myn owne eyen that was a better knyght than he / and he hadde had grace / and I kneled half an houre afore hym in the myre for to saue my broders lyf that had done hym no dammage but fought with hym by auenture of armes / and so for al that I coude do / he stroke of his hede wherfore I requyre the as thow arte a true knyght to gyue me my yefte or els I shal shame the in al the Court of kyng Arthur / for he is the falsest knyght lyuyng and a grete destroyer of good knyghtes / Thenne whan Abelleus herd this / he was more aferd / and yelded hym and asked mercy / I maye not now saide syr Tor / but yf I shold be founde fals of my promesse / for whyle I wold haue taken you to mercy / ye wold none aske but yf ye had the brachet ageyn that was my quest And therwith he tooke of his helme / and he aroos and fled / and syr Tor after hym and smote of his hede quyte / ¶ Now syr said the damoyssel / it is nere nyght / I pray yow come & lodge with me here at my place / it is here fast by / I will wel said syr Tor / for his hors and he had ferd euyll syn they departed from Camelot / and soo he rode with her and had passyng good chere with her / and she hadde a passyng fair old knyght to her husband that made hym passyng good chere and wel easyd bothe his hors and he / and on the morne he herd his masse and brake his fast and tooke his leue of the knyghte and of the lady that besought hym to telle hym his name / Truly he said my name is syr Tor that was late made knyght / and this was the fyrst queste of armes that euer I dyd to bryng ageyn that this knyght Abelleus toke away fro kyng arthurs courte / O fayr knyght said the lady and her husband / and ye come here in oure marches / come and see oure poure lodgyng / and it shalle be alweyes at your commaundement / Soo syre

leaf 57r

Tor departed and came to Camelot on the thyrdd day by noone / and the kyng & the quene & alle the Courte was passyng fayne of his comyng and made grete ioye that he was come ageyne / for he wente from the Court with lytel socour / but as kyng Pellinore his fader gaf hym an old courser / and kyng Arthur gaf hym armour and a swerd / and els had he none other socour / but rode so forthe hym self alone / And thenne the kyng and the quene by merlyns aduys made hym to swere to telle of his auentures / and soo he told and made pryues of his dedes as it is afore reherced / wherfor the kyng and the quene made hym grete ioye / nay nay saide Merlyn these ben but lapes to that he shalle doo / for he shalle preue a noble knyght of prowesse as good as ony is lyuyng and gentyl and curteis & of good tatches and passyng true of his promesse / and neuer shalle outrage where thorow Merlyns wordes kyng

Arthur gaf hym an erldome of londes that felle vnto hym / and here endeth the quest of Syr Tor kynge
Pellenors sone

¶ Capitulum xij

Thenne kynge Pellinore armed hym and mounted vpon his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady that the knyȝt ladde away / And as he rode in a forest he sawe in a valey a damoyssel sitte by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armes / and Pellenore salewed her / And whan she was ware of hym she cryed ouer lowde / helpe me knyghte for crystes sake kynge Pellinore & he wold not tarye he was so eger in his quest / and euer she cryed an C tymes after help Whanne she sawe he wold not abyde / she prayd vnto god to sende hym as moche nede of help as she had / and that he myȝt fele it or he dyed / Soo as the book telleth the knyght there dyed that there was wounded / wherfor the lady for pure sorowe slewe her self with his swerd / As kynge Pellinore rode in that valey he met with a poure man a labourer / Sawest thou not saide Pellinore a knyghte rydyng and ledyng awaye a lady / ye said the man / I sawe that knyght and the lady that made grete dole / And yonder byneth in a valey ther shal ye see two paelions and one of the knyȝtes of the paelions

leaf 57v

chalengyd that lady of that knyght and sayd she was his cosyn nere / wherfor he shold lede her no ferther / And soo they wage bataill in that quarel / the one saide he wold haue her by force / and the other said he wold haue the rule of her by cause he was her kynnesman and wold led her to her kyn / for this quarel he lefte them fyghtyng / And yf ye wille ryde a paas ye shalle fynde them fyghtyng / and the lady was beleft with the two squyers in the paelions / god thanke the sayd kynge Pellenore / Thenne he rode a wallop tyll he had a syght of the two paelions and the two knyghtes fyghtyng / anon he rode vnto the paelions / and sawe the lady that was his quest / and sayd fayre lady ye must goo with me vnto the court of kynge Arthur / Syr knyght said the two squyers that were with her yonder are two knyghtes that fyghte for thys lady / goo thyder and departe them / and be agreed with hem / & thenne may ye haue her at your pleasyr / ye say wel sayd kyng Pellenore / And anone he rode betwixt them and departed hem and asked hem the causes why that they fought / Sir knyght said the one / I shalle telle yow / this lady is my kynneswoman nygh myn aunes doughter / And whan I herd her complayne that she was with hym maulgre her hede / I waged bataille to fyghte with hym / Syre knyght sayd the other whoos name was Hontzlake of wentland / and this lady I gat by my prowesse of armes this day at Arthurs courte / that is vntruly said / said kynge Pellenore / for ye cam in sodenly ther as we were at the hyghe feest and tooke away this lady or ony man myght make hym redy and therefore hit was my quest to brynge her ageyne and yow bothe / or els the one of vs to abyde in the felde / therfor the lady shalle goo with me / or I wille dye for it / for I haue promysed hit kynge Arthur / And therfor fyghte ye no more / for none of yow shalle haue no parte of her at this tyme / And yf ye lyst to fyȝte for her / fyȝte with me / and I wille defende her / wel said the knyghtes make you redy / and we shalle assaile yow with al our power / And

as kynge Pellenore wold haue put his hors for them syr Hontzlake roofe his hors thorow with a swerd
and said / Now art thou on foote as wel as we are / whan kynge Pellinore aspyed that his hors was
slayne / lytely he lepte from his hors/

leaf 58r

and pulled oute is swerd / and put his sheld afore hym / and sayde knyghte kepe wel thy heede / for thou
shalt haue a buffet for the sleynge of my hors / So kyng Pellenore gaf hym suche a stroke vpon the helme
that he clafe the hede doune to the chynne that he fylle to the erthe dede

¶ Capitulum xiiij

AND thenne he torned hym to the other knyghte that was sore wounded / but whan he sawe the others
buffet / he wold not fyghte / but kneled doune and sayd take my cosyn the lady with yow at youre
request / and I requyre yow as ye be a true knyghte / put her to no shame nor vylony / What sayd kynge
Pellenore wylle ye not fyghte for her / no syr sayd the knyghte I wylle not fyghte with suche a knyghte of
prowesse as ye be / wel said Pellenore / ye say wel / I promyse yow she shall haue no vylony by me as I
am true knyght / but now me lacketh an hors said Pellinore / but I wylle haue hontzlake's hors / ye shalle
not nede sayd the knyght / for I shalle gyue yow suche an hors as shalle please yow / so that ye wille
lodge with me / for it is nere nyghte / I wille wel sayd kynge Pellenore abyde with yow al nyghte / and
there he hadde with hym ryght good chere / and faryd of the best with passynge good wyne and had
mery rest that nyghte / And on the morne he herd a masse and dyned / And thenne was broughte hym a
fayre bay courser / and kynge Pellenore's sadel sette upon hym / Now what shalle I calle yow said the kny
ght in as moche as ye haue my cosyn at your desyre of your quest Syr I shalle telle yow my name is kyng
Pellenore of the Ilys and knyghte of the table round / Now I am glad said the knyght that suche a noble
man shalle haue the rule of my cosyn / Now what is your name said Pellenore / I pray yow telle me / Syr
my name is syr Meliot of Logres / and this lady my cosyn hyght Nymue / and the knyghte that was in
the other paueilion is my sworne broder a passynge good knyghte and his name is Bryan of the Ilys / and
he is ful loth to do wronge and ful lothe to fyghte with ony man / but yf he be sore sought on / so that for
shame he may not leue it / It is merueil

leaf 58v

said Pellinore that he wille not haue adoo with me / syr he wil not haue adoo with no man but yf it be at
his request / Brynge hym to the Courte said Pellenore one of these dayes / Syr we wylle come to gyders /
and ye shalle be welcome said Pellinore to the Courte of kynge Arthur / and gretely allowed for your
comynge and so he departed with the lady / & brought her to Camelot / Soo as they rode in a valey it was

ful of stones / and there the ladyes hors stumbled and threwe her doun that her arme was sore brysed and nere she swouned for payne / Allas syr sayd the lady myn arme is oute of lythe wher thorow I must nedes reste me / ye shal wel said kyng Pellinore / and so he alyȝt vnder a fayr tree where was fayr grasse and he put his hors therto / and so leyd hym vnder the tree / and slepte tyl it was nyghe nyght / And whan he awoke / he wold haue ryden / Sir said the lady it is so derke that ye may as wel ryde backward as forward / soo they abode styll & made there their lodgyng / Thenne syr Pellenore put of his armour thēne a lytel afore mydnyȝt they herd the trottyng of an hors be ye styll said kyng Pellenore / for we shalle here of somme auenture

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd ther with he armed hym / so ryght euen afore hym ther met two knyghtes / the one cam froward Camelot / and the other from the northe / and eyther salewed other / what tydynges at Camelot **sayd** [correction; sic = fayd] the one / by my hede saide the other ther haue I ben & aspyed the courte of kynge Arthur And ther is suche a felauship they may neuer be broken / and wel nyghe al the world holdeth with Arthur / for there is the flour of chyualrye / Now for his cause I am rydyng in to the north to telle or chyuetayns of the felauship that is withholden with kyng Arthur / as for that said the other knyght I haue brought a remedy with me that is the grettest poyson that euer ye herd speke of & to Camelot wyll I with it / for we haue a frend ryght nyghe kyng Arthur and wel cherysshed that shal poysons kynge Arthur / for so he hath promysed oure chyuetayns & receyued grete yeftes for to do it / Beware said the other knyght of Merlyn / for he knoweth all thynges by the deuyls crafte / therfore wille I not lete it said the knyghte / & so they departed in sonder / Anone after Pellenore maade hym

leaf 59r

redy and his lady rode toward Camelot / And as they cam by the wel there as the wounded knyght was and the lady / there he fond the knyghte and the lady eten with lyons or wylde beestes al sauf the hede / wherfor he made grete sorowe and wepte passynge sore and said Allas her lyf myghte I haue saued / but I was so fyers in my quest therfore I wold not abyde / wherfore make ye suche doole said the lady / I wote not said Pellinore / but my herte morneth sore of the deth of her for she was a passyng fayr lady and a yonge / Now wylle ye doo by myne aduys said the lady / take this knyghte and lete hym be buried in an heremytage / and thenne take the ladyes hede and bere it with yow vnto Arthur / So kyng Pellinore took this dede knyght on his sholders / and broughte hym to the heremytage and charged the heremyte with the corps / that seruyse shold be done for the soule / and take his harneys for your payne / it shalle be done said the heremyte as I wille ansuer vnto god

¶ Capitulum xv

ANd ther with they departed and cam there as the hede of the lady lay with a fair yellow here that greued

kyng Pellinore passyngly sore whan he loked on hit / for moche he cast his herte on the vysage / And soo by none they came to Camelot / and the kyng and the quene were passyng fayn of his comyng to the Courte / And there he was made to swere vpon the four euuangelystes to telle the trouthe of his quest from the one to the other / A syr Pellinore sayd quene Gweneuer ye were gretely to blame that ye saued not this ladyes lyf / Madame said Pellinore ye were gretely to blame and ye wold not saue your owne lyf & ye myȝt / but sauf your pleasir I was so furyous in my quest that I wold not abyde / & that repenteth me & shal the dayes of my lyf / Truly saide Merlyn ye ouȝt sore to repente it / for that lady was your own douȝter begoten on the lady of the rule / & that knyght that was dede was her loue / and shold haue wedded her / and he was a ryght good knyght of a yonge man and wold haue preued a good man / & to this court was he comyng & his name was sir Myles of the laȝdys / & a knyȝt cam behynde hym / & slewe him with spere & his name is Lorayne le saueage a fals knyȝt & a coward / & she for grete sorow & dole slewe her self with

leaf 59v

his swerd / and her name was Eleyne / And by cause ye wold not abyde and helpe her / ye shalle see youre best frende faylle yow whan ye been the grettest distresse that euer ye were / or shalle be / And that penaȝce god hath ordeyned yow for that dede / that he that ye shalle most truste to of ony man alyue / he shalle leue yow ther ye shalle be slayne / Me forthynketh said kyng Pellinore that this shalle me betyde but god may fordoo wel desteny / Thus whan the quest was done of the whyte herte / the whiche folowed syr gawayne and the quest of the brachet folowed of syr Tor Pellenors sone / & the quest of the lady that the knyghte tooke aweye / the whiche kyng Pellinre at that tyme folowed / Thenne the kyng stablysshed all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londres not ryche / he gaf them londres / and charged hem neuer to doo outragyoussyte nor mordre / and alweyes to flee treason / Also by no meane to be cruel / but to gyue mercy vnto hym that asketh mercy vpon payn of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of kyng Arthur for euermore / and alweyes to doo ladyes / damoysels / and gentylwymmen socour vpon payne of dethe / Also that no man take noo batails in a wrongful quarel for noo lawe ne for noo worldes goodes / Vnto this were all the knyghtes sworne of the table round both old and yong / And euery yere were they sworne at the hyghe feest of Pentecost.

¶ *Explicit* the weddyng of kyng Arthur

¶ *Sequitur quartus liber*

[Book Four]

¶ Capitulum; Primum;

SOo after these questys of Syr Gawyne / Syre Tor / and kynge Pellinore / It felle so that Merlyn felle in a dottage on the damoisel that kyng Pellinore broughte to the Courte / and she was one of the damoysels of the lake that hyȝte Nyneue / But Merlyn wold lete haue her no rest but alweyes he wold be with her / And euer she maade Merlyn good chere tyl she had lerned of hym al maner thyng that she desyred and he was assoted vpon her that he myghte not be from her / Soo on a tyme he told kynge Arthur that he sholde not dure longe but for al his craftes he shold be put in the erthe quyck and

leaf 60r

so he told the kynge many thynges that shold befall / but alle wayes he warned the kynge to kepe wel his swerd and the scaubard / for he told hym how the swerd and the scaubard shold be stolen by a woman from hym that he most trusted / Also he told kynge Arthur that he shold mysse hym / yet had ye leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne / A sayd the kynge / syn ye knowe of your aduenture puruey for hit / and put away by your craftes that mysauenture / Nay said Merlyn it wylle not be / soo he departed from the kynge / And within a whyle the damoysel of the lake departed / and Merlyn wente with her euermore where some euer she wente / And oftymes merlyn wold haue had her pryuely away by his subtile craftes / thenne she made hym to swere that he shold neuer do none enchaument vpon her yf he wold haue his wylle / And so he sware / so she and Merlyn wente ouer the see vnto the land of Benwyck there as kynge Ban was kynge that had grete warre ageynst kynge Claudas / and there Merlyn spake with kynge Bans wyf a fair lady and a good / and her name was Elayne / and there he sawe yonge Launcelot / there the quene made grete sorowe for the mortal werre þ^t kyng claudas made on her lord and on her landes / Take none heuynesse said Merlyn / for this same child within this xx yere shall reunge yow on kynge Claudas that all Crystendom shalle speke of it And this same child shalle be the moost man of worship of the world / and his fyrst name is galahad / that knowe I wel said Merlyn / And syn ye haue confermed hym Launcelot / that is trouthe said the quene / his fyrst name was Galahad / O Merlyn said the quene shalle I lyue to see my sone suche a man of prowesse / ye lady on my parel ye shal see hit / and lyue many wynters after / And soo sone after the lady and Merlyn departed / and by the waye Merlyn shewed her many wondres / and cam in to Cornewaille / And alweyes Merlyn lay aboute the lady to haue her maydenhode / and she was euer passynge wery of hym / and fayne wold haue ben delyuerd of hym / for she was aferd of hym by cause he was a deuyls sone / and she coude not beskyfte hym by no meane /

¶ And soo on a tyme it happed that Merlyn shewed to her in a roche where as was a greete wonder / and wroughte by

leaf 60v

enchaunement that wente vnder a grete stone / So by her subtyl wyrchyng she maade Merlyn to goo vnder that stone to lete her wete of the merueilles there / but she wroughte so ther for hym that he came neuer oute for alle the crafte he coude doo / And so she departed and left Merlyn /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

ANd as kynge Arthur rode to Camelot / and helde ther a grete feest with myrthe and Ioye / so soone after he retorned vnto Cardoylle / and ther cam vnto Arthur newe tydynges that the kynge of Denmarke and the kynge of Ireland that was his broder and the kynge of the vale and the kynge of Soleyse / and the kynge of the yle of Longtayne al these fyue kynges with a grete hoost were entrid in to the lād of kynge Arthur and brente and slewe clene afore hem / both Cytees and castels that it was pyte to here /

¶ Allas sayd Arthur yet had I neuer reste one monethe syn I was crowned kyng of this land / Now shalle I neuer reste tyl I mete with tho kynges in a fayre feld / that I make myn auowe for my true lyege peple shalle not be destroyed in my defaulte / goo with me who wille and abyde who that wille / thenne the kynge lete wryte vnto kynge Pellenore and prayd hym in alle haste to make hym redy with suche peple as he myght lyȝtlyest rere and hye hym after in al hast / All the Barons were pryuely wrothe / that the kynge wold departe so sodenly but the kynge by no meane wold abyde / but made wrytyng vnto them that were not there / and bad them hye after hym suche as were not at that tyme in the Courte / Thenne the kynge came to quene gweneuer and sayd lady make yow redy / for ye shall goo with me / for I may not longe mysse yow / ye shal cause me to be the more hardy / what auenture so befalle me / I wille not wete my lady to be in no ieopardy / Sire said she I am at your commaundement / and shalle be redy what tyme so ye be redy / So on the morne the kynge and the quene departed with suche felauship as they hadde / and came in to the Northe in to a forest besyde humber and there lodged hem

¶ Whanne the word & tydyng came vnto the fyue kynges

leaf 61r

aboue sayd that Arthur was besyde humber in a foreste there was a knyght broder vnto one of the fyue kynges that gafe hem this counceille / ye knowe wel that syre Arthur hath the floure of Chyualrye of the world with hym as it is preued by the grete bataille he dyd with the xj kynges / And therfor hye vnto hym nyghte and daye tyl that we be nyghe hym / for the lenger he taryeth the bygger he is / and we euer the waiker And he is so couragious of hym self that he is come to the felde with lytel peple / And therefore lete vs set vpon hym or day and we shalle slee doune of his knyghtes ther shal none escape

¶ Capitulum Tercium

UN to this counceille these fyue kynges assented / and so they passed forth with her hoost thorow Northwalis and came vpon Arthur by nyghte and sett vpon his hoost as the kyng and his knyghtes were in their paelions kyng Arthur was vnarmed / and had leid hym to rest with hys quene Gweneuer / Sir said syr kaynus it is not good we be vnarmed /we shalle haue no nede said syre Gawayne and Syr Gryflet that laye in a lytel paelione by the kyng / With that they herd a grete noyse and many cryed treson treson / Allas said kyng Arthur we ben bitrayed / Vnto armes felawes thenne he cryed / so they were armed anone at al poyntes / Thenne cam ther a wounded knyghte vnto the kyng & saide syr saue your self and my lady the quene for our hooste is destroyed and moche peple of ours slayne / Soo anone the kyng and the quene and the thre knyghtes took her horses & rode toward humber to passe ouer it / and the water was so rough that they were aferd to passe ouer / Now may ye chese sayd kyng Arthur whether ye wille abyde and take the aduentur on this syde / for and ye be taken / they wille slee yow / It were me leuer sayd the quene to dye in the water than to falle in your enemyes handes & there be slayne / And as they stode soo talkyng / syr kaynus sawe the fyue kynges comyng on horsbak by hem self alone with her speres in her handes euen toward hem / loo said syr kaynus yonder be the fyue kynges / lete vs go to them and matche hem / that were folly sayd sire gawayne / for we are but thre and they ben fyue that is trouthe said syre Gryflet / No force said syr kay I wille vndertake for two of

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them / and thenne may ye thre vndertake for the other thre / and ther with al syr kay lete his hors renne as fast as he myghte and strake one of them thorow the shelde / and the body a fadom that the kyng felle to the erthe stark dede / That sawe syr Gawayne and ranne vnto another kyng so hard that he smote hym thurgh the body / And ther with all kyng Arthur ran to another / and smote hym thurgh the body with a spere that he fylle to the erthe dede / Thenne syr Gryflet ranne vnto the iiij kyng and gaf hym suche a falle that his neck brake / Anone syr kay ranne vnto the fyfthe kyng and smote hym so hard on the helme that the stroke clafe the helme and the hede to the erthe / that was wel stryken sayd kyng Arthur / and worshipfully hast thow hold thy promesse / therfor I shal honoure the / whyle that I lyue / and ther with all they set the quene in a barge in to humber / but alweyes quene gweneuer prayed syr kay for his dedes / and sayd what lady that ye loue / and she loue yow not ageyne she were gretely to blame / and amonge ladyes said the Quene I shalle bere youre noble fame / for ye spak a grete word and fulfylled it worshipfully and therwith the quene departed / Thenne the kyng and the thre knyghtes rode in to the forest / for there they supposed to here of them that were escaped / and there he fond the most party of his peple / and told hem all how the **fyue** [correction; sic = syue] kynges were dede / and therefore lete vs hold vs to gyders tyll it be day / and whan their hoost have aspyed that their chyuetayns be slayn they wille make suche dole that they shalle not mowe helpe hem self / and ryght so as the kyng said / so it was / for whan they fonde the fyue kynges dede / they made suche dole that they fell fro their horses / Ther with all cam kyng Arthur but with a fewe peple and slewe on the lyfte hand and on the ryght hand that wel nyhe ther escaped no man / but alle were slayne to the nombre of xxx M / And whan the bataille was all ended the kyng kneled doune and thanked god mekely / and thenne he sente for the quene and soone she was come / and she maade grete Ioye of the ouercomyng of that bataille

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There with alle came one to kynge Arthur / and told hym that kyng Pellinore was within thre myle with a grete hoost / and he said / go vnto hym and lete hym vnderstande how we haue spedde / Soo within a whyle kynge Pellinore cam with a grete hoost / and salewed the peple and the kyng / and ther was grete ioye made on euery syde / Thenne the kyng lete serche how moche people of his party ther was slayne / And ther were founde but lytel past two honderd men slayne and viij knyghtes of the table round in their pauelions Thenne the kynge lete rere and deuyse in the same place there as the batail was done a faire abbeye and endowed it wyth grete lyuelode and lete it calle the Abbey of la beale aduenture / but whanne somme of them cam in to their Countreyes ther of the fyue kynges were kynges and told hem how they were slayne / ther was made grete dole / And alle kynge Arthurs enemyes as the kynge of Northwales and the kynges of the North wyste of the bataille they were passynge heuy / and soo the kynge retorned vnto Camelot in hast / And whan he was come to Camelot / he called kynge Pellinore vnto hym & sayd ye vnderstand wel that we haue loste viij knyghtes of the best of the table round / and by your aduys we wille chese viij ageyne of the best we may fynde in this Courte / Syr said Pellinore / I shal counceille yow after my conceyte the best / there are in your Courte ful noble knyghtes bothe of old & yonge And therfor by myn aduys ye shal chese half of the old and half of the yonge / whiche be the old said kyng Arthur / Syre said kynge Pellinore me semeth that kyng Vryence that hath wedded your syster Morgan le fay and the kynge of the lake and syr Heruyse de reuel a noble knyght / and syr galagars the iiij / this is wel deuysed said kyng Arthur and right soo shal it be / Now whiche are the four yong knyghtes said Arthur Syre saide Pellinore the fyrst is syr Gawayne your neuewe that is as good a knyght of his tyme / as ony is in this lād And the second as me semeth best is syre Gryflet le fyse the dene that is a good knyght and ful desyrous in armes / and who may see hym lyue he shal preue a good knyghte / And the thyrd as me semeth is wel to be one of the knyghtes of the round table syr kay the **senescha** [sic] for many tymes he hath done

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ful worshipfully / And now at your last bataille he dyd full honourably for to vndertake to slee two kynges / By my hede said Arthur he is best worthy to be a knyght of the rounde table of ony that ye haue reherced / and he had done no more prowesse in his lyf dayes

NOw said kynge Pellenore I shalle putte to yow two knyghtes / and ye shalle chese whiche is moost worthy / that is Syr Bagdemagus and syr Tor my sone / But by cause Syre Tor is my sone I may not prayse hym / but els and he were not my sone / I durst saye that of his age ther is not in this land a better knyghte than he is nor of better condycions and lothe to doo ony wronge / and loth to take ony wronge / By my hede said Arthur he is a passyng good knyght / as ony ye spak of this day that wote I wel said the kyng / for I haue sene hym preued but he seyth lytyll and he doth moche more / for I knowe none in al this courte & he were as wel borne on his moder syde as he is on your syde that is lyke hym of prowesse and of myghte / And therfor I wille haue hym at this tyme and leue syr Bagdemagus tyll another tyme / Soo whan they were so chosen by the assente of alle the barons / Soo were there founden in her syeges euery knyghtes names that here are reherced / and so were they set in their syeges / wherof syr Bagdemagus was wonderly wrothe that syr Tor was auanced afore hym / and therefore sodenly he departed from the Courte and toke his squyer with hym / & rode longe in a forest tyll they came to a crosse and there alyȝt and sayd his prayers deuoutely / The meane whyle his squyer founde wryten vpon the crosse that Bagdemagus shold neuer retorne vnto the Courte ageyne / tyll he had wonne a knyȝtes body of the round table body for body / lo syr said his squyer / here I fynde wrytyng of yow / therfor I rede yow retorne ageyne to the Courte / that shalle I neuer said Bagdemagus by men speke of me grete worship / and that I be worthy to be a knyghte of the round table / and soo he rode forthe / And ther by the way he founde a braȝche of an holy herbe that was the sygne of the Sancgraill / and no knyght founde suche tokens but he were a good lyuer / So as sir Bagdemagus rode

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to see many aduentures / it happed hym to come to the roche / ther as the lady of the lake had put Merlyn vnder the stone / and there he herde hym make grete dole / wherof syre Bagdemagus wold haue holpen hym and wente vnto the grete stone / and he was so heuy that an C men myght not lyfte hyt vp / whan Merlyn wyste he was there he bad leue his labour / for al was in vayne / for he myght neuer be holpen but by her that put hym ther / and so Bagdemagus departed and dyd many auentures and preued after a full good knyght / and came ageyne to the Courte and was made knyght of the round table / So on the morne ther felle newe tydynges and other auentures

¶ Capitulum Sextum

THenne it befelle that Arthur and many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete forest / and it happed kyng Arthur / kynge Vryens and syr Accolon of gaulle folowed a grete herte for they thre were wel horsed / and soo they chaced so fast that within a whyle they thre were thenne x myle from her felauship / And at the last they chaced so sore that they slewe theyr horses vndernethe them / thenne were they al thre on foote / and euer they sawe the herte afore them passynge wery and enbusshed / What wille we doo said kyng arthur we are hard bestad / lete vs goo on foote said kyng Vryens tyl we may mete with some lodgynge / Thenne were they ware of the herte that lay on a grete water banke / and

a brachet bytynge on his throte and mo other houndes cam after / Thenne kynge Arthur blewe the pryse and dyghte the herte / Thenne the kynge loked aboute the world / and sawe afore hym in a grete water a lytel ship al apparailled with sylke doune to the water / and the shyp cam ryghte vnto hem and lāded on the sandes / Thenne Arthur wente to the banke & loked in / and sawe none erthely creature therin / Sirs said the kyng come thens / and lete vs see what is in this ship / Soo they wente in al thre and founde hit rychely behanged with clothe of sylke / By thenne it was derke nyghte / and there sodenly were aboute them an C torches sette vpon alle the sydes of the shyp bordes and it gaf grete lyghte / And ther with all there

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cam out twelue fayr damoysels and salewed kynge Arthur on her knees and called hym by his name / and sayd he was ryght welcome / and suche chere as they had he shold haue of the best / the kynge thanked hem fayre / There with all they lad the kyng and his two felawes in to a faire chambre / and ther was a clothe leyd rychely bysene of al that longed vnto a tabel / and there were they serued of al wyne and metes that they coude thynke / of that the kynge had grete merueille / for he ferd neuer better in his lyf as for one souper / And so when they had souped at her leyser / kyng Arthur was ledde vnto a chambre / a ryche besene chambre sawe he neuer none / and soo was kynge Vryens serued / and ledde in to suche another chābyr / and syr Accolon was ledde in to the thyrd chambre passynge rychely and wel bysene / and so were they layde in their beddes easily / And anone they felle on slepe / and slepte merueillously sore all the nyght / And on the morowe kynge Vryens was in Camelott abed in his wyues armes Morgan le fay / And whan he awoke / he had grete merueylle / how he cam there / for on the euen afore he was two dayes Iourney frō Camelot / And whan kyng Arthur awoke he found hym self [correction; sic = sels] in a derke pryson herynge aboute hym many complayntes of woful knyghtes

¶ Capitulum Septimum

WHat are ye that soo complayne said kynge Arthur / we ben here xx knyghtes prysoners sayd they / & some of vs haue layne here seuen yere and somme more and somme lasse / for what cause sayd Arthur / we shalle telle yow said the knyghtes / this lord of this castel his name is syr Damas / & he is the falsest knyght that lyueth / and ful of treason / and a very coward as ony lyueth / and he hath a yonger broder a good knyghte of prowesse / his name is syr Ontzlake / and this traytour Damas the elder broder wylle gyue hym noo parte of his lyuelode / But as syre Ontzlake kepeth thorow prowesse of his handes / and so he kepeth from hym a ful fair maner and a ryche and therin syre Ontzlake dwelleth worshipfully / and is wel biloued of al peple / & this syre Damas our maister is as euyll beloued for he is without mercy / and

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he is acoward / and grete werre hath ben betwyxe them bothe / but Ontzlake hath euer the better / and euer he profereth syre Damas to fyghte for the lyuelode body for body / but he wylle not doo / other els to fynde a knyghte to fyghte for hym / Vnto that syr Damas hath graunted to fynde a knyghte / but he is so euyl byloued and hated / that there nys neuer a knyghte wylle fyghte for hym / And whan Damas sawe this that ther was neuer a knyght / wold fyghte for hym / he hath daily layn a wayte with many knyghtes with hym / and taken alle the knyghtes in this countrey to see and aspye her auentures / he hath taken hem by force and broughte hem to his pryson / and so he tooke vs seueratly as we rode on oure auentures / & many good knyȝtes haue dyed in this pryson for hongre to the nombre of xviij knyghtes / And yf ony of vs alle that here is or hath ben wold haue foughten with his broder Ontzlake / he wold haue delyuerd vs / but for by cause this Damas is so fals and so ful of treason we wold neuer fyghte for hym to dye for it / And we be soo lene for hongre that vnnethe we may stande on oure feete / god delyuer yow for his mercy sayd Arthur / Anone there with alle ther cam a damoyssel vnto Arthur / and asked hym what chere / I can not say sayd he / sir sayd she and ye wylle fyghte for my lord ye shall be delyuerd oute of pryson / and els ye escape neuer the lyf / Now sayd Arthur that is hard / yet had I leuer to fyghte with a knyght than to dye in pryson / With this said Arthur I may be delyuerd and alle these prysoners I wylle doo the batail / yes said the damoyssel / I am redy sayd Arthur and I had hors and armour / ye shalle lacke none said the damoyssel / Me semeth damoyssel I shold haue sene yow in the Courte of Arthur / Nay said the damoyssel I cam neuer there / I am the lordes doughter of this castel / yet was she fals for she was one of the damoyssels of Morgan le fay / Anone she wente vnto syr Damas and told hym how he wold doo bataille for hym / and so he sente for Arthur / And whan he cam he was wel coloured and wel made of his lymmes / that al knyȝtes that sawe hym said it were pyte that suche a knyghte shold dye in pryson / soo syr Damas and he were agreed that he shold fyghte for hym vpon this couenaūt that all other knyghtes shold be delyuerd

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And vnto that was syr Damas sworne vnto Arthur / and also to doo the bataille to the vttermest / And with that all the xx knyghtes were brought oute of the derke pryson in to the halle and delyuerd / and so they all abode to see the bataille

¶ Capitulum Octauum

NOw torne we vnto Accolon of Gaulle that whanne he awoke / he found hym self by a depe welle syde within half a foote in grete perylle of dethe / And there cam oute of that fontayne a pype of syluer / and oute of that pype ranne water all on hyhe in a stone of marbel / whan syre Accolon sawe this / he blessyd hym and sayd Ihesu saue my lorde kyng Arthur and kynge Vryens / for these damoyssels in this ship haue

bitrayed vs / they were deuyls and noo wymmen / And yf I may escape this misauenture / I shalle
destroye all where I may fynde these fals damoysels that vsen enchaūtementys /

¶ Ryght with that ther cam a dwarf with a grete mouthe & a flat nose and salewed syre Accolon and said
how he came from Quene Morgan le fay / and she greteth yow wel / and byddeth yow be of strong
herte / for ye shal fyȝte to morne with a knyghte at the houre of pryme / And therfore she hath sente yow
here Excalibur Arthurs swerd and the scaubard / and she byddeth yow as ye loue her that ye doo batail to
the vttermest without ony mercy lyke as ye had promysed her whā ye spake to gyder in pryuate /
And what damoysel that bryngeth her the knyghtes hede whiche ye shal fyghte with al / she wille make
her a quene / Now I vnderstand yow wel sayd Accolon / I shalle holde that I haue promysed her now I
haue the swerd / whan sawe ye my lady Quene Morgan le fay Ryghte late sayd the dwarf / thenne
Accolon tooke hym in his armes / and said recommaunde me vnto lady Quene / and telle her all shal be
done that I haue promysed her / and els I wille dye for hit / Now I suppose said Accolon she hath made
alle these craftes and enchauntement for this bataille / ye may wel bileue it said the dwarf / Ryȝt so there
cam a knyghte and a lady with syxe squyers / and salewed Accolon / and prayd hym **for** [correction; sic
= sor] to aryse and come and reste hym at his

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maner / and so Accolon mounted vpon a voyde hors / & wente with the knyghte vnto a fayre maner by a
pory / and there he had passynge good chere / Thenne sir Damas sente vnto his broder syr Ontzelake /
and badde make hym redy by to morne at the houre of pryme / and to be in the felde to fyghte wyth a
good knyght / for he had founden a good knyght that was redy to doo bataill at all poyntes / whan this
word cam vnto sir Ontzelake / he was passyng heuy / for he was wounded a lytel to fore thorow bothe
his thyes with a spere / and made grete dole / But as he was wounded he wold haue taken the bataille on
hand / Soo it happed at that tyme by the meanes of Morgan le fay Accolon was with syr Ontzelake
lodged / and whan he herd of that bataille and how Ontzelake was woūded / he sayd that he wold
fyghte for hym by cause Morgan le fey had sente hym Excalibur and the shethe for to fyȝte with the
knyght on the morne / This was the cause syr Accolon toke the bataille on hand / thenne syre Ontzelake
was passynge glad / and thāked syr Accolon with alle his herte that he wold do so moche for
hym / & ther with al syr Ontzelake sente word vnto his broder syre Damas / that he had a knyȝte þ^t for
hym shold be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme / Soo on the morne syr Arthur was armed and wel
horsed / and asked syr Damas whan shalle we to the felde / syr said syr Damas ye shalle here masse /
and so Arthur herd a masse / And whan masse was done / there cam a squyer on a grete hors & asked syr
Damas yf his knyght were redy / for oure knyght is redy in the felde / Thenne syre Arthur mounted vpon
horsbak / & there were alle the knyghtes and comyns of that countrey / & so by alle aduyses ther were
chosen xij good men of the countrey for to wayte vpon the two knyghtes / And ryght as Arthur was on
horsbak / ther cam a damoisel from Morgan le fey and broughte vnto syr Arthur a swerd lyke vnto
Excalibur / and the scaubard / and sayd vnto Arthur Morgan le fey sendeth here your swerd for grete
loue / and he thanked her / & wende it had ben so / but she was fals / for the swerd and the scaubard was

¶ Capitulum ix

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leaf 65v

ANd thenne they dressyd hem on bothe partyes of the felde / & lete their horses renne so fast that eyther smote other in the myddes of the shelde / with their speres hede / that bothe hors and man wente to the erthe / And thenne they sterte vp bothe / and pulled oute their swerdys / the meane whyle that they were thus at the bataille cam the damoyssel of the lake in to the felde / that put Merlyn vnder the stone / & she cam thydder for loue of kynge Arthur / for she knewe how Morgan le fay had soo ordeyned / that kynge Arthur shold haue ben slayne that daye / and therfor she cam to saue his lyf And so they went egrely to the bataille / and gaf many grete strokes / but alweyes Arthurs swerd bote not lyke Accolon swerd / But for the most party euery stroke that Accolon gaf he wounded sore Arthur / that it was merueylle he stode / And alweyes his blood fylle from hym fast / whan Arthur beheld the ground so sore bebledde he was desmayed / and thenne he demed treason that his swerd was chaunged / for his swerd boote not styl as it was wonte to do / therfor he dredde hym **sore** [correction; sic = so re] to be dede / for euer hym semed that the swerd in Accolons hand was Excalibur / for at euery stroke that Accolon stroke he drewe blood on Arthur / Now knyghte said Accolon vnto Arthur kepe the wel from me / but Arthur ansuerd not ageyne / and gaf hym suche a buffet on the helme that he made hym to stoupe nygh fallynge doune to the erthe / Thenne syr Accolon withdrewe hym a lytel / and cam on with Excalibur on hyghe / and smote syr Arthur suche a buffet that he felle nyhe to the erthe / Thenne were they wroth bothe / and gaf eche other many sore strokes / but alweyes syr Arthur lost so moche blood that it was merueille he stode on his feet / but he was soo ful of knyghthode that knyghtly he endured the payne / And syr Accolon lost not a dele of blood / therfor he waxt passynge lyghte / and syr Arthur was passynge feble / and wende veryly to haue dyed / but for al that he made countenaunce as though he myghte endure / and helde Accolon as shorte as he myght / But Accolon was so bolde by cause of Excalibur that he waxed passynge hardy / But alle men that beheld hym sayd they sawe neuer knyghte fyghte so wel as Arthur dyd consydering the blood that he bled / Soo was all the peple sory for

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hym / but the two bretheren wold not accorde / thene alweyes they sought to gyders as fyers knyghtes / and syre Arthur withdrewe hym a lytel for to reste hym / and syre Accolon called hym to bataille and said it is no tyme for me to suffre the to reste / And therwith he cam fyersly vpon Arthur / and syre Arthur was wrothe for the blood that he had lost / and smote Accolon on hyhe vpon the helme soo my

ȝtely that he made hym nyhe to falle to the erthe / And therwith Arthurs swerd brast at the crosse and felle in the grasse amonge the blood and the pomel and the sure handels he helde in his handes / When syr arthur sawe that / he was in grete fere to dye / but alweyes he helde vp his shelde and lost no ground nor bated no chere /

¶ Capitulum x

Thene syre Accolon beganne with wordes of treason and sayd knyghte thow arte ouercome / and maxste not endure and also thow arte wepenles / and thow hast loste moche of thy blood / and I am **ful** [correction; sic = sul] lothe to slee the / therfor yelde the to me as recreaunt / Nay saide syre Arthur I maye not so / for I haue promysed to doo the bataille to the vttermest by the feythe of my body whyle me lasteth the lyf / and therfor I had leuer to dye with honour than to lyue with shame / And yf it were possyble for me to dye an C tymes I had leuer to dye so ofte / than yelde me to the / for though I lacke wepen / I shalle lacke no worship / And yf thow slee me wepenles that shalle be thy shame / wel sayd Accolon as for the shame I wyl not spare / Now kepe the from me for thow arte but a dede mā And therwith Accolon gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle nyghe to the erthe / and wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy / But syre Arthur pressed vnto Accolon with his sheld / and gaf hym with the pomel in his hand suche a buffet that he went thre strydes abak / whan the damoisel of the lake beheld arthur / how ful of prowesse his body was & the fals treson that was wrouȝt for hym to haue had hym slayn she had grete pyte that so good a knyȝt & suche a mā of worship shold so be destroyed / And at the next stroke syr Accolon stroke hym suche a stroke that by the damoyseles enchauntement the swerd Excalibur felle out of Accolons hande to the erthe / And therwith alle Syre Arthur lyghtely lepte to hit / and gate hit

leaf 66v

in his hand / and forthwith al he knewe that it was his suerd Excalibur / & sayd thow hast ben from me al to long / & moche dommage hast thow done me / & ther with he aspyed the scaubard hangynge by his syde / and sodenly he sterte to hym and pulled the scaubard from hym and threwe hit fro hym as fer as he myghte throwe hit / O knyghte saide Arthur this daye hast thow done me grete dommage with this swerd / Now are ye come vnto your dethe / for I shalle not waraunt yow but ye shalle as wel be rewarded with this swerde or euer we departe as thow hast rewarded me / for moche payne haue ye made me to endure / and moche blood haue I lost / And therwith syr Arthur rushed on hym with alle his myghte and pulled hym to the erthe / and thēne rushed of his helme / and gaf hym suche a buffet on the hede that the blood cam oute at his eres / his nose & his mouthe / Now wylle I slee the said Arthur / Slee me ye may wel said Accolon and it please yow / for ye ar the best knyghte that euer I fonde / and I see wel that god is with yow / But **for** [correction; sic = sor] I promysed to do this batail said Accolon to the vttermest and neuer to be recreaunt whyle I lyued therefore shal I neuer yelde me with my mouthe / but god doo with my body what he wyll /

¶ Thenne syr Arthur remembrid hym and thoughte he shold haue sene this knyghte / Now telle me said Arthur or I wylle slee the / of what country art thou and of what courte / Syre knyghte sayd syr Accolon I am of the courte of kynge Arthur / & my name is Accolon of gaulle Thenne was Arthur more desmayed than he was before hand For thenne he remembryd hym of his syster Morgan le fay / and of the enchauntement of the ship / O syre knyghte sayd he I pray yow telle me who gaf yow this swerd and by whom ye had it /

¶ Capitulum xj

Thenne syre Accolon bethoughte hym and said wo worth this swerd / for by hit haue I geten my dethe / it may wel be / said the kynge / Now syre said Accolon I wil telle yow this swerd hath ben in my kepyng the moost party of this twelue moneth / And Morgan le fay kynge Vryens wyf sente it me yester daye by a dwerf to this entente that I shold slee kynge Arthur her broder / For ye shall vnderstand

leaf 67r

entente to slee kyng Arthur her broder / for ye shal vnderstand kynge Arthur is the man in the world that she moost hateth by cause he is moost of worship and of prowess of ony of her blood / Also she loueth me oute of mesure as paramour / and I her ageyne / And yf she myghte bryng aboute to slee Arthur by her craftes / she wold slee her husband kynge Vryens lyghtely / And thenne hadde she me deuysed to be kyng in this land / and soo to regne / and she to be my quene / but that is now done saide Accolon / for I am sure of my dethe wel sayd syre Arthur / I fele by yow ye wold haue ben kynge in this land / It had ben grete damage to haue destroyed your lord sayd Arthur / it is trouthe said Accolon / but now I haue told yow trouthe / wherfore I praye yow telle me of whens ye are and of what courte / O Accolon sayd kynge Arthur now I lete the wete / that I am kynge Arthur to whome thou haste done grete damage / Whanne Accolon herd that / he cryed on lowde fayre swete lord haue mercy on me / for I knewe not yow / O syr Accolon sayd kynge Arthur mercy shalt thou haue / by cause I fele by thy wordes at this tyme / thou knowest not my persone / But I vnderstand wel by thy wordes that thou hast agreed to the dethe of my persone / and therefore thou arte a traytour / but I wyte the the lasse / for my syster Morgan le fay by her fals craftes made the to agree and consente to her fals lustes / but I shalle be sore auengyd vpon her and I lyue that alle Crystendome shalle speke of it / god knoweth / I haue honoured her and worshipped her more than alle my kynne / and more haue I trusted her than myn owne wyf and alle my kynne after /

¶ Thenne syr Arthur called the kepars of the felde and said Syrs cometh hyder / for here are we two knyghtes that haue foughten vnto a grete damage vnto us both / and lyke echone of vs to haue slayne other / yf it had happed soo / And hadde ony of vs knowen other / here had ben no bataille / nor stroke stryken

¶ Thenne al a lowde cryed Accolon vnto alle the knyghtes and men that were th¯ne there gadred to gyder / and sayd to them in this manere / O lordes this noble knyghte that I haue foughten with all / the whiche me sore repenteth is the mooste man of prowesse of manhode and of

leaf 67v

worship in the world / for it is hym self kynge Arthur our al ther liege lord & with myshap and with mysa¯eture have I done this bataill with the kyng and lord that I am holden with all

¶ Capitulum xij

THenne alle the peple felle doune on her knees and cryed kynge Arthur mercy / mercy shalle ye haue sayd Arthur / here maye ye see what auentures befallen oftyme of erraunte knyghtes how that I haue foughten with a knyght of myn owne vnto my grete damage and his bothe / But syrs by cause I am sore hurte and he bothe / and I had grete nede of a lytel rest / ye shalle vnderstande the oppynyon betwixe yow two bretheren as to the syre Damas / for whom I haue ben champyon and wonne the feld of this knyghte / yet wylle I luge by cause ye syre Damas are called an orgulous knyghte and full of vylony and not worthe of prowesse of youre dedes / therfor I wylle that ye gyue vnto your broder alle the hole manoir with the appertena¯ce vnder thys forme / that sir Ontzelake hold the manoir of yow / and yerely to gyue yow a palfrey to ryde vpon / for that wylle become yow better to ryde on than vpon a courser / Also I charge the syre Damas vpon payne of deth / that thow neuer destresse no kny¯tes erraunte that ryde on their aduenture / And also that thow restore these xx knyghtes that thow hast longe kepte prysoners of all their harneis that they be content for / and yf ony of hem come to my court and complayne of the / by my hede thou shalt dye therfore / Also syre Ontzelake as to yow by cause ye are named a good knyghte and ful of prowesse and true and gentyl in all your dedes this shalle be youre charge I wylle gyue yow that in al goodely haste ye come vnto me and my courte and ye shalle be a knyghte of myne / and yf your dedes be there after I shall so proferre yow by the grace of god that ye shalle in shorte tyme be in ease for to lyue as worshipfully as your broder syre Damas / God thanke your largenesse of your goodenes & of your bounte / I shall be from hens forward at all tymes at your commaundement / For syr said syr Ontzelake as god wold as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thurgh both my thyes that greued me sore / & els

leaf 68r

had I done this bataille with yow / god wold sayd Arthur it had ben so / for thenne had not I ben hurte as I am / I shalle telle you the cause why / for I had not ben hurte as I am hadde not ben myne owne swerd /

that was stolen from me by treason / And this bataille was ordeyned afore hand to haue slayne me / and so it was brouȝte to the purpos by fals treason and by fals enchauntement / Allas said syr Ontzelake that is greete pyte that euer soo noble a man as ye are of your dedes and prowessse / that ony man or woman myȝt fynde in their hertes to worche ony treason ageynst yow / I shalle reward them said Arthur in short tyme by the grace of god Now telle me said Arthur how fer am I from Camelot / syr ye are two dayes iourney ther fro / I wold fayn be at some place of worship said syr Arthur that I myghte reste me / Syre said syr Ontzelake / here by is a ryche abbey of your elders fo&umacrdacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens / So the kynge took his leue of alle the peple / and mounted vpon horsbak / and sir Accolon with hym / And whan they were come to the Abbaye / he lete fetch leches and serche his woundes and Accolons bothe / but syr Accolon dyed within four dayes / for he had bled soo moche blood that he myghte not lyue / but kyng Arthur was wel recouerd / Soo whan Accolon was dede / he lete sende hym on a horsbere with syxe knyghtes vnto Camelot / and said / bere hym to my syster Morgan le fay / and say that I sende her hym to a presente / and telle her I haue my swerd Excalibur and the scaubard / soo they departed with the body

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THE meane whyle Morgan le fay hadde wend kynge Arthur had been dede / soo on a day she aspyed kynge Vryens lay in his bedde slepyng / thenne she called vnto her a mayden of her councyll / & said go fetch me my lordes swerd for I sawe neuer better tyme to slee hym than now /

¶ O Madame sayd the damoyzel / and ye slee my lord ye can neuer escape / Care not yow said Morgan le fay / for now I see my tyme in the whiche it is best to doo hit / And therfor hye the fast and fetch me the suerd / Thene the damoisel departed

leaf 68v

fonde syre Vwayne slepyng vpon a bedde in another chamber soo she wente vnto sire Vwayne and awaked hym / and badde hym aryse and wayte on my lady youre moder / for she wille slee the kynge your fader slepyng in his bedde / for I goo to fetch his swerd / wel said syr Vwayne go on your waye / and lete me dele / Anone the damoyzel brought Morgan the swerd with quakyng handes / and lyghtely took the swerd / & pulled it out / and wente boldely vnto the beddes syde / and awayted how and where she myght sle hym best / And as she lyfte vp the swerd to smyte / sir Vwayne lepte vnto his moder and caughte her by the hand and sayd A fende what wilt thou do And thou were not my moder with this swerd I shold smyte of thy hede / A sayd syr Vwayn men saith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuyll / but I may saye an erthely deuyll bare me / O fayre sone Vwayne haue mercy vpon me / I was tempted with a deuyll / wherfore I crye the mercy / I wylle neuer more doo soo and saue my worship and discouer me not / On this couenaunt said syr Vwayne I wille forgyue it yow / soo ye wille neuer be aboute to doo suche dedes / Nay sone said she / & that I make yow assuraunce /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne came tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Accolon was dede / and his body brought vnto the chirche And how kynge Arthur had his swerd ageyne / But whanne Quene Morgan wyste that Accolon was dede / she was soo sorouful that nere hir herte to brast / But by cause she wold not it were knowen / oute ward she kepte her countece naun / & maade no semblaunt of sorowe / But wel she wyste and she abode tyll her broder Arthur cam thyder / there shold no gold goo for her lyf

¶ Thenne she wente vnto Quene Gweneuer / and asked her leue to ryde in to the countreye / ye maye abyde sayde Quene Gweneuer tyll youre brother the kynge come home / I maye not sayde Morgan le fay / for I haue suche hasty tydynges / that I may not tary / wel saide Gueneuer ye maye departe

leaf 69r

whanne ye wille / Soo erly on the morne or hit was daye she tooke her hors and rode alle that daye and mooste parte of the nyghte / And on the morn by none she cam to the same Abbay of Nonnes / where as lay kyng arthur / & she knowyng he was there she asked where he was / And they ansuerd how he had leyd hym in his bed to slepe / for he had had but lytel reste these thre nyghtes / Wel said she I charge yow that none of yow awake hym tyl I doo / and thenne she alyghte of her hors / & thoughte for to stele away Excalibur his swerd / and soo she wente streyghte vnto his chamber / And noo man durste dysobeye her commaundement / and there she fond Arthur a slepe in his bedde and Excalibur in his ryght hand naked / Whan she sawe that she was passynge heuy that she myghte not come by the swerd withoute she had awaked hym / and thenne she wyst wel she had ben dede / Thenne she tooke the scaubard and wente her wey on horsbak / whan the kynge awoke and myssed his scaubard / he was wrothe / and he asked who had ben there / and they said his syster quene Morgan had ben ther and had put the scaubard vnder her mantel and was gone / Allas sayd Arthur falsly ye haue watched me / Syre sayd they alle we durste not disobeye your systers commaundement A said the kynge lete fetch the best hors maye be founde / And byd syre Ontzlake arme hym in al hast / and take another good hors and ryde with me / Soo anone the kynge and Ontzelake were wel armed / and rode after this lady / and soo they cam by a crosse and found a Cowherd / and they asked the poure man yf ther cam ony lady rydyng that way / Syre said this poure man / ryght late cam a lady rydyng with a xl horses / and to yonder forest she rode / Thenne they spored theire horses / and folowed fast / And within a whyle Arthur had a syghte of Morgan le fay / thenne he chaced as fast as he myghte / whanne she aspyed hym folowyng her / she rode a gretter paas thorowe the forest tyl she cam to a playne / And whanne she sawe she myghte not escape she rode vnto a lake ther by / & sayd what soo euer come of me / my broder shall not haue this scaubard / And thenne she lete throwe the scaubard in the depest of the water soo it sanke / for it was heuy of gold and precious stones

¶ Thenne she rode in to a valeye

leaf 69v

where many grete stones were / And whan she sawe she muste be ouertake she shope her self hors and man by enchauntemēt vnto a grete marbyl stone / Anone with al cam Syr Arthur / and syr Ontzelake where as the kynge myght knowe his syster and her men / and one knyght from another / A sayd the kynge here may ye see the vengeance of god / & now am I sory that this mysaventure is befaller / & thenne he loked for the scaubard / but it wold not be founde / so he retorned to the Abbeye there he came fro / So whan Arthur was gone / she torned alle in to the lykenesse as she and they were before / and sayd syrs now may we goo where we wylle /

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne said Morgan sawe ye Arthur my broder / ye said her knyghtes ryght wel / and that ye shold haue founde and we myghte haue stered from one stede / for by his armyuestal contenance he wold haue caused vs to have fled I byleue yow said Morgan / Anone after as she rode she met a knyght ledyng another knyȝt on his hors before hym bounde hand and foote blyndefeld to haue drowned hym in a fontayne / whan she sawe this knyȝt so boūde / she asked hym what wylle ye doo with that knyght / lady said he I wylle drowne hym / for what cause she asked / for I fonde hym with my wyf and she shalle haue the same dethe anone / that were pyte sayd Morgan le fay / Now what saye ye knyȝt is it trouthe þ^t he saith of yow she said to the knyght that shold be drowned / nay truly madame he seith not ryght on me / Of whens be ye sayd Morgan le fay and of what countre / I am of the Courte of kynge Arthur / and my name is Manassen cosyn vnto Accolon of gaulle / ye say wel said she / and for the loue of hym ye shalle be delyuerd / and ye shalle haue your aduersary in the same caas ye be in / So Manessen was losed & the other knyght bounde / And anone Manessen vnarmed hym and armed hym self in his harneis / and soo mounted on horsbak / and the knyght afore hym and soo threwe hym in to the fontayne and drowned hym / And thenne he rode vnto Morgan ageyne / & asked yf she wold ony thyng vnto kynge Arthur / Telle hym that I rescued the / not for the loue of hym but for the loue of Accolon / and telle hym I fere hym not whyle I can make me

leaf 70r

and them that ben with me in lykenes of stones / And lete hym wete I can doo more whan I see my tyme / And so she departed in to the countrey of Gorre / and there was she rychely receyued / and maade her castels and townes passyng stronge / for alweyes she drad moche kynge Arthur / Whanne the kynge had wel rested hym at the Abbeye he rode vnto Camelot / and fonde his quene and his barons ryght glad

of his comynge / And whan they herd of his straunge auentures as is afore reherced / they alle hadde merueille of the falshede of Morgan le fay / many knyghtes wysshed her brent / thenne cam Manessen to courte and told the kyng of his auenture / well said the kynge she is a kynde syster / I shalle soo be auengid on her and I lyue / that alle Crystendome shalle speke of hit / So on the morne ther cam a damoysel from Morgan to the kynge and she brought with her the rychest mantel that euer was sene in that Courte / for it was sette as ful of precious stones as one myght stand by another / and there were the rychest stones that euer the kynge sawe / And the damoysel saide youre syster sendeth yow this mantel / and desyreth that ye shold take this gyfte of her / And in what thyng she hath offended you she wille amende it at youre owne pleasyr / whan the kyng beheld this mantel it pleasyd hym moche / but he said but lytel

¶ Capitulum xvj

WYth that came the damoysel of the lake vnto the kyng and said syr I must speke with yow in pryuyte / say on said the kynge what ye wille / Syr sayd the damoysel put not on yow this mantel tyl ye haue sene more / and in no wyse lete it not come on yow nor on no knyghte of yours tyl ye commaunde the brynger thereof to put it vpon her / wel said kynge Arthur / It shalle be done as ye counceille me / And thenne he said vnto the damoysel that cam fro his sister / damoysel this mantel that ye haue brought me I wille see it vpon yow / syr she said / it wille not biseme me to were a kynges garment / by my hede said Arthur / ye shalle were it or it come on my bak or ony mans that here is / and so the kyng made it to be putt vpon her / And forth with al she felle doune dede / and neuer more

leaf 70v

spake word after and brente to coles / Thenne was the kyng wonderly wrothe more than he was to fore hand / and sayd vnto kynge Vryens my syster your wyf is alwey aboute to bytraye me / and wel I wote outhur ye or my neuewe youre sone is of counceille with her to haue me destroyed / But as for yow said the kyng to kynge Vryens I deme not gretely that ye be of her counceill / For Accolon confessyd to me by his own mouth that she wold haue destroyed yow as wel as me ther for I hold yow excused / But as for your sone Syr Vwayn I hold hym suspect / therfore I charge yow put hym oute of my courte / So syr Vwayne was discharged / And whanne Syr Gawayne wyst that he made hym redy to go with hym / & said who so bannyssheth my cosyn germayn / shal bannysshe me Soo they two departed / and rode in to a grete forest / and soo they came to an Abbay of Monkes / and ther were wel lodged But whanne the kynge wyst that syr Gawayne was departed from the Courte / ther was made grete sorowe amonge alle the estates / Now sayd Gaherys Gawayns broder we haue lost two good knyghtes for the loue of one / So on the morne they herd their masses in the abbay / and so they rode forth tyl that they came to a grete forest / thenne was syr Gawayne ware in a valey by a turret xij fayre damoysels / and two knyghtes armed on grete horses / and the damoysels wente to and fro by a tree / And thenne was syr Gawayne ware how ther henge a whyte shelde on that tree / And euer as the damoysels cam by it / they spytte

vpon it / and some threwe myre vpon the sheld /

¶ Capitulum xvij

THenne syr Gawayne and syr Vwayne wente and salewed them / and asked why they dyd that despyte to the shelde / Syrs saiden the damoysels / we shalle telle yow / There is a knyght in this coūtre; that oweth this whyte sheld and he is a passyng good man of his handes / but he hateth al ladyes and gentylwymmen / and therfor we doo alle this despyte to the shelde / I shall say yow said syr gawayne / hit bysemeth euylle a good knyghte to despyse all ladyes and gentil wymmen / And parauentur though he hate yow he hath somme

leaf 71r

And paraenture he loueth in somme other places ladyes and gentylwymmen / and to be loued ageyne / and he be suche a mā; of prowesse as ye speke of / Now what is his name / syr sayd they / his name is Marhaus the kynges sone of Ireland I knowe hym wel sayd syre Vwayne / he is a passynge good knyght as ony is on lyue / for I sawe hym ones preued at a lustes where many knyghtes were gadered / and that tyme ther myghte no man withstande hym / A sayd syr Gawayne Damoysels me thynketh ye are to blame / for hit is to suppose / he that henge that sheld ther / he wille not be longe ther fro / & thenne may tho knyghtes matche hym on horsbak / and that is more your worship than thus / For I wille abyde no lenger to see a knyghtes sheld dishonoured / And therwith syre Vwayne and Gawayne departed a lytel fro them / And thenne were they ware where syre Marhaus cam rydyng on a grete hors streyghte toward them / And whanne the xij damoysels sawe syr Marhaus they fled in to the turret as they were wylde so that somme of them felle by the wey / Thenne the one of the knyghtes of the Toure dressid his shelde and said on hyghe syr Marhaus defende the / and soo they ranne to gyders that the knyȝt brake his spere on Marhaus / & Marhaus smote hym so hard that he brake his neck and the hors back / That sawe the other knyght of the turret and dressyd hym toward Marhaus / and they mette so egrely to gyders that the knyght of the Turret was soone smyten doune hors and man stark dede /

¶ Capitulum xviiij

[note.5](#)

AND thenne syre Marhaus rode vnto his shelde / and sawe how it was defowled / and sayd of this despyte I am a parte auengyd / But for her loue that gaf me this whyte shelde I shalle were the / and hange myn where thow was and soo he hanged it aboute his neck / Thenne he rode streyght vnto syr Gawayn and to syr Vwayne / and asked them what they dyd there / They ansuerd hym that they cam from kynge Arthurs courte for to see auentures / wel sayd syre Marhaus here am I redy an auentures knyghte that wille fulfyll ony

leaf 71v

adventure that ye wylle desyre / And soo departed fro them / to fetch his raunge / lete hym goo seid syr Vwayn vnto syre Gawayne / for he is a passynge good knyghte as ony is lyuyng / I wold not by my wille that ony of vs were matched with hym / Nay said sir Gawayne not so / it were shame to vs were he not assayed were he neuer soo good a knyghte / wel said syr Vwayne I wylle assaye hym afore yow / for I am more weyker than ye / And yf he smyte me doune / thenne may ye reuenge me / soo these two knyghtes cam to gyders with grete raundon that syr Vwayne smote syr Marhaus that his spere braste in pyeces on the shelde / and Syre Marhaus smote hym so sore that hors and man he bare to the erthe / and hurte syre Vwayne on the lyfte syde / Thenne syr Marhaus torned his hors and rode toward Gawayne with his spere / and when syr Gawayne sawe that / he dressid his sheld / and they auentryd their speres / and they cam to gyders with alle the myȝte of their horses / that eyther knyght smote other so hard in myddes of theyr sheldes / but syr Gawayns spere brak / but sir marhaus spere helde / And therwith syre Gawayne and his hors russhed doune to the erthe / And lyghtly syre Gawayne rose on his feet / and pulled out his swerd / and dressyd hym toward syr Marhaus on foote / and syr marhaus sawe that / and pulled oute his fwerd / and beganne to come to syr Gawayne on horsbak / Syre knyght said syr gawayn alyȝte on foote or els I wylle slee thy hors / gramercy sayd syr Marhaus of youre gentylnes ye teche me curtosye / for hit is not for one knyȝt to be on foote / and the other on horsbak / & therwith syr Marhaus sette his spere ageyne a tree and alyghte and tayed his hors to a tree / and dressid his shelde / and eyther cam vnto other egerly / and smote to gyders with her swerdes that her sheldes flewe in cantels / and they brysed their helmes and their hauberkes and wounded eyther other / but Syre gawayne fro it passed ix of the klok waxed euer stronger and stronger / for thenne hit cam to the houre of noone & thryes his myghte was encreaced / Alle this aspyed syr Marhaus and had grete wonder how his myghte encreaced / and so they wounded other passynge sore / And thenne whan it was past noone / and whan it drewe toward euensonge syre gawayns strengthe febled &

leaf 72r

waxt passynge faynte that vnnethes he myght dure ony lenger / and syr Marhaus was thenne bygger and bygger / syre knyght said syr Marhaus / I haue wel felt that ye are a passynge good knyghte and a merueyllous man of myghte as euer I felt ony / whyle hit lasteth / And oure quarels are not grete / and therfor it were pyte to doo yow hurte / for I fele ye are passynge feble / A said syr Gawayn gentyl knyghte ye say the word that I shold say / And therwith they took of their helmes / and eyther kyssed other / and there they swore to gyders eyther to loue other as bretheren / And syr Marhaus prayd syr gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / And so they toke theyr horses / and rode toward syr Marhaus hous / And as they rode by the wey / syr knyghte said syr gawayne I haue merueylle that so valyaunt a

man as ye be loue no ladyes ne damoysels / Syre sayd syr marhaus they name me wrongfully tho that gyue me that name / but wel I wote it ben the damoyseles of the Turret that so name me and other suche as they be / Now shalle I telle yow for what cause I hate them / For they be sorceresses and enchaunters many of them / & be a knyȝt neuer so good of his body and ful of prowesse as man may be / they wille make hym a stark coward to haue the better of hym / and this is the pryncipal cause that I hate them & to al good ladyes and gentyl wymmen I owe my seruyse as a knyght ouȝte to do / As the book reherceth in frensshe ther were many knyghtes that ouermatched syr gawayne for alle the thryes myghte that he had / Syr Launcelot de lake / syr Trystrams / syr Bors de ganys / syr Percyuale / syr Pellias & syr Marhaus / these sixe knyȝtes had the better of sir gawayn Thenne within a lytel whyle they cam to syr Marhaus place / whiche was in a lytel pryory / and there they alyghte and ladyes and damoysels vnarmed them / and hastely loked to theyr hurtes / for they were all thre hurte / and so they had all thre good lodgyng with syr Marhaus and good chere / for whan he wyst that they were kyng Arthurs syster sones / he maade them al the chere that lay in his power / and so they soiourned there a vij nyghte / and were wel easyd of their woundes and at the last departed / Now said syre Marhaus we wylle not departe soo lyȝtely / for I wylle bryng you thorow the forest

leaf 72v

And rode daye by day wel a seuen dayes or they fond ony auenture / At the last they cam in to a grete forest that was named the countreye and foreste **of** [correction; sic = os] Arroy and the countrey of straunge auentures / In this countrey sayd syr Marhaus cam neuer knyghte syn it was crystened / but he fonde straunge auentures / and soo they rode / and cam in to a depe valey ful of stones / and ther by they sawe a fayr streme of water / aboue ther by was the hede of the streme a fayr fontayne / & thre damoysels syttyng therby / And thenne they rode to them / and eyther salewed other / and the eldest had a garland of gold aboute her hede / and she was thre score wynter of age / or more and her here was whyte vnder the garland / The second damoysel was of thyrty wynter of age with a serkelet of gold aboute her hede / The thyrd damoysel was but xv yere of age / and a garland of floures aboute her hede / when these knyghtes had soo beholde them / they asked hem the cause why they sat at that fontayne / we be here sayd the damoysels **for** [correction; sic = sor] thys cause / yf we may see ony erraunt knyghtes to teche hem vnto straunge auentures / and ye be thre knyghtes that seken auentures and we be thre damoysels / and therefore eche one of yow must chese one of vs / And whan ye haue done soo / we wylle lede yow vnto thre hyhe wayes / and there eche of yow shal chese a wey and his damoysel with hym / And this day twelue monethe ye must mete here ageyn / and god sende yow your lyues / and there to ye must plyȝte your trouthe / this is wel said sayd syr Marhaus

¶ Capitulum xx

NOw shalle eueryche of vs chese a damoysel / I shalle telle yow sayd syre Vwayne I am the yongest and moost weykest of yow bothe / **therfor** [correction; sic = thersor] I wyl haue the eldest damoysel / for she hath sene moche and can best helpe me whan I haue nede / for I haue moost nede of helpe of yow

bothe / Now said syr Marhaus I wyll haue the damoyssel of thyrtty wynter age for she falleth best to me /
wel sayd syre gawayne / I thanke yow for ye haue lefte me the yongest and the fayrest / and she is moost
leuest to me / Thenne euery damoyssel tooke her

leaf 73r

knyght by the raynes of his brydel / and broughte him to the thre wayes / and there was their othe made
to mete at the fontayne that day twelue moneth and they were lyuyng / and soo they kyst and departed /
and eueryche knyghte sette his lady behynd hym / and syr Vwayne took the wey that lay west And syr
Marhaus took the wey that lay southe / and syr gawayne took the weye that laye northe / Now wylle we
begynne at syr gawayne that helde that wey tyll that he cam vnto a fayre manoir where dwellyd an old
knyghte & a good housholder / and there syr Gawayn asked the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in
that countrey / I shalle shewe yow somme to morne sayd the old knyghte / and that merueyllous / Soo on
the morne they rode in to the forest of aduentures tyl they cam to a launde / and ther by they fond a
crosse / and as they stode and houed / ther cam by them the fayrest knyght and the semelyest man that
euer they sawe / makynge the grettest dole that euer man made / And thenne he was ware of syr gawayn
and salewed hym and praid god to sende hym moche worship / As to that said syr gawayn gramercy /
Also I praye to god that he send yow honour and worship / A said the knyghte I may laye that on syde /
for sorowe and shame cometh to me after worship /

¶ Capitulum xxj

ANd ther with he passed vnto the one syde of the launde / And on the other syde sawe syr Gawayne &
knyȝtes that houed styll and make hem redy with her sheldes and speres ageynst that one knyght that
cam by syr gawayn / Thenne this one knyght auentryd a grete spere / and one of the x knyghtes
encountred with hym / but this woful knyght smote hym so hard that he felle ouer his hors taylle / So
this same dolorous knyȝt serued hem al / that at the lest way he smote doune hors and man / and alle he
dyd with one spere / and soo whan they were all x on fote / they wente to that one knyght / and he stode
stone styll / and suffred hem to pulle hym doune of his hors / and bound hym hande and foote / and
tayed hym vnder the hors bely / and so ledde hym with hem / O Ihesu

leaf 73v

sayd syr gawayne this is a dooleful syghte / to see the yonder knyghte so to be entreted / and it semeth
by the knyght that he suffreth hem to bynde hym soo / for he maketh no resystence / Noo said his hoost
that is trouthe / for and he wold they al were to weyke soo to doo hym / Syr said the damoyfel vnto syr

Gawayn / me semeth hit were your worship to helpe that dolorous knyghte / for me thynketh he is one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe / I wold doo for hym sayd syre gawayn but hit semeth he wylle haue no helpe / thenne sayd the damoyssel me thynketh ye haue no luste to helpe hym / Thus as they talked they sawe a knyȝte on the other syde of the launde al armed sauf the hede / And on the other syde ther cam a dwerf on horsbak all armed sauf the hede with a grete mouthe / and a shorte nose / And whan the dwerf came nyghe he said where is the lady shold mete vs here / and ther with all she came forth out of the wood / And thenne they began to stryue for the lady / For the knyghte sayd he wold haue her / & the dwerf said he wold haue her / Wylle we doo wel sayd the dwerf / yonder is a knyht at the crosse / lete vs put it bothe vpon hym / and as he demeth so shalle it be / I wylle wel said the knyght / and so they wente all thre vnto syre gawayn and told hym wherfor they strofe / wel syrs said he wylle ye put the mater in my hand / ye they sayd both / Now damoyssel sayd syr gawayn ye shal stande betwixe them both / and whether ye lyst better to go to / he shal haue yow / And whan she was sette bitwene them both she left the knyghte and wente to the dwerf / and the dwerf took her and wente his waye syngynge / and the knyghte wente hys wey with grete mornynge / Thenne cam ther two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyghe Syre gawayn / knyghte of kynge Arthurs make the redy in al hast and Iuste with me / soo they ranne to gyders that eyther felle doune / and thenne on foote they drewe their swerdes and dyd ful actually / the mene whyle the other knyghte wente to the damoyssel / and asked her / why she abode with that knyghte / and yf ye wold abyde with me / I wylle be your feythful knyghte and with yow wylle I be said the damoyssel / for with syr Gawayn I may not fynde in myn herte to be with hym / For now here was one knyȝt scomfyte x knyghtes / And at the laste he was cowardly led

leaf 74r

away / and therefore lete vs two goo whylest they fyghte / and syre Gawayne fought with that other knyght longe / but at the last they accorded both / And thenne the knyght prayd syr gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / Soo as syre Gawayn wente with this knyghte he asked hym what knyghte is he in this countrey that smote doune the ten knyghtes / for whan he had done so manfully he suffred hem to bynde hym hand and foote / and soo ledde hym away / A sayd the knyghte that is the best knyght I trowe in the world / and the moost man of prowesse / and he hath be serued soo as he was &emacron;ne more than x tymes / and his name hyghte syr Pelleas / and he loueth a grete lady in this countrey and her name is Ettard / and so when he loued her there was cryed in this country a greete Iustes thre dayes / And alle the knyghtes of this countrey were there and gentylwymmen / And who that preued hym the best knyght shold haue a passyng good swerd and a Serklet of gold and the serklet the knyght shold gyue hit to the fayrest lady that was at the Iustes / And this knyghte syre Pelleas was the best knyghte that was there / and there were fyue honderd knyghtes / but there was neuer man that euer syre Pelleas met with al / but he stroke hym doune or els from his hors / And euery day of thre dayes he strake doune twenty knyghtes / therfore they gaf hym the pryse / & forthe with all he wente there as the lady Ettard was / and gaf her the serklet / & said openly / she was the fayrest lady that ther was / & that wold he preue vpon ony knyghte that wold say nay /

ANd soo he chose her for his souerayne lady / & neuer to loue other but her / but she was so proude that she had scorne ef hym and sayd that she wold neuer loue hym thouȝ he wold dye for her / wherfor al ladyes and gentylwymmen hadde scorne of her that she was so proude / for there were fayrer than she / & ther was none that was ther but & sir Pelleas wold haue proferd hem loue they wold haue loued hym for his noble prowesse / & so this knyȝt promysed the lady ettard to folowe her in to this countre; trey / & neuer to leue her tyl she loued hym / & thus he is here the moost party nyghe her and lodged by a pryory / and euery weke she sendeth knyghtes to fyȝte with hym / And whan he hath put hem to the wers than wylle

leaf 74v

he suffre hem wylfully to take hym prysoner by cause he wold haue a syghte of this lady / And alweyes she doth hym grete despyte / for some tyme she maketh her knyghtes to taye hym to his hors taylle and some to bynd hym vnder the hors bely Thus in the moost shamefullest wyse that she can thynke he is broughte to her / And alle she doth hyt for to cause hym to leue this countreie and to leue his louynge / But all this can not make hym to leue / for and he wold haue foughte on foote he myghte haue had the better of the ten knyghtes as wel on foote as on horsbak / Allas sayd syr gawayn it is grete pyte of hym / And after this nyghte I wylle seke hym to morowe in this forest to doo hym alle the helpe I can / So on the morne syr gawayne tooke his leue of his hoost syre Carados and rode in to the forest / And at the last he mette with syr Pelleas making grete moone oute of mesure / so eche of hem salewed other / and asked hym why he made suche sorowe / And as it is aboue reherced / syre Pelleas told syre Gawayne / but alweyes I suffre her knyghtes to fare soo with me as ye sawe yesterdaye in truste at the last to wynne her loue / for she knoweth wel alle her knyghtes shold not lyghtely wynne me / and me lyst to fyghte with them to the vttermest / Wherfore and I loued her not so sore I hadde leuer dye an honderd tymes / and I myght dye soo ofte rather than I wold suffre that despyte / but I truste she wylle haue pyte vpon me at the laste / for loue causeth many a good knyght to suffre to haue his entent / but allas I am vnfortunate / And ther with he maade soo grete dole & sorowe that vnnethe he myghte holde hym on horsback

¶ Now sayd syre gawayne leue your mornynge and I shalle promyse yow by the feythe of my body to doo alle that lyeth in my power to gete yow the loue of your lady / and ther to I wylle plyte yow my trouthe / A sayd syr Pelleas of what Courte are ye telle me I praye yow my good frend / And thenne syr gawayne sayd I am of the courte of kynge Arthur / and his susters sone / and kynge Lott of Orkeney was my fader / and my name is syre Gawayne / And thenne he sayd my name is Syre Pelleas borne in the Iles / and of many Iles I am lord / and neuer haue I loued lady nor damoyssel tyl now in an vnhappy tyme / and syr

leaf 75r

knyghte syn ye are soo nyghe cosyn vnto kynge Arthur and a kynges sone / therfor bytraye me not but helpe me / for I may neuer come by her but by somme good knyghte / for she is in a stronge castel here fast by within this four myle / and ouer all this countrey she is lady of / And so I may neuer come to her presence / but as I suffre her knyghtes to take me / and but yf I dyd so that I myghte haue a syghte of her I had ben dede long or this tyme / and yet fayre word had I neuer of her / but whā I am brought to fore her she rebuketh me in the fowlest maner / And thenne they take my hors and harneis and putten me oute of the yates / and she wylle not suffre me to ete nor drynke / and alweyes I offre me to be her prysoner / but that she wylle not suffre me / for I wold desyre no more what paynes so euer I had / soo that I myȝte haue a syghte of her dayly / wel sayd syr gawayne / Al this shalle I amende and ye wylle do as I shal deuyse / I wylle haue your hors and your armour / and so wylle I ryde vnto her castel and telle her that I haue slayne yow / and soo shal I come withynne her to cause her to cherysshe me / And thenne shalle I do my true parte that ye shalle not faylle to haue the loue of [correction; sic = os] her

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

ANd there with syr Gawayne plyghte his trouthe vnto syr Pelleas to be true and feythful vnto hym / soo eche one plyghte their trouthe to other / and soo they chaunged horses and harneis / and sire Gawayn departed / and came to the castel where as stode the pauelions of this lady withoute the yate / And as soone as Ettard had aspyed syr Gawayn she fledde [correction; sic = sledde] in toward the castel / syr Gawayn spak on hyghe / and badde her abyde / for he was not syre Pelleas / I am another knyghte that haue slayne syr Pelleas / doo of youre helme said the lady Ettard that I maye see your vysage / And soo whan she sawe that it was not syr Pelleas / she made hym alyghte / and ledde hym vnto her castel / and asked hym feythfully / whether he had slayne syr Pelleas / and he sayd her ye / and told her his name was syre gawayn of the courte of kynge Arthur and his syster sone / Truly sayd she that is grete pyte for he was a passynge good knyghte of his body / but

leaf 75v

of al men on lyue I hated hym moost / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym / And for ye haue slayne hym / I shalle be your woman and to doo ony thyng that myghte please yow / Soo she made syr Gawayne good chere / Thenne syr gawayn sayd that he loued a lady / and by no meane she wold loue hym / She is to blame sayd Ettard and she wylle not loue yow / for ye that be soo wel borne a man and suche a man of prowesse / there is no lady in the world to good for yow / wylle ye sayd syre Gawayne promyse me to doo alle that ye maye by the feythe of youre body to gete me the loue of my lady / ye syre sayd she / and that I promyse yow by the feythe of my body / Now sayd syre Gawayne it is your self that I loue so wel /

therfore I praye yow hold your promyse / I maye not chese sayd the lady Ettard / but yf I shold be forsworne / and soo she graunted hym to fulfyll alle his desyre /

¶ Soo it was thenne in the moneth of May that she and syre Gawayn wente oute of the castel and souped in a pauelione / and there was made a bedde / and there syre gawayne and the lady Ettard wente to bedde to gyders / and in another pauelione she layd her damoysels / and in the thyrd pauelione she leyde parte of her knyghtes / for thenne she had no drede of syr Pelleas / And there syre gawayn lay with her in that pauelione two dayes and two nyghtes / And on the thyrd day in the mornyng erly syr Pelleas armed hym / for he hadde neuer slepte syn syr Gawayn departed from hym / for syr Gawayne had promysed hym by the feythe of hys body to come to hym vnto his pauelione by that pryory within the space of a daye and a nyghte

¶ Thenne syre Pelleas mounted vpon horsbak / and cam to the pauelions that stode without the castel / and fonde in the fyrst pauelione thre knyghtes in thre beddes / and thre squyers lyggynge at their feet / thenne wente he to the seconde pauelione & fonde four gentyl wymmen lyenge in four beddes / & thenne he yede to the thyrd pauelion & fonde syr gawayn lyggynge in bedde with his lady Ettard & eyther clyppynge other in armes / and whan he sawe that his herte wel nyghe brast for sorow / & said Allas that euer a knyght shold be founde so fals / and thence he took his hors & myght not abyde no lenger for pure sorowe / And whanne he hadde ryden

leaf 76r

nyghe half a myle he tordne ageyne and thoughte to slee hem bothe / And whanne he sawe hem bothe soo lye slepyng faste / vnnethe he myght holde hym on horsbak for sorowe / and sayd then to hym self / though this knyght be neuer soo fals [correction; sic = sals] I wyl neuer slee hym slepyng / For I wylle neuer destroye the hygh ordre of knyghthode / and therwith he departed ageyne And or he hadde ryden half a myle he retordne ageyne / and thoughte thenne to slee hem bothe / makynge the grettest sorow that euer man made / And whanne he came to the pauelions / he tayed his hors vnto a tree / and pulled oute his swerd naked in his hand / and wente to them there as they lay / and yet he thought it were shame to slee them slepyng / and layd the naked swerd ouerthwart bothe their throtes / and soo tooke his hors and rode his awaye

¶ And whanne syre Pelleas came to his pauelions he told his knyghtes and his squyers how he had sped / and sayd thus to them for your true and good seruyse ye haue done me I shall gyue you alle my goodes / for I wylle goo vnto my bedde and neuer aryse vntyl I am dede / And whan that I am dede / I charge yow that ye take the herte oute of my body and bere it her betwyxe two syluer dysshes / and telle her how I sawe her lye with the fals knyght Syr Gawayne / Ryght soo syr Pelleas vnarmed hym selfe and wente vnto his bedde makynge merueyllous dole and sorowe /

¶ Thenne syre Gawayne and Ettard awoke of her slepe / & fonde the naked swerd ouerthwart theire throtes / thenne she knewe wel it was syr Pelleas swerd / Allas sayd she to sir Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me and syr Pelleas bothe / for ye told me ye had slayne hym / and now I knowe wel it is not soo he is on lyue / And yf syre Pelleas had ben as vncurteis to yow as ye haue ben to hym ye hadde bene a dede knyghte / but ye haue deceyued me and bytrayd me falsly / that al ladyes and damoysels may beware by yow and me / And ther with syr gawayn made hym redy / and wente in to the forest / Soo it happed thenne that the damoysel of the lake Nymue mette with a knyghte of syr Pelleas that wente on his foote in the forest makyng grete dole / and she asked hym the cause And soo the woful knyghte told her how his mayster and

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lorde was bitrayed thurgh a knyghte and a lady / and how he wyll neuer aryse oute of his bed tyl he be dede / Brynge me to hym sayd she anone / and I wyl waraunt his lyf he shal not dye for loue / and she that hath caused hym so to loue / she shalle be in as euyl plyte as he is or it be long to / for it is no Ioy of suche a prowde lady that wylle haue no mercy of suche a valyaunt knyght / anone that knyghte broughte her vnto hym And whan she sawe hym lye in his bedde / she thoughte she sawe neuer so lykely a knyght / and ther with she threwe an enchauntement vpon hym / and he felle on slepe / And ther whyle she rode vnto the lady Ettard / and charged no man to awake hym tyl she came ageyne / Soo within two houres she broughte the lady Ettard thydder / and both ladyes fonde hym on slepe / loo sayd the damoysel of the lake ye oughte to be ashamed for to murdre suche a knyght / And therwith she threwe suche an enchauntement vpon her that she loued hym sore / that wel nyghe she was oute of her mynde / O lord Ihefu saide the lady Ettard / how is it befallen vnto me / that I loue now hym that I haue moost hated of ony man alyue / that is the ryght wys Iugement of god sayd the damoysel / And thenne anone syr Pelleas awaked and loked vpon Ettard / And whan he sawe her / he knewe her / & thence he hated her more than ony woman alyue / and said away traitresse come neuer in my syt And whan she herd hym say so / she wepte and made grete sorow oute of mesure

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SYre knyghht Pelleas sayd the damoysel of the lake / take your hors / and come forthe with me oute of this countrey / and ye shal loue a lady that shal loue yow / I wylle wel said syr Pelleas / for this lady Ettard hath done me grete despyte and shame / and there he told her the begynnyng and endyng / And how he had purposed neuer to haue aysen tyll that he hadde ben dede / And now suche grace god hath sente me / that I hate her as moche as euer I loued her thanked be our lord Ihesus / Thanke me sayde the damoysel of the lake

anone syre Pellas armed hym and tooke his hors and commaunded his men to brynge after his paelions
and his stuffe where the damoyssel of the lake wold assigne / soo the lady Ettard dyed for sorowe / and
the damoyssel of the lake reioysed syr Pellas and loued to gyders duryng their lyf dayes

¶ Capitulum xxv

NOW torne we vnto syr Marhaus that rode with the damoyssel of xxx wynter of age southard / and soo
they cam in to a depe forest / and by fortune they were nyȝted / and rode longe in a depe way / and at the
last they came vnto the courtelage / and there they asked herborow / but the mā of the courtelage
wold not lodge them for no treatyce that they coude treate / but thus moche the good man sayd / and ye
will take the aduenture of youre lodgyng / I shal brynge you there ye shalle be lodged / what auenture is
that that I shal haue / for my lodgyng sayd syr Marhaus / ye shalle wete whan ye come there sayd the
good man / syr what auenture so it be bryng me thyder I pray the sayd syr Marhaus / for I am wery / my
damoyssel and my hors / So the good man wente and opened the gate / and within an houre he broughte
hym vnto a fayre castel / and thenne the poure man called the porter / and anon he was lete in to the
castel / & soo he told the lord how he brouȝt hym a knyght erraunt and a damoyssel that wold be lodged
with hym / lete hym in said the lord / it may happen he shalle repente that they toke their lodgyng here /
So syr Marhaus was lete in with torche lyghte / and there was a goodely syghte of yonge men that
welcomed hym / And thenne his hors was ledde in to the stable / and he and the damoyssel were broughte
in to the halle / and there stode a myghty duke and many goodely men about hym / thēne this
lord asked hym what he hyghte / and fro whens he cam / and with whome he dwelt / syre he said I am a
knyghte of kynge **Arthurs** [correction; sic = Nrthurs] and knyght of the table round / and my name is
syre Marhaus / and borne I am in Irland / And thenne sayd the duke to hym / that me sore repenteth / the
cause is this / for I loue not thy lord / nor

none of thy felawes of the table round / And therfor ease thy self this nyghte as wel as thow mayst / for
as to morne I & my sixe sonnes shal matche with yow / Is ther no remedy but that I must haue a doo
with yow and your vj sones at ones sayd syr Marhaus / No sayd the duke for this cause I maade myn
auowe / for syr gawayne slewe my seuen sonnes in a recounter / therefore I made myn auowe / there
shold neuer knyȝt of kynge Arthurs court lodge with me or come there as I myght haue adoo with hym /
but that I wold haue a reuengyng of my sonnes dethe / what is your name said syr Marhaus I requyre
yow telle me and it please yow / wete thow wel I am the duke of south marchys / A sayd sir Marhaus I
haue herd saye that ye haue ben longe tyme a grete soo vnto my lord arthur and to this knyghtes / that
shalle ye fele to morne said the duke / Shalle I haue adoo with yow sayd syr Marhaus / ye sayd the
duke / therof shalt thow not chese / and therefore take yow to your chambre and ye shalle haue all that to

yow longeth / So syr Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber / and his damoyssel was led vnto her chamber / And on the morn the duke sente vnto syre Marhaus and bad make hym redy / And so syr Marhaus arose and armed hym / and thenne ther was a masse songe afore hym and brake his fast / and so mounted on horsback in the courte of the castel there they shold doo the batail / So ther was the duke al redy on horsbak clene armed and his syxe sonnes by hym / and eueryche had a spere in his hand / and soo they encountred where as the duke and his two sones brak theyr speres vpon hym / but sir Marhaus helde vp his spere and touched none of them /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

Thenne cam the foure sones by couple / and two of them brake their speres / and soo dyd the other two / And alle this whyle syre marhaus touched hem not / Thenne sir marhaus · ranne to the duke / and smote hym with his spere that hors and man felle to the erthe / And so he serued his sonnes / And thenne syr Marhaus alyghte doune and bad the duke

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yelde hym or els he wold slee hym / And thenne some of his sonnes recouerd / and wold haue set vpon syr Marhaus / thenne syr Marhaus sayd to the duke seace thy sonnes or els I will doo the vttermost to yow all / Thenne the duke sawe he myghte not escape the deth he cryed to his sonnes and charged them to yelde them to syr Marhaus / And they kneled al doune / and put the pomels of their swerdes to the knyght / and soo he receyued them / And thenne they halp vp their fader / and soo by their comynal assente promysed to syr Marhaus neuer to be foes vnto kynge Arthur / and therupon at whytsontyde after to come he and his sonnes and putte them in the kynges grace Thenne syr Marhaus departed and within two dayes his damoyssel brought hym where as was a grete tornement that the lady de Vawse has cryed / And who that dyd best shold haue a ryche serklet of gold worthe a thousand besauntes / And there syr Marhaus dyd so nobly that he was renommed / & had somtyme doune fourty knyghtes / and soo the serklet of gold was rewarded hym / Thenne he departed fro them with grete worship / And soo within seuen nyghtes his damoyssel brought hym to an erles place / his name was the erle Fergus / that after was syre Trystrams knyghte / and this Erle was but a yonge man / and late come in to his landes / and there was a gyant fast by hym that hyȝte Taulurd / and he had another broder in Cornewaille that hyghte Taulas that syr Trystram slewe whanne he was oute of hys mynde / So this Erle maade his complaynte vnto syre Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that destroyed al his londes / & how he durst nowhere ryde nor goo for hym / Syr sayd the knyghte whether vseth he to fyghte on horsbak or on foote / nay sayd the erle there maye no hors bere hym / Wel said syr marhaus thenne wille I fyghte with hym on foote / Soo on the morne syr Marhaus prayd the erle that one of his men myghte brynge hym where as the gyaunt was / and so he was / for he sawe hym sytte vnder a tree of hoolly / and many clubbes of Iron and gysarms about hym Soo thys knyghte dressid hym to the gyant puttyng his sheld afore hym / and the gyant toke an Iron clubbe in his hande / & at the fyrste stroke he clafe syr Marhaus shelde in ij

pyeces / And there he was in grete peryl / for the gyant was a wyly

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fygghter / but atte last syr Marhaus smote of his ryght arme aboue the elbowe / th¯ne the gyant fledde and the knyght after hym / and soo he drofe hym in to a water / but the gyant was soo hyghe that he myghte not wade after hym / And thenne sir Marhaus made the erle Fergus man to fetch hym stones / & with tho stones the knyghte gaf the gyaunt many sore knockes / tyl at the last he made hym falle doune in to the water / & so was he there dede / th¯ne syr Marhaus w¯te vnto the gyants castel / and there he delyuerd xxiiij ladyes and twelue knyȝtes oute of the gyants pryson / and there he had grete rychesse withoute nombre / soo that the dayes of his lys he was neuer poure man / thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche thanked hym gretely / and wold haue gyuen hym half his l¯des but he wold none take / Soo syr Marhaus dwellyd with the erle nyghe half a yere / for he was sore brysed with the gyaunt / and at the laste he took his leue / And as he rode by the way / he mette with syr gawayne and syr Vwayne / and so by aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte / the fyrst was syr Sagamore desyrus / syr Ozanna / syr Dodynas le saueage / and syre felot of lystynoyse / and there syr Marhaus with one spere smote doune these foure knyghtes / and hurte them sore / Soo he departed to mete at his day afore sette

¶ Capitulum xxvij

NOW tourne we vnto syr Vw¯yne that rode westwarde with his damoyssel of thre score wynter of age / and she broughte hym there as was a turnement nyghe the marche of walys / and at that tornement syre Vwayne smote doune xxx knyghtes / therfore was gyuen hym the pryse / and that was a gerfaukon / and a whyte stede trapped with clothe of gold / Soo thenne syr Vwayn dyd many straunge auentures by the meanes of the old damoyssel / and so she broughte hym to a lady that was called the lady of the roche / the which was moche curtois / So there were in the countrey two knyȝtes that were bretheren / and they were called two peryllous knyghtes / the one knyghte hyght syre Edward of the reed castel / &

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the other syr Hue of the reed castel / And these two bretheren had disheryted the lady of the roche of a Baronry of landes by their **extorsion** [correction; sic = extorfion] / And as this knyȝt was lodged with this lady she made her compleynt to hym of these two knyghtes / Madame sayd syr Vwayne / they are to blame / for they doo ageynst the hyghe ordre of knyghthode & the othe that they made / And yf hit lyke yow I wille speke with hem by cause I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs / and I wylle entrete them with fayrenesse / And yf they wylle not I shalle doo bataille with them and in the deffense of youre ryghte /

gramercy sayd the lady / and there as I maye not acquyte yow / god shalle / Soo on the morne the two knyghtes were sente for / that they shold come thyder to speke with the lady of the roche / and wete ye wel they fayled not / for they cam with an C hors / But whan this lady sawe them in this maner soo bygge / she wold not suffre syr Vwayne to goo oute to them vpon to surete ne for no fayr langage / but she made hym speke with them ouer a toure / but fynally these two bretheren wold not be entreated and ansuerd that they wold kepe that they had / wel said syr Vwayne / thenne wylle I fyghte with one of yow / and preue that ye doo this lady wronge / that wille we not said they For and we doo bataille we two wyl fyghte with one knyȝt at ones / and therfore yf ye wille fyghte soo we wille be redy at what houre ye wille assigne / And yf ye wynne vs in bataille the lady shal haue her landes ageyne / ye say wel sayd sir Vwayne / therfor make yow redy so that ye be here to morne in the defence of the ladyes ryght

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

SO was there sykernesse made on both partyes that no treason shold be wrought on neyther partye / soo thenne the knyghtes departed and made hem redy / and that nyghte syr Vwayn had grete chere / And on the morne he arose erly and herd masse and brake his fast / and soo he rode vnto the playn withoute the gates where houed the two bretheren abydyng hym / Soo they rode to gyders passyng sore that syre Edward and syr Hue brake their speres vpon syr Vwayne

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And syr Vwayne smote syre Edward that he felle ouer his hors and yet his spere brast not / And thenne he spored his hors and came upon syr Hue and ouerthrewe hym / but they soone recouerd and dressid their sheldes and drewe their suerdes and bad syre Vwayne alyghte and doo his bataill to the vttermest / Thenne syr Vwayn deuoyded his hors sodenly / & put his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerde / and soo they dressyd to gyders and eyther gaf other suche strokes / & there these two bretheren wounded syr Vwayne passyng greuously that the lady of the roche wende he shold haue dyed / And thus they fought to gyders fyue houres as men raged oute of reason / And at the laste syr Vwayne smote syre Edward vpon the helme suche a stroke that his swerd kerued vnto his canelbone / and thenne syr Hue abated his courage / but syr Vwayn pressed fast to haue slayne hym / That sawe syr Hue he kneled doune and yelde hym to syr Vwayne and he of his gentilnesse receyued his swerd and took hym by the hand & went in to the castel to gyders / thenne the lady of the roche was passyng glad and the other broder made grete sorowe for his broders dethe / thenne the lady was restored of al her landes / and syr Hue was commaunded to be at the Courte of kynge Arthur at the next feest of penthecost / So sir Vwayn dwelt with the lady nyghe half a yere / for it was longe or he myghte be hole of his grete hurtes / and soo whan it drewe nygh the terme day that syr gawayn syr Marhaus and syre Vwayne shold mete at the crosse way / thenne euery knyght drewe hym thyder to holde his promyse that they had made / & syr Marhaus and syr Vwayne broughte their damoysels with them / but sir Gawayn had lost his damoysel as it is afore reherced

Capitulum xxix

RYght soo at the twelue monethes ende they mette alle thre knyghtes at the fontayne and their damoisels but the damoysel that syr gawayn had coude saye but lytel worship of hym / soo they departed from the damoysels and roode

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thurgh a grete forest / and there they mette with a messenger that cam fro kyng Arthur that foughte them wel nyhe a xij moneth thorou oute al Englund / walys and Scotland / and charged yf euer he myght funde syre Gawayn and syre Vwayn to brynge hem to the courte ageyne / And thenne were they al gladde / and soo prayd they syre Marhaus to ryde with hem to the kynges courte / And soo within twelue dayes they cam to Camelot / and the kyng was passyng glad of their comynge and soo was alle the Courte / thenne the kyng made hem to swere vpon a book to telle hym alle their aduentures that had befallle hem that twelue monethe and soo they dyd / And there was sir Marhaus wel knowen / for ther were knyghtes that he had matched afore tyme / and he was named one of the best knyghtes lyuyng / Ageyne the feest of pentecost cam the damoysel of the lake and broughte with hir syr Pelleas / and at that hyhe feest there was grete Iustyng of knyghtes / and of al knyghtes that were at that Iustes / syr Pelleas had the pryse / and syr Marhaus was named the next / but syr Pelleas was soo stronge / there myght but fewe knyghtes sytte hym a buffet with spere / And at that next feest sir pelleas and syr marhaus were made knyghtes of the table ro&uacron;d For there were two seges voyde / for two knyghtes were slayn that twelue moneth / and grete ioye had kyng Arthur of sire Pelleas and of sire Marhaus / but Pelleas loued neuer after sire Gawayne but as he spared hym for the loue of kyng arthur / But oftymes at Iustes and turnementes sire Pelleas quyte sire Gawayn / for so it reherceth in the book of Frensshe / Soo sire Trystram many dayes after faughte with sire Marhaus in an yland / and there they dyd a grete bataylle / but at the last sire Trystram slewe hym / soo sire Trystram was wo&uacron;ded that vnnethe he myght recouer and lay at a nonnery halfe a yere / and sire Pelleas was a worshipful knyghte / & was one of the four that encheued the sancgreal / and the damoysel of the lake made by her meanes that neuer he had adoo with sire launcelot de lake / for where sire launcelot was at ony Iustes / or ony tornement / she wold not suffre hym be there that daye / but yf it were on the syde of sire launcelot /

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¶ *Explicit liber quartus*

¶ *Incipit liber quintus*

[Book Five: the conqueste of kyng Arthur over Lucius]

[Chapter One]

WHanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre rested / and helde a Ryal feeste and table rounde with his alyes of kynges / prynces / and noble knyghtes all of the round table / there came in to his halle he syttyng in his throne Ryal xij a&uacirc;cyen men / berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token that they cam as Embassatours and messagers fro the Emperour Lucyus / whiche was called at that tyme / Dictatour or procurour of the publyke wele of Rome / whiche sayde messagers after their entryng & comyng in to the presence of kyng Arthur dyd to hym theyr obeyssa&uacirc;ce in makyng to hym reuerence said to hym in this wyse / The hyghe & myghty Emperour Lucyus sendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretyng / c&uacirc;ma&uacirc;dyng the to knoueleche hym for thy lord / and to sende hym the truage due of this Royamme vnto thempyre / whiche thy fader and other to fore thy precessours haue paid as is of record / And thou as rebelle not knowyng hym as thy souerayne withholdest and reteynest contrary to the statutes and decrees maade by the noble and worthy Iulius Cezar conquerour of this royaume / and fyrst Emperour of Rome / and yf thou refuse his demaunde and commaundement / knowe thou for certayne that he shal make stronge werre ageynst the / thy Royames & londes / and shall chastyse the and thy subgettys / that it shal be ensamble perpetuel vnto alle kynges and prynces / for to denye their truage vnto that noble empyre whiche domyneth vpon the vnyuersal world / Thenne whan they had shewed theffecte of their message / the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them And said he shold take auyce of councyll and gyue to them an ansuere / Thenne somme of the yonge knyghtes heryng this their message wold haue ronne on them to haue slayne them sayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng present to suffre them to saye so to the kyng / And anone the

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kyng commaunded that none of them vpon payne of dethe to myssaye them ne doo them ony harme / and comma&uacirc;ded a knyghte to bryng them to their lodgyng / and see that they haue alle that is necessary and requysyte for them / with the best chere / and that noo deyntee be spared / For the Romainys ben grete lordes / and though theyr message please me not ne my court yet I must remembre myn honour /

¶ After this the kyng lete calle alle his lordes and knyghtes of the round table to councyl vpon this mater / and desyred them to saye theire aduys / thenne syr Cadour of Cornewaile spacke fyrste and sayd Syre this message lyketh me wel / for we haue many dayes rested vs and haue ben ydle / and now I hope ye shalle make sharp warre on the Romainys where I doubte not we shal gete honour / I byleue wel sayd Arthur that this mater pleaseth the wel / but these ansuers may not be ansuerd / for the demaunde greueth me sore / For truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome / wherfore I pray yow to councyll me / I haue

vnderstande that Bellinus and Brenius kynges of Bretayne haue had tempyre in their handes many dayes / And also Constantyn the sone of Heleyne / whiche is an open euydence that we owe noo trybute to Rome / but of ryght we that ben descended of them haue ryght to clayme the tytyle of thempyre /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

THenne ansuerd kynge Anguysshe of Scotland / Syr ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges / for vnto yow is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome / of knyȝt hode ne of dygnyte / & I **counceylleyou** [sic; correction = counceylle you] neuer to obey the Romainys / for whan they regned on vs / they destressyd oure elders / and putte this land to grete extorcions & taylles / wherfore I make here myn auowe to auenge me on them / and for to strengthe youre quarel I shal furnysshe **xy** [sic] M good men of warre and wage them on my costes / whiche shal awayte on yow with my self whan it shal please yow / and the kyng of lytel Bretayne graunted hym to the same xxx M / wherfor kynge Arthur thanked them / And thenne euery man

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agreed to make warre / and to ayde after their power / that is to wete the lord of westwalis promysed to brynge xxx M men And syr Vwayne / syre Ider his sone with their cosyns promysed to brynge xxx M / thenne syre launcelot with alle other promysed in lyke wyse euery man a grete multytude /

¶ And whan kynge Arthur vnderstood theire courages and good wylles / he thanked them hertely / and after lete calle thembassatours to here theire ansuere / And in presence of alle his lordes and knyghtes he sayd to them in thys wyse / I wylle that ye retorne vnto your lord and procurour of the comyn wele for the Romainys / and saye ye to hym Of his demaunde and commaundement I sette nothyng / And that I knowe of no truage ne trybute that I owe to hym / ne to none erthely prynce / Crysten ne hethen / but I pretende to haue and occupye the soueraynte of thempyre / wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predecessours somtyme kynges of this lond / and saye to hym that I am delybered and fully concluded to goo wyth myn armye with strengthe and power vnto Rome by the grace of god to take possession in thempyre / and subdue them that ben rebelle / wherfore I commaunde hym and alle them of Rome that incontynent they make to me their homage or to knouleche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that shal ensiewe / And thenne he commaunded his tresorer to gyue to them grete and large yeftes / and to paye alle theyr dispencys / and assygned syre Cadour to conueye them oute of the land / and soo they took theire leue and departed / and tooke theyr shyppyng at Sandwyche / and passed forthe by flaundrys / Almayn / the montayns / and all ytalye vntyl they cam vnto Lucius / And after the reuerence made / they made relacyon of their ansuer lyke as ye to fore haue herd / whan themperour Lucyus had wel vnderstonde theyre credence / he was sore meued as he had ben al araged / & sayd / I had supposed that Arthur wold haue obeyed to my commaundement / and haue serued yow hym self / as hym wel bysemed or any other kyng to doo / O syre sayd one of the senatours late be suche vayn

wordes / for we late yow wete that I and my felawes were ful sore aferd to beholde his countenaunce / I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your self / for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre

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whiche sore is to be doubted yf he come / for he is al another mā than ye wene / and holdeth the most noble courte of the world alle other kynges ne prynces maye not compare vnto his noble mayntene / On newe yeres daye we sawe hym in his estate whiche was the ryallest that euer we sawe / for he was serued at his table with ix kynges / and the noblest felauship of other prynces lordes and knyghtes that ben in the world / and euery knyghte approued and lyke a lord and holdeth table roū d And in his persone the moost manly man that lyueth / and is lyke to conquere alle the world / for vnto his courage it is to lytel / wherfore I aduyse yow to kepe wel youre marches and straytes in the montayns / For certaynly he is a lord to be doubted / Wel sayd Lucius bfore Eester I suppose to passe the moūtayns and soo forth in to fraunce / and there byreue hym his londes with Ianeweyes and other myghty warryours of Tuskane and lombardye / And I shall sende for them all that ben subgettys and alyed to thēpyre of Rome to come to myn ayde / and forthwith sente old wyse knyghtes vnto these countrayes / folowyng / fyrste to ambage and arrage / to Alysaundrye / to ynde. to hermonye / where as the ryuer of Eufrates renneth in to Asye / to Auffryke / and Europe the large / to ertayne and Elamyne to Arabye / Egypte and to damaske / to damyete and Cayer / to Capadoce / to tarce / Turkye / pounce / and pampoylle / to Surrye and gallacye / And alle these were subgette to Rome and many moo / as Grece / Cypres / Macydone Calabre / Cateland / portyngale with many thousandes of spaynardys / Thus alle these kynges / dukes / and admyrals assembled aboute Rome with xvj kynges attones with grete multytude of peple / whan themperour vnderstood their comyng / he made redy his Romainys / and alle the people bytwene hym & Flaundres

¶ Also he hadde gotten wyth hym fyfty Geaunts whiche had ben engendred of fendys And they were ordeyned to garde his persone / and to breke the frounte of the bataylle of kynge Arthur / And thus departed fro Rome and came doune the montayns for to destroye the londes that Arthur had conquered and cam vnto Coleyne / and bysegged a Castel there by / and wanne it soone and stuffed hit with two honderd sarasyns or Infydeles

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and after destroyed many fayr countrees / whiche Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas / And thus Lucius cam with alle his hoost whiche were disperplyd lx myle in brede / and commaunded them to mete with hym in Burgoyne / for he purposed to destroye the Royame of lytyl Bretayne /

Capitulo tercio

NOW leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kynge Arthur / that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte vtas of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke / And at that parlement was concluded to areste alle the nauye of the lond and to be redy within xv dayes at sandwyche / and there he shewed to his armye how he purposed to conquere thempyre whiche he ought to haue of ryght / And there he ordeyned two gouernours of his Royame that is to say Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne for the counceille to the best and syr Constantyn sone to syre Cador of Cornewaylle / whiche after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme / And in the presence of alle his lordes he resyned the rule of the royaume and Gweneuer his quene to them / wherfore syre launcelot was wrothe / for he left syre Trystram with kynge marke for the loue of beal Isoulde / Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete sorowe for the departynge of her lord and other / and swouned in suche wyse that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the quene and Royamme in the gouernaunce of syre Bawduyn and Constantyn / And whan he was on his hors / he sayd with an hyhe voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royaume as next of my blood / And after departed and entred in to the see atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a greete multitude of shyppes / galeyes / Cogges / and dromoundes / sayllynge on the see /

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¶ Capitulum iiij

AND as the kyng laye in his caban in shyp / he fyll in a slomerynge and dremed a merueyllous dreme / hym semed that a dredeful dragon dyd drowne moche of his peple / and he cam fleyng oute of the west / and his hede was enameled with asure / and his sholders shone as gold / his bely lyke maylles of a merueyllous hewe / his taylle ful of tatters / his feet ful of fyne sable / & his clawes lyke fyne gold And an hydous flamme of fyre flewe oute of his mouthe / lyke as the londe and water had flammed all of fyre / After hym semed there came oute of thoryent / a grymly bore al blak in a clowde / and his pawes as bygge as a post / he was rugged lokynge roughly / he was the foulest beest that euer man sawe / he rored and romed soo hydrously that it were merueill to here / Thenne the dredeful dragon auauunced hym and cam in the wynde lyke a fawcon gyuyng grete strokes on the bore / and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his grysly tuskes / that his brest was al bloody / and that the hote blood made alle the see reed of his blood / Thenne the dragon flewe away al on a heyȝte / and come doune with suche a swough and smote the bore on the rydge whiche was x foote large fro the hede to the taylle / and smote the bore all to powdre bothe flesshe and bonys / that it flutteryd al abroad on the see / And therwith the kynge awoke anone / and was sore abasshed of this dreme / And sente anone for a wyse philosopher / commaundyng to telle hym the sygnyfycacion of his dreme / Syre sayd the philosopher / the dragon that thow dremedest of / betokeneth thyn owne persone that sayllest here / & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow haste wonne / And his taylle whiche is al to tattered sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of

¶ And the bore than the dragon slough comyng fro the clowdes / betokeneth some tyraunt that tormenteth the peple / or else thow arte lyke to fyghte with somme Geaunt thy self / beynge horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye sawe neuer in your dayes / wherfore

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of this dredeful dreame doubte the no thyng / but as a Conqueror come forth thy self / Thenne after this soone they had syghte of londe and saylled tyl they arryued atte Barflete in Flaundres / and whanne they were there he fond many of his grete lordes redy / as they had ben commaunded to awayte vpon hym

¶ Capitulum v

Thenne came to hym an husbond man of the countrey / and told hym how there was in the countrey of Constantyn besyde Bretayne a grete gyaunt whiche hadde slayne murdered and deuoured moche peple of the countrey and had ben susteyned seuen yere with the children of the comyns of that land / in soo moche that alle the children ben alle slayne and destroyed / and now late he hath taken the duchesse of Bretayne as she rode by with her meyne / and hath ledde her to his lodgyng whiche is in a montayne for to rauysshe and lye by her to her lyues ende / and many people folowed her moo than v C / but alle they myghte not rescowe her / but they lefte he shrykyng and cryenge lamentably / wherfore I suppose than he hath slayn her in fulfyllinge his fowle lust of lechery / She was wyf vnto thy Cosyn syre Howel / whome we calle ful nyhe of thy blood / Now as thow a ryghtful kynge haue pyte on this lady / and reuenge vs al as thow arte a noble conquerour /

¶ Alas sayd kynge Arthur / this is a grete meschyef / I had leuer than the best Royame that I haue / that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue rescowed that lady /

¶ Now felawe sayd kynge Arthur canst thou bryng me there as thys gyaunt haunteth / ye syre sayd the good man / loo yonder where as thow seest tho two grete fyres / there shalt thou fynde hym / and more tresour than I suppose is in al Fraunce / whanne the kynge hadde vnderstanden this pyteous caas / he retorned in to his tente /

¶ Thenne he callyd to hym syre kaye and syre Bedewere / & commaunded them secretely to make redy hors and harneis for hym self and them tweyne / For after euensonge he wold ryde on pylgremage with them two only vnto saynt Mychels

mounte / And thenne anone he maad hym redy / and armed hym at alle poyntes / and tooke his hors and his sheld / And soo they thre departed thens and rode forthe as faste as euer they myȝt tyl that they cam to the forlond of that mount And there they alyghted / and the kynge commaunded them to tarye there / for he wold hym self goo vp in to that mounte And soo he ascended up in to that hylle tyl he came to a grete fyre / and there he fonde a careful wydowe wryngynge her handes and makynge grete sorowe syttyng by a graue newe made / And thenne kynge Arthur salewed her / and demaunded of her wherfore she made suche lamentacion / to whome she ansuerd and sayd Syre knyghte speke softe / for yonder is a deuyll yf he here the speke / he wylle come and destroye the / I hold the vnhappy what dost thou here in this mountayne / For yf ye were suche fyfty as ye be / ye were not able to make resystence ageynst this deuyll / here lyeth a duchesse deede the whiche was the fayrest of alle the world wyf to syre Howel / duc of Bretayne / he hath murthred her in forcyng her / and has slytte her vnto the nauyl /

¶ Dame sayd the kynge / I came fro the noble Conqueroure kynge Arthur for the treate with that tyraunt for his lyege peple / Fy on suche treatys sayd she / he setteth not by the kynge ne by no man els / But and yf thou haue broughte Arthurs wyf dame Gweneuer / he shalle be gladder than thou haddest gyuen to hym half fraunce / Beware approche hym not to nygh / for he hath vaynquysshed xv kynges / and hath maade hym a cote ful of precious stones enbrowdred with theyre berdes / whiche they sente hym to haue his loue for sauacion of theyr peple at this laste Crystemasse / And yf thou wylt / speke with hym at yonder grete fyre at souper / wel sayd Arthur I wyll accomplysse my message for al your ferdful wordes / and wente forth by the creast of that hylle / and sawe where he satte atte souper gnawynge on a lymme of a man / bekyng his brode lymmes by the fyre and brecheles / and thre fayr damoysels tornynge thre broches wheron were broched twelue yonge children late borne lyke yonge byrdes

¶ Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous syȝte / he had grete compassion on them so that his hert

bledde for sorowe / and hayled hym sayeng in this wyse he that alle the world weldeth gyue the shorte lyf & shameful dethe / And the deuyll haue thy soule / why hast thou murthred these yonge Innocent children / and murthred this duchesse / Therefore aryse and dresse the thou gloton / For this day shall thou dye of my hand / Thenne the gloton anone starte vp and tooke a grete clubbe in his hand / and smote at the kynge that his coronal fylle to the erthe / and the kynge hytte hym ageyn that he carf his bely and cutte of his genytours / that his guttes & his entraylles fylle doune to the ground / thenne the gyaunt threwe away his clubbe / and caught the kynge in his armes that he crusshyd his rybbes / Thenne the thre maydens knelyd doune and callyd to Cryst for helpe and comforte of Arthur And thenne Arthur weltred and wrong / that he was other whyle vnder and another tyme aboue / And so weltryng and

walowynge they rolled doune the hylle / tyl they came to the see marke / and euer as they soo weltred / Arthur smote hym with his daggar / and it fortuneth they came to the place / where as the two knyghtes were and kepte Arthurs hors / thenne when they sawe the kynge fast in the gyaunts armes / they came and losed hym / And thenne the kynge commaunded syr kaye to smyte of the gyaunts hede / and to sette it vpon a truncheon of a spere / and bere it to syre howel / and telle hym that his enemy was slayne / and after late this hede be bounden to a barbycan that alle the peple may see and behold hit / and go ye two up to the montayn / and fetch me my sheld / my suerd and the clubbe of yron / And as for the tresour take ye it / for ye shalle fynde there good oute of nombre / So I haue the kertyl and the clubbe I desyre no more / This was the fyrst gyaunt that euer I mette with / sauf one in the mount of Arabe / whiche I ouercame / but this was gretter and fyrser / Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe and the kyrtyl / and some of the tresour they took to them self / and retorned ageyne to the host And anone this was knowen thurgh alle the countrey / wher for the peple came and thanked the kynge / And he sayd ageyne yeue the thanke to god / and departe the goodes among yow / And after that kynge Arthur sayd and commaunded his Cosyn howel that he shold ordeyne for a chirche to be bylded

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on the same hylle in the worship of saynte Mychel /

¶ And on the morne the kynge remeuyd with his grete bataylle / and came in to Champayne and in a valeye / and there they pyght their tentys / and the kynge beyng set at his dyner / ther cam in two messagers / of whome that one was Marchal of fraunce and sayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd in to fraunce / and had destroyed a grete parte and was in Burgoyn and had destroyed and made grete slaughter of peple & brente townes and borowes / wherfor yf thou come not hastely / they must yelde vp their bodyes and goodes /

¶ Capitulum sextum

Thenne the kynge dyd doo calle syre Gawayne / syre Borce / syr Lyonel and syre Bedewere / and commaunded them to goo straye to syre Lucius / and saye ye to hym that hastely he remeue oute of my land / And yf he wil not / bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not distresse the poure peple / Thenne anone these noble knyghtes dressyd them to horsbak / And whanne they came to the grene wood / they sawe many paelions sette in a medowe of sylke of dyuerse colours besyde a ryuer / And themperours paelione was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue / To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode toward / and ordeyned syr Gawayn and syre Bors to doo the message / And lefte in a busshement syre Lyonel / and syre Bedwere / And thenne syre Gawayn and syr Borce dyd their message / and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his lond / or shortly to adresse hym to bataylle / To whome Lucius ansuerde and sayd ye shalle retorne to your lord and saye ye to hym that I shall subdue hym and alle his londes / Thenne syre Gawayn was wrothe and sayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce fyghte ageynst the / and soo hadde I saide syr Borce leuer than alle Bretayne or burgoyne

¶ Thenne a knyght named syre Gaynus nyghe cosyn to the Emperour sayde / loo how these Bretons ben ful of pryde and boost / and they bragge as though they bare up alle the worlde / Thenne syre Gawayne was sore greued

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with these wordes / and pulled oute his swerd and smote of his hede / And therwith torned theyr horses and rode ouer waters and thurgh woodes tyl they came to theyre busschement / where as syr Lyonel and syr Bedeuer were houyng / The romayns folowed fast after on horsbak and on foote ouer a chā payn vnto a wood / thenne syre Boors torned his hors / and sawe a knyghte come fast on / whome he smote thurgh the body with a spere that he fylle dede doune to the erthe / thenne cam Callyburne one of the strengest of pauye and smote doun many of Arthurs knyghtes / And whan syr Bors sawe hym do soo moche harme he adressyd toward hym & smote hym thurȝ the brest that he fylle doune dede to the erthe / Thenne syr Feldenak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon syre Gawayn / but syre gawayn was ware therof and smote hym on the hede / whiche stroke stynted not tyl it came to his breste / And thenne he retorned and came to his felawes in the busschement / And there was a recountre / for the busschement brake on the Romainys / and slewe and hewe doune the Romainys and forced the Romainys to flee and retorne / whome the noble knyghtes chaced vnto theyr tentes / Thenne the Romainys gadred more peple / and also foote men cam on / and ther was a newe bataille and soo moche peple that syr Bors and syr Berel were taken / but whan syre gawayn sawe that / he tooke with hym syre Idrus the good knyght and sayd he wold neuer see kyng Arthur but yf he rescued them / and pulled out galatyn his good swerd / and folowed them that ledde tho ij knyghtes awaye / and he smote hym that lad syre Bors / and took syr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felawes / And syre Idrus in lyke wyse rescowed syre Berel / thenne beganne the bataill to be grete that oure knyȝtes were in grete Ieopardy / wherfore syre Gawayn sente to kyng Arthur for socour and that he hye hym for I am sore wounded / and that oure prysoners may paye good oute of nombre / And the messenger came to the kyng and told hym his message / And anon the kyng dyd doo assemble his armye / but anone or he departed the prysoners were comen / and syre gawayn and his felawes gate the felde and put the Romainys to flyght / and after retorned and came with their felauship in suche wyse / that

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no man of worship was loste of them / sauf that syr Gawayn was sore hurte / Thenne the kyng dyd do ransake his woundes and comforted hym / And thus was the begynnyng of the fyrst iourney of the brytons and Romainys / and ther were slayne of the Romainys moo than ten thousand / and grete ioye and myrthe was made that nyghte in the hoost of kyng Arthur / And on the morne he sente alle the prysoners in to parys vnder the garde of syre launcelot with many knyghtes & of syr Cador

¶ Capitulum vij

NOw torne we to the Emperour of Rome whiche aspyed that these prysoners shold be sente to Parys / and anone he sente to leye in a busschement certayne knyghtes and prynces with syxty thousand men for to rescowe his knyghtes and lordes that were prysoners / And so on the morne as Launcelot and syre Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the prysoners as they sholde passe thurgh a wode syr Launcelot sente certayne knyghtes tespye yf ony were in the woodes to lette them / And whanne the said knyghtes cam in to the wood / anone they aspyed and sawe the grete enbusschement / and retorned and told syr Launcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre score thousand Romayns / And thenne syr Launcelot with suche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of x M put them in araye and met wyth them and foughte with them manly / and slewe and dretenchid many of the Romayns / and slewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and sarasyns / ther was slayne the kynge of lylle and thre grete lordes Aladuke / herawde and heryngdale / but syr Launcelot fought soo nobly that no man myght endure a stroke of his hande / but where he came he shewed his prowesse and myght / for he slewe doune ryght on euery syde / And the Romayns and sarasyns fledde from hym as the sheep fro the wulf or fro the lyon / and putt them alle that abode alyue to flyght / And so longe they fouȝte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur / And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille / and sawe his knyghtes how they had

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vaynquysshed the bataylle / he enbraced them knyght by knyȝte in his armes and said ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worship / there was neuer kynge sauf my self that had so noble knyghtes / Syre sayd Cador there was none of vs failed other / but of the prowesse and manhode of syre Launcelot were more than wonder to telle / and also of his cosyns whiche dyd that daye many noble feates of werre / And also syre Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were slayne / as syr beriel & other syr Morys and syr Maurel two good knyghtes / thenne the kynge wepte and dried his eyen with a keuerchyef / & sayd your courage had nere hand destroyed yow / For though ye had retorned ageyne / ye had lost no worship / For I calle hit folly / knyghtes to abyde whan they be ouermatched / Nay sayd Launcelot and the other / For ones shamed maye neuer be recouerd

¶ Capitulum viij

NOw leue we kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche had wonne the felde / and had brought theyre prysoners to parys / and speke we of a senatour whiche escaped fro the bataille / and came to Lucius themperour & sayd to hym / Syre emperour I aduyse the for to withdrawe the / what dost thou here / thou shalt wyne noo thyng in these marches but grete strokes oute of al mesure / For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an honderd of ours Fy on the sayd Lucius thou spekest

cowardly / for thy wordes greue me more than alle the losse that I had this day / and anone he sende forth a kynge whiche hyghte syr leomye with a grete armye / and badde hym hye hym fast to fore / and he wold folowe hastely after / kynge Arthur was warned pryuely / & sente his peple to Sessoyne / and toke vp the townes & castels fro the Romainys / Thenne the kyng commaunded syr Cador to take the rereward / & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the round table / and syre Launcelot / syre Bors / syr kay / syre Marrok with syre Marhaus shalle awayte on our persone / Thus the kynge Arthur disperplyd his hoost in dyuerse partyes / to thende that his enemyes shold not escape / whanne the

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Emperour was entryd in to the vale of Sessoyne / he myghte see where kynge Arthur was enbatailled and his baner dysplayed / and he was bysette round aboute with his enemyes / that nedes he must fyghte or yelde hym / for he myght not flee / But sayd openly vnto the Romainys / syrs I admoneste you that this day ye fyghte and acquyte yow as men / and remembre how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the erthe and vnyuersal world / and suffre not these bretons thys day to abyde ageynste vs / & ther with he dyd commaunde hys trōpettes to blowe the bloody sownes in suche wyse that the ground trembled and dyndled / Thenne the batails approuched and shoue and showted on bothe sydes and grete strokes were smyten on bothe sydes / many men ouerthrowen / hurte / & slayn and grete valyaunces / prowesses and appertyces of werre were that day shewed / whiche were ouer long to recounte the noble feates of euery man / For they shold conteyne an hole volume / But in especyal kynge Arthur rode in the bataille exhortynge his knyghtes to doo wel / and hym self dyd as nobly with his handes as was possyble a man to doo / he drewe oute Excalibur his swerd / and awayted euer where as the romayns were thyckest and moost greued his peple / and anone he adressyd hym on that parte and hewe and slewe doune ryȝt and rescued his peple / and he slewe a grete gyaunt named galapas / whiche was a man of an huge quantyte and heyghte he shorted hym and smote of bothe his legges by the knees / sayenge Now arte thou better of a syse to dele with / than thou were / and after smote of his hede / there syre gawayn foughte nobly and slewe thre admyrales in that bataill / And so dyd alle the knyghtes of the round table / Thus the bataill bitwene kynge Arthur and Lucius themperour endured longe / Lucius had on his syde many sarasyns / whiche were slayn / and thus the bataille was grete / and oftsydes that one party was at a fordele and anone at an afterdele / whiche endured so longe tyl at the last kyng Arthur aspyed / where Lucius themperour fought / and dyd wonder with his owne handes / And anon he rode to hym / And eyther smote other fyersly / and atte last Lucyus smote Arthur thwart the vysage / and gaf hym a large wound / And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym self hurte / anon

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he smote hym ageyne with Excalibur that it clefted his hede fro the somette of his hede / and stynted not tyl it cam to his breste And thenne themperour fylle doune dede / and there ended his lyf / And whan it

was knowen that themperour was slayne anone alle the Romainys with all their hoost put them to flyght / and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes folowed the chaas / and slewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte atteyne / And thus was the vyctory gyuen to kynge Arthur & the tryumphe / and there were slayne on the party of Lucius moo than an hondred thousand / And after kyng Arthur dyd doo ransake the dede bodyes / and dyd doo burye them that were slayne of his retenue euery man accordyng to thestate & degree that he was of / And them that were hurte he lete the surgyens doo serche their hurtes and woundes / and commaunded to spare no salues ne medecynes tyl they were hole / Thenne the kyng rode straye to the place where themperour lucius lay dede / and with hym he fond slayne the Sowdan of Surrey / the kynge of Egypte and of Ethyope / whiche were two noble kynges with xvij other kynges of dyuerse regyons / and also syxty senatours of Rome al noble men / whome the kynge dyd do bawme and gomme with many good gommies aromatyk / and after dyd do cere them in syxty fold of cered clothe of Sendale / and leyd them in chestys of leed / by cause they shold not chauffe ne sauoure / and vpon alle these bodyes their sheldes with their armes and baners were sette / to thende they shold be knowen of what country they were / and after he fonde thre Senatours whiche were on lyue to whome he sayd / for to saue your lyues I wylle that ye take these dede bodyes / and carye them with yow vnto grete Rome / and presente them to the potestate on my behalve shewyng hym my letters / and telle them that I in my persone shal hastely be atte Rome / And I suppose the Romainys shalle beware how they shal demaunde ony trybute of me / And I commaunde yow to saye whan ye shal come to Rome to the potestate and all the councyll and Senate / that I sende to them these dede bodyes for the trybute that they haue demaunded / And yf they be not content with these / I shal paye more at my comyng / for other trybute owe I none / ne none other wylle I paye / And me

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thynketh this suffyseth for Bretayne / Irlond and al Almayne with germanye / And ferthermore I charge yow to saye to them / that I commaunde them vpon payne of theyre hedes neuer to demaunde trybute ne taxe of me ne of my londes Thenne with this charge and commaundement the thre Senatours afore sayd departed with alle the sayd dede bodyes leyng the body of Lucius in a carre couerd with tharmes of the Empyre al alone / And after alwey two bodyes of kynges in a charyot / and thenne the bodyes of Senatours after them and soo wente toward Rome / and shewed theyr legacyon & message to the potestate and Senate / recountyng the bataylle done in Fraunce / and how the feld was lost and moche people & Innumerable slayne / wherfore they aduysed them in no wyse to meue no more warre ageynste that noble conqueroure Arthur / For his myght and prowesse is most to be doubted seen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of the round table / to whome none erthely prynce may compare /

¶ Capitulo nono

NOW torne we vnto kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche after the grete bataylle acheued ageynste the Romainys / entryd in to Lorayne braban and Flaundres and sythen retorned in to hault

Almayn / and so ouer the mōtayns in to lombardye / and after in to Tuskane / wherin was a
Cyte / whiche in no wyse wold yelde them self ne obeye / wherfore kynge Arthur biseged it / and lay
longe aboute hit / and gaf many assaultes to the Cyte / And they within deffended them valyauntly /
Thenne on a tyme the kynge called syr florence a knyght / and sayd to hym they lacked vytaylle / and
not ferre from hens ben grete forestes and woodes / wherin ben many of myn enemyes with moche
bestyayl / I wyl that thou make the redy and goo thyder in foreyeng / and take with the syr Gawayn my
neuw / Syre wysshard / syre Clegys / Syre Cleremond and the Captayn of Cardef with other / & brynge
with yow alle the beestes that ye there can gete / And anone these knyghtes made them redy / and rode
ouer holtys & hyllys thurgh forestes and woodes / tyl they cam in to a fayr medow

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ful of fayre floures and grasse / And there they rested them & theyr horses alle that nyghte / And in the
spryngynge of the day in the next morne / syre Gawayn took his hors and stale away from his felauship
to seke some aduentures / And anon he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors easily by a wodes
syde / and his sheld laced to his sholdre syttyng on a stronge courser withoute ony man sauynge to a
page berynge a myghty spere . The knyght bare in his sheld thre gryffons of gold in sable charbuncle the
chyef of syluer / whan syre Gawayn aspyed this gay knyght / he fewtryd his spere and rode strait to
hym / and demaūded of hym from whens that he was that other ansuerd and sayd he was of
Tuscane / and demaunded of syre gawayn / what profyrst thou proude knyghte the so boldly / here
getest thou no praye / thou mayst proue whā thou wylt / for thou shalt be my prysoner or thou
departe /

¶ Thenne sayd gawayn / thou auauntest the gretely and spekest proude wordes / I coūceyllle the
for alle thy boost that thou make the redy / and take thy gere to the / to fore gretter grame falle to the

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne they took theyr speres and ranne eche at other with alle the myghte they had / and smote eche
other thurgh their sheldes in to theyr sholders / wherfore anone they pulled oute their swerdes / and
smote grete strokes that the fyre sprange oute of their helmes / Thenne syre gawayne was al abashed and
with galatyn his good swerd he smote thurgh shelde and thycke hauberke made of thyck maylles and al
to russhed and brake the precious stones / and made hym a large wounde / that men myghte see bothe
lyuer and long / Thenne groned that knyght / and adressyd hym to syr Gawayn / & with an awke stroke
gaf hym a grete wound and kytte a vayne / whiche greued gawayn sore / and he bledde sore /

¶ Thenne the knyghte sayd to syre Gawayn / bynde thy wounde or thy blee chaunge / for thou bybledest
al thy hors and thy fayre armes / For alle the Barbours of Bretayne shal not conne staunche thy blood /
For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shalle

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neuer be staunched of bledynge / Thenne ansuerd gawayn hit greueth me but lytyl / thy grete wordes shalle not feare me ne lasse my courage / but thow shalt suffre tene and sorow or we departe / but telle me in hast who maye staunche my bledynge / That may I doo sayd the knyght yf I wylle / And so wyl I yf thou wylt socoure an ayde me that I maye be crystned and byleue on god / And therof I requyre the of thy manhode / and it shalle be grete meryte for they soule I graunte said Gawayne so god helpe me accomplishshe alle thy desyre / But fyrst telle me what thou soughtest here thus allone / and of what londe and legeaunce thou arte of / Syre he sayd my name is Pryamus / and a grete prynce is my fader / and he hath ben rebelle vnto Rome and ouer ryden many of theyr londes / My fader is lyneally descended of Alysaunder and of hector by ryght lygne / And duke Iosue and Machabeus were of oure lygnage / I am ryght enherytour of Alysaunder and auffryke and alle the oute yles / yet wyl I byleue on thy lord that thow byleuest on / And for thy laboure I shalle yeue the tresour ynough / I was soo elate and hauteyn in my hert that I thought no man my pere ne to me semblable / I was sente in to this werre with seuen score knyghtes / and now I haue encountred with the whiche hast gyuen to me of fyghtyng my fylle / wherfore syr knyghte I pray the to telle me what thow arte / I am no knyght sayd gawayn / I haue ben brought vp in the garderober with the noble kynge Arthur many yeres for to take hede to his armour and his other araye / and to poynte his paltockes that longen to hym self / At yole last he made me yoman and gaf to me hors and harneys and an honderd pound in money / And yf fortune be my frend / I doubte not / but to be wel auaunced and holpen by my lyege lord / A sayd Pryamus / yf his knauys be so kene and fyers / his knyȝtes ben passynge good / Now for the kynges loue of heuen whether thou be a knaue or a knyghte telle thou me thy name / By god sayd syre Gawayn / Now wyl I saye the sothe / my name is syre gawayn and knowen I am in his courte and in his chambre / and one of the knyghtes of the round table / he dubbed me a duke with owne hand / Therefore grutche not yf this grace is to me fortunad / hit is the goodnesse of god

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that lente to me my strengthe / Now am I better pleasyd sayd Pryamus than thou haddest gyuen to me al the prouynce and parys the ryche / I had leuer to haue ben torn with wylde horses / than ony varlet had wonne suche loos / or ony page or pryker shold haue had prys on me / But now syre knyghte I warne the / that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the noblest men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye / with the garneson of godard / and sarasyns of Southland ynombred lx M of good men of armes / wherfor but yf we hye vs hens / it wylle harme vs bothe / for we ben sore hurte / neuer lyke to recouer / but take hede to my page that he no horne blowe / For yf he doo ther ben houynge fast by an C knyȝtes awaytynge on my persone / and yf they take the / ther shall no raunson of gold ne syluer acqyte the / Thenne syre gawayne rode ouer a water for to saue hym / And the knyghte folowed hym / and soo

rode forthe tyl they came to his felawes / whiche were in the medowe / where they had ben al the nyghte
Anone as syre wychard was ware of syre gawayn and sawe that he was hurte / he ranne to hym
soroufully wepyng / and demaunded of hym who had soo hurte hym / and gawayn told how he had
foughten with that man / and eche of them hadde hurte other / and how he had salues to hele them / but I
can telle yow other tydynges / that soone we shal haue adoo with many enemyes / Thenne syre pryamus
and syre gawayn alyghted / and lete theire horses grase in the medowe and vnarmed them / And thenne
the blood ranne fresshly fro theyre woundes / And pryamus toke fro his page a vyolle ful of the four
waters that came oute of paradys / and with certayne baume enoynted theyr woundes / and wesshe them
with that water / & within an houre after / they were both as hole as euer they were / And thenne with a
trompet were they alle assembled to councelle / And there pryamus told vnto them / what lordes and
knyghtes had sworne to rescowe hym / and that without faille they shold be assailed with many
thousandes / wherfor he counceilled them to withdrawe them / Thenne syre gawayn sayd it were grete
shame to them to auoyde withoute ony strokes / Wherfore I aduyse to take oure armes and to make vs
redy to mete with these sarasyns and mysbyleyng men / and wyth

leaf 90r

the helpe of god we shal ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them / And syre Florens shall abyde
styll in this felde to kepe the stale as a noble knyghte / and we shal not forsake yonder felawes / Now
sayd Pryamus seasse your wordes / for I warne yow ye shal fynde in yonder woodes many peryllous
knyghtes / they wylle put forthe beestes to calle yow on / they be out of nombre / and ye are not past vij
C whiche ben ouer fewe to fyght with soo many / Neuertheles sayd syr gawayn we shal ones encountre
them / and see what they can do and the beste shalle haue the vycory

¶ Capitulo xj

Thenne syre Florence callyd to hym syre florydas with an honderd knyghtes and droofe forth the herde
of bestes / Thenne folowed hym vij honderd men of armes / and syr Feraunt of spayne on a fayr stede
came spryngynge oute of the woodes / and came to syre Florence and axyd hym why he fledde / Thenne
syre Florence took his spere / and rode ageynste hym / and smote hym in the forhede and brake his
necke bone / Thenne all thother were meued / and thought to auenge the dethe of syr Feraunt / and smote
in emonge them / and there was grete fyghte and many slayne and leyd doune to grounde / and syr
Florence with his C knyghtes alwey kepte the stale and foughte manly /

¶ Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght perceyued the grede fyght / he wente to syre Gawayn / and
badde hym that he shold goo and socoure his felauship / whiche were sore bystad with their enemyes /
Syr greue yow not sayd syre Gawayn / For theyr gree shall be theirs I shall not ones meue my hors to
them ward / but yf I see mo than ther ben / For they ben stronge ynough to matche them / & with that he
sawe an erle called syre Ethelwold and the duk of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many
thousādes & pryamus kny3tes / & cam straye vn to the bataylle / thēne sir gawayn

comforted his knyghtes / and bad them not to be abashed / for al shal be ours / therefore they began
to wallope & mette with their enemyes / there were many slain & ouerthrowen on euery

leaf 90v

syde / Thenne threstyd in amonge them the knyghtes of the table round / and smote doune to the erthe
alle them that wythstode them / in soo moche that they made them to recuyelle & flee / By god sayd syre
Gawayn this gladeth my herte / for now ben they lasse in nombre by xx M / Thenne entryd in to the
bataylle Iubaunce a geaunt / and fought and slewe doune ryght and distressyd many of our knyghtes /
amonge whome was slayne syre Gherard a knyght of walys / Thenne oure knyghtes toke herte to them /
and slewe many sarasyns / And thenne came in syr Priamus with his penon / and rode with the knyghtes
of the round table / and fought so manfully that many of their enemyes lost theyr lyues / And ther syr
Priamus slewe the Marquys of Moyses land / and syre gawayn with his felawes so quytte hem that they
had the feld / but in that stoure was syr Chestelayne a chyld and ward of syre Gawayne slayne / wherfore
was moche sorow made / and his deth wes soone auengyd / Thus was the bataille ended and many lordes
of lombardye and sarasyns left dede in the feld /

¶ Thenne syre florence and syre Gawayne herberowed surely theyr peple / and token grete plente of
bestyal of gold & syluer and grete tresour and rychesse and retorned vnto kyng Arthur whiche lay styl at
the syege / And whanne they came to the kynge / they presented theyr prysoners and recounted theyre
aduentures / and how they had vaynquysshed theyre enemyes

¶ Capitulum xij

NOW thanked be god sayd the noble kynge Arthur / But what maner man is he that standeth by hym self
hym semed no prysoner / Syre sayd Gawayne this is a good man of armes / he hath matched me / but he
is yolden vnto god and to me for to bycome Crysten had not he haue be we shold neuer haue rotorned /
wherfor I pray yow that he may be baptysed / for ther lyueth not a nobler man ne better knyght of his
handes / thenne the kyng lete hym anon be crystned / and dyd doo calle hym his fyrste name Pryamus /
and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round

¶ And thenne anon the kynge lete do crye assaulte to the cyte / and there was rerynge of laddres brekyng
of wallys and the dyche fylled /

leaf 91r

that men with lytel payne myȝt entre in to the cyte / th&eacron;ne cam out a duchesse / & Clarysyn the countesse with many ladyes & damoysels / and knelyng bifore kyng Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to receyue the cyte / & not to take it by assaulte for thenne shold many gyltles be slayne / th&eacron;ne the kyng aualyd his vyser with a meke & noble co&uacron;tena&uacron;ce / & said madame ther shal none of my subgettys mysdoo you ne your maydens / ne to none that to yow longen / but the duke shal abyde my Iugement / thenne anone the kyng commaunded to leue the assault / & anon the dukes oldest sone brought out the keyes / & knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng / & bysouȝt hym of grace / & the kyng seased the toun by assent of his lordes / & toke the duc & sent hym to douer there for to abyde prysoner terme of his lyf & assigned certayn rentes for the dower of the duchesse & for her children / Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & lawes as a lord ought to do in his owne countrey / & after he took his iourney toward Rome / & sent sir Florys & syr florydas to fore with v C men of armes / & they cam to the cyte of vrbyne & leid there a busschement there as them semed most best for them / & rode to fore the toune / where anon yssued oute moche peple & skarmusshed with the fore rydars / th&eacron;ne brake out the busschement & wan the brydge & after the toun / & set vpon the wallis the kynges baner / th&eacron;ne cam the kyng vpon an hille & sawe the Cyte & his baner on the wallys / by whiche he knewe that the Cyte was wonne / & anone he sente & commaunded that none of his lyege men shold defoule ne lygge by no lady / wyf / ne maide / & whan he cam in to the cyte / he passid to the castel / and comforted them that were in sorou / & ordeyned ther a captayn a knyȝt of his own co&uacron;trei / & whan they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was w&uacron;ne / they sent to kyng Arthur grete s&uacron;mes of money / & besouȝt hym as their lord to haue pyte of them / promysyng to be his subgettys for euer / & yelde to hym homage & fealte for the l&uacron;des of plesa&uacron;ce & pauye / petersaynt & the port of tremble / & to gyue hym yerly a melyon of gold al his lyf tyme / th&eacron;ne he rydeth in to Tuskane & wynneth tounes & castels & wasted al in his way that to hym wil not obeye / & so to spolute & viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the vale of vyceco&uacron;te among the vynes And fro thens he sente to the senatours to wete / whether they

leaf 91v

wold knowe hym for theyr lord / But soone after on a saterday came vnto kyng Arthur alle the senatours that were left on lyue / and the noblest Cardynals that thenne dwellyd in Rome / And prayd hym of pees / and profered hym ful large And bysought hym as gouernour to gyue lycence for vj wekes for to assemble alle the Romayns / And thenne to crowne hym Emperour with creme as it bylongeth to so hyhe astate / I assente sayd the kyng lyke as ye haue deuysed / and at crystemas there to be crowned / and to holde my round table with my knyghtes as me lyketh / And thenne the senatours maade redy for his Intronysacyon / And at the day appoynted as the Romaunce telleth he came in to Rome / and was crouned emperour by the popes hand with all the ryalte that coude be made / And sudgerned there a tyme / and establysshed all his londes from Rome in to Fraunce / and gaf londes and royaumes vnto his seruauntes and knyghtes to eueryche after his desert in suche wyse that none complayned ryche ne poure / & he gafe to syre Pryamus the duchye of Lorayne / and he thanked hym and sayd he wold serue hym the dayes of his lyf / and after made dukes and erles / and made euery man ryche / Thenne after this alle his knyghtes and lordes assembled them afore hym / and sayd blessyd be god your warre is

fynysshed and your conquest acheued / in soo moche that we knowe none soo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynst yow / wherfore we byseche you to retorne homeward / and gyue vs lycence to goo home to our wyues / fro whome we haue ben longe / and to reste vs / for your Iourney is fynysshed with honour & **woship** [sic; correction = worship] / Thenne sayd the kyng / ye saye trouthe / and for to tempte god it is no wysedome / And therfore make you redy and retorne we in to Englund / Thenne there was trussyng of harneis and bagage and grete caryage / And after lycence gyuen he retorned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe shold not robbe ne take vytaylle / ne other thyng by the way but that he shold paye therfore / And thus he came ouer the see and loded at sandwyche / ageynste whome Quene Gweneuer his wyf came and mette hym / and he was nobly receyued of alle his comyns in euery cyte and burgh / and grete yeftes presented to hym at his home comyng to welcome hym with /

leaf 92r

¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conqueste that kynge Arthur hadde ageynste Lucius the Emperoure of Rome / and here foloweth the syxth book whiche is of syr Launcelot du lake

[Book Six: Syr Launcelot du Lake]

¶ Capitulum primum

SOone after that kyng Arthur was come / fro rome in to Englund / thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round resorted vnto the kyng / & made many Iustes & turnementes / & some there were that were but knyȝtes whiche encreaced so in armes and worship that they passed alle their felawes in prowesse and noble dedes / and that was wel preued on many But in especyal it was preued on syre launcelot du lake / for in al turnementys and Iustes and dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he passed al other knyȝtes / and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome / but yf it were by treson or enchauntement / so syr Launcelot encreaced soo merueyllously in worship / and in honour / therfor is he the fyrst knyȝt that the frensshe book maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur came fro rome / wherfore quene gweneuer had hym in grete fauour aboue al other knyghtes . and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboue al other ladyes damoysels of his lyf / And for her he dyd many dedes of armes and saued her from the fyre thorou his noble chyualry / Thus syre launcelot rested hym longe with play & game / And thenne he thought hym self to preue hym self in straunge auentures / thenne he badde his neuewe syre Lyonel for to make hym redy / for we two wylle seke aduentures / So they mounted on their horses armed at al rygthes / and rode in to a depe forest & soo in to a depe playne /

¶ And thenne the weder was hote about noone / and syre launcelot had grete lust to slepe / Thenne syr lyonel aspyed a grete Appyl tree that stode by an hedge / & said broder yonder is a fayre shadowe / there maye we reste vs on oure horses / hit is wel saide faire broder said syr launcelot / for this viij yere I was not so slepy as I am now / and so they there alyghted & tayed their horses vnto sondry trees / and so syr

launcelot layd hym doune vnder an appyl tree / and his helme he layd vnder his hede / And Syre

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lyonel waked whyle he slepte / Soo syre launcelot was a slepe passynge fast / And in the mene whyle there came thre knyghtes rydyng as faste fleyng as euer they myghte ryde And there folowed hem thre but one knyghte / And whanne syr lyonel sawe hym / hym thought he sawe neuer soo grete a knyghte nor soo wel farynge a man neyther soo wel apparailled vnto al rygthes / Soo within a whyle this strong knyȝt had ouertaken one of these knyghtes / and there he smote hym to the cold erth that he lay styll / And than he rode vnto the second knyght / and smote hym soo that man and hors felle doune / And thenne streyghte to the thyrdde knyghte he rode and smote hym behynde his hors ars a spere length / And thenne he alyghte doune arayned his hors on the brydel & bonde alle the thre knyghtes fast with the raynes of their owne brydels / Whan syr lyonel sawe hym doo thus / he thought to assay hym / & made hym redy & styll / and pryuely he took his hors & thoughte not for to awake syr launcelot / And whan he was mounted vpon his hors / he ouertoke this strong knyght / & bad hym torne / and the other smote syr lyonel so hard that hors & man he bare to the erthe / & so he alyght down & bound hym fast and threwe hym ouerthwart his owne hors / and soo he serued hem al foure / & rode with hem away to his owne castel / And whan he came there he garte vname them & bete hem with thornys al naked / & after put hem in a depe pryson where were many mo knyghtes that made grete doloure

¶ Capitulum secundum /

WHan syre Ector de marys wist that syre launcelot was past out of the court to seke aduentures he was wroth with hym self / & made hym redy to seke syre launcelot / & as he had ryden long in a grete forest he mette with a man was lyke a foster / Fayre felaw said syre Ector knowest thou in thys countrey ony aduentures that ben here nyghe hand / Syr sayd the foster / this countrey knowe I wel . and here by within thys myle / is a stronge manoir and wel dyked / & by that manoir on the lyfte hand there is a faire fourde for horses to drynke of / and ouer that fourde there groweth a fayr tree / and theron hangen many fayre sheldes that welded somtyme good knyghtes / & atte hoole of the tree hangeth a bacyn of coper & latoen /

leaf 93r

and stryke vpon that bacyn with the but of thy spere thryes / And soone after thou shalt here newe tydynges / And ellys hast thou the fayrest grace that many a yere had euer knyght that passed thorou this forest / gramercy sayd syre Ector / and departed / and came to the tree and sawe many fayre sheldes And

amonge them he sawe his broders sheld syr Lyonel and many moo that he knewe that were his felawes of the round table / the whiche greued his herte / and promysed to reuenge his broder / Thenne anone syr Ector bete on the bacyn as he were wood / and thenne he gaf his hors drynke at the fourde / & ther came a knyghte behynd hym / and bad hym come oute of the water and make hym redy / and syre Ector anone torned hym shortly and in fewter cast his spere and smote the other knyghte a grete buffet that his hors torned twyes aboute / This was wel done said the strong knyȝt / & knyȝtly thou hast stryken me / And therwith he russhed his hors on syre Ector / and cleyȝte hym vnder his ryght arme & bare hym clene out of the sadel / and rode with hym away in to his owne halle / & threwe hym doune in myddes of the floore / the name of thys knyghte was syre Turquyne / than he said vnto syre Ector for thou hast done this day more vnto me than ony knyghte dyd these xij yeres / Now wille I graunte the thy lyf so thou wilt be sworn to be my prysoner all thy lyf dayes / Nay said sir Ector / that wylle I neuer promyse the / but that I will do myne auantage / That me repenteth sayd syre Turquyne / and thenne he garte to vnarme hym and bete hym with thornys all naked / and sythen putte hym doune in a depe dungeon where he knewe many of his felawes / But whan syre Ector sawe syr lyonel thenne made he grete sorowe / Allas broder sayd sir Ector / where is my broder syre Launcelot / Fayre broder I lefte hym on slepe whan that I from hym yode vnder an appel tree and what is become of hym I can not telle yow / Allas said the knyghtes / but syre launcelot helpe vs we may neuer be delyuerd / for we knowe now noo knyght that is able to matche oure mayster Turquyn

¶ Capitulum tercium

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NOW leue we these knyghtes prysoners and speke we of syre Launcelott du lake that lyeth vnder the Appyl Tree slepynge / euen aboute the noone there come by hym foure quenes of grete estate / And for the hete shold not nyhe hem there rode foure knyghtes aboute hem / and bare a clothe of grene sylke on foure speres betwixe them and the sonne / And the quenes rode on foure whyte mules

¶ Thus as they rode they herde by them a grete hors grymly neye / thenne were they ware of a slepynge knyghte that laye alle armed vnder an appyl tree / anone as these quenes loked on his face / they knewe it was syre launcelot / Thenne they byganne for to stryue for that knyghte / euerychone sayd they wold haue hym to her loue /

¶ We shalle not stryue sayd Morgan le fay that was kynge Arthurs syster / I shalle putte an enchauntement vpon hym / that he shalle not awake in syxe owres / And thenne I wylle lede hym away vnto my castel / And whanne he is surely within my hold / I shalle take the enchauntement from hym / And thenne lete hym chese whyche of vs he wylle haue vnto peramour /

¶ Soo thys enchauntement was caste vpon syre Launcelot / And thenne they leyd hym vpon his shelde /

and bare hym soo an horsback betwixt two knyghtes / and brought hym vnto the castel charyot / and there they leyd hym in a chambyr cold / and att nyghte they sente vnto hym a fayre damoyssel with his souper redy dyght By that the enchauntement was past / And whan she came she salewed hym / and asked hym what chere / I can not saye fayre damoyssel said syre Launcelot / for I wote not how I cam in to this castel / but it be by an enchauntement / Syre sayd she ye must make good chere / And yf ye be suche a knyghte as it is sayd ye ben / I shalle telle you more to morne by pryme of the daye / Gramercy fayre damoyssel sayd syre Launcelot of youre good wyl I requyre yow / And soo she departed / And there he laye alle that nyght withoute comforte of ony body

¶ And on the morne erly came these foure quenes passyngly wel bysene / Alle they byddyng hym good morne / and he them ageyne /

¶ Syre knyghte the foure quenes sayd thow must vnderstande thou arte our prysoner / and we here knowe the wel that thou arte syre Launcelot du laake / kynge Bans

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sone / And by cause we vnderstande your worthynes that thou arte the noblest knyght lyuyng / And as we knowe wel ther can no lady haue thy loue but one / and that is quene Gweneuer / and now thow shalt lose her for euer and she the / and therfore the behoueth now to chese one of vs four / I am the quene Morgan le fay quene of the land of Gorre / and here is the quene of Northgalys and the quene of Eestland / and the quene of the oute yles / ¶ Now chese one of vs whiche thou wylt haue to thy peramour / for thou mayst not chese or els in thys pryson to dye / This is an hard caaas sayd syre Launcelot that eyther I muste dye or els chese one of yow / yet had I leuer to dye in this pryson with worship than to haue one of you to my peramour maugre my hede / And therfore ye be ansuerd I wylle none of yow for ye be fals enchauntresses / And as for my lady dame Gweneuer / were I at my lyberte as I was / I wold preue hit on you or on yours / that she is the truest lady vnto her lord lyuyng / Wel sayd the quenes / is this your ansuer that ye wylle reffuse vs / ye on my lyf sayd syr launcelot / reffused ye ben of me / Soo they departed and lefte hym there alone that made grete sorowe

¶ Capitulum quartum

RYght so at the noone came the damoyssel vnto hym with his dyner / and asked hym what chere / truly fayre damoyssel sayd syre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer so ylle / sir she sayd that me repentest / but and ye wylle be reulyd by me / I shal help you out of this distresse / and ye shal haue no shame nor vylony soo that ye hold me a promyse / fayre damoyssel I wil graunte yow / and sore I am of these quenes sorceresses aferd / for they haue destroyed many a good knyght / syre sayd she that is sothe and for the renome and bounte that they here of you / they wold haue your loue / and sir they sayne / your name is syre Launcelot du laake the floure of knyghtes / & they be passyng wrothe with yow that ye

haue reffused hem / But syre and ye wold promyse me to helpe my fader on tewesdaye next comynge /
that hath made a turnement betwixe hym and

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the kynge of Northgalys / for the last tewesdaye past my fader lost the felde thorough thre knyghtes of
Arthurs courte / And ye wyll be there on tewesday next comyng / and helpe my fader to morne or pryme
by the grace of god I shalle delyuer yow clene / Fayre mayden sayd syr launcelot telle me what is your
faders name / and thenne shal I gyue you an ansuer / Syre knyghte she sayd / my fader is kyng
Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the last turnement / I knowe your fader wel said syre launcelot
for a noble kyng and a good knyghte / And by the feythe of my body ye shalle haue my body redy to doo
your fader and you seruyse at that day / Syre she sayd gramercy / and to morne awayte ye be redy by
tymes and I shal be she that shal delyuer you / and take you your armoure and your hors shelde and
spere / And here by within this x myle is an Abbey of whyte monkes / there I praye you that ye me
abyde / and thyder shal I brynge my fader vnto you / alle thys shal be done saide syre Launcelot as I am
true knyghte / and soo she departed and came on the morne erly / and found hym redy / thenne she
brought hym oute of twelue lockes & brouȝt hym vnto his armour / & whan he was clene armed / she
brought hym vntyl his owne hors / and lyghtely he sadeled hym and toke a grete spere in his hand / and
soo rode forth / and sayd fayre damoyssel I shal not faile you by the grace of god / And soo he rode in to
a grete forest all that day / and neuer coude fynde no hyghe waye / and soo the nyght felle on hym / and
thenne was he ware in a slade of a paelione of reed sendel / By my feythe sayd syre launcelot in that
paelione wil I lodge alle this nyghte / and soo there he alyghte doune and tayed his hors to the
paelione / and there he vnarmed hym / and there he fond a bedde / and layd hym theryn / and felle on
slepe sadly

¶ Capitulum v

THenne within an houre there came the knyghte to whome the paelione ought / And he wende that his
lemā had layne in that bedde / and soo he laid hym doune besyde syr Launcelot / and toke hym
in his armes and beganne to kysse

leaf 95r

hym / And whanne syre launcelot felte a rough berd kyssyng hym / he starte oute of the bedde lyghtely /
and the other knyȝt after hym / and eyther of hem gate their swerdes in their handes / and oute at the
paelione dore wente the knyghte of the paelione / and syre launcelot folowed hym / and ther by a lytyl

slake syr launcelot wounded hym sore nyghe vnto the deth And thenne he yelded hym vnto syre launcelot / and so he graūted hym so that he wold telle hym why he came in to the bedde Syre sayd the knyght the paelione is myn owne / and there thys nyght I had assygned my lady to haue slepte with me And now I am lykely to dye of this wounde / that me repenteth sayd Launcelot of youre hurte / but I was adrad of treson / for I was late begyled / and therfore come on your way in to your paelione and take your rest / And as I suppose I shalle staunche your blood / and soo they wente bothe in to the paelione / And anone syre launcelot staunched his blood / There with al came the knyghtes lady / that was a passynge fayre lady / And whanne she aspyed that her lord Belleus was sore wounded she cryed oute on syre launcelot / and made grete dole oute of mesure / Pees my lady and my loue said Belleus / for this knyght is a goood man and a knyght aduenturous / and there he told her all the cause how he was woūded / And whan that I yolde me vnto hym / he left me goodely and hath staunched my blood / Syre sayd the lady I requyre the telle me what knyght ye be / and what is youre name / Fayr lady he sayd / my name is syre launcelot du lake / soo me thought euer by your speche sayd the lady / for I haue sene yow ofte or this / and I knowe you better than ye wene /

¶ But now and ye wold promyse me of your curtosy for the harmes that ye haue done to me and to my lord Belleus that whanne he cometh vnto Arthurs courte for to cause hym to be made knyghte of the roūd table / for he is a passyng good man of armes and a myghty lord of landes of many oute yles /

¶ Fayre lady said syr launcelot lete hym come vnto the courte the next hyhe feest / and loke that ye come with hym / and I shal doo my power / and ye preue you doughty of your handes that ye shalle haue your desyre

¶ So thus within a while as they thus talked the nyghte passed / and the daye shone / and

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thenne syre launcelot armed hym / and took his hors / and they taught hym to the Abbaye and thyder he rode within the space of two owrys

¶ Capitulum Sextum /

ANd soone as syre launcelott came withyn the Abbeye yarde / the doughter of kynge Bagdemagus herd a grete hors goo on the pauyment / And she thenne aroos and yede vnto a wyndowe / and there she sawe syr launcelot / and anone she made men fast to take his hors from hym / & lete lede hym in to a stabyl / and hym self was ledde in to a fayre chamber / and vnarmed hym / and the lady sente hym a longe goun / & anone she came her self / And thēne she made launcelot passyng good chere / and she sayd he was the kny&it in the world was moost welcome to her / Thenne in al haste she sente for her fader

Bagdemagus that was within xij myle of that Abbay and afore euen he came with a fayre felauship of knyghtes wyth hym / And whanne the kyng was alyghte of his hors he yode streyte vnto syr launcelots chamber / and there he fond hys doughter / and thenne the kyng enbraced syr Launcelot in hys armes / and eyther made other good chere / Anone syre launcelot made his complaynt vnto the kyng how he was bytrayed And how his broder syre lyonel was departed from hym / he nyst not where / and how his doughter had delyuerd hym out of pryson / therfor whyle I lyue I shal doo her seruyse and al her kynred / Thenne am I sure of youre helpe sayd the kyng on teweday next comynge / ye syr sayd syr launcelot / I shalle not faylle yow / for soo I haue promyfed my lady your doughter / But syre what knyghtes be they of my lord Arthurs that were with the kyng of Northgalys / and the kyng sayd it was syre madore de laporte / and syr Mordred and syr gahalaytyne that al fur fared my knyghtes / for ageynst hem thre I nor my knyghtes myghte bere no strenghte / Syre sayde syre launcelot as I here say that the turnement shal be here within this thre myle of this abbay / ye shal sende vnto me thre knyghtes of yours suche as ye trust and loke that the thre knyghtes haue al whyte sheldes & I also & no paynture on the sheldes / & and we four will come out of a lytel wood in myddes of both

leaf 96r

partyes / and we shalle falle in the frounte of oure enemyes & greue hem that we may / And thus shal I not be knowen what knyght I am / Soo they took their rest that nyght / and thys was on the sonday / and soo the kyng departed / and sente vnto syre launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte sheldes And on the teweday they lodged hem in a lytyl leued wood besyde there the turnement shold be / And there were scaffoldis and holes that lordes and ladyes myghte beholde and to gyue the pryse / Thenne came in to the feld the kyng of Northgalys with eyght score helmes / And thenne the thre knyghtes of Arthur stode by them self /

¶ Thenne cam in to the feld kyng Bagdemagus with four score of helmys / And thenne they fewtryd their sperys / and cam to gyders with a grete dasshe / & there were slayn of knyghtes at the first recountre xij of kyng Bagdemagus parte / and syx of the kyng of Northgalys party / and kyng Bagdemagus party was ferre sette a back /

¶ Capitulum septimum

WYth that came syr Launcelot du lake and he threste in with his spere in the thyckest of the prees / and there he smote doune with one spere fyue knyghtes / and of foure of hem he brake their backes / And in that throng he smote doune the kyng of Northgalys / and brake his thye in that falle / Alle thys doynge of syre Launcelot sawe the thre knyghtes of Arthurs / Yonder is a shrewde gest sayd syre Madore de la port therfore haue here ones at hym / soo they encountred / and syre Launcelot bare hym doune hors and man / soo that his sholder wente oute of lyth / Now befalleth it to me to Iuste sayd Mordred / for syr Mador hath afore falle / Syre Launcelot was ware of hym / and gate a grete spere in his hand / and mette

hym and syr Mordred brake a spere vpon hym / and syre launcelot gaf hym suche a buffet that the arsson of his sadel brake / & soo he flewe ouer his hors taylle that his helme butte in to the erthe a foote and more that nyhe his neck was broken / & there he lay longe in a swoune /

¶ Thenne came in syr Gahalantyne with a grete spere / and Launcelot ageynst hym with al theyre strength that they myȝt dryue that both her speres to brast euen

leaf 96v

to their handes / and thenne they flang out with their swerdes and gaf many a grym stroke / Thenne was syr launcelot wroth oute of mesure / and thene he smote syr galahantyne on the helme that his nose braste oute on blood and eerys and mouthe bothe / and ther with his hede henge lowe / And therwith his hors ranne away with hym / and he felle doune to the erthe / Anone there with al syre launcelot gate a greete spere in hys hand / And or euer that grete spere brake / he bare doune to the erthe xvj knyghtes some hors and man / and some the man & not the hors / & there was none but that he hyt surely he bare none armes that day / And thenne he gate another grete spere & smote doune twelue knyghtes / and the moost party of hem neuer throfe after / And thēne the knyȝtes of the kyng of northgalys wold Iuste nomore / And there the gree was was gyuen to kynge Bagdemagus / So eyther party departed vnto his owne place / and syr launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus vnto his castel / and there he had passynge good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter / and they profred hym grete yeftes / And on the morne he took his leue / and told the kynge that he wold goo and seke his broder syre Lyonel that wente from hym whan that he slepte / so he toke his hors / and betaught hem alle to god / And there he sayd vnto the kynges doughter yf ye haue nede ony tyme of my seruyse I praye you lete me have knouleche / and I shal not faylle you as I am true knyght / and so syr launcelot departed / and by aduenture he came in to the same forest / there he was take slepyng / And in the myddes of an hyhe way he mette a damoyssel rydyng on a whyte palfroy / and there eyther salewed other / Fayre damoyssel said syre launcelot knowe ye in this countray ony aduentures / syre knyghte sayd that damoyssel / here are aduentures nere hand / and thou durst preue hem / why shold I not preue aduentures said syre launcelot for that cause come I hyder / Wel sayd she thou semest wel to be a good knyght / And yf thou dare mete with a good knyght / I shal brynge the where is the best knyght / and the myghtyest that euer thou fond / so thou wylt telle me what is thy name / and what knyght thou arte / damoyssel as for to telle the my name I take no grete force / Truly my name is syre laūcelot du lake / syre thou bysemyst

leaf 97r

wel / here ben aduentures by that fallen for the / for here by duelleth a knyght that wylle not be ouermatched for no man I knowe but ye ouermatche hym / & his name is syre Turquyne And as I

vnderstand he hath in his pryson of Arthurs courte good knyghtes thre score and foure / that he hath wonne with his owne handes / But whan ye haue done that Iourney ye shal promyse me as ye are a true knyght for to go with me and to helpe me / and other damoysels that are distressid dayly with a fals knyghte / All your entente damoysel and desyre I wylle fulfyllen / soo ye wyl brynge me vnto this knyghte Now fayre knyght come on your waye / and soo she broughte hym vnto the fourde and the tre where henge the bacyn / So sir launcelot lete his hors drynke / and sythen he bete on the bacyn with the butte of his spere so hard with al his myght tyl the bottom felle oute / and longe he dyd soo but he sawe noo thyng Thenne he rode endlong the gates of that manoyre nyghe half an houre / And thenne was he ware of a grete knyght that drofe an hors afore hym / and ouerthwarte the hors there lay an armed knyght bounden / And euer as they came nere and nere / syre launcelot thougt he shold knowe hym / Thenne sir launcelot was ware that hit was syre gaherys Gawayns broder a knyghte of the table round / Now fayre damoysel sayd sir launcelot / I see yonder cometh a knyght fast bounden that is a felawe of myne / and broder he is vnto syr gawayne / And att the fyrst begynnyng I promyse yow by the leue of god to rescowe that knyght / But yf his mayster sytte better in the sadel I shal delyuer alle the prysoners that he hath oute of daunger / for I am sure he hath two bretheren of myne prysoners with hym / By that tyme that eyther had sene other / they grypped theyr speres vnto them / Now fayre knyghte sayd syr launcelot / put that wounded knyghte of the hors / and lete hym reste a whyle / and lete vs two preue oure strengthes / For as it is enformed me thou doest and hast done grete despyte and shame vnto knyghtes of the round table / and therfor now defende the / And thou be **of** [correction; sic = os] the table round sayd Turquyne I defye the and alle thy felauship / that is ouermuche sayd / sayd syre launcelot

leaf 97v

¶ Capitulum viij

AND thenne they put theyr speres in the restys / & cam to gyders with her horses as fast as they myght renne / And eyther smote other in myddes of theyre sheldes that bothe theyre horse backes braste vnder them / and the knyghtes were bothe astonyed / and as soone as they myghte auoyde theyre horses / they took theire sheldes afore them / and drewe oute her swerdes / and came to gyder egerly / and eyther gaf other many stronge strokes / for there myght neyther sheldes nor harneis hold theyr strokes / And soo within a whyle they hadde bothe grymly woundes / and bledde passynge greuously / Thus they ferd two houres or mo trasyng and rasyng eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place / Thenne at the last they were bretheles bothe / and stode lenyng on theyre swerdes / Now felawe sayd syr Turquyne hold thy hand a whyle / and telle me what I shal aske the / Say on thenne Turquyne sayd thou arte the byggest man that euer I mette with al / and the beste brethed / and lyke on knyght that I hate aboue al other knyghtes / so be hit that thou be not he I wyl lyghtly accorde with the / & for thy loue I wil delyuer al the prysoners that I haue that is thre score and foure / soo thou wylt telle me thy name / And thou and I we wyl be felawes to gyders and neuer to fayle the whyle that I lyue / it is wel sayd / sayd syr launcelot / but sythen hit is soo that I may haue thy frendship what knyght is he that thou soo hatest aboue al other / Feythfully sayd syr Turquyne his name is syre launcelot du lake / for he slewe my broder syr Caradus at

the dolorous toure that was one of the best knyghtes on lyue / And therefore hym I excepte of al knyghtes / for may I ones mete with hym / the one of vs shal make an ende of other I make myn auowe / And for sir launcelots sake I haue slayne an C good knyghtes / and as many I haue maymed al vtterly that they myght neuer after helpe them self / and many haue dyed in pryson / and yet haue I thre score and foure / and al shal be delyuerd so thou wilt telle me thy name / so be it that thou be not syre launcelot /

¶ Now see I wel sayd syre launcelot that suche a man I myghte be I myght haue peas / and suche a man I myghte be /

leaf 98r

that ther shold be warre mortal betwyxte vs / and now syre knyghte at thy request I wyl that thou wete and knowe that I am Launcelot du lake kynge Bans sone of Benwyck / & very knyghte of the table round / And now I defye the and doe thy best / A sayd Turquyne / launcelot / thou arte vnto me moost welcome that euer was knyghte / for we shalle neuer departe tyl the one of vs be dede / Thenne they hurtled to gyders as two wilde bulles rosshynge and lasshyng with their sheldes and swerdes that somtyme they felle bothe ouer theyr noses / Thus they foughte styll two houres and more / and neuer wolde haue reste / and syre Turquyn gaf syre launcelot many woundes / that alle the ground there as they foughte was al bespeckled with blood

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne at the last syr Turquyn waxed faynte / and gaf somewhat a bak / and bare his shelde lowe for werynesse / That aspyed syre Launcelot / and lepte upon hym fyersly and gate hym by the Bauowre of his helmet / and plucked hym doune on his knees / And anone he racyd of his helme / and smote his neck in sondyr / And whanne syre launcelot had done this / he yode vnto the damoyssel and sayd / damoyssel I am redy to goo with yow where ye wylle haue me / but I haue no hors / Fayre syre sayd she / take this wounded knyghtes hors and sende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer alle the prysoners / Soo syr launcelot wente vnto Gaheryes and praid hym not to be agreued for to leue hym his hors Nay fayr lord said Gaheryes I wyll that ye take my hors atte your owne commaundement / for ye houe bothe saued me and my hors / & this day I saye ye are the best knyghte in the worlde For ye haue slayne this daye in my syghte the myȝtest man & the best knyghte excepte yow that euer I sawe / & fore syre said Gaheryes I pray you telle me your name / Syre my name is syr launcelot du lake that ouȝte to helpe you of ryghte for kyng arthurs sake / & in especial for my lord sir gawayns sake your owne dere broder / & whan that ye come within yonder manayr / I am sure ye shal fynde ther many knyȝtes of the round table / for I haue sene many of their sheldes that I knowe

leaf 98v

on yonder tree / there is kayes shelde / & sir braundeles sheld / and syr Marhaus sheld and syre Galyndes shelde and syre Bryan de lystnoyse sheld and syr Alydukes sheld with many mo that I am not now auysed of / and also my two bretheren sheldes syre Ector de marys and syr Lyonel / wherfore I pray yow grete them al from me / and say that I bydde them take suche stuffe there as they fynd / and that in ony wyse my bretheren goo vnto the courte and abyde me there tyl that I come / for by the feest of pentecost I cast me to be there / for as at this tyme I must ryde with this damoyssel for to saue my promyse / and soo he departed from Gaheryse / & Gaheryse yede in to the manore / and ther he fond a yoman porter kepyng ther many keyes / Anone with al syre gaheryse threwe the porter vnto the ground / and toke the keyes from hym / and hastely he opened the pryson dore / and there he lete oute all the prysoners / and euery man losed other of their boundes / And whan they sawe syre Gaheryse / alle they thanked hym / for they wend that he was wounded / Not soo sayd Gaheryse / hit was launcelot that slewe hym worshipfully with his owne handes / I sawe it with myn owne eyen / and he greteth you al wel / and prayeth you to haste you to the courte / And as vnto syr Lyonel and Ector de marys he prayeth yow to abyde hym at the court That shalle we not doo says his bretheren / we wyll fynde hym and we may lyue / So shal I sayd syr kay fynde hym or I come at the courte as I am true knyghte / Thenne alle tho knyghtes sought the hous there as the armour was / and thenne they armed hem / and euery knyght fonde his owne hors / & al thet euer longed vnto hym / And whan this was done ther cam a **foster** [correction; sic = soster] with foure horses lade with fatte veneson / A none syr kay sayd / here is good mete for vs for one meale / for we had not many a day no good repast / And so that veneson was rosted baken and soden / and so after souper somme abode there al that nyghte / But syre Lyonel and Ector de marys and syre kay rode after syre launcelot to fynde hym yf they myghte

¶ Capitulum Decimum

leaf 99r

NOw torne we vnto syre laucelot that rode with the damoyssel in a fayre hyghe waye / syr sayd the damoyssel / here by this way haunteth a knyght that destressyd al ladyes and gentylwymmen / And at the leest he robbeth them or lyeth by them / what said sir launcelot is he a theef & a knyght & a rauysssher of wymmen / he doth shame vnto the ordre of knyghthode / and contrary vnto his othe / hit is pyte that he lyueth / But fayr damoyssel ye shal ryde on afore your self / and I wylle kepe my self in couerte / And yf that he trouble yow or distresse yow / I shalle be your rescowe and lerne hym to be ruled as a knyghte / Soo the mayde rode on by the way a soft ambelynge paas / And within a whyle cam oute that knyght on horsbak oute of the woode / and his page with hym / & there he put the damoyssel from her hors / and thenne she cryed / With that came launcelot as fast as he myghte tyl he came to that knyght / sayenge / O

thou fals knyght and traytour vnto knyghthode / who dyd lerne the to dystresse ladyes and gentylwymmen / whanne the knyghte sawe syre launcelot thus rebukynge hym / he ansuerd not / but drewe his swerd and rode vnto syre launcelot / and syre launcelot threwe his spere fro hym / and drewe oute his swerd / and strake hym suche a buffet on the helmet that he clafe his hede and neck vnto the throte Now hast thou thy payement that long thou hast deserued / that is trouthe sayd the damoyssel / For lyke as syr Turquyne watched to destroye knyghtes / soo dyde this knyght attende to destroye and dystresse ladyes damoysels and gentylwymmen / & his name was syre Perys de foreyst saueage / Now damoyssel sayde syre launcelot wylle ye any more seruyse of me / Nay syre she sayd at this tyme / but almyghty Ihesu perserue you where someuer ye ryde or goo / for the curteyst knyghte thou arte and mekest vnto all ladyes and gentylwymmen that now lyueth / But one thyng syre knyghte me thynketh ye lacke / ye that are a knyghte wyueles that ye wyl not loue some mayden or gentylwoman / sor I coude neuer here say that euer ye loued any of no maner degree and that is grete pyte / but hit is noysed that ye loue quene Gueneuer / and that she hath ordeyned by enchauntement that ye shal neuer loue none other / but her / ne none other damoyssel ne lady shall reioyse you / wherfor

leaf 99v

many in this land of hyghe estate and lowe make grete sorowe /

¶ Fayre damoyssel sayd syr launcelot I maye not warne peple to speke of me what it pleaseth hem / But for to be a wedded man / I thynke hit not / for thenne I must couche with her / and leue armes and turnementys / batayls / and aduentures / And as for to say for to take my plesaunce with peramours that wylle I refuse in pryncypal for drede of god / For knyghtes that ben auenturous or lecherous shal not be happy ne fortunate vnto the werrys / for outhen they shalle be ouercome with a symplyer knyghte than they be hem self / Outhen els they shal by vnhap and her cursydnes slee better men than they ben hem self / And soo who that vseth peramours shalle be vnhappy / and all thyng is vnhappy that is aboute hem / And soo syre Launcelot and she departed / And thenne he rode in a depe forest two dayes and more / and had straye lodgyng / Soo on the thyrdde day he rode ouer a longe brydge / and there starte vpon hym sodenly a passynge foule chorle / and he smote his hors on the nose that he torned aboute / & asked hym why he rode ouer that brydge withoute his lycence / why shold I not ryde this way sayd syr launcelot / I may not ryde besyde / thou shall not chese sayd the chorle and lasshyd at hym with a grete clubbe shod with yron / Thenne syre launcelot drewe his suerd and put the stroke abak / and clafe his hede vnto the pappys / At the ende of the brydge was a fayre village / & al the people men and wymmen cryed on syre launcelot / and sayd A wers dede dydest thou neuer for thy self / for thou hast slayn the chyef porter of oure castel / syr launcelot lete them say what they wold And streyghte he wente in to the castel / And whanne he cam in to the castel he alyghte / and teyed his hors to a rynge on the walle / And there he sawe a fayre grene courte / and thyder he dressyd hym / For there hym thought was a fayre place to fyghte in / Soo he loked aboute / and sawe moche peple in dores and wyndowes that sayd fayr knyghte thou arte vnhappy

leaf 100r

¶Capitulum xij [sic; correction = Capitulum xj]

ANone with al cam there vpon hym two grete gyaunts wel armed al sauf the hedes with two horryble clubbes in theyr handes / Syre Launcelot put his sheld afore hym and put the stroke aweye of the one gyaunt / and with his swerd he clafe his hede a sondre / Whan his felaw sawe that / he ran away as he were wood / for fere of the horryble strokes / & launcelot after hym with al his myȝt & smote hym on the sholder / and clafe hym to the nauel / Thenne syre launcelot went in to the halle / and there came afore hym thre score ladyes and damoysels / and all kneled vnto hym / and thanked god & hym of their delyueraunce. For syre sayd they / the mooste party of vs haue ben here this seuen yere their prysoners / and we haue worched al maner of sylke werkes for oure mete / and we are al grete gentylwymmen borne / and blessyd be the tyme knyȝte that euer thou be borne / For thou hast done the moost worship that euer dyd knyght in this world / that wyl we bere recorde and we al pray you to telle vs your name / that we maye telle our frendes who delyuerd vs oute of pryson / Fayre damoysel he sayd / my name is syre launcelot du lake / A syre sayde they al / wel mayst thou be he / for els saue your self / as we demed / there myghte neuer knyght haue the better of these two gyaunts / for many fayre knyghtes haue assayed hit / and here haue ended / and many tymes haue we wysshed after yow / and these two gyaunts dredde neuer knyghte but you / Now maye ye saye sayd syr launcelot vnto youre frendes how & who hath delyuerd you / and grete them al from me / and yf that I come in ony of your marches / shewe me suche chere as ye haue cause and what tresour that there in this castel is I gyue it you for a reward for your greuaunce / And the lorde that is owner of this castel I wold he receyued it as is ryght / Fayre syre saide they / the name of this castel is Tyntygayl / & a duke oughte it somtyme that had wedded fair Igrayn / & after wedded her Vtherpendragon / & gate on her Arthur / wel saide sir launcelot I vnderstande to whome this castel longeth / and soo he departed from them / and bytaughte hem vnto god

¶ And thenne he mounted vpon his hors & rode in to many straunge & wyld

leaf 100v

countreyes and thorou many waters and valeyes and euyl was he lodged / And at the laste by fortune hym happend ageynst a nyghte to come to a fayr courtelage / & therin he fond an old gentylwoman that lodged hym with good wyl / and there he had good chere for hym and his hors / And whan tyme was his oost brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedde / There syre Launcelot vnarmed hym &

sette hys harneys by hym / and wente to bed / and anone he felle on slepe / So soone after ther cam one on horsback / & knocked at the gate in grete haste / and whan syr launcelot herd this / he arose vp and loked oute at the wyndowe / & sawe by the mone lyghte thre knyghtes cam rydyng after that one man / and al thre lashed on hym at ones with swerdes / & that one knyȝt tourned on hem knyȝtly ageyne / and deffended hym / Truly saide syre launcelot yonder one knyȝte shal I helpe / for it were shame for me to see thre knyȝtes on one / And yf he be slayne I am partener of his deth / & ther with he took his harneis / and went out at a wyndowe by a shete doune to the four knyȝtes / & thenne syr launcelot sayd on hyghe / torne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your fyghtyng with that knyght / And thenne they alle thre lefte syr kay / and tordned vnto syr launcelot / and there beganne grete bataylle / for they alyghte al thre / and strake many grete strokes at syr launcelot / and assayled hym on euery syde / Thenne syre kay dressid hym for to haue holpen syre Launcelot / nay syre sayd he I wylle none of your helpe / therfor as ye wylle haue my helpe / lete me alone with them / Syre kay for the pleasyre of the knyghte suffred hym for to doo hys wylle / and soo stode on syde / And thenne anon within vj strokes / syre launcelot had stryken hem to the erthe

¶ And thenne they al thre cryed syre knyghte we yelde vs vnto you as man of myght makeles / As to that said syr launcelot I will not take your yeldyng vnto me / But so that ye wylle yelde you vnto syr kay the Seneschal on that couenaunt I wyl saue your lyues and els not /

¶ Fayre knyghte sayd they that were lothe to doo / For as for syr kay / we chaced hym hyder / and had ouercome hym had not ye ben / therfor to yelde vs vnto hym it were no reson / wel as to that said launcelot / auyse you wel / for ye may chese whether ye wyll

leaf 101r

dye or lyue / for and ye be yolden it shal be vnto syr kay /

¶ Fayre knyght thenne they sayd in sauynge of oure lyues we wylle doo as thou commaundys vs / Thenne shal ye sayd syre launcelot on whytsonday nexte comyng go vnto the courte of kynge Arthur / and there shal ye yelde you vnto quene Gueneuer / and put you al thre in her grace and mercy / and saye that sir kay sente you thyder to be her prysoners / Syre they said it shalle be done by the feythe of oure bodyes / and we ben lyuynge / and there they swore euery knyghte vpon his swerd / And so sir launcelot suffred hem soo to departe / And thenne sir launcelot knocked at the yate with the pomel of his swerd / and with that came his oost / and in they entred sir kay and he Syre sayd his hoost I wende ye had ben in youre bedde / so I was / sayd sire launcelot / But I arose and lepte oute atte my wyndowe for to helpe an old felawe of myne / And so whanne they came nyghe the lyghte / sir kay knewe wel / that it was sir launcelot / and ther with he kneled doune and thanked hym of al his kyndenesse that he had holpen hym twyes from the deth Syre he sayd I haue no thyng done but that me ought for to doo / and ye are welcome / and here shal ye repose yow and take your rest / Soo whan sir kay was vnarmed / he asked

after mete / soo there was mete fette hym / and he ete strongly / And whan he hadde souped they went to
theyr beddes and were lodged to gyders in one bedde / On the morne sir launcelot arose erly / and lefte
syre kay slepyng / and sir launcelot toke sire kayes armour and his shelde and armed hym / and so he
wente to the stable / and toke his hors and toke his leue of his oost / and soo he departed / Thenne soone
after arose syr kay and myssed sir launcelot / And thenne he aspyed that he had his armoure and his
hors / Now by my **feythe** [correction; sic = seythe] I knowe wel that he wylle greue some of the courte
of kynge Arthur. For on hym knyghtes wylle be bolde / and deme that it is I / and that wyll begyle them /
And by cause of his armoure and shelde I am sure I shal ryde in pees / And thenne soone after departed
sir kay & thanked his hoost

¶ Capitulum xij

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leaf 101v

NOw torne we vnto syre launcelot that had ryden long in a grete forest / and at the last he came in to a
lowe countray ful of fayre Ryuers and medowes / And afore hym he sawe a longe brydge / and thre
pauelions stode ther on of sylke and sendel of dyuers hewe / And withoute the pauelions henge thre
whyte sheldes on truncheons of sperys / & grete longe sperys stode vpryght by the pauelions / and at
euery pauelions dore stode thre fresshe squyers / and soo syre launcelot passed by them and spake no
worde / whan he was paste the thre knyghtes sayden hym that hit was the proud kay / he weneth no
knyght soo good as he / and the contrary is oftyme preued / By my feythe sayd one of the knyghtes / his
name was syre gaunter / I wylle ryde after hym / & assaye hym / for alle his pryde / and ye may beholde
how that I spede / Soo this knyght syre Gaunter armed hym / and henge his shelde vpon his sholder / and
mounted vpon a grete hors / and gate his spere in his hand / and wallopt after syre launcelot / and
whanne he came nyghe hym / he cryed Abyde thou proude knyght syr kay / for thou shalt not passe
quyte / Soo syr launcelot torned hym / and eyther feutryd their speres / and came to gyders with alle
theyr myghtes / and syre Gaunters spere brake but syre launcelot smote hym doune hors and man / and
whan syr gaunter was at the erthe / his bretheren sayd echone to other yonder knyght is not syre kay / for
he is bygger than he / I dare laye my heed sayd syre Gylmere yonder knyghte hath slayne syr kay and
hath taken his hors and his harneis / whether it be soo or no sayd syr Raynold the thyrd broder / lete vs
now goo mounte vpon oure horses and rescowe our broder sir Gaunter vpon payne of dethe / we alle
shal haue werke ynou³ to matche that knyght / for euer me semeth by his persone it is syre Launcelot /
or syr Trystram / or syr Pelleas the good knyght / Thenne anon they toke theyr horses and ouertook syr
launcelot / and syre gylmere put forth his spere / and ranne to sir launcelot / and syre launcelot smote
hym doune that he lay in a swoune / Syre knyght sayd syr Raynold thou arte a strong man / and as I
suppose thou hast slayne my two bretheren / for the whiche rasyth my herte sore ageynst the / And yf I
myght with my worship I wold not haue a doo with yow but

leaf 102r

nedes I must take parte as they doo / And therfor knyghte he sayd / kepe thy self / And soo they hurtled to gyders with alle theyr myghtes / and al to sheuered bothe theyre speres / And thenne they drewe her swerdes and lasshyd to gyder egerly / Anone there with aroos syre Ga¯ter / and came vnto his broder syre gylmere / and bad hym aryse and helpe we oure broder syr Raynold that yonder merueyllously matched yonder good knyght / There with alle they lepte on theyr horses & hurtled vnto syre launcelot /

¶ And whanne he sawe them come / he smote a sore stroke vnto syr Raynold that he felle of his hors to the ground / And thenne he stroke to the other two bretheren / and at two strokes he strake them doune to the erthe / With that sir Raynold beganne to starte vp with his heede al blody / and came streyte vnto syre launcelot / Now late he sayd sir launcelot / I was not ferre from the whan thou were maade knyght sir Raynold / and also I knowe thou arte a good knyght / and lothe I were to slee the / Gramercy sayd syr raynold as for your goodnes / And I dare saye as for me and my bretheren we wyl not be lothe to yelde vs vnto you / with that we knewe your name / for wel we knowe ye are not sire kay / As for that be it as it be maye / for ye shal yelde yow vnto dame gweneuer / and loke that ye be with her on whytsonday and yelde you vnto her as prysoners / and saye that syre kay sente yow vnto her / thenne they swore hit shold be done / and so passed forthe sire launcelot / and echone of the bretheren halpe other as wel as they myght

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo sir launcelot rode in to a depe forest / and ther by in a slade / he sawe four knyghtes houyng vnder an oke / and they were of Arthurs courte / one was sir Sagramour le desyrus and Ector de marys / and sir Gawayn and sir Vwayne / Anone as these four knyghtes had aspyed sir Launcelot they wend by his armes it hadde ben sir kay / Now by my feythe sayd sir Sagramour / I wylle preue sir kayes myghte / & gate his spere in his hand / and came toward sir launcelot Ther with sir launcelot was ware and knewe hym wel / and

leaf 102v

feutryd his spere ageynst hym / and smote syre Sagramore so sore that hors and man felle bothe to the erthe / Lo my felaus sayd he yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath / that knyȝt is moche bygger than euer was syre kay / Now shal ye see what I may doo to hym / Soo syr Ector gate his spere in his hand and wallopte toward syre La¯celot / and syre Launcelot smote hym thorou the shelde & sholder that man and hors went to the erthe / and euer his spere held / By my feythe sayd sir Vwayne yonder is a

strong knyghte / and I am sure he hath slayne syr kay / And I see by his grete strengthe it wyll be hard to matche hym / And there with al syre Vwayne gate his spere in his hand and rode toward syre Launcelot / and syr launcelot knewe hym wel / and soo he mette hym on the playne / & gafe hym suche a buffette that he was astonyed / that longe he wyst not where he was / Now see I wel sayd syre gawayne I must encoūtre with that knyȝt / Thenne he dressid he his sheld and gate a good spere in his hand / and syre launcelot knewe hym wel / and thenne they lete renne theyr horses with all theyr myghtes / and eyther knyght smote other in myddes of the shelde / But syre gawayns spere to brast / and syre launcelot charged so sore vpon hym that his hors reuersed vp so doune And moche sorowe had syre gawayn to auoyde his hors / and so syre launcelot passed on a paas and smyled and said god gyue hym ioye that this spere made / for there came neuer a better in my hand / Thenne the four knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted eche other / what saye ye by this gest sayd syre Gawayne / that one spere hath feld vs al foure / we commaunde hym vnto the deuyll they sayd al / for he is a man of grete myght / ye may wel saye it / sayd syre gawayne / that he is a man of myght / for I dare lay my hede it is syre Launcelot I knowe it by his rydyng / Lete hym goo sayd syre Gawayn for whan we come to the courte than shal we wete / and thenne had they moche sorowe to gete theyr horses ageyne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

