

Sir Thomas Malory

Le Morte Darthur

An original spelling text of the Caxton edition
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Cover: The Nine Worthies – Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Caesar, Judas Maccabaeus, David, Joshua, Godfrey of Bouillon, King Arthur, and Charlemagne. Old city hall, Cologne, Image courtesy of Elke Wetzig.

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After that I had accomplisshed and fynisshed dyuers
 hystories as wel of contemplacyon as of othyr hysto
 ryal and worldly actes of grete conquerours & pry
 nces / And also certeyn bookes of ensamples and doctryne /
 Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royaume of Eng
 lond came and demaunded me many and oftymes / wherfor
 that I haue not do made & enprynted the noble hystorie of the
 saynt gwal / and of the moost renomed crysten kyng / fyrst
 and chyf of the thre best crysten and worthy / kyng Arthur /
 whiche ought moost to be remembred emonge vs englysshe
 men tofore al othyr crysten kynges / For it is nowprly knolben
 thourgh the vniuersal world / that there been ix worthy & the
 best that euer were / That is to wete thre paynym / thre Ielbes
 and thre crysten men / As for the paynym they were tofore the
 incarnacyon of Cryst / whiche were named / the fyrst Hector
 of Troy / of whome thystorie is comen bothe in balade and in
 prose / The second Alysander the grete / & the thyrde Julius
 Cesar Emperour of Rome of whome thystories ben wel kno
 and had / And as for the thre Ielbes whiche also were tofore
 thynarnacyon of our lord / of whome the fyrst was Duc Jos
 sue whiche brought the chyldren of Israhel in to the lond of
 bylsee / The second Dauid kyng of Iherusalem / & the thyrde
 Judas Machabeus of these thre the byble rehereth al theyr no
 ble hystories & actes / And sythe the sayd incarnacyon haue
 ben thre noble crysten men stalked and admittid thourgh the
 vniuersal world in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of
 whome was fyrst the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I pur
 pose to wryte in thys present booke here folowyn / The second
 was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thystorie is
 had in many places bothe in frensshe and englysshe / and the
 thyrde and last was Godfrey of bobyne / of whos actes & byf
 I made a booke vnto theyvalent prynce and kyng of noble me
 more kyng Edwarde the fourth / the sayd noble gentylmen
 Instantly requyred me to enprynt thystorie of the sayd noble
 kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes
 wyth thystorie of the saynt gwal / and of the deith and endynge
 of the sayd Arthur / Affermynge that I ouzt rather to enprynt
 his actes and noble feates / than of godfrey of bobyne / or

After that I had accomplifhed and fynifhed dyuers hystories as wel of contemplacyon as of other hystorial and wordly actes of grete conquerours & prynces / And alfo certeyn bookes of enfaumples and doctryne / Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royame of Englund camen and demaunded me many and oftymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorye of the faynt greal / and of the mooft renommed cryften kyng / Fyrft and chyef of the thre best cryften and worthy / kyng Arthur / whyche ought mooft to be remembred emonge vs englyfhe men tofore al other cryften kynges / For it is notoyrly knowen thorough the vnyuerfal world / that there been ix worthy & the best that euer were / That is to wete thre paynims / thre Iewes and thre cryften men / As for the paynims they were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryft / whiche were named / the fyrft Hector of Troye / of whome thystorye is comen bothe in balade and in profe / The fecond Alyfaunder the grete / & the thyrd Iulyus Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thystories ben wel kno and had / And as for the thre Iewes whyche alfo were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord of whome the fyrft was Duc Iofue whyche brought the chyldren of Ifrahel in to the londe of byhefte / The fecond Dauyd kyng of Iherufalem / & the thyrd Iudas Machabeus of thefe thre the byble reherceth al theyr noble hystories & actes / And fythe the fayd Incarnacyon haue ben thre noble cryften men ftalled and admtyted thorough the vnyuerfal world in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of whome was fyrft the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpofe to wryte in thys present book here folowyng / The fecond was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thystorye is had in many places bothe in frenfhe and englyfhe / and the thyrd and laft 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 fayd noble Ientylmen Instantly requyred me temprynte thystorye of the fayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes wyth thystorye of the faynt greal / and of the deth and endyng of the fayd Arthur / Affermyng that I ou3t rather tenprynte his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of boloyne / or |<[p.2] sig.-2v> ony of the other eyght / confyderyng that he was a man borne wythin this royame and kyng and Emperour of the fame / And that there ben in frenfhe dyuers and many noble volumes of his actes / and alfo of his knyghtes / To whome I answerd / that dyuers men holde oppynyon / that there was no fuche Arthur / and that alle fuche bookes as been maad of hym / ben fayned and fables / by caufe that fomme cronycles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noo thyng ne of his knyghtes / wherto they answerd / and one if fpecyal fayd / that in hym that fhold fay or thynke / that there was neuer fuche a kynge callyd Arthur / myght wel be aretted grete folye and blyndeneffe / For he fayd that there were many euydences of the contrarye / Fyrft ye may fee his fepulture in the monafterye of Glaftyngburye / And alfo in polycronycon in the v book the fyxte chappytre / and in the feuenth book the xxiiij chappytre / where his body was buryed and after founden and translated in to the fayd monafterye / ye fhall fe alfo in thystorye of bochas in his book de casu principum / parte of his noble actes / and alfo of his falle / Alfo galfrydus in his brutyflhe book recounteth his lyf / and in dyuers places of Englund / many

remembraunces ben yet of hym and shall remayne perpetuelly / and also of his knyghtes / fyrst in the abbey of westmestre at faynt 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 confydered there can no man resonably gaynfaye but there was a kyng of this 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 englond as wel in duche ytalyen spaynyllhe and grekyllhe as in frenllhe / 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 grounde & ryal vautes |<[p.3] sig.-3r> which dyuers now lyuyng hath seen / wherfor it is a meruayl why he is nomore renommed in his owne contreye / fauf onelye it accordeth to the worde of god / whyche sayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contreye / Thenne al these thynges forfayd aledged I coude not wel denye / but that there was fuche 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 frenllhe which I haue seen & redde beyonde the see / which been not had in our maternal tongue / but in wallllhe ben many & also in frenllhe / & fomme in englyllhe but no wher nygh alle / wherfore fuche as haue late ben drawn oute bryefly in to englyllhe / I haue after the fymple connyng that god hath sente to me / vnder the fauour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen enpryed to enprynte a book of the noble hystories of the fayd kyng 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 frenllhe and reduced it in to Englyllhe / And I accordyng to my cople haue doon fette it in enprynte / to the entente that noble men may see and lerne the noble actes of chyualrye / the Ientyll and vertuous dedes that fomme knyghtes vfed 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 byfechyng al noble lordes and ladyes wyth al other estates of what estate or degree they been of / that shal see and rede in this fayd book and werke / that they take the good and honest actes in their remembraunce / and to folowe the same / Wherin they shalle fynde many loyous and playfaunt 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 fynne / Doo after the good and leue the euyl / and it shal bryng you to good fame and renomnee / And for to passe the tyme this booke shal be plefaunte 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 |<[p.4] sig.-3v> vyce ne synne / but texerfysse and folowe vertu / by whyche we may come and atteyne to good fame and renomnee in this lyf / and after this shorte and tranfytorye lyf to come vnto

euerlaftyng blyffe in heuen / the whyche he graunte vs that reyneth in
heuen the bleffyd Trynyte Amen /

THenne to procede forth in thys sayd book / whyche I dyrecte
vnto alle noble prynces / lordes and ladyes / gentylnen or
gentylwymmen that desyre to rede or here redde of the noble
and Ioyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng.
Kyng Arthur / somtyme kyng of thys noble royalme / thenne
callyd / brytaygne / I wyllyam Caxton sымple persone present thys book
folowyng / Whyche I haue enpryfed tenprynte / And treateth of the noble
actes / feates of armes of chyualrye / prowesse / 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 trete how
Vtherpendragon gate the noble conquerour kyng Arthur and conteyneth
xxviij 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 affotted / 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 sixthe book treateth of Syr Launcelot and fyr Lyonel and
meruayllous adventures and conteyneth xvij chappytres / The seuenth book
treateth of a noble knyght called fyr Gareth and named by fyr 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 xli chapytres / The ix book treateth of a knyght named by Syr
kaye le cote male taylle and also of Syr Trystram and conteyneth xliiij
|<[p.5] sig.-4r> chapytres / The x book treateth of fyr Trystram & other
meruayllous adventures and conteyneth lxxxviij chappytres / The xj book
treateth of fyr Launcelot and fyr Galahad and conteyneth xiiij chappytres /
The xij book treateth of fyr 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 fangreall was begonne and
conteyneth xx Chapytres / The xiiij boook treateth of the queste of the
fangreal & conteyneth x chapytres / The xv book treateth of fyr launcelot
& conteyneth vj chapytres / The xvj book treateth of Syr Bors & fyr
Lyonel his brother and conteyneth xvij chapytres / The xvij book treateth
of the fangreal 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 laft departyng / and how fyr
Launcelot came to reunge his dethe and conteyneth xiiij chapytres / The
somme is xxj bookes whyche conteyne the soome of v hundred & vij
chapytres / as more playnly shal folowe hereafter / |<[p.6] sig.-4v>

**The table or rubryflhe of the contente of chapytres
shortly of the fyrft book of kyng Arthur /**

Fyrft how vtherpendragon fente for the duke of cornewayl & Igrayne his wyf & of their departyng fodeynly 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 chofen kyng and of wondres and meruaylles of a fwerde taken out of a ftone by the fayd Arthur Capitulo	iij iiij & v
How kyng arthur pulled oute the fwerde dyuers tymes	vj
How kyng arthur was crowned & how he made offycers	vij
How kyng Arthur helde in wales at a pentecoft a grete feeft and what kynges and lordes came to his fefte	viiij
Of the fyrft warre that kyng Arthur had and how he wanne the felde Capitulo	ix
How Merlyn counceyllled kyng arthur to fende for kyng ban & kyng bors & of theyr counceyl taken for the warre	x
Of a grete tornoye made by kyng arthur & the ij kynges ban and bors and how they wente ouer the fee Capitulo	xj
How xj kynges gadred a grete hooft ayenft kyng Arthur	xij
Of a dreame of the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes	xiiij
How the xj kynges wyth theyr hooft fought ayenft arthur & his hooft and many grete feates of the warre Capitulo	xiiij
Yet of the fame batayll Capitulo	xv
Yet more of the faid batayl & how it was ended by merlyn	xviij
How Kyng Arthur kyng ban & kyng bors refcowed Kyng Leodegraunce and other Incydentcs	xviij
How Kyng arthur rode to Garlyon and of his dreame / & how he fawe the queftyng beeft Capitulo	xix

How kyng Pellynore took arthurs hors & folowed the questyng beeft and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur	xx
How vlfyus apeched quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treason / and how a knyght came and defyred to haue the deth of hys mayster reuengyd Capitulo	xxj
How gryflet was made knyght & Iufted with a knygt <[p.7] sig.-5r>	xxij
How xij knyghtes came from Rome & axed truage for thys londe of arthur / and how arthur faught wyth a Knyght	xxiij
How Merlyn faued Arthurs lyf & threwe an enchaument vpon Kyng Pellynore and made hym to flepe	xxiiij
How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur hys fwerde of the lady of the lake Capitulo	xxv
How tydynges cam to arthur that kyng ryons had ouercome xj kynges & how he defyred arthus berde to purfyl his mantel Capitulo	xxvij
How al the chyltren were fente fore / that were borne on may day. & how Mordred was faued	xxviij

The fecond book

Of a damoyfel whyche came gyrde wyth a fwerde for to fynde a man of fuche vertue to drawe it oute of the fcarbard ca	primo
How balen arayed lyke a poure Knyght pulled out the fwerde whyche afterward was caufe of his deth Capitulo	ij
How the lady of the lake demaunded the Knygtes heed that had wonne the fwerde / or the maydens hede	iiij
How merlyn tolde thaduenture of this damoyfel Capitulo	iiij
How balyn was purfyewed by fyr Launceor Knyght of Irelonde / and how he Iufted and flewe hym	v
How a damoyfel whiche was loue to Launceor flewe hyr felf 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 prophecyed that two the best Knyghtes of the world shold
fyght there / whyche were Syr Launcelot and fyr 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
flayne Capitulo x
- Of the entyement of xij Kynges / & of the prophecye of merlyn / how
balyn shold gyue the dolorous stroke xj
- How a sorouful knygt cam tofore arthur & how balyn fet hym & how that
Knyght was flayn by a knyght Inuyfyble xij
- How balyn & the damoyfel mette wyth a Knyght whych was |<[p.8] sig.–
5v> in lyke wyfe flayn / & how the damoyfel bledde for the custom of a
castel Capitulo xij
- Ho balyn mette wyth that knyght named garlon at a feest & there he flewe
hym to haue his blood / to hele therwith the sone of his hooft Capitulo xiiij
- How Balyn fought wyth kyng Pelham / & how his swerde brake / and how
he gate a spere wherewyth he smote the dolorous stroke Capitulo xv
- How balyn was delyuerd by Merlyn / and sauyd a knyght that wold haue
flayn hym self for loue Capitulo xvj
- How that knyght flewe his loue & a knyght lyeng by hyr / & after how he
flewe 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 flewe other
vnknowen tyl they were wounded to deth xvij
- How merlyn buryed hem bothe in one t3be / & 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 fyeges
bleffyde by the byllhop of caunterburye Capitulo ij

How a poure man rydyng vpon a lene mare / and defyred of kyng Arthur to make his fone knyght Capitulo	iiij
How fyr Tor was knowen for fone of kyng Pellynore / and how Gawayn was made knyght Capitulo	iiij
How atte felte of the Weddyng of kyng arthur to gueneuer a Whyte herte came in to the halle & thyrtie couple houndes / & how a brachet pynched the herte whiche was taken awaye	v
How fyr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte / & how ij brethern fought eche ageynft other for the herte Capitulo	vj
How the herte was chaced in to a castel and there flayn / and how Gauwayn flewe a lady Capitulo	vij
How iiij kny3tes faught ayenft fir gawayn & gaheryse & how they were ouercom & her lyues faued atte request of iiij ladyes Capitulo	viiij
How fyr Tor rode after the knyght wyth the brachet & of his aduenture by the waye Capitulo	ix
How fyr Tor fonde the brachet wyth a lady / & how a knyght <[p.9] sig.-6r> affaylled hym for the fayd brachet Capitulo	x
How fyr Tor ouercame the knyght / and how he lofth 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 defyred helpe of hym and how he faught wyth ij knyghtes for that lady of whome he flewe that one at the fyrft 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 fworne vpon a book to telle the trouthe of his queste Capitulo	xv

Here folowen the chapytres of the fourth book

How merlyn was affotted & dooted on one of the ladyes of the lake / and how he was fhytte in a roche vnder a ftone and there deyed Capitulo	primo
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- How v kynges came in to this londe to warre ayenft kyng Arthur / & what
counceyl arthur had ayenft them Capitulo ij
- How kyng arthur had adoo with them & ouerthrewe them & flewe the v
kynges & made the remenaunte to flee iij
- How the batayl was fynylhed or he came / & how the kyng founded an
abbay where the batayl was Capitulo iiij
- How fyr Tor was made knyght of the rounde table and how badgemagus
was dyfpleafed Capitulo v
- How kyng Arthur / kyng Vryens & Syr Accolon of gaule chaced an hert &
of theyr meruayllous aduerture vj
- How Arthur took vpon hym to fyght to be delyuerd oute of pryfon / & alfo
for to delyuer twenty knyghtes that were in pryfon Capitulo vij
- How accollon fonde hym felf by a welle / & he toke vpon hym to doo
bataylle ayenft Arthur Capitulo viij
- Of the bataylle bytwene kyng Arthur & Accolon ix
- How kyng arthurs fwerde that he faught wyth brake / & how he recouerd
of accolon his owne fwerde excalibur and ouercame his enemye Capitulo x
- How accolon confellyd the treason of Morgan le fay Kyng arthurs fyfter &
how fhe wold haue doon flee hym ca xj
|<[p.10] sig.-6v>
- How Arthur accorded the two brethern / and delyuerd the xx knyghtes / &
how fyr Accolons deyed Capitulo xij
- How Morgan wold haue flayn fyr vryens hyr hufbond / & how fyr Ewayn
hir fone faued hym Capitulo xiiij
- How quene Morgan le fay made grete forowe for the deth of accolon / &
how fhe ftale awaye the fcawbard fro arthur xiiij
- How Morgan le fay faued a knyght that fhold haue be drowned / & how
kyng Arthur retorned home ageyn Capitulo xv
- How the damoyfel of the lake faued Kynge Arthur from a mantel which
fhold haue brente hym Capitulo xvj
- How fyr Gawayn & fyr Ewayn mette with xij fayr damoyfelles / & how
they compleyned on fyr Marhaus ca xvij
- How fyr Marhaws luffed with fyr Gawayn & fyr Ewayn and ouerthrewe
them bothe Capitulo xvij and xix

How fyr Marhaus fyr Gawayn & fyr Ewayn mette the damoyfelles & eche of them toke one Capitulo	xx
How a knyght & a dwarf stroof for a lady Capitulo	xxj
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|<[p.15] sig.vr>
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<[p.17] sig.v1r>

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- How fyr Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr / and how fyr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of trefon Capitulo vj
- How fyr Launcelot answerd for the quene / and waged bataylle ayenft fyr melyagraunce / and how fyr Launcelot was taken in a trappe Capitulo vij
- How fyr Launcelot was delyuerd out of pryfon by a lady & toke a whyt courfer and came for to kepe hys day viij
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- How fyr 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 fyr Vyre / and after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table Capitulo xj
- How fyr Launcelot was comanded by arthur to handle hys woundes & anone he was al hool / & how they thanked god xij
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**here foloweth the book of the pyteous hyftorye
whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur / and
the chapytres of the twenty book**

- How fyr Agrauayn & fyr mordred were befy vpon fyr Gawayn for to
dyfclofe the loue bytwene Syr Launcelot & quene Gueneuer Capitulo primo
- How fyr Agrauayn dyfclofed theyr loue to kyng Arthur / & how Kyng
Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym ij
- How fyr Launcelot was efpied in the quenes chambre / and how Syr
Agrauayn and Syr Mordred came wyth twelue knyghtes to flee hym
Capitulo iij
- How fyr Launcelot flewe fyr colgreuance & armed hym in his harnoys &
after flewe fyr agrauayn & xij of his felawes iiij
- How Syr Launcelot came to fyr bors & tolde hym how he had |<[p.33]
sig.r> fpedde & in what aduenture he had ben / & how he efcaped v
- Of the counceyl and aduys whiche was taken by fyr Launcelot and by hys
frendes for to faue the quene Capitulo vj
- How fyr mordred rode haftely to the Kyng / to telle hym of thaffray & deth
of fyr agrauayn & the other knyghtes vij
- How fyr Launcelot and hys kynnesmen refcowed the quene from the fyre
and how he flewe many knyghtes viij
- Of the forowe & lamentacyon for the dethe of his neuwes & other good
knyghtes / & alfo for the quene hys wyf ix
- How Kyng Arthur at the requeste of fyr Gawayn concluded to make warre
ayenft fyr Launcelot / and layed fyege to his caftel called Ioyous garde
Capitulo x
- Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur & fyr Launcelot and how
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- How the cofyns & kynnesmen of fyr Launcelot excyted hym to goo oute to
batayl / and how they made them redy xij
- How fyr Gawayn Iufted and fmote doun fyr Lyonel / and how fyr
Launcelot horfed kyng Arthur ca xiiij
- How the Pope fent doun his bulles to make pees / & how fyr Launcelot
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Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng by fir launcelot & what langage fyr Gawayn had to fyr Launcelot	xv
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How fyr Launcelot departed fro the kyng & fro Ioyous garde ouer fee warde and what knyghtes wente wyth hym	xvij
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How kyng arthur & fyr Gawayn made a grete hooft redy to go ouer fee to make warre on fyr Launcelot Capitulo	xix
What message fyr Gawayn sente to fyr Launcelot / & kynge Arthur layed fyege to benwyck and other maters	xx
How fyr launcelot & fyr Gawayn dyd batayl togyder / and how fyr Gawayn was ouerthrowen and hurte Capitulo	xxj
Of the forowe that kyng arthur made for the warre / & of an other batayl where alfo fyr Gawayn had the werse	xxij

here folowen the chapytres of the xxj book

|<[p.34] sig.-2v>

How Syr Mordred prefumed & 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 fyr Mordred mette hym to lette his landyng / and of the deth of Syr Gawayn Capitulo	ij
How after fyr Gawayns ghoost apperyd to kynge arthur & warned hym that he shold not fyght that day Capitulo	iiij
How by myfaduenture of an adder the batayl began / where Mordred was flayn and arthur hurte to the deth	iiij
How Kyng arthur comanded to caste his fwerd excalybur in to the water / & how he was delyuerd to ladyes in a barge	v
How fyr bedwere fonde hym on the morne deed in an hermytage / and how he abode there wyth the hermyte Capitulo	vj
Of thoppynyon of fomme men of the deth of kynge arthur / & how quene Gueneuer made hir a nonne in almeburye	vij

How whan fyr Launcelot herde of the deth of kyng arthur & of fyr Gawayn
and other maters came in to englond viij

How fyr Launcelot departed to feche the quene Gueneuer and how he
fonde hir at almeburye Capitulo ix

How Syr Launcelot came to thermytage where tharchebyffhop of
caunterburye was / & how he toke thabyte on hym x

How fyr Launcelot wente wyth his feuen felowes to amefburye / & fonde
there quene Gueneuer deed / whom they brought to glastyburye Capitulo xj

How fyr Launcelot began to sekene / & after dyed / whos body was borne
to Ioyous garde for to be buried Capitulo xij

How fyr Ector fonde fyr launcelot hys brother dede / and how Conftantyn
reyned next after Arthur / and of the ende of thys book Capitulo xiiij

Explicit the table

|<[p.35] sig.a1r>

¶ Capitulum primum

HIt befel in the dayes of Vther pendragon when he was kynge
of all Englond / and fo regned that there was a myzty duke in
Cornewaill that helde warre ageynft hym long tyme / And the
duke was called the duke of Tyntagil / and fo by meanes
kynge Vther fend for this duk / chargyng hym to bryng his
wyf with hym / for she was called a fair lady / and a passyng wyfe / 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 defyred 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 wyfe as she faide 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
fend 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

anfuers / 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 fente hym playne word ageyne / and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysllhe hym / for within xl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath ¶ Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge / anone he wente and furnysllhed and garnysllhed two stronge Castels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil / & the other castel hyzt <[p.36] sig.a1v> 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 yllues and posternes oute / Thenne in alle haste came Vther with a grete hooft / 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 feke / So came to the kyng Vther Syre Vlfius a noble knyght / and asked the kyng why he was feke / I shall telle the said the kyng / I am feke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool / wel my lord said Syre Vlfius / I shal feke 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 foughte / and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym / Well saide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou sekest / for thou sekest Merlyn / therefore feke no ferther / for I am he / and yf kyng Vther wille wel rewarde me / and be sworne vnto me to fulfille my defyre that shal be his honour & profite more thā myn for I shalle cause hym to haue alle his defyre / Alle this wyll I vndertake said Vlfius that ther shalle be nothyng refonable / but thow shalt haue thy defyre / well said Merlyn / he shal haue his entente and defyre / And therefore 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 fir said Vlfius he wille not dwelle long / ther with al Vlfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the pauelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kyng Whan kyng Vther sawe hym he said he was welcome / fyr 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 defyre ye shal haue your defyre / thenne the kyng was sworne vpon the iiij euuāgelistes / Syre said Merlyn this is my defyre / the first nyzt þ^t ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her & <[p.37] sig.a2r> whan that is borne that it shal be delyuerd to me for to nourisllhe there as I wille haue it / for it shal be your worship / & the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth / I wyll 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 Vlfyus shal be lyke Syre Braftias / 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 faye ye are diseased and foo 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 / foo this was done as they deuyfed / But the duke of Tyntigail afpyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of tarabil / & therfor that nyghte he yffued oute of the castel at a posterne for to haue distressid the kynges hooft / And so thorowe his owne yffue the duke hym self was slayne or euer the kyng 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 nygg arthur / & on day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng / & bad hym make hym redy / & so he kift the lady Igrayne and departed in all haft / But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her hufbād and by all record he was dede or euer kyng 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 Kyng of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym / the kyng 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 laft the kyng & she met to gyder / Now wille we doo well faid Vlfyus / our kyng is a lufte knyghte and wyueles / & my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady / it were grete ioye vnto vs all and hit myghte please the kyng to make her his quene / vnto that they all well accordyd and meued it to the kyng / And anone lyke a lufte knyghte / he assentid therto with good wille / and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and ioye / And Kyng Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawfe that was Gaweyns moder / And kyng Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / Al this was done at the request of kyng Vther / And the thyrd syster morgan lefey 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 kyng Vryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blanche maynys fader /

Capitulum terciū

THēne 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 ougt to hym whos was the child within her body / thēne she fore abalshed to yeue anfuer / Desmaye you not faid the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I shall loue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre faide she I shalle telle you the trouthe / the same nyghte þt my lord was dede the houre of his deth as his knyghtes record ther came in to my castel of Tyntigail a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenance / and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes barcias and Iordans / & foo I went vnto bed with hym as I ougt to

do with my lord / & the fame nyght as I fhall anfwer vnto god this child was begoten vpon me / that is trouthe faide the kyng as ye fay / for it was I my felf that cam in the lykenesse / & therfor defmay you not for I am fader to the child / & ther he told her alle the caufe / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioie whan ſhe knewe who was the fader of her child / Sone come merlyn vnto the kyng / & faid fyr ye muſt puruey yow / for the nouriffhyng of your child / as thou wolt faid the kyng be it / wel faid Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a paſſyng true man & a feithful / & he fhall haue the nouriffhyng of your child / & his name is fir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englonde & walys / & this lord fir ector lete hym be ſent for / for to come & ſpeke with you / & defyre hym your felf as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nouriffhyng to another woman / and that his wyf nouriffhe yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder pryuy poſterne vncryſtned / So like <[p.39] sig.a3r> as Merlyn deuſed it was done / And whan fyre Ector was come / he made fyaūce to the kyng for to nouriffhe the child lyke as the Kyng defyred / and there the kyng graunted fyr ector grete rewardys / Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kyng 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 fir Ectors wyf nouriffhed hym with her owne pappe / Thenne within two yeres kyng Vther felle ſeke of a grete maladye / And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Vfurpped vpon hym / and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men / and flewe many of his peple / Sir faid Merlyn ye may not lye ſo as ye doo / for ye muſt to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar / for ye fhall neuer haue the better of your enemyes / but yf your perfone be there / and thenne fhall ye haue the vyctory So it was done as Merlyn had deuſed / and they caryed the kyng forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooſte towarde his enemyes / And at faynt Albons ther mette with the kyng a grete hooſt of the north / And that day Syre Vlſyus and fir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes / and kyng Vthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and flewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flight / And thenne the kyng returned vnto london and made grete ioie of his vyctory / And thēne he fyll paſſyng fore 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 faid Merlyn but god wil haue his wille / But loke ye al Barons be bifore kyng Vther to morne / and god and I fhalle make hym to ſpeke / So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng / thēne Merlyn faid aloud vnto kyng Vther / Syre fhall your ſone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenance / thenne Vtherpendragon tord hym and faid in heryng of them alle I gyue hym gods bliſſing & myne / & byd hym pray for my foule / & righteuouſly & worſhipfully that he clayme þ^e croune vpon forfeiture of my bleſſyng / & therwith he yelde vp the ghoſt & <[p.40] sig.a3v> 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 archebiffhop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to fende for alle the lordes of the reame / and alle the gentilmen of armes that they shold to london come by Cristmas vpon payne of cursyng / 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 kynge of mankynde for to shewe somme myracle who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame / So the Archebiffhop by the aduys of Merlyn fend for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes that they shold come by crytmasse 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 Frenshe 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 fene 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 stak a fayre 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 kynge borne of all Enlond / Thenne the peple merueilled & told it to the Archebiffhop I commande said tharchebiffhop 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 Archebiffhop that shall encheue the swerd but doubte not god will make hym knowen / But this is my counceill said the archebiffhop / that we lete puruey x knyghtes men of good fame / & they to kepe this swerd / so it was ordeyned / & thēne ther was made a crye / þ^t euery mā shold assay þ^t |<[p.41] sig.a4r> wold for to wynne the swerd / And vpon newe yeersday the barons lete maake a Iustes and a tournement / that alle knyghtes shat wold Iuste or tourneye / there myght playe / & all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the comyns / for the Archebiffhop trusted / that god wold make hym knowe that shold wynne 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 fyre Ector that had grete lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Iustes / & with hym rode fyr kaynus his sone & yong Arthur that was hys nourished broder / & fyr kay was made knyght at al halowmas afore So as they rode to ye Iustes ward / fir kay loft his swerd for he had left 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 & faide to hym self / I will ryde to the chircheyard / & take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone / for my broder fir kay shal not be without a swerd this day / so whan he cam to the chircheyard fir Arthur aligt & tayed his hors to the stile / & so he wente to the tent / & found no knyghtes there / for they were atte Iustyng & so he handled the swerd by the handels / and ligtly

& fierfly pulled it out of the stone / & took his hors & rode his way vntyll he came to his broder fir kay / & delyuerd hym the fwerd / & as sone as fir kay saw the fwerd he wift wel it was the fwerd of the stone / & so he rode to his fader fyr Ector / & said / sire / loo here is the fwerd of the stone / wherfor I must be kyng of thys land / when fyre Ector beheld the fwerd / he retorned ageyne & cam to the chirche / & there they aliȝte al thre / & wente in to the chirche / And anon he made fir kay fwere vpon a book / how he came to that fwerd / Syr said fir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me / how gate ye this fwerd said fir Ector to Arthur / fir I will telle you when I cam home for my broders fwerd / I fond no body at home to delyuer me his fwerd And so I thought my broder fyr kay shold not be fwerdles & so I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the stone withoute ony payn / found ye ony knyȝtes about this fwerd seid fir Ector Nay said Arthur / Now said fir Ector to Arthur I vnderstāde |<[p.42] sig.a4v> ye must be kynge of this land / wherfore I / sayd Arthur and for what cause / Sire faide Ector / for god wille haue hit soo for ther shold neuer man haue drawen oute this fwerde / but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land / Now lete me see whether ye can putte the fwerd 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 fwerd and faylled.

¶Capitulum sextum

NOw assay said Syre Ector vnto Syre kay / And anon he pulled at the fwerd 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 therewith 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 nourissh the 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 kynge 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 Archebiffhop / and told hym how the fwerd was encheued / and by whome / and on twelfth day alle the barons cam thyder / and to assay to take the fwerd who

that wold affay / But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur / wherfor ther were many lordes wroth <[p.43] sig.a5r> And faide it was grete fhamme 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 Candemas / And thenne alle the barons fhold mete there ageyne / but alwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the fwerd day & nyzt / & so they fette a paulione ouer the fstone & þ^e fwerd & fyue alwayes watched / Soo at Candalmaffe many moo grete lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the fwerde / but there myghte none preuaille / And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmaffe / he dyd at Candelmaffe and pulled oute the fwerde eafely wherof the Barons were fore agreued and put it of in delay till the hyghe fefte of Eefter / And as Arthur fped afore / fo dyd he at Eefter / yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur fhold be kyng / and put it of in a delay tyll the feft of Pentecofte / Thenne the Archebiffhop of Caunterbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the beft knyghtes that they myghte gete / And fuche knyghtes as Vtherpendragon loued beft and mooft trusted in his dayes / And fuche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as fyr Bawdewyn of Bretayn / fyre kaynes / fyre Vlfyus / fyre barfias / All thefe with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the fefte of Pentecoft

¶ Capitulum feptimum

ANd at the fefte of pentecoft alle maner of men affayed to pulle at the fwerde that wold affay / 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 fee that it is goddes wille that he fhalle be our kyng / And who that holdeth ageynft it we wille flee hym / And therwith all they knelyd at ones both ryche and poure / and cryed Arthur mercy by caufe they had delayed hym foo longe / and Arthur foryaf hem / and took the fwerd bitwene both his handes / and offred it vpon the aulter where the Archebiffhop was / and fo was he made knyghte of the beft man that was there / And fo anon <[p.44] sig.a5v> was the coronacyon made / And ther was he fworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to ftand with true Iuftyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf / Also thēne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in / and to do feruyce as they oughte to doo / And many complayntes were made vnto fir Arthur of grete wronges that were done fyn the dethe of kyng Vther / of many londes that were bereued lordes knyghtes / ladyes & gentilmen / wherfor kyng Arthur maade the londes to be yeuen ageyne to them that oughte hem

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had ftabliffhed alle the countreyes aboute london / thenne he lete make Syr kay fencial of Englonde / and fir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Conftable / and fir Vlfyus was made chamberlayn / And fire Braftias was maade wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was þ^t tyme þ^e moft party the kynges

enemyes / But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the north scotland / and alle that were vnder their obeiffaunce / Also walys a parte of it helde ayenft Arthur / but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble prowesse of hym felf and his knyghtes of the round table

¶ Capitulum octauum

THenne the kyng remeued in to walys / and lete crye a grete feste 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 fixe 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 bifene 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 ioie / and sente the kynges and knyghtes grete presentes / But [p.45] sig.a6r the kynges wold none receyue / but rebuked the messagers shamefully / and said they had no ioie to receyue no yestes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood / and sente hym word / they wold none of his yestes / But that they were come to gyue hym yestes 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 sliche a boye to haue a rule of soo noble a reame 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 leyd a fyege 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 xiiij 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 kyng of all Englonde / and haue vnder his obeiffaunce Walys / yrland 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 fom 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 fauf and to goo fauf / suche furaunce 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 anfuere them as their kynge and chyuetayn / for ye shal ouercome hem all whether they wille or nylle /

¶ Capitulum ix |<[p.46] sig.a6v>

THenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour / and had vnder his gowne a Iefferaunte of double maylle / and ther wente with hym the Archebiffhop of Caunterbury / and fyr Baudewyn of Bretayne and fyr kay / and fyre Braftias / these were the men of mooft worfhip that were with hym / And whan they were mette / there was no mekenes but stoute wordes on bothe fydes / but alweyes kynge Arthur anfuerd 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 returned 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 auyfed to be aferd of a dreme reder said kyng Lot / with that Merlyn vanyllhed awaye / and came to Kynge Arthur / and bad hym set on hem fierfly / & 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 fyre Bawdewyn fyre Kay and fyr Braftias slewe on the right hand & on the lyfte hand that it was merueylle / and alweyes Kynge Arthur on horfback leyd 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 fyde / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes and kyng Carados / and sette on Arthur fierfly behynde hym / with that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes / and smote behynd and before / and euer fir Arthur was in the formeft prees tyl his hors was slayne vnderne the hym / And therwith kynge lot smote doune kyng Arthur / With that his four knyghtes receyued hym and set hym an horfback / thēne he drewe his swerd Excalibur / but it was so bryght in his enemyes eye / 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 |<[p.47] sig.a7r> 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 kynge Arthur drewe hym vnto london / and soo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to couceil / for Merlyn had told the kyng that the fixe kynges that made warre vpon hym wold in al haste be awroke on hym & on his landys wherfor the kyng alked 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 defyre hym / Soo Merlyn was fente for & fair defyred 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 gotten to them four kynges mo / and a myghty duke / and onlesse that our kyng haue more chyualry with hym than he may make within þ^e boundys of his own reame and he fyghte with hem in batail / he shal be ouercome & flayn 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 stryue 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 fouerayne lord fende 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 <[p.48] sig.a7v> 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 defyre / Vlfius and Braftias were made the messagers / & so rode forth wel horsed and wel armed / and as they gyfe was that tyme & so passed the see & rode toward the cyte of Benwyck / and there byfydes were viij knyghtes that aspyed them / And at a strait passage they mette with Vlfius & Braftias / & wold haue taken hem prysoners / so they prayd hem that they myght passe / for they were messagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors sent from kyng 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 their sperys / and Vlfius and Braftias dressid their 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 fixe knyghtes rode afore to a passage to mete wyth hem ageyne / and so Vlfius & Braftias smote other two down And so

paft on her wayes / And at the fourth paffage there mette two for two / and bothe were leid vnto the erthe / fo ther was none of the viij knyghtes but he was fore hurte or bryfed And whan they come to Benwick it fortunēd ther were both kynges Ban and Bors / And whan it was told the kynges that there were come meffagers / there were fente vnto them ij knyghtes of worfhip / the one hyghte Lyonfes lord of the country of payarne and Sir phariaunce a worfhipful knyght Anone they alked from whens they came / and they faid from kyng Arthur kyng of Englonde / fo they took them in theyre armes and made grete ioye eche of other / But anon as the ij kynges wilt they were meffagers of Arthurs / ther was made no taryenge / but forthwith they fpak with the knyghtes / & welcomed hem in the feythfulleſt wyſe / & faid / they were moſt welcome vnto them before alle the kynges luynges / and ther with they kyft the letters & delyuerd hem / And whan Ban <[p.49] sig.a8r> 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 fulfill the deſyre of kyng Arthurs wrytyng & Vlſyus & Braſtias tary there as longe as they wold / they ſhold haue ſuche chere as myghte be made them in tho marchys / Thenne Vlſyus & Braſtias told the kyng of the aduētūre at their paffages of the eyghte knyghtes / Ha A faid Ban and Bors they were my good frendes I wold I had wyft of hem they ſhold not haue eſcaped ſo So Vlſyus & Braſtias had good chere and grete yeftes as moche as they myghte bere away / and hadde their anſuere by mouthe and by wrytyng that tho two Kynges wold come vnto Arthur in all the haſt that they myghte / So the two Knyghtes rode on a fore / and paſſed the ſee / and come to their lord and told hym how they had ſpedde / wherof Kyng Arthur was paſſyng gladde / At what tyme ſuppoſe ye / the ij Kynges wol be here / Syr faid they afore all halowmaſſe / Thenne the kyng lete puruey for a grete feeſte / and lete crye a grete luſtes / And by all halowmaſſe the two kynges were come ouer the ſee with thre honderd knyghtes 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 thougt or made / And on al halowmaſſe / at the grete feeſte ſate in the halle the thre kynges / and fyre kay ſencial ſerued in the halle And Syr lucas the bottelere that was duke Corneus ſone / & fir gryflet that was the ſone of Cardol / theſe iij knyghtes had the rule of alle the ſeruyſe that ſerued the kynges / And anon as they had waſſhen & ryſen / al knyghtes that wold luſte 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 fyre 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

¶ Capitulum xj

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 fyde than they drellid her sheldes / and <[p.50] sig.a8v> 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 frenllhe knyghte and the Englyllhe knyghte lay so longe that alle men wend they had ben dede / Whan lucas the botteler sawe Gryflet soo lye / he horfed hym ageyne anon / and they two dyd merueillous dedes of armes with many bachelers / Also fyre kay came oute of an enbullhement with fyue knyghtes with hym / and they fixe smote other fixe doune / But fyr kay dyd that day merueillous dedes of armes / that ther was none dyd so wel as he that day Thenne ther come ladynas & Graftian two knyghtes of fraunce / and dyd passynge wel that all men preyfed them / Thenne come there Syre placidas a good knyghte and mette with fyr 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 wyft that fyr 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 / And after the thre kynges wente in to a gardyn / and gaf the pryce vnto fyre kay and to lucas the bottelere / and vnto Syre Gryflet / And thenne they wente vnto counceil / and with hem gwenbaus the brother vnto fyr Ban & Bors a wyse Clerk / and thyder went Vlfyus and Brastias and Merlyn / And after they had ben in counceill / they wente vn to bedde / And on the morne they herde masse and to dyner / and so to their counceille 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 their 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 <[p.51] sig.b1r> Benwyck / And whan the peple sawe kyng Bans rynge & gracian and placidas they were glad / and alked how the kynges ferd / and made grete ioye of their welfare and cordyng / and accordyng vnto the fouerayne lordes defyre / 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 prouyfyon / But gracian and placidas were lefte to furnyssh and garnyssh the castels for drede of kynge Claudas / ryght so Merlyn passed the see wel vytailed 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 horfbak the moost parte men of armes and so shypped and passed the see in to Englonde / and loded at Douer / and thorow the wytte of Merlyn he had the hooft Northward the pryuyest wey that coude be thoughte vnto the foreist of Bedegrayne / and there in a valey he lodged hem secretely / ¶ 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 spede 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 horfbak wente all the hooft as Arthur had afore purueyed / So with xx M he passed by nyghte and day / but ther was made suche an ordenaunce afore by Merlyn that ther shold no man of werre ryde nor go in no cuntrye on this fyde trent water / but yf he had a token from kynge Arthur / where thorow the kynges enemyes durfte not ryde as they dyd to fore to alpye

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd soo within a lytel space the thre kynges came vnto the Castel of Bedegrayne / and fond there a passyng fayr felauship and wel be fene / wherof they had grete ioye / and vytaille they wanted none / This was the cause of the northeren hooft that they were rered for the despyte and rebuke the fyx 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 wele nor woo they shold not leue other / |<[p.52] sig.b1v> 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 bryng with hym v M men of armes the which were redy on horfbak / Thenne sware kynge Brandegoris of stranggore that he wold bryng v M men of armes on horfbak / Thenne sware kynge Claryuaus of Northumberland he wold bryng thre thousand men of armes / thenne sware the kyng of the C knyghtes that was a passyng good man and a yonge that he wold bryng four thousand men of armes on horfbak / thenne ther swore kynge Lott a passyng good knyght and fyre Gawayns fader that he wold bryng v M men of armes on horfbak / Also ther swore kynge Vryence that was fyr Vwayns fader of the lond of gore and he wold bryng vj M men of armes on horfbak / Also ther swore kyng Idres of Cornewalle that he wold bryng v M men of armes on horfbak / Also ther swore kynge cardelmans to bryng v M mē on horfbak / Also ther swore kyng Agwyfaunce of Irelond to bryng v M men of armes on horfbak / Also ther swore kyng Nentres to bryng v M men of armes on horfbak / Also there swore kynge Carados to bryng v M of armes on horfbak / Soo her hool hooft was of clene men of armes on horfbak fyfty thousand and a foot x thousand of good mennes bodyes / thenne were they soone redy and mounted vpon hors and fente 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 flumme the Countreie / & they mette with the fore rydars of the north / and made hem to telle whiche wey the hooft cam / and thenne they told it to Arthur / and by kyng Ban and Bors counceill they lete brenne and deftroie alle the contrey afore them there they shold ryde / ¶ The kynge with the honderd knyghtes mette a wonder dreme 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 |<[p.53] sig.b2r> all away / Alle that herd of the sweuen said / it was a token of grete batayll / Thenne by counceill of Merlyn when they wist whiche wey the xj kynges wold ryde and lodge that nyghte At mydnyght they sette vpon them as they were in theyr pauelyons / But the scout watche by her hooft 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 fyerfly that he made them ouer throwe her pauelions 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 Ihalle ye doo by myne aduys said Merlyn vnto the thre kynges I wold that kynge Ban and kynge Bors with her felaulhip of x M men were put in a wood here besyde in an enbushment and kepe them preuy / and that they be leid or the lyght of the daye come / and that they stere 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 hooft / 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 hooft 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 deuyfed / Soo on the morn whan eyther hooft sawe other / the hooft of the north was well comforted / Thenne to Vlfyus and Brastias were delyuerd thre thowland men of armes / and they sette on them fyerfly in the passage / and flewe 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 felaulhip

dyd fuche dedes of armes they were afhamed and fette on hem agayne
 fyerfly / and ther was fyr Vlfyus hors flayne vnder hym / but he dyd
 merueylloufly well on foote / ¶ But the Duke Euftrace of Cambenet
 |<[p.54] sig.b2v> and Kyng Claryaunce of Northumberland / were
 alweye greuous on Vlfyus / thenne Braftias fawe his felawe ferd fo with
 al / he fmote the duke with a fpere that hors & man fell doune / that fawe
 kyng Claryaunce and retorned vnto Braftias / and eyther fmote other foo
 that hors & man wente to the erthe / and fo they lay long aftonyed / & their
 hors knees braft to the hard bone / Thenne cam Syr kay the fencyal with
 fyxe felawes with hym / and dyd paffyng 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
 Agwyfaunce / thēne waxed the medle paffyng hard on bothe partyes /
 whan fyre kay fawe Gryflet on foote / he rode on kyng Nentres & fmote
 hym down and lad his hors vnto fyr gryflet & horfed hym ageyne / Alfo fyr
 kay with the fame fpere fmote down kyng Lott / & hurt hym paffyng fore /
 that fawe the kyng with the C knyghtes and ran vnto fyr kay and fmote hym
 doune and toke his hors / & gaf hym kyng Lott wherof he faid gramercy /
 whan fyr Gryflet fawe fyr kay & lucas the bottelere on foote / he tooke a
 fharp fpere grete and square / and rode to pynel a good man of armes / and
 fmote hors and man doune / And thenne he tooke his hors / and gaf hym
 vnto fyr kay / Thenne kyng Lot faw kyng Nentres on foote / he ranne
 vnto Melot de la roche / & fmote hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng
 Nentres the hors & horfed hym ageyne / Alfo the kyng of the C knyghtes
 fawe kyng Idres on foot thenne he ran vnto Gwymyart de bloy and fmote
 hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng Idres the hors & horfed hym
 ageyne / & kyng Lot fmote down Claryaunce de la foreift faueage & gaf
 the hors vnto duke Euftrace / And fo whanne they had horfed the kynges
 ageyne they drewe hem al xj kynges to gyder and faid they wold be
 reuenged of the dommage that they had taken that day / The meane whyle
 cam in fyr Ector with an egyr countenaunce / and found Vlfyus and
 Braftias on foote in grete perylle of deth that were fowle defoyled vnder
 horffet / Thenne Arthur as a lyon ranne vnto kyng Cradelment of North
 walys / and fmote hym thorowe the lyfte fyde that the hors and the kyng
 fylle doune / And thenne he tooke the hors by the rayne / and ladde hym
 |<[p.55] sig.b3r> vnto Vlfyus & faid haue this hors myn old frend / for
 grete nede haft thow of hors / gramercy faid Vlfyus / thenne fyre Arthur
 dyd fo merueilloufly in armes that all men had wondyr / Whan the kyng
 with the C knyghtes fawe kyng Cradelment on foote / he ranne vnto fyre
 Ector that was wel horfed fyr kayes fader / and fmote hors and man
 doune / and gaf the hors vnto the kyng / and horfed hym ageyne / and
 when kyng Arthur fawe the kyng ryde on fyr Ectors hors he was wroth and
 with his fwerd he fmote the kyng on the helme / that a quarter of the
 helme and fhelde fyll doune / and fo the fwerd carf doune vnto the hors
 neck / and fo the kyng & the hors fyll doune to the ground / Thenne fyr
 kay cam vnto fyr Morganore fencial with the kyng of the C knyghtes &
 fmote hym down hors and man / and lad the hors vnto his fader fyre Ector /
 thenne fyr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyghte lardans / & fmote hors & man
 doune / & lad the hors vnto fyr Braftias that grete nede had of a hors and

was gretely defoyled / whan Braftias beheld lucas the botteler that lay lyke a dede man vnder the horfe feet / and euer fyr Gryflet dyd merueilloufly for to refcove hym / and there were alweyes xiiij knyghtes on fyr lucas / & thenne Braftias fmote one of hem on the helme / that it wente to the teeth / & he rode to another and fmote hym that the arme flewe in to the feld / Thēne he wente to the third and fmote hym on the fholder that fholder and arme flewe in the feld / And whan Gryflet fawe refcowes / he fmote a knyght on the tempils that hede & helme wente to the erthe / and gryflet took the hors of that knyght & lad hym vnto fyr lucas / & bad hym mounte vpon the hors & reunge his hurtes / For Braftias had flayne a knyghte to fore & horfed gryflet /

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne lucas fawe kyng Agwyfaunce that late hadde flayne Morys de la roche / and lucas ran to hym with a fhort fpere that was grete / that he gaf hym fuche a falle that the hors felle down to the erthe / Alfo lucas found there on fote bloyas de la flaundres and fyr Gwynas ij hardy knyghtes & in that woodenes that lucas was in / he flewe ij bachelers & horfed hem ageyn / thēne waxid the batail polfyng hard on both partyes / but arthur was glad þ^t his knyghtes were horfed ayene |<[p.56] sig.b3v> & thēne they foughte to gyders that the noyfe and fowne rang by the water & the wood / wherfor kyng Ban and kyng bors made them redy and drefsyd theyr fheldes and harneys / and they were fo couragyouis that many Knyghtes fhoke & beuerd for egrenes / All this whyle lucas and Gwynas & bryaunte & Bellyas of Flaundrys helde ftrong medle ayenft vj kynges / that was Kyng Lott / kyng Nentres / kyng Brandegorys / Kyng Idres / kyng Vryens & kyng Agwyfaunce / Soo with the helpe of fyre kay & of fyr gryflet / they helde thefe vj kynges hard that vnnethe they had ony power to defend them But whan fyr Arthur fawe the batail wold not be endyd by no maner / he ferd wood as a lyon / & ftered his hors here & there on the right hand & on the lyft hand. that he ftynte not tyl he had flayne xx knyghtes / Alfo he wounded kyng Lot fore on the fholder and made hym to leue that ground / for fyre kay & gryflet dyd with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes / Thenne Vlfyus and Braftias & fir Ector encountred ageynft the duke Eufpace & kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kyng Claryaunce of Northumberland & kyng Carados & ageynft the kyng with the C knyghtes / So thefe knyghtes encountred with thefe kynges that they made them to auoyde the grounde / thēne Kyng Lott made grete dool for his dommagis & his felawes / & laid vnto the x kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyfe we fhalle be flayn & deftroied / lete me haue the kyng with the C Knyghtes & kyng Agwyfaunce & 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 fee that ye haue fougten with hem long thēne will we come on fyerfly / & ellys fhall we neuer matche hem

faid kynge Lot but by this meane So they departed as they here deuyfed /
 & vj kynges made her party strong ageynst Arthur and made grete warre
 longe / In the meane whyle brake the enbullhement of Kynge Ban and
 kynge bors and Lyonfes and Pharyaunce had the aduant garde / and they
 two knyghtes mette with kyng Idres and his felaulhip / and there began a
 grete medele of brekyng of speres and smytyng of fwerdys with sleynge of
 men and horses / And kynge Idres was nere at discomfure |<[p.57]
 sig.b4r> That sawe Agwyfaunce the kynge and put lyonfes and pharyaunce
 in poynte of dethe / for the duke of Canbenek came on with all with a
 grete felaulhip / 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 felaulhip merueillously / Whan kynge Bors sawe tho knyghtes
 put on bak it greued hym fore / thene he cam on so fast that his felaulhip
 femed as blak as Inde / whan kyng Lot had spyed kynge bors / he knewe
 hym wel / thenne he said O Ihesu defende vs fō deth & horryble maymes /
 for I see wel we ben in grete perylle of dethe / for I see yonder a kynge one
 of the most worlhipfullest men & one of the best knyghtes of the world ben
 enclyned vnto his felaulhip / what is he said the kynge with the C knyghtes /
 it is said kyng Lot kyng bors of gaule / I merueile how they come in to this
 countreye without wetyng of vs all It was by Merlyns auyse faid the
 knyghte / As for hym sayd kynge Carados / I wylle encountre with kynge
 bors / and ye wil rescowe me whan myster is / go on faid they al / we wil
 do all that we may / thenne kyng Carados & his hooft rode on a softe pace
 tyl that they come as nyghe kynge Bors as bowe draughte / thenne eyther
 bataill lete their hors renne as fast as they myghte / And Bleoberys that
 was godson vnto kynge Bors he bare his chyef standard / that was a
 passyng good knyghte / Now shall we see faid 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 fwerd & dyd merueillous dedes of armes that all
 partyes had grete wōder therof / & his knyghtes failed not but dyd their
 part / & kyng Carados was smyten to the erthe / With that came the kyng
 with the C knyghtes & rescued kyng Carados myghtely by force of armes /
 for he was a passyng good knyght of a kynge / & but a yong man

¶ Capitulum xvj

BY than come in to the feld kynge Ban as fyers as a lyon with
 bandys of grene / & therupon gold / Ha a faid kyng Lot we
 muft be discomfite / for yonder I see the moste valyaunt
 knyght of the world / and the man of the most renoume / for
 luche ij bretheren as is kyng Ban & kyng bors ar |<[p.58]
 sig.b4v> not lyuyng / wherfore we muft nedes voyde or deye / And but yf
 we auoyde manly and wyfely / ther is but dethe / whanne kynge Ban came
 in to the bataill / he cam in so fierfly / 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 knyghtes 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 flew on euer that it was pyte on to behold that multitude of the people that fledde / But kyng Lott and Kyng of the honderd knyghtes & kyng 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 kyng of the honderd knyghtes beheld the grete damage that kyng Ban dyd / he threst vnto hym wyth his hors and smote hym in hye vpon the helme a grete stroke and stonyed hym fore / Thenne kyng 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 kyng Ban felle doune and carfe a cantel of the sheld / and the swerd flode 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 kyng of the C knyghtes voyded the hors lyghtly and with his swerd he broched the hors of kyng Ban thorow and thorow / with that kyng Ban voyded lyghtly from the dede hors / and thenne kyng 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 kyng Arthur / and fond Kyng Ban stondyng among dede men and dede hors fyghtyng 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 Kyng 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 fyre Arthur ranne to hym / and smote hym on the helme that his swerd wente vnto his teeth / and the knyght fanke doune to the erthe dede / & anon Arthur tooke the hors by the rayne and ladde hym vnto kyng Ban & said fair broder / haue this hors / for ye haue grete myster thereof & me repenteth fore of your grete dammage Hit shall be soone reuengid said Kyng Ban / for I truste in god myn eure is not fuche but some of them may fore 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 Kyng Ban was mounted on horsbak / thenne there beganne newe bataill the whyche was fore and hard / and passyng grete slaughter / And so thurgh grete force Kyng Arthur / Kyng Ban and Kyng Bors made her knyghtes 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 lytil 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 that kyng Arthur had merueille of their dedes of armes and was passyng wrothe / A fyr Arthur said kyng Ban and kyng Bors blame hem noughte / For they doo as good men ouȝt 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 kyng vnder the heuen hadde fuche xj knyghtes and of fuche worship / I may not loue hem said Arthur / they wold destroye me / that wote we wel said kyng Ban and Kyng Bors / for they are your mortal enemyes / and that hath ben preued afore hand / And this day they haue done their parte / and that is grete pyte of their wilfulnes Thenne alle the xj kynges drewe hem to gyder / And thenne said kyng Lott / lordes ye muft 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 |<[p.60] sig.b5v> we lese x horsmen for hym / therefore 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 fuche 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 flee a coward than thorow a coward alle we to be slayne / How faye ye said kyng Lott / anfuere me all ye kynges / it is wel said quod kyng Nentres / so said the kyng of the honderd knyghtes / the fame saide the kyng Carados and kyng Vryence / so dyd kyng Idres and kyng brandegorys / and so dyd kyng Cradulmas and the duke of Cādebenet / the fame said kyng Claryaunce & kyng Agwyfaunce 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 ryghted their sheldes and tooke newe sperys and sette hem on their thyes and stode stille as hit had ben a plompe of wood /

¶ Capitulum xvij

WHanne Syre Arthur and kyng ban and bors byhelde the mand all her knyghtes they preyfed hem moche for their noble chere of chyualrye for the hardyest fyghters that euer they herd or sawe / with that there dresfyd hem a xl noble knyghtes and faide vnto the thre kynges / they wold breke their bataille / these were her names Lyonfes / pharyaunce Vlfyus / braftias / Ector / kaynes / lucas the bottelere / Gryflett la fyfe de dieu / mariet de la roche / Gwynas de bloy / briāt de la foreyft faueage / bellaus / Moryans of the castel maydyns / flānedreus of the castel of ladyes / Anneccians that was kyng bors godfone a noble knyght / lady nas de la roufe / Emeraufe Caulas / Gracyens le casteleyn / one bloyse de la caafe / and fyre Colgreueaunce de gorre / all these knyghtes rode on afore with sperys on their thyes / and spored their horses myghtely as the horses mygte renne / And the xj kynges with parte of her knyghtes ruffched with their horses as fast as they mygte with their speres / & ther they dyd on onboth partyes merueillous dedes of armes / soo came in the thycke of the prees

Arthur ban & <[p.61] sig.b6r> bors & flewe doune right on both handes that her horses went in blood vp to the fytlokys / But euer the xj Kynges and their hooftes was euer in the vyfage of Arthur / wherfore Ban and Bors had grete merueille confyderyng the grete flau3ter that there was / but at the laft they were dryuen abak ouer a lytil ryuer / with that came Merlyn on a grete black hors / and faid vnto arthur thow haft neuer done / haft thou not done ynough / of thre fcore thousand this day haft thow lefte on lyue but xv M / and it is tyme to faye 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 fhall encrease / And therfor withdrawe yow vnto your lodgyng and reftte you as foone as ye may and rewarde your good kny3tes with gold and with fyluer / for they haue wel deserued hit / there may no rycheffe be to dere for them / for of fo fewe men as ye haue ther were neuer men dyd more of prowefte than they haue done to day / for ye haue matched this day with the befte fyghters of the world / that is trouthe faid kyng Ban and bors / Alfo faid Merlyn / withdrawe yow where ye lyft / For this thre yere I dar vndertake they fhalle not dere yow / And by than ye fhalle here newe tydynges / And thenne Merlyn faid vnto arthur / thefe xj kynges haue more on hand than they are ware of / for the Sarafyns are loded in their countreyes mo than xl M that brenne and flee / and haue leid fyege att the caftel Wandelborow and make grete deftruction / therefore drede yow not this thre yere / ¶ Alfo fyre al the goodes that ben gotten at this bataill lete it be ferched / And whanne ye haue it in your handys lete it be gyuen frely vnto thefe two kynges Ban and Bors that they may rewarde theyr knyght with all / And that fhalle caufe ftraungers to be of better wyll to do yow feruyfe at nede / Alfo ye be able to reward youre owne knyghtes of your owne goodes whan fomeuer it lyketh you It is wel qd Arthur And as thow haft deuyfed fo fhall it be done / whanne it was delyuerd to Ban & Bors they gaf the goodes as frely to their kny3tes as frely as it was yeuen to them / Thenne Merlyn took his leue of Arthur and of the ij kynges for to go and fee his mayfter Bleyfe that dwelde <[p.62] sig.b6v> in Northumberland / and fo he departed and cam to his maifter that was paffyng glad of his comyng / & there he tolde / how Arthur and the two kynges had fped at the grete batayll / and how it was ended / and told the names of euery kyng and knyght of worfhip that was there / And foo Bleyfe wrote the bataill word by word as Merlyn told hym how it began / & by whome / and in lyke wyfe how it was endyd / And who had the werre / All the bataills that were done in arthurs dayes / merlyn dyd his maifter Bleyfe do wryte / Alfo he did do wryte all the bataills that euery worthy knyght dyd of arthurs Courte / After this Merlyn departed from his mayfter and came to kynge Arthur that was in the caftel of Bedegrayne / that was one of the caftels that ftondyn in the foreft of Sherewood / And Merlyn was fo difguyfed that kynge Arthur knewe hym not for he was al be furred in black shepe fkynges and a grete payre of bootes / and a bowe and arowes in a ruffet gowne / and broughte wild gyfe in his hād and it was on the morne after candelmas day / but kyng Arthur knewe hym not / Syre faid Merlyn vnto the kynge / Wil ye gyue me a yefte / wherfor faid kyng Arthur fhould I gyue the a yefte chorle / Sir faid Merlyn ye were better to

gyue me a yefte that is not in your hand than to lefe grete rycheffe / for here in the fame place there the grete bataill was is grete trefour hyd in the erthe / who told the fo chorle faid Arthur / Merlyn told me fo faid he / thenne Vlſyus and Braſtias knew hym wel ynough and ſmyled / Syre faid theſe two knyghtes It is Merlyn that fo ſpeketh vnto yow / thenne kyng arthur was gretely abaffhed and had merueyll of Merlyn / & fo had kynge Ban and kynge Bors / and ſoo they had grete dyſport at hym / Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoyfel that was an erlys daughter his name was Sanam / and her name was Lyonors a paſſyng fair damoyfel / and ſo ſhe cam thyder for to dohomage 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 |<[p.63] sig.b7r> kynge Lodegreance of camylyard / 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 kynge Claudas and pharyaunce and Antemes and Grafians and lyonſes / payarne with the leders of tho that ſhold kepe the kynges landys

¶ Capitulum xviiij

ANd thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felauſhip a xx M and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of Cmlyarde and there reſcowed kynge Lodegreance and ſlewe ther moche people of kynge 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 reuenge hym of his enemyes / and there hadde Arthur the fyrſt ſyght of gweneuer the kynges daughter of Camylyard / 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 kynges ye ſhalle not at this tyme / for ye haue moche to doo yet in theſe landes / therefore 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 focour / 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 kynges 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 kynges ſhal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and prowefſſe of armes of ij valyaunt knyghtes as it telleth after / her names ben Balyn le

Sauage and Balan his broder that ben merueillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuyng / ¶ Now torne we to the xj |<[p.64] sig.b7v> kynges 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 ferche theyr woundys and forowed gretely for the dethe of her peple / with that ther came a messager and told how ther was comen in to their landes people that were laules as wel as farafyns a xl M / and haue brent & slayne al the peple that they may come by withoute mercy / and haue leyd fyege on the castel of wādifborow / Allas sayd the xj kynges here is forow vpon forou And yf we had not warryd ageynft 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 fyege vnto hym / Soo they confentyd to gyder to kepe alle the marches of Cornewayle / of walys and of the northe / foo fyrft they putte kynge Idres in the Cyte of Nauntys in Brytayne with iiij thousand men of armes / to wathe bothe the water and the land / Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesfan kynge Nauntres of garlott with four thousand knyghtes to wathe 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 knyghtes in alle the marches of walys and scotland with many good men of armes / and foo they kepte hem to gyders the space of thre yere And euer alyed hem with myghty kynges 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 furnysshed hem and garnysshed 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

Capitulum xix

THēne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors kynge Arthur rode vnto Carlyon / And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a message / but she was fente thyder to aspye the Courte of kynge Arthur / and she cam rychely bifene with her four fones / gawayn |<[p.65] sig.b8r> Gaherys / Agrauaynes / and Gareth with many other knyghtes and ladyes / for she was a pollynge fayr lady / wherfore the kynge cast grete loue vnto her / and defyred to lye by her / so they were agreed / and he begate vpon her Mordred / and she was his fyfter on the moder fyde Igrayne / So ther she rested her a moneth and at the laft departed / Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreame wherof he was fore adrad / But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his fyfter / Thus was the dreame of Arthur / hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they brente and flough alle the peple in the lād And thenne hym thoughte / he faughte with hem / and they dyd hym passyng grete harme / and wounded hym ful fore / but at the laft he slewe

hem / Whanne the kynge awaked / he was passyng heuy of his dreame / and so to put it oute of thoughtes / he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge / As soone as he was in the foret / the kynge sawe a grete hert afore hym / this herte wille I chace said kynge 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 kynge had chased the herte so long that his hors had losse hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman fette the kynge another hors / So the kyng sawe the herte enbullhed and his hors dede / he fette hym doune by a fontayne and there he fell in grete thoughtes / And as he fatte so hym thoughte he herd a noyse of houndes to the somme of xxx / And with that the kynge 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 best 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 kynge 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 hors / so wold god I had another to folowe my quest / ryghte 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 kynge folowed the questyng best / and after his deth sir Palamydes folowed hit

¶ Capitulum xx

SYr knyghte said the kynge 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 defyre / 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 kynge thou mayst take myn hors by force but and I myghte preue the whether thou were better on horfbak or I / wel said the knyght seke me here whan thou wolt and here nygh this wel thou shalt fynde me / and so 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 penyf / I may wel be penyf sayd the kynge / for I haue sene the merueyllest syng that euer I sawe / that knowe I wel said Merlyn as wel as thy self and of all thy thoughtes / but thou art but a foole to take thought / for it wyll not amend the / Also I knowe what thou arte / and who was thy fader / and of whome

thow were begoten / kynge 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 lyuynge / 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 kynge was ryght glad / for he semed to be ryghte wyfe 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 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 displeasid with yow / for ye haue layne by your fyfter / 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 childes 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 fory said Merlyn / for I shalle dye a shameful deth / to be put in the erthe quyck / and ye shall dye a worshipful 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 kynge alked Ector and Vlkyus how he was bigoten / & they told hym Vtherpendragon was his fader & quene Igrayne his moder / thenne he sayd to Merlyn I wylle that my moder be fente for that I may speke with her / And yf she saye so her self / thēne wylle I byleue hit / In all haft the quene was fente for / and she cam & broughte with her Morgan le fay her doughter that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be / & the kynge welcomed Igrayne in the best maner /

¶ Capitulum xxj

RYght soo cam Vlkyus & saide openly that the kynge and all myȝt here that were felst 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 Vlkyus what I speke / & here is my gloue to preue hit vpon ony man that will seye the contrary / that this quene Igrayne is caufar af your grete damage / & 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 preue her fals to god and to yow and to al your realme and who wylle saye the contrary I wylle preue it on his body Thenne spak Igrayne and

fayd 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 fayd /
 Merlyn knoweth wel and ye fyr Vlkyus how kynge Vther cam to me in the
 Castel of Tyntagail 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 Vlkyus saide to the quene Merlyn is more to blame
 than ye / wel I wote saide 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 fyr Ector bare wytnes how
 he nourysshed hym by Vthers commaundement / And therwith kynge
 Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his armes and kyft 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 knyght maye
 reuenge my maysters deth / thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes
 dethe in the Court / and euery man saide his aduys / thenne came Gryflett
 that was but a squyer / and he was but yonge of the age of the kyng
 Arthur / soo he befoughte the kyng for alle his feruysse 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 saide gryflet I byseche yow make me
 knyght / Syr saide Merlyn it were grete pyte to lese Gryflet / for he
 wille be a passyng good man / whanne he is of age / abydyng
 with yow the terme |<[p.69] sig.c2r> 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
 strēgyft man of armes / wel saide Arthur / so at the desyre of gryflet the
 kynge made hym knyght / Now saide Arthur vnto fyre Gryflet / Sythen I
 haue made yow knyghte thow must yeue me a gyfte / what ye will saide
 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 makyng
 ony more debate / I wyll promyse yow saide 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 fadeled 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 lufte 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 wylle lufte 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 knyghte fyre 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 thorowe the shelde & the lyfte fyde / and brake the spere that the troncheon stak 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 passyng heuy / for he wende he had slayne hym / and thenne he vnaced his helme and gate hym wynde / and so with the troncheon he fet 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 passyng good knyght / & so fyr Gryflet rode to the court where grete doole <[p.70] sig.c2v> was made for hym / But thorowe good leches he was heled / and faued / Ryght so cam in to the Courte xij knyghtes & were aged men / and they cam from themperour of Rome / & they alked 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 anfuer 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 shal 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 chacyng 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 paelione there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armed in a chayer / Syr knyght

faid Arthur / for what cause abydest thou here that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he luste wyth the faid the kynge / I rede the leue that custome faid Arthur This customme faide the knyght haue I vsed and wille vse magre who faith nay / & who is greued with my custome / lete hym amende hit that wol / I wil amende it faid Arthur / I shal defende the faid the knyght / anon he toke his hors & dresid his shyld & toke a spere & they met so hard either in others sheldes <[p.71 / sig.c3r> that al to sheuered their sperys / ther with anone Arthur pulled oute his sward / nay not so faid the knyght / it is fayrer sayd the knyght that we tweyne renne more to gyders with sharp sperys / I wille wel faid Arthur and I had only mo sperys I haue ynow faid the knyght / so ther cam a squyer and brougt 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 sward / 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 knyghthode lete vs luste ones ageyn / I assente me faid 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 sward / and faid I will assay the fyr knyghte on foote / for I haue lost the honour on horsbak / I will be on horsbak faid the knyght / thenne was Arthur wrothe and dresid his sheld toward hym with his sward 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 & dresid his sheld vnto Arthur & ther begā a strong bataille with many grete strokes / & soo hewe with her swardes 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 swardys met euen to gyders / But the sward of the knyght smote kyng arthurs sward in two pyeces / wherfor he was heuy / thenne faid the knyghte vnto Arthur / thou arte in my daunger whether my lyft to faue the or flee the / and but thou yelde the as ouercome and recreant / thou shalt deye / as for deth faid kyng arthur welcome be it whan it cometh / But to yelde me vnto the as recreant I had leuer dye than to be soo shamed / And ther with al the kynge lepte vnto Pellinore & tooke hym by <[p.72] sig.c3v> 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 raced of his helme and wold haue smyten of his hede /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THer with all came Merlyn and fayd knyghte / hold thy hand / For and thou flee that knyghte thou puttest this reame in the gretteft dammage that euer was reame / For this knyght is a man of more worfhip than thou wotest of / Why / who is he faid the knyghte / it is kyng Arthur Thenne wold he haue flayn hym for drede of his wrathe / and heue vp his fwerd / and therwith Merlyn caft an enchaument to the knyghte that he felle to the erthe in a grete flepe / Thenne Merlyn tooke vp kyng Arthur and rode forth on the knyghtes hors / Allas faid Arthur what haft thou done merlyn haft thou flayne this good knyghte by thy craftes / there lyueth not foo worfhipful a knyghte as he was / I had leuer than the stynte of my land a yere that he were on lyue / care ye not fayd Merlyn / for he is holer than ye / for he is but on flepe and will awake within thre houres / I told you faid Merlyn what a knyghte he was / Here had ye be flayn had I not ben Also ther lyueth not a bygger knyght than he is one / and he fhall here after do yow ryght good feruyfe & his name is Pellinore / and he fhall haue two fones that fhall be paffyng good men fauf one / they fhalle haue no felawe or prowefse and of good lyuynge / and her names fhall be Perfyual of walys / & Lamerak of walis / & he fhall telle yow the name of your own fone bygoten of your fyfter that fhall be the deftruction of alle this royaume

¶ Capitulum xxv

RYghte fo the kyng and he departed & wente vn tyl an ermyte that was a good man and a grete leche / Soo the heremyte ferched all his woundys & gaf hym good falues fo the kyng was there thre dayes & thenne were his woundes wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo / & fo departed / & as they rode Arthur faid I haue no fwerd / no force faid Merlyn here by is a fwerd that fhalle 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 <[p.73] sig.c4r> an arme clothed in whyte famyte / that held a fayr fwerd in that hand / loo faid Merlyn yonder is that fwerd that I fpak of / with that they fawe a damoyfel goyng vpon the lake / what damoyfel is that faid Arthur / that is the lady of the lake faid Merlyn / And within that lake is a roche / and thereyn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and rychely befene / and this damoyfell wylle come to yow anone / and thenne fpeke ye fayre to her that fhe will gyue yow that fwerd / Anone with all came the damoyfel vnto Arthur / and falewed hym / and he her ageyne / Damoyfel faid Arthur / what fwerd is that / that yonder the arme holdeth aboute the water / I wold it were myne / for I haue no fwerd / Syr Arthur kyng faid the damoyfell / that fwerd is myn / And yf ye will gyue

me a yefte whan I aske it yow / ye fhall haue it by my feyth said Arthur / I will yeue yow what yefte ye will aske / wel said the damoifel go ye into yonder barge / & rowe your self to the fwerd / and take it / and scaubart with yow / & I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme / So fyr Arthur & merlyn alyght & tayed their horses to two trees / & so they went in to the fhipe / & whanne they came to the fwerd that the hand held / fyre 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 fyr Arthur sawe a ryche paelion / what fygnifyeth yōder paelion / þ^t is þ^e knyghtes paelion seid merlyn þ^t ye fouȝt with laft / fyr 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 laft Egglame / fledde and els he had ben dede / & he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon / and we fhall mete with hym anon in the hygh wey / that is wel sayd / said Arthur / now haue I a fwerd / now wille I wage bataill with hym & be auenged on hym / fir ye fhall not so said Merlyn / for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng & chacyng so that ye fhall haue no worship to haue a do with hym / Also he will not be lyȝtly matched of one knyght lyuyng / & therfor it is my counceil / lete hym passe / for he fhall do you good feruyse in shorte tyme & his fones after his dayes / Also ye fhall see that day in short space ye fhall be riȝt glad to yeue him your syster to wedde Whan I see hym I wil doo as ye aduyse sayd Arthur |<[p.74] sig.c4v> Thenne fyre Arthur loked on the fwerd / and lyked it passyng wel / whether lyketh yow better sayd Merlyn the fwerd or the scaubard / Me lyketh better the fwerd sayd Arthur / ye are more vnwyse sayd Merlyn / for the scaubard is worth x of the fwerdys / for whyles ye haue the scaubard vpon yow ye shalle neuer lese no blood / be ye neuer so fore wounded therfor kepe wel the scaubard alweyes with yow / so they rode vnto Carlyon / and by the way they met with fyr Pellinore / but Merlyn had done fuche a crafte / that pellinore sawe not Arthur / and he past by withoute ony wordes / I merueille sayd Arthur that the knyght wold not speke / fyr said Merlyn / he sawe yow not / for and he had sene yow ye had not lyghtly departed / Soo they come vnto Carlyon / wherof his knyghtes were passyng 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 fuche a chyuetayne that wolde put his persone in auenture as other poure knyghtes dyd /

¶ Capitulum xxvij

THis meane whyle came a messager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys / And kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles / And this was his message gretynge wel kynge Arthur in this manere wyse sayenge / that kynge Ryons had difcomfyte 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 messager 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 fente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes / and brenne and flee / & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd / wel fayd Arthur thou haft said thy meſſage / the whiche is the moſt vylaynous and lewdeſt meſſage that euer man herd fente vnto a kyng / Alſo thou mayſt ſee / my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit / But telle thou 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 |<[p.75] sig.c5r> 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 meſſager 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 fir doubt ye not / he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyſſaunce / wel ſaid Arthur I ſhall ordeyne for hym in ſhort tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviij

THēne kyng arthur lete fende 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 droſe 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 nouryſhed 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 diſpleafyd / 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 meſſager 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 faueage that foloweth next after / how by aduenture Balyn gat the ſwerd.

¶ Explicit liber primus

¶ **Incipit liber secundus**

After the dethe of Vtherpendragon regned Arthur his fone / the whiche had grete werre in his dayes for to gete al Englund in to his hand / For there were many kynges within the realme of Englund and in walys / Scotland and Cornewaille / Soo it befelle on a tyme / whanne kyng Arthur |<[p.76] sig.c5v> 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 flewe 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 hooft my self / wel faide the kyng / lete make a crye / that all the lordes knyghtes and gentylnen of armes shold drawe vnto a castel called Camelot in tho dayes / and ther the kyng wold lete make a counceil 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 damoysel the whiche was sente on message from the grete lady lylle of auelyon / And whan she came bifore kyng Arthur / she told from whome she came / and how she was sent on messlage 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 Damoyfel for what cause are ye gyrd with that swerd / it bifemeth yow not / Now shall I telle yow said the damoyfel / 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 sheathe / 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 prefumyng vpon my self that I am the best knyghte / but that I will begynne to drawe at your swerd in gyyng example to alle the Barons that they shall assay euerychone after other whan I haue assayed it / Thenne Arthur toke the swerd by the sheathe and by the gyrdel and pulled at it egrely / but the swerd wold not oute / ¶ Sire seid the damoyfell 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 |<[p.77] sig.c6r> ye al my barons / but beware ye be not defoyled with shame trechery ne gyle / thenne it wille not auaylle sayd the damoyfell / for he must be a clene knyght withoute vylony and of a gentil strenge of fader fyde and moder fyde / 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 damoyfel made grete sorow oute of mesure and sayd Allas I wende in this Courte had ben the best knyghtes withoute trechery or trefon / 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 foo that tyme / ther was a poure knyght with kyng Arthur / that had byn pryfoner with hym half a yere & more for fleyng of a knyghte / the whiche was cofyn vnto kyng Arthur / the name of this knyght was called Balen / and by good meanes of the barons he was delyuerd oute of pryfon / for he was a good man named of his body / and he was borne in northumberland / and foo he wente pryuely in to the Courte / and fawe this aduenture / werof hit reyfed his herte / and wolde affaye 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 affured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght that there was / And as the damoyfel toke her leue of Arthur and of alle the barons fo departyng / this knyght Balen called vnto her and sayd Damoyfel I praye yow of your curtofy / suffre me as wel to affay as these lordes though that I be fo pourely clothed / in my herte me semeth I am fully affured as somme of these other / And me semeth in my herte to spede ryght wel / The damoyfel beheld the poure knyght / and fawe he was a lykely man / but for his poure arrayment she thoughte he shold be of no worship withoute vylonye or trechery / And thene she sayd vnto the knyght / fir it nedeth not to put me to more payn or labour / for it semeth not yow to spede there as other haue failed / A fayr Damoyfel 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 |<[p.78] sig.c6v> vnto alle people / and therefore worship and hardynesse is not in arayment / By god sayd the damoyfel ye say fothe / therfor ye shal affaye to do what ye may / Thenne Balen took the sward by the gyrdel and shethe / and drewe it out eafly / and when he loked on the sward hit pleafyd hym moche / thenne had the kyng and alle the barons grete merueille that Balen hadde done that auenture / many knyghtes had grete despyte af Balen / Certes said the damoyfel / this is a passyng good knyght and the best that euer I found and moost of worship withoute trefon / trechery or vylony / and many merueylles shalle he do / Now gentyll and curtois knyght yeue me the sward ayene nay said Balen / for this sward wyll I kepe but it be taken from me with force / wel faide the damoyfel ye are not wyse to kepe the sward from me / for ye shalle flee with the sward the best frende that ye haue and the man that ye mooste loue in the world / and the sward shalle be your destruction / I shal take the aduenture sayd Balen that god wille ordeyne me / but the sward ye shalle not haue at this tyme by the feythe of my body / ye shalle repente hit within short tyme sayd the damoyfel / For I wold haue the sward more for your auaylle than for myne / for I am passyng heuy for your sake / For ye wil not byleue that sward shal be youre destruction / and that is grete pyte / with that the damoyfel departed makynge grete sorowe / Anone after Balen sente for his hors and armour / and foo wold departe fro the Courte and toke his leue of kyng Arthur / nay sayd the kyng I suppose ye wyll not departe so ligitly fro this felaulhip / I suppose ye are displeafed that I haue shewed yow vnkyndenes /

Blame me the lasse / for I was mys fenformed¹ ageynft yow / but I wende ye had not ben fuche a knyght as ye are of worship and prowesse / and yf ye wyll abyde in this courte among my felawship / I shalle so auance yow as ye shalle be pleased / god thanke your hyhenes said Balen / your bounte and hyhenes may no man preyfe half to the valewe / but at this tyme I must nedes departe / byfechyng 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 |<[p.79] sig.c7r> done ageynft 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 making hym redy to departe / there came in to the Courte a lady that hyght the lady of the lake / And she came on horsback rychely bysene / and falewed kynge Arthur / and there alked 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 damoyfels heede that broughte hit / I take no force though I haue bothe their hedes / for he slewe my broder a good knyghte 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 foughte her thre yeres / and whan it was told hym that she alked his hede of kynge Arthur he went to her streyte and said euyl be you foude / 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 trespas / Sir said Balen me forthynketh of your displeasyr / for this same lady was the vntrueft lady luyunge / and by enchaument and forffery she hath ben the destroyer of many good knyghtes / and she was causer that my moder was brente thorow her fallhede and trechery / what cause soo euer ye had said Arthur ye shold haue |<[p.80] sig.c7v> forborne her in my prefence / therfor thynke not the contrary ye shalle repente it / for fuche another despyte had I neuer in my Courte / therfor

¹ For *mys fenformed* read *myfenformed*.

withdrawe yow oute of my Courte in al haft that ye may / Thenne Balen toke vp the heed of the lady and bare it with hym to his hoftry / and there he met with his fquyer that was fory he had displeafyd kyng Arthur / and fo they rode forth oute of the town / Now faid Balen we muft departe / take thow this hede and bere it to my frendys / and telle hem how I haue fped / and telle my frendys in Northumberland that my moft foo is deed / Alfo telle hem how I am oute of pryfon / and what auenture befelle me at the getyng of this fwerd Allas faid the fquyar ye are gretely to blame for to displeafe kyng Arthur / as for that faid Balen I wylle hyhe me in al the haft that I may to mete with kynge Ryons and deftroye 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 fhall I mete with yow faide the fquyer / in kynge Arthurs Court faid Balen / fo his fquyer and he departed at that tyme / thenne kynge Arthur and alle the Court made grete doole and had fhame of the deth of the lady of the lake thenne the kyng buried her rychely

¶ Capitulum iiij

AT that tyme ther was a knyghte / the whiche was the kynges fone of Ireland and his name was Launceor / the whiche was an orgulous knygt / and counted hym felf one of the beft of the Courte / and he had grete despyte at Balen for the encheuynge of the fwerd that ony fhould be acounted more hardy or more of prowefse / and he alked kynge Arthur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde after Balen and to reuenge the despyte that he had done / Doo your beft faid Arthur I am right wroth faid 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 hoftry 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 fwerd and the deth of the lady of the lake / Now fhall I faye yow faid Merlyn / this fame damoyfel that here standeth that broughte the fwerde vnto your Court / I fhalle telle yow the caufe of her comynge / fhe was the faleft damoyfel that lyueth / fay not fo faid they / She <[p.81] sig.c8r> hath a broder a paffynge good knyght of prowefse and a ful true man / and this damoyfel loued another knyght that helde her to peramour / and this good knyght her broder mett with the knyght that held her to peramour and flewe hym by force of his handes / whan this fals damoyfel vnderftood thys / fhe wente to the lady lyle of Auelione / and befought her of help / to be auengyd on her owne broder

¶ Capitulum quintum

ANd fo this lady lyle of Auelion toke her this fwerd 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 fwerd he shold flee her broder / this was the cause that the damoyfel 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 felaulhip of worship to do good but alweyes grete harme / and that knyght that hath encheued the fwerd shal be destroyed by that fwerd / for the whiche wil be grete dommage / for ther lyueth not a knyght 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 lyuynge / Soo the knyght of Irelande armed hym at al poyntes / and dresseid 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 fyghte 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 fyerfly / and faide faire knyghte what wille ye with me / wille ye Iuste with me / ye said the Iryllhe 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 kyng Arthur sayd the knyghte of Irlond / that come hyder for to reunge the despyte ye dyd this day to kyng arthur <[p.82] sig.c8v> and to his courte / wel said Balyn / I fee 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 fymple said Balyn vnto me / for the lady that is dede / dyd me grete dommage or els wold I haue ben lothe as ony knyghte that lyueth for to flee 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 Iryllhe knyght smote Balyn on the sheld that alle wente sheuers of his spere / & Balyn hyt hym thorough the sheld / and the hauberk peryllhed / & so percyd thurgh his body and the hors crope / and anon torned his hors fyerfly and drewe oute his fwerd and wyfte not that he had flayn hym / and thenne he sawe hym lye as a dede corps.

¶ Capitulum vj

THenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoyfel 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 haft slayne and one herte and two hertes in one body / and two soules thou haft 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 fore / and he wente vnto her for to haue taken the swerd oute of her hād but she helde it so fast / he myghte not take it oute of her hand onles he shold haue hurte her / and fodenly she sette the pomell to the ground / and rofe her self thorow the body / whan balyn aspyed her dedes he was passyngly heuy in his herte and alhamed that so fair a damoyfell had destroyed her self for the loue of his deth / Allas said Balyn me repenteth fore the deth of this knyght for the loue of this damoyfel / 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 [

¶ Ca vij

NOw go we hens said balyn & wel be we met / the mene while as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of camelot on horsbak as moche as he myght & foūd the dede bodyes / wherfor he made grete dole & pulled out his here for sorou & faide which of you knyghtes haue done this dede / where by

alkeft thou it faid balan / for I wold wete it faid the dwarfe / it was I faid balyn that flewe this knyght in my defendaūt for hyder he cam to chaace me & other I muft flee hym or he me / & this damoyfel flewe her felf for his loue whiche repenteth me / & for her fake I fhall owe al wymmen the better loue / Allas faid the dwarf thou haft done grete dommage vnto thy felf / for this knyght that is here dede was one of the moft valyaunts men that lyued / and truſt wel balyn the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the world tyl they haue flayne yow / As for that fayd Balyn I fere not gretely / but I am ryght heuy that I haue displeafyd 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 <[p.84] sig.d1v> aboue faide / thenne maade the kynge grete forowe for the true loue that was betwix them / & faid I wil not departe tyl I haue on this erthe made a tombe / and there he pyght his pauelions and foughte thurgh alle the cuntrye 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 requelt was flayne by the handes of balyn / & how his lady colombe and peramoure flewe her felf with her loues ſwerd for dole and forowe

¶ Capitulum viij

THe mene whyle as this was a doying / in cam merlyn to kyng mark feyng alle his doynge faid / Here ſhalle be in this fame place the gretteſt bataille betwixt two knyghtes that was or euer ſhall be / and the trueſt louers / and yet none of hem ſhalle flee 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 / thou art a merueillous man faide kynge Marke vnto Merlyn that ſpekeſt of fuche merueilles / thou art a boyſtous man and an vnlykely to telle of fuche dedes / what is thy name faid kynge Marke / at this tyme faid Merlyn I will not telle / but at that tyme whan fyr Tryſtram is taken with his ſouerayne lady / thenne ye ſhalle here and knowe my name / & at that tyme ye ſhall here tydynges that ſhall not pleaſe yow / Thenne faid merlyn to balyn thou haft done thy felf grete hurt by cauſe that thou faueſt not this lady that flewe her felf that myght haue faued her & thou woldeſt / by the feyth of my body fayd balyn I myght not faue her for ſhe flewe her felf ſodenly Me repenteth faide 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 ij kyngdoms ſhall be in grete pouerte myſere & wretchidnes xij yere / & the knyght ſhall not be hool of that woūd many yeres / thenne merlyn toke his leue of balyn & balan faid yf I wiſt it were ſoth that ye fay I ſhold do fuche

peryllous dede as that I wold flee my self to make the a lyar / therwith merlyn |<[p.85] sig.d2r> vanyllhed away fodenly / and thenne balyn and his broder toke her leue of kynge Mark / fyrft said the kynge telle me your name / fyr said Balen ye may see he bereth two fwerdes ther by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two fwerdes & 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 desguyfed / but they knewe hym not / whyder ryde yow said Merlyn / we haue lytel to do faide the ij knyghtes 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 couceill / come on said Merlyn ye shal haue grete worship & loke that ye do knyztely 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 befyde the hyhe way & toke of the brydels of their horfes & put hem to gras & leid hem doun to reſte hem tulle it was nyhe mydnyzt / Thenne Merlyn badde hem ryſe / & make hem redy / for the the kynge was nygh them that was ſtolen away from his hooft with a iij ſcore horfes of his beſt knyghtes & xx of hem rode to fore to warne the lady de Vance that the kyng was comyng / for that nyzt 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 fyrſtly & leid hym to the ground / & there they ſlewe on the ryght hand & the lyfte hand & flewe 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 prowefſe flee me not / for by my lyf ye may wynne / & by my dethe ye ſhalle wynne noo thyng / Thenne ſayd theſe two knyghtes ye ſay ſothe & trowth |<[p.86] sig.d2v> and ſo leyd hym on on hors lyttar / with that Merlyn was vanyllhed 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 fwerdes and balan his broder / and brought with hem kyng Ryons of Northwalys and there delyuerd hym to the porters and charged hem with hym / & soo they two returned ageyne in the daunyng of the day / kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng Ryons and ſaid Syr kyng ye are welcome / by what auenture come ye hyder / fyr ſaid kyng Ryons I cam hyther by an hard auenture / who

wanne yow said kyng Arthur / fyre said the kyng the knyght with the two fwerdes & 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 gretteft dole of hym that euer I knewe of knyght / for he shalle not long endure / Allas saide kyng Arthur that is grete pyte for I am moche beholdyng vnto hym / & I haue yll deferued it vnto hym for his kyndenes / nay said Merlyn he shal do moche more for yow / and that shal ye knowe in haft / but fyr are ye purueyed said Merlyn for to morne the hooft of Nero kyng Ryons broder wille sette on yow or none with a grete hooft and therfor make yow redy for I wyl departe from yow

¶ Capitulum x

THenne kyng Arthur made redy his hooft in x batails and Nero was redy in the felde afore the castel Tarabil with a grete hooft / & 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 fyr kay the fencyal dyd passyngly wel that the dayes of his lyf the worship went neuer frō hym & fir heruys de reuel did merueillous dedes with [p.87] sig.d3r with kyng Arthur / and kyng Arthur flewe that daye xx knyghtes & maymed xl / At that tyme cam in the knyghte with the two swerdys and his broder Balan / But they two did so merueillously that the kyng 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 / & kyng Arthur said hym self they were the best knyghtes that euer he sawe / for they gaf suche strokes that all men had wōder of hem In the meane whyle came one to kyng Lott and told hym / whyle he taryed there nero was destroyed and slayne with al his peple / Allas sayd kyng Lot I am alhamed / for by my defaute ther is many a worshipful man slayne / for and we had ben to gyders there hadde ben none hooft 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 / kyng 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 kyng 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 freshe / As for me sayd kyng Lot I wolde eury 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 fwerdes & his broder balan put kyng lot & his hooft to the werre / But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formeft frunte & dyd merueillous dedes of arnes / for alle his hooft was borne vp by his handes for he abode al knyghtes / allas he myght not endure the whiche was grete pyte that fo worthy a knyght as he was one fhold be ouermatched that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded the fister of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lots wyf the whiche was arthurs fyster & gat on her Mordred / therfor kyng lot held ayenft |<[p.88] sig.d3v> Arthur / So ther was a knyght that was called the knyghte with the ftraunge beeste / and at that tyme his ryght name was called Pellinore / the whiche was a good man of prowesse / and he smote a myghty froke att kyng Lot as he fought with all his enemyes / and he fayled of his froke / and smote the hors neck that he fylle to the grounde with kyng lot And therwith anon Pellinore smote hym a grete froke thorow the helme & hede vnto the browes & thenne alle the hooft of Orkeney fled for the deth of kyng Lott / and there were flayn many moders fones / But kyng Pellinore bare the wytte of the deth of kyng Lot / wherfore fyr Gawayne reuenged the deth of his fader the x yere after he was made knyght and flewe kyng Pellinore with his owne handes / Also there were flayne at that bataille xij kynges on the fyde of kyng Lot with Nero / and alle were buryed in the chirche of faynt 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 Morgaufe with her foure fones Gawayne / Agrauayne / Gaherys and Gareth / Also ther came thyder kyng Vryens fyr Ewayns fader and Morgan le fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs fyster / Alle thefe cam to the enterement / but of alle thefe xij kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kyng Lot paffyng 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 fygne of xij kynges / & echon of hem helde a tapyr of wax that brent day and nygt / & kyng Arthur was made in fygne of a fygure standyng aboue hem with a fwerd 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 / thefe tapers fhalle brenne no lenger / and foone after the aduentures of the Sangrayll fhalle come among yow and be encheued / Also he told Arthur how Balyn the worfhipful knyght fhall gyue the dolourous froke / wherof fhalle falle grete vengeance / O where is Balen & Balan & Pellinore faide kyng Arthur / as for Pellinore fayd Merlyn / he wyl mete with yow foone / ¶ And as for Balyn |<[p.89] sig.d4r> he wille not be longe from yow / but the other broder wil departe ye fhalle fee hym no more / By my feyth faid Arthur they are two merueyllous knyghtes / and namely Balyn paffeth 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 fayd Merlyn loke ye kepe wel the scaubard of Excalibur / for ye shalle lefe 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 fyfter / and she loued another knyght better than her husband kynge Vryens or kynge Arthur And she wold haue had Arthur her broder flayne / 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 flayne kyng arthur / After this Merlyn told vnto kynge Arthur of the prophecye / that there shold be a grete batail befyde Salyisbury and Mordred his owne sone sholde be ageynste hym / Also he tolde hym that Baldemegus was his cofyn and germayn vnto kynge Vryence

¶ Capitulum xij

WYthin a daye or two kynge Arthur was somewhat feke / and he lete pytche his paelione 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 paelione / and sawe a knyght comynge euen by hym makynge grete dole Abyde fair fyr 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 rydynge this way a knyght makynge grete moorne / for what caufe I can not telle / wherfor I wold defyre of yow of your curtosye and of your gentylnesse to fetche 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 damoyfel in a forest & said fir knygt |<[p.90] sig.d4v> ye muft 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 / fyr sayd Balyn I pray yow make yow redy for ye muft goo with me / or els I muft 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 damoyfel styll / And as they were euen afore kynge Arthurs paelione / there came one inuyfybel and smote thys knyghte that wente with Balyn thorow oute the body wyth a spere / Allas sayd the knyght I am flayne vnder youre cōduyt with a knyght called Garlon / therfor take my hors that is better than yours and ryde to the damoyfel and folowe the quest that I was in / as she wylle lede yow and reunge 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 menfyon on his tombe / how there was flayne Herlews le berbeus / and by whome the trechery was done the

knyght garlon / But euer the damoyfel bare the truncheon of the spere with her that fyr Harlews was flayn with al

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SO Balyn and the damoyfel rode in to a forest / & ther met with a knyght that had ben on huntyng / and that knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorowe / me lyft not to telle yow faide Balyn / Now faide 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 hoftry 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 invyfybel and smote thys knyghte Peryn de mountebeliard thurgh the body with a spere / Allas faide the knyghte I am flayne by this traytoure |<[p.91] sig.d5r> knyghte that rydeth Inuyfyble / 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 fyr Gaweyn shalle reunge his faders deth kyng Lot / on the kyng Pellinore / Anone after this balyn and the damoyfel rode tyl they came to a castel and there balyn alyghte / and he and the damoyfel wende to goo in to the castel / and anone as balyn came within the castels yate the portecolys fylle doune at his bak / and there felle many men about the damoyfel / and wold haue flayne her / whan balyn sawe that / he was fore agreued / for he myghte not helpe the damoyfel / 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 sward and wold haue foughten 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 fyluer ful of blood of a clene mayde & a kynges daughter / and therefore the custome of this castel is / there shalle no damoyfel passe this way but she shal blede of her blood in a fyluer 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 fyre Percyualis fyfter halpe that lady with her blood wherof she was dede

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne they rode thre or foure dayes and neuer mette with aduventure / 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 soper balyn herd ouer complayne greuouly by hym in a chayer / what is this noyse said balen / forsothe said his hooft I wylle telle yow / I was but late att a Iustyng / and there I Iusted with a knyghte that is broder vnto kynge Pellam / and twyes smote I hym doune / & thenne <[p.92] sig.d5v> 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 Inuyfyble / 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 oofte I shalle telle yow kynge Pellam of lystyneyse 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 kynzte 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 ooft / 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 feest / and soo they alyght and stabled theyr horses / and went in to the Castel / but balyns ooft 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 sward 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 sward / 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 knyzt that is now lyuyng for he destroyeth many good knyghtes / for he goth Inuyfyble A wel said Balen is that he / thenne balyn auysed hym long yf I flee 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 knyzt why beholdest thou me so for shame <[p.93] sig.d6r> 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 claued his hede to the sholders / gyue me the troncheon 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 hooft / ſayenge / now may ye fetche blood ynough to hele your ſone with all /

Capitulum xv

A None all the knyghtes aroos from the tabyl for to ſet on Balyn / and kynge Pellam hym ſelf aroos vp fyerfly / & ſayd knyzt haſt thou ſlayn my broder / thou ſhalt dye therfor or thou departe / wel ſaid balen do it your ſelf yis ſayde kyng pellā / 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 rycheſy / 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 fyluer / 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 tordned hym to kyng Pellam / and ſmote hym paſſyngly fore with that ſpere that kynge Pellam felle doune in a ſwoune / and therwith the caſtel roofe and wallys brake and fylle to the erthe / and balyn felle doune ſo that he myghte not ſtere 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 <[p.94] sig.d6v>

T Henne 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 damoyſel ſayd balyn / Loo ſayd Merlyn where ſhe lyeth dede & kynge Pellam lay ſo many yeres fore 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 Iofeph 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 Iofeph 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 tordned 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

fyde / and alle that were on lyue cryed O balyn thow haft caused grete dommage in these cōtrayes for the dolorous stroke thow gauelt vnto kynge Pellā thre countreyes are destroyed / and doubte not but the vengeance wil falle on the at the laft / whanne Balyn was past tho contrayes he was passyng fayne / so he rode eyzt dayes or he met with auenture / And at the laft he came in to a fayr forest in a valey and was ware of a Toure / And there befyde he sawe a grete hors of werre tayed to a tree / and ther befyde fatte 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 promysed me to mete me here by none / and I maye curse the that euer ye gaf me this swerd / for with this swerd I flee 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 flee the / that shal not nede said balyn / for I shal promyse |<[p.95] sig.d7r> 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 faueage / A fyr 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 garnyshe 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 daughter 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 lital gardyn / and vnder a laurel tre he sawe her lye vpon a quylt of grene famyte and a knyght in her armes fast halfynge eyther other and vnder their hedes grassse & 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 flepte fast / and so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepyng

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd whan Garnyshe 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 haft 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 fallhede / 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 garnyshe now is my forou
doubel that I may not endure / Now haue I flayne that I moost loued in al
my lyf / and therwith fodenly he rooffe hym self on his own fwerd vnto the
hyltys / when balen sawe that |<[p.96] sig.d7v> he dresseid hym thens
ward / lest folke wold say he had flayne them / and so he rode forth / and
within thre dayes he cam by a crosse / & theron were letters of gold wryten
that said / it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this Castel / thenne
sawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd Balyn le
Saeage thow passyft 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 fyght and
ledde hym in to the castel / and ther was daunfyng and mynstralsye and
alle maner of Ioye / Thenne the chyef lady of the castel said / knyghte with
the two fuerdys 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 fyn 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
vnknown 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 fyde / he met
with a damoyfel / 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 known / it is grete pyte of yow as euer was of knyght /
for of thy prowesse & hardynes thou haft no felawe lyuyng / 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 bleffid hym and
mounted |<[p.97] sig.d8r> vpon his hors

¶ Capitulum xvij

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
fwerdys / but by cause he knewe not his sheld he demed it was
not he / And so they auentryd theyr speres & came merueilloufly fast to
gyders / and they smote other in the sheldes / but there speres and there
cours were soo bygge that it bare doune hors & man that they lay bothe in
a swoun But balyn was bryfed fore with the falle of his hors / for he was

wery of trauaille / And Balan was the fyrft that rofe on foote and drewe his fwerd and wente toward Balyn / and he aroos and wente ageynft hym / But balan fmote balyn fyrfte / and he put vp his fhelde and fmote hym thorow the fhelde and tamyd his helme / thenne Balyn fmote hym ageyne with that vnhappy fwerd and wel nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan / and fo they fought ther to gyders tyl theyr brethes faylled / thenne Balyn loked vp to the caftel and fawe the Towres ftand ful of ladyes / Soo they went vnto bataille ageyne and wounded eueryche other dolefully / and thenne they brethed oftymes / and fo 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 fmyten other feuen grete woundes fo that the left of them myȝt haue ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this world / Thenne they wente to batail ageyn fo merueilloufly that doubte it was to here of that bataille for the grete blood fhedyng And their hawberkes vnnailled that naked they were on euery fyde / Atte laft balan the yonger broder withdrewe hym a lytel & leid hym doune / Thenne faid balyn le Saeage what knyghte arte thou / for or now I found neuer no knyȝt that matched me / my name is faid he balan broder vnto the good knyght balyn / Allas fayd balyn that euer I fhould fee this day / and therwith he felle backward in a fwoune / Thenne balan yede on al four feet and handes and put of the helme of his broder and myght not knowe hym by the vyfage / it was fo ful hewen and bledde / but whan he awoke he fayd O balan |<[p.98] sig.d8v> my broder thou haft flayne me and I the / wherfore alle the wyde world fhalle fpeke of vs bothe / ¶ Allas fayd Balan that euer I fawe this day that thorow myfhap I myght not knowe yow / for I afpyed wel your two fwerdys / but by caufe ye had another fhild I demed ye had ben another knyȝt Allas faide Balyn all that maade an vnhappy knyght in the caftel / for he caufed me to leue myn owne fhelde to our bothes destruction / and yf I myȝt lyue I wold deftroie that caftel for ylle cultomes / that were wel done faid Balan / For I had neuer grace to departe fro hem fyn that I cam hyther / for here it happed me to flee a knyght that kepte this Iland / & fyn myght I neuer departe / and nomore fhould ye broder & ye myght haue flayne me as ye haue and efcaped your felf with the lyf / Ryght fo cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them and there fhe herd how they made her mone eyther to other and fayd we came bothe oute of one tombe that is to fay one moders bely / And fo fhalle we lye bothe in one pytte / So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true feruyfe / that fhe wold burye them bothe in that fame place there the bataille was done / and fhe graunted hem with wepyng it fhould be done rychely in the beft maner / Now wille ye fende for a preeft that we may receyue our facrament and receyue the bleffid body of our lord Ihefu cryft / ye faid the lady it fhalle be done / and fo fhe fente for a preeft and gaf hem her ryghtes / Now fayd balen whan we are buryed in one tombe and the menfyon made ouer vs / how ij bretheren flewe eche other / there wille neuer good knyght nor good man fee our tombe but they wille pray for our foules / & fo alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte / Thenne anone Balan dyed but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after / and fo were they buryed bothe / and the lady lete make a menfyon of Balan how he was ther flayne by his broders handes / but fhe 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 knyzt with the two fwerdes |<[p.99] sig.e1r> 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 nobleffe / and anone after Balyn was dede / merlyn toke his swerd / and toke of the pomel and set on an other pomel / so merlyn had 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 fuerd but the best knyght of the world / and that shalle be fyr Launcelot or els Galahad his sone / and Launcelot with this fuerd shalle flee the man that in the world he loued best that shalle be fyr 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 fyde 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 aboute the water and dyd many yeres / and so by aduenture it swam doun 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 gretteft pyte that ouer I herd telle of two knyztes / for in the world I knowe not fuche two knyghtes / ¶ Sequitur iij liber|<[p.100] sig.e1v>

¶ Capitulum primum

IN the begynnynge of Arthur after he was chofen kyng by aduenture 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 counceil 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 faid 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 faid kyng Arthur / I loue gweneuer the kynges doughter Lodegreaun 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 damoyfel is the mooft valyaunt and fayreſt lady that I knowe lyuyng or yet that euer I coude fynde / Syre ſayd 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 damoyfel of beaute and of goodeneſſe that ſhold lyke yow & pleſe yow and your herte were not fette / But there as a mans herte is fet / he wylle be lothe to retorne / that is trouth faid kyng Arthur / but Merlyn warned the kyng couertly that gweneuer was not holfome 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 Lodegreaun 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 tydynges that euer I herd that ſo worthy a kyng of prowefſe and nobleſſe wille wedde my doughter / And os for my landes I wylle gyue hym wyft I it myght pleaſe hym / <[p.101] sig.e2r> 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 fauwe / I / for ſo many haue ben flayne in my dayes / and ſo Ladegreans delyuerd his doughter Gweneuer vnto Merlyn / and the table round with the C knyghtes / and ſo they rode freſhly 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 faid openly this fair lady is paſſyng welcome vnto me / for I haue loued her longe / And therefore 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 mooft honorable wyſe that coude be deuſed Now Merlyn faid kyng Arthur / goo thow and aſpye me in al this land I knyghtes whiche ben of moſt prowefſe & worſhip / within ſhort tyme merlyn had founde ſuche knyghtes 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 fette the viij and xx knyghtes in her ſyeges / and whan this was done / Merlyn faid fayr fyrs ye muſt al aryſe and come to

kyng Arthur for to doo hym homage / he will haue the better wil to mayntene yow / and fo they arofe and dyd their homage / & when they were gone / merlyn fond in euery fyeges letters of gold that told the knyghtes names that had fyttten therin / But two fyeges were voyde / And fo anone cam yong gawayn & alked the kyng a yefte Alke faid the kyng / & I fhall graunte it yow / fyr I alke that ye will make me knyzt / that fame day ye fhall wedde faire Gweneuer / I will do it with a good wil faid kyng arthur & do vnto yow all the worship that I may / for I muft by refon ye ar myn neuwe my fufters fone /

¶ **Ca iij** |<[p.102] sig.e2v>

FOrth with alle ther cam a poure man in to the Courte and broughte with hym a fayre yonge man of xvij yere of age rydyng vpon a lene mare / and the poure man alked all men that he met / where fhall I fynde kyng arthur / yonder he is fayd the knyghtes / wylt thou ony thyng with hym / ye fayd the poure man / therfor I cam hyder / anone as he came before the kyng he falewed hym and fayd O kyng Arthur the floure of all knyghtes and kynges I byfeche Ihefu faue the / Syr it was told me that at this tyme of your maryage ye wolde yeue any man the yefte that he wold alke / oute excepte that were vnrefonable / that is trouthe faid the kyng fuche cryes I lete make / and that will I holde fo it apayre not my realme nor myne eftate / ye fay wel and graciously faid the poure man / Syre I alke no thyng els but that ye wil make my fone here a knyghte / it is a grete thyng thou alkest of me faid the kyng / what is thy name faid the kyng to the poure man / fyr my name is Aryes the Cowherd / whether cometh this of the or of thy fone faid the kyng / Nay fyre faid Aryes / this defyre cometh of my fone and not of me / For I fhall telle yow I haue xij fones / & 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 fhotyng or caftyng dartes / and glad for to fee batailles and to behold knyghtes / And alweyes day and nyghte he defyareth of me to be made a knyzt what is thy name fayd the kyng vnto the yonge man / Syre my name is Tor / the kyng beheld hym fait / and fawe he was paffyngly wel vyfaged and paffyngly wel made of his yeres Wel faid kyng Arthur vnto Aryes the Cowherd fetche al thy fones afore me that I may see them / and fo the poure man did and al were fhapen moche lyke the poure man / But Tor was not lyke none of hem al in fhap ne in contenance / for he was moche more than ony of hem / Now faid kyng Arthur vnto the Cowherd / where is the fwerd he fhalle be made knyght with al / it is here fayd Tor / take it oute of the fhethe fayd the kyng / and requyre me to make yow a knyght Thenne Tor alyght of his mare and pulled oute his fwerd knelyng and requyryng the kyng / that he wold maake |<[p.103] sig.e3r> hym knyght / & that he myghte be a knyght of the table round As for a knyzt I will make yow / & therwith fmote hym in the neck with the fwerd fayeng be ye a good knyzt / & fo I pray to god fo 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 fyre he ought to be a good knyght / for he is comen of as good a man as ony is on lyue / and of kynge's blood how so fyr sayd the kynge / I shalle telle yow sayd Merlyn / This poure man Aryes the cowherd is not his fader / he is no thyng fyb to hym / for kynge Pellinore is his fader / I suppose nay said the Cowherd / fetch the wyf afore me said merlyn / and she shalle not say nay / anon the wyf was fet which was a fair houfwyf / and there she answered Merlyn ful womanly / and there she told the kynge 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 / & faide 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 / fir said Tor vnto Merlyn dishonoure not my moder / fyr said merlyn it is more for your worship than hurte / for your fader is a good man & a kyng / & he may ryght wel auance you and your moder / for ye were begoten or euer she was wedded / that is trouthe 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 kynge 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 fyeges / Syre said Merlyn / ther shalle no man fyt in tho places / but they shall be of moost worship / But in the sege perillous there shall no man fyte therin but one / and yf ther be ony so hardy to doo it he shall be destroyed / & he that <[p.104] sig.e3v> shall fyte there shall haue no felawe / And therwith Merlyn toke kynge Pellinore by the hand / and in the one hand next the two feges and the sege peryllous he said in open audyence this is your place and best ye are worthy to fyte there in of ony that is here / there at sat fyr gawayne in grete enuy & told Gaherys his broder / yonder knyghte is put to grete worship / the whiche greueth me sore / for he flewe our fader kynge Lot / therfor I wille flee hym said Gauayne with a 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 hye feest / I wyl wel said gauayn as ye wylle /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THenne was the hyghe feefte made redy / and the kynge was wedded att Camelott vnto Dame Gweneuer in the chirche of faynt fteuyns with grete folempnyte / And as euery man was fet after his degree / Merlyn wente to alle the knyghtes of the round table / and bad hem fytte styll that none of hem remeue / for ye fhalle fee a ftraunge and a merueillous aduventure / Ryght fo as they fat 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 buttock & pulled oute a pees / where thurgh the herte lepte a grete lepe / and ouerthrewe a knyght that fat at the boord fyde / and therwith the knygt aroos & toke vp the brachet / & fo went forth oute of the halle & toke his hors & rode his wey with the brachet / right fo anone cam in a lady on a whyte palfrey & cryed aloude for the kyng Arthur / Syre fuffre me not to haue this despyte for the brachet was myn that the knyght lad aweye / I maye not doo therwith faid 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 fhe cryed and made grete dole / whanne fhe was gone the kynge was glad for fhe |<[p.105] sig.e4r> made fuche a noyfe / Nay faid merlyn / ye may not leue this adventures fo lyghtely / For thefe aduentures muft be brought agayne or els it wold be difworship to yow and to your feeft I wyll faid the kynge that al be done by your aduys / Thenne faide merlyn lete calle fyr gauayne / for he muft brynge ageyne the whyte herte / Also fyr ye muft lete calle Syre Tor / for he muft brynge ageyne the brachet / and the knyght or els flee hym / Also lete calle kynge Pellinore for he muft brynge ageyne the lady and the knyght or els flee hym / and thefe thre knyghtes fhalle 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 furely / But fir gauayne had the fyrft requeft / and therefore we wille begynne at hym /

¶ Capitulum vj

Syre gauayne roode more than a paas and gaheryfe his broder that roode with hym in ftede of a fquyer to doo hym feruyfe / Soo as they rode they fawe two knyghtes fyghte on horfbak paffyng fore / fo fyr gauayn & his broder rode betwixe them / and asked them for what caufe they foughte fo / the one knyght anfuerd and fayd / we fyghte for a fymple mater / for we two be two bretheren born & begoten of one man & of one woman / allas faid fir gauayn why do ye fo / fyr faid the eldar / ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many hoüdes chaced hym / & a whyte brachet was alwey next hym / and we vnderftood it was auenture made for the hyhe feeft of kynge 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 thought to preue whiche of vs bothe was better knyght / This is a fymple cause said sir gauayn / vncouth men ye shold debate with al & no broder with broder / therfor but yf ye wil do by my couceil 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 ado with yow / thenne do as I will haue yow said sir gauayne / |<[p.106] sig.e4v> we wille agree to fulfille your wyll / 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 fyde and sayd / Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte / but yf thou wilt lufte 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 swimme ouer the water / and anone they gat their speres / and ranne to gyder ful hard / but fyre gauayne smote hym of his hors / and thenne he tornd his hors & bad hym yelde hym / Nay sayd the knyght not so though thou haue the better of me on horfbak / 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 dresseid 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 fyghte of fyre 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 thou art dede / for my fouerayne lady gaf the to me / and euyll haue I kepte the / and thy deth |<[p.107] sig.e5r> shalle be dere bought and I lyue / and anone he wente in to his chamber and armed hym / and came oute fyrefly / & 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 thou faist trouthe said the knyght I haue auengyd

me on thy houndes and so I wille on the or thow goo / Thenne fyr Gauayne alyght afoote and drestid 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 fyr gauayne smote the knyght so hard that he felle to the erthe / and thenne he cryed mercy / and yelded hym and befought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to faue his lyf / thow shalt dye said fir 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 mysaventure / 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 wite 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 thyng / Me fore repentith it said fyr 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 fir gauayn or we departe / my name is said the knyght Ablamor of the marise / soo he departed toward Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum |<[p.108] sig.e5v>

ANd fyr 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 fyr 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 doubtte thow not thow shalt haue grete nede of mercy or thow departe from vs / And therwith one of hem smote fyr gauayne a grete stroke that nygh he felle to the erthe / and gaheryse smote hym ageyne fore / and soo they were on the one syde and on the other / that fyr gauayne and gaheryse were in ieopardy of their lyues / and one with a bowe an archer smote fyr gauayne thurȝ the arme that it greued hym wonderly fore / And as they shold haue ben slayne / there cam four fair ladyes / and befought the knyghtes of grace for fyre gauayne / and goodely atte request of the ladyes they gaf fyr gauayne and gaheryse their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as prysoners / thenne gauayne and gaheryse made grete dole / Allas sayd fyre gauayne myn arme greueth me fore / I am lyke to be maymed and so

made his complaynt pytoufly / erly on the morow ther cam to fyr gauayne one of the four ladyes / that had herd alle his complaynte and said fyr knyghte what chere / not good said he it is your owne defaulte said the lady / for ye haue doone a pallynge 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 fyr gauayne / what is your name saide the lady / ye muft telle it me or ye passe / my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney sone / and my moder is kynge Arthurs fyfster / 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 pryfoner was kynge Arthurs neuewe / and his name is fyr gauayne kyng Lots sone of Orkeney / and they gaf hym the hertes hede by cause it was in [p.109] sig.e6r> his quest / ¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd fyr 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 flayne / Thenne the kyng and the quene were gretely displeasid with fyr gauayn for the sleynge of the lady / And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was set a quest of ladyes on fyr gauayn / and they Iuged hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with all ladyes & to fyghte 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 fougt for another / And thus endeth the aventure of fyr 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 fyre 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 fyr Tor / for I am in a quest that I muft nedes folowe / thou shalt not passe said the dwarf and therwith alle he blewe his horne / thenne ther cam one armed on horsbak / and dressid 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 fyr I haue a felawe in yonder paelione that wille haue adoo with yow anone / he shall be welcome said fyr Tor / Thenne was he ware of another knyght comyng with grete raundon / and

eche of them dressid to other / that |<[p.110] sig.e6v> merueille it was to see / but the knyght smote fyre Tor a grete stroke in myddes of the shelde that his spere all to sheured And fyr Tor smote hym thurgh the sheld by lowe of the sheld and it wente thorow the cooft of the knyght / but the stroke flewe hym not / And therewith fyr Tor alyght & smote hym on the helme a grete stroke / and therewith the knyght yelded hym and besought hym of mercy / I wille wel said fyr Tor / But thou and thy felawe must goo vnto kyng Arthur / and yelde yow prysoners vn to hym / by whome shall we say are we thyder fente / 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 fyr Tor / my name is sayd the one Sire Felot of Langduk / & my name is said the other Sir Petypale of wynchylfe / Now go ye forth saide fyre Tor and god spede yow & me / Thenne cam the dwarf and saide vnto fyr Tor / I praye yow gyue me a yefte / I wille wel said fyr Tor / alke / I alke no more saide the dwarf / but that ye wille suffre me to doo yow feruyse / for I will ferue no more recreaunt knyghtes / Take an hors said fyr Tor and ryde on with me / I wote ye ryde after the knyght with the whyte brachet / and I shall bryng 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 shylde was enewed with whyte / and the other shelde was reed

¶ Capitulum x

THer with fyr Tor alyghte and toke the dwarf his glayue / and soo he cam to the whyte paelione / and sawe thre damoyfels 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 therewith the lady yede oute of the paelione & all her damoyfels / But anone as fyr 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 fyr Tor / this brachet haue I fought from kyng Arthurs Courte hyder / well said the lady / knyght ye shall not go fer with her / but that ye shall be mette and greued / I shall abyde what auenture that |<[p.111] sig.e7r> 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 myght 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 hermytage & 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 hermyte / and fyre Tor prayed the hermyte 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 knyghte calle lowde that came after hem / and he sayd knyghte abyde / & yelde my brachet that thow

took from my lady / Syr Tor returned ageyne / and behelde hym how he was a femely knyghte and wel horfed and wel armed at al poyntes / thenne Syre Tor dressyd his shelde and took his spere in his handes and the other cam fyrfly 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 fonder that the hote blood ranne to the erthe / and both they had many woundes and were passyng wery / But fyr Tor aspyed that the other knyght faynted / and thenne he fewed fast vpon hym and doubled his strokes and garte hym go to the erthe on the one fyde / thenne Syre Tor bad hym yelde hym / that wille I not saide 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 fyre Tor / for it was my queft to brynge ageyne thy brachet / the or bothe /

¶ Capitulum xj

Wyth that cam a damoyfel rydyng on a palfrey as fast as she myȝt dryue and cryed with a lowde voys vnto Syre Tor / what wille ye with me sayd fyr Tor / I byseche the |<[p.112] sig.e7v> saide the damoyfel for kynge Arthurs loue / gyue me a yefte / I requyre the gentyl knyght as thow arte a gentilman / Now saide Tor Aske a yefte and I wille gyue it yow / gramercy saide the damoyfel / Now I aske the hede of the fals knyght Abelleus / for he is the mooste outragyous knyght that lyueth & the gretteft murtherer / I am loth seid fyr Tor of that gyfte I haue gyuen yow / lete hym make amendys in that he hath trespased vnto yow / now saide the damoyfel 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 aventure 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 fyr 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 queft And therwith he tooke of his helme / and he aroos and fled / and fyr Tor after hym and smote of his hede quyte / ¶ Now fyr saide the damoyfel / it is nere nyght / I pray yow come & lodge with me here at my place / it is here fast by / I will wel saide fyr Tor / for his hors and he had ferd euyll fyn 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 eafyd 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 befought hym to telle hym his name / Truly he said my name is fyr Tor that was late made knyght / and this was the fyrst queste of armes that euer I dyd to brynge 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 fyre |<[p.113] sig.e8r> 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 focour / 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 focour / but rode so forthe hym self alone / And thenne the kyng and the quene by merlyns aduys made hym to fwere 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 Iapes to that he shalle doo / for he shalle preue a noble knyght of prowesse as good as ony is luyng and gentyll 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 queft of Syr Tor kyng Pellinors sone

¶ Capitulum xij

THenne kyng Pellinore armed hym and mounted vpon his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady that the knyght ladde away / And as he rode in a forest he sawe in a valey a damoyfel fitte by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armes / and Pellenore sawed her / And whan she was ware of hym she cryed ouer lowde / helpe me knyghte for crystes sake kyng Pellinore & he wold not tarye he was so eger in his queft / 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 mygt fele it or he dyed / Soo as the book telleth the knyght there dyed that there was wounded / wherfor the lady for pure sorowe flewe her self with his swerd / As kyng 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 knyghtes of the paelions |<[p.114] sig.e8v> chalengyd that lady of that knyght and sayd she was his cofyn 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 kyng Pellenore / Thenne he rode a wallop tyll he had a fyght of

the two pavelions and the two knyghtes fyghtyng / anon he rode vnto the pavelions / and sawe the lady that was his queft / and sayd fayre lady ye muft goo with me vnto the court of kynge Arthur / Syr knyght said the two lquyers 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 pleafyr / ye fay wel sayd kyng Pellenore / And anone he rode betwixt them and departed hem and alked hem the caufes why that they fought / Sir knyght said the one / I fhalle 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 kyng Pellenore / for ye cam in sodenly ther as we were at the hyghe feelt and tooke away this lady or ony man myght make hym redy and therefore hit was my queft to brynge her ageyne and yow bothe / or els the one of vs to abyde in the felde / therfor the lady fhalle goo with me / or I wille dye for it / for I haue promysed hit kyng Arthur / And therfor fyghte ye no more / for none of yow fhalle haue no parte of her at this tyme / And yf ye lyst to fygte for her / fygte with me / and I wille defende her / wel said the knyghtes make you redy / and we fhalle affaile yow with al our power / And as kyng Pellenore wold haue put his hors for them fyr Hontzlake roofe his hors thorow with a fwerd and said / Now art thou on foote as wel as we are / whan kyng Pellenore apyed that his hors was flayne / lygtely he lepte from his hors / and pulled oute is fwerd / and put his fheld afore hym / and sayde knyghte kepe wel thy heede / for thou fhalt haue a buffet for the fleyng of my hors / So kyng Pellenore gaf hym fuche a ftroke 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 fore wounded / but whan he sawe the others buffet / he wold not fyghte / but kneled doune and sayd take my cofyn 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 kyng Pellenore wylle ye not fyghte for her / no fyr sayd the knyghte I wylle not fyghte with fuche a knyghte of prowesse as ye be / wel said Pellenore / ye fay wel / I promyse yow she fhall haue no vylony by me as I am true knyght / but now me lacketh an hors said Pellenore / but I wylle haue hontzlakes hors / ye fhalle not nede sayd the knyght / for I fhalle gyue yow fuche an hors as fhalle please yow / fo that ye wille lodge with me / for it is nere nyghte / I wille wel sayd kyng Pellenore abyde with yow al nyghte / and there he hadde with hym ryght good chere / and faryd of the best with passyng 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

courfer / and kyng Pellenors fadel fette upon hym / Now what shalle I calle yow said the knyzt in as moche as ye haue my cofyn 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 cofyn / Now what is your name said Pellenore / I pray yow telle me / Syr my name is fyr Meliot of Logurs / and this lady my cofyn hyght Nymue / and the knyghte that was in the other paelione is my sworne broder a passyng good knyzte 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 fore fouzt on / so that for shame he may not leue it / It is merueil |<[p.116] sig.f1v> said Pellinore that he wille not haue adoo with me / fyr 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 kyng Arthur / and gretely allowed for your comyng and so he departed with the lady / & brougt her to Camelot / Soo as they rode in a valey it was ful of stons / and there the ladyes hors stumbed and threwe her doun that her arme was fore bryfed and nere she swounded for payne / Allas fyr sayd the lady myn arme is oute of lythe wher thorow I must nedes reffe me / ye shal wel said kyng Pellinore / and so he alyzt 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 fyr Pellenore put of his armour thenne a lytel afore mydnyzt 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 the one / by my hede saide the other ther haue I ben & aspyed the courte of kyng Arthur And ther is suche a felauhip 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 felauhip 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 cheryshed that shal poyfone kyng Arthur / for so he hath promysed oure chyuetayns & receyued grete yestes for to do it / Beware said the other knyght of Merlyn / for he knoweth all thynges by the deuyls crafte / therefore wille I not lete it said the knyghte / & so they departed in sonder / Anone after Pellenore maade hym |<[p.117] sig.f2r> 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 fauf the hede / wherfor he made grete sorowe and wepte passyng fore and said Allas her lyf myghte I haue faued / but I was so fyers in my quest therefore I wold not abyde / wherfore make ye suche doole said the lady / I wote not said Pellinore / but my herte morneth fore 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 buryed 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 anfuer vnto god

¶ Capitulum xv

ANd ther with they departed and cam there as the hede of the lady lay with a fair yelow here that greued kyng Pellinore passyngly fore whan he loked on hit / for moche he cast his herte on the vyfage / 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 fwere vpon the four euuangelystes to telle the trouth of his quest from the one to the other / A fyr Pellinore sayd quene Gweneuer ye were gretely to blame that ye faued not this ladyes lyf / Madame said Pellinore ye were gretely to blame and ye wold not faue your owne lyf & ye myzt / but fauf 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 ouzt fore to repente it / for that lady was your own dougter 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 laūdys / & a knyzt cam behynde hym / & slewe him with spere & his name is Lorayne le faueage a fals knyzt & a coward / & she for grete sorow & dole slewe her self with <[p.118] sig.f2v> his fwerd / 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 penaūce 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 fyr gawayne and the quest of the brachet folowed of fyr Tor Pellenors sone / & the quest of the lady that the knyghte tooke awaye / the whiche kyng Pellinore at that tyme folowed / Thenne the kyng stablysshed all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londes not ryche / he gaf them londes / and charged hem neuer to doo outragyousyte nor mordre / and alweyes to flee treafon / Also by no meane to be cruel /

but to gyue mercy vnto hym that asketh mercy vpon payn of forfeiture of their worlship and lordship of kyng Arthur for euermore / and alweyes to doo ladyes / damoyfels / and gentylwymmen focour 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 fworne of the table round both old and yong / And euery yere were they fworne at the hyghe feest of Pentecoft.

