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THE ROMANCE OF EMARÉ

RE-EDITED FROM THE MS
WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

A DISSERTATION

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BY

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Emare.

(MS. Cotton Caligula, A ii.)

(1)

Ihesu, þat ys kyng in trone,
 As þou shoope boþe sonne *and* mone,
 And alle þat shalle dele *and* dyghþe,
 Now lene vs grace such dedus to done,
 In þy blys þat we may wone,
 Men calle hyt heuen lyghþe;
 And þy modur Mary, heuyn qwene,
 Bere our arunde so bytwene,
 That semely ys of syghþt,
 To þy sone þat ys so fre,
 In heuen wyth hym þat we may be,
 That lord ys most of myghþt.

[leaf 71]
 Jesus, who
 created all
 things,
 3
 grant us grace
 to enter
 heaven.

6

9 Mother Mary,
 intercede for
 us with thy
 Son.

12

(2)

Menstrelles þat walken fer *and* wyde,
 Her *and* þer in euery a syde,
 In mony a dyuerse londe,
 Sholde, at her bygyrnyng,
 Speke of þat ryhtwes¹ kyng
 That made both see *and* sonde.
 Who-so wylle a stounde dwelle,
 Of mykylle myrghþ y may þou telle,
 And mornynge þer a-monge;
 Of a lady fayr *and* fre,
 Her name was called Emare,
 As I here synge in songe.

Minstrels
 who wander
 in many
 lands, should

15

first invoke
 the Creator.

18

21 Whosoever
 will stop a
 while shall
 hear a tale
 of mirth
 and sorrow,
 about a fair
 lady called
 Emare.

24

¹ R. ryhtwes.

EMARE.

B

2 *The Emperor-Father and Empress-Mother of Emaré.*

(3)

<p>Her father was an emperor called Sir Artyus, who had great possessions.</p>	<p>Her fadyr was an emperour, Of castelle <i>and</i> of ryche towre, Syr Artyus was hys nome ; He hadde boþe hallys <i>and</i> bowrys, Frythes fayr, forestes <i>wyth</i> flowrys, So gret a lord was none.</p>	<p>27 30</p>
<p>He had married a fair and courteous lady, Dame Erayne.</p>	<p>Weddedde he had a lady, That was both fayr <i>and</i> semely, Whyte as whales bone ; Dame Erayne hette þat emperes, She was fulle of loue <i>and</i> goodnesse, So curtays lady was none.</p>	<p>33 36</p>

(4)

<p>Sir Artyus was the best man in the world, brave</p>	<p>Syr Artyus was þe best manne In þe worlde þat lyuede þanne, Both hardy and þer-to wyght ;</p>	<p>39</p>
<p>and courteous and just.</p>	<p>He was curtays in alle þyng, Bothe to olde <i>and</i> to ȝynge, And welle kowth dele <i>and</i> dyght.</p>	<p>42</p>
<p>He had but one child of his wedded wyfe; but that was fair and seemly,</p>	<p>He hadde but on chyld in hys lyue, Be-geten on hys weddedde wyfe, And þat was fayr and bryght ;</p>	<p>45</p>
<p>and called Emaré.</p>	<p>For soþe, as y may telle þe, They called þat chyld Emaré, That semely was of syght.</p>	<p>48</p>

(5)

<p>When she was born, she was the fairest crea- ture in the land.</p>	<p>When she was of her modur born, She was þe fayrest creature borne, That yn þe lond was þoo ;</p>	<p>51</p>
<p>The empress died before the child could speak or walk,</p>	<p>The emperes, þat fayr ladye, Fro her lord gan she dye, Or hyt kowþe speke or goo.</p>	<p>54</p>
<p>so it was sent to a lady called Abro,</p>	<p>The chyld, þat was fayr <i>and</i> gent, To a lady was hyt sente, That men kalled¹ Abro ;</p>	<p>57</p>

¹ R. called.

Emaré is brought up by the Lady Abro. The King of Sicily. 3

She thawȝth̃ hyt curtesye *and* thewe,
Golde *and* sylke for to sewe,
Amonge maydenes moo. 60

who taught it
courtesy and
stitchery,
among other
maidens.

(6)

Abro tawȝte þys mayden smalle,
Nortur¹ þat men vseden² in sale,
Whye she was in her bowre. 63
She was curteis in alle thyng,
Bothe to olde³ *and* to ȝynge,
And whythe as lylle flowre ; 66
Of her hondes she was slye,
Alle he[r] loued þat her sye,
Wyth menske *and* mychyl honour. 69
At þe mayden leue we,
And at þe lady fayr *and* fre,
And speke we of þe emperour. 72

Abro gave
this small
maiden the
usual educa-
tion.

She was
courteous to
everybody,

white as a
lily, clever
with her
hands, and
loved by all.

Now let us
leave the
maiden and
her nurse
and speak of
the emperor,

(7)

The emperour of gentylle blode,
Was a curteis lorde *and* a gode,
In alle maner of thyng. 75
Aftur, when hys wyf was dede,
And ledde hys lyf yn weddewede,
And⁴ myche loued playnge,— 78
Sone aftur, yn a whyle,
The ryche kyng of Cesyle
To þe emperour gan wende. 81
A ryche present wyth hym he browght,
A cloth þat was wordylye wroght. 84
He welledcomed hym as þe hende.

who, after his
wife's death,
led his life in
widowhood,
and greatly
loved dalli-
ance.

Soon after,
the great
king of Sicily
came to the
emperor,

[leaf 71, bk.]
bringing a
splendid
cloth as
present, and
was nobly
welcomed.

(8)

Syr Tergaunte þat nobylle knyȝt (hyȝte),⁵
He presented þe emperour ryȝht,
And sette hym on hys kne, 87

Sir Ter-
gaunte, that
noble knight,
on his knee
before the
emperor,

¹ R. Nortour. ² R. usedenn. ³ R. old.

⁴ G. changes And to He. Other possible emendations are : And he ledde ; or, by analogy to l. 989, A ledde.

⁵ The omission of hyȝte improves the metre ; but although the yȝ is blotted, the word is not unmistakably crossed out by the scribe. Kölbing, however, considers it erased (Eng. Stud., xv, 248). See note on the line.

4 *The King of Sicily's splendid Cloth given to Emaré's Father.*

<p>offered the splendid cloth, which was as thickly set as possible with topaz and rubies, with toad- stones and agate(?) and other rich stones,</p>	<p>Wyth þat cloth rychly dygh̃t, Fulle of stones þer hyt was pygh̃t,¹ As thykke as hyt mygh̃t be : Of(f)² topaze and rubyes, And opur stones of myche prys, That semely wer to se ; Of crapowtes and nakette, As³ thykke ar þey sette, For sothe, as y say þe.</p>	<p>90 93 96</p>
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(9)

<p>As the emperor looked at the cloth, he could not see readily for the glistering of the rich stones,</p>	<p>The cloth was dysplayed sone, The emperour⁴ lokede þer-vpone, And myght[e] hyt not se ; For glysteryng of þe ryche ston Redy syghte had he non), And sayde, "How may þys be?" The emperour sayde on hygh̃, "Sertes, þys ys a fayry, Or ellys a vanyte!" The Kyng of Cysyle answered þan, "So ryche a jwelle ys þer non In alle Crystyante."</p>	<p>99 102 105 108</p>
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(10)

<p>The daughter of the Enir of heathen- dom made this cloth, and adorned it with gold, azure and precious stones,</p>	<p>The amerayle dowzter of heþennes Made þys cloth wyth-uten lees, And wrowzte hyt alle wyth pride ; And purtreyed hyt wyth gret honour, Wyth ryche golde and asowr, And stones on ylke a syde. And, as þe story telles in honde, The stones þat yn þys cloth stonde, Sowzte þey wer fulle wyde. Seuen wynter hyt was yn makynge, Or hyt was browghte to endynge, In herte ys not to hyde.</p>	<p>111 114 117 120</p>
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¹ MS., was dye (*crossed out*) pygh̃t. ² G. Of.

³ G. suggests A[l]s[ō] for As to improve the metre. See ll. 90, 138.

⁴ R. emperoer.