NOw leue we there & speke of syr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe forest where he saw a black brachet

leaf 103r

sekyng in maner as it had ben in the feaute of an hurt dere / And ther with he rode after the brachet and he sawe lye on the ground a large feaute of blood / And thenne syre launcelot rode after / And euer the Brachet loked behynd her / and soo she wente thorou a grete mareyse / and euer syre launcelot folowed / And thenne was he ware of an old manoyr / and thyder ranne the brachet / and soo ouer the brydge / Soo syre launcelot rode ouer that brydge that was old and feble / and whan he cam in myddes of a grete halle ther he sawe lye a dede knyght that was a semely man / and that brachet lycked his woundes / and there with al came oute a lady wepyng & wryngyng her handes / And thenne she sayd / O knyghte to moche sorowe hast thou broughte me / Why saye ye soo sayd syre launcelot / I dyd neuer this knyghte no harme / for hyther by feaute of blood this Brachet broughte me / And therfor fayre lady be not displeased with me / for I am ful sore agreued of your greuaunce / Truly syre she sayd I trowe hit be not ye that hath slayne my husband / for he that dyd that dede is sore wounded / & he is neuer lyckly to recouer / that shal I ensure hym / What was your husbandes name sayd syre launcelot / Syre sayd she / his name was called syre Gylbert the bastard one of the best knyghtes of the world / and he that hath slayne hym I knowe not his name / Now god sende you better comforte sayd syre launcelot / and soo he departed and wente in to the forest ageyne / and there he met with a damoyssel / the whiche knewe hym wel / and she sayd on loude wel be ye fond my lord And now I requyre the on thy knyghthode helpe my

brother that is sore wounded / and neuer stynteth bledyng / for this day he fought with syre gylbert the
bastard & slewe hym in playn bataylle / and there was my broder sore wounded / and there is a lady a
sorceresse that duelleth in a castel here besyde / and this day she told me / my broders woundes shold
neuer be hole tyl I coud fynde a knyght that wold go in to the chappel peryllous / & ther he shold fynde a
swerd and a bloody clothe that the wounded knyght was lapped in / and a pyece of that clothe & swerd
shold hele my broders woundes so that his woundes were serched with the swerde and the clothe / This
is a merueyllous thyng sayd syre launcelot / but what is your broders name /

leaf 103v

Syre she sayd / his name was syre Melyot de logurs / that me repenteth said syre launcelott / for he is a
felawe of the table round / and to his helpe I wylle doo my power / Thenne syre sayd she / folowe euen
this hyhe waye / and it wyl brynge you vnto the chappel peryllous / And here I shalle abyde tyl god send
you here ageyne / and but you spede I knowe no knyghte lyuyng that may encheue that aduenture

¶ Capitulum xv

RYght soo syr Launcelot departed / And whan he cam vnto the chappel peryllous / he alyghte doune /
and teyed his hors vnto a lytyl gate / and as soone as he was with in the chirche yard / he sawe on the
frount of the chappel many sayre ryche sheldes torned vp so doune / and many of the sheldes syre
launcelot had sene knyghtes bere byfore hand / wyth that he sawe by hym there stande a xxx greete
knyghtes more by a yarde than ony man that euer he had sene / and all tho greued and gnasted at syre
launcelot / And whan he sawe theyr countenaunce he dred hym sore / and soo putte his shelde afore
hym / and toke his swerd redy in his hand redy vnto bataylle / and they were al armed in black harneis
redy with her sheldes and her swerdes drawen / And whan syr Launcelot wold haue gone throu oute
them / they scateryd on euery syde of hym / and gaf hym the way / and ther with he waxed al bold / and
entred in to the chappel / and thenne he sawe no lyght / but a dymme lamp brennyng / and thenne was
he ware of a corps hylled with a clothe of sylke / Thenne syre Launcelot stouped doune / and cutte a
pyece away of that clothe / and thenne it ferd vnder hym as the erthe had quaked a lytel / there with al he
feryd / And thenne he sawe a fayre swerd lye by the dede knyghte / and that he gate in his hand and hyed
hym oute of the chapel / Anone as euer he was in the chappel yarde / alle the knyghtes spak to hym with
a grymly voys / and sayd knyghte syr launcelot leye that swerd from the or ellys thou shalt dye / whether
that I lyue or dye sayd syr launcelot with noo grete word gete ye hit ageyne / therfor fyghte for it and ye
lyst / Thenne ryght soo he passed thorou out them / and

leaf 104r

by yonde the chappel yarde ther mette hym a fayre damoyssel & sayd syr launcelot leue that swerd
 behynde the / or thou wil dye for it / I leue it not sayd syr launcelot for no treatys / No sayd she and thou
 dydest loue that swerd / quene gweneuer shold thou neuer see / thenne were I a foole and I wold leue
 this swerd sayd launcelot / Now gentyl knyghte sayde the damoyssel / I requyre the to kysse me but
 ones / Nay sayd syr launcelot that god me forbede / wel syr sayd she / and thou haddest kyssed me / thy
 lyf dayes had ben done / but now allas she said I haue loste al my labour / for I ordeyned this chappel for
 thy sake / and for syre gawayne / And ones I had syr Gawayne within me / and at that tyme he foughte
 with that knyghte that lyeth there dede in yonder chappel syre Gylbert the bastard . and at that tyme he
 smote the lyfte hand of of sir Gylbert the bastard / And syre Launcelot now I telle the / I haue loued the
 this seuen yere / but there may no woman haue thy loue but quene Gweneuer / But sythen I maye not
 reioyce the to haue thy body on lyue I had kepte no more ioie in this world / but to haue thy body dede /
 Thenne wold I haue baumed hit and serued hit / and soo haue kepte it my lyfe dayes / and dayly I shold
 haue clypped the / and kyssed the in despyte of Quene Gweneuer / ye saye wel sayd syr launcelot Ihesu
 preserue me from your subtyl craftes / And ther with al he took his hors and soo departed from her /
 And as the book sayth whan syr launcelot was departed she took suche sorow that she dyed within a
 fourteen nyghte / and her name was Hellawes the sorceresse lady of the castel Nygramous / Anone syre
 launcelot mette with the damoyssel syre Melyotis syster / And whan she sawe hym she clapped her
 handes / and wepte for ioie And thenne they rode vnto a castel there by where lay syr Melyot / And
 anone as syre launcelot sawe hym / he knewe hym / but he was passynge pale as the erthe for bledyng /
 whan syre Melyot sawe syre launcelot he kneled vpon his knees and cryed on hyghe / O lord syr
 launcelot helpe me / Anone syre launcelot lepte vnto hym and touched his woundes with syr Gylbertes
 swerde / And thenne he wyped his woundes with a part of the bloody clothe that sir gylbert was wrapped
 in / and anon an holer man in his lyf was he neuer / And thenne ther was

leaf 104v

grete ioie bytwene hem / and they made syr launcelot all the chere that they myghte / and soo on the
 morne syre launcelot toke his leue / and badde syre Melyot hye hym to the courte of my lord Arthur / for
 it draweth nyhe to the feest of pentecoste / and there by the grace of god ye shal fynde me / and therwith
 they departed /

¶ Capitulum xvj

ANd soo syre Launcelot rode thorou many straunge countreyes ouer marys and valeyes tyl by fortune he
 came to a fayre castel / and as he paste beyonde the castel / hym thought he herde two bellys ryng . And
 thenne was he ware of a Faucon came fleyng ouer his hede toward an hyghe elme / and longe lunys
 aboute her feet / and she flewe vnto the elme to take her perche / the lunys ouer cast aboute a bough /
 And whanne she wold haue taken her flyghte / she henge by the legges fast / and syre launcelot sawe
 how he henge / and byheld the fayre faucon perygot / & he was sory for her / The meane whyle came a
 lady oute of the castel and cryed on hyghe O launcelot launcelot as thou arte floure of alle knyghtes

helpe me to gete my hauke / for and my hauke be lost / my lord wyl destroye me / for I kepte the hauke
and she slypped from me / and yf my lord my husband wete hit / he is soo hasty that he wyll slee me /
What is your lordes name sayd sir Launcelot / sir she said his name is sire Phelot a knyghte that longeth
vnto the the kyng of Northgalys / wel fayre lady syn that ye knowe my name and requyre me of
knyghthode to helpe yow I wylle doo what I may to gete your hauke / and yet god knoweth I am an ylle
clymber and the tree is passynge hyghe / and fewe bowes to helpe me with alle / And ther with sir
launcelot alyfte and teyed his hors to the same tree / and prayd the lady to vnarme hym / And soo whan
he was vnarmed / he put of alle his clothes vnto his sherte and breche / and with myghte & force he
clamme vp to the faucon / and teyed the lunys to a grete rotten boyshe / and threwe the hauke doune and
it with alle / Anone the lady gate the hauke in her hand / and there with al came oute syre phelot oute of
the greuys sodenly / that was her

leaf 105r

husband al armed / and with his naked swerd in his hand and sayd O knyghte launcelot now haue I fond
the as I wold and stode at the bole of the tree to slee hym / A lady sayd syre Launcelot why haue ye
bytrayed me / She hath done sayd syre Phelot but as I commaunded her / and therfor ther nys none other
boote but thyne houre is come that thou muste dye / That were shame vnto the sayd syre launcelot thou
an armed knyghte to slee a naked man by treason / thou getest none other grace sayd syre phelot and
therefor helpe thy self and thou canst / Truly sayde syre launcelot that shal be thy shame / but syn thou
wylt doo none other / take myn harneys with the and hange my swerde vpon a bough that I maye gete
hit / & thenne doo thy best to slee me and thou canst / Nay nay said sir Phelot / for I knowe the better
than thou wenest / therfor thou getest no wepen and I may kepe you ther fro / Allas said sir launcelot
that euer a knyghte shold dye wepenles / And ther with he wayted aboue hym and vnder hym / and ouer
his hede he sawe a rownsepyk a bygge bough leueles / and ther with he brake it of by the body / And
thenne he came lower & awayted how his owne hors stode / and sodenly he lepte on the ferther syde of
the hors froward the knyghte / And thenne sir phelot lashed at hym egerly wenyng to haue slayne
hym / But syr Launcelot putte aweye the stroke with the rounsepyk / and ther with he smote hym on the
one syde of the hede that he felle doune in a swoone to the ground / Soo thenne syre launcelot took his
swerd oute of his hand and stroke his neck fro the body / Thenne cryed the lady / Allas why hast thou
slayne my husband / I am not causer sayd syre launcelot / for with falshede ye wold haue had slayne me
with treson / and now it is fallen on you bothe / And thenne she souned as though she wold dye / And
ther with al syre launcelot gate al his armour as wel as he myght / and put hit vpon hym for drede of
more resorte / for he dredde that the knyghtes castel was soo nygh And soo as soone as he myght he took
his hors and departed and thanked god that he had escaped that aduenture

leaf 105v

SOo syre launcelot rode many wylde wayes thorou out mareys and many wylde wayes / And as he rode in a valey he sawe a knyght chacynge a lady with a naked swerd to haue slayn her / And by fortune as this knyȝte shold haue slayne thys lady she cryed on syr Launcelot and prayd hym to rescowe her / Whan syre launcelot sawe that meschyef / he took his hors and rode bytwene them / sayeng knyȝte fy for shame / why wolt thou slee this lady / thou dost shame vnto the and alle knyghtes / what haste thou to doo betwyx me & my wyf / sayd the knyght / I wylle slee her maugre thy hede / that shalle ye not sayd syr launcelot / for rather we two wylle haue adoo to gyders / Syre Launcelot sayd the knyght thow doest not thy part / for this lady hath bytrayed me / hit is not so sayd the lady / truly he sayth wronge on me / And for by cause I loue and cherysshe my cosyn germayne / he is Ialous betwixe hym and me / And as I shalle ansuer to god **there** [correction; sic = three] was neuer synne betwyxe vs / But sir sayd the lady as thou arte called the worshipfullest knyghte of the world I requyre the of true knyȝthode kepe me and saue me / For what someuer ye saye he wyl slee me / for he is withoute mercy / haue ye no doubte sayd launcelot it shal not lye in his power / Syr sayd the knyghte in you syghte I wyl be ruled as ye wylle haue me / And soo sir launcelot rode on the one syde and she on the other / he had not ryden but a whyle / but the knyghte badde sir Launcelot torne hym and loke behynde hym / and sayde syre yonder come men of armes after vs rydyng / And soo sir launcelot torned hym and thoughte no treason / and there wyth was the knyghte and the lady on one syde / & sodenly he swappd of his ladyes hede / And whan syr Launcelot hadde aspyed hym what he had done / he sayd and called hym traytour thou hast shamed me for euer / and sodenly sir launcelot alyȝte of his hors and pulled oute **his** [correction; sic = hrs] swerd to slee hym / and there with al he felle flat to the erthe / and grypped sir launcelot by the thyes and cryed mercy / Fy on the sayd sir launcelot thow shameful knyght thou mayst haue no mercy / and therfor aryse and fyghte with me / nay sayde the knyghte I wyl neuer aryse tyl ye graunte me mercy / Now wyl I profer the fayr said launcelot I wyl vnarme me vnto my sherte / and I wylle

leaf 106r

haue nothyng vpon me / but my sherte and my swerd and my hand / And yf thou canst slee me / quyte be thou for euer / nay sir said Pedyuere that wille I neuer / wel said sir Launcelott take this lady and the hede / and bere it vpon the / and here shalt thou swere vpon my swerd to bere it alweyes vpon thy back and neuer to reste tyl thou come to quene Gueneuer / Syre sayd he that wylle I doo by the feithe of my body / Now said launcelot telle me what is your name / sir my name is Pedyuere / In a shameful houre were thou borne said launcelot / Soo Pedyuere departed with the dede lady and the hede / and fond the quene with kynge Arthur at wynchestre / and there he told alle the trouthe / Syre knyȝt said the quene this is an horryble dede and a shameful / and a grete rebuke vnto sire launcelott But not withstondyng his worship is not knowen in many dyuerse countreyes / but this shalle I gyue you in penaunce make ye as good skyfte as ye can ye shal bere this lady with you on horsbak vnto the pope of Rome / and of hym

receyue your penaunce for your foule dedes / and ye shalle neuer reste one nyghte there as ye doo
another / and ye goo to ony bedde the dede body shal lye with you / this othe there he made and soo
departed / And as it telleth in the frensshe book / whan he cam to Rome / the pope badde hym goo
ageyne vnto quene Gueneuer and in Rome was his lady beryed by the popes commaundement / And
after this sir Pedyuere felle to grete goodnesse / & was an holy man and an heremyte

¶ Capitulum xviiij

NOW torne we vnto sir launcelot du lake that came home two dayes afore the seest of Pentecost / and the
kyng and alle the courte were passynge fayne of his comynge / And whanne sire Gawayne / sir
Vwayne / sire Sagramore / sir Ector de marys sawe sire Launcelot in Kayes armour / thenne they wist
wel it was he that smote hem doune al with one spere / Thenne there was laughyng and smylyng amonge
them / and euer now and now came alle the Knyghtes home that sir Turquyn hadde prysoners and they
alle honoured and worshipped syre launcelot /

¶ Whanne sire Gaheryes herd them

leaf 106v

speke / he said / I sawe alle the bataille from the begynnyng to the endynge / and there he told kyng
Arthur alle how it was and how syre Turquyn was the strongest knyghte that euer he sawe excepte syre
launcelot / there were many knyghtes bare hym record nyghe thre score / Thenne sire kay told the
kyng / how syr launcelot had rescowed hym whan he shold haue ben slayne / and how he made the
knyghtes yelde hem to me / and not to hym / And there they were al thre / and bare record / and by Ihesu
said syr kay by cause syr launcelot took my harneis and lefte me his / I rode in good pees / and no man
wold haue adoo with me /

¶ Anone there with alle ther came the thre knyghtes that fought with syre launcelot at the longe brydge
And there they yelded hem vnto syr kay / and sir kay forsoke hem and said he foughte neuer with hem /
but I shall ease your herte said sir kay / yonder is syr launcelot the ouercam you whan they wyst that /
they were glad / And thenne syr Melyot de logrys came home / and told the kyng how syr launcelot had
saued hym fro the dethe / and all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes sorceresses had hym in
pryson / and how he was delyuerd by kyng Bagdemagus doughter / Also there were told alle grete
dedes of armes that syr launcelot dyd betwixe the two kynges / that is for to saye the kyng of northgalys
and kyng Bagdemagus Alle the trouthe syr Gahalantyne dyd telle / and syre Mador de la porte and syre
Mordred / for they were at that same turnement /

¶ Thenne cam in the lady that knewe syr launcelot whan that he wounded syr Bellyus at the paelione /
And there atte request of syr launcelot syr Bellyus was made knyghte of the round table / And soo

at that tyme sir launcelot had the grettest name of ony knyghte of the world / and most he was honoured of hyhe and lowe

¶ *Explicit* the noble tale of syr Launcelot du lake whiche is the vj book

¶ Here foloweth the tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumayns by syr kay and is the
seuenth book

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leaf 107r

[Book Seven: the tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney]

¶ Capitulum primum

WHan Arthur held his round table moost plenour / it fortuneth that he commaunded that the hyhe feest of Pentecost shold be holden at a cyte and a Castel the whiche in tho dayes was called kynke kenadonne vpon the sondes that marched nyghe walys /

¶ Soo euer the kyng hadde a custom that at the feest of Pentecost in especyal afore other feestes in the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete vntyl he had herd or sene of a grete merueylle / And for that custome alle maner of straunge aduentures came before Arthur as at that feest before alle other feestes / And soo sire Gawayne a lytyl to fore none of the daye of Pentecost aspyed att a wyndowe thre men vpon horsbak and a dwarf on foote / and soo the thre men alighte and the dwarf kepte their horses / and one of the thre men was hyher than the other tweyne by a foote and a half Thenne sir Gawayne wente vnto the kynge and sayd / sire go to your mete / for here at the hande comen straunge aduentures So Arthur wente vnto his mete with many other kynges / And there were all the knyghtes of the round table only tho that were prysoners or slayn at a recountre / thenne at the hyhe feest euermore they shold be fulfilled the hole nombre of an C and fyfty / for thenne was the round table fully complisshed Ryght soo cam in to the halle two men wel bisene and rychely / and vpon their sholders there lened the goodlyest yong man & the fairest that euer they al sawe / & he was large and long and brode in the sholders & wel vysaged / and the fayrest and the largest handed that euer man sawe / but he ferd as though he myght not goo nor bere hym self / but yf he lened vpon their sholders / Anon as Arthur sawe hym there was made pees & rome / & ryght so they yede with hym vnto the hyghe deyse without sayeng of ony wordes / thenne this moche yong man pulled hym a bak and easily stretched vp streyghte / sayeng kynge Arthur god you blisse and al your fair felauship / and in especial the felauship of the table rounde / And for thys cause I am come hyder to praye you and requyre you to gyue me thre yeftes / and they shalle not be vnresonably asked / but that ye may worshipfully and honorably graunte hem me / and to you

leaf 107v

no grete hurte nor losse / And the fyrst done and gyfte I wil aske now / and the other two yeftes I wylle aske this daye twelue moneth / where someuer ye hold your hyghe feest / Now aske sayd Arthur / and ye shalle haue your askyng

¶ Now syre this is my petycyon for thys feest / that ye wylle gyue me mete and drynke suffycyauntly for this twelue moneth / and at that day I wylle aske myn other two yeftes

¶ My fayr sone sayd Arthur aske better I counceille the for this is but a symple askyng / for my herte geueth me to the gretely that thou arte come of men of worshyp / and gretely my consayte fayleth me / but thou shalt preue a man of ryghte grete worship / Syre he sayd / ther of be as it be may I haue asked that I wylle aske / wel sayd the kyng ye shal haue mete & drynke ynouȝ / I neuer deffended þ^t none / nother my frende ne my foo / But what is thy name I wold wete / I can not telle you sayd he / that is merueylle sayd the kyng / that thou knowest not thy name / and thou arte the goodlyest yong man one that euer I sawe / Thenne the kyng betook hym to sir kay the steward / and charged hym that he shold gyue hym of al maner of metes and drynkes of the best / and also that he hadde al maner of fyndyng as though he were a lordes sone / that shal lytel nede sayd syr kay to doo suche cost vpon hym For I dare undertake he is a vylayne borne / and neuer will make man / for and he had come of gentylmen he wold haue axed of you hors and armour / but suche as he is so he asketh And sythen he hath no name / I shall yeue hym a name that shal be Beaumayns that is fayre handes / and in to the kechen I shalle brynge hym / and there he shal haue fatte broweys euery day þ^t he shall be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hog / ryght soo the two men departed and belefte hym to syr kay / that scorned hym and mocked hym

¶ Ca ij

There at was sir Gawayn wroth / & in especyal sir launcelot bad sir kay leue his mockyng / for I dare laye my hede he shall preue a man of grete worship / lete be / said sir kay / it may not be by no reason / for as he is / so he hath asked / Beware said syre Launcelot / so ye gafe the good knyȝt Brevnor syre Dynadamys broder a name / and ye called hym la cote male taylor / and that tourned you to anger after-

leaf 108r

ward / As for that sayd syr kay this shall neuer preue none suche / For syr Brevnor desyred euer worship and thys desyreth breed & drynke / & brothe vpon payne of my lyf he was fostred vp in some abbay / and how someuer it was they fayled mete and drynke / and soo hyther he is come for his sustenance

¶ And soo syre kay badde gete hym a place and sytte doune to mete / soo Beaumayns wente to the halle dore / and sette hym doune amonge boyes and laddys / & there he ete sadly / And thenne syre launcelot after mete badde hym come to his chamber / And there he shold haue mete and drynke ynough / And soo dyd syre Gawayne / but he reffused hem al / he wold doo none other / but as syr kay commaunded hym for no profer / But as touchynge syre Gawayn he hadde reson to profer hym lodgyng mete and drynke / for that profer came of his blood / for he was nere kynne to hym than he wyst But that as syre launcelot dyd was of his grete gentylnes and curtosye

¶ Soo thus he was putte in to the kechyn and laye nyghtly as the boyes of the kechen dyd / And soo he endured alle that twelue moneth / and neuer displeasyd man nor chylde / but alweyes he was meke & mylde / But euer whanne that he sawe ony Iustyng of knyghtes / that wold he see and he myght / And euer syre launcelot wold gyue hym gold to spende and clothes / and soo dyd syre Gawayne / and where there were ony maystryes done / there atte wold he be / and there myghte none cast barre nor stone to hym by two yerdys / Thenne wold syre kay saye how lyketh yow my boye of the kechyn / soo it past on tyl the feest of Whytsontyde / And at that tyme the kynge helde hit att Carlyon in the moost royallest wyse that myghte be / lyke as he dyd yerly / But the Kynge wold no mete ete vpon the whyysonday vntyl he herd some aduentures / Thenne cam ther a squyer to the Kyng / and said / syre ye maye goo to your mete / for here cometh a damoyssel with somme straunge aduentures / thenne was the Kynge gladde and sette hym doune /

¶ Ryghte soo ther came a damoyssel in to the halle and salewed the Kynge and prayd hym of socour / for whome sayd the Kynge what is the aduenture /

¶ Syre she sayd I haue a lady of grete worship and renomme / and she is bysegged with a tyraunte so that she may

leaf 108v

not oute of her castel / And by cause here are callyd the noblest knyghtes of the world / I come to you to praye you of socour / What heteth your lady and where dwelleth she / & who is he / & what is his name that hath bysegged her / syre kyng she saide / as for my ladyes name that shall not ye knowe for me as at this tyme / but I lete you wete she is a lady of grete worship and of grete landes / And as for the tyraunt that bysyegeth her and destroyeth her landes he is called the rede knyght of the reed laundes / I knowe hym not sayd the kynge / Syre said syre Gawayne / I knowe hym wel for he is one of the perilloust knyghtes of the world / men saye that he hath seuen mennys strengthe / and from hym I escaped ones ful hard / with my lyf / Fayre damoyssel sayd the kynge there ben knyȝtes here wolde doo her power for to rescowe your lady / but by cause ye wylle not telle her name nor where she dwelleth / therfor none of my knyghtes that here be now shal goo with yow by my wylle / thenne must I speke further sayd the

¶ Capitulum iij

WYth these wordes came before the kynge Beaumayns whyle the damoyssel was ther / & thus he said syr Kyng god thanke you I haue ben this xij monethe in your kechyn and haue hadde my ful sustenaūce and now I will aske my two yeftes that ben behynde / Aske vpon my peryl said the kynge / Syre this shal be my two gyftes / fyrst that ye wil graunte me to haue this aduenture of the damoyssel / for hit belongeth vnto me / thou shalt haue hit sayd the kyng I graunte it the / thenne syr this is the other yeft / that ye shal bydde Launcelot du lake to make me knyȝt for of hym I wil be made knyght and els of none / And whanne I am paste I praye yow lete hym ryde after me and make me Knyght / whan I requyre hym / Al this shal be done sayd the Kynge / Fy on the sayde the damoyssel / shalle I haue none but one that is your kechyn page / thenne was she wrothe and toke her hors and departed / And with that there cam one to Beaumayns and told hym his hors and armour was come for hym / and there was the dwarf come with all thyng that hym neded in the rychest maner / ther at al the court had moche merueill from whens cam al þt

leaf 109r

gere / Soo whanne he was armed ther was none but fewe soo goodely a man as he was / and ryght soo as he came in to the halle and took his leue of kyng Arthur & sir Gawayn & syr launcelot / and prayed that he wolde hyhe after hym / and soo departed and rode after the damoyssel

¶ Capitulum iiij

BVt there wente many after to behold how wel he was horsed and trapped in clothe of gold / but he had neyther shelde nor spere / Thenne syr kay sayd al open in the halle I wylle ryde after my boye in the kechyn to wete / whether he wylle knowe me for his better / Said syr launcelot and sir gawayn yet abyde at home / So syr kay made hym redy and took his hors and his spere and rode after hym / And ryghte as Beaumayns ouertook the damoyssel / ryghte soo cam syre kay & sayd Beumayns what syre knowe ye not me / Thenne he torned his hors / and knewe hit was sir kay / that had done hym alle the despyte as ye haue herde afore / ye sayd beaumayns I knowe yow for an vngentyl knyghte of the courte / and therefore beware of me / There with syre kay putte his spere in the reyste / and ranne streyghte vpon hym / and beaumayns cam as fast vpon hym with his swerd in his hand / and soo he putte away his spere with his swerd and with a foyne thrested hym thorou the syde / that syr kay felle doune as he had ben dede / & he alyght doune and took sir kayes shelde and his spere / and starte vpon his owne hors and rode his waye / Al that sawe syr launcelot and soo dyd the damoyssel / And thenne he badde his dwarf starte vpon sir kayes hors / and soo he dyd / by that syre Launcelot was come / thenne he profered sir laūcelot to Iuste / and eyther made hem redy / and they came to gyder soo fyersly that eyther bare doune other to

the erthe / and sore were they brysed / Thenne sir launcelot arose and halpe hym fro his hors And thenne beaumayns threwe his sheld from hym / and profered to fyghte with sir launcelot on foote / and soo they rasshed to gyders lyke borys tracynge / rasyng and foynyng to the

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mountenaunce of an houre / and syre launcelot felte hym soo bygge that he merueylled of his strengthe / for he fought more lyker a gyaunt than a knyght / and that his fyghtyng was durable and passyng perillous / For syr launcelot had so moche adoo with hym that he dred hym self to be shamed / and sayd Beaumayns fyghte not so sore / youre quarel and myn is not soo grete but we may leue of / Truly that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / but it doth me good to fele your myght / and yet my lord I shewed not the vtterance

¶ Capitulum quintum

IN goddes name sayd syr launcelot / for I promyse you by the feythe of my body I had as moche to doo as I myght to saue my self fro you vnshamed / and therefore haue ye no doubte of none erthely knyghte / Hope ye so that I maye ony whyle stand a proued knyght sayd Beaumayns / ye sayd Launcelot / doo as ye haue done / and I shal be your waraunt / Thenne I praye you sayd Beaumayns yeue me the ordre of knyghthode / thenne must ye telle me your name seyde launcelot / and of what kynne ye be borne / Syr soo that ye wylle not discouer me I shal sayd Beaumayns / nay sayd syre launcelot / and that I promyse yow by the feithe of my body / vn tyl hit be openly knowen / Thenne syr he sayd my name is Gareth and broder vnto syr Gawayn of fader and moder / A syr said Launcelot I am more gladder of you than I was / For euer me thouȝte ye shold be of a grete blood / and that ye cam not to the courte neyther for mete ne for drynke / And thenne sire Launcelot gaf hym thordre of knyȝthode / and thenne sire Gareth prayd hym for to departe and lete hym goo / Soo syre launcelot departed from hym and came to syre kay and maade hym to be born home vpon his shelde / and so he was helyd hard with the lyf / and al men scorned syr kay / and in especyal sir Gawayne and syre launcelot sayd it was not his parte to rebuke no yong man / for ful lytel knewe he of what byrth he is comen / and for what cause he came to this courte / and soo we leue syr kay and torne we vnto Beaumayns / whanne he had ouertaken the damoyssel / anone she sayd what dost thou here / thou stynkest al of the kechyn / thy clothes ben bawdy of

leaf 110r

the greece and talowe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthurs kechyn / wenest thou sayd she that I alowe the

for yonder knyȝt that thou kyllest / Nay truly / for thou slewest hym vnhappely and cowardly / therfor torne ageyn bawdy kechyn page / I knowe the wel / for syre kay named the Beaumayns / what arte thou but a luske and a torner of broches and a ladyl wessher Damoyssel sayd Beaumayns saye to me what ye wylle / I wylle not goo from you what someuer ye say / for I haue vntertake to kyng Arthur for to acheue your aduenture / and so shal I fynysse it to the ende / eyther I shal dye therfore / Fy on the kechyn knaue wolt thou fynysse myn aduenture / thou shalt anone be met with al / that thou woldest not for alle the brothe that euer thou soupest ones loke hym in the face / I shal assaye sayd Beaumayns / Soo thus as they rode in the woode / ther came a man fleyng al that euer he myghte / whether wolt thou sayd Beaumayns / O lord he said / helpe me / for here by in a slade are syxe theues that haue taken my lord and bounde hym / soo I am aferd lest they wyl slee hym / Brynge me thyder said Beaumayns / and soo they rode to gyders vntyl they came there as was the knyghte bounden / and thenne he rode vnto hem / and strake one vnto the dethe / and thenne an other / and at the thyrd stroke he slewe the thyrdde thief / and thenne the other thre fledde / And he rode after hem / and he ouertook hem / and thenne tho thre theues tourned ageyne and assayled Beaumayns hard / but at the last he slewe them / & retorned and vnbounde the knyghte / And the knyght thanked hym / and prayd hym to ryde with hym to his castel there a lytel besyde / and he shold worshipfully rewarde hym for his good dedes / Syr sayd Beaumayns I wille no reward haue / I was this day made knyghte of noble syr launcelot / & therfor I wylle no reward haue / but god rewarde me / And also I must folowe this damoyssel / And whan he came nyghe her she bad hym ryde fro her / for thou smellyst al of the kechyn / Wenest thou that I haue Ioye of the / **for** [correction; sic = sor] al this dede that thou hast done nys but myshappen the / But thou shalt see a syghte shal make the torne ageyne and that lyghtly / Thenne the same knyght whiche was rescowed of the theues rode after that damoyssel and prayed her to lodge with hym alle that nyghte And by cause it was nere nyght / the damoyssel rode with hym

leaf 110v

to his castel / and there they had grete chere / and at souper the knyght sat syr Beaumayns afore the damoisel / Fy fy said she syr knyghte ye are vncurtoys to sette a kechyn page afore me hym bysemeth better to stycke a swyne than to sytte afore a damoyssel of hyhe parage / thenne the knyght was ashamed atte her wordes / and took hym vp / and sette hym at asyde bord / and sette hym self afore hym / and soo al that nyght they had good chere and mery reste /

¶ Capitulum sextum

ANd on the morn the damoisel & he took their leue & thanked the knyght / and soo departed / and rode on her way / vntyl they came to a grete forest / And there was a grete ryuer and but one passage / and ther were redy two knyghtes on the ferther syde to lette them the passage / what saist thou sayd the damoyssel / wylt thou matche yonder knyghtes or torne ageyne / Nay sayd syr Beaumayns I wyl not torne ageyn and they were syxe mo / And ther with al he rasshyd in to the water / and in myddes of the water eyther brake their speres vpon other to their handes / and thenne they drewe their swerdes / and smote

egerly at other / And at the last syr Beaumayns smote the other vpon the helme that his hede stonyed / and there with alle he felle doune in the water / and there was he drowned / And thēne he sporyd his hors vpon the londe / where the other knyghte felle vpon hym / and brake his spere / and soo they drewe theyr swerdes / and foughte longe to gyders At the laste syre Beaumayns clafe his helme and his heede doune to the sholders / and soo he rode vnto the damoyssel & bad her ryde forth on her way / Allas she sayd that euer a kechen page shold haue that fortune to destroye suche two douȝty knyghtes / thou wenest thou hast done doughtely that is not soo / For the fyrste knyghte his hors stumbled / and there he was drouned in the water / and neuer it was by thy force / nor by thy myght / And the last knyghte by myshap thou camyst behynde hym and myshappely thou slowe hym / Damoyssel sayd Beaumayns ye maye saye what ye wyl / but with whom someuer I haue a doo with al I truste to god to serue hym or he

leaf 111r

departe / And therfor I recke not what ye say soo that I may wyne youre lady / Fy fy foule kechen knaue thou shalt see knyghtes that shal abate thy boost / Fayre damoyssel gyue me goodly langage / and thenne my care is past / for what knyghtes someuer they be / I care not ne I doubte hem not / Also sayd she I saye it for thyne auayle / yet mayst thou torne ageyne with thy worship / for and thou folowe me / thou arte but slayne / for I see alle that euer thou dost is but by mysauenture / and not by prowesse of thy handes / wel damoyssel ye may say what ye wyll / but where someuer ye goo I wyll folowe you Soo this Beaumayns rode with that lady tyl euensong tyme and euer she chyde hym and wold not reste / And they cam to a black launde / and there was a black hauthorne / & theron henge a blak baner / and on the other syde there henge a black shelde / and by hit stode a black spere grete and longe / and a grete black hors couerd with sylke / and a black stone fast by

¶ Capitulum septimum

Ther sat a knyghte al armed in black harneis / and his name was þe knyȝt of the blak laūde / thēne þe damoyssel whanne she sawe that knyghte she badde hym flee doun that valey for his hors was not sadeled / Gramercy sayd Beaumayns / for alweyes ye wold haue me a coward / with that the black knyghte / whanne she came nyghe hym spak / & sayd damoyssel haue ye broughte this knyghte of kynge Arthur to be your champyon / Nay fayr knyghte sayd she / this is but a kechyn knaue that was fedde in kynge Arthurs kechyn for almesse / Why cometh he sayd the knyghte in suche aray / hit is shame that he bereth you company / syr I can not be delyuerd of hym sayd she / for with me he rydeth maugre myn hede / god wold that ye shold put hym from me / outhere to slee hym and ye may / for he is an vnhappy knaue / and vnshappely he hath done this day / thorou myshappe I sawe hym slee two knyghtes at the passage of the water / and other dedes he dyde beforen ryght merueyllous and thorou vnhappynges / that merueyllid me sayd the black knyghte that ony man that is of worshyp wyll haue adoo with hym / they knowe hym not sayd the damoyssel / And for by cause he rydeth with me / they wene that he

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be some man of worship borne / that may be / sayd the blak knyghte / how be it as ye say that he be no man of worshyp he is a ful lykely persone / and ful lyke to be a stronge man / but thus moche shal I graunte you sayd the black knyghte / I shal putte hym doune vpon one foote / and his hors and hys harneys he shal leue with me / for it were shame to me to doo hym ony more harme / Whanne syre Beaumayns herd hym saye thus / he sayd syre knyghte thou art ful large of my hors and my harneys / I lete the wete it coste the noughte / & whether hit lyketh the or not this launde wylle I passe maulgre thyn hede / And hors ne harneys getest thou none of my / but yf thou wynne hem with thy handes / and therfor lete see what thou canst doo / Sayst thou that sayd the black knyghte / now yelde thy lady fro the / for it besemeth neuer a kechyn page to ryde with suche a lady / Thou lvest sayd Beaumayns I am a gentyl man borne and of more hyghe lygnage than thou / & that wyl I preue on thy body / Thenne in grete wrathe they departed with theyr horses / and came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder / and the black knyghtes spere brake / and Beaumayns threste hym thorou bothe his sydes / and there with his spere brak / and the truncheon lefte styll in his syde / But neuertheles the black knyght drewe his suerd / and smote many eger strokes and of grete myghte / and hurte Beaumayns ful sore / But at the laste the black knyghte within an houre and an half he felle doune of his hors in swoune / and there he dyed / And thenne Beaumayns sawe hym soo wel horsed and armed / thenne he alyghte doune and armed hym in his armour / and soo took his hors and rode after the damoyssel / Whanne she sawe hym come nyghe / she sayd away kechyn knaue oute of the wynde / for the smelle of thy baudy clothes greueth me / Allas she sayd that euer suche a knaue shold by myshap slee soo good a knyghte as thou hast done / but alle thys is thyn vnhappynes / But here by is one shal paye the alle thy payment / and therfore yet I counceylle the / flee / it may happen me sayd Beaumayns to be beten or slayne / but I warne you fayre damoyssel I wyll not flee away / nor leue your company for al that ye can say / for euer ye say that they wil kille me or bete me / but how someuer hit happeneth I escape / and

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they lye on the ground / And therefore it were as good for you to hold you styll thus al day rebukynge me / for aweye wille I not tyl I see the vttermest of this Iourneye / or els I wylle be slayne / outhtr truly beten / therfore ryde on your waye / For folowe you I wille what someuer happen

¶ Capitulum octauum

THus as they rode to gyders they sawe a knyght come dryuend by them al in grene bothe his hors & his harneis / And whanne he came nyghe the damoyssel he asked her / is that my broder the black Knyghte that ye haue brought with yow / Nay nay she sayd this vnhappy kechen knaue hath slayne your broder

thorou vnhappynesse / Allas sayd the grene knyghte that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyghte as he was shold soo vnappely be slayne / and namely of a knaues hand as ye say that he is / a traytour sayd the grene knyghte thou shalt dye for sleynge of my broder / he was a ful noble knyghte and his name was syr Pereard / I defye the said Beaumayns / for I lete the wete I slewe hym knyghtely and not shamefully / There with al the grene knyghte rode vnto an horne that was grene / and hit henge vpon a thorne / and there he blewe thre dedely motys / and there came two damoysels and armed hym lyghtely / And thenne he took a grete hors / and a grene shelde and a grene spere / And thenne they ranne to gyders with al their myghtes and brake their speres vnto their handes / And thenne they drewe their swerdes / and gaf many sadde strokes / and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the last at an ouerthwart Beaumayns with his hors strake the grene knyghtes hors vpon the syde that he felle to the erthe / And thenne the grene knyghte auoyded his hors lightly / and dressid hym vpon foote / That sawe Beaumayns And there with al he alighte and they rasshed to gyders lyke two myghty kempys a longe whyle / and sore they bledde bothe / with that cam the damoysel / and said my lord the grene knyghte / why for shame stande ye soo longe fyghtyng with the kechyn knaue / Allas it is shame that euer ye were made knyghte to see suche a ladde to matche suche a knyghte / as the

leaf 112v

wede ouer grewe the corne / There with the grene knyght was ashamed / and there with al he gaf a grete stroke of myghte & clafe his shelde thorou / Whan Beaumayns sawe his shelde clouen a sonder / he was a lytel ashamed of that stroke and of her langage / And thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle on his knees / And soo sodenly Beaumayns pulled hym vpon the ground grouelynge / And thenne the grene knyghte cryed hym mercy / and yelded hym vnto syre Beaumayns / and prayd hym to slee hym not / Al is in vayn said Beaumayns for thou shalt dye but yf this damoysel that came with me praye me to saue thy lyf / and ther with al he vnlaced his helme lyke as he wold slee hym / Fy vpon the false kechen page / I wyll neuer pray the to saue his lyf / for I will neuer be soo moche in thy daunger / Thenne shalle he deye sayde Beaumayns / Not soo hardy thou bawdy knaue sayd the damoysel / that thou slee hym / Allas sayd the grene knyghte suffre me not to dye for a fayre word may saue me / Fayr knyȝt said the grene knyghte saue my lyf / & I wyl foryeue the / the dethe of my broder / and for euer to become thy man / and xxx knyghtes that hold of me for euer shal doo you seruyse / In the deuyls name sayd the damoysel that suche a bawdy kechen knaue shold haue the and thyrtty knyghtes seruyse / Syr knyght said Beaumayns alle this auaylleth the not / but yf my damoysel speke with me for thy lyf / And therwith al he made a semblaunt to slee hym / lete be sayd the damoysel thou bawdy knaue / slee hym not / for and thou do / thou shalt repente it Damoysel said Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleasyr and at your commaundement his lyf shal be saued / & els not Thenne he said sir Knyghte with the grene armes I releace the quyte at this damoysels request / for I wylle not make her wrothe / I wille fulfyllle al that she chargeth me / And thenne the grene knyghte kneled doune / and dyd hym homage with his swerd / thenne said the damoysel me repenteth grene knyghte of your dommage / and of youre broders dethe the black knyghte / for of your helpe I had grete myster / For I drede me sore to passe this forest / Nay drede you not sayd the grene knyghte / for ye shal lodge with me this nyghte / and to morne I shalle

helpe you thorou this forest / Soo they tooke theyre

leaf 113r

horses and rode to his manoyr whiche was fast there besyde

¶ Capitulum ix

ANd euer she rebuked Beaumayns and wold not suffre hym to sytte at her table / but as the grene knyghte took hym and sat hym at a syde table / Merueylle me thynketh said the grene knyght to the damoyssel why ye rebuke this noble knyghte as ye doo / for I warne you damoyssel he is a full noble knyght / and I knowe no knyght is abel to matche hym therfor ye doo grete wrong to rebuke hym / for he shall do yow ryght good seruyse / for what someuer he maketh hym self / ye shalle preue at the ende that he is come of a noble blood and of kynges lygnage / Fy fy said the damoisel it is shame for you to saye of hym suche worship / Truly said the grene knyȝt it were shame for me to sey of hym ony disworship / for he hath preued hym self a better knyght than I am / yet haue I mett with many knyghtes in my dayes / and neuer or this tyme haue I fond no knyght his matche / and so that nyghte they yede vnto rest / and al that nyght the grene knyght commaunded thyrtty knyghtes pryuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from al treason / And soo on the morne they al arose and herd their masse and brake theyr fast / and thenne they tooke their horses / and rode on their waye / and the grene knyghte conueyed hem thorou the forest / and there the grene Knyghte said my lord Beaumayns I & these thyrtty knyghtes shall be alweye at your somons both erly and late at your callyng and whether that euer ye wille sende vs / it is wel said / sayd Beaumayns / whanne that I calle vpon you / ye must yelde you vnto kyng Arthur and all your knyghtes / yf that ye so commaunde vs / We shal ben redy at all tymes said the grene knyght / Fy fy vpon the in the deuyls name saide the damoyssel that ony good knyghtes shold be obedyent vnto a kechyn knaue / Soo thenne departed the grene Knyghte and the damoyssel / And thenne she said vnto Beaumayns why folowest thou me thou kechyn boye / caste away thy shelde and thy spere / and flee awaye / yet I counceille the by tymes or thou shalt say ryght soone Allas for were thou as wyȝte as euer was wade

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or Launcelot / Trystram / or the good knyghte syr lamaryk thou shalt not passe a paas here that is called the paas perillous / Damoyssel said Beaumayns who is aferd lete hym flee / for it were shame to torne ageyne sythen I haue ryden soo longe with yow / wel said the damoyssel ye shal sone whether ye wyll or not

¶ Capitulum x

SOo within a whyle they sawe a toure as whyte as ony snowe wel matchecold al aboute / and doubel dyked / And ouer the toure gate there henge a fyfty sheldes of dyuerse colours / and vnder that toure there was a fayr medow And therin were many knyghtes and squyers to behold scaffoldes and paelions / for there vpon the morn shold be a grete turnement / and the lord of the toure was in his castel and loked out at a wyndowe / and sawe a damoyssel / a dwarf and a knyȝt armed at al poyntes / So god me helpe said the lord with þ^t knyȝt wyll I Iuste / for I see that he is a kniȝt arra^umacr;t & soo he armed hym and horsed hym hastely / And whanne he was on horsbak with his shelde and his spere / it was al rede bothe his hors and his harneis / and alle that to hym longeth / And whanne that he came nyghe hym he wende it hadde ben his broder the black knyghte / And thenne he cryed a loude broder what doo ye in these marches / nay nay sayd the damoyssel / it is not he / this is but a kechyn knaue that was brought vp for almesse in kynge Arthurs courte / Neuertheles sayd the reed knyghte I wyll speke with hym or he departe / A sayd the damoyssel this knaue hath kylled thy broder / and syre kay named hym Beaumayns / and this hors and this harneis was thy broders the black knyghte / Also I sawe thy broder the grene knyghte ouercome of his handes / Now maye ye be reuenged vpon hym / for I may neuer be quyte of hym

¶ With this eyther knyghtes departed in sondre / and they cam to gyder with alle their myght / and eyther of their horses fell to the erthe / and they auoyded their horses / and put their sheldes afore them and drewe their swerdes / and either gaf other sadde strokes / now here / now there / rasyng / tracyng / foynynge and hurlynge lyke two bores the space of two houres / And thenne she cryed on hyhe to the rede knyghte / Allas thou noble

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reed knyghte / thynke what worship hath folowed the / lete neuer a kechyn knaue endure the soo longe as he doth / Thenne the reed knyght waxed wrothe and doubled his strokes and hurte Beaumayns wonderly sore that the blood ranne doune to the ground that it was wonder to see that stronge bataille / Yet at the last syre Beaumayns strake hym to the erthe / and as he wold haue slayne the reed knyghte he cryed mercy sayeng Noble knyghte slee me not / and I shall yelde me to the with fyfty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundement And I forgyue the al the despyte that thou hast done to me / and the dethe of my broder the black knyghte / All this auailleth not said Beaumayns / but yf my damoyssel praye me to saue thy lyf / And therwith he maade semblaunt to stryke of his hede / Lete be thou Beaumayns slee hym not / for he is a noble knyghte / and not soo hardy vpon thyne hede but thou saue hym / Thenne Beaumayns badde the reed knyghte stand vp and thanke the damoyssel now of thy lyf /

¶ Thenne the reed knyght praid hym to see his castel / and to be there al nyghte Soo the damoyssel thenne graunted hym / and there they had mery chere / But alweyes the damoyssel spak many foule wordes vnto

Beaumayns wherof the reed knyght had grete merueylle / and alle that nyghte the reed knyghte maade thre score knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he shold haue no shame nor vylony / And vpon the morne they herd masse and dyned / and the reed knyghte came before Beaumayns with his thre score knyghtes / and there he profered hym his homage and feaute at al tymes he and his knyghtes to doo hym seruyse / I thanke you said Beaumayns / but this ye shalle graunte me / whanne I calle vpon you to come afore my lord kynge Arthur and yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes / Syr said the reed knyghte I wille be redy and my felauship at your somons / So syr Beaumayns departed and the damoyssel and euer she rode chydyng hym in the fowlest manere /

leaf 114v

¶ Capitulum xj

DAmoyssel said Beaumayns ye are vncurteis so to rebuke me / as ye doo / for me semeth I haue done you good seruyse / and euer ye threate me I shal be betyn with knyghtes that we mete / but euer for al your boost they lye in the dust or in the myre / and therfor I pray you rebuke me no more / And whan ye see me beten or yolden as recreaūt thenne may ye bydde me goo from you shamefully / but fyrste I lete you wete I wylle not departe from you / for I were wese than a foole and I wold departe from you all the whyle that I wyne worship / wel said she / ryght soone ther shall mete a knyght shal paye the alle thy wages / for he is the most man of worship of the world excepte kyng Arthur / I will wel said Beaumayns / the more he is of worship / the more shalle be my worship to haue adoo with hym / Thenne anone they were ware / where was afore them a Cyte ryche and fayre And betwixe them and the Cyte a myle and a half there was a fayre medowe that semed newe mowen / and therin were many paelions fayre to beholde / Lo said the damoyssel yonder is a lord that oweth yonder cyte / and his custome is whan the weder is fayr to lye in this medowe to Iuste and torneye / And euer there ben aboute hym fyue honderd knyghtes & gentilmen of armes / and there ben alle maner of games that ony gentylman can deuyse / That goodly lord saide Beaumayns wold I fayne see / thou shalt see hym tyme ynough saide the damoyssel / and soo as she rode nere she aspyed the paelione / where he was / Loo sayd she seest thou yonder paelione that is al of the coloure of Inde and al maner of thyng that there is aboute men and wymmen / and horses trapped / sheldes and speres were all of the colour of Inde and his name is sir persant of Inde the moost lordlyest knyghte that euer thou lokest on / Hit may wel be said Beaumayns / but be he neuer so stoute a knyghte in this felde / I shalle abyde tyl that I see hym vnder his shelde / A foole said she thou were better flee by tymes / why sayd Beaumayns and he be suche a knyghte as ye make hym he wylle not sette vpon me with alle his men / or with his / v / C knyghtes / For and ther come no more but one

at ones / I shall hym not fayle whylest my lyf lasteth / Fy fy said the damoyssel that euer suche a stynkyng knaue shold blowe suche a boost / Damoyssel he said ye ar to blame soo to rebuke me / For I had leuer do fyue batails / than so to be rebuked / lete hym come and thenne lete hym doo his werst / Syre she said I merueylle what thou arte and of what kyn thou arte come / boldly thou spekest / and boldly thou hast done / that haue I sene / therfore I praye the saue thy self and thou mayst / for thy hors and thou haue had grete traueylle / And I drede we dwelle ouer longe from the sege / For hit is but hens seuen myle / and alle perillous passages we ar past saue al only this passage / and there I drede me sore lest ye shalle ketch some hurte / therfore I wold haue ye were hens that ye were not brysed nor hurte with this stronge knyghte / But I lete you wete this syr Persant of ynde is no thyng of myȝte nor strength vnto the knyghte that leid the syege aboute my lady / As for that said syre Beaumayns be it as it be may / For sythen I am come soo nyghe this knyght I wille preue his myghte or I departe from hym / and els I shalle be shamed / and I now withdrawe me from hym / And therfore damoyssel haue ye no doubte by the grace of god I shall so dele with this knyghte that within two houres after none I shalle delyuer hym And thenne shal we come to the syege by day lyghte / O Ihesu merueille haue I said the damoyssel what maner a man ye be / for hit may neuer ben otherwyse but that ye be comen of a noble blood / for soo foule ne shamefully dyd neuer woman rule a knyghte as I haue done you / and euer curtoisly ye haue suffred me / and that cam neuer but of a gentyl blood /

¶ Damoyssel sayd Beaumayns a knyght may lytel do that may not suffre a damoisel / for what someuer ye said vnto me / I took none hede to your wordes / for the more ye sayd the more ye angryd me / and my wrathe I wrekyd vpon them that I had adoo with al / And therfor alle the myssayenge that ye myssayed me / fordered me in my bataill & caused me to thynke to shewe & preue my self at the ende what I was / for perauentur thouȝ I had mete in kyng Arthurs kechyn / yet I myȝt haue had mete ynouȝ in other places / but alle that I dyd it for to preue & assaye my frendes / and that shalle be knowen

another day / and whether that I be a gentylman borne or none / I lete you wete fayre damoyssel I haue done you gentilmans seruyse / and parauentur better seruyse yet wille I do or I departe from you / Allas she said fayre Beaumayns forgyue me alle that I haue myssaid or done ageynst the / wyth alle my herte said he I forgyue it yow / for ye dyde no thyng but as ye shold doo / for al your euyl wordes pleasyd me / & damoyssel saide Beaumayns syn hit lyketh you to saye thus fayre vnto me / wete ye wel it gladeth my herte gretely / and now me semeth ther is no knyght lyuyng but I am able ynough for hym

¶ Capitulum Duodecimum

WYth this sir Persant of ynde had aspyed them as they houed in the felde / and knyȝtly he sente to them

whether he came in werre or in pees / say to thy lord said beaumayns I take no force / but whether as hym lyst hym self / Soo the messenger went ageyne vnto syr Persaunt / and told hym alle this ansuer / wel thenne will I haue adoo with hym to the vtteraunce / and soo he purueyed hym and rode ageynst hym / And Beaumayns sawe hym and made hym redy / & ther they mette with all that euer theyr horses myght renne / and braste their speres eyther in thre pyeces / & their horses rassed so to gyders that bothe their horses felle dede to the erthe & lyȝtly they auoyded their horses / and put their sheldes afore them / & drewe their swerdes / and gaf many grete strokes that somtyme they hurtled to gyder that they felle grouelyng on the ground Thus they fought two houres and more that their sheldes & theyr hauberkes were al forhewen / & in many stedys they were wounded / So at the last syr Beaumayns smote hym thorou the cost of the body / & thenne he retrayed hym here & there & knyghtly mayntened his batail long tyme / And at the last though hym lothe were Beaumayns smote sir Persant aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym / Thenne syr Persant yelded hym & asked hym mercy / with that cam þe damoisel & praid to saue his lyf / I wil wel / for it were pyte this noble knyȝt shold dye / gramercy sayd Persaunt gentyl knyȝt & damoysele / For certeynly now I

leaf 116r

wote wel it was ye that slewe my broder the black knyghte / at the black thorne / he was a ful noble knyȝte / his name was syr Perard / Also I am sure that ye are he that wanne myn other brother the grene knyght / his name was syre Pertolepe Also ye wanne my broder the reed knyght syr Perrymones / And now syn ye haue wonne these / this shal I do for to please you ye shal haue homage & feaute of me / & an C knyghtes to be alweyes at your commaundement to go & ryde where ye wil commaunde vs / & so they wente vnto sir Persauntes pauelione & dranke the wyne / & ete spyeces / & afterward sire Persaunte made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyl souper tyme / and after souper to bedde ageyne / whan Beaumayns was abedde syr Persaunt had a lady a faire douȝter of xviij yere of age and there he called her vnto hym / & charged her & commaunded her vpon his blessynge to go vnto the knyghtes bedde / and lye down by his syde / & make hym no straunge chere / but good chere / and take hym in thyne armes & kysse hym / & loke that this be done I charge you as ye wil haue my loue & my good wil So syr Persants doughter dyd as her fader bad her / and soo she wente vnto syr Beaumayns bed / & pryuely she dispoylled her / & leid her doune by hym / & thenne he awoke & sawe her & asked her what she was / syre she said I am sir Persants douȝter that by the commaundement of my fader am come hyder / Be ye a mayde or a wyf said he / sir she said I am a clene maiden / God defende sayd he that I shold defoyle you to doo syre Persaunt suche a shame / therfore fayre damoysele aryse oute of this bedde or els I wille / Syre she said I cam not to you by myn owne wille but as I was commaunded / Allas said syr Beaumayns I were a shameful knyghte and I wolde do your fader ony disworship / and so he kyst her and soo she departed and came vnto syr Persant her fader / & told hym alle how she had spedde / Truly saide syre Persaunt what someuer he be / he is comen of a noble blood / and soo we leue hem there tyl on the morne

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¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd soo on the morne the damoyssel & sir Beaumayns herd masse & brake their fast / and soo took their leue Fair damoyssel said Persant whether ward ar ye way ledyng this knyghte / syr she said this knyghte is goyng to the sege / that besyegeth my syster in the castel Dangerus / A a sayd persaunt that is the knyghte of the reed launde / the whiche is the moost peryllous knyghte that I knowe now lyuyng / and a man that is withouten mercy / and men sayen that he hath seuen mens strength / god saue you said he to Beaumayns from þ^tknyghte / for he doth grete wrong to that lady / and that is grete pyte / for she is one of the fairest ladyes of the world / & me semeth that your damoyssel is her suster / is not your name Lynet said he / ye sir said she / and my lady my susters name is dame Lyonesse / Now shal I telle you said syr Persaunt / thys reed knyghte of the reed laund hath layne long at the syege wel nyghe this two yeres / and many tymes he myghte haue had her and he had wold / but he prolongeth the tyme to thys entent / for to haue sir la^{ma}celot du lake to doo bataill with hym or sir Trystram or syr Lamerak de galys / or syre Gawayne / & this is his taryenge soo longe at the syege / Now my lord syre Persaunt of ynde saide the damoyssel Lynet I requyre you that ye wille make this gentilman knyghte or euer he fyghte with the reed knyghte / I will with all my herte said syr Persaunt and it please hym to take the ordre of knyghthode of so symple a man as I am / Sire said Beaumayns I thanke you for your good wil / for I am better sped / for certaynly the noble knyght sir Launcelot made me knyght / A said sir Persant of a more renommed knyghte myghte ye not be made knyghte / For of alle knyghtes he maye be called chyef of knyghthode / & so all the world saith that betwixe thre knyghtes is departed clerly knyghthode / that is la^{ma}celot du lake / syr Trystram de lyones and sir Lamerak de galis / these bere now the renommee / there ben many other knyghtes as sir Palamydes the sarasyn and sir Sasere his broder / Also sir Bleoberys and sire Blamore de ganys his broder / Also syr Bors de Ganys & syr Ector de marys & sir Percyuale de galis / these & many mo ben noble kni³tes / but ther be none þ^t passe þ^e iij aboue said / therfor god

leaf 117r

spede you wel said syr Persant / for and ye may matche the rede knyghte ye shalle be called the fourth of the world / sir said Beaumayns I wold fayne be of good fame / and of knyghthode / And I lete you wete I am of good men / for I dare say my fader was a noble man / and soo that ye wil kepe hit in close / and this damoyssel / I wyl telle you of what kyn I am We wille not discouer you said they both tyl ye

commaunde vs by the feythe we owe vnto god /

¶ Truly thenne saide he / my name is Gareth of Orkeney and kynge Lot was my fader / & my moder is kynge Arthurs syster / her name is Dame Morgawse / and sir Gawayne is my broder / and sir Agrauiayne & sir Gaheryes / and I am the yongest of hem alle / And yet wote not kyng Arthur nor sir Gawayn what I am

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo the book saith / that the lady that was biseged had word of her systers comynge by the dwerf and a knyghte with her / and how he had passed al the perillous passages / what manere a man is he said the lady / he is a noble knyght truly madame said the dwerf and but a yong man / but he is as lykely a man as euer ye sawe ony / what is he sayd the damoyssel / and of what kynne is he comen / and of whome was he made knyghte / Madame said the dwerf he is the kynges sone of Orkeney / but his name I wille not telle you as at this tyme / but wete ye wel of syre launcelot was he maade knyght / for of none other wolde he be maade knyghte / and sire kay named hym Beaumayns / how escaped he said the lady from the bretheren of Persaunt /

¶ Madame he said as a noble knyghte shold / Fyrste he slewe two bretheren att a passage of a water / A saide she they were good knyghtes but they were murtherers / the one hyght Gherard de breusse / & the other knyght hyght sir Arnolde le Brewse / thenne madame he recountred with the black knyght / and slewe hym in playne batail & so he toke his hors & his armour & fouȝt with the grene knyght & wanne hym in playn bataill / & in lyke wyse he serued the reed knyȝt / and aftir in the same wyse he serued the blewe knyȝt & wan hym in playn batail / thēne said the lady he hath ouercome sir Persaunt of Inde / one of the noblest knyȝtes of the world / & þe dwerf said he hath wanne al the iiij bretheren & slayn

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the blak knyght / and yet he dyd more tofore he ouerthrewe sir kay and lefte hym nyghe dede vpon the ground / Also he dyd a grete batayll with syre launcelot / and there they departed on euen handes / And thenne syre launcelot made hym knyghte / Dwerf sayd the lady I am gladde of these tydynges / therfor go thou in an hermytage of myn here by / and there shalt thou bere with the of my wyn in two flagans of siluer / they ar of two galons / and also two cast of brede with fatte veneson bake and deynte foules / and a cop of gold here I delyuer the / that is ryche and precyous and bere all this to myn hermytage / and put it in the hermytes handes / And sythen go thou vnto my syster and grete her wel / and commaunde me vnto that gentyl knyghte / and praye hym to ete and to drynke and make hym stronge / and say ye hym I thanke hym of his curtosye and goodenes that he wold take vpon hym suche labour for me that neuer dyd hym bounte nor curtosye /

¶ Also pray hym that he be of good herte & courage / for he shalle mete with a ful noble knyghte / but he is neyther of bounte / curtosye / nor gentylnes / for he attendyth vnto nothyng but to murther / & that is the cause I can not prayse hym nor loue hym / So this dwerf departed / and came to syre Persant where he fond the damoyssel lynet and syr Beaumayns / and there he tolde hem alle as ye haue herd / and thenne they took theyr leue / but syr Persant took an ambelyng hacney and conueyed hem on theyr wayes / And thenne belefte hem to god / and soo within a lytil whyle they came to that heremytage / and there they dranke the wyne / and ete the veneson and the foules baken / And so whan they had repasted hem wel / the dwerf retorned ageyn with his vessel vn to the castel ageyne / and there mette with hym the reed knyght of the reed laundes / and asked hym from whens that he came / and where he had ben / Syr sayd the dwerf I haue ben with my ladyes syster of this castel and she hath ben at kynge Arthurs courte / and brougte a knyghte with her / thenne I accompte her trauaille but loste / For though she had brougte with her syre launcelot / sir Trystram / syr Lamerak or syr gawayne / I wold thynke my selfe good ynough for them all / it may well be said the dwerf / but this knyghte hath passed alle the peryllous passages & slayn

leaf 118r

the black knyghte and other two mo / and wonne the grene knyght / the reed knyghte and the blewe knyghte / thenne is he one of these four that I haue afore reherced / He is none of tho said the dwerf / but he is a kynges sone / what is his name sayd the reed knyght of the reed laund / that wille I not telle you seyde the dwerf / but sire kay upon scorne named hym Beaumayns / I care not said the knyght what knyghte soo euer he be / for I shal soone delyuer hym / And yf I euer matche hym he shalle haue a shameful dethe as many other haue had that were pyte sayd the dwerf / And it is merueill that ye make suche shameful warre vpon noble knyghtes

¶ Capitulum xv

NOo leue we the knyghte and the dwerf / and speke we of Beaumayns that al nyȝt lay in the hermytage / & vpon the morne he and the damoyssel lynet herd their masse / and brake their fast / And thenne they toke theyr horses / and rode thorou oute a fair forest / and thenne they came to a playne and sawe where were many pauelions and tentys / and a fayr castel / and there was moche smoke and grete noyse / and whanne they came nere the sege / syr Beaumayns aspyed vpon grete trees as he rode / how there henge ful goodly armed knyghtes by the neck and their sheldes aboute their neckys with their swerdes / and gylt spores vpon their heles / and soo there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamefully with ful ryche armes / Thenne sir Beaumayns abated his countenance & sayd what meneth this / Fayre syre said the damoyssel abate not your chere for all this syghte / for ye must courage your self or els ye ben al shente / for all these knyghtes came hyder to this sege to rescowe my syster Dame lyones / and whanne the reede knyghte of the reed laund hadde ouercome hem / he putte them to this shameful dethe withoute mercy and pyte / And in the same wyse he wyll serue you / but yf ye quyte you the better Now Ihesu deffende

me said Beaumayns from suche a vylaynous dethe and shenship of armes / For rather than I sholde so be
faren with all / I wolde rather be slayn manly in playn

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bataille / Soo were ye better said the damoyssel / for trust not in hym is no curtosye but alle goth to the
deth or shameful murther / and that is pyte / for he is a ful lykely man / wel made of body / and a ful
noble knyghte of prowesse and a lorde of grete laundes and possessions / Truly said Beaumayns / he
may wel be a good knyghte / but he vseth shameful customs and it is merueylle that he endureth so
longe that none of the noble knyghtes of my lord Arthurs haue not delt with hym And thenne they rode
to the dykes and sawe them double dyked with ful warly wallis / and there were lodged many grete
lordes nyghe the wallys / and there was grete noyse of mynstralsy / and the see betyd vpon the one syde
of the walles where were many shippes and maryners noyse with hale & how And also there was fast by
a Sykamore tree / and ther henge an horne the grettest that euer they sawe of an Olyfantes bone / and this
knyght os the reed laund had hanged it vp ther that yf ther came ony arraunt knyghte / he muste blowe
that horne / and thenne wylle he make hym redy & come to hym to doo bataille / But syr I pray you said
the damoyssel Lynet blowe ye not the horne tyl it be hyghe none / for now it is aboute pryme / & now
encreaced his myghte / that as men say he hath seuen mens strengthe / A fy for shame fair damoisel say
ye neuer soo more to mo / For and he were as good a knyghte as euer was I shalle neuer fayle hym in his
moost myghte / for outhur I wille wynne worship worshipfully or dye knyghtely in the felde / and ther
with he spored his hors streyghte to the Sykamore tree / and blewe soo the horne egerly that alle the sege
and the castel range therof / And thenne there lepte oute knyghtes oute of their tentys and paelions / and
they within the castel loked ouer the wallis and oute att wyndowes / Thenne the reed knyghte of the reed
laūdes armed hym hastely / and two barons sette on his spores vpon his heles / and alle was
blood reed his armour spere and shelde / And an Erle buclad his helme vpon his hede / and thenne they
broughte hym a rede spere and a rede stede / and soo he rode into a lytyl vale vnder the castel / that al
that were in the castel and at the sege myghte behold the bataill

leaf 119r

¶ Capitulum xvj

SYre said the damoyssel Lynet vnto syr Beaumayns loke ye be gladde and lyght / for yonder is your
dedely enemy / and at yonder wyndowe is my lady syster dame Lyones / where sayd Beaumayns /
yonder said the damoyssel & poynted with her fynger / that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / She besemeth a
ferre the fayrest lady that euer I loked vpon and truly he said I aske no better quarel than now for to do
bataylle / for truly she shalle be my lady / and for her I wille fyghte / And euer he loked vp to the

wyndowe with gladde countenance / And the lady Lyones made curtosy to hym doune to the erthe with holdynge vp bothe their handes / Wyth that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes callid to syr Beaumayns / leue syr knyghte thy lokynge / and behold me I co¯ceille the / for I warne the wel she is my lady / and for her I haue done many stronge batails / Yf thou haue so done said Beaumayns / me semeth it was but waste labour / for she loueth none of thy felauship / and thou to loue that loueth not the / is but grete foly / For and I vnderstode that she were not glad of my comynge / I wold be auysed or I dyd bataille for her / But I vnderstande by the syegyng of this castel she may forbere thy felauship / And therfor wete thou wel thou rede knyghte of the reed laundes / I loue her / and wille rescowe her or els to dye / Saist thou that said the reed knyghte / me semeth / thou oughte of reson to beware by yonder knyghtes that thow sawest hange vpon yonder trees / Fy for shame said Beaumayns that euer thou sholdest saye or do so euyl for in that thou shamest thy self and knyghthode / and thou mayst be sure ther wyll no lady loue the that knoweth thy wycked custommes And now thou wenest that the syghte of these hanged knyghtes shold fere me / Nay truly not so / that shameful syght causeth me to haue courage and hardynes ageynste the more than I wold haue had ageynst the / and thou were a wel ruled knyght / make the redy said the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and talke no lenger with me / Thenne syre Beaumayns badde the damoyssel goo from hym / and thenne they putte their speres in their reystes and came to gyders with alle their myȝt

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that they had bothe / and eyther smote other in myddes of their sheldes that the paytrellys / sursenglys and crowpers braste / and felle to the erthe bothe / and the reynys of their brydels in their handes / and soo they laye a grete whyle sore stonyed that al that were in the castel and in the sege wende their neckes had ben broken / and thenne many a straunger and other sayd the straunge knyȝt was a bygge man / and a noble Iuster / for or now we sawe neuer noo knyghte matche the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / thus they sayd bothe within the castel and withoute / thenne lyghtly they auoyded theyr horses and put their sheldes afore them / and drewe their swerdes and ranne to gyders lyke two fyers lyons / and eyther gafe other suche buffets vpon their helmes that they relyd backward bothe two strydys / and thenne they recouerd bothe and hewe grete pyeces of their harneis and their sheldes / that a grete parte felle in to the felde

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd thenne thus they foughte tyl it was past none / and neuer wold stynte tyl att the laste they lacked wynde bothe / and th¯ne they stode wagynge and scaterynge pontynge / blowynge and bledynge that al that behelde them for the moost party wepte for pyte / Soo whan they had restyd them a whyle / they yede to bataille ageyne / tracyng racyng foyning as two bores / And at some tyme they toke their renne as hit had ben two rammys & hurtled to gyders that somtyme they felle grouelyng to the erthe / And at somtyme they were so amased that eyther took others swerd in stede of his owne / Thus they endured tyl

euensong tyme / that there was none that beheld them myghte knowe whether was lyke to wynne the bataill / and their armour was so fer hewen that men myȝt see their naked sydes / and in other places / they were naked / but euer the naked places they dyd defende / and the rede knyghte was a wyly knyght of werre / and his wyly fyhtyng taughte syr Beaumayns to be wyse / but he aboughte hit fulle sore or he dyd aspye his fyghtyng / And thus by assente of them bothe they graunted eyther other to rest / and so they sette

leaf 120r

hem doune vpon two molle hylles there besydes the fyghtyng place / and eyther of hem vnlaced his helme / and toke the cold wynde / for either of their pages was fast by them to come whā they called to vnlace their harneis and to sette hem on ageyn at their commaundement / And thenne whan syr Beaumayns helme was of / he loked vp to the wyndowe / and there he sawe the faire lady Dame Lyones / and she made hym suche countenaunce that his herte waxed lyghte and Ioly / and ther with he bad the reed knyghte of the reed laundes make hym redy and lete vs doo the bataille to the vtteraunce / I will wel said the knyghte / and thenne they laced vp their helmes / and their pages auoyded / & they stepte to gyders & foughte fresshely / but the reed knyghte of the reed laundes awayted hym / & at an ouerthwart smote hym within the hand / that his swerd felle oute of his hand / and yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & the reed knyghte felle ouer hym / for to holde hym doune / Thenne cryed the maiden Lynet on hyghe / O syr Beaumayns where is thy courage become / Allas my lady syster beholdeth the and she sobbeth and wepeth / that maketh myn herte heuy / when syr Beaumayns herd her saye soo / he abrayed vp with a grete myght and gate hym vpon his feet / and lyghtely he lepte to his swerd and gryped hit in his hand and doubled hys paas vnto the reed knyghte and there they foughte a newe bataille to gyder / But sir Beaumayns thenne doubled his strokes / and smote soo thyck that he smote the swerd oute of his hand / and thenne he smote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe / and sir Beaumayns felle vpon hym / and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym / and thenne he yelded hym and asked mercy / and said with a lowde vois O noble knyghte I yelde me to thy mercy / Thenne syr Beaumayns bethoughte hym vpon the knyghtes that he had made to be hanged shamefully / and thenne he said I may not with my worship saue thy lyf / for the shameful dethe that thou hast caused many ful good knyghtes to dye / Syre saide the reed knyghte of the reed laundes hold your hand and ye shalle knowe the causes why I put hem to so shameful a dethe / saye on said sir Beaumayns / Syre I loued ones a lady a faire damoisel / and she

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had her broder slayne / and she said hit was syr launcelot du lake / or els syr gawayn / and she praide me as that I loued her hertely that I wold make her a promyse by the feith of my knyghthode for to laboure dayly in armes vnto I mette wyth one of them / and alle that I myghte ouercome I shold putte them vnto

a vylaynous dethe / and this is the cause that I haue putte alle these knyghtes to dethe / and soo I ensured her to do alle the vylony vnto kynge Arthurs knyghtes / and that I shold take vengeaūce vpon alle these knyghtes and syr now I wille the telle that euery daye my strengthe encreaceth tyll none / and al this tyme haue I seuen mens strengthe

¶ Capitulum xviiij

THenne came ther many Erles and Barons and noble knyghtes and praid that knyghte to saue his lyf and take hym to your prysoner / And all they felle vpon their knees and prayd hym of mercy / and that he wolde saue his lyf / and syr they all sayd it were fairer of hym to take homage and feaute / and lete hym holde his landes of you than for to slee hym / by his deth ye shal haue none auantage and his mysdedes that ben done maye not ben vndone / And therfor he shal make amendys to al partyes & we al wil become your men and doo you homage and feaute / Fayre lordes said Beaumayns / wete you wel I am ful lothe to slee this knyȝt neuertheles he hath done passyng ylle and shamefully / But in soo moche al that he dyd was at a ladyes request I blame hym the lesse / and so for your sake I wil releace hym that he shal haue his lyf vpon this couenaunt / that he goo within the castel / and yelde hym there to the lady / And yf she wil forgyue and quyte hym / I wil wel / with this he make her amendys of al the trespas he hath done ageynst her and her landes /

¶ And also whanne that is done that ye goo vnto the courte of kyng Arthur / and there that ye aske syr Launcelot mercy / & syr Gawayn for the euyl wil ye haue had ageynst them / sire said the reed knyght of the reed laundes / al this wil I do as ye commaunde / and syker assuraunce and borowes ye shal haue / And soo thenne whan the assuraunce was made / he made

leaf 121r

his homage and feaute / and alle tho erles and barons wyth hym / And thenne the mayden Lynet came to syre Beaumayns / and vnarmed hym and serched his woundes / and stynted his blood / and in lyke wyse she dyd to the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and there they sojourned ten dayes in their tentes / and the reed knyghte made his lordes and seruauntes to doo alle the pleasyre that they myghte vnto syre Beaumayns / And soo within a whyle the reed knyghte of the reed laundes yede vnto the castel / and putte hym in her grace And soo she receyued hym vpon suffysaunt seurte / so alle her hurtes were wel restored of al that she coude complayne / and thenne he departed vnto the Courte of kyne Arthur / and there openly the reed knyghte of the reed laundes putte hym in the mercy of syre Launcelot and syr Gawayne / and there he told openly how he was ouercome and by whome / and also he told alle the batails from the begynnyng vnto the endyng / Ihesu mercy sayd kynge Arthur and sire Gawayne we merueylle moche of what blood he is come / for he is a noble knyghte / Haue ye no merueille saide sire Launcelot / for ye shal ryght wel wete that he is comen of a ful noble blood / and as for his myghte and hardynes ther ben but fewe now lyuyng that is so myghty as he is / and so noble of prowesse It semeth

by yow said kynge Arthur that ye knowe his name / and fro whens he is come / and of what blood he is /
I suppose I doo so said Launcelot / or els I wold not haue yeuen hym thordre of knyȝthode / but he gaf
me suche charge at that tyme that I shold neuer discouer hym vntyl he requyred me or els it be knownen
openly by some other

¶ Capitulum xix

NOw torne we vnto syr Beaumayns that desyred of Lynet that he myght see her syster his lady / Syre
she said I wold fayne ye sawe her / Thenne syr Beaumayns al armed hym and toke his hors and his spere
and rode streȝt vnto the castel / And whanne he cam to the gate he fond there many men armed and
pulled vp the drawe brydge / & drewe

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the porte cloose /

¶ Thenne merueilled he why they wold not suffre hym to entre / And thenne he loked vp to the wyndow
And there he sawe the fair Lyones that said on hyghe go thy way / syr Beaumayns / for as yet thou shalt
not haue holy my loue vnto the tyme that thou be callyd one of the nombre of the worthy knyghtes / And
therfor goo laboure in worship this twelue monethe / and thenne thou shalt here newe tydynges / Allas
faire lady said Beaumayns I haue not deserued that ye shold shewe me this straungenes / and I had wend
that I shold haue ryght good chere with you and vnto my power I haue deserued thanke / and wel I am
sure I haue boughte your loue with parte of the best blood within my body Fayre curteis knyghte said
Dame Lyones / be not displeasyd nor ouer hasty / for wete you wel / your grete trauaill nor good loue
shal not be lost / for I consydre your grete trauail & labour / your bounte and your goodenes as me
oughte to doo / And therefore goo on your wey / and loke that ye be of good comforte for all shal be for
your worship / and for the best / & perde a twelue moneth wille soone be done / and trust me fair
knyghte I shal be true to you and neuer te bitraye you / but to my dethe I shalle loue you / and none
other / And ther with alle she torned her from the wyndowe / and syr Beaumayns rode away ward from
the castel makyng grete dole / and soo he rode here and there & wyste not ne where he rode tyl hit was
derke nyghte / And thenne it happend hym to come to a poure mans hous and there he was herborowed
all that nyghte / But syr Beaumayns hadde no rest but walowed and wrythed for the loue of the lady of
the castel / And soo vpon the morowe he took his hors and rode vn tyl vnderne / and thene he came to a
brode water / and there by was a grete lodge / and there he alyghte to slepe and leid his hede vpon the
shelde / and bitoke his hors to the dwarf / and commaunded hym to watche al nyghte / Now torne we to
the lady of the same castel / that thoughte moche vpon Beaumayns / and thenne she called vnto her syr
Gryngamore her broder / and praid hym in al maner as he loued her hertely that he wold ryde after syr
Beaumayns / and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyl ye may fynde hym slepyng / for I am sure in his
heuynes he wil alyȝt down

leaf 122r

in some place / and leye hym doune to slepe / And therfor haue ye your wayte vpon hym / and in the preuyest manere ye can take his dwerf / and go ye your waye with hym as faste as euer ye maye or syr Beaumayns awake / For my syster Lynet telleth me that he can telle of what kynreed he is come / and what is his ryghte name / And the meane whyle I and my syster wille ryde vnto youre castel to awayte whanne ye brynge with you the dwerf / And thenne whan ye haue broughte hym vnto youre Castel / I wylle haue hym in examynacion my self / vnto the tyme that I knowe what is his ryghte name / and of what kynreed he is come / shalle I neuer be mery at my herte

¶ Syster said syre Gryngamore alle thys shalle be done after your entente / And soo he rode alle the other daye and the nyghte tylle that he fond syre Beaumayns lyenge by a water and his hede vpon his shelde for to slepe /

¶ And thenne whanne he sawe syre Beaumayns fast on slepe / he cam styllly stalkyng behynde the dwerf and plucked hym fast vnder his arme / and soo he rode awaye with hym as faste as euer he myght vnto his owne castel And this syre Gryngamors armes were alle black and that to hym longeth / But euer as he rode with the dwerf toward his castel / he cryed vnto his lord / and prayd hym for helpe / And there with awoke syre Beaumayns / and vp he lepte lyghtly / & sawe where the Gryngamor rode his waye with the dwerf / and soo syr Gryngamor rode oute of his syghte /

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne syre Beaumayns putte on his helme anone / and buckeled his shelde / and tooke his hors / and rode after hym alle that euer he myghte ryde thorou marys and feldes and grete dales / that many tymes his hors and he plunged ouer the hede in depe myres / for he knewe not the wey / but took the gaynest waye in that woodenes that many tymes he was lyke to perysshe / And at the laste hym happend to come to a fayre grene waye And there he mette with a poure man of the countreye whom he salewed & asked hym /

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whether he mette not with a knyghte vpon a black hors & all black harneis a lytel dwerf syttyng behynde hym with heuy chere / Syre saide this poure man here by me came syre Gryngamor the knyght with suche a dwerf mornyng as ye saye / & therefore I rede you not folowe hym / For he is one of the

perylloust knyghtes of the world / and his castel is here nyhe hand but two myle / therfor we aduyse you ryde not after syr Gryngamor but yf ye owe hym good wille / Soo leue we syre Beaumayns rydyng toward the castel and speke we of sir Gryngamor and the dwerf / Anone as the dwerf was come to the castel / dame Lyones and dame Lynet her syster asked the dwerf where was his maister borne / and of what lygnage he was come / And but yf thou telle me said dame Lyones thou shalt neuer escape this castel / but euer here to be prysoner As for that said the dwerf I fere not gretely to telle his name and of what kynne he is come / Wete ye wel he is a kynges sone / and his moder is syster to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the good knyghte of syre Gawayne / and his name is syre Gareth of Orkeney / and now I haue told you his ryght name / I praye you fayre lady lete me goo to my lord ageyne / for he wille neuer oute of this countrey vntyl that he haue me ageyne / And yf he be angry / he wil doo moche harme or that he be stynte / and worche you wrake in this countray As for that thretyng sayd syr Gryngamore be it as it be may We wille goo to dyner / and soo they wasshed and wente to mete / and made hem mery and wel at ease / by cause the lady Lyones of the castel was there / they made grete Ioye

¶ Truly Madame sayd Lynet vnto her syster wel maye he be a kynges sone / for he hath many good tatches on hym / for he is curteis and mylde and the moost sufferynge man that euer I mette with al / For I dar saye ther was neuer gentylwoman reulyd man in soo foule a manere / as I haue rebuked hym / And at all tymes he gafe me goodely and meke ansuers ageyne

¶ And as they sate thus talkyng / ther came sire Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenaunce and his swerd drawen in his hand / and cryed aloude that alle the castel myȝt here hit sayeng thou traitour syre

leaf 123r

Gryngamor delyuer me my dwerf ageyn / or by the feith that I owe to the ordre of knyghthode I shal doo the al the harme that I can / Thenne syr Gryngamor loked oute at a wyndow and said syr gareth of Orkeney leue thy bostyng wordes / for thou getest not thy dwerf ageyne / Thou coward knyghte sayd syr Gareth brynge hym with the / and come and doo bataylle with me / and wyne hym and take hym / So wille I do said syr Gryngamor and me lyst / but for al thy grete wordes thou getest hym not / A fayr broder said dame Lyones I wold he had his dwerf ageyne / for I wold he were not wroth / for now he hath told me al my desyre I kepe nomore of the dwerf And also broder he hath done moche for me / and delyuerd me from the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and therfor broder I owe hym my seruyse afore al knyghtes lyuyng / And wete ye wel that I loue hym before al other / and ful fayne I wold speke with hym / But in no wyse I wold that he wist what I were / but that I were another straunge lady / Wel said syr Gryngamor sythen I knowe now your wille / I wyll obeye now vnto hym / And ryght ther with al he wente doun vnto syr Gareth / and said syr I crye you mercy / and al that I haue mysdone I wille amend hit at your wille / And therefore I pray you that ye wold alyghte / and take suche chere as I can make you in this castel / Shal I haue my dwerfe saide syre Gareth / ye syr / and alle the pleasaunce that I can make you / for as soone as your dwerf told me what ye were and of what blood ye ar come / and what noble

dedes ye haue done in these marches / thenne I repentyd of my dedes / And thenne syre Gareth alyghte / and ther came his dwerf & took his hors / O my felawe said syr gareth / I haue had many aduentures for thy sake / And soo syre Gryngamor tooke hym by the hand / and ledde hym in to the halle where his own wyf was

¶ Capitulum **xxj** [correction; sic = **xxij**]

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leaf 123v

AND thenne came forth Dame Lyones arayed lyke a pryncesse / and there she made hym passyng good chere and he her ageyne / and they had goodely langage & louely countenaunce to gyder / And syre Gareth thought many tymes Ihesu wold that the lady of the castel perillous were so fayre as she was / there were al maner of games & playes of dauncyng and syngyng / And euer the more syre Gareth bihelde that lady / the more he loued her / and so he brenned in loue that he was past hym self in his reason / and forth toward nyghte they yede vnto souper / and syre Gareth myghte not ete for his loue was soo hote / that he wist not where he was Alle these lokes aspyed syr Gryngamor / and thenne at after souper he callid his syster Dame Lyones vnto a chamber / and sayd / fair syster I haue wel aspyed your comenace betwixe you and this knyght / And I wil syster that ye wete he is a ful nobel knyȝt / & yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wil do hym all the pleasyr þ^t I can / for & ye were better than ye ar ye were wel bywaryd vpon hym / Fayre broder said Dame lyones I vnderstande wel that the knyghte is good & come he is of a noble hous / Notwithstandyng I wille assaye hym better how be it I am moost beholdyng to hym of ony erthely maner; for he hath had grete labour for my loue / and passid many a daungerous passage / Ryght soo syr Gryngamor wente vnto syr Gareth and said syre make ye good chere / for ye shal haue none other cause / for this lady my syster is yours at al tymes her worship saued / for wete ye wel she loueth you as wel as ye doo her and better / yf better may be / And I wist that said syr Gareth / ther lyued not a gladder man than I wold be Vpon my worship said syr Gryngamor trust vnto my promyse And as long as it lyketh you ye shal soiourne with me and this lady shal be with vs dayly and nyghtly to make yow alle the chere that she can / I wille wel said syre Gareth / For I haue promysed to be nyghe this countrey this twelue moneth / And wel I am sure kynge Arthur and other noble knyghtes wille fynde me where that I am within this twelfe moneth / For I shal be soughte and founden yf that I be on lyue

¶ And thenne the noble knyghte syre Gareth wente vnto the dame Lyones whiche he th^emoche loued / & kyst her

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many tymes / and eyther made grete loye of other / And there she promysed hym her loue certaynly to loue hym and none other the dayes of hyr lyf / Thenne this lady dame Lyones by the assente of her broder told syr Gareth alle the trouth what she was / And how she was the same lady that he dyd batail for / and how she was lady of the castel peryllous / and there she told hym how she caused her broder to take away his dwerf

¶ Capitulum xxij

FOR this cause to knowe the certaynte what was your name / and of what kynne ye were come / And thenne she lete fetch tofore hym Lynet the damoyssel that had ryden with hym many wysse wayes / Thenne was syre Gareth more gladder than he was to fore / And thence they troutheplete eche other to loue / and neuer to faylle whyles their lyfe lasteth / And soo they brente bothe in loue that they were accorded to abate their lustes secretly / And there Dame Lyones counceylled syr Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the halle / And there she promysed hym to come to his bedde a lytel afore mydnyght / This counceyl was not soo pryuely kepte but it was vnderstande / for they were but yonge bothe and tender of age / and had not used none such craftes to forne / Wherefor the damoyssel Lynet was a lytel displeased / and she thoughte her syster Dame Lyones was a lytel ouer hasty / that she myghte not abyde the tyme of her maryage / And for sauynge their worship / she thoughte to abate their hote lustes /

¶ And so she lete ordeyne by her subtil craftes that they had not their ententes neyther with other as in her delytes / vntyl they were married / And soo it past on / At after souper was made clene auoydaunce / that euery lord and lady shold goo vnto his rest / But syr Gareth said playnly he wold goo noo further than the halle / for in such places he said was conuenient for an arraunt knyght to take his rest in / and so there were ordeyned grete couches / & theron fether beddes / & there leyde hym doune to slepe / & within a while cam dame Lyones wrapped in a mantel furred with Ermyne & leid her down besydes syr Gareth / And there with alle he beganne to kysse her / And thenne he loked afore hym and there he apperceuyed **and sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym / and**

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sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes about hym [sic] / & this knyghte had a longe Gysarme in his hand / and maade grym countenaunce to smyte hym / Whanne syre Gareth sawe hym come in that wyse / he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in his hand his swerd and lepte straye toward that knyght / And whanne the knyght sawe syr Gareth come so fyersly vpon hym / he smote hym with a foyne thorow the thycke of the thygh that the wound was a shaftmon brode and had cutte atwo many vaynes and senewes / And there with al syr Gareth smote hym vpon the helme suche a buffet that he felle grouelyng / and thenne he lepte ouer hym and vnaced his helme and smote of his hede fro the body /

And thenne he bledde so fast that he myghte not stande / but soo he leid hym down vpon his bedde / and there he swouned and laye as he had ben dede Thenne dame Lyones cryed alowde / that her broder syr Gryngamor herd / and came doune / And whan he sawe syr Gareth soo shamefully wounded / he was sore displeasyd and sayd I am shamed that this noble knyghte is thus honoured / Syr sayd syr Gryngamore hou may this be / that ye be here / and thys noble knyghte wounded / Broder she said I can not telle yow For it was not done by me nor by myn assente / For he is my lord and I am his / and he must be myn husband / therfore my broder I wille that ye wete I shame me not to be with hym / nor to doo hym alle the pleasyr that I can / Syster said syre Gryngamore / and I will that ye wete it and syr Gareth both that it was neuer done by me nor by my assente that this vnhappy dede was done / And there they staunched his bledynge as wel as they myght / and grete sorou made sir Gryngamor and Dame Lyones / And forthe with al came Dame Lynet and toke vp the hede in the syghte of hem alle / and enoynted it with an oyntement there as it was smyten of / and in the same wyse she dyd to the other parte there as the hede stak / And thenne she sette it to gyders / and it stak as fast as euer it did And the knyghte arose lyghtely vp / and the damoyssel Lynet put hym in her chambre / Alle this sawe sir Gryngamor and dame Lyones / and soo dyd sir Gareth / and wel he espyed that it was the damoyssel Lynet that rode with hym thorou the peryllous passages / A wel damoyssel said syre Gareth I **wende**

leaf 125r

wold [sic] not haue done as ye haue done / My lord Gareth said Lynet / alle that I haue done I will auowe / and alle that I haue done shal be for youre honoure and worship / and to vs alle / And soo within a whyle syr Gareth was nyghe hole / & waxid lyghte and Iocounde / and sange / daunced and gamed / and he and dame Lyones were soo hote in brennyng loue that they made their couenaunte at the tenth nyghte after that she shold come to his bedde / And by cause he was woūded afore / he laid his armour / and his swerd nyghe his beddes syde

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

RYght as she promysed she came / and she was not soo soone in his bedde / but she aspyed an armed knyghte comyng toward the bedde / there with alle she warned syr Gareth / and lyghtly thorou the good helpe of Dame Lyones he was armed / and they hurtled to gyders with grete Ire & malyce al aboute the halle / and there was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of xx torches bothe before and behynd / soo that syr Gareth strayned hym / soo that his old wounde braste ageyne on bledyng / but he was hote and couragious and toke no kepe / but with his grete force he stroke doune that knyghte / and voyded his helme / and strake of his hede / Thenne he hewe the hede in an honderd pyeces / And whan he had done so he took vp alle tho pyeces and threwe hem oute at a wyndow in to the dyches of the castel / and by this done / he was so faynt that vnnethes he myght stande for bledyng / And by thenne he was al most vnarmed / he felle in a dedely swoune in the flore / And thenne dame Lyones cryed soo that syr Gryngamor herd / And whan he cam and fond syr Gareth in that plyte he made grete sorou / & there he awaked sir Gareth / and gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly wel / but the sorou that Dame

Liones made there maye no tonge telle / for she soo faryd with her self as she wold haue dyed /

¶ Ryghte soo cam this damoyssel Lynet before hem al / and she had fette alle the goblets of the hede that syr Gareth had throwen out at a wyndowe / and there she enoynted hem as she had done to fore / & set them to gyder ageyn / wel damoisel Lynet said syre Gareth /

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I haue not deserued alle this despyte that ye doo vnto me / sir knyghte she said / I haue no thyng do / but I will auowe / And al that I haue done shalle be to your worship and to vs al / And thenne was syre Gareth staūched of his bledyng But the leches said / that ther was no man that bare the lyf / sholde hele hym thorou oute of his wounde / but yf they heled hym that caused that stroke by enchauntement / So leue we syr Gareth there with syr Gryngamore and his systers / and torne we vnto kynge Arthur that at the nexte feest of Pentecost helde his feest / and there cam the grene knyȝt with fyfty knyghtes / and yelded hem all vnto kynge Arthur / And so there came the reed knyghte his broder / and yelded hym to kyng Arthur and thre score knyghtes with hym / Also there came the blewe knyghte broder to them with an honderd knyghtes / & yelded hem vnto kynge Arthur / and the grene knyghtes name was Partolype / and the reed knyghtes name was Perymones / and the blewe knyghtes name was syr Persant of Inde / these thre bretheren told kynge Arthur how they were ouercome by a knyghte that a damoyssel had with her / and called hym Beaumayns / Ihesu sayd the kynge I merueylle what knyghte he is / and of what lygnage he is come / He was with me a twelue monethe / and pourely and shamefully he was fostred / and syre kay in scorne named hym Beaumayns / Soo ryghte as the kyng stode soo talkyng with these thre bretheren / there came syr Launcelot du lake and told the kynge that there was come a goodly lord with vj C knyghtes with hym / thenne the kynge wente oute of Carlyon / for there was the feest / and there came to hym this lord / and salewed the kynge in a goodly manere / What wylle ye sayd kyng Arthur / and what is youre erand / Syr he said my name [correction; sic = naname] is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but my name is syr Ironsyde / and syre wete ye wel / here I am sente to yow / of a knyght that is called Beaumayns / for he wanne me in playne bataille hande for hand / and soo dyd neuer no knyght but he that euer had the better of me this xxx wynter / the whiche commaunded to yelde me to yow at youre wylle / ye are welcom said the kyng / for ye haue ben long a grete foo to me and my Courte / and now I truste to god I shalle

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soo entreate you that ye shal be my frend / Syre / bothe I and these fyue honderd knyghtes shal alweyes be at your somons to doo you seruyse as maye lye in oure powers / Ihesu mercy said kyng Arthur I am moche beholdyng vnto that knyght / that hath put soo his body in deuoyre to worshippe me & my

Courte / And as to the Ironsyde that art called the reed knyghte of the reed laundes thou arte called a peryllous knyȝt And yf thou wylt holde of me I shal worshippe the and make the knyghte of the table round / but thenne thou must be no more a murtherer / Syre as to that I haue promysed vnto syre Beaumayns neuer more to vse suche custommes / for all the shameful customes that I vsed I dyd at the request of a lady that I loued / and therfor I must goo vnto syr Launcelot and vnto syre Gawayne / and aske them foryeuenes of the euyll wyll I had vnto them / for alle that I put to deth was al only for the loue of syr Launcelot and of syr Gawayne / They ben here now said the kyng afore the / now maye ye saye to them what ye wyll / And thenne he kneled doune vnto syre Launcelot and to syre Gawayne and prayd them of foryeuenes of his enemytee that euer he had ageynste them /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Thenne goodely they said al at ones / god foryeue you and we do / and praye you that ye will telle vs where we may fynde syr Beaumayns / Fayre lordes said syr Ironsyde I can not telle you / for it is ful hard to fynde hym / for suche yong knyghtes as he is one / whanne they be in their aduentures ben neuer abydyng in no place /

¶ But to saye the worship that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes and syr persaunt and his broder said of Beaumayns / it was merueil to here / Wel my fayre lordes said kyng Arthur / wete yow wel / I shalle do you honour for the loue of syr Beaumayns / and as soone as euer I mete with hym I shalle make you al vpon one day knyghtes of the table round / And as to the syre Persaunt of Inde thou hast ben euer called a ful noble knyghte / and soo haue euer ben thy thre bretheren called / But I merueil said the kyng that I here not of the black knyȝt your

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broder / he was a ful noble knyghte / Syr sayd Pertolype the grene knyȝt syr Beaumayns slewe hym in a recoūtre with his spere / his name was syr Perard / that was grete pyte sayd the kyng and soo said many knyghtes / For these four bretheren were ful wel knowen in the courte of kyng Arthur for noble knyghtes / for long tyme they had holden werre ageynst the knyghtes of the round table / Thenne sayd Pertolepe the grene knyghte to the kyng atte a passage of the water of mortayse there encountred syr Beaumayns with two bretheren that euer for the moost party kepte that passage / and they were two dedely knyghtes / and there he slewe the eldest broder in the water / and smote hym vpon the heede suche a buffet that he felle doune in the water / and there he was drowned / & his name was sir Garard le brewse / and after he slewe the other broder vpon the lond / his name was syr Arnold le brewse /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

SOo thenne the kyng and they wente to mete / and were serued in the best manere / And as they satte at the mete / ther came in the quene of Orkeney with ladyes & knyȝtes a grete nombre / And thenne syr Gawayn / syr Agrauayn and Gaherys arose / and wente to her / and salewed her vpon their knees / and asked her blyssyng / For in xv yere they had not sene her / Thenne she spak on hyghe to her broder kyng Arthur / where haue ye done my yong sone syr Gareth / he was here amongst you a twelue moneth / & ye made a kechyn knaue of hym / the whiche is shame to you all / Allas where haue ye done my dere sone that was my Ioye and blysse / O dere moder said syr Gawayn I knewe hym not / Nor I said the kyng that now me repenteth / but thanked be god he is preued a worshipful knyghte as ony is now lyuyng of his yeres / & I shal neuer be glad tyl I may fynde hym / A broder sayd the quene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto syr Gawayne and to alle her sones / ye dyd your self grete shame whan ye amongst you kepte my sone in the kechyn and fedde hym lyke a poure hog / Fayr sister said kyng Arthur ye shall ryghte wel wete / I knewe hym not / nor nomore dyd syre Gawayn / nor his

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bretheren / but sythen it is soo said the kyng that he is thus gone from vs alle / we must shape a remedy to fynde hym / Also syster me semeth ye myght haue done me to wete of his comynge / And thenne and I had not done wel to hym / ye myȝt haue blamed me / For whan he cam to this courte he came lenyng vpon two mens sholders as though he myght not haue gone / And thenne he asked me thre yeftes / and one he asked the same day / that was that I wold gyue hym mete ynough that twelue moneth / and the other two yeftes he asked that day a twelue moneth / and that was that he myghte haue thaduenture of the damoyssel Lynet / and the thyrd was that syre Launcelot shold make hym knyght whan he desyred hym / And soo I graunted hym alle his desyre / and many in this Courte merueilled that he desyred his sustenance for a twelf monethe / And there by we demed many of vs that he was not come of a noble hous / Syre said the Quene of Orkeney vnto kyng Arthur her broder / wete ye wel that I sente hym vnto you ryghte wel armed and horsed and worshipfully bysene his body / and gold and syluer plente to spend / it may be said the kyng / but therof sawe we none / sauf that same daye as he departed from vs / knyghtes told me that ther came a dwerf hyder sodenly and broughte hym armour and a good hors ful wel and rychely bysene / and there at we al had merueille / fro whens that rychesse came / that we demed al that he was come of men or worship / Broder said the Quene alle that ye saye I byleue / for euer sythen he was growen / he was merueillously wytted / and euer he was feythful & true of his promesse / But I merueille said she that syre kay dyd mocke hym and scorne hym / and gaf hym that name Beaumayns / yet syr kay said the quene named hym more ryghteously than he wende / For I dare saye and he be on lyue / he is as fair an handed man and wel disposed as ony is lyuyng / Syre said Arthurle te this langage be styll / and by the grace of god he shal be founde / and he be within these seuen royames / and lete alle this passe and be mery / for he is proued to be a man of worship / and that is my Ioye

leaf 127v

THenne said syr Gawayne and his bretheren vnto arthur / syre and ye wyl gyue vs leue we wille go and seke oure brother / Nay said syr Launcelot that shalle ye not nede / and so said syr Bawdewyn of Bretayne / for as by oure aduys the kynge shal sende vnto dame Lyones a messenger / and praye her that she wille come to the courte in alle the hast that she may / and doubte ye not she wille come / And thēne she may gyue you best coūceille where ye shal fynde hym This is wel said of you said the kyng / Soo thenne goodely letters were made / and the messenger sente forth that nyghte & day he wente tyl he cam vnto the castel perillous / And thenne the lady dame Lyones was sente fore there as she was wyth syr Gryngamor her broder and syre Gareth / and whan she vnderstode this message / she badde hym ryde on his way vnto kynge Arthur / and she wold come after in al goodely hast

¶ Thenne whan she came to syr Gryngamor and to sir Gareth she told hem al how kyng Arthur had sente for her / that is by cause of me said syr Gareth / Now auyse me said dame Lyones what shalle I saye and in what manere I shal rule me / My lady and my loue said sir Gareth I pray you in no wyse be ye aknowen where I am / but wel I wote my moder is there and alle my bretheren / and they wille take vpon hem to seke me / I wote wel that they doo / But this madame I wold ye sayd and aduysed the kynge whan he questyoned with you of me / Thenne maye ye say / this is your aduys that and hit lyke his good grace / ye wille doo make a crye ayenst the feest of thassumpcion of our lady that what knyghte there preueth hym best he shal welde you and all your land / And yf soo be that he be a wedded man that his wyf shall the degre and a coronal of gold besette with stones of vertue to the valewe of a thousand pound and a whyte Iarfaucou / Soo dame Lyones departed / and came to kynge Arthur where she was nobly receyued / and there she was sore questyoned of the kyng and of the quene of Orkeney / And she ansuerde where syr Gareth was she coude not telle / But thus moche she said vnto Arthur / syre I wille lete crye a turnement that shal be done before my castel at the Assumpcion of oure lady / and the crye shal be this that you my lorde Arthur shalt be there / &

leaf 128r

your knyghtes / and I will puruey that my knyghtes shalle be ageynst yours / And thenne I am sure ye shall here of syr Gareth / this is wel aduysed said kynge Arthur / and soo she departed / And the kynge and she maade grete prouysyon to that turnement / Whan dame Lyones was come to the yle of Auylyon that was the same yle ther as her broder syr Gryngamor dwelte / thenne she told hem al how she had done / and what promyse she had made to kynge Arthur / Allas said syr Gareth / I haue been soo

wounded with vnhappynges sythen I cam in to this castel that I shal not be abyll to doo at that turnement lyke a knyghte / for I was neuer thorowly hole syn I was hurte / Be ye of good chere said the damoyssel Lynet / for I vndertake within these xv dayes to make you hole and as lusty as euer ye were / And thenne she leid an oynement & a salve to hym as it pleasyd to her that he was neuer so fressh nor soo lusty / Thenne said the damoyssel Lynet / send you vnto syr Persaunt of ynde / and assomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed / Also that ye send vnto syr Ironsyde that is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and charge hym that he be redy with you with his hole somme of knyghtes / and thenne shalle ye be abyll to matche with kynge Arthur and his knyghtes / Soo this was done & alle knyghtes were sente for vnto the castel peryllous / & thenne the reed knyght ansuerd and said vnto dame Lyones and to syre Gareth / Madame & my lord syr Gareth ye shal vnderstande that I haue ben at the court of kynge Arthur and sire Persaunt of Inde and his bretheren / and there we haue done oure homage as ye commaunded vs / Also syr Ironsyde sayd I haue taken vpon me with syre Persaunt of Inde and his bretheren to hold party ageynst my lord sir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte / And this haue I done for the loue of my lady Dame Lyones and you my lord sir Gareth / ye haue wel done said syr Gareth / But wete you wel ye shal be ful sore matched with the moost noble knyghtes of the world / therfor we must purueye vs of goode knyghtes where we may gete them / That is wel said / said sir Persaunt and worshipfully And soo the crye was made in England / walis and scotland Ireland / Cornewaille / & in alle the oute Iles and in breтайn

leaf 128v

and in many countreyes that at the feest of our lady the assumpcion next comyng men shold come to the castel peryllous besyde the yle of Auylyon / And there al the knyghtes that ther came shold haue the choyse whether them lyst to be on the one party with the knyghtes of the castel or on the other party with kynge Arthur / And two monethes was to the daye that the turnement shold be / & so ther cam many good knyghtes that were at her large and helde hem for the moost party ageynst kynge Arthur and his knyghtes of the round table / cam in the syde of them of the castel / For syr Epynogrus was the fyrst / and he was the kynges sone of Northumberland / & syr Palamydes the sarasyn was another / and syr Safere his broder / and syre Segwarydes his broder / but they were crystned / and syre Malegryne another / and syr Bryan des les Ilelys a noble knyghte / and syr Grummore gummursum a good knyghte of Scotland / and syr Carados of the dolorous toure a noble knyghte and syr Turquyn his broder / and syr Arnold and syre Gauter two bretheren good knyghtes of Cornewaile / there cam syr Trystram de lyones / and with hym syr Dynadas the seneschal / and sir Saduk / but this syr Tristram was not at that tyme knyght of the table round / but he was one of the best knyghtes of the world / And soo all these noble knyghtes accompanied hem with the lady of the castel and with the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but as for sir Gareth he wold not take vpon hym more but as other meane knyghtes

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

ANd thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur sir Gawayn Agrauayne / Gaherys his bretheren / And thenne

his newewes syr Vwayn le blanche maynys / and syr Aglouale syr Tor / sir Percyuale de galys / and syre Lamorrak de galis Thenne came sir Launcelot du lake with his bretheren newews and cosyns as sir Lyonel / sir Ector de marys / syr bors de ganys and sir Galyhodyn / syre Galihud and many moo of syre Launcelots blood and syre Dynadan / sir la coote male taylor / his broder a good knyghte / and sir Sagramore a good knyȝt

leaf 129r

And al the most party of the round table / Also ther cam with kynge Arthur these knyghtes the kynge of Ireland / kynge Agwysaunce / and the kyng of Scotland kyng Carados and kynge Vryens of the londe of gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his sone syr Melyaganus and syr Galahault the noble prynce / Alle these kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble knyghtes / as syre Braundyles / syre Vwayne les auowtres / and syre kay / syr Bedeuere / syr Melyot de logrys syr Petypase of wynkelsea / syr Godelake / alle these came with kynge Arthur and moo that can not ben rehersed /

¶ Now leue we of these kynges and knyghtes / and lete vs speke of the grete araye that was made within the castel and aboute the castel for bothe partyes / the lady Dame Lyones ordeyned grete aray vpon her party for her noble knyghtes for al maner of lodgyng and vytaille that cam by land & by water that ther lacked no thyng for her party nor for the other but there was plente to be had for gold and syluer for kynge Arthur and his knyghtes / And thenne ther cam the herbegeours from kynge Arthur for to herberowe hym & his kynges / dukes Erles Barons and knyghtes / And thenne syr Gareth prayd dame Lyones and the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and syr Persant and his broder / and syre Gryngamor that in no wyse ther shold none of them telle not his name and make no more of hym than of the leest knyghte that there was / for he said I wille not be knowen of neyther more ne lesse / neyther at the begynnynge neyther at the endynge

¶ Thenne Dame Lyones said vnto syr Gareth / syre I wylle lene you a rynge / but I wold pray you as ye loue me hertely lete me haue it ageyne whanne the turnement is done /

¶ For that rynge encreaceth my beaute moche more than it is of hym self / And the vertu of my rynge is that / that is grene it wil torne to reed / and that is reed it wil torne is lykenes to grene / And that is blewe it wil torne in lykenes of whyte / and that is whyte it wil torne in lykenes to blewe / and so it wil doo of al manere of colours / Also who that bereth my rynge / shalle lese no blood / and for grete loue I will gyue you thys rynge / Gramercy said syr Gareth myn own lady / for this rynge is passynge mete for me / for it wille torne al manere of

lykenes that I am in / and that shalle cause me that I shall not be knowen / Thenne syr Gryngamor gaf syr Gareth a bay courser that was a passyng good hors / Also he gafe hym good armoure and sure and a noble swerd that somtyme syre Gryngamors fader wanne vpon an hethen Tyraunt / And soo thus euery knyghte made hym redy to that turnement & kyng Arthur was comen two dayes to fore thassumpcion of our lady / And there was al maner of Royalte of al mynstralsye / that myghte be founde / Also there cam quene Gweneuer and the quene of Orkeney syr Gareths moder / And vpon the assumpcion day whanne masse and matyns were done there were herowdes with trompettes commaunded to blowe to the feld And soo there came oute syr Epynogrus the kynges sone of Northumberland from the castel / and there encountred with hym syre Sagramor le desyrus / and eyther of hem brake their speres to their handes / And thenne came in syre Palamydes oute of the Castel / and there encountred with hym Gawayne and eyther of hem smote other so hard that bothe the good knyghtes and their horses felle to the erthe / And thenne knyghtes of eyther party rescowed their knyghtes / And thenne cam in syr Safere and syre Segwarydes bretheren to syre Palamydes / and there encountred syr Agrauayne with syr Safere and syr Gaherys encountred with syre Segwarydes / So syr Safere smote doune Agrauayne syr Gawayns broder / and sir Segwarydes syr Saferys broder And syr Malgryne a knyȝt of the Castel encountred with syr Vwayne le blaunche maynys / And there syre Vwayne gaf syr Malgryn a falle / that he had almost broke his neck

¶ Capitulum xxix

THenne syr Bryan de les yles and Grummore grummorssum knyghtes of the Castel with syre Aglouale and syre Tor smote down syr Gromere Gromorson to the erth Thenne cam in syr Carados of the dolorous toure / & syr Turquyne knyghtes of the Castel / and there encoũtred with hem syr Percyuale de galys & syr Launcelot de galys / that were two bretheren / And there encountred syr Percyuale with syre

Caradus / and eyther brake their speres vnto their handes / & thenne syr Turquyn with syre Lamerak / and eyther of hem smote doune others hors and alle to the erthe / and eyther partyes rescowed other / and horsed them ageyn / And syr Arnold and syr Gautere knyghtes of the castel encountred with syre Braundyles and syr kay / and these four knyghtes encountred myghtely / and brake their speres to their handes / Thenne came in syr Trystram / syre Saduk / and syre Dynas knyghtes of the castel / and there encountred syr Trystram wyth syre Bedyuere / and there syr Bedyuere was smyten to the erthe bothe hors and man / And syr Saduk encountred with sir Petypase / and there syr Saduk was ouerthrowen / And there Vwayne les auoutres smote doune syr Dynas the seneschal / Thenne came in syr Persaunt of Inde a knyght of the castel And there encountred with hym syr Launcelot du lake / and there he smote syr Persaunts hors and man to the erthe / thenne came syr Pertylope from the castel / and there

encountred with hym syr Lyonel / and there syr Pertylope the grene knyght smote doune syr Lyonel
 broder to syr Laumac;celot / All this was marked by noble heroudes / who bare hym best / and their
 names / And thenne came in to the feld syre Perymones the grene knyght syr Persaunts broder that was a
 knyght of the Castel / and he encountred with syr Ector de marys / and eyther smote other so hard / that
 bothe their horses and they felle to the erthe / And thenne came in the reed knyght of the reed laundes
 and syr Gareth from the castel / and there encountred with hem syr Bors de ganys and syr Bleoberys /
 and there the reed knyghte and syr Bors smote other so hard that her speres brast and their horses felle
 grouelynge to the erthe Thenne syr Blamor brake his spere vpon syr Gareth / but of that stroke syr
 Blamor felle to the erthe / whan syr Galyhoudyn sawe that / he bad sir gareth kepe hym / & sire gareth
 smote hym to the erthe / thenne sire Galyhud gate a spere to auenge his broder / & in the same wyse sir
 gareth serued hym / & sir Dynadan & his broder la cote male taylor / & sir Sagramor desirus & sir
 Dodynas le saueage / All these he bare doun with one spere / Whan kyng Aguysa¯ce of Irland
 sawe syr Gareth fare so he merueiled what he myȝt be þ^t one tyme semed grene & another

leaf 130v

tyme at his ageyne comyng he semed blewe / And thus at euery cours that he rode to and fro he
 chaunged his colour so that ther myghte neyther kynge nor knyghte haue redy congnysaunce of hym /
 Thenne syr Anguyssaunce the kyng of Irland encountred with syr Gareth / and there syr Gareth smote
 hym from his hors sadyl and all / And thenne came kyng Caradus of Scotland and syr Gareth smote hym
 doun hors and man / And in the same wyse he serued kyng Vryens of the land of Gore / And thenne
 came in syr Bawdemagus / and syr Gareth smote hym doune hors and man to the erthe And
 Bawdemagus sone Melyganus brake a spere vpon sir Gareth myghtely and knyghtely / And thenne syr
 Galahaut the noble prynce cryed on hyghe knyghte with the many colours wel hast thou Iusted / Now
 make the redy that I maye Iuste with the / Syre Gareth herd hym / and he gat a grete spere / and soo they
 encountred to gyder / and there the prynce brake his spere / But syr Gareth smote hym vpon the lyfte
 syde of the helme / that he relyd here and there / and he had falle doune had not his men recouerd hym /
 Soo god me help sayd kynge Arthur that same knyght with the many colours is a good knyghte / wherfor
 the kynge called vnto hym syr Launcelot and praid hym to encountre with that knyghte / Syr said
 Launcelot I may wel fynde in my herte for to forbere hym as at this tyme / for he hath hadde trauail
 ynough this day / & whan a good knyghte doth soo wel vpon somme day / it is no good knyghtes parte
 to lette hym of his worship / And namely whan he seeth a Knyght hath done soo grete labour / for
 peradventure said syr Launcelot his quarel is here this day / & perauentur he is best byloued with this
 lady of al that ben here / for I see wel / he payneth hym & enforceth hym to do grete dedes / & therfor
 said syr launcelot as for me this day he shall haue the honour / though it lay in my power to put hym fro
 it / I wold not

¶ Capitulum xxx

Thenne whanne this was done / there was drawyng of swerdes / And thenne there began a sore

leaf 131r

And there dyd syr Lamerak merueyllous dedes of armes / & betwixe syr Lamerak and syre Ironsyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laūdes there was strong batail / & betwix syre Palamides & Bleoberys there was a strong batail / & sir Gawayne and syr Trystram mette / and there syr Gawayne had the werse / for he pulled syre Gawayne from his hors / And there he was long vpon foote and defouled / Thenne cam in syr Launcelot and he smote syr Turquyne / and he hym / & thenne came syr Caradus his broder / and bothe at ones they assayled hym / & he as the moost noblest knyght of the world worshipfully foughte with hem bothe / that al men wondred of the noblesse of syr launcelot / And thenne came in syr Gareth and knewe that it was sir launcelot that fought with tho two peryllous knyghtes / And thenne syr Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled hem in sonder / & no stroke wold he smyte to syr Launcelot / that aspyed sir launcelot & demed it shold be the good knyghte syre Gareth / & thenne syr Gareth rode here and there / & smote on the ryght hand & on the lyfte hand that alle the folke myghte wel aspye where that he rode / and by fortune he mette with his broder syr Gawayn / and there he put syr Gawayne to the werse / for he put of his helme / and so he serued fyue or syxe knyghtes of the rounde table that alle men said / he put hym in the most payne / and best he dyd his deuoyr / For whan syr Trystram beheld hym how he fyrst lusted and after foughte so wel with a swerd / Thenne he rode vnto syr Ironsyde and to syre Persaunt of ynde and asked hem by their feythe / what maner a knyghte is yonder knyght that semeth in soo many dyuerse colours / Truly me semeth sayd Trystram that he putteth hym self in grete payne for he neuer ceaseth / Wote ye not what he is sayd syr Ironsyde / No said syr Trystram / thenne shal ye knowe that this is he that loueth the lady of the castel and she hym ageyne / and this is he that wanne me whan I bysegged the lady of this castel / and this he that wanne syr Persaunt of ynde / and his thre bretheren / what is his name sayd syr Trystram and of what blood is he come / he was called in the courte of kyng Arthur Beaumayns / but his ryȝt name is sir Gareth of Orkeney broder to sir Gawayn / by my hede said sir Tristram he is a good kniȝt

leaf 131v

knyght and a bygge man of armes / & yf he be yong he shalle preue a ful noble knyghte / he is but a child they all saide & of syr Launcelot he was made knyȝt / therfor is he mykel the better said Trystram / And thenne syr trystram / syr Ironsyde / syr Persaunt and his broder rode to gyders for to helpe sir gareth / & thenne there were gyuen many strong strokes / And thenne syr Gareth rode oute on the one syde to amende his helme / & thenne said his dwerf take me your ryng that ye lese it not whyle that ye drynke / And so whan he had dronken he gat on his helme / & egerly took his hors & rode in to the felde & lefte his rynge with his dwerf / and the dwerf was gladde the ryng was from hym / for thenne he wist wel he shold be knowen And thenne whan syr Gareth was in the felde all folkes sawe hym wel / &

playnly that he was in yelowe colours / & there he rassyd of helmes & pulled doun knyȝtes that kyng
Arthur had merueylle what knyȝt he was / for the kyng sawe by his here that it was the same knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxj

BVt by fore he was in so many colours and now he is but in one colour that is yelowe / Now goo said
kyng Arthur vnto dyuerse heroudes and ryde aboute hym & aspye what maner knyghte he is / for I haue
speryd of many knyghtes this day that ben vpon his party / and all saye they knowe hym not / And so an
heroude rode nyhe Gareth as he coude / and there he sawe wryten aboute his helme in golde / This
helme is syr gareth of Orkeney / Thenne the heroude cryed as he were wood / & many heroudes with
hym / This is syre gareth of Orkeney in the yelowe armes that by all kynges and knyghtes of Arthurs
beheld hym & awayted / & thenne they pressyd al to beholde hym / & euer the heroudes cryed this is
syre gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots sone / and whan syr gareth aspyed that he was discoueryd / thenne he
doubled his strokes / & smote doune syr Sagramore & his broder sir gawayn / O broder saide sir gawayn
I wende ye wolde not haue stryken me / so whan he herd hym say so he thrang here & there / & so with
grete payne he gat out of the prees / and there he mette with his dwerf / O boye said syr gareth thou hast
begyled me foule this day that thou kepte my rynge / Gyue it me anone ageyn that

leaf 132r

I may hyde my body with al / and soo he tooke it hym / And thenne they all wist not where he was
become / and syr Gawayn had in maner aspyed where syr Gareth rode / and thenne he rode after with
alle his myghte / that aspyed syr Gareth and rode lyghtely in to the forest that syr Gawayn wist not
where he was become / And whan syr Gareth wyst that syr Gawayn was past / he asked the dwerf of best
counceil / Syr said the dwerf / me semeth it were best now that ye are escaped fro spyeng that ye send
my lady dame lyones her rynge / It is wel aduysed said syr Gareth / now haue it here and bere it to her /
And saye that I recommaunde me vnto her good grace / and saye her I will come whan I maye / and I
pray her to be true and feythful to me as I wil be to her / Syr said the dwerf it shal be done as ye
commaunde / and soo he rode his waye and dyd his eraund vnto the lady / Thenne she said where is my
knyghte syr Gareth / Madame said the dwerf he bad me saye / that he wold not be long from you /

¶ And soo lyghtely the dwerf cam ageyne vnto syr Gareth that wold ful fayne haue had a lodgyng / for
he had nede to be reposed / And thenne felle there a thonder and a rayne as heuen and erthe shold goo to
gyder / And syr Gareth was not a lytyl wery / for of al that day he had but lytel rest neyther his hors nor
he / So this syr Gareth rode soo longe in that forest vntyl the nyghte came And euer it lyghtned and
thondred as it had ben woode At the last by fortune he came to a Castel / and there he herd the waytes
vpon the wallys

¶ Capitulum xxxij /

THenne syr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the castel / and praid the porter fayr to lete hym in to the castel / The porter ansuerd vngoodely ageyne / and saide thow getest no lodgyng here / Fayr syr say not soo for I am a knyȝte of kynge Arthurs / & pray the lord or the lady of this castel to gyue me herberow for the loue of kynge Arthur / Thenne the porter wente vnto the duchesse / and told her how ther was a knyghte of kyng Arthurs wold haue herberowe / lete hym in said the duchesse / for I wille see that knyghte / And for kyng Arthurs sake he shalle not be herberoules /

¶ Thenne she yode vp in to a toure ouer the gate with greete torche lyght / whan sir Gareth sawe that torche lyghte he cryed

leaf 132v

on hyhe whether thou be lord or lady gyaunt or champyon I take no force so that I may haue herberowe this nyghte / & yf hit so be that I must nedes fyghte / spare me not to morne when I haue restyd me for bothe I and myn hors ben wery / Syr knyghte said the lady thou spekest knyghtly and boldly / but wete thou wel the lord of this castel loueth not kyng Arthur / nor none of his court / for my lord hath euer ben ageynst hym and therfor thou were better not to come within this castel / For and thou come in this nyghte / thou must come in vnder suche fourme that where someuer thou mete my lord by styȝ or by strete / thou must yelde the to hym as prysoner / Madame said syre Gareth what is your lord and what is his name / syr my lordes name is the duke de la rouse / wel madame said syr Gareth I shal promyse yow in what place I mete your lord I shalle yelde me vnto hym and to his good grace with that I vnderstande he wille do me no harme / And yf I vnderstand that he wille I wil releace my self and I can with my spere and my swerd / ye say wel said the duchesse / and thenne she lete the drawe brydge doune / and soo he rode in to the halle / and there he alyghte / and his hors was ledde in to a stable / & in the halle he vnarmed hym / & saide madame I will not oute of this holle this nyghte / And whan it is daye lyght / lete see / who wil haue adoo with me / he shal fynde me redy / Thenne was he sette vnto souper / and had many good dysshes / thenne syr Gareth lyst wel to ete / and knyghtely he ete his mete / and egerly / there was many a fair lady by hym / & some said they neuer sawe a goodlyer man nor so wel of etynge / thenne they made hym passyng good chere / & shortly whan he had souped his bedde was made there so he rested hym al nyghte / And on the morne he herd masse & brake his fast & toke his leue at the duchesse / & at them al / & thanked her goodely of her lodgyng & of his good chere / & thenne she asked gym his name / Madame he saide truly my name is Gareth of Orkeney / & some men calle me Beaumayns / thēne knewe she wel it was the same knyȝt that fouȝt for dame lyones / so sir gareth departed & rode vp in to a montayne / & ther mette hym a knyghte / his name was syr Bendelayne and sayd to syr Gareth thou shalt not passe this way / for outhen thou shalt Iuste with me or

leaf 133r

els be my prysoner / Thenme wille I Iuste said syr Gareth / And soo they lete their horses renne / and there syr Gareth smote hym thorou oute the body / and syr Bendalyne rode forth to his castel there besyde and there dyed / So syr gareth wold haue rested hym / and he cam rydyng to Bendalaynis castel / Thenne his knyghtes and seruauntes aspyed that it was he that had slayne their lord / Thenne they armed xx good men and cam out and assailed syr gareth / and soo he had no spere but his swerd / and put his shelde afore hym / and there they brake their speres vpon hym / and they assailed hem passyngly sore / But euer syr gareth deffended hym as a knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

SOo whan they sawe that they myghte not ouercome hym / they rode from hym / and took their councyll to slee his hors / and soo they cam in vpon syr gareth / and with speres they slewe his hors / and thenne they assailed hym hard But whan he was on foote / there was none that he raughte but he gaf him suche a buffet that he dyd neuer recouer / So he slewe hem by one and one tyl they were but foure / and there they fledde / and sire gareth took a good hors that was one of theirs and rode his waye / Thenne he rode a grete paas til that he came to a castel and there he herd moche mornyng of ladyes and gentylwymmen / so ther cam by hym a page / what noyse is this said syr gareth that I here within this castel / Syre knyghte said the page here ben within this castel thyrty ladyes and alle they be wydowes / For here is a knyght that wayteth dayly vpon this castel / and his name is the broun knyght withoute pyte / and he is the perylloust knyght that now lyueth / And therfor sir said the page I rede you flee / Nay said sir gareth I wille not flee though thou be aferd of hym / And thenne the page sawe where came the broune knyghte / loo said the page yonder he cometh / lete me dele with hym said syre gareth / And whan eyther of other had a syghte they lete theyr horses renne / and the broune knyghte brake his spere and sir gareth smote hym thorou oute the body that he ouerthrewe hym to the ground stark dede / So sir gareth rode in to the castel & praid the ladyes þ^t he myȝt repose hym / allas said the ladyes ye may not be lodged here / make hym good chere said the page

leaf 133v

for this knyghte hath slayne your enemy / thenne they al made hym good chere as laye in their power / But wete ye wel they maade hym good chere for they myghte none otherwyse doo for they were but poure / And so on the morne he wente to masse / and there he sawe the thyrty ladyes knele / and lay grouelyng vpon dyuerse tombes makynge grete dole and sorowe / Thenne syr Gareth wyst wel that in the tombes lay theire lordes / Fayre ladyes said syr Gareth ye must at the next feeste of Pentecost be at the court of kynge Arthur / and saye that I syr Gareth sente you thyder / we shal doo this said the ladyes Soo he departed / and by fortune he came to a mountayne / & there he found a goodely knyght that badde hym abyde syr knyghte and Iuste with me / what are ye said syr Gareth / My name is said he the duke de la rowse / A syr ye ar the same knyghte that I lodged ones in your Castel / And there I made

promyse vnto your lady that I shold yelde me vnto yow A said the duke arte thou that proud knyghte that proferest to fyghte with my knyghtes / therfore make the redy for I wil haue adoo with you / Soo they lete their horses renne / and ther syr Gareth smote the duke doune from his hors / But the duke lyghtly auoyded his hors / and dressid his shelde and drewe his swerd / and bad syr Gareth alyghte and fyghte with hym / Soo he dyd alyghte / and they dyd grete batail to gyders more than an houre / and eyther hurte other ful sore / Att the last sir Gareth gat the duke to the erthe / and wold haue slayn hym / and thenne he yelded hym to hym / Thenne must ye goo said sir Gareth vnto syr Arthur my lord at the next feest and saye that I sir Gareth of Orkeney sente you vnto hym / hit shal be done said the duke / and I wil doo to yow homage and feaute with an C knyȝtes with me / and alle the dayes of my lyf to doo you seruyse where ye wille commaunde me /

¶ Capitulum **xxxiiij** [correction; sic = **xxiiij**]

SOo the duke departed / and sir Gareth stode there alone and there he sawe an armed knyght comyng toward hym / Thenne syre Gareth toke the dukes shelde / and

leaf 134r

mounted vpon horsbak / and soo withoute bydyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder / And there that knyȝt hurt syr Gareth vnder the syde with his spere / And thenne they alyghte / and drewe their swerdes / and gafe grete strokes that the blood trayled to the ground / And soo they foughte two houres / At the last there came the damoyssel Lynet that somme men calle the damoyssel saueage / and she came rydyng vpon an ambelynge meule / and there she cryed al on hyghe / syr Gawayne syr Gawayne leue thy fyghtyng with thy broder syre Gareth / And whan he herd her saye soo he threwe aweye hys shelde and his swerd / and ranne to syre Gareth / and tooke hym in his armes / and sythen kneled doune and asked hym mercy / What are ye said syr Gareth that ryght now were soo stronge and soo myghty / and now so sodenly yelde you to me O Gareth I am your broder syr Gawayn that for youre sake haue had grete sorou and labour / Thenne syr Gareth vnlaced his helme / and knelyd doune to hym / and asked hym mercy / thenne they rose both and enbraced eyther other in their armes and wepte a grete whyle or they myghte speke / and eyther of hem gaf other the pryce of the bataille / And there were many kynde wordes bitwene hem / Allas my faire broder said sir gawayn perde I owe of ryghte to worshippe you / and ye were not my broder / for ye haue worshipped kyng Arthur and all his courte / for ye haue sente me mo worshipful knyghtes this twelue moneth than syxe the best of the round table haue done excepte sir Launcelot / Thenne cam the damoyssel saueage that was the lady Lynet that rode with sir gareth soo longe / and there she dyd staunche sir gareths woundes / and sir gawayns Now what wille ye doo said the damoyssel saueage / me semeth that it were wel do þ^t Arthur had wetyng of you both for your horses are soo brysed that they may not bere / Now faire damoyssel said syr Gawayne / I praye you ryde vnto my lord myn vnkel kyng Arthur / and telle hym what aduenture is to me betyd here / and I suppose he wille not tary long / Thenne she tooke her meule and lyghtly she came to kyng Arthur / that was but

two myle thens / And whan she had told hym tydynges the kynge bad gete hym a palfroy /

¶ And whan he was vpon his bak he badde the lordes and ladyes come after who

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that wold / and there was sadelyng and brydelyng of quenes horses and prynces horses / & wel was hym that soonest myght be redy / Soo whan the kynge came there as they were he sawe syr Gawayn and syr Gareth sytte vpon a lytel hylle syde / & thenne the kynge auoyded his hors / And whanne he cam nyghe syre Gareth / he wold haue spoken but he myghte not / and therwith he sanke doune in a swoone for gladnesse / and soo they starte vnto theyr vnkyl / and requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte / Wete ye wel the kyng made grete ioye and many a pyteous complaynte he made to syr Gareth / And euer he wepte as he had ben a chylde / With that cam his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgause / And whan she sawe syr Gareth redely in the vysage she myghte not wepe but sodenly felle doun in a swoone / and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she had ben dede / And thenne syr Gareth recomforted his moder in suche wyse that she recouerd and made good chere / Thenne the kynge commaunded that al maner of knyghtes that were vnder his obeissaunce shold make their lodgyng ryght there for the loue of his neuwes / And soo it was done and al manere of purueaunce purueyd that ther lacked nothyng that myghte be goten of tame nor wylde for gold or syluer / And thenne by the meanes of the damoyssel Saueage syr Gawayne and syr Gareth were heled of their woundes / and there they soiourned eyght dayes / Thenne said kyng Arthur vnto the damoyssel saueage I merueylle that your syster Dame Lyones cometh not here to me / and in especyal that she cometh not to vysyte her knyghte my neuwe syre Gareth that hath had soo moche trauaille for her loue / My lord said the damoyssel Lynet ye must of your good grace hold her excused / For she knoweth not that my lord syr Gareth is here / Go thēne for her said kyng Arthur that we may be apoynted what is best to done accordyng to the plesyr of my neuwe / Syr said the damoyssel that shal be done / and soo she rode vnto her syster / And as lyghtely as she myght made her redy & she cam on the morne with her broder syr Gryngamor / and with her xl kny3tes / And so whan she was come she had alle the chere that myghte be done bothe of the kynge and of many other kynges and quenes

leaf 135r

¶ Capitulum xxxv

ANd amonge alle these ladyes she was named the fayrest and pyereles / Thenne whanne syr Gawayn sawe her / there was many a goodely loke and goodely wordes that alle men of worship had ioye to beholde them / Thenne cam kyng Arthur and many other kynges and dame Gweneuer & the quene of

Orkeney / And there the kyng asked his neuwe syre Gareth whether he wold haue that lady as peramour
or to haue her to his wyf / My lord wete yow wel that I loue her aboue al ladyes lyuynge / Now fayre
lady said kyng Arthur what say ye / Moost noble kynge said dame Lyones wete yow wel that my lord
syr Gareth is to me more leuer to haue and welde as my husband than any kyng or prynce that is
crystened / and yf I maye not haue hym I promyse yow I wylle neuer haue none / For my lord Arthur
sayd dame Lyones wete ye wel he is my fyrst loue and he shal be the laste / And yf ye wil suffre hym to
haue his wyl and free choyse I dare saye he wylle haue me / That is trouthe said syr Gareth / And I haue
not you and weld not you as my wyf / there shal neuer lady ne gentylwoman reioyce me / What neuwe
said the kynge is the wynde in that dore / for wete ye wel I wold not for the stynte of my croune to be
causar to withdrawe your hertes / And wete ye wel ye con not loue so wel but I shal rather encrease hit
than dystresse hit / And also ye shal haue my loue and my lordship in the vttermest wyse that may lye in
my power / And in the same wyse said sir Gareths moder / thenne there was made a prouysyon for the
day of maryge / and by the kynges aduyse it was prouyded that it shold be at Mychelmas folowyng at
kynkenadon by the see syde / for ther is plentyful countrey / And soo it was cryed in al the places thurgh
the royaume / And thenne syr Gareth sent his somones to alle these knyghtes and ladyes that he had
wonnen in batail to fore that they shold be at his day of maryage at kynkenadon by the sandys / And
thenne dame Lyones and the damoyssel Lynet with syr Gryngamor rode to theirre castel / and a goodely
and a ryche rynge she gaf to syr Gareth / and he gaf her another / And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche bee
of

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gold / and soo she departed / and kyng Arthur and his felauship rode toward Kynkenadon / and syr
Gareth broughte his lady on the way / & so cam to the kyng ageyne and rode with hym / Lord the grete
chere that syr launcelot made of sir Gareth and he of hym / for there was neuer no knyght that syr gareth
loued so wel as he dyd syr Launcelot / and euer for the most party he wold be in syr launcelots
company / for after syr Gareth had aspyed sir Gawayns condicions he withdrewe hym self fro his broder
syr Gawayns felauship / for he was vengeable / and where he hated he wold be auengyd with murther
and that hated syr gareth

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

SOo hit drewe faste to Mychelmas / and thyder came dame Lyones the lady of the castel peryllous and
her syster dame Lynet with syre gryngamor her broder with hem / For he had the conduyte of these
ladyes / And there they were lodged at the deuyse of kyng Arthur / And vpon mychelmas day the
Bisshop of Caunterbury made the weddyng betwixe syr gareth and the lady Lyones with grete
solempnyte / and kyng Arthur made gaherys to wedde the damoyssel saueage / that was dame Lynet / and
kyng Arthur made syr Agraayne to wedde dame Lyones nees a fayr lady / her name was dame Laurel /
And so whan this solemnacion was done / thenne came in the grene knyghte syr Pertylope with thyrty

knyghtes / and there he dyd homage and feaute to syr gareth and these knyghtes to hold of hym fro
euermore / Also sir Pertilope said I pray you that at this feest I maye be your chamberlayne / with a good
wil said syr gareth / syth it lyketh you to take soo symple on offyce / Thenne come in the reed knyghte
with thre score knyghtes with hym / and dyde to syr Gareth homage and feaute / and alle tho knyghtes to
hold of hym for euermore / And thenne this syr Perymonyes praide sir gareth to graunte hym to be his
chyef botteler at that hyghe feest I wil wel saide sir gareth that ye haue this offyce and it were better /
Thenne came in syr Persant of Inde with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and feaute /
and

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al his knyghtes shold doo hym seruyse / and hold their londes of hym for euer / and there he prayd syr
Gareth to make hym his Sewar chyef at the feest / I wil wel said syr Gareth that ye haue it & it were
better / Thenne cam the dukde la rowse with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and
feaute to syr Gareth / and soo to hold theire londes of hym for euer / And he requyred syr Gareth that he
myght serue hym of the wyn that day at that feest / I wil wel sayd syr Gareth and it were better / Thenne
came in the reed kny3te of the reed laundes that was syr Ironsyde / and he broughte with hym thre
honderd knyghtes / and there he dyd homage & feaute / and al these knyghtes to hold their landes of
hym for euer / And thenne he asked syr Gareth to be his keruer / I will wel said syr Gareth and it please
you / Thenne came in to the courte thyrtty ladyes / and alle they semed wydowes / and tho thyrtty ladyes
broughte with hem many fayre gentylwymmen / And alle they kneled doune at ones vnto kyng arthur
and vnto syr Gareth / and there al tho ladyes told the kyng how syr Gareth delyuerd hem from the
dolorous toure / and slewe the broune knyght withoute pyte / And therfore we and oure heyres for
euermore wille doo homage vnto syr Gareth of Orkeney / So thenne the kynges and quenes / prynces &
erlys Barons and many bold knyghtes wente vnto mete / & well maye ye wethe there were al manere of
mete plentyuously / alle manere rules and games with al manere of mynstralsy that was vsed in tho
dayes /

¶ Also there was grete iustes thre dayes / But the kynge wold not suffre syre Gareth to Iuste by cause of
his newe bryde / for as the fresshe book sayth that dame Lyones desyred of the kynge that none that
were wedded shold Iuste at that feest / Soo the fyrst day there Iusted sir lamerak de galys / for he
ouerthrewe thyrtty knyghtes / & did passyng merueillously dedes of armes / and thenne kyng Arthur
made syr Persuant and his two bretheren knyghtes of the round table to their lyues ende / and gaf hem
grete londes / Also the second daye there Iusted Trystram best / and he ouerthrew fourty knyghtes / and
dyd there merueillous dedes of armes And there kynge Arthur made Ironsyde that was the reed knyghte
of the reed laundes a knyghte of the table round to

his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes / The thyrd day there Iusted syr launcelot du lake / and he ouerthrewe fyfty knyghtes and dyd many merueyllous dedes of armes that all men wondred on hym / And there kynge Arthur made the duke de la rouse a knyghte of the round table to his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes to spende / But whan this Iustes were done / syr Lamerak and syr Trystram departed sodenly / & wold not be knowm / for the whiche kyng Arthur and all the court were sore displeasyd / And soo they helde the courte fourty dayes with grete solempnyte / And this syr Gareth was a noble knyghte and a wel rulyd and fayr langaged

¶ Thus endeth this tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded dame Lyones of the castel peryllous / And also syr Gaherys wedded her syster dame Lynet / that was called the damoyssel saueage / And syr Agrauayne wedded dame Laurel a fary lady and grete and myghty landes with grete rychesse gaf with them kyng Arthur that ryally they myght lyue tyl their lyues ende

Here foloweth the viij book the which is the first book of sir Tristram de Lyones / & who was his fader & his moder / & hou he was borne and fosteyrd / And how he was made knyghte

[Book Eight: sir Tristram de Lyones]

¶ Capitulum primum

Hit was a kyng that hyghte Melyodas / and he was lord and kyng of the countre of Lyonas And this Melyodas was a lykely knyght as ony was that tyme lyuynge / And by fortune he wedded kynge Markys syster of Cornewaille / And she was called Elyzabeth that was callyd bothe good and fair And at that tyme kyng Arthur regned / and he was hole kyng of Englund / walys and Scotland & of many other royammes how be it there were many kynges that were lordes of many countreyes / but alle they held their landes of kyng Arthur / for in walys were two kynges / and in the north were many kynges / And in Cornewail and in the west were two kynges /

¶ Also in Irland were two or thre kynges and al were vnder the obeissaunce of kyng Arthur / So was the kyng of Fraunce and the kyng of Bretayn and all the lordshippes vnto Rome / So whan this kyng Melyodas hadde ben with his wyf / within a whyle she waxid grete with child and she was a ful meke lady / and wel she loued her lord / & he her ageyne / soo there was grete ioie betwixe them / Thenne ther was a lady in that countrey that had loued kyng Melyodas longe / And by no meane she neuer coude gete his loue therfore she lete ordeyne vpon a day as kyng Melyodas rode on huntynge / for he

was a grete chacer / and there by an enchaument she made hym chace an herte by hym self alone / til
that he came to an old Castel / and there anone he was taken prysoner by the lady that hym loued /
Whanne Elyzabeth kyng Melyodas myst her lord / and she was nyghe oute of her wytte and also as grete
with child as she was she took a gentylwoman with her / and ranne in to the forest to seke her lord / And
whanne she was ferre in the forest she myghte no ferther for she byganne to trauaille fast of her child /
And she had many grymly throwes / her gentylwoman halp her alle that she myghte / And soo by
myracle of oure lady of heuen she was delyuerd with grete paynes / But she had taken suche cold for the
defaute of helpe that depe draughtes of deth toke her / that nedes she must dye and departe oute of this
world / ther was

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none other boote / And whanne this quene Elyzabeth sawe that ther was none other bote / thenne she
made grete dole / and said vnto her gentylwoman / whan ye see my lord kyng Melyodas recommaunde
me vnto hym / and telle hym what paynes I endure here for **gis** [sic] loue / and how I must dye here for
his sake for defaute of good helpe / and lete hym wete that I am ful sory to departe out of this world fro
hym / therfor pray hym to be frende to my soule / Now lete me see my lytel child / for whome I haue
had alle this sorowe / And whanne she sawe hym she said thus / A my lytel sone thou hast murdered thy
moder / and therefore I suppose thou that arte a murtherer soo yong / thou arte ful lykely to be a manly
man in thyn age / And by cause I shal dye of the byrthe of the / I charge the gentylwoman / that thou
pray my lord kynge Melyodas that whan he is crystned lete calle hym Trystram that is as moch to saye /
as a sorouful byrthe / And ther with this quene gafe vp the ghooost and dyed / Thenne the gentylwoman
leyd her vnder an vmbre of a grete tree / and thenne she lapped the chyld as wel as she myght for cold /
Ryghte soo ther came the Barons folowyng after the quene /

¶ And whan they sawe that she was dede / and vnderstood none other but the kynge was destroyed /

¶ Capitulum secundum

Thenne certayne of them wold haue slayne the child / by cause they wold haue ben lordes of the
country of Lyonas / But thenne thorou the faire speche of the gentylwoman / and by the meanes that
she made / the moost party of the Barons wold not assente ther to / And thenne they lete cary home the
dede quene / and moche dole was made for her / Thenne this meane whyle Merlyn delyuerd kynge
Melyodas out of pryson on the morne after his quene was dede / And so when the kynge was come
home / the moost party of the barons made grete ioye / But the sorou that the kyng made for his quene
that myghte no tong telle Soo thenne the kynge lete entere her rychely and after he lete crystene his child
as his wyf commaunded afore her

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deth / And thenne he lete calle hym Trystram the sorouful borne child /

¶ Thenne the kynge Melyodas endured seuen yeres without a wyf / And alle this tyme Trystram was nourysshed wel /

¶ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Melyodas wedded kynge Howles doughter of Bretayne / and anone she hadde children of kynge Melyodas / thenne was she heuy and wrothe / that her children shold not reioyce the Countrey of Lyones / wherfor this quene ordeyned for to poyson yong Tristram / So she lete poyson be put in a pyece of syluer in the chamber where as Trystram and her children were to gyders / Vnto that entente that whanne Trystram were thursty he shold drynke that drynke / And so hit felle vpon a daye the quenes sone as he was in that chamber / aspyed the pyece with poyson / and he wende hit hadde ben good drynke / and by cause the child was thursty he tooke the pyece with poyson and dranke frely / and there with al sodenly the child brast & was dede / whanne the quene Melyodas wyst of the dethe of her sone wete ye wel that she was heuy / But yet the kyng vnderstode no thyng of her treason /

¶ Not withstandynge the quene wold not leue this / but efte she lete ordeyne more poyson / and putte hit in a pyece / And by fortune kyng Melyodas her husband fond the pyece with wyn where was the poyson / and he that was moche thursty took the pyece for to drynke ther oute And as he wold haue dronken therof / the Quene aspyed hym / and thenne she ranne vnto hym / and pulled the pyece from hym sodenly

¶ The kyng merueilled why she dyd soo / and remembyrd hym how her sone was sodenly slayne with poyson / And thenne he took her by the hand and sayd / thou fals traitresse thou shalte telle me what manere of drynke this is / or els I shalle slee the / And ther with he pulled oute his swerd / and sware a grete othe that he shold slee her / but yf she told hym trouthe / A mercy my lord sayd she / and I shalle telle you alle / And thenne she told hym why she wold haue slayne Trystram / by cause her chyldren shold reioyced his land / wel said the kyng Melyodas / and therfor shal ye haue the lawe / And soo she was dampned by the assente of the Barons to be brent / and thenne was ther made a grete fyre / & ryght as she was at the fyre to take he execucion / yong

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Trystram knelyd afore kynge Melyodas / and besought hym to gyue hym a bone / I wylle wel said the kynge ageyne /

¶ Thenne saide yonge Trystram gyue me the lyf of thy quene my stepmoder / That is vnryghtfully asked said kyng Melyodas / for thou oughte of ryght to hate her / for she wold haue slayne the with that poyson and she myghte haue hadde her wille / And for thy sake moost is my cause that she sholde dye Syr saide Trystram as for that I byseche you of your mercy that ye wille forgyue hit her / And as for my parte god forgyue it her and I doo / and soo moche it lyked your hyhenes to graunte me my bone / for goddes loue I requyre you hold your promyse / Sythen hit is soo said the kynge I wille that ye haue her lyf / thenne said the kynge I gyue her to you / and go ye to the fyre and take her / and doo with her what ye wylle / Soo syre Trystram wente to the fyre / and by the commaundement of the kyng delyuerd her from the dethe / But after that kyng Melyodas wold neuer haue adoo with her as at bedde and borde / But by the good meanes of yong Trystram he made the kynge and her accorded / But thenne the kynge wold not suffre yonge Trystram to abyde no lenger in his courte

¶ Capitulum iij

AND thenne he lete ordeyne a gentylman that was wel lerned and taughte / his name was gouernayle / and thenne he sente yonge Trystram with Gouernayle in to Fraunce to lerne the langage / and nurture / and dedes of armes / And there was Trystram more than seuen yeres /

¶ And thenne whanne he wel couthe speke the langage and hadde lerned alle that he myght lerne in that countreyes / thenne he came home to his fader kyng Melyodas ageyne / and so Trystram lerned to be an harper passynge alle other that there was none suche called in no countrey / and soo in harpyng & on Instrumentys of musyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne / And after as he growed in myght and strengthe he laboured euer in huntynge and in haukyng soo that neuer

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gentylman more that euer we herd rede of /

¶ And as the book sayth / he beganne good mesures of blowyng of beestes of venery and beestes of chace / and alle manere of vermayns / and alle these termes we haue yet of haukyng and huntynge And therfore the book of venery / of haukyng and huntynge is called the book of syr Trystram / Wherfor as me semeth alle gentylmen that beren old armes oughte of ryght to honoure syre Trystram for the goodly termes that gentilmen haue and vse / and shalle to the daye of dome / that there by in a maner alle men of worship maye disseuer a gentylman fro a yoman / and from a yoman a vylayne / For he that gentyl is wylle drawe hym vnto gentil tatches / and to folowe the custommes of noble gentylmen

¶ Thus syr Trystram endured in Cornewaile vntyl he was bygge / and stronge / of the age of xviij yeres / And thenne the kynge Melyodas had grete ioye of syr Trystram / and soo had the quene his wyfe / For euer after in her lyf by cause syre Trystram saued her from the fyre she dyd neuer hate hym more after /

but loued hym euer after / and gaf Trystram many grete yeftes for euery estate loued hym / where that he wente

¶ Capitulum quartum

THenne it befelle that kynge Anguysshe of Irland / sente vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile for his truage that Cornewaile had payed many wynters / And alle that tyme kynge Marke was behynde of the truage for seuen yeres / And kyng Marke and his Barons gaf vnto the messenger of Irland these wordes and ansuere that they wold none paye / and bad the messagyer goo vnto his Kynge Anguysshe / and telle hym we wille paye hym no truage / but telle youre lord / and he wille alweyes haue truage of vs of Cornewaile / bydde hym sende a trusty knyghte of his land / that wille fyghte for his ryght / and we shalle fynde another for to defende oure ryght / With this ansuer the messagers departed in to Irland /

¶ And whanne kynge Anguysh vnderstood the ansuere of the messagers / he was wonderly wroth

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And thenne he callyd vnto hym syr Marhaus the good knyght that was nobly preued / and a knyghte of the table round / And this Marhaus was broder vnto the quene of Irland /

¶ Thenne the kynge sayd thus / Fayre broder sir Marhaus I praye yow goo in to Cornewaile for my sake and do bataille for our truage that of ryght we oughte to haue / and what someuer ye spende ye shalle haue suffyciently more than ye shal nede / Syre saide Marhaus wete ye wel that I shalle not be lothe to doo bataille in the ryght of you and your land with the best knyght of the table rounde / for I knowe them for the moost party what ben their dedes / and for to auaunce my dedes and to encrease my worship I wylle ryght gladly goo vnto this iourneye for our ryghte

¶ Soo in alle haste there was made purueaunce for syr marhaus / and he hadde al thyng that to hym neded / and soo he departed out of Irland / and arryued vp in Cornewaile euen fast by the castel of Tyntagil / And whan kynge Marke vnderstood that he was there arryued to fyghte for Irland /

¶ Thenne made kynge marke grete sorou whan he vnderstood that the good and noble knyghte sire Marhaus was come / For they knewe no knyght that durste haue adoo with hym / For at that tyme syre Marhaus was called one of the famoset and renoumed knyghtes of the world

¶ And thus syre Marhaus abode in the see / and euery daye he sente vnto kynge Marke for to paye the truage that was behynde of seuenyere / outhur els to fynde a knyght to fyghte with hym for the truage / This maner of message syre Marhaus sente dayly vnto kynge Marke /

¶ Thenne they of Cornewayle lete make cryes in euery place that what knyght wold fyghte for to saue the truage of Cornewaile he sholde be rewarded soo that he sholde fare the better terme of hys lyf /

¶ Thenne some of the Barons sayde to kynge Marke / and counceiled hym to sende to the courte of Kynge Arthur for to seke syre Launcelot du lake that was that tyme named for the merueilloust Knyght of alle the worlde /

¶ Thenne there were somme other Barons that counceyllled the Kynge not to doo soo & said that it was laboure in vayn /

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by cause syr Marhaus was a knyght of the round table / therfor ony of hem will be loth to haue adoo with other / but yf hit were ony knyght at his owne request wold fyghte dysguysed and vnknowen / Soo the kynge and alle his barons assented that it was no bote to seke ony knyght of the round table /

¶ This meane whyle came the langage and the noyse vnto kynge Meliodas hou that sire Marhaus abode bataille faste by Tyntagil / And how kyng Marke couthe fynde no maner knyghte to fyghte for hym / Whan yong Trystram herd of thys / he was wrothe and sore ashamed that ther durst no knyghte in Cornewaile haue adoo with syr Marhaus of Irland /

¶ Capitulum quintum

There with al Trystram wente vnto his fader Kynge Meliodas and asked hym counceil what was best to doo for to recouer Cornewaile from truage / For as me semeth said sir Tristram it were shame that syr Marhaus the quenes broder of Irland shold goo awaye onles that he were foughten with alle

¶ As for that said kyng Meliodas wete you wel sone Tristram that syre Marhaus is called one of the best knyghtes of the world and knyghte of the table round / And therefore I knowe no knyghte in this cowntre that is able to matche with hym /

¶ Allas saide syre Tristram that I am not made knyght / And yf sir Marhaus shold thus departe in to Irland / god lete me neuer haue worship and I were made knyght I shold matche hym / And syr said Trystram I pray you gyue me leue to ryde to kynge Mark / and soo ye be not displeasyd / of kynge Marke wille I be made Knyght / I wille wel saide kyng Meliodas that ye be ruled as your courage wille rule you

¶ Thenne sir Trystram thanked his fader moche / And thenne he made hym redy to ryde in to

¶ In the meane whyle there came a messenger with letters of loue fro kynge Faramon of Fraunces
doughter vnto syre Trystram that were ful pyteous letters & in them were wryten many complayntes of
loue / but syre Tristram had no Ioye of her letters nor

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regard vnto her / Also she sente hym a lytel brachet that was passynge fayre / But whan the kynges
doughter vnderstood that syre Trystram wold not loue her / as the book sayth / she dyed for sorow /

¶ And thenne the same squyer that broughte the letter and the brachet came ageyne vnto syr Trystram /
as after ye shalle here in the tale

¶ Soo this yonge syre Trystram rode vnto his eme kynge Marke of Cornewayle /

¶ And whanne he came there / he herd say that ther wold no knyghte fyghte with syre Marhaus / Thenne
yede sir Tristram vnto his eme and sayd / syre yf ye wylle gyue me thordre of knyghthode / I wille doo
bataille with syr Marhaus / What are ye said the kynge and from whens be ye comen / Sir said Trystram
I come fro kynge Melyodas that wedded your syster and a gentylman wete ye wel I am

¶ Kynge Marke behelde sir Trystram and sawe that he was but a yonge man of age / but he was
passyngly wel maade and bygge /

¶ Faire syre said the kynge what is youre name and where were ye borne / Syre sayd he ageyne / my
name is Trystram / and in the countreye of Lyones was I borne / Ye saye wel said the kynge / and yf ye
wille doo this batayll I shalle make yow knyghte / Therefore I come to you sayd syre Trystram and for
none other cause

¶ But thenne kynge Marke made hym knyghte / And there with al anone as he had made hym knyght he
sente a messenger vnto syre Marhaus with letters that said / that he hadde fonde a yonge knyghte redy for
to take the bataile to the vttermest / hit may wel be said syre Marhaus /

¶ But telle kynge Marke I wille not fyghte with no knyghte but he be of blood royal / that is to saye
outher kynges sone outher quenes sone borne of a prynce or pryncesse /

¶ Whanne Kynge Marke vnderstood that / he sente for syre Trystram de lyones and tolde hym what was
the ansuer of syr Marhaus /

¶ Thenne sayd syre Trystram sythen that he seyth soo / lete hym wete that I am comen of fader syde and moder syde of as noble blood as he is /

¶ For syre now shalle ye knowe that I am kynge Melyodas sone borne of youre own syster dame Elyzabeth that dyed in the forest in the byrthe of me / O Ihesu said kynge Mark ye are welcome faire neuewe

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to me /

¶ Thenne in alle the haste the kynge lete horse syr Tristram and arme hym in the best maner that myghte be had or gotten for gold or syluer /

¶ And thenne kynge Marke sente vnto sir Marhaus / and dyd hym to wete that a better born man; than he was hym self shold fyghte with hym / and his name is sir Trystram de lyonas gotten of kynge Melyodas / and borne of kynge Markes syster / Thenne was sir Marhaus glad and blythe that he shold fyghte with suche a gentylman / and soo by the assente of kynge Mark and of syr Marhaus they lete ordeyne that they shold fyghte within an Iland nyghe syr Marhaus shippes / and soo was syr Trystram putte in to a vessel both his hors and he and all that to hym longed bothe for his body and for his hors / Syre Trystram lacked no thyng / And whan kynge Marke and his Barons of Cornewaile beheld how yonge syr Trystram departed with suche a caryage to fyghte for the ryghte of Cornewaile / there was neyther man ne woman of worship but they wepte to see and vnderstande soo yonge a knyght to Ieoparde hym self for their ryghte /

¶ Capitulum sextum

SOo to shorten this tale whan syr Trystram was arryued within the Iland / he loked to the ferther syde / & there he sawe at an anker syxe shippes nyghe to the land / and vnder the shadowe of the shippes vpon the land / there houed the noble knyghte syr Marhaus of Irland / Thenne syr Trystram commaunded his seruaunt gouernail to brynge his hors to the land and dresse his harneis at al manere of ryghtes / And thenne whan he had soo done / he mounted vpon his hors And whan he was in his sadel wel apparailled / & his shelde dressid vpon his sholder / Trystram asked Gouernayle where is this knyghte that I shal haue adoo with alle / Syre sayd Gouernaile / see ye hym not / I wende ye had sene hym yonder he houeth vnder the vmbre of his shippes on horsbak with his spere in his hand and his sheld vpon his sholder / That is trouthe sayd the noble knyghte syre Trystram now I see hym wel ynouȝ Thenne he commaunded his seruaunt Gouernayle

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to goo to his vessaile ageyne / and commaunde me vnto myne eme kynge Marke / and praye hym / yf that I be slayn in this bataille for to entere my body as hym semed best / & as for me lete hym wete I will neuer yelde me for cowardyse / and yf I be slayne and flee not / thenne they haue lost no truage for me And yf soo be that I flee or yelde me as recreaūt / bydde myn eme neuer berye me in Crysten beryels / And vpon thy lyf said syr Trystram to Gouvernayle / come thou not nyghe this Iland tyl that thou see me ouercomen or slayne / or els that I wyne yonder knyght / soo eyther departed from other sore wepynge

¶ Capitulum septimum

ANd thenne syr Marhaus auysed syr Trystram and said thus / yonge knyght syr Trystram what dost thou here / me sore repenteth of thy courage / for wete thou wel I haue ben assayed / and the best knyghtes of this land haue ben assayed of my hand / And also I haue matched with the best knyghtes of the world / and therfor by my counceille retorne ageyne vnto thy vessaile / And faire knyght and wel preued knyght said syre Trystram thou shalt wel wete I maye not forsake the in this quarel / for I am for thy sake made knyght And thou shalt wel wete that I am a kynges sone born and gotten vpon a quene / and suche promyse I haue made att my neuews request and myn owne sekyng that I shalle fyghte with the vnto the vttermest / and delyuer Cornewaile from the old truage / And also wete thou wel syr Marhaus / that this is the grettest cause that thou courageth me to haue adoo with the / For thou art called one of the moost renoumed knyghtes of the world / and by cause of that noyse and same / that thou hast / thou gyuest me courage to haue adoo with the / for neuer yet was I preued with good knyghte / And sythen I toke the ordre of knyghthode this day / I am wel pleasyd that I maye haue adoo with so good a knyght as thou arte / And now wete thou wel syr Marhaus that I caste me to gete worship on thy body / And yf that I be not preued / I trust to god that I shal be worshipfully preued vpon thy body / and to delyuer the countrey of Cornewaile for euer fro al

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maner of truage from Irland for euer / Whanne syr Marhaus had herde hym saye what he wold / he saide thenne thus ageyn Fair Knyght sythen it is soo that thou castest to wyne worship of me / I lete the wete / worship may thou none lese by me yf thou mayst stande me thre strokes / for I lete the wete / for my noble dedes preued and sene / Kyng Arthur made me knyghte of the table round / Thenne they beganne to feutre theyre speres / and they mette soo fyersly to gyders / that they smote eyther other doune / bothe hors and all / But sir Marhaus smote syr Trystram a grete wounde in the syde with his spere / & thenne they auoyded their horses / and pulled oute their swerdes / and threwe their sheldes

afore them / And thenne they lashed to gyders as men that were wyld and couragious / And whan they hadde stryken soo to gyder longe / thenne they lefte her strokes / and foyned at their brethes and vyfours / & when they sawe that that myght not preuaile them / thēne they hurtled to gyders lyke rammes to bere eyther other doun / thus they fought styлле more than half a day / and eyder were wounded passyng sore / that the blood ranne doune fresshly fro them vpon the ground / By thenne syr Trystram waxed more fressher / than syr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger / and with a myghty stroke he smote syr Marhaus vpon the helme suche a buffet that hit went thorou his helme / and thorou the coyfe of stele and thorou the brayn pan / and the swerd stak soo fast in the helme and in his brayn pan that sir Trystram pulled thryes at his swerd or euer he myght pulle it out from his hede / & there Marhaus felle doun on his knees the edge of Tristrams swerd left in his brayne pan / And sodenly syr Marhaus rose grouelynge / and threwe his swerd and his shelde from hym / and soo ranne to his shippes and fledde his waye / and sir tristram hadde euer his shelde and his swerd / And whan sir Tristram sawe sir Marhaus withdrawe hym / he said A sir knyght of the roūd table why withdrawest thou the / thou dost thy selfe and thy kyn grete shame / for I am but a yong Knyghte / or now I was neuer preued / and rather than I shold withdrawe me from the / I had rather be hewen in C pyeces / Syr marhaus ansuerd no worde but yede his way sore gronyng / Well sir knyght said sir Tristram I promyse the thy suerd and thy

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sheld shal be myn / and thy sheld shalle I were in al places where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the syghte of kyng Arthur and alle the round table

¶ Capitulum viij

ANon sir Marhaus and his felauship departed in to Irland / And as soone as he came to the kynge his broder / he lete serche his woundes /

¶ And whan his hede was serched / a pyece of syre Trystrams swerd was founden therin / and myghte neuer be had oute of his hede for no surgeons / and soo he dyed of syr Trystrams swerd / and that pyece of the swerd the quene his syster kepte hit for euer wyth her / for she thoughte to be reuengyd and she myghte /

¶ Now torne we ageyne vnto syr Trystram that was sore wounded / and ful sore bled that he myȝt not within a lytel whyle when he had take cold vnnethe stere hym of his lymmes / and thēne he sette hym doune softly vpon a lytel hylle / and bledde fast / Thenne anone came Gouvernaile his man with his vessel And the kynge and his barons came with procession ageynst hym / And whan he was come vnto the land / Kynge Marke toke hym in his armes / and the kynge and sir Dynas the senescal ladde syr Tristram in to the castel of Tyntygail / And thenne was he serched in the best maner / and leid in his bedde / And whan kynge Marke sawe his woundes / he wepte hertely and soo dyd alle his lordes / So

god me help said kyng Mark I wolde not for alle my landes that my neuewe dyed / Soo syr Trystram laye there a moneth and more / and euer he was lyke to deye of that stroke that sir Marhaus smote hym fyrst with the spere / For as the Frensshe book saith / the speres hede was enuenymed that syr Trystram myghte not be hole / Thenne was kyng Mark and alle his barons passynge heuy / For they demed none other / but that syr Trystram shold not recouer / Thenne the kyng lete sende after alle manere of leches & surgens bothe vnto men and wymmen / and there was none / that wold behote hym the lyf / Thenne came there a lady that was a ryght wyse lady / & she said playnly vnto kyng mark and to sir Trystram and to alle his barons that he shold neuer

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be hole / but yf sire Trystram wente in the same countrey that the venym came fro / and in that countrey shold he be holpen or els neuer / Thus said the lady vnto the Kyng / whan kyng Marke vnderstood that / he lete purueye for syr Trystram a faire vessel / wel vytailled / and therin was put syr Trystram and gouernail with hym / and sir Tristram toke his harp with hym / and soo he was putte in to the see to sayle in to Irland / and soo by good fortune he arryued vp in Irland euen fast by a castel where the Kyng and the quene was / and at his arryuyal he sat and harped in his bedde a mery lay suche one herd they neuer none in Irland afore that tyme /

¶ And whan it was told the Kyng and the quene of suche a Knyght that was suche an harper / anone the Kyng sente for hym / and lete serche his woundes / and thenne asked hym his name / then he ansuerd I am of the countrey of Lyonas / & my name is Tramtryst that thus was wounded in a bataille as I fought for a ladyes ryght / So god me help said kyng Anguysse ye shal haue al the helpe in this land that ye may haue here / But I lete you wete in Cornewaile I had a grete losse / as euer hadde kyng / for there I lost the best knyghte of the world / his name was Marhaus a ful noble knyghte and Knyght of the table round / and there he told syr Trystram; wherefore syr Marhaus was slayne / Syr Trystram made semblaunt as he had ben sory / and better knewe he how hit was than the kyng

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne the kyng for grete fauoure maade Tramtryst to be put in his doughters ward and kepyng by cause she was a noble surgeon / And whan she had serched hym / she fond in the bottome of his wound that therin was poyson / And soo she heled hym within a whyle / and therfore Tramtryst cast grete loue to la beale Isoud / for she was at that tyme the fairest mayde and lady of the worlde / And there Tramtryst lerned her to harpe / and she beganne to haue grete fantasye vnto hym / And at that tyme sir Palamydes the sarasyn was in that countrey and wel cheryssed with the kyng and the

quene / And euery day syr Palamydes drewe vnto la beale Isoud / and profered her many yeftes / for he loued her passyngly wel / Al that Aspyed Tramtryst / and ful wel knewe he syr Palamydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man / And wete ye wel syr Tramtryst had grete despyte at syr palomydes / for la beale Isoud told Tramtryst that Palamydes was in wylle to be crystened for her sake / Thus was ther grete enuy betwixe Tramtryst and syr Palamydes / Thenne hit befelle that kynge Anguysshe lete crye a grete Iustes and a grete turnement for a lady that was called the lady of the laundes / and she was nyghe cosyn vnto the kynge / And what man wanne her / thre dayes after he shold wedde her and haue alle her landes / This crye was made in England / walys Scotland and also in Fraunce and in Bretayne / It befelle vpon a day la beale Isoud came vnto syr Tramtryst and told hym of this turnement / he ansuerd and sayd sayr lady I am but a feble knyghte / and but late I had ben dede / had not your good ladyship ben / Now fayre lady what wold ye I shold doo in this matere / wel ye wote my lady that I maye not Iuste / A Tramtryst said la beale Isoud why wille ye not haue ado at that turnement / wel I wote syr Palamydes shall be there / and to doo what he maye / And therfore Tramtryst I pray you for to be there / for els syr Palamydes is lyke to wyne the degree / Madame said Tramtryst as for that / it may be soo / for he is a proued knyght / and I am but a yong knyght and late made / and the fyrst batail that I dyd it myshapped me to be soore wounded as ye see / But and I wyst ye wold be my better lady / at that turnement I will be so that ye wille kepe my counceille and lete no creature haue knoueleche that I shalle Iuste but your self / and suche as ye wil to kepe your counceil / my poure persone shall I Ieoparde there for your sake that parauentur sir Palamydes shal knowe whan that I come / Therto said la beale Isoud do your best & as I can said la beale Isoud I shal purueye hors and armour for you at my deuyse / as ye will soo be hit said syr Tramtryst I wille be at your cōmaundement / So at the day of Iustes / ther cam sir Palamydes with a black sheld / & he ouerthrew many knyghtes that alle the peple had merueylle of hym /

For he putte to the werse syr Gawayne / Gaherys / Agrauayn Bagdemagus / kay / Dodyus le saueage / Sagramor le desyrus / Gumret le petyte / and Gryslet le fyse de dieu / Alle these the fyrste daye syr Palamydes strake doune to the erthe / And thenne alle maner of [correction; sic = os] knyghtes were adred of sir Palamydes and many called hym the knyght with the black shelde / Soo that day syre Palamydes had grete worshyp /

¶ Thenne cam kynge Anguysshe vnto Tramtryst / and asked hym why he wold not Iuste / Syr he said I was but late hurte / and as yet I dare not auenture me /

¶ Thenne came there the same squyer that was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce / vnto syr Trystram / And whanne he had aspyed syre Tristrā he felle flat to his feete / Alle that aspyed la Bele Isoud / what curtosye the squyer made vnto syr Trystram / And therwith al sodenly syr Trystram

ranne vnto his squyer whos name was Heles le renoumes / and praid hym hertely in noo wyse to telle his name / Syr said Heles I wille not discouer your name / but yf ye commaunde me

¶ Capitulum x

THenne syr Trystram asked hym what de dyd in those countreyes / syr he sayd / I came hyder with syr Gawayn for to be made knyght / And yf it please you of your handes that I may be made knyghte / Awaite vpon me as to morn secretely / and in the feld I shal make you a knyght / Thenne had la beale Isoud grete suspecyon vnto Tramtryst that he was somme man of worship proued / and ther with she comforted her self / and cast more loue vnto hym than she had done tofore

¶ And soo on the morne syr Palamydes maade hym redy to come in to the feld as he dyd the fyrst day / And there he smote doune the kynge with the C knyghtes and the kynge of Scottes /

¶ Thenne had la beale Isoud ordeyned and wel arayed syr Trystram in whyte hors and harneis / And ryght soo she lete putte hym oute at a preuy posterne / & soo he came in to the feld as it had ben a bryght angel / And anone syr Palamydes aspyed hym / and ther with he feutrid a spere vnto syr Tramtrist / and he ageyne vnto hym / And

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there syr Trystram smote doune syr Palamydes vnto the erth And thenne there was a grete noyse of people / some sayd / syre Palamydes hadde a falle / some said the knyght with the blak shelde had a falle / And wete you wel la beale Isoud was passynge gladde / And thenne sire Gawayne and his felawes ix had merueille what knyghte it myght be that had smyten doune syr Palamydes / Thenne wold there none Iuste with Tramtryst / but alle that there were forsoke hym / moost & lest / Thenne syr Trystram made Heles a knyght / and caused hym to put hym self forthe / and dyd ryght wel that day / So after syr Heles held hym with syr Trystram / And whan syre Palamydes had receyued this falle / wete ye wel that he was sore ashamed / And as pryuely as he myght / he withdrewe hym oute of the feld / Alle that aspyed syre Trystram / and lyghtly he rode after syre Palamydes and ouertoke hym / and badde hym torne / for better he wold assaye hym / or euer he departed / Thenne syr Palamydes torned hym and eyther lashed at other with their swerdes / But at the fyrste stroke syre Trystram smote doune Palamydes / and gaf hym suche a stroke vpon the hede that he felle to the erthe / Soo thenne Tristram badde yelde hym / and doo his commaundement or els he wold slee hym / whan syre Palamydes beheld his countenance / he dredde his buffets soo / that he graunted al his askynges / Wel said / said sir Tristram / this shalle be your charge / Fyrst vpon payne of your lyf that ye forsake my lady la beale Isoud / and in no maner wyse that ye drawe not to her / Also this twelue moneth and a day / that ye bere none armour nor none harneis of werre /

¶ Now promyse me this or here shalt thou dye / Allas saide Palamydes for euer I am ashamed /

¶ Thenne he sware as syr Trystram hadde commaunded hym / Thenne for despyte and anger / syre Palamydes cutte of his harneis / and threwe them aweye / And soo syr Trystram torned ageyne to the Castel where was la beale Isoud / and by the weye he mette with a damoyssel that asked after syre launcelot that wanne the dolorous gard worshipfully / & this damoyssel asked sire Tristram what he was / For it was tolde her that it was he that smote doune syr Palamydes / by whom the x knyghtes of kyng Arthurs were smyten doune /

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Thenne the damoyssel prayd syr Trystram to telle her what he was / And whether that he were syr Launcelot du lake / for she demyd that there was no knyght in the world myghte do suche dedes of armes / but yf it were Launcelot / Fayre damoyssel sayd syr Trystram wete ye wel that I am not syr launcelot for I was neuer of suche prowesse / but in god is al that he maye make me as good a knyght as the good knyght sir launcelot / Now gentyl knyght said she / put vp thy vysure / & whan she beheld his vysage / she thouȝt she sawe neuer a better man's vysage / nor a better farynge knyght / And thenne whan the damoyssel knewe certaynly that he was not syre launcelot / thenne she took her leue and departed from hym / And thenne syre Trystram rode pryuely vnto the posterne where kepte hym la beale Isoud / and there she made hym good chere and thanked god of his good spede / Soo anone within a whyle the kyng and the quene vnderstood that hit was Tramtryst that smote doune syre Palamydes / thenne was he moche made of more than he was before

¶ Capitulum xj

Thus was sir Tramtryst longe there wel cheryssed / with the kyng and the quene / and namely with la beale Isoud / So vpon a daye / the quene and la beale Isoud made a bayne for syre Tramtryst / And whan he was in his bayne / the quene and Isoud her doughter romed vp & doune in the chamber / and there whyles Gouvernail and Heles attendyd vpon Tramtryst / & the quene beheld his swerd there as it laye vpon his bedde / And thence by vnhap the quene drewe oute his swerd / and beheld it a longe whyle / and bothe they thoughte it a passynge fayre swerd / but within a foote and an half of the poynte there was a grete pyece there of oute broken of the edge / And whan the quene aspyed that gap in the swerd / she remembryd her of a pyece of a swerd / that was founde in the brayne pan of syre Marhaus the good knyght that was her broder / Allas thenne said she vnto her doughter la beale Isoud / this is the same traytour knyghte that slewe my broder thyn eme / Whanne Isoud herd her saye

soo / she was passynge sore abasshed / for passyng wel she loued Tramtryst / and ful wel she knewe the cruelnes of her moder the quene / Anon there with alle the quene went vnto her owne chamber / and soughte her cofre / and there she toke oute the pyece of the swerd that was pulled out of syr Marhaus hede after that he was dede / And thenne she ranne with that pyece of yron to the swerd that laye vpon the bedde / And whanne she putte that pyece of stele and yron vnto the swerd / hit was as mete as it myghte be / whan it was newe broken / And thēne the quene gryped that swerd in her hand fyersly / & with alle her myghte she ranne streyghte vpon Tramtryst where he sat in his bayne / And there she hadde ryued hym thorou hadde not syr Heles goten her in his armes / and pulled the suerd from her / and els she hadde threst him thorou / Thenne whanne she was lettyd of her euyl wylle / she ranne to the kyng Anguyssh her husband and sayde on her knees / O my lord here haue ye in your hous that traitour knyght that slewe my broder and your seruauant that noble knyght syr Marhaus / Who is that said kyng Anguysshe and where is he / Syr she said hit is syr Tramtryst the same knyght that my doughter helyd Allas said the kyng therfore am I ryght heuy / for he is a ful noble knyght as euer I sawe in felde /

¶ But I charge you said the kyng to the quene that ye haue not ado with that knyght / but lete me dele with hym / Thenne the kyng went in to the chambre vnto syr Tramtryst / and thenne was he gone vnto his chambre / and the kyng fond hym al redy armed to mounte vpon his hors / Whanne the kyng sawe hym al redy armed to goo vnto horsbak / the kyng said nay Tramtryst hit wille not auaile to compare the ageynst me / But thus moche I shalle doo for my worship and for thy loue in soo moch as thou arte within my courte / hit were no worship for me to slee the / Therefore vpon this condycyon I wille gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in saufte / so thou wilt telle me who was thy fader / and what is thy name / and yf thou slewe syr Marhaus my broder

¶ Capitulum xij

Syr said Trystram now I shalle telle you alle the trouthe / my faders name is sir Melyodas kyng of Lyonas / & my moder hyȝt Elyzabeth that was sister vnto kyng Marke of Cornewaile / & my moder dyed of me in the foreste / And by cause therof she commaunded or she dyed that whan I were crystened / they shold crystene me **Trystram** [correction; sic = Tcystram] / & by cause I wold not be knowen in this cuntry I turned my name and lete me calle Tramtryst / & for the truage of Cornewaile I fought for myn emes sake / & for the ryght of Cornewaile that ye had posseded many yeres / And wete ye well said Trystram vnto the kyng I dyd the bataille **for** [correction; sic = sor] the loue of myn vnkel kyng Marke / and for the loue of the countreye of Cornewaile / and for to encrease myn honoure / For that same day that I fought with sir Marhaus I was made knyȝt And neuer or than dyd I no bataile with no knyght / & fro me he went alyue & lefte his sheld & his suerd behynde / so god me helpe said the

kyng I may not say but ye dyd as a knyght shold / & it was your part to doo for your quarel / & to encrease your worship as a knyght shold / how be it I may not mayntene you in this countrey with my worship onles that I shold displease my barons & my wyf / & her kyn / Syr said Trystram I thanke you of your good lordship that I haue had with you here / and the grete goodenes my lady your doughter hath shewed me / & therfor said sir Tristram it may so happen that ye shalle wyne more by my lyf than by my dethe / for in the partyes of Englonde it may happen I may doo you seruyse at some season that ye shal be glad that euer ye shewed me your good lordship /

¶ With more I promyse you as I am true knyȝt that in all places I shal be my lady your doughters seruaunt / & knyȝt in ryght & in wrong / & I shal neuer fayle her to doo as moche as a knyght maye doo

¶ Also I byseche your good grace that I may take my leue at my lady your doughter and at alle the Barons and knyghtes / I wille wel said the kyng /

¶ Thenne sire Tristram wente vnto la beale Isoud / and tooke his leue of her / And thenne he tolde her all what he was and how he had chaunged his name by cause he wold not be knowen / & hou a lady told hym he þt shold neuer be hole tyl he cam in to this co&uumacrtrei where

leaf 146v

the poyson was made / where thorow I was nere my dethe had not your ladyship ben / O gentyl knyght said la beale Isoud ful wo am I of thy departynge / for I sawe neuer man that I oughte soo good wille to / and there with all she wepte hertely / Madame said sire Trystram ye shalle vnderstande that my name is sir Trystram de lyones gotten of kyng Melyodas and borne of his quene / And I promyse you feythfully that I shal be alle the dayes of my lyf your knyghte / Gramercy said La beale Isoud / and I promyse you there ageynste that I shalle not be maryed this seuene yeres but by your assent / and to whome that ye wille shalle be maryed to / hym wille I haue / and he wille haue me yf ye wil consente / And thenne syre Trystram gaf her a rynge and she gaf hym another / and therewith he departed fro her / leuyng her / makynge grete dole and lamentacion / and he streyghte wente vnto the Courte amonge alle the Barons / and there he took his leue at moost and leest / and openly he said amonge them all / Faire lordes now it is soo that I muste departe / Yf there be ony man here that I haue offended vnto / or that ony man be with me greued / lete complayne hym here afore me or that euer I depart and I shal amende it vnto my power / And yf there be ony that wil profer me wronge or say of me wrong / or shame behynde my bak / saye hit now or neuer / and here is my body to make it good body ageynst body / And alle they stood styll / ther was not one that wold saye one word / yet were there some knyghtes that were of the quenes blood and of sire Marhaus blood / but they wold not medle with hym /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo sir Tristram departed and toke the see / & with good wynde he aryued vp at Tyntagyl in Cornewaile / & whan kyng Mark was hole in his prosperite ther cam tydynges that sir Tristram was arryued and hole of his woundes / therof was kyng Marke passyng glad / & soo were alle the barons / & whan he sawe his tyme he rode vnto his fader kyng melyodas / & there he had al the chere that the kyng & the quene coude make hym / And thenne largely Kyng Melyodas and his quene departed of their landes and goodes to sire Trystram /

¶ Thenne by the lycence of Kyng

leaf 147r

Melyodas his fader he retorned ageyne vnto the court of kyng Marke / and there he lyued in grete ioye long tyme / vntyl at the laste there befelle a Ialousye and an vnkyndenes betwyxe kyng Marke and sir Tristram / for they loued bothe one lady / And she was an erles wyf that hyght syre Segwarydes / And this lady loued syre Trystram passyngly wel / And he loued her ageyne for she was a passyng fayr lady / And that aspyed sir Tristram wel /

¶ Thenne kyng Marke vnderstood that and was Ialous / for kyng Marke loued her passyngly wel / Soo it felle vpon a day / this lady sent a dwerf vnto sir Tristram and badde hym as he loued her / that he wold be with her the nyȝt nexte folowyng / Also she charged you that ye come not to her but yf ye be wel armed / for her lord was called a good knyghte

¶ Syre Trystram answerd to the dwerf / recommaunde me vnto my lady / and telle her I wille not fayle but I wille be with her the terme that she hath sette me / and with this ansuer the dwerf departed / And kyng Marke aspyed that the dwerfe was with syre Trystram vpon message from Segwarydes wyf / thenne kyng Marke sent for the dwerfe / And whanne he was comen / he maade the dwerf by force to telle hym alle why and wherfore that he came on message from sire Tristram

¶ Now said kyng Marke goo where thou wolt / and vpon payne of dethe that thou saye no word that thou spakest with me / soo the dwerf departed from the kyng /

¶ And that same nyghte that the steuen was sette betwixt Segwarydes wyfe & syr Trystram kyng Marke armed hym / and made hym redy and took two knyghtes of his councyll with hym / and soo he rode afore for to abyde by the waye / for to awayte vpon sir Trystram /

¶ And as sire Trystram came rydyng vpon hys waye with his spere in his hand / kyng Marke came hurtlyng vpon hym with his two knyghtes sodenly / And alle thre smote hym with theyre speres / and kyng Marke hurte syre Trystram on the brest ryght sore / And thenne syre Tristram feutryd his spere / and smote his vnkel kyng Marke soo sore that he rasshyd hym to the erthe / and brysed hym that he

laye styлле in a swoune / and longe hit was or euer

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he myghte welde hym self / And thenne he ranne to the one knyght / and efte to the other / and smote hem to the cold erthe / that they laye styлле / And ther with alle sir Tristram rode forthe sore wounded to the lady / and fonde her abydynge hym at a posterne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd there she welcomed hym fayre / and eyther halsed other in armes / and soo she lete putte vp his hors in the best wyse / and thenne she vnarmed hym / And soo they souped lyghtely and wente to bedde with grete ioie and plesaunce / and soo in his ragyng he took no kepe of his grene wound that kynge Marke had gyuen hym / And soo syr Tristram bebled both the ouer shete and the nether & pelowes / and hede shete / and within a whyle ther came one afore that warned her that her lord was nere hand within a bowe draughte Soo she made sir Trystram to aryse / and soo he armed hym / and tooke his hors and so departed / By thenne was come segwarydes her lord / and whan he fond her bedde troubled & broken and wente nere and beheld it by candel lyghte / thenne he sawe that there had layne a wounded knyght / A fals traitresse thenne he said / why hast thou bitrayed me / and there with alle he swange oute a swerd and said / but yf thou telle me who hath ben here / here thou shalt dye / A my lord mercy sayd the lady / and helde vp her handes / sayeng / slee me not / and I shall telle you alle who hath ben here / Telle anone said segwarydes to me alle the trouthe / Anone for drede she saide here was sir Trystram with me / and by the way as he came to me ward / he was sore wounded / A fals traitresse said segwarides where is he become / sir she said he is armed and departed on hors bak not yet hens half a myle / ye saye wel said segwarydes thenne he armed hym lyghtly / and gate his hors and rode after syre Tristram that rode streyght waye vnto Tyntagyl / And within a whyle he ouertoke sire Tristram / And thenne he badde hym torne fals traitour knyghte / and syr Tristram anon torned hym ageynst hym / And there with al segwarides smote syr Trystram with a spere that it alle to braste /

¶ And

leaf 148r

thenne he swange oute his swerd / and smote fast at syr Tristram / Syre knyght said syre Trystram I counceyle you that ye smyte no more how be it for the wronges that I haue done you / I wille forbere you as longe as I maye /

¶ Nay sayd Segwarides that shalle not be / for outhen thou shalt dye or I / Thenne syre Tristram drewe out his swerd and hurtled his hors vnto hym fyersly / and thorou the waste of the body he smote syre Segwarides that he felle to the erthe in a swoune / And soo sire Tristram departed and lefte hym there And soo he rode vnto Tyntagil and tooke his lodgyng secrete for he wold not be knowen that he was hurte

¶ Also sir Segwarides men rode after theyr maister / whome they fond lyenge in the feld sore wounded / and brouȝt hym home on his shelde / and there he lay longe or that he were hole / but at the laste he recouerd

¶ Also kynge Marke wold not be aknowen of that sir Tristram and he hadde mette that nyght / And as for syre Trystram he knewe not that kynge Marke had mette with hym / And soo the kynges astacr;ce came to sir Tristram to comforte hym as he laye seke in his bedde / But as longe as kynge Marke lyued / he loued neuer sire Trystram after that / though there was fayre speche / loue was there none / And thus it past many wekes and dayes / & alle was forgyuen and forgotten / For sire Segwarydes durste not haue ado with sir Tristram by cause of his noble prowesse And also by cause he was neuewe vnto kynge Marke / therfore he lete it ouer slyp / for he that hath a pryuy hurte is loth to haue a shame outward

¶ Capitulum xv /

Thenne hit befelle vpon a daye that the good knyghte Bleoberys de ganys broder to Blamore de ganys / & nyghe cosyn vnto the good knyght sir launcelot du lake / This Bleoberys came vnto the courte of kynge Marke / & there he asked of kynge Marke a bone to gyue hym what yeft that he wold aske in his courte

¶ Whanne the kyng herd hym aske soo / he merueilled of hys

leaf 148v

askynge / but by cause he was knyghte of the round table / & of a grete renomme / kynge Marke graunted hym his hole askynge / thenne saide sire Bleoberys I wille haue the fayrest lady in your Courte that me lyst to chese / I maye not say nay sayd kynge marke / Now chese at youre aduenture And soo sir Bleoberys dyd chese syr segwarydes wyf / and toke her by the hand and soo wente his waye with her / and soo he tooke his hors and gart sette her behynde his squyer and rode vpon his way / When sir segwarydes herd telle that his lady was gone with a knyght of kynge Arthurs courte /

¶ Thenne he armed hym and rode after that knyght for to rescowe his lady / soo whan Bleoberys was gone with this lady / kyng Mark and all the courte was wroth that she was away / thenne were there

certayne ladyes that knewe that there was grete loue bitwene sir Tristram and her / and also that lady loued sir Tristram aboue alle other knyghtes / Thenne there was one lady that rebuked sir Tristram in the horryblest wyse / and called hym coward knyghte / that he wold for shame of his knyghthode see a lady soo shamefully be taken awaye / fro his vnkels courte / But she ment that eyther of hem hadde loued other with entiere hert / But sire Tristram ansuerd her thus / Faire lady it is not my parte to haue adoo in suche maters whyle her lord and husband is present here / And yf hit hadde ben that her lord hadde not ben here in this courte / thenne for the worship of this courte perauentur / I wold haue ben her champyon / And yf so be / sir segwarides spede not wel / it may happen that I wille speke with that good knyght / or euer he passe from this countrey / Thenne within a whyle came one of sir segwarydes squyers / and told in the court that sir segwarides was beten sore and wounded to the poynte of dethe / as he wold haue rescowed his lady / sir Bleoberis ouerthrewe hym and sore hath wounded hym / Thenne was kynge marke heuy therof / and alle the courte / When sire Tristram herd of this / he was ashamed and sore greued / And thenne was he soone armed and on horsbak / & gouernaile his seruaunt bare his shelde and spere / And soo as sire Tristram rode fast / he mette with sir Andret his cosyn that by the commaundement of kynge Marke was sente brynge forth & euer it laye in his power / ij /

leaf 149r

knyghtes of Arthurs Courte that rode by the countrey to seke their aduentures / Whan syr Trystram sawe sir Andret / he asked hym what tydynges / Soo god me helpe said syre Andret / ther was neuer worse with me / for here by the commaundement of kynge Mark I was sente to fetch two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte / and that one bete me / and wounded me / and sette nought by my message / Faire cosyn said sir tristram ryde on your way / and yf I may mete them / it may happen I shal reuenge you / So syr Andret rode in to Cornewaile And syr Tristram rode after the two knyghtes the whiche one hyght Sagramor le desyrus / & the other hyght Dodynas le saueage /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

THenne within a whyle syr Trystram sawe hem afore hym two lykely knyghtes / Sir said Gouvernaile vnto his maister / sir I wold counceile you nought to haue ado with hem / for they ben two preued knyghtes of Arthurs Courte / As for that said syr Trystram haue ye no doute / but I wille haue adoo with hem to encrease my worship / for it is many daye sythen I dyd ony dedes of armes / doo as ye lyst said Gouvernaile / and there with alle anone syr Trystram asked them / from whens they came / and wheder they wold / and what they dyd in tho marches / Syre Sagamore loked vpon syre Tristram / and hadde scorne of his wordes / & asked hym ageyne / Fair knyghte be ye a knyght of Cornewaile / where by aske ye hit said sir Tristram / For it is seldom sene said sir Sagamore that ye Cornysse knyghtes ben valyaunte men of armes / For within these two houres there mette vs one of you cornysse knyghtes / and grete wordes he spak / and anon with lytel myght he was leyd to the erthe / And as I trowe sayd sir Sagamore ye shal haue the same handsel that he hadde Faire lordes said sire Tristram it may soo happen

that I maye better withstande than he dyd / and whether ye will or nyl / I wil haue ado with you / by
cause he was my cosyn that ye bete And therefore here do your best / & wete ye wel but yf ye quyte you
the better here vpon this ground / one knyȝt of cornewaile shal bete you both / Whan sire Dodynas le
saueage herd hym saye soo he gatte a spere in his hand and said / sire knyghte

