

Sir Perceval of Galles
and
Ywain and Gawain

Edited by
Mary Flowers Braswell

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Preface

For assistance in preparing this edition I am grateful to the Graduate School of the University of Alabama in Birmingham for awarding me a Faculty Research Grant in the Summer of 1989 that enabled me to visit London and Lincoln and to view the relevant manuscripts. My thanks to the British Library for permission to edit *Ywain and Gwaine* from the Cotton MS Galba E IX and to the Lincoln Cathedral Library for access to the Thornton Manuscript, Lincoln Cathedral MS 91, containing *Sir Perceval of Galles*. I wish also to thank Theodore M. Benditt, Dean of the School of Arts and Humanities, for providing me with funds to attend Columbia University during the summers of 1989 and 1990, where I studied Paleography and Codicology; Ms. Denise Parker for clerical assistance during the earlier stages of this project; and the National Endowment for the Humanities, for providing assistance to the University of Rochester for the production of this volume. I am indebted most of all to Russell A. Peck, General Editor of the Middle English Texts Series, for his patience and careful reading of my text, and to Alan Lupack, who reviewed the manuscript in its final stages. Lee Dongchoon read my work against microfilms and facsimiles of the original manuscripts as well as subsequent modern editions, thereby discovering several errors in my work and in the editions of others. I am likewise grateful to Karen Saupe, Eve Salisbury, and Jennifer Church for their assistance in proofreading, tracking down references, making corrections, and formatting the volume. All remaining errors are, of course, my own. Finally, I wish to thank the National Endowment for the Humanities for their support in the production of this edition.

Mary Flowers Braswell
Birmingham, Alabama
January 15, 1995

Sir Perceval of Galles

Introduction

The unique copy of *Sir Perceval of Galles* is contained in the Thornton Manuscript, preserved in Lincoln Cathedral as MS 91. The 322-page manuscript contains sixty-four pieces in all, ranging from saints' lives to medical treatises, and including seven additional romances: the *Alliterative Morte Arthure*, *The Romance of Octovyan*, *The Romance of Sir Ysambrace*, *The Romance of Dyoclyciane*, *Sir Degrevante*, *Sir Eglamour*, and *The Awentyr of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne*. The contents are all written in one hand, a variable mid-fifteenth-century *Anglicana Formata*, and the dialect — which may not be the original — is northern, reflecting the North Riding Yorkshire district of the scribe. Decorations are confined to initials outlined in black with tinted sprays and foliage, red initials flourished in black or violet, and various touches of red, marking headings and paragraphs. The manuscript is written on paper and is in generally good condition, although certain of its pages have been damaged with loss of text. Worm holes occasionally obscure the writing; ink blots and water stains appear throughout. The original binding, probably the "thick oaken boards, covered with white leather, and fastened with a clasp," referred to by Madden, has been replaced by later oak boards covered with a pig-skin leather.

The scribe was one Robert Thornton of East Newton, Yorkshire, whose own name (and that of various family members) appears several times throughout the work. The British Library Additional Manuscript 31042, containing the unique copy of *Wynnewere* and *Wantouare*, was apparently also copied by Thornton who appears to have been an educated amateur. A manor lord who died between 1456 and 1465, Thornton likely copied his texts over the years as materials became available to him. At his death, his library passed on to his family where it remained for several generations. In the late seventeenth century, Thomas Comber, husband of Alice Thornton, either gave or sold the manuscript to Daniel Brevint, Dean of Lincoln, and the work has remained in the possession of the Cathedral Library since that time.

Sandwiched between *Awentyr of Arthure* and *Three Charms for Toothache*, *Sir Perceval of Galles* is the first (and besides Malory, the only) English rendering of the naive and bungling knight made popular in Chrétien de Troyes' twelfth-century *Conte del Graal*. The young Perceval, his father killed in battle, is raised in the forest by his

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mother, who abhors chivalry and the courtly world. He wears goatskins, hunts animals with his spear, and, after his first introduction to civilization, rides a pregnant mare that he thinks is a stallion. Encountering three knights in the woods one day, he determines to become like them, and, despite his mother's reluctance to let him go, he sets off for Arthur's court wearing his mother's ring. Coming upon a lady sleeping in a tent, he exchanges his ring for her (unknown to him) magic one, a ring which has the ability to protect its wearer from harm. He then follows adventures familiar to readers of romance where a "childe" triumphs over seemingly insurmountable odds. Young Perceval defeats successively the Red Knight, the Black Knight, the Sudan, and the giant Gollerothirame. He liberates Lady Lufamore, marries her, and becomes a king. He then decides to restore his mother. On his return to the woods of his origin he rescues the "tent lady" and restores to her her rightful ring; and he finds his mother in time to release her from the insanity she suffered at believing her son was dead. Finally, Perceval leaves for the Holy Land where he wins many cities before he is killed. And "thusgate," notes the poet, "endis hee."

Despite its persistent liveliness, *Sir Perceval* has until recent years suffered at the hands of those critics who judged it "uninteresting," "wretched," and "crude." The poet, who probably operated in the north-east Midlands during the first half of the fourteenth century, has been denounced for not understanding his original source and for having little or no poetic "flair." It is true that the grammatical constructions are sometimes loose and that the diction is occasionally labored. Moreover, the poetic line lacks that density and texture one finds in Chaucer and the *Gawain*-poet, and the kind of "machinery" — such courtly trappings as forest naps, the *focus amoenar*, catalogues of birds, spices, and food — we have come to associate with the more sophisticated romances is not to be found in this poem. But it is ultimately the comparison to Chrétien's romance — which the English poet might or might not have known — that has worked most to the latter poet's detriment. And Chaucer's supposedly snide reference in *Sir Thopas* to "sire Percevell" drinking water of the well has added to the poem's stigmatization. Recent criticism, however, views the poem in a more favorable light.

The poet of *Sir Perceval* was no mere hack writer. Certain scenes, for example, are clearly and effectively parodic of the romance genre, as when the country lad wearing goatskins and carrying a dart rides his pregnant mare into Arthur's court to be made a knight. Chaucer's *Thopas*, pricking through the forest on a sweaty horse, carrying a too-light lancegay and searching for any available elf-queen, fits nicely into Perceval's cortege, leading one to suspect that the poem provided an impetus as well as an object for Chaucer's satire. Moreover, the crude but successful young hero who knows so little of "nartour" becomes a foil to the effete and courtly Arthur, thus suggesting the disenchantment with the noble ideal that accelerated as the Middle

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Ages waned. This attitude seems also to be reflected in the poem's black humor that should not be mistaken for crudity. When Perceval tosses the Red Knight's witch-mother into the fire, for example, he remarks casually that she might "lie still and sweat," and when the knight severs the foot of Gollerothirame, he notes that although the giant might have trouble in walking, he should take pleasure in leaping! In addition to tonal sophistication, the poet has taken some care to integrate the various aspects of his plot. By and large, events are not superfluous; characters are introduced and then returned to; loose ends are effectively sewn together. The maiden in the tent, for example, is not merely a formulaic device to be used and discarded, but instead a crucial factor that allows for the events to follow and assists in securing a conclusion that Chrétien never attained. Nor is the grieving mother left simply to wander in the woods forever (Chrétien allows her to die). Instead she is ultimately sought out and cared for by a more concerned, more considerate son who has now deferentially shed his knightly garb for his familiar goatskins. There is a hint of regeneration as the story comes full circle; the "wilde gerys" [behavior] of Perceval have been tamed.

The poem employs a tail-rhyme stanza of sixteen lines, rhyming (sometimes roughly) *aaabcccbdddfbeeeb*. Key words in the final "b" line are repeated in the first line of the following stanza. Such a rhyme scheme is often found in the so-called "minstrel romances" flourishing in East Anglia in the fourteenth century. Other copies of the manuscript (including the one known to Chaucer) have been lost, although the dissemination of the poem from its supposed north-east Midlands origins to the London area and then to the north presupposes that there were at one time multiple copies.

This edition is based on the Thornton MS. I have regularized *u/v* and *i/j* usage according to modern spelling conventions and have ignored *ff* spellings where modern orthography would write *f*. All emendations are acknowledged in the end-notes, along with variant readings in other modern printed editions.

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Here Begynnes the Romance of Sir Percyvell of Gales

| | | |
|----|---|---|
| | Lef, lythes to me Two wordes or thre, Of one that was faire and fre And felle in his fighte. | Everyone; listen fierce; fighting |
| 5 | His righte name was Percyvell, He was fosterde in the felle, He dranke water of the welle, And yitt was he wyghte. | brought up; moors yet; strong |
| 10 | His fadir was a noble man; Fro the tyme that he began, Miche wirchuppe he wan When he was made knyghte | Much honor |
| | In Kyng Arthures haule. Besse byluffede of alle, | palace beloved |
| 15 | Percyvell thay gan hym calle, Whoso redis ryghte. | did call him reads correctly |
| | Who that righte can rede, He was doughty of dede, A styffe body on a stede Wapynes to welde; | bold powerful; war horse Weapons; wield |
| 20 | Tharefore Kyng Arthoure Dide hymmekill honoure: He gaffe hym his syster Acheflour, To have and to holde | much gave |
| 25 | Fro thethyn till his lyves ende, With brode londes to spende, For he the knyght wele kende. He bytaughte him to welde, | thence have the use of well knew entrusted, govern |
| 30 | With grete gyftes to fulfill; He gaffe his sister hym till To the knyght, at ther bothers will, With robes in folde. | to him both their luxurious |

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| | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| | He gaffe hym robes in folde, | funurious |
| 35 | Brode londes in wolde, | in his possession |
| | Mony mobles untoerde, | possessions |
| | His syster to take. | |
| | To the kirke the knyghte yode | church; went |
| | For to wedde that frely fode, | gentle creature |
| | For the gyftes that ware gode | |
| 40 | And for hir own sake. | |
| | Sythen, withowtien any bade, | Since that time; delay |
| | A grete brydale thay made, | wedding feast |
| | For hir sake that hym hadde | |
| | Chosen to hit make; | mate |
| 45 | And after, withowtien any lett, | delay |
| | A grete justyng ther was sett; | jousting |
| | Of all the kempes that he mett | contesance |
| | Wolde he none forsake. | cease [from fighting] |
| | Wolde he none forsake, | |
| 50 | The Rede Knyghte ne the Blake, | Black |
| | Ne none that wolde to hym take | come |
| | With schafte ne with schelde; | lance; shield |
| | He dose als a noble knyghte, | does as |
| | Wele haldes that he highte; | Ever faithful [to his] promises |
| 55 | Faste preves he his myghte: | proves |
| | Deres hym none elde. | Injuries; older [knight] |
| | Sexty schaftees, I say, | |
| | Sir Percyvell brake that ilke day, | same |
| | And ever that riche lady lay | |
| 60 | One walle and byhelde. | On |
| | Thoſe the Rede Knyghte hade sworne, | Though |
| | Oute of his sadill is he borne | |
| | And almoste his lyfe forlorne, | destroyed |
| | And lygges in the felde. | lies |
| | There he lygges in the felde — | |
| 65 | Many men one hym byhelde — | on |
| | Thurgh his armour and his schelde | Throughout |
| | Stoneyde that tyde. | Stunned; time |
| | That argheude all that ther ware, | made fainthearted |
| 70 | Bothe the lesse and the mare, | common; noble |

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| | | |
|-----|---|--|
| | That noble Percyvell so wele dare Syche dynntys habydye. Was ther nowthir more ne lasse Of all those that ther was. | <i>able blows to suffer</i> |
| 75 | That dursie mete hym one the grasse, Agaynes hym to ryde. Thay gaffie Sir Percyvell the gree: Beste worthy was he; | <i>dared; on; grassy plot victory</i> |
| | Aad hamewardes than rode he, And blythe was his bryde. | <i>happy</i> |
| 80 | And those the bryde blythe be That Percyvell hase wone the gree, Yete the Rede Knyghte es he Hurte of his honde; | <i>though victory</i> |
| 85 | Aad therfore gyffes he a gyfie That if he ever covere myghte Owthir by day or by nyghte, In felde for to stonde, | <i>he makes a pledge return (recover)</i> |
| | That he scholde qwyte hym that dynt That he of his handes hynte; Sall never this travell be tynt, Ne tolde in the londe | <i>repay; blow from; received Shall; effort be in vain</i> |
| 90 | That Percyvell in the felde Schulde hym schende thus undire schede, Bot he scholde agayne it yelde, If that he were leveande. | <i>defeat; under Unless living</i> |
| | Now than are thay leveande bathe; Was noghte the Rede Knyghte so rathe For to wayte hym with skathe. | <i>both alive impatient afflict; injury</i> |
| 100 | Er ther the harmes felle, Ne besetile ther no stryffe, Till Percyvell had in his lyffe A son by his yonge wyfie, Aftir hym to duelle. | <i>Before; calamity Until</i> |
| | When the childe was borne, He made calle it one the morne Als his fadir highte byforne — Yonge Percyvell. | <i>on was named</i> |
| 105 | | |