The King of Sicily's splendid Cloth given to Emaré's Father. 5

(11)

In þat on korner made was		In the first corner were
Ydoyne and Amadas,		the true
Wyth loue þat was so trewe ;	123	lovers,
For þey loueden hem wyth ¹ honour,		Ydoyne and
Portrayed ² þey wer wyth trewe-loue-flour,		Amadas,
Of stones bryght of hewe :	126	portrayed
Wyth carbunkulle and safere,		with true-
Kassydonys and onyx so clere,		love-flower in
Sette in golde newe ;	129	precious
Deamondes and rubyes,		stones,
And opur stones of mychylle pryse,		carbuncle,
And menstrellys wyth her gle[we].	132	sapphire,
		chalcidony
		and clear
		onyx, set in
		new gold,
		diamonds,
		rubies, and
		other precious
		stones.

(12)

In þat opur corner was dyght,		In the second
Trystram and Isowde so bryzt,		corner were
That semely wer to se ;	135	the true
And for þey loued hem ryght,		lovers,
As fullø of stones ar þey dyght,		Trystram
As thykke as þey may be :	138	and Isowde,
Of topase and of rubyes,		set thickly
And opur stones of myche pryse,		with precious
That semely wer to se ;	141	stones,
Wyth crapawtes and nakette,		
Thykke of stones ar þey sette,		with topaz,
For sothe, as y say þe.	144	rubies, and
		other gema,
		with toad-
		stones and
		agate (?).

(13)

In þe thrydde korner, wyth gret honour,		In the third
Was Florys and Dam Blawncheffour,		corner were
As loue was hem be-twene ;	147	Florys and
For þey loued ³ wyth honour,		Dame Blawn-
Purtrayed þey wer wyth trewe-loue-flour, ⁴		cheffour,
Wyth stones bryght and shene :	150	
Ther wer knyztus and senatowres,		with true-
Emerawdes of gret vertues,		love-flower
To wyte wyth-uten wene ;	153	in gema,
		"knights and
		senators,"
		potent
		emeralds,

¹ R. wit.

² G. Pourtrayed.

³ G. supplies hem after loued by analogy to l. 124 above.

⁴ R. flower.

6 *The King of Sicily's splendid Cloth given to Emaré's Father.*

diamonds,
coral, chryso-
lite, crystal,
and good
garnets. Deamoundes¹ and koralle,
Perydotes and crystallle,
And gode garnettes by-twene. 156

(14)

In the fourth
corner was
the son of the
Sultan of
Babylon,
and the
Emir's
daughter,
who made
this cloth for
his sake. In the fowrthe korner was oon,
Of Babylone þe sowdan sonne,
The amerayles dowȝtyr hym by. 159
For hys sake þe cloth was wrowght;
She loued hym in hert and thougth,
As testymoyeth þys storye. 162

[leaf 72]
An unicorn,
with his high
horn, was
portrayed
before the
maiden,
with flowers
and birds in
rare stones. The fayr mayden her by-forn
Was portrayed an vnykorn,
Wyth hys horn so hye; 165
Flowres and bryddes on ylike a syde,
Wyth stones þat wer sowghte wyde,
Stuffed wyth ymagerye. 168

(15)

When the
cloth was
finished,
it was
brought to
the sultan's
son. When the cloth to ende was wrowght,
To þe sowdan sone hyt was browȝt,
That semely was of syȝte. 171
"My fadyr was a nobylle man,
Of þe sowdan he hyt wan,
Wyth maystrye and wyth² myȝth. 174
For gret loue he ȝaf hyt me,
I brynge hyt þe in specyalte,
Thys cloth ys rychely dygħt." 177

He gave it to
the emperor,
who thanked
him properly. He ȝaf hyt þe emperour,
He receyued hyt wyth gret honour,
And þonkede hym fayr and ryȝt. 180

(16)

The King
of Sicily
amused
himself with
the emperor
as long as
he wished, The Kyng of Cesyle dwelled þer,
As long as hys wylle wer,
Wyth þe emperour for to play; 183
And when he wolde wende,
He toke hys leue at þe hende,
And wente forth on hys way. 186

¹ R. Deamondes.

² R. omits.

Emaré's Father sends for her, and takes her to his Palace. 7

Now remeueth¹ þys nobylle kyng.
 The emperour aftur hys dowȝtur hadde longyng,²
 To speke wyth þat may. 189
 Messengeres forth he sent
 Aftyr þe mayde fayr³ and gent,
 That was bryȝt as someres day. 192

Now the
 emperor
 longed to
 speak with
 his daughter,
 and sent
 messengers
 to fetch her.

(17)

Messengeres dyȝte hem in hye ;
 Wyth myche myrthe and melodye,
 Forth gon þey fare, 195

These went
 forth, with
 mirth and
 minstrelay,

Both by stretes and by stye,
 Aftur þat fayr lady,
 Was godely vnþur gare. 198

to fetch the
 fair lady.

Her norysse, þat hyȝte Abro,
 Wyth her she goth forth also,
 And wer sette in a chare. 201

Abro, her
 nurse, went
 with her,
 and they set
 out in a
 "car,"

To þe emperour gan þe[y] go ;
 He come aȝeyn hem a myle or two ;
 A fayr metyng was there. 204

to go to the
 emperor,
 who came a
 mile or two
 to meet them.

(18)

The mayden, whyte as lylle flour,
 Lyȝte aȝeyn⁴ (her fadyr⁵) þe emperour ;
 Two knyȝtes gan her lede. 207

The maiden,
 white as a
 lily, alighted,
 and was led
 up by two
 knights.

Her fadyr, þat was of gret renowne,
 That of golde wered þe crowne,
 Lyȝte of hys stede. 210

Her father
 also alighted,
 and when
 they were
 both on foot,
 "clipped"
 her and
 kissed her,

When⁶ þey wer bothe on her fete,
 He klypped her and kyssed her swete,
 And bothe on fote þey ȝede. 213

and they
 went together
 to the palace.

They wer glad and made good chere,
 To þe palys þey ȝede in fere,
 In romans as we rede. 216

(19)

Then þe lordes þat wer grete,
 They wesh and seteñ don⁷ to mete,
 And folk hem serued swyde. 219

The great
 lords washed
 and sat down
 to meat.

¹ So MS., not remeneth as G. says.

² This line is obviously corrupt. G. omits aftur hys dowyȝtur and inserts he after emperour. ³ R. fayre. ⁴ G. aȝeyn.

⁵ G. suggests the omission of these words.

⁶ G. Then. ⁷ R. down.

8 *Emaré's Father gets the Pope's Leave to wed her. She refuses.*

<p>The maiden sat before her father,</p> <p>and she was so fair that he fell in love with her,</p> <p>and wished to make her his wife.</p>	<p>The mayden, þat was of semblant¹ swete, Byfore² her owene fadur sete, The fayrest wommon on lyfe ; That alle hys hert <i>and</i> alle hys þowȝth, Her to loue was yn browȝht ; He by-helde her ofte syȝe. So he was an-amored hys þowȝtur tylle, Wyth her he þowȝth to worche hys wyllle, And wedde her to hys wyfe.</p>	<p>222</p> <p>225</p> <p>228</p>
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(20)

<p>When the meal was done,</p> <p>he called his council into his chamber, and bade them get leave from the Pope for him to wed his daughter.</p> <p>They durst not disobey, but sent messengers, and earls with them, to Rome. They brought the Pope's Bull permit- ting the marriage.</p>	<p>And when þe metewhyle was doñ,³ In-to hys chambur he wente soñ,⁴ And called hys counseyle nere. He bad þey shulde sone go <i>and</i> come, And gete leue of þe Pope of Rome, To wedde þat mayden clere. Messengeres forth þey wente, They durste⁵ not breke hys commandement, And erles wyth hem yn fere. They wente to þe courte of Rome, And browȝte þe Popus Bullus sone, To wedde hys dowȝter dere.</p>	<p>231</p> <p>234</p> <p>237</p> <p>240</p>
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(21)

<p>Then the emperour was glad, and had a robe made of the cloth of gold,</p> <p>in which she looked fairer than mortal woman.</p> <p>Then he said, "Daughter, I will wed thee ;"</p> <p>[leaf 72, bk.]</p> <p>and she, "Nay, God forbid !"</p>	<p>þen was þe emperour gladde <i>and</i> blyȝe, And lette shape a robe swyȝe, Of þat cloth of golde ; And when hyt was don her vpon), She semed non erþely wommon, That marked was of molde. Then seyde þe emperour so fre, "Dowȝtyr, y wolle wedde þe, Thow art so fresh to be-holde." Then sayde þat wordy vnȝur wede, "Nay, syr, God of heuen hyt for-bede, þat euer do so we shulde !"</p>	<p>243</p> <p>246</p> <p>249</p> <p>252</p>
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¹ G. semblant. ² G. Before. ³ R. down.
⁴ R. soun. ⁵ R. durst.