¶ Explicit the weddyng of kyng Arthur

¶ Sequitur quartus liber ¶ Capitulū Primū

SOo after these queftys of Syr Gawyne / Syre Tor / and kyng Pellinore / It felle fo that Merlyn felle in a dottage on the damoifel that kyng Pellinore broughte to the Courte / and ſhe was one of the damoyfels of the lake that hyzte Nyneue / But Merlyn wold lete haue her no reft 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 defyred and he was affoted vpon her that he myghte not be from her / Soo on a tyme he told kyng Arthur that he ſholde not dure longe but for al his craftes he ſhold be put in the erthe quyck and |<[p.119] sig.f3r> fo he told the kyng many thynges that ſhold befall / but alle wayes he warned the kyng 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 kyng Arthur that he ſhold myſſe hym / yet had ye leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne / A ſayd the kyng / fyn ye knowe of your aduenture puruey for hit / and put away by your craftes that myſaenture / Nay ſaid Merlyn it wylle not be / ſoo he departed from the kyng / And within a whyle the damoyfel 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 ſubtyl 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 kyng Ban was kyng that had grete warre ageynſt kyng Claudas / and there Merlyn ſpake with kyng 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 fame child within this xx yere ſhall reuenge yow on kyng Claudas that all Cryſtendom ſhalle ſpeke of it And this fame child ſhalle be the mooft man of worlship of the world / and his fyrſt name is galahad / that knowe I wel ſaid Merlyn / And fyn 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 fone after the lady and Merlyn departed / and by the way 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 passyng 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 bekfyfte 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 enchauntement 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 lefte Merlyn /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

ANd as kynge Arthur rode to Camelot / and helde ther a grete feest with myrthe and loye / so soone after he returned 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 hooft were entrid in to the lād of kynge Arthur and brente and flewe clene afore hem / both Cytees and castels that it was pyte to here / ¶ Allas sayd Arthur yet had I neuer reft one monethe syn I was crowned kyng of this land / Now shalle I neuer reft 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 default / goo with me who wille and abyde who that wylle / thenne the kynge lete wryte vnto kynge Pellenore and prayd hym in alle haste to make hym redy with fuche peple as he myght lyghtlyest 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 fuche as were not at that tyme in the Courte / Thenne the kynge came to quene gweneuer and sayd lady make yow redy / for ye shal 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 fuche felauship as they hadde / and came in to the Northe in to a forest befyde humber and there lodged hem ¶ Whanne the word & tydyng came vnto the fyue kynges aboute sayd that Arthur was befyde humber in a foreste there was a knyght broder vnto one of the fyue kynges that gafe hem this counceille / ye knowe wel that fyre 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 fet vpon hym or day and we fhalle flee doune of his knyghtes ther fhall none escape

¶ Capitulum Tercium

UN to this counceille these fyue kynges assented / and so they passed forth with her hooft thorow Northwalis and came vpon Arthur by nyghte and sett vpon his hooft 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 fyr kaynus it is not good we be vnarmed / we fhalle haue no nede said fyre Gawayne and Syr Gryflet that laye in a lytel paelione by the kyng / With that they herd a grete noyse and many cryed trefon trefon / 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 fyr faue your self and my lady the quene for our hooft 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 chefe sayd kyng Arthur whether ye wille abyde and take the aduentur on this fyde / for and ye be taken / they wille flee 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 / fyr kaynus sawe the fyue kynges comynge on horsbak by hem self alone with her speres in her handes euen toward hem / loo said fyr kaynus yonder be the fyue kynges / lete vs go to them and matche hem / that were foly sayd fyre gawayne / for we are but thre and they ben fyue that is trouthe said fyre Gryflet / No force said fyr kay I wille vndertake for two of [p.122] sig.f4v them / and thenne may ye thre vndertake for the other thre / and ther with al fyr 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 fyr 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 fyr Gryflet ranne vnto the iiij kyng and gaf hym suche a falle that his neck brake / Anone fyr 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 haft thow hold thy promesse / therfor I shal honoure the / whyle that I lyue / and ther with all they fet the quene in a barge in to humber / but alweyes quene gweneuer prayfed fyr 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 fhalle bere youre noble fame / for ye spak a grete word and fulfilled 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 kynges were dede / and therefore lete vs hold vs to gyders tyll

it be day / and whan their hooft have aspyed that their chyuetayns be flayn they wille make fuche dole that they shalle not mowe helpe hem self / and ryght so as the kynge said / so it was / for whan they fonde the fyue kynges dede / they made fuche dole that they fell fro their horfes / Ther with all cam kyng Arthur but with a fewe peple and flewe on the lyfte hand and on the ryght hand that wel nyhe ther escaped no man / but alle were flayne to the nombre of xxx M / And whan the bataille was all ended the kynge 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 ouercomynge of that bataille

¶ Capitulum iiij |<[p.123] sig.f5r>

T Here with alle came one to kynge Arthur / and told hym that kyng Pellinore was within thre myle with a grete hooft / and he said / go vnto hym and lete hym vnderstande how we haue spedde / Soo within a whyle kynge Pellinore cam with a grete hooft / and falewed the peple and the kyng / and ther was grete ioye made on euery fyde / Thenne the kyng lete serche how moche people of his party ther was flayne / And ther were founde but lytel past two honderd men flayne and viij knyghtes of the table round in their paelions 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 aduventure / but whanne somme of them cam in to their Countreyes ther of the fyue kynges were kynges and told hem how they were flayne / 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 haft / And whan he was come to Camelot / he called kyng Pellinore vnto hym & sayd ye vnderstand wel that we haue lofte 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 kyng Pellinore me semeth that kyng Vryence that hath wedded your syster Morgan le fay and the kyng 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 fyre 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 for many tymes he hath done |<[p.124] sig.f5v> ful worshipfully / And now at your last bataille he dyd full honourably for to vndertake to flee 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

¶ Capitulum Quintum

NOw said kynge Pellenore I shalle putte to yow two knyghtes / and ye shalle chese whiche is moost worthy / that is Syr Bagdemagus and fyr 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 any wronge / and loth to take any 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 fyr Bagdemagus tyll another tyme / Soo whan they were so chofen 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 fyr Bagdemagus was wonderly wrothe that fyr Tor was auanced afore hym / and therefore sodenly he departed from the Courte and toke his squyer with hym / & rode longe in a foreft 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 knyghtes body of the round table body for body / lo fyr 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 braūche of an holy herbe that was the fygne of the Sancgraill / and no knyght founde suche tokens but he were a good lyuer / So as fyr Bagdemagus rode [p.125] sig.f6r 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 fyre 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 wysste 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 foreft / and it happed kyng Arthur / kynge Vryens and fyr 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 felaulship / And at the laft they chaced so fore that they slewe theyr horses vnderne the them / thenne were they al thre on foote / and euer they sawe the herte afore them passyng wery and enbushid / 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 lodgyng / Thenne were they ware of the herte that lay on a grete water banke / and a brachet bytyng 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 fylke doune to the water / and the ship cam ryghte vnto hem and laded 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 fylke / By thenne it was derke nyghte / and there sodenly were aboute them an C torches sette vpon alle the fydes of the ship bordes and it gaf grete lyghte / And ther with all there cam out twelue fayr damoyfels and falewed kynge Arthur on her knees and called hym by his name / and sayd he was ryght welcome / and fuche 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 byfene of al that longed vnto a tabel / and there were they serued of al wynges 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 chamber / a rycher befene chamber sawe he neuer none / and soo was kynge Vryens serued / and ledde in to fuche another chābyr / and fyr Accolon was ledde in to the thyrd chamber passyng rychely and wel byfene / and so were they layde in their beddes easly / And anone they felle on slepe / and slepte merueillously fore all the nyght / And on the morowe kynge Vryens was in Camelott abed in his wynges 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 in a derke pryson heryng aboute hym many complayntes of woful knyghtes

¶ Capitulum Septimum

WHat are ye that foo complayne said kynge Arthur / we ben here xx knyghtes pryfoners 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 fyr 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 fyr Ontlake / and this traytour Damas the elder broder wylle gyue hym noo parte of his lyelode / But as fyre Ontlake kepeth thorow prowesse of his handes / and so he kepeth from hym a ful fair maner and a ryche and therin fyre Ontlake dwelleth worshipfully / and is wel biloued of al peple / & this fyre Damas our maister is as euyll beloued for he is without mercy / and [p.127] sig.f7r he is acoward / and grete werre hath ben betwyxe them bothe / but Ontlake hath euer the better / and euer he profereth fyre Damas to fyghte for the lyelode body for body / but he wylle not doo / other els to fynde a knyghte to fyghte for hym / Vnto that fyr Damas hath graunted to fynde a knyghte / but he is so euyll 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 pryfon / and so he tooke vs feueratly as we rode on oure auentures / & many good knyghtes haue dyed in this pryfon for hongre to the nombre of xvij knyghtes / And yf ony of vs alle that here is or hath ben wold haue foughten with his broder Ontlake / 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 damoyfel vnto Arthur / and asked hym what chere / I can not say sayd he / fir sayd she and ye wylle fyghte for my lord ye shall be delyuerd oute of pryfon / 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 pryfon / With this said Arthur I may be delyuerd and alle these pryfoners I wylle doo the batail / yes said the damoyfel / I am redy sayd Arthur and I had hors and armour / ye shalle lacke none said the damoyfel / Me semeth damoyfel I shold haue sene yow in the Courte of Arthur / Nay said the damoyfel I cam neuer there / I am the lordes daughter of this castel / yet was she fals for she was one of the damoyfels of Morgan le fay / Anone she wente vnto fyr 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 knyghtes that sawe hym said it were pyte that siche a knyghte shold dye in pryfon / soo fyr Damas and he were agreed that he shold fyghte for hym vpon this couenaüt that all other knyghtes shold be delyuerd [p.128] sig.f7v And vnto that was fyr

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 fyde within half a foote in
grete perylle of dethe / And there cam oute of that fontayne a
pype of fyluer / and oute of that pype ranne water all on hye
in a stone of marbel / whan fyre Accolon sawe this / he
bleffyd hym and sayd Ihesu saue my lorde kyng Arthur and kynge Vryens /
for these damoyfels in this ship haue bitrayed vs / they were deuyls and
noo wymmen / And yf I may escape this misfaenture / I shalle destroye all
where I may fynde these fals damoyfels that vsen enchaūtementys /
¶ Ryght with that ther cam a dwarf with a grete mouthe & a flat nose and
falewed fyre 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
fygite to morne with a knyghte at the houre of pryme / And therefore 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 pryete / And
what damoyfel 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 enchaunement for this bataille / ye may wel bileue it said
the dwarf / Rygt so there cam a knyghte and a lady with fyxe squyers / and
falewed Accolon / and prayd hym for to aryse and come and reste hym at
his [p.129] sig.f8r> maner / and so Accolon mounted vpon a voyde
hors / & wente with the knyghte vnto a fayre maner by a pryory / and there
he had passyng good chere / Thenne fir Damas sente vnto his broder fyr
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 fir 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 fyr
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 fygite with the knyght on the
morne / This was the cause fyr Accolon toke the bataille on hand / thenne
fyre Ontzelake was passyng glad / and thāked fyr Accolon with alle his

herte that he wold do so moche for hym / & ther with al fyr Ontzelake fente word vnto his broder fyre Damas / that he had a knygte þ^t for hym shold be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme / Soo on the morne fyr Arthur was armed and wel horfed / and asked fyr Damas whan shalle we to the felde / fyr said fyr 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 fyr Damas yf his knyght were redy / for oure knyght is redy in the felde / Thenne fyre Arthur mounted vpon horfbak / & there were alle the knyghtes and comyns of that countrey / & so by alle aduyses ther were chofen xij good men of the countrey for to wayte vpon the two knyghtes / And ryght as Arthur was on horfbak / ther cam a damoifel from Morgan le fey and broughte vnto fyr 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 counterfeet & brutyll and fals

¶ Capitulum ix |<[p.130] sig.f8v>

ANd thenne they drefsyd 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 damoyfel 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 fore Arthur / that it was merueille he stode / And alweyes his blood fyllle from hym fast / whan Arthur beheld the ground so fore bebledde he was defmayed / 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 fore 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 fyr Accolon withdrewe hym a lytel / and cam on with Excalibur on hyghe / and smote fyr Arthur suche a buffet that he felle nyhe to the erthe / Thenne were they wroth bothe / and gaf eche other many fore strokes / but alweyes fyr Arthur loft 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 fyr Accolon loft not a dele of blood / therfor he waxt passynge lyghte / and fyr Arthur was passynge feble / and wende veryly to haue dyed / but for al that he made countenance 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 passyng hardy / But alle men that beheld hym sayd they sawe neuer knyghte fyghte so wel as Arthur dyd confyding the blood that he bled / Soo was all the peple sory for <[p.131] sig.g1r> hym / but the two bretheren wold not accorde / thene alweyes they fought to gyders as fyres knyghtes / and fyre Arthur withdrewe hym a lytel for to reste hym / and fyre Accolon called hym to bataille and said it is no tyme for me to suffre the to reste / And therwith he cam fyrefly vpon Arthur / and fyre Arthur was wrothe for the blood that he had lost / and smote Accolon on hye vpon the helme so myghtely that he made hym nyhe to falle to the erthe / And therwith Arthurs swerd braut at the crosse and felle in the grass amonge the blood and the pomel and the fure handels he helde in his handes / When fyr 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 fyre Accolon beganne with wordes of treason and sayd knyghte thou arte ouercome / and mayste not endure and also thou arte wepenles / and thou hast loste moche of thy blood / and I am ful lothe to flee the / therfor yelde the to me as recreant / Nay saide fyre 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 thou flee me wepenles that shalle be thy shame / wel sayd Accolon as for the shame I wyl not spare / Now kepe the from me for thou 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 fyre 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 treason that was wrought for hym to haue had hym slayn she had grete pyte that so good a knyght & suche a mā of worship shold so be destroyed / And at the next stroke fyr Accolon stroke hym suche a stroke that by the damoyfels enchaument the swerd Excalibur felle out of Accolons hande to the erthe / And therwith alle Syre Arthur lyghtely lepte to hit / and gate hit <[p.132] sig.g1v> in his hand / and forthwith al he knewe that it was his swerd Excalibur / & sayd thou hast ben from me al to long / & moche damage hast thou done me / & ther with he aspyed the scaubard hangyng 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 thou done me grete damage 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 thou hast rewarded me / for moche

payne haue ye made me to endure / and moche blood haue I loſt / And therwith fyr Arthur ruſhed on hym with alle his myghte and pulled hym to the erthe / and thenne 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 flee 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 I promyſed to do this batail ſaid Accolon to the vttermoſt 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 fyr Arthur remembrid hym and thoughte he ſhold haue ſene this knyghte / Now telle me ſaid Arthur or I wylle flee the / of what coũtrei art thou and of what courte / Syre knyghte ſayd fyr 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 fyre knyghte ſayd he I pray yow telle me who gaf yow this ſwerd and by whom ye had it /

¶ Capitulum xj

THenne fyre Accolon bethouȝte hym and ſaid wo worth this ſwerd / for by hit haue I geten my dethe / it may wel be / ſaid the kynge / Now fyre ſaid Accolon I wil telle yow this ſwerd hath ben in my keynge 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 flee kynge Arthur her broder / For ye ſhall vnderſtand |<[p.133] sig.g2r> entente to flee 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 prowefſe of ony of her blood / Alſo ſhe loueth me oute of meſure as paramour / and I her ageyne / And yf ſhe myghte brynge aboute to flee Arthur by her craftes / ſhe wold flee 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 fyre 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 fyr 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 fore 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 fyr Arthur called the kepars of the felde and said Syrs cometh hyder / for here are we two knyghtes that haue foughten vnto a grete dommage vnto us both / and lyke echone of vs to haue flayne 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 thenne 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 fore repenteth is the moofte man of prowesse of manhode and of worship in the world / for it is hym self kynge Arthur our al ther liege lord & with myshap and with mysaüeture haue 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 dommage and his bothe / But fyrs by cause I am fore hurte and he bothe / and I had grete nede of a lytel rest / ye shalle vnderstande the oppynyon betwix yow two bretheren as to the fyre Damas / for whom I haue ben champyon and wonne the feld of this knyghte / yet wylle I Iuge by cause ye fyre 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 appertenaüce 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 fyre Damas vpon payne of deth / that thow neuer destresse no knyghtes 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 therefore / Also fyre 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 fyre Damas / God thanke your largeness of your goodenes & of your bounte / I shall be from hens forward at all tymes at your commaundement / For fyr said fyr Ontzelake as god wold as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thurgh both my thyes that greued me fore / & els 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 stolon from me by treason / And this bataille

was ordeyned afore hand to haue flayne me / and so it was brougte to the purpos by fals treason and by fals enchauntement / Allas said fyr Ontzelake that is greete pyte that euer foo noble a man as ye are of your dedes and prowesse / that ony man or woman mygt 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 / fyr ye are two dayes iourney ther fro / I wold fayn be at some place of worship said fyr Arthur that I myghte reste me / Syre said fyr Ontzelake / here by is a ryche abbey of your elders foudacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens / So the kyng took his leue of alle the peple / and mounted vpon horfbak / and fir Accolon with hym / And whan they were come to the Abbaye / he lete fetche leches and ferche his woundes and Accolons bothe / but fyr Accolon dyed within four dayes / for he had bled foo moche blood that he myghte not lyue / but kyng Arthur was wel recouerd / Soo whan Accolon was dede / he lete fende hym on a horfbere with fyxe knyghtes vnto Camelot / and said / bere hym to my fyfster Morgan le fay / and fay that I fende her hym to a prefente / and telle her I haue my fwerd Excalibur and the scaubard / foo they departed with the body

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THe meane whyle Morgan le fay hadde wend kyng Arthur had been dede / foo on a day she aspyed kyng Vryens lay in his bedde slepyng / thenne she called vnto her a mayden of her councyll / & said go fetche me my lordes fwerd for I sawe neuer better tyme to flee hym than now / ¶ O Madame sayd the damoyfel / and ye flee 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 fetche me the fwerd / Thenne the damoifel departed |<[p.136] sig.g3v> fonde fyre Vwayne slepyng vpon a bedde in another chamber foo she wente vnto fyre Vwayne and awaked hym / and badde hym aryse and wayte on my lady youre moder / for she wille flee the kyng your fader slepyng in his bedde / for I goo to fetche his fwerd / wel said fyr Vwayne go on your waye / and lete me dele / Anone the damoyfel brought Morgan the fwerd with quakyng handes / and lyghtely took the fwerd / & pulled it out / and wente boldely vnto the beddes fyde / and awayted how and where she myght fle hym best / And as she lyfte vp the fwerd to smyte / fir 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 fwerd I fhold smyte of thy hede / A sayd fyr Vwayn men faith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuyll / but I may faye 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 foo and faue my worship and discouer me not / On this couenaunt said fyr Vwayne I wille forgyue it yow / foo ye wille neuer be aboute to doo fuche dedes / Nay sone said she / & that I make yow affuraunce /

¶ 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 fwerd ageyne / But whanne Quene Morgan wyfte that Accolon was dede / she was soo forouful that nere hir herte to braft / But by caufe she wold not it were knowen / oute ward she kepte her countece naun² / & maade no femblaunt of forowe / But wel she wyfte and she abode tyll her broder Arthur cam thyder / there shold no gold goo for her lyf ¶ Thenne she wente vnto Quene Gweneuer / and alked 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 fuche hafty tydynges / that I may not tary / wel laide Gueneuer ye maye departe |<[p.137] sig.g4r> 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 fame Abbay of Nonnes / where as lay kyng arthur / & she knowyng he was there she alked where he was / And they anfuerd how he had leyd hym in his bed to flepe / for he had had but lytel reste these thre nyghtes / Wel laid 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 fwerd / and soo she wente streyghte vnto his chamber / And noo man durste dyfobeye her commaundement / and there she fond Arthur a flepe in his bedde and Excalibur in his ryght hand naked / Whan she sawe that she was passyng heuy that she myghte not come by the fwerd withoute she had awaked hym / and thenne she wyft wel she had ben dede / Thenne she tooke the scaubard and wente her wey on horfbak / whan the kynge awoke and mysted his scaubard / he was wrothe / and he alked who had ben there / and they laid his fyfter 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 difobeye your fysters commaundement A laid the kynge lete fetche the best hors maye be founde / And byd fyre Ontlake arme hym in al haft / and take another good hors and ryde with me / Soo anone the kynge and Ontlake were wel armed / and rode after this lady / and soo they cam by a croffe and found a Cowherd / and they alked the poure man yf ther cam ony lady rydyng that way / Syre laid this poure man / ryght late cam a lady rydyng with a xl horses / and to yonder forest she rode / Thenne they spored their horses / and folowed fast / And within a whyle Arthur had a fyghte 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 depeft of the water soo it sanke / for it was heuy of gold and precious stons ¶ Thenne she rode in to a valeye |<[p.138] sig.g4v> where many grete stons were / And whan she sawe she muste be ouertake she shope her self hors and man by enchaument vnto a grete marbyl stone / Anone

² For *countece naun* read *countenance*.

with al cam Syr Arthur / and fyr Ontzelake where as the kynge myght knowe his fyfter and her men / and one knyght from another / A fayd the kynge here may ye see the vengeaunce of god / & now am I fory that this myfauenture is befalle / & thenne he loked for the scaubard / but it wold not be founde / fo he returned 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 fyrs 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 armyestal contenaunce he wold haue caused vs to have fled I byleue yow said Morgan / Anone after as she rode she met a knyght ledyng another knyzt on his hors before hym bounde hand and foote blyndefeld to haue drowned hym in a fontayne / whan she sawe this knyzt so boude / 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 knyzt 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 Manaffen 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 Manaffen was losed & the other knyght bounde / And anone Manaffen 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 |<[p.139] sig.g5r> and them that ben with me in lykenes of stons / 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 Abbey he rode vnto Camelot / and fonde his quene and his barons ryght glad of his comyng / And whan they herd of his straunge auentures as is afore reherced / they alle hadde merueille of the fallhede of Morgan le fay / many knyghtes wyllhed her brent / thenne cam Manaffen to courte and told the kyng of his auenture / well said the kynge she is a kynde fyfter / I shalle soo be auengid on her and I lyue / that alle Crystendome shalle speke of hit / So on the morne ther cam a damoifel 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 stons as one myght stand by another / and there were the rychest stons that euer the kynge sawe / And

the damoyfel faide youre fyfter fendeth yow this mantel / and defyreth that ye fhould take this gyfte of her / And in what thyng fhe hath offended you fhe wille amende it at youre owne pleafyr / whan the kyng beheld this mantel it pleafyd hym moche / but he faid but lytel

¶ Capitulum xvj

WYth that came the damoyfel of the lake vnto the kyng and faid fyr I muft fpeke with yow in pryuyte / fay on faid the kyng what ye wille / Syr fayd the damoyfel put not on yow this mantel tyl ye haue fene more / and in no wyfe lete it not come on yow nor on no knyghte of yours tyl ye commaunde the brynger thereof to put it vpon her / wel faid kyng Arthur / It fhalle be done as ye counceille me / And thenne he faid vnto the damoyfel that cam fro his fifter / damoifel this mantel that ye haue brought me I wille fee it vpon yow / fyr fhe faid / it wille not bifeme me to were a kynges garment / by my hede faid Arthur / ye fhalle were it or it come on my bak or ony mans that here is / and fo the kyng made it to be putt vpon her / And forth with al fhe felle doune dede / and neuer more <[p.140] sig.g5v> fpake word after and brente to coles / Thenne was the kyng wonderly wrothe more than he was to fore hand / and fayd vnto kyng Vryens my fyfter your wyf is alwey aboute to bytraye me / and wel I wote outhere ye or my neuewe youre fone is of counceille with her to haue me destroyed / But as for yow faid the kyng to kyng Vryens I deme not gretely that ye be of her counceill / For Accolon confellyd to me by his own mouth that fhe wold haue destroyed yow as wel as me ther for I hold yow excufed / But as for your fone Syr Vwayn I hold hym fufpect / therfore I charge yow put hym oute of my courte / So fyr Vwayne was difcharged / And whanne Syr Gawayne wyft that he made hym redy to go with hym / & faid who fo bannyffheth my cofyn germayn / fhall bannyffhe me Soo they two departed / and rode in to a grete foreft / and foo they came to an Abbay of Monkes / and ther were wel lodged But whanne the kyng wyft that fyr Gawayne was departed from the Courte / ther was made grete forowe amonge alle the eftates / Now fayd Gaherys Gawayns broder we haue loft two good knyghtes for the loue of one / So on the morne they herd their maffes in the abbay / and fo they rode forth tyl that they came to a grete foreft / thenne was fyr Gawayne ware in a valey by a turret xij fayre damoyfels / and two knyghtes armed on grete horfes / and the damoyfels wente to and fro by a tree / And thenne was fyr Gawayne ware how ther henge a whyte fhelde on that tree / And euer as the damoyfels cam by it / they fpytte vpon it / and fome threwe myre vpon the fheld /

¶ Capitulum xvij

THenne fyr Gawayne and fyr Vwayne wente and falewed them / and alked why they dyd that despyte to the shelde / Syrs saiden the damoyfels / we shalle telle yow / There is a knyght in this cōtrey 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 fyr gawayne / hit bysemeth euylle a good knyghte to despyse all ladyes and gentil wymmen / And parauentur though he hate yow he hath somme |<[p.141] sig.g6r> And paraenture he loueth in somme other places ladyes and gentylwymmen / and to be loued ageyne / and he be fuche a mā of prowesse as ye speke of / Now what is his name / fyr sayd they / his name is Marhaus the kynges sone of Irelond I knowe hym wel sayd fyre Vwayne / he is a passyng good knyght as ony is on lyue / for I sawe hym ones preued at a luftes where many knyghtes were gadered / and that tyme ther myghte no man withstāde hym / A sayd fyr Gawayne Damoyfels 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 worfhip than thus / For I wille abyde no lenger to see a knyghtes sheld dishonoured / And therwith fyre Vwayne and Gawayne departed a lytel fro them / And thenne were they ware where fyre Marhaus cam rydyng on a grete hors streyghte toward them / And whanne the xij damoyfels sawe fyr 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 drestid his shelde and said on hyghe fyr Marhaus defende the / and soo they ranne to gyders that the knyght 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 drestyd 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 xvijij

ANd thenne fyre 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 fyr Gawayn and to fyr Vwayne / and alked them what they dyd there / They answerd hym that they cam from kyng Arthurs courte for to see auentures / wel sayd fyre Marhaus here am I redy an auentures knyghte that wille fulfyllle ony |<[p.142] sig.g6v> aduenture that ye wylle desyre / And soo departed fro them / to fetche his raunge / lete hym goo seid fyr Vwayn vnto fyre Gawayne / for he is a passyng good knyghte as ony is lyuyng / I wold not by my wille that ony of vs were matched with hym / Nay said fir Gawayne not so / it were shame to vs were he not assayed were he neuer

foo good a knyghte / wel said fyr Vwayne I wylle affaye hym afore yow /
 for I am more weyker than ye / And yf he smyte me doune / thenne may ye
 reuenge me / foo these two knyghtes cam to gyders with grete raundon that
 fyr Vwayne smote fyr Marhaus that his spere brafte in pyeces on the
 shelde / and Syre Marhaus smote hym so fore that hors and man he bare to
 the erthe / and hurte fyre Vwayne on the lyfte fyde / Thenne fyr Marhaus
 torned his hors and rode toward Gawayne with his spere / and when fyr
 Gawayne sawe that / he dressid his sheld / and they auentryd their speres /
 and they cam to gyders with alle the myzte of their horses / that eyther
 knyght smote other so hard in myddes of theyr sheldes / but fyr Gawayns
 spere brak / but fir marhaus spere helde / And therwith fyre Gawayne and
 his hors ruffhed doune to the erthe / And lyghtly fyre Gawayne rose on his
 feet / and pulled out his sward / and dressyd hym toward fyr Marhaus on
 foote / and fyr marhaus sawe that / and pulled oute his sward / and beganne
 to come to fyr Gawayne on horsbak / Syre knyght said fyr gawayn alyzte
 on foote or els I wylle flee thy hors / gramercy sayd fyr Marhaus of youre
 gentylnes ye teche me curtosye / for hit is not for one knygt to be on foote /
 and the other on horsbak / & therwith fyr 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 swardes that
 her sheldes flewe in cantels / and they bryfed 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 fyr
 Marhaus and had grete wonder how his myghte encreaced / and so they
 wounded other passynge fore / And thenne whan it was past noone / and
 whan it drewe toward euensonge fyre gawayns strengthe febled &
 [p.143] sig.g7r> waxt passynge faynte that vnnethes he myght dure ony
 lenger / and fyr Marhaus was thenne bygger and bygger / fyre knyght said
 fyr 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 fyr Gawayn gentyl knyghte ye fay the
 word that I shold fay / And therwith they took of their helmes / and eyther
 kyssed other / and there they swore to gyders eyther to loue other as
 bretheren / And fyr Marhaus prayd fyr gawayn to lodge with hym that
 nyghte / And so they toke their horses / and rode toward fyr Marhaus
 hous / And as they rode by the wey / fyr knyghte said fyr gawayne I haue
 merueylle that so valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes ne damoyfels /
 Syre sayd fyr 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 forcereffes and enchaunters many of them / & be a
 knygt 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 ougte to do / As the book reherceth in frenshe
 ther were many knyghtes that ouermatched fyr gawayne for alle the thryes
 myghte that he had / Syr Launcelot de lake / fyr Trystrams / fyr Bors de

ganys / fyr Percyuale / fyr Pellias & fyr Marhaus / theſe fixe knyȝtes had the better of fir gawayn Thenne within a lytel whyle they cam to fyr Marhaus place / whiche was in a lytel pryory / and there they alyghte and ladyes and damoyfels vnarmed them / and haftely loked to theyr hurtes / for they were all thre hurte / and ſo they had all thre good lodgyng with fyr Marhaus and good chere / for whan he wyft that they were kynge Arthurs fyfter ſones / he maade them al the chere that lay in his power / and ſo they foiourned there a vij nyghte / and were wel eaſyd of their woundes and at the laſt departed / Now ſaid fyre Marhaus we wylle not departe ſoo lyȝtely / for I wylle brynge you thorow the foreſt |<[p.144] sig.g7v> And rode daye by day wel a ſeuē dayes or they fond ony auenture / At the laſt they cam in to a grete foreſt that was named the countreye and foreſte of Arroy and the countrey of ſtraunge auentures / In this countrey ſayd fyr Marhaus cam neuer knyghte fyn 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 damoyfels fyttynge 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 damoyfel was of thyrty wynter of age with a ferkelet of gold aboute her hede / The thyrd damoyfel 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 damoyfels for 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 damoyfels / 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 damoyfel 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 fyr Marhaus

¶ Capitulum xx

Now ſhalle eueryche of vs cheſe a damoyfel / I ſhalle telle yow ſayd fyre Vwayne I am the yongeſt and mooſt weykeſt of yow bothe / therfor I wyl haue the eldeſt damoyfel / 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 fyr Marhaus I wyl haue the damoyfel of thyrty wynter age for ſhe falleth beſt to me / wel ſayd fyre gawayne / I thanke yow for ye haue lefte me the yongeſt and the fayreſt / and ſhe is mooſt leueſt to me / Thenne euery damoyfel tooke her |<[p.145] sig.g8r> 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 kyft and departed / and eueryche knyghte ſette his lady behynd

hym / and fyr Vwayne took the wey that lay west And fyr Marhaus took the wey that lay fouth / and fyr gawayne took the weye that laye northe / Now wylle we begynne at fyr gawayne that helde that wey tyll that he cam vnto a fayre manoir where dwellyd an old knyghte & a good houfholder / and there fyr Gawayn asked the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in that countrey / I fhalle fhewe yow fomme to morne fayd 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 femelyest man that euer they sawe / makynge the gretteft dole that euer man made / And thenne he was ware of fyr gawayn and sawed hym and praid god to fende hym moche worship / As to that said fyr gawayn gramercy / Also I praye to god that he fend yow honour and worship / A said the knyghte I may laye that on fyde / for sorowe and shame cometh to me after worship /

¶ Capitulum xxj

ANd ther with he passed vnto the one fyde of the launde / And on the other fyde sawe fyr Gawayne & knyghtes that houed styll and make hem redy with her sheldes and speres ageynst that one knyght that cam by fyr gawayn / Thenne this one knyght auentryd a grete spere / and one of the x knyghtes encountered with hym / but this woful knyght smote hym so hard that he felle ouer his hors taylle / So this same dolorous knyght ferued hem al / that at the left 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 stonystyll / 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 <[p.146] sig.g8v> fayd fyr gawayne this is a dooleful fyghte / 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 refystence / Noo said his hooft that is trouthe / for and he wold they al were to weyke soo to doo hym / Syr said the damoyfel vnto fyr 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 fyre gawayn but hit semeth he wylle haue no helpe / thenne sayd the damoyfel me thynketh ye haue no luste to helpe hym / Thus as they talked they sawe a knyghte on the other fyde of the launde al armed sauf the hede / And on the other fyde ther cam a dwerf on horfbak 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 knyght at the crosse / lete vs put it bothe vpon hym / and as he demeth so fhalle it be / I wylle wel said the knyght / and so they wente all

thre vnto fyre gawayn and told hym wherfor they strofe / wel fyrs said he wylle ye put the mater in my hand / ye they sayd both / Now damoyfel sayd fyr 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 syngyng / and the knyghte wente hys wey with grete mornyng / Thenne cam ther two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyghe Syre gawayn / knyghte of kynge Arthurs make the redy in al haft and luste with me / soo they ranne to gyders that eyther felle doune / and thenne on foote they drewe their swardes and dyd ful actually / the mene whyle the other knyghte wente to the damoyfel / 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 damoyfel / for with fyr Gawayn I may not fynde in myn herte to be with hym / For now here was one knyght scomfyte x knyghtes / And at the laste he was cowardly led away / and therefore lete vs two goo whylest they fyghte / and fyre Gawayne fought with that other knyght longe / but at the last they accorded both / And thenne the knyght prayd fyr gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / Soo as fyre 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 enne more than x tymes / and his name hyghte fyr 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 sward 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 fyre Pelleas was the best knyghte that was there / and there were fyue honderd knyghtes / but there was neuer man that euer fyre 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 / therefore 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 any knyghte that wold say nay /

¶ Ca xxij

ANd soo he chose her for his souerayne lady / & neuer to loue other but her / but she was so proude that she had scorne of hym and sayd that she wold neuer loue hym thoug 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 knyght

promysed the lady ettard to folowe her in to this coūtreȳ / & 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 fendeth knyghtes to fyȝte with hym / And whan he hath put hem to the wers than wylle |<[p.148] sig.h1v> he suffre hem wylfully to take hym prysoner by cause he wold haue a fyȝhte 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 countreȳ 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 horlbak / Allas sayd fyr 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 fyr gawayne tooke his leue of his hooft fyre Carados and rode in to the forest / And at the last he mette with fyr Pelleas making grete moone oute of mesure / so eche of hem falewed other / and alked hym why he made fuche sorowe / And as it is aboute reherced / fyre Pelleas told fyre Gawayne / but alweyes I suffre her knyghtes to fare soo with me as ye sawe yesterdaje in truste at the last to wyne her loue / for she knoweth wel alle her knyghtes shold not lyghtely wyne me / and me lyste to fyghte with them to the vttermest / Wherfore and I loued her not so fore 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 horlback ¶ Now sayd fyre 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 fyr Pelleas of what Courte are ye telle me I praye yow my good frend / And thenne fyr gawayne sayd I am of the courte of kynge Arthur / and his sulters sone / and kynge Lott of Orkeney was my fader / and my name is fyre 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 damoyfel tyl now in an vnhappy tyme / and fyr |<[p.149] sig.h2r> knyghte fyn ye are soo nyghe cofyn 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 countreȳ 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 fyghte 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 fyghte of her dayly / wel sayd fyr 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 caufe her to cheryfthe me / And thenne fhalle I do my true parte that ye fhalle not faylle to haue the loue of her

¶ Capitulum xxiij

ANd there with fyr Gawayne plyghte his trouthe vnto fyr Pelleas to be true and feythful vnto hym / soo eche one plyghte their trouthe to other / and soo they chaunged horses and harneis / and fire Gawayn departed / and came to the castel where as stoode the paelions of this lady withoute the yate / And as soone as Ettard had aspyed fyr Gawayn she fledde in toward the castel / fyr Gawayn spak on hyghe / and badde her abyde / for he was not fyre Pelleas / I am another knyghte that haue slayne fyr Pelleas / doo of youre helme said the lady Ettard that I maye see your vyfage / And soo whan she sawe that it was not fyr Pelleas / she made hym alyghte / and ledde hym vnto her castel / and asked hym feythfully / whether he had slayne fyr Pelleas / and he sayd her ye / and told her his name was fyre gawayn of the courte of kynge Arthur and his fyfter sone / Truly sayd she that is grete pyte for he was a passyng good knyghte of his body / but <[p.150] sig.h2v> of al men on lyue I hated hym moost / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym / And for ye haue slayne hym / I fhalle be your woman and to doo any thyng that myghte please yow / Soo she made fyr Gawayne good chere / Thenne fyr 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 fuche a man of prowesse / there is no lady in the world to good for yow / wylle ye sayd fyre Gawayne promyse me to doo alle that ye maye by the feythe of youre body to gete me the loue of my lady / ye fyre sayd she / and that I promyse yow by the feythe of my body / Now sayd fyre Gawayne it is your self that I loue so wel / therefore 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 fulfille alle his desyre / ¶ Soo it was thenne in the moneth of May that she and fyre Gawayn wente oute of the castel and souped in a paelione / and there was made a bedde / and there fyre gawayne and the lady Ettard wente to bedde to gyders / and in another paelione she layd her damoyfels / and in the thyrd paelione she leyd parte of her knyghtes / for thenne she had no drede of fyr Pelleas / And there fyre gawayn lay with her in that paelione two dayes and two nyghtes / And on the thyrd day in the mornyng erly fyr Pelleas armed hym / for he hadde neuer slepte syn fyr Gawayn departed from hym / for fyr Gawayne had promysed hym by the feythe of hys body to come to hym vnto his paelione by that pryory within the space of a daye and a nyghte ¶ Thenne fyre Pelleas mounted vpon horsbak / and cam to the paelions that stode without the castel / and fonde in the fyrst paelione thre knyghtes in thre beddes / and thre squyers lyggyng at their feet / thenne wente he to the seconde paelione & fond four gentyll wymmen lyenge in four beddes / & thenne he yede to the thyrd paelion & fond fyr gawayn lyggyng in bedde with his lady Ettard & eyther clyppying

other in armes / and whan he sawe that his herte wel nyghe braft for forou / & said Allas that euer a knyzt fhold be founde so fals / and thenne he took his hors & myzt not abyde no lenger for pure forowe / And whanne he hadde ryden |<[p.151] sig.h3r> nyghe half a myle he torned ageyne and thoughte to flee hem bothe / And whanne he sawe hem bothe soo lye flepyng faste / vnnethe he myght holde hym on horsbak for forowe / and sayd then to hym self / though this knyght be neuer soo fals I wyl neuer flee hym flepyng / For I wylle neuer deftroye the hygh ordre of knyghthode / and therwith he departed ageyne And or he hadde ryden half a myle he retorned ageyne / and thoughte thenne to flee hem bothe / makynge the gretteft forou that euer man made / And whanne he came to the paelions / 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 flee them flepyng / and layd the naked swerd ouerthwart bothe their throtes / and soo tooke his hors and rode his awaye ¶ And whanne fyre Pelleas came to his paelions 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 fyluer dyllhes / and telle her how I sawe her lye with the fals knyght Syr Gawayne / Ryght soo fyr Pelleas vnarmed hym selfe and wente vnto his bedde makynge merueyllous dole and forowe / ¶ Thenne fyre Gawayne and Ettard awoke of her slepe / & fonde the naked swerd ouerthwart their throtes / thenne she knewe wel it was fyr Pelleas swerd / Allas sayd she to fir Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me and fyr 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 fyr 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 damoyfels may beware by yow and me / And ther with fyr gawayn made hym redy / and wente in to the foreft / Soo it happed thenne that the damoyfel of the lake Nymue mette with a knyghte of fyr Pelleas that wente on his foote in the foreft makynng grete dole / and she asked hym the cause And soo the woful knyghte told her how his mayster and |<[p.152] sig.h3v> 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 shall not dye for loue / and she that hath caused hym so to loue / she shall be in as euyl plyte as he is or it be long to / for it is no Ioy of fuche a prowde lady that wylle haue no mercy of fuche 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 / soo sayd the damoyfel of the lake ye oughte to be ashamed for to murdre fuche a knyght / And therwith she threwe fuche an enchauntement vpon her that she loued hym fore / that wel nyghe she was oute of her mynde / O lord Ihesu 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 damoyfel / And thenne anone fyr Pelleas awaked and loked vpon Ettard / And whan he sawe her / he knewe her / & thenne he hated her more than ony woman alyue / and said away traitresse come neuer in my fyzt And whan she herd hym say so / she wepte and made grete forou oute of mesure

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Syre knyghht Pelleas sayd the damoyfel 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 fyr 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 aryfen 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 damoyfel of the lake |<[p.153] sig.h4r> anone fyre Pellas armed hym and tooke his hors and commaunded his men to bryng after his pauelions and his stufte where the damoyfel of the lake wold affigne / soo the lady Ettard dyed for forowe / and the damoyfel of the lake reioyfed fyr Pellas and loued to gyders duryng their lyf dayes

¶ Capitulum xxv

NOw torne we vnto fyr Marhaus that rode with the damoyfel of xxx wynter of age southard / and soo they cam in to a depe forest / and by fortune they were nyztet / 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 bryng you there ye shalle be lodged / what auenture is that that I shal haue / for my lodgyng sayd fyr Marhaus / ye shalle wete whan ye come there sayd the good man / fyr what auenture so it be bryng me thyder I pray the sayd fyr Marhaus / for I am wery / my damoyfel 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 brougt hym a knyght erraunt and a damoyfel 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 fyr Marhaus was lete in with torche lyghte / and there was a goodely fyghte of yonge men that welcomed hym / And thenne his hors was ledde in to the stable / and he and the damoyfel were broughte in to the halle / and there stode a myghty duke and many goodely men about hym / thenne this lord asked hym what he hyghte / and fro whens he cam /

and with whome he dwelt / fyre he said I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs
 and knyght of the table round / and my name is fyre Marhaus / and borne I
 am in Irland / And thenne sayd the duke to hym / that me fore 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 thou mayst / for as to morne I & my fixe fones shal matche with yow /
 Is ther no remedy but that I must haue a doo with yow and your vj fones at
 ones sayd fyr Marhaus / No sayd the duke for this cause I maade myn
 auowe / for fyr gawayne flewe my feuen fones in a recounter / therefore I
 made myn auowe / there shold neuer knyght 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 fones dethe / what is your name said fyr Marhaus
 I requyre yow telle me and it please yow / wete thou wel I am the duke of
 south marchys / A sayd fyr Marhaus I haue herd saye that ye haue ben longe
 tyme a grete foo vnto my lord arthur and to this knyghtes / that shalle ye
 fele to morne said the duke / Shalle I haue adoo with yow sayd fyr
 Marhaus / ye sayd the duke / therof shalt thou not chese / and therefore take
 yow to your chambre and ye shalle haue all that to yow longeth / So fyr
 Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber / and his damoyfel was led
 vnto her chamber / And on the morn the duke sente vnto fyr Marhaus and
 bad make hym redy / And so fyr Marhaus arofe and armed hym / and
 thenne ther was a masse songe afore hym and brake his fast / and so moued
 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 fyxe fones by
 hym / and eueryche had a spere in his hand / and soo they encountred
 where as the duke and his two fones brak theyr speres vpon hym / but fyr
 Marhaus helde vp his spere and touched none of them /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

THenne cam the foure fones by couple / and two of them brake
 their speres / and soo dyd the other two / And alle this whyle
 fyre marhaus touched hem not / Thenne fyr marhaus ranne to the
 duke / and smote hym with his spere that hors and man felle to
 the erthe / And so he ferued his fones / And thenne fyr Marhaus
 alyghte doune and bad the duke yelde hym or els he
 wold flee hym / And thenne some of his fones recouerd / and wold haue set
 vpon fyr Marhaus / thenne fyr Marhaus sayd to the duke seace thy fones or
 els I will doo the vttermest to yow all / Thenne the duke sawe he myghte
 not escape the deth he cryed to his fones and charged them to yelde them
 to fyr Marhaus / And they kneled al doune / and put the pomels of their
 swardes to the knyght / and soo he receyued them / And thenne they halp
 vp their fader / and soo by their comynal assente promysed to fyr Marhaus
 neuer to be foes vnto kynge Arthur / and therupon at whytfontyde after to
 come he and his fones and putte them in the kynges grace Thenne fyr
 Marhaus departed and within two dayes his damoyfel brought hym where
 as was a grete tornement that the lady de Vawfe has cryed / And who that
 dyd best shold haue a ryche serklet of gold worthe a thousand befauntes /

And there fyr Marhaus dyd fo nobly that he was renommed / & had fomtyme doune fourty knyghtes / and foo the ferklet of gold was rewarded hym / Thenne he departed fro them with grete worfhip / And foo within leuen nyghtes his damoyfel brought hym to an erles place / his name was the erle Fergus / that after was fyre Tryftrams knyghte / and this Erle was but a yonge man / and late come in to his landes / and there was a gyant faft by hym that hyȝte Taulurd / and he had another broder in Cornewaille that hyghte Taulas that fyr Tryftram flewe whanne he was oute of hys mynde / So this Erle maade his complaynte vnto fyre Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that destroyed al his londes / & how he durft nowhere ryde nor goo for hym / Syr fayd the knyghte whether vfeth he to fyghte on horfbak or on foote / nay fayd the erle there maye no hors bere hym / Wel laid fyr marhaus thenne wille I fyghte with hym on foote / Soo on the morne fyr Marhaus prayd the erle that one of his men myghte brynge hym where as the gyaūt was / and fo he was / for he fawe hym fyttē vnder a tree of hoolly / and many clubbes of Iron and gyfarms about hym Soo thys knyghte drefsid hym to the gyant puttyng his fheld afore hym / and the gyant toke an Iron clubbe in his hande / & at the fyrfte ftroke he clafe fyre Marhaus fhelde in ij pyeces / And there he was in grete peryl / for the gyant was a wyly <[p.156] sig.h5v> fyghter / but atte laft fyr Marhaus smote of his ryght arme aboute the elbowe / thenne the gyant fledde and the knyght after hym / and foo he drofe hym in to a water / but the gyant was foo hyghe that he myghte not wade after hym / And thenne fir Marhaus made the erle Fergus man to fetche hym ftones / & with tho ftones the knyghte gaf the gyaunt many fore knockes / tyl at the laft he made hym falle doune in to the water / & fo was he there dede / thenne fyr Marhaus wente vnto the gyants caftel / and there he delyuerd xxiiij ladyes and twelue knyȝtes oute of the gyants pryfon / and there he had grete rycheffe withoute nombre / foo that the dayes of his lyf he was neuer poure man / thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche thanked hym gretely / and wold haue gyuen hym half his lādes but he wold none take / Soo fyr Marhaus dwellyd with the erle nyghe half a yere / for he was fore bryfed with the gyaunt / and at the lafte he took his leue / And as he rode by the way / he mette with fyr gawayne and fyr Vwayne / and fo by aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte / the fyrft was fyr Sagramore defyrus / fyr Ozanna / fyr Dodynas le faueage / and fyre felot of lyftynoyfe / and there fyr Marhaus with one ſpere smote doune theſe foure knyghtes / and hurte them ſore / Soo he departed to mete at his day afore fette

¶ Capitulum xxvij

NOw tourne we vnto fyr Vwāyne that rode westwarde with his damoyfel of thre ſcore wynter of age / and ſhe broughte hym there as was a turnement nyghe the marche of walys / and at that tornement fyre Vwayne smote doune xxx knyghtes / therefore was gyuen hym the pryfe / and that was a

gerfaukon / and a whyte stede trapped with clothe of gold / Soo thenne fyr Vwayn dyd many straunge auentures by the meanes of the old damoyfel / 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 knyghtes that were bretheren / and they were called two peryllous knyghtes / the one knyghte hyght fyre Edward of the reed castel / & <[p.157] sig.h6r> the other fyr Hue of the reed castel / And these two bretheren had difheryted the lady of the roche of a Baronry of landes by their extorfion / And as this knyght was lodged with this lady she made her compleynt to hym of these two knyghtes / Madame sayd fyr 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 wille 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 fyr 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 anfuerd that they wold kepe that they had / wel said fyr 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 knyght at ones / and therefore yf ye wille fyghte soo we wille be redy at what houre ye wille affigne / And yf ye wyne vs in bataille the lady shal haue her landes ageyne / ye fay wel sayd fir Vwayne / therfor make yow redy so that ye be here to morne in the defence of the ladyes ryght

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

SO was there fykernesse 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 fyr 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 fore that fyre Edward and fyr Hue brake their speres vpon fyr Vwayne <[p.158] sig.h6v> And fyr Vwayne smote fyre Edward that he felle ouer his hors and yet his spere braft not / And thenne he spored his hors and came vpon fyr Hue and ouerthrewe hym / but they soone recouerd and dressid their sheldes and drewe their swardes and bad fyre Vwayne alyghte and doo his bataill to the vttermest / Thenne fyr Vwayn deuoyded his hors sodenly / & put his shelde afore hym and drewe his sward / and soo they dressyd to gyders and eyther gaf other suche strokes / & there these two bretheren wounded fyr Vwayne passyng greuoufly that

the lady of the roche wende he shold haue dyed / And thus they fought to gyders fyue houres as men raged oute of reafon / And at the lafte fyr Vwayne smote fyre Edward vpon the helme fuche a stroke that his fwerd kerued vnto his canelbone / and thenne fyr Hue abated his courage / but fyr Vwayn pressed fast to haue flayne hym / That sawe fyr Hue he kneled doune and yelde hym to fyr Vwayne and he of his gentilneffe receyued his fwerd 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 forowe for his broders dethe / thenne the lady was restored of al her landes / and fyr Hue was commaunded to be at the Courte of kynge Arthur at the next feest of penthecoft / So fir 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 fyr gawayn fyr Marhaus and fyre Vwayne shold mete at the crosse way / thenne euery knyght drewe hym thyder to holde his promyse that they had made / & fyr Marhaus and fyr Vwayne broughte their damoyfels with them / but fir Gawayn had loft his damoyfel as it is afore reherced

Capitulum xxix

RYght soo at the twelue monethes ende they mette alle thre knyghtes at the fontayne and their damoifels but the damoyfel that fyr gawayn had coude saye but lytel worship of hym / soo they departed from the damoyfels and roode |<[p.159] sig.h7r> thurgh a grete forest / and there they mette with a messager that cam fro kynge Arthur that foughte them wel nyhe a xij moneth thorou oute al Englund / walys and Scotland / and charged yf euer he myght funde fyre Gawayn and fyre Vwayn to brynge hem to the courte ageyne / And thenne were they al gladde / and soo prayd they fyre Marhaus to ryde with hem to the kynges courte / And soo within twelue dayes they cam to Camelot / and the kynge 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 befalle hem that twelue moneth and soo they dyd / And there was fir 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 damoyfel of the lake and broughte with hir fyr Pelleas / and at that hyhe feest there was grete Iustyng of knyghtes / and of al knyghtes that were at that Iustes / fyr Pelleas had the pryse / and fyr Marhaus was named the next / but fyr Pelleas was soo stronge / there myght but fewe knyghtes fyttte hym a buffet with spere / And at that next feest fir pelleas and fyr marhaus were made knyghtes of the table roūd For there were two seges voyde / for two knyghtes were slayn that twelue moneth / and grete ioye had kynge Arthur of fire Pelleas and of fire Marhaus / but Pelleas loued neuer after fire Gawayne but as he spared hym for the loue of kyng arthur / But oftymes at Iustes and turnementes fire Pelleas quyte fire Gawayn / for so it reherceth in the book of Frenshe / Soo fire Trystram many dayes after faughte with fire Marhaus in an yland / and there they dyd a grete

bataylle / but at the laft fire Tryfram flewe hym / foo fire Tryfram was woūded that vnnethe he myght recouer and lay at a nonnery halfe a yere / and fire Pelleas was a worfhipful knyghte / & was one of the four that encheued the fangreal / and the damoyfel or the lake made by her meanes that neuer he had adoo with fire launcelot de lake / for where fire launcelot was at ony Iuftes / or ony tornement / fhe wold not fuffre hym be there that daye / but yf it were on the fyde of fire launcelot /|<[p.160] sig.h7v>

¶ Explicit liber quartus

¶ Incipit liber quintus

WHanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre refted / and helde a Ryal feeftre and table rounde with his alyes of kynges / prynces / and noble knyghtes all of the round table / there came in to his halle he fyttynge in his throne Ryal xij aūcyen men / berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token that they cam as Embaffatours and meffagers fro the Emperour Lucys / whiche was called at that tyme / Dictatour or procurour of the publyke wele of Rome / whiche fayde meffagers after their entryng & comyng in to the prefence of kyng Arthur dyd to hym theyr obeyffaūce in makyng to hym reuerence faid to hym in this wyfe / The hyghe & myghty Emperour Lucys fendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretynge / cōmaūdyng the to knouleche hym for thy lord / and to fende hym the truage due of this Royamme vnto thempyre / whiche thy fader and other to fore thy preceffours haue paid as is of record / And thou as rebelle not knowynge hym as thy fouerayne withholdeft and reteyneft contrary to the statutes and decrees maade by the noble and worthy Iulius Cezar conquerour of this royame / and fyrft Emperour of Rome / and yf thou refufe his demaunde and commaundement / knowe thou for certayne that he fhall make ftronge werre ageynft the / thy Royames & londes / and fhall chaftyfe the and thy fubgettys / that it fhall be enfamble perpetuel vnto alle kynges and prynces / for to denye their truage vnto that noble empyre whiche domyneth vpon the vnyuerfal world / Thenne when they had fhewed theffecte of their meffage / the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them And faid he fhould take auyce of counceyllle and gyue to them an anfuere / Thenne fomme of the yonge knyghtes heryng this their meffage wold haue ronne on them to haue flayne them fayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng prefent to fuffre them to faye fo to the kyng / And anone the |<[p.161] sig.h8r> kyng commaunded that none of them vpon payne of dethe to myffaye them ne doo them ony harme / and commaūded a knyghte to brynge them to their lodgyng / and fee that they haue alle that is neceffary and requyfyte for them / with the beft chere / and that noo deyntee be fpared / For the Romayns ben grete lordes / and though theyr meffage please me not ne my court yet I muft

remembre myn honour / ¶ After this the kyng lete calle alle his lordes and knyghtes of the round table to counceyl vpon this mater / and defyred them to faye their aduys / thenne fyr Cadour of Cornewaile spacke fyrste and sayd Syre this meffage 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 Romayns where I doubt not we shal gete honour / I byleue wel sayd Arthur that this mater pleafeth the wel / but these anfuers may not be anfuerd / for the demaunde greueth me fore / For truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome / wherfore I pray yow to counceylle 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 anfuerd kyng Anguyllhe of Scotland / Syr ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges / for vnto yow is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome / of knyght hode ne of dygnyte / & I counceylle you neuer to obey the Romayns / 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 furnyssh xy 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 kyng Arthur thanked them / And thenne euery man |<[p.162] sig.h8v> 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 fyr Vwayne / fyre Ider his sone with their cofyns promysed to brynge xxx M / thenne fyre launcelot with alle other promysed in lyke wyse euery man a grete multytude / ¶ And whan kyng Arthur vnderstood their courages and good wylles / he thanked them hertely / and after lete calle themballatours to here their anfuere / 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 Romayns / and faye ye to hym Of his demaunde and commaundement I fette 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 foueraynte of thempyre / wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predecessours somtyme kynges of this lond / and faye 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 knoueleche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that shal enfiewe / And thenne he commaunded his treforer to gyue to them grete and large yeftes / and to paye alle their dispencys / and assygned fyre

Cador to conueye them oute of the land / and soo they took their leue and departed / and tooke their shyping at Sandwyche / and passed forthe by flaudrys / Almayn / the montayns / and all ytalye vntyl they cam vnto Lucius / And after the reuerence made / they made relacyon of their answer lyke as ye to fore haue herd / whan the emperor Lucius had well vnderfonde their credence / he was fore moued 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 well byfemed or ony other kyng to doo / O fyre sayd one of the fenatours late be suche wayn wordes / for we late yow wete that I and my felawes were ful fore aferd to beholde his countenance / I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your self / for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre <[p.163] sig.i1r> whiche fore 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 felawship of other prynces lordes and knyghtes that ben in the world / and euery knyghte approued and lyke a lord and holdeth table roūd 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 certainly he is a lord to be doubted / Wel sayd Lucius bifore Eester I suppose to passe the moūtayns and soo forth in to fraunce / and there byreue hym his londes with laneweyes and other myghty warryours of Tuskane and lombardye / And I shall sende for them all that ben subgettys and alyed to thenpyre of Rome to come to myn ayde / and forthwith sente old wyfe knyghtes vnto these countrayes / folowyng / fyrste to ambage and arrage / to Alysaundrye / to ynde. to hermony / where as the ryuer of Eufrates renneth in to Abye / to Auffryke / and Europe the large / to ertayne and Elamyne to Arabye / Egypte and to damalke / 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 the emperor vnderflood their comyng / he made redy his Romyans / and alle the people bytwene hym & Flaundes ¶ 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 kyng Arthur / And thus departed fro Rome and came doune the montayns for to destroye the londes that Arthur had conquerd and cam vnto Coleyne / and byseged a Castel there by / and wanne it soone and stuffed hit with two honderd sarafyns or Infydeles <[p.164] sig.i1v> and after destroyed many fayr countrees / whiche Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas / And thus Lucius cam with alle his hooft 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 /

Capitolo tercio

Now leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kyng 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 arefte 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 fyr Constantyn sone to fyre Cadour of Cornewaylle / whiche after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme / And in the presence of alle his lordes he refyned the rule of the royame and Gweneuer his quene to them / wherfore fyre launcelot was wrothe / for he left fyre Trystram with kyng marke for the loue of beal Ifoulde / Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete sorowe for the departyng of her lord and other / and fwounded in fuche wyfe 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 fyre Bawduyn and Constantyn / And whan he was on his hors / he sayd with an hye voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that fyre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame 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 / fayllyng on the see / |<[p.165] sig.i2r>

¶ Capitulum iiij

And as the kyng laye in his caban in shyp / he fyll in a flomerynge and dremed a merueyllous dreame / 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 afure / 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 lokyng roughly / he was the foulest beest that euer man sawe / he rored and romed foo hydroufly that it were merueill to here / Thenne the dredeful dragon auanced hym and cam in the wynde lyke a fawcon gyuynge grete strokes on the bore / and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his gryfly tulkes / 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 hey3te / and come doune with fuche a fwough 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 abrode on the fee / And therwith the kynge awoke anone / and was fore aballhed of this dreme / And fente anone for a wyfe philofopher / commaundyng to telle hym the fygnfyfacion of his dreme / Syre fayd the philofopher / the dragon that thow dremedest of / betokeneth thyn owne perfone that fayllest here / & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow hafte wonne / And his taylle whiche is al to tattered fygnfyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table ¶ 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 fomme Geaunt thy felf / beyng horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye fawe neuer in your dayes / wherfore |<[p.166] sig.i2v> of this dredeful dreme doubtte the no thyng / but as a Conqueror come forth thy felf / Thenne after this foone they had fyghte of londe and faylled tyl they arruyed atte Barflete in Flaundes / 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 hufbond man of the countrey / and told hym how there was in the countre of Constantyn befyde Bretayne a grete gyaunt whiche hadde flayne murdered and deuoured moche peple of the countreye and had ben fufteyned feuen yere with the children of the comyns of that land / in foo moche that alle the children ben alle flayne and destroyed / and now late he hath taken the ducheffe of Bretayne as she rode by with her meyne / and hath ledde her to his lodgyng whiche is in a montayne for to rauyllhe and lye by her to her lyues ende / and many people folowed her moo than v C / but alle they myghte not refcowe her / but they lefte he fhrykyng and cryenge lamentably / wherfore I fuppose than he hath flayn her in fulfyllynge his fowle luft of lechery / She was wyf vnto thy Cofyn fyre 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 fayd kynge Arthur / this is a grete mefchyef / I had leuer than the best Royame that I haue / that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue refcowed that lady / ¶ Now felawe fayd kynge Arthur canft thou bryng me there as thys gyaunt haunteth / ye fyre fayd the good man / loo yonder where as thow feest tho two grete fyres / there fhalt thou fynde hym / and more tresour than I fuppose is in al Fraunce / whanne the kynge hadde vnderftanden this pyteous caas / he retorned in to his tente / ¶ Thenne he callyd to hym fyre kaye and fyre Bedewere / & commaunded them secretely to make redy hors and harneis for hym felf and them tweyne / For after euenfonge he wold ryde on pylgremage with them two only vnto faynt Mychels |<[p.167] sig.i3r> mounte / And thenne anone he maad hym redy / and armed hym at alle poyntes / and tooke his hors and his fheld / And soo they thre departed thens and rode forthe as fafte as euer they mygt 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
 wryngyng her handes and makyng grete sorowe fyttyng by a graue newe
 made / And thenne kynge Arthur salewed her / and demaunded of her
 wherfore she made siche lamentacion / to whome she answered 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 siche fyfty as ye be / ye were not able to
 make refystence ageynst this deuyll / here lyeth a duchesse deede the whiche
 was the fayrest of alle the world wyf to fyre Howel / duc of Bretayne / he
 hath murthred her in forcyng her / and has flytte 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 siche 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 stonnes 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 wyl accomplyshe my message for al your ferdyful 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 damoyfels tornyng thre broches wheron
 were broched twelue yonge children late borne lyke yonge byrdes
 ¶ Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous syghte / he had grete
 compassion on them so that his hert <[p.168] sig.i3v> 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 crusshid his rybbes / Thenne the thre maydens knelyd doune
 and callyd to Cryst for helpe and comferte of Arthur And thenne Arthur
 weltred and wrong / that he was other whyle vnder and another tyme
 aboue / And so weltryng and walowyng 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 fortunod 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 lofed hym / And thenne
 the kynge commaunded fyr kaye to smyte of the gyaunts hede / and to sette
 it vpon a truncheon of a spere / and bere it to fyre 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 fuerd 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 defyre no more / This was the fyerft gyaunt that euer I mette with / fauf one in the mount of Arabe / whiche I ouercame / but this was gretter and fyerfer / Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe and the kyrtyl / and fome of the trefour they took to them felf / and returned ageyne to the hoft And anone this was knowen thurgh alle the countrey / wher for the peple came and thanked the kyng / And he fayd ageyne yeue the thanke to god / and departe the goodes among yow / And after that kyng Arthur fayd and commaunded his Cofyn howel that he fhold ordeyne for a chirche to be bylde |<[p.169] sig.i4r> on the fame hylle in the worfhip of faynte Mychel / ¶ And on the morne the kyng remeuyd with his grete bataylle / and came in to Champayne and in a valeye / and there they pyght their tentys / and the kyng beyng fet at his dyner / ther cam in two meffagers / of whome that one was Marchal of fraūce and fayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd in to fraunce / and had deftroied a grete parte and was in Burgoyne and had deftroied and made grete flaughter of peple & brente townes and borowes / wherfor yf thou come not haftely / they muft yelde vp their bodyes and goodes /

¶ Capitulum sextum

THenne the kyng dyd doo calle fyre Gawayne / fyre Borce / fyr Lyonel and fyre Bedewere / and commaunded them to goo ftrayte to fyre Lucius / and faye ye to hym that haftely he remeue oute of my land / And yf he wil not / bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not diftreffe the poure peple / Thenne anone thefe noble knyghtes dreflyd them to horfbak / And whanne they came to the grene wood / they fawe many paelions fette in a medowe of fylke of dyuerfe colours befyde a ryuer / And themperours paelione was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue / To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode toward / and ordeyned fyr Gawayn and fyre Bors to doo the meffage / And lefte in a buflhement fyre Lyonel / and fyre Bedwere / And thenne fyre Gawayn and fyr Borce dyd their meffage / and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his lond / or shortly to adrefse hym to bataylle / To whome Lucius anfuerde and fayd ye fhalle retorne to your lord and faye ye to hym that I fhall fubdue hym and alle his londes / Thenne fyre Gawayn was wrothe and fayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce fyghte ageynft the / and foo hadde I faide fyr Borce leuer than alle Bretayne or burgoyne ¶ Thenne a knyght named fyre Gaynus nyghe cofyn to the Emperour fayde / loo how thefe Bretons ben ful of pryde and booft / and they bragge as though they bare up alle the worlde / Thenne fyre Gawayne was fore greued |<[p.170] sig.i4v> with thefe wordes / and pulled oute his fwerd and fmote of his hede / And therwith torned theyr horfes and rode ouer waters and thurgh woodes tyl they came to theyre buflhement / where as fyr Lyonel and fyr Bedeuer were houyng / The romayns folowed faft after on horfbak and on foote ouer a chāpayn vnto a wood / thenne fyre Boors torned his hors / and fawe a knyghte come faft on / whome he fmote thurgh the body with a fpere that he fyllde dede doune to the erthe / thenne cam Callyburne one of the ftrengeft of paye and fmote doun many of

Arthurs knyghtes / And whan fyr Bors sawe hym do foo moche harme he adressyd toward hym & smote hym thurȝ the brest that he fylle doune dede to the erthe / Thenne fyr Feldenak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon fyre Gawayn / but fyre 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 bullhement / And there was a recountre / for the bullhement brake on the Romayns / and flewe and hewe doune the Romayns and forced the Romayns to flee and retorne / whome the noble knyghtes chaced vnto theyr tentes / Thenne the Romayns gadred more peple / and also foote men cam on / and ther was a newe bataille and foo moche peple that fyr Bors and fyr Berel were taken / but whan fyre gawayn sawe that / he tooke with hym fyre Idrus the good knyght and fayd he wold neuer see kyng Arthur but yf he rescued them / and pulled out galatyn his good sward / and folowed them that ledde tho ij knyghtes awaye / and he smote hym that lad fyr Bors / and took fyr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felawes / And fyre Idrus in lyke wyse rescowed fyr Berel / thenne beganne the bataill to be grete that oure knyȝtes were in grete Ieopardy / wherfore fyr Gawayn fente to kyng Arthur for socour and that he hye hym for I am fore wounded / and that oure prysoners may paye good oute of nombre / And the messager 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 fyre gawayn and his felawes gate the felde and put the Romayns to flyght / and after returned and came with their felauhip in suche wyse / that <[p.171] sig.i5r> no man of worship was lofte of them / sauf that fyr Gawayn was fore hurte / Thenne the kyng dyd do ranfake his woundes and comforted hym / And thus was the begynnyng of the fyrst iourney of the brytons and Romayns / and ther were slayne of the Romayns moo than ten thousand / and grete ioye and myrthe was made that nyghte in the hoost of kyng Arthur / And on the morne he fente alle the prysoners in to parys vnder the garde of fyre launcelot with many knyghtes & of fyr 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 bullhement certayne knyghtes and prynces with fyxty thousand men for to rescowe his knyghtes and lordes that were prysoners / And so on the morne as Launcelot and fyre Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the prysoners as they sholde passe thurgh a wode fyr Laūcelot fente 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 enbullhement / and retorned and told fyr Laūcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre score thousand Romayns / And thenne fyr 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

flewe and dretenchid many of the Romayns / and flewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and farafyns / ther was flayne the kynge of lylve and thre grete lordes Aladuke / herawde and heryngdale / but fyr Launcelot fought foo nobly that no man myght endure a stroke of his hande / but where he came he shewed his prowesse and myght / for he flewe doune ryght on euery fyde / And the Romayns and farafyns 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 fouzte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur / And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille / and sawe his knyghtes how they had |<[p.172] sig.i5v> vaynquysshed the bataylle / he embraced them knyght by knyghte in his armes and said ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worfhip / there was neuer kynge sauf my self that had so noble knyghtes / Syre sayd Cador there was none of vs failled other / but of the prowesse and manhode of fyre Launcelot were more than wonder to telle / and also of his cofyns whiche dyd that daye many noble feates of werre / And also fyre Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were flayne / as fyr beriel & other fyr Morys and fyr Maurel two good knyghtes / thenne the kynge wepte and dryed his eyen with a keuerchyef / & sayd your courage had nere hand destroyed yow / For though ye had retorned ageyne / ye had loft no worfhip / For I calle hit foly / 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 aduise the for to withdrawe the / what doft 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 fende forth a kynge whiche hyghte fyr leomye with a grete armye / and badde hym hie hym fast to fore / and he wold folowe haftely after / kynge Arthur was warned pryuely / & sente his peple to Selloyne / and toke vp the townes & castels fro the Romayns / Thenne the kyng commaunded fyr Cador to take the rereward / & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the round table / and fyre Launcelot / fyre Bors / fyr kay / fyre Marrok with fyre Marhaus shalle awayte on our persone / Thus the kynge Arthur disperplyd his hooft in dyuerse partyes / to thende that his enemyes shold not escape / whanne the |<[p.173] sig.i6r> Emperour was entryd in to the vale of Selloyne / he myghte see where kynge Arthur was enbatailled and his baner displayed / and he was byfette round aboute with his enemyes / that nedes he must fyghte or yelde hym / for he myght not flee / But sayd openly vnto the Romayns / fyrs I admonefte you that this day ye

fyghte and acqyte yow as men / and remembre how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the erthe and vnyuerfal world / and suffre not these bretons thys day to abyde ageynfte vs / & ther with he dyd commaunde hys trōpettes to blowe the bloody fownes in suche wyse that the ground trembled and dyndled / Thenne the batails approuched and shoue and showted on bothe fydes and grete strokes were smyten on bothe fydes / 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 fwerd / 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 flewe doune ryzt and rescued his peple / and he flewe 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 fyse to dele with / than thou were / and after smote of his hede / there fyre gawayn foughte nobly and flewe thre admyrales in that bataill / And so dyd alle the knyghtes of the round table / Thus the bataill bitwene kynge Arthur and Lucius temperour endured longe / Lucius had on his fyde many sarafyns / whiche were slayn / and thus the bataille was grete / and oftydes that one party was at a fordele and anone at an afterdele / whiche endured so longe tyl at the laft kyng Arthur aspyed / where Lucius temperour fought / and dyd wonder with his owne handes / And anon he rode to hym / And eyther smote other fyersly / and atte laft Lucyus smote Arthur thwart the vylage / and gaf hym a large wound / And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym self hurte / anon <[p.174] sig.i6v> he smote hym ageyne with Excalibur that it clefte his hede fro the somette of his hede / and stynted not tyl it cam to his breste And thenne temperour fylle doune dede / and there ended his lyf / And whan it was knowen that temperour was slayne anone alle the Romayns with all their hooft put them to flyght / and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes folowed the chaas / and flewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte atteyne / And thus was the vycory 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 ranfacke the dede bodyes / and dyd doo burye them that were slayne of his retenue euery man accordynge 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 strayte to the place where temperour 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 fyxty senatours of Rome al noble men / whome the kyng dyd do bawme and gomme with many good gommes aromatyk / and after dyd do cere them in fyxty fold of cered clothe of Sendale / and leyd them in cheftys of leed / by cause they shold not chauffe ne sauoure / and vpon alle these bodyes their sheldes with their armes and baners were fette / 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 faue 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 behalue ſhewynge hym my letters / and telle them that I in my perſone ſhal haſtely be atte Rome / And I ſuppoſe the Romayns ſhalle beware how they ſhal demaunde ony trybute of me / And I commaunde yow to faye whan ye ſhal come to Rome to the poteſtate and all the counceylle 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 comynge / for other trybute owe I none / ne none other wylle I paye / And me |<[p.175] sig.i7r> thynketh this ſuffyſeth for Bretayne / Irlond and al Almayne with germanye / And ferthermore I charge yow to faye 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 aduylſed them in no wyſe to meue no more warre ageynſte that noble conqueroure Arthur / For his myght and prowelle 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 kyng Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche after the grete bataylle acheued ageynſte the Romayns / entryd in to Lorayne braban and Flaundres and ſythen returned 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 kyng Arthur biſeged it / and lay longe aboute hit / and gaf many affaultes to the Cyte / And they within deffended them valyauntly / Thenne on a tyme the kyng called fyr 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 fyr Gawayn my neuwe / Syre wyllhard / fyre 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 |<[p.176] sig.i7v> 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 / fyr Gawayn took his hors and ſtale away from his ſelauſhip to ſeke ſome aduentures / And anon he was ware of a man armed walkyng his hors eaſyly by a wodes fyde / and his ſheld laced to his ſholdre fyttyng

on a stronge courser withoute ony man fauyng to a page berynge a myghty spere. The knyght bare in his sheld thre gryffons of gold in fable charbuncle the chyef of syluer / whan fyre Gawayn aspyed this gay knyght / he fewtryd his spere and rode strayt to hym / and demaüded of hym from whens that he was that other anfuerd and sayd he was of Tuscane / and demaüded of fyre gawayn / what profryft 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 couceylle 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 fyre gawayne was al abalhed and with galatyn his good swerd he smote thurgh shelde and thycke hauberke made of thyck maylles and al to ruffhed 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 fyr Gawayn / & with an awke stroke gaf hym a grete wound and kytte a vayne / whiche greued gawayn fore / and he bledde fore / ¶ Thenne the knyghte sayd to fyre Gawayn / bynde thy wounde or thy blee change / for thou bybledest al thy hors and thy fayre armes / For alle the Barbouris of Bretayne shal not conne staunche thy blood / For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shalle <[p.177] sig.i8r> neuer be staunched of bledynge / Thenne anfuerd gawayn hit greueth me but lytyl / thy grete wordes shalle not feare me ne lasse my courage / but thou shalt suffre tene and sorow or we departe / but telle me in halt who maye staunche my bledynge / That may I doo sayd the knyght yf I wylle / And so wyl I yf thou wylt focoure 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 foule I graunte said Gawayne so god helpe me tacomplysse alle thy desyre / But fyrst telle me what thou foughtest 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 thou byleuest on / And for thy labour I shalle yeue the trefour 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 feuen score knyghtes / and now I haue encountred with the whiche hast gyuen to me of fyghtyng my fyllle / wherfore fyr knyghte I pray the to telle me what thou 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 paltokes that longen to hym felf / At yole laft 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 auanced and holpen by my lyege lord / A fayd Pryamus / yf his knauys be fo kene and fyers / his knyghtes ben paffynge good / Now for the kynges loue of heuen whether thou be a knaue or a knyghte telle thou me thy name / By god fayd fyre Gawayn / Now wyl I faye the fothe / my name is fyre 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 fortunyd / hit is the goodneffe of god |<[p.178] sig.i8v> that lente to me my strengthe / Now am I better pleafyd fayd Pryamus than thou haddest gyuen to me al the prouynce and parys the ryche / I had leuer to haue ben torn with wylde horfes / than ony varlet had wonne fuche loos / or ony page or pryker fhold haue had prys on me / But now fyre knyghte I warne the / that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the nobleft men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye / with the garnefon of godard / and farafyns 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 fore hurte / neuer lyke to recouer / but take hede to my page that he no horne blowe / For yf he doo ther ben houynge faft by an C knyghtes awaytynge on my perfone / and yf they take the / ther fhall no raunfon of gold ne fyluer acqyte the / Thenne fyre gawayne rode ouer a water for to faue hym / And the knyghte folowed hym / and foo rode forthe tyl they came to his felawes / whiche were in the medowe / where they had ben al the nyghte Anone as fyre wychard was ware of fyre gawayn and fawe that he was hurte / he ranne to hym foroufully wepyng / and demaunded of hym who had foo hurte hym / and gawayn told how he had foughten with that man / and eche of them hadde hurte other / and how he had falues to hele them / but I can telle yow other tydynges / that foone we fhall haue adoo with many enemyes / Thenne fyre pryamus and fyre gawayn alyghted / and lete their horfes grafe in the medowe and vnarmed them / And thenne the blood ranne freffhly 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 wellhe 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 affembled to counceyll / And there pryamus told vnto them / what lordes and knyghtes had fwrne to refcove hym / and that without faille they fhould be affailed with many thoufandes / wherfor he counceilled them to withdrawe them / Thenne fyre gawayn fayd it were grete fhame to them to auoyde withoute ony strokes / Wherfore I aduyfe to take oure armes and to make vs redy to mete with thefe farafyns and myfbyleuyng men / and wyth |<[p.179] sig.k1r> the helpe of god we fhall ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them / And fyre Florens fhall abyde styll in thys felde to kepe the ftale as a noble knyghte / and we fhall not forfak yonder felawes / Now fayd Pryamus feaffe your wordes / for I warne yow ye fhall fynde in yonder woodes many peryllous knyghtes / they wylle put forthe beeftes to calle yow on / they be out of nombre / and ye are not paff vij C whiche ben ouer fewe to fyght with foo many /

Neuertheles sayd fyr gawayn we shal ones encountre them / and see what they can do and the beste shalle haue the vycory

¶ Capitulo xj

THenne fyre Florence callyd to hym fyre florydas with an honderd knyghtes and droofe forth the herde of bestes / Thenne folowed hym vij honderd men of armes / and fyr Feraunt of spayne on a fayr stede came spryngynge oute of the woodes / and came to fyre Florence and axyd hym why he fledde / Thenne fyre 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 fyr Feraunt / and smote in emonge them / and there was grete fyghte and many flayne and leyd doune to grounde / and fyr Florence with his C knyghtes alwey kepte the stalle and foughte manly / ¶ Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght perceyued the grede fyght / he wente to fyre Gawayn / and badde hym that he shold goo and socoure his felawship / whiche were fore bystad with their enemyes / Syr greue yow not sayd fyre Gawayn / For theyr gree shal be theirs I shal 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 fyre Ethelwold and the duk of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many thoufades & pryamus knyghtes / & cam straye vn to the bataylle / thenne fyr gawayn comforted his knyghtes / and bad them not to be aballhed / for al shal be ours / thenne they began to wallope & mette with their enemyes / there were men flayn & ouerthrowen on euery 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 fyre 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 flewe doune ryght and distressyd many of our knyghtes / emonge whome was flayne fyre Gherard a knyght of walys / Thenne oure knyghtes toke herte to them / and flewe many sarafyns / And thenne came in fyr 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 fyr Pryamus flewe the Marquys of Moyfes land / and fyre gawayn with his felawes so quytte hem that they had the feld / but in that stoure was fyr Chestelayne a chyld and ward of fyre Gawayne flayne / wherfore was moche sorow made / and his deth wes soone auengyd / Thus was the bataille ended and many lordes of lombardye and sarafyns left dede in the feld / ¶ Thenne fyre florence and fyre Gawayne herberowed surely theyr peple / and token grete plente of bestyal of gold & syluer and grete tresour and rychesse and returned vnto kyng Arthur whiche lay styl at the syege / And whanne they came to the kyng / they presented theyr prysoners and recounted theyre aduentures / and how they had vaynequysshed 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 pryfoner / 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 baptyfed / 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 kyng lete do crye affaulte to the cyte / and there was rerynge of laddres brekyng of wallys and the dyche fylled / |<[p.181] sig.k2r> that men with lytel payne mygt entre in to the cyte / thenne cam out a duchesse / & Claryfyn the countesse with many ladyes & damoyfels / and knelyng bifore kyng Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to receyue the cyte / & not to take it by affaulte for thenne shold many gyltles be slayne / thenne the kyng aualyd his vyfer with a meke & noble coūtenaūce / & faid 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 affault / & anon the dukes oldest sone brought out the keys / & knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng / & byfougt hym of grace / & the kyng seafed the toun by assent of his lordes / & toke the duc & sent hym to douer there for to abyde pryfoner 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 fir Florys & fyr florydas to fore with v C men of armes / & they cam to the cyte of vrbyne & leid there a bullhement there as them semed most best for them / & rode to fore the toun / where anon yssued oute moche peple & fkarmullhed with the fore rydars / thenne brake out the bullhement & wan the brydge & after the toun / & set vpon the wallis the kynges baner / thenne 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 forou / & ordeyned ther a captayn a knygt of his own coūtrei / & whan they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was wōne / they sente to kyng Arthur grete sōmes of money / & befougt hym as their lord to haue pyte of them / promysyng to be his subgettys for euer / & yelde to hym homage & fealte for the lādes of plefaūce & pauye / peterfaynt & the port of tremble / & to gyue hym yerly a melyon of gold al his lyf tyme / thenne he rydeth in to Tuskane & wynneth tounes & castels & walted al in his way that to hym wil not obeie / & so to spolute & viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the vale of vycecoūte among the vynes And fro thens he sente to the senatours to wete / whether they |<[p.182] sig.k2v> wold knowe hym for theyr lord / But soone after on a faterday 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 byfought hym as gouernour to gyue lycence for vj wekes for to affemble alle the Romayns / And thenne to crowne hym Emperour with creme as it bylongeth to fo hyhe aftate / I affente fayd the kynge lyke as ye haue deuyfed / and at cryftemas there to be crowned / and to holde my round table with my knyghtes as me lyketh / And thenne the fenatours 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 fudgerned there a tyme / and establyfshed all his londes from Rome in to Fraunce / and gaf londes and royammes vnto his feruauntes and knyghtes to eueryche after his defert in fuche wyfe that none complayned ryche ne poure / & he gaf to fyre Pryamus the duchye of Lorayne / and he thanked hym and fayd he wold ferue 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 affembled them afore hym / and fayd bleffyd be god your warre is fynyffhed and your conqueste acheued / in foo moche that we knowe none foo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynft yow / wherfore we byfeche you to retorne homeward / and gyue vs lycence to goo home to our wyues / fro whome we haue ben longe / and to refte vs / for your Iourney is fynyffhed with honour & wolship / Thenne fayd the kyng / ye faye trouthe / and for to tempte god it is no wyfedome / And therefore make you redy and retorne we in to Englonde / Thenne there was truffyng of harneis and bagage and grete caryage / And after lycence gyuen he returned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe fhold not robbe ne take vytaylle / ne other thyng by the way but that he fhold paye therfore / And thus he came ouer the fee and loded at fandwyche / ageynfte 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 /<[p.183] sig.k3r> ¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conquefte that kynge Arthur hadde ageynfte Lucius the Emperoure of Rome / and here foloweth the fyxth book whiche is of fyr Launcelot du lake

¶ Capitulum primum

SOone after that kyng Arthur was come / fro rome in to Englonde / thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round reforted vnto the kyng / & made many Iuftes & turnementes / & some there were that were but knyghtes whiche encreaced fo in armes and wolship that they paffed alle their felawes in prowefse and noble dedes / and that was wel preued on many But in efpecial it was preued on fyre launcelot du lake / for in al turnementys and Iuftes and dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he paffed al other knyghtes / and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome / but yf it were by trefon or enchauntement / fo fyr Launcelot encreaced foo merueylloufly in wolship / and in honour / therfor is he the fyrft knyght that the frenfhe book maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur came fro rome / wherfore quene gweneuer had hym in grete fauour

aboute al other knyghtes. and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboute al other ladyes damoyfels of his lyf / And for her he dyd many dedes of armes and faued her from the fyer thorou his noble chyualry / Thus fyre launcelot refted hym longe with play & game / And thenne he thought hym self to preue hym self in straunge auentures / thenne he badde his neuwe fyre Lyonel for to make hym redy / for we two wylle feke 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 fyre launcelot had grete lust to flepe / Thenne fyr lyonel afpyed a grete Appyl tree that stode by an hedge / & said broder yonder is a fayre shadowe / there maye we reft vs on oure horses / hit is wel faide faire broder said fyr launcelot / for this viij yere I was not so flepy as I am now / and so they there alyghted & tayed their horses vnto sondry trees / and so fyr launcelot layd hym doune vnder an appyl tree / and his helme he layd vnder his hede / And Syre |<[p.184] sig.k3v> lyonel waked whyle he flepte / Soo fyre launcelot was a flepe passynge fast / And in the mene whyle there came thre knyghtes rydynge as faste fleynge as euer they myghte ryde And there folowed hem thre but one knyghte / And whanne fyr 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 knyght 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 arayed his hors on the brydel & bonde alle the thre knyghtes fast with the raynes of their owne brydels / Whan fyr 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 fyr launcelot / And whan he was mounted vpon his hors / he ouertoke this strong knyght / & bad hym torne / and the other smote fyr 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 fyre Ector de marys wyft that fyre laūcelot was past out of the court to feke aduentures he was wroth with hym self / & made hym redy to feke fyre laūcelot / & as he had ryden long in a grete forest he mette with a man was lyke a folter / Fayre felaw said fyre Ector knowest thou in thys cuntrye any aduentures that ben here nyghe hand / Syr sayd the folter / this cuntrye 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 / |<[p.185] sig.k4r> and stryke vpon that bacyn with the but of thy spere thryes / And soone after thou shalt here newe tydynges / And ellys haft thou the fayrest grace that many a yere had euer knyght that passed thorou this foreft / gramercy sayd fyre Ector / and departed / and came to the tree and sawe many fayre sheldes And amonge them he sawe his broders sheld fyr 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 fyr 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 fyre 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 kny3t / & kny3tly thou haft stryken me / And therwith he ruffhed his hors on fyre Ector / and cley3te hym vnder his ryght arme & bare hym clene out of the fadel / and rode with hym away in to his owne halle / & threwe hym doune in myddes of the floore / the name of thys knyghte was fyre Turquyne / than he said vnto fyre Ector for thou haft 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 fir Ector / that wille I neuer promyse the / but that I will do myne auantage / That me repenteth sayd fyre Turquyne / and thenne he garte to vnarme hym and bete hym with thornys all naked / and fythen putte hym doune in a depe dungeon where he knewe many of his felawes / But whan fyre Ector sawe fyr lyonel thenne made he grete forowe / Allas broder sayd fir Ector / where is my broder fyre 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 fyre launcelot helpe vs we may neuer be delyuerd / for we knowe now noo knyght that is able to matche oure mayster Turquyn

¶ Capitulum tercium |<[p.186] sig.k4v>

Now leue we these knyghtes prysoners and speke we of fyre Launcelott du lake that lyeth vnder the Appyl Tree slepyng / 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 fylke 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 slepyng knyghte that laye alle armed vnder an appyl tree / anone as these quenes loked on his face / they knewe it was fyre 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 enchaument vpon hym / that he shalle not awake in fyxe owres / And

thenne I wylle lede hym away vnto my castel / And whanne he is furely within my hold / I fhalle take the enchauntement from hym / And thenne lete hym chefe whyche of vs he wylle haue vnto peramour / ¶ Soo thys enchauntement was caste vpon fyre Launcelot / And thenne they leyd hym vpon his shelde / and bare hym foo an horfback 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 damoyfel with his souper redy dyght By that the enchauntement was past / And whan she came she falewed hym / and alked hym what chere / I can not saye fayre damoyfel said fyre Launcelot / for I wote not how I cam in to this castel / but it be by an enchauntement / Syre sayd she ye muft make good chere / And yf ye be fuche a knyghte as it is sayd ye ben / I fhalle telle you more to morne by pryme of the daye / Gramercy fayre damoyfel sayd fyre 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 byfene / Alle they byddyng hym good morne / and he them ageyne / ¶ Syre knyghte the foure quenes sayd thou muft vnderfande thou arte our prysoner / and we here knowe the wel that thou arte fyre Launcelot du laake / kynge Bans [p.187] sig.k5r> sone / And by cause we vnderfande your worthynes that thou arte the nobleft knyght lyuyng / And as we knowe wel ther can no lady haue thy loue but one / and that is quene Gweneuer / and now thou fhalt lofe her for euer and she the / and therefore the behoueth now to chefe 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 chefe one of vs whiche thou wylt haue to thy peramour / for thou mayst not chefe or els in thys pryson to dye / This is an hard caaas sayd fyre Launcelot that eyther I muft dye or els chefe 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 therefore ye be anfuerd 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 trueft lady vnto her lord lyuyng / Wel sayd the quenes / is this your anfuere that ye wylle reffufe vs / ye on my lyf sayd fyr laūcelot / reffufed ye ben of me / Soo they departed and lefte hym there alone that made grete forowe

¶ Capitulum quartum

RYght so at the noone came the damoyfel vnto hym with his dyner / and alked hym what chere / truly fayre damoyfel sayd fyre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer so ylle / fir 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 foo that ye hold me a promyse / fayre damoyfel I wil graunte yow / and fore I am of these quenes forcereffes aferd / for they haue destroyed many a good knyght / fyre sayd she that is sothe and for the renome and bounte that they here of you / they wold haue your loue / and fir they

fayne / your name is fyre Launcelot du laake the floure of knyghtes / & they be passyng wrothe with yow that ye haue reffused hem / But fyre and ye wold promyse me to helpe my fader on tewfdaye next comyng / that hath made a turnement betwixe hym and |<[p.188] sig.k5v> the kyng of Northgalys / for the last tewfdaye past my fader lost the felde thorough thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte / And ye wyll be there on tewfday next comyng / and helpe my fader to morne or pryme by the grace of god I shalle delyuer yow clene / Fayre mayden sayd fyr launcelot telle me what is your faders name / and thenne shal I gyue you an anfuer / Syre knyghte she sayd / my fader is kyng Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the last turnement / I knowe your fader wel said fyre 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 feruyse 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 bryng my fader vnto you / alle thys shal be done saide fyre 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 & brougt hym vnto his armour / & whan he was clene armed / she brought hym vntyl his owne hors / and lyghtely he sadede hym and toke a grete spere in his hand / and soo rode forth / and sayd fayre damoyfel 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 flade of a paelione of reed sendel / By my feythe sayd fyre 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 fadly

¶ 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 befyde fyr Launcelot / and toke hym in his armes and beganne to kyffe |<[p.189] sig.k6r> hym / And whanne fyre launcelot felte a rough berd kyffyng hym / he starte oute of the bedde lyghtely / and the other knyght 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 fyre launcelot folowed hym / and ther by a lytyl flake fyr launcelot wounded hym fore nyghe vnto the deth And thenne he yelded hym vnto fyre 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 trefon / for I was late begyled / and therefore 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 fyre launcelot staunched his blood / There with al came the knyghtes lady / that was a passyng fayre lady / And whanne she aspyed that her lord Belleus was fore wounded she cryed oute on fyre launcelot / and made grete dole oute of mesure / Pees my lady and my loue said Belleus / for this knyght is a good man and a knyght aduenturous / and there he told her all the cause how he was wounded / And whan that I yelde me vnto hym / he lefte 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 fyre 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 fyr 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 whyle as they thus talked the nyghte passed / and the daye shone / and [p.190] sig.k6v> thenne fyre 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 fyre launcelott came withyn the Abbeye yarde / the daughter of kynge Bagdemagus herd a grete hors goo on the pauement / And she thenne aroos and yede vnto a wyndowe / and there she sawe fyr 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 fente hym a longe goun / & anone she came her self / And thenne she made launcelot passyng good chere / and she sayd he was the knyght in the world was moost welcome to her / Thenne in al haste she fente 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 kynge was alyghte of his hors he yode streyte vnto fyr launcelots chamber / and there he fond hys daughter / and thenne the kyng embraced fyr Launcelot in hys armes / and eyther made other good chere / Anone fyre launcelot made his complaynt vnto the kynge how he was bytrayed And how his broder fyre lyonel was departed from hym / he nyft not where / and how his daughter 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 kynge on teweſday next comyng / ye fyr sayd fyr launcelot / I shalle not faylle yow / for soo I haue promysed my lady your daughter / But fyr what knyghtes be they of my lord Arthurs that were

with the kyng of Northgalys / and the kyng fayd it was fyre madore de laporte / and fyr Mordred and fyr gahalaytyne that al fur fared my knyghtes / for ageynft hem thre I nor my knyghtes myghte bere no ftrenghte / Syre fayde fyre launcelot as I here fay that the turnement fhall be here within this thre myle of this abbay / ye fhall fende vnto me thre knyghtes of yours fuche as ye truft and loke that the thre knyghtes haue al whyte fheldes & I alfo & no paynture on the fheldes / & and we four will come out of a lytel wood in myddes of both <[p.191] sig.k7r> partyes / and we fhalle falle in the frounte of oure enemyes & greue hem that we may / And thus fhall I not be knowen what knyght I am / Soo they took their reft that nyght / and thys was on the foday / and foo the kyng departed / and fente vnto fyre launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte fheldes And on the tewesday they lodged hem in a lytyl leued wood befylde there the turnement fhould be / And there were fcafoldis and holes that lordes and ladyes myghte beholde and to gyue the pryfe / Thenne came in to the feld the kyng of Northgalys with eyght fcore helmes / And thenne the thre knyghtes of Arthur ftode by them felf / ¶ Thenne cam in to the feld kyng Bagdemagus with four fcore of helmys / And thenne they fewtryd their fperys / and cam to gyders with a grete dallhe / & there were flayn of knyghtes at the firft recountre xij of kyng Bagdemagus parte / and fyx of the kyng of Northgalys party / and kyng Bagdemagus party was ferre fette a back /

¶ Capitulum feptimum

Wyth that came fyr Launcelot du lake and he threft in with his fpere in the thyckeft of the prees / and there he fmote doune with one fpere fyue knyghtes / and of foure of hem he brake their backes / And in that throng he fmote doune the kyng of Northgalys / and brake his thye in that falle / Alle thys doynge of fyre Launcelot fawe the thre knyghtes of Arthurs / Yonder is a fhrewde geft fayd fyre Madore de la port therefore haue here ones at hym / foo they encountred / and fyre Launcelot bare hym doune hors and man / foo that his fholder wente oute of lyth / Now befalleth it to me to Iufte fayd Mordred / for fyr Mador hath afore falle / Syre Launcelot was ware of hym / and gate a grete fpere in his hand / and mette hym and fyr Mordred brake a fpere vpon hym / and fyre launcelot gaf hym fuche a buffet that the arffon of his fadel brake / & foo 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 fwoune / ¶ Thenne came in fyr Gahalantyne with a grete fpere / and Launcelot ageynft hym with al theyre ftrength that they myzt dryue that both her fperes to braft euen <[p.192] sig.k7v> to their handes / and thenne they flang out with their fwerdes and gaf many a grym ftroke / Thenne was fyr launcelot wroth oute of mefure / and thenne he fmote fyr galahantyne on the helme that his nofe brafte 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 fyre launcelot gate a greete fpere 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 furely 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 thenne the knyghtes of the kyng of northgalys wold luste nomore / And there the gree was was gyuen to kyng Bagdemagus / So eyther party departed vnto his owne place / and fyr launcelot rode forth with kyng Bagdemagus vnto his castel / and there he had passyng good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter / and they profred hym grete yestes / And on the morne he took his leue / and told the kyng that he wold goo and seke his broder fyre 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 knowleche / and I shal not faylle you as I am true knyght / and so fyr launcelot departed / and by aduventure he came in to the same forest / there he was take slepyng / And in the myddes of an hye way he mette a damoyfel rydyng on a whyte palfroy / and there eyther falewed other / Fayre damoyfel said fyre launcelot knowe ye in this countray ony aduutures / fyre knyghte sayd that damoyfel / here are aduutures nere hand / and thou durst preue hem / why shold I not preue aduutures said fyre 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 bryng 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 / damoyfel as for to telle the my name I take no grete force / Truly my name is fyre launcelot du lake / fyre thou byfemyt |<[p.193] sig.k8r> wel / here ben aduutures 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 fyre 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 damoyfels that are distreffid dayly with a fals knyghte / All your entente damoyfel and desyre I wylle fulfille / soo ye wyl bryng 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 / fyre launcelot thougt he shold knowe hym / Thenne sir launcelot was ware that hit was fyre gaherys Gawayns broder a knyghte of the table round / Now fayre damoyfel sayd sir launcelot / I see yonder cometh a knyght fast bounden that is a felawe of myne / and broder he is vnto fyr gawayne / And att the fyrst begynnyng I promyse yow by the leue of god to rescowe that knyght / But yf his mayster fytt better in the fadel 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 fene other / they grypped theyr speres vnto them / Now fayre knyghte fayd fyr launcelot / put that wounded knyghte of the hors / and lete hym reffe a whyle / and lete vs two preue oure strengthes / For as it is enformed me thou doest and haft done grete despyte and shame vnto knyghtes of the round table / and therfor now defende the / And thou be of the table round fayd Turquyne I defye the and alle thy felauship / that is ouermoche fayd / fayd fyre launcelot |<[p.194] sig.k8v>

¶ 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 backs brafte vnder them / and the knyghtes were bothe altonyed / and as soone as they myghte auoyde theyre horses / they took theire sheldes afore them / and drewe oute her swardes / and came to gyder egerly / and eyther gaf other many stronge strokes / for there myght neyder sheldes nor harneis hold theyr strokes / And soo within a whyle they hadde bothe grymly woundes / and bledde passyngre greuoufly / Thus they ferd two houres or mo trasynge and rasynge eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place / Thenne at the last they were bretheles bothe / and stode lenyng on theyre swardes / Now felawe fayd fyr Turquyne hold thy hand a whyle / and telle me what I shal aske the / Say on thenne Turquyne fayd 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 fayd / fayd fyr launcelot / but fythen hit is soo that I may haue thy frendship what knyght is he that thou soo hatest aboue al other / Feythfully fayd fyr Turquyne his name is fyre launcelot du lake / for he slewe my broder fyr 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 fyre launcelot / ¶ Now see I wel fayd fyre launcelot that suche a man I myghte be I myght haue peas / and suche a man I myghte be / |<[p.195] sig.11r> that ther shold be warre mortal betwyxte vs / and now fyre 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 fayd 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 rollyng and lallyng with their sheldes and swardes that somtyme they

felle bothe ouer theyr noses / Thus they foughte styllle two houres and more / and neuer wolde haue reste / and fyre Turquyn gaf fyre laūcelot many woundes / that alle the ground there as they foughte was al bespeckled with blood

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne at the laft fyr Turquyn waxed faynte / and gaf somwhat a bak / and bare his shelde lowe for werynesse / That aspyed fyre Launcelot / and lepte upon hym fyrfly 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 fondyr / And whanne fyre laūcelot had done this / he yode vnto the damoyfel and sayd / damoyfel I am redy to goo with yow where ye wyll haue me / but I haue no hors / Fayre fyre sayd she / take this wounded knyghtes hors and fende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer alle the prysoners / Soo fyr 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 faued me and my hors / & this day I faye ye are the best knyghte in the worlde For ye haue slayne this daye in my fyghte the myȝtest man & the best knyghte excepte yow that euer I sawe / & fore fyre said Gaheryes I pray you telle me your name / Syre my name is fyr launcelot du lake that ouȝte to helpe you of ryghte for kyng arthurs sake / & in especial for my lord fir 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 |<[p.196] sig.11v> on yonder tree / there is kayes shelde / & fir braundeles sheld / and fyr Marhaus sheld and fyre Galyndes shelde and fyre Bryan de lyftnoyse sheld and fyr Alydukes sheld with many mo that I am not now auysed of / and also my two bretheren sheldes fyre Ector de marys and fyr Lyonel / wherfore I pray yow grete them al from me / and say that I bydde them take suche stufte 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 damoyfel for to saue my promyse / and soo he departed from Gaheryse / & Gaheryse yede in to the manore / and ther he fond a yoman porter keypyng ther many keyes / Anone with al fyre 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 lofed other of their boundes / And whan they sawe fyre Gaheryse / alle they thanked hym / for they wend that he was wounded / Not soo sayd Gaheryse / hit was launcelot that flewe hym worshipfully with his owne handes / I sawe it with myn owne eyen / and he greteth you al wel / and prayeth you to hafte you to the courte / And as vnto fyr Lyonel and Ector de marys he prayeth yow to abyde hym at the court That shalle we not doo fays his bretheren / we wyll fynde hym and we may lyue / So

fhall I fayd fyr kay fynde hym or I come at the courte as I am true knyghte /
 Thenne alle tho knyghtes fought 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 with
 foure horfes lade with fatte venefon / A none fyr kay fayd / here is good
 mete for vs for one meale / for we had not many a day no good repaft /
 And so that venefon was rosted baken and foden / and so after souper
 fomme abode there al that nyghte / But fyre Lyonel and Ector de marys
 and fyre kay rode after fyre launcelot to fynde hym yf they myghte

¶ Capitulum Decimum |<[p.197] sig.l2r>

Now torne we vnto fyre launcelot that rode with the damoyfel in
 a fayre hyghe waye / fyr fayd the damoyfel / 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 fir launcelot is he a theef & a knyght & a
 rauyllher of wymmen / he doth shame vnto the ordre of knyghthode / and
 contrary vnto his othe / hit is pyte that he lyueth / But fayr damoyfel ye
 fhall 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 damoyfel
 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 fyre launcelot thus rebukynge
 hym / he anfuerd not / but drewe his sward and rode vnto fyre launcelot /
 and fyre launcelot threwe his spere fro hym / and drewe oute his sward / and
 strake hym suche a buffet on the helmet that he clafe his hede and neck
 vnto the throte Now haft thou thy payement that long thou haft deserued /
 that is trouthe sayd the damoyfel / For lyke as fyr Turquyne watched to
 destroye knyghtes / soo dyde this knyght attende to destroye and dystresse
 ladyes damoyfels and gentylwymmen / & his name was fyre Perys de
 foreyft saueage / Now damoyfel sayde fyre launcelot wylle ye ony more
 feruyse of me / Nay fyre she fayd at this tyme / but almyghty Ihesu perferue
 you where someuer ye ryde or goo / for the curteyft knyghte thou arte and
 mekest vnto all ladyes and gentylwymmen that now lyueth / But one thyng
 fyre knyghte me thynketh ye lacke / ye that are a knyghte wyueles that ye
 wyl not loue some mayden or gentylwoman / for I coude neuer here say
 that euer ye loued ony of no maner degree and that is grete pyte / but hit is
 noysed that ye loue quene Gueneuer / and that she hath ordeyned by
 enchaument that ye fhall neuer loue none other / but her / ne none other
 damoyfel ne lady shall reioyse you / wherfor |<[p.198] sig.l2v> many in
 this land of hyghe estate and lowe make grete sorowe / ¶ Fayre damoyfel
 fayd fyr 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 fay for to take my plefaunce 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 outhere they shalle be ouercome with a symplyer knyghte than they be hem self / Outhere els they shal by vnhap and her curfydnes flee 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 fyre Launcelot and she departed / And thenne he rode in a depe forest two dayes and more / and had strayte lodgyng / Soo on the thyrdd day he rode ouer a longe brydge / and there starte vpon hym sodenly a passyng foule chorle / and he smote his hors on the nose that he turned aboute / & asked hym why he rode ouer that brydge withoute his lycence / why shold I not ryde this way sayd fyr launcelot / I may not ryde befyde / thou shal not chese sayd the chorle and lassyd at hym with a grete clubbe shod with yron / Thenne fyre launcelot drewe his fuerd 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 fyre launcelot / and sayd A wers dede dydest thou neuer for thy self / for thou hast slayn the chyef porter of oure castel / fyr launcelot lete them fay what they wold And streyghte he wente in to the castel / And whanne he cam in to the castel he alyghte / and teyd his hors to a ryng 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

¶Capitulum xj |<[p.199] sig.13r>

Capitulum xij

ANone with al cam there vpon hym two grete gyaunts wel armed al lauf 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 fondre / Whan his felaw sawe that / he ran away as he were wood / for fere of the horryble strokes / & launcelot after hym with al his mygt & smote hym on the sholder / and clafe hym to the nauel / Thenne fyre launcelot went in to the halle / and there came afore hym thre score ladyes and damoyfels / and all kneled vnto hym / and thanked god & hym of their delyueraunce. For fyre sayd they / the mooste party of vs haue ben here this feuen yere their prysoners / and we haue worched al maner of fylke werkes for oure mete / and we are al grete gentylwymmen borne / and bleffyd be the tyme knyghte 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 pryfon / Fayre damoyfel he sayd / my name is fyre launcelot du lake / A fyre fayde they al / wel mayst thou be he / for els faue 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 wyllhed after yow / and these two gyaunts dredde neuer knyghte but you / Now maye ye fayre sayd fyr 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 sliche chere as ye haue cause and what trefour 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 fyre 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 fir 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 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 ooft brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedde / There fyre Launcelot vnarmed hym & fette hys harneys by hym / and wente to bed / and anone he felle on flepe / So soone after ther cam one on horfback / & knocked at the gate in grete haste / and whan fyr 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 knyght turned on hem knyghtly ageyne / and deffended hym / Truly saide fyre launcelot yonder one knyghte shal I helpe / for it were shame for me to see thre knyghtes 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 knyghtes / & thenne fyr launcelot sayd on hyghe / torne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your fyghtyng with that knyght / And thenne they alle thre lefte fyr kay / and tornd vnto fyr launcelot / and there beganne grete bataylle / for they alyghte al thre / and strake many grete strokes at fyr launcelot / and assayed hym on euery syde / Thenne fyre kay dresid hym for to haue holpen fyre Launcelot / nay fyre sayd he I wylle none of your helpe / therfor as ye wylle haue my helpe / lete me alone with them / Syre kay for the pleafyre of the knyghte suffred hym for to doo hys wylle / and soo stode on syde / And thenne anon within vj strokes / fyre launcelot had stryken hem to the erthe ¶ And thenne they al thre cryed fyre knyghte we yelde vs vnto you as man of myght makeles / As to that said fyr launcelot I will not take your yeldyng vnto me / But so that ye wylle yelde you vnto fyr kay the Seneschal on that couenaunt I wyl faue your lyues and els not / ¶ Fayre knyghte sayd they that were lothe to doo / For as for fyr kay / we chaced hym hyder / and had ouercome hym had not ye ben / therfor to yelde vs vnto hym it were no refon / wel as to that said launcelot / auyse you wel / for ye may chese whether ye wylle <[p.201] sig.14r> dye or lyue / for and ye be yolden it shal be vnto fyr kay / ¶ Fayre knyght thenne they sayd in sauynge of oure lyues we wylle doo as

thou commaundys vs / Thenne thal ye sayd fyre launcelot on whytsonday nexte comyng go vnto the courte of kynge Arthur / and there thal ye yelde you vnto quene Gueneuer / and put you al thre in her grace and mercy / and saye that fir kay fente you thyder to be her pryfoners / Syre they said it thalle be done by the feythe of oure bodyes / and we ben lyuyng / and there they fwoe euery knyghte vpon his fwerd / And so fir launcelot suffred hem soo to departe / And thenne fir launcelot knocked at the yate with the pomel of his fwerd / and with that came his ooft / and in they entred fir kay and he Syre sayd his hooft I wende ye had ben in youre bedde / so I was / sayd fyre launcelot / But I arofe and lepte oute atte my wyndowe for to helpe an old felawe of myne / And so whanne they came nyghe the lyghte / fir kay knewe wel / that it was fir 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 thal ye repose yow and take your rest / Soo whan fir 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 fir launcelot arofe erly / and lefte fyre kay slepyng / and fir launcelot toke fyre 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 ooft / and soo he departed / Thenne soone after arofe fyr kay and myssed fir launcelot / And thenne he aspyed that he had his armoure and his hors / Now by my feythe I knowe wel that he wyll greue some of the courte of kynge Arthur. For on hym knyghtes wyll be bolde / and deme that it is I / and that wyll begyle them / And by cause of his armoure and shelde I am fure I thal ryde in pees / And thenne soone after departed fir kay & thanked his hooft

¶ Capitulum xij |<[p.202] sig.14v>

NOw torne we vnto fyre 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 paelions stode ther on of fylke and fendel of dyuers hewe / And withoute the paelions henge thre whyte sheldes on truncheons of sperys / & grete longe sperys stode vpryght by the paelions / and at euery paelions dore stode thre fresshe squyers / and soo fyre 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 ooftyme preued / By my feythe sayd one of the knyghtes / his name was fyre gaunter / I wyll ryde after hym / & affaye hym / for alle his pryde / and ye may beholde how that I spede / Soo this knyght fyre 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 fyre launcelot / and whanne he came nyghe hym / he cryed Abyde thou proude knyght fyr kay / for thou shalt not passe quyte / Soo fyr launcelot torned hym / and eyther feutryd their

fperes / and came to gyders with alle theyr myghtes / and fyre Gaunters
 fperre brake but fyre launcelot fmote hym doune hors and man / and whan
 fyr gaunter was at the erthe / his bretheren fayd echone to other yonder
 knyght is not fyre kay / for he is bygger than he / I dare laye my heed fayd
 fyre Gylmere yonder knyghte hath flayne fyr kay and hath taken his hors
 and his harneis / whether it be foo or no fayd fyr Raynold the thyrd
 broder / lete vs now goo mounte vpon oure horfes and refcove our broder
 fir Gaunter vpon payne of dethe / we alle fhall haue werke ynou3 to matche
 that knyght / for euer me femeth by his perfone it is fyre Launcelot / or fyr
 Tryfram / or fyr Pelleas the good knyght / Thenne anon they toke theyr
 horfes and ouertook fyr launcelot / and fyre gylmere put forth his fperre /
 and ranne to fir launcelot / and fyre launcelot fmote hym doune that he lay
 in a fwoune / Syre knyght fayd fyr Raynold thou arte a ftrong man / and as
 I fuppose thou haft flayne my two bretheren / for the whiche rafyth my
 herte fore ageynft the / And yf I myght with my worfhip I wold not haue a
 doo with yow but |<[p.203] sig.15r> nedes I muft take parte as they doo /
 And therfor knyghte he fayd / kepe thy felf / And foo they hurtled to
 gyders with alle theyr myghtes / and al to fheuered bothe theyre fperes /
 And thenne they drewe her fwerdes and lalfhyd to gyder egerly / Anone
 there with aroos fyre Gaüter / and came vnto his broder fyre gylmere / and
 bad hym aryfe and helpe we oure broder fyr Raynold that yonder
 merueylloufly matched yonder good knyght / There with alle they lepte on
 theyr horfes & hurtled vnto fyre launcelot / ¶ And whanne he fawe them
 come / he fmote a fore froke vnto fyr Raynold that he felle of his hors to
 the ground / And thenne he froke to the other two bretheren / and at two
 frokes he ftrake them doune to the erthe / With that fir Raynold beganne
 to starte vp with his heede al bloody / and came ftreyte vnto fyre launcelot /
 Now late be fayd fir launcelot / I was not ferre from the whan thou were
 maade knyght fir Raynold / and alfo I knowe thou arte a good knyght / and
 lothe I were to flee the / Gramercy fayd fyr raynold as for your goodnes /
 And I dare faye 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
 fire kay / As for that be it as it be maye / for ye fhall yelde yow vnto dame
 gweneuer / and loke that ye be with her on whytfonday and yelde you vnto
 her as pryfoners / and faye that fyre kay fente yow vnto her / thenne they
 fwore hit fhould be done / and fo paffed forthe fire launcelot / and echone of
 the bretheren halpe other as wel as they myght

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo fir launcelot rode in to a depe foreft / and ther by in a flade /
 he fawe four knyghtes houyng vnder an oke / and they were of
 Arthurs courte / one was fir Sagramour le defyrus and Ector de
 marys / and fir Gawayn and fir Vwayne / Anone as thefe four
 knyghtes had afpyed fir Launcelot they wend by his armes it
 hadde ben fir kay / Now by my feythe fayd fir Sagramour / I wylle preue
 fir kayes myghte / & gate his fperre in his hand / and came toward fir
 launcelot Ther with fir launcelot was ware and knewe hym wel / and

|<[p.204] sig.l5v> feutryd his spere ageynft hym / and smote fyre Sagramore so fore that hors and man felle bothe to the erthe / Lo my felaus fayd he yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath / that knyzt is moche bygger than euer was fyre kay / Now shal ye see what I may doo to hym / Soo fyr Ector gate his spere in his hand and wallopte toward fyre Laūcelot / and fyre Launcelot smote hym thorou the shelde & sholder that man and hors went to the erthe / and euer his spere held / By my feythe fayd fir Vwayne yonder is a strong knyghte / and I am sure he hath slayne fyr kay / And I see by his grete strengthe it wyll be hard to matche hym / And there with al fyre Vwayne gate his spere in his hand and rode toward fyre Launcelot / and fyr launcelot knewe hym wel / and soo he mette hym on the playne / & gafe hym suche a buffette that he was afonyed / that longe he wyft not where he was / Now see I wel fayd fyre gawayne I must encoūtre with that knyzt / Thenne he dreflid he his sheld and gate a good spere in his hand / and fyre 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 fyre gawayns spere to braft / and fyre launcelot charged so fore vpon hym that his hors reuerfed vp so doune And moche sorowe had fyre gawayn to auoyde his hors / and so fyre 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 fayd fyre Gawayne / that one spere hath feld vs al foure / we commaunde hym vnto the deuyl they fayd al / for he is a man of grete myght / ye may wel saye it / fayd fyre gawayne / that he is a man of myght / for I dare lay my hede it is fyre Launcelot I knowe it by his rydyng / Lete hym goo fayd fyre 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 fyr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe forest where he saw a black brachet |<[p.205] sig.l6r> 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 fyre launcelot rode after / And euer the Brachet loked behynd her / and soo she wente thorou a grete mareyfe / and euer fyre launcelot folowed / And thenne was he ware of an old manoyr / and thyder ranne the brachet / and soo ouer the brydge / Soo fyre 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 femely man / and that brachet lycked his woundes / and there with al came oute a lady wepyng & wryngyng her handes / And thenne she fayd / O knyghte to moche sorowe haft thou broughte me / Why saye ye soo fayd fyre launcelot / I dyd neuer this knyghte no harme / for hyther by feaute of blood this Brachet broughte me / And therfor fayre

lady be not displeafed with me / for I am ful fore agreued of your greuance / Truly fyre ſhe ſayd I trowe hit be not ye that hath ſlayne my husband / for he that dyd that dede is fore wounded / & he is neuer lykly to recouer / that ſhal I enſure hym / What was your husbandes name ſayd fyre laūcelot / Syre ſayd ſhe / his name was called fyre 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 comferte ſayd fyre launcelot / and ſoo he departed and wente in to the foreſt ageyne / and there he met with a damoyfel / 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 fore wounded / and neuer ſtynteth bledyng / for this day he fought with fyre gylbert the baſtard & ſlewe hym in playn bataylle / and there was my broder fore wounded / and there is a lady a forceresse that duelleth in a caſtel here befyde / 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 ferched with the ſwerde and the clothe / This is a merueyllous thyng ſayd fyre launcelot / but what is your broders name / |<[p.206] sig.l6v> Syre ſhe ſayd / his name was fyre Melyot de logurs / that me repenteth ſaid fyre launcelott / for he is a felawe of the table round / and to his helpe I wylle doo my power / Thenne fyre 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 lyuynge that may encheue that aduenture

¶ Capitulum xv

RYght ſoo fyr 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 fayre ryche ſheldes tordned vp ſo doune / and many of the ſheldes fyre 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 fyre launcelot / And whan he ſawe theyr countenaunce he dred hym fore / 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 fyr 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 fylke / Thenne fyre 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 fyr launcelot leye that fwerd from the or ellys thou fhalt dye / whether that I lyue or dye sayd fyr launcelot with noo grete word gete ye hit ageyne / therfor fyghte for it and ye lyft / Thenne ryght foo he passed thorou out them / and <[p.207] sig.17r> by yonde the chappel yarde ther mette hym a fayre damoyfel & sayd fyr launcelot leue that fwerd behynde the / or thou wil dye for it / I leue it not sayd fyr launcelot for no treatys / No sayd she and thou dydest loue that fwerd / quene gweneuer shold thou neuer see / thenne were I a foole and I wold leue this fwerd sayd launcelot / Now gentyll knyghte sayde the damoyfel / I requyre the to kyffe me but ones / Nay sayd fyr launcelot that god me forbede / wel fyr sayd she / and thou haddest kyffed me / thy lyf dayes had ben done / but now allas she said I haue lofte al my labour / for I ordeyned this chappel for thy sake / and for fyre gawayne / And ones I had fyr Gawayne within me / and at that tyme he foughte with that knyghte that lyeth there dede in yonder chappel fyre Gylbert the bastard. and at that tyme he smote the lyfte hand of of sir Gylbert the bastard / And fyre Launcelot now I telle the / I haue loued the this feuen yere / but there may no woman haue thy loue but quene Gweneuer / But fythen I maye not reioyce the to haue thy body on lyue I had kepte no more ioye in this world / but to haue thy body dede / Thenne wold I haue baumed hit and serued hit / and foo haue kepte it my lyfe dayes / and dayly I shold haue clypped the / and kyffed the in despyte of Quene Gweneuer / ye saye wel sayd fyr launcelot Ihesu preferue me from your subtyle craftes / And ther with al he took his hors and foo departed from her / And as the book sayth whan fyr launcelot was departed she took fuche sorou that she dyed within a fourten nyghte / and her name was Hellawes the forceresse lady of the castel Nygramous / Anone fyre launcelot mette with the damoyfel fyre Melyotis syster / And whan she sawe hym she clapped her handes / and wepte for ioye And thenne they rode vnto a castel there by where lay fyr Melyot / And anone as fyre launcelot sawe hym / he knewe hym / but he was passynge pale as the erthe for bledyng / whan fyre Melyot sawe fyre launcelot he kneled vpon his knees and cryed on hyghe / O lord fyr launcelot helpe me / Anone fyre launcelot lepte vnto hym and touched his woundes with fyr Gylbertes fwerde / 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 <[p.208] sig.17v> grete ioye bytwene hem / and they made fyr launcelot all the chere that they myghte / and foo on the morne fyre launcelot toke his leue / and badde fyre 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 foo fyre Launcelot rode thorou many ftraunge countreyes ouer marys and valeyes tyl by fortune he came to a fayre caftel / and as he pafte beyonde the caftel / 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 fhe flewe vnto the elme to take her perche / the lunys ouer caft aboute a bough / And whanne fhe wold haue taken her flyghte / fhe henge by the legges faft / and fyre launcelot fawe how he henge / and byheld the fayre faucon perygot / & he was fory for her / The meane whyle came a lady oute of the caftel 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 loft / my lord wyl deftroie me / for I kepte the hauke and fhe fhypped from me / and yf my lord my husband wete hit / he is foo hafy that he wyll flee me / What is your lordes name fayd fir Launcelot / fir fhe faid his name is fire Phelot a knyghte that longeth vnto the the kynge of Northgalys / wel fayre lady fyn that ye knowe my name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe yow I wyll doo what I may to gete your hauke / and yet god knoweth I am an ylle clymber and the tree is pallynge hyghe / and fewe bowes to helpe me with alle / And ther with fir launcelot alygte and teyed his hors to the fame tree / and prayd the lady to vnarme hym / And foo whan he was vnarmed / he put of alle his clothes vnto his fherte and breche / and with myghte & force he clamme vp to the faucon / and teyed the lunys to a grete rotten boyfhe / and threwe the hauke doune and it with alle / Anone the lady gate the hauke in her hand / and there with al came oute fyre phelot oute of the greuys fodenly / that was her [p.209] sig.18r husband al armed / and with his naked fwerd in his hand and fayd O knyghte launcelot now haue I fond the as I wold and ftode at the bole of the tree to flee hym / A lady fayd fyre Launcelot why haue ye bytrayed me / She hath done fayd fyre Phelot but as I commaunded her / and therfor ther nys none other boote but thyne houre is come that thou muft dye / That were fhame vnto the fayd fyre launcelot thou an armed knyghte to flee a naked man by trefon / thou geteft none other grace fayd fyre phelot and therefor helpe thy felf and thou canft / Truly fayde fyre launcelot that fhall be thy fhame / but fyn thou wyll doo none other / take myn harneys with the and hange my fwerde vpon a bough that I maye gete hit / & thenne doo thy beft to flee me and thou canft / Nay nay faid fir Phelot / for I knowe the better than thou weneft / therfor thou geteft no wepen and I may kepe you ther fro / Allas faid fir launcelot that euer a knyghte fhould dye wepenles / And ther with he wayted aboute hym and vnder hym / and ouer his hede he fawe a rownfepyk a bygge bough leueles / and ther with he brake it of by the body / And thenne he came lower & awayted how his owne hors ftode / and fodenly he lepte on the ferther fyde of the hors froward the knyghte / And thenne fir phelot laffhed at hym egerly wenyng to haue flayne hym / But fyr Launcelot putte awaye the ftroke with the rounfepyk / and ther with he fmote hym on the one fyde of the hede that he felle doune in a

fwoune to the ground / Soo thenne fyre launcelot took his fwerd oute of his hand and stroke his neck fro the body / Thenne cryed the lady / Allas why haft thou flayne my husband / I am not causer sayd fyre launcelot / for with fallhede ye wold haue had flayne me with trefon / and now it is fallen on you bothe / And thenne she founed as though she wold dye / And ther with al fyre launcelot gate al his armour as wel as he myght / and put hit vpon hym for drede of more reforte / for he dredde that the knyghtes castel was foo nygh And foo as soone as he myght he took his hors and departed and thanked god that he had efcaped that aduenture

¶ Capitulum xvij |<[p.210] sig.l8v>

SOo fyre 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 fwerd to haue flayn her / And by fortune as this knyghte shold haue flayne thys lady she cryed on fyr Launcelot and prayd hym to refcowe her / Whan fyre launcelot sawe that meschyef / he took his hors and rode bytwene them / sayeng knyghte fy for shame / why wolt thou flee this lady / thou dost shame vnto the and alle knyghtes / what haste thou to doo betwyx me & my wyf / sayd the knyght / I wylle flee her maugre thy hede / that shalle ye not sayd fyr 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 cheryshe my cofyn germayne / he is ialous betwixe hym and me / And as I shalle anfuer to god there 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 knyghthode kepe me and saue me / For what someuer ye faye he wyl flee me / for he is withoute mercy / haue ye no doubtte sayd launcelot it shal not lye in his power / Syr sayd the knyghte in you fyghte I wyl be ruled as ye wylle haue me / And soo sir launcelot rode on the one fyde 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 fyre yonder come men of armes after vs rydyng / And soo sir launcelot tornd hym and thoughte no treason / and there wyth was the knyghte and the lady on one fyde / & fodenly he swapped of his ladyes hede / And whan fyr Launcelot hadde aspyed hym what he had done / he sayd and called hym traytour thou haft shamed me for euer / and fodenly sir launcelot alygte of his hors and pulled oute his fwerd to flee 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 |<[p.211] sig.m1r> haue nothyng vpon me / but my sherte and my fwerd and my hand / And yf thou canst flee 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 fwere vpon my fwerd 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 / fir 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 knyzt ſaid the quene this is an horryble dede and a ſhameful / and a grete rebuke vnto ſyre launcelott But not withſtondynge 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 fir Pedyuere felle to grete goodneſſe / & was an holy man and an heremyte

¶ Capitulum xvij

Now torne we vnto fir launcelot du lake that came home two dayes afore the feeft of Pentecoft / and the kyng and alle the courte were paſſynge fayne of his comynge / And whanne ſyre Gawayne / fir Vwayne / ſyre Sagramore / fir Ector de marys ſawe ſyre 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 fir Turquyn hadde pryſoners and they alle honoured and worſhipped ſyre launcelot / ¶ Whanne ſyre Gaheryes herd them |<[p.212] sig.m1v> 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 ſrongeſt knyghte that euer he ſawe excepte ſyre launcelot / there were many knyghtes bare hym record nyghe thre ſcore / Thenne ſyre kay told the kynge / how ſyre 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 ſyre kay by cauſe ſyre 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 ſyre kay / and fir kay forfoke hem and ſaid he foughte neuer with hem / but I ſhall eaſe your herte ſaid fir kay / yonder is ſyre launcelot the ouercam you whan they wyſt that / they were glad / And thenne ſyre Melyot de logrys came home / and told the kynge how ſyre launcelot had ſaued hym fro the dethe / and all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes forceresſes had hym in pryſon / and how he was delyuerd by kynge Bagdemagus daughter / Alſo there were told alle grete dedes of armes that ſyre launcelot

dyd betwixe the two kynges / that is for to faye the kyng of northgalys and kyng Bagdemagus Alle the trouthe fyr Gahalantyne dyd telle / and fyre Mador de la porte and fyre Mordred / for they were at that fame turnement / ¶ Thenne cam in the lady that knewe fyr launcelot whan that he wounded fyr Bellyus at the paelione / And there atte request of fyr laūcelot fyr Bellyus was made knyghte of the round table / And foo at that tyme fir launcelot had the gretteft name of ony knyghte of the world / and moft he was honoured of hyhe and lowe

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

¶ Here foloweth the tale of fyr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumayns by fyr kay and is the feuenth book|<[p.213] sig.m2r>

¶ Capitulum primum

WHan Arthur held his round table moost plenour / it fortuneth that he commaunded that the hyhe feest of Pentecoft shold be holden at a cyte and a Castel the whiche in tho dayes was called kynke kenadonne vpon the fondes that marched nyghe walys / ¶ Soo euer the kyng hadde a custom that at the feest of Pentecoft in especyal afore other feestes in the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete vntyl he had herd or fene 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 foo fire Gawayne a lytyl to fore none of the daye of Pentecoft aspyed att a wyndowe thre men vpon horbak and a dwarf on foote / and foo 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 fir Gawayne wente vnto the kyng and sayd / fire 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 compliffhed Ryght foo cam in to the halle two men wel bifene 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 vyfaged / 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 eafily stretched vp streyghte / sayeng kyng Arthur god you blisse and al your fair felaulship / and in especial the felaulship 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 |<[p.214] sig.m2v> no grete hurte

nor losse / And the fyrst done and gyfte I wil alke now / and the other two yeftes I wylle alke this daye twelue moneth / where someuer ye hold your hyghe feest / Now alke sayd Arthur / and ye shalle haue your askyng ¶ Now fyre 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 alke myn other two yeftes ¶ My fayr sone sayd Arthur alke better I counceille the for this is but a fymple askyng / for my herte geueth me to the gretely that thou arte come of men of worlhyp / and gretely my confayte 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 fir 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 fyr kay to doo fuche 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 fuche as he is so he asketh And fythen 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 bryng hym / and there he shal haue fatte broweys euery day þ^t he shal be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hog / ryght foo the two men departed and belefte hym to fyr kay / that scorned hym and mocked hym

¶ Ca ij

THere at was fir Gawayn wroth / & in especyal fir launcelot bad fir kay leue his mockyng / for I dare laye my hede he shal preue a man of grete worship / lete be / said fir kay / it may not be by no reason / for as he is / so he hath asked / Beware said fyre Launcelot / so ye gafe the good knyȝt Brewnor fyre Dynadamys broder a name / and ye called hym la cote male tayle / and that tourned you to anger after- |<[p.215] sig.m3r> ward / As for that sayd fyr kay this shal neuer preue none fuche / For fyr Brewnor defyred euer worship and thys defyred 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 fyre kay badde gete hym a place and fytted doune to mete / soo Beaumayns wente to the halle dore / and sette hym doune amonge boyes and laddys / & there he ete sadly / And thenne fyre launcelot after mete badde hym come to his chamber / And there he shold haue mete and drynke ynough / And soo dyd fyre Gawayne / but he reffused hem al / he wold doo none other / but as fyr kay commaunded hym for no profer / But as touchyng fyre Gawayn he hadde refon to profer hym lodgyng mete and drynke / for

that profer came of his blood / for he was nere kynne to hym than he wyft
 But that as fyre 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
 displeasid man nor chylde / but alweyes he was meke & mylde / But euer
 whanne that he sawe ony Iuftyng of knyghtes / that wold he see and he
 myght / And euer fyre launcelot wold gyue hym gold to spende and
 clothes / and soo dyd fyre 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 fyre kay faye how lyketh yow my boye
 of the kechyn / soo it palt on tyl the feest of Whytfontyde / 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 whyyfonday vntyl he herd some aduentures / Thenne cam ther a squyer
 to the Kyng / and said / fyre ye maye goo to your mete / for here cometh a
 damoyfel with somme straunge aduentures / thenne was the Kynge gladde
 and sette hym doune / ¶ Ryghte soo ther came a damoyfel in to the halle
 and falewed the Kynge and prayd hym of focour / for whome said the
 Kynge what is the aduenture / ¶ Syre she said I haue a lady of grete
 worship and renomme / and she is byseged with a tyraunte so that she may
 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 focour /
 What heteth your lady and where dwelleth she / & who is he / & what is
 his name that hath byseged her / fyre 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 byseygeth her and destroyeth her landes he is called the rede knyght of
 the reed laundes / I knowe hym not said the kynge / Syre said fyre
 Gawayne / I knowe hym wel for he is one of the perillouft knyghtes of the
 world / men faye that he hath seuen mennys strengthe / and from hym I
 escaped ones ful hard / with my lyf / Fayre damoyfel said the kynge there
 ben knyghtes 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 shall goo with yow by my wylle / thenne
 must I speke further said the damoyfel

¶ Capitulum iij

WYth these wordes came before the kynge Beaumayns
 whyle the damoyfel was ther / & thus he said fyr Kyng
 god thanke you I haue ben this xij monethe in your
 kechyn and haue hadde my ful sustenaunce and now I will
 aske my two yeftes that ben behynde / Aske vpon my
 peryl said the kynge / Syre this shall be my two gyftes / fyrst that ye wil
 graunte me to haue this aduenture of the damoyfel / for hit belongeth vnto
 me / thou shalt haue hit said the kyng I graunte it the / thenne fyr this is the
 other yeft / that ye shall bydde Launcelot du lake to make me knyght 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 Kyng / Fy on the fayde the damoyfel / Ihalle 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 rycheft maner / ther at al the court had moche merueill from whens cam al þ^t |<[p.217] sig.m4r> gere / Soo whanne he was armed ther was none but fewe foo goodely a man as he was / and ryght foo as he came in to the halle and took his leue of kyng Arthur & fir Gawayn & fyr launcelot / and prayed that he wolde hyhe after hym / and foo departed and rode after the damoyfel

¶ Capitulum iiij

BVt there wente many after to behold how wel he was horfed and trapped in clothe of gold / but he had neyther shelde nor spere / Thenne fyr kay fayd 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 fyr launcelot and fir gawayn yet abyde at home / So fyr kay made hym redy and took his hors and his spere and rode after hym / And ryghte as Beaumayns ouertook the damoyfel / ryghte foo cam fyre kay & fayd Beaumayns what fyre knowe ye not me / Thenne he torned his hors / and knewe hit was fir kay / that had done hym alle the despyte as ye haue herde afore / ye fayd beaumayns I knowe yow for an vngentyll knyghte of the courte / and therefore beware of me / There with fyre kay putte his spere in the reyfte / and ranne streyghte vpon hym / and beaumayns cam as falt vpon hym with his sward in his hand / and foo he putte away his spere with his sward and with a foyne thrested hym thorou the fyde / that fyr kay felle doune as he had ben dede / & he alyght doune and took fir kayes shelde and his spere / and starte vpon his owne hors and rode his waye / Al that sawe fyr launcelot and foo dyd the damoyfel / And thenne he badde his dwarf starte vpon fir kayes hors / and foo he dyd / by that fyre Launcelot was come / thenne he profered fir launcelot to Iuste / and eyther made hem redy / and they came to gyder foo fyersfly that eyther bare doune other to the erthe / and fore were they bryfed / Thenne fir launcelot arofe and halpe hym fro his hors And thenne beaumayns threwe his sheld from hym / and profered to fyghte with fir launcelot on foote / and foo they raffhed to gyders lyke borys tracynge / rafyng and foynyng to the |<[p.218] sig.m4v> mountenaunce of an houre / and fyre launcelot felte hym foo bygge that he merueyllled of his strengthe / for he fought more lyker a gyaunt than a knyght / and that his fyghtyng was durable and passyng perillous / For fyr launcelot had so moche adoo with hym that he dred hym self to be fhamed / and sayd Beaumayns fyghte not so fore / youre quarel and myn is not foo 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 fyr launcelot / for I promyfe you by the feythe
of my body I had as moche to doo as I myght to saue my self fro you
vnfhamed / 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 muft ye telle me your name feyd launcelot / and of
what kynne ye be borne / Syr soo that ye wylle not discouer me I shal sayd
Beaumayns / nay sayd fyre laūcelot / and that I promyfe yow by the feithe
of my body / vn tyl hit be openly knowen / Thenne fyr he sayd my name is
Gareth and broder vnto fyr Gawayn of fader and moder / A fyr said
Launcelot I am more gladder of you than I was / For euer me thouzte ye
shold be of a grete blood / and that ye cam not to the courte neyther for
mete ne for drynke / And thenne fyre Launcelot gaf hym thordre of
knyghthode / and thenne fyre Gareth prayd hym for to departe and lete hym
goo / Soo fyre launcelot departed from hym and came to fyre kay and
maade hym to be born home vpon his shelde / and so he was helyd hard
with the lyf / and al men scorned fyr kay / and in especyal fir Gawayne and
fyre 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 fyr kay and torne we vnto Beaumayns /
whanne he had ouertaken the damoyfel / anone she sayd what doft thou
here / thou stynkest al of the kechyn / thy clothes ben bawdy of |<[p.219]
sig.m5r> the greece and talowe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthurs kechyn /
wenest thou sayd she that I alowe the for yonder knyght that thou kyllest /
Nay truly / for thou slewest hym vnhappely and cowardly / therfor torne
ageyn bawdy kechyn page / I knowe the wel / for fyre kay named the
Beaumayns / what arte thou but a luske and a torner of broches and a ladyl
weffher Damoyfel 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 aduerture / and so shal I fynnyfhe it to the ende / eyther I
shal dye therefore / Fy on the kechyn knaue wolt thou fynnyfhe myn
aduerture / thou shalt anone be met with al / that thou woldest not for alle
the brothe that euer thou soupeft ones loke hym in the face / I shal affaye
sayd Beaumayns / Soo thus as they rode in the woode / ther came a man
fleynge al that euer he myghte / whether wolt thou sayd Beaumayns / O
lord he said / helpe me / for here by in a flade are fyxe theues that haue
taken my lord and bounde hym / soo I am aferd lest they wyl flee 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 theef / and thenne the other thre fledde / And he rode
after hem / and he ouertook hem / and thenne tho thre theues tourned
ageyne and affayled 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 fyr launcelot / & therfor I wylle no reward haue / but god rewarde me / And alfo I muft folowe this damoyfel / 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 al this dede that thou haſt done nys but myſhappen the / But thou ſhalt ſee a fyghte ſhal make the torne ageyne and that lyghtly / Thenne the ſame knyght whiche was refcowed of the theues rode after that damoyfel and prayed her to lodge with hym alle that nyghte And by cauſe it was nere nyght / the damoyfel rode with hym |<[p.220] sig.m5v> to his caſtel / and there they had grete chere / and at ſouper the knyght ſat fyr Beaumayns afore the damoiſel / Fy fy ſaid ſhe fyr knyghte ye are vncurtoys to ſette a kechyn page afore me hym byſemeth better to ſtycke a ſwyne than to fyttre afore a damoyfel of hyhe parage / thenne the knyght was afhamed 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 further ſyde to lette them the paſſage / what ſaiſt thou ſayd the damoyfel / wylt thou matche yonder knyghtes or torne ageyne / Nay ſayd fyr Beaumayns I wyl not torne ageyn and they were ſyxe mo / And ther with al he rallhyd 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 fyr 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 thenne 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 claſe his helme and his heede doune to the ſholders / and ſoo he rode vnto the damoyfel & bad her ryde forth on her way / Allas ſhe ſayd that euer a kechen page ſhold haue that fortune to deſtroye ſuche two dou3ty knyghtes / thou weneſt thou haſt done doughtely that is not ſoo / For the fyrſte knyghte his hors ſtumbled / and there he was drowned 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 flowe hym / Damoyfel 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 |<[p.221] sig.m6r> departe / And therfor I recke not what ye ſay ſoo that I may wynne youre lady / Fy fy foule kechen knaue thou ſhalt ſee knyghtes that ſhal abate thy booft / Fayre damoyfel gyue me goodly langage / and thenne my care is paſt / for what knyghtes ſomeuer they be / I care not ne I doubtte hem not / Alfo 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

myfauenture / and not by prowesse of thy handes / wel damoyfel ye may fay what ye wylle / but where someuer ye goo I wylle folowe you Soo this Beaumayns rode with that lady tyl euenfong 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 fyde there henge a black ſhelde / and by hit ſtode a black ſpere grete and longe / and a grete black hors couerd with fylke / and a black ſtone faſt by

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

THer fat a knyghte al armed in black harneis / and his name was þ^e knyȝt of the blak laūde / thenne þ^e damoyfel whanne ſhe ſawe that knyghte ſhe badde hym flee doun that valey for his hors was not fadeled / Gramercy ſayd Beaumayns / for alweyes ye wold haue me a coward / with that the black knyghte / whanne ſhe came nyghe hym ſpak / & ſayd damoyfel haue ye broughte this knyghte of kynge Arthur to be your champion / 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 fuche aray / hit is ſhame that he bereth you company / fyr 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 flee hym and ye may / for he is an vnhappy knaue / and vnhappy he hath done this day / thorou myſhappe I ſawe hym flee two knyghtes at the paſſage of the water / and other dedes he dyde before ryght merueyllous and thorou vnhappy / that merueyllled me ſayd the black knyghte that ony man that is of worſhyp wylle haue adoo with hym / they knowe hym not ſayd the damoyfel / And for by cauſe he rydeth with me / they wene that he <<[p.222] sig.m6v> be ſome man of worſhip borne / that may be / ſayd the blak knyghte / how be it as ye fay that he be no man of worſhyp he is a ful lykely perſone / and ful lyke to be a ſtronger 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 fyre Beaumayns herd hym ſaye thus / he ſayd fyre 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 maugre thyn hede / And hors ne harneys geteſt thou none of my / but yf thou wyne 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 befemeth neuer a kechyn page to ryde with fuche a lady / Thou lyeſt 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 fydes / and there with his ſpere brak / and the truncheon leſte ſtylle in his fyde / But neuertheles the black knyght drewe his fuerd / 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 fawe hym soo wel horfed and armed / thenne he alyghte doune and armed hym in his armour / and soo took his hors and rode after the damoyfel / Whanne she fawe hym come nyghe / she fayd away kechyn knaue oute of the wynde / for the smelle of thy bauty clothes greueth me / Allas she fayd that euer fuche a knaue shold by myshap flee soo good a knyghte as thou hast done / but alle thys is thyn vnhappynes / But here by is one shal paye the alle thy payement / and therefore yet I counceylle the / flee / it may happen me fayd Beaumayns to be beten or flayne / but I warne you fayre damoyfel I wyll not flee away / nor leue your company for al that ye can fay / for euer ye say that they wil kille me or bete me / but how someuer hit happeneth I escape / and <[p.223] sig.m7r> they lye on the groūd / And therefore it were as good for you to hold you styll thus al day rebukyng me / for aweye wille I not tyl I see the vttermost of this Iourneye / or els I wyll be flayne / outhr truly beten / therefore ryde on your waye / For folowe you I wille what someuer happen

¶ Capitulum octauum

THus as they rode to gyders they fawe a knyght come dryuend by them al in grene bothe his hors & his harneis / And whanne he came nyghe the damoyfel he asked her / is that my broder the black Knyzte that ye haue brought with yow / Nay nay she fayd this vnhappy kechen knaue hath flayne your broder thorou vnhappynesse / Allas fayd the grene knyghte that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyghte as he was shold soo vnhappely be flayne / and namely of a knaues hand as ye say that he is / a traytour fayd 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 flewe 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 damoyfels 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 fadde strokes / and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the laft 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 drellid hym vpon foote / That fawe Beaumayns And there with al he alighte and they raffhed to gyders lyke two myghty kempys a longe whyle / and fore they bledde bothe / with that cam the damoyfel / 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 fuche a ladde to matche fuche a knyghte / as the <[p.224] sig.m7v> wede ouer grewe the corne / There with the grene knyght was afhamed / and there with al he gaf a grete stroke of myghte & clafe his shelde thorou / Whan Beaumayns fawe his shelde clouen a fonder / he was a lytel afhamed of that stroke and of her langage /

And thenne he gaf hym fuche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle on his knees / And foo fodenly Beaumayns pulled hym vpon the ground grouelynge / And thenne the grene knyghte cryed hym mercy / and yelded hym vnto fyre Beaumayns / and prayd hym to flee hym not / Al is in vayn faid Beaumayns for thou fhalt dye but yf this damoyfel that came with me praye me to faue thy lyf / and ther with al he vnaced his helme lyke as he wold flee hym / Fy vpon the falfe kechen page / I wyll neuer pray the to faue his lyf / for I will neuer be foo moche in thy daunger / Thenne fhalle he deye fayde Beaumayns / Not foo hardy thou bawdy knaue fayd the damoyfel / that thou flee hym / Allas fayd the grene knyghte suffre me not to dye for a fayre word may faue me / Fayr knyzt faid the grene knyghte faue 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 feruyse / In the deuyls name fayd the damoyfel that fuche a bawdy kechen knaue fhold haue the and thyrtty knyghtes feruyse / Syr knyght faid Beaumayns alle this auaylleth the not / but yf my damoyfel fpeke with me for thy lyf / And therwith al he made a femblaunt to flee hym / lete be fayd the damoyfel thou baudy knaue / flee hym not / for and thou do / thou fhalt repente it Damoyfel faid Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleafyr and at your commaundement his lyf fhall be faued / & els not Thenne he faid fir Knyghte with the grene armes I releace the quyte at this damoyfels request / for I wylle not make her wrothe / I wille fulfyllle al that fhe chargeth me / And thenne the grene knyghte kneled doune / and dyd hym homage with his fwerd / thenne faid the damoifel me repenteth grene knyghte of your dommage / and of youre broders dethe the black knyghte / for of your helpe I had grete myfter / For I drede me fore to paffe this forest / Nay drede you not fayd the grene knyghte / for ye fhall lodge with me this nyghte / and to morne I fhalle helpe you thorou this forest / Soo they tooke theyre <[p.225] sig.m8r> horses and rode to his manoyr whiche was faft there befyde

¶ Capitulum ix

ANd euer fhe rebuked Beaumayns and wold not suffre hym to fytte at her table / but as the grene knyghte took hym and fat hym at a fyde table / Merueylle me thynketh faid the grene knyght to the damoyfel why ye rebuke this noble knyghte as ye doo / for I warne you damoyfel 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 fhall do yow ryght good feruyse / for what someuer he maketh hym felf / ye fhalle preue at the ende that he is come of a noble blood and of kynges lygnage / Fy fy faid the damoifel it is fhame for you to faye of hym fuche worship / Truly faid the grene knyzt it were fhame for me to fey of hym ony difworship / for he hath preued hym felf 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 fo that nyghte they yede vnto rest / and al that nyght the grene knyght commaunded

thyrty knyghtes pryuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from al treason / And foo on the morne they al arofe 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 thyrty knyghtes shall be alweye at your somons both erly and late at your callyng and whether that euer ye wille fende vs / it is wel said / sayd Beaumayns / whanne that I calle vpon you / ye muft yelde you vnto kynge 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 damoyfel that ony good knyghtes shold be obedyent vnto a kechyn knaue / Soo thenne departed the grene Knyghte and the damoyfel / 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 wyzte as euer was wade [p.226] sig.m8v or Laūcelot / Trystram / or the good knyghte fyr lamaryk thou shalt not passe a paas here that is called the paas perillous / Damoyfel said Beaumayns who is aferd lete hym flee / for it were shame to torne ageyne fythen I haue ryden soo longe with yow / wel said the damoyfel ye shal sone whether ye wyll or not

¶ Capitulum x

SOo within a whyle they fawe 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 fawe a damoyfel / a dwarf and a knyght armed at al poyntes / So god me helpe said the lord with þ^t knyght wyll I Iuste / for I see that he is a kniȝt arraūt & foo he armed hym and horsed hym haftely / 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 damoyfel / 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 damoyfel this knaue hath kylled thy broder / and fyre kay named hym Beaumayns / and this hors and this harneis was thy broders the black knyghte / Also I fawe 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 fondre / 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 swardes / and either gaf other sadde strokes / now

here / now there / rafyng / tracyng / foynyng and hurlyng lyke two bores
the fpace of two houres / And thenne fhe cryed on hyhe to the rede
knyghte / Allas thou noble <[p.227] sig.n1r> reed knyghte / thynke what
worship hath folowed the / lete neuer a kechyn knaue endure the foo longe
as he doth / Thenne the reed knyght waxed wrothe and doubled his ftrokes
and hurte Beaumayns wonderly fore that the blood ranne doune to the
ground that it was wonder to fee that ftroge bataille / Yet at the laft fyre
Beaumayns ftroke hym to the erthe / and as he wold haue flayne the reed
knyghte he cryed mercy fayeng Noble knyghte flee me not / and I fhall
yelde me to the with fyfty knyghtes with me that be at my
commaundement And I forgyue the al the defpyte that thou haft done to
me / and the dethe of my broder the black knyghte / All this auailleth not
faid Beaumayns / but yf my damoyfel praye me to faue thy lyf / And
therwith he maade femblaunt to ftryke of his hede / Lete be thou
Beaumayns flee hym not / for he is a noble knyghte / and not foo hardy
vpon thyne hede but thou faue hym / Thenne Beaumayns badde the reed
knyghte ftand vp and thanke the damoyfel now of thy lyf / ¶ Thenne the
reed knyght praid hym to fee his caftel / and to be there al nyghte Soo the
damoyfel thenne graunted hym / and there they had mery chere / But
alweyes the damoyfel fpak many foule wordes vnto Beaumayns wherof
the reed knyght had grete merueylle / and alle that nyghte the reed knyghte
maade thre fcore knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he fhould haue no
fhame nor vylony / And vpon the morne they herd maffe and dynd / and
the reed knyghte came before Beaumayns with his thre fcore knyghtes /
and there he profered hym his homage and feaute at al tymes he and his
knyghtes to doo hym feruyfe / I thanke you faid Beaumayns / but this ye
fhalle graunte me / whanne I calle vpon you to come afore my lord kynge
Arthur and yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes / Syr faid the reed
knyghte I wille be redy and my felaulhip at your fomons / So fyr
Beaumayns departed and the damoyfel and euer fhe rode chydyng hym in
the fowleft manere / <[p.228] sig.n1v>

¶ Capitulum xj

DAmoyfel faid Beaumayns ye are vncurteis fo to rebuke me / as
ye doo / for me femeth I haue done you good feruyfe / and euer
ye threate me I fhall be betyn with knyghtes that we mete / but
euer for al your booft they lye in the duft or in the myre / and
therfor I pray you rebuke me no more / And whan ye fee me
beten or yolden as recreaūt thenne may ye bydde me goo from you
fhamefully / but fyrfte I lete you wete I wylle not departe from you / for I
were werfe than a foole and I wold departe from you all the whyle that I
wynne worship / wel faid fhe / ryght foone ther fhall mete a knyght fhall
paye the alle thy wages / for he is the moft man of worship of the world
excepte kyng Arthur / I will wel faid Beaumayns / the more he is of
worship / the more fhalle 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 femed newe mowen / and therin were many paelions fayre to beholde / Lo laid the damoyfel yonder is a lord that oweth yonder cyte / and his custome is whan the weder is fayr to lye in this medowe to lufte 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 deuyfe / That goodly lord faide Beaumayns wold I fayne fee / thou shalt fee hym tyme ynough faide the damoyfel / and soo as she rode nere she aspyed the paelione / where he was / Loo sayd she feest 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 laid 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 laid she thou were better flee by tymes / why sayd Beaumayns and he be fuche a knyghte as ye make hym he wyll not sette vpon me with alle his men / or with his / v / C knyghtes / For and ther come no more but one <[p.229] sig.n2r> at ones / I shall hym not fayle whylest my lyf lasteth / Fy fy laid the damoyfel that euer fuche a stynkyng knaue shold blowe fuche a booft / Damoyfel he laid 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 werft / Syre she laid I merueylle what thou arte and of what kyn thou arte come / boldly thou spekest / and boldly thou hast done / that haue I fene / therefore I praye the faue 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 feuen myle / and alle perillous passages we ar past faue al only this passage / and there I drede me fore lest ye shalle ketch some hurte / therefore I wold haue ye were hens that ye were not bryfed nor hurte with this stronge knyghte / But I lete you wete this syr Persant of ynde is no thyng of mygte nor strength vnto the knyghte that leid the syege aboute my lady / As for that laid 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 therefore damoyfel 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 laid the damoyfel 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 / ¶ Damoyfel sayd Beaumayns a knyght may lytel do that may not suffre a damoifel / for what someuer ye laid 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 myffayenge that ye myffayed me / fordered me in my bataill & caused me to thynke to shewe & preue my self at the ende what I was / for peraventur 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 & affaye my frendes / and that shalle be knowen <[p.230] sig.n2v> another day / and whether that I be a gentylman borne or none / I lete you wete fayre

damoyfel I haue done you gentilmans feruyfe / and parauentur better feruyfe yet wille I do or I departe from you / Allas she said fayre Beaumayns forgyue me alle that I haue myffaid or done ageynft 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 pleafyd me / & damoyfel said Beaumayns fyn hit lyketh you to faye thus fayre vnto me / wete ye wel it gladeth my herte gretely / and now me femeth ther is no knyght luyngge but I am able ynough for hym

¶ Capitulum Duodecimum

Wyth this sir Perfant of ynde had aspyed them as they houed in the felde / and knyghtly 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 messager went ageyne vnto fyr Perfaunt / and told hym alle this anfuer / wel thenne will I haue adoo with hym to the vtterance / and soo he purueyed hym and rode ageynft hym / And Beaumayns sawe hym and made hym redy / & ther they mette with all that euer theyr horses myght renne / and brafte their speres eyther in thre pyeces / & their horses rassed so to gyders that bothe their horses felle dede to the erthe & lyghtly they auoyded their horses / and put their sheldes afore them / & drewe their swardes / 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 fyr 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 Perfant aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart and vnaced his helme to haue slayne hym / Thenne fyr Perfant yelded hym & asked hym mercy / with that cam þe damoysel & praid to saue his lyf / I wil wel / for it were pyte this noble knyght shold dye / gramercy sayd Perfaunt gentyl knyght & damoyfel / For certeynly now I [p.231] sig.n3r wote wel it was ye that slewe my broder the black knyghte / at the black thorne / he was a ful noble knyghte / his name was fyr Perard / Also I am sure that ye are he that wanne myn other brother the grene knyght / his name was fyre Pertolepe Also ye wanne my broder the reed knyght fyr Perrymones / And now fyn 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 Perfautes paulione & dranke the wyne / & ete spyeces / & afterward sire Perfaunte made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyl souper tyme / and after souper to bedde ageyne / whan Beaumayns was abedde fyr Perfaunt had a lady a faire douzter of xvij yere of age and there he called her vnto hym / & charged her & commaunded her vpon his blessinge 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 & kylle hym / & loke that this be done I charge you as ye wil haue my loue & my good wil So fyr Perfants doughter dyd as her fader bad her / and soo she wente vnto fyr Beaumayns bed / & pryuely she dispoyled her / & leid her doune by hym / & thenne he awoke & fawe her & alked her what she was / fyre she said I am fir Perfants dougter that by the commaundement of my fader am come hyder / Be ye a mayde or a wyf said he / fir she said I am a clene maiden / God defende sayd he that I shold defoyle you to doo fyre Perfaunt fuche a shame / therefore fayre damoyfel 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 fyr Beaumayns I were a shameful knyghte and I wolde do your fader ony difworship / and so he kyft her and soo she departed and came vnto fyr Perfant her fader / & told hym alle how she had spedde / Truly saide fyre Perfaunt what someuer he be / he is comen of a noble blood / and soo we leue hem there tyl on the morne<[p.232] sig.n3v>

¶ Capitulum xiij

ANd soo on the morne the damoyfel & fir Beaumayns herd masse & brake their fast / and soo took their leue Fair damoyfel said Perfant whether ward ar ye way ledyng this knyghte / fyr she said this knyghte is goyng to the sege / that besygeth my syster in the castel Dangerus / A a sayd perfaunt 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 feuen mens strength / god saue you said he to Beaumayns from þ^t knyghte / 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 damoyfel is her suster / is not your name Lynet said he / ye fir said she / and my lady my susters name is dame Lyonesse / Now shal I telle you said fyr Perfaunt / 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 proungeth the tyme to thys entent / for to haue fir laūcelot du lake to doo bataill with hym or fir Trystram or fyr Lamerak de galys / or fyre Gawayne / & this is his taryenge soo longe at the syege / Now my lord fyre Perfaunt of ynde saide the damoyfel 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 fyr Perfaunt 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 fir Launcelot made me knyght / A said fir Perfant 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 faith that betwixe thre knyghtes is departed clerly knyghthode / that is laūcelot du lake / fyr Trystram de lyones and fir Lamerak de galis / these bere now the renomme / there ben many other knyghtes as fir Palamydes the farafyn and fir Safere his broder / Also fir Bleoberys and fire Blamore de ganys his

broder / Also fyr Bors de Ganys & fyr Ector de marys & fir Percyuale de galis / these & many mo ben noble knyghtes / but ther be none þ^t passe þ^e iij aboute said / therfor god |<[p.233] sig.n4r> spede you wel said fyr Perfant / for and ye may matche the rede knyghte ye shalle be called the fourth of the world / fir 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 clofe / and this damoyfel / 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 fyfster / her name is Dame Morgawfe / and fir Gawayne is my broder / and fir Agrauayne & fir Gaheryes / and I am the yongest of hem alle / And yet wote not kyng Arthur nor fir Gawayn what I am

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo the book saith / that the lady that was bifeged had word of her fyfsters 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 damoyfel / 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 fyre 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 Perfaunt / ¶ Madame he said as a noble knyghte shold / Fyrste he flewe 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 fir Arnolde le Brewfe / thenne madame he recountred with the black knyght / and flewe hym in playne batail & so he toke his hors & his armour & fought with the grene knyght & wanne hym in playn bataill / & in lyke wyse he serued the reed knyght / and aftir in the same wyse he serued the blewe knyght & wan hym in playn batail / thenne said the lady he hath ouercome fir Perfaūt of Inde / one of the noblest knyghtes of the world / & þ^e dwerf said he hath wōne al the iij bretheren & slayn |<[p.234] sig.n4v> the blak knyght / and yet he dyd more tofore he ouerthrewe fir kay and lefte hym nyghe dede vpon the ground / Also he dyd a grete batayll with fyre launcelot / and there they departed on euen handes / And thenne fyre launcelot made hym knyghte / Dworf 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 venefon 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 fythen go thou vnto my fyfter and grete her wel / and commaūde me vnto that gentyl knyghte / and praye hym to ete and to drynke and make hym stronge / and lay ye hym I thanke hym of his curtofye and goodenes that he wold take vpon hym fuche labour for me that neuer dyd hym bounte nor curtofye / ¶ 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 / curtofye / nor gentylnes / for he attendyth vnto nothyng but to murther / & that is the caufe I can not prayfe hym nor loue hym / So this dwerf departed / and came to fyre Perfant where he fond the damoyfel lynet and fyr Beaumayns / and there he tolde hem alle as ye haue herd / and thenne they took theyr leue / but fyr Perfant took an ambelyng hacney and conueyed hem on theyr wayes / And thenne belefte hem to god / and foo within a lytil whyle they came to that heremytage / and there they dranke the wyne / and ete the venefon and the foules baken / And fo when they had repasted hem wel / the dwerf returned ageyn with his vessel vn to the castel ageyne / and there mette with hym the reed knyght of the reed laundes / and alked hym from whens that he came / and where he had ben / Syr sayd the dwerf I haue ben with my ladyes fyfter of this castel and she hath ben at kynge Arthurs courte / and broughte a knyghte with her / thenne I accompte her trauaille but lofte / For though she had broughte with her fyre launcelot / fir Trystram / fyr Lamerak or fyr 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 & flayn <[p.235] sig.n5r> 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 fire kay upon scorne named hym Beaumayns / I care not said the knyght what knyghte foo 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 fuche 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 damoyfel 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 paelions and tentys / and a fayr castel / and there was moche smoke and grete noyse / and whanne they came nere the sege / fyr 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 swardes / and gylt spores vpon their heles / and foo there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamefully with ful ryche armes / Thenne fir Beaumayns abated his countenance & sayd what meneth this / Fayre

fyre said the damoyfel abate not your chere for all this fyghte / for ye must courage your self or els ye ben al fhente / for all these knyghtes came hyder to this sege to rescowe my fyfter 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 ferue you / but yf ye quyte you the better Now Ihesu deffende me said Beaumayns from sliche 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 <[p.236] sig.n5v> bataille / Soo were ye better said the damoyfel / 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 vfeth 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 fawe 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 fyde 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 gretteft 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 fyr I pray you said the damoyfel 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 feuen mens strengthe / A fy for shame fair damoifel 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 foo 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 laudes 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 buclod 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 <[p.237] sig.n6r>

¶ Capitulum xvj

Syre sayd the damoyfel Lynet vnto fyr Beaumayns loke ye be gladde and lyght / for yonder is your dedely enemy / and at yonder wyndowe is my lady fyfter dame Lyones / where sayd Beaumayns / yonder said the damoyfel & poynted with her fynger / that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / She befemeth a ferre the fayrest lady that euer I loked vpon and truly he said I afke no better

quarel than now for to do bataylle / for truly she shalle be my lady / and for her I wylle fyghte / And euer he loked vp to the wyndowe with gladde countenance / And the lady Lyones made curtofy to hym doune to the erthe with holdynge vp bothe their handes / Wyth that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes callid to fyr Beaumayns / leue fyr knyghte thy lokynge / and behold me I couceille 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 walte labour / for she loueth none of thy felaulhip / 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 felaulhip / And therfor wete thou wel thou rede knyghte of the reed laundes / I loue her / and wille rescowe her or els to dye / Saift 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 faye or do so euyl for in that thou shamest thy self and knyghthode / and thou mayst be sure ther wylle no lady loue the that knoweth thy wycked custommes And now thou wenest that the fyghte of these hanged knyghtes shold fere me / Nay truly not so / that shameful fyght 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 fyre Beaumayns badde the damoyfel goo from hym / and thenne they putte their speres in their reyftes and came to gyders with alle their myzt |<[p.238] sig.n6v> that they had bothe / and eyther smote other in myddes of their sheldes that the paytrellys / surfenglys and crowpers brafte / and felle to the erthe bothe / and the reynys of their brydels in their handes / and soo they laye a grete whyle fore 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 knyzt 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 swardes and ranne to gyders lyke two fyers lyons / and eyther gafe other suche buffets vpon their helmes that they relyd backward bothe two srydys / and thenne they recouerd bothe and hewe grete pyeces of their harneis and their sheldes / that a grete parte felle in to the feldes

¶ 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 thenne they stode wagynge and scateryng pontyng / 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 foynyng as two bores / And at

some tyme they toke their renne as hit had ben two rammys & hurtled to gyders that fomtyme they felle grouelyng to the erthe / And at fomtyme they were so amafed that eyther took others fwerd in stede of his owne / Thus they endured tyl euenfong 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 fydes / 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 fyr Beaumayns to be wyse / but he aboughte hit fulle fore or he dyd aspye his fyghtyng / And thus by assente of them bothe they graunted eyther other to rest / and so they sette <[p.239] sig.n7r> hem doune vpon two molle hylles there befydes the fyghtyng place / and eyther of hem vnaced 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 fyr Beaumayns helme was of / he loked vp to the wyndowe / and there he sawe the faire lady Dame Lyones / and she made hym sūche countenaunce that his herte waxed lyghte and Ioly / and ther with he bad the rede knyghte of the rede laundes make hym redy and lete vs doo the bataille to the vtteraunce / I will wel saide the knyghte / and thenne they laced vp their helmes / and their pages auoyded / & they stepte to gyders & foughte frellhely / but the rede knyghte of the rede laundes awayted hym / & at an ouerthwart smote hym within the hand / that his fwerd felle oute of his hand / and yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & the rede knyghte felle ouer hym / for to holde hym doune / Thenne cryed the maiden Lynet on hyghe / O fyr Beaumayns where is thy courage become / Allas my lady syfter beholdeth the and she sobbeth and wepeth / that maketh myn herte heuy / when fyr Beaumayns herd her saye soo / he abrayed vp with a grete myght and gate hym vpon his feet / and lyghtely he lepte to his fwerd and gryped hit in his hand and doubled hys paas vnto the rede knyghte and there they foughte a newe bataille to gyder / But fyr Beaumayns thenne doubled his strokes / and smote soo thyck that he smote the fwerd oute of his hand / and thenne he smote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe / and fyr Beaumayns felle vpon hym / and vnaced his helme to haue slayne hym / and thenne he yelded hym and asked mercy / and saide with a lowde vois O noble knyghte I yelde me to thy mercy / Thenne fyr Beaumayns bethoughte hym vpon the knyghtes that he had made to be hanged shamefully / and thenne he saide I may not with my worship faue thy lyf / for the shameful dethe that thou hast caused many ful good knyghtes to dye / Syre saide the rede knyghte of the rede laundes hold your hand and ye shalle knowe the causes why I put hem to so shameful a dethe / saye on saide fyr Beaumayns / Syre I loued ones a lady a faire damoisel / and she <[p.240] sig.n7v> had her broder slayne / and she saide hit was fyr launcelot du lake / or els fyr 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 fyr now I

wille the telle that euery daye my strengthe encreaceth tylle none / and al this tyme haue I feuen mens strengthe

¶ Capitulum xviiij

THenne came ther many Erles and Barons and noble knyghtes and praid that knyghte to faue his lyf and take hym to your prysoner / And all they felle vpon their knees and prayd hym of mercy / and that he wolde faue his lyf / and fyr they all sayd it were fairer of hym to take homage and feaute / and lete hym holde his landes of you than for to flee 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 flee 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 alke fyr Launcelot mercy / & fyr 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 fyker assuraunce and borowes ye shal haue / And soo thenne whan the assuraunce was made / he made |<[p.241] sig.n8r> his homage and feaute / and alle tho erles and barons wyth hym / And thenne the mayden Lynet came to fyre Beaumayns / and vnarmed hym and serched his woundes / and stynted his blood / and in lyke wyse she dyd to the rede knyghte of the reed laundes / and there they fojourned ten dayes in their tentes / and the reed knyghte made his lordes and seruauntes to doo alle the pleasyre that they myghte vnto fyre 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 fyre Launcelot and fyr 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 kyng 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 kyng 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 knowen openly by some other