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- 110 The knyghte was fayne a feste made
For knave-childe that he hadde;
And sythen, withowtien any bade
Offe justynges they telle.
- Now of justynges they tell:
They sayne that Sir Percyvell
That he will in the felde duelle,
Als he hase are done.
- 115 A grete justynge was ther sett
Of all the kempes that ther mest,
For he wolde his son were geise
In the same wonne.
- Theroff the Rede Knyghte was blythe,
When he herde of that justynge kythe,
And graythed hym armour ful swythe,
And rode thedir righte sone;
- 120 Agayne Percyvell he rade,
With schafte and with schelde brade,
To holde his heste that he made,
Of maistres to mone.
- Now of maistres to mone,
Percyvell hase wele done,
For the love of his yonge sone,
One the firste day.
- 125 Ere the Rede Knyghte was bowan,
Percyvell hase borne downn
Knyght, duke, erle, and baroun,
And vencusede the play.
- 130 Right als he hadde done this honour,
So come the Rede Knyghte to the stowre.
Bot "Wo worthe wykkyde armour!"
- 135 Percyvell may say.
For ther was Sir Percyvell slayne,
And the Rede Knyghte fayne —
In herte is noghte for to layne —
- 140 When he went on his way.
- eager [to have]
boy
then; further ado
Of jousting
- dwell
previously
- contestants
trained
manner
- jousting news
prepared for himself; at once
- Against
broad
keep his vow
Because of injuries remembered
- conquests worth mention
- Before; ready [to enter the lists]
- vanquished the field
As soon as
battle
- A curse on bad equipment!
- joyful
conceal

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| | | |
|-----|--|---|
| 145 | When he went on his way, Durste ther no man to hym say, Nowther in erneste ne in play, To byd hym habyd; | command; stay |
| 150 | For he had slayne righte thare The beste body at thare ware, Sir Percyvell, with woundes sare, And stonayed that tyde. | person that there was deadly stunned; time (see note) |
| 155 | And than thay couthe no better rede Bot put hym in a prevee stede, Als that men dose with the dede, In erthe for to hyde. | knew; plan sequestered (private) place dead |
| 160 | Scho that was his lady Mighte be full sary, That lorne hadde siche a body: Hir aylede no prude. | She sorry lost (i.e., She felt) |
| 165 | And now is Percyvell the wighte Slaync in batelle and in fighse, And the lady hase gyffen a gyfte, Holde if scho may. | creature made a pledge Keep it |
| 170 | That scho schall never mare woe In stede, with her yonge sone, Ther dedes of armes schall be done, By nyghte ne be daye. | she; dwell any] place Where |
| 175 | Bot in the wodde schall he be: Sall he no thyng see Bot the leves of the tree And the greves graye; | wilderness Shall groves pay attention |
| 180 | Schall he nowther take tent To justes ne to tournament, Bot in the wilde wodde went, With bestes to playe. | go animals |
| | With wilde bestes for to playe, Scho tuke her leve and went her waye, Bothe at baron and at raye, And went to the wodde. | She from the nobility; king |
| | Byhynde scho leved bower and haulle; A maydena scho tuke her withalle, | left bower; hall |

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| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| | That scho myghte appon calle When that hir nede stode. | (i.e., she needed service) |
| 185 | Other godes wolde scho nonne nayte, Bot with hir tuke a tryppe of gayte, With mylke of tham for to bayte To hir lyves fode. | goods; require flock of goats drink For |
| 190 | Off all his lordes faire gere, Wolde scho noghte with hir bere Bot a lyttill Scottes spere, Agayne hir son yode. | Except <i>In anticipation of her son's learning to walk</i> |
| 195 | And when hir yong son yode, Scho bade hym walke in the wodde, Tuke hym the Scottes spere gude, And gaffie hym in hande. | walked about <i>Presented</i> |
| 200 | "Swete modir," sayde he, "What manere of thyng may this bee That ye nowe haue taken mee? What calle yee this wande?" | given to stick |
| 205 | Than byspakke the lady: "Son," scho sayde, "sekerly, It es a dart doghty; In the wodde I it fande." | truly is; worthy |
| 210 | The childe es payed, of his parte, His modir haue gyffen hym that darte; Therwith made he many marte In that wodde-lande. | pleased <i>slain beast</i> |
| 215 | Thus he welke in the lande, With bys darte in his hande; Under the wilde wodde-wande He wexe and wele thrase. He wolde schote with his spere Bestes and other gere, As many als he myghte bere. He was a gude knave! Smalle birdes wolde he slo, Hertys, hyndes also; Broghte his moder of thoo: | walks branches grew; thrave things carry boy slay <i>Male and female deer</i> <i>those</i> |

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- 220 Thurte hir none crave.¹
So wele he lernaede hym to schote,
Ther was no beste that welke one fose
To fle fro hym was it no bote.
When that he wolde hym have,
- 225 Even when he wolde hym have.
Thus he wexe and wele thrave,
And was regtis a gude knave
Within a fewe yere.
Fyftene wynter and mare
- 230 He duellide in those holtes bare;
Nowther murture ne lare
Scho wolde hym none lere.
Till it byfelle, on a day,
The lady till hir son gun say,
- 235 "Swete childe, I rede thou praye
To Goddes Sone dere,
That he wolde helpe the —
Lorde, for His poustee —
A gude man for to bee.
- 240 And longe to duelle here."
- "Swete moder," sayde he,
"Whatkyns a godd may that be
That ye nowe bydd mee
That I schall to pray?"
- 245 Then byspakke the lady even:
"It es the grete Godd of heven:
This worlde made He within seven,
Appon the sexie day."
"By grete Godd," sayde he than,
- 250 "And I may mete with that man,
With alle the crafte that I kan,
Rechte so schall I pray!"
There he levede in a tayte
Bothe his modir and his gayte,
- walked
useless
- Even then
throve
truly; boy
- gray woods
courtesy; learning
teach
- so; did
counsel
- power
- What kind of
- directly
- If
- left with eagerness
goats

¹ She need not even ask for them (*the slaughtered animals*)

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| | | |
|-----|---|---|
| 255 | The grete Godd for to layte, Fynde hym when he may. | sneek |
| | And as he welke in holtes hare, He sawe a gate, as it ware; With thre knyghtis mett he thare Off Arthus in. | walked; gray woods path household |
| 260 | One was Ewayne fytz Asoure, Another was Gawayne with honoer, And Kay, the bolde baratour, And all were of his kyn. | warrior |
| 265 | In riche robes thay ryde; The childe hadd no thyng that tyde That he myghte in his bones hyde, Bot a gaytes skynn. | time |
| | He was a barelly of body, and therto right brade; | goat's broad |
| 270 | One ayther halfe a skynn he hade; The hode was of the same made, Jusste to the chynn. | On both sides hood |
| | His hode was juste to his chyn, The flesche halfe tourned within. | hood |
| 275 | The childes witt was full thyn When he scholde say oughte. Thay were clothede all in grene; Siche hadde he never sene: | speak properly |
| | Wele he wened that thay had bene | such |
| 280 | The Godd that he soghte. He said, "Wilke of yow alle three May the grete Godd bee That my moder tolde mee, | assumed |
| | That all this werlde wroghte?" | which |
| 285 | Bot than ansuerde Sir Gawayne Faire and curtaisely agayne, "Son, so Criste mote me sayne, For swilke are we noghte." | must me save such |
| | Than saide the sole one the filde, | naif in the field |
| 290 | Was comen oute of the woddes wilde, To Gawayne that was meke and mylde | |

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- And softe to ansuare,
"I sall slia yow all three
Bot ye smertly now telle mee
Whatkyns thynges that ye bee,
Sen ye no goddes are."
Then ansuerde Sir Kay,
"Who solde we than say
That hade slayne us to-day
In this holtis hare?"
At Kayes wordes were he tene:
Bot he a grete bakke had bene,
Ne hadd he stonde tham bytwene,¹
He hade hym slayne thare.
- Bot than said Gawayn to Kay,
"Thi proude wordes pares ay;
I scholde wyn this childe with play.
And thou wolde holde the still.
Swete son," than said he,
"We are knyghtis all thre;
With Kyng Arthoure duelle wee,
That hovyn es on hyll."
Then said Percyvell the lyghte,
In gayte-skynnes that was dyghte,
"Will Kyng Arthoure make me knyghte,
And I come hym till?"
Than saide Sir Gawayne righte thare,
"I kane gyffle the nanc ansuare;
Bot to the Kynge I rede thou fare,
To wete his awenn will!"
- To wete than the Kynges will
Thare thay hoven yitt still;
The childe hase taken hym till
For to wende hame.
And als he welke in the wodde,
He sawe a full faire stode
Offe coltes and of meres gode,
- slay
Unless
should
gray woods
grew; angry
As if
He [Percyvell] would have
- do harm always
in a softer manner
If
Who has remained on
dressed
If
advise; go
know; own
- remain
home
corral
mares

¹ Regardless of whoever had stood between them

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Bot never one was tame;
And sone saide he, "Bi Seyne John,
330 Swilke thynge as are yone
Rade the knyghtes apone;
Knewe I thaire name,
Als ever mote I thryfle or thee,
The moste of yone that I see
335 Smertly schall bere mee
Till I come to my dame."
- He saide, "When I come to my dame,
And I fynde hir at home,
Scho will telle the name
340 Off this ilke thynge."
The moste mere he thare see
Smertly overrynnes he,
And saide, "Thou sall bere me
To-morse to the Kynge."
345 Kepes he no sadill-gere,
Bot stert up on the mere:
Hamewarde scho gun hym bere,
Withowtien faylynge.
The lady was never more sore bygone.
350 Scho wiste never whare to wonne,
When scho wiste hir yonge sonne
Horse hame bryngē.
- Scho saw hym horse hame bryngē;
Scho wiste wele, by that thynge,
355 That the kynde wolde ouse spryne
For thynge that be moughtē.
Than als sone saide the lady,
"That ever solede I sorowe dry,
For love of thi body,
360 That I hafe dere boghtē!
Dere son," saide scho hym to,
"Thou wirkestisselfe mekill unroo,
What will thou with this mere do,
That thou hase hame broghtē?"
365 Bot the boye was never so blythe
- Saint
Such; yonder
Rode

prosper; thrive
largest; yonder

mother
- home

aforementioned
largest mare
runs down
shall

He puts no store in
leaps upon

sorely overwhelmed
knew; what to do

home
- knew
natural course
would prevail

should; endure

work; unrest

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Als when he herde the name kythe
Of the stode-mere stythe.
Of na thyng than he roghse.
- made known
stud-mare strong
had he concern
- Now he calles hir a mere,
370 Als his moder dide ere;
He wened all other horses were
And hade bene callede soo.
"Moder, at yoader hill hafe I bene;
Thare hafe I thre knyghtes sene,
375 And I hafe spoken with tham, I wene,
Wordes in throo;
I have highte than all thre
Before thaire Kyng for to be:
Siche on schall he make me
380 As is one of tho!"
He sware by grete Goddes myghte,
"I schall holde that I hafe highte;
Bot-if the Kyng make me knyghte,
To-morne I sall hym slay!"
- before
assumed

anger
promised

Such a one
those

promised
Unless
slay
- 385 Bot than byspakke the lady,
That for hir son was sary —
Hir thoughte wele that scho myght dy
And knelyde one hir knee:
"Sone, thou has takyn thi rede,
390 To do thiselfe to the dede!
In everilike a strange stede,
Doo als I bydde the:
To-morne es forthiermaste Yole-day,
And thou says thou will away
395 To make the knyghte, if thou may,
Als thou tolde mee.
Lyttill thou can of nartoure:
Luke thou be of mesure
Bothe in haulle and in boure,
400 And foade to be fre."
- Who; grieved
die
on
plan
death
every foreign place
command
first

know; courtesy
moderation
chamber
try to be well-mannered
- Than saide the lady so brighte,
"There thou metteste with a knyghte,