(22)

3yf hyt so be-tydde þat 3e me wedde, And we shulde play to-gedur in bedde, Bothe we were for-lorne!	255	If we should marry, we should both be lost.
þe worde shulde sprynge fer <i>and</i> wyde, In alle þe worlde on euery syde, þe worde shulde be borne.	258	The news would go all over the world.
3e ben a lorde of gret pryce, Lorde, lette neuur such ¹ sorow a-ryce, Take God 3ou be-forne!	261	You are a great lord; let not such sorrow arise.
That my fadur shulde wedde me, God forbede þat I hyt so se, That wered þe crowne of þhorne ² !"	264	God forbid that my father should marry me!"

(23)

The emperour was ryght wrothe, And swore many a grete othe, That deed shulde she be.	267	The em- peror was furious, and swore great oaths that she should die.
He lette make a nobulle boot, And dede her þer-yn, God wote, In þe robe of nobulle ble.	270	He had a boat made, and put her therein, in her splen- did dress, without food or drink;
She moste haue wyth her no spendyng, Nopur mete ne drynke ³ ; But shate ⁴ her yn-to þe se.	273	and cast her into the sea without anchor or oar.
Now þe lady dwelled þore, Wyth-owte anker or ⁵ ore, And þat was gret pyte!	276	

(24)

Ther come a wynd, y vnþurstonde, And blewe þe boot fro þe londe, Of her þey lost þe sygh̃t.	279	A wind arose and blew the boat out of their sight.
The emperour hym be-þowgh̃t That he hadde alle myswrowh̃t, And was a sory kny3te.	282	The emperor bethought himself, and grieved so at his mis- deed that he fell to the earth in a swoon.

¹ R. suche.

² R. thorne.

³ MS. drynke. R. adds [givyng]. G. suggests n[ō]p[e]r[r]. Cf. l. 593 below. I should suggest drynkyng in the sense of something to drink; but the first instance of this use quoted in the Oxford Dictionary is 1552. See note on the line.

⁴ R. shote.

⁵ G. suggests ō[þe]r ore, which improves the metre.



10 *Emaré's Father repents his Sin. She is sought for in vain.*

And as he stode yn studyynge,
He felle down in sowenyng,
To þe yrþe was he dygh̃t. 285

The great
lords that
stood by,
took him up
and com-
forted him.

Grete lordes stode þer-by,
And toke v[p]¹ þe emperour hastyly,
And confortd hym fayr *and* rygh̃t. 288

(25)

When he
was recover-
ed, he wept
sore and said,
"Alas, my
daughter!
Alas, that I
was made
man!"

When he of sownyng kouered was,
Sore he wepte *and* sayde, "Alas,
For my dowñter dere! 291

Alas, þat y was made man!
Wrecched kaytyf þat I hyt am!"

The teres roñne by hys lere. 294

I went
against God's
law, and she
was true.
Alas, that she
were here!"

"I wrowgh̃t² a-ȝeyn Goddes lay,
To her þat was so trewe of fay.
Alas, why ner³ she here!" 297

The teres lashed out of hys yȝen;
The grete lordes þat hyt syȝen,
Wepte *and* made ylle chere. 300

The great
lords wept
with him.

(26)

There was
none that did
not weep for
that comely
maid.

Ther was noþur olde ny ȝynge,
That kowþe stynte of wepyng,
For þat comely vnþur kelle. 303

They throng-
ed into ships
to seek her;
but although
they sought
everywhere
on the sea,
they came
back without
her.

In-to shypys faste gañ þey pryng,
For to seke þat mayden ȝynge,
þat was so fayr of flesh *and* felle. 306

They her sowȝt ouur-alle yn þe see,
And myȝte not fynde þat lady fre,
A-ȝeyn þey come fulle snelle. 309

Now let us
leave the
emperour and
speak of the
lady.

At þe emperour now⁴ leue we,
And of þe lady yn þe see,
I shalle be-gynne to telle. 312

(27)

She floated
forth alone,
praying to
God and His
mother.

The lady fleted forth a-lone;
To God of heuen she made her mone,
And to hys modyr also. 315

¹ MS. vn.

² R. wrawght.

³ MS. *vowel blotted.*

⁴ MS. *inserts in the margin, with a caret to show that it should be placed between emperour and leue.*

Emaré is driven to Land in Galys. The Steward, Sir Kadore. 11

<p>She was dryuen wyth wynde and rayn, Wyth stronge stormes her a-gayn, Of þe watur so blo. As y haue herd menstrelles syng yn sawe, Hows ny lond myȝth she non knowe,¹ A-ferd she was to go. She was so dryuen fro wawe to wawe, She hyd her hede and lay fulle lowe,² For watyr she was fulle woo.</p>	<p>318 She was driven on with strong stormes of wind and rain against her. 321 As I have heard min- strels sing, she could not find house or land; but in her fear of the water, hid her head. 324</p>
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(28)

<p>Now þys lady dwelled þore, A good seuen-nyȝth and more, As hyt was Goddys wyll;e; Wyth carefulle herte and sykyng sore, Such sorow was here ȝarked ȝore, And euer lay she styll. She was dryuen yn-to a lond,³ Thorow þe grace of Goddes sond, That alle þyng may fulfyll;e; She was on þe see so harde be-stadde, For hungur and thurste almost madde, Woo worth wederus ylle!</p>	<p>327 Now she re- mained thus, lying still in her sorrow, a good seven- night and longer, 330 333 until by God's grace she was driven ashore. So hard was [leaf 73] she bestead that she was nearly mad with hunger and thirst. 336</p>
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(29)

<p>She was dryuen in-to a lond, That hyȝth Galys, y vnþurstond, That was a fayr countre.⁴ þe kyngus steward dwelled þer by-syde, In a kastle of mykylle pryde; Syr Kadore hygħt he. Euery day wolde he go, And take wyth hym a sqwyer or two, And play hym by þe see. On a tyme he toke þe eyr, Wyth two knyȝtus gode and fayr; The wedur was lythe of le.</p>	<p>339 She was driven into a land called "Galys." 342 The king's steward, Sir Kadore, who dwelled there in a great castle, every day went down to the sea with a squire or two. 345 348 Once he was taking the air with two knights,</p>
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¹ R. knawe. ² R. lawe.

³ L. 331, in MS. is followed by l. 338 crossed out.

⁴ R. cuntre.

12 *Emaré is taken to Sir Kadore's Castle. She teaches Silk-work.*

(30)

<p>and found a boat ashore, in it a glistering thing that amazed them; but they went up to the lady, who had been so long "meat- less," that it grieved them to see she was almost dead.</p> <p>They asked her name; but she changed it to Egare.</p>	<p>A boot he fond by þe brym, And a glysteryng þyng þer-yn, Ther-of þey hadde¹ ferly. They went forth on þe sond To þe boot, y vnþurstond, And fond þer-yn þat lady. She hadde so longe meteles be, That hym þowht gret dele to se; She was yn poyn[t] to dye. They askede her what was her name; She chaunged hyt þer a-none, And sayde she hette Egare.</p>	<p>351</p> <p>354</p> <p>357</p> <p>360</p>
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(31)

<p>Sir Kadore, full of pity, took the lady home.</p> <p>She was lean as a tree through lack of food.</p> <p>They took her into a room of the castle, and fed her with all kinds of delicious meat and drink.</p>	<p>Syr Kadore hadde gret pyte; He toke vp þe lady of þe see, And hom gan he[r] lede. She hadde so longe meteles be, She was wax lene as a tre, That wordy vnþur wede. In-to hys castelle when she came, In-to a chawmbyr þey her nām, And fayr þey gan² her fede, Wyth alle delycyus mete <i>and</i> drynke, That þey myȝth hem on þynke, That was yn alle þat stede.</p>	<p>363</p> <p>366</p> <p>369</p> <p>372</p>
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(32)

<p>When the fair lady was recovered,</p> <p>she taught them to sew and mark all kinds of silk- work. They were full isin of her; she was courteous to all,</p>	<p>When þat lady, fayr of face, Wyth mete <i>and</i> drynke keuered was, And had colour a-gayne, She tawȝte hem to sewe <i>and</i> marke Alle maner of sylky³ werke; Of her þey wer fulle fayne. She was curteys yn alle þyng, Bothe to olde <i>and</i> to ȝynge, I say ȝow for certeyne.</p>	<p>375</p> <p>378</p> <p>381</p>
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¹ R. had.