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thy self / And thenne they departed and came to gyders as it had ben thonder / And syr Dodynas spere
brast in sonder / but syr Trystram smote hym with a more myght / that he smote hym clene ouer the hors
croupe that nyghe he hadde broken his neck / Whanne syre Sagramour sawe his felawe haue suche a
falle / he merueylled what knyȝt he myght be / And he dresseth his spere with alle his myght / and syr
Trystram ageynst hym and they came to gyders as the thonder / and ther sir Tristram smote syr
Sagamore a stronge buffet that he bare his hors & hym to the erthe / and in the fallyng he brake his
thygh / whan this was done / syr Trystram asked hem / Fayre knyghtes will ye ony more / Be there no
bygger knyȝtes in the courte of kynge Arthur / it is to you shame to say of vs knyȝtes of Cornewayle
dishonoure / for it may happen a Cornysse knyght may matche you / that is trouthe said syr
Sagamore / that haue we wel preued / but I requyre the sayd syre Sagamore telle vs youre ryght name
by the feythe and trouthe that ye owe to the hyghe ordre of knyghthode / ye charge me with a grete
thyng said syr Trystram / and sythen ye lyst to wete hit / ye shal knowe and vnderstande that my name
is syr Trystram de lyonas kynge Melyodas sone / and neuewe vnto kynge Marke Thenne were they two
knyghtes fayne / that they had mette with Trystram / and soo they praid hym to abyde in their felauship /
Nay said sire Tristram / for I must haue ado with one of your felawes / his name is syr Bleoberys de
ganys / god spede you wel said syr Sagamore and Dodynas / Syre Trystram departed and rode on ward
on his waye / And thenne was he ware before hym in a valeye where rode syr Bleoberys with sir
Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his squyer vpon a palfroy

¶ Capitulum xvij

Thenne syr Trystram rode more than a paas vntyl that he had ouertake hym / Thenne spak syr
Trystram abyde he said knyght of Arthurs courte / brynge ageyne that lady or delyuer her to me / I wille
doo neyther said Bleoberys / for I drede no Cornysse knyght soo sore that me lyste

leaf 150r

to delyuer her / why said syr Tristram may not a Cornysse knyght doo as wel as another knyght / this
same daye two knyghtes of your Courte within this thre myle mette with me / And or euer we departed /

they fonde a Cornyssh knyght good ynough for them bothe / what were their names said Bleoberis / they told me said syr Trystram that the one of them hyghte syr Sagamore le desyrus / and the other hyghte Dodynas le saueage / A said syr Bleoberys haue ye met with them Soo god me helpe they were two good knyghtes and men of grete worship / And yf ye haue bete them bothe / ye must nedes be a good knyght / but yf it soo be / ye haue bete them bothe / yet shalle ye not fere me / but ye shalle bete me / or euer ye haue thys lady / Thenne defende you said syr Tristram / soo they departed and came to gyder lyke thonder / and eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne they auoyded their horses / and lashed to gyder egerly with swerdes and myghtely / now tracyng and trauersynge on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand more than two houres / And somtyme they rasshed to gyder with suche a myght that they laye bothe grouelynge on the ground / Thenne sir Bleoberis de ganys starte abak / and said thus / Now gentyl good knyght a whyle hold your handes / & lete vs speke to gyders / Saye what ye wille said Trystram / & I wille ansuere you / Sire saide Bleoberys I wold wete of whens ye be / and whom ye be come / and what is your name / Soo god me help said syr Trystram I fere not to telle you my name / Wete ye wel I am kynge Melyodas sone / and my moder is kyng Markes sister / and my name is sir Tristram de Lyonas and kynge Marke is myn vnkel / Truly said Bleoberys I am ryght gladde of you / for ye are he that slewe marhaus the knyght hand for hand in an Iland for the truage of Cornewaile / Also ye ouercame sir Palamydes the good knyght at a turnement in an Iland / where ye bete sir Gawayne & his nyne felawes / Soo god me helpe said sir Trystram wete ye wel that I am the same kny3t / Now I haue told you my name / telle me yours with good will / Wete ye wel that my name is sir Bleoberys de ganys / and my broder hyghte sire Blamore de ganys / that is called a good knyght and we be syster children vnto my lord sir La¯celot du lake that we calle

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one of the best knyghtes of the world / That is trouthe said sir Tristram / sir Launcelot is called pierles of curtosy and of knyghthode / and for his sake said sir Trystram I will not with my good wille fyghte no more with you for the grete loue I haue to sir Launcelot du lake / In good feith said Bleoberys / as for me / I will be lothe to fyghte with you / But sythen ye folowe me here to haue this lady / I shal profer you kyndenys curtosy and gentilnes right here vpon this ground / This lady shalle be betwixe vs bothe / and to whome that she wille go / lete hym haue her in pees / I wille wel said Tristrā For as I deme she wille leue you / and come to me / ye shalle preue hit anone said Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xviii

SOo whan she was sette betwixe them bothe / she sayd these wordes vnto sir Tristram / wete ye wel syr Tristram de lyones that but late thou was the man in the world that I moost loued and trusted / And I wende thou haddest loued me ageyne aboue alle ladyes / But whan thou sawest this knyght lede me away thou madest no chere to rescowe me / but suffred my lord Segwarydes ryde after me / but vn tyl that tyme I wend thou haddest loued me / And therfore now I wille leue the / and neuer loue the more / & there with alle she went vnto sir Bleoberys / Whan syr Tristram sawe her doo soo / he was wonderly

wrothe with that lady & ashamed to come to the courte / sir Tristram said sir Bleoberys ye are in the defaute / for I here by these ladyes wordes / she before this day trusted you aboue alle erthly knyghtes / and as she saith ye haue deceyued her / therfore wete ye wel / ther may noo man hold that wille aweye / and rather than ye shold be hertely displeasyd with me / I wold ye had her / and she wold abyde with you / Nay said the lady / so god me help I wil neuer goo with hym / For he that I loued most / I wende he had loued me / And therfore sire Trystram she said ryde as thou cam / for though thou haddest ouercome this knyȝt as ye was lykely / with the neuer wold I haue gone / And I shall pray this knyghte soo faire of his knyghthode that or euer he passe

leaf 151r

this countrey / that he wille lede me to the Abbeye / there my lord syr Segwarydes lyeth Soo god me helpe said Bleoberis I lete yow wete good knyght sire Trystram by cause kynge Marke gaf me the choyse of a yefte in this courte / and so this lady lyked me best / Not withstandynge she is wedded and hath a lord / and I haue fulfilled my quest / she shall be sent vnto her husband ageyne / And in especyal moost for youre sake sir Trystram / And yf she wold goo with you / I wold ye had her / I thanke you said syr Trystram / but for her loue I shal beware what manere a lady I shalle loue or truste / For had her lord syr Segwarydes ben away from the courte I shold haue ben the fyrst that shold haue folowed yow / but sythen ye haue refused me / as I am true knyght I shalle her knowe passyngly wel that I shal loue or trust / and soo they took theyr leue one fro thother and departed / And soo sir tristram rode vnto Tyntagyl / and syr Bleoberys rode vnto the abbay where syr segwarydes lay sore wounded / and there he delyuerd his lady / and departed as a noble knyght / & whan sir segwarydes sawe his lady / he was gretely comforted / and thenne she told hym that sir Trystram had done grete bataill with syre Bleoberys / and caused hym to brynge her ageyne / These wordes pleasyd sir segwarydes ryght wel that sir tristram wold doo soo moche / and soo that lady told alle the bataill vnto kynge Marke betwixe syr Trystram and sir Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne whanne this was done / kynge Mark cast alweyes in his hert how he myght destroye syr Tristram And thenne he ymagyned in hym self to sende sir tristram in to Irland for la beale Isoud / For sir Trystram had soo preysed her beaute and her goodnes that kynge Mark said he wold wedde her / where vpon he praid syr Tristram to take his wey in to Irland for hym on message / And all this was done to the entente to slee syr Tristram / Not withstandynge syr Trystram wold not reffuse the message for no daȝer nor peryl that myght falle for the pleasyr of his vnkel / but

to goo he made hym redy in the most goodlyest wyse that myght be deuysed / For sir Tristram tooke with hym the mooste goodlyest knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte / & they were arayed after the gyse that was thenne vsed in the goodlyest maner / So sir Tristram departed and toke the see with alle his felauship / And anone as he was in the brode see / a tempest toke hym and his felauship and drofe them bak in to the coste of Englund / And there they arryued fast by Camelot / and ful fayne they were to take the land /

¶ And whan they were landed sir Tristram sette vp his paelione vpon the land of Camelot / and there he lete hange his shelde vpon the paelione / And that same day came two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / that one was sir Ector de marys and sir Morganor And they touched the shelde / and badde hym come oute of the paelione for to Iust and he wold Iust / ye shalle be ansuerd said sir Tristram and ye wille tarye a lytel whye / Soo he made hym redy / and fyrste he smote doune sir Ector de marys / and after he smote doune sir Morganor alle with one spere / and sore brysed them / And whan they laye vpon the erthe / they asked sir Tristram what he was / and of what countrey he was knyghte / Faire lordes said sir Tristram wete ye wel that I am of Cornewaile / Allas said sire Ector now am I ashamed / that euer ony Cornysse knyghte shold ouercome me / And thenne for despyte syre Ector put of his armour fro hym / and wente on foot and wold not ryde

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne it felle that sire Bleoberys and sire Blamore de ganys that were bretheren they hadde assomoned the kyng Anguysshe or Irland for to come to Arthurs Court vpon payne of forfeiture of kyng Arthurs good grace And yf the kyng of Irland came not in at the day assigned and sette / the kyng shold lese his landes / So by hit happend that at the day assigned kyng Arthur neither sire Launcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Iugement / for kyng Arthur was with sir launcelot at the castel ioyous gard / And so

kyng Arthur assigned kyng Carados and the kyng of scottes to be there that day as Iuges / So whan the kynges were at Camelot / kyng Anguysshe of Irland was come to knowe is accusars / Thenne was there Blamore de ganys and appeled the kyng of Irland of treason / that he hadde slayne a cosyn of his in his courte in Irland by treason / The kyng was sore abasshed of his accusacion / for why / he was come att the somons of kyng Arthur / And or that he came at Camelot / he wist not wherfore has was sente after / And whanne the kyng herd sir Blamor saye his wille / he vnderstood wel there was none other remedy but to ansuere hym knyghtly / for the custome was suche in tho dayes / that and ony man were appealed of ony treason or murther / he shold fyghte body for body / or els to fynde another knyght for

hym / And alle maner of Murtherers in tho dayes were callid treason / So whan kyng Anguysshe vnderstood his accusynge / he was passynge heuy / for he knewe sir Blamor de ganys that he was a noble knyght / and of noble knyghtes comen / Thenne the kyng of Irland was symply purueyed of his ansuere / therfore the Iuges gaf hym respyte by the thyrdd daye to gyue his ansuere / Soo the kyng departed vnto his lodgyng / the mean whyle ther came a lady by sir Trystrams paelione makynge grete dole / what eyleth you said sir Tristram that ye make suche dole / A fayre knyght said the lady I am ashamed onles that som good knyght helpe me / for a grete lady of worship sente by me a fayre child and a ryche vnto sir launcelot du lake / and here by there mette with me a knyghte and threwe me doune fro my palfray and took awaye the child from me / wel my lady said syr Tristram / and for my lord syr Launcelots sake I shalle gete you that child ageyne / or els I shalle be beten for hit / And soo sire Tristram tooke his hors / and asked the lady whiche wey the knyght rode / And thenne she tolde hym And he rode after hym / and within a whyle he ouertoke that knyght / And thenne syr Tristram badde hym **come** [correction; sic = corne] and gyue ageyne the child

¶ Capitulum xxj

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The knyghte torned his hors / and he made hym redy to fyghte / And thenne sir Trystram smote hym with a swerd suche a buffet / that he tumbled to the erthe / And thenne he yelded hym vnto sir Tristram / thenne come thy waye sayd sire Trystram and brynge the child to the lady ageyne / Soo he took his hors wekely and rode with sir Trystram / and thenne by the way syr Trystram asked hym his name / Thenne he said my name is Breunis saunte pyte / Soo whanne he hadde delyuerd that child to the lady / he said / sir as in this the child is wel remedied / Thenne sir Trystram lete hym goo ageyne that sore **reyentyd** [sic] hym after / for he was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kyng arthurs courte /

¶ Thenne whan sir Tristram was in his paelione / Gouvernaile his man cam / and told hym how that kyng anguysshe of Irland was come thyder / and he was putte in grete distresse / and there gouvernaile told sir Trystram / how kyng anguysshe was somoned and appealed of murther / Soo god me help said sir Tristram these ben the best tydynges that euer came to me this vii yere / for now shalle the kyng of Irland haue nede of my helpe for I dare saye there is no knyght in this countrey that is not of arthurs courte dare doo bataille with syre Blamore de ganys / and for to wyne the loue of the kyng of Irland I wil take the batail vpon me / and therfor gouvernaile brynge me I charge the to the kyng / Thenne Gouvernaile wente vnto kyng anguysshe of Irland and salewed hym fayre / the kyng welcomed hym / and asked hym what he wolde / Syr saide Gouvernaile / here is a knyghte nere hande that desyreth to speke with you / he badde me saye he wolde doo you seruyse / what Knyght is he saide the Kyng / syr he said hit is sir Tristram du **lyonas** [correction; sic = fyonas] that for your good grace ye shewed hym in your landes wyll rewarde you in these countreyes / Come on felawe said the kyng with me anone / and shewe me vnto sir Trystram / soo the Kyng took a lytel hackney and but fewe felauship with him

vntyl he came vnto sir Tristrams paelione / and whanne syre Trystram sawe the Kyng / he ranne vnto hym and wold haue holden his styrope / But the kyng lepte from his hors lyghtly / and eyther halsed other in armes / my gracious Lord sayde sire Trystram gramercy of your grete goodnesse shewed

leaf 153r

vnto me in your marches and landes / And at that tyme I promysed you to doo my seruyse / and euer it laye in my power / & gentyl knyght said the kyng vnto sir Tristram / now haue I grete nede of you / neuer had I soo grete nede of no knyghtes helpe / How soo my good lord said sire Trystram / I shalle telle you said the kyng I am assomoned and appeled fro my countrey for the deth of a knyght that was kyn vnto the good knyght sir Launcelot / wherfor sir Blamor de ganys broder to sir Bleoberys hath appeled me to fyghte with hym / outhur to fynde a knyght in my stede / And wel I wote said the kyng these that are come of kynges Bans blood as sir Launcelot & these other are passynge good knyghtes and hard men for to wyne in bataille as ony that I knowe now lyuynge / Syre said sir Trystram / for the good lordship ye shewed me in Irland and for my lady youre doughters sake / La Beale Isoud I wille take the bataille for you vpon this condycyon / that ye shalle graunte me two thynges / that one is that ye shal swere to me that ye are in the ryght that ye were neuer consentynge to the knyghtes dethe / Syr thenne said sir Tristram when that I haue done this bataille yf god yeue me grace that I spede that ye shalle gyue me a reward what thyng resonable that I wille aske of you / Soo god me help said the kyng ye shal haue what someuer ye will aske / It is wel said / said sir Trystram

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw make your ansuer that youre Champyon is redy For I shalle dye in your quarel rather than to be racreaunt / I haue no doubte of you said the kyng / that and ye shold haue adoo with sir Launcelot du lake / Syr said sir Tristram as for sire Launcelot he is called the noblest knyghte of the worlde / And wete ye wel that the knyghtes of his blood are noble men and drede shame / And as for Bleoberys broder to syr Blamor I haue done bataille with hym / therfore vpon my hede / it is no shame to call hym a good knyght / It is noysed said the kyng / that Blamor is the hardyer knyghte / sire as for that lete hym be / he shal neuer be refused / & as he were

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the best knyght that now bereth shelde or spere / Soo kyng Anguysshe departed vnto kyng Carados / and the kynges that were that tyme as Iuges / and told hem that he hadde fonde his champyon redy / Thenne by the commaundementes of the kynges sir Blamor de ganys and sire Tristram were sente for to

here the charge / And whan they were come beforne the Iuges / there were many kynges and knyghtes
biheld sire Tristram / and moche speche they had of hym by cause he slewe sir Marhaus the good
knyght / and by cause he foriusted sir Palamydes the good knyght /

¶ So when they had taken theire charge / they withdrewe hem to make hem redy to doo bataile / Thenne
said sir Bleoberys to his broder sir Blamore / fayr dere broder remembre of what kyn we be come of /
and what a man is sir launcelot du lake / neyther ferther nor nere but brother children / and ther was
neuer none of oure kyn that euer was shamed in bataille / and rather suffre deth broder than to be
shamed / Broder said Blamore haue you no doute of me / for I shal neuer shame none of my blood / hou
be it I am sure that yonder knyghte is called a passynge good knyght as of his tyme one of the world /
yet shal I neuer yelde me nor say the lothe word / wel may he happen to smyte me doun with his grete
myght of chyualry / but rather shalle he slee me than I shal yelde me as recreaunt / God spede you wel
said Bleoberys for ye shal fynde hym the myghtyest knyght that euer ye hadde ado with all / for I knowe
hym for I haue had ado with hym God me spede said Blamor de ganys / and therwith he tooke his hors
at the one ende of the lystes / and sire Trystram atte other ende of the lystes / and soo they feutryd theyre
speres / & came to gyders as it had ben thonder / and there sir Tristram thorou grete myght smote doune
sir Blamore and his hors to the erthe / Thenne anone sir Blamor auoyded his hors and pulled oute his
swerd / and threwe his shelde afore hym / and badde sir Trystram alyghte / for though an hors hath failed
me I truste to god the erthe wil not faile me / And thenne syre Trystram alyght and dressid hym vnto
batail / and there they lashed to gyder strongly as racyng and tracyng / foynynge and dasshyng many
sad strokes that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wonder that they myghte stande / for euer they

leaf 154r

fought lyke wood men so that there were neuer knyghtes sene fyghte more fyersly than they dyd / for
sire Blamore was so hasty he wold haue no rest that alle men wondred that they had brethe to stande on
their feet / and alle the place was bloody that they fought in / And at the laste syre Tristram smote sir
Blamor suche a buffet vpon the helme that he there felle doune vpon his syde / and sir Trystram stode
and beheld hym /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Thenne whan sir Blamor myghte speke / he said thus Syre Tristram de Lyones I requyre the as thou art
a noble knyghte and the best knyghte that euer I fond that thou wilt slee me oute / for I wold not lyue to
be made lord of alle the erth / for I haue leuer dye with worship than lyue with shame / and nedes sir
Tristram thou must slee me / or els thou shalt neuer wyne the feld / for I wille neuer saye the lothe
word / And therefore yf thou dare slee me / slee me / I requyre the / Whanne sir Tristram herd hym saye
soo knyghtely / he wyste not what to doo with hym / he remembryng hym of bothe partyes of what
blood he was comen / and for sir Launcelots sake he wold be lothe to slee hym / and in the other party in

no wyse he myghte not chese / but that he must make hym to saye the lothe word or els to slee hym /
Thenne syre Tristram starte abak and went to the kynges that were Iuges / and ther he kneled down to
fore hem and besoughte hem for their worshippes and for kynge Arthurs and sir Launcelots sake
that they wold take this mater in theyr handes / For my fayre lordes said sir tristram hit were shame and
pyte / that this noble knyght that yonder lyeth shold be slayne / for ye here wel / shamed wille he not be /
and I pray to god that he neuer be slayne nor shamed for me / And as for the kyng for whome I fyghte
fore I shalle requyre hym as I am his true champyon and true knyght in this felde that he wille haue
mercy vpon this knyghte / So god me helpe said kynge Anguysse I wil for your sake syre tristram be
ruled as ye wille haue me / For I knowe you for my true knyghte /

¶ And therefore I

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wylle hertely pray the kynges that ben here as Iuges to take hit in their handes / And the kynges that
were Iuges called syr Bleoberys to them / and asked hym his aduysse

¶ My lordes said Bleoberys / though my broder be beten and hath the wers thorou myghte of armes I
dare saye though syre Trystram hath beten his body / he hath not beten his herte / and I thanke god he is
not shamed this daye / And rather than he shold be shamed / I requyre you sayd Bleoberys lete sir
Tristram slee hym oute / It shalle not be soo said the kynges / for his parte aduersary bothe the kynge
and the champyon haue pyte of syre Blamors knyghthode / My lordes said Bleoberys I wille ryght wel
as ye wille /

¶ Thenne the kynges called the kynge of Irland and fond hym goodely and tretabyll / And thenne by alle
their aduyses syre Tristram and syre Bleoberys toke vp sire Blamore / and the two bretheren were
accorded with kynge Anguysse / and kyssed and made frendys for euer / And thenne sire Blamor and
sire Trystram kyssed to gyders / and there they made their othes that they wold neuer none of them two
bretheren fyghte with syre Trystram / and syre Trystram made the same oth And for that gentyl bataille
alle the blood of syre Launcelot loued sire Trystram for euer /

¶ Thenne kynge Anguysse and syre Tristram toke their leue and sailed in to Irland with grete
noblesse and ioye /

¶ Soo whanne they were in Irland / the kynge lete make it knowen thoroute alle the land how and in
what manere syre Trystram had done for hym

¶ Thenne the Quene and alle that there were made the moost of hym that they myghte / But the Ioye that
la beale Isoud made of syr Tristram there myghte no tonge telle / for of alle men erthely she loued hym

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne vpon a daye kynge Anguysshe asked syr Tristram why he asked not his bone / For what someuer he had promysed hym / he shold haue hit withoute fayle

leaf 155r

Syre sayd sire Trystram now is hit tyme this is alle that I wylle desyre that ye wylle gyue me la beale Isoud youre doughter not **for** [correction; sic = sor] my self but for myn vnkel kynge Marke that shalle haue her to wyf / for soo haue I promysed hym / Allas said the kynge I had leuer than alle the land that I haue / ye wold wedde her youre self / Syre and I dyd than I were shamed for euer in this world / and fals of my promyse / Therefore said sire Trystram I praye you hold your promyse that ye promysed me / for this is my desyre that ye wylle gyue me la Beale Isoud to goo with me in to Cornewaile for to be wedded to kynge Marke myn vnkel /

¶ As for that sayd kynge Anguysshe ye shalle haue her with you to doo with her what it please you / that is for to saye yf that ye lyst to wedde her your self that is me leuest / And yf ye wille gyue her vnto kynge Marke youre vnkel that is in youre choyse /

¶ Soo to make short conclusion la beale Isoud was made redy to goo with syre Trystram and dame Bragwayne wente with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other / thenne the quene Isouds moder gaf to her and dame Bragwayne her doughters gentilwoman and vnto Gouvernaile a drynke and charged them that what day kynge Marke shold wedde that same daye they shold gyue hym that drynke / soo that kynge Marke shold drynke to la beale Isoud / and thenne said the Quene I vndertake eyther shalle loue other the dayes of their lyf / Soo this drynke was yeuen vnto dame Bragwayne and vnto Gouvernaile / And thenne anone syre Trystram tooke the see / and la Beale Isoud / and whan they were in their caban hit happed soo that they were thursty / and they sawe a lytyl flacked of gold stande by them / and hit semed by the coloure and the taste that it was noble wyn / Thenne sire Trystram toke the flacket in his hand / and sayd Madame Isoud here is the best drynke that euer ye drank that dame Bragwayne youre mayden and Gouvernayle my seruaunt haue kepte for them self / Thenne they lough and made good chere and eyther dranke to other frely / and they thoughte neuer drynke that euer they dranke to other was soo swete nor soo good / But by that theyr drynke was in their

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bodies / they loued eyther other so wel that neuer theyr loue departed for wele neyther for wo / And thus it happed the loue fyrste betwixe sire Tristram and la beale Isoud / the whiche loue neuer departed the dayes of their lyf / soo thenne they sayled tyl by fortune they came nyghe a castel that hyght Pluere And there by arryued for to repose them wenyng to them to haue hadde good herborouȝ / but anon as sir Trystram was within the castel / they were taken prysoners / for the customme of the castel was suche who that rode by that castel and brought ony lady he must nedes fyghte with the lord that hyghte Breunor And yf it were soo that Breunor wanne the feld / thenne shold the knyght straunger and his lady be putte to dethe what that euer they were / and yf hit were so that the straunge knyghte wanne the feld of sir Breunor / thenne shold he dye and his lady bothe / this custome was vsed many wynters / for hit was called the castel pluere that is to saye the wepyng castel

¶ Capitulum xxv

THus as sire Trystram and la beale Isoud were in pryson / hit happed a knyght and a lady came vnto them / where they were to chere them / I haue merueille said Tristram vnto the knyȝt and the lady what is the cause the lord of this Castel holdeth vs in pryson / hit was neuer the custome of no place of worship that euer I came in / whan a knyghte and a lady asked herborough / and they to receyue hem / & after to destroye them that ben his gestes / Syr said the knyȝt this is the old custome of this castel that whan a knyght cometh here / he must nedes fyghte with our lord / and he that is weyker muste lese his hede / And whan that is done yf his lady that he bryngeth / be fouler than out lordes wyf / she must lese her heede / And yf she be fayrer preued than is oure lady / thenne shal the lady of this castel lese her heede / Soo god me help said sire Tristram this is a fowle custome and a shameful / But one auauntage haue I said sir Trystram I haue a lady is fayre ynouȝ fayrer sawe I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes / And I doubte

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not for lack of beaute she shalle not lese her heed / and rather than I shold lese my heede I wille fyghte for hit on a fayre felde /

¶ Wherefore Syre knyght I pray you telle your lord that I wille be redy as to morne with my lady and my selfe to doo batail yf hit be so I maye haue my hors and myne armour / Syre said that knyght I vndertake that youre desyre shalle be spedde ryght wel / And thenne he sayd take youre rest and loke that ye be vp by tymes and make you redy and your lady / for ye shall wante no thyng that you behoueth / and ther with he departed and on the morne by tymes that same knyghte came to sire Trystram and fetched hym oute and his lady & brouȝte hym hors and armour that was his owne / and badde hym make hym redy to the feld / for alle the estates and comyns of that lordship were there redy to behold that bataille and Iugement /

¶ Thenne came syre Breunor the lord of that Castel wyth his lady in his hand muffeld / and asked syre Trystram where was his lady / for and thy lady be fayrer than myn wyth thy swerd smyte of my ladyes hede / and yf my lady be fayrer than myn / with my swerd I muste stryke of her heed / And yf I maye wyne the / yet shalle thy lady be myne / and thou shalt lese thy hede /

¶ Syre said Trystram this is a fowle custome and horryble / and rather than my lady shold lese her heed / yet had I leuer lese my hede /

¶ Nay nay said sire Breunor the ladyes shalle be fyrst shewed to gyder / and the one shalle haue her Iugement / Nay I wille not soo said sire Tristram / For here is none that wille gyue ryghteous Iugement / But I doubte not said sir Tristram my lady is fayrer than thyne / And that wille I preue and make good with my hand / And who someuer he be that wille saye the contrary I wille preue hit on his hede And there with sire Tristram shewed la beale Isoud / and torned her thryes aboute with his naked swerd in his hand And whanne syre Breunor sawe that he dyd the same wyse torne his lady / But whanne syre Breunor beheld la beale Isoud / hym thoughte he sawe neuer a fayrer lady / and thenne he dradde his ladyes hede shold be of / and soo al the peple

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that were there present gaf Iugement that la beale Isoud was the fayrer lady and the better made / how now said sir Tristram; me semeth it were pyte that my lady shold lose her heed / but by cause thou and she of long tyme haue vsed this wycked custome / and by you bothe haue many good knyghtes and ladyes ben destroyed / for that cause it were no losse to destroye you bothe / Soo god me help said sir Breunor for to saye the sothe / thy lady is fayrer than myn / and that me sore repenteth And soo I here the peple pryuely saye / for alle wymmen I sawe none soo fayre / and therfor and thou wilt slee my lady I doute not but I shal slee the and haue thy lady /

¶ Thou shalt wyne her said sir Trystram as dere as euer knyȝt wan lady / And by cause of thyn owne Iugement as thou woldest haue done to my lady yf that she had ben fouler / and by cause of the evyl custome gyue me thy lady said Trystram / & there with alle sir Tristram strode vnto hym and toke his lady from hym / and with an auke stroke he smote of her hede clene / wel knyght said sir Breunor now hast thou done me a despyte /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

NOW take thyn hors sythen I am lady les I wil wyn thy lady and I may / thenne they took their horses / & came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder / and sire Trystram smote sir Breunor clene from his hors / and lyȝtely he rose vp And as sir Trystram came ageyne by hym / he threst his hors thorou oute both the

sholders that his hors hurled here and there / and felle dede to the ground / And euer sir Breunor ranne
after to haue slayne sire Tristram / but sire Tristram was lyght and nymel and voyded his hors lightly /
And or euer sir Trystram myght dresse his sheld and his swerd / the other gaf hym thre or foure sadde
strokes

¶ Thenne they rasshed to gyders like two bores tracyng and trauercyng myȝtely and wysely as two noble
knyghtes / For this sire Breunor was a proued knyghte and hadde ben or than the dethe of many good
knyghtes / that it was pyte that he had so long endured / Thus they fouȝt hurlyng here & there nyȝ two
houres &

leaf 157r

eyder were wounded sore / thenne at the last sir Breunor rasshed vpon sir Trystram and tooke hym in his
armes / for he trusted moche to his strengthe / Thenne was sir Trystram called the strengest and the hiest
knyght of the world / For he was called byggar than sir laūcelot / but sir Launcelot was better
brethed / Soo anone sire Trystram thrust syr Breunor doune grouelynge / and thenne he vnlaced his
helme / and strake of his hede / And thenne al they that longed to the castel cam to hym and dyd hym
homage and feaute prayenge hym / that he wold abyde there styлле a litel whyle to fordo that foule
custom Syr Trystram graunted ther to / the meane whyle one of the knyghtes of the castel rode vnto sire
Galahad the haut prynce the whiche was sir Breunors sone / whiche was a noble knyȝt and told hym
what mysauenture his fader hadde and his moder

¶ Capitulum xxvij

Thenne came sir Galahad and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes with hym / and this syr Galahad
profered to fyghte with sir Trystram hand for hand / and soo they made them redy to go vnto bataile on
horsbak with grete courage / Thenne sir Galahad and sir Trystram mette to gyders soo hard that eyder
bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And thene they auoyded their horses as noble knyghtes and
dressid theire sheldes and drewe their swerdes with Ire & rancour / and they lashed to gyder many
sadde strokes / and one whyle strykyng another whyle foynynge / tracynge and trauersynge as noble
knyghtes / thus they fought long nere half a day and eyder were sore wounded / At the last sire Trystram
waxed lyghte and bygge / and doubled his strokes and drofe syr Galahad abak on the one syde and on
the other / so that he was lyke to haue ben slayne / With that came the kyng with the honderd knyghtes
and all that felauship went fyersly vpon sir Tristram / whan sir Trystram sawe them comyng vpon hym /
thenne he wist wel he myghte not endure /

¶ Thēne as a wyse knyght of werre he said to sir Galahad the haut prynce syre ye shewe to me
no knyghthode for to suffre alle youre men to haue adoo with me al at ones /

¶ And as me semeth ye be a

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noble knyghte of your handes / hit is grete shame to you / So god me helpe said sire Galahad there is none other waye but thou must yelde the to me / outhur els to dye said sir Galahad to sir Trystram I wille rather yelde me to you than dye / for that is more for the myght of your men than of your handes / And ther with alle sir Trystram tooke his owne suerd by the poynte / and put the pomel in the hand of sir Galahad / there with alle came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and hard beganne to assaylle sir Trystram / lete be said sir Galahad be ye not soo hardy to touche hym / for I haue gyuen this knyght his lyf / that is youre shame said the kynge with the C knyghtes / hath he not slayne your fader and your moder / As for that said syre Galahad I may not wyte hym gretely for my fader had hym in pryson / and enforced hym to doo bataill with hym / and my fader had suche a customme that was a shameful custome that what knyght came there to aske herborouh his lady must nedes deye but yf she were fayrer than my moder / And yf my fader ouercame that knyght he must nedes deye / This was a shameful customme and vsage / a knyghte for his herberowe askynge to haue suche herborage /

¶ And for this customme I wold neuer drawe aboute hym / So god me helpe said the kynge this was a shameful customme / Truly said syre Galahad soo semed me / and me semed it had ben grete pyte that this knyght shold haue ben slayne / for I dare saye he is the noblest man that bereth lyf / but yf it were sir launcelot du lake / Now fayre knyght said sir Galahad I requyre the telle me thy name / and of whens thou arte / and whyder thou wolt / Syr he said my name is sir Trystram du lyones & from kynge Marke of Cornewaile I was sente on message vnto kynge Anguysshe of Irland for to fetch his doughter to be his wyf / & here she is redy to go with me into Cornewaile / and her name is la beale Isoud / and / sir Trystram said sir Galahad the haut prynce / wel be ye fonde in these marches / & soo ye wille promyse me to goo vnto syr Launcelot du lake / and accompanye with hym / ye shalle goo where ye wylle / and your fayre lady with you / And I shalle promyse you neuer in al my dayes shal suche custommes be vsed in this castel as haue ben vsed / Syr said syre Trystram now I lete you wete

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soo god me helpe I wende ye had ben syr launcelot du lake / whan I sawe you fyrste / and therefore I dredde you the more And sire I promyse you said sir Tristram as soone as I may I wille see sir launcelot / and enfelaushippe me with hym / for of alle the knyghtes of the world I moost desyre his felauship

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

ANd thesir Tristram took his leue whan he sawe his tyme and tooke the see / And the meane whyle word came vnto sir Launcelot and to sir Trystram that sire Carados the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunt / that fought with sir Gawayn and gaf hym suche strokes that he swouned in his sadel / and after that he took hym by the coller / and pulled hym oute of his sadel / and fast bounde hym to the sadel bowe / and so rode his wey with hym toward his castell / And as he rode by fortune sir Launcelot mette with sire Carados and anone he knewe sire Gawayne / that lay bounde after hym / A said sir Launcelot vnto sire Gawayne how stande it with you / Neuer so hard said sir gawayn onles that ye helpe me / for so god me help without ye rescowe me I knowe no knyght that may but outhere you or syr Trystram / where for sir Launcelot was heuy of sir Gawayns wordes / And thenne sir Launcelot bad sir Carados leye doune that knyghte / & fyghte with me / thou arte but a foole saide sire Carados / for I wylle serue you in the same wyse / as for that said sir Launcelot spare me not / for I warne the I wille not spare the / And thenne he bond sir Gawayne hand and foot / and so threwe hym to the ground / And thenne he gate his spere of his squyer / and departed from syr launcelot to fetch his cours / and soo eyther met with other / and brake their speres to their handes / & thenne they pulled out swerdes / and hurtled to gyders on horsbak more than an houre / And at the laste sire launcelot smote sir Carados suche a buffet vpon the helme that it perched his brayne pan / So thenne sir Launcelot toke sir Carados by the coller and pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne he alyfte and pulled of his helme / and strake of his hede / And thenne

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sir Launcelot vnbounde sir Gawayne / soo this same tale was told to sir Galahad and to sir Trystram / here maye ye here the noblenes that foloweth sir launcelot / Allas said syr Trystram and I had not this message in hand with this fayre lady / truly I wold neuer stynte or I had fonde syre Launcelot / Thenne sire Trystram and la beale Isoud wente to the see & came in to Cornewaile / and there alle the barons mette hem /

¶ Capitulum **xxix** [correction; sic = xix]

ANd anone they were rychely wedded with grete nobley / But euer as the frensshe book sayth sir Trystram and la beale Isoud loued euer to gyders /

¶ Thenne was there grete Iustes and grete torneyenge / and many lordes and ladyes were at that feest / and sir Trystram was most preysed of alle other / thus dured the feest longe / and after the feest was done / within a lytel whyle after by the assent of two ladyes that were with quene Isoud / they ordeyned for hate and enuy for to destroye dame Bragwayne / that was mayden and lady vnto la beale Isoud / and she was sente in to the forest for to fetch herbes / & there she was mette & bounde feete and hand to a

tree / and soo she was bounden thre dayes / And by fortune sir Palamydes fond dame Bragwayne / and there he delyuerd her from the dethe / and brought her to a nonnery there besyde for to be recouerd / whanne Isoud the quene myst her mayden / wete ye wel she was ryght heuy as euer was ony quene / for of alle erthely wymmen she loued her best / the cause was for she came with her oute of her countreye / And soo vpon a day quene Isoud walked in to the forest to putte aweye her thoughtes / and ther she wente her self vnto a welle / and made grete mone / and sodenly there came Palamydes to her / and had herd alle her complaynte / and sayd Madame Isoud and ye wille graunte me my bone / I shalle brynge to you dame Bragwayne sauf and sound / And the quene was so glad of his profer / that sodenly vnaused she graunted alle his askynge / wel madame said Palamydes I trust to your promyse / And yf ye wille abyde here half an houre / I shal brynge her to you / I shall abyde you said la beale Isoud

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And sir Palamydes rode forth his way to that nonnery / and lyghtly he came ageyne with dame Bragwayne / but by her good wille she wold not haue comen ageyne / by cause for loue of the quene she stood in aueriture of her lyf / Notwithstandyng half ageynst her wille she wente with sir Palamydes vnto the quene / And whan the quene sawe her / she was passyng glad Now madame said Palamydes remembre vpon your promyse / for I haue fulfilled my promyse / Sir Palamydes said the quene I wote not what is your desyre / But I wille that ye wete how be it I promysed you largely I thought none euyl nor I warne you none ylle wille I doo / Madame said sir palamydes / as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe my desyre / but bfore my lord your husband there shalle ye knowe that I wil haue my desyre that ye haue promysed me / And therwith the quene departed and rode home to the kynge / and sir palamydes rode after her / And whan syr Palamydes came before the kynge / he said sir kyng I requyre you as ye be a ryghteous kynge that ye wille Iuge me the ryght / Telle me your cause said the kynge and ye shalle haue ryght /

¶ Capitulum xxx

SYre said Palamydes I promysed your Quene Isoud to brynge ageyne dame Bragwayne that she had lost vpon this couenaunt that she shold graunte me a bone that I wold aske / and without grutchynge outherauysemēt she graunted me / what saye ye my lady said the kynge / hit is as he saith soo god me help said the quene / to saye the sothe / I promysed hym his askynge for loue and ioie that I had to see her / Wel madame said the kynge / and yf ye were hasty to graunte hym what bone he wold aske / I wylle wel that ye performe your promyse / Thenne said Palamydes I will that ye wete that I wille haue your quene to lede her and gouerne her where as me lyst / There with the kynge stood styll and bethought hym of sir Trystram / and demed that he wold rescowe her / And thenne hastely the kynge ansuerd take her with the aduētures that shal falle of hit / for as I suppose thou wylt

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not enioye her noo whyle / As for that said Palamydes I dare ryght wel abyde the aduenture / and soo to make short tale / sir Palamydes toke her by the hand / and said Madame grutche not to goo with me / for I desyre no thyng but your own promyse / As for that said the quene I fere not gretely to go with the / hou be it thou hast me at auauntage vpon my promyse / For I doute not I shalle be worshipfully rescowed from the / As for that said sir Palamydes be it as it be maye / So quene Isoud was sette behynde Palamydes / and rode his way / anon the kynge sente after syr Trystram / but in no wyse he coude be foūde / for he was in the forest an huntyng / for that was alweyes his custome / but yf he vsed armes / to chase and to hunte in the forestes / Allas said the kynge now I am shamed for euer that by myn owne assente my lady and my quene shalle be deuoured / Thenne came forth a knyght his name was lambegus / and he was a knyght of syr Trystram / My lord sayd this knyght sythe ye haue truste in my lord sire Tristram / wete ye wel for his sake I wille ryde after your quene and rescowe her / or els I shal be beten / Gramercy saide the kynge / & I lyue sir Lambegus I shal deserue hit / And thenne sir Lambegus armed hym / and rode after as fast as he myghte / And thenne within a whyle he ouertoke sir Palamydes / And thenne sir Palamydes lefte the quene / what arte thou saide Palamydes / arte thou Trystram / nay he saide I am his seruaunte / and my name is Lambegus / that me repenteth saide Palamydes / I hadde leuer thou haddest ben sire Trystram / I bileue you wel said Lambegus / but when thou metest with sir Trystram thou shalt haue thy handes ful / And thenne they hurtled to gyders and alle to braste their speres / and thenne they pulled oute their swerdes / and hewed on helmes and hauberkes / At the laste sire Palamydes gaf sir Lambegus suche a wound that he felle doun lyke a dede knyghte to the erthe / Thenne he loked after la beale Isoud / and thēne she was gone he nyst where / wete ye wel sir Palamydes was neuer soo heuy / So the quene ranne in to the forest / and there she fond a wel / and theryn she hadde thoughte to haue drouned her self / And as good fortune wold ther came a knyght to her that hadde a Castel therby his name was sire Adtherp / And when he fonde the quene

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in that meschyef / he rescowed her / and broughte her to his castel / And whanne he wyst what she was he armed hym / and took his hors and said / he wold be auengyd vpon palamydes and soo he rode on tyll he mette with hym / and there sir Palamydes wounded hym sore / and by force he made hym to telle hym the cause why he dyd bataille with hym / and how he had ladde the quene vnto his castel / Now brynge me there said palamydes or thou shalt dye of my handes / Sir said sir Adtherp I am soo wounded I may not folowe / but ryde you this way and hit shalle brynge you in to my castel / and there within is the quene / Thenne sire Palamydes rode styll tyl he came to the Castel / And at a wyndowe La Beale Isoud sawe sir Palamydes / thenne she made the yates to be shette strongly / And whan he sawe he myght not come within the castel / he putte of his brydel and his sadel / and putte his hors to pasture / and sette hym self doune atte gate lyke a man that was oute of his wytte that retchyd not of hym self /

¶ Capitulum xxxj

NOw torne we vnto sir Tristram that whanne he was come home / and wyste la Beale Isoud was gone with syr Palamydes wete ye wel he was wrothe oute of mesure / Allas said sir Trystram I am this day shamed / Thenne he cryed to Gouvernaile his man / haste the that I were armed and on horsbak / for wel I wote Lambegus hath no myghte nor strengthe to withstande sir Palamydes / Allas that I haue not ben in his stede / Soo anone as he was armed and horsed sir Tristram and Gouvernaile rode after in to the forest / and within a whyle he fond his knyght Lambegus al moost woūded to the dethe / and syre Trystram bare hym to a foster / and charged hym to kepe hym wel / And thenne he rode forth and there he fond syr Adtherp sore wounded / and he told hym hou the quene wold haue drowned her self had not he ben / And how for her sake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo bataille with sir Palamydes / where is my lady said sire Trystram / Syr said the knyght she is sure ynough within my Castel / &

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she can hold her within hit / Gramercy said syre Trystram of thy grete goodenes / and soo he rode tyl he came nyghe to that Castel / and thenne syr Trystram sawe where syr Palamydes sat at the gate slepyng / and his hors pastured fast afore hym Now goo thou Gouvernaile said sire Tristram / and byd hym awake / and make hym redy / So Gouvernayle rode vnto hym / and said sir Palamydes aryse and take to the thyn harneis but he was in suche a study he herd not what Gouvernayle said So Gouvernaile came ageyne and told syre Trystram he slepte or els he was madde / Goo thou ageyne said sire Tristram / and bydde hym aryse / and telle hym that I am here his mortal foo / So Gouvernaile rode ageyne and putte vpon hym the but of his spere / and said sir Palamydes make the redy / for wete ye wel syr Tristram houeth yonder and sendeth the word he is thy mortal foo / And there with all sire Palamydes arose stylylly withoute wordes and gate his hors / and sadeled hym / and brydeled hym / and lyghtely he lepte vpon / and gat his spere in his hand / and eyder feutryd their speres and hurtled faste to gyders / and there Tristram smote doune sire Palamydes ouer his hors taylor / Thenne lightly sire Palamydes putte his sheld afore hym and drewe his swerd / And there beganne stronge bataill on bothe partyes / for both they fought for **the** [correction; sic = thr] loue of one lady / and euer she laye on the walles and behelde them / hou they foughte oute of mesure / and eyther were woūded possyng sore / but Palamydes was moche sorer woūded / thus they fought tracynge and trauercyng more than two houres that wel nygh for dole and sorowe la beale Isoud swounded /

¶ Allas she said that one I loued and yet doo / and the other I loue not / yet it were grete pyte that I shold see sir palamydes slayne / for wel I knowe by that tyme the ende be done sir Palamydes is but a dede knyght / by cause he is not crystened I wold be lothe that he shold dye a sarasyn / And there with alle she came doune and bisought sire Trystram to fyghte no more / A madame saide he what meane you / wille ye haue me shamed / wel ye knowe I wille be ruled by you / I wylle not your dishonour saide la beale Isoud but I wold that ye wold for my sake spare this vnhappy sarasyn Palamydes / Madame said syre

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tyme for your sake /

¶ Thenne she said to sire Palamydes this shalle be your charge that thou shalt goo oute of this countrey whyle I am therin / I wille obeye your commaundement said sire Palamydes / the whiche is sore ageynst my wylle

¶ Thenne take thy waye said la beale Isoud vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / and there recommaūde me vnto quene Gueneuer / and telle her that I send her word / that ther be withyn this land but four louers / that is sire Launcelot du lake and Quene Gueneuer and sire Trystram de lyonas and quene Isoud

¶ Capitulum xxxij

ANd soo syre Palamydes departed with grete heuynes And sir Tristram took the quene and brouñte her ageyne to kynge Marke / And thenne was there made grete Ioye of her home comynge / who was cherysshed but sir Trystram / Thenne sir Trystram lete fetche syr Lambegus his knyñte fro the fosters hous and hit was longe or he was hole / but at the last he was wel recouerd / thus they lyued with Ioye and play a long whyle / But euer sir Andred that was nygh cosyn to syr Trystram lay in a watche to wayte betwix sir Trystram and la beale Isoud for to take hem and sklaundre hem / Soo vpon a day syr Tristram talked with la beale Isoud in a wyndowe / and that aspyed sir Andred and told it to the kynge / Thenne kynge Marke took a swerd in his hand and came to sir Tristram and called hym fals traitour / and wold haue stryken hym / But sir Trystram was nyghe hym and ranne vnder his swerd and tooke his oute of his hande / And thenne the kynge cryed where are my knyghtes and my men / I charge you slee this traitour / But at that tyme there was not one wold meue for his wordes / Whanne syre Trystram sawe that there was not one wold be ageynst hym / he shoke the swerd to the kynge and made countenaunce as though he wold haue stryken hym / And thenne kynge Marke fledde / and sire tristram folowed hym and smote vpon hym fyue or sixe strokes flatlynge on the neck that he made hym to falle vpon the nose / & thenne sir Tristram yede his waye and armed hym and tooke

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his hors and his men / and soo he rode in to that forest / And there vpon a daye syr Trystram mette with

two bretheren that were knyghtes with kynge Marke / and there he strake of the hede of the one / & wounded the other to the dethe / and he maade hym to bere his broders hede in his helme vnto the kynge / and thyrtty moo there he wounded / And whan that knyght came before the kynge of saye his message / he there dyed afore the kynge and the quene / Thenne kynge Marke called his counceill vnto hym / and asked aduyse of his barons what was best to doo with sire Trystram / Syr said the barons in especyal Syre Dynas the Seneschal / syr / we wille yeue you counceyll for to sende for sir Tristram / for we wille that ye wete / many men wille holde with syre Trystram / and he were hard bestad And syr said sire Dynas ye shalle vnderstande that sir Tristram is called pyerles and makeles of ony Crysten knyghte / and of his myghte and hardynes we knewe none soo good a knyght / but yf hit be sire Launcelot du lake / And yf ye departe from your Courte and goo to kynge Arthurs courte / wete ye wel he wille gete hym suche frendes there that he wylle not sette by your malyce / And therfore syre I counceyle yow to take hym to youre grace / I wylle wel said the kynge that he be sente for / that we maye be frendes / Thenne the Barons sente for syr Tristram vnder a sauf conduyte / And soo whan syre Tristram came to the kynge / he was welcome / and no rehersail was made / and there was game and playe / and thenne the kynge and the quene wente on huntynge and sir Tristram

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

The kynge and the quene made their pauelions & theire tentes in that forest besyde a Ryuer / and ther was dayly huntynge and Iustyng / for there were euer xxx knyghtes redy to Iuste vnto alle them that came in at that tyme / And there by fortune came sire Lamerak de galys and sir Dryaunt / and there syre Dryaunt Iusted ryght wel / but at the laste he had a falle / Thenne sire Lamerak profered to Iuste / And whan he began he ferd so with the thyrtty knyghtes

leaf 162r

that there was not one of hem but that he gaf hym a falle / and somme of them were sore hurte / I merueyle said kyng Mark what knyght he is that doth suche dedes of armes / Sir said sire Tristram / I knowe hym wel for a noble knyght / as fewe now ben lyuynge / and his name is sir Lamorak de Galys / it were grete shame saide the kynge that he shold goo thus awaye onles that somme of you mette with hym better / Syre said syre Tristram me semeth it were no worship for a noble man to haue adoo with hym / And for by cause at this tyme he hath done ouer moche for ony meane knyght lyuynge / therfore as me semeth hit were grete shame and vylony to tempte hym ony more at this tyme / in soo moche as he and his hors are wery bothe For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be wel consydered / it were ynough for sir Launcelot du lake /

¶ As for that said kynge Marke I requyre you as ye loue me and my lady the Quene La beale Isoud take youre armes and Iuste with sire Lamorak de Galys /

¶ Syre said sir Tristram ye byd me doo a thyng that is ageynst knyghthode / And wel I can deme that I shal gyue hym a falle / For hit is no maystry / for my hors and I ben fresshe bothe / and so is not his hors and he / and wete ye wel / that he wil take hit for grete vnkyndenes / For euer one good is lothe to take another at disauauntage / But by cause I wil not displease yow / as ye requyre me / soo wille I doo and obeye your commaundement And soo sire Tristram armed hym and took his hors / & putt hym forth / and there sire Lamerak mette hym myghtely / and what with the myght of his owne spere / and of sire Tristram spere syr Lameraks hors felle to the erthe / and he syttyng in the sadel / Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte he auoyded the sadel and his hors / and put his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerd / And thenne he badde sir Tristram alyghte thou knyght and thou darst / Nay said sire Tristram I wil no more haue adoo with the / for I haue done to the ouer moche vnto my dishonour and to thy worship /

¶ As for that said sir Lamerak I can the no thanke / syn thou hast foriusted me on horsbak I requyre the and I biseche the / and thou be sir Tristram / fyghte with me on foote /

¶ I wylle not soo

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said ore Tristram / And wete ye wel my name is sire Tristram de lyones / and wel I knowe ye be sire Lamerak de Galys / And this that I haue done to you was ageynst my wylle / but I was requyred therto / but to saye that I wille doo atte youre request / as at thys tyme I will haue no more ado with you / for me shameth of that I haue done /

¶ As for the shame said sire Lamerak on thy party or on myne / beare thou hit & thou wilt / For though a marys sone hath fayled me / now a Quenes sone shalle not fayle the / And therefore and thou be suche a knyghte as men calle the / I requyre the / alyghte / and fyghte with me / Syre Lamerak said sire Tristram I vnderstande youre herte is grete / and cause why ye haue / to saye the sothe / for hit wold greue me and ony knyght shold kepe hym fresshe / and thenne to stryke doune a very knyghte / for that knyghte nor hors was neuer fourmed that alwey myght stande or endure / And therefore said sire Tristram I wille not haue adoo with you / for me forthynketh of that I haue done / as for that said sire Lamerak I shal quyte you and euer I see my tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

NOo he departed from hym with sire Dryaun / and by the weye they mette with a knyght that was sente from Morgan le fay vnto kynge Arthur / and this knyght hadde a fayre horne harness with gold / and the horne had suche a vertue that there myght no lady ne gentilwoman drynke of that horne / but yf she were true to her husband / And yf she were fals she shold spylle alle the drynke / And yf she were true to her

lord she myght drynke peasyble / and by cause of the quene Gueneuer and in despyte of sire Launcelot
this horne was sente vnto kynge Arthur / and by force sire Lamorak made that knyghte to telle alle the
cause why he bare that horne /

¶ Now shalte thou bere this horn sayd Lamorak vnto kyng Marke or els chese thou to dye for it / For I
telle the playnly in despyte and reproof of sire Tristrams thou shalte bere that horne vnto kynge Marke
his vnkel / and say thou to hym that

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I sent hit hym for to assay his lady /

¶ And yf she be true to hym he shal preue her / Soo the knyghte wente his waye vnto kynge Marke and
broughte hym that ryche horne / and sayd that sir Lamorak sente hit hym / and there to he told hym the
vertue of that horne

¶ Thenne the kynge maade Quene Isoud to drynke therof / and an honderd ladyes / and there were but
four ladyes of alle tho that dranke clene /

¶ Allas saide kynge Marke this is a grete despyte / and sware a grete othe / that she shold be brente and
the other ladyes /

¶ Thenne the Barons gadred them to gyder and said playnly they wold not haue tho ladyes brente for an
horne maade by sorcery that came from as fals a sorceresse and wytche as tho was lyuynge / For that
horne dyd neuer good but caused stryf and debate / and alweyes in her dayes she had ben an enemy to
alle true louers / Soo there were many knyghtes made their auowe / and euer they met with Morgan le
fay that they wold shewe her short curtosye /

¶ Alfo sir Tristram was passynge wrothe that sire Lamorak sente that horne vnto kynge Marke for wel he
knewe that hit was done in the despyte of hym / And therfor he thoughte to quyte sire Lamorak /

¶ Thenne syre Tristram vsed dayly and nyghtely to go to quene Isoud whanne he myght / and euer syre
Andred his cosyn watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la Beale Isoud / And soo vpon a
nyght syre Andred aspyed the houre and the tyme whan sir Trystram wente to his lady /

¶ Thenne syre Andred gate vnto hym twelue knyghtes / and at mydnyghte he sette vpon sire Tristram
secretely and sodenly / and there sire Tristram was take naked a bedde with la beale Isoud / and thenne
was he boūd hande and foot / and soo was he kepte vntyl daye /

¶ And thenne by the assent of kynge Marke and of syr Andred and of somme of the Barons syre Tristram was ledde vnto a chappel that stode vpon the see rockes there for to take his Iugement / and soo he was ledde bounden with fourty knyghtes / And whan sire Tristram sawe that there was none other boote / but nedes that he must dye / thenne said he fayr lordes remembre what I haue done for the Countreie of Cornewaile / and in what Ieopardy I haue ben in for the wele of you alle / For whan I fought for the truage of cornewaile with

leaf 163v

sir Marhaus the good knyght / I was promysed for to be better rewarded / whanne ye alle reffused to take the betaille / therfore as ye be good gentyl knyghtes / see me not thus shamefully to dye / for it is shame to alle knyghthode thus to see me dye / For I dare saye said sire Tristram that I neuer met with no knyght but I was as good as he / or better / Fy vpon the said sir Andred fals traitour that thou arte with thyn awa¯cynge / for alle thy boost thou shalt dye this daye / O Andred Andred said sir Tristram thou sholdest be my kynnesman / and now thou art to me ful vnfrendely / but and there were no mo but thou and I / thou woldest not putte me to deth / No said sir Andred / and ther with he drewe his swerd / and wold haue slayne hym / Whanne sir Tristram sawe hym make suche countenaunce / he loked vpon bothe his handes that were fast bounden vnto two knyghtes / and sodenly he pulled them bothe to hym / and vnwrast his handes / and thenne he lepte vnto his cosyn syr Andred and wrothe his swerd oute of his handes / thenne he smote sir Andred that he fylle to the erthe / and soo sir Tristram foughte tyl that he hadde kylled x knyghtes / So thenne sir Tristram gate the chappell and kepte hit myghtely / thenne the crye was grete / and the peple drewe faste vnto sire Andred moo than an honderd / whanne sir Tristram sawe the peple drawe vnto hym he remembryd he was naked / & sperd fast the chappel dore and brake the barrys of a wyndowe / and soo he lepte oute and fylle vpon the crackys in the see / And so at that tyme sir Andred nor none of his felawes myghte gete to hym at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

SOo whanne they were departed / Gouvernaile and sire Lambegus and sire Sentraile de lushon that were sir Tristrams men soughte their maister / whanne they herd he was escaped / thenne they were passynge gladde / and on the rockes they fond hym / and with tuel they pulled hym vp / And thenne sire Tristram asked hem where was la beale Isoud / for he wende she had ben had awaye of Andreds peple / Syr said Gouvernaile she is put in a lazar cote

¶ Allas

said syre Trystram this is a ful vngoodely place for suche a fayre lady / And yf I maye she shalle not be longe there / And soo he took his men and wente there as was la Beale Isoud / and fette her aweye and broughte her in to a forest to a fayre manoyre / and sire Tristram there abode with her / Soo the good knyghte badde his men goo from hym / For att this tyme I maye not helpe you / soo they departed alle sauf Gouvernaile / And soo vpon a daye sir Tristram yede in to the forest for to disporte hym / and thenne hit happend / that there he felle on slepe / And there came a man that sire Tristram afore hand had slayne his broder / And whan this man hadde foūd hym he shotte hym thorou the sholder with an arow / and sir Tristram lepte vp and kylled that man / And in the meane tyme it was told kynge Marke / how sir Tristram and la beale Isoud were in that same manoir / and as soone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyȝtes to slee sir Tristram And whanne he came there / he fond hym gone / and there he took la beale Isoud home with hym / and kepte her strayte that by no meane neuer she myght wete nor sende vnto Trystram nor he vnto her / And thenne whanne syre Tristram came toward the old manoir / he fond the trak of many horses / and ther by he wiste his lady was gone / And thenne sir Tristram took grete sorou / and endured with grete payne long tyme / for the arowe that he was hurte with al was enuenymed / Thenne by the meane of la Beale Isoud she told a lady that was cosyn vnto dame Bragwayne / and she came to sir Tristram and told hym that he myght not be hole by no meanes / For thy lady la beale Isoud maye not helpe the / therfor she byddeth you haste in to Bretayne to kynge Howel / and there ye shal fynde his douȝter Isoud le blaunche maynys / and she shal helpe the / Thenne sir tristram and gouvernaile gat them shyping / and soo sailed in to Bretayne / And whan kynge Howel wist that it was sir tristram / he was ful gladde of hym / Syre he said I am comen in to this countrey to haue help of your doughter / For hit is tolde me / that there is none other may hele me but she / and soo within a whyle she heled hym /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

Ther was an Erle that hyghte Gryp / And this Erle maade grete werre vpon the kynge / and putte the kynge to the werse / and bysegged hym / And on a tyme syre kehydyus that was sone to kynge Howel / as he yssued oute / he was sore wounded nyghe to the dethe /

¶ Thenne Gouvernaile wente to the kynge and said / syre I counceyle you to desyre my lord syre Tristram as in your nede to helpe you / I wille doo by your counceyll said the kynge / and soo he yede vnto syr Trystram and praid hym in his warris to helpe hym / for my sone kehydyus may not goo in to the felde

¶ Sire said sir Tristram I wille goo to the feld and doo what I maye / Thenne sir Tristram yssued out of the towne with suche felauship as he myght make / and dyd suche dedes that alle Bretayne spake of hym / And thēne at the last by grete myghte and force he slewe the Erle Gryp with his owne

handes / and moo than an honderd knyghtes he slewe that daye / And thenne sire Tristram was receyued worshipfully with procession

¶ Thenne kynge Howel enbraced hym in his armes / and said sire Tristram alle my kyngdome I wille resygne to the / God defende said sir Tristram / For I am beholden vnto you for youre doughters sake to doo for you /

¶ Thenne by the grete meanes of kynge Howel & kehydyus his sone by grete profers there grewe grete loue betwixe Isoud and sire Trystram / for that lady was bothe good and fayre / and a woman of noble blood & fame

¶ And for by cause sir Tristram had suche chere and Rychesse and alle other plesaunce that he hadde / all moost he hadde forsaken la beale Isoud / And soo vpon a tyme sir Trystram agreed to wedde Isoud la blaunche maynys / And at the laste they were wedded / and solempnly held theyr maryage / And soo whanne they were abedde bothe / sire Tristram remembryd hym of his old lady la beale Isoud / And thenne he toke suche a thought sodenly that he was alle desmayed / and other chere maade he none but with clyppynge and kyssynge as for other fleshly lustes sire Trystram neuer thoughte nor hadde adoo with her / suche mencyon maketh the freysshe booke

leaf 165r

Also it maketh mencyon that the lady wende there had ben no pleasyr but kyssynge and clyppynge /

¶ And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne his name was Suppynabyles / and he came ouer the see in to Englonde / And thenne he came in to the court of kynge Arthur / and he met with sir Launcelot du lake / and told hym of the maryage of syre Tristram / Thenne said sire Launcelot / Fy vpon hym vntrue knyghte to his lady that soo noble a knyghte as sir Trystram is shold be foūde to his fyrst lady fals / la beale Isound / quene of Cornewaile / But saye ye hym this / said sire Launcelot that of alle knyghtes in the world I loued hym moost / and had moost ioye of hym / and alle was for his noble dedes / and lete hym wete the loue bitwene hym and me is done for euer / And that I gyue hym warnyng from this daye forth as his mortal enemy

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

Thenne departed syr Suppynabyles vnto Bretayne ageyne / and there he fond sir Tristram / and told hym / that he had ben in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne said sir Tristram herd ye ony thyng of me / Soo god me help saide syre Suppynabyles / there I herd sire Launcelot speke of you grete shame / and that ye be a **fals** [correction; sic = sals] knyght to your lady / and he bad me doo you to wete that he wille be your mortal enemy in euery place where he may mete you / That me repenteth said Tristram / for of alle

knyghtes I loued to be in his felauship / Soo syre Tristram made grete mone and was ashamed that noble knyghtes shold dessame hym for the sake of his lady / And in this meane whyle la beale Isoud maade a letter vnto Quene Gueneuer complaynyng her of the vntrouthe of Sir Tristram and how he hadde wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne / Quene Gueneuer sente her another letter / and badde her be of good chere / for she shold haue Ioye after sorow / for sire tristram was so noble a knyȝt called / that by craftes of sorcery ladyes wolde make suche noble men to wedde them / but in the ende Quene Gueneuer said hit shal be thus / that he shalle hate her / and loue you better than euer he dyd to fore

¶ So leue

leaf 165v

we sire Trystram in Bretayne and speke we of sire Lamerak de galys / that as he sayled his shyp felle on a rok and perysshed all / saue sire Lamerak and his squyer / and there he swam myghtely / and fysshers of the yle of seruage toke hym vp and his squyer was drowned / and the ship men had grete laboure to saue sire Lameraks lyf / for alle the comfort that coude doo / and the lord of that yle hyght syre Nabon le noyre a grete myghty gyaunt / And this sir Nabon hated alle the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / and in no wyse he wold doo hem fauoure / And these fysshers told sir Lamerak alle the gyse of syre Nabon / how there came neuer knyghte of kynge Arthurs but he destroyed hym / And atte last bataille that he dyd was slayne syr Nanowne le petyte / the which he put to a **shameful** [correction; sic = shamesul] dethe in despyte of kynge Arthur / for he was drawen lymme meale / That forthynketh me said sir Lamerak for that knyghtes dethe / for he was my cosyn / And yf I were at myn ease as wel as euer I was I wold reunge his dethe / Pees sayd the fysshers and make here no wordes / for or euer ye departe from hens syre Nabon must knowe that ye haue ben here / or els we shold dye for your sake / So that I be hole said Lamerak of my disease / that I haue taken in the see / I wille that ye telle hym that I am a knyȝt of kynge Arthurs / for I was neuer aferd to reneye my lord /

¶ Capitulum xxxviiij

NOW tourne we vnto sire Trystram that vpon a daye he took a lytel Barget and his wyf Isound la bla¯che maynys with sire kay hedyus her broder to playe hem in the cosstes / And whan they were from the land / there was a wynde drofe hem in to the coste of walys vpon this yle of seruage / where as was syre Lamerak and there the Barget all to rose and there dame Isoud was hurte / and as wel as they myȝte they gate in to the forest / and there by a welle he sawe Segwarydes and a damoyssel / And thenne eyther salewed other / syre sayde Segwarydes I knowe you for sire Tristram de Lyones the man in the world that I haue moost cause to hate by cause

ye departed the loue bitwene me and my wys / but as for that sayd Segwarydes I wil neuer hate a noble knyȝt for a lyȝt lady / And therfore I pray you be my frende and I wille be yours vnto my power / for wete ye wel / ye are hard bestad in this valey / and we shalle haue ynough to doo eyther of vs to socoure other / And thenne sir Segwarydes brought sir Trystram to a lady there by that was borne in Cornewaile / and she told hym alle the peryls of that valey / and how ther cam neuer knyght there but he were taken prysoner or slayne / wete you wel fair lady said sir Trystram that I slewe sire Marhaus and delyuerd Cornewaile from the truage of Irland / And I am he that delyuerd the kyng of Irlande from sire Blamor de ganys / and I am he that bete sire Palamydes / and wete ye wel I am sire Trystram de lyones that by the grace of god shalle delyuer this woful yle of seruage / So sir Tristram was wel eased / thenne one told hym there was a knyghte of kyng Arthur þ^t had wrackyd on the rockes / what is his name said sir Tristram / we wote not said the fysshers but he kepeth it no councel but that he is a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs / and by the myghty lord of this yle he setteth nought by / I praye you said sir Tdestram [sic] and ye maye brynge hym hyder that I maye see hym / And yf he be ony of the Knyghtes of Arthurs I shalle knowe hym / Thenne the lady prayed the fysshers to brynge hym to her place / Soo on the morowe they brouȝt hym thyder in a fysshers rayment / And as soone as sire Tristram sawe hym he smyled vpon hym and knewe hym wel / but he knewe not sir Tristram / Fair sir saide sire Tristram me semeth by your chere ye haue ben diseased but late / and also me thynketh I shold knowe you here to fore / I wille wel said sir Lamorak that ye haue sene me and mette with me / Fair sir saide sir tristram telle me your name / vpon a couenaunt I wil telle you said sir Lamorak / that is / that ye wil telle me whether ye be lord of this Iland or noo that is called Nabon le noyre / For sothe said sir tristram I am not he nor I hold not of hym I am his foo as wel as ye be / and soo shal I be fo&umacron;de or I departe out of this yle / Wel said sir Lamorak syn ye haue saide soo largely vnto me / My name is sire Lamorak de galis sone vnto kynge pellinore / forsothe I trowe wel said sir tristram /

for and ye said other / I knowe the contrary / What are ye said syre Lamorak that knoweth me / I am sir Trystram de lyones / A syre remembre ye not of the falle ye dyd yeue me ones / and after ye refused me to fyghte on foot / that was not for fere I had of you said sire Tristram / but me shamed att that tyme to haue more a doo with you / for me semed ye hadde ynough / but sire Lamorack for my kyndenes many ladyes ye putte to a reproof / whan ye sente the horne from Morgan le fay to kynge Marke where as ye dyd this in despyte of me / Well said he / and it were to doo ageyne / soo wold I doo / for I had leuer stryf and debate felle in kyng Marks courte rather than Arthurs courte / for the honour of bothe courtes be not y lyke As to that said sir Tristram I knowe wel /

¶ But that that was done it was for despyte of me / but alle youre malyce I thanke god hurte not gretely / Therfor said sir Tristram ye shal leue alle your malyce / and soo wille I and lete vs assay hou we may wyne worship bitwene you and me vpon this gyaunt sir Nabon le noyre / that is lord of this Iland to

destroie hym / Sir said sir Lamorak now I vnderstande your knyghthode / it maye not be fals that alle men saye / for of your bounte nobles and worship of alle knyghtes ye are pyerles / And for your curtosy and gentilnes I shewed you vngentilnesse / & that now me repenteth

¶ Capitulum xxxix

IN the meane tyme there cam word that sir Nabon had made a crye that alle the peple of that yle shold be at his castel the fyfthe day after /

¶ And the same daye the sone of Nabon shold be made knyghte / and alle the knyghtes of that valey and there about shold be there to Iuste and all tho of the Royamme of Logrys shold be there to Iuste with them of Northwalys / and thyder came fyue honderd knyghtes / and they of the countrey brought thyder syre Lamorak and sir Tristram and syre kehydyus and sire Segwarides / for they durst none other wyse doo / and thenne sir Nabon lent sire Lamorak hors and armour at sire Lamoraks desyre / and sire Lamorak Iusted and dyd suche dedes of armes that Nabon and all the

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peple said there was neuer knyȝt that euer they sawe do suche dedes of armes / for as the Frensshe book saith he foriusted alle that were there for the moost party of fyue honderd knyghtes that none abode hym in his sadel Thenne sir Nabon profered to playe with hym his playe / for I sawe neuer no knyghte doo soo muche vpon a daye / I wille wel said sire Lamorak playe as I may but I am wery and sore brysed / and there eyther gate a spere / but Nabon wold not encountre with sire Lamorak / but smote his hors in the forhede and soo slewe hym / and thenne sire Lamorak yede on foote and torned his shelde and drewe his swerd / and there beganne stronge bataill on foote / But sir Lamorak was so sore brysed and shorte brethed that he tracyd and trauercyd somewhat abak / Fair felawe said syre Nabon hold thy hand and I shalle shewe the more curtosye / than euer I shewed knyght by cause I haue sene this daye thy noble knyghthode / And therefore stand thou by and I wil wete whether ony of thy felawes wille haue adoo with me / Thenne whan sir Tristram herd that / he stepte forth and and said Nabon lende me hors and sure armour and I wille haue adoo with the Wel felawe said sir Nabon goo thou to yonder paelione and arme the of the best thou fyndest there / and I shalle playe a merueillous playe with the / Thenne said sire Tristram loke ye playe wel or els peraduentur I shalle lerne you a newe play that is wel said felawe said sir Nabon / So whan sir Tristram was armed as hym lyked best and wel shelded and swerded / he dressid to hym on foote / For wel he knewe syr Nabon wold not abyde a stroke with a spere / therefore he wold slee alle knyghtes horses / Now fair felawe said sir Nabon lete vs playe / Soo thenne they foughte longe on foote tracynge and trauercyng smytyng and foynynge longe withoute ony rest / Atte last sir Nabon praid hym to telle hym his name / Syre Nabon I telle the my name is sir Tristram de lyones a knyȝt of Cornewail vnder kynge Marke / thou art welcome said sir nabon / for of alle knyghtes I haue moost desyred to fyghte with the or with sir Launcelot / Soo thenne they wente egerly to gyders and sire

tristram slewe sire nabon / and soo forth with he lepte to his sone / and strake of his hede / and thenne al the countrey sayde / they wold holde of sire Tristram / nay saide sire Tristram

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I wille not soo / here is a worshipfull knyght sir Lamorak de galys that for me he shalle be lord of this countrey / for he hath done here grete dedes of armes / nay said sir Lamorak I wil not be lord of this countrey / for I haue not deserued it as wel as ye / therfore gyue ye hit where ye wille for I will none haue / Wel saide sire Tristram syn ye nor I wille not haue hit / lete vs yeue hit to hym that hath not so wel deserued hit / Doo as ye lyst said Segwarydes / for the yefte is yours for I wil none haue and I had deserued hit / Soo was it yeuen to segwarydes wherof he thanked hem / and soo was he lord / & worshipfully he dyd gouerne hit / And thenne sir Segwarydes delyuerd alle prysoners and sette good gouernaunce in that valey / and soo he torned in to Cornewaile / and told kynge Mark and la beale Isoud how sir Tristram had auanced hym to the yle of seruage / and there he proclaimed in al Cornewaile of alle the aduentures of these two knyghtes / so was hit openly knowen / But ful wo was la Beale Isoud when she herde telle that sire Tristram was wedded to Isoud la blaunche maynys

¶ Capitulum xl

SOo torne we vnto sir Lamorak that rode toward Arthurs courte / and sire Tristrams wyf and Kehydyus took a vessel and sailed in to Bretayne vnto kynge Howel where he was welcome / And whan he herd of these aduentures they merueilled of his noble dedes / Now torne we vnto sir Lamorak that whan he was departed from sire Tristram / he rode oute of the forest tyll he came to an hermytage / whan the hermyte sawe hym / he asked hym from whens he came / sir said sir Lamorak I come fro this valey / sir said the hermyte therof I merueille / For this xx wynter I sawe neuer no knyght passe this countrey / but he was other slayne or vylaynously wounded or passe as a poure prysoner / Tho ylle customs said sir lamorak are fordone / for sir Tristram slewe your lord sir Nabon and his sone / thenne was the hermyte gladde and all his bretheren / for he said ther was neuer suche a tyraunt among crysten men / And therfor said the hermyte this valey and fraunceis

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we wille holde of sire Tristram / Soo on the morowe sir Lamorak departed / And as he rode he sawe four knyghtes fyghte ageynst one / and that one knyght defended hym wel but atte last the four knyghtes had hym doune / And thenne sir Lamorak wente betwixe them / and asked them why they wold slee that one knyght / and said hit was shame four ageynst one / Thou shalt wel wete said the four knyghtes that he is fals / that is youre tale said sir Lamorak / And whanne I here hym also speke / I wille say as ye saye /

¶ Thenne said Lamorak / a knyght can ye not excuse you / but that ye are a fals knyghte / Syr said he yet can I excuse me both with my word & with my handes / that I wille make good vpon one of the best of them my body to his body /

¶ Thenne spake they al attones / we wil not Ieopardy our bodyes as for the / But wete thou wel they saide and kynge Arthur were here hym self it shold not lye in his power to saue his lyf / That is to moche said / said sire Lamorak / but many speke behynde a man more than they wylle saye to his face / And by cause of your wordes ye shalle vnderstande that I am one of the symplest of kynge Arthurs courte / in the worship of my lord now doo your best / and in despyte of you I shalle rescowe hym / And thenne they lashed alle at ones to sir Lamorak / but anone at two strokes syre Lamorak had slayne two of them / and thenne the other two fledde

¶ Soo thenne sire Lamorak torned ageyne to that knyghte / & asked hym his name / syre he sayde my name is sire Frolle of the oute Iles / thenne he rode with sire Lamorak and bare hym company / And as they rode by the waye / they sawe a semely knyght rydynge ageynst them / and all in whyte / A said Frol yonder knyght Iusted late with me and smote me doune / therfore I wil Iuste with hym / ye shal not doo soo said sire Lamorak by my counceil / and ye will telle me your quarel whether ye Iusted at his request / or he at yours / Nay said sir Frol / I Iusted with hym at my request / Syr said Lamorak / thēne wil I coūceile you dele no more with hym / for me semeth by his countenance he shold be a noble knyght / and no Iaper / for me thynketh / he shold be of the table round / therfor I wil not spare said sir Frol / and thenne he cryed and said / sir knyȝt make

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the redy to Iust / That nedeth not said the whyte knyghte / For I haue no luste to Iuste with the / but yet they feutryd theyr speres / and the whyte knyghte ouerthrewe sire Frol / and thēne he rode his waye a softre paas / Thenne sir Lamorak rode after hym / and praid hym to telle hym his name / for me semeth ye shold be of the felauship of the round table / Vpon a couenaunt said he I wille telle you my name / soo that ye wylle not discouer my name / and also that ye wille telle me yours / Thenne said he my name is sir Lamorak de galys / And my name is sir Launcelot du lake / thenne they putte vp their suerdes / and kyssed hertely to gyders / and eyder made grete Ioye of other / Syr said sir Lamorak and hit please you I wyll do you seruyse / God defende said Launcelot that ony of soo noble a blood as ye be shold doo me seruyse / Thenne he saide more I am in a quest that I must doo my self alone / Now god spede you said sir Lamorak / and so they departed / Thenne sir Lamorak came to sir Frol and horsed hym ageyne / what knyght is that said sir Frol / sir he said it is not for you to knowe nor it is no poynte of my charge / ye are the more vncurteis saide sire Frol / and therefore I wille departe fro yow / ye may doo as ye lyst said sir Lamorak / and yet by my company ye haue saued the fayrest floure of your garland / soo they departed

Thenne within two or thre dayes syr Lamorak fond a knyghte at a welle slepyng / and his lady sate with hym and waked / Ryght so came sir Gawayne and toke the knyghtes lady / and sette her vp behynde his squyer / Soo syre Lamorak rode after syre Gawayne / and said sire Gawayne / torne ageyne / And thenne said sir Gawayne what wylle ye do with me / for I am neuewe vnto kyng Arthur / syre said he for that cause I wil spare you / els that lady shold abyde wyth me / or els ye shold Iuste with me / Thenne sire Gawayne torned hym and ranne to hym that ought the lady with his spere / but the knyght with pure myght smote doune syre Gawayne / and took his lady with hym / Alle this sir Lamorak saw and said to hym self / but I reuenge my felawe / he will say of

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me dishonour in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne sire Lamorak retorned and profered that knyght to Iuste / Syr said he I am redy / and there they came to gyders with alle their myght / and there sir Lamorak smote the knyght thorou both sydes / that he fylle to the erthe dede / thenne that lady rode to that knyghtes broder that hyght Belliaunce le orgulus / that duelled fast ther by / and thenne she told hym how his broder was slayne / Allas said he I wille be reuengyd / and soo he horsed hym / & armed hym / and within a whyle he ouertook syre Lamorak / and badde hym torne and leue that lady / for thou and I must playe a newe playe / for thou hast slayne my broder syre Froll that was a better knyghte than euer were thou / It myghte wel be said sir Lamorak / but this day in the felde I was fo&uac;rd the better / Soo they rode to gyder / and vnhorsed other / & torned their sheldes / and drewe their swerdes / and foughte myghtely as noble knyghtes preued by the space of two houres / So th&eac;ne sir Bellyaunce prayed hym to telle hym his name / Syr said he my name is sire Lamorak de galys / A said syr Bellyaunce / thou arte the man in the world that I moost hate / for I slewe my sones for thy sake / where I saued thy lyf / and now thou hast slayne my broder syr Frol / Allas how shold I be accorded with the / therfore defende the / for thou shalt dye ther is none other remedy /

¶ Allas said sir Lamorak ful wel me ought to knowe you / for ye are the man that moost haue done for me / And there with alle sire Lamorak knelyd doune / and bisought hym of grace / Aryse said sir Bellyaunce / or els there as thou knelest I shalle slee the / That shal not nede saide sire Lamorak / for I wyl yelde me vnto you / not for fere of yow / nor for your strengthe / but your goodenes maketh me ful loth to haue adoo with you / wherfore I requyre you for goddes sake / and for the honour of knyghthode forgyue me al that I haue offended vnto you / Allas said Belleaunce leue thy knelynge or els I shal slee the withoute mercy / Thenne they yede ageyne vnto batail / and either wounded other that al the ground was bloody there as they foughte / And at the laste Belleaunce withdrewe hym abak and sette hym doune softly vpon a lytil hylle / for he was so faynte for bledyng that he myght not stande / Thenne sir lamorak threwe his shelde vpon his

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bak / and asked hym what chere / wel said syr Belliaunce / A syr yet shalle I shewe you faueour in your male ease / A knyght syr Belliaunce said syr Lamorak thou arte a foole / for and I had had the at suche auantage as thou hast done me I shold slee the / but thy gentylnes is so good and so large / that I must nedes forgyue the myn euylle wille / And thenne sire Lamorak knelyd adoune / and vnaced fyrst his vmberere / and thenne his owne / and thenne eyther kyssed other with wepyng teres / Thenne sire Lamerak ledde sir Belliaunce to an Abbay fast by / and there sire Lamorak wold not departe from Bellyaunce tyl he was hole / And thenne they sware to gyders that none of hem shold neuer fyghte ageynst other / So syre Lamorak departed and wente to the courte of kynge Arthur /

¶ here leue we of sire Lamorak and of sir Tristram

¶ And here begynneth the historye of La cote male taylor

[Book Nine: the historye of La cote male taylor]

¶ Capitulum primum

AT the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and bygly made / and he was rychely bysene / and he desyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garmēt sat ouerthwartly / how be hit / hit was ryche clothe of gold /

¶ What is your name said kynge Arthur / Syre saide he / my name is Breunor le noyre / and within shorte space ye shalle knowe that I am of good kyn / It maye wel be said sir kay the Seneschal / but in mockage ye shalle be called la cote male taylor / that is as moche to saye the euyl shapen cote / Hit is a grete thyng that thou askest said the kyng / And for what cause werest thou that ryche cote / telle me / for I can wel thynke for somme cause hit is / Syre he ansuerd I had a fader a noble knyght / And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune slepe / And there came a knyght that had ben longe his enemy / And whan he sawe he was **fast** [correction; sic = sast] on slepe / he alle to hewe hym / And this same cote had my fader

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on the same tyme / and that maketh this cote to sytte soo euyl vpon me / for the strokes ben on hit as I

fond hit / and neuer shalle be amendyd for me / Thus to haue my faders dethe in remembraunce I were this cote tyl I be reuengyd / and by cause ye are callyd the moost noblest kynge of the world I come to you that ye shold make me knyght / Sir said sir Lamorak and sir Gaherys / hit were wel done to make hym knyght / for hym besemeth wel of persone / and of countenaunce / that he shall preue a good man and a good knyght / and a myghty for sire and ye be remembryd euen suche one was sire launcelot du lake / whanne he came fyrste in to this Courte / and full fewe of vs knewe from whens he came / and now is he preued the man of moost worship in the world / and all your courte and alle your Round table is by sire launcelot worshipped and amended more than by ony knyghte now lyuynge / that is trouthe saide the kynge / and to morou att your request I shalle make hym knyght

¶ So on the morou there was an herte founden / and thyder rode kynge Arthur with a company of his knyghtes to slee the herte / And this yonge man that sire kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer / and by sodeyne aduenture ther was an horryble lyon kepte in a stronge Toure of stone and it happend that he at that tyme brake loos / and came hurlynge afore the Quene & her knyghtes

¶ And whanne the Quene sawe the lyon / she cryed and fledde / and praide her knyghtes to rescowe her / And there was none of hem alle but twelue that abode / and alle the other fledde /

¶ Thenne saide La cote male tayle Now I see wel that alle coward knyghtes ben not dede / and there with alle he drewe his swerd / and dressid hym afore the lyon / and that lyon gaped wyde and came vpon hym raumppynge to haue slayne hym / And he thenne smote hym in the mydde of the hede suche a myghty stroke / that it clafe his hede in sonder / and dasshed to the erthe /

¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the yonge man that sire kay named by scorne La cote male tayle hadde slayne the lyon / With that the kyng came home /

¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduenture / he was wel pleased / and said / vpon payne of myn hede he shalle preue a noble man and a feythful Knyghte

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and true of his promyse / thenne the kynge forth with al made hym knyght / Now sire said this yonge knyght I requyre you and alle the knyghtes of youre courte / that ye calle me by none other name but la cote male tayle / in soo moche that syr kay hath soo named me / soo wille I be called / I assente me wel therto said the kynge

¶ **Capitulum secundum**

THenne that same daye there came a damoyssel in to the courte / and she brought with her a grete black shelde / with a whyte hand in the myddes holdynge a swerd Other pyctour was there none in that shelde / whan kyng Arthur sawe her / he asked her from whens she came / and what she wold / Syr she said I haue ryden longe and many a day with this sheld many wayes / and for this cause I am come to your courte / There was a good knyght that ought this sheld / & this knyght had vndertake a grete dede of armes to enchieue hit / and soo it mysfortuned hym / another stronge knyght met with hym by sodeyne aduenture / and there they fought longe / & eyther wounded other passynge sore / and they were soo wery / that they lefte that bataille euen hand / Soo this knyghte that ought this shelde sawe none other way but he must dye / & thēne he commaunded me to bere this shelde to the Courte of kynge Arthur / he requyrynge and prayenge somme good knyȝt to take this shelde / and that he wold fulfyll the quest that he was in / Now what saye ye to this quest said kynge Arthur / Is there ony of you here that wille take vpon hym to welde this shelde /

¶ Thenne was there not one that wold speke one word / thenne sir kay took the shelde in his handes / Sire knyȝt said the damoyssel what is your name / Wete ye wel said he my name is sir kay the seneschal that wyde where is knowen / Syre said that damoyssel laye doune that shelde / for wete ye wel it falleth not for you / for he must be a better knyȝt than ye / that shalle welde this shelde / damoyssel sayd syr kay wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by youre leue / for to behold it

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not to that entent / but goo where someuer thou wilt / for I will not go with you / Thenne the damoyssel stode styлле a grete whyle / and byheld many of tho knyghtes / Thenne spak the knyght La cote male taylor / fayre damoyssel I wille take the shelde and that aduenture vpon me / soo I wylt I shold knowe / wheder ward my iourney myght be / for by cause I was thys daye made knyght I wold take this aduenture vpon me / What is your name fayre yonge man said the damoyssel / My name is said he la cote male taylor / wel mayst thou be called so said the damoyssel / the knyȝt with the euylle shapen cote / but & thou be soo hardy to take vpon the to bere that shelde and to folowe me / wete thou wel / thy skyn shalle be as wel hewen as thy cote / As for that said la cote male taylor whan I am soo hewen I wille aske you no salue to hele me with alle / And forth with all ther came in to the Court two squyers & brouȝt hym grete horses and his armour and his speres / and anone he was armed and tooke his leue /

¶ I wold not by my will said the kynge that ye took vpon you that hard aduenture / sir said he / this aduenture is myn / and the fyrst that euer I took vpon me / and that wille I folowe what someuer come of me

¶ Thenne that damoyssel departed / and la cote male taylor fast folowed after / And within a whyle he ouertook the damoyssell and anone she myssaid hym in the fowlest maner

¶ Capitulum Tercium /

Thenne sire kay ordeyned sir dagonet / kynge Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taile / and there sir kay ordeyned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taile / and profer hym to Iuste and soo he dyd / and whan he sawe la cote male taile he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to Iuste / Soo sir la cote male taile smote sir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe / Thenne the damoyssel mocked la cote male taile / and said fy for shame / now art thou shamed in Arthurs courte / whan they sende a foole to haue adoo with the / and specially at thy fyrst Iustes / thus she rode longe and chyde /

¶ And within a whyle there

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came sir Bleoberys the good knyght / and there he Iusted with la cote male taile / and there syre Bleoberys smote hym so sore that hors and alle felle to the erth / Thenne la cote male taile arose vp lyghtely and dressid his sheld / and drewe his suerd and wold haue done bataill to the vtteraūce / for he was wode wrothe / Not soo said Bleoberys de ganys / as at this tyme I wille not fyghte vpon foote / Thenne the damoyssel Maledysaūt rebuked hym in the foulest maner / and badde hym torne ayene coward / A damoyssel he said I pray you of mercy to myssay me no more / my gryef is ynough though ye gyue me no more / I calle my self neuer the wers knyght / whan a marys sone fayleth me / and also I compte me neuer the wers knyght for a falle of sir Bleoberys / Soo thus he rode with her two dayes / and by fortune there came sir Palomydes and encountred with hym / and he in the same wyse serued hym as dyd Bleoberys to fore hand /

¶ What dost thou here in my felauship saide the damoyssel maledysaunt / thou canst not sytte no knyghte / nor withstande hym one buffet / but yf hit were sir dagonet / A fair damoyssel I am not the wers to take a falle of sire Palamydes / and yet grete disworship haue I none / for neyder Bleoberys nor yet palamydes wold not fyghte with me on foote / As for that said the damoyssel wete thou wel they haue desdayne and scorne to lyghte of their horses to fyghte with suche a lewde knyght as thou arte / Soo in the meane whyle ther cam sir Mordred / sir Gawayns broder / and soo he felle in the felauship with the damoyssel maledysaunt / And thenne they came afore the castel Orgulous / and there was suche a customme that there myght no knyght come by that castel / but outhur he must Iuste or be prysoner / or at the lest to lese his hors and his harneis / and there came oute two knyghtes ageynst them / and sir Mordred Iusted with the formest / and that knyght of the castel smote sire Mordred doune of his hors / and thenne la cote male taile Iusted with that other / and eyther of hem smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And whanne they auoyded their horses / thenne eyther of hem took others horses /

¶ And thenne la cote male taile rode vnto that knyght that smote doune sire Mordred and Iusted with

hym / And there syre La cote male tayle hurte & wounded hym passynge sore

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and putte hym from his hors as he had ben dede / So he torned vnto hym that mette hym afore / and he took the flyght toward the castel / and sire la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the Castel Orgulous / and there la cote male tayle slewe hym

¶ Capitulum iiij

ANd anone there came an honderd knyȝtes about hym and assaylled hym / and whan he sawe his hors shold be slayne / he alyghte and voyded his hors / & putte the brydel vnder his feete / and so put hym out of the gate / And whan he had soo done / he hurled in amonge hem / and dressid his bak vnto a ladyes chamber walle / thynkyng hym self that he had leuer dye there with worship / than to abyde the rebukes of the damoisel Maledysaunt / And in the meane tyme as he stood & fouȝt that lady whos was the chamber wente out slyly at her posterne / and without the gates she fond la cote male tayles hors and lyghtly she gate hym by the brydel / and teyed hym to the posterne / And thenne she wente vnto her chambre slyly ageyn for to behold hou that one knyght fought ageynst an honderd knyghtes / And whan she had behold hym longe / she wente to a wyndowe behynde his bak / and said thou knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel / but for alle that at the last thou must nedes dye / But and thou canst thorou thy myȝty prowesse wyne vnto yonder posterne / for there I haue fastned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou must thynke on thy worship / & thynke not to dye / for thou maiste not wyne vnto that posterne without thou doo nobly and myghtly / Whan la cote male tayle herd her saye so / he gryped his swerd in his handes and put his sheld fayre afore hym / & thorou the thyckest prees he thrulled thorou them / And whan he came to the posterne he fond there redy four knyghtes / and at two the fyrst strokes he slewe two of the knyghtes / & the other fledde / & soo he wanne his hors and rode from them / and alle as it was it was reherced in kynge Arthurs courte / hou he slewe twelue knyghtes within the castel Orgulous / and so he rode on his waye / And in the meane whyle the damoyssel said to sir Mordred I wene my foolysse knyȝt be outhere slayn or takē prysoner / thēne were they ware where he came rydyng / And whan he was come

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to them / he told alle how he hadde spedde / and escaped in despyte of them alle / and somme of the best of hem wille telle no tales / Thou lyest falsly saide the damoyssel / that dare I make good / but as a foole and a dastard to alle knyghthode / they haue lete the passe / that may ye preue said La cote male tayle /

With that she sente a curroure of hers that rode alweye with her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede / and soo he rode thydder lyghtly / and asked how and in what maner that la cote male tayle was escaped oute of the castel /

¶ Thenne alle the knyghtes cursyd hym and said that he was a fende and noo man / For he hath slayne here twelue of oure best knyghtes / & we wende vnto this daye that hit ben to moche for sir launcelot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyones / And in despyte of vs alle he is departed from vs and maulgre oure hedes /

¶ With this ansuer the curroure departed and came to Maledysaunt his lady / and told her alle how syr la cote male tayle had spedde at the castel Orgulous / Thenne she smote doun her heed / and sayd lytel / By my hede said sir Mordred to the damoyssel ye are gretely to blame so to rebuke hym / for I warne you playnly he is a good knyghte / and I doubte not / but he shalle preue a noble knyghte / but as yet he may not yet sytt sure on horsbak / for he that shalle be a good horsman / hit must come of vsage and excercyse / But whan he cometh to the strokes of his swerd / he is thenne noble and myghty / and that sawe sire Bleoberys and sir Palamydes / for wete ye wel they are wyly men of armes / and anon they knowe when they see a yonge knyghte by his rydyng / how they ar sure to yeue hym a falle from his hors or a grete buffet / But for the moost party they wille not lyghte on foote with yonge knyghtes / For they are wyght and strongly armed / For in lyke wyse sir launcelot du lake whan he was fyrste made knyghte / he was often putte to the werse vpon horsbak / but euer vpon foote he recouerd his renomme / and slewe and defoyled many knyghtes of the round table / And therfor the rebukes that sir Launcelot dyd vnto many knyghtes causeth them that be men of prowesse to beware / for often I haue sene the old preued knyghtes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begynners / Thus they rode sure talkynge by the way to gyders /

leaf 173r

¶ here leue we of a whyle of this tale and speke we of sire Launcelot du lake /

¶ Capitulum Quintum

THat whan he was come to the courte of kynge Arthur thenne herd he telle of the yonge knyghte la cote male tayle how he slewe the lyon / & how he tooke vpon hym the aduenture of the black shelde / the whiche was named atte that tyme the hardyest aduenture of the world / Soo god me saue said sir Launcelot vnto many of his felawes / it was shame to alle the noble knyghtes to suffre suche a yonge knyghte to take suche aduenture vpon hym for his destructyon / for I wille that ye wete said sire launcelot / that that damoyssel maledysaunt hath born that shelde many a day for to seche the most proued knyghtes / and that was she that Breunys saunce pyte took that sheld from her / and after Tristram de lyones rescowed that shelde from hym / and gaf it to the damoysell ageyne A lytil afore that

tyme that sir Tristram fought with my neuewe sire Blamore de Ganys for a quarel that was betwixe the kynge of Irland and hym / Thenne many knyghtes were sory that sir La cote male tayle was gone forth to that aduenture / Truly said sir launcelot I cast me to ryde after hym / and within seuen dayes sir launcelot ouertook la cote male tayle / And thenne he salewed hym / and the damoyssel maledysaunt / And whan sir Mordred sawe sir launcelot / thenne he lefte their felauship / and soo sir launcelot rode with hem al a day / and euer that damoyssel rebuked la cote male taile / and thenne sire launcelot ansuerd for hym / thenne she lefte of / and rebuked sir launcelot / Soo this meane tyme syre Tristram sente by a damoyssel a letter vnto sire launcelot excusynge hym of the weddyng of Isoud le blaunche maynys / and said in the letter as he was a true knyght / he hadde neuer adoo fleshly with Isoud la blaunche maynys / and passynge curtoisly & gentyly sir tristram wrote vnto sire launcelot / euer bysechyng hym to be his good frende / & vnto la beale Isoud of Cornewaile / and that sire

leaf 173v

Launcelot wold excuse hym yf that euer he sawe her /

¶ And within shorte tyme by the grace of god said sir Tristram that he wold speke with la Beale Isoud and with hym ryghte hastely / Thenne sire Launcelot departed from the damoyssel / & from syr la cote male taile for to ouersee that letter / and to wryte another letter vnto syre Tristram de lyones / and in the meane whyle la cote male tayle roode with the damoyssel vntyl they came to a castel that hyght Pendragon / and there were syxe knyghtes stode afore hym / and one of hem profered to Iuste with la cote male tayle / And there la cote male tayle smote hym ouer his hors croupe /

¶ And thenne the fyue knyghtes sette vpon hym all at ones with their speres / & there they smote la cote male tayle doune hors and man / And thenne they alyght sodenly / and sette their handes vpon hym all attones / and toke hym prysoner / and soo ledde hym vnto the castel / & kepte hym as prysoner / And on the morne sir Launcelot arose and delyuerd the damoyssel with letters vnto sir Tristram / & thenne he took his way after la cote male tayle / & by the waye vpon a brydge there was a knyghte profered sire Launcelot to Iuste / and sire Launcelot smote hym doune / and thenne they foughte vpon foote a noble batail to gyders and a myghty / & at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym doune grouelynge vpon his handes and his knees / And thenne that knyghte yelded hym / and sire launcelot receyued hym fayre / Syr said the knyght I requyre the telle me your name / for moche my herte yeueth vnto you / Nay said sire Launcelot as at this tyme I wil not telle you my name / onles thenne that ye telle me your name / Certaynly said the knyght my name is sir Nerouens that was made knyght of my lord sir Launcelot du lake / A Nerouens de lyle said sire Launcelot I am ryght gladde that ye ar proued a good knyghte / for now wete ye wel my name is sir Launcelot du lake / Allas said sire Nerouens de lyle what haue I done / and there with al flatlyng he selle to his feet / and would haue kyst them / but sir Launcelot wold not lete hym / & thenne eyther made grete ioye of other / And thenne sire Nerouens told sir Launcelot that he shold not goo by the castel of Pendragon / for there is a lord a myghty knyght / and many knyghtes with hym / and this nyght I herd say that they toke

leaf 174r

a knyght prysoner yesterday that rode with a damoyssel / & they saye he is a knyghte of the round table

¶ Capitulum vj

A Said sir Launcelot that knyght is my felawe / & hym shalle I rescowe or els I shalle lese my lyf therfore And there with alle he rode fast tyl he came before the Castel of Pendragon / and anone there with alle there cam vj knyghtes / and alle made hem redy to sette vpon sire Launcelot at ones / thenne sire Launcelot feutryd his spere / and smote the formest that he brake his bak in fonder / and thre of them hytte and thre fayled / And thenne sire launcelot past thorou them / and lyghtly he torned in ageyne / and smote another knyghte / thorough the brest and thorou oute the bak more than an ell / & ther with alle his spere brak / Soo thenne alle the remenaunt of the four knyghtes drewe their swerdes and lashed at syre Launcelot / And at euery stroke sire launcelot bestowed so his strokes that at four strokes sondry they auoyded theyr sadels passynge sore wounded / and forthe with alle rode hurlynge in to that castel / And anon the lord of the castel that was that tyme cleped sir Bryan de les yles the which was a noble man; and grete enemy vnto kyng arthur / within a whyle he was armed and vpon horsbak / And thenne they feutryd their speres and hurled to gyders soo strongly that bothe their horses rasshed to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their sadels / & dressid their sheldes and drewe their swerdes and flange to gyders as wood men / and there were many strokes yeuen in a whyle / at the last sir launcelot gaf to sir Bryan suche a buffet that he kneled vpon his knees / and thenne sir launcelot rasshed vpon hym / and with grete force he pulled of his helme / and whanne sire Bryan sawe that he shold be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in his mercy and in his grace / Thenne sire launcelot made hym to delyuer alle his prysoners that he had within his castel / and therin sir launcelot fonde of arthurs knyghtes thyrty / and / xl / ladyes / and soo he delyuerd hem / and thenne he rode his waye / and anon as la cote male taylor was delyuerd he gat his hors and his harneis / and his damoyssel

leaf 174v

Maledysaunt / the meane whyle syre Neroueus that sir Launcelot had foughten with alle afore at the brydge / he sente a damoyssel after sir Launcelot to wete hou he spedde at the Castell of Pendragon / And thenne they within the castel merueylled what knyght he was whan sir Bryan and his knyghtes delyuerd alle tho prysoners / haue ye no merueille said the damoyssel / for the best knyghte in this world was here / and dyd this iourney / and wete ye wel she said it was sire launcelott Thenne was sir Bryan ful gladde and soo was his lady / & alle his knyghtes / that suche a man shold wyne them / And whan the

damoyssel and la cote male taylor vnderstood that it was syr Launcelot du lake that had ryden with them in fellowship /

¶ And that she remembryd her how she had rebuked hym and callyd hym coward / thenne was she passynge heuy

¶ Capitulum septimum

SOo thenne they took their horses and rode forth a pas aster sire Launcelot / And within two myle they ouertook hym / and salewed hym / and thanked hym / and the damoyssel cryed sir Launcelot mercy of her euyl dede / and sayenge / for now I knowe the flour of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene sire Tristram and you / For god knoweth said the damoyssel that I haue soughte you my lord sir Launcelot and sir Tristram longe / and now I thanke god I haue mette with you / and ones at Camelot I mette with sir Tristram / and there he rescowed this blak shelde with the whyte hand holdynge a naked swerd / that sir Bruyns saunce pyte had taken from me / Now fayre damoyssel said sir Launcelot who told you my name / Syre said she / there came a damoyzell from a knyghte that ye fought with all at the brydge / and she told me your name was sir Launcelot du lake / blame haue she thenne said sire Launcelot / but her lord sire Neroues hath told her / But damoyssel said sire Launcelot vpon this couenaunt I wille ryde with you / so that ye wille not rebuke this knyght sir La cote male taylor nomore / for he is a good knyght and I doubte not he shalle preue a noble knyght / and for his

leav 175r

sake and pyte that he sholde not be destroyed / I folowed hym to socoure hym in this grete nede / A / Ihesu thanke you said the damoyssel / for now I wil say vnto you and to hym both / I rebuked hym neuer for no hate that I hated hym / but for grete loue that I had to hym / For euer I suppoosed that he had ben to yonge and to tendyr to take vpon hym these aduentures / And therefore by my wille I wold haue dryuen hym awaye for Ialously that I had of his lyf / for it maye be no yong knyghtes dede that shal encheue this aduenture to the ende / Perdieu said sire Launucelot his is wel said / and where ye are called the damoyssel Maledysaunt I wille calle you the damoyssel Bien pensaunt / and soo they rode forthe a grete whyle vnto they came to the Bordoure of the countrey of Surluse / and there they fond a fayr vyllage with a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse / And whanne sir launcelot and they were at the bridge / there starte forth afore them of gentilmen and yomen many that saide / Faire lordes ye maye not passe this brydge and this fortresse by cause of that black shelde that I see one of you bere / And therefore there shalle not passe but one of you at ones / therfore chese you whiche of you shalle entre withynne this brydge fyrste / Thenne sir Launcelot profered hym self fyrst to entre within this brydge / Syr said La cote male taylor I biseche you lete me entre within this fortresse / and yf I may spede wel / I wille sende for you / and yf it happend that I be slayn there it goth / And yf soo be that I am a prysoner taken / thenne maye ye rescowe me / I am lothe said sir launcelot to lete you passe this passage / Syre said la

cote male tayle I praye you lete me putte my body in this aduenture / Now goo youre waye said sire Launcelot / and Ihesu be your spede / So he entrid and anone there mette with hym two bretheren / the one hyghte syr Playne de force and the other hyght sir Playne he amours And anone they mette with sir la cote male tayle / and fyrste la cote male tayle smote doune Playne de force / and after he smote doune playne de amours / and thenne they dressid them to their sheldes and swerdes / and badde la cote male tayle alyghte / and soo he dyd / and there was dasshyng and foynnyng with swerdes / and soo they began to assaile ful hard la cote male tayle / and many grete woundes they gaf hym vpon his

leaf 175v

heed and vpon his brest and vpon his sholders / And as he myght euer amonge he gaf sadde strokes ageyne / And thenne the two bretheren traced and trauercyd for to be of bothe handes of sire la cote male tayle / but he by fyne force & knyghtly prowesse gate hem afore hym / And thenne whan he felte hym self soo wounded / thenne he doubled his strokes / & gaf them soo many woundes that he feld them to the erthe / & wold haue slayne them had they not yelded them / And ryght soo sire la cote male tayle tooke the best hors that there was of them thre / and soo rode forth his waye to the other fortresse & brydge and there he mette with the thyrd broder whoos name was sire Plenorius / a ful noble knyghte / and there they lusted to gyder / and eyther smote other doune hors and man to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horses / and dressid their sheldes / and drewe their swerdes / and gaf many sad strokes / and one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge / and an other whyle the other / And thus they foughte two houres and more / and neuer rested / And euer sire Launcelot and the damoyssel beheld them /

¶ Allas said the damoyssel my knyghte fyghteth passynge sore and ouer longe /

¶ Now may ye see said sir Launcelot that he is a noble knyghte for to consydre his fyrste bataile / and his greuous woundes / And euen forth with all so wounded as he is / it is merueile that he may endure this longe batail with that good knyghte /

¶ Capitulum Octauum

THIS meane whyle syre la cote male tayle sanke ryghte doun vpon the erthe / what forwounded and what forbled he myghte not stande / Thenne the other knyghte hadde pyte of hym / and sayd fayr yonge knyghte desmaye you not / for had ye ben fresshe whan ye mette with me / as I was / I wote wel that I shold not haue endured so longe as ye haue done / and therefore / for youre noble dedes of armes / I shall shewe to you kyndenes and gentylnesse in alle that I maye / And forth with al this noble knyght sir Plenorius took hym vp in his armes / and ledde hym in to his toure / And thenne

he commaunded hym the wyn / and made to sarche hym and to stoppe his bledynge woundes /

¶ Syre said la cote male taylor withdrawe you from me / and hye you to yonder brydge ageyne / for there wille mete with you another maner knyght than euer was I / why said Plenorius / is there another maner knyght behynde of your felauship / ye said la cote male taylor / ther is a moche better knyght than I am / what is his name sayd Plenorius / ye shalle not knowe for me / said la cote male taylor Wel said the knyght / he shalle be encountred with alle / what someuer he be / Thenne sir Plenorius herd a knyght calle / that sayd syr Plenorius where art thou / outhen thou must delyuer me the prysoner that thou hast led vnto thy toure / or els come and doo bataile with me / Thenne Plenorius gat his hors / and came with a spere in his hand walloppeynge toward syr launcelot / and thenne they beganne to feutre their speres / and came to gyders as thonder / and smote eyther other so myghtely that their horses felle doune vnder them / And thenne they auoyded their horses / and pulled out their swerdes / & lyke two bulles they lashed to gyders with grete strokes and foynes / but euer syr launcelot recouerd ground vpon hym / and sire Plenorius traced to haue gone aboute hym / But sire launcelot wold not suffer that / but bare hym backer and backer / tyll he came nyyhe his toure gate / And thenne said sire launcelot I knowe the wel for a good knyght / but wete thou wel / thy lyf and dethe is in my hand / and therefore yelde the to me / and thy prysoner The other ansuerd no word / but strake myghtely vpon sir launcelots helme that the fyre sprange out of his eyen / thenne syre Launcelot doubled his strokes soo thyck / and smote at hym so myghtely that he made hym knele vpon his knees / And there with sir launcelot lepte vpon hym / and pulled hym grouelyng doune / Thenne sir Plenorius yelded hym / and his toure / and alle his prysoners at his wille / thenne sir launcelot receyued hym and took his trouthe / and thence he rode to the other brydge / and there sir launcelot Iusted with other thre of his bretheren / the one hyght Pillounes / and the other hyght Pellogris and the thyrdde sir Pellandris / and fyrst vpon horsbak sir launcelot smote hem doune / and afterward he bete them on foote / and made them to yelde them vnto hym / and thenne he retourned

vnto sir Plenorius / and there he fond in his pryson kyng Carados of scotland and many other knyghtes / and alle they were delyuerd / And thenne sire la cote male taylor came to sire launcelot / and thenne sir launcelot wold haue yeuen hym alle these fortresses and these brydges / Nay said la cote male taylor I wille not haue sire Plenorius lyuelode / with that he wylle graunte you my lord sire launcelot to come vnto kynge Arthurs courte and to be his knyght and alle his bretheren I will pray you my lord to lete hym haue his lyuelode / I wille wel said sire launcelot / with this that he wille come to the Courte of kynge Arthur and bcome his man / and his bretheren fyue / And as for you sir Plenorius I wille vndertake said sir Launcelot at the next feest soo there be a place voyded that ye shalle be knyght of the round table / Syr said Plenorius atte next feest of Pentecost I wille be at Arthurs courte / and at that tyme I wille be

guyded and ruled as kynge Arthur & ye wille haue me / Thenne sir Launcelot and sire la cote male tayle reposed hem there vnto the tyme sire la cote male tayle was hole of his woundes / and there they hadde mery chere and good rest and many good gamys / and there were many fayre ladyes /

¶ Capitulum Nonum /

ANd in the meane whyle came sir kay the seneschal and sire Brandyles / and anone they felaushypped wyth them / And thenne within ten dayes thēne departed tho knyghtes of Arthurs Courte from these fortresses / And as sir laūcelot came by the castel of Pendragon / there he putte sir Bryan de les yles from his landes / for cause he wold neuer be withhold with kynge Arthur / and alle that castel of Pendragon / and alle the landes therof he gaf to sire la cote male tayle / & thēne sir launcelot sente for Neroueus that he made ones knyghte / and he made hym to haue alle the rule of that castel / & of that countrey vnder la cote mayle tayle / and soo they rode to Arthurs courte al holy to gyders / And at Pentecost next folowyng there was sire Plenorius and sir la cote male tayle called otherwyse by ryght syr Breunes le noyre bothe maade

leaf 177r

knyghtes of the table round / and grete londes kynge Arthur gaf them / and there Breune le noyre wedded that damoyzell Maledysaunt / And after she was called Beau viuante / but euer after for the more party he was called la cote male tayle and he preued a passynge noble knyghte and myghty / & many worshipful dedes he dyd after in his lyf / and sire Plenorius proued a noble knyght and ful of prowess / and alle the dayes of their lyf for the moost party they awayted vpon sir laūcelot / and sire Plenorius bretheren were euer knyghtes of kynge Arthur / and also as the freysshe book maketh mencyon / syr la cote male tayle auengyd his faders dethe /

¶ Capitulum x

NOw leue we here sire la cote male tayle / and torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that was in Bretayne / whanne la beale Isoud vnderstode that he was wedded / she sent to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pyteous letters as coude be thoughte and made / and her conclusion was / that / and hit pleasyd syr Tristram / that he wold come to her courte / and brynge with hym Isoud la blaunche maynys / and they shold be kepte as wel as she her self / Thenne sir Tristram called vnto hym sir kehydius / and asked hym whether he wold go with hym in to Cornewaile secretely / He ansuerd hym that he was redy at al tymes / And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely / a lytel vessel / and therin they wente syr Tristram / kehydius / Dame Bragwayne and Gouvernaile sir Tristrams squyer / So when they were in the see / a contraryous wynde blewe hem on the costes of Northwalys nygh the castel peryllous / Thenne sayd sir Tristram here shalle ye abyde me these ten dayes / and Gouvernaile my squyer with you / And yf so be I come not ageyne / by that daye / take the next way in to Cornewaile / for in thys forest are many

straunge aduentures / as I haue herd saye / & somme of hem I caste me to preue or I departe / And
whanne I maye / I shalle hyhe me after you / Thenne sir Tristram and kehydius took their horses and
departed from their felauship / And soo they rode within that forest a myle and more / And

leaf 177v

at the last sir Tristram sawe afore hym a lykely knyȝt armed syttyng by a welle / and a stronge myghty
hors passyng nyghe hym teyed to an Oke and a man houynge and rydyng by hym ledyng an hors lade
with speres / And this knyghte that satte atte welle / semed by his countenance to be passyng heuy /
Thenne sire Tristram rode nere hym / and said fayr knyȝt why sytte ye soo droupyng / ye seme to be a
knyght erraunt by your armes and harneis / and therfor dresse you to Iuste with one of vs or with bothe /
There with all that knyght made noo wordes / but took his shelde and bokeled hit aboute his neck / and
lyghtely he took his hors and lepte vpon hym / And thēne he took a grete spere of his squyer /
and departed his waye a furlonge / Sire kehydius asked leue of sir Tristram to Iuste fyrst / doo your best
said sire Tristram / soo they mette to gyders and there sir kehydius had a falle / and was sore wounded /
on hyghe aboue the pappys /

¶ Thenne sir Tristram said / knyȝt that is wel Iusted / Now make you redy vnto me / I am redy said the
knyght / And thenne that knyght took a gretter spere in his hand / and encountred with sir Tristram / and
there by grete force that knyght smote doune sir Tristram from his hors and had a grete falle / Thenne sir
Tristram was sore ashamed / and lyghtly he auoyded his hors / and put his sheld afore his sholder and
drew his swerd / And thenne sire Trystram requyred that knyghte of his knyghthode to alyghte vpon
foote and fyghte with hym / I wille wel said the knyght and soo he alyghte vpon foote / and auoyded his
hors / and cast his shelde vpon his sholder / and drew his swerd / and there they fought a longe bataile
to gyder ful nyghe two houres /

¶ Thenne sir Tristram said fayr knyght hold thyn hand / & telle me of whens thou arte / and what is thy
name /

¶ As for that said the knyght / I wille be auysed / but and thou wolt telle me thy name / peraduenture I
wille telle the myn /

¶ Capitulum xj

NOw fayr knyght he said / my name is sire Tristram de lyones / Syre saide the other knyght / and my
name is sir lamorak de galys / A sir lamorak said sir Tristram / well

be we mette / and bethynke the now of the despyte thou dydest me of the sendyng of the horne vnto kynge Markes courte to the entente to haue slayne or dishonoured my lady the Quene la Beale Isoud / and therefore wete thou wel said sir Tristram the one of vs shalle dye or we departe / Sire said sir Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage / and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendship / thenne sire Tristram wold make no lenger delayes but lasshed at sir Lamorak / & thus they foughte longe / tyl eyder were wery of other / Thenne sir Tristram seid to sir Lamorak in alle my lyf mette I neuer with suche a knyght that was soo bygge and well brethed as ye be / therfore said syre Tristram hit were pyte / that ony of vs both shold here be meschyeued Syr said sire Lamorak for youre renomme and name I wille that ye haue the worship of this bataille / and therfor I will yelde me vnto you / And ther with he took the poynte of his swerd to yelde hym / Nay said sir tristram ye shalle not doo soo / for wel I knowe your profers and more of your gentylnesse than for my fere or drede ye haue of me / And there with alle sir Tristram profered hym his swerde and said sire Lamorak as an ouercomen knyghte I yelde me vnto you / as to a mā of the most noble prowesse / that euer I mette with alle / Nay said sir Lamorak I wille doo you gentylnesse / I requyre yow lete vs be sworne to gyders that neuer none of vs shalle after this day haue adoo with other / and there with alle syre Tristram and sire Lamorak sware that neuer none of hem shold fyghte ageynst other nor for wele / nor for woo

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd this meane whyle there came sire Palomydes the good knyght folowyng the questynge beest that hadde in shap a hede lyke a serpentis hede / and a body lyke a lybard / buttocks lyke a lyon / and foted lyke an herte / and in his body there was suche a noyse as hit had ben the noyse of thyrtty coupel of hoūdes questyng / and suche a noyse that beest made where someuer he wente / & this beest euermore syr palomydes folowed / for hit was called his quest / & ryȝt so as he folowed this beest / it came by syr Tristram / and soone after cam

Palamydes / and to breue this matere / he smote doune sir tristram and sir Lamorak bothe with one spere / and soo he departed after the beste Glatysaunt / that was called the questynge beest / wherfore these two knyghtes were passynge wrothe / that sir Palomydes wold not fyghte on foote with hem /

¶ Here men may vnderstande / that ben of worship that he was neuer fourmed that alle tymes myght stande / but somtyme he was putte to the werse by male fortune / And at soome tyme the wers knyghte putte the better knyghte to a rebuke / Thenne sire Tristram the sire Lamorak gate sire kehydius vpon a sheld betwixe them bothe / and ledde hym to a fosters lodge / & there they gaf hym in charge to kepe

hym well / and with hym they abode thre dayes / Thenne the two knyghtes toke their horses / and at the crosse they departed / And thenne said sir Tristram to sire Lamorak I requyre you yf ye hadde to mete wyth sir Palamydes / say hym that he shal fynde me atte same welle there I mette hym / and there I sire Tristram shalle preue whether he be better knyght than I / and soo eyther departed from other a sondry way / and sire tristram rode nyghe there as was sire kehydius / and sire Lamorak rode vn tyl he came to a chapel / and there he putte his hors vnto pasture / and anone there came sir Melyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus sone / & he there putte his hors to pasture / and was not ware of sir lamorak / and thenne this knyght sire Melliagaunce maade his mone of the loue that he hadde to quene Gueneuer / and there he made a woful complaynte / All this herd sire Lamorak / and on the morne sir lamorak took his hors and rode vnto the forest / and there he mette with two knyghtes houynge vnder the wood shawe / Faire knyghtes said sire Lamorak what doo ye houynge here and watchynge / And yf ye be knyghtes arraunt that wille Iuste / loo I am redy / Nay sir knyght they said / not soo / we abyde not here for to Iuste with you / but we lye here in a wayte of a Knyghte that slewe our broder /

¶ What knyght was that said sir Lamorak that ye wold fayne mete with all / Syre they said / hit is sire launcelot that slewe oure broder / And yf euer we maye mete with hym / he shal not escape but we shalle slee hym /

¶ Ye take vpon you a

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grete charge saide sir Lamorak / for sire launcelot is a noble proued knyght / As for that we doute not / for there nys none of vs but we are good ynough for hym I will not bileue that said sir Lamorak / For I herd neuer yet of no knyght the dayes of my lyf but sir launcelot was to bygge for hym

¶ Capitulum xiiij /

RYyght soo as they stode talkynge thus / syre Lamorak was ware hou syr launcelot came rydynge streyghte toward them / thenne sire Lamorak salewed hym / and he hym ageyne / And thenne sire lamorak asked sir launcelot / yf there were ony thyng that he myght doo for hym in these marches / Nay said sire launcelot not at this tyme / I thanke you / thenne eyther departed from other / and sir Lamorak rode ageyn ther as he lefte the two knyghtes / and thenne he fond them hydde in the leued woode / Fy on you said sir Lamorak fals cowardes / pyte and shame it is / that ony of you shold take the hyhe ordre of knyghthode / Soo sir Lamorak departed fro them / and within a whyle he mette with sire Melyagaunce / And thenne syre Lamorak asked hym / why he loued Quene Gueneuer as he dyd / for I was not fer from you whanne ye made your complaynte by the cappel / Dyd ye soo said sir Melyagaunce / thenne wille I abyde by hit / I loue quene gueneuer what wille ye with hit / I wille preue and make good / that she is the fayrest lady and moost of beaute in the world /

¶ As to that said sire Lamorak I say nay therto / for quene Morgause of Orkeney moder to sire Gawayne and his moder is the fayrest quene and lady that bereth the lyf / That is not so sayd syre Melyagaunce / and that wille I preue with my handes vpon thy body / wille ye soo said sire Lamorak / and in a better quarel kepe I not to fyghte / Thenne they departed eyther from other in grete wrathe / And thenne they came rydyng to gyder as hit had ben thonder / and eyther smote other so sore that their horses felle bakward to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horses and dressid their sheldes / and drewe their swerdes And thenne they hurtled to gyders as wylde bores / and thus

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they fought a grete whyle / For Melyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght / but sire Lamorak was hard bygge for hym / and putte hym alweyes a bak / but eyther had wounded other sore /

¶ And as they stode thus fyghtynge / by fortune came sire Launcelot and sire Bleoberys rydynge / And thenne sire launcelot rode betwixe them / and asked them / For what cause they fought soo to gyders / and ye are bothe knyghtes of kynge Arthur /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SYr said Melyagaunce I shalle telle you for what cause we doo this bataille / I praysed my lady Quene Gueneuer / and said she was the fayrest lady of the world / and sire Lamorak said nay therto / For he said quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrer than she and more of beaute / A syre Lamorak why saist thou soo / hit is not thy parte to dispraise thy prynesse that thou arte vnder their obeyssaunce dn we alle / and there with he alyghte on foote / and sayd for this quarel make the redy / For I wille preue vpon the / that Quene Gueneuer is the fayrest lady and moost of bounte in the world

¶ Syre said sire Lamorak I am loth to haue adoo with you in this quarell / For euery man thynketh his owne lady fayrest / and though I prayse the lady / that I loue moost / ye shold not be wrothe / For though my lady quene Gueneuer be fayrest in your eye / wete ye wel Quene Morgause of Orkeney is fayrest in myn eye / and soo euery knyght thynketh his owne lady fayrest / and wete ye wel syr ye are the man in the world excepte sire Tristram / that I am moost lothest to haue adoo with alle / But and ye wille nedes fyghte with me I shal endure you as long as I may /

¶ Thenne spake sire Bleoberys / and said / my lord sire Launcelot / I wyste you neuer soo mysauysed as ye are now / For syre Lamorak saith you but reason and knyghtely /

¶ For I warne you I haue a lady / and me thynketh that she is the fayrest lady of the world / were this a grete reason that ye shold be wrothe with me for suche langage / And wel ye wote / that syr Lamorak is

as noble a knyght as I knowe / and he

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hath oughte you and vs euer good wille / and therefore I praye you be good frendes /

¶ Thenne sire Launcelot sayd vnto sir lamerak / I pray you foryeue me myn euylle wylle / And yf I was mysauysed I wille amende hit / Syre sayde sir Lamorak the amendys is soone made betwixe you and me And soo sir Launcelot and sire Bleoberys departed / and syr Melyagaunce and sir Lamorak took their horses / and eyther departed from other / And within a whyle came kynge Arthur and mette with sir Lamorak and Iusted with hym / and there he smote doune sire Lamorack / and wounded hym sore with a spere / and soo he rode from hym / wherfore sir Lamorak was wrothe that he wold not fyghte with hym on foote / hou be it that sire Lamorak knewe not kynge Arthur

¶ Capitulum xv

NOW leue we of this tale / and speke we of sire Tristram / that as he rode he mette with sir kay the seneschal and there sire kay asked sir Tristram of what coũtreȳ he was / he ansuerd that he was of the countrey of Cornewail Hit maye wel be said sir kay / for yet herd I neuer that euer good knyghte came oute of Cornewaile / that is euyl spoken said sir Tristram / but and it please you to telle me your name I requyre you / Syre wete ye wel said sire kay that my name is sire kay the seneschal / Is that your name said sir Tristram / now wete ye well that ye are named the shamefullest knyghte of youre tonge that now is lyuyng / how be it ye are called a good knyght / but ye are called vnfortunate / and passyng ouerthwarte of your tonge / And thus they rode to gyders tyl they came to a brydge / And there was a knyghte wold not lete hem passe / tyl one of hem Iusted with hym / and so that knyȝt Iusted with sir kay / and there that knyght gaf sir kay a falle / his name was sire Tor syre Lamoraks half broder / and thenne they two rode to theyre lodgyng / And there they fonde sire Brandyles / and sir Tor came thyder anone after /

¶ And as they satte atte souper these foure knyghtes / thre of

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them spak alle shame by Cornysshe knyghtes /

¶ Syr Tristram herd alle that they saide / and he sayd but lytell / but he thoughte the more / but at that

tyme he discouerd not his name / Vpon the morne sir Tristram took his hors / and abode them vpon their way / And there syre Brandyles proferd to Iuste with sir Tristram / and sir Tristram smote hym doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne sire Tor le fyse de vayshoure encountred with syre Tristram / and there sire Tristram smote hym doune / and thenne he rode his waye / and sir kay folowed hym / but he wold not of his felauship / Thenne sire Brandyles came to sir kay / and said I wold wete fayne what is that knyghtes name / Come on with me said sir kay / and we shall praye hym to telle vs his name / Soo they rode to gyders / tylle they came nyghe hym / and thenne they were ware where he sat by a welle / and had putte of his helme to drynke at the welle And whanne he sawe them come / he laced on his helme lyghtly / and took his hors / and proferd hem to Iuste / Nay said syre Brandyles we Iusted late ynough with you / we come not in that entent / But for this we come to requyre you of knyghthode to telle vs your name / My fayre knyghtes sythen that is your desyre / and to please you ye shal wete that my name is sir Tristram de lyones neuewe vnto kynge Mark of Cornewayle / In good tyme saide sire Brandyles / and wel be ye fonden / and wete ye wel that we be ryght gladde that we haue fonde you / and we be of a felauship that wold be ryȝt glad of your company / For ye are the knyghte in the world that the noble felauship of the round table mooste desyreth to haue the company of / God thanke them said sir Tristram of theyre grete goodenes / but as yet I feale wel that I am vnabyl to be of their felauship / For I was neuer yet of suche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of suche a felauship / A sayde sire kay and ye be syre Trystram de lyones ye are the man called now moost of prowesse excepte sir launcelot du lake / For he bereth not the lyf crysten ne hethen that can fynde suche another knyght to speke of his prowesse and of his handes and his trouthe with alle / For yet coude there neuer creature saye of hym dishonour and make hit good /

¶ Thus they talked a grete whyle / and thenne they departed eyther from

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other suche weyes as hem semed best /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

NOW shall ye here what was the cause that kynge Arthur cam in to the forest perillous / that was in Northwalys by the meanes of a lady / her name was Annowre / and this lady came to kynge Arthur at Cardyf / and she by fayre promyse and fayre bihestes maade kynge Arthur to ryde with her in to that forest perillous / and she was a grete sorceresse / and many dayes she hadde loued kynge arthur / and by cause she wold haue hym to lye by her / she came in to that Countrey / Soo whanne the kynge was gone with her / many of his knyghtes folowed after kynge arthur / whan they myst hym / as sir launcelot Braundyles and many other / and when she had brought hym to her toure / she desyred hym to lye by her and thenne the kynge remembryd hym of his lady / and wold not lye by her for no crafte that she coude doo / Thenne euery daye she wolde make hym ryde in to that forest with his owne knyghtes to the entent

to haue had kynge arthur slayne / For whan this lady annoure sawe that she myȝt not haue hym at her wille / thenne she laboured by fals meanes to haue destroyed kynge arthur and slayne / Thenne the lady of the lake that was alwey frendely to kynge arthur / she vnderstoode by her subtyl craftes that kynge arthur was lyke to be destroyed And therefore this lady of the lake that hyght Nyneue cam in to that forest to seke after sire Launcelot du lake / or sire Tristram for to helpe kynge arthur / for as that same day this lady of the lake knewe wel that kynge arthur shold be slayne / onles that he hadde helpe of one of these two knyȝtes / and thus she rode vp and doune tyl she mette with sire Tristram / and anone as she sawe hym / she knewe hym / O my lord sir Tristram she said well be ye mette / and blessid be the tyme that I haue mette with you / for this same day / and within these two houres shalle be done the foulest dede that euer was done in this land O fair damoyssel said sir Tristram maye I amende hit / Come on with me she said and that in alle tha haste ye maye / for ye shal see the most worshipfullest knyȝt of the world hard bestad

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¶ Thenne said sire Tristram I am redy to helpe suche a noble man / he is neither better ne wers said the lady of the lake but the noble kynge Arthur hym self / God defende said sir Trystram that euer he shold be in suche distresse / Thenne they rode to gyders a grete pas vntyl they came to a lytel turret a castel / & vndernethe that castel they sawe a knyghte standynge vpon foote fyghtynge with two knyghtes / And soo sir Tristram biheld them / and at the laste the two knyghtes smote doune the one knyghte / and that one of hem vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym / And the lady Annoure gat kyng Arthurs suerd in her hand to haue stryken of his hede / And there with alle came sire Tristram with alle his myghte / cryenge / Traytresse / Traitresse leue that / And anone there sire Tristram smote the one of the knyghtes thorou the body that he felle dede / and thēne he rasshed to the other / and smote his bak in sonder / and in the meane whyle the lady of the lake cryed to kyng Arthur lete not that fals lady escape / Thenne kynge Arthur ouertoke her / and with the same swerd he smote of her heed / and the lady of the lake took vp her heed and henge it vp by the heyre of her sadel bowe / And thenne sir Tristram horsed kyng Arthur / and rode forth with hym / but he charged the lady of the lake not to discouer his name as at that tyme / Whan the kynge was horsed / he thanked hertely sire Tristram / and desyred to wete his name / but he wold not telle hym / but that he was a poure knyght auenturous / and soo he bare kynge Arthur felauship tyl he met with somme of his knyghtes / And within a whyle he mette with sir Ector de marys / and he knewe not kynge Arthur nor sir Tristram / and he desyred to Iuste with one of hem / Thenne sire Tristram rode vnto sir Ector / and smote hym from his hors / And whanne he hadde done soo / he cam ageyne to the kynge / and said my lord yonder is one of your knyghtes / he may bere you felauship / and another day that dede that I haue done for you I truste to god ye shalle vnderstande that I wold do you seruyse / Allas said kyng Arthur lete me wete what ye are / Not at this tyme said sir Tristram / Soo he departed and lefte kynge Arthur and sir Ector to gyders

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd thenne at a day sette sire Tristram and sire Lamorak mette at the welle / and thenne they took kehydius at the fosters hous / and soo they rode with hym to the ship / where they lefte dame Brangwayne and Gouvernayle and soo they sayled in to Cornewaile all holy to gyders / and by assent and enformacyon of dame Brangwayn whan thye were landed they rode vnto sire Dynas the seneschal / a trusty frende of sir Tristrams / and so dame Brangwayne and syre Dynas rode to the courte of kynge Marke / and told the quene la Beale Isoud that sir tristram was nyghe her in that countrey / thenne for very pure Ioye la beale Isoud swouned / & whan she myghte speke / she said gentyl knyȝt Seneschall help that I myght speke with hym / outhur my herte wille brast /

¶ Thenne sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne broughte syre tristram and kehydius pryuely vnto the courte vnto a chambre where as la beale Isoud hadde assygned hit / and to telle the ioyes that were betwixe la beale Isoud and sire tristram / there is no tonge can telle it / nor herte thynke hit / nor pen wryte hit / And as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon at the fyrst tyme that euer sir kehydius sawe la beale Isoud / he was soo enamoured vpon her / that for very pure loue he myghte neuer withdrawe hit / And at the last as ye shall here or the book be ended / sire Kehydius dyed for loue of la beale Isoud / and thenne pryuely he wrote vnto her lettres and ballades of the moost goodlyest that were vsed in tho dayes /

¶ And whanne La beale Isoud vnderstood his letters she hadde pyte of his cōmplaynt / and vnaused she wrote another letter to comforte hym with alle / And sire tristram was alle this whyle in a turret at the commaundement of la beale Isoud / and whan she myght / she came vnto sire tristram / So on a day kynge Mark played at the chesse vnder a chamber wyndowe / and at that tyme sire tristram and sire Kehydius were within the chamber ouer Kyng Marke / and as it myshapped sir tristram fonde the letter that Kehydius sent vnto la beale Isoud / also he had found the letter that she wrote vnto Kehydius / & at that same tyme la Beale Isoud was in the same chamber / Thenne sir tristram

came vnto la Beale Isoud and said / Madame here is a letter that was sente vnto you / and here is the letter that ye sent vnto hym that sente you that letter / Allas madame the good loue that I haue loued you / and many landes and rychesse haue I forsaken for your loue / and now ye are a traytresse to me the whiche dothe me grete payne / but as for the sir kehydius I broughte the oute of Bretayne in to this Coūtreȝ / and thy fader kynge Howel I wanne his landes / how be it I wedded thy syster Isoud le blaunche maynys for the goodenes she dyd vnto me / And yet as I am true knyghte she is a clene mayden for me / but wete thou wel syr Kehydius for this falshede and treason thou hast done me / I wille

reuenge hit vpon the / And there with alle sir Tristram drewe oute his swerd / and said sire kehydius kepe the / and thenne la Beale Isoud swouned to the erthe / And whanne sir kehydius sawe sir tristram come vpon hym / he sawe none other bote / but lepte oute at a bay wyndowe euen ouer the hede where sat kynge Marke playenge at the chesses / And whanne the kynge sawe one come hurlynge ouer his hede / he sayd / Felawe what arte thou / and what is the cause thou lepest oute at that wyndowe /

¶ My lord the kynge said Kehydius / hit fortunéd me that I was a slepe in the wyndowe aboue your hede / and as I slepte I slommeryd / and soo I felle doune / And thus sir kehydius excused hym

¶ Capitulum **xviiij** [correction; sic = xiiij]

Thenne sir Tristram dredde sore lest he were discouerd vnto the kynge that he was there / wherfore he drewe hym to the strengthe of the Toure / and armed hym in suche armour as he had to fyghte with hem that wold withstande hym / And soo whanne sire Tristram sawe / there was no resystence ageynst hym / he sente Gouvernaile for his hors and his spere / and knyghtely he rode forth oute of the castel openly that was called the castel of Tyntagil / And euen atte gate he mette with Gyngalyn syr Gawayns sone / And anone sir Gyngalyn putte his spere in his reyste / and ranne vpon sire Trystram and brake his spere / and sire Tristram at that

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tyme had but a swerd / and gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he fylle doune from his sadel / and his swerd slode adoune / and carf a sonder his hors neck / And soo sire tristram rode his waye in to the forest / and alle this doynge sawe kyng Mark / And thenne he sente a squyer vnto the hurte knyghte and commaunded hym to come to hym / and soo he dyd / And whanne kynge Marke wyst that it was sir Gyngalyn / he welcomed hym / and gaf hym an hors / and asked hym what knyght hit was that had encoūmāc;red with hym / Syr said sir gyngalyn / I wote not what knyȝt he was / but wel I wote that he sygheth and maketh grete dole / Thenne sir Tristram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyghte sir Fergus / And whan he had mette with hym he made grete sorowe in so moche that he felle doune of his hors in a swoone / and in suche sorowe he was in thre dayes and thre nyghtes / Thenne at the laste sir Tristram sent vnto the courte by sir Fergus for to spere what tydynges / And so as he rode by the way he met with a damoyssel that came from sir Palamydes to knowe and seke how sir Tristram dyd / Thenne sir Fergus told her / how he was al most out of his mynde /

¶ Allas said the damoyssel where shalle I fynde hym / In suche a place said sire Fergus

¶ Thenne sir Fergus fond Quene Isoud seke in her bedde / makynge the grettest dole that euer ony erthely woman made And whan the damoyssel fonde sire Tristram / she made grete dole by cause she myȝt not amende hym / for the more she made of hym / the more was his payne / And at the last sir

Tristram toke his hors and rode aweye from her / And thenne was it thre dayes or that she coude fynde hym / And thenne she broughte hym mete and drynke / but he wold none / and thenne another tyme sir Tristram escaped away from the damoyssel / and it happed hym to ryde by the same castel where sire Palamydes and sir Tristram dyd bataille whan la beale Isoud departed them / And there by fortune the damoyssel mette with sire Tristram ageyne makynge the grettest dole that euer erthely creature made / and she yede to the lady of that castel / and tolde her of the mysaventure of sire Tristram / allas said the lady of that castel where is my lord sir tristram / Ryght here by your castel said the damoyssel / In good tyme saide the lady / is he soo nyghe me / he

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shalle haue mete and drynke of the best / and an harp I haue of his / where vpon he taught me / For of goodely harpynge he bereth the pryce in the world / So this lady and damoisel brought hym mete and drynke / but he ete lytel therof / Thenne vpon a nyght he putte his hors from hym / And thenne he vnlaced his armour / and thenne sir Tristram wold go in to the wilderness and brast doune the trees and bowes / and other-whyle whan he fond the harp that the lady sente hym / thenne wold he harpe and playe therupon / and wepe to gyders / and somtyme whan sire Tristram was in the woode that the lady wyst not where he was / thenne wold she sytte her doune and playe vpon that harp / Thenne wold sire Tristram come to that harp / and herken ther to / and somtyme he wold harpe hym self Thus he there endured a quarter of a yere / thēne at the last he ranne his way / and she wiste not where he was become / And thenne was he naked and waxed lene / and poure of flesshe / and soo he felle in the felauship of herd men and shepherdes / and dayly they wold gyue hym somme of their mete / & drynke / And whan he dyd ony shrewd dede / they wold bete hym with rodde / and soo they clypped hym with sheres and made hym lyke a foole

¶ Capitulum xix

ANd vpon a day Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole came in to Cornewaile with two squyers with hym / and as they rode thorough that forest / they came to a fayre welle / where sir Tristram was wonte to be / and the whether was hote / and they alyghte to drynke of that welle / and in the meane whyle their horses brake lous /

¶ Ryght soo sire Tristram came vnto them / and fyrst he sousyd sire Dagonet in that welle / & after his squyers / and there at lough the shepherdes / and forth with al he ranne after their horses and broughte hem ageyne / one by one / and ryghte soo wete as they were / he made hem lepe vp / and ryde their wayes /

¶ Thus sire Tristram endured there an halfe yere naked / and wold neuer come in town / ne vyllage / The meane whyle the damoyssel that syre Palomydes sente to seke sir Tristram she yede vnto sir Palomydes /

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hym alle the meschyef that sir Tristram endured / Allas sayd sir Palomydes hit is grete pyte that euer soo noble a Knyght shold be soo mescheued for the loue af a lady / But neuertheles I wille goo and seke hym / and comforte hym and I may

¶ Thenne a lytel before that tyme la Beale Isoud had commaunded sir Kehydus oute of the Countrey of Cornewaile / Soo sir Kehydus departed with a dolorous herte / and by aduenture he mette with sir Palomydes / and they enfelaushypped to gyder / and eyther complayned to other of theire hote loue that they loued la beale Isoud / Now lete vs said sir Palomydes seke sire tristram that loued her as wel as we / and lete vs preue whether we maye recouer hym / Soo they rode in to that forest / and thre dayes and thre nyghtes they wold neuer take their lodgyng but euer soughte sir tristram / And vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette with Kynge Mark that was ryden from hys men al alone / whanne they sawe hym / syre palomydes knewe hym / but sir Kehydus knewe hym not / A fals kynge said sir Palomydes / it is pyte thou hast thy lyf / For thou arte a destroyer of alle worshipful Knyghtes / and by thy meschyef and thy vengeaunce thou hast destroyed the mooste noble Knyght sire tristram de lyones / And therfor defende the said sir Palomydes / for thou shalt dye this day / that were shame said Kyng Mark / for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed / As for that said sir Palomydes I shalle fynde a remedy therfore / here is a Knyȝt with me / and thou shalt haue his harneis / Nay said kyng Mark I wille not haue adoo with yow for cause haue ye none to me / For alle the mysease that sir tristram hath / was for a letter that he fond / for as to me I dyd to hym no displeasyre / and god knoweth I am ful sory for his disease and malady / Soo when the kyng had thus excused hym / they were frendes / and kyng Mark wold haue had them vnto tyntagil / but syr Palomydes wolde not but torned vnto the Realme of Logrys / and sir kehydus saide that he wolde goo in to Bretayn /

¶ Now torne we vnto sir Dagonet ayene that whanne he and his squyers were vpon horsbak / he demyd that the shepherdes had sente that soole to araye hem so / by cause that they laughed at hem / and soo they rode vnto the kepers of beestes and alle to bete them / Syr tristram sawe them bete

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that were wonte to gyue hym mete and drynke / thenne he ran thyder / and gat sir Dagonet by the hede / and gaf hym suche a falle to the erthe / that he brysed hym sore so that he lay styлле / And thenne he wrast his swerd oute of his hand / And therwith he ranne to one of his squyers / and smote of his hede /

& the other fled / And soo sir Tristram took his waye with that swerd in his hand rennyng as he hadde ben wylde woode /

¶ Thenne sir Dagonet rode to kyng Mark and told hym how he had spedde in that forest / And therefore said sir Dagonet / Beware kyng Mark that thou come not aboute that welle / in the forest / For there is a foole naked / and that foole and I foole mette to gyders / and he hadde almost slayn me /

¶ A said kyng Mark / that is sir Matto le breune / that felle oute of his wytte by cause he lost his lady / For whan sir Gaherys smote doune sir Matto and wanne his lady of hym / Neuer syns was he in his mynde / and that was pyte / for he was a good knyght /

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne sir Andred that was cosyn vnto sir Tristram / made a lady that was his peramour to say and to noyse hit that she was with sire Tristram or euer he dyed / And this tale she broughte vnto kyng markes courte that she buryed hym by a welle / and that or he dyed / he besoughte kyng Marke to make his cosyn sir Andred kyng of the countre of Lyonas / of the whiche sir Trystram was lord of / Alle this dyd sir Andred by cause he wold haue had sire tristrams lādes /

¶ And whanne kyng Mark herd telle / that sir tristram was dede / he wepte / and made grete dole / But whanne quene Isoud herd of these tydynge / she maade suche sorowe / that she was nyghe oute of her mynde / And soo vpon a daye she thought to slee her self / and neuer to lyue after sir tristrams deth And soo vpon a day la beale Isoud gat a swerd pryuely / and bare hit in to her gardyn / and there she pyghte the swerd thorough a plumme tree vp to the hyltes / soo that hit stak fast and hit stode brest hye / And as she wold haue ronne vpon the swerd and to haue slayne her self /

¶ Alle this aspyed kyng

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Marke / how she kneled doune and saide / swete lord Ihesu haue mercy vpon me / for I maye not lyue after the dethe of syr Tristram de lyones / for he was my fyrst loue / and he shalle be the last / and with these wordes came Kyng mark and took her in his armes / and thenne he took vp the swerd / and bare her away with hym in to a Toure / and there he made her to be kept and watched her surely / and after that she lay longe seke nyȝt at the poynte of dethe / This meane whyle ranne sir Tristram naked in the forest with the swerd in his hand / and soo he cam to an hermytage / and there he leid hym doun and slepte / and in the meane whyle the heremyte stale awaye his swerd / and leid mete doune by hym / Thus was he kepte there a ten dayes And at the last he departed and came to the herd men ageyne / And there was a gyaunt in that countre that hyght Tawleas And for fere of sir Tristram more than seuen yere he

durst neuer moche goo at large / but for the moost party he kepte hym in a sure castel of his owne / and soo this Tauleas herd telle / that sir Tristram was dede by the noyse of the courte of kynge Marke / Thenne this Tauleas wente dayly at large / And soo he happed vpon a daye he came to the herd men wandryng and langerynge / And there he sette hym doun to reste among them The meane whyle ther cam a knyght of Cornewaile that ledde a lady with hym / and his name was sir Dynaunt / & whanne the gyaunt sawe hym / he wente from the herd men and hydde hym vnder a tree / and soo the knyght came to that welle / and there he alyghte to repose hym / And as soone as he was from his hors / this gyaunt Tauleas came betwixe this knyght and his hors / and toke the hors and lepte vpon hym / So forth with he rode vnto sir Dynaunt / and took hym by the coller / & pulled hym afore hym vpon his hors / and there wolde haue stryken of his hede / Thenne the herd men said vnto sire Tristram / helpe yonder knyght / helpe ye hym seid sir tristram / we dare not said the herd men / Thenne sir tristram was ware of the swerd of the knyght there as hit lay / and soo thyder he ranne / and took vp the swerd and stroke of sir tauleas hede and so he yede his way to the herd men

¶ Capitulum xxj

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Thenne the knyght took vp the gyaunts hede / and bare hit with hym vnto kynge Marke / and told hym / what aduenture betyd hym in the forest / and how a naked man rescowed hym / from the grymly gyaunt Tauleas where hadde ye this aduenture said kynge Marke / forsothe said syr Dynaunt at the fayre fontayne in your foreste / where many aduenturous knyȝtes mete / and there is the madde man wel said kyng Mark I wille see that wild man / So within a day or two kynge Marke commaunded his knyghtes / & his hunters that they shold be redy on the morne for to hunte / and soo vpon the morne he wente vnto that forest / And whanne the kynge came to that welle / he fonde there lyenge by that welle a fayr naked man / and a swerd by hym / Thenne kyng Mark blewe and straked / and there with his knyghtes came to hym / and thenne the kynge commaunded his knyghtes to take that naked man with fayrenes / and brynge hym to my castel / Soo they did saufly & fayre and cast mantels vpon sir Tristram and soo ledde hym vnto Tyntagyll / and there they bathed hym and wasshed hym and gaf hym hote suppynges til they had brought hym wel to his remembraunce / but alle this whyle there was no creature that knewe sir Tristram nor what man he was / Soo hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale Isoud herd of suche a man / that ranne naked in the foreste / and how the kynge had brought hym home to the Courte / Thenne la Beale Isoud called vnto her dame Brangwayne and said come on with me / For we wille goo see this man / that my lord brought from the forest the last daye / So they passed forthe / and spered where was the seke man / And thenne a squyer told the quene that he was in the gardyn / takynge his rest / and repose hym ageynst the sonne / Soo whan the quene loked vpon sir Tristram she was not remembryd of hym / but euer she seid vnto dame Brangwayne / me semeth I shold haue sene hym here to fore in many places / but as soone as sir Tristram sawe her / he knewe her wel ynough / And thenne he torned away his vysage / and wepte / Thenne the quene hadde alweyes a lytel brachet with her that sir Tristram gaf

her the fyrst tyme that euer she came in to Cornewaile / & neuer wold that brachet departe from her / but yf syre Tristram was nyghe

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there as was la Beale Isoud / and this brachet was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce vnto syre Tristram for grete loue / and anone as this lytel brachet felte a saueour of syr Tristram she lepte vpon hym and lycked his learys and his erys / and thēne he whyned and quested and she smelled at his feet and at his handes / and on all partyes of his body that she myghte come to / A my lady sayd dame Brangwayn vnto la beale Isoud / Allas allas said she I see it is myn own lord syr Tristram / And therupon Isoud felle doune in a swoone and soo laye a grete whyle / And whan she myght speke she said / my lord sir Tristram blessid be god ye haue your lyf / and now I am sure ye shalle be discouerd by this lytel brachet / for she wille neuer leue you / And also I am sure as soone as my lord kynge Mark doo knowe you / he wil bannyssh you oute of the countrey of Cornewaile / or els he will destroye you / For goddes sake myn owne lord / graunte kynge Marke his wille / and thenne drawe you vnto the Courte of kyng arthur / for there are ye byloued / and euer whan I maye I shalle sende vnto you / And whan ye lyst ye may come to me / and at alle tymes erly and late I wille be at your commaundement / to lyue as poure a lyf as euer dyd quene or lady / O madame said sir Tristram goo from me / for mykel anger and daunger haue I escaped for your loue

¶ Capitulum xxij

THenne the quene departed / but the brachet wold not from hym / and there with alle came kynge Marke and the brachet sat vpon hym / and bayed at them all / There with al syr Andred spak and said syr this is sir Tristram I see by the brachet / Nay said the kyng I can not suppose that / Thenne the kyng asked hym vpon his feith what he was / and what was was his name /

¶ So god me help said he / my name is sir Tristram de lyones / now do by me what ye lyst / A saide kyng Mark me repenteth of your recouer / & thenne he lete calle his barons to luge sir Tristram to the dethe / thēne many of his barons wold not assente therto / and in especyal syr Dynas the seneschal / & sir Fergus / And so by thaduyse of them al sir Tristram was banysshed out of the coūtrei for x yere / & therupon he took his oth vpon a book before the kyng & his barons /

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And soo he was made to departe oute of the Countrey of Cornewaile / and there were many barons

brought hym vnto hys shyp / of the whiche somme were his frendes / & somme his foes / And in the meane whyle there came a knyghte of kyng Arthurs / his name was Dynadan / and his comyng was for to seke after sir Tristram / thenne they shewed hym where he was armed at alle poyntes goynge to the shyp / Now fayre knyȝte said sir Dynadan or ye passe this courte that ye will Iuste with me / I requyre the / with a good wille said sir Tristram / & these lordes wille gyue me leue / Thenne the Barons graunted therto / and soo they ranne to gyders / and there sire Tristram gaf sire Dynadan a falle / And thenne he praid sir Tristram to gyue hym leue to goo in his felauship / ye shalle be ryght welcome said thenne sire Tristram / and soo they took theyr horses and rode to their shyppes to gyders / and whanne sire Tristram was in the see / he said / Grete wel kyng Marke and all myn enemyes / and saye hem I wille come ageyne whan I maye / And wel am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with sire Marhaus / and delyuerd all this countrey from seruage / and wel am I rewarded for the fetchyng and costes of Quene Isoud oute of Irland / and the daunger that I was in fyrst & last and by the way comynge home what daunger I had to brynge ageyne Quene Isoud from the castel Pluere / and well I am rewarded whanne I foughte with sir Bleoberys for syre Segwarydes wyf / and well am I rewarded whan I fouȝt with syre Blamore de ganys for kynge Anguysshe / fader vnto la Beale Isoud / and well am I rewarded whan I smote doune the good knyghte syre Lamorak de galys at Kyng Markes request / And wel am I rewarded whan I fought with the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / and the kyng of Northgalys / and bothe these wold haue put his land in seruage / and by me they were put to a rebuke / and wel I am rewarded for the sleynge of Tauleas the myghty gyaunte and many other dedes haue I done for hym / and now haue I my waryson / And telle Kyng Mark that many noble knyghtes of the table roūd haue spared the barons of this countrey for my sake / Also am I not wel rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght sir Palomydes and rescowed quene Isoud

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from hym / And at that tyme kyng Marke said afore all his barons I shold haue ben better rewarded / nad forth with alle he took the see /

¶ Capitulum **xxiiij** [correction; sic = xiiij]

ANd at the next landyng faste by the see / there mette with sir Tristram & with sir Dynadan sir Ector de marys and sir Bors de ganys / and there sir Ector Iusted with syr Dynadan / and he smote hym and his hors doun And thenne sir Tristram wold haue Iusted with syre Bors and sir Bors said that he wolde not Iuste with no Cornysshe knyghtes / for they are not called men of worship / and all this was done vpon a brydge / and with this came sire Bleoberys and syr Dryaunt / and sir Bleoberys profered to Iuste with syr Tristram / and there sir Tristram smote doune syr Bleoberys / Thenne said sire Bors de ganys / I wist neuer Cornyssh knyghte of soo grete valoure nor soo valyaunt as that knyȝt that bereth the trappours enbroudred with crounes / And thenne sir Tristram and syr Dynadan departed fro them in to a forest / and there mette them a damoyssel that came for the loue of sire launcelot to seke after somme noble knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte for to rescowe sir launcelot / and soo sir launcelott was ordeyned / for

by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne sir launcelot / and for that cause she ordeyned thyrtty knyghtes to lye in a wayte for sir launcelot / and this damoyssel knewe this treason / And for this cause the damoyssel came for to seke noble knyghtes to helpe syr Launcelot / For that nyght or day after syr launcelot shold come where these xxx knyghtes were / And soo this damoyssel mette with syre Bors and sire Ector and with sir Dryaunt / and there she told hem alle four of the treason of Morgan le fay / and thenne they promysed her that they wold be nyghe where sire launcelot shold mete with the xxx knyghtes / & yf soo be they set vpon hym / we wil do rescowes as we can / so the damoyssel departed / and by aduenture the damoisel met with sir tristram & with sir Dynadan / & there the damoyssel told hem al the treason that was ordeyned for sir launcelot / Fair damoyssel said sir tristram bryng me to that same place where they shold mete with sir launcelot Thenne said sir Dynadan what will ye do / hit is not for vs to fyghte with thyrtty knyghtes / and wete you wel I wylle

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not thereof / as to matche one knyght two or thre is ynough and they be men / But for to matche xv knyghtes that wille I neuer vndertake / fy for shame said sire Tristram / doo but youre parte / Nay said sir Dynadan I will not therof / but yf ye wil lene me your sheld / for ye bere a sheld of Cornewaile / and for the cowardyse that is named to the knyghtes of Cornewaile by your sheldes ye be euer forborne / Nay said syr Tristram I will not departe from my sheld for her sake that gaf it me / But one thyng said sir Tristram I promyse the syr Dynadan / but yf thou wilt promyse me to abyde with me / here I shalle slee the For I desyre no more of the / but ansuer one knyghte / And yf thy herte wille not serue the / stande by and loke vpon me and them / Syre said syre Dynadan I promyse you to loke vpon & to doo what I may to saue my self / but I wold I had not mette with you / Soo thenne anone these thyrtty knyghtes cam fast by these four knyghtes / and they were ware of them / and eyther of other / And soo these thyrtty knyghtes lete for thys cause that they wold not wraethe them yf caas be that they had adoo with syr launcelot / and the four knyghtes lete them passe to this entent that they wold see and beholde what they wold doo with syr launcelot / and soo the thyrtty knyghtes paste on / and came by sir Tristram and by sir Dynadan / and thenne sir Tristram cryed on hyghe / loo here is a knyght ageynste you for the loue of sire launcelot / and there he slewe two with one sperd and ten with his swerd / And thenne came in syre Dynadan and he dyd passynge wel / and soo of the thyrtty knyghtes there wente but ten away / and they fledde / Al this bataille sawe sir Bors de ganys and his thre felawes / and thenne they sawe wel hit was the same knyghte that Iusted with hem at the brydge / thenne they took their horses and rode vnto syr Tristram and praysed hym and thanked hym of his good dedes / and they alle desyred syre Tristram to goo wyth hem to their lodgyng / and he said nay / he wold not go to no lodgyng / Thenne they alle four knyghtes praid hym to telle hem his name / Faire lordes said syr Tristram / as at this tyme I wille not telle you my name /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij /

THēne sir Tristram & sir Dynadan rode forth their weye tyl they came to the shepherdes & to the herde men / &

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there they asked hem yf they knewe ony lodgyng or herberough there nyghe hand /

¶ Forsothe syrs sayde the herdemen / here by is good lodgyng in a castel / But there is suche a customme that there shalle no knyghte be herberowed but yf he luste with two knyghtes / and yf he be but one knyghte / he must luste with two / And as ye be therin soone shalle ye be matched / There is shrewde herberowe said syre Dynadan / lodge where ye will / for I wille not lodge there / Fy for shame sayd sir Tristram are ye not a knyghte of the table round / wherfore ye may not with your worship refuse your lodgyng / Not soo said the herd men / for and ye be beten / and haue the wers ye shalle not be lodged there / and yf ye bete them ye shalle be wel herberowed A said syr Dynadan they are two sure knyghtes / Thenne sire Dynadan wold not lodge there in no manere / but as sire Tristram requyred hym of his knyghthode / and so they rode thyder / and to make shorte tale syr Tristram and sir Dynadan smote hem doune bothe / and soo they entred in to the castel and had good chere / as they coude thynke or deuyse / And whanne they were vnarmed and thought to be mery and in good rest / there came in at the yates syre Palomydes and syre Gaherys requyryng to haue the customme of the castel / what aray is this said sire Dynadan / I wold haue my rest / that may not be said sir Tristram / Now must we nedes defende the customme of this castel / in soo moche as we haue the better of the lordes of this castel / and therefore saide sire Tristram / nedes muste ye make you redy / In the deuyls name said sir Dynadan came I in to your company / and so they made them redy And sir Gaherys encountred with sire Tristram / and syr Gaherys had a falle / and sir Palamydes encountred with sir Dynadan / and sir Dynadan had a falle / thenne was hit fall for falle / Soo thenne muste they fyghte on foote / that wold not syr Dynadan / for he was so sore brysed of the falle that syre Palomydes gaf hym / Thenne sir Tristram vnlaced syre Dynadans helme / and praid hym to helpe hym / I wille not sayde syr Dynadan for I am sore wounded of the thyrtty knyghtes that we hadde but late ago to doo with alle

¶ But ye fare said sire Dynadan vnto syr Tristram as a madde man and as a man þ^t is oute of his mynde þ^t wold cast hym self away

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and I may curse the tyme that euer I sawe you / For in al the world are not two suche knyghtes that ben so wode as is sire launcelot and ye syr Tristram / for ones I felle in the felauship of syr launcelot as I

haue done now with you and he set me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde / Ihesu defende me said syr Dynadan from suche two knyghtes / and specially from your felauship / Thenne said syre Tristram I will fyghte with hem both / Thenne syr Tristram badde hem come forth both / for I wille fyghte with you / thenne syr Palomydes and syr Gaherys dressid them / and smote at hem bothe / thenne Dynadan smote at syr Gaherys a stroke or two / and tordned from hym / nay said sir Palomydes / it is to moche shame for vs two knyghtes to fyghte with one / And thenne he dyd byd syr Gaherys stande a syde with that knyght that hath no lyste to fyghte / Thenne they rode to gyders and fought longe / and atte last syr Tristram doubled his strokes / and drofe syre Palomydes a bak / more than thre strydes / And thenne by one assente syre Gaherys and syr Dynadan wente betwixe them / and departed them in sonder / And thenne by assent of syr Tristram they wold haue lodged to gyders / But syre Dynadan wold not lodge in that castel / And thenne he cursed the tyme that euer he came in their feauship / and soo he took his hors / and his harneis / and departed / thenne sir Tristram prayd the lordes of that castel to lene hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgyng / and soo they dyd / and ouertoke sir Dynadan / and rode to their lodgyng two myle thens with a good man in a pryory / and there they were wel at ease / And that same nyght sir Bors and sire Bleoberys and sir Ector and syre Dryaunt / abode styll in the same place there as sire Tristram fought with the thyrty knyghtes / and there they mette with syr Launcelot the same knyght / and had made promyse to lodge with syr Colgreuaunce the same nyght /

¶ Capitulum xxv

BVt anone as the noble Knyghte syre launcelot herd of the shelde of Cornewayle thenne wist he wel that hyt

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was sire Tristram that fought with his enemyes / And thenne syre Launcelot prayed syre Tristram / and called hym the man of moost worship in the world /

¶ Soo there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellinore / and he desyred to wete the name of sire Tristram / but in no wyse he coude not / and so syr Tristram departed and left sir Dynadan in the pryory / for he was soo wery and soo sore brysed that he myghte not ryde / Thenne this knyght syre Pellinore said to sire Dynadan / sythen that ye wille not telle me that knyghtes name I will ryde after hym / and make hym to telle me his name / or he shall dye therfore / Beware sir knyght said sir Dynadan / for and ye folowe hym / ye shalle repente hit / Soo that knyghte sire Pellinore rode after sire Tristram and requyred hym of Iustes / th¯ne sir Tristram smote hym doune and wounded hym thorou¯ the sholder / and soo he past on his way / And on the next day folowyng syr Tristram mette with pursyua¯ts / and they told hym that there was made a grete crye of turnement bitwene kynge Carados of scotland and the kynge of Northwalys / & eyther shold Iuste ageyne other at the castel of maydens / and these pursyua¯tes sought alle the co¯treys after the good kny¯tes / and in

especial kynge Carados lete make sekynge for sir launcelot du lake / and the kyng of Northgalys lete seke after sir Tristram de lyonas /

¶ And at that tyme syr Tristram thought to be at that Iustes / and soo by aduenture they mette with sire kay the seneschal and syr Sagramor le desyrus / and syr kay requyred sir Tristram to Iuste / and sire Tristram in a maner refused hym / by cause he wold not be hurte nor brysed ageynste the grete Iustes that shold be bfore the castel of maydens / and therefore he thought to repose hym and to reste hym / And alway sir kay cryed sir knyȝt of Cornewaile Iust with me / or els yelde the to me as recreaunte / whan sir Tristram herd hym saye soo / he torned to hym / and thenne sire kay refused hym and torned his bak / Thenne syr Tristram said as I fynde the / I shalle take the / Thenne sire Kay torned with euylle wylle / and syre Tristram smote syr kay doune / and soo he rode forthe /

¶ Thenne syre Sagamore le desyrus rode after syre Tristram / and maade hym to Iuste with hym / and there syre Tristram smote doune syre Sagamor le desyrus from his hors

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and rode his way / and the same day he mette with a damoyssel that told hym that he shold wyne grete worship of a knyȝt aduenturous that dyd moche harme in alle that countrey /

¶ Whanne sir Tristram herd her say soo / he was gladde to goo with her to wyne worship / So sire Tristram rode with that damoyssel a vj myle / and thenne mette hym syre Gawayne / and there with alle syre Gawayne knewe the damoyssel / that she was a damoyssel of Quene Morgan le fay / Thenne sir Gawayne vnderstode that she ladde that knyght to somme meschyef / Faire knyght said sire Gawayne whyder ryde you now wyth that damoyssel / Syr said sire Tristram I wote not whyder I shalle ryde / but as the damoyssel wylle lede me / Syr saide syre Gawayne ye shalle not ryde with her / for she and her lady did neuer good but ylle / And thenne sir Gawayne pulled oute his swerd / and said / damoyssel / but yf thou telle me anon / for what what cause thou ledest this knyȝt with the thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone / I knowe alle your ladyes treason / & yours / Mercy syre Gawayne she said / and yf ye wille saue my lyf / I wille telle you / Saye on said sir Gawayne / and thow shalte haue thy lyf / Syre she said Quene Morgan le fay my lady hath ordeyned a xxx ladyes to seke & to aspye after sir launcelot or sir tristram / & by þe trainys of these ladyes who þ^t may fyrst mete ony of these two knyghtes they shold torne hem vnto Morgan le fays castel / sayenge that they shold doo dedes of worship / & yf ony of the two knyȝtes cam there / there be xxx knyghtes lyenge and watchyng in a toure to wayte vpon sir launcelot or vpon syre tristram / Fy for shame said sire Gawayne that euer suche fals treason shold be wrought or vsed in a quene and a kynges syster / and a kyng and quenes doughter

¶ **Capitulum xxvj**

SYr said sire Gawayne wille ye stande with me / and we wille see the malyce of these thyrty knyghtes /
syr said sir tristram goo ye to hem / and hit please you / and ye shal see I wille not fayle you / for hit is
not long a go syn I and a felawe mette with thyrty knyghtes of that quenes felauship

leaf 190r

And god spede vs soo that we may wyne worship / So thence sir Gawayne and sire tristram rode
toward the castel where Morgan le fay was / and euer sir Gawayne demed wel that he was sire tristram
de lyones by cause he herd that two knyghtes had slayne and beten thyrty knyghtes / And whanne they
came afore the castel sir Gawayn spak on hyghe / and said Quene Morgan le fay sende oute youre
knyghtes / that ye haue leyd in a watche for sir launcelot & for sir tristram / Now said sir
Gawayne I knowe your fals treason / and thorou all places where that I ryde men shall knowe of your
fals treason / And now lete see sir Gawayn / whether ye dare come out of your castel ye thyrty
knyghtes / thenne the quene spak and al the thyrty knyghtes attones / and said / sir Gawayne ful wel
wetest thou what thou dost and saist / For by god we knowe the passynge wel / But alle that thou
spekest / and dost / thow saist hit vpon pryde of that good Knyght that is there with the / For there be
somme of vs that knowen full wel the handes of that knyght ouer alle wel / And wete thou wel sir
gawayne / hit is more for his sake than for thyn that we wylle not come oute of this castel / For wete ye
wel sir Gawayne the Knyght that bereth the armes of Cornewaile / we knowe hym / and what he is /
thenne sir Gawayne and sir tristram departed and rode on their wayes a day or two to gyders / and there
by aduenture they met with syr Kay and syr Sagamor le desyrus / And thenne they were glad of syr
gawayne / and he of them / but they wiste not what he was with the shelde of Cornewaile / but by
demyng / And thus they rode to gyders a daye or two / And thenne they were ware of syr Breuse
saunce pyte chacyng a lady for to haue slayne her / for he had slayn her peramour afore / Hold
you all styll said syr Gawayne & shewe none of you forthe / and ye shalle see me reward yonder fals
Knyght / for and he aspye you he is so wel horsed that he wille escape away / And thenne syre Gawayne
rode betwix syr Breuse and the lady / and said fals knyghte leue her / and haue adoo with me / whan syr
Breuse sawe no moo but syre gayne he feutryd his spere / and syr Gawayne ageynst hym / and there syr
Breuse ouerthrewe syr Gawayne / and thenne he rode ouer hym / & ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to
haue destroyed

leaf 190v

hym / and whan sire Tristram sawe hym doo soo vylaynous a dede / he hurled oute ageynste hym / And
whan syr Breuse sawe hym with the shelde of Cornewaile / he knewe hym well / that it was syre
Tristram / and thenne he fledde / and sir Tristram folowed after hym / and syr Breuse saunce pyte was so
horsed that he wente his waye quyte / and sir Tristram folowed hym longe / for he wold fayne haue ben
auengyd vpon hym / And soo whanne he hadde longe chaced hym / he sawe a fayre welle / and thyder

he rode to repose hym / and teyed his hors til a tree /

¶ Capitulum **xxvij** [correction; sic = xvij]

ANd thenne he pulled of his helme and wasshed his vysage / and his handes / and soo he felle on slepe /

¶ In the meane whyle came a damoyssel that had sought sir tristram many wayes and dayes within this land / And whanne she came to the welle she loked vpon hym / & had forgeten hym as in remembraunce of sire Tristram / but by hys hors she knewe hym / that hyghte passe Brewel / that had ben sire Tristrams hors many yeres / For whanne he was mad in the forest / syr Fergus kepte hym / Soo this lady dame Brangwayne abode styll tyl he was awake / Soo whanne she sawe hym wake / she salewed hym / and he her ageyn / sor eyther knewe other of old acqueyntaunce / thenne she told hym how she had sought hym longe and brode / and there she told hym hou she hadde letters from quene la beale Isoud / Thenne anon sire Tristram redde them / and wete ye well / he was gladde / for theryn was many a pyteous complaynte / Thenne sir Tristram said / lady Brangwayne ye shalle ryde with me tyl that turnement be done at the castel of maydens / And thenne shalle ye bere letters and tydynges with you / And thenne sire tristram took his hors and sought lodgyng / and there he mette wyth a good auncyent knyght and prayd hym to lodge with hym Ryȝt so came Gouvernaile vnto sir Tristram / that was glad of that lady / Soo this old knyghtes name was sir Pellownus / and he told of the grete turnement that shold be att the Castel of maydens / And there sir launcelot and xxxij knyȝtes

leaf 191r

of his blood had ordeyned sheldes of Cornewaile / and ryȝte soo there came one vnto syr Pellounes / and told hym that sir Persydes de bloyse was come home / thenne that knyght helde vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge home / and there sir Pellounes told syr Tristram that in two yeres he had not sene his sone syr Persydes / Syr said sir Tristram I knowe your sone wel ynough for a good knyght / soo on a tyme syr Tristram and syr Persydes came to their lodgyng both at ones / and soo they vnarmed hem / and putte vpon hem their clothyng / And thenne these two knyghtes eche welcomed other / And whanne syr Persydes vnderstode that sir Tristram was of Cornewaile / he said he was ones in Cornewaile / and there I Iusted afore kyng Marke / And soo it happed me at that tyme / to ouerthrowe ten knyghtes / and thenne came to me syre Tristram de lyones and ouerthrewe me / and took my lady away from me / and that shalle I neuer forgete / but I shalle remembre me and euer I see my tyme / A said sir trystram now I vnderstande that ye hate syr Tristram / what deme ye / wene ye that sir Tristram is not able to withstande your malyce / yes said sir Persydes I knowe wel that sir Tristram is a noble knyght and a moche better knyght than I / yet shalle I not owe hym my good wille /

¶ Ryght as they stode thus talkynge at a bay wyndowe of that castel / they sawe many knyghtes rydyng to and fro toward the turnement / And thenne was sire Tristram ware of a lykely knyght rydyng vpon a

grete black hors / and a black couerd shelde / what knyȝte is that said sire Tristram with the black hors & the blak sheld he semes a good knyȝt / I knowe hym wel said sir Persydes he is one of the best knyghtes of the world / thenne is it syre Launcelot said sir Tristram / nay said syre Persydes / hit is syr Palomydes / that is yet vncrystened /

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

THenne they sawe moche people of the countrey salewe sire Palomydes / And within a whyle after / ther cam a squyer of the castel / that told syre Pellounes that was lord of that castel / that a knyght with a blak sheld had

leaf 191v

smyten doune thyrten knyȝtes / Fayr broder said sir Tristram vnto syr Persydes / lete vs caste vpon vs clokes / and lete vs goo see the play / Not soo said sir Persydes / we wille not goo lyke knaues thyder / but we wille ryde lyke men and good knyghtes to withstande oure enemyes / Soo they armed them and took their horses and grete speres / and thyder they went there as many knyȝtes assayed hem self before the turnement And anone sir Palomydes sawe sir Persydes / and thenne he sente a squyer vnto hym and said / goo thou to the yonder knyght with the grene sheld and therin a lyon of gooldis / and say hym I requyre hym to Iuste with me / and telle hym that my name is sire Palomydes / whanne sir Persydes vnderstood that request of syre Palomydes / he made hym redy / and there anone they mette to gyders / but syre Persydes had a falle Thenne syre Tristram dressid hym to be reuengyd vpon sir palomydes / and that sawe syre Palomydes that was redy / and soo was not sire Tristram and took hym at auauntage / and smote hym ouer his hors tayle whanne he had no spere in his reyste / Thenne starte vp syre Tristram and took his hors lyȝtely / and was wrothe oute of mesure / and sore ashamed of that falle / Thenne sire Tristram sente vnto syr Palomydes by Gouvernaile and prayd hym to Iuste with hym at his request Nay said sire Palomydes as att this tyme I wille not Iuste with that knyght / for I knowe hym better than he weneth / And yf he be wrothe / he may ryghte it to morne att the castel of maydens / where he maye see me and many other knyghtes with that came syr Dynadan / and whanne he sawe sire Tristram; wrothe / he lyst not to Iape / lo sayd sir Dynadan / here may a man; preue / Be a man neuer soo good yet maye he haue a falle / & he was neuer soo wyse but he myght be ouersene / and he rydeth wel that neuer fyller / Soo syre Tristram was passynge wrothe and sayd to syre Persydes and to syre Dynadan I wille reuenge me / Ryghte soo as they stood talkyng there / there came by sir Tristram a lykely knyght rydyng passynge soberly and heuily with a blak shelde / what knyght is that said sir Tristram vnto syr Persydes / I knowe hym well said sir Persydes / for his name is sire Bryaunt of Northwalys / soo he paste on amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys / And there came

in syre launcelot du lake with a sheld of the armes of Cornewaile / and he sente a squyer vnto syr
Bryaunt / and requyred hym to Iuste with hym / wel said syr Bryaunt / sythen I am requyred to Iuste / I
wille doo what I may / and there syre launcelot smote doune syr Bryaunt from his hors a grete falle /
And thenne syr Tristram merueiled what knyght he was that bare the sheld of Cornewaile / what so euer
he be said syr Dynadan I warante you he is of Kynge Bannys blood / the whiche ben knyghtes of the
moost noble prowesse / in the world for to accompte soo many for soo many / Thenne there came two
knyȝtes of Northgales / that one hyghte Hewe de la montayne / and the other syr Madok de la
montayne / & they chalengyd fire launcelot foote hote / Syr Launcelot not refusyng hem but made hym
redy / with one spere he smote hem doune bothe ouer their hors croupes / and soo sir launcelot rode his
way / By the good lord said sire Tristram he is a good knyght that bereth the shelde of Cornewaile / and
me semeth he rydeth in the best maner that euer I sawe knyghte ryde / Thenne the kynge of Northgalys
rode vnto syre Palomydes / and praid hym hertely for his sake to Iuste with that knyght that hath done vs
of Northgalys despyte / Syr said sir Palomydes I am ful lothe to haue adoo with that knyght / and cause
why is / for as to morne the grete turnement shalle be / And therfor I wille kepe my self fresshe by my
wille / Nay said the kyng of Northgalys I pray you requyre hym of Iustes / syre sayd syr palomydes I
wille Iuste at your request / and requyre that knyght to Iuste with me / and often I haue sene a man haue
a falle at his owne request

¶ Capitulum **xxix** [correction; sic = xix]

THenne sir palomydes sente vnto sir launcelot a squyer and requyred hym of Iustes / Fair felawe seid sir
launcelot / telle me thy lordes name / Syre said the squyer my lordes name is syr Palomydes the good
knyght / In good houre said sir launcelot / for there is no knyght that I sawe thys seuen yeres that I had
leuer adoo with all than with hym /

And so eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete speres Nay said syr Dynadan ye shalle see that
sir Palomydes will quyte hym ryght wel / hit may be soo said sir Tristram / but I vndertake that knyght
with the sheld of Cornewayle shal gyue hym a falle / I bileue hit not said sir Dynadan / Ryght so they
spored their horses / and feutryd their speres / and eyther hytte other / and syr palomydes brake a spere
vpon sire launcelot / and he sat and meued not / but sir Launcelot smote hym so lyghtly that he made his
hors to auoyde the sadel / and the stroke brake his shelde and the hauberke/ and had he not fallen / he
had be slayne / how now said sir Tristram / I wiste wel by the maner of their rydyng bothe that sire
Palomydes shold haue a falle / Ryght so sir launcelot rode his way and rode to a well to drynke and to
repose hym / and they of Northgalys aspyed hym whyther he rode / and thenne there folowed hym
twelue knyghtes for to haue meschyeued hym / for this cause that vpon the morne at the turnement of the

castel of maydens that he shold not wynde the victory / Soo they came vpon sir launcelot sodenly and vnnethe he myght putte vpon hym his helme / and take his hors but they were in handes with hym / & thenne sir launcelot gat his spere and rode thorow them / and there he slewe a knyght and brake his spere in his body / Thenne he drewe his swerd and smote vpon the ryght hand and vpon the lyfte hand soo that within a fewe strokes he had slayne other thre knyghtes / and the remenaunt that abode he wounded hem sore alle that dyd abyde / Thus syr launcelot escaped from his enemyes of Northwalys / and thenne sir launcelot rode his way tyl a frende & lodged hym tyl on the morne / for he wold not the fyrste daye haue adoo in the turnement by cause of his grete labour / And on the fyrst day the was with kyng Arthur there as he was set on hye vpon a schaffold to discerne who was best worthy of his dedes / So sir Launcelot was with kyng Arthur / and Iusted not the fyrst daye /

¶ Capitulum xxx

NOW torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that commaunded Gouvernaile his seruaunt to ordeyne hym a blak sheld with none other remembraunce therin /

leaf 193r

And soo syre Persydes and syr Tristram departed from their hooste syr Pellounes / and they rode erly toward the turnement / and thenne they drewe hem to kynge Carados syde of Scotland / and anone knyghtes beganne the felde what of kynge Northgalys party / and what of kynge Carados party / & there began grete party / Thenne there was hurlyng and rasshyng / Ryght soo came in syr Persydes and sire Tristram / and soo they dyd fare that they put the kyng of Northgalys abak Thenne came in syre Bleoberys de ganys and syre Gaherys with them of Northaglys / and thenne was sir Persydes smyten doune / and alle moost slayne / For moo than xl horsmen wente ouer hym / For syr Bleoberys dyd grete dedes of armes and syre Gaherys fayled hym not / whanne sire Tristram byheld them / and sawe hem doo suche dedes of armes / he merueyled what they were / Also sir Tristram thought shame that sir Persydes was soo done to / and thenne he gat a grete spere in his hand / and thenne he rode to sire Gaherys and smote hym doune from his hors / And thenne was sire Bleoberys wroth and gate a spere and rode ageynst sir Tristram in grete yre / & there syre Tristram mette with hym / and smote sir Bleoberys from his hors / Soo thenne the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was wrothe / and he horsed sire Bleoberys and sir gaherys ageyne / and there beganne a grete medle / and euer sir tristram held them passynge shorte / and euer sir Bleoberys was passynge besy vpon syre Tristram / and there came sire Dynadan ageynst syre Tristram / and sire Tristram gaf hym suche a buffet that he swounded in his sadel / Thenne anone sir Dynadan cam to sire Tristram / and said syr I knowe the better than thou wenest / But here I promyse the my trouthe I wille neuer come ayenst the more / for I promyse the that swerd of thyn shal neuer come on myn helme / with that came sir Bleoberys / and syr Tristram gaf hym suche a buffet that doune he leyde his hede / and thenne he raught hym so sore by the helme / that he pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne kyng Arthur blewe to lodgyng / Thenne syre Tristram departed to his

pauelione / and sire Dynadan rode with hym / and sire Persydes & kyng Arthur thenne and the kynges
vpon bothe partyes merueylled what knyght that was with the blak shelde / Many said their

leaf 193v

aduyse / and some knewe hym for syre Tristram / and helde their pees and wold nought say / Soo that
fyrste day kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and lordes that were Iuges gaf sir Tristram the pryce / hou be
hit they knewe hym not but named hym the knyght with the black sheld

¶ Capitulum xxxj

THenne vpon the morne sire Palomydes retorned from the kynge of Northgalys / and rode to kyng
Arthurs syde where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irland / & syr launcelots kynne and sir
Gawayns kynne / Soo sire palomydes sente the damoyfel vnto sire Tristram that he sente to seke hym
whanne he was oute of his mynde in the forest / and thys damoyssel asked sire Tristram / what he was /
and what was his name / As for that said sir Tristram telle sir Palomydes ye shalle not wete as at this
tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two speres vpon hym / But lete hym wete thus moche said sir
Tristram / that I am the same knyghte that he smote doune in ouer euenyng at the turnement & telle hym
playnly / on what party that syre Palomydes be / I wille be of the contrary parte Syre said the damoyssel
ye shalle vnderstande that sir Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs syde / where the moost noble
knyghtes of the world ben / In the name of god said sir Tristram / thenne wille I be with the kynge of
Northgalys by cause syr Palomydes wille be on kynge Arthurs syde / and els I wold not but for his sake /

¶ Soo whanne kynge Arthur was come they blewe vnto the felde / and thenne there began a grete party /
and soo kynge Carados Iusted with the kynge of the honderd knyghtes / and there kynge Carados hadde
a falle / thenne was there hurlynge and rasshyng / and ryght so cam in knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / and
they bare on bak the kynge of Northgalys knyghtes / Thenne sir Tristram came in and beganne so
roughly and soo bygly that there was none myght withstande hym / and thus sire Tristram dured longe /

¶ And at the last syr Trystram felle amonge the felauship of kynge Ban / and there felle vpon hym syr
Bors de ganys / and syr Ector de marys / and sire Blamor de ganys / & many

leaf 194r

other knyghtes / And thenne sir Tristram smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand that alle lordes
and ladyes spak of his noble dedes / But at the last syre Tristram shold haue had the werse / had not the
kynge with the honderd knyghtes ben / And thenne he came with his felauship and rescowed sir

Tristram / and brought hym away from tho knyghtes that bare the sheldes of Cornewaile / and thenne sir Tristram sawe another felauship by them self / and there were a xl Knyghtes to gyder / and sir Kay the Seneschal was there gouernour / Thenne sire Tristram rode in amongst them / and there he smote doune syr Kay from his hors / and there he sared among tho Knyghtes lyke a grey hound among conyes / Thenne syre launcelot fond a Knyght that was sore wounded vpon the hede / Sir said sir launcelot who wounded you so sore / Sire he said a Knyght that bereth a black shelde / and I maye curse the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyl and no man Soo sire launcelot departed fro hym / & thought to mete with sir Tristram / and soo he rode with his swerd drawn in his hand to seke sir Tristram / and thenne he aspyed hym how he hurled here and there / and at euery stroke syr Tristram wel nygh smote doune a knyght / O mercy Ihesu said the kynge syth the tyme I bare armes sawe I neuer no knyght do so merueillous dedes of armes / And yf I shold sette vpon this knyght said sir Launcelot to hym self I dyd shame to my self / & there with al sir launcelot put vp his swerd / And thene the Kyng with the C Knyghtes / and an honderd more of Northwalys set vpon the twenty of sir launcelots kyn / and they xx Knyghtes held them euer to gyder / as wylde swyne and none wold faile other / & so whan sir Tristram beheld the noblesse of these xx Knyghtes / he merueiled of their good dedes / for he sawe by their fare and by theil reule that they had leuer deye than auoyde the felde /

¶ Now Ihesu saide syre Tristram wel maye he be valyaunte and ful of prowesse that hath suche a sorte of noble Knyghtes vnto his kynne / and ful lyke is he to be a noble man that is their leder and gouernour / he mente hit by sir Launcelot du Lake /

¶ Soo whanne syre Tristram had beholden them long / he thouȝt shame to see / ij / C knyghtes batterying

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vpon twenty knyghtes /

¶ Thenne sire Tristram rode vnto the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and said syre leue youre fyghtyng with tho twenty knyghtes / for ye wyne no worship of them / ye be soo many / and they soo fewe / And wete ye well they wille not oute of the felde I see by their chere and countenance / and worship gete ye none and ye slee them / therfore leue your fyghtyng with them / for I to encrease my worship / I wyll ryde to the twenty knyghtes and helpe them with all my myghte and power /

¶ Nay said the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / ye shall not do so / Now I see youre courage and curtosy / I wille withdrawe my knyghtes for your pleasyr / for euermore a good knyght wille faouere another / and lyke wille drawe to lyke /

¶ **Capitulum xxxij**

Thenne the kyng with the honderd knyghtes withdrewe his knyghtes / And al this whyle and long tofore syr launcelot had watched vpon syr Tristram with a very purpos to haue felaushipped with hym / And thenne sodenly syr Tristram / syr Dynadan / and Gouvernaile his man rode their waye in to the forest that no man perceyued where they wente / Soo thenne kynge Arthur blewe vnto lodgyng / and gaf the kynge of Northgalys the pryce by cause syr Tristram was vpon his syde / Thenne syr launcelot rod here and there so wood as lyon that fauted his fylle by cause he had loste syre Tristram / and soo he retorned vnto kynge Arthur / and thenne in alle the felde was a noyse that with the wynde hit myght be herd two myle thens / how the lordes and ladyes cryed the knyght with the blak shelde hath wonne the felde

¶ Allas said kynge Arthur where is that knyght become / hit is shame to alle tho in the felde so to lete hym escape away from you / but with gentylnes and curtosy ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to the castel of maydens

¶ Thenne the noble kynge Arthur wente vnto his knyghtes and comforted them in the best wyse that he coude / and sayd / my fayre felawes be not dysmayed / how be hit ye haue loste

leaf 195r

the felde this daye and many were hurte and sore wounded / and many were hole /

¶ My felawes said kynge Arthur loke that ye be of good chere / for to morne I wille be in the feld with you and reuenge you of youre enemyes

¶ Soo that nyght Kynge Arthur and his knyghtes reposed them self /

¶ The damoyssel that came from la Beale Isoud vnto syr Tristram alle the whyle the turnement was adoyng she was with Quene Gueneuer / and euer the Quene asked her for what cause she came in to that Countrey

¶ Madame she ansuerd I come for none other cause but from my lady la Beale Isoud to wete of your welfare / For in no wyse she wold telle the Quene that she came for syr Tristrams sake / Soo this lady dame Brangwayne took her leue of Quene Gueneuer / and she rode after syr Tristram / And as she rode thurgh the forest she herd a grete crye / thenne she commaunded her squyer to goo in to that forest to wete what was that noyse / and soo he came to a welle and there he fond a Knyght bounden tyl a tree cryeng as he had ben wode and his hors and his harneis standyng by hym / And whan he aspyed the squyer / ther with he abraide / and brake hym self loos and took his swerd in his hand / and ranne to haue slayne that squyer / Thenne he took his hors and fledde all that euer he myght vnto dame Brangwayne / and told her of his aduenture / Thenne she rode vnto syr Tristrams paelione / and told sire Tristram what aduenture she had fonde in the forest / Allas said syr Tristram vpon my heede there is somme good

Knyghte at meschyef / Thenne sire Tristram tooke his hors and his swerd / and rode thyder / there he herd how the Knyght complayned vnto hym self and sayd / I woful knyght syre palomydes what mysauenture befalleth me / that thus am defoiled with falshede and treason thorou syre Bors and syre Ector / Allas he sayde why lyue I soo longe / And thenne he gat his swerd in his handes / and maade many straunge sygnes and tokens / and soo thorou his ragynge he threwe his swerd in to that fontayne

¶ Thenne sir Palomydes wayled and wrange his handes / And at the laste for pure sorow he ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his bely / and soughte after

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his swerd / Thenne sir Tristram sawe that and ranne vpon syr Palomydes / and helde hym in his armes fast / what arte thou said Palomydes that holdeth me soo / I am a man of this forest that wold the none harme / Allas said sire Palomydes I maye neuer wyne worship where syr Tristram is / For euer where he is / and I be there thenne gete I no worship / And yf he be away / for the moost party I haue the gree / onles that sir Launcelot be there or syr Lamorak / Thenne sire Palomydes said ones in Irland syr Tristram putte me to the werse / and another tyme in Cornewaile and in other places in this land What wold ye do said syre Tristram & ye had sir Tristram / I wold fyghte with hym said sir Palomydes and ease my hert vpon hym / and yet to saye the sothe syre Tristram is the gentelyst knyght in this world lyuyng / what wil ye doo sayd sir Tristram wille ye goo with me to youre lodgyng / Nay sayde he I wille goo to the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / for he rescowed me from sire Bors de ganys / and sir Ector / & els had I ben slayne traitourly / Syre Tristram said hym suche kynde wordes that syre Palomydes wente with hym to his lodgyng / Thenne Gouvernaile wente to fore / and charged dame Brangwayn to goo oute of the way to her lodgyng / and byd ye syre Persydes that ye make hym no quarels / And so they rode to gyders tyl they came to sire Tristrams paelione / and there syre Palomydes had alle the chere that myght be had all that nyghte / But in no wyse sire Palomydes myȝt not knowe what was syr Tristram / and soo after souper they yede to reste And syr Tristram for grete trauaile slepte tylle it was daye / And syr Palomydes myghte not slepe for anguysshe / and in the daunyng of the daye he tooke his hors pryuely / and rode his waye vnto syr Gaherys and vnto syr Sagramour le desyrus / where they were in their paelions / for they thre were felawes at the begynnynge of the turnement / And thenne vpon the morne the kynge blewe vnto the turnement vpon the thyrdde daye /

¶ **Capitulum xxxiij /**

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SOo the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes they two encountred with kyng carados and with the kynge of Irland / and there the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Carados / and the kynge of Northgalys smote doune the kynge of Irland / With that came in syr Palomydes / and whan he cam he made grete werke / for by his endented shelde he was well knowen / Soo came in kynge Arthur / and dyd grete dedes of armes to gyders / and putte the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes to the werse / With this came in syr Tristram with his black shelde / And anone he Iusted with syre palomydes / and there by fyne force syr Tristram smote syre palomydes ouer his hors croupe / Thenne kynge Arthur cryed Knyght with the black shelde make the redy to me / and in the same wyse sir Tristram smote kynge Arthur / And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and sir palomydes were horsed ageyne / Thenne kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a spere in his hand / and therupon the one syde he smote syr Tristram ouer his hors / Thenne foote hote syr Palomydes cam vpon sir Tristram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer ryden hym / Thenne sir Tristram was ware of hym / & there he stouped a syde / and with grete yre he gate hym by the arme / and pulled hym doune from his hors / Thenne syre palomydes lyghtely arose / and thenne they dasshed to gyder myghtely with their swerdes / and many kynges / Quenes and lordes stode and beheld them / And at the laste syre Tristram smote syre palomydes vpon the helme thre myȝty strokes / and at euery stroke that he gaf hym he said this for syre Tristrams sake / With that syre Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelynge / Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & broughte syre Tristram an hors / and soo was he horsed ageyn By thenne was syr Palomydes horsed / and with grete yre he Iusted vpon syr Tristram with his spere as hit was in the reyste and gaf hym a grete dasshe with his swerd /

¶ Thenne sir Tristram auoyded his spere / and gate hym by the neck with his bothe handes / and pulled hym clene oute of his sadel / and soo he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten speres / & thenne in the presence of hem al he lete hym falle at his

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aduenture / Thenne sire Tristram was ware of kynge Arthur / with a naked suerd in his hand / and with his spere sir Tristram ranne vpon kynge Arthur / and thenne kynge Arthur boldely abode hym and with his swerd he smote atwo his spere / and there with alle syre Tristram stonyed / and soo kynge Arthur gaf hym thre or four grete strokes or he myȝt gete out his swerd / and at the last sir Tristram drewe his swerd and assailed other passynge hard / with that the grete prees departed / thenne sir Tristram rode here and there and dyd his grete payne that xj of the good knyghtes of the blood of kynge Ban that was of sire launcelots kyn / that daye syre Tristram smote doune / that alle the estates merueilled of his grete dedes and alle cryed vpon the knyght with the black sheld