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| | Do thi hode off, I bighte, And haylse hym in hy." | hood; bid greet; right away |
| 405 | "Swete moder," sayd he then, "I saw never yit no men; If I solde a knyghte ken, Telles me wharby." | recognize <i>Tell me how I'll know him</i> |
| | Scho schewede hym the menevaire — Scho had robes in payre. "Sone, ther thou sees this fare In thaire hodes lye." | showed; ermine in sets |
| 410 | "Bi grete God," sayd he, "Where that I a knyghte see, Moder, as ye bidd me, Righte so schall I." | where; handsome fur hoods <i>Whenever</i> |
| | All that nyghte till it was day, The childe by the modir lay, Till on the morne he wolde away, For thyng that myghte betyde. | |
| 420 | Brydill hase he righte name; Seese he no better wane, Bot a wythe hase he tane, And kevilles his stede. | Despite anything; happen none <i>Sees; means</i> withe (pliable branch); taken bridles |
| 425 | His moder gaffe hym a ryng, And bad he solde agayne it bryng; "Sonne, this sall be oure takynnyng. For here I sall the byde." | sign (token) await you takes <i>Leaps</i> |
| | He tase the ryng and the spere, Stirttes up appon the mere: Fro the moder that hym bere, Forthe gan he ryde. | |
| 430 | One his way as he gan ryde, He fande an haule ther besyde; He saide, "For oghe that may betyde, Thedir in will I." | castle |
| | He went in withouten lest; He fande a brade borde sett, A bryghte fire, welebett, Brynnande therby. | hindrance broad dining table kindled Burning |
| 435 | | |
| 440 | | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|--|---|
| | A mawnger ther he fande, Corne therin lyggande; Therto his mere he bande With the withy. | manger; found lying bound branch |
| 445 | He saide, "My modir bad me That I solde of mesure bee Halfe that I here see Styll sall it ly." | told should; moderation shall |
| 450 | The corne he pertis in two, Gaffe his mere the tone of thoo, And to the borde gan he goo, Certayne that tyde. | divides one of those |
| 455 | He fande a lofe of brede fyne And a pychere with wyse, A mese of the kechyne, A knyfe ther besyde. | dinner; kitchen |
| | The mete ther that he fande, He dalte it even with his hande, Lefte the halfe lyggande A felawe to byde. | divided |
| 460 | The tother halfe ete he; How myghte he more of mesure be? Faste he foanded to be free, Those he were of no pryd. | Another person to sustain <i>The other</i> moderation Eagerly; sought; courteous Although |
| 465 | Those he were of no pryd, Forthymore gan he glyde Till a chambir ther besyde, Moo sellys to see. | move To More marvels |
| 470 | Riche clothes fande he sprede, A lady slepande on a bedde; He said, "Forsothe, a tokyn to wedde Sall thou lefe with mee." | sign as a pledge Shall; leave |
| 475 | Ther he kyste that swete thyng; Of hir fynger he tuke a ryng; His awenn modir takynnyng He lefte with that fre. | From own mother's token noble [woman] |
| | He went forthe to his mere, Tuke with hym his schoorte spere, | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 480 | Lepe on lofte, as he was ere; His way rydes he. | <i>Jumped upon [his mare]</i> |
| | Now on his way rydes he, Moo selles to see; | <i>More marvels</i> |
| | A knyghte wolde he nedis bee, Withowtien any bade. | <i>further ado</i> |
| 485 | He came ther the Kyng was, Servede of the firste mese. | <i>where</i> |
| | To hym was the maste has That the childe had; | <i>course</i> |
| | And thare made he no lett | <i>To faddress] him (the King); primary goal</i> |
| 490 | At gate, dore, ne wykett, | <i>permitted no hindrance</i> |
| | Bot in graythely he gett — Syche maistres he made. | <i>readily</i> |
| | At his firste in-comynge, His mere, withowtien faylynge, | <i>So powerfully he acted</i> |
| 495 | Kysse the forhevede of the Kynge — So nerehande he rade! | <i>forehead</i> <i>close up; rode</i> |
| | The Kyng had ferly tha, And up his hande gan he taa | <i>pulled back in surprise then</i> |
| | And putt it forthir hym fraa, | <i>take</i> |
| 500 | The mouthe of the mere. | |
| | He saide, "Faire childe and free, Stonde still besyde mee, | |
| | And tell me wythen that thou bee, And what thou will here." | <i>from whence</i> |
| 505 | Than said the sole of the sole, "I am myn awan modirs childe, Comen fro the woddes wylde | <i>desire</i> |
| | Till Arthure the dere. | <i>fool; field</i> |
| | Yesterdaw saw I knyghtis three: | <i>own</i> |
| 510 | Siche on sail thou make mee On this mere byfor the, | <i>Uno; great</i> |
| | Thi mete or thou schere!" | <i>Such a one</i> |
| | | <i>ere; cut</i> |
| | Bot than spak Sir Gawayne, Was the Kynges trenchepayne, | <i>(Who) was; bread server</i> |
| 515 | Said, "Forsothe, is noghte to layne, | <i>(he); lying</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| | I am one of tha. | those |
| | Childe, hafe thou my blyssyng | have |
| | For thi feres folowynge! | following thy fellows |
| | Here hase thou foden the Kynge | |
| 520 | That kan the knyghte maa." | she; make |
| | Than sayde Peceyvell the free, | |
| | "And this Arthure the Kyng bee, | |
| | Luke he a knyghte make moe: | |
| | I rede at it be swaa!" | |
| 525 | Those he unborely were dyghte, | If |
| | He sware by mekill Goddes myghte: | See to it |
| | "Bot if the Kyng make me knyghte, | demand; so |
| | I sall hym here slaa!" | meanly; dressed |
| | All that ther weren, olde and yngye, | Unless |
| 530 | Hadden ferly of the Kyng. | slay |
| | That he wolde suffre siche a thynge | wonder |
| | Of that foul wyghte | |
| | On horse hovande hym by. | person |
| | The Kyng byholdes hym on hy; | waiting |
| 535 | Than wexe he sone sory | |
| | When he sawe that syghte. | |
| | The teres oute of his eghne glade, | eyes flowed |
| | Never one another habade. | one waiting for the other |
| | "Alias," he sayde, "that I was made, | |
| 540 | Be day or by nyghte, | |
| | One lyve I scholde after hym bee | |
| | That me thynke lyke the: ¹ | |
| | Thou arte so semely to see, | |
| | And thou were wele dighte!" | If; dressed |
| 545 | He saide, "And thou were wele dighte, | |
| | Thou were lyke to a knyghte | |
| | That I lovede with all my myghte | |
| | Whills he was one lyve, | alive |
| | So wele wroghte he my will | |
| 550 | In all manere of skill, | |

¹ That I should continue living after the one / Who, it seems to me, looked like you (i.e., Perceval's father)

Sir Perceval of Galles

- I gaffe my syster hym till,
For to be his wyfe.
He es moste in my mane:
Fiftene yere es it gane,
555 Sen a theffe hade hym slane
Abowte a littill stryffel
Sythen hafe I ever bene his fo,
For to wayte hym with wo.
Bot I myghte hym never slo,
560 His craftes are so ryfe."
- remembrance
have gone by
Since a thief
disagreement
Since that time; for
afflict
slay
numerous
- He sayse, "His craftes are so ryfe,
Ther is no man apon lyfe,
With swerde, spere, ne with knyfe
May stroye hym allan,
565 Bot if it were Sir Percyvell son.
Whoso wiste where he ware done!
The bokes says that he mon
Venge his fader bane."
The childe thought he longe bade
570 That he ne ware a knyghte made,
For he wiste never that he hade
A fader to be slayne;
The lesse was his menyage.
He saide sone to the Kynge,
575 "Sir, late be thi jangleynge!
Of this kepe I nane."
- destroy; alone
Unless
put
Avenge; father's destroyer
waited too long
understanding
stop; chattering
care
- He sais, "I kepe not to stande
With thi jangleyns to lange.
Make me knyghte with thi hande,
580 If it sall be done!"
Than the Kyng hym hendlly highte
That he schold dub hym to knyghte,
With thi that he wolde doun lighte
And ete with hym at none.
585 The Kyng biholdes the vesage free,
And ever more trowed hee
That the childe schoilde bee
Sir Percyvell son:
- too long
eagerly promised
Provided that
at that time
noble countenance
believed

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|--|--------------------------------------|
| | It ran in the Kynges mode, | <i>mind</i> |
| 590 | His syster Acheffour the gude — | |
| | How scho went into the wodde | |
| | With hym for to wonn. | <i>dwell</i> |
| | The childe hadde wonnede in the wodde; | <i>lived</i> |
| | He knewe nother evyll ne gude; | <i>wrong nor right</i> |
| 595 | The Kynge hymselfe understode | |
| | He was a wilde man. | |
| | So faire he spakke hym withall, | (i.e., Arthur) |
| | He lyghtes doun in the haull, | (i.e., Perceval) |
| | Boade his mere amonge them alle | <i>more</i> |
| 600 | And to the borde wana. | <i>turned</i> |
| | Bot are he myghte bygynn | <i>before</i> |
| | To the mete for to wynn, | <i>enjoy</i> |
| | So commes the Rede Knyghe in | |
| | Emanges them righte than, | <i>Among</i> |
| 605 | Prekande one a rede stede; | <i>Riding rapidly</i> |
| | Blode-rede was his wode. | <i>clothing</i> |
| | He made them gammen full gned, | <i>full sorry sport</i> |
| | With craftes that he can. | <i>knew</i> |
| | With his craftes gan he calle, | |
| 610 | And callede them recrayhandes all, | <i>cowards</i> |
| | Kynge, knyghtes inwith walle, | |
| | At the bordes ther thay bade. | |
| | Full felly the coupe he feit, | <i>fiercely; cup; took</i> |
| | Bifore the Kynge that was set. | |
| 615 | Ther was no man that durste hym lett, | <i>oppose</i> |
| | Those that he were fadde. | <i>Even though; eager for battle</i> |
| | The coupe was filled full of wyne; | <i>cup</i> |
| | He dranke of that that was therian. | |
| | All of rede golde fync | |
| 620 | Was the coupe made. | |
| | He take it up in his hande, | <i>found</i> |
| | The coupe that he there fande, | |
| | And lefste them all sittande, | |
| | And fro them he rade. | <i>rode away</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 625 Now from tham he rade,
Als he says that this made.
The sorowe that the Kynge had
Mighte no tonge tell.
"Al dere God," said the Kyng than,
630 "That all this wyde werlde wan,
Whethir I sall ever hafe that man
May make yone fende duellie?
Fyve yeres hase he thus gane,
And my coupes fro me tane,
635 And my gude knyghte slayne,
Men calde Sir Percyvell;
Sythen taken hase he three,
And ay awaye will he bee,
Or I may barnayse me
640 In feide hym to felle."
- (i.e., the author of the poem)
- Who; won
- fiend desist
- taken from me
- Since then
always
- Before; arm myself
- kill
- "Petis!" quod Percyvell the younge,
"Hym than will I down dynge
And the coupe agayne brynghe,
And thou will make me knyghte."
645 "Als I am trewe kyng," said he,
"A knyghte sall I make the,
Forthi thou will brynghe mee
The coupe of goide bryghte."
Up rysses Sir Arthoure,
650 Went to a chamboure
To feche down armoure,
The childe in to dyghte;
Bot are it was doune caste,
Ere was Percyvell paste,
655 And on his way folowed faste,
That he solde with fyghte.
- strike
- If
- arm
- before; taken down
- gone
- That [knight]; should
- enemy
- otherwise; prepared
- goat
- 660 A sole als he ware.

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|---|---|
| | He cryed, "How, man on thi mere! Bryng agayne the Kynges gere, Or with my dart I sall the fere And make the unfere!" | You! (interjection); more goods terrify infirm |
| 665 | And after the Rede Knyghte he rade, Baldeley, withouten bade: Sayd, "A knyght I sall be made For som of thi gere." | hesitation |
| | He sware by mckill Goddes payne, | Wish; equipment |
| 670 | "Bot if thou brynge the coupe agayne, With my dart thou sall be slayne And slongen of thi mere." The kynghete byhaldes hym in throo, | great Unless |
| | Calde hym fole that was hys foo, <td>thrown off; mere anger</td> | thrown off; mere anger |
| 675 | For he named hym soo — The steede that hym bere. | foot; foe <i>Because he called his horse a mare</i> |
| | And for to see hym with syghte, He putt his umbrere on highte, To byhalde how he was dyghte, <td>visor armed</td> | visor armed |
| 680 | That so till hym spake. He sayde, "Come I to the, appert fole; I sall caste the in the pole, For all the heghe days of Yole, | <i>The one who spoke so to him</i> impudent fool |
| | Als ane olde sakke." | marsh Despite |
| 685 | Than sayd Percyvell the free, "Be I fole, or whatte I bee, Now sone of that sall wee see Whose browes schall blakke." | As; sack noble |
| | Of schottynge was the childe slege: <td>soon turn pale</td> | soon turn pale |
| 690 | At the knyghte lete he flee, Smote hym in at the eghe And oute at the nakke. | skillful eye neck |
| | For the dynt that he tuke, Oute of sadill he schoke, Whoso the sothe will luke, <td>took was shaken</td> | took was shaken |
| 695 | And ther was he slayne. He falles down on the hill; His steede ryndes whare he will. | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Than saide Percywell hym till,
"Thou art a lethir swayne." feeble knave
Then saide the childe in that tyde,
"And thou woldeste me here byde,
After thi mere scholde I ryde
 And brynghe hir agayne;
Then myghte we bothe with myghte
Menskfullly togodir fyghe,
Ayther of us, as he were a knyghte,
 Till tyme the tote ware slayne." If; wait here for me
Honorable
one
- Now es the Rede Knyghte slayne,
Lefte dode in the playne.
The childe gon his mere mayne
 After the stede.
The stede was swifter than the mere,
For he hadde no thynge to bere
Bot his sadill and his gore,
 Fro hym thole he yede.
The mere was bagged with sole;
And hirselfe a grete bole;
For to rynne scho myghte not thole,
 Ne folowe hym no sped.
The childe saw that it was soo,
And till his fete he gan hym too;
The gates that he scholde goo
 Made he full gnede.
direct
- The gates made he full gnede
In the waye ther he yede;
With strenght tuk he the stede
 And broghte to the knyghte.
"Me thynke," he sayde, "thou arte fele
That thou ne will away stede;
Now I houesse that thou will dele
 Strokes appon hyghte.
I haſc broghte to the thi mere
And mekill of thy other gere;
Lepe on hir, as thou was ere,
 And thou will more fyghe!" stingy
where; went
trustworthy
sneak away
hope; deal
high (horseback)
you your mare
much
before