² R. gaun.

³ R. sylkyn. MS. sylky, but a letter has evidently been erased after it.

WOL

The King of Galys falls in love with Emaré. His Council. 13

She kowþe¹ werke alle maner þyng,
That felle to emperour, or to kyng,
Erle, barown or swayne.

384 and could do
work suited
to emperor,
king, earl,
baron, or
swain.

(33)

Syr Kadore lette make a feste,
That was fayr *and* honeste,
Wyth hys lorde, þe kyng.

387 Sir Kadore
made a
goodly feast
for the king,
with min-
streley of
trumpet,
tabour,
psaltery,
harp, and
fiddle.

Ther was myche menstralse,
Trommpus, tabours² *and* sawtre,
Bothe harpe *and* fydyllleyn.

390

The lady, þat was gentylle *and* smalle,
In kurtulle alone serued yn halle,

393 The gentle
lady, in her
kirtle alone,
served before
the king;

By-fore þat nobulle kyng.
þe cloth vpon her shone so bryȝth,
When she was þer-yn y-dyȝth,
She semed non erdly þyng.

396 but in her
shining robe
she seemed
no earthly
thing.

(34)

The kyng loked her vp-on,
So fayr a lady he syȝ neuur non,
Hys herte she hadde yn wolde.

399 The king
looked at her,
and became
so enamoured
of her fair-
ness that he
could not eat,

He was so an-amered of þat syȝth,
Of þe mete non he myȝth,

402 but stared at
her fixedly.

But faste gan her be-holde.

She was so fayr and gent,
The kynges loue on her was lent,
In tale as hyt ys tolde.

405

And when þe metewhyle was don,³

In-to þe chambur he wente son,⁴

408 When the
meal was
done, he went
into the
chamber and
called his
barons,

And called hys barouns bolde.

(35)

Fyrst he calle[d] Syr Kadore,
And opur knyȝtes þat þer wore,
Hastely come hym tylle.⁵

411 Sir Kadore,
and other
knights to
come hastily
to him;
and wise
dukes and
earls came
and asked the
king's will.

Dukes *and* erles, wyse of lore,

Hastely come þe kyng be-fore,

414

And askede what was hys wylle.

¹ R. kowthe.

² R. Trompus, tabors.

³ R. down.

⁴ R. soun.

⁵ MS., l. 411 is omitted and written in the margin.

14 *The King of Galys wishes to wed Emaré. His Mother objects.*

Then he said
to Sir Kadore,
"Tell me
whence is
that lovely
maid
[leaf 78, bk.]
that served in
hall to-day?"

Then spakke þe ryche yn ray,
To Syr Kadore gan he say,
Wordes fayr *and* stylelle : 417
"Syr, whēns ys þat louely may,
That yn þe halle serued þys day?
Telle me, ȝyf hyt be þy wyлле." 420

(36)

Then said
Sir Kadore :
"An earl's
daughter
from a far
land.
I sent for
her to
teach my
children
courtesy.
She is the
cunningest
woman in her
work that I
have seen in
christen-
dom."
Then said
the king :
"I will make
her my
queen."

Then sayde Syr Kadore, y vnþurstonde,
"Hyт ys an erles þowȝtur of ferre londe,
That semely ys to sene. 423
I sente aftur her, certeynlye,
To teche my chylderen curtesye,
In chambur wyth hem to bene. 426
She ys þe konnyngest wommon,
I trowe, þat be yn Crystendom,
Of werk þat y haue sene." 429
Then sayde þat ryche raye,
"I wyлле haue þat fayr may,
And wedde her to my quene!" 432

(37)

The king
sent for his
mother,
and showed
her the fair
maid in her
shining robe.

The noble kyng, verament,
Aftyr¹ hys modyr he sent,
To wyte what she wolde say. 435
They browȝt[e] forth hastely
That fayr mayde Egarye ;
She was bryȝth as somer's day. 438
The cloth on her shon so bryght,
When she was þer-yn dyght,
And her-self a gentelle may, 441
The olde qwene sayde a-non,
"I sawe neuer wommon
Haluendelle so gay!" 444

(38)

The old queen
said ungra-
ciously,
"Son, this is
a fiend.

The olde qwene² spakke wordus vnhende,
And sayde, "Sone, þys ys a fende,³
In þys wordy wede ! 447

¹ R. After.

² R. old quene.

³ MS. *as in text*, not sende as G. says.

The King of Galys weds Emaré. She conceives a Child. 15

As þou louest my blessinge, Make þou neuur þys weddyng, Cryst hyt de forbede!"	450	Do not marry her, if you love my bless- ing."
Then spakke þe ryche ray, "Modyr, y wylle haue þys may!" And forth gan her lede.	453	Then the king said, "Mother, I will," and led her forth.
The olde qwene, ¹ for certayne, Turnede wyth ire hom a-gayne, And wolde not be at þat dede.	456	The old queen went home in anger, and would not be present.

(39)

The kyng wedded þat lady bryght; Grete puruyance þer was dyȝth, In þat semely sale.	459	The king married the lady with great pur- veyance.
Grete lordes wer serued a-ryght, Duke, erle, baron and knyȝth, Both of grete and smale.	462	Great lords were well served, and there was a huge crowd,
Myche folke for soþe þer was, And þer-to an huge prese, As hyt ys tolde yn tale.	465	
Ther was alle maner þyng, That felle to a kyngus weddyng, And mony a ryche menstralle.	468	and all thing that belong to a king's wedding, including minstrels.

(40)

When þe mangery was done, Grete lordes departed sone, That semely were to se. ²	471	After the feast was done, the great lords departed,
The kyng be-lafte wyth þe qwene, Moch loue was hem be-twene, And also game and gle.	474	and left the king and queen to- gether in love and joy.
She was curteys and swete, Such a lady herde y neuur of ȝete; They loued both wyth herte fre.	477	
The lady þat was both meke and mylde, Conceyued and wente wyth chylde, As God wolde hyt sholde be.	480	The lady, that was courteous and sweet, con- ceived a child, as it was God's will.

¹ R. quene.

² R. see.

16 *Emaré's Husband goes to the French King. Her son Segramour.*

(41)

<p>The king of France, at that time beset with Saracens,</p>	<p>The kyng of France, yn þat tyme, Was be-sette wyth many a Sarezyne, And cumbered alle in tene ;</p>	<p>483</p>
<p>sent for the king of "Galys" and other lords.</p>	<p>And sente aftur þe kyng of Galys, And oþur lordys of myche prys, That semely were to sene.</p>	<p>486</p>
<p>The king of "Galys" gathered men from all sides,</p>	<p>The kyng of Galys, in þat tyde, Gedered men on euery syde, In armour bryght and shene.</p>	<p>489</p>
<p>and said to Sir Kadore and other lords, "Take heed to my queen."</p>	<p>Then sayde þe kyng to Syr Kadore, And oþur lordes þat ther wore, "Take good hede to my qwene."</p>	<p>492</p>

(42)

<p>The king of France sent for them all, king, knight, and clerk ;</p>	<p>The kyng of Fraunce spared none, But sent for hem euerychone, Both kyng, knyȝth and clerke.</p>	<p>495</p>
<p>but the steward remained at home to take care of the queen. She went with child, according to God's will,</p>	<p>The stward¹ by-laft at home, To kepe þe qwene whyte as fome, He come not at þat werke.</p>	<p>498</p>
<p>till she gave birth to a goodly child with a double king's mark.</p>	<p>She wente wyth chylde yn place, As longe as Goddus wylle was. That semely vnþur serke ;</p>	<p>501</p>
<p></p>	<p>Thylle þer was of her body, A fayr chyld borne and a godele, Hadde a dowbylle kyngus marke.</p>	<p>504</p>

(43)

<p>They christened him Segramour with great honour.</p>	<p>They hyt crystened wyth grete honour, And called hym Segramour ; Frely was þat fode.</p>	<p>507</p>
<p>[leaf 74] Then Sir Kadore made in haste a noble letter and sent it to the king.</p>	<p>Then þe steward, Syr Kadore, A nobulle lettur made he thore, And wrowȝte hyt alle wyth gode.</p>	<p>510</p>
<p></p>	<p>He wrowȝte hyt yn hyȝynge, And sente hyt to hys lorde þe kynge, That gentylle was of blode.</p>	<p>513</p>

¹ R. stiward.