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

THenne this crye was soo large / that sir launcelot herd it / And thenne he gate a grete spere in his hand /

and came towardes the crye / Thenne sir launcelot cryed / the knyght with blak shelde make the redy to
Iuste with me / Whanne sire Tristram herd hym say so he gate his spere in his hand / and eyther
abeysched doun their hedes / and came to gyder as thonder / and sire Tristrams spere brake in pyeces /
and syr launcelot by male fortune stroke sir Tristram on the syde a depe wound nyghe to the dethe / But
yet syr Tristram auoyded not his sadel / and soo the spere brak / there with all sir tristram that was
wounded gate oute his swerd / and he rasshed to sir launcelot / and gaf hym thre grete strokes vpon the
helme that the fyre sprange there oute / and sir launcelot abeysched his hede lowely toward his sadel
bowe / And there with alle sir tristram departed from the felde / for he felte hym soo woūded that
he wende he shold haue dyed / and sir Dynadan aspyed hym and folowed hym in to the forest / Thenne
sir launcelot abode & dyd many merueyllous dedes / Soo whan fire Tristram was departed by the forests
syde / he alyght & vnlaced his harneis and fresshed his woūd / thēne wende sir Dynodan
that he shold

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haue dyed / Nay nay saide sire Tristram / Dynadan / neuer drede the / for I am herte hole / & of this
wounde I shal soone be hole by the mercy of god /

¶ By that sir Dynadan was ware where came palomydes rydyng streyghte vpon them / And thenne syre
Tristram was ware that syre Palomydes came to haue destroyed hym / and so syre Dynadan gaf hym
warnyng and saide sire Tristram my lord ye are soo sore wounded that ye may not haue adoo with hym /
therfore I wille ryde ageynst hym and doo to hym what I maye / And yf I be slayne ye maye praye for
my soule and in the meane whyle ye maye withdrawe you and goo in to the castel / or in the foreste that
he shalle not mete with you /

¶ Syre Tristram smyled and said I thanke you syre Dynadan of your good wyll / but ye shalle wete that
I am able to handle hym / And thenne anone hastely he armed hym and took his hors / and a grete spere
in his hand and said to syre Dynadan Adieu / & rode toward syre Palamydes a softe paas

¶ Thenne whanne sire Palomydes sawe that / he made countenaunce to amende his hors / but he dyd hit
for this cause / For he abode sire Gaherys that came after hym /

¶ And whanne he was come he rode toward syre Tristram /

¶ Thenne syre Tristram sente vnto syr palomydes and requyred hym to Iuste with hym / And yf he smote
doun sir Palomydes / he wold doo no more to hym / And yf it so happend that sire Palomydes smote
doun syr Tristram he badde hym do his vtteraunce / So they were accorded / thenne they mette to
gyders / and syre Tristram smote doun sir palomydes / that he had a greuouse falle / soo that he laye
style as he hadde ben dede / And thenne sire Trystram ranne vpon syr Gaherys / and he wold not haue

Iusted But whether he wolde or not syre Tristram smote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye styлле as though he had ben dede / And thenne syr Tristram rode his waye and lefte syre Persydes squyer within the pauelions / and syre Tristram and syre Dynadan rode to an old knyghtes place to lodge them / And that olde knyght had fyue sones at the turnement / for whome he prayed god hertely for their comyng home /

¶ And so as the frensshe book faith they cam home al / v / wel beten / And whan syr Tristram departed in to the forest syr la¯celot held alwey

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the stoure lyke hard as a man araged that took no heede to hym self / and wete ye wel there was many a noble knyghte ageynst hym / And whanne kyng Arthur sawe sir Launcelot doo soo merueyllous dedes of armes / he thenne armed hym / & took his hors and his armour / and rode in to the felde to helpe syr launcelot / and so many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur / and to make short tale in conclusion the kyng of Northgalys / and the kynge of the honderd knyghtes were putte to the wers / and by cause syre launcelot abode and was the last in the feld / the pryce was yeuen hym / But sir La¯celot wold neyther for kyng / Quene ne knyghte haue the pryce / but where the crye was cryed thorough the felde / syr launcelot sir launcelot hath wonne the felde this day / syre Launcelot lete make an other crye contrary syr Tristram hath wonne the feld / for he baganne fyrst and last he hath endured / and soo hath he done the fyrst day / the second and the thyrd day /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

THenne alle the estates and degrees hyhe and lowe sayd of syr launcelot grete worship / for the honour that he dyd vnto syr Tristram / and for that honour doying to sir Tristram he was at that more preysed and renoumed than and he had ouerthrowen v C knyghtes / and all the peple holy for this gentylnes / fyrst the estates bothe hyhe and lowe / and after the comynalte cryed at ones syre Launcelot hath wonne the felde who soo euer saye nay / Thenne was syre Launcelot wroth and ashamed / and soo there with alle he rode to kynge Arthur / Allas said the kynge we are alle dysmayed that syr Tristram is thus departed from vs / By god said kynge Arthur he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I sawe hold spere or swerd in hand / and the moost curteyst knyght in his fyghtyng / for ful hard I sawe hym sayd kyng Arthur whanne he smote syr Palomydes vpon the helme thryes / that he abasshed his helme with his strokes / and also he said / here is a stroke for syr Tristram / and thus thryes he sayd / Thenne kynge Arthur / syr launcelot / and sire Dodynas le saueage took their horses to seke sir Tristram / and by the menes

of syr Persydes / he had told kyng Arthur where syr Tristram was in his paelione / but whanne they came there / syr Tristram and sir Dynadan were gone / thenne kyng Arthur and syr launcelot were heuy / and retorned ageyne to the castel of maydens makyng grete dole for the hurte of syre Trystram / & his sodeyne departyng / Soo god me helpe said kyng Arthur I am more heuy that I can not mete with hym / thenne for al the hurtes that alle my knyghtes haue had at the turnement Ryght soo came sir Gaherys and told kyng Arthur how syr Tristram had smyten doune syr Palomydes / and it was atte syr Palomydes owne request / Allas said Kyng Arthur that was grete dishonoure to syre Palomydes in as moche as syre Tristram was sore wounded / and now may we alle kynges and knyȝtes and men of worship saye that syre Tristram may be called a noble knyght and one of the best Knyghtes that euer I sawe the dayes of my lyf / For I wille that ye al kynges and Knyghtes knowe said Kyng Arthur that I neuer sawe Knyghte doo so merueyllously as he hath done these thre dayes / for he was the first that began and that lengest held on sauf last day / And though he was hurte it was a manly aduenture of two noble Knyghtes / and whan two noble men encountre nedes must the one haue the werse lyke as god wil suffre at that tyme /

¶ As for me said sir launcelot for alle the landes that euer my fader lefte me I wold not haue hurte sir Tristram and I had knowen hym at that tyme / that I hurt hym was for I sawe not his sheld / For and I had sene his black sheld / I wold not haue medled with hym for many causes/ for late he dyd as moche for me as euer dyd Knyght and that is wel knowen that he had adoo with thyrty Knyȝtes / and no helpe saue syr Dynadan / And one thyng shalle I promyse said syr launcelot / syr Palomydes shalle repente it as in his vnkyndely delynge for to folowe that noble knyght that I by myshap hurted thus / Syr launcelot sayd alle the worship that myght be said by sir Tristram / Thenne kyng Arthur made a grete feest to alle that wold come / And thus we lete passe Kyng Arthur / and a lytyl we wille torne vnto sir Palomydes that after he had a falle of sire Tristram / he was nyghe hand araged oute of his wyt for despyte of sir Tristram

And soo he folowed hym by aduenture / And as he came by a ryuer in his woodenes / he wold haue made his hors to haue lepte ouer / and the hors fayled footyng / and felle in the Ryuer / wherfore syre palomydes was adrad left he shold haue ben drouned / and thenne he auoyded his hors / and swamme to the land / and lete his hors goo doune by aduenture /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj /

ANd whanne he came to the land he took of his harneis / and sattu roryng and cryenge as a man oute of his mynde / Ryght so came a damoysele euen by syr Palomydes that was sente fro syr Gawayne and his

broder vnto sir mordred that lay seke in the same place with that old knyȝt where syr Tristram was / For as the Frensshe book saith syr Persydes hurte soo syr Mordred a ten dayes afore / and had not ben for the loue of sir Gawayne and his broder / syr Persydes had slayne sir Mordred / and soo this damoysel came by sir palomydes / and she and he had langage to gyder / the whiche pleasyd neyther of them / and soo the damoysel rode her wayes tyl she came to the old knyghtes place / & there she told that old knyght how she mette with woodest knyght by aduenture that euer she mette with all / what bare he in his sheld said sir Tristram / hit was endented with whyte and black saide the damoysel / A said sir Tristram that was sir palomydes / the good knyght / For wel I knowe hym said sir Tristram for one of the best knyghtes lyuyng in this realme / Thenne that old knyght took a lytel hackney and rode for syre palomydes / and brought hym vnto his owne manoyr / and ful wel knewe sire Tristram syr Palomydes / but he said but lytel / for at that tyme syr Tristram was walkyng vpon his feet / and wel amended of his hurtes / and alweyes whan sire Palomydes sawe syr Tristram / he wold behold hym ful merueillously / And euer hym semed that he hadde sene hym / Thenne wold he saye vnto syre Dynadan and euer I may mete with syre Tristram he shal not escape myn handes / I merueile said sir Dynadan þ^t

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ye booste behynde syr Tristram / for it is but late that he was in youre handes / and ye in his handes / why wold ye not holde hym whanne ye hadde hym / for I sawe my self twyes or thryes that ye gat but lytel worship of sir Tristram / thenne was syr Palomydes ashamed / Soo leue we them a lytyl whyle in the old castel / with the old knyght sir Darras /

¶ Now shall we speke of Kynge Arthur / that said to sir Launcelot had not ye ben / we had not lost syre Tristram for he was here dayly vnto the tyme ye mette with hym / and in an euylle tyme sayd Arthur ye encountred with hym / My lord Arthur said Launcelot ye putte vpon me that I shold ben cause of his departycyon / god knoweth hit was ageynste my wille / But whan men ben hote in dedes of armes ofte they hurte their frendes as wel as their foes / And my lord said sir launcelot ye shal vnderstande that sir Tristram is a man that I am loth to offende for he hath done for me more than euer I dyd for hym as yet / But thenne sir Launcelot made brynge forth a book and thence sir launcelot said / here we are ten Knyghtes that wil swere vpon a book neuer to reste one nyght where we rest another this twelue moneth vn tyl that we fynde syr Tristram / And as for me said syre Launcelot I promyse you vpon this book that and I may mete with hym / outhur with fayrenes or foulnesse I shalle brynge hym to this courte / or els I shalle dye therfore / And the names of these ten knyghtes that hadde vndertake this quest were these folowyng / Fyrst was sir Launcelot / syr Ector de Marys / syr Bors de ganys and Bleoberis and syre Blamor de ganys / and Lucan the botteler / syr Vwayne / syr Galyhud / Lyonel and Gaylodyn / Soo these x noble knyghtes departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / and soo they rode vpon their quest to gyders vntyl they came to a crosse where departed four wayes / and there departed the felauship in four to seke syr Tristram / And as syr launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with dame Brangwayn that was sent in to that countrey to seke sir Tristram / and she fled as faste as her palfrey myght goo / Soo sire Launcelot mette with her and asked her why she fledde /

¶ A fayre knyghte said dame Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyf / for here foloweth me syr Breuse saunce pyte to slee me / Hold you nyghe me sayd

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sir launcelot / Thenne whanne sire Launcelot sawe sir Breuse saunce pyte / syre launcelot cryed vnto hym / and said / fals knyght destroyer of ladyes and damoysels / now thy last dayes be come / Whanne sire Breuse saunce pyte sawe sire launcelots shelde he knewe hit wel / for at that tyme he bare not the armes of Cornewaile / but he bare his owne shelde / And thenne syre Breuse fled / and syr Tristram folowed after hym / But sir Breuse was soo wel horsed that whan hym lyst to flee he myght wel flee / and also abyde whan hym lyft / And thenne sire launcelot retorned vnto dame Brangwayne and she thanked hym of his grete labour /

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

NOW wille we speke of sir Lucan the buttelere that by fortune he came rydyng to the same place there as was syr Tristram / and in he came in none other entente / but to aske herberowe / thenne the porter asked what was his name / Telle your lord that my name is syr Lucan the botteler a knyghte of the round table / Soo the porter wente vnto syre Darras lord of the place / and told hym who was there to aske herborouȝ / Nay nay seid syr Daname that was neuewe to syr Darras / saye hym that he shalle not be lodged here / But lete hym wete that I syr Daname wyll mete with hym anon and bydde hym make hym redy / So sire Daname came forth on horsbak / and there they mette to gyders with speres / and sir Lucan smote doune syr Daname ouer his hors croupe / and thē he fledde in to that place / and sir Lucan rode after hym / & asked after hym many tymes / Thenne syr dynadan said to sire Tristram hit is shame to see the lordes cosyn of this place defoiled / Abyde said sir Tristram and I shalle redresse it / and in the meane whyle syr Dynadan was on horsbak and he Iustid with Lucan þe botteler / & ther sir lucan smote doune dynadāthurȝ the thyck of the thyghe / and soo he rode his way / and sire tristram was wrothe that sir Dynadan was hurte / & folowed after and thought to auenge hym / and within a whyle he ouertook sir lucan / and badde hym torne / and soo they mette to gyders soo that sire Tristram hurt sir Lucan passynge sore / and

leaf 200r

gaf hym a falle / With that came sire Vwayne a gentyl knyȝt And whanne he sawe fire Lucan soo hurte / he called syre tristram to Iuste with hym / Faire knyght said sire Tristram telle me your name I requyre

you / Syre knyghte wete ye wel my name is syre Vwayne le fyse de roy Vreyne / A saide sire Tristram by my wille I wold not haue adoo with you at no tyme / ye shalle not soo said sir Vwayne but ye shalle haue adoo with me / And thenne sire Tristram sawe none other boote but rode ageynst hym and ouerthrewe syr Vwayn and hurte hym in the syde / and soo he departed vnto his lodgyng ageyne / And whanne sire Dynadan vnderstood that syr Tristram had hurte sir Lucan / he wold haue ryden after syr Lucan for to haue slayne hym / but sir Tristram wold not suffre hym /

¶ Thenne syr Vwayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter / and brought sir Lucan to the abbey of Ganys / and the castel there by hyght the castel of Ganys / of the whiche syr Bleoberys was lord / And at that Castel sire launcelot promysed alle his felawes to mete in the quest of syr Tristram / Soo whan sir tristram was come to his lodgyng ther cam a damoysel þ^t told sir Darras that thre of his sones were slayne at that turnement and two greuously woūded that they were neuer lyke to helpe them self / And alle this was done by a noble knyghte that bare the black shelde / and that was he that bare the pryce /

¶ Thenne came there one and told syr Darras that the same knyght was within hym that bare the black sheld / Thenne sir Darras yede vnto sir Tristrams chamber / and there he fond his sheld shewed it to the damoysel / A syr said the damoysel that same is he / that slewe your thre sones / Thenne withoute ony taryenge sir Darras putte syre Tristram and syre Palomydes and syr Dynadan within a strong pryson / and there sir Tristram was lyke to haue dyed of grete sekenesse / and euery day syr Palomydes wold repreue sir Tristram of old hate betwixe them / And euer sir Tristram spak fayre and said lytel / But whan sir Palomydes sawe the fallynge of sekenesse of sir Tristram thenne was he heuy for hym / and comforted hym in alle the best wyse he coude / And as the Frensshe booke saith there came fourty knyghtes to sire Darras / that were of his owne kyn / and they wold haue slayne sire Tristram and

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his two felawes / but sire Darras wold not suffre that but kepte them in pryson / and mete and drynke they had / So sire Tristram endured there grete payne / for sekenesse had vndertake hym / and that is the grettest payne a prysoner maye haue For alle the whyle a prysoner may haue his helthe of body / he maye endure vnder the mercy of god and in hope of good delyueraunce / But whanne sekenes toucheth a prysoners body / thenne may a prysoner say al welthe is hym berafte / and thenne he hath cause to wayle and to wepe / Ryȝt so dyd syre Tristram whanne sekenes had vndertake hym / for thenne he tooke suche sorou that he had almost slayne hym self

¶ Capitulum xxxviiij

NOW wille we speke and leue sir Tristram / syre Palomydes / & syr Dynadan in pryson / and speke we of other knyghtes that soughte after syre Tristram many dyuerse partyes of this land / and some yede in to Cornewaile / and by aduenture syr Gaheryse neuewe vnto kyng Arthur came vnto Kynge Mark / and

there he was wel receyued / and satte atte kyng Marks owne table & ete of his owne messe /

¶ Thenne kyng Mark asked sir Gaheryse what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys / Syre said syr Gaheryse the Kyng regneth as a noble knyght / and now but late there was a grete Iustes and turnement as euer I sawe ony in the realme of Logrys / and the moost noble knyghtes were at that Iustes / But there was one knyght that dyd merueyllously thre dayes / and he bare a black shelde / and of alle knyghtes that euer I sawe he preued the best knyȝt / thenne said Kyng mark that was syre launcelot or syre palomydes the paynym / Not soo said syr Gaherys / for bothe syre launcelot and sire Palomydes were on the contrary party ageynst the Knyght with the blak shelde / thenne was it sir Tristram said the kyng / ye said sir Gaheryse And there with all the Kyng smote down his hede / & in his herte he feryd sore that syre Tristram shold gete hym suche worship in the Royame of Logrys / where thorou that he hym self shold not be able to withstande hym / Thus syre Gaheryse

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had grete chere with kyng Marke / and with quene la Beale Isoud the whiche was gladde of syr Gaheryse wordes / For wel she wist by his dedes and maners / that it was syr Tristram / And thenne the kyng made a feest Royal / and to that feest came sir Vwayne le fyse de roy Vreyne / and somme callid hym Vwayne le blanche maynys / And this syr Vwayn chalengyd alle the knyghtes of Cornewaile / Thenne was the kyng woode wroth that he had no knyghtes to ansuer hym / Thenne sire Andred neuewe vnto kyng Mark lepte vp and said I wille encountre with syr Vwayne / Thenne he yede and armed hym and horsed hym in the best maner / And there syre Vwayne mette with syre Andred and smote hym doune that he swouned on the erthe / Thenne was kyng Marke sory and wrothe oute of mesure that he had no knyghte to reuenge his neuewe sir Andred / Soo the kyng called vnto hym syr Dynas the seneschal / and praid hym for his sake to take vpon hym to Iuste with sir Vwayne / Syr said syr Dynas I am ful lothe to haue adoo with ony knyght of the round table / yet said the kyng for my loue take vpon the to Iuste / Soo syr Dynas made hym redy / and anone they encountred to gyders with grete speres / but sire Dynas was ouerthrowen hors and man a grete falle / who was wrothe but kyng Marke / Allas he said haue I no knyght that wille encountre with yonder knyghte Syr said sir Gaheryse for your sake I wille Iuste / So sir Gaherys made hym redy / and whanne he was armed he rode in to the felde / And whanne sir Vwayne sawe syr Gaheryses sheld he rode to hym and said / sir ye doo not youre parte / For sire the fyrst tyme ye were made Knyght of the round table ye sware that ye shold not haue a do with your felauship wetyngly And par dy sir Gaheryse ye knewe me wel ynouȝ by my shelde & so do I knowe you by your sheld / and thouȝ ye wold breke your othe / I wold not breke myn / for there is not one here nor ye that shall thynke I am aferd of yow / but I durst ryght wel haue adoo with you / and yet we be sister sones / Thenne was sir Gaheryse ashamed / and soo there with alle euery knyght wente their way / and sir Vwayne rode in to the countrey / Thenne kyng mark armed hym and tooke his hors and his spere with a squyer with hym / And thenne he rode afore sir

Vwayne / and sodenly at a gap he ranne vpon hym as he that was not ware of hym / and there he smote hym al most thurgh the body / and there lefte hym / So within a whyle there cam sir Kay / and fonde sir Vwayne / and asked hym how he was hurte / I wote not said sir Vwayne why nor wherfore / but by treason I am sure I gat this hurte / for here came a knyghte sodenly vpon me or that I was ware / and sodenly hurte me /

¶ Thenne there was come syre Andred to seke kynge Marke

¶ Thou traytour knyght said sir kay / and I wiste it were thou that thus traitourly hast hurte this noble knyghte / thow sholdest neuer passe my handes / Syre saide sir Andred I dyd neuer hurte hym / and that I wylle reporte me to hym self / Fy on you fals knyghtes said syr kay / for ye of Cornewaile ar nought worthe / Soo syr kay made cary syr Vwayne to the abbay of the black Crosse / and there he was helyd / And thenne syr Gaherys took his leue of kynge Mark / But or he departed he sayd / syre kynge ye dyd a foule shame vnto you & your Courte whan ye bannysshed sir Tristram out of this coūtrei / for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght and he had ben here / and soo he departed

¶ Capitulum xxxix

Thenne there came syre kay the Seneschal vnto kynge Marke / and there he hadde good chere shewyng outward / Now sayre lordes said he wille ye preue ony aduenture in the forest of Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hard an aduenture as I knowe ony / Syr said sir kay / I wille preue hit / And sir Gaheryse said he wold be auysed For kynge Mark was euer ful of treason / and there with al syr Gaheryse departed and rode his waye / And by the same waye that syre Kay shold ryde / he leyd hym doune to reste chargynge his squyer to wayte vpon sir kay / and warne me whanne he cometh / Soo within a whyle sir kay came rydyng that way / and thenne sir Gaheryse tooke his hors and met hym and sayd sire kay ye are not wyse to ryde at the request of kynge Mark for he deleth alle with treason / Thenne said sire kay I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture / I shal not fayle

you said sir Gaherys / and soo they rode that tyme tyl a lake / that was that tyme called the peryllous lake / And there they abode vnder the shawe of the wood /

¶ The meane whyle kyng Marke within the castel of Tyntagyl auoyded alle his barōs & alle other sauf suche as were pruy with hym / were auoyded oute of his chamber / And thenne he lete calle his neuwe sir Andred / and badde arme hym and horse hym lyghtely / & by that tyme it was mydnyght /

And soo kynge Marke was armed in blak hors and alle / and soo att a pryuy posterne they two yssued oute with their varlets with them / and rode tylle they came to that lake / Thenne sir Kay aspyed them fyrst and gat his spere / and profered to Iuste / And kynge Mark rode ageynst hym / and smote eche other ful hard / for the mone shone as the bryght day / And there at that Iustes sir Kayes hors fylle doune / for his hors was not so bygge as the kynges hors and sir kayes hors brysed hym ful sore / Thenne sire Gaherys was wrothe that sir kay had a falle / Thenne he cryed knyght sytte thou fast in thy sadel / for I wille reuenge my felawe / Thenne kynge Marke was aferd of syr Gaherys / and so with euyl wyll kynge Marke rode ageynst hym / and sir Gaherys gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle doun / So thenne forth with all syr Gaheryse ranne vnto syr Andred and smote hym from his hors quyte that his helme smote in the erthe / and nyhe had broken his neck / And there with al syr Gaherys alyghte and gate vp sir Kay / And thenne they yode bothe on foote to them / and badde them yelde them / and telle their names other they shold dye / Thenne with grete payne sire Andred spak fyrst & said hit is kynge Marke of Cornewaile / therfore be ye ware what ye do / and I am sir Andred his cosyn / Fy on you bothe said sir Gaheryse for a fals traitour / and fals treason hast thou wrou3t / and he both vnder the fayned chere that ye made vs / it were pyte said sir Gaherys that thou sholdest lyue ony lenger / Saue my lyf said kynge Marke and I wil make amendys & consyder that I am a kynge anoynted / it were the more shame said sir Gaherys to saue thy lyf / thou arte a kynge enoynted with creme / and therefore thou sholdest holde with alle men of worship / And therfor thou arte worthy to dye / With that he lashed at kyng Mark without sayeng ony more &

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couerd hym with his sheld and defended hym as he myghte / and thenne sir kay lashed at sir Andred / and there with all kynge Marke yelded hym vnto syr Gaherys / And thenne he kneled adoune / and made his othe vpon the crosse of the suerd that neuer whyle he lyued he wold be ageynst arraunt knyghtes / And also he sware to be good Frende vnto sir Tristram / yf euer he came in to Cornewaile / By thenne sir Andred was on the erthe / and sir Kay wold haue slayne hym / lete be said sir Gaherys / slee hym not I pray you / It were pyte said syre kay that he shold lyue ony lenger / for this is nygh cosyn vnto syr Tristram / and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym / & by hym he was exyled oute of Cornewaile / and therfor I will slee hym sayd sir Kay / ye shalle not said Gaherys sythen I haue gyuen the kynge his lyf / I pray you yeue hym his lyf / and there with alle sir Kay lete hym goo / And soo sir Kay and syre Gaherys rode their way vnto Dynas the Seneschal for by cause they herd say that he loued wel sir Tristram / Soo they reposed them there / and soone after they rode vnto the royaume of Logrys / And soo within a lytel whyle they mette with sire Launcelot that alweyes had dame Bragwayn with hym / to that entente / he wende to haue mette the sooner with sir Tristram / and syr launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornewaile / and whether they herd of sir Tristram or not / Syr Kay and sir Gaherys ansuerd and said that they herd not of hym Thenne they told sir launcelot word by word of their aduenture / Thenne syr launcelot smyled and said / hard hit is to take oute of the flesshe that is bred in the bone / and soo maade hem mery to gyders

¶ Capitulum xl

NOW leue we of this tale / and speke we of syr dynas that had within the castel a peramour / and she loued another knyghte better than hym / And so whanne syr Dynas wente oute on huntynge / she slypped doune by a tuell / And took with her two brachets / and soo she yede to the knyght that she loued / and he her ageyne /

¶ And whanne sir

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Dynas come home / and myst his peramour and his brachets thenne was he the more wrother for his Brachets than for the lady / Soo thenne he rode after the knyght that had his peramour and badde hym torne and Iuste / So syr Dynas smote hym doune that with the falle he brake his legge and his arme / And thenne his lady and peramour cryed sire Dynas mercy / and said she wold loue hym better than euer she dyd / Nay said sir Dynas I shalle neuer truste them that ones bytrayed me / and therfor as ye haue begonne so ende / for I wyll neuer medle with you / And so sir Dynas departed and tooke his brachets with hym / and soo rode to his castel / Now wil we torne vnto sir launcelot that was ryght heuy that he coude neuer here no tydynges of sir Tristram / for al this whyle he was in pryson with sir Darras / Palomydes / & Dynadan / Thenne dame Brangwayne took her leue to goo in to Cornewaile and syr launcelot / syr kay / & syr Gaherys rode to seke sir Tristram in the countrey of Surleuse / Now speketh this tale of sir tristram and of his two felawes / for euery daye syre Palomydes brauled and sayd langage ageynst syr Tristram I merueyle said sir Dynadan of the syr Palomydes / and thou haddest syre Tristram here / thou woldest do hym no harme / For and a wolf and a shepe were to gyders in a pryson / the wolf wold suffre the sheep to be in pees / and wete thou wel said sire Dynadan this same is sire Tristram at a word / and now maist thou doo thy best with hym / & lete see now yf ye can skyfte it with your handes / thenne was sire Palomydes abasshed and said lytyl/ syr Palomydes thenne said syr Tristram / I haue herd moche of your maugre ageynst me / but I wille not medle with you as at this tyme by my wille / by cause I drede the lord of this place that hath vs in gouernaunce / for and I dredde hym not more than I doo the / soone hit shold be skyfte / soo they peaced them self / Ryght soo came in a damoyssel and said knyghtes be of good chere for ye are sure of your lyues / and that I herd say my lord syre Darras / Thenne were they gladde alle thre / For dayly they wende they shold haue dyed /

¶ Thenne soone after this syr Tristram fylle seke that he wende to haue dyed / thenne syr Dynadan wepte / and soo dyd sire Palomydes vnder them bothe makyng grete sorou /

¶ Soo a damoyssel

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came in to them and fonde them mornynge / Thenne she wente vnto sire Darras / and told hym how that myghty knyghte that bare the black shelde was lykely to dye / That shalle not be sayd sir Darras / for god defende whanne Knyghtes come to me for socour that I shold suffre hem to dye within my pryson / Therfor said sir Darras to the damoyssel / fetch that knyȝt and his felawes afore me / And thenne anone sir Darras sawe sir Tristram brought afore hym / he said sire Knyghte me repenteth of thy sekenesse / for thou arte called a ful noble knyght / and soo hit semeth by the / And wete ye wel it shall neuer be said that syr Darras shalle destroye suche a noble knyght as thou arte in pryson / how be hit / that thou hast slayn / iij of my sones / where by I was gretely agreued / But now shalt thou goo and thy felawes / and youre harneis & horses haue ben fayre and clene kepte / and ye shall goo where hit lyketh you vpon this couenaunt / that thou Knyght wilt promyse me to be good frende to my sones two that ben now on lyue / and also that thou telle me thy name / Syr said he as for me my name is sir Tristram de Lyones / and in Cornewaile was I born and neuewe I am vnto Kynge Marke / And as for the deth of your sones I myght not doo with alle / For and they had ben the next kyn þ^t I haue / I myȝt haue done none other wyse / And yf I had slayne hem by treason or trechery I hadde ben worthy to haue dyed / Alle this I consyder said syr Darras / that alle that ye dyd was by force of knyghthode / and that was the cause I wold not putte you to deth / But sythe ye be syr Tristram the good knyght I pray you hertely to be my good frend and to my sones / Syr said sire Tristram I promyse yow by the feithe of my body euer whyle I lyue I wille do yow seruyse / for ye haue done to vs but as a naturel Knyghte ought to doo / Thenne sir Tristram reposed hym there tyl that he was amended of his sekenesse / And whanne he was bygge and stronge / they took their leue / and euery knyght took their horses and soo departed and rode to gyders tyl they came to a crosse way / Now felawes said syr Tristram here wylle we departe in sondry wayes / and by cause sire Dynadan hadde the fyrst aduenture of hym I wille begynne

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¶ Capitulum xlii

SOo as sir Dynadan rode by a welle / he fond a lady makynge grete dole / what eyleth you said sir Dynadan Syre knyght said the lady I am the wofullest lady of the world / for within these fyue dayes / here came a knyght called sir Breuse saunce pyte / and he slewe myn owne broder / And euer syns he hath kepte me at his owne will / and of al men in the world I hate hym moost / And therfor I requyre you of knyghthode to auenge me / for he wille not tary but be here anone / Lete hym come said sire Dynadan / And by cause of honour of alle wymmen I wylle doo my parte / With this cam syr Breuse / And whan he sawe a Knyght with his lady / he was wood wrothe / And thenne he said sir Knyght kepe the from me / soo they hurled to gyder as thonder / and eyther smote other passynge sore / But syre

Dynadan putte hym thurgh the sholder a greuous wounde / and or euer sir Dynadan myght torne hym syr Breuse was gone and fledde / Thenne the lady prayd hym to brynge her to a Castel there besyde but four myle thens / and soo sir Dynadan brought her there / & she was welcome / for the lord of that castel was her vnkel / and soo syre Dynadan rode his way vpon his aduenture / Now torne we this tale vnto syre Tristram that by aduenture he cam to a castel to aske lodgyng / wherin was quene Morgan le fay / & soo whan sire Tristram was lete into that castel / he had good chere alle that nyght / And vpon the morne whan he wold haue departed / the Quene said / wete ye wel ye shall not departe lyghtely / for ye are here as a prysoner / Ihesu defende said syr Tristram / for I was but late a prysoner / Fayr knyght sayd the quene ye shalle abyde with me tyl that I wete what ye ar and from whens ye come / And euer the Quene wold set syr Tristram on her owne syde / and her peramour on the other syde / And euer Quene Morgan wold beholde syr Tristram / & ther at the knyght was Ialous / and was in wille sodenly to haue ronne vpon syr Tristram with a swerd / but he lefte it for shame / thene the quene said to sir Tristram telle me thy name &

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I shalle suffre you to departe whan ye will / vpon that couenaunt I telle you my name is syr Tristram de lyones / A sayd Morgan le fay / and I had wyst that thou sholdest not haue departed soo soone as thou shalt / But sythen I haue maade a promyse / I wille holde hyt / with that thou wilt promyse me to bere vpon the a shelde that I shall delyuer the / vnto the castel of the hard roche where kynge Arthur had cryed a grete turnement / and there I pray you that ye wille be / and to doo for me as moche dedes of armes as ye maye doo / For att the Castel of maydens syr Tristram ye dyd merueillous dedes of armes as euer I herd knyght doo / Madame said syr Tristram lete me see the shelde that I shalle bere / Thenne the shelde was brought forth / and the feld was guldyssh with a kynge and a quene therin paynted / and a knyght standynge aboue them vpon the kynges hede / and the other vpon the quenes / Madame said sir Tristram this is a fayre shelde and a myȝty But what sygnefyeth this kynge and this quene / and that knyght standynge vp bothe their hedes / I shalle telle you said Morgan le fay hit sygnefyeth kynge Arthur and quene gueneuer and a knyght that holdeth them both in bondage and in seruage / who is that knyght said syre Tristram / that shalle ye not wete as at this tyme / said the quene / but as the Frensshe book saith Quene Morgan le fay loued sir launcelot best / and euer she desyred hym / and he wold neuer loue her / nor doo no thyng at her request / and therfor she held many Knyghtes to gyder / for to haue taken hym by strengthe / And by cause she demed that syr Launcelot loued Quene Gueneuer peramour / and she hym ageyne / therefore Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned that sheld to put sir launcelot to a rebuke to that entent that kyng Arthur myght vnderstande the loue bitwene them / Thenne sir Tristram took that sheld and promysed her to bere hit atte turnement at the castel of the hard roche / But sir Tristram knewe not that that sheld was ordeyned ageynst syr launcelot / but afterward he knewe hit

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SOo thenne sire Tristram took his leue of the Quene / and took the sheld with hym / Thenne came the knyȝte that helde Quene Morgan le fay / his name was syre Hymeson / and he made hym redy to folowe syre Tristram / fayr frende said Morgan le fay ryde not after that knyght / for ye shalle not wyne no worship of hym / Fy on hym coward saide sire Hemyson / for I wyst neuer good knyghte come oute of Cornewaile / but yf hit were syr Tristram de Lyones / what & that be he said she / Nay nay said he / he is with la beale Isoud and this is but a daffyssh knyght / Allas my fair frende ye shalle fynde hym the best knyght that euer ye mette with alle / For I knowe hym better than ye doo / for your sake said sir Hemyson I shalle slee hym / A fayr frende said the Quene me repenteth that ye wylle folowe that knyght / for I fere me sore of youre ageyne comynge / with this / this knyghte rodd his waye woode wrothe / and he rode after syr Tristram as fast as he hadde ben chaced with knyghtes / Whanne sir Tristram herd a knyghte come after hym soo fast / he retorned aboute / and sawe a knyȝt comynge ageynst hym / And whanne he came nyghe to sir Tristram / he cryed on hyghe syr knyght kepe the from me / Thenne they rasshed to gyders as hit had ben thonder / and sir Hemyson brysed his spere vpon syr Tristram / but his harneis was soo good that he myght not hurte hym / And syre Trystram smote hym harder and bare hym thorou the body / and fylle ouer his hors croupe / Thenne sire Tristram torned to haue done more with his swerd / but he sawe soo moche blood go from hym that hym semed he was lykely to deye / And so he departed from hym / and came to a fayre manoyre to an old knyȝt and there syre Tristram lodged

[Capitulum xliij]

¶ Now leue to speke of sir Tristram / and speke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe / thenne his varlet alyght and took of his helme / and thenne he asked his lord whether there were only lyf in hym / there is in me lyf saide the knyghte but hit is but lytyl / and therefore lepe thou vp behynde me / whan thou hast holpen me vp / and holde me fast that I falle not / and brynge me to Quene Morgan le fay / for depe drauȝtes of dethe drawn to my herte that I may not lyue / for I wold fayne speke with her or I dyed / For els my soule wyll

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be in grete perylle and I dye / for with grete payne his varlet brought hym to the Castel / and there syr Hemyson fylle doun dede / whanne Morgan le fay sawe hym dede / she made grete sorou oute of reason / And thenne she lete despoyle hym vnto his shyrte / and soo she lete hym putte in to a tombe / And aboute the tombe she lete wryte / Here lyeth syr Hemyson slayne by the handes of sire Tristram de lyones /

¶ Now torne we vnto syre Tristram that asked the knyght his hoost yf he sawe late ony knyghtes aduenturous / Sir he said the last nyght here lodged with me Ector de marys and a damoyssel with hym / and that damoyssel told me that he was one of the best knyghtes of the world / that is not soo said sir Tristram / for I knowe four better knyghtes of his owne blood / and the fyrst is syr launcelot du lake / calle hym the best knyght / and sir Bors de ganys Syr Bleoberys / syr Blamor de ganys and syr Gaheris / nay said his hoost / sir Gawayne is a better knyght than he / that is not soo said syr Tristram / for I haue mette with hem bothe / & I felte syr Gaherys for the better knyght and sir Lamorak I calle hym as good as ony of them / excepte sir launcelot / Why name ye not sir Tristram said his hoost / for I accompte hym as good as ony of them / I knowe not sire Tristram said tristram / thus they talked and bourded as longe as them lyst / and thenne wente to reste / And on the morne sir Tristram departed and took his leue of his hoost / and rode toward the roche deure / and anone aduenture had sire Tristram but that / & soo he rested not tyl he came to the castel where he sawe fyue C tentys

¶ Capitulum xliiij

Thenne the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland helde ageynst kynge Arthurs knyghtes / and there beganne a grete medle / So came in syr Tristram and dyd merueillous dedes of armes / for there he smote doune many knyȝtes / And euer he was afore kynge Arthur with that shelde / And whanne kynge Arthur sawe that shelde / he meruyllled gretely in what entente hit was made / but Quene Gueneuer demed as it was wherfor she was heuy / Thēne was ther a

leaf 206r

damoyssel of Quene Morgan in a chamber by kynge Arthur / And whan she herd kynge Arthur speke of that shelde / thēne she spak openly vnto kynge Arthur / syre kynge wete ye well this sheld was ordeyned for you to warne you of your shame and dishonour / and that longeth to you and your Quene / And thenne anone that damoyssel pyked her away pryuely / that no man wyst where she was become / Thenne was kynge Arthur sadde and wrothe and asked from whens came that damoyssel / there was not one that knewe her / nor wyste where she was become / Thenne Quene Gueneuer called to her sir Ector de marys / and there she made her complaynte to hym / and said I wote wel this sheld was made by Morgan le fay / in despyte of me and sir Launcelot / wherfore I drede me sore lest I shold be destroyed / And euer the kynge bihelde syre Tristram that dyd soo merueillous dedes of armes that he wōdred sore what knyght he myght be / and wel he wyst hit was not syr launcelot / And hit was told hym that syr Tristram was in petyte Bretayne with Isoud la blaunche maynys / for he demyd and he had ben in the realme of Logrys / syr launcelot or somme of his felawes that were in the quest of syr Tristram that they shold haue fond hym or that tyme / So kyng Arthur had merueylle what knyght he myghte be / And euer syr Arthurs eye was on that shelde / Alle that aspyed the Quene / and that made her sore aferd / Thenne euer syr Tristram smote doune knyghtes wonderly to beholde what vpon the ryght hand and

vpon the lyfte hand that vnnethe no knyȝt myght withstande hym / And the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irland beganne to withdrawe hem / Whanne Arthur aspyed that / he thought that that Knyght with the straunge sheld shold not escape hym / Thenne he called vnto hym syre Vwayn la blaunche maynys / and bad hym arme hym and make hym redy / Soo anone kynge Arthur and sir Vwayne dressid them bifore sir Tristram and requyred hym to telle hem where he had that shelde / Syr he said I had it of Quene Morgan le fay sister vnto kynge Arthur

¶ Soo here endeth this history of this book / for it is the firste book of sire Tristram de Iyones / and the second book of sir tristram foloweth

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¶ here begynneth the second book of sire Tristram / how syre Tristram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Vwayne / by cause he wold not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made / But to say the sothe sire Tristram coude not telle the cause / for he knewe it not

¶ The tenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

ANd yf so be ye can descryue what ye bere / ye ar worthy to bere the armes / As for that said syr Tristram I wille ansuere you / this sheld was yeuen me / not desyred / of quene Morgan le fay And as for me I can not descryue these armes for it is no poynt of my charge / and yet I truste to god to bere hem with worship / Truly sayd kynge Arthur ye oughte not to bere none armes / but yf ye wist what ye bare / But I pray you telle me youre name / to what entente said syre Tristram / for I wold wete said Arthur / Syre ye shalle not wete as at this tyme / thenne shalle ye and I doo bataille to gyders sayd Kyng Arthur / why said syre Tristram wylle ye doo bataille with me but yf I telle you my name / and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worship / for ye haue sene me thys day haue had grete traueylle / And therefore ye are a vylaynous knyght to aske bataille of me consyderynge my grete traueylle / how be hit I wyl not fayle you / and haue ye no doubte that I feare not you / though ye thynke ye haue me atte a grete auauntage / yet shalle I ryght wel endure you / And there with all kynge Arthur dressid his shelde and his spere and syre Tristram ageynst hym / and they came soo egerly to gyders / And there kynge Arthur brake his spere all to pyeces vpon syr Tristrams shelde / But sir Tristram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe / And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a peryllous / Thenne whanne sir Vwayne sawe his lord Arthur lye on the ground sore wounded he was passynge heuy / And thenne he dressid his shelde and his spere / and cryed

alowde vnto syr Tristram and said knyght defende the / So they came to gyder as thonder / and syr Vwayne brysed his spere / alle to pyeces vpon syre Tristrams shelde / and syre Tristram smote hym harder and sorer with suche a myȝt that he bare hym clene oute of his sadel to the erthe / with that syr Tristram torned aboute and said Fair knyghtes / I had no nede to Iuste with you / for I haue had ynough to doo this daye / Thenne arose Arthur / and wente to syr Vwayn and said to sire Tristram we haue as we haue deserued / For thurgh our orgulyte we demaunded bataille of you / and yet we knewe not youre name / Neuertheles by seynt crosse said syre Vwayne he is a stronge knyght at myn aduyse as ony is now lyuyng / Thenne sir Tristram departed / and in euery place he asked & demaunded after sir Launcelot / but in no place he coude not here of hym whether he were dede or on lyue / wherfor sir tristram made grete dole and sorowe / Soo syr Tristram rode by a forest and there was he ware of a fayre toure by a mareyse on that one syde / and on that other syde a fayr medowe / And there he sawe ten knyghtes fyghtyng to gyder / And euer the nere he came / he sawe how ther was but one knyght dyd bataille ageynst nyne knyghtes / and that one dyd soo merueyllously that syre Tristram had grete wonder that euer one knyȝt myght doo soo grete dedes of armes / and thenne within a lytell whyle he had slayne half their horfes / and vnhorsed them / and their horses ranne in the feldes and foreste / Thenne syre Tristram had soo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured soo grete payne / and euer he thought hit shold be syr palomydes by his shelde / and soo he rode vnto the knyghtes and cryed vnto them / and bad them seace of their bataille / for they did them self grete shame soo many knyghtes to fyghte with one / Thenne ansuerd the maister of tho knyghtes / his name was called Breuse saunce pyte that was atte that tyme the mooste meschyeuoust knyght lyuyng / and said thus / syr knyȝt what haue ye ado with vs to medle / And therfor and ye be wyse / departe on your way as ye cam / for this knyghte shalle not escape vs / that were pyte said syr Tristram that soo good a knyght as he is shold be slayne soo cowardly / And therefore I warne you I will socoure hym with all my puyssaunce

¶ Capitulum secundum

SO syre Tristram alyghte of his hors by cause they were on foote that they shold not slee his hors / And thence dressid his sheld with his swerd in his hand / and he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand passyng sore that wel nygh at euery stroke he strake down a knyght / And when they aspyed his strokes / they fled all with Breuse saunce pyte vnto the toure / & sir Tristram folowed fast after with his suerd in his hand / but they escaped in to the toure / and shytted sire Tristram withoute the gate /

¶ And whanne sire Tristram sawe this / he retorned abak vnto syr Palomydes / and fond hym syttyng vnder a tree sore wounded / A faire knyght saide syre Tristram wel be ye fonde / Gramercy said sir palomydes of your grete goodenes / for ye haue rescowed me of my lyf and saued me from my dethe /

what is your name said sir Tristram / he said my name is syr Palomydes / O Ihesu said syr Tristram; thou hast a fayre grace of me this daye / that I shold rescowe the / and thou arte the man in the world that I mooste hate / but now make the redy / for I will doo bataille with the / what is your name sayd palomydes / my name is sir Tristram your mortal enemy / hit may be soo said sir palomydes / But ye haue done ouer moche for me this day that I shold fyghte with you / for in as moche as ye haue saued my lyf / hit wille be no worship for you to haue adoo with me / for ye are fressh and I am wounded sore / And therfor and ye wille nedes haue ado with me / Assigne me a day and thenne I shal mete with you withoute fayle / ye saye wel said sir Tristram / Now I assigne you to mete me in the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot / where Merlyon sette the peron / soo they were agreed / Thenne sir Tristram asked syr Palomydes why the ten knyghtes dyd bataill with hym / for this cause said sir palomydes / as I rode vp myn aduentures in a forest here besyde / I aspyed where laye a dede Knyght / and a lady wepynge besyde hym / And whanne I sawe her makynge suche dole / I asked her who slewe her lorde

¶ Syre she said the falsest knyght of the world now lyuyng and he is the moost vylayne that euer man herd speke of /

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and his name is sir Breuse saunce pyte / thenne for pyte I made the damoyssel to lepe on her palfroy / and I promysed her to be her waraunt / and to helpe her to entyere her lord / And soo sodenly as I came rydyng by this toure / there came oute syr Breuse saunce pyte / and sodenly he strake me from my hors / And thenne or I myghte recouer my hors / this sir Breuse slewe the damoyssel / and soo I took my hors ageyne / and I was sore ashamed / and so beganne the medle betwixe vs / and this is the cause wherfore we dyd this bataille / Well said sir tristram now I vnderstande the maner of your bataiylle / but in ony wyse haue remembraunce of your promyse that ye haue made with me to doo bataille with me this day fourtenyght / I shal not fayle you said sir Palomydes / wel said sir Tristram as at this tyme I wille not fayle you tyl that ye be oute of the daunger of your enemyes / So they mounted vpon theyr horses / & rode to gyders vnto that foreste / and there they fond a fayre welle / with clere water burbelynge / fayr sir said sir Tristram to drynke of that water haue I courage / and thenne they alyght of their horses / And thenne were they ware by them where stood a grete hors teyed to a tree / and euer he neyhed And thenne were they ware of a fayr knyght armed vnder a tree lackyng no pyece of harneis saue his helme lay vnder his heede / By the good lord said sir Tristram yonder lyeth a wel farynge knyght / what is best to doo / Awake hym said sir palomydes / so sir Tristram awaked hym with the but of his spere / And soo the knyght arose vp hastely and putte his helme vpon his hede / and gat a grete spere in his hand / and without ony moo wordes he hurled vnto sir Tristram / and smote hym clene from his sadel to the erthe / and hurte hym on the lyfte syde that sir Tristram lay in grete perylle / Thenne he walopped ferther / and sette [correction; sic = fette] his cours / and came hurlyng vpon sir palomydes / and there he strake hym a parte thorou the body that he fylle from his hors to the erthe /

¶ And thenne this straunge knyght left them there / and took his way thurgh the foreste / With this sir

Palomydes and sire Tristram were on foote and gat their horses ageyn / and eyther asked counceyll of other / what was best to done / By my hede said sir Tristram I wyll folowe this strong knyght that thus hath shamed vs /

¶ Well

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said sir Palomydes / & I wylle repose me here by with a frend of myn / Beware said sire Tristram vnto Palomydes that ye fayle not that day ye haue set with me to do bataill / for as I deme ye wille not hold your day / for I am moche bygger than ye / As for that said sir Palomydes / be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not / For and I be not seke nor prysoner I wil not fayle you / But I haue cause to haue moche more doubte of you that ye wille not mete with me / for ye ryde after yonder strong knyght / And yf ye mete with hym / hit is an hard aduenture and euer ye escape his handes / Ryght soo sir Tristram and sir Palomydes departed / and eyther took their wayes dyuerse

¶ Capitulum iij

AND so syre Tristram rode longe after this stronge knyght / And at the laste he sawe where lay a lady ouerthwarte a dede knyght / Faire lady said sir Tristram who hath slayne your lord / Syr she said here came a knyght rydyng as my lord and I rested vs here / and asked hym of whens he was / and my lord said of Arthurs courte / therfore said the stronge knyght I wille Iuste with the / for I hate alle these that ben of Arthurs Courte / And my lord that lyeth here dede amounted vpon his hors / and the stronge knyght and my lord encountred to gyder / and there he smote my lord thorough oute with his spere / and thus he hath broughte me in grete woo and dammage / That me repenteth said sire Tristram of your grete anger / and hit please you / telle me your husbandes name / syr said she his name was Galardoun that wold haue preued a good knyghte / Soo departed sir Tristram from that dolorous lady and hadde moche euylle lodgyng / Thenne on the thyrdd day syr Tristram mette with syr Gawayne and with sir Bleoberys in a forest at a lodge and eyther were sore wounded / Thenne syre Tristram asked syr Gawayne and syr Bleoberys yf they met with suche a Knyghte with suche a cognoyssaunce with a keuerd shelde / Faire syr said these knyghtes suche a knyght met with vs to oure grete damage / & fyrst he smote doune my felawe syre Bleoberys & sore woūded

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hym / by cause he badde me I shold not haue ado with hym For why he was ouer stronge for me / That

strong knyght toke his wordes at scorne and said he said it for mockery / And thenne they rode to gyders / and soo he hurte my felawe / And whan he had done so / I myght not for shame / but I must Iuste with hym / And at the fyrst course he smote me doune / and my hors to the erthe / And there he had al moost slayne me / and from vs he took his hors / and departed / and in an euyll tyme we mette with hym / Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram soo he mette with me / and with another knyght that hyght Palomydes / and he smote vs bothe doune with one spere / and hurt vs ryght sore / By my feythe said sir Gawayne by my counceil ye shalle lete hym passe / and seke hym no ferther / for at the nexte feest of the round table vpon payne of my hede ye shalle fynde hym there / By my feythe said sir Tristram I shall neuer reste tyl that I fynde hym / And thenne sir Gawayne asked hym his name / thenne he said my name is sir Tristram / and so eyther told other their names / and thenne departed syr Tristram / and rode his way / And by fortune in a medowe sire Tristram mette with sir Kay the seneschal and sir Dynadan / What tydynges with you said sir Tristram with you Knyghtes / Not good said these knyghtes / why soo said sir Tristram I praye you telle me / for I ryde to seke a knyght / what cognoyssaunce bereth he said sir Kay / He bereth said sir Tristram a couerd sheld close with clothe / By my hede said sir Kay that is the same Knyght that mette with vs / for this nyght we were lodged within a wydowes hous / and there was that knyght lodged / And whanne he wyst we were of Arthurs court / he spak grete vylonye by the kynge / and specially by the Quene Gueneuer /

¶ And thenne on the morne was waged bataille with hym for the cause / And at the fyrst recoūtre said sir kay he smote me doune from my hors / and hurte me passynge fore / And whanne my felawe syr Dynadan sawe me smyten doune and hurte / he wold not reuenge me / but fledde from me / And thus is he departed / And thenne sir Tristram asked them theyr names / and soo eyther told other their names / And soo syre Tristram departed from syr kay / and from sir Dynodan / and so he past thurgh a grete forest in to a playne tyl he was ware

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of a pryory / and there he reposed hym with a good man fyxe dayes

¶ Capitulum quartum

AND thenne he sente his man that hyght Gouvernaile / & commaunded hym to goo to a Cyte there by to fetche hym newe harneis / for hit was long tyme afore that / that syre Tristram had ben refreshed / his harneis was brysed & broken And whanne Gouvernaile his seruaunt was come with his apparail / he toke his leue at the wydowe / and mounted vpon his hors / and rode his way erly on the morne / And by sodeyn aduenture syr Tristram mette with sir Sagamore le desyrus / & with syre Dodynas le saueage / And these two knyghtes mette with syre Tristram and questyoned with hym / and asked hym yf he wold Iuste with hem / Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram with a good wylle I wold Iuste with you / But I haue promysed at a day sette nere hand to do bataille with a strong knyght / And therefore I am lothe to haue

adoo with you / for and hit mysfortuned me here to be hurte I shold not be able to doo my bataille / whiche I promysed / As for that said Sagramor maulgre your hede ye shalle Iuste with vs / or ye passe from vs / well said syr Tristram / yf ye enforce me therto I must doo what I may / And thenne they dressid their sheldes / and came rennyng to gyder with grete yre / But thurgh syr Tristrams grete force he strake syr Sagramor from his hors / Thenne he hurled his hors ferther / and said to sir Dodynas / knyȝte make the redy / and soo thorou fyne force syre Tristram strake Dodynas from his hors / And whanne he sawe hem lye on the erthe / he took his brydel / and rode forth on his way and his man Gouvernaile with hym / Anone as sir Tristram was paste syr Sagamore and sir Dodynas gate ageyne their horses / & mounted vp lyghtely and folowed after sir Tristram / And whan syre Tristram sawe them come soo fast after hym / he retorned with his hors to them / and asked them what they wold Hit is not longe ago sythen I smote you to the erthe at your owne request / and desyre / I wold haue ryden by you / but ye wold not suffre me / and now me semeth ye wold doo more bataille with me / That is trouthe said sire Sagamore and syre

leaf 210r

Dodynas / for we wille be reuengyd of the despyte ye haue done to vs / Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram that shall lytyl nede you / for all that I dyd to you / ye caused hit / wherfore I requyre you of your knyghthode leue me as at this tyme / for I am sure and I doo bataille with you I shalle not escape with oute grete hurtes / and as I suppose ye shalle not escape alle lotles / And this is the cause why I am soo loth to haue ado with you / For I must fyghte within these thre dayes with a good knyght and as valyaunt as ony is now lyuyng / and yf I be hurte I shalle not be able to doo bataille with hym / What Knyght is that said sir Sagramor that ye shalle fyghte with alle / Syrs said he it is a good knyght called sir Palomydes / By my hede said sir Sagramor and sire Dodynas ye haue cause to drede hym / for ye shall fynde hym a passyng good knyght / and a valyaunt / And by cause ye shalle haue ado with hym / we wille forbere you as at this tyme / and els ye shold not escape vs lyghtely / But fayr knyght said sir Sagramour telle vs your name / Syr said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones / A said Sagramor and sir Dodynas well be ye fonde / for moche worship haue we herd of you / And thenne eyther took leue of other / and departed on their way /

¶ Capitulum v

Thenne departed sire Tristram and rode streyghte vnto Camelot to the Peron that Merlyn had made to fore where sire Lancyor that was the Kynges sone of Irland was slayne by the handes of Balyn / and in that same place was a fayr lady Columbe slayn that was loue vnto sir Lanceor for after he was dede she took his suerd and threst hit thorou her body / And by the crafte of Merlyn he made to entiere this knyght Lanceor and his lady Columbe vnder one stone / And at that tyme Merlyon profecyed / that in that same place shold fyghte two the best knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes / and the best louers /

¶ Soo whanne syre Tristram came to the tombe where lancyor and his lady were buryed / he

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loked aboute hym after sir Palomydes / Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came rydyng ageynst hym all in whyte / with a couerd shelde / Whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he said on hyghe ye be welcome syr Knyght / and wel and truly haue ye hold your promyse / And thenne they dressid their sheldes and speres / and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of their horses / and they met so fyersly that bothe their horses and Knyghtes fylle to the erthe / And as fast as they myȝte auoyded theyre horses / and putte their sheldes afore them / and they strake to gyders with bryght swerdes as men that were of myght / and eyther wo¯ded other wonderly sore that the blood ranne out vpon the grasse / And thus they fought the space of four houres / that neuer one wold speke to other one word / & of their harneis they had hewen of many pecys / O lord Ihesu said Gouvernaile I merueyle gretely of the strokes my maister hath yeuen to your mayster / By my hede said sir La¯celots seruaunt your maister hath not yeuen so many but your maister hath receyued as many or more / O Ihesu saide Gouvernaile it is to moche for sir palomydes to suffre or sir Launcelot / And yet pyte it were that eyther of these good knyghtes shold destroye others blood / Soo they stode and wepte bothe / and made grete dole / whan they sawe the bryghte swerdes ouer couerd with blood of their bodyes / Thenne at the last spake syr launcelot and said knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel / as euer I sawe knyght / therfor and hit please you telle me your name / Syr saide syre Tristram that is me lothe to telle any man my name / Truly said sir launcelot and I were requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name / Hit is wel said said sir Tristram thenne I requyre you to telle me your name / fayr knyghte he said my name is sir launcelot du lake / Allas said sire Tristram what haue I done / for ye are the man in the world that I loue best / Faire knyght said sir Launcelot telle me your name Truly said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones / O Ihesu said sir launcelot what aduenture is befalle me / And there with syr launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his suerd And there with alle sir Tristram kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his suerd / And soo eyther gaf other the degree / And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the stone / and set them

leaf 211r

doune vpon hit / and toke of their helmes to kele them / and eyther kyst other an honderd tymes / And thenne anone after they took of their helmes and rode to Camelot / and there they mette with sir Gawayne and with sir Gaherys that had made promyse to Arthur neuer to come ageyne to the court tyl they had brought syr Tristram with them

¶ **Capitulum sextum**

REtorne ageyne said sir launcelot for your quest is done / for I haue mette with sir Tristram / loo here is his owne persone / Thenne was syr Gawayne gladde / and said to sire Tristram ye are welcome / for now haue ye easyd me gretely of my labour / For what cause said sir Gawayne came ye in to this courte / Fair sir said sir Tristram I came in to thys countrey / by cause of syr Palomydes / for he and I had assygned at this day to haue done bataille to gyders at the Peroun And I merueyle I here not of hym / And thus by aduentur my lord syre Launcelot and I mette to gyders / With this came Kynge Arthur / And whan he wyst that there was sir Tristram / thenne he ranne vnto hym and toke hym by the hand / And saide sire Tristram ye are as welcome as ony Knyghte / that euer came to this Courte / And whanne the Kynge had herd how sire Launcelot and he had foughten / and eyther had wounded other wonderly sore / thenne the Kynge maade grete dole / Thenne sir Tristram told the Kynge how he came thydder for to haue had adoo with sire Palomydes / And thenne he told the kynge how he had rescowed hym from the nyne knyghtes and Breuse saunce pyte / And how he fond a Knyght lyeng by a well / and that Knyght smote doune sir Palomydes and me / but his sheld was couerd with a clothe / Soo sir Palomydes left me / and I folowed after that Knyghte / and in many places I fonde where he had slayne Knyghtes / and foriusted many / By my hede said sir Gawayne that same Knyghte smote me down and sire Bleoberys and hurte vs sore both / he with the couerd shelde / A sayd sir Kay that Knyght smote me adoune & hurte me passynge sore / & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myȝt not / Ihesu mercy said Arthur what

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knyghte was that with the couerd shelde / I knowe not saide sir Tristram / and so said they all / now said kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is sir launcelot / theȝe they al loked vpon sir launcelot & said ye haue begyled vs with your couerd shelde / Hit is not the fyrst tyme said Arthur he hath done soo / My lord sayd sir Launcelot truly wete ye wel I was the same knyght that bare the couerd shelde / And by cause I wold not be knowen that I was of your Courte I said no worship of your hows That is trouthe said sir Gawayne / sir kay / and sir Bleoberys Thenne kynge Arthur took sir Tristram by the hand / & wente to the table round / Thenne came Quene Gueneuer and many ladyes with her / and alle tho ladyes sayden at one voyce / welcome sir Tristram / welcome said the damoysels / welcome sayd knyghtes / welcome said Arthur for one of the best knyghtes / and the gentylst of the world / and the man of mooste worship / for of alle maner of huntynge thou berest the pryce / and of alle mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge / and of alle the termes of huntynge and haukyng ye are the begynner / of all Instrumentest of musyke ye ar the best / therfor gentyl knyght said Arthur ye are welcome to this courte / And also I pray you said Arthur graunte me a bone / it shall be at your commaundement said Tristram / wel said Arthur I will desyre of you that ye wille abyde in my courte / Syr saide syre Tristram therto is me lothe / for I haue adoo in many countreyes / Not soo said Arthur / ye haue promysed hit me / ye maye not say nay / Syr said sir Tristram I wille as ye wille / Thenne wente Arthur vnto the seges about the round table / and loked in euery syege / the whiche were voyde that lacked knyghtes / And thenne the kynge sawe in the siege of Marhaus letters that saiden / this is the syege of the noble knyght sir Tristram / And thenne Arthur made sir Tristram knyght of the table round

with grete nobley and grete feest as myghte be thought / for sir marhaus was slayne by the handes of sire Tristram in an yland / and that was wel knowen at that tyme in the courte of Arthur / for this marhaus was a worthy knyght / And for euylle dedes that he dyd vnto the countrey of Cornewaile / sire Tristram and he foughte / And they foughte soo longe tracynge and trauercyngge tylle they fylle bledynge

leaf 212r

to the erthe / for they were so sore wounded that they myght not stande for bledynge / and sir Tristram by fortune recouerd and syre Marhaus dyed thurgh the stroke on the hede / Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of Kyng Marke /

¶ Capitulum vij

THenne Kyng Marke had grete despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram / and Thanne he chaced hym oute of Cornewaile / yet was he neuewe vnto Kyng Marke / but he had grete suspecyon vnto sire Tristram by cause of his Quene la Beale Isoud / for hym semed that there was to moche loue bitwene them bothe / Soo whan sir Tristram departed oute of Cornewaile in to Englund / kyng Marke herd of the grete prowesse that sir Tristram dyd there / the whiche greued hym sore / Soo he sente on his party men to aspye what dedes he dyd / And the Quene sente pryuely on her party spyes to knowe what dedes he had done / for grete loue was bitwene them tweyn Soo whan the messagers were come home / they told the trouthe as they had herd that he passed alle other knyghtes / but yf it were sir launcelot / Thenne kyng Marke was ryght heuy of these tydynge / and as glad was la Beale Isoud / Thenne in grete despyte he took with hym two good Knyȝtes / and two squyers / and **desguysed** [correction; sic = desguyfed] hym self / and took his way to Englund to the entente for to slee sir Tristram / and one of these ij Knyghtes hyght Bersules / and the other Knyȝt was called Amant / Soo as they rode Kyng Marke asked a knyght that he met where he shold fynde Kyng Arthur / he said at Camelot / Also he asked that Knyght after sire Tristram whether he herd of hym in the courte of Kyng Arthur / wete you wel said that Knyȝt ye shall fynde sir Tristram ther for a man of as grete worship as is now lyuyng for thurȝ his prowesse he wā the turnement of the castel of maydens / that standeth by the hard roche / And sythen he hath wonne with his owne handes thyrtty Knyghtes that were men of grete honour /

¶ And the laste batail that euer he dyde / he foughte with syre

leaf 212v

Launcelot / and that was a merueilous bataille / And not by force syr launcelot brought sir Tristram to

the Courte / and of hym kynge Arthur made passynge grete ioie / and soo maade hym knyght of the table round / and his seate was where the good Knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was / Thenne was Kyng Marke passynge sory whanne he herd of the honour of sir Tristram / and soo they departed / Thenne said Kyng Marke vnto his two Knyghtes / Now wille I telle you my counceyll ye are the men that I trust moost to on lyue / and I wille that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente / for to destroye sir Tristram by wyles or by treason / and hit shalle be hard yf euer he escape our handes / Allas said sir Bersules what mene you / for ye be sette in suche a waye / ye are disposed shamefully For sir Tristram is the Knyght of moost worship that we knowe lyuynge / And therfor I warne you playnly I wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe / and therfor I wyll yelde my seruyse / and forsake you whan kynge Mark herd hym say so / Sodenly he drewe his swerd and said A traitour / & smote syr Bersules on the hede that the suerd wente to his teeth / Whanne Amant the knyghte sawe hym doo that vylaynous dede / and his squyers / they said hit was foul done / and meschyeuously / wherfore we wille doo the no more seruyse / and wete ye wel / we wil appeche the of treason afore Arthur / Thenne was Kynge Marke wonderly wrothe / and wold haue slayne Amant / but he and the two squyers held them to gyders / and sette nought by his malyce / whanne Kynge marke sawe he myght not be reuenged on them / he said thus vnto the Knyght Amant / wete thou wel / and thou apoeche me of treason / I shalle therof defende me afore Kynge Arthur / but I requyre the that thou telle not my name that I am Kyng mark what someuer come of me / As for that said sir Amant I wil not discouer your name / and soo they departed / and Amant and his felawes took the body of Bersules and buryed hit

leaf 213r

¶ Capitulum Octauum

Thenne kynge Mark rode tyl he came to a fontayne / and there he rested hym / and stode in a doubte whether he wold ryde to Arthurs courte or none / or retorne ageyne to his countrey / And as he thus rested hym by that fontayne / ther came by hym a knyght wel armed on horsbak / and he alyghte and teyed his hors vntyl a tree / and sette hym doune by the brynke of the fontayne / and there he made grete lāgour and dole / and made the dolefullest complaynte of loue / that euer man herd / and al this whyle was he not ware of kynge Marke / And this was a grete parte of his complaynte / he cryed and wepte sayenge O fayre Quene of Orkeney kynge Lots wyf and moder of sir Gawayne and to sire Gaheris and moder to many other / for thy loue I am in grete paynes / Thenne Kynge Marke arose and wente nere hym / and sayd / Fayr knyght ye haue made pyteous complaynte / Truly said the knyght / hit is an honderd parte more reufullyr than my herte can vtter / I requyre you said Kyng Marke telle me your name / Sir said he as for my name I wil not hyde it from no knyght that bereth a shelde / and my name is sire Lamorak de galys / But whan sire Lamorak herd Kynge Mark speke thenne wist he wel by his speche that he was a Cornysse knyght / Syr said sir Lamorak / I vnderstande by your tonge ye be of Cornewaile wherin there duelleth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuynge / for he is a grete enemy to alle good knyghtes / and that preueth wel / for he hath chaced oute of that Countrey syr Tristram that is

the worshipfullest knyght that now is lyuynge / and alle knyghtes speken of hym worship / And for Ialousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his countrey / Hit is pyte said sir Lamorak that euer ony suche fals knyght coward as kynge Marke is shold be matched with suche a fayre lady and good as la Beale Isoud is / for alle the world of hym speketh shame / and of her worshyp that ony Quene maye haue

¶ I haue not adoo in this matere said kynge marke / neyther noughte wille I speke therof wel said syre Lamorak syre can ye

leaf 213v

telle me ony tydynges / I can telle you said syr Lamorak / that there shalle be a grete turnement in hast besyde Camelot at the castel of Iagent / and the kynge with the C knyȝtes & the kyng of Irland as I suppose make that turnement

¶ Thenne there came a knyght that was callid sire Dynadan / and salewed them bothe / And whan he wyst that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornewaile / he repreued hym for the loue of kynge Marke a thousand fold more / than dyd sir lamorak / thenne he profered to Iuste with kynge Mark / and he was ful lothe therto / But sir Dynadan edgyd hym soo / that he Iusted with sir lamorak / & sir lamorak smote kyng marke so sore that he bare hym on his spere ende ouer his hors taylor / And thenne kynge Marke arose ageyne / and folowed after sir lamorak / but sir Dynadan wold not Iuste with sire Lamorak / But he told kynge Marke that sire Lamorak was syre kay the seneschall / that is not soo said kynge Mark / for he is moche bygger than sir kay / and soo he folowed and ouertoke hym / and badde hym abyde / what wille ye doo said sir Lamorak / Syr he said / I will fyghte with a swerd / for ye haue shamed me with a spere / and there with they dassed to gyders with swerdes / and sir Lamorak suffred hym / and forbare hym And kynge Marke was passyng hasty / and smote thycke strokes / Syr Lamorak sawe he wold not stynte and waxyd somewhat wrothe / and doubled his strokes / for he was one of the noblest knyghtes of the world / and he bete hym soo on the helme that his hede henge nyȝ vn the sadel bowe Whan sir lamorak sawe hym fare soo / he said / syr knyght what chere me semeth ye haue nyghe your fylle of fyghtyng / hit were pyte to doo yow ony more harme / for ye are but a meane knyght / therefore I gyue you leue to goo where ye lyst / Gramercy said kyng Mark For ye & I be not matches / Thenne sir dynadan mocked kyng Marke and said ye are not able to matche a good knyght / as for that said Kyng Mark at the first tyme that I Iusted with this Knyȝt ye refused hym / Thynke ye that it is a shame to me said syr Dynadan / Nay syr it is euer worship to a Knyȝt to refuse that thyng that he may not atteyne / therfor your worship had ben moche more to haue refused hym as I dyd / for I warne you playnly he is able to bete suche fyue as ye / and

I be / for ye Knyghtes of Cornewaile are no men of worship / as other Knyghtes are / And by cause ye are no men of worship / ye hate alle men of worship / for neuer was bredde in your countrey suche a Knyght as is sir Tristram /

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne they rode forth alle to gyders Kyng Mark / sir Lamorak & sir Dynadan tyl that they came to a brydge / And at the ende therof stode a fayre Toure / Thenne sawe they a Knyght on horsbak wel armed braundysshynge a spere cryenge and proferynge hym self to Iuste / Now said sir Dynadan vnto Kyng Mark / yonder ar two bretheren that one hyght Aleyn / and the other hyghte Tryan that will Iuste with ony that passeth this passage / Now profer your self said Dynadan to Kyng Mark / for euer ye be leide to the erthe / Thenne Kyng Marke was ashamed / and there with he feutryd hys spere / and hurtlid to sir Tryan / and eyther brake their speres / all to pyeces / and passid thurgh anone / Thenne syr Trian sent Kyng Mark another spere to Iuste more / But in no wyse he wold not Iuste no more / Thenne they came to the castel al thre Knyghtes / and praid the lord of the castel of herburgh / ye are ryght welcome said the Knyghtes of the castel / for the loue of the lord of this castel / the whiche hyght sir Tor le fyse aries / & thenne they came in to a fayr courte wel repayred / and they had passynge good chere tyl the lieutenaunt of this castel that hyght Berluse / aspyed Kyng Marke of Cornewaile / Thenne said Berluse / syr Knyght I knowe you better than ye wene / for ye are Kyng Marke that slewe my fader afore myne owne eyen / and me hadde ye slayne hadde I not escaped in to a wood / but wete ye wel for the loue of my lord of this castel I will neyther hurte you ne harme you nor none of your felauship / But wete ye wel whan ye are past this lodgyng / I shalle hurte you and I may / for ye slewe my fader traitourly / But fyrst for the loue of my lord sir Tor / and for the loue of sir Lamorak the honourable Knyght that here is lodged ye shal haue none ylle lodgyng / For hit is pyte that euer ye shold be in the company of good Knyghtes / for ye ar the moost

vylaynous knyght or kyng that is now knowen on lyue / for ye are a destroyer of good knyghtes and alle that ye doo is but treason /

¶ Capitulum x

THenne was Kyng Marke sore ashamed / and sayd but lytyl ageyne / But whanne sir Lamorak and sir Dynadan wyst that he was kyng Marke / they were sory of his felauship / Soo after souper they wente to lodgyng / Soo on the morne they arose erly / and kyng Marke and sir Dynadan rode to gyders / and

thre myle fro their lodgyng there met with hem thre knyghtes / and sir Berluse was one / and that other his two cosyns / Syr Berluse sawe kynge Marke / and thenne he cryed on hyghe traytour kepe the from me / for wete thou wel that I am Berluse / Syr knyght said sir Dynadan / I counceylle you to leue of at this tyme / for he is rydyng to Kynge Arthur / And by cause I haue promysed to conduyte hym to my lord kynge Arthur / nedes must I take a part with hym / how be hit I loue not his condycyon / and fayne I wold be from hym / Wel dynadan said sir Berluse me repenteth that ye wille take party with hym / but now doo your best / And th¯ne he hurtled to Kynge Marke and smote hym sore vpon the shelde / that he bare hym clene out of his sadel to the erthe / That sawe sir Dynadan / and he feutryd his spere / and ranne to one of Berluses felawes / and smote hym doune of his sadel / Thenne Dynadan torned his hors / and smote the thyrdde knyght in the same wyse to the erthe / for sire Dynadan was a good knyght on horsbak / and there byganne a grete batail for Berluse and his felawes helde them to gyders strongly on fote And soo thurgh the grete force of sir Dynadan / kyng Marke had Berluse to the erthe / and his two felawes fledde / and had not ben syre Dynadan kynge Marke wold haue slayne hym / And soo syre Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyf / for kynge Marke was but a murtherer / And thenne they took their horses / and departed / and lefte sir Berluse there sore woūded Thenne kynge Mark and sir Dynadan rode forth a four leges englysshe tyl that they came to a brydge where houed a knyght on horsbak armed and redy to Iuste /

¶ Loo sayd

leaf 215r

syr Dynadan vnto Kynge Marke / yonder houeth a Knyghte that wille Iuste / for there shalle none passe this brydge / but he must Iuste with that Knyght / Hit is wel said kynge marke for this Iustes falleth with the / Syr Danadan knewe the knyght wel / that he was a noble Knyght / and fayne he wold haue Iusted / but he had had leuer Kyng Mark had Iusted with hym / but by no meane kynge Marke wold not Iuste / Thenne syr Dynadan myght not refuse hym in no maner / And thenne eyther dressid their speres and their sheldes / and smote to gyders soo that thorou fyne force syr Dynadan was smyten to the erthe / and lyghtely he arose vp / and gat his hors / and requyred that Knyght to doo bataille with suerdes / And he ansuerd and said Fair Knyght as at this tyme I may not haue adoo with you nomore / for the customme of this passage is suche / Thenne was sir Dynadan passyng wrothe / that he myȝt not be reuenged of that Knyghte / and soo he departed / and in no wyse wold that Knyght telle his name / But euer sir Dynadan thought he shold knowe hym by his shelde that it shold be sir Tor

¶ Capitulum xj

SOo as they rode by the way / Kynge Mark thenne beganne to mocke sir Dynadan and said I wend yow Knyghtes of the table round myȝt not in no wyse fynde their matches / ye say well said sir Dynadan / as for you on my lyfe I calle you none of the best knyghtes / But sythe ye haue such a despyte at me / I

rekyre you to Iuste with me / to preue my strengthe / Not soo said Kynge Mark / for I wille not haue
ado with you in no maner / But I rekyre you of one thyng that whanne ye come to Arthurs courte
discouer not my name / for I am there soo hated / It is shame to you said sir Dynadan / that ye gouerne
you soo shamefully / for I see by you ye ar ful of cowardyse and ye are a murtherer / and that is the
grettest shame that a Knyght may haue / for neuer a Knyght beyng a murtherer hath worship / nor neuer
shalle haue / for I sawe but late thurȝ my force ye wold haue slayn sir Berluse a better Knyghte than ye /
or euer ye shal be / & more of prowesse

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¶ Thus they rode forth talkynge tyl they came to a fayre place where stood a knyght and prayd them to
take their lodgynge with hym / Soo at the request of that knyght / they reposed them there and made
them wel at ease / and had grete chere / For al arraunt knyghtes were welcome to hym / and specially
alle tho of Arthurs courte / Thenne sire Dynadan demaunded his hoost what was the Knyghtes name that
kepte the brydge For what cause aske you it said his hoost / for hit is not long ago said syr Dynadan
sythen he gaf me a falle / A fayr knyght said his hoost / therof haue ye no meruaylle for he is a passynge
good knyght / and his name is sir Tor the sone of aries le vayshere / A said sir Dynadan was that sir Tor /
for truly soo euer me thought / Ryght as they stode thus talkyng to gyders / they sawe come rydynge to
them ouer a playne vj knyghtes of the courte of kynge Arthur wel armed at al poyntes / And there by
theire sheldes sire Dynadan knewe them wel / The fyrst was the good knyght sir Vwayne the sone of
Kynge Vryens / the second was the noble knyght sir Brandyles / the thyrde was Ozana le cure hardy / the
fourthe was Vwayne les auenturous / The fyfthe was syr Agrauayne / The vj sir Mordred broder to sir
Gawayne / Whanne sir Dynadan had sene these vj knyghtes / he thought in hym self he wold brynge
kynge Marke by some wyle to Iuste with one of them And anone they toke their horses & ranne after
these knyghtes wel a thre myle englysshe / Thenne was kynge Marke ware / where they sat al syxe
aboute a welle / and ete and drank suche metes as they had / and their horses walkyng and somme
teyed / and their sheldes henge in dyuerse places aboute them Loo said sir Dynadan yonder ar Knyghtes
arraunt that wyl Iuste with vs / God forbede said Kynge Mark / for they be syx and we but two / As for
that said sire Dynadan lete vs not spare / for I wille assaye the formest / and there with he maade hym
redy / whanne kynge Marke sawe hym doo soo as fast as sir Dynadan rode toward them Kynge marke
rode froward them with alle his mayneal meyny / Soo whan sire Dynadan sawe Kynge Marke was
gone / he sette the spere oute of the reest / and threwe his sheld vpon his bak / and came rydynge to the
felauship of the table round / And anone sire Vwayne

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knewe sir Dynadan / and welcomed hym / and soo dyd al his felauship /

¶ Capitulum xij /

ANd thenne they asked hym of his aduentures / & whether he had sene syr Tristram or sir launcelot / So god me helpe said sir Dynadan I sawe none of them sythen I departed from Camelot / what Knyght is that said sir Brandyles that soo sodenly departed from you / and rode ouer yonder felde / Syr said he / hit was a Knyghte of Cornewaile / and the moost horryble coward that euer bestrode hors / what is his name said alle these knyghtes / I wote not said sir Dynadan / Soo whan they had reposed them / and spoken to gyders / they took their horses / and rode to a castel where duellid an old knyght that made alle Knyghtes erraunt good chere / Thenne in the meane whyle that they were talkynge came in to the castel syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu / and there was he welcome / and they alle asked hym whether he had sene sire Launcelot or syre Tristram / Syrs he ansuerd I sawe hym not sythen he departed from Camelot / Soo as sir Dynadan walked and beheld the castel / there by in a chamber he aspyed Kyng Marke / and thenne he rebuked hym / and asked hym why he departed soo / Syr said he for I durst not abyde by cause they were so many But how escaped ye said Kyng Mark / syr said sir Dynadan they were better frendes than I wend they had ben / who is Capytayn of that felauship said the Kyng / thenne for to fere hym sir Dynadan sayd that it was sir Launcelot / O Ihesu said the Kyng myghte I knowe sir Launcelot by his shelde / ye said Dynadan / for he bereth a shelde of syluer and black bendys / Alle this he said to fere the kyng / for sire launcelot was not in his felauship / Now I pray you said kyng Mark that ye wille ryde in my felauship / that is me lothe to doo said syre Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felauship / Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from kyng Mark & wente to his own felauship and soo they mounted vpon their horses / & rode on their wayes / and talked of the Cornysse knyghte / for Dynadan told them that he was in the castel where they were lodged / hit is

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wel said said sir Gryflet / for here haue I brought sir Dagonet kyng Arthurs foole that is the best felawe and the meryest / in the world /

¶ Wille ye doo wel said sir Dynadan I haue told the Cornysse Knyght that here is sir Launcelot / and the Cornysse Knyght asked me what shelde he bare / Truly I told hym that he bereth the same shelde that sir Mordred bereth / wyl ye doo wel said sir Mordred I am hurte and maye not wel bere my shelde nor harneis / And therefore put my shelde and my harneis vpon sir Dagonet / and lete hym sette vpon the Cornysse Knyght / that shalle be done said sir Dagonet by my feythe / Thenne anone was Dagonet armed hym in Mordreds harneis and his shelde / & he was sette on a grete hors & a spere in his hand / Now said Dagonet shewe me the Knyght / & I trowe I shalle bere hym doune / Soo alle these Knyghtes rode to a woode syde / and abode tyl Kyng Marke came by the way / Thenne they putte forth sir Dagonet / and he came on al the whyle his hors myght renne streyght vpon Kyng Marke And whanne he

came nyghe Kynge Marke / he cryed as he were wood / and said kepe the Knyghte of Cornewaile / for I wille slee the / Anone as Kynge Mark beheld his shelde / he said to hym self / yonder is sir launcelot Allas now am I destroyed / and there with all he made his hors to renne as fast as it myghte thorough thycke and thynne / And euer sire Dagonet folowed after Kynge Mark cryenge and rateynge hym as a wood man thurgh a grete forest / whanne sir Vwayne and sire Brandyles sawe dagonet soo chace Kynge Marke / they laughed all as they were wood / And thenne they toke theire horses / and rode after to see how sir Dagonet spedde / for they wold not for no good that sire Dagonet were shente / for Kyng Arthur loued hym passynge wel / and made hym Knyght his owne handes / And att euery turnement he beganne to make Kynge Arthur to laughe / Thenne the knyghtes rode here and there cryenge and chacyng after kynge Marke that alle the forest range of the noyse /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo kyng Mark rode by fortune by a welle in the way where stood a Knyght erraunte on horsbak armed att al poyntes with a grete spere in his hand

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And whanne he sawe Kynge Marke comynge fleyng / he said Knyght retorne ageyne for shame and stand with me / & I shalle be thy waraunt / A fayr Knyght said Kyng Marke lete me passe / for yonder cometh after me the best knyght of the world with the blak bended shelde / Fy for shame said the knyght he is none of the worthy Knyghtes / and yf he were syre launcelot or sir Tristram I shold not doubte to mete the better of them bothe / Whanne Kynge Marke herd hym saye that word / he torned his hors and abode by hym / And thenne that stronge Knyght bare a spere to Dagonet / and smote hym so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors tayle / and nyghe he had broken his neck / And anone after hym came sir Brandyles / and whanne he sawe Dagonet haue that falle / he was passynge wrothe / and cryed Kepe the Knyght / and soo they hurtled to gyders wonder sore / But the Knyght smote sir Brandyles so sore that he wente to the erthe hors and man / Syre Vwayne came after and sawe alle this / Ihesu said he / yonder is a stronge Knyght / And thenne they feutryd theyr speres / and this Knyght came soo egerly that he smote doune sir Vwayne / Thenne came Ozana with the hardy hert / and he was smyten doune / Now said sire Gryflet by my counceyl lete vs sende to yonder arraunt Knyght / and wete whether he be of Arthurs Courte / for as I deme hit is sir Lamorak de galys / Soo they sente vnto hym / and prayd the straunge Knyghte to telle his name / and whether he were of Arthurs courte or not / As for my name they shalle not wete / but telle hem I am a Knyȝt arraunt as they ar / and lete them wete that I am no Knyghte of Kynge Arthurs Courte / and soo the squyer rode ageyne vnto them and told them his ansuer of hym / By my hede said sir Agrawayne he is one of the strongest Knyghtes that euer I sawe / for he hath ouerthrowen thre noble Knyghtes / and nedes we must encountre with hym for shame / So syr Agrawayne feutryd hid spere / and that other was redy / & smote hym doune ouer his hors to the erthe / And in the same wyse he smote sir Vwayne les auoultres and also sir Gryflet / thenne had he serued hem

alle / but sir Dynadan / for he was behynde / and sir Mordred was vnarmed and Dagonet had his harneis /

¶ Soo whan this was done this stronge Knyght rode on his

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his way a softe paas / and kynge Marke rode after hym / praysynge hym mykel / but he wold ansuer no wordes / but syghed wonderly sore / hangynge doune his hede / takyng no hede to his wordes / Thus they rode wel a thre myle Englysshe / and thenne this Knyght called to hym a varlette / and badde hym ryde vntyl younder fayr manoyre / and recommaunde me to the lady of that castel and place / and praye her to sende me refresshyng of good metes / and drynkes / And yf she aske the what I am / Telle her that I am the knyght that foloweth the Glatysaunt beest / that is in Englysshe to saye the questynge beeste for that beest where someuer he yede / he quested in the bely with suche a noyse / as hit hadde ben a thyrtty couple of houndes

¶ Thenne the varlet wente his way and came to the manoyr and salewed the lady / and told her from whens he came / And whan she vnderstode that he came from the knyghte that folowed the questynge beeste / O swete lord Ihesu the sayd whan shalle I see that noble Knyghte my dere sone Palomydes / Allas wille he not abyde with me / and there with she swouned and wepte / and made passynge grete dole / and thenne also soone as she myghte she gaf the varlet alle that he axyd / And the varlet retorned vnto sir Palomydes / for he was a varlet of kynge Marke / And as soone as he came / he told the knyghtes name was sir Palomydes / I am wel pleasyd said kynge Marke but holde the styll and seye no thyng /

¶ Thenne they alyghte and sette them doune and reposed them a whyle / Anone with alle kynge Marke felle on slepe / whanne syre Palomydes sawe hym sound a slepe / he took his hors and rode his way and said to them I wille not be in the companye of a slepyng Knyghte / And soo he rode forthe a grete paas

¶ Capitulum xiiij

NOW torne we vnto sire Dynadan that fonde these seuen knyghtes passynge heuy / And whanne he wyste how that they sped / as heuy was he / My lord Vwayne said Dynadan / I dare ley my hede it is sir Lamorak de galys / I promyse you alle / I shalle fynde hym / and he may be founde in

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this countrey / and soo syre Dynadan rode after this knyghte / And so dyd kyng Marke that sought hym
thurgh the forest Soo as Kyng Mark rode after sir Palomydes / he herd a noyse of a man / that made
grete dole / Thenne kyng Mark rode as nyghe that noyse as he myght and as he durst / Thenne was he
ware of a knyght that was descended of his hors / and hadde putte of his helme / and there he made a
pyteous complaynte / and a dolorous of loue

¶ Now leue we that / and talke we of sire Dynadan that rode to seke syr Palomydes / And as he came
within a foreste / he mette with a Knyght a chacer of a dere / Syr said sire Dynadan mette ye with a
Knyghte with a shelde of syluer / and lyons hedes / ye fayr knyghte sayd the other / with suche a knyght
mette I with but a whyle agone / and strayte yonder waye he yede / Gramercy said sir Dynadan/ for
myght I fynde the trak of his hors I shold not fayle to fynde that Knyghte / Ryghte so as sir Dynadan
rode in the euen late / he herd a doleful noyse as it were of a man /

¶ Thenne sir Dynadan rode toward that noyse / And whanne he came nyghe that noyse / he alyghte of
his hors / and wente nere hym on foote / Thenne was he ware of a knyght that stood vnder a tree and his
hors teyed by hym / and the helme of his hede / and euer that knyght made a doleful complaynte as euer
made knyghte / And alweyes he made his complaynte of la Beale Isoud the Quene of Cornewaile / and
said A fayr lady why loue I the / for thou art fayrest of alle other / and yet shewest thou neuer loue to
me / nor bounte / Allas yet must I loue the / And I may not blame the fayre lady / for myn eyen ben
cause of this sorowe / And yet to loue the I am but a foole / for the best knyghte of the world loueth the /
and ye hym ageyne / that is sir Tristram de Lyones And the falsest kynge and Knyghte is youre
husband / and the moost coward and ful of treason is your lord kyng marke

¶ Allas that euer so fayre a lady and pyerles of alle other shold be matched with the moost vylaynous
knyght of the world / Alle this langage herd Kynge Marke / what sir Palomydes said by hym / wherfore
he was adradde / whanne he sawe sire Dynadan lest and he aspyed hym / that he wold telle syre
Palomydes that he was Kynge Marke / and

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therefor he withdrewe hym and took his hors and rode to his men where he commaunded hem to abyde /
And soo he rode as fast as he myght vnto Camelot / & the same day he fonde there Amant the knyght
redy that afore Arthur had appeled hym of treason / and soo lyghtely the Kynge commaunded them to do
bataile / And by mysaventure kynge Marke smote Amant thorough the body / And yet was Amant in the
ryghtuous quarel And ryghte soo he took his hors and departed from the court for drede of sir Dynadan
that he wold telle syr Tristram and sir Palomydes what he was /

¶ Thenne were ther maydens / that la Beale Isoud hadde sente to sire Tristram that knewe sir Amant wel

¶ Capitulum xv

Thenne by the lycence of Kynge Arthur / they went to hym and spak with hym / for whyle the troncheon of the spere stake in his body he spak / A fayr damoysels said Amant / ye recommaū de me vnto la Beale Isoud / and telle her that I am slayn for the loue of her and of sir Tristram / And there he told the damoysels how cowardly Kyng Mark had slayne hym and sire Bersyles his felawe /

¶ And for that dede I appeled hym of treason / and here am I slayne in a ryghtuous quarel / and alle was by cause of sir Bersules & I wold not consente by treason slee the noble knyght sir tristram / Thenne the two maydens cryed alowde that alle the courte myght here it / and said O swete lord Ihesu that knowest alle hydde thynges / why suffrest thou soo fals a traytour to vaynquysshe and slee a trewe knyght that fought in a ryghtuous quarel / Thenne anone hit was spronge to the Kyng and the quene and to alle the lordes that it was kynge Mark that had slayne syr Amant / and sire Bersules afore hand / wherfor they dyd theire bataile / Thenne was Kyng Arthur wroth oute of mesure / and so were alle the other knyghtes But whanne sire Tristram knewe alle the matere / he maade grete dole and sorowe oute of mesure / and wepte for sorou for the losse of the noble knyghtes syr Bersyles & of sir Amant

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¶ Whanne sir Launcelot aspyed sir Tristram wepe / he wente hastely to Kynge Arthur and said syre I pray you gyue me leue to retorne ageyne to yonder fals kynge and knyghte / I pray yow said kynge Arthur / fetche hym ageyne / but I wold not that ye slewe hym for my worship / Thenne sir launcelot armed hym in alle haste / and mounted vpon a grete hors / & toke a spere in his hand and rode after kynge Marke / And from thens a thre myle englysshe / sir launcelot ouertook hym/ and badde hym torne recreaunt kyng and knyght / For whyder thou wilt or not thou shalt go with me to kyng Arthurs Courte / Kynge Marke retorned and loked vpon sir Launcelot / and said Faire syr what is your name / wete thou wel said he my name is sire Launcelot / and therfor defende the / And whanne Kynge Marke wiste that it was sire Launcelot / and came soo fast vpon hym with a spere / he cryed thenne on lowde I yelde me to the sir launcelot / honourable Knyghte / But sire Launcelot wold not here hym / but came fast vpon hym / kyng Marke sawe that / and maade no defence but tombled adoune out of his sadel to the erthe as a sak / and there he lay styll / and cryed sire launcelot mercy / Aryse recreaunt knyghte and Kynge / I wylle not fyghte said Kynge Marke / But whether that ye wille I wil goo with yow / Allas Allas said sire Launcelot that I maye not gyue the one buffet for the loue of sire Tdestram and of la Beale Isoud And for the two knyghtes that thou hast slayne traitourly / And soo he mounted vpon his hors and brouȝt hym to kyng Arthur / and there Kynge Marke alyghte in that same place and threwe his helme from hym vpon the erthe / and his suerd and fylle flat to the erthe of kynge Arthurs feet and putte hym in his grace and mercy /

¶ Soo god me help said Arthur ye are welcome in a maner / and in a maner ye ar not welcome / In this

maner ye are welcome that ye come hyder maulgre thy hede as I suppose /

¶ That is trouthe said kynge Marke / and els I had not ben here / For my lord sir launcelot brought me hyder thurgh his fyne force / and to hym am I yolden to as recreaunt /

¶ Wel said Arthur ye vnderstande ye oughte to doo me seruyse / homage and feaute / And neuer

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wold ye doo me none / but euer ye haue ben ageynst me / and a destroyer of my knyghtes / now / how wille ye acquyte you / Sir said Kynge Marke / Ryght as your lordship will requyre me vnto my power / I wille make a large amendys / For he was a fayre speker and fals there vnder / Thenne for grete pleasyr of syr Tristram to make them tweyne accorded / the kyng withheld kynge Marke / as at that tyme / and made a broken loue day bitwene them /

¶ Capitulum xvj

NOW torne we ageyne vnto sir Palomydes how sir Dynadan comforted hym in alle that he myghte from his grete sorow / what Knyghte are ye said sir Palomydes / syre I am a knyght erraunt as ye be that hath soughte you longe by your sheld / Here is my sheld said sir Palomydes / Wete ye wel and ye wille oughte / there with I wille defende hit / Nay said sir Dynadan I wille not haue adoo with yow / but in good maner / And yf ye wil ye shal fynde me sone redy / Syr said sir Dynadan whyder ward ryde you this way / By my hede sayd sir Palomydes I wote not but as fortune ledeth me / Herde ye or sawe ye ought of sir Tristram / So god me help of sir Tristram I bothe herd and sawe / and not / for thenne we loued not Inwardly wel to gyders / yet at my meschyef sir Tristram rescowed me from my dethe / and yet or he and I departed by bothe our assentes we assigned a day that we shold haue met at the stony graue / that merlyon sette besyde Camelot / & there to haue done bataille to gyders / how be hit I was letted sayd sir Palomydes that I myght not holde my daye / the whiche greueth me sore / but I haue a large excuse / For I was prysoner with a lord and many other moo / and that shalle syre Tristram ryght wel vnderstande / þ^t I brake hit not of fere of cowardyse / And thenne sir Palomydes told sir Dynadan the same day that shold haue mette / Soo god me helpe sayd syre Dynadan that same day mette sire Launcelot and sir Tristram at the same graue of stone /

¶ And there was the moost myghtyest bataille that euer was sene in this land betwyxe

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two knyghtes / for they fought more than two houres / And there they bothe bledde moche blood / that alle men merueyled that euer they myght endure hit /

¶ And so at the laste by bothe their assentes they were made frendes and sworne bretheren for euer / and no man can luge the better knyght / And now is sir Tristram made a Knyghte of the round table / and he sytteth in the sege of the noble knyght sire Marhaus /

¶ By my hede said sir Palomydes syre Tristram is ferre bygger that sir Launcelot / and the hardyer Knyghte /

¶ Haue ye assayed them bothe saide syre Dynadan /

¶ I haue sene syre Tristram fyghte said syre Palomydes / but neuer sire Launcelot / to my wetyng / But at the fontayne where sire Launcelot lay on slepe there with one spere he smote doune sire Tristram / and me said Palomydes / but at that tyme they knewe not eyther other Faire Knyghte said sir Dynadan as for sir launcelot and sir Tristram lete them be / for the werst of them wille not be lyghly matched of no knyghtes that I knowe lyuynge / No said sire Palomydes god defende but and I had a quarel to the better of them bothe / I wold with as good a wylle fyghte with hym as with yow

¶ Syre I requyre you telle me your name and in good feith I shalle hold you company / tyl that we come to Camelot / and there shall ye haue grete worship now at this grete turnement for there shalle be the Quene Gueneuer / and la Beale Isoud of Cornewaile / wete yow wel syre Knyght for the loue of la Beale Isoud I wille be there and els not / but I wille not haue adoo in Kynge Arthurs courte / Sir said Dynadan / I shal ryde with yow and doo you seruyse / so ye wille telle me youre name / Syre ye shalle vnderstande my name is syre palomydes brother to Safere the good and noble Knyghte / And Syre Segwarydes and I we be Sarasyns borne of fader and moder /

¶ Syre said sire Dynadan I thanke you moche / for the tellyng of your name / For I am gladde of that I knowe your name / & I promyse you by the feyth of my body ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will / but rather be auanced / And therto wille I helpe yow with all my power I promyse you / doubte ye not / And certaynly on my lyf ye shalle

wynne grete worship in the Courte of Kynge Arthur / And be ryght welcome / Soo thenne they dressid on their helmes / & putte on their sheldes / & mounted vpon horses / and toke the brode way toward Camelot / And thenne were they ware of a castel / that was fayre and ryche / and also passyng strong as ony was with in this reame

¶ Capitulum xvij

SYr Palomydes said Dynadan here is a Castell that I knowe wel / and therin duelleth Quene Morgan le fay Kynge Arthurs syster / And kynge Arthur gafe her this Castel / the whiche he hath repented hym sythen a thousand tymes / for sythen kynge Arthur and she haue ben at debate and stryfe / but this castel coude he neuer gete nor wyne of her by no maner of engyne / And euer as she myght she made werre on kynge Arthur / And alle daungerous knyghtes she withholdeth with her for to destroye alle these knyghtes that Kynge Arthur loueth / And there shalle noo Knyghte passe this way but he muste Iuste with one knyght or with two or with thre And yf it happe that Kyng Arthurs knyght be beten / he shal lese his hors and his harneis / and alle that he hath / and hard yf that he escape / but that he shalle be prysoner /

¶ Soo god me helpe said Palomydes this is a shameful customme and a vylaynous vsaunce for a Quene to vse / And namely to make suche werre vpon her owne lord / that is called the floure of chyualry that is Crysten of hethen / and with alle my hert I wold destroye that shameful customme / And I wille that alle the world wete she shalle haue no seruyse of me / And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes / as I suppose she wil for to Iuste they shalle haue bothe their handes ful / And I shalle not fayle you said sir Dynadan vnto my puyssaunce vpon my lyf / Soo as they stode on horsbak afore the Castel / there came a Knyght with a reed sheld and ij squyers after hym / And he came streyght vnto syre Palomydes the good Knyghte / and sayd to hym / Fayre and gentyl Knyȝt

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erraunt I requyre the for the loue thou owest vnto knyghthode that ye will not haue adone here with these men of thys Castell / for this was sire Lamorack that thus said / For I came hydder to seke this dede / and hit is my request / And therfor I biseche you knyght lete me dele / and yf I be beten / reuenge me / In the name of god said Palomydes / lete see how ye wil spede / and we shalle behold you /

¶ Thenne anone came forth a knyght of the Castel and profered to Iuste with the knyȝte with the reed sheld / Anone they encountred to gyders / and he with the reed shelde smote hym soo hard that he bare hym ouer to the erthe / There with anone came another Knyght of the castel / and he was smyten so sore that he auoyded his fadel / And forth with alle came the thyrd knyghte / and the knyght with the reed shelde smote hym to the erthe / Thenne came sir Palomydes and besought hym that he mygth helpe hym to Iuste Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre me as at this tyme to haue my wyll / For and they were twenty knyghtes I shalle not doute them / And euer there were vpon the wallys of the castel many lordes and ladyes that cryed and said wel haue ye Iusted knyght with the reed shelde /

¶ But as soone as the Knyght had smyten hem doune / his squyer toke their horses / & auoyed their

sadels and brydels of the horses / and tourned them in to the forest / and made knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the Iustes / Ryght soo came oute of the castel the fourth Knyght / and fresshly proferd to Iuste with the knyghte with the reed shelde / and he was redy / and he smote hym soo hard / that hors and man felle to the erthe / & the knyghtes bak brak with the falle and his neck also / O Ihesu said syr Palomydes that yonder is a passyng good knyȝt / and the best Iustar that euer I sawe / By my hede said sir Dynadan he is as good as euer was sir launcelot or sir Tristram what knyghte someuer he be/

¶ Capitulum xviiij

THenne forthe with alle came a knyght oute of the castel with a shelde bended with blak and with whyte /

¶ And anone the knyghte with the reede shelde and

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And he encountred soo hard / that he smote the Knyght of the Castel thorou the bented shelde and thurgh the body / and brake the hors bak / Faire Knyghte said syr Palomydes ye haue ouer moche on hand / therfor I praye you lete me Iuste / for ye had nede to be reposed / Why sir said the knyght / seme ye that I am weyke and feble / and sir me thynketh ye profer me wrong and to me shame whan I doo wel ynough / I telle yow now as I told you erst / for and they were twenty knyȝtes I shal bete them / And yf I be beten or slayne thenne may ye reuenge me / And yf ye thynke that I be wery / and ye haue an appetyte to Iuste with me / I shalle fynde you Iustynge ynough / Syr said Palomydes I said it not by cause I wold Iuste with you / but me semeth that ye haue ouer moche on hand / & therfor and ye were gentyl said the Knyght with the reed sheld ye shold not profer me shame / therfor I requyre you to Iuste with me / and ye shalle fynde that I am not wery / Syth ye requyre me said sir palomydes / take kepe to your self /

¶ Thenne they two Knyȝtes came to gyders as fast as their horses myght renne / and the Knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shelde that the spere wente in to his syde a grete wounde and a perillous / And there with alle sir Palomydes auoyded his sadel / And that Knyght torned vnto sir Dynadan / And when he sawe hym comynge / he cryed a loude and said / syr I wyll not haue ado with you / but for that he lete it not / but cam streyghte vpon hym / Soo sire Dynadan for shame put forthe hys spere and alle to sheurd hit vpon the Knyght / But he smote syr Dynadan ageyne soo hard that he smote hym clene from his sadel / but their horses he wold not suffre his squyers to medle with / and by cause they were knyghtes erraunt / Thenne he dressid hym ageyne to the castel and Iusted with feuen knyȝtes moo / and there was none of hem myght withstande hym / but bare hym to the erthe / And of these twelue Knyghtes he slewe in playne Iustes four / And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a suerd / that they shold neuer vse the euylle custommes of the castel / And whan he had made them

to swere that othe / he lete them passe / And euer stode the lordes and the ladyes on the Castel walles
cryeng and sayenge / knyghte with the reed shelde ye haue merueyllously

leaf 222r

wel done as euer we sawe Knyght doo / And therwith came a knyght oute of the Castel vnarmed and
said / Knyghte with the reed sheld ouer moche dammage hast thou done to vs this day / therfor retorne
whyther thou wilt / for here ar no moo wille haue adoo with the / for we repente sore tha euer thou
camest here / for by the is fordone the old customme of this castel / And with that word he tourned
ageyne in to the Castel / and shytte the yates / Thenne the Knyght with the reede sheld torned and called
his squyers / and so past forth on his waye and rode a grete paas / And whanne he was past sire
Palomydes wente to sir Dynadan and said I had neuer suche a shame of one Knyght that euer I met /
And therefore I caste me to ryde after hym / and to be reuenged with my swerd / for on horsbak I deme I
shalle gete no worship of hym / Syre Palomydes said Dynadan ye shalle not medle with hym by my
counceil for ye shal gete to worship of hym / and for this cause / ye haue sene hym this day haue had
ouer moche to done & ouer moche trauailed / By almyȝty Ihesu said Palomydes I shall neuer be at ease
tyl that I haue had adoo with hym / Syr said Dynadan I shalle gyue you my beholdynge / wel said
Palomydes / thenne shall ye see how we shalle redresse our myghtes Soo they took their horses of their
varlets / and rode after the Knyght with the reed shelde / & doune in a valey besyde a fontayne they were
ware where he was alyghte to repose hym / and had done of his helme / for to drynke at the welle

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne Palomydes rode faste tyl he came nyghe hym / And thene he said Knyght remembre ye of the
shame ye dyd to me ryght now at the Castel / therefore dresse the / for I will haue adoo with the / Fair kny
ȝt said he to Palomydes of me ye wyne no worship / for ye haue sene this daye that I haue ben trauailed
sore / As for that said Palomydes I wille not lete / for wete ye wel I wil be reuenged / wel said the
knyght I may happen to endure you / And there with all he moūtied vpon his hors and took a
grete spere in his hand redy for

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to Iuste / Nay said palomydes I wille not Iuste / for I am sure at Iustynge I gete no pryce / Fair knyght
said that Knyghte It wold biseme a knyght to Iuste and fyghte on horsbak ye shalle see what I wille doo
said Palomydes / and therwith he alyghte doune vpon foote / and dressid his shelde afore hym and pulled
oute his swerd / Thenne the knyghte with the reed sheld descended doune from his hors / and dressid his

sheld afore hym / and soo he drewe oute his suerd / And thenne they came to gyders a softe paas / and wonderly they lasshed to gyders passyng thyck the mo¯tenaunce of an houre / or euer they brethed / Thenne they tracyd and trauercyd and waxed wonderly wrothe / and eyther behyght other dethe / they hewe so fast with their suerdes that they cutte in doune half their swerdes / and mayles that the bare flesshe in some place stode aboue theyr harneis /

¶ And whan sir Palomydes beheld his felawes swerd ouer hyllid with his blood / hit greued hym sore / some whyle they fayned / some whyle they strake as wyld men / But at the last sir Palomydes waxed faynte by cause of his first wounde that he had atte castel with a spere / for that wound greued hym wonderly sore / Faire knyght said Palomydes me semeth we haue assayed eyther other passyng sore / and yf hit may please the / I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name / Sir said the knyȝt to Palomydes / that is me loth to doo / for thou hast done me wronge / and no knyghthode to profer me bataille / consyderynge my grete trauaylle /

¶ But and thou wolt telle me thy name / I wille telle the myn / Syr said he wethe thou wel my name is palomydes / A syr ye shall vnderstande my name is sir Lamorak de galys / sone and heyre vnto the good knyghte and kynge / kynge Pellenore / and syr Tor the good knyght is my half broder / Whanne sire Palomydes herd hym saye soo he kneled doune and asked mercy for oultragously haue I done to you this daye / consyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue sene you done / shamefully and vnknyghtely I haue requyred you to doo bataile / A syre Palomydes said sir Lamorak / ouer moche haue ye done and sayd to me / And ther with he enbraced hym with his both handes / and said Palomydes the worthy knyght in alle this land is noo better than ye nor more of prowesse / and me repentyd sore that

leaf 223r

we shold syghte to gyders / So it doth not me said sir Palomydes / and yet am I sorer wounded than ye ben /

¶ But as for that I shalle soone therof be hole / But certaynly I wold not for the fayrest castel in this land / but yf thou and I had met for I shalle loue you the dayes of my lyfe afore al other knyghtes excepte my broder sir Safere / I saye the same said syre Lamorak excepte my broder sir Tor / Thenne came sire Dynadan / and he made grete ioye of sir Lamorak /

¶ Thenne their squyers dressid bothe their sheldes and their harneis / and stopped their woundes / And there by at a pryory they rested them alle nyghte /

¶ Capitulum xx

NOW torne we ageyne / whan sire Gaynys and sir brandyles with his felawes came to the Courte of kyng

Arthur / they told the kynge / syr Launcelot and sir Tristram / how sire Dagonet the foole chaced Kynge Marke thurgh the forest / and how the stronge knyght smote them doune al seuen with one spere / There was grete laughynge and lapyngge atte Kynge Marke and at sire Dagonet / But all these knyghtes coude not telle what knyȝt it was that rescowed kyng mark Thenne they asked kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym / and he ansuerd and said / he named hym self the Kynght that folowed the questynge beest / and on that name he sente one of my varlets to a place where was his moder / and when she herd from whens he cam / she made passyng grete dole and discouerd to my varlet his name and said / O my dere sone sire Palomydes why wolt thou not see me / and therfor syr said kyng mark it is to vnderstande his name is sir Palomydes a noble knyght / Thenne were alle these seuen knyghtes gladde that they knewe his name /

¶ Now torne we ageyne / for on the morne they toke their horses bothe sir Lamorak / Palomydes Dynadā with their squyers and varlets tyl they sawe a fayre castel / that stood on a montayne wel closed / and thyder they rode and there they fond a knyght that hyght Galahalt that was lord of that castel / and there they had grete chere and were wel eased / Syr Dynadan said sire Lamorak what wil ye doo

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sir said Dynadan / I wylle to morowe to the courte of kynge Arthur /

¶ But my hede said sir Palomydes I wille not ryde these thre dayes / for I am sore hurte / and moche haue I bled And therfor I wille repose me here / Truly said sir Lamorak / and I wille abyde here with you / And whan ye ryde / thenne wille I ryde / onles that ye tary ouer longe / Thenne wyll I take myn hors / therfor I pray you syr Dynadan abyde and ryde with vs / Feythfully said Dynadan I wylle not abyde for I haue suche a talent to see sir Tristram that I may not abyde longe from hym / / A Dynadan said syre Palomydes now do I vnderstande / that ye loue my mortal enemy / and therefore how shold I trust yow / wel said Dynadan I loue my lord syre Tristram aboue all other / and hym wille I serue and do honoure / So shalle I said syre Lamorak in al that may lye in my power / Soo on the morne sir Dynadan rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur / And by the way as he rode he sawe where stode an erraunt Knyght / and made hym redy for to Iuste / Not soo said Dynadan for I haue no wylle to Iuste / with me shalle ye Iuste said knyght or that ye passe this waye / Whether aske ye Iustes by loue or by hate / the knyght ansuerd wete ye wel / I aske hit for loue & and not hate / hit maye wel be soo said syre Dynadan / but ye profer me hard loue / whan ye wylle Iuste with me a sharp spere / But fayre knyghte sayd syre Dynadan sythe ye wylle Iuste with me / mete wyth me in the Courte of Kynge Arthur / and there shalle I Iuste with you / Wel said the Knyght sythe ye wille not Iuste with me I pray yow telle me your name /

¶ Syr knyght said he my name is syre Dynadan / A said the Knyghte / ful wel knowe I you for a good knyghte and a gentyl / and wete yow wel I loue you hertely /

¶ Thenne shalle here be no Iustes sayd Dynadan betwixe vs / Soo they departed / And the same day he came to Camelot where lay Kynge Arthur / And there he salewed the Kynge and the quene / syre Launcelot and syre Tristram / and alle the Courte was gladde of sir Dynadan / for he was gentyl wyse and curteys / and a good Knyghte / And in especyal the valyaunt Knyght sir Tristram loued syre Dynadan passyng wel aboue alle other knyghtes sauf sir launcelot

¶ Thenne the kynge asked

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syr Dynadan what aduentures he had sene / Sire said Dynadan I haue sene many aduentures / and of somme kyng mark knoweth / but not alle / Thenne the Kynge herkened syr Dynadan how he told sir Palomydes and he were afore the castel of Morgan le fay / and how syr Lamorak toke the Iustes afore them / and how he foriusted twelue Knyghtes / and of them four he slewe / And how after he smote doune sir Palomydes and me bothe / I may not byleue that sayd the kynge For sir Palomydes is a passyng good knyghte / that is very trouthe said sir Dynadan / but yet I sawe hym better preued hand for hand / And thenne he told the kyng alle that batail And how sir Palomydes was more weyker and more hurte / and more lost of his blood / And withoute doubte sayd sir dynadan had the bataille lenger lasted / palomydes had be slayn O Ihesu said Kynge Arthur this is to me a grete merueylle Syr said Tristram merueylle ye no thyng therof / for at myn aduys / there is not a valyaunter knyghte in the world lyuyng / for I knowe his myght / And now I wille saye yow I was neuer soo wery of knyghte but yf it were sir launcelot And there is no knyghte in the world excepte syr Launcelot I wold dyd soo wel as sir Lamorak / Soo god me help said the kyng I wold that knyght syre Lamorak came to thys Courte / syr said Dynadan he wille be here in shorte space / and syr Palomydes bothe / but I fere that Palomydes may not yet trauayle

¶ Capitulum xxj /

Thenne within thre dayes after the kynge lete make a Iustyng at a pryory / And there made hem redy many Knyghtes of the round table / For syr Gawayne and his brether made them redy to Iuste / But Tristram / Launcelot nor Dynadan wold not Iuste / but suffred sir Gawayne for the loue of kyng Arthur with his bretheren to wyne the gree yf they myght / Thenne on the morne they apparayled them to Iuste syr Gawayne and his four bretheren / and dyd there grete dedes of armes / and sir Ector de marys dyd merueyllously wel / But sire Gawayne passed alle that felauship / wherfore

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kyng Arthur and alle the knyghtes gafe sire Gawayne the honour at the begynnynge /

¶ Ryght soo kyng Arthur was ware of a knyght and two squyers / the whiche came oute of a forest syde with a sheld couerd with leder / And thenne he came slyly and hurtlyd here and there / And anone with one spere he had smyten doune two knyghtes of the round table Thenne with this hurtlyng he lost the keuerynge of his sheld thenne was the kyng and alle other ware that he bare a reed shelde / O Ihesu saide Kyng Arthur see where rydeth a stoute Knyghte he with the reed shelde / And there was noyse & cryenge Beware the knyght with the reed shelde / Soo within a lytel whyle he had ouerthrowen thre bretheren of sire Gawayns / Soo god me help said Kyng Arthur me semeth yonder is the best Iuster that euer I sawe / with that he sawe hym encountre with sire Gawayne / and he smote hym doune with soo grete force that he made his hors to auoyde the sadel /

¶ How now said the Kyng sire Gawayne hath a falle / wel were me / and I knewe what knyght he were with the reed shelde / I knowe hym wel said Dynadan / but as this tyme ye shalle not knowe his name / By my hede said syr Tristram he Iusted better than sir Palomydes / An yf ye lyst to knowe his name / wete ye wel his name is sir Lamorak de galys / As they stode thus talkynge / sire Gawayne and he encountred to gyders ageyne / And there he smote sir Gawayne from his hors / and brysed hym sore / And in the syghte of Kyng Arthur he smote doune twenty knyghtes besyde sire Gawayne and his bretheren / And soo clerely was the pryce yeuen hym as a knyght pyerles / Thenne slyly and merueyllously syr Lamorak withdrewe hym from alle the felauship in to the forest syde / Al this aspyed Kyng Arthur / for his eye wente neuer from hym /

¶ Thenne the Kyng syr Launcelot syr Tristram and syr dynadan took their hackneis / and rode streyght after the good knyght syr Lamorak de galys / And there fond hym / And thus said the kyng / A fayr knyght wel be ye fonde / Whanne he sawe the kyng / he put of his helme and salewed hym / and whanne he sawe sir Tristram / he alyghte doun of his hors and ranne to hym to take hym by the thyes / but sir Tristram wold

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not suffre hym / but he alyghte or that he came / and eyder took other in armes / and made grete ioie of other / The kyng was gladde / and also was alle the felauship of the round table / excepte sire Gawayne and his bretheren / And whanne they wyst that he was syre Lamorak / they had grete despyte at hym and were wonderly wrothe with hym / that he had putte hym to dishonour that day / Thenne Gawayn called pryuely in coūceille alle his bretheren / and to them said thus / Faire bretheren here may ye see whome that we hate / kyng Arthur loueth And whome that we loue he hateth /

¶ And wete ye wel my fayr bretheren / that this sir Lamorak wille neuer loue vs / by cause we slewe his

fader Kynge Pellenore / for we demed that he slewe our fader Kynge of Orkeney / And for the despyte of Pellenore syr Lamorak dyd vs a shame to oure moder / therfore I wille be reuenged / Syr said sir Gawayns bretheren / lete see how ye wylle or maye be reuenged / and ye shalle fynde vs redy / Wel said Gawayne hold you styлле and we shalle aspye oure tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw passe we oure matere / and leue we sire Gawayn and speke of Kynge Arthur that on a day sayd vnto Kynge Marke / Syr I pray yow gyue me a yefte that I shall axe yow / Syr said Kyng Mark I will gyue you what someuer ye desyre and hit be in my power / Syre gramercy said Arthur / This I wille aske yow that ye wille be good lord vnto sir Tristram / for he is a man of grete honour / and that ye wille take hym with yow in to Cornewaile / & lete hym see his frendes / and there cherysshe hym for my sake / Syre said Kynge Marke I promyse yow by the feythe of my body and by the feythe that I owe to god and to yow I shalle worshippe hym for your sake in alle that I can or may / Syr said Arthur / and I wylle forgyue yow alle the euylle wylle that euer I oughte yow / and so be that ye swere vpon a book afore me / with a good wille said Kynge Marke / and soo he there sware vpon a boook afore hym and alle his knyghtes / & ther with kynge Mark and sire Tristram toke eyther other by

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the handes hard knyht to gyders / But for alle this kynge marke thought falsly / as it preued after / for he put sir Tristram in pryson / and cowardly wold haue slayne hym / Thenne soone after kynge Marke took his leue to ryde in to Cornewayl / and sir Tristram made hym redy to ryde with hym / wherof the moost party of the round table were wrothe and heuy / & in especial sir launcelot and sire Lamorak and sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure / For wel they wist kyng Marke wold slee or destroye sir Tristram / Allas said Dynadan that my lord syr Tristram shalle departe / and sir Tristram toke suche sorowe that he was amasyd lyke a foole /

¶ Allas said sir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done / for ye shall lese the moost man of worship that euer cam in to your court It was his owne desyre said Arthur / and therefore I myghte not doo with alle / for I haue done alle that I can and made them at accord / Accord said sir launcelot fy vpon that accord For ye shalle here that he shalle slee sir Tristram / or put hym in a pryson / for he is the moost coward and the vylaynst kyng and knyght that is now lyuyng / And there with sire Launcelot departed / and cam to kynge Mark / and said to hym thus Syr kyng wete thou wel the good knyght sir Tristram shalle goo with the / Beware I rede the of treason / for and thou meschyeue that knyght by ony maner of falshede or treson by the feythe I owe to god and to the ordre of knyghthode I shall slee the myn owne handes / Syr launcelot said the kyng ouer moche haue ye said to me / and I haue sworne and said ouer largely afore kyng Arthur in herynge of alle his knyghtes / that I shal not sle nor bitraye hym / It were to me ouer moche shame to breke my promyse / ye saye wel said sir Launcelot but ye are called

so fals and ful of treason that no man man byleue yow

¶ For soth it is knowen wel wherfor ye came in to this countrey / and for none other cause but to slee sir tristram / Soo with grete dole Kynge Marke and sir Tristram rode to gyders / for hit was by sir Tristram wil and his meanes to goo with kyng Marke and all was for the entente to see la Beale Isoud / for without the syghte of her syr Tristrā myght not endure

leaf 226r

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

NOW torne we ageyne vnto sire Lamorak / and speke we of his bretheren / syr Tor whiche was kynge Pellenors fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couherd for he was a bastard and sire Aglouale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok / syre Lamorak / Dornar / Percyuale / these were his sones to in wedlok /

¶ Soo whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departed from the Courte / there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departynge of sir Tristram Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no manere of Ioyes eyghte dayes after / And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym / And whanne this knyghtes was vnarmed / he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte / Of what lygnage is he come said Kynge Arthur / Syre sayd the knyght he is the sone of kyng Pellenore that dyd you somtyme good seruyse / And he is broder vnto syr Lamorak de galys the good knyght / wel sayd the kynge for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte / wete you wel my lord the Kynge that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak / and my name is Aglauale Syre Aglouale sayd Arthur for the loue of sire Lamorak and for his faders loue he shalle be made knyghte to morowe /

¶ Now telle me said Arthur what is his name / Syre sayd the Knyght his name is Percyuale de Galys / Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott / But the Kynge and alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preued a good knyghte

¶ Thenne at the dyner whanne the Kynge was set at the table / and euery knyȝt after he was of prowessse / the kyng commaunded hym to be sette amonge meane Knyghtes / and soo was sire Percyuale sette as the Kyng commaunded / Thenne was there a mayden in the Quenes court that was come of hyhe blood / & she was domme & neuer spak word / Ryght so she cam streyght in to the halle / & went vnto sir Percyuale & toke hym by þe hād & said

alowde that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit / Aryse syr Percyuale the noble Knyght and
goddess knyght and go with me / and soo he dyd / And there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the
sege perillous / And said Fair knyghte take here thy sege / for that sege apperteyneth to the and to none
other / Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste / And as she was confessid and houseld thenne she
dyed / Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete ioye of syr Percyuale

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

NOW torne we vnto sir Lamorak that moche was there preysed / Thenne by the meane of sir Gawayn
and his bretheren / they sente for her moder there besydes fast by Castel besyde Camelot / and alle was
to that entente to slee sir Lamorak / The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but sir Lamorak wist
of their beyng / and was ful fayne / & for to make an ende of this matere he sente vnto her / and ther
betwixe them was a nyght assygned that sir Lamorak shold come to her / Therof was ware syre
Gaherys / and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak / and théne he
sawe where he came all armed / and where sire Lamorak alyghte / he teyed his hors to a preuy posterne /
and so he wét in to a palour and vnarmed hym / And thenne he wente vnto the Quenes bedde /
and she made of hym passynge grete Ioye and he of her ageyne / for eyther loued other passynge sore /

¶ Soo whan the Knyght syr Gaherys / sawe his tyme / he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his
swerd naked / and sodenly gat his moder by the here and strake of her hede / whanne sir Lamorak sawe
the blood dasshe vpon hym all hote / the whiche he loued passynge wel / wethe yow wel he was sore
abasshed and desmayed of that dolorous knyght / And there with al sir Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in
his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus A syre Gaherys knyght of the table round foule and euylle
haue ye done and to yow grete shame Allas why haue ye slayn your moder that bare you with more
ryght ye shold haue slayne me /

¶ The offence hast thou done

sayd Gaherys not withstandynge a man is borne to offre his seruyse / but yet sholdest thou beware with
whome thou medlest / for thou hast putte me and my bretheren to a shame / and thy fader slewe our
fader / and thou to lye by our moder is to moche shame for vs to suffre / And as for thy fader kyng
Pellenore my broder sir Gawayne and I slewe hym / ye dyd hym the more wronge said sire Lamorak /
For my fader slewe not your fader / it was Balyn le saueage / and as yet my faders dethe is not
reuenged / leue thou wordes said sir Gaherys / For and thou speke felonsly I wil slee the / But by cause

thow arte naked I am ashamed to slee the / but wete thou wel / in what place I may gete the / I shalle slee the / and now my moder is quyte of the / and withdrawe the / and take thyn armour that thow were gone / Syre Lamorak sawe there was none other bote but fast armed hym and took his hors and rode his way makynge grete sorowe / But for the shame and doloure he wold not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte / but rode another waye / But whan hit was knowen that Gaherys had slayne his moder / the kynge was passynge wrothe and commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte / wete ye wel sire Gawayn was wrothe that Gaherys had slayne his moder / and lete sire Lamorak escape / And for this matere was the kynge passynge wrothe and soo was sir Lamorak and many other knyghtes Syr said sir Launcelot here is a grete meschyef befallen by felony / and by fore cast treason that your syster is thus shamefully slayne / And I dare saye that it was wrouȝte by treson And I dare saye ye shalle lese that good Knyghte sir Lamorak the whiche is grete pyte / I wote wel and am sure and sir Tristram wyste hit / he wold neuer more come within your courte / the whiche shold greue yow moche more and alle youre knyghtes / God defende said the noble Kynge Arthur that I shold lese sire Lamorak or sir Tristram / for thenne tweyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table round were gone / Syre saide syre Launcelot I am sure ye shalle lese sir Lamorak for sir Gawayne and his bretheren wille sle hym / by one meane or other / for they amonge them haue concluded and sworne to slee hym and euer they may see their tyme / That shalle I lette sayd Arthur

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¶ Capitulum xxv

NOW leue we of sire Lamorak / and speke of sire Gawayns bretheren & specially of syr Agrauayne and syre Mordred as they rode on their aduentures they mette with a Knyghte fleyng sore wounded / and they asked hym what tydynges / Faire Knyghtes said he here cometh a knyght after me that wylle slee me / With that came sire Dynadan rydyng to them by aduenture / but he wold promyse them no help But sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred promysed hym to rescowe hym / There with alle came that knyght streyght vnto them And anone he proferd to Iuste / That sawe syre Mordred and rode to hym but he strake Mordred ouer his hors tayle

¶ That sawe sire Agrauayn and streyghte he rode toward that knyght / And ryghte soo as he serued Mordred soo he serued Agrauayne / and said to them / Syrs wete ye wel bothe that I am Breuse saunce pyte that hath done this to yow / And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or syxe tymes /

¶ Whan Dynadan sawe this / he muste nedes Iuste with hym for shame / And so Dynadan and he encountred to gyders / that with pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym ouer his hors tayle / Thenne he took his hors and fledde / for he was on foot one of the valyauntest knyghtes in Arthurs dayes / and a grete destroyer of alle good knyghtes / Thenne rode sir Dynadan vnto sir Mordred and vnto sir Agrauayne / Syre knyght said they alle wel haue ye done / and wel haue ye reuenged vs / wherfor we

praye yow telle vs youre name / Faire sirs ye ouȝte to knowe my name the whiche is called sire
Dynadan / Whanne they vnderstood that it was Dynadan / they were more wroth than they were before /
for they hated hym oute of mesure by cause of sir Lamorak / For Dynadan had suche a custome that he
loued alle good Knyghtes that were valyaunt / and he hated al tho that were destroyers of good
knyghtes / And there were none that hated Dynadan but tho that euer were called murtherers Thenne
spack the hurt knyght that Breuse saunce pyte hadde chaced / his name was Dalan / and said yf thou be
Dynadan / thow slewest my fader / Hit may wel be so said Dynadan / but thenne it was in my defence
and at his request / By my hede said Dalan thow shalt dye therfore / and there with he dressid

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his spere and his shelde / And to make the shorter tale syre Dynadan smote hym doune of his hors that
his neck was nyȝ broken / And in the same wyse he smote syre Mordred and sir Agrauayne / And after
in the quest of the Sancgreal cowardly and felloynsly they slewe Dynadan / the whiche was grete
dammage / for he was a grete bourder and a passyng good knyght

¶ And soo sire Dynadan rode to a Castel that hyght Beale valet / And there he fonde sire Palomydes that
was not yet hole of the wound that syr Lamorak gaf hym / And there Dynadan told Palomydes all the
tydynges that he herd and sawe of syre Tristram / and how he was gone with kynge Marke / and with
hym he hath alle his wyll and desyre / There with syre Palomydes waxed wrothe / for he loued la Beale
Isoud / And thenne he wyste wel that syre Tristram enioyed her

¶ Capitulum xxvj

NOW leue we sire Palomydes and sire Dynadan in the castel of Beale valet / and torne we ageyne vnto
kynge Arthur / There came a Knyght oute of Cornewail his name was Fergus / a felawe of the round
table / And ther he told the Kynge and sir Launcelot good tydynges of sir Tristram / and there were
brought goodly letters / and how he lefte hym in the castel of Tyntagil

¶ Thenne came the damoyssel that broughte goodly letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto sire launcelot /
and there she hadde passyng good chere of the Kynge and of the Quene Gueneuer and of sire
Launcelot /

¶ Thenne they wrote goodly letters ageyne / But syre Launcelot badde euer sire Tristram beware
of kynge Marke / for euer he called hym in his letters Kynge Foxe / As who saith / he fareth alle with
wyles and treason / wherof sire Tristram in his herte thanked syre Launcelot

¶ Thenne the Damoyssel went vnto la Beale Isoud and bare her letters from the Kynge and from syre
Launcelot / wherof she was in passyng grete Ioye

¶ Faire damoysel said la Beale Isoud / how fareth my

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Lord Arthur and the Quene Gweneuer / and the noble knyȝt syr Launcelot / she ansuerd and to make short tale / moche the better that ye and sire Tristram ben in Ioye / God rewarde them said la beale Isoud / for sir Tristram suffereth grete payne for me and I for hym / So the damoysel departed and broughte letters to Kyng Marke / And whanne he had redde them / and vnderstood them / he was wrothe with sir Tristram / for he demed he had sente the damoysel vnto Kyng Arthur / For Arthur and Launcelot in a maner threted kyng mark / And as Kyng mark redde these letters / he demed treson by syr Tristram / Damoysel said Kynge marke / wille ye ryde ageyne and bere letters from me vnto Kyng Arthur / sir she said I wille be at your commaundement to ryde whan ye wille / ye saye wel said the Kyng / come ageyne said the Kyng to morne / and fetch your letters / Thenne she departed / & told them how she shold ryde ageyne with letters vnto Arthur Thenne we praye you said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram that whanne ye haue receyued your letters / that ye wold come by vs that we may see the pryete of your letters / Al that I may doo madame ye wote wel I must doo for sir Tristram for I haue ben longe his owne mayden / Soo on the morne the damoysel went to kyng marke to haue had his letters and to departe / I am not auysed said kyng marke as at this tyme to sende my letters / Thenne pryuely and secretely he sent letters vnto kyng Arthur and vnto Quene Queneuer / and vnto sir launcelot / So the varlet departed / and fond the Kyng and the Quene in walys at Carlyon / And as the kyng and the Quene were at masse the varlet came with the letters / And whanne masse was done the kyng and the Quene opened the letters pryuely by them self / And the begynnynge of the kynges letters spak wonderly short vnto Kyng Arthur / and badde hym entermete with hym self and with his wyf / & of his knyghtes / For he was able ynough to rule and kepe his wyf

¶ Capitulum **xxvij** [correction; sic = xvij]

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leaf 229r

WHanne kyng Arthur vnderstood the letter / he musyd of many thynges / & thouȝt on his systers wordes quene Morgan le fay that she had sayd betwixe quene gueneuer and sir Launcelot / And in this thoughte he studyed a grete whyle / Thenne he bethought hym ageyne how his syster was his owne enemy / and that she hated the Quene and sir launcelot / and soo he putte all that oute of his thoughte

¶ Thenne Kyng Arthur redde the letter ageyne / and the latter clause said that Kyng Marke tooke sire

Tristram for his mortal enemy / wherfor he put Arthur oute of doubte he wold be reuengyd of sir
Tristram / Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth with kynge Marke / And whanne quene Gueneuer redde her
letter and vnderstood hit / she was wrothe oute of mesure / for the letter spak shame by her / and by sir
launcelot / And soo pryuely she sente the letter vnto sir Launcelot / And whanne he wyste the entent of
the letter / he was soo wrothe that he leyd hym doune on his bedde to slepe / wherof sir Dynadan was
ware / for hit was his maner to be preuy with alle good knyghtes / And as sire launcelot slepte he stale
the letter oute of his hand and red it word by word / And thenne he made grete sorow for anger / and soo
sir Launcelot awaked / and went to a wyndowe / and redde the letter ageyne / the whiche maade hym
angry / Syre said Dynadan wherfore be ye angry / discouer your hert to me / For sothe ye wote wel I
owe yow good wylle / how be hit I am a poure knyght and a seruytour vnto yow and to alle good
knyghtes / For though I be not of worship my self I loue alle tho that ben of worship / It is trouth said sir
Launcelot / ye are a trusty knyght / and for grete trust I wille shewe yow my counceyll / And whan
Dynadan vnderstood alle / he said this is my counceyl / Sette you ryght nought by these thretys / For
kynge marke is soo vylaynous / that by fayre speche shalle neuer man gete of hym /

¶ But ye shalle see what I shalle doo / I wille make a lay for hym / & whan hit is made I shalle make an
harper to synge hit afore hym / Soo anone he wente and made hit / and taughte hit an harper that hyght
Elyot / And whanne he coude hit / he taught hit to many harpers

¶ And soo by the wylle of sire Launcelot and of Arthur the harpers went streyghte in to

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walys / and in to Cornewaile to synge the laye that sire Dynadan made kynge Marke / the whiche was
the werste lay that euer harper sange with harp or with any other Instrumentys

¶ Capitulum **xxviiij** [correction; sic = xviiij]

NOW torne we ageyne vnto sire Tristram and to Kyng Marke / As syr Tristram was at Iustes and att
turnement / hit fortunied he was sore hurte bothe with a spere and with a swerd / but yet he wanne
alweyes the degre And for to repose hym / he wente to a good knyght that duelled in Cornewaile in a
Castel whos name was Syr Dynas le Seneschall / Thenne by mysfortune there came oute of Sessoyne a
grete nombre of men of armes / and an hydous hoost / & they entred nyghe the castel of Tyntagyl / and
her Capytayns name was Elyas a good man of armes / Whan Kyng Mark vnderstode his enemyes were
entred in to his land / he maade grete dole and sorow / for in no wyse by his wille kyng Mark wold not
sende for sir Tristram for he hated hym dedely / Soo whan his counceill was come / they deuysed and
cast many peryls of the strengthe of her enemyes / And thenne they concluded all at ones and said thus
vnto kynge Marke / Syr wete ye wel ye must sende for sire Tristram the good knyghte or els they wylle
neuer be ouercome / For by sire Tristram they must be foughten with alle / or els we rowe ageynst the

¶ Wel said Kyng Marke I wille doo by your counceylle / but yet he was ful lothe ther to / but nede constrayned hym to sende for hym / Thenne was he sente for in alle hast that myȝte be that he shold come to Kyng Marke / And whanne he vnderstood that Kyng Marke had sente for hym / he mounted vpon a softe ambuler and rode to Kyng Marke / And when he was come / the Kyng said thus / Faire neuwe syr Tristrā this is alle / Here be come oure enemyes of Sessoyne / that are here nyghe hand / and withoute taryenge they must be mette with shortly or els they wylle destroye this countrey / Syr said sir Tristram wete ye wel alle my power is at your commaundement / And wete ye wel syre / these eyght dayes I may bere

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none armes for my woundes ben not yet hole / And by that day I shalle doo what I may / ye saye wel said kyng Marke / Thenne goo ye ageyne and repose yow and make yow fresshe And I shalle go and mete the Sessoyns with alle my power Soo the Kyng departed vnto Tyntagyl and sir Tristram went to repose hym / and the Kyng made a grete hoost and departed them in thre / The fyrste parte ledde syr Dynas the Seneschall and sir Andred ledde the second parte / and sir Arguys ledde the thyrd parte / and he was of the blood of Kyng Mark / and the Sessoyns had thre grete batails / and many good men of armes / And soo Kyng Marke by the aduyse of his Knyghtes yssued oute of the Castel of Tyntagyl vpon his enemyes And Dynas the good knyghte rode oute afore / and slewe ij Knyghtes his owne handes / and thenne beganne the batayls / And there was merueyllous brekyng of speres and smytyng of suerdes / and slewe doune many good knyghtes / And euer was syr Dynas the Seneschal the best of Kyng Markes party / And thus the bataille endured longe with grete mortalyte But at the last Kyng Mark and sire Dynas were they neuer soo lothe they withdrewen hem to the castel of Tyntagyll / with grete slaughter of peple / And the Sessoyns folowed on fast / that ten of them were put within the gates and four slayne with the porte coloyse / Thenne Kyng Marke sente for sire Tristram by a varlet that told hym alle the mortalyte /

¶ Thenne he sente the varlet ageyne and bad hym telle Kyng Mark that I wille come as soone as I am hole / for erste I maye doo hym noo good / Thenne Kyng Mark hadde his ansuer / There with came Elyas and badde the Kyng yelde vp the castel / for ye maye not hold it no whyle / Sir Elyas said the kyng so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone rescoued / Anone Kyng Marke sente ageyne for rescowe to sir tristram / By thenne sir Tristram was hoole / and he hadde gotten hym ten good Knyghtes of Arthurs / And with hem he rode vnto Tyntagyl / And whanne he sawe the grete hoost of Sessoyns he merueyllled wonder gretely / And thenne sir Trystram rode by the woodes and by the dyches as secretly as he myght tyl he came nyghe the gatys / And there dressid a Knyghte to hym / when he sawe that sir Tristram wold entre & sir tristram

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smote hym doune dede / And soo he serued thre mo / And eueryche of these ten knyghtes slewe a man of armes / Soo sir tristram entryd in to the castel of Tyntagyl / And whan kynge Marke wyst that sir Tristram was come he was glad of his comyng / and soo was alle the felaushyp / and of hym they made grete Ioye

¶ Capitulum xxix

SOo on the morne Elyas the capytayne came / and bad kynge Marke come oute / and doo bataille / for now the good knyghte sir Tristram is entryd / It wylle be shame to the sayd Elyas for to kepe thy walles / whan kynge Mark vnderstood this / he was wrothe and sayd no word / but went vnto sir Tristram and axed hym his counceyl / Sire said sir Tristram wylle ye that I gyue hym his ansuer / I wille wel sayd Kynge Marke / Thenne sir Tristram said thus to the messagere Bere thy lord word from the kynge and me / that we wyl do batail with hym to morne in the playne felde / what is your name said the messenger / wete thou wel / my name is sir Trystram de Lyones / There with alle the messenger departed / and told his lord Elyas alle that he had herd / Syr saide sire Tristram vnto Kynge Marke I praye yow gyue me leue to haue the rule of the bataill / I pray yow take the rule said kyng mark Thenne sire Tristram lete deuyse the bataille in what manere that it shold be / He lete departe his hoost in syxe partyes / and ordeyned sir Dynas the Seneschal to haue the fore ward / & other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt / And the same nyghte syre Tristram brente alle the Sessoyns shyppes vnto the cold water / Anone as Elyas wyst that he said hit was of sir Tristrams doynge / for he casteth that we shalle neuer escape moder sone of vs / Therefore fayre felawes fyghte frely to morowe / & myscomforte yow noughte for ony knyȝt though he be the best knyght in the world / he maye not haue adoo with vs alle /

¶ Thenne they ordeyned theyr batails in four partyes wonderly wel apparailled and garnysshed with men of armes Thus they within yssued / and they withoute sette frely vpon them / and there sir Dynas dyd grete dedes of armes / not for

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thenne sir Dynas and his felauship were put to the werse / With that came sire Tristram and slewe two Knyghtes with one spere / thenne he slewe on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / that men merueyllled that euer he myght do surche dedes of armes / And thenne he myght see somtyme the bataille was dryuen a bowe draughte from the castel / and somtyme it was at the gates of the Castel / Thenne came Elyas Capytayne rasshyng here and there / and hytte kynge Mark so sore vpon the helme that he made hym to auoyde the sadel / And thenne sir Dynas gate kynge Mark ageyne to horsbak /

There with alle came in sir Tristram lyke a lyon / and there her mette with Elyas / and he smote hym so sore vpon the helme that he auoyded his sadel / And thus they fought tyl it was nyghte / and for grete slauȝter and for wounded peple eueryche party drewe to their reste / And whan kynge Marke was come within the castel of Tyntagyl / he lacked of his knyghtes an honderd and they withoute lacked two honderd / and they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes / And thenne they wente to counceyl / and wete yow wel eyther party were lothe to fyghte more / soo that eyther myght escape with their worship

¶ Whan Elyas the capytayn vnderstode the dethe of his men / he made grete dole / And whan he wyst that they were lothe to goo to bataille ageyne / he was wrothe oute of mesure / Thenne Elyas sente word vnto Kyng Mark in grete despyte whether he wold fynde a Knyght that wold fyghte for hym / body for body /

¶ And yf that he myght slee Kynge Markes knyghte / he to haue the truage of Cornewaile yerely / And yf that this knyght slee hym / I fully releece my clayme for euer Thenne the messenger departed vnto Kynge Marke and told hym how that his lord Elyas had sente hym word to fynde a Knyght to doo bataille with hym body for body / whanne kyng Marke vnderstood the messagyer he badde hym abyde / and he shold haue his ansuer / Thenne called he alle the Baronage to gyder to wete what was the best counceyll / They sayd all at ones to fyghte in a felde we haue no lust / for had not ben syr Tristrams prowessse / hit had ben lykely that we neuer shold haue escaped / And therfor sir as we deme / hit were wel done to fynde a knyȝt that wold do batail with hym for he knyȝtly

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profereth

¶ Capitulum xxx

NOt for thenne whan alle this was said / they coude fynde no Knyght that wold doo bataille with hym / Syre kynge said they alle / here is no knyght that dare fyghte wyth Elyas / Allas said kynge Marke thenne am I vtterly ashamed and vtterly destroyed / onles that my neuewe sire Tristram wylle take the bataille vpon hym / wete yow wel they sayd alle he had yesterday ouer moche on hand / and he is wery for trauaille / and sore wounded / where is he said Kyng mark Syr said they he is in his bedde to repose hym / Allas said kynge Marke / but I haue the socoure of my neuewe sir Tristram I am vtterly destroyed for euer / There with one wente to syr Tristram there he lay and told hym what kynge Marke had sayd / And there with sire Tristram aroos lyghtely / and putt on hym a longe gowne / and came afore the Kynge and al the lordes / And whan he sawe hem alle soo desmayed / he asked the Kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem / Neuer werse said the Kynge / And ther with he told hym alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyȝt to fyghte for the truage of Cornewail / and none can I fynde / And as for yow said the kynge and alle the lordes we maye aske no more of yow for shame / For thurgh your

hardynes yesterday ye saued alle your lyues / Syre said syr Tristram now I vnderstande ye wold haue my socour / reason wold that I shold doo al that lyeth in my power to doo / sauynge my worship / and my lyf / how be hit I am sore brysed and hurte / And sythen sir Elyas profereth soo largely / I shalle fyghte with hym or els I will be slayne in the felde / or els I wille delyuer Cornewaile from the old truage / And therfore lyghtely calle his messenger and he shalle be ansuerd / for as yet my woundes ben grene and they wille be sorer a seuen nyght after than they ben now / And therfor he shalle haue his ansuere / that I will doo bataill to morn with hym / Thenne was the messenger departed brought before kynge Marke / Herke my felawe said sir Tristram goo fast vnto thy lord and bydde hym make true assuraunce on his party / for the truage / as the kyng here shalle make on his party / and th&emacron;ne telle thy lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram kynge Arthurs knyght / and knyghte of the table round /

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wylle as to morne mete with thy lord on horsbak / to doo batail as longe as my hors maye endure / And after that to doo bataille with hym on foote to the vtteraunce / the messenger behelde syre Tristram from the top to the too / And there with alle he departed and came to his lord and told hym how he was ansuerd of sir Tristram / And there with alle was made hostage on bothe partyes / and made hit as sure as hit myghte be / that whether party had the vycory / soo to ende / And thenne were bothe hostes assembled on bothe partyes of the felde withoute the castel of Tyntagyl / & ther was none but sir Tristram & sir Elyas armed / Soo whan the poyntement was made they departed in sonder / and they came to gyders with alle the myght that their horses myghte renne / And eyther knyghte smote other soo hard that bothe horses and knyghtes wente to the erthe / Not for thenne they bothe lyghtely aroos and dressid their sheldes on their sholders with naked swerdes in their handes / and they dassed to gyders that hit semed a flammynge fyre aboute them / Thus they tracyd and trauercyd and hewe on helmes and hawberkes / and cutte awaye many cantels of their sheldes / and eyther wounded other passynge sore / so that the hote blood felle fresshly vpon the erthe /

¶ And by thenne they had foughten the mountenaunce of an houre / sir Tristram waxte faynte and forbledde / and gaf sore a bak / That sawe sire Elyas / and folowed fyersly vpon hym / and wounded hym in many places / And euer sire Tristram tracyd and trauercyd / and wente froward hym here and there / and couerd hym with his shelde as he myghte alle weykely / that alle men said he was ouercome / For sir Elyas hadde gyuen hym twenty strokes ageynst one /

¶ Thenne was there laughyng of the Sessoyns party and grete dole on Kynge Markys party / Allas said the Kynge we are ashamed and destroyed all for euer / for as the book saith syr Tristram was neuer so matched but yf it were sir launcelot / Thus as they stode and beheld bothe partyes / that one party laughynge and the other party wepynge / Syre Tristram remembryd hym of his lady la beale Isoud that loked vpon hym / And how he was lykely neuer to come in her presence / Thenne he pulled vp is shelde that erst henge ful lowe / And thenne he dressid vp his shelde vnto

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Elyas / and gaf hym many sadde strokes twenty ageynst one and alle to brake his shelde and his hauberk / that the hote blod ranne doune to the erthe / Thenne beganne kynge Mark to laughe and alle Cornysshe men / and that other party to wepe / And euer sir Tristram said to sir Elyas yelde the /

¶ Thenne whanne sir Tristram sawe hym soo stakkerynge on the ground he said syr Elyas I am ryght sorry for the / for thou arte a passynge good knyghte as euer I mette with alle excepte sire Launcelot / ther with alle sir Elyas fylle to the erthe / & there dyed / what shalle I doo said sir Tristram vnto Kynge marke for this bataille is at an ende / Thenne they of Elyas party departed / and kynge Marke took of hem many prysoners to redresse the harmes and the scathes that he had of them / and the remenaunt he sente in to their countrey to borowe oute their felawes / Thenne was sire Tristram serched and wel helyd / yet for alle this Kynge Marke wold fayne haue slayne sir Tristram /

¶ But for alle that euer sire Tristram sawe or herd by kynge Marke yet wold he neuer beware of his treason / but euer he wold be there as la Beale Isoud was

¶ Capitulum xxxj

NOw wille we passe of this mater / and speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan hadde sente in to Cornewaile / And at the grete feest that kyng marke made for Ioye that the Sessoyns were putte oute of his Countrey / Thenne came Elyas the harper with the lay that Dynadan had made and secretely broughte hit vnto sir Tristram and told hym the lay that Dynadan had made by kynge Marke / And whan sir Tristram herd hit / he said O lord Ihesu that Dynadan can make wonderly wel and ylle / there as it shalle be /

¶ Syr said Elyas dare I synge this songe afore Kynge Marke / ye on my perylle said sire Tristram / for I shalle be thy waraunt / Thenne at the mete cam in Elyas the harper / & by cause he was a curyous harper men herd hym synge the same lay that Dynadan had made / the whiche spak the moost vylony by Kyng Marke of his treason / that euer man herd / whan the harper had songe his songe to the ende / kynge Marke was wonderly wrothe

¶ And sayd / thow

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harper how durst thou be so bold on thy heede to synge this songe afore me / Syr said Elyas wete thou wel I am a mynstrel / and I must doo as I am commaunded of these lordes that I bere the armes of / And syre wete ye wel that sir Dynadan a knyghte of the table round made this songe / and made me to synge hit afore you / Thou sayest wel sayd kynge Marke And by cause thou arte a mynstral / thou shalt go quyte / but I charge the hye the fast oute of my syghte / So the harper departed and wente to sir Tristram and told hym how he had sped / Thanne syre Tristram lete make letters as goodely as he coude to launcelot and to sire Dynadan / And so he lete conduyte the harper out of the countrey / but to say þ^t Kyng Mark was wonderly wrothe he was / for he demed that the lay that was songe afore hym was made by sir Tristrams counceyll / wherefore he thoughte to slee hym / and alle his wel wyllars / in that countrey

¶ Capitulum xxxij

NOW torne we to another mater that felle bitwene kyng Marke and his broder that was called the good prynce Boudwyne that alle the peple of the countrey loued passynge wel / So hit befelle on a tyme that the mescreaunts Sarasyns loded in the countrey of Cornewaile soone after these sessoyns were gone / And thence the good prynce Boudwyne at the landynge he areysed the countrey pryuely and hastily / And or hit were day / he lete put wyld fyre in thre of his owne shyppes / and sodenly he pulled vp the sayle / And with the wynde he made tho shyppes to be dryuen among the nauye of the Sarasyns / And to make shorte tale tho thre shippes set on fyre alle the shippes that none were saued / And atte poynt of the day the good prynce Boudwyn with all his felauship sette on the mescreauntes with shoutes and cries and slewe to the nombre of xl / M / and lefte none on lyue / whan kynge Marke wist this he was wonderly wrothe that his broder shold wyne suche worship / And by cause this prynce was better byloued than he in all that countrey / And that al so Boudwyn loued wel sir Tristram / therefore he thoughte to slee hym

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And thus hastily as a man oute of his wytte he sente for prynce boudwyn / & Anglides his wyf / & bad them brynge theyre yonge sone with them that he myght see hym / Alle this he dyd to the entente to slee the child as wel as his fader / for he was the falsest traitour that euer was borne / Allas for his goodenes and for his good dedes this gentyl prynce Boudwyn was slayne / So whan he came with his wyf Anglydes the Kynge made them fayre semblaunt tyl they had dyed / And whanne they had dyed / Kynge Marke sente for his broder and said thus / Broder how spedde you whan the mescreaunts aryued by you / me semeth hit had be youre parte to haue sente me word that I myght haue ben at that Iourneye for it had ben reason that I had had the honour and not you Syre said the Prynce Boudwyn it was so that and I had taryed tyl that I had sente for you / tho myscreauntes hadde destroyed my countrey / Thou lyest fals traytour said Kynge Marke / for thou arte euer aboute for to wyne worship from me / and put me to dishonour / and thou cheryst that I hate / And there with he stroke hym to the hert with a dagger /

that he neuer after spake word / Thenne the lady Anglydes made grete dole and swouned / for she sawe
her lord slayne afore her face / Thenne was there no more to doo but prynce Boudwyn was despoyled
and brought to buryels / But Anglydes pryuely gat her husbandes dobblet and his sherte / and that she
kepte secretely / Thenne was there moche sorowe and cryenge / and grete dole made sir Tristram / sir
Dynas / sir Fergus / and so dyd alle knyghtes that were there / for that prynce was passyngly wel
byloued / Soo la Beale Isoud sente vnto Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf and badde her auoyde ly
ȝtely or els her yonge sone Alysander le Orphelyn shold be slaye / whanne she herd this / she took her
hors and her child / and rode with suche poure men as durst ryde with her /

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

NOt withstandynge whan Kyng Marke had done this dede / yet he thought to doo more vengeance /
and with

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his swerd in his hand / he sought from chamber to chamber to seke Anglydes and her yonge sone / And
when she was myste / he called a good knyghte that hyghte Sadok / and charged hym by payne of dethe
to fetch Anglydes ageyne / and her yonge sone / So syre Sadok departed / and rode after Anglydes /
And within ten myle he ouertoke her / and badde her torne ageyne and ryde with hym to Kynge Marke /
Allas fair knyȝt she said / what shalle ye wyne by my sones deth or by myn / I haue hadde ouer moche
harne and to grete a losse / Madame said Sadok / of your losse is dole and pyte / but madame said
Sadok wold ye departe oute of this countrey with your sone / and kepe hym tyl he be of age / that he
may reuenge his faders dethe / thenne wold I suffer yow to departe from me / Soo ye promyse me to
reuenge the dethe of prynce Boudwyn / A gentyl knyght Ihesu thanke the / and yf euer my sone
Alysaunder le Orphelyn lyue to be a knyght / he shal haue his faders dobblet and his shert with the bloody
markes / and I shalle gyue hym suche a charge that he shalle remembre hit whyles he lyueth / And there
with al Sadok departed from her / and eyther bytoke other to god

¶ And when Sadok came to kyng Marke he told hym feythfully that he had drowned yong Alysander her
sone / and therof kynge Marke was ful gladde /

¶ Now torne we vnto Anglydes that rode bothe nyghte and day by aduenture oute of Cornewaile / and
lytyl and in fewe places she rested / but euer she drewe southward to the see syde / tyl by fortune she
came to a castel that is called Magouns / & now hit is called Arundel in southsex / and the Conestable of
the castel welcomed her and said she was welcome to her owne castel / and there was Anglydes
worshipfully receyued / for the Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn / and the Conestables name was
Belangere / and that same Conestable told Anglydes that the same Castel was hers by ryght
enherytaunce / Thus Anglydes endured yeres and wynters tyl Alysander was bygge and stronge / there

was none soo wyght in all that Countrey / neyther there was none that myghte doo no manere of maystry
afore hym /

leaf 234v

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

Thenne vpon a day Bellangere the Conestable came to Anglydes and sayd Madame it were tyme my
lord Alysander were made knyȝt / for he is a passyng strong yonge man / Syre said she I wold he were
made knyghte / But thenne must I yeue hym the moost charge that euer synful moder gaf to her childe /
Doo as ye lyst sayd Bellangere / and I shalle gyue hym warnyng that he shalle be maade knyght / Now
hit wyl be wel done that he may be made knyght at oure lady day in lente / Be hit soo said Anglydes /
and I pray yow make redy therfore / Soo came the Conestable to Alysander and told hym that he shold at
oure lady in lente be made knyghte / I thanke god said Alysander these are the best tydynges that euer
came to me / Thenne the Conestable ordeyned twenty of the grettest gentylmens sones and the best born
men of the countrey that shold be maade knyghtes that same day that Alysander was made knyght / Soo
on the same daye that Alysander and his twenty felawes were made Knyghtes / at the offrynge of the
masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone and sayd thus /

¶ O fayre swete sone I charge the vpon my blessinge and of the hyghe ordre of chyualry that thou takest
here this day / that thou vnderstande what I shalle saye / and charge the with alle / There with alle she
pulled out a bloody dobblet and a bloody sherte that were bebledde with old blood / whanne Alysaunder
sawe this / he starte abak and waxed paale / and sayd fayre moder what maye this meane / I shall telle
the fayre sone / this was thyne owne faders dobblett and sherte that he ware vpon hym that same daye
that he was slayne / and there she told hym why wherfore / And hou for his goodenes kynge Marke
slewe hym with his daggar afore myn owne eyen / And therfor this shalle be your charge that I I shalle
gyue the

¶ Capitulum xxxv

NOW I requyre the / and charge the vpon my blessing

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and vpon the hyghe ordre of knyȝthode that thou be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke for the dethe of thy
fader / and there with all she swouned / Thenne Alysander lepte to his moder / and took her vp in his

armes and sayd Fair moder ye haue gyuen me a grete charge / and here I promyse yow I shalle be
auengyd vpon Kynge Marke / whanne that I may / and that I promyse to god and to yow

¶ Soo this feest was endyd / and the conestabyl by the aduyse of anglydes lete purueye that Alysander
was wel horsed and harneysid / Thenne he Iusted with his twenty felawes that were made knyghtes with
hym / but for to make a shorte tale he ouerthrewe alle tho twenty that none myght withstande hym a
buffet /

¶ Thenne one of tho Knyghtes departed vnto Kynge Marke / and told hym alle how Alysander was
maade Knyghte / and alle the charge that his moder gaf hym as ye haue herd afore tyme

¶ Allas fals treason said Kynge Marke I wende that yonge traitour had ben dede / Allas whome may I
truste / And there with alle kynge Marke took a swerd in his hand / and soughte sire Sadok from
chamber to chamber to slee hym /

¶ Whanne sir Sadok sawe kynge Marke come with his suerd in his hand / he sayd thus / Beware Kynge
Marke and come not nyghe me / for wete thou wel that I saued Alysander his lyf / of whiche I neuer
repente me / for thou falsly and cowardly slewe his fader Boudwyn traytourly for his good dedes /
wherfor I pray almyghty Ihesu sende Alysander myghte and strengthe to be reuengyd vpon the / and
now beware Kynge Marke of yonge Alysander / for he is made a knyghte /

¶ Alas said Kynge Marke that euer I shold here a traytour saye soo afore me /

¶ And there with foure Knyghtes of kynge Markes drewe theire swerdes to slee syre Sadok / but anone
sir Sadok slewe hem alle in Kynge Markes presence / And thenne sire Sadok past forthe in to his
chamber / and toke his hors and his harneis / and rode on his waye a good paas / For there was neyther
syre Tristram / neyther syre Dynas nor syre Fergus that wold sir Sadok ony euylle wylle /

¶ Thenne was Kynge Marke wrothe / and thoughte to destroye syre Alysander and syre Sadok that had
saued hym / for kynge Marke dredde and hated Alisander moost of ony man

leaf 235v

lyuyng whanne sir Tristram vnderstood that Alysander was made knyghte / Anone forth with alle he
sente hym a letter prayenge hym and chargynge hym that he wold drawe hym to the Courte of Kynge
Arthur / and that he putte hym in the rule and in the handes of sire Launcelot

¶ Soo this letter was sente to Alysander from his cosyn syr Tristram / And at that tyme he thought to doo
after his commaundement / Thenne kynge Mark called a knyght that broughte hym the tydynges from

Alysander / and badde hym abyde styll in that countrey / Syre sayd that knyght soo muste I doo / for in myn owne countrey I dare not come / No force said Kynge Marke / I shalle gyue the here double as moche landes as euer thow haddest of thyne owne / But within short space sir Sadok mette with that fals knyght / and slewe hym Thenne was Kynge Marke wode wrothe oute of mesure

¶ Thenne he sente vnto Quene Morgan le say / and to the quene of Northgalys prayenge them in his letters that they two sorceresses wold sette alle the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were enchauntresses / And by suche that were daungerous knyghtes as Malgryn Breuse saunce pyte / that by no meane Alysander le Orphelyn shold escape / but outhur he shold be taken or slayne / This ordenaunce made kyng Marke for to destroye Alysander

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

NOW torne we ageyne vnto sire Alysander that at his departynge his moder toke with hym his faders bloody sherte / Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tylle hys dethe daye in tokenynge to thynke on his faders dethe

¶ Soo was Alysander purposed to ryde to london by the co&uacceille of sire Tristram to syre Launcelot / And by fortune he wente by the see syde / and rode wronge / and there he wanne at a turnement the gree / that Kynge Carados made / And there he smote doune Kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes and also sire Safere a good knyght that was sire Palomydes broder the good knyght /

¶ Alle this sawe a damoyzel / and

leaf 236r

sawe the best knyghte Iuste that euer he sawe / And euer as he smote doune knyghtes / he made them to swere to were none harneis in a twelue monethe and a day / This is wel sayd / saide Morgan le fay / this is the knyght that I wold fayne see / And soo she took her palfroy and rode a grete whyle / and thenne she rested her in her pauelione / So there came four knyghtes two were armed and two were vnarmed / and they told Morgan le fay their names / the fyrst was Elyas de gomeret / the second was Carde Gomeret / tho were armed / that other tweyne were of Camlyard / cosyns vnto Quene Gueneuer / and that one hyȝt Guy / and that other hyght Gara&uact tho were vnarmed / There these four Knyghtes told Morgan le fay how a yonge knyghte had smyten them doune before a Castel / For the mayden of that Castel said that he was but late made knyghte and yonge / But as we suppose but yf hit were sire Tristram or sire Launcelot or sire Lamorak the good knyȝt there is none that myȝt sytte hym a buffet with a spere/ Well said Morgan le fay I shalle mete that knyght or it be longe tyme / and he dwelle in that countrey

¶ Soo torne we to the damoyzell of the Castel that whanne Alysander le Orphelyn hadde foriusted the four Knyghtes she called hym to her and said thus / Syre knyghte wolt thou for my sake Iuste and fyghte with a knyghte for my sake of this countrey that is and hath ben long tyme an euyll neyghbour to me / his name is Malgryne / and he wylle not suffer me to be maryed in no maner wyse for all that I can doo / or ony knyght for my sake /

¶ Damoyssel said Alysander and he come whyles I am here I wylle fyghte with hym / and my poure body for your sake I wille Ieoparde / And there with alle she sente for hym / for he was at her commaundement / And whan eyther hadde a syghte of other / they made hem redy for to Iusfe / and they cam to gyder egerly / and Malgryn brysed his spere vpon Alysander / and alisander smote hym ageyne so hard that he bare hym quyte from his sadell to the erthe / But this Malgryne aroos lyghtly and dressid his sheld and drewe his suerd / and badde hym alyȝte / sayēg thouȝ thou haue the better of me on horsbak

leaf 236v

thow shalt fynde that I shalle endure lyke a knyght on foot It is wel said said Alysander / and soo lyghtly he auoyded his hors and bitoke hym to his varlet / And thenne they rasshed to gyders lyke two bores and leyd on their helmes and sheldes long tyme by the space of thre houres that neuer man coude saye whiche was the better Knyghte

¶ And in the meane whyle came Morgan le fay to the damoyssel of the Castel / and they beheld the bataylle / But this malgryne was an olde roted Knyghte / and he was called one of the daungerous knyghtes of the world to doo bataille on foot but on horsbak there were many better / And euer this Malgryne awayted to slee Alysander / and soo wounded hym wonderly sore / that it was merueylle that euer he myghte stande / for he had bledde soo moche blood / for Alysander fought wyldly and not wyttely / And that other was a felonous knyȝte and awayted hym / and smote hym sore / and somtyme they rasshed to gyders with their sheldes lyke two bores or rammes and fylle grouelynge bothe to the erthe /

¶ Now knyghte sayd Malgryn hold thy hand a whyle / & telle me what thow arte / I wylle not said Alysander / but yf me lyst / But telle me thy name / and why thow kepest thys countrey / or els thow shalt dye of my handes / wete thow well sayd Malgryne that for this maydens loue of this Castel I haue slayne ten good knyghtes by myshap / and by outerage and orgulyte of my self I haue slayne ten other knyghtes / Soo god me helpe sayd Alysander this is the fowlest confessyon that euer I herd knyghte make / nor neuer herd I speke of other men of suche a shameful confession / wherfore hit were grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue ony lenger / therfore kepe the as wel as euer thow mayst / for as I am true knyghte eyther thow shalte slee me or els shal slee the / I promyse the feythfully

¶ Thenne they lasshed to gyders fyersly / And at the last Alysander smote Malegryne to the erthe / And thenne he racyd of his helme / and smote of his hede lyghtely /

¶ And whanne he hadde done and ended this bataille / anone he called to hym his varlet the whiche brought hym his hors And thē he wenyng to be strong ynouȝ wold haue moȝted

leaf 237r

And soo she leyd sire Alysander in an hors lyttar and ledde hym in to the Castel / for **he** [correction; sic = he he] had no foote ne myȝt to stande vpon the erthe / for he had syxtene grete woundes / and in especyal one of them was lyke to be his dethe /

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

Thene Quene Morgan le fay serched his woundes / and gaf suche an oynement vnto hym that he shold haue dyed / And on the morne whanne she came to hym he camplayned hym sore / And thenne she put other oynements vpon hym / And thenne he was out of his payne / Thenne cam the damoyssel of the Castel and said vnto Morgan le fay / I pray yow helpe me that this Knyghte myghte wedde me / for he hath wonne me with his handes / ye shalle see said Morgan le fay what I shalle saye Thenne Morgan le fay wente vnto Alysander and bad in ony wyse that he shold refuse this lady and she desyre to wedde yow / for she is not for yow / Soo the damoyssel came and desyred of hym maryage / damoyssel sayd Orphelyn I thanke yow but as yet I caste me not to marye in this cuntry / Syre she said sythen ye will not mary me / I pray yow in soo moche as ye haue wonne me that ye wyl gyue me to a Knyghte of this cuntry that hath ben my frende / & loued me many yeres / with alle my herte said Alysander I wylle assente therto / Thenne was the Knyȝte sente for / his name was Geryne le grose / And anone he made them hand fast / and wedded them / Thenne came Quene Morgan le fay to Alysander and badde hym aryse and putte hym in an hors lyttar and gaf hym suche a drynke that in thre dayes and thre nyghtes he waked neuer but slepte / and soo she brought hym to her owne castel that at that tyme was called la Beale regard / Thenne Morgan le fay came to Alysander and asked hym yf he wold fayne be hole / who wold be seke said Alysander and he myghte be hole / wel said Morgan le fay thenne shalle ye promyse me by youre knyghthode that this daye twelue monethe and a daye ye shalle not passe the compas of thys Castel / and withoute doubte ye shalle lyghtely be hole / I assente said sire

leaf 237v

Alysaunder / And there he made her a promyse / thenne was he soone hole / And whanne Alysander was

hole / thenne he repentyd hym of his othe / for he myghte not be reuenged vpon kynge Marke / Ryght soo there came a damoysel that was cosyn to the Erle of pase / and she was cosyn to Morgan le fay / and by ryght that castel of la Beale regard shold haue ben hers by true enherytaunce / Soo this damoysel entred in to this castel / where lay Alysander / and there she fond hym vpon his bed passynge heuy and alle sad

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

SYre knyghte said the damoysel / and ye wold be mery I coude telle yow good tydynges / wel were me said Alysander / and I myghte here of good tydynges / for now I stand as a prysoner by my promyse / Syr she sayd wete ye wel that ye be a prysoner and werse than ye wene / for my lady my cosyn Quene Morgan le fay kepeth yow here for none other entente but for to doo her pleasyr with yow whan hit lyked her / O Ihesu defende me said Alysander from suche pleasyr for I had leuer cutte away my hangers than I wold do her suche pleasyr / As Ihesu helpe me said the damoysel / and ye wold loue me and be ruled by me I shalle make youre delyueraunce with your worshyp / Telle me said Alysander / by what meane / and ye shalle haue my loue / fayre knyghte sayd she / this castel of ryght ought to be myn / And I haue an vnkel the whiche is a myghty Erle / he is Erle of pase / and of al folkes he hateth moost Morgan le fay / and I shalle sende vnto hym / and praye hym for my sake to destroye this castel / for the euylle custommes that ben vsed therin / And thenne wylle he come and sette wylde fyre on euery parte of the castel / and I shalle gete yow oute at a pryuy posterne / and there shall ye haue your hors and your harneis / ye say wel damoysel sayd Alysander / and thenne she sayd ye may kepe the rome of thys Castel this twelue moneth / and a day / thenne breke ye not your othe / Truly sayr damoysel said Alysander ye saye sothe / And thenne he kyste he and dyd to her plesaunce as it pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers / Soo anone she sent vnto

leaf 238r

her vnkel and badde hym come and destroye that castel / for as the book saith / he wold haue destroyed that castel afore tyme / had not that damoysel ben / Whanne the Erle vnderstood her letters / he sente her word ageyne that on suche a day he wold come and destroye that castel / Soo whan that day come she shewed Alysander a posterne where thorou he shold flee in to a gardyn / and there he shold fynde his armour and his hors / Whanne the day came that was sette thydder came the erle of pase with four honderd knyghtes / and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castel / that or they seaced they lefte not a stone standynge / And alle this whyle that the fyre was in the Castell/ he abode in the gardyn / And whan the fyre was done / he lete make a crye that he wold kepe that pyece of erthe / there as the castel of la beale regard was a twelue monethe and daye / from alle manere knyghtes that wold come / Soo hit happed there was a duke that hyȝte Ansirus / and he was of the kyn of sir launcelot / And this knyght was a grete pylgrym / for euery thyrdde yere he wold be at Iherusalem / And by cause he vsed alle his lyf to goo in pylgremage men called hym duke Anserus the pylgrym / And this duke had a douȝter that

hyȝt Alys that was a passyng fayre woman / And by cause of her fader she was called Alys la beale
pylgrym / And anone as she herd of this crye / she wente vnto Arthurs courte & sayd openly in heryng of
many knyghtes / that what Knyghte maye ouercome that Knyght that kepeth the pyece of erthe shal haue
me and alle my landes / whan the Knyghtes of the round table herd her saye thus / many were gladde /
for she was passynge fayre of grete rentes / Ryght so she lete crye in castels and townes as faste on her
syde **as** [correction; sic = as as] Alysander dyd on his syde / Thenne she dressid her paelione streyghte
by the pyece of the erthe that Alysander kepte / So she was not so soone there/ but there came a Knyght
of Arthurs courte that hyghte Sagramore le desyrus / and he proferd to Iusfe with Alysander / & they
encountred / and Sagramore le desyrus brysed his spere vpon sire Alysander / but sire Alysander smote
hym soo harde that he auoyded his fadel / And whanne la Beale Alys sawe hym Iuste soo wel / she
thought hym a passynge goodly knyȝt on horsbak / And thenne she lepte oute of her paelione / & toke

leaf 238v

sir Alysander by the brydel / and thus she sayd / fayre knyght I requyre the of thy knyghthode / shewe me
thy vysage / I dar wel said Alysander shewe my vysage / And thenne he put of his helme / and she sawe
his vysage / she said / O swete Ihesu/ the I must loue / and neuer other / thenne shewe me your vysage
said he /

¶ Capitulum xxxix

THenne she vnwympeled her vysage / And whanne he sawe her / he said here haue I fond my loue and
my lady / Truly fayre lady said he I promyse yow to be your knyghte / and none other that bereth the
lyf / Now gentil knyghte said she telle me your name / My name is said he Alysander le Orphelyn / Now
damoyssel telle me your name sayd he / my name is said she / Alys la beale pilggrym / And whan we be
more at oure hertes ease both ye and I shalle telle other of what blood we be come / So there was grete
loue betwyxe them / And as they thus talked / there came a Knyghte that hyghte Harsouse le Berbuse
and axed parte of sir Alysanders speres / Thenne sire Alysander encountred with hym / and at the fyrst
sir Alysander smote hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne there came another knyghte that hyȝt sire
Hewgon / And sire Alysander smote hym doune as he dyd that other / Thenne sire Heugon profered to
do bataille on foote / syre Alysander ouercame hym with thre strokes / and there wold haue slayne hym
had he not yelded hym / Soo thenne Alisander made bothe tho Knyghtes to swere to were none armour
in a twelue moneth and a day / Thenne sire Alisander alyȝte down and wente to reste hym and repose
hym / Thenne the damoyzell that halp sire Alysander oute of the castel in her play told Alys all to gyder
how he was prysoner in the castel of la beale regard / and there she told her how she gat hym oute of
pryson / Syr said Alys la Beale pylgrym me semeth ye ar moche beholdynge to this mayden / that is
trouth said sir Alysander / And there Alys told hym of what blood she was come / Syre wete ye wel she
said that I am of the blood of Kynge Ban that was fader vnto sir Launcelot ye wys fayr lady sayd
Alysander my moder told me that my fader was broder

leaf 239r

vnto a kynge / and I am nyghe cosyn vnto sire Tristram / Thene this whyle came there thre knyghtes / that one hyȝt Vayns / and the other hyght Haruys de le marches / and the thyrdde hyght Peryn de la montayne / and with one spere sire Alysander smote them doune alle thre / and gaf them suche fallys / that they hadde no lyste to fyghte vpon foote / Soo he made them to swere to were none armes in a twelue moneth / Soo whanne they were deperted sire Alysander beheld his lady Alys on hors bak as he stood in her pauelione / And thenne was he soo enamoured vpon her that he wyst not whether he were on horsbak or on foote / Ryght so came the fals Kynght syr Mordred and sawe sir Alysander was assoted vpon his lady / and therwith alle he took his hors by the brydel / and ledde hym here & there / and had cast to haue ledde hym oute of that place to haue shamed hym / whanne the damoyssel that halpe hym out of that Castel sawe how shamefully he was ledde / Anone she lete arme her and sette a shelde vpon her sholder / And ther with she mounted vpon his hors / and gatte a naked swerd in her hand / and she threst vnto Alysander with alle her myght / and she gaf hym suche a buffet that he thought the fyre flewe oute of his eyen / And whanne Alysander felte that stroke he loked about hym / and drewe his swerd / And whan he sawe that she fledde / and soo dyd Mordred in to the forest / and the damoyssel fledde in to the pauelione / So whanne Alysander vnderstood hym self how the fals knyght wold haue shamed hym / hadde not the damoyssel ben / thenne was he wrothe with hym self that syre Mordred was soo escaped his handes / But thenne sire Alysander and Alys hadde good game at the damoyssel hou sadly she hytte hym vpon the helme /

¶ Thenne sir Alysander Iusted thus day by day / and on foot he dyd many batails with many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs court and with many knyghtes straungers / therfore to telle alle the batails that he did it were ouer moche to reherse / for euery day within that twelue moneth he had adoo with one Knyght or with other / and some day he had adoo with thre or with foure / And there was neuer knyght that putte hym to the werse / & at the twelue monethes ende he departed with his lady Alys le beale pylgrym / and the damoyssel wold neuer goo from hym / and soo they went in

leaf 239v

to theyr countrey of Benoye / and lyued there in grete Ioye /

¶ Capitulum xl

BVt as the book sayth / kyng marke wold neuer stynte tyll he had slayne hym by treason / and by Alys he gat a child that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse / and by good fortune he came to the courte of Kynge Arthur / and preued a passynge good Knyghte / and he reuenged his faders dethe for the fals Kynge

marke slewe bothe syre Tristram & Alysander falsly and felonsly / and hit happed so that Alysander hadde neuer grace ne fortune to come to Kynge Arthurs court For and he had comen to sire launcelot alle knyghtes sayd / that knewe hym / he was one of the strengest knyghtes that was in Arthurs dayes / and grete dole was made for hym Soo lete we of hym passe and torne we to another tale So hit befelle that sire Galahalt the haute prynce was lord of the countrey of Surluse / wherof came many good knyghtes / And this noble prynce was a passynge good man of armes and euer he helde a noble felaushyp to gyders / And thenne he came to Arthurs court / & told hym his entent / how this was his wyll / how he wold lete crye a Iustes in the coūtrei of Surluse / the whiche countrey was within the landes of kynge Arthur / and there he axed leue to lete crye a Iustes / I wyl gyue yow leue said Kynge Arthur / But wete thou wel sayd Kynge Arthur / I maye not be there / Syre said Quene Gueneuer please hit you to gyue me leue to be at that Iustes / with ryght good wille said Arthur / for sire Galahalt the haute prynce shall haue yow in gouernaunce / Syr said Galahalt I wille as ye wyll / sir thenne the quene I wille take with me and suche knyghtes as pleasen me best / do as ye lyst said kynge Arthur / So anone she commaunded sire Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as he thought best / Soo in euery good towne and castel of this land was made a crye / that in the countrey of Surluse syre Galahalt sholde make a Iustes that shold laste eyghte dayes / And how the haute prynce with the help of Quene Gueneuers knyghtes shold Iuste

leaf 240r

ageyne alle manere of men that wold come / whanne this crye was knowen / kynges and prynces / dukes and Erles / Barons and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that Iustes And at the daye of Iustying there came in sire Dynadan / disguysed / and dyd many grete dedes of armes

¶ Capitulum xlj

THenne at the request of Quene Gueneuer and of kynge Bagdemagus / sir Laūcelot came in to the rayeng but he was disguysed / and that was the cause that fewe folke knewe hym / and there mette with hym sir Ector de marys his owne broder / and eyther brake their speres vpon other to theyr handes / And thenne eyther gate another spere / And thenne sire launcelot smote doune syr Ector de marys his owne broder / That sawe sire Bleoberys / and he smote sir launcelot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyst not wel where he was / Thenne sir launcelot was wrothe / and smote sir Bleoberys so sore vpon the helme that his hede bowed doune backward / And he smote efte another buffet that he auoyded his sadel / and soo he rode by / and threst forth to the thyckest / whan the kynge of Northgalys sawe sire Ector and Bleoberys lye on the ground / thenne was he wroth / for they came on his party ageynst them of Surluse / So the kynge of Northgalys ran to sire Launcelot / and brake a spere vpon hym all to pyeces There with sire Launcelot ouertook the kynge of Northgalys and smote hym suche a buffet on the helme with his suerd that he made hym to auoyde his hors / and anone the kyng was horsed ageyne / So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus and the kyng of Northgalys party hurled to other / and thenne beganne a stronge

medle / but they of Northgalys were ferre bygger Whanne sire launcelot sawe his party goo to the werst / he thrange in to the thyckest prees with a suerd in his hand / & there he smote doune on the ryght hand and on the lyft hand and pulled doune knyghtes and racyd of their helmes that alle men hadde wonder that euer one knyght myghte doo such dedes of armes / whanne sire Mellegaunt that was sone vnto kyng Bagdemagus saw how sir Launcelot ferd / he merueiled

leaf 240v

gretely / And whan he vnderstood that it was he / he wyst wel that he was desguysed for his sake / Thenne sire Malegeaunt prayd a Knyghte to slee sir launcelots hors outhur with suerd or with spere / At that tyme Kynge Bagdemagus mette wyth a Knyghte that hyght Sauseyse a good knyghte / to whom he sayd / Now fayr Sauseyse encounter with my sone Malegeaunt / and gyue hym large payment / for I wold he were well beten of thy handes that he myghte departe oute of this feld / And thenne sir Sauseyse encountred with syre Malegeaunt / and eyther smote other doune / And thēne they fought on fote / and there Sauseyse had wonne syre Malegeaunt / hadde not there come rescowes / So thenne the haute prynce blewe to lodgyng / And euery knyghte vnarmed hym / and wente to the grete feest /

¶ Thenne in the meane whyle there came a damoyssel to the haute prynce / and complayned that there was a knyghte that hyght Goneryes that withhelde her alle her landes Thenne the knyghte was there presente and caste his gloue to hym or to any that wold fyghte in her name / Soo the damoyssel took vp the gloue alle heuily for defaute of a champyon / Thenne there came a varlet to her and sayd damoyssel / wille ye doo after me / ful fayne said the damoyssel / thenne goo ye vnto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an ermytage / and that foloweth the questyng best / and pray hym to take the bataille vpon hym / and anone I wote wel he wille graunte yow /

¶ So anone she took her palfroy / and within a whyle she fond that knyght that was sire Palomydes / And whan she requyred hym / he armed hym and rode with her / and made her to go to the haute prynce / and to aske leue for her knyght to doo batail / I wille wel said the haute prynce / Thenne the knyghtes were redy in the feld to Iuste on horsbak / and eyther gatte a spere in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that their speres alle to sheuerd / Thenne they flange out swerdes / and syr Palomydes smote sire Gonereys doune to the erthe / And thenne he racyd of his helme and smote of his hede / Thenne they wente to souper / and the damoyssel loued Palomydes as peramour / but the book saith she was of his kyn / Soo thenne Palomydes desguysed hym self in this manere / in his shelde he bare the questynge beest and in alle his tarappours /

¶ And

whanne he was thus redy / he sente to the haute prynce to gyue hym leue to Iuste with other knyghtes / but he was adoubted of sire launcelot / The haute prynce sente hym word ageyne / that he shold be welcome / and that syre Launcelot shold not Iuste with hym / Thenne sire Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyght someuer he were that smote doune sir Palomydes shold haue his damoyssel to hym self /

¶ Capitulum xlij

HEre begynneth the second daye / anone as sire Palomydes came in to the felde / syr Galahalt the haute prynce was at the raunge ende / and mette with sire Palomydes / and he with hym with grete speres / And thenne they cam soo hard to gyders that their speres alle to sheuered / But syr Galahalt smote hym soo hard that he bare hym backward ouer his hors / but yet he lost not his styropes /

¶ Thenne they drewe their swerdes and lashed to gyder many sadde strokes / that many worshipful knyghtes lefted their besynes to behold them But at the last sire Galahalt the haut prynce smote a stroke of myghte vnto Palomydes sore vpon the helme / but the helme was soo hard that the swerd myght not byte but slypped and smote of the hede of the hors of sir Palomydes / whan the haut prynce wyst and sawe the good knyght falle vnto the erthe / he was ashamed of that stroke / And there with he alyghte doune of his owne hors / and prayd the good knyghte Palomydes to take that hors of his yefte / and to forgyue hym that dede / Syre said Palomydes I thanke yow of your grete goodnes / for euer of a man of worship / a knyghte shalle neuer haue disworship / and soo he mounted vpon that hors / and the haute prynce had another anone / Now said the haute prynce I relece to yow that maiden / for ye haue wonne her / A said palomydes the damoyssel and I be at your commaundement / So they departed and sire Galahalt dyd grete dedes of armes / And ryght soo came Dynadan / and encountred with syr Galahalt / and eyther came to other so fast with their speres that their speres brak to their handes / But Dynadan had wende the haute prynce had ben more wery than he was / And thenne

he smote many sadde strokes at the haute prynce / but whan dynadan sawe he myght not gete hym to the erthe / he said My lord I pray yow leue me / and take another / the haute prynce knewe not Dynadan / and lefted goodely for his fayr wordes / And soo they departed / but soone there came another / and told the haute prynce that hit was Dynadan / for soth sayd the prynce therfor am I heuy that he is soo escaped from me / for with his mockes and lapes / now shalle I neuer haue done with hym / And thenne Galahalt rode fast after hym / and bad hym abyde Dynadan for kynge Arthurs sake / Nay said Dynadan soo god me helpe we mete no more to gyder this daye / Thenne in that wrathe the haute prynce mette with Melyagaunt / and he smote hym in the throte that and he had fallen his neck had broken / and with the

same spere he smote doune another knyght / Thenne came in they of Northgalys / and man strangers and were lyke to haue putte them of Surluse to the werse / for syr Galahalt the haut prynce had ouer moche in hand / Soo there came the good knyghte Semound the valyaunt wyth fourty knyghtes / and he bete them al abak / Thenne the Quene Gueneuer and sire launchelot lete blowe the lodgyng / and euery knyghte vnarmed hym / and dressid hem to the feeste /

¶ Capitulum xliij

WHanne Palomydes was vnarmed he axed lodgyng for hym self and the damoyzel / Anone the haute prynce commaunded them to lodyng / And he was not so soone in his lodgyng / but there came a Knyghte that hyght Archade / he was broder vnto Gomoryes that Palomydes slewe afore in the damoysels quarel / And this Knyght Archade called syre Palomydes traytour / and appelyd hym for the dethe of his broder / By the leue of the haute prynce sayd Palomydes I shalle ansuer the / whan sire Galahalt vnderstood theyre quarel / he badde them goo to dyner / and so soone as ye haue dyned / loke that eyther knyghte be redy in the felde / So when they hadde dyned they were armed bothe / and tooke their horses / and the quene and the prynce and syr Launcelot were set to behold them / and soo they lete renne their horses / and there sir Palomydes bare Archade on his spere ouer his hors tayle

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And thenne Palomydes alyght and drewe his swerd / but syr Archade myght not aryse / and there syr Palomydes racyd of his helme / and smote of his hede /

¶ Thenne the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer wente vnto souper /

¶ Thenne Kynge Bagdemagus sente aweye his sone Melyagaunt by cause syr Launcelot shold not mete with hym / for he hated sire launchelot / and that knewe he not

¶ Capitulum xliiij

NOW begynneth the thyrdde daye of Iustyng / and att that daye Kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy / and there came ageynst hym kynge Marsyl / that had in yefte an Iland of syre Galahalt the haute prynce / And this yland had the name Pomytayn / Thenne hit befelle that Kyng Bagdemagus and kynge Marsyl of Pomytayn mette to gyders with speres / and Kynge Marsyl had suche a buffet that he felle ouer his hors croupe

¶ Thenne came therin a Knyght of Kynge Marsyl to reuenge his lord / And kynge Bagdemagus smote hym doune hors and man to the erthe

¶ Soo there came an Erle that hyght arrouse / and sir Breuse and an honderd knyghtes with hem of Pomelayne / and the Kynge of Northgalys was with hem / And alle these were ageynst them of Surluse / And thenne there beganne grete bataylle / and many Knyghtes were caste vnder hors feet / And euer Kynge Bagdemagus dyd best / for he fyrste beganne / & euer he helde on / Gaherys Gawayns broder smote euer at the face of Kynge Bagdemagus / And at the laste kynge Bagdemagus hurtled doune Gaherys hors and man

¶ Thenne by aduenture syre Palomydes the good Knyghte mette with syre Bleoberys de Ganys / syre Bleoberys broder / And eyther smote other with grete speres / that both theyre horses and Knyghtes felle to the erthe / But syre Blamore had suche a falle that he had al moost broken his neck / for the blood braste oute at nose / mouthe and his eres / but at the laste he recouerd well by good surgyens / Thenne therecam in the duke

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Chaleyns of Claraunce and in his gouernaunce there came a knyghte that hyghte Elys la noyre / And there encountred with hym Kynge Bagdemagus / and he smote Elys that he made hym to auoyde his sadel /

¶ Soo the Duke Chaleyns of Claraunce dyd there grete dedes of armes / and of soo late as he came in the thyrdd daye there was no man dyd soo wel excepte kynge Bagdemagus and sire Palomydes that the pryce was gyuen that day to Kynge Bagdemagus /

¶ And thenne they blewe vnto lodgyng and vnarmed hem and wente to the feest /

¶ Ryght soo came Dynadan and mocked and Iaped with Kynge Bagdemagus that alle knyghtes lough at hym / for he was a fyne Iaper and wel louynge alle good knyghtes /

¶ Soo anone as they had dyned / there came a varlet berynge foure speres on his bak / & he came to Palomydes / & sayd thus / here is a Knyghte by hath sente yow the choyse of foure speres / and requyreth yow for your lady sake to take that one half of these speres / and Iuste with hym in the felde /

¶ Telle hym said Palomydes I wyll not fayle hym / whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this / he badde Palomydes make hym redy /

¶ So the Quene Gueneuer the haute prynce and sire Launcelot they were set vpon schafholdes to gyue the Iugement of these two Knyghtes /

¶ Thenne syre Palomydes and the straunge knyght ranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their handes / Anon with alle eyther of them tooke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered them in pyeces / And thenne eyther tooke a gretter spere / And thenne the knyghte smote doune syre Palomydes hors and man to the erthe / And as he wold haue passed ouer hym / the straunge knyghtes hors stumbled and felle doune vpon Palomydes

¶ Thenne they drewe their swerdes and lashed to gyders wonderly sore a grete whyle /

¶ Thenne the haute prynce and sire Launcelot sayd they sawe neuer two knyghtes fyghte better than they dyd / but euer the straunge knyght doubled his strokes / and putte Palomydes abak / there with alle the haute prynce cryed hoo / and thenne they wente to lodgyng / And whanne they were vnarmed / they knewe hit was the noble knyȝt syr Lamorak

¶ Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was sir Lamorak he

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made moche of hym / for aboue alle erthely men he loued hym best excepte sire Tristram /

¶ Thenne Quene Gueneuer commended hym / and soo dyd alle other good knyghtes made moche of hym excepte sire Gawayns bretheren / Thenne quene Gueneuer said vnto sire launcelot syr I requyre yow that & ye Iuste ony more / that ye Iuste with none of the blood of my lord Arthur / soo he promysed he wold not as at that tyme

¶ Capitulum xlv

HEre begynneth the fourthe daye / thenne came in to the felde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and alle they of Northgalys and the duke chaleyns of Claraunce / and Kynge Marsyl of pomatyn / and there came Safyr Palomydes broder / and there he told hym tydynges of his moder / and his name was called the Erle / And so he appeled hym afore kynge Arthur / for he made warre vpon oure fader and moder / and there I slewe hym in playne bataille / Soo they wente in to the feld / and the damoyssel wyth them / and there came to encountre ageyne them sire Bleoberys de ganys / and sir Ector de marys / sire Palomydes encoūtered with sir Bleoberys / and eyther smote other doune / And in the same wyse dyd sire Safere and sir Ector / and tho two couples dyd bataille on foote / Thenne came in sire Lamorak & he encountred with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and smote hym quyte ouer his hors taylor / And in the same wyse he serued the kynge of Northgalys / and also he smote doune Kynge Marsyl / And so or euer he stynte / he smote doune with his spere and with his suerd thyrty knyghtes whan Duke Chaleyns sawe Lamorak doo soo grete prowess / he wolde not medle with hym for shame / and thenne he charged all his knyghtes in payne of dethe that none of yow touche hym / For hit were shame to alle

good knyghtes and that Knyght were shamed /

¶ Thenne the two Kynges gadred them to gyders / and alle they sette vpon sire Lamorak / and he faylled them not / but rasshed here and there smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & racyd of many helmes / so that