Sir Perceval of Galles

- The knyghte lay still in the stede:
What sulde he say, when he was dede?
The childe couthe no better rede,
Bot down gun he lyghte.
- Now es Percyvell lyghte
To unspeyle the Rede Knyghte,
Bot he ne couthe never fynd righte
 The lacynge of his wede.
- He was armede so wele
In gude iryn and in stelle,
He couthe no gett of a dele,
 For nonkyns nede.
He sayd, "My moder bad me,
When my dart soldē broken be,
Owse of the iren bren the tree:
 Now es me fyre gaede."
Now he getis hym flynt,
His fyre-irene he bent,
And then, withowtitem any stynt,
 He kyndilt a glede.
- Now he kyndils a glede,
Amonge the buskes he yede
And gedirs, full gode spede,
 Wodde, a fyre to make.
A grete fyre made he than,
The Rede Knyghte in to bren,
For he ne couthe nott ken
 His gere off to take.
- Be than was Sir Gawayne dyght,
Folowede after the fyghe
Betwene hym and the Rede Knyghte,
 For the childes sake.
He fande the Rede Knyght lyggand,
Slayne of Percyvell hande,
Besyde a fyre brynnande
 Off byrke and of akke.
- in that place
should; dead
knew; advice

off his horse
strip of his armour
fastenings; armor

off; piece
No matter what
taught

burn; wood
lacking

steel; seizes
delay
spark

woods; went
gathers; quickly

burn
figure out how

prepared

lying
burning
birch; oak

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Ther brent of birke and of ake
Gret brandes and blake.
birch; oak
flames; smoke
- 775 "What wylt thou with this fyre make?"
Sayd Gawayne hym till.
"Petir!" quod Percyvell then.
"And I myghte hym thus ken,
Out of his iren I wolde hym bren
Righte here on this hill."
Bot then sayd Sir Gawayne,
"The Rede Knyghte for thou has slayne,
I sall unarme hym agayne,
And thou will holde the still."
Than Sir Gawayn doun lyghte,
Unlacede the Rede Knyghte;
The childe in his armour dight
At his awnn will.
- By Saint Peter!
see
If
dressed
- 785 When he was dighte in his attire,
He tase the knyghte bi the swire,
Keste hym reghte in the fyre,
The brandes to balde.
Bot then said Percyvell on bost,
"Ly still therin now and roste!
I kepe nothyng of thi coste,
Ne noghte of thi spalde!"
The knyghte lygges ther on brede;
The childe es dighte in his wede,
And lepe up upon his stede,
Als hymselfe wolde.
He loked doun to his fete,
Saw his gere faire and mete:
"For a knyghte I may be lete
And myghte be calde."
- dressed*
takes; neck
flames; increase
boast
roast
care; distressed condition
limbs
sprawling
equipped; arms
becoming
allowed to pass
called [one]
- 800 Then sayd Sir Gawayn hym till,
"Goo we faste fro this hill!
Thou hase done what thou will;
It neghes nere nyghte."
"What! trowes thou," quod Percyvell the yonge,
"That I will agayn brynge
- near*
do you believe

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Untill Arthoure the Kynge
The golde that es bryghte?
Nay, so mote I thryfe or thee,
I am als grete a lorde als he;
815 To-day ne schall he make me
None other gates knyghte.
Take the coupe in thy hande
And mak thiselfe the presande,
For I will forthire into the lande,
820 Are I doun lyghte."
- Nowther wolde he doun lyghte,
Ne he wolde wende with the knyght,
Bot rydes forthe all the nyghte,
So prowde was he than.
- 825 Till on the morne at forthe dayes,
He mett a wyche, as men says.
His horse and his harnays
Couthe scho wele ken.
- 830 Scho wende that it hadde bene
The Rede Knyghte that scho hadde sene,
Was wonnt in those armes to bene,
To gerre the stede rynne.
- 835 In hastic scho come hym agayne,
Sayde, "It is not to layne,
Men tolde me that thou was slayne
With Arthours men.
- Ther come one of my men,
Till yonder hill he gan me kenne.
There thou sees the fyre brene,
840 And sayde that thou was thare."
Ever satt Percyvell stone-still,
And spakke no thyng he till
Till scho hadde sayde all he will,
And spakke lesse ne mare.
- 845 "At yeadere hill hafe I bene:
Nothyng hafe I there sene
Bot gayte-skynnes, I wene.
Siche ill-farande fare!"
- thrive; prosper
otherwise (than a) knight
present
Before
late in the morning
witch
recognize
assumed
accustomed; be
equip; (so) run
Where
neither less nor more
wretched stuff

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|---|---|
| 850 | "Mi sone, and thou ware thare slayne And thynges of drawen, I couthe hele the agayne Als wele als thou was are." | if carried away could heal you before |
| 855 | Than wist Percyvell by thatt, It servede hym of somwhat, The wylde fyre that he gatt When the knyghte was slayne; | knew |
| 860 | And righte so wolde he, thare That the olde wiche ware. Oppon his spere he hir bare To the fyre agayne; | he wanted |
| 865 | In ill wrethe and in grete, He keste the wiche in the hete; He sayde, "Ly still and swete Bi thi son, that lyther swayne!" | wrath; anger cast; flames swear wicked |
| 870 | Thus he leves thaym twoo, And on his gates gan he goo: Siche dedis to do moo Was the childe fayne. | way more eager |
| 875 | Als he come by a wodd-syde, He sawe ten men ryde; He said, "For oughte that may betyde, To them will I me." | I myself will [go] to them |
| 880 | When those ten saw hym thare, Thay wende the Rede Knyghte it ware, That wolde them all forfare, And faste gan thay flee; | thought destroy |
| | For he was sogates cledde, Alle belyffe fro hym thay fledde; And ever the faster that thay spedde, The swiftlyere sewed hee, | Since; thus clad quickly |
| | Till he was warre of a knyghte, And of the menevaire he had syght; He put up his umbrere on hight, And said, "Sir, God luke thee!" | followed ermine visor <i>May God watch over you!</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 885 | The childe sayde, "God luke the!" The knyght said, "Now wele the be! A, lorde Godd, now wele es mee That ever was I made!" | |
| 890 | For by the vesage hym thoghte The Rede Knyghte was it noghte, That hadde them all bysoughte; And baldely he bade. | countenance |
| 895 | It semede wele bi the syghte That he had slayne the Rede Knyght: In his armes was he dighte, And on his stede rade. | searched for fearlessly; commanded |
| 900 | "Son," sayde the knyghte tho, And thankede the childe full thro, "Thou hase slayne the moste foo That ever yitt I hade." | dressed rode then eagerly greatest |
| Then sayde Percyvell the free, "Wherfore fledde yee Lange are, when ye sawe mee Come rydande yow by?" | | |
| 905 | Bot than spake the olde knyghte, That was passe out of myghte With any man for to fyghte: He ansuerde in hy: | Earlier riding |
| 910 | He sayde, "Theis children nyse, All are thay sonnes myne. For ferde or I solde them tyne, Therfore flied I. | These fear that; should; lose |
| 915 | We wende wele that it had bene The Rede Knyghte that we hadde sene; He walde hafe slayne us bydene, Withowtten mercy. | thought indeed altogether |
| Withowtten any mercy He wolde hafe slayne us in hy; To my soanes he hadde envy Moste of any men. | | |
| 920 | Fiftene yeres es it gane Syn he my brodire hadde slane; | hate of brother |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|-----|--|---|
| | Now hadde the theefe undirtane To sla us all thea: | undertaken |
| 925 | He was ferde lesse my soones sold hym slo When thay ware eldare and moo, And that thay solde take hym for thaire foo Where thay myghte hym ken; Hade I bene in the stede | afraid lest; should; slay older; more [capable] |
| 930 | Ther he was done to the dede, I solde never hafe clyns brede Are I hade sene hym been." | see place death |
| | "Petir!" quod Percyvell, "he es brende! I haffe spedde better than I wead Ever at the laste ende." | burned been more successful; thought |
| 935 | The blythere wexe the knyghte; By his haulle thaire gates felle, And yerne he prayed Percyvell That he solde ther with hym duelle | The more happy became castle their way passed eagerly |
| 940 | And be ther all that nyghte. Full wele he couthe a geste calle. | invite |
| | He broghte the childe into the haulle; So faire he spake hym withalle | |
| | That he es doua lyghte; | |
| 945 | His stede es in stable sett And hymselfe to the haulle fett, And than, withowtien any lett. To the mette thay tham dighte. | fetched delay food; prepared themselves |
| 950 | Mete and drynke was ther dighte, And men to serve tham fell ryghte; The childe that come with the knyghte, Enoghe ther he fande. | |
| | At the mette as thay beste satte, | At the height of the feast |
| | Come the portere fro the gate, | |
| 955 | Saide a man was theratice Of the Maydenlande; | |
| | Saide, "Sir, he prayes the | |
| | Off mete and drynke, for charyté; | |
| | For a messagere es he | |
| 960 | And may noit lange stande." | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

The knyght badde late hym iss.
"For," he sayde, "it es no synn,
The man that may the mete wynn
To gyffe the travellande."

who enjoys food

To give to the traveler

- 965 Now the travellande man
The portere lete in than;
He hayliseade the knyghte as he can,
Als he satt on dese.
- 970 The knyghte askede hym thare
Whase man that he ware,
And how ferre that he walde so fare,
Withowttem any lese.
- 975 He saide, "I come fro the Lady Lufamour,
That sendes me to Kyng Arthoure,
And prayes hym, for his honoure,
Hir sorowes for to sesse.
- 980 Up resyn es a Sowdane:
Alle hir landes hase he tane;
So bysegos he that woman
That scho may hafe no pese."
- 985 He sayse that scho may have no pese,
The lady, for hir fayrenes,
And for hir mckill reches.
"He wirkes hir full woo;
- 990 He dose hir sorow all hir sythe,
And all he slaes down rythe:
He wolde have hir to wylfe,
And scho will noghte soo.
- 995 Now hase that ilke Sowdane
Hir fadir and hir eme slane,
And hir brethir ilkane,
And is hir moste foo.
- So nere he hase hir now soughte
That till a casteile es scho broghte,
And fro the walles will he noghte,
Ere that he may hir too.
- greeted
At; dais
- Whose
far; travel
lies
- put an end to
Uprisen
taken
- peace
- desire; beauty
great wealth
- causes; woe
causer; days
- lays straight away
- same
- uncle slain
each one of her brothers
- greatest enemy
- closely; pursued
- Until; take