Emaré's Mother-in-law forges a Letter about Emaré's Boy. 17

The messenger forth gan wende,
And *wyth* þe kyngus modur gan lende,
And yn-to þe castelle he ȝode.

516 The mes-
senger went
forth, and
stopped at
the castle of
the king's
mother.

(44)

He was resseyued rychely,
And she hym askede hastyly,
How þe qwene hadde spedde.
"Madame, þer ys of her y-borne
A fayr man-chylde, y telle ȝou be-forne,
And she lyth in her bedde."

519 She received
him graci-
ously, and
asked how
the queen
had sped.
"Madam, she
has a fair
man-child,
and lies ill."

She ȝaf hym for þat tydynge
A robe *and* fowrty shyllynge,
And rychely hym cladde.
She made hym drouken of ale *and* wyne,
And when she sawe þat hyt was tyme,
Tho chambur she wolde¹ hym lede.

522 She gave him
a robe and
forty shil-
lings for that
news,
525 made him
drunk with
ale and wine,
528 and led him
to his room.

(45)

And when (s)he was on slepe browȝt,
The qwene þat was of wykked þowȝt,
Tho chambur gan she wende.
Hys letter she toke hym fro,
In a fyre she brente hyt do ;
Of werkes she was vnhende.
Anopur lettur she made *wyth* euylle,
And sayde þe qwene had born a deuylle,
Durst no mon come her hende.
Thre heddes hadde he there,²
A lyon, a dragon *and* a beere,
A fowlle, feltred fende.

531 When he was
asleep the
wicked queen
went to his
room,
and took and
burned the
letter.
534 Another she
made, saying
that the
queen had
borne a devil
537 with three
heads (of a
lion, a dragon
and a bear),
and none
dared ap-
proach her.
540

(46)

On þe morn, when hyt was day,
The messenger wente on *hys* way,
Bothe by stye *and* strete ;

543 On the mor-
row, the mes-
senger con-
tinued his
journey

¹ R. wole. G. suggests she hym led[d]e, which is better for rhyme as well as for metre.

² MS., hole in there, but the vowel is probably e.

EMARE.

C

18 *Emaré's Husband is deceived by his Mother's forged Letter.*

<p>till he came to the king, greeted him, and gave him the letter.</p>	<p>In trwe story as y say, Tylle he come <i>per</i> as þe kynges laye, And speke wordus swete.</p>	<p>546</p>
<p>As the king read, he wept, and then fell in a swoon because of his sorrow.</p>	<p>He toke þe kyng þe lettur yn honde, And he hyt redde, y vnþurstonde, The teres downe gan he lete. And as he stode yn redyng, Downe he felle yn sowenyng, For sorow hys herte gan blede.</p>	<p>549 552</p>

(47)

<p>Great lords took him up;</p>	<p>Grete lordes þat stode hym by, Toke vp þe kyng hastely; In herte he was fulle woo.</p>	<p>555</p>
<p>but he greet- ed sore, and said, "Alas, that I was ever born, and made king,</p>	<p>Sore he grette <i>and</i> sayde, "Alas, That y <i>euur</i> man born was! That hyt <i>euur</i> shulde be so!¹</p>	<p>558</p>
<p>and after- wards wed- ded the fairest thing on earth— that Jhesu should send such a foul fiend to come between us!"</p>	<p>Alas, þat y was made a kynges, And sygh wedded þe fayrest þyng, That on erþe myght go! That <i>euur</i> Jhesu hym-self wolde sende Such a fowle, lopy fende, To come by-twene vs too!"</p>	<p>561 564</p>

(48)

<p>When he saw that it might be no better, he made and sealed an- other letter, commanding</p>	<p>When he sawe hyt myzt no bettur be, Anopur lettur þen made he, And seled hyt wyth hys sele. He commanded yn alle þynges, To kepe welle þat lady 3ynges, Tylle she hadde her hele; Bothe gode men <i>and</i> ylle, To serue her at her' wylle, Bothe yn wo and wele.</p>	<p>567 570 573</p>
<p>that the lady be cared for until she was well, with folk to wait upo her.</p>	<p>He toke þys lettur of hys honde, And rode þorow þe same londe, By þe kyngus modur castelle.</p>	<p>576</p>

¹ MS. That hyt *euur* so shulde be.

(49)

And þen he dwelled *þer* alle nyȝt;
He was resseyued *and* rychely dyȝt,

And wyste of no treson.

He made hym welle at ese *and* fyne,¹

Bothe of brede, ale *and* wyne,

And þat be-rafte hym hys reson.

When he was on slepe browȝt,

The false qwene hys lettur sowȝt;²

In-to þe fyre she kaste hyt downe.

A-noþur lettur she lette make,

That men sholde þe lady take,

And lede her owt of towne.

(50)

And putte her yn-to þe see,

In þat robe of ryche ble,

The lytylle chylde her' wyth;

And lette her' haue no spendyng,

For no mete ny for drynke,³

But lede her' out of þat kygh.⁴

"Vpon payn of chylde *and* wyfe,

And also vpon þowr owene lyfe,

Lette her' haue no gryghȝt!"

The messenger knewe no gyle,

But rode hom mony a myle,

By forest *and* by fryghȝt.

(51)

And when þe messenger come home,

The steward toke þe lettur sone,

And by-gan to rede.

Sore he syghȝt and sayde, "Alas,

Sērtes, þys ys a fowle case,

And a de[l]fulle dede!"

And as he stode yn redyng,

He felle downe yn swonyng,⁵

For sorow hys hert gan blede.

He stopped
there all
night, was
well received,
and knew of
no treason.

579

He was well
at ease with
food, ale,
and wine,
and lost his
senses.

582

And when he
was asleep,
the false
queen sought
and burned
his letter;
and made
another, that
the lady
should be
seized and
led out of
town,

585

588

and put into
the sea,
with her rich
robe and her
child, with
no money
[leaf 74, bk.]
for food or
drink.

591

594

"Upon pain
of child and
wife and your
own life,
grant her no
pardon."

597

The mes-
senger knew
nothing of
this guile as
he rode home.

600

When the
steward read
the letter,
he sighed and
said, "Alas,
this is a bad
case!"

603

606

He fell down
in a swoon,

609

¹ Probably a-fyne, as G. suggests. Cf. l. 913 below.

² After t in MS., a small round blot, which does not seem to be intended for an e. G., however, sowȝte.

³ R. drynkyng. ⁴ R. kyght. ⁵ R. swounyng.

and they all
wept with
him for that
good woman.

Ther was noþur olde ny 3ynge,
That myȝte for-bere of wepynge,
For þat worþy vnþur wede.

612

(52)

The lady,
hearing the
outcry, called
to the
steward,
"What is
this?"

The lady herde gret dele yn halle,
On þe steward gan she calle,
And sayde, "What may þys be?
ȝyf any-þyng be a-mys.

615

Tell me what
is wrong."

Telle me what þat hyt ys,
And lette not for me."

618

The steward
said, "Here
is a letter
from my lord
that grieues
me."
She read how
she must into
the sea.

Then sayde þe steward, verament,
"Lo, her, a lettur my lord hath sente,
And þer-fore woo ys me!"
She toke þe lettur *and* by-gan to rede;
Then fonde she wryten alle þe dede,
How she moste yn-to þe see.

621

624

(53)

The queen
bade him be
still,

"Be styлле, syr," sayde þe qwene,
"Lette syche mornynge¹ bene;
For me haue þou no kare.

627

and do the
command of
his lord,

Loke þou be not shente,
But do my lordes commāundement,²
God for-bede þou spare!

630

who was
ashamed
of his
"simple
lady,"

For he weddede so porely,
On me, a sympulle lady,
He ys a-shamed sore.