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the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer said they sawe neuer knyghte do suche dedes of armes on horsbak / Allas sayd Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus / I wylle arme me / and helpe syre Lamorak / and I wylle ryde with yow said kyng bagdemagus / And whanne they two were horsed they came to sir Lamorak that stood amonge thyrty knyghtes / and wel was hym that myght retche hym a buffet / and euer he smote ageyn myghtely / Thenne came there in to the prees sir launcelot / and he threwe doune sir Mador de la porte / And with the truncheon of that spere he threwed doune many knyghtes / And kynge Bagdemagus smote on the lyfte hand and on the ryȝt hand merueylously wel / And thenne the thre kynges fledde abak There with all thenne sire Galahalt lete blowe to lodgyng / & alle the heroudes gaf sire Lamorak the pryce /

¶ And alle this whyle foughte Palomydes / sire Bleoberys / sire Safere / sire Ector on foot / neuer were there foure knyghtes euener matched / And thenne they were departed and had vnto their lodgyng and vnarmed hem / and soo they wente to the grete feeste / But whanne sire Lamorak was come in to the courte quene Gueneuer took hym in her armes and sayd syr wel haue ye done this daye / Thenne came the haute prynce and he maade of hym grete Ioye / And soo dyd Dynadan for he wepte for Ioye But the Ioye that sire Launcelot made of sire Lamorak there myghte no man telle / thenne they wente vnto rest / and on the morne the haute prynce lete blowe vnto the felde

¶ Capitulum xlvj

HEre begynneth the fyfthe daye / soo hit befelle that syre Palomydes came in the morne tyde / and profered to Iuste there as kynge Arthur was in a Castle there besydes Surluse / and there encountred with hym a worshipful duke / and there sire Palomydes smote hym ouer his hors croupe / And this duke was vnkel vnto kynge Arthur / Thenne sire Elyses sone rode vnto Palomydes / and Palomydes serued Elyse in the same wyse / whanne sire Vwayne sawe thys

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he was wrothe / Thenne he took his hors / and encountred with syr Palomydes / and Palomydes smote hym soo hard / that he wente to the erthe hors and man / And for to make a short tale / he smote doune thre bretheren of syre Gawayns / that is for to say Mordred Gaherys and Agrauayne / O Ihesu said Arthur this is a grete despyte of a Sarasyn the he shalle smyte doune my blood / And there with alle kyng Arthur was woode wrothe / and thoughte to haue made hym redy to Iuste / That aspyed sire Lamorak that Arthur and his blood were discomfyte / And anone he was redy and axed Palomydes yf he wold ony more Iuste / why shold I not said Palomydes / Thenne they hurtled to gyders and brake their speres / and alle to sheuerd them / that alle the castel range theyr dyntys / Thenne eyther gate a gretter spere in his hand / and they came soo fyersly to gyders / but sir Palomydes spere all to brast and syre Lamorak dyd holde / there with alle sire Palomydes lost his steroppes and lay vp ryght on his horsbak / And thēne sire Palomydes retorned ageyne and took his damoyssel / and sire Safere retorned his way / Soo whan he was departed kyng Arthur came to syr Lamorak and thanked hym of his goodnes / and prayd hym to telle hym his name / Syr sayd Lamorak wete thow wel / I owe yow my seruyse / but as att this tyme I wylle not abyde here / for I see of myn enemyes many aboute me

¶ Allas sayd Arthur now wote I wel / it is syre Lamorak de galys / O Lamorak abyde with me / and by my croune I shalle neuer fayle the / and not soo hardy in Gawayns hede / nor none of his bretheren to doo the ony wronge / Syre said syre Lamorak wronge haue they done me and to yow bothe / That is trouth sayd the kyng for they slewe theyre owne moder and my syster / the whiche me fore greueth / It hadde ben moche fayrer and better that ye had wedded her / for ye are a kynges sone as wel as they

¶ O Ihesu sayd the noble Knyght sire Lamorak vnto Arthur her dethe shalle I neuer forgete / I promyse yow and make myn auowe vnto god I shalle reuenge her dethe as soone as I see tyme conenable / And yf hit was not at the reuerence of your hyhenes / I shold now haue ben reuenged vpon syre Gawayn & his bretheren / truly said arthur I wil make you at

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acord / Syr said Lamorak as at this tyme I may not abyde with yow / for I muste to the Iustes / where is syre launcelot and the haute prynce syre Galahalt / Thenne there was a damoyssel that was doughter to kyng Bands / and there was a Sarasyn knyghte that hyghte Corsabryn / and he loued the damoyssel / and in no wyse he wold suffre her to be maryed / for euer this Corsabryn noysed her and named her that she was oute of her mynde/ and thus he lette her that she myght not be maryed

¶ Capitulum **xlvij** [correction; sic = **xliij**]

SOo by fortune this damoyssel herd telle that Palomydes dyd moche for damoyssels sake / soo she sent to hym a pensel / and prayd hym to fyghte with sire Corsabryn for her loue / and he shold haue her / and her landes of her faders that shold falle to her / Thenne the damoyssel sente vnto corsabryn and badde

hym goo vnto syr Palomydes that was a paynym as wel as he / and she gaf hym warnyng that she had sente hym her pensel / and yf he myghte ouercome Palomydes she wold wedde hym / whanne Corsabryn wyst of her dedes / then was he wood wroth and angry / and rode vnto Surluse where the haute prynce was / and there he fond sire Palomydes redy the whiche had the pensel / Soo there they waged batail either with other afore Galahalt / wel said the haute prynce / this daye muste noble knyghtes Iuste / and at after dyner we shall see how ye can spede / Thenne they blewe to Iustes And in the cam Dynadan / and mette with sir Geryn a good knyght / and he threwe hym doune ouer his hors croupe / and sire Dynadan ouerthrewe four knyȝtes moo / and there he dyd grete dedes of armes / for he was a good knyȝt / but he was a scoffer / and a laper and the meryest knyght among felauship that was that tyme lyuyng / And he hadde suche a customme that he loued euery good knyghte / and euery good knyght loued hym ageyne /

¶ Soo thenne whanne the haute prynce sawe Dynadan doo soo wel / he sente vnto syre launcelot / and bad hym stryke doune syre Dynadan / And whan that ye haue done so brynge hym afore me and the noble quene

leaf 245r

Gueneuer / Thenne sir Launcelot dyd as he was requyred / Thenne sir Lamorak and he smote doune many knyghtes / & racyd of helmes / and drofe alle the knyghtes afore them And soo sire Launcelot smote doune sire Dynadan / and made his men to vnarme hym / and soo brought hym to the quene and the haute prynce and they lough at dynadan so sore that they myghte not stande / wel said sire Dynadan yet haue I no shame / for the old shrewe sire Launcelot smote me doune / So they wente to dyner / alle the Courte had good sporte at Dynadan

¶ Thenne whanne the dyner was done / they blewe to the felde to beholde sire Palomydes and Corsabryn / Syre Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddes of the felde / & thēne they hurtled to gyders with their speres as it were thonder / and eyther smote other to the erthe / And thenne they pulled oute their swerdes / and dressid their sheldes / and lashed to gyders myghtely as myghty knyȝtes / that wel nyghe there was no pyece of harneis wold hold them / for this Corsabryn was a passynge felonous knyghte / Corsabryn said Palomydes wylte thow releace me yonder damoyse / and pensell / Thenne was Corsabryn wrothe oute of mesure / and gaf Palomydes suche a buffet that he kneled on his knee /

¶ Thenne Palomydes arose lyghtely / and smote hym vpon the helme / that he felle doune ryȝt to the erthe / And ther with he racyd of his helme / and sayd Corsabryn yelde the or ellys thou shalt dye of my handes / Fy on the said Corsabryn / doo thy werst / thenne he smote of his hede / And there with all cam a stynke of his body whan the soule departed / that there myȝt no body abyde the sauoure / Soo was the corps hadde aweye and buried in a wood by cause he was a paynym /

¶ Thenne they blewe vnto lodgyng / and Palomydes was vnarmed

¶ Thenne he wente vnto Quene Gueneuer / to the haute prynce / and to syre launcelot /

¶ Syre sayd the haute prynce / here haue ye sene this day a grete myrakel by Corsabryn / what sauour there was whanne the soule departed from the body / There for syre we wylle requyre yow to take the baptym vpon yow / and I promyse yow alle knyghtes wylle sette the more by yow / and say more worship by yow

¶ Syre said Palomydes I wille that ye alle knowe / that in

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to this land I came to be crystened / and in my herte I am crystened / and crystend wille I be /

¶ But I haue made suche an auowe that I maye not be crystend tyl I haue done seuen true batails for Ihesus sake / And thenne wil I be crystend / And I truste god wylle take myn entent for I meane truly / Thenne sire Palomydes prayed Quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce to soupe with hym / And soo they dyd bothe sire Launcelot and sire Lamorak / and many other good knyghtes / Soo on the morne they herd their masse / and blewe the felde / and thenne knyghtes made them redy /

¶ Capitulum xlvij

HEre begynneth the syxthe day / Thenne came therin syr Gaherys / and there encountred with hym syre Ossaise of Surluse / and sir Gaherys smote hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne eyther party encountred with other / and there were many speres broken / and many knyghtes cast vnder feete /

¶ Soo there came in sir Dornard and sir Aglouale that were bretheren vnto sire Lamorak / and they mette with other two knyghtes / and eyther smote other soo hard that all four knyghtes and horses felle to the erthe / whan sire Lamorak sawe his two bretheren doune / he was wrothe out of mesure / And thenne he gat a grete spere in his hand / and there with alle he smote doune four good knyghtes / and thenne his spere brake / Thenne he pulled oute his suerd / and smote aboute hym on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / and racyd of helmes and pulled doune knyghtes that alle men merueylled of suche dedes of armes as he dyd / for he ferd so that many knyghtes fledde / Thenne he horsed his bretheren ageyne and sayd bretheren ye oughte to be ashamed to falle so of your horses / What is a Knyght but whan he is on horsbak / I sett not by a knyght whanne he is on foote / for all batails on fote ar but pelowres batails / For there shold no Knyghte syghte on foote / but yf hit were for treason / or els he were dryuen therto by force / therefore bretheren sytte faste on your horses or els fyghte neuer more afore me / with that cam in the duke

leaf 246r

Chaleyns of Claraunce / and there encountred with hym the Erle Vlbowes of Surluse / and eyther of hem smote other doune / Thenne the knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed their lordes ageyne / for syr Ector and Bleoberys were on foote waytyng on the duke Chaleyns / And the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was with the erle of Vlbowes / With that came Gaherys / and lashed to the Kynge with the honderd Knyghtes and he to hym ageyne / Thenne came the Duke Chaleyns / and departed them / thenne they blewe to lodgyng / and the knyȝtes vnarmed them and drewe them to their dyner / and atte myddes of their dyner in came Dynadan and beganne to rayle / Thenne he beheld the haute prynce that semed wrothe with somme faute that he sawe / for he hadde a customme he loued no fysshe / and by cause he was serued with fysshe / the whiche he hated therfore he was not mery / Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the haute prynce / he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede / and that he gatte betwixe two dysshes / and serued the haute prynce with that fysshe / And thenne he said thus / sir galahalt wel may I lyken yow to a wolf / for he wille neuer ete fysshe but flesshe / thenne the haute prynce lough at his wordes Wel wel said Dynadan to launcelot / what deuylle doo ye in this Countrey / for here may no meane knyȝtes wyne no worship for the / sir Dynadan said Laūcelot I ensure the I shalle no more mete with the nor with thy grete spere / for I maye not sytte in my sadel when that spere hyttyth me / And yf I be happy I shalle beware of that boystous body that thow berest / wel said launcelot make good watche euer / god forbede that euer we mete but yf hit be at a dysse of mete / Thenne lough the Quene and the haute prynce / that they myghte not sytte at their table / thus they made grete Ioye tyl on the morn And thenne they herd masse / and blewe to felde / And quene Gueneuer and all the estates were set and Iuges armed clene with their sheldes to kepe the ryghte

¶ Capitulum xlix

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NOW begynneth the seuenth bataill / there cam in the duke Cambynes / and there encountred with hym syr Arystaunce that was counted a good knyghte / & they mette soo hard that eyther bare other doune hors and man

¶ Thenne came there the Erle of lambayle and helped the duke ageyne to hors / Thenne came there syr Ossayse of Surluse / and he smote the erle Lambayle doune from his hors / Thenne beganne they to doo grete dedes of armes / and many speres were broken / and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe

¶ Thenne the kynge of Northgalys and the Erle Vlbowes smote to gyders that alle the Iuges thought it was lyke mortal dethe / This meane whyle quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce and syr laūcelot made there syre Dynadan make hym redy to Iuste / I wold said Dynadan ryde in to the felde / but thenne **one** [correction; sic = one] of yow tweyne wille mete with me / Per dieu sayd the haute prynce ye maye see hou we sytte here as Iuges with oure sheldes / and alweyes mayst thow beholde whether we sytte here or not / Soo syr Dynadan departed and tooke his hors and mette with many knyghtes / and dyd passynge wel / And as he was departed / syre Launcelot desguysed hym self / and putte vpon his armour a maydens garment fresshely attyered / Thenne sire Launcelot made sire Galyhodyn to lede hym thorough the raunge / and alle men had wonder what damoysel it was / And soo as sire Dynadan came in to the raunge / sire Launcelot that was in the damoysels araye gatte Galyhodyns spere and ranne vnto sir Dynadan / And alwayes sire Dynadan loked vp there as syre Launcelot was / and thenne he sawe one sytte in the stede of sire Launcelot armed / But whanne Dynadan sawe a maner of a damoysel he drad peryls that it was syre launcelot desguysed / but syre Launcelot came on hym so fast that he smote hym ouer his hors croupe / and thenne grete scornes gate sire Dynadan in to the forest there besyde / & there they dispoyllled hym vnto his sherte and putte vpon hym a womans garment / and so brought hym in to the felde / and soo they blewe vnto lodgynge / And euery knyght wente and vnarmed them / thenne was sir Dynadan brought in among them alle / And whanne Quene Gueneuer sawe sir Dynadan brought soo amonge them alle / thenne she

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lough that she fylle doune / and soo dyd alle that there were / Wel sayd Dynadan to launcelot thow arte soo fals that I can neuer beware of the / Thenne by alle the assente they gaf syre Launcelot the pryce / the next was sire Lamorak de galys / the thyrd was sir Palomydes / the fourthe was kynge Bagdemagus / soo these four Knyghtes had the pryce / and there was grete Ioye / and grete nobley in alle the Courte / And on the morne Quene Gueneuer and sir Launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur / but in noo wyse syr Lamorak wold not go with them I shalle vndertake said sire launcelot that and ye wyll goo with vs / kynge Arthur shalle charge syre Gawayne and his bretheren / neuer to doo yow hurte / As for that sayd syre Lamorak I wylle not truste sire Gawayne nor none of his bretheren / and wete ye wel sir Launcelot / and hit were not for my lord Kynge Arthurs sake / I shold matche sire Gawayn and his bretheren wel ynouȝ / But to say that I shold truste them / that shal I neuer / and therfor I pray you recommaunde me vnto my lord Arthur and vnto alle my lordes of the round table / And in what place that euer I come I shal do you seruyse to my power / and syr it is but late that I reuengyd that whan my lord Arthurs kynne were put to the werse by sire Palomydes / Thenne sir Lamorak departed from sir laūcelot / and eyther wepte at their departynge

¶ Capitulum I

NOw torne we fro this mater / and speke we of sir tristram of whome this booke is pryncipal of / and

leue we the kynge and the quene / syr Launcelot / and syre Lamorak / and here begynneth the treason of kynge Marke that he ordeyned ageynst syr Tristram / There was cryed by the costes of Cornewaile a grete turnement and Iustes / and al was done by sir Galahalt the haut prynce / and kynge Bagdemagus to the entent to slee Launcelot or els vtterly destroye hym and shame hym / by cause sir launcelot had alweyes the hyher degree / therfore this prynce and this kynge made this Iustes ageynst sire Launcelot / And thus her coūceyll was discouerd

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vnto Kynge Marke wherof he was ful gladde / Thenne Kyng Marke bethoughte hym that he wold haue syre Tristram vnto that turnement desguysed that no man shold knowe hym / to that entente that the haute prynce shold wene that sir Tristram were syre launcelot / Soo at thise Iustes came in syr Tristram / And at that tyme sire launcelot was not there / but whan they sawe a Knyȝt desguysed doo suche dedes of armes / they wende hit had been sir launcelot / And in especyal Kynge Mark sayd hit was syre launcelot playnly / Thenne they sette vpon hym bothe Kynge Bagdemagus and the haute prynce and theyre Knyghtes that hit was wonder that euer sire Tristram myght endure that payne / Not withstandynge for alle the payne that he had syr Tristram wanne the degree at that turnement / and there he hurte many Knyȝtes and brysed them / and they hurte hym and brysed hym wonderly sore /

¶ So whanne the Iustes were alle done / they knewe wel that hit was sire Tristram de Lyones / and all that were on Kyng markes party were glad that sir Tristram was hurte / and the remenaunt were sory of his hurte / for syre Tristram was not soo behated as was syre Launcelot within the Reame of England / Thenne came Kyng Marke vnto syre Tristram / and sayd fayre neuewe I am sory of your hurtes / Gramercy my lord said syre Tristram /

¶ Thenne Kynge Marke made sir Tristram to be putte in an hors bere in grete sygne of loue / and said fayre cosyn I shalle be your leche my self / and soo he rode forthe with sire Tristram and brought hym to a Castel by day lyghte / And thenne Kynge Mark made syre Tristram to ete / And thenne after he gaf hym a drynke / the whiche as soone as he had dronke / he fell on slepe / And whanne it was nyghte he made hym to be caryed to another castel / and there he putte hym in a stronge pryson / & there he ordeyned a man and a woman to gyue hym his mete and drynke / Soo there he was a grete whyle / thenne was syr Tristram myssed / and no creature wyst where he was become When la beale Isoud herd hou he was myssed pryuely she went vnto sir Sadok & praid hym to aspye where was sir Tristram Thenne when Sadok wyst hou sir tristram was myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyng mark & the traitours of Magōs / theēne sadok & two of his cosyns leid them in an

enbusschement fast by the castel of Tyntagyl in armes / And as by fortune there came rydyng Kyng Marke and foure of his newwes / and a certayn of the traytours of Magouns Whanne sir Sadok aspyed them / he brake oute of the busschement / and sette there vpon them / And whan kyng Marke aspyed sire Sadok / he fledde as fast as he myghte / and there sir Sadok slewe alle the four newwes vnto Kyng Marke / But these traitours of Magouns slewe one of Sadoks cosyns a grete wound in the neck / but Sadok smote the other to the dethe / Thenne sir Sadok rode vpon his way vnto a Castel that was called Lyonas / and there he aspyed of the treason and felony of kyng Marke / Soo they of that castel rode with syre Sadok tyl that they came to a Castel that hyghte Arbray / & there in the toune they fond syre Dynas the Seneschal / that was a good Knyght / But whan sire Sadok had told syre Dynas of alle the treason of Kyng Marke / he defyed suche a Kyng / and sayd he wold gyue vp his landes that he held of hym / And whanne he said these wordes alle manere Knyghtes sayd as syre Dynas said / Thenne by his aduys and of sire Sadoks he lete stuffe alle the townes and Castels within the Countrey of Lyones and assembled alle the peple that they myght make

¶ Capitulum Ij

NOW torne we vnto Kyng Marke that whan he was escaped from sir Sadok / he rode vnto the Castel of Tyntagyl / and there he made grete crye and noyse / & cryed vnto harneis alle that myghte bere armes / Thenne they sought and fond where were dede four cosyns of kyng Markes and the traytour of Magouns / Thenne the kyng lete entyere them in a chappel / thenne the kyng lete crye in alle the countrey that helde of hym to goo vnto armes / for he vnderstood to the werre he must nedes / Whanne Kyng Marke herde and vnderstood how syre Sadok and sir Dynas were aysen in the Countrey of Lyones / he remembryd of wyles and treason / Lo thus he dyd / he lete make and counterfete letters from the pope

and dyd make a straunge clerke to bere them vnto kyng mark / the whiche letters specyfied that kyng Marke shold make hym redy vpon payne of cursyng with his hoost to come to the pope to helpe to goo to Iherusalem for to make warre vpon the Sarasyns / whan this clerk was come by the meane of the Kyng / anone with alle kyng markes sente these letters vnto sire Tristram and badde hym saye thus / that and he wold goo werre vpon the mescreauntes / he shold be had oute of pryson / and to haue alle his power / Whanne sire Tristram vnderstood this letter / thenne he sayd thus to the Clerke / A kyng Marke euer hast thou ben a traytour / and euer wylle be / but Clerke said sire Tristram Say thou thus vnto Kyng markes Syn the Appostle pope hath sente for hym / bydde hym goo thyder hym self / for telle hym traitour Kyng as he is I wylle not goo at his commaundement / gete I oute of pryson as I may for I see I am wel rewarded for my true seruyse / Thenne the Clerke retourned vnto kyng Marke and told

hym of the ansuer of sire Tristram / wel sayd Kynge marke yet shal he be begyled / Soo he wente in to his chamber and counterfete letters / and the letters specyfyed that the pope desyred sire Tristram to come hym self to make werre vpon the mescreauntes Whan the Clerke was come ageyne to sir Tristram and tooke hym these letters / thenne sire Tristram behelde these letters / & anone he aspyed they were of kynge Markes counterfetyng A said syre Tristram fals hast thow ben euer kynge Marke / and soo wolt thou ende / Thenne the Clerke departed from sire Tristram and came to kynge Marke ageyne / By thenne there were come four wounded knyghtes within the castel of Tyntagil / and one of them his neck was nyghe broken in tweyn Another had his arme stryken away / the thyrdde was borne thurgh with a spere / the fourth had his teeth stryken in tweyn And whanne they came afore kynge Marke they cryed and sayd / kynge / why fleest thou not for alle this countrey is arysen clerely ageynst the / thenne was kynge Marke wrothe oute of mesure / and in the meane whyle there came in to the countrey sire Percyuale de galys to seke sire Tristram / And whan he herd that syre Tristram was in pryson / syr Percyual

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made clerely the delyueraunce of sir Tristram by his knyghtly meanes / And whan he was soo delyuerd / he made grete Ioye of syre Percyuale / and soo echone of other / Syr Tristram sayd vnto sire Percyuale / and ye wille abyde in these marches I wylle ryde with yow / Nay said Percyuale in this countrey I maye not tary / for I muste nedes in to walys /

¶ Soo syre Percyuale departed from sire Tristram / and rode streyghte vnto Kynge Marke / and told hym how he had delyuerd syre Tristram / and also he told the kyng that he had done hym self grete shame for to putte sir Tristram in pryson / For he is now the knyght of moost renomme in this world lyuyng And wete thou wel the noblest knyghtes of the worlde loue syr Tristram / and ys he wille make werre vpon yow / ye maye not abyde hit / That is trouthe said kynge Marke / but I may not loue sire Tristram by cause he loueth my Quene and my wyf la beale Isoud / A fy for shame said syr Percyuale say ye neuer so more / Are ye not vnkel vnto sir Tristram / and he your neuewe / ye shold neuer thynke that soo noble a Knyghte as sire Tristram is that he wold doo hym self soo grete a vylony to holde his vnkels wyf / how be it said syr Percyuale he may loue your Quene synles by cause she is called one of the fayrest ladyes of the world / Thenne syr Percyuale departed from Kynge Marke / Soo whan he was departed Kyng Mark bethought hym of more treson / Not withstanding kyng mark graunted syr Percyuale neuer by no manere of meanes to hurte sire Tristram / Soo anone Kynge Marke sente vnto syre Dyanas the Seneschal that he shold putte doune alle the peple that he had reysed / for he sente hym an othe that he wold goo hym self vnto the pope of Rome to warre vpon the mescreauntes / and this is a fayrer werre than thus to areyse the peple / ageynst youre kynge / whanne sir Dynas vnderstood that kynge marke wold goo vpon the mescreauntes / thenne sire Dynas in alle hast putte doune alle the peple / and whan the peple were departed euery man to his home / the Kyng mark aspyed where was sire Tristram with la Beale Isoud / and there by treason Kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in pryson contrary to his promyse that he made vnto syre Percyuale / whan Quene Isoud vnderstood that syr Tristram was

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in pryson / she made as grete sorowe as euer made lady or gentylwoman / Thenne sire Tristram sent a letter vnto la Beale Isoud and praid her to be his good lady / and yf hit pleased her to make a vessel redy for her and hym / he wold goo with her vnto the reame of Logrys that is this land /

¶ Whanne la beale Isoud vnderstood syre Tristram letters and his entent she sente hym another / and badde hym be of good comforte / for she wold doo make the vessel redy and alle thyng to purpos

¶ Thenne la beale Isoud sente vnto syre Dynas and to sadok and prayd hem in ony wyse to take Kynge Marke / and put hym in pryson vnto the tyme that she and syre Tristram were departed vnto the Royamme of Logrys / whan sir Dynas the Seneschall vnderstood the treason of Kynge Marke / he promysed her ageyne and sente her word that Kynge Marke shold be put in pryson / And as they deuysed hit soo hit was done / And thenne syre Tristram was delyuerd out of pryson / and anone in alle the haste Quene Isoud and syr Tristram and went and took their counceyll with that they wold haue with them whan they departed

¶ Capitulum lij

Thenne la Beale Isoud and sire Tristram took their vessel / and came by water in to this land / and so they were not in this land four dayes / but there came a crye of a Iustes and turnement that Kynge Arthur lete make / Whanne sire Tristram herd telle of that turnement he desguysed hym self / and la Beale Isoud / and rode vnto that turnement And whan he came there he sawe many Knyghtes Iuste and turneye / and so syr Tristram dressid hym to the raunge / and to make short conclusion / he ouerthrewe fourteen Knyghtes of the round table / Whanne sir Launcelot sawe these Knyghtes thus ouerthrowen / sire launcelot dressid hym to sir Tristram / That sawe la Beale Isoud how sire launcelot was come in to the felde /

¶ Thenne la Beale Isoud sente vnto sire Launcelot a rynge / and badde hym wete that it was sir Tristram de lyones Whanne sir launcelot vnderstood that there was syre Tristram he was ful gladde / and wold not Iuste / thēne sire Launcelot

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aspyed whyder syre Tristram yede / and after hym he rode / and thenne eyther made of other grete Ioye / And soo sire Launcelot broughte sire Tristram and la beale Isoud vnto Ioyous gard that was his owne

Castel that he had wonne with his owne handes / And there sire Launcelot put them in to welde for their owne / And wete ye wel that Castel was garnysshed and furnysshed for a Kynge and a quene Royal there to haue soiourned / and syre Launcelot charged alle his people to honoure them and loue them as they wold doo hym self /

¶ Soo sire launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur / and thenne he told Quene Gueneuer how he that Iusted soo wel atte last turnement was sire Tristram / and there he told her how he hadde with hym la beale Isoud maulgre kynge Marke / & soo Quene Gueneuer told alle this vnto kynge Arthur /

¶ Whanne kynge Arthur wyste that sire Tristram was escaped and comen from kynge Marke / and had broughte la beale Isoud with hym / thenne was he passynge gladde / So by cause of sire Tristram kynge Arthur lete make a crye / that on may day shold be a Iustes before the castel of Lonaȝep / And that Castel was fast by Ioyous gard / And thus Arthur deuysed that alle the knyghtes of this land and of Cornewaile and of Northwalys shold Iuste ageynste all these countreyes / Irland / Scotland / and the remenaunt of walys & the countrey of Gore and Surluse and of Lystynoyse / & they of Northumberland and alle they that helde landes of arthur a this half the see / whanne this crye was made / many knyghtes were gladde and many were vngladde /

¶ Syre said launcelot vnto Arthur by this crye that ye haue made ye wyll put vs that ben aboute yow in grete Ieopardy / for there be many Knyghtes that haue grete enuye to vs / therfore whan we shal mete at the daye of Iustes there wille be hard skyfte amonge vs / As for that said Arthur I care not / there shal we preue who shal be best of his handes / Soo whan sir launcelot vnderstode wherfore kynge Arthur made this Iustynge thence he made suche purueaunce that la beale Isoud shold behold the Iustes in a secrete place that was honest for her estate /

¶ Now torne we vnto sire Tristram and to la beale Isoud / how they maade grete Ioye dayly to gyders with alle manere

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of myrthes that they coud deuysel / and in euery day sir Tristram wold goo ryde on huntynge / for sire Tristram was that tyme called the best chacer of the world / and the noblest blower of an horne of alle manere of mesures / for as bookes reporte / of syre Tristram came alle the good termes of venery and of huntynge and alle the syses and mesures of blowynge of an horne / and of hym we had fyrste alle the termes of haukyng / & whiche were beestes of chace beestes of venery / and whiche were vermyns / and alle the blastes that longen to all manner of gamen / Fyrste to the vncoupeynge / to the sekyng / to the rechate / to the flyghte / to the dethe / and to strake / and many other blastes and termes / that all maner of gentylmen haue cause to the worldes ende to preyse sir Tristram and to praye for his soule

¶ Capitulum liij

SOo on a daye la beale Isoud sayd vnto sir Tristram I merueyle me moche said she / that ye remembre not your self how ye be here in a straunge countrey and here be many peryllous knyghtes / and wel ye wote that kyng Marke is ful of treason / and that ye wylle ryde thus to chace and to to hunte vnarmed ye myghte be destroyed /

¶ My fayr lady and my loue I crye you mercy I wille no more doo soo Soo thenne sire Tristram rode dayly on huntynge armed and his men berynge his shelde and his spere / Soo on a day a lytyl afore the monethe of may syre Tristram chaced an hert passynge egerly / and soo the herte passed by a fayr welle / And thenne sir Tristram alyghte and putte of his helme to drynke of that burbley water / Ryght soo he herd and sawe the questynge beest come to the welle / whan syre Tristram sawe that beste / he putte on his helme for he demed he shold here of sir Palomydes / for that beste was his quest /

¶ Ryght so sir Tristram sawe where came a knyghte armed vpon a noble courser / and he salewed hym / and they spake of many thynges / and thys knyghtes name was Breuse saunce pyte / and ryght so with alle there came vnto them the noble knyghte sire Palomydes / and eyther salewed other / and spake fair to other

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Fair knyghtes said sir Palomydes I canne telle yow tydynges / what is that said tho knyghtes / Syrs wete ye wel that Kynge Marke is put in pryson by his owne knyghtes / and alle was for loue of sire Tristram / for kynge Marke hadde put syre Tristram twyes in pryson / And ones sire Percyuale delyuerd the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson

¶ And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Isoud delyuerd hym / and wente cleryly aweye with hym in to this reame / & alle this whyle kynge Marke the fals traytour is in pryson / Is this trouthe said Palomydes / Thenne shall we hastely here of sire Tristram / And as for to say that I loue la Beale Isoud peramours I dare make good that I doo / and that she hath my seruyse aboue alle other ladyes / and shalle haue the terme of my lyf / And ryght soo as they stood talkynge / they sawe afore them where came a Knyghte alle armed on a grete hors / and one of his men bare his sheld / and the other his speres / And anone as that Knyght aspyed them he gatte his shelde and his spere / and dressid hym to Iuste

¶ Fair felawes said sire Tristram yonder is a Knyghte wil Iuste with vs / lete see whiche of vs shalle encountre with hym for I see wel he is of the courte of Kynge Arthur

¶ It shalle not be longe or he be mette with alle said sire Palomydes / for I fonde neuer noo knyght in my queste of this Glastynge beest / but and he wold Iuste I neuer refused hym

¶ As wel may I said Breuse saunce pyte folowe that beest as ye / Thenne shalle ye doo bataille with me said Palomydes / Soo syre Palomydes dressid hym vnto that other Knyghte syre Bleoberys that was a ful noble Knyghte nyghe kynne vnto sire Launcelot / And soo they mette soo hard / that syre Palomydes felle to the erthe hors and alle / Thenne sir Bleoberis cryed a lowde and said thus / make the redy thou fals traytour knyghte Breuse saunce pyte / for wete thou certaynly I wille haue adoo with the to the vtteraunce for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou hast falsly bitraid

¶ Whanne this false knyght and traitour Breuse saunce pyte herde hym saye soo / he took his hors by the brydel and fledde his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte renne / for sore he was of hym aferd /

¶ Whan syr Bleoberys

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sawe hym flee he folowed faste after thorough thycke and thorough thynne / And by fortune as sir Breuse fledde / he sawe euen afore hym thre knyghtes of the table round / of the whiche tho one hyghte sire Ector de marys / the other hyghte syre Percyuale de galys / the thyrdde hyghte sir Harre de fyse lake a good knyght and an hardy / And as for syr Percyuale he was called that tyme of his tyme one of the best knyghtes of the world and the best assured / when Breuse sawe these knyghtes he rode streyghte vnto them and cryed vnto them & prayd them of rescowes / what nede haue ye said sire Ector / A fayr knyghtes saide syre Breuse here foloweth me the moost traytour knyght and moost coward and moost of vylony / his name is Breuse saunce pyte / and yf he may gete me he wylle slee me withoute mercy and pyte / Abyde with vs said sir percyuale and we shalle waraunt yow / Thenne were they ware of syre Bleoberys that came rydyng alle that he myghte / Thenne sir Ector put hym self forth to Iuste afore them alle / When sire Bleoberis sawe that they were four knyghtes / and he but hym self / he stode in a doubte / whether he wold torne or hold his waye / Thenne he said to hym self I am a knyght of the table round / and rather than I shold shame myn othe & my blood I wille hold my way what soo euer falle therof / And thenne sire Ector dressid his spere and smote either other passyng sore / but sire Ector felle to the erthe / That sawe sir Percyuale and he dressid his hors toward hym all that he myghte dryue / but sir Percyuale had suche a stroke that hors and man felle to the erth /

¶ Whanne sir Harre sawe that they were bothe to the erthe / thenne he said to hym self / neuer was Breuse of suche prowess / Soo sire Harre dressid his hors / & they mette to gyders soo strongly that bothe the horses and knyghtes felle to the erthe / but sire Bleoberis hors beganne to recouer ageyne / That sawe sire Breuse and he came hurtlyng / & smote hym ouer and ouer and wolde haue slayne hym as he lay on the ground / Thenne syr Harre le fyse lake arose lyghtely and toke the brydel of sir Breuse hors and said /

¶ Fy for shame stryke neuer a Knyght when he is at the erthe / for this Knyght may be called no shameful knyghte of his dedes / for yet as men may see there as he lyeth on the ground he hath done

leaf 252r

worshipfully / and putte to the werse passynge good knyghtes Therfore wyll I not lete saide sire Breuse / thow shalte not chese said syr Harre as at this tyme / Thenne whanne sir Breuse sawe that he myghte not chese nor haue his wyll / he spak fayre / Thenne syre Harre lete hym goo / And thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer syre Bleoberys / and rasshed hym to the erthe lyke yf he wold haue slayne hym / Whanne syre Harre sawe hym doo so vyloynsly / he cryed traytour knyght leue of for shame / and as sir Harre wold haue taken his hors to fyghte with sir breuse / thenne sir Breuse ranne vpon hym as he was half vpon his hors and smote hym doune hors & man to the erthe / and had nere slayne syr Harre the good knyght / That sawe sir Percyuale / and thenne he cryed traitour knyghte what dost thou / And whan sire Percyuale was vpon his hors / syr Breuse tooke his hors and fledde all that euer he myght / and syre Percyuale and syre Harre folowed after hym fast / but euer the lenger they chaced the ferther were they behynde / Thenne they torned ageyne and came to syr Ector de marys and to syre Bleoberys / A fayr knyghtes said Bleoberys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour / why said sire Harre what knyght is he / for wel I wote hit is a fals knyght said sir Harre and a coward and a felonous knyght / Syr sayd Bleoberys he is the moost coward knyghte / and a deuourer of ladyes and a destroyer of good Knyghtes and specyally of Arthurs / what is your name saide sir Ector my name is Syr bleoberys de ganys / Allas fair cosyn sayde Ector / forgyue it me / for I am sir Ector de marys / thenne syre Percyuale and sire Harre made grete ioye that they met with bleoberys / but alle they were heuy that syr breuse was escaped them wherof they made grete dole

¶ Capitulum liiiij

RYght soo as they stood thus / there came sir Palomydes And whanne he sawe the shelde of bleoberys lye on the erthe /

¶ Thenne said Palomydes he that oweth

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that sheld / lete hym dresse hym to me / for he smote me doune here fast by at a fontayne / and therfore I wyll fyghte for hym on foote / I am redy said Bleoberys here to ansuer the / for wete thow wel syr kny

¶ It was I / and my name is Bleoberys de ganys / wel arte thou met saide Palomydes / and wete thou
wel my name is Palomydes the sarasyn / and eyther of them hated other to the dethe /

¶ Syre Palomydes sayd Ector wete thou wel there is neyther thou nor none knyght that bereth the lyf
that sleeth ony of oure blood / but he shalle dye for hit / therfor and thou lyste to fyghte goo seche sire
launcelot or sir Tristram and there shalle ye fynde your matche / with hem haue I mette said
Palomydes / but I had neuer no worship of them / was there neuer no maner of knyghte said sire Ector
but they that euer matched with yow / yes sayd Palomydes / there was the thyrdde a good knyght as ony
of them / and of his age he was the best that euer I fond / for and he myghte haue lyued tyl he had ben an
hardyer man / there lyueth no knyghte now suche / and his name was syre Lamorak de galys / And as he
had lusted at a turnement / there he ouerthrewe me / and xxx knyghtes moo / and there he wanne the
degree / And at his departynge there mette hym syre Gawayne and his bretheren / & with grete payne
they slewe hym felonsly vnto alle good knyghtes grete damage / Anone as sir Percyuale herd that his
broder was dede syr Lamorak / he felle ouer his hors mane swounynge / and there he made the grettest
dole that euer maade knyghte /

¶ And whan syr Percyuale aroos / he said / Allas my good and noble broder syre Lamorak / now shalle
we neuer mete / and I trowe in alle the wyde world a man maye not fynde suche a knyght as he was of
his age / and hit is to moche to suffre the dethe of our fader kynge Pellenore / & now the dethe of our
good broder sir Lamorak / Thenne in the meane wyhle there came a varlet from the court of kyng Arthur
and told them of the grete turnement that shold be at Lonaȝep / and how these landes Cornewail / &
Northgalys shold be ageynst alle them that wold come

¶ Capitulum lv

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NOW torne we vnto sir Tristram that as he rode on huntynge / he mette with sire Dynadan that was
comen in to that countrey to seke syre Tristram / Thenne sire Dynadan told sire Tristram his name / but
sire Tristram wold not telle hym his name / wherfore syr Dynadan was wrothe / For suche a foolysse
knyghte as ye are said sire Dynadan I sawe but late this day lyenge by a welle / and he fared as he
slepte / and there he lay lyke a foole grymmynge and wold not speke / and his shelde lay by hym / and
his hors stode by hym / and wel I wote he was a loue / A fayr syr said syre Tristram are ye not a loue /
mary fy on that crafte said sir dynadan / that is euylle said said sire Tristram / for a knyght maye neuer be
of prowesse / but yf he be a loue / it is wel said said sir Dynadan / Now telle me your name syth ye be a
loue / or els I shalle doo bataille with yow / As for that said sir Tristram hit is no reason to fyghte with
me / but I telle yow my name And as for that my name shalle ye not wete as at this tyme Fy for shame
said Dynadan arte thou a knyghte and darste not telle thy name to me / therfore I wil fyghte with the /
As for that said sir Tristram I wyll be aduysed / for I wil not doo batail / but yf me lyft / And yf I doo

batail said sire Tristram ye are not able withstande me / Fy on the coward sayd syre Dynadan / and thus as they houed styl they fawe a knyght came rydyng ageynst them / Lo said sir Tristram see where cometh a knyght rydyng wyll Iuste with you / Anon as sir Dynadan beheld hym he said that is the same doted knyȝt that I sawe lye by the welle neither slepyng ne wakyng / wel sayde sire Tristram I knowe that knyght wel with the couerd shelde of asure / he is the kynges sone of Northumberland / his name is Epynegrys / and he is as grete a louer as I knowe / and he loueth the kynges doughter of walys a ful fayre lady And now I suppose said sire Tristram / and ye requyre hym / he wille Iuste with yow / and thenne shalle ye preue whether a louer be a better knyghte or ye that wylle not loue no lady / wel said Dynadan now shalt thou see what I shall do / There with alle sire Dynadan spake on hyghe and said sir knyghte make the redy to Iuste with me / for it is the custome of erraȝt knyȝtes one to Iuste with other / Sir said Epynegrys is þt the rule

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of yow arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to Iuste will he or nyll / As for that sayd Dynadan make the redy / for here is for me / And there with al they spored theyr horses & mett to gyders soo hard that Epynegrys smote doune sir Dynadan Thenne sir Tristram rode to sire Dynadan and sayd how now me semeth the louer hath wel spedde / Fy on the Coward sayd syre Dynadan / and yf thow be a good Knyghte reuenge me/ Nay said syr Tristram I wylle not Iuste as at this tyme / but take your hors and lete vs goo hens / God defende me sayd syre Dynadan from thy felaushyp / For I neuer sped wel syn I mette with the / and soo they departed / wel sayd sir tristram / peraduenture I coude telle yow tydynges of sir tristram God defende me said Dynadan from thy felaushyp / for sir tristram were mykel the werse / and he were in thy company / and thenne they departed / Syre said sir Tristram yet it may happen I shal mete with you in other places / so rode syr Tristram vnto Ioyous gard / and there he herd in that toune grete noyse and crye / what is this noyse said sire Tristram / Syre sayd they here is a knyght of this castel that hath ben longe among vs / and ryght now he is slayne with two knyghtes / And for none other cause / but that oure knyghte sayd that sir Laȝcelot were a better Knyght than syre Gawayne / that was a symple cause said sir Tristram for to slee a good knyght for to saye wel by his mayster / That is lytel remedy to vs sayde the men of the toune / For and sire Launcelot had ben here / soone we shold haue ben reuenged vpon the fals knyghtes / whan syre Tristram herd them saye soo / he sente for his shelde / & for his spere / and lyghtly within a whyle he had ouertake them/ and badde them torne and amende that they had mysdone / What amendes woldest thow haue sayd the one Knyghte / & therwith they tooke theyr cours / and eyther mette other so hard that syr Tristram smote doune that knyghte ouer his hors tayle / Thenne the other knyght dressid hym to syr Tristram / and in the same wyse he serued the other knyghte /

¶ And thenne they gate of their horses as wel as they myghte and dressyd their sheldes and swerdes do do their bataile to the vtteraunce Knyghtes said sire Tristram ye shalle telle me of whens ye ar and what be youre names / for suche men ye myȝte be ye shold

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hard escape my handes / and ye myghte be suche men of suche a countre / that for alle your euylle dedes ye shold passe quyte / Wete thow wel syre Knyghte sayde they we feare not to telle the oure names / for my name is syr Agrauayne / and my name is Gaherys bretheren vnto the good Knyghte sire Gawayne / and we be neuwes vnto kyng Arthur / wel sayd sir tristram for Kynge Arthurs sake I shalle lete yow passe as att this tyme / But hit is shame said sire Tristram that sire Gawayne and ye be comen of soo grete a blood that ye foure bretheren are soo named as ye be / For ye be called the grettest destroyers and murtherers of good Knyghtes that ben now in this reame / for it is but as I herde saye that syr Gawayne & ye slewe amonge yow a better knyght than euer ye were / that was the noble knyghte syre Lamorak de galys / and hit hadde pleased god sayd syre Tristram I wold I had ben by syre Lamorak at his deth / thenne sholdest thou haue gone the same way said sir Gaherys / Fayre knyghte said syre Tristram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are / And there with alle sire Tristram departed fro them toward Ioyous gard And whanne he was departed / they took theyre horses / and the one said to the other / we wylle ouertake hym and be reuenged vpon hym in the despyte of sire Lamorak

¶ Capitulum lvj

SOo when they hadde ouertake sire Tristram / sir Agrauayne badde hym torne traytour knyght / that is euylly sayd / said sir Tristram / and ther with he pulled out his suerd / and smote syr Agrauayne suche a buffet vpon the helme that he tumbled doune of his hors in a swoone / and he hadde a greuouse wounde / And thenne he torned to Gaherys / and sire Tristram smote his swerd and his helme to gyders with suche a myght that Gaherys felle oute of his sadel / and soo sir Tristram rode vnto Ioyous gard and there he alyght and vnarmed hym / Soo sire Tristram told la beale Isoud of alle his aduenture as ye haue herd to forne / And whan she herd hym telle of sire Dynadan / syr said she is not that he that made the song by

leaf 254v

kyng Marke / that same is he said sire Tristram / for he is the best bourder and laper and a noble knyghte of his handes / and the best felawe that I knowe / and alle good knyghtes loue his felauship / Allas syre said she why broughte ye not hym with yow / haue ye no care sayd syr Tristram / for he rydeth to seke me in this countre / and therefore he wylle not away tyl he haue met with me / And there sire Tristram told la Beale Isoud how sir Dynadan helde ageynste alle louers / Ryght so there came in a varlet and told sir Tristram how there was come an erraunt knyght in to the toune with suche colours vpon his sheld / that is syre Dynadan said syre Tristram / wete ye what ye shalle doo said sire Tristram / send ye for hym my lady Isoud / and I wylle not be sene and ye shal here the meryest knyghte that euer

ye spak with alle and the maddest talker / and I praye yow hertely that ye make hym good chere /
 Thenne anone la beale Isoud sente in to the toune / and prayd syr Dynadan that he wold come in to the
 castel / & repose hym there with a lady / with a good wylle sayd sir Dynadan / & soo he mounted vpon
 his hors and rode in to the castel / & there he alyghte / and was vnarmed / & brought in to the castel /
 Anone la Beale Isoud came vnto hym / and eyther salewed other / thenne she asked hym of whens that
 he was / Madame sayd Dynadan I am of the courte of Kynge Arthur / & knyȝte of the table round / and
 my name is syre Dynadan / what doo ye in this countrey sayd la Beale Isoud / Madame sayd he I seke
 syre Tristram the good knyght / for hit was told me that he was in this countrey / hit may wel be said la
 Beale Isoud but I am not ware of hym / madame said Dynadan I merueylle of sire Tristram and moo
 other louers what eyleth them to be soo mad and soo soted vpon wymmen / why said la beale Isoud / are
 ye a Knyght and be no louer / it is shame to you where for ye may not be called a good knyȝte / and yf
 ye make a quarel for a lady / God defende me sayd Dynadan / for the Ioye of loue is to short / and the
 sorow therof and what cometh therof dureth ouer longe / A said la Beale Isoud say ye not soo / for here
 fast by was the good knyght sire Bleoberys that foughte with thre knyghtes at ones for a damoysels
 sake / & he wanne her afore the kynge of Northumberland / hit was so

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said sire Dynadan for I knowe hym wel for a good knyȝte and a noble and comen of noble blood / for
 alle ben noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of / that is sire Launcelot du lake / Now I pray yow said
 la Beale Isoud / telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wronge / and
 in soo moche as ye be a knyȝt of kyng Arthurs I requyre yow to doo batail for me / Thenne syr Dynadan
 sayd I shalle say yow ye be as fayr a lady as euer I sawe ony / and moche fayrer than is my lady quene
 Gueneuer / but wete ye wel at one word I wylle not fyghte for yow wyth thre knyghtes / Ihesu defende
 me / Thenne Isoud lough / & had good game at hym / Soo he had alle the chere that she myghte make
 hym / and there he lay alle that nyght / And on the morn erly syr Tristram armed hym and la beale Isoud
 gaf hym a good helme / and thenne he promysed her that he wold mete with syr Dynadan / And they two
 wold ryde to gyders vnto Lonaȝep where the turnement shold be / and there shal I make redy for yow
 where ye shalle see the turnement / Thenne departed sir Tristram with two squyers that bare his sheld &
 his speres that were grete and longe /

¶ Capitulum Iviij

THenne after that syr Dynadan departed / and rode his way a grete paas vntyl he had ouertake sir
 Tristram And when syr Dynadan had ouertake hym / he knewe hym anone / and he hated the felauship
 of hym aboue all other knyghtes / A said syre Dynadan art thou that coward knyght that I mette with
 yesterday / kepe the / for thou shalte Iuste with me maulgre thy hede / Wel said sire Tristram and I am
 lothe to Iuste / and soo they lete theyr horses renne / and syr Tristram myssid of hym a purpos / & sir
 Dynadan brak a spere vpon sire Tristram / and there with syre Dynadan dressid hym to [correction; sic =
 to to] drawe out his swerd / Not soo said sir Tristram / why are ye soo wrothe I wille not fyghte / Fy on

the coward sayd Dynadan thow shamest alle knyghtes / As for that said syre Tristram I care not / for I wille wayte vpon you and be vnder

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your protectyon / for by cause ye are so good a knyght ye may saue me / The deuylle delyuer me of the said syr Dynadan / for thou arte as goodely a man of armes and of thy persone as euer I sawe and the moost coward that euer I sawe / what wold thow doo with tho grete speres that thou caryest with the I shalle gyue them said sir Tristram to somme good knyght whan I come to the turnement / And yf I see yow doo best / I shalle gyue them to yow / Soo thus as they rode talkyng they sawe where came an erraunt knyght afore them that dressyd hym to Iuste / Loo said syr Tristram yonder is one wylle Iuste now dresse the to hym / a shame betyde the said sire Dynadan / Nay not soo said Tristram for that knyght besemeth a shrewe / Thenne shalle I said syr Dynadan and soo they dressid their sheldes and their speres / and they mette to gyders soo hard / that the other knyght smote doun sir Dynadan from hys hors Loo said sir Tristram hit had ben better ye had lefte / Fy on the coward said sire Dynadan / Thenne sir Dynadan starte vp and gat his swerd in his hande / and profered to do batail on foote / whether in loue or in wrathe saide the other knyghte / lete vs doo bataille in loue said sir Dynadan / what is your name said that knyght I pray yow telle me / wete ye wel my name is sir Dynadan / A Dynadan said that knyght and my name is Gareth the yongest broder vnto syre Gawayne / thenne eyther made of other grete chere / for this Gareth was the best knyghte of alle tho bretheren / and he preued a good Knyghte Thenne they took their horses / and there they spak of sir Tristram how suche a coward he was / and euery word sir Tristram herd and lough them to scorne / Thenne were they ware where came a knyght afore them wel horsed and wel armed / and he made hym redy to Iuste / Fair knyghtes said syr Tristram / loke betwixe yow who shalle Iuste with yonder knyghte / for I warne yow I wille not haue adoo with hym / thenne shall I said syr Gareth / and soo they encountred to gyders / and there that knyght smote doune sire Gareth ouer his hors croupe How now saide sire Tristram vnto syre Dynadan / dresse the now and reuenge the good knyght Gareth / That shall I not said sir Dynadan / for he hath stryken doune a moche bygger

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knyghte than I am / A said sire Tristram now sire Dynadan I see and fele wel your herte fayleth yow / therfore now shalle ye see what I shalle doo / And thenne sire Tristram hurtled vnto that knyghte / and smote hym quyte from his hors / And whanne sire Dynadan sawe that / he merueyled gretely / And thenne he demed that hit was sire Tristram / Thenne this knyght that was on foot pulled oute his swerd to doo bataille / what is your name said sire Tristram / wete ye wel sayde that knyghte my name is syre Palomydes / What knyghte hate ye moost said syr Tristram / Syr knyeght said he I hate sir Tristram to the dethe / for and I may mete with hym the one of vs shalle dye / ye saye wel said sir Tristram / and

wete ye wel that I am sire Tristram de lyones / and now doo your werste whanne sire Palomydes herd hym saye soo he was astonyed / And thenne he said thus I praye yow sir Tristram forgyue me alle myn euylle wylle / And yf I lyue I shal doo you seruyse aboue alle other knyghtes that ben lyuynge / and there as I haue owed yow euylle wylle me sore repenteth / I wote not what eyleth me / for me semeth that ye are a good knyghte / & none other Knyghte that named hym self a good knyghte shold not hate yow therfor I requyre yow syr tristram take no displeasyr at myn vnkynde wordes / Syr Palomydes said sire Tristram ye say wel / and wel I wote ye are a good knyghte for I haue sene you preued and many grete enterpryses haue ye taken vpon yow / and wel encheued them / therfor said sire Tristram and ye haue ony euyll wille to me / now maye ye ryghte hit / for I am redy at your hand / Not soo many lord sire Tristram I wille doo yow knyghtly seruyse in all thyng as ye wyl commaunde / and ryght soo I will take yow said syre Tristram / and soo they rode forthe on theyr wayes talkyng of many thynges / O my lord sire Tristram said Dynadan / foule haue ye mocked me / for god knoweth I cam in to this coū trey for your sake / and by the aduyse of my lord sire Launcelot / And yet wold not sire Launcelot telle me certeynte of you where I shold fynde yow / Truly said sir Tristram syre Launcelot wiste wel wherr I was / for I abode within his owne castel /

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Thus they rode vntyl they were ware of the Castel lonaȝep / And thenne were they ware of foure honderd tentys and paelions / and merueylous grete ordenaunce / Soo god me helpe saide sire Tristram yonder I see the grettest ordenaunce that euer I sawe / Syre said Palomydes / me semeth that there was as grete an ordenaunce att the castel of maydens vpon the roche where ye wanne the pryce / for I sawe my self where ye foriusted thyrtty knyghtes /

¶ Syr sayd Dynadan and in Surluse at that turnement that Galahalt of the longe Iles maade the whiche there dured seuen dayes / was as grete a gadrynge as is here / for there were many nacyons / who was the best said sire Tristram / sire it was sir Launcelot du lake and the noble knyghte sire Lamorak de galys / and sir launcelot wanne the degree / I doubte not said sir Tristram but he wanne the degree / So he had not ben ouermatched with many knyghtes / and of the dethe of sire Lamorak sayd syre Tristram hit was ouer grete pyte / for I dare say / he was the clenest myȝted man and the best wynded of his age / that was on lyue / for I knewe hym that he was the byggest knyght that euer I mette with all but yf hit were sire Launcelot / Allas said sire Tristram ful woo is me for his deth / And yf they were not the cosyns of my lord Arthur that slewe hym / they shold dye for hit / and all tho that were consentyng to his dethe / And for suche thynges said sire Tristram I feare to drawe vnto the courte of my lord Arthur / I wylle that ye wete hit said sire Tristram vnto Gareth / Syre I blame yow not said Gareth / For wel I vnderstande the vengeance of my bretheren sire Gawayne / Agrauayne / Gaherys / and Mordred / But as for me said sire Gareth I medle not of their maters therfore there is none of them that loueth me / And for I

vnderstande they be murtherers of good knyghtes I lefte theyre company / and god wold I had ben by
sayd Gareth whanne the noble knyghte syre Lamorak was slayne / Now as Ihesu be my help said sir
Tristram / it is wel said of you / for I had leuer than al the gold betwixe this & Rome I had ben there/ ye
wys said palomydes & soo wold I had ben there / & yet had I neuer the degree at no Iustes nor
turnement there as he was / but he put me to the werse or on foot or on horsbak / & that day

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that he was slayne he dyd the most dedes of armes that euer I sawe knyghte doo in alle my lyfe dayes

¶ And whan hym was gyuen the degree by my lord Arthur / syre Gawayne and his thre bretheren
Agrauayne / Gaherys and sire Mordred sette vpon syre Lamorack in a pryuy place / and there they slewe
his hors / and so they fought with hym on foote more than thre houres bothe biforne hym and behynd
hym / and sire Mordred gaf hym his dethes wound / behynde hym at his bak / and alle to hewe hym / for
one of his squyers told me that sawe hit / Fy vpon treason said sir Trystram / for hit kylleth my herte to
here this tale / So it doth myn said Gareth bretheren as they be myn I shall neuer loue them nor drawe in
their felauship for that dede / Now speke we of other dedes said Palomydes / and lete hym be / for his lyf
ye maye not gete ageyne / that is the more pyte said Dynadan / For sire Gawayne and his bretheren
excepte yow sire Gareth/ haten alle the good knyghtes of the round table for the most party / for wel I
wote and they myght pryuely / they hate my lord sire Launcelot and al his kynne / and grete pryuy
despyte they haue at hym / and that is my lorde syre launcelot wel ware of / and that causeth hym to
haue the good knyghtes of his kyn aboute hym /

¶ Capitulum lix

SYre said Palomydes lete vs leue of this matere / and lete vs see how we shalle doo at this turnement /
By myn aduyse said Palomydes lete vs foure holde to gyders ageynste alle that wyl come / Not by my
counceil said sire Tristram / for I see by their paelions ther wil be four honderd knyghtes / and doubte
ye not said sir Tristram but there wil be many good knyghtes / and be a man neuer soo valyaunt nor soo
bygge / yet he may be ouermatched / And soo haue I sene knyghtes done many tymes / And whanne
they wend best to haue wonne worship they loste hit / For manhode is not worthe / but yf it be medled
with wysedome / And as for me said sir Trystram hit maye happen I shalle kepe myn owne hede as wel
as another / Soo thus they rode vntyl that they came to humber bank where they herd a crye and a
doleful noyse /

¶ Thenne were they ware in the wynde where came a ryche vessel hylled

ouer with reed sylke / and the vessel loded fast by them / There with sire Tristram alyghte and his knyghtes / And so syre Tristram wente afore and entred in to that vessel

¶ And whanne he came within he sawe a fayre bedde rychely couerd / and there vpon laye a dede semely knyghte all armed sauf the hede was al bebledde with dedely woundes vpon hym / the whiche semed to be a passynge good knyghte /

¶ How may thys be said sire Tristram / that this knyghte is thus slayne / Thenne syre Tristram was ware of a letter in the dede knyȝtes hande / Maister maronnners said sire Tristram what meaneth that letter / Syre sayd they / in that letter ye shalle here and knowe hou he was slayne / and for what cause / and what was his name/ But sire said the maronnners wete ye wel that no man shall take that letter and rede hit but yf he be a good knyghte / and that he wille feythfully promyse to reuenge his dethe / els shal there no knyghte see that letter open / wete ye wel said sir Tristram that somme of vs may reuenge his dethe as wel as other And yf hit be soo as ye maronnners saye / his dethe shalle be reuenged / And there with sire Tristram took the letter oute of the knyghtes hande / and hit sayd thus / Harmaunce kynge & lord of the reed Cyte I send vnto alle knyghtes erraunt recommaundyng vnto yow noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte I byseche them alle amonge them to fynde one knyghte that wylle fyghte for my sake with two bretheren that I brought vp of nought and felonsly and traytourly they haue slayne me / wherfore I byseche one good knyghte to reuenge my deth And he that reuenged my dethe I wille that he haue my rede Cyte and alle my castels / Syre said the maronnners wete ye wel this kynge and knyghte that here lyeth was a ful worshipful man and of ful grete prowessse / and ful wel he loued alle maner knyghtes errauntes / Soo god me help said sire Tristram here is a pyteous caas / and ful fayne I wold take this enterpryse vpon me / but I haue made suche a promyse that nedes I must be at this grete turnement / or els I am shamed For wel I wote for my sake in especyal my lord Arthur lete make this Iustes and turnement in this countrey / and well I wote that many worshipful people wylle be there att that turnement for to see me / therfor I fere me to take this enterpryse

vpon me that I shal not come ageyne by tyme to this Iustys Syr said Palomydes / I pray yow gyue me this enterpryse / and ye shall see me encheue it worshipfully / outhur els I shal dye in this quarel / wel said sire Tristram / and this enterpryce I gyue yow with this that ye be with me at this turnement/ that shalle be as this day seuen nyght / Syre said Palomydes/ I promyse yow that I shalle be with yow by that day / yf I be vnslayne or vnmaymed

Thenne departed sire Tristram / Gareth / and sir Dynadan / and lefte sire Palomydes in the vessel / and so sir Tristram behelde the maronniers how they sayled ouer longe humber / And whan sir Palomydes was oute of theyre syghte / they toke theyr horses and beheld aboute them / And thenne were they ware of a Knyght that came rydyng ageynst them vnarmed / and nothyng aboute hym but a swerd / And whan this knyghte came nyghe them / he salewed them / & they hym ageyne / Faire knyghtes sayd that knyght I praye yow in soo moche as ye be knyghtes erraunt that ye wille come and see my castel and take suche as ye fynde there / I praye yow hertely / and soo they rode with hym vntyl his Castel / & there they were brought in to the halle that was wel apparailled / and soo they were there vnarmed and sette at a bord / & whan this knyghte sawe sire Tristram anone he knewe hym / And thenne this Knyght waxed pale and wroth at sir tristram / whan sire Tristram sawe his hoost make suche chere / he merueylled and said Syre myn hoost what chere make yow wete thou wel said he I fare the werse for the / for I knowe the sir Tristram de lyones / thou slewest my broder / And therefore I gyue the somons I wille slee the / and euer I maye gete the at large / Syr knyght said sir Tristram I am neuer aduysed that euer I slewe ony broder of yours / And yf ye say that I dyd I wille make amendys vnto my power / I wyll none amendys said the knyȝt but kepe the from me / So whan he had dyned sir Tristram asked his armes & departed / & so they rode on their wayes / & within a whyle / sir Dynadan sawe where cam a knyȝt wel armed & wel horsed withoute shelde / syre

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Tristram said sir Dynadan take kepe to your self / for I dar vndertake yonder cometh your hoost that will haue ado with you Lete hym come said sir Tristram I shall abyde hym as wel as I may / anone the knyghte whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he cryed and bad hym abyde and kepe hym / So they hurtled to gyders / but sir Tristram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe / That knyght arose lyghtely and took his hors ageyne / and soo rode fyersly to sir Tristram and smote hym twyes hard vpon the helme / Sir knyȝte said sir Tristram I pray yow leue of and smyte me no more / for I wold be lothe to dele with yow / & I myȝt chese / for I haue your mete and your drynke within my body / for al that he wold not leue / and thēne sir Tristram gas hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle vp soo doune fro his hors / that the blood brast oute at the ventayls of his helme / and soo he lay styll lykely to be dede / Thenne sire Tristram said me repenteth of this buffet that I smote so sore / for as I suppose he is dede / and soo they lefte hym and rode on their wayes /

¶ So they had not ryden but a whyle but they sawe rydyng ayenst them two ful lykely knyghtes wel armed and wel horsed & goodly seruauntes aboute them / the one was Berraunt le apres / and he was called the kynge with the honderd Knyȝtes and the other was sir Segwarydes whiche were renommed two noble Knyghtes / So as they cam eyther by other / the Kynge loked vpon sir Dynadan that at that tyme he had syre Tristrams helpe vpon his sholder / the whiche helme the kynge had sene to sore with the Quene of Northgalys / and that quene the kynge loued as peramour / & that helme the quene of northgalys had gyuen to la Beale Isoud / & the quene la Beale Isoud gaf it to sir Tristram / Syr Knyghte

sayd Berraunt Where had ye that helme / what wold ye said sire Dynadan / for I wylle haue adoo with
the said the kyng for the loue of her that owed that helme / and therfore kepe yow / Soo they departed
and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of theyr horses / and there the kyng with the honderd
knyghtes smote sire Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe / and th&emac;ne he commaunded his seruaunt
goo and take thou his helme of / and kepe hit / Soo the varlet wente to vnbockel his helme / What

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helme / what wold thou doo said sir Tristram / leue that helme to what entente sayd the kyng wille ye
sire knyght medle with that helme / Wete yow wel said sir Tristram that helme shalle not departe from
me or it be derer boughte / Thenne make you redy said sir Beraunce vnto syre Tristram / Soo they
hurtled to gyders / and there syr Tristram smote hym doun ouer his hors tayle// and thenne the kyng
arose lyghtely / and gatte his hors lyghtely ageyne / And thenne he strake fyersly att syre Tristram many
grete strokes / And thenne syre Tristram gafe sir Beraunce suche a buffet vpon the helme / that he felle
doun ouer his hors sore stonyed / Loo said Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to vs tweyne / for I had a
falle for hit / and now sir kyng haue ye another falle /

¶ Thenne Segwarydes asked who shal Iuste with me / I praye the said syre Gareth vnto Dynadan / lete
me haue this Iustes / syr said Dynadan I pray yow take it as for me / that is no reason said tristr&amac; /
for this Iustes shold be yours /

¶ Att a word said Dynadan I wille not therof /

¶ Thenne Gareth dressid hym to syre Segwarides / and there syre Segwarides smote Gareth and his hors
to the erthe /

¶ Now sayd syr Tristram to Dynadan Iuste with yonder knyghte / I wil not therof said Dynadan / Thenne
wille I said syr Tristram / and thenne syr Tristram ranne to hym / and gaf hym a falle / and soo they lefte
them on foote / and syre Tristram rode vnto Ioyous gard / and there sir Gareth wold not of his curtosy
haue gone in to this castel / but syre Tristram wold not suffre hym to departe / And soo they alyghte and
vnarmed them / & hadde grete chere / But whan Dynadan came afore la Beale Isoud he cursed the tyme
that euer he bare syr Tristram helme / and there he tolde her how syre Tristram had mocked hym /
Thenne was there laughyng and Iapyng at syr Dynadan that they wiste not what to doo with hym

¶ Capitulum Ixj

NOw wille we leue them mery within Ioyous gard & speke we of syr palomydes / th&emac;ne sir
palomydes sailled euen longes h&umac;ber to the costes of the see / where was a fair

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castel / And at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge afore daye / Thenne the maronnners wente vnto sire palomydes / that slepte fast / Syre knyghte saide the maronnners ye muste aryse / sor here is a castel there ye muste goo in to / I assente me sayd sire Palomydes / and there with alle he aryued / And thenne he blewe his horne that the maronnners had yeuen hym / And whanne they within the Castel herd that horne / they put forthe many knyghtes and there they stode vpon the walles / and said with one voys / welcome be ye to this castel / and thenne it waxed clere day / and sire Palomydes entred in to the castel / And within a whyle he was serued with many dyuerse metes / Thenne sire Palomydes herd aboute hym moche wepyng and grete dole / what may this meane said sir palomydes / I loue not to here suche a sorow / and fayne I wold knowe what it meaneth / thenne there came afore hym one whos name was sir Ebel that said thus wete ye wel sir knyghte this dole and sorowe is here made euery daye /

¶ And for this cause / We had a kyng that hyght Hermaunce and he was kyng of the reed cyte / and this kyng that was lord / was a noble knyght large and lyberal of his expense / And in the world he loued no thyng soo moche as he dyd erraunt knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte / and alle iustyng huntynge and al maner of knyghtly games / for so kynde a kyng and knyghte had neuer the rule of poure peple as he was / and by cause of his goodenes and gentylnesse we bemone hym / and euer shalle / And alle kynges and estates may beware by oure lord for he was destroyed in his owne defaute / for had he cherisshed them of his blood / he hadde yet lyued with grete rychesse and reste / but alle estates may beware by our kyng / But allas sayd Ebel that we shalle gyue alle other warnynge by his dethe /

¶ Telle me said palomydes / and in what manere was youre lord slayne and by whome / Syr said sir Ebel / oure kyng brought vp of children two men that now are peryllous knyghtes / & these two knyghtes oure kyng had soo in cherete that he loued no man nor trusted no man of his blood / nor none other that was aboute hym / And by these two knyghtes oure kyng was gouerned / and soo they ruled hym peasybly and his landes / and neuer wolde they suffre none of his blood to haue

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no rule with oure kyng / And also he was soo free and soo gentyl / and they so fals and deceyuable that they ruled hym peasybly / and that aspyed the lordes of our kynges blood / & departed from hym vnto their owne lyuelode / Thenne whan these two traytours vnderstoode that they had dryuen alle the lordes of his blood from hym / they were not pleased with that rule / but thenne they thoughte to haue more / as euer hit is an old sawe / gyue a chorle rule / and there by he wylle not be suffysed / for what someuer he be that is ruled by a vylayne born and the lord of the soyle to be a gentelman born / that same vylayne

shalle destroye alle the gentylmen aboute hym / therfor al estates and lordes / beware / whome ye take aboute yow / And yf ye be knyght of Kyng Arthurs courte remembre this tale / for this is the ende and conclusion / my lord and kyng rode vnto the forest here by by the aduyse of these traytours / and there he chaced at the reed dere armed at alle pyeces ful lyke a good knyght / and soo for labour he waxed drye / And thenne he alyghte / and dranke at a welle / And whan he was alyghte by the assente of these two traytours that one that hyght Helyus he sodenly smote our kynge thurgh the body with a spere / and soo they lefte hym there / And whan they were departed / thenne by fortune I came to the welle / and fond my lord and kyng wounded to the dethe / And whan I herd his complaynte / I lete brynge hym to the water syde / and in that same shyp I put hym a lyue / And whan my lord kynge hermaunce was in that vessel / he requyred me for the true feyth I owed vnto hym for to wryte a letter in this maner /

¶ Capitulum Ixij

REcommaundyng vnto kyng Arthur & to al his knyȝtes erraunt bisechyng them al that in so moche as I kyng Hermaunce kyng of the reed cyte thus am slayn by felony & treason thurȝ two knyghtes of myn own & of myn own bryngyng vp & of myn owne makyng that som worshipful knyȝt wil reuenge my deth / in so moche I haue ben euer to my power wel willyng vnto Arthurs court / & who that wil aduenture his lyf with these two traitours for my sake in one batail I kyng hermaunce kyng of the rede cyte frely gyue hym all my

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landes and rentes that euer I welded in my lyf / This letter said Ebel I wrote by my lordes commaundement / and thenne he receyued his creatoure / and whan he was dede / he commanded me or euer he were cold to put that letter fast in his hand / And thenne he commaunded me to putte forthe that same vessel doune humber / and I shold gyue these maronniers in commaundement neuer to stynte vntyl that they came vnto Logris where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme / & there shalle somme good knyghte haue pyte on me to reuenge my dethe / for there was neuer kynge nor lord falslyer ne traitourlyer slayne than I am here to my dethe /

¶ Thus was the complaynte of our kyng Hermaunce / Now said sir Ebel ye knowe alle how our lord was bitrayed / we requyre you for goddes sake haue pyte vpon his dethe / and worshipfully reuenge his dethe / and thenne may ye weld alle thise landes / For we alle wete wel / that & ye may slee these two traytours the reed cyte and alle tho that ben therin will take you for their lord / Truly said sire Palomydes hit greueth my herte for to here you telle this doleful tale / and to saye the trouthe I sawe the same letter that ye speke of / and one of the best knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me / and by his commaundement I cam hydder to reuenge your Kynges deth / and therfor haue done / and lete me wete where I shall fynde tho traitours / for I shal neuer be at ease in my herte tyl I be in handes with them /

¶ Syr said sire Ebel thenne take your ship ageyne / and that shyp must brynge you vnto the delectable yle fast by the reed Cyte / and we in this castel shalle pray for yow / and abyde your ageyne comynge / for this same castel and ye spede wel must nedes be yours / for oure kyng Harmaunce lete make this castel for the loue of the two traytours / and so we kepte it with stronge hande / & therfore ful sore are we threted /

¶ wote ye what ye shal do said sir Palomydes what somme euer come of me / loke ye kepe wel this castel / for & it mysfortune me soo to be slayn in this quest / I am sure there wil come one of the best knyghtes of the world for to reuenge my deth / and that is sir Tristram de lyones or els sir Launcelot du lake

¶ Thenne sir Palomydes departed from that castel / And as he cam nyghe the Cyte / there cam out of a shyp a goodly knyȝt

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armed ageynst hym with his shelde on his sholder / and his hand vpon his swerd / And anone as he came nyghe sir Palomydes he said sir knyghte what seke ye here / leue this queste for it is myn / and myn it was or euer it was yours / & therfor I wille haue hit / Syr knyght said Palomydes it may wel be that this quest was yours or it was myn / but when the letter was take oute of the dede kynges hand at that tyme by lykelyhode there was no knyght had vndertake to reuenge the deth of the kyng / And soo at that tyme I promysed to reuenge his dethe / And soo I shalle or els I am ashamed / ye say wel sayd the knyghte / but wete ye wel thenne wille I fyȝte with yow / and who be the better knyghte of vs bothe / lete hym take the bataille vpon hand / I assente me said sire Palomydes / & thenne they dressid their sheldes / and pulled out their swerdes and lashed to gyder many sadde strokes as men of myghte / & this fyȝtyng was more than houre / but at the last sir Palomydes waxed bygge and better wynded / soo that thenne he smote that knyght suche a stroke / that he made hym to knele vpon his knees / Thenne that knyghte spak on hyghe / and sayd gentyll knyght hold thy hand / Syr Palomydes was goodely & withdrewe his hand / Thenne this knyght sayd wete ye wel knyȝt that thou arte better worthy to haue this bataille than I / and requyre the of knyghthode telle me thy name / Syr my name is Palomydes a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs and of the table round that hyder I came to reuenge the dethe of this dede kyng

¶ Capitulum Ixiiij

WEI be ye fond said the knygyte to Palomydes / for of alle knyghtes that ben on lyue excepte thre I had leuest haue yow / The fyrste is sire Launcelot du lake & sir Tristram de lyones / the thyrd is my nyȝ cosyn syr Lamorck de galys / and I am broder vnto kyng Harmaunce that is dede & my name is sir Hermynde / ye saye wel said sir Palomydes / & ye shal see how I shal spede / & yf I be there slayn / goo ye to my lord sir launcelot or els to my lord sir Tristram / & pray them to reuenge my deth / for as

for sir Lamorak hym shal ye neuer see in this world / Allas said sir Hermynde how may that be / he is

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slayne said sire Palomydes by sire Gawayne and his bretheren / Soo god me helpe said Hermynd there was not one for one that slewe hym / that is trouthe said sire Palomydes / for they were four daungerous knyghtes that slewe hym / as Syr Gawayne / syr Agrauayne / sire Gaherys and sire Mordred / but sire Gareth the fyfthe broder was away / the best knyght of them alle / And soo syre Palomydes told Hermynde alle the manere / and how they slewe sir Lamorak all only by treason So sir Palomydes took his ship / and aryued vp at the delectable yle / And in the meane whyle syr Hermynde that was the kynges broder he arryued vp att the reed Cyte / and there he told them how there was comen a knyghte of kynge Arthurs to auenge kynge Hermaunce dethe / and his name is sire Palomydes the good knyght / that for the moost party he foloweth the best Glatysaunt / Thenne alle the Cyte made grete Ioye / for mykel had they herd of sire Palomydes and of his noble prowesse / Soo lete they ordeyne a messenger and sente vnto the / ij / bretheren / and bad them to make them redy / for there was a knyght comen that wold fyghte with them bothe / Soo the messenger wente vnto them where they were at a Castel there besyde and there he told them how there was a knyght comen of kynge Arthurs courte to fyghte with them bothe at ones / he is welcome said they / But telle vs we pray yow yf hit be sire launcelot or ony of his blood / he is none of that blood said the messenger / thenne we care the lesse said the two bretheren / for with none of the blood of sire launcelot we kepe not to haue adoo with alle / wete ye wel said the messenger that his name is sire Palomydes that yet is vncrystened a noble knyght / well said they and he be now vncrystened / he shalle neuer be crystend / Soo they apoynted to be at the cyte within two dayes / And whanne sire Palomydes was come to the Cyte they made passynge grete Ioye of hym / and thenne they beheld hym / and sawe that he was wel made / clenely and byggely / and vnmaymed of his lymmes / and neyther to yonge nor to old / and soo alle the peple preysed hym / and though he was not crystened yet he byleued in the best maner / and was fulfeythful & true of his promyse / and wel condycyoned / And by cause he made his auowe that he wold neuer be crystened vnto the

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tyme that he had encheued the beste Glatysaunt / the whiche was a ful wonderful beest and a grete sygnyfycacyon / for Merlyn profecyed moche of that beest / And also sire Palomydes auowed neuer to take ful crystendome vnto the tyme that he had done seuen batails within the lystys / So within the thyrday there came to the Cyte these two bretheren / the one hyght Helyus / the other hyȝt Helake / the whiche were men of grete prowesse how be hit that they were fals and ful of treason / and but poure men borne / yet were they noble knyȝtes of their handes / And with hem they brought fourty knyghtes to that entent / that they shold be bygge ynough for the reed Cyte / Thus came the two bretheren with grete bobaunce and pryde / for they had put the reed Cyte in fere and dammage / Thenne they were broughte

to the lystes / and sire Palomydes came in to the place and sayd thus / be ye the two bretheren Helyus & Helake that slewe your kynge and lord syr Hermaunce by felony and treason / for whome that I am comen hyder to reuenge his dethe / wete thou wel said sir Helyus and sir Helake that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kyng Harmaunce / And wete thou wel sire Palomydes sarasyn / that we shalle handle the so or thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou werest crystened / Hit maye wel be said sir Palomydes / for yet I wold not dye or I were crystened / and yet soo am I not aferd of yow both / but I truste to god that I shal dye a better crysten man than ony of yow both / and doubte ye not said sir Palomydes eyther ye or I shalle be lefte dede in this place

¶ Capitulum Ixiiij

Thenne they departed and the two bretheren came ayenst sir Palomydes / and he ageynst them as fast as their horses myght renne / And by fortune sir Palomydes smote Helake thorou his shelde and thurgh the brest more than a fadom / Alle this whyle sir Helyas helde vp his spere / and for pryde and orgulyte he wold not smyte sire Palomydes wyth his spere / but whan he sawe his broder lye on the erth / and sawe he myȝt not helpe hym self / thenne he said vnto sir palomydes

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helpe thy self / and there with he came hurtlyng vnto sir Palomydes with his spere / and smote hym quyte from his sadel Thenne sire Helyus rode ouer sir Palomydes twyes or thryes And there with sir Palomydes was ashamed / & gat the hors of sir Helyus by the brydel / & therwith al the hors areryd / & sir Palomydes halp after / & so they felle both to the erthe / but anone sir Helyus starte vp lyghtely & there he smote sir Palomydes a grete stroke vpon the helme that he kneled vpon his owne knee / Thenne they lashed to gyder many sad strokes / & tracyd and trauercyd now bakward / now sydelyng hurtlyng to gyders lyke two bores / & that same tyme they felle both grouelyng to the erthe / Thus they fought styll withoute ony reposynge two houres and neuer brethed / & thenne sir Palomydes waxed faynt and wery / & sir Helyus waxed passyng strong & doubled his strokes / & drofe sir Palomydes ouerthwart and endlonge alle the feld / that they of the cyte whan they sawe sir Palomydes in this caas they wept & cryed & made grete dole / & the other party made as grete Ioye / Allas said the men of the Cyte that this noble knyght shold haue thus be slayne for our kynges sake / & as they were thus wepyng & cryeng / sir Palomydes that had suffred an honderd strokes that it was wonder / that he stode on his feet / At the last sire Palomydes beheld as he myght the comen peple how they wepte for hym / and thenne he said to hym self / A fy for shame syr palomydes why hangest thou thy hede soo lowe / & there with he bare vp his sheld / & loked sir Helyus in the vysage / and he smote hym a grete stroke vpon the helme / and after that another and another / And thenne he smote sir Helyus with suche a myghte that he felle to the erthe grouelynge / and thenne he rassyd of his helme from his hede / and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed his hede from the body / And thenne were the peple of the Cyte the Ioyefullest peple that myght be / Soo they brought hym to his lodgyng with grete solempnyte / and

there alle the peple became his men / And thenne sire Palomydes prayd them all to take kepe vnto alle the lordship of Kynge Hermaunce / for fair sirs wete ye wel I maye not as at this tyme abyde with yow / for I muste in alle haste be with my lord kyng Arthur at the castel of Lonaȝep the whiche I haue promysed /

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Thenne was the peple ful heuy at his departynge / for alle that Cyte profered sir Palomydes the thyrd parte of their goodes / soo that he wold abyde with hem / but in no wyse as at that tyme he wold not abyde / and soo sire Palomydes departed / and soo he came vnto the castel there as sire Ebel was lieutenaunt / And whanne they in the castel wyste hou sire Palomydes had sped there was a Ioyeful meyny / and soo sir Palomydes departed / and came to the castell of Lonaȝep / And whanne he wyst that sire Tristram was not there / he took his way ouer humber and came vnto Ioyous gard where as sir Tristram was and la Beale Isoud / Syr Tristram had commaunded that what knyght erraunt came within the Ioyous gard as in the toune that they shold warne sire Tristram / Soo there came a man of the toune / and told sire Tristram how there was a Knyghte in the toune a passynge goodely man / What manere of man is he said sire Tristram / and what sygne bereth he / Soo the man told sire Tristram alle the tokens of hym / that is Palomydes said Dynadan / it maye wel be said sir Tristram / go ye to hym said sire Tristram vnto Dynadan / Soo Dynadan wente vnto sire Palomydes / and there eyther made other grete Ioye and soo they laye to gyder that nyghte / And on the morne erly came sire Tristram and sire Gareth / and took them in theyr beddes / and soo they arose and brake their fast

¶ Capitulum lxxv

AND thenne sire Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to the feldes and woodes / So they were accorded to repose them in the foreste / And whanne they hadde played them a grete whyle / they rode vnto a fayre welle / and anone they were ware of an armed knyght that came rydyng ageynste them / and there eyther salewed other / Thenne this armed knyghte spak sire Tristram and asked what were these knyghtes that were lodged in Ioyous gard / I wote not what they ar said sir Tristram / what knyȝtes be ye said that knyȝte for me semeth ye be no knyghtes erraunt by cause ye ryde vnarmed / whether we be Knyghtes or not / we lyste not to telle

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the oure name / wilt thou not telle me thy name said that knyght / thenne kepe the for thou shalt dye of my handes / & therewith he gate his spere in his handes / and wold haue ronne sir Tristram thurgh / that sawe sir palomydes / and smote his hors trauerse in myddes of the syde that man and hors felle to the

erthe / And ther with sire palomydes alyghte and pulled out his swerd to haue slayne hym / lete be said sir Tristram / slee hym not / the Knyght is but a foole / it were shame to slee hym but take away his spere said sire Tristram / and lete hym take his hors and goo where that he wille / Soo whan this knyghte arose he groned sore of the falle [correction; sic = salle] / and soo he took his hors / and whan he was vp / he torned thenne his hors and requyred sir Tristram and sir palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were / Now wete ye wel said sir Tristram that my name is sir Tristram de Lyones / and this knyghtes name is sir palomydes / when he wyste what they were / he took his hors with the spores by cause they shold not aske hym his name / and so rode fast away thurgh thyck and thynne / Thenne came there by them a knyghte with a bented sheld of asure whos name was Epynogrys / and he cam toward them a grete wallop / whether ar ye rydyngge said sir Tristram / my fayre lordes said Epynogrys I folowe the falsest knyght that bereth the lyf wherfor I requyre yow telle me wether ye sawe hym / for he bereth a shelde with a caas of reed ouer it / So god help me said Tristram suche a knyȝt departed from vs not a quarter of an houre agon We pray yow telle vs his name / Allas said Epynogrys why lete ye hym escape from yow / and he is soo grete a so vnto al erraunt knyghtes his name is Breuse saunce pyte / A fy for shame said sire palomydes / Allas that euer he escaped myne handes / for he is the man in the world that I hate moost / Thenne euery knyghte made grete sorowe to other / and so Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace after hym / Thenne sir Tristram and his thre felawes rode vnto Ioyous gard / and there sir Tristram talked vnto sire palomydes of his batail hou he sped atte reed Cyte / and as ye haue herd afore so was hit ended / Truly said sir Tristram I am gladde ye haue wel sped for ye haue done worshipfully / wel said sir Tristram we must forward to morn / and thenne deuysed how it shold be / and

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syr Tristram deuysed to sende his two paelions to sette them fast by the welle of Lonaȝep / and therin shalle be the Quene la beale Isoud / Hit is wel said / said sir Dynadan but when sire Palomydes herd of that / his herte was rauysshed oute of mesure / Not withstandyngge he sayd but lytel / Soo when they came to Ioyous gard / sire Palomydes wold not haue gone in to the castel / but as sire Tristram took hym by the fynger / & ladde hym in to the castel / And whanne sire Palomydes sawe la Beale Isoud he was rauysshed so that he myghte vnneth speke / Soo they wente vnto mete / but Palomydes myghte not ete / and there was alle the chere that myght be hadde / And on the morn they were apparaylled to ryde toward Lonaȝep /

¶ Soo sir Tristram had thre squyers / and la beale Isoud had thre gentylwymmen and bothe the Quene and they were rychely apparailled / and other people had they none with them / but varlets to bere their sheldes and their speres /

¶ And thus they rode forthe / So as they rode / they sawe afore them a route of knyghtes / hit was the knyght Galyhodyn with / xx / knyghtes with hym / Fair felawes said Galyhodyn / yonder comen foure knyghtes and a ryche and wel fayre lady / I am in wylle to take that lady fro them / That is not of the best counceil said one of Galyhodyns men / but sende ye to them / and wete what they wille saye / and soo hit was done / there came a squyer vnto sire Tristram / and asked them wether they wold Iuste or els to

lese their lady / Not soo said sire Tristram telle your lord I byd hym come as many as we ben wyne her
to take her / Syre said Palomydes and hit please you lete me haue this dede / and I shalle vndertake them
all foure / I wyll that ye haue it said sire Tristram at your pleasyr / Now goo and telle your lord
Galyhodyn / that this same knyghte wyll encountre with hym and his felawes

¶ Capitulum lxxvj

Thenne this squyer departed and told Galyhodyn / & thenne he dressid his shelde / and put forthe a
spere / & sir Palomydes another / and there sire Palomydes smote Galyhodyn soo hard that he smote
bothe hors and man to the erthe

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And there he had an horryble falle / And thenne came ther an other knyght / and in the same wyse he
serued hym / and soo he serued the thyrd and the fourthe that he smote them ouer their horse croupes /
and alweyes sire Palomydes spere was hole / Thenne came sixe knyghtes moo of Galyhodyns men / &
wold haue been auenged vpon sire Palomydes / lete be sayd sir Galyhodyn not soo hardy / none of yow
alle medle with this knyght / for he is a man of grete bounte and honoure / & yf he wold ye were not
able to medle with hym / and ryghte soo they helde them styll / And euer sire Palomydes was redy to
Iuste / And whan he sawe they wold no more / he rode vnto sire Tristram / Ryght wel haue ye done said
sir Tristram / & worshypfully haue ye done as a good knyghte shold / This Galyhodyn was nyghe cosyn
vnto Galahalt the haute prynce And this Galyhodyn was a kynge within the countrey of Surluse / Soo as
sir Tristram / syr Palomydes / and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they sawe afore them four knyghtes and
euery man had his spere in his hand / the fyrst was sire Gawayne / the second sir Vwayne / the thyrd sir
Sagramor le desyrus / and the fourthe was Dodynas le saueage / Whan sir palomydes beheld them that
the four knyȝtes were redy to Iuste / he praid sir Tristram to gyue hym leue to haue adoo with them also
longe as he myghte holde hym on horsbak / And yf that I be smyten doune I pray yow reuenge me / wel
said sire Tristram I wille as ye wille / and ye are not soo fayne to haue worship but I wold as fayne
encrease your worship / and there with all sir Gawayne put forth his spere / & sir Palomydes another /
and so they cam so egerly to gyders that sir Palomydes smote sire Gawayne to the erthe / hors and alle /
and in the same wyse he serued Vwayne / sir Dodynas / and Sagramore / Alle these four knyȝtes sir
Palomydes smote down with dyuerse speres / And thenne sire Tristram departed toward Loneȝep / And
whanne they were departed thenne came thydder Galyhodyn with his x knyȝtes vnto sir Gawayne / &
ther he told hym alle how he had sped / I merueyle said sire Gawayne what knyghtes they ben / that ar
so arayed in grene / & that knyȝt vpon the whyte hors smote me down said galihodyn & my / iij / felaws /
& so he dyd to me said gawayn / & wel I wote

said sire Gawayne that outhere he vpon the whyte hors is sire Tristram or els sire Palomydes / and that gay bysene lady is quene Isoud / Thus they talked of one thyng and of other And in the meane whyle sir Tristram passed on / tyl that he came to the welle where his two paelions were sette / & there they alyghted / and there they sawe many paelions and grete araye / Thenne sire Tristram lefte there sire Palomydes and sire Gareth with la beale Isoud / and sir Tristram and syre Dynadan rode to Loneȝep to herken tydynges / and sire Tristram rode vpon sire Palomydes whyte hors / And whanne he came in to the castel / sir Dynadan herd a grete horne blowe / & to the horne drewe many Knyghtes / Thenne sire Tristram asked a Knyght what meaneth the blast of that horne / Sir said that Knyght it is alle tho that shalle holde ageynst kyng Arthur at this turnement / The fyrste is the kynge of Irland / & the Kynge of Surluse / the Kynge as Lystynoyse / the kyng of Northumberland / and the kynge of the best parte of Walys / with many other countreyes / and these drawe them to a councyll to vnderstande what gouernaunce they shalle be of / but the Kynge of Irland whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good knyghte sir Marhaus that sire Tristram slewe had alle the speche that sir Tristram myghte here it / He said lordes and felawes lete vs loke to our self / for wete ye wel Kynge Arthur is sure of many good Knyghtes / or els he wold not with soo fewe knyghtes haue adoo with vs / therefore by my councyl lete euery Kynge haue a standard and a cognoissaunce by hym self that euery knyghte drawe to their naturel lord and thenne maye euery Kyng and capytayne helpe his knyȝtes yf they haue nede / whan sir Tristram had herd all their councyl / he rode vnto Kynge Arthur for to here of his councyl

¶ Capitulum lxxvij

BVt sir Tristram was not soo soone come in to the place but sire Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente to kynge Arthur and told hym that same grene Knyȝte in the grene harneis with the whyte hors smote vs two doune / and / vj /

of oure felawes this same day / wel said Arthur / and thenne he called sir Tristram and asked hym what was his name / Syre said sire Tristram ye shalle holde me excused as att this tyme / for ye shalle not wete my name / And there sir Tristram retorned and rode his way / I haue merueylle said Arthur that yonder knyght wille not telle me his name / but goo thow Gryflet le fyse de dieu / and praye hym to speke with me betwixe vs / Thenne sire Gryflet rode after hym and ouertoke hym / and said hym that kyng Arthur praid hym for to speke with hym secretlye a parte / vpon this couenaunt said sir tristram I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne / soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre to here my name / I shalle vndertake said sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely desyre hit of you / Soo they rode to gyders vntyl they cam to kyng Arthur / Fair sir said Kynge Arthur what is the cause ye wylle not telle me your name / Syr said sir Tristram withoute a cause I wille not hyde my name / vpon what party will

ye hold said kynge Arthur / Truly my lord said sir Tristram I wote not yet on what party I wille be on
vntil I come to the felde And there as my herte gyueth me / there wille I hold / but to morowe ye shalle
see and preue on what party I shall come & there with al he retorned and wente to his paelions / And
vpon the morne they armed them alle in grene / and came in to the felde / and there yonge knyghtes
beganne to Iuste and dyd many worshipful dedes / Thenne spacke Gareth vnto sire Tristram and praid
hym to gyue hym leue to breke his spere for hym thoughte shame to bere his spere hole ageyne / Whan
sir Tristram herd hym say soo he lough / and sayd I pray yow doo your best / Thenne sir Gareth gate a
spere and profered to Iuste / That sawe a knyght that was neuewe vnto the kynge of the honderd
knyghtes / his name was Selyses and a good man of armes / Soo this knyght Selyses thenne dressid hym
vnto sir Gareth / and they two mette to gyders soo hard / that eyther smote other doune his hors and alle
to the erthe / so they were both brysed and hurte and there they lay tyl the Kyng with the honderd
knyghtes halp Selyses vp / and syr Tristram and sir Palomydes halpe vp Gareth ageyne / and so they
rode with sir Gareth vnto their paelions / and thenne they pulled of his

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helme / And whanne la Beale Isoud sawe sire Gareth brysed in the face / she asked hym what eyled
hym / Madame said sire Gareth I had a grete buffet / and as I suppose I gaf another / but none of my
felawes god thanke them wold not rescowe me / Forsothe said Palomydes hit longed not to none of vs as
this daye to Iuste / for there haue not this day Iusted no preued knyghtes / and nedely ye wold Iuste /
And whan the other party sawe ye profered your self to Iuste / they sente one to yow a passynge good
knyght of his age / for I knowe hym wel his name is Selyses / and worshipfully ye met with hym / and
neyther of yow are dishonoured / & therfor refresshe your self that ye may be redy and hole to Iuste to
morowe / As for that said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow and I may bestryde myn hors /

¶ Capitulum Ixviij

NOw vpon what party said Tristram is hit best / we be with alle as to morne / Syr said Palomydes ye
shalle haue myn aduyse to be ageynst Kynge Arthur as to morne for on his party wille be syre Launcelot
and many good knyghtes of his blood with hym / And the moo men of worship that they be / the more
worship we shalle we wyne / That is full knyghtely spoken said sir Tristram / and ryght soo as ye
counceile me / soo wille we doo / In the name of god said they all Soo that nyghte they were lodged with
the best / And on the morne whan it was day they were arayed alle in grene trappours sheldes and
speres / and la Beale Isoud in the same coloure and her thre damoysels / And ryghte soo these four
knyghtes came in to the feld endlonge and thurgh / And so they ledde la beale Isoud thyder as she shold
stande and beholde all the Iustes in a bay wyndowe / but al wayes she was wyped that no man myȝt
see her vysage / And thenne these thre knyȝtes rode streyght vnto the party of the kynge of Scottes /
Whan Kyng arthur had sene hym doo all this he asked sir launcelot what were these knyȝtes &
that quene / sir said launcelot I can not say you in certayn / but yf sir Tristram be in this countrey or sir
palomydes / wete ye wel it be they in certeyn / and

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la beale Isoud / Thenne Arthur called to hym syre kay and said goo lyghtely and wete how many knyghtes there ben here lackynge of the table round / for by the seges thou maiste knowe / Soo wente syr kay and sawe by the wrytynge in the seges that there lacked ten knyghtes / and these ben their names that ben not here / Syr Tristram / syr Palomydes / syr Percyuale / syr Gaherys / syr Epynogrys / syr Mordred / syre Dynadan / syr la cote male tayle and syr Pelleas the noble knyȝt wel said arthur somme of these I dar vndertake ar here thys day ageynst vs / Thenne came therin two bretheren cosyns vnto syre Gawayne the one hyght syr Edward / that other hyȝte syr Sadok the whiche were two good knyghtes / and they asked of Kynge arthur that they myght haue the fyrst Iustes / for they were of Orkeney / I am pleased said Kynge arthur / Thenne syr Edward encountred with the Kynge of Scottes / in whos party was syre Tristram and syr Palomydes / & syre Edward smote the Kynge of Scottes quyte from his hors / and syr Sadok smote doune the Kynge of Northwalys / and gaf hym a wonder grete falle that there was a grete crye on kynge arthurs party / and that made syr Palomydes passyng wrothe / and soo syr palomydes dressid his shelde and his spere / and with alle his myght he mette with syr Edward of orkeney that he smote hym soo hard / that his hors myghte not stande on his feet / and soo they hurtled to the erthe / and thenne with the same spere syr Palomydes smote doune syre Sadok ouer his hors croupe / O Ihesu said arthur what Knyghte is that arayed all in grene / he Iusteth myghtely / wete you wel said syr Gawayne he is a good Knyghte and yet shall ye see hym Iuste better or he departe / and yet shalle ye see saide syre Gawayne another bygger Knyghte in the same coloure than he is / for that same Knyghte said syre Gawayn that smote doune ryghte now my four cosyns / he smote me doune within these two dayes and seuen felawes moo / This meane whyle as they stood thus talkynge there came in to the place syr tristram vpon a black hors / and or euer / he stynte he smote doune with one spere four good Knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the Kynne of sir Gawayn / & sir Gareth & sir Dynadan eueryche of them smote down a good Knyȝt / Ihesu seid arthur yōder

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knyghte vpon the black hors doth myghtely and merueyllously wel / Abyde you said sir Gawayne that knyght with the black hors beganne not yet / Thenne syr Tristram made to horse ageyne the two kynges that Edward and Sadok had vnhorsed at the begynnyng / And thenne sire Tristram drewe his swerd and rode in to the thyckest of the prees ayenst them of Orkeney / and there he smote doune knyghtes / and rasshed of helmes and pulled away their sheldes / and hurtled down many knyghtes / he ferd soo that sire Arthur and alle knyghtes had grete merueille whan they sawe one knyghte doo soo grete dedes of armes / and sire Palomydes fayled not vpon the other syde / but dyd so merueyllously wel that al men had wonder / For there kynge Arthur lykened syre Tristram that was on the black hors lyke to a wood lyon / and lykened syr palomydes vpon the whyte hors vnto a wood lybard / and sir Gareth and sir

Dynadan vnto eger wolues / But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kynges wold helpe other / but alle the felauship of euery standard to helpe other as they myght / but euer sire Tristram dyd soo moche dedes of armes that they of Orkeney waxed wery of hym / and so withdrewe them vnto Lone Jep

¶ Capitulum Ixix

Thenne was the crye of Heraudes and alle manere of comyn peple the grene knyghte hath done merueyllously and beten all them of Orkeney / & there the heraudes nombred that syr Tristram that satte vpon the black hors had smyten doune with speres and swerdes xxx knyghtes / and sir palomydes had smyten doune twenty knyghtes / and the moost party of these / 1 / knyȝtes were of the hous of kyng Arthur / & proued knyȝtes / So god me help said Arthur vnto sir launcelot this is a grete shame to vs to see four knyghtes bete soo many knyghtes of myn / & therfor make yow redy for we wyll haue adoo with them / Syr said launcelot wete ye wel that there ar two passynge good knyghtes and grete worship were hit not to vs not to haue adoo with them / for they haue this day sore

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trauaylled / As for that said Arthur I wille be auengyd / & therfor take with yow sire Bleoberys and sir Ector / and I wille be the fourthe sayd Arthur / Syre said Launcelot ye shal fynde me redy / and my broder sir Ector and my cosyn sir bleberys / And soo whanne they were redy and on horsbak / Now chese said sir Arthur vnto sir launcelot with whome that ye wil encountre with alle / Sir said Launcelot I wille mete with the grene knyghte vpon the black hors that was syre Tristram / & my cosyn sir Bleoberys shalle matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors that was sir Palomydes / and my broder syre Ector shalle matche with the grene knyȝt vpon the whyte hors that was sir Gareth / Thenne must I said sir Arthur haue adoo with the grene knyghte vpon the gryseld hors / and that was sire Dynadan / Now euery man take heede to his felawe said sir launcelot / and soo they trotted on to gyders / and ther encountred sire Launcelot ageynste syre Tristram /

¶ Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe / but sir launcelot wend that it had ben sire Palomydes and soo he passed forthe / And thenne sire Bleoberys encountred with sire Palomydes / and he smote hym soo hard vpon the shelde that sire Palomydes and his whyte hors rustled to the erthe

¶ Thenne sir Ector de marys smote sire Gareth soo hard that doune he felle of his hors / And the noble kynge Arthur encountred with sir Dynadan / and he smote hym quyte from his sadel / And thenne the noyse torned a while how the grene knyghtes were slayn doune / Whanne the Kynge of Northgalys sawe that syre Tristram had a falle / thenne he remembryd hym how grete dedes of armes sir Tristram had done / Thenne he made redy many knyghtes for the customme and crye was suche that what knyght

were smyten doun and myghte not be horsed ageyne by his felawes outhur by his owne strength that as that daye he shold be prysoner vnto the party that had smyten hym doune / Soo came in the Kynge of Northgalys and he rode streyghte vnto sire Tristram / And whanne he came nyghe hym / he alyghte doune sodenly and bytoke sir Tristram his hors / and sayd thus Noble knyghte I knowe the not / of what countrey that thou arte / but for the noble dedes that thou haste done

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this day take there my hors / and lete me doo as wel I maye For as Ihesu me helpe thou arte better worthy to haue myne hors than I my self / Gramercy said sir Tristram / & yf I may shalle quyte yow / loke that ye goo not ferre from vs / And as I suppose I shalle wyne yow an other hors / And ther with sire Tristram mounted vpon his hors / and there he mette with Kynge Arthur / and he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme with his swerd that kynge Arthur had no power to kepe his sadel / And thenne sir Tristram gaf the Kynge of Northgalis kynge Arthurs hors / thenne was there grete prees about kyng Arthur for to horse hym ageyne / But sire Palomydes wold not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsed ageyne / but euer sir Palomydes smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand myghtely as a noble knyght / And this meane whyle sir Tristram rode thorou the thyckest of the prees / and smote doune knyghtes on the ryght and on the lyfte hand and racyd of helmes and soo passed forth vnto his paelions / and lefte fyr Palomydes on foot / and syr Tristram chaunged his hors and desguysed hym self alle in reed hors and harneis /

¶ Capitulum **lxx** [correction; sic = lxxij]

ANd whan the Quene la Beale Isoud sawe that syre Tristram was vnhorsed and she wist not where he was thenne she wept gretely / But sir Tristram whan he was redy came dasshyng lyghtely in to the feld / And thenne la Beale Isoud aspyed hym / and so he dyd grete dedes of armes with one spere that was grete / syr Tristram smote doune fyue knyghtes or euer he stynte / Thenne syr Launcelot aspyed hym redyly that it was syr Tristram and thenne he repentyd hym that he had smyten hym doune / and soo syr Launcelot went oute of the prees to repose hym and lyghtely he came ageyne / and now whanne syr Tristram came in to the prees thorou his grete force / he put syre palomydes vpon his hors / and syr Gareth and syre Dynadan / and thenne they beganne to do merueyllously / but sir Palomydes nor none of his two felawes knewe not who had holpen them on horsbak ageyne / But euer syre Tristram was nyghe them / and socoured them and they

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not hym by cause he was chaunged in to reed armour / and al this whyle sir launcelot was away / Soo whanne la Beale Isoud knewe sir Tristram ageyne vpon his horsbak / she was passynge gladde / and thenne she lough and make good chere / And as hit happend sir palomydes loked vp toward her where she lay in the wyndowe / and he aspyed how she laughed and there with he took suche a reioycynge that he smote doune what with his spere and with his suerd alle that euer he mett for thurgh the syghte of her he was soo enamoured in her loue that he semed at that tyme / that and bothe sir Tristram and sir Launcelot had ben bothe ageynst hym they shold haue wonne no worship of hym / and in his herte as the book saith syre Palomydes wysshed that with his worship he myghte haue adoo with sir Tristram bifore all men by cause of la Beale Isoud /

¶ Thenne syre Palomydes beganne to double his strengthe / and he dyd soo merueyllously that alle men had wonder of hym / and euer he caste vp his eye vnto la Beale Isoud / And whanne he sawe her make suche chere / he ferd lyke a lyon that there myghte no man withstande hym / and thenne syre Tristram beheld hym how that sire Palomydes bestured hym / and thenne he said vnto sir Dynadan / soo god me help sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyghte and a wel enduryng / But suche dedes sawe I hym neuer doo / nor neuer herd I telle that euer he dyd soo moche in one day / it is his day said Dynadan / and he wold saye no more vnto syr Tristram / but to hym self he sayd / and yf ye knewe for whos loue he doth alle these dedes of armes / soone wolde syre Tristram abate his courage / Allas said syre Tristram that syre Palomydes is not crystened / Soo said Kynge Arthur / and soo said all tho that behelde hym / Thenne alle peple gaf hym the pryce as for the best knyght that day that he passed syr launcelot outhir syre Tristram wel said Dynadan to hym self alle this worship that syre Palomydes hath here this daye he maye thanke the Quene Isoud For had she ben awaye this daye / syre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye

¶ Ryght soo come in to the felde syr launcelot du lake and sawe and herd the noyse and crye and the grete worship that syre Palomydes had he dressid hym ageynst syr Palomydes with a grete myghty spere / and

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alonge / and thought to smyte hym doune / And whanne syre Palomydes sawe sir launcelot come vpon hym soo fast / he ran vpon sire launcelot as fast with his swerd as he myght / and as sire launcelot shold haue stryken hym / he smote his spere on syde / and smote it atwo with his swerd / And sir palomydes rasshed vnto sire launcelot and thoughte to haue putt hym to a shame / and with his swerd he smote his hors neck that sire launcelot rode vpon / and thenne sir launcelot felle to the erthe / Thenne was the crye huge and grete / see how sir Palomydes the sarasyn hath smyten doune syre launcelot hors

¶ Ryght thenne were there many knyghtes wrothe with syre Palomydes by cause he had done that dede / therfor many knyghtes held there ageynst that it was vnknyhtely done in a turnement to kille an hors

wilfully but that hit had ben done in playne batail lyf for lyf

¶ Capitulum lxxj

WHanne sir Ector de marys sawe sir launcelot his broder haue suche a despyte / & so set on foot / thenne he gat a spere egerly / & ran ageynst sir palomydes / & he smote hym so hard that he bare hym quyte from his hors / that sawe sir tristrā that was in reed harneis / & he smote doune syr Ector de marys quyte from his hors / thenne sir launcelot dressid his sheld vpon his sholder / & with his suerd naked in his hand / & so cam streȝt vpon sir palomydes fyersly & said wete thou wel thow hast done me this day the grettest despyte that euer ony worshipful knyȝt dyd to me in turnement or in Iustes / & therfore I will be auengid vpon the / therfor take kepe to your self /

¶ A mercy noble knyȝt said palomydes / & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes for I haue no power nor myȝt to withstande you / & I haue done soo moche this daye that wel I wote I dyd neuer so moche nor neuer shal in my lyf dayes / & therfore moost noble knyȝt I requyre the spare me as at this day / & I promyse you I shal euer be your knyȝt whyle I lyue / And ye putte me from my worship now / ye putte me from the grettest worship that euer I had or euer shalle haue in my lyf dayes / wel

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sayd sire launcelot / I see for to say the sothe ye haue done merueyllously wel this day / and I vnderstande a parte for whos loue ye doo hit / and wel I wote that loue is a grete maystresse And yf my lady were here as she nys not / wete yow wel said sire Palomydes ye shold not bere away the worship / But beware your loue be not discouerd / for and syr Tristram may knowe hit ye wille repente hit / And sythen my quarel is not here / ye shall haue this day the worshyp as for me consydering the grete trauaylle and payne that ye haue had this day / it were no worship for me to putte yow from hit / And there wyth all sir launcelot suffred sir Palomydes to departe /

¶ Thenne sir Launcelot by grete force and myghte gate his owne hors maulgre xx knyghtes / Soo whanne sire Launcelot was horsed/ he dyd many merueylles / and soo dyd sir Tristram / and syre palomydes in lyke wyse / Thenne sir laūcelot smote doune with a spere sir Dynadan / and the kynge of scotland / and the kynge of walys / and the kynge of Northumberland / and the kynge of Lystynes / Soo thenne sire laūcelot and his felawes smote doune wel a fourty knyghtes / Thenne came the kyng of Irland and the kynge of the stryete marches to rescowe syre Tristram and sire Palomydes / There beganne a grete medle / & many knyghtes were smyten doune on bothe partyes / and alweyes sir launcelot spared sir Tristram / and he spared hym / And sir Palomydes wold not medle with sir launcelot / and soo there was hurtelynge here and there / And thenne Kynge Arthur sente oute many knyghtes of the table round / and sir palomydes was euer in the formest fronte / and syre Trystram dyd soo strongly wel that the kynge and alle other had merueylle / And thenne the kynge lete blowe to

lodgyng / and by cause sir Palomydes beganne fyrste / and neuer he went nor rode oute of the feld to repose / but euer was doyng merueyllously wel outhur on foote or on horsbak / and lengest duryng Kyng Arthur and alle the kynges gaf sir Palomydes the honour and the gree as for that daye / Thenne syr Tristram commaunded sir Dynadan to fetch the Quene la Beale Isoud and bryng her to his two paelions that stode by the welle / And soo Dynadan dyd as he was commaunded / But when sir Palomydes vnderstode and wist that sire Tristram was in

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the reed armour / and on the reed hors / wete ye wel that he was gladde and soo was sir Gareth and sire Dynadan / For they alle wende that syre Trystram had be taken prysoner And thenne euery knyght drewe to his inne / And thenne kyng Arthur and euery knyghte spake of tho knyghtes / but aboue alle men they gaf sire Palomydes the pryce / and alle knyghtes that knewe sire Palomydes had wonder of his dedes / Syre said sir Launcelot vnto Arthur as for sir Palomydes and he be the grene knyghte I dare say as for this daye he is best worthy to haue the degree / for he reposyd hym neuer / ne neuer chaunged his wedys / And he beganne fyrste and lengest held on / and yet wel I wote said sir Launcelot that ther was a better knyght than he / and that shalle be preued or we departe vpon payne of my lyf /

¶ Thus they talked on eyther party / and soo sire Dynadan rayled with sir Tristram & said what the deuyll is vpon the this day / for sir palomydes strength febled neuer this day but euer he doubled his strengthe

¶ Capitulum lxxij

ANd thou sire Tristram faryst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe / and therfor I calle the coward wel Dynadan said sir Tristram / I was neuer called coward or now of no erthely knyghte in my lyf / and wete thou wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more coward though syre Launcelot gaf me a falle / For I oute cepte hym of al knyghtes / And doubte ye not syr Dynadan and syr Launcelot haue a quarel good / he is to ouer good for ony knyght that now is lyuyng / and yet of his sufferaunce largesse / bounte / and curtosy I calle hym knyght pyerles / and soo sire Tristram was in maner wrothe with syr Dynadan / But alle this langage syr Dynadan said by cause he wold angre syre Tristram for to cause hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe for wel knewe syr Dynadan that and syr Tristram were thorouly wrothe syre Palomydes shold not gete the pryce vpon the morn / And for this entente syr Dynadan said alle this raylyng and langage ageynst sir Tristram / Truly said syre palomydes / as for syr launcelot of his noble knyghthode / curtosye and prowesse /

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and gentilnes I knowe not his pyere / for this day sayd syre Palomydes I dyd ful vncurtoisly vnto sire launcelot and ful vnknyghtely / and ful knyghtely and curtoisly he dyd to me ageyne / for and he had ben as vngentyll to me as I was to hym this daye I had wonne no worship / And therfor sayd Palomydes I shal be sire launcelots knyght whyles my lyfe lasteth / Thys talkynge was in the howses of Kynges / But alle kynges lordes and knyghtes sayd of clere knyghthode / & of pure strengthe / of bounte / of curtosye / syr Launcelot and sir Tristram bare the pryce aboue alle knyghtes that euer were in Arthur dayes / And there were neuer knyghtes in Arthurs dayes dyd half soo many dedes as they dyd / as the book sayth / no ten knyghtes dyd not half the dedes that they dyd & there was neuer knyghte in their dayes that requyred sir launcelot or sire Tristram of ony quest soo hit were not to theyre shame but they performed their desyre

¶ Capitulum lxxiij

SOo on the morne syre Launcelot departed and sir tristram was redy and la Beale Isoud with sir Palomydes and sir Gareth / And soo they rode alle in grene ful fressshely bysene vnto the forest / and sir Tristram left sir Dynadan slepynge in his bed / and so as they rode / it happed the kyng and launcelot stode in a wyndowe / and sawe syre Tristram ryde and Isoud / Syre sayd Launcelot yonder rydeth the fayrest lady of the world excepte youre quene Dame Gueneuer / who is that said sir Arthur / Sir sayd he / it is quene Isoud that oute taken my lady your quene she is makeles / Take your hors said Arthur / and araye yow at alle ryȝtes as I wylle doo / and I promyse yow said the kyng / I wille see her /

¶ Thenne anone they were armed & horsed / and eyther took a spere and rode vnto the forest / Syre said launcelot it is not good that ye goo to nyghe them / for wete ye wel there are two as good knyghtes as nowe are lyuyng / and therefore sir I pray yow be not to hasty / For peradventure there wille be somme knyghtes ben displeased and we

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come sodenly vpon them / As for that sayd Arthur I wyll see her / for I take no force whome I greue / Syr said launcelot ye putte your self in grete leopardy / As for that said the kyng we wille take the aduventure / Ryght soo anone the Kyng rode euen to her / and salewed her / and said god yow saue / Syr said she ye are welcome / thenne the kyng beheld her / and lyked her wonderly wel / with that came sire palomydes vnto Arthur and said vncurtois knyght what sekest thou here / thou art vncurtois to come vpon a lady thus sodenly / therfor withdrawe the / Syr Arthur took none hede of sire palomydes wordes / but euer he loked styлле vpon Quene Isoud / Thenne was sir Palomydes wrothe / and there with he took a spere / and cam hurtelynge vpon Kyng Arthur / and smote hym doune with a spere / whan sire launcelot sawe that despyte of sir Palomydes he sayd to hym self I am loth to haue adoo with yonder knyght / and not for his owne sake but for sir Tristram / And one thyng I am sure of / yf I smyte doune sir palomydes I must haue adoo with sire Tristram / and that were ouer moche for me to matche them

bothe / for they are two noble knyghtes / notwithstandynge whether I lyue or I dye nedes muste I reuenge my lord / and so wille I what someuer befall of me / And there with sir launcelot cryed to sir palomydes / kepe the from me / And thenne sir launcelot and sire Palmydes rasshed to gyder with two speres strongly / But sire Launcelot smote sir palomydes soo hard that he wente quyte oute of his sadel and had a grete falle / Whanne sire Tristram sawe syre palomydes haue that falle / he sayd to sire Launcelot / syr knyght kepe the / for I must Iuste with the / As for to Iuste with me said sir launcelot I wille not fayle yow / for no drede I haue of yow / but I am lothe to haue adoo with yow and I myghte chese / for I will that ye wete that I must reuenge my special lord that was vnhorsed vnwarly and vnknyghtely / And therfor though I reuengyd that falle / take ye no displeasyr therin / for he is to me suche a frende that I may not see hym shamed / anone sir Tristram vnderstode by his parson and by his knyghtely wordes that it was sir launcelot du lake / and veryly sir Tristram demed that it was kynge Arthur he that sir Palomydes had smyten doune

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And thenne sir Tristram put his spere from hym / and putte sire Palomydes ageyne on horsbak / and sir launcelot put kyng Arthur on horsbak and soo departed / So god me helpe sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes ye dyd not worshipfully when ye smote doune that knyght soo sodenly as ye dyd / And wete ye wel ye dyd your self grete shame / for the knyghtes cam hyder of their gentillesse to see a fayre lady / and that is euery good knyghtes parte to behold a fayr lady / and ye hadde not adoo to playe suche maystryes afore my lady / wete thow wel hit wille tourne to angre / for he that ye smote doune was kynge Arthur / and that other was the good knyght sire launcelot / But I shalle not forgete the wordes of sire launcelot whan that he callyd hym a man of grete worship / there by I wyst that it was kynge Arthur / And as for sire launcelot / and there had ben fyue honderd knyghtes in the medowe / he wold not haue refused them / and yet he said he wold refuse me / By that ageyne I wyst that it was sir launcelot / for euer he forbereth me in euery place / and sheweth me grete kyndnesse / and of alle knyghtes I oute take none saye what men wille say / he bereth the floure of al chyualry / saye hit hym who someuer wille / and he be wel angred / and that hym lyst to do his vtteraunce withoute ony fauour / I knowe hym not on lyue but sir launcelot is ouer hard for hym / be hit on horsback or on foote / I may neuer byleue sayd Palomydes that kyng Arthur wille ryde soo pryuely as a poure erraunt knyghte / A said sir Tristram ye knowe not my lord Arthur / for all knyghtes maye lerne to be a knyghte of hym / And therefore ye may be sory said sire Tristram of your vnkyndely dedes to so noble a kynge / And a thyng that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes / Thenne sire Tristram sente quene Isoud vnto her lodgyng in the pryory there to behold alle the turnement /

¶ Capitulum lxxiiij

THenne there was a crye vnto all knyghtes that when they herd an horne blowe they shold make Iustes as they dyd the fyrst day / And lyke as the bretheren sire

leaf 272r

Edward and sir Sadok beganne the Iustes the fysrt daye / sir Vwayne the kynges sone Vreyn and sir lucanere de buttelere beganne the Iustes the second day / And at the fyrst encountre syr Vwayne smote doune the kynges sone of Scottes / and syr Lucanere ranne ageynste the kynge of walys / and they brake their speres alle to pyeces / and they were soo fyers bothe / that they hurtled to gyders that bothe felle to the erthe /

¶ Thenne they of Dorkeney horsed ageyne syr Lucanere / And thenne came in syr Tristram de Lyones / and thenne syr Tristram smote doune syr Vwayne / and syre Lucanere and syre Palomydes smote doune other two Knyghtes / and syre Gareth smote doune other two knyghtes / Thenne said syre Arthur vnto syr Launcelot / see yonder thre knyghtes doo passyngly wel / & namely the fyrst that Iusted / Sir said launcelot that Knygthe beganne not yet / but ye shalle see hym this day doo merueyllously / and thenne came in to the place the dukes sone of Orkeney / and thenne they beganne to do many dedes of armes /

¶ Whan syre Tristram sawe them soo begynne / he said to Palomydes / how fele ye your self / maye ye doo this daye as ye dyd yesterday / Nay said Palomydes I fele me self soo wery and soo sore brysed of the dedes of yesterday that I maye not endure as I dyd yesterday / That me repenteth said syre Tristram / for I shall lacke yow this day / Sire Palomydes saide truste not to me / for I maye not doo as I dyd / alle these wordes said Palomydes for to begyle syr Tristram / Syr said syr Tristram vnto syr Gareth thenne muste I truste vpon yow wherfor I praye yow be not ferre from me to rescowe me / and nede be said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow in alle that I maye doo

¶ Thenne syr Palomydes rode by hym self / and thenne in despyte of syr Tristram he putte hym self in the thickest prees amonge them of Dorkeney / and there he dyd soo merueyllous dedes of armes that alle men had wonder of hym / for there myghte none stande hym a stroke / whanne syre Tristram sawe syre Palomydes doo suche dedes / he merueyllled and sayd to hym self / he is wery of my company / Soo syr Tristram beheld hym a grete whyle and dyd but lytel els / for the noyse and crye was soo huge / and grete / that syre Tristram merueyllled / from whens came the strengthe that sire Palomydes had there

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in the felde / Syr said sire Gareth vnto syr Tristram / remembre ye not of the wordes that syr Dynadan sayd to yow yesterday when he called yow coward / for sothe sir said it none yl for ye are the man in the world that he moost loueth / and alle that he sayd was for your worship / And therfore said sir Gareth to sir Tristram lete me knowe this daye what ye be / & wondre ye not soo vpon sire Palomydes / for he enforceth hym self to wyne alle the worship and honour from yow / I maye well byleue it said sir

Tristram / And sythen I vndestande his euyl wyllle and his enuy / ye shalle see / yf that I enforce my selfe / that the noyse shalle be lefte that now is vpon hym / Thenne sire Tristram rode in to the thyckest of the prees / & thenne he dyd soo merueyllously wel / and dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle men sayd that sire Tristram dyd double so moche dedes of armes as syre Palomydes had done afore hand / And thenne the noyse wente playne from sire Palomydes / and alle the peple cryed vpon sir Tristram / O Ihesu said the peple see how sire Tristram smytheth doune with his spere soo many knyghtes / And see saide they all how many knyghtes he smyteth doune with his suerd / and of how many knyghtes he rasshed of their helmes and their sheldes / and soo he bete them al of Orkeney afore hym / How now said sir launcelot vnto kynge Arthur / I told yow that this daye there wold a knyȝt playe his pagent / yonder rydeth a knyȝt ye may see he doth knyghtely / for he hath strenghte and wynde / So god me help said Arthur to Launcelot ye saye sothe / for I sawe neuer a better knyghte / for he passeth fer sire Palomydes / Syre wethe ye well sayd launcelot hit muste be soo of ryghte / for hit is hym selfe that noble knyght syr Tristram / I maye ryght wel byleue it said Arthur / But whan sire Palomydes herd the noyse and the crye was torned from hym / he rode oute on a parte / and beheld sir Tristram / And whanne sire Palomydes sawe sir Tristram do so merueyllously wel / he wepte passyngly sore for despyte / for he wiste wel / he shold no worship wyne that daye / for wel knewe sire Palomydes whanne sire Tristram wold put forth his strengthe and his manhode he shold gete but lytyl worship that daye

leaf 273r

¶ Capitulum lxxv

Thenne came kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys / and sir Launcelot du lake and sire Bleoberis sire Bors de ganys / sir Ector de maris / these thre knyghtes came in to the feld with sire launcelot / And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre knyghtes of his kynne dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle the noyse beganne vpon sir launcelot / And soo they bete the kynge of walys and the kyng of scottes ferre abak / and made them to auoyde the felde / but sir Tristram and sir Gareth abode styllle in the felde and endured all that euer there came / that alle men had wonder that ony knyght myght endure soo many strokes / But euer sir launcelot & his thre kynnesmen by the cammaūdement of syr launcelot forbare sir Tristram / Thenne said sir Arthur is that sir Palomydes that endureth soo wel / nay sayd launcelot / wethe ye wel it is good knyght sir Tristram / for yonder ye maye see syr Palomydes beholdeth and houeth and doth lytel or noughte / And sire ye shalle vnderstande that sire Tristram weneth thys day to bete vs alle oute of the felde / And as for me said sire launcelot I shal not bete hym / bete hym who soo wil / Sir said Launcelot vnto Arthur ye maye see how sir Palomydes houeth yonder / as though he were in a dreme / wethe ye wel he is ful heuy that Tristram doth suche dedes of armes / Thenne is he but a foole said Arthur/ for neuer was sire Palomydes / nor neuer shalle be of suche prowesse as sir Tristram / And yf he haue ony enuy at sir Tristram and cometh in with hym vpon his syde he is a fals knyghte /

¶ As the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake / sir Tristram rode pryuely oute of the prees / that none

aspyed hym / but la Beale Isoud and sir Palomydes / for they two wold not lete of their eyen vpon sir Tristram /

¶ And whanne sir Tristram cam to his pauelions he fond sire Dynadan in his bedde a slepe / Awake said Tristram / ye ouȝt to be ashamed soo to slepe whan knyghtes haue ado in the feld Thenne syr Dynadan arose lyghtely and said syr what wylle ye that I shalle doo / make yow redy said syr Tristram to ryde with me in to the felde / Soo whan syr Dynadan was armed he loked vpon syre Tristrams helme and on his shelde / and

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whan he sawe soo many strokes vpon his helme and vpon his shelde / he said in good tyme was I thus a slepe / For hadde I ben with yow / I must nedes for shame there haue folowed yow / more for shame than ony prowesse / that is in me / that I see wel now by tho strokes that I shold haue ben truly beten as I was yesterdaye / Leue youre Iapes said sire Tristram / & come of that were in the felde ageyne / what sayd sire Dynadan is your herte vp / yester daye ye ferd as though ye had dremed / Soo thenne sir Tristram was arayed in black harneis / O Ihesu said Dynadan what eyleth yow this day / me semeth ye be wylder than ye were yesterday / Thenne smyled syr Tristram and sayd to Dynadan awayte wel vpon me / yf ye see me ouermatched / loke that ye be euer behynde me / and I shalle make yow redy way by goddes grace / Soo sir Tristram and syre Dynadan took their horses / Alle this aspyed sir palomydes / bothe their goynge and their comynge / and soo dyd la Beale Isoud / for she knewe sir Tristram aboue alle other

¶ Capitulum lxxvj

THenne whanne sire Palomydes sawe that sir Tristram was desguysed / thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame / Soo syre Palomydes rode to a knyghte that was sore wounded that satte vnder a fayre welle from the felde / Syr knyghte said sire Palomydes I pray you to lene me your armour / and your shelde / for myn is ouer wel knownen in this felde / and that hath done me grete damage / and ye shall haue myn armour and my shelde that is as sure as yours / I wille wel said the knyghte that ye haue myn armour and my shelde / yf they may doo yow ony auayle / So sire Palomydes armed hym hastely in that Knyghtes armoure & his sheld that shone as ony crystall or syluer and soo he came rydyng in to the felde / And thenne ther was neyther sire Tristram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that knewe sir Palomydes /

¶ And ryght soo as sir Palomydes was come in to the feld syr Tristram smote doune thre Knyghtes euen in the syght of sir Palomydes / And thenne sir Palomydes rode ageynst syre

Tristram / and eyther mette other with grete speres / that they braste to their handes / And thenne they dassed to gyder with swerdes egerly / Thenne sire Tristram had merueylle what knyghte he was that dyd bataill so knyghtely with hym / Thenne was sir Tristram wrothe / for he felte hym passynge stronge so that he demed he myghte not haue adoo with the remenaunt of the knyȝtes by cause of the strengthe of sire palomydes

¶ Soo they lashed to gyder and gaf many sadde strokes to gyders / and many knyghtes merueylled what knyghte he myghte be that soo encountred with the black knyghte sir tristram / ful wel knewe la Beale Isoud there was syre palomydes that fought with sir Tristram / for he aspyed al in her wyndowe where that she stode / as syr palomydes chaunged his harneis with the wounded knyghte / And thenne she beganne to wepe so hertely for the despyte of syr palomydes that ther she swouned / Thenne came in syr launȝcelot with the knyghtes of Orkeney / And whanne the other party had aspyed sir Launcelot / they cryed / retorne retorne / here cometh syre launcelot du lake / Soo there came knyghtes and sayd syr launcelot ye must nedes fyghte with yonder knyght in the black harneis that was syr Tristram / for he hath al moost ouercome that good knyghte that fyghteth with hym with the syluer shelde that was syr palomydes / Thenne sir launcelot rode betwix sir Tristram and syr palomydes / and syr launcelot said to palomydes / syr knyghte lete me haue the batail / for ye haue nede to be reposed / Syr palomydes knewe syr launcelot wel / and so dyd syre Tristram / but by cause syr Launcelot was ferre hardyer knyght than hym self / therfor he was gladde / and suffred syr launcelot to fyghte with syr Tristram / For wel wyste he that syre launcelot knewe not sir Tristram / and there he hoped that syr launcelot shold bete or shame syre Tristram / wherof syre palomydes was ful fayne / and soo syr launcelot gaf syr Tristram many sadde strokes / but syre launcelot knewe not sir Tristram / but sir Tristram knewe wel syre launcelot / And thus they fought longe to gyders that la Beale Isoud was wel nygh oute of her mynde for sorou / thenne syr Dynadan told sir Gareth how þ^t knyȝt in the black harneis was sir tristrā & this is launȝcelot þ^t fyȝteth with hym þ^t must nedes haue

the better of hym / for sir Tristram hath had to moche trauaylle this day / Thenne lete vs smyte hym doune said syre Gareth / so it is better that we doo said sire Dynadan thenne sir Tristram be shamed / for yonder houeth the stronge knyghte with the syluer sheld to falle vpon syre Tristram yf nede be / Thenne forthe with alle Gareth rasshed vpon syre launcelot / and gaf hym a grete stroke vpon his helme soo hard that he was astonyed And thenne came syr Dynadan with a spere / and he smote syr launcelot suche a buffet that hors and alle felle to the erthe O Ihesu said syr Tristram to syre Gareth and syre Dynadan fy for shame why dyd ye smyte doune soo good a knyght as he is / and namely whan I had adoo with hym / now ye doo your self grete shame / and hym no disworship / For I helde hym resonable hote though ye had not holpen me / Thenne cam syre palomydes that was desguysed and smote doune syr Dynadan

from his hors / Thenne syr launcelot by cause syr Dynadan had smyten hym afore hand / thenne syr launcelot assailed syre Dynadan passynge sore / and syre Dynadan defended hym myghtely / but wel vnderstood syr Tristram that syre Dynadan myghte not endure syr launcelot / wherfor syr Tristram was sory / Thenne came syre palomydes fresshe vpon syre Tristram / And whanne syr Tristram sawe hym come / he thoughte to delyuer hym at ones by cause that he wold helpe syre Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle with syr Launcelot

¶ Thenne syre Tristram hurteled vnto syre palomydes & gafe hym a grete buffet / and thenne sir Tristram gate sir palomydes and pulled hym doune vnder nethe hym / And so felle sir Tristram with hym / and syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtely and lefte sir palomydes and wente betwixe sir launcelot and Dynadan / and thenne they beganne to do bataille to gyders /

¶ Ryght soo sire Dynadan gat sir Tristrams hors and said on hyghe that sir Launcelot myght here it / my lord sir Tristram take yours hors / And whanne sire Launcelot herd hym nename sir Tristram / O Ihesu said launcelot what haue I done I am dishonoured / A my lord syre Tristram said Launcelot / why were ye desguysed / ye haue put your self in grete perille this daye / But I praye you noble Knyghte to pardone me / for and I had knowen yow we had not done this bataille /

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Sir said sir Tristram this is not the fyrst kyndenes ye shewed me / soo they were bothe horsed ageyne / Thenne alle the people on the one syde gaf sir launcelot the honour and the degree / & on the other syde all the people gaf to the noble knyght sir tristram the honour and the degree / but launcelot sayd nay ther to/ for I am not worthy to haue this honour / for I wil reporte me vnto alle knyghtes that sir Tristram hath ben lenger in the felde than I / and he hath smyten doun many moo knyghtes thys day than I haue done / And therfore I wille gyue sire Tristram my voyce and my name / and so I praye alle my lordes & felawes soo to doo / Thenne there was the hole voyce of dukes and Erles / Barons and knyghtes / that syr Tristram thys day is preued the best knyghte

¶ Capitulum lxxvij

Thenne they blewe vnto lodgyng / and Quene Isoud was ledde vnto her paelions / but wete yow wel she was wrothe oute of mesure with syr Palomydes / for she sawe alle this treason from the begynnyng to the endynge / And all this whyle neyther syr Tristram neyther sir Gareth nor Dynadan knewe not of the treason of sir Palomydes / but afterward ye shalle here that there befelle the grettest debate betwixe syre Tristram and sire Palomydes that myghte be / So whanne the turnement was done / sir Tristram Gareth and Dynadan rode with la Beale Isoud to these paelions / And euer sire Palomydes rode with them in theyr company desguysed as he was But whanne sir Tristram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyghte with the sheld of syluer / that helde hym soo hote that day / Sir knyghte said sire Tristram

wete yow wel here is none that hath nede of youre felauship / and therfore I praye yow departe from vs /

¶ Sire Palomydes ansuerd ageyne as though he had not knowen sir Tristram / wete yow wel sir knyghte from this felauship wille I neuer departe / for one of the best knyghtes of the world commaunded me to be in this company / and tyl he discharge me of my seruyse I wille not be discharged / by that sir Tristram knewe that it was sir palomydes A sir palomydes sayd the noble knyghte sire Tristram ar ye suche a knyghte ye haue ben named wronge / For ye haue longe

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ben called a gentil knyȝt / And as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentilnes / For ye hadde al mooste broughte me vnto my dethe / But as for yow I suppose I shold haue done wel ynough / but sir launcelot with yow was ouer moche / for I knowe no knyght lyuyng but sire launcelot is ouer good for hym and he wylle doo his vttermestt / Allas said sir Palomydes ar ye my lord sir Tristram / ye sir and that ye knowe wel ynough / by my knyghthode said Palomydes vntyl now I knewe yow not I wende that ye had ben the Kynge of Irland / for wel I wote ye bare his armes / His armes I bare said syre Tristram / and that wille I stand by / For I wanne them ones in a felde of a ful noble knyghte / his name was sir Marhaus and with grete payne I wanne that knyghte / for there was none other recouer but sir Marhaus dyed thorough fals leches / & yet was he neuer yolden to me / Sir said Palomydes I wend ye had ben torned vpon sir Launcelots party / and that caused me to torne / ye say wel said sir Tristram/ and so I take you & I forgye yow / Soo thenne they rode in to their paelions / and whan they were alyȝt they vnarmed them and wasshe theyre faces and handes / and soo yode vnto mete and were sette atte their table / But whanne Isoud sawe sir Palomydes she chaūged thenne her colours & for wrath she myght not speke / Anon sir Tristram aspyed her countenaunce and said Madame / for what cause make ye vs suche chere / we haue ben sore trauailed this day / Myn owne lord said la Beale Isoud for goddes sake be ye not dyspleasyd with me / for I maye none other wyse doo / for I sawe thys day how ye were bitrayed and nyghe broughte to your dethe / Truly syre I sawe euery dele how and in what wyse and therfor syr how shold I suffre in your presence suche a felon and traytour as sir Palomydes / For I sawe hym with myn eyen / how he beheld yow whan ye wente oute of the felde / for euer he houed styлле vpon his hors til he sawe yow come in ageynward / And thēne forth with al I sawe hym ryde to the hurte knyghte and chaunged harneis with hym / And thenne streyghte I sawe hym how he rode in to the felde /

¶ And anone as he had foūde yow / he encountred with yow / and thus wilfully sir Palomydes dyd bataille with yow / & as for hym sir I was not gretely aferd but I dred fore laūcelot

that knew yow not / Madame said Palomydes ye maye saye what so ye wyll / I maye not contrary yow
but by my knyghthode I knewe not sir Tristram /

¶ Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I wille take your excuse / but wel I wote ye spared me but lytel / but
alle is pardoned on my party / Thenne la beale Isoud held doune her heed and said no more at that
tyme /

¶ Capitulum lxxviiij

ANd there with alle two knyghtes armed cam vnto the paelione / and there they alyghte bothe / and
came in armed at alle pyeces / Faire knyghtes sayd syre Tristram / ye ar to blame to come thus armed at
alle pyeces vpon me whyle we ar at oure mete / yf ye wold ony thyng whan we were in the felde / there
myghte ye haue easyd your hertes / Not so said the one of tho knyghtes we come not for that entent / But
wete ye wel sir Tristram we be come hydder as your frendes / And I am come here said the one for to
see yow & thys knyghte is come for to see la Beale Isoud / Thenne said sire Tristram I requyre yow doo
of your helmes that I maye see yow / that wille we doo at your desyre the knyghtes / And whanne their
helmes were of / sir Tristram thought that he shold knowe them / Thenne said sir Dynadan pryuely vnto
syr Tristram / syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto yow fyrst / and the other is my lord Kynge
Arthur / Thenne said sir Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud Madame aryse for here is my lord kynge Arthur /
thenne the kynge and the quene kyssed and sire launcelot and syr Tristram braced eyther other in armes /
and thenne there was Ioye withoute mesure / & at the request of la Beale Isoud kynge Arthur and
Launcelot were vnarmed / and thenne there was mery talkynge

¶ Madame said sire Arthur hit is many a day sythen that I haue desyred to see yow / for ye haue ben
prayed soo ferre / and now I dar say ye are the fayrest that euer I sawe / & sir Tristram is as fayre and as
good a knyghte as ony that I knowe / therfor me besemeth ye are wel besett to gyders / Syr god thanke
yow said the noble knyght sire Tristram and Isoud / of your grete goodenesse & largesse ye ar pyerles /
Thus

they talked of many thynges and of alle the hole Iustes / But for what cause sayd kynge Arthur were ye
sir Tristram ageynst vs / ye are a knyght of the table round / of ryghte ye shold haue ben with vs / Syre
said sir Tristram here is Dynadan and sire Gareth your owne neuewe caused me to be ayenst yow / My
lord Arthur sayd Gareth I may wel bere the blame but it were sir Tristrams owne dedes / That may I
repente sayd Dynadan / for this vnhappy sire Tristram broughte vs to haue this turnement / and many
grete buffets he caused vs to haue Thenne the kynge and launcelot lough that they myghte not sytte /

what knyght was that sayd Arthur that held yow soo short / this with the sheld of syluer / Syr said sir Tristram here he sytteth at this bord / what said Arthur was hit sire Palomydes / wete ye wel hit was he said la Beale Isoud /

¶ So god me help said Arthur that was vnknyghtely done of you of soo good a Knyghte / for I haue herd many peple calle you a curtois knyghte / Sir said Palomydes I knewe not sir Tristram / for he was soo desguysed / Soo god me helpe sayd launcelot it maye wel be / for I knewe not sir Tristram / But I merueyle why ye torned on oure party / That was done for the same cause said launcelot / As for that said sir Tristram I haue pardonned hym / and I wold be ryght lothe to leue his felauship / for I loue ryght wel his company / soo they lefte of and talked of other thynges / And in the euenynge kyng arthur and sir launcelot departed vnto their lodgyng / but wete ye wel sir Palomydes had enuy hertely for alle that nyght he had neuer rest in his bedde / but wayled and wepte oute of mesure / Soo on the morn sire Tristram Gareth and Dynadan arose erly / and thenne they wente vnto sire Palomydes chamber / and there they fond hym fast on slepe / for he had al nyȝt watched / And it was seene vpon his chekes that he had wept ful sore / Say no thyng said syr Tristram / for I am sure he hath taken anger and sorowe for the rebuke that I gaf to hym and la Beale Isoud

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¶ Capitulum lxxix

Thenne sir Tristram lete calle sir Palomydes / and bad hym make hym redy / for it was tyme to go to the felde whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al in reed bothe Isoud and alle they / and soo they lad her passynge fressshely thurgh the feld in to the pryory where was her lodgyng / and thenne they herd thre blastes blowe / and euery kynge and knyghte dressid hym vnto the felde / and the fyrste that was redy to Iuste was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynus le straunge a knyghte of the table round / And soo they two encountred to gyders / but sire Palomydes smote sir Kaynus soo hard that he smote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe / and forth with alle sir Palomydes smote doune another knyght and brake thenne his spere & pulled oute his swerd and did wonderly wel / And thenne the noyse beganne gretely vpon sir palomydes / loo said Kynge Arthur yonder palomydes begynneth to play his pagent / So god me help said Arthur he is a passynge good knyght / And ryght as they stood talkyng thus in came sir Tristram as thonder / and he encountred with syre Kay the Seneschall / and there he smote hym doune quyte from his hors / and with that same spere sir Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes moo / and thenne he pulled oute his swerd and dyd merueyllously / Thenne the noyse and crye chaunged from syr Palomydes and torned to sir Tristram and alle the peple cryed O Tristram O Tristram / And thenne was sir Palomydes clene forgeten / How now said Launcelot vnto Arthur / yonder rydeth a knyght that playeth his pagents / So god me help said Arthur to launcelot ye shalle see this daye that yonder two knyghtes shalle here doo this day wonders / Syr said Launcelot the one knyght wayteth vpon the other / and enforceth hym self thurgh enuy to passe the noble knyght sire Tristram / and he knoweth not of the

pryuy enuy / the whiche syre Palomydes hath to hym / For all that the noble syre Tristram dothe is
thorou clene knyghthode / And thenne sire Gareth and Dynadan dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as
two noble knyghtes soo that Kyng Arthur spak of them grete honour &

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worship / and the kynges and knyghtes of sir Tristrams syde did passyngly wel / and helde them truly to
gyders / Thenne sir Arthur and sir Launceloot took their horses and dressid them and gete in to the
thyckest of the prees / And there syr Tristram vnknowyng smote doune kyng Arthur / and thenne syre
launcelot wold haue rescowed hym / but there were soo many vpon sir launcelot that they pulled hym
doune from his hors / And thenne the kynge of Irland and the kynge of Scottes with their Knyghtes dyd
their payne to take kyng Arthur/ and sir launcelot prysoner / Whanne syr Launcelot herd hem say soo
he ferd as hit had ben an hongry lyon / for he ferd so that no knyghte durste nyghe hym / Thenne came
sir Ector de maris and he bare a spere ageynst sire Palomydes / and brast it vpon hym alle to sheuers /
And thenne syr Ector came ageyne and gaf sire Palomydes suche a dasshe with a swerd that he stouped
doune vpon his sadel bowe / And forth with alle syre Ector pulled doune sir Palomydes vnder his feete /
And thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake an hors / and brought hit to hym / and badde
hym mounte vpon hym / But sir Palomydes lepte afore and gatte the hors by the brydel / & lepte in to
the sadel / Soo god me helpe said launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I / Thenne sir
Ector broughte syr launcelot an other hors / gramercy sayd launcelot vnto his broder /

¶ And so when he was horsed ageyne/ with one spere he smote doune four knyghtes / And thenne sir
Launcelot broughte to kynge Arthur one of the best of the iiij horses / Thenne syr launcelot with kynge
Arthur and a fewe of his Knyghtes of sire Launcelots kynne dyd merueyllous dedes / for that tyme as the
booke recordeth syr launcelot smote doune and pulled doune thyrty knyghtes / Not withstandyng the
other parte held them soo fast to gyders that kyng arthur and his knyghtes were ouermatched / And
whanne sir Trisram sawe that what labour Kyng Arthur and his knyghtes and in especyal the noble dedes
that syre launcelot dyd with his owne handes he merueyllled gretely

¶ Capitulum lxxx

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THenne sir Tristram called vnto hym syr Palomydes/ syr Gareth and syr Dynadan / and sayd thus to
them my fayre felawes wete ye wel that I will torne vnto kynge Arthurs party / for I sawe neuer soo fewe
men doo soo wel / and hit wille be shame vnto vs knyghtes that ben of the round table to see our lord

kyng Arthur and that noble knyght sire Launcelot to be dishonoured / It wille be wel do said sire Gareth / and syr Dynadan / do your best said palomydes / for I wille not chaunge my party that I came in with al That is for my sake said sir Tristram / god spede yow in your Iourneye / and soo departed syr Palomydes fro them / Thenne sir Tristram Gareth and Dynadan torned with sir launcelot And thenne syr launcelot smote doune the kyng of Irland quyte from his hors / and so syr launcelot smote doune the kyng of Scottes and the Kyng of walys / and thenne sir arthur ranne vnto syre Palomydes and smote hym quyte from his hors / and thenne syr Tristram bare doune alle that he mett Syr Gareth and sir Dynadan dyd there as noble knyghtes/ thenne al the partyes beganne to flee / Allas said Palomydes that euer I shold see this day / for now haue I lost al the worship that I wanne / and th¯ne sir palomydes wente his way waylynge / and soo withdrewe hym tyl he came to a welle and there he putte his hors from hym / and dyd of his armour and wayled and wepte lyke as he had ben a wood man / Thenne many Knyghtes gaf the pryce to syre Tristram / and there were many that gaf the pryce vnto syre Launcelot /

¶ Fair lordes said sir Tristram I thanke yow of the honour ye wold yeue me / but I pray yow hertely that ye wold gyue your voys to syr launcelot / for by my feythe said syre Trystram / I wille gyue sir launcelot my voys / but syre launcelot wold not haue hit / and so the pryce was gyuen betwix them bothe / Thenne euery man rode to his lodgyng and syr bleoberis and syr Ector rode with sir Tristram and la Beale Isoud vnto her paelions / Thenne as syr Palomydes was atte well waylynge and wepyng / there came by hym fleyng the kyng of walys and of Scotland / and they sawe syre Palomydes in that arage / Allas said they that soo noble a man as ye be/ shold be in this araye / & thenne tho kynges gat sir palomydes

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hors ageyne / and made hym to arme hym and mounte vpon his hors / and soo he rode with hem makynge grete dole /

¶ Soo whan sire Palomydes came nyghe the paelions there as syre Tristram and La beale Isoud was in / thenne sire palomydes prayd the two kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake with sir Tristram / And whanne he came to the porte of the paelions / syre palomydes said on hyghe where arte thou syr Tristram de lyones / Syr said Dynadan that is palomydes What sir Palomydes wille ye not come in here amonge vs / Fy on the traytour sayd Palomydes / for wete yow wel and hit were day lyght as it is nyght I shold slee the myn owne handes / And yf I euer maye gete the said Palomydes thou shalt dye for this dayes dede / Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram ye wyte me with wronge / for had ye done as I dyd ye hadde wonne worship / But sythen ye gyue me soo large warnynge/ I shalle be wel ware of yow / Fy on the traitour saide Palomydes / and there with departed / Thenne on the morne sir Tristram / Bleoberis and sir Ector de marys / sir Gareth / syr Dynadan what by water and what by lond they brought la beale Isoud vnto Ioyous gard / and there reposed them a vij nyghte / and made alle the myrthes and disportes that they coude deuyse / and kyng Arthur and his knyghtes drewe vnto Camelot / and syre Palomydes rode with the two kynges / And euer he made the grettest dole that ony man coude

thynke for he was not alle only soo dolorous for the departyng from la beale Isoud / but he was a parte as sorouful to departe from the felauship of sir Tristram / for sire Tristram was soo kynd and soo gentyl that whanne sire Palomydes remembrid hym therof he myghte neuer be mery

¶ Capitulum lxxxj

SO at the seuen nyghtes ende / sir Bleoberys & syr Ector departed from sir Tristram and from the Quene / & these two good knyghtes had grete yeftes / and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode with sir Tristram / & whan sire Blebeorys and sir Ector were comen there as the Quene Gueneuer was

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lodged in a castel by the see syde / And thorou the grace of god the quene was recouerd of her maladye /

¶ Thenne she asked the two knyghtes from whens they came / they sayd that they came from sir Tristram and from la beale Isoud / how doth sir Tristram said the quene and la Beale Isoud / Truly sayd tho two knyghtes he dothe as a noble knyght shold doo / and as for the Quene Isoud she is pyerles of alle ladyes / for to speke of her beaute bounte and myrthe / and of her goodenesse we sawe neuer her matche as ferre as we haue ryden and gone O mercy Ihesu said quene Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people / that haue sene her and spoken with her / God wold that I had parte of her condycyons / and it is mysfortuned me of my sekenesse whyle that turnement endured / And as I suppose / I shalle neuer see in alle my lyf suche an assemble of knyghtes and ladyes as ye haue done / Thenne the knyghtes told her hou Palomydes wanne the degree at the fyrst daye with grete noblesse / And the second day sir Trystram wanne the degree / and the thyrdd day syre launcelot wanne the degree / wel said quene Gueneuer who dyd best alle these thre dayes / Soo god me help said these knyghtes sir launcelot and sire Tristram hadde leest dishonour / And wete ye wel sir palomydes dyd passynge wel and myghtely / but he torned ageynst the party that he cam in with alle / and that caused hym to lese a grete parte of hys worship / for it semed that sir Palomydes is passyng enuyous Thenne shalle he neuer wynne worship said Quene Gueneuer for and it happeth an enuyous man ones to wynne worshyp he shalle be dishonoured twyes therfore / And for this cause alle men of worship hate an enuyous man / and wille shewe hym no fauour / And he that is curtois and kynde and gentil hath fauour in euery place /

¶ Capitulum lxxxij

NOw leue we of this mater / and speke we of sir Palomydes that rode and lodged hym with the two kynges wherof the knynges were heuy / Thenne the kyng of Irland sent a man of his to syr Palomydes and gaf hym a grete courser / and the Kynge of Scotland gaf hym grete yeftes/

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and fayne they wold haue had sire Palomydes to haue abyden with them / but in no wyse he wold abyde / and soo he departed / and rode as auentures wold guyde hym / tyl it was nyȝ none / And thenne in a forest by a welle syr Palomydes sawe where lay a fayre wounded knyght and his hors bounden by hym / and that knyght made the grettest dole that euer he herd man make / for euer he wepte and ther with he syghed as though he wold dye / Thenne syre Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldly and sayd / fayr knyghte why wayle ye soo / lete me lye doune and wayle with yow / for doubte not I am moche more heuyer than ye are / for I dare say sayd Palomydes that my sorowe is an honderd fold more than yours is and therfor lete vs complayne eyther to other / Fyrst saide the wounded knyghte I requyre yow telle me your name / for & thou be none of the noble knyghtes of the round tabble / thou shalt neuer knowe my name / what someuer come of me / Faire knyghte said Palomydes suche as I am be it better or be hit werse wete thou wel that my name is sire Palomydes sone & heyre vnto kynge Astlabor / and sir Safyr and sir Segwarydes are my two bretheren / and wete thou wel as for my self I was neuer crystened / but my two bretheren ar truly crystend O noble knyghte said that knyghte / wel is me that I haue mette with yow / and wete ye wel my name is Epyngrys the kynges sone of Northumberland / Now sytte doune sayd Epyngrys / and lete vs eyther complayne to other / Thenne syre Palomydes beganne his complaynte / Now shalle I telle yow said Palomydes what wo I endure I loue the fairest Quene and lady that euer bare lyf / and wete ye wel her name is la Beale Isoud kynge Markes wyf of Cornewaile / That is grete foly said Epyngrys for to loue Quene Isoud For one of the best knyghtes of the world loueth her / that is sir Tristram de lyones / that is trouthe said Palomydes / for no man knoweth that mater better than I doo / for I haue ben in sir Tristrams felauship this moneth and with la beale Isoud to gyders / and allas said Palomydes vnhappy man that I am now haue I loste the felauship of syre Tristram for euer & the loue of la beale Isoud for euer / and I am neuer lyke to see her more / and sir Tristram & I ben eyther to other mortal enemyes

leaf 280r

Wel said Epyngrys / sythe that ye loued la Beale Isoud / loued she yow euer ageyne by ony thyng that ye coude thynke or wyte / or els dyd ye reioyse her euer in ony pleasyr / Nay by my knyghthode said Palomydes I neuer aspyed that euer she loued me more than alle the world / nor neuer had I plesyr with her / But the laste daye she gaf me the grettest rebuke that euer I had / the whiche shalle neuer goo from my herte / & yet I wel deserued that rebuke / for I dyd not knyghtely / & therfor I haue lost the loue of her and of sir Tristram for euer / & I haue many tymes enforced my self to doo many dedes for la beale Isoud sake / and she was the causer of my worship wynnynge / Allas said sir Palomydes now haue I lost alle the worshyp that euer I wanne / for neuer shalle me befalle suche prowessse as I had in the felauship of sir Tristram

NAy nay sayde Epynogrys youre sorowe is but lapes to my sorowe / for I reioyced my lady and wanne her with my handes / and loste her ageyn allas that daye / Thus fyrst I wanne her said Epynogrys My lady was an Erles doughter And as the Erle and two knyȝtes cam from the turnement of Loneȝep / for her sake I sette vpon this erle and on his two knyghtes my lady there beyng present / and soo by fortune there I slewe the erle and one of the knyghtes and the other knyghte fledde / and soo that nyghte I had my lady / And on the morne as she and I reposed vs atte thys welle syde / there came there to me an erraunt knyghte his name was syr Helyor le preuse an hardy knyght / and this sir Helyor chalengyd me to fyghte for my lady / And thenne we wente to bataille fyrst vpon hors and after on foote / But at the last sir Helyor wounded me soo that he lefte me for dede / and soo he toke my lady with hym / And thus my sorowe is more than yours / for I haue reioyced and ye reioyced neuer That is trouthe said Palomydes / but sythe I can neuer recouer my self I shalle promyse yow yf I can mete with sir Helynor I shalle gete yow your lady ageyne or els he shalle bete me / Thenne sire Palomydes made sir Epynogrys to take his hors

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and so they rode to an hermytage / and there sir Epynogrys rested hym / And in the meane whyle syre Palomydes walkd pryuely oute to reste hym vnder the leues / and there besyde he sawe a knyghte come rydynge with a sheld that he had sene sir Ector de marys bere afore hand / and there came after hym a ten knyghtes / and soo these x knyghtes houed vnder the leues for hete / And anone after there came a knyȝt with a grene shelde / and there in a whyte lyon ledynge a lady vpon a palfroy / Thenne this knyȝt with the grene sheld that semed to be maister of the ten knyghtes he rode fyersly after sire Helyor / For it was he that hurte sir Epynogrys / And whanne he cam nyghe sir Helyor / he badde hym defende his lady / I will defende her said Helyor vnto my power / and soo they ranne to gyders soo myghtely that eyther of these knyghtes smote other doune hors and all to the erthe / and thenne they wanne vp lyghtely and drewe their swerdes and their sheldes / and lashed to gyders myghtely more than an houre / Alle this sire Palomydes sawe and behelde but euer at the last the knyghte with sir Ectors shelde was byggar / and att the laste this knyghte smote sir Helyor doune / and thenne that knyghte vnlaced his helme to haue stryken of his hede / And thenne he cryed mercy / and praid hym to saue his lyf and badde hym take his lady /

¶ Thenne sire Palomydes dressid hym vp by cause he wyste wel that that same lady was Epynogrys lady / and he promysed hym to helpe hym / Thenne sir Palomydes wente streyghte to that lady and toke her by the hand and asked her whether she knewe a knyghte that hyghte Epynogrys / Allas she said that euer he knewe me or I hym / for I haue for his sake loste my worship / and also his lyf greueth me moost of al Not so lady said Palomydes / come on with me / for here is Epynogris in this hermytage / A wel is me said the lady and he be on lyue / whether wylt thou with that lady said the knyght with syr Ectors

shelde / I will doo with her what me lyst said Palomydes / wete yow wel sayd that knyghte thou spekest ouer large / though thou semest me to haue at auauntage / by cause thow sawest me doo bataille but late / Thou wenest sir knyghte to haue that lady away from me so lyghtly / nay thynke hit neuer not / and thow were as good a knyghte as is

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syr launcelot or as is sir Tristram or sir Palomydes / but thow shalt wyne her derer than euer dyd I / and soo they went vnto bataille vpon foote / and there they gaf many sadde strokes / and eyther wounded other passyng sore / and thus they fouȝt stille more than an houre / Thenne sire Palomydes had merueil what knyghte he myghte be that was soo stronge and soo wel brethed duryng / and thus said Palomydes / knyȝt I requyre the telle me thy name / Wete thow wel sayd that knyghte I dar telle the my name / soo that thow wilt telle me thy name / I wille said palomydes / Truly said that knyghte / my name is Safyr sone of kynge Astlabor and sire palomydes and syre Segwarydes are my bretheren / Now and wete thou wel / my name is sir Palomydes / Thenne sir Safyr kneled doune vpon his knees and prayd hym of mercy / and thenne they vnaced their helmes / and eyther kyssed other wepyng / And in the meane whyle sire Epyngrys aroose oute of his bedde / and herd them by the strokes / and soo he armed hym to helpe sire Palomydes yf nede were

¶ Capitulum lxxxiiij

Thenne sir Palomydes tooke the lady by the hand / & broughte her to sire Epyngrys / and there was grete ioye betwixe them / for eyther swouned for Ioye / whan they were mette / Fair knyght and lady said sir Safer / it were pyte to departe yow / Ihesu send yow Ioye eyther of other / Gramercy gentyl knyghte said Epyngrys / and moche more thanke be to my lord sir Palomydes / that thus hath thurgh his prowesse made me to gete my lady /

¶ Thenne sir Epyngrys requyred sire Palomydes and sire Safere his brother to ryde with them vnto his castel for the sauf gard of his person / Sire said Palomydes we will be redy to conduyte you by cause that ye are sore wounded / and soo was Epyngrys and his lady horsed / and his lady behynde hym vpon a softe ambuler / And thenne they rode vnto his castel where they had grete chere and Ioye as grete as euer sir Palomydes and sir Safere had in their lyfe dayes / Soo on the morne sir Safere and sir palomydes departed and rode as fortune ledde them / and soo they

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rode alle that daye vntyl after none / And at the last they herd a grete wepyng and a grete noyse doune in a manoir / Syre said thenne sir Safere lete vs wete what noyse this is / I wil wel said sir palomydes / and soo they rode forth tyl that they came to a fayr gate of a manoir / and there satte an old man sayenge his prayers and bedes / Thenne sire palomydes and sir Safere alyghte and lefte their horses / and wente within the gates / and there they sawe ful many goodely men wepyng /

¶ Fair syrs said palomydes wherfore wepe ye / and make this sorowe / Anone one of the knyghtes of the castel beheld sir palomydes / and knewe hym / and thence wente to his felawes and said Fair felawes wete ye wel al / we haue in this Castel the same knyght that slewe oure lord at Loneȝep / for I knowe hym wel it is syre palomydes / Thenne they wente vnto harneis alle that myghte bere harneis / some on horsbak / and some on foote to the nombre of thre score / And whan they were redy / they came fresshly vpon syr palomydes and vpon syr Safere with a grete noyse and sayd thus / kepe the fyre palomydes . for thow arte knowen / and by ryght thow must be dede for thow hast slayne oure lord / and therfore wete ye wel / we wille slee the / therfore defende the / Thenne sir palomydes & syr Safer the one sette his bak to the other / and gaf many grete strokes / and took many grete strokes / and thus they foughte with a twenty knyghtes and fourty gentilmen / and yomen nyghe two houres / But at the last though they were lothe sir palomydes and syr Safere were taken and yolden and putte in a stronge pryson / and within thre dayes twelue knyghtes passed vpon them / and they fond sir palomydes gylty / and syr Safyr not gylty of their lordes dethe / And whan sir Safyr shold be delyuerd there was grete dole betwixe syr palomydes and hym / and many pyteous complayntys that sir Safyr made at his departyng / there is no maker can reherce the tenthe parte / Fair broder said palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy sorow / And yf I be ordeyned to dye a shameful dethe welcome be it / but and I had wist of this deth that I am demed vnto I shold neuer haue ben yolden / Soo syr Safere departed from his broder with the grettest dolour and sorow that euer made knyghte /

¶ And on the morne they of the castel

leaf 282r

ordeyned twelue knyghtes to ryde with syre Palomydes vnto the fader of the same knyght that syr Palomydes slewe / and soo they bound his legges vnder an old stedes bely / And thenne they rode with syr Palomydes vnto a Castel by the see syde that hyghte Pelownes / and there syr Palomydes shold haue Iustyce / thus was their ordenaunce / and so they rode with syr palomydes fast by the Castel of Ioyous gard /

¶ And as they passed by that Castel / there came rydyng oute of that castel by them one that knewe syr palomydes / And whan that knyghte sawe sire palomydes bounden vpon a croked courser / the knyght asked syre palomydes / for what cause he was led so / A my fair felawe and knyghte sayd palomydes / I ryde toward my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at a turnement of Loneȝep / & yf I had not departed

from my lord syr Tristrā as I ou3te not to haue done / now my3t I haue ben sure to haue had my lyf saued / But I pray yow syr knyght recommaunde me vnto my lord sir Tristram and vnto my lady Quene Isoud / & say to them / yf euer I trespaced to them / I aske them foryeuenes / And also I biseche yow recommaunde me vnto my lord kynge Arthur and to alle the felauship of the round table vnto my power / Thenne that knyghte wepte for pyte of syr palomydes / and there with alle he rode vnto Ioyous gard as faste as his hors myghte renne / ande lyghtly that knyght descended doune of his hors and wente vnto sir Tristram / and there he told hym all as ye haue herd / and euer the knyghte wepte as he had ben madde

¶ Capitulum lxxxv

WHen sir Tristram herd how sir palomydes went to his deth / he was heuy to here that / and said how be it that I am wroth with sir palomydes / yet wil not I suffre hym to dye so shameful a deth for he is a ful noble kny3t / & thenne anon sir Tristram was armed & toke his hors & two squyers wyth hym / & rode a grete paas towarde the castel of pelownes where sir palomydes was Iuged to deth / & these twelue knyytes that led sir palomydes passed by a welle where as sir laūcelot was whiche was alyghte there & had teyed his hors to a tree & taken of his helme to drynke of that welle / & whan he saw these

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knyghtes / syr launcelot putte on his helme / and suffred them to passe by hym / And thenne was he ware of sire Palomydes bounden and ledde shamefully to his dethe / O Ihesu said launcelot What mysaventure is befallle hym that he is thus ledde toward his dethe / Forsoth said launcelot it were shame to me / to suffre this noble knyght soo to dye and I my3te helpe hym therfor I wille helpe hym what someuer come of hit / or els I shal dye for syr Palomydes sake /

¶ And thenne sir launcelot mounted vpon his hors and gate his spere in his hand / and rode after the twelue knyghtes that ledde sir Palomydes / Fair knyghtes said sir Launcelot whyder lede ye that kny3t/ it bysemeth hym ful ylle to ryde bounden / Thenye these twelue Knyghtes sodenly torned their horses / and said to sir launcelot / syr Knyghte we counceille the not to medle with this knyght / for he hath deserued deth / and vnto dethe he is Iuged / that me repenteth said launcelot that I may not borowe hym with fayrenesse / for he is ouer good a knyghte to dye suche a shameful dethe / And therfor fayre knyghtes said syr launcelot kepe yow as wel as ye can / for I will rescowe that knyght or dye for it / Thenne they beganne to dresse their speres / and sir launcelot smote the formest doune hors and man / and so he serued thre moo with one spere / and thenne that spere brast / and there with al sir launcelot drewe his swerd / and thenne he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / thenne within a whyle he left none of tho twelue knyghtes / but he had leyd them to the erthe / and the moost party of hem were sore wounded / & thenne syr Launcelot took the best hors that he fonde and loused sire Palomydes / and sette hym vpon that hors / and so they retorned ageyne vnto Ioyous gard / & thenne was

sir Palomydes ware of sir Tristram how he came rydyng / And whan sir Launcelot sawe hym / he
knewe hym wel / but sir Tristram knewe not hym by cause syre Launcelot had on his sholder a golden
shelde / Soo syr launcelot made hym redy to Iuste with syr Tristram / that sire Tristram sholde not wene
that he were syre Launcelot / Thenne sir Palomydes cryed on lowde to syr Tristram O my lorde I requyre
yow Iuste not with this knyght / for this goode knyght hath saued me from my dethe / Whan syre
Tristram herde hym saye so / he came a softe trottyng

lef 283r

paas toward them / And thenne syre Palomydes sayd / My lord syr Tristram moche am I beholdyng
vnto yow of youre grete goodenes that wold profer youre noble body to rescowe me vnderued / for I
haue gretely offended yow / Not withstandyng said sire Palomydes here mette we with this noble
knyghte that worshipfully and manly rescowed me from xij knyghtes / and smote them doune alle and
wounded them sore

¶ Capitulum lxxxvj /

Fayre knyght said syr Tristram vnto syre Launcelot / of whens be ye / I am a knyght erraunt sayd sir
launcelot that rydeth to seke many aduentures / What is your name said sir Tristram / syre at this
tyme I wille not telle yow / Thenne syre launcelot sayd vnto sir Tristram and to palomydes / now eyther
of yow ar mette to gyders / I wille departe from yow / Not soo said syr Tristram I pray yow of knyghthode
to ryde with me vnto my Castel / wete yow wel said syr Launcelot I may not ryde with yow / for I haue
many dedes to doo in other places / that att this tyme I maye not abyde with yow / A mercy Ihesu said
syr Tristram I requyre yow / as ye be a true knyghte to the ordre of knyghthode / playe you with me this
nyghte / Thenne sire Tristram had a graunte of syre launcelot / how be it though he had not desyred
hym / he wold haue ryden with hem / outhere soone haue come after them for syr launcelot cam for none
other cause in to that Countrey but for to see syr Tristram / And whanne they were come within Ioyous
gard / they alyght / and their horses were ledde in to a stable / and thenne they vnarmed them / And
whanne syre Launcelot was vnhelmed / sir Tristram and syr Palomydes knewe hym / Thenne sire
Tristram took syr launcelot in armes / & soo dyd la Beale Isoud / and Palomydes kneled doune vpon his
knees / and thanked syr Launcelot / whan syr launcelot sawe sir Palomydes knele / he lyghtely toke hym
vp and sayd thus / wete thou wel sir Palomydes I and ony knyght in this land of worship oughte of veray
ryght socoure and rescowe

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soo noble a knyghte as ye are proued and renoumed thurgh oute alle this reame endlonge and ouerthwart / And thenne was there Ioye amonge them / and the oftyner that syre Palomydes sawe la Beale Isoud / the heuyer he waxed day by day Thenne sir launcelot within thre or four dayes departed / and with hym rode sir Ector de marys / and Dynadan and sir Palomydes were there lefte with sire Tristram a two monethes & more / But euer sire Palomydes faded and morned that alle men had merueylle wherfore he had faded soo aweye / So vppn a day in the daunyngre sire Palomydes wente in to the foreste by hym self alone / and there he fond a welle / and thenne he loked in to the welle / and in the water he sawe his owne vysage hou he was distourbled and defaded nothyng lyke that he was What may this meane said sire Palomydes / and thus he said to hym self / A Palomydes / Palamydes / why arte thou dyffaded thou that was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyȝtes of the world / I wille no more lede this lyf / for I loue that I maye neuer gete nor recouer / And there with all he leyd hym doune by the welle / And thenne he beganne to make a ryme of la Beale Isoud and hym /

¶ And in the meane whyle syr Tristram was that same day ryden in to the forest to chace the herte of greese / but sire Tristram wold not ryde on huntynge neuer more vnarmed by cause of syr Breuse saunce pyte / and soo as sir Tristram rode in to that forest vp and doune / he herd one synge merueyllously lowde / and that was syre Palomydes that lay by the welle / And thenne syr Tristram rode softly thyder / for he demed / there was some knyght erraunt that was at the welle

¶ And whanne sire Tristram came nyghe hym / he descended doune from his hors and teyed his hors fast tyl a tree / and thenne he came nere hym on foote / and anone he was ware where lay sire palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and meryly / and euer the complayntes were of that noble Quene La Beale Isoud / the whiche was merueyllously and wonderfully wel sayd / and ful dolefully and pytously made And alle the hole songe the noble knyghte sire Tristram herd from the begynnynge to the endynge / the whiche greued and troubled hym sore

¶ But thenne at the last whanne

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sir Tristram had herd all sir Palomydes complayntes he was wrothe oute of mesure & thouȝt for to slee hym there as he lay Thenne syr Tristram remembryd hym self that sir Palomydes was vnarmed and of the noble name that sir Palomydes had and the noble name that hym self had / and thenne he made a restraynte of his anger / & so he wente vnto sire Palomydes a softe paas and said sir Palomydes I haue herd youre complaynte and of thy treason that thou hast owed me so longe And wete thou wel therfor thou shalt dye / And yf it were not for shame of knyȝthode / thou sholdest not escape my handes / for now I knowe wel thou hast awayted me with treason . Telle me said syre Tristram how thou wolt acquyte the/ Sir said Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me / as for Quene la beale Isoud ye shal wete that I loue her aboue all other ladyes in this world / and wel I wote it shalle befall me as for her loue as

befelle to the noble knyghte syre Kehydus that dyed for the loue of la Beale Isoud / and now sir Tristram I wil that ye wete that I haue loued la Beale Isoud many a day / and she hath ben the causer of my worshyp And els I had ben the moost symplest knyght in the world For by her / and by cause of her / I haue wonne the worshyp that I haue / for when I remembryd me of la Beale Isoud I wanne the worship where someuer I came for the most party / and yet had I neuer reward nor bounte of her the dayes of my lyf / and yet haue I ben her knyght gwerdonles / And therfor syr Tristram as for ony deth I drede not / for I hadde as lyef dye as to lyue / And yf I were armed as thow arte / I shold lyghtely doo batail with the / wel haue ye vttered your treason said Tristram / I haue done to yow no treason said Palomydes / for loue is free for alle men / and though I haue loued your lady / she is my lady as wel as yours / how be it I haue wronge yf ony wronge be / for ye reioyce her / and haue youre desyre of her / and soo had I neuer nor neuer am lyke to haue / and yet shalle I loue her to the vttermest dayes of my lyf as wel as ye

¶ Capitulum lxxxvij

Thenne said syr Tristram I wil fyghte with yow to the vttermest / I graunte saide palomydes / for in a better

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quarel kepe I neuer to fyghte / for & I dye of your handes / of a better knyghtes handes may I not be slayne / And sythen I vnderstande that I shalle neuer reioyce la beale Isoud / I haue as good wyll to dye as to lyue / Thenne sette ye a day said sir Tristram that we shalle doo bataille / this day / xv / dayes said payd Palomydes wille I mete with yow here by / in the medowe vnder Ioyous gard / Fy for shame said sire Tristram / wille ye sette soo longe day / lete vs fyghte to morn / Not soo sayd palomydes / for I am megre and haue ben longe seke for the loue of la Beale Isoud / and therefore I wille repose me tyl I haue my strengthe ageyne / Soo thenne sire Tristram and syr palomydes promysed feythfully to mete at the welle that day xv dayes / I am remembryd said sir Tristram to Palomydes / that ye brake me ones a promyse whan that I rescowed yow from Breuse saunce pyte and ix knyghtes / and thēne ye promysed me to mete me at the peron and the graue besydes Camelot / where as at that tyme ye fayled of your promyse / wete you wel said Palomydes vnto sir Tristram I was at that day in pryson so that I myghte not holde my promyse / So god me helpe said sir Tristram / and ye had holden your promyse this werk had not ben here now at this tyme / Ryghte soo departed syre Tristram and sire Palomydes / And soo sire palomydes tooke his hors and his harneis / and he rode vnto Kynge Arthurs Courte / and there syr palomydes gat hym four knyghtes and four sergeaunts of armes / and soo he retornod ageynward vnto Ioyous gard / And in the meane whyle syr Tristram chaced and hunted at alle maner of venery / and aboute thre dayes afore the bataille shold be / as syr Tristram chaced an herte ther was an Archer shot at the herte / and by mysfortune he smote syr Tristram in the thyck of the thygh / and the arowe slewe sir Tristrams hors & hurte hym / whan sir Tristram was so hurte / was passynge heuy / and wete ye wel he bled sore / and thenne he took another hors / and rode vnto Ioyous gard with grete

heuynesse more for the promyse that he hadde made with sir palomydes as to doo bataille with hym wythin thre dayes after than for ony hurte of his thyȝ / wherfor ther was neyther man ne woman that coude chere hym with ony thyng that they coude make to hym / neyther Quene la Beale Isoud / for euer he

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demed that syr launcelot had smyten hym soo / that he shold not be able to doo bataille with hym at the day sette /

¶ Capitulum lxxxviiij

BVt in no wyse there was no knyghte aboute syr Tristram that wold byleue that euer syr Palomydes wold hurte sir Tristram neyther by his owne handes nor by none other consentynge / thenne whan the fyftenth day was come sir Palomydes came to the welle with four knyȝtes with hym of Arthurs courte and thre sergeauntes of armes / And for this ententente syr palomydes broughte the knyȝtes with hym and the sergeaunt of armes / for they shold bere record of the bataille betwixe syre Tristram and syr Palomydes / And the one sergeaunt brought in his helme / the other his spere / the thyrd his swerd / Soo thus Palomydes came in to the felde / & there he abode nyghe two houres / and thenne he sente a squyer vnto syr Tristram / and desyred hym to come in to the felde / to holde his promyse / whan the squyer was come to Ioyous gard Anone as sir Tristram herd of his comynge he lete commaunde that the squyer shold come to his presence there as he lay in his bedde / My lord sir Tristram said Palomydes squyer wete yow wel my lord Palomydes abydeyth yow in the felde / and he wold wete whether ye wold doo bataille or not / A my fair broder said sir Tristram wete thou wel that I am ryght heuy for these tydynges / therfor telle sire Palomydes / and I were wel atte ease I wold not lye here nor he shold haue noo nede to sende for me / and I myghte outhur ryde or goo / and for thow shalt saye that I am no lyer / syre Tristram shewed hym his thye that the wounde was sixe Inches depe / and now thou hast sene my hurte / telle thy lord that this is no fayned mater and telle hym that I had leuer than all the gold of kyng Arthur that I were hole / & telle palomydes as soone as I am hole I shal seke him endlong & ouerthwart & þ^t promyse you as I am true knyȝt / & if euer I may mete with hym / he shal haue bataylle of me his fylle / & with this squyer departed / & when palomydes wist þ^t tristrā was hurt he was glad & said now I

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am sure I shalle haue no shame / for I wote wel I shold haue had hard handelynge of hym / and by lykely I muste nedes haue had the werse / For he is the hardest knyghte in bataylle that now is lyuyng excepte

sir Launcelot / And thenne departed syr Palomydes where as fortune ladde hym / & within a moneth sir Tristram was hole of his hurte / And thenne he took his hors / and rode from countray to countrey / and all straunge aduentures he acheued where someuer he rode / and alweyes he enquiryed for sire Palomydes / but of alle that quarter of sommer syr Tristram coude neuer mete with sir palomydes / But thus as sir Tristram soughte and enquiryed after sire Palomydes / sir Tristram encheued many grete batails where thorough alle the noyse felle to syr Tristram / and it seaced of sir launcelot / & therfor syre launcelots bretheren and his kynnesmen wold haue slayne sire Tristram by cause of his fame/ But whanne syre launcelot wyste how his kynnesmen were sette / he said to them openly wete yow wel that and the enuy of yow alle be soo hardy to wayte vpon my lord sire Tristram with ony hurte / shame / or vylony / as I am true knyghte / I shalle slee the best of yow with myne owne handes / Allas sy for shame shold ye for his noble dedes awayte vpon hym to slee hym / Ihesu defende said launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as syre Tristram is shold be destroyed with treason / Of this noyse and fame sprange in to Cornewaile / and amonge them of Lyonas / wherof they were passynge gladde / and made grete Ioye / And thenne they of Lyonas sente letters vnto sire Tristram of recommendacyon / and many grete yeftes to mayntene sir Tristram estate / and euer bitwene sir Tristram resorted vnto Ioyous gard where as la Beale Isoud was that loued hym as her lyf /

¶ here endeth the tenthe book whiche is of syr Tristram

¶ And here foloweth the Enleuenth book whiche is of sir launcelot

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[Book Eleven: sir Launcelot]

¶ Capitulum primum

NOW leue we syr Tristram de lyones / & speke we of sire launcelot du lake and of sire Galahalt syr launcelots sone hou he was goten / and in what maner as the book of Frensshe reherceth Afore the tyme that syre Galahalt was goten or borne / there came in an hermyte vnto kynge Arthur vpon whytsonday / as the knyghtes satte at the table round / And whan the heremyte sawe the syege perillous / he asked the kyng and alle the knyghtes why that sege was voyd / Sir Arthur and alle the knyghtes ansuerd / ther shalle neuer none sytte in that syege / but one / but yf he be destroyed /

¶ Thenne sayd the hermyte wote ye what is he / nay said Arthur / and alle the Knyghtes / we wote not who is he / that shalle sytte therin / thenne wote I said the heremyte / for he that shal sytte there is vnborne and vngoten / and this same yere he shalle be goten that shalle sytte ther in that syege perillous / and he shall wyne the Sancgreal whan this hermyte had made this mensyon he departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / And thenne after this feeste syr launcelot rode on his aduenture tyl on a tyme by

adventure he past ouer the pounte of Corbyn / and there he sawe the fayrest toure that euer he sawe / and ther vnder was a fayre Towne ful of peple and alle the peple men and wymmen cryed at ones / welcome sir Launcelot du lake the floure of all knyghthode for by the alle we shalle be holpen oute of daunger / what mene ye said sire Launcelot that ye crye soo vpon me / A fayr knyght said they alle here is within thys Toure a dolorous lady that hath ben ther in paynes many wynters and dayes / for euer she boyleth in scaldyng water / & but late said alle the peple sire Gawayne was here and he myght not helpe her / and soo he lefte her in payne / Soo may I saide syr Launcelot leue her in payne as wel as sire Gawayne dyd Nay said the peple we knowe wel that it is sir Launcelot that shalle delyuer her / wel said launcelot / thenne shewe me what I shalle doo / thenne they brought sire launcelot in to the toure And when he came to the chamber there as this lady was the dores of yron vnlocked and vnbolted / And so syr launcelot

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wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe / And there syr launcelot toke the fayrest lady by the hand / that euer he sawe / and she was naked as a nedel / and by enchauntemēt Quene Morgan le fay and the Quene of Northgalys hadde put her there in that paynes by cause she was called the fairest lady of that countrey / and there she had ben fyue yeres / and neuer myghte she be delyuerd oute of her grete paynes vnto the tyme the best knyghte of the world had taken her by the hand / Thenne the peple broughte her clothes / And whanne she was arayed / syre launcelot thoughte she was the fayrest lady of the word / but yf it were Quene Gueneuer / thenne this lady said to sire Launcelot / syre yf hit please yow wille ye goo with me here by in to a chappel that we may yeue louyng and thankyng vnto god /

¶ Madame said sir launcelot cometh on with me I wille goo with yow / Soo whanne they came there and gaf thankynges to god / alle the people both lerned and lewde gaf thankynges vnto god and hym / and sayd sir knyght syn ye haue delyuerd this lady / ye shall delyuer vs from a serpent that is here in a tombe / Thenne syr launcelot tooke his shelde and said brynge me thyder / and what I may doo vnto the pleasyr of god and yow I wille doo /

¶ Soo whanne sir Launcelot came thydder / he sawe wryten vpon the tombe letters of gold that said thus / Here shalle come a lybard of kynges blood / and he shalle slee this serpent / and this lybard shalle engendre a lyon in this foreyn countrey the whiche lyon shall passe alle other knyghtes / Soo thenne sir launcelot lyfte vp the tombe / and there came out an horryble & a fyendly dragon spyttyng fyre oute of his mouthe / Thenne sir launcelot drewe his swerd and fought with the dragon longe / and atte laste with grete payne sir launcelot slewe that dragon / There with alle came kynge Pelles the good and noble knyght / and salewed syr launcelot and he hym ageyne / Fair knyghte sayd the kynge / What is your name / I requyre you of your knyghthode telle me

SYr said launcelot wete yow wel my name is syre launcelot du lake / & my name is sayd the kyng /
Pelles

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kyng of the foreyn countrey / and cosyn nyghe vnto Ioseph os Armathye / And thenne eyther of them
made moche of other / and soo they wente in to the Castel to take theyr repaste / and anone there came
in a douue at a wyndowe / and in her mouth there semed a lytel censer of gold / And there with alle there
was suche a sauour as alle the spyecery of the world had ben there / And forth with all there was vpon
the table al maner of metes and drynkes that they coude thynke vpon / Soo cam in a damoyssel passynge
fayre and yonge / and she bare a vessel of gold betwixe her handes / and therto the kynge kneled
deuoutely and said his prayers / and soo dyd alle that were there / O Ihesu said sir launcelot what maye
this meane / thys is said the kynge the rychest thyng that ony man hath lyuyng And whanne this thyng
goth aboute / the round table shall be broken / and wete thow wel said the kynge this is the holy
Sancgreal that ye haue here sene / Soo the kynge and sir launcelot ladde their lyf the moost parte
of that daye / And fayne wold kynge Pelles haue fond the meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue
layne by his doughter fayre Elayne / And for this entent the kyng knewe wel that syr launcelot shold gete
a chyld vpon his doughter / the whiche shold be named sir Galahalt the good knyghte / by whome alle
the forayn countrey shold be broughte oute of daunger / and by hym the holy graale shold be encheued /

¶ Thenne came forth a lady that hyghte Dame Brysen / and she said vnto the Kynge / Syr wete ye wel /
syre Launcelot loueth no lady in the world but all only Quene Gueneuer / and therfore wyrche ye by
counceyll and I shalle make hym to lye with your doughter / & he shall not wete but that he lyeth with
Quene Gueneuer / O fayre lady dame Brysen said the kyng / hope ye to brynge this about syr said she
vpon payne of my lyf lete me dele / for this Brysen was one of the grettest enchauntresses that was at
that tyme in the world lyuyng /

¶ Thenne anone by dame Brysens wytte she maade one to come to syr launcelot that he knewe wel / And
this man brouȝt hym a ryng from Quene Gueneuer lyke as hit hadde come from her / and suche one as
she was wonte for the moost parte to were / & when sir launcelot sawe that tokē wete ye
wel he was

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neuer soo fayne / where is my lady said syr launcelot / in the castel of Case said the messenger but fyue myle thens / Thenne sir launcelot thoughte to be there the same nyghte / And thenne this Brysen by the commaundement of kynge Pelles lete sende Elayne to this castel with xxv knyghtes vnto the castel of Case / Thenne syr launcelot ageynst nyght rode vnto that castel / and there anone he was receyued worshipfully with suche peple to his semyng as were aboute Quene Queneuer secrete Soo whanne sir Launcelot was alyghte / he asked where the Quene was / Soo dame Brysen said that she was in her bedde / & thenne the peple were auoyded / and sir launcelot was ledde vnto his chamber / And thenne dame Brysen broughte sir launcelot a cup ful of wyne / and anone as he had dronken that wyn / he was soo assoted and madde that he myghte make no delay / but withouten ony lette he wente to bedde / and he wende that mayden Elayne had ben Quene Gueneuer / wete yow wel that sir launcelot was glad and soo was that lady Elayne / that she had gotten sir launcelot in her armes / For well she knewe that same nyght shold be gotten vpon her Galahalt that shold preue the best knyghte of the world / and soo they lay to gyders vntyl vndorne on the morn / and alle the wyndowes and holes of that chamber were stopped that no man ere of day myghte be sene / And thenne sire launcelot remembryd hym / and he arose vp and wente to the wyndowe /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ANd anone as he had vnshet the wyndowe the encha^untement was gone / th^ene he knewe hym self that he had done amys / Allas he sayd that I haue lyued so long now I am shamed / Soo thenne he gat his swerd in his hand and said thow traitresse what arte thou that I haue layn by alle this nyghte / thou shalt dye ryghte here of my handes / Thenne this fayr lady Elayne skyped oute of her bedde al naked and kneled doune afore sir launcelot / and sayd Fair curteis knyghte comen of kynges blood / I requyre yow haue mercy vpon me /

¶ And as thou arte renoumed the moost noble

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knyghte of the world / slee me not / for I haue in my wombe hym by the / that shal be the moost noblest kny³te of the world A fals traitresse said syr launcelot why hast thou bytrayed me / anone telle me what thou arte / Syr she said I am Elayn the doughter of Kynge pelles / wel said sire Launcelot I wyl forgyue yow this dede / and there with he took her vp in his armes / and kyssed her / for she was as fayr a lady and there to lusty and yonge and as wyse as ony was that tyme lyuyng So god me helpe said sir launcelot I may not wyte thys to yow / but her that made this enchauntement vpon me as bytwene yow and me / and I may fynde her that same lady Brysen **she shalle** [correction; sic = s shehalle] lese her hede for wytchecraftes / for there was neuer knyghte deceyued soo as I am this nyghte / And soo syre Launcelot arayed hym / and armed hym / and toke his leue myldely at that lady yonge Elayne / and soo he departed / Thenne she said my lord sir launcelot I biseche yow see me as soone as ye may / for I haue

obeyed me vnto the prophecy that my fader told me / And by his commaūdement to fulfille this prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest rychesse and the fayrest floure that euer I had / and that is my maydenhode that I shalle neuer haue ageyne / and therfore gentyl knyȝt owe me youre good wille / And soo syr launcelot arayed hym and was armed / and toke his leue myldely at that yonge lady Elayne / & soo he departed / and rode tyl he came to the Castel of Corbyn/ where her fader was / and as fast as her tyme came she was delyuerd of a fayr chylde / and they crystened hym Galahalt / & wete ye wel that child was wel kepte and wel nourisshed / & he was named Galahalt by cause syr Launcelot was so named at the fontayne stone / And after that the lady of the lake confermed hym sir Launcelot du lake / Thenne after this lady was delyuerd and chirched / there came a knyghte vnto her / his name was sire Bromel la pleche / the whiche was a grete lord and he hadde loued that lady longe / and he euermore desyred her to wedde her / and soo by no meane she coude putte hym of / Tyl on a day she said to syr Bromel / wete thow wel sir knyȝt I wille not loue yow / for my loue is set vpon the best knyȝt of the world / Who is he said syr Bromel . syr she said it is syre Launcelot du lake that I loue and none other / and therfore

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wowe me no lenger / ye saye wel said sir Bromel / And sythen ye haue told me soo moche / ye shalle haue but lytel Ioye of sir launcelot / for I shal slee hym where someuer I mete hym / sire said the lady Elayne / doo to hym no treason / wete ye wel my lady said Bromel / and I promyse yow this twelue moneth I shalle kepe the pounte of Corbyn for syr launcelots sake / that he shalle neyther come ne goo vnto yow / but I shall mete with hym /

¶ Capitulum Quartum

Thenne as hit felle by fortune and aduenture sire Bors de ganys that was neuewe vnto sir Launcelot cam ouer that brydge / and ther syre Bromel and sire bors lusted / & sir Bors smote syre Bromel suche a buffet that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne syre Bromel as an hardy knyghte pulled out his suerd / and dressid his sheld to doo bataille with syr Bors / And thenne syr Bors alyȝte / and auoyded his hors / and there they dasshed to gyders many sadde strokes / and long thus they foughte / tyl att the laste syr Bromel was leyd to the erthe / and there syre bors began to vnlace his helme to slee hym / Thenne syr bromel cryed syre bors mercy / and yelded hym / vpon this couenaunt thou shalt haue thy lyf said syr bors / soo thou goo vnto syr launcelot vpon whytsondaye that next cometh and yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaunt / I wille doo hit said syr bromel / and that he sware vpon the crosse of the swerd / and soo he lete hym departe / and syr bors rode vnto kynge Pelles / that was within Corbyn / And whanne the kynge and Elayne his doughter wist that syr bors was neuewe vnto syr launcelot / they made hym grete chere / Thenne said dame Elayne / we merueyle where sir Launcelot is / for he came neuer here but ones / Meruelle not said sir bors / for this half yere he hath ben in pryson with quene Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster / Allas said dame Elayne that me repenteth / and euer syr bors beheld that child in her armes / and euer hym semed it was passynge lyke sire launcelot / Truly said Elayne

wete ye wel this child he gat vpon me / Thanne sir bors wepte for Ioye / & he praid to god it myȝt