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| | The Sowdane sayse he will hir ta; | take |
| | The lady will hirselfe sla | slay |
| | Are he, that es hir maste fa, | Ere; foe |
| 1000 | Solde wedde hir to wyfe. | |
| | Now es the Sowdan so wyghte, | strong |
| | Alle he slaes doun ryghte: | |
| | Ther may no man with hym fyghte, | |
| | Bot he were kempe ryle." | renowned warrior |
| 1005 | Than sayde Percyvelli, "I the praye, | |
| | That thou wolde teche me the waye | show |
| | Thedir, als the gates laye, | Thither; roads lie |
| | Withowtten any stryfe; | |
| | Mighte I mete with that Sowdan | |
| 1010 | That so dose to that woman, | |
| | Alsone he solde be slanc, | Instantly |
| | And I myghte haſe the lyfe!" | If I have life fro do it |
| | The messangere prayed hym mare | rather |
| | That he wolde duell still thare: | |
| 1015 | "For I will to the Kynge fare, | |
| | Myne erandes for to say. | |
| | For then mekill sorowe me betyde, | |
| | And I lenger here habydye, | if |
| | Bot ryghte now will I ryde, | |
| 1020 | Als so faste als I may." | |
| | The knyghe herde hym say so; | |
| | Yerse he prayes hym to too | Eagerly; take |
| | His nyne sonnes, with hym to goo. | |
| | He nykkes hym with nay, | (Perceval) refuses |
| 1025 | Bot so faire spekes he | |
| | That he takes of tham three, | |
| | In his felawchipe to be — | |
| | The blythere were thay. | happier |
| | They ware blythe of ther bade, | these tidings |
| 1030 | Busked tham and forthe rade; | Made themselves ready |
| | Mekill myrthes they made: | Much glee |
| | Bot lyttill it amende. | remedied |
| | He was paste bot a while — | (Perceval); gone |
| | The mostenance of a myle — | distance |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1035 | He was bythoghte of a gyle Wele wrose than thay wende. Those thay ware of thaire fare fayne, Forthwarde was thaire cheftayne; Ever he sende on agayne | trick imagined journey joyful Ahead one back each |
| 1040 | At ilke a myle ende, Untill thay ware alle gane; Than he rydes hym allane Als he ware sprongen of a stane, Thare na man hym kende. | issued; stone tells him what to do |
| 1045 | For he walde none sold hym ken. Forthe rydes he then, Amanges uncoethe men His maystres to make. Now hase Percyvell in thoo | destruct |
| 1050 | Spoken with his emes twoo, Bot never one of thoo Took his knawlage. Now in his way es he sett That may hym lede, withouttem lett, | foreign wonders; perform haste uncles those Recognized his plan hindrance |
| 1055 | Thare he and the Sowdan sail mete, His browes to blake. Late we Percyvell the yngre Fare in Goddes blyssyngre, And untill Arthoure the Kyage | turn pale Leave; young To fare unto |
| 1060 | Will we agayne take. | |
| | The gates agayne we will tane: The Kyng to care-bedd es gane; For mournyng es his maste mane. He syghes full sore. | different direction; take main moan |
| 1065 | His wo es wansome to wreke, His hert es bownn for to breke, For he wend never to speke With Percyvell no more. | woe; /sof miserable; avenge |
| 1070 | Als he was layde for to ly, Come the messangere on by With lettres fro the lady, And schewes tham righte thare. | put to bed in Ause |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| | Afose myghte the Kyng nocht stande, Bot rede tham thare lyggande. | <i>On his feet But advise; lying there</i> |
| 1075 | And sayde, "Of thyne erande Thos hase thyn answare." | |
| | He sayde, "Thos wote thyne answare; The mane that es seke and sare, He may full ill ferre fare In felde for to fyghte." | <i>know man; sick; sore hardly travel far</i> |
| 1080 | The messangere made his mone: Saide, "Wo worthe wikkede wone! Why ne hade I tournede and gone Agayne with the knyghte?" | <i>Woe befall wicked conduct</i> |
| 1085 | "What knyghte es that," said the Kyng. "That thou mase of thy mesynghe? In my loande wot I no lordyng Es worthy to be a knyghte." | <i>speak about know</i> |
| | The messangere answerd agayne, "Wele ye, his name es for to layne, The whethir I wolde hafe wesen fayne What the childe highte. | <i>Know; conceal Although; known was called</i> |
| 1090 | | |
| 1095 | Thus mekill gatt I of that knyght: His dame sonne, he said, he hight. One what maner that he was dight Now I sall yow telle: | <i>much learned mother's; is called called</i> |
| | He was wighte and worthly, His body bolde and borely, His armour bryghte and blody — | <i>manly; fine goodly</i> |
| 1100 | Hade bene late in batell; Blode-rede was his stede, His akton, and his other wede; His cote of the same hede That till a knyghte felle." | <i>jacket; clothing quality to; was befitting</i> |
| 1105 | Than comanded the Kyng Horse and armes for to bryng: "If I kan trow thi talkynge, That ilke was Percywell." | <i>believe same person</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1110 For the luffe of Percyvell,
To horse and armes thay felle;
Thay wolde no lengare ther duelle:
 To fare ware thay fayne.
Faste forthe gan thay fare;
Thay were aferde full sare,
1115 Ere thay come whare he ware,
 The childe wolde be slayne.
The Kyng tase with hym knyghtis thre: *takes*
The ferthe wolde hymselfe be;
Now so faste rydes hee,
1120 May folowe hym no swayne.
The Kyng es now in his waye;
Lete hym come when he maye!
And I will forthir in my playe
 To Percyvell agayne.
- 1125 Go we to Percyvell agayne.
The childe paste oute on the playne, *journeyed across*
Over more and mountayne, *moor*
 To the Maydenlande;
Till agayne the even-tyde,
1130 Bolde bodys sawe he byde, *men*
Pavelouns mekill and unryde *large; numerous*
 Abouste a cyte stonde.
On huntryng was the Sowdane;
He lefte men many a ne, *Out*
1135 Twenty score that wele kan: *a one*
 Be the gates yemande — *guarding*
Ellevin score one the nyghte,
And ten oae the daye-lighte —
Wele armyde at alle righte, *particulars*
1140 With wapyns in hande,

With thaire wapyns in thaire hande,
There will thay fight ther thay stande,
Sittande and lyggande,
 Ellevin score of men.
1145 In he rydes one a rase, *in a rush*
Or that he wiste where he was, *Before; knew*

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1150 Into the thikkeste of the prese *crowd*
 Amanges tham thanne.
 And up stirt one that was bolde,
 Bygane his brydill to holde,
 And askede whodire that he wolde
 Make his horse to rynne.
 He said, "I ame hedir come
 For to see a Sowdane;
 In faythe, righte sone he sall be slanc,
 And I myghse hym ken." *If only; see*
- 1160 If I hym oghte ken may,
 To-morne, when it es lighte daye
 Than sall we togedir playe
 With wapyns unryde." *cruel*
- 1165 They herde that he had undirtane
 For to sle thaire Sowdane.
 Thay felle aboute hym, everilkane,
 To make that bolde habyde. *everyone*
 brave one remain [for battle]
 eager for battle
- 1170 The childe sawe that he was fad,
 The body that his bridill hadde:
 Even over hym he rade,
 In gate there bisyde.
 He stayred about hym with his spere; *thrust*
 Many thurgh gane he bere: *pierce*
 Ther was none that myght hym dere,
 Percevell, that tyde. *oppose*
- 1175 Tide in townne who will tellie,
 Folkes undir his fete felle;
 The bolde body Percevelle,
 He sped tham to spill. *What happened*
 hastened
 rest for
- 1180 Hym thoughte no sped at his spere:
 Many thurgh gane he bere,
 Fonde folke in the here,
 Feghtyng to fill. *Foolish people of the enemy*
 (i.e., they get their fill of fighting)
- Fro that it was mydayghte
 Till it was even at daye-lighte,
 Were thay never so wilde ne wighte,
 He wroghte at his will.

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1185 Thus he dalt with his brande,
There was none that myght hym stande
Halfe a dynt of his hande
That he stroke till.
- 1190 Now he strykes for the nonys,
Made the Sarazenes hede-bones
Hoppe als dose hayle-stones
Abowte one the gres;
- 1195 Thus he dalt tham on rawe
Till the daye gun dawe:
He layd thaire lyves full law,
Als many als there was.
- 1200 When he hadde slayne so many men,
He was so wery by then,
I tell yow for certen,
He roghie wele the lesse
- 1205 Awther of lyfe or of dede;
To medis that he were in a stede
Thar he myghte riste hym in thede
A stownde in sekirnes.
- 1210 Now foade he no sekirnes,
Bot under the walle ther he was,
A faire place he hym chese,
And down there he lighte.
- 1215 He laide hym doum in that tyde;
His stede stode hym besyde:
The sole was fayne for to byde —
Was wery for the fyght
- 1220 Till one the morne that it was day,
The wayte appon the walle lay:
He sawe an ugly play
In the place dighte;
- 1225 Yitt was ther more ferly:
Ther was no qwyk man left therby!
Thay called up the lady
For to see that sighte.
- dealt blows; sword
withstand
struck
- strongly
- grass
in turn
down
low
- cared scarcely at all
death
- In the midst of that place
he would rest himself there
moment; safety*
- safety
Except
chose for himself
- glad; abide
- sentinel
fearful performance
provided
marvel
living

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Now commes the lady to that sight,
The Lady Lufamour, the brighte;
Scho clambe up to the walle on hight
 Full faste to beholde;
- 1225 Hedes and helmys ther was
(I tell yow withowtten lese),
Many layde one the gresse,
 And many scheide brode.
Grete ferly thaym thoughte
1230 Who that wondir had wroghte,
That had tham to dede broghte,
 That folke in the felde,
And wold come none innermare
For to kythe what he ware,
1235 And wist the lady was thare,
Thaire warysoun to yelde.
- Scho wold thaire warysone yelde:
Full faste forthe thay bikelde
If thay myghte fynde in the felde
 Who hadde done that dede;
Thay loked undir thair hande,
1240 Sawe a mekill horse stande,
A blody knyghte liggande
 By a rede stede.
- 1245 Then said the lady so brighte,
"Yondir ligges a knyghte
That base bene in the fighte,
 If I kane righte rede;
Owthir es yone man slanc,
1250 Or he slepis hym allane,
Or he in batelle es tane,
 For blody are his wede."
- Scho says, "Blody are his wede,
And so es his riche stede;
1255 Siche a knyght in this thede
 Saw I never nane.
What so he es, and he maye ryse,
He es large there he lyse,

he
grass

wonder

death

no further inside
make known

reward; claim

their reward pay

just below
mighty

clothes

country

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1260 And wele made in alle wyse,
Ther als man sall be tane." judged
Scho calde appon hir chaymbirlayne,
Was called hende Hatlayne —
The curtasye of Wawayne manners
He woldis in wane;
1265 Scho badd hym, "Wende and see
Yif yon man on lyfe be.
Bid hym com and speke with me,
And pray hym als thou kane." can

Now to pray hym als he kane,
1270 Undir the wallis he wane; goes
Warily wakend he that mane:
The horse stode still.
Als it was tolde unto me,
He knelid down on his kne;
1275 Hendely hailsed he that fre,
And sone said hym till,
"My lady, ic le Lufamour,
Habyddis the in hir chambour,
Prayes the, for thyn honour,
1280 To come, yif ye will."
So kyndly takes he that kyth request
That up he rose and went hym wyth,
The man that was of myche pyth strength
Hir prayer to fulfill.

1285 Now hir prayer to fulfill,
He folowed the gentilmans will,
And so he went hir untill,
Forthe to that lady.
Full blythe was that birde brighte fair lady
1290 When scho sawe hym with syghte,
For scho trowed that he was wighte,
And askede hym in hy: manly
At that fre gan scho frayne,
Thoghe he were lefe for to layne,
1295 If he wiste who had them slayne — questioned
Thase folkes of envy. noble one; ask
eager to hide the facts

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|--|
| | He sayd, "I soghe none of tho; I come the Sowdane to slo, And thay ne wolde noghte late me go; Thaire lyfes there refte I." | <i>those</i> <i>slay</i> |
| 1300 | | |
| | He sayd, "Belyfe thay sole aby." And Lufamour, that lele lady, Wist ful wele therby The childe was full wighte. | <i>Happily; abide</i> <i>fair</i> <i>Knew</i> <i>powerful</i> |
| 1305 | The birde was blythe of that bade That scho siche and helpe hade; Agayne the Sowdane was fade With alle for to fighte. | <i>noble lady; news</i> <i>such a helper</i> <i>Against; [he] was determined</i> |
| | Faste the lady hym byhelde: Scho thoght hym worthi to welde, And he myghte wyn hir in felde, With maystry and myghte. | <i>Earnestly</i> <i>govern</i> <i>field of battle</i> |
| 1310 | His stede thay in stabill set And hymselfe to haule was fet, And than, withowtten any lett, To dyne gan thay dighte. | <i>half; brought</i> <i>delay</i> <i>prepare</i> |
| | | |
| | The childe was sett on the dese, And served with reches — I tell yow withowtten lese — That gaynely was get, | <i>high table</i> <i>dainties</i> <i>lie</i> <i>handsomely was served</i> |
| 1320 | In a chayere of golde Bifore the fayrest, to byholde The myldeste mayden one molde, At mete als scho satt. | <i>on earth</i> |
| | | |
| 1325 | Scho made hym semblande so gude, Als thay felle to thaire fade, The mayden mengede his mode With myrthes at the mete, | <i>friendly welcome</i> <i>roused his spirits</i> |
| | That for hir sake righte tha Sone he gane undirta The sory Sowdane to sia, Withowtten any lett. | <i>then</i> <i>undertake</i> <i>delay</i> |
| 1330 | | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- He sayd, withowtien any lett,
 "When the Sowdane and I bene mett,
 1335 A sadde stroke I sall one hym sett,
 His pride for to spyll."
 Then said the lady so free,
 "Who that may his bon be
 Sall hafe this kyngdome and me,
 To welde at his will."
 1340 He ne hade dyned bot smalle
 When worde come into the haule
 That many men withalle
 Were bernyste one the hill;
 1345 For tene thaire felawes were slayne,
 The cité hafe thay mere tane.
 The men that were within the wane
 The comon-belle gun knyfle.
- Now knylyn thay the comon-belle.
 1350 Worde come to Percevill,
 And he wold there no lengere duelle,
 Bot lepe fro the dese —
 Siche wilde gerys hadde he mo —
 Sayd, "Kynsmen, now I go.
 1355 For alle yone sall I slo
 Longe are I sesel!"
 Scho kiste hym withowtien lett;
 The helme on his hede scho sett;
 To the stabill full sone he gett,
 1360 There his stede was.
 There were none with hym to fare;
 For no man then wolde he spare! —
 Rydis furthe, withowtien mare,
 Till he come to the prese.
- When he come to the prese,
 1365 He rydes in one a rese;
 The folkes, that byfore hym was,
 Thaire strenght hadde thay tone;
 To kepe hym than were thay ware;
 1370 Thaire dynntis deris hym no mare
- solemn
death (bane)
a little
armed
anger (that)
nearly taken
stronghold
did knell
- high table
impulsive ways; plenty
before; cease
delay
- hold back*
alone
Sowdar's gang
- in a rush*
taken
oppose; eager
blows harm