633

and yet would
never again
get one so
gentle of
blood.

Grete welle my lord fro me,
So gentylle of blo(l)de³ yn Cristyante,
Gete he neuur more!"

636

(54)

There was
great weep-
ing and
wringing of
hands when
the lady with
her child
entered the
ship.

Then was þer sorow *and* myche woo,
When þe lady to shype shulde go;
They wepte *and* wronge her hond[e].⁴
The lady, þat was meke *and* mylde,
In her arme she bar her chylde,
And toke leue of þe londe.

639

642

¹ MS., o *in* mornynge blotted.

² R. commaundement.

³ R. blode.

⁴ R. honde. MS hondus.

Emaré and her Boy are at Sea for 7 Nights and more. 21

When she wente yn-to þe see,		When in her rich robe she went into the sea,
In þat robe of ryche ble,		
Men sowened on þe sonde.	645	
Sore þey wepte <i>and</i> sayde, "Alas,		men wept and said this was a wicked deed.
Certys, þys ys a wykked kase!		
Wo worth dedes wronge!"	648	

(55)

The lady <i>and</i> þe lytylle chylde		The lady and child floated on with hard-ship.
Fleted forth on þe watur wylde,		
Wyth fulle harde happes.	651	She covered her face with her surcoat.
Her surkote þat was large <i>and</i> wyde,		
Ther-wyth her vysage she gan hyde,		
Wyth þe hynþur lappes;	654	
She was aferde of þe see,		In her fear, she lay down, with the child to her breast,
And layde her gruf vpon a tre,	657	
The chylde to her pappes.		while the great waves beat on the boat.
The wawes, þat were grete <i>and</i> strong,		
On þe bote faste þey þonge, ¹		
Wyth mony vnsemely rappes.	660	

(56)

And when þe chylde gan to wepe,		When the child cried, she nursed it and sang it asleep, and said, "If ever I get to land,
Wyth sory herte she songe hyt a-slepe,		
And putte þe pappe yn hys mowth,	663	
And sayde, "Myȝth y onus gete lond,		
Of þe watur þat ys so stronge,		
By northe or by sowthe,	666	
Wele owth y to warye þe, see,		I ought to curse the sea that puts me to so much shame."
I haue myche shame yn the!"	669	
And euur she lay <i>and</i> growht. ²		She prayed to Jesus and His mother.
Then she made her prayer,		
To Ihesu <i>and</i> hys modur dere,		
In alle þat she kowþe.	672	

(57)

Now þys lady dwelled thore,		Thus the lady continued a seven-night and more in her sorrow.
A fulle seuene ³ nyght <i>and</i> more,		
As hyt was Goddys wylle;	675	

¹ R. thronge.

² G. emends to on grōwf, a reading suggested by Holthausen. See note on this line.

³ MS., a letter seems to have been erased before nyght.

22 *Emaré and her Boy land near Rome, & are housd by a Merchant.*

Wyth karefulle herte *and* sykyng sore,
 Such sorow was her' zarked zore,
 And she lay fulle styлле. 678

[leaf 75] She was dryuen toward Rome,
 By God's grace she was driven to-
 wards Rome, Thorow þe grace of¹ God yn trone,
 That alle þyng may fulfyllе. 681

almost mad with hunger and thirst. On þe see she was so harde be-stadde,
 For hungur *and* thurstе alle-most madde,
 Wo worth chawnses ylle! 684

(58)

In that city dwelled a rich mer-
 chant called Jurdan, A marchaunte dw[el]led² yn þat cyte,
 A ryche mon of golde *and* fee, 687
 Iurdan was hys name.

who every day went to take the air by the sea. E(e)uery day wolde he
 Go to playe hym by þe see,
 The eyer for to tane. 690

On this occasion, He wente forth yn þat tyde,
 Walkyngе by þe see syþe,
 Alle hym-selfe a-lone. 693

he went forth alone, and found a boat with a woe-begone fair lady. A bote he fonde by þe brymme,
 And a fayr lady ther-ynne,
 That was ryght wo-by-gone. 696

(59)

He was frightened The cloth on her shon so bryth,
 He was a-ferde of þat syght,
 For glysteryng of þat wede; 699

by the glitter of the bright cloth, and thought she was no earthly being. And yn hys herte he þowzth ryght,
 That she was non erdyly wyght,
 He sawe neuur non s(h)uch yn leede. 702

He asked her name, and she said "Egarye." He sayde, "What hette ze, fayr ladye?"
 "Lord," she sayde, "y hette Egarye,
 That lye her³ yn drede." 705

Then he took home the fair lady and her child. Vp he toke þat fayre ladye,
 And þe zonge chylde her by,
 And hom he gan hem lede. 708

¹ MS., o in of is corrected from y.

² A hole in MS. where el should be.

³ R. here.

Emaré lives comfortably in Rome: her Boy thrives greatly. 23

(60)

When he come to *hys* byggyng,
 He welcomed fayr *pat* lady 3ynge,
 That was fayr and brygh̃t;
 And badde *hys* wyf yn alle þynge,
 Mete *and* drynke for to brynge,
 To þe lady rygh̃t.
 "What *pat* she wylle craue,
 And her' mowth wylle hyt haue,
 Loke hyt be redy dygh̃t.
 She hath so longe meteles be,
 That me þynketh grette pyte;
 Conforte her 3yf þou mygh̃t."

When he
 came home
 he welcomed
 the lady,
 711
 and bade his
 wife bring
 her meat and
 drink.
 714
 "Look to it
 that she has
 what she
 would like;
 717
 and comfort
 her for the
 privation she
 has endured."
 720

(61)

Now þe lady dwelles ther,
Wyth alle mete *pat* gode were;
 She hedde at her wylle.
 She was curteys yn alle þyng,
 Bothe to olde *and* to 3ynge;
 Her loued bothe gode *and* ylle.
 The chylde by-gan for to pryfe,
 He wax þe fayrest chyld onlyfe,
 Whyte as flour on hylle;
 And she s[h]ewed¹ sylke werk yn *bour*,
 And taw3te her sone nortowre;
 But euyr she mornede styлле.

Now the lady
 dwells there
 in comfort,
 723
 and by her
 courtesy wins
 the love of all.
 726
 The child
 throve, and
 became the
 fairest child
 alive.
 729
 And while she
 sewed silk-
 work, and
 taught her
 son, she still
 mourned in
 secret.
 732

(62)

When þe chylde was seuen 3er olde,
 He was bothe wyse *and* bolde,
 And wele made of flesh *and* bone;
 He was worpy vnþur wede,
And rygh̃t welle kowþe prike a stede,
 So curtays a chylde was none.
 Alle men louede Segramowre,
 Bothe yn halle *and* yn bowre,
 Wher'-so-euyr he gan gone.

When the
 child was
 seven years
 old, he was
 clever, and
 bold, and
 well-made,
 735
 and could
 manage a
 horse.
 738
 Everybody
 loved him for
 his courtesy.
 741

¹ MS. has dots under h, seemingly to show erasure.

24 *The King of Galys is shown his Mother's forged Letter.*

Now let us
leave the lady
and speak of
the king of
Galys, when
he came
home.

Leue we at þe lady, clere of vyce,
And speke of the kyng of Galys,
Fro þe sege when he come home. 744

(63)

The sieg
is broken,
and the king
comes home
in triumph,

Now þe sege broken ys,
The kyng come home to Galys,
Wyth mykylle myrthe *and* pride. 747

with great
lords riding
by his side.

Dukes *and* erles of ryche asyce,
Barones *and* knyghtes of mykylle pryse,
Come rydyng be hys syde. 750

Sir Kadore
rode to meet
him,

Syr K[a]dore¹, hys steward þanne,
A-ȝeyn hym rode wyth mouy a man,
As faste as he myght ryde; 753

and told him
the news.

He tolde þe kyng a-ventowres,
Of hys halles *and* hys bowres,
And of hys londys wyde. 756

(64)

The king
blamed him
for not speak-
ing first of
Egaré,

The kyng sayde, "By Goddys name,
Syr Kadore, þou art to blame,
For þy fyrst tellynge! 759

whom he
loved best.
Then the
steward was
grieved, and
cried: "Are
ye no true
king?
[leaf 75, bk.]
Here is your
letter.
I have obeyed
you."