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preue as good a knyghte as his fader was / And soo cam in a whyte douue / and she bare a lytel censer of gold in her mouthe / and there was alle maner of metes and drynkes / and a mayden bare that Sancgreal / and she said openly / wete yow wel syr Bors that this child is Galahalt that shalle sytte in the sege peryllous and encheue the Sancgreal / and he shalle be moche better than euer was sir Launcelot du lake / that is his owne fader / & thenne they kneled doune / & made theyre deuocyons / and there was suche a sauour as alle the spyecery in the world had ben there / And whanne the douue took her flyghte / the mayden vanysshed with the Sancgreal as she cam Syr said sir Bors vnto kynge Pelles / this Castel may be named the castel aduenturous / for here be many straunge aduentures / that is sothe said the kynge / for wel maye this place be called the aduentures place / for there come but fewe knyghtes here that gone aweye with ony worship / be he neuer so strong here he may be preued / and but late sire Gawayne the good knyght gate but lytyl worship here / for I lete yow wete said kynge Pelles / here shalle no knyght wyne no worship / but if he be of worship hym self and of good lyuynge / and that loueth god and dredeth god / and els he geteth no worshyp here be he neuer soo hardy / that is wonderful thyng said syr Bors what ye meane in this Countrey / I wote not / for ye haue many straunge aduentures / and therfor I wyl lye in this Castel this nyghte / ye shalle not doo so said kynge Pelles by my counceyll / for hit is hard and ye escape withoute a shame / I shalle take the aduenture that wille befalle me said syr Bors thenne I counceyle yow said the kynge to be confessid clene / As for that said sire Bors I wille be shryuen with a good wylle / Soo syr Bors was confessyd / and for al wymmen sir Bors was a vyrgyne / sauf for one / that was the doughter of kynge Brangorys / and on her he gat a child that hyghte Elayne / and sauf for her syre Bors was a clene mayden / and soo sir Bors was ledde vnto bed in a fayr large chamber / and many dores were shette aboute the chamber / whan sir Bors aspyed alle tho dores / he auoyded alle the peple / for he myght haue no body with hym / but in no wyse syr Bors wold vnarme hym / but soo he leid hym doune vpon the bedde / and ryght soo

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he sawe come in a lyghte that he myght wel see a spere grete & longe that came streyghte vpon hym poyntelynge / and to syre Bors semed that the hede of the spere brente lyke a tapre / and anon or syr Bors wist / the spere hede smote hym in to the sholder an hand brede in depnesse / and that wound greued syre Bors passynge sore / And thenne he leyd hym doune ageyne for payne / and anone there with alle there came a knyght armed with his shelde on his sholder and his suerd in his hande and he bad sir Bors aryse syr knyȝte and fyghte with me / I am sore hurte he said / but yet I shal not fayle the / And thenne syr Bors starte vp and dressid his shelde / and thenne they lashed to gyders myghtely a grete whyle / and at the laste syr Bors bare hym bakward vntyl that he came vnto a chamber dore / and

there that knyghte yede in to that chamber & rested hym a grete whyle / And whan he hadde reposed hym he came out fresshely ageyne / and beganne newe bataille with sir bors myghtely and strongly

¶ Capitulum Quintum

Thenne sir Bors thought he shold no more goo in to that chamber to reste hym / and soo syr Bors dressyd hym betwixe the knyghte and that chamber dore / and there sir Bors smote hym doune / and thenne that knyght yelded hym What is your name said syr Bors / Syr said he / my name is pedyuere of the streyte marches / Soo syre Bors made hym to swere at whytsonday next comyng to be atte court of kyng arthur / and yelde hym there as a prysoner as an ouercome knyghte by the handes of syr Bors / Soo thus departed syr pedyuere of the straye marches / And thenne syre Bors layd hym doune to reste / and thenne he herd and felt moche noyse in that chamber / and thenne sir Bors aspyed that there came in / he wist not whether at the dores nor wyndowes shot of arowes and of quarels soo thyck that he merueyllled / and many felle vpon hym and hurte hym in the bare places / And thenne syre Bors was ware where came in an hydous lyon / soo sire bors dressid hym vnto the lyon / & anone the lyon berafte hym his sheld & with his suerd syr bors smote of the lyons heed /

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Ryght soo syre Bors forth with all sawe a dragon in the courte passynge horryble / and there semed letters of gold wryten in his forhede / and sir Bors thoughte that the letters made a sygnifycacyon of kyng Arthur / Ryghte soo there came an horryble lybard and an old / and there they foughte longe / & dyd grete batail to gyders / And at the laste the dragon spytted oute of his mouthe as hit had ben an honderd dragons / and lyghtely alle the smal dragons slewe the old dragon and tare hym all to pyeces / Anone with alle there came an old man in to the halle / and he satte hym doune in a fayre chayre / and there semed to be two edders aboute his neck / and thenne the old man had an harp / and there he sange an old songe how Ioseph of Armathye came in to this land / thenne whanne he had songen / the old man bad sir Bors go from thens / for here shall ye haue no mo aduentures / and ful worshypfully haue ye done / and better shalle ye doo here after / And thenne sir Bors semed that there came the whyttest douue with a lytel golden senser in her mouthe / And anone there with alle the t&emacrp;pest ceased and passed that afore was merueyllous to here / Soo was alle that Courte ful of good sauours / Thenne syre Bors sawe four children berynge four fayre tapres / and an old man in the myddes of the children with a senser in hys owne hand / and a spere in his other hand / and that spere was called the spere of vengeance

¶ Capitulum Sextum

Now said that old man to sire Bors goo ye to your cosyn syr Launcelot / and telle hym of this aduenture the whiche had ben most conuenient for hym of al erthely kny3tes / but synne is soo foule in hym / he

may not encheue suche holy dedes / for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyȝtes that euer were in his dayes / and telle thou sir launcelot of alle wordly aduentures he passeth in manhode & prowesse al other But in this spyrytuel mater he shalle haue many his better/ And thenne sir Bors sawe four gentylwymen come by hym pourely bisene / & he sawe where that they entrid in to a chamber where as grete lyȝte as it were a somer lyghte / & the wymen

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kneled doune afore an aulter of syluer with foure pyllowes and as hit had ben a bisshop kneled doune afore that table of syluer / And as sire Bors loked ouer his hede / he sawe a swerd lyke syluer naked houynge ouer his hede / and the clerenes there of smote soo in his eyen that as att that tyme syre Bors was blynde / and there he herd a voys that said go hens thou syre Bors / for as yet thou arte not worthy for to be in this place / and thenne he yede backward to his bedde tyl on the morne / And on the morne kyng Pelles made grete Ioye of sir Bors / and thenne he departed and rode to Camelot / and there he fonde sire launcelot du lake / and told hym of the aduentures that he had sene with kyng Pelles at Corbyn / Soo the noyse sprange in Arthurs Courte that launcelot had gotten a childe vpon Elayne the doughter of Kyng Pelles / wherfor Quene Gueneuer was wrothe / and gafe many rebukes to sir launcelot / and called hym fals knyghte / & thenne sire launcelot told the quene all / & how he was made to lye by her by enchaſement in lykenes of the Quene / Soo the quene helde sir launcelot excused / And as the book saith kyng Arthur had ben in Fraunce / and had made warre vpon the myghty kyng Claudas / and had wonne moche of his landes / And whanne the kyng was come ageyne / he lete crye a grete feest that al lordes & ladyes of al Englonde shold he there / but yf it were suche as were rebellious ageynst hym

¶ Capitulum vij

AND when dame Elayne the doughter of kyng Pelles herd of this feeste / she wente to her fader and requyred hym that he wold gyue her leue to ryde to that feest / The kyng ansuerd I will wel ye go thyder / but in ony wyse as ye loue me / and wile haue my blessing that ye be wel bisene in the rychest wyse / and loke that ye spare not for no cost / aske and ye shalle haue alle that yow nedeth / Thenne by the aduyse of dame Brysen her mayden alle thyng was apparaylled vnto the purpose that there was neuer no lady more rychelyer bysene / So she rode with xx knyȝtes & x ladyes & gentylwymen to þe

leaf 291r

nombre of an honderd horses / And whanne she came to Camelot / kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer sayd and all the knyghtes / that dame Elayne was the fayrest and the best bysene lady that euer was sene in that Courte

¶ And anone as kynge Arthur wyste that she was come / he mette her / and salewed her / and soo dyd the moost party of al the knyghtes of the round table / bothe syr Tristram / sir Bleoberys and syr Gawayne and many moo that I wille not reherce / But whanne syre Launcelot sawe her he was soo ashamed / & that by cause he drewe his swerd on the morne whan he had layne by her / that he wold not salewe her nor speke to her / & yet syre Launcelot thought she was the fayrest woman that euer he sawe in his lyf dayes / But whanne dame Elayn sawe syre Launcelot that wold not speke vnto her / she was so heuy that she wend her herte wold haue to brast / For wete you wel oute of mesure she loued hym / And thenne Elayne sayd vnto her woman dame Brysen the vnkyndenesse of syr Launcelot sleeth me nere /

¶ A pees madame said dame Brysen I wille vndertake that this nyghte he shalle lye with yow / and ye wold hold yow styll / that were me leuer sayd dame Elayne than alle the gold that is aboue the erthe / Lete me dele said dame Brysen /

¶ Soo whanne Elayne was broughte vnto quene Gueneuer eyther made other good chere by countenaunce but nothyng with hertes / But alle men & wymmen spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and of her grete Rychesse / thenne at nyghte the quene commaunded that dame Elayne shold slepe in a chamber / nyghe her chamber and alle vnder one roofe / & soo it was done as the quene commaunded

¶ Thenne the quene sent sor syre Launcelot & badde hym come to her chamber that nyghte / or els I am sure said the Quene / that ye will go to your ladyes bed dame Elayn / by whome ye gat Galahalt / A madame said syr Launcelot neuer saye ye so For that I dyd was ageynste my wille / thenne said the quene loke that ye come to me whan I send for yow / Madame said launcelot I shall not fayle yow but I shall be redy at your commaundement / this bargayn was soone done & made bitwene them / but dame Brysen knewe it by her craftes / & told hit to her lady dame Elayne /

¶ Allas said she how shall I

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doo / lete me dele said dame Brysen / for I shalle brynge hym by the hand euen to your bedde / and he shalle wene that I am Quene Gueneuers messenger

¶ Now wel is me said dame Elayne / for alle the world I loue not soo moche as I doo syr launcelot /

¶ **Capitulum viij**

SOo whanne tyme came that alle folkes were a bedde / Dame Brysen came to syr launcelots beddes syde and said Syre launcelot du lake slepe yow / My lady quene gweneuer lyeth and awayteth vpon yow / O my fayre lady sayd syr launcelot I am redy to goo with yow where ye will haue me / Soo syr launcelot threwe vpon hym a long gowne / and his suerd in his hand / and thenne dame Brysen took hym by the fynger and ledde hym to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne / And thenne she departed and lefte them in bedde to gyders / wete yow wel the lady was gladde and soo was syr launcelot / for he wende that he had had another in his armes /

¶ Now leue we them kyssynge and clyppynge as was kyndely thyng / & now speke we of quene gweneuer that sente one of her wymen vnto syr launcelots bed /

¶ And whan she came there / she fond the bedde colde / and he was away / soo she came to the Quene and told her alle / Allas said the Quene where is that fals knyghte become / Thenne the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte / and thenne she wrythed and weltred as a mad woman / and myght not slepe a four or fyue houres /

¶ Thenne syre launcelot had a condycion that he vsed of customme he wolde clater in his slepe / and speke ofte of his lady Quene Gueneuer / Soo as syr launcelot had waked as longe as hit had pleasyd hym / thenne by course of kynde he slepte / & dame Elayne bothe / And in slepe he talked and clatered as a Iay of the loue that had ben betwixe Quene Gweneuer and hym /

¶ And soo as he talke soo lowde the Quene herde hym there as she laye in her chamber / & when she herde hym soo clater she was nyghe woode and out of her mynde / and for anger and payne wist not what to do /

¶ And

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thenne she coughed soo lowde that syre launcelot awaked and he knewe her hemyng /

¶ And thenne he knewe well that he lay not by the Quene / and there with he lepte out of his bed as he had ben a wood man in his sherte / and the quene mett hym in the floore / and thus she said / fals traytour knyȝt that thow arte / loke thow neuer abyde in my Courte and auoyde my chamber / and not soo hardy thow fals traytour knyȝt that thow arte that euer thow come in my syghte / Allas sayd syr launcelot / and there with he tooke suche an hertely sorowe atte her wordes that he felle doune to the floore in a swoune / And there with alle Quene Gueneuer departed / And whanne syr Launcelot awoke of his swoune / he lepte oute at a bay wyndowe in to a gardyne / and there with thornes he was alle to

cratched in his vysage and his body / and soo he ranne forthe he wyst not whyder / and was wylde wood
as euer was man and soo he ranne two yere / and neuer man myghte haue grace to knowe hym

¶ Capitulum Nonum

NOW torne we vnto Quene Gueneuer and to the fayr lady Elayne that whanne dame Elayn herd the
quene soo to rebuke syr launcelot / and also she sawe how he swouned / and hou he lepte oute at a bay
wyndowe / Thenne she said vnto quene Gueneuer Madame ye are gretely to blame for syr launcelot / for
now haue ye lost hym / for I sawe & herd by his countenaunce that he is mad sor euer / Allas madame ye
doo grete synne / and to your self grete dishonour / for ye haue a lord of your owne / and therfor it is
yours parte to loue hym / for there is no quene in this world / hath suche an other kynge as ye haue / And
yf ye were not myghte haue the loue of my lord syr Launcelot / and cause I haue to loue hym / for he
had my maydenhode / and by hym I haue borne a fayre sone / and his name is Galahalt / and he shalle be
in his tyme the best knyghte of the world /

¶ Dame Elayne said the Quene whanne hit is daye lyght I charge yow and commaunde yow to auoyde
my Courte

leaf 292v

And for the loue ye owe vnto sire launcelot discouer not his counceyllle / for and ye doo / it wille be his
dethe / As for that said dame Elayne I dar vndertake he is marred for euer / and that haue ye made / for
ye nor I are lyke to reioyce hym / for he made the moost pytous grones whanne he lepte oute at yonder
bay wyndowe that euer I herd man make / Allas sayd fayre Elayne / and allas said the Quene Gueneuer /
for now I wote wel / we haue loste hym for euer / So on the morne dame Elayne took her leue to departe
and she wold no lenger abyde / Thenne kynge Arthur brought her on her waye with mo than an honderd
knyghtes thurgh a forest /

¶ And by the way she told sir Bors de ganys alle how hit betyd that same nyghte And how sir launcelot
lepte out att a wyndowe araged oute of his wytte / Allas said syr Bors where is my lord sir launcelot
become / Syr said Elayne I wote nere / Allas said syre bors betwixe yow bothe ye haue destroyed that
good knyghte / As for me said dame Elayne I sayd neuer nor dyd neuer thyng that shold in ony wyse
displease hym / but with the rebuke that Quene Gueneuer gaf hym I sawe hym swoune to the erthe / And
whanne he woke he took his swerd in his hand naked sauf his sherte / and lepte oute at a wyndowe with
the gryslyest grone that euer I herd man make

¶ Now fare wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors / and hold my lord Arthur with a tale as long as ye can / for
I wylle torne ageyne to Quene Gueneuer / and gyue her a hete / and I requyre yow as euer ye wylle haue
my seruyse make good watche and aspye yf euer ye may see my lord sire Launcelot

¶ Truly sayd fayr Elayne I shalle doo alle that I may do for as fayne wold I knowe and wete where he is become as yow or ony of his kynne / or Quene Gueneuer / and cause grete ynough haue I therto as wel as ony other / And wete ye wel said fayre Elayne to sire Bors / I wold lese my lyf for hym / rather than he shold be hurte / but allas I cast me neuer for to see hym / and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer

¶ Madame said dame Brysen the whiche had made the enchauntement before betwix sir launcelot and her / I pray you hertely lete syre Bors departe / and hye hym with al his myȝt

leaf 293r

as fast as he may to seke syre Launcelot / For I warne yow he is clene out of his mynde / and yet he shall be wel holpen / & but my myracle / Thenne wepte dame Elayne / and soo dyd syre Bors de ganys / and soo they departed / and syre bors rode streyghte vnto Quene Gueneuer / and whanne she sawe sir Bors / she wepte as she were wood / Fy on your wepyng said sir Bors de ganys / for ye wepe neuer but whan there is no bote / Allas said sir Bors that euer syr launcelot kynne sawe yow / for now haue ye lost the best knyght of oure blood / and he that was alle oure leder and oure socour / and I dare saye and make it good that all kynges crysten nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylnesse and curtosye with his beaute and his gentylnesse / Allas said sire Bors what shalle we doo that ben of his blood / Allas sayd Ector de marys / Allas said Lyonel

¶ Capitulum x

ANd whanne the Quene herd them saye soo / she felle to the erthe in a dede swoune / and thenne syr Bors took her vp / and dawed her / & whanne she was awaked she kneled afore the thre knyghtes / and helde vp bothe their handes and besoughte them to seke hym / and spare not for noo goodes but that he be founden / for I wote he is oute of his mynde / & sir Bors / syr Ector / and syr Lyonel departed from the quene for they myght not abyde no lenger for sorowe / and thenne the quene sent them tresour ynough for theyr expencys / and so they took their horses and their armour and departed / and thenne they rode from countrey to countrey in forestes and in wyldernes and in wastes / and euer they laid watche bothe att forestes and at alle maner of men as they rode to herken and spere after hym / as he that was a naked man in his sherte with a swerd in his hand /

¶ And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere endlonge and ouerthwarte in many places forestes and wildernes / and oftymes were euylle lodged for his sake / and yett for alle their laboure and sekynghe coude they neuer here word of hym /

¶ And wete yow well

leaf 293v

these thre knyghtes were passynge sory / Thenne at the laste sire Bors and his felawes mette with a knyghte that hyght syr Melyon de Tartare / Now fayre knyȝt said sir Bors / whether be ye away / for they knewe eyther other afore tyme / Sir said Melyon I am in the way toward the courte of kyng Arthur / Thenne we praye yow sayd sire Bors that ye wille telle my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer and alle the felaushyp of the round table that we can not in no wyse here telle where syr launcelot is become /

¶ Thenne sire Melyon departed from them / and sayd that he wold telle the kynge and the quene and alle the felaushyp of the round table as they had desyred hym / Soo whanne sire Melyon came to the Courte of kynge Arthur / he told the kynge and the quene and al the felaushyp of the round table what sir Bors had said of syre Launcelot / Thenne sire Gawayne sire Vwayne / syr Sagamor le desyrus / syr Aglouale / and syre Percyuale de galys tooke vpon them by the grete desyre of kynge Arthur / and in especial by the quene to seke thorou out all Englund walys & Scotland to fynde sire Launcelot / and with hem rode eyghten knyghtes moo to bere them felaushyp / and wete ye wel / they lacked no maner of spendyng / and soo were they thre and twenty knyghtes /

¶ Now torne we to syre Launcelot / and speke we of his care and woo / and what payne he there endured / for cold / hunger and thurste he had plente /

¶ And thus as these noble knyghtes rode to gyders / they by one assente departed / & thenne they rode by two / by thre / and by foure / and by fyue / & euer they assigned where they shold mete / And soo sir Aglouale and syr Percyuale rode to gyders vnto theyr moder that was a quene in tho dayes / And whanne she sawe her two sones / for Ioye she wepte tendyrly / And thenne she sayd / A my dere sones / whanne your fader was slayne / he lefte me iiij sones / of the whiche now be tweyn slayne / And for the dethe of my noble sone syre Lamorak shalle my herte neuer be gladde / And thenne she kneled doune vpon her knees to fore Aglouale and sir Percyuale / and besoughte them to abyde at home with her / A swete moder said syr Percyuale we may not / For we be come kynges blood of bothe partyes / and therfor moder it is our kynde to haunte armes and noble dedes / Allas

leaf 294r

my swete sones thenne she sayd . for your sakes I shalle lese my lykyng and lust / and thenne wynde and weder I maye not endure / what for the dethe of your fader kynge Pellenore that was shamefully slayne by the handes of syr Gawayne / and his broder syre Gaherys / and they slewe hym not manly but

by treason / A my dere sones this is a pyteous complaynte for me of your faders dethe / consyderynge also the dethe of sire Lamorak that of knyȝthode had but fewe felawes / Now my dere sones haue this is your mynde / Thenne there was but wepyng and sobbyng in the Courte whanne they shold departe / and she felle in swounyng in myddes of the Courte /

¶ Capitulum xj

ANd whanne she was awaked / she sente a squyer after them with spendyng ynough / And soo whane the squyer had ouertake them / they wold not suffre hym to ryde with hem / but sente hym home ageyne to comforte theyr moder / prayenge her mekely of her blessyng / And so this squyer was benyghted / and by mysfortune he happend to come to a castel where dwellid a Baroune /

¶ And so whanne the squyer was come in to the castel / the lord asked hym / from whens he came / and whome he serued / my lord sayd the squyer a serue a good knyghte that is called sire Aglouale / the squyer said it to good entente / wenyng vnto hym to haue ben more forborne for syre Aglouals sake / than he had said he had serued the quene Aglouals moder / wel my felawe said the lord of that Castel / for syre Aglouals sake thou shalt haue euyl lodgyng / for sir Aglouale slewe my brodr / and therfor thou shalt dye on party of payement /

¶ And thenne that lord commaunded his men to haue hym aweye and slee hym / and soo they dyd / and soo pulled hym oute of the castel / and there they slewe hym without mercy /

¶ Ryghte so on the morne came sire Aglouale and sire Percyuale rydyng by a chirche where men and wymmen were besy / and beheld the dede squyer / and they thoughte to berye hym / what is there said sir Aglouale / that ye behold soo fast / A good man starte forthe /

leaf 294v

and said / fayre knyghte here lyeth a squyer slayne shamefully this nyght / How was he slayne fayr felawe said sir Aglouale / my fayr syr said the man / the lord of this castel lodged this squyer this nyght / and by cause he said he was seruaunt vnto a good knyghte that is with kynge Arthur / his name is syr Aglouale / therfor the lord commaunded to slee hym / & for this cause is he slayne / Gramercy said syr Aglouale / and ye shalle see his dethe reuenged lyghtely / for I am that same knyght for whome this squyer was slayne / Thenne sir Aglouale called vnto hym syr Percyuale / and badde hym alyghte lyghtely / and soo they alyghte bothe / and betoke theire horses to their men / and soo they yede on foote in to the Castel / And also soone as they were within the castel gate / syre Aglouale badde the porter goo thou vnto thy lord and telle hym / that I am syr Aglouale for whome this squyer was slayne this nyȝt Anone the porter told this to his lord whos name was Godewyn / anone he armed hym / and thenne he came in to the court and said whiche of yow is sir Aglouale / here I am said Aglouale / for what cause

slewest thow this nyghte my moders squyer / I slewe hym said syr Goodewyn by cause of the / For thow slewest my broder syr Gawdelyn / As for thy broder sayd syr Aglouale I auowe hit / I slewe hym / for he was a fals knyghte and a bitrayer of ladyes and of good knyghtes / & for the dethe of my squyer thow shalt dye / I defye the said sir Goodewyn / thenne they lashed to gyders as egerly as hit had ben two lyons / and syr Percyuale he fought with alle the remenaunt that wold fyghte / And within a whyle syr Percyuale had slayne alle that wold withstande hym / For syr percyuale delt soo his strokes that were soo rude that there durste no man abyde hym / And within a whyle sir Aglouale had sir Goodewyn at the erthe / and there he vnlaced his helme / & strake of his hede / and thenne they departed and took theyre horses / and thenne they lete cary the dede squyer vnto a pryory / and there they entered hym /

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd whanne this was done / they rode in to many countreyes euer enquiryng after syr Launcelot / but neuer

leaf 295r

they coude here of hym / and at the laste they came to a Castell that hyghte Cardycan / and there syre Percyuale and sire aglouale were lodged to gyders / and pryuely aboute mydnyȝt sir Percyuale came to agloulals squyer / and sayd aryse & make the redy / for ye and I wylle ryde away secretely / Sir said the squyer / I wold ful fayne ryde with yow where ye wold haue me / but and my lord your broder take me / he wille slee me / as for that care thow not / for shalle be thy waraunt / & soo syr Percyual rode tyl it was after none / and thenne he came vpon a brydge of stone / and there he fond a knyght that was bounden with a chayne faste aboute the wast vnto a pyller of stone / O fayre knyghte said that bounden Knyghte / I requyre the lose me of my boundes / what knyghte are ye sayd syr Percyuale / and for what cause are ye soo bounden / Syre I shalle telle yow said that knyght I am a knyȝte of the table round / and my name is syre Persydes / and thus by aduentur I came this waye / and here I lodged in this castel atte brydge foote / and therin duelleth an vncurtois lady / and by cause she profered me to be her peramour / and I refused her / she sette her men vpon me sodenly or euer I myghte come to my wepen and thus they bonde me / and here I wote wel I shal dye but yf somme man of worship breke my bandes / Be ye of good chere said syr Percyuale / and by cause ye are a knyghte of the round table as wel as I / I trust to god to breke youre bandes / and there with syr Percyuale pulled out his swerd and strake at the chayne with suche a myght that he cutte a two the chayne / and thoru syr Percydes hauberk and hurte hym a lytel / O Ihesu said sir Persides that was a myghty stroke as euer I felt one / for had not the chayne be / ye hadde slayn me / & there with al sire Persydes sawe a knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer he myghte flynge / Beware syr saide syre Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille haue adoo with you Lete hym come said syre Percyuale / and so he mette with that knyghte in myddes of the brydge / and sire percyuale gaf hym suche a buffet that he smote hym quyte from his hors / & ouer a parte of the brydge that had not ben a lytil vessel vnder the brydge / that knyghte had ben drowned / and thē

ne sire percyual tooke the knyghtes hors and made sire percydes to mounte vp

leaf 295v

hym / and soo they rode vnto the castel / and bad the lady delyuer syre Persydes seruaunts / or els he wold slee alle that euer he fonde / and soo for fere she delyuerd them alle / Thenne was syre Percyuale ware of a lady that stode in that toure / A madame sayd syre Percyuale what vse and customme is that in a lady to destroye good knyghtes / but yf they wylle be your peramour / for sothe this is a shameful customme of a lady / And yf I had not a grete mater in my hand / I shold fordoo your euylle custommes / and soo syr Percydes brouȝte syr percyuale vnto his owne castel / and there he made hym grete chere alle that nyghte / And on the morne whanne syr percyuale had herd masse / and broken his fast / he badde syr persydes ryde vnto kynge Arthur / and telle the kynge how that ye mette with me / and telle my broder syre Aglouale how I rescowed yow / and bydde hym seke not after me / for I am in the quest to seke sir launcelot du lake / And though he seke me he shalle not fynde me / and telle hym I wille neuer see hym nor the courte tyl I haue fond syre Launcelot / Also telle sir kay the Seneschal and to syr Mordred that I trust to Ihesu to be of as grete worthynes as eyther of them / for telle them I shal neuer forgete theire mockes and scornes that they did to me that day that I was made knyghte / And telle them I will neuer see the Courte tyl men speke more worship of me than euer men dyd of ony of them bothe / And soo syre percydes departed from syr percyuale / and thenne he rode vnto kyng Arthur / and told there of sire percyuale / And whan sire Aglouale herd hym speke of his broder syr percyuale / he sayd / he departed from me vnkyndely /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SYr sayd syre percydes on my lyf he shalle preue a noble knyghte as ony now is lyuynge / And whanne he sawe sire kay and syr Mordred / syr percydes said thus / My fayre lordes bothe syr percyuale greteth yow wel bothe / and he sente you word by me that he trusteth to god or euer he come to the courte ageyne to be of as grete noblesse as euer were ye bothe and mo men to speke of his noblesse than euer they did

leaf 296r

yow / hit maye wel be sayd syr kay and syre Mordred / but at that tyme whanne he was made knyghte / he was ful vnlyke to preue a good knyght / As for that sayd kynge Arthur / he must nedes preue a good knyghte / for his fader and his bretheren were noble knyghtes / And now wille we tourne vnto syr Percyuale that rode longe / and in a forest he mette a knyghte with a broken shelde and a broken helme / and as soone as eyther sawe other redyly they made them redy to Iuste / and soo hurteled to gyders with

alle the myghte of theyr horses / & they to gyders soo hard that syre Percyuale was smyten to the erthe / and thenne syr Percyuale arose lyghtely / and caste his shelde on his sholder and drewe his swerd / and badde the other knyghte alyghte and doo we bataille vnto the vttermest Wylle ye more sayd that knyghte / and there with he alyghte/ and putte his hors fro hym / and thenne they came to gyders an esy paas / and there they lashed to gyder with noble suerdes / and somtyme they stroke / and somtyme they foyned / and eyther gaf other many grete woundes / Thus they fought nere half a daye / and neuer rested but ryghte lytel / and there was none of them both that had lasse woundes than xv / and they bledde soo moche that it was merueyl they stode on their feete/ But this knyghte that foughte with syre Percyuale was a proued knyghte and a wyse fyghtyng knyghte / and syre percyuale was yonge and stronge not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was / Thenne sir percyuale spake fyrste and sayd syre knyghte hold thy hand a while stille / for we haue foughten for a symple mater and quarel ouer longe / and therfor I requyre the telle me thy name / for I was neuer or this tyme matched / Soo god me help sayd that knyghte / and neuer or this tyme was there neuer knyght that wounded me soo sore/ as thou hast done / and yet haue I foughten in many batails and now shalt thou wete that I am a knyghte of the table round / and my name is syr Ector de marys broder vnto the good knyghte syr launcelot du lake / Allas said syr percyual and my name is syre percyuale de galys that hath maade my quest to seke syr launcelot / and now I am seker that I shall neuer fynyshe my quest / for ye haue slayne me with your handes / It is not soo said sire Ector / for I am slayne by youre

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handes / and maye n lyuote / therfor I requyre yow sayd sire Ector vnto syr Percyuale ryde ye here by to a pryory / & bryng me a preest that I may receyue my saueour / for I may not lyue / And whanne ye come to the courte of Kyng Arthur / telle not my broder sire launcelot how that ye slewe me / For thenne he wold be your mortal enemy / But ye may say that I was slayne in my quest as I soughte hym / Allas said sire Percyuale ye saye that thyng that neuer wille be / for I am soo faynte for bledyng that maye vnnethe stande / how shold I thenne take my hors /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Thenne they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure / this wille not auayle said sire Percyuale / And thenne he kneled doune and made his prayer deuoutely vnto al myghty Ihesu / for he was one of the best knyghtes of the world that at that tyme was / in whome the veray feythe stode moost in

¶ Ryght soo there came by / the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetnes and sauour / but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel / but syre Percyuale hadde a glemerynge of the vessel and of the mayden that bare hit / for he was a parfyte clene mayden / and forth with al they bothe were as hole of hyde and lymme as euer they were in their lyf dayes / thenne they gaf thankynges to god with grete myldenesse / O Ihesu said syr Percyuale what maye this meane / that we be thus heled / and ryghte now we were at the poynt of dyenge / I wote ful wel said sire Ector what it is / It is an holy

vessel that is borne by a mayden / and therin is parte of the hooly blood of oure lord Ihesu crist blessid mote he be but it may not be sene said syr Ector / but yf hit be by a parfyte man / Soo god me help said syr Percyuale I sawe a damoyssel as me thoughte alle in whyte with a vessel in both her handes / and forth with al I was hole / Soo thenne they toke their horses and their harneis and amended their harneis as wel as they myghte that was broken / and soo they mounted vpon theyr horses / and rode talkynge to gyders / And there sir Ector de marys told sire Percyuale how he hadde foughte his

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broder syr launcelot longe / and neuer coude here wetyng of hym / in many straunge aduentures haue I ben in this queste And soo eyther told other of their aduentures /

¶ Here endeth the enleuenth booke /

¶ And here foloweth the twelfth boook

[Book Twelve]

¶ Capitulum primum /

ANd now leue we of a whyle of syr Ector and of syre Percyuale / and speke we of sir launcelot that suffred and endured many sharp shoures that euer ranne wylde wood from place to place and lyued by fruyt / and suche as he myght gete / and dranke water two yere / and other clothyng had he but lytel / but his sherte and his breche /

¶ Thus as sir launcelot wandred here and there / he came in a fayre medowe where he fond a paelione / and there by vpon a tree there henge a whyte shelde / and two swerdes henge there by and two speres lened there by a tree /

¶ And whanne syr launcelot sawe the swerdes / anone he lepte to the one swerd and tooke hit in his hand and drewe hit oute / And thenne he lashed at the sheld that alle the medowe range of the dyntes / that he gaf suche a noyse as ten knyghtes had foughten to gyders / Thenne came forthe a dwerf and lepte vnto syr launcelot / and wold haue had the suerd oute of his hand / and thenne syre launcelot took hym by the bothe sholders and threwe hym to the ground vpon his neck that he had al moost broken his neck / and there with alle the dwerf cryed helpe / Thenne came forth a lykely knyghte and wel apparaylled in scarlet furred with myneuer / And anone as he sawe syr launcelot / he demed that he shold be oute of his wytte / And thenne he said with fayre speche good man leye doune that swerd / for as me semeth / thou haddest more nede of slepe and of warme clothes / than to welde that swerd / As for that said syr Launcelot come not to nyȝ for and thou doo wete thou wel I will slee the / And when

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the knyghte of the pauelione sawe that he starte bakward within the pauelione / And thenne the dwerf armed hym lyghtely and soo the knyghte thought by force and myghte to take the swerd from syr launcelot / and soo he came steppynge oute / and whanne syr launcelot sawe hym come so alle armed with hys swerd in his hand / Thenne sire launcelot flewe to hym with suche a myghte and hytte hym vpon the helme suche a buffet / that the stroke troubled his braynes / and there with the suerd brak in thre / And the knyght felle to the erthe as he hadde ben dede / the blood brastyng oute of his mouthe / the nose / and the eres / And thenne syr launcelot ranne in to the pauelione and rasshed euen in to the warme bedde / and there was a lady in that bedde / and she gat her smock / and ranne oute of the pauelione / And whanne she sawe her lord lye at the ground lyke to be dede / thenne she cryed and wepte as she had ben madde / Thenne with her noyse the knyghte awaked oute of his swoun and loked vp wekely with his eyen / and thenne he asked her where was that madde man that had gyuen hym suche a buffet / for suche a buffet had I neuer of mans hand / Sir sayd the dwerf it is not worship to hurte hym for he is a man oute of his wytte / and doubte ye not he hath ben a man of grete worship / and for somme hertely sorow that he hath taken he is fallen madde / and me besemeth said the dwerfe he resembleth moche vnto sir Launcelot / for hym I sawe at the grete turnement besyde Loneȝep / Ihesu defende said that knyghte that euer that noble knyght syre Launcelot shold be in suche a plyte / but what someuer he be said that knyghte / harme wille I none doo hym / and this knyghtes name was Blyaunt / Thenne he said vnto dwerf / goo thow fast on horsbak vnto my broder syr Selyuaunt / that is at the Castel blank / & telle hym of myn aduenture / and bydde hym brynge with hym an hors lytter / and thenne wille we bere this knyghte vnto my Castel /

¶ Capitulum ij

SOo the dwerf rode fast / and he came ageyne / and broughte syr Selyuaunt with hym / and syxe men with

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an hors lytter / and soo they took vp the fether bedde with syre launcelot / and soo caryed alle away with hem vnto the Castel Blank / and he neuer awaked tyl he was within the Castel / And thenne they bounde his handes & his feet / and gafe hym good metes and good drynkes / and broughte hym ageyne to his strengthe and his fayrenesse / but in his wytte they coude not brynge hym ageyn / nor to knowe hym self / Thus was syr launcelot there more than a yere and a half honestly arayed and fayre farne with alle /

Thenne vpon a day this Lord of that Castel syr Blyaunt took his armes on horsbak with a spere to seke aduentures / And as he rode in a forest ther met hym two knyghtes aduenturous / the one was Breuse saunce pyte / and his broder syr Bertelot / & these two ranne both attones vpon syr Blyaunt / and brake their speres vpon his body And thenne they drewe oute swerdes & made grete bataill / & fought long to gyders / But at the last syr Blyaunt was sore wounded / and felte hym self faynte / and thenne he fled on horsbak toward his castel / And as they cam hurlyng vnder the Castel where as sir launcelot lay in wyndowe / & sawe how two knyghtes layd vpon syr Blyaunt with their swerdes / And whanne sir launcelot sawe that yet as woode as he was he was sory for his lord syr Blyaunt / And thenne sir launcelot brake the chaynes fro his legges and of his armes / & in the brekyng he hurte his handes sore / & so sir launcelot ran out at a posterne / and there he mett with the two knyghtes that chaced sir Blyaunt / & there he pulled doun sir Bertelot with his bare handes from his hors / & there with all he wrothe hys suerd out of his hand / & so he lepte vnto syr Bruse / & gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the hede that he tumbled bakward ouer his hors croupe / And whan sir Bertelot sawe there his broder haue suche a falle / he gat a spere in his hand / & wold haue ronne syr launcelot thurgh / that sawe sir Blyaunt / and strake of the hand of syr Bertelot / And thenne syr bruse and sir bertelot gat theyr horses and fled away / whan syre Selyuaunt came and sawe what syr launcelot had done for his brother / thenne he thanked god and so dyd his broder that euer they dyd hym ony good

¶ But whanne sire blyaunt sawe that syr launcelot was hurte with the brekyng

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of his yrons / therefore was he heuy that euer bound hym / bynde hym no more said syr Selyuaunt / for he is happy & gracyous Thenne they made grete Ioye of syr launcelot / and they bound hym no more / & soo he abode there an half yere and more / and on the morne erly syr launcelot was ware where came a grete bore with many houndes nyghe hym / But the bore was so byg ther myghte no houndes tere hym / and the hunters came after blowyng their hornes bothe vpon horsbak & some vpon foote / & thenne sir launcelot was ware where one alyght and teyed his hors to a tree . and lened his spere ageynste the tree /

¶ Capitulum iij

SOo came syr launcelot and fonde the hors bounden tyl a tree / & a spere lenyng ageynst a tree / & a swerd teyed to the sadel bowe / & thenne sir launcelot lepte in to the sadel & gat that spere in his hand / & thenne he rode after the bore / & thenne syre launcelot was ware where the bore set his ars to a tree by an hermytage / Thenne sir launcelot ranne atte bore with his spere / & ther with the bore torned hym nemly / & rafe out the longes & the hert of the hors so that launcelot felle to the erthe / & or euer sire launcelot myght gete from the hors / the bore rafe hym on the brawne of the thyſ vp to the houghbone / and thenne sir launcelot was wrothe / & vp he gat vpon his feet / & drewe his swerd / & he

smote of the bores hede at one stroke / & there with all came out the heremyte / & sawe hym haue suche a wound / thenne the heremyte came to sir launcelot and bemoned hym / and wold haue had hym home vnto his hermytage / but whan syr launcelot herd hym speke / he was so wroth with his wound that he ranne vpon the heremyte to haue slayne hym / & the heremyte ranne away / & whan sir launcelot myght not ouer gete hym / he threwe his swerd after hym / for syr launcelot myght tho no ferther for bledyng / thenne the heremyte torned ageyn / & asked sir launcelot how he was hurte / Felawe said sir launcelot this bore hath bete me sore / Thenne come with me said the heremyte and I shalle hele yow / Goo thy wey said sir launcelot and dele not with me / Thenne the heremyte ranne his way / and there he mette with a good knyghte

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with many men / Sir said the heremyte / here is fast by my place the goodlyest man that euer I sawe / and he is sore wounded with a bore / & yet he hath slayne the bore / But wel I wote sayd the heremyte and he be not holpen that goodly man shall dye of that wounde / and that were grete pyte / Thenne that knyghte atte desyre of the heremyte gat a carte / and in that carte that knyghte putte the bore and sir launcelot / for sir launcelot was soo feble that they myghte ryght easily deale wyth hym / and soo syr launcelot was broughte vnto the hermytage and there the heremyte heled hym of his wound / But the heremyte myghte not fynde syr launcelots sustenaunce / and so he enpayred and waxed feble bothe of his body and of his wyt for the defaute of his sustenaunce / he waxed more wooder than he was afore hand / And thenne vpon a day syr launcelot ran his waye in to the forest / and by aduenture he came to the cyte of Corbyn where dame Elayne was that bare Galahalt syr Launcelots sone / and soo whan he was entryd in to the toun he ranne thurgh the Towne to the Castel / and thenne alle the yonge men of that Cyte ranne after sir Launcelot / and there they threwe turues at hym / and gaf hym many sadde strokes / And euer as syre launcelot myghte ouer retche ony of them / he threwe them soo that they wold neuer come in his handes no more / for of some he brake the legges & the armes / & so fledde in to the Castel / and thenne came oute knyghtes and squyers and rescowed syr launcelot / And whan they beheld hym / & loked vpon his person / they thought they sawe neuer so goodly a man / And whan they sawe so many woundes vpon hym alle they demed that he had ben a man of worship / And thenne they ordeyned hym clothes to his body / and strawe vnderneath hym / and a lytel hous / And thenne euery day they wold throwe hym mete / and sette hym drynke / but there was but fewe wold brynge hym mete to his handes

¶ Capitulum iiij

SO it befelle that kynge Pelles had a neuewe / his name was Castor / and so he desyred of the kyng to be made knyghte / & so atte request of this Castor the kynge

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made hym knyghte at the feest of Candelmasse / And whanne syr Castor was made knyghte / that same day he gaf many gownes / And thenne sir Castor sente for the foole that was syr Launcelot / And when he was come afore syr Castor / he gaf sir Launcelot a Robe of scarlet and alle that longed vnto hym / And whanne syr launcelot was soo arayed lyke a knyghte he was the semelyest man in alle the Courte / and none so wel made / Soo whanne he sawe his tyme / he went in to the gardyn And there syre launcelot leid hym doune by a welle & slepte And soo at after none dame Elayne and her maydens came in to the gardyn to playe them / and as they romed vp & doun one of dame Elayns maydens aspyed where laye a goodely man by the welle slepyng / and anone shewed hym to dame Elayne / Pees said dame Elayne / and saye no word / & thenne she broughte dame Elayne where he laye / And whan that she beheld hym / anone she felle in remembraunce of hym / and knewe hym veryly for syr launcelot / and there with alle she felle on wepyng soo hertely / that she sanke euen to the erthe / & whanne she had thus wepte a grete whyle / thenne she aroos & called her maydens and said she was seke / And so she yede out of the gardyn / & she wente streyghte to her fader / & there she toke hym a parte by her self / and thenne she said O fader now haue I nede of your help / and but yf that ye helpe me / fare wel my good dayes for euer / What is that doughter said kyng Pelles / Sir she said thus is it in your gardyn / I went for to sporte / and there by the welle I fonde syr Launcelot du lake slepyng / I may not bileue that said kyng Pelles / syre she said truly he is there / & me semeth he shold be distracte oute of his witte / thenne hold yow stille said the kyng & lete me dele Thenne the kyng called to hym suche as he most trusted a / iiij / persons & dame Elayn his douȝter / and whan they cam to the welle and beheld syr launcelot / anone dame Brysen knewe hym / Sire saide dame Brysen we muste be wyse how we dele with hym / for this knyghte is oute of his mynde / & yf we awake hym rudely / what he wil doo we al knowe not / But ye shal abyde / and I shalle throwe suche an enchauntement vpon hym / that he shal not awake within the space of an houre / & so she dyd

¶ Thenne within a lytel whyle after the

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kyng commaunded that all peple shold auoyde that none shold be in that way there as the kyng wold come / & soo whan this was done / these four men and these ladyes layd hand on syr launcelot / and soo they bare hym in to a Toure / and soo in to a chamber where was the holy vessel of the Sancgreal / and by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy vessel / and there came an holy man and vnhyllid that vessel / and soo by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessel syr launcelot was heled and recouerd / And whanne that he was awaked / he groned and syghed and complayned gretely / that he was passynge sore

¶ Capitulum v

ANd whanne sir launcelot sawe kynge Pelles & Elayne / he waxed ashamed and said thus / O lord Ihesu how came I here / for goddes sake my lord lete me wete how that I came here / Sir said dame Elayne in to thys Countrey ye cam lyke a madde man clene oute of your wytte And here haue ye ben kepte as a foole / and no creature here knewe what ye were vntyl by fortune a mayden of myn broughte me vnto yow where as ye lay slepyng by a welle / and anone as I veryly beheld yow / I knewe yow / And thenne I told my fader / and so were ye broughte asore this holy vessel And by the vertu of it thus were ye helyd / O Ihesu mercy said sire launcelot yf this be sothe / how many there be that knowen of my woodenes / Soo god me help sayd Elayne no mo but my fader and I and dame Brysen / Now for Crystes loue said sir Launcelot kepe hit in counceyll / and lete noo man knowe hit in the world / for I am sore ashamed that I haue ben thus myscaryed / for I am bannysshed oute of the Countrey of Logrys for euer that is to for to saye the countrey of Englund/ And soo syr Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyghte or euer that he myghte stere for sorenes / And thenne vpon a day he sayd vnto dame Elayne these wordes / lady Elayne for your sake I haue had moche trauaill care and anguysshe / it nedeth not to reherse hit / ye knowe how / Not withstandyng I knowe wel I haue done foule to yow whan that I drewe my swerd to you to haue slayn you vpon the morn whan I had layn with yow And alle was the cause that ye & dame Brysen made me for

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to lye by yow maulgre myn hede / and as ye saye that nyghte Galahalt your sone was begoten / that is trouthe sayd dame Elayne /

¶ Now wille ye for my loue said sire launcelot goo vnto your fader and gete me a place of hym wherin I maye dwelle / For in the Courte of kynge Arthur maye I neuer come / Syr said dame Elayne I will lyue and dye with yow / and only for your sake / and yf my lyf myghte not auaile you and my dethe myghte auaile yow / wete you wel I wold dye for your sake / and I wille go to my fader / and I am sure/ there is no thyng that I can desyre of hym but I shalle haue hit / And where ye be my lord syr Launcelot doubte ye not but I wille be with yow with alle the seruyse that I may do Soo forth with alle she wente to her fader / and said syre / my lord syr launcelot desyreth to be here by yow in some Castel of yours / wel doughter said the kynge sythe hit his desyre to abyde in these marches he shalle be in the Castel of Blyaunt / and there shalle ye be with hym and twenty of the fayrest ladyes that ben in this countrey / and they shalle alle be of the grete blood / and ye shalle haue ten knyghtes with yow / For doughter I wille that ye wete we alle ben honoured by the blood of sire launcelot

¶ Capitulum vj

THenne wente dame Elayne vnto syr Launcelot & told hym alle how her fader had deuysed for hym and

her/ Thenne cam the knyȝt syr Castor that was neuewe vnto kyng Pelles vnto syr launcelot & asked hym what was his name Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheualer malfet that is to say the knyȝt that hath trespaced / Sir said sir Castor it may wel be so / but euer me semeth your name shold be syr launcelot du lake / for or now I haue sene yow / sir said launcelot ye are not as a gentyl knyȝt / I put caas my name were syr launcelot/ & that it lyste me not to discouer my name / what shold it greue you here to kepe my counceyl / & ye not hurte ther by / but wete thou wel & euer it lye in my power I shal greue yow & that I promyse you truly / Thenne sir Castor kneled doune and besouȝt sir launcelot of mercy / for I shal neuer vtter what ye be whyle ye be in these partyes / thenne sire launcelot pardoned hym /

¶ And thenne after this kynge Pelles with

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x knyghtes / and dame Elayne / and twenty ladyes rode vnto the Castel of Blyaunt that stood in an Iland beclosed in yron with a fayr water depe and large /

¶ And whanne they were there / syr launcelot lete calle hit the Ioyous yle / & there was he called none other wyse / but Le cheualer malfet the knyghte that hath trespaced / Thenne sire Launcelot lete make hym a shelde alle of Sabel / and a quene crowned in the myddes alle of syluer / & a knyghte clene armed knelyng afore her and euery day ones for ony myrthes that alle the ladyes myȝt make hym / he wold ones euery day loke toward the realme of Logrys / where kynge Arthur and Quene Gueneuer was And thenne wold he falle vpon a wepyng as his hert shold to braste / Soo hit felle that tyme syr launcelot herd of a Iustyng fast by his Castel within thre legthes thenne he called vnto hym a dwerf and he badde hym goo vnto that Iustyng / and or euer the knyghtes departe loke thow make there a crye in herynge of alle knyghtes / that there is one knyghte in the Ioyous yle that is the Castel of Blyaunt / and saye his name is le cheualer malfet that wille Iuste ageynste knyghtes that wille come / And who that putteth that knyghte to the werse / shalle haue a fayr mayde and a Ierfaucoun /

Capitulum Septimum /

SOo whanne this crye was made / vnto Ioyous yle drewe knyghtes to the number of fyue honderd / and wete ye wel there was neuer sene in Arthurs dayes one knyght that dyd soo moche dedes of armes as syre launcelot dyd thre dayes to gyders / For as the booke maketh truly mencyon / he had the better of all the fyue honderd knyghtes / and ther was not one slayne of them / And after that syr launcelot maade them alle a grete feest / and in the meane whyle came syr Percyual de galys & syr Ector de marys vnder that Castel / that was called the Ioyous yle / And as they beheld that gay castel / they wold haue gone to that Castel / but they myghte not for the brode water / and brydge coude they fynde none / Thenne they sawe on the other syde a lady with a sperhawk on her hād

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and sir Percyual called vnto her / and asked that lady who was in that Castel / Fair knyghtes she said / here within thys castel is the fayrest lady in this land / and her name is Elayne / Also we haue in this Castel the fayrest knyghte and the myghtyest man that is I dar saye lyuyng / and he called hym self le cheualer mal fett / how came he in to these marches sayd syr Percyuale / Truly said the damoyssel / he came in to this countrey lyke a madde man with dogges and boyes chacyng hym thorou the Cyte of Corbyn / and by the holy vessel of the Sanke greal he was broughte in to his wytte ageyne / but he wil not doo batail with noo knyghte / but by vndorne or by none / And yf ye lyst to come in to the castel sayd the lady ye muste ryde vnto the ferther syde of the castel / and there shalle ye fynde a vessel that wille bere yow and your hors / Thenne they departed / and came vnto the vessel / And thenne syre Percyual alyghte / and sayd to sire Ector de marys / ye shalle abyde me here vntyl that I wete what maner a knyghte he is / For it were shame vnto vs in as moche as he is but one knyghte / & we shold both doo batail with hym / doo ye as ye lyst said sire Ector / and here I shalle abyde yow vntyl that I here of yow Thenne passed sire Percyuale the water / And whanne he cam to the Castel gate / he bad the porter goo thow to the good knyghte within the Castel / and telle hym / here is comen an erraunt knyghte to Iuste with hym / Sir said the porter ryde ye within the Castel / and there is a comyn place for Iustynge that lordes and ladyes maye behold yow / So anone as syr launcelot had warnynge / he was soone redy / and there syr Percyual and sir launcelot encountred with suche a myghte / and their speres were soo rude that both the horses and the knyghtes felle to the erthe / Thenne they auoyded their horses / and flange oute noble swerdes / & hewe away cantels of their sheldes / & hurtled to gyder with their sheldes lyke two bores / and eyther wounded other passynge sore / At the last syr Percyual spake fyrst whanne they had foughten there more than two houres / Fair knyghte said syre Percyuale I requyre the telle me thy name for I mette neuer with suche a knyghte / Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet / Now telle me youre name saide syre Launcelot I requyre yow gentyl knyghte

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Truly said sire Percyual my name is syr Percyual de galis that was broder vnto the good knyghte syre Lamorak de galys / and kynge Pellenore was oure fader / and syre Agloul is my broder / Allas said sire launcelot what haue I done to fyghte with yow that art a knyghte of the table round / that somtyme was your felawe

¶ Capitulum viij

AND there with alle syre launcelot kneled doune vpon his knees and threwe away his sheld and his suerd from hym / Whanne sire Percyual sawe hym doo so / he merueyled what he mened / And thenne thus he

said / syre knyghte what someuer thow be / I requyre the vpon the hyghe ordre of knyghthode telle me thy true name / Thenne he said so god me help my name is syre launcelot du lake kynge Bans sone of Benoy / Allas said syr Percyual what haue I done I was sente by the Quene for to seke yow / and soo I haue soughte yow nygh this two yere / and yonder is syre Ector de marys your broder abydeth me on the other syde of the yonder water/ Now for goddes sake said sire Percyual forgyue me myn offencys that I haue here done / hit is soone forgyuen said syre launcelot / Thenne syre Percyual sente for svr Ector de marys And whanne syr launcelot had a syghte of hym / he ranne vnto hym and took hym in his armes / and thēne syr Ector kneled doune / and eyther wepte vpon other that all had pyte to beholde them / Thenne came dame Elayne / and she there maade them grete chere as myghte lye in her power / and there she told syr Ector and syr Percyual how and in what manere sir launcelot came in to that countrey / And how he was heled / and there hit was knowen how longe syr launcelot was with syre Blyaunt and with syr Selyuaunt / and how he fyrste mette with them / and how he departed from them by cause of a bore / and how the heremyte heled syre launcelot of his grete woūd and how that he came to Corbyn /

¶ Capitulum ix

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leav 302v

NOW leue we sire launcelot in the Ioyous yle with the lady dame Elayne and syr Percyual and sir Ector playenge with hem / and torne we to syr Bors de ganys and sire Lyonel that had soughte sire launcelot nygh by the space of two yere / and neuer coude they here of hym / & as they thus rode / by aduenture they cam to the hous of Brandegore / and there syr Bors was wel knowen / for he had gotten a child vpon the kynges doughter fyten yere to forne / & his name was Helyn le blank / And whanne syre Bors sawe that child hit lyked hym passyng wel / And so tho knyghtes had good chere of the kynge Brandegore /

¶ And on the morne syre Bors came afore kynge Brandegore and said Here is my sone Helyn le blanck / that as it is sayd he is my sone / and sythe hit is soo / I wille that ye wete that I wil haue hym with me vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / Sir sayd the kynge / ye maye wel take hym with you / but he is ouer tender of age / As for that sayd syre Bors I wille haue hym with me / and brynge hym to the hows of most worship of the world / Soo whanne syre Bors shold departe / there was made grete sorowe for the departyng of Helyn le blanck / and grete wepyng was there made / But sire Bors and syre Lyonel departed / And within a whyle they came to Camelot / where was kynge Arthur / And whanne kynge Arthur vnderstood that Helyn le blank was kynge Bors sone / and neuewe vnto kynge Brandegore / Thenne kynge Arthur lete hym make knyghte of the round table / and soo he preued a good knyght / and an aduenturous /

¶ Now wille we torne to our mater of sire launcelot / Hit befelle vpon a day syr Ector and syr Percyual cam to syr Launcelot and asked hym what he wold doo / and whether he wold goo with them vnto kynge

Arthur or not / Nay sayd syr Launcelot that may not be by no meane / for I was so venetreted at the Courte that I cast me neuer to come there more / Sir said syr Ector I am youre broder and ye are the man in the world that I loue moost / And yf I vnderstode that it were your disworship / ye may vnderstande I neuer counceyle yow ther to / but kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes / and in especial Quene Gueneuer maade suche dole and sorowe that hit was merueyle to here and see

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And ye muste remembre the grete worship and renoume that ye be of / how that ye haue ben more spoken of than any other knyghte that is now lyuyng / for there is none that bereth the name now but ye and syr Tristram / therefore broder sayd syre Ector make yow redy to ryde to the Courte with vs / and I dar say / there was neuer knyghte better welcome to the court than ye / and I wote wel and can make it good said syr Ector it hath coste my lady Quene twenty thowsand pound the sekyng of yow / wel broder said sire launcelot I wil doo after your counceil and ryde with yow / Soo thenne they took their horses and made them redy and took their leue at kyng Pelles and at dame Elayne / And whanne syre launcelot shold departe / dame Elayne made grete sorowe / My lord syr Launcelot said dame Elayne at this same feest of Pentecost shall your sone and myn Galahalt be made knyghte / for he is fully now xv wynter old / doo as ye lyst said sir Launcelot / god gyue hym grace to preue a good knyghte / As for that sayd dame Elayne I doubte not he shal preue the best man of his kyn excepte one / thenne shalle he be a man good ynough said syre launcelot /

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne they departed / and within fyue dayes Iourney they came to Camelot / that is called in Englyssh wynchester / And whanne syre launcelot was come among them / the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete Ioye of hym And there syre Percyual de galys and sire Ector de marys beganne and told the hole aduentures that syre launcelot had ben oute of his mynde the tyme of his absence / and how he called hym self le cheueler malefet / the knyght that had trespased And in thre dayes sir launcelot smote down fyue honderd knyghtes / And euer as sire Ector and sire Percyual told these tales of syre launcelot quene Gueneuer wepte as she shold haue dyed / Thenne the quene made grete chere / O Ihesu sayd kynge Arthur I merueyle for what cause ye syre launcelot wente out of your mynde / I and many other deme it was for the loue of fayre Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles / by

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whome ye ar noysed that ye haue gotten a child / & his name is Galahalt / and men saye / he shalle doo

merueylles / My lord sayd syr launcelot yf I dyd ony foly / I haue that I fouȝt and there with alle the kynge spak no more / But all sire launcelots kynne knewe for whome he wente oute of his mynde/ And thenne there were grete feestes made and grete Ioye / & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herd that sir launcelot was come to the Courte ageyne they made grete ioye

¶ Capitulum xj

NOW wille we leue of this mater and speke we of sire Tristram / and of syr Palomydes that was the Sarasyn vncrystened / whanne syr Tristram was come home vnto Ioyous gard from his aduentures / Alle this whyle that syr launcelot was thus myst two yere and more / syre Tristram bare the renomme thurgh alle the realme of Logrys and many straunge aduentures befelle hym and ful wel and manly and worshipfully he broughte hem to an ende /

¶ So whanne he was come home la Beale Isoud told hym of the grete feest that shold be at Pentecost next folowyng / and there she told hym how sir launcelot had ben myst two yere / and al that whyle he had ben oute of his mynde / and how he was holpen by the holy vessel the Sancgreal / Allas said syr Tristram that caused some debate betwixe hym and Quene Gueneuer / Syr said dame Isoud I knowe hit all / for quene Gweneuer sente me a letter in the whiche she wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre yow to seke hym / and now blessid be god said la Beale Isoud he is hole and sound and come ageyne to the Courte / therof am I glad said syr Tristram and now shal ye and I make vs redy / for both ye and I wille be atte feest Sir said Isoud and hit please yow I wille not be there / for thorough me ye be marked of many good knyghtes / and that caused yow to haue moche more labour for my sake than nedeth yow / Thenne wille I not be there said syr Tristram / but yf ye be there / god defende said la beale Isoud / for thenne shal I be spoken of shame amonge alle Quenes and ladyes

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of estate / for ye that ar called one of the noblest knyghtes of the world / and ye a knyghte of the round table / how maye ye be myst at that feest / what shalle be said amonge all knyghtes See how sire Tristram hunteth and hawketh & coureth within a Castel with his lady / and forsaketh your worshyp / Allas shalle some say hit is pyte that euer he was made knyght or that euer he shold haue the loue of a lady / Also what shal Quenes and ladyes saye of me / hit is pyte that I haue my lyf that I wille holde soo noble a knyghte as ye ar from his worship / Soo god me help said syre Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud / hit is passynge wel sayd of yow and nobly counceyled / and now I well vnderstande that ye loue me / and lyke as ye haue counceyled me I wille doo a parte there after / But there shalle no man nor childe ryde with me / but my self And soo wille I ryde on teweday next comyng and no more harneis of werre but my spere and my suerd /

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd soo whanne the daye came / syre Tristram toke his leue at la Beale Isoud / and she sente with hym /
iiij knyghtes / and within half a myle he sente them ageyne / and within a myle after sir Tristram sawe
afore hym where sir palomydes had stryken doune a knyghte / and al moost wounded hym to the dethe /
Thenne syr Tristram repentyd hym / that he was not armed / and thenne he houed style / with that sir
palomydes knewe syr Tristram and cryed on hygh / syr Tristram now be we mette / for or we departe /
we wille redresse our old sores / As for that said sir Tristram there was yet neuer cristen man myghte
make his boost that euer I fledde from hym / and wete ye wel syr Palomydes thow that arte a saresyn
shal neuer make thy boost that syr Tristram de lyones shall flee from the / And there with syr Tristram
made his hors to renne / and with all his myghte he came streyghte vpon syr Palomydes / & braste his
spere vpon hym an honderd pyeces / And forth with alle sir Tristram drewe his swerd / And thenne he
torned his hors & stroke at palomydes / vj / grete strokes vpon his helme / & thenne sir Palomydes stode
style / and beheld syre Tristram / &

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merueyled of his woodenes / and of his foly / And thenne sir palomydes sayd to hym self / and sir
Tristram were armed / it were hard to seace hym of this bataille / and yf I torne ageyne and slee hym I
am ashamed where someuer that I goo Thenne syr Tristram spake and said /

¶ Thow coward knyghte what castest thou to doo / why wolt thou not doo bataille with me / for haue
thow noo doubte I shalle endure alle the malyce / A syr Tristram said Palomydes ful wel thou wotest I
maye not fyghte with the for shame / for thou arte here naked and I am armed / And yf I slee the /
dishonour shal be myn / and wel thou wotest said syr Palomydes to sir Tristram I knowe thy strengthe
and thy hardynesse to endure ageynst a good knyghte / that is trouthe said syr Tristram I vnderstande
they valyauntnesse wel / ye saye wel said syr Palomydes / Now I requyre yow telle me a question that I
shalle saye to yow / Telle me what hit is said syr Tristram / and I shalle ansuer yow the trouthe as god
me helpe / I putte caas said sir Palomydes that ye were armed at al ryȝtes as wel as I am / and I naked as
ye be what wold ye doo to me now by your true knyghthode / A said syr Tristram now I vnderstande the
wel syr Palomydes / for now must I say myn own Iugement / and as god me blysse that I shalle say / shal
not be said for no fere that I haue of the / But this is all wete sir Palomydes / as at this tyme thou sholdest
departe from me / for I wold not haue adoo with the / no more wil I said palomydes / & therfor ryde
forth an thy way / as for that I maye chese said sir Tristram outhere to ryde or to abyde / but sir
Palomydes said sir Tristram I merueille of one thyng that thou that art soo good a knyghte that thou
wolt not be crystened / & thy broder syr Safere hath ben Crystened many a daye

¶ Capitulum xiiij

AS for that said sire Palomydes I may not yet be cristened / for one auowe that I haue made many yeres

agone / how be it in my herte I bileue in Ihesu crist & his mylde moder mary / but I haue one batail to do / & when that is done I wil be baptysed with a good wille

¶ By my hede sayd Tristram as for one bataille thou shat not

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seke it no lenger / For god defende said sir Tristram that thurȝ my defaute thou sholdest lenger lyue thus a sarasyn / for yonder is a knyghte that ye syre Palomydes haue hurte & smyten doune / Now helpe me that I were armed in his armour / and I shalle soone fulfyll thyne auowes / As ye wille said palomydes soo it shalle be / Soo they rode bothe vnto that knyghte that satte vpon a bank / and thenne sir Tristram salewed hym and he wekely salewed hym ageyne / Sir knyȝt said sir Tristram I requyre yow telle me your ryghte name / Sir he sayd my name is syr Galleron of Galway and knyghte of the table round / Soo god me help said sir Tristram I am ryghte heuy of your hurtes / but his is alle I must praye yow to lene me alle your hole armour / for ye see I am vnarmed / and I must doo batail with this knyght / syr said the hurte knyghte ye shalle haue hit with a good will / but ye muste beware for I warne yow that knyghte is wyghte / Syr sayd Galeron I praye yow telle me your name / and what is that knyghtes name þ^t hath beten me / Sir as for my name it is sir Tristram de lyones / and as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is syr Palomydes broder to the good knyghte syre Safere / & yet is syr Palomydes vncrystened / Allas said syr Galleron/ that is pyte that soo good a knyghte and soo noble a man of armes shold be vncrystened / Soo god me help said sir Tristram outhur he shalle slee me or I hym / but that he shalle be crystened / or euer we departe in sonder / My lord syr Tristram said sir Galeron / your renoume and worship is wel knowen thorou many reames / and god saue yow this day from senshyp and shame / Thenne syr Tristram vnarmed Galeron / the whiche was a noble knyghte / and had done many dedes of armes / and he was a large knyghte of flesshe and boone / And whan he was vnarmed he stood vpon his feet / for he was brysed in the bak with a spere / yet soo as syr Galleron myghte he armed syr Tristram / And thenne syr Tristram mounted vpon his owne hors and in his hand he gat syr Gallerons spere / and there with al syr palomydes was redy / & soo they came hurtlynge to gyders / and eyther smote other in myddes of theyr sheldes / & there with al sir Palomydes spere brak / and syre Tristram smote doune the hors / and sir Palomydes as soone

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as he myghte auoyde his hors / & dressid his sheld / & pulled oute his swerd / that sawe sir Tristram / & there with al he alyght and teyed his hors tyl a tree

¶ **Capitulum xiiij**

ANd thenne they came to gyders as two wyld bores / lasshyng to gyders tracyng and trauercyng as noble men / that ofte had ben wel proued in batail / but euer syr Palomydes dredde the myghte of syre Tristram / and therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym / thus they fought more than two houres / but often syr Tristram smote suche strokes at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele / and syre Palomydes brake and cutte away many pyeces of sir Tristrams shelde / & thenne sir Palomydes wounded sir Tristram for he was a wel fyghtyng man / Thenne sire Tristram was woode wrothe oute of mesure and rasshed vpon syr Palomydes with suche a myghte that sire Palomydes felle grouelyng to the erthe / & there with alle he lepte vp lyghtely vpon his feet / and thenne syre Tristram wounded Palomydes sore thurgh the sholder / & euer syr Tristram foughte styлле in lyke hard / and syr Palomydes fayled not but gaf hym many sadde strokes / And atte laste syr Tristram doubled his strokes / & by fortune syre Tristram smote syr Palomydes swerd oute of his hand / & yf sir Palomydes had stouped for his swerd he had ben slayne / Thenne Palomydes stode styлле and beheld his swerd with a sorouful herte / How now said syr Tristram vnto Palomydes / now haue I the at auantage as thou haddest me this daye / but it shalle neuer be said in no Courte nor among good knyghtes that syr Tristram shalle slee any knyghte that is wepenles / & therfor take thou thy swerd / & let vs make an ende of thys batail / As for to doo this batail sayd Palomydes I dar ryȝt wel ende hit / but I haue no grete luste to fyghte no more / and for this cause said Palomydes / Myn offence to yow is not soo grete / but that we may be frendes / Alle that I haue offended is and was for the loue of la Beale Isoud / And as for her/ I dar say she is pyerles aboue alle other ladyes / and also I

leaf 306r

proferd her neuer no dishonour / and by her I haue geten the moost parte of my worship / and sythen I offended neuer as to her owne persone / And as for the offence that I haue done/ it was ageynste your owne persone / And for that offence ye haue gyuen me this day many sad strokes / and some I haue yeuen yow ageyne / and now I dar say I felte neuer man of your myghte / nor soo wel brethed / but yf hit were syr launcelot du lake / wherfor I requyre yow my lord / forgyue me alle that I haue offended vnto yow / And this same day haue me to the next chirche / and fyrst lete me be clene confessed / And after see yow now that I be truly baptysed / And thenne wil we alle ryde to gyders vnto the courte of Arthur that we be there at the hyhe feeste / Now take your hors said sir Tristram And as ye say / soo hit shal be / and alle thyn euylle wil god forgyue it yow and I doo / And here within this myle is the suffrekan of Carleil that shalle gyue yow the sacrament of baptym / Thenne they took their horses and sire Galleron rode wyth them /

¶ And whanne they cam to the suffrekan syre Tristram told hym their desyre / Thenne the suffrekan lete fylle a grete vessel with water / And whanne he had halowed hit / he thenne confessid clene syr Palomydes / and syr Tristram and sir galleron were his godfaders / And thenne soone after they departed rydyng toward Camelot / where kynge Arthur & Quene Gueneuer was / And for the moost party alle the knyghtes of the round table / And so the kynge and all the Court were glad that syre Palomydes was

crystened / And at the same fesste in came Galahad and sat in the sege perillous/

¶ And soo there with alle departed and disseuered alle the knyghtes of the round table / and sire Tristram retorned ayene vnto Ioyous gard / and syr Palomydes folowed the questynge beest

¶ here endeth the second book of syr Tristram that was drawn oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe But here
is no rehersal of the thyrd book /

¶ And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vessel and the sygnefycacyon
of the blessid blood of our lord Ihesu Cryste / blessid mote it be / the whiche was brought in to

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this land by Ioseph of Armathye / therfor on al synful souls blessid lord haue thou mercy

¶ *Explicit liber xij / Et incipit Decimustercius*

[Book Thirteen: the noble tale of the Sancgreal]

¶ Capitulum primum /

AT the vygyl of Pentecost whan alle the felauship of the round table were comen vnto Camelot / and there herd their seruyse And the tables were set redy to the mete / Ryȝte so entryd in to the halle a ful fayre gentylwoman on horsbak that had ryden ful fast/ for her hors was al besuette / Thenne she there alyght / and came before the kynge & falewed hym / and he said damoyssel god the blysse / Sire said she for goddes sake saye me where syr launcelot is / yonder ye may see hym said the kynge / Thenne she wente vnto Launcelot and said syr launcelot I salewe yow on kyng Pelles behalf / and I requyre yow come on with me here in to a forest / thenne syr launcelot asked her with whome she dwelled / I dwelle said she with kynge Pelles / what wille ye with me said Launcelot / ye shal knowe said she whanne ye come thyder / wel sayd he I wille gladly goo with yow / So syr launcelot badde his squyer sadel his hors / and brynge his armes / and in all hast he dyd his commaundement / Thenne came the quene vnto launcelot / and said wille ye leue vs at this hyhe feest / Madame said the gentylwoman wete ye wel he shal with yow to morn by dyner tyme

¶ Yf I wyst said the Quene that he shold not be with vs here to morne he shold not goo with you by my good wylle

¶ Ryght soo departed sir launcelot with the gentylwoman / & rode vntyl that he came in to a foreste and in to a grete valey / where they sawe an Abbay of nonnes / and there was a squyer redy and opened the gates / and soo they entryd and descended of their horses / and there came a fayr felauship aboute sir launcelot / and welcomed hym / & were passyng gladde of his comynge / And thenne they ladde hym vnto the Abbesse chamber & vnarmed hym / And ryght soo he was ware vpon a bed lyeng two of his cosyns syr Bors & sir Lyonel / & thenne he waked

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them / And whanne they sawe hym / they mad grete Ioye / Syr said syre Bors vnto syr launcelot what aduenture hath brought yow hydder / for we wende to morne to haue fond you at Camelot

¶ As god me help said syr launcelot a gentylwomen brought me hyther but I knowe not the cause In the meane whyle that they thus stode talkynge to gyder / therin came twelue nonnes that broughte with hem Galahad the whiche was passynge fayre and wel made that vnneth in the world men myghte not fynde his matche / and alle tho ladyes wepte /

¶ Sire sayd they alle we brynge yow here thys child / the whiche we haue nourisshed / and we praye yow to make hym a knyght / for of a more worthyer mans hande may he not receyue the ordre of knyghthode / Sir launcelot beheld the yonge squyer / and sawe hym semely and demure as a douue / with alle maner of good fetures / that he wende of his age neuer to haue sene soo fayre a man of forme

¶ Thenne said sir launcelot cometh this desyre of hym self / he and alle they sayd ye / Thenne shalle he sayd sir launcelot receyue the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to morne atte reuerence of the hyghe feeste / That nyght syr launcelot had passyng good chere / And on the morne at the houre of pryme att Galahalts desyre he made hym knyȝt & said / god make hym a good man / for of a beaute fayleth yow not as ony that lyueth /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

NOW fayre syr said syr launcelot wille ye come wyth me vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / Nay sayd he / I wille not goo with yow as at this tyme / Thenne he departed fro them and took his two Cosyns with hym / and so they cam vnto Camelot by the houre of vndorn on whytsonday / By that tyme the kynge and the Quene were gone to the mynster to here their seruyse / Thenne the kyng and the quene were passyng gladde of sir Bors and syr Lyonel and soo was alle the felauship / So when the kynge & all the knyȝtes were come from seruyse / the barons aspyed in the syeges of the round table al aboute wryten with golden letters / here ouȝt to sytte he / and he oughte to sytte here / And thus they wente soo longe tylle

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that they came to the sege perillous / where they fond letters newly wreton of gold whiche said / iij / C / wynters / & / liij / accomplysshed after the passion of oure lord Ihesu Criste ouȝte this sege to be fulfylled / thenne alle they said / this is a merueyllous thyng and an aduenturous / In the name of god said syr launcelot / & thenne accompted the terme of the wrytyng from the byrthe of oure lord vnto that day / It semeth me saith syr launcelot this sege oughte to be fulfylled this same day / for this is the feest of Pentecost after the four honderd and four fyfty yere / And yf it wold please all partyes I wold none of these letters were sene this daye tyl he be come that oughte to encheue this aduenture / Thenne maade they to ordeyne a clothe of sylke for to couer these letters in the sege peryllous / Thenne the kyng badde haste vnto dyner / Sire sayd sir kay the steward / yf ye goo now vnto your mete / ye shalle breke your old customme of your Courte / for ye haue not vsed on this day to sytte at your mete or that ye haue sene som aduenture / ye say sothe said the kyng / but I had soo grete Ioye of sir launcelot and of his Cosyns whiche be come to the Courte hole and sound / so that I bethoughte me not of myne old customme / Soo as they stode spekyng / in cam a squyer / & said vnto the kyng / Sire I brynge vnto yow merueillous tydynges / what be they said the kyng / Sir there is here byneth at the Ryuer a grete stone whiche I sawe flete aboue the water / and therin I sawe styckyng a swerd / the kyng sayde I wille see that merueill / soo all the knyghtes went with hym / And whanne they came vnto the ryuer they fonde there a stone fletyng as hit were of reed marhel / and therin stack a fair Ryche swerd / & in the pomel therof were precyous stones wrought with subtile letters of gold / Thenne the Barons redde the letters whiche said this wyse / Neuer shalle man take me hens / but only he by whos syde I ought to hange / and he shalle be the best knyght of the world / whanne the kyng had sene the letters / he said vnto sir launcelot / Fair sire this suerd ought to be yours / for I am sure ye be the best knyght of the world /

¶ Thenne syr launcelot ansuerd ful soberly / Certes sir it is not my swerde /

¶ Also sir wete ye wel I haue no hardynes to sett my hande

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to / for hit longed not to hange by my syde /

¶ Also who that assayeth to take the swerd and fayleth of hit / he shalle receyue a wound by that swerd that he shalle not be hole longe after /

¶ And I wille that ye wete that this same day shall the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is called the hooly

¶ Capitulum iij

NOw fayre neuewe said the kynge vnto syr gawayn/ assaye ye for my loue / Sir he said sauf your good grace I shall not doo that / Sir sayd the kynge assaye to take the suerd and at my commaundement / Syre sayd Gawayne your commaundement I wille obeye / and ther with he took vp the suerd by the handels / but he myghte not stere hit/ I thanke yow said the kynge to syre Gawayne /

¶ My lord syr Gawayne said syr Launcelot now wete ye wel this swerd shalle touche yow soo sore / that ye shalle wylle ye had neuer sette your hand therto for the best Castel of this realme / Syr he sayd I myghte not withsay myn vnkels wyll and commaundement / but whanne the kynge herd this he repented hit moche / and said vnto syr Percyual that he shold assaye for his loue / and he said gladly for to bere syr Gawayn felaushyp / and there with he sette his hand on the swerd/ and drewe hit strongly / but he myghte not meue hit / Thenne were there moo that durste be soo hardy to sette their handes therto /

¶ Now maye ye goo to your dyner said syr kay vnto the kynge / for a merueillous aduenture haue ye sene / Soo the kynge and alle wente vnto the Courte / and euery knyghte knewe his owne place / and sette hym therin / and yonge man that were knyghtes serued them / Soo whan they were serued and alle seges fulfilled sauf only the syege perillous / Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture / that alle the dores & wyndowes of the palays shut by them self / Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darked / and there with they abasshed both one and other /

¶ Thenne kynge Arthur spak fyrst and sayd by god fayre felawes & lordes we haue sene this daye merueyls / but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merueyls / In

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the meane whyle came in a good old man and an auncyent clothed al in whyte / and there was no knyght knewe from whens he came / And with hym he broughte a yong knyght bothe on foote in reed armes withoute swerd or sheld / sauf a scauberd hangynge by his syde / And these wordes he said pees be with yow faire lordes /

¶ Thenne the old man sayd vnto Arthur / syre I brynge here a yonge knyghte / the whiche is of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Ioseph of Abarimathye where by the merueylles of thys Courte and of straunge realmes shalle be fully accomplyshed

¶ Capitulum Quartum

The kynge was ryghte gladde of his wordes / and said vnto the good man / syr ye be ryghte welcome / and the yonge knyghte with yow / Thenne the old man made the yong man to vname hym / and he was in a cote of reed sendel / & bare a mantel vpon his sholder that was furred with ermyn / and put that vpon hym / And the old knyghte sayd vnto the yonge knyght / syr foloweth me / and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege peryllous / where besyde sat syr Launcelot / and the good man lyfte vp the clothe / and fonde there letters that said thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce / Sir said thold knyghte / wete ye wel that place is yours / And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege / And thenne he sayd to the old man / syr ye maye now goo your way / for wel haue ye done / that ye were commaunded to doo / & recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Pelles / and vnto my lord Petchere / and say hem on my behalf I shalle come and see hem as soone as euer I may / Soo the good man departed / and there met hym xx noble squyers / and so took their horses and wente their way Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round merueylled gretely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege perillous / and was soo tendyr of age / and wist not from whens he came but al only by god / and said this he by whome the Sancgreal shal encheued / For there sat neuer none / but he / but he were mescheued / Thenne syr launcelot beheld his sone and had

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grete Ioye of hym / Thenne Bors told his felawes vpon payne of my lyf this yonge knyghte shalle come vnto grete worship / this noyse was grete in alle the Courte / soo that it cam to the quene / thenne she had merueylle what knyght it myght be that durste auenture hym to sytte in the syege peryllous / many said vnto the quene / he resembled moche vnto sire Launcelot I may wel suppose said the quene / that syr Launcelot begatte hym on kynge Pelles doughter / by the whiche he was made to lye by / by enchauntement / and his name is Galahalt / I wold fayne see hym said the quene / for he must nedes be a noble man for soo is his fader that hym begat I reporte me vnto alle the table round / So whanne the mete was done that the kynge & alle were rysen / the kynge yede vnto the syege Peryllous and lyfte vp the clothe / and fonde there the name of Galahad / & thenne he shewed hit vnto syr Gawayne / and sayd fayre neuewe now haue we amonge vs syr Galahad the good knyght that shalle worshippe vs alle / and vpon payne of my lyf he shal encheue the Sancgreal / ryght as sir launcelot had done vs to vnderstande / Thenne came kyng Arthur vnto Galahad and said syr ye be welcome / for ye shall meue many good knyghtes to the quest of the Sancgreal / and ye shal encheue that neuer knyghtes myght brynge to an ende / Thenne the kynge took hym by the hand and wente doune from the paleis to shewe Galahad the aduentures of the stone /

¶ Capitulum v

The Quene herd therof and came after with many ladyes / and shewed hem the stone where it houed on the water / Sire said the kyng vnto syre Galahad here is a grete merueylle as euer I sawe / and ryght good

knyghtes haue assayed and fayled /

¶ Syre said Galahad that is no merueil / for this aduenture is not theirs / but myne / and for the seurte of this swerd I brought none with me / For here by my syde hangeth the

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scauberd / And anone he layd his hand on the swerd / and lyghtly drewe it oute of the stone / and putte it in the shethe / & said vnto kynge / now hit goth better than dyd afore hand / Sir said the kynge / A sheld god shalle send you now haue I that swerd that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyn le saueage / and he was a passynge good man of his handes / And with this suerd he slewe his broder Balan and that was the grete pyte for he was a good knyghte / and eyther slewe other thorou a dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf vnto my gra¯te fader / kynge Pelles / the whiche is not yet hole / nor not shal be tyl I hele hym / There with the kynge and all aspyed where came rydyng doune the ryuer a lady on a whyte palfroy toward them / Thenne she falewed the kynge and the quene / and asked yf that syr Launcelot was there / And thenne he ansuerd hym self I am here fayre lady / Thenne she sayd al with wepyng how your grete doynge is chaunged syth this day in the morne / Damoyssel why say soo sayd Launcelot / I saye yow sothe said the damoyssel / for ye were this day the best knyghte of the world / but who shold saye soo now he shold be a lyar / for there is now one better than ye / And wel hit is preued by the aduenturrs of the suerd where to ye durste not sette to your hand / and that is the chaunge and leuyng of your name / wherfore I make vnto yow a remembraunce / that ye shalle not wene from hensforth that ye be the best knyght of the world / As touchyng vnto that said launcelot / I knowe wel I was neuer the best / yes sayd the damoyssel that were ye and are yet of ony synful man of the world / And sir kyng Nacyen the heremyte sendeth the word that the shalle befall the grettest worship that euer befelle kynge in Brytayne / and I say yow wherfore / for this daye the Sancgreal appiered in thy hows and fedde the and all thy felaushyp of the round table Soo she departed and wente that same way that she came /

¶ Capitulum vj

NOW sayd the kyng I am sure at this quest of the S¯cgral shalle alle ye of the table rounde departe / and neuer shalle I see yow ageyne hole to gyders / therfor I

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wille see yow alle hole to gyders in the medowe of Camelot to Iuste and to torneye / that after your dethe men maye speke of hit that suche good knyghtes were holy to gyders suche a day As vnto that councyll

and at the kynges request they accorded alle / and toke on their harneis that longed vnto Iustynge but alle this meuyng of the kyng was for this entent for to see Galahalt preued / for the kyng demed he shold not lyghtly come ageyne vnto the Courte after his departynge / So were they assembled in the medowe bothe more and lasse / Thenne syr Galahalt by the prayer of the kyng and the Quene dyd vpon hym a noble Iesseraunce / and also he dyd on hys helme / but shelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng And thenne sir Gawayne and other knyghtes praid hym to take a spere / Ryghte soo he dyd / and the Quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to behold that turnement / Thenne sir Galahalt dressid hym in myddes of the medowe / and began to breke speres merueyllously that all men had wonder of hym for he there surmounted alle other knyȝtes / for within a whyle he had defouled many good knyghtes of the table round / sauf tweyne that was syr launcelot and sir Percyuale /

¶ Capitulum vij

Thenne the kyng at the quenes request made hym to alyghte / and to vnlace his helme that the Quene myȝt see hym in the vysage / whanne she beheld hym she sayd sothely I dar wel say that sir launcelot begat hym / for neuer two men resembled more in lykenes / therfor it nys no merueyle though he be of grete prowess / So a lady that stode by the Quene said / Madame for goddes sake oughte he of ryghte to be so good a knyghte / ye forsothe said the quene / for he is of alle partyes come of the best knyghtes of the world and of the hyest lygnage / for sir launcelot is come but of the / viij / degre from oure lord Ihesu Cryst / and syre Galahalt is of the nynthe degree from oure lord Ihesu Cryst / therfor I dar saye they be the gretest gentilmen of the world / and thenne the kyng and al estates wente home vnto Camelot / and soo wente to euensonge

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to the grete mynster / And soo after vpon that to souper / and euery knyȝt sette in his owne place as they were to fore hand Thenne anone they herd crakyng and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place shold alle to dryue / In the myddes of this blast entred a sonne beaume more clerer by seuen tymes than euer they sawe daye / And al they were alyghted of the grace of the holy ghoost / thenne beganne euery knyghte to behold other / & eyther sawe other by their semyng fayrer than euer they sawe afore / Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one word a grete whyle / and soo they loked euery man an other as they had ben dome / Thenne ther entred in to the halle the holy graile couerd with whyte samyte / but ther was none myghte see hit / nor who bare hit / And there was al the halle fulfylled with good odoures / and euery knyȝt had suche metes and drynkes as he best loued in this world / And whan the holy grayle had be borne thurgh the halle / thenne the holy vessel departed sodenly that they wyste not where hit becam / thenne had they alle brethe to speke / And thenne the kyng yelded thankynges to god of his good grace that he had sente them / Certes said the kyng we oughte to thanke oure lord ihesu greteley for that he hath shewed vs this daye atte reuerence of this hye feest of Pentecost / Now said sir Gawayn we haue ben serued this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on / but one thyng

begyled vs we myght not see the holy Grayle / it was soo precyously couerd / wherfor I wil make here auowe / that to morne withoute lenger abydyng I shall laboure in the quest of the Sancgreal / that I shalle hold me oute a twelue moneth and a day or more yf nede be / & neuer shalle I retorne ageyne vnto the Courte / tyl I haue sene hit more openly than hit hath ben sene here / & yf I may not spede / I shall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our lord Ihesu Cryste / whan they of the table round herde syr Gawayne saye so / they arose vp the most party and maade suche auowes as sire Gawayne had made /

¶ Anone as kynge Arthur herd this / he was gretely dyspleasyd / for he wyste wel they myghte not ageyne saye theyre auowes

¶ Allas said kynge Arthur vnto sir Gawayn ye haue nyghe slayne me with the auowe and promesse that

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ye haue made / For thurgh yow ye haue berafte me the fayrest felauship and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in ony realme of the world / For whanne they departe from hens I am sure / they alle shalle neuer mete more in thys world / for they shalle dye many in the quest / And soo it forthynketh me a lytel / for I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit shall greue me ryghte sore the departycyon of this felauship / For I haue had an old customme to haue hem in my felauship /

Capitulum Octauum /

AND ther with the teres fylle in his eyen / And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne ye haue sette me in grete sorowe / For I haue grete doubte that my true felauship shalle never mete here more ageyne / A sayd syr Launcelot comforte your self / for hit shalle be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf we dyed in ony other places / for of deth we be syker / A launcelot said þe kyng þe grete loue þt I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche dolefull wordes / for neuer Crysten kynge had neuer soo many worthy men at this table as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete sorowe /

¶ Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyst these tydynges / they had suche sorowe & heynesse that ther myght no tonge telle hit / for tho knyghtes had hold them in honour and chyerte / But amonge all othther Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe / I merueylle said she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym / thus was al the Courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes / And many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone with her louers / and soo had they done had not an old knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng / and thenne he spake alle on hyghe / and said fayre Lordes which haue sworn in the quest of the Sancgreal / Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym / for hit is not to doo in so hyghe a

seruyfe as they labour in / for I warne yow playne he that is not clene of his synnes / he shalle not see the mysteryes of our lord

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Ihesu Cryste / and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen /

¶ After this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was / and of what countrey / he told her of whens he was / and sone vnto Launcelot / she saide he was / as to that he said neyther ye nor nay / So god me helpe said the quene of your fader ye nede not to shame yow / for he is the goodlyest knyghte and of the best men of the world comen and of the strenge of alle partyes of kynges / Wherefore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge good man / & certaynly she said ye resemble hym moche / Thenne syr Galahad was a lytel ashamed and said Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me / for he that is my fader/ shalle be knowen openly and al by tymes / And thenne they wente to reste them / And in the honour of the hyhenes of Galahad he was ledde in to kynges Arthurs chamber / and there rested in his owne bedde / And as soone as hit was daye the kyng arose for he had no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe / Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to syr launcelot that were aysen for to here masse / And thenne the kyng ageyn said A Gawayne Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me / For neuer shal my Courte be amended by yow / but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yow / And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage / And there with the kyng said A knyghte syr launcelot / I requyre the thow counceyle me / for I wold that this quest were vndone and it myghte be / syr sayd syr launcelot / ye sawe yesterday soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne / that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse / That wote I wel said the kyng / but it shal so heuye me at their departyng that I wote wel there shal no manere of Ioye remedye me / And thenne the kyng and the Quene wente vnto the mynster / Soo anone launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to brynge her armes / And whanne they alle were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes / thenne they came to theyre felauship / whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse

¶ Thenne after the seruyse was done / the kyng wolde wete how many hadde vndertake the queste of the holy grayle / and to accompte them he praid them alle

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Thenne fond they by the tale an honderd and fyfty / and alle were knyghtes of the table round / And thenne they putte on their helmes and departed / and recommaunded them all holy vnto the Quene / and there was wepyng and grete sorowe / Thenne the Quene departed in to her chamber / and helde her/ that

no man shold perceyue her grete sorowes / Whanne syre Launcelot myst the quene / he wente tyl her chamber / And when she sawe hym / she cryed aloude / O launcelot / launcelot ye haue bitrayed me / and putte me to the deth for to leue thus my lord A madame I praye yow be not displeased / for I shall come ageyne as soone as I may with my worship / Allas sayd she that euer I sawe yow / but he that suffred vpon the crosse for alle mankynde he be vnto yow good conduyte and sauft / and alle the hole felauship / Ryght soo departed Launcelot / & fond his felauship that abode his comyng / and so they mounted on their horses / and rode thorou the strete of Camelot / and there was wepyng of ryche and poure / and the kyng tourned away and myghte not speke for wepyng / So within a whyle they came to a Cyte and a Castel that hyȝt Vagon / there they entrid in to the castel / and the lord therof was an old man / that hyght Vagon / and he was a good man of his lyuynge / and sette open the gates / & made hem alle the chere that he myȝt And soo on the morne they were alle accorded that they shold departe eueryche from other / And on the morne they departed with wepyng chere / and euery knyȝt took the way that hym lyked best

¶ Capitulum ix

NOW rydeth Galahalt yet withouten shelde / and so rode four dayes without ony aduventure / And at the fourth day after euensonge / he came to a whyte Abbay / and there was he receyued with grete reuerence / and ledde vnto a chambre / and there was he vnarmed / And thenne was he ware of knyghtes of the table round / one was sir Bagdemagus and syr Vwayne / And whanne they sawe hym / they wente vnto Galahad / and made of hym grete solace / and soo they wente vnto souper / Sirs said sire Galahalt what aduventure

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broughte yow hyder / Sir they sayd all it is told vs that within this place is a shelde that no man may bere aboute his neck but he be mescheued outhere dede within thre dayes or maymed for euer / A syr said kyng Bagdemagus I shalle bere hit to morne for to assay this aduventure / In the name of God sayd Galahad / Sire said Bagdemagus and I may not encheue the aduventure of this shelde ye shalle take hit vpon yow / for I am sure ye shalle not fayle / Sir said Galahad / I ryghte wel agree me therto / for I haue no shelde / Soo on the morne they aroos and herd masse / Thenne Bagdemagus asked where the aduenturous sheld was / Anone a monke ledde hym behynde an aulter where the shelde henge as whyte as ony snowe / but in the myddes was a reed crosse / Sirs said the monke this sheld oughte not to be hanged aboute no knyghtes neck / but he be the worthyest knyghte of the world / therfore I counceyll yow knyghtes to be wel aduysed / Wel said Bagdemagus I wote wel I am not the lest knyghte of the world / but I shal assay to bere hit / and soo bare hit oute of the mynstre / And thē he said vnto Galahad and hit please you to abyde here stil tyl that ye wete how that I spede / I shalle abyde yow sayd galahad / Thenne kyng Bagdemagus took with hym a good squyer to beyng tydynge vnto syr Galahad how he spedde / Thenne whanne they had ryden two myle and came to a fayr valey afore an

hermytage / And thenne they sawe a knyghte come from that party in whyte armour hors and all / And he came as faste as his hors myghte renne / and his spere in his reste / And syr Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst hym / and brake hit vpon the whyte knyght / but the other stroke hym soo hard that he braste the mayles / and sheef hym thorou the ryght sholder / for the shelde couerd hym not as at that tyme / & soo he bare hym from his hors / And there with he alyghte and took the whyte shelde from hym / sayenge knyght thow hast done thy self grete foly / for this shelde oughte not to be borne but by hym that shalle haue no pierce that lyueth / And thenne he came to Bagdemagus squyer / & saide bere this shelde vnto the good knyghte sir Galahad that thow leftest in the Abbay and grete hym wel by me / Sir said the squyer what is your name Take thow none hede of my name said the knyghte / for it is not

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for the to knowe nor for none erthely man / Now fayr syr said the squyer at the reuerence of Ihesu Cryste / telle me for what cause this shelde may not be borne / but yf the berer therof be meschyeued / Now sythe thow hast coniuerted me soo sayd the knyghte this shelde behoueth vnto no man but vnto Galahad / & þe squyer wēt vnto Bagdemagus / & asked whether he were sore wounded or not / ye forsothe said he / I shalle escape hard from the dethe / Thenne he fette his hors and brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay / thenne was he taken down softely and vnarmed and leid in a bedde / and there was loked to his woundes / And as the booke telleth he laye there longe / & escaped hard with the lyf /

¶ Capitulum x

SYr Galahad sayd the squyer that knyghte that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth yow gretynge / and bad that ye shold bere this shelde where thurgh grete aduentures shold befall / Now blessid be good & fortune said Galahad / And thenne he asked his armes / and mounted vpon his hors / and henge the whyte shelde aboute his neck / & commaunded hem vnto god / and syr Vwayne said he wold bere hym felauship yf it pleasyd hym /

¶ Sir sayd Galahad that maye ye not / for I must goo alone sauf this squyer shall bere me felauship / and so departed Vwayne / Thenne within a whyle came Galahad there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the heremytage / and eueryche salewed other curtoisly /

¶ Sir said Galahad by this shelde ben many merueils fallen / Sir sayd the knyght hit befelle after the passion of our lord Ihesu Crist xxxij yere that Ioseph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte / the whiche took doune oure lord of the hooly Crosse att that tyme he departed from Iherusalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym / and so he laboured tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras / and att that same houre that Ioseph came to Sarras there was a kynge that hyghte Euelake that had grete werre ageyne the Sarasyns / and in especyal ageynste one Sarasyn / the whiche was kyng Euelaks cosyn / a ryche kyng

leaf 313v

and a myghty whiche marched nyghe this land / and his name was called Tolleme la feyntes / Soo on a day this two mette to doo bataill / Thenne Ioseph the sone of Ioseph of Armathye wente to kynge Euelake / and told hym he shold be discomfyt and slayne but yf he lefte his bileue of the old lawe and byleue vpon the newe lawe / And thenne there he shewed hym the ryght bileue of the holy Trynyte / to the whiche he agreed vnto with alle his herte / and there this shelde was maade for kynge Euelake in the name of hym that dyed vpon the crosse And thenne thurgh his good bileue he had the better of kyng Tolleme / For whanne Euelake was in the batail / there was a clothe sette afore the sheld / And whanne he was in the grettest perylle he lete putte awaye the clothe / and thenne his enemyes sawe a fygur of a man on the Crosse where thurgh they alle were discomfyte / And soo it befelle that a man of Kynge Euelaks was smyten his hand of / and bare that hand in his other hand / and Ioseph called that man vnto hym / and badde hym goo with good deuocyon touche the Crosse / And as soone as that man had touched the Crosse with his hand / it was as hole as euer hit was to fore / Thenne soone after there felle a grete merueyll that the Crosse of the sheld at one tyme vanysshed away that no man wyst where hit became / And thenne kynge Euelake was baptysed / and for the moost party alle the peple of that Cyte / So soone after Ioseph wold departe / and kynge Euelake wold goo with hym whether he wold or nold / And soo by fortune they came in to this land that at that tyme was called grete Bretayne / and there they fond a grete felon paynym / that put Ioseph in to pryson / And soo by fortune tydynges cam vnto a worthy man that hyghte Mondrames / & he assembled alle his peple for the grete renomme he had herde of Ioseph / and soo he came in to the land of grete Bretayne & disherited this felon paynym and consumed hym / and ther with delyuerd Ioseph oute of pryson / and after that alle the peple were torned to the Crysten feithe

¶ Capitulum vndecimum

leaf 314r

NOt longe after that Ioseph was layd in his dedely bed And whanne kynge Euelake sawe that / he made moche sorowe / and sayd / for thy loue I haue lefte my countrey / And sythe ye shalle departe oute of this world / leue me somme token of yours that I may thynke on you / Ioseph said that wille I doo ful gladly / Now brynge me your sheld that I toke yow whanne ye went in to bataille ageynst kyng Tolleme / Thenne Ioseph bled sore at the nose / so that he myȝt not by no meane be staunched / And therupon that sheld he made a crosse of his owne blood / Now may ye see a remembraunce that I loue yow / for ye shalle neuer see this shelde but ye shal thynke on me / and it shall be alweyes as fresshe as it is now And neuer shalle man bere this sheld aboute his neck but he shalle repente hit vnto the tyme that Galahad the good knyȝte bere hit / and the laste of my lygnage shal leue hit aboute his neck that

shall doo many merueyllous dedes / Now sayd kynge Euelake where shalle I put this shelde that this worthy knyght may haue hit / ye shal leue hit there as nacyen the heremyte shal be put after his dethe / For thydder shal that good knyghte come the fyftenth day after that he shal receyue the ordre of knyghthode / and soo that daye that they sette / is this tyme that he haue his shelde / And in the same abbay lyeth Nacyen the heremyte / And thenne the whyte knyghte vanysshed away Anone as the squyer had herde these wordes / he alyghte of his hakney and kneled doune at Galahads feet and prayd hym that he myghte goo with hym tyll he had made hym knyghte/ Yf I wold not refuse yow / thenne will ye make me a knyghte sayd the squyer / and that ordre by the grace of god shal be wel sette in me / Soo syr Galahad graunted hym and tourned ageyne vnto the Abbay there they came fro / and there men made grete Ioye of syr Galahad / And anone as he was alyghte / there was a monke broughte hym vnto a Tombe in a Chirche yerd where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold veryly nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe / and syre they sayd we deme hit is a fende

¶ Capitulum xij

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leaf 314v

NOW lede me thyder sayd Galahad / and soo they dyd alle armed sauf his helme / Now sayd the good man / goo to the Tombe and lyfte hit vp / Soo he dyd and herd a grete noyse / and pytously he sayd that alle men myghte here hit / Syr Galahad the seruauant of Ihesu Cryste come thou not nyghe me / For thou shalt make me goo ageyne ther where I haue ben soo longe / But Galahad was no thyng affrayed but lyfte vp the stone / and there came out so foul a smoke / and after he sawe the fowlest fygur lepe there oute that euer he sawe in the lykenes of a man / & thenne he blessing hym/ and wiste wel hit was a sende /

¶ Thenne herd he a voyse say / Galahad I see there enuyronne aboute the so many angels that my power may not dere the /

¶ Ryght soo syr Galahad sawe a body al armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a swerd / Now fayr broder sayd Galahad lete vs remeue this body for hit is not worthy to lye in this chircheyerd / for he was a fals Crysten man / And there with they alle departed and wente to the Abbay / And anone as he was vnarmed a good man cam and sette hym doune by hym / and sayd syre I shall telle yow what betokeneth alle that ye sawe in the Tombe / for that couerd body betokeneth the duresse of the world and the grete synne that oure lord fond in the world / For there was suche wretchydnesse that the fader loued not the sone / nor the sone loued not the fader / and that was one of the causes that oure lord took **flesshe** [correction; sic = flefshe] and blood of a clene mayden / for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that wel nyghe all was wickednes / Truly sayd Galahad I bileue yow ryghte wel / So syre Galahad rested hym there that nyghte / And vpon the morne he made the squyer knyghte / and asked hym his name / and of what kynred he was come /

¶ Syre sayd he men calleth me Melyas de lyle / And I am the sone of the kyng of Denmarke /

¶ Now fayre sire sayd Galahad sythe that ye be come of kynges and Quenes / now loketh that knyghthode be wel sette in yow / for ye oughte to be a myrrour vnto all chyualry

¶ Sire sayd syre Melyas ye saye sothe / But syre sythen ye haue made me a knyȝt ye must of ryȝt graunte me my fyrst desyre þ^t is resonable / ye say soth said galahad / melyas said th^ene

leaf 315r

that ye wil suffre me to ryde with yow in this quest of the sancgreal tyl that somme aduenture departe vs / I graunte yow sir Thenne men brought syre Melyas his armoure and his spere and his hors / and soo syr Galahad and he rode forth all that weke or they fond ony aduenture / And thenne vpon a monday in the mornyng as they were departed fro an Abbay they cam to a Crosse whiche departed two wayes / and in that crosse were letters wryten that sayd thus Now ye knyghtes arraunt the whiche goth to seke knyghtes aduenturous / see here / ij / wayes þ^t one wey defendeth the that thow ne go þ^t way / for he shalle not go oute of the way ageyne / but yf he be a good man and a worthy knyghte / And yf thow goo on the lyfte hand / thow shalt not lyghtely there wynne prowessse / for thow shalt in this way be soone assayed / Sir said Melyas to Galahad / yf hit lyke yow to suffer me to take the way on the lyft hand telle me / for there I shalle wel preue my strengthe / hit were better said Galahad ye rode not that way / for I deme I shold better escape in that way than ye / nay my lord I praye yow lete me haue that aduenture / Take it in goddes name said Galahad

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd th^ene rode melyas in to an old forest / and therin he rode two dayes and more / And thenne he came in to a fayr medowe / and there was a fayr lodge of bowes / And thenne he aspyed in that lodge a chayer wherin was a crown of gold subtyly wroughte / Also there were clothes couerd vpon the erthe / and many delycious metes sette theron / Sir Melyadas behelde this auenture and thoughte hit merueilleous / but he had no honger / but of the croune of gold he took moch kepe / and there with he stouped doune and took hit vp / and rode his way with it / And anone he sawe a knyght came rydynge after hym that sayd / knyghte sette doune that crowne / whiche is not yours / & therfor defendeth yow / Thenne syre Melyas blessid hym and said Fair lord of heuen helpe and saue thy newe made knyght / & thenne they lete their horses renne as fast as they myȝt / so that the other knyȝt smote sir melias

thorou hauberk and thorow the lyfte syde that he felle to the erthe nyghe dede / And thenne he took the crowne and went his way and syr Melyas lay styll and had no power to sterve / In the meane whyle by fortune ther came syre Galahad and fond hym there in perille of dethe / And thenne he said A melyas who hath wounded yow / therfor hit had ben better to haue ryden the other way / And whanne sir Melyas herd hym speke / syre he sayd for goddes loue lete me not dye in this forest / but bere me vnto the Abbay here besyde that I may be confessyd and haue my ryghtes / It shal be done said Galahad / but where is he that hath wounded yow / with that syr Galahad herd in the leues crye on hyghe / knyght kepe the from me A syr said Melyas / Beware / For that is he that hath slayne me / Sir Galahad ansuerd syr knyghte come on your perylle / Thenne eyther dressid to other and came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne / and Galahad smote hym soo that hys spere wente thorou his sholder / and smote hym doune of his hors / and in the fallyng Galahadis spere brak / with that cam oute another knyghte of the leues / and brake a spere vpon Galahad or euer he myghte torne hym / Thenne Galahad drewe oute his swerd and smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that it felle to the erthe / And thenne he fledde / and sire Galahad sewed fast after hym / And thenne he torned ageyne vnto syr Melyas / and there he alyghte and dressid hym softely on his hors to fore hym for the truncheon of his spere was in his body / and syr Galahad sterte vp behynde hym / and helde hym in his armes / and soo broughte hym to the Abbay / and there vnarmed hym and broughte hym to his chamber / And thenne he asked his saueour / And whanne he had receyued hym he said vnto syr galahad / syr lete deth come whan it pleasyd hym And there with he drewe oute the truncheon of the spere oute of his body / And thenne he swouned / Thenne came there an olde monke whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte & behelde syre Melyas / And anone he ransakyd hym / & thenne he saide vnto syr Galahad I shal hele hym of this woꝛde by the grace of god within the terme of seuen wekes / Thenne was sir galahad glad and vnarmed hym / & said he wold abyde there thre dayes And thenne he asked syr Melyas how it stood with hym /

Thenne he sayd he was torned vnto helpyng god be thanked

¶ Capitulum xiiij /

NOw wylle I departe sayd Galahad / for I haue moche on hand / for many good knyghtes be ful besy aboute hit / And this knyghte and I were in the same quest of the Sancgreal / Sire said a good man / for his synne he was thus wounded / and I merueylle said the good man how ye durst take vpon yow soo ryche a thyng as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode withoute clene confession / & that was the cause ye were bytterly wounded / For the way on the ryȝt hand betokeneth the hyghe way of our lord Ihesu Cryste / and the way of a good true good lyuer / And the other wey betokeneth the way of synners and of mysbyleuers / And whanne the deuylle sawe your pryde and presumpcyon for to take yow in the quest of the Sancgreal / that made you to be ouerthrowen for hit may not be encheued but by vertuous

lyuyng / Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a sygnifycacyon of heuenly dedes and of knyghtly dedes in goddes werkes and no knyȝtly dedes in worldly werkes / and pryde is hede of alle dedely synnes that caused this knyghte to departe from Galahad / & where thow tokest the croune of gold / thow synnest in couetyse and in thefte / Alle this were no knyghtely dedes / And this Galahad the holy knyghte / the whiche foughte with the two knyghtes / the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas / and they myghte not withstande yow / for ye are withoute dedely synne / Now departed Galahad from thens and betaught hem alle vnto god Sir Melyas sayd my lord Galahad as soone as I may ryde I shalle seke yow / god send yow helthe said Galahad / & soo toke his hors and departed / and rode many Iourneyes forward and backward as aduenture wold lede hym /

¶ And at the laste hit happend hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was named Abblasoure / and he hadde herd no masse / the whiche he was wonte euer to here or euer he departed oute of ony Castel or place / and kepte that for a customme /

¶ Thenne syr Galahad came vnto a montayne

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where he fond an old chappel / and fond there no body for all alle was desolate / and there he kneled to fore the aulter / and besought god of holsome counceil / Soo as he prayd / he herd a voys that sayd / Goo thow now thou aduenturous knyghte to the Castel of maydens / and there doo thow away thy wycked custommes

¶ Capitulum xv

WHanne syr Galahad herd this / he thanked god / & toke his hors / and he had not ryden but half a myle / he sawe in a valeye afore hym a stronge Castel with depe dyches / and there ranne besyde hit a fayr ryuer that hyghte Syuarne / and there he mette with a man of grete age / and eyther salewed other / and Galahad asked hym the Castels name / Fair syr said he hit is the Castel of maydens / That is a cursyd Castel said Galahad / and alle they that ben conuersaunt therin / for alle pyte is oute therof and alle hardynesse and meschyef is therin / therfor I counceyle yow sir knyght to torne ageyne / Sir said Galahad wete yow wel I shalle not tourne ageyne / Thenne lokyd syre Galahad on his armes that noo thyng fayled hym / and thenne he put his sheld afore hym / & anone there mette hym seuen fayr maydens / the whiche sayd vnto hym / syr knyghte ye ryde here in a grete foly / for ye haue the water to passe ouer / why shold I not passe the water said galahad / So rode he away from them / and mette with a Squyer that said knyghte / tho knyghtes in the Castel defyen yow / & defenden yow / ye go no ferther tyl that they wete what ye wolde / Faire sir saide Galahad I come for to destroye the wycked custome of this Castel / Sir and ye wille abyde by that ye shal haue ynough to doo / go yow now said Galahad and hast my nedes / Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel / And anone after there came oute of the Castel

seuen knyghtes and all were bretheren / And whan they sawe Galahad / they cryed knyghte kepe the for
we assure the no thyng but dethe / why sayd galahad will ye alle haue adoo with me at ones / ye sayde
they therto maist thow trust / Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere and smote the formest to the erthe
that nere he brake his neck

leaf 317r

And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete strokes so that their speres brake

¶ Thenne syr Galahad drewe oute his swerd / and set vpon hem soo hard that it was merueylle to see hit /
and soo thurgh grete force he made hem to forsake the felde / and Galahad chased hem tyl they entryd in
to the Castel / and so passed thurȝ the Castel at another gate / And there mette syr Galahad an old man
clothed in Relygyous clothynge and sayd / sire haue here the kayes of this Castel / Thenne syr Galahad
opened the gates / and sawe soo moche peple in the stretes that he myghte not nombre them / and alle
sayd syr ye be welcome / for longe haue we abyden here our delyueraunce / Thenne came to hym a
gentylwoman and sayde these knyghtes be fledde / but they wille come ageyne this nyghte / and here to
begynne ageyn their euylle customme

¶ What wille ye that I shalle doo sayd Galahad / Sir said the gentilwoman that ye send after alle the
knyghtes hyder that hold their landes of this Castel / and make hem to swere for to vse the custommes
that were vsed here to fore of olde tyme / I wille wel said Galahad / and there she broughte hym an
horne of Iuory boūden with gold rychely / & saide sir blowe this horne whych wille be herde two
myle aboute this Castel/

¶ Whanne syr Galahad had blowen the horne / he set hym doune vpon a bedde / Thenne came a preest to
Galahad / and said syr hit is past a seuen yere agone that these seuen bretheren cam in to this Castel and
herberowed with the lord of this castell that hyght the Duke Lyanowre / and he was lord of alle thys
country / And whanne they aspyed the dukes doughter / that was a ful faire woman / Thenne by their
fals couyn they made debate betwixe them self / and the duke of his goodenes wold haue departed hem /
and there they slewe hym and his eldest sone / And thenne they took the mayden and the tresour of the
castel / And thenne by grete force they helde alle the knyghtes of this Castel ageynste their wylle vnder
theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage and truage / robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of
all that they had

¶ Soo hit happend on a daye the dukes doughter sayd ye haue done vnto me greete wronge to slee myn
owne fader / and

my broder / and thus to holde our landes / not for thenne she sayd / ye shalle not holde this Castel for many yeres / for by one knyghte ye shal be ouercomen / Thus she prophecyed seuen yeres agone / wel said the seuen knyghtes / sythen ye say so / ther shal neuer lady nor knyghte passe this Castel / but they shall abyde maulgre their hedes / or dye therfor / tyl that knyghte be come / by whome we shalle lese this Castel / And therefore is it called the maydens Castel / for they haue deuoured many maydens / Now said Galahad is she here for whome this Castel was lost Nay sir said the preest she was dede within these thre nyghtes after that she was thus enforced / and sythen haue they kepte their yonger syster which endureth grete paynes with mo other ladyes / By this were the knyghtes of the countray comen / & thenne he made hem doo homage and feaute to the kynges daughter / and sette hem in grete ease of herte / And in the morne ther came one to Galahad and told hym how that Gawayn / Gareth and Vwayne had slayne the seuen bretheren / I suppose wel said syr Galahad and took his armour and his hors / & commaunded hem vnto god /

¶ Capitulum xvj

NOW saith the tale after syr Gawayne departed / he rode many Iourneyes bothe toward and froward / And att the laste he cam to the Abbaye where syre Galahad had the whyte sheld / and there syr Gawayne lerned the way to sewe after syr Galahad / and soo he rode to the Abbay where Melyas lay seke / and there syr Melyas told syr Gawayn of the merueyllous aduentures that syr Galahad dyd / Certes said sire Gawayne I am not happy / that I took not the way that he wente / for and I maye mete with hym / I wille not departe from hym lyghtely / for alle merueyllous aduentures sir Galahad encheueth / Sir said one of the monkes he wille not of your felauship / why said syr Gawayne / Sir said he / for ye be wycked and synful / and he is ful blessid /

¶ Ryght as they thus stode talkynge / there came in rydyng syr Gareth / And thenne they made Ioye eyther of other / And on the morne they herd masse / and soo departed / And by the

way they met with syr Vwayne les auoultres / and there syre Vwayne told syr Gawayne how he had mette with none aduventure sythe he departed from the Courte / Nor we / said sir gawayne / and eyther promysed other of tho thre knyghtes not to departe whyle they were in that quest but yf fortune caused it/ Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl that they came by the Castel of maydens / and there the seuen bretheren aspyed the thre knyghtes / and said sythen we be flemyd by one knyghte from this Castel / we shalle destroye alle the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we maye ouercome for the loue of syr Galahad And there with the seuen knyghtes sette vpon the thre knyghtes / and by fortune syr Gawayne

slewe one of the bretheren / and echone of his felawes slewe another and soo slewe the remenaunt / And thenne they took the wey vnder the Castel / & there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode / and there eueryche of hem departed from other / and sir Gawayne rode tylle he came to an hermytage / and there he fond the good man sayenge his euensonge of our lady / and there syr Gawayne asked herberowe for charyte / and the good man graunted hit hym gladly / Thenne the good man asked hym what he was / Syre he said I am a knyȝt of kynge Arthurs that am in the queste of the Sancgreal / and my name is syr Gawayne / Sire sayd the good man I wold wete how it standeth betwixe god and yow / Sir said sir Gawayne I wille with a good will shewe yow my lyf yf hit please yow / and there he tolde the heremyte/ how a monke of an Abbay called me wycked knyght / he myght wel saye hit said the heremyte / for whanne ye were fyrste made knyghte ye sholde haue taken yow to knyghtely dedes & vertuous lyuyng / and ye haue done the contrary / for ye haue lyued mescheuously many wynters / & sir Galahad is a mayd and synned neuer / and that is the cause he shalle encheue where he goth / that ye nor none suche shalle not atteyne nor none in your felauship / for ye haue vsed the moost vntruest lyf that euer I herd knyght lyue / For certes had ye not ben so wycked as ye ar / neuer had the seuen bretheren be slayne by yow and your two felawes / For syre Galahad hym self alone bete hem alle seuen the day to forne / but his lyuyng is suche he shal slee no man lyghtely / Also I may say yow the Castel of maidens

leaf 318v

betokenen the good soules that were in pryson afore the Incarnacyon of Ihesu Cryste / And the seuen knyghtes betokenen the seuen dedely synnes that regned that tyme in the world / & I may lyken the good Galahad vnto the sone of the hyghe fader / that lyghte within a mayde and bought alle the soules oute of thralle / Soo dyd syre Galahad delyuer all the maydens oute of the woful Castel / Now sire Gawayne said the good man / thou must doo penaunce for thy synne / syre what penaunce shalle I do / suche as I wille gyue sayd the good man / Nay said syre Gawayne I may doo no penaunce / For we knyghtes aduenturous ofte suffren grete woo and payne Wel sayd the good man / and thenne he held his pees / And on the morne syre Gawayne departed from the heremyte / and betaught hym vnto god / And by aduentur he mette with syre Aglouale and syr Gryflet two knyghtes of the table round/ And they two rode four dayes withoute fyndyng of ony aduenture / and at the fyfthe day they departed / And eueryche helde as felle them by aduenture

¶ Here leueth the tale of syr Gawayne and his felawes / and speke we of syr Galahad /

¶ Capitulum xvij

SOo whanne syr Galahad was departed from the castel of maydens / he rode tyl he came to a waste forest / & there he mette with syre launcelot and syr Percyuale but they knewe hym not / for he was newe desguysed / Ryghte so syr launcelot his fader dressid his spere and brake it vpon syr Galahad / and Galahad smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hors and man / And thenne he drewe his suerd / and dressid hym vnto syr Percyuale / and smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe to the coyfe of stele / and

had not the swerd swarued / syr Percyuale had ben slayne / and with the stroke he felle oute of his sadel /
This Iustes was done to fore the hermytage where a recluse dwelled / And when she sawe syr galahad
ryde / she said god be with the best knyghte of the world A certes said she alle alowde that Launcelot
and Percyuale myȝt here it / And yonder two knyghtes had knowen the as wel as I doo they wold not
haue encoūtred with the / thenne

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syr Galahad herd her say so he was adrad to be knowen ther with he smote his hors with his spores / and
rode a grete paas toward them / Thenne perceyued they bothe that he was Galahad / and vp they gat on
their horses / and rode faste after hym but in a whyle he was out of their syghte / And thēne they
torned ageyne with heuy chere / lete vs spere some tydynges sayd Percyuale at yonder recluse / Do as ye
lyst said syr launcelot Whanne syr Percyuale came to the recluse she knewe hym wel ynough and syr
launcelot bothe / but syr launcelot rode ouerthwart and endlonge in a wylde forest and helde no pathe /
but as wyld aduenture led hym / And at the last he came to a stony Crosse whiche departed two wayes in
waste land / and by the Crosse was a stone that was of marbel but it was so derke that syr launcelot
myghte not wete what it was / Thenne syre Launcelot loked by hym / and sawe an old chappel / & ther
he wende to haue fond peple / and sir launcelot teyed his hors tyl a tree / and there he dyd of his sheld /
and henge hit vpon a tree / And thenne wente to the chappel dore and fonde hit waste and broken / And
within he fond a fayr aulter ful rychely arayed with clothe of clene sylke / and there stode a fayre clene
candelstyk / whiche bare syxe grete candels / and the candelstyk was of syluer / And whanne syre
launcelot sawe thys lyght / he had grete wylle for to entre in to the chappel / but he coude fynde no place
where he myghte entre / thenne was he passynge heuy and desmayed / Thenne he retorned and cam to
his hors and dyd of his sadel and brydel / and lete hym pasture / & vnlaced his helme / and vngyrd his
swerd and laide hym doune to slepe vpon his shelde to fore the Crosse /

¶ Capitulum xviiij

ANd soo he felle on slepe and half wakyng and slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreyes alle fayr
& whyte / the whiche bare a lytter / therin lyenge a seke knyghte / And whanne he was nyghe the
crosse / he there abode styll / Alle this syr launcelot sawe / and beheld for he slepte not veryly / and he
herd hym saye / O swete lord whanne shal

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this sorowe leue me / And whanne shalle the holy vessel come by me / where thurgh I shalle be blessid /

For I haue endured thus longe / for lytyl trespase / a ful grete whyle complayned the knyght thus / and alweyes syr launcelot herd it / With that syr launcelot sawe the Candelstyke with the syxe tapers come before the Crosse / and he sawe no body that brought it /

¶ Also there came a table of syluer and the holy vessel of the Sancgreal whiche launcelot had sene afore tyme in kynge Pescheours hows / And there with the seke knyghte sette hym vp / & helde vp bothe his handes / and said Faire swete lord whiche is here within this holy vessel / take hede vnto me that I may be hole of this maladye / And therewith on his handes and on his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touched the holy vessel / and kyste hit / and anone he was hole / and thenne he sayd lord god I thanke the / for I am helyd of this sekenesse / So whanne the holy vessel had ben there a grete whyle hit wente vnto the Chappel with the chaundeler and the lyght / soo that launcelot wist not where it was become for he was ouertaken with synen that he had no power to ryse ageyne the holy vessel / wherfor after that many men said of hym shame / but he took repentaunce after that / Thenne the seke knyght dressid hym vp / & kyssed the crosse / anone his squyer brought hym his armes / and asked his lord how he dyd / Certes sayd he I thanke god ryghte wel thurgh the holy vessel I am helyd / But I haue merueil of this slepyng knyghte that had no power to awake whanne this holy vessel was brought hyder / I dare ryghte wel saye / sayd the squyer that he dwelleth in some dedely synne wherof he was neuer confessid / By my feythe said the knyght what someuer he be / he is vnhappy / for as I deme he is of the felaship of the round table / the whiche is entryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal / Sire said the squyer here I haue brought yow alle your armes sauf your helme and your sward / and therfor by myn assente now maye ye take this knyghtes helme and his sward and so he dyd / And whan he was clene armed / he took syr launcelots hors / for he was better than his and soo departed they from the Crosse /

¶ Capitulum xix

leaf 320r

Thenne anone syr launcelot waked and sette hym vp and bethought hym what he had sene there / & whether it were dremes or not / Ryght so herd he a voys that said syr launcelot more harder than is the stone / and more bytter than is the wood / and more naked and barer than is the leef of the fygge tree / therfore goo thow from hens / and wythdrawe the from this hooly place / And whanne syre launcelot herd this / he was passynge heuy and wist not what to do / & so departed sore wepyng / and cursed the tyme that he was borne For thenne he demed neuer to haue hadde worship more For tho wordes went to his herte tyl that he knewe wherfor he was called soo / Thenne syre Launcelot wente to the Crosse & fonde his helme / his sword and his hors taken away / And thenne he called hym self a veray wretche and moost vnhappy of all knyghtes / and there he sayd my synne and my wyckednes haue brought me vnto grete dishonour / For whanne I soughte worldly aduentures for worldly desyres I euer encheued them and had the better in euery place / and neuer was I discomfyt in no quarel were it ryght or wronge / And now I take vpon me the aduentures of holy thynges / & now I see and vnderstande that myn old

synne hyndereth me and shameth me / so that I had no power to stere nor speke whan the holy blood
appiered afore me / So thus he sorowed til hit was day / & herd the fowles synge / thenne somewhat he
was comforted / But whan syr Launcelot myst his hors and his harneis thenne he wyste wel god was
displeasyd with hym / Thenne he departed from the crosse on foote in to a foreste / and soo by pryme he
came to an hyghe hylle & fonde an hermytage and an Heremyte theryn whiche was goynge vnto masse /
And thenne launcelot kneled doune / & cryed on oure lorde mercy for his wycked werkes / Soo whanne
masse was done launcelot called hym and prayed hym for charite for to her his lyfe / with a good will
sayd the good man / Sir sayd he be ye of Kyng Arthurs Courte and of the felauship of the round table /
ye forsothe and my name is sir Launcelot du lake that hath ben ryght wel said of / and now my good
fortune is chaunged / For I am the moost wretche of the world / The Heremyte behelde hym & hadde
merueille how he was soo abashed / Syre

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said the heremyte ye oughte to thanke god more than any knyght lyuyng / for he hath caused yow to
haue more worldly worship than any knyghte that now lyueth / And for your presumpcyon to take vpon
you in dedely synne for to be in his presence where his flesshe and his blood was / that caused you ye
myghte not see hit with worldly eyen / for he wille not appiere where suche synners ben / but yf hit be
vnto theire grete hurte & vnto her grete shame / & there is no knyght lyuyng now / that ought to kenne
god soo grete thanke as ye / for he hath yeuen yow beaute / semelynes / and grete strengthe aboue all
other knyghtes / and therfor ye are the morr beholdyng vnto god than any other man to loue hym and
drede hym / for your strength and manhode wille lytel auaylle yow / and god be ageynste yow /

¶ Capitulum xx /

Thenne sir launcelot wept with heuy chere / and sayd Now I knowe wel ye saye me sothe / Sire sayd the
good man / hyde none old synne from me / Truly said syr Launcelot that were me ful lothe to discouere /
For this xiiij yere I neuer discouerd one thyng that I haue vsed / and that maye I now wyte my shame
and my disauentur / And thenne he told there that good man alle his lyf / And hou he had loued a quene
vnmesurably and oute of mesure longe / & alle my grete dedes of armes that I haue done I dyd for the
moost party for the quenes sake / And for her sake wold I doo batail were hit ryght or wronge / and
neuer dyd I bataille alle only for goddes sake / but for to wyne worshyp and to cause me to be the better
biloued / and lytel or noughte I thanked god of hit / Thenne syr launcelot sayd I praye yow / counceylle
me / I wille counceyle yow said the heremyte / yf ye wille ensure me that ye will neuer come in that
quenes felauship as moche as ye may forbere / And thenne syre launcelot promysed hym he nold by the
feithe of his body / loke that your herte and your mouthe accorde said the good man / and I shalle ensure
yow ye shalle haue more worship than euer ye had / Holy fader said syre launcelot I merueylle of the
voys

leaf 321r

that sayd to me merueillous wordes as ye haue herd to fore hand / haue ye no merueylle sayd the good man therof / for hit semeth wel god loueth yow / for men maye vnderstande a stone is hard of kynde / and namely one more than another / and that is to vnderstande by the syr launcelot / for thou wylt not leue thy synne for no goodnes that god hath sente the / therfor thou arte more than ony stone / and neuer woldest thou be maade neysshie nor by water nor by fyre / And that is the hete of the holy ghoost maye not entre in the / Now take hede in alle the world men shal not fynde one knyghte to whome oure Lord hath yeuen soo moche of grace as he hath yeuen yow / for he hath yeuen yow fayrenes with semelynes / he hath yeuen the wyt discrecyon to knowe good from euyl / he hath yeuen the prowesse and hardynesse and gyuen the to werke soo largely / that thou hast had at al dayes the better where someuer thou came / and now our lord wille suffre the no lenger / but that thou shalte knowe hym whether thou wilt or nylt / And why the voyce called the bytter than wood / for where ouer moche synne duelleth / there may be but lytel swetnesse / wherfor thou arte lykened to an old roten tree / Now haue I shewed the why thou arte harder than the stone & bytterer than the tree / Now shall I shewe the why thou arte more naked and barer than the fygge tree / It befelle that our lord on palmsondaye preched in Iherusalem / and there he fonde in the people that alle hardnes was herberowed in them / and there he fond in alle the towne not one that wold herberowe hym / And thenne he wente withoute the Towne / and fond in myddes of the way a fygge tree the whiche was ryghte fayr and wel garnysshed of leues / but fruyte had it none / Thenne our lord cursyd the tree that bere no fruyte that betokeneth the fygge tree vnto Iherusalem that had leues and no fruyte / Soo thou syr launcelot whan the hooly Grayle was broughte afore the / he fonde in the noo fruyte / nor good thoughte nor good wille and defowled with lechery / Certes said sir launcelot alle that ye haue said is true / And from hens forward I caste me by the grace of god neuer to be so wycked as I haue ben / but as to folowe knyghthode and to do fetys of armes / Thenne the good man Ioyned syr launcelot suche penaunce as he myghte doo and to sewe knyghthode / and

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so assoylled hym / and praid syre launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye / I wylle wel said syr launcelot / for I haue neyther helme ne hors ne suerd / As for that sayd the good man I shalle helpe yow or to morne at euen of an hors and al that longed vnto yow / And thenne syr launcelot repented hym gretely /

¶ here leueth of the history of syr launcelot /

¶ And here foloweth of syr Percyual de galys whiches the xiiij book

[Book Fourteen: syr Percyual de galys]

¶ Capitulum primum

NOw sayth the tale that whan syr launcelot was ryden after syre Galahad / the whiche had alle these aduentures aboue sayd / Sir Percyual torned ageyne vnto the recluse / where he demed to haue tydynges of that knyȝt that Launcelot folowed / And soo he kneled at her wyndow / and the recluse opened hit / and asked syre Percyuale what he wold / Madame he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs Courte / and my name is syr Percyual de Galys / whanne the reecluse herd his name she had grete Ioye of hym / for mykel she had loued hym to forne any other knyȝt / for she ouȝt to do so / for she was his aunt / And thenne she commaunded the gates to be opened and there he had alle the chere that she myght make hym and alle that was in her power was at his commaundement / Soo on the morne syr Percyual wente to the recluse / and asked her yf she knewe that knyghte with the whyte shelde / Sir said she why wold ye wete / Truly madame said syr Percyual I shalle neuer be wel at ease tyl that I knowe of that knyghtes felauship / and that I may fyghte with hym / for I maye not leue hym soo lyghtely / for I haue the shame yet / A Percyual sayd she wold ye fyghte with hym / I see wel ye haue grete wylle to be slayne as your fader was thorough oultrageousnes / Madame sayd syr Percyual hit semeth by your wordes that ye knowe me / ye sayd she / I wel ought to knowe you for I am your aunt / al though I be in a pryory place / For

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leaf 322r

somme called me somtyme the quene of the waste landes / and I was called the quene of moost rychesse in the world / and it pleasyd me neuer my rychesse soo moche as doth my pouerte Thenne syre Percyual wepte for veray pyte whan that he knewe it was his aunt

¶ A fair neuewe said she whanne herd ye tydynges of your moder / Truly sayd he I herd none of her / but I drewe of her moche in my slepe / And therfore I wote not whether she be dede or on lyue / Certes fayr neuew sayd she / your moder is dede / for after your departynge from her / she took suche a sorowe that anone after she was confessid she dyed / Now god haue mercy on her sowle sayd syr Percyual hit sore forthynketh me / but alle we must chaunge the lyf /

¶ Now fayre Aunt telle me what is the knyghte / I deme hit be he that bare the reed armes on whytsonday / wete yow well said she / that this is he / for other wyse oughte he not to doo / but to goo in reed armes / and that same knyghte hath no piere / for he worcheth alle by myracle / and he shalle neuer be ouercome of none erthely mans hand

¶ Capitulum ij

ALso Merlyn made the round table in tokenyng of roundenes of the world / for by the round table is the

world sygnefied by ryghte / For al the world crysten and hethen repayren vnto the round table / And whan they are chosen to be of the felauship of the roȳd table / they thynke hem more blessid & more in worship than yf they had goten halfe the world / and ye haue sene that they haue loste her faders & her moders and alle her kynne and her wyues and her children for to be of your felauship / It is wel sene by yow / For syns ye departed fro your moder / ye wold neuer see her ye fond suche felauship at the roȳd table / whan Merlyn had ordeyned the round table he said by them which shold be felawes of the round table / the trouth of the Sancgreal shold be wel knowen and men asked hym how men myghte knowe them that sholde best do and to encheue the Sancgreal / thenne he said ther shold be thre whyte bulles that shold encheue hit / and the two sholde be maydens / and the thyrd shold be chast / And that one of the thre shold passe his fader as moche as the lyon passeth the lybard bothe of strengthe and hardynes

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They that herd Merlyn saye soo / sayd thus vnto Merlyn / Sythen ther shalle be suche a knyghte thow sholdest ordeyne by thy craftes a sege that no man shold sytte in hit / but he al only that shalle passe alle other knyghtes / Thenne Merlyn ansuerd that he wold doo soo / And thenne he made the sege perillous in the whiche Galahad satte in at his mete on whytsonday last past / Now madame sayd syr Percyual so moche haue I herd of yow that by my good wylle I wille neuer haue adoo with syr Galahad but by waye of kyndenes / and for goddes loue fayr aunte / can ye teche me some way where I maye fynde hym / for moche wold I loue the felauship of hym / Fair neuewe sayd she ye must ryde vnto a Castel / the whiche is called Goothe / where he hath a cosyn germayn / and ther may ye be lodged this nyghte / And as he techeth you / seweth after as faste as ye can / and yf he can telle yow noo tydynges of hym / ryde streyght vnto the Castel of Carbonek where the maymed kynge is there lyenge / for there shalle ye here true tydynges of hym

¶ Capitulum Tercium

Thenne departed syr Percyuale from his aunte eyther makynge grete sorowe / And soo he rode tyl euensonge tyme / And thenne he herd a klok smyte / and thē he was ware of an hows closed wel with walles and depe dyches / and there he knocked at the gate / and was lete in / and he alyght and was ledde vnto a chamber and soone he was vnarmed / And there he had ryght good chere alle that nyghte / and on the morne he herd his masse / and in the monastery he fonde a preest redy at the aulter / And on the ryght syde he sawe a pewe closyd with yron / and behynde the aulter he sawe a ryche bedde and a fayre as of clothe of sylke and golde / Thenne syr Percyual aspyed that therin was a man or a woman / for the vysage was couerd / thenne he left of his loking and herd his seruyse / And whan hit came to the sacrynge / he that lay within that Percloos dressid hym vp and vncouerd his heede / and thenne hym besemed a passynge old man / and he had a crowne of gold vpon his hede / & his sholders were naked & vnhyllid

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vnto his nauel / And thenne sir Percyual aspyed his body / was ful of grete woundes bothe on the sholders armes and vysage / And euer he held vp his handes ageynst oure lordes body / and cryed / Fair swete fader Ihesu Cryst forgete not me and soo he laye doune / but alwayes he was in his prayer & orysons / and hym semed to be of the age of thre honderd wynter / And whanne the masse was done the preest took oure lordes body / and bare hit to the seke kynge / And whanne he had vsed hit / he dyd of his crowne / and commaunded the crowne to be sette on the aulter / Thenne syr Percyual asked one of the bretheren / what he was / Sire sayd the good man ye haue herd moche of Ioseph of Armathye how he was sente by Ihesu Cryst in to this land for to teche and preche the holy cristen feythe / and therfor he suffred many persecucyons the whiche the enemyes of Cryst dyd vnto hym / and in the Cyte of Sarras he conuerted a kynge whos name was Euelake / And so this kynge came with Ioseph in to this land / and euer he was besy to be there as the Sancgreal was / and on a tyme he nyghed it soo nyghe that oure lord was displeasyd with hym / but euer he folowed hit more and more / tyl god stroke hym al most blynde / Thenne this kynge cryed mercy / and sayd / faire lord lete me neuer dye tyl the good knyghte of my blood of the ix degree be come that I may see hym openly that he shal encheue the Sancgreal that I may kysse hym

¶ Capitulum Quartum

WHanne the kynge thus had made his prayers he herd a voys that sayd herd ben thy prayers / for thou shalt not dye tyl he haue kyst the / And whanne that knyȝte shalle come the clerenes of your eyen shalle come ageyne / and thou shalt see openly / and thy woundes shalle be heled / & erst shalle they neuer close / and this befelle of kynge Euelake / & this same kynge hath lyued this thre honderd wynters thys holy lyf / and men saye the knyghte is in the Courte that shall hele hym / Sir sayd the good man I praye yow telle me what knyghte that ye be / and yf ye be of kyng Arthurs courte & of the table round / ye forsoth said he / & my name is sir percyual

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de Galys / And whanne the good man vnderstood his name he made grete Ioye of hym / And thenne syr percyual departed and rode tyl the houre of none / and he mette in a valey about a twenty men of armes whiche bare in a bere a knyghte dedely slayne / And whanne they sawe syr percyuale they asked hym of whens he was / and he ansuerd of the Courte of kyng Arthur / thenne they cryed all at ones slee hym / Thenne syr percyual smote the fyrst to the erthe and his hors vpon hym / And thenne seuen of the knyghtes smote vpon his sheld al attones and the remenaunt slewe his hors soo that he felle to the erthe

Soo had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyȝte sir Galahad with þ^e reed armes come there by aduenture in to tho partyes / And whanne he sawe alle tho knyghtes vpon one knyghte / he cryed saue me that knyghtes lyf / And thenne he dressid hym toward the twenty men of armes as faste as his hors myght dryue with his spere in the reyste / & smote the formest hors and man to the erthe / And whanne his spere was broken / he sette his hand to his suerd and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / that it was merueylle to see / and at euery stroke he smote one doune or put hym to a rebuke / soo that they wold fyghte no more but fled to a thyck forest / and syr Galahad folowed them / And whanne sir Percyuale sawe hym chase hem soo / he made grete sorowe that hys hors was away / And thenne he wyst wel it was syre Galahad / And thene he cryed alowde A fayre knyghte abyde and suffre me to doo thankynges vnto the / for moche haue ye done for me / But euer syr Galahad rode soo fast that atte laste he past oute of his syghte / And as fast as sir Percyual myght he wente after hym on foote cryenge / And thenne he mette with a yoman rydyng vpon an hakney the whiche led in his hand a grete stede blacker than ony bere / A fayr frend sayd sir Percyuale as euer as I maye doo for yow / and to be your true knyghte in the fyrst place ye wille requyre me that ye wille lene me that black stede that I myghte ouertake a knyghte the whiche rydeth afore me

¶ Syre knyghte sayd the yoman I praye yow hold me excused of that / for that I maye not doo / For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors that and I lente hit yow or ony man

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that he wold slee me / Allas sayd sir Percyual / I had neuer soo grete sorowe as I haue had for losynge of yonder knyghte Syr sayd the yoman I am ryghte heuy for yow / for a good hors wold byseme yow wel / but I dar not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wold take hym from me / that wille I not doo sayd syre Percyual / and soo they departed / and syre Percyual sette hym doune vnder a tree / and made sorowe oute of mesure / & as he was there ther cam came a knyght rydyng on the hors that the yoman lad / and he was clene armed /

¶ Capitulum Quintum /

ANd anone the yoman came pryckynge after as fast as euer he myghte / and asked syre Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydyng on his blak stede / ye sir for soth said he / why syr aske ye me that / A syre that stede he hath benome me with strength / wherfor my lord wylle slee me / in what place he fyndeth me / Wel saide syre Percyual what woldest thou that I dyd thou seest wel that I am on foote / but and I had a good hors / I shold brynge hym soone ageyne / Sir said the yoman take myn hakney and doo the best ye can / and I shall sewe yow on foote to wete how that ye shalle spede / Thenne sir Percyual alyghte vpon that hakney / and rode as faste as he myghte / And at the laste he sawe that knyghte / And thenne he cryed knyghte torne ageyne / and he torned / and set his spere ageynst syr Percyuale / and he smote the hakney in the myddes of the brest that he felle doune dede to the erthe / and there he had a

grete falle / and the other rode his waye / And thenne syr Percyual was wood wrothe / and cryed abyde
wycked knyghte coward and fals [correction; sic = sals] herted knyghte torne ageyne / and fyghte with
me on foote / but he ansuerd not / but paste on hys waye / whanne syr Percyual sawe he wold not torne
he caste aweye his helme and suerd / and sayd / now am I a veray wretche / cursyd / and moost vnhappy
aboue all other knyghtes So in this sorowe he abode all that day tyl hit was nyghte / & thenne he was
faynte & leyd hym doun and slepte tyl it was mydnyghte / & thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a
woman whiche sayd vnto hym ryght fyersly / Syre Percyuale what

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dost thou here / he ansuerd I doo neyther good nor grete ylle / Yf thou wylt ensure me said she that
thou wylt fulfylle my wylle / whanne I somone the I shall lene the myn owne hors whiche shalle bere
the whyder thou wylt / Syr Percyual was glad of her profer and [correction; sic = and and] ensured her
to fulfylle alle her desyre / thenne abydeth me here / and I shalle goo fetche yow an hors / And soo she
cam soone ageyne and broughte an hors with her that was inly blak / whan Percyual beheld that hors / he
merueylled that it was soo grete and soo wel apparaylled / and not for thenne he was soo hardy / & he
lepte vpon hym / & took none hede of hym self / And soo anone as he was vpon hym / he threst to hym
with his spores / and soo rode by a forest / and the mone shone clere / And within an houre and lasse he
bare hym four dayes Iourney thens vntyl he came to a rough water the whiche roryd / and his hors wold
haue borne hym in to hit

¶ Capitulum vj

ANd whanne syr Percyuale came nyghe the brymme / & sawe the water so boystous / he doubted to
ouerpasse it And thenne he made a sygne of the crosse in his forheed / whan the fende felte hym soo
charged / he shoke of syr Percyual / and he wente in to the water cryenge and roryng makyng grete
sorowe / and it semed vnto hym that the water brente / Thenne sir Percyual perceyued it was a fend the
which wold haue brought hym vnto his perdycon / Thenne he commaunded hym self vnto god / and
prayd oure lord to kepe hym from alle suche temptacyons / and so he praid alle that nyghte tyl on the
morn that it was day / thenne he sawe that he was in a wylde montayne / the whiche was closed with the
see nygh al aboute that he myȝt see no land about hym whiche myȝte releue hym but wylde beestes / and
thenne he went in to a valey / and there he sawe a yonge serpent brynge a yonge lyon by the neck / and
soo he came by sir Percyual / with that came a grete lyon cryenge and rorynge after the serpent

¶ And as fast as syr Percyual sawe thys / he merueylled / & hyhed hym thyder / but anon the lyon had
ouertake the serpent

and beganne bataille with hym /

¶ And thenne syr Percyual thoughte to helpe the lyon for he was the more naturel beeste / of the two / and there with he drewe his suerd / and sette hys shelde afore hym / and ther he gaf the serpent suche a buffet that he had a dedely wound / whanne the lyon sawe that / he made no resembelaunt to fyghte with hym / but made hym all the chere that a beest myghte make a man / Thenne Percyuale perceyued that and caste doune his sheld / whiche was broken / and thenne he dyd of his helme for to gadre wynde / for he was gretely enchafed with the serpente / and the lyon wente alwaye aboute hym fawnyng as a spanyel / And thenne he stroked hym on the neck and on the sholders / And thenne he thanked god of the felauship of that beeste / And aboute none the lyon took his lytel whelp and trussed hym and bare hym there he came fro / Thenne was syr Percyual alone / And as the tale telleth be was one of the men of the world at that tyme / whiche moost byleued in oure lord Ihesu Cryste / for in tho dayes there were but fewe folkes that byleued in god parfytely / For in tho dayes the sone spared not the fader no more than a straunger / And soo syre Percyual comforted hymself in our lord Ihesu / and besoughte god no temptacyon shold brynge hym oute of goddes seruyse / but to endure as his true champyon / Thus whanne syr Percyual had prayd he sawe the lyon came toward hym / and thenne he couched doune at his feete / And soo alle that nyghte the lyon and he slepte to gyders / & whanne syr Percyual slepte / he dremed a merueyllous dreme that there two ladyes mette with hym / and that one sat vpon a lyon / and that other sat vpon a serpent / and that one of hem was yonge and the other was old / and the yongest hym thought said sir Percyual my lord saleweth the / and sendeth the word that thow araye the / and make the redy / for to morne thow must fyghte with the strongest champyon of the world / And yf thow be ouercome / thou shalt not be quyte for losyng of ony of thy membrys / but thow shalt be shamed for euer to the worldes ende / And thenne he asked her what was her lord And she said the grettest lord of alle the world / and soo she departed sodenly that he wyste not where

¶ Capitulum vij

Thenne came forth the other lady that rode vpon the serpent / and she sayd syr Percyual I complayne me of yow that ye haue done vnto me and haue not offended vnto yow / Certes madame he sayd / vnto yow nor no lady I neuer offended / yes sayd she / I shalle telle yow why / I have nourysshed in this place a grete whyle a serpent whiche serued me a grete whyle / and yesterday ye slewe hym as he gat his pray Saye me for what cause ye slewe hym / for the lyon was not yours / Madame said syre Percyuale I knowe wel the Lyon was not myn / but I dyd hit / for the lyon is of more gentiller nature than the serpent / and therfor I slewe hym / me semeth / I dyd not amys ageynst yow / Madame sayd he what wold ye that I dyd / I wold sayd she for the amendys of my beste that ye bycome my man / and thenne

he answerd that wylle I not graunte yow / No sayd she truly ye were neuer but my seruaunt / syn ye receyued the homage of our lord Ihesu crist Therfor I ensure yow in what place I may fynde yow withoute kepynge I shalle take yow as he that somtyme was my man / And soo she departed from syr Percyual and lefte hym slepynge the whiche was sore trauaylled of his aduysyon / & on the morne he aroos and blessid hym and he was passynge feble / Thenne was sire Percyual ware in the see / and sawe a ship come sayllynge toward hym / and syr Percyual went vnto the shyp and fond hit couerd within and withoute wyth whyte Samyte / And at the bord stood an old man clothed in a surples in lykenes of a preest / Syr said syr Percyuale ye be welcome / god kepe yow sayd the good man / Sir sayd the old man of whens be ye / Syr said sir Percyual I am of kynge Arthurs Courte / and a knyghte of the table Round / the whiche am in the quest of the Sancgreal / and here I am in grete duresse and neuer lyke to escape oute of this wyldernes Doubte not sayd the good man and ye be soo true a knyghte / as the ordre of chyualry requyreth / and of herte as ye oughte to be / ye shold not doubte that none enemy shold slay yow / What ar ye said syr Percyuale / syr sayd the old man I am of a straunge countrey / and hyther I come to comforte yow / Syr

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sayd syr Percyuale what sygnefyeth my dreame that I dreamed this nyghte / & there he told hym alle to gyder / She whiche rode vpon the lyon betokeneth the newe lawe of holy chirche that is to vnderstande / fayth / good hope / byleue / and baptym / for she semed yonger than the other / hit is grete reason / for she was borne in the resurection and the passion of our lord Ihesu cryste And for grete loue she came to the / to warne the of thy grete bataille that shalle befall the / with whome sayd syre Percyuale shalle I fyghte / with the moost champion of the world said the old man / for as the lady sayd / but yf thou quyte the wel thou shalt not be quyte by losynge of one membre / but thou shalt be shamed to the worldes ende / And she that rode on the serpent sygnefyeth the olde lawe / and that serpent betokeneth a fende / And why she blamed the that thou slewest her seruaunt it betokeneth no thyng / the serpent that thou slewest betokeneth the deuylle that thou rodest vp on to the roche / And whan thou madest a sygne of the Crosse / there thou slewest hym / & putte away his power / And whanne she asked the amendys and to sbecome her man / And thou saydest thou woldest not / that was to make the to bileue on her and leue thy baptym / Soo he commaunded syr Percyuale to departe / and soo he lepte ouer the bord and the ship / and alle wente away he wyste not whyder / Thenne he wente vp vnto the roche and fonde the lyon whyche alwey kepte hym felaushyp and he stryked hym vpon the bak and had grete Ioye of hym

¶ Capitulum viij

BY that syr Percyuale had abyden there tyl myddaye / he sawe a shyp came rowyng in the see as all the wynd of the world had dryuen hit / And soo it droof vnder that roche / And whanne syr Percyual sawe this / he hyhed hym thyder / and fonde the ship couerd with sylke more blacker than ony beare / and therin was gentilwoman of grete beaute / and she was clothed rychely that none myghte be better / And

whanne she sawe syr Percyuale / she saide Who broughte yow in this wyldernes where ye be neuer lyke
to passe hens / for ye shal dye here for hongre and meschyef / Damoyssel saide

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syr Percyuale I serue the best man of the world / and in his seruyse he wille not suffre me to dye / for
who that knocketh shal entre / and who that asketh shalle haue / and who seketh hym / he hydeth hym
not / But thenne she said syr Percyual wote ye what I am / ye sayd he / Now who taughte yow my name
said she / Now sayd syre Percyuale I knowe you better than ye wene / And I came oute of the waste
forest where I found the reed knyghte with the whyte sheld sayd the damoyssel / A damoyssel said he with
that knyghte wold I mete passyng fayn Sir knyghte said she / and ye wille ensure me by the feyth that ye
owe vnto knyghthode that ye shalle doo my wylle what tyme I somone yow / and I shalle brynge yow
vnto that knyȝt ye said he / I shalle promyse yow to fulfille your desyre / well said she now shal I telle
yow / I sawe hym in the foreste chacynge two knyghtes vnto a water the whiche is called mortayse and
they drofe hym in to the water for drede of dethe / and the two knyghtes passed ouer / and the reed
knyghte passed after / and there his hors was drenched / and he thorou grete strengthe escaped vnto the
land / thus she told hym / and syr Percyuale was passyng glad therof / Thenne she asked hym yf he had
ete ony mete late / Nay madame truly I ete no mete nyghe this thre dayes / but late here I spak with a
good man that fedde me with his good wordes and hooly / and refresshyd me gretely / A syr knyghte
said she that same man is an enchaunter and a multyplyer of wordes / For and ye byleue hym ye shall
playnly be shamed & dye in this roche for pure hunger and be eten with wylde beestes and ye be a yong
man and a goodly knyghte / and I shalle helpe yow & ye wil What are ye said syr Percyual that profered
me thus grete kyndenes / I am said she a gentylwoman that am disheryted / whiche was somtyme the
rychest woman of the world / Damoyssel said syr Percyual who hath disheryted yow / for I haue grete
pyte of yow / Sir said she I dwellid with the grettest man of the world and he made me so fayre and clere
that ther was none lyke me / and of that grete beaute I had a lytil pryde more than I ought to haue had /
Also I sayd a word that pleasyd hym not / And thenne he wold not suffre me to be ony lenger in his
company / and soo drofe me from myn herytage /

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and soo disheryted me / and he had neuer pyte of me nor of none of my councelle / nor of my Courte /
And sythen sir knyght hit hat befallen me soo / and thurgh me and myn I haue benome hym many of his
men / and made hem to become my men For they aske neuer no thyng of me but I gyue hit hem that and
moche more / Thus I and al my seruantes were ayenst hym nyghte and daye / Therefore I knowe now no
good knyȝt nor noo good man but I gete hym on my syde and I maye And for that I knowe that thow arte
a good knyȝt / I byseche yow to helpe me / And for ye be a felawe of the round table wherfore ye oughte
not to fayle noo gentylwoman whiche is disheryted / and she besought yow of helpe

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne syr Percyual promysed her alle the helpe that he myghte / And thenne she thanked hym / And at that tyme the wheder was hote / thenne she called vnto her a gentylwoman and badde her brynge forth a paelione / And soo she dyd / and pyght hit vpon the grauel / Sire sayd she / Now maye ye reste yow in this hete of the day / Thenne he thanked her / and she put of his helme and his sheld / and there he slepte a grete whyle / And thenne he awoke / and asked her / yf she had ony mete / and she sayd ye / also ye shalle haue ynough / and soo there was sette ynough vpon the table / and theron soo moche þ^t he had merueil / for there was all maner of metes þ^t he coude thynke on / Also he dranke ther the strengest wyn that euer he dranke / hym thoughte / and there with he was a lytel chafed more than he oughte to be / with that he beheld the gentylwoman / and hym thought / she was the fayrest creature that euer he sawe / And thenne syre Percyual proferd her loue and prayd her that she wold be his / Thenne she refused hym in a maner whan he requyred her for the cause he shold be the more ardant on her / and euer he seased not to pray her of loue / And whanne she sawe hym wel enchauffed / thenne she sayd syr Percyuale wete yow wel I shall not fulfyllle youre wylle / but yf ye swere from hensforth ye shalle be my true seruauant / and to doo no thyng but that I shall commaunde

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yow / wyl ye ensure me this as ye be a true knyghte / ye sayd he fayr lady by the feythe of my body / wel sayd she now shal ye doo with me what soo hit please yow / and now wete ye well / ye are the knyghte in the world that I haue moost desyre to / And thenne two squyers were commaunded to make a bed in myddes of the paelione / And anone she was vnclothed & leyd therin / And thenne syre Percyual leyd hym doune by her naked / and by aduenture and grace he sawe his suerd lye on the ground naked / in whoos pomel was a reede crosse and the syng of the crucefyxe therin / and bethoughte hym on his knyghthode and his promyse made to fore hand vnto the good man / thenne he made a syng of the crosse in his forhede / & there with the paelione torned vp so doune / and thenne it chaunged vnto a smoke / and a blak clowde / and thenne he was adradde and cryed alowde /

¶ Capitulum x

Fayr swete fader Ihesu Cryste ne lete me not be shamed / the whiche was nyghte lost had not thy good grace ben / And thenne he loked in to a shyp / and sawe her entre therin / Whiche sayd sir Percyual ye haue bitrayed me / and soo she wente with the wynde rorynge and yellynge that it semed alle the water brent after her / Thenne syr percyual made grete sorowe / and drewe his suerd vnto hym / sayēg sythen my flessch will be my maister I shalle punysshe it / and there with he rofe hym self thurgh the that thygh the blood starte aboute hym / & said O good lord takek this in recompensacion of that I haue done ageynst the my lord / Soo thenne he clothed hym and armed hym / and called hym self a wretche /

sayenge how nyghe was I lost / and to haue loste that I shold neuer haue gotten ageyne / that was my
vyrgynyte / for that maye neuer be recouerd after hit is ones lost / and thenne he stopped his bledyng
wounde with a pyece of his sherte / Thus as he made his moue he saw the same shyp come fro Oryent
that the good man was in the day afore / and the noble knyȝt was ashamed with hym selfe / & there with
he felle in a swoone / And whan he awoke he went vnto hym wekely and there he salewed this good
man / And

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thenne he asked syr Percyual how hast thou done sythe I departed / Sir said he / here was a
gentylwoman and ledde me in to dedely synne / And there he told hym all to gyders / Knewe ye not the
mayde sayd the good man / Syr said he nay but wel I wote the fende sente her hyther to shame me / O
good knyghte sayd he thou arte a foole / for that gentilwoman was the maister fende of helle / the
whiche hath power aboue alle deuyls / and that was the old lady that thou sawest in thyn aduysyon
rydyngge on the serpent / Thenne he told syr Percyuale how our lord Ihesu Cryst bete hym oute of heuen
for his synne the whiche was the moost bryghtest angel of heuen / & therfore he loste his herytage / and
that was the champyon that thou foughtest with alle / the whiche had ouercome the / had not the grace
of god ben / Now beware syre Percyuale and take thys for an Ensample / and thenne the good man
vanysshed away / Thenne sire Percyual took his armes / and entryd in to the shyp / and soo departed
from thens

¶ here endeth the fourtenthe booke / whiche is of syr percyual

¶ And here foloweth of syre launcelot whiche is the fyftenth book

[Book Fifteen: syre launcelot]

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¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne the Heremyte had kepte syr Launcelot thre dayes / the heremyte gate hym an hors / an helme /
and a suerd /

¶ And thenne he departed about the houre of none And thenne he sawe a lytel hows / And whanne he

came nere / he sawe a Chappel / and there besyde he sawe an old man that was clothed al in white ful
rychely / and thenne sire launcelot saide god saue yow / god kepe yow sayd the good man / and make
yow a good knyghte / Thenne syr Launcelot alyghte and entred in to the Chappel / and there he sawe an
old man dede in a whyte shert of passyng fyne clothe /

¶ Sir said the good man this man that is dede oughte not to be in suche clothyng as ye see hym in / for
in that he brake the othe of hys ordre // For he hath ben more than an C wynter a man of a relygyon /
And thenne the good man and sire Launcelot wente in to the Chappel / and the good man tooke a stole
aboute hys neck and a book / and thenne be coniured on that book / & with that they sawe in an hydous
fygure & horryble / that there was no man soo hard herted nor soo hard but he shold haue ben aferd /
Thenne saide the fende thow hast trauaylled me gretely / Now telle me what thou wilt with me / I wille
saide the good man that thow telle me how my felawe became dede / & whether he be saued or
dampned / Thenne he said with an horryble voys / he is not lost but saued / how may that be sayd the
good man / It semed to me that he lyued not wel / for he brake his ordre for to were a sherte / where he
oughte to were none / And who that trespaceth ageynst our ordre dothe not wel / Not soo sayd the fende
this man that lyeth here dede was come of a grete lygnage / and there was a lord that hyghte the erle de
Vale that helde grete werre ageynste this mans neuewe the whiche hyghte Aguarus And soo this
Aguarus sawe the Erle was byggar than he / Thenne he wente for to take councyll of his vnkel the
which lyeth here dede as ye maye see /

¶ And thenne he asked leue & wente oute of his heremytage

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for to mayntene his neuewe ageynst the myghty Erle / and so hit happed that this man that lyeth here
dede dyd so moche by his wysedome and hardynes that the Erle was take and thre of his lordes by force
of this dede man /

¶ Capitulum ij

THenne was there pees betwyxe the Erle and this Aguarus / & grete seurte that the erle shold neuer
werre ageynst hym / Thenne this dede man that here lyeth came to this heremytage ageyne / And thenne
the erle made two of his neuewes for to be auenged vpon this man / Soo they came on a day / and fonde
this dede man at the sacryng of his masse / and they abode hym tyl he had sayd masse / And thenne they
set vpon hym and drewe oute swerdes to haue slayne hym / But there wold no suerd byte on hym more
than vpon a gad of stele for the hyghe lord whiche he serued / he hym preserued /

¶ Thenne made they a grete fyre and dyd of alle his clothes and the hayre of his bak / And thenne this
dede man heremyte sayd vnto them / wene ye to brenne me / it shalle not lye in your power nor to

perysse me as moche as a threde & there were ony on my body / Noo sayd one of them / hit shalle be assayed / & thenne they dispoyllled hym / and putte vpon hym this sherte / and cast hym in a fyre / and there he laye all that nyȝt tyl hit was daye in that fyre and was not dede / and soo in the morn I came and fond hym dede / but I fond neyther threde nor skynne tamyd / & soo tooke hym oute of the fyre with grete fere and leyd hym here as ye may see / And now may ye suffer me to goo my way / for I haue sayd yow the sothe / And thenne he departed with a grete tempest / Thenne was the good man and syr launcelot more gladder than they were to fore / And thenne syr launcelot dwelled with that good man that nyght Sire said the good man be ye not sir launcelot du lake / ye sire said he / what seke ye in this countrey / syr sayd syr launcelot I goo to seke the aduentures of the Sancgreal / wel sayd he seke it ye may wel / But though it were here ye shalle haue noo power to see hit no more than a blynd man shold see a bryȝte suerd / and that is longe on your synne / and els ye were more

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abeler than ony man lyuynge / And thenne sir launcelot began to wepe / Thenne sayd the good man were ye confessid syth ye entryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal / ye sir sayd syr launcelot / Thenne vpon the morne whanne the good man had songe his masse / thenne they buryed the dede man / Thenne syr launcelot sayd / fader what shalle I do / Now sayd the good man / I requyre yow take this hayre that was this holy mans and putte it nexte thy skynne / and it shalle preuaylle the gretely / syr and I wille doo hit sayd sir launcelot / Also I charge you that ye ete no flesshe as longe as ye be in the quest of the sancgreal / nor ye shalle drynke noo wyne / and that ye here masse dayly and ye may doo hit / Soo he took the hayre and putte it vpon hym and soo departed at euensonge tyme / And soo rode he in to a foreste / and there he mette with a gentylwoman rydyng vpon a whyte palfrey / and thenne she asked hym syre knyght whyder ryde ye / Certes damoyssel sayd launcelot I wote not whyder I ryde but as fortune ledeth me / A syre launcelot said she / I wote what aduenture ye seke / for ye were afore tyme nerer than ye be now / and yet shalle ye see hit more openly than euer ye dyd / and that shalle ye vnderstande in shorte tyme / Thenne syr launcelot asked her where he myghte be herberowed that nyghte / ye shalle not fynde this day nor nyghte but to morne ye shal fynde herberowe good and ease of that ye be in doubte of / And thenne he commaunded her vnto god / Thenne he rode tyl that he cam to a crosse and took that for his hoost as for that nyghte

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ANd soo he putte his hors to pasture / and dyd of hys helme and his shelde and made his prayers vnto the Crosse that he neuer falle in dedely synne ageyne / And soo he leyd hym doune to slepe / And anone as he was on slepe / hit befelle hym there an aduysyon / that there came a man afore hym alle by compas of sterres / and that man had a crowne of gold on his hede / and that man ledde in his felaushyp seuen kynges and two knyghtes / And alle these worshipped the Crosse knelyng vpon their knees / holdyng vp their handes

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toward the heuen / And alle they sayd fair swete fader of heuen come and vysyte vs and yelde vnto vs eueryche as we haue deserued / Thenne loked launcelot vp to the heuen / and hym semed the cloudes dyd open / and an old man came doun with a company of angels / and alyghte amonge them / & gafe vnto eueryche his blessynge and called them his seruantes / and good and true knyghtes / And whanne this old man had sayd thus he came to one of tho knyghtes and sayd I haue lost alle that I haue sette in the / For thou hast rulyd the ageynste me as a warryour and vsed wrong werres with vayne glory more for the pleasyr of the world than to please me / therfor thou shalt be confounded withoute thou yelde me my tresour / Alle this aduysyon sawe sir Launcelot at the Crosse / And on the morne he took his hors and rode tyl mydday / and there by aduenture he mette with the same knyght that took his hors / helme and his suerd whan he slepte whan the Sancgreal appiered afore the crosse / whanne sire launcelot sawe hym / he salewed hym not fayre but cryed on hyghe / knyghte kepe the / for thou hast done to me grete vnkyndenes / And thenne they put afore them their speres / and sir launcelot came soo fyersly vpon hym / that he smote hym and his hors doune to the erthe / that he had nyghe broken his neck / Thenne sir Launcelot tooke the knyghtes hors that was his owne afore hand / and descended from the hors he sat vpon and mounted vpon his own hors and teyed the knyghtes owne hors to a tree that he myght fynde that hors whanne that he was aysen

¶ Thenne sir launcelot rode tyl nyghte / and by aduentur he met an heremyte / and eche of hem salewed other / and there he rested with that good man alle nyght / and gaf his hors suche as he myghte gete / Thenne sayde the good man vnto Launcelot / of whens be ye / syr sayd he I am of Arthurs courte / and my name is sir launcelot du lake / that am in the Quest of the Sancgreal / And therfor I pray yow to counceylle me of a vysyon the whiche I hadde et the Crosse / And soo he tolde hym alle /

¶Capitulum quartum

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¶ Capitulum Quartum

LOo sir launcelot said the good man / there thou myȝtest vnderstande the hyghe lygnage that thou art comen of / And thyne aduysyon betokeneth after the passion of Ihesu Criste fourty yere Ioseph of Armathye preched the vycory of kynge Euelake / that he had in the batails the better of his enemyes of the seuen kynges and the two knyghtes / the fyrst of hem is called Nappus an holy man / and the second

hyghte Nacyen in remembraunce of his graunte syre / and in hym dwelled oure lord Ihesu Cryst / And the thyrd was called Hellyas le grose / and the fourth hyght Lysays / and the fyfthe hyghte Ionas / he departed out of his countrey and went in to walys / and toke there the doughter of Manuel / where by he had the lond of Gaule / and he came to dwelle in this countrey / And of hym came kynge launcelot thy graunte syre / the whiche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irland and he was as worthy a man as thow art / and of hym cam kynge Ban thy fader the which was the last of the seuen kynges / and by the sir launcelot hit sygnefyeth that the Angels sayd thou were none of the seuen felauships / and the laste was the ix knyght / he was sygnefied to a lyon / for he shold passe all maner of erthely knyghtes / that is syre Galahad / the whiche thow gate on kynge Pelles doughter / and thou ought to thanke god more than any other man lyuynge / for of a synner erthely thow hast no piere as in knyghthode nor neuer shalle be / But lytyl thanke hast thou gyuen to god for al the grete vertues that god hath lent the /

¶ Syr said Launcelot ye saye that that good knyȝt is my sone That ouȝtest thow to knowe and no man better said the good man / For thow knewest the doughter of kyng Pelles flesshely / and on her thow begattest Galahad / And that was he that at the feest of Pentecost satte in the sege peryllous / And therfor make thow hit knowen openly that he is one of thy begetynge on kynge Pelles doughter / for that wyl be youre worship and honour and to alle thy kynred / And I coſceyle yow in no place prece not vpon hym to haue

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adoo with hym / wel sayd launcelot / me semeth that good knyghte shold praye for me vnto the hyghe fader / that I falle not to synne ageyne / Trust thow wel sayd the good man thou faryst mykel the better for his prayer / but the sone shall not bere the wyckednes of the fader / Nor the fader shalle not bere the wyckednes of the sone / but eueryche shalle bere his owne burthen / And therfor beseke thow only god / and he wylle helpe the in alle thy nedes / And thenne syr launcelot and he wente to souper / and soo leyd hym to rest / and the hayre prycked so syr launcelots skynne whiche greued hym ful sore / but he toke hit mekely / and suffred the payne / and soo on the morne / he herd his masse and took his armes / and soo toke his leue /

¶ Capitulum Quintum

ANd thenne mounted vpon his hors / and rode in to a forest / and helde no hyhe waye / And as he loked afore hym / he sawe a fayre playne / and besyde that a fayre Castel / & afore the Castel were many paelions of sylke & of dyuerse hewe / And hym semed that he sawe there fyue honderd knyȝtes rydynge on horsbak / and there were two partyes / they that were of the Castel were all in blak horses and their trappours blak / and they that were withoute were al on whyte horses & trappours / and eueryche hurteled to other that it merueylled syr launcelot / And at the laste hym thoughte they of the castel were putte to the werse / Thenne thoughte sir launcelot for to helpe there the weyker party in

encrecyng of his chyualry And soo syr launcelot threst in among the party of the Castel and smote doune a knyghte hors and man to the erthe / And thenne he rasshed here and there and dyd merueyllous dedes of armes / And thenne he drewe oute his suerd / and strake many knyghtes to the erthe / so that alle tho that sawe hym merueyllled that euer one knyghte myghte doo soo grete dedes of armes / But alweyes the whyte knyghtes helde them nyghe aboute syr launcelot for to tyere hym and wynde hym / But att the laste as a man may not euer endure syre Launcelot waxed so faynt of fyȝtyng & trauailling & was so wery

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of his grete dedes / but he myghte not lyfte vp his armes for to gyue one stroke so that he wende neuer to haue borne armes / & thenne they alle took and ledde hym away in to a forest / and there made hym to alyghte & to reste hym / And thenne all the felaushyp of the castel were ouercome for the defaute of hym / Thenne they sayd alle vnto syr launcelot blessid be god / that ye be now of oure felaushyp / for we shalle holde yow in oure pryson / and soo they lefte hym with fewe wordes / And thenne syr launcelot made grete sorowe / for neuer or now was I neuer at turnement nor Iustes but I had the best / and now I am shamed / and thenne he sayd now I am sure that I am more synfuller than euer I was / thus he rode sorowyng / and half a day he was oute of despayre / tyl that he came in to a depe valey / And whanne syr launcelot sawe he myghte not ryde vp in to the montayne / he there alyghte vnder an Appel tree / and there he lefte his helme and his shelde / and put his hors vnto pasture / And then he leid hym doune to slepe / And thenne hym thoughte there came an old man afore hym / the whiche sayd A launcelot of euylle feythe and poure byleue / wherfor is thy wille tourned soo lyghtely toward thy dedely synne / And whanne he had sayd thus / he vanysshed away / & launcelot wyst not where he was become / Thenne he tooke his hors and armed hym / And as he rode by the way he sawe a chappel where was a recluse whiche hadde a wyndowe that she myghte see vp to the Aulter / And alle aloude she called launcelot / for that he semed a knyghte erraunt / And thenne he came and she asked hym what he was / and of what place / & where aboute he wente to seke

¶ Capitulum Sextum

ANd thenne he told her alle to gyder word by word and the trouthe how it befelle hym at the turnement / And after told her his aduysyon that he had had that nyghte in his slepe / and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene / for he was not wel contente with hit /

leaf 332r

¶ A Launcelot sayd she as longe as ye were knyghte of erthely knyghthode / ye were the moost merueillous man of the world and moost aduenturous /

¶ Now said the lady sythen ye be sette amonge the knyghtes of heuenly aduentures / yf aduenture felle the contrary at that turnement / haue thou no merueille / for that turnement yesterdaye was but a tokenyng of oure lord / And not for thenne there was none enchauntement for they at the turnement were erthely knyghtes / The turnement was a token to see who shold haue most knyghtes outhur Clyazar the sone of kynge Pelles or Argustus the sone of kynge Harlon / But Clyazar was alle clothed in whyte / and Argustus was couered in blak the whiche were comen / Alle what this betokeneth I shalle telle yow /

¶ the daye of Pentecost whan kynge Arthur helde his court / it befelle that erthely kynges and knyghtes toke a turnement to gyders / that is to say the quest of the Sancgreal / The erthely knyghtes were they / the whiche were clothed al in black / and the couerynge betokeneth the synnes wherof they be not confessid / And they with the couerynge of whyte betokeneth vyrgynyte / and they that chosen chastyte / And thus was the quest begonne in them / Thenne thow behelde the synners and the good men / and when thow sawest the synners ouercome; / thow enclynest to that party for bobaunce and pryde of the world / and alle that must be lefte in that quest /

¶ For in this quest thow shalte haue many felawes and thy betters / For thow arte soo feble of euylle truste and good byleue / this made hit whan thou were there where they took the / and ledde the in to the forest / And anone there appiered the Sancgreal vnto the whyte knyghtes / but thow was soo feble of good byleue and feyth that thou myghtest not abyde hit for alle the techyng of the good man / but anone thou tornest to the synners / and that caused thy mysauenture that thow sholdest knowe good from euylle / and vayne glory of the world / the whiche is not worth a pere And for grete pryde thou madest grete sorow that thou haddest not ouercome alle the whyte knyghtes with the keueryng of whyte by whome was betokeneth vyrgynyte & chastyte / & therfor god was wroth with yow / for god loueth no suche dedes in this quest / & this aduision signefyeth þ^t thou were of euil

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feythe and of poure byleue / the whiche wille make the to falle in to the depe pytte of helle yf thow kepe the not

¶ Now haue I warned the of thy vayne glory / and of thy pryde / that thow hast many tymes erryd ageynst thy maker beware of euerlastyng payne / for of alle erthely knyghtes I haue moost pyte of the / for I knowe wel thow hast not thy pyere of ony erthely synful man / And soo she commaunded syr launcelot to dyner / And after dyner he toke his hors and commaunded her to god / and soo rode in to a depe valeye / and there he sawe a ryuer and an hyhe montayn / And thorou the water he must nedes

passee / the whiche was hydous / and thenne in the name of god he took hit with good herte / and when he came ouer / he sawe an armed knyghte hors and man black as ony beare without ony word he smote syr launcelots hors to the erthe / and soo he passed on he wyst not where he was become / And thenne he took his helme and his shelde / & thanked god of his aduenture

¶ here leueth of the story of syr launcelot

¶ And speke we of sir Gawayne the whiche is the xvj book

[Book Sixteen: sir Gawayne]

¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne sire Gawayne was departed from his his felaushyp / he rode long withoute ony aduenture / For he fond not the tenth parte of aduenture as he was wonte to doo / For syre Gawayn rode from whytsontyde vntyl Mychelmasse And fonde none aduenture that pleasyd hym / Soo on a daye it befelle Gawayne mette with sir Ector de marys / and eyther made grete Ioye of other / that it were merueylle to telle / And soo they told eueryche other and complayned them gretely that they coude fynde none aduenture /

¶ Truly sayd fyre Gawayne vnto syre Ector I am nyghe wery of this quest / and loth I am to folowe further in straūge

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Countreyes / one thyng merueilled me sayd syre Ector I haue mette with twenty knyghtes felawes of myn / and al they complayne as I doo / I haue merueille said syr Gawayne where that syr launcelot your broder is / Truly said sire Ector I can not here of hym nor of syr Galahad / Percyuale nor syr Bors / lete hem be sayd syre Gawayne / for they foure haue no pyres / And yf one thyng were not in syr launcelot / he had no felawe of none erthely man / but he is as we be / but yf he took more payne vpon hym / But and these four be mette to gyders / they wille be lothe that ony man mete with hem / for and they fayle of the Sancgreal / hit is in waste of alle the remenaunt to recouer hit / Thus as Ector and Gawayne rode more than eyghte dayes / And on a saterday they fond an old chappel the whiche was wasted that there semed no man thyder repayed / and there they alyghte / and sette their speres att the dore / and in they entryd in to the chappel / and there made their orysons a grete whyle / And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chappel / And as they spak of one thyng and other / for heuynes they felle on slepe / and there befelle hem both merueyllous aduentures / Sir Gawayn hym semed he cam in to a medowe ful of herbes and floures / And there he sawe a rake of bulles an honderd and fyfty that were prowde & blak

sauf thre of hem were al whyte and one had a blak spot / and the other two were soo fayre and soo whyte that they myght be no whyter / And these thre bulles whiche were soo fayre were teyed with two stronge cordes / And the remenaunt of the bulles sayd among hem goo we hens to seke better pasture / and so some wente / and some came ageyne / but they were so lene that they myghte not stande vp ryghte / and of the bulles that were soo whyte that one came ageyne and no mo / But whan this whyte bulle was come ageyne amonge these other / there rose vp a grete crye for lack of wynde þ^t fayled them / And so they departed one here and another there / this aduysion befelle Gawayne that nyght

¶ Capitulum Secundum

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BVt to Ector de marys befelle another vysyon the contrary / For hit semed hym that his broder syre launcelot and he alyghte oute of a chayer and lepte vpon ij horses / and the one sayde to the other go we seke that we shal not fynde / and hym thoughte that a man bete syr launcelot / and despoyllid hym / and clothe hym in another aray the whiche was al ful of knottes / and sette hym vpon an asse / and so he rode tyll he cam to the fayrest welle that euer he sawe / and syre Launcelot alyghte and wold haue dronke of that welle / And whan he stouped to drynke of the water the water sanke from hym /

¶ And whanne syre launcelot sawe that he torned and wente thyder as the hede come fro / And in the meane whyle he trowed that hym self and syr Ector rode tyl that they cam to a ryche mans hows where there was a weddyng / And there he sawe a kynge / the whiche sayd syr knyghte here is no place for yow / and thenne he torned ageyne vnto the chayer that he came fro / Thus within a while bothe Gawayne and Ector awaked / and eyther told other of their aduysion / the whiche merueylled them grete / Truly sayd Ector I shalle neuer be mery tyl I here tydynges of my broder launcelot /

¶ Now as they sat thus talkyng they sawe an hand sheuyng vnto the elbowe / and was couerd with reed Samyte / And vpon that henge a brydel not ryght ryche / and helde within the fyst a grete candel whiche brenned ryght clere / and soo passed afore them / and entryd in to the chappel / and thence vanysshed away and they wist not where / And anone came doune a voyse whiche sayd knyghtes ful euylle feyth and of poure byleue these two thynges haue fayled yow / and therfor ye may not come to the aduentures of the sancgreal / Thenne fyrst spak Gawayne and sayd Ector haue ye herd these wordes / ye truly said sir Ector I herd alle / Now goo we sayd syre Ector vnto some heremyte that wille telle vs of our aduysion / for hit semeth me we labour alle in vayne / and soo they departed and rode in to a valeye and there mette with a squyer whiche rode on an hakney / and they salewed hym fayre / Sire sayd Gawayne can thou teche vs to ony heremyte / Here is one in a lytel montayne / but hit is soo rough there may no hors go thyder / and therefore ye muste goo vpon foote / there shalle ye fynde

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a poure hows / and there is nacyen the heremyte which is the holyest man in this countrey / and so they departed eyther from other / And thenne in a valey they mette with a knyghte al armed whiche profered hem to Iuste as fer as he sawe them / In the name of god sayd syr Gawayne / sythe I departed from camelot / there was none profered me to Iuste but ones / and now Sir said Ector lete me Iuste with hym / Nay sayd Gawayne ye shalle not / but yf I be bete / hit shalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me / And thenne eyther enbraced other to Iuste and came to gyders as fast as their horses myghte renne / and brast their sheldes and the mayles / and the one more than the other / and Gawayne was wounded in the lyfte syde / but the other knyghte was smyten thorou the brest / and the spere cam oute on the other syde / and soo they felle bothe oute of their sadels / and in the fallynge they brak bothe their speres / Anone Gawayne aroos and sette his hand to his suerd / and caste his sheld afore hym / But alle for nought was it / for the knyght had no power to aryse ageyne hym / Thenne said gawayne ye must yelde you as an ouercome mā / or els I may slee you / A sir knyghte sayd he I am but dede / for goddes sake and of your gentilnes lede me here vnto an Abbay that I may receyue my creatour / Syre sayd Gawayne I knowe no hows of relygyon here by / Syr sayd the knyghte sette me on an hors to fore yow / and I shalle teche yow / Gawayne sette hym vp in the sadel / and he lepte vp behynde hym for to sustene hym / and soo came to an Abbay where they were wel receyued / and anone he was vnarmed / and receyued his creatour / Thenne he prayd Gawayne to drawe out the truncheon of the spere oute of his body / Thenne Gawayne asked hym what he was that knewe hym not / I am sayd he of kynge Arthurs courte / & was a felawe of the round table / and we were bretheren sworne to gyders / and now syr Gawayne thow hast slayne me / and my name is Vwayne les auoultres that somtyme was sone vnto kynge Vryens / and was in the quest of the Sancgreal / & now forgyue it the god / for hit shal euer be sayd that the one sworn broder hath slayn thotherr /

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¶ Capitulum Tercium

Alas sayd Gawayne that euer this mysauenture is befallen me / No force sayd Vwayne sythe I shalle dye this deth / of a moche more worshypfuller mans hand myghte I not dye / but whanne ye come to the Court / recommaunde me vnto my lord kynge Arthur and alle tho that ben lefte on lyue / and for old brotherhode thynke on me / Thenne beganne Gawayne to wepe and Ector also / And thenne Vwayne hym self and syre Gawayne drewe oute the truncheon of the spere / and anone departed the soule from the body / Thēne sir Gawayne and sir Ector beryed hym as men oughte to berye a kynges sone / and made wryten vpon his name / & by whome he was slayne / Thenne departed Gawayne and Ector as heuy as they myghte for their mysauentur / and so rode til that they came to te rouȝ montayne / and there

they teyed their horses and wente on foote to the heremytage / And whanne they were come vp / they sawe a poure hows / & besyde the chappel a lytyl courtelage / where Nacyen the heremyte gadred wortes as he whiche had tasted none other mete of a grete whyle And whanne he sawe the erraunt knyghtes / he came toward them and salewed them / and they hym ageyne / Faire lordes said he what aduentur brought yow hyther / Syr said Gawayn to speke with yow for to be confessid / Sir said the heremyte I am redy / thenne they told hym soo moche that he wyst well what they were / And thenne he thoughte to counceylle hem yf he myght / Thenne began gawayne fyrst & told hym of his aduysyon that he had in the Chappel / and Ector told hym alle as it is afore reherced / Sir said the heremyte vnto sir Gawayne the fayr medowe and the rak therin ought to be vnderstande the round table / and by the medowe oughte to be vnderstande humylyte and pacyence / tho ben the thynges whiche ben alweyes grene and quyck / for men maye no tyme ouercome humylyte and pacyence / therfor was the round table foūden and the Chyualry hath ben at alle tymes / soo by the fraternyte whiche was there that she myght not be ouercomen / For men sayd she was founded in pacyence and in humylyte at the

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Rake ete an honderd and fyfty bulles / but they ete not in the medowe / for their hertes shold be sette in humylyte and pacyence / and the bulles were prowde and blak sauf only thre By the bulles is to vnderstande the felaushyp of the round table whiche for their synne and their wyckednes ben black / Blaknes is to saye withoute good or vertuous werkes / and the thre bulles which were whyte sauf only one that was spotted / The two whyte bitokenen syr Galahad and sir percyual for they be maydens clene and withoute spotte / And the thyrd that had a spot sygnefyeth syr Bors de ganys / which trespaced but ones in his vyrgynyte / but sythen he kept hym self so wel in chastyte that alle is forgyuen hym and his mysdedes And why tho thre were teyed by the neckes / they be thre knyghtes in vyrgynyte and chastyte / and there is no pryde smyten in them / And the blak bulles whiche sayd goo we hens / they were tho whiche at Pentecost atte the hyhe feest took vpon hem to goo in the quest of the Sancgreal / withoute confession they myghte not entre in the medowe of humylyte and pacyence / And therfor they retorned in to waste countreyes / that sygnefyeth dethe / for there shalle dye many of them / eueryche of them shalle slee other for synne / and they that shalle escape / shalle be soo lene that hit shalle be merueylle to see them / And of the thre bulles withoute spotte / the one shalle come ageyne/ and the other two neuer

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THenne spak Nacyen vnto Ector sothe hit is that launcelot and ye came doune of one chayer / the chayer betokeneth maistership and lordshyp whiche ye came doune fro / But ye two knyghtes sayd the heremyte ye goo to seke that ye shalle neuer fynde that is the Sancgreal For hit is the secrete thyng of oure lord Ihesu Cryste / what is to meane thar syre Launcelot felle doune of his hors / he hath left pryde / and taken hym to humylyte / for he hath cryed mercy lowde for his synne and sore repented hym / and our lorde hath clothed hym in his clothyng whiche is ful of knottes that is the hayre that he weryth

dayly /

¶ And the asse that he rode vpon is a beest of

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humylyte / For god wold not ryde vpon no stede nor vpon no palfrey / So in ensample that an asse betokeneth mekenes that thou sawest syr Launcelot ryde on in thy slepe / and the welle where as the water sanke from hym whanne he shold haue taken therof / And whanne he sawe he myghte not haue it / he retorne thyder from whens he came / for the welle betokeneth the hyghe grace of god / the more men desyre hit to take hit / the more shalle be their desyre / Soo whanne he came nyghe the Sancgreal / he meked hym that he held hym not a man worthy to be soo nyghe the holy vessel / for he had ben soo defouled in dedely synne by the space of many yeres / yet whanne he kneled to drynke of the welle / there he sawe grete preuydence of the Sancgreal / And for he had serued soo longe the deuylle / he shal haue vengeance four and twenty dayes longe / for that he hath ben the deuyls seruaunt four and twenty yeres / And thenne soone after he shalle retorne vnto Camelot oute of this coúntrey and he shalle saye a parte of suche thynges as he hath fonde

¶ Now wille I telle yow what betokeneth the hande with the candel and the brydel / that is to vnderstande the holy ghost where charyte is euer / and the brydel sygnefyeth abstynence / For whanne she is brydeled in Crysten mans herte / she holdeth hym soo shorte that he falleth not in dedely synne / And the candell whiche sheweth clerenesse and syghte sygnefyeth the ryȝt way of Ihesu Cryst / And whanne he wente and sayd knyghtes of poure feythe and of wycked byleue / these thre thynges fayled charyte / abstynence / and trouth / therfor ye maye not atteyne that hyhe aduenturr of the Sancgreal

¶ Capitulum Quintum

Certes sayd Gawayne / sothely haue ye sayd that I see it openly /

¶ Now I pray yow good man and holy fader telle me why we mette not with soo many aduentures as we were wonte to doo / and comynly haue the better /

¶ I shalle telle yow gladly sayd the good man / The aduenture of the Sancgreal whiche ye and many other haue vndertake þ^e quest of it & fynde it not / the cause is / for it appiereth

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not to synners / wherfore merueylle not though ye fayle therof and many other / For ye be an vntrue knyghte / and a grete murtherer / and to good men sygnefyeth other thynges than murther / For I dar saye as synfull as syre launcelot hath ben sythe he went in to the quest of the Sancgreal / he slewe neuer man / nor nought shalle tyll that he come vnto Camelot ageyne / for he hath taken vpon hym for to forsake synne / And nere were that he nys not stable / but by his thoughte he is lykely to torne ageyne / he shold be nexte to encheue it sauf Galahad his sone / but god knoweth his thoughte and his vnstabylnesse / and yet shalle he dye ryght an holy man / and no doubte he hath no felawe of no erthely synful man / Sir sayd Gawayne hit semeth me by your wordes that for oure synnes it wylle not auaylle vs to trauaylle in this quest / Truly sayd the good man / there ben an honderd suche as ye be / that neuer shalle preuayle / but to haue shame / And whanne they had herd these voyces they commaunded hym vnto god /

¶ Thenne the good man called Gawayne and sayd it is longe tyme passed syth that ye were made knyghte / and neuer sythen thow seruedest thy maker / and now thow arte soo old a tree that in the is neyther lyf ne fruyte / wherfore bethynk the that thou yelded to oure lord the bare rynde / sythe the fende hath the leues and the fruyte / Syr said Gawayne & I had leyser I wold speke with yow / but my felawe here syr Ector is gone and abyde me yonder byneth the hylle / wel sayd the good man thow were better to be counceyllled / Thenne departed Gawayne ande came to Ector / and soo took their horses & rode tyl they came to a fosters hows whiche herberowed them ryȝt wel / And on the morne they departed from theyr hooste / and rode longe or they coude fynde ony aduenture

¶ Capitulum Sextum

WHanne Bors was departed from Camelot / he mette with a Relygyous man rydyng on an asse / and syre Bors salewed hym / Anon the good man knewe hym that he was one of the knyȝtes erraunt that was in the quest of the Sancgreal / what are ye sayd the good man / Sire sayd

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he / I am a knyȝte that fayn wold be counceyllled in the quest of the Sancgreal / For he shall haue moche erthely worship that may brynge it to an ende / Certes sayd the good man that is sothe / for he shalle be the best knyghte of the world and the fairest of alle the felauship / But wete yow wel there shall none atteyne it but by clenness that is pure confession / So rode they to gyder tyl that they came to an heremytage / And there he prayd Bors to dwelle alle that nyghte with hym / and soo he alyghte and put away his armour / and prayd hym that he myghte be confessid / and soo they wente in to the chappel / and there he was clene confessid / & they ete brede and drank water to gyder / Now sayd the good man I praye the that thow ete none other / tyl that thou sytte at the table where the Sancgreal shalle be / Sir sayd he I agree me therto / but how wete ye that I shall sytte there / yes sayd the good man that knowe I /

but there shalle be but fewe of your felawes with yow / All is welcome sayd sir Bors that god sendeth me / Also said the good man / in stede of the sherte and in sygne of chastyement ye shal were a garment / therfor I pray yow doo of al your clothes and your sherte / and soo he dyd / And thenne he tooke hym a scarlet cote so that shold be in stede of his sherte / tyll he had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal / and the good man fond hym in soo merueilleous a lyfe / and soo stable / that he merueilled and felte that he was neuer corrupte in flesshely lustes / but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le blank / Thenne he armyd hym and took his leue and so departed / And soo a lytel from thens he loked vp in to a tree / and there he sawe a passynge grete byrde vpon an olde tree / and hit was passyng drye withoute leues / and the byrd sat aboue and had byrdes the whiche were dede for honger / Soo smote he hym self with his bek the whiche was grete and sharpe / And soo the grete byrd bledde tyl that he dyed amonge his byrdes / And the yonge byrdes token the lyf by the blood of the grete byrd / whan Bors sawe this he wyst wel it was a grete tokenynge / For whanne he sawe the grete byrd arose not / thenne he tooke his hors and yede his way / So by euensonge by aduentur he cam to a strong toure and an hyhe / & there was he lodged gladly /

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¶ Capitulum Septimum

ANd whanne he was vnarmed / they ledd hym in to an hyhe toure where was a lady yonge / lusty and fayre / And she receyued hym with grete Ioye / and made hym to sytte doune by her / and soo was he sette to soupe with flesshe / and many deyntees / And whanne syre Bors sawe that / he bethought hym on his penaunce and badde a squyer to brynge hym water / / And soo he broughte hym / and he made soppes therin / and ete them / A sayd the lady / I trowe ye lyke not my mete / yes truly sayd syr Bors / god thanke yow madame but I may ete none other mete this daye / thenne she spak nomore as at that tyme / for she was lothe to displease hym /

¶ Thenne after souper they spak of one thyng and other / With that came a squyer and sayd / Madame ye must purueye yow to morne for a champion / for els your syster wille haue this castel and also your landes excepte ye can fynde a knyȝt that wille fyghte to morne in your quarel ageynst Prydam le noyre / Thenne she made sorowe and sayd / A lord god wherfor graunted ye to hold my lond wherof I shold now be disheryted withoute reason and ryghte / And whanne sire Bors had herd her say thus / he sayd I shalle comforte yow / Syr sayd she I shal telle yow there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyause / whiche held alle this land in his kepyng / Soo hit myshapped he loued a gentilwoman a grete dele elder that I Soo tooke he her alle this land to her kepyng / and all his men to gouerne / and she brought vp many euylle custommes where by she putte to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen / And whanne he sawe that / he lete charce her oute of this land / and bytoke hit me / and alle this land in my demenys / but anone as that worthy kynge was dede / this other lady beganne to werre vpon me / and hath destroyed many of my men / & tourned hem ageynste me / that I haue wel nyghe no man lefte me And I haue nought els but this hyhe toure that she lefte me And yet she hath promysed me to haue this Toure

withoute I can fynde a knyghte to fyghte with her Champyon / Now telle me sayd syr Bors / what is that Prydam le noyre / fyre sayd she he is the moost doubted man of thys land /