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|--------------------------------------|
| | Then whoso hadde strckyn sare One a harde stone. | fiercely |
| | Were thay wighte, were thay woke, Alle that he till stroke, | strong; weak |
| 1375 | He made thaire bodies to roke: Was ther no better wone. I wote, he sped hym so sone That day, by heghe nose | fall back fate |
| | With all that folke hade he done: One lefe lefte noghte one. | noon |
| 1380 | | Alive |
| | When he had slayne all tho, He loked forthir hym fro, If he myghte fynde any mo With hym for to fyghte; | |
| 1385 | And als that hardy bihelde, He sese, ferre in the felde, Fowre knyghtis undir schelde Come rydand full righte. | hardy [lad] looked about sees far |
| | One was Kyng Arthour, Anothir Ewayne, the floure, | vigorously |
| 1390 | The thirde Wawayne with honoure, And Kay, the kene knyghte. Percevell saide, withowtten mare, "To yondir foure will I fare; | most excellent |
| 1395 | And if the Sowdane be thare, I sall holde that I highte." | keep; promised |
| | Now to holde that he hase highte, Agaynes thaym he rydis righte. And ay lay the lady brighte | |
| 1400 | One the walle, and byhelde How many men that he had slane, And sythen gane his stede mayne Foure kempys agayne, | On |
| | Forthir in the felde. | rode; powerful warriors to meet |
| 1405 | Then was the lady full wo When scho sawe hym go Agaynes foure knyghtys tho, With schafte and with schelde. | To meet |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1410 | They were so mckyl and unryde That wele wende scho that tyde With bale thay solde gare hym byde That was hir besie belde. | great; huge time grief; make protector |
| 1415 | Thos he were besie of hir belde, As that lady byhelde, He rydes forthe in the felde, Even tham agayne. | protection |
| | Then sayd Arthoure the Kyng, "I se a bolde knyghte owt spreyng; For to seke feghtyng. | Directly against |
| 1420 | Forthe will he frayne. If he fare forthe to fighte And we fourre kempys agayne one knyght, Littill menske wold to us lighte | seek battle |
| | If he were soone slayne." | warrior honor |
| 1425 | They fore forthward right faste, And some kevells did thay caste, And evyr fell it to frayste Untill Sir Wawayne. | lot try Unto |
| 1430 | When it felle to Sir Wawayne To ryde Percevell agayne, Of that fare was he fayne, And fro tham he rade. | against chance |
| 1435 | Ever the nerre hym he drewe, Wele the better he hym knewe, Horse and hernays of hewe, That the childe hade. | nearer |
| | "A, dere God!" said Wawayne the fre, "How-gates may this be? If I sle hym, or he me, | However |
| 1440 | That never yit was fade, And we are sisters sones two, And aythir of us othir slo, He that lifes will be full wo That ever was he made." | his enemy For If liver; utterly woe |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1445 Now no maistrys he made,
Sir Wawayne, there als he rade,
Bot hovydé styl and habade
His concell to ta.
"Ane unwyse man," he sayd, "am I,
1450 That puttis myselfe to siche a foly;
Es there no man so hardy
That ne another es alswe.
Thogfe Percevell hase slayne the Rode Knight,
Yitt may another be als wyghte,
1455 And in that gere be dyghte,
And taken alle hym fra.
If I suffire my sister sone,
And another in his gere be done
And gete the maystry me appon,
1460 That wolde do me wa;
- menacing gestures
remained; stopped
take
also
Although
armor; dressed
am gentle with
equipment
woe
- It wolde wirke me full wa!
So mote I one erthe ga,
It ne sall noghte betyde me swa,
If I may righte rede!
1465 A schafte sall I one hym seit,
And I sall fonde firste to hitt;
Then sall I ken be my witt
Who weldys that wede."
No more carpys he that tyde,
1470 Bot son togedyr gon thay ryde-
Men that bolde were to byde,
And styff appon stede;
Thaire horse were stallworthe and strange,
Thair scheidis were unfaillande;
1475 Thaire speris brake to thaire hande,
Als than byhoved nede.
- be well advised
try
wears that armor
debates
strong
splintered in
As they were bound to do
- Now es broken that are were hale,
And than bygane Percevale
For to tell one a tale
That one his tonge laye.
He sayde, "Wyde whare hafe I ganc;
Siche another Sowdane
- ere; whole
on
Far and wide
Such

Sir Perceval of Galles

- In faythe sawe I never name,
By myghtie ne by daye.
I haue slayne, and I the ken,
Twenty score of thi men;
And of alle that I slewen thea,
Me thoughte it bot a playe
Agayne that dynt that I haue tane;
For siche one aughe I never name
Bot I qwyte two for aye,
Forsothc, and I maye."
- Then spake Sir Wawayne —
Certanely, is noghte to layne —
Of that fare was he fayne,
In felde there thay fighte:
By the wordis so wylde
At the fole one the felde,
He wiste wele it was the childe,
Percevell the wighte —
He sayse, "I ame no Sowdane,
Bot I am that ilke man
That thi body bygan
In armours to dighte.
I giffe the prise to thi pyth.
Unkyndely talked thou me with:
My name es Wawayne in kythe,
Whoso redys righte."
- He sayes, "Who that will rede the aryghse,
My name es Wawayne the knyghte."
And than thay sessen of thaire fighte,
Als gade frendes scholde.
He sayse, "Thynkes thou noghte when
That thou woldes the knyghte brene,
For thou ne couthe noghte ken
To spoyle hym alle colde?"
Bot then was Percevell the free
Als blythe als he myghte be,
For then wiste he wele that it was he,
By takens that he tolde.
- tell you
- Compared to; blow
possessed
Unless; repay
- for
glad
- naif in
- strong
same
- prize; strength
among my people
- advise you
- cease
- didn't know how
plunder
- details

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| | He dide then als he gane hym lere: Putt up hys umbrere; And kyste togadir with god chere Those beryns so bolde. | <i>had been taught</i> <i>visor</i> <i>warriors</i> |
| 1525 | Now kissede the beryns so bolde, Sythen talkede what thay wolde. Be them come Arthour the bolde, That there was knyghte and kyng | <i>warriors</i> |
| | Als his cosyns hadd done, | <i>By</i> |
| 1530 | Thankede God also sone. Off mekill myrthis thay mone At thaire metyng. | <i>reminisce</i> |
| | Sythen, withoutten any bade, To the castelle thay rade | <i>delay</i> |
| 1535 | With the childe that thay hade, Percevell the yngye. | |
| | The portere was redy thare, Lete the knyghtis in fare; | |
| | A blythere lady than . . . | |
| 1540 | | <i>(see note)</i> |
| | "Mi grete socour at thou here sende, Off my castell me to diffende, Agayne the Sowdane to wende, That es my mosse foo." | <i>that</i> |
| 1545 | Theire stedis thay sett in the stallie. The Kyng wendis to haulle; His knyghtis yode hym with alle, Als kynde was to go. | <i>greatest enemy</i> |
| | Thaire metis was redy, | <i>goes</i> |
| 1550 | And thereto went thay in by, The Kyng and the lady, And knyghtis also. | <i>went</i> |
| | Wele welcomed scho the geste With riche metis of the beste, | <i>As was the custom</i> |
| 1555 | Drynkes of the derreste, Dighted bydene. | <i>food</i> |
| | Thay etc and dranke what thay wolde, | <i>quickly</i> |
| | | <i>most costly</i> |
| | | <i>Prepared for everyone</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| | Sythen talked and tolde Off othir estres full olde, The Kyng and the Qwene. At the firste bygynnyng, Scho frayed Arthour the Kyng Of childe Percevill the yng, What life he had in bene. | <i>Then stories ouset questioned About had formerly</i> |
| 1560 | Grete wondir had Lufamour He was so stiffe in stour And couthe so littill of nurtour Als scho had there sene. | <i>strong; battle knew; courtesy</i> |
| 1565 | Scho had sene with the childe No thyng bot werkes wylde: Thoghte grete ferly on filde Of that foly fare. | <i>acts of violence wonders in field foolish behavior</i> |
| 1570 | Then said Arthour the Kyng Of bold Percevill techyng, Fro the firste bygynnyng Till that he come thar: | <i>Perceval's upbringing</i> |
| 1575 | How his fadir was slayne, And his modir to the wode gane For to be there hir allane In the holtis hare, | |
| 1580 | Fully fettene yere To play hym with the wilde dere: Littill wonder it were Wilde if he ware! | <i>animal</i> |
| 1585 | When he had tolde this tale To that semely in sale He hadde wordis at walc To tham ilkane. | <i>[Arthur] comely one; half will each of them</i> |
| 1590 | Then said Percevill the wightie, "Yif I be noghte yitt knyghte, Thou sall halde that thou highte, For to make me anc." | <i>promised</i> |
| 1595 | Than saide the Kyng full sone, "Ther sall other dedis be done, And thou sall wynn thi schone | <i>[knight's] shoes</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Appon the Sowdane." against
 Then said Percevell the frē,
 "Als sone als I the Sowdane see,
 Righte so sall it sone be.
 1600 Als I hafe undirtane."
 undertakēn
- He says, "Als I hafe undirtane
 For to sla the Sowdane,
 So sall I wirke als I kanne,
 That dede to bygynnā."
 1605 That day was ther no more dede
 With those worthily in wede,
 Bot buskede tham and to bedde yede,
 The more and the mynn;
 Till one the morne erely
 1610 Comes the Sowdane with a cry,
 Fondu all his folkes hym by
 Putt into pya.
 Sone asked he wha
 That so durste his men sla,
 1615 And wete hym oae lyfe gaa,
 The maystry to wynn.
 torment (*i.e.*, dead)
 who
 (*see note*)
- Now to wynn the maystry,
 To the castell gan he cry,
 If any were so hardy,
 1620 The maystry to wynn:
 "A man for ane,
 Thoghe he hadd all his folke slane,
 Here sall he fynde Golrotherame
 To mete hym full ryghte,
 1625 Appon sicke a covende
 That ye hefē up your haade;
 Who that may the better stande
 And more es of myghte
 To bryng that other to the dede,
 1630 Browke wele the loade on brede
 And hir that is so faire and rede,
 Lufamour the brighte!"
 pact
 lift
 death
 Possess; broad land

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Then the Kyng Arthour
And the Lady Lufamour
1635 And all that were in the towre
Graunted therwith.
Thay called Percevell the wight;
The Kyng dosbbed hym to knyghte.
1640 Thoſe he couthe littill insighte,
The childe was of pith.
He bad he solde be to prayſe,
Therto hende and curtayſe;
Sir Percevell the Galayſe
1645 Thay calld hym in kythe.
Kyng Arthour in Maydenlande
Dubbid hym knyghte with his hande,
Bad hym ther he his fo fande
To gyff hym no grythe.
- had little wisdom
strong
act in a praiseworthy way
among his people
peace
- Grith takes he name:
1650 He rydes agayne the Sowdane
That highte Gollerotherame,
That felle was in fighte.
In the felde so brade,
No more carpynge thay made,
1655 Bot sone togedir thay rade,
Theire schafteſ to righte.
Gollerotheram, thoſe he wolde wede,
Percevell bere hym fro his stode
Two londis one brede,
- war called
cruel
spears; raise
rage
knocked him off
(see note)
- 1660 With maystry and myghte.
At the erthe the Sowdane lay;
His stede gun rynn away;
Than said Percevell one play,
"Thou haste that I the highte."
- in
what I promised you
- 1665 He sayd, "I highte the a dynt,
And now, me thynke, thou hase it hynt.
And I may, als I haſte mynt,
Thou ſchalt it never mende."
Appon the Sowdan he duellid
- received
intended
pressed
- 1670 To the grownde ther he was felled,

Sir Perceval of Galles

- And to the erthe he hym helde
With his speres ende.
Payne wolde he hafe hym slayne,
This uncely Sowdane.
- 1675 Bot gate couthe he get nane,
So ill was he kende.
Than thynkes the childe
Of olde werkes full wylde:
"Hade I a fire now in this filde,
1680 Righte here he solde be brende."
- He said, "Righte here I solde the brene,
And thou ne solde never more them
Fighte for no wymman,
So I solde the fere!"
- 1685 Then said Wawayne the knyghte,
"Thou myghte, and thou knewe righte,
And thou woldes of thi stede lighse,
Wynn hym one were."
- 1690 The childe was of gamen gnede;
Now he thynkes one thede,
"Lordel whethir this be a stode
I wende had bene a mere?"
In stede righte there he in stode,
1695 He ne wiste nother of evyll ne gude,
Bot then chaunged his mode
And slaked his spere.
- When his spere was up tane,
Then gan this Gollerothiram,
This ilke uncely Sowdane,
- 1700 One his fete to gete.
Than his swerde drawes he,
Strykes at Percevell the fre.
The childe hadd no powste
His laykes to lett.
- 1705 The stede was his awnn will;
Saw the swerde come hym till,
Leppe up over an hill,
Fyve stryde mett.
- hapless
means could
trained
- terrify you
- if
- If; get off
- Defeat; in battle
- baster cautious
- on the spot
- can this; steed
- mare
- place
- released
- some hapless
- power
- sword play; oppose
- acted on his own
- toward him
- measured

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1710 Als he sprent forby,
The Sowdan keste up a cry;
The childe wann owt of study
That he was inn sett. flew past
- 1715 Now ther he was in sett,
Owt of study he gett.
And lightis downn, withowtten lett,
Agaynes hym to goo.
He says, "Now hase thou taughte me
How that I sall wirke with the."
Than his swerde drawes he
And strake to hym thro. absorbed in
- 1720 He hitt hym even on the nekk-banc,
Thurgh ventale and pesane.
The hede of the Sowdane
He strykes the body fra. assault; fiercely
- 1725 Then full wightly he yode
To his stede, there he stode;
The milde mayden in mode,
Mirthe may scho ma! from
went
- 1730 Many mirthes then he made;
In to the castell he rade,
And boldly he there habade
With that mayden brighte.
Fayne were thay ilkane each
- 1735 That he had slane the Sowdanc
And wele wonn that wyrmman,
With maystry and myghtie.
Thay said Percevell the yng
Was besse worthy to be kyng. young
- 1740 For wele withowtten lesyng
He helde that he highte.
Ther was no more for to say,
Bot sythen, appon that other day,
He weddys Lufamour the may,
This Percevell the wighte. *He kept his promise*
- maiden*