Thow sholdest fyrst haue tolde me
Of my lady Egare,
I loue most of alle þyng! " 762

Then was þe stewardes herte wo,
And sayde, "Lorde, why sayst þou so?
Art not þou a trewe kyng? 765

Lo her, þe lettur ȝe sente me,
Ȝowr owene self þe soþe may se;
I haue don ȝour byddyng." 768

(65)

The king read
the letter,
and turned
pale,
crying,
"Alas, that
ever I was
born!

The kyng toke þe lettur to rede,
And when he sawe þat ylke dede,
He wax alle pale *and* wanne. 771

Sore he grette *and* sayde, "Alas,
That euur born y was,
Or euur was made manne! 774

¹ MS. Kodore.

The wicked Forger, Mother of Emaré's Husband, is banisht. 25

Syr Kadore, so mot y the,
Thys lettur come neuur fro me,
I telle¹ þe her a-none !”

777 This letter
never came
from me.”

Bothe þey wepte *and* ʒaf hem ylle.
“ Alas,” he sayde, “ saf Goddys wylle !”
And both þe[y] sowened þen.

780 They lament-
ed together,
and then
swooned.

(66) .

Grete lordes stode by,
And toke vp þe kyng hastyly,
Of hem was gret pyte ;
And when þey both keuered were,
The kyng toke hym þe letter þer,
Of þe heddys þre.
“ A, lord,” he sayde, “ be Goddus grace,
I sawe neuur þys lettur yn place !
Alas ! how may þys be ?”
Aftur þe messenger þer þey sente,
The kyng askede what way he went : ²
“ Lor,³ be ʒour modur fre.”

783 The great
lords took up
the king ;

786 and when
the two were
recovered,
the king took
the letter

789 and said that
he could not
understand
it.

792 They sent for
the messen-
ger and asked
how he went.
“ Lord, by
your mo-
ther's castle.”

(67)

“ Alas !” þen sayde þe kyng,
“ Wheþur my modur wer' so vnhende,
To make þys treson ?
By my krowne, she shalle be brent,
Wyth-owten any oþur jugement,
That thenketh me best reson !”
Grete lordes toke hem be-twene,
That þey wolde exyle þe qwene,
And be-refe her' hyr renowne.
Thus þey exiled þe false qwene,
And by-rafte her' hyr lyfloþe clene,
Castelle,⁴ towre *and* towne.

795 “ Alas,” said
the king,
“ was it my
mother then ?”

798 She shall be
burned with-
out trial !”

801 Great lords
decided to
exile the
queen and
attaint her.

804 Thus they
did,
and deprived
her of her
property.

(68)

When she was fled ouur þe see fome,
The nobulle kyng dwelled at hom̄,
Wyth fulle heuy chere ;

807 When she
had fled over-
sea, the king
remained at
home, sor-
rowing

¹ R. tell. ² R. wente. ³ R. Lord.

⁴ MS., *between Castelle and towre are the words town & with*
a dotted line beneath them to signify erasure.

26 *The King of Galys comes to Rome, to Emaré's Dwelling.*

	Wyth karefulle hert <i>and</i> drury mone, Sykynges made he many on,	
for Egaré.	For Egarye þe clere.	810
And when he saw children play, he wept for his son.	And when he sawe chylderen play, He wepte <i>and</i> sayde, "Welle-a-vey, For my sone so dere!"	813
Thus he lived	Such lyf ¹ he lyued mony a day, That no mon hym stynte may,	
for seven years,	Fully seuen yere.	816
(69)		
till he re- membered how his lady was drowned for his sake,	Tylle a thowght yn hys herte come, How hys lady, whyte as fome, Was drowned for hys sake.	819
and he de- cided to go to Rome for penance.	"Thorow þe grace of God yn trone, I wolte to þe pope of Rome, My penans for to take!"	822
He prepared many ships and filled them with goods for his men, gave alms for his soul's sake,	He lette ordeyne shypus fele, And fylled hem fulle of wordes wele, Hys men mery wyth to ² make.	825
and went aboard.	Dolys he lette dyzth <i>and</i> dele, For to wynnen hym sowles hele, To þe shyp he toke þe gate.	828
(70)		
The sailors made ready,	Shypmen, ³ þat wer' so mykylle of price, Dyght her' takulle on ryche a-cyse, That was fayr <i>and</i> fre.	831
drew up sail and laid out oar, with a fair wind and fine weather.	They drowȝ vp sayl <i>and</i> leyd out ore, The wynde stode as her' lust wore, The weþur was lyþe on le.	834
They sailed over the salt foam, by God's grace.	They sayled ouer' þe salt fome, Thorow þe grace of God in trone, That most ys of powste.	837
He took his inn at the house of the burgess with whom Emaré dwelled.	To þat ⁴ cyte when þe[y] come, At þe burgeys hous hys yn he nome, ⁵ Ther-as woned Emarye. ⁶	840

¹ MS., after lyf a hole, covering space enough for a letter, perhaps e. ² MS. after to, be crossed out.

³ MS., h is written over y, in Shypmen. ⁴ R. the.

⁵ L. 837 follows in MS., but is crossed out and underlined.

⁶ G. Emaré.

(71)

Emaré called he[r] sone,	Emaré called her son,
Hastely to here come,	
Wyth-oute ony lettynge,	843
And sayde, "My dere sone so fre,	and bade him do her bid- ding,
Do a lytulle aftur me,	
And þou sha[l]t ¹ haue my blessynge.	846
To-morowe þou shalle serue yn halle,	On the mor- row he should serue in the hall before the king,
In a kurtylle of ryche palle,	849
By-fore þys nobulle kyng;	
Loke, sone, so curtays ² þou be,	[leaf 76] so courte- ously
That no mon fynde chalange to þe,	852
In no manere þynge!	that no man could take exception to anything.

(72)

When þe kyng ys serued of spycerye,	"When the king is served with spicery, kneel down and take his hand,
Knele þou downe hastyllye,	855
And take hys hond yn þyn;	
And when þou hast so done,	
Take þe kuppe of golde sone,	
And serue hym of þe wyne.	858
And what þat he spekethe to þe,	and offer him wine, and come tell me what he says."
Cum a-non) and telle me,	861
On Goddus blessyng and myne!"	
The chylde wente yn-to þe halle,	The child wente into the hall among the great lords.
Among ³ þe lordes grete and smalle,	864
That lufsumme ⁴ wer' vnþur lyne.	

(73)

Then þe lordes þat wer' grete,	They washed and went to meat, and minstrels brought in the courses.
Wysh and wente to her' mete,	867
Men[s]trelles browȝt yn þe kowrs.	The child serued so courteously as to win the love and admiration of all.
The chylde hem serued so curteysly,	870
Alle hym loued þat hym sy,	
And spake hym gret honowres.	
Then sayde alle þat loked hym vpon,	
So curteys a chyld sawe þey neuur non,	
In halle ny yn bowres.	873

¹ R. shalt.

² R. curteys.

³ R. Amonge.

⁴ R. lufsume.

28 *Emaré's Son serves the King, who asks to have him.*

The king
asked his
name, and
he said, "Se-
gramowres."
The kyng sayde to hym yn game,
"Swete sone, what ys þy name?"
"Lorde,"¹ (he seyde) "y hyȝth Segramowres." 876

(74)

Then the
king sighed,
Then þat nobulle kyng
Toke vp a grete sykyng,
for this was
his son's
name.
Certys, wyth-owten lesyng,
He wept and
was sorrow-
ful;
The teres out of hys yen gan wryng;
but still he
"let be,"
as he looked
at the child
and loved
him.
In herte he was fulle woo. 882
Neuer-þe-lese, he lette be,
And loked on þe chylde so fre,
And mykelle he louede hym þoo. 885
The kyng sayde to þe burgeys a-non),
"Swete syr, ys þys þy sone?"
The burgeys sayde, "ȝoo." 888

(75)

Then the
great lords
washed after
meat before
the spicery.
Then þe lordes þat wer' grete,
W(h)esshen a-ȝeyn aftyr mete,
And þen come spycerye. 891
The child
kneeled,
The chylde þat was of chere swete,
On hys kne downe he sete,
and served
the king so
well that he
called the
burgess,
and said:
"Give me
that little
boy, and I
will make
him a great
lord."
And serued hym curteyslye. 894
The kyng called þe burgeys hym tylle,
And sayde, "Syr, yf hyt be þy wylle,
ȝyf me þys lytylle² body!
897
I shalle hym make lorde of town *and* towre,
Of hys halles *and* of bowre,
I loue hym specyally." 900

(76)

When he had
served the
king, he went
and told his
mother what
had hap-
pened.
When he
shall go to
chamber,
take his hand,
for he is thy
father,
When he had serued þe kyng at wylle,
Fayr he wente hys modyr tylle,
And tellys her how hyt ys. 903
"Soone when he shalle to chambur wende,
Take hys hond at þe grete ende,
For he ys þy fadur, y-wysse;
906

¹ R. Lord.