¶ Now

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may ye send her word that ye haue fond a knyghte that shall fyghte with that Prydam le noyre in goddes quarel & yours / Thenne that lady was not a lytel glad / and sente word that she was purueyed / and that nyghte Bors had good chere / but in no bedde he wold come / but leyd hym on the floore / nor neuer wold doo otherwyse tyl that he had met with the quest of the Sancgreal /

¶ Capitulum Octauum

ANd anone as he was a slepe / hym befelle a vysyon / that there came to hym two byrdes / the one as whyte as a swan / and the other was merueyllous blak / but it was not soo grete as the other / but in the lykenes of a Rauen / thēne the whyte byrd came to hym / and sayd / and thou woldest gyue me mete and serue me / I shold gyue the alle the ryches of the world / And I shalle make the as fayre and as whyte as I am / Soo the whyte byrd departed / and there came the blak byrd to hym & sayd / & thou wolte serue me to morowe & haue me in no despyte / though I be blak / for wete thou wel / that more auayleth my blaknes than the others whytnes / and thenne he departed / and he had another vysyon / hym thoughte / that he came to a grete place whiche semed a chappel / & there he fonde a chayer sette on the lyfte syde whiche was worme eten / and feble / And on the ryghte hand were two floures lyke a lylie / and the one wold haue benome the others whytnes But a good man departed hem that touched not the other / & thenne oute of eueryche floure came oute many floures and fruyte grete plente / Thenne hym thoughte the good man sayd / shold not be doo grete folly that wold lete these two floures perysshe for to socoure the rotten tree that hit felle not to the erthe Syr sayd he / it semeth me that this woode myghte not auayle Now kepe the sayd the good man that thou neuer see suche aduenture befall the / Thenne he awaked and made a sygne of the crosse in myddes of the **forhede** [correction; sic = sorhede] / and soo rose / & clothed hym and there came the lady of the place / and she salewed hym / & he her ageyne / and so wente to a chappel and herd their seruyse And ther came a companye of knyghtes that the lady had sent

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for to lede sir Bors vnto bataille / Thenne asked he his armes And whanne he was armed / she prayd hym

to take a lytyl morsel to dyne / Nay madame sayd he / that shalle I not do tyll I haue done my bataille by the grace of god / And soo he lept vpon his hors / and departed alle the knyghtes and men with hym / And as soone as these two ladyes mette to gyder / She whiche Bors shold fyghte for complayned her and sayd madame ye haue done me wronge to bireue me of my landes that kynge Anyaus gaf me / and ful lothe I am there shold be ony bataille / ye shalle not chese sayd the other lady or els youre knyghte withdrawe hym / Thenne ther was the crye made whiche party had the better of tho two knyghtes that his lady shold reioyse alle the lande / Now departed the one knyghte here / and the other there / Thenne they came gyders with suche a raundon that they perced their sheldes and their hauberkes / & the speres flewe in pyeces / and they wounded eyther other sore / Thenne hurteled they to gyders so that they felle both to the erthe / and their horses betwix their legges / and anone they arose and sette handes to their swerdes / and smote echone other vpon the hedes that they made grete woundes and depe that the blood wente oute of her bodyes / For ther fond sir Bors gretter defence in that knyght more than he wende / For that Prydam was a passynge good knyghte / and he wounded sir bors ful euyl and he hym ageyne / but euer this Prydam helde the stoure in lyke hard / That perceyued sire Bors and suffred hym tyl he was nyghe attaynte /

¶ And thenne he ranne vpon hym more and more / and the other wente bak for drede of deth Soo in his withdrawynge he felle vp ryght / and syre Bors drewe his helme soo strongly that he rente hit fro his hede / and gafe hym grete strokes with the flatte of his swerd vpon the vysage / and bad hym yelde hym or he shold slee hym / Thenne he cryed hym mercy and sayd Faire knyght for goddes loue slee me not / and I shall ensure the neuer werre ageynst thy lady / but be alwey toward her / Thenne Bors lete hym be / thenne the old lady fledde with alle her knyghtes

¶ Capitulum ix

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¶ Capitulum nonum

SOo thenne came Bors to alle tho that held landes of his lady / and sayd he shold destroye hem / but yf they dyd suche seruyse vnto her as longed to their landes / Soo they dyd their homage and they that wold not were chaced oute of their landes / Thenne befelle that yonge lady to come to her estate ageyne by the myghty prowesse of syr Bors de ganys Soo whan alle the countrey was wel set in pees / thenne syre Bors toke his leue and departed / and she thanked hym gretely / and wold haue gyuen hym grete rychesse but he refused hit / Thenne he rode alle that day tyl nyght / and came to an herberowe to a lady whiche knewe hym wel ynough / & maade of hym grete Ioye / Vpon the morne as soone as the day appiered / Bors departed from thens / and soo rode in to a foreste / vnto the houre of mydday / and there bifelle hym a merueyllous aduenture / So he mette at the departyng of the two wayes two knyghtes that

ledde lyonel his broder al naked bounden vpon a straunge hakney / & his handes bounden to fore his brest And eueryche of hem helde in his handes thornes where with they wente betyng hym so sore that the blood trayled doune more than in an honderd places of his body / soo that he was al blood to fore and behynde / but he said neuer a word as he whiche was grete of herte / he suffred alle that euer they dyd to hym as though he had felte none anguysshe / Anone syre Bors dressid hym to rescowe hym that was his broder / and soo he loked vpon the other syde of hym / and sawe a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman / and wold haue set her in the thyckest place of the forest for to haue ben the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought hym / And she whiche was no thyng assured cryed with an hyghe voys Saynte mary socoure your mayde

¶ And anone she aspyed where syre Bors came rydyng / And whanne she came nygh hym / she demed hym a knyghte of the round table / wherof she hoped to haue some comforte / & thenne she coniured hym by the feythe that he ought vnto hym in whos seruyse thow arte entryd in / and for the feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode / & for the noble kyng

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Arthurs sake that I suppose that made the knyght that thow help me / and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte /

¶ Whanne Bors herd her saye thus / he had soo moche sorowe there he nyst not what to doo / For yf I lete my broder be in aduenture he must be slayne / and that wold I not for alle the erthe And yf I help not the mayde / she is shamed for euer / and also she shall lese her vyrgynyte / the whiche she shal neuer gete ageyne / Thenne lyfte he vp his eyen and sayd wepyng / Fair swete lord Ihesu Cryste whoos lyege man I am kepe Lyonel my broder that these knyghtes slee hym not / and for pyte of yow / and for Mary sake I shalle socoure this mayde /

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne dressid he hym vnto the knyghte / the whiche had the gentylwoman / and thenne he cryed sir knyghte lete your hand of that mayden or ye be but dede / & thenne he sette doune the mayden / and was armed at alle pyeces sauf he lacked his spere / Thenne he dressid his sheld / and drewe oute his swerd / and Bors smote hym soo hard that it went thurgh his shelde and haberion on the lyfte sholder / and thorowe grete strengthe he bete hym doune to the erthe / and at the pullynge oute of Bors spere there he swouned /

¶ Thenne came Bors to the mayde / and sayd how semeth it yow of this knyghte / ye be delyuerd at this tyme /

¶ Now sir said she I praye yow lede me there as this knyghte hadde me soo shall I do gladly / & took the hors of the wounded knyght and sette the gentylwoman vpon hym / and soo broughte her as she desyred / Sir knyghte sayd she / ye haue better sped than ye wend / for and I had lost my maydenhede / fyue honderd men shold haue dyed for hit / what knyghte was he that had yow in the forest / by my feithe sayd she / he is my cosyn / So wote I neuer with what engyn the fende enchauffed hym / for yesterday he took me from my fader pryuely / for I nor none of my faders men mystrusted hym not / And yf he hadde hadde my maydenhede / he shold haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed & dishonoured for euer / Thus as she stood talkynge with hym there came twelue knyghtes sekyng after her / and anone she

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told hem alle how Bors had delyuerd her / thenne they maad grete Ioye and besoughte hym to come to her fader a grete lord and he shold be ryght welcome / Truly sayd Bors that may not be at this tyme / for I haue a grete aduentur to doo in this countrey / Soo he commaunded hem vnto god and departed / Thenne syr Bors rode after Lyonel his broder by the trace of their horses / thus he rode sekyng a grete whyle / Thenne he ouertoke a man clothed in a Relygyous clothynge / and rode on a stronge black hors blacker than a bery / and sayd syre knyghte what seke yow / Syre sayd he I seke my broder that I sawe within a whyle beten with two knyghtes / A Bors discomforte yow not / ne falle in to no wanhope / for I shall telle you tydynges suche as they ben / for truly he is dede / Thenne shewed he hym a newe slayne body lyenge in a busshe / and it semed hym wel that it was the body of Lyonel / and thenne he made suche a sorowe that he felle to the erthe all in a swoone / and lay a grete whyle there / And whanne he came to hym selfe / he said Faire brother syth the company of yow and me is departed shall I neuer haue Ioye in my herte / and now he whiche I haue take vnto my maister / he be my help / And whanne he had sayd thus / he toke his body lyghtely in his armes / and putte hit vpon the arson of his sadel / And thenne he sayd to the man canst thou telle me vnto somme chappel where that I may burye this body / Come on said he / here is one fast by / and soo longe they rood tyl they sawe a fayre Toure / and afore it there semed an old feble chappel / And thenne they alyght bothe and put hym in to a Tombe of marbel

¶ Capitulum xj

NOw leue we hym here sayd the good man / and goo we to oure herberowe tyl to morowe we wille come here ageyne to doo hym seruyse / Sir sayde Bors be ye a preest / ye forsothe sayd he / thenne I pray yow telle me a dreame that befall to me þe last nyȝt / Say on sayd he / thenne he began soo moche to telle hym of the grete byrd in the forest / And after told hym of his byrdes one whyte / another black / and of

[correction; sic = of of] the rotten tree and of the whyte floures / syre I shalle telle yow a parte now and the other dele to morowe / The whyte foule betokeneth a gentylwoman fayre and ryche whiche loued the peramours / and hath loued the longe

¶ And yf thou warne her loue she shalle goo dye anone yf thou haue no pyte on her / that sygnefyeth the grete byrd / the whiche shalle make the to warne her /

¶ Now for noo fere that thou hast ne for no drede that thou haste of god / thou shalte not warne her but thou woldest not do hit for to be holden chast for to conquere the loos of the veyne glory of the world / for that shalle befall the now and thou warne her that Launcelot the good knyghte thy cosyn shalle dye / And therefore men shalle now saye þ^t thou art a man sleer / both of thy broder syre Lyonel and of thy cosyn syre launcelot du lake / the whiche thou myghtest haue saued and rescowed easily / But thou wenest to rescowe a mayde whiche perteyneth no thyng to the

¶ Now loke thou whether hit had ben gretter harme of thy broders deth or els to haue suffred her to haue lost her maydenhode /

¶ Thenne asked he hym haste thou herd the tokens of thy dreame the whiche I haue told to yow / Ye forsothe sayd syre Bors / alle youre exposycyon and declarynge of my dreame I haue wel vnderstande and herd / Thenne said the man in this black clothyng / thenne is hit in thy defaute yf sire Launcelot thy cosyn dye /

¶ Syre said bors that were me lothe / for wete ye wel there is no thyng in the world but I had leuer doo hit than to see my lord sire launcelot du lake to dye in my defaute Chese ye now the one or the other said the good man / And thenne he led syre Bors in to an hyghe Toure / and there he fonde knyghtes and ladyes tho ladyes sayde he was wel come / and soo they vnarmed hym /

¶ And whanne he was in his dobblet / men broughte hym a mantel furred with ermyn and putte hit aboute hym / and thenne they made hym suche chere that he hadde forgeten alle his sorowe and anguysshe / and only sette his herte in these delytes and deyntees / & tooke noo thoughte more for this broder syre Lyonel neyther of syre Launcelot du lake his cosyn / And anone came oute of a chamber to hym the fayrest lady that euer he sawe & more rycher

bysene than euer he sawe Quene Gueneuer or ony other estat Lo sayd they syre Bors here is the lady

vnto whome we owe alle oure seruyse / and I trowe she be the rychest lady and the fayrest of alle the world / and the whiche loueth yow best aboue alle other knyghtes / for she wille haue no knyght but yow And whanne he vnderstood that langage he was abasshed / Not for thenne she salewed hym / and he her / and thenne they satte doune to gyders and spak of many thynges / in soo moche that she besoughte hym to be her loue / for she had loued hym aboue alle erthely men / and she shold make hym rycher than euer was man of his age /

¶ Whanne Bors vnderstood her wordes / he was ryght euyll at ease / whiche in no maner wold not breke chastyte / soo wyst not he how to ansuer her /

¶ Capitulum xij

Alas sayd she Bors shalle ye not doo my wyll / Madame said Bors / there is no lady in this world whos wyll I wyll fulfyll as of this thyng / for my broder lyeth dede whiche was slayne ryght late / A Bors sayd she I haue loued yow longe for the grete beaute I haue sene in yow / and the grete hardynes that I haue herd of yow that nedes ye must lye by me this nyghte / & therfor I praye yow graunte it me /

¶ Truly sayd he I shalle not doo hit in no maner wyse / thenne she made hym suche sorowe as though she wold haue dyed / wel Bors sayd she vnto this haue ye broughte me nyghe to myn ende / And there with she took hym by the hand / & badde hym behold her / and ye shal see how I shalle dye for your loue / A sayd thenne he that shalle I neuer see / Thenne she departed and wente in to an hyhe batilment / and led with her twelue gentylwymmen / and whan they were aboue one of the gentylwymmen cryed and sayd

¶ A syr Bors gentil knyghte haue mercy on vs all / and suffre my lady to haue her wil And yf ye doo not we muste suffre deth with oure lady for to falle doune of thys hyhe towre / And yf ye suffre vs thus to dye for soo lytel a thyng / alle ladyes and gentylwymmen wyll saye of you dishonour /

¶ Thenne loked he vpward

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they semed alle ladyes of grete estate and rychely and well bysene / thenne had he of hem grete pyte / not for that he was vncounceiled in hym self that leuer he had they alle had loste their soules than he his / and with that they felle adoune alle at ones to the erthe / And whan he sawe that / he was al abasshed / and had therof grete merueylle / with that he blessyd his body and his vysage / And anone he herd a grete noyse & a grete crye as though alle the fendes of helle had ben aboute hym / and there with he sawe neyther toure ne lady ne gentylwoman nor no chappel where he broughte his broder to / Thenne helde he vp bothe his handes to the heuen and sayd / fayre fader god I am greuously escape / and thenne

he tooke his armes and his hors and rode on his way / Thenne he herde a clok smyte on his ryght hand / and thydder he came to an Abbay on his ryght hand closyd with hyhe walles / and there was lete in / thenne they supposed that he was one of the quest of the Sancgreal / So they ledde hym in to a chamber and vnarmed hym / Syrs sayd syr Bors yf there be ony holy man in this hows / I pray yow lete me speke with hym / Thenne one of hem ledde hym vnto the Abbot whiche was in a Chappel / And thenne syr Bors salewed hym / and he hym ageyne / sir said Bors I am a knyght erraunt / and told hym all the aduenture whiche he had sene / Sir knyght syd the Abbot I wote not what ye be / for I wende neuer that a knyght of your age myghte haue ben soo strong in the grace of our lord Ihesu Cryst / Not for thenne ye shall go vnto your rest / for I wyll not counceyle yow this day / hit is to late / and to morowe I shalle counceyle yow as I can

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd that nyghte was syre Bors serued rychely / and on the morne erly he herd masse / and the Abbot came to hym / and bad hym good morow / and Bors to hym ageyne / And thenne he told hym he was a felawe of the quest of the Sancgreal / and how he had charge of the holy man to ete brede and water /

¶ Thenne oure lord Ihesus Cryste shewed hym vnto yow in the lykenes of a sowle that suffred

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grete anguysshe for vs syn he was putte vpon the crosse / and bledde his herte blood for mankynde / there was the token and the lykenes of the Sancgreal that appiered afore yow / for the blood that the grete foule bled reuyued the chyckens from deth to lyf / And by the bare tree is betokened the world whych is naked and withoute fruyte but yf hit come of oure lord / Also the lady for whome ye fought for and kyng Anyaus whiche was lord there to fore betokeneth Ihesu Cryste / whiche is kynge of the world / and that he foughte with the champyon for the lady / this hit betokeneth / for whanne he took the bataille for the lady / by her shall ye vnderstande the newe lawe of Ihesu Cryst and holy chirche / and by the other lady ye shalle vnderstand the old lawe and the fende whiche al day werrith ageynst holy chirche / therfor ye dyd your bataille with ryghte For ye be Ihesu Crystes knyghtes / therfor ye oughte to be defenders of holy chirche / And by the black byrd myghte ye vnderstande holy chirche whiche sayth I am blak / but he is faire And by the whyte byrd myghte men vnderstande the fende / & I shalle telle yow how the swan is whyte withoute forth and blak within / hit is ypocrysy whiche is withoute yelowre or pale / and semeth withoute forth the seruauntes of Ihesu Cryste but they ben within soo horryble of fylthe and synne and begyle the world euylle / Also whanne the fende appiered to the in lykenes of a man of relygyon and blamyd the that thow lefte thy broder / For a lady soo ledde the where thow semyd thy broder was slayne / but he is yet on lyue / and alle was for to putte the in error and brynge the vnto wanhope and lechery / for he knewe thou were tendyr herted / & all was / for thou sholdest not fynde the

blessid aduenture of the Sancgreal / and the thyrdde foule betokeneth the stronge bataille ageynst the fair ladyes whiche were alle deuyls / Also the drye tree and the whyte lylye the drye tree bitokeneth thy broder Lyonel whiche is drye withoute vertue / and therfore many men oughte to calle hym the rotten tree and the worme eten tree / for he is a murtherer and doth contrary to the ordre of knyghthode / And the two whyte floures sygnyfyen two maydens / the one is a knyght whiche was wounded the other day / and the other is the gentylwoman whiche ye rescowed and why the other

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floure drewe nyghe the other / that was the knyghte which wold haue defowled her and hym self bothe / and syr Bors ye had ben a grete foole and in grete perylle for to haue sene tho two floures perysshe for to socoure the roten tree / for and they had synned to gyder they had ben dampned / and for that ye rescowed hem bothe / men myghte calle yow a veray knyghte and seruaunt of Ihesu Cryste /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne wente sir Bors from thens and commaunded the Abbot vnto god / And thenne he rode alle that day and herberowed with an old lady / And on the morne he rode to a Castel in a valey / and there he mette with a yoman goynge a grete paas toward a foreste / Saye me sayd syre Bors canst thou telle me of ony aduenture / Syre sayd he / here shall be vnder this Castle a grete and a merueyllous turnement / of what folkes shal hit be sayd syr Bors / The erle of playns shal be in the one party / & the ladyes neuw of Heruyn on the other party / thenne bors thouȝt to be there yf he myȝt mete with his broder syr Lyonel or ony other of his felaushyp / whyche were in the quest of the Sancgreal / And thenne he torned to an hermytage that was in the entre of the foreste / And when he was come thyder / he fonde there syr Lyonel his broder whiche sat al armed at the entre of the Chappel dore for to abyde there herberowe tyl on the morn that the turnement shalle be / And whanne sir Bors sawe hym / he had grete Ioye of hym / that it were merueil to telle of hys Ioye / And thenne he alyghte of his hors / and sayd fair swete broder whanne cam ye hydder / Anone as Lyonel sawe hym he said

¶ A Bors ye maye not make none auaunt / but as for you I myȝt haue ben slayn whan ye sawe two knyȝtes ledyng me away betyng me ye lefte me for to socoure a gentilwoman / and suffred me in perylle of deth / for neuer erst ne dyd no broder to another so grete an vntrouthe / And for that mysdede now I ensure you but deth / for wel haue ye deserued it / therfore kepe the from hensforward / and that shal ye fynde as soone as I am armed / whan sir Bors vnderstood his broders wrath / he knelyd doune to

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the erthe / and cryed hym mercy / holdyng vp both his handes and prayd hym to forgyue hym his euyl wylle / Nay sayd Lyonel that shalle neuer be and I maye haue the hyher hand that I make myn auowe to god / thow shalt haue dethe for it for it were pyte ye lyued ony lenger / Ryghte soo he wente in and took his harneis and mounted vpon his hors / and cam to fore hym and sayd / Bors kepe the from me / for I shall do to the as I wold to a felon or a traytour / for ye be the vntruest knyght that euer came oute of soo worthy an hows / as was kynge Bors de ganys / whiche was oure fader / therfore starte vpon thy hors / and soo shalle ye be moost at your auauntage And but yf ye wylle / I wille renne vpon yow there as ye stande vpon foote / and soo the shame be myn / and the harme yours / but of that shame ne reke I noughte / whan syr Bors sawe that he must fyghte with his broder or els to dye/ he nyst what to doo / thenne his herte counceyled hym not therto in as moche as Lyonel was borne or he / wherfor he ought to bere hym reuerence / yet kneled he doune afore Lyonels hors feet/ and sayd fair swete broder haue mercy vpon me / and sle me not / and haue in remembraunce the grete loue whiche oughte to be bitwene vs tweyne / what syr Bors sayd to Lyonel he roughete not / for the fende had broughte hym in suche a wyl that he shold slee hym / Thenne whanne Lyonel sawe he wold none other / and that he wold not haue rysen to gyue hym bataille/ he rasshed ouer hym so that he smote Bors with his hors feete vpward to the erthe / and hurte hym so sore that he swouned of distresse / the whiche he felte in hym self to haue dyed withoute confession / Soo whanne Lyonel sawe this / he alyghte of his hors to haue smyten of his hede / And soo he toke hym by the helme / and wold haue rente hit from his heed /

¶ Thenne came the heremyte rennyng vnto hym whiche was a good man and of grete age / and wel had herd alle the wordes that were bitwene them / and soo felle doune vpon syre Bors

¶ Capitulum xv

Thenne he sayd to Lyonel A gentyl knyghte haue mercy vpon me and on thy broder / for yf thow slee hym /

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thow shalte be dede of synne / and that were sorouful / for he is one of the worthyest knyghtes of the world / and of the best condycyons / Soo god me help sayd Lyonel syr preest / but yf ye flee from hym I shall slee yow / and he shalle neuer the sooner be quyte / Certes sayd the good man I haue leuer ye slee me than hym / for my dethe shalle not be grete harme not halfe soo moche as of his / wel sayd Lyonel I am greed / and sette his hand to his swerd and smote hym soo hard that his hede yede bakward / Not for that he restrayned hym of his euyl wylle / but took his broder by the helme and vnlaced hit to haue stryken of his hede / and had slayn hym withoute fayle but soo it happed Colgreuaunce a felawe of the round table cam at that tyme thyder as oure lordes wylle was / And whanne he sawe the good man slayne he merueylled moche what it myght be / And thenne he beheld Lyonel wold haue slayne his broder / and knewe syre Bors whiche he loued ryȝt wel Thenne starte he doune and toke Lyonel by the

sholders and drewe hym strongly abak from Bors / and sayd Lyonel wylle ye slee your broder the
 worthiest knyghte of the world one / & that shold noo good man suffer / why sayd Lyonel / wylle ye
 lette me / therfor yf ye entermete yow in this I shall slee you and hym after / why sayd Colgreuaunce is
 this sothe that ye wille slee hym / slee hym wylle I sayd he / who so saye the contrary / For he hath done
 so moche ageynst me / that he hath wel deserued it / and soo ranne vpon hym / and wold haue smyten
 hym thurgh the hede / and sir Colgreuaunce ranne betwyx them and sayd & ye be so hardy to do soo
 more we two shal medle to gyders / when Lyonel vnderstood his wordes / he took his sheld afore hym /
 and asked hym what that he was / and he told hym Colgreuaunce one of his felawes / Thenne Lyonel
 defyed hym / and gaf hym a grete stroke thurgh the helme / Thenne he drewe his suerd / for he was a
 passyng good knyȝte / and defended hym ryȝt manfully / soo longe dured the batail that Bors rose vp all
 anguysshly & behelde Colgreuaunce the good knyght fought with his broder for his quarel / thenne was
 he full sory and heuy / and thoughte yf Colgreuaunce slee hym / that was his broder / he sholde neuer
 haue Ioye / And yf his broder slew Colgreuaunce the shame shold euer be myn / Thenne wolde

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he haue rysen to haue departed them / but he had not soo moche myghte to stande on foote / soo he
 abode hym soo longe tyl Colgreuaunce had the werse / for Lyonel was of grete chyualrye and ryghte
 hardy / for he had perced the hauberk and the helme that he abode but dethe / For he had lost moche of
 his blood that it was merueylle that he myghte stande vp ryghte / Thenne beheld he syr Bors whiche sat
 dressyng hym vward and said A Bors why come ye not to caste me oute of perylle of dethe wherin I
 haue put me to socoure yow whiche were ryght now nyghe the dethe / Certes said Lyonel that shall not
 auayle you for none of you shalle bere others waraunt / but that ye shalle dye bothe of my hand / when
 Bors herd that / he dyd soo moche he rose and putte on his helme / Thenne perceyued he fryste the
 heremyte preest whiche was slayne / thenne made he a merueillous sorowe vpon hym /

¶ Capitulum xvj

Thenne ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon syre Bors / Why wylle ye lete me dye here for your sake / yf it
 plesse yow that I dye for yow the dethe / it wille please me the better for to saue a worthy man / with that
 word syre Lyonel smote the helme from his hede / Thenne Colgreuaunce sawe that he myght not
 escape / thenne he sayd Fair swete Ihesu that I haue mysdoo haue mercy vpon my sowle / For suche
 sorowe that my herte suffreth for goodenes and for almes dede that I wold haue done here / be to me a
 lygement of penaunce vnto my soules helthe / At these wordes Lyonel smote hym soo sore that he bare
 hym to the erthe / soo whanne he had slayne Colgreuaunce / he ranne vpon his broder as a fendly man /
 & gaf hym suche a stroke that he made hym stoupe / and he that was ful of humylyte prayd hym for
 goddes loue to leue this bataille / For and hit befelle fayre broder that I slewe yow or ye me / we shold
 be dede of that synne /

¶ Neuer god me help but yf I haue on yow mercy and I maye haue the better hand / Thenne drewe Bors

his suerd al wepynge and sayd / Faire brother god knoweth myn entente / A fayre broder ye haue done
ful euylle this daye to slee suche an holy preest the

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whiche neuer trespass / Also y haue slayne a gentyl knyghte and one of oure felawes / And wel wote ye
that I am not aferd of yow gretely / but I drede the wrathe of god / and this is an vnkyndely werre /
therefore god shewe myracle vpon vs bothe / Now god haue mercy vpon me / though I defende my lyf
ageynst my broder / with that Bors lyfte vp his hand / & wold haue smyten his broder /

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd thēne he herd a voyce that sayd flee bors & touche hym not / or els thou shall slee hym /
Ryght so alyȝt a clowde betwixe them in lykenes of a fyre and a merueyllous flamme that bothe her two
sheltes brente /

¶ Thenne were they sore affrayed that they felle bothe to the erthe / and laye there a grete whyle in a
swoune / And whanne they came to them self Bors sawe that his broder had no harme / thenne he held
vp bothe his handes / for he dradde god had taken vengeance vpon hym / with that he herd a voyce saye
Bors go hens and bere thy broder noo lenger felaushyp / but take thy way anone ryghte to the see / For
sire Percyual abydeh the there / Thenne he sayd to his broder fayr swete broder forgyue me for goddes
loue alle that I haue trespaced vnto yow / Thenne he ansuerd God forgyue it the and I doo gladly / So sir
Bors departed from hym and rode the nexte way to the see / And at the last by fortune he came to an
Abbay whiche was nygh the see / That nyght Bors rested hym there / and in his slepe there came a voice
to hym & badde hym go to the see / thenne he starte vp and made a sygne of the Crosse in the myddes of
his forhede and took his harneis and made redy his hors / and moūtred vpon hym / And at a
broken walle he rode oute / & rode soo long tyl that he came to the see / And on the strond he fond a
shyp couerd all with whyte samyte / And he alyghte & bitoke hym to Ihesu Cryst / And as soone as he
entryd in to the ship the shyp departed in to the see and wente so fast that hym semed the shyp wente
fleynge / but hit was soone derke soo that he myght knowe no man / and soo he slepte tyl hit was daye

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Thenne he awaked and sawe in myddes of the shyp a knyȝt lye alle armed sauf his helme / Thenne
knewe he that hit was syr Percyual of walys / and thenne he made of hym ryȝt grete Ioye / but sir
Percyual was abasshed of hym / and he asked hym what he was / A fayr syr sayd Bors knowe ye me

not / Certes sayd he I merueylle how ye came hyther / but yf oure lord broughte yow hyder hym self /
thenne syre Bors smyled and dyd of his helme / Thenne Percyual knewe hym / & eyther made grete Ioye
of other that it was merueylle to here /

¶ Thenne Bors told hym how he came in to the shyp / and by whoos ammonysshement / and eyther told
other of theyre temptacyons / as ye haue herd to fore hand /

¶ Soo wente they douneward in the see one whyle bakward another whyle forward / and eueryche
comforted other / and ofte were in their prayers / thenne sayd syre Percyual we lak no thyng but
Galahad the good knyghte

¶ And thus endeth the syxtenth book whiche is of syre Gawayne / Ector de marys / and syre Bors de
ganys and sir Percyual

¶ And here foloweth the seuententh book whiche is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad /

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[Book Seventeen: syre Galahad]

¶ Capitulum primum

NOW saith this story whanne Galahad had rescowed Percyual from the twenty knyghtes / he yede tho in
to a waste foreste / wherin he rode many Iourneyes / and he fonde many aduentures / the whiche he
brought to an ende / wherof the story maketh here no mencyon / Thenne he toke his waye to the see on a
daye / & hit befelle as he passed by a Castel where was a wonder turnement / but they withoute had done
soo moche / that they within were putte to the werse / yet were they wythin good knyghtes ynouȝ /
whanne Galahad sawe that tho within were at soo grete a meschyef that men slewe hem att the entre of
the Castel / thenne he thoughte to helpe hem / and putte a spere forth / and smote the fyrste that he slay
to the erthe / and the spere brak to pyeces / thanne he drewe his suerd / and smote there as they were
thyckest / and so he dyd wonderful dedes of armes / that alle they merueyllled / thenne hit happed that
Gawayne and sir Ector de marys were with the knyghtes withoute / But whanne they aspyed the whyte
shelde with the reed Crosse / the one sayd to the other yonder is the good knyght sir Galahad the haute
prynce / Now he shold be a grete foole / whiche shold mete with hym to fyghte / Soo by aduenture he
came by sire Gawayne and he smote hym soo hard that he claf his helme and the coyfe of yron vnto his
hede / so that Gawayn felle to the erthe / but the stroke was soo grete that it slented doune to the erthe
and carfe the hors sholder in two / Whan Ector sawe Gawayne doune he drewe hym asyde / and
thoughte it no wysedome for to abyde hym / and also for naturel loue that he was his vnkel / Thus thurgh

his grete hardynesse he bete abak alle the knyghtes withoute / And thenne they within cam oute and chaced hem alle aboute / But whanne Galahad sawe ther wold none torne ageyne / he stale away pryuely so that none wyst where he was bicomme / Now by my hede sayd Gawayn to Ector now are the wonders true that were sayd of Launcelot du lake / that the swerd whiche stak in the stone shold gyue me suche a buffet pt I wold not haue it for the best Castell in this world / and sothely now hit is preued trewe for neuer

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ere had I suche a stroke of mans hand / Sir sayd Ector me semeth your quest is done / and yours is not done sayd Gawayn but myn is done I shalle seke noo ferther / Thenne Gawayne was borne in to a Castel and vnarmed hym / and leyd hym in a ryche bedde / and a leche fonde that he myght lyue / & to be hole within a moneth / Thus Gawayne and Ector abode to gyder / For syre Ector wold not away til Gawayne were hole / & the good knyȝt Galahad rode so long tyll he came that nyghte to the Castel of Carboneck / & hit befelle hym thus / that he was benyghted in an hermytage / Soo the good man was fayne whan he sawe he was a knyght erraunt / tho whan they were at rest / ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng at the dore / & called Galahad / and soo the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wold / Thenne she called the heremyte syre Vlfyn I am a gentylwoman that wold speke with the knyght whiche is with yow / Thenne the good man awaked Galahad / & badde hym aryse and speke with a gentylwoman that semeth hath grete nede of yow / Thenne Galahad wente to her & asked her what she wold / Galahad sayd she I will that ye arme you and moūte vpon your hors and folowe me / For I shall shewe yow within these thre dayes the hiest aduenture that euer ony knyght sawe / Anone Galahad armed hym and took his hors and commaunded hym to god / and badde the gentilwoman go and he wold folowe there as she lyked /

¶ Capitulum ij

SOo she rode as fast as her palfrey myght bere her tylle that she came to the see / the whiche was called Collybe And at the nyghte they came vnto a Castel in a valeye closed with a rennynge water and with stronge walles and hyhe / & soo she entred in to the Castel with Galahad and there had he grete chere for the lady of that Castel was the damoysels lady / soo whan he was vnarmed / thenne said the damoysels madame shalle we abyde here all this day / Nay sayd she but tylle he hath dyned and tyl he hath slepte a lytyl / so he ete and slepte a while tyl that the mayde called hym / and armed hym by

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torche lyght / And whan the mayde was horsed and he bothe the lady took Galahad a fayr child and
ryche / and so they departed from the Castel tyl they came to the see syde / & there they fond the shyp
where Bors and Percyual were in / the whiche cryed on the shyps bord sir Galahad ye be welcome / we
haue abyden yow longe / And whan he herd them / he asked them what they were / Sir said she leue
your hors here / and I shall leue myn and toke her sadels and her brydels with them and made a crosse
on them / and soo entryd in to the shyp / and the two knyghtes receyued hem bothe with grete Ioye / and
eueryche knewe other / and soo the wynde aroos / and drofe hem thurgh the see in a merueyllous place /
And within a whyle it dawyd / Thenne dyd Galahad of his helme & his suerd / & asked of his felawes
from whens cam that fayre shyp / Truly sayd they ye wote as wel as we but of goddes grace / and thenne
they told eueryche to other of alle theire hard aduentures / and of her grete temptacyons / truly sayd
Galahad ye are moche bounden to god for ye haue escaped grete aduentures and had not the
gentilwoman ben / I had not comen here / for as for yow I wend neuer to haue fond yow in these
straunge countreyes / A Galahad saide Bors yf launcelot your fader were here / thenne were we wel at
ease / for thenne me semed we fayled no thyng / That may not be sayde Galahad / but yf it pleasyd oure
lorde / By thenne the shyp wente fro the londe of Logrys / and by aduenture it arryued vp betwix two
roches passyng grete and merueyllous / but there they myght not londe / for there was a swalowe of the
see / sauf there was another ship / and vpon it they myght goo withoute daunger / Goo we thyder sayd
the gentylwoman / and there shalle we see aduentures / for soo is oure lordes wylle /

¶ And whanne they came thyder / they fond the ship ryche ynouȝ / but they fond neyther man ne woman
therin / But they fonde in the ende of the ship two fayre letters wryten whiche sayd a dredeful word and
a merueyllous / Thow man whiche shalle entre in to this shyp beware thou be in stedfast bileue for I am
feith & therfor beware hou thou entrest / for & thou faile I shal not helpe the / thenne saide the gē
tilwoman Percyual wote ye what I am / Certes said nay to my wetyng /

¶ Wete you wel sayd she that I

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am thy syster / whiche am doughter of kynge Pellenore / And therefore wete ye wel ye are the man in the
world that I moost loue / And yf ye be not in parfyte byleue of Ihesu Cryst entre not in no maner of
wyse / for thenne shold ye perysshe the shyp for he is soo parfyte / he wylle suffre no synner in hym /
whanne Percyual vnderstode that she was his veray syster / he was inwardly glad and sayd / faire syster I
shalle entre therin / For yf I be a mys creature or an vntrue knyghte there shalle I perysshe

¶ Capitulum Tercium

IN the meane whyle Galahad blessed hym / & entrid therin / and thenne next the gentylwoman / &
thenne sir Bors & sir Percyual / And whan they were in / it was so merueyllous fayre and ryche that they

merueyllled / & in myddes of the shyp was a fayr bedde / & Galahad wente therto / & fond there a crowne of sylke / And at the feet was a swerd ryche & fayre / and hit was drawen oute of the shethe half a foot and more / and the suerd was of dyuerse facyons / and the pomel was of stone / and there was in hym alle manere of colours that ony man myght fynde / and eueryche of the colours hadde dyuerse vertues / and the skalys of the hafte were of two rybbes of dyuerse beestes / the one beest was a serpent whiche was conuersaunt in Calydone / and is called the serpent of the fend And the bone of hym is of suche a vertu that there is no hand that handeleth hym shalle neuer be wery nor hurte / and the other beest is a fysshe which is not ryght grete / and haunteth the flood of Eufrate / and that fysshe is called Ertanax / and his bones be of suche a maner of kynde that who that handeleth hem / shalle haue soo moche wille that he shalle neuer be wery and he shalle not thynke on Ioye nor sorow that he hath had But only that thyng that he beholdeth before hym / And as for this suerd there shalle neuer man begrype hym at the handels but one / but he shalle passe alle other / In the name of god said Percyual I shall assaye to handle hit / Soo he sette his hand to the suerd / but he myghte not begrype hit / by my feyth said he now haue I fayled / Bors set his hand therto & fayled Thenne Galahad beheld the suerd and sawe letters lyke blood that sayd / lete see who shall assaye to drawe me oute of my

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shethe / but yf he be more hardyer than ony other / & who that draweth me / wete ye wel that he shalle neuer fayle of shame of his body or to be wounded to the dethe / By my feyth said galahad I wold drawe this suerd oute of the shethe / but the offendynge is soo grete that I shalle not sette my hand therto Now sirs said the gentilwoman wete ye wel that the drawynge of this suerd is warned to alle men sauf al only to yow Also this shyp aryued in the realme of Logrys / and that tyme was dedely werre bytwene kyng labor whiche was fader vnto the maymed kyng and kyng Hurlame whiche was a Sarasyn / But thenne was he newly crystend / soo that men helde hym afterward one of the wyttyest men of the world / & soo vpon a day hit befelle that kyng Labor and kyng Hurlame had assembled their folke vpon the see where this shyp was aryued / and there kyng Hurlame was discomfyte / and his men slayne / and he was aferd to be dede / and fled to his shyp and there he fond this suerd and drewe hit / and cam oute and fond kyng Labor the man in the world of al crystendom in whome was thenne the grettest feythe /

¶ And when kyng Hurlame sawe kyng Labor he dressid this suerd / and smote hym vpon the helme soo hard that he clafe hym / and his hors to the erthe with the fyrst stroke of his suerd / and hit was in the realme of Logrys / and soo bifelle grete pestylence & grete harme to both Realmes / for sythen encrecyd neyther corne ne grasse nor wel nyghe no fruyte / ne in the water was no fysshe werfor men callen hit the landes of the two marches the waste land / for that dolorous stroke / And when kyng Hurlame sawe this suerd soo keruyng / he torned ageyne to fetch the scaubard / And soo came in to this shyp and entred and putt vp the suerd in the shethe / And as soone as he had done it / he felle doune dede afore the bedde / Thus was the swerd preued that none ne drewe it but he were dede or maymed / So laye he ther tyl a mayden cam in to the shyp / and cast hym oute / for there was no man so hardy of the world to entre in to shyphthat for the defence

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AND thenne beheld they the scaubard / hit semed to be of a serpentes skynne / And theron were letters of gold and syluer / and the gyrdel was but pourely to come to / and not able to susteyne suche a ryche suerd / and the letters sayd / he whiche shal welde me oughte to be more harder than ony other yf he bere me as truly as me oughte to be born For the body of hym whiche I oughte to hange by he shal not be shamed in no place whyle he is gyrd with this gyrdel / nor neuer none be soo hardy to doo away this gyrdel / for it oughte not be done away but by the handes of a mayde / and that she be a kynges doughter and quenes / and she must be a mayde alle the dayes of her lyf / bothe in wylle and in dede / And yf she breke her vyrgynte she shalle dye the moost vylaynous dethe that euer dyd ony woman / Sir said Percyual torne this suerd that we may see what is on the other syde / & hit was reed as blood with blak letters as ony cole / whiche sayd / he that shal prayse me moost / moost shalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede and to whome I shold be moost debonair shall I be most felon / and that shalle be at one tyme / Faire broder sayd she to Percyual it befelle after a fourty yere after the passion of Ihesu Cryst that Nacyen thy broder in lawe of kyng Mordrayns was boren in to a Towne more than xiiij dayes Iourneye from his countrey by the commaundement of our lord in to an yle / in to the partyes of the west that men clepyd the yle of Turnaunce / Soo befelle hit that he fond this shyp at the entre of a roche / and he fond the bedde and his suerd as we haue herd now / Not for thenne he had not soo moche hardynesse to drawe hit / and there he dwellid an eyght dayes / and at the nynythe day there felle a grete wynde whiche departed hym out of the yle and brought hym to another yle by a roche / and there he fond the grettest gyaunt that euer man myghte see / therwith cam that horryble gyaunt to slee hym / and thenne he loked aboute hym aad myghde not flee / and he had no thyng to defende hym with / Soo he ranne to his suerd / and when he sawe hit naked / he praysed it moche / and thenne he shoke it / and therwith he brak it in the myddes A said Nacyen the thyng that I moost praysed ought I now moost to blame / and ther with he threwe the pyeces of his suerd ouer his bedde / And after he

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lepte ouer the borde to fyghte with we gyaunt / and slewe hym And anone he entryd in to the shyp ageyne / and the wynde arose / and drofe hym thurgh the see / that by aduenture he came to another shyp where kynge Mordrayns was / whiche hadde ben tempted ful euyll with a fende in the porte of peryllous roche / And whanne that one sawe the other / they made grete Ioye of other / and eyther told other of their aduenture / & how the swerd fayled hym at his moost nede / Whanne Mordrayns sawe the suerd he

prayed hit moche / but the brekyng was not to doo / but by wyckednes of thy self ward / for thow arte in
somme synne / and there he took the suerd / and sette the pecys to gyders / and they souted as fayr as
euer they were to fore / and there putte he the swerd in the shethe / and leyd it doune on the bedde /
Thenne herd they a voyce that sayd go out of this ship a lytel whyle / and entre in to the other for drede
ye falle in dedely synne / for and ye be fonde in dedely synne ye maye not escape but perysshe / and soo
they wente in to the other shyp / And as Nacyen wente ouer the borde he was smyten with a swerd on
the ryghte foote that he felle doune noselynge to the shyps bord / and there withe he sayd O god how am
I hurte / and thenne there came a voyce and sayd / take thow that for thy forfeite that thow dydest in
drawyng of this suerd / therfor thow receyuest a wounde / for thow were neuer worthy to handel it / the
wrytyng maketh mencyon / In the name of god said galahad ye ar ryȝt wyse of these werkes

¶ Capitulum v

SYr sayd she there was a kynge that hyghte Pelles the maymed kynge / And whyle he myghte ryde / he
supported moche crystendome and holy chirche / Soo vpon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche
lasted vnto the see / and at the last he loste his houndes / and his knyghtes / sauf only one / and there he
and his knyghte wente tyl that they cam toward Irland / and there he fonde the shyp / And whanne he
sawe the letters and vnderstood them / yet he entryd / for he was ryghte parfyte of his lyf / but his
knyghte had none hardynes to entre & ther fonde he this suerd & drewe it oute as moche as ye maye
see / Soo there with entryd a spere where with he was

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smyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes / and neuer sythe myghte he be helyd ne nought shall to fore we come
to hym / Thus said she was not kynge Pelles your graunte sir maymed for his hardynesse / In the name
of god damoyssel sayd Galahad / so they wente toward the bedde to behold al aboute hit / and aboute the
hede ther henge two swerdes / Also there were two spyndels whiche were as whyte as ony snowe / and
other that were as reed as blood / and other aboute grene as ony emeraude / of these thre colours were the
spyndels and of naturel coloure within and withoute ony payntyng / These spyndels sayd the damoyssel
were whan synful Eue came to gadre fruyte / for whiche Adam and she were putte oute of paradyse / she
tooke with her the bough on whiche the Appel henge on / Thenne perceyued she that the braunche was
fayre and grene / and she remembryd her the losse whiche came fro the tree / Thenne she thoughte to
kepe the braunche as longe as she myghte / And for she had no cofer to kepe hit in / she put it in the
erthe / Soo by the wylle of our lord the braunche grewe to a grete tree within a lytil whyle / & was as
whyte as ony snowe / braȝches / bowes / and leues that was a token a mayden planted hit / But
after god came to Adam and bad hym knowe his wyf fleshly as nature requyred / Soo lay Adam with
his wyf vnder the same tree / and anone the tree whiche was whyte and ful grene as ony grasse and alle
that came oute of hit / and in the same tyme that they medled to gyders there was Abel begoten / thus
was the tree longe of grene colour / And so it befelle many dayes after / vnder the same tree Caym slewe

Abel / wherof befelle grete merueil For anone as Abel had receyued the dethe vnder the grene tree he lost the grene colour and becam reed and that was in tokenyng of the blood / & anone alle the plantes dyed therof / but the tree grewe and waxed merueyllously fayre / & hit was the fayrest tree & the moost delectable that ony man myght beholde and see and so dyd the plantes that grewe out of it tofore that Abel was slayne vnder it / Soo longe dured the tree tyl that Salamon kynge Dauyds sone regned / and helde the londe after his fader / This Salamon was wyse and knewe alle the vertues of stones and trees / and soo he knewe the course of the sterres and many other dyuerse thynges

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This Salamon had an euylle wyfe / where thurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman / and soo he despyed hem in his bookes / Soo ansuerd a voyce hym ones / Salamon / yf heuynes come to a man by a woman / ne reke thow neuer / For yet shalle there come a woman wherof there shalle come gretter Ioye to man an honderd tymes more than this heuynesse geueth sorowe / and that woman shalle be borne of thy lygnage / Tho whan Salamon herd these wordes / he held hym self but a foole / & the trouthe he perceyued by old bookes / Also the holy ghoost shewed hym the comynge of the glorious vyrgyne marye / Thenne asked he of the voyce / yf hit shold be in the yerde of his lygnage / Nay sayd the voyce but there shalle come a man whiche shalle be a mayde / and the last of your blood / & he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Iosue / thy broder in lawe

¶ Capitulum vj

NOW haue I certefyed the of that thow stodeest in doubte / thenne was Salamon glad that there shold come ony suche of his lygnage / but euer he merueyllled & studyed who that shold be / And what his name myghte be / his wyf perceyued that he studyed and thoughte she wolde knowe it at some season / and so she wayted her tyme / & asked of hym the cause of his studyenge / and there he told her alle to gyder how the voyce tolde hym / Wel sayd she / I shalle lete make a shyp of the best wood and moost durable that men maye fynde / Soo Salamon sente for alle the Carpenters of the lond and the best / And whan they had made the shyp / the lady sayd to Salamon / syr sayd she / syn hit is soo that this knyght ouȝte to passe all knyghtes of cheualry whiche haue ben to fore hym / & shall come after hym / More ouer I shalle telle yow sayd she ye shalle goo in to oure lordes temple where is kynge Dauyds suerd your fader / the whiche is the merueylloust and the sharpest that euer was taken in ony knyghtes hand / therfore take that / and take of the pomel / and therto make ye a pomel of precyous stones that it be soo subtylly made that noo man perceyue it / but that they be al one / & after make there an hylte soo merueyllously and wonderly that noo man maye

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knowe hit / And after make a merueyllous sheth / And whan ye haue made alle this / I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to suche as shalle please me / Alle this kynge Salamon dyd lete make as she deuysed / bothe the shyp and alle the remenaunt / And whan the ship was redy in the see to sayle / the lady lete make a grete bedde and merueyllous ryche / and sette her vpon the beddes hede couerd with sylke / and leyd the suerd at the feete / & the gyrdels were of hempe / and there with the kynge was angry / Syr wete ye wel sayd she that I haue none soo hyghe a thynghe whiche were worthy to susteyne soo hyhe a suerd / and a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes ther to / but I wote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme / and there she lete make a couerynge to the shyp of clothe of sylke that shold neuer rote for no maner of weder / yet went that lady and maade a Carpenter to come to the tree whiche Abel was slayne vnder / Now sayd she carue me oute of this tree as moche woode as wylle make me a spyndyl / A madame sayd he / this is the tree / the whiche our fyrst moder planted / Do hit sayd she or els I shall destroye the / Anone as he beganne to werke / ther cam out droppes of blood / and thenne wold he haue lefted / but she wold not suffre hym // and soo he tooke awaye as moche wood as myghte make a spyndyl / and soo she made hym to take as moche of the grene tree and of the whyte tree / And whan these thre spyndels were shapen / she made hem to be fastned vpon the selar of the bedde / whanne Salamone sawe this / he sayd to his wyf ye haue done merueyllously / for though alle the world were here ryght now / he coude not deuysel wherfor alle this was made / but oure lord hym self / and thow that hast done hit / wotest not what it shal betoken / Now late hit be sayd she / for ye shal here tydynges sooner than ye wene /

¶ Now shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf

¶ Capitulum vij

THat nyght lay Salamon bifore the ship with lytel felauship / And whan he was on slepe / hym thoughte /

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there come from heuen a grete company of angels and alyghte in to the ship and took water whiche was broughte by an angel in a vessel of syluer / and sprete alle the shyp / And after he came to the suerd and drewe letters on the hylte / And after wente to the shyps borde / and wrote there other letters / whiche sayd thou man that wylt entre within me / beware that thow be ful within the feythe / for I ne am but feythe & byleue / whanne Salamon aspyed these letters he was abasshed/ soo that he durste not entre / and soo drewe hym abak / and the shyp was anone shouen in the see / and he wente soo faste that he lost fyghte of hym within a lytyl whyle / And thenne a lytyl voyce said / Salamon / the last knyghte of thy lygnage shalle reste in this bedde / Thenne wente Salamon and awaked his wyf / and told her of the aduentures of the shyp /

¶ Now sayth thystory that a grete whyle the thre felawes biheld the bedde / and the thre spyndels / than

they were at certayne that they were of naturel colours without payntyng / Thenne they lefte vp a clothe whiche was aboue the ground & there fond a ryche purse by semyng / and Percyuale took hit / And fonde therin a wrytte / & soo he redde hit / and deuysed the maner of the spyndels and of the shyp whens hit came / and by whome it was made / Now sayd Galahad where shall we fynde the gentylwoman / that shalle make newe gyrdels to the suerd / Fair syre sayd Percyuals syster / desmaye yow not / For by the leue of god I shall lete make a gyrdel to the suerd suche one as shalle longe therto / And thenne she opened a boxe and toke oute gyrdels which were semely wroughte with golden thredys / and vpon that were sette ful precyous stones & a ryche buckel of gold / lo lordes said she / here is a gyrdel that oughte to be sette aboute the suerd / And wete ye wel the gretteste parte of this gyrdle was made of my here whiche I loued wel whyle that I was a woman of the world / But as soone as I wyst that this aduenture was ordeyned me I clypped of my here / and made this gyrdel in the name of god / ye be wel y fonde said sir Bors / for certes ye haue put vs out of grete payne wherin we shold haue entryd ne had your tydynges ben / Thenne wente the gentilwoman and sette hit on the gyrdel of the suerd / Now sayd the felauship what is the name

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of the suerd / and what shalle we calle hit / Truly sayd she the name of the suerd is the suerd with the straunge gyrdels and the shethe meuer of blood / for noo man that hath blood in hym ne shalle neuer see the one party of the shethe whiche was made of the tree of lyf / Thenne they sayd to Galahad In the name of Ihesu Cryste / and praye yow that ye gyrd you with this suerd whiche hath ben desyred so moche in the Realme of Logrys / Now lete me begynne sayd Galahad to grype thys swerd for to gyue yow courage / But wete ye wel hit longeth no more to me than it doth to yow / And thenne he gryped aboute hit with his fyngers a grete dele / And thenne she gyrte hym aboute the myddel with the swerd / Now rek I not though I dye / for now I hold me one of the blessing maydens of the world whiche hath made the worthyest knyght of the world / Damoyssel sayd Galahad ye haue done soo moche that I shalle be your knyghte alle the dayes of my lyf / Thenne they wente from that shyp / and wente to the other / And anone the wynde droofe hem in to the see a grete paas but they had no vytaille / but hit befelle that they came on the morne to a Castell that men calle Carteloyse / that was in the marches of Scotland And whan they had passed the porte / the gentilwoman sayde lordes here be men aryuen that and they wyste that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte / ye shold be assayled anone / Damoyzell sayd Galahad he that cast vs oute of the Roche shalle delyuer vs from hem

¶ Capitulum Octauum

SOo hit befelle as they spoken thus / there cam a squyer by them / and asked what they were / and they said they were of kynge Arthurs hows / is that sothe sayd he / Now by my hede sayd he ye be ylle arayed / and thenne torned he ageyn vnto the clyff fortresse / And within a whyle they herd an horne blowe / Thenne a gentylwoman came to hem and asked hem of whens they were / and they told her /

Faire lordes sayd she for goddes loue torne ageyne yf ye may / for ye be come vnto youre dethe / Nay they sayd we wille not torne ageyne / for he shalle helpe vs in whos seruyse we ben entred in /

¶ Thenne as they

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stode talkynge / there came knyghtes wel armed and bad hem yelde them or els to dye / that yeldyng sayd they shal be noyous to yow / and there with they lete theyr horses renne / and sir Percyual smote the formest to the erthe / and took his hors / & mounted therupon / and the same dyd Galahad / Also Bors serued another soo for they had no horses in that countrey / for they lefted their horses whan they toke their shyp in other countrayes /

¶ And soo whan they were horsed / thenne beganne they to sette vpon them / and they of the Castel fled in to the stronge fortresse / and the thre knyghtes after them in to the Castel / and soo alyghte on foote / and with their swerdes slewe them doune and gate in to the halle / Thenne whan they beheld the grete multytude of peple / that they had slayne / they held them self grete synners / Certes sayd Bors / I wene & god had loued hem that we shold not haue had power to haue slayne hem thus / But they haue done soo moche ageyn our lord that he wold not suffre hem to regne no lenger / Say ye not soo sayd Galahad / for yf they mysdyd ageynst god / the vengeance is not ours / but to hym whiche hath power therof / So came there oute of a chamber a good man whiche was a preest and bare goddes body in a coupe / And whanne he sawe hem whiche lay dede in the halle / he was alle abasshed / and Galahad dyd of his helme and kneled doune / and soo dyd his two felawes / syre sayd they haue ye no drede of vs / For we ben of kynge Arthurs courte /

¶ Thenne asked the good man how they were slayn so sodenly / and they told it hym Truly sayd the good man and ye myghte lyue as longe as the world myght endure / ne myghte ye haue done soo grete an almesse dede as this / Sire sayd Galahad I repente me moch in as moche as they were crystened / Nay repente yow not sayd he for they were not crystened / and I shalle telle you hou that I wote of this Castel / here was lord Erle Hernox not but one yere / and he had thre sones good knyghtes of armes and a doughter the fayrest gentylwoman that men knewe / soo tho thre knyghtes loued theyr syster so sore that they brente in loue / and so they lay by her maulgre her hede / And for she cryed to her fader / they slewe her and took their fader / and putte hym in pryson / and woūded hym nygh to the deth / but a cosyn

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of hers rescowed hym / And thenne dyd they grete vntrouthe/ they slewe clerkes and preestes / and made bete doune chappels that oure lordes seruyse myght not be serued ne sayd / and this same day her fader sente to me for to be confessid & houseld / but suche shame had neuer man as I had this day with the thre bretheren / but the erle badde me suffer / for he sayde they shold not longe endure / for thre seruauntes of oure lord shold destroye them / and now hit is brought to an ende / And by this maye ye weete our lord is not displeasyd with your dedes Certes sayd Galahad and hit had not pleasyd our lord / neuer shold we haue slayne soo many men in soo lytel a whyle / & thenne they broughte the erle Hernox oute of pryson in to the myddes of the halle that knewe Galahad anone / and yet he sawe hym neuer afore but by reuelacyon of our lord

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne beganne he to wepe ryght tendyrly & said long haue I abyden your comynge / but for goddes loue holdeth me in your armes that my sowle may departe oute of my body in soo good a mans armes as ye be / Gladly sayd Galahad / And thenne one sayd on hyghe that alle herde / Galahad/ wel hast thou auenged me on goddes enemyes / Now behoueth the to goo to the maymed kyng as soone as thou maist / for he shalle receyue by the helthe whiche he hath abyden soo long / and ther with the sowle departed from the body / and Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be / Ryght soo departed the thre knyghtes and Percyuals syster with them / And soo they came in to a waste foreste / and there they sawe afore them a whyte herte whiche four lyons ladde / Thenne they took hem to assent for to folowe after / for to knowe whydder they repayred and soo they rode after a grete paas til that they cam to a valeye / & ther by was an hermytage where a good man dwellid and the herte and the lyons entryd also / soo whanne they sawe all this / they torned to the chappel / and sawe the good man in a relygyous wede & in the armour of our lord / for he wold synge masse of the holy ghoost / and soo they entryd in & herde

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masse / And at the secretys of the masse / they thre sawe the hert become a man / the whiche merueyled hem and sette hym vpon the aulter / in a ryche sege / and sawe the four lyons were chaunged / the one to the forme of a man / the other to the forme of a lyon / and the thyrd to an Egle / and the fourth was chaunged vnto an oxe / thenne toke they her sege / where the herte sat / and wente oute thurgh a glas wyndowe / and there was no thyng perysshed nor broken / and they herd a voyce say in suche a maner entred the sone of god in the wombe of a mayd mary / whos vyrgynyte ne was perysshed ne hurte / & whanne they herd these wordes they felle doune to the erthe / and were astonyed / and ther with was a grete clerenes / And whanne they were come to their self ageyn they wente to the good man and prayd hym that he wold say hem trouthe / What thyng haue ye sene sayd he / & they told hym all that they had sene / A lordes sayd he ye be welcome / now wote I wel ye be the good knyghtes / the whiche shal brynge the Sancgreal to an ende / For ye ben they vnto whome oure lord shalle shewe grete secretes /

and wel oughte oure lord be sygnefied to an herte / For the herte whanne he is old / he waxeth yonge ageyne in hys whyte skynne / Ryght soo cometh ageyne oure lord from dethe to lyf / for he lost erthely flesshe that was the dedely flesshe / whyche he had taken in the wombe of the blessid vyrgyn mary / & for that cause appiered oure lord as a whyte herte withoute spot / and the foure that were with hym is to vnderstande the foure euuangelystes whiche sette in wrytynge a parte of Ihesu Crystes dedes that he dyd somtyme whan he was amonge yow an erthely man / for wete ye wel neuer erst ne myghte no knyghte knowe the trouthe / for oftymes or this oure lord shewed hym vnto good men and vnto good knyghtes in lykenes of an herte But I suppose from hens forth ye shalle see no more / and thenne they Ioyed moche / and dwelled ther alle that day /

¶ And vpon the morowe whan they had herde masse / they departed and commaunded the good man to god and soo they came to a Castel and passed by / So there came a knyghte armed after them and sayd lordes herke what I shal saye to yow

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¶ Capitulum x

THIS gentylwoman that ye lede with yow is a mayde / Syr said she / a mayde I am / Thenne he took her by the brydel / and sayd by the holy crosse ye shalle not escape me to fore ye haue yolden the customme of this Castel / lete her go sayd Percyual ye be not wyse / for a mayde in what place she cometh is free / Soo in the meane whyle there came oute a ten or twelue knyghtes armed oute of the Castel / and with hem came gentylwymmen whiche held a dysshe of syluer / and thenne they sayd this gentylwoman must yelde vs the customme of this Castel / sir sayd a knyghte / what mayde passeth here by shalle yeue this dysshe ful of blood of her ryghte arme / blame haue he sayd Galahad that broughte vp suche custommes / and soo god me saue I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue / Soo god me help sayd Percyual I had leuer be slayne / and I also sayd sir Bors / By my trouthe sayd the knyght / thenne shalle ye dye / for ye maye not endure ageynste vs / though ye were the best knyghtes of the world / thenne lete they renne eche to other / and the thre felawes bete the ten knyghtes / and thenne sette theire handes to their swerdes and bete them doune and slewe them / Thenne there came oute of the Castel a thre score knyghtes armed / Faire lordes sayd the thre felawes haue mercy on youre selfe and haue not adoo with vs / Nay fayre lordes sayd the knyghtes of the Castel we counceyl yow to withdrawe yow / for ye ben the best knyghtes of the world / and therfore doo no more for ye haue done ynough / We wille lete yow go with this harme but we must nedes haue the customme / Certes sayd Galahad for nought speke ye / wel sayd they / wille ye dye / we be not yet come therto sayd Galahad / thenne beganne they to medle to gyders / and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels drewe his suerd / and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand & slewe what that euer abode hym / & dyd suche merueils that there was none that sawe hym / they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre / and hist two felawes halp hym passyng wel / and soo they held the Iourney eueryche in lyke hard tyl it was nyȝt /

thenne must they nedes departe / So cam

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in a good knyghte / and sayd to the thre felawes / yf ye wyll come in to nyght / and take suche herberowe as here is / ye shal be ryght welcome / and we shall ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes / and as we be true knyghtes to leue yow in suche estat to morowe as we fynde yow withoute ony falshede / And as soone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll accorde therfor for goddes loue said the gentylwoman goo thyder and spare not for me / Go we sayd Galahad / and soo they entryd in to the chappel / And when they were alyghte / they made grete Ioye of hem / Soo within a whyle the thre knyghtes asked the customme of the Castel and wherefor it was / what hit is sayd they we wille saye yow sothe /

¶ Capitulum xj /

Ther is in this Castel a gentylwoman whiche we and this castel is hers and many other / Soo it befelle many yeres agone there fylle vpon her a maladye / And whanne she had layne a grete whyle she felle vnto a mesel / and of no leche she coude haue no remedy / But at the last an old man sayd and she myght haue a dysshe ful of blood of a mayde and a clene vyrgyn in wylle and in werke / And a kynges doughter / that blood shold be her hele / and for to anoynte her with alle / & for this thyng was this customme made Now said Percyuals sister fayr knyȝtes I see wel þ^t this gentylwoman is but dede / Certes sayd Galahad and ye blede soo moche ye maye dye / Truly sayd she / and I dye for to hele her / I shal gete me grete worship and sowles helthe / and worshyp to my lygnage / and better is one harme than tweyn And therfor ther shall be no more batail but to morne I shall yelde yow your customme of this castel / and thenne there was grete Ioye more than there was to fore / For els had there ben mortal werre vpon the morne / not withstanding she wold none other whether they wold or nold / that nyght were the thre felawes easyd with the best / & on the morne they herd masse / and sir Percyuals sister bad brynge forth the seke lady / so she was / the whiche was euylle at ease / thenne sayd she who shall

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lete me blood / Soo one came forth and lete her blood / and she bled soo moche / that the dysshe was ful / thenne she lyfte vp her hand and blessid her / And thenne she said to the lady / Madame I am come to the dethe for to make yow hole / for goddes loue prayeth for me / with that she felle in a swoone / Thenne Galahad and his two felawes starte vp to her and lyfte her vp and staunched her / but she had bled soo moche that she myght not lyue / Thenne she sayd whan she was awaked fayre broder Percyual I

dye for the helynge of this lady / Soo I requyre yow that ye berye me not in this countrey / but as soone as I am dede / put me in a bote at the next hauen / and lete me goo as aduenture will lede me / And as soone as ye thre come to the Cyte of Sarras ther to encheue the holy graile ye shalle fynde me vnder a Towre arryued / and there bery me in the spyrytual place / for I saye yow soo moche there Galahad shalle be buryed and ye also in the same place / Thenne Percyual vnderstood these wordes and graunted it her wepyng / And thenne sayd a voyce lordes and felawes to morowe at the houre of pryme ye thre shalle departe eueryche from other tyl the aduenture bryng yow to the maymed kyng / Thenne asked she her saueour / and as soone as she had receyued hit / the soule departed from the body / Soo the same daye was the lady helyd whan she was enoynted with alle / Thenne syr Percyuale made a letter of all that she had holpen hem as in straunge aduentures / and put hit in her ryght hand and soo leyd her in a barge / and couerd it with blak sylke / and so the wynde aroos / and drofe the barge from the lond & alle knyghtes beheld hit / tyl it was oute of their syght / Thenne they drewe alle to the Castel / and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest and thonder layte and rayne as alle the erthe wold haue broken / Soo half the castel torned vp soo doune / Soo it passed euensonge or the tempest was seaced / Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyghte armed and wounded hard in the body and in the hede that sayd O god socoure me for now it is nede / After this knyght came another knyghte / & a dwerf whiche cryed to hem afer / stand ye may not escape. / Thenne the wounded knyghte held vp his handes to god that he shold not dye in suche trybulacyon / Truly sayd Galahad

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I shalle socoure hym for his sake that he calleth vpon / Sir said Bors I shalle doo hit / for it is not for yow / for he is but one knyghte / Sir sayd he I graunte / So sir Bors toke his hors and commaunded hym to god / and rode after to rescowe the wounded knyghte

¶ Now torne we to the two felawes /

¶ Capitulum xij

NOW saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue sir Bors /

¶ Soo on the morowe they dressid hem in their harneis toward the Castel to wete what was fallen of them there in / And when they cam there / they fond neyther man ne woman that he ne was dede by the vengeance of oure lord / with that they herd a voyce that sayd / this vengeance is for blood shedyng of maydens / Also they fonde atte ende of the chappel a Chirche yard / and therin myght they see a thre score fair tombes / and that place was soo fayre and soo delectable that it semed hem there had ben none tempest / For there lay the bodyes of alle the good maydens whiche were martred for the seke ladyes sake / Also they fond the names of eueryche / and of what blood they were come / and alle were of kynges blood & twelue of them were kynges doughters / Thenne they departed and wente in to a

foreste / Now said Percyual vnto Galahad we must departe / soo pray we oure lord that we maye mete to gyders in short tyme / thenne they dyd of their helmes and kyssed to gyder / and wepte at their departynge

¶ Capitulum xiiij

NOW sayth the history that whan launcelot was come to the water of Mortoyse as hit is reherced before / he was in grete perylle / and soo he leyd hym doune and slepte / and toke the aduenture that god wold sende hym /

¶ Soo whan he was a slepe / there came a vysyon vnto hym and said Launcelot aryse vp & take thyn armour / and entre in to the first ship that thou shalt fynde /

¶ And when he herd these wordes he starte vp and sawe grete clerenes about

leaf 354v

hym / And thenne he lyfte vp his hande and blessid hym and so toke his armes and made hym redy / and soo by aduenture he came by a stronde / & fonde a shyp the which was withoute sayle or ore / And as soone as he was within the shyp there he felte the moost swetnes that euer he felt / and he was fulfilled with alle thyng that he thought on or desyred / Thenne he sayd Fair swete fader Ihesu Cryst I wote not in what Ioye I am For this Ioye passeth alle erthely Ioyes that euer I was in And soo in this ioye he leyd hym doune to the shyps borde / & slepte tyl day / And when he awoke / he fonde there a fayre bed & therin lyenge a gentylwoman dede / the whiche was syr percyuals syster / And as launcelot deuysed her / he aspyed in hir ryght hand a wrytte / the whiche he redde / the whiche told hym all the aduentures that ye haue herd to fore / and of what lygnage she was come / Soo with this gentylwoman sir launcelot was a moneth and more / yf ye wold aske how he lyued / he that fedde the peple of Israel with manna in deserte / soo was he fedde / For euery day when he had sayd his prayers / he was susteyned with the grace of the holy ghoost / So on a nyghte he wente to playe hym by the water syde / for he was somewhat wery of the shyp / And thenne he lystned and herd an hors come / And one rydynge vpon hym / And whanne he cam nygh he semed a knyghte / And soo he lete hym passe / and wente there as the shyp was / and there he alyghte / and toke the sadel and the brydel and putte the hors from hym / and went in to the ship / And thenne Launcelot dressid vnto hym and said ye be welcome / and he ansuerd and salewed hym ageyne / & asked hym what is your name / for moche my hert gyueth vnto yow / Truly sayd he my name is launcelot du lake / sir saide he / thēne be ye welcome / for ye were the begynner of me in this world / A sayd he ar ye Galahad / ye forsothe sayd he / and so he kneled doune and asked hym his blessynge / and after toke of his helme and kyssed hym / And there was grete Ioye bitwene them / for there is no tonge can telle the Ioye that they made eyther of other / and many a frendely word spoken bitwene / as kynde wold / the whiche is no nede here to be reherced / And there

eueryche told other of theire aduentures and merueils that were befallen to them in many Iourneyes sythe

leaf 355r

that they departed from the courte / Anone as Galahad sawe the gentilwoman dede in the bed / he knewe her wel ynough / & told grete worship of her that she was the best mayde lyuyng and hit was grete pyte of her dethe / But whanne Launcelot herd how the merueylous swerd was goten / and who made hit / and alle the merueyls reherced afore / Thenne he prayd galahad his sone that he wold shewe hym the suerd / and so he dyd / and anone he kyssed the pomel and the hyltes and the scaubard / Truly sayd launcelot neuer erst knewe I of so hyhe aduentures done and so merueyllous & straunge / So dwellid Launcelot and Galahad within that shyp half a yere / and serued god dayly and nyghtly with alle their power / and often they aryued in yles ferre from folke / where there repayred none but wylde beestes / and ther they fond many straunge aduentures and peryllous whiche they broughte to an ende / but for tho aduentures were with wylde beestes / and not in the quest of the Sancgreal / therfor the tale maketh here no mencyon therof / for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho aduentures that befelle them

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo after on a mondaye hit befelle that they aryued in the edge of a foreste to fore a crosse / and thenne sawe they a knyghte armed al in whyte and was rychely horsed / and ledde in his ryght hand a whyte hors / and soo he cam to the shyp and salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe lordes behalf / and sayd Galahad syr ye haue ben longe ynough with your fader / come oute of the ship / and starte vpon this hors / & goo where the aduentures shall lede the in the quest of the sancgreal / thenne he wente to his fader and kyst hym swetely and sayd / Fair swete fader I wote not whan I shal see you more tyl I see the body of Ihesu Cryst / I praye yow sayd launcelot praye ye to the hyghe fader that he hold me in his seruyse & soo he took his hors / & ther they herd a voyce that sayd thynke for to doo wel / for the one shal neuer see the other before the dredeful day of dome / Now sone galahad said launcelot syn we shal departe / & neuer see other / I pray to þe hyȝ fader to conserue

leaf 355v

me and yow bothe / Sire said Galahad noo prayer auaylleth soo moche as yours / And there with Galahad entryd in to the foreste / And the wynde aroos and drofe Launcelot more than a moneth thurgh oute the see where he slepte but lytyl but prayed to god that he myght see some tydynges of the Sancgreal / Soo hit befelle on a nyghte at mydnyghte he aryued afore a Castel on the bak syde whiche was ryche and fayre / & there was a posterne opened toward the see / and was open withoute ony

kepyng / sauf two lyons kept the entre / and the moone shone clere / Anone sir launcelot herd a voyce that sayd Launcelot goo oute of this shyp / and entre in to the Castel / where thou shalt see a grete parte of thy desyre / Thenne he ran to his armes and soo armed hym / and soo wente to the gate and sawe the lyons / Thenne sette he hand to his suerd & drewe hit / Thenne there came a dwerf sodenly and smote hym on the harme so sore that the suerd felle oute of his hand / Thenne herd he a voyce say O man of euylle feyth and poure byleue wherfor trowest thou more on thy harneis than in thy maker/ for he myghte more auayle the than thyn armour in whos seruyse that thou arte sette / Thenne said launcelot / fay u fader ihesu Cryste I thanke the of thy grete mercy that thou repreuest me of my mysdede / Now see I wel that ye hold me for youre seruaunt / thenne toke he ageyne his suerd and putte it vp in his shethe and made a crosse in his forhede / and came to the lyons / and they made semblaunt to doo hym harme / Notwithstandynge he passed by hem without hurte and entryd in to the castel to the chyef fortresse / and there where they al at rest / thenne Launcelot entryd in so armed / for he fond noo gate nor dore but it was open / And at the last he fond a chamber wherof the dore was shytte / and he sette his hand therto to haue opened hit / but he myghte not

Capitulum xv

Thenne he enforced hym mykel to vndoo the dore / thenne he lystned and herd a voyce whiche sange so swetely that it semed none erthely thyng / and hym thoughte the voyce said Ioye and honour be to the fader of heuen / Thenne

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Launcelot kneled down to fore the chamber / for wel wyst he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber / Thenne sayd he Fair swete fader Ihesu Cryst yf euer I dyd thyng that pleasyd the lord / for thy pyte ne haue me not in despyte for my synnes done afore tyme / and that thou shewe me some thyng of that I seke / And with that he sawe the chamber dore open and there came oute a grete clerenes / that the hows was as bryghte as all torches of the world had ben there / So cam he to the chamber dore / and wold haue entryd / And anone a voyce said to hym / Flee launcelot / and entre not / for thou oughtest not to doo hit / And yf thou entre / thou shalt forthynke hit / Thenne he withdrewe hym abak ryght heuy / Thenne loked he vp in the myddes of the chamber / and sawe a table of syluer and the holy vessel couerd with reed samyte / and many angels aboute hit / wherof one helde a candel of waxe brennyng and the other held a crosse and the ornamentys of an aulter And bifore the holy vessel he sawe a good man clothed as a preest / And it semed that he was at the sacryng of the masse And it semed to Launcelot that aboue the preestes handes were thre men wherof the two putte the yongest by lykenes bitwene the preestes handes / and soo he lyfte hit vp ryght hyhe / & it semed to shewe so to the peple / And thenne launcelot merueyled not a lytyl / For hym thouȝt the preest was so gretely charged of the fygure that hym semed that he shold falle to the erthe / And whan he sawe none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym / Thenne came he to the dore a grete paas and sayd / Faire fader Ihesu Cryst ne take hit for no synne

though I helpe the good man whiche hath grete nede of help / Ryghte soo entryd he in to the chamber and cam toward the table of syluer / and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thoughte hit was entremedled with fyre whiche smote hym so sore in the vysage that hym thoughte it brente vysage / and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse / as he that was soo araged that had loste the power of his body and his herynge and his seyng

¶ Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym whiche tooke hym vp / and bare hym oute of the chamber dore / withoute ony amendinge of his swoune / and lefte hym there semyng dede to

leaf 356v

of the chamber dore and lefte hym there semyng dede to al peple / Soo vpon the morowe whan it was fayre day they within were aysen / and fonde Launcelot lyenge afore the chamber dore / Alle they merueylled how that he cam in / and so they loked vpon hym and felte his pouse to wyte whether there were ony lyf in hym / and soo they fond lyf in hym / but he myght not stande nor stere no membre that he had / and soo they tooke hym by euery parte of the body / and bare hym in to chamber and leyd hym in a ryche bedde ferre from alle folke / and soo he lay four dayes / Thenne the one sayd he was on lyue / and the other sayd Nay / In the name of god sayd and old man / for I doo yow veryly to wete / he is not dede / but he is soo fulle of lyf as the myghtyest of yow alle / and therfor I counceylle yow that he be wel kepte tyl god send hym ageyne /

¶ Capitulum xvj

IN suche maner they kepte launcelot four and twenty dayes and also many nyghtes that euer he laye styll as a dede man / and at the xxv daye byfelle hym after myddaye that he opened his eyen / and whan he sawe folke he made grete sorowe and sayd why haue ye awaked me / for I was more at ease than I am now / O Ihesu Cryst who myghte be soo blessid that myght see openly thy grete merueyls of secretenes there where no synnar may be / what haue ye sene sayd they aboute hym / I haue sene said he so grete merueyls that no tong may telle / and more than ony herte can thynke / & had not my sone ben here afore me I had sene moche more / Thenne they told hym how he had layne there four and twenty dayes and nyghtes / thenne hym thoughte hit was punysshement for the four and twenty yeres that he had ben a synner wherfore our lord put hym in penaunce four and twenty dayes and nyghtes Thenne loked syr launcelot afore hym / & sawe the hayre whiche he had borne nyghe a yere / for that he forthoughte hym ryȝte moche that he had broken his promyse vnto the heremyte whiche he had auowed to doo /

¶ Thenne they asked how hit stood with hym / for sothe sayd he I am hole of body thanked be our

lord / therfore syrs for goddes loue telle me where that I am / thenne sayd they alle that he was in the Castel of Carbonek / there with came a gentylwoman / and brought hym a sherte of smal linnen clothe / but he chaunged not there / but toke the hayre to hym ageyne / Sir sayd they the quest of the Sancgreal is encheued now ryght in yow / that neuer shalle ye see of the Sancgreal nomore than ye haue sene / Now I thanke god said Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue sene / for it suffyseth me / for as I suppose no man in this world hath lyued better than I haue done to enchere that I haue done / And ther with he took the hayre and clothed hym in hit / and aboue that he put a linnen sherte / & after a Robe of Scarlet fresshe & newe / And whanne he was soo arayed / they merueyllled alle / for they knewe hym that he was launcelot the good knyghte And thenne they sayd alle O my lord sir launcelot be that ye and he sayd Truly I am he / Thenne came word to kyng pelles that the knyght that had layne soo longe dede was sir launcelot / thenne was the kynge ryght glad / and wente to see hym / And whanne launcelot sawe hym come / he dressid hym ageynste hym / and there made the kyng grete Ioye of hym / and there the kynge told hym tydynges / that his fayre doughter was dede / Thenne launcelot was ryght heuy of hit / and sayd / syre me forthynketh of the dethe of your doughter / for she was a ful fayre lady / fresshe / and yonge / and wel I wote she bere the best knyghte that is now on erthe or that euer was sith god was borne / So the kynge held hym there four dayes / and on the morowe he took his leue at kynge Pelles and at al the felauship and thanked them of the grete labour / Ryghte soo as they sat at her dyner in the chyef sale / thenne was so befalle that the Sancgreal had fulfylled the tables with al maner of metes that ony herte myghte thynke /

¶ Soo as they sate / they sawe alle the dores and the wyndowes of the place were shutte withoute mannys hand / wherof they were al abashed / and none wyste what to doo

¶ And thenne it happed sodenly a knyghte cam to the chyefe dore and knocked / and cryed / vndo the dore / but they wold not / and euer he cryed vndoo / but they wold not / And atte laste it noyed hem soo moche that the kynge hym self arose and

came to a wyndowe there where the knyght called / Thenne he said syr knyght ye shall not entre at this tyme whyle the sancgreal is here / and therfor goo in to another / For certes ye be none of the knyghtes of the quest / but one of them whiche hath serued the fende / and hast lefte the seruyse of oure lord / and he was passynge wrothe at the kynges wordes / Sir knyght sayd the kynge syn ye wold so fayn entre / saye me of what coútrey ye be / Sir sayd he I am of the Realme of Logrys / and my name is Ector de marys / and broder vnto my lord sir laúcelot / In the name of god sayd the kynge / me forthynketh of that I haue sayd for youre broder is here within / & whan Ector de marys vnderstood that his broder was there / for he was the man in the world that he moost dredde and loued / And thenne he

sayd A god now doubleth my sorowe and shame / ful truly sayd the good man of the hylle vnto
Gawayne and to me of oure dremes / Thenne wente he oute of the courte as fast as his hors myghte / and
soo thurgh oute the Castel

¶ Capitulum xvij

Thenne kynge Pelles came to sire Launcelot and told hym tydynges of his broder wherof he was sory
that he wyste not what to doo / Soo sir launcelot departed and toke his armes and sayd he wold goo see
the realme of Logrys / whiche I haue no sene in twelue moneth / and there with commaunded the kynge
to god / and soo rode thurgh many realmes / And at the last he came to a whyte Abbay / And there they
made hym that nyghte grete chere / And on the morne he aroos and herd masse / and afore an aulter he
foud a ryche Tombe whiche was newly made / And thenne he took hede / & sawe the sydes wryten
with gold / whiche sayd

¶ Here lyeth kynge Bagdemagus of Gore whiche kynge Arthurs neuw slewe and named hym syr
Gawayn / Thenne was not he a lytel sory / for launcelot loued hym moche more than any other and had
it ben any other than Gawayne he shold not haue escared from dethe to lyf / and sayd to hym self A lord
god this is a grete hurte vnto kynge Arthurs courte the losse of suche

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a man / And thenne he departed / and came to the Abbay where Gatahad dyd the aduenture of the
tombes / and wanne the whyte sheld with the reed crosse / and there had he grete chere alle that nyghte /
and on the morne he torned vnto Camelot / where he fonde kynge Arthur and the quene / But many of
the knyghtes of the round table were slayne and destroyed more than half / and soo thre were come
home / Ector Gawayne and Lyonel and many other that neden not to be reherced / and alle the Courte
was passyng gladde of syr launcelot / and the kynge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad /
and ther Launcelot told the kynge of his aduentures that had befallen hym syn he departed / and also he
told hym of the aduentures of Galahad Percyuale and Bors whiche that he knewe by the letter of the
dede damoyssel / And as Galahad had told hym Now god wold sayd the kynge that they were all thre
here / that shalle neuer be said launcelot / for two of hem shalle ye neuer see but one of hem shalle come
ageyne /

¶ Now leue we this story and speke of Galahad

¶ Capitulum xviiij

NOW saith the story Galahad rode many Iorneyes invayne / And at the last he cam to the Abbay where
kynge Mordrayns was / and whan he herd that he thouȝte he wold abyde to see hym / And vpon the

morne whanne he had herd masse Galahad came vnto kyng Mordrayns / And anon the kynge sawe hym the whiche had leyne blynd of long tyme And thenne he dressid hym ageynst hym / and said Galahad the seruaunt of Ihesu cryste whos comynge I haue abyden so longe / Now enbrace me and lete me reste on thy brest / So that I may reste bitwene thyn armes / for thow arte a clene vyrgyn aboue all knyghtes as the floure of the lyly / in whome vyrgynyte is sygnefied / and thou arte the rose the whiche is the floure of al good vertu / & in coloure of fyre / For the fyre of the holy ghoost is take so in the / that my flesshe which was al dede of oldenes / is become yonge ageyne / Thenne Galahad herd his wordes thenne he embraced hym & alle his body /

leaf 358v

Thenne sayd he / Faire lord Ihesu Cryst now I haue my wil Now I requyre the in this poynt that I am in thow come and vysyte me / And anone oure lord herd his prayer / there with the soule departed from the body / And thenne Galahad putte hym in the erthe as a kynge oughte to be / and soo departede / & soo came in to a perillous foreste where he fond the welle / the whiche boyllid with grete wawes as the tale telleth to fore / And as soone as Galahad sette his hand therto it seaced / so that it brente no more / and the hete departed / for that it brente hit was a sygne of lechery the whiche was that tyme moche vsed / but that hete myght not abyde his pure vyrgynyte / & this was taken in the countrey for a myracle / and soo euer after was it called Callahadys welle / Thenne by aduenture he cam in to the countrey of Gore and in to the Abbay where launcelot had ben to fore hand and fonde the tombe of kynge Bagdemagus / but he was founder thereof Ioseph of Armathyes sone and the Tombe of Symyan where launcelot had fayled Thenne he loked in to a Crofte vnder the mynster / and there he sawe a Tombe whiche brent ful merueyllously / Thenne asked he the bretheren what it was / Sir said they a merueyllous aduentur / that may not be broughte vnto none ende / but by hym that passeth of bounte and of knyghthode al them of the round table / I wold sayd Galahad that ye wold lede me ther to / Gladly sayd they / and soo ledde hym tyl a caue / and he went doune vpon gresys / and cam nyghe the tombe / and thenne the flammynge fayled and the fyre staunched the whiche many a day had ben grete / Thenne came there a voyce that sayd moche are ye beholde to thanke oure lord / the whiche hath gyuen yow a good houre that ye may drawe oute the sowles of erthely payne / and to putte them in to the Ioyes of paradys / I am of your kynred the whiche haue dwelled in this hete thys thre honderd wynter and four and fyfty to be purged of the synne that I dyd ageynst Ioseph of Armathye / thenne Galahad toke the body in his armes and bare it in to the mynster And that nyghte lay Galahad in the Abbay / and on the morne he gaf hym seruyse and putte hym in the erthe afore the hyghe Aulter

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SOo departed he from thens / and commaunded the bretheren to god / and soo he rode fyue dayes tyl
that he came to the maymed kynge / And euer folowed Percyual the fyue dayes askynge where he had
ben / and soo one told hym / how the aduentures of Logrys were encheued / So on a daye it befelle that
they cam oute of a grete foreste / and there they mette at trauers with sir Bors the whiche rode alone / hit
is none nede to telle yf they were glad / & hem he salewed / & they yelded hym honour and good
aduenture / and eueryche told other / Thenne said Bors hit is more than a yere and an half that I ne lay
ten tymes where men dwelled / but in wylde forestes and in montayns / but god was euer my comforte /
Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl that they came to the castel of Carbonek / And whan they were
entryd within the Castel kynge Pelles knewe hem / thenne there was grete Ioye / For they wyst wel by
theire comynge that they had fulfylled the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne Elyazar kynge Pelles sone
broughte to fore hem the broken suerd where with Ioseph was stryken thurgh the thygh / Thenne Bors
sette his hand therto / yf that he myght haue souted hit ageyne but it wold not be / Thenne he took it to
Percyual but he had no more power therto than he / Now haue ye hit ageyne sayd Percyuall to Galahad /
for and it be euer encheued by ony bodely man / ye must doo hit / and thenne he took the pyeces and
sette hem to gyders and they semed that they had neuer ben broken / and as well as hit had ben fyrst
forged / And whanne they within aspyed that the aduenture of the suerd was encheued / thenne they gaf
the suerd to Bors / for hit myght not be better set / for he was a good knyghte and a worthy man / and a
lytel afore euen the suerd arose grete and merueyllous / and was ful of grete hete that many men felle for
drede / And anone alyght a voys amonge them and sayd they that ought not to sytte at the table of Ihesu
Cryst / aryse / for now shalle veray knyghtes ben fedde / Soo they wente thens all sauf kynge Pelles and
Elyazar his sone / the whiche were holy men and a mayde which was his nece / and soo these thre
felawes and they thre were

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there no mo / Anone they sawe knyghtes al armed came in at the halle dore and dyd of their helmes and
their armes and sayd vnto Galahad / Sire we haue hyed ryght moche for to be with yow at this table
where the holy mete shalle be departed Thenne sayd he ye be welcome / but of whens be ye / So thre of
them sayd they were of gaule / and other thre sayd they were of Irland / and the other thre sayd they
were of Denmarke / So as they satte thus / there came oute a bed of tree of a chamber / the whiche four
gentylywymmen broughte / and in the bed lay a good man seke / and a crowne of gold vpon his hede / &
there in the myddes of the place they sette hym doune and wente ageyne their waye / Thenne he lyfte vp
his hede and sayd Galahad knyght ye be welcome / for moche haue I desyred your comynge / for in
suche payne and in suche anguysshe I haue ben longe /

¶ But now I truste to god the terme is come that my payn shall be alayed that I shall passe oute of this
world so as it was promysed me longe ago / there with a voyce sayd ther be two amonge you that be not
in the quest of the Sancgreal and therfor departe ye

THenne kynge Pelles and his sone departed / and there with alle besemed that there cam a man and four angels from heuen clothed in lykenes of a Bisshop / and had a crosse in his hand / and these foure angels bare hym vp in a chayer / and sette hym doune before the table of syluer where vpon the Sancgreal was / and it semed that he had in myddes of his forhede letters the whiche sayd / See ye here Ioseph the fyrst Bisshop of Crystendome the same whiche our lord socoured in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuel place / Thenne the knyghtes merueylled / for that Bisshop was dede more than thre honderd yere to fore / O knyghtes sayde he / merueyle not / For I was somtyme an erthely man / with that they herde the chamber dore open / and there they sawe Angels and two bare candels of waxe / and the thyrd a towel / and the fourthe a spere whiche bled merueillously that thre droppes felle within

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a boxe whiche he helde with other hand / And they sette the candels vpon the table / and the thyrd the towel vpon the vessel / and the fourth the holy spere euen vp ryghte vpon the vessel / And thenne the Bisshop made semblaunt as thouȝ he wold haue gone to the sacrynge of the masse / And thenne he tooke an vbblye whiche was made in lykenes of breed / And at the lyftyng vp / there came a fygur in lykenes of a chyld / and the vysage was as reed and as bryghte as ony syre & smote hym self in to the breed / so that they all sawe hit that the breed was formed of a flesshely man / and thenne he putte hit in to the holy vessel ageyne / and thenne he dyd that longed to a preest to doo to a masse / And thenne he wente to Galahad and kyssed hym / and badde hym goo and kysse his felawes / and soo he dyd anone / Now sayd he seruauntes of Ihesu Cryste ye shall be fedde afore this table with swete metes that neuer knyghtes tasted / And whanne he had sayd / he vanysshed away And they sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their prayers / thenne loked they and sawe a man come oute of the holy vessel that had alle the sygnes of the passion of Ihesu Cryste bledynge alle openly / and sayd my knyghtes and my seruauntes & my true children whiche ben come oute of dedely lyf in to spyrytual lyf I wyl now no lenger hyde me from yow / but ye shal see now a parte of my secretes & of my hydde thynges / Now holdeth and receyueth the hyghe mete whiche ye haue soo moche desyred / Thenne took he hym self the holy vessel and came to Galahad / and he kneled doune / and there he receyued his saueour / and after hym soo receyued alle his felawes / and they thoughte it soo swete that hit was merueillous to telle / Thenne sayd he to Galahad / sone wotest thou what I hold betwixe my handes / Nay sayd he / but yf ye will telle me / This is sayd he the holy dysshe wherin I ete the lambe on sherthursdaye / And now hast thou sene that thou most desyred to see / but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as thou shalt see it in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrituel place Therefore thou must go hens and bere with the this holy vessel For this nyght it shall departe from the Realme of Logrys / that it shalle neuer be sene more here / and wotest thou wherfor for he is not serued nor worshypped to his ryghte by them of

this land / for they be torned to euylle lyuynge / therfor I shall disheryte them of the honour whiche I haue done hem / And therefore goo ye thre to morowe vnto the see where ye shal fynde your shyp redy / & with you take the suerd with the straunge gyrdels and no mo with yow but sire Percyual and syre Bors / Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spere for to enoynte the maymed kynge bothe his legges and alle his body and he shalle haue his hele / Sire sayd Galahad why shalle not these other felawes goo with vs / for this cause For ryght as I departed my postels one here and another there soo I wille that ye departe / and two of yow shalle dye in my seruyse / but one of yow shal come ageyne and telle tydynges / Thenne gaf he hem his blessynge and vanysshed awaye /

¶ Capitulum xxj

ANd Galahad wente anone to the spere whiche lay vpon the table / and touched the blood with his fyngers and came after to the maymed kynge and anoynted his legges / and there with he clothed hym anone / and starte vpon his feet oute of his bedde as an hole man / and thanked oure lorde that he had helyd hym / and that was not to the world ward / For anone he yelded hym to a place of Relygyon of whyte monkes and was a ful holy man / That same nyghte aboute mydnyght came a voyce amonge hem whiche sayde my sones & not my chyef sones my frendes and not my werryours / goo ye hens where ye hope best to doo and as I bad yow / A thanked be thou lord that thou wilt vouchesaufe to calle vs thy synners Now maye we wel preue that we haue not lost our paynes / And anone in alle haste they took their harneis and departed But the thre knyghtes of Gaule one of them hyghte Claudyne kynge Claudas sone / and the other two were grete gentylmen / thenne praid galahad to eueryche of them that yf they come to kynge Arthurs court that they sholde salewe my lorde sir launcelot my fader and of hem of the round table / and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not forgete it / Ryght soo departed Galahad / Percyual / and Bors

with hym / and soo they rode thre dayes / and thenne they came to a Ryuage and fonde the shyp wherof the tale speketh of to fore / And whanne they cam to the borde / they fonde in the myddes the table of syluer / whiche they had lefte with the maymed kynge and the Sancgreal whiche was couerd with rede samyte / Thenne were they gladde to haue suche thynges in theyr felaushyp / and soo they entryd / and maade grete reuerence ther to / and Galahad felle in his prayer longe tyme to oure lord that at what tyme he asked that he shold passe out of this world / soo moche he prayd tyl a voyce sayd to hym Galahad thou shalt haue thy request / And whan thow askest the dethe of thy body thou shalt haue it / & thenne shalt thou fynde the lyf of the soule / Percyual herd this / and prayd hym of felauship that was bitwene them to telle hym wherfor he asked suche thynges / That shalle I telle yow said Galahad / thother day whanne we sawe a parte of the aduentures of the Sancgreal I was in suche a Ioye of herte that I trowe

neuer man was / that was erthely / And therfore I wote wel whan my body is dede / my sowle shalle be in grete Ioye to see the blessid Trynyte euery day / and the mageste of oure lord Ihesu Cryst Soo longe were they in the shyp / that they sayd to Galahad syr in this bedde ought ye to lye / for soo saith the scripture / & soo he leyd hym doune and slepte a grete whyle / And whan he awaked he loked afore hym and sawe the Cyte of Sarras And as they wold haue landed / they sawe the shyp wherein Percyual had putte his syster in / Truly sayd Percyual in the name of god / wel hath my syster holden vs couenaunt / Thenne toke they out of the ship the table of syluer / and he tooke it to Percyual and to Bors to goo to fore / and Galahad came behynde / and ryght soo they went to the Cyte / and at the gate of the Cyte they sawe an old man coked / Thenne Galahad called hym and bad hym helpe to bere this heuy thyng / Truly said the old man / it is ten yere ago that I myȝt not goo but with crouchys / Care thou not sayd Galahad and aryse vp and shewe thy good wille / and soo he assayed / and fonde hym self as hole as euer he was / Thenne ranne he to the table / and took one parte ageynst Galahad / and anone arose there grete noyse in the Cyte that a cryppyl was maade hole by

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knyghtes merueyls that entryd in to the Cyte / Thenne anon after the thre knyghtes wente to the water / and broughte vp in to the paleys Percyuals syster / and buryed her as rychely as a kynges doughter oughte to be / And whan the kynge of the Cyte whiche was cleped Estoraus sawe the felaushyp / he asked hem of whens they were / and what thyng it was that they had broughte vpon the table of syluer / & they told hym the trouthe of the Sancgreal and the power whiche that god had sette there / Thenne the kynge was a Tyraunt / and was come of the lyne of paynims / and toke hem / and putte hem in pryson in a depe hole

Capitulum xxij

BVt as soone as they were there oure lord sente hem the Sancgreal / thorow whoos grace they were al waye fulfilled whyle that they were in pryson / Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kynge Estourause lay seke and felte that he shold dye / Thenne he sente for the thre knyghtes & they came afore hym / and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them / and they forgaf hit hym goodely and he dyed anone / Whanne the kynge was dede / alle the cyte was desmayed and wyst not who myghte be her kynge /

¶ Ryght soo as they were in counceille there came a voyce amonge them / and badde hem chese the yongest knyght of them thre to be her kynge for he shalle wel mayntene yow and all yours / Soo they made Galahad kynge by alle the assente of the hole Cyte / & els they wold haue slayne hym / And whanne he was come to beholde the land / he lete make aboue the table of syluer a cheste of gold and of precyous stones that hyllid the holy vessel / And euery day erly the thre felawes wold come afore hit / & make their prayers / Now at the yeres ende the self daye after Galahad had borne the croune of gold / he arose vp erly and his felawes / and came to the palais / and sawe to fore hem the holy vessel / and a man

knelynge on his knees in lykenes of a Bisshop that had aboute hym a grete felaushyp of Angels as it had
ben Ihesu Cryst hym self / & thenne he arose

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and beganne a masse of oure lady / And whan he cam to the sacrament of the masse / and had done /
anone he called Galahad and sayd to hym come forthe the seruaunt of Ihesu cryst and thou shalt see that
thou hast moche desyred to see / & thenne he beganne to tremble ryght hard / whan the dedely flesshe
beganne to beholde the spyrytuel thynges / Thenne he helde vp his handes toward heuen / and sayd lord
I thanke the / for now I see that that hath ben my desyre many a daye /

¶ Now blessyd lord wold I not lenger lyue yf it myghte please the lord / & there with the good man
tooke oure lordes body betwixe hys handes / and proferd it to Galahad / and he receyued hit ryghte
gladly and mekely /

¶ Now wotest thou what I am sayd the good man / Nay said Galahad / I am Ioseph of Armathye the
whiche oure lord hath sente here to the to bere the felaushyp / and wotest thou wherfor that he hath sente
me more than ony other / For thou hast semblyd in to thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyles of
the Sancgreal in that thou hast ben a clene mayden as I haue ben and am / And whanne he had said these
wordes Galahad went to Percyual and kyssed hym & commaunded hym to god / and soo he wente to sire
Bors / & kyssed hym / and commaunded hym to god / and sayd Fayre lord salewe me to my lord syr
launcelot my fader / And as soone as ye see hym / byd hym remembre of this vnstable world And there
with he kneled doune tofore the table / and made his prayers / and thenne sodenly his soule departed to
Ihesu Crist and a grete multitude of Angels bare his soule vp to heuen / that the two felawes myghte wel
behold hit / Also the two felawes sawe come from heuen an hand / but they sawe not the body / And
thenne hit cam ryght to the vessel / and took it and the spere / and soo bare hit vp to heuen / Sythen was
there neuer man soo hardy to saye that he had sene the Sancgreal /

Capitulum xxiiij

WHanne Percyual & Bors sawe Galahad dede / they made as moche sorowe as euer dyd two men / And
yf they had not ben good men / they myght lyghtly haue fallen in despair / & the peple of the countrey &
of the cyte were ryȝt heuy

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And thenne he was buryed / And as soone as he was buryed sire Percyual yelded hym to an hermytage oute of the cyte / and took a relygyous clothynge / and Bors was alwaye with hym / but neuer chaunged he his seculer clothynge for that he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the Realme of Logrys / Thus a yere and two monethes lyued sir Percyual in the hermytage a ful holy lyf / and thenne passed oute of this world and Bors lete bery hym by his syster and by Galahad in the spyrytueltees / whanne Bors sawe that he was in so fer countreyes as in the partyes of Babyloyne he departed from Sarras / and armed hym and cam to the see / and entryd in to a shyp / and soo it befelle hym in good aduenture / he cam in to the Realme of Logrys / and he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot where the kynge was / and thenne was there grete Ioye made of hym in the Courte / for they wend alle / he had ben dede / for as moche as he had ben soo longe oute of the countrey / and whan they had eten / the kynge made grete clerkes to come afore hym / that they shold cronycle of the hyghe aduentures of the good knyghtes / Whanne Bors had told hym of the aduentures of the Sancgreal suche as had befalle hym / and his thre felawes that was launcelot / Percyual / Galahad / & hym self There Launcelot told the aduentures of the Sancgreal / that he had sene / Alle this was made in grete bookes / and put vp in almeryes at Salysbury / And anone sir Bors sayd to syre Launcelot / Galahad your owne sone salewed yow by me / & after yow kynge Arthur / and alle the Courte / and soo dyd sir Percyual / for I buryed hem with myn owne handes in the Cyte of Sarras /

¶ Also sire Launcelot Galahad prayed yow to remembre of this vnsyker world as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders more than half a yere / This is true sayd launcelot / Now I truste to god his prayer shalle auayle me / thenne Launcelot took syr Bors in his armes / and sayd gentyl cosyn ye are ryght welcome to me / and alle that euer I maye doo for yow and for yours ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes / whyles the spyryte is in hit / and that I promyse yow feythfully / and neuer to fayle

¶ And wete ye wel gentyl cosyn syre Bors that ye and I wylle neuer departe in

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sonder whylest oure lyues may laste / Sir sayd he I wylle as ye wylle

¶ Thus endeth thistory of the Sancgreal that was breuely drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe / the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the truest and the holiest that is in thys world / the whiche is the
xviij book /

¶ And here foloweth the eyghtenth book

[Book Eighteen]

¶ Capitulum Primum

SOo after the quest of the Sancgreal was fulfilled / and alle knyghtes that were lefte on lyue were comen ageyne vnto the table round as the booke of the Sancgreal maketh mencyon

¶ Thenne was there grete Ioye in the courte / and in especyal kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer made grete Ioye of the remenaunt that were comen home / and passynge glad was the kynge and the quene of sire launcelot and of sire Bors / For they had ben passynge long away in the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne as the book saith syr launcelot beganne to resorte vnto quene Gueneuer ageyne / and forgat the promyse and the perfectyon that he made in the quest / for as the book sayth had not sire Launcelot ben in hie preuy thouȝtes and in his myndes so sette inwardly to the quene as he was in semyng outward to god / there had no knyghte passed hym in the queste of the Sancgreal / but euer his thouhgtes were pryuely on the Quene / and so they loued to gyder more hotter than they did to fore hand / and had suche preuy draughtes to gyder that many in the Courte spak of hit / and in especial sir Agrauayne/ sir Gawayns broder / for he was euer open mouthed / So bifel that syre Launcelot had many resortes of ladyes and damoysels that dayly resorted vnto hym / that besoughte hym to be their champyon / and in alle suche maters of ryghte sir launcelot applyed hym dayly to do for the pleasyr of oure lord Ihesu crist And euer as moche as he myghte he withdrewe hym from the companye and felaushyp of Quene Gueneuer

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for to eschewe the sklaunder and noyse / wherfor the quene waxed wroth with sir Launcelot / and vpon a day she called sir launcelot vnto her chamber and saide thus / Sir launcelot I see and fele dayly that thy loue begynneth to slake / for thou hast no Ioye to be in my presence / but euer thou arte oute of thys Courte / and quarels and maters thow hast now a dayes for ladyes and gentilwymmen more the euer thou were wonte to haue afore hand / A madame said launcelot / in this ye must holde me excused for dyuerse causes / one is / I was but late in the quest of the Sancgreal / and I thanke god of his grete mercy and neuer of my deserte that I sawe in that my quest as moche as euer sawe ony synful man / and so was it told me /

¶ And yf I had not my pryuy thoughtes to retorne to your loue ageyne as I doo I had sene as grete mysteryes as euer sawe my sone Galahad outhur Percyual or sir Bors / & therfor madame I was but late in that quest / wete ye wel madame hit maye not be yet lyghtely forgeten the hyȝ seruyse in whome I dyd my dylygent laboure / Also madame wete ye wel that there be many men speken of our loue in this courte / and ye haue yow and me gretely in a wayte / as sire Agrauayne and syr Mordred / and madame wete ye wel I drede them more for youre sake / than for ony fere I haue of them my self / for I maye happen to escape and ryde my self in a grete nede where ye must abyde alle that wille said vnto yow / And thenne yf that ye falle in ony distresse thurgh wylfulle foly / thenne is there none other remedy or help but by me and my blood / And wete ye wel madame the boldenes of you and me wille brynge vs to

grete shame and sklaunder / and that were me lothe to see you dishonoured / and that is the cause / I take vpon me more for to do for damoysels and maydens than euer I dyd to forne that men shold vnderstande my Ioye and my delyte is my pleasyr to haue adoo for damoisels and maydens

¶ Capitulum ij

Alle this whyle the quene stood styll and lete sir launcelot saye what he wold / And when he hadde alle said she brast oute on wepyng / and soo she sobbed and wepte

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a grete whyle / And whan she myght speke she sayd / launcelot now I wel vnderstande that thou arte a fals recreaūt knyghte and a comyn lecheoure / and louest and holdest other ladyes / and by me thou hast desdayne scorne /

¶ For wete thou wel she sayd now vnderstande thy falshede / and therefore shalle I neuer loue the no more / and neuer be thou so hardy to come in my syghte / and ryghte here I discharge the this Courte that thou neuer come within hit / and I forfende the my felaushyp / and vpon payne of thy hede that thou see me no more / Ryght soo sire Launcelot departed with grete heuynes / that vnneth he myȝt susteyne hym self for grete dole makynge Thenne he called sir Bors sir Ector de marys and syr Lyonel and told hem how the quene had forfendyd hym the Courte and soo he was in wille to departe in to his owne Countrey / Fair sir said sire Bors de ganys / ye shalle not departe oute of this land by myn aduyse / ye must remembre in what honour ye are renoumed and called the noblest knyght of the world / and many grete maters ye haue in hand / and wymmen in their hastynes wille doo oftymes that sore repenteth hem / & therfor by myn aduyse ye shalle take youre hors / and ryde to the good hermytage here besyde wyndsoure that somtyme was a good knyght / his name is sir Brasias / and there shalle ye abyde tyl I sende yow word of better tydynges / Broder said sir launcelot wete ye wel I am ful lothe to departe oute of this realme / but the quene hath defended me soo hyhely / that me semeth she wille neuer be my good lady as she hath ben / Saye ye neuer soo sayd sir Bors / for many tymes or this tyme she hath ben wroth with yow and after it she was the first that repented it / Ye saye wel sayd launcelot / for now wille I doo by youre counceyll and take myn hors and my harneis and ryde to the hermyte sir Brasias / and there will I repose me vntyl I here somme maner of tydynges fro yow / but fair broder I praye yow gete me the loue of my lady Quene Gueneuer and ye maye /

¶ Sire said sire Bors ye nede not to meue me of suche maters For wel ye wote I wille doo what I may to please yow / & thenne the noble knyghte sire Launcelot departed with ryghte heuy chere sodenly / that none erthely creature wyste of hym / nor

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where he was become / but sir Bors / Soo whan sir launcelot was departed / the quene outward made no maner of sorowe in shewynge to none of his blood nor to none other / But wete ye wel inwardly as the book sayth she took grete thoughte but she bare it out with a proud countenaunce / as though she felte nothyng nor daunger

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ANd thenne the quene lete make a preuy dyner in london vnto the knyghtes of the round table / and al was for to shewe outward that she had as grete loye in al other knyghtes of the table round as she had in sir launcelot / al only at that dyner she had sir Gawayne and his bretheren / that is for to saye sir Agrauayn / sir Gaherys / sire Gareth and syre Mordred / Also there was sir Bors de ganys / sire Blamor de ganys / syr Bleoberys de ganys /sire Galyhud / sir Galyhodyn syre Ector de marys / sir Lyonel / sire Palomydes / syr Safyr his broder / sir la cote male tayle / sir Persaunt / syr Ironsyde / syre Brandyles / syr kay le Seneschal / sir Mador de la porte / Syre Patryse a knyght of Irland / Alyduk / sir Astamore / and sir Pynel le saueage / the whiche was cosyn to sire Lamorak de galys the good knyghte that syr Gawayne and his bretheren slewe by treason / and so these four and twenty knyghtes shold dyne with the quene in a preuy place by them self / and there was made a grete feest of al maner of deyntees / but syre Gawayne had a customme that he vsed dayly at dyner and at souper that he loued wel al maner of fruyte / and in especial appels and perys / And therfore who someuer dyned or feested syre Gawayne wold comynly purueye for good fruyte for hym / and soo dyd the quene for to please sir Gawayne / she lete purueye for hym al maner of fruyte / for sir Gawayn was a passynge hote knyght of nature / and this Pyonel hated syre Gawayne by cause of his kynnesman syr Lamorak de galys & therfor for pure enuy & hate sir Pyonel enpoysond certayn appels for to enpoysonne sir Gawayn / & soo this was wel vnto the ende of the mete / and soo it befelle by mysfortune a good knyght named Patryse cosyn vnto sire Mador de la porte to

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take a poysond Appel / And whanne he had eten hit / he swalle soo tyl he brast / & there sire Patryce felle doun sodenly deede amonge hem / Thenne euery knyghte lepte from the bord ashamed and araged for wrathe nyghe oute of her wyttes / For they wyste not what to saye consyderynge Quene Gueneuer made the feest and dyner / they alle had suspecyon vnto her / My lady the quene said Gawayne / Wete ye wel madame that this dyner was made for me / for alle folkes that knowen my condycyon vnderstande that I loue wel fruyte / and now I see wel / I had nere be slayne / therfor madame I drede me lest ye will be shamed / Thenne the quene stood styll and was sore abasshed / that he nyst not what to

saye / This shalle not so be ended said syr Mador de la porte / for here haue I loste a ful noble knyght of my blood / And therfore vpon this shame & despyte I wille be reuenged to the vtteraunce / and there openly sir Mador appeled the quene of the dethe of his cosyn sir patryse / thenne stode they all styлле that none wold speke a word ageynst hym / for they all had grete suspecyon vnto the quene by cause she lete make that dyner / and the quene was so abasshed that she coude none other wayes doo but wepte soo hertely that she felle in a swoone / with this noyse and crye came to them kynge Arthur / And whanne he wyst to that trouble / he was a passynge heuy man

Capitulum iiij

ANd euer sir Mador stood styлле afore the kynge / and euer he appeled the quene of treason / for the customme was suche that tyme that alle manere of shameful dethe was called treason / Fair lordes sayd kynge Arthur me repenteth of this trouble / but the caas is so I maye not haue adoo in this mater for I must be a ryghtful Iuge / and that repenteth me that I maye not doo batail for my wyf / for as I deme this dede came neuer by her / And therfore I suppose she shalle not be alle distayned / but that somme good knyght shal putt his body in Ieopardy for my quene rather than she shal be brent in a wrong quarel / And therfor sir Mador be not so hasty / for hit maye happen she shalle not be all frendeles / and therfore

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desyre thow thy daye of bataile / and she shalle purueye her of somme good knyghte / that shalle ansuer yow or els it were to me grete shame / and to alle my courte / My gracyous lord sayd sir Mador ye muste holde me excused / for though ye be oure kynge in that degree / ye are but a knyght as we are / and ye are sworne vnto knyghthode as wel as we / and therfor I biseche yow that ye be not displeased / For there is none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were boden to this dyner / but alle they haue grete suspecyon vnto the quene / What say ye all my lordes said sir Mador / thenne they ansuerd by and by that they coude not excuse the quene / for why she made the dyner / & outhur hit must come by her or by her seruauntes / Allas sayd the quene I made this dyner for a good entente / and neuer for none euyl soo almyghty god me help in my ryght as I was neuer purposed to doo suche euylle dedes / and that I reporte me vnto god / My lord kynge sayd sir Mador I requyre yow as ye be a ryghtuous kyng gyue me a day that I may haue Iustyce / wel sayd the kynge I gyue the daye thys day xv dayes that thow be redy armed on horsbak in the medowe besyde westmynster / And yf it soo falle that there be ony knyght to encountre with yow / there mayst thow doo the best / and god spede the ryght / And yf hit so falle that there be no knyght at that day / thenne must my quene be brente / and ther she shalle be redy to haue her Iugement / I am ansuerd sayd sir Mador / and euery knyghte wente where it lyked hem /

¶ So whan the kynge and the quene were to gyders / the kynge asked the quene how this caas bifelle / the quene ansuerd / so god me help I wote not how or in what maner / where is sir launcelot said kyng Arthur / and he were here he wold not grutche to doo bataille for yow / Sire sayd the quene I wote not

where he is / but his brother and his kynnesmen deme that he be not within this Realme / that me
repenteth sayd kyng Arthur / For and he were here / he wold soone stynte this stryf / Thenne I wille
counceyle yow sayd the kyng and vnto sire Bors that ye wil doo bataille for her for sir launcelots sake /
And vpon my lyf he wille not refuse yow / For wel I see said the kyng that none of these foure and
twenty knyghtes that were with you at your dyner where sir Patryse was slayn

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that wille doo batail for yow nor none fo hem wille saye well of yow / and that shalle be a grete
sklaunder for yow in thys Courte / Allas said the quene and I maye not doo with all but now I mys sir
launcelot / for and he were here / he wold putte me soone to my hertes ease /

¶ what eyleth yow said the kyng ye can not kepe sir launcelot vpon your syde / for wete ye wel sayd the
kyng who that hath sire Launcelot vpon his partye / hath the moost man of worship in the world vpon
his syde / Now goo your way said the kyng vnto the quene / and requyre sir Bors to doo bataille for
yow for sire launcelots sake

¶ Capitulum quintum /

SOo the quene departed from the kyng / and sente for sir Bors in to her chamber / And whan he was
come she besought hym of socour / Madame said he / what wold ye that I dyd / for I maye not with my
worshyp haue adoo in this mater by cause I was at the same dyner for drede that ony of tho knyghtes
wold haue me in suspecyon / Also madame said sir Bors now mys ye sir launcelot / for he wold not haue
fayled yow neyther in ryght nor in wronge / as ye haue wel preued whan ye haue ben in daunger / and
now ye haue dryuen hym oute of this countrey / by whome ye and alle we were dayly worshypped by /
therfor madame I merueylle how ye dar for shame requyre me to doo ony thyng for yow in soo moche
ye haue chaced hym oute of your countrey / by whome we were borne vp and honoured / Allas fayr
knyghte sayd the quene I put me holy in your grace / and alle that is done amys / I will amende as ye
wille counceyle me / And therwith she kneled doune vpon bothe her knees / and besought sir Bors to
haue mercy vpon her / outhur I shall haue a shameful dethe and therto I neuer offended / Ryght soo cam
kyng Arthur / & fonde the quene knelyng afore sir Bors / thenne sir Bors pulled her vp / and said
Madame ye doo me grete dishonoure / A gentil knyght said the kyng haue mercy vpon my Quene curtois
knyght / for I am now in certayne she is vntruly defamed

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And ther for curtois knyght sayd the kynge / promyse her to doo bataille for her / I requyre yow for the loue of syr launcelot / My lord sayd syr Bors ye requyre me the grettest thyng that ony man may requyre me / And wete ye wel yf I graunte to doo bataille for the quene I shall wrathe many of my felauship of the table round / but as for that sayd Bors I wille graunte my lord / that for my lord sir launcelots sake & for your sake I wille at that daye be the quenes champyon / onles that there come by aduenture a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for her / Will ye promyse me this sayd the kynge by your feythe / ye sir said sir Bors / of that I will not fayle yow / nor her bothe / but yf there came a better knyghte than I am / and thenne shalle he haue the bataille / Thenne was the kynge and the quene passyng gladd / and soo departed / and thanked hym hertely / Soo thenne sir Bors departed secretly vpon a day / and rode vnto sire launcelot there as he was wyth the heremyte sir Brastias / & told hym of all theire aduenture A Ihesu said sir Launcelot this is come happely as I wold haue hit / and therfor I praye yow make you redy to doo bataille / but loke that ye tary tyl ye see me come as longe as ye may / For I am sure Mador is an hote knyghte whan he is enchaufed / for the more ye suffre hym the hastyer wille he be to batail / syr said Bors lete me dele with hym / Doubte ye not ye shalle haue alle your wille / thenne departed syre Bors from hym / and came to the Courte ageyne / Thenne was hit noysed in alle the Courte that sir Bors shold doo bataill for the quene / wherfore many knyghtes were displeasyd with hym / that he wold take vpon hym to doo batail in the quenes quarel for there were but fewe knyghtes in all the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge / and that she had done that treason / Soo sire Bors ansuerd thus to his felawes of the table round / Wete ye wel my fayre lordes it were shame to vs alle and we suffred to see the moost noble quene of the world to be shamed openly consyderynge her lord / and our lord is the man of moost worship in the world & moost crystend / and he hath euer worshipped vs alle in al places / Many ansuerd hym ageyne / As for oure mooste noble kynge Arthur we loue hym and honoure hym as wel as ye doo / but as for quene Gueneuer

leaf 367r

we loue her not by cause she is a destroyer of good knyghtes Faire lordes sayd sir Bors me semeth ye saye not as ye shold say / for neuer yet in my dayes knewe I neuer nor herd saye/ that euer she was a destroyer of ony good knyghte / But att alle tymes as ferre as euer I coude knowe / she was a mayntener of good knyghtes / and euer she hath ben large and free of her goodes to alle good knyghtes / and the moost bounteous lady of her yeftes and her good grace that euer I sawe or herd speke of / And there for it were shame said sire Bors to vs all to our most noble kynges wyf / & we suffred her to be shamefully slayne / And wete ye wel sayd sire Bors I wylle not suffer it / for I dare say soo moche the quene is not gylty of sir Patryse dethe / for she owed hym neuer none ylle wylle/ nor none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were at that dyner / for I dar saye / for good loue she bad vs to dyner / and not for no male engyne / and that I doubte not shalle be preued here after / for how someuer the game goth / there was treason amonge vs / Thenne some sayd to sire Bors we may wel bileue your wordes / and soo some of them were wel pleasyd/ and somme were not so

The daye came on faste vntyl the euen that the bataille shold be / Thenne the quene sente for sir Bors and asked hym how he was disposed / Truly madame sayd he I am disposed in lyke wyse as I promysed yow / that is for to saye I shal not fayle yow / onles by aduenture there come a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for yow / thenne madame am I discharged of my promyse /

¶ Wylle ye sayd the quene that I telle my lord Arthur thus / doth as it shal please yow madame / Thenne the quene wente vnto the kynge and told hym the ansuer of sir Bors / haue ye no doubte said the kynge of sir Bors / for I calle hym now one of the beste knyghtes of the world and the most profytelyest man / And thus it past on vntyl the morne / and the kynge and the quene and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme drewe them vnto the medowe bysyde wynchester where the bataylle

leaf 367v

shold be / And soo whan the kynge was come with the Quene / and many knyghtes of the round table / than the quene was putte there in the Conestables ward and a grete fyre made aboute an yron stake / that and syr Mador de la porte hadde the better / she shold be brente / suche customme was vsed in tho dayes / that neyther for fauour neyther for loue nor affynyte / there shold be none other but ryghtuous Iugement / as wel vpon a kynge as vpon a knyghte / and as wel vpon a Quene as vpon another poure lady / Soo in this meane whyle came in sir Mador de la porte / and tooke his othe afore the kynge / that the quene dyd this treason vntyl his cosyn sir Patryse / & vnto his othe / he wold preue hit with his body hand for hand who that wold saye the contrary / Ryght so cam in sire Bors de ganys and sayde that as for quene Gueneuer she is in the ryght and that wille I make good with my handes / that she is not culpable of this treason that is putte vpon her / Thenne make the redy said sir Mador / and we shalle preue whether thou be in the ryght or I / Sir Mador said sir Bors wete thou wel I knowe yow for a good knyghte / Not for thenne I shal not fere yow soo gretely / but I truste to god I shalle be able to withstande your malyce / But thus moche haue I promysed my lord Arthur and my lady the quene that I shalle do bataille for her in this caas to the vttermest / onles that there come a better knyghte than I am / and discharge me / Is that alle said sire Mador / outhere come thou of / and doo batail with me / or els say nay / Take your hors said sire Bors / and as I suppose ye shalle not tary longe / but ye shalle be ansuerd / thenne eyther departed to their tentys and maade hem redy to horsbak as they thoughte best / And anone sir Mador cam in to the felde with his shelde on his sholder & his spere in his hand And soo rode aboute the place cryenge vnto Arthur byd your champyon come forthe and he dare / Thenne was sir Bors ashamed and took his hors / and came to the lystes ende /

¶ And thenne was he ware where cam from a wood there faste by a knyght all armed vpon a whyte hors with a straunge shelde of straunge armes / and he came rydyng alle that he myghte renne / and soo he came to sir Bors and sayd thus Fair knyght I pray yow be not displeased / for here must a better knyght

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than ye are haue thys bataille / therfor I praye yow withdrawe yow / For wete ye wel I haue had this day a ryght grete Iourneye / and this bataille ought to be myn / and soo I promysed yow whan I spak with yow last / and with alle my herte I thanke yow of your good wille / Thenne sire Bors rode vnto kynge Arthur and told hym how there was a knyȝt come that wold haue the bataille for to fyghte for the Quene

¶ what knyght is he said the kynge / I wote not sayd syre Bors / but suche couenaunt he made with me to be here this day Now my lord sayd syr Bors here am I discharged /

Capitulum vij

Thenne the kynge called to that knyghte / and asked hym / yf he wold fyghte for the quene / Thenne he ansuerd to the kynge therfor cam I hydder / and therfor sir kyng he sayd tary me noo lenger for I may not tary / For anone as I haue fynysshed this bataille I must departe hens / for I haue a doo many matters els where / For wete yow wel sayd that knyght this is dishonour to yow alle knyghtes of the round table to see and knowe soo noble a lady and so curtoys a quene as quene Gueneuer is thus to be rebuked and shamed amongst yow / thenne they alle merueylled what knyȝt that myghte be that soo tooke the bataille vpon hym / For there was not one that knewe hym but yf it were syre Bors / Thenne sayd sir Mador de la porte vnto the kynge / now lete me wete with whome I shalle haue adoo with alle / And thenne they rode to the lystes ende / and there they couched theire speres / & ranne to gyder with alle their myghtes / and sire Madors spere brake alle to pyeces / but the others spere held / and bare syre Madors hors and alle bakward to the erthe a grete falle / But myghtely and sodenly he auoyded his hors / and putte his sheld afore hym / and thenne drewe his suerd / and badde the other knyghte alyghte / and doo batail with hym on foote Thenne that knyght descended from his hors lyghtly lyke a valyaunt man / and putte his sheld afore hym and drewe his suerd / and soo they came egerly vnto bataille / and eyther

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gaf other many grete strokes tracynge and trauercynge / racynge and foynynge / and hurtlyng to gyder with her suerdes as it were wyld bores / thus were they fyghtynge nyghe an houre / For this sir Mador was a stronge knyghte / and myghtely proued in many stronge batails / But at the laste thys knyghte smote sir Madore grouelynge vpon the erthe / and the kynght stepped nere hym to haue pulled sir Mador flatlynge vpon the ground / and there with sodenly sir Mador aroos / & in his rysynge he smote that knyght thurgh the thyck of the thyȝes that the blood ranne oute fyersly /

¶ And whan he felte hym self soo wounded / and sawe his blood he lete hym aryse vpon his feet / And

thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme / that he felle to the erthe flatlynge / and therwith he strode to hym to haue pulled of his helme of his hede / And thenne sir Mador prayd that knyghte to saue his lyf / and so he yelded hym as ouercome and relecyd the quene of his quarel / I wille not graunte the thy lyf said that knyghte only that thou frely relece the quene for euer / and that no mencyon be made vpon sir Patryces tombe that euer Quene Gueneuer consented to that treason / Alle this shalle be done said sir mador I clerely discharge my quarel for euer / Thenne the knyȝtes parters of the lystes toke vp sire Mador / and ledde hym to his tente / and the other knyghte wente streyghte to the steyer foote where sat kyng Arthur / and by that tyme was the quene come to the kynge / and eyther kyssed other hertely / And whan the kynge sawe that knyghte / he stouped doune to hym / and thanked hym / and in lyke wyse dyd the quene / and the kynge prayd hym to putte of his helmet / and to repose hym / & to take a sop of wyn / and thenne he putte of his helmet to drynke / and thenne euery knyght knewe hym that it was syre Launcelot du lake / Anone as the quene wyst that / he took the quene in his hand / and yode vnto syr launcelot and sayd sir graunt mercy of your grete trauaille that ye haue hadde thys day for me and for my quene / My lord sayd sir launcelot wete ye wel I oughte of ryghte euer to be in your quarel / and in my lady the quenes quarel to do batail / for ye ar the man that gaf me the hyghe ordre of knyghthode / and that daye my lady your quene dyd me grete worship / & els I had ben shamed

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for that same day ye made me knyghte / thurgh my hastynesse I lost my suerd / and my lady your quene fond hit / and lapped hit it her trayne / and gafe me my suerd whan I hadde nede therto / and els had I ben shamed emonge alle knyghtes / & therfor my lord Arthur I promysed her at that day euer to be her knyghte in ryghte outhur in wronge / Graunt mercy sayd the kyng for this iourneye / & wete ye wel said the kyng I shal acquyte youre goodenes / and euer the quene behelde sir launcelot / and wepte so tendyrly that she sanke all most to the gro&uacrd; for sorowe that he had done to her soo grete goodenes where she shewed hym grete vnkyndenes /

¶ Thenne the knyghtes of his blood drewe vnto hym / and there eyther of them made grete ioye of other / And so came alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme / and welcomed hym / And thenne sir Mador was had to leche crafte / and sire launcelot was helyd of his wo&uacrd; / And thenne there was made grete Ioye & myrthes in that courte

¶ Capitulum octauum /

ANd soo it befelle that the damoyssel of the lake / her name was Nymue / the whiche wedded the good knyȝt sir Pelleas / and soo she cam to the Courte / for euer she dyd grete goodenes vnto kynge Arthur / and to alle his knytes thurgh her sorcery and enchauntementes / And soo whan she herd how the quene was an angred for the dethe of syre Patryse / Thenne she told it openly that she was neuer gylty and there she disclosed by whome it was done and named hym syr Pynel / and for what cause he dyd it / there it

was openly disclosed / and soo the quene was excused / and the knyȝt Pynel fled in to his countre /
Thenne was it openly knowen that syr Pynel enpoysond the appels att the feest to that entente to haue
destroyed sire Gawayne / by cause syr Gawayne and his bretheren destroyed syr Lamorak de galys / to
the whiche syre Pynel was cosyn vnto / Thenne was sire Patryce buryed in the chirche of Westmestre in
a tombe / and there vpon was wryten / Here lyeth syre Patryce of Irlond slayne by syre Pynel

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le saueage / that enpoysoned appels to haue slayne syre Gawayne / and by mysfortune sire Patryce ete
one of tho appels / & thenne sodenly he brast / Also there was wryten vnto the tombe that Quene
Gueneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth of sire Patryce by sir Mador de la porte / and there was
made mencyon how sire launcelot foughte with hym for quene Gueneuer / and ouercame hym in playne
bataille / Alle this was wryten vpon the tombe of syr Patryce in excusyng of the quene / And thenne sir
Mador sewed dayly and long / to haue the Quenes good grace / and soo by the meanes of syre launcelot
he caused hym to stande in the quenes good grace / and all was forgyuen / Thus it passed on tyl oure
lady daye assūpcyon / within a xv dayes of that feest the kynge lete crye a grete Iustes and a
turnement that shold be at that daye att Camelot that is wynchester / and the kynge lete crye that he and
the kynge of Scottes wold Iuste ageynst alle that wold come ageynst hem / And whan this crye was
made / thydder cam many knyghtes / Soo there came thyder the kyng of Northgalys and kyng
Anguysshe of Irland / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / and Galahaut the haute prynce / and the
Kynge of Northumberland / and many other noble dukes & Erles of dyuerse countreyes / Soo kynge
Arthur made hym redy to departe to thise Iustys / and wold haue had the Quene with hym / but at that
tyme she wold not / she said / for she was seke and myghte not ryde at that tyme / That me repenteth
sayd the kynge / for this seuen yere ye sawe not suche a noble felaushyp to gyders excepte at wytsontyde
whan Galahad departed from the Courte / Truly sayd the quene to the kynge / ye muste holde me
excused / I maye not be there / and that me repenteth / and many demed the quene wold not be there by
cause of sir launcelot du lake / for sire launcelot wold not ryde with the kynge / for he said / that he was
not hole of the wound the whiche sire Mador had gyuen hym / wherfor the kynge was heuy and
passynge wrothe / and soo he departed toward wynchestre with his felaushyp / and soo by the way the
kynge lodged in a Towne called Astolot / that is now in Englyssh called Gylford / and there the kynge
lay in the Castel / Soo whan the kynge was departed / the quene called sir launcelot

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to her / and said thus / Sire launcelot ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yow behynde my lord / what
trowe ye what will youre enemyes and myne saye and deme / noughte els but see how sire launcolot
holdeth hym euer behynde the kyng / and soo doth the quene / for that they wold haue their pleasyr to
gyders / And thus wylle they saye sayd the Quene to syr launcelot haue ye noo doubte therof

¶ Capitulum ix

MAdame said syr Launcelot I allowe your wytte / it is of late come syn ye were wyse / And therfor madame at this tyme I wille be rulyd by your counceyll / and thys nyghte I wylle take my rest / and to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye toward wynchestre / ¶ But wete yow wel sayd sir Launcelot to the quene / that at that Iustes I wille be ageynst the kynge and ageynste al his felauship / ye maye there doo as ye lyst sayd the Quene / but by my counceyll ye shalle not be ageynst youre kyng and youre felauship / For therin ben ful many hard knyghtes of youre blood as ye wote wel ynough / hit nedeth not to reherce them /

¶ Madame said syre Launcelot I praye yow that ye be not displeasyd with me / for I wille take the aduenture that god wylle sende me / And soo vpon the morne erly syre launcelot herd masse and brake his fast / and soo toke his leue of the quene departed / And thenne he rode soo moche vntyl he came to Astolat that is Gylford / and there hit happed hym in the euentide he cam to an old Barons place that hyght sir Bernard of Astolat / And as syre launcelot entryd in to his lodgyng / kynge Arthur aspyed hym as he dyd walke in a gardyn besyde the Castel how he took his lodgyng / & knewe hym ful wel /

¶ It is wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde the castel / I haue now aspyed one knyghte that wylle playe his playe at the Iustes / to the whiche we be gone toward / I vndertake he wil do merueils / Who is that we pray you telle vs

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sayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme / ye shal not wete for me said the kynge as at this tyme / And soo the kyng smyled / and wente to his lodgyng / Soo whan sire launcelot was in his lodgyng / and vnarmed hym in his chamber the olde baron and heremyte came to hym makynge his reuerence and welcomed hym in the best maner / but the old knyght knewe not sire Launcelot / Fair sir said sir launcelot to his hooste I wold praye yow to lene me a shelde that were not openly knowen for myn is wel knowen / Sir said his hoost ye shalle haue your desyre / for me semeth ye be one of the lykelyest knyghtes of the world / and therfor I shall shewe you frendship Sire wete yow wel I haue two sones that were but late made knyghtes / and the eldest hyghte sir Tirre / and he was hurt that same day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde / and his sheld ye shalle haue / For that is not knowen I dare saye but here / and in no place els / and my yongest sone hyght Lauayne / and yf hit please yow / he shalle ryde with yow vnto that Iustes / and he is of his age x stronge and wyght / for moche my herte gyueth vnto yow that ye shold be a noble knyghte therfor I praye yow telle me your name / said sir Bernard As for that sayd sire launcelot ye must holde me excused as at this tyme / And yf god gyue me grace to spede wel att the Iustes / I shalle come ageyne and telle yow / but I praye yow said sir Launcelot in ony wyse lete me haue youre sone sire lauayne with me / and that I maye haue your broders shelde / Alle this shalle be

done said sir Bernard /

¶ This old baron had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire mayden of Astolat / And euer she beheld sir launcelot wonderfully / And as the book sayth she cast suche a loue vnto sir launcelot that she coude neuer withdrawe her loue / wherfore she dyed / and her name was Elayne le blank / Soo thus as she cam to and fro / she was soo hote in her loue that she besoughte syr launcelot to were vpon hym at the Iustes a token of hers

¶ Faire damoyssel said sir launcelot / and yf I graunte yow that ye may saye I doo more for youre loue than euer I dyd for lady or damoyssel /

¶ Thenne he remembryd hym that he wold goo to the Iustes desguysed / And by cause he had neuer fore that tyme borne noo manere of token of noo damoyssel

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¶ Thenne he bethoughte hym that he wold bere one of her that none of his blood there by myghte knowe hym / and thenne he said Faire mayden I wylle graunte yow to were a token of yours vpon myn helmet / and therfor what it is / shewe it me Sir she said it is a reed sleue of myn of scarlet wel enbroudred with grete perlys / and soo she brought it hym / Soo syre Launcelot receyued it / and sayd neuer dyd I erst soo moche/ for no damoyssel / And thenne sir launcelot bitoke the fair mayden his shelde in kepyng / and praid her to kepe that vntyl that he came ageyne / and soo that nyghte he had mery rest & grete chere / For euer the damoyssel Elayne was aboute sire Launcelot alle the whyle she myghte be suffred

Capitulum x

SOo vpon a daye on the morne kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes departed / for their kynge had taryed thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes / And soo whanne the kynge was ryden / sir launcelot and sire Lauayne made hem redy to ryde / and eyther of hem had whyte sheldes / and the reed sleue sir Launcelot lete cary with hym / and soo they tooke their leue at syr Bernard the old baron / and att his doughter the faire mayden of Astolat / And thenne they rode soo long til that they came to Camelot that tyme called wynchestre / and there was grete prees of kynges / dukes / Erles / and barons/ and many noble knyghtes / But there sir launcelot was lodged pryuely by the meanes of sir lauayne with a ryche burgeis that no man in that toune was ware what they were / & soo they reposed them there til oure lady day assumpcyon as the grete feest sholde be / Soo thenne trumpets blewe vnto the felde / and kynge Arthur was sette on hyghe vpon a skafhold to beholde who dyd best / But as the Frensshe book saith / the kynge wold not suffer syre Gawayn to goo from hym / for neuer had sir Gawayn the better and sire launcelot were in the felde / & many tymes was sir Gawayn rebuked whan launcelot cam in to ony Iustes desguysed / Thenne som of the kynges as kynge Anguysse of Irland and the kynge of Scottes were that tyme torned

vpon the syde of kynge Arthur /

¶ And

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thenne on the other party was the kynge of Northgalys / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and the kynge of Northumberland / and syre Galahad the haut prynce / But these thre kynges and this duke were passyng weyke to holde ageynst kynge Arthurs party / for with hym were the noblest knyghtes of the world / Soo thenne they withdrewe hem eyther party from other / and euery man made hym redy in his best maner to doo what he myghte /

¶ Thenne syre Launcelot made hym redy / and putte the reed sleue vpon his hede / and fastned it fast / and soo syre launcelot and syre Lauayne departed out of wynchestre pryuely / and rode vntyl a lytel leuyd wood / behynde the party that held ageynst kyng Arthurs party / and there they helde them styлле tyl the partyes smote to gyders / & thenne cam in the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland on Arthurs party / and ageynst them came the kynge of Northumberland / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberland / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysse of Irland / Thenne syre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountred with syre Galahad / and eyther of hem smote doune other / and eyther party halpe their lordes on horsbak ageyne / Soo there began a stronge assaile vpon bothe partyes / And thenne came in syr Brandyles / syre Sagramor le desyrus / sire Dodynas le saueage / sir kay le seneschal / sir Gryflet le fyse de dieu / sir Mordred / sir Melyot de logrys / syr Ozanna le cure hardy / sir Safyr / sir Epynogrys / syr Galleron of Galway / Alle these xv knyghtes were knyghtes of the table round / Soo these with moo other came in to gyders / and bete on bak the kynge of Northumberland and the kynge of Northwalys / whan sir launcelot sawe this as he houed in a lytil leued woode / thenne he sayd vnto syre lauayn / see yonder is a company of good knyghtes / and they hold them to gyders as bores that were chauffed with dogges / that is trouthe said syre Lauayne

¶Capitulum xj

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¶ Capitulum xj

NOw sayd syre Launcelot / and ye wille helpe me a lytel / ye shalle see yonder felauship that chaseth now these men in oure syde that they shal go as fast bakward as they wente forward / Sir spare not said sire Lauayne / for I shall doo what I maye / Thenne sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne cam in at the thyckest of the prees / and there syre launcelot smote doune syr Brandyles / syre Sagramore / syre Dodynas / sir Kay / syr Gryflet / and alle this he dyd with one spere / and sire Lauayne smote doune sire Lucan the buttelere / and sir Bedeuere / And thenne sire Launcelot gat another spere / & there he smote doune sir Agrauayne / sire Gaherys / and sir Mordred and sir Melyot de Logrys / and sir Lauayne smote doune Ozanna le cure hardy / and thenne sir Launcelot drewe his suerd and there he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand and by grete force he vnhorced syr Safyr / sire Epynogrys / & sir Galleron / and thenne the knyghtes of the table round withdrewe them abak after they had goten their horses as wel as they myghte / O mercy Ihesu said sire Gawayne what knyȝte is yonder that doth soo merueyllous dedes of armes in that felde / I wote not what he is sayd kynge Arthur / But as att this tyme I wille not name hym / syre sayd sire Gawayne I wold say it were syr launcelot by his rydyng and his buffets that I see hym dele / but euer me semeth it shold not be he for that he bereth the reed sleue vpon his hede / for I wist hym neuer bere token at no Iustes of lady nor gentilwoman / Lete hym be said kynge Arthur / he wille be better knowen / and do more or euer he departe / Thenne the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were wel comforted / and thenne they helde hem to gyders that before hand were sore rebuked / Thenne sir Bors sir Ector de marys and sir Lyonel called vnto them the knyȝtes of their blood / as sir Blamor de ganys / syre Bleoberys syr Alyduke / sir Galyhud / sire Galyhodyn / sir Bellangere le beuse / soo these nyne knyghtes of sir launcelots skynne threste in myghtely / for they were al noble knyghtes / and they of grete hate and despyte that they had vnto hym thoughte to rebuke that noble knyght sir launcelot & sir lauayne / for they

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knewe hem not / and soo they cam hurlyng to gyders / & smote doune many knyghtes of northgalys and of northumberland And whanne sire launcelot sawe them fare soo / he gat a spere in his hand / and there encountred with hym al attones syr bors sir Ector and sire Lyonel / and alle they thre smote hym atte ones with their speres / And with fors of them self they smote sir launcelots hors to the erthe / and by mysfortune sir bors smote syre launcelot thurgh the shelde in to the syde / and the spere brake / and the hede lefte styлле in his syde / whan sir Lauayne sawe his maister lye on the ground / he ranne to the kynge of scottes / and smote hym to the erthe / and by grete force he took his hors / and brought hym to syr launcelot / and maulgre of them al he made hym to mounte vpon that hors / & thenne launcelot gat a spere in his hand / and there he smote syre Bors hors and man to the erthe / in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and syre Lyonel / and syre Lauayne smote doune sir Blamore de ganys / And thenne sir launcelot drewe his suerd for he felte hym self so sore y hurte that he wende there to haue had his dethe / And thenne he smote sire Bleoberys suche a buffet on the helmet that he felle doune to the erthe in a swoun And in the same wyse he serued sir Alyduk / and sir Galyhud And sire Lauayne smote doune syr Bellangere that was the sone of Alysaunder le orphelyn / and by this was sire Bors horsed / and thenne he came with sire Ector and syr Lyonel / & alle they thre smote with suerdes vpon syre launcelots helmet /

And whan he felte their buffets / and his wounde the whiche was soo greuous than he thought to doo
what he myght whyle he myght endure / And thenne he gaf syr Bors suche a buffet that he made hym
bowe his heed passynge lowe / and there with al he raced of his helme / and myght haue slayne hym / &
soo pulled hym doune / and in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and sire Lyonel / For as the book
saith he myghte haue slayne them / but whan he sawe their vysages / his herte myght not serue hym
therto / but lefte hem there

¶ And thenne afterward he hurled in to the thyckest prees of them alle and dyd there the merueyloust
dedes of armes that euer man sawe or herde speke of / And euer sire Lauayne the good knyghte with
hym / and there sire Launcelot with

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his suerd smote doune and pulled doune as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon moo than thyrty
knyghtes / & the moost party were of the table round / and sire Lauayne dyd ful wel that day / for he
smote doune ten knyghtes of the table round /

¶ Capitulum xij

MErcy Ihesu said syr Gawayne to Arthur I merueil what knyghte that he is with the reed sleue / Syr
saide kynge Arthur he wille be knowen of he departe / and thenne the kynge blewe vnto lodgyng / and
the pryce was gyuen by herowdes vnto the knyghte with the whyte shelde that bare the reed sleue /
Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyȝtes the kynge of Northgalys / and the kynge of
Northumberland and sir Galahaut the haute prynce / and sayd vnto sire launcelot / fayre knyght god the
blesse / for moche haue ye done this day for vs / therfor we praye yow that ye wille come with vs that ye
may receyue the honour and the pryce as ye haue worshipfully deserued it / My faire lordes said syre
launcelot wete yow wel yf I haue deserued thanke / I haue sore bought hit and that me repenteth / for I
am lyke neuer to escape with my lyf / therfor faire lordes I pray yow that ye wille suffer me to departe
where me lyketh / for I am sore hurte / I take none force of none honour / for I had leuer to repose me
than to be lord of alle the world / and there with al he groned pytously and rode a grete wallop away
ward fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes syde / And whan he sawe that he was from the felde nyghe
a myle that he was sure he myghte not be sene / Thenne he said with an hyȝ voys / O gentyll knyght sir
Lauayne helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my syde / for it stycketh so sore that it nyhe sleeth
me / O myn owne lord said sir Lauayne I wold fayn do that myȝt please yow / but I drede me sore / & I
pulle out the truncheon that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe / I charge you said sir launcelot as ye loue
me drawe hit oute / & there with alle he descended from his hors / and ryght soo dyd sir Lauayn / and
forth with al sir Lauayn drewe the truncheon out of his syde / and gaf a grete shryche and a merueillous

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grysely grone / and the blood braste oute nyghe a pynt at ones that at the last he sanke doun vpon his buttocks & so swouned pale and dedely / Allas sayd sire Lauayne what shalle I doo And thenne he torned sir launcelot in to the wynde / but soo he laye there nyghe half an houre as he had ben dede / And so at the laste syre Launcelot caste vp his eyen / and sayd O Lauayn helpe me / that I were on my hors / for here is fast by within this two myle a gentyl heremyte that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte and a grete lord of possessions / And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to wylful pouerte / and forsaken many landes / and his name is sire Baudewyn of Bretayn and he is a full noble surgeon and a good leche / Now lete see / helpe me vp that I were there / for euer my herte gyueth me that I shalle neuer dye of my cosyn germayns handes / & thenne with grete payne sir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors And thenne they rode a grete wallop to gyders / and euer syr Launcelot bledde / that it ranne doune to the erthe / and so by fortune they came to that hermytage the whiche was vnder a wood / and grete clyf on the other syde / and a fayre water rennyng vnder it / And thenne sire Lauayn bete on the gate with the but of his spere / and cryed fast / Lete in for Ihesus sake/ and there came a fair chyld to them / and asked hem what they wold / Faire sone said syr Lauayne / goo and pray thy lord/ the heremyte for goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded / and this day telle thy lord I sawe hym do more dedes of armes than euer I herd say ony man dyd Soo the chyld wente in lyghtely / and thenne he brought the heremyte the whiche was a passynge good man / Whan syr lauayne sawe hym he prayd hym for goddes sake of socour / what knyght is he sayd the heremyte / is he of the hows of kyng arthur or not / I wote not said sire Lauayne what is he / nor what is his name / but wel I wote I sawe hym doo merueylously this daye as of dedes of armes / On whos party was he sayd the heremyte / syre said syre Lauayne he was this daye ageynst kynge Arthur / and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes of the round table / I haue sene the daye sayd the heremyte / I wold haue loued hym the werse / by cause he was ageynst my lord kynge Arthur / for somtyme I was one

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of the felauship of the round table / but I thanke god now I am otherwyse disposed / But where is he / lete me see hym/ Thenne sir Lauayne broughte the heremyte to hym

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd whan the heremyte beheld hym as he sat lenynge vpon his sadel bowe euer bledynge pytously / and euer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he shold knowe hym but he coude not bryng hym to knouleche / by cause he was soo pale for bledynge / what knyghte are ye sayd the heremyte / and where were ye borne / My fayre lord sayd syre Launcelot I am a straunger and a knyghte auenturous that laboureth thurȝ oute many Realmes for to wynne worship / Thenne the heremyte aduysed hym better /

and sawe by a wound on his cheke that he was syr Launcelot / Allas sayd the heremyte myn owne lord
why layne you your name from me /

¶ For sothe I oughte to knowe yow of ryȝt / for ye are the moost noblest knyghte of the world / for wel I
knowe yow for sire launcelot Sire said he sythe ye knowe me / helpe me and ye may for goddes sake /
for I wold be oute of this payne at ones / outhur to dethe or to lyf / Haue ye no doubte sayd the heremyte
ye shall lyue and fare ryght wel / and soo the heremyte called to hym two of his seruauytes / and so he
and his seruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage / and lyghtely vnarmed hym / and leyd hym in his
bedde / And thenne anone the heremyte staunched his blood and made hym to drynke good wyn so that
sir launcelot was wel refresshed and knewe hym self / For in these dayes it was not the guyse of
heremytes as is now a dayes For there were none heremytes in tho dayes but that they had ben men of
worshyp and of prowesse / and tho heremytes helde grete housholde / and refresshyd peple that were in
distresse /

¶ Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and leue we sir launcelot in the hermytage /

¶ Soo whan the kynges were comen to gyders on bothe partyes / and the grete feeste shold be holden
kynge Arthur asked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr felaushyp where was that knyghte that bare the
reed sleue / brynge hym afore me that he may haue his lawde and honour &

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the pryce as it is ryght / Thenne spake sir Galahad the haute prynce and the kynge with the hondred
knyghtes / we suppose that knyghte is mescheued & that he is neuer lyke to see yow nor none of vs alle /
and that is the grettest pyte that euer we wyste of ony knyghte / Allas sayd Arthur how may this be / is
he soo hurte / What is his name sayd kynge Arthur / Truly said they all we knowe not his name / nor
from whens he cam nor whyder he wold / Allas sayd the kynge this be to me the werst tydynges that
came to me this seuen yere / For I wold not for alle the londes I welde to knowe and wete it were so that
that noble knyght were slayne / knowe ye hym sayd they al /

¶ As for that sayd Arthur / whether I knowe hym or knowe hym not / ye shal not knowe for me what
man he is but almyghty ihesu sende me good good tydynges of hym and soo said they alle / By my hede
said sire Gawayn yf it soo be that the good knyghte be so sore hurte / hit is grete dommage and pyte to
alle this land / For he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I sawe in a felde handle a spere or a suerd /
And yf he maye be founde I shalle fynde hym / For I am sure he nys not fer fro this towne / bere yow
wel sayd kynge Arthur / and ye may fynde hym onles that he be in suche a plyte that he may not welde
hym self / Ihesu defende sayd sir Gawayne / but wete I shalle what he is and I may fynde hym / Ryght
soo syre Gawayne took a squyer with hym vpon hakneis and rode al aboute Camelot within vj or seuen
myle / but soo he came ageyne and coude here no word of hym / Thenne within two dayes kynge Arthur

and alle the felaushyp retorned vnto london ageyne / And soo as they rode by the waye / hit happed sir Gawayne at Astolat to lodge wyth syr Bernard / there as was syr Launcelot lodged / and soo as sire Gawayn was in his chamber to repose hym / syr Barnard the old Baron came vnto hym and his doughter Elayne to chere hym and to aske hym what tydynges and who dyd best at that turnement of wynchester / Soo god me help said syre Gawayne there were two knyghtes that bare two whyte sheldes / but the one of hem bare a reed sleue vpon his hede and certaynly he was one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe Iuste in felde / For I dare say sayd sire Gawayne that one knyght

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with the reed sleue smote doune fourty knyghtes of the table round / and his felawe dyd ryght wel and worshipfully /

¶ Now blessid be god sayd the fayre mayden of Astolat that that knyght sped soo wel / for he is the man in the world that I fyrst loued / and truly he shalle be laste that euer I shalle loue // Now fayre mayde sayd sir Gawayne is that good knyght your loue / Certaynly sir sayd she / were ye wel he is my loue / thenne knowe ye his name sayd sire gawayne / Nay truly said the damoyssel / I knowe not his name not from whens he cometh / but to say that I loue hym I promyse you and god that I loue hym / how had ye knouleche of hym fyrst said sire Gawayne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Thenne she told hym as ye haue herd to fore / and hou her fader betoke hym her broder to doo hym seruyse / and how her fader lente hym her broders syr Tyrreis shelde / and herre with me he lefte his owne sheld / For what cause dyd he so said sir Gawayne / For this cause sayd the damoyssel / for his sheld was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes / A fayr damoyfel sayd sir Gawayne please hit yow lete me haue a syghte of that sheld / syre said she it is in my chamber couerd with a caas / and yf ye wille come with me / ye shalle see hit / Not soo sayd syre Barnard tyl his doughter lete sende for it Soo whan the sheld was comen / sir Gawayne took of the caas / And whanne he beheld that sheld he knewe anone that hit was sir launcelots shelde / and his ownes armes / A Ihesu mercy sayd syr Gawayne now is my herte more heuyer than euer it was tofore why sayd Elayne / for I haue grete cause sayd sire Gawayne / is that knyght that oweth this shelde your loue ye truly said she my loue he is / god wold I were his loue/ Soo god me spede sayd sire Gawayne fair damoyssel ye haue ryght / for and he be your loue / ye loue the moost honourable knyghte of the world and the man of moost worship / So me thoughte euer said the damoyssel / for neuer or that tyme for no knyghte that euer I sawe / loued I neuer none erst /

¶ God graunte sayd sire Gawayne that eyther of yow maye reioyse

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other / but that is in grete aduenture / But truly said sir gawayne vnto the damoyssel / ye may saye ye haue a fayre grace for why I haue knowen that noble knyght this four and twenty yere / and neuer or that day / I nor none other knyghte / I dare make good / sawe / nor herd saye that euer he bare token or sygne of no lady / gentilwoman / ne mayden at no Iustes nor turnement / And therfor fayre mayden saide sire Gawayne ye ar moche beholden to hym to gyue hym thanks / But I drede me sayd sire Gawayne that ye shalle neuer see hym in thys world / and that is grete pyte / that euer was of erthely knyght / Allas sayd she / how may this be / is he slayne / I say not soo said sire Gawayne / but wete ye wel / he is greuously wounded by alle maner of sygnes and by mens syghte more lykelyer to be dede than to be on lyue / and wete ye wel he is the noble knyghte sire launcelot / for by this sheld I knowe hym Allas said the fayre mayden of Astolat / how maye this be / and what was his hurte / Truly said sire Gawayne the man in the world that loued hym best / hurte hym soo / and I dare say sayd sir Gawayne / and that knyghte that hurte hym knewe the veray certaynte that he had hurte sire Launcelot / it wold be the moost sorowe that euer came to his herte / Now fair fader said thenne Elayne I requyre yow gyue me leue to ryde and to seke hym / or els I wote wel I shalle go oute of my mynde / for I shalle neuer stynte tyl that I fynde hym / and my broder syre Lauayne / Doo as it lyketh yow sayd her fader / for me sore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte

¶ Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy and before syre Gawayne makynge grete dole / Thenne on the morne syr Gawayne came to kynge Arthur / and told hym how he had fonde sire Launcelots shelde in the keypyng of the fayre mayden of Astolat / Alle that knewe I afore hand sayd kynge Arthur and that caused me I wold not suffer you to haue adoo atte grete Iustes / for I aspyed said kynge Arthur whan he cam in tyl his lodgyng ful late in the euenyng in Astolat / But merueille haue I said Arthur that euer he wold bere ony sygne of ony damoyssel / For or now I neuer herd say nor knewe that euer he bare ony token of none erthely woman / By my hede said sir Gawayne the fayre mayden of Astolat loueth

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hym merueyllously wel / what it meaneth I can not saye / & she is ryden after to seke hym / Soo the kynge and alle cam to london / and there sire Gawayne openly disclosed to alle the Courte that it was sire Launcelot that Iusted best

¶ Capitulum xv

ANd whanne sir Bors herd that wete ye wel / he was an heuy man / and soo were alle his kynnesmen /

But whan quene Gueneuer wyste that syre Launcelot bare the reed sleue / of the fayre mayden of
Astolat / she was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe /

¶ And thenne she sente for syr Bors de ganys in alle the hast that myghte be / Soo whanne sire Bors was
come to fore the quene / thene she sayd / A sire Bors haue ye herd say how falsly sir launcelot hath
bytrayed me / Allas madame said sire Bors / I am aferd he hath bytrayed hym self and vs alle / No force
said the quene though he be destroyed / for he is a fals traytour knyghte / Madame sayd sir Bors I pray
yow saye ye not so / for wete yow wel / I maye not here suche langage of hym / why sire Bors sayd she /
shold I not calle hym traytour whan he bare the reed sleue vpon his hede at wynchestre at the grete
Iustes / Madame sayd syre Bors that sleeue beryng repenteth me sore / but I dar say he dyd it to none
euylle entente / but for this cause he bare the reed sleue that none yf his blood shold knowe hym / For or
thenne we nor none of vs alle neuer knewe that euer he bare token or sygne of mayde / lady / ne
gentylwoman / Fy on hym said the quene / yet for all his pryde and bobaunce there ye proued your self
his better / Nay madame saye ye neuer more soo for he bete me / and my felawes / and myghte haue
slayne vs and he had wold / Fy on hym sayd the quene / For I herd sir Gawayne saye bifore my lord
Arthur that it were merueil to telle the grete loue that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Astolat and hym /
Madame saide syre Bors I maye not warne syr Gawayne to say what it pleasyd hym / But I dare fay as
for my lord syre Launcelot that he loueth no lady gentilwoman nor mayde / but all he loueth in lyke
moche / and therfor

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madame said sir Bors / ye may saye what ye wylle / but wete ye wel I wille haste me to seke hym / and
fynde hym where someuer he be / and god sende me good tydynges of hym / and soo leue we them
there / and speke we of sire launcelot that lay in grete perylle / Soo as fayr Elayne cam to wynchestre /
she soughte there al aboute / and by fortune syr Lauayne was ryden to playe hym to enchauffe his hors /
And anone as Elayne sawe hym she knewe hym / And thenne she cryed on loude vntyl hym / And whan
he herd her / anone he came to her / and thenne she asked her broder how dyd my lord sire launcelot /
Who told yow syster that my lordes name was sir Launcelot thenne she told hym how sire Gawayne by
his sheld knewe hym / Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage / and anone she
alyghte / So sir Lauayne broughte her in to sire launcelot / And whanne she sawe hym lye so seke & pale
in his bedde / she myght not speke / but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in swoun / and there
she lay a grete whyle / And whanne she was releuyd / she shryked / and saide my lord sire Launcelot
Allas why be ye in this plyte / and thenne she swowned ageyne / And thenne sir Launcelot prayd syre
Lauayne to take her vp / and brynge her to me / And whan she cam to her self sire Launcelot kyst her /
and said / Fair mayden why fare ye thus / ye put me to payne wherfor make ye nomore suche chere / for
and ye be come to comforte me / ye be ryȝt welcome / and of this lytel hurte that I haue I shal be ryghte
hastely hole by the grace of god / But I merueylle sayd sir Launcelot / who told yow my name / thenne
the fayre mayden told hym alle how sire Gawayne was lodged with her fader and there by your sheld he
discouerd your name / Allas sayd sir launcelot that me repenteth that my name is knowen / for I am sure

it wille torne vnto angre / And thenne sir launcelot compast in his mynde that syre Gawayne wold telle
Quene Gueneuer / how he bare the reed sleue / and for whome / that he wyst wel wold torne vnto grete
angre / Soo this mayden Elayne neuer wente from sir launcelot / but watched hym day and nyght / and
dyd suche attendaunce to hym that the frensshe book saith / there was neuer woman dyd more kyndelyer
for man than she / Thenne sir Launcelot prayd sir Lauayne to

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make aspyes in wynchestre for sire Bors yf he came there / and told hym by what tokens he shold knowe
hym by a wound in his forhede / for wel I am sure sayd sire launcelot / that syre Bors wille seke me / for
he is the same good knyȝt that hurte me /

¶ Capitulum xvj

NOW torne we vnto sire Bors de ganys that cam vnto wynchestre to seke after his cosyn syre Launcelot /
and soo whanne he cam to wynchestre / anone there were men that sire Lauayne had made to lye in a
watche for suche a man and anone sir Lauayne had warnynge / and thenne sire Lauayne came to
wynchestre / and fond sir Bors / and there he told hym what he was / and with whome he was / and what
was his name /

¶ Now fayr knyghte said sire Bors I requyre yow that ye wille brynge me to my lord sir launcelot / Syre
sayd sir Lauayne take your hors / & within this houre ye shall see hym / and soo they departed / and
came to the hermytage /

¶ And whan sir Bors sawe sir launcelot lye in his bedde pale and discoloured / anone sir Bors lost his
countenaunce / and for kyndenes and pyte / he myghte not speke / but wepte tendirly a grete whyle /
And thenne whanne he myght speke / he said thus / O my lord sire launcelot god yow blysse / and send
yow hasty recouer / And ful heuy am I of my mysfortune & of myn vnhappynes / for now I may calle
my self vnhappy / & I drede me that god is gretely displeasyd with me that he wold suffre me to haue
suche a shame for to hurte yow that ar alle oure leder / and alle oure worshyp / and therfor I calle my self
vnhappy / Allas that euer suche a caytyf knyghte as I am shold haue power by vnhappynes to hurte the
moost noblest knyghte of the world / where I soo shamefully set vpon yow and ouercharged yow / and
where ye myghte haue slayne me ye saued me / and so dyd not I / For I and your blood did to yow our
vtteraunce / I merueyle sayd sire Bors that my herte or my blood wold serue me / wherfor my lord sir
launcelot I aske your mercy / Fair cosyn said sire Launcelot ye be ryght welcome / & wete ye wel / ouer
moche ye say for to please

me / the whiche pleaseth me not / for why I haue the same y sought / for I wold with pryde haue ouercome yow alle / and there in my pryde I was nere slayne / and that was in myn owne defaute / for I myghte haue gyue yow warnyng of my beyng there / And thenne had I had noo hurte / for it is an old sayd sawe / there is hard bataille there as kynne & frendes doo bataille eyther ageynste other / there maye be no mercy but mortal warre / Therfor fair cosyn said sir launcelot / lete thys speche ouerpasse and alle shalle be welcome that god sendeth and lete vs leue of this mater / and lete vs speke of somme reioycyng / for this that is done maye not be vndone / and lete vs fynde a remedy how soone that I may be hole / Thenne sire Bors lened vpon his beddes syde / and told sire Launcelot how the quene was passyng wrothe with hym / by cause he ware the reed sleue at the grete Iustes / and there sir Bors told hym alle how sir Gawayne discouered hit by youre sheld that ye left with the fayre mayden of Astolat / Thenne is the quene wrothe said sir launcelot / and therfor am I ryght heuy / for I deserued no wrath / for alle that I dyd was by cause I wold not be knowen / Ryght so excused I yow said sir Bors but alle was in wayne / for she sayd more largelyer to me than I to yow now / But is this she said sire Bors that is so besy aboute yow / that men calle the fayre mayden of Astolat / She it is said sire launcelot that by no meanes I can not putte her from me / why shold ye putte her from you said sire Bors / she is a passyng fayre damoyssel and a wel bisene and wel taughte / and god wold fayre cosyn said syre Bors that ye coude loue her / but as to that I may not / nor I dare not counceyle yow / But I see wel sayd sir Bors by her dylygence aboute you that she loueth you entierly / that me repenteth said sir Launcelot / syr said syr Bors / she is not the fyrst that hath loste her payn vpon yow / and that is the more pyte / and soo they talked of many moo thynges / And soo within thre dayes or four sire launcelot was bygge and stronge ageyne

¶ Capitulum xvij

¶ Capitulum xvij

Thenne sire Bors told sire launcelot how there was sworne a grete turnement and Iustes betwixe kyng Arthur and the kyng of Northgalys that sholde be vpon al halowmasse day besyde wynchestre / is that trouthe said sir launcelot / thenne shalle ye abyde with me styl a lytyll whyle vntyl that I be hole / for I fele myself ryght bygge & stronge / Blessid be god said syr Bors / thenne were they there nygh a moneth to gyders / and euer this mayden Elayn dyd euer her dylygente labour nyghte and daye vnto syr launcelot / that ther was neuer child nor wyf more meker to her fader and husband than was that fayre mayden of Astolat / wherfore sir Bors was gretely pleasyd with her / Soo vpon a day by the assente of syr launcelot / syre Bors and syre lauayne they made the heremyte to seke in woodes for dyuerse herbes / and soo sir launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne / In the meane

whyle syr launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces / and there he thoughte to assaye his armour
and his spere for his hurte or not And soo whan he was vpon his hors / he stered hym fyersly / and the
hors was passynge lusty and fresshe by cause he was not laboured a moneth afore / And thenne syr
Launcelot couched that spere in the reest / that courser lepte myghtely whan he felte the spores / and he
that was vpon hym the whiche was the noblest hors of the world strayed hym myghtely and stably / and
kepte styll the spere in the reest / and ther with syre Launcelot strayed hym self soo straitly with soo
grete force to gete the hors forward that the buttom of his wound brast bothe within and withoute / and
there with alle the blood cam oute so fyersly that he felte hym self soo feble that he myghte not sytte
vpon his hors / And thenne syr Launcelot cryed vnto syr Bors / A syr Bors and syr Lauayne helpe for I
am come to myn ende / And there with he felle down on the one syde to the erthe lyke a dede corps /
And thenne syr Bors and syr Lauayne came to hym with sorowe makynge out of mesure / And soo by
fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng / & thenne she came thyder / & whan she fond syr
Launcelot there armed in that place / she cryed & wepte as she had ben woode / &

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thenne she kyst hym / & dyd what she myghte to awake hym / And thenne she rebuked her broder and sir
Bors / and called hem fals traytours / why they wold take hym out of his bedde / there she cryed and
sayd / she wold appele them of his deth / With this came the holy heremyte syr Bawdewyn of bretayne /
And whan he fond syr launcelot in that plyte / he sayd but lytel / but wete ye wel he was wrothe / and
thenne he bad hem / lete vs haue hym in / And so they alle bare hym vnto the hermytage / and vnarmed
hym / and layd hym in his bedde / & euer more his wound bledde pytously / but he stered no lymme of
hym / Thenne the knyghte heremyte put a thyng in his nose and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe /
And thenne sir launcelot waked of his swoune / and thenne the heremyte staunched his bledynge / And
whan he myghte speke / he asked sir launcelot / why he putte his lyf in leopardy / Sir said syre
Launcelot by cause I wende I had ben stronge / and also syre Bors told me / that there shold be at al
halowmasse a grete Iustes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys / and therfor I thoughte to
assaye hit my self / whether I myght be there or not / A syr launcelot sayd the heremyte / your herte &
your courage wille neuer be done vntyl your last day / but ye shal doo now by my counceyll / lete sire
Bors departe from yow / & lete hym doo at that turnement what he may / and by the grace of god sayd
the knyghte heremyte by that the turnement be done and ye come hydder ageyne / syr launcelot shall be
as hole as ye / soo that he wil be gouerned by me /

Capitulum xviiij

Thenne sire Bors made hym redy to departe from syre launcelot / and thenne sire launcelot sayd / Faire
cosyn syr Bors recommaunde me vnto all them / vnto whome me oughte to recommaunde me vnto / and
I pray yow / enforce your self at that Iustes that ye maye be best for my loue / & here shalle I abyde yow
at the mercy of god tyl ye come ageyne and so sir Bors departed & came to the courte of kyng arthur and

told hem in what place he had lefte syre launcelot / that me repenteth said the kynge / but syn he shall haue his lyf we all may thanke god / and there syre Bors told the Quene in what Jeopardy syre Launcelot was / whanne he wold assaye

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his hors / and alle that he dyd madame was for the loue of yow / by cause he wold haue ben at this turnement / Fy on hym recreaunt knyghte sayd the quene / For wete ye wel I am ryght sory and he shalle haue his lyf / his lyf shalle he haue said syr Bors / and who that wold other wyse excepte you madame / we that ben of his blood shold helpe to shorte theire lyues / but madame sayd syr Bors ye haue ben oftymes displesyd with my lord syr launcelot / but at all tymes at the ende ye fynde hym a true knyghte and soo he departed / And thenne euery knyghte of the round table that were there at that tyme present made them redy to be at that Iustes at all halowmasse and thyder drewe many knyghtes of dyuerse countreyes And as al halowemasse drewe nere / thydder came the kynge of Northgalys / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & syr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse / and thydder came kynge Anguysshe of Irland / and the kynge of Scottes / soo these thre kynges came on kynge Arthurs party / and soo that daye syre Gawayne dyd grete dedes of armes / and began fyrst And the herowdes nombred that sir Gawayne smote doune xx knyghtes / Thenne syr Bors de ganys came in the same tyme and he was nombred that he smote doune twenty knyghtes / And therfor the pryce was gyuen betwixe them bothe / for they began fyrst and lengest endured /

¶ Also syr Gareth as the book sayth dyd that daye grete dedes of armes / for he smote doune and pulled doune thyrtty knyghtes / But whan he had done these dedes / he taryed not / but soo departed / and therfor he lost his pryce / & sir Palomydes did grete dedes of armes that day / for he smote doun twenty knyghtes / but he departed sodenly / & men demed syre Gareth & he rode to gyders to somme maner aduentures / Soo whan this turnement was done / syr Bors departed / & rode tyl he came to syre launcelot his cosyn / & thenne he fonde hym walkynge on his feet / & ther eyther made grete Ioye of other / & so sire Bors tolde syr launcelot of all the Iustes lyke as ye haue herde / I merueille said sir launcelot that syre Gareth whan he had done suche dedes of armes that he wolde not tary / therof we merueyled al saide syr Bors / for but yf it were yow or syr Tristram or syre lamorak de galys I sawe neuer knyght bere doune soo many in

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so lytel a whyle as dyd syr Gareth / And anone as he was gone we wyste not where / By my hede said sir launcelot he is a noble knyghte / and a myghty man / and wel brethed / and yf he were wel assayed said

sir Launcelot / I wold deme he were good ynough for ony knyghte that bereth the lyf / and he is a gentyl knyghte / curtois / true / and bounteous / meke and mylde / and in hym is no maner of male engyn / but playne / feythful and trewe / Soo thenne they made hem redy to departe from the heremyte / and so vpon a morne they took their horses and Elayne le blank with them / And whan they came to Astolat / there were they wel lodged and had grete chere of syre Bernard the old baron / and of sir Tyrre his sone / and so vpon the morne whan syr Launcelot shold departe / fayre Elayne brouȝt her fader with her and sir Lauayne and sir Tyrre and thus she said

Capitulum xix

MY lord syr Launcelot now I see ye wylle departe Now fayre knyghte and curtois knyghte haue mercy vpon me / and suffer me not to dye for thy loue / what wold ye that I dyd said syr launcelot / I wold haue you to my husbond sayd Elayne / Fair damoysel I thanke yow sayd syr Launcelot / but truly sayd he I cast me neuer to be wedded man / thenne fair knyght said she / wylle ye be my peramour / Ihesu defende me said syr launcelot / for thenne I rewarded your fader and your broder ful euylle for their grete goodenes Allas sayd she / thenne must I dye for your loue / ye shal not so said syre launcelot / for wete ye wel fayr mayden I myght haue ben maryed & I had wolde / but I neuer applyed me to be maryed yet / but by cause fair damoysel that ye loue me as ye saye ye doo / I wille for your good wylle and kyndenes shewe yow somme goodenes / & that is this / that were someuer ye wille beset youre herte vpon somme goode knyghte that wylle wedde yow / I shalle gyue yow to gyders a thousand pound yerely to yow & to your heyres / thus moche will I gyue yow faire madame for your kyndenes / & alweyes whyle I lyue to be your owne knyghte

¶ Of alle this saide the mayden I wille none / for but yf ye wille wedde me or ellys be

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my peramour at the leest / wete yow wel sir launcelot my good dayes are done / Fair damoysel sayd sir launcelot of these ij thynges ye must pardonne me / thenne she shryked shyrly / and felle doune in a swoune / and thenne wymmen bare her in to her chamber / and there she made ouer moche sorowe / and thenne sir launcelot wold departe / and there he asked sir Lauayn what he wold doo / what shold I doo said syre lauayne but folowe yow / but yf ye dryue me from yow / or commaunde me to goo from yow / Thenne came sir Bernard to sir launcelot and sayd to hym / I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye for your sake / I maye not doo with alle said sir launcelot / for that me sore repenteth / For I reporte me to youre self that my profer is fayre / and me repenteth said syr launcelot that she loueth me as she doth / I was neuer the causer of hit / for I reporte me to youre sone I erly ne late profered her bounte nor faire byhestes / and as for me said sir launcelot I dare do alle that a knyght shold doo that she is a clene mayden for me bothe for dede and for wille / And I am ryght heuy of her distresse / for she is a ful fayre mayden good and gentyl and well taughte / Fader said sir Lauayne I dar make goood she is a

clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot / but she doth as I doo / For sythen I fyrst sawe my lord sir launcelot I coude neuer departe from hym nor nought I wylle and I maye folowe hym / Thenne sir Launcelot took his leue / and soo they departed / and came vnto wynchestre / And whan Arthur wyste that syr launcelot was come hole and sound / the kynge maade grete ioie of hym / and soo dyd sir Gawayn and all the knyghtes of the round table excepte sir Agrauiayn and sire Mordred

¶ Also quene Gueneuer was woode wrothe with sir launcelot and wold by no meanes speke with hym / but enstraunged her self from hym / and sir launcelot made alle the meanes that he myght for to speke with the quene / but hit wolde not be /

¶ Now speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she neuer slepte / ete / nor drank / and euer she made her complaynt vnto sir Launcelot / so when she had thus endured a ten dayes / that she febled so that she must nedes passe out of thys world / thenne she shryued her clene / and receyued her creatoure / And euer she complayned

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style vpon sire launcelot / Thenne her ghostly fader bad her leue suche thoughtes / Thenne she sayd why shold I leue suche thoughtes / am I not an erthely woman / and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me / for my byleue is I doo none offence / though I loue an erthely man / and I take god to my record I loued none but sir launcelot du lake nor neuer shall / and a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other / and sythen hit is the sufferance of god / that I shalle dye for the loue of soo noble a knyghte / I byseche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my sowle / and vpon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes / For swete lord Ihesu sayd the fayre mayden I take the to record / on the I was neuer grete offender ageynst thy lawes / but that I loued this noble knyght sire launcelot out of mesure / and of my self good lord I myght not withstande the feruent loue wherfor I haue my dethe / And thenne she called her fader sire Bernard and her broder sir Tyrre / and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit / and so her fader graunted her / And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she deuysed / thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched vntyl she were dede / and whyle my body is hote / lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand / and my hande boūde fast with the letter vntyl that I be cold / and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I haue aboute me / and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot vnto the next place where Temse is / and there lete me be putte within a barget / & but one man with me / suche as ye trust to sterve me thyder / and that my barget be couerd with blak samyte ouer and ouer / Thus fader I byseche yow lete hit be done / soo her fader graunted hit her feythfully / alle thyng shold be done lyke as she had deuysed / Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole / for when this was done / anone she dyed / And soo whan she was dede / the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next way vnto Temse / and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temse / and soo the man styred the barget vnto westmynster / and there he rowed a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed hit

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¶ Capitulum xx

SOo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Gueneuer were spekyng to gyders at a wyndowe / and soo as they loked in to Temse / they aspyed this blak barget / and hadde merueylle what it mente / thenne the kynge called sire kay / & shewed hit hym / Sir said sir kay wete you wel there is some newe tydynges / Goo thyder sayd the kynge to sir kay / & take with yow sire Brandyles and Agraauayne / and brynge me redy word that is there / Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in / and there they fond the fayrest corps lyenge in a ryche bedde and a poure man sitting in the bargets ende and no word wold he speke / Soo these foure knyghtes retorned vnto the kyng ageyne and told hym what they fond / That fayr corps wylle I see sayd the kynge And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand / & went thydder / Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast / & thenne the kyng & þe quene entred with certayn knyȝtes wyth them / and there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde couerd vnto her myddel with many ryche clothes / and alle was of clothe of gold / and she lay as though she had smyled / Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand / and told it to the kynge / Thenne the kynge took it and sayd / now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was / and why she is come hydder / Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget / and soo commaunded a certayne wayte vpon the barget / And soo whan the kynge was come within his chamber / he called many knyghtes aboute hym / & saide that he wold wete openly what was wryten within that letter / thenne the kynge brake it / & made a clerke to rede hit / & this was the entente of the letter / Moost noble kynghte sir Launcelot / now hath dethe made vs two at debate for your loue I was your louer that men called the fayre mayden of Astolat / therfor vnto alle ladyes I make my mone / yet praye for my soule & bery me atte leest / & offre ye my masse peny / this is my last request and a clene mayden I dyed I take god to wytnes / pray for my soule sir launcelot as thou art pierles / this was alle the

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substance in the letter / And whan it was redde / the kyng / the quene and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful cōplayntes / Thenne was sire Launcelot sente for / And whan he was come / kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym / And whanne sire launcelot herd hit word by word / he sayd my lord Arthur / wete ye wel I am ryghte heuy of the dethe of this fair damoyssel / god knoweth I was neuer causer of her dethe by my wyllynge / & that wille I reporte me to her own broder / here he is sir Lauayne / I wille not saye nay sayd syre Launcelot / but that she was bothe fayre and good / and moche / I was beholden vnto her / but she loued me out of mesure / Ye myght haue shewed her sayd the

quene somme bounte and gentilnes that myghte haue preserued her lyf / madame sayd sir launcelot / she wold none other wayes be ansuerd / but that she wold be my wyf / outhir els my peramour / and of these two I wold not graunte her / but I proferd her for her good loue that she shewed me a thousand pound yerly to her / and to her heyres / and to wedde ony manere knyghte that she coude fynde best to loue in her herte / For madame said sir launcelot I loue not to be constrayned to loue / For loue muste aryse of the herte / and not by no constraynte / That is trouth sayd the kynge / and many knyghtes loue is free in hym selfe / and neuer wille be bounden / for where he is bounden / he looseth hym self / Thenne sayd the kynge vnto sire Launcelot / hit wyl be your worshyp that ye ouer see that she be entered worshypfully / Sire sayd sire Launcelot that shalle be done as I can best deuyse / and soo many knyghtes yede thyder to behold that fayr mayden / and soo vpon the morne she was entered rychely / and sir launcelot offryd her masse peny / and all the knyȝtes of the table round that were there at that tyme offryd with syr launcelot / And thenne the poure man wente ageyne with the barget /

¶ Thenne the quene sente for syr Launcelot / & prayd hym of mercy / for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles / this is not the fyrste tyme said sir launcelot that ye haue ben displeasyd with me causeles / but madame euer I must suffre yow / but what sorowe I endure I take no force / Soo this paste on alle that wynter with alle manere of huntynge and haukyng / and Iustes and torneyes were many

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betwixe many grete lordes / and euer in al places sir Lauayne gate grete worshyp / soo that he was nobly renommed amonge many knyghtes of the table round

Capitulum xxj

THus it past on tyl Crystmasse / And thenne euery day there was Iustes made for a dyamond / who that Iusted best shold haue a dyamond / but syr launcelot wold not Iuste but yf it were at a grete Iuftes cryed / but syr lauayne Iusted there alle that Crystemasse passyngly wel / and best was praysed / for there were but fewe that dyd so wel / wherfore alle manere of knyghtes demed that sir lauayne shold be made knyghte of the table round at the nexte feeste of Pentecost / Soo at after Crystmasse kynge Arthur lete calle vnto hym many knyghtes / and there they aduysed to gyders to make a party and a grete turnement and Iustes / and the kynge of Northgalys sayd to Arthur / he wold haue on his party kynge Anguysshe of Irland / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and the kynge of Northumberland / and sire Galahad the haute prynce / and soo these foure kynges & this myghty duke took party ageynst kynge Arthur and the kynghes of the table round / and the crye was made that the day of the Iustes shold be besyde westmynstre vpon candylmas day wherof many knyghtes were glad / and made them redy to be at that Iustes in the freyssheyst maner / Thenne quene Gueneuer sent for syr launcelot / and said thus I warne yow that ye ryde ny more in no Iustes nor turnementys / but that youre kynnesmen may knowe yow / And at thise Iustes that shall be ye shalle haue of me a sleue of gold / and I pray yow

for my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yow worship / but I charge yow as ye will
haue my loue that ye warne youre kynnesmen / that ye wille bere that daye the sleue of gold vpon your
helmet / Madame said sir launcelot it shalle be don / and soo eyther made grete ioye of other / And whan
syre Launcelot sawe his tyme / he told sir Bors that he wold departe / & haue no more with hym but sir
Lauayne vnto the good heremyte that dwellid in that forest of Wyndsoore / his name

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was sire Brastias / and there he thoughte to repose hym / and to take alle the rest that he myghte be cause
he wold be fresshe at that daye of Iustes / Soo sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne departed that noo creature
wyst where he was become / but the noble men of his blood / And whanne he was come to the
hermytage / wete yow wel he had good chere / and soo dayly syr launcelot wold goo to a welle fast by
the hermytage / & there he wold lye doune / and see the welle sprynge and burbyl / & somtyme he slepte
there /

¶ So at that tyme there was a lady dwellid in that forest / and she was a grete huntresse / & dayly she
vsed to hunte / and euer she bare her bowe with her / and no men wente neuer with her / but alwayes
wymmen / and they were shoters / and coude wel kille a dere bothe at the stalke & at the trest / and they
dayly bare bowes and arowes / hornes & wood knyues / and many good dogges they had / both for the
strynge and for a bate / So hit happed this lady the huntresse had abated her dogge for the bowe at a
barayne hynde / and so this barayne hynde took the flyghte ouer hedges and woodes And euer this lady
and parte of her wymmen costed the hynde and chekked it by the noyse of the houndes to haue mette
with the hynde at somme water / and soo hit happed the hynde came to the welle where as sire launcelot
was slepyng & slomberyng / And soo whan the hynde came to the welle / for hete she wente to soyle /
and there she lay a grete whyle / and the dogges came after / and vmbecast aboute / for she had lost the
veray parfyte feaute of the hynde / Ryghte so came that lady the huntres that knewe by thy dogge that
she had that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle / and there she cam styfly and fonde the hynde / and
she put a brode arowe in her bowe / and shot atte hynde / and ouer shotte the hynde / and soo by
mysfortune the arowe smote sir Launcelot in the thyck of the buttok ouer the barbys / whanne sir
launcelot felte hym self so hurte / he hurled vp woodely / and sawe the lady that had smyten hym /

¶ And whan he sawe she was a woman / he sayd thus / lady / or damoyssel what that thow be / in an
euylle tyme bare ye a bowe / the deuylle made yow a shoter /

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¶ Capitulum **xxij** [correction; sic = xx]

NOw mercy fair sir said the lady I am a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntynge / and god knoweth I sawe yow not / but as here was a barayn hynde at the soyle in this welle and I wend to haue done wel / but my hand swarued / Allas said syre launcelot ye haue mescheued me / and soo the lady departed / and sir launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe / and lefte that hede styll in his buttock / and soo he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went / And whan sir Lauayne and the heremyte aspyed that sir launcelot was hurte / wete yow wel they were passynge heuy / but sire Lauayne wyst not how that he was hurte nor by whome / And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure / thenne with grete payne the heremyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttock / and moche of his blood he shedde / and the wound was passynge fore / and vnhappely smyten / for it was in suche a place that he myght not sytte in noo sadyl / A mercy Ihesu said sir Launcelot I may calle my self the moost vnhappiest man that lyueth for euer / whan I wold faynest haue worshyp / there befalleth me euer somme vnhappy thyng / Now soo Ihesu me helpe said sir launcelot / and yf no man wold but god / I shalle be in the felde vpon candelmasse daye at the Iustes what someuer falle of hit soo alle that myght be gotten to hele sir launcelot was had /

¶ Soo whan the day was come / sir launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed / and sir Lauayne and their horses as thouȝ they had ben sarazyns / and soo they departed and cam nygh to the felde / The kynge of Northgalys with an honderd knyghtes with hym / and the kynge of Northumberland broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes / and kynge Anguysshe of Irland brought with hym an honderd good knyghtes redy to Iuste / and sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes / and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many / and alle these were proued good knyghtes / Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party / and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderd knyghtes / and kynge Vryens of Gore brought with hym an

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honderd knyghtes / And kynge Howel of Bretayne brouȝte with hym an honderd knyghtes and Chalaunce of Claraunce broughte with hym an honderd knyghtes / and kynge Arthur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes and the moost party were knyghtes of the table round that were proued noble knyghtes / and there were old knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to Iuge with the quene who dyd best /

¶ Capitulum **xxiiij** [correction; sic = xxij]

THenne they blewe to the felde / and there the kyng of northgalys encountred with the kynge of scottes / & there the kynge of Scottes had a falle / and the kyng of Irland smote doune kynge Vryens / and the kyng of Northumberland smote doune kynge Howel of Bretayne / and sir Galahaut the haute prynce

smote doune Challenge of Claraunce / And thene kyng Arthur was woode wroth / and ranne to the kyng with the honderd knyȝtes / and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune / and after with that same spere kyng Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes / And thenne whan his spere was broken / kyng Arthur dyd passyngly wel / and soo there with alle came in syr Gawayne and sir Gaheryse / sire Agrawayne and sir mordred / and there eueryche of them smote doune a knyghte / and sir Gawayne smote doune four knyȝtes and thene there beganne a stronge medle / for thenne there came in the knyghtes of launcelots blood / and sir Gareth and sire Palomydes with them / and many knyghtes of the table round / and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke soo hard that they were discomfyte / but this duke Galahad that haut prynce was a noble knyght / and by his myghty prowesse of armes / he helde the knyghtes of the table round straye ynough / Alle this doynge sawe sir launcelot / & thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as hit had ben thonder / And thenne anone syre Bors and the kynghtes of his blood aspyed sir launcelot / and said to them alle I warne yow beware of hym with the sleue of gold vpon his hede / for he is hym self sir launcelot du lake / and for grete goodenes sir

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Bors warned syr Gareth / I am wel apayed said sir Gareth that I may knowe hym / but who is he sayd they alle that rydeth with hym in the same aray / That is the good and gentyl knyght sir Lauayne said sir Bors / Soo sire Launcelot encoūctred with sir Gawayne / and there by force syr launcelot smote doune sir Gawayne and his hors to the erthe / and soo he smote doune sir Agrawayne and sire Gaherys / and also he smote doune sir Mordred / and alle this was with one spere

¶ Thene sir Lauayne mette with sir Palomydes / and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe / And thenne were they horsed ageyne / and thenne mette sir Launcelot with sir Palomydes / and there sire Palomydes had a falle / and soo sir launcelot or euer he stynte as fast as he myghte gete speres / he smote doun thyrtty knyghtes and the moost party of them were knyȝtes of the table round and euer the knyghtes of his blood withdrewe them / & made hem adoo in other places where sir launcelot came not / and thenne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he sawe sir Launcelot doo suche dedes / and thenne the kyng called vnto hym sir gawayn sir Mordred / sir kay / sir Gryflet / sir Lucan the butteler / syre Pedeuer / sir Palomydes / Sir Safyr his broder / and so the kyng with these nyne knyghtes made hem redy to sette vpon sir Launcelot / and vpon syr Lauayne / Alle this aspyed sir bors and sir Gareth / Now I drede me sore said sir Bors that my lord syr launcelot wylle hard be matched / By my hede sayd syr Gareth I wylle ryde vnto my lord sir launcelot for to helpe hym / falle of hym what falle may / for he is the same man that made me knyghte / ye shalle not soo said sir Bors by my councyll / onles that ye were desguysed / ye shalle see me dysguysed said syre Gareth / and there with al he aspyed a wallysshe knyghte where he was to repose hym / and he was sore hurte afore hurte by syr Gawayne / and to hym syre Gareth rode / and praid hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for his / I wille wel said the walysshe knyghte / And whanne sir Gareth had his shelde / the book saith / it was grene wyth a mayden that semed in hit / Thenne syr Gareth came dryuyng to sir Launcelot al that he myghte / and said knyghte kepe thy self / for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyȝtes

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with hym to putte yow to a rebuke / and so I am come to bere yow felaushyp for old loue ye haue shewed me / Gramercy said sir launcelot / syr sayd sir Gareth / encountre ye with sir Gawayne / and I shalle encountre with syre Palomydes / and lete sir Lauayne matche with the noble kynge Arthur /

¶ And whan we haue delyuerd hem / lete vs thre hold vs sadly to gyders / Thenne came kynge Arthur with his nyne knyȝtes with hym / and sir launcelot encountred with sir Gawayne / & gafe hym suche a buffet / that the arson of his sadel brast / and syre Gawayne felle to the erthe / Thenne sir Gareth encountred with the good knyghte sir Palomydes / and he gaf hym suche a buffet that bothe his hors and he dassed to the erthe / Thenne encountred kynge Arthr with sire Lauayne / and there eyther of hem smote other to the erthe hors and alle that they lay a grete whyle / Thenne sir launcelot smote doune syr Agrauayne & syre Gaheryse / and syr Mordred / and syr Gareth smote doune syr kay / and syr Safyr and syr Gryflet / And thenne syr lauayne was horsed ageyne / and he smote doune syre Lucan the butteler and syr Bedeuer / and thenne there beganne grete thrange of good knyghtes / Thenne syre Launcelot hurtlyd here and there / and racyd and pulled of helmes / soo that at that tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffet with spere nor with suerd / and syr Gareth dyd suche dedes of armes that all men merueylled what knyghte he was with the grene sheld / For he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrty knyghtes / And as the frensshe book sayth syr Launcelot merueylled whan he beheld syr Gareth doo suche dedes what knyghte he myghte be / and syr Lauayne pulled doune and smote doune twenty knyghtes /

¶ Also syr launcelot knewe not syr Gareth / for and syr Tristram de lyones / outhur syr lamorak de galys had ben alyue / syr launcelot wold haue demed he had ben one of them tweyne / Soo euer as syr launcelot/ syr Gareth / syr lauayn faughte / and on the one syde syr bors syr Ector de marys / syr lyonel / syr lamorak de galys / syr bleoberys / syr Galyhud / syr Galyhodyn / syr Pelleas / and wyth moo other of kynge Bans blood foughte vpon another party and helde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and the kyng of Northumberland ryght strayte /