¶ Capitulum xix

Now torne we vnto fyr Beaumayns that defyred of Lynet that he myght see her fyfter his lady / Syre she said I wold fayne ye sawe her / Thenne fyr Beaumayns al armed hym and toke his hors and his spere and rode streyzt vnto the castel / And whanne he cam to the gate he fond there many men armed and pulled vp the drawe brydge / & drewe <[p.242] sig.n8v> 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 / fyr 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 hafty / for wete you wel / your grete trauaill nor good loue shal not be lost / for I confydre 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 fyr Beaumayns rode away ward from the castel making grete dole / and soo he rode here and there & wysste 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 fyr 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 thenne 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 fyr Gryngamore her broder / and praid hym in al maner as he loued her hertely that he wold ryde after fyr Beaumayns / and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyl ye may fynde hym slepyng / for I am sure in his heynes he wil alyzt doun <[p.243] sig.o1r> 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 fyr Beaumayns awake / For my fyfter 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 fyfter 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 kynred he is come / fhalle I neuer be mery at my herte ¶ Syfter said fyre Gryngamore alle thys shalle be done after your entente / And foo he rode alle the other daye and the nyghte tyll that he fond fyre Beaumayns lyenge by a water and his hede vpon his shelde for to slepe / ¶ And thenne whanne he sawe fyre Beaumayns fast on flepe / he cam styllly stalkyng behynde the dwerf and plucked hym fast vnder his arme / and foo he rode awaye with hym as faste as euer he myght vnto his owne castel And this fyre 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 fyre Beaumayns / and vp he lepte lyghtly / & sawe where the Gryngamor rode his waye with the dwerf / and foo fyr Gryngamor rode oute of his fyghte /

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne fyre 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 peryllhe / 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 sawed & asked hym / |<[p.244] sig.01v> whether he mette not with a knyghte vpon a black hors & all black harneis a lytel dwerf fytyng behynde hym with heuy chere / Syre faide this poure man here by me came fyre Gryngamor the knyght with fuche a dwerf mornyng as ye saye / & therefore I rede you not folowe hym / For he is one of the peryllouft knyghtes of the world / and his castel is here nyhe hand but two myle / therfor we aduise you ryde not after fyr Gryngamor but yf ye owe hym good wille / Soo leue we fyre Beaumayns rydyng toward the castel and speke we of fir Gryngamor and the dwerf / Anone as the dwerf was come to the castel / dame Lyones and dame Lynet her fyfter 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 fhalt 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 fyfter to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the good knyghte of fyre Gawayne / and his name is fyre 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 fyr Gryngamore be it as it be may We wille goo to dyner / and foo 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 fayd Lynet vnto her fyfter wel maye he be a kynge 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 faye ther was neuer gentylwoman reulyd man in foo foule a manere / as I haue rebuked hym / And at all tymes he gaf me goodely and meke anfuers ageyne ¶ And as they fate thus talkynge / ther came fyre Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenaunce and his fwerd drawn in his hand / and cryed aloude that alle the castel myȝt here hit fayeng thou traitour fyre |<[p.245] sig.o2r> 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 fyr Gryngamor loked oute at a wyndow and faid fyr gareth of Orkeney leue thy bofying wordes / for thou getest not thy dwerf ageyne / Thou coward knyghte fayd fyr Gareth brynge hym with the / and come and doo bataylle with me / and wyne hym and take hym / So wille I do faid fyr Gryngamor and me lyst / but for al thy grete wordes thou getest hym not / A fayr broder faid dame Lyones I wold he had his dwerf ageyne / for I wold he were not wroth / for now he hath told me al my defyre 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 feruyse 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 faid fyr Gryngamor sythen I knowe now your wille / I wylle obeye now vnto hym / And ryght ther with al he wente doun vnto fyr Gareth / and faid fyr 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 fuche chere as I can make you in this castel / Shal I haue my dwerfe faide fyre Gareth / ye fyr / 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 fyre Gareth alyghte / and ther came his dwerf & took his hors / O my felawe faid fyr gareth / I haue had many aduentures for thy sake / And soo fyre Gryngamor tooke hym by the hand / and ledde hym in to the halle where his own wyf was

¶ Capitulum xxj |<[p.246] sig.o2v>

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 fyre 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 fyngyng / And euer the more fyre 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 fyre Gareth myghte not ete for

his loue was foo hote / that he wist not where he was Alle these lokes
 aspyed fyr Gryngamor / and thenne at after souper he callid his fyfter Dame
 Lyones vnto a chamber / and fayd / fair fyfter I haue wel aspyed your
 couētaūce betwixe you and this knyght / And I wil fyfter that ye wete he
 is a ful nobel knygt / & yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wil do hym all
 the pleafyr 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
 allaye hym better how be it I am moost beholdyng to hym of ony erthely
 mā for he hath had grete labour for my loue / and passid many a
 daungerous passage / Ryght foo fyr Gryngamor wente vnto fyr Gareth and
 said fyre make ye good chere / for ye shal haue none other cause / for this
 lady my fyfter 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 fyr Gareth / ther lyued not a gladder man than I wold be Vpon my
 worship said fyr Gryngamor trust vnto my promyse And as long as it lyketh
 you ye shal fojourne 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 fyre
 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 foughte
 and founden yf that I be on lyue ¶ And thenne the noble knyghte fyre
 Gareth wente vnto the dame Lyones whiche he thenne moche loued / &
 kyft her |<[p.247] sig.o3r> 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 fyr 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 caufed 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 fetche tofore
 hym Lynet the damoyfel that had ryden with hym many
 wylsome wayes / Thenne was fyre Gareth more gladder than he
 was to fore / And thenne they trouthplyte eche other to loue /
 and neuer to faylle whyles their lyfe lasteth / And foo they brente bothe in
 loue that they were accorded to abate their lustes secretely / And there
 Dame Lyones counceyllid fyr 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 counceil was not foo pryuely kepte but it was
 vnderstande / for they were but yonge bothe and tendyr of age / and had
 not vsed none suche craftes to forne / Wherfor the damoyfel Lynet was a
 lytel displeafyd / and she thoughte her fyfter Dame Lyones was a lytel ouer
 hafty / that she myghte not abyde the tyme of her maryage / And for
 sauynge their worship / she thoughte to abate their hote lustes / ¶ And so

the lete ordeyne by her subtyl craftes that they had not their ententes
 neyther with other as in her delytes / vntyl they were maryed / And soo it
 pafte on / At after fouper was made clene auoydaunce / that euery lord and
 lady shold goo vnto his rest / But fyr Gareth said playnly he wold goo noo
 ferther than the halle / for in suche 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 whyle cam dame Lyones wrapped in a mantel furred with Ermyne
 & leid her doun besydes fyr gareth / And there with alle he beganne to
 kyffe her / And thenne he loked afore hym and there he apperceuyed and
 sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym / and
 [p.248] sig.o3v> sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes about
 hym / & this knyghte had a longe Gyfarme in his hand / and maade grym
 countenance to smyte hym / Whanne fyre Gareth sawe hym come in that
 wyse / he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in his hand his swerd and lepte
 strayte toward that knyght / And whanne the knyght sawe fyr Gareth come
 so fyerfly vpon hym / he smote hym with a foyne thorou the thycke of the
 thyg that the wound was a shaftmon brode and had cutte atwo many
 vaynes and fenewes / And there with al fyr 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
 doun vpon his bedde / and there he fwounded and laye as he had ben dede
 Thenne dame Lyones cryed alowde / that her broder fyr Gryngamor herd /
 and came doune / And whan he sawe fyr Gareth soo shamefully wounded /
 he was fore displeasid and sayd I am shamed that this noble knyghte is thus
 honoured / Syr sayd fyr 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 / therefore my broder I wille that ye wete I
 shame me not to be with hym / nor to doo hym alle the pleafyr that I can /
 Syfter said fyre Gryngamore / and I will that ye wete it and fyr 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 fir Gryngamor and Dame Lyones / And forthe with al
 came Dame Lynet and toke vp the hede in the fyghte 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 damoyfel Lynet put hym in her chambre / Alle this
 sawe fir Gryngamor and dame Lyones / and soo dyd fir Gareth / and wel he
 espyed that it was the damoyfel Lynet that rode with hym thorou the
 peryllous passages / A wel damoyfel said fyre Gareth I wende wold³ 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 fyr Gareth was nyghe
 hole / & waxid lyghte and Iocounde / and fange / daunced and gamed / and
 he and dame Lyones were soo hote in brennyng loue that they made their

³ For *wende wold* read *wende you wold*.

couenaunte at the tenth nyghte after that she shold come to his bedde / And by cause he was wounded afore / he laid his armour / and his swerd nyghe his beddes fyde

¶ 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 fyr 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 fyr Gareth strayed hym / soo that his old wounde brafte 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 fyr Gryngamor herd / And whan he cam and fond fyr Gareth in that plyte he made grete forou / & there he awaked fir Gareth / and gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly wel / but the forou that Dame Lyones made there maye no tonge telle / for she soo faryd with her self as she wold haue dyed / ¶ Ryghte soo cam this damoyfel Lynet before hem al / and she had fette alle the goblets of the hede that fyr Gareth had throwen out at a wyndowe / and there she enoynted hem as she had done to fore / & set them to gyder ageyn / wel damoifel Lynet said fyre Gareth / <[p.250] sig.o4v> I haue not deserued alle this despyte that ye doo vnto me / fir 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 fyre Gareth staunched 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 enchaument / So leue we fyr Gareth there with fyr 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 knyght 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 fyr Perfant of Inde / these thre bretheren told kynge Arthur how they were ouercome by a knyghte that a damoyfel 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 fyre kay in scorne named hym

Beumayns / Soo ryghte as the kyng stode foo talkyng with these thre bretheren / there came fyr 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 faleded the kynge in a goodly manere / What wylle ye sayd kyng Arthur / and what is youre erand / Syr he said my name is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but my name is fyr Ironfyde / and fyre wete ye wel / here I am sente to yow / of a knyght that is called Beumayns / for he wanne me in playne bataille hande for hand / and foo 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 trušte to god I fhalle |<[p.251] sig.o4r> foo 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 foo his body in deuoyre to worshippe me & my Courte / And as to the Ironfyde that art called the reed knyghte of the reed laundes thou arte called a peryllous knyght 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 promyfed vnto fyre Beumayns neuer more to vse suche custommes / for all the shameful customes that I vfed I dyd at the request of a lady that I loued / and therfor I must goo vnto fyr Launcelot and vnto fyre Gawayne / and alke them foryeuenes of the euyll wylle I had vnto them / for alle that I put to deth was al only for the loue of fyr Launcelot and of fyr Gawayne / They ben here now said the kynge afore the / now maye ye saye to them what ye wylle / And thenne he kneled doune vnto fyre Launcelot and to fyre Gawayne and prayd them of foryeuenes of his enemytee that euer he had ageynfte them /

¶ Capitulum xxiiiij

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 fyr Beumayns / Fayre lordes said fyr Ironfyde 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 fyr perfaunt and his broder said of Beumayns / it was merueil to here / Wel my fayre lordes said kynge Arthur / wete yow wel / I fhalle do you honour for the loue of fyr Beumayns / and as soone as euer I mete with hym I fhalle make you al vpon one day knyghtes of the table round / And as to the fyre Perfaunt of Inde thou haft ben euer called a ful noble knyghte / and foo haue euer ben thy thre bretheren called / But I merueil said the kyng that I here not of the black knyght your |<[p.252] sig.o5v> broder / he was a ful noble knyghte / Syr sayd Pertolype the grene knyght fyr Beumayns flewe hym in a recoūtre with his spere / his name was fyr

Perard / that was grete pyte sayd the kynge and soo said many knyghtes /
 For these four bretheren were ful wel knowen in the courte of kynge
 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 kynge atte a passage of the water of mortayse there encountred fyr
 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 fir
 Garard le brewse / and after he slewe the other broder vpon the lond / his
 name was fyr 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
 queene of Orkeney with ladyes & knyghtes a grete nombre / And
 thenne fyr Gawayn / fyr Agrauayn and Gaherys arose / and
 wente to her / and salewed her vpon their knees / and asked her
 blyffing / For in xv yere they had not sene her / Thenne she spak on hyghe
 to her broder kynge Arthur / where haue ye done my yong sone fyr
 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 fyr Gawayn
 I knewe hym not / Nor I said the kynge that now me repenteth / but
 thanked be god he is preued a worshipful knyghte as ony is now luyng of
 his yeres / & I shal neuer be glad tyl I may fynde hym / A broder sayd the
 queene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto fyr 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 syster said kyng Arthur ye
 shall ryghte wel wete / I knewe hym not / nor nomore dyd fyre Gawayn /
 nor his bretheren / but fythen 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 myzt 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 thadventure of the damoysele
 Lynet / and the thyrd was that fyre Launcelot shold make hym knyght
 whan he defyred hym / And soo I graunted hym alle his defyre / and many
 in this Courte merueilled that he defyred his sustenaunce for a twelf
 monethe / And there by we demed many of vs that he was not come of a
 noble hous / Syre said the Queene of Orkeney vnto kyng Arthur her
 broder / wete ye wel that I sente hym vnto you ryghte wel armed and
 horsed and worshipfully byfene his body / and gold and syluer plente to

spend / it may be said the kynge / but therof sawe we none / fauf 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 byfene / and there at we al had merueille / fro whens that rychesse came / that we demed al that he was come of men or worlhip / Broder said the Quene alle that ye saye I byleue / for euer fythen he was growen / he was merueillously wytted / and euer he was feythful & true of his promesse / But I merueille said she that fyre kay dyd mocke hym and scorne hym / and gaf hym that name Beaumayns / yet fyr kay said the quene named hym more ryghteuously 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 luyunge / Syre said Arthurle te this langage be styll / and by the grace of god he shal be founde / and he be within these feuen royames / and lete alle this passe and be mery / for he is proued to be a man of worlhip / and that is my loye

¶ **Capitulum xxvij** |<[p.254] sig.o6v>

THenne said fyr Gawayne and his bretheren vnto arthur / fyre and ye wyl gyue vs leue we wille go and seke oure brother / Nay said fyr Launcelot that shalle ye not nede / and so said fyr Bawdewyn of Bretayne / for as by oure aduys the kynge shal sende vnto dame Lyones a messager / and praye her that she wille come to the courte in alle the haft that she may / and doubtte ye not she wille come / And thenne she may gyue you best couceille where ye shal fynde hym This is wel said of you said the kyng / Soo thenne goodely letters were made / and the messager 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 fyr Gryngamor her broder and fyre 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 haft ¶ Thenne whan she came to fyr Gryngamor and to sir Gareth she told hem al how kyng Arthur had sente for her / that is by cause of me said fyr 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 foo be that he be a wedded man that his wyf shal the degre and a coronal of gold befette with stones of vertue to the valewe of a thousand pound and a whyte Iarfaucon / Soo dame Lyones departed / and came to kynge Arthur where she was nobly receyued / and there she was fore questyoned of the kyng and of the quene of Orkeney / And she ansuerde where fyr Gareth was she coude not telle / But thus moche she said vnto Arthur / fyre 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 fhalt be there / & |<[p.255] sig.o6r> your knyghtes / and I will puruey that my knyghtes fhalle be ageynft yours / And thenne I am fure ye fhall here of fyr Gareth / this is wel aduysed faid kynge Arthur / and foo she departed / And the kynge and she maade grete proufyon to that turnement / Whan dame Lyones was come to the yle of Auylyon that was the fame yle ther as her broder fyr Gryngamor dwelte / thenne she told hem al how she had done / and what promyse she had made to kynge Arthur / Allas faid fyr Gareth / I haue been foo wounded with vnhappynes fythen I cam in to this castel that I fhall not be abyll to doo at that turnement lyke a knyghte / for I was neuer thorouly hole fyn I was hurte / Be ye of good chere faid the damoyfel Lynet / for I vndertake within these xv dayes to make you hole and as lufte as euer ye were / And thenne she leid an oynement & a falwe to hym as it pleafyd to her that he was neuer fo freffh nor foo lufte / Thenne faid the damoyfel Lynet / fend you vnto fyr Perfaunt of ynde / and affomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed / Also that ye fend vnto fyr Ironfyde 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 fhalle ye be abyll to matche with kynge Arthur and his knyghtes / Soo this was done & alle knyghtes were fente for vnto the castel peryllous / & thenne the reed knyght anfuerd and faid vnto dame Lyones and to fyre Gareth / Madame & my lord fyr Gareth ye fhall vnderftande that I haue ben at the court of kynge Arthur and fyre Perfaunt of Inde and his bretheren / and there we haue done oure homage as ye commaunded vs / Also fyr Ironfyde fayd I haue taken vpon me with fyre Perfaunt of Inde and his bretheren to hold party ageynft my lord fir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte / And this haue I done for the loue of my lady Dame Lyones and you my lord fir Gareth / ye haue wel done faid fyr Gareth / But wete you wel ye fhall be ful fore matched with the mooft noble knyghtes of the world / therfor we muft purueye vs of goode knyghtes where we may gete them / That is wel faid / faid fir Perfaunt and worshipfully And foo the crye was made in England / walis and fotland Ireland / Cornewaille / & in alle the oute Iles and in bretain |<[p.256] sig.o7v> and in many countreyes that at the feft of our lady the affumpcion next comyng men fhould come to the castel peryllous befide the yle of Auylyon / And there al the knyghtes that ther came fhould haue the choysse whether them lyft 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 fhould be / & fo ther cam many good knyghtes that were at her large and helde hem for the mooft party ageynft kynge Arthur and his knyghtes of the round table / cam in the fyde of them of the castel / For fyr Epyngrus was the fyrft / and he was the kynges fone of Northumberland / & fyr Palamydes the farafyn was another / and fyr Safere his broder / and fyre Segwarydes his broder / but they were cryftned / and fyre Malegryne another / and fyr Bryan des les Ilelys a noble knyghte / and fyr Grummure gummurfum a good knyghte of Scotland / and fyr Carados of the dolorous toure a noble knyghte and fyr Turquyn his broder / and fyr Arnold and fyre Gauter two bretheren good knyghtes of Cornewaile / there cam fyr Tryfram de lyones / and with hym fyr Dynadas the fenefchal / and fir Saduk / but this fyr Trifram was not at that tyme knyght of the table round / but he was one of the beft knyghtes of the

world / And soo all thefe noble knyghtes accompanied hem with the lady of the castel and with the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but as for fir Gareth he wold not take vpon hym more but as other meane knyghtes

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

ANd thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur fir Gawayn Agrauayne / Gaherys his bretheren / And thenne his neuwes fyr Vwayn le blanche maynys / and fyr Aglouale fyr Tor / fir Percyuale de galys / and fyre Lamorrak de galis Thenne came fir Launcelot du lake with his bretheren neuwes and cofyns as fir Lyonel / fir Ector de marys / fyr bors de ganys and fir Galyhodyn / fyre Galihud and many moo of fyre Launcelots blood and fyre Dynadan / fir la coote male taylor / his broder a good knyghte / and fir Sagamore a good knyghte |<[p.257] sig.o7r> And al the most party of the round table / Also ther cam with kynge Arthur thefe knyghtes the kynge of Ireland / kynge Agwyfaunce / and the kyng of Scotland kyng Carados and kynge Vryens of the londe of gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his sone fyr Melyaganus and fyr Galahault the noble prynce / Alle thefe kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble knyghtes / as fyre Braundyles / fyre Vwayne les auowtres / and fyre kay / fyr Bedeuere / fyr Melyot de logrys fyr Petypafe of wynkelfee / fyr Godelake / alle thefe came with kynge Arthur and moo that can not ben reherced / ¶ Now leue we of thefe 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 fyr Gareth prayd dame Lyones and the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and fyr Perfant and his broder / and fyre 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 fyr Gareth / fyre 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 will 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 fyr Gareth myn own lady / for this rynge is passynge mete for me / for it wille torne al manere of |<[p.258] sig.o8v> lykenes that I am in / and that shalle caufe me that I shall not be knowen / Thenne fyr Gryngamor gaf fyr Gareth a bay courser that was a passyng good hors / Also he gafe hym good

armoure and fure and a noble fwerd that fomtyme fyre Gryngamors fader wanne vpon an hethen Tyraunt / And foo thus euery knyghte made hym redy to that turnement & kyng Arthur was comen two dayes to fore thallumpcion of our lady / And there was al maner of Royalte of al mynſtralſye / that myghte be founde / Alfo there cam quene Gweneuer and the quene of Orkeney fyr Gareths moder / And vpon the allumpcion day whanne maſſe and matyns were done there were herowdes with trompettes commaunded to blowe to the feld And foo there came oute fyr Epynogrus the kynges ſone of Northumberland from the caſtel / and there encountred with hym fyre Sagramor le defyrus / and eyther of hem brake their ſperes to their handes / And thenne came in fyre 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 refcowed their knyghtes / And thenne cam in fyr Safere and fyre Segwarydes bretheren to fyre Palamydes / and there encountred fyr Agrauayne with fyr Safere and fyr Gaherys encountred with fyre Segwarydes / So fyr Safere ſmote doune Agrauayne fyr Gawayns broder / and fyr Segwarydes fyr Saferys broder And fyr Malgryne a knygt of the Caſtel encountred with fyr Vwayne le blanche maynys / And there fyre Vwayne gaf fyr Malgryn a falle / that he had almoſt broke his neck

¶ Capitulum xxix

THenne fyr Bryan de les yles and Grummore grummorſſum knyghtes of the Caſtel with fyre Aglouale and fyre Tor ſmote doune fyr Gromere Gromorſon to the erth Thenne cam in fyr Carados of the dolorous toure / & fyr Turquyne knyghtes of the Caſtel / and there encoütred with hem fyr Percyuale de galys & fyr Launcelot de galys / that were two bretheren / And there encountred fyr Percyuale with fyre |<[p.259] sig.p1r> Caradus / and eyther brake their ſperes vnto their handes / & thenne fyr Turquyn with fyre Lamerak / and eyther of hem ſmote doune others hors and alle to the erthe / and eyther partyes refcowed other / and horfed them ageyn / And fyr Arnold and fyr Gautere knyghtes of the caſtel encountred with fyre Braundyles and fyr kay / and theſe four knyghtes encountred myghtely / and brake their ſperes to their handes / Thenne came in fyr Tryſtram / fyre Saduk / and fyre Dynas knyghtes of the caſtel / and there encountred fyr Tryſtram wyth fyre Bedyuere / and there fyr Bedyuere was ſmyten to the erthe bothe hors and man / And fyr Saduk encountred with fyr Petypafe / and there fyr Saduk was ouerthrowen / And there Vwayne les auoutres ſmote doune fyr Dynas the ſeneſchal / Thenne came in fyr Perfaunt of Inde a knyght of the caſtel And there encountred with hym fyr Launcelot du lake / and there he ſmote fyr Perfaunts hors and man to the erthe / thenne came fyr Pertylope from the caſtel / and there encountred with hym fyr Lyonel / and there fyr Pertylope the grene knyght ſmote doune fyr Lyonel broder to fyr Laücelot / All this was marked by noble heroudes / who bare hym beſt / and their names / And thenne came in to the feld fyre Perymones the grene knyght fyr Perfaunts broder that was a knyght of the Caſtel / and he encountred

with fyr Ector de marys / and eyther fmote other fo hard / that bothe their horfes and they felle to the erthe / And thenne came in the reed knyght of the reed laundes and fyr Gareth from the castel / and there encountred with hem fyr Bors de ganys and fyr Bleoberys / and there the reed knyghte and fyr Bors fmote other fo hard that her speres braft and their horfes felle grouelynge to the erthe Thenne fyr Blamor brake his spere vpon fyr Gareth / but of that stroke fyr Blamor felle to the erthe / whan fyr Galyhoudyn sawe that / he bad fir gareth kepe hym / & fire gareth fmote hym to the erthe / thenne fire Galyhud gate a spere to auenge his broder / & in the same wyse fir gareth serued hym / & fir Dynadan & his broder la cote male taylor / & fir Sagramor defirus & fir Dodynas le faueage / All these he bare down with one spere / Whan kyng Aguyfaūce of Irland sawe fyr Gareth fare so he merueiled what he myȝt be þ^t one tyme semed grene & another [p.260] sig.p1v> 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 congnyssaunce of hym / Thenne fyr Anguyssaunce the kyng of Irland encountred with fyr Gareth / and there fyr Gareth fmote hym from his hors sadyll and all / And thenne came kyng Caradus of Scotland and fyr Gareth fmote hym down hors and man / And in the same wyse he serued kyng Vryens of the land of Gore / And thenne came in fyr Bawdemagus / and fyr Gareth fmote hym doune hors and man to the erthe And Bawdemagus sone Melyganus brake a spere vpon fir Gareth myghtely and knyghtely / And thenne fyr Galahaut the noble prynce cryed on hyghe knyghte with the many colours wel haft 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 fyr Gareth fmote hym vpon the lyfte fyde 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 fyr 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 feeth a Knyght hath done soo grete labour / for peradventure said fyr 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 fyr 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 fore turnement [p.261] sig.p2r> And there dyd fyr Lamerak merueyllous dedes of armes / & betwixe fyr Lamerak and fyre Ironfyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laūdes there was strong bataill / & betwix fyre Palamides &

Bleoberys there was a strong batail / & sir Gawayne and sir Trystram mette / and there sir Gawayne had the werse / for he pulled syre Gawayne from his hors / And there he was long vpon foote and defouled / Thenne cam in sir Launcelot and he smote sir Turquyne / and he hym / & thenne came sir Caradus his broder / and bothe at ones they assailed hym / & he as the moost noblest knyght of the world worshipfully foughte with hem bothe / that al men wondred of the nobleste of sir launcelot / And thenne came in sir Gareth and knewe that it was sir launcelot that fought with the two peryllous knyghtes / And thenne sir Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled hem in sonder / & no stroke wold he smyte to sir Launcelot / that aspyed sir launcelot & demed it shold be the good knyghte syre Gareth / & thenne sir 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 sir Gawayn / and there he put sir Gawayne to the werse / for he put of his helme / and so he serued fyue or fyxe knyghtes of the rounde table that alle men said / he put hym in the most payne / and best he dyd his deuoyr / For whan sir Trystram beheld hym how he fyrst lusted and after foughte so wel with a swerd / Thenne he rode vnto sir Ironfyde and to syre Perfaunt 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 sir Ironfyde / No said sir 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 bysedged the lady of this castel / and this he that wanne sir Perfaunt of ynde / and his thre bretheren / what is his name sayd sir Trystram and of what blood is he come / he was called in the courte of kyng Arthur Beaumayns / but his rygt name is sir Gareth of Orkeney broder to sir Gawayn / by my hede said sir Triftram he is a good knyght |<[p.262] sig.p2v> 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 sir Launcelot he was made knyght / therfor is he mykel the better said Trystram / And thenne sir trystram / sir Ironfyde / sir Perfaunt and his broder rode to gyders for to helpe sir gareth / & thenne there were gyuen many strong strokes / And thenne sir Gareth rode oute on the one fyde 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 ryng 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 sir Gareth was in the felde all folkes sawe hym wel / & playnly that he was in yelowe colours / & there he rassyd of helmes & pulled down knyghtes that kyng Arthur had merueylle what knyght he was / for the kyng sawe by his here that it was the fame knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxj

BVt by fore he was in fo 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 speryde 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 fyr Gareth of Orkeney / Thenne the heroude cryed as he were wood / & many heroudes with hym / This is fyre 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 fyre Gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots sone / and whan fyr Gareth aspyed that he was discoueryd / thenne he doubled his strokes / & smote doune fyr Sagamore & 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 fyr Gareth thou hast begyled me foule this day that thou kepte my rynge / Gyue it me anone ageyn that |<[p.263] sig.p3r> I may hyde my body with al / and soo he tooke it hym / And thenne they all wift not where he was become / and fyr Gawayn had in maner aspyed where fyr Gareth rode / and thenne he rode after with alle his myghte / that aspyed fyr Gareth and rode lyghtely in to the forest that fyr Gawayn wift not where he was become / And whan fyr Gareth wyft that fyr Gawayn was past / he alked the dwerf of best counceil / Syr said the dwerf / me semeth it were best now that ye are escaped fro spyeng that ye fend my lady dame lyones her rynge / It is wel aduysed said fyr 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 fyr 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 fyr 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 fyr Gareth was not a lytyl wery / for of al that day he had but lytel rest neyther his hors nor he / So this fyr 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 fyr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the castel / and praid the porter fayr to lete hym in to the castel / The porter anfuerd vngoodely ageyne / and faide thow getest no lodgyng here / Fayr fyr fay not foo 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 fir Gareth sawe that torche lyghte he cryed |<[p.264] sig.p3v> 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 muft 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 ageynft hym and therfor thou were better not to come within this castel / For and thou come in this nyghte / thou muft come in vnder sūche fourme that where someuer thou mete my lord by styȝ or by strete / thou muft yelde the to hym as pryfoner / Madame said fyre Gareth what is your lord and what is his name / fyr my lordes name is the duke de la roufe / wel madame said fyr 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 sward / 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 / & faide madame I will not ouer 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 dyllhes / thenne fyr 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 faide truly my name is Gareth of Orkeney / & some men calle me Beaumayns / thenne knewe she wel it was the same knyȝt that fouȝt for dame lyones / so fir gareth departed & rode vp in to a montayne / & ther mette hym a knyghte / his name was fyr Bendelayne and sayd to fyr Gareth thou shalt not passe this way / for outhur thou shalt lufte with me or |<[p.265] sig.p4r> els be my pryfoner / Thenne wille I lufte said fyr Gareth / And soo they lete their horses renne / and there fyr Gareth smote hym thorou oute the body / and fyr Bendalyne rode

forth to his castel there befyde and there dyed / So fyr gareth wold haue refted hym / and he cam rydyng to Bendalaynis castel / Thenne his knyghtes and seruantes aspyde that it was he that had slayne their lord / Thenne they armed xx good men and cam out and assailed fyr gareth / and soo he had no speres but his swerd / and put his shelde afore hym / and there they brake their speres vpon hym / and they assailed hem passyngly fore / But euer fyr gareth deffended hym as a knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

SOo whan they sawe that they myghte not ouercome hym / they rode from hym / and took their counceylle to flee his hors / and soo they cam in vpon fyr gareth / and with speres they flewe 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 flewe 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 mornynge of ladyes and gentylwymmen / so ther cam by hym a page / what noyse is this said fyr 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 peryllouft 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 / soo said the page yonder he cometh / lete me dele with hym said fyre gareth / And whan eyther of other had a fyghte they lete theyr horses renne / and the broune knyghte brake his speres 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 mygt repose hym / allas said the ladyes ye may not be lodged here / make hym good chere said the page |<[p.266] sig.p4v> 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 fyr Gareth wyft wel that in the tombes lay their lordes / Fayre ladyes said fyr Gareth ye muft at the next feest of Pentecost be at the court of kynge Arthur / and saye that I fyr 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 fyr knyghte and Iuste with me / what are ye said fyr Gareth / My name is said he the duke de la rowse / A fyr 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 profereft to fyghte with my knyghtes / therefore make the redy for I wil haue adoo with you / Soo

they lete their horses renne / and ther fyr Gareth smote the duke doune from his hors / But the duke lyghtly auoyded his hors / and dresseid his shelde and drewe his swerd / and bad fyr 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 fore / Att the laft sir Gareth gat the duke to the erthe / and wold haue slayn hym / and thenne he yelded hym to hym / Thenne muft ye goo said sir Gareth vnto fyr 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 knyghtes with me / and alle the dayes of my lyf to doo you feruyse where ye wille commaunde me /

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

Soo the duke departed / and sir Gareth stode there alone and there he sawe an armed knyght comyng toward hym / Thenne fyre Gareth toke the dukes shelde / and [p.267] sig.p5r mounted vpon horsbak / and soo withoute bydyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder / And there that knyght hurt fyr Gareth vnder the fyde 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 laft there came the damoyfel Lynet that somme men calle the damoyfel faueage / and she came rydyng vpon an ambelyng meule / and there she cryed al on hyghe / fyr Gawayne fyr Gawayne leue thy fyghtyng with thy broder fyre Gareth / And whan he herd her saye soo he threwe aweye hys shelde and his swerd / and ranne to fyr Gareth / and tooke hym in his armes / and fythen kneled doune and asked hym mercy / What are ye said fyr Gareth that ryght now were soo stronge and soo myghty / and now so fodenly yelde you to me O Gareth I am your broder fyr Gawayn that for youre sake haue had grete sorou and labour / Thenne fyr Gareth vnaced 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 fyxe the best of the round table haue done excepte sir Launcelot / Thenne cam the damoyfel faueage 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 damoyfel faueage / me semeth that it were wel do þ^t Arthur had wetyng of you both for your horses are soo bryfed that they may not bere / Now faire damoyfel said fyr 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 <[p.268] sig.p5v> that wold / and there was fadelyng and brydelyng of quenes horses and prynces horses / & wel was hym that foonest myght be redy / Soo whan the kynge came there as they were he sawe fyr Gawayn and fyr Gareth fyte vpon a lytel hylle fyde / & thenne the kynge auoyded his hors / And whanne he cam nyghe fyre Gareth / he wold haue spoken but he myghte not / and therwith he sanke doune in a swoune 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 fyr Gareth / And euer he wepte as he had ben a chylde / With that cam his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgaue / And whan she sawe fyr Gareth redely in the vyfage she myghte not wepe but sodenly felle doune in a swoune / and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she had ben dede / And thenne fyr Gareth recomforted his moder in fuche wyse that she recouerd and made good chere / Thenne the kynge commaunded that al maner of knyghtes that were vnder his obeiffaunce 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 gotten of tame nor wylde for gold or syluer / And thenne by the meanes of the damoyfel Saueage fyr Gawayne and fyr Gareth were heled of their woundes / and there they foiojourned eyght dayes / Thenne said kyng Arthur vnto the damoyfel saueage I merueylle that your fyfster Dame Lyones cometh not here to me / and in especial that she cometh not to vyfite her knyghte my neuwe fyre Gareth that hath had soo moche trauaille for her loue / My lord said the damoyfel Lynet ye must of your good grace hold her excused / For she knoweth not that my lord fyr Gareth is here / Go thenne 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 damoyfel that shal be done / and soo she rode vnto her fyfster / And as lyghtely as she myght made her redy & she cam on the morne with her broder fyr Gryngamor / and with her xl knyghtes / 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 <[p.269] sig.p6r>

¶ Capitulum xxxv

ANd amonge alle these ladyes she was named the fayrest and pyreles / Thenne whanne fyr 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 fyre 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 lyuyng / Now fayre lady said kyng Arthur what say ye / Moost noble kyng said dame Lyones wete yow wel that my lord fyr Gareth is to me more leuer to haue and welde as my

husband than ony 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 fyrft loue and he shal be the laste / And yf ye wil suffre hym to haue his wyl and free choysse I dare saye he wylle haue me / That is trouthe said fyr 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 kyng is the wynde in that dore / for wete ye wel I wold not for the stynte of my croune to be caufar to withdrawe your hertes / And wete ye wel ye con not loue so wel but I shal rather encreafe 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 fir Gareths moder / thenne there was made a prouyfyon for the day of maryge / and by the kynges aduysse it was prouyded that it shold be at Mychelmas folowyng at kynkenadon by the see syde / for ther is plentyful cuntry / And soo it was cryed in al the places thurgh the royamme / And thenne fyr Gareth sent his fomonos 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 damoyfel Lynet with fyr Gryngamor rode to their castel / and a goodely and a ryche ryng she gaf to fyr Gareth / and he gaf her another / And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche beo of gold / and soo she departed / and kyng Arthur and his felawship rode toward Kynkenadon / and fyr Gareth broughte his lady on the way / & so cam to the kyng ageyne and rode with hym / Lord the grete chere that fyr launcelot made of fir Gareth and he of hym / for there was neuer no knyght that fyr gareth loued so wel as he dyd fyr Launcelot / and euer for the most party he wold be in fyr launcelots company / for after fyr Gareth had aspyed fir Gawayns condicions he withdrewe hym self fro his broder fyr Gawayns felawship / for he was vengeable / and where he hated he wold be auengyd with murther and that hated fyr gareth

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

SOo hit drewe faste to Mychelmas / and thyder came dame Lyones the lady of the castel peryllous and her syfter dame Lynet with fyre gryngamor her broder with hem / For he had the conduyte of these ladyes / And there they were lodged at the deuysse of kyng Arthur / And vpon mychelmas day the Bishhop of Caunterbury made the weddyng betwixe fyr gareth and the lady Lyones with grete solempnyte / and kyng Arthur made gaherys to wedde the damoyfel faueage / that was dame Lynet / and kyng Arthur made fyr Agrauayne to wedde dame Lyones nees a fayr lady / her name was dame Laurel / And so whan this solempnacion was done / thenne came in the grene knyghte fyr Pertylope with thyrty knyghtes / and there he dyd homage and feaute to fyr gareth and these knyghtes to hold of hym fro euermore / Also fir Pertilope said I pray you that at this feest I maye be your chamberlayne / with a good wil said fyr gareth / syth it lyketh you to take soo symple on offyce / Thenne come in the reed knyghte with thre

fcore knyghtes with hym / and dyde to fyr Gareth homage and feaute / and alle tho knyghtes to hold of hym for euermore / And thenne this fyr Perymonyes praide fir gareth to graunte hym to be his chyef botteler at that hyghe feest I wil wel faide fir gareth that ye haue this offyce and it were better / Thenne came in fyr Perfant of Inde with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and feaute / and <[p.271] sig.p7r> al his knyghtes fhold doo hym feruyfe / and hold their londes of hym for euer / and there he prayd fyr Gareth to make hym his Sewar chyef at the feest / I wil wel faid fyr Gareth that ye haue it & it were better / Thenne cam the dukde la rowfe with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and feaute to fyr Gareth / and soo to hold their londes of hym for euer / And he requyred fyr Gareth that he myght ferue hym of the wyn that day at that feest / I wil wel fayd fyr Gareth and it were better / Thenne came in the reed knygte of the reed laundes that was fyr Ironfyde / and he broughte with hym thre honderd knyghtes / and there he dyd homage & feaute / and al thefe knyghtes to hold their landes of hym for euer / And thenne he alked fyr Gareth to be his keruer / I will wel faid fyr Gareth and it please you / Thenne came in to the courte thyrty ladyes / and alle they femed wydowes / and tho thyrty ladyes broughte with hem many fayre gentylwymmen / And alle they kneled doune at ones vnto kyng arthur and vnto fyr Gareth / and there al tho ladyes told the kyng how fyr Gareth delyuerd hem from the dolorous toure / and flewe the broune knyght withoute pyte / And therefore we and oure heyres for euermore wille doo homage vnto fyr Gareth of Orkeney / So thenne the kynges and quenes / prynces & erlys Barons and many bold knyghtes wente vnto mete / & well maye ye wete there were al manere of mete plentyuoufly / alle manere rules and games with al manere of mynstralsy that was vfed in tho dayes / ¶ Also there was grete iustes thre dayes / But the kyng wold not suffre fyre Gareth to iuste by cause of his newe bryde / for as the fresshe book fayth that dame Lyones desyred of the kyng that none that were wedded fhold iuste at that feest / Soo the fyrst day there Iusted fir lamerak de galys / for he ouerthrewe thyrty knyghtes / & did passyng merueilloufly dedes of armes / and thenne kyng Arthur made fyr Perfuant 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 forty knyghtes / and dyd there merueillous dedes of armes And there kyng Arthur made Ironfyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laundes a knyghte of the table round to <[p.272] sig.p7v> his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes / The thyrd day there Iusted fyr launcelot du lake / and he ouerthrewe fyfty knyghtes and dyd many merueyllous dedes of armes that all men wondred on hym / And there kyng Arthur made the duke de la roufe a knyghte of the round table to his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes to spende / But whan this Iustes were done / fyr Lamerak and fyr Trystram departed sodenly / & wold not be knowm / for the whiche kyng Arthur and all the court were fore displeasyd / And soo they helde the courte forty dayes with grete solempnyte / And this fyr Gareth was a noble knyghte and a wel rulyd and fayr langaged

¶ Thus endeth this tale of fyr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded dame Lyones of the castel peryllous / And also fyr Gaherys wedded her fyfter dame

Lynet / that was called the damoyfel faueage / And fyr Agrauayne wedded dame Laurel a fary lady and grete and myghty landes with grete rycheffe 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 fir Triftram de Lyones / & who was his fader & his moder / & hou he was borne and folteyrd / And how he was made knyghte|<[p.273] sig.p8r>

¶ 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 kyng 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 Englonde / walys and Scotland & of many other royaumes how be it there were many kynges that were lordes of many countreys / 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 obeiffaunce 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 ioye 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 pryfoner 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 |<[p.274] sig.p8v> 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 gis⁴ loue / and how I must dye here for his sake for defaute of good helpe / and lete hym wete that I am ful fory to departe out of this world fro hym / therfor pray

⁴ For *gis* read *his*

hym to be frende to my soule / Now lete me see my lytel child / for whome I haue had alle this forowe / And whanne she sawe hym she said thus / A my lytel sone thou haft 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 gentywoman / that thou pray my lord kynge Melyodas that whan he is crystned lete calle hym Trystram that is as moch to saye / as a forouful byrthe / And ther with this quene gaf vp the ghooft and dyed / Thenne the gentywoman 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 folowynge 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 flayne the child / by cause they wold haue ben lordes of the countrey of Lyonas / But thenne thorou the faire speche of the gentywoman / and by the meanes that she made / the mooft party of the Barons wold not affente 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 mooft party of the barons made grete ioye / But the forou 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 |<[p.275] sig.q1r> deeth / And thenne he lete calle hym Trystram the forouful borne child / ¶ Thenne the kynge Melyodas endured feuen 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 Lyonas / wherfor this quene ordeyned for to poyfone yong Triftram / So she lete poyfoun be put in a pyece of fyluer 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 poyfoun / and he wende hit hadde ben good drynke / and by cause the child was thursty he tooke the pyece with poyfoun and dranke frely / and there with al fodenly the child braff & was dede / whanne the quene Melyodas wyft of the dethe of her sone wete ye wel that she was heuy / But yet the kyng vnderstode no thynge of her treason / ¶ Not withstandynge the quene wold not leue this / but efte she lete ordeyne more poyfoun / and putte hit in a pyece / And by fortune kyng Melyodas her husband fond the pyece with wyn where was the poyfoun / 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 fodenly ¶ The kyng merueilled why she dyd

foo / 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 flee the / And
 ther with he pulled oute his swerd / and sware a grete othe that he shold flee
 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 |<[p.276] sig.q1v> 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 fyre Trystram wente to the fyre / and by the commaundement
 of the kyng delyuerd her from the dethe / But after that kynge 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 kynge Melyodas
 ageyne / and so Trystram lerned to be an harper passyng alle other that
 there was none fuche called in no countrey / and soo in harpyng & on
 Instrumentys of mufyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne / And
 after as he growed in myght and strengthe he laboured euer in huntyng
 and in haukyng soo that neuer |<[p.277] sig.q2r> 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
 huntyng And therefore the book of venery / of haukyng and huntyng is
 called the book of fyr Trystram / Wherfor as me semeth alle gentylmen that

beren old armes oughte of ryght to honoure fyre 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 gentyman fro a yoman / and from a yoman a vylayne / For he that gentyll is wylle drawe hym vnto gentil tatches / and to folowe the custommes of noble gentyllmen ¶ Thus fyr Trystram endured in Cornewaile vntyl he was bygge / and stronge / of the age of xvij yeres / And thenne the kynge Melyodas had grete ioye of fyr Trystram / and soo had the quene his wyfe / For euer after in her lyf by cause fyre Trystram saued her from the fyre she dyd neuer hate hym more after / but loued hym euer after / and gaf Trystram many grete yestes for euery estate loued hym / where that he wente

¶ Capitulum quartum

THenne it befelle that kynge Anguylhe 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 feuen yeres / And kyng Marke and his Barons gaf vnto the messager of Irland these wordes and anfuere that they wold none paye / and bad the messagyer goo vnto his Kynge Anguylhe / 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 anfuere the messagers departed in to Irland / ¶ And whanne kynge Anguylh vnderstood the anfuere of the messagers / he was wonderly wroth <[p.278] sig.q2v> And thenne he callyd vnto hym fyr 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 fir 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 auance 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 fyr 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 fyre Marhaus was called one of the famosst and renoumed knyghtes of the world ¶ And thus fyre Marhaus abode in the see / and euery daye he sente vnto kynge Marke for to paye the truage that was behynde of feuenyere / outhere els to fynde a knyght to fyghte with

hym for the truage / This maner of message fyre Marhaus sente dayly vnto kyng Marke / ¶ Thenne they of Cornewayle lete make cryes in euery place that what knyght wold fyghte for to faue 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 kyng Marke / and counceiled hym to fende to the courte of Kyng Arthur for to feke fyre Launcelot du lake that was that tyme named for the merueillouft Knyght of alle the worlde / ¶ Thenne there were somme other Barons that counceylled the Kyng not to doo soo & said that it was laboure in vayn / <[p.279] sig.q3r> by cause fyr 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 vnknownen / Soo the kyng and alle his barons assented that it was no bote to feke ony knyght of the round table / ¶ This meane whyle came the langage and the noyse vnto kyng Meliodas hou that fyre 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 fore alhamed that ther durft no knyghte in Cornewaile haue adoo with fyr Marhaus of Irland /

¶ Capitulum quintum

T Here with al Trystram wente vnto his fader Kyng Meliodas and asked hym counceil what was best to doo for to recouer Cornewaile from truage / For as me semeth said fir Tristram it were shame that fyr 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 fyre 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 countre that is able to matche with hym / ¶ Allas saide fyre Tristram that I am not made knyght / And yf fir Marhaus shold thus departe in to Irland / god lete me neuer haue worship and I were made knyght I shold matche hym / And fyr said Trystram I pray you gyue me leue to ryde to kyng Mark / and soo ye be not displeasid / of kyng Marke wille I be made Knyght / I wille wel saide kyng Meliodas that ye be ruled as your courage wille rule you ¶ Thenne fir Trystram thanked his fader moche / And thenne he made hym redy to ryde in to Cornewaile / ¶ In the meane whyle there came a messager with letters of loue fro kyng Faramon of Fraunces doughter vnto fyre Trystram that were ful pyteous letters & in them were wryten many complayntes of loue / but fyre Tristram had no loye of her letters nor <[p.280] sig.q3v> regard vnto her / Also she sente hym a lytel brachet that was passyng fayre / But whan the kynges doughter vnderstood that fyre 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 fyr Trystram / as after ye shalle here in the tale ¶ Soo this yonge fyre Trystram rode vnto his eme kyng Marke of Cornewayle / ¶ And whanne he came there / he herd say that ther wold no knyghte fyghte with fyre Marhaus / Thenne

yede fir Triftram vnto his eme and fayd / fyre yf ye wylle gyue me thordre of knyghthode / I wille doo bataille with fyr Marhaus / What are ye said the kynge and from whens be ye comen / Sir said Tryfram I come fro kynge Melyodas that wedded your fyfter and a gentyلمان wete ye wel I am ¶ Kynge Marke behelde fir Tryfram and sawe that he was but a yonge man of age / but he was passyngly wel maade and bygge / ¶ Faire fyre said the kynge what is youre name and where were ye borne / Syre fayd he ageyne / my name is Tryfram / and in the countreye of Lyones was I borne / Ye sawe wel said the kynge / and yf ye wille doo this batayll I shalle make yow knyghte / Therefore I come to you fayd fyre Tryfram 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 messager vnto fyre 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 fyre Marhaus / ¶ But telle kynge Marke I wille not fyghte with no knyghte but he be of blood royal / that is to saye outhere kynges sone outhere quenes sone borne of a prynce or pryncesse / ¶ Whanne Kynge Marke vnderstood that / he sente for fyre Tryfram de lyones and tolde hym what was the answere of fyr Marhaus / ¶ Thenne fayd fyre Tryfram fythen that he seyth soo / lete hym wete that I am comen of fader fyde and moder fyde of as noble blood as he is / ¶ For fyre now shalle ye knowe that I am kynge Melyodas sone borne of youre own fyfter dame Elyzabeth that dyed in the forest in the byrthe of me / O ihesu said kynge Mark ye are welcome faire neuwe [

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] sig.q4r to me / ¶ Thenne in alle the haste the kynge lete horse fyr Triftram and arme hym in the best maner that myghte be had or gotten for gold or syluer / ¶ And thenne kynge Marke sente vnto fir Marhaus / and dyd hym to wete that a better born mā than he was hym self shold fyghte with hym / and his name is fir Tryfram de lyonas gotten of kynge Melyodas / and borne of kynge Markes fyfter / Thenne was fir Marhaus glad and blythe that he shold fyghte with suche a gentyلمان / and soo by the assente of kynge Mark and of fyr Marhaus they lete ordeyne that they shold fyghte within an Iland nyghe fyr Marhaus shippes / and soo was fyr Tryfram 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 Tryfram lacked no thyng / And whan kynge Marke and his Barons of Cornewaile beheld how yonge fyr Tryfram 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 leoparde hym self for their ryghte /

¶ Capitulum sextum

Soo to shorten this tale whan fyr Tryfram was arryued within the Iland / he loked to the ferther fyde / & there he sawe at an anker fyxe shippes nyghe to the land / and vnder the shadowe of the shippes vpon the land / there houed the noble knyghte fyr Marhaus of Irland / Thenne fyr Tryfram commaunded his seruauent gouernail to brynge his hors to the land and dresse his harneis at al

manere of rygthes / And thenne whan he had soo done / he mounted vpon his hors And whan he was in his fadel wel apparailled / & his shelde drestid vpon his sholder / Trystram asked Gouvernayle where is this knyghte that I shal haue adoo with alle / Syre sayd Gouvernaile / see ye hym not / I wende ye had fene 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 fyre Trystram now I see hym wel ynoug Thenne he commaunded his feruaunt Gouvernayle |<[p.282] sig.q4v> 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 femed 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 loft no truage for me And yf soo be that I flee or yelde me as recreaüt / bydde myn eme neuer berye me in Crysten beryels / And vpon thy lyf said fyr Trystram to Gouvernayle / come thou not nyghe this lland tyl that thou see me ouercomen or slayne / or els that I wyne yonder knyght / soo eyther departed from other fore wepyng

¶ Capitulum septimum

ANd thenne fyr Marhaus auyfed fyr Trystram and said thus / yonge knyght fyr Trystram what doft thou here / me fore repenteth of thy courage / for wete thou wel I haue ben affayed / and the best knyghtes of this land haue ben affayed 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 fyre 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 fyr Marhaus / that this is the grettest cause that thou couragest 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 fame / 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 pleasid that I maye haue adoo with so good a knyght as thou arte / And now wete thou wel fyr 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 |<[p.283] sig.q5r> maner of truage from Irland for euer / Whanne fyr Marhaus had herde hym faye what he wold / he faide 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 fene / Kyng Arthur made me knyghte of the table round / Thenne they beganne to feutre theyre speres / and they mette soo fyerfly to gyders / that they smote

eyther other doune / bothe hors and all / But fir Marhaus smote fyr Tryfram a grete wounde in the fyde with his spere / & thenne they auoyded their horses / and pulled oute their swardes / 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 / thenne they hurtled to gyders lyke rammes to bere eyther other down / thus they fought styll more than half a day / and eyder were wounded passyng fore / that the blood ranne doune freshly fro them vpon the ground / By thenne fyr Tryfram waxed more fresher / than fyr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger / and with a myghty stroke he smote fyr Marhaus vpon the helme such a buffet that hit went thorou his helme / and thorou the coyfe of stele and thorou the brayn pan / and the sward stak soo fast in the helme and in his brayn pan that fir Tryfram pulled thryes at his sward or euer he myght pulle it out from his hede / & there Marhaus felle down on his knees the edge of Triframs sward left in his brayne pan / And sodenly fyr Marhaus rose grouelynge / and threwe his sward and his shelde from hym / and soo ranne to his shippes and fledde his waye / and fir trifram hadde euer his shelde and his sward / And whan fir Trifram sawe fir Marhaus withdrawe hym / he said A fir 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 anuerd no worde but yede his way fore gronyng / Well fir knyght said fir Trifram I promyse the thy fuerd and thy [p.284] sig.q5v> sheld shal be myn / and thy sheld shalle I were in al places where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the fyghte of kyng Arthur and alle the round table

¶ Capitulum viij

A Non fir Marhaus and his felaulhip departed in to Irland / And as soone as he came to the kyng his broder / he lete serche his woundes / ¶ And whan his hede was serched / a pyece of fyre Tryframs sward was founden therin / and myghte neuer be had oute of his hede for no surgeons / and soo he dyed of fyr Tryframs sward / and that pyece of the sward the quene his syster kepte hit for euer wyth her / for she thoughte to be reuengyd and she myghte / ¶ Now torne we ageyne vnto fyr Tryfram that was fore wounded / and ful fore bled that he mygt not within a lytel whyle when he had take cold vnnethe stere hym of his lymmes / and thenne he sette hym doune softly vpon a lytel hylle / and bledde fast / Thenne anone came Gouvernaile his man with his vessel And the kyng and his barons came with proceffion ageynst hym / And whan he was come vnto the land / Kyng Marke toke hym in his armes / and the kyng and fir Dynas the fenescal ladde fyr Trifram in to the castel of Tyntygail / And thenne was he serched in the best maner / and leid in his bedde / And whan kyng Marke sawe his woundes / he wepte hertely and soo dyd alle his lordes / So god me help

faid kyng Mark I wolde not for alle my landes that my neuewe dyed / Soo fyr Tryfram laye there a moneth and more / and euer he was lyke to deye of that stroke that fir Marhaus smote hym fyrst with the spere / For as the Frenllhe book saith / the speres hede was enuened that fyr Tryfram myghte not be hole / Thenne was kynge Mark and alle his barons passynge heuy / For they demed none other / but that fyr Tryfram shold not recouer / Thenne the kynge lete fende after alle manere of leches & furgens 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 faid playnly vnto kyng mark and to fir Tryfram and to alle his barons that he shold neuer |<[p.285] sig.q6r> be hole / but yf fire Tryfram wente in the same cuntrye that the venym came fro / and in that cuntrye shold he be holpen or els neuer / Thus faid the lady vnto the Kynge / whan kynge Marke vnderstood that / he lete purueye for fyr Tryfram a faire vessel / wel vytailled / and therin was put fyr Tryfram and gouernail with hym / and fir Trifram 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 Kynge and the quene was / and at his arryual he sat and harped in his bedde a mery lay fuche one herd they neuer none in Irland afore that tyme / ¶ And whan it was told the Kyng and the quene of fuche a Knyght that was fuche an harper / anone the Kyng sente for hym / and lete serche his woundes / and thenne alked hym his name / then he anfuerd I am of the cuntrye of Lyonas / & my name is Tramtryst that thus was wounded in a bataille as I fought for a ladyes ryght / So god me help faid kyng Anguyllhe 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 kynge / 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 fyr Trystrā wherefore fyr Marhaus was slayne / Syr Tryfram made semblaunt as he had ben sory / and better knewe he how hit was than the kynge

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne the kynge for grete faouere maade Tramtryst to be put in his daughters 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 therefore Tramtrist cast grete loue to la beale Ifoud / 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 fantafye vnto hym / And at that tyme fir Palamydes the sarafyn was in that cuntrye and wel cheryllhed with the kynge and the |<[p.286] sig.q6v> quene / And euery day fyr Palamydes drewe vnto la beale Ifoud / and profered her many yestes / for he loued her passyngly wel / Al that Aspyed Tramtryst / and ful wel knewe he fyr Palamydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man / And wete ye wel fyr Tramtryst had grete despyte at fyr palomydes / for la beale Ifoud told Tramtryst that Palamydes was in wylle

to be crystened for her sake / Thus was ther grete enuy betwixe Tramtryft and fyr Palamydes / Thenne hit befelle that kynge Anguyllhe lete crye a grete Iustes and a grete turnement for a lady that was called the lady of the laundes / and she was nyghe cofyn 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 Ifoud came vnto fyr Tramtryft and told hym of this turnement / he anfuerd and sayd fayr 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 Tramtryft said la beale Ifoud why wille ye not haue ado at that turnement / wel I wote fyr Palamydes shall be there / and to doo what he maye / And therefore Tramtryft I pray you for to be there / for els fyr Palamydes is lyke to wyne the degree / Madame said Tramtrist 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 fyrft batail that I dyd it myshapped me to be soore wounded as ye see / But and I wyft 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 fuche as ye wil to kepe your counceil / my poure persone shall I leoparde there for your sake that parauentur sir Palamydes shal knowe whan that I come / Therto said la beale Ifoud do your best & as I can said la beale Ifoud I shal purueye hors and armour for you at my deuyse / as ye will soo be hit said fyr Trātrist 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 / |<p.287> sig.q7r> For he putte to the werse fyr Gawayne / Gaherys / Agrauayn Bagdemagus / kay / Dodyus le faueage / Sagramor le desyrus / Gumret le petyte / and Gryflet le fyse de dieu / Alle these the fyrste daye fyr Palamydes strake doune to the erthe / And thenne alle maner of knyghtes were adred of sir Palamydes and many called hym the knyght with the black shelde / Soo that day fyre Palamydes had grete worshyp / ¶ Thenne cam kynge Anguyllhe vnto Tramtryft / 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 fyr Trystram / And whanne he had aspyed fyre Triftrā he felle flat to his feete / Alle that aspyed la Bele Ifoud / what curtosye the squyer made vnto fyr Trystram / And therwith al sodenly fyr 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 difcouer your name / but yf ye commaunde me

¶ Capitulum x

THenne fyr Trystram asked hym what de dyd in thofe countreyes / fyr he sayd / I came hyder with fyr 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 Ifoud 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 fyr 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 Ifoud ordeyned and wel arayed fyr 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 fyr Palamydes aspyed hym / and ther with he feutrid a spere vnto fyr Tramtrist / and he ageyne vnto hym / And |<[p.288] sig.q7v> there fyr Trystram smote doune fyr Palamydes vnto the erth And thenne there was a grete noyse of people / some sayd / fyre Palamydes hadde a falle / some said the knyght with the blak shelde had a falle / And wete you wel la beale Ifoud was passynge gladde / And thenne sire Gawayne and his felawes ix had merueille what knyghte it myght be that had smyten doune fyr Palamydes / Thenne wold there none Iuste with Tramtryst / but alle that there were forfoke hym / moost & left / Thenne fyr Trystram made Heles a knyght / and caused hym to put hym self forthe / and dyd ryght wel that day / So after fyr Heles held hym with fyr Trystram / And whan fyre 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 fyre Trystram / and lyghtly he rode after fyre Palamydes and ouertoke hym / and badde hym torne / for better he wold assaye hym / or euer he departed / Thenne fyr Palamydes torned hym and eyther lashed at other with their swardes / But at the fyrste stroke fyre 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 flee hym / whan fyre 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 Ifoud / 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 fyr Trystram hadde commaunded hym / Thenne for despyte and anger / fyre Palamydes cutte of his harneis / and threwe them aweye / And soo fyr Trystram torned ageyne to the Castel where was la beale Ifoud / and by the weye he mette with a damoyfel that asked after fyre launcelot that wanne the dolorous gard worshipfully / & this damoyfel asked sire Tristram what he was / For it was tolde her that it was he that smote doune fyr Palamydes / by whom the x knyghtes of kynge Arthurs were smyten doune / |<[p.289] sig.q8r> Thenne the damoyfel prayd fyr Trystram to telle her what he was / And whether that he were fyr 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 damoyfel sayd fyr Trystram wete ye wel that I am not fyr 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 laūcelot / Now gentyll knyght said she / put vp thy vyfure / & whan she beheld his vyfage / she thougt she sawe neuer a better mā's vyfage / nor a

better farynge knyght / And thenne whan the damoyfel knewe certaynly that he was not fyre launcelot / thenne she took her leue and departed from hym / And thenne fyre Tryfram rode pryuely vnto the polterne where kepte hym la beale Ifoud / and there she made hym good chere and thanked god of his good spede / Soo anone within a whyle the kynge and the quene vnderstood that hit was Tramtryft that smote doune fyre Palamydes / thenne was he moche made of more than he was before

¶ Capitulum xj

THus was fir Tramtryft longe there wel cherysshed / with the kynge and the quene / and namely with la beale Ifoud / So vpon a daye / the quene and la beale Ifoud made a bayne for fyre Tramtryft / And whan he was in his bayne / the quene and Ifoud her doughter romed vp & doune in the chamber / and there whyles Gouvernail and Heles attendyd vpon Tramtryft / & the quene beheld his swerd there as it laye vpon his bedde / And thenne by vnhap the quene drewe oute his swerd / and beheld it a longe whyle / and bothe they thoughte it a passyng 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 foude in the brayne pan of fyr Marhaus the good knyght that was her broder / Allas thenne said she vnto her doughter la beale Ifoud / this is the same traytour knyghte that flewe my broder thyn eme / Whanne Ifoud herd her saye |<[p.290] sig.q8v> foo / she was passyng fore abasshed / for passyng wel she loued Tramtryft / and ful wel she knewe the cruelnes of her moder the quene / Anon there with alle the quene went vnto her owne chamber / and foughte her cofre / and there she toke oute the pyece of the swerd that was pulled out of fyr 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 thenne the quene gryped that swerd in her hand fyersly / & with alle her myghte she ranne streyghte vpon Tramtryft where he sat in his bayne / And there she hadde ryued hym thorou hadde not fyr Heles goten her in his armes / and pulled the swerd from her / and els she hadde threst him thorou / Thenne whanne she was lettyd of her euyl wyllle / she ranne to the kynge Anguyssh her husband and sayde on her knees / O my lord here haue ye in your hous that traitour knyght that flewe my broder and your seruauant that noble knyght fyr Marhaus / Who is that said kynge Anguyssh and where is he / Syr she said hit is fyr Tramtryft the same knyght that my doughter helyd Allas said the kynge therefore 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 kynge went in to the chambre vnto fyr Tramtryft / and thenne was he gone vnto his chambre / and the kynge fond hym al redy armed to mounte vpon his hors / Whanne the kynge sawe hym al redy armed to goo vnto horsbak / the kynge said

nay Tramtryft hit wille not auaille to compare the ageynft me / But thus moche I fhalle doo for my worfhip and for thy loue in foo moch as thou arte within my courte / hit were no worfhip for me to flee the / Therefore vpon this condycyon I wille gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in faufte / fo thou wilt telle me who was thy fader / and what is thy name / and yf thou flewe fyr Marhaus my broder

¶ Capitulum xij |<[p.291] sig.r1r>

SYr faid Tryftram now I fhalle telle you alle the trouthe / my faders name is fir Melyodas kynge of Lyonas / & my moder hyzt Elyzabeth that was fifter vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile / & my moder dyed of me in the forefte / And by caufe therof fhe commaunded or fhe dyed that whan I were cryftened / they fhould cryftene me Tryftram / & by caufe I wold not be knowen in this countrey I turned my name and lete me calle Tramtryft / & for the truage of Cornewaile I fought for myn emes sake / & for the ryght of Cornewaile that ye had poffeded many yeres / And wete ye well faid Tryftram vnto the kynge I dyd the bataille for the loue of myn vnkel kynge Marke / and for the loue of the countreye of Cornewaile / and for to encrease myn honoure / For that fame day that I fought with fir Marhaus I was made knyzt And neuer or than dyd I no bataile with no knyght / & fro me he went alyue & lefte his fheld & his fuerd behynde / fo god me helpe faid the kyng I may not fay but ye dyd as a knyght fhould / & it was your part to doo for your quarel / & to encrease your worfhip as a knyght fhould / how be it I may not mayntene you in this countrey with my worfhip onles that I fhould difpleafe my barons & my wyf / & her kyn / Syr faid Tryftram I thanke you of your good lordfhip that I haue had with you here / and the grete goodenes my lady your doughter hath fhewed me / & therfor faid fir Triftram it may fo happen that ye fhalle wyne more by my lyf than by my dethe / for in the partyes of Englund it may happen I may doo you feruyle at some feafon that ye fhall be glad that euer ye fhewed me your good lordfhip / ¶ With more I promyfe you as I am true knyzt that in all places I fhall be my lady your dougters feruaunt / & knyzt in ryght & in wrong / & I fhall neuer fayle her to doo as moche as a knyght maye doo ¶ Also I byfeche your good grace that I may take my leue at my lady your doughter and at alle the Barons and knyghtes / I wille wel faid the kynge / ¶ Thenne fire Triftram wente vnto la beale Ifoud / and tooke his leue of her / And thenne he tolde her all what he was and how he had chaunged his name by caufe he wold not be knowen / & hou a lady told hym he þ^t fhould neuer be hole tyl he cam in to this coūtrei where |<[p.292] sig.r1v> the poyfon was made / where thorou I was nere my dethe had not your ladyfhip ben / O gentyl knyght faid la beale Ifoud ful wo am I of thy departynge / for I fawe neuer man that I oughte foo good wille to / and there with all fhe wepte hertely / Madame faid fire Tryftram ye fhalle vnderftande that my name is fir Tryftram de lyones gotten of kyng Melyodas and borne of his quene / And I promyfe you feythfully that I fhall

be alle the dayes of my lyf your knyghte / Gramercy said La beale Ifoud / and I promyse you there ageynste that I shalle not be maryed this feuen 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 fyre Trystram gaf her a rynge and she gaf hym another / and ther with 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 fay of me wrong / or thame 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 sire 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 sire Tristram was arryued and hole of his woundes / therof was kynge 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 [p.293] sig.r2r Melyodas his fader he retorned ageyne vnto the court of kynge Mark / and there he lyued in grete ioye long tyme / vntyl at the laste there befelle a Ialousye and an vnkyndenes betwyxe kynge Marke and sire Tristram / for they loued bothe one lady / And she was an erles wyf that hyght fyre Segwarydes / And this lady loued fyre Trystram passyngly wel / And he loued her ageyne for she was a passyng fayr lady / And that aspyed sire Tristram wel / ¶ Thenne kynge Mark vnderstood that and was Ialous / for kyng Marke loued her passyngly wel / Soo it felle vpon a day / this lady sent a dwerf vnto sire Tristram and badde hym as he loued her / that he wold be with her the nyzt 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 anfuer the dwerf departed / And kynge Marke aspyed that the dwerfe was with fyre 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 kynge Marke goo where thou wolt / and vpon payne of dethe that thou saye no word that

thou spakeft with me / foo the dwerf departed from the kynge / ¶ And that fame nyghte that the steuen was sette betwixt Segwarydes wyfe & fyr Tryftram kynge Marke armed hym / and made hym redy and took two knyghtes of his counceyll with hym / and foo he rode afore for to abyde by the waye / for to awayte vpon fir Tryftram / ¶ And as fire Tryftram came rydyng vpon hys waye with his fperre in his hand / kynge Marke came hurtlyng vpon hym with his two knyghtes sodenly / And alle thre smote hym with theyre fperes / and kynge Marke hurte fyre Tryftram on the brest ryght fore / And thenne fyre Triftram feutryd his fperre / and smote his vnkel kynge Marke foo fore that he rallhyd hym to the erthe / and bryfed hym that he laye styll in a fwoune / and longe hit was or euer |<[p.294] sig.r2v> he myghte welde hym felf / And thenne he ranne to the one knyght / and efte to the other / and smote hem to the cold erthe / that they laye styll / And ther with alle fir Triftram rode forthe fore wounded to the lady / and fonde her abydyng hym at a pofterne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd there she welcomed hym fayre / and eyther halfed other in armes / and foo she lete putte vp his hors in the best wyfe / and thenne she vnarmed hym / And foo they fouped lyghtely and wente to bedde with grete ioye and plesaunce / and foo in his ragyng he took no kepe of his grene wound that kynge Marke had gyuen hym / And foo fyr Triftram bebled both the ouer fhete and the nether & pelowes / and hede fhete / and within a whyle ther came one afore that warned her that her lord was nere hand within a bowe draughte Soo she made fir Tryftram to aryfe / and foo he armed hym / and tooke his hors and fo 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 fawe that there had layne a wounded knyght / A fals traitresse thenne he faid / why haft thou bitrayed me / and there with alle he fwange oute a fwerd and faid / but yf thou telle me who hath ben here / here thou fhalt dye / A my lord mercy fayd the lady / and helde vp her handes / fayeng / flee me not / and I shall telle you alle who hath ben here / Telle anone faid segwarydes to me alle the trouthe / Anone for drede she faide here was fir Tryftram with me / and by the way as he came to me ward / he was fore wounded / A fals traitresse faid segwarides where is he become / fir she faid he is armed and departed on hors bak not yet hens half a myle / ye faye wel faid segwarydes thenne he armed hym lyghtly / and gate his hors and rode after fyre Triftram that rode streyght waye vnto Tyntagyl / And within a whyle he ouertoke fire Triftram / And thenne he badde hym torne fals traitour knyghte / and fyr Triftram anon torned hym ageynft hym / And there with al segwarides smote fyr Tryftram with a fperre that it alle to brafte / ¶ And |<[p.295] sig.r3r> thenne he fwange oute his fwerd / and smote fast at fyr Triftram / Syre knyght faid fyre Tryftram 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 fayd Segwarides that shalle not be / for outhen thou fhalt dye or I / Thenne fyre

Triftram drewe out his swerd and hurtled his hors vnto hym fyerfly / and thorou the waste of the body he smote fyre Segwarides that he felle to the erthe in a swoune / And soo fyre Triftram departed and lefte hym there And soo he rode vnto Tyntagil and tooke his lodgyng secretly for he wold not be knowen that he was hurte ¶ Also fir Segwarides men rode after theyr maister / whome they fond lyenge in the feld sore wounded / and brougt 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 fir Triftram and he hadde mette that nyght / And as for fyre Triftram he knewe not that kynge Marke had mette with hym / And soo the kynges aftaūce came to fir Triftram to comforte hym as he laye seke in his bedde / But as longe as kynge Marke lyued / he loued neuer fyre Triftram 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 fyre Segwarydes durste not haue ado with fir Triftram by cause of his noble prowesse And also by cause he was neuewe vnto kynge Marke / therefore 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 cofyn vnto the good knyght fir launcelot du lake / This Bleoberys came vnto the courte of kynge Marke / & there he alked of kynge Marke a bone to gyue hym what yest that he wold alke in his courte ¶ Whanne the kyng herd hym alke soo / he merueilled of hys <[p.296] sig.r3v> askynge / but by cause he was knyghte of the round table / & of a grete renomme / kynge Marke graunted hym his hole askynge / thenne faide fyre 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 fir Bleoberys dyd chese fyr 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 fir 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 fir Triftram and her / and also that lady loued fir Triftram aboue alle other knyghtes / Thenne there was one lady that rebuked fir Triftram 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 fyre Triftram 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

champion / And yf so be / fir 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 fir segwarydes squyers / and told in the court that fir segwarides was beten fore and wounded to the poynte of dethe / as he wold haue rescowed his lady / fir Bleoberis ouerthrewe hym and fore hath wounded hym / Thenne was kynge marke heuy therof / and alle the courte / When sire Triftram herd of this / he was alhamed and fore greued / And thenne was he soone armed and on horfbak / & gouernaile his seruauant bare his shelde and spere / And soo as sire Triftram rode fast / he mette with fir Andret his cofyn that by the commaundement of kynge Marke was sente brynge forth & euer it laye in his power / ij / |<[p.297] sig.r4r> knyghtes of Arthurs Courte that rode by the countrey to feke their aduentures / Whan fyr Tryfram sawe fir Andret / he asked hym what tydynges / Soo god me helpe said fyre Andret / ther was neuer worfe with me / for here by the commaundement of kynge Mark I was sente to fetche two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte / and that one bete me / and wounded me / and sette nought by my message / Faire cofyn said fir triftram ryde on your way / and yf I may mete them / it may happen I shal reuenge you / So fyr Andret rode in to Cornewaile And fyr Triftram rode after the two knyghtes the whiche one hyght Sagramor le defyrus / & the other hyght Dodynas le faueage /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

THenne within a whyle fyr Tryfram sawe hem afore hym two lykely knyghtes / Sir said Gouvernaile vnto his maister / fir I wold counceile you nought to haue ado with hem / for they ben two preued knyghtes of Arthurs Courte / As for that said fyr Tryfram haue ye no doute / but I wille haue adoo with hem to encrease my worfhip / for it is many daye sythen I dyd ony dedes of armes / doo as ye lyst said Gouvernaile / and there with alle anone fyr Tryfram asked them / from whens they came / and wheder they wold / and what they dyd in tho marches / Syre Sagramore loked vpon fyre Triftram / and hadde scorne of his wordes / & asked hym ageyne / Fair knyghte be ye a knyght of Cornewaile / where by aske ye hit said fir Triftram / For it is feldom sene said fir Sagramore that ye Cornysllhe knyghtes ben valyaunte men of armes / For within these two houres there mette vs one of you cornysllhe knyghtes / and grete wordes he spak / and anon with lytel myght he was leyd to the erthe / And as I trowe sayd fir Sagramore ye shal haue the same handfel that he hadde Faire lordes said sire Triftram 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 cofyn that ye bete And therefore here do your best / & wete ye wel but yf ye quyte you the better here vpon this ground / one knyght of cornewaile shal bete you both / Whan sire Dodynas le faueage herd hym saye soo he gatte a spere in his hand and said / sire knyghte |<[p.298] sig.r4v> thy self / And thenne they departed and came to gyders as it had ben thonder / And fyr Dodynas spere braft in sonder / but fyr Tryfram smote hym with a more myght / that he smote

hym clene ouer the hors croupe that nyghe he hadde broken his neck / Whanne fyre Sagramour sawe his felawe haue fuche a falle / he merueylled what knyzt he myght be / And he dresseth his spere with alle his myght / and fyr Trystram ageynft hym and they came to gyders as the thonder / and ther fir Triftram smote fyr Sagramore a stronge buffet that he bare his hors & hym to the erthe / and in the fallyng he brake his thygh / whan this was done / fyr Trystram asked hem / Fayre knyghtes will ye ony more / Be there no bygger knyzttes in the courte of kynge Arthur / it is to you shame to say of vs knyzttes of Cornewayle dishonoure / for it may happen a Cornyslthe knyght may matche you / that is trouthe said fyr Sagramore / that haue we wel preued / but I requyre the sayd fyre Sagramore 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 fyr Trystram / and fythen ye lyft to wete hit / ye shal knowe and vnderstande that my name is fyr 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 felaulship / Nay said fire Triftram / for I must haue ado with one of your felawes / his name is fyr Bleoberys de ganys / god spede you wel said fyr Sagramore and Dodynas / Syre Trystram departed and rode on ward on his waye / And thenne was he ware before hym in a valeye where rode fyr Bleoberys with fir Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his squyer vpon a palfroy

¶ Capitulum xvij

THenne fyr Trystram rode more than a paas vntyl that he had ouertake hym / Thenne spak fyr 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 Cornyslthe knyght soo fore that me lyfte <[p.299] sig.r5r> to delyuer her / why said fyr Triftram may not a Cornyslthe knyght doo as well 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 Cornyslthe knyght good ynough for them bothe / what were their names said Bleoberis / they told me said fyr Trystram that the one of them hyghte fyr Sagramore le defyrus / and the other hyghte Dodynas le saueage / A said fyr 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 fyr Triftram / soo they departed and came to gyder lyke thonder / and eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne they auoyded their horfes / and lashed to gyder egerly with swardes and myghtely / now tracyng and trauerfynge on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand more than two houres / And somtyme they rashed to gyder with fuche a myght that they laye bothe grouelynge on the ground / Thenne fir 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 Tryfram / & I wille anfuere you / Sire faide Bleoberys I wold wete of whens ye be / and whom ye be come / and what is your name / Soo god me help said fyr Tryfram I fere not to telle you my name / Wete ye wel I am kynge Melyodas fone / and my moder is kyng Markes fister / and my name is fir Triftram de Lyonas and kynge Marke is myn vnkel / Truly said Bleoberys I am ryght gladde of you / for ye are he that flewe marhaus the knyght hand for hand in an Iland for the truage of Cornewaile / Also ye ouercame fir Palamydes the good knyght at a turnement in an Iland / where ye bete fir Gawayne & his nyne felawes / Soo god me helpe said fir Tryfram wete ye wel that I am the same knygt / Now I haue told you my name / telle me yours with good will / Wete ye wel that my name is fir Bleoberys de ganys / and my broder hyghte fire Blamore de ganys / that is called a good knyght and we be fyfter children vnto my lord fir Laūcelot du lake that we calle |<[p.300] sig.r5v> one of the best knyghtes of the world / That is trouthe said fir Triftram / fir Launcelot is called pierles of curtosy and of knyghthode / and for his sake said fir Tryfram I will not with my good wille fyghte no more with you for the grete loue I haue to fir Launcelot du lake / In good feith said Bleoberys / as for me / I will be lothe to fyghte with you / But fythen 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 Triftrā For as I deme she wille leue you / and come to me / ye shalle preue hit anone said Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xvij

SOo whan she was sette betwixe them bothe / she sayd these wordes vnto fir Triftram / wete ye wel fyr Triftram de lyones that but late thou was the man in the world that I moost loued and trusted / And I wende thou haddeft loued me ageyne aboute alle ladyes / But whan thou sawest this knyght lede me away thou madeft no chere to rescowe me / but suffred my lord Segwarydes ryde after me / but vn tyl that tyme I wend thou haddeft loued me / And therefore now I wille leue the / and neuer loue the more / & there with alle she went vnto fir Bleoberys / Whan fyr Triftram sawe her doo soo / he was wonderly wrothe with that lady & aghamed to come to the courte / fir Triftram said fir Bleoberys ye are in the defaute / for I here by these ladyes wordes / she before this day trusted you aboute alle erthly knyghtes / and as she saith ye haue deceyued her / therefore wete ye wel / ther may noo man hold that wille awaye / and rather than ye shold be hertely displeafyd 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 therefore fire Tryfram she said ryde as thou cam / for though thou haddeft ouercome this knygt 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 |<[p.301] sig.r6r> this countrey / that he wille lede me to the Abbeye / there my lord fyr Segwarydes lyeth Soo god me helpe said Bleoberis I lete yow wete good knyght fire Tryfram by caufe 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 especial moost for youre sake fir Tryfram / And yf she wold goo with you / I wold ye had her / I thanke you said fyr Tryfram / but for her loue I shall beware what manere a lady I shall loue or truste / For had her lord fyr Segwarydes ben away from the courte I should haue ben the fyrst that should haue folowed yow / but sythen ye haue refused me / as I am true knyght I shall her knowe passyngly wel that I shall loue or trust / and soo they took theyr leue one fro thother and departed / And soo fir triftram rode vnto Tyntagyl / and fyr Bleoberys rode vnto the abbay where fyr segwarydes lay fore wounded / and there he delyuerd his lady / and departed as a noble knyght / & whan fir segwarydes sawe his lady / he was gretely comforted / and thenne she told hym that fir Tryfram had done grete bataill with fyre Bleoberys / and caused hym to brynge her ageyne / These wordes pleasyd fir segwarydes ryght wel that fir triftram wold doo soo moche / and soo that lady told alle the bataill vnto kynge Marke betwixe fyr Tryfram and fir Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne whanne this was done / kynge Mark cast alweyes in his hert how he myght destroye fyr Triftram And thenne he ymagyned in hym self to sende fir triftram in to Irland for la beale Ifoud / For fir Tryfram had soo preyfed her beaute and her goodnes that kynge Mark said he wold wedde her / where vpon he praid fyr Triftram to take his wey in to Irland for hym on message / And all this was done to the entente to flee fyr Triftram / Not withstandynge fyr Tryfram wold not reffuse the message for no daüger nor peryl that myght falle for the pleasyr of his vnkel / but |<[p.302] sig.r6v> to goo he made hym redy in the moost goodlyest wyse that myght be deuyfed / For fir Triftram 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 fir Triftram 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 colte of Englund / And there they arryued fast by Camelot / and ful fayne they were to take the land / ¶ And whan they were landed fir Triftram 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 fir Ector de marys and fir Morganor And they touched the shelde / and badde hym come oute of the paelione for to Iust and he wold Iust / ye shall be ansuerd said fir Triftram and ye wille tarye a lytel whyle / Soo he made hym redy / and fyrste he smote doune fir Ector de marys / and after he smote doune fir Morganor alle with one spere / and fore bryfed them /

And whan they laye vpon the erthe / they asked fir Triftram what he was / and of what countrey he was knyghte / Faire lordes said fir Triftram wete ye wel that I am of Cornewaile / Allas said fire Ector now am I afhamed / that euer ony Cornyſſhe knyghte ſhold ouercome me / And thenne for deſpyte fyre Ector put of his armour fro hym / and wente on foot and wold not ryde

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne it felle that fire Bleoberys and fire Blamore de ganys that were bretheren they hadde allomoned 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 affigned and fette / the kyng ſhold leſe his landes / So by hit happend that at the day affigned kyng Arthur neither fire Launcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Iugement / for kyng Arthur was with fir launcelot at the caſtel ioyous gard / And ſo [

¶ Capitulum xxj |<[p.304] sig.r7v>

The knyghte tordned his hors / and he made hym redy to fyghte /
 And thenne fir Trystram smote hym with a swerd suche a buffet /
 that he tombled to the erthe / And thenne he yelded hym vnto fir
 Trifram / thenne come thy waye sayd fire Trystram and brynge
 the child to the lady ageyne / Soo he took his hors wekely and
 rode with fir Trystram / and thenne by the waye fyr Trystram asked hym his
 name / Thenne he said my name is Breunis faunte pyte / Soo whanne he
 hadde delyuerd that child to the lady / he said / fir as in this the child is wel
 remedyed / Thenne fir Trystram lete hym goo ageyne that fore reyentyd
 hym after / for he was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kynge
 arthurs courte / ¶ Thenne whan fir Trifram was in his paelione /
 Gouvernaile his man cam / and told hym how that kynge anguyllhe of
 Irland was come thyder / and he was putte in grete distresse / and there
 gouvernaile told fir Trystram / how kynge anguyllhe was somoned and
 appealed of murther / Soo god me help said fir Trifram these ben the best
 tydynges that euer came to me this vii yere / for now shalle the kynge of
 Irland haue nede of my helpe for I dare faye there is no knyght in this
 cuntry that is not of arthurs courte dare doo bataille with fyre 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 kynge anguyllhe of Irland and
 faled hym fayre / the kynge welcomed hym / and asked hym what he
 wolde / Syr faide Gouvernaile / here is a knyghte nere hande that defyret
 to speke with you / he badde me faye he wolde doo you feruyse / what
 Knyght is he faide the Kyng / fyr he said hit is fir Trifram du lyonas that
 for your good grace ye shewed hym in your landes wyll rewarde you in
 these cuntries / Come on felawe said the kyng with me anone / and
 shewe me vnto fir Trystram / soo the Kyng took a lytel hackney and but
 fewe felaulhip with him vntyl he came vnto fir Triframs paelione / and
 whanne fyre Trystram sawe the Kyng / he ranne vnto hym and wold haue
 holden his styrope / But the kyng lepte from his hors lyghtly / and eyther
 halfed other in armes / my gracious Lord sayde fire Trystram gramercy of
 your grete goodnesse shewed |<[p.305] sig.r8r> vnto me in your marches
 and landes / And at that tyme I promysed you to doo my feruyse / and euer
 it laye in my power / & gentyl knyght said the kyng vnto fir Trifram /
 now haue I grete nede of you / neuer had I soo grete nede of no knyghtes
 helpe / How soo my good lord said fire Trystram / I shalle telle you said the
 kyng I am allomoned and appeled fro my cuntry for the deth of a
 knyght that was kyn vnto the good knyght fir Launcelot / wherfor fir
 Blamor de ganys broder to fir Bleoberys hath appeled me to fyghte with
 hym / outhere to fynde a knyght in my stede / And wel I wote said the kyng
 these that are come of kynge Bans blood as fir Launcelot & these other are
 passynge good knyghtes and hard men for to wyne in bataille as ony that I
 knowe now lyuyng / Syre said fir Trystram / for the good lordship ye
 shewed me in Irland and for my lady youre doughters sake / La Beale Ifoud
 I wille take the bataille for you vpon this condycyon / that ye shalle graute
 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

fir Triftram when that I haue done this bataille yf god yeue me grace that I fpede that ye fhalle gyue me a reward what thyng refonable that I wille afke of you / Soo god me help faid the kyng ye fhall haue what fomeuer ye will afke / It is wel faid / faid fir Tryftram

¶ Capitulum xxij

Now make your anfuer that youre Champyon is redy For I fhalle dye in your quarel rather than to be racreaunt / I haue no doubte of you faid the kyng / that and ye fhould haue adoo with fir Launcelot du lake / Syr faid fir Triftram as for fire Launcelot he is called the nobleft knyghte of the worlde / And wete ye wel that the knyghtes of his blood are noble men and drede fhame / And as for Bleoberys broder to fyr Blamor I haue done bataille with hym / therefore vpon my hede / it is no fhame to call hym a good knyght / It is noyfed faid the kyng / that Blamor is the hardyer knyghte / fire as for that lete hym be / he fhall neuer be refused / & as he were the beft knyght that now bereth fhelde or fperre / Soo kyng Anguyllhe 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 fir Blamor de ganys and fire Triftram were fente for to here the charge / And whan they were come before the Iuges / there were many kynges and knyghtes biheld fire Triftram / and moche fpeche they had of hym by caufe he flewe fir Marhaus the good knyght / and by caufe he foriufed fir Palamydes the good knyght / ¶ So when they had taken theire charge / they withdrewe hem to make hem redy to doo bataile / Thenne faid fir Bleoberys to his broder fir Blamore / fayr dere broder remembre of what kyn we be come of / and what a man is fir launcelot du lake / neyther ferther nor nere but brother children / and ther was neuer none of oure kyn that euer was fhamed in bataille / and rather fuffre deth broder than to be fhamed / Broder faid Blamore haue you no doute of me / for I fhall neuer shame none of my blood / hou be it I am fure that yonder knyghte is called a paffynge good knyght as of his tyme one of the world / yet fhall I neuer yelde me nor fay the lothe word / wel may he happen to fmyte me down with his grete myzt of chyualry / but rather fhalle he flee me than I fhall yelde me as recreaunt / God fpede you wel faid Bleoberys for ye fhall 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 fpede faid Blamor de ganys / and therwith he tooke his hors at the one ende of the lyftes / and fire Tryftram atte other ende of the lyftes / and soo they feutryd theyre fperes / & came to gyders as it had ben thonder / and there fir Triftram thorou grete myght fmete doune fir Blamore and his hors to the erthe / Thenne anone fir Blamor auoyded his hors and pulled oute his fwerd / and threwe his fhelde afore hym / and badde fir Tryftram alyghte / for though an hors hath failed me I trufte to god the erthe wil not faile me / And thenne fyre Tryftram alyght and dreflid hym vnto batail / and there they laffhed to gyder ftrongly as racyng and tracynge / foynynge and dallhyng many fad ftrokes that the

kynges and knyghtes had grete wonder that they myghte stande / for euer they <[p.307] sig.flr> fought lyke wood men so that there were neuer knyghtes fene fyghte more fyrerfly than they dyd / for sire Blamore was so hafty 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 fyre Triftram smote sire Blamor suche a buffet vpon the helme that he there felle doune vpon his fyde / and sire Tryfram stode and beheld hym /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne whan sire Blamor myghte speke / he said thus Sire Triftram de Lyones I requyre the as thou art a noble knyghte and the best knyghte that euer I fond that thou wilt flee 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 sire Triftram thou must flee me / or els thou shalt neuer wyne the feld / for I wille neuer saye the lothe word / And therefore yf thou dare flee me / flee me / I requyre the / Whanne sire Triftram herd hym saye soo knyghtely / he wyfte not what to doo with hym / he remembryng hym of bothe partyes of what blood he was comen / and for sire Launcelots sake he wold be lothe to flee 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 flee hym / Thenne fyre Triftram starte abak and went to the kynges that were Iuges / and ther he kneled down to fore hem and befoughte hem for their worshippes and for kynge Arthurs and sire Launcelots sake that they wold take this mater in theyr handes / For my fayre lordes said sire triftram 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 champion 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 fyre triftram be ruled as ye wylle haue me / For I knowe you for my true knyghte / ¶ And therefore I <[p.308] sig.flv> wylle hertely pray the kynges that ben here as Iuges to take hit in their handes / And the kynges that were Iuges called sire Bleoberys to them / and asked hym his aduise ¶ My lordes said Bleoberys / though my broder be beten and hath the wers thorou myghte of armes I dare saye though fyre Tryfram 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 sire Triftram flee hym oute / It shalle not be soo said the kynges / for his parte aduersary bothe the kynge and the champion haue pyte of fyre 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 fyre Triftram and fyre 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 Tryfram kyssed to gyders / and there they

made their othes that they wold neuer none of them two bretheren fyghte with fyre Tryfram / and fyre Tryfram made the fame oth And for that gentyl bataille alle the blood of fyre Launcelot loued fyre Tryfram for euer / ¶ Thenne kynge Anguyllhe and fyre Triftram toke theire leue ande failed in to Irland with grete nobleffe and ioye / ¶ Soo whanne they were in Irland / the kynge lete make it knowen thoroute alle the land how and in what manere fyre Tryfram 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 Ifoud made of fyr Triftram there myghte no tonge telle / for of alle men erthely she loued hym mooft

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne vpon a daye kynge Anguyllhe asked fyr Triftram why he asked not his bone / For what someuer he had promysed hym / he shold haue hit withoute fayle |<[p.309] sig.12r> Syre sayd fyre Tryfram now is hit tyme this is alle that I wylle desyre that ye wylle gyue me la beale Ifoud youre doughter not for 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 fyre Tryfram I praye you hold your promyse that ye promysed me / for this is my desyre that ye wylle gyue me la Beale Ifoud to goo with me in to Cornewaile for to be wedded to kynge Marke myn vnkel / ¶ As for that sayd kynge Anguyllhe ye shalle haue her with you to doo with her what it please you / that is for to faye 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 concludion la beale Ifoud was made redy to goo with fyre Tryfram and dame Bragwayne wente with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other / thenne the quene Ifouds 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 fame daye they shold gyue hym that drynke / soo that kynge Marke shold drynke to la beale Ifoud / 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 fyre Tryfram tooke the see / and la Beale Ifoud / 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 fyre Tryfram toke the flacket in his hand / and sayd Madame Ifoud here is the best drynke that euer ye drank that dame Bragwayne youre mayden and Gouvernaile my seruauant 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 |<[p.310] sig.12v> bodyes / 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 Ifoud / the whiche loue neuer departed the dayes of their lyf / soo thenne they fayled tyl by fortune they came nyghe a castel that hyght Pluere And there by arrayed for to repose them wenyng to them to haue hadde good herborouȝ / but anon as sire Trystram was within the castel / they were taken prysoners / for the customme of the castel was siche 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 sire 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 faye the wepyng castel

¶ Capitulum xxv

THus as sire Trystram and la beale Ifoud 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 knyght 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 worlship that euer I came in / whan a knyghte and a lady alked herborough / and they to receyue hem / & after to destroye them that ben his gestes / Syr said the knyght 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 auuntage haue I said sire Trystram I haue a lady is fayre ynouȝ fayrer sawe I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes / And I doubte |<[p.311] sig.f3r> 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 / ¶ Wherfore 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 defyre 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 fyre Breunor the lord of that Castel wyth his lady in his hand muffeld / and alked fyre Trystram where was his lady / for and thy lady be fayrer than myn wyth thy sward smyte of my ladyes hede / and yf my lady be fayrer than myn / with my sward 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 Triftram / For here is none that wille gyue ryghteous Iugement / But I doubte not said sir Triftram 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 Triftram shewed la beale Ifoud / and tordned her thryes aboute with his naked sward in his hand And whanne fyre Breunor sawe that he dyd the same wyse torne his lady / But whanne fyre Breunor beheld la beale Ifoud / hym thoughte he sawe neuer a fayrer lady / and thenne he dradde his ladyes hede shold be of / and soo al the peple <[p.312] sig.f3v> that were there present gaf Iugement that la beale Ifoud was the fayrer lady and the better made / how now said sir Triftrā 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 fore repenteth And soo I here the peple pryuely saye / for alle wymmen I sawe none soo fayre / and therfor and thou wilt flee my lady I doute not but I shal flee the and haue thy lady / ¶ Thou shalt wyne her said sir Trystram as dere as euer knyght 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 Triftram 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 fythen 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 lyztely 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 Triftram / but sire Triftram was lyght and nymel and voyded his hors lightly / And or euer sir Trystram myght dresse his sheld and his sward / the other gaf hym thre or foure sadde strokes ¶ Thenne they rallhed to gyders like two bores tracyng and trauercyng myztely 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 fouzt hurlyng here & there nyȝ two houres & <[p.313] sig.f4r> eyder were wounded fore / thenne at the last sir Breunor rallhed vpon sir Trystram and tooke hym in his armes / for he trusted

moche to his strengthe / Thenne was fir Trystram called the strengest and the hyste knyght of the world / For he was called byggar than fir laūcelot / but fir Launcelot was better brethed / Soo anone fire Trystram thruft fyr 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 styllle 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 fire Galahad the haut prynce the whiche was fir Breunors sone / whiche was a noble knygt and told hym what mysaventure his fader hadde and his moder

¶ Capitulum xxvij

THenne came fir Galahad and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes with hym / and this fyr Galahad profered to fyghte with fir Trystram hand for hand / and soo they made them redy to go vnto bataile on horfbak with grete courage / Thenne fir Galahad and fir Trystram mette to gyders soo hard that eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horfes as noble knyghtes and dressid their sheldes and drewe their swerdes with Ire & rancour / and they lashed to gyder many sadde strokes / and one whyle strykyng another whyle foynyng / tracyng and trauerfyng as noble knyghtes / thus they fought long nere half a day and eyder were fore wounded / At the last fire Trystram waxed lyghte and bygge / and doubled his strokes and drofe fyr 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 felawship went fyerfly vpon fir Tristram / whan fir Trystram sawe them comyng vpon hym / thenne he wist wel he myghte not endure / ¶ Thenne as a wyfe knyght of werre he said to fir Galahad the haut prynce fyre 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 noble knyghte of your handes / hit is grete shame to you / So god me helpe said fire Galahad there is none other waye but thou must yelde the to me / outhere els to dye said fir Galahad to fir 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 fir Trystram tooke his owne fuerd by the poynte / and put the pomel in the hand of fir Galahad / there with alle came the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / and hard beganne to assaylle fir Trystram / lete be said fir Galahad be ye not soo hardy to touche hym / for I haue gyuen this knyght his lyf / that is youre shame said the kyng with the C knyghtes / hath he not slayne your fader and your moder / As for that said fyre 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 sliche 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 herborowe alkyng to haue sliche 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 fyre Galahad soo femed me / and me femed it had ben grete pyte that this knyght shold haue ben slayne / for I dare faye he is the noblest man that bereth lyf / but yf it were fir laūcelot du lake / Now fayre knyght said fir Galahad I requyre the telle me thy name / and of whens thou arte / and whyder thou wolt / Syr he said my name is fir Trystram du lyones & from kynge Marke of Cornewaile I was sente on message vnto kynge Anguylthe of Irland for to fetche his doughter to be his wyf / & here she is redy to go with me into Cornewaile / and her name is la beale Ifoud / and / fir Trystram said fir Galahad the haut prynce / wel be ye fonde in these marches / & soo ye wille promyse me to goo vnto fyr 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 fyre Trystram now I lete you wete |<[p.315] sig.f5r> soo god me helpe I wende ye had ben fyr launcelot du lake / whan I sawe you fyrste / and therefore I dredde you the more And sire I promyse you said fir Triftram as soone as I may I wille see fir launcelot / and enfelaushippe me with hym / for of alle the knyghtes of the world I mooft desyre his felauship

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

ANd thenne fir Triftram took his leue whan he sawe his tyme and tooke the fee / And the meane whyle word came vnto fir Launcelot and to fir Trystram that sire Carados the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunt / that fought with fir Gawayn and gaf hym suche strokes that he swounded in his fadel / and after that he took hym by the coller / and pulled hym oute of his fadel / and fast bounde hym to the fadel bowe / and so rode his wey with hym toward his castell / And as he rode by fortune fir Launcelot mette with sire Carados and anone he knewe sire Gawayne / that lay bounde after hym / A said fir Launcelot vnto sire Gawayne how stande it with you / Neuer so hard said fir 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 fyr Trystram / where for fir Launcelot was heuy of fir Gawayns wordes / And thenne fir Launcelot bad fir 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 fir Launcelot spare me not / for I warne the I wille not spare the / And thenne he bond fir Gawayne hand and foot / and so threwe hym to the ground / And thenne he gate his spere of his squyer / and departed from fyr launcelot to fetche his cours / and soo eyther met with other / and brake their speres to their handes / & thenne they pulled out swardes / and hurtled to gyders on horfbak more than an houre / And at the laste sire launcelot smote fir Carados suche a buffet vpon the helme that it perched his brayne pan / So thenne fir Launcelot toke fir Carados by the coller and pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne he alyzte and pulled of his helme / and strake of his hede / And thenne |<[p.316] sig.f5v>

fir Launcelot vnbounde fir Gawayne / foo this fame tale was told to fir Galahad and to fir Trystram / here maye ye here the noblenes that foloweth fir launcelot / Allas said fyr Trystram and I had not this message in hand with this fayre lady / truly I wold neuer stynte or I had fonde fyre Launcelot / Thenne fire Trystram and la beale Ifoud wente to the see & came in to Cornewaile / and there alle the barons mette hem /

¶ Capitulum xxix

ANd anone they were rychely wedded with grete nobley / But euer as the frenshe book fayth fir Trystram and la beale Ifoud loued euer to gyders / ¶ Thenne was there grete Iustes and grete torneyenge / and many lordes and ladyes were at that feest / and fir Trystram was most preyfed 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 Ifoud / they ordeyned for hate and enuy for to destroye dame Bragwayne / that was mayden and lady vnto la beale Ifoud / and she was sente in to the forest for to fetche herbes / & there she was mette & bounde feete and hand to a tree / and foo she was bounden thre dayes / And by fortune fir 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 Ifoud 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 Ifoud walked in to the forest to putte awaye 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 Ifoud 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 vnauyfed she grauted alle his alkyng / 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 Ifoud <[p.317] sig.f6r> And fir 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 auenture of her lyf / Notwithstandyng half ageynst her wille she wente with fir 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 fir palamydes / as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe my desyre / but bifore 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 fir palamydes rode after her / And whan fyr Palamydes came before the kynge / he said fir kyng I

requyre you as ye be a ryghteous kynge that ye wille Iuge me the ryght /
Telle me your caufe faid the kynge and ye shalle haue ryght /

¶ Capitulum xxx

Syre faid Palamydes I promysed your Quene Ifoud to brynge ageyne dame Bragwayne that she had loft vpon this couenant that she shold graunte me a bone that I wold aske / and without grutchynge outhere auysement she graunted me / what saye ye my lady faid the kynge / hit is as he faith foo god me help faid the quene / to saye the sothe / I promysed hym his askynge for loue and ioie that I had to see her / Wel madame faid the kynge / and yf ye were hasty to graunte hym what bone he wold aske / I wylle wel that ye performe your promyse / Thenne faid 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 hastily the kynge ansuerd take her with the aduentures that shal falle of hit / for as I suppose thou wylt |<[p.318] sig.f6v> not enioye her noo whyle / As for that faid Palamydes I dare ryght wel abyde the aduenture / and foo to make short tale / sir Palamydes toke her by the hand / and faid Madame grutche not to goo with me / for I defyre no thyng but your own promyse / As for that faid the quene I fere not gretely to go with the / hou be it thou hast me at auantage vpon my promyse / For I doute not I shalle be worshipfully rescowed from the / As for that faid sir Palamydes be it as it be maye / So quene Ifoud was sette behynde Palamydes / and rode his way / anon the kynge sente after syr Trystram / but in no wyse he coude be foude / for he was in the forest an huntynge / for that was alweyes his custome / but yf he vfed armes / to chafe and to hunte in the forestes / Allas faid 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 Triftram / wete ye wel for his sake I wille ryde after your quene and rescowe her / or els I shal be beten / Gramercy faide 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 faide Palamydes / arte thou Trystram / nay he faide I am his seruaunte / and my name is Lambegus / that me repenteth faide Palamydes / I hadde leuer thou haddest ben sire Trystram / I bileue you wel faid Lambegus / but when thou metest with sir Trystram thou shalt haue thy handes ful / And thenne they hurtled to gyders and alle to brafte their speres / and thenne they pulled oute their swardes / and hewed on helmes and hauberkes / At the laste sire Palamydes gaf sir Lambegus fuche a wound that he felle down lyke a dede knyghte to the erthe / Thenne he loked after la beale Ifoud / and thenne she was gone he nyft where / wete ye wel sir Palamydes was neuer foo heuy / So the quene ranne in to the forest / and there she fond a wel / and theryn she hadde thoughte to haue drowned her self / And as good

fortune wold ther came a knyght to her that hadde a Castel therby his name was fire Adtherp / And when he fonde the quene |<[p.319] sig.f7r> in that meschyef / he rescowed her / and broughte her to his castel / And whanne he wyft 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 fore / 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 fire Palamydes rode styll tyl he came to the Castel / And at a wyndowe La Beale Ifoud 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 fadel / 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 Triftram that whanne he was come home / and wyfte la Beale Ifoud was gone with syr Palamydes wete ye wel he was wrothe oute of mesure / Allas said sir Tryfram I am this day shamed / Thenne he cryed to Gouvernaile his man / hafte the that I were armed and on horfbak / 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 horfed sir Triftram and Gouvernaile rode after in to the forest / and within a whyle he fond his knyght Lambegus al moost wounded to the dethe / and fyre Tryfram bare hym to a foster / and charged hym to kepe hym wel / And thenne he rode forth and there he fond syr Adtherp fore 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 fire Tryfram / Syr said the knyght she is sure ynough within my Castel / & |<[p.320] sig.f7v> she can hold her within hit / Gramercy said fyre Tryfram of thy grete goodenes / and soo he rode tyl he came nyghe to that Castel / and thenne syr Tryfram sawe where syr Palamydes sat at the gate slepyng / and his hors pastured fast afore hym Now goo thou Gouvernaile said fire Triftram / and byd hym awake / and make hym redy / So Gouvernaile rode vnto hym / and said sir Palamydes aryse and take to the thyn harneis but he was in sliche a study he herd not what Gouvernaile said So Gouvernaile came ageyne and told fyre Tryfram he slepte or els he was madde / Goo thou ageyne said fire Triftram / 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 Triftram houeth yonder and sendeth the word he is thy mortal foo / And there with all fire Palamydes arose styllly withoute wordes and gate his hors / and faddeled 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 fyre Palamydes ouer his hors tayle / Thenne lightely fyre Palamydes putte his sheld afore hym and drewe his swerd / And there beganne stronge bataill on bothe partyes / for both they fought for the loue of one lady / and euer she laye on the walles and behelde them / hou they foughte oute of mesure / and eyther were wounded pollyng fore / but Palamydes was moche forer wounded / thus they fought tracyng and trauercyng more than two houres that wel nygh for dole and sorowe la beale Ifoud 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 fir palamydes slayne / for wel I knowe by that tyme the ende be done fir Palamydes is but a dede knyght / by cause he is not crystened I wold be lothe that he shold dye a farafyn / And there with alle she came doune and bifought fyre 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 Ifoud but I wold that ye wold for my sake spare this vnhappy farafyn Palamydes / Madame said fyre Trystram I wille leue fyghtyng at this tyme for your sake / ¶ Thenne she said to fyre Palamydes this shalle be your charge that thou shalt goo oute of this cuntry whyle I am therin / I wille obeye your commaundement said fyre Palamydes / the whiche is fore ageynst my wylle ¶ Thenne take thy waye said la beale Ifoud vnto the Courte of kyng Arthur / and there recommaunde me vnto quene Gueneuer / and telle her that I send her word / that ther be withyn this land but four louers / that is fyre Launcelot du lake and Quene Gueneuer and fyre Trystram de lyonas and quene Ifoud

¶ Capitulum xxxij

ANd soo fyre Palamydes departed with grete heynes And fir Tristram took the quene and brougte her ageyne to kyng Marke / And thenne was there made grete Ioye of her home comyng / who was cheryshed but fir Trystram / Thenne fir Trystram lete fetchen fyr Lambegus his knyght 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 fir Andred that was nygh cofyn to fyr Trystram lay in a watche to wayte betwix fir Trystram and la beale Ifoud for to take hem and sklaudre hem / Soo vpon a day fyr Tristram talked with la beale Ifoud in a wyndowe / and that aspyed fir Andred and told it to the kyng / Thenne kyng Marke took a swerd in his hand and came to fir Tristram and called hym fals traitour / and wold haue stryken hym / But fir Trystram was nyghe hym and ranne vnder his swerd and tooke his oute of his hande / And thenne the kyng cryed where are my knyghtes and my men / I charge you flee this traitour / But at that tyme there was not one wold meue for his wordes / Whanne fyre Trystram sawe that there was not one wold be ageynst hym / he shoke the swerd to the kyng and made countenance as though he wold haue

ftryken hym / And thenne kynge Marke fledde / and fyre triftram folowed hym and fmote vpon hym fyue or fixe strokes flatlynge on the neck that he made hym to falle vpon the nofe / & thenne fir Triftram yede his waye and armed hym and tooke |<[p.322] sig.f8v> his hors and his men / and soo he rode in to that forest / And there vpon a daye fyr Tryfram 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 thyrty moo there he wounded / And whan that knyght came before the kynge of faye 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 fyre Tryfram / Syr said the barons in especyal Syre Dynas the Senefchal / fyr / we wille yeue you counceyll for to fende for fir Triftram / for we wille that ye wete / many men wille holde with fyre Tryfram / and he were hard bestad And fyr said fyre Dynas ye shalle vnderstande that fir Triftram 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 fyre Launcelot du lake / And yf ye departe from your Courte and goo to kynge Arthurs courte / wete ye wel he wille gete hym fuche frendes there that he wylle not sette by your malyce / And therefore fyre 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 fyr Triftram vnder a fauf conduyte / And soo whan fyre Triftram came to the kynge / he was welcome / and no reherfail was made / and there was game and playe / and thenne the kynge and the quene wente on huntynge and fir Triftram

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

THe kynge and the quene made their paelions & theire tentes in that forest befyde 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 fyre Lamerak de galys and fir Dryaunt / and there fyre Dryaunt Iusted ryght wel / but at the laste he had a falle / Thenne fyre Lamerak profered to Iuste / And whan he began he ferd so with the thyrty knyghtes |<[p.323] sig.t1r> that there was not one of hem but that he gaf hym a falle / and somme of them were fore hurte / I merueyle said kyng Mark what knyght he is that doth fuche dedes of armes / Sir said fyre Triftram / I knowe hym wel for a noble knyght / as fewe now ben lyuynge / and his name is fir Lamorak de Galys / it were grete shame faide the kynge that he shold goo thus awaye onles that somme of you mette with hym better / Syre said fyre Triftram 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 / therefore 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 very bothe For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be wel confydered / it were ynough for fir

Launcelot du lake / ¶ As for that said kynge Marke I requyre you as ye loue me and my lady the Quene La beale Ifoud take youre armes and Iuste with fire Lamorak de Galys / ¶ Syre said sir Triftram ye byd me doo a thynge that is ageynft knyghthode / And wel I can deme that I fhall gyue hym a falle / For hit is no mayftry / for my hors and I ben fresshe bothe / and fo 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 difauantage / But by caufe I wil not difplease yow / as ye requyre me / foo wille I doo and obeye your commaundement And foo fire Triftram armed hym and took his hors / & putt hym forth / and there fire Lamerak mette hym myghtely / and what with the myght of his owne fperre / and of fire Triftram fperre fyr Lamoraks hors felle to the erthe / and he fyttynge in the fadel / Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte he auoyded the fadel and his hors / and put his fhelde afore hym and drewe his fwerd / And thenne he badde fir Triftram alyghte thou knyght and thou darft / Nay said fire Triftram I wil no more haue adoo with the / for I haue done to the ouer moche vnto my difhonour and to thy worship / ¶ As for that said fir Lamorak I can the no thanke / fyn thou haft foriufsted me on horsbak I requyre the and I bifeche the / and thou be fir Triftram / fyghte with me on foote / ¶ I wylle not foo [p.324] sig.t1v> said ore Triftram / And wete ye wel my name is fire Triftrā de lyones / and wel I knowe ye be fire Lamorak de Galys / And this that I haue done to you was ageynft my wylle / but I was requyred therto / but to faye that I wille doo atte youre request / as at thys tyme I will haue no more ado with you / for me fhame of that I haue done / ¶ As for the fhame said fire Lamorak on thy party or on myne / beare thou hit & thou wilt / For though a marys sone hath fayled me / now a Quenes sone fhalle not fayle the / And therefore and thou be fuche a knyghte as men calle the / I requyre the / alyghte / and fyghte with me / Syre Lamorak said fire Triftram I vnderftande youre herte is grete / and caufe why ye haue / to faye the fothe / for hit wold greue me and ony knyght fhould kepe hym fresshe / and thenne to ftryke doune a very knyghte / for that knyghte nor hors was neuer fourmed that alwey myght ftāde or endure / And therefore said fire Triftram I wille not haue adoo with you / for me forthynketh of that I haue done / as for that said fire Lamorak I fhall quyte you and euer I fee my tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

NOo he departed from hym with fire Dryaun / and by the weye they mette with a knyght that was fente from Morgan le fay vnto kynge Arthur / and this knyght hadde a fayre horne harnest with gold / and the horne had fuche 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 fhould fpylle alle the drynke / And yf she were true to her lord she myght drynke peafyble / and by caufe of the quene Gueneuer and in despyte of fire Launcelot this horne was fente vnto kynge Arthur / and by force fire Lamorak made that knyghte to telle alle the caufe why he bare that horne / ¶ Now fhalte thou

bere this horn fayd 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 kyng Marke his vnkel / and say thou to hym that <[p.325] sig.t2r> I fent hit hym for to assaye his lady / ¶ And yf she be true to hym he shal preue her / Soo the knyghte wente his waye vnto kyng Marke and broughte hym that ryche horne / and fayd that sire Lamorak fente hit hym / and there to he told hym the vertue of that horne ¶ Thenne the kyng maade Quene Ifoud to drynke therof / and an honderd ladyes / and there were but four ladyes of alle tho that dranke clene / ¶ Allas saide kyng Marke this is a grete despyte / and fware 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 forcery that came from as fals a forcereffe and wyche as tho was luyng / 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 / ¶ Also sire Tristram was passyng wrothe that sire Lamorak fente that horne vnto kyng Marke for wel he knewe that hit was done in the despyte of hym / And therfor he thoughte to quyte sire Lamorak / ¶ Thenne sire Tristram vsed dayly and nyghtly to go to quene Ifoud whanne he myght / and euer sire Andred his cofyn watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la Beale Ifoud / And soo vpon a nyght sire Andred aspyed the houre and the tyme whan sire Tristram wente to his lady / ¶ Thenne sire Andred gate vnto hym twelue knyghtes / and at mydnyghte he sette vpon sire Tristram secretly and sodenly / and there sire Tristram was take naked a bedde with la beale Ifoud / and thenne was he boūd hande and foot / and soo was he kepte vntyl daye / ¶ And thenne by the assent of kyng Marke and of sire Andred and of somme of the Barons sire 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 forty 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 Countreye of Cornewaile / and in what leopardy I haue ben in for the wele of you alle / For whan I fought for the truage of cornewaile with <[p.326] sig.t2v> sire 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 sire Andred fals traitour that thou arte with thyn auaūcyng / for alle thy boost thou shalt dye this daye / O Andred Andred said sire Tristram thou sholdest be my kynnesman / and now thou art to me ful vnfrendly / but and there were no mo but thou and I / thou woldest not putte me to deth / No said sire Andred / and ther with he drewe his swerd / and wold haue slayne hym / Whanne sire Tristram sawe hym make suche countenance / he loked vpon bothe his handes that were fast bounden vnto two knyghtes / and sodenly he pulled them bothe to hym / and vnwraft his handes / and thenne he lepte vnto his cofyn sire Andred and wrothe his swerd oute of his handes / thenne he smote sire Andred that he

fylle to the erthe / and foo fir Triftram foughte tyl that he hadde kylled x knyghtes / So thenne fir Triftram gate the chappell and kepte hit myghtely / thenne the crye was grete / and the peple drewe faste vnto fire Andred moo than an honderd / whanne fir Triftram sawe the peple drawe vnto hym he remembryd he was naked / & sperd fast the chappel dore and brake the barrys of a wyndowe / and foo he lepte oute and fylle vpon the crackys in the fee / And fo at that tyme fir Andred nor none of his felawes myghte gete to hym at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

SOo whanne they were departed / Gouvernaile and fire Lambegus and fire Sentraille de lufhon that were fir Triftrams men foughte their maister / whanne they herd he was escaped / thenne they were passyng gladde / and on the rockes they fond hym / and with tuels they pulled hym vp / And thenne fire Triftram asked hem where was la beale Ifoud / for he wende she had ben had aweye of Andreds peple / Syr said Gouvernaile she is put in a lazar cote ¶ Allas |<[p.327] sig.t3r> said fyre Tryftram this is a ful vngoodely place for suche a fayre lady / And yf I maye she shalle not be longe there / And foo he took his men and wente there as was la Beale Ifoud / and fette her aweye and broughte her in to a forest to a fayre manoyre / and fire Triftram there abode with her / Soo the good knyghte badde his men goo from hym / For att this tyme I maye not helpe you / foo they departed alle sauf Gouvernaile / And foo vpon a daye fir Triftram 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 fire Triftram afore hand had slayne his broder / And whan this man hadde foūd hym he shotte hym thorou the sholder with an arow / and fir Triftram lepte vp and kylled that man / And in the meane tyme it was told kynge Marke / how fir Triftram and la beale Ifoud were in that fame manoir / and as soone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyghtes to flee fir Triftram And whanne he came there / he fond hym gone / and there he took la beale Ifoud home with hym / and kepte her strayte that by no meane neuer she myght wete nor sende vnto Tryftram nor he vnto her / And thenne whanne fyre Triftram came toward the old manoir / he fond the trak of many horses / and ther by he wiste his lady was gone / And thenne fir Triftram 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 Ifoud she told a lady that was cofyn vnto dame Bragwayne / and she came to fir Triftram and told hym that he myght not be hole by no meanes / For thy lady la beale Ifoud maye not helpe the / therfor she byddeth you hafte in to Bretayne to kynge Howel / and there ye shal fynde his dougter Ifoud le blanche maynys / and she shal helpe the / Thenne fir triftram and gouvernaile gat them fhypnyng / and foo failed in to Bretayne / And whan kynge Howel wist that it was fir triftram / 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 / |<[p.328] sig.t3v>

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

T Here was an Erle that hyghte Gryp / And this Erle maade grete werre vpon the kynge / and putte the kynge to the werse / and byfeged hym / And on a tyme fyre kehydyus that was sone to kynge Howel / as he yffued oute / he was fore wounded nyghe to the dethe / ¶ Thenne Gouvernaile wente to the kynge and said / fyre I counceyle you to defyre my lord fyre Triftram as in your nede to helpe you / I wille doo by your counceylle said the kynge / and soo he yede vnto fyr Tryfram and praid hym in his warris to helpe hym / for my sone kehydyus may not goo in to the felde ¶ Sire said fir Triftram I wille goo to the feld and doo what I maye / Thenne fir Triftram yffued out of the towne with fuche felaulhip as he myght make / and dyd fuche dedes that alle Bretayne spake of hym / And thenne at the laft by grete myghte and force he flewe the Erle Gryp with his owne handes / and moo than an honderd knyghtes he flewe that daye / And thenne fyre Triftram was receyued worshipfully with proceffion ¶ Thenne kynge Howel embraced hym in his armes / and said fyre Triftram alle my kyngdome I wille refygne to the / God defende said fir Triftram / For I am beholden vnto you for youre doughters fake to doo for you / ¶ Thenne by the grete meanes of kynge Howel & kehydyus his sone by grete profers there grewe grete loue betwixe Ifoud and fyre Tryfram / for that lady was bothe good and fayre / and a woman of noble blood & fame ¶ And for by cause fir Triftram had fuche chere and Rycheffe and alle other plesaunce that he hadde / all moost he hadde forsaken la beale Ifoud / And soo vpon a tyme fir Tryfram agreed to wedde Ifoud la blanché maynys / And at the lafte they were wedded / and solempnly held theyr maryage / And soo whanne they were abedde bothe / fyre Triftram remembryd hym of his old lady la beale Ifoud / And thenne he toke fuche a thought fodenly that he was alle defmaged / and other chere maade he none but with clyppynge and kyffynge as for other fleshly luftes fyre Tryfram neuer thoughte nor hadde adoo with her / fuche mencyon maketh the frenshe booke |<[p.329] sig.t4r> Also it maketh mencyon that the lady wende there had ben no pleasyr but kyffynge 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 Englund / And thenne he came in to the court of kynge Arthur / and he met with fir Launcelot du lake / and told hym of the maryage of fyre Triftram / Thenne said fyre Launcelot / Fy vpon hym vntrue knyghte to his lady that soo noble a knyghte as fir Tryfram is shold be foude to his fyrft lady fals / la beale Ifound / quene of Cornewaile / But faye ye hym this / said fyre 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 xxxvij

THenne departed fyr Suppynabyles vnto Bretayne ageyne / and there he fond fir Triftram / and told hym / that he had ben in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne said fir Triftram herd ye ony thyng of me / Soo god me help saide fyre Suppynabyles / there I herd fire Launcelot speke of you grete fhame / and that ye be a fals 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 Triftram / for of alle knyghtes I loued to be in his felauship / Soo fyre Triftram made grete mone and was afhamed that noble knyghtes fhould deffame hym for the sake of his lady / And in this meane whyle la beale Ifoud maade a letter vnto Quene Gueneuer complaynyng her of the vntrouthe of Sir Triftram and how he hadde wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne / Quene Gueneuer fente her another letter / and badde her be of good chere / for she fhould haue Ioye after sorou / for fire triftram was so noble a knygt called / that by craftes of forcery 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 |<[p.330] sig.t4v> we fire Tryftram in Bretayne and speke we of fire Lamerak de galys / that as he sayled his shyp felle on a rok and peryllhed all / faue fire Lamerak and his squyer / and there he swam myghtely / and fyllhers of the yle of feruage toke hym vp and his squyer was drowned / and the ship men had grete laboure to faue fire Lamoraks lyf / for alle the comfort that coude doo / and the lord of that yle hyght fyre Nabon le noyre a grete myghty gyaunt / And this fir Nabon hated alle the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / and in no wyse he wold doo hem faouure / And these fyllhers told fir Lamorak alle the gyse of fyre Nabon / how there came neuer knyghte of kynge Arthurs but he destroyed hym / And atte last bataille that he dyd was flayne fyr Nanowne le petyte / the which he put to a shameful dethe in despyte of kynge Arthur / for he was drawn lymme meale / That forthynketh me said fir Lamerak for that knyghtes dethe / for he was my cofyn / And yf I were at myn ease as wel as euer I was I wold reunge his dethe / Pees sayd the fyllhers and make here no wordes / for or euer ye departe from hens fyre Nabon mult knowe that ye haue ben here / or els we shold dye for your sake / So that I be hole said Lamorak of my difeafe / that I haue taken in the fee / I wille that ye telle hym that I am a knygt of kynge Arthurs / for I was neuer aferd to reneye my lord /

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

NOw tourne we vnto fire Tryftram that vpon a daye he took a lytel Barget and his wyf Ifound la blaüche maynys with fire kay hedyus her broder to playe hem in the colstes / And whan they were from the land / there was a wynde drofe hem in to the coste of walys vpon this yle of feruage / where as was fyre Lamorak and there the Barget all to rose and there dame Ifoud was hurte /

and as wel as they myzte they gate in to the forest / and there by a welle he
fawe Segwarydes and a damoyfel / And thenne eyther falewed other / fyre
fayde Segwarydes I knowe you for sire Triftram de Lyones the man in the
world that I haue moost cause to hate by cause |<[p.331] sig.t5r> ye
departed the loue bitwene me and my wys / but as for that fayd
Segwarydes I wil neuer hate a noble knyzt for a lyzt lady / And therefore 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 fhalle haue ynough to doo
eyther of vs to focoure other / And thenne fir Segwarydes brought fir
Tryfram 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 flayne / wete you wel fair lady said fir
Tryfram that I flewe sire Marhaus and delyuerd Cornewaile from the
truage of Irland / And I am he that delyuerd the kynge of Irlande from sire
Blamor de ganys / and I am he that bete sire Palamydes / and wete ye wel I
am sire Tryfram de lyones that by the grace of god fhalle delyuer this
woful yle of feruage / So fir Triftram was wel eafed / thenne one told hym
there was a knyghte of kyng Arthur þ^t had wrackyd on the rockes / what is
his name said fir Triftram / we wote not said the fyllhers but he kepeth it no
counceil 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 fir Tdeltram and ye
maye brynge hym hyder that I maye see hym / And yf he be ony of the
Knyghtes of Arthurs I fhalle knowe hym / Thenne the lady prayed the
fyllhers to brynge hym to her place / Soo on the morowe they brouzt hym
thyder in a fyllhers rayment / And as soone as sire Triftram sawe hym he
smyled vpon hym and knewe hym wel / but he knewe not fir Triftram /
Fair fir saide sire Triftram me semeth by your chere ye haue ben diseafed
but late / and also me thynketh I shold knowe you here to fore / I wille wel
said fir Lamorak that ye haue sene me and mette with me / Fair fir saide fir
triftram telle me your name / vpon a couenaunt I wil telle you said fir
Lamorak / that is / that ye wil telle me whether ye be lord of this lland or
noo that is called Nabon le noyre / For sothe said fir triftram I am not he
nor I hold not of hym I am his foo as wel as ye be / and foo shal I be foude
or I departe out of this yle / Wel said fir Lamorak fyn ye haue saide foo
largely vnto me / My name is sire Lamorak de galis sone vnto kynge
pellinore / forsothe I trowe wel said fir triftram / |<[p.332] sig.t5v> for and
ye said other / I knowe the contrary / What are ye said fyre Lamorak that
knoweth me / I am fir Tryfram de lyones / A fyre 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 Triftram / but me fhamed 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 fir Triftram 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
fir Triftram ye shal leue alle your malyce / and soo wille I and lete vs assay
hou we may wynne worship bitwene you and me vpon this gyaunt fir

Nabon le noyre / that is lord of this Iland to destrye hym / Sir said fir 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 fir 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 cuntrye brought thyder fyre Lamorak and fir Triftram and fyre kehydyus and fire Segwarides / for they durst none other wyse doo / and thenne fir Nabon lent fire Lamorak hors and armour at fire Lamoraks defyre / and fire Lamorak Iusted and dyd fuche dedes of armes that Nabon and all the <[p.333] sig.t6r> peple said there was neuer knyght that euer they sawe do fuche dedes of armes / for as the Frenshe book saith he foriusted alle that were there for the moost party of fyue honderd knyghtes that none abode hym in his sadel Thenne fir Nabon profered to playe with hym his playe / for I sawe neuer no knyghte doo soo muche vpon a daye / I wille wel said fire Lamorak playe as I may but I am very and fore bryfed / and there eyther gate a spere / but Nabon wold not encountre with fire Lamorak / but smote his hors in the forhede and soo flewe hym / and thenne fire Lamorak yede on foote and tornd his shelde and drewe his sward / and there beganne stronge bataill on foote / But fir Lamorak was so fore bryfed and shorte brethed that he tracyd and trauercyd somwhat abak / Fair felawe said fyre 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 fir Triftram herd that / he stepte forth and said Nabon lende me hors and sure armour and I wille haue adoo with the Wel felawe said fir 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 fire Triftram loke ye playe wel or els peraduentur I shalle lerne you a newe play that is wel said felawe said fir Nabon / So whan fir Triftram was armed as hym lyked best and wel shelded and swarded / he drestid to hym on foote / For wel he knewe fyr Nabon wold not abyde a stroke with a spere / therefore he wold flee alle knyghtes horses / Now fair felawe said fir Nabon lete vs playe / Soo thenne they foughte longe on foote tracynge and trauercyngesmytynges and foynynges longe withoute ony rest / Atte last fir Nabon praid hym to telle hym his name / Syre Nabon I telle the my name is fir Triftram de lyones a knyght of Cornewail vnder kynges Marke / thou art welcome said fir nabon / for of alle knyghtes I haue moost desyred to fyghte with the

or with fir Launcelot / Soo thenne they wente egerly to gyders and fire triftram flewe fire nabon / and foo forth with he lepte to his sone / and strake of his hede / and thenne al the countrey fayde / they wold holde of fire Triftram / nay faide fire Triftram |<[p.334] sig.t6v> I wille not foo / here is a worlhipfull knyght fir Lamorak de galys that for me he shalle be lord of this countrey / for he hath done here grete dedes of armes / nay faid fir Lamorak I wil not be lord of this countrey / for I haue not deserued it as wel as ye / therefore gyue ye hit where ye wille for I will none haue / Wel faide fire Triftram syn ye nor I wille not haue hit / lete vs yeue hit to hym that hath not so wel deserued hit / Doo as ye lyft faid 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 foo was he lord / & worlhipfully he dyd gouerne hit / And thenne fir Segwarydes delyuerd alle pryfoners and fette good gouernaunce in that valey / and foo he torned in to Cornewaile / and told kyng Mark and la beale Ifoud how fir Triftram 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 Ifoud when she herde telle that fire Triftram was wedded to Ifoud la blanche maynys

¶ Capitulum xl

SOo torne we vnto fir Lamorak that rode toward Arthurs courte / and fire Triframs wyf and Kehydyus took a vessel and failed in to Bretayne vnto kyng Howel where he was welcome / And whan he herd of these aduentures they merueilled of his noble dedes / Now torne we vnto fir Lamorak that whan he was departed from fire Triftram / he rode oute of the forest tyll he came to an hermytage / whan the hermyte sawe hym / he alked hym from whens he came / fir faid fir Lamorak I come fro this valey / fir faid 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 pryfoner / Tho ylle customs faid fir lamorak are fordone / for fir Triftram flewe your lord fir Nabon and his sone / thenne was the hermyte gladd and all his bretheren / for he faid ther was neuer suche a tyraunt among cryfsten men / And therfor faid the hermyte this valey and frauceis |<[p.335] sig.t7r> we wille holde of fire Triftram / Soo on the morowe fir Lamorak departed / And as he rode he sawe four knyghtes fyghte ageynst one / and that one knyght defended hym wel but atte laft the four knyghtes had hym doune / And thenne fir Lamorak wente betwixe them / and alked them why they wold flee that one knyght / and faid hit was shame four ageynst one / Thou shalt wel wete faid the four knyghtes that he is fals / that is youre tale faid fir Lamorak / And whanne I here hym also speke / I wille say as ye saye / ¶ Thenne faid Lamorak / a knyght can ye not excuse you / but that ye are a fals knyghte / Syr faid 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 leopardy our bodyes as for the / But wete thou wel they faide and

kyng Arthur were here hym self it shold not lye in his power to faue his lyf / That is to moche said / said fire 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 sымplest of kyng 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 fyre Lamorak had slayne two of them / and thenne the other two fledde ¶ Soo thenne fire Lamorak tornd ageyne to that knyghte / & asked hym his name / fyre he sayde my name is fire Frolle of the oute Iles / thenne he rode with fire Lamorak and bare hym company / And as they rode by the waye / they sawe a femely knyght rydyng ageynst them / and all in whyte / A said Frol yonder knyght lusted late with me and smote me doune / therfore I wil luste with hym / ye shal not doo soo said fire Lamorak by my counceil / and ye will telle me your quarel whether ye lusted at his request / or he at yours / Nay said sir Frol / I lusted with hym at my request / Syr said Lamorak / thenne wil I couceile 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 knyght make |<[p.336] sig.t7v> the redy to lust / That nedeth not said the whyte knyghte / For I haue no luste to luste with the / but yet they feutryd theyr speres / and the whyte knyghte ouerthrewe fire Frol / and thenne he rode his waye a softe paas / Thenne sir Lamorak rode after hym / and praid hym to telle hym his name / for me semeth ye shold be of the felaulhip 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 fuerdes / and kyssed hertely to gyders / and eyder made loye 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 muft 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 fire Frol / and therfore I wille departe fro yow / ye may doo as ye lyst said sir Lamorak / and yet by my company ye haue faued the fayrest floure of your garland / soo they departed

¶ Capitulum xli

THenne within two or thre dayes fyr Lamorak fond a knyghte at a welle slepyng / and his lady fate with hym and waked / Ryght so came sir Gawayne and toke the knyghtes lady / and sette her vp behynde his squyer / Soo fyre Lamorak rode after fyre Gawayne / and said fire Gawayne / torne ageyne / And thenne said sir Gawayne what wylle ye do with me / for I am neuewe vnto kyng

Arthur / fyre said he for that cause I wil spare you / els that lady shold abyde wyth me / or els ye shold luste 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 fyre Gawayne / and took his lady with hym / Alle this sire Lamorak saw and said to hym self / but I reuenge my felawe / he will say of |<[p.337] sig.t8r> me dishonour in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne sire Lamorak returned and profered that knyght to luste / Syr said he I am redy / and there they came to gyders with alle their myght / and there sire Lamorak smote the knyght thorou both fydes / 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 fyre Lamorak / and badde hym torne and leue that lady / for thou and I must playe a newe playe / for thou hast slayne my broder fyre Froll that was a better knyghte than euer were thou / It myghte wel be said sire Lamorak / but this day in the felde I was found 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 thenne sire 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 faued 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 sire 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 sire Bellyaunce / or els there as thou knelest I shalle flee 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 flee 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 sire lamorak threwe his shelde vpon his |<[p.338] sig.t8v> 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 auauntage as thou hast done me I shold flee 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 vंबरere / and thenne his owne / and thenne eyther kyssed other with wepyng teres / Thenne sire Lamerak ledde sire Belliaunce to an Abbay fast by / and there sire Lamorak wold not departe from Bellyaunce tyl he was hole / And thenne they fware to gyders that none of hem shold neuer fyghte ageynst other / So fyre Lamorak departed and wente to the courte of kynge Arthur /

¶ here leue we of fire Lamorak and of fir Triftram

¶ And here begynneth the historye of La cote male
tayle

¶ Capitulum primum

AT the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and bygly made / and he was rychely bysene / and he defyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garment fat 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 fir kay the Seneschal / but in mockage ye shalle be called la cote male tayle / that is as moche to faye the euyl shapen cote / Hit is a grete thyng that thou askest said the kyng / And for what caufe werest thou that ryche cote / telle me / for I can wel thynke for fomme caufe hit is / Syre he answerd I had a fader a noble knyght / And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune flepe / And there came a knyght that had ben longe his enemy / And whan he sawe he was fast on flepe / he alle to hewe hym / And this same cote had my fader |<[p.339] sig.v1r> on the same tyme / and that maketh this cote to fyte soo evyll 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 caufe ye are callyd the moost noblest kynge of the world I come to you that ye shold make me knyght / Sir said fir Lamorak and fir Gaherys / hit were wel done to make hym knyght / for hym besemeth wel of perfone / and of countenance / that he shall preue a good man and a good knyght / and a myghty for fire and ye be remembryd euen fuche one was fire 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 fire 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 flee the herte / And this yonge man that fire kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer / and by fodeyne 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 sward / and dressid hym afore the lyon / and that lyon gaped wyde and came vpon hym raumppynge to haue flayne

hym / And he thenne smote hym in the mydde of the hede fuche a myghty stroke / that it clafe his hede in fonder / and dallhed to the erthe / ¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the yonge man that firste named by scorne La cote male taylor hadde slayne the lyon / With that the kyng came home / ¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduventure / he was wel pleased / and said / vpon payne of myn hede he shalle preue a noble man and a feythful Knyghte <[p.340] sig.v1v> and true of his promyse / thenne the kyng forth with al made hym knyght / Now firste 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 taylor / in so moche that firste named me / so wille I be called / I assente me wel therto said the kyng

¶ Capitulum secundum

THenne that same daye there came a damoysele in to the courte / and she brought with her a grete black sheld / with a whyte hand in the myddes holdynge a swerd Other pycour was there none in that sheld / 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 so it myffortuned hym / another stronge knyght met with hym by fodeyne aduventure / and there they fought longe / & eyther wounded other passynge fore / and they were so wery / that they lefte that bataille euen hand / So this knyghte that ought this sheld sawe none other way but he must dye / & thenne he commaunded me to bere this sheld to the Courte of kyng Arthur / he requyrynge and prayenge somme good knyght to take this sheld / and that he wold fulfille the quest that he was in / Now what saye ye to this quest said kyng Arthur / Is there any of you here that wille take vpon hym to welde this sheld / ¶ Thenne was there not one that wold speke one word / thenne firste took the sheld in his handes / Sire knyght said the damoysele what is your name / Wete ye wel said he my name is firste the seneschal that wyde where is knowen / Syre said that damoysele laye doune that sheld / for wete ye wel it falleth not for you / for he must be a better knyght than ye / that shalle welde this sheld / damoysele said firste wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by youre leue / for to behold it <[p.341] sig.v2r> not to that entent / but go where someuer thou wilt / for I will not go with you / Thenne the damoysele stode stille a grete while / and byheld many of the knyghtes / Thenne spak the knyght La cote male taylor / fayre damoysele I wille take the sheld and that aduventure vpon me / so I wyft I shold knowe / wheder ward my iourney myght be / for by cause I was this daye made knyght I wold take this aduventure vpon me / What is your name fayre yonge man said the damoysele / My name is said he la cote male taylor / wel mayst thou be called so said the damoysele / the knyght with the euylle shapen cote / but &

thou be foo 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 when I am foo hewen I wille afke you no salue to hele me with alle / And forth with all ther came in to the Court two squyers & brougt 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 aduventure / fir said he / this aduventure is myn / and the fyrst that euer I took vpon me / and that wille I folowe what someuer come of me ¶ Thenne that damoyfel departed / and la cote male taylor fast folowed after / And within a whyle he ouertook the damoyfell and anone she myffaid hym in the fowlest maner

¶ Capitulum Tercium /

THenne fire kay ordeyned fir dagonet / kynge Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taile / and there fir kay ordeyned that fir Dagonet was horsed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taile / and profer hym to Iuste and foo he dyd / and whan he sawe la cote male taylor he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to Iuste / Soo fir la cote male taylor smote fir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe / Thenne the damoyfel mocked la cote male taylor / 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 chyd / ¶ And within a whyle there [p.342] sig.v2v came fir Bleoberys the good knyght / and there he Iusted with la cote male taylor / and there fyre Bleoberys smote hym so fore that hors and alle felle to the erth / Thenne la cote male taylor arose vp lyghtely and dresfid his sheld / and drewe his sward and wold haue done bataill to the vtteraūce / for he was wode wrothe / Not foo said Bleoberys de ganys / as at this tyme I wille not fyghte vpon foote / Thenne the damoyfel Maledyfaūt rebuked hym in the foulest maner / and badde hym torne ayene coward / A damoyfel he said I pray you of mercy to myffay me no more / my gryef is ynough though ye gyue me no more / I calle my self neuer the wers knyght / whan a marys lone fayleth me / and also I compte me neuer the wers knyght for a falle of fir Bleoberys / Soo thus he rode with her two dayes / and by fortune there came fir 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 felaulhip saide the damoyfel maledyfaunt / thou canst not fyte no knyghte / nor withstande hym one buffet / but yf hit were fir dagonet / A fair damoyfel I am not the wers to take a falle of fire 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 damoyfel wete thou wel they haue desdayne and sorne to lyghte of their horses to fyghte with fuche a lewde knyght as thou arte / Soo in the meane whyle ther cam fir Mordred / fir Gawayns broder / and foo he felle in the felaulhip with the damoyfel maledyfaunt / And thenne they came afore the castel Orgulous / and there was fuche a customme that there myght no knyght come by that castel / but outhere he muft Iuste or be prysoner / or at the left to lese his hors

and his harneis / and there came oute two knyghtes ageynft them / and fir Mordred lufted with the formeft / and that knyght of the caftel fmote fir Mordred doune of his hors / and thenne la cote male tayle lufted with that other / and eyther of hem fmote other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And whanne they auoyded their horfes / thenne eyther of hem took others horfes / ¶ And thenne la cote male tayle rode vnto that knyght that fmote doune fir Mordred and lufted with hym / And there fyre La cote male tayle hurte & wounded hym paffynge fore |<[p.343] sig.v3r> 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 caftel / and fir la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the Caftel Orgulous / and there la cote male tayle flewe hym

¶ Capitulum iiij

ANd anone there came an honderd knyghtes about hym and affaylled hym / and whan he fawe his hors fhold be flayne / he alyghte and voyded his hors / & putte the brydel vnder his feete / and fo put hym out of the gate / And whan he had foo done / he hurled in amonge hem / and drefsid his bak vnto a ladyes chamber walle / thynkyng hym felf that he had leuer dye there with worfhip / than to abyde the rebukes of the damoifel Maledyfaunt / And in the meane tyme as he ftood & fougt that lady whos was the chamber wente out flyly at her pofterne / and without the gates fhe fond la cote male tayles hors and lyghtly fhe gate hym by the brydel / and teyed hym to the pofterne / And thenne fhe wente vnto her chambre flyly ageyn for to behold hou that one knyght fought ageynft an honderd knyghtes / And whan fhe had behold hym longe / fhe wente to a wyndowe behynde his bak / and faid thou knyght thou fyghteft wonderly wel / but for alle that at the laft thou muft nedes dye / But and thou canft thorou thy myzty prowefse wynne vnto yonder pofterne / for there I haue faftned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou muft thynke on thy worfhip / & thynke not to dye / for thou maifte not wynne vnto that pofterne without thou doo nobly and myghtly / Whan la cote male tayle herd her faye fo / he gryped his fwerd in his handes and put his fheld fayre afore hym / & thorou the thyckeft prees he thrulled thorou them / And whan he came to the pofterne he fond there redy four knyghtes / and at two the fyrft strokes he flewe two of the knyghtes / & the other fledde / & foo he wanne his hors and rode from them / and alle as it was it was reherced in kyng Arthurs courte / hou he flewe twelue knyghtes within the caftel Orgulous / and fo he rode on his waye / And in the meane whyle the damoyfel faid to fir Mordred I wene my foolysfhe knyght be outhere flayn or taken pryfoner / thenne were they ware where he came rydyng / And whan he was come |<[p.344] sig.v3v> to them / he told alle how he hadde fpedde / and efcaped in despyte of them alle / and fomme of the beft of hem wille telle no tales / Thou lyeft fallly faide the damoyfel / that dare I make good / but as a foole and a daftard to alle knyghthode / they haue lete the paffe / that may ye

preue said La cote male taylor / With that she sente a curour 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 taylor was escaped oute of the castel / ¶ Thenne alle the knyghtes curfyd 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 laūcelot 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 anfuer the curour departed and came to Maledyfaunt his lady / and told her alle how fyr la cote male taylor had speredde at the castel Orgulous / Thenne she smote down her heed / and sayd lytel / By my hede said sir Mordred to the damoyfel 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 fytt sure on horfbak / for he that shalle be a good horfman / 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 are 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 horfbak / 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 talkyng by the way to gyders / <[p.345] sig.v4r> ¶ 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 taylor how he slewe the lyon / & how he tooke vpon hym the aduventure of the black shelde / the whiche was named atte that tyme the hardyest aduventure of the world / Soo god me saue said sir Laūcelot vnto many of his felawes / it was shame to alle the noble knyghtes to suffre sliche a yonge knyghte to take sliche aduventure vpon hym for his destructyon / for I wille that ye wete said sire launcelot / that that damoyfel maledyfaunt hath born that shelde many a day for to feche 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 damoyfell 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 fory that sir La cote male taylor was gone forth to that aduventure / Truly said sir launcelot I

caft me to ryde after hym / and within feuen dayes fir launcelot ouertook la cote male taylor / And thenne he falewed hym / and the damoyfel maledyfaunt / And whan fir Mordred fawe fir laūcelot / thenne he lefte their felaufhip / and foo fir launcelot rode with hem al a day / and euer that damoyfel rebuked la cote male taile / and thenne fire launcelot anfuerd for hym / thenne she lefte of / and rebuked fir launcelot / Soo this meane tyme fyre Triftram fente by a damoyfel a letter vnto fire launcelot excufynge hym of the weddyng of Ifoud le blaunche maynys / and faid in the letter as he was a true knyght / he hadde neuer adoo flefhly with Ifoud la blaunche maynys / and paffynge curtoisly & gentyly fir triftram wrote vnto fire launcelot / euer byfechyng hym to be his good frende / & vnto la beale Ifoud of Cornewaile / and that fire <[p.346] sig.v4v> Launcelot wold excufe hym yf that euer he fawe her / ¶ And within fhorthe tyme by the grace of god faid fir Triftram that he wold fpeke with la Beale Ifoud and with hym ryghte haftely / Thenne fire Launcelot departed from the damoyfel / & from fyr la cote male taile for to ouerfee that letter / and to wryte another letter vnto fyre Triftram de lyones / and in the meane whyle la cote male taylor roode with the damoyfel vntyl they came to a caftel that hyght Pendragon / and there were fyxe knyghtes ftode afore hym / and one of hem profered to Iufte with la cote male taylor / And there la cote male taylor fmote hym ouer his hors croupe / ¶ And thenne the fyue knyghtes fette vpon hym all at ones with their fperes / & there they fmote la cote male taylor doune hors and man / And thenne they alyght fodenly / and fette their handes vpon hym all attones / and toke hym pryfoner / and foo ledde hym vnto the caftel / & kepte hym as pryfoner / And on the morne fir Launcelot arofe and delyuerd the damoyfel with letters vnto fir Triftram / & thenne he took his way after la cote male taylor / & by the waye vpon a brydge there was a knyghte profered fire Launcelot to Iufte / and fire Launcelot fmote hym doune / and thenne they foughte vpon foote a noble batail to gyders and a myghty / & at the lafte fire Launcelot fmote hym doune grouelynge vpon his handes and his knees / And thenne that knyghte yelded hym / and fire launcelot receyued hym fayre / Syr faid the knyght I requyre the telle me your name / for moche my herte yeueth vnto you / Nay faid fire Launcelot as at this tyme I wil not telle you my name / onles thenne that ye telle me your name / Certaynly faid the knyght my name is fir Nerouens that was made knyght of my lord fir Launcelot du lake / A Nerouens de lyle faid fire Launcelot I am ryght gladde that ye ar proued a good knyghte / for now wete ye wel my name is fir Launcelot du lake / Allas faid fire Nerouens de lyle what haue I done / and there with al flatlyng he felle to his feet / and would haue kyft them / but fir Launcelot wold not lete hym / & thenne eyther made grete ioye of other / And thenne fire Nerouens told fir Launcelot that he fhould not goo by the caftel of Pendragon / for there is a lord a myghty knyght / and many knyghtes with hym / and this nyght I herd fay that they toke <[p.347] sig.v5r> a knyght pryfoner yefterday that rode with a damoyfel / & they faye he is a knyghte of the round table