² MS., *after lytylle, chylde is written and crossed out.*

Emaré and her Husband, the King of Galys, meet again. 29

And byd hym come speke wyth Emaré,
That changed her name to Egare,
In the lond¹ of Galys!" 909
The chylde wente a-zeyn to halle,
A-monge þe grete lordes alle,
And serued on ryche a-syse. 912

and bid him
come speak
with Emaré,
who called
herself Egare
in Galys."
Then the
child re-
turned to his
serving.

(77)

When þey wer' welle at ese, a-fyne,
Bothe of brede, ale *and* wyne,
They rose vp, more *and* myn. 915
When þe kyng shulde to chambur wende,
He toke hys hond at þe grete ende,
And fayre he helpe hym yn;
And sayde, "Syr, yf þour wylle be,
Take me þour honde *and* go wyth me,
For y am of þowr kynne!
þe shulle come speke wyth Emaré,
That chaunged² her nome to Egare,
That berys þe whyte chynne!" 924

When they
were satisfied,

they rose up;

and when the
king was
going to his
chamber,
the child led
him in,

(78)

The kyng yn herte was fulle woo,
When he herd mynge þo,
Of her þat was hys qwene;
And sayde, "Sone, why sayst þou so?
Wher-to vmbraydest þou me of my wo?
That may neuer bene!" 930
Neuwrþeles wyth hym he wente;
A-zeyn hem come þe lady gent,
In þe robe bryght *and* shene. 933
He toke her yn hys armes two,
For joye þey sowened, both to,
Such loue was hem by-twene. 936

The king was
sorrowful
when he
heard of her
who had been
his queen;
but although
he said this
was impos-
sible,

he went with
the child,
and the lady
came to meet
him in her
bright robe.

He took her
in his arms,
and they both
swooned for
joy and love.

(79)

A joyfull metyng was þer þore,
Of þat lady, goodly vnþur gore,
Frely in armes to folde. 939

There was
great

¹ R. lond.

² R. changed.

30 *Emaré's Father decides to pray the Pope to forgive him.*

rejoicing over Lorde! gladde was Syr Kadore,
 And oþur lordes þat þer' wore,
 Semely to be-holde, 942
 the recovery Of þe lady þat wa[s]¹ put yn þe see,
 of the lady that had been Thiorow grace of God in Trinite,
 put into the sea. þat was keuered of cares colde. 945
 [leaf 76, bk.] Leue we at þe lady whyte as flour,
 Now speak we of the And speke we of (her' fadur) þe emperour,
 emperour, That fyrste þys tale of y-tolde. 948

(80)

who was now The emperour her fadyr þen
 old, Wa[s]² woxen an olde man,
 And þowȝt on hys synne; 951
 and remem- Of hys þowȝtyr Emare,
 bered his sin That was putte yn-to þe see,
 against his daughter. That was so bryght of skynne. 954
 He decided to He þowȝt[e] that he wolde go,
 go to the Pope for penance, For hys penance to þe Pope þo,
 And heuen for to wyne. 957
 and sent mes- Messengeres he sente forth sone,
 sengers to find him an And þey come to þe kowrt of Rome,
 inn at Rome. To take her lordes inne. 960

(81)

Emaré Emare prayde her lord,³ þe kyng,
 prayed her "Syr, a-byde þat lordys komyng,
 That ys so fayr and fre. 963
 And, swete syr, yñ alle þyng,
 A-qweynte ȝou wyth þat lordyng;
 lord to ac- Hyt ys worshyp to þe." 966
 quaint him with the emperor. The kyng of Galys seyde þan,
 "So grete a lord ys þer non,
 ȝn alle Crystyante." 969
 He agreed, and she bade "Now, swete syr, what-euur be-tyde,
 him ride with his knights A-ȝayn þat grete lord ȝe ryde,
 to meet that great lord. And alle þy knyȝtys wyth þe." 972

¹ MS. wat.

² MS. Wax.

³ R. lorde.

Emaré's Husband and her Son go before her Emperor-Father. 31

(82)

Emare thawzte her sone 3ynge,		Emaré
A-3eyn þe emperour komynge,		taught her
How þat he sholde done :	975	son that if
“Swete sone, yn alle þyng,		
Be redy wyth my lord þe kyng,		
And be my swete sone !	978	
When þe emperour kysseth þy fadur ¹ so fre,		
Loke 3yf he wylle kysse the,		the emperor
A-bowe þe to hym sone ;	981	kissed him,
And bydde hym come speke wyth Emare,		he should
That was putte yn-to þe see,		say, “Come
Hym-self 3af þe dome.”	984	speak with
		Emaré, that
		was put into
		the sea.”

(83)

Now kometh þe emperour of pryse ;		Now the king
A-3eyn hym rode þe kyng of Galys,		
Wyth fulle mykulle pryde.	987	
The chylde was worþy vnþur wede,		and the child
A ² satte vpon a nobyll stede,		with him
By hys fadyr syde ;	990	rode to meet
And when he mette þe emperour,		the emperor,
He valed hys hode wyth gret honour,		
And kyssed hym yn þat tyde ;	993	and was
And opur lordys of gret valowre,		kissed by him
They also kessed Segradowre ;		and other
In herte ys not to hyde.	996	great lords.

(84)

The emperours hert ³ anamered gretlye,		The emperor
Of þe chylde þat rode hym by,		greatly loved
Wyth so louely chere.	999	the child.
Segramowre, he s[t]ayde hys stede,		
Hys owene fadur ⁴ toke good hede;		Segramowre,
And opur lordys þat þer were.	1002	in the hear-
The chylde spake to þe emperour,		ing of his
And sayde, “Lord, for þyn honour,		father and
My worde þat þou wylle here :	1005	other lords,
		bade the
		emperor

¹ R. fadyr. ² R. And ; G. A[nd]. See note on this line.

³ R. herte. ⁴ R. fadyr.

32 *Emaré's Father, Husband, and Son rejoice together.*

come speak
with his
daughter
Emaré. 3e shulle come speke wyth Emaré,
That changede her name to Egare,
That was þy þow3þur dere." 1008

(85)

The emperor
grew pale,
and asked
why he was
reminded of
his sorrow; The emperour wax alle pale,
And sayde, "Sone, why vmb-raydest me of bale,
And þou may se no bote?" 1011

"Syr, and 3e wylle go wyth me,
I shalle þe brynge wyth þat lady fre,
þat ys louesom on to loke." 1014

but was re-
assured,
and went
with the child
to meet the
lady. Neuur-þe-lesse, wyth hym he wente;
A-3eyn hym come þat lady gent,
Walkyng on her fote. 1017

And þe emperour a-lyzte þo,
And toke her yn hys armes two,
And clypte and kyssed her sote. 1020

(86)

There was a Ther was a joyfulle metyng
Of þe emperour and of þe kyng,
And also of Emaré; 1023

joyful re-
union, And so þer was of Syr [S]egramour,
That aftyr was emperour;
A fulle gode man was he. 1026

and a great
feast was
given. A grette feste þer was holde,
Of erles and barones bolde,
As testymonyeth þys story. 1029

This is one of
the old lays of
Britain. Thys ys on of Brytayne layes,
That was vsed by olde dayes,
Men callys "playn þe garye." ¹ 1032

Jesus, bring
us to Thy per-
petual glory. Iheso, ² þat settis yn þy trone,
So graunte vs wyth þe to w[o]ne, ³
In þy perpetualle glorye! Amen. ⁴ 1035

Explicit Emaré.

¹ Playn[t] þ' E-garye? See note on the line.

² R. Jhesu. ³ MS. wene.

⁴ R. omits Amen and Explicit Emaré.