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¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SOo this turnement & this Iustes dured longe / tyl hit was nere nyghte / for the knyghtes of the round table releued euer vnto kynge Arthur / for the kynge was wrothe out of mesure / that he and his knyghtes

myght not preuaile that day / Thenne sire Gawayne said to the kynge I merueile where alle this day syr Bors de ganys and his felaushyp of syre launcelots blood / I merueylle all this day they be not aboute yow / hit is for somme cause sayd syr Gawayne / By my hede said sire Kay syre Bors is yonder all this day vpon the ryghte hand of this felde / and ther he and his blood done more worshypfully than we doo / it may wel be sayd syr Gawayne / but I drede me euer of gyle / for on payne of my lyf said sir Gawayne this knyghte with the reed sleue of gold is hym self syr launcelot / I see wel by his rydyng / and by his grete strokes / and the other knyghte in the same colours is the good yonge knyght sir lauayne / Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder syr Gareth / and yet he hath desguysed hym self / for no man shalle neuer make hym be ageynst sir launcelot by cause he made hym knyghte / By my hede said Arthur neuewe I byleue yow / therfore telle me now what is youre best counceyll / Sir said sir Gawayne ye shalle haue my counceyll / lete blowe vnto lodgyng / for and he be syr Launcelot du lake and my broder syr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that good yong knyghte syr Lauayne / trust me truly it wyll be no bote to stryue with them / but yf we shold falle ten or xij vpon one knyghte / and that were no worship but shame / ye saye trouthe sayd the kyng / and for to saye sothe said the kynge it were shame to vs / soo many as we be to sette vpon them ony more / for wete ye wel sayd kyng Arthur / they ben thre good knyghtes / and namely that knyght with the sleue of gold / Soo thenne they blewe vnto lodgyng / but forth with all Kyng Arthur lete sende vnto the four kynges / and to the myghty duke / and praid hem that the knyghte with the sleue of gold departe not fro them / but that the kyng may speke with hym / Thenne fourthe with alle kyng Arthur alighte & vnarmed hym / & took a litill hakney / & rode after sire Launcelot /

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for euer he had a spyre vpon hym / and soo he fonde hym amonge the four kynges / and the duke / and there the kyng prayd hem alle vnto souper / and they sayd they wold with good wylle / And whan they were vnarmed / thenne kyng Arthur knewe sire launcelot / sir Lauayne and sir Gareth / A syre Launcelot sayd kynge Arthur / this daye ye haue heted me / & my knyghtes / soo they yede vnto Arthurs lodgyng al to gyder / and there was a grete feest and grete reuel / and the pryce was gyuen vnto syr launcelot / and by herowdes they named hym / that he had smyten doune fyfty knyghtes / and sire Gareth fyue and thyrty / and sir Lauayne four and twenty knyghtes / Thenne sir Launcelot told the kynge and the Quene how the lady huntresse shote hym in the foreste of wyndesoore in the buttok with a brood arowe / & how the wound therof was that tyme syxe Inches depe / and in lyke longe /

¶ Also Arthur blamed syr Gareth by cause he lefte his felaushyp / & helde with sir launcelot / My lord sayd sir Gareth / he maade me a knyghte / And whanne I sawe hym soo hard bestadde / me thought it was my worshyp to helpe hym / for I sawe hym do soo moche / and soo many noble knyghtes ageynst hym / and whan I vnderstood that he was sir launcelot du lake / I shamed to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym alone / Truly sayd kynge Arthur vnto syre Gareth ye saye wel and worshypfully haue ye done and to your self grete worshyp / and alle the dayes of my lyf sayd kynge Arthur vnto sir Gareth wete yow wel I shalle loue yow / and truste yow the more better For euer sayd Arthur hit is a worshypful

knyghtes dede to helpe an other worshypful knyghte whanne he seeth hym in a grete daunger / for euer a worshipful man will be lothe to see a worshipful shamed / and he that is of no worship and fareth with cowardyse / neuer shall he shewe gentilnes / nor no maner of goodnes where he seeth a man in ony daunger / for thenne eur wylle a coward shewe no mercy / and alwayes a good man wille doo euer to another man as he wold ben done to hym self / Soo thenne there were grete feestes vnto kynges and dukes / and reuel / game and playe / and al maner of noblesse was vsed / and he that was curtois / true and feythful to his frende was that tyme cherysshed

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¶ Capitulum xxv

ANd thus it past on from candylmas vntyl after ester that the moneth of may was come / whan euery lusty herte begynneth to blosomme / and to brynge forth fruyte / for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshin in may / in lyke wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a loue spryngeth and floryssheth in lusty dedes / For it gyueth vnto al louers courage that lusty moneth of may in some thyng to constrayne hym to some maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony other moneth for dyuerse causes / For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a man and woman / and lyke wyse louers callen ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old seruyse and many kynde dedes were forgotten by neclygence / For lyke as wynter rasure doth alway a rase and deface grene somer / soo fareth it by vnstable loue in man and woman / For in many persons there is no stabylte / For we may see al day for a lytel blast of wynters rasure anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true loue / for lytel or noughte that cost moch thyng / this is no wysedome nor stabylte / but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who someuer vsed this / Therefore lyke as may moneth floreth and floryssheth in many gardyns / Soo in lyke wyse lete euery man of worship florysse his herte in this world / fyrst vnto god / and next vnto the ioye of them that he promysed his feythe vnto / for there was neuer worshypful man or worshypful woman / but they loued one better than another / and worshyp in armes may neuer be foyled / but fyrst reserue the honour to god / and secondly the quarel must come of thy lady / and suche loue I calle vertuous loue / but now adayes men can not loue seuen nyȝte but they must haue alle their desyres that loue may not endure by reason / for where they ben soone accorded and hasty hete / soone it keleth / Ryghte soo fareth loue now a dayes / sone hote soone cold / this is noo stabylte / but the old loue was not so / men and wymmen coude loue to gyders seuen yeres / and no lycours lustes were bitwene them / and thenne was loue trouthe and feythfulnes / and loo in lyke wyfe was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes /

¶ wherfor I lyken loue now

adayer vnto somer and wynter / for lyke as the one is hote / & the other cold / so fareth loue now a dayes / therfore alle ye that be louers / calle vnto your remembraunce the moneth of may / lyke as dyd quene Gueneuer / For whome I make here a lytel mencyon that whyle she lyued / she was a true louer / and therfor she had a good ende

¶ *Explicit liber Octodecimus / And here foloweth liber xix /*

[Book Nineteen]

¶ Capitulum primum

SOo it befelle in the moneth of May / quene Gueneuer called vnto her knyȝtes of the table round / and she gafe them warnynge that erly vpon the morowe she wold ryde on mayeng in to woodes & feldes besyde westmynstre / & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horsed / and that ye alle be clothed on grene outhur in sylke outhur in clothe and I shalle brynge with me ten ladyes / and euery knyght shalle haue a lady behynde hym / and euery knyghte shal haue a squyer and two yomen / and I wyll that ye alle be wel horsed / Soo they made hem redy in the fresshest maner / and these were the names of the knyghtes / sir Kay the Seneschal / sir Agrauayne / sir Brandyles / sir Sagramor le desyrus / Sir Dodynas le saueage / sir Ozanna le cure hardy / sir Ladynas of the forest saueage / sir Persaunt on Inde / syre Ironsyde that was called the knyghte of the reed laundes / and sire Pelleas the louer / and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the fresshest maner to ryde with the quene / And soo vpon the morne they toke their horses with the quene / and rode on mayenge in woodes and medowes as hit pleasyd hem in grete Ioye and delytes / for the quene had cast to haue ben ageyne with kyng Arthur at the ferthest by ten of the klok / and soo was that tyme her purpoos / Thenne there was a knyghte that hyghte Mellyagraunce / and he was sone vnto kyng Bagdemagus / and this knyghte had at that tyme a castel of the yefte of kyng arthur

within seuen myle of westmynstre / And this knyghte sir Mellyagraunce loued passynge wel Quene Gueneuer / and soo had he done longe and many yeres /

¶ And the book sayth he had layne in a wayte for to stele away the quene / but euermore he forbare for by cause of sir launcelot / for in no wyse he wold medle with the quene / and sir Launcelot were in her company / outhur els and he were nere hand her / and that tyme was suche a customme / the quene rode neuer withoute a grete felaushyp of men of armes aboute her / and they were many good knyghtes / and

the moost party were yong men that wold haue worshyp / and they were called the quenes knyghtes and neuer in no batail / turnement / nor Iustes / they bare none of hem no maner of knoulechynge of their owne armes / but playne whyte sheldes / and there by they were called the quenes knyghtes / And thenne whan it happed ony of them to be of grete worshyp by his noble dedes / thenne at the next feest of Pentecost / yf there were ony slayne or dede / as there was none yere that there fayled / but somme were dede / Thenne was there chosen in his stede that was dede the moost men of worshyp that were called the quenes knyghtes / And thus they came vp alle fyrste or they were renoumed men of worship / both sire Launcelot and alle the remenaunt of them / But this knyghte sir Mellyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos and how sir launcelot was not with her / and how she had no man of armes with her but the ten noble knyghtes all arayed in grene for mayeng / thenne he purueyed hym a xx men of armes and an honderd archers for to destroye the quene and her knyghtes / for he thoughte that tyme was best season to take the quene /

¶ Capitulum secundum

SOo as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes / alle were bedasshed with herbys mosses and floures in the best maner and fresshest / Ryghte so came oute of a wode syre Mellyagraunce with an eyghte score men wel harnysed as they shold fyghte in a batail of a reeste and bad the quene and her knyghtes abyde / for maulgre theyr hedes they

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shold abyde / Traytoure knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer what cast thou for to doo / wolte thou shame thy self / bethynke the how thou arte kynges sone / and knyghte of the table round and thou to be aboute to dishonoure the noble kyng that made the knyghte / thou shamest alle knyghthode and thy selfe / & me I lete the wete shalte thou neuer shame / for I had leuer cutte myn owne throte in tweyne rather than thou sholdest dishonoure me / As for alle this langage sayd sir Mellyagraunce be it as it be may / for wete yow wel madame I haue loued yow many a yere / and neuer or now coude I gete yow at suche an auauntage as I doo now / and therfor I wylle take yow as I fynde yow / thenne spake alle the ten noble knyghtes att ones and sayd / Syr Mellyagraunce wete thou wel ye ar aboute to leoparde your worshyp to dishonour / and also ye cast to leoparde oure persons / how be it we ben vnarmed / ye haue vs at a grete auayle / for hit semeth by yow that ye haue layd watche vpon vs / but rather than ye shold putte the quene to a shame and vs alle / we had as leef to departe from oure lyues / for & yf we other wayes dyd / we were shamed for euer Thenne sayd sir Mellyagraunce dresse yow as wel as ye can/ and kepe the Quene /

¶ Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table round drewe their swerdes / and the other lete renne at them/ with their speres / and the ten knyghtes manly abode them / & smote away their speres / that no spere dyd them none harme Thenne they lashed to gyder with swerdes / and anone syre Kay / sir Sagramor / sir

Agrauayn / sir Dodynas / sir Ladynas and syr Ozanna were smyten to the erthe with grymly woundes /
Thenne sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Ironsyde / syre Pelleas foughte longe / and they were sore
wounded / for these ten knyghtes or euer they were layd to the ground slewe xl men of the boldest and
the best of them / Soo whan the Quene sawe her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded / and nedes must be
slayne at the last / thenne for pyte and sorowe she cryed syr Mellyagraunce slee not my noble knyghtes /
and I wille go with the vpon this couenant that thou saue hem / and suffer hem not to be no more hurte
with this that they be ledde wyth me where someuer thou ledest me / for I wylle rather slee my self than
I wylle goo with the / onles / that thyse my noble

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knyghtes maye be in my presence / Madame said Mellyagraunce for your sake they shalle be
ledde with yow in to myn owne Castel with that ye wylle be ruled & ryde with me /

¶ Thenne the quene prayd the four knyghtes to leue their fyghtynge / & she and they wold not departe /
Madame sayd sir Pelleas we will doo as ye doo / for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth / For
as the Frensshe book sayth sir Pelleas gaf suche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

Thenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dressid the wounded knyghtes on horsbak
some syttyng somme ouerthwarte their horses / that hit was pyte to beholde them / And thenne sir
Mellyagraunce charged the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her felaushyp shold departe from
her / for ful sore he dradde sir launcelot du lake lest he shold haue ony knouelechyng / Alle this aspyed
the Quene / and pryuely she called vnto her a child of her chamber that was swyftly horsed to whome
she sayd / Go thou whan thou seest thy tyme / and bere this rynge vnto sir launcelot du lake / and praye
hym as he loueth me that he wylle see me / and rescowe me yf euer he wille haue Ioye of me / and spare
not thy hors said the quene nouthur for water neyther for lond / Soo the chyld aspyed his tyme / and
lyghtely he took his hors with the spores and departed as fast as he myghte / and whan sir Mellyagraunce
sawe hym soo flee / he vnderstood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne sir
launcelot / Thenne they that were best horsed chaced hym and shot at hym / But from hem alle the child
wente sodenly / and thenne syre Mellyagraunce sayd to the quene / Madame ye are aboute to bitraye
me / but I shalle ordeyne for sir launcelot that he shall not come lyghtely at yow / And thenne he rode
with her and they alle to his castel in alle the haste that they myghte / And by the waye sire
Mellyagraunce layd in an enbusshement the best archers that he myghte gete in his country to the
nombre of

a thyrty to awayte vpon sir Launcelot chargyng them that yf they sawe suche a manere of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte hors that in ony wyse they slee his hors / but in no manere of wyse haue not adoo with hym bodyly / for he is ouer hardy to be ouercomen / Soo this was done / and they were comen to his castel / but in no wyse the quene wold neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syghte / but alwayes they were in their presence / for the book sayth sir Melyagraunce durste make no maystryes for drede of sir launcelot in soo moche he demed that he had warnynge / Soo whan the child was departed from the felauship of syr Mellyagraunce within a whyle he came to westmynstre / And anone he fonde sir launcelot / And whanne he had told his message / & delyuerd hym the quenes ryng / Allas sayd syr Launcelot now am I shamed for euer onles that I maye rescowe that noble lady from dishonour / thenne egerly he asked his armour / and euer the child told syr launcelot how the ten knyghtes foughte merueyllously / and how sir Pelleas and sire Ironsyde and sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Inde fought strongly / but namely sir Pelleas / there myghte none withstāde hym / & how they all fou3te tyll at the last they were layd to the erthe / and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to saue their lyues / and goo with syr Mellyagraunce / Allas sayd syr Launcelot / that moost noble lady that she shold be so destroyed / I had leuer said sir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I had ben there were wel armed / Soo whan syre launcelot was armed / and vpon his hors / he prayd the chyld of the Quenes chamber to warne syr Lauayne how sodenly he was departed / and for what cause / and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hye hym after me / and that he stynte not vntyll he come to the castel where sir Mellyagraunce abyde / or dwelleth / for there sayd sire launcelot he shalle here of me / and I am a man lyuynge / and rescowe the quene and the ten kny3tes the whiche he traitoursly hath taken / and that shalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that hold with hym /

¶ Capitulum iiij

THenne sir launcelot rode as fast as he myghte / and the book saith / he took the water at westmynstre brydge / & made his hors to swymme ouer Temse vnto lambehthe / And thēne within a whyle he came to the same place there as the ten noble knyghtes foughte with syre Mellyagraunce And thanne sir launcelot folowed the trak vntyl that he came to a wood / and there was a straye waye / and there the xxx archers bad sir launcelot torne ageyne / and folowe noo lenger that trak / what commaundement have ye ther to sayd sir launcelot to cause me that am a knyghte of the round table to leue my ryghte way / This way shalte thou leue / outhere els thou shalt goo it on thy foote / for wete thou wel thy hors shalle be slayne / that is lytel maystry sayd syre launcelot to slee myn hors / but as for my self whan my hors is slayne I gyue ryght nought for yow / not and ye were fyue honderd moo / So thenne they shot sir launcelots hors / and smote hym with many arowes / and thenne syr launcelot auoyded his hors / and wente on foote / but there were soo many dyches and hedges betwixe them and hym that he myghte not

medle with none of hem /

¶ Allas for shame said launcelot that euer one knyght shold bitraye another knyght / but hit is an old sawe / a good man is neuer in daunger / but whan he is in the daunger of a coward / Thenne sir launcelot wente a whyle / and thenne he was fowle combred of his armour / his sheld and his spere & alle that longed vnto hym / wete ye wel he was ful sore annoyed / and ful loth he was for to leue ony thyng that longed vnto hym / for he drad sore the treason of sir Mellyagraunce Thenne by fortune there came by hym a charyot that cam thyder for to fetche wood / Say me carter said syr launcelot what shal I gyue the to suffre me to lepe in to thy charyot / & that thou brynge me vnto a castel within this two myle / thou shalt not come within my charyot said the carter / for I am sente for to fetche wood for my lord sir Mellyagraunce / with hym wold I speke / thou shalt not go with me said the carter / thenne sir launcelot lept to hym / & gaf hym suche a buffet that he felle to the erthe starke dede / thenne the other carter his felawe was aferde & wende to haue gone the same way / & thenne he cryed fair lord saue my lyf / & I shal brynge you where ye wil / thenne

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leaf 389v

I charge the sayd syr launcelot that thow dryue me and thys charyot euen vnto sir Melliagaunce yate / lepe vp in to the charyot sayd the carter / and ye shalle be there anone / Soo the carter drofe on a grete wallop / and sir launcelots hors folowed the charyot with more than a xl arowes brode and rough in hym / and more than an houre and an half dame Gueneuer was awaytyng in a bay wyndowe with her ladyes / & aspyed an armed knyghte standyng in a charyot / See madame sayd a lady where rydeth in a charyot a goodly armed knyghte / I suppose he rydeth vnto hangyng / where sayd the quene / thenne she aspyed by his shelde that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake / And thenne she was ware where came his hors euer after that charyot / and euer he trade his guttes and his paunche vnder his feet / Allas sayd the quene now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath a trusty frend /

¶ Ha a moost noble knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer I see wel thow arte hard bestad whan thow rydest in a charyot / thenne she rebuked that lady that lykend sir launcelot to ryde in a charyot to hangyng / hit was fowle mouthed sayd the quene and euylle lykened soo for to lyken the moost noble knyght of the world vnto suche a shameful dethe / O Ihesu defende hym and kepe hym said the quene from alle mescheuous ende / By thys was sir Launcelot comen to the gates of that Castel / and there he descended doune and cryed that alle the Castel range of it where arte thow fals traitour sir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round / now come forth here thou traytour knyghte thou and thy felauship with the / For here I am sir launcelot du lake that shal fyghte with yow / and there with all he bare the gate wyde open vpon the porter / and smote hym vnder his chere with his gauntelet that his neck brast in sonder /

¶ Capitulum v

WHanne sir Mellyagraūce herd that sir Launcelot was there / he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer /
and felle vpon his knee / and sayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your grace / what eyleth yow
now sayd quene

leaf 390r

Gueneuer / For sothe I myghte wel wete somme good knyȝt wold reuenge me / though my lord Arthur
wyste not of this youre werke / Madame said sir Mellyagraunce / alle this that is amys on my parte
shalle be amended ryghte as your self wille deuyse / & holy I putte me in your grace / what wold ye that
I dyd sayd the quene / I wold no more said Mellyagraunce but that ye wold take alle in your owne
handes / and that ye wille rule my lord sir launcelot / and suche chere as maye be made hym in this
poure castel ye and he shalle haue vntyl to morne / and thenne may ye and alle they retorne vnto
westmynster / and my body and all that I haue I shal putte in your rule / ye saye wel sayd the quene / and
better is pees than euer werre / and the lesse noyse / the more is my worship / thenne the quene and her
ladyes wente doune vnto the knyghte syr launcelot / that stood wrothe oute of mesure in the Inner courte
to abyde bataille / & euer he bad thou traytour knyghte come forth Thenne the quene came to hym and
sayde syre Launcelot why be ye soo moeued / Ha madame sayd sire Launcelot why aske ye me that
question / Me semeth said sir launcelot ye ouȝte to be more wrothe than I am / for ye haue the hurte and
the dishonour / For wete ye wel madame my hurte is but lytel for the kyllynge of a mares sone / but the
despyte greueth me moch more / than alle my hurte / truly sayd the quene ye saye trouth but hertely I
thanke yow sayd the quene / but ye muste come in with me peasyble / for al thyng is put in my hand /
and alle that is euylle shalle be for the best / for the knyghte ful sore repenteth hym of the mysauenture
that is befallen hym / Madame saide sire Launcelot / syth it is soo that ye ben accorded with hym / as for
me I may not be ageyn it / how be it sir Mellyagraunce hath done ful shamefully to me & cowardly /

¶ A madame said sir Launcelot / & I had wyst ye wold haue ben soo soone accorded with hym / I wold
not haue made suche haste vnto yow / why saye ye soo sayd the quene / doo ye forthynke your self of
your good dedes / wete you well sayd the Quene I accorded neuer vnto hym for fauour nor loue that I
had vnto hym / but for to laye doune euery shameful noyse

¶ Madame said syr launcelot ye vnderstande ful well I was neuer willynge nor gladde of shameful
sklauder nor noyse

leaf 390v

And there is neyther kynge / quene ne knyght that bereth the lyf excepte my lord kynge Arthur and yow

madame shold lette me / but I shold make sir Mellyagraunce herte ful cold/ or euer I departed from
hens / That wote I wel said the quene / but what wille ye more ye shall haue alle thynges rulyd as ye lyst
to haue it / Madame said syr launcelot / soo ye be pleasyd I care not / as for my parte ye shal soone
please / ryghte so the quene took syr launcelot by the bare hand / for he had put of his gauntelet / and soo
she wente with hym tyl her chamber and thenne she commaunded hym to be vnarmed / and thenne syr
launcelot asked where were the ten knyghtes that were wounded sore / so she shewed them vnto sir
launcelot / and ther they made grete Ioye of the comynge of hym / and sir launcelot made grete dole of
their hurtes and bewayled them gretely / & there sir launcelot told them how cowardly and traytourly
Mellyagraunce sette archers to slee his hors / and how he was fayne to putte hym self in a charyot / thus
they complayned eueryche to other / and ful fayn they wold haue ben reuengid but they peaced them self
by cause of the Quene / Thenne as the Frenssh book sayth / syr launcelot was called many a day after le
cheualer du charyot / and dyd many dedes and grete aduentures he had / and soo leue we of this tale le
Cheualer du Charyot and torne we to this tale /

¶ Soo syr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene / and thenne syr launcelot made a promys with the
quene that the same nyghte sir launcelot shold come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn / & that
wyndowe was y barryd with yron / and there sir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were
on slepe / So thenne came syr lauayne dryuynge to the gates cryeng where is my lord syr launcelot du
lake / thenne was he sente for / & when sir lauayne sawe sir Launcelot / he sayd my lord I fond well how
ye were hard bestad / for I haue fonde your hors that was slayne with arowes / As for that sayd syr
launcelot I praye yow syr Lauayne speke ye of other maters / and lete ye this passe / & we shalle ryghte
hit another tyme when we beste may

¶ Capitulum vj

leaf 391r

Thenne the knyghtes that were hurte were serched / & softe salues were leyd to their woundes / and soo
hyt past on tyl souper tyme / and alle the chere that myght be made them / there was done vnto the quene
and all her knyghtes / thenne whan season was / they wente vnto their chambres but in no wyse the quene
wold not suffre the wounded knyghtes to be fro her / but that they were layde within draughtes by her
chamber vpon beddes and pylowes that she her self myght see to them that they wanted no thyng / Soo
whan sir launcelot was in his chamber that was assygned vnto hym / he called vnto hym sire Lauayne /
and told hym that nyght he must goo speke with his lady dame Gueneuer / Sir said syr Lauayne / lete me
goo with yow and hit please yow / for I drede me sore of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce / Nay sayd sir
launcelot I thanke yow / but I wille haue no body with me / thenne sir Launcelot took his suerd in his
hand / and pryuely went to a place where he had aspyed a ladder to fore hand / and that he took vnder his
arme / and bare it thurgh the gardyn / & sette it vp to the wyndowe / and there anone the quene was redy
to mete hym / and thenne they made eyther to other their complayntes of many dyuerse thynges / &

thenne sir launcelot wysshed that he myghte haue comen in to her / wete ye wel said the quene / I wold as fayne as ye / that ye myghte come in to me wold ye madame said syre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow / ye truly said the quene / Now shalle I proue my myght said syr Launcelot for your loue / and thenne he set his handes vpon the barres of yron / and he pulled at them with suche a myghte that he brast hem clene oute of the stone walles / and there with all one of the barres of yron kytte the braune of his handes thurgh out to the bone / & thenne he lepte in to the chamber to the quene / make ye no noyse sayd the quene / for my wounded knyghtes lye here fast by me / So to passe vpon this tale syr Launcelot wente vnto bed with the quene / & took no force of his hurte hand / but took his plesa^{ce} and his lykyng vntyll it was in the daunynge of the daye / & wete ye well he slepte not but watched / and whan he sawe his tyme that he myghte tary no lenger / he took his leue and departed at the wyndowe / and putte hit to gyder as wel as he

leaf 391v

myghte ageyne and soo departed vnto his owne chamber / & there he told sir Lauayne how he was hurte / thenne sir lauayn dressid his hand and staunched it / and putte vpon it a gloue that it shold not be aspyed / and soo the quene lay long in her bedde vntyl it was nyne of the clok / thenne sir Mellyagraunce wente to the quenes chamber / and fond her ladyes there redy clothed / Ihesu mercy sayd sir Mellyagraunce what eyleth you madame that ye slepe thus longe / and ryght there with alle he opened the curteyn for to beholde her / and thenne was he ware where she laye & alle the shete & pylowe was bebled with the blood of sir Launcelot and of his hurte hand / Whan sir mellyagraunce aspyed that blood / thenne he demed in her that she was fals to the kynge / and that some of the wounded knyghtes had layne by her alle that nyghte / A madame said sir Mellyagraunce / now I haue founden you a fals traytresse vnto my lord Arthur / For now I proue wel it was not for nought that ye layd these wounded knyghtes within the bandes of your chamber / therfore I wille calle yow of treason before my lord kynge Arthur / and now I haue proued yow madame with a shameful dede / and that they ben all fals or somme of them I wylle make good / for a wounded knyghte this nyght hath layne by yow / That is fals sayd the Quene and that I wyl reporte me vnto them alle / thenne whanne the ten knyghtes herd sir Mellyagraunce wordes / they spak al in one voys and sayd to sire Mellyagraunce thou sayst falsly / and wrongfully putttest vpon vs suche a dede / and that we wil make good ony of vs chese whiche thou lyst of vs whan we are hole of oure woundes / ye shal not said syr Mellyagraunce away with your proud langage / for here ye may alle see sayd sir Mellyagraunce that by the quene this nyghte a wounded knyghte hath layne / thenne were they al ashamed whan they sawe that blood / and wete you wel syr Mellyagraunce was passynge glad that he had the quene at suche an auauntage / For he demed by that to hyde his treson / soo with this rumoure came in syr launcelot and fond them al at a grete araye/

leaf 392r¶ **Capitulum septimum /**

WHat araye is this sayd sir Launcelot / thenne syr mellygraunce told hem what he had fonde & shewed hem the quenes bed / Truly said syr launcelot ye dyd not your part nor knyȝtly to touche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawen / & she lyeng therin / for I dar say my lord Arthur hym self wold not haue displayed her courteyns she beyng within her bed / onles that it had pleasyd hym to haue layne doune by her / and therfor ye haue done vnworshipfully & shamefully to your selfe I wote not what ye mene sayd syr Mellyagraunce / but well I am sure ther hath one of her wounded knyȝtes layne by her this nyȝte / & therfor I wil proue with my handes that she is a traytresse vnto my lord Arthur / beware what ye do said launcelot / for & ye say so & ye wil preue it / it wil be taken at your handes / My lord sir Launcelot said sire Mellyagraunce I rede yow beware what ye do / for thouȝ ye are neuer so good a knyght as ye wote wel ye ar renommed the best knyȝt of the world yet shold ye be aduysed to do batail in a wrong quarel / for god wil haue a stroke in euery batail / As for that sayd syr launcelot god is to be drad / but as to that I saye nay playnly / that this nyȝte there lay none of these ten wounded knyȝtes wyth my lady quene Gueneuer / & that wil I preue with my handes that ye say vntruly in that now / Hold said sir Mellyagraunce here is my gloue that she is traytresse vnto my lord kyng Arthur / & that this nyghte one of the wounded knyȝtes lay with her / & I receyue your gloue sayd sir Launcelot / & so they were sealyd with their sygnettys / and delyuerd vnto the x knyȝtes At what day shal we do batail to gyders said sir launcelot / this day viij dayes said sir Mellyagraunce in the felde besyde westmynstre / I am agreed said sir Launcelot / but now said sir mellyagraunce / sythen it is so that we must fyȝte to gyders I pray yow as ye be a noble knyȝt awayte me with no treason / nor none vylony the meane whyle / nor none for yow / soo god me help said sir launcelot ye shal ryȝte wel wete I was neuer of no suche condycyons / for I reporte me to al knyȝtes that euer haue knowen me I ferd neuer with no treason / nor I loued neuer the felauship of no man that ferde with treson / Thenne lete vs go to dyner seid melliagraunce. & after dyner ye & þe quene

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and ye may ryde alle to westmester / I wylle wel sayd sir launcelot / thenne sir Mellyagraunce sayd to sir launcelot pleaseth it yow to see the eftures of this castel / with a good wylle sayd sir Launcelot / and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber to chamber / for sir Launcelot drad noo peryls / for euer a man of worshyp and of prowess / dredeth lest alwayes perils / For they wene euery man be as they ben / But euer he that fareth with treason putteth ofte a man in grete daunger / So it befel vpon sir launcelot that no peryl dredde / as he wente with sire Mellyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bord rollyd / and there sir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a caue ful of strawe / and

thenne sir Mellyagraunce departed and made no fare as that he nyst where he was / And whan sir launcelot was thus myssed / they merueylled where he was bycomen / and thenne the quene and many of them demed that he was departed as he was wonte to doo sodenly / For syr Mellyagraunce made sodenly to putte awaye on syde sir Lauayns hors that they myght alle vnderstande that sir launcelot was departed sodenly / soo it past on tyl after dyner / and thenne sir Lauayne wold not stynte vntyl that he ordeyned lyttyers for the wounded knyghtes that they myghte be lad in them / and so with the quene and them al bothe ladyes & gentilwymmen and other wente vnto westmynster / & there the knyghtes told kyng arthur hou Mellyagraunce had appelyd the quene of hyghe treason / and how sir Launcelot had receyued the gloue of hym / and this daye eyghte dayes they shall doo batail afore yow / By my hede sayd kynge Arthur I am aferd syre Mellyagraunce has taken vpon hym a grete charge / but where is syr Launcelot sayd the kynge / Sir sayd they alle we wote not where he is / but we deme he is ryden to somme aduentures as he is oftymes wonte to doo / for he hath syr Lauayns hors / lete hym be said the kyng / he wylle be founden but yf he be trapped with somme treason

¶ Capitulum octauum

SOo leue we syr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in grete payne / and euery day ther came a lady & brouȝt hym his mete & his drynke / & wowed hym to haue layne by hym / and euer the noble knyghte syre Launcelot sayd

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her nay / sir Launcelot sayd she ye ar not wyse / for ye maye neuer oute of this pryson / but yf ye haue my helpe and also your lady quene Gueneuer shalle be brente in your deffaulte onles that ye be there at the daye of bataille / God defende sayd syr Launcelot that she shold be brente in my deffaute / & yf hyt be soo said sir Launcelot that I maye not be there / hit shalle be wel vnderstande bothe at the kynge and at the quene & wyth alle men of worship that I am dede / seke / outhur in pryson / For alle men that knowe me / wille saye for me that I am in somme euyl caas and I be not there at that day / and wel I wote there is somme good knyghte outhur of my blood or some other that loueth me that wylle take my quarel in hand / and therfor said sir launcelot wete ye wel ye shalle not fere me / & yf there were no more wymmen in alle this land but ye / I wil not haue adoo with yow / thenne arte thow shamed sayd the lady / and destroyed for euer / As for worldes shame Ihesu defende me / and as for my dystresse it is welcome what so euer hit be that god sendeth me / soo she came to hym the same day that the batail shold be / and sayd sir launcelot / me thynketh ye are to hard herted / but woldest thow but kysse me ones I shold delyuer the and thyn armour / and the best hors that is within sir Mellyagraunces stable / As for to kysse yow said sir launcelot I maye doo that and lese no worship / and wete ye wel and I vnderstood / there were ony disworship for to kysse yow / I wold not doo hit / thenne he kyssed her / & thenne she gat hym and broughte hym to his armour / and whan he was armed / she broughte hym to a stable / where stood xij good coursers / and bad hym chese the best / Thenne syr launcelot loked vpon a

whyte courser the whiche lyked hym best / & anone he commaunded the kepers faste to saddle hym with the best sadel of werre that there was / and soo it was done as he badde / thenne gatte he his spere in his hand and his suerd by his syde / and commaunded the lady vnto god / and sayd lady for this good dede I shal doo yow seruyse yf euer hit be in my power /

¶ Capitulum Nonum

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NOwe leue we sir Launcelot wallop alle that he myghte And speke we of Quene Gueneuer / that was broughte to a fyre to be brent / for sire Mellyagraunce was sure / hym thoughte that sir launcelot shold not be att that bataille / therfore he euer cryed vpon kynge Arthur to doo hym Iustyce / outhur els brynge forth syr launcelot du lake / thenne was the kynge and al the Courte ful sore abasshed & shamed that the quene shold be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot My lord Arthur sayd sir Lauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord syr launcelot / for and he were on lyue / soo he be not seke outhur in pryson / wete ye wel he wold ben here / for neuer herd ye that euer he failed his part for whome he shold doo batail for / and therfor sayd sir lauayne / my lord kynge Arthur I byseche yow gyue me the lycence to doo batail here this day for my lord and maister / and for to saue my lady the quene / Gramercy gentil sir Lauayne sayd kyng arthur / for I day say alle that sir Mellyagraunce putteth vpon my lady the Quene / is wronge / for I haue spoken with al the ten wounded knyghtes / and there is not one of them and he were hole and able to doo bataille / but he wold preue vpon sir Mellyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene / soo shal I sayd sir lauayne in the defence of my lord syr launcelot and ye wylle gyue me leue / Now I gyue yow leue sayd kynge Arthur and doo your best / for I dar wel say there is some treason done to sir launcelot / Thenne was sir Lauayne armed and horsed / and sodenly at the lystes ende he rode to performe this bataille / and ryghte as the herowdes shold crye / lesses les aler / Ryghte soo came in sir launcelot dryuyng with alle the force of his hors / and thenne Arthur cryed ho / and abyde / thenne was sir launcelot called on horsbak to fore kynge Arthur / and there he told openly to fore the kynge and alle how sire Mellyagraunce had serued hym fyrste and last / And whanne the kynge and the quene and al the lordes knewe of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce / they were alle ashamed on his behalfe / thenne was quene Gueneuer sente for / and sette by the kynge in grete truste of her champion And thenne there was no more els to say / but syr Launcelot and sire Mellyagraunce dressid them vnto bataille / and took

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their speres / and soo they came to gyders as thonder / and there sir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer

his hors croupe / And thenne sire Launcelot alyghte and dressid his sheld on his sholder with his suerd in his hand / and sir Mellyagraunce in the same wyse dressid hym vnto hym / and there they smote many grete strokes to gyders / and at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the one syde to the erthe / and thenne he cryed vpon hym alowde / Moost noble knyghte sir launcelot du lake saue my lyf / for I yelde me vnto yow / and I requyre yow / as ye be a knyghte & felawe of the table round slee me not / for I yelde me as ouercomen / and whether I shalle lyue or dye I put me in the kynges handes and yours / thenne sir Launcelot wyste not what to doo / for he had had leuer than all the good of the world / he myghte haue ben reuenged vpon syr Mellyagraunce / and sir Launcelot loked vp to the Quene Gueneuer / yf he myghte aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she wold haue done / And thenne the quene wagged her hede vpon sir Launcelot / as though she wold saye slee hym / Ful wel knewe sir launcelot by the waggyng of her hede that she wold haue hym dede / thenne sir launcelot bad hym ryse for shame and performe that bataille to the vtterance / nay said sir Mellyagraunce I wylle neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt I shalle profer yow large profers sayd sir Launcelot / that is for to say / I shall vnarme my hede & my lyfte quarter of my body alle that may be vnarmed & lete bynde my lyfte hand behynde me / soo that it shalle not helpe me / and ryghte so I shall doo bataille with yow / thenne sir Mellyagraunce starte vp vpon his legges / & sayd on hyghe My lord Arthur take hede to this profer / for I wille take hit / and lete hym be dysarmed & bounden accordynge to his profer / what saye ye sayd kyng Arthur vnto syre launcelot / wille ye abyde by youre profer / ye my lord sayd sir launcelot / I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones sayd / Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde disarmed sir launcelot first his hede / & sythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte syde / & they bond his lyft arme behynd his bak without sheld or ony thyng / & thenne they were put to gyders / Wete you wel there was many a lady & knyȝt merueylled that sir launcelot

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wold Ieopardy hym self in suche a wyse / Thenne syre Mellyagraunce came with his suerd all on hygh / and sire launcelot shewed him openly his bare hede and the bare lyfte syde / and whan he wende to haue smyten hym vpon the bare hede / thenne lyghtly he auoyded the lyfte legge & the lyfte syde / & put his rygth hand and his suerd to that stroke / and soo putte it on syde with grete sleyghte / and thenne with grete force syr launcelot smote hym on the helmet suche a buffet that the stroke kerued the hede in two partyes / thenne there was no more to doo / but he was drawn oute of the felde / and at the grete Instaunce of the knyghtes of the table round / the kyng suffred hym to be entered & the mencyon made vpon hym who slewe hym / and for what cause he was slayne / and thenne the kyng and the Quene made more of syr Launcelot du lake / and more he was cherysshed than euer he was afore hand

¶ Capitulum x

THenne as the Frenssh booke maketh mencyon there was a good knyghte in the land of Hongre his name was syr Vyre and he was an aduenturous knyghte and in al places where he myghte here of ony dedes of worshyp ther wold he be / Soo it happend in Spayne there was an Erles sone his name was

Alphegus / and at a grete turnement in spayn this syre Vrre knyghte of Hongry and sir Alphegus of
spayne encountred to gyders for veray enuy / and soo eyther vndertook other to the Vtteraunce / and by
fortune sire Vrre slewe syr Alphegus the erles sone of Spayn / but this knyghte that was slayne had
yeuen syre Vrre or euer he was slayne seuen grete woundes / thre on the hede / and four on his body / &
vpon his lyfte hand / and this syr Alphegus had a moder / the whiche was a grete sorceresse / and she for
the despyte of her sones dethe wrought by her subtyl craftes that syr Vrre shold neuer be hole / but euer
his woundes shold one tyme feyster & another tyme blede / so that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best
knyghte of the world had serched his woundes / and thus she made her auaunt where thurgh it was
knownen that syre Vrre

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shold neuer be hole / Thenne his moder lete make an hors lytter / and put hym theryn vnder two
palfroyes / and thenne she took syr Vrres syster with hym a ful fayr damoyzel / whos name was
Felelolye / and thenne she took a page with hym to kepe their horses / and soo they ledde sir Vrre thurgh
many countreyes / For as the Frensshe book sayth she ledde hym so seuen yere thurgh alle landes
crystened / and neuer she coude fynde no knyghte that myghte ease her sone / Soo she came in to
Scotland and in to the bandes of England / and by fortune she came nyghe the feeste of pentecoste vntyl
Arthurs Courte that at that tyme was holden at Carleil / And whan she came there thenne she made it
openly to be knownen how that she was come in to that land for to hele her sone

¶ Thenne kynge Arthur lete calle that lady / and asked her the cause why she broughte that hurte knyghte
in to that land My moost noble kynge sayd that lady / wete yow wel I broughte hym hydder for to be
heled of his woundes / that of alle this seuen yere he myghte not be hole / & thenne she told the kynge
where he was wounded and of whome / and how his moder had discouerd in her pryde / how she had
wroughte that by enchauntement / soo that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best knyghte of the world
had serched his woundes / and soo I haue passed thurgh alle the landes crystned to haue hym heled /
excepte this land / And yf I fayle to hele hym here in this land I wylle neuer take more payne vpon me /
and that is pyte for he was a good knyghte and of grete noblenes / what is his name sayd Arthur / My
good and gracyous lord she sayde / his name is syr Vrre of the mounte / In good tyme sayd the Kynge /
and sythe ye are come in to this land / ye are ryght wel come / and wete yow wel here shal your sone be
helyd / and euer ony crysten man may hele hym / And for to gyue alle other men of worshyp courage / I
my self wille assay to handle your sone / and soo shalle alle the kynges dukes and Erles that ben here
presente with me at this tyme thereto wylle I commaunde them / and wel I wote they shalle obeye and
doo after my commaundement And wete yow wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto Vrres syster I shalle begynne
to handle hym and serche vnto my power

not presumyng vpon me that I am soo worthy to hele youre sone by my dedes / but I wille courage other men of worshyp to doo as I wylle doo / And thenne the kynge commaunded alle the kynges dukes and erles & alle noble knyȝtes of the Round table that were there that tyme presente to come in to the medowe of Carleil / and so at that tyme there were but an honderd and ten of the round table / for xl knyghtes were that tyme away / and soo here we muste begynne at kynge Arthur as is kyndely to begynne at hym / that was the moost man of worshyp that was crystned at that tyme

¶ Capitulum xj

Thenne kynge Arthur loked vpon sire Vyre and the kynge thoughte he was a ful lykely man whanne he was hole / and thenne kynge Arthur made hym to be take doune of the lytter and layd hym vpon the erthe / and there was layd a cussbyn of gold that he shold knele vpon / And thenne noble Arthur sayd fayr knyghte me repenteth of thy hurte / and for to courage alle other noble Knyghtes / I wille praye the softly to suffre me to handle your woundes / Moost noble crystned kynge sayd Vyre doo as ye lyste / for I am at the mercy of god and at your commaundement /

¶ So thenne Arthur softely handelyd hym / and thenne somme of his woundes renewed vpon bledynge / Thenne the kynge Claryauce of Northumberland serched and it wold not be / And thenne sir Baraunt le apres that was called the Kyng with the honderd Knyghtes he assayed and fayled / and so dyd kynge Vryence of the land of Gore / Soo dyd Kynge Anguyssaunce of Irland / Soo dyd Kynge Nentres of Garloth / So dyd Kyng Carados of Scotland / Soo dyd the duke Galahalt the haute prynce / Soo dyd Constantyn that was sir Carados sone of Cornewail / Soo dyd duke Challyns of Claraunce / Soo dyd the Erle Vlbause / Soo dyd the Erle Lambaile Soo dyd the erle Arystause Thenne came in syr Gawayne with his thre sones sir Gyngalyn / syr Florence / & sir Louel / these two were begoten vpon sir

dyd the erle Lambayle / Soo dyd the erle Arystause

¶ Thenne came in syre Gawayne with his thre sones syr gangalayne / syr Florence and syr Louel these two were goten vpon syr Brandyles syster / and al they fayled / Thenne cam in syr Agrauayne / syr Gaherys / syr Mordred / & the good knyȝt sir Gareth that was of veray knyghthode worth al the bretheren / Soo came knyghtes of Launcelots kynne / but syr launcelot was not that tyme in the courte / for he was that tyme vpon his aduentures / Thenne syr Lyonel / syr Ector de marys/ syr Bors de ganys / syr Blamor de ganys / syr Bleoberis de ganys / syr Gahalantyne / syr Galyhodyn / syr Menadeuke / syr Vyllyars the valyaunt / syr Hebes le renoumes / Al these were of syr launcelots kynne / and alle they fayled /

¶ Thenne came in syr Sagramore le desyrus / syr Dodynas le saueage syr Dynadan / syr Bruyn le noyre / that syr kay named la cote male taylor and syr Kay the Seneschal / syr Kay de stranges / syr Melyot de Logrys / syr Petypase of wynchelsea / syre Galleron of Galway / syr Melyon of the montayne / syr Cardok / syr Vwayne les aduoultres / and syr ozanna le cure hardy / Thenne came in syr Astamor & syr Gromere grummors sone / syr Crosselme / Sir Seruause le breuse that was callyd a passynge stronge knyghte / for as the book sayth the chyef lady of the lake feested syr launcelot and syr Seruause le breuse / And whan she had feested hem bothe at sondry tymes she prayd hem to gyue her a bone / and they graunted it her / and thenne she prayd syr Seruause that he wold promyse her neuer to doo bataill ageynst syr launcelot du lake / & in the same wyse she prayd syr Launcelot neuer to doo bataill ageynst syr Seruause / and soo eyther promysed her / For the Frensshe book sayth / that sir Seruause had neuer courage nor lust to doo bataill ageynst no man but yf it were ageynst gyaunts & ageynste dragons and wylde beestes / Soo we passe vnto them that att the kynges request made hem alle that were there at that hyȝ feest as of the knyȝtes of the table round for to serche sir Turre / to that entente the kyng dyd hit / to wete whiche was the noblest knyghte amonge them

¶ Thenne came sir Aglouale / sire Durnore / sir Tor that was bygoten vpon Aryes the couherdes wyf / but he was begoten

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afore Aryes wedded her / and Kyng Pellenor begatte hem all / fyrst syre Tor / syre Aglouale / syr Durnore / syre Lamorak the moost noblest knyghte one that euer was in Arthurs dayes / as for a worldly knyghte / and syre Percyual that was pyerles excepte syre Galahad in holy dedes / but they dyed in the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne cam syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu / Sir Lucan the botteler / syre Bedeuer his broder / syr brandyles / syr Constantyne / syr Cadores sone of Cornewayl that was kyng after Arthurs dayes / and syre Clegys / syre Sadok / syr Dynas the Seneschal of Cornewaile / syre Fergus / syr Dryaunt / syr Lambegus / syre Clarrus of Cleremont / syr Cloddrus / syre Hectymere / syre Edward of Canaruan / syre Dynas / syre Pryamus that was crystned by syr Tristram the noble Knyghte / and these thre were bretheren syr Hellayne de blank that was sone to syre Bors / he begat hym vpon kyng Brandegorys doughter and syre Bryan de lystynoyse / Syre Gautere / syr Reynold / syr Gyllemere were thre bretheren that syr launcelot wanne vpon a brydge in syre Kayes armes / sir Guyart le petyte / syre Bellangere le beuse that was sone to the good knyghte syr Alysander le orphelyn that was slayne by the treason of Kyng Marke /

¶ Also that traytour kyng slewe the noble Knyghte syre Trystram as he sat harpyng afore his lady la Beale Isoud with a trenchaunt glayue / for whos deth was moche bewaylynge of euery knyghte that euer were in Arthurs dayes / there was neuer none so bewailed as was syre Tristram and syr lamorak / for they were traytoursly slayne / syr Trystram by kyng Marke / and syr lamorak by syr Gawayne and his

bretheren / And this syre Bellangere reuenged the deth of his fader Alysander and syr Tristram slewe Kyng Marke and la Beale Isoud dyed swounyng vpon the crosse of syr Tristram whereof was grete pyte / And alle that were with Kyng Marke that were consentynge to the deth of syr Tristram were slayne as syre Andred and many other / Thenne came syr Hebes / syr Morganore / syr Sentrayle / Syre Suppynabylis / Sire Bellangere le orgulous that the good Knyghte syr Iamorak wanne in playne batail syr Nerouens / & syr Plenorius two good knyȝtes that syr launcelot wan/ sir Darras / sir Harre le fyse lake / sir ermynde broder to kyng

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Hermaunce for whome syre Palomydes foughte att the reed cyte with two bretheren / & syr Selyses of the dolorous toure / sir Edward of Orkeney / syre Ironsyde that was called the noble knyȝte of the reed laundes that syre Gareth wanne for the loue of dame Lyones / syr Arrook de greuaunt / syr Degrane saunce velany that foughte with the gyaunt of the black lowe / Syr Epynogrys that was the kynges sone of Northūberland Sir Pelleas that loued the lady Ettard / and he had dyed for her loue had not ben one of the ladyes of the lake / her name was dame Nymue / and she wedded sire Pelleas / and she saued hym that he was neuer slayne / and he was a ful noble knyghte / and sire Lamyel of Cardyf that was a grete louer / Sir Playne de fors / sire Melleaus de lyle / sir Bohart le cure hardy that was kyng Arthurs sone / sir Mador de la porte / sir Colgreuaunce / sir Heruyse de la forest saueage / sir Marrok the good knyghte that was bitrayed with his wyf / for she made hym seuen yere a werwolf / sir Persaunt / sire Pertilope his broder that was called the grene knyght / and sir Perymones broder to them bothe / that was called the reed knyght / that sir Gareth wanne whan he was called Beaumayns / Alle these honderd knyghtes and ten serched syr Vrres woundes by the commaundement of kyng Arthur

¶ Capitulum xij /

Mercy Ihesu sayd kyng Arthur where is syr launcelot du lake that he is not here at this tyme / Thus as they stood and spak of many thynges / there was aspyed syr launcelot that came rydyng toward them / and told the kyng / Pees sayd the kyng lete no maner thyng be sayd vntyl he be come to vs / Soo whan syr launcelot aspyed Kyng Arthur / he descended from his hors and came to the kyng / & salewed hym / and them all / Anone as the mayde syre Vrres syster sawe syr launcelot / she ranne to her broder there as he lay in his lyttar / and sayd broder here is come a knyghte that my herte gyueth gretely vnto / Fayr syster sayd syr Vre soo dothe my herte lyghte ageynst hym / and certaynly I hope now to be heled for my hert yeueth vnto hym more thā to al these þ^t haue

leaf 397v

serched me / Thenne sayd Arthur vnto syr Launcelot ye muste doo as we haue done / and told syr launcelot what they hadde done / and shewed hym them alle / that had serched hym / Ihesu defende me sayd syr Launcelot whan soo many kynges and knyghtes haue assayed and fayled / that I shold presume vpon me to encheue that alle ye my lordes myghte not encheue / Ye shalle not chese sayd kynge Arthur / for I will commaunde yow for to doo as we alle haue done / My most renoumed lord said sir Launcelot ye knowe wel I dar not nor may not disobeye your commaundement / but and I myghte or durste / wete yow wel I wold not take vpon me to touche that wounded knyghte in that entente that I shold passe alle other knyghtes / Ihesu defende me from that shame / Ye take it wrong sayd kynge Arthur / ye shal not do it for no presumcyon / but for to bere vs felaushyp in soo moche ye be a felawe of the table round / and wete yow wel sayd kynge Arthur / and ye preuayle not and hele hym / I dare say / there is no knyghte in thys land may hele hym / and therfor I pray yow / doo as we haue done / and thenne alle the kynges and knyghtes for the moost party prayd sir Launcelot to serche hym / and thenne the wounded knyghte syr Vrrre sette hym vp weykely / and praid sir Launcelot hertely sayeng / curtois knyghte I requyre the for goddes sake hele my woundes / for me thynketh euer sythen ye came here / my woundes greuen me not / A my fayre lord sayd syr launcelot Ihesu wold that I myghte helpe yow I shame me sore that I shold be thus rebuked / for neuer was I able in worthynes to doo so hyghe a thyng / Thenne sire Launcelot kneled doune by the wounded knyghte sayenge / My lord Arthur I must doo your commaundement / the whiche is sore ageynst my herte / And thenne he helde vp his handes / & loked in to the eest / sayenge secretly vnto hym self / thou blessid fader / sone and holy ghoost I byseche the of thy mercy / that my symple worshyp and honeste be saued / and thou blessid Trynyte thou mayst yeue power to hele this seke knyghte by thy grete vertu and grace of the / but good lord neuer of my self And thenne sir Launcelot prayd sir Vrrre to lete hym see hys hede / and thenne deuoutely knelyng he ransaked the thre woundes that they bled a lytyl / and forth with alle the woundes

leaf 398r

fayre heled / and semed as they had ben hole a seuen yere / And in lyke wyse he serched his body of other thre woundes and they heled in lyke wyse / and thenne the last of alle he serched the whiche was in his hand / and anone it heled fayre /

¶ Thenne kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and knyghtes kneled doune and gaf thankynges and louynges vnto god and to his blessid moder / And euer syre Launcelot wepte as he had ben a child that had ben beten / Thenne kynge Arthur lete araye preestes and clerkes in the moost deuoutest manere to brynge in sir Vrrre within Carleil with syngynge and louynge to god / And when this was done / the kyng lete clothe hym in the rychest maner that coude be thoughte / and thenne were there but fewe better made knyghtes in alle the courte / for he was passyngly wel made and bygly / and Arthur asked syr Vrrre how he felte hym self / My good lord he sayd I felt my self neuer soo lusty / wylle ye Iuste and doo dedes of armes sayd kyng Arthur / Sir sayd Vrrre and I had all that longed vnto Iustes I wold be soone redy /

¶ **Capitulum xiiij**

Thenne Arthur made a party of honderd knyghtes to be ageynste an honderd knyghtes / and soo vpon the morne they Iusted for a dyamond / but there Iusted none of the daungerous knyghtes / & soo for to shorten thys tale syr Vrrre & sir Lauayn Iusted best that day / for there was none of hem but ouerthrewe & pulled down thyrty knyghtes / & thenne by the assente of alle the knyges & lordes syre Vrrre & sir Lauayn were made knyghtes of the table round / & sir lauayn caste his loue vnto dame Felelolle sire Vrrres syster / & thēne they were wedded to gyder with grete Ioye / & kyng Arthur gaf to eueryche of hem a Barony of landes / and this sire Vrrre wold neuer goo from sire Launcelot / but he & sir Lauayn awayted euermore vpon hym / & they were in all the courte accounted for good knyghtes / & full desyrous in armes / & many noble dedes they dyd / for they wold haue no reste / but euer foughte aduentures / thus they lyued in all that courte wyth grete noblesse & Ioye long tyme / But euery nyghte & day sire

leaf 398v

Agrauayne / syr Gawayns broder awayted Quene Gueneuer and sir Launcelot du lake to putte them to a rebuke & shame And soo I leue here of this tale and ouer hyp grete bookes of sir Launcelot du lake / what grete aduentures he dyd whan he was called le cheualer du charyot / For as the Frensshe booke sayth by cause of despyte that knyghtes and ladyes called hym the knyghte that rode in the charyot lyke as he were Iuged to the galhous / Therfor in despyte of all them that named hym soo / he was caryed in a charyot a twelue moneth / for but lityl after that he had slayne sir Mellyagraunce in the quenes quarel / he neuer in a twelue moneth came on horsbak / And as the Frensshe book sayth / he dyd that twelue moneth more than xl batails / And by cause I haue lost the very mater of la cheualer du charyot / I departe from the tale of sir Launcelot / & here I goo vnto the morte of kynge Arthur / and that caused syre Agrauayne

¶ *Explicit liber xix*

¶ And here after foloweth the moost pytous history of the morte of kynge Arthur / the whiche is the xx
book

leaf 399r

[Book Twenty: morte of kynge Arthur]

¶ Capitulum primum

IN May whan euery lusty herte floryssheth and burgeneth / For as the season is lusty to beholde and comfortable / Soo man and woman reioycen and gladen of somer comynge with hys fresshe floures / for wynter with his rouȝ wyndes and blastes causeth a lusty man and woman to coure / and sytte fast by the fyre / So in this season as in the monethe of May it byfelle a grete angre and vnhap / that stynted not til the floure of chyualry of alle the world was destroyed & slayn / and alle was long vpon two vnhappy knyghtes the whiche were named Agrauayne and sire Mordred that were bretheren vnto sir Gawayne / for this sir Agrauayne and sir mordred had euer a preuy hate vnto the Quene dame Gueneuer and to syr launcelot / and dayly and nyghtly they euer watched vpon sir Launcelot / Soo it myshapped syr Gawayne and alle his bretheren were in kynge Arthurs chamber / and thenne sir Agrauayne sayd thus openly and not in no councyll that many knyghtes myghte here it / I merueylle that we alle be not ashamed bothe to see and to knowe how sire Launcelot lyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene / and al we knowe it so and it is shamefully suffred of vs alle that we alle shold suffre soo noble a kyng as kynge Arthur is soo to be shamed /

¶ Thenne spak sir Gawayne and sayd / broder sir Agrauayn I pray yow and charge yow meue no suche maters no more afore me / for wete ye wel sayd syr Gawayne I wylle not be of your councyll / Soo god me help sayd sir Gaherys and sir Gareth we wylle not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes / Thenne wylle I sayd syre Mordred I leue well that sayd syre Gawayne / for euer vnto alle vnhappynges broder syr Mordred there to wille ye graunte / and I wold that ye lefte alle this / and made you not soo besy / for I knowe sayd syr Gawayne what wylle falle of hit / Falle of hit what falle may sayd syr Agrauayne / I wille disclose it to the kyng / Not by my councyll sayd syr Gawayne / for and there ryse warre and wrake betwyx syr launcelot and vs / wete you wel broder there will many kynges and grete lordes hold with syr

leaf 399v

Launcelot / Also broder sir Agrauayne sayd sire Gawayne ye must remembre how oftymes syr Launcelot hath rescowed the kynge and the quene / and the best of vs all had ben ful cold at the herte rote / had not sir launcelot ben better than we / And that hath he preud hym self ful ofte / And as for my parte sayd sir Gawayne I wylle neuer be ageynst sir launcelot for one dayes dede whan he rescowed me from kynge Carados of the dolorous toure / and slewe hym and saued my lyf / Also broder sir Agrauayne and sir mordred in lyke wyse sir Launcelot rescowed yow bothe and thre score and two from sir Turquyn / Me thynketh broder suche kynde dedes and kyndenes shold be remembryd / doo as ye lyst sayd syr Agrauayne for I wylle layne it no lenger /

¶ With these wordes came to them kynge Arthur / Now broder stynte your noyse sayd syre Gawayne / we wylle not sayd syr Agrauayne and sir Mordred / wylle ye soo sayd sir Gawayne / thenne god spede

yow for I wil not here your tales ne be of your counceyll / no more wyll I sayd sir Gareth and sir Gaherys / for we wyl neuer saye euylle by that man / for by cause sayd syre Gareth syr launcelot made me knyghte by no manere owe I to say ylle of hym / and there with al they thre departed makynge grete dole / Allas sayd syr Gawayn and sir Gareth now is this Realme holy mescheued / and the noble felaushyp of the round table shalle be disparpyld / soo they departed

¶ Capitulum ij

ANd thenne sir Arthur asked hem what noyse they made / my lord sayd Agrauayye I shal telle yow that I may kepe noo lenger / here is I and my broder syre Mordred brake into my broder syr Gawayne / syr Gaherys / and to syre Gareth / how this we knowe alle that syr Launcelot holdeth your quene and hath done longe / and we be your syster sonnes / & we may suffre it no lenger / and alle we wote that ye shold be aboue syr launcelot / and ye are the kynge that made hym knyghte / and therfor we wille preue hit that he is a traytoure to your persone / yf hit be soo sayd syr Arthur wete yow wel he is none other / but I wold be lothe to begynne suche a thyng

leaf 400r

but I myght haue preues vpon hit / for sir launcelot is an hardy knyghte / and alle ye knowe / he is the best knyghte among vs alle // and but yf he be taken with the dede / he wylle fyghte with hym that bryngeth vp the noyse / and I knowe no knyȝt that is able to matche hym / Therefore and it be sothe as ye saye I wold he were taken with the dede / For as the Frensshe book sayth the kynge was ful lothe therto that ony noyse shold be vpon syr launcelot and his quene / for the kynge had a demynge / but he wold not here of hit / for syr launcelot had done soo moche for hym and the quene soo many tymes that wete ye wel the kynge loued hym passyngly wel / My lord sayd syre Agrauayne ye shal ryde to morne on huntynge / and doubte ye not syr launcelot wille not goo with yow / Thenne whan it draweth toward nyghte / ye may sende the quene word that ye wil lye oute alle that nyghte / and soo may ye sende for your cokes and thenne vpon payne of deth we shalle take hym that nyght with the quene / and outhur we shal brynge hym to yow dede or quyck / I wille wel sayd the kynge / thenne I counceyll yow sayd the kynge take with yow sure felauship / syre sayd Agrauayne my broder sir Mordred and I wil take with vs twelue knyghtes of the round table / Beware sayd kyng arthur / for I warne yow ye shalle fynde hym wyghte / lete vs dele sayd sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred / Soo on the morn kynge Arthur rode on huntynge / and sente word to the quene that he wold be oute alle that nyghte / Thenne sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred gate to them twelue knyghtes / and dyd them self in a chamber in the Castel of Carleyl / and these were their names / syr Colgreuaunce / syr Mador de la porte / syre Gyngalyne / syr Melyot de Logrys / syre Petypase of wynchelsee / syr Galleron of Galway / syr Melyon of the montayne / sir Astamore / syre Gromore somyr Ioure / syr Curselayne / syr Florence / syr Louel / So these twelue knyghtes were with sir mordred and sir Agrauayne / and al they were of Scotland outhur of syr Gawayns kynne / outhur wel willers to his bretheren / Soo whan the nyghte came sir Launcelot told syre Bors how

he wold goo that nyghte and speke with the quene / Sir sayd sir Bors ye shal not go this nyghte by my
coūceil Why sayd sir launcelot / Sir sayd sir Bors I drede me euer of

leaf 400v

sir Agrauayn that wayteth yow dayly to do yow shame and vs al / and neuer gaf my herte ageynst no
goynge that euer ye wente to the Quene soo moche as now / for I mystrust that the kyng is oute this
nyghte from the quene by cause perauentur he hath layne somme watche for yow and the Quene / and
therfor I drede me sore of treason / Haue ye no drede sayd syr Launcelot / for I shalle goo and come
ageyne and make noo taryenge / Sir said sir Bors that me repenteth / for I drede me sore that your
goynge oute thys nyghte shalle wrathe vs alle Fair neuewe sayd sire launcelot I merueylle moche why ye
saye thus sythen the quene hath sente for me / and wete ye wel I wille not be soo moche a coward / but
she shalle vnderstande I wille see her good grace / God spede yow wel sayd sir bors and send yow sound
and sauf ageyne

¶ Capitulum iij /

SOo sir Launcelot departed and took his swerd vnder his arme / and soo in his mantel that noble knyghte
putte hym self in grete Jeopardy / and soo he past tyl he came to the quenes chamber / and thenne sir
launcelot was lyȝtely putte in to the chamber / And thenne as the Frensshe book sayth the quene and
Launcelot were to gyders / And whether they were a bedde or at other maner of disportes / me lyst not
herof make no mencyon / for loue that tyme was not as is now adayes /

¶ But thus as they were to gyder / there came sir Agrauayne and syre Mordred with twelue knyȝtes with
them of the round table / and they sayd with cryenge voys / Traytour knyghte syr launcelot du lake now
arte thou taken And thus they cryed with a loude voys that alle the Courte myghte here hit / and they all
xiiij were armed at al poyntes as they shold fyghte in a bataille / Allas sayd quene Gueneuer now are we
mescheued bothe / Madame sayd sir Launcelot is there here ony armour within your chambre that I
myght couer my poure body with al / And yf there be ony gyue hit me / and I shalle soone stynte their
malyce by the grace of god Truly sayd the quene I haue none armour sheld swerd nor

leaf 401r

spere / wherfore I drede me sore / our longe loue is come to a myscheuous ende / for I here by their
noyse there ben many noble knyghtes / and wel I wote they ben surely armed / ageynste them ye may
make no resystence / wherfore ye are lykely to be slayne / and thenne shalle I be brente / For and ye
myghte escape them said the quene / I wold not doubte but that ye wold rescowe me in what daunger

that euer I stode in / Allas sayd syr Launcelot in alle my lyf thus was I neuer bestadde that I shold be thus shamefully slayne for lack of myn armour / But euer in one sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred cryed Traytour knyghte come oute of the Quenes chamber / for wete thou wel thou arte soo besette that thou shalte not escape / O Ihesu mercy sayd sir Launcelot this shameful crye and noyse I may not suffre / for better were deth at ones than thus to endure this payne / thenne he took the quene in his armes / and kyste her / and sayd moost noble crysten Quene I byseche yow as ye haue ben euer my specyal good lady / and I at al tymes your true poure knyghte vnto my power / and as I neuer fayled yow in ryghte nor in wrong sythen the fyrst day kynge Arthur made me knyghte that ye wylle praye for my soule / yf that I here be slayne / for wel I am assured that sir Bors myn neuewe and all the remenaunt of my kynne with syr Lauayne and syr Vrrre that they wylle not fayle yow to rescowe yow from the fyre / and therfor myn owne lady recomforte your self what someuer come of me that ye go with sire Bors my neuew and sir Vrrre / and they all wylle doo yow alle the pleasyr that they can or may / that ye shall lyue lyke a Quene vpon my landes / Nay launcelot sayd the Quene / wete thou wel / I wyll neuer lyue after thy dayes / but and thou be slayne I wyl take my deth as mekely for Ihesus Crystus sake / as euer dyd only crysten Quene / wel madame sayd launcelot / sythe hit is soo that the day is come that oure loue muste departe / wete yow wel I shalle selle my lyf as dere as I maye and a thousand fold sayd syr Launcelot I am more heuyer for yow than for my self / And now I had leuer than to be lord of al crystendome that I had sure armour vpon me / that men myghte speke of my dedes or euer I were slayne / Truly sayd the Quene I wold and it myghte please god / that

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they wold take me and slee me / and suffer yow to escape / That shal neuer be sayd sir launcelot / god defende me from suche a shame / but Ihesu be thou my sheld and myn armour /

¶ Capitulum iiij

ANd there with syr Launcelot wrapped his mantel aboute his arme wel and surely / and by thenne they had gotten a grete fourme oute of the halle / and there with all they rasshed at the dore / Fair lordes sayd syre Launcelot leue your noyse and your rassyng / and I shalle sette open this dore / and thenne may ye doo with me what it lyketh yow / Come of thenne sayd they alle / and do hit / for hit auayleth the not to stryue ageynst vs alle / and therfor lete vs in to this chamber / and we shalle saue thy lyf vntyl thou come to kyng Arthur / Thenne launcelot vnbarred the dore / and with his lyfte hand he held it open a lytel / so that but one man myghte come in attones / and soo there came strydyng a good knyghte a moche man and large / and his name was Colgreuaunce / of Gore / and he with a swerd strake at syr launcelot myghtely and he put asyde the stroke / and gaf hym suche a buffett vpon the helmet / that he felle grouelynge dede within the chamber dore / and thenne syre Launcelot with grete myghte drewe that dede knyght within the chamber dore / and syr Launcelot with helpe of the Quene and her ladyes was lyghtely armed in syr Colgreuaunce armour / and euer stode sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred cryenge traytoure knyghte come oute of the quenes chamber / leue your noyse sayd syr launcelot vnto sir

Agrauayne / For wete yow wel sir Agrauayne ye shall not prysone me this nyghte and therfor and ye doo by my counceyll / goo ye alle from this chamber dore and make not suche cryeng and suche maner of sklauder as ye doo / for I promyse you by my knyghthode and ye wil departe and make no more noyse / I shal as to morne appiere afore yow alle before the kyng / and thenne lete it be sene whiche of yow all outhelers ye all that wille accuse me of treason / and there I shal ansuer yow as a knyghte shold that hydder I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne / and that wyl I preue and make hit good vpon

leaf 402r

yow with my handes / Fy on the traytour sayd sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred / we wylle haue the maulgre thy hede / and slee the yf we lyste / for we lete the wete we haue the choyse of kynge Arthur to saue the or to slee the / A sirs sayd sir launcelot / is there none other grace with you / thenne kepe your self Soo thenne sir Launcelot set al open the chamber dore / and myghtely and knyghtely he strode in amongst them / and anone at the fyrst buffet he slewe sir Agrauayne and twelue of his felawes after within a lytel whyle after he layd hem cold to the erthe / for there was none of the twelue that myghte stande sir launcelot one buffet / ¶ Also syr Launcelot wounded syr Mordred and he fledde with alle his myghte / And thenne syre launcelot retorned ageyne vnto the Quene and sayd madame / now wete yow well all oure true loue is brought to an ende / for now wille kynge Arthur euer be my foo / and therefore madame and it lyke yow that I maye haue you wyth me / I shalle saue yow from alle manere aduentures daungerous / that is not best sayd the quene / me semeth now ye haue done soo moche harme / it wylle be best ye hold yow styll with this / And yf ye see that as to morne they wylle put me vnto the dethe / thenne may ye rescowe me as ye thynke best / I wyl wel sayd sir launcelot / for haue ye no doubte whyle I am lyuyng / I shalle rescowe yow / and thenne he kyste her / & eyther gaf other a rynge / and soo there he lefte the quene / and went vntyl his lodgyng

¶ Capitulum Quintum /

WHan syre Bors sawe syr launcelot / he was neuer soo gladde of his home comynge as he was thenne / Ihesu mercy sayd syr Launcelot why be ye all armed what meaneth this / Sir sayd sir Bors after ye were departed from vs / we alle that ben of youre blood and youre well wyllers were soo dretched that somme of vs lepte oute of oure beddes naked / & some in their dremes caughte naked swerdes in their handes / therfor said sir Bors we deme / there is some grete stryf at hand / & therefore we all demed that ye were betrayed with som treason / & therfor we made vs redy what nede that euer ye were in / My fayre neuwe sayd sir launcelot vnto sir bors now shal ye wete al that this nyȝt I was more harder bestad wan euer I was in my lyf & yet I escaped / And so he told

hem alle how and in what maner as ye haue herd to fore / And therfore my felawes said sir Launcelot I pray yow all that ye wylle be of good herte in what nede someuer I stande for now is warre come to vs alle / Sir sayd sir Bors alle is welcome that god sendeth vs / and we haue had moche wele with yow and moche worshyp / and therfor we wille take the wo with yow as we haue taken the wele / And therfore they sayd alle there were many good knyghtes / loke ye take no discomforte / for there nys no bandys of knyghtes vnder heuen / but we shalle be able to greue them as moche as they maye vs And therfor discomforte not your self by no maner / and we shalle gadre to gyders that we loue / and that loueth vs / & what that ye wil haue done shalle be done / And therfor syr Launcelot sayd they we wil take the woo with the wele / Graunt mercy sayd sir Launcelot of your good comforte / for in my grete distresse my fayr neuewe ye comforte me gretely / and moche I am beholdyng vnto yow But thys my fayre neuewe I wold that ye dyd in all haste that ye may or it be forth dayes that ye wille loke in their lodgyng that ben lodged here nyghe aboute the kyngdom which wyll hold with me and whyche wylle not / for now I wolde knowe whiche were my frendes fro my foes Sir said syr Bors I shalle doo my payne / and or it be seuen of the klok I shalle wete of suche as ye haue sayd before who will holde with yow

¶ Thenne sire Bors called vnto hym sire Lyonel / syr Ector de marys / sir Blamor de ganys / sir Bleoberys de ganys / syre Gahalantyne / syr Galyhodyn / sir Galyhud / Sir menadeuke/ sir Vyllyers the valyaunt / sir Hebes le renoumes / sir lauayne syr Vyre of Hongry / sir Nerouneus / sire Plenorius /

¶ These two knyghtes sire launcelot made / and the one he wanne vpon a [correction; sic = a a] brydge / and therfor they wold neuer be ageynst hym/ And Harre le fyse du lake and syre Selyses of the dolorous Toure / and sir Melyas de lyle / and sire Bellangere le beuse that was syr Alysanders sone le orphelyn / by cause hys moder Alys la Beale pelleryn and she was kynne vnto sir Launcelot / and he held with hym /

¶ Soo there came syre Palomydes and sir Safyr his broder

to hold with syr launcelot / And syre Clegys of Sadok and syr Dynas / syr Claryus of Cleremont / So these two & twenty knyghtes drewe hem to gyders / and by thenne they were armed on horsbak / and promysed sir Launcelot to doo what he wold /

¶ Thenne there felle to them what of Northwalys and of Cornewaile for sir Lamoraks sake and for sire Tristrams sake to the nombre of a four score knyghtes

¶ My lordes sayd syre Launcelot wete yow wel / I haue ben euer syns I came in to this Countrey wel

wylled vnto my lord kynge Arthur / and vnto my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto my power / and this nyghte by cause my lady the quene sente for me to speke with her / I suppose it was made by treason how be hit / I dare largely excuse her persone / not withstandynge I was ther by a fore cast nere slayne / but as Ihesu prouyded me I escaped alle theyir malyce and treason /

¶ And thenne that noble knyghte sire Launcelot told hem al how he was hard bestad in the quenes chamber / and how and in what manere he escaped from them / And therfore sayd sir Launcelot wete yow wel my fayre lordes I am sure ther nys but werre vnto me and myn / And for by cause I haue slayn this nyghte these knyghtes I wote wel as is sire Agraayne syr Gawayns broder / and at the leste twelue of his felawes / for this cause now I am sure of mortal warre / for these knyghtes were sente and ordeyned by kynge Arthur to bitraye me / And therfore the kynge wylle in his hete & malyce Iuge the quene to the fyre / and that maye I not suffre that she shold be brente for my sake / for and I may be herd and sufferd and soo taken / I wyll fyghte for the Quene that she is a true lady vnto her lord / but the kynge in his hete I drede me wylle not take me as a I oughte to be taken

¶ Capitulum vj

MY lord syre Launcelot sayd sir Bors by myn aduys ye shalle take the wo with the wele / and take hit in pacyence / and thanke god of hit /

¶ And sythen

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hit is fallen as hit is / I counceyll yow to kepe youre self / for and ye wylle your self / ther is no felaushyp of knyghtes crystened that shalle do you wrong / Also I wyll counceyll yow my lord syr Launcelot / that and my lady quene Gueneuer be in distresse / in soo moche as she is in payne for your sake that ye knyghtly rescowe her / and ye dyd other wayes / al the world wylle speke of yow shame to the worldes ende / in so moche as ye were taken with her / whether ye dyd ryghte or wrong / It is now your parte to holde with the quene that she be not slayne and put to a mescheuous dethe / for and she soo dye / the shame shalle be yours / Ihesu defende me from shame sayd syre Launcelot and kepe and saue my lady the quene from vylony and shameful deth / and that she neuer be destroyed in my defaute / wherfore my fayre lordes my kynne and my frendes sayd sir Launcelot what wylle ye doo / Thenne they sayd all we wille doo as ye wylle doo / I putte this to yow sayd sir launcelot that yf my lord Arthur by euyll counceyll wyll to morn in his hete putte my lady the Quene to the fyre there to be brente / Now I praye yow counceyll me what is best to doo / Thenne they sayd alle at ones with one voys / Syre vs thynketh best that ye knyghtly rescowe the quene in soo moche as she shal be brente / it is for youre sake / and it is to suppose and ye myghte be handelyd ye shold haue the same dethe or a more shamefuller dethe / and syre we say al that ye haue many tymes rescowed her from dethe / for other

mens quarels / vs semeth it is more youre worshyp that ye rescowe the quene from this perylle / in soo moche she hath it for your sake

¶ Thenne sir launcelot stood styl and sayd / my fayre lordes wete yow wel I wold be lothe to doo that thyng that shold dishonoure yow or my blood / and wete yow wel I wold be lothe that my lady the quene shold dye a shameful dethe / but and hit be soo that ye wylle counceylle me to rescowe her / I muste doo moche harme or I rescowe her / and peradventure I shal there destroye somme of my best frendes / that shold moche repente me / and peradventure there be somme / and they coude wel brynge it aboute / or disobeye my lord kynge Arthur they wold soone come to me / the whiche I were loth to hurte / & yf so be þ^t I rescowe her where shal I kepe her / that shal be

leaf 404r

[correction; sic = be be] the leste care of vs alle sayd sir Bors / how dyd the noble knyghte sire Tristram by your good wylle kepte not he wyth hym la beale Isoud nere thre yere in Ioyous gard / the which was done by your elthers deuyse / and that same place is your owne / and in lyke wyse may ye doo and ye lyst / and take the Quene lyghtely away / yf it soo be the kynge wylle Iuge her to be brente / and in Ioyous gard ye may kepe her longe ynough vntyl the hete of the kynge be past / And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to the kynge with grete worshyp / and thenne peradventure ye shalle haue thanke for her bryngynge home and loue and thanke where other shalle haue maugre / That is hard to doo sayd sir launcelot / for by sir Tristram I may haue a warnynge / for whanne by meanes of treatyce syr Tristram brought ageyne la Beale Isoud vnto kynge Mark from Ioyous gard loke what befelle on the ende / how shamefully that fals traitour kyng marke slewe hym / as he sat harpyng afore his lady la beale Isoud / With a groundyn glayue he threst hym in behynde to the herte / hit greueth me said sir launcelot to speke of his dethe / for alle the world may not fynde suche a knyghte / Alle thys is trouthe sayd syre Bors / but there is one thyng shalle courage yow and vs alle / ye knowe wel Kynge Arthur & kyng marke were neuer lyke of condycyons / for there was neuer yet man coude preue kynge Arthur vntrewe of his promyse / Soo to make short tale they were alle consented that for better outhur for worse / yf soo were that the quene were on that morne broughte to the fyre / shortly they al wold rescowe her / And soo by the aduyse of syr launcelot they putte hem all in an enbusshement in a woode as nyghe Carleil as they myght And there they abode styll to wete what the Kynge wold do /

¶ Capitulum vij

NOW torne we ageyne vnto syre Mordred / that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte sire Launcelot he anone gat his hors and mounted vpon hym / and rode vnto Kynge Arthur / sore wounded and smyten / and alle

leaf 404v

forbled / and there he told the kynge alle how hit was / and how they were alle slayne sauf hym self al only / Ihesu mercy how maye this be said the Kyng / toke ye hym in the quenes chamber / Ye soo god me helpe sayd sir Mordred there we fonde hym vnarmed / and there he slewe Colgreuance & armed hym in his armour / and alle this he told the kynge from the begynnyng to the endyng

¶ Ihesu mercy sayd the kynge he is a merueyllous knyghte of prowesse / Allas me sore repenteth sayd the Kyng that euer syr launcelot shold be ageynst me / Now I am sure the noble felaushyp of the round table is broken for euer / for with hym wille many a noble knyghte holde / and now it is fallen soo / sayd the Kyng / that I may not with my worshyp / but the quene must suffer the dethe / Soo thenne there was made grete ordynaunce in this hete / that the quene must be Iuged to the deth And the lawe was suche in tho dayes that what someuer they were / of what estate or degree / yf they were fonde gylty of treson / there shold be none other remedy but dethe / and outhur the men or the takyng with the dede shold be causer of their hasty Iugement / and ryghte soo was it ordeyned for quene gueneuer / by cause sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded / and the dethe of thyrten knyghtes of the round table / these preues & expyences caused kynge Arthur to commaunde the quene to the fyre there to be brente / Thenne spake sir gawayn and sayd my lord Arthur I wold counceylle yow not to be ouer hasty / but that ye wold putte it in respyte this Iugement of my lady the quene for many causes /

¶ One it is though it were so that sir Launcelot were fonde in the quenes chamber / yet it myghte be soo that he came thyder for none euylle / for ye knowe my lord said syr gawayne that the quene is moche beholden vnto syr launcelot more than vnto ony other Knyghte / for oftyme he hath saued her lyf / and done batail for her whan al the Courte refused the quene / and parauenture she sente for hym for goodenes and for none euyl to rewarde hym for his good dedes that he had done to her in tymes past / And peraduenture my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that syr Launcelot shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretely / wenyng to her that hit was best so to do in eschewyng & dredyng

leaf 405r

of **sklaunder** [correction; sic = slkaunder] / for oftymes we doo many thynges that we wene it be for the best / & yet peraduenture hit torneth to the werst / For I dare say sayd syre Gawayne my lady your Quene is to yow bothe good and true / And as for sir Launcelot sayd sir Gawayne I dare saye he wylle make hit good vpon ony knyghte lyuyng that wylle putte vpon hym self vylony or shame / and in lyke wyse he wylle make good for my lady dame Gueneuer / that I byleue wel said kyng Arthur / but I wil not that way with sir Launcelot for he trusteth soo moche vpon his handes and his myghte that he doubteth no man / and therefore for my Quene he shalle neuer fyghte more / for she shall haue the lawe / And yf I

maye gete sir Launcelot wete you well he shal haue a shameful dethe / Ihesu defende sayd sir Gawayn that I may neuer see it / why saye ye soo sayd kynge Arthur/ For soth ye haue no cause to loue sir Launcelot / for this nyghte last past he slewe your broder sir Agrauayne a ful good knyghte / & al moost he had slayne your other broder sir mordred And also there he slewe thyrten noble knyghtes / and also sir Gawayne remembre ye he slewe two sones of yours sire Florence and sir Louel / my lord sayd sir Gawayne of alle thys I haue knoueleche of whos dethes I repente me sore / but in so moche I gaf hem warnynge / and told my bretheren and my sones afore hand what wold falle in the ende / in soo moche / they wold not doo by my counceyll I wyl not medle me therof nor reuenge me no thyng of their dethes / for I told hem it was no bote to stryue wyth sir launcelot / how be it I am sory of the deth of my bretheren & of my sones / for they are the causers of theyre owne dethe / For oftymes I warned my broder sir Agrauayne / and I told hym the peryls the which ben now fallen

¶ Capitulum viij

Thenne sayd the noble Kynge Arthur to syre Gawayne / dere neuewe I pray yow make yow redy in your best armoure with youre bretheren syre Gaherys and syre Gareth to brynge my Quene to the fyre there to haue her Iugement and receyue the dethe

¶ Nay my moost noble

leaf 405v

lord sayd sir Gawayne that wylle I neuer doo / for wete yow wel / I wylle neuer be in that place where soo noble a Quene as is my lady dame Gueneuer shalle take a shameful ende / For wete yow wel sayd sire Gawayne my herte wylle neuer serue me to see her dye / and it shalle neuer be sayd that euer I was of youre counceyll of her dethe / Thenne sayd the kyng to syr Gawayne / suffer your broder syr Gaherys and syr Gareth to be there / my lord sayd sire Gawayne wete yow wel / they wille be lothe to be there present by cause of many aduentures the whiche ben lyke there to falle / but they are yonge & ful vnable to saye yow nay / Thenne spak sire Gaherys & the good knyghte sire Gareth vnto syre Arthur / syre ye may wel commaunde vs to be there / but wete yow wel it shalle be sore ageynst oure wylle / but and we be there by youre strayte commaundement / ye shall playnly hold vs there excused / we wyl be there in peasyble wyse and bere none harneis of warre vpon vs / In the name of god sayd the kynge thenne make you redy / for she shalle soone haue her Iugement anone / Allas sayd syr Gawayne that euer I shold endure to see this woful daye / Soo sir Gawayne torned hym / and wepte hertely / and so he wente in to his chamber and thēne the quene was led forth withoute Carleil / and there she was despoyllled in to her smok And soo thenne her ghoostly fader was broughte to her to be shryuen of her mysdedes / Thenne was there wepyng & waylyng and wryngynge of handes of many lordes and ladyes / But there were but fewe in comparyson that wold bere ony armour for to strengthe the dethe of the quene / Thenne was ther one that sire Launcelot had sente vnto that place for to aspye what tyme the

quene shold goo vnto her dethe / And anone as he sawe the quene despoyllid in to her smok / and soo shryuen / thenne he gaf sir launcelot warnynge / thenne was there but sporynge and pluckyng vp of horses / and ryghte so they cam to the fyre / And who that stood ageynste them there were they slayne / there myghte none withstande sir Launcelot / so all that bare armes and withstoode hem there were they slayne ful many a noble knyghte / For there was slayne sir Bellyas le orgulous / Sir Segwarydes / Sir Gryflet / sir Brandyles / syre

leaf 406r

Agloual / syr Tor / syr Gauter / sire Gyllymer / syr Reynold iij bretheren / syr Damas / syr Pyramus / syr Kay the straunger / sir Dryaunt / sir Lambegus / syr Hermynde / syr Pertylope / syre Perymones two bretheren that were called the grene knyght and the reed knyghte / And soo in this rassynge and hurlyng as syre Launcelot thrange here and there / it myhapped hym to slee Gaherys and syr Gareth the noble knyghte / for they were vnarmed and vnware / For as the Frensshe booke sayth/ syr Launcelot smote syr Gareth and syr Gaherys vpon the brayne pannes where thorou they were slayne in the felde how be hit in veray trouthe syr launcelot sawe hem not / and soo were they fonde dede amonge the thyckest of the prees /

¶ Thenne whan syr launcelot had thus done and slayne / and putte to flyghte alle that wold withstande hym / Thenne he rode streyghte vnto dame Gueneuer and maade a kyrtyl and a gowne to be cast vpon her / and thenne he made her to be sette behynde hym / and prayd her to be of good chere / wete yow wel / the Quene was gladde that she was escaped from the dethe / And thenne she thanked god and sir Launcelot / and soo he rode his way with the Quene as the Frensshe book saith vnto Ioyous gard / and there he kepte her as a noble knyghte shold doo / & many grete lordes and somme kynges sent syr Launcelot many good knyghtes / and many noble knyghtes drewe vnto sir Launcelot /

¶ whan this was knowen openly that kyng Arthur and sire launcelot were at debate / many knyghtes were gladde of their debate / and many were ful heuy of their debate

¶ Capitulum ix

SOo torne we ageyne vnto kyng Arthur that whan it was told hym / how and in what maner of wyse the quene was taken away from the fyre / And whan he herd of the deth of his noble knyghtes / and in especyal of syr gaheris and sir Gareths deth / thenne the kyng swouned for pure sorou And whan he awoke of his swoun / thenne he sayd

¶ Allas that euer I bare croun vpon my hede / For now haue I loste the fayrest felaushyp of noble knyghtes that euer helde crysten

leaf 406v

kyng to gyders / Allas my good knyghtes ben slayne aweye from me / now within these two dayes I haue lost xl knyȝtes / & also the noble felaushyp of syr launcelot and his blood / for now I may neuer hold hem to gyders no more with my worshyp / Allas that euer this werre beganne / Now fayr felawes sayd the kyng I charge yow that no man telle sir gawayn of the dethe of his two bretheren / for I am sure sayd the kyng whan sir Gawayne hereth telle that sir Gareth is dede he wyll goo nyghe oute of his mynde / Mercy Ihesu said the kyng why slewe he syre Gareth and sire Gaherys / for I dar saye as for syre Gareth he loued sir Launcelot aboue al men erthely / that is trouthe sayd some knyghtes / but they were slayne in the hurtlyng as sir launcelot thrange in the thyck of the prees / and as they were vnarmed / he smote hem and wyst not whome that he smote / and soo vnhapply they were slayne / The dethe of them sayd Arthur wyll cause the grettest mortal werre that euer was / I am sure wyste sir Gawayne that syr Gareth were slayne I shold neuer haue reste of hym tyl I had destroyed syr launcelots kynne and hym self both / outhur els he to destroye me / and therfor sayd the kyng wete yow well my herte was neuer soo heuy as it is now / and moche more I am soryer for my good knyghtes losse / than for the losse of my fayre quene / for quenes I myghte haue ynowe / but suche a felaushyp of good knyghtes shalle neuer be to gyders in no company / and now I dare say sayd kyng Arthur there was neuer crysten kyng helde suche a felaushyp to gyders / & allas that euer syr launcelot & I shold be at debate / A Agrauayn Agrauayn sayd the kyng Ihesu forgyue it thy sowle / for thyn euyl wyl that thou and thy broder syre Mordred haddest vnto syr launcelot hath caused al this sorowe / and euer amonge these complayntes the kyng wepte and swouned

¶ Thenne ther came one vnto syr Gawayne and told hym / how the Quene was ladde awaye with syr launcelot / & nygh a xxiiij knyghtes slayne / O Ihesu defende my bretheren sayd sir gawayne / for ful wel wyst I that syr launcelot wold rescowe her / outhur els he wold dye in that felde / and to saye the trouthe he had not ben a man of worshyp had he not rescowed the quene that day / in so moche she shold haue ben brente for his sake

leaf 407r

And as in that sayd sir Gawayne he hath done but knyȝtly / and as I wold haue done my self and I had stand in lyke caas / but where ar my bretheren sayd sir Gawayne / I merueyll I here not of hem / Truly sayd that man sir Gareth and syr Gaherys be slayne / Ihesu defende sayd sir Gawayne / for alle the world I wold not that they were slayne / and in especyal my good broder sir Gareth / syr sayd the man he is slayne and that is grete pyte / who slewe hym sayd sir Gawayn Sir sayd the man Launcelot slewe hem bothe / that may I not byleue sayd syr Gawayne that euer he slewe my broder syre Gareth / For I dar say my broder Gareth loued hym better than me and alle his bretheren / and the kyng bothe / Also I dare

say and sir Launcelot and desyred my broder syr Gareth with hym / he wolde haue ben with hym
ageynst the kynge and vs al / and therfore I may neuer byleue that syr launcelot slewe my broder. Sir
sayd this man it is noysed that he slewe hym

¶ Capitulum x

Alas sayd sire Gawayne now is my Ioye gone / and thenne he felle doune and swouned / and long he
lay there as he had ben dede / And thenne whanne he aroos of his swoune / he cryed oute sorowfully and
sayd Allas / and ryȝte soo syr Gawayne ranne to the kynge cryenge and wepynge O kynge Arthur myne
vnkel my good broder syr Gareth is slayne / soo is my broder syr Gaherys / the whiche were / ij / noble
knyghtes / Thenne the kynge wepte and he bothe / and so they felle on swounynge / And whan they
were reuyued thenne spak sir Gawayne / syr I wyl go see my broder syr Gareth / ye may not see hym
sayd the kynge / for I caused hym to be entered and syr gaherys bothe / For I wel vnderstood that ye
wold make ouer moche sorowe / and the syghte of sir Gareth shold haue caused your double sorowe /
Allas my lord sayd syr Gawayne how slewe he my broder sir gareth myn own good lord I praye yow
telle me / Truly sayd the Kyng I shal telle yow as it is told me / syre Launcelot slewe hym & sir Gaheris
bothe / Allas sayd sire Gawayne they bare none armes

leaf 407v

ayenst hym neyther of hem both / I wote not how it was said the kynge / but as it is sayd sire launcelot
slewe them bothe in the thyckest of the prees / and knewe them not / and therfor lete vs shape a remedy
for to reunge their dethes / My Kynge my lord and myn vnkel sayd sire Gawayne wete yow wel now I
shal make yow a promyse that I shalle holde by my knyghthode / that from this day I shalle neuer fayle
sir launcelot vntyl the one of vs haue slayne the other / And therfore I requyre yow my lord and kynge
dresse yow to the werre for wete yow wel I will be reuenged vpon sire launcelot / & therfor as ye wylle
haue my seruyse and my loue now haste yow therto and assaye your frendes / For I promyse vnto god
said sir Gawayne for the dethe of my broder sir gareth I shalle seke syr launcelot thorou oute seuen
kynge's Realmes / but I shalle slee hym or els he shalle slee me / ye shall not nede to seke hym soo ferre
sayd the Kynge / for as I here saye sir Launcelot will abyde me and yow in the Ioyous gard / and moche
peple draweth vnto hym as I here saye / That may I byleue sayd sir gawayne / but my lord he sayd
assaye your frendes / and I wyll assaye myn / it shalle be done sayd the kynge / and as I suppose I shal
be byg ynouȝ to drawe hym oute of the byggest toure of his Castel / So thenne the kynge sente letters
and wryttes thorou oute alle Englund bothe in the lengthe and the brede / for to assomone alle his
knyghtes / And soo vnto Arthur drewe many knyghtes dukes and Erles / soo that he had a grete hoost /
and whan they were assemblyd the kyng enformed hem how syr launcelot had berafte hym his quene /
Thenne the kynge and all his hoost made hem redy to laye syege aboute sir Launcelot where he laye
within Ioyous gard / Therof herd sir Launcelot and purueyed hym of many good knyghtes / for with hym
helde many knyghtes / and some for his owne sake and somme for the quenes sake / Thus they were on

bothe partyes wel furnysshed and garnysshed of alle maner of thyng that longed to the werre / But kyng Arthurs hoost was soo bygge that syr launcelot wold not abyde hym in the felde / For he was ful lothe to doo batail ageynst the kyng / but syre launcelot drewe hym to his strong castel with al maner of vytail / And as many noble men as he myghte suffyse within the

leaf 408r

Towne and the Castel / Thenne came kynge Arthur with sire Gawayne with an hughe hoost / and layd a syege al aboute Ioyous gard both at the Towne and at the Castel / & there they made stronge werre on bothe partyes / but in no wyse syre Launcelot wold ryde oute nor go out of his Castel of long tyme / neyther he wold none of his good knyghtes to yssue oute neyther none of the Towne nor of the Castel vntyl xv / wekes were past

¶ Capitulum xj

THenne it befel vpon a daye in heruest tyme / syr launcelot loked ouer the walles / and spak on hyghe vnto Kynge Arthur and sir Gawayne / my lordes bothe wete ye wel al is in vayne that ye make at this syege / for here wyne ye no worshyp but maulgre and dishonoure / for and it lyst me to come my self oute and my good knyghtes I shold ful soone make an ende of this werre / Come forthe sayd Arthur vnto Launcelot and thou darst / and I promyse the / I shalle mete the in myddes of the felde / God defende me sayd sir Launcelot that euer I shold encountre with the moost noble kyng that made me knyghte / Fy vpon thy fayre langage sayd the kynge / for wete yow wel and trust it I am thy mortal fo / & euer wyll to my deth daye / for thou hast slayne my good knyghtes / and ful noble men of my blood that I shal neuer recouer ageyne /

¶ Also thou hast layne by my Quene & holden her many wynters / and sythen lyke a traytour taken her from me by force / my moost noble lord and kyng sayd sir launcelot ye may say what ye will / for ye wote wel with youre self wil I not stryue / but there as ye say I haue slayn your good knyghtes I wote wel that I haue done soo / and that me sore repenteth / but I was enforced to doo batail with hem / in sauynge of my lyf or els I muste haue suffred hem to haue slayne me / and as for my lady Quene Gueneuer except your persone of your hyhenes / and my lord sire Gawayne there is noo knyghte vnder heuen that dar make it good vpon me / that euer I was a traytour vnto youre persone / And where hit please yow to saye that I haue holden my lady youre Quene

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yeres and wynters / vnto that I shal euer make a large ansuer / and preue hit vpon ony knyghte that

bereth the lyf excepte youre person and sire Gawayne that my lady Quene gueneuer is a true lady vnto your persone as ony is lyuyng vnto her lord / and that wylle I make good with my handes / how be it / it hath lyked her good grace to haue me in chyerte and to cherysse me more than ony other knyghte / and vnto my power I ageyne haue deserued her loue / for oftymes my lord ye haue consented that she shold be brente and destroyed in your hete / and thenne it fortunied me to doo batail for her / and or I departed from her aduersary they confessid their vntrouthe / and she ful worshypfully excused / And at suche tymes my lord Arthur sayd sir Launcelot ye loued me / and thanked me whan I saued your quene from the fyre / & thenne ye promysed me for euer to be my good lord / and now me thynketh ye rewarde me ful ylle for my good seruyse / and my good lord me semeth I had lost a grete parte of my worshyp in my knyghthode / and I had suffered my lady youre Quene to haue ben brente / and in soo moche she shold haue ben brente for my sake / For sythen I haue done batails for your Quene in other quarels than in myn owne / me semeth now I had more ryght to doo batail for her in ryghte quarel / and therfor my good and gracyous lord sayd syr launcelot take your quene vnto your good grace / for she is bothe fayr true and good / Fy on the fals recreaunt knyght sayd sire Gawayne / I lete the wete my lord myn vnkel Kynge Arthur shalle haue his Quene and the maulgre thy vysage / and slee yow bothe whether it please hym / It may wel be sayd sire Launcelot / but wete ye wel my lord sire Gawayne / and me lyst to come oute of this Castel ye shold wynne me and the quene more harder than euer ye wanne a stronge bataille / Fy on thy proude wordes seyde sir Gawayne / as for my lady the Quene I wil neuer saye of her shame / but thow fals and recreaunt Knyghte / saide syre Gawayne what cause haddest thow to slee my good broder syr Gareth that loued the more than al my kynne Allas thow madest hym knyght thyn owne handes / Why slewe thow hym that loued the soo wel / for to excuse me sayde sir Launcelot it helpeth me not / but by Ihesu / and by the feyth

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that I owe to the hygh ordre of kny3thode / I shold with as a good wylle haue slayne my neuewe sir Bors de ganys / at þtyme / but allas that euer I was so vnhappy sayd launcelot þt I had not sene syr Gareth and sir Gaherys / Thow lyst recreaunt knyght sayd sir Gawayne / thow slewest hym in despyte of me / And therefore wete thou wel I shalle make warre to the / and alle the whyle that I may lyue / That me repenteth said sir Launcelot / for wel I vnderstande it helpeth not to seke none accordement whyle ye syr Gawayne ar soo mescheuously sette / And yf ye were not / I wold not doubte to haue the good grace of my lord Arthur / I byleue it wel fals recreaunt knyght sayd sir Gawayne / for thow hast many longe dayes ouer ladde me and vs alle / and destroyed many of oure good knyghtes / ye saye as it pleaseth yow sayd syr launcelot / & yet may it neuer be sayd on me / and openly preued that euer I before cast of treason slewe no good knyghte as my lord syre Gawayne ye haue done / And soo dyd I neuer / but in my defense that I was dryuen therto in sauynge of my lyf /

¶ A fals knyghte sayd syre Gawayne that thow menest by syre Lamorak / wete thow wel I slewe hym / ye slewe hym not youre self sayd sir launcelot / hit had ben ouer moche on hand for yow to haue slayne hym / for he was one of the best knyghtes crystned of his age / and it was grete pyte of his dethe /

WEI sayd [correction; sic = WEI wel sayd sayd] sir Gawayne / to Launcelot sythen thou enbraydest me of sire Lamorak / wete thou wel I shalle neuer leue the tyl I haue the at suche auaille that thou shalte not escape my handes / I truste yow wel ynough sayd syr launcelot / and ye may gete me / I gete but lytel mercy/ but as the Frensshe book saith / the noble kyng Arthur wold haue taken his Quene ageyne / and haue ben accorded with syr Launcelot / but syr Gawayne wold not suffer hym by no maner of meane / And thenne syre Gawayne made many men to blowe vpon syr launcelot / And all at ones they called hym fals recreaunt knyght / Thenne when syr Bors de ganys

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syr Ector de marys and sir lyonel herd this oute crye / they called to them syre Palomydes sir Safyrs broder / and sir Lauayne with many moo of their blood / and alle they went vnto sir launcelot and sayd thus / My lord sir launcelot wete ye wel we haue grete scorne of the grete rebukes / that we herd gawayn saye to yow / Wherfor we pray you & charge you as ye wille haue oure seruyse / kepe vs noo lenger within these walles / for wete yow wel playnly we wille ryde in to the feld / and doo bataille with hem / for ye fare as a man that were aferd / and for alle your fayr speche it wil not auayle yow / For wete yow wel / sire Gawayne wille not suffer you to be accorded with kynge Arthur / and therefore fyghte for youre lyf and your ryghte and ye dar / Allas sayd syre launcelot for to ryde oute of this Castel and to doo batail I am ful lothe / Thenne syre launcelot spak on hyghe vnto syr Arthur & syre Gawayne my lordes I requyre you and biseche you sythen that I am thus requyred and coniuured to ryde in to the felde / that neyder you my lord kynge Arthur nor you syre Gawayne come not in to the felde / What shal we doo thenne sayd syr Gawayne / is this the kynges quarel with the to fyghte / and it is my quarel to fyghte with the syr launcelot / by cause of the deth of my brother syre Gareth / Thenne muste I nedes vnto bataill said syr launcelot / now wete you wel my lord Arthur and syre Gawayne ye wil repente it when someuer I doo bataylle with you / And soo thenne they departed eyther from other / and thenne eyther party made hem redy on the morne for to doo batail / and grete purueaunce was made on bothe sydes / and syr Gawayne lete purueye many knyghtes for to wayte vpon sir launcelot for to ouersette hym / and to slee hym / And on the morne at vndorne syre Arthur was redy in the felde with thre grete hoostes / And thenne syr launcelots felaushyp came oute at thre gates in a ful good araye / and syre lyonel came in the formest batail / and syr launcelot came in the myddel / and syre Bors came oute at the thyrd gate / Thus they came in ordre & rule as ful noble knyghtes / and alwayes syr launcelot charged all his knyghtes in ony wyse to saue Kynge Arthur & syr Gawayne

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¶ Capitulum xiiij

Thenne came forth sir Gawayne from the kynges host and he came before and proferd to Iuste / and sir Lyonel was a fyres knyghte / and lyghtely he encoūtred with syr Gawayne / & there sir Gawayne smote syr lyonel thurgh oute the body / that he dasshed to the erthe / lyke as he had ben dede / And thenne sir Ector de marys and other more bare hym in to the Castel / thenne there beganne a grete stoure & moche peple was slayne / and euer syr launcelot dyd what he myghte to saue the peple on kynge Arthurs party / for syr palomydes and syr Bors and syr Safyr ouerthrowe many knyghtes / for they were dedely knyghtes / and syre Blamor de ganys / and syr Bleoberys de ganys with sir Bellangere le bewse / these syxe knyghtes dyd moche harme / and euer kynge Arthur was nyghe aboute syr launcelot to haue slayn hym / & syr launcelot suffred hym / and wold not stryke ageyne / Soo syr Bors encountred with kynge Arthur / and there with a spere syr Bors smote hym down / & soo he alyghte and drewe his swerd / and sayd to syr launcelot / shalle I make an ende of this werre / & that he mente to haue slayn Kynge Arthur Not soo hardy sayd syr launcelot vpon payn of thy hede / that thou touche hym no more / for I wille neuer see that most noble kynge that made me knyghte neyther slayn ne shamed / & there with al syr laūcelot alyght of his hors & tooke vp the kynge & horsed hym ageyn / & sayd thus / my lord Arthur for goddes loue stynte this stryf / for ye gete here no worshyp / and I wold doo myn vtteraūce / but alweyes I forbere yow / & ye nor none of yours forbereth me / my lord remembre what I haue done in many places / & now I am euylle rewarded Thenne whan kyng Arthur was on horsbak / he loked vpon syr launcelot / & thēne the teres brast out of his eyen / thynkyng on the grete curtosy that was in syr laūcelot more than in ony other man / & therwith the Kynge rode his wey / & myghte no lenger beholde hym / & sayd Allas that euer this werre began / & thēne eyther partyes of the batails withdrewe them to repose them / & buryed the dede / & to the woūded men they leid softe

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salues / and thus they endured that nyȝt tyll on the morne / & on the morne by vndorne they made hem redy to doo bataille / And thenne syr Bors ledde the forward /

¶ Soo vpon the morne there came syre Gawayne as brym as ony bore with a grete spere in his hand / And whan sir Bors sawe hym / he thoughte to reuenge his broder syre Lyonel of the despyte that syr Gawayn dyd hym the other daye /

¶ And so they that knewe eyther other feutryd their speres / and with alle their myghtes of their horses and hem self / they mette to gyder soo felonsly / that eyther bare other thorowe / and soo they felle both to the erthe / and thenne the batails ioyned / and there was moche slaughter on bothe partyes / Thenne sir launcelot rescowed syr Bors and sente hym in to the Castel / But neyder syr Gawayne nor syr Bors dyed not of their woundes / For they were alle holpen / Thenne syr Lauayne and sir Vrrre prayd syr Launcelot

to doo his payne / and fyȝte as they had done / for we see / ye forbere and spare / and that doth moche harme therfor we praye yow spare not youre enemyes noo more than they done yow / Allas sayd sire Launcelot I haue no herte to fyghte ageynst my lord Arthur / For euer me semeth I doo not as I oughte to doo / My lord sayd sir Palomydes though ye spare them alle this day / they will neuer conne yow thank And yf they may gete yow at auayle / ye are but dede /

¶ So thenne syr Launcelot vnderstood that they sayd hym trouthe & thenne he strayned hym self more than he dyd afore hand / and by cause his neuewe sir Bors was sore wounded / And thenne within a lytel whyle by euensong tyme sire Launcelot and his party better stode / for their horses wente in blood past the fytloks / there was soo moche people slayne / And thenne for pyte syr launcelot withhelde his knyghtes / and suffred kynge Arthurs party for to withdrawe them on syde / And thenne sir launcelots party withdrew hem in to his Castel / and eyther parties buryed the dede / & putte salf vnto the wounded men / Soo whan syre Gawayne was hurte / they on kyng Arthurs party were not soo orgulous as they were to fore hand to do bataill / Of this werre was noysed thorou al crystendome & at the last it was noysed afore the pope / and he consydering the grete godenes of kynge Arthur / & of sir launcelot that was

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called the moost noblest knyghtes of the world wherfore the pope called vnto hym a noble Clerke that att that tyme was there presente / the Frensshe book sayth / hit was the Bisshop of Rochestre / and the pope gaf hym bulles vnder lede vnto kynge Arthur of Englund / charynge hym vpon payne of enterdytynge of al Englund that he take his quene dame Gueneuer vnto hym ageyne and accorde with syr Launcelot /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo whan this Bisshop was come Carleyl / he shewed the kynge these bulles / And whan the kyng vnderstood these bulles / he nyst what to doo / ful fayne he wold haue ben accorded with sir launcelot / but sir Gawayne wold not suffre hym / but as for to haue the quene / ther to he agreed But in no wyse syre Gawayne wold not suffer the kyng to accorde with syr Launcelot / but as for the quene he consented / And thenne the Bisshop had of the kynge his grete seal / & his assuraunce as he was a true ennoynted kynge / that syre Launcelot shold come sauf / and goo sauf / and that the quene shold not be spoken vnto / of the kynge / nor of none other / for no thyng done afore tyme past / and of alle these appoyntementes / the Bisshop broughte hym sure assuraunce & wrytynge to shewe sir Launcelot / So whan the Bisshop was come to Ioyous gard / there he shewed sir launcelot how the pope had wryten to Arthur and vnto hym / and there he told hym the peryls yf he withhelde the quene from the kyng / It was neuer in my thoughte saide launcelot to withholde the quene from my lord Arthur / but in soo moche she shold haue ben dede for my sake / me semeth it was my parte to saue her lyf and putte her from that daunger tyl better recouer myghte come / & now I thanke god sayd sir Launcelot that the pope

hath made her pees / for god knoweth sayd syr launcelot I wylle be a thousand fold more gladder to
brynge her ageyne than euer I was of her takyng away / With this I maye be sure to come sauf / and goo
sauß / and that the quene shal haue her lyberte as she had before / and neuer for no thyng that hath ben
surmysed

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afore this tyme / she neuer fro this day stande in no peryll / for els sayd sir launcelot I dare auenture me
to kepe her from an harder shoure than euer I kepte her / It shal not nede yow sayd the Bisshop to drede
soo moche / For wete yow wel the pope muste be obeyed / and it were not the popes worshyp nor my
poure honeste to wete yow distressyd neyther the quene / neyther in perylle nor shamed / And thenne he
shewed sir launcelot alle his wrytyng / bothe from the pope and from kynge Arthur / this is sure
ynough / sayd sir Launcelot / for ful well I dare trust my lordes owne wrytyng and his seale / for he was
neuer shamed of his promesse

¶ Therefore sayd sir Launcelot vnto the Bisshop / ye shall ryde vnto the kynge afore / and recommaunde
me vnto his good grace / and lete hym haue knowlechyng that this same daye eyghte dayes by the grace
of god / I my self shall brynge my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto hym / and thenne saye ye vnto my most
redoubted kyng that I will say largely for the quene / that I shalle none excepte for drede nor fere / but
the kyng hym self and my lord sire Gawayn / and that is more for the kynges loue than for hym self /
Soo the Bisshop departed and came to the kynge at Carleil / and told hym alle how sir launcelot
ansuerd hym / and thenne the teres brast oute of the kynges eyen / Thenne sire Launcelot purueyed hym
an honderd knyghtes / and alle were clothed in grene velowet / and theyr horses trapped to their heles /
and euery knyghte helde a braunche of olyue in his hande in tokenyng of pees / and the quenne had four
and twenty gentylwymmen folowyng her in the same wyse / and sir Launcelot had twelue coursers
folowyng hym / and on euery courser sat a yonge gentylman / and alle they were arayed in grene veluet
with sarpys of gold about their quarters / and the hors trapped in the same wyse doune to the helys with
many ouches y sette with stones and perlys in gold to the nombre of a thowsand / and she and sir
Launcelot were clothed in whyte clothe of gold tyssew / and ryght soo as ye haue herd as the Frensshe
book maketh mencyon / he rode with the quene from Ioyous gard to Carleil / and so syr Launcelot rode
thorou oute Carleil and soo in the castel that alle men myȝt beholde / & wete you wel ther was many a

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wepyng eyen / and thenne syr Launcelot hym self alyghte and auoyded his hors and toke the quene /
and soo led her where kynge Arthur was in his seate / and syre Gawayn sat afore hym / and many other

grete lordes / Soo whan syre launcelot sawe the kynge / and syr Gawayne / thenne he lad the quene by the arme / and thenne he kneled doune and the quene bothe

¶ Wete yow wel thenne was there many bold knyghte ther with kynge Arthur that wepte as tendyrly / as though they had sene alle their kynne afore them / Soo the kynge sat styлле / and sayd no word / And whan syre Launcelot sawe his co¯tenaunce / he arose and pulled vp the quene with hym / & thus he spak ful knyghtely

¶ Capitulum **xv** [correction; sic = xiiij]

MY moost redoubted kynge ye shalle vnderstande by the popes commaundement and yours I haue brouȝt to yow my lady the quene as ryghte requyreth / And yf there be ony knyghte of what someuer degree that he be excepte your persone that wylle saye or dar say but that she is true & clene to yow / I here my self syr Launcelot du lake wylle make it good vpon his body that she is a true lady vnto yow / but lyars ye haue lystned / & that hath caused debate betwixt yow & me / For tyme hath ben my lord Arthur that ye haue ben gretely plesyd with me whan I dyd batail for my lady youre quene / & ful wel ye knowe my moost noble kynge / that she hath ben put to grete wrong or this tyme / & sythen it pleasyd yow at many tymes that I shold fyghte for her / me semeth my good lord I had more cause to rescowe her from the syre in soo moche she shold haue ben brente for my sake / For they that told yow tho tales were lyers / & soo it befelle vpon them / for by lykelyhode had not the myght of god ben with me / I myghte neuer haue endured fourten knyghtes & they armed & afore purposed & I vnarmed & not purposed / for I was sente for vnto my lady your quene I wote not for what cause / but I was not so soone within the chamber dore but anon syre Agraauayn & syr mordred called me traytour & recreaunt knyghte / They called the ryght sayd syr Gawayn

¶ My lord syre Gawayn said syre Launcelot in their quarel they preued hem self not in the ryght / wel wel syr launcelot

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sayd the kyng / I haue gyuen the no cause to do to me as thou hast done / For I haue worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes / My good lord sayd sire launcelot soo ye be not displeasyd / ye shalle vnderstande / I and myn haue done yow ofte better seruyse than ony other knyghtes haue done in many dyuerse places / and where ye haue ben ful hard bestadde dyuerse tymes / I haue my self rescowed yow from many daungers / and euer vnto my power I was glad to please yow and my lord syr Gawayne bothe in Iustes and turnementes and in batails sette bothe on horsbak and on foote/ I haue often rescowed yow and my lord syr Gawayne and many moo of your knyȝtes in many dyuerse places / for now I wil make auaunt sayd sir launcelot I wyl that ye al wete that yet I fonde neuer no maner of knyghte / but that I was ouer hard for hym and I had done my vtteraunce / thāked be god / how

be it I haue ben matched with good knyghtes as sir Tristram and syr lamorak / but euer I had a faueour vnto them and a demyng what they were / and I take god to record sayd syr launcelot I neuer was wrothe nor gretely heuy with no good Knyghte and I sawe hym besy aboute to wynne worship / and glad I was euer when I fonde ony knyghte that myghte endure me on horsbak and on foote / hou be it sir Carados of the dolorous toure was a ful noble knyȝte & a passynge stronge man / & that wote ye my lorde syr Gawayne / for he myghte wel be called a noble knyghte whan he by fyne force pulled out of youre sadel / and bonde you ouerthwarte afore hym to his sadel bowe / and there my lorde syre Gawayne I rescowed yow and slewe hym afore your siȝte Also I fonde his broder syr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng sir Gaherys youre broder boūden afore hym / and there I rescowed your broder and slewe that Turquyn / & delyuerd thre score and foure of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of his pryson And now I dare say sayd launcelot I mette neuer with so stronge knyghtes nor so wel fyghtyng as was sir Carados & syr Turquyn / for I fought with them to the vttermest / & therfor saide sir launcelot vnto syr Gawayne me semeth ye ought of ryghte to remembre this / for & I myȝt haue your good wil I wolde truste to god to haue my lorde Arthurs goode grace

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¶ Capitulum xvj

THE Kynge maye doo as he wylle sayd sire Gawayne But wete thou wel syre Launcelot thou and I shalle neuer ben accorded whyle we lyue / for thou hast slayne thre of my bretheren / and two of them ye slewe traytourly and pytously / for they bare none harneis ageynst the nor none wold bere / god wold they had ben armed sayd sire Launcelot / for thenne had they ben on lyue

¶ And wete ye wel syre Gawayne as for sire Gareth I loue none of my kynnesmen so moche as I dyd hym / and euer whyle I lyue sayd sir launcelot I wille bewaile sir Gareths deth not al only for the grete fere I haue of yow / but many causes causen me to be sorouful / one is / for I made hym knyghte / another is / I wote wel he loued me aboue alle other knyghtes And the thyrd is / he was passynge noble / true curteys & gentyl / and wel condycyoned / the fourth is / I wyst wel anone as I herd that sir Gareth was dede / I shold neuer after haue your loue but euerlastyng we were betwixe vs / and also I wist well that ye wold cause my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my mortal foo / And as Ihesu be my help sayd syr Launcelot I slewe neuer sir Gareth nor sir Gaherys by my wylle / but alas that euer they were vnarmed that vnhappy daye / But thus moche I shalle offre me said sir launcelot yf hit may please the kynges good grace and yow my lord sire Gawayne I shalle fyrst begynne at Sandwyche / and ther I shal goo in my shert bare foot / and at euery ten myles endes I wylle founde & garmake an hows of relygyon of what ordre that ye wyl assygne me with an hole Couent to synge and rede day & nyghte in especyal for syr Gareths sake and sir gaherys / And this shal I performe from Sandwyche vnto Carleil / And euery hows shal haue suffycyent lyuelode / and this shal I performe whyle I haue ony lyuelode in Crystendom / and there nys none of al these relygyous places / but they shal be performed / furnysshed

and garnysshed in alle thynges as an holy place oughte to be / I promyse yow feythfully /

¶ And this sir Gawayne me thynketh were more fayrer holyer & more better to their soules than ye my most noble kyng &

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yow sire Gawayne to warre vpon me / for there by shall ye gete none auayle / Thenne alle knyghtes and ladyes that were there wepte / as they were madde / and the teres felle on kyng Arthurs chekes / Sire Launcelot sayd sir Gawayne I haue ryghte wel herd thy speche / and thy grete profers / but wete thou wel / lete the kyng doo as hit pleasyd hym / I will neuer forgyue my broders dethe / and in especyal the deth of my broder syre Gareth / And yf myn vnkel kyng Arthur wyllle accorde with the / he shalle lese my seruyse / for wete thou wel / thou arte bothe fals to the kyng and to me / Sir said launcelot he bereth not the lyf / that may make that good / And yf ye sir Gawayne wyllle charge me with soo hyghe a thyng / ye muste pardonne me / for thenne nedes muste I ansuere yow /

¶ Nay sayd sir Gawayne we are past that at this tyme / and that caused the pope / for he hath charged myn vnkel the kyng that he shalle take his Quene ageyne / and to accorde with the syr Launcelot as for this season / and therfor thou shalte goo sauf as thou camest / But in this land thou shalte not abyde past xv dayes suche somons I gyue the / soo the kyng and we were consented and accorded or thou camest / and els sayd syre Gawayne wete thou wel thou sholdest not haue comen here / but yf hit were maulgre thy hede / And yf it were not for the popes commaundement sayd syre Gawayne I shold do bataille with myn owne body ageynst thy body / and preue it vpon the / that thou hast ben bothe fals vnto myn vnkel kyng arthur and to me bothe / and that shalle I preue vpon thy body whan thou arte departed from hens where someuer I fynde the

¶ Capitulum xvij

Thenne syr launcelot syghed / and there with the teres felle on his chekes / and thenne he sayd thus / Allas moost noble Crysten Realme whome I haue loued aboue al other realmes / and in the I haue gotten a grete parte of my worship / and now I shalle departe in this wyse / Truly me repenteth that euer I came in this realme that shold be thus shamefully bannysshed vnderued and causeles / but fortune

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is soo varyaunt / and the whele soo meuable / there nys none constaunte abydyng / and that may be

preued by many old Cronykles of noble Ector and Troylus and Alysander the myghty Conquerour / and many moo other / whan they were moost in their Royalte / they alyghte lowest / and soo fareth it by me sayd sir Launcelot / for in this realme I had worshyp and by me and myn alle the whole round table hath ben encrecyd more in worship by me and myn blood than by any other And therfor wete thow wel sire Gawayne I may lyue vpon my landes as wel as any knyghte that here is / And yf ye moost redoubted king wylle come vpon my landes with syr Gawayne to werre vpon me / I must endure yow as wel as I maye / But as to yow fir Gawayne yf that ye come there I pray yow charge me not with treason nor felony / for and ye doo / I must ansuer yow / doo thou thy best sayd sir Gawayne / therefore hyhe the fast that thow were gone / and wete thou wel we shalle soone come after and breke the strengest Castel that thow hast vpon thy hede / That shalle not nede sayd sir Launcelot / for and I were as orgulous sette as ye are / wete you wel I shold mete yow in myddes of the felde / Make thow no more langage sayd syre Gawayne / but delyuer the quene from the / and pyke the lyghtely oute of this Courte / wel sayd syr Launcelot / and I had wyst of this shorte comynge / I wolde haue aduysed me twyes or that I had comen hyder / for and the Quene had be soo dere to me as ye noyse her / I durst haue kepte her from the felaushyp of the best knyghtes vnder heuen And thenne syr Launcelot sayd vnto Gueneuer in heryng of the kyng and hem all / Madame now I muste departe from you and this noble felauship for euer / & sythen it is soo / I byseche yow to praye for me / and saye me wel / and yf ye be hard bestad by any fals tonges / lyghtly my lady sende me word / and yf any knyghtes handes may delyuer yow by bataill / I shall delyuer yow / and there with all sir launcelot kyst the Quene/ and thenne he sayd al openly now lete see what he be in this place that dar saye the Quene is not true vnto my lord Arthur lete see who will speke and he dar speke / And ther with he broughte the Quene to the Kyng / and thenne sir Launcelot toke his leue and departed / and ther was neyther Kyng duke / ne

leaf 414v

erle / baron ne knyghte / lady nor gentylwoman / but alle they wepte as peple oute of their mynde / excepte sir Gawayn / and whan the noble sir Launcelot took his hors to ryde oute of Carlelyl / there was sobbynge and wepynge for pure dole of his departynge / and soo he took his way vnto Ioyous gard / And thenne euer after he called it the dolorous gard / And thus departed sir Launcelot from the courte for euer / And soo whan he came to Ioyous gard he called his felaushyp vnto hym / & asked them what they wold do / thēne they ansuerd all holy to gyders with one voys they wold as he wold doo / my fayre felawes sayd syr Launcelot I must departe oute of this moost noble realme / and now I shalle departe / hit greueth me sore / for I shalle departe with no worshyp / for a flemyd man departed neuer oute of a realme with noo worshyp / and that is my heuynes / for euer I fere after my dayes that men shalle cronykle vpon me that I was flemed oute of this land / and els my fayre lordes be ye sure and I had not dred shame my lady Quene Gweneuer and I shold neuer haue departed / Thenne spak many noble knyghtes as sir Palomydes / sir Safyr his broder / and sir Bellangere le bewse / and sir Vrrre with sir Lauayne with many other / Sir and ye be so disposed to abyde in this land / we wyll neuer fayle yow / & yf ye lyst not to abyde in this land / ther nys none of the good kny3tes that here ben will fayle yow / for many causes / One is / All we that ben not of your blood shalle neuer be welcome to the Courte / And sythen hit lyked vs to take a parte with yow in youre distresse & heuynesse in this realme / Wete

yow wel it shall lyke vs al as wel to goo in other countreyes with yow / and there to take suche parte as ye doo / My fayre lordes sayd sir launcelot I wel vnderstande yow and as I can / thanke yow / and ye shalle vnderstande suche lyuelode as I am borne vnto I shal departe with yow in this maner of wyse / that is for to say / I shalle departe alle my lyuelode and alle my landes frely amonge yow / and I my self wylle haue as lytel as ony of you for haue I suffycyaunt that may longe to my person / I wylle aske none other ryche araye / and I truste to god to mayntene yow on my landes as wel as euer were mayntened ony knyȝtes / Thenne spap all the knyghtes at ones / he haue shame that

leaf 415r

wylle leue yow / For we alle vnderstande in this realme wyll be now no quyete but euer stryf and debate / now the felaushyp of the round table is broken / for by the noble felaushyp of the round table was Kynge Arthur vp borne / and by their nobles the kynge and alle his realme was in quyete and reste / and a grete parte they sayd all was by cause of your noblesse

¶ Capitulum xviiij

TRuly sayd sir Launcelot I thanke yow alle of youre good sayenge / how be it / I wote wel / in me was not alle the stabylyte of this realme / but in that I myght I dyd my deuoyr / and wel I am sure I knewe many rebellyons in my dayes that by me were peased / and I trowe we alle shalle here of hem in shorte space / and that me sore repenteth / For euer I drede me sayd syr launcelot that syr Mordred wille make trouble / for he is passyng enuyous & applyeth hym to trouble / So they were accorded to go with sir Launcelot to his landes / and to make shorte tale / they trussed and payd alle that wold aske hem / and holy an honderd knyghtes departed with sir launcelot at ones / and made their auowes / they wold neuer leue hym for wele nor for wo / & so they shyped at Cardyf / & sayled vnto Benwyk / somme men calle it bayen and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is But to saye the sothe / syre Launcelot and his neuwes were lordis of alle Fraunce and of alle the landes that longed vnto Fraunce / he and his kynred reioyced it alle thurgh syr Launcelots noble prowes / And thenne sir Launcelot stuffed & furnysshed and garnyssed alle his noble townes and castels / Thenne alle the peple of tho landes came to syr Launcelot on foote and handes / and so whan he had stabled alle these countreyes / he shortly called a parlement / and there he crouned syr Lyonel kynge of Fraunce / and sire Bors crouned hym kynge of al kynge Claudas landes and sir Ector de marys / that was sir launcelot yongest broder / he crouned hym Kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was sir launcelot owne land / and he made sir Ector prynce of them alle / & thus

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he departed / Thenne sir Launcelot auauunced alle his noble knyghtes / and fyrste he auauunced them of his blood / that was syr Blamor / he made hym duke of Lymosyn in gyan / and sir Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters / and sir Gahalantyn he made hym duke of Ouerne / & sir Galyhodyn he maade hym duke of Sentonge / and sir Galyhud he made hym erle of perygot / and sir Menadeuke he made hym Erle of Roerge / and sire Vyllyars the valyaunt he made hym erle of Bearne / and syr Hebes le renoumes he made hym Erle of Comange / and syr Lauayne he made hym Erle of Armynak / and sire Vvre he made hym erle of Estrake / and syr Neroneus he made hym Erle of pardyak / and sire Plenorius he maade Erle of foyse and sir Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of masauke / and sir Melyas de lyle he made hym Erle of Tursank and sir Bellangere le bewse he made erle of the laundes / and sire Palomydes he made hym duke of the prouynce / and syre Safyr he made hym duke of Landok / and syr Clegys he gafe hym the erldome of Agente / and syr Sadok he gaf the Erldom of Surlat / and sir Dynas le Seneschal he made hym duke of Anioye / and sir Clarrus he made hym duke of Normandye/ Thus syr launcelot rewarded his noble knyghtes / & many mo that me semeth it were to longe to reherce

¶ Capitulum xix

SO leue we syr Launcelot in his landes / and his noble knyghtes with hym / and retorne we ageyne vnto kyng Arthur and to syr Gawayne that made a grete hoost redy to the nombre of thre score thousand / and al thyng was made redy for their shyping to passe ouer the see / & so they shyped at Cardyf / and there kyng Arthur made sir Mordred chyef ruler of alle Englonde / and also he put quene Gueneuer under his gouernaunce by cause syr Mordred was kyng Arthurs sone he gaf hym the rule of his land and of his wyf / and soo the kyng passed the see and landed vpon syr launcelots landes / and there he brente and wasted thurgh the vengeance of syr gawayne al that they myghte

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ouerrenne / whan this word came to syr Launcelot that kyng Arthur and sir Gawayne were landed vpon his landes / & made a full grete destructyon and waste / thenne spake syr Bors & sayd my lord sir launcelot it is shame that we suffre hem thus to ryde ouer our landes / for wete yow wel / suffre ye hem as longe as ye will / they wille doo yow no faueour / and they may handle yow / Thenne said sir Lyonel that was ware and wyse My lord syr Launcelot I wyll gyue this counceyll / lete vs kepe oure stronge walled Townes vntyl they haue hongre & cold / and blowe on their nayles / and thenne lete vs fresshly sette vpon hym / and shrede hem doune as shepe in a felde / that Alyaunts may take ensample for euer how they lande vpon oure landes / Thenne spak kyng Bagdemagus to syre Launcelot / syre youre curtosy wyll shende vs alle / and thy curtosy hath waked alle this sorowe / for and they thus ouer our landes ryde / they shalle by processe brynge vs alle to noughte whyles we thus in holes vs hyde / Thenne sayd syre Galihud vnto sir Launcelot / syre here ben knyghtes come of kynges blood that wyl not longe droupe / & they are within these walles / therfor gyue vs leue lyke as we ben knyghtes to mete them in the feld and we shalle slee them / that they shal curse the tyme that euer they came in to this

¶ Thenne spak seuen bretheren of northwalys / and they were seuen noble knyghtes / a man myghte seke in seuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche seuen Knyghtes / Thenne they all said at ones / syr launcelot for crystes sake lete vs oute ryde with sir Galyhud / for we be neuer wonte to coure in castels nor in noble Townes / Thenne spak sir Launcelot that was mayster & gouvernour of them alle / my fayre lordes wete yow wel I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for shedyng of crysten blood and yet my lendes I vnderstande ben full bare / for to susteyne ony hoost a whyle / for the myghty warres that whylome made kyng Claudas vpon this countray vpon my fader kyng Ban & on myn vnkell Kyng Bors / how be it we will as at this tyme kepe oure strong walles / & I shalle sende a messenger vnto my lord Arthur a treatyce for to take for better is pees than allwayes warre / So sir launcelot sente forth a damoyzell & a dwerfe with her / requyryng Kyng Arthur to

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leue his warryng vpon his landes / and so she sterte vpon a palfroy / and the dwerf ranne by her syde / And whan she cam to the paelione of kyng Arthur / there she alyghte / and ther mette her a gentyl knyghte syr Lucan the butteler & said / fair damoyssel come ye from syr Launcelot du lake / ye syr she sayd / therfor I come hyder to speke with my lord the kyng / Allas said sir Lucan my lord Arthur wold loue launcelot / but sir Gawayne wyl not suffer hym / And thenne he sayd I praye to god damoyssel ye may spede wel / for alle we that ben aboute the kyng wold sir launcelot dyd best of ony knyght lyuyng / And so with this lucan ledde the damoyssel vnto the kyng where he sat with sir Gawayne / for to here what she wold saye / Soo whan she had told her tale / the water ranne out of the kynges eyen / and alle the lordes were ful glad for to aduyse the kyng as to be accorded with syr launcelot / sauf al only syre Gawayne / and he sayd my lord myn vnkell / What wyl ye doo / wil ye now torne ageyne now ye are past thus fer vpon this Iourney / alle the world wylle speke of yow vylony / Nay sayd Arthur wete thou wel sir Gawayne I wylle doo as ye wil aduyse me / and yet me semeth sayd Arthur his fayre profers were not good to be refused / but sythen I am comen soo fer vpon this Iourney / I wil that ye gyue the damoyssel her ansuer / for I maye not speke to her for pyte / for her profers ben so large

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne sir Gawayne sayd to the damoyssel thus / Damoyssel saye ye to sir launcelot that it is wast labour now to sewe to myn vnkell / for telle hym / and he wold haue made ony labour for pees / he shold haue made it or this tyme / for telle hym now it is to late / & saye that I sir Gawayn soo sende hym word / that I promyse hym by the feythe I owe vnto god and to knyghthode / I shal neuer leue hym / tyl he haue slayne me / or I hym / Soo the damoyssel wepte & departed / and there were many wepyng eyen / and soo sir lucan broughte the damoyssel to her palfroy / and soo she came to syr launcelot where he was among all his Knyghtes / & whan

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syr launcelot had herd his ansuer / thenne the teres ranne doune by his chekes / And thenne his noble knyghtes strode aboute hym / and sayd sir launcelot / wherfor make ye suche chere thynke what ye are / and what men we are / and lete vs noble knyghtes matche hem in myddes of the felde / that maye be lyghtely done sayd sir Launcelot / but I was neuer soo lothe to doo batail / and therfore I praye you fayre sirs as ye loue me be ruled as I wylle haue yow / for I wylle alweyes flee þ^tnoble kynge / that made me knyghte / And whan I may noo ferther / I muste nedes defende me / and that wyll be more worshyp for me and vs alle / than to compare with that noble kynge whome we haue alle serued / Thenne they helde theire langage / and as that nyghte they tooke their rest / And vpon the morne erly in the daunynge of the daye / as knyghtes loked oute / they sawe the Cyte of Benwyk bysegged round aboute / and fast they beganne to sette vp ladders / and thenne they defyed hem oute of the Towne / and bete hem from the walles wyghtely / Thenne came forth sire Gawayne wel armed vpon a styf stede / and he came before the chyef gate with his spere/ in his hand cryenge / syr Launcelot where arte thou / is there none of you proude knyghtes dare breke a spere with me / Thenne sir Bors made hym redy / and came forth oute of the Towne / and there sir Gawayne encountred with syre Bors And at that tyme he smote sire Bors doune from his hors / and al moost he had slayne hym / and soo sire Bors was rescowed and borne in to the Towne / Thenne came forth sir Lyonel broder to syr Bors / and thoughte to reuenge hym / and eyther feutryd their speres / and ranne to gyder / and there they mette spytefully / but sir Gawayn had suche grace that he smote sir Lyonel doune / and wounded hym there passynge sore / & thenne syr Lyonel was rescowed / and borne in to the towne/ And this sir Gawayne came euery day / and he fayled not/ but that he smote doune one knyghte or other / Soo thus they endured half a yere / and moche slaught^r was of peple on both partyes / Thenne hit befelle vpon a day / syr Gawayne came afore the gates armed at alle pyeces on a noble hors with a grete spere in his hand / and thenne he cryed with a lowde voys / where arte thou now thou fals traytour syre Launcelot /

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why hydest thou thy self within holes and walles lyke a coward / loke oute now thou fals traytour knyghte / and here I shal reuenge vpon thy body the dethe of my thre bretheren / Alle this langage herd sir launcelot euery dele and his kyn and his knyghtes drewe aboute hym / and alle they sayd at ones to sir Launcelot /

¶ Sir Launcelot now must ye defende yow lyke a knyghte / or els ye be shamed for euer / for now ye be called vpon treason / it is tyme for yow to sterve / for ye haue slepte ouer longe and suffred ouer moche / Soo god me helpe sayd sire Launcelot I am ryghte heuy of sire Gawayns wordes / for now he charged me with a grete charge / And therfor I wote it as wel as ye that I muste defende me / or els to be

recreaunt / Thenne syr launcelot badde sadel his strongest hors / and bad lete fetche his armes / and brynge alle vnto the gate of the Toure / and thenne sir Launcelot spak on hygh vnto kynge Arthur / and sayd my lord Arthur and noble kynge that made me knyghte / wete yow wel / I am ryghte heuy for your sake / that ye thus sewe vpon me / and alweyes I forbere yow / for and I wold haue ben vengeable / I myghte haue mette yow in myddes of the felde / and there to haue made your boldest knyghtes ful tame / and now I haue forborne half a yere / and suffred yow and sire Gawayne to doo what ye wold doo / and now I may endure it no lenger / for now muste I nedes defende my self / in soo moche syr Gawayne hath apeeled me of treason / the whiche is gretely ageynste my will that euer I shold fyghte ayenst any of your blood / but now I maye not forsake hit / I am dryuen there to as a beste tyll a baye / Thenne sir Gawayne sayd sir Launcelot / and thou darst doo batail / leue thy babblyng / and come of / and lete vs ease our hertes / Thenne syr Launcelot armed hym lyghtely / & mounted vpon his hors / and eyther of the knyghtes gat grete speres in their handes / and the hooste withoute stood styllle all a parte / and the noble knyghtes came oute of the Cyte by a grete nombre / in so moche that whan Arthur sawe the nombre of men and knyghtes / he merueylled and sayd to hym self / Allas that euer sir launcelot was ageynst me / for now I see he hath forborne me / and so the couenaunt was made / there shold no man nyghe hem / nor dele with hem / tyl the one were

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dede or yelden

¶ Capitulum xxj

THan syr Gauwayn and syr Launcelot departed a grete waye in sonder / & than they cam to gyder with al their hors myght as they myght renne & eyther smote other in myddes of their sheldes / but the knyghtes were soo stronge & theyr sperys so bygge that their horses myght not endure her buffettes / & so their horses fyl to therthe / & than they auoyded their horses & dressyd her sheldes afore them / Than they stode to gyders & gaf many sad strokes on dyuers places of theyr bodyes that the blood braste oute on many sydes and places / Thenne had Syr Gauwayn suche a grace and gyfte that an holy man had gyuen to hym That euery day in the yere from vnderne tyl hyhe none hys myght encreaced tho thre houres as moche as thryse hys strengthe / and that caused syr Gauwayn to wynne grete honour /

¶ And for hys sake kyng Arthur maad an ordenaunce that al maner of bataylles for any quarells that shold be done afore kyng Arthur shold begynne at vnder / & al was done for syr Gawayns loue / that by lyklyhode yf Syr Gauwayn were on the one parte he shold haue the better in batayl whyle his strengthe endured thre houres / but there were but fewe knyghtes that tyme lyuyng that knewe this aduauntage that syr Gauwayn had / but kyng Arthur all onelye / Thus syr Launcelot faught with syr Gauwayn / & whan syr Launcelot felte hys myght euer more encrease syr Launcelot wondred & dredde hym sore to be shamed For as the frencshe book sayth Syr Launcelot wende whan he felte syr Gauwayn double his

strengthe that he had ben a fende and none erthely man / wherfore Syr Launcelotte traced and trauersyd and couerd hym self wyth his shelde and kepte his myght and his brayde duryng thre houres / And that whyle Syr Gauwayn gaf hym many sadde brundes

¶ And many sadde strokes that al the knyghtes that behelde syr Launcelot meruaylled how that he myȝt endure hym / but ful lytell vnderstood they that trauaylle that Syr Launcelot had for to endure hym

¶ And thenne whan hit was paste none Syr Gauwayn had noo more but hys owne myght / Thenne syr

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Launcelot felte hym so come down / than he stratched hym vp & stode nere syr Gauwayn / & sayd thus my lord syr Gauwayn now I fele ye haue done / now my lord syr Gauwayn I must do my parte for many grete & greuouse strokes I haue endured you this day with grete payne / Than sir Launcelot doubled his strokes & gaf sir Gauwayn suche a buffet on the helmet that he fyl down on his syde / & syr Launcelot wythdrewe hym fro hym / why withdrawest thou the sayd syr Gauwayn now torne ageyn fals traytour knyght & slee me / for and thou leue me thus whan I am hole I shal do batayl wyth the ageyn / I shal endure you syr by goddest grace / but wyt thou wel syr Gauwayn I wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knyght / & so syr Launcelot wente in to the cyte / & syr Gauwayn was borne in to kyng arthurs pauyllyon / & leches were brought to hym & serched and salued with softe oynementes / & than syr Launcelot sayd now haue good day my lord the kyng for wyt you wel ye wyne no worshyp at this wallys / & yf I wold my knyghtes oute brynge ther shold many a man deye / Therefore my lord Arthur remembre you of olde kyndenes / & how euer I fare Ihesu be your gyde in al places

¶ Capitulum xxij

ALas said the kynge that euer this vnhappy warre was begonne / for euer syr Launcelot forbereth me in al places / & in lyke wyse my kynne / & that is sene wel thys day by my neuwe syr Gauwayn / Thanne kyng Arthur fyl seek for sorowe of syr Gauwayn that he was so sore hurt / and by cause of the warre betwyxt hym and syr Launcelot / So than they on kyng arthurs partye kepte the syege wyth lytel warre withoutforth / & they withinforth kepte theyr walles / & deffended them whan nede was / Thus syr Gauwayn laye seek thre wekes in his tentes wyth al maner of leche crafte that myȝt be had. & assone as syr Gauwayn myȝt goo & ryde / he armyd hym at al poyntes & sterte vpon a courser and gate a spere in his hande / and so he came rydyng afore the chyef gate of barwyk / and there he cryed on heyght where art thou sir Launcelot come forth thou fals traytour knyȝt & recreante for I am here sir Gauwayn wyl preue this that I say on the / Alle thys langage sir Launcelot herde / & than he sayd thus / sir Gauwayn me repentys of your sayeng that ye wyll not sease of

leaf 419r

your langage for you wote wel Syr Gauwayn I knowe your myght and alle that ye may doo /

¶ And wel ye wote syr Gauwayn ye may not gretelye hurte me / Come doune traytour knyght sayd he & make it good the contrarye wyth thy handes / For it myshapped me the laste bataylle to be hurte of thy handes

¶ Therefore wyte thou wel I am come thys day to make amendys / For I wene thys day to laye the as lowe as thou laydest me / Ihesu deffende me sayd syr Launcelot that euer I be so ferre in your daunger as ye haue ben in myn / for than my dayes were doon / But syr Gauwayn sayd syr Launcelot ye shal not thynke that I tary longe / but sythen that ye so vnknyghtelye calle me of treson ye shalle haue bothe your handes ful of me / And than syr Launcelot armed hym at al poyntes and mounted vpon his hors / and gate a grete spere in hys hande and rode oute at the gate / And bothe the hoostes were assembled / of hem wythoute and of them wythin / & stode in a raye ful manlye / And bothe partyes were charged to holde them styll / to see and beholde the bataylle of these ij noble knyghtes / And thenne they layed their speerys in their reystys and they came to gyder as thondre / and syr Gawayn brake his spere vpon syr Launcelot in an hondred pyeces vnto his hande / & syr Launcelot smote hym wyth a gretter myght that syr Gauwayns hors sete reysed / and so the hors and he fyl to the erthe /

¶ Thenne syr Gauwayn delyuerlye auoyded / his hors and put his shelde afore hym / and eygyrlye drewe his swerde and bad Syr Launcelot alyghte traytoure knyght / for yf thys marys sone hath faylled me / wyt thou wel a kynges sone and a quenes sone shal not faylle the /

¶ Than syr Launcelot auoyded his hors & dressyd his shelde afore hym and drewe hys swerde and soo stode they to gyders and gaf many sad strokes that all men on bothe partyes had therof passyng grete wonder /

¶ But whan Syr Launcelot felte Syr Gawyns myght soo meruayllously encrees / He than with helde his courage and his wynde / & kepte hym self wonder couert of his myght / and vnder his shelde he trasyd and trauersyd here & there to breke syr Gauwayns strokes & his courage / and syr Gauwayn enforced hym self with al his myght and power to destroye syr Launcelot for as the frensshe

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book sayth / Euer as Syr Gawayns myght encreased Ryght soo encreasyd his wynde and hys euyl wyll / Thus syr Gawayne dyd grete payne vnto Syr Launcelot thre houres that he had ryght grete payne for to

deffende hym / And whan the thre houres were passyd that syr Launcelot felte that syr Gawayn was comen to hys owne propre strengthe / Thenne Syr Launcelot sayd vnto syr Gawayn now haue I prouyd you twyse . That ye are a ful daungerous knyght and a wonderful man of your myght / and many wonderful dedes haue ye doon in your dayes / For by your myght encresyng you haue dysseyued many a ful noble and valyaunte knyght / And now I fele that ye haue doon your myghty dedes / Now wyte you wel I must do my dedys /

¶ And thenne Syr Launcelot stode nerre syr Gauwayn / and thenne syr Launcelot doubled hys strokes / And syr Gauwayn deffended hym myghtelye but neuerthelesse syr Launcelot smote suche a stroke vpon sir Gauwayns helme / and vpon the olde wounde that syr Gauwayn synked down vpon hys one syde in a swounde / And anone as he dyd awake he wauyd and foyned at syr Launcelot as he laye / and sayd traytour knyght wyt thou wel I am not yet slayn / Come thou nere me and perfourme thys bataylle vnto the vttermyst /

¶ I wyl nomore doo than I haue doon sayd syr Launcelot / For whan I see you on fote I wyll doo bataylle vpon you alle the whyle I see you stande on your feet / but for to smyte a wounded man that may not stonde god deffende me from suche a shame / and thenne he tourned hym and wente his waye toward the cytee / And syr Gauwayn euermore callyng hym traytour knyght / and sayd wyt thou wel syr launcelot whan I am hoole I shal doo bataylle wyth the ageyn

¶ For I shal neuer leue the tyl that one of vs be slayn / Thus as thys syege endured & as syr Gauwayn laye seek nere a monthe / and whan he was wel recouerd and redy wythin thre dayes te do bataylle ageyn wyth syr Launcelot Ryght so came tydynges vnto Arthur from Englund that made kyng Arthur and al his hoost to remeue /

¶ Here foloweth the xxi book

[Book Twenty One]

Capitulum primo

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AS syr Mordred was rular of alle englund he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see / and the letters specefyed that Kyng Arthur was slayn in bataylle wyth syr Launcelot /

¶ Wherfor Syr Mordred made a parlemente / and called the lordes togyder / & there he made them to chese hym kyng & soo was he crowned at caunterburye and helde a feest there xv dayes / & afterward

he drewe hym vnto wynchester / and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and sayd playnly that he wolde wedde hyr / whyche was his vnkyls wyf and his faders wyf / And soo he made redy for the feest / And a day prefyxt that they shold be wedded / wherfore quene Gweneuer was passyng huey / But she durst not dyscouer hyr herte but spake fayre / & agreyd to syr Mordredes wyll /

¶ Thenne she desyred of syr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle manere of thynges that longed vnto the weddyng / And by cause of hyr fayre speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel ynough / and gaf her leue to goo / and soo whan she came to London she took the toure of London / and sodeynlye in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt wyth alle manere of vytaylle / & wel garnysshed it with men and soo kepte hyt /

¶ Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and vnderstode how he was begyled he was passyng wrothe oute of mesure / And a shorte tale for to make he wente and layed a myghty syege aboute the toure of London / and made many grete assaultes therat / And threwe many grete engynes vnto theym / and shotte grete gonnes / But alle myght not preuaylle Syr mordred / For quene Gueneuer wolde neuer for fayre speche nor for foule wold neuer truste to come in hys handes ageyn /

¶ Thenne came the bysshop of caunterburye the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man / and thus he sayd to Syr mordred / Syr what wyl ye doo / wyl ye fyrst dysplese god and sythen shame your self / & al knyghthode / Is not kyng Arthur your vncle no ferther but your moders broder / & on hir hym self kyng Arthur bygate you vpon his own syster / therfor how may you wedde your faders wyf Syr sayd the noble clerke leue this oppynyon or I shall curse you wyth book & belle and candell / Do thou thy werst said syr Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the / sir sayd the bysshop &

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wyt you wel I shal not fere me to do that me ouȝt to do / also where ye noyse where my lord Arthur is slayne / & that is not so / & therefore ye wyl make a foule werke in this londe / Pees thou fals preest sayd syr Mordred for & thou chauffe me ony more / I shal make stryke of thy heed / So the bysshop departed and dyd the cursyng in the moost orgulist wyse that myght be doon / and than Syr mordred sought the bysshop of caunterburye for to haue slayne hym / Than the bysshop flede and toke parte of his goodes with hym & went nygh vnto glastynburye / & there he was as preest Eremyte in a chapel / & lyued in pouerte & in holy prayers / For wel he vnderstode that myscheuous warre was at honde / Than Syr Mordred sought on quene Gueneuer by letters & sondes & by fayr meanes & foul meanys for to haue hir to come oute of the toure of london / but al this auaylled not / for she answerd hym shortelye / openlye and pryuelye that she had leuer slee hyr self than to be maryed wyth hym / Than came worde to syr Mordred that kyng Arthur had araysed the syege / For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hoost to be auenged vpon syr Mordred wherfore syr Mordred maad wryte wryttes to al the barownry of thys londe and moche peple drewe to hym For than was the comyn voys emonge them that

wyth Arthur was none other lyf but warre and stryffe / And wyth Syr Mordred was grete Ioye and blysse / thus was syr Arthur depraued and euyl sayd of . And many ther were that kyng Arthur had made vp of nought and gyuen them landes myght not than say hym a good worde / Lo ye al englissh men see ye not what a myschyef here was / for he that was the moost kyng and knyght of the world and moost loued the felyshyp of noble knyghtes / and by hym they were al vpholden / Now myght not this englyssh men holde them contente wyth hym / Loo thus was the olde custome and vsage of this londe / And also men saye that we of thys londe haue not yet loste ne foryeten that custome & vsage / Alas thys is a grete defaulte of vs englysshe men / For there may no thyng plese vs noo terme And soo faryd the people at that tyme they were better plesyd with sir Mordred than they were with kyng Arthur / and moche peple drewe vnto sir Mordred and sayd

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they wold abyde with hym for better and for werse / and soo syr Mordred drewe with a grete hoost to Douer / for there he herd saye / that sir Arthur wold arryue / and soo he thoughte to bete his owne fader from his landes / and the moost party of alle Englund helde with sire mordred / the peple were soo newe fangle

¶ Capitulum ij

ANd soo as sire mordred wat at Douer with his host there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of shyppes and galeyes and Carryks / & there was syr Mordred redy awaytynge vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lāde vp the lande that he was kyng ouer / thenne there was launcynge of grete botes and smal / and ful of noble men of armes / and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes / But kynge Arthur was soo couragious that there myght no maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande / and his knyghtes fyersly folowed hym / and so they landed maulgre sir mordreds and alle his power / and put sir mordred abak that he fledde & alle his peple / Soo whan this batail was done / kyng Arthur lete burye his peple that were dede / And thenne was noble syr Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede / Whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Gawayne was layd so lowe he wente vnto hym / and there the kyng made sorowe oute of mesure / and took sire Gawayne in his armes / and thryes he there swouned / And thenne whan he awaked / he sayd / allas sir Gawayne my systers sone / here now thou lyggest the man in the world that I loued moost / and now is my Ioye gone / for now my neuewe syre Gawayne I will discouer me vnto your persone / in syr Launcelot & you I moost had my Ioye / & myn affyaunce / & now haue I lost my Ioye of you bothe / wherfor alle myn erthely Ioye is gone from me / Myn vnkel kyng Arthur said sir Gawayn wete you wel my deth day is come / & alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & wilfulnes / for I am smyten vpon thold wounde the which sir launcelot gaf me / on the whiche I fele wel I must dye / & had sir laācelot ben with you as he was / this vnhappy werre had neuer begonne / & of alle this am I causer / for sir laācelot & his blood thorou their prowes

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helde alle your cankeryd enemyes in subiectyon and daungere And now sayd sir Gawayne ye shalle
 mysse sir Launcelot / But allas I wold not accorde with hym / and therfor sayd syr Gawayne I praye yow
 fayre vnkel that I may haue paper / pen / and ynke / that I may wryte to syre Launcelot a cedle with myn
 owne handes / And thenne whan paper & ynke was broughte / thenne Gawayn was set vp weykely by
 kynge Arthur / for he was shryuen a lytel tofore / and thenne he wrote thus as the Frensshe book maketh
 mencyon / Vnto syre Launcelot floure of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herd of / or sawe / by my dayes /
 I syre Gawayne kynge Lottes sone of Orkeney / syster sone vnto the noble kyng Arthur / sende the
 gretynge / & lete the haue knowleche that the tenth day of may I was smyten vpon the old wound that
 thou gauest me / afore the Cyte of Benwyck / and thorow the same woūd that thou gauest me / I
 am come to my dethe day / And I wil that alle the world wete / that I sir Gawayne knyghte of the table
 round / soughte my dethe / and not thorou thy deseruyng / but it was myn owne sekyng / wherfor I
 byseche the sir launcelot / to retorne ageyne vnto this realme / and see my tombe / & praye some prayer
 more of lesse for my soule / And this same day that I wrote this sedyl / I was hurte to the dethe in the
 same wound / the whiche I had of thy hand syr Launcelot / For **a of a** [sic] more nobler man myghte I
 not be slayne / Also sir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs / make no taryenge / but
 come ouer the see in al haste / that thow mayst with thy noble knyghtes rescowe that noble kynge that
 made the knyghte / that is my lord Arthur / for he is ful streyghthly bestadde with a fals traytour / that is
 my half broder syr Mordred / and he hath lete croune hym kynge / and wold haue wedded my lady
 quene Gueneuer / and soo had he done had she not put her self in the toure of london / and soo the / x /
 day of May last past / my lord Arthur and we alle landed vpon them at douer / and there we putte that
 fals traytour syre Mordred to flyghte / and there it mysfortuned me to be stryken vpon thy stroke / And
 at the date of this letter was wryten but two houres and an half afore my dethe wryten with myn owne
 hand / and soo subscribed with parte of my hertes

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blood / And I requyre the moost famous knyghte of the world that thou wylt see my Tombe / and thenne
 sir Gawayne wept and kynge Arthur wepte / And thēne they swounded both / And whan they
 awaked bothe / the kynge made syr Gawayn to receyue his saueour / And thenne sir Gawayne praid the
 kynge for to sende for sir launcelot / and to cherysshe hym aboue alle other knyghtes / And so at the
 houre of none syr Gawayn yelded vp the spyryte / and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel
 within douer Castel / and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym / and the same wound is sene
 that syr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill / Thenne was it told the kynge that syr Mordred had pyghte a newe
 feld vpon Baramdoune / And vpon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym and there was a grete
 bataille betwixe them / and moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes / but at the last syr Arthurs party
 stode best / and sir Mordred and his party fledde vnto Caūturbery

¶ Capitulum iij

ANd thenne the kyng lete serche all the townes for his knyghtes that were slayne / and enteryd them / & salued them with softe salues that so sore were wounded / Thenne moche peple drewe vnto kyng Arthur / And thenne they sayd that sir Mordred warred vpon kyng Arthur with wronge / and thenne kyng Arthur drewe hym with his hoost doune by the see syde westward toward Salysbury / and ther was a day assygned betwixe kyng Arthur and sire mordred that they shold mete vpon a doune besyde Salysbury / and not ferre from the see syde / and this day was assygned on a monday after Trynyte sonday / wherof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be auengyd vpon sire Mordred / Thenne syr Mordred areysed moche peple aboute london / for they of Kente Southsex and Surrey / Estsex and of Southfolke and of Northfolk helde the most party with sir Mordred / and many a ful noble knyghte drewe vnto syr Mordred and to the kyng / but they loued sir Launcelot drewe vnto syr Mordred Soo vpon Trynyte sonday at nyghte kyng Arthur dremed

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a wonderful drewe / & that was this / that hym semed / he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer / and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon satte kyng Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold that myghte be made / and the kyng thoughte ther was vnder hym fer from hym an hydous depe blak water / and there in were alle maner of serpentes and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble / and sodenly the kyng thoughte the whele torned vp soo doune / and he felle amonge the serpentys / & euery beest took hym by a lymme / and thenne the kyng cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte / helpe / And thenne knyghtes squyers and yomen awaked the kyng / and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was / & thenne he felle on slomberynge ageyn not slepynge nor thorouly wakyng / So the kyng semed veryly that there came syr Gawayne vnto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym And whan kyng Arthur sawe hym / thenne he sayd welcome my systers sone / I wende thou haddest ben dede / and now I see the on lyue / moche am I beholdyng vnto almyghty Ihesu / O fayre neuewe and my systers sone / What ben these ladyes that hydder be come with yow / Sir said sir Gawayne / alle these ben ladyes for whome I haue foughten whanne I was man lyuyng / and alle these are tho / that I dyd batail for in ryghteous quarel / and god hath gyuen hem that grace at their grete prayer / by cause I dyd bataille for hem / that they shold bryng me hydder vnto yow / thus moche hath god gyuen me leue for to warne yow of youre dethe / for and ye fyghte as to morne with syre Mordred / as ye bothe haue assygned / doubte ye not / ye must slayne / and the moost party of your peple on bothe partyes / and for the grete grace and goodenes that almyghty Ihesu hath vnto yow and for pyte of yow / and many moo other good men there shalle be slayne God hath sente me to yow of his specyal grace gyue yow warnyng / that in no wyse ye doo bataille as to morne / but that ye take a treatyce for a moneth day and profer yow largely / so as to morne to be putte in a delaye / For within a monethe shall come syr launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and rescowe yow worshipfully / and slee sir mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym / Thenne syr Gawayne and al the

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ladyes vaynquysshed And anone the kyng callyd vpon hys knyghtes squyers and yemen and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyse bysshoppes vnto hym / And whan they were come the kyng tolde hem his auysyon what sir Gawayn had tolde hym / and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he shold be slayn /

¶ Than the kyng comaunded syr Lucan de butlere And his broder syr Bedwere with two bysshoppes wyth hem and charged theym in ony wyse & they myght take a traytise for a monthe day wyth Syr mordred / And spare not proffre hym londes & goodes as moche as ye thynke best / So than they departed & came to syr Mordred where he had a grymme hoost of an hondred thousand men / And there they entreted syr Mordred longe tyme and at the laste Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englonde after the dayes of kyng Arthur /

¶ Capitulum iiij

THan were they condesended that Kyng Arthure and syr mordred shold mete betwyxte bothe theyr hoostes and eueryche of them shold brynge fourtene persones And they came wyth thys word vnto Arthure / Than sayd he I am glad that thys is done And so he wente in to the felde / And whan Arthure shold departe he warned al hys hoost that and they see ony swerde drawen look ye come on fyersly and slee that traytour syr Mordred for I in noo wyse truste hym / In lyke wyse syr mordred warned his hoost that and ye see ony swerde drawen look that ye come on fyersly & soo slee alle that euer before you stondest / for in no wyse I wyl not truste for thys treatyse / For I knowe wel my fader wyl be auenged on me / And soo they mette as theyr poyntemente was & so they were agreyd & accorded thorouly / And wyn was fette and they dranke / Ryght soo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe busshe & hyt stonge a knyghte on the foot / & whan the knyght felte hym stongen he looked down and sawe the adder / & than he drewe his swerde to slee the adder / & thought of none other harme / And whan the hoost on bothe partyes saw that swerde

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drawen than they blewe beamous trumpettes and hornes and shouted grymly And so bothe hoostes dressyd hem to gyders And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd allas thys vnhappy day & so rode to his partye

¶ And syr mordred in like wyse / And neuer was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no crysten

londe / For there was but russhyng & rydyng fewnyng and strykyng & many a grymme worde was there spoken eyder to other & many a dedely stroke But euer kyng Arthur rode thorough oute the bataylle of syr Mordred many tymes / & dyd ful nobly as a noble Kyng shold / & at al tymes he faynted neuer & syr Mordred that day put hym in deuoyr and in grete perylle

¶ And thus they faughte alle the longe day & neuer stynted tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe / & euer they faught styлле tyl it was nere nyghte & by that tyme was there an hondred thousand layed deed vpon the down / Thenne was Arthure wode wrothe oute of mesure whan he sawe his peple so slayn from hym /

¶ Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym / & thenne was he ware of al hys hoost & of al his good knyghtes were lefte no moo on lyue but two knyghtes that one was Syr Lucan de butlere & his broder Syr Bedwere / And they were ful sore wounded / Ihesu mercy sayd the kyng where are al my noble knyghtes becomen Alas that euer I shold see thys dolefull day / for now sayd Arthur I am come to myn ende /

¶ But wolde to god that I wyste where were that traytour Syr mordred that hath caused alle thys meschyef / Thenne was kyng arthure ware where syr Mordred lenyd vpon his swerde emonge a grete hepe of deed men / Now gyue me my spere sayd Arthur vnto Syr Lucan / For yonder I haue espyed the traytour that alle thys woo hath wrought / Syr late hym be sayd Syr Lucan for he is vnhappy / And yf ye passe thys vnhappy day ye shalle be ryght wel reuengyd vpon hym

¶ Good lord remembre ye of your nyghtes dreame / & what the spyryte of Syr Gauwayn tolde you this nyght / yet god of his grete goodnes hath preserued you hyderto / Therefore for goddes sake my lord leue of by thys / for blessyd by god ye haue wonne the felde / For here we ben thre on lyue / and wyth syr Mordred is none on lyue / And yf ye leue of now thys wycked day of desteynye

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is paste / Tyde me deth betyde me lyf sayth the kyng now I see hym yonder allone he shal neuer escape myn handes / For at a better auaylle shal I neuer haue hym /

¶ God spede you wel sayd syr bedwere / Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes & ranne toward syr Mordred cryeng tratour now is thy deth day come / And whanne syr Mordred herde syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande And there kyng Arthur smote syr mordred vnder the shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thoroughoute the body more than a fadom / And whan syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde / He thurst hym self wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kynge Arthurs spere / And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heed that he swerde persyd the helmet and the brayne panne / and therwythall syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe / And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoone to the erthe /

and there he swouned ofte tymes / And syr Lucan de butlere and syr Bedwere oftymes heue hym vp /
And soo waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not ferre from the see syde /
And whan the kyng was there he thought hym wel eased / Thenne herde they people crye in the felde /
Now goo thou syr Lucan sayd the kyng and do me to wyte what bytokenes that noyse in the felde / So
syr Lucan departed for he was greuously wounded in many places And so as he yede he sawe and
herkened by the mone lyght how that pyllars and robbers were comen in to the felde To pylle and robbe
many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and bedys of many a good ryng & of many a ryche Iewel / and
who that were not deed al oute / there they slewe theym for theyr harneys and theyr rychesse / Whan syr
Lucan vnderstode thys werke he came to the kyng assone as he myght and tolde hym al what he had
herde & seen / Therefore be my rede sayd syr Lucan it is beste that we brynge you to somme towne I
wolde it were soo sayd the kyng /

¶ Capitulum v

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BVt I may not stonde myn hede werches soo / A Syr Launcelot sayd the kyng Arthur thys day haue I
sore myst the / Alas that euer I was ayenst the / for now haue I my dethe / Wherof syr Gauwayn me
warned in my dreame / Than syr lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte /
& in the lyfying the kyng sowned and syr Lucan fyl in a sowne wyth the lyfte that the parte of his guttes
fyl oute of his bodye / And therwyth the noble knyghtes herte braste / And whan the kyng awake he
behelde syr Lucan how he laye foomyng at the mowth & parte of his guttes laye at his feet /

¶ Alas sayd the kyng thys is to me a ful heuy fyght to see thys noble duke so deye for my sake / for he
wold haue holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I / Alas he wold not complayne hym / hys herte
was so sette to helpe me / Now Ihesu haue mercy vpon hys soule / than syr bedwere wepte for the deth
of his brother / leue thys mornying & wepyng sayd the kyng for al this wyl not auaylle me / for wyte thou
wel and I myght lyue my self / the deth of syr Lucan wolde greue me euer more / but my tyme hyeth fast
sayd the kyng / Therefore sayd Arthur vnto syr Bedwere take thou Excalybur my god swerde and goo
with it to yonder water syde / and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water
& come ageyn and telle me what thou there seest / My lord sad Bedwere your commaundement shal be
doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn So syr Bedwere departed / & by the waye he behelde that noble
swerde that the pomel & the haste was al of precyous stones / & thenne he sayd to hym self yf I throwe
this ryche swerde in the water therof shal neuer come good but harme & losse / And thenne syr bedwere
hydde excalybur vnder a tree / And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayd he
had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water /

¶ What sawe thou there sayd the kyng / syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but wawes and wyndes / That is
vntrewly sayd of the sayd the kyng / Therefore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente

as thou arte to me leef & dere spare not but throwe it in / Than syr bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande / and than hym thought

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synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde / and so efte he hydde the swerde and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commaundemente / what sawe thou there sayd the kyng Syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but the waters wappe and wawes wanne A traytour vntrewe sayd kyng Arthur now hast thou betrayed me twyse / Who wold haue wente that thou that hast been to me so leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde / But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete leopardy of my lyf / For I haue taken colde / and but yf thou do now as I byd the / yf euer I may see the I shal slee the myn owne handes / for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede

¶ Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly took hit vp / and wente to the water syde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes / and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght / & there cam an arme and an hande aboute the water and mette it / & caught it and so shoke it thryse and braundysshed / and than vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water / So syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe

¶ Alas sayd the kyng helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe / Than syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and so wente wyth hym to that water syde / & whan they were at the water syde / euyn fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit / & emonge hem al was a quene / and al they had blacke hoodes / and al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe Kyng Arthur /

¶ Now put me in to the barge sayd the kyng and so he dyd softelye / And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornynge and soo they sette hem down / and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed / and than that quene sayd a dere broder why haue ye taryed so longe from me / Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermuche colde / And soo than they rowed from the londe / and syr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym /

¶ Than syr bedwere cryed a my lord Arthur what shal become of me now ye goo from me / And leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes / Comfort thy

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self sayd the kyng and doo as wel as thou mayst / for in me is no truste for to truste in / For I wyl in to the vale of auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde

¶ And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule / but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and shryched that hit was pyte to here / And assone as syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and so took the foreste / and so he wente al that nyght / and in the mornynge he was ware betwyxte two holtes hore af a chapel and an ermytage /

¶ Capitulum vi

THan was syr Bedwere glad and thyder he wente & whan he came in to the chapel he sawe where laye an heremyte grouelyng on al foure there fast by a tombe was newe grauen / whan the Eremyte sawe syr Bedwere he knewe hym wel / for he was but lytel tofore bysshop of caunterburye that syr Mordred flemed / Syr sayd Syr Bedwere what man is there entred that ye praye so fast fore / Fayr sone sayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by my demyyng / But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes / and brougte hyder a deed cors / and prayed me to berye hym / and here they offeryd an hondred tapers and they gaf me an hondred besauntes

¶ Alas sayd syr bedwere that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buried in thys chapel / Than syr bedwere swowned and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde wyth hym styll there / to lyue wyth fastyng and prayers / For from hens wyl I neuer goo sayd syr bedwere by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur / Ye are welcome to me sayd the heremyte for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo / Ye are the bolde bedwere and the ful noble duke Syr lucan de butlere was your broder / Thenne syr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde to fore / so there bode syr bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore bysshop of Caunterburye / and there syr bedwere put vpon hym poure clothes / and seruyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastyng and in prayers

¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde neuer more wryton in bookes that ben auctorysed nor more

leaf 426r

of the veray certente of his deth herde I neuer redde / but thus was he ledde awaye in a shyppe wherin were thre quenes / that one was kyng Arthurs syster quene Morgan le fay / the other was the quene of North galys / the thyrd was the quene of the waste londes / Also there was Nynyue the chyef lady of the lake / that had wedded Pelleas the good knyght and this lady had doon moche for kyng Arthur / for she wold neuer suffre syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf / & so he lyued to the vtermest of his dayes wyth hyr in grete reste / More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I neuer fynde but that ladyes brought hym to his buryellys / & suche one was buried there that the hermyte bare wytnesse that somtyme was bysshop of caunterburye / but yet the heremyte knewe not in certayn that he

was verayly the body of kyng Arthur / for thys tale syr Bedwer knyght of the table rounde made it to be wryton /

¶ Capitulum vij

YEt somme men say in many partyes of Englonde that kyng Arthur is not deed / But had by the wylle of our lord Ihesu in to another place / and men say that he shal come ageyn & he shal wyne the holy crosse. I wyl not say that it shal be so / but rather I wyl say here in thys world he chaunged his lyf / but many men say that there is wryton vpon his tombe this vers

¶ *Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus* / Thus leue I here syr Bedwere with the hermyte that dwellyd that tyme in a chapel besyde glastynburye & there was his ermytage / & they lyuyd in theyr prayers & fastynges & grete abstynence / and whan quene Gueneuer vnderstood that kyng Arthur was slayn & al the noble knyghtes syr Mordred & al the remenaunte / Than the quene stale awaye & v ladyes wyth hyr / & soo she wente to almesburye / & there she let make hir self a Nonne / & ware whyte clothes & blacke & grete penaunce she toke as euer dyd synful lady in thys londe / & neuer creature coude make hyr mery / but lyued in fastyng prayers and almes dedes / that al maner of peple meruaylled how vertuously she was chaunged

¶ Now leue we quene Gueneuer in Almesburye a nonne in whyte clothes & blacke and there she was abbess and rular as reason wolde

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and torne we from hyr / and speke we of Syr Launcelot du lake /

¶ Capitulum viii

ANd whan he herde in his contreye that Syr Mordred was crowned kyng in Englonde and maad warre ayenst kyng Arthur his owne fader / and wolde lette hym to lande in hys owne londe /

¶ Also it was tolde Syr Launcelot how that syr Mordred had layed syege aboute the toure of london by cause the quene wold not wedde hym / Than was syr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and sayd to his kynnesmen alas that double traytour syr Mordred now me repenteth that euer he escaped my handes / for moche shame hath he done vnto my lord Arthur for alle I fele by the doleful letter that My lord syr Gauwayn sente me / on whos soule I^hu haue mercy / that my lord Arthur is ful harde bestadde / Alas sayd syr Launcelot that euer I shold lyue to here that moost noble kyng that maad me knyght thus to be ouersette wyth his subiecte in his owne royame

¶ And this doleful letter that my lord syr Gauwayn hath sente me afore his deth / prayeng me to see his tombe / wyt you wel his doleful wordes shal neuer goo from myn herte / For he was a ful noble knyght as euer was borne / and in an vnhappy houre was I borne that euer I shold haue that vnhappe to slee fyrst syr Gauwayn syr Gaheris the good knyght and myn owne frende syr Gareth that ful noble knyght / Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayd Syr Launcelot that euer I shold do thus vnhappely / and alas yet myght I neuer haue happe to slee that traytour syr Mordred Leue your complayntes sayd syr Bors & fyrst reuenge you of the deth of syr Gauwayn / & hit wyl be wel done that ye see syr Gauwayns tombe / & secondly that ye reuenge my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer / I thanke you sayd Syr Launcelot for euer ye wyl my worshyp / Than they made them redy in al the haste that myȝt be with shyppes & galeyes wyth syr Launcelot & his hoost to passe in to englond / & so he passyd ouer the see tyl he came to douer & there he landed wyth seuen kynges / & the nombre was hydous to beholde / Than syr Launcelot spyrrd of men of douer where was kyng Arthur become Than the peple tolde hym how that he was slayn / And Syr

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Mordred & an / C / thousand deyed on a day / & how sir Mordred gaf kyng Arthur there the fyrste bataylle at his landyng & there was good syr Gawayn slayn / & on the morne syr Mordred faught with the kyng vpon baram down / & there the kyng put syr mordred to the wers / Alas said syr Launcelot this is the heuyest tydynges that euer cam to me / Now fayr syrs sayd syr Launcelot shewe me the tombe of syr Gawayn / & than certeyn peple of the towne brouȝt hym in to the castel of douer & shewed hym the tombe / Than syr Launcelot knelyd down and wepte & prayeed hertelye for his soule / & that nyght he made a dole / & al they that wold come had as moche flesshe / fysshe wyn & aale / & euery man & woman had xii pens come who wold / Thus with his owne hande dalte he this money in a moornyng gowne / & euer he wepte / & prayed hem to praye for the sowle of syr Gawayn / & an the morne al the preestys and clerkys that myght be goten in the contreye were there & sange masse of requyem & there offeryd fyrst syr Launcelot / & he offred an / C / ponde / & than the seuen kynges offeryd fourty ponde a pees / & also there was a / M / knyghtes / & eche of hem offred a ponde / & the offeryng dured fro morne tyl nyght / & syr Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and wepyng / Than on the thyrd day syr Launcelot callyd the kynges / dukes / erles / barons / & knyghtes & sayd thus / My fayr lordes I thāke you al your comyng in to this contreye with me / but we came to late & that shal repente me whyle I lyue / but ayenst deth may no man rebelle / But sythen it is so said sir Launcelot I wyl my self ryde & seke my lady quene gueneuer for as I here say she hath had grete payne & moche dysease / & I herd say that she is fledde in to the weste / therfore ye alle shal abyde me here / & but yf I come ageyn wythin xv dayes / Than take your shyppes & your felawshyp & departe in to your contraye for I wyl do as I say to you /

¶ Capitulum ix

THan came syr Bors de ganys and sayd my lord syr Launcelot what thynke ye for to doo / now to ryde in this royaume wyt you wel ye shal fynde fewe frendes be as be may sayd Syr Launcelot kepe you styll here / for I wyl forth on my Iourney / and noo man nor chylde shall goo with me / So it was no bote to stryue but the departed and rode

leaf 427v

westerly & there he sought a vij or viij dayes & atte last he cam to a nonnerye & than was quene Gueneuer ware of sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloystre / & whan she sawe hym there she swounded thryse that al the ladyes & Ientyl wymmen had werke ynough to holde the quene vp / So whan she myȝt speke she callyd ladyes & Ientyl wymmen to hir / & sayd ye meruayl fayr ladyes why I make this fare / Truly she said it is for the syght of yonder knyght that yender standeth / Wherefore I praye you al calle hym to me / whan syr Launcelot was brought to hyr / Than she sayd to al the ladyes thorowe this man & me hath al this warre be wrought / & the deth of the moost noblest knyghtes of the world / for thorough our loue that we haue loued to gyder is my moost noble lord slayn / Therfor syr Launcelot wyt thou wel I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele / & yet I truste thorough goddes grace that after my deth to haue a syght of the blessyd face of cryst / and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde / for as synful as euer I was are sayntes in heuen / therfore syr Launcelot I requyre the & beseche the hertelye for al the loue that euer was betwyxte vs that thou neuer see me more in the vysage / & I comande the on goddes behalfe that thou forsake my companye & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royaume from warre & wrake / for as wel as I haue loued the myn hert wyl not serue me to see the / for thorough the & me is the flour of kynges & knyghtes destroyed / therfor sir Launcelot goo to thy royaume & there take the a wyf & lyue with hir with Ioye & blysse / & I praye the hertelye praye for me to our lord that I may amended my myslyuyng / Now swete madam sayd syr Launcelot wold ye that I shold torne ageyn vnto my cuntreye & there to wedde a lady Nay Madam wyt you wel that shal I neuer do / for I shal neuer be soo fals to you of that I haue promysed / but the same deystenye that ye haue taken you to I wyl take me vnto for to plesse Ihesu / & euer for you I cast me specially to praye / Yf thou wylt do so sayd the quene holde thy promyse / but I may neuer byleue but that thou wylt torne to the world ageyn / wel madam sayd he ye say as pleseth you / yet wyst you me neuer fals of my promesse / & god defende but I shold forsake the world as ye haue do / for in the quest of the sank greal I had fosaken

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the vanytees of the world had not your lord ben / And yf I had done so at that tyme wyth my herte wyll and thought I had passed al the knyghtes that were in the sanke greal / excepte syr Galahad my sone / and therefore lady sythen ye haue taken you to perfeccion I must nedys take me to perfection of ryght / for I take recorde of god in you I haue had myn erthly Ioye / and yf I had founden you now so dysposed I had caste me to haue had you in to myn owne royaume /

¶ Capitulum x

BVt sythen I fynde you thus desposed I ensure you faythfully I wyl euer take me to penaunce & praye whyle my lyf lasteth / yf that I may fynde ony heremyte other graye or whyte that wyl receyue me / wherfore madame I praye you kysse me & neuer nomore / Nay sayd the quene that shal I neuer do / but abstayne you from suche werkes & they departed but there was neuer so harde an herted man but he wold haue wepte to see the dolour that they made / for there was laementacyon as they had be stungyn wyth sperys / and many tymes they swouned / & the ladyes bare the quene to hir chambre / & syr Launcelot awok & went & took his hors & rode al that day & al nyȝt in a forest wepyng / & atte last he was ware of an Ermytage & a chappel stode betwyxte two clyffes / and than he herde a lytel belle ryng to masse / and thyder he rode & alyght & teyed his hors to the gate & herd masse / & he that sange masse was the bysshop of caunterburye / bothe the bysshop & sir Bedwer knewe syr Launcelot / & they spake to gyders after masse but whan syr Bedwere had tolde his tale al hole syr Launcelottes hert almost braste for sorowe / & sir Launcelot threwe hys armes abroad / & sayd alas who may truste thys world / & than he knelyd down on his knee and prayed the bysshop to shryue hym and assoyle hym / and than he besought the bysshop that he myght be hys brother / Than the bysshop sayd I wyll gladly and there he put an habyte vpon Syr Launcelot / and there he seruyd god day and nyȝt with prayers and fastynges / Thus the grete hoost abode at douer and than sir Lyonel toke fyftene lordes with hym & rode to london to seke sir Launcelot / & there syr Lyonel was slayn and many of his lordes / Thenne Syr Bors de ganys made the grete hoost for to goo hoome ageyn

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And syr boors / syr Ector de maris / Syr Blamour / syr bleoboris with moo other of syr Launcelottes kynne toke on hem to ryde al englond ouerthwart & endelonge to seek syr Launcelot / So syr Bors by fortune rode so longe tyl he came to the same chapel where syr Launcelot was / & so syr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to masse / & there he alyght & herde masse / & whan masse was doon the bysshop syr Launcelot & sir Bedwere came to syr Bors / & whan syr bors sawe sir Launcelot in that maner clothyng / than he preyed the bysshop that he myght be in the same sewte / and so there was an habyte put vpon hym / & there he lyued in prayers & fastyng / and wythin halfe a yere there was come syr Galyhud / syr Galyhodyn / sir Blamour / syr Bleoheris / syr wylllyars / syr Clarras / and sir Gohaleaniyne / So al these vij noble knyȝtes there abode styll and whan they sawe syr Launcelot had taken hym to suche perfeccion they had no last to departe / but toke suche an habyte as he had / Thus they endured in grete penaunce syx yere / and than syr Launcelot took thabyte of preesthod of the bysshop / & a twelue monthe he sange masse / & there was none of these other knyghtes but they redde in bookes / & holpe for to synge masse & range bellys & dyd bodoly al maner of seruyce / & soo their horses wente where they wolde / fro they toke no regarde of no worldly rychesses / for whan they sawe syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce in prayers & fastynges they toke no force what payne they

endured for to see the nobleste knyght of the world take suche abstynauce that he waxed ful lene / & thus vpon a nyght there came a vysyon to syr Launcelot & charged hym in remysyon of his synnes to haste hym vnto almysbury & by thenne then come there thou shall fynde quene Gueneuer dede / & therfore take thy felowes with the & parcuely them of an hors bere / & fetch the cors of hir / & burye hir by her husbond the noble kyng Arthur / So this auysyon came to Launcelot thryse in one nyght

¶ Capitulum xi

THan syr Launcelot rose vp oe day & tolde the heremyte It were wel done sayd the heremyte that ye made you redy / & that ye dysobeye not the auysyon / Than syr Launcelot toke his vij felowes with hym & on fore they yede from glastynburye to almysburye the whyche is lytel more

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than xxx myle / & thyder they came within two dayes for they were wayke & feble to goo / & whan syr Launcelot was come to almysburye within the Nunerye quene gueneuer deyed but halfe an oure afore / and the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde hem al or she passyd that syr Launcelot had ben preest nere a twelue monthe / & hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetch my cors. & besyde my lord kyng Arthur he shal berye me / wherfore the quene sayd in heryng of hem al / I beseche almyghty god that I may neuer haue power to see syr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen / And thus said al the ladyes was euer hir prayer these two dayes tyl she was dede / Than syr Launcelot sawe hir vysage bat he wepte not gretelye but syghed / & so he dyd al the obseruaunce of the seruyce hym self bothe the dyryge / and on the morne he sange masse / & there was ordeyned an hors bere / & so wyth an hondred torches euer brennyng aboute the cors of the quene / & euer syr Launcelot with his viij felowes wente aboute the hors bere syngyng & redyng many an holy oryson / & frankensens vpon the corps encensed / Thus syr Launcelot & his eyght felowes wente on foot from almysburye vnto glastynburye / & whan they were come to the chapel & the hermytage there she had a dyryge wyth grete deuocyon / & on the morne the heremyte that somtyme was bysshop of canterburye sāge the masse of requyem wyth grete deuocyon / and syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd / & than als his eyght felowes / & than she was wrapped in cered clothe of raynes from the toppe to the too in xxx folde / & after she was put in a webbe of leed & than in a coffyn of marbyl / and whan she was put in therth syr Launcelot swouned & laye longe styll whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym / and sayd ye be to blame / for ye dysplese god with suche maner of sorow makyng / Truly sayd syr Launcelot I trust I do not dysplese god / for he knoweth myn entente / For my sorow was not nor is not for ony reioysyng of synne / but my sorow may neuer haue ende / For whan I remembre of hir beaulte & of hir noblesse / that was bothe wyth hyr kyng & wyth hyr / So whan I sawe his corps & hir corps so lye togyders / truly myn herte wold not serue to susteyne my careful body / Also whan I rem&emacrbre me how by my defaute

& myn orgule and my pryde / that they were bothe layed ful lowe that were pereles that euer was lyuyng of cristen people wyt you wel sayd syr Launcelot this remembred of there kyndenes and myn vnkyndenes sanke so to myn herte that I myȝt not susteyne my self so the frencshe book maketh mencyon /

¶ Capitulum xii

Thene syr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytel mete nor dranke tyl he was dede / for than he seekened more and more and dried & dwyned awaye / for the bysshop nor none of his felowes myȝt not make hym to ete and lytel he dranke that he was waxen by a kybbet shorter than he was / that the peple coude not knowe hym / for euermore day & nyȝt he prayed but somtyme he slombred a broken slepe / euer he was lyeng grouelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Gueneuer / & there was no comforte that the bysshop nor syr Bors nor none of his felowes coude make hym it auaylled not / Soo wythin syx wekye after syr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde & thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heremyte and al his trewe felowes / Than Syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery steuen / syr bysshop I praye you gyue to me al my ryghtes that longeth to a chrysten man / It shal not nede you sayd the heremyte and al his felowes / It is but heuynesse of your blood ye shal be wel mended by the grace of god to morne / My fayr lordes sayd syr Launcelot wyt you wel my careful body wyl in to therthe I houe warnyng more than now I wyl say / therfore gyue me my ryghtes / So whan he was howselyd and enelyd / and had al that a crysten man ought to haue he prayed the bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Ioyous garde / Somme men say it was anwyk / & somme may say it was hamborow how be it sayd syr Launcelot me repenteth sore but I made myn auowe somtyme that in ioyous garde I wold be buried / and by cause of brekyng of myn auowe I praye you al lede me thyder / Than there was wepyng and wryngyng of handes among his felowes / So at a seson of the nyght they al wente to theyr beddes for they alle laye in one chambre / And so after mydnyght ayenst day the bysshop then was hermyte as he laye in his bedd a slepe he fyl vpon a grete laughter / and therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to

the bysshop & asked hym what he eyled / A Ihu mercy sayd the bysshop why dyd ye awake me I was neuer in al my lyf so mery & so wel at ease / wherfore sayd syr bors / Truly sayd the bysshop here was syr Launcelot with me with mo angellis than euer I sawe men in one day / & I sawe the angellys heue vp syr Launcelot vnto heuen & the yates of heuen opened ayenst hym / It is but dretchyng of sweuens sayd syr Bors for I doubte not syr Launcelot ayleth no thyng but good / It may wel be sayd the bysshop goo ye to his bedde & than shall ye proue the soth / So whan syr Bors & his felowes came to his bedde they founde hym starke dede / & he laye as he had smyled & the swettest fauour aboute hym that euer they felte / than was there wepyng & wryngyng of handes / & the grettest dole they made that euer made

men / & on the morne the bysshop dyd his masse of requyem / & after the bysshop & al the ix knyghtes put syr Launcelot in the same hors bere that quene Gueneuere was layed in tofore that she was buryed / & soo the bysshop & they al togydere wente wyth the body of syr Launcelot dayly tyl they came to Ioyous garde / & euer they had an / C / torches bernnyng aboute hym / & so within xv dayes they came to Ioyous garde . & there they layed his corps in the body of the quere / & sange & redde many saulters & prayes ouer hym and aboute hym / & euer his vysage was layed open & naked that al folkes myght beholde hym / for suche was the custom in tho dayes that al men of worshyp shold so lye wyth open vysage tyl that they were buryed / and ryght thus as they were at theyr seruyce there came syr Ector de maris that had vij yere sought al Englonde scotland & walys sekyng his brother syr Launcelot /

¶ Capitulum xiii

ANd whan syr Ector herde suche noyse & lyghte in the quyre of Ioyous garde he alyght & put his hors from hym & came in to the quyre & there he sawe men synge wepe / & al they knewe syr Ector / but he knewe not them / than wente syr Bors vnto syr Evctor & tolde hym how there laye his brother syr Launcelot dede / & than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde swerde & helme from hym / & whan he behelde syr Launcelottes vysage he fyl doun in a swoun / & whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that

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he made for his brother / A Launcelot he sayd thou were hede of al crysten knyghtes / & now I dare say sayd syr Ector thou sir Launcelot there thou lvest that thou were neuer matched of erthely knyghtes hande / & thou were the curtest knyght that euer bare shelde / & thou were the truest frende to thy louar that euer bestrade hors / & thou were the trewest louer of a synful man that euer loued woman / & thou were the kyndest man that euer strake wyth swerde / & thou were the godelyest persone þ^t euer cam emonge prees of knyghtes / & thou was the mekest man & the lentylllest that euer ete in halle emonge ladyes / & thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that euer put spere in the breste / than there was wepyng & dolour out of mesure / Thus they kepte syr Launcelots corps on lofte xv dayes & than they buryed it with grete deuocyon / & than at leyser they wente al with the bysshop of canterburye to his ermytage & there they were to gyder more than a monthe / Than syr costantyn that was syr Cadores sone of cornwayl was chosen kyng of Englonde / & he was a ful noble knyght / & worshypfully he rulyd this royaume / & than thys kyng Costantyn sent for the bysshop of caunterburye for he herde saye where he was & so he was restored vnto his bysshopryche / & lefte that Ermytage / And Syr Bedwere was there euer styлле heremyte to his lyues ende / Than syr Bors de ganys / syr Ector de maris / syr Gahalantyne / syr Galyhud / sir Galyhodyn / syr Blamour / syr Bleoberys / syr Wyllyats de balyaunt / syr Clartus of clere mounte / al these knyȝtes drewe them to theyr contreyes How be it kyng Costantyn wold haue had them wyth hym but they wold not abyde in this royaume / & there they al lyued in their cuntreys as holy men / & somme englysshe bookes maken mencyon that they wente neuer oute of englonde after

the deth of syr Launcelot / but that was but fauour of makers/ for the frensshe book maketh mencyon & is auctorysed that syr Bors / syr Ector / syr Blamour / & syr Bleoberis wente in to the holy lande there as Ihesu Cryst was quycke & deed / And anone as they had stablysshed theyr londes / for the book saith so syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or euer he passyd oute of thys world / & these foure knyghtes dyd many bataylles vpon the myscreantes or turkes / and there they ded vpon a good fryday for goddes sake /

Here is the end of the **booke** [correction; sic = booke book]

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of kyng Arthur & of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table / that whan they were hole togyders there was euer an C and xl / and here is the ende of the deth of Arthur / I praye you all Ientyl men and Ientyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endyng / praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me good delyueraunce / & whan I am deed I praye you all praye for my soule / for this book was ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth / by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Ihesu helpe hym for hys grete myght / as he is the seruaunt of Ihesu bothe day and nyght /

¶ Thus endeth thys noble and Ioyous book entytled le morte Darthur / Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth / lyf / and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur / of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table / theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures / thachyeuyng of the sangreal / & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al / whiche book was reduced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd / and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted / and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of Juyl the yere of our lord / M / CCCC / lxxxv /

¶ *Caxton me fieri fecit*

Notes

- note.1 [[return to reference](#)] The table of contents does not contain an entry for chapter xvj, book one, though the chapter exists in the text.
- note.2 [[return to reference](#)] An entry for chapter xiiij does not occur in the table of contents but the chapter exists in the text.
- note.3 [[return to reference](#)] As listed in the table of contents, chapters iii, iiij, and v go together, and there are no chapter breaks between them in the text.

- note.4 [[return to reference](#)] There is no chapter xxvj, either in the table of contents or in the text.
- note.5 [[return to reference](#)] As listed in the table of contents, chapters xviiij and xix go together, and there is no chapter break between them in the text.
- note.6 [[return to reference](#)] As listed in the table of contents, chapters xxv and xxvj are joined in chapter xxvj, and there is no chapter break between them.

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