¶ Capitulum vj

A Said fir Launcelot that knyght is my felawe / & hym shalle I rescowe or els I shalle lese my lyf therefore 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 fire Launcelot at ones / thenne fire Laūcelot feutryd his spere / and smote the formeft that he brake his bak in fonder / and thre of them hytte and thre fayled / And thenne fire launcelot pafst 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 swardes and lashed at fyre Launcelot / And at euery stroke fire launcelot bestowed so his strokes that at four strokes sondry they auoyded theyr sadels passynge fore wounded / and forthe with alle rode hurlyng in to that castel / And anon the lord of the castel that was that tyme cleped fir Bryan de les yles the which was a noble mā 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 rashed to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their sadels / & dresid their sheldes and drewe their swardes and flange to gyders as wood men / and there were many strokes yeuen in a whyle / at the last fir launcelot gaf to fir Bryan suche a buffet that he kneled vpon his knees / and thenne fir launcelot rashed vpon hym / and with grete force he pulled of his helme / and whanne fire Bryan sawe that he shold be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in his mercy and in his grace / Thenne fire launcelot made hym to delyuer alle his prysoners that he had within his castel / and therin fir laūcelot 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 damoyfel |<[p.348] sig.v5v> Maledysaunt / the meane whyle fyre Neroueus that fir Launcelot had foughten with alle afore at the brydge / he sente a damoyfel after fir Launcelot to wete hou he spedde at the Castell of Pendragon / And thenne they within the castel merueylled what knyght he was whan fir Bryan and his knyghtes delyuerd alle tho prysoners / haue ye no merueille said the damoyfel / for the best knyghte in this world was here / and dyd this iourney / and wete ye wel she said it was fire launcelott Thenne was fir Bryan ful gladde and soo was his lady / & alle his knyghtes / that suche a man shold wyne them / And whan the damoyfel and la cote male taylor vnderstood that it was fyr Launcelot du lake that had ryden with them in felauhip / ¶ And that she remembryd her hou 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 after fire Launcelot / And within two myle they ouertook hym / and

falewed hym / and thanked hym / and the damoyfel cryed fir Launcelot mercy of her euyll dede / and fayenge / for now I knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene fire Trifram and you / For god knoweth said the damoyfel that I haue foughte you my lord fir Launcelot and fir Trifram longe / and now I thanke god I haue mette with you / and ones at Camelot I mette with fir Trifram / and there he rescowed this blak shelde with the whyte hand holdynge a naked swerd / that fir Bruyns faunce pyte had taken from me / Now fayre damoyfel said fir Launcelot who told you my name / Syre said she / there came a damoyfell from a knyghte that ye fought with all at the brydge / and she told me your name was fir Launcelot du lake / blame haue she thenne said fire Launcelot / but her lord fire Neroueus hath told her / But damoyfel said fire Launcelot vpon this couenaunt I wille ryde with you / so that ye wille not rebuke this knyght fir La cote male taylor nomore / for he is a good knyght and I doubte not he shalle preue a noble knyght / and for his <[p.349] sig.v6r> fake and pyte that he sholde not be destroyed / I folowed hym to focoure hym in this grete nede / A / Ihesu thanke you said the damoyfel / 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 supoofed 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 aweye for Ialoufy that I had of his lyf / for it maye be no yong knyghtes dede that shal encheuee this aduenture to the ende / Perdiu said fire Launcelot his is wel said / and where ye are called the damoyfel Maledyfaunt I wille calle you the damoyfel 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 fir launcelot and they were at the bridge / there starte forth afore them of gentilmen and yomen many that faide / 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 / therefore chese you whiche of you shalle entre withynne this brydge fyrste / Thenne fir 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 fir launcelot to lete you passe this passage / Syre said la cote male taylor I praye you lete me putte my body in this aduenture / Now goo youre waye said fire Launcelot / and Ihesu be your spede / So he entrid and anone there mette with hym two bretheren / the one hyghte fyr Playne de force and the other hyghte fir Playne he amours And anone they mette with fir la cote male taylor / and fyrste la cote male taylor 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 taylor alyghte / and soo he dyd / and there was dallhyng and foynnyng with swerdes / and soo they began to assaile ful hard la cote male taylor / and many grete woundes they gaf hym vpon his <[p.350] sig.v6v> 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 fire la cote male taylor /

but he by fyne force & knyghtly prowesse gate hem afore hym / And thenne whan he felte hym self foo wounded / thenne he doubled his strokes / & gaf them soo many woundes that he feld them to the erthe / & wold haue flayne them had they not yelded them / And ryȝt foo fire 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 fire Plenorius / a ful noble knyghte / and there they Iufted to gyder / and eyther smote other doune hors and man to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horfes / and dresseid their sheldes / and drewe their swardes / 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 fire Launcelot and the damoyfel beheld them / ¶ Allas said the damoyfel my knyghte fyghteth passynge fore and ouer longe / ¶ Now may ye see said fir Launcelot that he is a noble knyghte for to confydre 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 fyre la cote male tayle fanke ryghte down 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 freshe 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 fir Plenorius took hym vp in his armes / and ledde hym in to his toure / And thenne [p.351] sig.v7r he commaunded hym the wyn / and made to sarche hym and to stoppe his bledynge woundes / ¶ Syre said la cote male tayle 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 felaulship / ye said la cote male tayle / 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 tayle Wel said the knyght / he shalle be encountred with alle / what someuer he be / Thenne fir Plenorius herd a knyght calle / that sayd fyr Plenorius where art thou / outhur thou must delyuer me the prysoner that thou haft 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 walloppyng toward fyr launcelot / and thenne they beganne to feutre their speres / and came to gyders as thonder / and smote eyther other so myghtely that their horfes felle doune vnder them / And thenne they auoyded their horfes / and pulled out their swardes / & lyke two bulles they lashed to gyders with grete strokes and foynes / but euer fyr launcelot recouerd ground vpon hym / and fire Plenorius traced to haue gone aboute hym / But fire launcelot wold not

fuffer that / but bare hym backer and backer / tyll he came nyyhe his toure gate / And thenne said fire 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 pryfoner The other anfuerd no word / but strake myghtely vpon fir laūcelots helme that the fyre sprange out of his eyen / thenne fyre Launcelot doubled his strokes soo thyck / and smote at hym so myghtely that he made hym knele vpon his knees / And there with fir launcelot lepte vpon hym / and pulled hym grouelyng doune / Thenne fir Plenorius yelded hym / and his toure / and alle his pryfoners at his wille / thenne fir launcelot receyued hym and took his trouthe / and thenne he rode to the other brydge / and there fir launcelot Iusted with other thre of his bretheren / the one hyght Pillounes / and the other hyght Pellogris and the thyrdde fir Pellandris / and fyrst vpon horfbak fir launcelot smote hem doune / and afterward he bete them on foote / and made them to yelde them vnto hym / and thenne he returned <[p.352] sig.v7v> vnto fir Plenorius / and there he fond in his pryfon kyng Carados of scotland and many other knyghtes / and alle they were delyuerd / And thenne fire la cote male tayle came to fire launcelot / and thenne fir launcelot wold haue yeuen hym alle these fortresses and these brydges / Nay said la cote male tayle I wille not haue fire Plenorius lyuelode / with that he wylle graunte you my lord fire 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 fire launcelot / with this that he wille come to the Courte of kynge Arthur and bicom his man / and his bretheren fyue / And as for you fir Plenorius I wille vndertake said fir 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 guded and ruled as kynge Arthur & ye wille haue me / Thenne fir Launcelot and fire la cote male tayle repofed hem there vnto the tyme fire 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 fir kay the feneschal and fire Brandyles / and anone they felauhypped wyth them / And thenne within ten dayes thenne departed tho knyghtes of Arthurs Courte from these fortresses / And as fir laūcelot came by the castel of Pendragon / there he putte fir 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 fire la cote male tayle / & thenne fir 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 fire Plenorius and fir la cote male tayle called otherwyse by ryght fyr Breunes le noyre bothe maade <[p.353] sig.v8r> knyghtes of the table round / and

grete londes kynge Arthur gaf them / and there Breune le noyre wedded that damoyfell Maledyfaunt / 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 pallynge noble knyghte and myghty / & many worlhipful dedes he dyd after in his lyf / and sire Plenorius proued a noble knyght and ful of prowesse / and alle the dayes of their lyf for the moost party they awayted vpon sire laūcelot / and sire Plenorius bretheren were euer knyghtes of kynge Arthur / and also as the frenshe book maketh mencyon / fyr la cote male tayle auengyd his faders dethe /

¶ Capitulum x

Now leue we here sire la cote male tayle / and torne we vnto sire Triftram de lyones that was in Bretayne / whanne la beale Ifoud vnderstode that he was wedded / she sent to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pyteous letters as coude be thoughte and made / and her concludion was / that / and hit pleasyd fyr Triftram / that he wold come to her courte / and brynge with hym Ifoud la blanche maynys / and they shold be kepte as wel as she her self / Thenne sire Triftram called vnto hym sire kehydius / and asked hym whether he wold go with hym in to Cornewaile secretly / He answered hym that he was redy at al tymes / And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely / a lytel vessel / and therein they wente fyr Triftram / kehydius / Dame Bragwayne and Gouvernaile sire Triftrams squyer / So when they were in the see / a contraryous wynde blewe hem on the costes of Northwalys nygh the castel peryllous / Thenne sayd sire Triftram 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 hye me after you / Thenne sire Triftram and kehydius took their horses and departed from their felauship / And soo they rode within that forest a myle and more / And [p.354] sig.v8v at the last sire Triftram sawe afore hym a lykely knyght armed fyttynge by a welle / and a stronge myghty hors pallyng nyghe hym teyed to an Oke and a man houynge and rydynge by hym ledynge an hors lade with speres / And this knyghte that fatte atte welle / femed by his countenance to be pallyng heuy / Thenne sire Triftram rode nere hym / and said fayr knyght why fyttte 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 thenne he took a grete spere of his squyer / and departed his waye a furlonge / Sire kehydius asked leue of sire Triftram to Iuste fyrst / doo your best said sire Triftram / soo they mette to gyders and there sire kehydius had a falle / and was fore wounded / on hyghe aboute the pappys / ¶ Thenne sire Triftram said / knyght 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 fir Triftram / and there by grete force that knyght smote doune fir Triftram from his hors and had a grete falle / Thenne fir Triftram was fore afhamed / and lyghtly he auoyded his hors / and put his sheld afore his sholder and drewe 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 drewe his swerd / and there they fought a longe bataile to gyder ful nyghe two houres / ¶ Thenne fir Triftram 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 auyfed / but and thou wolt telle me thy name / peradventure I wille telle the myn /

¶ Capitulum xj

NOw fayr knyght he said / my name is sire Triftram de lyones / Syre faide the other knyght / and my name is fir lamorak de galys / A fir lamorak said fir Triftram / well |<[p.355] sig.x1r> be we mette / and bethynke the now of the despyte thou dydest me of the fendyng of the horne vnto kynge Markes courte to the entente to haue flayne or dishonoured my lady the Quene la Beale Ifoud / and therefore wete thou wel said fir Triftram the one of vs shalle dye or we departe / Sire said fir Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage / and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendship / thenne sire Triftram wold make no lenger delays but lashed at fir Lamorak / & thus they foughte longe / tyl eyder were wery of other / Thenne fir Triftram seid to fir Lamorak in alle my lyf mette I neuer with suche a knyght that was soo bygge and well brethed as ye be / therefore said fyre Triftram 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 fir triftram 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 fir Triftram 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 fir 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 fyre Triftram and sire Lamorak fwere that neuer none of hem shold fyghte ageynst other nor for wele / nor for woo

¶ Capitulum xij

ANd this meane whyle there came fire Palomydes the good knyght folowyng the questyng beeft that hadde in shap a hede lyke a serpentes hede / and a body lyke a lybard / buttocks lyke a lyon / and foted lyke an herte / and in his body there was fuche a noyse as hit had ben the noyse of thyrtyt couple of hoūdes questyng / and fuche a noyse that beeft made where someuer he wente / & this beeft euermore fyr palomydes folowed / for hit was called his quest / & ryȝt so as he folowed this beeft / it came by fyr Triftram / and soone after cam <[p.356] sig.x1v> Palamydes / and to breue this matere / he fmote doune fir triftram and fir Lamorak bothe with one spere / and soo he departed after the beste Glatysaunt / that was called the questyng beeft / wherfore these two knyghtes were passyng wrothe / that fir 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 fire Triftram the fire Lamorak gate fire 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 fir Triftram to fire Lamorak I requyre you yf ye happe to mete wyth fir Palamydes / fay hym that he shal fynde me atte same welle there I mette hym / and there I fire Triftram shalle preue whether he be better knyght than I / and soo eyther departed from other a sondry way / and fire triftram rode nyghe there as was fire kehydius / and fire Lamorak rode vn tyl he came to a chapel / and there he putte his hors vnto pasture / and anone there came fir Melyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus sone / & he there putte his hors to pasture / and was not ware of fir lamorak / and thenne this knyght fire Melliagaunce maade his mone of the loue that he hadde to quene Gueneuer / and there he made a woful complaynte / All this herd fire Lamorak / and on the morne fir lamorak took his hors and rode vnto the forest / and there he mette with two knyghtes houyng vnder the wood shawe / Faire knyghtes said fire Lamorak what doo ye houyng here and watchyng / And yf ye be knyghtes arraunt that wille Iuste / loo I am redy / Nay fir 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 flewe our broder / ¶ What knyght was that said fir Lamorak that ye wold fayne mete with all / Syre they said / hit is fire launcelot that flewe oure broder / And yf euer we maye mete with hym / he shal not escape but we shalle flee hym / ¶ Ye take vpon you a <[p.357] sig.x2r> grete charge saide fir Lamorak / for fire launcelot is a noble proued knyȝt / 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 fir Lamorak / For I herd neuer yet of no knyght the dayes of my lyf but fir launcelot was to bygge for hym

¶ Capitulum xiiij /

RYght soo as they stode talkynge thus / fyre Lamorak was ware hou fyr launcelot came rydyng streyghte toward them / thenne fyre Lamorak salewed hym / and he hym ageyne / And thenne fyre lamorak asked fir launcelot / yf there were ony thyng that he myght doo for hym in these marches / Nay said fyre launcelot not at this tyme / I thanke you / thenne eyther departed from other / and fir Lamorak rode ageyn ther as he lefte the two knyghtes / and thenne he fond them hydde in the leued woode / Fy on you said fir Lamorak fals cowardes / pyte and shame it is / that ony of you shold take the hyhe ordre of knyghthode / Soo fir Lamorak departed fro them / and within a whyle he mette with fyre Melyagaunce / And thenne fyre Lamorak alked 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 fir 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 fyre Lamorak I fay nay therto / for quene Morgause of Orkeney moder to fyre Gawayne and his moder is the fayrest quene and lady that bereth the lyf / That is not so sayd fyre Melyagaunce / and that wille I preue with my handes vpon thy body / wille ye soo said fyre 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 fore that their horses felle bakward to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horses and dressid their sheldes / and drewe their swardes And thenne they hurtled to gyders as wylde bores / and thus [p.358] sig.x2v> they fought a grete whyle / For Melyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght / but fyre Lamorak was hard bygge for hym / and putte hym alweyes a bak / but eyther had wounded other fore / ¶ And as they stode thus fyghtynge / by fortune came fyre Launcelot and fyre Bleoberys rydyng / And thenne fyre launcelot rode betwixe them / and alked 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 prayfed my lady Quene Gueneuer / and said she was the fayrest lady of the world / and fyre Lamorak said nay therto / For he said quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrer than she and more of beaute / A fyre Lamorak why saist thou soo / hit is not thy parte to dispraise thy pryncesse 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 fyre Lamorak I am loth to haue adoo with you in this quarell / For euery man thynketh his

owne lady fayrest / and though I prayfe 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 Laūcelot / I wyfte you neuer soo myfauysed as ye are now / For fyre Lamorak faith 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 <[p.359] sig.x3r> hath oughte you and vs euer good wille / and therefore I praye you be good frendes / ¶ Thenne sire Launcelot sayd vnto sire lamorak / I pray you foryeue me myn euylle wylle / And yf I was myfauysed I wille amende hit / Syre sayde sire Lamorak the amendys is soone made betwixe you and me And soo sire Launcelot and sire Bleoberys departed / and syr Melyagaunce and sire Lamorak took their horses / and eyther departed from other / And within a whyle came kynge Arthur and mette with sire Lamorak and Iusted with hym / and there he smote doune sire Lamorack / and wounded hym fore with a spere / and soo he rode from hym / wherfore sire 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 sire kay the seneschal and there sire kay asked sire Tristram of what coūtrei he was / he answerd that he was of the countrey of Cornewail Hit maye wel be said sire kay / for yet herd I neuer that euer good knyghte came oute of Cornewaile / that is euyl spoken said sire 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 sire 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 knyght Iusted with sire kay / and there that knyght gaf sire kay a falle / his name was sire Tor fyre Lamoraks half broder / and thenne they two rode to theyre lodgyng / And there they fonde sire Brandyles / and sire Tor came thyder anone after / ¶ And as they satte atte souper these foure knyghtes / thre of <[p.360] sig.x3v> them spak alle shame by Cornyshe 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 sire Tristram took his hors / and abode them vpon their way / And

there fyre Brandyles proferd to Iufte with fir Triftram / and fir Triftram fmote hym doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne fire Tor le fyfe de vaylhoure encountred with fyre Triftram / and there fire Triftram fmote hym doune / and thenne he rode his waye / and fir kay folowed hym / but he wold not of his felaufhip / Thenne fire Brandyles came to fir kay / and faid I wold wete fayne what is that knyghtes name / Come on with me faid fir kay / and we fhall praye hym to telle vs his name / Soo they rode to gyders / tyll they came nyghe hym / and thenne they were ware where he fat by a welle / and had putte of his helme to drynke at the welle And whanne he fawe them come / he laced on his helme lyghtly / and took his hors / and proferd hem to Iufte / Nay faid fyre Brandyles we Iufted 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 fythen that is your defyre / and to pleafe you ye fhall wete that my name is fir Triftram de lyones neuewe vnto kynge Mark of Cornewayle / In good tyme faide fire 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 felaufhip that wold be rygt glad of your company / For ye are the knyghte in the world that the noble felaufhip of the round table moofte defyreth to haue the company of / God thanke them faid fir Triftram of theyre grete goodenes / but as yet I feale wel that I am vnabyl to be of their felaufhip / For I was neuer yet of fuche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of fuche a felaufhip / A fayde fire kay and ye be fyre Tryftram de lyones ye are the man called now mooft of prowefse excepte fir launcelot du lake / For he bereth not the lyf cryften ne hethen that can fynde fuche another knyght to fpeke of his prowefse and of his handes and his trouthe with alle / For yet coude there neuer creature faye of hym dishonour and make hit good / ¶ Thus they talked a grete whyle / and thenne they departed eyther from
|<p.361] sig.x4r> other fuche weyes as hem femed beft /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

NOw fhall ye here what was the caufe that kynge Arthur cam in to the foreft 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 fhe by fayre promyfe and fayre biheftes maade kynge Arthur to ryde with her in to that foreft perillous / and fhe was a grete forceresse / and many dayes fhe hadde loued kynge arthur / and by caufe fhe wold haue hym to lye by her / fhe came in to that Countrey / Soo whanne the kynge was gone with her / many of his knyghtes folowed after kynge arthur / whan they myft hym / as fir launcelot Braundyles and many other / and when fhe had brought hym to her toure / fhe defyred hym to lye by her and thenne the kynge remembryd hym of his lady / and wold not lye by her for no crafte that fhe coude doo / Thenne euery daye fhe wolde make hym ryde in to that foreft with his owne knyghtes to the entent to haue had kynge arthur flayne / For whan this lady annoure fawe that fhe mygt 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 feke 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 knyghtes / 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 sire Tristram she said well be ye mette / and blessed 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 damoyfel said sire 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 knyght of the world hard bestad |<[p.362] sig.x4v> ¶ 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 sire Tristram that euer he shold be in suche distresse / Thenne they rode to gyders a grete pas vntyl they came to a lytel turrett a castel / & vndernethe that castel they sawe a knyghte standynge vpon foote fyghtynge with two knyghtes / And soo sire Tristram biheld them / and at the laste the two knyghtes smote doune the one knyghte / and that one of hem vnaced his helme to haue slayne hym / And the lady Annoure gat kyng Arthurs fuerd in her hand to haue stryken of his hede / And there with alle came sire Tristram with alle his myghte / cryenge / Traytreffe / Traitresse leue that / And anone there sire Tristram smote the one of the knyghtes thorou the body that he felle dede / and thenne he raffhed 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 fadel bowe / And thenne sire 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 defyred to wete his name / but he wold not telle hym / but that he was a poure knyght auenturous / and soo he bare kynge Arthur felaulship tyl he met with somme of his knyghtes / And within a whyle he mette with sire Ector de marys / and he knewe not kynge Arthur nor sire Tristram / and he defyred to iuste with one of hem / Thenne sire Tristram rode vnto sire 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 felaulship / 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 sire Tristram / Soo he departed and lefte kyng Arthur and sire Ector to gyders |<[p.363] sig.x5r>

¶ Capitulum xvij

ANd thenne at a day fette fire Triftram and fire Lamorak mette at the welle / and thenne they took kehydius at the fosters hous / and foo they rode with hym to the ship / where they lefte dame Brangwayne and Gouvernayle and foo they sayled in to Cornewaile all holy to gyders / and by assent and enformacyon of dame Brangwayn whan thye were landed they rode vnto fire Dynas the feneschal / a trusty frende of fir Triftrams / and so dame Brangwayne and fyre Dynas rode to the courte of kynge Marke / and told the quene la Beale Ifoud that fir triftram was nyghe her in that countrey / thenne for very pure Ioye la beale Ifoud fwounded / & whan she myghte speke / she said gentyl knyȝt Seneschall help that I myght speke with hym / outhur my herte wille braft / ¶ Thenne fir Dynas and dame Brangwayne broughte fyre triftram and kehydius pryuely vnto the courte vnto a chambre where as la beale Ifoud hadde assygned hit / and to telle the ioyes that were betwixe la beale Ifoud and fire triftram / there is no tonge can telle it / nor herte thynke hit / nor pen wryte hit / And as the Frenshe book maketh mencyon at the fyrst tyme that euer fir kehydius sawe la beale Ifoud / 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 / fire Kehydius dyed for loue of la beale Ifoud / and thenne pryuely he wrote vnto her lettres and ballades of the moost goodlyest that were vsed in tho dayes / ¶ And whanne La beale Ifoud vnderstood his letters she hadde pyte of his cōplaynt / and vnaufsed she wrote another letter to comforte hym with alle / And fire triftram was alle this whyle in a turret at the commaundement of la beale Ifoud / and whan she myght / she came vnto fire triftram / So on a day kynge Mark played at the chesse vnder a chamber wyndowe / and at that tyme fire triftram and fire Kehydius were within the chamber ouer Kyng Marke / and as it mylhapped fir triftram fonde the letter that Kehydius sent vnto la beale Ifoud / also he had fūnd the letter that she wrote vnto Kehydius / & at that same tyme la Beale Ifoud was in the same chamber / Thenne fir triftram |<[p.364] sig.x5v> came vnto la Beale Ifoud 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 rycheffe haue I forsaken for your loue / and now ye are a traytresse to me the whiche dothe me grete payne / but as for the fir kehydius I broughte the oute of Bretayne in to this Coūtrei / and thy fader kynge Howel I wanne his landes / how be it I wedded thy syster Ifoud le blanche 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 fyr Kehydius for this fallhede and treason thou hast done me / I wille reuenge hit vpon the / And there with alle fir Triftram drewe oute his sward / and said fire kehydius kepe the / and thenne la Beale Ifoud fwounded to the erthe / And whanne fir kehydius sawe fir triftram come vpon hym / he sawe none other bote / but lepte oute at a bay wyndowe euen ouer the hede where fat 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

fortuned me that I was a flepe in the wyndowe aboue your hede / and as I flepte I flommeryd / and foo I felle doune / And thus fir kehydius excused hym

¶ Capitulum xviiij

THenne fir Triftram dredde fore 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 foo whanne sire Triftram sawe / there was no refyltence 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 fyr Gawayns sone / And anone fir Gyngalyn putte his spere in his reyste / and ranne vpon sire Tryftram and brake his spere / and sire Triftram at that <[p.365] sig.x6r> tyme had but a swerd / and gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he fylle doune from his fadel / and his swerd flode adoune / and carf a fonder his hors neck / And foo sire triftram 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 foo he dyd / And whanne kyng Marke wyft that it was fir Gyngalyn / he welcomed hym / and gaf hym an hors / and asked hym what knyght hit was that had encoütred with hym / Syr said fir gyngalyn / I wote not what knyght he was / but wel I wote that he fygheth and maketh grete dole / Thenne fir Triftram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyghte fir Fergus / And whan he had mette with hym he made grete sorowe in so moche that he felle doune of his hors in a swoune / and in suche sorowe he was in thre dayes and thre nyghtes / Thenne at the lafte fir Triftram sent vnto the courte by fir Fergus for to spere what tydynges / And so as he rode by the way he met with a damoyfel that came from fir Palamydes to knowe and seke how fir Triftram dyd / Thenne fir Fergus told her / how he was al most out of his mynde / ¶ Allas said the damoyfel where shalle I fynde hym / In suche a place said sire Fergus ¶ Thenne fir Fergus fond Quene Ifoud seke in her bedde / makynge the gretteft dole that euer ony erthely woman made And whan the damoyfel fonde sire Triftram / she made grete dole by cause she myght not amende hym / for the more she made of hym / the more was his payne / And at the laft fir Triftram toke his hors and rode awaye 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 fir Triftram escaped away from the damoyfel / and it happed hym to ryde by the same castel where sire Palamydes and fir Triftram dyd bataille whan la beale Ifoud departed them / And there by fortune the damoyfel mette with sire Triftram ageyne makynge the gretteft dole that euer erthely creature made / and she yede to the lady of that castel / and tolde her of the myfauenture of sire Triftram / allas said the lady of that castel where is my lord fir triftram / Ryght here by your castel

faid the damoyfel / In good tyme faide the lady / is he soo nyghe me / he
 |<[p.366] sig.x6v> fhalle haue mete and drynke of the best / and an harp I
 haue of his / where vpon he taught me / For of goodely harpyng he bereth
 the pryce in the world / So this lady and damoifel brought hym mete and
 drynke / but he ete lytel therof / Thenne vpon a nyght he putte his hors
 from hym / And thenne he vnaced his armour / and thenne sir Triftram
 wold go in to the wildernesse and braft 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 sir
 Triftram was in the woode that the lady wyft not where he was / thenne
 wold she fyte her doune and playe vpon that harp / Thenne wold sir
 Triftram come to that harp / and herken ther to / and somtyme he wold
 harpe hym self Thus he there endured a quarter of a yere / thenne at the laft
 he ranne his way / and she wylte not where he was become / And thenne
 was he naked and waxed lene / and poure of flesshe / and soo he felle in the
 felaulhip of herd men and sheepherdes / and dayly they wold gyue hym
 fomme 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
 Triftram 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 sir Triftram came vnto them / and
 fyrst he soufyd sir Dagonet in that welle / & after his squyers / and there at
 lough the sheepherdes / 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 sir Triftram endured
 there an halfe yere naked / and wold neuer come in town / ne vyllage / The
 meane whyle the damoyfel that fyre Palomydes sente to seke sir Triftram
 she yede vnto sir Palomydes / and told |<[p.367] sig.x7r> hym alle the
 meschyef that sir Triftram endured / Allas sayd sir Palomydes hit is grete
 pyte that euer soo noble a Knyght shold be soo mescheued for the loue of a
 lady / But neuertheles I wille goo and seke hym / and comforte hym and I
 may ¶ Thenne a lytel before that tyme la Beale Ifoud 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 enfelaulhypped to gyder / and eyther complayned to
 other of theire hote loue that they loued la beale Ifoud / Now lete vs saide sir
 Palomydes seke sir Triftram 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
 foughte sir Triftram / And vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette with Kynge
 Mark that was ryden from hys men al alone / whanne they fawe hym / fyre

palomydes knewe hym / but fir Kehydius knewe hym not / A fals kynge
 said fir Palomydes / it is pyte thou haft thy lyf / For thou arte a deftroyer of
 alle worfhipful Knyghtes / and by thy mefchyef and thy vengeaunce thou
 haft deftroyed the moofte noble Knyght fire triftram de lyones / And
 therfor defende the said fir Palomydes / for thou fhalt dye this day / that
 were fhame said Kyng Mark / for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed / As
 for that said fir Palomydes I fhalle fynde a remedy therfore / here is a
 Knygt with me / and thou fhalt haue his harneis / Nay said kyng Mark I
 wille not haue adoo with yow for caufe haue ye none to me / For alle the
 myfeafe that fir triftram hath / was for a letter that he fond / for as to me I
 dyd to hym no difpleafyre / and god knoweth I am ful fory for his difeafe
 and malady / Soo when the kyng had thus excufed hym / they were
 frendes / and kyng Mark wold haue had them vnto tyntagil / but fyr
 Palomydes wolde not but torned vnto the Realme of Logrys / and fir
 kehidius faide that he wolde goo in to Bretayn / ¶ Now torne we vnto fir
 Dagonet ayene that whanne he and his fquyers were vpon horsbak / he
 demyd that the fheepherdes had fente that foole to araye hem fo / by caufe
 that they laughed at hem / and soo they rode vnto the kepers of beeftes and
 alle to bete them / Syr triftram fawe them bete |<[p.368] sig.x7v> that were
 wonte to gyue hym mete and drynke / thenne he ran thyder / and gat fir
 Dagonet by the hede / and gaf hym fuche a falle to the erthe / that he
 bryfed hym fore fo that he lay styll / And thenne he wraft his fwerd oute
 of his hand / And therwith he ranne to one of his fquyers / and fmote of his
 hede / & the other fled / And soo fir Triftram took his waye with that fwerd
 in his hand rennyng as he hadde ben wylde woode / ¶ Thenne fir
 Dagonet rode to kyng Mark and told hym hou he had fpedde in that forest /
 And therefore said fir Dagonet / Beware kynge 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 almoft flayn me / ¶ A said
 kynge Mark / that is fir Matto le breune / that felle oute of his wytte by
 caufe he loft his lady / For whan fir Gaherys fmote doune fir Matto and
 wanne his lady of hym / Neuer fyns was he in his mynde / and that was
 pyte / for he was a good knyght /

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne fir Andred that was cofyn vnto fir Triftram / made a lady
 that was his peramour to fay and to noyse hit that fhe was with
 fire Triftram or euer he dyed / And this tale fhe broughte vnto
 kynge markes courte that fhe buryed hym by a welle / and that
 or he dyed / he befoughte kynge Marke to make his cofyn fir
 Andred kynge of the countre of Lyonas / of the whiche fir Tryfram was
 lord of / Alle this dyd fir Andred by caufe he wold haue had fire triftrams
 lādes / ¶ And whanne kynge Mark herd telle / that fir triftram was dede /
 he wepte / and made grete dole / But whanne quene Ifoud herd of thefe
 tydynges / fhe maade fuche forowe / that fhe was nyghe oute of her
 mynde / And soo vpon a daye fhe thought to flee her felf / and neuer to
 lyue after fir triftrams deth And soo vpon a day la beale Ifoud gat a fwerd

pryuely / and bare hit in to her gardyn / and there she pyghte the fwerd
 thorough a plumme tree vp to the hyltes / soo that hit stak fast and hit stode
 breft hyhe / And as she wold haue ronne vpon the fwerd and to haue slayne
 her self / ¶ Alle this aspyed kyng |<[p.369] sig.x8r> Marke / how she
 kneled doune and faide / fwete lord Ihesu haue mercy vpon me / for I maye
 not lyue after the dethe of fyr Triftram 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 fwerd / 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 feke nyȝ at the poynte of
 dethe / This meane whyle ranne sir Triftram naked in the forest with the
 fwerd 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
 fwerd / 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
 Triftram more than seuen yere he durst neuer moche goo at large / but for
 the moost party he kepte hym in a fure castel of his owne / and soo this
 Tauleas herd telle / that sir Triftram was dede by the noyse of the courte of
 kyng 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
 Triftram / helpe yonder knyght / helpe ye hym seid sir triftram / we dare
 not said the herd men / Thenne sir triftram was ware of the fwerd of the
 knyght there as hit lay / and soo thyder he ranne / and took vp the fwerd
 and stroke of sir tauleas hede and so he yede his way to the herd men

¶ Capitulum xxj |<[p.370] sig.x8v>

THenne the knyght took vp the gyaunts hede / and bare hit with
 hym vnto kyng 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
 kyng Marke / forsothe said sir Dynaunt at the fayre fontayne in
 your foreste / where many aduenturous knyghtes mete / and there is the
 madde man wel said kyng Mark I wille see that wild man / So within a day
 or two kyng 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 kyng came to that welle / he fonde

there lyenge by that welle a fayr naked man / and a fwerd 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 fauflly & fayre and cast mantels vpon sir Triftram and foo ledde hym vnto Tyntagyll / and there they bathed hym and waffhed hym and gaf hym hote fuppynges til they had brought hym wel to his remembraunce / but alle this whyle there was no creature that knewe sir Triftram nor what man he was / Soo hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale Ifoud herd of fuche a man / that ranne naked in the foreste / and how the kynge had brought hym home to the Courte / Thenne la Beale Ifoud 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 laft daye / So they passed forthe / and fpered where was the feke man / And thenne a squyer told the quene that he was in the gardyn / takynge his rest / and repose hym ageynft the sonne / Soo whan the quene loked vpon sir Triftram she was not remembryd of hym / but euer she feid vnto dame Brangwayne / me semeth I shold haue sene hym here to fore in many places / but as soone as sir Triftram sawe her / he knewe her wel ynough / And thenne he torned away his vyfage / and wepte / Thenne the quene hadde alweyes a lytel brachet with her that sir Triftram gaf her the fyrst tyme that euer she came in to Cornewaile / & neuer wold that brachet departe from her / but yf fyre Triftram was nyghe |<[p.371] sig.y1r> there as was la Beale Ifoud / and this brachet was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce vnto fyre Triftram for grete loue / and anone as this lytel brachet felte a faueour of fyr Triftram she lepte vpon hym and lycked his learys and his erys / and thenne 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 Ifoud / Allas allas said she I see it is myn own lord fyr Triftram / And therupon Ifoud felle doune in a swoune and foo laye a grete whyle / And whan she myght speke she said / my lord sir Triftram blessing 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 cuntrye 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 Triftram 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 fyr Andred spak and said fyr this is sir Triftram 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 Triftram de lyones / now do by me what ye lyst / A faide kyng Mark me repenteth of your recouer / & thenne he lete calle his barons to Iuge sir Triftram to the dethe / thenne many of his barons wold not assente therto / and in especyal fyr Dynas the seneschal / & sir Fergus / And so by thadyse of them al sir Triftram was banysshed out of the countrey for x yere / & therupon he took his oth vpon a book before the kyng & his barons / <[p.372] sig.y1v> 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 Triftram / thenne they shewed hym where he was armed at alle poyntes goynge to the shyp / Now fayre knyghte said sir Dynadan or ye passe this courte that ye will luste with me / I requyre the / with a good wille said sir Triftram / & these lordes wille gyue me leue / Thenne the Barons graunted therto / and soo they ranne to gyders / and there sire Triftram gaf sire Dynadan a falle / And thenne he praid sir Triftram to gyue hym leue to goo in his felauship / ye shalle be ryght welcome said thenne sire Triftram / and soo they took theyr horses and rode to their shyppes to gyders / and whanne sire Triftram was in the see / he said / Grete wel kyng Marke and all myn enemyes / and faye 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 Ifoud oute of Irland / and the daunger that I was in fyrst & last and by the way comyng home what daunger I had to bryng ageyne Quene Ifoud from the castel Pluere / and well I am rewarded whanne I foughte with sir Bleoberys for fyre Segwarydes wyf / and well am I rewarded whan I fought with fyre Blamore de ganys for kynge Anguyllhe / fader vnto la Beale Ifoud / and well am I rewarded whan I smote doune the good knyghte fyre 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 rouē 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 Ifoud <[p.373] sig.y2r> 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

ANd at the next landyng faste by the see / there mette with sir Trifram & with sir Dynadan sir Ector de marys and sir Bors de ganys / and there sir Ector Iusted with fyr Dynadan / and he smote hym and his hors doun And thenne sir Trifram wold haue Iusted with fyre Bors and sir Bors said that he wolde not Iuste with no Cornyshe knyghtes / for they are not called men of worship / and all this was done vpon a brydge / and with this came sire Bleoberys and fyr Dryaunt / and sir Bleoberys profered to Iuste with fyr Trifram / and there sir Trifram smote doune fyr Bleoberys / Thenne said sire Bors de ganys / I wist neuer Cornyshe knyghte of soo grete valoure nor soo valyaunt as that knyght that bereth the trappours enbrouded with crounes / And thenne sir Trifram and fyr Dynadan departed fro them in to a forest / and there mette them a damoyfel 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 thyrty knyghtes to lye in a wayte for sir launcelot / and this damoyfel knewe this treason / And for this cause the damoyfel came for to seke noble knyghtes to helpe fyr Launcelot / For that nyght or day after fyr launcelot shold come where these xxx knyghtes were / And soo this damoyfel mette with fyre 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 damoyfel departed / and by aduenture the damoifel met with sir trifram & with sir Dynadan / & there the damoyfel told hem al the treason that was ordeyned for sir launcelot / Fair damoyfel said sir trifram bryng me to that fame place where they shold mete with sir launcelot Thenne said sir Dynadan what will ye do / hit is not for vs to fyghte with thyrty knyghtes / and wete you wel I wylle <[p.374] sig.y2v> 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 Trifram / 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 fyr Trifram I will not departe from my sheld for her sake that gaf it me / But one thyng said sir Trifram I promyse the fyr Dynadan / but yf thou wilt promyse me to abyde with me / here I shalle flee the For I desyre no more of the / but anfuer one knyghte / And yf thy herte wille not serue the / stande by and loke vpon me and them / Syre said fyre Dynadan I promyse you to loke vpon & to doo what I may to faue my self / but I wold I had not mette with you / Soo thenne anone these thyrty knyghtes cam fast by these four knyghtes / and they were ware of them / and eyther of other / And soo these thyrty knyghtes lete for thys cause that they wold not wrathe them yf caas be that they had adoo with

fyr launcelot / and the four knyghtes lete them passe to this entent that they wold see and beholde what they wold doo with fyr launcelot / and soo the thyrty knyghtes paste on / and came by fir Triftram and by fir Dynadan / and thenne fir Triftram cryed on hyghe / loo here is a knyght ageynste you for the loue of fire launcelot / and there he slewe two with one sperd and ten with his swerd / And thenne came in fyre Dynadan and he dyd passyng wel / and soo of the thyrty knyghtes there wente but ten away / and they fledde / Al this bataille sawe fir 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 fyr Triftram and prayfed hym and thanked hym of his good dedes / and they alle desyred fyre Triftram 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 fyr Triftram / as at this tyme I wille not telle you my name /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij /

THenne fir Triftram & fir Dynadan rode forth their weye tyl they came to the sheepherdes & to the herde men / & <[p.375] sig.y3r> there they asked hem yf they knewe ony lodgyng or herberough there nyghe hand / ¶ Forsothe fyrs 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 Iuste with two knyghtes / and yf he be but one knyghte / he must Iuste with two / And as ye be therin soone shalle ye be matched / There is shrewde herberowe said fyre Dynadan / lodge where ye will / for I wille not lodge there / Fy for shame sayd fir Triftram 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 fyr Dynadan they are two sure knyghtes / Thenne fyre Dynadan wold not lodge there in no manere / but as fyre Triftram requyred hym of his knyghthode / and so they rode thyder / and to make shorte tale fyr Triftram and fir 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 fyre Palomydes and fyre Gaherys requyryng to haue the customme of the castel / what aray is this said fyre Dynadan / I wold haue my rest / that may not be said fir Triftram / 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 fyre Triftram / nedes muste ye make you redy / In the deuyls name said fir Dynadan came I in to your company / and so they made them redy And fir Gaherys encountred with fyre Triftram / and fyr Gaherys had a falle / and fir Palamydes encountred with fir Dynadan / and fir Dynadan had a falle / thenne was hit fall for falle / Soo thenne muste they fyghte on foote / that wold not fyr Dynadan / for he was so fore bryfed of the falle that fyre Palomydes gaf hym / Thenne fir

Triftram vnaced fyre Dynadans helme / and praid hym to helpe hym / I wille not fayde fyr Dynadan for I am fore wounded of the thyrty knyghtes that we hadde but late agoo to doo with alle ¶ But ye fare said fire Dynadan vnto fyr Triftram as a madde man and as a man þ^t is oute of his mynde þ^t wold caft hym self away |<[p.376] sig.y3v> and I may curfe the tyme that euer I sawe you / For in al the world are not two fuche knyghtes that ben fo wode as is fire launcelot and ye fyr Triftram / for ones I felle in the felauship of fyr launcelot as I haue done now with you and he fet me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde / Ihefu defende me said fyr Dynadan from fuche two knyghtes / and fpecially from your felauship / Thenne said fyre Triftram I will fyghte with hem both / Thenne fyr Triftram badde hem come forth both / for I wille fyghte with you / thenne fyr Palomydes and fyr Gaherys dreffid them / and smote at hem bothe / thenne Dynadan smote at fyr Gaherys a stroke or two / and torned from hym / nay said fir Palomydes / it is to moche fhamme for vs two knyghtes to fyghte with one / And thenne he dyd byd fyr Gaherys ftande a fyde with that knyght that hath no lyfte to fyghte / Thenne they rode to gyders and fought longe / and atte laft fyr Triftram doubled his strokes / and drofe fyre Palomydes a bak / more than thre ftrydes / And thenne by one affente fyre Gaherys and fyr Dynadan wente betwixe them / and departed them in fonder / And thenne by affent of fyr Triftram they wold haue lodged to gyders / But fyre Dynadan wold not lodge in that caftel / And thenne he curfed the tyme that euer he came in their feaufhip / and foo he took his hors / and his harneis / and departed / thenne fir Triftram prayd the lordes of that caftel to lene hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgyng / and foo they dyd / and ouertoke fir 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 fame nyght fir Bors and fire Bleoberys and fir Ector and fyre Dryaunt / abode ftylle in the fame place there as fire Triftram fou3t with the thyrty knyghtes / and there they mette with fyr Launcelot the fame knyght / and had made promyfe to lodge with fyr Colgreuance the fame nyght /

¶ Capitulum xxv

BVt anone as the noble Knyghte fyre launcelot herd of the fhelde of Cornewayle thenne wyft he wel that hyt |<[p.377] sig.y4r> was fire Triftram that fought with his enemyes / And thenne fyre Launcelot prayfed fyre Triftram / and called hym the man of mooft worship in the world / ¶ Soo there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellinore / and he defyred to wete the name of fire Triftram / but in no wyfe he coude not / and fo fyr Triftram departed and lefte fir Dynadan in the pryory / for he was foo wery and foo fore bryfed that he myghte not ryde / Thenne this knyght fyre Pellinore said to fire Dynadan / fythen 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 therefore / Beware fir knyght said fir Dynadan / for and ye folowe hym / ye fhalle repente hit / Soo that knyghte fire Pellinore rode after fire Triftram and requyred hym of Iuftes / thenne fir Triftram smote hym doune and

wounded hym thoruȝ the fholder / and soo he paſt on his way / And on the next day folowyng fyr Triftram mette with purfyuaūts / and they told hym that there was made a grete crye of turnement bitwene kynge Carados of ſcotland and the kynge of Northwalys / & eyther fhold luſte ageyne other at the caſtel of maydens / and theſe purfyuaūtes fought alle the coūtreȝ after the good knyȝtes / and in eſpecyall kynge Carados lete make ſekynge for ſir launcelot du lake / and the kyng of Northgalys lete ſeke after ſir Triftram de lyonas / ¶ And at that tyme fyr Triftram thought to be at that luſtes / and ſoo by aduenture they mette with ſire kay the ſeneſchal and fyr Sagramor le deſyrus / and fyr kay requyred ſir Triftram to luſte / and ſire Triftram in a maner refuſed hym / by cauſe he wold not be hurte nor bryſed ageynſte the grete luſtes that fhold be bifore the caſtel of maydens / and therefore he thought to reſoſe hym and to reſte hym / And alway ſir kay cryed ſir knyȝt of Cornewaile luſt with me / or els yelde the to me as recreaunte / whan ſir Triftram herd hym ſaye ſoo / he torned to hym / and thenne ſire kay refuſed hym and torned his bak / Thenne fyr Triftram ſaid as I fynde the / I fhalle take the / Thenne ſire Kay torned with euylle wylle / and fyre Triftram ſmote fyr kay doune / and ſoo he rode forthe / ¶ Thenne fyre Sagramore le deſyrus rode after fyre Triftram / and maade hym to luſte with hym / and there fyre Triftram ſmote doune fyre Sagramor le deſyrus from his hors |<[p.378] sig.y4v> and rode his way / and the ſame day he mette with a damoyfel that told hym that he fhold wyne grete worſhip of a knyȝt aduenturous that dyd moche harme in alle that countrey / ¶ Whanne ſir Triftram herd her ſay ſoo / he was gladd to goo with her to wyne worſhip / So ſire Triftram rode with that damoyfel a vj myle / and thenne mette hym fyre Gawayne / and there with alle fyre Gawayne knewe the damoyfel / that ſhe was a damoyfel of Quene Morgan le fay / Thenne ſir Gawayne vnderſtode that ſhe ladde that knyȝt to ſomme meſchyef / Faire knyȝt ſaid ſire Gawayne whyder ryde you now wyth that damoyfel / Syr ſaid ſire Triftram I wote not whyder I fhalle ryde / but as the damoyfel wylle lede me / Syr ſaide fyre Gawayne ye fhalle not ryde with her / for ſhe and her lady did neuer good but ylle / And thenne ſir Gawayne pulled oute his ſwerd / and ſaid / damoyfel / but yf thou telle me anon / for what what cauſe thou ledeſt this knyȝt with the thou fhalt dye for hit ryght anone / I knowe alle your ladyes treaſon / & yours / Mercy fyre Gawayne ſhe ſaid / and yf ye wille ſaue my lyf / I wille telle you / Saye on ſaid ſir Gawayne / and thow fhalt haue thy lyf / Syre ſhe ſaid Quene Morgan le fay my lady hath ordeyned a xxx ladyes to ſeke & to aſpye after ſir laūcelot or ſir triftram / & by þ^e trainys of theſe ladyes who þ^t may fyrſt mete any of theſe two knyȝtes they fhould torne hem vnto Morgan le fays caſtel / fayenge that they fhould doo dedes of worſhip / & yf any of tho two knyȝtes cam there / there be xxx knyȝtes lyenge and watchyng in a toure to wayte vpon ſir launcelot or vpon fyre triftram / Fy for fhame ſaid ſire Gawayne that euer ſuche fals treaſon fhould be wrought or vſed in a quene and a kynges fyſter / and a kyng and quenes doughter

¶ Capitulum xxvj

S Yr said fire Gawayne wille ye stande with me / and we wille see the malyce of these thyrty knyghtes / fyr said fir triftram goo ye to hem / and hit please you / and ye shal see I wille not fayle you / for hit is not long a go fyn I and a felawe mette with thyrty knyghtes of that quenes felaulhip |<[p.379] sig.y5r> And god spede vs foo that we may wynne worship / So thenne fir Gawayne and fire triftram rode toward the castel where Morgan le fay was / and euer fir Gawayne demed wel that he was fire triftram de lyones by cause he herd that two knyghtes had slayne and beten thyrty knyghtes / And whanne they came afore the castel fir Gawayn spak on hyghe / and said Quene Morgan le fay sende oute youre knyghtes / that ye haue leyd in a watche for fir laūcelot & for fir triftram / Now said fir Gawayne I knowe your fals treason / and thorou all places where that I ryde men shal knowe of your fals treason / And now lete see fir Gawayn / whether ye dare come out of your castel ye thyrty knyghtes / thenne the quene spak and al the thyrty knyghtes attones / and said / fir Gawayne ful wel wetest thou what thou doft and saist / For by god we knowe the passynge wel / But alle that thou spekest / and doft / thow saist hit vpon pryde of that good Knyghte 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 fir gawayne / hit is more for his sake than for thyn that we wyll not come oute of this castel / For wete ye wel fir Gawayne the Knyght that bereth the armes of Cornewaile / we knowe hym / and what he is / thenne fir Gawayne and fir triftram departed and rode on their wayes a day or two to gyders / and there by aduenture they met with fyr Kay and fyr Sagramor le desyrus / And thenne they were glad of fyr gawayne / and he of them / but they wiste not what he was with the shelde of Cornewaile / but by demynge / And thus they rode to gyders a daye or two / And thenne they were ware of fyr Breufe faūce pyte chacynge a lady for to haue slayne her / for he had slayn her peramour afore / Hold you all stille said fyr Gawayne & shewe none of you forthe / and ye shalle see me reward yonder fals Knyght / for and he aspye you he is so wel horfed that he wille escape away / And thenne fyre Gawayne rode betwix fyr Breufe and the lady / and said fals knyghte leue her / and haue adoo with me / whan fyr Breufe sawe no moo but fyre gayne he feutryd his spere / and fyr Gawayne ageynst hym / and there fyr Breufe ouerthrewe fyr Gawayne / and thenne he rode ouer hym / & ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to haue destroyed |<[p.380] sig.y5v> hym / and whan fire Triftram sawe hym doo soo vylaynous a dede / he hurled oute ageynste hym / And whan fyr Breufe sawe hym with the shelde of Cornewaile / he knewe hym well / that it was fyre Triftram / and thenne he fledde / and fir Triftram folowed after hym / and fyr Breufe saunce pyte was so horfed that he wente his waye quyte / and fir Triftram 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

ANd thenne he pulled of his helme and wasshed his vyfage / and his handes / and soo he felle on slepe / ¶ In the meane whyle came a damoyfel that had fought fir triftram many wayes and dayes within this land / And whanne she came to the welle she loked vpon hym / & had forgotten hym as in remembraunce of sire Triftram / but by hys hors she knewe hym / that hyghte passe Brewel / that had ben sire Triftrams hors many yeres / For whanne he was mad in the forest / fyr 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 / for eyther knewe other of old acquyentaunce / thenne she told hym how she had fought hym longe and brode / and there she told hym hou she hadde letters from quene la beale Ifoud / Thenne anon sire Triftram redde them / and wete ye well / he was gladd / for theryn was many a pyteous complaynte / Thenne sire Triftram 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 triftram took his hors and fought lodgyng / and there he mette wyth a good auncyent knyght and prayd hym to lodge with hym Ryzt so came Gouvernaile vnto sire Triftram / that was glad of that lady / Soo this old knyghtes name was sire Pellownus / and he told of the grete turnement that shold be att the Castel of maydens / And there sire launcelot and xxxij knyghtes |<[p.381] sig.y6r> of his blood had ordeyned sheldes of Cornewaile / and ryzte soo there came one vnto fyr Pellounes / and told hym that sire Perfydes de bloyse was come home / thenne that knyght helde vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge home / and there sire Pellounes told sire Triftram that in two yeres he had not sene his sone sire Perfydes / Syr said sire Triftram I knowe your sone wel ynough for a good knyght / soo on a tyme sire Triftram and sire Perfydes 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 sire Perfydes vnderstode that sire Triftram was of Cornewaile / he said he was ones in Cornewaile / and there I lusted afore kynge Marke / And soo it happed me at that tyme / to ouerthrowe ten knyghtes / and thenne came to me fyre Triftram 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 sire tryftram now I vnderstande that ye hate sire Triftram / what deme ye / wene ye that sire Triftram is not able to withstande your malyce / yes said sire Perfydes I knowe wel that sire Triftram 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 Triftram ware of a lykely knyght rydyng vpon a grete black hors / and a black couerd shelde / what knyghte is that said sire Triftram with the black hors & the blak sheld he semes a good knyght / I knowe hym wel said sire Perfydes he is one of the best knyghtes of the world / thenne is it fyre Launcelot said

fir Triftram / nay said fyre Perfydes / hit is fyr Palomydes / that is yet vncryftened /

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

THenne they sawe moche people of the countrey salewe fire Palomydes / And within a whyle after / ther cam a squyer of the castel / that told fyre Pellounes that was lord of that castel / that a knyght with a blak sheld had <[p.382] sig.y6v> smyten doune thyrten knyghtes / Fayr broder said fir Triftram vnto fyr Perfydes / lete vs calte vpon vs clokes / and lete vs goo see the play / Not soo said fir Perfydes / 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 knyghtes assayed hem self before the turnement And anone fir Palomydes sawe fir Perfydes / 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 fay hym I requyre hym to Iuste with me / and telle hym that my name is fire Palomydes / whanne fir Perfydes vnderstood that request of fyre Palomydes / he made hym redy / and there anone they mette to gyders / but fyre Perfydes had a falle Thenne fyre Triftram drestid hym to be reuengyd vpon fir palomydes / and that sawe fyre Palomydes that was redy / and soo was not fire Triftram and took hym at auauntage / and smote hym ouer his hors tayle whanne he had no spere in his reyste / Thenne starte vp fyre Triftram and took his hors lygtely / and was wrothe oute of mesure / and sore alhamed of that falle / Thenne fire Triftram sente vnto fyr Palomydes by Gouvernaile and prayd hym to Iuste with hym at his request Nay said fire 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 fyr Dynadan / and whanne he sawe fire Triftram wrothe / he lyft not to Iape / lo sayd fir Dynadan / here may a mā preue / Be a man neuer soo good yet maye he haue a falle / & he was neuer soo wyse but he myght be ouerfene / and he rydeth wel that neuer fylle / Soo fyre Triftram was passynge wrothe and sayd to fyre Perfydes and to fyr Dynadan I wille reuenge me / Ryghte soo as they stood talkyng there / there came by fir Triftram a lykely knyght rydyng passynge soberly and heuily with a blak shelde / what knyght is that said fir Triftram vnto fyr Perfydes / I knowe hym well said fir Perfydes / for his name is fire Bryaunt of Northwalys / soo he paste on amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys / And there came <[p.383] sig.y7r> in fyre launcelot du lake with a sheld of the armes of Cornewaile / and he sente a squyer vnto fyr Bryaunt / and requyred hym to Iuste with hym / wel said fyr Bryaunt / fythen I am requyred to Iuste / I wille doo what I may / and there fyre launcelot smote doune fyr Bryaunt from his hors a grete falle / And thenne fyr Triftram merueiled what knyght he was that bare the sheld of Cornewaile / what so euer he be said fyr Dynadan I warante you he is of

Kynge Bannys blood / the whiche ben knyghtes of the mooft noble prowesse / in the world for to accompte foo many for foo many / Thenne there came two knyghtes of Northgales / that one hyghte Hewe de la montayne / and the other fyr Madok de la montayne / & they chalengyd fire launcelot foote hote / Syr Launcelot not refulyng hem but made hym redy / with one spere he smote hem doune bothe ouer their hors croupes / and foo fir launcelot rode his way / By the good lord said fire Triftram 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 fyre Palomydes / and praid hym hertely for his sake to Iuste with that knyght that hath done vs of Northgalys despyte / Syr said fir 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 / fyre sayd fyr 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

THenne fir palomydes sente vnto fir launcelot a squyer and requyred hym of Iustes / Fair felawe seid fir launcelot / telle me thy lordes name / Syre said the squyer my lordes name is fyr Palomydes the good knyght / In good houre said fir launcelot / for there is no knyght that I sawe thys feuen yeres that I had leuer adoo with all than with hym / |<[p.384] sig.y7v> And so eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete speres Nay said fyr Dynadan ye shalle see that fir Palomydes will quyte hym ryght wel / hit may be soo said fir Triftram / but I vndertake that knyght with the sheld of Cornewayle shal gyue hym a falle / I bileue hit not said fir Dynadan / Ryght so they spored their horses / and feutryd their speres / and eyther hytte other / and fyr palomydes brake a spere vpon fire launcelot / and he sat and meued not / but fir Launcelot smote hym so lyghtly that he made his hors to auoyde the fadel / and the stroke brake his shelde and the hauberke / and had he not fallen / he had be slayne / how now said fir Triftram / I wiste wel by the maner of their rydyng bothe that fire Palomydes shold haue a falle / Ryght so fir 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 wyne the vycory / Soo they came vpon fir launcelot sodenly and vnnethe he myght putte vpon hym his helme / and take his hors but they were in handes with hym / & thenne fir launcelot gat his spere and rode thorou them / and there he slewe a knyght and brake his spere in his body / Thenne he drewe his sward 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 fore alle that dyd abyde / Thus fyr launcelot escaped from his enemyes of Northwalys /

and thenne fir 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 caufe of his grete labour / And on the fyrft day the was with kyng Arthur there as he was fet on hyhe vpon a schaffold to discerne who was best worthy of his dedes / So fir Launcelot was with kyng Arthur / and lusted not the fyrft daye /

¶ Capitulum xxx

Now torne we vnto fir Triftram de lyones that commaunded Gouvernaile his feruaunt to ordeyne hym a blak fheld with none other remembraunce therin / |<[p.385] sig.y8r> And soo fyre Perfydes and fyr Triftram departed from their hooftte fyr Pellounes / and they rode erly toward the turnement / and thenne they drewe hem to kyng Carados fyde of Scotland / and anone knyghtes beganne the felde what of kyng Northgalys party / and what of kyng Carados party / & there began grete party / Thenne there was hurlyng and rallhyng / Ryght soo came in fyr Perfydes and fyre Triftram / and soo they dyd fare that they put the kyng of Northgalys abak Thenne came in fyre Bleoberys de ganys and fyre Gaherys with them of Northgalys / and thenne was fir Perfydes smyten doune / and alle moost flayne / For moo than xl horsmen wente ouer hym / For fyr Bleoberys dyd grete dedes of armes and fyre Gaherys fayled hym not / whanne fir Triftram byheld them / and sawe hem doo fuche dedes of armes / he merueyled what they were / Also fir Triftram thought shame that fir Perfydes was soo done to / and thenne he gat a grete spere in his hand / and thenne he rode to fyre Gaherys and smote hym doune from his hors / And thenne was fyre Bleoberys wroth and gate a spere and rode ageynst fir Triftram in grete yre / & there fyre Triftram mette with hym / and smote fir Bleoberys from his hors / Soo thenne the kyng with the honderd knyghtes was wrothe / and he horfed fyre Bleoberys and fir gaherys ageyne / and there beganne a grete medle / and euer fir triftram held them passyng shorte / and euer fir Bleoberys was passyng befy vpon fyre Triftram / and there came fyre Dynadan ageynst fyre Triftram / and fyre Triftram gaf hym fuche a buffet that he fwouned in his sadel / Thenne anone fir Dynadan cam to fyre Triftram / and said fyr I knowe the better than thow 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 fir Bleoberys / and fyr Triftram gaf hym fuche a buffet that doune he leyd his hede / and thenne he raught hym so fore by the helme / that he pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne kyng Arthur blewe to lodgyng / Thenne fyre Triftram departed to his paelione / and fyre Dynadan rode with hym / and fyre Perfydes & kyng Arthur thenne and the kynges vpon bothe partyes merueylled what knyght that was with the blak fhelde / Many said their |<[p.386] sig.y8v> aduys / and some knewe hym for fyre Triftram / and helde their pees and wold nought say / Soo that fyrste day kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and lordes that were Iuges gaf

fir Triftram the pryce / hou be hit they knewe hym not but named hym the knyght with the black fheld

¶ Capitulum xxxj

THenne vpon the morne fyre Palomydes retorned from the kynge of Northgalys / and rode to kyng Arthurs fyde where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irland / & fyr launcelots kynne and fir Gawayns kynne / Soo fyre palomydes sente the damoyfel vnto fyre Triftram that he sente to feke hym whanne he was oute of his mynde in the forest / and thys damoyfel asked fyre Triftram / what he was / and what was his name / As for that said fir Triftram telle fir Palomydes ye fhalle not wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two speres vpon hym / But lete hym wete thus moche said fir Triftram / that I am the fame knyghte that he smote doune in ouer euenyng at the turnement & telle hym playnly / on what party that fyre Palomydes be / I wille be of the contrary parte Syre said the damoyfel ye fhalle vnderstande that fir Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs fyde / where the moost noble knyghtes of the world ben / In the name of god said fir Triftram / thenne wille I be with the kynge of Northgalys by cause fyr Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs fyde / and els I wold not but for his sake / ¶ Soo whanne kyng Arthur was come they blewe vnto the felde / and thenne there began a grete party / and soo kyng Carados Iufted with the kynge of the honderd knyghtes / and there kyng Carados hadde a falle / thenne was there hurlynge and rasshyng / and ryght so cam in knyghtes of kyng Arthurs / and they bare on bak the kynge of Northgalys knyghtes / Thenne fir Triftram came in and beganne so roughly and soo bygly that there was none myght withstande hym / and thus fyre Triftram dured longe / ¶ And at the laft fyr Tryfram felle amonge the felaulhip of kyng Ban / and there felle vpon hym fyr Bors de ganys / and fyr Ector de marys / and fyre Blamor de ganys / & many other knyghtes / And thenne fir Triftram smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand that alle lordes and ladyes spak of his noble dedes / But at the laft fyre Triftram fhould haue had the werfe / had not the kynge with the honderd knyghtes ben / And thenne he came with his felaulhip and rescowed fir Triftram / and brought hym away from tho knyghtes that bare the fheldes of Cornewaile / and thenne fir Triftram sawe another felaulhip by them self / and there were a xl Knyghtes to gyder / and fir Kay the Senefchal was there gouernour / Thenne fyre Triftram rode in amongest them / and there he smote doune fyr Kay from his hors / and there he sared among tho Knyghtes lyke a grey hound among conyes / Thenne fyre launcelot fond a Knyght that was fore wounded vpon the hede / Sir said fir launcelot who wounded you so fore / Sire he said a Knyght that bereth a black fhelde / and I maye curfe the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyll and no man Soo fyre launcelot departed fro hym / & thought to mete with fir Triftram / and soo he rode with his swerd drawen in his hand to feke fir Triftram / and thenne he afpyed hym how he hurled here and there / and at euery stroke fyr Triftram 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 fhold sette vpon this knyght said fir Launcelot to hym self I dyd fflame to my self / & there with al fir launcelot put vp his fwerd / And thenne the Kyng with the C Knygtes / and an honderd more of Northwalys fet vpon the twenty of fir launcelots kyn / and they xx Knygtes held them euer to gyder / as wylde fwyne and none wold faile other / & so whan fir Triftram beheld the nobleffe of thefe 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 faide fyre Triftram wel maye he be valyaunte and ful of prowesse that hath fuche a forte 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 fir Launcelot du Lake / ¶ Soo whanne fyre Triftram had beholden them long / he thougt fflame to see / ij / C knygtes battering vpon twenty knyghtes / ¶ Thenne fyre Triftram rode vnto the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / and said fyre 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 countenaunce / and worship gete ye none and ye flee them / therefore 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 kyng with the honderd knyghtes / ye shall not do so / Now I see youre courage and curtofy / I wille withdrawe my knyghtes for your pleasyr / for euermore a good knyght wille fauoure 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 fyr launcelot had watched vpon fyr Triftram with a very purpos to haue felaushipped with hym / And thenne sodenly fyr Triftram / fyr Dynadan / and Gouvernaile his man rode their waye in to the forest that no man perceyued where they wente / Soo thenne kyng Arthur blewe vnto lodgyng / and gaf the kyng of Northgalys the pryce by cause fyr Triftram was vpon his fyde / Thenne fyr launcelot rod here and there so wood as lyon that fauted his fylle by cause he had losse fyre Triftram / and soo he retorned vnto kyng 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 fhelde hath wonne the felde ¶ Allas said kyng Arthur where is that knyght become / hit is fflame to alle tho in the felde so to lete hym escape away from you / but with gentylnes and curtofy ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to the castel of maydens ¶ Thenne the noble kyng 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 losse vpon the felde this daye and many were hurte and fore wounded / and many were hole / ¶ My felawes said kyng 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 Kyng Arthur and his knyghtes repofed them self / ¶ The damoyfel that came from la Beale Ifoud vnto fyr Triftram alle the whyle the turnement was adoyng she was with Quene Gueneuer / and euer the Quene asked her for what caufe she came in to that Countrey ¶ Madame she anfuerd I come for none other caufe but from my lady la Beale Ifoud to wete of your welfare / For in no wyfe she wold telle the Quene that she came for fyr Triftrams sake / Soo this lady dame Brangwayne took her leue of Quene Gueneuer / and she rode after fyr Triftram / And as she rode thurgh the forest she herd a grete crye / thenne she commaunded her fquyer 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 standynge by hym / And whan he aspyed the fquyer / ther with he abraide / and brake hym self loos and took his fwerd in his hand / and ranne to haue slayne that fquyer / Thenne he took his hors and fledde all that euer he myght vnto dame Brangwayne / and told her of his aduerture / Thenne she rode vnto fyr Triftrams paelione / and told fire Triftram what aduerture she had fonde in the forest / Allas said fyr Triftram vpon my heede there is somme good Knyghte at melcheyf / Thenne fire Triftram tooke his hors and his fwerd / and rode thyder / there he herd how the Knyght complayned vnto hym self and sayd / I woful knyght fyre palomydes what myfauenture befalleth me / that thus am defoiled with falshede and treason thorou fyre Bors and fyre Ector / Allas he sayde why lyue I soo longe / And thenne he gat his fwerd in his handes / and maade many ftraunge fygnes and tokens / and soo thorou his ragynge he threwe his fwerd in to that fontayne ¶ Thenne fir Palomydes wayled and wrange his handes / And at the lafte for pure sorow he ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his bely / and foughte after <[p.390] sig.32v> his fwerd / Thenne fir Triftram fawe that and ranne vpon fyr 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 fire Palomydes I maye neuer wynne worship where fyr Triftram 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 fir Launcelot be there or fyr Lamorak / Thenne fire Palomydes said ones in Irland fyr Triftram putte me to the werse / and another tyme in Cornewaile and in other places in this land What wold ye do said fyre Triftram & ye had fir Triftram / I wold fyghte with hym said fir Palomydes and ease my hert vpon hym / and yet to laye the sothe fyre Triftram is the gentelyft knyght in this world lyuynge / what wil ye doo sayd fir Triftram wille ye goo with me to youre lodgyng / Nay sayde he I wille goo to the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / for he rescowed me from fire Bors de ganys / and fir Ector / & els had I ben slayne traitourly / Syre Triftram said hym fuche kynde wordes that fyre 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 fyre Perfydes that ye make hym no quarels / And so they rode to gyders tyl they came to fire Triftrams paelione / and there fyre Palomydes had alle the chere that myght be had all that nyghte / But in no wyfe fire Palomydes mygt not knowe what was fyr Triftram / and soo after souper they yede to

refte And fyr Triftram for grete trauaile flepte tulle it was daye / And fyr Palomydes myghte not flepe for anguyllhe / and in the daunyng of the daye he tooke his hors pryuely / and rode his waye vnto fyr Gaherys and vnto fyr Sagramour le defyrus / where they were in their paelions / for they thre were felawes at the begynnyng of the turnement / And thenne vpon the morne the kynge blewe vnto the turnement vpon the thyrdde daye /

¶ **Capitulum xxxiiij** / |<[p.391] sig.33r>

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 fyr 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 fyr Triftram with his black shelde / And anone he lusted with fyre palomydes / and there by fyne force fyr Triftram smote fyre palomydes ouer his hors croupe / Thenne kynge Arthur cryed Knyght with the black shelde make the redy to me / and in the same wyse fyr Triftram smote kynge Arthur / And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and fyr palomydes were horfed ageyne / Thenne kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a spere in his hand / and therupon the one fyde he smote fyr Triftram ouer his hors / Thenne foote hote fyr Palomydes cam vpon fyr Triftram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer ryden hym / Thenne fyr Triftram was ware of hym / & there he stouped a fyde / and with grete yre he gate hym by the arme / and pulled hym doune from his hors / Thenne fyre palomydes lyghtely arofe / and thenne they daffhed to gyder myghtely with their swardes / and many kynges / Quenes and lordes stode and beheld them / And at the laste fyre Triftram smote fyre palomydes vpon the helme thre my3ty strokes / and at euery stroke that he gaf hym he said this for fyre Triftrams sake / With that fyre Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelyng / Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & broughte fyre Triftram an hors / and soo was he horfed ageyn By thenne was fyr Palomydes horfed / and with grete yre he lusted vpon fyr Triftram with his spere as hit was in the reyste and gaf hym a grete daffhe with his sward / ¶ Thenne fyr Triftram 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 prefence of hem al he lete hym falle at his |<[p.392] sig.33v> aduerture / Thenne fyr Triftram was ware of kynge Arthur / with a naked sward in his hand / and with his spere fyr Triftram ranne vpon kynge Arthur / and thenne kynge Arthur boldely abode hym and with his sward he smote atwo his spere / and there with alle fyre Triftram stonyed / and soo kynge Arthur gaf hym thre or four grete strokes

or he myȝt gete out his fwerd / and at the laſt fir Triftram drewe his fwerd
and affailed other paſſynge hard / with that the grete prees departed /
thenne fir Triftram 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 fyre Triftram 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 fir launcelot herd it / And
thenne he gate a grete ſpere in his hand / and came towardes the
crye / Thenne fir launcelot cryed / the knyght with blak ſhelde
make the redy to luſte with me / Whanne ſire Triftram herd hym
ſay ſo he gate his ſpere in his hand / and eyther abeyſhed down
their hedes / and came to gyder as thonder / and ſire Triftrams ſpere brake
in pyeces / and fyr launcelot by male fortune ſtroke fir Triftram on the ſyde
a depe wound nyghe to the dethe / But yet fyr Triftram auoyded not his
ſadel / and ſoo the ſpere brak / there with all fir triftram that was wounded
gate oute his fwerd / and he raſhed to fir launcelot / and gaf hym thre grete
ſtokes vpon the helme that the fyre ſprange there oute / and fir launcelot
abeyſhed his hede lowely toward his ſadel bowe / And there with alle fir
triftram departed from the felde / for he felte hym ſoo woūded that he
wende he ſhold haue dyed / and fir Dynadan aſpyed hym and folowed hym
in to the foreſt / Thenne fir launcelot abode & dyd many merueyllous
dedes / Soo whan ſire Triftram was departed by the foreſts ſyde / he alyght
& vnaced his harneis and freſhed his woūd / thenne wende fir Dynodan
that he ſhold <[p.393] sig.34r> haue dyed / Nay nay ſaide ſire Triftram /
Dynadan / neuer drede the / for I am herte hole / & of this wounde I ſhal
ſoone be hole by the mercy of god / ¶ By that fir Dynadan was ware
where came palomydes rydyng ſtreyghte vpon them / And thenne fyre
Triftram was ware that fyre Palomydes came to haue deſtroyed hym / and
ſo fyre Dynadan gaf hym warnyng and ſaide ſire Triftram my lord ye are
ſoo fore 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 Triftram ſmyled and ſaid I thanke you fyre Dynadan of your
good wylle / 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 fyre Dynadan Adieu / & rode toward fyre Palamydes a
lofte paas ¶ Thenne whanne ſire Palomydes ſawe that / he made
countenance 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 fyre Triftram / ¶ Thenne fyre Triftram ſente vnto fyr
palomydes and requyred hym to luſte with hym / And yf he ſmote doune
fir Palomydes / he wold doo no more to hym / And yf it ſo happend that
ſire Palomydes ſmote doune fyr Triftram he badde hym do his vtterance /

So they were accorded / thenne they mette to gyders / and fyre Triftram fmote doune fir palomydes / that he had a greuouſe falle / ſoo that he laye ſtylle as he hadde ben dede / And thenne fyre Tryfram ranne vpon fyr Gaherys / and he wold not haue Iuſted But whether he wolde or not fyre Triftram fmote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye ſtylle as though he had ben dede / And thenne fyr Triftram rode his waye and lefte fyre Perfydes ſquyer within the pauelions / and fyre Triftram and fyre 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 frenſhe book faith they cam home al / v / wel beten / And whan fyr Triftram departed in to the foreſt fyr laūcelot held alwey |<[p.394] sig.34v> 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 fir 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 fyr launcelot / and ſo many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur / and to make ſhort tale in concluſion the kyng of Northgalys / and the kyng of the honderd knyghtes were putte to the wers / and by cauſe fyre launcelot abode and was the laſt in the feld / the pryce was yeuen hym / But fir Laūcelot wold neyther for kyng / Quene ne knyghte haue the pryce / but where the crye was cryed through the felde / fyr launcelot fir launcelot hath wonne the felde this day / fyre Launcelot lete make an other crye contrary fyr Triftram 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 thyrday /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

THenne alle the eſtates and degrees hyhe and lowe ſayd of fyr launcelot grete worſhip / for the honour that he dyd vnto fyr Triftram / and for that honour doyng to fir Triftram 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 fyre Launcelot hath wonne the felde who ſoo euer ſaye nay / Thenne was fyre Launcelot wroth and afhamed / and ſoo there with alle he rode to kyng Arthur / Allas ſaid the kyng we are alle dyſmayed that fyr Triftram is thus departed from vs / By god ſaid kyng 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 fmote fyr Palomydes vpon the helme thryes / that he abaſhed his helme with his ſtokes / and alſo he ſaid / here is a ſtroke for fyr Triftram / and thus thryes he ſayd / Thenne kyng Arthur / fyr launcelot / and fyre Dodynas le faueage took their horſes to ſeke fir Triftram / and by the menes |<[p.395] sig.35r> of fyr Perfydes / he had told kyng Arthur where fyr Triftram was in his pauelione / but whanne they came there / fyr

Triftram and fir Dynadan were gone / thenne kynge Arthur and fyr launcelot were heuy / and returned ageyne to the castel of maydens making grete dole for the hurte of fyre Tryfram / & his sodeyne departynge / 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 foo came fir Gaherys and told kyng Arthur how fyr Triftram had smyten doune fyr Palomydes / and it was atte fyr Palomydes owne request / Allas said Kyng Arthur that was grete dishonoure to fyre Palomydes in as moche as fyre Triftram was fore wounded / and now may we alle kynges and knyghtes and men of worship faye that fyre Triftram 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 laft day / And though he was hurte it was a manly aduventure 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 fir launcelot for alle the landes that euer my fader lefte me I wold not haue hurte fir Triftram 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 Knyghtes / and no helpe saue fyr Dynadan / And one thyng shalle I promyse said fyr launcelot / fyr 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 fir Triftram / 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 fir Palomydes that after he had a falle of fyre Triftram / he was nyghe hand araged oute of his wyt for despyte of fir Triftram |<[p.396] sig.35v> And soo he folowed hym by aduventure / And as he came by a ryuer in his woodenes / he wold haue made his hors to haue lepte ouer / and the hors fayled footynge / and felle in the Ryuer / wherfore fyre palomydes was adrad left he shold haue ben drowned / and thenne he auoyded his hors / and swamme to the land / and lete his hors goo doune by aduventure /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj /

ANd whanne he came to the land he took of his harneis / and fatte rorynge and cryenge as a man oute of his mynde / Ryght so came a damoyfel euen by fyr Palomydes that was sente fro fyr Gawayne and his broder vnto fir mordred that lay seke in the same place with that old knyght where fyr Triftram was / For as the Frenshe book faith fyr Perfydes hurte soo fyr Mordred a ten dayes afore / and had not ben for the loue of fir Gawayne and his broder / fyr Perfydes had slayne fir Mordred / and soo this damoyfel came by fir

palomydes / and she and he had langage to gyder / the whiche pleafyd
 neyther of them / and soo the damoyfel rode her wayes tyl she came to the
 old knyghtes place / & there she told that old knyght how she mette with
 woodeft knyght by aduenture that euer she mette with all / what bare he in
 his sheld said sir Triftram / hit was endented with whyte and black faide the
 damoyfel / A said sir Triftram that was sir palomydes / the good knyght /
 For wel I knowe hym said sir Triftram for one of the best knyghtes lyuynge
 in this realme / Thenne that old knyght took a lytel hackney and rode for
 fyre palomydes / and brought hym vnto his owne manoyr / and ful wel
 knewe fyre Triftram fyr Palomydes / but he said but lytel / for at that tyme
 fyr Triftram was walkyng vpon his feet / and wel amended of his hurtes /
 and alweyes whan fyre Palomydes sawe fyr Triftram / he wold behold hym
 ful merueilloufly / And euer hym femed that he hadde sene hym / Thenne
 wold he saye vnto fyre Dynadan and euer I may mete with fyre Triftram he
 shal not escape myn handes / I merueile said sir Dynadan ^{p^t} |<[p.397]
 sig.36r> ye boofte behynde fyr Triftram / 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 Triftram / thenne was fyr Palomydes afhamed / Soo leue we
 them a lytyl whyle in the old castel / with the old knyght sir Darras /
 ¶ Now shal we speke of Kynge Arthur / that said to sir Launcelot had not
 ye ben / we had not lost fyre Triftram 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
 Triftram 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 thenne 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 fyr Triftram / And as for me said fyre
 Launcelot I promyse you vpon this book that and I may mete with hym /
 outhur with fayrenes or foulness 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 / fyr
 Ector de Marys / fyr Bors de ganys and Bleoberis and fyre Blamor de
 ganys / and Lucan the botteler / fyr Vwayne / fyr 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 fyr Triftram / And as fyr launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with
 dame Brangwayn that was sent in to that countrey to seke sir Triftram / and
 she fled as faste as her palfrey myght goo / Soo fyre Launcelot mette with
 her and alked her why she fledde / ¶ A fayre knyghte said dame
 Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyf / for here foloweth me fyr Breufe
 faunce pyte to flee me / Hold you nyghe me sayd |<[p.398] sig.36v> sir
 launcelot / Thenne whanne fyre Launcelot sawe sir Breufe faunce pyte / fyr
 launcelot cryed vnto hym / and said / fals knyght destroyer of ladyes and
 damoyfels / now thy last dayes be come / Whanne fyre Breufe faunce pyte

fawe fire 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 fyre Breufe fled / and fyr Triftram folowed after hym / But fir Breufe was foo wel horsed that whan hym lyft to flee he myght wel flee / and also abyde whan hym lyft / And thenne fire launcelot returned vnto dame Brangwayne and she thanked hym of his grete labour /

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

Now wille we speke of fir Lucan the buttelere that by fortune he came rydyng to the same place there as was fyr Triftram / 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 fyr Lucan the botteler a knyghte of the round table / Soo the porter wente vnto fyre Darras lord of the place / and told hym who was there to aske herborouȝ / Nay nay feid fyr Daname that was neuewe to fyr Darras / ſaye hym that he shalle not be lodged here / But lete hym wete that I fyr Daname wyll mete with hym anon and bydde hym make hym redy / So fire Daname came forth on horsbak / and there they mette to gyders with ſperes / and fir Lucan fmote doune fyr Daname ouer his hors croupe / and thenne he fledde in to that place / and fir Lucan rode after hym / & asked after hym many tymes / Thenne fyr dynadan ſaid to fire Triftram hit is shame to see the lordes cofyn of this place defoiled / Abyde ſaid fir Triftram and I shalle redresse it / and in the meane whyle fyr Dynadan was on horsbak and he Iustid with Lucan þ^e botteler / & ther fir lucan fmote doune dynadā thurȝ the thyck of the thyghe / and ſoo he rode his way / and fire triftram was wrothe that fir Dynadan was hurte / & folowed after and thought to auenge hym / and within a whyle he ouertook fir lucan / and badde hym torne / and ſoo they mette to gyders ſoo that fire Triftram hurt fir Lucan paſſyng fore / and [p.399] sig.37r gaf hym a falle / With that came fire Vwayne a gentyl knyȝt And whanne he ſawe fire Lucan ſoo hurte / he called fyre triftram to Iuſte with hym / Faire knyght ſaid fire Triftram telle me your name I requyre you / Syre knyghte wete ye wel my name is fyre Vwayne le fyſe de roy Vreyne / A ſaide fire Triftram by my wille I wold not haue adoo with you at no tyme / ye shalle not ſoo ſaid fir Vwayne but ye shalle haue adoo with me / And thenne fire Triftram ſawe none other boote but rode ageynſt hym and ouerthrewe fyr Vwayn and hurte hym in the ſyde / and ſoo he departed vnto his lodgyng ageyne / And whanne fire Dynadan vnderſtood that fyr Triftram had hurte fir Lucan / he wold haue ryden after fyr Lucan for to haue ſlayne hym / but fir Triftram wold not ſuffre hym / ¶ Thenne fyr Vwayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter / and brought fir Lucan to the abbey of Ganys / and the caſtel there by hyght the caſtel of Ganys / of the whiche fyr Bleoberys was lord / And at that Caſtel fire launcelot promyſed alle his felawes to mete in the queſt of fyr Triftram / Soo whan fir triftram was come to his lodgyng ther cam a damoiſel þ^t told fir Darras that thre of his ſones were ſlayne at that turnement and two greuouſly wouȝded 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 fyr Darras that the same knyght was within hym that bare the black sheld / Thenne fir Darras yede vnto fir Triftrams chamber / and there he fond his sheld shewed it to the damoyfel / A fyr said the damoyfel that same is he / that flewe your thre fones / Thenne withoute ony taryenge fir Darras putte fyre Triftram and fyre Palomydes and fyr Dynadan within a strong pryson / and there fir Triftram was lyke to haue dyed of grete sekeneffe / and euery day fyr Palomydes wold repreue fir Triftram of old hate betwixe them / And euer fir Triftram spak fayre and said lytel / But whan fir Palomydes sawe the fallynge of sekeneffe of fir Triftram thenne was he heuy for hym / and comforted hym in alle the best wyse he coude / And as the Frenshe booke faith there came fourty knyghtes to fire Darras / that were of his owne kyn / and they wold haue slayne fire Triftram and his two felawes / but fire Darras wold not suffre that but kepte them in pryson / and mete and drynke they had / So fire Triftram endured there grete payne / for sekeneffe had vndertake hym / and that is the gretteft 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 fyre Triftram whanne sekenes had vndertake hym / for thenne he tooke suche sorou that he had almost slayne hym self

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

Now wille we speke and leue fir Triftram / fyre Palomydes / & fyr Dynadan in pryson / and speke we of other knyghtes that foughte after fyre Triftram many dyuerse partyes of this land / and some yede in to Cornewaile / and by aduenture fyr Gaheryse neuewe vnto kyng Arthur came vnto Kyng Mark / and there he was wel receyued / and satte atte kyng Marks owne table & ete of his owne messe / ¶ Thenne kyng Mark asked fir Gaheryse what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys / Syre said fyr 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 / thnne said Kyng mark that was fyre launcelot or fyre palomydes the paynym / Not soo said fyr Gaherys / for bothe fyre launcelot and fire Palomydes were on the contrary party ageynst the Knyght with the blak shelde / thenne was it fir Triftram said the kyng / ye said fir Gaheryse And there with all the Kyng smote doun his hede / & in his herte he feryd fore that fyre Triftram shold gete hym suche worship in the Royame of Logrys / where thorou that he hym self shold not be able to withstande hym / Thus fyre Gaheryse |<[p.401] sig.38r> had

grete chere with kynge Marke / and with quene la Beale Ifoud the whiche was gladde of fyr Gaheryse wordes / For wel she wift by his dedes and maners / that it was fyr Triftram / And thenne the kynge made a feest Royal / and to that feest came fir Vwayne le fyfe de roy Vreyne / and fomme callid hym Vwayne le blanche maynys / And this fyr Vwayn chalengyd alle the knyghtes of Cornewaile / Thenne was the kyng woode wroth that he had no knyghtes to anfuer hym / Thenne fyre Andred neuewe vnto kynge Mark lepte vp and said I wille encountre with fyr Vwayne / Thenne he yede and armed hym and horfed hym in the best maner / And there fyre Vwayne mette with fyre Andred and smote hym doune that he fwouned on the erthe / Thenne was kynge Marke fory and wrothe oute of mefure that he had no knyghte to reuenge his neuewe fir Andred / Soo the kynge called vnto hym fyr Dynas the fenefchal / and praid hym for his sake to take vpon hym to Iufte with fir Vwayne / Syr said fyr 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 Iufte / Soo fyr Dynas made hym redy / and anone they encountred to gyders with grete fperes / but fyre Dynas was ouerthrowen hors and man a grete falle / who was wrothe but kynge Marke / Allas he said haue I no knyght that wille encountre with yonder knyghte Syr said fir Gaheryse for your sake I wille Iufte / So fir Gaherys made hym redy / and whanne he was armed he rode in to the felde / And whanne fir Vwayne fawe fyr Gaheryses fheld he rode to hym and said / fir ye doo not youre parte / For fyre the fyrft tyme ye were made Knyght of the round table ye fware that ye fhould not haue a do with your felaufhip wetyngly And par dy fir Gaheryse ye knewe me wel ynou3 by my fhelde & fo do I knowe you by your fheld / and thou3 ye wold breke your othe / I wold not breke myn / for there is not one here nor ye that fhall thynke I am aferd of yow / but I durft ryght wel haue adoo with you / and yet we be fifter fones / Thenne was fir Gaheryse afhamed / and foo there with alle euery knyght wente their way / and fir Vwayne rode in to the countrey / Thenne kyng mark armed hym and tooke his hors and his fpere with a fquyer with hym / And thenne he rode afore fir <[p.402] sig.38v> Vwayne / and fodenly at a gap he ranne vpon hym as he that was not ware of hym / and there he smote hym al moft thurgh the body / and there lefte hym / So within a whyle there cam fir Kay / and fonde fir Vwayne / and alked hym how he was hurte / I wote not said fir Vwayne why nor wherfore / but by treason I am fure I gat this hurte / for here came a knyghte fodenly vpon me or that I was ware / and fodenly hurte me / ¶ Thenne there was come fyre Andred to feke kynge Marke ¶ Thou traytour knyght said fir kay / and I wifte it were thou that thus traitourly haft hurte this noble knyghte / thow fholdest neuer paffe my handes / Syre faide fir Andred I dyd neuer hurte hym / and that I wylle reporte me to hym felf / Fy on you fals knyghtes said fyr kay / for ye of Cornewaile ar nought worthe / Soo fyr kay made cary fyr Vwayne to the abbay of the black Crosse / and there he was helyd / And thenne fyr Gaherys took his leue of kynge Mark / But or he departed he fayd / fyre kynge ye dyd a foule fhamme vnto you & your Courte whan ye bannyfshed fir Triftram out of this coūtre / for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght and he had ben here / and foo he departed

¶ Capitulum xxxix

THenne there came fyre kay the Senefchal vnto kynge Marke / and there he hadde good chere fhewyng outward / Now fayre lordes faid 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 faid fir kay / I wille preue hit / And fir Gaheryse faid he wold be auysed For kynge Mark was euer ful of treason / and there with al fyr Gaheryse departed and rode his waye / And by the fame waye that fyre Kay shold ryde / he leyd hym doune to refte chargynge his squyer to wayte vpon fir kay / and warne me whanne he cometh / Soo within a whyle fir kay came rydyng that way / and thenne fir Gaheryse tooke his hors and met hym and fayd fire kay ye are not wyse to ryde at the request of kynge Mark for he deleth alle with treason / Thenne faid fire kay I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture / I shal not fayle |<[p.403] sig.&1r> you faid fir 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 fuche as were pryuy with hym / were auoyded oute of his chamber / And thenne he lete calle his neuewe fir 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 tyll they came to that lake / Thenne fir 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 fir Kayes hors fylle doune / for his hors was not so bygge as the kynges hors and fir kayes hors bryfed hym ful fore / Thenne fire Gaherys was wrothe that fir kay had a falle / Thenne he cryed knyght fytt thou fast in thy fadel / for I wille reuenge my felawe / Thenne kynge Marke was aferd of fyr Gaherys / and so with euyl wylle kynge Marke rode ageynst hym / and fir Gaherys gaf hym fuche a stroke that he felle down / So thenne forth with all fyr Gaheryse ranne vnto fyr 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 fyr Gaherys alyghte and gate vp fir 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 fire Andred spak fyrst & faid hit is kynge Marke of Cornewaile / therefore be ye ware what ye do / and I am fir Andred his cofyn / Fy on you bothe faid fir Gaheryse for a fals traitour / and fals treason hast thou wrougt / and he both vnder the fayned chere that ye made vs / it were pyte faid fir Gaherys that thou sholdest lyue ony lenger / Saue my lyf faid kynge Marke and I wil make amendys & confyder that I am a kynge anoynted / it were the more shame faid fir Gaherys to faue 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 & |<[p.404] sig.&1v> couerd hym with his sheld and defended hym as he myghte / and thenne fir kay lashed at fir Andred / and there with all kynge Marke yelded hym vnto fyr Gaherys / And thenne he

kneled adoune / and made his othe vpon the croffe of the fuerd that neuer whyle he lyued he wold be ageynst arraunt knyghtes / And also he sware to be good Frende vnto fir Triftram / yf euer he came in to Cornewaile / By thenne fir Andred was on the erthe / and fir Kay wold haue slayne hym / lete be said fir Gaherys / flee hym not I pray you / It were pyte said fyre kay that he shold lyue ony lenger / for this is nygh cofyn vnto fyr Triftram / and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym / & by hym he was exyled oute of Cornewaile / and therfor I will flee hym sayd fir Kay / ye shalle not said Gaherys fythen I haue gyuen the kynge his lyf / I pray you yeue hym his lyf / and there with alle fir Kay lete hym goo / And foo fir Kay and fyre Gaherys rode their way vnto Dynas the Seneschal for by cause they herd say that he loued wel fir Triftram / Soo they repofed them there / and soone after they rode vnto the royaume of Logrys / And foo within a lytel whyle they mette with fyre Launcelot that alweyes had dame Bragwayn with hym / to that entente / he wende to haue mette the sooner with fir Triftram / and fyr launcelot alked what tydynges in Cornewaile / and whether they herd of fir Triftram or not / Syr Kay and fir Gaherys anfuerd and said that they herd not of hym Thenne they told fir launcelot word by word of their aduenture / Thenne fyr launcelot smyled and said / hard hit is to take oute of the flesshe that is bred in the bone / and foo maade hem mery to gyders

¶ Capitulum xl

Now leue we of this tale / and speke we of fyr dynas that had within the castel a peramour / and she loued another knyghte better than hym / And so whanne fyr Dynas wente oute on huntyng / she slypped doune by a tuell / And took with her two brachets / and foo she yede to the knyght that she loued / and he her ageyne / ¶ And whanne fir [p.405] sig.&2r 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 fyr Dynas smote hym doune that with the falle he brake his legge and his arme / And thenne his lady and peramour cryed fyre Dynas mercy / and said she wold loue hym better than euer she dyd / Nay said fir 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 fir Dynas departed and tooke his brachets with hym / and foo rode to his castel / Now wil we torne vnto fir launcelot that was ryght heuy that he coude neuer here no tydynges of fir Triftram / for al this whyle he was in pryson with fir Darras / Palomydes / & Dynadan / Thenne dame Brangwayne took her leue to goo in to Cornewaile and fyr launcelot / fyr kay / & fyr Gaherys rode to seke fir Triftram in the countrey of Surleuse / Now speketh this tale of fir triftram and of his two felawes / for euery daye fyre Palomydes brauled and sayd langage ageynst fyr Triftram I merueyle said fir Dynadan of the fyr Palomydes / and thou haddest fyre Triftram 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 fyre

Dynadan this fame is fire Triftram 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 fire Palomydes abasshed and said lytyl / fyr Palomydes thenne said fyr Triftram / 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 / foo they peaced them self / Ryght foo came in a damoyfel and said knyghtes be of good chere for ye are sure of your lyues / and that I herd say my lord fyre Darras / Thenne were they gladd alle thre / For dayly they wende they shold haue dyed / ¶ Thenne soone after this fyr Triftram fylle seke that he wende to haue dyed / thenne fyr Dynadan wepte / and soo dyd fire Palomydes vnder them bothe makynge grete sorou / ¶ Soo a damoyfel |<[p.406] sig.&2v> came in to them and fonde them mornynge / Thenne she wente vnto fire Darras / and told hym how that myghty knyghte that bare the black shelde was lykely to dye / That shalle not be sayd fir Darras / for god defende whanne Knyghtes come to me for socour that I shold suffre hem to dye within my pryson / Therfor said fir Darras to the damoyfel / fetch that knyght and his felawes afore me / And thenne anone fir Darras sawe fir Triftram brought afore hym / he said fire 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 fyr 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 fir Triftram 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 myght 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 confyder said fyr Darras / that alle that ye dyd was by force of knyghthode / and that was the cause I wold not putte you to deth / But fythe ye be fyr Triftram the good knyght I pray you hertely to be my good frend and to my sones / Syr said fire Triftram I promyse yow by the feithe of my body euer whyle I lyue I wille do yow feruyse / for ye haue done to vs but as a naturel Knyghte ought to doo / Thenne fir Triftram repofed 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 fyr Triftram here wylle we departe in sondry wayes / and by cause fire Dynadan hadde the fyrst aduenture of hym I wille begynne |<[p.407] sig.&3r>

¶ Capitulum xli

SOo as fir Dynadan rode by a welle / he fond a lady making grete dole / what eyleth you said fir Dynadan Syre knyght said the lady I am the wofullest lady of the world / for within these fyue dayes / here came a knyght called fir Breufe saunce pyte / and he flewe myn owne broder / And euer fyns 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 fire Dynadan / And by cause of honour of alle wymmen I wille doo my parte / With this cam fyr Breufe / And whan he sawe a Knyght with his lady / he was wood wrothe / And thenne he said fir Knyght kepe the from me / soo they hurled to gyder as thonder / and eyther smote other passynge fore / But fyre Dynadan putte hym thurgh the sholder a greuous wounde / and or euer fir Dynadan myght torne hym fyr Breufe was gone and fledde / Thenne the lady prayd hym to brynge her to a Castel there besyde but four myle thens / and soo fir Dynadan brought her there / & she was welcome / for the lord of that castel was her vnkel / and soo fyre Dynadan rode his way vpon his aduventure / Now torne we this tale vnto fyre Triftram that by aduventure he cam to a castel to alke lodgyng / wherin was quene Morgan le fay / & soo whan fire Triftram 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 fyr Triftram / for I was but late a prysoner / Fayr knyght sayd the quene ye shall abyde with me tyl that I wete what ye ar and from whens ye come / And euer the Quene wold set fyr Triftram on her owne fyde / and her peramour on the other fyde / And euer Quene Morgan wold beholde fyr Triftram / & ther at the knyght was Ialous / and was in wille sodenly to haue ronne vpon fyr Triftram with a swerd / but he lefte it for shame / thenne the quene said to fir Triftram telle me thy name & [p.408] sig.&3v> I shall suffre you to departe whan ye will / vpon that couenaunt I telle you my name is fyr Triftram de lyones / A sayd Morgan le fay / and I had wyft 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 fyr Triftram ye dyd merueillous dedes of armes as euer I herd knyght doo / Madame said fyr Triftram lete me see the shelde that I shall bere / Thenne the shelde was brought forth / and the feld was guldyslh 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 fir Triftram this is a fayre shelde and a mygty But what sygnefyeth this kynge and this quene / and that knyght standynge vp bothe their hedes / I shall 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 fyre Triftram / that shall ye not wete as at this tyme / said the quene / but as the Frenshe book faith Quene Morgan le fay loued fir 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 fyr Launcelot loued Quene Gueneuer peramour / and she hym ageyne / therfore Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned that sheeld to put fir launcelot to a rebuke to that entent that kyng Arthur myght vnderstande the loue bitwene them / Thenne fir Triftram took that sheeld and promysed her to bere hit atte turnement at the castel of the hard roche / But fir Triftram knewe not that that sheeld was ordeyned ageynst fyr launcelot / but afterward he knewe hit

¶ **Capitulum xliij** |<[p.409] sig.&4r>

SOo thenne fire Triftram took his leue of the Quene / and took the sheeld with hym / Thenne came the knyghte that helde Quene Morgan le fay / his name was fyre Hemyfon / and he made hym redy to folowe fyre Triftram / fayr frende said Morgan le fay ryde not after that knyght / for ye shalle not wyne no worship of hym / Fy on hym coward said fire Hemyfon / for I wyft neuer good knyghte come oute of Cornewaile / but yf hit were fyr Triftram de Lyones / what & that be he said she / Nay nay said he / he is with la beale Ifoud and this is but a daffyllh 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 fir Hemyfon I shalle flee hym / A fayr frende said the Quene me repenteth that ye wylle folowe that knyght / for I fere me fore of youre ageyne comynge / with this / this knyghte rodd his waye woode wrothe / and he rode after fyr Triftram as fast as he hadde ben chaced with knyghtes / Whanne fir Triftram herd a knyghte come after hym soo fast / he returned aboute / and sawe a knyght comynge ageynst hym / And whanne he came nyghe to fir Triftram / he cryed on hyghe fyr knyght kepe the from me / Thenne they rashed to gyders as hit had ben thonder / and fir Hemyfon bryfed his spere vpon fyr Triftram / but his harneis was soo good that he myght not hurte hym / And fyre Triftram smote hym harder and bare hym thorou the body / and fylle ouer his hors croupe / Thenne fire Triftram 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 knyght and there fyre Triftram lodged

¶ Now leue to speke of fir Triftram / 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 said 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 draughtes 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 |<[p.410] sig.&4v> be in grete perylle and I dye / for with grete payne his varlet brought hym to the Castel / and there fyr Hemyfon fylle doun dede / whanne Morgan le fay sawe hym dede / she

made grete forou oute of reason / And thenne she lete despoyle hym vnto his shyrt / and soo she lete hym putte in to a tombe / And aboute the tombe she lete wryte / Here lyeth fyr Hemyson slayne by the handes of fire Trifram de lyones / ¶ Now torne we vnto fyre Trifram that alked the knyght his hooft yf he sawe late ony knyghtes aduenturous / Sir he said the last nyght here lodged with me Ector de marys and a damoyfel with hym / and that damoyfel told me that he was one of the best knyghtes of the world / that is not soo said sir Trifram / for I knowe four better knyghtes of his owne blood / and the fyrst is fyr launcelot du lake / calle hym the best knyght / and sir Bors de ganys Syr Bleoberys / fyr Blamor de ganys and fyr Gaherys / nay said his hooft / sir Gawayne is a better knyght than he / that is not soo said fyr Trifram / for I haue mette with hem bothe / & I felte fyr 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 Trifram said his hooft / for I accompte hym as good as ony of them / I knowe not fyre Trifram said trifram / thus they talked and bourded as longe as them lyst / and thenne wente to reste / And on the morne sir Trifram departed and took his leue of his hooft / and rode toward the roche deure / and anone adventure had fyre Trifram but that / & soo he rested not tyl he came to the castel where he sawe fyue C tentys

¶ Capitulum xliiij

THenne the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irland helde ageynst kyng Arthurs knyghtes / and there beganne a grete medle / So came in fyr Trifram and dyd merueillous dedes of armes / for there he smote doune many knyghtes / And euer he was afore kyng Arthur with that shelde / And whanne kyng Arthur sawe that shelde / he meruyllled gretely in what entente hit was made / but Quene Gueneuer demed as it was wherfor she was heuy / Thenne was ther a [

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] sig.&5r> damoyfel of Quene Morgan in a chamber by kyng Arthur / And whan she herd kyng Arthur speke of that shelde / thenne she spak openly vnto kyng Arthur / fyre kyng 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 damoyfel pyked her away pryuely / that no man wyft where she was become / Thenne was kyng Arthur sadde and wrothe and asked from whens came that damoyfel / there was not one that knewe her / nor wyfte 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 fore lest I shold be destroyed / And euer the kyng bihelde fyre Trifram that dyd soo merueillous dedes of armes that he wōdred fore what knyght he myght be / and wel he wyft hit was not fyr launcelot / And hit was told hym that fyr Trifram was in petyte Bretayne with Ifoud la blanche maynys / for he demyd and he had ben in the realme of Logrys / fyr launcelot or fomme of his felawes that were in the quest of fyr Trifram that they shold haue fond hym or that tyme / So kyng Arthur had

merueylle what knyght he myghte be / And euer fyr Arthurs eye was on that shelde / Alle that aspyed the Quene / and that made her fore aferd / Thenne euer fyr Triftram smote doune knyghtes wonderly to beholde what vpon the ryght hand and vpon the lyfte hand that vnnethe no knyzt 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 fyre Vwayn la blanche maynys / and bad hym arme hym and make hym redy / Soo anone kynge Arthur and sir Vwayne dressid them bifore sir Triftram and requyred hym to telle hem where he had that shelde / Syr he said I had it of Quene Morgan le fay lister vnto kynge Arthur ¶ Soo here endeth this history of this book / for it is the firste book of fyre Triftram de Iyones / and the second book of sir triftram foloweth |<[p.407] sig.&5r>

¶ here begynneth the second book of fyre Triftram / how fyre Triftram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Vwayne / by cause he wold not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made / But to say the sothe fyre Triftram 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 fyr Triftram I wille ansuere you / this sheld was yeuen me / not defyred / 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 fyre Triftram / 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 fyre Triftram wylle ye doo bataille with me but yf I telle you my name / and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worshyp / for ye haue sene me thys day haue had grete traueylle / And therefore ye are a vylaynous knyght to alke bataille of me consydeyng my grete traueylle / how be hit I wyl not fayle you / and haue ye no doute 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 fyre Triftram ageynst hym / and they came soo egerly to gyders / And there kynge Arthur brake his spere all to pyeces vpon fyr Triftrams shelde / But sir Triftram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe / And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte fyde a grete wounde and a peryllous / Thenne whanne sir Vwayne sawe his lord Arthur lye on the ground sore wounded he was passyng

heuy / And thenne he dresseid his shelde and his spere / and cryed |<[p.413] sig.&6r> alowde vnto fyr Triftram and said knyght defende the / So they came to gyder as thonder / and fyr Vwayne bryfed his spere / alle to pyeces vpon fyre Triftrams shelde / and fyre Triftram smote hym harder and forer with fuche a myȝt that he bare hym clene oute of his fadel to the erthe / with that fyr Triftram turned 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 fyr Vwayn and said to fyre Triftram we haue as we haue deserued / For thurgh our orgulyte we demaunded bataille of you / and yet we knewe not youre name / Neuertheles by feynt crosse said fyre Vwayne he is a stronge knyght at myn aduysse as ony is now lyuyng / Thenne fyr Triftram departed / and in euery place he alked & demaunded after fyr Launcelot / but in no place he coude not here of hym whether he were dede or on lyue / wherfor fyr triftram made grete dole and sorowe / Soo fyr Triftram rode by a forest and thenne was he ware of a fayre toure by a mareysse 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 fyre Triftram had grete wonder that euer one knyȝt myȝt doo soo grete dedes of armes / and thenne within a lytell whyle he had slayne half their horses / and vnhorsed them / and their horses ranne in the felde and foreste / Thenne fyre Triftram had soo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured soo grete payne / and euer he thought hit shold be fyr 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 answered the maister of tho knyghtes / his name was called Breuse saunce pyte that was atte that tyme the mooste meschyeuouft knyght lyuyng / and said thus / fyr 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 fyr Triftram that soo good a knyght as he is shold be slayne soo cowardly / And therefore I warne you I will focoure hym with all my puyssaunce |<[p.414] sig.&6v>

¶ Capitulum secundū

SO fyre Triftram alyghte of his hors by cause they were on foote that they shold not flee his hors / And thenne dresseid his sheld with his swerd in his hand / and he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand passyng fore that wel nygh at euery stroke he strake down a knyght / And when they alpyed his strokes / they fled all with Breuse saūce pyte vnto the toure / & fyr Triftram folowed fast after with his swerd in his hand / but they escaped in to the toure / and shytted fyr Triftram withoute the gate / ¶ And whanne fyr Triftram sawe this / he returned abak vnto fyr Palomydes / and fond hym syttyng vnder a tree fore wounded / A faire knyght saide fyre Triftram wel be ye fonde / Gramercy said fyr palomydes of your grete goodenes / for ye haue

rescowed me of my lyf and faued me from my dethe / what is your name
 said sir Tristram / he said my name is fyr Palomydes / O Ihesu said fyr
 Tristrā 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 faued my lyf / hit wille be no
 worship for you to haue adoo with me / for ye are freslh and I am wounded
 fore / 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 fyr 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 befylde / I aspyed where laye a dede Knyght / and a lady
 wepyng befylde hym / And whanne I sawe her makynge suche dole / I
 asked her who slewe her lorde ¶ Syre she said the fallfest knyght of the
 world now lyuyng and he is the moost vylayne that euer man herd speke
 of / <p.415] sig.&7r> and his name is sir Breuse faunce pyte / thenne for
 pyte I made the damoyfel 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 fyr Breuse faunce pyte / and
 sodenly he strake me from my hors / And thenne or I myghte recouer my
 hors / this sir Breuse slewe the damoyfel / and soo I took my hors ageyne /
 and I was fore alhamed / and so beganne the medle betwixe vs / and this is
 is the cause wherfore we dyd this bataille / Well said sir tristram now I
 vnderstande the maner of your bataiylle / but in ony wyfe 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 daūger 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 fadel to the
 erthe / and hurte hym on the lyfte syde that sir Tristram lay in grete
 perylle / Thenne he walopped ferther / and sette 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 lefte 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 counceylle of other / what was best to done / By my hede said

fir Triftram I wyll folowe this strong knyght that thus hath shamed vs / ¶ Well |<[p.416] sig.&7v> said fir Palomydes / & I wyll repose me here by with a frend of myn / Beware said fire Triftram 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 fir Palomydes / be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not / For and I be not feke nor pryfoner 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 fir Triftram and fir Palomydes departed / and eyther took their wayes dyuerse

¶ Capitulum iij

ANd so fyre Triftram rode longe after this stronge knyght / And at the laste he sawe where lay a lady ouerthwarte a dede knyght / Faire lady said fir Triftram 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 / therefore 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 damage / That me repenteth said fire Triftram of your grete anger / and hit please you / telle me your hulbandes name / fyr said she his name was Galardoun that wold haue preued a good knyghte / Soo departed fir Triftram from that dolorous lady and hadde moche euylle lodgyng / Thenne on the thyrdde day fyr Triftram mette with fyr Gawayne and with fir Bleoberys in a forest at a lodge and eyther were fore wounded / Thenne fyre Triftram asked fyr Gawayne and fyr Bleoberys yf they met with fuche a Knyghte with fuche a cognoysaunce with a keuerd shelde / Faire fyr said these knyghtes fuche a knyght met with vs to oure grete dommage / & fyrst he smote doune my felawe fyre Bleoberys & fore wouëd |<[p.417] sig.&8r> 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 fir Triftram 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 fore / By my feythe said fir Gawayne by my counceyl 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 fir Triftram I shall neuer reste tyl that I fynde hym / And thenne fir Gawayne asked hym his name / thenne he said my name is fir Triftram /

and so eyther told other their names / and thenne departed fyr Triftram / and rode his way / And by fortune in a medowe sire Triftram mette with fir Kay the feneschal and fir Dynadan / What tydynges with you said fir Triftram with you Knyghtes / Not good said these knyghtes / why so said fir Triftram I praye you telle me / for I ryde to feke a knyght / what cognoyssaunce bereth he said fir Kay / He bereth said fir Triftram a couerd sheld clofe with clothe / By my hede said fir 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 wyft 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 fir kay he smote me doune from my hors / and hurte me passynge fore / And whanne my felawe fyr Dynadan sawe me smyten doune and hurte / he wold not reuenge me / but fledde from me / And thus is he departed / And thenne fir Triftram asked them theyr names / and so eyther told other their names / And so fyre Triftram departed from fyr kay / and from fir Dynadan / and so he past thurgh a grete forest in to a playne tyl he was ware |<[p.418] sig.&8v> 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 fyre Triftram had ben refreshed / his harneis was bryfed & 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 fyr Triftram mette with fir Sagamore le desyrus / & with fyre Dodynas le saueage / And these two knyghtes mette with fyre Triftram and questyoned with hym / and asked hym yf he wold Iuste with hem / Faire knyghtes said fir Triftram 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 myffortuned me here to be hurte I shold not be able to doo my bataille / whiche I promysed / As for that said Sagamor maulgre your hede ye shalle Iuste with vs / or ye passe from vs / well said fyr Triftram / 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 fyr Triftrams grete force he strake fyr Sagamor from his hors / Thenne he hurled his hors ferther / and said to fir Dodynas / knyghte make the redy / and so thorou fyne force fyre Triftram 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 fir Triftram was past fyr Sagamore and fir Dodynas gate ageyne their horses / & mounted vp lyghtely and folowed after fir Triftram / And whan fyre Triftram sawe them come so fast after hym / he retorned with his hors to them / and asked them what they wold Hit is not

longe ago fythen I smote you to the erthe at your owne request / and defyre / 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 Sagramore and fyre |<[p.419] sig.A1r> Dodynas / for we wille be reuengyd of the despyte ye haue done to vs / Faire knyghtes said sire Tristram that shall lytly 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 shall not escape with oute grete hurtes / and as I suppose ye shall not escape alle lotles / And this is the cause why I am so 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 lyuynge / and yf I be hurte I shall not be able to doo bataille with hym / What Knyght is that said sire Sagramor that ye shall fyghte with alle / Sire said he it is a good knyght called sire Palomydes / By my hede said sire 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 shall haue ado with hym / we wille forbere you as at this tyme / and els ye shall not escape vs lyghtely / But fayr knyght said sire Sagramour telle vs your name / Sire said he my name is sire Tristram de lyones / A said Sagramor and sire 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 Lancelot 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 sire Lancelot for after he was dede she took his fuerd and threst hit thorow her body / And by the craft of Merlyn he made to entiere this knyght Lancelot and his lady Columbe vnder one stone / And at that tyme Merlyn profecyed / that in that same place shall fyghte two the best knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes / and the best louers / ¶ Soo whanne fyre Tristram came to the tombe where lancelot and his lady were buryed / he |<[p.420] sig.A1v> loked aboute hym after sire Palomydes / Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came rydyng ageynst hym all in whyte / with a couerd shelde / Whanne he came nyghe sire Tristram he said on hyghe ye be welcome sire Knyght / and wel and truly haue ye hold your promyse / And thenne they dresid their sheldes and speres / and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of their horses / and they met so fyrstly that bothe their horses and Knyghtes fylle to the erthe / And as fast as they myghe auoyded theyre horses / and putte their sheldes afore them / and they strake to gyders with bryght swardes as men that were of myght / and eyther woudded other wonderly fore 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 maister / By my hede said sire

Laūcelots seruauent your maister hath not yeuen so many but your maister hath receyued as many or more / O Ihesu faide 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 sir launcelot and said knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel / as euer I sawe knyght / therfor and hit please you telle me your name / Syr faide sire Triftram that is me lothe to telle ony 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 Triftram thenne I requyre you to telle me your name / fayr knyghte he said my name is sir launcelot du lake / Allas said sire Triftram 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 Triftram de lyones / O Ihesu said sir launcelot what aduenture is befall me / And there with sir launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his fuerd And there with alle sir Triftram kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his fuerd / And soo eyther gaf other the degree / And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the stone / and fet them <[p.421] sig.A2r> doune vpon hit / and toke of their helmes to kele them / and eyther kyft 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 sir Triftram with them

¶ Capitulum sextum

R Etorne ageyne said sir launcelot for your quest is done / for I haue mette with sir Triftram / loo here is his owne persone / Thenne was sir Gawayne gladde / and said to sire Triftram ye are welcome / for now haue ye eafyd me gretely of my labour / For what cause said sir Gawayne came ye in to this courte / Fair sir said sir Triftram I came in to thys countrey / by cause of sir 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 sire Laūcelot and I mette to gyders / With this came Kyng Arthur / And whan he wyft that there was sir Triftram / thenne he ranne vnto hym and toke hym by the hand / And faide sire Triftram ye are as welcome as ony Knyghte / that euer came to this Courte / And whanne the Kyng had herd how sire Launcelot and he had foughten / and eyther had wounded other wonderly fore / thenne the Kyng maade grete dole / Thenne sir Triftram told the Kyng how he came thydder for to haue had adoo with sire Palomydes / And thenne he told the kyng how he had rescowed hym from the nyne knyghtes and Breufe faunce 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 lefte 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 fir Gawayne that same Knyghte smote me doun and fire Bleoberys and hurte vs fore both / he with the couerd shelde / A sayd fir Kay that Knyght smote me adoune & hurte me paffynge fore / & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I mygt not / Ihesu mercy said Arthur what |<[p.422] sig.A2v> knyghte was that with the couerd shelde / I knowe not faide fir Triftram / and so said they all / now said kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is fir laūcelot / theenne they al loked vpon fir laūcelot & said ye haue begyled vs with your couerd shelde / Hit is not the fyrst tyme said Arthur he hath done soo / My lord sayd fir 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 fir Gawayne / fir kay / and fir Bleoberys Thenne kynge Arthur took fir Triftram 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 fir Triftram / welcome said the damoyfels / welcome sayd knyghtes / welcome said Arthur for one of the best knyghtes / and the gentyllst of the world / and the man of mooste worship / for of alle maner of huntyng thou bereft the pryce / and of alle mesures of blowyng thou arte the begynnyng / and of alle the termes of huntyng and haukyng ye are the begynner / of all Instrumentest of musyke ye ar the best / therfor gentyll 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 Triftram / wel said Arthur I will desyre of you that ye wille abyde in my courte / Syr faide fyre Triftram therto is me lothe / for I haue adoo in many countreyes / Not soo said Arthur / ye haue promysed hit me / ye maye not fay nay / Syr said fir Triftram 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 fir Triftram / And thenne Arthur made fir Triftram knyght of the table round with grete nobley and grete feest as myghte be thought / for fir marhaus was slayne by the handes of fire Triftram 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 / fire Triftram and he foughte / And they foughte soo longe tracyng and trauercyng tylle they fyllen bledyng |<[p.423] sig.A3r> to the erthe / for they were so fore wounded that they myght not stande for bledyng / and fir Triftram by fortune recouerd and fyre Marhaus dyed thurgh the stroke on the hede / Soo leue we of fir Triftram and speke we of Kyng Marke /

¶ Capitulum vij

THenne Kynge Marke had grete despyte of the renoume of fir Triftram / and Thanne he chaced hym oute of Cornewaile / yet was he neuwe vnto Kynge Marke / but he had grete suspecyon vnto fire Triftram by cause of his Quene la Beale Ifoud / for hym semed that there was to moche loue bitwene them bothe / Soo

whan fir Triftram departed oute of Cornewaile in to Englonde / kynge marke herd of the grete prowesse that fir Triftram dyd there / the whiche greued hym fore / Soo he fente on his party men to aspye what dedes he dyd / And the Quene fente 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 trowth as they had herd that he passed alle other knyghtes / but yf it were fir launcelot / Thenne kynge Marke was ryght heuy of these tydynges / and as glad was la Beale Ifoud / Thenne in grete despyte he took with hym two good Knyghtes / and two squyers / and desguysed hym self / and took his way to Englonde to the entente for to flee fir Triftram / and one of these ij Knyghtes hyght Berfules / and the other Knyght was called Amant / Soo as they rode Kynge marke asked a knyght that he met where he shold fynde Kynge Arthur / he said at Camelot / Also he asked that Knyghte after fir Triftram whether he herd of hym in the courte of Kynge Arthur / wete you wel said that Knyght ye shall fynde fir Triftram 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 thyrty Knyghtes that were men of grete honour / ¶ And the laste batail that euer he dyde / he foughte with fyre [p.424] sig.A3v> Launcelot / and that was a merueilous bataille / And not by force fyr launcelot brought fir Triftram to the Courte / and of hym kynge Arthur made passyngre grete ioye / and soo maade hym knyght of the table round / and his seate was where the good Knyghtes fir Marhaus seate was / Thenne was Kyng Marke passyngre sory whanne he herd of the honour of fir Triftram / 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 comyngre hyder is to this entente / for to destroye fir Triftram by wyles or by treason / and hit shalle be hard yf euer he escape our handes / Allas said fir Berfules what mene you / for ye be sette in fuche a waye / ye are disposed shamefully For fir Triftram is the Knyght of moost worship that we knowe lyuyngre / And therfor I warne you playnly I wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe / and therfor I wyll yelde my seruyse / and forfake you whan kynge Mark herd hym say so / Sodenly he drewe his swerd and said A traitour / & smote fyr Berfules on the hede that the swerd wente to his teeth / Whanne Amant the knyghte sawe hym doo that vylaynous dede / and his squyers / they said hit was foul done / and mescheyeuoufly / 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 fir Amant I wil not discouer your name / and soo they departed / and Amant and his felawes took the body of Berfules and buried hit [p.425] sig.A4r>

¶ 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 fayenge O fayre Quene of Orkeney kynge Lots wyf and moder of fir Gawayne and to fire Gaheris and moder to many other / for thy loue I am in grete paynes / Thenne Kynge Marke arofe and wente nere hym / and fayd / Fayr knyght ye haue made pyteous complaynte / Truly said the knyght / hit is an honderd parte more refullyr 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 fire Lamorak de galys / But whan fire Lamorak herd Kynge Mark speke thenne wift he wel by his speche that he was a Cornysllhe knyght / Syr said fir Lamorak / I vnderstande by your tonge ye be of Cornewaile wherin there duelleth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuyng / for he is a grete enemy to alle good knyghtes / and that preueth wel / for he hath chaced oute of that Countrey fyr Triftram that is the worshipfullest knyght that now is lyuyng / and alle knyghtes speken of hym worship / And for laloufnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his countrey / Hit is pyte said fir Lamorak that euer ony fuche fals knyght coward as kynge Marke is shold be matched with fuche a fayre lady and good as la Beale Ifoud 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 fyre Lamorak fyre can ye |<[p.426] sig.A4v> telle me ony tydynges / I can telle you said fyr Lamorak / that there shalle be a grete turnement in haft beyde Camelot at the castel of Iagent / and the kynge with the C knyghtes & the kyng of Irland as I suppose make that turnement ¶ Thenne there came a knyght that was callid fire Dynadan / and falewed them bothe / And whan he wyft that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornewaile / he repreued hym for the loue of kynge Marke a thousand fold more / than dyd fir lamorak / thenne he profered to Iufte with kynge Mark / and he was ful lothe therto / But fir Dynadan edgyd hym soo / that he Iusted with fir lamorak / & fir lamorak smote kyng marke so fore that he bare hym on his spere ende ouer his hors taylor / And thenne kynge Marke arofe ageyne / and folowed after fir lamorak / but fir Dynadan wold not Iufte with fire Lamorak / But he told kynge Marke that fire Lamorak was fyre kay the feneschall / that is not soo said kynge Mark / for he is moche bygger than fir kay / and soo he folowed and ouertoke hym / and badde hym abyde / what wille ye doo said fir Lamorak / Syr he said / I will fyghte with a sward / for ye haue shamed me with a spere / and there with they dallhed to gyders with swardes / and fir Lamorak suffred hym / and forbare hym And kynge Marke was passyng hafty / and smote thycke strokes / Syr Lamorak sawe he wold not stynte and

waxyd fomwhat wrothe / and doubled his strokes / for he was one of the noblest knyghtes of the world / and he bete hym foo on the helme that his hede henge nyȝ vn the sadel bowe Whan fir lamorak sawe hym fare foo / he said / fyr 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 / therfore I gyue you leue to goo where ye lyst / Gramercy said kyng Marke For ye & I be not matches / Thenne fir dynadan mocked kyng Marke and said ye are not able to matche a good knyght / as for that said Kyng Marke at the first tyme that I lusted with this Knyȝt ye refused hym / Thynke ye that it is a shame to me said fyr Dynadan / Nay fyr 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 fuche fyue as ye / and [p.427] sig.A5r> 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 fuche a Knyght as is fir Triftram /

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne they rode forth alle to gyders Kyng Marke / fir Lamorak & fir 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 braundysshing a spere cryenge and proferynge hym self to luste / Now said fir Dynadan vnto Kyng Marke / yonder ar two bretheren that one hyght Aleyn / and the other hyghte Tryan that will luste with ony that passeth this passage / Now profer your self said Dynadan to Kyng Marke / for euer ye be leide to the erthe / Thenne Kyng Marke was ashamed / and there with he feutryd hys spere / and hurtlid to fir Tryan / and eyther brake their speres / all to pyeces / and passid thurgh anone / Thenne fyr Trian sent Kyng Marke another spere to luste more / But in no wyse he wold not luste 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 fir Tor le fyse aries / & thenne they came in to a fayr courte wel repayred / and they had passyng good chere tyl the lieutenaunt of this castel that hyght Berluse / aspyed Kyng Marke of Cornewaile / Thenne said Berluse / fyr 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 flayne 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 felawship / 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 fir Tor / and for the loue of fir 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 [p.428] sig.A5v> vylaynous knyght or

kynge 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 Kynge Marke fore afhamed / and sayd but lytyl ageyne / But whanne fir Lamorak and fir Dynadan wyft that he was kynge Marke / they were sory of his felaulhip / Soo after souper they wente to lodgyng / Soo on the morne they arose erly / and kynge Marke and fir Dynadan rode to gyders / and thre myle fro their lodgyng there met with hem thre knyghtes / and fir Berlufe was one / and that other his two cofyns / Syr Berlufe sawe kynge Marke / and thenne he cryed on hyghe traytour kepe the from me / for wete thou wel that I am Berlufe / Syr knyght said fir 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 muft I take a part with hym / how be hit I loue not his condycyon / and fayne I wold be from hym / Wel dynadan said fir Berlufe me repenteth that ye wille take party with hym / but now doo your best / And thenne he hurtled to Kynge Marke and smote hym fore vpon the shelde / that he bare hym clene out of his fadel to the erthe / That sawe fir Dynadan / and he feutryd his spere / and ranne to one of Berlufes felawes / and smote hym doune of his fadel / Thenne Dynadan torned his hors / and smote the thyrdde knyght in the same wyse to the erthe / for fyre Dynadan was a good knyght on horfbak / and there byganne a grete batail for Berlufe and his felawes helde them to gyders strongly on fote And soo thurgh the grete force of fir Dynadan / kyng Marke had Berlufe to the erthe / and his two felawes fledde / and had not ben fyre Dynadan kynge Marke wold haue slayne hym / And soo fyre Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyf / for kynge Marke was but a murtherer / And thenne they took their horses / and departed / and lefte fir Berlufe there fore woūded Thenne kynge Mark and fir Dynadan rode forth a four leges englyshe tyl that they came to a brydge where houed a knyght on horfbak armed and redy to Iuste / ¶ Loo sayd |<[p.429] sig.A6r> fyr Dynadan vnto Kynge Marke / yonder houeth a Knyghte that wille Iuste / for there shalle none passe this brydge / but he muft 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 fyr 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 fyr Dynadan was smyten to the erthe / and lyghtely he arose vp / and gat his hors / and requyred that Knyght to doo bataille with fuerdes / And he anfuerd 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 fir Dynadan passyng wrothe / that he myzt not be reuenged of that Knyghte / and soo he departed / and in no wyse wold that Knyght telle

his name / But euer fir Dynadan thought he shold knowe hym by his shelde
that it shold be fir Tor

¶ Capitulum xj

SOo as they rode by the way / Kynge Mark thenne beganne to
mocke fir Dynadan and said I wend yow Knyghtes of the table
round myzt not in no wyse fynde their matches / ye say well said
fir Dynadan / as for you on my lyfe I calle you none of the best
knyghtes / But fythe ye haue such a despyte at me / I requyre 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 requyre 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 fir 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 gretteft 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 fir Berluse a better
Knyghte than ye / or euer ye shal be / & more of prowesse <[p.430]
sig.A6v> ¶ Thus they rode forth talkynge tyl they came to a fayre place
where stood a knyght and prayd them to take their lodgyng with hym /
Soo at the request of that knyght / they repofed 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 fire Dynadan
demaunded his hooft what was the Knyghtes name that kepte the brydge
For what cause alke you it said his hooft / for hit is not long ago said fyr
Dynadan sythen he gaf me a falle / A fayr knyght said his hooft / therof
haue ye no meruaylle for he is a passynge good knyght / and his name is fir
Tor the sone of aries le vayshere / A said fir Dynadan was that fir Tor / for
truly soo euer me thought / Ryght as they stode thus talkyng to gyders /
they sawe come rydyng to them ouer a playne vj knyghtes of the courte of
kynge Arthur wel armed at al poyntes / And there by their sheldes fire
Dynadan knewe them wel / The fyrft was the good knyght fir Vwayne the
sone of Kynge Vryens / the second was the noble knyght fir Brandyles / the
thyrd was Oȝana le cure hardy / the fourthe was Vwayne les auenturous /
The fyfthe was fyr Agrauayne / The vj fir Mordred broder to fir Gawayne /
Whanne fir Dynadan had fene these vj knyghtes / he thought in hym self he
wold bryng 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
englyfthe / Thenne was kynge Marke ware / where they sat al fyxe 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 fir Dynadan yonder ar Knyghtes arraunt that wyl
Iuste with vs / God forbede said Kynge Mark / for they be fyx and we but
two / As for that said fire Dynadan lete vs not spare / for I wille affaye the
formest / and there with he maade hym redy / whanne kynge Marke sawe
hym doo soo as fast as fir Dynadan rode toward them Kynge marke rode

froward them with alle his mayneal meyny / Soo whan fire Dynadan sawe
 Kyng Marke was gone / he sette the spere oute of the reest / and threwe
 his sheld vpon his bak / and came rydyng to the felauhip of the table
 round / And anone fire Vwayne |<[p.431] sig.A7r> knewe fir Dynadan /
 and welcomed hym / and soo dyd al his felauhip /

¶ Capitulum xij /

ANd thenne they asked hym of his aduentures / & whether he
 had sene fyr Triftram or fir launcelot / So god me helpe said fir
 Dynadan I sawe none of them sythen I departed from
 Camelot / what Knyght is that said fir Brandyles that soo
 fodenly departed from you / and rode ouer yonder felde / Syr
 said he / hit was a Knyghte of Cornewaile / and the moost horryble coward
 that euer beftrode hors / what is his name said alle these knyghtes / I wote
 not said fir 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 talkyng came in to the castel fyr Gryflet le fyse de
 dieu / and there was he welcome / and they alle asked hym whether he had
 sene fire Launcelot or fyre Triftram / Syrs he answered I sawe hym not sythen
 he departed from Camelot / Soo as fir 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 / fyr said fir Dynadan they were better frendes than I wend they had
 ben / who is Capytayn of that felauhip said the Kyng / thenne for to fere
 hym fir Dynadan sayd that it was fir Launcelot / O Ihesu said the Kyng
 myghte I knowe fir Launcelot by his shelde / ye said Dynadan / for he
 bereth a shelde of fyluer and black bendys / Alle this he said to fere the
 kyng / for fire launcelot was not in his felauhip / Now I pray you said
 kyng Mark that ye wille ryde in my felauhip / that is me lothe to doo said
 fyre Dynadan by cause ye forfoke my felauhip / Ryght soo fir Dynadan
 went from kyng Mark & wente to his own felauhip and soo they mounted
 vpon their horses / & rode on their wayes / and talked of the Cornyllhe
 knyghte / for Dynadan told them that he was in the castel where they were
 lodged / hit is |<[p.432] sig.A7v> wel said said fir Gryflet / for here haue I
 brought fir Dagonet kyng Arthurs foole that is the best felawe and the
 meryest / in the world / ¶ Wille ye doo wel said fir Dynadan I haue told
 the Cornyllhe Knyght that here is fir Launcelot / and the Cornyllhe Knyght
 asked me what shelde he bare / Truly I told hym that he bereth the same
 shelde that fir Mordred bereth / wyl ye doo wel said fir Mordred I am hurte
 and maye not wel bere my shelde nor harneis / And therefore put my shelde
 and my harneis vpon fir Dagonet / and lete hym sette vpon the Cornyllhe
 Knyght / that shalle be done said fir 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 fyde / and abode tyl Kyng Marke came by the way /
 Thenne they putte forth fir Dagonet / and he came on al the whyle his hors
 myght renne streyght vpon Kyng Marke And whanne he came nyghe
 Kyng Marke / he cryed as he were wood / and said kepe the Knyghte of
 Cornewaile / for I wille flee the / Anone as Kyng Marke beheld his shelde /
 he said to hym self / yonder is fir launcelot Allas now am I destroyed / and
 there with all he made his hors to renne as fast as it myghte thorough thicke
 and thynne / And euer fir Dagonet folowed after Kyng Marke cryenge
 and rateyng hym as a wood man thurgh a grete forest / whanne fir
 Vwayne and fir Brandyles sawe dagonet soo chace Kyng Marke / they
 laughed all as they were wood / And thenne they toke their horses / and
 rode after to see how fir Dagonet spedde / for they wold not for no good
 that fir Dagonet were shente / for Kyng Arthur loued hym passyng wel /
 and made hym Knyght his owne handes / And att euery turnement he
 beganne to make Kyng Arthur to laughe / Thenne the knyghtes rode here
 and there cryenge and chacyng after kyng Marke that alle the forest range
 of the noyse /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Soo kyng Marke rode by fortune by a welle in the way where
 stood a Knyght erraunte on horlbak armed att al poyntes with a
 grete spere in his hand <[p.433] sig.A8r> And whanne he sawe
 Kyng Marke comyng 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 fyre
 launcelot or fir Tristram I shold not doubte to mete the better of them
 bothe / Whanne Kyng 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 fore that he bare hym ouer his hors tayle / and
 nyghe he had broken his neck / And anone after hym came fir Brandyles /
 and whanne he sawe Dagonet haue that falle / he was passyng wrothe /
 and cryed Kepe the Knyght / and soo they hurtled to gyders wonder fore /
 But the Knyght smote fir Brandyles so fore 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 their speres / and
 this Knyght came soo egerly that he smote doune fir Vwayne / Thenne
 came Ozana with the hardy hert / and he was smyten doune / Now said fir
 Gryflet by my counceyl lete vs fende to yonder arraunt Knyght / and wete
 whether he be of Arthurs Courte / for as I deme hit is fir Lamorak de
 galys / Soo they fente 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 Knyght arraunt as they ar / and
 lete them wete that I am no Knyghte of Kyng Arthurs Courte / and soo
 the squyer rode ageyne vnto them and told them his ansuer of hym / By my

hede said sir Agrauayne 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 fyr Agrauayne 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 ferued hem alle / but sir Dynadan / for he was behynde / and sir Mordred was vnarmed and Dagonet had his harnes / ¶ Soo when this was done this stronge Knyght rode on his |<[p.434] sig.A8v> his way a softe paas / and kynge Marke rode after hym / prayfynge hym mykel / but he wold anfuer no wordes / but fyghed wonderly fore / hangynge doune his hede / takynge no hede to his wordes / Thus they rode wel a thre myle Englyfthe / 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 refreshynge of good metes / and drynkes / And yf she aske the what I am / Telle her that I am the knyght that foloweth the Glatysfaunt beest / that is in Englyfthe to saye the questynge beeste for that beest where someuer he yede / he quested in the bely with fuche a noyse / as hit hadde ben a thyrty couple of houndes ¶ Thenne the varlet wente his way and came to the manoyr and fawed 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 fwete 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 fwouned 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 returned 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 repofed them a whyle / Anone with alle kynge Marke felle on slepe / whanne fyre 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 wyfte 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 |<[p.435] sig.B1r> this countrey / and soo fyre Dynadan rode after this knyghte / And so dyd kyng Marke that fought 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 feke fyr 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 fyluer / 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 fir Dynadan / for myght I fynde the trak of his hors I shold not fayle to fynde that Knyghte / Ryghte so as fir Dynadan rode in the euen late / he herd a doleful noyfe as it were of a man / ¶ Thenne fir Dynadan rode toward that noyfe / And whanne he came nyghe that noyfe / 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 Ifoud 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 muft I loue the / And I may not blame the fayre lady / for myn eyen ben cause of this forowe / 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 fir Triftram 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 fir Palomydes said by hym / wherfore he was adradde / whanne he sawe sire Dynadan left and he aspyed hym / that he wold telle fyre Palomydes that he was Kynge Marke / and <[p.436] sig.B1v> 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 myfaunture 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 fir Dynadan that he wold telle fyr Triftram and fir Palomydes what he was / ¶ Thenne were ther maydens / that la Beale Ifoud hadde sente to sire Triftram that knewe fir 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 stak in his body he spak / A fayr damoyfels said Amant / ye recommaūde me vnto la Beale Ifoud / and telle her that I am slayn for the loue of her and of fir Triftram / And there he told the damoyfels how cowardly Kyng Mark had slayne hym and sire Berfyles 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 fir Berfules & I wold not consente by treason flee the noble knyght fir triftram / 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 vaynquyflhe and flee a trewe knyght that fought in a ryghtuous quarel / Thenne anone hit was fpronge to the Kyng and the quene and to alle the lordes that it was kynge Mark that had flayne fyr Amant / and fire Berfules afore hand / wherfor they dyd theire bataile / Thenne was Kyng Arthur wroth oute of mefure / and fo were alle the other knyghtes But whanne fire Triftram knewe alle the matere / he maade grete dole and forowe oute of mefure / and wepte for forou for the losse of the noble knyghtes fyr Berfyles & of fir Amant |<[p.437] sig.B2r> ¶ Whanne fir Launcelot afpyed fir Triftram wepe / he wente haftely to Kynge Arthur and faid fyre I pray you gyue me leue to retorne ageyne to yonder fals kynge and knyghte / I pray yow faid kynge Arthur / fetche hym ageyne / but I wold not that ye flewe hym for my worship / Thenne fir launcelot armed hym in alle hafte / and mounted vpon a grete hors / & toke a fperre in his hand and rode after kynge Marke / And from thens a thre myle englyflhe / fir launcelot ouertook hym / and badde hym torne recreaunt kyng and knyght / For whyder thou wilt or not thou fhalt go with me to kyng Arthurs Courte / Kynge Marke retorned and loked vpon fir Launcelot / and faid Faire fyr what is your name / wete thou wel faid he my name is fire Launcelot / and therfor defende the / And whanne Kynge Marke wifte that it was fire Launcelot / and came foo faft vpon hym with a fperre / he cryed thenne on lowde I yelde me to the fir launcelot / honourable Knyghte / But fire Launcelot wold not here hym / but came faft vpon hym / kyng Marke fawe that / and maade no defence but tumbled adoune out of his fadel to the erthe as a fak / and there he lay ftylle / and cryed fire launcelot mercy / Aryfe recreaunt knyghte and Kynge / I wylle not fyghte faid Kynge Marke / But whether that ye wille I wil goo with yow / Allas Allas faid fire Launcelot that I maye not gyue the one buffet for the loue of fire Tdefttram and of la Beale Ifoud And for the two knyghtes that thou haft flayne traitourly / And foo he mounted vpon his hors and brouzt hym to kyng Arthur / and there Kynge Marke alyghte in that fame place and threwe his helme from hym vpon the erthe / and his fuerd and fylle flat to the erthe of kyng Arthurs feet and putte hym in his grace and mercy / ¶ Soo god me help faid 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 fuppose / ¶ That is trouthe faid kynge Marke / and els I had not ben here / For my lord fir launcelot brought me hyder thurgh his fyne force / and to hym am I yolden to as recreaunt / ¶ Wel faid Arthur ye vnderftande ye oughte to doo me feruyfe / homage and feaute / And neuer |<[p.438] sig.B2v> wold ye doo me none / but euer ye haue ben ageynft me / and a deftroyer of my knyghtes / now / how wille ye acquyte you / Sir faid Kynge Marke / Ryght as your lordfhip will requyre me vnto my power / I wille make a large amendys / For he was a fayre fpeker and fals there vnder / Thenne for grete pleafyr of fyr Triftram 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 fir Palomydes how fir Dynadan comforted hym in alle that he myghte from his grete sorow / what Knyghte are ye said fir Palomydes / fyre I am a knyght erraunt as ye be that hath foughte you longe by your sheld / Here is my sheld said fir Palomydes / Wete ye wel and ye wille oughte / there with I wille defende hit / Nay said fir Dynadan I wille not haue adoo with yow / but in good maner / And yf ye wil ye shal fynde me sone redy / Syr said fir Dynadan whyder ward ryde you this way / By my hede said fir Palomydes I wote not but as fortune ledeth me / Herde ye or sawe ye ought of fir Triftram / So god me help of fir Triftram I bothe herd and sawe / and not / for thenne we loued not Inwardly wel to gyders / yet at my meschyef fir Triftram 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 fette befyde Camelot / & there to haue done bataille to gyders / how be hit I was letted sayd fir Palomydes that I myght not holde my daye / the whiche greueth me sore / but I haue a large excufe / For I was pryfoner with a lord and many other moo / and that shalle fyre Triftram ryght wel vnderstande / þ^t I brake hit not of fere of cowardyse / And thenne fir Palomydes told fir Dynadan the same day that shold haue mette / Soo god me helpe sayd fyre Dynadan that same day mette fire Launcelot and fir Triftram at the same graue of stone / ¶ And there was the moost myghtyest bataille that euer was sene in this land betwyxe <[p.439] sig.B3r> 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 fir Triftram made a Knyghte of the round table / and he fytteth in the sege of the noble knyght fire Marhaus / ¶ By my hede said fir Palomydes fyre Triftram is ferre bygger that fir Launcelot / and the hardyer Knyghte / ¶ Haue ye assayed them bothe saide fyre Dynadan / ¶ I haue sene fyre Triftram fyghte said fyre Palomydes / but neuer fire Launcelot / to my wetyng / But at the fontayne where fire Launcelot lay on slepe there with one spere he smote doune fire Triftram / and me said Palomydes / but at that tyme they knewe not eyther other Faire Knyghte said fir Dynadan as for fir launcelot and fir Triftram lete them be / for the werst of them wille not be lyghly matched of no knyghtes that I knowe lyuyng / No said fire 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 Ifoud of Cornewaile / wete yow wel fyre Knyght for the loue of la Beale Ifoud 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 fyre palomydes brother to Safere the good and noble Knyghte / And Syre Segwarydes and I we be Sarafyns 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 |<[p.440] sig.B3v> wyne grete worship in the Courte of Kynge Arthur / And be ryght welcome / Soo thenne they drestid 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 lufte with one knyght or with two or with thre And yf it happe that Kynge 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 vfaunce for a Quene to vse / And namely to make fuche 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 lufte they shalle haue bothe their handes ful / And I shalle not fayle you said sire 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 sire Palomydes the good Knyghte / and sayd to hym / Fayre and gentyl Knyght |<[p.441] sig.B4r> 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 bifeche you knyght lete me dele / and yf I be beten / reunge 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 lufte with the knyghte 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 fore that he auoyded his fadel / And forth with alle came the thyrd knyghte / and the knyght with the reed shelde

fmote hym to the erthe / Thenne came fir Palomydes and befought hym that he mygth helpe hym to Iufte Faire knyght faid he vnto hym fuffre me as at this tyme to haue my wylle / For and they were twenty knyghtes I fhalle not doute them / And euer there were vpon the wallys of the caftel many lordes and ladyes that cryed and faid wel haue ye Iufted knyght with the reed fhelde / ¶ But as foone as the Knyght had fmyten hem doune / his fquyer toke their horfes / & auoyed their fadels and brydels of the horfes / and tourned them in to the forest / and made knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the Iuftes / Ryght foo came oute of the caftel the fourth Knyght / and frefhly proferd to Iufte with the knyghte with the reed fhelde / and he was redy / and he fmote hym foo hard / that hors and man felle to the erthe / & the knyghtes bak brak with the falle and his neck alfo / O Ihefu faid fyr Palomydes that yonder is a paffyng good knyght / and the beft Iuftar that euer I fawe / By my hede faid fir Dynadan he is as good as euer was fir launcelot or fir Triftram what knyghte fomeuer he be /

¶ Capitulum xviiij

THenne forthe with alle came a knyght oute of the caftel with a fhelde bended with blak and with whyte / ¶ And anone the knyghte with the reede fhelde and [

withstande hym / but bare hym to the erthe / And of these twelue Knyghtes he flewe in playne Iustes four / And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a fuerd / 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 merueylloufly |<[p.443] sig.B5r> 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 fore 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 siche 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 almyghty 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 thenne he said Knyght remembre ye of the shame ye dyd to me ryght now at the Castel / therfore dresse the / for I will haue adoo with the / Fair knyght said he to Palomydes of me ye wyne no worship / for ye haue sene this daye that I haue ben trauailed fore / 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 mouēd vpon his hors and took a grete spere in his hand redy for |<[p.444] sig.B5v> to Iuste / Nay said palomydes I wille not Iuste / for I am sure at Iustyng I gete no pryce / Fair knyght said that Knyghte It wold bifeme 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 dresid his shelde afore hym and pulled oute his swerd / Thenne the knyghte with the reed sheld descended doune from his hors / and dresid his sheld afore hym / and soo he drewe oute his fuerd / And thenne they came to gyders a softe paas / and wonderly they lashed to gyders passyng thyck the

moūtenaunce 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 fuerdes that they cutte in doune half their fuerdes / and mayles that the bare flesshe in some place stode aboute theyr harneis / ¶ And whan sir Palomydes beheld his felawes swerd ouer hyllid with his blood / hit greued hym fore / 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 fore / Faire knyght said Palomydes me semeth we haue allayed eyther other passyng fore / and yf hit may please the / I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name / Sir said the knyght to Palomydes / that is me loth to doo / for thou hast done me wronge / and no knyghthode to profer me bataille / confyderynge my grete trauaylle / ¶ But and thou wolt telle me thy name / I wille telle the myn / Syr said he wete thou wel my name is palomydes / A fyr ye shall vnderstande my name is sir Lamorak de galys / sone and heyre vnto the good knyghte and kynge / kynge Pellenore / and fyr Tor the good knyght is my half broder / Whanne sire Palomydes herd hym faye foo he kneled doune and asked mercy for outragoufly haue I done to you this daye / confyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue sene you done / shamefully and vnknyghtely I haue requyred you to doo bataile / A fyre Palomydes said sir Lamorak / ouer moche haue ye done and sayd to me / And ther with he embraced 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 fore that we shold fyghte to gyders / So it doth not me said sir Palomydes / and yet am I forer 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 faye the fame said fyre 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 / fyr Launcelot and sir Tristram / how sire Dagonet the foole chaced Kynge Marke thurgh the forest / and how the stronge knyght smote them doune al feuen with one spere / There was grete laughyng and Iapyng atte Kynge Marke and at sire Dagonet / But all these knyghtes coude not telle what knyght it was that rescowed kyng mark Thenne they asked kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym / and he answerd and said / he named hym self the Kynght that folowed the questyng beeft / 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 /

he 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 fyr
 said kyng mark it is to vnderstande his name is sire 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 sire Lamorak / Palomydes Dynadā with their squyers and varlets tyl
 they sawe a fayre castel / that stood on a montayne wel clofed / 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 |<[p.446] sig.B6v> sire said
 Dynadan / I wylle to morowe to the courte of kynge Arthur / ¶ But my
 hede said sire Palomydes I wille not ryde these thre dayes / for I am fore
 hurte / and moche haue I bled And therfor I wille repose me here / Truly
 said sire 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 fyr Dynadan abyde and ryde with vs / Feythfully
 said Dynadan I wylle not abyde for I haue suche a talent to see sire Tristram
 that I may not abyde longe from hym // A Dynadan said sire 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 sire Tristram aboue all
 other / and hym wille I serue and do honoure / So shalle I said sire
 Lamorak in al that may lye in my power / Soo on the morne sire Dynadan
 rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur / And by the way as he rode he sawe
 where stoode 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 answered wete ye wel / I aske hit for loue & and not hate /
 hit maye wel be soo said sire Dynadan / but ye prefer me hard loue / whan
 ye wylle iuste with me a sharp spere / But fayre knyghte said sire Dynadan
 fythe 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 fythe ye
 wille not iuste with me I pray yow telle me your name / ¶ Syr knyght
 said he my name is sire Dynadan / A said the Knyghte / ful wel knowe I
 you for a good knyghte and a gentyll / and wete yow wel I loue you
 hertely / ¶ Thenne shalle here be no iustes said Dynadan betwixe vs /
 Soo they departed / And the same day he came to Camelot where lay
 Kynge Arthur / And there he sawe the Kynge and the quene / sire
 Launcelot and sire Tristram / and alle the Courte was gladde of sire
 Dynadan / for he was gentyll wyse and curteys / and a good Knyghte / And
 in especial the valyaunt Knyght sire Tristram loued sire Dynadan passyng
 wel aboue alle other knyghtes sauf sire launcelot ¶ Thenne the kynge
 asked |<[p.447] sig.B7r> sire 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 sire Dynadan how
 he told sire Palomydes and he were afore the castel of Morgan le fay / and
 how sire Lamorak toke the iustes afore them / and how he foriusted twelue
 Knyghtes / and of them four he slewe / And how after he smote doune sire
 Palomydes and me bothe / I may not byleue that said the kynge For sire
 Palomydes is a passyng good knyghte / that is very trouthe said sire
 Dynadan / but yet I sawe hym better preued hand for hand / And thenne he

told the kyng alle that batail And how fir Palomydes was more weyker and more hurte / and more loft of his blood / And withoute doubtte fayd fir dynadan had the bataille lenger lafted / palomydes had be flayn O Ihefu faid Kyng Arthur this is to me a grete merueyлле Syr faid Triftram merueyлле ye no thyng therof / for at myn aduys / there is not a valyaunter knyghte in the world lyuynge / for I knowe his myght / And now I wille faye yow I was neuer foo wery of knyghte but yf it were fir launcelot And there is no knyghte in the world excepte fyr Launcelot I wold dyd foo wel as fir Lamorak / Soo god me help faid the kyng I wold that knyght fyre Lamorak came to thys Courte / fyr faid Dynadan he wille be here in fhorte fpace / and fyr Palomydes bothe / but I fere that Palomydes may not yet trauayle