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1745 Now hase Percevell the wight
Wedded Lufamour the bright,
And is a kyng full righte
 Of alle that lande brade. broad
- 1750 Than Kyng Arthour in by
Wolde no lengare ther ly:
Toke lefe at the lady.
 Fro tham than he rade; leave of
- 1755 Left Percevell the yng
Off all that lande to be kyng,
For he had with a ryng
 The mayden that it hadde.¹ the next
- 1760 Sythen, appon the tother day,
The Kyng went on his way,
The certane sothe, als I say,
 Withowtien any bade. delay
- Now than yong Percevell habade
In those borowes so brade
For hir sake, that he hade
 Wedd with a ryng. broad
whom
- 1765 Wele weldede he that lande,
Alle bowes to his honde;
The folke, that he byfore fonde.
 Knewe hym for kyng. maled
bow
rought
- 1770 Thus he wonnes in that wone
Till that the twelmonthe was gone,
With Lufamour his leman.
 He thoghse on no thyng. dwells; place
beloved
- 1775 Now on his moder that was,
How scho levyde with the gres,
With more drynke and lesse,
 In welles, there thay spryng. upon grass
- Drynkes of welles, ther thay spreng,
And gresse etys, withoutt lesyng!
Scho liffede with none othir thyng
 In the holtes hare. grass; it's no lie
gray woods

¹ For with a ring he had / The maiden who had the land

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Till it byfelle appon a day,
Als he in his bedd lay.
Till hymselfe gun he say,
Syghande full sare,
- 1785 "The laste Yole-day that was,
Wilde wayes I chese:
My modir all manles
Leved I thare."
- 1790 Than righte sone saide he,
"Blythe sall I never be
Or I may my modir see,
And wete how scho fare."
- Now to wete how scho fare,
The knyght busked hym yare;
- 1795 He wolde no lengare ducille thare
For nocht that myghte bee.
Up he rose in that haulle,
Tuke his lefe at tham alle,
Both at grete and at smalle;
- 1800 Fro thaym wendis he.
Faire scho prayed hym even than,
Lufamour, his lemmian,
Till the beghe dayes of Yole were gane,
With hir for to bee.
- 1805 Bot it served hir of so thyng:
A presti he made forthe bryng,
Hym a messe for to syng,
And aftir rode he.
- Now fro tham gun he ryde;
1810 Ther wiste no man that tyde
Whedirwarde he wolde ryde,
His sorowes to amende.
Forthe he rydes alloe;
- 1815 Fro tham he wolde everichone:
Mighte no man with hym goae,
Ne whedir he wolde lende.
Bot forthe thus rydes he ay,
The certen sothe als I yow say,

unprotected
Left

Happy
Until
know; fares

made himself ready soon

leave from

Eloquently

arrive

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 1820 Till he come at a way
By a wode-ende.
Then herde he faste hym by
Als it were a woman cry:
Scho prayed to mylde Mary
Som socoure hir to sende.
- 1825 Scho sende hir socour full gude,
Mary, that es mylde of mode.
As he come thurgh the wode,
A ferly he fande.
A birde, brighteste of ble,
- 1830 Seode faste bonden till a tre —
I say it yow certanly —
Bothe fote and hande.
Sone askede he who,
When he sawe hir tho,
- 1835 That had served hir so,
That lady in lande.
Scho said, "Sir, the Blake Knyghte
Solde be my lorde with righte;
He hase me thusgates dighse
- 1840 Here for to stande."
- She says, "Here mon I stande
For a faute that he fande
That sall I warande
Is my mosite mose.
- 1845 Now to the I sall say:
Appon my bedd I lay
Appon the laste Yole-day —
Twelve monethes es gone —
- 1850 Were he knyghte, were he king,
He come onc his playnge.
With me he chaungode a ring,
The richestie of onc.
- 1855 The body myght I moghte see
That made that chaungyng with me,
Bot what that ever he be,
The better hase he tone!"
- close by
- marvel
- noble lady; complexion
- (see note)
- thazly tied
- faulx
- greatest moon
- sporting
- exchanged
- finest of all
- taken

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Scho says, "The better hase he tane;
Siche a vertue es in the stane,
In alle this werlde wote I nane
 Siche stone in a ryng;
A man that had it in were
One his body for to bere,
There scholde no dyntys hym dere,
 Ne to the dethe bryngē."
 stone
 know of none
1860
 war
 blows; harm
1865 And then wiste Sir Percevale
Full wele by the ladys tale
That he had broghte hir in bale
 Thurgh his chaungyng.
 Than also sone sayd he
To that lady so fre,
 "I sail the louse fro the tre,
 Als I amc trewē kyng."
 into grief
 exchanging [of rings]
1870
 shall loosen you
1875 He was bothe kyng and knyght:
Wele he helde that he highte;
He loused the lady so brighte,
 Stod bown to the tre.
 Down satt the lady,
 And yong Percevall hir by.
Forwaked was he wary:
 Rist hym wolde he.
 He wende wele for to ryst,
 Bot it wolde nothyng laste.
 Als he lay althir best,
 His hede one hir kne,
 Scho putt on Percevall wighte,
 Bad hym fle with all his myghte,
 "For yonder comes the Blake Knyghte;
 Dede mon ye be!"
 kept; promised
 loosened
 bound
1880
 He was utterly weary from lack of sleep
 Rest himself
1885
 very comfortably
 awakened
 must
1890 Scho sayd, "Dede mon ye be,
I say yow, sir certanly:
Yoender out comes he
 That will us bothe slee!"
The knyghte gan hir answere,
 " Tolde ye me noghte lang ere
 earlier

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|---|---------------------------------|
| 1895 | Ther solde no dynnis me dere, Ne wirke me no woo?" | blows; harm |
| | The helme on his hode he sett; | |
| | Bot or he myght to his stede get, | ere |
| | The Blak Knyght with hym mett, | |
| 1900 | His maistrys to mo. | conquest; accomplish |
| | He sayd, "How! hase thou here | |
| | Fonden now thi play-fere? | playmate |
| | Ye schall habby it full dere | pay for it dearly |
| | Er that I hethen go!" | hence |
| 1905 | He said, "Or I hetbyn go, I sall sile yow bothe two, And all sicke othir mo, Thaire waryson to yelde." | hence |
| | Than sayd Percevell the fre; | reward |
| 1910 | "Now sone than sall we see Who that es worthy to bee Slayne in the felde." | |
| | No more speke thay that tyde, Bot sone togedir gan thay ryde, | |
| 1915 | Als men that wolde were habdyde, With schafte and with schelde. Than Sir Percevell the wight Bare down the Blake Knyght. | engage in war |
| | Than was the lady so bright | |
| 1920 | His best socour in telde; | camp |
| | Scho was the beste of his belde: Bot scho had there bene his schelde, He had bene slayne in the felde, Right certeyne in hy. | protectors Unless |
| 1925 | Ever als Percevell the kene Sold the knyghtis bane hafe bene, Ay went the lady bytwene And cryed, "Mercy!" | Even at; brave Should; death |
| | Than the lady he forbere, | spared |
| 1930 | And made the Blak Knyghtie to swere Of alle evylls that there were, Forgiffe the lady. | |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- And Percevell made the same othe
That he come never undir clothe
To do that lady no lothe
That pendid to velany.
- "I did hir never no velany;
Bot slepande I saw hir ly;
Than kist I that lady —
I will it never layne.
- I tok a ryng that I fande;
I left hir, I understande,
That sall I wele warande,
Anothir ther-agayne."
- Those it were for none other thyng,
He swere by Jhesu, Heven-kyng,
To wete withouten lesyng,
And here to be slayne;
- "And all redy is the ryng;
And thou will myn agayne bryng.
Here will I make the chaungyng,
And of myn awnn be fayne."
- He saise, "Of myn I will be fayne."
The Blak Knyghte ansuers agayne:
Sayd, "For sothe, it is noghte to layne,
Thou come over-late.
- Als sone als I the ryng fande,
I toke it sone off hir hande;
To the lorde of this lande
I bare it one a gate.
- That gate with grefe hafe I gone:
I bare it to a gude mone,
The stalwortheste geant of onc
That any man wate.
- Es it nowther knyghte ne kyng
That dorste aske hym that ryng,
That he ne wolde hym down dyng
With harmes full hate."
- injury
pertained
- lie
- believe
guarantee
as a substitute
not otherwise
- lyng
- If
exchange
joyful
- joyful
- lie
too late
- straight away
way
man
most stalwart giant of all
knows
- strike
much violence

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1970 | "Be thay hate, be thay colde," Than said Percevell the bolde, For the tale that he tolde He wex all tene. He said, "Heghe on galous mote he hyng That to the here gifles any ryng. Bot thou myn agayne bryng, Thou haste awaye geven! And yif it may no nother be, Righte sone than tell thou me The sothe: whilke that es he Thou knowes, that es so kene? Ther es no more for to say, Bot late me wynn it yif I may, For thou hase giffen thi part of bothe away, Thof thay had better bene." | hot <i>Because of angry High; gallows you here gives (That) you have</i> <i>none other</i> <i>truth know; bold</i> <i>more valuable</i> |
| 1975 | | |
| 1980 | | |
| 1985 | He says, "Thof thay had better bene." The knyghte ansuerde in tene, "Thou soll wele wete, withowtten wene, Wiche that es he! If thou dare do als thou says, Sir Percevell de Galays, In yone heghe palays, Therin solede he be, The riche ryng with that grym! The stane es bright and nothyng dyn; | <i>more valuable anger know; doubt Which</i> |
| 1990 | | <i>lofty</i> |
| 1995 | For sothe, ther soll thou fynd hym: I toke it fro me; Owthir within or without, Or one his play ther abowte, Of the he gifles littill dowte, | <i>horrid creature He</i> |
| 2000 | And that soll thou see." | <i>you; has no fear</i> |
| 2005 | He says, "That soll thou see, I say the full sekirly." And than forthe rydis he Wondirly swythe. The geant stode in his holde, That had those londis in wolle: | <i>tell you; rarely swifly castle (his) power</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| | Saw Percevell, that was bolde, One his lande dryfe; | gallop [his horse] |
| 2010 | He calde one his portere: "How-gate may this fare? I se a bolde man yare On my lande ryfe. Go reche me my playlome, And I sall go to hym sone; Hym were better hafe beae at Rome, So ever mote I thryfe!" | However prepared to fight well-endowed battle weapon prosper |
| 2015 | Whethir he thryfe or he the, Ane iryn clobe takes he; Agayne Percevell the fre | shrive; prosper iron club |
| 2020 | He went than full right. The clobe wheyhed reghte wele That a freke myght it fele: The hede was of harde steele, Twelve stone weghte! | weighed a lot knight |
| 2025 | Ther was iryn in the wande, Ten stone of the lande, And one was byhynde his hande, For holdyng was dight. | (168 pounds) iron; shaft (140 pounds' worth) |
| 2030 | Ther was thre and twenty in hale; Full evyll myght any men smale, That men telles nowe in tale, With siche a lome fighte. | (see note) designed all (i.e., 322 pounds weight) poorly weapon |
| 2035 | Now are thay bothe bown, Mett one a more brown, A mile without any town, Boldly with schelde. | armed moor outside |
| 2040 | Than saide the geant so wight, Als sone als he sawe the knyght, "Mahoun, loved be thi myght!" And Percevell byhelde. "Art thou hym, that," saide he than, "That slew Gollerothirame? I had no brothir bot hym ane, When he was of elde." | Mahomet alone full grown |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 2045 Than said Percevill the fre,
"Thurgh grace of God so sall I the,
And siche geantes as ye
Sle thaym in the felde!" *prosper*
- 2050 Siche metyng was seldom sene.
The dales dynned thaym bytwene
For dynntis that thay gaffe bydene
When thay so mett. *resounded
to each other*
- 2055 The gyant with his clobe-lome
Wolde hafe strekyn Percevill sone,
Bot he therunder wightely come,
A stroke hym to sett. *club-weapon
united
skillfully*
- 2060 The geant missede of his dynt;
The clobe was harde as the flynt;
Or he myght his staffe stynt
Or his strength lett, *Before; stop
control*
- 2065 The clobe in the erthe ssode:
To the midschafte it wode.
The Percevill the gode,
Hys swerde owt he get. *was embedded
Then*
- 2070 Merkes even to his nekk,
Reght even ther he stode;
His honde he strykes hym fro,
His lefte fote also, *delay
Thrusts straight
from him*
- 2075 With siche dynnis as tho.
Nerre hym he yode.
Then sayd Percevill, "I understande
Thou myghte with a lesse wande *those
Nearer; went*
- 2080 Hafe weledid better thi hande
And hafe done the some gode;
Now beset it never for ane
The clobe of the erthe tane. *smaller stick
it; anyone
from; to take*