¶ Capitulum xxj /

THenne within thre dayes after the kyng lete make a Iuftying at a pryory / And there made hem redy many Knyghtes of the round table / For fyr Gawayne and his bretheren made them redy to Iufte / But Triftram / Laūcelot nor Dynadan wold not Iufte / but fuffred fir Gawayne for the loue of kyng Arthur with his bretheren to wynne the gree yf they myght / Thenne on the morne they apparayled them to Iufte fyr Gawayne and his four bretheren / and dyd there grete dedes of armes / and fir Ector de marys dyd merueylloufly wel / But fire Gawayne passed alle that felauſhip / wherfore [p.448] sig.B7v> kyng Arthur and alle the knyghtes gafe fire Gawayne the honour at the begynnyng / ¶ Ryght foo kyng Arthur was ware of a knyght and two fquyers / the whiche came oute of a foreft fyde with a fheld couerd with leder / And thenne he came flyly and hurtlyd here and there / And anone with one fperre he had fmyten doune two knyghtes of the round table Thenne with this hurtlyng he loſt the keueryng of his fheld thenne was the kyng and alle other ware that he bare a reed fhelde / O Ihefu faide Kyng Arthur ſee where rydeth a ſtoute Knyghte he with the reed fhelde / And there was noyſe & cryenge Beware the knyght with the reed fhelde / Soo within a lytel whyle he had ouerthrowen thre bretheren of fire Gawayns / Soo god me help faid Kyng Arthur me ſemeth yonder is the beſt Iufter that euer I ſawe / with that he ſawe hym encountre with fire Gawayne / and he fmote hym doune with foo grete force that he made his hors to auoyde the ſadel / ¶ How now faid the Kyng fire Gawayne hath a falle / wel were me / and I knewe what knyght he were with the reed fhelde / I knowe hym wel faid Dynadan / but as this tyme ye fhalle not knowe his name / By my hede faid fyr Triftram he Iuſted better than fir Palomydes / An yf ye lyft to knowe his name / wete ye wel his name is fir Lamorak de galys / As they ſtode thus talkynge / fire Gawayne and he encountred to gyders ageyne / And there he fmote fir Gawayne from his hors / and bryfed hym fore / And in the ſyghte of Kyng Arthur he fmote doune twenty knyghtes befyde fire Gawayne and his bretheren / And foo clerely was the pryce yeuen hym as a knyght pyerles / Thenne flyly and merueylloufly fyr Lamorak withdrewe hym from alle the felauſhip in to the foreſt fyde / Al this afpyed Kyng

Arthur / for his eye wente neuer from hym / ¶ Thenne the Kynge fyr Launcelot fyr Triftram and fyr dynadan took theire hackneis / and rode streyght after the good knyght fyr Lamorak de galys / And there fond hym / And thus laid the kyng / A fayr knyght wel be ye fonde / Whanne he sawe the kynge / he put of his helme and falewed hym / and whanne he sawe fir Triftram / he alyghte doun of his hors and ranne to hym to take hym by the thyes / but fir Triftram wold |<[p.449] sig.B8r> not suffre hym / but he alyghte or that he came / and eyder took other in armes / and made grete ioie of other / The kynge was gladde / and also was alle the felaulhip of the round table / excepte sire Gawayne and his bretheren / And whanne they wyft that he was fyre 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 couceille alle his bretheren / and to them said thus / Faire bretheren here may ye see whome that we hate / kynge Arthur loueth And whome that we loue he hateth / ¶ And wete ye wel my fayr bretheren / that this fir Lamorak wille neuer loue vs / by cause we flewe his fader Kynge Pellenore / for we demed that he flewe our fader Kynge of Orkeney / And for the despyte of Pellenore fyr Lamorak dyd vs a shame to oure moder / therfore I wille be reuenged / Syr said fir 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 fir Triftram / 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 cheryllhe 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 Triftram toke eyther other by |<[p.450] sig.B8v> the handes hard knyght to gyders / But for alle this kynge marke thought fallly / as it preued after / for he put fir Triftram in pryfon / and cowardly wold haue slayne hym / Thenne soone after kynge Marke took his leue to ryde in to Cornewayl / and fir Triftram made hym redy to ryde with hym / wherof the moost party of the round table were wrothe and heuy / & in especial fir launcelot and sire Lamorak and fir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure / For wel they wyft kyng Marke wold flee or destroye fir Triftram / Allas said Dynadan that my lord fyr Triftram shalle departe / and fir Triftram

toke fuche forowe that he was amafyd lyke a foole / ¶ Allas faid fir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done / for ye fhall lefe the mooft man of worfhip that euer cam in to your court It was his owne defyre faid Arthur / and therefore I myghte not doo with alle / for I haue done alle that I can and made them at accord / Accord faid fir launcelot fy vpon that accord For ye fhalle here that he fhalle flee fir Triftram / or put hym in a pryfon / for he is the mooft coward and the vylaynft kyng and knyght that is now lyuyng / And there with fire Launcelot departed / and cam to kynge Mark / and faid to hym thus Syr kyng wete thou wel the good knyght fir Triftram fhalle goo with the / Beware I rede the of treafon / for and thou mefchyeue that knyght by ony maner of falshede or trefon by the feythe I owe to god and to the ordre of knyghthode I fhall flee the myn owne handes / Syr launcelot faid the kyng ouer moche haue ye faid to me / and I haue fwrne and faid ouer largely afore kyng Arthur in herynge of alle his knyghtes / that I fhall not fle nor bitraye hym / It were to me ouer moche fhame to breke my promyfe / ye faye wel faid fir Launcelot but ye are called fo fals and ful of treafon that no man man byleue yow ¶ For loth it is knowen wel wherfor ye came in to this countrey / and for none other caufe but to flee fir triftram / Soo with grete dole Kynge Marke and fir Triftram rode to gyders / for hit was by fir Triftram wil and his meanes to goo with kyng Marke and all was for the entente to fee la Beale Ifoud / for without the fyghte of her fyr Triftrā myght not endure |<[p.451] sig.C1r>

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

NOw torne we ageyne vnto fire Lamorak / and fpeke we of his bretheren / fyr Tor whiche was kynge Pellenors fyrft fone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couherd for he was a bastard and fire Aglouale was his fyrfte fone begoten in wedlok / fyre Lamorak / Dornar / Percyuale / thefe were his fones to in wedlok / ¶ Soo whanne kynge Marke and fire Triftram were departed from the Courte / there was made grete dole and forowe for the departyng of fir Triftram 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 fquyer with hym / And whanne this knyghtes was vnarmed / he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge fquyer a knyghte / Of what lygnage is he come faid Kynge Arthur / Syre fayd the knyght he is the fone of kyng Pellenore that dyd you fomtyme good feruyfe / And he is broder vnto fyr Lamorak de galys the good knyght / wel layd the kynge for what caufe defyre ye that of me that I fhould make hym knyghte / wete you wel my lord the Kynge that this yonge fquyer is broder to me as wel as to fir Lamorak / and my name is Aglauale Syre Aglouale fayd Arthur for the loue of fire Lamorak and for his faders loue he fhalle be made knyghte to morowe / ¶ Now telle me faid Arthur what is his name / Syre fayd 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 Kyng was set at the table / and euery knyzt after he was of prowesse / 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 sire Percyuale & toke hym by þ^e hā & said |<[p.452] sig.C1v> alowde that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit / Aryse fyr Percyuale the noble Knyght and goddes 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 confellid and housfeld thenne she dyed / Thenne the kyng and alle the courte made grete ioye of fyr Percyuale

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Now torne we vnto sire Lamorak that moche was there preyfled / Thenne by the meane of sire Gawayn and his bretheren / they sente for her moder there besydes fast by Castel besyde Camelot / and alle was to that entente to flee sire Lamorak / The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but sire Lamorak wyft 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 sire Lamorak shold come to her / Therof was ware fyre Gaherys / and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak / and thenne he sawe where he came all armed / and where sire Lamorak alyghte / he teyed his hors to a preuy posterne / and so he went in to a palour and vnarmed hym / And thenne he wente vnto the Quenes bedde / and she made of hym passyngre grete Ioye and he of her ageyne / for eyther loued other passyngre sore / ¶ Soo whan the Knyght fyr Gaherys / sawe his tyme / he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his swerd naked / and fodenly gat his moder by the here and strake of her hede / whanne sire Lamorak sawe the blood dasshe vpon hym all hote / the whiche he loued passyngre wel / wete yow wel he was sore aballhed and desmayed of that dolorous knyght / And there with al sire Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus A fyre Gaherys knyght of the table round foule and euylle haue ye done and to yow grete shame Allas why haue ye flayn your moder that bare you with more ryght ye shold haue flayne me / ¶ The offence hast thou done |<[p.453] sig.C2r> sayd Gaherys not withstandyngre 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 sire 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 faueage / and as yet my faders dethe is not reuenged / leue tho wordes said sire Gaherys / For and thou speke felonfly I wil flee the / But by

caufe thow arte naked I am afhamed to flee the / but wete thou wel / in what place I may gete the / I fhalle flee the / and now my moder is quyte of the / and withdrawe the / and take thyn armour that thow were gone / Syre Lamorak fawe there was none other bote but falt armed hym and took his hors and rode his way makynge grete forowe / But for the flame and doloure he wold not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte / but rode another waye / But whan hit was knowen that Gaherys had flayne his moder / the kynge was paffynge wrothe and commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte / wete ye wel fyre Gawayn was wrothe that Gaherys had flayne his moder / and lete fyre Lamorak efcape / And for this matere was the kynge paffynge wrothe and foo was fir Lamorak and many other knyghtes Syr faid fir Launcelot here is a grete mefchyef befallen by felony / and by fore caft treason that your fyfter is thus shamefully flayne / And I dare faye that it was wrougte by trefon And I dare faye ye fhalle lefe that good Knyghte fir Lamorak the whiche is grete pyte / I wote wel and am fure and fir Triftram wyfte hit / he wold neuer more come within your courte / the whiche fhould greue yow moche more and alle youre knyghtes / God defende faid the noble Kynge Arthur that I fhould lefe fyre Lamorak or fir Triftram / for thenne tweyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table round were gone / Syre faide fyre Laūcelot I am fure ye fhalle lefe fir Lamorak for fir Gawayne and his bretheren wille fle hym / by one meane or other / for they amonge them haue concluded and fworne to flee hym and euer they may fee their tyme / That fhalle I lette fayd Arthur|<[p.454] sig.C2v>

¶ Capitulum xxv

NOw leue we of fyre Lamorak / and fpeke of fyre Gawayns bretheren & fpecially of fyr Agrauayne and fyre Mordred as they rode on their aduentures they mette with a Knyghte fleyng fore wounded / and they alked hym what tydynge / Faire Knyghtes faid he here cometh a knyght after me that wylle flee me / With that came fyre Dynadan rydyng to them by aduenture / but he wold promyfe them no help But fir Agrauayne and fyre Mordred promyfed hym to refcowe hym / There with alle came that knyght freyght vnto them And anone he proferd to Iufte / That fawe fyre Mordred and rode to hym but he ftrake Mordred ouer his hors tayle ¶ That fawe fyre Agrauayn and freyghte he rode toward that knyght / And ryghte foo as he ferued Mordred foo he ferued Agrauayne / and faid to them / Syrs wete ye wel bothe that I am Breufe faunce pyte that hath done this to yow / And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or fyxe tymes / ¶ Whan Dynadan fawe this / he muſte nedes Iufte with hym for shame / And fo Dynadan and he encountred to gyders / that with pure frengthe fir Dynadan fmote hym ouer his hors tayle / Thenne he took his hors and fledde / for he was on foot one of the valyaunteft knyghtes in Arthurs dayes / and a grete deftroyer of alle good knyghtes / Thenne rode fir Dynadan vnto fir Mordred and vnto fir Agrauayne / Syre knyght faid they alle wel haue ye done / and wel haue ye reuenged vs / wherfor we praye

yow telle vs youre name / Faire firs ye ou3te to knowe my name the whiche is called fire Dynadan / Whanne they vnderstood that it was Dynadan / they were more wroth than they were before / for they hated hym oute of mefure by caufe of fir Lamorak / For Dynadan had fuche a cultome 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 Breufe faunce pyte hadde chaced / his name was Dalan / and faid yf thou be Dynadan / thow flewest my fader / Hit may wel be fo faid Dynadan / but thenne it was in my defence and at his request / By my hede faid Dalan thow fhalt dye therfore / and there with he drefsid |<[p.455] sig.C3r> his fperre and his fhelde / And to make the fhorter tale fyre Dynadan fmote hym doune of his hors that his neck was ny3 broken / And in the fame wyfe he fmote fyre Mordred and fir Agrauayne / And after in the queft of the Sancgreal cowardly and felloynfly they flewe Dynadan / the whiche was grete dammage / for he was a grete bourder and a paffyng good knyght ¶ And foo fire Dynadan rode to a Caftel that hyght Beale valet / And there he fonde fire Palomydes that was not yet hole of the wound that fyr Lamorak gaf hym / And there Dynadan told Palomydes all the tydynges that he herd and fawe of fyre Triftram / and how he was gone with kynge Marke / and with hym he hath alle his wyll and defyre / There with fyre Palomydes waxed wrothe / for he loued la Beale Ifoud / And thenne he wyfte wel that fyre Triftram enioyed her

¶ Capitulum xxvj

Now leue we fire Palomydes and fire Dynadan in the caftel 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 fir Launcelot good tydynges of fir Triftram / and there were brought goodly letters / and how he lefte hym in the caftel of Tyntagil ¶ Thenne came the damoyfel that broughte goodly letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto fire launcelot / and there fhe hadde paffyng good chere of the Kynge and of the Quene Gueneuer and of fire Launcelot / ¶ Thenne they wrote goodly letters ageyne / But fyre Laūcelot badde euer fire Triftram beware of kynge Marke / for euer he called hym in his letters Kynge Foxe / As who faith / he fareth alle with wyles and treafon / wherof fire Triftram in his herte thanked fyre Laūcelot ¶ Thenne the Damoyfel went vnto la Beale Ifoud and bare her letters from the Kynge and from fyre Launcelot / wherof fhe was in paffyng grete Ioye ¶ Faire damoyfel faid la Beale Ifoud / how fareth my |<[p.456] sig.C3v> Lord Arthur and the Quene Gweneuer / and the noble kny3t fyr Launcelot / fhe anfuerd and to make fhort tale / moche the better that ye and fire Triftram ben in Ioye / God rewarde them faid la beale Ifoud / for fir Triftram suffereth grete payne for me and I for hym / So the damoyfel departed and broughte letters to Kynge Marke / And whanne he had redde them / and vnderstood

them / he was wrothe with fir Triftram / for he demed he had sente the damoyfel vnto Kyng Arthur / For Arthur and Launcelot in a maner threted kyng mark / And as Kynge mark redde thefe letters / he demed trefon by fyr Triftram / Damoyfel faid Kynge marke / wille ye ryde ageyne and bere letters from me vnto Kynge Arthur / fir the faid I wille be at your commaundement to ryde whan ye wille / ye faye wel faid the Kyng / come ageyne faid the Kyng to morne / and fetche your letters / Thenne the departed / & told them how the fhold ryde ageyne with letters vnto Arthur Thenne we praye you faid la beale Ifoud and fir Triftram that whanne ye haue receyued your letters / that ye wold come by vs that we may fee the pryete of your letters / Al that I may doo madame ye wote wel I muft doo for fir Triftram for I haue ben longe his owne mayden / Soo on the morne the damoyfel went to kynge marke to haue had his letters and to departe / I am not auyfed faid kynge marke as at this tyme to fende my letters / Thenne pryuely and fecretely he fent letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto Quene Queneuer / and vnto fir 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 maffe the varlet came with the letters / And whanne maffe was done the kynge and the Quene opened the letters pryuely by them felf / And the begynnynge of the kynges letters fpak wonderly fhort vnto Kynge Arthur / and badde hym entermete with hym felf and with his wyf / & of his knyghtes / For he was able ynough to rule and kepe his wyf

¶ Capitulum xxvij |<[p.457] sig.C4r>

WHanne kynge Arthur vnderftood the letter / he mufyd of many thynges / & thougt on his fyfters wordes quene Morgan le fay that the had fayd betwixe quene gueneuer and fir Launcelot / And in this thoughte he ftudied a grete whyle / Thenne he bethought hym ageyne how his fyfter was his owne enemy / and that the hated the Quene and fir launcelot / and foo he putte all that oute of his thoughte ¶ Thenne Kyng Arthur redde the letter ageyne / and the latter claufe faid that Kynge Marke tooke fire Triftram for his mortal enemy / wherfor he put Arthur oute of doubte he wold be reuengyd of fir Triftram / Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth with kynge Marke / And whanne quene Gueneuer redde her letter and vnderftood hit / the was wrothe oute of mefure / for the letter fpak shame by her / and by fir launcelot / And foo pryuely the fente the letter vnto fir Launcelot / And whanne he wyfte the entent of the letter / he was foo wrothe that he leyd hym doune on his bedde to flepe / wherof fir Dynadan was ware / for hit was his maner to be preuy with alle good knyghtes / And as fire launcelot flepte he ftale the letter oute of his hand and red it word by word / And thenne he made grete forow for anger / and foo fir Launcelot awaked / and went to a wyndowe / and redde the letter ageyne / the whiche maade hym angry / Syre faid Dynadan wherfore be ye angry / difcouer your hert to me / For fothe ye wote wel I owe yow good wylle / how be hit I am a poure knyght and a feruytour vnto yow and to alle good knyghtes / For though I be not of worship my felf I loue alle tho that ben of worship / It is trouth faid fir Launcelot / ye are a trusty knyght / and for

grete truſt I wille ſhewe yow my counceylle / And whan Dynadan vnderſtood alle / he ſaid this is my counceyl / Sette you ryght nought by theſe thretys / For kyng Marke is foo 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 wyll of ſire Launcelot and of Arthur the harpers went ſtreighte in to <[p.458] sig.C4v> walys / and in to Cornewaile to ſynge the laye that ſire Dynadan made kyng Marke / the whiche was the werſte lay that euer harper fange with harp or with any other Inſtrumentys

¶ Capitulum xxviiij

Now torne we ageyne vnto ſire Triſtram and to Kyng Marke / As fyr Triſtram was at luſtes and att turnement / hit fortunede he was fore hurte bothe with a ſpere and with a ſwerd / but yet he wanne alweyes the degre And for to reſoſe hym / he wente to a good knyght that duelled in Cornewaile in a Caſtel whos name was Syr Dynas le Senefchall / Thenne by myffortune there came oute of Seſſoyne a grete nombre of men of armes / and an hydous hooft / & 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 forow / for in no wyſe by his wille kyng Mark wold not fende for ſir Triſtram for he hated hym dedely / Soo whan his counceill was come / they deuſyed and caſt many peryls of the ſtrengthe of her enemyes / And thenne they concluded all at ones and ſaid thus vnto kyng Marke / Syr wete ye wel ye muſt fende for ſire Triſtram the good knyghte or els they wyll neuer be ouercome / For by ſire Triſtram they muſt be foughten with alle / or els we rowe ageynſt the ſtreme ¶ Wel ſaid Kyng Marke I wille doo by your counceylle / but yet he was ful lothe ther to / but nede conſtrayned hym to fende 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 fyr Triſtra 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 wyll deſtroye this countrey / Syr ſaid ſir Triſtram wete ye wel alle my power is at your commaundement / And wete ye wel fyre / theſe eyght dayes I may bere <[p.459] sig.C5r> 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 reſoſe 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 reſoſe hym / and the Kyng made a grete hooft and departed them in thre / The fyrſte parte ledde fyr Dynas the Senefchall and ſir Andred ledde the

feond parte / and fir Arguys ledde the thyrd parte / and he was of the blood of Kyng Mark / and the Selloyns had thre grete batails / and many good men of armes / And soo Kyng Marke by the aduysse of his Knyghtes yffued oute of the Castel of Tyntagyl vpon his enemyes And Dynas the good knyghte rode oute afore / and flewe ij Knyghtes his owne handes / and thenne beganne the batayls / And there was merueyllous brekyng of speres and smytyng of fuerdes / and flewe 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 Marke and sire Dynas were they neuer soo lothe they withdrewen hem to the castel of Tyntagyl / with grete slaughter of peple / And the Selloyns 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 Marke that I wille come as soone as I am hole / for erfte I maye doo hym noo good / Thenne Kyng Marke hadde his anfuer / 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 fir Tristram / By thenne fir 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 hooft of Selloyns he merueylled wonder gretely / And thenne fir Tristram rode by the woodes and by the dyches as secretely as he myght tyl he came nyghe the gatys / And there dreslid a Knyghte to hym / when he sawe that fir Tristram wold entre & fir Tristram |<[p.460] sig.C5v> smote hym doune dede / And soo he ferued thre mo / And eueryche of these ten knyghtes flewe a man of armes / Soo fir Tristram entryd in to the castel of Tyntagyl / And whan kyng Marke wyft that fir Tristram was come he was glad of his comyng / and soo was alle the felafhypp / and of hym they made grete loye

¶ Capitulum xxix

SOo on the morne Elyas the capytayne came / and bad kyng Marke come oute / and doo bataille / for now the good knyghte fir Tristram is entryd / It wyll be shame to the sayd Elyas for to kepe thy walles / whan kyng Marke vnderstood this / he was wrothe and sayd no word / but went vnto fir Tristram and axed hym his counceyl / Sire said fir Tristram wyll ye that I gyue hym his anfuer / I wille wel sayd Kyng Marke / Thenne fir Tristram said thus to the messager Bere thy lord word from the kyng and me / that we wyl do bataill with hym to morne in the playne felde / what is your name said the messager / wete thou wel / my name is fir Trystram de Lyones / There with alle the messager departed / and told his lord Elyas alle that he had herd / Syr saide sire Tristram vnto Kyng 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 hooft in fyxe partyes / and ordeyned fir Dynas the

Seneschal to haue the fore ward / & other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt / And the fame nyghte fyre Triftram brente alle the Selloyns fhypes vnto the cold water / Anone as Elyas wyft that he faid hit was of fir Triftrams doynge / for he cafteth that we fhalle neuer efcape moder fone of vs / Therefore fayre felawes fyghte frely to morowe / & myfcomforte yow noughte for ony knyzt though he be the beft knyght in the world / he maye not haue adoo with vs alle / ¶ Thenne they ordeyned theyr batails in four partyes wonderly wel apparailled and garnyflhed with men of armes Thus they within yffued / and they withoute fette frely vpon them / and there fir Dynas dyd grete dedes of armes / not for |<[p.461] sig.C6r> thenne fir Dynas and his felaufhip were put to the werfe / With that came fire Triftram and flewe two Knyghtes with one fpere / thenne he flewe on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / that men merueyllled that euer he myght do furche dedes of armes / And thenne he myght fee fomtyme the bataille was dryuen a bowe draughte from the caftel / and fomtyme it was at the gates of the Caftel / Thenne came Elyas Capytayne raffhyng here and there / and hytte kyng Mark fo fore vpon the helme that he made hym to auoyde the fadel / And thenne fir Dynas gate kyng Mark ageyne to horfbak / There with alle came in fir Triftram lyke a lyon / and there her mette with Elyas / and he fmote hym fo fore vpon the helme that he auoyded his fadel / And thus they fought tyl it was nyghte / and for grete flauzter and for wounded peple eueryche party drewe to their reft / And whan kyng Marke was come within the caftel of Tyntagyl / he lacked of his knyghtes an honderd and they withoute lacked two honderd / and they ferched the wounded men on bothe partyes / And thenne they wente to counceil / and wete yow wel eyther party were lothe to fyghte more / foo that eyther myght efcape with their worfhip ¶ Whan Elyas the capytayn vnderftode the dethe of his men / he made grete dole / And whan he wyft that they were lothe to goo to bataille ageyne / he was wrothe oute of mefure / Thenne Elyas fente 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 flee Kyng Markes knyghte / he to haue the truage of Cornewaile yerely / And yf that this knyght flee hym / I fully releece my clayme for euer Thenne the meffager departed vnto Kyng Marke and told hym how that his lord Elyas had fente hym word to fynde a Knyght to doo bataille with hym body for body / whanne kyng Marke vnderftood the meffagyer he badde hym abyde / and he fhold haue his anfuer / Thenne called he alle the Baronage to gyder to wete what was the beft counceyll / They fayd all at ones to fyghte in a felde we haue no luft / for had not ben fyr Triftrams prowefse / hit had ben lykely that we neuer fhold haue efcaped / And therfor fir as we deme / hit were wel done to fynde a knyzt that wold do batail with hym for he knyztly |<[p.462] sig.C6v> profereth

¶ Capitulum xxx

NOt for thenne whan alle this was faid / they coude fynde no
 Knyght that wold doo bataille with hym / Syre kynge faid
 they alle / here is no knyght that dare fyghte wyth Elyas /
 Allas faid kynge Marke thenne am I vtterly afhamed and
 vtterly deftroyed / onles that my neuewe sire Triftram wylle
 take the bataille vpon hym / wete yow wel they fayd alle he had yesterday
 ouer moche on hand / and he is wery for trauaille / and fore wounded /
 where is he faid Kyng mark Syr faid they he is in his bedde to repofe hym /
 Allas faid kynge Marke / but I haue the focoure of my neuewe fir Triftram
 I am vtterly deftroyed for euer / There with one wente to fyr Triftram there
 he lay and told hym what kynge Marke had fayd / And there with fire
 Triftram 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 defmaged /
 he asked the Kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem / Neuer
 werse faid the Kynge / And ther with he told hym alle how he had word of
 Elyas to fynde a knygt to fyghte for the truage of Cornewail / and none can
 I fynde / And as for yow faid the kynge and alle the lordes we maye alke
 no more of yow for fhame / For thurgh your hardynes yesterday ye faued
 alle your lyues / Syre faid fyr Triftram now I vnderftande ye wold haue my
 focour / reafon wold that I fhould doo al that lyeth in my power to doo /
 fauyng my worship / and my lyf / how be hit I am fore bryfed and hurte /
 And fythen fir Elyas profereth soo largely / I fhalle fyghte with hym or els
 I will be flayne in the felde / or els I wille delyuer Cornewaile from the old
 truage / And therefore lyghtely calle his meffager and he fhalle be anfuerd /
 for as yet my woundes ben grene and they wille be forer a feuen nyght
 after than they ben now / And therfor he fhalle haue his anfuere / that I will
 doo bataill to morn with hym / Thenne was the meffager departed brought
 before kynge Marke / Herke my felawe faid fir Triftram goo fast vnto thy
 lord and bydde hym make true affuraunce on his party / for the truage / as
 the kyng here fhalle make on his party / and thenne telle thy lord fir Elyas
 that I fir Triftram kynge Arthurs knyght / and knyghte of the table round /
 wylle as to morne mete with thy lord on horfbak / to
 doo bataill as longe as my hors maye endure / And after that to doo bataille
 with hym on foote to the vtteraunce / the meffager behelde fyre Triftram
 from the top to the too / And there with alle he departed and came to his
 lord and told hym how he was anfuerd of fir Triftram / And there with alle
 was made hofstage on bothe partyes / and made hit as fure as hit myghte
 be / that whether party had the vycory / soo to ende / And thenne were
 bothe hoftes affembled on bothe partyes of the felde withoute the caftel of
 Tyntagyl / & ther was none but fir Triftram & fir Elyas armed / Soo whan
 the poyntement was made they departed in fonder / and they came to
 gyders with alle the myght that their horfes myghte renne / And eyther
 knyghte smote other soo hard that bothe horfes and knyghtes wente to the
 erthe / Not for thenne they bothe lyghtely aroos and drefsid their fheldes on
 their fhoulders with naked fwerdes in their handes / and they daffhed to
 gyders that hit femed 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 passyng fore / so that the hote blood felle freshly vpon the erthe / ¶ And by thenne they had foughten the mounテナunce of an houre / fir Triftram waxte faynte and forbledde / and gaf fore a bak / That sawe sire Elyas / and folowed fyersly vpon hym / and wounded hym in many places / And euer sire Triftram 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 fir Elyas hadde gyuen hym twenty strokes ageynst one / ¶ Thenne was there laughyng of the Selloyns party and grete dole on Kynge Markys party / Allas said the Kynge we are afhamed and destroyed all for euer / for as the book saith fyr Triftram was neuer so matched but yf it were fir launcelot / Thus as they stode and beheld bothe partyes / that one party laughyng and the other party wepyng / Syre Triftram remembryd hym of his lady la beale Ifoud 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 |<p.464] sig.C7v> 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 Cornyshe men / and that other party to wepe / And euer fir Triftram said to fir Elyas yelde the / ¶ Thenne whanne fir Triftram sawe hym soo stakkeryng on the ground he said fyr Elyas I am ryght fory for the / for thou arte a passyng good knyghte as euer I mette with alle excepte sire Launcelot / ther with alle fir Elyas fylle to the erthe / & there dyed / what shalle I doo said fir Triftram 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 Triftram serched and wel helyd / yet for alle this Kynge Marke wold fayne haue slayne fir Triftram / ¶ But for alle that euer sire Triftram sawe or herd by kynge Marke yet wold he neuer beware of his treason / but euer he wold be there as la Beale Ifoud was

¶ Capitulum xxxj

Now wille we passe of this mater / and speke we of the harpers that fir Launcelot and fir Dynadan hadde sente in to Cornewaile / And at the grete feest that kyng Marke made for Ioye that the Selloyns were putte oute of his Countrey / Thenne came Elyas the harper with the lay that Dynadan had made and secretely broughte hit vnto fir Triftram and told hym the lay that Dynadan had made by kynge Marke / And whan fir Triftram 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 Triftram / 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

þpak the mooft vylony by Kyng Marke of his treason / that euer man herd / whan the harper had fonge his fonge to the ende / kyng Marke was wonderly wrothe ¶ And fayd / thow |<[p.465] sig.C8r> harper how durft thow be soo bold on thy heede to fynge thys fonge afore me / Syr said Elyas wete yow wel I am a mynstrel / and I muft doo as I am commaüded of these lordes that I bere the armes of / And fyre wete ye wel that fir Dynadan a knyghte of the table round made this fonge / and made me to fynge hit afore yow / Thow sayest wel fayd kyng Marke And by cause thow arte a mynstral / thow shalt go quyte / but I charge the hyhe the fast oute of my fyghte / Soo the harper departed and wente to fir Triftram and told hym how he had sped / Thanne fyre Triftram lete make letters as goodely as he coude to launcelot and to fire Dynadan / And soo he lete conduyte the harper out of the couñtre / but to say þ^t Kyng Mark was wonderly wrothe he was / for he demed that the lay that was fonge afore hym was made by fir Triftrams counceyll / wherfore he thoughte to flee hym / and alle his wel wyllars / in that country

¶ 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 country loued passyngely wel / So hit befelle on a tyme that the mescreaunts Sarafyns loded in the countreye of Cornewaile soone after these felloyns were gone / And thenne the good prynce Boudwyne at the landyng he areysed the country pryuelly and hastily / And or hit were day / he lete put wylde 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 Sarafyns / 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 cryes and flewe to the nombre of xl / M / and lefte none on lyue / whan kyng Marke wyft this he was wonderly wrothe that his broder shold wyne sliche worship / And by cause this prynce was better byloued than he in all that country / And that al so Boudwyn loued wel fir Triftram / therfore he thoughte to flee hym |<[p.466] sig.C8v> And thus hastily as a man oute of his wytte he sente for prynce boudwyn / & Anglydes his wyf / & bad them bryng theyre yonge sone with them that he myght see hym / Alle this he dyd to the entente to flee 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 gentyll prynce Boudwyn was slayne / Soo whan he came with his wyf Anglydes the Kyng made them fayre semblaunt tyl they had dyed / And whanne they had dyed / Kyng Marke sente for his broder and said thus / Broder how spedde yow whan the mescreauntes aryued by yow / 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 soo that and I had taryed tyl that I had sente for yow / tho myscreauntes hadde destroyed

my countrey / Thou lyeft fals traytour faid Kyng Marke / for thou arte euer aboute for to wynne worship from me / and put me to dishonour / and thow cheryft that I hate / And there with he stroke hym to the hert with a daggar / that he neuer after spake word / Thenne the lady Anglydes made grete dole and fwouned / 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 secretly / 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 Ifoud sente vnto Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf and badde her auoyde lyztely or els her yonge sone Alyfander 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 withstandyng whan Kyng Marke had done this dede / yet he thought to doo more vengeaunce / and with sig.D1r his swerd in his hand / he fought from chamber to chamber to feke 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 fetche Anglydes ageyne / and her yonge sone / So fyre Sadok departed / and rode after Anglydes / And within ten myle he ouertoke her / and badde her torne ageyne and ryde with hym to Kyng Marke / Allas fair knyght she said / what shalle ye wynne by my sones deth or by myn / I haue hadde ouer moche harme 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 Alyfaunder 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 Alyfander her sone / and therof kyng 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 cofyn / 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 Alyfander was bygge and stronge / there was none foo wyght in all that Countrey / neyther there was none that myghte doo no manere of mayftry afore hym /|<[p.468] sig.D1v>

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

THenne vpon a day Bellangere the Conestable came to Anglydes and sayd Madame it were tyme my lord Alyfander were made knyzt / for he is a passyng strong yonge man / Syre said she I wold he were made knyghte / But thenne muft I yeue hym the moost charge that euer synful moder gaf to her childe / Doo as ye lyste 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 foo said Anglydes / and I pray yow make redy therfore / Soo came the Conestable to Alyfander and told hym that he shold at oure lady in lente be made knyghte / I thanke god said Alyfander these are the best tydynges that euer came to me / Thenne the Conestable ordeyned twenty of the grettest gentylmens fones and the best born men of the countrey that shold be maade knyghtes that same day that Alyfander was made knyght / Soo on the same daye that Alyfander and his twenty felawes were made Knyghtes / at the offryng of the masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone and sayd thus / ¶ O fayre fwete 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 Alyfaunder sawe this / he starte abak and waxed paale / and sayd fayre moder what maye this meane / I shalle 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 blessinge |<[p.469] sig.D2r> and vpon the hyghe ordre of knyghtode that thou be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke for the dethe of thy fader / and there with all she fwouned / Thenne Alyfander 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 aduys of anglydes lete purueye that Alyfander was wel horfed and harneyfid / Thenne he lusted with his twenty felawes that were made

knyghtes with hym / but for to make a fhorthe tale he ouerthrewe alle the
 twenty that none myght withstande hym a buffet / ¶ Thenne one of the
 Knyghtes departed vnto Kynge Marke / and told hym alle how Alyfander
 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 foughte fyre Sadok from
 chamber to chamber to flee hym / ¶ Whanne fir 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 Alyfander
 his lyf / of whiche I neuer repente me / for thou fallſly and cowardly ſlewe
 his fader Boudwyn traytourly for his good dedes / wherfor I pray almyghty
 Iheſu ſende Alyfander myghte and ſtrengthe to be reuengyd vpon the / and
 now beware Kynge Marke of yonge Alyfander / 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 flee fyre Sadok / but anone fir Sadok ſlewe hem alle in
 Kynge Markes preſence / And thenne fyre 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 fyre Triftram / neyther fyre Dynas nor fyre
 Fergus that wold fir Sadok ony euylle wylle / ¶ Thenne was Kynge
 Marke wrothe / and thoughte to deſtroye fyre Alyfander and fyre Sadok
 that had ſaued hym / for kynge Marke dredde and hated Alyfander mooft of
 ony man |<[p.470] sig.D2v> lyuynge whanne fir Triftram vnderſtood that
 Alyfander 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
 fyre Launcelot ¶ Soo this letter was ſente to Alyfander from his coſyn fyr
 Triftram / And at that tyme he thought to doo after his commaundement /
 Thenne kynge Mark called a knyght that broughte hym the tydynges from
 Alyfander / and badde hym abyde ſtylle 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 thou haddeſt of thyne owne / But within ſhort ſpace fir 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 fay / and
 to the quene of Northgalys prayenge them in his letters that they two
 forcereſſes wold ſette alle the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were
 enchauntreſſes / And by ſuche that were daungerous knyghtes as Malgryn
 Breufe ſaunce pyte / that by no meane Alyfander le Orphelyn ſhold
 eſcape / but outhere he ſhold be taken or ſlayne / This ordonaunce made
 kyng Marke for to deſtroye Alyfander

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

NOw torne we ageyne vnto fire Alyfander that at his departynge his moder toke with hym his faders bloody fherte / Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tulle hys dethe daye in tokenynge to thynke on his faders dethe ¶ Soo was Alyfander purposed to ryde to london by the couceille of fire Triftram to fyre Launcelot / And by fortune he wente by the see fyde / and rode wronge / and there he wanne at a turnement the gree / that Kynge Carados made / And there he fmote doune Kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes and also fire Safere a good knyght that was fire Palomydes broder the good knyght / ¶ Alle this fawe a damoyfel / and <[p.471] sig.D3r> fawe the best knyghte Iuste that euer he fawe / And euer as he fmote doune knyghtes / he made them to fwere to were none harneis in a twelue monethe and a day / This is wel fayd / faide 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 paelione / 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 Camylyard / cofyns vnto Quene Gueneuer / and that one hyzt Guy / and that other hyght Garaūt 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 fire Triftram or fire Launcelot or fire Lamorak the good knyzt there is none that myzt fyte 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 country ¶ Soo torne we to the damoyfell of the Castel that whanne Alyfander 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 country 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 / ¶ Damoyfel said Alyfander and he come whyles I am here I wylle fyghte with hym / and my poure body for your sake I wille leoparde / And there with alle she fente for hym / for he was at her commaundement / And whan eyther hadde a fyghte of other / they made hem redy for to Iusse / and they cam to gyder egerly / and Malgryn bryfed his spere vpon Alyfander / and alifander fmote hym ageyne so hard that he bare hym quyte from his sadell to the erthe / But this Malgryne aroos lyghtly and dreslid his sheld and drewe his fuerd / and badde hym alyzte / sayeng thouzt thou haue the better of me on horfbak <[p.472] sig.D3v> thow shalt fynde that I shalle endure lyke a knyght on foot It is wel said said Alyfander / 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 damoyfel 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 flee Alyfander / and soo wounded hym wonderly fore / that it was merueylle that euer he myghte stande / for he had bledde soo moche blood / for Alyfander fought wyldly and not wyttely / And that other was a felonous knyghte and awayted hym / and smote hym fore / and somtyme they rashed 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 saide Alyfander / but yf me lyft / 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 ouerage and orgulyte of my self I haue slayne ten other knyghtes / Soo god me helpe sayd Alyfander 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 shalt flee me or els shal flee the / I promyse the feythfully ¶ Thenne they lashed to gyders fyerly / And at the last Alyfander 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 thenne he wenyng to be strong ynou3 wold haue mouēd |<[p.473] sig.D4r> And soo she leyd sire Alyfander in an hors lyttar and ledde hym in to the Castel / for he had no foote ne my3t to stande vpon the erthe / for he had fyxtene grete woundes / and in especyal one of them was lyke to be his dethe /

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

THene Quene Morgan le fay ferched 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 fore / And thenne she put other oynements vpon hym / And thenne he was out of his payne / Thenne cam the damoyfel 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 faye Thenne Morgan le fay wente vnto Alyfander and bad in ony wyfe that he shold refuse this lady and she desyre to wedde yow / for she is not for yow / Soo the damoyfel came and desyred of hym maryage / damoyfel sayd Orphelyn I thanke yow but as yet I caste me not to marye in this countrey / 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 countrey that hath ben my frende / & loued me many yeres / with alle my herte said Alyfander I wylle assente therto / Thenne was the Knygte sente for / his name was Geryne le grofe / And anone he made them hand fast / and wedded them / Thenne came Quene Morgan le fay to Alyfander and badde hym aryfe 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 Alyfander and asked hym yf he wold fayne be hole / who wold be seke said Alyfander 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 doubtte ye shalle lyghtely be hole / I assente said sire <[p.474] sig.D4v> Alyfauder / And there he made her a promyse / thenne was he soone hole / And whanne Alyfander was hole / thenne he repentyd hym of his othe / for he myghte not be reuenged vpon kynge Marke / Ryght soo there came a damoyfel that was cofyn to the Erle of pafe / and she was cofyn to Morgan le fay / and by ryght that castel of la Beale regard shold haue ben hers by true enherytaunce / Soo this damoyfel entred in to this castel / where lay Alyfander / and there she fond hym vpon his bed passynge heuy and alle fad

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

Syre knyghte said the damoyfel / and ye wold be mery I coude telle yow good tydynges / wel were me said Alyfander / and I myghte here of good tydynges / for now I stand as a pryfoner by my promyse / Syr she sayd wete ye wel that ye be a pryfoner and werse than ye wene / for my lady my cofyn 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 Alyfander from suche pleasyr for I had leuer cutte away my hangers than I wold do her suche pleasyr / As Ihesu helpe me said the damoyfel / and ye wold loue me and be ruled by me I shalle make youre delyueraunce with your worlhyp / Telle me said Alyfander / 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 pafe / 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 polterne / and there shall ye haue your hors and your harneis / ye say wel damoyfel sayd Alyfander / 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 damoyfel said Alyfander ye faye sothe / And thenne he kyfte he and dyd to her plefaunce as it pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers / Soo anone she sent vnto <[p.475] sig.D5r> 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 damoyfel ben / Whanne the Erle vnderstood her letters / he fente her word ageyne that on fuche a day he wold come and destroye that castel / Soo whan that day come she shewed Alyfander a pofterne 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 pafe with four honderd knyghtes / and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castel / that or they feaced 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 eueri thyrdde yere he wold be at Iherusalem / And by cause he vſed alle his lyf to goo in pylgremage men called hym duke Anferus 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 faye thus / many were gladde / for she was paſſyng fayre of grete rentes / Ryght ſo she lete crye in caſtels and townes as faſte on her fyde as Alyfander dyd on his fyde / Thenne she drefſid her paelione ſtreighte by the pyece of the erthe that Alyfander kepte / So she was not ſo ſoone there / but there came a Knyght of Arthurs courte that hyȝhte Sagramore le deſyrus / and he proferd to Iuſſe with Alyfander / & they encountred / and Sagramore le deſyrus bryſed his ſpere vpon ſire Alyfander / but ſire Alyfander ſmote hym ſoo harde that he auoyded his fadel / And whanne la Beale Alys ſawe hym Iuſte ſoo wel / she thought hym a paſſyng goodly knyȝt on horſbak / And thenne she lepte oute of her paelione / & toke [p.476] ſig.D5v> ſir Alyfander by the brydel / and thus she ſayd / fayre knyght I requyre the of thy knyghthode / ſhewe me thy vyſage / I dar wel ſaid Alyfander ſhewe my vyſage / And thenne he put of his helme / and she ſawe his vyſage / she ſaid / O fwete 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 Alyfander le Orphelyn / Now damoyfel 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 Harfoufe le Berbufe and axed parte of fir Alyfanders speres / Thenne fire Alyfander encountred with hym / and at the fyrft fir Alyfander fmote hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne there came another knyghte that hyzt fire Hewgon / And fire Alyfander fmote hym doune as he dyd that other / Thenne fire Heugon profered to do bataille on foote / fyre Alyfander ouercame hym with thre ftrokes / and there wold haue flayne hym had he not yelded hym / Soo thenne Alifander made bothe tho Knyghtes to fwere to were none armour in a twelue moneth and a day / Thenne fire Alifander alyzte doune and wente to reſte hym and refoſe hym / Thenne the damoyſell that halp fire Alyfander 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 fir Alyfander / And there Alys told hym of what blood ſhe was come / Syre wete ye wel ſhe ſaid that I am of the blood of Kyng Ban that was fader vnto fir Launcelot ye wys fayr lady ſayd Alyfander my moder told me that my fader was broder |<[p.477] sig.D6r> vnto a kyng / and I am nyghe cofyn vnto fire Triftram / Thenne this whyle came there thre knyghtes / that one hyzt Vayns / and the other hygth Haruys de le marches / and the thyrdde hygth Peryn de la montayne / and with one ſpere fire Alyfander fmote them doune alle thre / and gaf them ſuche fallys / that they hadde no lyſte to fyghte vpon foote / Soo he made them to fwere to were none armes in a twelue moneth / Soo whanne they were deperted fire Alyfander beheld his lady Alys on hors bak as he ſtood in her paelione / 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 fyr Mordred and ſawe fir Alyfander was affoted 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 damoyſel 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 threft vnto Alyfander with alle her myght / and ſhe gaf hym ſuche a buffet that he thought the fyre flewe oute of his eyen / And whanne Alyfander 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 damoyſel fledde in to the paelione / So whanne Alyfander vnderſtood hym ſelf how the fals knyght wold haue ſhamed hym / hadde not the damoyſel ben / thenne was he wrothe with hym ſelf that fyre Mordred was ſoo eſcaped his handes / But thenne fire Alyfander and Alys hadde good game at the damoyſel hou ſadly ſhe hytte hym vpon the helme / ¶ Thenne fir Alyfander luſted thus day by day / and on foot he dyd many batails with many knyghtes of kyng Arthurs court and with many knyghtes ſtraungers / therefore 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

damoyfel wold neuer goo from hym / and soo they went in |<[p.478] sig.D6v> to theyr countrey of Benoye / and lyued there in grete Ioye /

¶ Capitulum xli

BVt as the book sayth / kyng marke wold neuer stynte tyll he had flayne hym by treason / and by Alys he gat a child that hyght Bellengerus le Beufe / 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 flewe bothe fyre Tristram & Alyfander falsly and felonfly / and hit happed so that Alyfander 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 Surlufe / wherof came many good knyghtes / And this noble prynce was a passynge good man of armes and euer he helde a noble felauyhyp 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 Surlufe / 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 thow wel said 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 wylle / fir thenne the quene I wille take with me and suche knyghtes as please me best / do as ye lyft 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 Surlufe fyre Galahalt sholde make a Iustes that shold laste eyghte dayes / And how the haute prynce with the help of Quene Gueneuers knyghtes shold Iuste |<[p.479] sig.D7r> 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 Iustyng there came in sire Dynadan / disguyfed / and dyd many grete dedes of armes

¶ Capitulum xlii

THenne at the request of Quene Gueneuer and of kynge Bagdemagus / fir Laūcelot came in to the rayeng but he was disguyfed / and that was the cause that fewe folke knewe hym / and there mette with hym fir Ector de marys his owne broder /

and eyther brake their speres vpon other to theyr handes / And thenne eyther gate another spere / And thenne fire launcelot smote doune fyr Ector de marys his owne broder / That sawe fire Bleoberys / and he smote fir launcelot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyft not wel where he was / Thenne fir launcelot was wrothe / and smote fir Bleoberys so fore vpon the helme that his hede bowed doune backward / And he smote efte another buffet that he auoyded his fadel / and soo he rode by / and threst forth to the thyckest / whan the kynge of Northgalys sawe fire Ector and Bleoberys lye on the ground / thenne was he wroth / for they came on his party ageynst them of Surlufe / So the kynge of Northgalys ran to fire Launcelot / and brake a spere vpon hym all to pyeces There with fire Launcelot ouertook the kynge of Northgalys and smote hym suche a buffet on the helme with his fuerd that he made hym to auoyde his hors / and anone the kyng was horfed 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 fire launcelot sawe his party goo to the werst / he thrange in to the thyckest prees with a fuerd 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 fire Mellegaunt that was sone vnto kyng Bagdemagus saw how fir Launcelot ferd / he merueiled <[p.480] sig.D7v> gretely / And whan he vnderstood that it was he / he wyft wel that he was desguysed for his sake / Thenne fire Malegeant prayd a Knyghte to flee fir launcelots hors outhur with fuerd or with spere / At that tyme Kynge Bagdemagus mette wyth a Knyghte that hyght Saufeyse a good knyghte / to whom he sayd / Now fayr Saufeyse encounter with my sone Malegeant / 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 fir Saufeyse encountred with fyre Malegeant / and eyther smote other doune / And thenne they fought on fote / and there Saufeyse had wonne fyre Malegeant / 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 damoyfel 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 damoyfel took vp the gloue alle heuily for defaute of a champyon / Thenne there came a varlet to her and sayd damoyfel / wille ye doo after me / ful fayne said the damoyfel / thenne goo ye vnto suche a knyght that lyeth here befyde 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 fire Palomydes / And whan she requyred hym / he armed hym and rode with her / and made her to go to the haute prynce / and to alke 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 horfbak / and eyther gatte a spere in their handes and mette soo fyrerly to gyders that their speres alle to sheuerd / Thenne they flange out swerdes / and fyr Palomydes smote fire Gonereys doune to the erthe / And thenne he racyd of his helme

and smote of his hede / Thenne they wente to souper / and the damoyfel loued Palomydes as peramour / but the book faith she was of his kyn / So thenne Palomydes desguysed hym self in this manere / in his shelde he bare the questynge beest and in alle his tarappours / ¶ And [p.481] sig.D8r> whanne he was thus redy / he sente to the haute prynce to gyue hym leue to lufte with other knyghtes / but he was adoubted of sire launcelot / The haute prynce sente hym word ageyne / that he shold be welcome / and that fyre Launcelot shold not lufte with hym / Thenne sire Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyght someuer he were that smote doune sire Palomydes shold haue his damoyfel to hym self /

¶ Capitulum xliij

HEre begynneth the second daye / anone as sire Palomydes came in to the felde / fyr 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 sheured / But fyr Galahalt smote hym soo hard that he bare hym backward ouer his hors / but yet he loft not his styropes / ¶ Thenne they drewe their swardes and lashed to gyder many sadde strokes / that many worshipful knyghtes lefte their befynes to behold them But at the last sire Galahalt the haut prynce smote a stroke of myghte vnto Palomydes fore vpon the helme / but the helme was soo hard that the sward myght not byte but flypped and smote of the hede of the hors of sire Palomydes / whan the haut prynce wyft 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 yeste / 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 damoyfel 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 fyr 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 [p.482] sig.D8v> 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 lefte 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 straügers and were lyke to haue putte them of Surlufe to the werfe / for fyr 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 dresfid hem to the feeste /

¶ Capitulum xliij

WHanne Palomydes was vnarmed he axed lodgyng for hym self and the damoyfel / Anone the haute prynce commaunded them to lodyng / And he was not so foone in his lodgyng / but there came a Knyghte that hyght Archade / he was broder vnto Gomoryes that Palomydes flewe afore in the damoyfels quarel / And this Knyght Archade called fyre Palomydes traytour / and appelyd hym for the dethe of his broder / By the leue of the haute prynce sayd Palomydes I shalle anfuer the / whan sire Galahalt vnderstood theyre quarel / he badde them goo to dyner / and so foone 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 fyr Launcelot were set to behold them / and soo they lete renne their horses / and there fir Palomydes bare Archade on his spere ouer his hors tayle |<[p.483] sig.E1r> And thenne Palomydes alyght and drewe his fwerd / but fyr Archade myght not aryse / and there fyr 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 fyr 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 Marfyl / that had in yefte an Iland of fyre Galahalt the haute prynce / And this yland had the name Pomytayn / Thenne hit befelle that Kyng Bagdemagus and kynge Marfyl of Pomytayn mette to gyders with speres / and Kynge Marfyl had fuche a buffet that he felle ouer his hors croupe ¶ Thenne came therin a Knyght of Kynge Marfyl to reunge his lord / And kynge Bagdemagus smote hym doune hors and man to the erthe ¶ Soo there came an Erle that hyght arroufe / and fir Breufe and an honderd knyghtes with hem of Pometayne / and the Kynge of Northgalys was with hem /

And alle these were ageynft them of Surlufe / 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 aduventure fyre Palomydes the good Knyghte mette with fyre Bleoberys de Ganys / fyre Bleoberys broder / And eyther smote other with grete speres / that both theyre horses and Knyghtes felle to the erthe / But fyre Blamore had sliche a falle that he had al moost broken his neck / for the blood brafte oute at nose / mouthe and his eres / but at the laste he recouerd well by good surgyens / Thenne there cam in the duke <[p.484] sig.E1v> 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 fadel / ¶ Soo the Duke Chaleyns of Claraunce dyd there grete dedes of armes / and of foo late as he came in the thyrdd daye there was no man dyd foo wel excepte kynge Bagdemagus and fyre 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 foo came Dynadan and mocked and laped with Kynge Bagdemagus that alle knyghtes lough at hym / for he was a fyne laper and wel louyng alle good knyghtes / ¶ Soo anone as they had dyned / there came a varlet beryng foure speres on his bak / & he came to Palomydes / & sayd thus / here is a Knyghte by hath sente yow the choysse 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 fyre Galahalt wyfte of this / he badde Palomydes make hym redy / ¶ So the Quene Gueneuer the haute prynce and fyre Launcelot they were set vpon schafholdes to gyue the Iugement of these two Knyghtes / ¶ Thenne fyre 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 fyre 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 swardes and lashed to gyders wonderly fore a grete whyle / ¶ Thenne the haute prynce and fyre 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 knyght fyr Lamorak ¶ Whanne fyr Launcelot knewe that hit was fyr Lamorak he <[p.485] sig.E2r> made moche of hym / for aboute alle erthely men he loued hym best excepte fyre Trifram / ¶ Thenne Quene Gueneuer commended hym / and foo dyd alle other good knyghtes made moche of hym excepte fyre Gawayns bretheren / Thenne quene Gueneuer said vnto fyre launcelot fyr I requyre yow that & ye Iuste ony more / that ye Iuste with none of the blood of my lord Arthur / foo 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 Marfyl 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 flewe hym in playne bataille / Soo they wente in to the feld / and the damoyfel wyth them / and there came to encountre ageyne them fire Bleoberys de ganys / and fir Ector de marys / fire Palomydes encoütred with fir Bleoberys / and eyther smote other doune / And in the same wyfe dyd fire Safere and fir Ector / and tho two couples dyd bataille on foote / Thenne came in fire Lamorak & he encountred with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and smote hym quyte ouer his hors tayle / And in the same wyfe he ferued the kynge of Northgalys / and also he smote doune Kynge Marfyl / And so or euer he stynte / he smote doune with his spere and with his fuerd thyrty knyghtes whan Duke Chaleyns fawe Lamorak doo foo grete prowesse / 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 fette vpon fire Lamorak / and he faylled them not / but rallhed here and there smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & racyd of many helmes / so that [

¶ Capitulum xlvj

HEre begynmeththe fyfthe daye / foo hit befelle that fyre Palomydes came in the morne tyde / and profered to Iufte there as kynge Arthur was in a Caftle there befydys Surlufe / and there encountred with hym a worfhipful duke / and there fyre Palomydes fmote hym ouer his hors croupe / And this duke was vnkel vnto kynge Arthur / Thenne fyre Elyfes sone rode vnto Palomydes / and Palomydes ferued Elyfe in the fame wyfe / whanne fyre Vwayne fawe thys |<[p.487] sig.E3r> he was wrothe / Thenne he took his hors / and encountred with fyr Palomydes / and Palomydes fmote hym foo hard / that he wente to the erthe hors and man / And for to make a fhort tale / he fmote doune thre bretheren of fyre Gawayns / that is for to fay Mordred Gaherys and Agrauayne / O Ihefu faid Arthur this is a grete despyte of a Sarafyn the he fhalle fmyte doune my blood / And there with alle kyng Arthur was woode wrothe / and thoughte to haue made hym redy to Iufte / That afpyed fyre Lamorak that Arthur and his blood were difcomfyte / And anone he was redy and axed Palomydes yf he wold ony more Iufte / why fhold I not faid Palomydes / Thenne they hurtled to gyders and brake their fperes / and alle to fheuerd them / that alle the caftel range theyr dyntys / Thenne eyther gate a gretter fpere in his hand / and they came foo fyerfly to gyders / but fir Palomydes fpere all to braft and fyre Lamorak dyd holde / there with alle fyre Palomydes loft his fteroppes and lay vp ryght on his horfbak / And thenne fyre Palomydes returned ageyne and took his damoyfel / and fyre Safere returned his way / Soo whan he was departed kynge Arthur came to fyr Lamorak and thanked hym of his goodnes / and prayd hym to telle hym his name / Syr fayd Lamorak wete thow wel / I owe yow my feruyfe / but as att this tyme I wylle not abyde here / for I fee of myn enemyes many aboute me ¶ Allas fayd Arthur now wote I wel / it is fyre Lamorak de galys / O Lamorak abyde with me / and by my croune I fhalle neuer fayle the / and not foo hardy in Gawayns hede / nor none of his bretheren to doo the ony wronge / Syre faid fyre Lamorak wronge haue they done me and to yow bothe / That is trouthe fayd the kyng for they flewe theyre owne moder and my fyfter / 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 Ihefu fayd the noble Knyght fyre Lamorak vnto Arthur her dethe fhalle I neuer forgete / I promyfe yow and make myn auowe vnto god I fhalle reuenge her dethe as foone as I fee tyme conenable / And yf hit were not at the reuerence of your hyhenes / I fhold now haue ben reuenged vpon fyre Gawayn & his bretheren / truly faid arthur I wil make you at |<[p.488] sig.E3v> acord / Syr faid Lamorak as at this tyme I may not abyde with yow / for I muſte to the Iuftes / where is fyre launcelot and the haute prynce fyre Galahalt / Thenne there was a damoyfel that was doughter to kynge Bandes / and there was a Sarafyn knyghte that hyghte Corfabryn / and he loued the damoyfel / and in no wyfe he wold fuffre her to be maryed / for euer this Corfabryn noyfed her and named her that ſhe was oute of her mynde / and thus he lette her that ſhe myght not be maryed

¶ Capitulum xlvij

SOo by fortune this damoyfel herd telle that Palomydes dyd moche for damoyfels sake / soo she sent to hym a penfel / and prayd hym to fyghte with sire Corfabryn for her loue / and he shold haue her / and her landes of her faders that shold falle to her / Thenne the damoyfel sente vnto corfabryn and badde hym goo vnto fyr Palomydes that was a paynym as wel as he / and she gaf hym warnyng that she had sente hym her penfel / and yf he myghte ouercome Palomydes she wold wedde hym / whanne Corfabryn wyft 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 penfel / Soo there they waged batail either with other afore Galahalt / wel said the haute prynce / this daye multe noble knyghtes luste / and at after dyner we shall see how ye can spede / Thenne they blewe to lufte 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 knyghtes moo / and there he dyd grete dedes of armes / for he was a good knyght / but he was a scoffer / and a Iaper and the meryest knyght among felaulhip 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 fyre launcelot / and bad hym stryke doune fyre Dynadan / And whan that ye haue done so brynge hym afore me and the noble quene <[p.489] sig.E4r> 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 fore 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 spote at Dynadan ¶ Thenne whanne the dyner was done / they blewe to the felde to beholde sire Palomydes and Corfabryn / Syre Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddes of the felde / & thenne 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 knyghtes / that wel nyghe there was no pyece of harneis wold hold them / for this Corfabryn was a passyng felonous knyghte / Corfabryn said Palomydes wylte thou releace me yonder damoyfel / and pensell / Thenne was Corfabryn 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 ryzt to the erthe / And ther with he racyd of his helme / and sayd Corfabryn yelde the or ellys thou shalt dye of my handes / Fy on the said Corfabryn / 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 myzt 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 fyre launcelot / ¶ Syre sayd the haute prynce / here haue ye fene this day a grete myrakel by Corfabryn / what fauour there was whanne the soule departed from the body / There for fyre we wylle requyre yow to take the baptyem vpon yow / and I promyse yow alle knyghtes wyll fette the more by yow / and say more worfhip by yow ¶ Syre said Palomydes I wille that ye alle knowe / that in |<[p.490] sig.E4v> to this land I came to be crystened / and in my herte I am crystened / and crystend wille I be / ¶ But I haue made fuche an auowe that I maye not be crystend tyl I haue done feuen true batails for Ihesus fake / And thenne wil I be crystend / And I truste god wylle take myn entent for I meane truly / Thenne fire Palomydes prayed Quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce to soupe with hym / And foo they dyd bothe fire Launcelot and fire Lamorak / and many other good knyghtes / Soo on the morne they herd their maffe / and blewe the felde / and thenne knyghtes made them redy /

¶ Capitulum xlvij

HEre begynneth the fyxthe day / Thenne came therin fyr Gaherys / and there encountred with hym fyre Offaise of Surlufe / and fir 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 fir Dornard and fir Aglouale that were bretheren vnto fire Lamorak / and they mette with other two knyghtes / and eyther smote other foo hard that all four knyghtes and horses felle to the erthe / whan fire 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 fuerd / 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 fuche dedes of armes as he dyd / for he ferd so that many knyghtes fledde / Thenne he horfed 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 horfbak / I fett not by a knyght whanne he is on foote / for all batails on fote ar but pelowres batails / For there shold no Knyghte fyghte on foote / but yf hit were for treason / or els he were dryuen therto by force / therefore bretheren fyttte faste on your horses or els fyghte neuer more afore me / with that cam in the duke |<[p.491] sig.E5r> Chaleyns of Claraunce / and there encountred with hym the Erle Vlbowes of Surlufe / and eyther of hem smote other doune / Thenne the knyghtes of bothe partyes horfed their lordes ageyne / for fyr Ector and Bleoberys were on foote waytynge 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 femed wrothe with fomme faute that he sawe / for he hadde a customme he loued no fyllhe / and by caufe he was ferued with fyllhe / the whiche he hated therfore he was not mery / Whan fir Dynadan had aspyed the haute prynce / he aspyed where was a fyllhe with a grete hede / and that he gatte betwixe two dyllhes / and ferued the haute prynce with that fyllhe / And thenne he said thus / fir galahalt wel may I lyken yow to a wolf / for he wille neuer ete fyllhe but flesshe / thenne the haute prynce lough at his wordes Wel wel said Dynadan to launcelot / what deuylle doo ye in this Country / for here may no meane knyȝtes wynne no worfhip for the / fir Dynadan said Laūcelot I ensure the I shalle no more mete with the nor with thy grete spere / for I maye not fytt in my fadel when that spere hyttyth me / And yf I be happy I shalle beware of that boystous body that thow bereft / wel said launcelot make good watche euer / god forbede that euer we mete but yf hit be at a dyllhe of mete / Thenne lough the Quene and the haute prynce / that they myghte not fytt 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 fet and Iuges armed clene with their fheldes to kepe the ryghte

¶ Capitulum xlix |<[p.492] sig.E5v>

NOw begynneth the feuenth bataill / there cam in the duke Cambynes / and there encountred with hym fyr 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 fyr Oflayfe of Surlufe / 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 Vibawes smote to gyders that alle the Iuges thought it was lyke mortal dethe / This meane whyle quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce and fyr laūcelot made there fyre Dynadan make hym redy to Iufte / I wold said Dynadan ryde in to the felde / but thenne one of yow tweyne wille mete with me / Per dieu sayd the haute prynce ye maye see hou we fytt here as Iuges with oure fheldes / and alweyes mayst thow beholde whether we fytt here or not / Soo fyr Dynadan departed and tooke his hors and mette with many knyghtes / and dyd passyng wel / And as he was departed / fyre Launcelot desguysed hym self / and putte vpon his armour a maydens garment fresshly attyered / Thenne fyre Launcelot made fyre Galyhodyn to lede hym thorough the raunge / and alle men had wonder what damoyfel it was / And soo as fyre Dynadan came in to the raunge / fyre Launcelot that was in the damoyfels araye gatte Galyhodyns spere and ranne vnto fir Dynadan / And alwayes fyre Dynadan loked vp there as fyre Launcelot was / and thenne he sawe

one fytte in the ftede of fire Launcelot armed / But whanne Dynadan fawe a maner of a damoyfel he drad peryls that it was fyre launcelot defguyfed / but fyre Launcelot came on hym fo faft that he fmote hym ouer his hors croupe / and thenne grete fcornes gate fire Dynadan in to the foreft there befyde / & there they difpoylled hym vnto his fherte and putte vpon hym a womans garment / and fo brought hym in to the felde / and foo they blewe vnto lodgyng / And euey knyght wente and vnarmed them / thenne was fir Dynadan brought in among them alle / And whanne Quene Gueneuer fawe fir Dynadan brought foo amonge them alle / thenne fhe |<[p.493] sig.E6r> lough that fhe fylle doune / and foo dyd alle that there were / Wel fayd Dynadan to launcelot thow arte foo fals that I can neuer beware of the / Thenne by alle the affente they gaf fyre Launcelot the pryce / the next was fire Lamorak de galys / the thyrd was fir Palomydes / the fourthe was kynge Bagdemagus / foo thefe four Knyghtes had the pryce / and there was grete loye / and grete nobley in alle the Courte / And on the morne Quene Gueneuer and fir Launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur / but in noo wyfe fyr Lamorak wold not go with them I fhalle vndertake faid fire launcelot that and ye wyll goo with vs / kynge Arthur fhalle charge fyre Gawayne and his bretheren / neuer to doo yow hurte / As for that fayd fyre Lamorak I wyll not truſte fire Gawayne nor none of his bretheren / and wete ye wel fir Launcelot / and hit were not for my lord Kynge Arthurs fake / I fhould matche fire Gawayn and his bretheren wel ynou3 / But to fay that I fhould 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 feruyſe to my power / and fyr it is but late that I reuengyd that whan my lord Arthurs kynne were put to the werſe by fire Palomydes / Thenne fir Lamorak departed from fir laūcelot / and eyther wepte at their departyng

¶ Capitulum I

NOw torne we fro this mater / and ſpeke we of fir triftram of whome this booke is pryncipal of / and leue we the kynge and the quene / fyr Launcelot / and fyre Lamorak / and here begynneth the treaſon of kynge Marke that he ordeyned ageynſt fyr Triftram / There was cryed by the coſtes of Cornewaile a grete turnement and Iuſtes / and al was done by fir Galahalt the haut prynce / and kynge Bagdemagus to the entent to flee Launcelot or els vtterly deſtroye hym and ſhame hym / by cauſe fir launcelot had alweyes the hyher degree / therefore this prynce and this kynge made this Iuſtes ageynſt fire Launcelot / And thus her couceyll was diſcouerd |<[p.494] sig.E6v> vnto Kynge Marke wherof he was ful gladde / Thenne Kyng Marke bethoughte hym that he wold haue fyre Triftram vnto that turnement defguyfed that no man ſhould knowe hym / to that entente that the haute prynce ſhould wene that fir Triftram were fyre launcelot / Soo at thiſe Iuſtes came in fyr Triftram / And at that tyme fire launcelot was not there / but whan they fawe a Knygt defguyfed doo ſuche dedes of armes /

they wende hit had been fir launcelot / And in especial Kyng Mark sayd hit was fyre launcelot playnly / Thenne they sette vpon hym bothe Kyng Bagdemagus and the haute prynce and theyre Knyghtes that hit was wonder that euer fyre Triftram myght endure that payne / Not withstandyng for alle the payne that he had fyr Triftram wanne the degree at that turnement / and there he hurte many Knyghtes and bryfed them / and they hurte hym and bryfed hym wonderly fore / ¶ So whanne the Iustes were alle done / they knewe wel that hit was fyre Triftram de Lyones / and all that were on Kyng markes party were glad that fir Triftram was hurte / and the remenaunt were fory of his hurte / for fyre Triftram was not soo behated as was fyre Launcelot within the Reame of Englonde / Thenne came Kyng Marke vnto fyre Triftram / and sayd fayre neuewe I am fory of your hurtes / Gramercy my lord said fyre Triftram / ¶ Thenne Kyng Marke made fir Triftram to be putte in an hors bere in grete fygne of loue / and said fayre cofyn I fhalle be your leche my self / and soo he rode forthe with fyre Triftram and brought hym to a Castel by day lyghte / And thenne Kyng Mark made fyre Triftram 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 fyr Triftram myssed / and no creature wyft where he was become When la beale Ioud herd hou he was myssed pryuely he went vnto fir Sadok & praid hym to aspye where was fir Triftram Thenne when Sadok wyft hou fir triftram was myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyng mark & the traitours of Magōns / theēne sadok & two of his cofyns leid them in an enbullhement fast by the castel of Tyntagyl in armes / And as by fortune there came rydyng Kyng Marke and foure of his neuewes / and a certayn of the traytours of Magouns Whanne fir Sadok aspyed them / he brake oute of the bullhement / and sette there vpon them / And whan kyng Mark aspyed fyre Sadok / he fledde as fast as he myghte / and there fir Sadok slewe alle the four neuewes vnto Kyng Marke / But these traitours of Magons slewe one of Sadoks cofyns a grete wound in the neck / but Sadok smote the other to the dethe / Thenne fir 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 fyre Sadok tyl that they came to a Castel that hyghte Arbray / & there in the toun they fond fyre Dynas the Seneschal / that was a good Knyght / But whan fyre Sadok had told fyre 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 fyre Dynas said / Thenne by his aduys and of fyre Sadoks he lete stufte 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 fought and fond where were dede four cofyns 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 muft nedes / Whanne Kyng Marke herde and vnderstood how fyre Sadok and sir Dynas were aryfen in the Countrey of Lyones / he remembryd of wyles and treason / Lo thus he dyd / he lete make and counterfete letters from the pope |<[p.496] sig.E7v> and dyd make a straunge clerke to bere them vnto kyng mark / the whiche letters spycyfied that kyng Marke shold make hym redy vpon payne of curfyng with his hooft to come to the pope to helpe to goo to Iherusalem for to make warre vpon the Sarafyns / whan this clerk was come by the meane of the Kyng / anone with alle kyng marke sente these letters vnto sire Triftram and badde hym faye 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 Triftram vnderstood this letter / thenne he sayd thus to the Clerke / A kyng Marke euer haft thou ben a traytour / and euer wylle be / but Clerke said sire Triftram Say thou thus vnto Kyng marke 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 commaüement / gete I oute of pryson as I may for I see I am wel rewarded for my true feruyse / Thenne the Clerke retorned vnto kyng Marke and told hym of the ansuer of sire Triftram / wel sayd Kyng marke yet shal he be begyled / Soo he wente in to his chamber and counterfete letters / and the letters spycyfied that the pope defyred sire Triftram to come hym self to make werre vpon the mescreauntes Whan the Clerke was come ageyne to sir Triftram and tooke hym these letters / thenne sire Triftram behelde these letters / & anone he aspyed they were of kyng Markes counterfetyng A said fyre Triftram fals haft thou ben euer kyng Marke / and soo wolt thou ende / Thenne the Clerke departed from sire Triftram and came to kyng 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 thyrdd was borne thurgh with a spere / the fourth had his teeth stryken in tweyn And whanne they came afore kyng Marke they cryed and sayd / kyng / why fleest thou not for alle this countrey is aryfen clerely ageynst the / thenne was kyng Marke wrothe oute of mesure / and in the meane whyle there came in to the countrey sire Percyuale de galys to seke sire Triftram / And whan he herd that fyre Triftram was in pryson / syr Percyual |<[p.497] sig.E8r> made clerely the delyueraunce of sir Triftram by his knyghtly meanes / And whan he was soo delyuerd / he made grete loye of fyre Percyuale / and soo echone of other / Syr Triftram 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 fyre Percyuale departed from fyre Triftram / and rode streyghte vnto Kyng Marke / and told hym how he had delyuerd fyre Triftram / and also he told the kyng that he had done hym self grete shame for to putte sir Triftram in pryson / For he is now the knyght of moost renomme in this world luyng And wete thow wel the noblest knyghtes of the worlde loue fyr Triftram / and ys he wille make werre vpon yow / ye maye not abyde hit / That is trouthe said kyng Marke / but I may not loue fyre Triftram by cause he loueth my Quene and my wyf la beale Ifoud / A fy for shame said fyr Percyuale say ye neuer so more / Are ye not vnkel vnto sir Triftram / and he your neuewe / ye shold neuer thynke that soo noble a Knyghte as fyre Triftram is that he wold doo hym self soo grete a vylony to holde his vnkels wyf / how be it said fyr Percyuale he may loue your Quene synles by cause she is called one of the fayrest ladyes of the world / Thenne fyr Percyuale departed from Kyng Marke / Soo whan he was departed Kyng Mark bethought hym of more trefon / Not withstādyng kyng mark graunted fyr Percyuale neuer by no manere of meanes to hurte fyre Triftram / Soo anone Kyng Marke sente vnto fyre 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 kyng / whanne sir Dynas vnderstood that kyng marke wold goo vpon the mescreauntes / thenne fyre Dynas in alle haft putte doune alle the peple / and whan the peple were departed euery man to his home / thēne Kyng mark aspyed where was fyre Triftram with la Beale Ifoud / and there by treason Kyng Marke lete take hym and put hym in pryson contrary to his promyse that he made vnto fyre Percyuale / whan Quene Ifoud vnderstood that fyr Triftram was |<[p.498] sig.E8v> in pryson / she made as grete sorowe as euer made lady or gentywoman / Thenne fyre Triftram sent a letter vnto la Beale Ifoud 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 Ifoud vnderstood fyre Triftram 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 Ifoud sente vnto fyre Dynas and to sadok and prayd hem in ony wyse to take Kyng Marke / and put hym in pryson vnto the tyme that she and fyre Triftram were departed vnto the Royamme of Logrys / whan sir Dynas the Seneschall vnderstood the treason of Kyng Marke / he promysed her ageyne and sente her word that Kyng Marke shold be put in pryson / And as they deuyfed hit soo hit was done / And thenne fyre Triftram was delyuerd out of pryson / and anone in alle the haste Quene Ifoud and fyr Triftram and went and took their councyll with that they wold haue with them whan they departed

¶ Capitulum liij

THenne la Beale Ifoud and fire Triftram 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 fire Triftram herd telle of that turnement he desguysed hym self / and la Beale Ifoud / and rode vnto that turnement And whan he came there he sawe many Knyghtes Iuste and turneye / and so fyr Triftram dressid hym to the raunge / and to make short conclusion / he ouerthrewe fourteen Knyghtes of the round table / Whanne fir Launcelot sawe these Knyghtes thus ouerthrowen / fire launcelot dressid hym to fir Triftram / That sawe la Beale Ifoud how fire launcelot was come in to the felde / ¶ Thenne la Beale Ifoud sente vnto fire Launcelot a ryng / and badde hym wete that it was fir Triftram de lyones Whanne fir launcelot vnderstood that there was fyre Triftram he was ful gladde / and wold not Iuste / thēne fire Launcelot |<[p.499] sig.F1r> aspyed whyder fyre Triftram yede / and after hym he rode / and thenne eyther made of other grete Ioye / And soo fire Launcelot broughte fire Triftram and la beale Ifoud vnto Ioyous gard that was his owne Castel that he had wonne with his owne handes / And there fire 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 sojourned / and fyre Launcelot charged alle his people to honoure them and loue them as they wold doo hym self / ¶ Soo fire launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur / and thenne he told Quene Gueneuer how he that Iusted soo wel atte last turnement was fire Triftram / and there he told her how he hadde with hym la beale Ifoud maulgre kynge Marke / & soo Quene Gueneuer told alle this vnto kynge Arthur / ¶ Whanne kynge Arthur wyfte that fire Triftram was escaped and comen from kynge Marke / and had broughte la beale Ifoud with hym / thenne was he passyng gladde / So by cause of fire Triftram 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 deuyfed 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 Lyftynoyse / & they of Northumberland and alle they that helde landes of arthur a this half the fee / whanne this crye was made / many knyghtes were gladde and many were vngladde / ¶ Syre said laūcelot 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 fir launcelot vnderstode wherfore kynge Arthur made this Iustyng thēne he made suche purueaunce that la beale Ifoud shold behold the Iustes in a secrete place that was honest for her estate / ¶ Now torne we vnto fire Triftram and to la beale Ifoud / how they maade grete Ioye dayly to gyders with alle manere |<[p.500] sig.F1v> of myrthes that they

coud deuyfe / and in euery day fir Triftram wold goo ryde on hūtyng / for fire Triftram was that tyme called the best chacer of the world / and the noblest blower of an horne of alle manere of mefures / for as bookes reporte / of fyre Triftram came alle the good termes of venery and of hūtyng and alle the fyfes and mefures of blowyng of an horne / and of hym we had fyrste alle the termes of haukyng / & whiche were beeftes of chace beeftes of venery / and whiche were vermyns / and alle the blaftes that longen to all manner of gamen / Fyrste to the vncouplyng / to the fekyng / to the rechate / to the flyghte / to the dethe / and to strake / and many other blaftes and termes / that all maner of gentylnen haue caufe to the worldes ende to preyfe fir Triftram and to praye for his soule

¶ Capitulum liij

SOo on a daye la beale Ifoud fayd vnto fir Triftram I merueyle me moche faid she / that ye remembre not your self how ye be here in a straunge cuntry 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 foo Soo thenne fire Triftram rode dayly on huntynge armed and his men beryng his shelde and his spere / Soo on a day a lytyl afore the monethe of may fyre Triftram chaced an hert passyng egerly / and foo the herte passed by a fayr welle / And thenne fir Triftram alyghte and putte of his helme to drynke of that burbley water / Ryght foo he herd and sawe the questyng beest come to the welle / whan fyre Triftram sawe that beste / he putte on his helme for he demed he shold here of fir Palomydes / for that beste was his quest / ¶ Ryght so fir Triftram 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 Breufe faunce pyte / and ryght so with alle there came vnto them the noble knyghte fire Palomydes / and eyther salewed other / and spake fair to other |<[p.501] sig.F2r> Fair knyghtes faid fir Palomydes I canne telle yow tydynges / what is that faid tho knyghtes / Syrs wete ye wel that Kynge Marke is put in pryson by his owne knyghtes / and alle was for loue of fire Triftram / for kynge Marke hadde put fyre Triftram twyes in pryson / And ones fire Percyuale delyuerd the noble knyghte fire Triftram oute of pryson ¶ And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Ifoud delyuerd hym / and wente clerlyly aweye with hym in to this reame / & alle this whyle kynge Marke the fals traytour is in pryson / Is this trouthe faid Palomydes / Thenne shall we hastely here of fire Triftram / And as for to say that I loue la Beale Ifoud 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 foo as they stood talkyng / 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 dreslid hym to Iuste ¶ Fair felawes faid fire Triftram 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 faid sire Palomydes / for I fonde neuer noo knyght in my queste of this Glaftyng beeft / but and he wold Iuste I neuer refused hym ¶ As wel may I faid Breufe saunce pyte folowe that beeft as ye / Thenne shalle ye doo bataille with me faid Palomydes / Soo fyre Palomydes drestid hym vnto that other Knyghte fyre Bleoberys that was a ful noble Knyghte nyghe kynne vnto sire Launcelot / And soo they mette soo hard / that fyre Palomydes felle to the erthe hors and alle / Thenne sire Bleoberis cryed a lowde and faid thus / make the redy thou fals traytour knyghte Breufe saunce pyte / for wete thow certaynly I wille haue adoo with the to the vtterance for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou hast fallly bitraid ¶ Whanne this false knyght and traitour Breufe saunce pyte herde hym faye soo / he took his hors by the brydel and fledde his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte renne / for fore he was of hym aferd / ¶ Whan fyr Bleoberys <[p.502] sig.F2v> sawe hym flee he folowed faste after thorough thycke and thorough thynne / And by fortune as sire Breufe 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 fyre Percyuale de galys / the thyrde hyghte sire Harre de fyse lake a good knyght and an hardy / And as for fyr Percyuale he was called that tyme of his tyme one of the best knyghtes of the world and the best assured / when Breufe sawe these knyghtes he rode streyghte vnto them and cryed vnto them & prayd them of rescowes / what nede haue ye faid sire Ector / A fayr knyghtes faide fyre Breufe here foloweth me the moost traytour knyght and moost coward and moost of vylony / his name is Breufe saunce pyte / and yf he may gete me he wylle flee me withoute mercy and pyte / Abyde with vs faid sire percyuale and we shalle waraunt yow / Thenne were they ware of fyre Bleoberys that came rydyng alle that he myghte / Thenne sire 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 faid 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 drestid his spere and smote either other passyng fore / but sire Ector felle to the erthe / That sawe sire Percyuale and he drestid his hors toward hym all that he myghte dryue / but sire Percyuale had suche a stroke that hors and man felle to the erth / ¶ Whanne sire Harre sawe that they were bothe to the erthe / thenne he faid to hym self / neuer was Breufe of suche prowesse / Soo sire Harre drestid 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 Breufe and he came hurtlyng / & smote hym ouer and ouer and wolde haue slayne hym as he lay on the ground / Thenne fyr Harre le fyse lake arose lyghtely and toke the brydel of sire Breufe hors and faid / ¶ 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 <[p.503] sig.F3r> worshipfully / and putte to the werse passyng good knyghtes Therefore wylle I not lete faide sire Breufe / thow shalte not chese faid fyr Harre as at this tyme / Thenne whanne sire Brufe sawe that he myghte not chese nor haue his wylle / he spak fayre / Thenne

fyre Harre lete hym goo / And thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer fyre Bleoberys / and raffhed hym to the erthe lyke yf he wold haue flayne hym / Whanne fyre Harre sawe hym doo so vyloynfly / he cryed traytour knygt leue of for flame / and as fir Harre wold haue taken his hors to fyghte with fir breufe / thenne fir Breufe ranne vpon hym as he was half vpon his hors and smote hym doune hors & man to the erthe / and had nere flayne fyr Harre the good knyght / That sawe fir Percyuale / and thenne he cryed traitour knyghte what doft thou / And whan fire Percyuale was vpon his hors / fyr Breufe tooke his hors and fledde all that euer he myght / and fyre Percyuale and fyre Harre folowed after hym fast / but euer the lenger they chaced the ferther were they behynde / Thenne they torned ageyne and came to fyr Ector de marys and to fyre Bleoberys / A fayr knyghtes said Bleoberys why haue ye focoured that fals knyght & traitour / why said fire Harre what knyght is he / for wel I wote hit is a fals knyght said fir 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 spycyally of Arthurs / what is your name saide fir Ector my name is Syr bleoberys de ganys / Allas fair cofyn sayde Ector / forgyue it me / for I am fir Ector de marys / thenne fyre Percyuale and fire Harre made grete ioye that they met with bleoberys / but alle they were heuy that fyr breufe was escaped them wherof they made grete dole

¶ Capitulum liiij

RYght soo as they stood thus / there came fir Palomydes And whanne he sawe the shelde of bleoberys lye on the erthe / ¶ Thenne said Palomydes he that oweth <[p.504] sig.F3v> that sheld / lete hym dresse hym to me / for he smote me doune here fast by at a fontayne / and therefore I wylle fyghte for hym on foote / I am redy said Bleoberys here to anfuer the / for wete thou wel fyr knygt 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 farafyn / 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 fleeth ony of oure blood / but he shalle dye for hit / therfor and thou lyste to fyghte goo seche fire laücelot or fir Triftram 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 fire 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 fyre 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 fyre Gawayne and his bretheren / & with grete payne they slewe hym felonfly vnto alle good knyghtes grete damage / Anone as fir Percyuale herd that his broder was dede fyr

Lamorak / he felle ouer his hors mane fwounyng / and there he made the gretteft dole that euer maade knyghte / ¶ And whan fyr Percyuale aroos / he faid / Allas my good and noble broder fyre Lamorak / now fhalle we neuer mete / and I trowe in alle the wyde world a man maye not fynde fuche a knyght as he was of his age / and hit is to moche to fuffire the dethe of our fader kyng Pellenore / & now the dethe of our good broder fir Lamorak / Thenne in the meane wyhle there came a varlet from the court of kyng Arthur and told them of the grete turnement that fhould be at Lonazep / and how thefe landes Cornewail / & Northgalys fhould be ageynft alle them that wold come

¶ Capitulum lv |<[p.505] sig.F4r>

Now torne we vnto fir Triftram that as he rode on huntynge / he mette with fire Dynadan that was comen in to that countrey to feke fyre Triftram / Thenne fire Dynadan told fire Triftram his name / but fire Triftram wold not telle hym his name / wherfore fyr Dynadan was wrothe / For fuche a foolyflhe knyghte as ye are faid fire Dynadan I fawe but late this day lyenge by a welle / and he fared as he flepte / and there he lay lyke a foole grymmynge and wold not fpeke / and his fhelde lay by hym / and his hors ftode by hym / and wel I wote he was a louer / A fayr fyr faid fyre Triftram are ye not a louer / mary fy on that crafte faid fir dynadan / that is euylle faid faid fire Triftram / for a knygtt maye neuer be of prowefle / but yf he be a louer / it is wel faid faid fir Dynadan / Now telle me your name fyth ye be a louer / or els I fhalle doo bataille with yow / As for that faid fir Triftram hit is no reason to fyghte with me / but I telle yow my name And as for that my name fhalle ye not wete as at this tyme Fy for fhame faid Dynadan arte thow a knyghte and darfte not telle thy name to me / therefore I wil fyghte with the / As for that faid fir Triftram I wylle be aduyfed / for I wil not doo batail / but yf me lyft / And yf I doo batail faid fire Triftram ye are not able withftande me / Fy on the coward fayd fyre Dynadan / and thus as they houed ftyl they fawe a knyght came rydyng ageynft them / Lo faid fir Triftram fee where cometh a knyght rydyng wyll lufte with you / Anon as fir Dynadan beheld hym he faid that is the fame doted knygtt that I fawe lye by the welle neither flepyng ne wakyng / wel fayde fire Triftram I knowe that knyght wel with the couerd fhelde of afure / he is the kynges fone 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 fuppose faid fire Triftram / and ye requyre hym / he wylle lufte with yow / and thenne fhalle ye preue whether a louer be a better knyghte or ye that wylle not loue no lady / wel faid Dynadan now fhalt thou fee what I fhall do / There with alle fire Dynadan fpake on hyghe and faid fir knyghte make the redy to lufte with me / for it is the cuftome of erraūt knyghtes one to lufte with other / Sir faid Epynegrys is þ^t the rule |<[p.506] sig.F4v> of yow arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to lufte will he or nyll / As for that fayd Dynadan make the redy / for here is for

me / And there with al they spored theyr horfes & mett to gyders foo hard that Epynegrys smote doune fir Dynadan Thenne fir Triftram rode to fire Dynadan and sayd how now me semeth the louer hath wel spedde / Fy on the Coward sayd fyre Dynadan / and yf thou be a good Knyghte reuenge me / Nay said fyr Triftram I wyll not luste as at this tyme / but take your hors and lete vs goo hens / God defende me sayd fyre Dynadan from thy felaulhyp / For I neuer sped wel fyn I mette with the / and foo they departed / wel sayd fir triftram / peradventure I coude telle yow tydynges of fir triftram God defende me said Dynadan from thy felaulhyp / for fir triftram were mykel the werse / and he were in thy company / and thenne they departed / Syre said fir Triftram yet it may happen I shal mete with you in other places / so rode fyr Triftram vnto Ioyous gard / and there he herd in that toun grete noyse and crye / what is this noyse said fire Triftram / 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 caufe / but that oure knyghte sayd that fir Laūcelot were a better Knyght than fyre Gawayne / that was a fymple caufe said fir Triftram for to flee a good knyght for to faye wel by his mayster / That is lytel remedy to vs sayde the men of the toun / For and fire Launcelot had ben here / soone we shold haue ben reuenged vpon the fals knyghtes / whan fyre Triftram herd them faye foo / he fente for his shelde / & for his spere / and lyghtly within a whyle he had ouertake them / and badde them torne and amende that they had myfdone / What amendes woldest thou haue sayd the one Knyghte / & therwith they tooke theyr cours / and eyther mette other so hard that fyr Triftram smote doune that knyghte ouer his hors taylor / Thenne the other knyght dresid hym to fyr Triftram / and in the same wyse he serued the other knyghte / ¶ And thenne they gate of their horfes as wel as they myghte and dresyd their sheldes and swardes do do their bataile to the vtterance Knyghtes said fire Triftram ye shalle telle me of whens ye ar and what be youre names / for fuche men ye myzte be ye shold hard escape my handes / and ye myghte be fuche men of fuche a countre / that for alle your euylle dedes ye shold passe quyte / Wete thou wel fyre Knyghte sayde they we feare not to telle the oure names / for my name is fyr Agrauayne / and my name is Gaherys bretheren vnto the good Knyghte fire Gawayne / and we be neuwes vnto kyng Arthur / wel sayd fir triftram for Kynge Arthurs sake I shalle lete yow passe as att this tyme / But hit is shame said fire Triftram that fire Gawayne and ye be comen of foo grete a blood that ye foure bretheren are foo named as ye be / For ye be called the gretteft destroyers and murtherers of good Knyghtes that ben now in this reame / for it is but as I herde faye that fyr Gawayne & ye flewe amonge yow a better knyght than euer ye were / that was the noble knyghte fyre Lamorak de galys / and hit hadde pleased god sayd fyre Triftram I wold I had ben by fyre Lamorak at his deth / thenne sholdest thou haue gone the same way said fir Gaherys / Fayre knyghte said fyre Triftram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are / And there with alle fire Triftram departed fro them toward Ioyous gard And whanne he was departed / they took theyre horfes / and the one said to the other / we wyll ouertake hym and be reuenged vpon hym in the despyte of fire Lamorak

¶ Capitulum lvj

SOo when they hadde ouertake fire Triftram / fir Agrauayne badde hym torne traytour knyght / that is euyll sayd / faid fir Triftram / and ther with he pulled out his fuerd / and smote fyr Agrauayne fuche a buffet vpon the helme that he tombled doune of his hors in a fwoune / and he hadde a greuouse wounde / And thenne he torned to Gaherys / and fire Triftram smote his fwerd and his helme to gyders with fuche a myght that Gaherys felle oute of his fadel / and foo fir Triftram rode vnto Ioyous gard and there he alyght and vnarmed hym / Soo fire Triftram told la beale Ifoud of alle his aduenture as ye haue herd to forne / And whan she herd hym telle of fire Dynadan / fyr faid she is not that he that made the song by <[p.508] sig.F5v> kynge Marke / that same is he faid fire Triftram / 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 felaulhip / Allas fyre faid she why broughte ye not hym with yow / haue ye no care sayd fyr Triftram / for he rydeth to feke me in this countre / and therefore he wylle not away tyl he haue met with me / And there fire Triftram told la Beale Ifoud how fir Dynadan helde ageynste alle louers / Ryght so there came in a varlet and told fir Triftram how there was come an erraunt knyght in to the toune with fuche colours vpon his sheld / that is fyre Dynadan faid fyre Triftram / wete ye what ye shalle doo faid fire Triftram / fend ye for hym my lady Ifoud / and I wylle not be fene 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 Ifoud fente in to the toune / and prayd fyr Dynadan that he wold come in to the castel / & repose hym there with a lady / with a good wylle sayd fir Dynadan / & foo 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 Ifoud 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 / & knyghte of the table round / and my name is fyre Dynadan / what doo ye in this countrey sayd la Beale Ifoud / Madame sayd he I feke fyre Triftram the good knyght / for hit was told me that he was in this countrey / hit may wel be faid la Beale Ifoud but I am not ware of hym / madame faid Dynadan I merueylle of fire Triftram and moo other louers what eyleth them to be foo mad and foo soted vpon wymmen / why faid la beale Ifoud / are ye a Knyght and be no louer / it is shame to you where for ye may not be called a good knyghte / and yf ye make a quarel for a lady / God defende me sayd Dynadan / for the loye of loue is to short / and the sorow therof and what cometh therof dureth ouer longe / A faid la Beale Ifoud fay ye not foo / for here fast by was the good knyght fire Bleoberys that foughte with thre knyghtes at ones for a damoyfels fake / & he wanne her afore the kynge of Northumberland / hit was so <[p.509] sig.F6r> faid fire Dynadan for I knowe hym wel for a good knyghte and a noble and comen of noble blood / for alle ben noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of / that is fire Launcelot du lake / Now I pray yow faid la Beale Ifoud / telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wronge / and in foo moche as ye be a

knyzt of kyng Arthurs I requyre yow to doo batail for me / Thenne fyr Dynadan fayd I fhalle fay yow ye be as fayr a lady as euer I fawe 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 / Ihefu defende me / Thenne Ifoud lough / & had good game at hym / Soo he had alle the chere that the myghte make hym / and there he lay alle that nyght / And on the morn erly fyr Triftram armed hym and la beale Ifoud gaf hym a good helme / and thenne he promyfed her that he wold mete with fyr Dynadan / And they two wold ryde to gyders vnto Lonazep where the turnement fhould be / and there fhall I make redy for yow where ye fhalle fee the turnement / Thenne departed fir Triftram with two fquyers that bare his fhield & his fperes that were grete and longe /

¶ Capitulum lvij

THenne after that fyr Dynadan departed / and rode his way a grete paas vntyl he had ouertake fir Triftram And when fyr Dynadan had ouertake hym / he knewe hym anone / and he hated the felauship of hym aboue all other knyghtes / A faid fyre Dynadan art thou that coward knyght that I mette with yesterday / kepe the / for thou fhalt Iufte with me maulgre thy hede / Wel faid fire Triftram and I am lothe to Iufte / and foo they lete theyr horses renne / and fyr Triftram myffid of hym a purpos / & fir Dynadan brak a fpere vpon fire Triftram / and there with fyre Dynadan drefsid hym to drawe out his fwerd / Not foo faid fir Triftram / why are ye foo wrothe I wille not fyghte / Fy on the coward fayd Dynadan thou shameft alle knyghtes / As for that faid fyre Triftram I care not / for I wille wayte vpon you and be vnder [p.510] sig.F6v your protectyon / for by caufe ye are fo good a knyght ye may faue me / The deuylle delyuer me of the faid fyr Dynadan / for thou arte as goodely a man of armes and of thy perfone as euer I fawe and the mooft coward that euer I fawe / what wold thou doo with tho grete fperes that thou caryeft with the I fhalle gyue them faid fir Triftram to fomme good knyght whan I come to the turnement / And yf I fee yow doo beft / I fhalle gyue them to yow / Soo thus as they rode talkyng they fawe where came an erraunt knyght afore them that drefsyd hym to Iufte / Loo faid fyr Triftram yonder is one wylle Iufte now drefse the to hym / a shame betyde the faid fire Dynadan / Nay not foo faid Triftram for that knyght befemeth a shrewe / Thenne fhalle I faid fyr Dynadan and foo they drefsid their sheldes and their fperes / and they mette to gyders foo hard / that the other knyght smote down fir Dynadan from hys hors Loo faid fir Triftram hit had ben better ye had lefte / Fy on the coward faid fire Dynadan / Thenne fir Dynadan starte vp and gat his fwerd in his hande / and profered to do batail on foote / whether in loue or in wrathe faide the other knyghte / lete vs doo bataille in loue faid fir Dynadan / what is your name faid that knyght I pray yow telle me / wete ye wel my name is fir Dynadan / A Dynadan faid that knyght and my name is Gareth the yongest broder vnto fyre 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 Triftram how fuche a coward he was / and euery word sir Triftram
herd and lough them to scorn / Thenne were they ware where came a
knyght afore them wel horsed and wel armed / and he made hym redy to
luste / Fair knyghtes said fyr Triftram / loke betwixe yow who shalle luste
with yonder knyghte / for I warne yow I wille not haue adoo with hym /
thenne shall I said fyr Gareth / and soo they encountred to gyders / and
there that knyght smote doune fire Gareth ouer his hors croupe How now
saide fire Triftram vnto fyre 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 |<[p.511] sig.F7r> knyghte than I am / A said fire
Triftram now fire Dynadan I see and fele wel your herte fayleth yow /
therfore now shalle ye see what I shalle doo / And thenne fire Triftram
hurtled vnto that knyghte / and smote hym quyte from his hors / And
whanne fire Dynadan sawe that / he merueyled gretely / And thenne he
demed that hit was fire Triftram / Thenne this knyght that was on foot
pulled oute his swerd to doo bataille / what is your name said fire Triftram /
wete ye wel sayde that knyghte my name is fyre Palomydes / What
knyghte hate ye moost said fyr Triftram / Syr knyght said he I hate sir
Triftram to the dethe / for and I may mete with hym the one of vs shalle
dye / ye saye wel said sir Triftram / and wete ye wel that I am fire Triftram
de lyones / and now doo your werste whanne fire Palomydes herd hym
saye soo he was afonyed / And thenne he said thus I praye yow sir Triftram
forgyue me alle myn euylle wylle / And yf I lyue I shal doo you seruyse
aboute alle other knyghtes that ben lyuyng / 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 fyr triftram take no
displeasyr at myn vnkynde wordes / Syr Palomydes said fire Triftram 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 fire Triftram and ye haue ony euyll wille to me / now
maye ye ryghte hit / for I am redy at your hand / Not soo many lord fire
Triftram I wille doo yow knyghtly seruyse in all thyng as ye wyl
commaunde / and ryght soo I will take yow said fyre Triftram / and soo
they rode forthe on theyr wayes talkyng of many thynges / O my lord fire
Triftram said Dynadan / foule haue ye mocked me / for god knoweth I cam
in to this couñtre for your sake / and by the aduyse of my lord fire
Launcelot / And yet wold not fire Launcelot telle me certeynte of you
where I shold fynde yow / Truly said sir Triftram fyre Launcelot wiste wel
wherr I was / for I abode within his owne castel /

¶ **Capitulum lvijj** |<[p.512] sig.F7v>

Thus they rode vntyl they were ware of the Castel Ionaȝep / And thenne were they ware of foure honderd tentys and paelions / and merueylous grete ordenaunce / Soo god me helpe saide fire Triftram yonder I see the gretteft 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 thyrty knyghtes / ¶ Syr sayd Dynadan and in Surlufe 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 fire Triftram / fire it was fir Launcelot du lake and the noble knyghte fire Lamorak de galys / and fir launcelot wanne the degree / I doubte not said fir Triftram but he wanne the degree / So he had not ben ouermatched with many knyghtes / and of the dethe of fire Lamorak sayd fyre Triftram 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 fire Launcelot / Allas said fire Triftram ful woo is me for his deth / And yf they were not the cofyns of my lord Arthur that flewe hym / they shold dye for hit / and all tho that were consentyng to his dethe / And for suche thynges said fire Triftram I feare to drawe vnto the courte of my lord Arthur / I wylle that ye wete hit said fire Triftram vnto Gareth / Syre I blame yow not said Gareth / For wel I vnderstande the vengeaunce of my bretheren fire Gawayne / Agrauayne / Gaherys / and Mordred / But as for me said fire 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 fyre Lamorak was slayne / Now as Ihesu be my help said fir Triftram / 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 |<[p.513] sig.F8r> 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 / fyre Gawayne and his thre bretheren Agrauayne / Gaherys and fire Mordred sette vpon fyre Lamorack in a pryuy place / and there they flewe his hors / and so they fought with hym on foote more than thre houres bothe biforne hym and behynd hym / and fire 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 fir Triftram / for hit killeth 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 felaulship 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 fire Gawayne and his bretheren excepte yow fire Gareth / haten alle the

good knyghtes of the round table for the moft party / for wel I wote and they myght pryuely / they hate my lord fire Launcelot and al his kynne / and grete pryuy despyte they haue at hym / and that is my lorde fyre launcelot wel ware of / and that caufeth hym to haue the good knyghtes of his kyn aboute hym /

¶ Capitulum lix

Syre faid Palomydes lete vs leue of this matere / and lete vs see how we fhalle doo at this turnement / By myn aduylse faid Palomydes lete vs foure holde to gyders ageynfte alle that wyl come / Not by my counceil faid fyre Triftram / for I see by their paelions ther wil be four honderd knyghtes / and doubte ye not faid fir Triftram but there wil be many good knyghtes / and be a man neuer foo valyaunt nor foo bygge / yet he may be ouermatched / And soo haue I fene knyghtes done many tymes / And whanne they wend best to haue wonne worship they lofte hit / For manhode is not worthe / but yf it be medled with wyfedome / And as for me faid fir Tryfram hit maye happen I fhalle 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 |<[p.514] sig.F8v> ouer with reed fylke / and the vessel loded fast by them / There with fyre Triftram alyghte and his knyghtes / And so fyre Triftram 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 femely knyghte all armed sauf the hede was al bebledde with dedely woundes vpon hym / the whiche femed to be a passyng good knyghte / ¶ How may thys be faid fyre Triftram / that this knyghte is thus slayne / Thenne fyre Triftram was ware of a letter in the dede knyghtes hande / Maister maronnners faid fyre Triftram what meaneth that letter / Syre sayd they / in that letter ye fhalle here and knowe hou he was slayne / and for what caufe / and what was his name / But fyre faid 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 faid fir Triftram that somme of vs may reuenge his dethe as wel as other And yf hit be soo as ye maronnners faye / his dethe shalle be reuenged / And there with fyre Triftram took the letter oute of the knyghtes hande / and hit sayd thus / Harmaunce kyng & lord of the reed Cyte I fend vnto alle knyghtes erraunt recommaundyng vnto yow noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte I byfeche them alle amonge them to fynde one knyghte that wylle fyghte for my sake with two bretheren that I brought vp of nought and felonfly and traytourly they haue slayne me / wherfore I byfeche 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 faid the maronnners wete ye wel this kyng and knyghte that here lyeth was a ful worshipful man and of ful grete prowesse / and ful wel he loued alle maner knyghtes errauntes / Soo god me help faid fyre Triftram here is a pyteous caas / and ful fayne I wold

take this enterpryse vpon me / but I haue made fuche 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 Iuftes 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 |<[p.515] sig.G1r> vpon me that I shal not come ageyne by tyme to this Iuftys Syr said Palomydes / I pray yow gyue me this enterpryse / and ye shal see me encheue it worshipfully / outhere els I shal dye in this quarel / wel said sire Triftram / and this enterpryse 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 vnflayne or vnmaymed

¶ Capitulum Ix

THenne departed sire Triftram / Gareth / and sire Dynadan / and lefte sire Palomydes in the vessel / and so sire Triftram behelde the maronnars how they sayled ouer longe humber / And whan sire Palomydes was oute of theyre fyghte / 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 sawed 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 fuche 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 Triftram anone he knewe hym / And thenne this Knyght waxed pale and wroth at sire triftram / whan sire Triftram sawe his hooft make fuche chere / he merueylled and said Syre myn hooft what chere make yow wete thou wel said he I fare the werse for the / for I knowe the sire Triftram de lyones / thou flewest my broder / And therefore I gyue the somons I wille flee the / and euer I maye gete the at large / Syr knyght said sire Triftram I am neuer aduysed that euer I flewe ony broder of yours / And yf ye say that I dyd I wille make amendys vnto my power / I wyll none amendys said the knyght but kepe the from me / So whan he had dyned sire Triftram asked his armes & departed / & so they rode on their wayes / & within a whyle / sire Dynadan sawe where cam a knyght wel armed & wel horsed withoute shelde / fyre |<[p.516] sig.G1v> Triftram said sire Dynadan take kepe to your self / for I dar vndertake yonder cometh your hooft that will haue ado with you Lete hym come said sire Triftram I shal abyde hym as wel as I may / anone the knyghte whanne he came nyghe sire Triftram he cryed and bad hym abyde and kepe hym / So they hurtled to gyders / but sire Triftram smote the other knyght so fore that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe / That knyght arose lyghtely and took his hors ageyne / and soo rode fyersly to sire Triftram and smote hym twyes hard vpon the helme / Sir knyghte said sire Triftram I pray yow leue of

and fmyte me no more / for I wold be lothe to dele with yow / & I myȝt chefe / for I haue your mete and your drynke within my body / for al that he wold not leue / and thēne fir Triftram gas hym fuche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle vp foo doune fro his hors / that the blood braft oute at the ventayls of his helme / and foo he lay styll lykely to be dede / Thenne fyre Triftram faid me repenteth of this buffet that I fmote fo fore / for as I fuppoſe he is dede / and foo they lefte hym and rode on their wayes / ¶ So they had not ryden but a whyle but they fawe rydyng ayenſt them two ful lykely knyghtes wel armed and wel horfed & goodly ſeruauntes aboute them / the one was Berraunt le apres / and he was called the kynge with the honderd Knyȝtes and the other was fir Segwarydes whiche were renommed two noble Knyghtes / So as they cam eyther by other / the Kynge loked vpon fir Dynadan that at that tyme he had fyre Triftrams helpe vpon his fholder / the whiche helme the kynge had fene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys / and that quene the kynge loued as peramour / & that helme the quene of northgalys had gyuen to la Beale Ifoud / & the quene la Beale Ifoud gaf it to fir Triftram / Syr Knyghte ſayd Berraunt Where had ye that helme / what wold ye ſaid fyre Dynadan / for I wylle haue adoo with the ſaid the kynge for the loue of her that owed that helme / and therefore kepe yow / Soo they departed and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of theyr horfes / and there the kyng with the honderd knyghtes fmote fyre Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe / and thēne he commaunded his ſeruaunt goo and take thou his helme of / and kepe hit / Soo the varlet wente to vnbockel his helme / What |<p.517] sig.G2r> helme / what wold thou doo ſaid fir Triftram / leue that helme to what entente ſayd the kynge wille ye fyre knyght medle with that helme / Wete yow wel ſaid fir Triftram that helme fhalle not departe from me or it be derer boughte / Thenne make you redy ſaid fir Beraunce vnto fyre Triftram / Soo they hurtled to gyders / and there fyr Triftram fmote hym doun ouer his hors tayle / and thenne the kynge aroſe lyghtely / and gatte his hors lyghtely ageyne / And thenne he ſtrake fyerſly att fyre Triftram many grete ſtrokes / And thenne fyre Triftram gafe fir Beraunce fuche a buffet vpon the helme / that he felle doune ouer his hors fore ſtonyed / Loo ſaid Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to vs tweyne / for I had a falle for hit / and now fir kynge haue ye another falle / ¶ Thenne Segwarydes asked who ſhal luſte with me / I praye the ſaid fyre Gareth vnto Dynadan / lete me haue this luſtes / fyr ſaid Dynadan I pray yow take it as for me / that is no reaſon ſaid triftrā / for this luſtes fhold be yours / ¶ Att a word ſaid Dynadan I wille not therof / ¶ Thenne Gareth dreſſid hym to fyre Segwarides / and there fyre Segwarides fmote Gareth and his hors to the erthe / ¶ Now ſayd fyr Triftram to Dynadan luſte with yonder knyghte / I wil not therof ſaid Dynadan / Thenne wille I ſaid fyr Triftram / and thenne fyr Triftram ranne to hym / and gaf hym a falle / and foo they lefte them on foote / and fyre Triftram rode vnto Ioyous gard / and there fir Gareth wold not of his curtofy haue gone in to this caſtel / but fyre Triftram wold not ſuffre hym to departe / And foo they alyghte and vnarmed them / & hadde grete chere / But whan Dynadan came afore la Beale Ifoud he curſed the tyme that euer he bare fyr Triftram helme / and there he tolde her how fyre Triftram had mocked hym / Thenne was there laughyng and Iapyng at fyr Dynadan that they wiſte not what to doo with hym

¶ Capitulum lxj

Now wille we leue them mery within Ioyous gard & ſpeke we of fyr palomydes / thēne fir palomydes failed euen longes hüber to the coftes of the fee / where was a fair |<[p.518] sig.G2v> caſtel / And at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge afore daye / Thenne the maronnners wente vnto fire palomydes / that ſlepte faſt / Syre knyghte faide the maronnners ye muſte aryſe / for here is a caſtel there ye muſte goo in to / I affente me ſayd fire 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 faid with one voys / welcome be ye to this caſtel / and thenne it waxed clere day / and fire Palomydes entred in to the caſtel / And within a whyle he was ſerued with many dyuerſe metes / Thenne fire Palomydes herd aboute hym moche wepyng and grete dole / what may this meane ſaid fir palomydes / I loue not to here ſuche a forou / and fayne I wold knowe what it meaneth / thenne there came afore hym one whos name was fir Ebel that ſaid thus wete ye wel fir knyghte this dole and forowe is here made euery daye / ¶ And for this cauſe / We had a kynge that hyght Hermaunce and he was kynge 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 kynge Arthurs courte / and alle luſtyng huntynge and al maner of knyghtly games / for ſo kynde a kynge 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 cheriſhed them of his blood / he hadde yet lyued with grete rycheſſe and reſte / but alle eſtates may beware by our kynge / 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 fir Ebel / oure kyng brought vp of children two men that now are peryllous knyghtes / & theſe two knyghtes oure kynge 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 peafybly and his landes / and neuer wolde they ſuffre none of his blood to haue |<[p.519] sig.G3r> no rule with oure kynge / And alſo he was ſoo free and ſoo gentyll / and they ſo fals and deceyuable that they ruled hym peafybly / 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 gentylnen 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 aduylfe 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 kyng 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 fyde / and in that same shyp I put hym a lyue / And whan my lord kyng 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 lxij

REcommaundyng vnto kyng Arthur & to al his knyghtes erraūt bifechyng them al that in so moche as I kyng Hermaūce kyng of the reed cyte thus am flayn by felony & treason thurȝ two knyghtes of myn own & of myn own bryngyng vp & of myn owne making that som worshipful knyght 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 hermaūce kyng of the reed cyte frely gyue hym all my 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 maronnys in commaundement neuer to stynte vntyl that they came vnto Logris where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme / & there shall somme good knyghte haue pyte on me to reuenge my dethe / for there was neuer kyng nor lord falllyer ne traitourlyer flayne than I am here to my dethe / ¶ Thus was the complaynte of our kyng Hermaūce / 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 flee 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 shall 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 muft brynge you vnto the delectable yle fast by the reed Cyte / and we in this castel shall pray for yow / and abyde your ageyne comyng / for this same castel and ye spede

wel muft 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 / & therefore ful fore are we threted / ¶ wote ye what ye shal do said fir Palomydes what somme euer come of me / loke ye kepe wel this castel / for & it myffortune 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 fir Triftram de lyones or els fir Launcelot du lake ¶ Thenne fir Palomydes departed from that castel / And as he cam nyghe the Cyte / there cam out of a fhyp a goodly knygt |<[p.521] sig.G4r> armed ageynft hym with his shelde on his sholder / and his hand vpon his swerd / And anone as he came nyghe fir Palomydes he said fir 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 afhamed / ye say wel sayd the knyghte / but wete ye wel thenne wille I fygte with yow / and who be the better knyghte of vs bothe / lete hym take the bataille vpon hand / I assente me said fire Palomydes / & thenne they dresfid their sheldes / and pulled out their swerdes and lashed to gyder many sadde strokes as men of myghte / & this fygtyng was more than houre / but at the laft fir Palomydes waxed bygge and better wynded / soo that thenne he smote that knyghte fuche 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 knygt 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 Kyng Arthurs and of the table round that hyder I came to reuenge the dethe of this dede kyng

¶ Capitulum Ixiiij

WEl 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 fire Launcelot du lake & fir Triftram de lyones / the thyrd is my nyȝ cofyn fyr Lamorck de galys / and I am broder vnto kyng Harmaunce that is dede & my name is fir Hermynde / ye saye wel said fir Palomydes / & ye shal see how I shal spede / & yf I be there slayn / goo ye to my lord fir laūcelot or els to my lord fir Triftram / & pray them to reuenge my deth / for as for fir Lamorak hym shal ye neuer see in this world / Allas said fir Hermynde how may that be / he is |<[p.522] sig.G4v> slayne said fire Palomydes by fire Gawayne and his bretheren / Soo god me helpe said Hermynd there was not one for one that slewe hym / that is trouthe said fire Palomydes / for they were four daungerous knyghtes that slewe hym / as Syr Gawayne / fyr Agrauayne / fire Gaherys and fire Mordred / but fire

Gareth the fyfthe broder was away / the beft knyght of them alle / And foo fyre Palomydes told Hermynde alle the manere / and how they flewe fir Lamorak all only by treason So fir Palomydes took his fhip / and aryued vp at the delectable yle / And in the meane whyle fyr 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 kyng Arthurs to auenge kyng Hermaunce dethe / and his name is fire Palomydes the good knyght / that for the mooft party he foloweth the beft Glatyfaunt / Thenne alle the Cyte made grete Ioye / for mykel had they herd of fire Palomydes and of his noble prowefse / Soo lete they ordeyne a meffager and fente 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 meffager wente vnto them where they were at a Caftel there befylde and there he told them how there was a knyght comen of kyng Arthurs courte to fyghte with them bothe at ones / he is welcome faid they / But telle vs we pray yow yf hit be fire launcelot or ony of his blood / he is none of that blood faid the meffager / thenne we care the leffe faid the two bretheren / for with none of the blood of fire launcelot we kepe not to haue adoo with alle / wete ye wel faid the meffager that his name is fire Palomydes that yet is vncryftened a noble knyght / well faid they and he be now vncryftened / he fhalle neuer be cryftend / Soo they apoynted to be at the cyte within two dayes / And whanne fire Palomydes was come to the Cyte they made paffynge grete Ioye of hym / and thenne they beheld hym / and fawe that he was wel made / clenely and byggely / and vnmaymed of his lymmes / and neyther to yonge nor to old / and foo alle the peple preysed hym / and though he was not cryftened yet he byleued in the beft maner / and was fulfeythful & true of his promyfe / and wel condycyoned / And by caufe he made his auowe that he wold neuer be cryftened vnto the <[p.523] sig.G5r> tyme that he had encheued the beft Glatyfaunt / the whiche was a ful wonderful beeft and a grete fygnifycacyon / for Merlyn profecyed moche of that beeft / And alfo fire Palomydes auowed neuer to take ful cryftendome vnto the tyme that he had done feuen batails within the lyftys / So within the thyrd day there came to the Cyte thefe two bretheren / the one hyght Helyus / the other hygt Helake / the whiche were men of grete prowefse how be hit that they were fals and ful of treason / and but poure men borne / yet were they noble knyghtes of their handes / And with hem they brought forty knyghtes to that entent / that they fhould 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 lyftes / and fire Palomydes came in to the place and fayd thus / be ye the two bretheren Helyus & Helake that flewe your kyng and lord fyr Hermaunce by felony and treason / for whome that I am comen hyder to reuenge his dethe / wete thow wel faid fir Helyus and fir Helake that we ar the fame knyghtes that flewe kyng Harmaunce / And wete thow wel fire Palomydes farafyn / that we fhalle handle the fo or thou departe that thou fhalt wyllhe that thou werest cryftened / Hit maye wel be faid fir Palomydes / for yet I wold not dye or I were cryftened / and yet foo am I not aferd of yow both / but I trufte to god that I fhall dye a better cryften man than ony of yow both / and

doubte ye not faid fir Palomydes eyther ye or I shalle be lefte dede in this place

¶ Capitulum lxiiiij

THēne they departed and the two bretheren came ayenft fir Palomydes / and he ageynft them as fast as their horses myght renne / And by fortune fir Palomydes smote Helake thorou his shelde and thurgh the brest more than a fadom / Alle this whyle fir Helyas helde vp his spere / and for pryde and orgulyte he wold not smyte fire Palomydes wyth his spere / but whan he sawe his broder lye on the erth / and sawe he myzt not helpe hym self / thēne he said vnto fir palomydes |<[p.524] sig.G5v> helpe thy self / and there with he came hurtlyng vnto fir Palomydes with his spere / and smote hym quyte from his fadel Thenne fire Helyus rode ouer fir Palomydes twyes or thryes And there with fir Palomydes was alhamed / & gat the hors of fir Helyus by the brydel / & therwith al the hors areryd / & fir Palomydes halp after / & so they felle both to the erthe / but anone fir Helyus starte vp lyghtely & there he smote fir 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 fydeyng hurtlyng to gyders lyke two bores / & that same tyme they felle both grouelyng to the erthe / Thus they fought styll withoute ony repofyng two houres and neuer brethed / & thēne fir Palomydes waxed faynt and wery / & fir Helyus waxed passyng strong & doubled his strokes / & drofe fir Palomydes ouerthwart and endlonge alle the feld / that they of the cyte whan they sawe fir 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 / fir Palomydes that had suffred an honderd strokes that it was wonder / that he stode on his feet / At the laft fire Palomydes beheld as he myght the comen peple how they wepte for hym / and thenne he said to hym self / A fy for shame fyr palomydes why hangest thou thy hede foo lowe / & there with he bare vp his sheld / & loked fir Helyus in the vyfage / and he smote hym a grete stroke vpon the helme / and after that another and another / And thenne he smote fir Helyus with suche a myghte that he felle to the erthe grouelynge / and thenne he raffyd 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 fire Palomydes prayd them all to take kepe vnto alle the lordshipp of Kyng Hermaunce / for fair firs 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 / |<[p.525] sig.G6r> Thenne was the peple ful heuy at his departyng / for alle that Cyte profered fir Palomydes the thyrd parte of their goodes / foo that he wold abyde with hem / but in

no wyfe as at that tyme he wold not abyde / and foo fire Palomydes departed / and foo he came vnto the castel there as fire Ebel was lieutenaunt / And whanne they in the castel wyfte hou fire Palomydes had fped there was a Ioyeful meyny / and foo fir Palomydes departed / and came to the castell of Lonagep / And whanne he wyft that fire Triftram was not there / he took his way ouer humber and came vnto Ioyous gard where as fir Triftram was and la Beale Ifoud / Syr Triftram had commaunded that what knyght erraunt came within the Ioyous gard as in the toune that they fhold warne fire Triftram / Soo there came a man of the toune / and told fire Triftram how there was a Knyghte in the toune a passynge goodely man / What manere of man is he said fire Triftram / and what fygne bereth he / Soo the man told fire Triftram alle the tokens of hym / that is Palomydes said Dynadan / it maye wel be said fir Triftram / go ye to hym said fire Triftram vnto Dynadan / Soo Dynadan wente vnto fire Palomydes / and there eyther made other grete Ioye and foo they laye to gyder that nyghte / And on the morne erly came fire Triftram and fire Gareth / and took them in theyr beddes / and foo they arofe and brake their fast

¶ Capitulum lxxv

ANd thenne fire Triftram defyred fire Palomydes to ryde in to the felde 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 falewed other / Thenne this armed knyghte spak fire Triftram and asked what were these knyghtes that were lodged in Ioyous gard / I wote not what they ar said fir Triftram / what knyghtes be ye said that knyghte for me semeth ye be no knyghtes erraunt by cause ye ryde vnarmed / whether we be Knyghtes or not / we lyfte not to telle <[p.526] sig.G6v> 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 fir Triftram thurgh / that sawe fir palomydes / and smote his hors trauerse in myddes of the fyde that man and hors felle to the erthe / And ther with fire palomydes alyghte and pulled out his sward to haue slayne hym / lete be said fir Triftram / flee hym not / the Knyght is but a foole / it were shame to flee hym but take away his spere said fire Triftram / and lete hym take his hors and goo where that he wille / Soo whan this knyghte arofe he groned fore of the falle / and foo he took his hors / and whan he was vp / he tordned thenne his hors and requyred fir Triftram and fir palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were / Now wete ye wel said fir Triftram that my name is fir Triftram de Lyones / and this knyghtes name is fir palomydes / when he wyfte what they were / he took his hors with the spores by cause they fhold not alke 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 laid fir Triftram / my fayre lordes laid Epynogrys I folowe the fallest knyght that bereth the lyf wherfor I requyre yow telle me wether ye fawe hym / for he bereth a shelde with a caas of reed ouer it / So god help me laid Triftram fuche a knyzt departed from vs not a quarter of an houre agon We pray yow telle vs his name / Allas laid Epynogrys why lete ye hym escape from yow / and he is soo grete a so vnto al erraunt knyghtes his name is Breufe faunce pyte / A fy for shame laid fire palomydes / Allas that euer he escaped myne handes / for he is the man in the world that I hate mooft / Thenne euery knyghte made grete sorowe to other / and so Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace after hym / Thenne fir Triftram and his thre felawes rode vnto Ioyous gard / and there fir Triftram talked vnto fire palomydes of his batail hou he sped atte reed Cyte / and as ye haue herd afore so was hit ended / Truly laid fir Triftram I am gladde ye haue wel sped for ye haue done worshipfully / wel laid fir Triftram we muft forward to morn / and thenne deuysed how it shold be / and [p.527] sig.G7r> fyr Triftram deuysed to sende his two paelions to sette them fast by the welle of Lonazep / and therin shalle be the Quene la beale Ifoud / Hit is wel laid / laid fir Dynadan but when fire Palomydes herd of that / his herte was rauyllhed oute of mesure / Not withstandyngge he sayd but lytel / Soo when they came to Ioyous gard / fire Palomydes wold not haue gone in to the castel / but as fire Triftram took hym by the fynger / & ladde hym in to the castel / And whanne fire Palomydes fawe la Beale Ifoud he was rauyllhed 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 Lonazep / ¶ Soo fir Triftram had thre squyers / and la beale Ifoud had thre gentylywymmen and bothe the Quene and they were rychely apparailled / and other peple had they none with them / but varlets to bere their sheldes and their speres / ¶ And thus they rode forthe / So as they rode / they fawe afore them a route of knyghtes / hit was the knyght Galyhodyn with / xx / knyghtes with hym / Fair felawes laid 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 laid one of Galyhodyns men / but sende ye to them / and wete what they wille faye / and soo hit was done / there came a squyer vnto fire Triftram / and alked them wether they wold Iuste or els to lese their lady / Not soo laid fire Triftram telle your lord I byd hym come as many as we ben wyne her to take her / Syre laid Palomydes and hit please you lete me haue this dede / and I shalle vndertake them all foure / I wyll that ye haue it laid fire Triftram at your pleafyr / Now goo and telle your lord Galyhodyn / that this fame knyghte wylle encountre with hym and his felawes

¶ Capitulum lxxvj

Thenne this squyer departed and told Galyhodyn / & thenne he dresseid his shelde / and put forthe a spere / & fir Palomydes another / and there fire Palomydes smote Galyhodyn soo hard that he smote bothe hors and man to the erthe |<[p.528] sig.G7v> 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 fire Palomydes spere was hole / Thenne came fixe knyghtes moo of Galyhodyns men / & wold haue been auenged vpon fire Palomydes / lete be fayd fir 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 fire Palomydes was redy to Iuste / And whan he sawe they wold no more / he rode vnto fire Triftram / Ryght wel haue ye done said fir Triftram / & worshypfully haue ye done as a good knyghte shold / This Galyhodyn was nyghe cofyn vnto Galahalt the haute prynce And this Galyhodyn was a kynge within the countrey of Surluse / Soo as fir Triftram / fyr Palomydes / and la Beale Ifoud rode to gyders they sawe afore them four knyghtes and euery man had his spere in his hand / the fyrst was fire Gawayne / the second fir Vwayne / the thyrd fir Sagramor le defyrus / and the fourthe was Dodynas le saueage / Whan fir palomydes beheld them that the four knyghtes were redy to Iuste / he praid fir Triftram to gyue hym leue to haue adoo with them also longe as he myghte holde hym on horfbak / And yf that I be smyten doune I pray yow reuenge me / wel said fire Triftram 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 fir Gawayne put forth his spere / & fir Palomydes another / and so they cam so egerly to gyders that fir Palomydes smote fire Gawayne to the erthe / hors and alle / and in the same wyse he serued Vwayne / fir Dodynas / and Sagramore / Alle these four knyghtes fir Palomydes smote down with dyuerse speres / And thenne fire Triftram departed toward Lonezep / And whanne they were departed thenne came thydder Galyhodyn with his x knyghtes vnto fir Gawayne / & ther he told hym alle how he had sped / I merueyle said fire Gawayne what knyghtes they ben / that ar so arayed in grene / & that knyght vpon the whyte hors smote me down said galihodyn & my / iij / felaws / & so he dyd to me said gawayn / & wel I wote |<[p.529] sig.G8r> said fire Gawayne that outhere he vpon the whyte hors is fire Triftram or els fire Palomydes / and that gay bysene lady is quene Ifoud / Thus they talked of one thyng and of other And in the meane whyle fir Triftram 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 fire Triftram lefte there fire Palomydes and fire Gareth with la beale Ifoud / and fir Triftram and fyre Dynadan rode to Lonezep to herken tydynges / and fire Triftram rode vpon fire Palomydes whyte hors / And whanne he came in to the castel / fir Dynadan herd a

grete horne blowe / & to the horne drewe many Knyghtes / Thenne sire Triftram asked a Knyght what meaneth the blaft of that horne / Sir said that Knyght it is alle tho that shalle holde ageynft kyng Arthur at this turnement / The fyrste is the kyng of Irland / & the Kyng of Surlufe / the Kyng as Lyftynoys / the kyng of Northumberland / and the kyng of the best parte of Walys / with many other countreyes / and these drawe them to a councylle to vnderstande what gouernaunce they shalle be of / but the Kyng of Irland whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good knyghte sir Marhaus that sire Triftram slewe had alle the speche that sir Triftram myghte here it / He said lordes and felawes lete vs loke to our self / for wete ye wel Kyng 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 Kyng haue a standard and a cognoiffaunce by hym self that euery knyghte drawe to their naturel lord and thenne maye euery Kyng and capytayne helpe his knyghtes yf they haue nede / whan sir Triftram had herd all their councyl / he rode vnto Kyng Arthur for to here of his councyl

¶ Capitulum lxxvij

BVt sir Triftram was not soo soone come in to the place but sire Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente to kyng Arthur and told hym that same grene Knyghte in the grene harneis with the whyte hors smote vs two doune / and / vj / |<[p.530] sig.G8v> of oure felawes this same day / wel said Arthur / and thenne he called sir Triftram and asked hym what was his name / Syre said sire Triftram ye shalle holde me excused as att this tyme / for ye shalle not wete my name / And there sir Triftram returned 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 triftram I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne / soo that ye wille ensure me not to defyre to here my name / I shalle vndertake said sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely defyre hit of you / Soo they rode to gyders vntyl they cam to kyng Arthur / Fair sir said Kyng Arthur what is the cause ye wylle not telle me your name / Syr said sir Triftram withoute a cause I wille not hyde my name / vpon what party will ye hold said kyng Arthur / Truly my lord said sir Triftram 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 returned 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 Triftram and praid hym to gyue hym leue to breke his spere for hym thoughte shame to bere his spere hole ageyne / Whan sir Triftram herd hym say soo he lough / and sayd

I pray yow doo your best / Thenne fir Gareth gate a spere and profered to Iufte / That sawe a knyght that was neuwe vnto the kyng of the honderd knyghtes / his name was Selyfes and a good man of armes / Soo this knyght Selyfes thenne dressid hym vnto fir 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 bryfed and hurte and there they lay tyl the Kyng with the honderd knyghtes halp Selyfes vp / and fyr Triftram and fir Palomydes halpe vp Gareth ageyne / and so they rode with fir Gareth vnto their paelions / and thenne they pulled of his <[p.531] sig.H1r> helme / And whanne la Beale Ifoud sawe fire Gareth bryfed in the face / she asked hym what eyled hym / Madame said fire 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 Iufte / for there haue not this day Iufted no preued knyghtes / and nedely ye wold Iufte / And whan the other party sawe ye profered your self to Iufte / they sente one to yow a passynge good knyght of his age / for I knowe hym wel his name is Selyfes / and worshipfully ye met with hym / and neyther of yow are dishonoured / & therfor refreshe your self that ye may be redy and hole to Iufte to morowe / As for that said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow and I may bestryde myn hors /

¶ Capitulum lxxvij

Now vpon what party said Triftram is hit best / we be with alle as to morne / Syr said Palomydes ye shalle haue myn aduise to be ageynst Kyng Arthur as to morne for on his party wille be fyre 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 fir Triftram / 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 Ifoud in the same coloure and her thre damoyfels / And ryghte soo these four knyghtes came in to the feld endlonge and thurgh / And so they ledde la beale Ifoud thyder as she shold stande and beholde all the Iuftes in a bay wyndowe / but al wayes she was wympeld that no man mygt see her vyfage / And thenne these thre knyghtes rode streyght vnto the party of the kyng of Scottes / Whan Kyng arthur had sene hym doo all this he asked fir launcelot what were these knyghtes & that quene / fir said launcelot I can not say you in certayn / but yf fir Triftram be in this countrey or fir palomydes / wete ye wel it be they in certeyn / and <[p.532] sig.H1v> la beale Ifoud / Thenne Arthur called to hym fyre 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 fyr kay and sawe by the wrytynge in the seges that there lacked ten knyghtes / and these ben their names that ben not here / Syr Triftram / fyr Palomydes / fyr Percyuale / fyr Gaherys / fyr Epynogrys / fyr Mordred /

fyre Dynadan / fyr la cote male taylor and fyr Pelleas the noble knyght wel
said arthur somme of these I dar vndertake ar here this day ageynst vs /
Thenne came therein two bretheren cofyns vnto fyre Gawayne the one
hyght fyr Edward / that other hyghte fyr Sadok the whiche were two good
knyghtes / and they asked of Kynge arthur that they myght haue the fyrst
lufte / for they were of Orkeney / I am pleased said Kynge arthur / Thenne
fyr Edward encountred with the Kynge of Scottes / in whos party was fyre
Tristram and fyr Palomydes / & fyre Edward smote the Kynge of Scottes
quyte from his hors / and fyr 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 fyr Palomydes passyng wrothe / and
soo fyr palomydes dreffid his shelde and his spere / and with alle his myght
he mette with fyr 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 fyr Palomydes smote doune fyre Sadok ouer his
hors croupe / O Ihesu said arthur what Knyghte is that arayed all in grene /
he lufte myghtely / wete you wel said fyr Gawayne he is a good Knyghte
and yet shall ye see hym lufte better or he departe / and yet shall ye see
saide fyre Gawayne another bygger Knyghte in the same coloure than he
is / for that same Knyghte said fyre Gawayn that smote doune ryghte now
my four cofyns / 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 fyr 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
doun a good Knyght / Ihesu seid arthur yōder |<[p.533] sig.H2r> 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
fyr Tristram made to horse ageyne the two kynges that Edward and Sadok
had vnhorfed 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 rashed of helmes and pulled away
theire 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 fyde / but dyd so merueyllously wel that al men had wonder / For
there kynge Arthur lykened fyre Tristram that was on the black hors lyke
to a wood lyon / and lykened fyr 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 felawship 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 Loneȝep

¶ Capitulum lxi

THenne was the crye of Heraudes and alle manere of comyn peple the grene knyghte hath done merueylloufly and beten all them of Orkeney / & there the heraudes nombred that fyr Triftram that fatte vpon the black hors had smyten doune with speres and swerdes xxx knyghtes / and fir palomydes had smyten doune twenty knyghtes / and the moost party of these / 1 / knyghtes were of the hous of kyng Arthur / & proued knyghtes / So god me help said Arthur vnto fir laūcelot 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 fore <[p.534] sig.H2v> trauaylled / As for that said Arthur I wille be auengyd / & therfor take with yow fire Bleoberys and fir Ector / and I wille be the fourthe sayd Arthur / Syre said Launcelot ye shal fynde me redy / and my broder fir Ector and my cofyn fir bleberys / And soo whanne they were redy and on horsbak / Now chese said fir Arthur vnto fir laūcelot with whome that ye wil encountre with alle / Sir said Launcelot I wille mete with the grene knyghte vpon the black hors that was fyre Triftram / & my cofyn fir Bleoberys shalle matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors that was fir Palomydes / and my broder fyre Ector shalle matche with the grene knyght vpon the whyte hors that was fir Gareth / Thenne must I said fir Arthur haue adoo with the grene knyghte vpon the gryfeld hors / and that was fire Dynadan / Now euery man take heede to his felawe said fir launcelot / and soo they trotted on to gyders / and ther encountred fire Launcelot ageynste fyre Triftram / ¶ Soo fyr Launcelot smote fir Triftram soo fore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe / but fir launcelot wend that it had ben fire Palomydes and soo he passed forthe / And thenne fire Bleoberys encountred with fire Palomydes / and he smote hym soo hard vpon the shelde that fire Palomydes and his whyte hors rustled to the erthe ¶ Thenne fir Ector de marys smote fire Gareth soo hard that doune he felle of his hors / And the noble kyng Arthur encountred with fir Dynadan / and he smote hym quyte from his fadel / And thenne the noyse torned a whyle how the grene knyghtes were slayn doune / Whanne the Kyng of Northgalys sawe that fyre Triftram had a falle / thenne he remembryd hym how grete dedes of armes fir Triftram had done / Thenne he made redy many knyghtes for the customme and crye was suche that what knyght were smyten down and myghte not be horfed 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 Kyng of Northgalys and he rode streyghte vnto fire Triftram / And whanne he came nyghe hym / he alyghte doune sodenly and bytoke fir Triftram his hors / and sayd thus Noble knyghte I knowe the not / of what cuntry that thou arte / but for the noble dedes that thou haste done <[p.535] sig.H3r> 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 Triftram / & yf I may fhalle quyte yow / loke that ye goo not ferre from vs / And as I fuppose I fhalle wynne yow an other hors / And ther with fire Triftram mounted vpon his hors / and there he mette with Kynge Arthur / and he gaf hym fuche a buffet vpon the helme with his fwerd that kynge Arthur had no power to kepe his fadel / And thenne fir Triftram gaf the Kynge of Northgalis kynge Arthurs hors / thenne was there grete prees about kyng Arthur for to horfe hym ageyne / But fire Palomydes wold not fuffre kynge Arthur to be horfed ageyne / but euer fir Palomydes fmote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand myghtely as a noble knyght / And this meane whyle fir Triftrā rode thorou the thyckest of the prees / and fmote doune knyghtes on the ryȝt and on the lyfte hand and racyd of helmes and foo paffed forth vnto his paelions / and lefte fyr Palomydes on foot / and fyr Triftram chaunged his hors and defguyfed hym felf alle in reed hors and harneis /

¶ Capitulum lxx

ANd whan the Quene la Beale Ifoud fawe that fyre Triftram was vnhorfed and fhe wift not where he was thenne fhe wept gretely / But fir Triftram whan he was redy came dallhyngelyghtely in to the feld / And thenne la Beale Ifoud afpyed hym / and fo he dyd grete dedes of armes with one fpere that was grete / fyr Triftram fmote doune fyue knyȝtes or euer he ftynte / Thenne fyr Launcelot afpyed hym redyly that it was fyr Triftram and thenne he repentyd hym that he had smyten hym doune / and foo fyr Launcelot went oute of the prees to refofe hym and lyghtely he came ageyne / and now whanne fyr Triftram came in to the prees thorou his grete force / he put fyre palomydes vpon his hors / and fyr Gareth and fyre Dynadan / and thenne they beganne to do merueylloufly / but fir Palomydes nor none of his two felawes knewe not who had holpen them on horfbak ageyne / But euer fyre Triftram was nyghe them / and focoured them and they [p.536] sig.H3v not hym by caufe he was chaunged in to reed armour / and al this whyle fir launcelot was away / Soo whanne la Beale Ifoud knewe fir Triftram ageyne vpon his horfbak / fhe was paffyngely gladde / and thenne fhe lough and make good chere / And as hit happend fir palomydes loked vp toward her where fhe lay in the wyndowe / and he afpyed how fhe laughed and there with he took fuche a reioycyng that he fmote doune what with his fpere and with his fwerd alle that euer he mett for thurgh the fyghte of her he was foo enamoured in her loue that he femed at that tyme / that and bothe fir Triftram and fir Launcelot had ben bothe ageynft hym they fhould haue wonne no worfhip of hym / and in his herte as the book faith fyre Palomydes wyfshed that with his worfhip he myghte haue adoo with fir Triftram bifore all men by caufe of la Beale Ifoud / ¶ Thenne fyre Palomydes beganne to double his ftrengthe / and he dyd foo merueylloufly that alle men had wonder of hym / and euer he cafte vp his eye vnto la Beale Ifoud / And whanne he fawe her make fuche chere / he ferd lyke a lyon that there myghte no man withftande hym / and

thenne fyre Triftram beheld hym how that fyre Palomydes bestured hym / and thenne he said vnto sir Dynadan / soo god me help sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyghte and a wel endurynge / But siche 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 fyr Triftram / but to hym self he sayd / and yf ye knewe for whos loue he doth alle these dedes of armes / soone wolde fyre Triftram abate his courage / Allas said fyre Triftram that fyre 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 fyr launcelot outhur fyre Triftram wel said Dynadan to hym self alle this worship that fyre Palomydes hath here this daye he maye thanke the Quene Ifoud For had she ben awaye this daye / fyre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye ¶ Ryght soo come in to the felde fyr launcelot du lake and sawe and herd the noyse and crye and the grete worship that fyre Palomydes had he drestid hym ageynst fyr Palomydes with a grete myghty spere / and alonge / and thought to smyte hym doune / And whanne fyre Palomydes sawe sir launcelot come vpon hym soo fast / he ran vpon fyr launcelot as fast with his swerd as he myght / and as fyr launcelot shold haue stryken hym / he smote his spere on fyde / and smote it atwo with his swerd / And sir palomydes rashed vnto fyr launcelot and thoughte to haue putt hym to a shame / and with his swerd he smote his hors neck that fyr launcelot rode vpon / and thenne sir launcelot felle to the erthe / Thenne was the crye huge and grete / see how sir Palomydes the farafyn hath smyten doune fyr launcelot hors ¶ Ryght thenne were there many knyghtes wrothe with fyr 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 siche a despyte / & so fet 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 triftra that was in reed harneis / & he smote doune fyr Ector de marys quyte from his hors / thenne sir launcelot drestid his sheld vpon his sholder / & with his swerd naked in his hand / & so cam strejt vpon sir palomydes fyerfly & said wete thou wel thow hast done me this day the grettest despyte that euer ony worshipful knyght dyd to me in turnement or in Iustes / & therefore I will be auengid vpon the / therfor take kepe to your self / ¶ A mercy noble knyght said palomydes / & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes for I haue no power nor myght 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 / & therefore moost noble knyght I requyre the spare me as at this day / & I promyse you I shal euer be your knyght whyle I

lyue / And ye putte me from my worship now / ye putte me from the gretteft worship that euer I had or euer fhalle haue in my lyf dayes / wel |<[p.538] sig.H4v> fayd fire launcelot / I fee for to fay the sothe ye haue done merueylloufly wel this day / and I vnderftande a parte for whos loue ye doo hit / and wel I wote that loue is a grete mayftresse And yf my lady were here as she nys not / wete yow wel faid fire Palomydes ye fhould not bere away the worship / But beware your loue be not difcouerd / for and fyr Triftram may knowe hit ye wille repente hit / And fythen my quarel is not here / ye fhall haue this day the worfhyp as for me confydering 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 fir launcelot suffred fir Palomydes to departe / ¶ Thenne fir Launcelot by grete force and myghte gate his owne hors maulgre xx knyghtes / Soo whanne fire Launcelot was horfed / he dyd many merueylls / and soo dyd fir Triftram / and fyre palomydes in lyke wyfe / Thenne fir laūcelot smote doune with a spere fir Dynadan / and the kynge of scotland / and the kynge of walys / and the kynge of Northumberland / and the kynge of Lyftynes / Soo thenne fire laūcelot and his felawes smote doune wel a fourty knyghtes / Thenne came the kyng of Irland and the kynge of the ftryete marches to refcowe fyre Triftram and fire Palomydes / There beganne a grete medle / & many knyghtes were smyten doune on bothe partyes / and alweyes fir launcelot spared fir Triftram / and he spared hym / And fir Palomydes wold not medle with fir launcelot / and soo there was hurtelynge here and there / And thenne Kyng Arthur fente oute many knyghtes of the table round / and fir palomydes was euer in the formeft fronte / and fyre Tryftram dyd soo strongly wel that the kynge and alle other had merueylle / And thenne the kynge lete blowe to lodgyng / and by caufe fir Palomydes beganne fyrfte / and neuer he went nor rode oute of the feld to refofe / but euer was doynge merueylloufly wel outhere on foote or on horfbak / and lengest duryng Kyng Arthur and alle the kynges gaf fir Palomydes the honour and the gree as for that daye / Thenne fyr Triftram commaunded fir Dynadan to fetche the Quene la Beale Ifoud and brynge her to his two pauelions that ftode by the welle / And soo Dynadan dyd as he was commaunded / But when fir Palomydes vnderftode and wyft that fire Triftram was in |<[p.539] sig.H5r> the reed armour / and on the reed hors / wete ye wel that he was gladde and soo was fir Gareth and fire Dynadan / For they alle wende that fyre Tryftram had be taken pryfoner And thenne euery knyghte drewe to his inne / And thenne kynge Arthur and euery knyghte fpake of tho knyghtes / but aboute alle men they gaf fire Palomydes the pryce / and alle knyghtes that knewe fire Palomydes had wonder of his dedes / Syre faid fir Launcelot vnto Arthur as for fir Palomydes and he be the grene knyghte I dare fay as for this daye he is beft worthy to haue the degree / for he refofyd hym neuer / ne neuer chaunged his wedys / And he beganne fyrfte and lengest held on / and yet wel I wote faid fir Launcelot that ther was a better knyght than he / and that fhalle be preued or we departe vpon payne of my lyf / ¶ Thus they talked on eyther party / and soo fire Dynadan rayled with fir Triftram & faid what the deuyll is vpon the this day / for fir palomydes strength febled neuer this day but euer he doubled his strengthe

¶ **Capitulum lxxij**

ANd thou sire Tristram faryft alle this daye as though thou haddeft ben a flepe / and therfor I calle the coward wel Dynadan said fir Tristram / I was neuer called coward or now of no erthely knyghte in my lyf / and wete thou wel fyr I calle my felfe neuer the more coward though fyre Launcelot gaf me a falle / For I oute cepte hym of al knyghtes / And doubte ye not fyr Dynadan and fyr Launcelot haue a quarel good / he is to ouer good for ony knyght that now is lyuynge / and yet of his sufferaunce largesse / bounte / and curtosy I calle hym knyght pyerles / and soo sire Tristram was in maner wrothe with fyr Dynadan / But alle this langage fyr Dynadan said by caufe he wold angre fyre Tristram for to caufe hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe for wel knewe fyr Dynadan that and fyr Tristram were thorouly wrothe fyre Palomydes shold not gete the pryce vpon the morn / And for this entente fyr Dynadan said alle this raylynge and langage ageynft fir Tristram / Truly said fyre palomydes / as for fyr launcelot of his noble knyghthode / curtosye and prowesse / <[p.540] sig.H5v> and gentilnes I knowe not his pyere / for this day sayd fyre Palomydes I dyd ful vncurtoifly vnto sire launcelot and ful vnknyghtely / and ful knyghtely and curtoifly he dyd to me ageyne / for and he had ben as vngentyl 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 / fyr Launcelot and fir 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 fir launcelot or sire Tristram of ony quest soo hit were not to theyre shame but they performed their desyre

¶ **Capitulum lxxijj**

SOo on the morne fyre Launcelot departed and fir tristram was redy and la Beale Ifoud with fir Palomydes and fir Gareth / And soo they rode alle in grene ful fresshely bysene vnto the forest / and fir Tristram left fir Dynadan slepyng in his bed / and so as they rode / it happed the kyng and launcelot stode in a wyndowe / and sawe fyre Tristram ryde and Ifoud / Syre sayd Launcelot yonder rydeth the fayrest lady of the world excepte youre quene Dame Gueneuer / who is that said fir Arthur / Sir sayd he / it is quene Ifoud that oute taken my lady your quene she is makeles / Take your hors said Arthur / and araye yow at alle ryztes as I wylle doo / and I promyse yow said the kyng / I wille see her / ¶ Thenne anone they were armed & horfed / 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 fir I pray yow be not to hafty / For peradventure there wille be fomme knyghtes ben displeafed and we |<[p.541] sig.H6r> come fodenly vpon them / As for that fayd Arthur I wyll fee her / for I take no force whome I greue / Syr faid launcelot ye putte your felf in grete leopardy / As for that faid the kyng we wille take the aduventure / Ryght foo anone the Kyng rode euen to her / and falewed her / and faid god yow faue / Syr faid she ye are welcome / thenne the kyng beheld her / and lyked her wonderly wel / with that came fire palomydes vnto Arthur and faid vncurtois knyght what fekeft thou here / thou art vncurtois to come vpon a lady thus fodenly / therfor withdrawe the / Syr Arthur took none hede of fire palomydes wordes / but euer he loked styll vpon Quene Ifoud / Thenne was fir Palomydes wrothe / and there with he took a spere / and cam hurtelyng vpon Kyng Arthur / and smote hym doune with a spere / whan fire launcelot sawe that despyte of fir Palomydes he sayd to hym felf I am loth to haue adoo with yonder knyght / and not for his owne sake but for fir Triftram / And one thyng I am fure of / yf I smyte doune fir palomydes I muft haue adoo with fire Triftram / and that were ouer moche for me to matche them bothe / for they are two noble knyghtes / notwithstandinge whether I lyue or I dye nedes muft I reuenge my lord / and so wille I what someuer befall of me / And there with fir launcelot cryed to fir palomydes / kepe the from me / And thenne fir launcelot and fire Palmydes raffhed to gyder with two speres strongly / But fire Launcelot smote fir palomydes foo hard that he wente quyte oute of his fadel and had a grete falle / Whanne fire Triftram sawe fyre palomydes haue that falle / he sayd to fire Launcelot / fyr knyght kepe the / for I muft lufte with the / As for to lufte with me faid fir 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 muft reuenge my special lord that was vnhorsed vnwarly and vnknyghtely / And therfor though I reuengyd that falle / take ye no displeafyr therin / for he is to me fuche a frende that I may not fee hym fhamed / anone fir Triftram vnderftode by his parson and by his knyghtely wordes that it was fir launcelot du lake / and veryly fir Triftram demed that it was kyng Arthur he that fir Palomydes had smyten doune |<[p.542] sig.H6v> And thenne fir Triftram put his spere from hym / and putte fire Palomydes ageyne on horfbak / and fir launcelot put kyng Arthur on horfbak and foo departed / So god me helpe sayd fire Triftram vnto Palomydes ye dyd not worshipfully when ye smote doune that knyght foo fodenly as ye dyd / And wete ye wel ye dyd your felf grete shame / for the knyghtes cam hyder of their gentilnesse to see a fayre lady / and that is euery good knyghtes parte to behold a fayr lady / and ye hadde not adoo to playe fuche mayftryes afore my lady / wete thou wel hit wille tourne to angre / for he that ye smote doune was kyng Arthur / and that other was the good knyght fire launcelot / But I shalle not forgete the wordes of fire launcelot whan that he callyd hym a man of grete worfhip / there by I wyft that it was kyng Arthur / And as for fire launcelot / and there had ben fyue honderd knyghtes in the medowe / he wold not haue refufed them / and yet he faid he wold refufe me / By that ageyne I wyft that it was fir launcelot / for euer he forbereth me in euery place / and sheweth me grete kyndnesse / and of alle knyghtes I oute take none faye what men wille fay /

he bereth the floure of al chyualry / faye hit hym who someuer wille / and he be wel angred / and that hym lyft to do his vtterauce withoute ony fauour / I knowe hym not on lyue but fir launcelot is ouer hard for hym / be hit on horfback or on foote / I may neuer byleue sayd Palomydes that kyng Arthur wille ryde foo pryuely as a poure erraunt knyghte / A faid fir Triftram ye knowe not my lord Arthur / for all knyghtes maye lerne to be a knyghte of hym / And therefore ye may be fory faid fire Triftram of your vnkyndely dedes to fo noble a kyng / And a thyng that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes / Thenne fire Triftram sente quene Ifoud 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 fyrft day / And lyke as the bretheren fire |<[p.543] sig.H7r> Edward and fir Sadok beganne the Iustes the fyft daye / fir Vwayne the kynges sone Vreyn and fir lucanere de buttelere beganne the Iustes the second day / And at the fyrft encountre fyr Vwayne smote doune the kynges sone of Scottes / and fyr Lucanere ranne ageynste the kyng of walys / and they brake their speres alle to pyeces / and they were foo fyers bothe / that they hurtled to gyders that bothe felle to the erthe /

¶ Thenne they of Dorkeney horsed ageyne fyr Lucanere / And thenne came in fyr Triftram de Lyones / and thenne fyr Triftram smote doune fyr Vwayne / and fyre Lucanere and fyre Palomydes smote doune other two Knyghtes / and fyre Gareth smote doune other two knyghtes / Thenne faid fyre Arthur vnto fyr Launcelot / see yonder thre knyghtes doo passyngly wel / & namely the fyrft that Iusted / Sir faid launcelot that Knygthe beganne not yet / but ye shalle see hym this day doo merueylloufly / and thenne came in to the place the dukes sone of Orkeney / and thenne they beganne to do many dedes of armes / ¶ Whan fyre Triftram sawe them foo begynne / he faid to Palomydes / how fele ye your self / maye ye doo this daye as ye dyd yesterday / Nay faid Palomydes I fele me self foo wery and foo fore bryfed of the dedes of yesterday that I maye not endure as I dyd yesterday / That me repenteth faid fyre Triftram / for I shall lacke yow this day / Sire Palomydes faide truste not to me / for I maye not doo as I dyd / alle these wordes faid Palomydes for to begyle fyr Triftram / Syr faid fyr Triftram vnto fyr Gareth thenne muste I truste vpon yow wherfor I praye yow be not ferre from me to rescowe me / and nede be faid Gareth I shalle not fayle yow in alle that I maye doo ¶ Thenne fyr Palomydes rode by hym self / and thenne in despyte of fyr Triftram he putte hym self in the thyckest prees amonge them of Dorkeney / and there he dyd foo merueyllous dedes of armes that alle men had wonder of hym / for there myghte none stande hym a stroke / whanne fyre Triftram sawe fyre Palomydes doo fuche dedes / he merueylled and sayd to hym self / he is wery of my company / Soo fyr Triftram beheld hym a grete whyle and dyd but lytel els / for the noyse and crye was foo huge / and grete / that fyre

Triftram merueyllled / from whens came the strengthe that sire Palomydes had there |<[p.544] sig.H7v> in the felde / Syr said sire Gareth vnto syr Triftram / remembre ye not of the wordes that syr Dynadan sayd to yow yesterday when he called yow coward / for sothe fir 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 therefore said fir Gareth to fir Triftram lete me knowe this daye what ye be / & wondre ye not soo vpon sire Palomydes / for he enforceth hym self to wynne alle the worship and honour from yow / I maye well byleue it said fir Triftram / And fythen I vndestande his euyl wylle 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 Triftram rode in to the thyckest of the prees / & thenne he dyd soo merueylloufly wel / and dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle men sayd that sire Triftram dyd double so moche dedes of armes as fyre Palomydes had done afore hand / And thenne the noyse wente playne from sire Palomydes / and alle the peple cryed vpon fir Triftram / O Ihesu said the peple see how sire Triftram smytheth doune with his spere soo many knyghtes / And see faide they all how many knyghtes he smyteth doune with his fuerd / and of how many knyghtes he rashed of their helmes and their sheldes / and soo he bete them al of Orkeney afore hym / How now said fir launcelot vnto kynge Arthur / I told yow that this daye there wold a knygt playe his pagent / yonder rydeth a knygt ye may see he doth knyghtely / for he hath strengthe 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 wete ye well sayd launcelot hit muste be soo of ryghte / for hit is hym selfe that noble knyght syr Triftram / 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 fir Triftram / And whanne sire Palomydes sawe fir Triftram do so merueylloufly wel / he wepte passyngly fore for despyte / for he wiste wel / he shold no worship wynne that daye / for wel knewe sire Palomydes whanne sire Triftram wold put forth his strengthe and his manhode he shold gete but lytyl worshop that daye|<[p.545] sig.H8r>

¶ Capitulum lxxv

THenne came kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys / and fir Launcelot du lake and sire Bleoberis sire Bors de ganys / fir 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 fir launcelot / And soo they bete the kynge of walys and the kyng of scottes ferre abak / and made them to auoyde the felde / but fir Triftram and fir Gareth abode styll 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 fir launcelot & his thre kynnesmen by the cammaüement of syr launcelot forbare fir Triftram / Thenne said fir

Arthur is that fir Palomydes that endureth foo wel / nay fayd launcelot / wete ye wel it is good knyght fir Triftram / for yonder ye maye see fyr Palomydes beholdeth and houeth and doth lytel or noughte / And fire ye fhalle vnderftande that fire Triftram weneth thys day to bete vs alle oute of the felde / And as for me faid fire launcelot I fhall not bete hym / bete hym who foo wil / Sir faid Launcelot vnto Arthur ye maye see how fir Palomydes houeth yonder / as though he were in a dreame / wete ye wel he is ful heuy that Triftram doth fuche dedes of armes / Thenne is he but a foole faid Arthur / for neuer was fire Palomydes / nor neuer fhalle be of fuche prowesse as fir Triftram / And yf he haue ony enuy at fir Triftram and cometh in with hym vpon his fyde he is a fals knyghte / ¶ As the kynge and fir Launcelot thus fpake / fir Triftram rode pryuely oute of the prees / that none afpyed hym / but la Beale Ifoud and fir Palomydes / for they two wold not lete of their eyen vpon fir Triftram / ¶ And whanne fir Triftram cam to his pauelions he fond fire Dynadan in his bedde a flepe / Awake faid Triftram / ye ouȝt to be afhamed foo to flepe whan knyghtes haue ado in the feld Thenne fyr Dynadan arofe lyghtely and faid fyr what wylle ye that I fhalle doo / make yow redy faid fyr Triftram to ryde with me in to the felde / Soo whan fyr Dynadan was armed he loked vpon fyre Triftrams helme and on his fhelde / and <[p.546] sig.H8v> when he fawe foo many ftokes vpon his helme and vpon his fhelde / he faid in good tyme was I thus a flepe / For hadde I ben with yow / I muft nedes for fhame there haue folowed yow / more for fhame than ony prowesse / that is in me / that I fee wel now by tho ftokes that I fhould haue ben truly beten as I was yefterdaye / Leue youre lapes faid fire Triftram / & come of that were in the felde ageyne / what fayd fire Dynadan is your herte vp / yefter daye ye ferd as though ye had dremed / Soo thenne fir Triftram was arayed in black harneis / O Ihefu faid Dynadan what eyleth yow this day / me femeth ye be wylder than ye were yefterday / Thenne fmyled fyr Triftram and fayd to Dynadan awayte wel vpon me / yf ye fee me ouermatched / loke that ye be euer behynde me / and I fhalle make yow redy way by goddes grace / Soo fir Triftram and fyre Dynadan took their horfes / Alle this afpyed fir palomydes / bothe their goynge and their comynge / and foo dyd la Beale Ifoud / for she knewe fir Triftram aboue alle other

¶ Capitulum lxxvj

THenne whanne fire Palomydes fawe that fir Triftram was defguyfed / thenne he thoughte to doo hym a fhame / Soo fyre Palomydes rode to a knyghte that was fore wounded that fatte vnder a fayre welle from the felde / Syr knyghte faid fire Palomydes I pray you to lene me your armour / and your fhelde / for myn is ouer wel knowen in this felde / and that hath done me grete dommage / and ye fhall haue myn armour and my fhelde that is as fure as yours / I wille wel faid the knyghte that ye haue myn armour and my fhelde / yf they may doo yow ony auayle / So fire Palomydes armed hym haftely in that Knyghtes armoure & his fheld that shone as ony cryftall or fyluer and foo he came rydyng in to the felde / And thenne ther

was neyther fire Triftram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that knewe fir Palomydes / ¶ And ryght foo as fir Palomydes was come in to the feld fyr Triftram fmote doune thre Knyghtes euen in the fyght of fir Palomydes / And thenne fir Palomydes rode ageynft fyre |<[p.547] sig.I1r> Triftram / and eyther mette other with grete fperes / that they brafte to their handes / And thenne they dallhed to gyder with fwerdes egerly / Thenne fire Triftram had merueylle what knyghte he was that dyd bataill fo knyghtely with hym / Thenne was fir Triftram wrothe / for he felte hym pallfyngge ftronge fo that he demed he myghte not haue adoo with the remenaunt of the knyghtes by caufe of the frengthe of fire palomydes

¶ Soo they lallhed to gyder and gaf many fadde ftrokes to gyders / and many knyghtes merueylled what knyghte he myghte be that foo encountred with the black knyghte fir triftram / ful wel knewe la Beale Ifoud there was fyre palomydes that fought with fir Triftram / for he afpyed al in her wyndowe where that fhe ftode / as fyr palomydes chaunged his harneis with the wounded knyghte / And thenne fhe beganne to wepe fo hertely for the despyte of fyr palomydes that ther fhe fwouned / Thenne came in fyr laūcelot with the knyghtes of Orkeney / And whanne the other party had afpyed fir Launcelot / they cryed / retorne retorne / here cometh fyre launcelot du lake / Soo there came knyghtes and fayd fyr launcelot ye muft nedes fyghte with yonder knyght in the black harneis that was fyr Triftram / for he hath al mooft ouercome that good knyghte that fyghteth with hym with the fyluer fhelde that was fyr palomydes / Thenne fir launcelot rode betwix fir Triftram and fyr palomydes / and fyr launcelot faid to palomydes / fyr knyghte lete me haue the batail / for ye haue nede to be repofed / Syr palomydes knewe fyr launcelot wel / and fo dyd fyre Triftram / but by caufe fyr Launcelot was ferre hardyer knyght than hym felf / therfor he was gladde / and fuffred fyr launcelot to fyghte with fyr Triftram / For wel wyfte he that fyre launcelot knewe not fir Triftram / and there he hoped that fyr launcelot fhold bete or fhame fyre Triftram / wherof fyre palomydes was ful fayne / and foo fyr launcelot gaf fyr Triftram many fadde ftrokes / but fyre launcelot knewe not fir Triftram / but fir Triftram knewe wel fyre launcelot / And thus they fought longe to gyders that la Beale Ifoud was wel nygh oute of her mynde for forou / thenne fyr Dynadan told fir Gareth how þ^t knyght in the black harneis was fir triftrā & this is laūcelot þ^t fygteth with hym þ^t muft nedes haue |<[p.548] sig.I1v> the better of hym / for fir Triftram hath had to moche trauaylle this day / Thenne lete vs fmyte hym doune faid fyre Gareth / fo it is better that we doo faid fire Dynadan thenne fir Triftram be fhamed / for yonder houeth the fstronge knyghte with the fyluer fheld to falle vpon fyre Triftram yf nede be / Thenne forthe with alle Gareth rallhed vpon fyre launcelot / and gaf hym a grete ftroke vpon his helme foo hard that he was aftonyed And thenne came fyr Dynadan with a fpere / and he fmote fyr launcelot fuche a buffet that hors and alle felle to the erthe O Ihefu faid fyr Triftram to fyre Gareth and fyre Dynadan fy for fhame why dyd ye fmyte doune foo good a knyght as he is / and namely whan I had adoo with hym / now ye doo your felf grete fhame / and hym no difworship / For I helde hym refoable hote though ye had not holpen me / Thenne cam fyre palomydes that was defguyfed and fmote doune fyr Dynadan from his hors / Thenne fyr

launcelot by cause fyr Dynadan had smyten hym afore hand / thenne fyr launcelot affailed fyre Dynadan passynge fore / and fyre Dynadan defended hym myghtely / but wel vnderstood fyr Triftram that fyre Dynadan myghte not endure fyr launcelot / wherfor fyr Triftram was sory / Thenne came fyre palomydes fresshe vpon fyre Triftram / And whanne fyr Triftram sawe hym come / he thoughte to delyuer hym at ones by cause that he wold helpe fyre Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle with fyr Launcelot ¶ Thenne fyre Triftram hurteled vnto fyre palomydes & gafe hym a grete buffet / and thenne fyr Triftram gate fyr palomydes and pulled hym doune vnder nethe hym / And so felle fyr Triftram with hym / and fyr Triftram lepte vp lyghtely and lefte fyr palomydes and wente betwixe fyr launcelot and Dynadan / and thenne they beganne to do bataille to gyders / ¶ Ryght soo fyre Dynadan gat fyr Triftrams hors and said on hyghe that fyr Launcelot myght here it / my lord fyr Triftrā take yours hors / And whanne fyre Launcelot herd hym nename fyr Triftram / O Ihesu said launcelot what haue I done I am dishonoured / A my lord fyre Triftram 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 / <[p.549] sig.I2r> Sir said fyr Triftram this is not the fyrst kyndenes ye shewed me / soo they were bothe horfed ageyne / Thenne alle the people on the one syde gaf fyr laūcelot the honour and the degree / & on the other syde all the people gaf to the noble knyzt fyr triftram 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 fyr Triftram hath ben lenger in the felde than I / and he hath smyten doun many moo knyghtes thys day than I haue done / And therefore I wille gyue fyre Triftram 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 fyr Triftram thys day is preued the best knyghte

¶ Capitulum lxxvij

THenne they blewe vnto lodgyng / and Quene Ifoud was ledde vnto her paelions / but wete yow wel she was wrothe oute of mesure with fyr Palomydes / for she sawe alle this treason from the begynnyng to the endynge / And all this whyle neyther fyr Triftram neyther fyr Gareth nor Dynadan knewe not of the treason of fyr Palomydes / but afterward ye shalle here that there befelle the gretteft debate betwixe fyre Triftram and fyre Palomydes that myghte be / So whanne the turnement was done / fyr Triftram Gareth and Dynadan rode with la Beale Ifoud to these paelions / And euer fyre Palomydes rode with them in theyr company desguysed as he was But whanne fyr Triftram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyghte with the sheld of syluer / that helde hym soo hote that day / Sir knyghte said fyre Triftram wete yow wel here is none that hath nede of youre felauship / and therefore I praye yow departe from vs / ¶ Sire Palomydes anfuerd ageyne as though he had not knowen fyr Triftram / wete yow wel fyr 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 feruyfe I wille not be discharged / by that fir Triftram knewe that it was fir palomydes A fir palomydes sayd the noble knyghte fire Triftram ar ye fuche a knyghte ye haue ben named wronge / For ye haue longe |<[p.550] sig.I2v> ben called a gentil knyzt / And as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentilnes / For ye hadde al moofte broughte me vnto my dethe / But as for yow I suppose I shold haue done wel ynough / but fir launcelot with yow was ouer moche / for I knowe no knyght lyuynge but fire launcelot is ouer good for hym and he wylle doo his vttermest / Allas said fir Palomydes ar ye my lord fir Triftram / ye fir 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 fyre Triftram / and that wille I stand by / For I wanne them ones in a felde of a ful noble knyghte / his name was fir Marhaus and with grete payne I wanne that knyghte / for there was none other recouer but fir Marhaus dyed thorough fals leches / & yet was he neuer yolden to me / Sir said Palomydes I wend ye had ben torned vpon fir Launcelots party / and that caused me to torne / ye say wel said fir Triftram / and so I take you & I forgye yow / Soo thenne they rode in to their paelions / and whan they were alyzt they vnarmed them and wasshe theyre faces and handes / and soo yode vnto mete and were sette atte their table / But whanne Ifoud sawe fir Palomydes she chaūged thenne her colours & for wrath she myght not speke / Anon fir Triftram aspyed her countenance and said Madame / for what cause make ye vs fuche chere / we haue ben fore trauailed this day / Myn owne lord said la Beale Ifoud for goddes sake be ye not dyspleafyd with me / for I maye none other wyfe doo / for I sawe thys day how ye were bitrayed and nyghe broughte to your dethe / Truly fyre I sawe euery dele how and in what wyfe and therfor fyr how shold I suffre in your prefence fuche a felon and traytour as fir Palomydes / For I sawe hym with myn eyen / how he beheld yow whan ye wente oute of the felde / for euer he houed styll vpon his hors til he sawe yow come in ageynward / And thēne forth with al I sawe hym ryde to the hurte knyghte and chaūged 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 fir Palomydes dyd bataille with yow / & as for hym fir I was not gretely aferd but I dred fore laūcelot |<[p.551] sig.I3r> that knew yow not / Madame said Palomydes ye maye faye what so ye wyll / I maye not contrary yow but by my knyghthode I knewe not fir Triftram / ¶ Sir Palomydes said fir Triftram I wille take your excuse / but wel I wote ye spared me but lytel / but alle is pardonned on my party / Thenne la beale Ifoud held doune her heed and said no more at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum lxxviij

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 fyre Triftram / ye ar to blame to come thus armed at alle pyeces vpon me whyle we ar at oure mete / yf ye wold ony thyng when we were in the felde / there myghte ye haue eafyd your hertes / Not so said the one of the knyghtes we come not for that entent / But wete ye wel fir Triftram 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 Ifoud / Thenne said fire Triftram 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 / fir Triftram thought that he shold knowe them / Thenne said fir Dynadan pryuely vnto fyr Triftram / fyr that is fire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto yow fyrst / and the other is my lord Kynge Arthur / Thenne said fir Triftram vnto la Beale Ifoud Madame aryse for here is my lord kynge Arthur / thenne the kynge and the quene kyssed and fire launcelot and fyr Triftram braced eyther other in armes / and thenne there was Ioye withoute mesure / & at the request of la Beale Ifoud kynge Arthur and Launcelot were vnarmed / and thenne there was mery talkynge ¶ Madame said fire Arthur hit is many a day sythen that I haue desyred to see yow / for ye haue ben prayfed soo ferre / and now I dar say ye are the fayrest that euer I sawe / & fir Triftram 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 fire Triftram and Ifoud / of your grete goodenesse & largesse ye ar pyerles / Thus <[p.552] sig.I3v> they talked of many thynges and of alle the hole Iustes / But for what cause sayd kynge Arthur were ye fir Triftram ageynst vs / ye are a knyght of the table round / of ryghte ye shold haue ben with vs / Syre said fir Triftram here is Dynadan and fire Gareth your owne neuewe caused me to be ayenst yow / My lord Arthur sayd Gareth I may wel bere the blame but it were fir Triftrams owne dedes / That may I repente sayd Dynadan / for this vnhappy fire Triftram 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 fytt / what knyght was that sayd Arthur that held yow soo short / this with the sheld of fyluer / Syr said fir Triftram here he fytteth at this bord / what said Arthur was hit fire Palomydes / wete ye wel hit was he said la Beale Ifoud / ¶ 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 fir Triftram / for he was soo desguysed / Soo god me helpe sayd launcelot it maye wel be / for I knewe not fir Triftram / But I merueyle why ye turned on oure party / That was done for the same cause said launcelot / As for that said fir Triftram I haue pardoned hym / and I wold be ryght lothe to leue his felaulship / for I loue ryght wel his company / soo they left of and talked of other thynges / And in the euenynge kyng arthur and fir launcelot departed vnto their lodgyng / but wete ye wel fir 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 fyre Triftram Gareth and Dynadan arofe erly /
 and thenne they wente vnto fyre 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 fore / Say no thyng said fyr Triftram / for I am
 sure he hath taken anger and sorowe for the rebuke that I gaf to hym and la
 Beale Ifoud |<[p.553] sig.I4r>

¶ Capitulum lxxix

THenne fir Triftram lete calle fir 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 Ifoud and alle
 they / and soo they lad her passyngre frellhely thurgh the feld in
 to the pryory where was her lodgyngre / and thenne they herd
 thre blaſtes blowe / and euery kynge and knyghte dresseid hym vnto the
 felde / and the fyrste that was redy to lufte was fir Palomydes and fir
 Kaynus le straunge a knyghte of the table round / And soo they two
 encountred to gyders / but fyre Palomydes smote fir Kaynus soo hard that
 he smote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe / and forth with alle fir
 Palomydes smote doune another knyght and brake thenne his spere &
 pulled oute his sward and did wonderly wel / And thenne the noyse
 beganne gretely vpon fir palomydes / loo said Kyng Arthur yonder
 palomydes begynneth to play his pagent / So god me help said Arthur he is
 a passyngre good knyght / And ryght as they stood talkyng thus in came fir
 Triftram as thonder / and he encountred with fyre Kay the Seneschall / and
 there he smote hym doune quyte from his hors / and with that same spere
 fir Triftram smote doune thre knyghtes moo / and thenne he pulled oute his
 sward and dyd merueylloufly / Thenne the noyse and crye chaunged from
 fyr Palomydes and torned to fir Triftram and alle the peple cryed O
 Triftram O Triftram / And thenne was fir Palomydes clene forgotten / 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 fyre Triftram / and he knoweth not of
 the pryuy enuy / the whiche fyre Palomydes hath to hym / For all that the
 noble fyre Triftram dothe is thorou clene knyghthode / And thenne fyre
 Gareth and Dynadan dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble
 knyghtes soo that Kyng Arthur spak of them grete honour & |<[p.554]
 sig.I4v> worship / and the kynges and knyghtes of fir Triftrams fyde did
 passyngrely wel / and helde them truly to gyders / Thenne fir Arthur and fir
 Launcelot took their horses and dresseid them and gete in to the thyckest of
 the prees / And there fyr Triftram vnknowyng smote doune kyng Arthur /
 and thenne fyre launcelot wold haue rescowed hym / but there were soo
 many vpon fir launcelot that they pulled hym doune from his hors / And
 thenne the kyng of Irland and the kyng of Scottes with their Knyghtes
 dyd their payne to take kyng Arthur / and fir launcelot prysoner / Whanne

fyr Launcelot herd hem fay foo he ferd as hit had ben an hongry lyon / for he ferd fo that no knyghte durste nyghe hym / Thenne came fir Ector de maris and he bare a spere ageynft fire Palomydes / and braft it vpon hym alle to sheuers / And thenne fyr Ector came ageyne and gaf fire Palomydes fuche a daffhe with a fwerd that he ftouped doune vpon his fadel bowe / And forth with alle fyre Ector pulled doune fir Palomydes vnder his feete / And thenne fyr Ector de marys gate fir launcelot du lake an hors / and brought hit to hym / and badde hym mounte vpon hym / But fir Palomydes lepte afore and gatte the hors by the brydel / & lepte in to the fadel / Soo god me helpe faid launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I / Thenne fir Ector broughte fyr launcelot an other hors / gramercy fayd launcelot vnto his broder / ¶ And fo when he was horsed ageyne / with one spere he fmote doune four knyghtes / And thenne fir Launcelot broughte to kyng Arthur one of the beft of the iiij horses / Thenne fyr launcelot with kyng Arthur and a fewe of his Knyghtes of fire Launcelots kynne dyd merueyllous dedes / for that tyme as the booke recordeth fyr launcelot fmote doune and pulled doune thyrty knyghtes / Not withftandyng the other parte held them foo fast to gyders that kyng arthur and his knyghtes were ouermatched / And whanne fir Trifram fawe that what labour Kyng Arthur and his knyghtes and in efpecial the noble dedes that fyre launcelot dyd with his owne handes he merueyllled gretely

¶ Capitulum lxxx |<[p.555] sig.I5r>

THenne fir Trifram called vnto hym fyr Palomydes / fyr Gareth and fyr Dynadan / and fayd thus to them my fayre felawes wete ye wel that I will torne vnto kyng Arthurs party / for I fawe neuer foo fewe men doo foo wel / and hit wille be fhame vnto vs knyghtes that ben of the round table to see our lord kyng Arthur and that noble knyght fire Launcelot to be difhonoured / It wille be wel do faid fire Gareth / and fyr Dynadan / do your beft faid palomydes / for I wille not chaunge my party that I came in with al That is for my sake faid fir Trifram / god fpede yow in your Iourneye / and foo departed fyr Palomydes fro them / Thenne fir Trifram Gareth and Dynadan tornd with fir launcelot And thenne fyr launcelot fmote doune the kyng of Irland quyte from his hors / and fo fyr launcelot fmote doune the kyng of Scottes and the Kyng of walys / and thenne fir arthur ranne vnto fyre Palomydes and fmote hym quyte from his hors / and thenne fyr Trifram bare doune alle that he mett Syr Gareth and fir Dynadan dyd there as noble knyghtes / thenne al the partyes beganne to flee / Allas faid Palomydes that euer I fhould see this day / for now haue I loft al the worship that I wanne / and thēne fir palomydes wente his way waylynge / and foo 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 fyre Trifram / and there were many that gaf the pryce vnto fyre Launcelot / ¶ Fair lordes faid fir Trifram I thanke yow of the honour ye wold yeue me / but I pray yow hertely that ye wold gyue your voys to fyr launcelot / for by my feythe faid fyre Tryfram / I

wille gyue fir launcelot my voys / but fyre launcelot wold not haue hit / and fo the pryce was gyuen betwix them bothe / Thenne euery man rode to his lodgyng and fyr bleoberis and fyr Ector rode with fir Triftram and la Beale Ifoud vnto her paelions / Thenne as fyr Palomydes was atte well waylynge and wepyng / there came by hym fleyng the kyng of walys and of Scotland / and they fawe fyre Palomydes in that arage / Allas said they that soo noble a man as ye be / shold be in this araye / & thenne tho kynges gat fir palomydes |<[p.556] sig.I5v> hors ageyne / and made hym to arme hym and mounte vpon his hors / and soo he rode with hem makyng grete dole / ¶ Soo whan fire Palomydes came nyghe the paelions there as fyre Triftram and La beale Ifoud was in / thenne fire palomydes prayd the two kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake with fir Triftram / And whanne he came to the porte of the paelions / fyre palomydes said on hyghe where arte thou fyr Triftram de lyones / Syr said Dynadan that is palomydes What fir 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 flee the myn owne handes / And yf I euer maye gete the said Palomydes thou shalt dye for this dayes dede / Sir Palomydes said fir Triftram ye wyte me with wronge / for had ye done as I dyd ye hadde wonne worship / But fythen ye gyue me soo large warnyng / I shalle be wel ware of yow / Fy on the traitour saide Palomydes / and there with departed / Thenne on the morne fir Triftram / Bleoberis and fir Ector de marys / fir Gareth / fyr Dynadan what by water and what by lond they brought la beale Ifoud 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 fyre 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 Ifoud / but he was a parte as sorouful to departe from the felaulhip of fir Triftram / for fire Triftram was soo kynd and soo gentyl that whanne fire Palomydes remembrid hym therof he myghte neuer be mery

¶ Capitulum lxxxj

SO at the feuen nyghtes ende / fir Bleoberys & fyr Ector departed from fir Triftram and from the Quene / & these two good knyghtes had grete yeftes / and fir Gareth and fir Dynadan abode with fir Triftram / & whan fire Blebeorys and fir Ector were comen there as the Quene Gueneuer was |<[p.557] sig.I6r> lodged in a castel by the see fyde / 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 fir Triftram and from la beale Ifoud / how doth fir Triftram said the quene and la Beale Ifoud / Truly sayd tho two knyghtes he dothe as a noble knyght shold doo / and as for the Quene Ifoud 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

fayth alle the people / that haue fene her and spoken with her / God wold that I had parte of her condycyons / and it is myffortuned me of my fekenesse 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 nobleffe / And the second day fir Trystram wanne the degree / and the thyrdd day fyre launcelot wanne the degree / wel said quene Gueneuer who dyd best alle these thre dayes / Soo god me help said these knyghtes fir launcelot and fire Triftram hadde leest dishonour / And wete ye wel fir 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 fir 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 therefore / 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 fir 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 fyr Palomydes and gaf hym a grete courser / and the Kyng of Scotland gaf hym grete yefte/ |<[p.558] sig.I6v> and fayne they wold haue had fire 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 fyr 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 fyre 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 & thow 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 fire Palomydes sone & heyre vnto kyng Aflabor / and fir Safyr and fir 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 Epynogrys the kynges sone of Northumberland / Now fyte doune sayd Epynogrys / and lete vs eyther complayne to other / Thenne fyre 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 Ifoud kynge Markes wyf of Cornewaile / That is grete foly faid Epynogrys for to loue Quene Ifoud For one of the best knyghtes of the world loueth her / that is fir Triftram de lyones / that is trouthe faid Palomydes / for no man knoweth that mater better than I doo / for I haue ben in fir Triftrams felaulhip this moneth and with la beale Ifoud to gyders / and allas faid Palomydes vnhappy man that I am now haue I lofte the felaulhip of fyre Triftram for euer & the loue of la beale Ifoud for euer / and I am neuer lyke to see her more / and fir Triftram & I ben eyther to other mortal enemyes |<[p.559] sig.I7r> Wel faid Epynogrys / fythe that ye loued la Beale Ifoud / loued she yow euer ageyne by ony thyng that ye coude thynke or wyte / or els dyd ye reioyfe her euer in ony pleasyr / Nay by my knyghthode faid Palomydes I neuer alpyed that euer she loued me more than alle the world / nor neuer had I plesyr with her / But the lafte daye she gaf me the gretteft rebuke that euer I had / the whiche shalle neuer goo from my herte / & yet I wel deferued that rebuke / for I dyd not knyghtely / & therfor I haue loft the loue of her and of fir Triftram for euer / & I haue many tymes enforced my self to doo many dedes for la beale Ifoud sake / and she was the causer of my worship wynnynge / Allas faid fir Palomydes now haue I loft alle the worshyp that euer I wanne / for neuer shalle me befalla suche prowesse as I had in the felaulhip of fir Triftram

¶ Capitulum lxxxiiij

NAy nay fayde Epynogrys youre sorowe is but Iapes to my sorowe / for I reioyced my lady and wanne her with my handes / and lofte her ageyn allas that daye / Thus fyrft I wanne her faid Epynogrys My lady was an Erles doughter And as the Erle and two knyghtes 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 fyde / there came there to me an erraunt knyghte his name was fyr Helyor le preufe an hardy knyght / and this fir Helyor chalengyd me to fyghte for my lady / And thenne we wente to bataille fyrft vpon hors and after on foote / But at the laft fir 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 faid Palomydes / but fythe I can neuer recouer my self I shalle promyse yow yf I can mete with fir Helynor I shalle gete yow your lady ageyne or els he shalle bete me / Thenne sire Palomydes made fir Epynogrys to take his hors |<[p.560] sig.I7v> and so they rode to an hermytage / and there fir Epynogrys rested hym / And in the meane whyle fyre Palomydes walkd pryuely oute to reſte hym vnder the leues / and there befyde he ſawe a knyghte come rydyng with a ſheld that he had ſene fir 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 knyzt with a grene shelde / and there in a whyte lyon ledynge a lady vpon a palfroy / Thenne this knyzt with the grene sheld that semed to be maister of the ten knyghtes he rode fyrerly after sire Helyor / For it was he that hurte sire Epynogrys / And whanne he cam nyghe sire 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 sire Ectors shelde was byggar / and att the laste this knyghte smote sire Helyor doune / and thenne that knyghte unlaced 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 wyfte wel that that same lady was Epynogrys lady / and he promysed hym to helpe hym / Thenne sire 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 sire 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 thou sawest me doo bataille but late / Thou wenest sire knyghte to haue that lady away from me so lyghtly / nay thynke hit neuer not / and thou were as good a knyghte as is [p.561] sig.18r> sire launcelot or as is sire Tristram or sire Palomydes / but thou 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 fore // and thus they fought 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 / knyzt I requyre the telle me thy name / Wete thou wel said that knyghte I dar telle the my name / soo that thou 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 sire Segwarydes are my bretheren / Now and wete thou wel / my name is sire Palomydes / Thenne sire Safyr kneled doune vpon his knees and prayd hym of mercy / and thenne they unlaced their helmes / and eyther kyssed other wepyng / And in the meane whyle sire Epynogrys aroose oute of his bedde / and herd them by the strokes / and soo he armed hym to helpe sire Palomydes yf nede were

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THenne fir Palomydes tooke the lady by the hand / & broughte her to fire Epynogrys / and there was grete ioye betwixe them / for eyther fwounded for Ioye / whan they were mette / Fair knyght and lady faid fir Safer / it were pyte to departe yow / Ihefu fend yow Ioye eyther of other / Gramercy gentyl knyghte faid Epynogrys / and moche more thanke be to my lord fir Palomydes / that thus hath thurgh his prowesse made me to gete my lady / ¶ Thenne fir Epynogrys requyred fire Palomydes and fire Safere his brother to ryde with them vnto his castel for the sauf gard of his person / Sire faid Palomydes we will be redy to conduyte you by cause that ye are fore wounded / and foo was Epynogrys 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 fir Palomydes and fir Safere had in their lyfe dayes / Soo on the morne fir Safere and fir palomydes departed and rode as fortune ledde them / and soo they rode alle that daye vntyl after none / And at the last they herd a grete wepynge and a grete noyse doune in a manoir / Syre faid thenne fir Safere lete vs wete what noyse this is / I wil wel faid fir palomydes / and soo they rode forth tyl that they came to a fayr gate of a manoir / and there fatte an old man sayenge his prayers and bedes / Thenne fire palomydes and fir Safere alyghte and lefte their horses / and wente within the gates / and there they sawe ful many goodely men wepynge / ¶ Fair fyrs faid palomydes wherfore wepe ye / and make this forowe / Anone one of the knyghtes of the castel beheld fir palomydes / and knewe hym / and thēne wente to his felawes and faid Fair felawes wete ye wel al / we haue in this Castel the same knyght that flewe oure lord at Lonezep / for I knowe hym wel it is fyre 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 freshly vpon fyr palomydes and vpon fyr 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 therefore wete ye wel / we wille flee the / therefore defende the / Thenne fir palomydes & fyr Safer the one sette his bak to the other / and gaf many grete strokes / and took many grete strokes / and thus they fougte with a twenty knyghtes and forty gentilmen / and yomen nyghe two houres / But at the last though they were lothe fir palomydes and fyr Safere were taken and yolden and putte in a stronge pryson / and within thre dayes twelue knyghtes passed vpon them / and they fond fir palomydes gyilty / and fyr Safyr not gyilty of their lordes dethe / And whan fir Safyr shold be delyuerd there was grete dole betwixe fyr palomydes and hym / and many pyteous complayntys that fir Safyr made at his departynge / there is no maker can reherce the tenthe parte / Fair broder faid palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy forou / 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 fyr

Safere departed from his broder with the gretteft dolour and forou that euer made knyghte / ¶ And on the morne they of the castel |<[p.563] sig.K1r> ordeyned twelue knyghtes to ryde with fyre Palomydes vnto the fader of the fame knyght that fyr Palomydes flewe / and soo they bound his legges vnder an old stedes bely / And thenne they rode with fyr Palomydes vnto a Castel by the fee fyde that hyghte Pelownes / and there fyr Palomydes lhold haue Iuftyce / thus was their ordenaunce / and so they rode with fyr 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 fyr palomydes / And whan that knyghte sawe fyre palomydes bounden vpon a croked courser / the knyght asked fyre palomydes / for what cause he was led so / A my fair felawe and knyghte sayd palomydes / I ryde toward my dethe for the fleyng of a knyght at a turnement of Loneȝep / & yf I had not departed from my lord fyr Tristrā as I ouȝte not to haue done / now myȝt I haue ben sure to haue had my lyf faued / But I pray yow fyr knyght recommaunde me vnto my lord fir Triftram and vnto my lady Quene Ifoud / & say to them / yf euer I trespaced to them / I aske them foryeuenes / And also I bifeche yow recommaunde me vnto my lord kynge Arthur and to alle the felaulhip of the round table vnto my power / Thenne that knyghte wepte for pyte of fyr 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 fir Triftram / and there he told hym all as ye haue herd / and euer the knyghte wepte as he had ben madde

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WHen fir Triftram herd how fir palomydes went to his deth / he was heuy to here that / and said how be it that I am wroth with fir palomydes / yet wil not I suffre hym to dye so shameful a deth for he is a ful noble knyȝt / & thenne anon fir Triftram was armed & toke his hors & two squyers wyth hym / & rode a grete paas towarde the castel of pelownes where fir palomydes was luges to deth / & these twelue knyȝtes that led fir palomydes passed by a welle where as fir 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 |<[p.564] sig.K1v> knyghtes / fyr launcelot putte on his helme / and suffred them to passe by hym / And thenne was he ware of fyre Palomydes bounden and ledde shamefully to his dethe / O Ihesu said launcelot What myfauenture is befalle hym that he is thus ledde toward his dethe / Forfoth said launcelot it were shame to me / to suffre this noble knyght soo to dye and I myȝte helpe hym therfor I wille helpe hym what someuer come of hit / or els I lhal dye for fyr Palomydes sake / ¶ And thenne fir launcelot mounted vpon his hors and gate his spere in his hand / and rode after the twelue knyghtes that ledde fir Palomydes / Fair knyghtes said fir Launcelot whyder lede ye that knyȝt / it byfemeth hym ful ylle to ryde bounden / Thenne these twelue Knyghtes sodenly torned

their horses / and said to fir launcelot / fyr Knyghte we counceille the not to medle with this knyght / for he hath deferued deth / and vnto dethe he is lured / that me repenteth said launcelot that I may not borowe hym with fayrenesse / for he is ouer good a knyghte to dye sliche a shameful dethe / And therfor fayre knyghtes said fyr 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 fir launcelot smote the formeft doune hors and man / and so he serued thre moo with one spere / and thenne that spere braft / and there with al fir launcelot drewe his swerd / and thenne he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / thenne within a whyle he lefte none of tho twelue knyghtes / but he had leyd them to the erthe / and the moost party of hem were fore wounded / & thenne fyr Launcelot took the best hors that he fonde and loufed fire Palomydes / and sette hym vpon that hors / and so they returned ageyne vnto Ioyous gard / & thenne was fir Palomydes ware of fir Triftram how he came rydyng / And whan fir Launcelot sawe hym / he knewe hym wel / but fir Triftram knewe not hym by cause fyre Launcelot had on his sholder a golden shelde / Soo fyr launcelot made hym redy to lufte with fyr Triftram / that fire Triftram sholde not wene that he were fyre Launcelot / Thenne fir Palomydes cryed on lowde to fyr Triftram O my lorde I requyre yow lufte not with this knyght / for this goode knyght hath faued me from my dethe / Whan fyre Triftram herde hym saye so / he came a softe trottyng <[p.565] sig.K2r> paas toward them / And thenne fyre Palomydes sayd / My lord fyr Triftram moche am I beholdyng vnto yow of youre grete goodenes that wold profer youre noble body to rescowe me vnderferued / for I haue gretely offended yow / Not withstandyng said fire Palomydes here mette we with this noble knyghte that worshopfully and manly rescowed me from xij knyghtes / and smote them doune alle and wounded them fore

¶ Capitulum lxxxvj /

FAyre knyght said fyr Triftram vnto fyre Launcelot / of whens be ye / I am a knyght erraunt sayd fir launcelot that rydeth to seke many aduentures / What is your name said fir Triftram / fyre at this tyme I wille not telle yow / Thenne fyre launcelot sayd vnto fir Triftram and to palomydes / now eyther of yow ar mette to gyders / I wille departe from yow / Not soo said fyr Triftram I pray yow of knyghthode to ryde with me vnto my Castel / wete yow wel said fyr 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 fyr Triftram I requyre yow / as ye be a true knyghte to the ordre of knyghthode / playe you with me this nyghte / Thenne fire Triftram had a graunte of fyre launcelot / how be it though he had not defyred hym / he wold haue ryden with hem / outhere soone haue come after them for fyr launcelot cam for none other cause in to that Countrey but for to see fyr Triftram / 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 fyre Launcelot was vnhelmed / fir Triftram and fyr

Palomydes knewe hym / Thenne fire Triftram took fyr launcelot in armes /
 & foo dyd la Beale Ifoud / and Palomydes kneled doune vpon his knees /
 and thanked fyr Launcelot / whan fyr launcelot fawe fir Palomydes knele /
 he lyghtely toke hym vp and fayd thus / wete thou wel fir Palomydes I and
 ony knyght in this land of worship oughte of veray ryght focoure and
 refcowe |<[p.566] sig.K2v> foo 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 fyre Palomydes
 fawe la Beale Ifoud / the heuyer he waxed day by day Thenne fir launcelot
 within thre or four dayes departed / and with hym rode fir Ector de marys /
 and Dynadan and fir Palomydes were there lefte with fire Triftram a two
 monethes & more / But euer fire Palomydes faded and morned that alle
 men had merueylle wherfore he had faded foo aweye / So vppn a day in
 the daunyngre fire Palomydes wente in to the forefte by hym self alone /
 and there he fond a welle / and thenne he loked in to the welle / and in the
 water he fawe his owne vyfage hou he was diftourbled and defaded
 nothyng lyke that he was What may this meane faid fire Palomydes / and
 thus he faid to hym self / A Palomydes / Palamydes / why arte thou
 dyffaded thou that was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyghtes 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 Ifoud and hym / ¶ And in the
 meane whyle fyr Triftram was that fame day ryden in to the forest to chace
 the herte of greese / but fire Triftram wold not ryde on huntynge neuer
 more vnarmed by caufe of fyr Breufe faunce pyte / and foo as fir Triftram
 rode in to that forest vp and doune / he herd one fyngre merueylloufly
 lowde / and that was fyre Palomydes that lay by the welle / And thenne fyr
 Triftram rode softely thyder / for he demed / there was some knyght
 erraunt that was at the welle ¶ And whanne fire Triftram 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
 fire palomydes by the welle and fange lowde and meryly / and euer the
 complayntes were of that noble Quene La Beale Ifoud / the whiche was
 merueylloufly and wonderfully wel fayd / and ful dolefully and pytoufly
 made And alle the hole songe the noble knyghte fire Triftram herd from
 the begynnyngre to the endynge / the whiche greued and troubled hym
 fore ¶ But thenne at the laft whanne |<[p.567] sig.K3r> fir Triftram had
 herd all fir Palomydes complayntes he was wrothe oute of mefure &
 thougt for to flee hym there as he lay Thenne fyr Triftram remembryd hym
 self that fir Palomydes was vnarmed and of the noble name that fir
 Palomydes had and the noble name that hym self had / and thenne he made
 a restraynte of his anger / & fo he wente vnto fire Palomydes a softre paas
 and faid fir Palomydes I haue herd youre complaynte and of thy treason
 that thou haft owed me fo longe And wete thou wel therfor thou shalt
 dye / And yf it were not for fhame of knyghthode / thou sholdest not escape
 my handes / for now I knowe wel thou haft awayted me with treason.
 Telle me faid fyre Triftram how thou wolt acquyte the / Sir faid
 Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me / as for Quene la beale Ifoud ye shal
 wete that I loue her aboue all other ladyes in this world / and wel I wote it
 fhalle befalle me as for her loue as befelle to the noble knyghte fyre

Kehydus that dyed for the loue of la Beale Ifoud / and now fir Triftram I wil that ye wete that I haue loued la Beale Ifoud 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 Ifoud I wanne the worship where someuer I came for the moost 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 fyr Triftram 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 Triftram / 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 fyr Triftram I wil fyghte with yow to the vttermest / I graunte faide palomydes / for in a better |<[p.568] sig.K3v> 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 vnderfande that I shalle neuer reioyce la beale Ifoud / I haue as good wylle to dye as to lyue / Thenne sette ye a day said fir Triftram 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 fire Triftram / 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 Ifoud / and therefore I wille repose me tyl I haue my strengthe ageyne / Soo thenne fire Triftram and fyr palomydes promysed feythfully to mete at the welle that day xv dayes / I am remembryd said fir Triftram to Palomydes / that ye brake me ones a promyse whan that I rescowed yow from Breufe 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 fir Triftram I was at that day in pryson so that I myghte not holde my promyse / So god me helpe said fir Triftram / and ye had holden your promyse this werk had not ben here now at this tyme / Ryghte soo departed fyre Triftram and fire Palomydes / And soo fire palomydes tooke his hors and his harneis / and he rode vnto Kynge Arthurs Courte / and there fyr palomydes gat hym four knyghtes and four sergeaunts of armes / and soo he retornod ageynward vnto Ioyous gard / And in the meane whyle fyr Triftram chaced and hunted at alle maner of venery / and aboute thre dayes afore the bataille shold be / as fyr Triftram chaced an herte ther was an Archer shot at the herte / and by myffortune he smote fyr Triftram in the thyck of the thygh / and the arowe slewe fir Triftrams hors & hurte hym / whan fir Triftram was so hurte / was passyng heuy / and wete ye

wel he bled fore / and thenne he took another hors / and rode vnto Ioyous gard with grete heuynesse more for the promyse that he hadde made with fir palomydes as to doo bataille with hym wythin thre dayes after than for any hurte of his thyȝ / wherfor ther was neyther man ne woman that coude chere hym with any thyng that they coude make to hym / neyther Quene la Beale Ifoud / for euer he |<[p.569] sig.K4r> demed that fyr launcelot had smyten hym soo / that he shold not be able to doo bataille with hym at the day fette /

¶ Capitulum lxxxviiij

BVt in no wyse there was no knyghte aboute fyr Triftram that wold byleue that euer fyr Palomydes wold hurte fir Triftram neyther by his owne handes nor by none other consentynge / thenne whan the fyftenth day was come fir Palomydes came to the welle with four knyȝtes with hym of Arthurs courte and thre sergeantes of armes / And for this ententente fyr palomydes broughte the knyȝtes with hym and the sergeant of armes / for they shold bere record of the bataille betwixe fyre Triftram and fyr Palomydes / And the one sergeant brought in his helme / the other his spere / the thyrd his sward / Soo thus Palomydes came in to the felde / & there he abode nyghe two houres / and thenne he sente a squyer vnto fyr Triftram / and desyred hym to come in to the felde / to holde his promyse / whan the squyer was come to Ioyous gard Anone as fir Triftram herd of his comynge he lete commaunde that the squyer shold come to his presence there as he lay in his bedde / My lord fir Triftram said Palomydes squyer wete yow wel my lord Palomydes abydeh yow in the felde / and he wold wete whether ye wold doo bataille or not / A my fair broder said fir Triftram wete thou wel that I am ryght heuy for these tydynges / therfor telle fire Palomydes / and I were wel atte ease I wold not lye here nor he shold haue noo nede to fende for me / and I myghte outhere ryde or goo / and for thow shalt saye that I am no lye / fyre Triftram shewed hym his thye that the wounde was fixe 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 batail of me his fylle / & with this squyer departed / & when palomydes wist þ^t triftrā was hurt he was glad & said now I |<[p.570] sig.K4v> 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 luyngge excepte fir Launcelot / And thenne departed fyr Palomydes where as fortune ladde hym / & within a moneth fir Triftram was hole of his hurte / And thenne he took his hors / and rode from cuntry to cuntry / and all straunge aduentures he acheued where someuer he rode / and alweyes he enquiryed for fire Palomydes / but of alle that quarter of sommer fyr Triftram coude neuer mete with fir palomydes / But thus as fir

Triftram foughte and enuyred after fire Palomydes / fir Triftram encheued many grete batails where thorough alle the noyfe felle to fyr Triftram / and it seaced of fir launcelot / & therfor fyre launcelots bretheren and his kynnesmen wold haue flayne fire Triftram by cause of his fame / But whanne fyre launcelot wyfte how his kynnesmen were fette / he said to them openly wete yow wel that and the enuy of yow alle be soo hardy to wayte vpon my lord fire Triftram with ony hurte / shame / or vylony / as I am true knyghte / I shalle flee the best of yow with myne owne handes / Allas fy for shame shold ye for his noble dedes awayte vpon hym to flee hym / Ihesu defende said launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as fyre Triftram is shold be destroyed with treason / Of this noyfe 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 fire Triftram of recommendacyon / and many grete yestes to mayntene fir Triftram estate / and euer bitwene fir Triftram reforted vnto Ioyous gard where as la Beale Ifoud was that loued hym as her lyf /

¶ here endeth the tenthe book whiche is of fyr Triftram

¶ And here foloweth the Enleuenth book whiche is of fir launcelot|<[p.571] sig.K5r>

¶ Capitulum primum

Now leue we fyr Triftram de lyones / & speke we of fire launcelot du lake and of fire Galahalt fyr launcelots sone hou he was goten / and in what maner as the book of Frenshe reherceth Afore the tyme that fyre Galahalt was goten or borne / there came in an hermyte vnto kynge Arthur vpon whytsonday / as the knyghtes fatte 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 anfuerd / ther shalle neuer none fyte 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 fyte therin / thenne wote I said the heremyte / for he that shal fyte there is vnborne and vngoten / and this fame yere he shalle be goten that shalle fyte ther in that syege perillous / and he shall wynne the Sancgreal whan this hermyte had made this menfyon he departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / And thenne after this feeste fyr launcelot rode on his aduventure tyl on a tyme by aduventure he pafft ouer the pounte of Corbyn / and there he sawe the fayrest toure that euer he sawe / and ther vnder was a fayre Townte ful of peple and alle the peple men and wymmen cryed at ones / welcome fir Launcelot du lake the floure of all knyghthode for by the alle we shalle be holpen oute of daunger / what mene ye said fire 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 scaldynge water / & but late said alle the peple fire

Gawayne was here and he myght not helpe her / and soo he lefte her in payne / Soo may I faide fyr Launcelot leue her in payne as wel as fire Gawayne dyd Nay faid the peple we knowe wel that it is fir Laūcelot that fhalle delyuer her / wel faid launcelot / thenne shewe me what I shalle doo / thenne they brought fire 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 fyr launcelot <[p.572] sig.K5v> wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe / And there fyr 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 / fyre launcelot thoughte she was the fayrest lady of the word / but yf it were Quene Gueneuer / thenne this lady faid to fire Launcelot / fyre 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 faid fir 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 fir knyght syn ye haue delyuerd this lady / ye shall delyuer vs from a serpent that is here in a tombe / Thenne fyr launcelot tooke his shelde and faid brynge me thyder / and what I may doo vnto the pleafyr of god and yow I wille doo / ¶ Soo whanne fir Laūcelot came thydder / he sawe wryten vpon the tombe letters of gold that faid thus / Here shalle come a lybard of kynges blood / and he fhalle flee this serpent / and this lybard shalle engendre a lyon in this foreyn countrey the whiche lyon shall passe alle other knyghtes / Soo thenne fir launcelot lyfte vp the tombe / and there came out an horryble & a fyendly dragon spyttyng fyre oute of his mouthe / Thenne fir launcelot drewe his swerd and fought with the dragon longe / and atte laste with grete payne fir launcelot slewe that dragon / There with alle came kyng Pelle the good and noble knyght / and falewed fyr launcelot and he hym ageyne / Fair knyghte sayd the kyng / What is your name / I requyre you of your kny3thode telle me

¶ Capitulum ij

SYr faid launcelot wete yow wel my name is fyre launcelot du lake / & my name is sayd the kyng / Pelles <[p.573] sig.K6r> kyng of the foreyn countrey / and cofyn 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 repalte / 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 sūche a fauour 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 damoyfel passyng 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 rycheft 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 fene / Soo the kynge and sir laūcelot ladde their lyf the moost parte of that daye / And fayne wold kynge Pelles haue fond the meane to haue hadde fyre Launcelot to haue layne by his doughter fayre Elayne / And for this entent the kyng knewe wel that fyr 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 Bryfen / and she said vnto the Kynge / Syr wete ye wel / fyre Launcelot loueth no lady in the world but all only Quene Gueneuer / and therefore wyrche ye by counceylle 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 Bryfen said the kyng / hope ye to brynge this about fyr said she vpon payne of my lyf lete me dele / for this Bryfen was one of the gretteft enchauntresses that was at that tyme in the world lyuyng / ¶ Thenne anone by dame Bryfens wytte she maade one to come to fyr launcelot that he knewe wel / And this man brougt hym a rynge 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 laūcelot sawe that tokē wete ye wel he was |<[p.574] sig.K6v> neuer soo fayne / where is my lady said fyr launcelot / in the castel of Cafe said the messager but fyue myle thens / Thenne sir launcelot thoughte to be there the same nyghte / And thenne this Bryfen by the commaundement of kynge Pelles lete sende Elayne to this castel with xxv knyghtes vnto the castel of Cafe / Thenne fyr launcelot ageynft nyght rode vnto that castel / and there anone he was receyued worshipfully with suche peple to his femyng as were aboute Quene Gueneuer secrete Soo whanne sir Launcelot was alyghte / he asked where the Quene was / Soo dame Bryfen said that she was in her bedde / & thenne the peple were auoyded / and sir launcelot was ledde vnto his chamber / And thenne dame Bryfen broughte sir launcelot a cup ful of wyne / and anone as he had dronken that wyn / he was soo affoted 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 geten sir launcelot in her armes / For well she knewe that same nyght shold be goten 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 fene / And thenne fyr launcelot remembryd hym / and he arofe vp and wente to the wyndowe /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ANd anone as he had vnshet the wyndowe the enchaüement was gone / thēne he knewe hym self that he had done amys / Allas he sayd that I haue lyued so long now I am fhamed / Soo thenne he gat his sward 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 fkypped 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 <[p.575] sig.K7r> knyghte of the world / flee me not / for I haue in my wombe hym by the / that shal be the moost noblest knyghte 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 Elayne the daughter of Kynges 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 wyfe 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 enchaunement vpon me as bytwene yow and me / and I may fynde her that same lady Bryfen she shalle lese her hede for wytchecraftes / for there was neuer knyghte deceyued soo as I am this nyghte / And soo fyre 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 commaüement to fulfille this prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest rycheffe and the fayrest floure that euer I had / and that is my maydenhode that I shalle neuer haue ageyne / and therefore gentyl knyght 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 chyld / and they crystened hym Galahalt / & wete ye wel that child was wel kepte and wel nourished / & 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 defyred her to wedde her / and soo by no meane she coude putte hym of / Tyl on a day she said to syr Bromel / wete thou wel sir knyght I wille not loue yow / for my loue is set vpon the best knyght of the world / Who is he said syr Bromel. syr she said it is fyre Launcelot du lake that I loue and none other / and therefore <[p.576] sig.K7v> 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 flee 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 fhalle kepe the pounte of Corbyn for fyr launcelots fake / that he fhalle neyther come ne goo vnto yow / but I fhall mete with hym /

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THenne as hit felle by fortune and aduenture fire Bors de ganys that was neuewe vnto fir Launcelot cam ouer that brydge / and ther fyre Bromel and fire bors Iufted / & fir Bors smote fyre Bromel fuche a buffet that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne fyre Bromel as an hardy knyghte pulled out his fuerd / and drefsid his fheld to doo bataille with fyr Bors / And thenne fyr Bors alygte / and auoyded his hors / and there they daffhed to gyders many fadde ftrokes / and long thus they foughte / tyl att the lafte fyr Bromel was leyd to the erthe / and there fyre bors began to vnlace his helme to flee hym / Thenne fyr bromel cryed fyre bors mercy / and yelded hym / vpon this couenaunt thou fhalt haue thy lyf faid fyr bors / foo thou goo vnto fyr launcelot vpon whytsondaye that next cometh and yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaunt / I wille doo hit faid fyr bromel / and that he fware vpon the croffe of the fwerd / and foo he lete hym departe / and fyr bors rode vnto kynge Pelles / that was within Corbyn / And whanne the kynge and Elayne his doughter wift that fyr bors was neuewe vnto fyr launcelot / they made hym grete chere / Thenne faid dame Elayne / we merueyle where fir Launcelot is / for he came neuer here but ones / Meruelle not faid fir bors / for this half yere he hath ben in pryfon with quene Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs fyfter / Allas faid dame Elayne that me repenteth / and euer fyr bors beheld that child in her armes / and euer hym femed it was paffynge lyke fire launcelot / Truly faid Elayne wete ye wel this child he gat vpon me / Thēne fir bors wepte for Ioye / & he praid to god it myȝt |<[p.577] sig.K8r> preue as good a knyghte as his fader was / And foo cam in a whyte douue / and ſhe bare a lytel cenfer of gold in her mouthe / and there was alle maner of metes and drynkes / and a mayden bare that Sancgreal / and ſhe faid openly / wete yow wel fyr Bors that this child is Galahalt that fhalle fyttē in the ſege peryllous and encheue the Sancgreal / and he fhalle be moche better than euer was fir Launcelot du lake / that is his owne fader / & thenne they kneled doune / & made theyre deuocyons / and there was fuche a ſauour as alle the ſpyecery in the world had ben there / And whanne the douue took her flyghte / the mayden vanyſhed with the Sancgreal as ſhe cam Syr faid fir Bors vnto kynge Pelles / this Caſtel may be named the caſtel aduenturous / for here be many ſtraunge aduentures / that is ſothe faid the kynge / for wel maye this place be called the aduentures place / for there come but fewe knyghtes here that gone awaye with ony worſhip / be he neuer ſo ſtrong here he may be preued / and but late fire Gawayne the good knyght gate but lytyl worſhip here / for I lete yow wete faid kynge Pelles / here fhalle no knyght wyne no worſhip / but if he be of worſhip hym ſelf and of good lyuyngē / and that loueth god and dredeth god / and els he geteth no worſhip here be he neuer ſoo hardy /

that is wonderful thyng said fyr 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 befall me said fyr Bors thenne I counceyle yow said the kynge to be confessid clene / As for that said fyre Bors I wille be fhryuen with a good wyll / Soo fyr Bors was confessyd / and for al wymmen fir Bors was a vyrgyne / fauf for one / that was the doughter of kynge Brangorys / and on her he gat a child that hyghte Elayne / and fauf for her fyre Bors was a clene mayden / and soo fir Bors was ledde vnto bed in a fayr large chamber / and many dores were shette aboute the chamber / whan fir Bors aspyed alle tho dores / he auoyded alle the peple / for he myght haue no body with hym / but in no wyse fyr Bors wold vname hym / but soo he leid hym doune vpon the bedde / and ryght foo |<[p.578] sig.K8v> he sawe come in a lyghte that he myght wel see a spere grete & longe that came streyghte vpon hym poyntelynge / and to fyre Bors semed that the hede of the spere brente lyke a tapre / and anon or fyr Bors wyft / the spere hede smote hym in to the sholder an hand brede in depnesse / and that wound greued fyre Bors passyng fore / 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 fir Bors aryse fyr knyghte and fyghte with me / I am fore hurte he said / but yet I shal not fayle the / And thenne fyr Bors starte vp and dressid his shelde / and thenne they lashed to gyders myghtely a grete whyle / and at the laste fyr Bors bare hym bakward vntyl that he came vnto a chāber dore / and there that knyghte yede in to that chamber & rested hym a grete whyle / And whan he hadde repofed hym he came out fresshely ageyne / and beganne newe bataille with fir bors myghtely and strongly

¶ Capitulum Quintum

THenne fir Bors thought he shold no more goo in to that chamber to reste hym / and soo fyr Bors dressyd hym betwixe the knyghte and that chamber dore / and there fir Bors smote hym doune / and thenne that knyght yelded hym What is your name said fyr Bors / Syr said he / my name is pedyuere of the streyte marches / Soo fyre Bors made hym to fwere 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 fyr Bors / Soo thus departed fyr pedyuere of the strayte marches / And thenne fyre Bors layd hym doune to reste / and thenne he herd and felt moche noyse in that chamber / and thenne fir Bors aspyed that there came in / he wift not whether at the dores nor wyndowes shot of arowes and of quarels soo thyck that he merueylled / and many felle vpon hym and hurte hym in the bare places / And thenne fyre Bors was ware where came in an hydous lyon / soo fyre bors dressid hym vnto the lyon / & anone the lyon berafte hym his sheld & with his suerd fyr bors smote of the lyons heed / |<[p.579] sig.L1r> Ryght soo fyre Bors forth with all sawe a dragon in the courte passyng horryble / and there semed letters

of gold wryten in his forhede / and fir Bors thoughte that the letters made a fygnfyacyon of kynge Arthur / Ryghte foo there came an horryble lybard and an old / and there they foughte longe / & dyd grete batail to gyders / And at the lafte the dragon spytte oute of his mouthe as hit had ben an honderd dragons / and lyghtely alle the fmal dragons flewe the old dragon and tare hym all to pyeces / Anone with alle there came an old man in to the halle / and he fatte 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 fange an old fonge how Ioseph of Armathye came in to this land / thenne whanne he had fongen / the old man bad fir Bors go from thens / for here shall ye haue no mo aduentures / and ful worlhypfully haue ye done / and better shall ye doo here after / And thenne fir Bors semed that there came the whyttest douue with a lytel golden senser in her mouthe / And anone there with alle the tēpest ceased and passed that afore was merueyllous to here / Soo was alle that Courte ful of good sauours / Thenne fyre 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 fyre Bors goo ye to your cofyn fyr Launcelot / and telle hym of this aduenture the whiche had ben most conuenient for hym of al erthely knyghtes / but synne is soo foule in hym / he may not encheue fuche holy dedes / for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyghtes that euer were in his dayes / and telle thou fir launcelot of alle wordly aduentures he passeth in manhode & prowesse al other But in this spyrytuel mater he shall haue many his better / And thenne fir Bors sawe four gentylwymen come by hym pourely bifene / & he sawe where that they entrid in to a chamber where as grete lyghte as it were a fomer lyghte / & the wymen |<[p.580] sig.L1v> kneled doune afore an aulter of fyluer with foure pyllowes and as hit had ben a bissshop kneled doune afore that table of fyluer / And as fyre Bors loked ouer his hede / he sawe a fwerd lyke fyluer naked houynge ouer his hede / and the clerenes there of smote foo in his eyen that as att that tyme fyre Bors was blynde / and there he herd a voys that said go hens thou fyre 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 kynge Pelles made grete Ioye of fir Bors / and thenne he departed and rode to Camelot / and there he fonde fyre launcelot du lake / and told hym of the aduentures that he had fene with kynge Pelles at Corbyn / Soo the noyse sprange in Arthurs Courte that launcelot had geten a childe vpon Elayne the doughter of Kynge Pelles / wherfor Quene Gueneuer was wrothe / and gaf many rebukes to fir launcelot / and called hym fals knyghte / & thenne fyre launcelot told the quene all / & how he was made to lye by her by enchaūtement in lykenes of the Quene / Soo the quene helde fir launcelot excused / And as the book faith 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 hold he there / but yf it were fuche as were rebellious ageynft hym

¶ Capitulum vij

ANd when dame Elayne the daughter 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 anfuerd I will wel ye go thyder / but in ony wyfe as ye loue me / and wile haue my blessing that ye be wel bifene in the rycheft wyfe / and loke that ye spare not for no cost / alke and ye shalle haue alle that yow nedeth / Thenne by the aduyse of dame Bryfen her mayden alle thyng was apparaylled vnto the purpose that there was neuer no lady more rychelyer byfene / So she rode with xx knyghtes & x ladyes & gētilwymen to þ^e |<[p.581] sig.L2r> nombre of an honderd horses / And whanne she came to Camelot / kyng Arthur and quene Gueneuer sayd and all the knyghtes / that dame Elayne was the fayrest and the best byfene lady that euer was sene in that Courte ¶ And anone as kyng Arthur wyfte that she was come / he mette her / and falewed her / and soo dyd the moost party of al the knyghtes of the roūd table / bothe fyr Tristram / fir Bleoberys and fyr Gawayne and many moo that I wille not reherce / But whanne fyre 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 falewe her nor speke to her / & yet fyre Launcelot thought she was the fayrest woman that euer he sawe in his lyf dayes / But whanne dame Elayn sawe fyre Launcelot that wold not speke vnto her / she was so heuy that she wend her herte wold haue to braft / For wete you wel oute of mesure she loued hym / And thenne Elayne sayd vnto her woman dame Bryfen the vnkyndenesse of fyr Launcelot fleeth me nere / ¶ A pees madame said dame Bryfen 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 aboute the erthe / Lete me dele said dame Bryfen / ¶ Soo whanne Elayne was broughte vnto quene Gueneuer eyther made other good chere by countenance but nothyng with hertes / But alle men & wymmen spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and of her grete Rycheffes / thenne at nyghte the quene commaunded that dame Elayne shold slepe in a chamber / nyghe her chamber and alle vnder one rooffe / & soo it was done as the quene commaunded ¶ Thenne the quene sent for fyre 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 fyr 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 commaudemēt / this bargayn was soone done & made bitwene them / but dame Bryfen knewe it by her craftes / & told hit to her lady dame Elayne / ¶ Allas said she how shall I |<[p.582] sig.L2v>

doo / lete me dele said dame Bryfen / for I shalle brynge hym by the hand
 euen to your bedde / and he shalle wene that I am Quene Gueneuers
 messager ¶ Now wel is me said dame Elayne / for alle the world I loue
 not soo moche as I doo fyr launcelot /

¶ Capitulum viij

Soo whanne tyme came that alle folkes were a bedde / Dame
 Bryfen came to fyr launcelots beddes fyde and said Syre
 launcelot du lake flepe yow / My lady quene gweneuer lyeth and
 awayteth vpon yow / O my fayre lady sayd fyr launcelot I am
 redy to goo with yow where ye will haue me / Soo fyr launcelot
 threwe vpon hym a long gowne / and his fuerd in his hand / and thenne
 dame Bryfen 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 fyr launcelot / for he
 wende that he had had another in his armes / ¶ Now leue we them
 kyssyng and clyppynge as was kyndely thyng / & now speke we of quene
 gweneuer that sente one of her wymen vnto fyr 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 flepe a
 four or fyue houres / ¶ Thenne fyre launcelot had a condycion that he
 vsed of customme he wolde clater in his flepe / and speke ofte of his lady
 Quene Gueneuer / Soo as fyr launcelot had waked as longe as hit had
 pleafyd hym / thenne by course of kynde he flepte / & dame Elayne bothe /
 And in flepe he talked and clatered as a lay 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 wift not what to do / ¶ And [p.583] sig.L3r thenne she
 coughed soo lowde that fyre 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 knyght that thow arte / loke thow neuer abyde in my Courte and
 auoyde my chamber / and not soo hardy thow fals traytour knyght that thow
 arte that euer thow come in my fyghte / Allas sayd fyr launcelot / and there
 with he tooke fuche 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 fyr 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 vyfage and his body / and soo he ranne forthe he wyft 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 foo to rebuke fyr 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 fyr launcelot / for now haue ye loft hym / for I sawe & herd by his countenaunce that he is mad for 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 youre parte to loue hym / for there is no quene in this world / hath suche an other kyng as ye haue / And yf ye were not myghte haue the loue of my lord fyr 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 |<[p.584] sig.L3v> And for the loue ye owe vnto fyr launcelot discouer not his counceyll / 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 lofte hym for euer / So on the morne dame Elayne took her leue to departe and she wold no lenger abyde / Thenne kyng Arthur brought her on her waye with mo than an honderd knyghtes thurgh a foret / ¶ And by the way she told fir Bors de ganys alle how hit betyd that same nyghte And how fir launcelot lepte out att a wyndowe araged oute of his wytte / Allas said fyr Bors where is my lord fir launcelot become / Syr said Elayne I wote nere / Allas said fyre 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 sward in his hand naked sauf his sherte / and lepte oute at a wyndowe with the gryflyest grone that euer I herd man make ¶ Now fare wel dame Elayne faide fyre 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 fyre 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 fyre 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 enchaument before betwix fir launcelot and her / I pray you hertely lete fyre Bors departe / and hye hym with al his mygt |<[p.585] sig.L4r> as fast as he may to seke fyre Launcelot / For I warne yow he is clene out of his mynde / and yet he shall be wel holpen / & but my miracle / Thenne wepte dame Elayne / and soo dyd fyre Bors de ganys / and soo they

departed / and fyre bors rode streyghte vnto Quene Gueneuer / and whanne she sawe fir Bors / she wepte as she were wood / Fy on your wepyng said fir Bors de ganys / for ye wepe neuer but whan there is no bote / Allas said fir Bors that euer fyr launcelot kynne sawe yow / for now haue ye loft the best knyght of oure blood / and he that was alle oure leder and oure focour / and I dare faye and make it good that all kynges cryften nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylness and curtosye with his beaute and his gentylnesse / Allas said fire 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 faye soo / she felle to the erthe in a dede swoune / and thenne fyr Bors took her vp / and dawe 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 / & fir Bors / fyr Ector / and fyr Lyonel departed from the quene for they myght not abyde no lenger for forowe / and thenne the quene sent them trefour ynough for their 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 sekyng coude they neuer here word of hym / ¶ And wete yow well |<[p.586] sig.L4v> these thre knyghtes were passyng sory / Thenne at the laste fire Bors and his felawes mette with a knyghte that hyght fyr Melyon de Tartare / Now fayre knyzt said fir 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 fire Bors that ye wille telle my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer and alle the felawshyp of the round table that we can not in no wyse here telle where fyr launcelot is become / ¶ Thenne fire Melyon departed from them / and sayd that he wold telle the kyng and the quene and alle the felawshyp of the round table as they had desyred hym / Soo whanne fire Melyon came to the Courte of kyng Arthur / he told the kyng and the quene and al the felawship of the round table what fir Bors had said of fyre Launcelot / Thenne fire Gawayne fire Vwayne / fyr Sagramor le desyrus / fyr Aglouale / and fyre Percyuale de galys tooke vpon them by the grete desyre of kyng Arthur / and in especial by the quene to seke thorou out all Englund walys & Scotland to fynde fire Launcelot / and with hem rode eyghten knyghtes moo to bere them felawship / and wete ye wel / they lacked no maner of spendyng / and soo were they thre and twenty knyghtes / ¶ Now torne we to fyre Launcelot / and speke we of his care and woo / and what payne he there endured / for

cold / honger and thurst 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 alligned where they shold mete / And soo fir Aglouale and fyr Percyuale rode to gyders vnto theyr moder that was a quene in tho dayes / And whanne she sawe her two sones / for loye she wepte tendyrly / And thenne she sayd / A my dere sones / whanne your fader was slayne / he lefte me iij sones / of the whiche now be tweyn slayne / And for the dethe of my noble sone fyre Lamorak shalle my herte neuer be gladde / And thenne she kneled doune vpon her knees to fore Aglouale and fir Percyuale / and befoughte them to abyde at home with her / A swete moder said fyr 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 <[p.587] sig.L5r> my swete sones thenne she sayd. for your sakes I shalle lese my lykynge and lust / and thenne wynde and weder I maye not endure / what for the dethe of your fader kyng Pellenore that was shamefully slayne by the handes of fyr Gawayne / and his broder fyre 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 / confyderynge also the dethe of fyre Lamorak that of knyghthode 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 fwounyng 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 blesyng / And so this squyer was benyghted / and by myffortune he happend to come to a castel where dwellid a Baroune / ¶ And so whanne the squyer was come in to the castel / the lord alked hym / from whens he came / and whome he serued / my lord sayd the squyer a serue a good knyghte that is called fyre Aglouale / the squyer said it to good entente / wenyng vnto hym to haue ben more forborne for fyre Aglouals sake / than he had said he had serued the quene Aglouals moder / wel my felawe said the lord of that Castel / for fyre Aglouals sake thou shalt haue euyl lodgyng / for fir 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 flee 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 fyre Aglouale and fyre Percyuale rydyng by a chirche where men and wymmen were befy / and beheld the dede squyer / and they thoughte to berye hym / what is there said fir Aglouale / that ye behold soo fast / A good man starte forthe / <[p.588] sig.L5v> and said / fayre knyghte here lyeth a squyer slayne shamefully this nyght / How was he slayne fayr felawe said fir

Aglouale / my fayr fyr 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 fyr Aglouale / therfor the lord commaunded to flee hym / & for this cause is he flayne / Gramercy said fyr Aglouale / and ye shalle see his dethe reuenged lyghtely / for I am that same knyght for whome this squyer was flayne / Thenne fir Aglouale called vnto hym fyr 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 / fyre Aglouale badde the porter goo thow vnto thy lord and telle hym / that I am fyr Aglouale for whome this squyer was flayne this nyght Anone the porter told this to his lord whos name was Goodewyn / anone he armed hym / and thenne he came in to the court and said whiche of yow is fir Aglouale / here I am said Aglouale / for what cause slewest thou this nyghte my moders squyer / I flewe hym said fyr Goodewyn by cause of the / For thou slewest my broder fyr Gawdelyn / As for thy broder sayd fyr Aglouale I auowe hit / I flewe hym / for he was a fals knyghte and a bitrayer of ladyes and of good knyghtes / & for the dethe of my squyer thou shalt dye / I defye the said fir Goodewyn / thenne they lashed to gyders as egerly as hit had ben two lyons / and fyr Percyuale he fought with alle the remenaunt that wold fyghte / And within a whyle fyr Percyuale had flayne alle that wold withstande hym / For fyr percyuale delt soo his strokes that were soo rude that there durste no man abyde hym / And within a whyle fir Aglouale had fir Goodewyn at the erthe / and there he vnaced 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 fyr Launcelot / but neuer |<[p.589] sig.L6r> they coude here of hym / and at the laste they came to a Castell that hyghte Cardycan / and there fyre Percyuale and fyre aglouale were lodged to gyders / and pryuely aboute mydnyght fir Percyuale came to aglouals 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 flee me / as for that care thou not / for shalle be thy waraunt / & soo fyr 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 waft vnto a pyller of stone / O fayre knyghte said that bounden Knyghte / I requyre the lofe me of my boundes / what knyghte are ye sayd fyr Percyuale / and for what cause are ye soo bounden / Syre I shalle telle yow said that knyght I am a knyghte of the table round / and my name is fyre Perfydes / 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 fyr 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 fyr Percyuale pulled out his swerd and strake at the chayne with suche a myght that he cutte a two the chayne / and thoru fyr Percydes hauberk and hurte hym a lytel / O Ihesu said fir Perfides that was a myghty stroke as euer I felt one / for had not the chayne be / ye hadde slayn me / & there with al fire Perfides sawe a knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer he myghte flynge / Beware fyr saide fyre Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille haue adoo with you Lete hym come said fyre Percyuale / and so he mette with that knyghte in myddes of the brydge / and fire 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 thēne fire percyual tooke the knyghtes hors and made fire percydes to mounte vp <[p.590] sig.L6v> hym / and soo they rode vnto the castel / and bad the lady delyuer fyre Perfides seruants / or els he wold flee alle that euer he fonde / and soo for fere she delyuerd them alle / Thenne was fyre Percyuale ware of a lady that stode in that toure / A madame sayd fyre 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 fyr Percydes brougte fyr percyuale vnto his owne castel / and there he made hym grete chere alle that nyghte / And on the morne whanne fyr percyuale had herd masse / and broken his fast / he badde fyr perfydes ryde vnto kynge Arthur / and telle the kynge how that ye mette with me / and telle my broder fyre Aglouale how I rescowed yow / and bydde hym seke not after me / for I am in the quest to seke fir 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 fyre Launcelot / Also telle fir kay the Seneschal and to fyr Mordred that I trust to Ihesu to be of as grete worthynes as eyther of them / for telle them I shal neuer forgete their 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 any of them bothe / And soo fyre percydes departed from fyr percyuale / and thenne he rode vnto kyng Arthur / and told there of fire percyuale / And whan fire Aglouale herd hym speke of his broder fyr percyuale / he sayd / he departed from me vnkyndely /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SYr sayd fyre percydes on my lyf he shalle preue a noble knyghte as ony now is lyuyng / And whanne he sawe fire kay and fyr Mordred / fyr percydes said thus / My fayre lordes bothe fyr 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 |<[p.591] sig.L7r> yow / hit maye wel be ſayd fyr kay and fyre 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 fyr 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 fyre Percyuale was ſmyten to the erthe / and thenne fyr 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 vttermoſt 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 laſſhed to gyder with noble fuerdes / 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 fyre Percyuale was a proued knyghte and a wyſe fyghtyng knyghte / and fyre percyuale was yonge and ſtronge not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was / Thenne fir percyuale ſpake fyrſte and ſayd fyre knyghte hold thy hand a whyle ſtille / for we haue fougten 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 fore / as thow haſt done / and yet haue I foughten in many batails and now ſhalt thow wete that I am a knyghte of the table round / and my name is fyr Ector de marys broder vnto the good knyghte fyr launcelot du lake / Allas ſaid fyr percyual and my name is fyre percyuale de galys that hath maade my queſt to ſeke fyr launcelot / and now I am ſeker that I ſhall neuer fynyſſhe my queſt / for ye haue ſlayne me with your handes / It is not ſoo ſaid fire Ector / for I am ſlayne by youre |<[p.592] sig.L7v> handes / and maye n lyuote / therfor I requyre yow ſayd fire Ector vnto fyr Percyuale ryde ye here by to a pryory / & brynge me a preeſt that I may receyue my ſaueour / for I may not lyue / And whanne ye come to the courte of Kynge Arthur / telle not my broder fire 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 foughte hym / Allas ſaid fire 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 fauour / but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel / but sire 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 sire 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 bleffid mote he be but it may not be sene said sire Ector / but yf hit be by a parfyte man / Soo god me help said sire Percyuale I sawe a damoyfel 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 horfes and their harneis and amended their harneis as wel as they myghte that was broken / and soo they mounted vpon their horfes / and rode talkyng to gyders / And there sire Ector de marys told sire Percyuale how he hadde foughte his <[p.593] sig.L8r> broder sire 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 booke

¶ Capitulum primum /

ANd now leue we of a whyle of sire Ector and of sire Percyuale / and speke we of sire launcelot that suffred and endured many sharp shoures that euer ranne wylde wood from place to place and lyued by fruyt / and fuche as he myght gete / and dranke water two yere / and other clothyng had he but lytel / but his sherte and his breche / ¶ Thus as sire launcelot wandred here and there / he came in a fayre medowe where he fond a paulione / 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 sire launcelot sawe the swerdes / anone he lepte to the one swerd and toke hit in his hand and drewe hit oute / And thenne he lallhed at the sheld that alle the medowe range of the dyntes / that he gaf fuche a noyse as ten knyghtes had foughten to gyders / Thenne came forthe a dwerf and lepte vnto sire

launcelot / and wold haue had the fuerd oute of his hand / and thenne fyre
launcelot took hym by the bothe fholders 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 fyr
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 /
thow haddest more nede of slepe and of warme clothes / than to welde that
swerd / As for that said fyr Launcelot come not to nyȝ for and thow doo
wete thou wel I will flee the / And when <[p.594] sig.L8v> the knyghte of
the paelione sawe that he starte bakward within the paelione / And
thenne the dwerf armed hym lyghtely and soo the knyghte thought by
force and myghte to take the swerd from fyr launcelot / and soo he came
steppyng oute / and whanne fyr launcelot sawe hym come so alle armed
with hys swerd in his hand / Thenne fyr 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 fuerd brak in thre / And the
knyght felle to the erthe as he hadde ben dede / the blood braстыng oute of
his mouthe / the nose / and the eres / And thenne fyr launcelot ranne in to
the paelione 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
paelione / 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 dwerf 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 fyre 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
horfbak vnto my broder fyr 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 fyr Selyuaunt with hym / and fyxe men with |<[p.595] sig.M1r> an hors lytter / and soo they took vp the fether bedde with fyre 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 fyr 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 fyr Blyaunt took his armes on horsbak with a spere to seke aduentures / And as he rode in a foreft ther met hym two knyghtes aduenturous / the one was Breuse faunce pyte / and his broder fyr Bertelot / & these two ranne both attones vpon fyr Blyaunt / and brake their speres vpon his body And thenne they drewe oute fwerdes & made grete bataill / & fought long to gyders / But at the last fyr Blyaunt was fore 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 fir launcelot lay in wyndowe / & sawe how two knyghtes layd vpon fyr Blyaunt with their fwerdes / And whanne fir launcelot sawe that yet as woode as he was he was sory for his lord fyr Blyaunt / And thenne fir launcelot brake the chaynes fro his legges and of his armes / & in the brekyng he hurte his handes fore / & so fir launcelot ran out at a posterne / and there he mett with the two knyghtes that chaced fir Blyaunt / & there he pulled down fir Bertelot with his bare handes from his hors / & there with all he wrothe hys fuerd out of his hand / & so he lepte vnto fyr Bruuse / & gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the hede that he tumbled bakward ouer his hors croupe / And whan fir Bertelot sawe there his broder haue suche a falle / he gat a spere in his hand / & wold haue ronne fyr launcelot thurgh / that sawe fir Blyaunt / and strake of the hand of fyr Bertelot / And thenne fyr bruuse and fir bertelot gat theyr horses and fled away / whan fyre Selyuaunt came and sawe what fyr launcelot had done for his brother / thenne he thanked god and so dyd his broder that euer they dyd hym ony good ¶ But whanne fire blyaunt sawe that fyr launcelot was hurte with the brekyng |<[p.596] sig.M1v> of his yrons / thēne was he heuy that euer bound hym / bynde hym no more said fyr Selyuaunt / for he is happy & gracyous Thenne they made grete loye of fyr launcelot / and they bound hym no more / & soo he abode there an half yere and more / and on the morne erly fyr 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 fir launcelot was ware where one alyght and teyed his hors to a tree. and lened his spere ageynste the tree /

¶ Capitulum iij

SOo came fyr launcelot and fonde the hors bounden tyl a tree / & a spere lenyng ageynft a tree / & a fwerd teyd to the fadel bowe / & thenne fir launcelot lepte in to the fadel & gat that spere in his hand / & thenne he rode after the bore / & thenne fyre laūcelot was ware where the bore fet his ars to a tree by an hermytage / Thenne fir 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 fire launcelot mygt gete from the hors / the bore rafe hym on the brawne of the thyȝ vp to the houghbone / and thenne fir launcelot was wrothe / & vp he gat vpon his feet / & drewe his fwerd / & 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 fir launcelot and bemoned hym / and wold haue had hym home vnto his hermytage / but whan fyr launcelot herd hym speke / he was so wroth with his wound that he ranne vpon the heremyte to haue flayne hym / & the heremyte ranne away / & whan fir laūcelot myght not ouer gete hym / he threwe his fwerd after hym / for fyr launcelot myght tho no ferther for bledyng / thēne the heremyte torned ageyn / & alked fir launcelot how he was hurte / Felawe said fir launcelot this bore hath bete me fore / Thenne come with me said the heremyte and I shalle hele yow / Goo thy wey said fir launcelot and dele not with me / Thenne the heremyte ranne his way / and there he mette with a good knyghte |<[p.597] sig.M2r> with many men / Sir said the heremyte / here is faft by my place the goodlyest man that euer I sawe / and he is fore wounded with a bore / & yet he hath flayne 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 defyre of the heremyte gat a carte / and in that carte that knyghte putte the bore and fir launcelot / for fir laūcelot was soo feble that they myghte ryght easyly deale wyth hym / and soo fyr launcelot was broughte vnto the hermytage and there the heremyte heled hym of his wound / But the heremyte myghte not fynde fyr launcelots sustenance / and so he enpayred and waxed feble bothe of his body and of his wyt for the defaute of his sustenance / he waxed more wooder than he was afore hand / And thenne vpon a day fyr 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 fyr Launcelots fone / and soo whan he was entryd in to the toun he ranne thurgh the Townte to the Castel / and thenne alle the yonge men of that Cyte ranne after fir Launcelot / and there they threwe turues at hym / and gaf hym many sadde strokes / And euer as fyre launcelot myghte ouer retche any 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 fyr launcelot / And whan they beheld hym / & loked vpon his perfon / 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 vnderne the hym / and a lytel hous / And thēne euery day they wold throwe hym mete / and fette hym drynke / but there was but fewe wold brynge hym mete to his handes

¶ Capitulum iiij

SO it befelle that kyng Pelles had a neuwe / his name was Castor / and so he defyred of the kyng to be made knyghte / & so atte request of this Castor the kynge <[p.598] sig.M2v> made hym knyghte at the feest of Candelmasse / And whanne fyr Castor was made knyghte / that same day he gaf many gownes / And thenne fir Castor fente for the foole that was fyr Launcelot / And when he was come afore fyr Castor / he gaf fir Launcelot a Robe of scarlet and alle that longed vnto hym / And whanne fyr 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 fyre 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 fyr launcelot / and there with alle she felle on wepyng soo hertely / that she fanke euen to the erthe / & whanne she had thus wepte a grete whyle / thenne she aroos & called her maydens and said she was feke / 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 spore / and there by the welle I fonde fyr Launcelot du lake slepyng / I may not bileue that said kyng Pelles / fyre 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 douzter / and whan they cam to the welle and beheld fyr launcelot / anone dame Brysen knewe hym / Sire saide dame Brysen we muste be wyfe 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 enchaument vpon hym / that he shal not awake within the space of an houre / & so she dyd ¶ Thenne within a lytel whyle after the <[p.599] sig.M3r> 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 fyr 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 fyr launcelot was leid by that holy vessel / and there came an holy man and vnhyllid that vessel / and

foe by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessel fyr launcelot was heled and recouerd / And whanne that he was awaked / he gromed and fyghed and complayned gretely / that he was passynge fore

¶ Capitulum v

ANd whanne fir launcelot sawe kynge Pelles & Elayne / he waxed aghamed 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 afore this holy vessel And by the vertu of it thus were ye helyd / O Ihesu mercy said fire 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 Bryfen / Now for Crystes loue said fir Launcelot kepe hit in counceyll / and lete noo man knowe hit in the world / for I am fore aghamed that I haue ben thus myscaryed / for I am bannysshed oute of the Countrey of Logrys for euer that is to for to faye the countrey of Englund / And soo fyr Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyghte or euer that he myghte stere for forenes / And thenne vpon a day he layd vnto dame Elayne these wordes / lady Elayne for your sake I haue had moche trouaill care and anguyllhe / 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 sward to you to haue slayn you vpon the morn whan I had layn with yow And alle was the cause that ye & dame Bryfen made me for [p.600] sig.M3v to lye by yow maugre myn hede / and as ye faye that nyghte Galahalt your sone was begoten / that is trouthe sayd dame Elayne / ¶ Now wille ye for my loue said fire 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 auaille you and my dethe myghte auaille 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 defyre of hym but I shalle haue hit / And where ye be my lord fyr 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 fyre / my lord fyr launcelot defyeth to be here by yow in some Castel of yours / wel daughter said the kynge fythe hit his defyre 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 daughter I wille that ye wete we alle ben honoured by the blood of fire launcelot

¶ **Capitulum vj**

THenne wente dame Elayne vnto fyr Launcelot & told hym alle how her fader had deuysed for hym and her / Thenne cam the knyzt fyr Castr that was neuewe vnto kyng Pelles vnto fyr launcelot & asked hym what was his name Sir said fyr launcelot my name is le cheualer malfet that is to say the knyzt that hath trespaced / Sir said fir Castr it may wel be so / but euer me femeth your name shold be fyr laūcelot du lake / for or now I haue sene yow / fir said launcelot ye are not as a gentyl knyzt / I put caas my name were fyr laūcelot / & that it lyste me not to difcouer 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 fir Castr kneled doune and befouzt fir laūcelot of mercy / for I shal neuer vtter what ye be whyle ye be in these partyes / thenne fire launcelot pardoned hym / ¶ And thenne after this kynge Pelles with <[p.601] sig.M4r> 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 / fyr launcelot lete calle hit the Ioyous yle / & there was he called none other wyfe / but Le cheualer malfet the knyghte that hath trespaced / Thenne fire Launcelot lete make hym a shelde alle of Sabel / and a quene crowned in the myddes alle of fyluer / & a knyghte clene armed knelyng afore her and euery day ones for ony myrthes that alle the ladyes myzt 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 brafte / Soo hit felle that tyme fyr launcelot herd of a Iuftyng fast by his Castel within thre legges thenne he called vnto hym a dwerf and he badde hym goo vnto that Iuftyng / and or euer the knyghtes departe loke thow make there a crye in heryng of alle knyghtes / that there is one knyghte in the Ioyous yle that is the Castel of Blyaunt / and faye his name is le cheualer malfet that wille Iufte ageynste knyghtes that wille come / And who that putteth that knyghte to the werfe / shalle haue a fayr mayde and a Ierfaucion /

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 fyre 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 fyr launcelot maade them alle a grete feest / and in the meane whyle came fyr Percyual de galys & fyr 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 fyde a lady with a sperhauk on her hād |<[p.602] sig.M4v> and fir 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 faye luyng / and he called hym self le cheualer mal fett / how came he in to these marches sayd fyr Percyuale / Truly said the damoyfel / 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 lyste to come in to the castel sayd the lady ye muste ryde vnto the ferther fyde 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 fyre 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 lyste 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 erraūt knyghte to luste with hym / Sir said the porter ryde ye within the Castel / and there is a comyn place for lustyng that lordes and ladyes maye behold yow / So anone as fyr launcelot had warnyng / he was soone redy / and there fyr Percyual and fir launcelot encountred with sūche 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 passyng fore / At the last fyr Percyual spake fyrst whanne they had foughten there more than two houres / Fair knyghte said fyre Percyuale I requyre the telle me thy name for I mette neuer with sūche a knyghte / Sir said fyr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet / Now telle me youre name faide fyre Launcelot I requyre yow gentyll knyghte |<[p.603] sig.M5r> Truly said sire Percyual my name is fyr Percyual de galis that was broder vnto the good knyghte fyre Lamorak de galys / and kynge Pellenore was oure fader / and fyre 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 fyre launcelot kneled doune vpon his knees and threwe away his sheld and his fuerd from hym / Whanne sire Percyual sawe hym doo so / he merueyled what he mened / And thenne thus he said / fyre 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 fyre launcelot du

lake kynge Bans fone of Benoy / Allas faid fyr Percyual what haue I done I was fente by the Quene for to feke yow / and foo I haue foughte yow nygh this two yere / and yonder is fyre Ector de marys your broder abydeth me on the other fyde of the yonder water / Now for goddes sake faid fyre Percyual forgyue me myn offencys that I haue here done / hit is soone forgyuen faid fyre launcelot / Thenne fyre Percyual fente for fyr Ector de marys And whanne fyr launcelot had a fyghte of hym / he ranne vnto hym and took hym in his armes / and thēne fyr 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 fyr Ector and fyr Percyual how and in what manere fir launcelot came in to that countrey / And how he was heled / and there hit was knowen how longe fyr launcelot was with fyre Blyaunt and with fyr Selyuaunt / and how he fyrste mette with them / and how he departed from them by cause of a bore / and how the heremyte heled fyre launcelot of his grete woūd and how that he came to Corbyn /

¶ **Capitulum ix** |<[p.604] sig.M5v>

Now leue we fyre launcelot in the Ioyous yle with the lady dame Elayne and fyr Percyual and fir Ector playenge with hem / and torne we to fyr Bors de ganys and fyre Lyonel that had foughte fyre 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 fyr Bors was wel knowen / for he had geten a child vpon the kynge's daughter fyten yere to forne / & his name was Helyn le blank / And whanne fyre Bors sawe that child hit lyked hym passyng wel / And so tho knyghtes had good chere of the kynge Brandegore / ¶ And on the morne fyre Bors came afore kynge Brandegore and faid Here is my fone Helyn le blanck / that as it is sayd he is my fone / and fythe hit is foo / 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 fyre Bors I wille haue hym with me / and bryng hym to the hows of most worship of the world / Soo whanne fyre Bors shold departe / there was made grete sorowe for the departyng of Helyn le blanck / and grete wepyng was there made / But fyre Bors and fyre 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 fone / and neuwe vnto kynge Brandegore / Thenne kynge Arthur lete hym make knyghte of the round table / and foo he preued a good knyght / and an aduenturous / ¶ Now wille we torne to our mater of fyre launcelot / Hit befelle vpon a day fyr Ector and fyr Percyual cam to fyr Launcelot and alked hym what he wold doo / and whether he wold goo with them vnto kynge Arthur or not / Nay sayd fyr 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 faid fyr 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 difworship / ye

may vnderftande I neuer counceyle yow ther to / but kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes / and in especial Quene Gueneuer maade fuche dole and forowe that hit was merueyle to here and fee |<[p.605] sig.M6r> 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 luyunge / for there is none that bereth the name now but ye and fyr Triftram / therefore broder fayd fyre 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 fyr Ector it hath coſte my lady Quene twenty thowſand pound the ſekynge of yow / wel broder ſaid fire 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 fyre launcelot ſhold departe / dame Elayne made grete forowe / My lord fyr Launcelot ſaid dame Elayne at this ſame feſt of Pentecoſt ſhall your ſone and myn Galahalt be made knyghte / for he is fully now xv wynter old / doo as ye lyft ſaid fir 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 fyre launcelot /

¶ Capitulum x

THenne they departed / and within fyue dayes Journey they came to Camelot / that is called in Englyſh wyncheſter / And whanne fyre launcelot was come among them / the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete Ioye of hym And there fyre Percyual de galys and fire Ector de marys beganne and told the hole aduentures that fyre launcelot had ben oute of his mynde the tyme of his abſence / and how he called hym ſelf le cheueler malefet / the knygt that had trespaced And in thre dayes fir launcelot ſmote down fyue honderd knyghtes / And euer as fire Ector and fire Percyual told theſe tales of fyre 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 fyre 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 |<[p.606] sig.M6v> whome ye ar noyſed that ye haue goten a child / & his name is Galahalt / and men ſaye / he ſhalle doo merueylles / My lord ſayd fyr launcelot yf I dyd ony foly / I haue that I fougt and there with alle the kynge ſpak no more / But all fire 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 fir 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 Triftram / and of sire Palomydes that was the Sarasyn vncrysted / whanne sire Triftram was come home vnto Ioyous gard from his aduentures / Alle this whyle that sire launcelot was thus myst two yere and more / sire Triftram 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 Ifoud told hym of the grete feest that shold be at Pentecost next folowyng / and there she told hym how sire 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 sire Triftram that caused some debate betwixe hym and Quene Gueneuer / Syr said dame Ifoud 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 blessed be god said la Beale Ifoud he is hole and found and come ageyne to the Courte / therof am I glad said sire Triftram and now shal ye and I make vs redy / for both ye and I wille be atte feest Sir said Ifoud 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 sire Triftram / but yf ye be there / god defende said la beale Ifoud / for thenne shal I be spoken of shame amonge alle Quenes and ladyes [p.607] sig.M7r 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 Triftram hunteth and hawketh & coureth within a Castel with his lady / and forsaketh your worship / 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 sire Triftram vnto la Beale Ifoud / hit is passyng 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 tewesday next comyng and no more harneis of werre but my spere and my fuerd /

¶ Capitulum xij

And soo whanne the daye came / sire Triftram toke his leue at la Beale Ifoud / and she sente with hym / iiij knyghtes / and within half a myle he sente them ageyne / and within a myle after sire Triftram sawe afore hym where sire palomydes had stryken doune a knyghte / and al moost wounded hym to the dethe / Thenne sire Triftram repentyd hym / that he was not armed / and

thenne he houed styllle / with that fir palomydes knewe fyr Triftram and cryed on hygh / fyr Triftram now be we mette / for or we departe / we wille redresse our old fores / As for that said fir Triftram there was yet neuer cristen man myghte make his booft that euer I fledde from hym / and wete ye wel fyr Palomydes thow that arte a farefyn shal neuer make thy booft that fyr Triftram de lyones shal flee from the / And there with fyr Triftram made his hors to renne / and with all his myghte he came streyghte vpon fyr Palomydes / & brafte his spere vpon hym an honderd pyeces / And forth with alle fir Triftram drewe his swerd / And thenne he torned his hors & stroke at palomydes / vj / grete strokes vpon his helme / & thenne fir Palomydes stode styllle / and beheld fyre Triftram / & |<[p.608] sig.M7v> merueyled of his woodenes / and of his foly / And thenne fir palomydes sayd to hym self / and fir Triftram were armed / it were hard to seace hym of this bataille / and yf I torne ageyne and flee hym I am alhamed where someuer that I goo Thenne fyr Triftram spake and said / ¶ Thow coward knyghte what castest thou to doo / why wolt thou not doo bataille with me / for haue thou noo doubtte I shalle endure alle the malyce / A fyr Triftram said Palomydes ful wel thou wotest I maye not fyghte with the for fhome / for thow arte here naked and I am armed / And yf I flee the / dishonour shal be myn / and wel thou wotest said fyr Palomydes to fir Triftram I knowe thy strengthe and thy hardynesse to endure ageynst a good knyghte / that is trouthe said fyr Triftram I vnderstande they valyauntneffe wel / ye saye wel said fyr Palomydes / Now I requyre yow telle me a question that I shalle saye to yow / Telle me what hit is said fyr Triftram / and I shalle anfuer yow the trouthe as god me helpe / I putte caas said fir Palomydes that ye were armed at al rygtes as wel as I am / and I naked as ye be what wold ye doo to me now by your true knyghthode / A said fyr Triftram now I vnderstande the wel fyr Palomydes / for now muft I fay myn own Iugement / and as god me blyffe that I shalle fay / shal not be said for no fere that I haue of the / But this is all wete fir 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 fir Triftram outhere to ryde or to abyde / but fir Palomydes said fir Triftram I merueille of one thyng that thow that art soo good a knyghte that thow wolt not be crystened / & thy broder fyr Safere hath ben Crystened many a daye

¶ Capitulum xiiij

AS for that said fire Palomydes I may not yet be cristen / 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 baptyfed with a good wille ¶ By my hede sayd Triftram as for one bataille thou shat not |<[p.609] sig.M8r> seke it no lenger / For god defende said fir Triftram that thurȝ my defaute thou sholdest lenger lyue thus a sarafyn / for yonder is a knyghte that ye fyre Palomydes haue hurte

& smyten doune / Now helpe me that I were armed in his armour / and I shalle foone fulfyll thyne auowes / As ye wille said palomydes foo it shalle be / Soo they rode bothe vnto that knyghte that fatte vpon a bank / and thenne sir Triftram salewed hym and he wekely salewed hym ageyne / Sir knyght said sir Triftram I requyre yow telle me your ryghte name / Sir he sayd my name is fyr Galleron of Galway and knyghte of the table round / Soo god me help said sir Triftram 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 / fyr 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 Galerion 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 Triftram de lyones / and as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is fyr Palomydes broder to the good knyghte fyre Safere / & yet is fyr Palomydes vncrystened / Allas said fyr Galleron / that is pyte that foo good a knyghte and foo noble a man of armes shold be vncrystened / Soo god me help said sir Triftram outhur he shalle slee me or I hym / but that he shalle be crystened / or euer we departe in fonder / My lord fyr Triftram said sir Galerion / your renoume and worship is wel knowen thorou many reames / and god saue yow this day from senlhyp and shame / Thenne fyr Triftram vnarmed Galerion / 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 bryfed in the bak with a spere / yet foo as fyr Galleron myghte he armed fyr Triftram / And thenne fyr Triftram mounted vpon his owne hors and in his hand he gat fyr Gallerions spere / and there with al fyr palomydes was redy / & foo they came hurtlynge to gyders / and eyther smote other in myddes of theyr sheldes / & there with al sir Palomydes spere brak / and fyre Triftram smote doune the hors / and sir Palomydes as foone [p.610] sig.M8v> as he myghte auoyde his hors / & drellid his sheld / & pulled oute his sward / that sawe sir Triftram / & there with al he alyght and teyed his hors tyl a tree

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd thenne they came to gyders as two wyld bores / lallhyng to gyders tracyng and trauercyng as noble men / that ofte had ben wel proued in batail / but euer fyr Palomydes dredde the myghte of fyre Triftram / and therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym / thus they fought more than two houres / but often fyr Triftram smote suche strokes at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele / and fyre Palomydes brake and cutte away many pyeces of sir Triftrams shelde / & thenne sir Palomydes wounded sir Triftram for he was a wel fyghtyng man / Thenne fyre Triftram was woode wrothe oute of mesure and ralhed vpon fyr Palomydes with suche a myghte that fyre Palomydes felle grouelyng to the erthe / & there with alle he lepte vp lyghtely vpon his feet / and thenne fyre Triftram wounded Palomydes fore thurgh the sholder / & euer fyr Triftram foughte styll in lyke hard / and fyr

Palomydes fayled not but gaf hym many fadde strokes / And atte lafte fyr Triftram doubled his strokes / & by fortune fyre Triftram fmote fyr Palomydes fwerd oute of his hand / & yf fir Palomydes had ftouped for his fwerd he had ben flayne / Thenne Palomydes ftode ftylle and beheld his fwerd with a forouful herte / How now faid fyr Triftram vnto Palomydes / now haue I the at auantage as thow haddeft me this daye / but it fhalle neuer be faid in no Courte nor among good knyghtes that fyr Triftram fhalle flee ony knyghte that is wepenles / & therfor take thow thy fwerd / & let vs make an ende of thys batail / As for to doo this batail fayd Palomydes I dar ryzt wel ende hit / but I haue no grete lufte to fyghte no more / and for this caufe faid Palomydes / Myn offence to yow is not foo grete / but that we may be frendes / Alle that I haue offended is and was for the loue of la Beale Ifoud / And as for her / I dar fay she is pyerles aboute alle other ladyes / and alfo I <[p.611] sig.N1r> proferd her neuer no difhonour / and by her I haue geten the mooft parte of my worfhip / and fythen I offended neuer as to her owne perfone / And as for the offence that I haue done / it was ageynfte your owne perfone / And for that offence ye haue gyuen me this day many fad strokes / and fome I haue yeuen yow ageyne / and now I dar fay I felte neuer man of your myghte / nor foo wel brethed / but yf hit were fyr launcelot du lake / wherfor I requyre yow my lord / forgyue me alle that I haue offended vnto yow / And this fame day haue me to the next chirche / and fyrft lete me be clene confessed / And after fee yow now that I be truly baptyfed / And thenne wil we alle ryde to gyders vnto the courte of Arthur that we be there at the hye feefte / Now take your hors faid fir Triftram And as ye fay / foo hit fhall be / and alle thyn euylle wil god forgyue it yow and I doo / And here within this myle is the fuffrecan of Carleil that fhalle gyue yow the facrament of baptyfm / Thenne they took their horses and fire Galleron rode wyth them / ¶ And whanne they cam to the fuffrecan fyre Triftram told hym their defyre / Thenne the fuffrecan lete fylle a grete vefsel with water / And whanne he had halowed hit / he thenne confeffid clene fyr Palomydes / and fyr Triftram and fir galleron were his godfaders / And thenne foone after they departed rydyng toward Camelot / where kyng Arthur & Quene Gueneuer was / And for the mooft party alle the knyghtes of the round table / And fo the kyng and all the Court were glad that fyre Palomydes was cryftened / And at the fame feffte in came Galahad and fat in the fege perillouf / ¶ And foo there with alle departed and diffeuered alle the knyghtes of the round table / and fire Triftram returned ayene vnto Ioyous gard / and fyr Palomydes folowed the quefthyng beeft

¶ here endeth the fecond book of fyr Triftram that was drawn oute of Frenffhe in to Englyffhe

But here is no reherfal of the thyrd book / ¶ And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vefsel and the fygnefycacyon of the bleffid blood of our lord Ihefu Cryfte / bleffid mote it be / the whiche was brought in to <[p.612] sig.N1v> this land by Iofeph of Armathy / therfor on al fynful fouls bleffid lord haue thou mercy

¶ Explicit liber xij / Et incipit Decimuftercius

¶ **Capitulum primum /**

AT the vygyl of Pentecoft whan alle the felawship of the round table were comen vnto Camelot / and there herd their feruyse And the tables were fet redy to the mete / Ryȝte fo entryd in to the halle a ful fayre gentywoman on horsbak that had ryden ful fast / for her hors was al befuette / Thenne she there alyght / and came before the kynge & falewed hym / and he said damoyfel god the blyffe / Sire said she for goddes sake save me where fyr launcelot is / yonder ye may see hym said the kynge / Thenne she wente vnto Launcelot and said fyr launcelot I savelewe yow on kyng Pelles behalf / and I requyre yow come on with me here in to a forest / thenne fyr 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 fyr launcelot badde his squyer sadel his hors / and brynge his armes / and in all hast he dyd his commaundement / Thenne came the quene vnto laūcelot / and said wille ye leue vs at this hyhe feest / Madame said the gentywoman wete ye wel he shal with yow to morn by dyners tyme ¶ Yf I wyft 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 fyr launcelot with the gentywoman / & 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 felawship aboute fyr laūcelot / 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 cofyns fyr Bors & fyr Lyonel / & thenne he waked |<[p.613] sig.N2r> them / And whanne they sawe hym / they mad grete Ioye / Syr said fyre Bors vnto fyr launcelot what aduenture hath brought yow hydder / for we wende to morne to haue fond you at Camelot

¶ As god me help said fyr launcelot a gentywomen 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 passyng 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 nourished / 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 doue / with alle maner of good fetures / that he wende of his age neuer to haue sene soo fayre a man of forme ¶ Thenne said fyr launcelot cometh this desyre of hym self / he and alle they sayd ye / Thenne shalle he sayd fyr launcelot receyue the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to morne atte reuerence of the hyghe feest / That nyght fyr launcelot had passyng good chere / And on the morne at the houre of pryme att Galahads desyre he made hym knyȝt

& faid / god make hym a good man / for of a beaute fayleth yow not as ony that lyueth /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

NOw fayre fyr faid fyr launcelot wille ye come wyth me vnto the Courte of kyng Arthur / Nay fayd he / I wille not goo with yow as at this tyme / Thenne he departed fro them and took his two Cofyns with hym / and so they cam vnto Camelot by the houre of vndorn on whytfonday / By that tyme the kyng and the Quene were gone to the mynster to here their feruyse / Thenne the kyng and the quene were passyng gladde of sir Bors and fyr Lyonel and foo was alle the felaufhip / So when the kyng & all the knyghtes were come from feruyse / the barons aspyed in the fyeges of the round table al aboute wryten with golden letters / here ouȝt to fytt he / and he oughte to fytt here / And thus they wente soo longe tylle |<[p.614] sig.N2v> that they came to the sege perillous / where they fond letters newly wreton of gold whiche faid / iiii / C / wynters / & / liiiij / accomplisshed after the passion of oure lord Ihesu Criste ouȝte this sege to be fulfilled / thenne alle they faid / this is a merueyllous thyng and an aduenturous / In the name of god faid fyr launcelot / & thenne accompted the terme of the wrytynge from the byrthe of oure lord vnto that day / It semeth me faith fyr launcelot this sege oughte to be fulfilled 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 aduventure / Thenne maade they to ordeyne a clothe of fylke 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 fytt at your mete or that ye haue sene som aduventure / ye say sothe faid the kyng / but I had soo grete Ioye of sir launcelot and of his Cofyns whiche be come to the Courte hole and soun / so that I bethoughte me not of myne old customme / Soo as they stode spekyng / in cam a squyer / & faid vnto the kyng / Sire I brynge vnto yow merueillous tydynges / what be they faid the kyng / Sir there is here bynethe at the Ryuer a grete stone whiche I sawe flete aboute the water / and therin I sawe styckyng a sward / 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 stak a fair Ryche sward / & in the pomel therof were precyous stones wrought with subtile letters of gold / Thenne the Barons redde the letters whiche faid this wyse / Neuer shalle man take me hens / but only he by whos fyde I ought to hange / and he shalle be the best knyght of the world / whanne the kyng had sene the letters / he faid vnto sir launcelot / Fair sire this sward ought to be yours / for I am sure ye be the best knyght of the world / ¶ Thenne fyr launcelot answerd ful soberly / Certes sir it is not my sward / ¶ Also sir wete ye wel I haue no hardynes

to fett my hande |<[p.615] sig.N3r> to / for hit longed not to hange by my fyde / ¶ Also who that affayeth to take the fwerd and fayleth of hit / he fhalle receyue a wound by that fwerd that he fhalle not be hole longe after / ¶ And I wille that ye wete that this fame day fhall the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is called the hooly vessel begynne /

¶ Capitulum iij

NOw fayre neuewe said the kynge vnto fyr gawayn / affaye ye for my loue / Sir he said sauf your good grace I fhall not doo that / Sir sayd the kynge affaye to take the fuerd and at my commaundement / Syre sayd Gawayne your commaundement I wille obeye / and ther with he took vp the fuerd by the handels / but he myghte not stere hit / I thanke yow said the kynge to fyre Gawayne / ¶ My lord fyr Gawayne said fyr Laūcelot now wete ye wel this fwerd fhalle touche yow soo sore / that ye fhalle wylle ye had neuer sette your hand therto for the best Castel of this realme / Syr he sayd I myghte not withfay myn vnkels wyll and commaundement / but whanne the kynge herd this he repented hit moche / and said vnto fyr Percyual that he shold affaye for his loue / and he said gladly for to bere fyr Gawayn felauhyp / and there with he sette his hand on the fwerd / 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 fyr 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 ferued them / Soo whan they were ferued 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 abalshed 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 |<[p.616] sig.N3v> 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 fwerd or sheld / sauf a scauberd hangynge by his fyde / And these wordes he said pees be with yow faire lordes / ¶ Thenne the old man sayd vnto Arthur / fyre 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 fhalle be fully accomplisshed

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THe kyng was ryghte gladde of his wordes / and faid vnto the good man / fyr 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 fendel / & bare a mantel vpon his lholder that was furred with ermyn / and put that vpon hym / And the old knyghte sayd vnto the yonge knyght / fyr foloweth me / and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege peryllous / where befyde fat fyr Laūcelot / and the good man lyfte vp the clothe / and fonde there letters that faid thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce / Sir faid thold knyghte / wete ye wel that place is yours / And thenne he fett hym doune surely in that syege / And thenne he sayd to the old man / fyr ye maye now goo your way / for wel haue ye done / that ye were commaunded to doo / & recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kyng 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 fyte there in that syege perillous / and was soo tendyr of age / and wist not from whens he came but al only by god / and faid this he by whome the Sancgreal shal encheued / For there fat neuer none / but he / but he were mescheued / Thenne fyr launcelot beheld his sone and had [p.617] sig.N4r grete loye 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 aenture hym to fyte in the syege peryllous / many faid vnto the quene / he resembled moche vnto sire Launcelot I may wel suppose faid the quene / that fyr Launcelot begatte hym on kyng Pelles doughter / by the whiche he was made to lye by / by enchaument / and his name is Galahalt / I wold fayne see hym faid 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 kyng & alle were ryfen / the kyng yede vnto the syege Peryllous and lyfte vp the clothe / and fonde there the name of Galahad / & thenne he shewed hit vnto fyr Gawayne / and sayd fayre neuwe now haue we amonge vs fyr 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 faid fyr 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 kyng 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 fyre Galahad here is a grete merueylle as euer I sawe / and ryght good knyghtes haue aflayed and fayled / ¶ Syre said Galahad that is no merueil / for this aduenture is not theirs / but myne / and for the feurte of this swerd I brought none with me / For here by my fyde hangeth the |<[p.618] sig.N4v> 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 kyng / now hit goth better than dyd afore hand / Sir said the kyng / A sheld god shalle send you now haue I that swerd that fomtyme was the good knyghtes Balyn le saueage / and he was a pallynge good man of his handes / And with this swerd he flewe his broder Balan and that was the grete pyte for he was a good knyghte / and eyther flewe other thorou a dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf vnto my graute fader / kyng Pelles / the whiche is not yet hole / nor not shal be tyl I hele hym / There with the kyng and all aspyed where came rydyng doune the ryuer a lady on a whyte palfroy toward them / Thenne she falewed the kyng and the quene / and asked yf that fyr Launcelot was there / And thenne he answerd hym self I am here fayre lady / Thenne she sayd al with wepyng how your grete doynge is chaunged fyth this day in the morne / Damoyfel why say foo sayd Launcelot / I faye yow sothe said the damoyfel / for ye were this day the best knyghte of the world / but who shold faye foo now he shold be a lyar / for there is now one better than ye / And wel hit is preued by the aduenturs of the swerd 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 henforth 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 damoyfel 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 kyng in Brytayne / and I say yow wherfore / for this daye the Sancgreal appiered in thy hows and fedde the and all thy felaulhyp 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 Sancgreal shalle alle ye of the table rounde departe / and neuer shalle I see yow ageyne hole to gyders / therfor I |<[p.619] sig.N5r> 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 fuche good knyghtes were holy to gyders fuche a day As vnto that councyll and at the kynges request they accorded alle / and toke on their harneis that longed vnto Iustyng but alle this meuyng of the kyng

was for this entent for to see Galahalt preued / for the kynge demed he fhold not lyghtly come ageyne vnto the Courte after his departynge / So were they affembled in the medowe bothe more and lasse / Thenne fyr Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the Quene dyd vpon hym a noble Iefferaunce / and also he dyd on hys helme / but fhelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng And thenne fir Gawayne and other knyghtes praid hym to take a spere / Ryghte foo he dyd / and the Quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to behold that turnement / Thenne fir Galahalt drestid hym in myddes of the medowe / and began to breke speres merueylloufly that all men had wonder of hym for he there surmounted alle other knyghtes / for within a whyle he had defouled many good knyghtes of the table round / sauf tweyne that was fyr launcelot and fir Percyuale /

¶ Capitulum vij

THenne the kyng at the quenes request made hym to alyghte / and to vnlace his helme that the Quene myzt fee hym in the vyfage / whanne she beheld hym she sayd sothely I dar wel say that fir launcelot begat hym / for neuer two men refembled more in lyknes / therfor it nys no merueyle though he be of grete prowesse / 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 hyhest lygnage / for fir launcelot is come but of the / viij / degre from oure lord Ihesu Cryft / and fyre Galahalt is of the nynthe degre from oure lord Ihesu Cryft / therfor I dar saye they be the grestest gentilmen of the world / and thenne the kynge and al estates wente home vnto Camelot / and foo wente to euenfonge |<[p.620] sig.N5v> to the grete mynster / And foo after vpon that to souper / and euery knyzt fette in his owne place as they were to fore hand Thenne anone they herd crakynge and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place fhold alle to dryue / In the myddes of this blast entred a sonne beaume more clerer by feuen 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 femyng fayrer than euer they sawe afore / Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one word a grete whyle / and foo 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 fulfilled with good odoures / and euery knyzt had fuche 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 fodenly that they wyfte not where hit becam / thenne had they alle brethe to speke / And thenne the kynge yelded thankynge to god of his good grace that he had sente them / Certes said the kynge we oughte to thanke oure lord ihesu gretely for that he hath shewed vs this daye atte reuerence of this hyhe feest of Pentecost / Now said fir Gawayn we haue

ben ferued this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on / but one thyng begyled vs we myght not see the holy Grayle / it was foo precyously couerd / wherfor I wil make here auowe / that to morne withoute lenger abydyng I fhall laboure in the queft of the Sancgreal / that I fhalle hold me oute a twelue moneth and a day or more yf nede be / & neuer fhalle I retorne ageyne vnto the Courte / tyl I haue fene hit more openly than hit hath ben fene here / & yf I may not fpede / I fhall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynft the wil of our lord Ihefu Cryfte / whan they of the table round herde fyr Gawayne faye fo / they arofe vp the moft party and maade fuche auowes as fīre Gawayne had made / ¶ Anone as kynge Arthur herd this / he was gretely dyspleafyd / for he wyfte wel they myghte not ageyne faye theyre auowes ¶ Allas faid kynge Arthur vnto fir Gawayn ye haue nyghe flayne me with the auowe and promeffe that <[p.621] sig.N6r> ye haue made / For thurgh yow ye haue berafte me the fayreft felaulhip and the trueft of knyghthode that euer were fene to gyders in ony realme of the world / For whanne they departe from hens I am fure / they alle fhalle neuer mete more in thys world / for they fhalle dye many in the queft / And foo it forthynketh me a lytel / for I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit fhall greue me ryghte fore the departycyon of this felaulhip / For I haue had an old customme to haue hem in my felaulhip /

Capitulum Octauum /

ANd ther with the teres fylle in his eyen / And thenne he fayd Gawayne Gawayne ye haue fette me in grete forowe / For I haue grete doubte that my true felaulhip fhalle never mete here more ageyne / A fayd fyr Launcelot comferte your felf / for hit fhalle be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf we dyed in ony other places / for of deth we be fyker / A laūcelot faid þ^e kyng þ^e grete loue þ^t I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to fay fuche dolefull wordes / for neuer Cryften kynge had neuer foo many worthy men at this table as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete forowe / ¶ Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyft thefe tydynges / they had fuche forowe & heuynesse 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 forowe / I merueylle faid ſhe my lord wold fuffre 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 foo had they done had not an old knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng / and thenne he ſpake alle on hyghe / and faid fayre Lordes which haue ſworn in the queft of the Sancgreal / Thus fendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this quefte lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym / for hit is not to doo in fo hyghe a feruyfe as they labour in / for I warne yow playne he that is not clene of his fynnes / he fhalle not see the myfteryes of our lord <[p.622] sig.N6v> Ihefu Cryfte / and for this caufe they lefte thefe ladyes and gentylwymmen / ¶ After

this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was / and of what cuntry / he told her of whens he was / and fone vnto Launcelot / she faide 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 passyng good man / & certainly she said ye resemble hym moche / Thenne fyr Galahad was a lytel afhamed and said Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye alke 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 knyghtes of Galahad he was ledde in to kyng 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 fyr launcelot that were aryfen 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 vyfage / And there with the kyng said A knyghte fyr launcelot / I requyre the thow counceyle me / for I wold that this quest were vndone and it myghte be / fyr sayd fyr 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 loye remedye me / And thenne the kyng and the Quene wente vnto the mynster / Soo anone launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to bryng her armes / And whanne they alle were armed fauf 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 <[p.623] sig.N7r> 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 fyre 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 displeasid / 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 saufte / 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 hyjt 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 luyng / and sette open the gates / & made hem alle the chere that he myjt 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 euenfonge / 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 fyr Vwayne / And whanne they sawe hym / they wente vnto Galahad / and made of hym grete solace / and soo they wente vnto souper / Sirs said fire Galahalt what aduventure <[p.624] sig.N7v> 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 fyr 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 alked where the aduenterous 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 croffe / 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 counceylle yow knyghtes to be wel aduysed / Wel said Bagdemagus I wote wel I am not the left knyghte of the world / but I shal assay to bere hit / and soo bare hit oute of the mynstre / And thēne 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 kynge Bagdemagus took with hym a good squyer to beyng tydynges vnto fyr 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 fyr Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst hym / and brake hit vpon the whyte knyght / but the other stroke hym soo hard that he brafte 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 / & faide bere this shelde vnto the good knyghte sir Galahad that thow leste 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 knyȝte / for it is not <[p.625] sig.N8r> for the to knowe nor for none erthely man / Now fayr fyr said the squyer at the reuerence of Ihesu Cryste / telle me for what

caufe this fhelde may not be borne / but yf the berer therof be mefchyeued / Now fythe thow haft coniuered me foo fayd the knyghte this fhelde behoueth vnto no man but vnto Galahad / & þ^e fquyer wēt vnto Bagdemagus / & alked whether he were fore wounded or not / ye forfothe faid he / I fhalle efcape hard from the dethe / Thenne he fette his hors and brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay / thenne was he taken doun foftely and vnarmed and leid in a bedde / and there was loked to his woundes / And as the booke telleth he laye there longe / & efcaped hard with the lyf /

¶ Capitulum x

SYr Galahalt fayd the fquyer that knyghte that wounded Bagdemagus fendeth yow gretynge / and bad that ye fhould bere this fhelde where thurgh grete aduentures fhould befall / Now bleffid be good & fortune faid Galahad / And thenne he alked his armes / and mounted vpon his hors / and henge the whyte fhelde aboute his neck / & commaunded hem vnto god / and fyr Vwayne faid he wold bere hym felaufhip yf it pleafyd hym / ¶ Sir fayd Galahad that maye ye not / for I muft goo alone fauf this fquyer fhall bere me felaufhip / and fo departed Vwayne / Thenne within a whyle came Galahad there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the heremytage / and eueryche falewed other curtoifly / ¶ Sir faid Galahad by this fhelde ben many merueils fallen / Sir fayd the knyght hit befelle after the paffion of our lord Ihefu Crift xxxij yere that Iofeph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte / the whiche took doune oure lord of the hooly Crosse att that tyme he departed from Iherufalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym / and fo he laboured tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras / and att that fame houre that Iofeph came to Sarras there was a kyng that hyghte Euelake that had greto werre ageyne the Sarafyns / and in efpecial ageynfte one Sarafyn / the whiche was kyng Euelaks cofyn / a ryche kyng |<[p.626] sig.N8v> 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 Iofeph the fone of Iofeph of Armathye wente to kyng Euelake / and told hym he fhould be difcomfyt and flayne but yf he lefte his bileue of the old lawe and byleue vpon the newe lawe / And thenne there he fhewed hym the ryght bileue of the holy Trynyte / to the whiche he agreed vnto with alle his herte / and there this fhelde was maade for kyng 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 bataill / there was a clothe fette afore the fheld / And whanne he was in the gretteft perylle he lete putte awaye the clothe / and thenne his enemyes fawe a fygur of a man on the Crosse where thurgh they alle were difcomfyte / And foo it befelle that a man of Kyng Euelaks was fmyten his hand of / and bare that hand in his other hand / and Iofeph called that man vnto hym / and badde hym goo with good deuocyon touche the Crosse / And as foone as that man had touched the Crosse with his hand / it was as hole as euer hit was to fore / Thenne foone after there felle a grete merueyll that the

Crosse of the sheld at one tyme varysshed away that no man wyft where hit became / And thenne kynge Euelake was baptyfed / 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** |<[p.627] sig.O1r>

Not longe after that Ioseph was layd in his dedely bed And whanne kynge Euelake sawe that / he made moche forowe / and sayd / for thy loue I haue lefte my countrey / And fythe 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 fore at the nose / so that he mygt 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 shal 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 knyghte bere hit / and the laste of my lygnage shal leue hit aboute his neck that shal 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 varysshed 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 fyr Galahad graunted hym and tourned ageyne vnto the Abbay there they came fro / and there men made grete Ioye of fyr 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 verily nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe / and fyre they sayd we deme hit is a fende

¶ Capitulum xij |<[p.628] sig.O1v>

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 pytoufly he sayd that alle men myzte here hit / Syr Galahad the seruaunt of Ihesu Cryste come thou not nyghe me / For thow 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 bleffid hym / and wyfte wel hit was a fende / ¶ 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 fyr Galahad sawe a body al armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a fwerd / Now fayr broder sayd Galahad lete vs remeue this body for hit is not worthy to lye in this chircheyrd / 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 fyre I shall telle yow what betokeneth alle that ye sawe in the Tombe / for that couerd body betokeneth the dureffe of the world and the grete synne that oure lord fond in the world / For there was such 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 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 fyre 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 fyre 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 fyre Melyas ye saye sothe / But fyre sythen ye haue made me a knyght ye must of ryght graunte me my fyrst desyre þ^t is resonable / ye say soth said galahad / melyas said thēne |<[p.629] sig.O2r> that ye wil suffre me to ryde with yow in this quest of the sancgreal tyl that somme aduenture departe vs / I graunte yow fir Thenne men brought fyre Melyas his armoure and his spere and his hors / and soo fyr 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 wyne prowesse / for thow shalt in this way be soone affayed / 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

hold better escape in that way than ye / nay my lord I praye yow lete me
haue that aduerture / Take it in goddes name said Galahad

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd thēne 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 thereon / Sir Melyadas behelde this
auerture and thoughte hit merueillous / 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
rydyng after hym that sayd / knyghte sette doune that croune / whiche is
not yours / & therfor defendeth yow / Thenne fyre Melyas bleffid hym and
said Fair lord of heuen helpe and faue thy newe made knyght / & thenne
they lete their horses renne as fast as they myght / so that the other knyght
smote sir melias [p.630] sig.O2v> thorou hauberk and thorow the lyfte
syde that he felle to the erthe nyghe dede / And thenne he took the croune
and went his way and fyr Melyas lay styll and had no power to stire / In
the meane whyle by fortune ther came fyre 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 / fyre he sayd for goddes loue lete me not dye in
this forest / but bere me vnto the Abbay here befyde 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 fyr Galahad herd in the leues crye on
hyghe / knyght kepe the from me A fyr said Melyas / Beware / For that is
he that hath flayne me / Sir Galahad ansuerd fyr knyghte come on your
peryll / 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 holder / 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 fyre Galahad sewed fast
after hym / And thenne he tornd ageyne vnto fyr Melyas / and there he
alyghte and dressid hym softly on his hors to fore hym for the truncheon
of his spere was in his body / and fyr 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
faueour / And whanne he had receyued hym he said vnto fyr galahad / fyr
lete deth come when it pleasyd hym And there with he drewe oute the
truncheon of the spere oute of his body / And thenne he fwounded / Thenne
came there an olde monke whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte & behelde
fyre Melyas / And anone he ranfakyd hym / & thenne he saide vnto fyr
Galahad I shal hele hym of this woūde by the grace of god within the

terme of feuen wekes / Thenne was fir galahad glad and vnarmed hym / & faid he wold abyde there thre dayes And thenne he asked fyr Melyas how it stood with hym / <[p.631] sig.O3r> 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 befy aboute hit / And this knyghte and I were in the fame quest of the Sancgreal / Sire faid a good man / for his fynne he was thus wounded / and I merueylle faid the good man how ye durst take vpon yow foo 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 ryzt 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 fynnners and of mysbyleuers / And whanne the deuyll 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 lyuynge / Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a fygnfyycacyon of heuenly dedes and of knyghtly dedes in goddes werkes and no knyztly dedes in worldly werkes / and pryde is hede of alle dedely fynnes that caused this knyghte to departe from Galahad / & where thow tokeft the croune of gold / thow fynnest 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 fygnfyen the two dedely fynnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas / and they myghte not withstande yow / for ye are withoute dedely fynne / 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 fend yow helthe faid Galahad / & foo 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 Abblafoure / 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 fyr Galahad came vnto a montayne <[p.632] sig.O3v> where he fond an old chappel / and fond there no body for all alle was defolate / and there he kneled to fore the aulter / and befought 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 fyr Galahad herd this / he thanked god / & toke his hors / and he had not ryden but half a myle / he fawe 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 falewed other / and Galahad asked hym the Castels name / Fair fyr said he hit is the Castel of maydens / That is a curfyd Castel said Galahad / and alle they that ben conuerfaunt 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 loked fyre Galahad on his armes that noo thyng fayled hym / and thenne he put his sheld afore hym / & anone there mette hym feuen fayr maydens / the whiche sayd vnto hym / fyr 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 haft my nedes / Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel / And anone after there came oute of the Castel feuen knyghtes and all were bretheren / And whan they fawe 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 maift thow trust / Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere and smote the formest to the erthe that nere he brake his neck |<[p.633] sig.O4r> And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete strokes so that their speres brake ¶ Thenne fyr Galahad drewe oute his sward / and fet 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 chafed hem tyl they entryd in to the Castel / and so passed thur3 the Castel at another gate / And there mette fyr Galahad an old man clothed in Relygyous clothyng and sayd / fire haue here the kayes of this Castel / Thenne fyr Galahad opened the gates / and fawe soo moche peple in the stretes that he myghte not nombre them / and alle sayd fyr ye be welcome / for longe haue we abyden here our delyueraunce / Thenne came to hym a gentywoman 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 fwere 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 bouēden with gold rychely / & saide sir blowe this horne whych wille be herde two myle aboute this Castel / ¶ Whanne fyr Galahad had blowen the horne / he fet hym doune vpon a bedde / Thenne came a preest to Galahad / and said fyr hit is past a feuen yere agone that these feuen 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 countrey / And whanne they alpyed 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 flewe hym and his eldest sone / And thenne they took the mayden and the trefour of the castel / And thenne by grete force they helde alle the knyghtes of this Castel ageynste theire 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 flee myn owne fader / and |<[p.634] sig.O4v> 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 prophecied feuen yeres agone / wel said the feuen knyghtes / fythen ye say so / ther shal neuer lady nor knyghte passe this Castel / but they shal 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 fythen 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 dougter / 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 flayne the feuen bretheren / I suppose wel said fyr Galahad and took his armour and his hors / & commaunded hem vnto god /

¶ Capitulum xvj

NOw faith the tale after fyr Gawayne departed / he rode many Iourneyes bothe toward and froward / And att the laste he cam to the Abbaye where fyre Galahad had the whyte sheld / and there fyr Gawayne lerned the way to sewe after fyr Galahad / and soo he rode to the Abbay where Melyas lay seke / and there fyr Melyas told fyr Gawayn of the merueyllous aduentures that fyr 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 fyr Gawayne / Sir said he / for ye be wycked and synful / and he is ful bleffid / ¶ Ryght as they thus stode talkynge / there came in rydynge fyr Gareth / And thenne they made Ioye eyther of other / And on the morne they herd masse / and soo departed / And by the |<[p.635] sig.O5r> way they met with fyr Vwayne les auoultres / and there fyre Vwayne told fyr Gawayne how he had mette with none aduenture fythe 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 caufed it / Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl
 that they came by the Castel of maydens / and there the feuen bretheren
 afpyed the thre knyghtes / and said fythen 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 fyr Galahad And there with the feuen
 knyghtes fette vpon the thre knyghtes / and by fortune fyr Gawayne flewe
 one of the bretheren / and echone of his felawes flewe another and foo
 flewe the remenaunt / And thenne they took the wey vnder the Castel / &
 there they loste the way that fir Galahad rode / and there eueryche of hem
 departed from other / and fir Gawayne rode tyll he came to an
 hermytage / and there he fond the good man sayenge his euenfonge of our
 lady / and there fyr 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 knygt of kyng Arthurs that am in the queste of
 the Sancgreal / and my name is fyr Gawayne / Sire said the good man I
 wold wete how it standeth betwixe god and yow / Sir said fir 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 faye 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 mescheuoufly
 many wynters / & fir Galahad is a mayd and fynned neuer / and that is the
 cause he shalle encheue where he goth / that ye nor none sliche shalle not
 atteyne nor none in your felaulhip / 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 feuen bretheren be slayne by yow and your two felawes /
 For fyre Galahad hym self alone bete hem alle feuen the day to forne / but
 his lyuyng is sliche he shal flee no man lyghtely / Also I may fay yow the
 Castel of maidens |<[p.636] sig.O5v> betokenen the good soules that were
 in pryson afore the Incarnacyon of Ihesu Cryste / And the feuen knyghtes
 betokenen the feuen dedely fynnes 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 fyre
 Galahad delyuer all the maydens oute of the woful Castel / Now fyre
 Gawayne said the good man / thou must doo penaunce for thy synne / fyre
 what penaunce shalle I do / sliche as I wille gyue said the good man / Nay
 said fyre Gawayne I may doo no penaunce / For we knyghtes aduenturous
 ofte suffren grete woo and payne Wel said the good man / and thenne he
 held his pees / And on the morne fyre Gawayne departed from the
 heremyte / and betaught hym vnto god / And by aduentur he mette with
 fyre Aglouale and fyr 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 fyr Gawayne and his felawes / and
 speke we of fyr Galahad /

¶ Capitulum xvij

SOo whanne fyr Galahad was departed from the castel of maydens / he rode tyl he came to a wafte forest / & there he mette with fyre launcelot and fyr Percyuale but they knewe hym not / for he was newe desguysed / Ryghte so fyr launcelot his fader dreffid his spere and brake it vpon fyr Galahad / and Galahad smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hors and man / And thenne he drewe his fuerd / and dreffid hym vnto fyr Percyuale / and smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe to the coyfe of stele / and had not the sward swarued / fyr Percyuale had ben flayne / 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 fyr galahad ryde / she said god be with the best knyghte of the world A certes said she alle alowde that Launcelot and Percyuale mygt here it / And yonder two knyghtes had knowen the as wel as I doo they wold not haue encoütred with the / thenne [

¶ Capitulum xviii

ANd soo he felle on slepe and half wakynghe and slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreyes alle fayr & whyte / the whiche bare a lytter / therin lyenge a feke knyghte / And whanne he was nyghe the crosse / he there abode styll / Alle this fyr

launcelot sawe / and beheld for he slepte not veryly / and he herd hym
 faye / O fwete lord whanne shal |<[p.638] sig.O6v> this forowe 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 trespace / a ful grete
 whyle complayned the knyght thus / and alweyes fyr launcelot herd it /
 With that fyr launcelot sawe the Candelltyk with the fyxe 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 Pefcheours hows / And there with
 the seke knyghte sette hym vp / & helde vp bothe his handes / and said
 Faire fwete lord whiche is here within this holy vessel / take hede vnto me
 that I may be hole of this maladye / And ther with on his handes and on
 his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touched the holy vessel / and kyfte
 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 chaundler and the lyght /
 soo that launcelot wyft not where it was become for he was ouertaken with
 fynen 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 rygt 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 felaulship 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 fuerd / and therfor by myn
 assente now maye ye take this knyghtes helme and his fuerd and so he dyd /
 And whan he was clene armed / he took fyr launcelots hors / for he was
 better than his and soo departed they from the Crosse /

¶ Capitulum xix |<[p.639] sig.O7r>

THenne anone fyr 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 fyr 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 / therefore goo thow from hens / and wythdrawe the from this hooly
 place / And whanne fyre launcelot herd this / he was passyng heuy and
 wyft not what to do / & so departed fore wepyng / and cursed the tyme
 that he was borne For thenne he demed neuer to haue hadde worfhip more
 For tho wordes went to his herte tyl that he knewe wherfor he was called
 soo / Thenne fyre Launcelot wente to the Crosse & fonde his helme / his
 swerd 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 foughte worldly aduentures for worldly defyres 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 somwhat he was comforted / But whan fyr Launcelot myft his hors and his harneis thenne he wyfte wel god was displeasid with hym / Thenne he departed from the crosse on foote in to a foreste / and soo by pryde 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 abalhed / Syre <[p.640] sig.O7v> said the heremyte ye oughte to thanke god more than ony knyght lyuyng / for he hath caused yow to haue more worldly worship than ony 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 fuche synners ben / but yf hit be vnto their 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 / femelynes / and grete strengthe aboue all other knyghtes / and therfor ye are the morr beholding vnto god than ony other man to loue hym and drede hym / for your strength and manhode wille lytel auaylle yow / and god be ageynfte yow /

¶ Capitulum xx /

THenne sir launcelot wept with heuy chere / and sayd Now I knowe wel ye faye me sothe / Sire sayd the good man / hyde none old synne from me / Truly said fyr 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 wynne worship and to cause me to be the better biloued / and lytel or noughte I thanked god of hit / Thenne fyr launcelot sayd I praye yow / counceylle me / I wille counceyle yow said the heremyte / yf ye wille

enfore me that ye will neuer come in that quenes felaufhip as moche as ye
 may forbere / And thenne fyre 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 enfore yow ye shalle haue more worship than euer
 ye had / Holy fader said fyre launcelot I merueylle of the voys |<[p.641]
 sig.O8r> 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 vnderfande a stone is hard of kynde / and
 namely one more than another / and that is to vnderfande by the fyr
 launcelot / for thou wylt not leue thy fynne for no goodnes that god hath
 fente the / therfor thou arte more than ony stone / and neuer woldest thou
 be maade neyflhe 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
 femelynes / 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 nyll / And why the voyce called the
 bytter than wood / for where ouer moche fynne 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 palmfondeye 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 curfyd the tree that bere no fruyte that
 betokeneth the fygge tree vnto Iherusalem that had leues and no fruyte /
 Soo thou fyr launcelot whan the hooly Grayle was broughte afore the / he
 fonde in the noo fruyte / nor good thoughte nor good wille and defowed
 with lechery / Certes said fir 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 fyr launcelot suche penaunce as he myghte doo and
 to sewe knyghthode / and |<[p.642] sig.O8v> so assoylled hym / and praid
 fyre launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye / I wylle wel said fyr
 launcelot / for I haue neyther helme ne hors ne fuerd / 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 fyr launcelot repented hym gretely /

¶ here leueth of the history of fyr launcelot / ¶ And here foloweth of fyr
 Percyual de galys whiches the xiiij book

¶ Capitulum primum

Now sayth the tale that whan fyr launcelot was ryden after fyre 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 fyre Percyuale what he wold / Madame he ſayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs Courte / and my name is fyr Percyual de Galys / whanne the reecluſe herd his name ſhe had grete Ioye of hym / for mykel ſhe had loued hym to forne ony 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 fyr 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 fyr 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 fyr 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 [p.643] sig.P1r 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 fyre 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 dreme of her moche in my ſlepe / And therefore I wote not whether ſhe be dede or on lyue / Certes fayr neuew ſayd ſhe / your moder is dede / for after your departyng from her / ſhe took ſuche a ſorowe that anone after ſhe was confellid ſhe dyed / Now god haue mercy on her ſowle ſayd fyr 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 wyfe oughte he not to doo / but to goo in reed armes / and that ſame knyghte hath no pierce / for he worcheth alle by myracle / and he ſhalle neuer be ouercome of none erthely mans hand

¶ Capitulum ij

Alfo Merlyn made the round table in tokenyng of roundenes of the world / for by the round table is the world ſygnefyed 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 roūd table / they thynke hem more bleffid & more in worship than yf they had gotten halfe the world / and ye haue fene that they haue lofte her faders & her moders and alle her kynne and her wyues and her children for to be of your felaulhip / It is wel fene by yow / For fyns ye departed fro your moder / ye wold neuer see her ye fond fuche felaulhip at the roūd table / whan Merlyn had ordeyned the round table he faid by them which fhould be felawes of the round table / the trouth of the Sancgreal fhould be wel knowen and men alked hym how men myghte knowe them that fhoulde beft do and to encheue the Sancgreal / thenne he faid ther fhould be thre whyte bulles that fhould encheue hit / and the two fhould be maydens / and the thyrd fhould be chaft / And that one of the thre fhould paffe his fader as moche as the lyon paffeth the lybard bothe of strengthe and hardynes |<[p.644] sig.P1v> They that herd Merlyn faye foo / fayd thus vnto Merlyn / Sythen ther fhalle be fuche a knyghte thow fholdest ordeyne by thy craftes a fege that no man fhould fytt in hit / but he al only that fhalle paffe alle other knyghtes / Thenne Merlyn anfuerd that he wold doo foo / And thenne he made the fege perillous in the whiche Galahad fatte in at his mete on whytsonday laft paf / Now madame fayd fyr Percyual fo moche haue I herd of yow that by my good wylle I wille neuer haue adoo with fyr Galahad but by waye of kyndenes / and for goddes loue fayr aunte / can ye teche me fome way where I maye fynde hym / for moche wold I loue the felaulhip of hym / Fair neuewe fayd she ye muft ryde vnto a Caftel / the whiche is called Goothe / where he hath a cofyn germayn / and ther may ye be lodged this nyghte / And as he techeth you / feweth after as fafte as ye can / and yf he can telle yow noo tydynges of hym / ryde freyght vnto the Caftel of Carbonek where the maymed kyng is there lyenge / for there fhalle ye here true tydynges of hym

¶ Capitulum Tercium

THenne departed fyr Percyuale from his aunte eyther makynge grete forowe / And soo he rode tyl euenfonge tyme / And thenne he herd a clok ſmyte / and thēne he was ware of an hows clofed 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 foone 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 preeft redy at the aulter / And on the ryght fyde he ſawe a pewe clofyd with yron / and behynde the aulter he ſawe a ryche bedde and a fayre as of clothe of fylke and golde / Thenne fyr Percyuale ſpyed that therin was a man or a woman / for the vyfage 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 befemed a paſſynge old man / and he had a crowne of gold vpon his hede / & his ſholders were naked & vnhyllid |<[p.645] sig.P2r> vnto his nauel / And thenne ſir Percyuale ſpyed his body / was ful of grete woundes bothe on the ſholders armes and vyfage / And euer he held vp his handes ageynſt oure lordes body / and cryed / Fair

fwete fader Ihesu Cryft forgete not me and foo he laye doune / but alwayes he was in his prayer & orysons / and hym femed to be of the age of thre honderd wynter / And whanne the masse was done the preeft 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 fyr Percyual alked 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 Cryft in to this land for to teche and preche the holy cristen feythe / and therfor he suffred many perfecucyons the whiche the enemyes of Cryft 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 befy to be there as the Sancgreal was / and on a tyme he nyghed it foo nyghe that oure lord was displeafyd 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 kyffe hym

¶ Capitulum Quartum

WHanne the kynge thus had made his prayers he herd a voys that sayd herd ben thy prayers / for thow shalt not dye tyl he haue kyft the / And whanne that knyghte shalle come the clerenes of your eyen shalle come ageyne / and thow shalt see openly / and thy woundes shalle be heled / & erft shalle they neuer clofe / and this befelle of kynge Euelake / & this fame 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 roūd / ye forsoth said he / & my name is sir percyual |<[p.646] sig.P2v> de Galys / And whanne the good man vnderstood his name he made grete Ioye of hym / And thenne fyr 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 fyr percyuale they alked hym of whens he was / and he anfuerd of the Courte of kyng Arthur / thenne they cryed all at ones flee hym / Thenne fyr percyual smote the fyrft to the erthe and his hors vpon hym / And thenne feuen of the knyghtes smote vpon his sheld al attones and the remenaunt flewe his hors foo that he felle to the erthe Soo had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyghte 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 reyfte / & smote the formeft hors and man to the erthe / And whanne his spere was broken / he sette his hand to his fuerd 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 foreft / and fyr Galahad folowed them / And whanne fir Percyuale sawe hym chafe hem soo / he made grete sorowe that hys hors was away / And thenne he wyft wel it was fyre Galahad / And thēne he cryed alowde A fayre knyghte abyde and suffre me to doo thankynges vnto the / for moche haue ye done for me / But euer fyr Galahad rode soo fast that atte laste he past oute of his fyghte / And as fast as fir 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 fir 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 fuche a mans hors that and I lente hit yow or ony man |<[p.647] sig.P3r> that he wold flee me / Allas sayd fir 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 byfeme yow wel / but I dar not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wold take hym from me / that wille I not doo sayd fyre Percyual / and soo they departed / and fyre 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 fyre Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydyng on his blak stede / ye fir for soth said he / why fyr alke ye me that / A fyre that stede he hath benome me with strength / wherfor my lord wille flee me / in what place he fyndeth me / Wel saide fyre Percyual what woldest thou that I dyd thou feest wel that I am on foote / but and I had a good hors / I lhold brynge hym soone ageyne / Sir said the yoman take myn hakney and doo the best ye can / and I lhall sewe yow on foote to wete how that ye shalle spede / Thenne fir 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 tornd / and fet his spere ageynst fyr 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 fyr Percyual was wood wrothe / and cryed abyde wycked knyghte coward and fals herted knyghte torne ageyne / and fyghte with me on foote / but he answerd not / but paste on hys waye / whanne fyr Percyual sawe he wold not torne he caste awaye his helme and fuerd / and sayd / now am I a veray wretche / curfyd / 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 down and slepte tyl it was mydnyghte / & thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a woman whiche sayd vnto hym ryght fyrfly / Syre Percyuale what |<[p.648] sig.P3v> doft thou

here / he anfuerd I doo neyther good nor grete ylle / Yf thow wylt ensure me faid she that thow wylt fulfyller my wylle / whanne I fomone the I shall lene the myn owne hors whiche shall bere the whyder thou wylt / Syr Percyual was glad of her profer and ensured her to fulfyller alle her desyre / thenne abydeth me here / and I shall goo fetche yow an hors / And soo she cam foone 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 fyr Percyuale came nyghe the brymme / & sawe the water so boyfous / he doubted to ouerpasse it And thenne he made a fygne of the crosse in his forheed / whan the fende felte hym soo charged / he shoke of fyr Percyual / and he wente in to the water cryenge and roryng making 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 perdycyon / Thenne he commaunded hym self vnto god / and prayd our 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 clofed with the see nygh al aboute that he mygt see no land about hym whiche mygte 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 fyr Percyual sawe thys / he merueylled / & hyhed hym thyder / but anon the lyon had ouertake the serpent <[p.649] sig.P4r> and beganne bataille with hym / ¶ And thenne fyr Percyual thoughte to helpe the lyon for he was the more naturel beeste / of the two / and there with he drewe his fuerd / 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 ressemblaunt 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 fawnynge as a spaniel / 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 fyr Percyual alone / And as the tale telleth be was one of the men of the world at that tyme / whiche moost byleued in our lord Ihesu Cryste / for in tho dayes there were but fewe folkes that byleued in god

parfytely / For in tho dayes the fone fpared not the fader no more than a ftraunger / And foo fyre Percyual comforted hymfelf in our lord Ihefu / and befoughte god no temptacyon fhould brynge hym oute of goddes feruyfe / but to endure as his true champyon / Thus whanne fyr Percyual had prayd he fawe the lyon came toward hym / and thenne he couched doune at his feete / And foo alle that nyghte the lyon and he flepte to gyders / & whanne fyr Percyual flepte / he dremed a merueyllous dreame that there two ladyes mette with hym / and that one fat vpon a lyon / and that other fat vpon a ferpent / and that one of hem was yonge and the other was old / and the yongeft hym thought faid fir Percyual my lord faleweth the / and fendeth the word that thou araye the / and make the redy / for to morne thou muft fyghte with the ftrongeft champyon of the world / And yf thou be ouercome / thou fhalt not be quyte for lofying of any of thy membrys / but thou fhalt be fhamed for euer to the worldes ende / And thenne he alked her what was her lord And fhe faid the gretteft lord of alle the world / and foo fhe departed fodenly that he wyfte not where |<[p.650] sig.P4v>

¶ Capitulum vij

THenne came forth the other lady that rode vpon the ferpent / and fhe fayd fyr Percyual I complayne me of yow that ye haue done vnto me and haue not offended vnto yow / Certes madame he fayd / vnto yow nor no lady I neuer offended / yes fayd fhe / I fhalle telle yow why / I have nouryflhed in this place a grete whyle a ferpent whiche ferued me a grete whyle / and yefterday ye flewe hym as he gat his pray Saye me for what caufe ye flewe hym / for the lyon was not yours / Madame faid fyre Percyuale I knowe wel the Lyon was not myn / but I dyd hit / for the lyon is of more gentiller nature than the ferpent / and therfor I flewe hym / me femeth / I dyd not amys ageynft yow / Madame fayd he what wold ye that I dyd / I wold fayd fhe for the amendys of my befte that ye bycome my man / and thenne he anfuerd that wylle I not graunte yow / No fayd fhe truly ye were neuer but my feruaunt / fyn ye receyued the homage of our lord Ihefu crift Therfor I enfure yow in what place I may fynde yow withoute kepynge I fhalle take yow as he that fomtyme was my man / And foo fhe departed from fyr Percyual and lefte hym flepynge the whiche was fore trauaylled of his aduyfyon / & on the morne he aroos and bleffid hym and he was paffynge feble / Thenne was fire Percyual ware in the fee / and fawe a fhip come fayllynge toward hym / and fyr Percyual went vnto the fhyp and fond hit couerd within and withoute wyth whyte Samyte / And at the bord ftood an old man clothed in a furlpes in lykenes of a preeft / Syr faid fyr Percyuale ye be welcome / god kepe yow fayd the good man / Sir fayd the old man of whens be ye / Syr faid fir Percyual I am of kynge Arthurs Courte / and a knyghte of the table Round / the whiche am in the queft of the Sancgreal / and here I am in grete dureffe and neuer lyke to efcape oute of this wyldernesse Doubte not fayd the good man and ye be foo true a knyghte / as the ordre of chyualry requyreth / and of herte as ye oughte to be / ye

fhould not doubte that none enemy fhould flay yow / What ar ye faid fyr Percyuale / fyr fayd the old man I am of a ftraunge countrey / and hyther I come to comferte yow / Syr <[p.651] sig.P5r> fayd fyr Percyuale what fygnefyeth my dreame that I dremed 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 vnderftande / fayth / good hope / byleue / and baptyfm / for fhe femed yonger than the other / hit is grete reafon / for fhe was borne in the refurrection and the pallion of our lord Ihefu cryfte And for grete loue fhe came to the / to warne the of thy grete bataille that fhalle befall the / with whome fayd fyre Percyuale fhalle I fyghte / with the mooft champyon of the world faid the old man / for as the lady fayd / but yf thou quyte the wel thou fhalt not be quyte by lofyng of one membre / but thou fhalt be fhamed to the worldes ende / And fhe that rode on the ferpent fygnefyeth the olde lawe / and that ferpent betokeneth a fende / And why fhe blamed the that thou flewft her feruaunt it betokeneth no thyng / the ferpent that thou flewft betokeneth the deuyll that thou rodeft vp on to the roche / And whan thou madeft a fygne of the Croffe / there thou flewft hym / & putte away his power / And whanne fhe alked the amendys and to fbecome her man / And thou faydeft thou woldeft not / that was to make the to bileue on her and leue thy baptyfm / Soo he commaunded fyr Percyuale to departe / and foo he lepte ouer the bord and the fhip / and alle wente away he wyfte not whyder / Thenne he wente vp vnto the roche and fonde the lyon whyche alwey kepte hym felaufhyp and he ftryked hym vpon the bak and had grete loye of hym

¶ Capitulum viij

BY that fyr Percyuale had abyden there tyl myddaye / he fawe a fhypp came rowyng in the fee as all the wynd of the world had dryuen hit / And foo it droof vnder that roche / And whanne fyr Percyual fawe this / he hyhed hym thyder / and fonde the fhip couerd with fylke more blacker than ony beare / and therin was gentilwoman of grete beaute / and fhe was clothed rychely that none myghte be better / And whanne fhe fawe fyr Percyuale / fhe faide Who broughte yow in this wyldernes where ye be neuer lyke to paffe hens / for ye fhall dye here for hongre and mefchyef / Damoyfel faide <[p.652] sig.P5v> fyr Percyuale I ferue the beft man of the world / and in his feruyfe he wille not fuffre me to dye / for who that knocketh fhall entre / and who that alketh fhalle haue / and who feketh hym / he hydeth hym not / But thenne fhe faid fyr Percyual wote ye what I am / ye fayd he / Now who taughte yow my name faid fhe / Now fayd fyre Percyuale I knowe you better than ye wene / And I came oute of the walte foreft where I found the reed knyghte with the whyte fheld fayd the damoyfel / A damoyfel faid he with that knyghte wold I mete paffyng fayn Sir knyghte faid fhe / and ye wille enfore me by the feyth that ye owe vnto knyghthode that ye fhalle doo my wylle what tyme I fomone yow / and I fhalle brynge yow vnto that knyghte ye faid he / I fhalle promyfe yow to fulfyll your defyre / well faid fhe now fhall I telle yow / I fawe hym in the forefte chacyng two knyghtes

vnto a water the whiche is called mortayfe 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 fyr 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 fyr knyghte said she that same man is an enchaunter and a multiplyer 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 shall helpe yow & ye wil What are ye said fyr Percyual that profered me thus grete kyndenes / I am said she a gentywoman that am disheryted / whiche was somtyme the rycheft woman of the world / Damoyfel said fyr Percyual who hath disheryted yow / for I haue grete pyte of yow / Sir said she I dwellid with the gretteft 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 / <[p.653] sig.P6r> and soo disheryted me / and he had neuer pyte of me nor of none of my counceyll / nor of my Courte / And fythen fir 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 seruauntes were ayenft hym nyghe and daye / Therefore I knowe now no good knyzt nor noo good man but I gete hym on my fyde and I maye And for that I knowe that thow arte a good knyzt / I byfeche yow to helpe me / And for ye be a felawe of the round table wherfore ye oughte not to fayle noo gentywoman whiche is disheryted / and she befought yow of helpe

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne fyr Percyual promyfed 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 gentywoman and badde her bryng 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 shield / 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 shall 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 gentilwoman / and hym thought / she was the fayrest creature that euer he sawe / And thenne fyre 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 feared not to pray her of loue / And whanne she sawe hym wel enchauffed / thenne she sayd fyr Percyuale wete yow wel I shall not fulfille youre wylle / but yf ye swere from henfforth ye shalle be my true seruaunt / and to doo no thyng but that I shall commaunde |<[p.654] sig.P6v> yow / wyl ye enfore 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 vnclouted & leyd therin / And thenne fyre Percyual leyd hym doune by her naked / and by aduenture and grace he sawe his fuerd lye on the ground naked / in whoos pomel was a reede crosse and the syng of the crucyfyxe 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 loft had not thy good grace ben / And thenne he loked in to a shyp / and sawe her entre therin / Whiche sayd fir Percyual ye haue bitrayed me / and soo she wente with the wynde rorynge and yellynge that it femed alle the water brent after her / Thenne fyr percyual made grete sorowe / and drewe his fuerd vnto hym / sayēg sythen my flesshe will be my maister I shalle punyssh 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 loft / and to haue lofte that I shold neuer haue geten ageyne / that was my vyrgynyte / for that maye neuer be recouerd after hit is ones loft / 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 knygt was ashamed with hym selfe / & there with he felle in a swoune / And whan he awoke he went vnto hym wekely and there he salewed this good man / And |<[p.655] sig.P7r> thenne he alked fyr Percyual how haft thow 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 thow arte a foole / for that gentylwoman was the maister fende of helle / the whiche hath power aboute alle deuyls / and that was the old lady that thow sawest in thyn aduyfyon rydyngge on the serpent / Thenne he told fyr Percyuale how our lord Ihesu

Cryft bete hym oute of heuen for his fynne the whiche was the moost bryghtest angel of heuen / & therefore he lofte his herytage / and that was the champyon that thow foughtest with alle / the whiche had ouercome the / had not the grace of god ben / Now beware fyre Percyuale and take thys for an Enfample / and thenne the good man varyllhed away / Thenne fyre Percyual took his armes / and entryd in to the shyp / and foo departed from thens

¶ here endeth the fourtenth booke / whiche is of fyr percyual

¶ And here foloweth of fyre launcelot whiche is the fyftenth book|<[p.656] sig.P7v>

¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne the Heremyte had kepte fyr Launcelot thre dayes / the heremyte gate hym an hors / an helme / and a fuerd / ¶ 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 befyde he sawe an old man that was clothed al in white ful rychely / and thenne fyre launcelot saide god faue yow / god kepe yow sayd the good man / and make yow a good knyghte / Thenne fyr 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 saide 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 fyre Launcelot wente in to the Chappel / and the good man tooke a stole aboute hys neck and a book / and thenne be coniuered 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 haft 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 faued or dampned / Thenne he saide with an horryble voys / he is not loft but faued / how may that be sayd the good man / It femed 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 bygger than he / Thenne he wente for to take counceylle of his vnkel the which lyeth here dede as ye maye see / ¶ And thenne he alked leue & wente oute of his heremytage |<[p.657] sig.P8r> 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 wyfedome 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 feurte that the erle shold neuer werre ageynft hym / Thenne this dede man that here lyeth came to this heremytage ageyne / And thenne the erle made two of his neuwes for to be auenged vpon this man / Soo they came on a day / and fonde this dede man at the facryng of his masse / and they abode hym tyl he had sayd masse / And thenne they fet vpon hym and drewe oute fwerdes to haue flayne hym / But there wold no fuerd byte on hym more than vpon a gad of stele for the hyghe lord whiche he serued / he hym preferued / ¶ 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 affayed / & thenne they dispoyled hym / and putte vpon hym this sherte / and caft hym in a fyre / and there he laye all that nygt tyl hit was daye in that fyre and was not dede / and foo in the morn I came and fond hym dede / but I fond neyther threde nor skynne tamyd / & foo 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 fyr launcelot more gladder than they were to fore / And thenne fyr launcelot dwelled with that good man that nyght Sire said the good man be ye not fir launcelot du lake / ye sire said he / what seke ye in this countrey / fyr sayd fyr 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 bryzte fuerd / and that is longe on your synne / and els ye were more abeler than ony man lyuynge / And thenne fir launcelot began to wepe / Thenne sayd the good man were ye confellid fyth ye entryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal / ye fir sayd fyr launcelot / Thenne vpon the morne whanne the good man had songe his masse / thenne they buryed the dede man / Thenne fyr 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 / fyr and I wille doo hit sayd fir 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 foo departed at euenfonge tyme / And foo rode he in to a foreste / and there he mette with a gentylwoman rydyng vpon a whyte palfrey / and thenne she asked hym fyre knyght whyder ryde ye / Certes damoyfel sayd launcelot I wote not whyder I ryde but as fortune ledeth me / A fyre 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 fyr 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 hooft 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 leyde 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 compass of sterres / and that man had a crowne of gold on his hede / and that man ledde in his felawshyp feuen kynges and two knyghtes / And alle these worshipped the Crosse knelyng vpon their knees / holdyng vp their handes |<[p.659] sig.Q1r> toward the heuen / And alle they sayd fair swete fader of heuen come and vyfite 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 down with a company of angels / and alyghte amonge them / & gaf vnto eueryche his blessinge 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 loft 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 aduventure he mette with the same knyght that took his hors / helme and his fuerd whan he slepte whan the Sancgreal appiered afore the crosse / whanne sir 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 fyrstly 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 aryfen ¶ Thenne sir launcelot rode tyl nyghte / and by aduventure 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 / fyr 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 vyfyon the whiche I hadde et the Crosse / And soo he tolde hym alle / |<[p.660] sig.Q1v>

¶ Capitulum Quartum

LOo fir launcelot said the good man / there thou mygtest vnderstande the hyghe lygnage that thou art comen of / And thyne aduyfyon betokeneth after the passion of Ihesu Criste fourty yere Ioseph of Armathye preched the vycictory 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 fyre / and in hym dwelled oure lord Ihesu Cryst / And the thyrd was called Hellyas le grose / and the fourth hyght Lyfays / and the fyfthe hyghte Ionas / he departed out of his country 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 graūte fyre / the whiche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irland and he was as worthy a man as thou art / and of hym cam kynge Ban thy fader the which was the laft of the seuen kynges / and by the fir launcelot hit fygnefyeth that the Angels sayd thou were none of the seuen felaufhips / and the lafte was the ix knyght / he was fygnefyed to a lyon / for he shold passe all maner of erthely knyghtes / that is fyre Galahad / the whiche thou gate on kynge Pelles doughter / and thou ought to thanke god more than ony other man lyuyng / for of a fynner erthely thou hast no pierre 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 faye that that good knygt is my sone That ougtest thou to knowe and no man better said the good man / For thou knewest the doughter of kyng Pelles flesshely / and on her thou begattest Galahad / And that was he that at the feest of Pentecost fatte in the sege peryllous / And therfor make thou hit knowen openly that he is one of thy begetynges on kynge Pelles doughter / for that wyl be youre worship and honour and to alle thy kynred / And I couceyle yow in no place prece not vpon hym to haue 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 / Truft thou 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 shall not bere the wyckednes of the sone / but eueryche shall bere his owne burthen / And therfor befeke thou 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 fore / 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 fylke & of dyuerse hewe / And hym semed that he sawe there fyue honderd knyghtes rydyng 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 fyr launcelot / And at the laste hym thoughte they of the castel were putte to the werfe / Thenne thoughte fir launcelot for to helpe there the weyker party in encrecyng of his chyalry And soo fyr launcelot threst in among the party of the Castel and smote doune a knyghte hors and man to the erthe / And thenne he ralfhed here and there and dyd merueyllous dedes of armes / And thenne he drewe oute his fuerd / and strake many knyghtes to the erthe / so that alle tho that sawe hym merueylled that euer one knyghte myghte doo soo grete dedes of armes / But alweyes the whyte knyghtes helde them nyghe aboute fyr launcelot for to tyere hym and wynde hym / But att the laste as a man may not euer endure fyre Launcelot waxed so faynt of fytyng & trauallyng & was so wery <[p.662] sig.Q2v> 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 felaulhyp of the castel were ouercome for the defaute of hym / Thenne they sayd alle vnto fyr launcelot bleffid be god / that ye be now of oure felaulhyp / for we shalle holde yow in oure pryson / and soo they lefte hym with fewe wordes / And thenne fyr launcelot made grete sorowe / for neuer or now was I neuer at turnement nor Iuftes 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 sorowynge / and half a day he was oute of despayre / tyl that he came in to a depe valey / And whanne fyr 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 wyft 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 aduyfyon that he had had that nyghte in his flepe / and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene / for he was not wel contente with hit / <[p.663] sig.Q3r>¶ A Launcelot fayd 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 fythen 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 turnemēt 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 coueryng betokeneth the synnes wherof they be not confessid / And they with the coueryng of whyte betokeneth vrygynyte / and they that chofen chastyte / And thus was the quest begonne in them / Thenne thow behelde the synners and the good men / and when thow sawest the synners ouercoē / thow enclynest to that party for bobounce 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 torneft to the synners / and that caused thy mysfaenture 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 forow that thou haddeft not ouercome alle the whyte knyghtes with the keueryng of whyte by whome was betokeneth vrygynyte & chastyte / & therfor god was wroth with yow / for god loueth no sūche dedes in this quest / & this aduision signefyeth þ^t thou were of euil <[p.664] sig.Q3v> 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 passe / the whiche was hydous / and thenne in the name of god he took hit with good herte / and when he came ouer / he

fawe an armed knyghte hors and man black as ony beare without ony word he fmote fyr launcelots hors to the erthe / and foo he passed on he wyft not where he was become / And thenne he took his helme and his shelde / & thanked god of his aduventure

¶ here leueth of the ftory of fyr launcelot

¶ And fpeke we of fir Gawayne the whiche is the xvj book

¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne fire Gawayne was departed from his his felauhyp / he rode long withoute ony aduventure / For he fond not the tenth parte of aduventure as he was wonte to doo / For fyre Gawayn rode from whytfontyde vntyl Mychelmaffe And fonde none aduventure that pleafyd hym / Soo on a daye it befelle Gawayne mette with fir Ector de marys / and eyther made grete Ioye of other / that it were merueylle to telle / And foo they told eueryche other and complayned them gretely that they coude fynde none aduventure / ¶ Truly fayd fyre Gawayne vnto fyre Ector I am nyghe wery of this queft / and loth I am to folowe further in ftraūge |<[p.665] sig.Q4r> Countreyes / one thyng merueilled me fayd fyre Ector I haue mette with twenty knyghtes felawes of myn / and al they complayne as I doo / I haue merueille faid fyr Gawayne where that fyr launcelot your broder is / Truly faid fire Ector I can not here of hym nor of fyr Galahad / Percyuale nor fyr Bors / lete hem be fayd fyre Gawayne / for they foure haue no pyeres / And yf one thyng were not in fyr 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 thefe 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 wafte of alle the remenaunt to recouer hit / Thus as Ector and Gawayne rode more than eyghte dayes / And on a faterday they fond an old chappel the whiche was wafted that there femed no man thyder repayred / and there they alyghte / and fette their fperes att the dore / and in they entryd in to the chappel / and there made their orysons a grete whyle / And thenne fette hem doune in the feges of the chappel / And as they fpak of one thyng and other / for heuynes they felle on flepe / and there befelle hem both merueyllous aduventures / Sir Gawayn hym femed he cam in to a medowe ful of herbes and floures / And there he fawe a rake of bulles an honderd and fyfty that were prowde & blak fauf thre of hem were al whyte and one had a blak fpot / and the other two were foo fayre and foo whyte that they myght be no whyter / And thefe thre bulles whiche were foo fayre were teyed with two ftronge cordes / And the remenaunt of the bulles fayd among hem goo we hens to feke better pafure / and fo some wente / and some came ageyne / but they were fo lene that they myghte not ftande vp ryghte / and of the bulles that were foo whyte that one came ageyne and no mo / But whan this whyte bulle was come ageyne amonge thefe other / there rofe vp

a grete crye for lack of wynde þ^t fayled them / And so they departed one here and another there / this aduyfyon befelle Gawayne that nyght

¶ **Capitulum Secundum** |<[p.666] sig.Q4v>

BVt to Ector de marys befelle another vyfyon the contrary / For hit femed hym that his broder fyre launcelot and he alyghte oute of a chayer and lepte vpon ij horses / and the one fayde to the other go we feke that we shal not fynde / and hym thoughte that a man bete fyr launcelot / and despoyled hym / and clothe hym in another aray the whiche was al ful of knottes / and sette hym vpon an asse / and so he rode tylle he cam to the fayrest welle that euer he sawe / and fyre Laūcelot alyghte and wold haue dronke of that welle / And whan he stouped to drynke of the water the water sanke from hym / ¶ And whanne fyre launcelot sawe that he torned and wente thyder as the hede come fro / And in the meane whyle he trowed that hym self and fyr 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 fyr knyghte here is no place for yow / and thenne he torned ageyne vnto the chayer that he came fro / Thus within a whyle bothe Gawayne and Ector awaked / and eyther told other of their aduyfyon / the whiche merueylled them gretely / 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 fyft a grete candel whiche brenned ryght clere / and soo passed afore them / and entryd in to the chappel / and thēne vanyllhed away and they wyft 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 fancgreal / Thenne fyrst spak Gawayne and sayd Ector haue ye herd these wordes / ye truly said fir Ector I herd alle / Now goo we sayd fyre Ector vnto some heremyte that wille telle vs of our aduyfyon / 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 falewed 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 |<[p.667] sig.Q5r> 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 fyr Gawayne / fythe 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 embraced other to Iuste and came to gyders as fast as their horses myghte renne / and braft their sheldes and the mayles / and the one more than the other / and Gawayne was wounded in the lyfte fyde / but the other knyghte was

fmyten thorou the breft / and the ſpere cam oute on the other fyde / and ſoo they felle bothe oute of their fadels / and in the fallynge they brak bothe their ſperes / Anone Gawayne aroos and fette his hand to his fuerd / 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 flee you / A fir knyghte ſayd he I am but dede / for goddes fake 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 fette me on an hors to fore yow / and I ſhalle teche yow / Gawayne fette hym vp in the fadel / and he lepte vp behynde hym for to fuſtene 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 flayne 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 flayn thotherr / |<[p.668] sig.Q5v>

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ALlas ſayd Gawayne that euer this myfaulture is befallen me / No force ſayd Vwayne ſythe I ſhalle dye this deth / of a moche more worlhyfuller 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 flayne / Thenne departed Gawayne and Ector as heuy as they myghte for their myfaultur / and ſo rode til that they came to te rouz 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 confellid / 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 aduſſyon 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 fōūden and the Chyualry hath ben at alle tymes / foo 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 |<[p.669] sig.Q6r> 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 fynne and their wyckednes ben black / Blaknes is to faye withoute good or vertuous werkes / and the thre bulles which were whyte sauf only one that was ſpotted / The two whyte bitokenen fyr Galahad and fir Percyual for they be maydens clene and withoute ſpote / And the thyrd that had a ſpot ſygnifyeth fyr Bors de ganys / which trespased but ones in his vyrgynyte / but ſythen he kept hym ſelf ſo wel in chaſtyte that alle is forgyuen hym and his myddedes 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 ſygnifyeth dethe / for there ſhalle dye many of them / eueryche of them ſhalle flee other for fynne / and they that ſhalle eſcape / ſhalle be ſoo lene that hit ſhalle be merueylle to ſee them / And of the thre bulles withoute ſpote / 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 maifterſhip 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 fyre Launcelot felle doune of his hors / he hath left pryde / and taken hym to humylyte / for he hath cryed mercy lowde for his fynne and fore 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 beeft of |<[p.670] sig.Q6v> humylyte / For god wold not ryde vpon no ſtede nor vpon no palfrey / So in enſample that an aſſe betokeneth mekenes that thou ſaweſt fyr 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 retorned 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 fynne by the

space of many yeres / yet whanne he kneled to drynke of the welle / there he sawe grete preyndence of the Sancgreal / And for he had serued soo longe the deuyll / he shal haue vengeance four and twenty dayes longe / for that he hath ben the deuyls seruant four and twenty yeres / And thenne soone after he shalle retorne vnto Camelot oute of this countrey 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 ghoft where charyte is euer / and the brydel fygnifyeth abstinence / 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 fyghte fygnifyeth the ryght way of Ihesu Cryst / And whanne he wente and sayd knyghtes of poure feythe and of wycked byleue / these thre thynges fayled charyte / abstinence / and trouthe / therfor ye maye not atteyne that hye aduenture 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 [p.671] sig.Q7r 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 fygnifyeth other thynges than murther / For I dar saye as synfull as fyre launcelot hath ben fythe 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 lauf 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 trauallye 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 fyth that ye were made knyghte / and neuer fythen thou seruedest thy maker / and now thou 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 / fythe the fende hath the leues and the fruyte / Syr said Gawayne & I had leyfer I wold speke with yow / but my felawe here syr Ector is gone and abydeth me yonder bynethe the hylle / wel sayd the good man thou were better to be counceylled / Thenne departed Gawayne ande came to Ector / and soo took their horses & rode tyl they came to a fosters hows whiche herberowed them ryght wel / And on

the morne they departed from theyr hooft / 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 affe / and fyre Bors falewed hym / Anon the good man knewe hym that he was one of the knyghtes erraunt that was in the quest of the Sancgreal / what are ye sayd the good man / Sire sayd |<[p.672] sig.Q7v> he / I am a knyghte that fayn wold be counceyllid in the quest of the Sancgreal / For he shall haue moche erthely worship that may bryng it to an ende / Certes sayd the good man that is sothe / for he shall be the best knyghte of the world and the fairest of alle the felaulhip / But wete yow wel there shall none atteyne it but by clenness that is pure confelion / 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 confelid / and soo they wente in to the chappel / and there he was clene confelid / & they ete brede and drank water to gyder / Now sayd the good man I praye the that thou ete none other / tyl that thou fyte at the table where the Sancgreal shall be / Sir sayd he I agree me therto / but how wete ye that I shall fyte there / yes sayd the good man that knowe I / but there shall be but fewe of your felawes with yow / All is welcome sayd sir Bors that god fendeth me / Also said the good man / in stede of the sherte and in fyngne of chastyfyment ye shall have 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 shall be in stede of his sherte / tyll he had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal / and the good man fond hym in soo merueillous 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 passyng 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 hunger / 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 wyft wel it was a grete tokenyng / For whanne he sawe the grete byrd arose not / thenne he tooke hys hors and yede his way / So by euenfonge by aduentur he cam to a strong toure and an hye / & there was he lodged gladly / |<[p.673] sig.Q8r>

¶ 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 fyttedoune by her / and soo was he fette to soupe with flesshe / and many deyntees / And whanne fyre 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 foppes therin / and ete them / A fayd the lady / I trowe ye lyke not my mete / yes truly fayd fyr 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 displeafe hym / ¶ Thenne after souper they spak of one thyng and other / With that came a squyer and fayd / Madame ye must purueye yow to morne for a champion / for els your fyfter wille haue this castel and also your landes excepte ye can fynde a knyght that wille fyghte to morne in your quarel ageynst Prydam le noyre / Thenne she made sorowe and fayd / A lord god wherfor graunted ye to hold my lond wherof I shold now be disheryted withoute reason and ryghte / And whanne fyre Bors had herd her say thus / he fayd I shalle comforte yow / Syr fayd she I shal telle yow there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyaufe / 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 fayd fyr Bors / what is that Prydam le noyre / fyre fayd she he is the moost doubted man of this land / ¶ Now |<[p.674] sig.Q8v> may ye fend 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 vyfyon / 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 fayd / and thou woldest gyue me mete and

ferue me / I fhold 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 & fayd / & thou wolte ferue 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 vyfyon / hym thoughte / that he came to a grete place whiche semed a chappel / & there he fonde a chayer fette on the lyfte fyde whiche was worme eten / and feble / And on the ryghte hand were two floures lyke a lylle / 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 fayd / fhold not be doo grete foly that wold lete these two floures peryllhe for to focoure the rotten tree that hit felle not to the erthe Syr fayd he / it semeth me that this woode myghte not auayle Now kepe the fayd the good man that thou neuer seee suche aduventure befalle the / Thenne he awaked and made a fygne of the croffe in myddes of the forhede / 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 feruysse And ther came a companye of knyghtes that the lady had sent [p.675] sig.R1r 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 fayd 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 fayd 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 fayd the other lady or els youre knyghte withdrawe hym / Thenne ther was the crye made whiche party had the better of the 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 fore / Thenne hurteled they to gyders so that they felle both to the erthe / and their horses betwix their legges / and anone they arose and fette handes to their swardes / 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 passyng 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 fyre Bors drewe his helme soo strongly that he rente hit fro his hede / and gaf hym grete strokes with the flatte of his sward vpon the vyfage / and bad hym yelde hym or he shold flee hym / Thenne he cryed hym mercy and fayd Faire knyght for goddes loue flee 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 [p.676] sig.R1v

¶ 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 fuche feruyfe 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 fyr Bors de ganys Soo whan alle the countrey was wel fet in pees / thenne fyre Bors toke his leue and departed / and she thanked hym gretely / and wold haue gyuen hym grete rycheffe 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 loye / 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 betyngge hym so fore 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 anguyllhe / Anone fyre Bors dreffid 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 gentywoman / 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 fought hym / And she whiche was no thyng affured cryed with an hyghe voys Saynte mary focoure your mayde ¶ And anone she aspyed where fyre Bors came rydyng / And whanne she came nygh hym / she demed hym a knyghte of the round table / wherof she hoped to haue some comferte / & thenne she coniured hym by the feythe that he ought vnto hym in whos feruyfe thow arte entryd in / and for the feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode / & for the noble kyng |<[p.677] sig.R2r> 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 forowe there he nyft 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 fwete lord Ihesu Cryste whoos lyege man I am kepe Lyonel my broder that these knyghtes flee hym not / and for pyte of yow / and for Mary sake I shalle focoure this mayde /

¶ Capitulum x

THenne drestid he hym vnto the knyghte / the whiche had the gentywoman / and thenne he cryed fir knyghte lete your hand of that mayden or ye be but dede / & thenne he sette doune the mayden / and was armed at alle pyeces fauf he lacked his spere / Thenne he drestid his sheld / and drewe oute his sward / 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 fwouned / ¶ Thenne came Bors to the mayde / and sayd how semeth it yow of this knyghte / ye be delyuerd at this tyme / ¶ Now fir 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 gentywoman vpon hym / and soo broughte her as she defyred / 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 cofyn / So wote I neuer with what engyn the fende enchauffed hym / for yesteryday 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 talkyng with hym there came twelue knyghtes sekynge after her / and anone she |<[p.678] sig.R2v> told hem alle how Bors had delyuerd her / thenne they maad grete loye and befoughte 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 fyr Bors rode after Lyonel his broder by the trace of their horses / thus he rode sekynge a grete whyle / Thenne he ouertoke a man clothed in a Relygyous clothyng / and rode on a stronge black hors blacker than a bery / and sayd fyre 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 flayne body lyenge in a busshe / and it semed hym wel that it was the body of Lyonel / and thenne he made suche a forowe that he felle to the erthe all in a fwoune / and lay a grete whyle there / And whanne he came to hym selfe / he said Faire brother fyth the company of yow and me is departed shall I neuer haue loye 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 arfon of his fadel / 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 preeft / ye forsothe sayd he / thenne I pray yow telle me a dreame that befalle to me þ^e 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 <[p.679] sig.R3r> the rotten tree and of the whyte floures / fyre 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 fygnfyeth 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 chaft for to conquere the loos of the veyne glory of the world / for that shalle befalle the now and thou warne her that Launcelot the good knyghte thy cofyn shalle dye / And therefore men shalle now saye þ^t thou art a man flier / both of thy broder fyre Lyonel and of thy cofyn fyre launcelot du lake / the whiche thou myghtest haue saued and rescowed easly / 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 fyre Bors / alle youre expofycyon 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 fyre Launcelot thy cofyn 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 fyre launcelot du lake to dye in my defaute Chese ye now the one or the other said the good man / And thenne he led fyre 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 forgotten alle his sorowe and anguysshe / and only sette his herte in these delytes and deyntees / & tooke noo thoughte more for this broder fyre Lyonel neyther of fyre Launcelot du lake his cofyn / And anone came oute of a chamber to hym the fayrest lady that euer he sawe & more rycher <[p.680] sig.R3v> byfene than euer he sawe Quene Gueneuer or ony other estat Lo sayd they fyre Bors here is the lady vnto whome we owe alle oure seruyse / and I trowe she be the rycheft 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 abaffhed / 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 abone alle

erthely men / and she fhold make hym rycher than euer was man of his age / ¶ Whanne Bors vnderftood her wordes / he was ryght euyl at ease / whiche in no maner wold not breke chaftyte / foo wyft not he how to anfuer her /

¶ Capitulum xij

ALlas fayd she Bors fhalle ye not doo my wylle / Madame faid Bors / there is no lady in this world whos wylle I wylle fulfyll as of this thyng / for my broder lyeth dede whiche was flayne ryght late / A Bors fayd she I haue loued yow longe for the grete beaute I haue fene in yow / and the grete hardynes that I haue herd of yow that nedes ye muft lye by me this nyghte / & therfor I praye yow graunte it me / ¶ Truly fayd he I fhalle not doo hit in no maner wyfe / thenne she made hym fuche sorowe as though she wold haue dyed / wel Bors fayd 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 fhall fee how I fhalle dye for your loue / A fayd thenne he that fhalle I neuer fee / 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 fayd ¶ A fyr Bors gentil knyghte haue mercy on vs all / and fuffre my lady to haue her wil And yf ye doo not we muft fuffre deth with oure lady for to falle doune of thys hyhe towre / And yf ye fuffre vs thus to dye for foo lytel a thyng / alle ladyes and gentylwymmen wylle faye of you difhonour / ¶ Thenne loked he vpward |<[p.681] sig.R4r> they femed alle ladyes of grete eftate and rychely and well byfene / thenne had he of hem grete pyte / not for that he was vncounceiled in hym felf that leuer he had they alle had lofte their foules than he his / and with that they felle adoune alle at ones to the erthe / And whan he fawe that / he was al abaffhed / and had therof grete merueylle / with that he bleffyd his body and his vyfage / 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 fawe 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 fayd / fayre fader god I am greuoufly efcaped / and thenne he tooke his armes and his hors and rode on his way / Thenne he herde a clok fmyte on his ryght hand / and thyder he came to an Abbay on his ryght hand clofyd with hyhe walles / and there was lete in / thenne they fupposed that he was one of the quest of the Sancgreal / So they ledde hym in to a chamber and vnarmed hym / Syrs fayd fyr Bors yf there be ony holy man in this hows / I pray yow lete me fpeke with hym / Thenne one of hem ledde hym vnto the Abbot whiche was in a Chappel / And thenne fyr Bors falewed hym / and he hym ageyne / fir faid Bors I am a knyght erraunt / and told hym all the aduenture whiche he had fene / Sir knyght fyd the Abbot I wote not what ye be / for I wende neuer that a knyght of your age myghte haue ben foo ftrong in the grace of our lord Ihefu Cryft / Not for thenne ye fhall 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 fyre Bors ferued rychely / and on the morne erly he herd maffe / and the Abbot came to hym / and bad hym good morow / and Bors to hym ageyne / And thēne 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 Ihesu Cryste shewed hym vnto yow in the lykenes of a fowle that suffred |<[p.682] sig.R4v> grete anguyllhe for vs fyn 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 champion 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 ypocryfy whiche is withoute yelowe or pale / and semeth withoute forth the seruantes 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 leste 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 errour and brynge the vnto wanhope and lechery / for he knewe thou were tendyr herted / & all was / for thou sholdest not fynde the bleffid 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 lylie the drye tree bitokeneth thy broder Lyonel whiche is drye withoute vertue / and therefore 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 fygnifyen two maydens / the one is a knyght whiche was wounded the other day / and the other is the gentywoman whiche ye rescowed and why the other |<[p.683] sig.R5r> floure drewe nyghe the other / that was the knyghte which wold haue defowled her and hym self bothe / and fyr Bors ye had ben a grete foole and in grete perylle for to haue sene tho two floures peryllhe for to focoure the roten tree / for and they had fynned to gyder they had ben dampned /

and for that ye refcowed hem bothe / men myghte calle yow a veray knyghte and feruaunt of Ihesu Cryfte /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne wente fir 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 fyre Bors canst thou telle me of ony aduventure / Syre sayd he / here shall be vnder this Castle a grete and a merueyllous turnement / of what folkes shal hit be sayd fyr Bors / The erle of playns shal be in the one party / & the ladyes neuuew of Heruyn on the other party / thenne bors thougt to be there yf he mygt mete with his broder fyr Lyonel or ony other of his felaulhyp / 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 fyr 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 fir 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 fwete 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 mygt haue ben slayn whan ye sawe two knyghtes ledyng me away betyng me ye lefte me for to focoure a gentilwoman / and suffred me in perylle of deth / for neuer erft ne dyd no broder to another so grete an vntrouthe / And for that mysdede now I enfure you but deth / for wel haue ye deserued it / therefore kepe the from hensforward / and that shal ye fynde as soone as I am armed / whan fir Bors vnderstood his broders wrath / he knelyd doune to <[p.684] sig.R5v> the erthe / and cryed hym mercy / holdyng vp both his handes and prayd hym to forgyue hym his euyll wylle / Nay sayd Lyonel that shalle neuer be and I maye haue the hyher hand that I make myn auowe to god / thou 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 / therefore starte vpon thy hors / and soo shalle ye be mooft 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 fyr Bors sawe that he must fyghte with his broder or els to dye / he nyft 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 fwete broder haue mercy vpon me / and sle me not / and haue in remembraunce the grete loue whiche oughte to be bitwene vs tweyne / what fyr Bors sayd to Lyonel he

roughte not / for the fende had broughte hym in fuche a wyl that he shold flee hym / Thenne whanne Lyonel sawe he wold none other / and that he wold not haue ryfen to gyue hym bataille / he raffhed ouer hym so that he smote Bors with his hors feete vpward to the erthe / and hurte hym so fore that he swounded 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 fyre Bors

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne he sayd to Lyonel A gentyl knyghte haue mercy vpon me and on thy broder / for yf thou flee hym / |<[p.685] sig.R6r> thou 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 fyr preest / but yf ye flee from hym I shall flee yow / and he shalle neuer the sooner be quyte / Certes sayd the good man I haue leuer ye flee 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 euyll wylle / but took his broder by the helme and vnaced 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 fyre Bors whiche he loued ryzt wel Thenne starte he doune and toke Lyonel by the sholders and drewe hym strongly abak from Bors / and sayd Lyonel wylle ye flee your broder the worthyest 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 flee you and hym after / why sayd Colgreuaunce is this sothe that ye wille flee hym / flee 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 alked 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 fuerd / for he was a passyng good knyghte / and defended hym ryzt 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 fory and heuy / and thoughte yf Colgreuaunce flee hym / that was his broder / he sholde neuer haue Ioye / And yf his broder flew Colgreuaunce the shame shold euer be myn /

Thenne wolde |<[p.686] sig.R6v> he haue ryfen to haue departed them / but he had not foo moche myghte to stande on foote / foo he abode hym foo 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 loft moche of his blood that it was merueylle that he myghte stande vp ryghte / Thenne beheld he fyr Bors whiche sat dresseynge hym vpward 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 foo moche he rose and putte on his helme / Thenne perceyued he fryfte the heremyte preest whiche was flayne / thenne made he a merueillous forowe vpon hym /

¶ Capitulum xvj

Thenne ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon fyre Bors / Why wylle ye lete me dye here for your sake / yf it plese yow that I dye for yow the dethe / it wille please me the better for to saue a worthy man / with that word fyre 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 fowle / For suche forowe 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 / foo whanne he had flayne 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 flewe 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 fuerd al wepyng and sayd / Faire brother god knoweth myn entente / A fayre broder ye haue done ful euylle this daye to flee suche an holy preest the |<[p.687] sig.R7r> whiche neuer trespast / Also y haue flayne 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 flee hym / Ryght so alyzt a clowde betwixe them in lykenes of a fyre and a merueyllous flamme that bothe her two fheltes brente / ¶ Thenne were they fore 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 vengeaunce vpon hym / with that he herd a voyce saye Bors go hens and bere thy broder noo lenger felauyhyp / but take thy way anone ryghte to the see / For fire Percyual abydeth the there / Thenne he sayd to his broder fayr fwete broder forgyue me for goddes loue alle that I haue trespaced vnto yow / Thenne he anfuerd 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 laft 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 fygne of the Crosse in the myddes of his forhede and took his harneis and made redy his hors / and mouēd 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 Cryft / 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 |<[p.688] sig.R7v> Thenne he awaked and sawe in myddes of the shyp a knyzt lye alle armed sauf his helme / Thenne knewe he that hit was fyr Percyual of walys / and thenne he made of hym ryzt grete Ioye / but sir Percyual was aballhed of hym / and he asked hym what he was / A fayr fyr 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 fyre 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 fyre Percyual we lak no thyng but Galahad the good knyghte

¶ And thus endeth the fyxtenth book whiche is of fyre Gawayne / Ector de marys / and fyre Bors de ganys and sir Percyual

¶ And here foloweth the feuenth book whiche is of the noble knyghte fyre Galahad / |<[p.689] sig.R8r>

¶ Capitulum primum

NOw faith this story whanne Galahad had refcowed Percyual from the twenty knyghtes / he yede tho in to a wafte 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 foo moche / that they within were putte to the werse / yet were they wythin good knyghtes ynou3 / whanne Galahad sawe that tho within were at foo 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 flay to the erthe / and the spere brak to pyeces / thanne he drewe his fuerd / and smote there as they were thyckest / and so he dyd wonderful dedes of armes / that alle they merueylled / 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 foo 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 foo grete that it slented doune to the erthe and carfe the hors sholder in two / Whan Ector sawe Gawayne doune he drewe hym afyde / 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 wyft where he was bicome / 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 sliche a buffet pt I wold not haue it for the best Castell in this world / and sothely now hit is preued trewe for neuer [p.690] sig.R8v> ere had I sliche 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 fyre Ector wold not away til Gawayne were hole / & the good knygt 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 foo the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wold / Thenne she called the heremyte fyre Vlfyn I am a gentywoman that wold speke with the knyght whiche is with yow / Thenne the good man awaked Galahad / & badde hym aryse and speke with a gentywoman that semeth hath grete nede of yow / Thenne Galahad wente to her & asked her what

the wold / Galahad sayd the I will that ye arme you and moūte vpon your hors and folowe me / For I fhall shewe yow within these thre dayes the hyest aduenture that euer ony knyght fawe / 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 rennyng water and with stronge walles and hye / & soo she entred in to the Castel with Galahad and there had he grete chere for the lady of that Castel was the damoyfels lady / soo whan he was vnarmed / thenne said the damoyfels 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 whyle tyl that the mayde called hym / and armed hym by [p.691] sig.S1r 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 fyde / & there they fond the shyp where Bors and Percyual were in / the whiche cryed on the shyps bord fir Galahad ye be welcome / we haue abyden yow longe / And whan he herd them / he alked them what they were / Sir said she leue your hors here / and I fhall 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 loye / 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 fuerd / & alked 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 their 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 / fauf there was another ship / and vpon it they myght goo withoute daunger / Goo we thyder sayd the gentywoman / 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

gētilwoman Percyual wote ye what I am / Certes said nay to my wetynge / ¶ Wete you wel sayd she that I |<[p.692] sig.S1v> am thy fyfter / whiche am daughter 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 peryllhe the shyp for he is soo parfyte / he wylle suffre no fynner in hym / whanne Percyual vnderstode that she was his veray fyfter / he was inwardly glad and sayd / faire fyfter I shalle entre therin / For yf I be a mys creature or an vntrue knyghte there shalle I peryllhe

¶ Capitulum Tercium

IN the meane whyle Galahad blessed hym / & entrid therin / and thenne next the gentylwoman / & thenne fir Bors & fir 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 fylke / And at the feet was a swerd ryche & fayre / and hit was drawn oute of the sheathe half a foot and more / and the swerd 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 conuerfaunt in Calydone / and is called the serpent of the fend And the bone of hym is of fuche a vertu that there is no hand that handeleth hym shalle neuer be wery nor hurte / and the other beest is a fyllhe which is not ryght grete / and haunteth the flood of Eufrate / and that fyllhe is called Ertanax / and his bones be of fuche 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 swerd 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 swerd / 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 swerd and sawe letters lyke blood that sayd / lete see who shall assaye to drawe me oute of my |<[p.693] sig.S2r> sheathe / 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 swerd oute of the sheathe / but the offendynge is soo grete that I shalle not sette my hand therto Now firs said the gentylwoman wete ye wel that the drawynge of this swerd 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 kynge labor whiche was fader vnto the maymed kynge and kynge Hurlame whiche was a Sarafyn / But thenne was he newly crystend / soo that men helde hym afterward one of the wyttiest men of the world / & soo vpon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor and kynge Hurlame had assembled their folke vpon the see where this shyp was aryued / and there kyng

Hurlame was difcomfyte / and his men flayne / and he was aferd to be dede / and fled to his fhyp and there he fond this fuerd and drewe hit / and cam oute and fond kyng Labor the man in the world of al cryftendom in whome was thenne the gretteft feythe / ¶ And when kyng Hurlame fawe kyng Labor he dreflid this fuerd / and fmote hym vpon the helme foo hard that he clafe hym / and his hors to the erthe with the fyrft ftroke of his fuerd / and hit was in the realme of Logrys / and foo bifelle grete peftylence & grete harme to both Realmes / for fythen encrecyd neyther corne ne graffe nor wel nyghe no fruyte / ne in the water was no fylle werfor men callen hit the landes of the two marches the waſte land / for that dolorous ftroke / And when kyng Hurlame fawe this fuerd foo keruyng / he torned ageyne to fetch the ſcaubard / And foo came in to this fhyp and entred and putt vp the fuerd in the ſhette / And as foone 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 fhyp / and caſt hym oute / for there was no man ſo hardy of the world to entre in to fhyp that for the defence

¶ **Capitulum quartum** / |<[p.694] sig.S2v>

ANd thenne beheld they the ſcaubard / hit ſemed to be of a ſerpentes ſkynne / And thereon were letters of gold and ſyluer / and the gyrdel was but pourely to come to / and not able to fuſteyne ſuche a ryche fuerd / and the letters ſayd / he whiche ſhal welde me oughte to be more harder than any 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 ſo 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 mooft vylaynous dethe that euer dyd ony woman / Sir ſaid Percyual torne this fuerd 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 mooft / mooft ſhalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede and to whome I ſhold be mooft debonair ſhall I be moft 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 fhyp at the entre of a roche / and he fond the bedde and his fuerd as we haue herd now / Not for thenne he had not foo 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 gretteft gyaunt that euer man myghte ſee / therwith cam that horryble gyaunt to flee 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 fuerd / and when he sawe hit naked / he prayfed it moche / and thenne he shoke it / and therwith he brak it in the myddes A said Nacyen the thyng that I moost prayfed ought I now moost to blame / and ther with he threwe the pyeces of his fuerd ouer his bedde / And after he |<[p.695] sig.S3r> lepte ouer the borde to fyghte with we gyaunt / and flewe 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 loye of other / and eyther told other of their aduenture / & how the swerd fayled hym at his moost nede / Whanne Mordrayns sawe the fuerd he prayfed 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 fuerd / and sette the pecys to gyders / and they foudered 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 peryllhe / 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 drawynge of this fuerd / therfor thow receyuest a wounde / for thow were neuer worthy to handel it / the wrytynge maketh mencyon / In the name of god said galahad ye ar ryzt wyfe of these werkes

¶ Capitulum v

S Yr 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 losse 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 fuerd & drewe it oute as moche as ye maye see / Soo there with entryd a spere where with he was |<[p.696] sig.S3v> smyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes / and neuer fythe 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 damoyfel 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 three colours were the spyndels and of naturel coloure within and withoute ony payntyng / These spyndels sayd the damoyfel 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 / braūches / bowes / and leues that was a token a mayden planted hit / But after god came to Adam and bad hym knowe his wyf flesshly as nature requyred / Soo lay Adam with his wyf vnder the fame tree / and anone the tree whiche was whyte and ful grene as ony grassse and alle that came oute of hit / and in the fame 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 fame 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 merueylloufly 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 wyfe and knewe alle the vertues of stones and trees / and soo he knewe the course of the sterres and many other dyuerse thynges |<[p.697] sig.S4r> This Salamon had an euylle wyfe / where thurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman / and soo he despyfed hem in his bookes / Soo anfuerd a voyce hym ones / Salamon / yf heynes 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 heynesse geueth forowe / 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 laft of your blood / & he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Iofue / thy broder in lawe

¶ Capitulum vj

NOw haue I certefyed the of that thow stodeft in doubte / thenne was Salamon glad that there shold come ony sūche 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 feason / 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 fhyp / the lady fayd to Salamon / fyr fayd she / fyn hit is foo that this knyght ouȝte to passe all knyghtes of cheualry whiche haue ben to fore hym / & shalle come after hym / More ouer I shalle telle yow fayd she ye shalle goo in to oure lordes temple where is kyng Dauyds fuerd your fader / the whiche is the merueyllouft 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 foo subtylly made that noo man perceyue it / but that they be al one / & after make there an hylte foo merueylloufly and wonderly that noo man maye |<[p.698] sig.S4v> knowe hit / And after make a merueyllous fheth / And whan ye haue made alle this / I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to fuche as shalle please me / Alle this kyng Salamon dyd lete make as she deuysed / bothe the fhyp 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 fylke / and leyd the fuerd at the feete / & the gyrdels were of hempe / and there with the kyng was angry / Syr wete ye wel fayd she that I haue none foo hyghe a thyng whiche were worthy to fusteyne foo hyhe a fuerd / and a mayde shalle bryng other knyghtes ther to / but I wote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme / and there she lete make a couerynge to the fhyp of clothe of fylke 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 fayd she carue me oute of this tree as moche woode as wylle make me a spyndyl / A madame fayd he / this is the tree / the whiche our fyrft moder planted / Do hit fayd she or els I shall destroye the / Anone as he beganne to werke / ther cam out droppes of blood / and thenne wold he haue left / but she wold not suffre hym // and foo he tooke aweye as moche wood as myȝte make a spyndyl / and foo 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 Salomone sawe this / he fayd to his wyf ye haue done merueylloufly / for though alle the world were here ryght now / he coude not deuysse wherfor alle this was made / but oure lord hym self / and thow that haft done hit / wotest not what it shal betoken / Now late hit be fayd 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 / |<[p.699] sig.S5r> 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 vessell of fyluer / and sprete alle the fhyp / And after he came to the fuerd and drewe letters on the hylte / And after wente to the fhyps borde / and wrote there other letters / whiche fayd thou man that wylt entre

within me / beware that thow be ful within the feythe / for I ne am but feythe & byleue / whanne Salamon alpyed these letters he was abaffhed / soo that he durste not entre / and soo drewe hym abak / and the fhyp 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 fhyp / ¶ 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 withoute payntyng / Thenne they lefte vp a clothe whiche was aboute the ground & there fond a ryche purse by femynge / and Percyuale took hit / And fonde therin a wrytte / & soo he redde hit / and deuysed the maner of the spyndels and of the fhyp whens hit came / and by whome it was made / Now sayd Galahad where shalle we fynde the gentylwoman / that shalle make newe gyrdels to the fuerd / Fair fyre sayd Percyuals fyfter / defmaye yow not / For by the leue of god I shalle lete make a gyrdel to the fuerd fuche one as shalle longe therto / And thenne she opened a boxe and toke oute gyrdels which were femely 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 fuerd / And wete ye wel the grettest 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 wyft 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 fuerd / Now sayd the felaulhip what is the name <[p.700] sig.S5v> of the fuerd / and what shalle we calle hit / Truly sayd she the name of the fuerd is the fuerd 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 fuerd whiche hath ben defyred so moche in the Realme of Logrys / Now lete me begynne sayd Galahad to grype thys fwerd 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 fwerd / Now rek I not though I dye / for now I hold me one of the blessid maydens of the world whiche hath made the worthyest knyght of the world / Damoyfel sayd Galahad ye haue done soo moche that I shalle be your knyghte alle the dayes of my lyf / Thenne they wente from that fhyp / 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 Scotlād And whan they had passed the porte / the gentilwoman sayde lordes here be men aryuen that and they wyfte that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte / ye shold be affayled anone / Damoyfell 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 gentywoman 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 <[p.701] sig.S6r> 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 formeft to the erthe / and took his hors / & mounted therupon / and the same dyd Galahad / Also Bors serued another foo for they had no horses in that countrey / for they lefte their horses when they toke their shyp in other countrayes / ¶ And soo when 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 swardes flewe them doune and gate in to the halle / Thenne when 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 / fyre 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 daughter the fayrest gentywoman 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 flewe her and took their fader / and putte hym in pryson / and woued hym nygh to the deth / but a cofyn <[p.702] sig.S6v> of hers rescowed hym / And thenne dyd they grete vntrouthe / they flewe 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 siche 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 seruantes of oure lord shold destroye them / and now hit is brought to

an ende / And by this maye ye wete our lord is not displeasid with your dedes Certes sayd Galahad and hit had not pleasid 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 fowle 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 haft 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 fowle departed from the body / and Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be / Ryght soo departed the thre knyghtes and Percyuals fyfter with them / And soo they came in to a wasteforeste / 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 ghooft / and soo they entryd in & herde <[p.703] sig.S7r> masse / And at the secretyes 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 fat / and wente oute thurgh a glas wyndowe / and there was no thyng peryllhed nor broken / and they herd a voyce fay in suche a maner entred the sone of god in the wombe of a mayd mary / whos vyrgynyte ne was peryllhed 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 sygnefyed 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

vnderftande the foure euuangelystes whiche sette in wrytynge a parte of Ihesu Crystes dedes that he dyd fomtyme 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 |<[p.704] sig.S7v>

¶ Capitulum x

THis gentywoman 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 wyfe / 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 dyllhe of fyluer / and thenne they sayd this gentywoman must yelde vs the customme of this Castel / sir sayd a knyghte / what mayde passeth here by shalle yeue this dyllhe ful of blood of her ryghte arme / blame haue he sayd Galahad that broughte vp fuche custommes / and soo god me saue I ensure yow of this gentywoman 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 their 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 therefore 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 / thēne beganne they to medle to gyders / and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels drewe his fuerd / and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand & slewe what that euer abode hym / & dyd fuche merueils that there was none that sawe hym / they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre / and hift 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 |<[p.705] sig.S8r> in a good knyghte / and sayd to the thre felawes / yf ye wyll come in to nyght / and take fuche herberowe as here is / ye shal be ryght welcome / and we shalle ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes / and as we be true knyghtes to leue yow in fuche estat to morowe as we fynde yow withoute ony

fallhede / And as foone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll
 accorde therfor for goddes loue said the gentywoman 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 faye yow fothe /

¶ Capitulum xj /

THer is in this Castel a gentywoman 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 laft an old man sayd and she myght haue a
 dyffhe ful of blood of a mayde and a clene vyrgyn in wyll 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 syster fayr knyghtes I see wel þ^t this gentywoman 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 syster bad brynge forth the feke lady / so she was /
 the whiche was euylle at ease / thenne sayd she who shall [[p.706] sig.S8v] lete me blood /
 Soo one came forth and lete her blood / and she
 bled soo moche / that the dyffhe 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 fwoune / 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 cuntry / but as foone as I am dede / put me in a bote
 at the next hauen / and lete me goo as aduventure will lede me / And as
 foone 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 berye me in the
 spyrytual place / for I faye yow soo moche there Galahad shalle be buried
 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 aduventure brynge yow to the maymed kyng / Thenne asked
 she her faueour / and as foone 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 foo leyd her in a barge / and couerd it with blak fylke / and fo the wynde aroos / and drofe the barge from the lond & alle knyghtes beheld hit / tyl it was oute of their fyghte / Thenne they drewe alle to the Castel / and foo forthe with ther felle a fodeyne tempeft and thonder layte and rayne as alle the erthe wold haue broken / Soo half the castel torned vp foo doune / Soo it passed euenfonge or the tempeft was seaced / Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyghte armed and wounded hard in the body and in the hede that fayd O god focoure 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 fuche trybulacyon / Truly fayd Galahad |<[p.707] sig.T1r> I shalle focoure 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 fayd he I graunte / So fir 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 faith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue fir Bors / ¶ Soo on the morowe they dreflid hem in theire 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 vengeaunce of oure lord / with that they herd a voyce that fayd / this vengeaunce 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 foo fayre and foo delectable that it femed hem there had ben none tempeft / 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 muft departe / foo pray we oure lord that we maye mete to gyders in short tyme / thenne they dyd of their helmes and kyffed 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 rehersed before / he was in grete perylle / and foo he leyd hym doune and flepte / and toke the aduenture that god wold sende hym / ¶ Soo whan he was a

flepe / there came a vyfyon vnto hym and faid Launcelot aryfe vp & take thyn armour / and entre in to the firft fhip that thou fhalt fynde / ¶ And when he herd thefe wordes he ftarte vp and fawe grete clerenes about |<[p.708] sig.T1v> hym / And thenne he lyfte vp his hande and bleffid hym and fo toke his armes and made hym redy / and foo by aduenture he came by a ftronde / & fonde a fhypp the which was withoute fayle or ore / And as foone as he was within the fhypp there he felte the mooft fwetnes that euer he felt / and he was fulfilled with alle thynges that he thought on or defyred / Thenne he fayd Fair fwete fader Ihefu Cryft I wote not in what Ioye I am For this Ioye paffeth alle erthely Ioyes that euer I was in And foo in this ioye he leyd hym doune to the fhyps borde / & flepte tyl day / And when he awoke / he fonde there a fayre bed & therin lyenge a gentywoman dede / the whiche was fyr Percyuals fyfter / And as launcelot deuyfed her / he afpyed 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 fhe was come / Soo with this gentywoman fir launcelot was a moneth and more / yf ye wold afke how he lyued / he that fedde the peple of Ifrael with manna in deferte / foo was he fedde / For euery day when he had fayd his prayers / he was fufteyned with the grace of the holy ghooft / So on a nyghte he wente to playe hym by the water fyde / for he was fomwhat wery of the fhypp / And thenne he lyftned and herd an hors come / And one rydyng vpon hym / And whanne he cam nygh he femed a knyghte / And foo he lete hym paffe / and wente there as the fhypp was / and there he alyghte / and toke the fadel and the brydel and putte the hors from hym / and went in to the fhip / And thenne Launcelot dreflid vnto hym and faid ye be welcome / and he anfuerd and falewed hym ageyne / & alked hym what is your name / for moche my hert gyueth vnto yow / Truly fayd he my name is launcelot du lake / fir faide he / thēne be ye welcome / for ye were the begynner of me in this world / A fayd he ar ye Galahad / ye forfothe fayd he / and fo he kneled doune and alked hym his bleffynge / and after toke of his helme and kyffed 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 fpoken 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 fythe |<[p.709] sig.T2r> that they departed from the courte / Anone as Galahad fawe the gentilwoman dede in the bed / he knewe her wel ynough / & told grete worship of her that fhe was the beft mayde lyuyng and hit was grete pyte of her dethe / But whanne Launcelot herd how the merueylous fwerd was goten / and who made hit / and alle the merueyls reherced afore / Thenne he prayd galahad his fone that he wold fhewe hym the fuerd / and fo he dyd / and anone he kyffed the pomel and the hyltes and the fcaubard / Truly fayd launcelot neuer erft knewe I of fo hyhe aduentures done and fo merueyllous & ftraunge / So dwellid Launcelot and Galahad within that fhypp half a yere / and ferued god dayly and nyghtly with alle their power / and often they aryued in yles ferre from folke / where there repayred none but wylde beeftes / and ther they fond many ftraunge aduentures and peryllous whiche they broughte to an ende / but for tho aduentures were with wylde beeftes / and not in the queft of the

Sangreal / 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 fayd Galahad fyr 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 fangreal / thenne he wente to his fader and kyft hym swetely and fayd / 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 laūcelot fyn we shal departe / & neuer see other / I pray to þ^e hyȝ fader to conferue |<[p.710] sig.T2v> 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 Sangreal / 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 pofterne opened toward the see / and was open withoute ony keypyng / 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 defyre / 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 fuerd & drewe hit / Thenne there came a dwerf fodenly and smote hym on the harme so fore that the fuerd felle oute of his hand / Thenne herd he a voyce fay 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 fuerd 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 / Notwithstandyng 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 lyftned and herd a voyce whiche fange so swetely that it semed none erthely thyng / and hym thoughte the voyce said Ioye and honour be to the fader of heuen / Thenne <[p.711] sig.T3r> Launcelot kneled down to fore the chamber / for wel wyft he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber / Thenne sayd he Fair swete fader Ihesu Cryft yf euer I dyd thyng that pleafyd the lord / for thy pyte ne haue me not in despyte for my fynnes 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 fyluer 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 sacrynge of the masse And it semed to Launcelot that aboute 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 hye / & it semed to shewe so to the peple / And thenne launcelot merueyled not a lytyl / For hym thougt 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 Cryft 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 fyluer / and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thoughte hit was entremedled with fyre whiche smote hym so fore in the vyfage that hym thoughte it brente vyfage / and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse / as he that was soo araged that had losse the power of his body and his herynge and his feynge ¶ Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym whiche tooke hym vp / and bare hym oute of the chamber dore / withoute ony amendynge of his swoune / and lefte hym there semynge dede to <[p.712] sig.T3v> of the chamber dore and lefte hym there semynge dede to al peple / Soo vpon the morowe whan it was fayre day they within were aryfen / and fonde Launcelot lyenge afore the chamber dore / Alle they merueyllled how that he cam in / and so they loked vpon hym and felte his poufe 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 counceyllle yow that he be wel kepte tyl god send hym ageyne /

¶ Capitulum xvj

IN fuche maner they kepte launcelot four and twenty dayes and also many nyghtes that euer he laye styllle 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 Cryft who myghte be soo bleffid that myght see openly thy grete merueyls of secretenes there where no fynnar may be / what haue ye fene sayd they aboute hym / I haue fene 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 fene 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 fyr launcelot afore hym / & sawe the hayre whiche he had borne nyghe a yere / for that he forthoughte hym ryzte moche that he had broken his promyse vnto the heremyte whiche he had auowed to doo / ¶ Thenne they alked how hit stood with hym / for sothe sayd he I am hole of body thanked be our lord / therfore fyrs 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 gentywoman / and brought hym a lherte of smal lynen 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 fene / Now I thanke god said Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue fene / 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 aboute that he put a lynen lherte / & after a Robe of Scarlet fresshe & newe / And whanne he was so arayed / they merueylled alle / for they knewe hym that he was launcelot the good knyghte And thenne they sayd alle O my lord fir 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 fir launcelot / thenne was the kyng ryght glad / and wente to see hym / And whanne launcelot sawe hym come / he dressid hym ageynste hym / and there made the kyng grete loye of hym / and there the kyng told hym tydynges / that his fayre doughter was dede / Thenne launcelot was ryght heuy of hit / and sayd / fyre 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 kyng held hym there four dayes / and on the morowe he took his leue at kyng Pelles and at al the felaulhip and thanked them of the grete labour / Ryghte soo as they sat at her dyner in the chyef sale / thenne was so befallle that the Sancgreal had fulfilled the tables with al maner of metes that ony herte myghte thynke / ¶ Soo as they fate / they sawe alle the dores and the wyndowes of the place were shutte withoute mannys hand / wherof they were al abaffhed / and none wyste what to doo ¶ And thenne it happed fodenly 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 arofe and |<[p.714] sig.T4v> came to a wyndowe there where the knyght called / Thenne he laid fyr knyght ye lhall not entre at this tyme whyle the fancgreal 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 haft lefte the seruyfe of oure lord / and he was passyng wrothe at the kynges wordes / Sir knyght sayd the kynge syn ye wold so fayn entre / saye me of what coūtrei 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 laūcelot / 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 wyfte 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 fond a ryche Tombe whiche was newly made / And thenne he took hede / & sawe the fydes wryten with gold / whiche sayd ¶ Here lyeth kynge Bagdemagus of Gore whiche kynge Arthurs newest slewe and named hym fyr 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 |<[p.715] sig.T5r> 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 flayne 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 fyr launcelot / and the kynge alked 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 damoyfel / 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 faith the story Galahad rode many Iorneyes invayne / And at the laft he cam to the Abbay where kyng 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 fawe hym the whiche had leyne blynd of long tyme And thenne he drefsid hym ageynft hym / and faid Galahad the feruaunt of Ihesu cryfte whos comynge I haue abyden fo longe / Now embrace 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 ſygnefyed / and thou arte the roſe the whiche is the floure of al good vertu / & in coloure of fyre / For the fyre of the holy ghooft is take fo 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 / <[p.716] sig.T5v> 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 boylled with grete wawes as the tale telleth to fore / And as ſoone as Galahad fette 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 vyrgyntye / & this was taken in the countrey for a myrakle / 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 fawe 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 knythode 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 grefys / 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 fowles 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 ageynft 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 feruyfe and putte hym in the erthe afore the hyghe Aulter |<[p.717] sig.T6r>

¶ Capitulum xix

SOo departed he from thens / and commaunded the bretheren to god / and soo he rode fyue dayes tyl that he came to the maymed kyng / And euer folowed Percyual the fyue dayes alkyng 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 fir Bors the whiche rode alone / hit is none nede to telle yf they were glad / & hem he falewed / & 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 kyng Pelles knewe hem / thenne there was grete Ioye / For they wyft wel by their comynge that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne Elyazar kyng 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 fouded 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 femed 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 fytte at the table of Ihesu Cryst / aryse / for now shalle veray knyghtes ben fedde / Soo they wente thens all sauf kyng 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 |<[p.718] sig.T6v> 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 fatte 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 fuche payne and in fuche 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

¶ Capitulum xx

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 fyluer 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 focoured in the Cyte of Sarras in the ſpyrytuel place / Thenne the knyghtes merueyllled / 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 fourth a ſpere whiche bled merueillouſly that thre droppes felle within [

that thou most desyred to see / but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as thow 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 woteft thou wherfor for he is not serued nor worlhypped to his ryghte by them of <[p.720] sig.T7v> this land / for they be torned to euylle lyuyng / therfor I shall difheryte them of the honour whiche I haue done hem / And therefore goo ye thre to morowe vnto the see where ye shall fynde your shyp redy / & with you take the fuerd with the straunge gyrdels and no mo with yow but sire Percyual and fyre Bors / Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spere for to enoynte the maymed kyng 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 shall come ageyne and telle tydynges / Thenne gaf he hem his bleffynge 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 kyng 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 kyng Claudas sone / and the other two were grete gentylnen / thenne praid galahad to eueryche of them that yf they come to kyng 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 <[p.721] sig.T8r> 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 fyluer / whiche they had lefte with the maymed kyng and the Sancgreal whiche was couerd with rede samyte / Thenne were they gladde to haue siche thynges in theyr felaulshyp / 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 fhalt thow fynde the lyf of the foule / Percyual herd this / and prayd hym of felaulhip that was bitwene them to telle hym wherfor he alked fuche thynges / That fhalle I telle yow faid Galahad / thother day whanne we fawe a parte of the aduentures of the Sancgreal I was in fuche a loye of herte that I trowe neuer man was / that was erthely / And therefore I wote wel whan my body is dede / my fowle fhalle be in grete loye to see the bleffid Trynyte eury day / and the magefte of oure lord Ihesu Cryft Soo longe were they in the fhyp / that they fayd to Galahad fyr in this bedde ought ye to lye / for foo faith the fcripture / & foo he leyd hym doune and flepte a grete whyle / And whan he awaked he loked afore hym and fawe the Cyte of Sarras And as they wold haue landed / they fawe the fhyp wherein Percyual had putte his fyfter in / Truly fayd Percyual in the name of god / wel hath my fyfter holden vs couenaunt / Thenne toke they out of the fhyp the table of fyluer / and he tooke it to Percyual and to Bors to goo to fore / and Galahad came behynde / and ryght foo they went to the Cyte / and at the gate of the Cyte they fawe an old man coked / Thenne Galahad called hym and bad hym helpe to bere this heuy thyng / Truly faid the old man / it is ten yere ago that I myzt not goo but with crouchys / Care thou not fayd Galahad and aryfe vp and fhewe thy good wille / and foo he affayed / and fonde hym felf as hole as euer he was / Thenne ranne he to the table / and took one parte ageynft Galahad / and anone arofe there grete noyfe in the Cyte that a cryppyl was maade hole by |<[p.722] sig.T8v> 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 fyfter / and buryed her as rychely as a kynges doughter oughte to be / And whan the kyng of the Cyte whiche was cleped Eftouraufe fawe the felaulshyp / he alked hem of whens they were / and what thyng it was that they had broughte vpon the table of fyluer / & they told hym the trouthe of the Sancgreal and the power whiche that god had fette there / Thenne the kyng was a Tyraunt / and was come of the lyne of paynyms / and toke hem / and putte hem in pryfon in a depe hole

Capitulum xxij

BVt as foone as they were there oure lord fente hem the Sancgreal / thorow whoos grace they were al waye fulfilled whyle that they were in pryfon / Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kyng Eftouraufe lay feke and felte that he fhould dye / Thenne he fente 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 kyng was dede / alle the cyte was defmayed and wyft not who myghte be her kyng / ¶ Ryght foo as they were in counceille there came a voyce amonge them / and badde hem chefe the yongeft knyght of them thre to be her kyng for he fhalle wel mayntene yow and all yours / Soo they made Galahad kyng by alle the affente of the hole Cyte / & els they wold haue flayne hym / And whanne he was come to beholde the land / he lete make aboute the table of fyluer a chefte of gold and of precyous ftones that hylled

the holy vessel / And every day early the three fellows would come afore hit / & make their prayers / Now at the yeres ende the self daye after Galahad had borne the crowne of gold / he arose vp early and his fellows / and came to the palais / and sawe to fore hem the holy vessel / and a man knelynge on his knees in lyknes of a Bishopp that had aboute hym a grete felauhyp of Angels as it had ben Ihesu Cryst hym self / & thenne he arose |<[p.723] sig.V1r> 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 seruant of Ihesu cryst and thou shalt see that thou hast moche defyred 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 defyre many a daye / ¶ Now bleffyd 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 Armathe the whiche oure lord hath sente here to the to bere the felauhyp / and wotest thou wherfor that he hath sente me more than any other / For thou hast refemblyd 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 farewell me to my lord sire 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 fellows myghte wel behold hit / Also the two fellows 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 despayr / & the peple of the countrey & of the cyte were rygt heuy |<[p.724] sig.V1v> 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 clothyng / and Bors was alwaye with hym / but neuer chaunged he his seculer clothyng for that he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the Realme of Logrys / Thus a yere and two monethes lyued sire Percyual in the hermytage a ful holy lyf / and thenne passed oute of this world and Bors lete burye 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 fee / and entryd in to a fhyp / and foo it befelle hym in good aduenture / he cam in to the Realme of Logrys / and he rode fo falt 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 foo 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 fuche as had befalle hym / and his thre felawes that was launcelot / Percyual / Galahad / & hym felf 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 Salyfbury / And anone fir Bors sayd to fyre Launcelot / Galahad your owne sone salewed yow by me / & after yow kynge Arthur / and alle the Courte / and foo dyd fir Percyual / for I buryed hem with myn owne handes in the Cyte of Sarras / ¶ Also fire Launcelot Galahad prayed yow to remembre of this vnfyker world as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders more than half a yere / This is true sayd launcelot / Now I trušte to god his prayer shalle auayle me / thenne Launcelot took fyr Bors in his armes / and sayd gentyl cofyn 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 cofyn fyre Bors that ye and I wylle neuer departe in <[p.725] sig.V2r> fonder whylest oure lyues may laste / Sir sayd he I wylle as ye wylle

¶ Thus endeth thistory of the Sancgreal that was breuely drawn oute of Frenllhe in to Englyllhe / the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the trueft and the holyeft that is in thys world / the whiche is the xvij book /

¶ And here foloweth the eyghtenth book

¶ Capitulum Primum

SOo after the queft 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 efpecial 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 fire launcelot and of fire Bors / For they had ben passynge long away in the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne as the book faith fyr launcelot beganne to reforte vnto quene Gueneuer ageyne / and forgat the promyse and the perfectyon that he made in the quest / for as the book fayth had not fire Launcelot ben in hie preuy thougtes and in his myndes so fette inwardly to the quene as he was in femyng outward to god / there had no knyghte passed hym in the quefte of the Sancgreal / but euer his thougtes were pryuely on the Quene / and fo they loued to gyder more

hotter than they did to fore hand / and had fuche preuy draughtes to gyder that many in the Courte spak of hit / and in especial fir Agrauayne / fir Gawayns broder / for he was euer open mouthed / So bifel that fyre Launcelot had many refortes of ladyes and damoyfels that dayly reforted vnto hym / that befoughte hym to be their champyon / and in alle fuche maters of ryghte fir launcelot applyed hym dayly to do for the pleafyr of oure lord Ihefu crift And euer as moche as he myghte he withdrewe hym from the companye and felaulhyp of Quene Gueneuer |<[p.726] sig.V2v> for to efchewe the fklauder and noyfe / wherfor the quene waxed wroth with fir Launcelot / and vpon a day she called fir launcelot vnto her chamber and faide thus / Sir launcelot I fee and fele dayly that thy loue begynneth to flake / for thou haft no loye to be in my prefence / but euer thou arte oute of thys Courte / and quarels and maters thow haft now a dayes for ladyes and gentilwymmen more the euer thou were wonte to haue afore hand / A madame faid launcelot / in this ye muft holde me excufed for dyuerfe caufes / one is / I was but late in the queft of the Sancgreal / and I thanke god of his grete mercy and neuer of my deferte that I fawe in that my queft as moche as euer fawe ony fynful man / and fo was it told me / ¶ And yf I had not my pryuy thoughtes to retorne to your loue ageyne as I doo I had fene as grete myfteryes as euer fawe my fone Galahad outhur Percyual or fir Bors / & therfor madame I was but late in that queft / wete ye wel madame hit maye not be yet lyghtely forgeten the hyȝ feruyfe 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 fire Agrauayne and fyr Mordred / and madame wete ye wel I drede them more for youre fake / than for ony fere I haue of them my felf / for I maye happen to efcape and ryde my felf in a grete nede where ye muft abyde alle that wille faid vnto yow / And thenne yf that ye falle in ony diftreffe 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 fhame and fklauder / and that were me lothe to fee you difhonoured / and that is the caufe / I take vpon me more for to do for damoyfels and maydens than euer I dyd to forne that men fhould vnderftande my loye and my delyte is my pleafyr to haue adoo for damoifels and maydens

¶ Capitulum ij

ALle this whyle the quene ſtood ſtylle and lete fir launcelot faye what he wold / And when he hadde alle faid ſhe braft oute on wepyng / and ſoo ſhe ſobbed and wepte |<[p.727] sig.V3r> a grete whyle / And whan ſhe myght ſpeke ſhe ſayd / launcelot now I wel vnderftande that thou arte a fals recreaūt knyghte and a comyn lecheoure / and loueſt and holdeſt other ladyes / and by me thou haft deſdayne ſcorne / ¶ For wete thou wel ſhe ſayd now vnderftande thy fallhede / and therefore ſhalle I neuer loue the no more / and neuer be thou ſo hardy to come in my fyghte / and ryghte here I difcharge the this Courte that thow neuer come within hit / and I forfende

the my felaufhyp / and vpon payne of thy hede that thou see me no more / Ryght foo fire Launcelot departed with grete heuynes / that vnneth he myȝt fusteyne hym self for grete dole makyng Thenne he called fir Bors fir Ector de marys and fyr Lyonel and told hem how the quene had forfendyd hym the Courte and foo he was in wille to departe in to his owne Country / Fair fir faid fire Bors de ganys / ye shalle not departe oute of this land by myn aduysse / 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 fore repenteth hem / & therfor by myn aduysse ye ſhalle take youre hors / and ryde to the good hermytage here befyde wyndſoure that ſomtyme was a good knyght / his name is fir Braſias / and there ſhalle ye abyde tyl I fende yow word of better tydynges / Broder faid fir launcelot wete ye wel I am ful lothe to departe oute of this realme / but the quene hath defended me foo hyhely / that me ſemeth ſhe wille neuer be my good lady as ſhe hath ben / Saye ye neuer ſoo ſayd fir 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 counceyllle and take myn hors and my harneis and ryde to the heremyte fir 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 faid fire 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 fire Launcelot departed with ryghte heuy chere fodenly / that none erthely creature wyſte of hym / nor <[p.728] sig.V3v> where he was become / but fir Bors / Soo whan fir launcelot was departed / the quene outward made no maner of ſorowe in ſhewyng 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 knyȝtes of the round table / and al was for to ſhewe outward that ſhe had as grete Ioye in al other knyghtes of the table round as ſhe had in fir launcelot / al only at that dyner ſhe had fir Gawayne and his bretheren / that is for to ſaye fir Agrauayn / fir Gaherys / fire Gareth and fyre Mordred / Alſo there was fir Bors de ganys / fire Blamor de ganys / fyr Bleoberys de ganys / fire Galyhud / fir Galyhodyn fyre Ector de marys / fir Lyonel / fire Palomydes / fyr Safyr his broder / fir la cote male taylor / fir Perfaunt / fyr Ironfyde / fyre Brandyles / fyr kay le Senefchal / fir Mador de la porte / Syre Patryſe a knyght of Irland / Alyduk / fir Aftamore / and fir Pynel le ſaueage / the whiche was cofyn to fire Lamorak de galys the good knyghte that fyr Gawayne and his bretheren flewe 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 fyre Gawayne had a customme that he vfed dayly at dyner and at souper that he loued wel al maner of fruyte / and in especial appels and perys / And therefore who someuer dyned or feested fyre Gawayne wold comynly purueye for good fruyte for hym / and soo dyd the quene for to please fir Gawayne / she lete purueye for hym al maner of fruyte / for fir Gawayn was a passynge hote knyght of nature / and this Pyonel hated fyre Gawayne by cause of his kynnesman fyr Lamorak de galys & therfor for pure enuy & hate fir Pyonel enpoyfond certayn appels for to enpoysonne fir Gawayn / & soo this was wel vnto the ende of the mete / and soo it befelle by myffortune a good knyght named Patryse cofyn vnto fire Mador de la porte to |<[p.729] sig.V4r> take a poyfond Appel / And whanne he had eten hit / he swalle soo tyl he braft / & there fire Patryce felle down sodenly deede amonge hem / Thenne euery knyghte lepte from the bord alhamed and araged for wrahte nyghe oute of her wyttes / For they wyfte not what to saye confydyrynge 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 fore abasshed / that he nyft not what to saye / This shalle not so be ended said fyr Mador de la porte / for here haue I loste a ful noble knyght of my blood / And therefore vpon this shame & despyte I wille be reuenged to the vtterance / and there openly fir Mador appeled the quene of the dethe of his cofyn fir patryse / thenne stode they all styll 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 swoune / with this noyse and crye came to them kynge Arthur / And whanne he wyft to that trouble / he was a passynge heuy man

Capitulum iiij

ANd euer fir Mador stood styll 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 therefore I suppose she shalle not be alle distayned / but that somme good knyght shal putt his body in Iopardy for my quene rather than she shal be brent in a wrong quarel / And therfor fir Mador be not so hasty / for hit maye happen she shalle not be all frendeles / and therefore |<[p.730] sig.V4v> defyre thouw 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 gracuous lord sayd fir 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 fworne vnto knyghthode as wel as we / and therfor I bifeche yow that ye be not displeafed / For there is none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were boden to this dyner / but alle they haue grete fufpecyon vnto the quene / What fay ye all my lordes faid fir Mador / thenne they anfuerd by and by that they coude not excufe the quene / for why fhe made the dyner / & outhet hit muft come by her or by her feruautes / Allas fayd the quene I made this dyner for a good entente / and neuer for none euyl foo almyghty god me help in my ryght as I was neuer purpofed to doo fuche euylle dedes / and that I reporte me vnto god / My lord kynge fayd fir Mador I requyre yow as ye be a ryghtuous kyng gyue me a day that I may haue Iuftyce / wel fayd the kynge I gyue the daye thys day xv dayes that thow be redy armed on horfbak in the medowe befyde weftmynfter / And yf it foo falle that there be ony knyght to encountre with yow / there mayft thow doo the beft / and god fpede the ryght / And yf hit fo falle that there be no knyght at that day / thenne muft my quene be brente / and ther fhe fhalle be redy to haue her Iugement / I am anfuerd fayd fir 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 anfuerd / fo god me help I wote not how or in what maner / where is fir launcelot faid kyng Arthur / and he were here he wold not grutche to doo bataille for yow / Sire fayd the quene I wote not where he is / but his brother and his kynnefmen deme that he be not within this Realme / that me repenteth fayd kyng Arthur / For and he were here / he wold foone ftynte this ftryf / Thenne I wille counceyle yow fayd the kynge and vnto fire Bors that ye wil doo bataille for her for fir launcelots fake / And vpon my lyf he wille not refufe yow / For wel I fee faid the kynge that none of thefe foure and twenty knyghtes that were with you at your dyner where fir Patryfe was flayn |<[p.731] sig.V5r> that wille doo batail for yow nor none fo hem wille faye well of yow / and that fhalle be a grete fklaunder for yow in thys Courte / Allas faid the quene and I maye not doo with all but now I mys fir launcelot / for and he were here / he wold putte me foone to my hertes eafe / ¶ what eyleth yow faid the kynge ye can not kepe fir launcelot vpon your fyde / for wete ye wel fayd the kynge who that hath fire Launcelot vpon his partye / hath the mooft man of worfhip in the world vpon his fyde / Now goo your way faid the kynge vnto the quene / and requyre fir Bors to doo bataille for yow for fire launcelots fake

¶ Capitulum quintum /

SOo the quene departed from the kynge / and fente for fir Bors in to her chamber / And whan he was come fhe befought hym of focour / Madame faid he / what wold ye that I dyd / for I maye not with my worfhyp haue adoo in this mater by caufe I was at the fame dyner for drede that ony of tho knyghtes wold haue me in fufpecyon / Alfo madame faid fir Bors now mys ye fir 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 worfhypped by /

therfor madame I merueylle how ye dar for shame requyre me to doo any thyng for yow in foo 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 befought fir Bors to haue mercy vpon her / outhur I shall haue a shameful dethe and therto I neuer offended / Ryght foo cam kyng Arthur / & fonde the quene knelyng afore fir Bors / thenne fir 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 |<[p.732] sig.V5v> And ther for curtois knyght sayd the kynge / promyse her to doo bataille for her / I requyre yow for the loue of fyr launcelot / My lord sayd fyr Bors ye requyre me the gretteft 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 felawship of the table round / but as for that sayd Bors I wille graunte my lord / that for my lord fir launcelots sake & for your sake I wille at that daye be the quenes champyon / onles that there come by aduerture a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for her / Will ye promyse me this sayd the kynge by your feythe / ye fir said fir Bors / of that I will not fayle yow / nor her bothe / but yf there came a better knyghte than I am / and thenne shall he haue the bataille / Thenne was the kynge and the quene passyng gladde / and foo departed / and thanked hym hertely / Soo thenne fir Bors departed secretly vpon a day / and rode vnto fire launcelot there as he was wyth the heremyte fir Braffias / & told hym of all their aduerture A Ihesu said fir Launcelot this is come happily 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 / fyr said Bors lete me dele with hym / Doubte ye not ye shall haue alle your wille / thenne departed fyre Bors from hym / and came to the Courte ageyne / Thenne was hit noyfed in alle the Courte that fir Bors shold doo bataill for the quene / wherfore many knyghtes were displeasid 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 fire Bors anfuerd 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 anfuerd 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 |<[p.733] sig.V6r> we loue her not by cause she is a destroyer of good knyghtes Faire lordes sayd fir 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 bounteuous lady of her yestes and her good grace that euer I sawe or herd speke of / And there for it were shame said

fire Bors to vs all to our most noble kynges wyf / & we suffred her to be
 fhamefully flayne / And wete ye wel sayd fire Bors I wyll not suffer it /
 for I dare say foo moche the quene is not gylty of fir Patryse dethe / for she
 owed hym neuer none ylle wyll / 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 fire Bors we may wel bileue your
 wordes / and foo some of them were wel pleafyd / and fomme were not fo

¶ Capitulum vj

THe daye came on faste vntyl the euen that the bataille shold be /
 Thenne the quene sente for fir Bors and asked hym how he was
 disposed / Truly madame sayd he I am disposed in lyke wyse as I
 promyfed yow / that is for to saye I shal not fayle yow / onles by
 aduerture 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 kyng and told hym the anfuer
 of fir Bors / haue ye no doubte said the kyng of fir Bors / for I calle hym
 now one of the beste knyghtes of the world and the most profytelyest man /
 And thus it pafte on vntyl the morne / and the kyng and the quene and all
 maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme drewe them vnto the
 medowe byfyde wynchester where the bataylle |<[p.734] sig.V6v> shold
 be / And soo whan the kyng 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 kyng as vpon a knyghte / and as wel vpon a Quene as vpon another
 poure lady / Soo in this meane whyle came in fir Mador de la porte / and
 tooke his othe afore the kyng / that the quene dyd this treason vntyl his
 cofyn fir Patryse / & vnto his othe / he wold preue hit with his body hand
 for hand who that wold saye the contrary / Ryght so cam in fire 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 fir Mador / and we
 shalle preue whether thow be in the ryght or I / Sir Mador said fir Bors
 wete thou wel I knowe yow for a good knyghte / Not for thenne I shal not
 fere yow foo gretely / but I truste to god I shalle be able to withstande your
 malyce / But thus moche haue I promyfed 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 fire Mador / outhere come thou of / and doo batail with me / or els say
 nay / Take your hors said fire Bors / and as I suppose ye shalle not tary
 longe / but ye shalle be anfuerd / thenne eyther departed to their tentys and

maade hem redy to horsbak as they thoughte best / And anone fir 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 fir Bors afhamed and took his hors / and came to the lyfste 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 fir Bors and sayd thus Fair knyght I pray yow be not displeafed / for here muft a better knyght |<[p.735] sig.V7r> 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 laft / and with alle my herte I thanke yow of your good wille / Thenne fire Bors rode vnto kynge Arthur and told hym how there was a knyght come that wold haue the bataille for to fyghte for the Quene ¶ what knyght is he said the kynge / I wote not sayd fyre Bors / but siche couenaunt he made with me to be here this day Now my lord sayd fyr Bors here am I difcharged /

Capitulum vij

THenne the kynge called to that knyghte / and alked hym / yf he wold fyghte for the quene / Thenne he anfuerd to the kynge therfor cam I hydder / and therfor fir kyng he sayd tary me noo lenger for I may not tary / For anone as I haue fynnyshed this bataille I muft 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 amongest yow / thenne they alle merueylled what knyght that myghte be that soo toke the bataille vpon hym / For there was not one that knewe hym but yf it were fyre Bors / Thenne sayd fir 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 lyfste ende / and there they couched their speres / & ranne to gyder with alle their myghtes / and fire Madors spere brake alle to pyeces / but the others spere held / and bare fyre 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 fuerd / 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 fuerd / and soo they came egerly vnto bataille / and eyther |<[p.736] sig.V7v> gaf other many grete strokes tracynge and trauercynge / racynge and foynynge / and hurtlyng to gyder with her fuerdes as it were wyld bores / thus were they fyghtynge nyghe an houre / For this fir Mador was a stronge knyghte / and myghtely proued in many stronge batails / But at the lafte thys knyghte smote fir Madore grouelyng vpon the erthe / and the kynght stepped nere hym to

haue pulled fir Mador flatlynge vpon the ground / and there with sodenly fir Mador aroos / & in his ryfyng he smote that knyght thurgh the thyck of the thyges that the blood ranne oute fyerfly / ¶ 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 fir Mador prayd that knyghte to saue his lyf / and so he yelded hym as ouercome and releycyd the quene of his quarel / I wille not graunte the thy lyf said that knyghte only that thou frely recele the quene for euer / and that no mencyon be made vpon fir Patryces tombe that euer Quene Gueneuer consented to that treason / Alle this shalle be done said fir mador I clerely discharge my quarel for euer / Thenne the knyghtes parters of the lyftes toke vp fire 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 kyng / and eyther kyssed other hertely / And whan the kyng sawe that knyghte / he stouped doune to hym / and thanked hym / and in lyke wyse dyd the quene / and the kyng 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 fyre Launcelot du lake / Anone as the quene wyft that / he took the quene in his hand / and yode vnto fyr launcelot and sayd fir graunt mercy of your grete trauaille that ye haue hadde thys day for me and for my quene / My lord sayd fir launcelot wete ye wel I oughte of ryghte euer to be in your quarel / and in my lady the quenens 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 |<[p.737] sig.V8r> for that same day ye made me knyghte / thurgh my haftyneffe I lost my fuerd / and my lady your quene fond hit / and lapped hit it her trayne / and gafe me my fuerd 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 outhere in wronge / Graunt mercy sayd the kyng for this iourneye / & wete ye wel said the kyng I shal acqyue youre goodenes / and euer the quene behelde fir launcelot / and wepte so tendyrly that she fanke all most to the groūd 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 fir Mador was had to leche craft / and fire launcelot was helyd of his woūd / And thenne there was made grete Ioye & myrthes in that courte

¶ Capitulum octauum /

ANd soo it befelle that the damoyfel of the lake / her name was Nymue / the whiche wedded the good knyzt fir Pelleas / and soo she cam to the Courte / for euer she dyd grete goodenes vnto kynge Arthur / and to alle his knytes thurgh her forcery and enchaumentes / And soo whan she herd how the quene was an angred for the dethe of fyre Patryse / Thenne she told it openly that she was neuer gylty and there she disclofed by whome it was done and named hym fyr Pynel / and for what cause he dyd it / there it was openly disclofed / and soo the quene was excused / and the knyzt Pynel fled in to his countre / Thenne was it openly knowen that fyr Pynel enpoyfond the appels att the feest to that entente to haue destroyed sire Gawayne / by cause fyr Gawayne and his bretheren destroyed fyr Lamorak de galys / to the whiche fyre Pynel was cofyn vnto / Thenne was sire Patryce buried in the chirche of Westmestre in a tombe / and there vpon was wryten / Here lyeth fyre Patryce of Irlond slayne by fyre Pynel |<[p.738] sig.V8v> le faueage / that enpoyfoned appels to haue slayne fyre Gawayne / and by myfffortune sire Patryce ete one of tho appels / & thenne sodenly he braft / Also there was wryten vnto the tombe that Quene Gueneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth of sire Patryce by fir 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 fyr Patryce in excusyng of the quene / And thenne fir Mador sewed dayly and long / to haue the Quenes good grace / and soo by the meanes of fyre 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 wynchefer / 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 Anguyllhe 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 fuche a noble felauhyp to gyders excepte at wyffontyde 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 fir 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 passyng wrothe / and soo he departed toward wynchestre with his felauhyp / 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 Caftel / Soo whan the kynge was departed / the quene called fir launcelot |<[p.739] sig.X1r> to her / and faid thus / Sire launcelot ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yow behynde my lord / what trowe ye what will youre enemyes and myne faye and deme / noughte els but fee how fire launcolot holdeth hym euer behynde the kyng / and foo doth the quene / for that they wold haue their pleafyr to gyders / And thus wylle they faye fayd the Quene to fyr launcelot haue ye noo doubt therof

¶ Capitulum ix

M Adame faid fyr Launcelot I allowe your wytte / it is of late come fyn ye were wyfe / And therfor madame at this tyme I wille be rulyd by your counceylle / and thys nyghte I wylle take my rest / and to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye toward wynchestre / ¶ But wete yow wel fayd fir Launcelot to the quene / that at that Iuftes I wille be ageynft the kynge and ageynfte al his felaufhip / ye maye there doo as ye lyft fayd the Quene / but by my counceylle ye fhalle not be ageynft youre kyng and youre felaufhip / For therin ben ful many hard knyghtes of youre blood as ye wote wel ynough / hit nedeth not to reherce them / ¶ Madame faid fyre Launcelot I praye yow that ye be not difpleafyd with me / for I wille take the aduenture that god wylle fende me / And foo vpon the morne erly fyre launcelot herd maffe and brake his falt / and foo toke his leue of the quene departed / And thenne he rode foo moche vntyl he came to Aftolat that is Gylford / and there hit happed hym in the euentyde he cam to an old Barons place that hyght fir Bernard of Aftolat / And as fyre launcelot entryd in to his lodgyng / kynge Arthur afpyed hym as he dyd walke in a gardyn befyde the Caftel how he took his lodgyng / & knewe hym ful wel / ¶ It is wel fayd kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn befyde the caftel / I haue now afpyed one knyghte that wylle playe his playe at the Iuftes / to the whiche we be gone toward / I vndertake he wil do merueils / Who is that we pray you telle vs |<[p.740] sig.X1v> fayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme / ye fhall not wete for me faid the kynge as at this tyme / And foo the kyng fmyled / and wente to his lodgyng / Soo whan fire 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 beft maner / but the old knyght knewe not fire Launcelot / Fair fir faid fir launcelot to his hooft I wold praye yow to lene me a fhelde that were not openly knowen for myn is wel knowen / Sir faid his hooft ye fhalle haue your defyre / for me femeth ye be one of the lykelyeft knyghtes of the world / and therfor I fhall fhewe you frendfhip Sire wete yow wel I haue two fones that were but late made knyghtes / and the eldeft hyghte fir Tirre / and he was hurt that fame day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde / and his fheld ye fhalle haue / For that is not knowen I dare faye but here / and in no place els / and my yongeft fone hyght Lauayne / and yf hit please yow / he fhalle ryde with yow vnto that Iuftes / and he is of his age x ftronge 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 fir Bernard As for that sayd fire launcelot ye muft 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 fir Launcelot in ony wyfe lete me haue youre sone fire lauayne with me / and that I maye haue your broders shelde / Alle this shalle be done said fir Bernard / ¶ This old baron had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire mayden of Astolat / And euer she beheld fir launcelot wonderfully / And as the book sayth she cast suche a loue vnto fir 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 befoughte fyr launcelot to were vpon hym at the Iustes a token of hers ¶ Faire damoyfel said fir launcelot / and yf I graunte yow that ye may saye I doo more for youre loue than euer I dyd for lady or damoyfel / ¶ Thenne he remembryd hym that he wold goo to the Iustes defguyfed / And by cause he had neuer fore that tyme borne noo manere of token of noo damoyfel

|<[p.741] sig.X2r>¶ 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 fleue of myn of scarlet wel enbroudred with grete perlys / and soo she brought it hym / Soo fyre Launcelot receyued it / and sayd neuer dyd I erft soo moche / for no damoyfel / And thenne fir 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 damoyfel Elayne was aboute fire Launcelot alle the whyle she myghte be suffred

Capitulum x

Soo vpon a daye on the morne kyng Arthur and al his knyghtes departed / for their kyng had taryed thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes / And soo whanne the kyng was ryden / fir launcelot and fire Lauayne made hem redy to ryde / and eyther of hem had whyte sheldes / and the reed fleue fir Launcelot lete cary with hym / and soo they tooke their leue at fyr 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 fir launcelot was lodged pryuely by the meanes of fir lauayne with a ryche burgeis that no man in that toune was ware what they were / & soo they repofed them there til oure lady day assumpcyon as the grete feest sholde be / Soo thenne trumpets blewe vnto the felde / and kyng Arthur was sette on hyghe vpon a skafhold to beholde who dyd best / But as the Frenshe book faith / the kyng wold not suffer fyre Gawayn to goo from hym / for neuer had fir Gawayn the better and fire

launcelot were in the felde / & many tymes was fir Gawayn rebuked whan laūcelot cam in to ony Iuftes defguysed / Thenne fom of the kynges as kyng Anguyſſhe of Irland and the kyng of Scottes were that tyme torned vpon the fyde of kyng Arthur / ¶ And |<[p.742] sig.X2v> thenne on the other party was the kyng of Northgalys / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / and the kyng of Northumberland / and fyre Galahad the haut prynce / But theſe thre kynges and this duke were paſſyng weyke to holde ageynſt kyng 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 fyre Launcelot made hym redy / and putte the reed fleue vpon his hede / and faſtned it faſt / and ſoo fyre launcelot and fyre 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 ſtylle tyl the parties ſmote to gyders / & thenne cam in the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irland on Arthurs party / and ageynſt them came the kyng of Northumberland / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes ſmote down the kyng of Northumberland / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes ſmote doune kyng Anguyſſhe of Irland / Thenne fyre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountred with fyre Galahad / and eyther of hem ſmote doune other / and eyther party halpe their lordes on horſbak ageyne / Soo there began a ſtronge affaile vpon bothe parties / And thenne came in fyr Brandyles / fyre Sagramor le defyrus / fire Dodynas le faueage / fir kay le ſeneſchal / fir Gryflet le fyſe de dieu / fir Mordred / fir Melyot de logrys / fyr Oꝓanna le cure hardy / fir Safyr / fir Epynogrys / fyr 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 kyng of Northumberland and the kyng of Northwalys / whan fir launcelot ſawe this as he houed in a lytil leued woode / thenne he ſayd vnto fyre 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 fyre Lauayne |<[p.743] sig.X3r>

¶ Capitulum xj

Now ſayd fyre Launcelot / and ye wille helpe me a lytel / ye ſhalle ſee yonder ſelaulhip that chafeth now theſe men in oure fyde that they ſhal go as faſt bakward as they wente forward / Sir ſpare not ſaid fire Lauayne / for I ſhall doo what I maye / Thenne fire Launcelot and fire Lauayne cam in at the thyckeſt of the prees / and there fyre launcelot ſmote doune fyr Brandyles / fyre Sagramore / fyre Dodynas / fir Kay / fyr Gryflet / and alle this he dyd with one ſpere / and fire Lauayne ſmote doune fire Lucan the buttelere / and fir Bedeuere / And thenne fire Launcelot gat another ſpere / & there he ſmote doune fir Agrauayne / fire Gaherys / and fir Mordred and fir Melyot de Logrys / and fir Lauayne ſmote doune Oꝓanna le cure hardy / and thenne

fir Launcelot drewe his fuerd and there he smote on the ryght hand and on
 the lyfte hand and by grete force he vnhorced fyr Safyr / fyre Epynogrys /
 & fir Galleron / and thenne the knyghtes of the table round withdrewe
 them abak after they had gotten their horses as wel as they myghte / O
 mercy Ihesu said fyre Gawayne what knyghte is yonder that doth soo
 merueyllous dedes of armes in that felde / I wote not what he is sayd
 kyng Arthur / But as att this tyme I wille not name hym / fyre sayd fyre
 Gawayne I wold say it were fyr 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 fleue vpon his hede / for I wyft hym neuer bere token at no
 lufte of lady nor gentilwoman / Lete hym be said kyng Arthur / he wille
 be better knowen / and do more or euer he departe / Thenne the party that
 was ayenst kyng Arthur were wel comforted / and thenne they helde hem
 to gyders that before hand were sore rebuked / Thenne fir Bors fir Ector de
 marys and fir Lyonel called vnto them the knyghtes of their blood / as fir
 Blamor de ganys / fyre Bleoberys fyr Alyduke / fir Galyhud / fyre
 Galyhodyn / fir Bellangere le beuse / soo these nyne knyghtes of fir
 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 fir launcelot & fir lauayne / for they <[p.744]
 sig.X3v> knewe hem not / and soo they cam hurlyng to gyders / & smote
 doune many knyghtes of northgalys and of northumberland And whanne
 fyre launcelot sawe them fare soo / he gat a spere in his hand / and there
 encountred with hym al attones fyr bors fir Ector and fyre Lyonel / and alle
 they thre smote hym atte ones with their speres / And with fors of them self
 they smote fir launcelots hors to the erthe / and by myffortune fir bors
 smote fyre launcelot thurgh the shelde in to the fyde / and the spere brake /
 and the hede lefte styll in his fyde / whan fir Lauayne sawe his maister lye
 on the ground / he ranne to the kyng of scottes / and smote hym to the
 erthe / and by grete force he took his hors / and brought hym to fyr
 launcelot / and maugre of them al he made hym to mounte vpon that
 hors / & thenne launcelot gat a spere in his hand / and there he smote fyre
 Bors hors and man to the erthe / in the same wyse he serued fyre Ector and
 fyre Lyonel / and fyre Lauayne smote doune fir Blamore de ganys / And
 thenne fir launcelot drewe his fuerd for he felte hym self so sore y hurte
 that he wende there to haue had his dethe / And thenne he smote fyre
 Bleoberys suche a buffet on the helmet that he felle doune to the erthe in a
 fwoun And in the same wyse he serued fir Alyduk / and fir Galyhud And
 fyre Lauayne smote doune fyr Bellangere that was the sone of Alysaunders le
 orphelyn / and by this was fyre Bors horsed / and thenne he came with fyre
 Ector and fyr Lyonel / & alle they thre smote with fuerdes vpon fyre
 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 fyr Bors suche a buffet that he made
 hym bowe his heed passyng 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 fyre Ector and fyre Lyonel / For as the book saith he
 myghte haue slayne them / but whan he sawe their vyfages / 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

merueylouft 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 <[p.745] sig.X4r> his fuerd fmote doune and pulled doune as the Frenllhe 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 fmote 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 fleue / Syr faide 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 fleue / Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes 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 worshopfully deserued it / My faire lordes faide fyre launcelot wete yow wel yf I haue deserued thanke / I haue fore 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 fore 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 pytoufly and rode a grete wallop away ward fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes fyde / 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 gentyl knyght sir Lauayne helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my fyde / for it stycketh so fore that it nyhe sleeth me / O myn owne lord said sir Lauayne I wold fayn do that myȝt please yow / but I drede me fore / & 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 fyde / and gaf a grete shryche and a merueillous <[p.746] sig.X4v> gryfely grone / and the blood brafte oute nyghe a pynt at ones that at the last he sanke down vpon his buttocks & so fwounded pale and dedely / Allas sayd sire Lauayne what shalle I doo And thenne he torded 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 fyre 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 forfaken 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 cofyn germayns

handes / & thenne with grete payne fir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors
 And thenne they rode a grete wallop to gyders / and euer fyr 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
 fyde / and a fayre water rennyng vnder it / And thenne fire 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 fyr Lauayne / goo and pray thy lord / the heremyte
 for goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful fore wounded / and this
 day telle thy lord I fawe hym do more dedes of armes than euer I herd fay
 ony man dyd Soo the chyld wente in lyghtely / and thenne he brought the
 heremyte the whiche was a passyng good man / Whan fyr lauayne fawe
 hym he prayd hym for goddes sake of focour / what knyght is he sayd the
 heremyte / is he of the hows of kyng arthur or not / I wote not said fire
 Lauayne what is he / nor what is his name / but wel I wote I fawe hym doo
 merueylouffly this daye as of dedes of armes / On whos party was he sayd
 the heremyte / fyre said fyre 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 |<[p.747] sig.X5r> 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 fir Lauayne broughte the heremyte to hym

¶ Capitulum xiiij

ANd whan the heremyte beheld hym as he sat lenyng vpon his
 fadel bowe euer bledyng pytoully / and euer the knyghte
 heremyte thoughte that he shold knowe hym but he coude not
 bryng hym to knoueleche / by cause he was soo pale for
 bledyng / what knyghte are ye sayd the heremyte / and where
 were ye borne / My fayre lord sayd fyre Launcelot I am a straunger and a
 knyghte auenturous that laboureth thurȝ oute many Realmes for to wyne
 worship / Thenne the heremyte aduyfed hym better / and sawe by a wound
 on his cheke that he was fyr 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 fire launcelot Sire said he fythe ye knowe me / helpe
 me and ye may for goddes sake / for I wold be oute of this payne at ones /
 outhere to dethe or to lyf / Haue ye no doubte sayd the heremyte ye shall
 lyue and fare ryȝt wel / and soo the heremyte called to hym two of his
 seruaytes / and so he and his seruantes 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 fir 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 houfholde / and refresshyd
 peple that were in distresse / ¶ Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and leue
 we fir launcelot in the hermytage / ¶ Soo whan the kynges were comen
 to gyders on bothe partyes / and the grete feelte shold be holden kynge
 Arthur alked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr felaulhyp where was that
 knyghte that bare the reed fleue / brynge hym afore me that he may haue
 his lawde and honour & <[p.748] sig.X5v> the pryce as it is ryght /
 Thenne spake fir 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 gretteft pyte that euer we wyfte
 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 werft tydynges that came to me this feuen yere / For I
 wold not for alle the londes I welde to knowe and wete it were so that that
 noble knyght were flayne / 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 fende me good good tydynges
 of hym and soo said they alle / By my hede said fire Gawayn yf it soo be
 that the good knyghte be so fore hurte / hit is grete dommage and pyte to
 alle this land / For he is one of the nobleft knyghtes that euer I sawe in a
 felde handle a spere or a fuerd / 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 fir Gawayne / but wete I
 shalle what he is and I may fynde hym / Ryght soo fyre Gawayne took a
 squyer with hym vpon hakneis and rode al aboute Camelot within vj or
 feuen myle / but soo he came ageyne and coude here no word of hym /
 Thenne within two dayes kynge Arthur and alle the felaulhyp returned
 vnto london ageyne / And soo as they rode by the waye / hit happed fir
 Gawayne at Aftolat to lodge wyth fyr Bernard / there as was fyr Launcelot
 lodged / and soo as fire Gawayn was in his chamber to repose hym / fyr
 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 fyre Gawayne there were two knyghtes
 that bare two whyte sheldes / but the one of hem bare a reed fleue vpon his
 hede and certaynly he was one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe luste in
 felde / For I dare say sayd fire Gawayne that one knyght <[p.749] sig.X6r>
 with the reed fleue smote doune fourty knyghtes of the table round / and
 his felawe dyd ryght wel and worshypfully / ¶ Now bleffid be god sayd
 the fayre mayden of Aftolat 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 fir Gawayne is that good knyght your
 loue / Certaynly fir sayd she / were ye wel he is my loue / thenne knowe ye
 his name sayd fire gawayne / Nay truly said the damoyfel / 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 knoueleche of hym fyrst said fire
 Gawayne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne she told hym as ye haue herd to fore / and hou her fader betoke hym her broder to doo hym feruyse / and how her fader lente hym her broders fyr Tyrreis shelde / and herre with me he lefte his owne sheld / For what cause dyd he so said fir Gawayne / For this cause sayd the damoyfel / for his sheld was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes / A fayr damoyfel sayd fir Gawayne please hit yow lete me haue a fyghte of that sheld / fyre 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 fyre Barnard tyl his daughter lete sende for it Soo whan the sheld was comen / fir Gawayne took of the caas / And whanne he beheld that sheld he knewe anone that hit was fir launcelots shelde / and his ownes armes / A Ihesu mercy sayd fyr Gawayne now is my herte more heuyer than euer it was tofore why sayd Elayne / for I haue grete cause sayd fire 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 fire Gawayne fair damoyfel ye haue ryght / for and he be your loue / ye loue the moost honourable knyghte of the world and the man of moost worlhyp / So me thoughte euer said the damoyfel / for neuer or that tyme for no knyghte that euer I fawe / loued I neuer none erft / ¶ God graunte sayd fire Gawayne that eyther of yow maye reioyse |<[p.750] sig.X6v> other / but that is in grete aduenture / But truly said fir gawayne vnto the damoyfel / ye maye 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 / fawe / nor herd saye that euer he bare token or fygne of no lady / gentilwoman / ne mayden at no Iustes nor turnement / And therfor fayre mayden saide fire Gawayne ye ar moche beholden to hym to gyue hym thankses / But I drede me sayd fire 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 fire Gawayne / but wete ye wel / he is greuoufly wounded by alle maner of fygnes and by mens fyghte more lykelyer to be dede than to be on lyue / and wete ye wel he is the noble knyghte fire 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 fire Gawayne the man in the world that loued hym best / hurte hym soo / and I dare say sayd fir Gawayne / and that knyghte that hurte hym knewe the veray certaynte that he had hurte fire Launcelot / it wold be the moost forowe 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 fyre Lauayne / Doo as it lyketh yow sayd her fader / for me fore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte ¶ Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy and before fyre Gawayne makynge grete dole / Thenne on the morne fyr Gawayne came to kynge Arthur / and told hym how he had fonde fire Launcelots shelde in the kepyng 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

Aftolat / But merueille haue I said Arthur that euer he wold bere ony fygne of ony damoyfel / For or now I neuer herd fay nor knewe that euer he bare ony token of none erthely woman / By my hede said fir Gawayne the fayre mayden of Aftolat loueth |<[p.751] sig.X7r> hym merueylloufly wel / what it meaneth I can not faye / & she is ryden after to feke hym / Soo the kyng and alle cam to london / and there fire Gawayne openly difclofed to alle the Courte that it was fire Launcelot that Iufted beft

¶ Capitulum xv

ANd whanne fir Bors herd that wete ye wel / he was an heuy man / and soo were alle his kynnesmen / But whan quene Gueneuer wyfte that fyre Launcelot bare the reed fleue / of the fayre mayden of Aftolat / she was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe / ¶ And thenne she fente for fyr Bors de ganys in alle the haft that myghte be / Soo whanne fire Bors was come to fore the quene / thenne she sayd / A fire Bors haue ye herd fay how fallfly fir launcelot hath bytrayed me / Allas madame said fire 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 fir Bors I pray yow faye ye not fo / for wete yow wel / I maye not here fuche langage of hym / why fire Bors sayd she / shold I not calle hym traytour whan he bare the reed fleue vpon his hede at wynchestre at the grete Iuftes / Madame sayd fyre Bors that fleue beryng repenteth me fore / but I dar fay he dyd it to none euylle entente / but for this cause he bare the reed fleue 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 fygne 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 faye ye neuer more soo for he bete me / and my felawes / and myghte haue flayne vs and he had wold / Fy on hym sayd the quene / For I herd fir Gawayne faye bifore my lord Arthur that it were merueil to telle the grete loue that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Aftolat and hym / Madame saide fyre Bors I maye not warne fyr Gawayne to fay what it pleafyd hym / But I dare fay as for my lord fyre Launcelot that he loueth no lady gentilwoman nor mayde / but all he loueth in lyke moche / and therfor |<[p.752] sig.X7v> madame said fir Bors / ye may faye what ye wylle / but wete ye wel I wille hafte me to feke 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 fire launcelot that lay in grete perylle / Soo as fayr Elayne cam to wynchestre / she foughte there al aboute / and by fortune fyr 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 fire launcelot / Who told yow fyfter that my lordes name was fir Launcelot thenne she told hym how fire Gawayne by his sheld knewe hym / Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage / and anone she alyghte / So fir Lauayne broughte her in to fire launcelot / And

whanne she sawe hym lye so feke & 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 swounded ageyne / And thenne sir Launcelot prayd fyre Lauayne to take her vp / and brynge her to me / And whan she cam to her self sire Launcelot kyft her / and saide / 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 ryzt 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 fyre Gawayne wold telle Quene Gueneuer / how he bare the reed fleue / and for whome / that he wyft 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 frenshe book saith / there was neuer woman dyd more kyndelyer for man than she / Thenne sir Launcelot prayd sir Lauayne to <[p.753] sig.X8r> 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 fyre Bors wille feke me / for he is the fame good knyzt that hurte me /

¶ Capitulum xvj

Now torne we vnto sire Bors de ganys that cam vnto wynchestre to feke after his cofyn fyre 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 saide 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 shal 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 countenance / and for kyndenes and pyte / he myghte not speke / but wepte tendirly a grete whyle / And thenne whanne he myght speke / he saide thus / O my lord sire launcelot god yow blyffe / and fend yow hafty recouer / And ful heuy am I of my myffortune & of myn vnhappyes / 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 vnhappyes to hurte the moost

nobleſt knyghte of the world / where I ſoo ſhamefully fet 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 cofyn ſaid ſire Launcelot ye be ryght welcome / & wete ye wel / ouer moche ye ſay for to pleaſe |<[p.754] sig.X8v> me / the whiche pleaſeth me not / for why I haue the ſame y fought / 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 cofyn ſaid ſir launcelot / lete thys ſpeche ouerpaffe 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 fyde / and told ſire Launcelot how the quene was paſſyng wrothe with hym / by cauſe he ware the reed fleue at the grete Iuſtes / and there ſir Bors told hym alle how ſir Gawayne diſcouered hit by youre ſheld that ye lefte 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 vayne / for ſhe ſayd more largelyer to me thā 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 damoyfel and a wel biſene and wel taughte / and god wold fayre cofyn 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 dyligence aboute you that ſhe loueth you entierly / that me repenteth ſaid ſir Laūcelot / fyr 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 |<[p.755] sig.Y1r>

¶ 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 wynchefſtre / 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 dyligente 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 affente of fyr launcelot / fyre Bors and fyre lauayne they made the heremyte to feke in woodes for dyuerse herbes / and soo fir launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne / In the meane whyle fyr launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces / and there he thoughte to affaye his armour and his spere for his hurte or not And soo when he was vpon his hors / he stered hym fyrefly / and the hors was passynge lusty and fresshe by cause he was not laboured a moneth afore / And thenne fyr Launcelot couched that spere in the reeft / that courser lepte myghtely when he felte the spores / and he that was vpon hym the whiche was the noblest hors of the world strayned hym myghtely and stably / and kepte styll the spere in the reeft / and ther with fyre Launcelot strayned hym self soo straytly with soo grete force to gete the hors forward that the buttom of his wound braft bothe within and withoute / and there with alle the blood cam oute so fyrefly that he felte hym self soo feble that he myghte not sytte vpon his hors / And thenne fyr Launcelot cryed vnto fyr Bors / A fyr Bors and fyr Lauayne helpe for I am come to myn ende / And there with he felle doun on the one syde to the erthe lyke a dede corps / And thenne fyr Bors and fyr Lauayne came to hym with sorowe makyng out of mesure / And soo by fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng / & thenne she came thyder / & when she fond fyr Launcelot there armed in that place / she cryed & wepte as she had ben woode / & |<[p.756] sig.Y1v> thenne she kyft hym / & dyd what she myghte to awake hym / And thenne she rebuked her broder and fir 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 fyr Bawdewyn of bretayne / And when he fond fyr 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 pytoufly / 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 fir launcelot waked of his fwoune / and thenne the heremyte staunched his bledynge / And when he myghte speke / he asked fir launcelot / why he putte his lyf in Ieopardy / Sir said fyre Launcelot by cause I wende I had ben stronge / and also fyre Bors told me / that there shold be at al halowmassè a grete Iustes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys / and therfor I thoughte to affaye hit my self / whether I myght be there or not / A fyr launcelot sayd the heremyte / your herte & your courage wille neuer be done vntyl your laft day / but ye shal doo now by my counceylle / lete fire 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 / fyr launcelot shall be as hole as ye / soo that he wil be gouerned by me /

Capitulum xvij

THenne fire Bors made hym redy to departe from fyre launcelot / and thenne fire launcelot sayd / Faire cofyn fyr 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 fir Bors departed & came to the courte of kyng arthur and told hem in what place he had lefte fyre launcelot / that me repenteth said the kyng / but fyn he shalle haue his lyf we all may thanke god / and there fyre Bors told the Quene in what leopardy fyre Launcelot was / whanne he wold assaye |<[p.757] sig.Y2r> 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 fory and he shalle haue his lyf / his lyf shalle he haue said fyr Bors / and who that wold other wyse excepte you madame / we that ben of his blood shold helpe to shorte their lyues / but madame sayd fyr Bors ye haue ben oftymes displeyd with my lord fyr 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 halowmaffe and thyder drewe many knyghtes of dyuerse countreyes And as al halowemaffe drewe nere / thydder came the kyng of Northgalys / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / & fyr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse / and thydder came kyng Anguylthe of Irland / and the kyng of Scottes / soo these thre kynges came on kyng Arthurs party / and soo that daye fyre Gawayne dyd grete dedes of armes / and began fyrst And the herowdes nombred that fir Gawayne smote doune xx knyghtes / Thenne fyr 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 fyr Gareth as the book sayth dyd that daye grete dedes of armes / for he smote doune and pulled doune thyrty knyghtes / But whan he had done these dedes / he taryed not / but soo departed / and therfor he lost his pryce / & fir Palomydes did grete dedes of armes that day / for he smote doun twenty knyghtes / but he departed sodenly / & men demed fyre Gareth & he rode to gyders to somme maner aduentures / Soo whan this turnement was done / fyr Bors departed / & rode tyl he came to fyre launcelot his cofyn / & thenne he fonde hym walkyng on his feet / & ther eyther made grete Ioye of other / & so fire Bors tolde fyr launcelot of all the Iustes lyke as ye haue herde / I merueille said fir launcelot that fyre Gareth whan he had done suche dedes of armes that he wolde not tary / therof we merueyled al faide fyr Bors / for but yf it were yow or fyr Tristram or fyre lamorak de galys I sawe neuer knyght bere doune soo many in |<[p.758] sig.Y2v> so lytel a whyle as dyd fyr Gareth / And anone as he was gone we wyfte not where / By my hede said fir launcelot he is a noble knyghte / and a myghty man / and wel brethed / and yf he were wel

affayed faid fir 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 Aftolat / there were they wel lodged and had grete chere of fyre Bernard the old baron / and of fir Tyrre his sone / and so vpon the morne whan fyr Launcelot shold departe / fayre Elayne brouȝt her fader with her and fir Lauayne and fir Tyrre and thus she faid

Capitulum xix

MY lord fyr Launcelot now I fee 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 faid fyr launcelot / I wold haue you to my husbond fayd Elayne / Fair damoyfel I thanke yow fayd fyr Launcelot / but truly fayd he I cast me neuer to be wedded man / thenne fair knyght faid she / wylle ye be my peramour / Ihesu defende me faid fyr launcelot / for thenne I rewarded your fader and your broder ful euylle for their grete goodenes Allas fayd she / thenne muft I dye for your loue / ye shal not so faid fyre 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 damoyfel 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 befet 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 faide the mayden I wille none / for but yf ye wille wedde me or ellys be my peramour at the leest / wete yow wel fir launcelot my good dayes are done / Fair damoyfel fayd fir launcelot of these ij thynges ye muft pardonne me / thenne she shryked shyrlly / and felle doune in a swoone / and thenne wymmen bare her in to her chamber / and there she made ouer moche sorowe / and thenne fir launcelot wold departe / and there he alked fir Lauayn what he wold doo / what shold I doo faid fyre lauayne but folowe yow / but yf ye dryue me from yow / or commaunde me to goo from yow / Thenne came fir Bernard to fir launcelot and fayd to hym / I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye for your sake / I maye not doo with alle faid fir launcelot / for that me fore repenteth / For I reporte me to youre self that my profer is fayre / and me repenteth faid fyr 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 faid fir 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 faid fir Lauayne I dar

make good she is a clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot / but she doth as I doo / For fythen 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 wysite that syr launcelot was come hole and found / the kynge maade grete ioye of hym / and soo dyd sir Gawayn and all the knyghtes of the round table excepte sir Agrauayn 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 sliche 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 |<[p.760] sig.Y3v> styll vpon sire launcelot / Thenne her ghooftly fader bad her leue sliche thoughtes / Thenne she sayd why shold I leue sliche 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 fythen hit is the sufferaunce 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 fowle / 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 deuyfed / 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 boude fast with the letter vntyl that I be cold / and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rycheft clothes that I haue aboute me / and so lete my bedde and alle my rycheft 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 / sliche as ye truist to stere 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 deuyfed / 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 |<[p.761] sig.Y4r>

¶ 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
 Agrauayne / 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 ſittyng 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 & þ^e quene entred with certayn knyghtes
 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 chāber / he called many knyghtes
 aboute hym / & faide 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 / Mooft 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 leeft / & 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 [p.762] ſig.Y4v> 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 damoyſel / 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
 preferued her lyf / madame ſayd ſir launcelot / ſhe wold none other wayes
 be anſuerd / but that ſhe wold be my wyf / outhere 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 any 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

fayd the kynge / and many knyghtes loue is free in hym selfe / and neuer
 wille be bounden / for where he is bounden / he loofeth hym self / Thenne
 fayd the kynge vnto sire Launcelot / hit wyl be your worthyp that ye ouer
 fee that she be entered worthypfully / Sire fayd 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
 fir launcelot offryd her masse peny / and all the knyghtes of the table round
 that were there at that tyme offryd with fyr launcelot / And thenne the
 poure man wente ageyne with the barget / ¶ Thenne the quene sente for
 fyr Launcelot / & prayd hym of mercy / for why that she had ben wrothe
 with hym causeles / this is not the fyrste tyme said fir launcelot that ye haue
 ben displeasid 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 huntyng and haukyng / and Iustes and torneys were
 many |<[p.763] sig.Y5r> betwixe many grete lordes / and euer in al places
 fir Lauayne gate grete worthyp / soo that he was nobly renommed amonge
 many knyghtes of the table round

Capitulum xxj

THus it past on tyl Crystmaffe / And thenne euery day there was
 Iustes made for a dyamond / who that Iusted best shold haue a
 dyamond / but fyr laūcelot wold not Iuste but yf it were at a
 grete Iustes cryed / but fyr lauayne Iusted there alle that
 Crystemaffe passyngly wel / and best was prayfed / for there were
 but fewe that dyd so wel / wherfore alle manere of knyghtes demed that fir
 lauayne shold be made knyghte of the table round at the nexte feest of
 Pentecost / Soo at after Crystmaffe kynge Arthur lete calle vnto hym many
 knyghtes / and there they aduyfed to gyders to make a party and a grete
 turnement and Iustes / and the kynge of Northgalys fayd to Arthur / he
 wold haue on his party kynge Anguyllhe 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 kynghtes 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 freyllheyft maner / Thenne quene Gueneuer sent for
 fyr 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 fleue of gold / and I pray yow for
 my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yow worthyp / but I
 charge yow as ye will haue my loue that ye warne youre kynnesmen / that
 ye wille bere that daye the fleue of gold vpon your helmet / Madame said
 fir launcelot it shalle be don / and soo eyther made grete ioye of other /
 And whan fyre Launcelot sawe his tyme / he told fir Bors that he wold
 departe / & haue no more with hym but fir Lauayne vnto the good
 heremyte that dwellid in that forest of Wyndsfoore / his name |<[p.764]
 sig.Y5v> 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 Iuftes / Soo sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne departed that noo creature wyft 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 fyr 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 kylle 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 & flomberynge / And soo whan the hynde came to the welle / for hete she wente to foyle / 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 foyle 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 myffortune the arowe smote sire Launcelot in the thyc of the buttoke ouer the barbys / whanne sire 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 damoyfel what that thou be / in an euylle tyme bare ye a bowe / the deuylle made yow a shoter / <[p.765] sig.Y6r>

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw mercy fair sire said the lady I am a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntyng / and god knoweth I sawe yow not / but as here was a barayn hynde at the foyle in this welle and I wend to haue done wel / but my hand swarued / Allas said sire launcelot ye haue mescheued me / and soo the lady departed / and sire launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe / and lefte that hede styll in his buttoke / and soo he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went / And whan sire Lauayne and the heremyte aspyed that sire launcelot was hurte / wete yow wel they were passynge heuy / but sire Lauayne wyft 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 fyr launcelots buttoke / and moche of his blood he shedde / and the wound was passynge fore / and vnhappyly smyten / for it was in fuche a place that he myght not fytt in noo sadyl / A mercy Ihesu said sire Launcelot I may calle my self the moost

vnhappyest man that lyueth for euer / whan I wold faynest haue worlhyp / there befalleth me euer fomme vnhappy thyng / Now foo Ihesu me helpe said fir 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 foo alle that myght be goten to hele fir launcelot was had / ¶ Soo whan the day was come / fir launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed / and fir Lauayne and their horses as thouȝ they had ben farayns / 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 Anguylhe of Irland brought with hym an honderd good knyghtes redy to Iuste / and fir 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 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 lkaffoldes for to Iuge with the quene who dyd best /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

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 fir Galahaut the haute prynce smote doune Challeng of Claraunce / And thene kynge Arthur was woode wroth / and ranne to the kynge with the honderd knyȝtes / and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune / and after with that same spere kynge Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes / And thenne whan his spere was broken / kynge Arthur dyd passyngly wel / and soo there with alle came in syr Gawayne and fir Gaheryse / sire Agrauayne and fir mordred / and there eueryche of them smote doune a knyghte / and fir Gawayne smote doune four knyȝtes and thene there beganne a stronge medle / for thenne there came in the knyghtes of launcelots blood / and fir 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 difcomfyte / 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 strayte ynough / Alle this doynge sawe fir launcelot / & thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as hit had ben thonder / And thenne anone sire Bors and the kynghtes of his blood aspyed fir 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 fir launcelot du lake / and for grete goodenes fir |<[p.767] sig.Y7r> Bors warned fyr Gareth / I am wel apayed said fir Gareth that I may knowe hym / but who is he sayd they alle that rydeth with hym in the fame aray / That is the good and gentyll knyght fir Lauayne said fir Bors / Soo fyre Launcelot encoütred with fir Gawayne / and there by force fyr launcelot smote doune fir Gawayne and his hors to the erthe / and soo he smote doune fir Agrauayne and fyre Gaherys / and also he smote doune fir Mordred / and alle this was with one spere ¶ Thene fir Lauayne mette with fir Palomydes / and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe / And thenne were they horfed ageyne / and thenne mette fir Launcelot with fir Palomydes / and there fyre Palomydes had a falle / and soo fir launcelot or euer he stynte as fast as he myghte gete spers / he smote down thyrty knyghtes and the moost party of them were knyghtes of the table round and euer the knyghtes of his blood withdrewe them / & made hem adoo in other places where fir launcelot came not / and thenne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he sawe fir Launcelot doo suche dedes / and thenne the kyng called vnto hym fir gawayn fir Mordred / fir kay / fir Gryflet / fir Lucan the butteler / fyre Pedeuier / fir Palomydes / Sir Safyr his broder / and so the kyng with these nyne knyghtes made hem redy to sette vpon fir Launcelot / and vpon fyr Lauayne / Alle this aspyed fir bors and fir Gareth / Now I drede me fore said fir Bors that my lord fyr launcelot wylle hard be matched / By my hede sayd fyr Gareth I wylle ryde vnto my lord fir launcelot for to helpe hym / falle of hym what falle may / for he is the fame man that made me knyghte / ye shalle not soo said fir Bors by my councyll / onles that ye were desguysed / ye shalle see me dysguysed said fyre Gareth / and there with al he aspyed a wallyllhe knyghte where he was to repose hym / and he was fore hurte afore hurte by fyr Gawayne / and to hym fyre Gareth rode / and praid hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for his / I wille wel said the wallyllhe knyghte / And whanne fir Gareth had his shelde / the book faith / it was grene wyth a mayden that femed in hit / Thene fyr Gareth came dryuynge to fir Launcelot al that he myghte / and said knyghte kepe thy self / for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyghtes |<[p.768] sig.Y7v> with hym to putte yow to a rebuke / and so I am come to bere yow felaulhyp for old loue ye haue shewed me / Gramercy said fir launcelot / fyr sayd fir Gareth / encountre ye with fir Gawayne / and I shalle encountre with fyre Palomydes / and lete fir Lauayne matche with the noble kyng Arthur / ¶ And whan we haue delyuerd hem / lete vs thre hold vs sadly to gyders / Thene came kyng Arthur with his nyne knyghtes with hym / and fir launcelot encountred with fir Gawayne / & gafe hym suche a buffet / that the arfon of his sadel braft / and fyre Gawayne felle to the erthe / Thene fir Gareth encountred with the good knyghte fir Palomydes / and he gaf hym suche a buffet that bothe his hors and he dallhed to the erthe / Thene encountred kyng Arthr with fyre Lauayne / and there eyther of hem smote other to the erthe hors and alle that they lay a grete whyle / Thene fir launcelot smote doune fyr Agrauayne & fyre Gaheryse / and fyr Mordred / and fyr Gareth smote doune fyr kay / and fyr Safyr and fyr Gryflet / And thenne fyr lauayne was horfed ageyne / and he smote doune fyre Lucan the butteler and fyr Bedeuier / and thenne there beganne grete thrange of good knyghtes /

Thenne fyre Launcelot hurtlyd here and there / and racyd and pulled of helmes / foo that at that tyme there myght none fyttte hym a buffet with spere nor with fuerd / and fyr Gareth dyd fuche dedes of armes that all men merueyllled what knyghte he was with the grene sheld / For he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrty knyghtes / And as the frenllhe book sayth fyr Launcelot merueyllled whan he beheld fyr Gareth doo fuche dedes what knyghte he myghte be / and fyr Lauayne pulled doune and smote doune twenty knyghtes / ¶ Also fyr launcelot knewe not fyr Gareth / for and fyr Trifram de lyones / outhere fyr lamorak de galys had ben alyue / fyr launcelot wold haue demed he had ben one of them tweyne / Soo euer as fyr launcelot / fyr Gareth / fyr lauayn faughte / and on the one fyde fyr bors fyr Ector de marys / fyr lyonel / fyr lamorak de galys / fyr bleoberys / fyr Galyhud / fyr Galyhodyn / fyr Pelleas / and wyth moo other of kynges Bans blood foughte vpon another party and helde the kyng with the honderd knyghtes and the kyng of Northumberland ryght ftrayte / |<[p.769] sig.Y8r>

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SOo this turnement & this Iuftes dured longe / tyl hit was nere nyghte / for the knyghtes of the round table releued euer vnto kyng Arthur / for the kyng was wrothe out of mesure / that he and his knyghtes myght not preuaile that day / Thenne fyre Gawayne faid to the kyng I merueile where alle this day fyr Bors de gans and his felauhyp of fyre launcelots blood / I merueylle all this day they be not aboute yow / hit is for somme cause fayd fyr Gawayne / By my hede faid fyre Kay fyre 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 fayd fyr Gawayne / but I drede me euer of gyle / for on payne of my lyf faid fir Gawayne this knyghte with the reed fleue of gold is hym self fyr 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 fir lauayne / Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder fyr Gareth / and yet he hath desguyfed hym self / for no man shalle neuer make hym be ageynft fir launcelot by cause he made hym knyghte / By my hede faid Arthur neuewe I byleue yow / therefore telle me now what is youre best counceyll / Sir faid fir Gawayne ye shalle haue my counceyll / lete blowe vnto lodgyng / for and he be fyr Launcelot du lake and my broder fyr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that good yonge knyghte fyr Lauayne / trust me truly it wyll be no bote to ftryue with them / but yf we shold falle ten or xij vpon one knyghte / and that were no worship but shame / ye faye trouthe fayd the kyng / and for to faye sothe faid the kyng it were shame to vs / foo many as we be to sette vpon them ony more / for wete ye wel fayd kyng Arthur / they ben thre good knyghtes / and namely that knyght with the fleue 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 fleue 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 / |<[p.770]
 sig.X8v> for euer he had a spye 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 wyll / And whan they were
 vnarmed / thenne kyng Arthur knewe sire launcelot / fir Lauayne and fir
 Gareth / A fyre Launcelot sayd kyng 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 fyr
 launcelot / and by herowdes they named hym / that he had smyten doune
 fyfty knyghtes / and sire Gareth fyue and thyrty / and fir Lauayne four and
 twenty knyghtes / Thenne fir Launcelot told the kyng and the Quene how
 the lady huntresse shote hym in the foreste of wyndefoore in the buttoke
 with a brood arowe / & how the wound therof was that tyme fyxe Inches
 depe / and in lyke longe / ¶ Also Arthur blamed fyr Gareth by cause he
 lefte his feloushypp / & helde with fir launcelot / My lord sayd fir 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 fir launcelot du lake / I shamed to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym
 alone / Truly sayd kyng Arthur vnto fyre Gareth ye faye wel and
 worshypfully haue ye done and to your self grete worshyp / and alle the
 dayes of my lyf sayd kyng Arthur vnto fir 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 wyll 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 nobleffe
 was vsed / and he that was curteis / true and feythful to his frende was that
 tyme cheryshed |<[p.771] sig.Z1r>

¶ Capitulum xxv

ANd thus it pafte on from candylmas vntyl after efter that the
 moneth of may was come / whan euery lusty herte begynneth
 to blofomme / and to brynge forth fruyte / for lyke as herbes
 and trees bryngen forth fruyte and floryssheth in may / in lyke
 wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a louer spryngeth
 and floryssheth in lusty dedes / For it gyueth vnto al louers courage that
 lusty moneth of may in some thyng to confrayne 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 feruyse and
 many kynde dedes were forgotten by neclygence / For lyke as wynter

rafure doth alway a rafe and deface grene fomer / soo fareth it by vnstable loue in man and woman / For in many perfons there is no stabylite / For we may see al day for a lytel blaft of wynters rafure anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true loue / for lytel or noughe that coft moch thyng / this is no wysedome nor stabylite / but it is feblenes of nature and grete difworshyp who someuer vsed this / Therefore lyke as may moneth floreth and floryssheth in many gardyns / Soo in lyke wyse lete euery man of worshyp floryssheth 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 referue 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 feuen nyghe but they must haue alle their desyres that loue may not endure by reason / for where they ben soone accorded and hafty hete / soone it keleth / Ryghe soo fareth loue now a dayes / sone hote soone cold / this is noo stabylite / but the old loue was not so / men and wymmen coude loue to gyders feuen yeres / and no lycours lustes were bitwene them / and thenne was loue trouthe and feythfulnes / and loo in lyke wyse was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes / ¶ wherfor I lyken loue now [p.772] sig.Z1v> adayes vnto fomer and wynter / for lyke as the one is hote / & the other cold / so fareth loue now a dayes / therefore 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 /

¶ Capitulum primum

Soo it befelle in the moneth of May / quene Gueneuer called vnto her knyghtes of the table round / and she gaf them warnyng that erly vpon the morowe she wold ryde on mayeng in to woodes & felde befyde westmynstre / & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horfed / and that ye alle be clothed on grene outhur in fylke outhur in clothe and I shalle bryng 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 horfed / Soo they made hem redy in the freshest maner / and these were the names of the knyghtes / fir Kay the Seneschal / fir Agrauayne / fir Brandyles / fir Sagramor le desyrus / Sir Dodynas le faueage / fir Ozanna le cure hardy / fir Ladynas of the forest faueage / fir Perfaunt on Inde / fyre Ironfyde that was called the knyghte of the reed laundes / and fyre Pelleas the louer / and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the freshest 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 purpos / 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 |<[p.773] sig.Z2r> within feuen myle of westmynstre / And this knyghte fir 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 fir launcelot / for in no wyfe he wold medle with the quene / and fir Launcelot were in her company / outhere els and he were nere hand her / and that tyme was suche a customme / the quene rode neuer withoute a grete felaulhpy 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 knouelechyng 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 chofen 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 fir Mellyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos and how fir 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 feason to take the quene /

¶ Capitulum secundum

SOo as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes / alle were bedaffhed with herbys mosses and floures in the best maner and fresshest / Ryghte so came oute of a wode fyre 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 |<[p.774] sig.Z2v> 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 rouñd 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 fir 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 fir Mellyagraunce dresse yow as wel as ye can / and kepe the Quene / ¶ Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table round drewe their swardes / 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 swardes / and anone fyre Kay / fir Sagramor / fir Agrauayn / fir Dodynas / fir Ladynas and fyr Ozanna were smyten to the erthe with grymly woundes / Thenne fir Brandyles and fir Perfaunt of Ironfyde / fyre Pelleas foughte longe / and they were fore 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 fyr Mellyagraunce flee 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 flee my self than I wylle goo with the / onles / that thys my noble <[p.775] sig.Z3r> 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 fir Pelleas we will doo as ye doo / for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth / For as the Frenshe book sayth fir Pelleas gaf fuche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

THenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dresid the wounded knyghtes on horsbak some fytting somme ouerthwarte their horses / that hit was pyte to beholde them / And thenne fir Mellyagraunce charged the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her feloushyp shold departe from her / for ful fore he dradde fir launcelot du lake left he shold haue ony knowlechyng / 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 thow whan thou seest thy tyme / and bere this ryng vnto fir launcelot du lake / and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle see me / and rescowe me yf euer he wille haue loye 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 fir Mellyagraunce sawe hym foo flee / he vnderstood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne fir launcelot / Thenne they that were best horsed chaced hym and shot at hym / But from hem alle the child wente sodenly / and thenne fyre Mellyagraunce sayd to the quene / Madame ye are aboute to bitraye me / but I shalle ordeyne for

fir launcelot that he fhall not come lyghtely at yow / And thenne he rode with her and they alle to his castel in alle the hafte that they myghte / And by the waye fire Mellyagraunce layd in an enbushment the best archers that he myghte gete in his coūtrei to the nombre of |<[p.776] sig.Z3v> a thyrty to awayte vpon fir Launcelot charyng them that yf they fawe suche a manere of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte hors that in ony wyfe they flee his hors / but in no manere of wyfe 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 wyfe the quene wold neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her fyghte / but alwayes they were in their prefence / for the book fayth fir Melyagraunce durste make no maystryes for drede of fir launcelot in foo moche he demed that he had warnyng / Soo whan the child was departed from the felauhip of fyr Mellyagraunce within a whyle he came to westmynstre / And anone he fonde fir launcelot / And whanne he had told his melfage / & delyuerd hym the quenes ryng / Allas fayd fyr Launcelot now am I fhamed for euer onles that I maye refcove that noble lady from dishonour / thenne egerly he alked his armour / and euer the child told fyr launcelot how the ten knyghtes foughte merueylloufly / and how fir Pelleas and fire Ironfyde and fir Brandyles and fir Perfaunt of Inde fought strongly / but namely fir Pelleas / there myghte none withftāde hym / & how they all fouzte tyll at the laft they were layd to the erthe / and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to faue their lyues / and goo with fyr Mellyagraunce / Allas fayd fyr Launcelot / that moost noble lady that she fhould be fo destroyed / I had leuer faid fir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I had ben there were wel armed / Soo whan fyre launcelot was armed / and vpon his hors / he prayd the chyld of the Quenes chamber to warne fyr Lauayne how sodenly he was departed / and for what caufe / and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hyhe hym after me / and that he stynte not vntyll he come to the castel where fir Mellyagraunce abydeth / or dwelleth / for there fayd fire launcelot he fhalle here of me / and I am a man lyuyng / and refcove the quene and the ten knyghtes the whiche he traitourfly hath taken / and that fhalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that hold with hym /

¶ Capitulum iiij |<[p.777] sig.Z4r>

THenne fir launcelot rode as fast as he myghte / and the book faith / he took the water at westmynstre brydge / & made his hors to fwymme ouer Temse vnto lambehythe / And thēne within a whyle he came to the same place there as the ten noble knyghtes foughte with fyre Mellyagraunce And thanne fir launcelot folowed the trak vntyl that he came to a wood / and there was a strayte waye / and there the xxx archers bad fir launcelot torne ageyne / and folowe noo lenger that trak / what commaundement have ye ther to fayd fir launcelot to caufe me that am a knyghte of the round table to leue my ryghte way / This way fhalte thou leue / outhere els thou fhalt goo it on

thy foote / for wete thou wel thy hors shalle be flayne / that is lytel mayftry
 fayd fyre launcelot to flee myn hors / but as for my self when my hors is
 flayne I gyue ryght nought for yow / not and ye were fyue honderd moo /
 So thenne they shot fir launcelots hors / and smote hym with many
 arowes / and thenne fyr 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 fir 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 fore annoyed / and ful loth
 he was for to leue ony thyng that longed vnto hym / for he drad fore the
 treason of fir Mellyagraūce Thenne by fortune there came by hym a
 charyot that cam thyder for to fetche wood / Say me carter said fyr
 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 fir Mellyagraunce / with hym wold I speke / thou shalt not go with me
 said the carter / thēne fir 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 / thēne |<[p.778]
 sig.Z4v> I charge the sayd fyr launcelot that thow dryue me and thys
 charyot euen vnto fir Melliagraunce 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 fir 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 fir 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 fir 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 fir 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 fir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round / now come
 forth here thou traytour knyghte thou and thy felauship with the / For here I
 am fir 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 zere
with his gauntelet that his neck braft in fonder /

¶ Capitulum v

WHanne fir Mellyagraūce herd that fir Launcelot was there /
he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer / and felle vpon his knee /
and fayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your
grace / what eyleth yow now fayd quene |<[p.779]
sig.Z5r> Gueneuer / For ſothe I myghte wel wete fomme
good knyght wold reuenge me / though my lord Arthur wyfte not of this
youre werke / Madame ſaid fir 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 fayd 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 fir 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 fayd 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
fyr 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 fyre Launcelot why be ye ſoo moeued / Ha
madame ſayd fire Launcelot why aſke ye me that queſtion / Me ſemeth ſaid
fir launcelot ye ougte 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
fayd the quene / but ye muſte come in with me peafyble / 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 myſaventure that is befallen hym /
Madame ſaide fire Launcelot / ſyth it is ſoo that ye ben accorded with
hym / as for me I may not be ageyn it / how be it fir Mellyagraunce hath
done ful ſhamefully to me & cowardly / ¶ A madame ſaid fir Launcelot /
& I had wyft ye wold haue ben ſoo ſoone accorded with hym / I wold not
haue made ſuche haſte vnto yow / why ſaye ye ſoo fayd the quene / doo ye
forthynke your ſelf of your good dedes / wete you well fayd 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 fyr launcelot ye
vnderſtande ful well I was neuer willynge nor gladde of ſhameful
ſklander nor noyſe |<[p.780] sig.Z5v> 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 fir 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 thyng rulyd as ye lyft to haue it / Madame
ſaid fyr launcelot / ſoo ye be pleaſyd I care not / as for my parte ye ſhal

foone please / ryghte so the quene took fyr 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 fyr launcelot alked where were the ten knyghtes that were wounded fore / so she shewed them vnto fir launcelot / and ther they made grete Ioye of the comynge of hym / and fir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely / & there fir launcelot told them how cowardly and traytourly Mellyagraunce sette archers to flee 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 / fyr 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 fyr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene / and thenne fyr launcelot made a promys with the quene that the same nyghte fir launcelot shold come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn / & that wyndowe was y barryd with yron / and there fir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were on slepe / So thenne came fyr lauayne dryuynge to the gates cryeng where is my lord fyr launcelot du lake / thenne was he sente for / & when fir lauayne sawe fir Launcelot / he sayd my lord I fond well how ye were hard bestad / for I haue fonde your hors that was flayne with arowes / As for that sayd fyr launcelot I praye yow fyr Lauayne speke ye of other maters / and lete ye this passe / & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may

¶ Capitulum vj |<[p.781] sig.Z6r>

THenne the knyghtes that were hurte were ferched / & 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 seafon 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 fir 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 fyr Lauayne / lete me goo with yow and hit please yow / for I drede me fore of the treason of fir Mellyagraunce / Nay sayd fir launcelot I thanke yow / but I wille haue no body with me / thenne fir 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 dyuersse thynges / & thenne fir 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

fyre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow / ye truly said the quene / Now shalle I proue my myght said fyr Launcelot for your loue / and thenne he set his handes vpon the barres of yron / and he pulled at them with fuche a myghte that he braut 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 fyr Launcelot wente vnto bed with the quene / & took no force of his hurte hand / but took his plefaunce and his lykynge 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 |<[p.782] sig.Z6v> myghte ageyne and soo departed vnto his owne chamber / & there he told sir Lauayne how he was hurte / thenne sir lauayn dresid his hand and staunched it / and putte vpon it a gloue that it shold not be afpyed / and soo the quene lay long in her bedde vntyl it was nyne of the klok / 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 afpyed 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 / therefore 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 wille 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 puttest vpon vs fuche 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 fyr 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 fyr Mellyagraunce was passynge glad that he had the quene at fuche an auauntage / For he demed by that to hyde his treson / soo with this rumoure came in fyr launcelot and fond them al at a grete araye / |<[p.783] sig.Z7r>

¶ Capitulum septimum /

WHat araye is this fayd fir Launcelot / thenne fyr mellygraunce told hem what he had fonde & shewed hem the quenes bed / Truly said fyr launcelot ye dyd not your part nor knyghtly to touche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawn / & she lyeng therin / for I dar fay 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 fyr Mellyagraunce / but well I am sure ther hath one of her wounded knyghtes layne by her this nyghte / & therfor I wil proue with my handes that she is a traytresse vnto my lord Arthur / beware what ye do said launcelot / for & ye fay so & ye wil preue it / it wil be taken at your handes / My lord fir Launcelot said fire Mellyagraunce I rede yow beware what ye do / for thouz ye are neuer so good a knyght as ye wote wel ye ar renomed the best knyght 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 fyr launcelot god is to be drad / but as to that I faye nay playnly / that this nyghte there lay none of these ten wounded knyghtes wyth my lady quene Gueneuer / & that wil I preue with my handes that ye fay vntruly in that now / Hold said fir Mellyagraunce here is my gloue that she is traytresse vnto my lord kyng Arthur / & that this nyghte one of the wounded knyghtes lay with her / & I receyue your gloue sayd fir Launcelot / & so they were fealyd with their sygnettys / and delyuerd vnto the x knyghtes At what day thal we do batail to gyders said fir launcelot / this day viij dayes said fir Mellyagraunce in the felde befyde westmynstre / I am agreed said fir Launcelot / but now said fir mellyagraunce / fythen it is so that we must fyghte to gyders I pray yow as ye be a noble knyght awayte me with no treason / nor none vylony the meane whyle / nor none for yow / soo god me help said fir launcelot ye thal ryghte wel wete I was neuer of no sliche condycyons / for I reporte me to al knyghtes that euer haue knowen me I ferde neuer with no treason / nor I loued neuer the felaulhip of no man that ferde with trefon / Thenne lete vs go to dyner seid melliagrauce. & after dyner ye & þ^e quene |<[p.784] sig.Z7v> and ye may ryde alle to westmester / I wylle wel sayd fir launcelot / thenne fir Mellyagraunce sayd to fir launcelot pleafeth it yow to see the estures of this castel / with a good wylle sayd fir Launcelot / and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber to chamber / for fir Launcelot drad noo peryls / for euer a man of worlhyp and of prowesse / 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 fir launcelot that no peryl dredde / as he wente with fire Mellyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bord rollyd / and there fir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a caue ful of strawe / and thenne fir Mellyagraunce departed and made no fare as that he nyft where he was / And whan fir 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 fyr Mellyagraunce made sodenly to putte awaye on fyde fir Lauayns hors that they myght alle vnderstande that fir launcelot was departed sodenly / soo it pait on tyl after dyner / and thenne fir 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 fir Launcelot had receyued the gloue of hym / and this daye eyghte dayes they shal doo batail afore yow / By my hede sayd kyng Arthur I am aferd fyre Mellyagraunce has taken vpon hym a grete charge / but where is fyr Launcelot sayd the kyng / 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 fyr Lauayns hors / lete hym be faid the kyng / he wylle be founden but yf he be trapped with somme treason

¶ Capitulum octauum

SOo leue we fyr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in grete payne / and euery day ther came a lady & brouzt hym his mete & his drynke / & wowed hym to haue layne by hym / and euer the noble knyghte fyre Launcelot sayd |<[p.785] sig.Z8r> her nay / fir Launcelot sayd she ye ar not wyfe / 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 fyr Launcelot that she shold be brente in my deffaute / & yf hyt be soo faid fir Launcelot that I maye not be there / hit shalle be wel vnderstande bothe at the kyng and at the quene & wyth alle men of worshyp that I am dede / feke / outhere 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 outhere of my blood or some other that loueth me that wylle take my quarel in hand / and therfor faid fir 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 Ihefu 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 fir launcelot / me thynketh ye are to hard herted / but woldest thow but kyffe me ones I shold delyuer the and thyn armour / and the best hors that is within fir Mellyagraunces stable / As for to kyffe yow faid fir launcelot I maye doo that and lese no worshyp / and wete ye wel and I vnderstood / there were ony disworship for to kyffe yow / I wold not doo hit / thenne he kyffed 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 courfers / and bad hym chese the best / Thenne fyr launcelot loked vpon a whyte courfer the

whiche lyked hym best / & anone he commaunded the kepers faste to fadle hym with the best fadel of werre that there was / and soo it was done as he badde / thenne gatte he his spere in his hand and his fuerd by his fyde / 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** |<[p.786] sig.Z8v>

NOwe leue we fir Launcelot wallop alle that he myghte And speke we of Quene Gueneuer / that was broughte to a fyre to be brent / for fire Mellyagraunce was sure / hym thoughte that fir launcelot shold not be att that bataille / therefore he euer cryed vpon kynge Arthur to doo hym Iustyce / outhere els brynge forth fyr launcelot du lake / thenne was the kynge and al the Courte ful fore abasshed & fhamed that the quene shold be brente in the defaute of fir Launcelot My lord Arthur sayd fir Lauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord fyr launcelot / for and he were on lyue / soo he be not seke outhere 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 fir lauayne / my lord kynge Arthur I byfeche 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 fir Lauayne sayd kyng arthur / for I day fay alle that fir 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 fir Mellyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene / soo shal I sayd fir lauayne in the defence of my lord fyr 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 fir launcelot / Thenne was fir 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 fir launcelot dryuynge with alle the force of his hors / and thenne Arthur cryed ho / and abyde / thenne was fir launcelot called on horsbak to fore kynge Arthur / and there he told openly to fore the kynge and alle how fire Mellyagraunce had serued hym fyrste and last / And whanne the kynge and the quene and al the lordes knewe of the treason of fir 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 fay / but fyr Launcelot and fire Mellyagraunce drestid them vnto bataille / and took |<[p.787] sig.aa1r> their speres / and soo they came to gyders as thonder / and there fir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer his hors croupe / And thenne fire Launcelot alyghte and drestid his sheld on his sholder with his fuerd in his hand / and fir Mellyagraunce in the same wyse drestid hym vnto hym / and there they smote many grete strokes to gyders / and at the laste fire Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the one fyde to the erthe / and thenne he cryed vpon hym alowde / Moost noble knyghte fir 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 flee 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 fir Launcelot wyfte not what to doo / for he had had leuer than all the good of the world / he myghte haue ben reuenged vpon fyr Mellyagraunce / and fir Launcelot loked vp to the Quene Gueneuer / yf he myghte aspye by ony fygne or countenance what she wold haue done / And thenne the quene wagged her hede vpon fir Launcelot / as though she wold saye flee hym / Ful wel knewe fir launcelot by the waggyng of her hede that she wold haue hym dede / thenne fir launcelot bad hym ryse for shame and performe that bataille to the vtterance / nay said fir Mellyagraunce I wylle neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt I shalle profer yow large profers sayd fir 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 fir 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 dyarmed & bounden accordynge to his profer / what saye ye sayd kyng Arthur vnto fyre launcelot / wille ye abyde by youre profer / ye my lord sayd fir launcelot / I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones sayd / Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde difarmed fir launcelot first his hede / & sythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte fyde / & 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 & knyzt merueylled that fir launcelot wold leopardy hym self in fuche a wyse / Thenne fyre Mellyagraunce came with his suerd all on hygh / and fyre launcelot shewed him openly his bare hede and the bare lyfte fyde / and whan he wende to haue smyten hym vpon the bare hede / thenne lyghtly he auoyded the lyfte legge & the lyfte fyde / & put his ryght hand and his suerd to that stroke / and soo putte it on fyde with grete fleyghte / and thenne with grete force fyr launcelot smote hym on the helmet fuche a buffet that the stroke kerued the hede in two partyes / thenne there was no more to doo / but he was drawen oute of the felde / and at the grete Instauce of the knyghtes of the table round / the kyng suffred hym to be entered & the mencyon made vpon hym who flewe hym / and for what cause he was flayne / and thenne the kyng and the Quene made more of fyr Launcelot du lake / and more he was cheryllhed 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 fyr Vrrre and he was an aduenturous knyghte and in al places where he myghte here of ony dedes of worlhyp 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 fyre Vrrre knyghte of Hongry and fir Alphegus of spayne encountred to gyders for veray enuy / and soo eyther

vndertook other to the Vtterraunce / and by fortune fire Vrre flewe fyr Alphegus the erles sone of Spayn / but this knyghte that was flayne had yeuen fyre Vrre or euer he was flayne feuen grete woundes / thre on the hede / and four on his body / & vpon his lyfte hand / and this fyr Alphegus had a moder / the whiche was a grete forcereffe / and she for the despyte of her sones dethe wrought by her subtyl craftes that fyr Vrre shold neuer be hole / but euer his woundes shold one tyme feyfter & another tyme blede / so that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best knyghte of the world had ferched his woundes / and thus she made her auaunt where thurgh it was knowen that fyre Vrre |<[p.789] sig.aa2r> shold neuer be hole / Thenne his moder lete make an hors lytter / and put hym theryn vnder two palfroyes / and thenne she took fyr Vvres sylter with hym a ful fayr damoyfel / whos name was Felelolye / and thenne she took a page with hym to kepe their horses / and soo they ledde fir Vrre thurgh many countreyes / For as the Frenshe book sayth she ledde hym so feuen 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 feest 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 knowen 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 feuen 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 enchaument / soo that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best knyghte of the world had ferched 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 fyr 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 Vvres sylter I shalle begynne to handle hym and ferche vnto my power |<[p.790] sig.aa2v> 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 knyghtes 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 roūd 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 fire Vrre 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 cullhyn 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 / Mooft noble cryftned kynge sayd Vrre doo as ye lyfte / for I am at the mercy of god and at your commaundement / ¶ So thenne Arthur softly handelyd hym / and thenne somme of his woundes renewed vpon bledynge / Thenne the kynge Claryaunce of Northumberland ferched 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 Vlbaufe / Soo dyd the Erle Lambaile Soo dyd the erle Arystaufe Thenne came in fyr Gawayne with his thre sones sir Gyngalyn / fyr Florence / & sir Louel / these two were begoten vpon sir <[p.791] sig.aa3r> dyd the erle Lambayle / Soo dyd the erle Arystaufe ¶ Thenne came in fyre Gawayne with his thre sones fyr gangalayne / fyr Florence and fyr Louel these two were goten vpon fyr Brandyles fyfter / and al they fayled / Thenne cam in fyr Agrauayne / fyr Gaherys / fyr Mordred / & the good knyzt sir Gareth that was of veray knyghthode worth al the bretheren / Soo came knyghtes of Launcelots kynne / but fyr launcelot was not that tyme in the courte / for he was that tyme vpon his aduentures / Thenne fyr Lyonel / fyr Ector de marys / fyr Bors de ganys / fyr Blamor de ganys / fyr Bleoberis de ganys / fyr Gahalantyne / fyr Galyhodyn / fyr Menadeuke / fyr Vyllyars the valyaunt / fyr Hebes le renoumes / Al these were of fyr launcelots kynne / and alle they fayled / ¶ Thenne came in fyr Sagramore le defyrus / fyr Dodynas le faueage fyr Dynadan / fyr Bruyn le noyre / that fyr kay named la cote male tayle and fyr Kay the Seneschal / fyr Kay de straüges / fyr Melyot de Logrys / fyr Petypafe of wynchelfee / fyre Galleron of Galway / fyr Melyon of the montayne / fyr Cardok / fyr Vwayne les aduoultres / and fyr ozanna le cure hardy / Thenne came in fyr Astamor & fyr Gromere grummors sone / fyr Crosselme / Sir Seruaufe le breufe that was callyd a passynge stronge knyghte / for as the book sayth the chyef lady of the lake feested fyr launcelot and fyr Seruaufe le breufe / 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 fur Seruaufe that he wold promyse her neuer to doo batail ageynst fyr launcelot du lake / & in the same wyse she prayd fyr Launcelot neuer to doo batail ageynst fyr Seruaufe / and soo eyther promysed her / For the Frenshe book sayth / that sir Seruaufe had neuer courage nor lust to doo batail 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 ferche fir Turre / to that entente the kyng dyd hit / to wete whiche was the noblest knyghte amonge them ¶ Thenne came fir Aglouale / fyre Durnore / fir Tor that was bygoten vpon Aryes the couherdes wyf / but he was begoten |<[p.792] sig.aa3v> afore Aryes wedded her / and Kyng Pellenor begatte hem all / fyrft fyre Tor / fyre Aglouale / fyr Durnore / fyre Lamorak the moost noblest knyghte one that euer was in Arthurs dayes / as for a worldly knyghte / and fyre Percyual that was pyerles excepte fyre Galahad in holy dedes / but they dyed in the quest of the Sancgreal / Thenne cam fyr Gryflet le fyse de dieu / Sir Lucan the botteler / fyre Bedeuer his broder / fyr brandyles / fyr Constantyne / fyr Cadores sone of Cornewayl that was kyng after Arthurs dayes / and fyre Clegys / fyre Sadok / fyr Dynas the Seneschal of Cornewaile / fyre Fergus / fyr Dryaunt / fyr Lambegus / fyre Clarrus of Cleremont / fyr Cloddrus / fyre Hectymere / fyre Edward of Canaruan / fyre Dynas / fyre Pryamus that was cryftned by fyr Triftram the noble Knyghte / and these thre were bretheren fyr Hellayne de blank that was sone to fyre Bors / he begat hym vpon kyng Brandegorys doughter and fyre Bryan de lystynoyse / Syre Gautere / fyr Reynold / fyr Gyllemere were thre bretheren that fyre launcelot wanne vpon a brydge in fyre Kayes armes / fir Guyart le petyte / fyre Bellangere le beufe that was sone to the good knyghte fyr Alyfander le orphelyn that was flayne by the treason of Kyng Marke / ¶ Also that traytour kyng flewe the noble Knyghte fyre Tryftram as he sat harpyng afore his lady la Beale Ifoud 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 fyre Triftram and fyr lamorak / for they were traytourfly flayne / fyr Tryftram by kyng Marke / and fyr lamorak by fyr Gawayne and his bretheren / And this fyre Bellangere reuenged the deth of his fader Alyfander and fyr Triftram flewe Kyng Marke and la Beale Ifoud dyed fwounyng vpon the crosse of fyr Triftram whereof was grete pyte / And alle that were with Kyng Marke that were consentyng to the deth of fyr Triftram were flayne as fyre Andred and many other / Thenne came fyr Hebes / fyr Morganore / fyr Sentrayle / Syre Suppynabylis / Sire Bellangere le orgulous that the good Knyghte fyr lamorak wanne in playne batail fyr Nerouens / & fyr Plenorius two good knyȝtes that fyr launcelot wan / fir Darras / fir Harre le fyse lake / fir ermynyde broder to kyng |<[p.793] sig.aa4r> Hermaunce for whome fyre Palomydes foughte att the reed cyte with two bretheren / & fyr Selyses of the dolorous toure / fir Edward of Orkeney / fyre Ironfyde that was called the noble knyȝte of the reed laundes that fyre Gareth wanne for the loue of dame Lyones / fyr Arrokk de greuaunt / fyr Degrane saunce velany that foughte with the gyaunt of the black lowe / Syr Epynogrys that was the kynges sone of Northüerland 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 fyre Pelleas / and she faued hym that he was neuer flayne / and he was a ful noble knyghte / and fyre Lamyel of Cardyf that was a grete louer / Sir Playne de fors / fyre Melleaus de lyle / fir Bohart le cure hardy that was kyng Arthurs sone / fir Mador de la porte / fir Colgreuaunce / fir Heruyse de la forest faueage / fir Marrok the good knyghte that was bitrayed with his wyf / for she made hym feuen yere a

werwolf / fir Perfaunt / fire Pertilope his broder that was called the grene knyght / and fir Perymones broder to them bothe / that was called the reed knyght / that fir Gareth wanne whan he was called Beaumayns / Alle these honderd knyghtes and ten ferched fyr Vrrres woundes by the commaundement of kynge Arthur

¶ Capitulum xij /

Mercy Ihesu sayd kynge Arthur where is fyr launcelot du lake that he is not here at this tyme / Thus as they stood and spak of many thynges / there was aspyed fyr launcelot that came rydyng toward them / and told the kynge / Pees sayd the kynge lete no maner thyng be sayd vntyl he be come to vs / Soo whan fyr launcelot aspyed Kyng Arthur / he descended from his hors and came to the kynge / & salewed hym / and them all / Anone as the mayde fyre Vrrres fyfter sawe fyr 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 fyfter sayd fyr Vrrre foo dothe my herte lyghte ageynft hym / and certaynly I hope now to be heled for my hert yeueth vnto hym more thā to al these þ^t haue <[p.794] sig.aa4v> ferched me / Thenne sayd Arthur vnto fyr Launcelot ye muft doo as we haue done / and told fyr launcelot what they hadde done / and shewed hym them alle / that had ferched hym / Ihesu defende me sayd fyr Launcelot whan foo many kynges and knyghtes haue affayed 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 fir Launcelot ye knowe wel I dar not nor may not difobeye your commaundement / but and I myghte or durfte / 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 felaulhyp 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 fay / 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 fir Launcelot to ferche hym / and thenne the wounded knyghte fyr Vrrre sette hym vp weykely / and praid fir Launcelot hertely sayeng / curtois knyghte I requyre the for goddes sake hele my woundes / for me thynketh euer fythen ye came here / my woundes greuen me not / A my fayre lord sayd fyr launcelot Ihesu wold that I myghte helpe yow I shame me fore 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 muft doo your commaundement / the whiche is fore ageynft my herte / And thenne he helde vp his handes / & loked in to the eest / sayenge secretelly vnto hym self / thow bleffid fader / sone and holy ghooft I byseche the of thy mercy / that my symple worthyp and honeste be faued / and thou bleffid Trynyte thow mayft yeue power to hele

this feke knyghte by thy grete vertu and grace of the / but good lord neuer of my felf And thenne fir Launcelot prayd fir Vrre to lete hym see hys hede / and thenne deuoutely knelyng he ranfaked the thre woūdes that they bled a lytyl / and forth with alle the woundes |<[p.795] sig.aa5r> fayre heled / and femed as they had ben hole a feuen yere / And in lyke wyfe he ferched his body of other thre woundes and they heled in lyke wyfe / and thenne the laft of alle he ferched 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 bleffid moder / And euer fyre Launcelot wepte as he had ben a child that had ben beten / Thenne kyng Arthur lete araye preeftes and clerkes in the moost deuoutest manere to brynge in fir Vrre within Carleil with fyngyng and louynge to god / And when this was done / the kyng lete clothe hym in the rycheft maner that coude be thoughte / and thenne were there but fewe better made knyghtes in alle the courte / for he was paffyngly wel made and bygly / and Arthur alked fyr Vrre how he felte hym felf / My good lord he fayd I felt my felf neuer foo lufte / wylle ye Iufte and doo dedes of armes fayd kyng Arthur / Sir fayd Vrre and I had all that longed vnto Iuftes I wold be foone redy /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne Arthur made a party of honderd knyghtes to be ageynfte an honderd knyghtes / and foo vpon the morne they Iufted for a dyamond / but there Iufted none of the daungerous knyghtes / & foo for to fhorten thys tale fyr Vrre & fir Lauayn Iufted beft that day / for there was none of hem but ouerthrewe & pulled down thyrty knyghtes / & thenne by the affente of alle the knynges & lordes fyre Vrre & fir Lauayn were made knyghtes of the table round / & fir lauayn cafte his loue vnto dame Felelolle fire Vrres fyfter / & thēne they were wedded to gyder with grete Ioye / & kyng Arthur gaf to eueryche of hem a Barony of landes / and this fire Vrre wold neuer goo from fire Launcelot / but he & fir Lauayn awayted euermore vpon hym / & they were in all the courte accounted for good knyghtes / & full defyrous 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 fire |<[p.796] sig.aa5v> Agrauayne / fyr Gawayns broder awayted Quene Gueneuer and fir Launcelot du lake to putte them to a rebuke & ſhame And foo I leue here of this tale and ouer hyp grete bookes of fir Launcelot du lake / what grete aduentures he dyd whan he was called le cheualer du charyot / For as the Frenſſhe booke fayth 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 foo / he was caryed in a charyot a twelue moneth / for but lityl after that he had ſlayne fir Mellyagraunce in the quenes quarel / he neuer in a twelue moneth came on horfbak / And as the Frenſſhe book fayth / 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 fir Launcelot / & here I goo vnto the morte of kyng Arthur / and that caused fyre Agrauayne

¶ Explicit liber xix

¶ And here after foloweth the moost pytous history of the morte of kyng Arthur / the whiche is the xx book|<[p.797] sig.aa6r>

¶ Capitulum primum

IN May whan euery lufty herte floryffheth and burgeneth / For as the feason is lufty to beholde and comfortable / Soo man and woman reioycen and gladen of fomer comynge with hys freshe floures / for wynter with his rouȝ wyndes and blaftes causeth a lufty man and woman to coure / and fytted fast by the fyre / So in this feason 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 fir Gawayne / for this fir Agrauayne and fir mordred had euer a preuy hate vnto the Quene dame Gueneuer and to fir launcelot / and dayly and nyghtly they euer watched vpon fir Launcelot / Soo it myfhapped fir Gawayne and alle his bretheren were in kyng Arthurs chamber / and thenne fir Agrauayne sayd thus openly and not in no councyll that many knyghtes myghte here it / I merueylle that we alle be not afhamed 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 fhold suffre soo noble a kyng as kyng Arthur is soo to be fhamed / ¶ Thenne spak fir Gawayne and sayd / broder fir Agrauayn I pray yow and charge yow meue no fuche maters no more afore me / for wete ye wel sayd fir Gawayne I wylle not be of your councyll / Soo god me help sayd fir Gaherys and fir Gareth we wylle not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes / Thenne wylle I sayd fyre Mordred I leue well that sayd fyre Gawayne / for euer vnto alle vnhappynges broder fir Mordred there to wille ye graunte / and I wold that ye lefte alle this / and made you not soo befy / for I knowe sayd fir Gawayne what wylle falle of hit / Falle of hit what falle may sayd fir Agrauayne / I wille difclofe it to the kyng / Not by my councyll sayd fir Gawayne / for and there ryfe warre and wrake betwyx fir launcelot and vs / wete you wel broder there will many kynges and grete lordes hold with fir |<[p.798] sig.aa6v> Launcelot / Also broder fir Agrauayne sayd sire Gawayne ye must remembre how oftymes fir Launcelot hath rescowed the kyng and the quene / and the best of vs all had ben ful cold at the herte rote / had not fir launcelot ben better than we / And that hath he preud hym self ful ofte / And as for my parte sayd fir Gawayne I wylle neuer be ageynft fir launcelot for one dayes dede whan he rescowed me

from kynge Carados of the dolorous toure / and flewe hym and faued my lyf / Also broder fir Agrauayne and fir mordred in lyke wyse fir Launcelot rescowed yow bothe and thre score and two from fir Turquyn / Me thynketh broder fuche kynde dedes and kyndenes shold be remembryd / doo as ye lyst sayd fyr Agrauayne for I wylle layne it no lenger / ¶ With these wordes came to them kynge Arthur / Now broder stynte your noyse sayd fyre Gawayne / we wylle not sayd fyr Agrauayne and fir Mordred / wylle ye soo sayd fir Gawayne / thenne god spede yow for I wil not here your tales ne be of your counceyll / no more wyll I sayd fir Gareth and fir Gaherys / for we wyl neuer saye euylle by that man / for by cause sayd fyre Gareth fyr 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 fyr Gawayn and fir Gareth now is this Realme holy mescheued / and the noble felaufhyp of the round table shalle be disparpyld / soo they departed

¶ Capitulum ij

ANd thenne fir Arthur alked 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 fyre Mordred brake into my broder fyr Gawayne / fyr Gaherys / and to fyre Gareth / how this we knowe alle that fyr Launcelot holdeth your quene and hath done longe / and we be your fyfter sones / & we may suffre it no lenger / and alle we wote that ye shold be aboue fyr 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 fyr Arthur wete yow wel he is none other / but I wold be lothe to begynne fuche a thyng <[p.799] sig.aa7r> but I myght haue preues vpon hit / for fir 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 knyght 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 Frenssh book sayth the kynge was ful lothe therto that ony noyse shold be vpon fyr launcelot and his quene / for the kynge had a demynge / but he wold not here of hit / for fyr 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 fyre Agrauayne ye shal ryde to morne on huntynge / and doubte ye not fyr launcelot wille not goo with yow / Thenne whan it draweth toward nyghte / ye may fende the quene word that ye wil lye oute alle that nyghte / and soo may ye fende 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 counceyllle yow sayd the kynge take with yow sure felaufhip / fyre sayd Agrauayne my broder fir 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 fir Agrauayne and fir 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 fir

Agrauayne and fyre Mordred gate to them twelue knyghtes / and dyd them felf in a chamber in the Castel of Carleyl / and these were their names / fyr Colgreuauance / fyr Mador de la porte / fyre Gyngalyne / fyr Melyot de Logrys / fyre Petypafe of wynchelfee / fyr Galleron of Galway / fyr Melyon of the montayne / fir Aftamore / fyre Gromore fomyr Ioure / fyr Curfelayne / fyr Florence / fyr Louel / So these twelue knyghtes were with fir mordred and fir Agrauayne / and al they were of Scotland outhur of fyr Gawayns kynne / outhur wel willers to his bretheren / Soo whan the nyghte came fir Launcelot told fyre Bors how he wold goo that nyghte and speke with the quene / Sir sayd fir Bors ye shal not go this nyghte by my couceil Why sayd fir launcelot / Sir sayd fir Bors I drede me euer of |<[p.800] sig.aa7v> fir Agrauayn that wayteth yow dayly to do yow shame and vs al / and neuer gaf my herte ageynft no goynge that euer ye wente to the Quene soo moche as now / for I mystruft that the kynge is oute this nyghte from the quene by cause perauentur he hath layne somme wathe for yow and the Quene / and therfor I drede me fore of treason / Haue ye no drede sayd fyr Launcelot / for I shalle goo and come ageyne and make noo taryenge / Sir said fir Bors that me repenteth / for I drede me fore that your goynge oute thys nyghte shalle wrathe vs alle Fair neuewe sayd fire launcelot I merueylle moche why ye saye thus fythen the quene hath sente for me / and wete ye wel I wille not be soo moche a coward / but she shalle vnderftande I wille see her good grace / God spede yow wel sayd fir bors and fend yow found and fauf ageyne

¶ Capitulum iij /

SOo fir Launcelot departed and took his fwerd vnder his arme / and soo in his mantel that noble knyghte putte hym felf in grete Jeopardy / and soo he past tyl he came to the quenes chamber / and thenne fir launcelot was lyztely putte in to the chamber / And thenne as the Frenshe 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 fir Agrauayne and fyre Mordred with twelue knyghtes with them of the round table / and they sayd with cryenge voys / Traytour knyghte fyr 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 fir 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 fwerd nor |<[p.801] sig.aa8r> spere / wherfore I drede me fore / 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 resyftence / wherfore ye are lykely to be slayne / and thenne

fhalle I be brente / For and ye myghte escape them said the quene / I wold
 not doubt but that ye wold rescowe me in what daunger that euer I stooode
 in / Allas sayd fyr Launcelot in alle my lyf thus was I neuer bestadde that I
 fhould be thus shamefully flayne for lack of myn armour / But euer in one
 fir Agrauayne and fir Mordred cryed Traytour knyghte come oute of the
 Quenes chamber / for wete thou wel thou arte soo befette that thou fhalt
 not escape / O Ihesu mercy sayd fir 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 kyfte her / and sayd
 moost noble crysten Quene I byfche yow as ye haue ben euer my speccial
 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 fythen the fyrst day kynge
 Arthur made me knyghte that ye wylle praye for my soule / yf that I here
 be flayne / for wel I am assured that fir Bors myn neuwe and all the
 remenaunt of my kynne with fyr Lauayne and fyr 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 fire Bors
 my neuwe and fir Vrrre / and they all wylle doo yow alle the pleasyr that
 they can or may / that ye fhall 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 flayne I wyl take my deth as mekely for Ihesus
 Crystus sake / as euer dyd only crysten Quene / wel madame sayd laūcelot /
 fythe hit is soo that the day is come that oure loue muste departe / wete
 yow wel I fhalle felle my lyf as dere as I maye and a thousand fold sayd fyr
 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 flayne / Truly sayd the
 Quene I wold and it myghte please god / that [p.802] sig.aa8v> they
 wold take me and flee me / and suffer yow to escape / That fhall neuer be
 sayd fir launcelot / god defende me from suche a fhame / but Ihesu be thou
 my fhield and myn armour /

¶ Capitulum iiij

ANd there with fyr Launcelot wrapped his mantel aboute his
 arme wel and surely / and by thenne they had geten a grete
 fourme oute of the halle / and there with all they rashed at the
 dore / Fair lordes sayd fyre Launcelot leue your noyse and
 your rassyng / and I fhalle 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 fhalle 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 Colgreuance / of Gore / and he with a sward strake at fyr
 launcelot mygtely and he put afyde the stroke / and gaf hym suche a buffett
 vpon the helmet / that he felle grouelynge dede within the chamber dore /

and thenne fyre Launcelot with grete myghte drewe that dede knyght within the chamber dore / and fyr Launcelot with helpe of the Quene and her ladyes was lyghtely armed in fyr Colgreuaunce armour / and euer stode fir Agrauayn and fir Mordred cryenge traytoure knyghte come oute of the quenes chamber / leue your noyse sayd fyr launcelot vnto fir Agrauayne / For wete yow wel fir Agrauayne ye shall not pryfone me this nyghte and therfor and ye doo by my counceyll / goo ye alle from this chamber dore and make not fuche cryeng and fuche 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 fene whiche of yow all outhere els ye all that wille accuse me of treason / and there I shal anfuer 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 <[p.803] sig.bb1r> yow with my handes / Fy on the traytour sayd fir Agrauayn and fir Mordred / we wylle haue the maulgre thy hede / and flee the yf we lyst / for we lete the wete we haue the choyse of kyng Arthur to faue the or to flee the / A firs sayd fir launcelot / is there none other grace with you / thenne kepe your self Soo thenne fir Launcelot fet al open the chamber dore / and myghtely and knyghtely he strode in amongest them / and anone at the fyrft buffet he slewe fir 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 fir launcelot one buffet ¶ Also fyr Launcelot wounded fyr Mordred and he fledde with alle his myghte / And thenne fyre 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 kyng Arthur euer be my foo / and therefore madame and it lyke yow that I maye haue you wyth me / I shalle faue 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 fir launcelot / for haue ye no doubte whyle I am lyuyng / I shalle rescowe yow / and thenne he kyfte her / & eyther gaf other a ryng / and soo there he lefte the quene / and went vntyl his lodgyng

¶ Capitulum Quintum /

WHan fyre Bors sawe fyr launcelot / he was neuer soo gladde of his home comyng as he was thenne / Ihesu mercy sayd fyr Launcelot why be ye all armed what meaneth this / Sir sayd fir 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 swardes in their handes / therfor said fir Bors we deme / there is some grete stryf at hand / & thene 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 fir launcelot vnto fir bors now shal ye wete al that this nygt I was more harder

bestad wan euer I was in my lyf & yet I escaped / And so he told |<[p.804] sig.bb1v> hem alle how and in what maner as ye haue herd to fore / And therefore my felawes said fir 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 fir Bors alle is welcome that god fendeth vs / and we haue had moche wele with yow and moche worlhyp / and therfor we wille take the wo with yow as we haue taken the wele / And therefore they sayd alle there were many good knyghtes / loke ye take no difcomforte / 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 difcomforte 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 fyr Launcelot sayd they we wil take the woo with the wele / Graunt mercy sayd fir 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 kynge which wyll hold with me and whyche wylle not / for now I wolde knowe whiche were my frendes fro my foes Sir said fyr Bors I shalle doo my payne / and or it be feuen of the klok I shalle wete of fuche as ye haue sayd before who will holde with yow ¶ Thenne sire Bors called vnto hym sire Lyonel / fyr Ector de marys / fir Blamor de ganys / fir Bleoberys de ganys / fyre Gahalantyne / fyr Galyhodyn / fir Galyhud / Sir menadeuke / fir Vyllyers the valyaunt / fir Hebes le renoumes / fir lauayne fyr Vrrre of Hongry / fir Nerouneus / sire Plenorius / ¶ These two knyghtes sire launcelot made / and the one he wanne vpon a brydge / and therfor they wold neuer be ageynst hym / And Harre le fyse du lake and fyre Selyfes of the dolorous Toure / and fir Melyas de lyle / and sire Bellangere le beuse that was fyr Alyfanders sone le orphelyn / by cause hys moder Alys la Beale pelleryn and she was kynne vnto fir Launcelot / and he held with hym / ¶ Soo there came fyre Palomydes and fir Safyr his broder |<[p.805] sig.bb2r> to hold with fyr launcelot / And fyre Clegys of Sadok and fyr Dynas / fyr Claryus of Cleremont / So these two & twenty knyghtes drewe hem to gyders / and by thenne they were armed on horfbak / and promysed fir Launcelot to doo what he wold / ¶ Thenne there felle to them what of Northwalys and of Cornewaile for fir Lamoraks sake and for sire Triftrams sake to the nombre of a four score knyghtes ¶ My lordes sayd fyre Launcelot wete yow wel / I haue ben euer fyns I came in to this Countrey wel wyllid 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 excufe her persone / not withstandyng 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 therefore sayd fir 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 Agrauayne fyr 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 therefore 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 fyre Launcelot sayd fir Bors by myn aduys ye shalle take the wo with the wele / and take hit in pacyence / and thanke god of hit / ¶ And fythen |<[p.806] sig.bb2v> 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 fyr 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 flayne and put to a mescheuous dethe / for and she soo dye / the shame shalle be yours / Ihesu defende me from shame sayd fyre 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 fir Launcelot what wylle ye doo / Thenne they sayd all we wille doo as ye wylle doo / I putte this to yow sayd fir 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 fyre we say al that ye haue many tymes rescowed her from dethe / for other mens quarels / vs semeth it is more youre worlhyp that ye rescowe the quene from this perylle / in soo moche she hath it for your sake ¶ Thenne fir 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 counceyll 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 bryng 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 |<[p.807] sig.bb3r> the leste care of vs alle sayd fir Bors / how dyd the noble knyghte fire Triftram by your good wylle kepte not he wyth hym la beale Ifoud 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 lyft / and take the Quene lyghtely away / yf it foo be the kyng wylle Iuge her to be brente / and in Ioyous gard ye may kepe her longe ynough vntyl the hete of the kyng be palt / And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to the kyng with grete worlhyp / 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 fir launcelot / for by fir Triftram I may haue a warnynge / for whanne by meanes of treatyce fyr Triftram brought ageyne la Beale Ifoud vnto kyng Mark from Ioyous gard loke what befelle on the ende / how shamefully that fals traitour kyng marke flewe hym / as he fat harpyng afore his lady la beale Ifoud / With a groundyn glayue he threst hym in behynde to the herte / hit greueth me said fir launcelot to speke of his dethe / for alle the world may not fynde suche a knyghte / Alle thys is trouthe sayd fyre Bors / but there is one thyng shalle courage yow and vs alle / ye knowe wel Kyng Arthur & kyng marke were neuer lyke of condycyons / for there was neuer yet man coude preue kyng Arthur vntrewe of his promyse / Soo to make short tale they were alle consented that for better outhur for worse / yf foo were that the quene were on that morne broughte to the fyre / shortly they al wold rescowe her / And foo by the aduysse of fyr launcelot they putte hem all in an enbushment in a woode as nyghe Carleil as they myght And there they abode styll to wete what the Kyng wold do /

¶ Capitulum vij

Now torne we ageyne vnto fyre Mordred / that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte fir Launcelot he anone gat his hors and mounted vpon hym / and rode vnto Kyng Arthur / fore wounded and smyten / and alle <[p.808] sig.bb3v> forbled / and there he told the kyng 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 foo god me helpe sayd fir Mordred there we fonde hym vnarmed / and there he flewe Colgreuance & armed hym in his armour / and alle this he told the kyng from the begynnyng to the endynge ¶ Ihesu mercy sayd the kyng he is a merueyllous knyghte of prowesse / Allas me fore repenteth sayd the Kyng that euer fyr launcelot shold be ageynst me / Now I am sure the noble felauhyp of the round table is broken for euer / for with hym wille many a noble knyghte holde / and now it is fallen foo / sayd the Kyng / that I may not with my worlhyp / 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 gyilty of trefon / there shold be none other remedy but dethe / and outhur the men or the takynge with the dede shold be causer of their hafty Iugement / and ryghte foo was it ordeyned for quene gueneuer / by cause fir Mordred was escaped fore wounded / and the dethe of thyrten knyghtes of the round table / these preues & experyences caufed kyng Arthur to

commaunde the quene to the fyre there to be brente / Thenne spake fir gawayn and sayd my lord Arthur I wold counceyll yow not to be ouer hafty / 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 fir 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 fyr gawayne that the quene is moche beholden vnto fyr launcelot more than vnto any other Knyghte / for oftyme he hath saued her lyf / and done batail for her whan al the Courte refused the quene / and paraenture 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 peradventure my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that fyr Launcelot shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretelly / wenyng to her that hit was best so to do in efchewyng & dredyng |<[p.809] sig.bb4r> of sklauder / for oftymes we doo many thynges that we wene it be for the best / & yet peradventure hit torneth to the werft / For I dare say sayd fyre Gawayne my lady your Quene is to yow bothe good and true / And as for fir Launcelot sayd fir Gawayne I dare saye he wylle make hit good vpon any knyghte luyng 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 fir 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 fir Launcelot wete you well he shal haue a shameful dethe / Ihesu defende sayd fir Gawayn that I may neuer see it / why saye ye soo sayd kyng Arthur / For soth ye haue no cause to loue fir Launcelot / for this nyghte last past he slewe your broder fir Agrauayne a ful good knyghte / & al moost he had slayne your other broder fir mordred And also there he slewe thyrten noble knyghtes / and also fir Gawayne remembre ye he slewe two sones of yours sire Florence and fir Louel / my lord sayd fir Gawayne of alle thys I haue knouleche of whos dethes I repente me fore / but in so moche I gaf hem warnyng / 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 fir launcelot / how be it I am fory of the deth of my bretheren & of my sones / for they are the causers of theyre owne dethe / For oftymes I warned my broder fir Agrauayne / and I told hym the peryls the which ben now fallen

¶ Capitulum viij

THenne sayd the noble Kynge Arthur to fyre Gawayne / dere neuewe I pray yow make yow redy in your best armoure with youre bretheren fyre Gaherys and fyre Gareth to bryng my Quene to the fyre there to haue her Iugement and receyue the dethe ¶ Nay my moost noble |<[p.810] sig.bb4v> lord sayd fir 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 counceyllle 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
presnt 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 fore 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 kyng
thenne make you redy / for she shalle soone haue her Iugement anone /
Allas sayd syr Gawayne that euer I hold endure to see this woful daye /
Soo sir Gawayne tord hym / and wepte hertely / and so he wente in to his
chamber and thene the quene was led forth withoute Carleil / and there she
was despoyled in to her smok And soo thenne her ghooftly fader was
broughte to her to be shryuen of her mysdedes / Thenne was there
wepyng & waylyng and wryngyng 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
goe vnto her dethe / And anone as he sawe the quene despoyled in to her
smok / and soo shryuen / thenne he gaf sir launcelot warnyng / thenne was
there but sporyng and pluckyng vp of horses / and ryghte so they cam to
the fyre / And who that stood ageynst them there were they slayne / there
myghte none withstande sir Launcelot / so all that bare armes and
withstode hem there were they slayne ful many a noble knyghte / For
there was slayne sir Bellias le orgulous / Sir Segwarydes / Sir Gryflet / sir
Brandyles / syre [p.811] sig.bb5r Agloul / 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 rassyng and hurlyng as syre Launcelot
thrange here and there / it myhappd hym to flee Gaherys and syr Gareth
the noble knyghte / for they were vnarmed and vnware / For as the
Frenshe 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 Frenshe
book faith vnto Ioyous gard / and there he kepte her as a noble knyghte
hold 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 kynge Arthur that whan it was told hym / how and in what maner of wyfe the quene was taken away from the fyre / And whan he herd of the deth of his noble knyghtes / and in especyall of fyr gaheris and fir Gareths deth / thenne the kyng fwouned for pure forou And whan he awoke of his fwoun / thenne he sayd ¶ Allas that euer I bare croun vpon my hede / For now haue I loste the fayrest felaulhyp of noble knyghtes that euer helde crysten <[p.812] sig.bb5v> kynge to gyders / Allas my good knyghtes ben flayne aweye from me / now within these two dayes I haue lost xl knyghtes / & also the noble felaulhyp of fyr laūcelot and his blood / for now I may neuer hold hem to gyders no more with my worlhyp / Allas that euer this werre beganne / Now fayr felawes sayd the kynge I charge yow that no man telle fir gawayn of the dethe of his two bretheren / for I am sure sayd the kyng whan fir Gawayne hereth telle that fir Gareth is dede he wyll goo nyghe oute of his mynde / Mercy Ihesu said the kyng why flewe he fyre Gareth and fire Gaherys / for I dar faye as for fyre Gareth he loued fir Launcelot aboue al men erthely / that is trouthe sayd some knyghtes / but they were flayne in the hurtlyng as fir launcelot thrange in the thyck of the prees / and as they were vnarmed / he smote hem and wyft not whome that he smote / and soo vnhappyly they were flayne / The dethe of them sayd Arthur wyll cause the gretteft mortal werre that euer was / I am sure wyfte fir Gawayne that fyr Gareth were flayne I shold neuer haue reste of hym tyl I had destroyed fyr launcelots kynne and hym self both / outhur els he to destroye me / and therfor sayd the kynge wete yow well my herte was neuer soo heuy as it is now / and moche more I am foryer for my good knyghtes losse / than for the losse of my fayre quene / for quenes I myghte haue ynowe / but suche a felaulhyp of good knyghtes shalle neuer be to gyders in no company / and now I dare say sayd kyng Arthur there was neuer cryften kynge helde suche a felaulhyp to gyders / & allas that euer fyr 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 fyre Mordred haddeft vnto fyr launcelot hath caused al this forowe / and euer amonge these complayntes the kyng wepte and fwouned ¶ Thenne ther came one vnto fyr Gawayne and told hym / how the Quene was ladde awaye with fyr launcelot / & nygh a xxiiij knyghtes flayne / O Ihesu defende my bretheren sayd fir gawayne / for ful wel wyft I that fyr launcelot wold rescowe her / outhur els he wold dye in that felde / and to faye the trouthe he had not ben a man of worlhyp had he not rescowed the quene that day / in so moche she shold haue ben brente for his sake <[p.813] sig.bb6r> And as in that sayd fir Gawayne he hath done but knyghtly / and as I wold haue done my self and I had stand in lyke caas / but where ar my bretheren sayd fir Gawayne / I merueyll I here not of hem /

Truly fayd that man fir Gareth and fyr Gaherys be flayne / Ihesu defende fayd fir Gawayne / for alle the world I wold not that they were flayne / and in especial my good broder fir Gareth / fyr fayd the man he is flayne and that is grete pyte / who flewe hym fayd fir Gawayn Sir fayd the man Launcelot flewe hem bothe / that may I not byleue fayd fyr Gawayne that euer he flewe my broder fyre Gareth / For I dar fay my broder Gareth loued hym better than me and alle his bretheren / and the kynge bothe / Also I dare fay and fir Launcelot and defyred my broder fyr Gareth with hym / he wolde haue ben with hym ageynst the kynge and vs al / and therefore I may neuer byleue that fyr launcelot flewe my broder. Sir fayd this man it is noyfed that he flewe hym

¶ Capitulum x

ALlas fayd fire Gawayne now is my Ioye gone / and thenne he felle doune and fwouned / and long he lay there as he had ben dede / And thenne whanne he aroos of his fwoune / he cryed oute sorowfully and fayd Allas / and rygte soo fyr Gawayne ranne to the kynge cryenge and wepynge O kynge Arthur myne vnkel my good broder fyr Gareth is flayne / soo is my broder fyr Gaherys / the whiche were / ij / noble knyghtes / Thenne the kynge wepte and he bothe / and so they felle on fwounyng / And whan they were reuyued thenne spak fir Gawayne / fyr I wyl go see my broder fyr Gareth / ye may not see hym fayd the kynge / for I caufed hym to be entered and fyr gaherys bothe / For I wel vnderstood that ye wold make ouer moche forowe / and the fyghte of fir Gareth shold haue caufed your double forowe / Allas my lord fayd fyr Gawayne how flewe he my broder fir gareth myn own good lord I praye yow telle me / Truly fayd the Kyng I shal telle yow as it is told me / fyre Launcelot flewe hym & fir Gaheris bothe / Allas fayd fire Gawayne they bare none armes |<[p.814] sig.bb6v> ayenst hym neyther of hem both / I wote not how it was said the kynge / but as it is fayd fire launcelot flewe them bothe in the thyckest of the prees / and knewe them not / and therfor lete vs shape a remedy for to reuenge their dethes / My Kynge my lord and myn vnkel fayd fire 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 fir launcelot vntyl the one of vs haue flayne the other / And therefore I requyre yow my lord and kynge dresse yow to the werre for wete yow wel I will be reuenged vpon fire launcelot / & therfor as ye wylle haue my feruyse and my loue now hafte yow therto and affaye your frendes / For I promyse vnto god said fir Gawayne for the dethe of my broder fir gareth I shalle seke fyr launcelot thorou oute seuen kynges Realmes / but I shalle flee hym or els he shalle flee me / ye shall not nede to seke hym soo ferre fayd the Kynge / for as I here faye fir Launcelot will abyde me and yow in the Ioyous gard / and moche peple draweth vnto hym as I here faye / That may I byleue fayd fir gawayne / but my lord he fayd affaye your frendes / and I wyll affaye myn / it shalle be done fayd 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 fente letters and wryttes thorou oute alle Englonde bothe in the lengthe and the brede / for to affomone alle his knyghtes / And soo vnto Arthur drewe many knyghtes dukes and Erles / soo that he had a grete hooft / and whan they were asssemblyd the kyng enformed hem how fyr launcelot had berafte hym his quene / Thenne the kynge and all his hooft made hem redy to laye fyege aboute fir Launcelot where he laye within Ioyous gard / Therof herd fir 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 hooft was soo bygge that fyr launcelot wold not abyde hym in the felde / For he was ful lothe to doo batail ageynst the kyng / but fyre launcelot drewe hym to his strong castel with al maner of vytail / And as many noble men as he myghte suffyse within the |<[p.815] sig.bb7r> Towne and the Castel / Thenne came kynge Arthur with sire Gawayne with an hughe hooft / and layd a fyege al aboute Ioyous gard both at the Towne and at the Castel / & there they made stronge werre on bothe partyes / but in no wyse fyre 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 / fyr launcelot loked ouer the walles / and spak on hyghe vnto Kynge Arthur and fir Gawayne / my lordes bothe wete ye wel al is in vayne that ye make at this fyege / for here wyne ye no worshyp but maulgre and dishonoure / for and it lyfte 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 fir 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 wylle 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 fir launcelot ye may say what ye will / for ye wote wel with youre self wil I not sryue / but there as ye say I haue slayn your good knyghtes I wote wel that I haue done soo / and that me fore 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 |<[p.816] sig.bb7v> yeres and wynters / vnto that I shal euer make a large ansuer / and preue hit

vpon any 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 luyng 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 cheryllhe me more than any other knyghte / and vnto my power I ageyne haue deserued her loue / for oftymes my lord ye haue confented that she shold be brente and destroyed in your hete / and thenne it fortunod me to doo batail for her / and or I departed from her aduersary they confessed their vntrouthe / and she ful worshypfully excused / And at suche tymes my lord Arthur sayd fir 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 feruyse / 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 fythen 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 fyr launcelot take your quene vnto your good grace / for she is bothe fayr true and good / Fy on the fals recreant knyght sayd sire Gawayne / I lete the wete my lord myn vnkel Kynge Arthur shalle haue his Quene and the maulgre thy vyfage / and flee yow bothe whether it please hym / It may wel be sayd sire Launcelot / but wete ye wel my lord sire Gawayne / and me lyft to come oute of this Castel ye shold wyne me and the quene more harder than euer ye wanne a stronge bataille / Fy on thy proude wordes seyde fir Gawayne / as for my lady the Quene I wil neuer saye of her shame / but thow fals and recreant Knyghte / faide fyre Gawayne what cause haddest thow to flee my good broder fyr Gareth that loued the more than al my kynne Allas thow madest hym knyght thyn owne handes / Why flewe thow hym that loued the soo wel / for to excuse me sayde fir Launcelot it helpeth me not / but by Ihesu / and by the feyth |<[p.817] sig.bb8r> that I owe to the hygh ordre of knyghthode / I shold with as a good wylle haue slayne my neuewe fir Bors de ganys / at þ^t tyme / but allas that euer I was so vnhappy sayd laūcelot þ^t I had not sene fyr Gareth and fir Gaherys / Thow lyeft recreant knyght sayd fir Gawayne / thow flewest 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 fir Launcelot / for wel I vnderstande it helpeth not to seke none accordement whyle ye fyr Gawayne ar soo mescheuouusly sette / And yf ye were not / I wold not doubte to haue the good grace of my lord Arthur / I byleue it wel fals recreant knyght sayd fir 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 fyr launcelot / & yet may it neuer be sayd on me / and openly preued that euer I before cast of treason flewe no good knyghte as my lord fyre 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 fyre Gawayne that thow menest by fyre Lamorak / wete thow wel I flewe hym / ye flewe hym not youre self sayd fir 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 /

¶ Capitulum xij

WEl fayd fir Gawayne / to Launcelot fythen thou enbraydest me of fyre Lamorak / wete thow well I shalle neuer leue the tyl I haue the at fuche auaille that thou shalte not escave my handes / I truſte yow wel ynough fayd fyr 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 fyr Launcelot / but fyr Gawayne wold not suffer hym by no maner of meane / And thenne fyre Gawayne made many men to blowe vpon fyr launcelot / And all at ones they called hym fals recreaunt knyght / Thenne when fyr Bors de ganys |<[p.818] sig.bb8v> fyr Ector de marys and fir lyonel herd this oute crye / they called to them fyre Palomydes fir Safyrs broder / and fir Lauayne with many moo of their blood / and alle they went vnto fir launcelot and fayd thus / My lord fir 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 felde / 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 / fyre Gawayne wille not suffer you to be accorded with kyng Arthur / and therefore fyghte for youre lyf and your ryghte and ye dar / Allas fayd fyre launcelot for to ryde oute of this Caſtel and to doo batail I am ful lothe / Thenne fyre launcelot ſpak on hyghe vnto fyr Arthur & fyre Gawayne my lordes I requyre you and biſeche you fythen that I am thus requyred and coniuered to ryde in to the felde / that neyder you my lord kyng Arthur nor you fyre Gawayne come not in to the felde / What ſhal we doo thenne fayd fyr Gawayne / is this the kynges quarel with the to fyghte / and it is my quarel to fyghte with the fyr laūcelot / by cauſe of the deth of my brother fyre Gareth / Thenne muſte I nedes vnto bataill ſaid fyr launcelot / now wete you wel my lord Arthur and fyre 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 fyr Gawayne lete purueye many knyghtes for to wayte vpon fir launcelot for to ouerfette hym / and to flee hym / And on the morne at vndorne fyre Arthur was redy in the felde with thre grete hooſtes / And thenne fyr launcelots felauſhyp came oute at thre gates in a ful good araye / and fyre lyonel came in the formeſt batail / and fyr launcelot came in the myddel / and fyre Bors came oute at the thyrd gate / Thus they came in ordre & rule as ful noble knyghtes / and alwayes fyr launcelot charged all his knyghtes in ony wyſe to ſaue Kyng Arthur & fyr Gawayne |<[p.819] sig.cc1r>

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne came forth fir Gawayne from the kynges hoft and he came before and proferd to Iufte / and fir Lyonel was a fyres knyghte / and lyghtely he encoütred with fyr Gawayne / & there fir Gawayne fmote fyr lyonel thurgh oute the body / that he daffhed to the erthe / lyke as he had ben dede / And thenne fir Ector de marys and other more bare hym in to the Caftel / thenne there beganne a grete ftoure & moche peple was flayne / and euer fyr launcelot dyd what he myghte to faue the peple on kyng Arthurs party / for fyr palomydes and fyr Bors and fyr Safyr ouerthrowe many knyghtes / for they were dedely knyghtes / and fyre Blamor de ganys / and fyr Bleoberys de ganys with fir Bellangere le bewfe / thefe fyxe knyghtes dyd moche harme / and euer kyng Arthur was nyghe aboute fyr launcelot to haue flayn hym / & fyr launcelot fuffred hym / and wold not ftryke ageyne / Soo fyr Bors encountred with kyng Arthur / and there with a fpere fyr Bors fmote hym doun / & foo he alyghte and drewe his fwerd / and fayd to fyr launcelot / fhalle I make an ende of this werre / & that he mente to haue flayn Kyng Arthur Not foo hardy fayd fyr launcelot vpon payn of thy hede / that thou touche hym no more / for I wille neuer fee that moft noble kyng that made me knyghte neyther flayn ne fhamed / & there with al fyr laūcelot alyght of his hors & tooke vp the kyng & horfed hym ageyn / & fayd thus / my lord Arthur for goddes loue ftynte this ftryf / for ye gete here no worlhyp / 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 horfbak / he loked vpon fyr launcelot / & thēne the teres braft out of his eyen / thynkyng on the grete curtofy that was in fyr laūcelot more than in any other man / & therwith the Kyng rode his wey / & myghte no lenger beholde hym / & fayd Allas that euer this werre began / & thēne eyther partyes of the batails withdrewe them to repofe them / & buryed the dede / & to the woūded men they leid foftly <[p.820] sig.cc1v> falues / and thus they endured that nyȝt tyll on the morne / & on the morne by vndorne they made hem redy to doo bataille / And thenne fyr Bors ledde the forward / ¶ Soo vpon the morne there came fyre Gawayne as brym as ony bore with a grete fpere in his hand / And whan fir Bors fawe hym / he thoughte to reuenge his broder fyre Lyonel of the despyte that fyr Gawayn dyd hym the other daye / ¶ And fo they that knewe eyther other feutryd their fperes / and with alle their myghtes of their horfes and hem felf / they mette to gyder foo felonfly / that eyther bare other thorowe / and foo they felle both to the erthe / and thenne the batails ioyned / and there was moche slaughter on bothe partyes / Thenne fir launcelot refcowed fyr Bors and fente hym in to the Caftel / But neyder fyr Gawayne nor fyr Bors dyed not of their woundes / For they were alle holpen / Thenne fyr Lauayne and fir Vrrre prayd fyr Launcelot to doo his payne / and fyȝte as they had done / for we fee / ye forbere and spare / and that doth moche harme therfor we praye yow spare not youre enemyes noo

more than they done yow / Allas fayd fire 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 fayd fir 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 fyr Launcelot vnderstood that they fayd hym trouth & thenne he strayed hym self more than he dyd afore hand / and by caufe his neuewe fir Bors was fore wounded / And thenne within a lytel whyle by euenfong tyme fire Launcelot and his party better stode / for their horfes wente in blood past the fytloks / there was soo moche people flayne / And thenne for pyte fyr launcelot withhelde his knyghtes / and suffred kynge Arthurs party for to withdrawe them on fyde / And thenne fir launcelots party withdrewe hem in to his Castel / and eyther parties buried the dede / & putte falf vnto the wounded men / Soo whan fyre 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 noyed thorou al crystendome & at the laft it was noyed afore the pope / and he confydering the grete godenes of kynge Arthur / & of fir laūcelot that was 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 Frenshe book sayth / hit was the Biffhop 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 fyr Launcelot /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Soo whan this Biffhop was come Carleyl / he shewed the kynge these bulles / And whan the kyng vnderstood these bulles / he nyft what to doo / ful fayne he wold haue ben accorded with fir launcelot / but fir Gawayne wold not suffre hym / but as for to haue the quene / ther to he agreed But in no wyse fyre Gawayne wold not suffer the kyng to accorde with fyr Launcelot / but as for the quene he consented / And thenne the Biffhop had of the kynge his grete feal / & his affuraunce as he was a true ennoynted kynge / that fyre 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 Biffhop broughte hym fure affuraunce & wrytynge to shewe fir Launcelot / So whan the Biffhop was come to Ioyous gard / there he shewed fir 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 laūcelot 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 fayd fir Launcelot that the pope hath made her pees / for god knoweth fayd fyr 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 fure to come sauf / and goo sauf / and that the quene shal haue her

lyberte as she had before / and neuer for no thyng that hath ben surmyfed
|<[p.822] sig.cc2v> afore this tyme / she neuer fro this day stonde in no
peryll / for els sayd fir 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
fir launcelot alle his wrytyng / bothe from the pope and from kyng
Arthur / this is sure ynough / sayd fir Launcelot / for ful well I dare trust
my lordes owne wrytyng and his seale / for he was neuer shamed of his
promesse ¶ Therefore sayd fir Launcelot vnto the Bisshop / ye shall ryde
vnto the kyng 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 bryng 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 kyng at Carleil / and
told hym alle how fir laūcelot anfuerd hym / and thenne the teres braft 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 quene had four and twenty
gentylwymmen folowyng her in the same wyse / and fir Launcelot had
twelue courfers folowyng hym / and on euery courfer 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 fette with stons and perlys in gold to the
nombre of a thowfand / and she and fir Launcelot were clothed in whyte
clothe of gold tyffew / and ryght soo as ye haue herd as the Frenshe book
maketh mencyon / he rode with the quene from Ioyous gard to Carleil /
and so fyr Launcelot rode thorou oute Carleil and soo in the castel that alle
men myȝt beholde / & wete you wel ther was many a |<[p.823] sig.cc3r>
wepyng eyen / and thenne fyr Launcelot hym self alyghte and auoyded
his hors and toke the quene / and soo led her where kyng Arthur was in
his feate / and fyre Gawayn sat afore hym / and many other grete lordes /
Soo whan fyre launcelot sawe the kyng / and fyr 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 kyng
Arthur that wepte as tendyrly / as though they had sene alle their kynne
afore them / Soo the kyng sat styll / and sayd no word / And whan fyre
Launcelot sawe his couētaunce / he arofe and pulled vp the quene with
hym / & thus he spak ful knyghtely

¶ Capitulum xv

MY moost redoubted kynge ye shalle vnderstande by the popes commaundement and yours I haue brougt to yow my lady the quene as ryghte requyreth / And yf there be ony knyghte of what someuer degree that he be excepte your perfone that wylle saye or dar say but that she is true & clene to yow / I here my self fyr Launcelot du lake wylle make it good vpon his body that she is a true lady vnto yow / but lyars ye haue lyftned / & 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 / & fythen it pleafyd yow at many tymes that I shold fyghte for her / me semeth my good lord I had more cause to rescowe her from the fyre 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 fourteen 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 fyre Agrauayn & fyr mordred called me traytour & recreaunt knyghte / They called the ryght sayd fyr Gawayn ¶ My lord fyre Gawayn said fyre Launcelot in their quarel they preued hem self not in the ryght / wel wel fyr launcelot <[p.824] sig.cc3v> sayd the kyng / I haue gyuen the no cause to do to me as thou haft done / For I haue worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes / My good lord sayd fire launcelot soo ye be not displeafyd / 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 fyr Gawayne bothe in Iustes and turnementes and in batails sette bothe on horsbak and on foote / I haue often rescowed yow and my lord fyr Gawayne and many moo of your knyghtes in many dyuerse places / for now I wil make auaunt sayd fir 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 vtterance / thāked be god / how be it I haue ben matched with good knyghtes as fir Triftram and fyr lamorak / but euer I had a faueur vnto them and a demyng what they were / and I take god to record sayd fyr launcelot I neuer was wrothe nor gretely heuy with no good Knyghte and I sawe hym befy 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 fir Carados of the dolorous toure was a ful noble knyghte & a passyng stronge man / & that wote ye my lorde fyr 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 fyre Gawayne I rescowed yow and flewe hym afore your sigte Also I fonde his broder fyr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng fir

Gaherys youre broder bouiden afore hym / and there I rescowd your broder and flewe that Turquyn / & delyuerd thre score and foure of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of his pryson And now I dare say fayd launcelot I mette neuer with so stronge knyghtes nor so wel fyghtyng as was fir Carados & fyr Turquyn / for I fought with them to the vttermest / & therfor saide fir launcelot vnto fyr Gawayne me semeth ye ought of ryghte to remembre this / for & I myȝt haue your good wil I wolde trufte to god to haue my lorde Arthurs goode grace |<[p.825] sig.cc4r>

¶ Capitulum xvj

THe Kynge maye doo as he wylle fayd fire Gawayne But wete thow wel fyre Launcelot thow and I shalle neuer ben accorded whyle we lyue / for thou hast slayne thre of my bretheren / and two of them ye flewe traytourly and pytously / for they bare none harneis ageynst the nor none wold bere / god wold they had ben armed fayd fire Launcelot / for thenne had they ben on lyue ¶ And wete ye wel fyre Gawayne as for fire Gareth I loue none of my kynnesmen so moche as I dyd hym / and euer whyle I lyue fayd fir launcelot I wille bewaile fir Gareths deth not al only for the grete fere I haue of yow / but many causes caufen 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 passyng noble / true curteys & gentyll / and wel condycyoned / the fourth is / I wyft wel anone as I herd that fir Gareth was dede / I shold neuer after haue your loue but euerlastyng werre betwixe vs / and also I wift well that ye wold cause my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my mortal foo / And as Ihesu be my help fayd fyr Launcelot I flewe neuer fir Gareth nor fir Gaherys by my wylle / but allas that euer they were vnarmed that vnhappy daye / But thus moche I shalle offre me said fir launcelot yf hit may please the kynges good grace and yow my lord fire Gawayne I shalle fyrst begynne at Sandwyche / and ther I shal goo in my fhert bare foot / and at euery ten myles endes I wille founde & garmake an hows of relygyon of what ordre that ye wyl assygne me with an hole Couent to syng and rede day & nyghte in especyal for fyr Gareths sake and fir 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 fir Gawayne me thynketh were more fayrer holyer & more better to their soules than ye my most noble kyng & |<[p.826] sig.cc4v> yow fire 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 fayd fir Gawayne I haue ryghte wel herd thy speche / and thy grete profers / but wete thow wel / lete the kyng doo as hit pleafyd hym / I will neuer forgyue my broders dethe / and in especyal the deth of my broder fyre Gareth / And yf myn vnkel kyng Arthur wylle accorde with

the / he shalle lese my feruyse / 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 fir Gawayne wylle charge me with foo hyghe a thyng / ye muste pardonne me / for thenne nedes muste I anfuere yow / ¶ Nay sayd fir Gawayne we are past that at this tyme / and that caused the pope / for he hath charged myn vnel the kyng that he shalle take his Quene ageyne / and to accorde with the fyr Launcelot as for this seafon / 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 / foo the kyng and we were consented and accorded or thou camest / and els sayd fyre Gawayne wete thou wel thou sholdest not haue comen here / but yf hit were maugre thy hede / And yf it were not for the popes commaundement sayd fyre Gawayne I hold do bataille with myn owne body ageynst thy body / and preue it vpon the / that thou hast ben bothe fals vnto myn vnel 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 fyr launcelot fyghed / 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 geten a grete parte of my worshyp / and now I shalle departe in this wyse / Truly me repenteth that euer I came in this realme that shold be thus shamefully bannysshed vnderferued and caueles / but fortune |<[p.827] sig.cc5r> is foo varyaunt / and the whele foo meuable / there nys none constaunte abydyng / and that may be preued by many old Cronykles of noble Ector and Troylus and Alyfander the myghty Conquerour / and many moo other / whan they were moost in their Royalte / they alyghte lowest / and foo fareth it by me sayd fir 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 thou wel fyre 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 fyr 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 anfuere yow / doo thou thy best sayd fir Gawayne / therefore hyhe the fast that thou were gone / and wete thou wel we shalle soone come after and breke the strengest Castel that thou hast vpon thy hede / That shalle not nede sayd fir Launcelot / for and I were as orgulous sette as ye are / wete you wel I hold mete yow in myddes of the felde / Make thou no more langage sayd fyre Gawayne / but delyuer the quene from the / and pyke the lyghtely oute of this Courte / wel sayd fyr Launcelot / and I had wyft of this shorte comynge / I wolde haue aduyfed me twyes or that I had comen hyder / for and the Quene had be foo dere to me as ye noyse her / I durst haue kepte her from the felaulhyp of the best knyghtes vnder heuen And thenne fyr 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 byfeche yow to praye for me / and faye me wel / and yf ye be hard beſtad by ony fals tonges / lyghtly my lady fende me word / and yf ony knyghtes handes may delyuer yow by bataill / I ſhall delyuer yow / and there with all ſir launcelot kyft the Quene / and thenne he ſayd al openly now lete ſee what he be in this place that dar faye 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 |<[p.828] sig.cc5v> erle / baron ne knyghte / lady nor gentywoman / 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 Carleyl / there was fobbynge 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 felauſhyn 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 fore / for I ſhalle departe with no worſhyn / for a flemyd man departed neuer oute of a realme with noo worſhyn / 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 bewfe / and ſir Vrre with ſir Lauayne with many other / Sir and ye be ſo diſpoſed to abyde in this land / we wyll neuer fayle yow / & yf ye lyft not to abyde in this land / ther nys none of the good knyghtes 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 wyll haue as lytel as ony of you for haue I ſuffycyaunt that may longe to my perſon / I wyll aſke none other ryche araye / and I truſte to god to mayntene yow on my landes as wel as euer were mayntened ony knyghtes / Thenne ſpap all the knyghtes at ones / he haue ſhame that |<[p.829] sig.cc6r> wyll leue yow / For we alle vnderſtande in this realme wyll be now no quyete but euer ſtryf and debate / now the felauſhip of the round table is broken / for by the noble felauſhyn of the round table was Kyng Arthur vp borne / and by their nobles the kyng 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 fir Launcelot I thanke yow alle of youre good fayenge / 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 fure I knewe many rebellyons in my dayes that by me were peafed / and I trowe we alle shalle here of hem in shorte space / and that me fore repenteth / For euer I drede me sayd fyr launcelot that fyr Mordred wille make trouble / for he is passyng enuyous & applyeth hym to trouble / So they were accorded to go with fir Launcelot to his landes / and to make shorte tale / they truffed and payd alle that wold aske hem / and holy an honderd knyghtes departed with fir laūcelot at ones / and made their auowes / they wold neuer leue hym for wele nor for wo / & so they shynned at Cardyf / & sayled vnto Benwyk / somme men calle it bayen and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is But to faye the sothe / fyre 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 fyr Laūcelots noble prowes / And thenne fir Launcelot stuffed & furnysshed and garnysshed alle his noble townes and castels / Thenne alle the peple of tho landes came to fyr Launcelot on foote and handes / and so whan he had stabled alle these countreyes / he shortly called a parlement / and there he crowned fyr Lyonel kynge of Fraunce / and fire Bors crowned hym kynge of al kynge Claudas landes and fir Ector de marys / that was fir launcelot yongest broder / he crowned hym Kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was fir launcelot owne land / and he made fir Ector prynce of them alle / & thus [p.830] sig.cc6v> he departed / Thenne fir Launcelot auanced alle his noble knyghtes / and fyrste he auanced them of his blood / that was fyr Blamor / he made hym duke of Lymofyn in gyan / and fir Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters / and fir Gahalantyn he made hym duke of Ouerne / & fir Galyhodyn he maade hym duke of Sentonge / and fir Galyhud he made hym erle of perygot / and fir Menadeuke he made hym Erle of Roerge / and fire Vyllyars the valyaunt he made hym erle of Bearne / and fyr Hebes le renoumes he made hym Erle of Comange / and fyr Lauayne he made hym Erle of Armynak / and fire Vrrre he made hym erle of Estrake / and fyr Neroneus he made hym Erle of pardyak / and fire Plenorius he maade Erle of foyse and fir Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of masauke / and fir Melyas de lyle he made hym Erle of Turfank and fir Bellangere le bewse he made erle of the laundes / and fire Palomydes he made hym duke of the prouynce / and fyre Safyr he made hym duke of Landok / and fyr Clegys he gafe hym the erldome of Agente / and fyr Sadok he gaf the Erldom of Surlat / and fir Dynas le Seneschal he made hym duke of Anioye / and fir Clarrus he made hym duke of Normandye / Thus fyr launcelot rewarded his noble knyghtes / & many mo that me semeth it were to longe to reherce

¶ Capitulum xix

SO leue we fyr Launcelot in his landes / and his noble knyghtes with hym / and retorne we ageyne vnto kyng Arthur and to fyr Gawayne that made a grete hooft redy to the nombre of thre score thousand / and al thyng was made redy for their fhyppynge to passe ouer the see / & so they fhypped at Cardyf / and there kyng Arthur made fir Mordred chyef ruler of alle Englonde / and also he put quene Gueneuer under his gouernaunce by caufe fyr Mordred was kyng Arthurs sone he gaf hym the rule of his land and of his wyf / and foo the kyng passed the see and landed vpon fyr launcelots landes / and there he brente and wafted thurgh the vengeaunce of fyr gawayne al that they myghte |<[p.831] sig.cc7r> ouerrenne / whan this word came to fyr Launcelot that kyng Arthur and fir Gawayne were landed vpon his landes / & made a full grete destructyon and wafted / thenne spake fyr Bors & sayd my lord fir laūcelot 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 fir Lyonel that was ware and wyfe My lord fyr Launcelot I wyll gyue this councylle / lete vs kepe oure stronge walled Townes vntyl they haue hongre & cold / and blowe on their nayles / and thenne lete vs fresshely fette vpon hym / and shrede hem doune as shepe in a felde / that Alyaunts may take enfample for euer how they lāde vpon oure landes / Thenne spak kyng Bagdemagus to fyre Launcelot / fyre 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 proceffe brynge vs alle to noughte whyles we thus in holes vs hyde / Thenne sayd fyre Galihud vnto fir Launcelot / fyre 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 flee them / that they shal curfe the tyme that euer they came in to this countrey / ¶ Thenne spak feuen bretheren of northwalys / and they were feuen noble knyghtes / a man myghte feke in feuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche feuen Knyghtes / Thenne they all said at ones / fyr launcelot for crystes sake lete vs oute ryde with fir Galyhud / for we be neuer wonte to coure in castels nor in noble Townes / Thenne spak fir Launcelot that was mayster & gouernour of them alle / my fayre lordes wete yow wel I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for fhedyng of crysten blood and yet my lendes I vnderstande ben full bare / for to susteyne ony hooft a whyle / for the myghty warres that whylome made kyng Claudas vpon this countrey 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 messager vnto my lord Arthur a treatyce for to take for better is pees than allwayes warre / So fir laūcelot sente forth a damoyfell & a dwerfe with her / requyrynge Kyng Arthur to |<[p.832] sig.cc7v> leue his warrynge vpon his landes / and so she sterte vpon a palfroy / and the dwerf ranne by her fyde / And whan she cam to the paelione of kyng Arthur / there she alyghte / and ther mette her a gentyl knyghte fyr Lucan the butteler & said / fair damoyfel come ye from fyr Launcelot du lake / ye fyr she sayd / therfor I come hyder to speke with my lord the kyng / Allas said fir Lucan

my lord Arthur wold loue launcelot / but fir Gawayne wyl not suffer hym / And thenne he sayd I praye to god damoyfel ye may spede wel / for alle we that ben aboute the kynge wold fir launcelot dyd best of ony knyght lyuynge / And so with this lucan ledde the damoyfel vnto the kynge where he sat with fir Gawayne / for to here what she wold faye / Soo when she had told her tale / the water ranne out of the kynges eyen / and alle the lordes were ful glad for to aduise the kynge as to be accorded with fyr launcelot / fauf al only fyre Gawayne / and he sayd my lord myn vnkel / 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 fir Gawayne I wylle doo as ye wil aduise me / and yet me semeth sayd Arthur his fayre profers were not good to be refused / but fythen I am comen soo fer vpon this Iourney / I wil that ye gyue the damoyfel her ansuer / for I maye not speke to her for pyte / for her profers ben so large

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne fir Gawayne sayd to the damoyfel thus / Damoyfel faye ye to fir launcelot that it is wast labour now to fewe to myn vnkel / 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 / & faye that I fir 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 damoyfel wepte & departed / and there were many wepyng eyen / and soo fir lucan broughte the damoyfel to her palfroy / and soo she came to fyr launcelot where he was among all his Knyghtes / & whan [p.833] sig.cc8r> fyr launcelot had herd his ansuer / thenne the teres ranne doune by his chekes / And thenne his noble knyghtes strode aboute hym / and sayd fir launcelot / wherfor make ye siche 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 fir Launcelot / but I was neuer soo lothe to doo batail / and therefore I praye you fayre firs as ye loue me be ruled as I wylle haue yow / for I wylle alweyes flee þ^t noble 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 their langage / and as that nyghte they tooke their rest / And vpon the morne erly in the daunyng of the daye / as knyghtes loked oute / they sawe the Cyte of Benwyk byfeged 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 fire Gawayne wel armed vpon a styf stede / and he came before the chyef gate with his spere / in his hand cryenge / fyr Launcelot where arte thou / is there none of you proude knyghtes dare breke a spere with me / Thenne fir Bors made hym redy / and came forth oute of the Towne / and there fir Gawayne encountred with fyre Bors And at that tyme he smote fire Bors doune from his hors / and al

moost he had flayne hym / and soo fire Bors was refcowed and borne in to the Towne / Thenne came forth fir Lyonel broder to fyr Bors / and thoughte to reuenge hym / and eyther feutryd their speres / and ranne to gyder / and there they mette spytefully / but fir Gawayn had sliche grace that he smote fir Lyonel doune / and wounded hym there passynge fore / & thenne fyr Lyonel was refcowed / and borne in to the towne / And this fir 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 flauzter was of peple on both partyes / Thenne hit befelle vpon a day / fyr 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 fyre Launcelot / |<[p.834] sig.cc8v> 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 fir launcelot euery dele and his kyn and his knyghtes drewe aboute hym / and alle they sayd at ones to fir 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 stere / for ye haue flepte ouer longe and suffred ouer moche / Soo god me helpe sayd fire Launcelot I am ryghte heuy of fire 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 fyr launcelot badde fadel his strongest hors / and bad lete fetche his armes / and brynge alle vnto the gate of the Toure / and thenne fir Launcelot spak on hygh vnto kyng Arthur / and sayd my lord Arthur and noble kyng 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 fire 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 fyr Gawayne hath apeeled me of treason / the whiche is gretely ageynste my will that euer I shold fyghte ayenst ony of your blood / but now I maye not forsake hit / I am dryuen there to as a beste tyll a baye / Thenne fir Gawayne sayd fir Launcelot / and thou darst doo batail / leue thy babblyng / and come of / and lete vs ease our hertes / Thenne fyr Launcelot armed hym lyghtely / & mounted vpon his hors / and eyther of the knyghtes gat grete speres in their handes / and the hooft withoute stood styll 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 fir 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 |<[p.835] sig.dd1r> dede or yelden

¶ Capitulum xxj

THan fyr Gauwayn and fyr 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 myzt not endure her buffettes / & so their horses fyl to therthe / & than they auoyded their horses & dresfyd her sheldes afore them / Than they stode to gyders & gaf many sad strokes on dyuers places of theyr bodyes that the blood brafte oute on many fydes 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 hye none hys myght encreaced tho thre houres as moche as thryse hys strengthe / and that caused fyr Gauwayn to wynne grete honour / ¶ And for hys sake kyng Arthur maad an ordenaunce that al maner of bataylles for ony quarells that shold be done afore kyng Arthur shold begynne at vnder / & al was done for fyr Gauwayns 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 fyr Gauwayn had / but kyng Arthur all onelye / Thus fyr Launcelot faught with fyr Gauwayn / & whan fyr Launcelot felte hys myght euer more encrease fyr Launcelot wondred & dredde hym fore to be shamed For as the frenllhe book sayth Syr Launcelot wende whan he felte fyr Gauwayn double his strengthe that he had ben a fende and none erthely man / wherfore Syr Launcelotte traced and trauerfyd 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 brutes ¶ And many sadde strokes that al the knyghtes that behelde fyr Launcelot meruaylled how that he myzt 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 fyr [p.836] sig.dd1v> Launcelot felte hym so come down / than he stratched hym vp & stode nere fyr Gauwayn / & sayd thus my lord fyr Gauwayn now I fele ye haue done / now my lord fyr Gauwayn I muft do my parte for many grete & greuous strokes I haue endured you this day with grete payne / Than fyr Launcelot doubled his strokes & gaf fyr Gauwayn suche a buffet on the helmet that he fyl down on his fyde / & fyr Launcelot wythdrewe hym fro hym / why withdrawest thou the sayd fyr Gauwayn now torne ageyn fals traytour knyght & flee me / for and thou leue me thus whan I am hole I shal do batayl wyth the ageyn / I shal endure you fyr by goddeft grace / but wyt thou wel fyr Gauwayn I wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knyght / & so fyr Launcelot wente in to the cyte / & fyr Gauwayn was borne in to kyng arthurs pauyllyon / & leches were brought to hym & ferched and salued with softe oynementes / & than fyr Launcelot sayd now haue good day my lord the kyng for wyt you wel ye wynne no worlhyp 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 fyr Launcelot forbereth me in al places / & in lyke wyfe my kynne / & that is fene wel thys day by my neuwe fyr Gauwayn / Thanne kyng Arthur fyl seek for sorowe of fyr Gauwayn that he was so fore hurt / and by cause of the warre betwyxt hym and fyr Launcelot / So than they on kyng arthurs partye kepte the fyege wyth lytel warre withoutforth / & they withinforth kepte theyr walles / & deffended them whan nede was / Thus fyr Gauwayn laye seek thre wekes in his tentes wyth al maner of leche crafte that myzt be had. & allone as fyr Gawayn myzt 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 fir Launcelot come forth thou fals traytour knyzt & recreante for I am here fir Gauwayn wyl preue this that I say on the / Alle thys langage fir Launcelot herde / & than he sayd thus / fir Gawayn me repentys of your sayeng that ye wyll not feafe of |<[p.837] sig.dd2r> your langage for you wote wel Syr Gauwayn I knowe your myght and alle that ye may doo / ¶ And wel ye wote fyr 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 fyr Launcelot that euer I be so ferre in your daunger as ye haue ben in myn / for than my dayes were doon / But fyr Gauwayn sayd fyr Launcelot ye shal not thynke that I tary longe / but fythen that ye so vnknyghtelye calle me of treson ye shalle haue bothe your handes ful of me / And than fyr 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 hooftes were asssembled / 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 reyftys and they came to gyder as thondre / and fyr Gawayn brake his spere vpon fyr Launcelot in an hondred pyeces vnto his hande / & fyr Launcelot smote hym wyth a gretter myght that fyr Gauwayns hors fete reyfed / and so the hors and he fyl to the erthe / ¶ Thenne fyr Gauwayn delyuerlye auoyded / his hors and put his shelde afore hym / and egyptlye drewe his swerde and bad Syr Launcelot alyghte traytoure knyght / for yf thys marys sone hath faylled me / wyt thou wel a kyniges sone and a quenes sone shal not faylle the / ¶ Than fyr 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 pallyng grete wonder / ¶ But whan Syr Launcelot felte Syr Gawayns 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 trafyd and trauerfyd here & there to breke fyr Gauwayns strokes & his courage / and fyr Gauwayn enforced hym self with al his myght and power to

deftroye fyr Launcelot for as the frenllhe |<[p.838] sig.dd2v> book fayth / Euer as Syr Gawayns myght encreafed Ryght foo encreafyd his wynde and hys euyl wyll / Thus fyr 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 paffyd that fyr Launcelot felte that fyr Gawayn was comen to hys owne propre strengthe / Thenne Syr Launcelot fayd vnto fyr Gawayn now haue I prouyd you twyfe. 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 encrefyng you haue dyffeyued many a ful noble and valyaunte knyght / And now I fele that ye haue doon your myghty dedes / Now wyte you wel I muft do my dedys / ¶ And thenne Syr Launcelot ftode nerre fyr Gauwayn / and thenne fyr Launcelot doubled hys ftokes / And fyr Gauwayn deffended hym myghtelye but neuertheleffe fyr Launcelot fmote fuche a stroke vpon fir Gauwayns helme / and vpon the olde wounde that fyr Gauwayn fynked down vpon hys one fyde in a fwounde / And anone as he dyd awake he wauyd and foyned at fyr Launcelot as he laye / and fayd traytour knyght wyt thou wel I am not yet flayn / Come thou nere me and perfourme thys bataylle vnto the vttermyt / ¶ I wyl nomore doo than I haue doon fayd fyr Launcelot / For whan I fee you on fote I wyll doo bataylle vpon you alle the whyle I fee you ftande on your feet / but for to fmyte a wounded man that may not ftonde god deffende me from fuche a shame / and thenne he tourned hym and wente his waye toward the cytee / And fyr Gauwayn euermore callyng hym traytour knyght / and fayd wyt thou wel fyr launcelot whan I am hoole I fhall doo bataylle wyth the ageyn ¶ For I fhall neuer leue the tyl that one of vs be flayn / Thus as thys fyege endured & as fyr Gauwayn laye feek nere a monthe / and whan he was wel recouerd and redy wythin thre dayes te do bataylle ageyn wyth fyr Launcelot Ryght fo came tydynges vnto Arthur from Englund that made kyng Arthur and al his hooft to remeue /

¶ Here foloweth the xxi book

Capitulum primo |<[p.839] sig.dd3r>

AS fyr Mordred was rular of alle englund he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see / and the letters fpecefyed that Kynge Arthur was flayn in bataylle wyth fyr Launcelot / ¶ Wherfor Syr Mordred made a parlemente / and called the lordes togyder / & there he made them to chefe hym kyng & foo was he crowned at caunterburye and helde a feeft there xv dayes / & afterward he drewe hym vnto wyncheftre / and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and fayd playnly that he wolde wedde hyr / whyche was his vnkyls wyf and his faders wyf / And foo he made redy for the feeft / And a day prefyxt that they fhould be wedded / wherfore quene Gweneuer was paffyng huey / But fhe durft not dyscouer hyr herte but fpake fayre / & agreyd to fyr Mordredes wyll / ¶ Thenne fhe defyred of fyr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle manere of thynges that

longed vnto the weddyng / And by caufe 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 garnyſhed 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 vncler 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
 fyr Mordred wyt thou wel I ſhal deſye the / ſir ſayd the byſſhop & <[p.840]
 sig.dd3v> 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 fyr 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
 orgulift wyſe that myght be doon / and than Syr mordred fought 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 fought 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 flee hyr ſelf than to be maryed wyth hym /
 Than came worde to fyr Mordred that kyng Arthur had arayſed the ſyege /
 For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hooft to be
 auenged vpon fyr Mordred wherfore fyr 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 fyr 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 englyſh 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 englyſh 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 englyſhe 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 fir Mordred and fayd |<[p.841] sig.dd4r> they wold abyde with hym for better and for werse / and soo fyr Mordred drewe with a grete hooft to Douer / for there he herd saye / that fir Arthur wold arryue / and soo he thoughte to bete his owne fader from his landes / and the moost party of alle Englonde helde with fire mordred / the peple were soo newe fangle

¶ Capitulum ij

ANd soo as fire mordred wat at Douer with his hofte there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of fhypes and galeyes and Carryks / & there was fyr Mordred redy awaytynge vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lande 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 slaughte of gentyl knyghtes and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes / But kyng Arthur was soo couragious that there myght no maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande / and his knyghtes fyerfly folowed hym / and so they landed maugre fir mordreds and alle his power / and put fir 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 fyr Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede / Whan fyr Arthur wyft that fyre Gawayne was layd so lowe he wente vnto hym / and there the kyng made sorowe oute of mesure / and took fire Gawayne in his armes / and thryes he there fwouned / And thenne whan he awaked / he sayd / allas fir Gawayne my fyfters sone / here now thou lyggest the man in the world that I loued moost / and now is my Ioye gone / for now my neuwe fyre Gawayne I will discouer me vnto your persone / in fyr 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 fir Gawayn wete you wel my deth day is come / & alle is thorow myn owne hastynes & wilfulnes / for I am smyten vpon thold wounde the which fir launcelot gaf me / on the whiche I fele wel I must dye / & had fir launcelot ben with you as he was / this vnhappy werre had neuer begonne / & of alle this am I causer / for fir launcelot & his blood thorow their prowes |<[p.842] sig.dd4v> helde alle your cankered enemyes in subiectyon and daungere And now sayd fir Gawayne ye shalle mysse fir Launcelot / But allas I wold not accorde with hym / and therfor sayd fyr Gawayne I praye yow fayre vnkel that I may haue paper / pen / and ynke / that I may wryte to fyre Launcelot a cedula with myn owne handes / And thenne whan paper & ynke was broughte / thenne Gawayn was set vp weykely by kyng Arthur / for he was fhryuen a lytel tofore / and thenne he wrote thus as the Frenshe book maketh mencyon / Vnto fyre Launcelot floure of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herd of / or sawe / by my dayes / I fyre Gawayne kyng Lottes sone of Orkeney / fyfter sone vnto the noble kyng Arthur / fende 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 fame woūd that thou gauelt me / I am come to my dethe day / And I wil that alle the world wete / that I fir Gawayne knyghte of the table round / foughte my dethe / and not thorou thy deferuyng / but it was myn owne sekynge / wherfor I byseche the fir launcelot / to retorne ageyne vnto this realme / and see my tombe / & praye some prayer more of lesse for my foule / And this fame day that I wrote this sedyll / I was hurte to the dethe in the fame wound / the whiche I had of thy hand fyr Launcelot / For a of a more nobler man myghte I not be slayne / Also fir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs / make no taryenge / but come ouer the see in al haste / that thou mayst with thy noble knyghtes rescowe that noble kyng that made the knyghte / that is my lord Arthur / for he is ful streyghtly bestadde with a fals traytour / that is my half broder fyr Mordred / and he hath lete crowne hym kyng / 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 laft past / my lord Arthur and we alle landed vpon them at douer / and there we putte that fals traytour fyre Mordred to flyghte / and there it myffortuned 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 subscrybed with parte of my hertes <[p.843] sig.dd5r> blood / And I requyre the moost famous knyghte of the world that thou wylt see my Tombe / and thenne fir Gawayne wept and kyng Arthur wepte / And thēne they swounded both / And whan they awaked bothe / the kyng made fyr Gawayn to receyue his faueour / And thenne fir Gawayne praid the kyng for to sende for fir launcelot / and to cheryllhe hym aboue alle other knyghtes / And so at the houre of none fyr Gawayn yelded vp the spyryte / and thenne the kyng lete entiere hym in a chappel within douer Castel / and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym / and the fame wound is sene that fyr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill / Thenne was it told the kyng that fyr Mordred had pyghte a newe feld vpon Baramdoune / And vpon the morne the kyng rode thyder to hym and there was a grete bataille betwixe them / and moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes / but at the laft fyr Arthurs party stode best / and fir 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 fore were wounded / Thenne moche peple drewe vnto kyng Arthur / And thenne they sayd that fir Mordred warred vpon kyng Arthur with wronge / and thenne kyng Arthur drewe hym with his hoofte doune by the see fyde westward toward Salyfbury / and ther was a day assygned betwixe kyng Arthur and fire mordred that they shold mete vpon a doune besyde Salyfbury / and not ferre from the see fyde / and this day was assygned on a monday after Trynyte sonday / wherof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be auengyd vpon fire Mordred / Thenne fyr Mordred areyfed moche peple aboute london / for they of Kente Southsex and Surrey / Estsex and of

Southfolke and of Northfolk helde the most party with fir Mordred / and many a ful noble knyghte drewe vnto fyr Mordred and to the kynge / but they loued fir Launcelot drewe vnto fyr Mordred Soo vpon Trynyte fonday at nyghte kynge Arthur dremed |<[p.844] sig.dd5v> a wonderful dreme / & that was this / that hym femed / he fatte vpon a chaflet in a chayer / and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon fatte kynge Arthur in the rycheft 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 serpentis and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble / and fodenly the kynge thoughte the whele torned vp soo doune / and he felle amonge the serpentys / & euery beest took hym by a lymme / and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and flepte / helpe / And thenne knyghtes squyers and yomen awaked the kynge / and thenne he was soo amased that he wyft not where he was / & thenne he felle on flomberyng ageyn not flepyng nor thorouly wakyng / So the kynge femed veryly that there came fyr Gawayne vnto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym And whan kynge 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 neuwe and my systers sone / What ben these ladyes that hydder be come with yow / Sir said fir 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 fyre Mordred / as ye bothe haue assygned / doubte ye not / ye must flayne / 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 flayne God hath sente me to yow of his special 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 fyr launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and rescowe yow worshipfully / and flee fir mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym / Thenne fyr Gawayne and al the |<[p.845] sig.dd6r> 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 auyfyon what fir Gawayn had tolde hym / and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he shold be flayn / ¶ Than the kyng comaunded fyr Lucan de butlere And his broder fyr 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 fyr Mordred where he had a grymme hooft of an hondred thousand men / And there they entred fyr Mordred longe tyme and at the laste Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englund after the dayes of kyng Arthur /

¶ Capitulum iiij

THan were they condedefended that Kyng Arthure and fyr mordred
 shold mete betwyxte bothe theyr hooftes and eueryche of them
 shold brynge fourtene perfonen 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 hooft that and they see ony swerde drawn look ye come on
 fyerfly and flee that traytour fyr Mordred for I in noo wyse truste hym / In
 lyke wyse fyr mordred warned his hooft that and ye see ony swerde drawn
 look that ye come on fyerfly & foo flee alle that euer before you stondeth /
 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 buflhe & 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 flee the adder / &
 thought of none other harme / And whan the hooft on bothe partyes saw
 that swerde <[p.846] sig.dd6v> drawn than they blewe beamous
 trumpettes and hornes and shouted grymly And so bothe hooftes dresfyd
 hem to gyders And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd allas thys vnhappy
 day & so rode to his partye ¶ And fyr mordred in like wyse / And neuer
 was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no cryften londe / For there
 was but rullhyng & 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 fyr Mordred many tymes /
 & dyd ful nobly as a noble Kyng shold / & at al tymes he faynted neuer &
 fyr 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 styll 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 flayn from hym / ¶ Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym / &
 thenne was he ware of al hys hooft & 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 fore 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 wyfte where were that traytour Syr mordred that
 hath caufed alle thys meschyef / Thenne was kyng arthure ware where fyr
 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
 dreme / & what the spyryte of Syr Gauwayn tolde you this nyght / yet god
 of his grete goodnes hath preferued 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 fyr Mordred is none on lyue / And yf
 ye leue of now thys wycked day of desteynye <[p.847] sig.dd7r> is pafte /

Tyde me deth betyde me lyf fayth the kyng now I see hym yonder allone he fhall neuer escape myn handes / For at a better auaylle fhall I neuer haue hym / ¶ God ſpede you wel ſayd fyr bedwere / Thenne the kyng gate hys ſpere in bothe his handes & ranne toward fyr Mordred cryeng tratour now is thy deth day come / And whanne fyr Mordred herde fyr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his ſwerde drawen in his hande And there kyng Arthur ſmote fyr mordred vnder the fhelde wyth a foyne of his ſpere thoroughoute the body more than a fadom / And whan fyr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde / He thryft hym ſelf wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kyng Arthurs ſpere / And right ſo he ſmote his fader Arthur wyth his ſwerde holden in bothe his handes on the fyde of the heed that he ſwerde perſyd the helmet and the brayne panne / and therwythall fyr Mordred fyl ſtarke deed to the erthe / And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a ſwoune to the erthe / and there he ſwoune ofte tymes / And fyr Lucan de butlere and fyr Bedwere oftymes heue hym vp / And ſoo waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not ferre from the ſee fyde / And whan the kyng was there he thought hym wel eafed / Thenne herde they people crye in the felde / Now goo thou fyr Lucan ſayd the kyng and do me to wyte what bytokenes that noyſe in the felde / So fyr 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 flewe theym for theyr harneys and theyr rycheſſe / Whan fyr Lucan vnderſtode thys werke he came to the kyng allone as he myght and tolde hym al what he had herde & ſeen / Therefore be my rede ſayd fyr Lucan it is beſte that we bryng you to ſomme towne I wolde it were ſoo ſayd the kyng /

¶ Capitulum v |<[p.848] sig.dd7v>

BVt I may not ſtonde myn hede werches ſoo / A Syr Launcelot ſayd the kyng Arthur thys day haue I fore myſt the / Alas that euer I was ayenſt the / for now haue I my dethe / Wherof fyr Gauwayn me warned in my dreame / Than fyr lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte / & in the lyftyng the kyng ſowned and fyr 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 fyr 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 fake / 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 fyr bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother / leue thys mornyng & wepyng ſayd the kyng for al this wyl not auaylle me / for wyte thou wel and I myght lyue my ſelf / the deth of fyr Lucan wolde greue me euer more / but my tyme hyeth faſt ſayd the kyng / Therefore ſayd Arthur vnto fyr Bedwere take thou Excalybur my god ſwerde and goo with it to yonder

water fyde / and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water & come ageyn and telle me what thou there feest / My lord fad Bedwere your commaundement shal be doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn So fyr Bedwere departed / & by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the hafte was al of precyous stoness / & 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 fyr 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 / fyr 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 fyr bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande / and than hym thought |<[p.849] sig.dd8r> synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde / and so ofte 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 twyfe / 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 Iopardye 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 flee 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 fyde 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 braundyshed / and than vanyshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water / So fyr 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 fyr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and so wente wyth hym to that water fyde / & whan they were at the water fyde / eyn 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 mornyng 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 ouermoche colde / And soo than they rowed from the londe / and fyr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym / ¶ Than fyr 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 |<[p.850] sig.dd8v> 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 greuouse 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 affone as fyr

Bedwere had lofte the fyght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and fo took the forefte / and fo he wente al that nyght / and in the mornyng he was ware betwyxte two holtes hore af a chapel and an ermytage /

¶ Capitulum vi

THan was fyr 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 fyr Bedwere he knewe hym wel / for he was but lytel tofore byllhop of caunterburye that fyr Mordred flemed / Syr fayd Syr Bedwere what man is there entred that ye praye fo fast fore / Fayr sone fayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by my demyng / But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes / and broughte 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 fayd fyr bedwere that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buried in thys chapel / Than fyr bedwere fwowned 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 fayd fyr bedwere by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur / Ye are welcome to me fayd 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 fyr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde to fore / fo there bode fyr bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore byllhop of Caunterburye / and there fyr bedwere put vpon hym poure clothes / and feruyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastyng and in prayers ¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde neuer more wryton in bookes that ben auctorysed nor more |<[p.851] sig.ee1r> of the veray certente of his deth herde I neuer redde / but thus was he ledde aweye 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 fyr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf / & fo he lyued to the vttermest of his dayes wyth hyr in grete reffe / 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 byllhop of caunterburye / but yet the heremyte knewe not in certayn that he was verayly the body of kyng Arthur / for thys tale fyr 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 this 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 fyr Bedwere with the hermyte that dwellyd that tyme in a chapel besyde glaftynburye & 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 fyr Mordred & al the remenaunte / Than the quene stafe 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 this londe / & neuer creature coude make hyr mery / but lyued in fastyng prayers and almes dedes / that al maner of peple meruaylled how vertuoufly she was chaunged ¶ Now leue we quene Gueneuer in Almesburye a nonne in whyte clothes & blacke and there she was abbessse and rular as reason wolde |<[p.852] sig.ee1v> 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 fyr Mordred had layed fyege aboute the toure of london by cause the quene wold not wedde hym / Than was fyr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and sayd to his kynnesmen alas that double traytour fyr 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 fyr Gauwayn sente me / on whos soule Ihu haue mercy / that my lord Arthur is ful harde bestadde / Alas sayd fyr Launcelot that euer I shold lyue to here that moost noble kyng that maad me knyght thus to be ouerfette wyth his subiecte in his owne royaume ¶ And this doleful letter that my lord fyr 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 vnhappy to flee fyrst fyr Gauwayn fyr Gaheris the good knyght and myn owne frende fyr Gareth that ful noble knyght / Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayd Syr Launcelot that euer I shold do thus vnhappyly / and alas yet myght I neuer haue happe to flee that traytour fyr Mordred Leue your complayntes sayd fyr Bors & fyrst reunge you of the deth of fyr Gauwayn / & hit wyl be wel done that ye

fee fyr Gauwayns tombe / & fecondly that ye reuenge my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer / I thanke you fayd Syr Launcelot for euer ye wyl my worshyp / Than they made them redy in al the hafte that myȝt be with fhypes & galeyys wyth fyr Launcelot & his hooft to paffe in to englond / & fo he paffyd ouer the fee tyl he came to douer & there he landed wyth feuen kynges / & the nombre was hydous to beholde / Than fyr Launcelot fpyrred of men of douer where was kyng Arthur become Than the peple tolde hym how that he was flayn / And Syr <[p.853] sig. ee2r> Mordred & an / C / thoufand deyed on a day / & how fir Mordred gaf kyng Arthur there the fyrfte bataylle at his landyng & there was good fyr Gawayn flayn / & on the morne fyr Mordred faught with the kyng vpon baram down / & there the kyng put fyr mordred to the wers / Alas laid fyr Launcelot this is the heuyeft tydynges that euer cam to me / Now fayr fyrs fayd fyr Launcelot shewe me the tombe of fyr Gawayn / & than certeyn peple of the towne brouȝt hym in to the caftel of douer & shewed hym the tombe / Than fyr Launcelot knelyd down and wepte & prayeed hertelye for his foule / & that nyght he made a dole / & al they that wold come had as moche fleffhe / fyffhe 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 fowle of fyr Gawayn / & an the morne al the preeftys and clerkys that myght be gotten in the contreye were there & fange maffe of requyem & there offeryd fyrft fyr Launcelot / & he offred an / C / pounce / & than the feuen kynges offeryd fourty pounce a pees / & alfo there was a / M / knyghtes / & eche of hem offred a pounce / & the offeryng dured fro morne tyl nyght / & fyr Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and wepyng / Than on the thyrd day fyr Launcelot callyd the kynges / dukes / erles / barons / & knyghtes & fayd thus / My fayr lordes I thāke you al your comyng in to this contreye with me / but we came to late & that fhāl repente me whyle I lyue / but ayenft deth may no man rebelle / But fythen it is fo laid fir Launcelot I wyl my felf ryde & feke my lady quene gueneuer for as I here fay ſhe hath had grete payne & moche dyſeaſe / & I herd fay that ſhe is fledde in to the weſte / therfore ye alle fhāl abyde me here / & but yf I come ageyn wythin xv dayes / Than take your fhypes & your felawfhyp & departe in to your contraye for I wyl do as I fay to you /

¶ Capitulum ix

THan came fyr Bors de ganys and fayd my lord fyr Launcelot what thynke ye for to doo / now to ryde in this royaume wyt you wel ye fhāl fynde fewe frendes be as be may fayd Syr Launcelot kepe you ſtylle here / for I wyl forth on my Iourney / and noo man nor chylde fhāl goo with me / So it was no bote to ſtryue but the departed and rode <[p.854] sig. ee2v> weſterly & there he fought a vij or viij dayes & atte laſt he cam to a nonnerye & than was quene Gueneuer ware of fir 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 fyght of yonder knyght that yender ſtandeth / Wherfore I praye you al calle hym to me / whan fyr 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 mooft nobleſt knyghtes of the world / for thorough our loue that we haue loued to gyder is my mooft noble lord flayn / Therfor fyr 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 fyght of the bleſſyd face of cryſt / and at domes day to fyttte on his ryght ſyde / for as fynful as euer I was are ſayntes in heuen / therfore fyr Launcelot I requyre the & befeche 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 royame 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 fyr Launcelot goo to thy royame & 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 fyr Launcelot wold ye that I ſhold torne ageyn vnto my cuntreie & 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 pleſe 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
|<p.855] sig.ee3r> 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 fyr Galahad my ſone / and therfore lady fythen 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 royame /

¶ Capitulum x

BVt fythen 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 abſteyne 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 ſwounded / & the ladyes bare the quene to hir

chambre / & fyr 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 ryngte to maſſe / and thyder he rode & alyght & teyed his hors to the gate & herd maſſe / & he that fange maſſe was the byſſhop of caunterburye / bothe the byſſhop & fir Bedwer knewe fyr Launcelot / & they ſpake to gyders after maſſe but whan fyr Bedwere had tolde his tale al hole fyr Launcelottes hert almoſt brafte for forowe / & fir Launcelot threwe hys armes abrode / & fayd alas who may truſte thys world / & than he knelyd doun on his knee and prayed the byſſhop to ſhryue hym and alſoyle hym / and than he befought the byſſhop that he myght be hys brother / Than the byſſhop fayd 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 hooft abode at douer and than fir Lyonel toke fyftene lordes with hym & rode to london to ſeke fir Launcelot / & there fyr Lyonel was ſlayn and many of his lordes / Thenne Syr Bors de ganys made the grete hooft for to goo hooome ageyn |<[p.856] sig.ee3v> And fyr boors / fyr Ector de maris / Syr Blamour / fyr bleoboris with moo other of fyr Launcelottes kynne toke on hem to ryde al englond ouerthwart & endelonge to ſeek fyr Launcelot / So fyr Bors by fortune rode ſo longe tyl he came to the ſame chapel where fyr Launcelot was / & ſo fyr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to maſſe / & there he alyght & herde maſſe / & whan maſſe was doon the byſſhop fyr Launcelot & fir Bedwere came to fyr Bors / & whan fyr bors ſawe fir 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 fyr Galyhud / fyr Galyhodyn / fir Blamour / fyr Bleoheris / fyr wyllyars / fyr Clarras / and fir Gohaleaniyne / So al theſe vij noble knyȝtes there abode ſtyll and whan they ſawe fyr 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 fyr Launcelot took thabyte of preethod of the byſſhop / & a twelue monthe he fange maſſe / & there was none of theſe other knyȝtes 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 fyr Launcelot endure ſuche penaunce in prayers & faſtynges they toke no force what payne they endured for to ſee the nobleſte knyȝt of the world take ſuche abſtynauce that he waxed ful lene / & thus vpon a nyȝt there came a vyfyon to fyr Launcelot & charged hym in remyſſyon of his ſynnes to haſte hym vnto almyſbury & by thenne then come there thou ſhall fynde quene Gueneuer dede / & therefore take thy felowes with the & parcuey them of an hors bere / & fetche thou the cors of hir / & burye hir by her huſbond the noble kyng Arthur / So this auyfyon came to Launcelot thryſe in one nyȝt

¶ Capitulum xi

THan fyr Launcelot rofe vp oe day & tolde the heremyte It were wel done sayd the heremyte that ye made you redy / & that ye dyshobeye not the auyfyon / Than fyr Launcelot toke his vij felowes with hym & on fore they yede from glaftynburye to almyfburye the whyche is lytel more |<[p.857] sig.ee4r> than xxx myle / & thyder they came within two dayes for they were wayke & feble to goo / & whan fyr Launcelot was come to almyfburye within the Nunerye quene gueneuer deyed but halfe an oure afore / and the ladyes tolde fyr Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde hem al or she passyd that fyr Launcelot had ben preeft nere a twelue monthe / & hyder he cometh as fafte as he may to fetche my cors. & befyde my lord kyng Arthur he shal berye me / wherfore the quene sayd in heryng of hem al / I besече almyghty god that I may neuer haue power to see fyr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen / And thus faid al the ladyes was euer hir prayer these two dayes tyl she was dede / Than fyr Launcelot sawe hir vyfage bat he wepte not gretelye but fyghed / & so he dyd al the obseruaunce of the seruyce hym self bothe the dyryge / and on the morne he fange masse / & there was ordeyned an hors bere / & so wyth an hondred torches euer brennyng aboute the cors of the quene / & euer fyr Launcelot with his viij felowes wente aboute the hors bere fyngyng & redyng many an holy oryson / & frankenfens vpon the corps encenfed / Thus fyr Launcelot & his eyght felowes wente on foot from almyfburye vnto glaftynburye / & 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 fyr 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 fyr Launcelot swouned & laye longe styllle whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym / and sayd ye be to blame / for ye dysplese god with sliche maner of sorow making / Truly sayd fyr 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 fynne / but my sorow may neuer haue ende / For whan I remembre of hir beaulte & of hir nobleffe / 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 remēbre me how by my defaute |<[p.858] sig.ee4v> & myn orgule and my pryde / that they were bothe layed ful lowe that were pereles that euer was luyng of cristen people wyt you wel sayd fyr Launcelot this remembred of there kyndenes and myn vnkyndenes sanke so to myn herte that I myzt not susteyne my self so the frenshe book maketh mencyon /

¶ Capitulum xii

THēne fyr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytel mete nor dranke tyl he was dede / for than he seekened more and more and dried & dwyned away / for the byllhop nor none of his felowes mygt 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 & nygt he prayed but somtyme he flombred a broken flepe / euer he was lyeng grouelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Gueneuer / & there was no comforte that the byllhop nor fyr Bors nor none of his felowes coude make hym it auaylled not / Soo wythin fyx wekye after fyr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde & thenne he fente for the byllhop that there was heremyte and al his trewe felowes / Than Syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery steuen / fyr byllhop I praye you gyue to me al my ryghtes that longeth to a chryften 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 fyr Launcelot wyt you wel my careful body wyl in to therthe I houe warnyng more than now I wyl fay / therefore gyue me my ryghtes / So whan he was howfelyd and enelyd / and had al that a cryften man ought to haue he prayed the byllhop that his felowes myght bere his body to Ioyous garde / Somme men fay it was anwyk / & somme may fay it was hamborow how be it sayd fyr Launcelot me repenteth fore but I made myn auowe somtyme that in ioyous garde I wold be buried / and by caufe 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 feson of the nyght they al wente to theyr beddes for they alle laye in one chambre / And so after mydnyght ayenst day the byllhop then was hermyte as he laye in his bedd a flepe he fyl vpon a grete laughter / and therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to [p.859] sig.ee5r the byllhop & alked hym what he eyed / A Ihu mercy sayd the byllhop why dyd ye awake me I was neuer in al my lyf so mery & so wel at ease / wherfore sayd fyr bors / Truly sayd the byllhop here was fyr Launcelot with me with mo angellis than euer I sawe men in one day / & I sawe the angellys heue vp fyr Launcelot vnto heuen & the yates of heuen opened ayenst hym / It is but dretchyng of sweuens sayd fyr Bors for I doubte not fyr Launcelot ayleth no thyng but good / It may wel be sayd the byllhop goo ye to his bedde & than shall ye proue the soth / So whan fyr 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 gretteft dole they made that euer made men / & on the morne the byllhop dyd his masse of requyem / & after the byllhop & al the ix knyghtes put fyr Launcelot in the same hors bere that quene Gueneuere was layed in tofore that she was buried / & soo the byllhop & they al togydere wente wyth the body of fyr 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 / & fange & redde many faulters & prayes ouer hym and aboute hym / & euer his vyfage was layed open & naked that al folkes myght

beholde hym / for fuche was the custom in tho dayes that al men of
 worshyp shold so lye wyth open vyfage tyl that they were buryed / and
 ryght thus as they were at theyr seruyce there came fyr Ector de maris that
 had vij yere fought al Englund scotland & walys sekyng his brother fyr
 Launcelot /

¶ Capitulum xiii

ANd whan fyr Ector herde fuche noyfe & 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
 fyr Ector / but he knewe not them / than wente fyr Bors vnto
 fyr Evctor & tolde hym how there laye his brother fyr
 Launcelot dede / & than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde swerde & helme from
 hym / & whan he behelde fyr Launcelottes vyfage he fyl down in a swoun /
 & whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes
 that he made for his brother / A Launcelot he sayd
 thou were hede of al cryften knyghtes / & now I dare say sayd fyr Ector
 thou fir Launcelot there thou lyeft 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 befrade 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 ientyllest 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 fyr
 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 fyr
 costantyn that was fyr Cadores sone of cornwayl was chofen kyng of
 Englund / & he was a ful noble knyght / & worshypfully he rulyd this
 royame / & than thys kyng Costantyn sent for the bysshop of caunterburye
 for he herde faye where he was & so he was restored vnto his
 bysshopryche / & lefte that Ermytage / And Syr Bedwere was there euer
 styll heremyte to his lyues ende / Than fyr Bors de ganys / fyr Ector de
 maris / fyr Gahalantyne / fyr Galyhud / fir Galyhodyn / fyr Blamour / fyr
 Bleoberys / fyr Wyllyats de balyaunt / fyr Clartus of clere mounte / al these
 knyghtes drewe them to theyr contreyes How be it kyng Costantyn wold
 haue had them wyth hym but they wold not abyde in this royame / & there
 they al lyued in their cuntreys as holy men / & somme englyshe bookes
 maken mencyon that they wente neuer oute of englund after the deth of fyr
 Launcelot / but that was but fauour of makers / for the frenshe book
 maketh mencyon & is auctoryfed that fyr Bors / fyr Ector / fyr Blamour /
 & fyr Bleoberis wente in to the holy lande there as Ihesu Cryst was quycke
 & deed / And anone as they had stablyshed theyr londes / for the book
 faith so fyr 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
 fake / Here is the end of the booke |<[p.861] sig.ee6r> book 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 foule / for this book was
 ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth / by fyr Thomas
 Maleore knyght as Ihefu helpe hym for hys grete myght / as he is the
 ſeruaunt of Ihefu 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 englyſhe by fyr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is ſayd / and
 by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted / and fynyſhed
 in thabbey weſtmefre the laſt day of Juyl the yere of our lord / M /
 CCCC / lxxxv /

Caxton me fieri fecit

Note on the Text

For almost 450 years editors of *Le Morte Darthur* could not hope to get far beyond the text William Caxton had first presented in 1485. It was clear that the early printer had adapted a lost source to his own purposes – he stated this in his introduction. Succeeding editions adapted his text to their own various purposes. Good editions went back to the 1485 edition to get as close to the lost original as possible.

A new era of scholarship began in 1934 with the discovery of the “Winchester Manuscript”.¹ The hand written volume proved to be slightly older than Caxton’s printed copies. Traces of ink found on its pages allowed the assumption that the publisher had actually had this manuscript in his shop while working on his edition. Textual criticism could on the other hand establish that he followed a lost source, and that neither, the lost copy text nor the Winchester Manuscript gave the text the author had provided. Most of the editions that have appeared since the 1930s have preferred the Winchester Manuscript as their textual source. Its slightly more complex text can better claim to lead us back to the lost original. Caxton’s text remained important as it could provide passages the Winchester volume had lost. Mixed editions were the result.²

The present edition has returned to Caxton’s book. Malory might have written a text that came closer to the Winchester Manuscript’s. Yet it was Caxton’s text through which the compilation survived and became what it is today: a classic of English literature. The present text is based on a corrected scan of Oskar Sommer’s edition published in three volumes from 1889 to 1891.³ The text-only edition is meant to make the standard text available to students – it should at the same moment keep a good distance from the modernised alternative Caxton version provided by the popular Penguin edition.⁴ The text is a literal transcript, yet it is not a text Caxton would have produced had he used antiqua letters – his edition employed a 15th-century blackletter alphabet with its own choice of special characters, and our edition has respected Caxton’s very choice of letters.

- A “ȝ” appears in Caxton’s edition both as the Latin z and the English “yogh” – in 1485 not more than a shorter spelling of the alternative gh. The present edition introduces the “ȝ” in both functions.
- Caxton’s m- and n-abbreviations have been preserved throughout: A dash over a, e, o, or u indicates an omitted next letter m or n. “Laūcelot” has thus to be expanded to “Launcelot”.

¹ Sir Thomas Malory, *The Winchester Malory: A Facsimile*, introd. N. R. Ker (London: Early English Text Society, 1976).

² See for a study text: Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte Darthur* [= *A Norton Critical Edition*], ed. Stephen H. A. Shepherd (New York: W. W. Norton, 2004).

³ Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte Darthur*, 3 vols., ed. H. Oskar Sommer (London: David Nutt, 1889–91).

⁴ Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, 2 vols., ed. Janet Cowen, introd. John Lawlor (London: Penguin, 1970).

- An *h* appears twice in conventional abbreviations of “Jhesus”: “on whos soule Ihu haue mercy” (sig.ee1v) and “A Ihu mercy sayd the bysshop” (sig.ee5r).
- *þ* is a *th* variant; its use is in Caxton’s text restricted to the conventional spellings *þe* for “the” and *þt* for “that”. Occasionally a “ye” was also used to represent the “þe”.
- *v* and *u* were used as grapheme variants: *v* at the beginning *u* within words.
- Capital *I* and *J* were used indiscriminately – our edition offers capital *I* throughout the text; *j* appears – as in Caxton’s text – at the end of words (as in the roman number “viiij”).
- The present edition offers the old *f* as the regular lower case *s* at the beginning and within words.

Sheet signatures and pagination

Caxton’s edition appeared without a title page (the imprint concluded the book), and it did not offer any pagination beyond the printer’s sheet signatures. The present edition gives these signatures and an auxiliary pagination of the Caxton edition. The printed volume consisted of:

- a front matter of 34 pages on 3 sheets (incoherently labeled),
- a body of 52 sheets of which
 - 24 sheets are signed with small letters from *a* to *z* plus *&*;
 - 23 sheets with capital letters from *A* to *Z*;
 - 5 sheets with double small letters from *aa* to *ee*.

Each sheet (with the exception of the last sheets both of the front matter and the text) gave 8 leafs (i.e. 16 pages), each with a recto and a verso side to refer to: *a1r*, *a1v*, *a2r*, *a2v*, *a3r*, *a3v* ... *a8r*, *a8v*, *b1r* etc. The reference to sheet signatures is of convenience wherever the present edition is used alongside reproductions of the original edition (as available on the web in the EEBO-collection).

Paragraph setting

Caxton’s paragraph setting has been preserved with his punctuation. This includes his use of “virgules” (slashes), even though antiqua letters, as used in the present edition, would have demanded commas instead of virgules even in the 1480s. Caxton’s virgule proves to be a far more flexible punctuation mark than a modern comma would be.

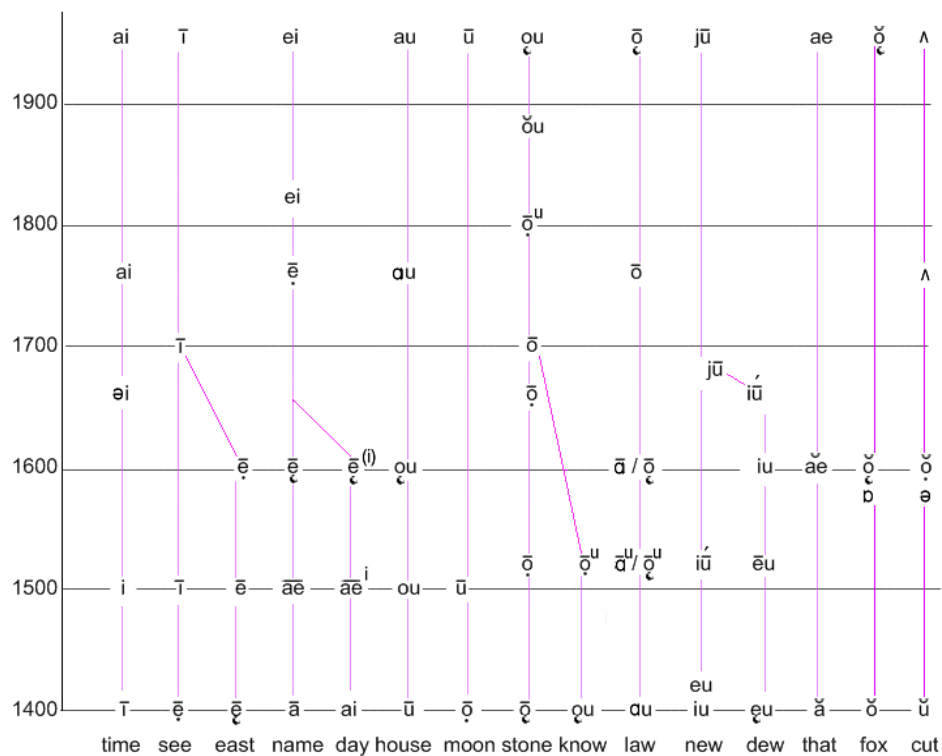
A number of pages ended with headlines which were then repeated on the succeeding pages (*Q1v*, *R1v*, *X3r*, *Z7r*) – the present edition has eliminated these duplicates.

Pronunciation

The system of English consonants has not changed very much since the 15th century, except:

- kn was still pronounced with a distinct k.
- gh was pronounced as the German “ch” in “ich” and “ach”, i.e. /x/ after the “dark” vowels a and o and u and /ç/ after i and e.

The English vowel system changed, by contrast, considerably in what came to be called the “great vowel shift”. The following table gives the historical steps. Caxton’s spelling regularly gives the best hints how a vowel was supposed to be pronounced.



When reading Caxton as spelled, one has, however, to keep in mind that v and u, and i, j and y had their own patterns of distribution. One has to read u and i as vowels where one would do so in modern spelling, they have to be read as v and j where consonants would appear today.

A special problem is the final e in many of Caxton's words (“kyngge” etc.). It is likely that these final vowels were no longer pronounced on a regular basis. It is at the same time possible that one could pronounce them to stress words.

The present edition is an attempt to make this text freely available. Contact me if you detect mistakes or if you can improve the present edition otherwise – corrections might help others using the text.

Dictionary

a

a, (1) *v.* have; (2) *pron.* he; (3) *prep.* in, of, on; (4) *interj.* ah
abasshe, *v.* beat down, lower
abate, *v.* depress, calm
aboughte, *v. pa.t.* paid for
abrayde, *v. pa.t.* got up
accompte, *v.* count, reckon
actually, actively
acquyte, *v.* repay
adoubted, afraid
adrad, afraid
advysyon, *n.* vision
affyaunce, *n.* affiance, promise
afterdele, *n.* disadvantage
aknown, known
allegyeaunce, *n.* alleviation
allow, *v.* approve
almeryes, *n. pl.* chests
amounted, mounted
anguysshly, in pain
anon, at once
apayre, *v.* weaken
apparelled, fitted up
appeach, *v.* impeach
appealed, challenged, accused
appertyces, displays
araged, (1) enraged; (2) confused
araysed, raised
arase, *v.* obliterate
areared, reared
armyvestal, martial
array, plight, state of affairs
arrayed, situated
arsson, *n.* saddle-bow
askance, casually
assaye, *v.* try, challenge
assoyled, absolved
assotted, infatuated
assummon, *v.* summon
astonyed, amazed, stunned
at, of, by
at after, after
avaunt, *v.* boast
avayl at, at an advantage
aventryd, couched
avoyd, *v.* quit
avow, *v.* vow
avoyded, got clear off
avyshed, be advised, take thought
avysson, *n.* vision
away ward, away
awayt of (in), in watch for
awke, sideways

b

bachelor, *n.* probationer for knighthood
bacyn, *n.* hollow vessel
barbycan, *n.* gate-tower
barget, *n.* little ship
baume, *n.* balm, annointment
bawdy, dirty
bayne, *n.* bath
batail, *n.* battalion
beamous, *n. pl.* a kind of trumpets
beclosed, enclosed
become, *pp.* befallen, gone to
bedasshed, splashed
behest, *n.* promise
beholden (beholding) to, obliged to
behote, *v.* promise
behycht, promised
benome, deprived, taken away
besauntes, *n. pl.* gold coins
beseke, *v.* beseech
besene, appointed, arrayed
beskyfte, shove off
bestyal, *collective n.* animals, horses
betaught, entrusted, recommended
betooke, committed, entrusted
betyde, happened
beverd, *v. pa.t.* trembeled
by and by, immediately
bisene, *ppl. a.* equipped, dressed (to be seen)
bystad, *pp.* hard pressed, attacked
bywaryd, expended, bestowed
blee, *n.* complexion
bobounce, boasting, pride
boyshe, *n.* bush, branch of a tree
boystous, rough
bole, *n.* trunk of a tree
boote, *n.* remedy
borow oute, *v.* redeem
borowes, *n. pl.* pledges
bote, *n.* remedy
bounde, ready
bourded, jested
bourder, *n.* jester
braced, embraced
brachet, *n.* female hound
brayde, *n.* quick movement
brecheles, *a.* breechless, without breeches
breste, *v.* burst, break
brethes, *n. pl.* breathing holes
broched, pierced
broches, spits

bryef, *v.* shorten
brymme, fierce, furious
brysed, hurt, broke
buffet, *n.* blow
bur, *n.* hand-guard of a spear
burbley, bubbling
burgeis, *n.* burgess, townsman
burgene, *v.* blossom
burgh, *n.* city castle
busshe(ment), *n.* ambush

c

canelbone, *n.* collar bone
cankered, inveterate
cantel, slice, strip
careful, sorrowful, full of troubles
cast (1 of bread:) loaves baked at the same time (2) propose
cedle, *n.* schedule, note
cere, *v.* wax over, embalm
certes, certainly
chafe, (1) heat, decompose; (2) chafed, heated
chaflet, *n.* platform, scaffold
champayne, *n.* open country
charbuncle *n.* carbuncle, roubious gemstone
charyot *n.* cart
chere, (1) countenance; (2) entertainment
chyerte, *n.* dearness
clater, *v.* talk confusedly
cleyghte, *v. pa.t.* clutched
clepyd, called
clyppe, *v.* embrace
clypyng, embracing
cogge, broad transport ship
cognoyssaunce, badge, mark of distinction
coyfe, head-piece
comforte, *v.* strengten, help
comynal, common
complysshed, complete
con, know, be able
conserve, *v.* preserve
conversaunt, abiding in
coost, *n.* side
cordyng, *n.* agreement
coronal, *n.* circlet
coste, *n.* coast, side
costed, kept up with
couche, *n.* bed; *v.* lay
covenaunt, agreement, condition, promise, contract
covetyse, covetousness
covert, sheltered
covyn, *n.* deceit
courage, *n.* encourage
courtelage, *n.* courtyard

courser, *n.* war horse
credence, *n.* faith
creme, *n.* oil
croupe, *n.* crupper
curteys, *adv.* courteous, **curteyst**, most courteous

d

daffyssh, foolish
daunger (in), under obligation to, in the power of
dawed, (1) revived; (2) dawned
deadly, mortal, human
deal, *n.* part, portion
debonair, courteous
deceyvable, deceitful
defaded, faded
defaute, *n.* fault
defende, *v.* forbid
defoyled, trodden down, fouled, deflowered
degree (win the), rank, superiority
delybered, determined
delyverly, adroitly
departed, divided
departycyon, *n.* departure
dere, *a.* (1) dear; (2) *v.* harm
descryve, *v.* describe
despoyled, stripped
devysed, looked carefully at
devoyr, *n.* duty, service
dyghte, *v.* prepare; furnish; cut up
dyndled, trembled
disaventure, *n.* misfortune
discomfyte, *v.* defeat
discover, *v.* reveal
disheryted, disinherited
disparpyld, *pp.* scattered
dispencys, *n. pl.* expenses
disperplyd, *pp.* scattered
dispoyled, stripped
distayned, sullied, dishonoured
disworshyp, *n.* shame
dole, (1) *n.* sorrow; (2) *n.* gift of alms
dom, *a.* dumb
domyneth, dominates, rules
doted, foolish
doubted, redoubtable
doughty, valliant
draughtes, privities, secret interviews, recesses
drenched, drowned
dress, *v.* make ready
dressid (1) dressed; (2) raised
dretched, troubled in sleep
dretchyng, being troubled in sleep
dromoundes, war vessels
dure, (1) endure, last; (2) dared; (3) during

duresse, bondage, hardship
dwyned, dwindled

e

eased, **easyd** entertained
efte, after, again
eftures, *n. pl.* passages
egrenes, *n.* eagerness, fierceness
elate, *adv.* proud, high spirited
eme, *n.* uncle
emprised, undertook
enbrayde, upbraid, admonish
enbushement, *n.* ambush
enchaffed, enchafed, heated
ench[i]eve achieve
endlong, alongside of
enewed, painted
enforce, constrain
engyne, device
enqueste, *n.* enterprise
ensure, *v.* assure
entermete, *v.* intermeddle
erraunte, wandering
estates, *n. pl.* ranks
even handes (on), at an equality
even long, along
everyche, each, every one
eure, *n.* fortune

f

fayne, *a.* glad, eager
fayter, *n.* vagabond
fare, behave, carry on, happen, **ferd**
pa.t. **faren**, *pp.*, treated
faute, *v.* lack
fealte, oath of fidelity
fear, frighten
feaute, trace, trail
feutred, **feutryd**, *v. pa.t.* set in socket
fewter, dedicated rest fo a lance on
 amour
fette, *pp.* fetched
fyauunce, *n.* promise
fytlokys, *n. pl.* fetlocks
fordyd, destroyed
flang, (1) flung; (2) rushed
flatlynge, prostrate
flemed, put to flight
flete, *v.* float
foyled, defeated, shamed
foyned, thrust
foynes, *n.* thrusts
foynyng, thrusting
foote hote, hastily
forblede, *v.* spend with bleeding
force, *n. and v.* (1) force (2) *n.* concern
fordele, *n.* advantage
fordo, *v.* destroy

fore cast, *n.* preconcerted plot
forfende, *v.* forbid
forfoughten, weary with fighting
forhewen, hewn to pieces
foriusted, tired with jousting
forthynketh, repents
fortuned, happened
forward, vanguard
forwounded, sorely wounded
free, noble
froward, away from
fur fared, *v. pa.t.* worsted

g

gad, *n.* wedge or spike of iron
gaynest, readiest
gar, *v.* cause, force, **garte**, *pa.t.*
gentyly, noble
gerfaukon, *n.* a fine hawk
germayne, closely allied
gest(e), *n.* deed, story
gysarm, *n.* halberd, battle-axe
glayve, *n.* sword
glasting barking
glatysaunt, *n.* barking, yelping
goblets, *n. pl.* lumps
gommes, *n. pl.* gums
graythed, made ready
gree, *n.* degree, superiority
greed, *pp.*, pleased, content
gresys, *n. pl.* steps
gryffon, *n.* gryphon, beast with the
 head and wings of an eagle and
 the body of a lion
grymly, ugly
grovellynge, on his face
gwerdonless, without reward

h

haberion, *n.* hauberk with leggings
 attached
hayr, *n.* a hair-shirt
hale & how, *n.* a sailor's cry
halp, *v. pa.t.* helped
halse, *v.* embrace
hand fast, betrothed
handsel, *n.* earnest-money
hangers, *n. pl.* testicles
hauberk, *n.* coat of mail
haute, high, noble
hauteyn, haughty
harneis, *n.* armour
heavy, sad
hede, (1) head; (2) heed, care,
maglgre her hede, against her
 will
hem, them
her, their

herbegeours, *n. pl.* messengers sent to prepare lodgings
hert of greese, *n.* fat deer
hete, (1) *n.* heat; (2) *v. and n.* hate, rebuke
hyde, (1) *v.* hide; (2) *n.* skin
hy[h]e, *v.* hurry
(on) hyghe, aloud
hyghte, hyte called
hyllid, covered, concealed
hit, it
holden, *pp.* held
holpe, *v. pa.t.* helped
holtys, *n. pl.* woods
hooly, *n.* holly
hors lytter, horse-drawn stretcher
houghbone, *n.* rear thigh bone
houseld, to be given the eucharist
hove, *v.* (1) hover, float, wait; (2) heave, raise
hurled, dashed, staggered
hurtle, dash

i / y

iaper, *n.* jester
iapes, *n. pl.* jests
yede, *v. pa.t.* went
yeftes, *n.* gifts
yelde, *v.* yield, **yielded**, *v. pa.t.*, **yelden**, *pp.*
yerde, stick, stem
iesseraunte, *n.* a short cuirass
yeve, *v.* give
incontynent, forthwith
ind, dark blue
yode *v. pa.t.* went
yolde, *v. pa.t.*, yielded, **yolden**, *pp.*
yole, Yule, Christmas

k

kepe, *sb.*, care
kempys, *n. pl.* champions
kertyl, *n.* gown
kinde, *n.* nature
kyndely, natural
knouleche, *n.* knowledge, message
know, *v.* acknowledge
knowlechyng, *n.* acknowledgment, confession
kyen, *n. pl.* cows
kytte, *v. pa.t.* cut

l

layne, *v.* conceal
langerynge, sauntering
lapped, took in her lap

large, generous
largenesse, liberality
lasse, *v.* lessen, diminish
lato[e]n, latten, brass
launde, waste plain
lazar cote, *n.* leper-house
learys, *n. pl.* cheeks
leche, *n.* physician
lecher, *n.* fornicator
legeaunce, *n.* allegiance
leyser, *n.* leasure
lemman, *n.* lover
lerne, *v.* teach
lete, *v.* (1) cause to; (2) hinder
leve, (1) *n.* permission *v.* leave; (2) *v.* love *a.* dear
lever, rather
lewdest, most ignorant
lycours, lecherous
lyef, dear, **lyefer**, *comp.*
lymme meal, *n.* limb from limb
lyst, *n.* desire, pleasure
lythe, *n.* joint
long, *n.* lung, *v.* belong, be appropriate
long on (upon), because of
loos, *v.* praise
lotles, without a share
love day, day for settling disputes
loving, praising
lunys, leashes, strings
luske, lubber
lustes, *n. pl.* inclinations

m

magre, see **maugre**
maymes, *n. pl.* wounds
makeles, matchless
makers, *n. pl.* authors, poets
male ease, *n.* discomfort
male engine, *n.* evil design
male fortune, *n.* ill-luck, mishap
marche, *n.* country, marche, borderland
mareyse, *n.* marsh, **marys**, *pl.*
masse peny, *n.* offering at mass for the dead
matchecold, machicolated, with holes for defence
maugre, magre, malgre *prep.* in spite of
maxste *v.* 2 *sg.* mayst
medele, *n.* melee, general encounter
medled, mingled
meyny, *n.* retinue
melyon, *n.* million
mete, *n.* food
meve, *v.* move, bring, inspire, propose
mykel, much
mynever, *n.* ermine

myschevous, painful
mischieved, hurt
myscomforte, discomfort
myscreauntes, unbeliever
myssaye, (1) revile; (2) missaid
myster, *n.* need
mo, more
more and lasse, rich and poor
mote, *v.* must
motys, *n. pl.* horn blasts
mountenaunce, *n.* amount of, extent
moche, much

n

naked, unarmed, bare
namely, especially
ne, nor
nedely, needs, on your own
 compulsion
nyghe, near
nylle, will not, **nylt**, *3rd. pers.*
nys, (ne is), is not
nyst, (ne wist), knew not
nobley, nobility, splendour
noysed, reported
nold, would not
noselynge, on his nose
not for thenne, nevertheless
noyous, hurtful

o

obeysance, *n.* obedience
oost, *n.* hoost
or, ere, before
orgule, *n.* haughtiness
orgulyte, *n.* pride, arrogance, **orgulist**,
 haughtiest
orgulous, **orgulus**, proud
other, or
otys, *n. pl.* oates
ouches, *n. pl.* jewels
over, all too
over evening, last night
over get, *v.* overtake
over hylled, *pp.* covered
over longe, *prep.* along
over slyp, *v.* pass
overthwarte, *prep.* across, over,
v. bring to fall, cross *n.* surprise
overthwartly, *adv.* askew
overthwart and endlong, by the
 breadth and length
ought, owned, belonged to
out cepte, *v. pa.t.* singled him out
outher, or
oute taken, except

p

paylet, *n.* mattress
paynym, pagan
paynture, painting
paytrellys, breastplate of a horse
palfroy, *n.* horse trained in the special
 pace suitable for women
paltokes, *n. pl.* short coats
pappe, *n.* breast, nipple, **pappys**, *pl.*
parage, *n.* descent
pareylle, like
parter, *n.* marshal
passing, surpassingly
pees, *n.* peace
pensel, *n.* pennon
peramour, *n.* lover
percloos, *n.* partition
perygot, *n.* falcon
peron, *n.* tombstone
pyght, pitched
pyke, *v.* steal away, **pyked**, stole
pyllars, *n. pl.* plunderers
pyllynge, plundering
pleasaunce, *n.* pleasure
plenour, complete
plompe, *n.* block
poyntelynge, aiming
porte, *n.* gate
posseded, possessed
posterne, *n.* gate
potestate, *n.* governor
praye, *n.* prize
precessours, *n. pl.* predecessors
prees, *n.* press of battle
presse, *n.* throng
pretende, *v.* claim
pretendith, belongs to
pryckyng, spurring
profre, *v.* offer
pryker, *n.* hard rider
pryme, 6 am
puyssaunce, *n.* power
purfyl, *n.* purfle, trimming
purfyled, embroidered
purvey, *v.* provide

q

qd, quod, *v. pa.t.* said
quarels, *n.* (1) quarrels (2) arrowheads
questyng, barking
quyck, alive
quyt, (1) repaid; (2) acquitted,
 behaved

r

raced, (rased) tore

raynes, (1) reins (2) a town in brittany famous for its cloth
rake, *n.* herd (of bulls)
ransakyd, searched
rasyng, rushing
rasshed, fell headlong
rasshyng, rushing
rasure, *n.* obliteration
raumppyng, raging
raundon, impetuosity
raunge, *n.* rank, station
rechate, *n.* note of recall
recomforted, comforted, cheered
recover, *v.* rescue
recounter, *n.* rencontre, encounter
rede, (1) *a.* red; (2) *v.* advise, counsel
redounded, glanced back
relygyon, *n.* religious order
reneye, *v.* deny
reporte, *v.* refer
rere, *v.* raise
rereward, *n.* rearward
resemblaunt, *n.* semblance
retrayed, drew back
rightwys, rightly
ryvage, *n.* shore
ryve, *v.* stab, split, tear, **ryed**, *pa.t.*
rofe *pp.*
roche, *n.* rock
rofe, *pp.* see **ryve**
romed, roared
roted, practised
rownsepyk, *n.* a branch

s

sacryng, consecrating
sad, serious, **sadly**, heartily, earnestly
sale, room
salewe, *v.* salute, greet
samyte, *n.* silk stuff with gold or
san(c)greal, holy grail
sarpys, girdles
sawe, (1) *v. pa.t.* saw; (2) *n.* proverb, saying
scathe, *v.* harm, hurt
scaubard, *n.* scabbard, sheath
scomfyte, *v.* (able to) overcome
score, *n.* twenty
scrypture, *n.* writing, bible
search, probe wounds
selar, *n.* canopy
semblable, like
semblaunt, *n.* semblance
semely, *a.* seemly, good-looking;
semelyest, *sup.*
sendale, *n.* fine cloth
serkelet, *n.* circlet
servage, *n.* slavery

sewar, *n.* officer who set on dishes and tasted them
shaftmon, *n.* hand breadth
shawe, *n.* thicket
sheef, *v. pa.t.* thrust
shende, *v.* harm
shenship, *n.* disgrace
shente, undone, blamed
sherthursdaye, *n.* thursday in holy week
shoure, *v.* attack
shrewe, *n.* rascal
shrewde, knavish
syb, akin to
sydelyng, sideways
syge, *n.* seat
sygnefyed, likened
syker, sure
sykernesse, *n.* assurance
syth, since
sythen, afterwards, since
skarmusshed, skirmished, fought
skyfte, changed
skumme, *v.* skim, range about in search of something
slade, valley
slake, glen
soyle (to go to), hunting term for taking the water
somme, some
sondes, *n. pl.* messages
sorte, *n.* company
sothe, *a.* true
sperd, bolted
spere, *v.* ask, inquire
sperhawk, *n.* sparrowhawk
sprente, sprinkled
stale, *n.* position
starke, thoroughly
stede, *n.* place
sterter, started, rose quickly
steven, *n.* assignation, occasion
stonyed, (1) astonished; (2) became confused
stoure, *n.* battle
strayte, narrow
straked, *v. pa.t.* (1) stroke (2) blew a horn
strene, race, descent
stygh, path
stylyly, silently
stynte, fixed revenue
sudgerned, *v. pa.t.* sojourned
sursenglys, saddle girths
swange, *v. pa.t.* swung
sweven, *n.* dream
swough, *n.* sound of wind

t

talent, *n.* desire
taylles, *n. pl.* taxes
tamyd, crushed
tapyr, *n.* taper, slender candle
tatches, qualities
tene, *n.* sorrow
terme, *n.* period of time
the, (1) the; (2) *pron.* thee, thyself
thye, *n.* thigh
thylk, that same
tho, (1) those; (2) then
thrange, pushed
thredys, *n. pl.* threads
threstyd, *v. pa.t.* thrusted
thrulled, pushed
tyll, (1) until; (2) to
to brast, burst
tofore, before
to morowe, to morne to-morrow
took, gave
to shevered, broken to pieces
traced, advanced and retreated
tray, grief
trainys, devices, wiles
traverse, *adv.* slantwise, *v.* move sideways
treatyce, *n.* treaty
tree, *n.* (1) tree; (2) timber
trenchaunt, cutting, sharp
trestr, *hunting term* trap, point of ambush
truage, *n.* tribute
trussed, packed

u / v

varlet, *n.* servant
vaward, *n.* vanguard
ubblye, *n.* wafer, host
venery, *n.* hunting
ventayls, *n. pl.* breathing holes
vylayn, *n.* man of low birth
vyser, *n.* visor, the perforated parts of helmets
umbecast, cast about
umberere, *n.* the part of the hel et which shaded the eyes
umbre, *n.* shade
unavised, thoughtlessly
uncouth, strange
underne, about 9 pm
ungoodely, rudely
unhappy, unlucky

unhyllled, uncovered
unnethe, scarcely
unsyker, unstable
unwympeled, uncovered
unwrast, untwisted, unbound
voyde, *v.* leave, remove, dismount
upryght, flat on the back
up so doune, upside down
use, *n.* usage
utas, *n.* the eighth day after a festival
utteraunce, *n.* uttermost

w

waggyng, shaking
wayted, watched
waytes, watches
wallop, *n. / v.* gallop
wanhope, *n.* despair
wappe, ripple
warre, aware
waryson, *n.* reward
warne, *v.* forbid, refuse
weder, *n.* weather
wedys, *n. pl.* garments
weyke, *a.* weak; **weyker**, weaker;
weykest weakest
welde, *v.* wield, rule; carry
wene, *v.* believe, think, expect,
wened, *pa.t.*
wete, *v.* know, find out; **wote (wyste)**
pa.t.
where, whereas
wight, brave, strong
wightly, swiftly
wyde where, over wide space
wympeled, *pp.* with the head covered
wynne, make way
wyte, *v.* blame
withinth, on the inside
wold or nold, would or would not
wonder, *adj.* wondrous
wonderly, wonderfully
wood, *a. adv.* mad, insane(ly),
fierc(ly)
woodness, *n.* madness
wood shawe, *n.* thicket of the wood
worship, *n.* honour
worshipped, cause to be honoured
wortes, roots
wote, *v.* know
wrake, *n.* destruction
wroken, wreaked
wrothe, twisted