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 2080 | I tell thi gatis alle gane, ¹ Bi the gode Rode!" | Cross |
| 2085 | He says, "By the god Rode, As evyll als thou ever yode, Of thi fote thou getis no gode; Bot lepe if thou may!" | However poorly you walk hereafter hop |
| 2090 | The geant gan the clobe lefe, And to Percevell a dynt he yefe In the nekk with his nefe. So ne neghede thay. At that dynt was he tene: | leave gave fur near approached outraged |
| 2095 | He strikes off the hande als cleane Als ther hadde never none bene. That other was awaye. Sythen his hede gan he off hafe; He was aunc unhende knave | already chopped off Then; cut off discourteous shave |
| 2100 | A geantberde so to schafe, For sothe, als I say. Now for sothe, als I say, He lete hym ly there he lay. And rydis forthe one his way | high castle |
| 2105 | To the heghe holde. The portare saw his lorde slayne; The kayes durste he nocht layne. He come Percevell agayne; The gatis he hym yold. | keys; withhold yielded |
| 2110 | At the firste bygynnyng. He askede the portere of the ryng — If he wisse of it asy thyng — And he hym than tolde: He taughte hym sone to the kiste | showed; chest |
| | Ther he alle the golde wiste, Bade hym take what hym liste Of that he hafe wolde. | knew [to be] desired |

¹ I say there will be no more pathways to walk (i.e., your career is ended)

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Percevell sayde, hafe it he wolde,
And schott owt all the golde
Righte there appon the faire molde;
The ryng owt glade.
- 2115 The portare stode besyde,
Sawe the ryng owt glyde,
Sayde ofte, "Wo worthe the tyde
That ever was it made!"
- 2120 Percevell answerde in hy,
And asked wherefore and why
He banned it so brothely,
Bot if he cause hade.
- 2125 Then alone said he,
And sware by his lewté:
"The cause sall I tell the,
Withowten any bade."
- He says, "Withowten any bade,
The knyghte that it here hade,
Theroff a presande he made,
And hedir he it broghte.
- 2130 Mi mayster tuke it in his hande,
Ressayved faire that presande:
He was chefe iorde of this laude,
Als man that mckill moghte.
- 2135 That tyme was here fast by
Wonnande a lady,
And hir wele and lely
He luffede, als me thoughte.
- 2140 So it byfelle appon a day,
Now the sothe als I sall say,
Mi lorde went hym to play,
And the lady bysoughte.
- 2145 Now the lady byseches he
That scho wolde his leman be;
Fast he frayned that free,
For any kyns aughte.
- 2150 At the firste bygynnayng,
He wolde hafe gyffen hir the ryng;
- east
the floor
flew out
- Woe be the time
- cursed; vehemently
Unless
- fealty
- delay
- brought it here
present
- Received
- had great power
- Dwelling
goodly and loyally
- importuned
- asked; noble lady
on any terms

Sir Perceval of Galles

- And when scho sawe the tokynng,
 Then was scho un-saughte.
 Scho gret and cried in hir mone;
 Sayd, 'Thefe, hase thou my sone slone
 2155 And the ryng fro hym tane,
 That I hym bitaughte?'
 Hir clothes ther scho rafe hir fro,
 And to the wodd gan scho go;
 Thus es the lady so wo,
 2160 And this is the draghte.
- distraught
wepc: grief
Thief: slain
taken
exhausted
tore
coarse {of fate}
- For siche drachtis als this,
 Now es the lady wode, iwyd,
 And wilde in the wodde scho es,
 Ay sythen that ilke tyde.
 2165 Fayne wolde I take that free,
 Bot alone als scho sees me,
 Faste awaye dose scho flee:
 Will scho noghte abyde."
 Then sayde Sir Percevell,
- Because of; lack (draught)
gone mad, truly
Ever since
as soon as
- 2170 "I will assaye full snelle
 To make that lady to duelle;
 Bot I will noghte ryde:
 One my fese will I ga,
 That faire lady to ta.
 2175 Me aughte to bryng hir of wa:
 I laye in hir syde."
- attempt; quickly*
capture
rescue her from woe
(i.e., "I am her son.")
- He sayse, "I laye in hir syde;
 I sall never one horse ryde
 Till I haue sene hir in tyde,
 2180 Spede if I may;
 Ne nose armoure that may be
 Sall come appone me
 Till I my modir may see,
 Be nyghte or by day.
 2185 Bot reghte in the same wode
 That I firste fro hir yode,
 That sall be in my mode
 Aftir myn other play;
- time
Have better luck
went
determination
Despite anything else

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 2190 Ne I ne sall never mare more
 Come owt of yose holtis hare gray woods
 Till I wete how scho fare, know; fares
 For sothe, als I saye."
- 2195 Now for sothe, als I say,
 With that he helde one his way,
 And one the morne, when it was day,
 Forthe gonn he fare.
 His armour he leved therin, left
 Toke one hym a gayt-skynne,
 And to the wodde gan he wyn.
 Among the holtis hare. goatskin
- 2200 A sevemyght long hase he soghte;
 His modir ne fydys he noghte.
 Of mete ne drynke he ne roghte,
 So full he was of care. cared about
2205 Till the synye day, byfell anxiety
 That he come to a welle
 Ther he was woste for to duelle
 And drynk take hym thare. ninth
- 2210 When he had dronken that tyde,
 Forthirmare gan he glyde;
 Than was he warre, hym besyde,
 Of the lady so fre; Farther; walk
 Bot when scho sawe hym thare,
 Scho bygan for to dare, Then; aware
 And sone gaffe hym answare,
 That brighte was of bly. hide
- 2215 Scho bigan to call and cry:
 Sayd, "Siche a sone hadde I!"
 His hert lightened in hy,
 Blythe for to bee.
- 2220 Be that he come hir nere
 That scho myght hym here,
 He said, "My modir full dere,
 Wele byde ye me!" hear

Sir Perceval of Galles

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 2225 | Be that, so nere getis he That scho myghte nangatis fle, I say yow full certeynly. Hir byhooved ther to byde. Scho stertis appon hym in tene; | With that in no way <i>It behooved her anger</i> |
| 2230 | Wete ye wele, withowtten wene, Had hir myghte so mckill benc, Scho had hym slayne that tyde! Bot his myghte was the mare, And up he toke his modir thare; One his bake he hir bare: | <i>Know; doubt</i> <i>Had she been strong enough</i> <i>greater</i> |
| 2235 | Pure was his pryd. To the castell, withowtten mare, The righte way gon he fare; The portare was redy yare, And lete hym in glyde. | <i>He had no pride</i> <i>soon</i> <i>walk</i> |
| 2240 | In with his modir he glade, Als he sayse that it made; With siche clothes als thay hadde, Thay happed hir forthy. | <i>walked</i> |
| 2245 | The geant had a drynk wroghte, The portere sone it forthe broghte, For no man was his thoghte Bot for that lady. | <i>covered; accordingly</i> |
| 2250 | Thay wolde not lett long thon, Bot lavede in hir with a sponge. Then scho one slepe fell also sone, Reght certeyne in hy. | <i>did not wait long then</i> <i>poured [the liquid]</i> |
| 2255 | Thus the lady there lyes Thre nyghtis and thre dayes, And the portere alwayes Lay wakande hir by. | |
| 2260 | Thus the portere woke hir by — Ther whills hir lufed sekerly, — Till at the laste the lady Wakede, als I wene. Then scho was in hir awenn state And als wele in hir gate | <i>watched beside her while [he]</i> <i>awakened</i> <i>(i.e., right mind)</i> <i>normal way</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Als scho hadde nowthir arely ne late formerly or recently
Never therowte bene.
- 2265 Thay sett them down one thaire kne, look
Thanked Godde, alle three,
That he wolde so appon them see
As it was there sene.
- Sythen aftir gan they ta prepare
2270 A riche bathe for to ma, make
And made the lady in to ga,
In graye and in grene.
- Than Sir Percevell in by
Toke his modir hym by.
- 2275 I say yow than certenly,
And hōme went bee.
Grete lordes and the Qwene
Welcomed hym al bydene; altogether
When they hym on lyfe sene;
- 2280 Than blythe myghte they bee.
Sythen he went into the Holy Londe, Then
Wanne many citēs full stronge,
And there was he slayne, I undirstonde;
Thusgatis endis hee. In this way
- 2285 Now Jhesu Criste, hevens Kyng,
Als He es Lorde of all thyng,
Grante us all His blyssyng!
Amen, for charyté!

Quod Robert Thornton
Explicit Sir Percevall de Gales
Here endys the Romance of Sir Percevall of Gales, Cosyn to King Arthoure.

Notes

- 1 *Lef, lythes to me.* The opening formula links this poem to the minstrel tradition which often included a bid for attention, followed by the announcement of a subject. Minstrels favored tail-rhyme romances that could be more easily memorized and heard. The poet's contention that he will speak "two wordes or thre" sets a comic tone for a poem that continues for 2,288 lines.
- 7 This line is imitated by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Thopas* — "Hymself drank water of the well, / As dide the Knyght sire Percyvell" VII(B2), 915-16 — which appears to be, in part, a takeoff on the more creaky features of this poem. See Introduction and see also note at lines 2141-43.
- 23 The English poet is unique among romance writers in giving Arthur a sister named Acheflour. The name is perhaps a corruption of Blanchefleur, who in Chrétien's *Perceval*, is said to be Arthur's sister and the hero's mother.
- 26 Arthur provides dower for Acheflour. According to medieval law, the husband would control the "broad lands" and the wife would receive one-third of her husband's estate. The lands given by Arthur would revert to Acheflour upon her husband's death.
- 46 *Jousts à plaisirance* (jousts of "pleasure"), peaceful skirmishes, were commonly held on occasions of celebration, such as a marriage, the birth of a son, or a coronation. Lances with slanted tips were used to reduce the chance of injury. The object was to unhorse one's opponent or to splinter his weapon, not to kill him.
- 78 *was he.* The line is a stress short. Holthausen emends it to *was that fre.*
- 95 *he.* MS: *it.* Holthausen's emendation.
- 152 *And stonayed that tyde.* "And stunned at that time" seems anticlimactic. Perhaps the sense is 1) "And, on that occasion, destroyed him" (as in

Sir Perceval of Galles

"smashed with a blow"); or 2) "And put an end to that lifetime"; or 3) "And dumbfounded the people celebrating his son's birthday."

160 Mills emends to */v/joylede* and glosses the word as "helped."¹⁴

179 This line might imply that Acheflour left her family and her king (*rāye*). But *rāye* was also a type of striped cloth popular among the nobility in the fourteenth century. Perhaps the point is that Lady Perceval abandoned both her kin and her finery when she left for the wild "wodde" (line 180).

200 French and Hale suggest that this "wande" is a kind of magic dart, which alone has power to bring down the Red Knight.

248 *day*. A hole in the MS obliterates the *a*.

261-63 Ewayne fytz Asoure (also spelled "Yvain") is a member of Arthur's court who stars in his own romance by Chrétien (see the Middle English translation/adaptation in this volume), but also plays a minor role in *Perceval of Galles*. His father is usually said to be Uriens. Gawain is Arthur's nephew, being the son of Arthur's sister (or half-sister), Anna (as in Geoffrey of Monmouth), and, therefore, is Perceval's first cousin. He is often known for his bravery and courtesy. Kay, Arthur's seneschal, is a dark character, often, as here, a rude troublemaker and foil to noble knights of the court.

275 Perceval is traditionally portrayed as having exceptional physical prowess but being deficient in reason. Because his mother sheltered him as a child, he is also naive. As will become apparent, he has not learned courtly manners.

289 In Middle English *fole* did not necessarily carry the strongly negative connotations it does today, but, rather, simply comments on Perceval's naïveté.

302-05 Although *bukke* may mean body (i.e., Gawain's body), French and Hale delete *he* (line 302) to read: *Bot a grete bukke had bene*, thus implying that a buck stepped in between Perceval and Kay, thwarting Perceval's rude behavior. Stags frequently appear in fairy tales. Either way, the sense of the lines is obscure.

Notes

- 320 The top corner of the MS is frayed, obliterating most of the line. Reconstructed by Halliwell-Phillipps and others on the basis of the line following, which presumably repeats the key words according to tail-rhyme principles. All that remains of the line is *To . . . te his awenn.*
- 326 *stode*. A place where mares are kept for breeding. The word is derived from the German *die Stute* (mare).
- 339 Holthausen emends the line to read *Scho will telle [me] the name*, an emendation followed by French and Hale to maintain the meter.
- 356 The implication of *be moughte* ("must be") is that the mother knew her son would inevitably take the route of his father one day.
- 362 The reconstruction of *is* in "thiselv" is Halliwell-Phillipps' suggestion. There is a hole here in the manuscript and an ink blot as well.
- 393 I.e., Christmas day. Coincidentally, as Arthur was popularly supposed to have held court on Easter, Ascension, Whitson, All Saints, and Christmas, the first day of the season would have been an opportune time for Perceval to set out in hopes of meeting him.
- 397 MS: *nurtoare*. French and Hale's emendation.
- 410 French and Hale gloss *payre* as "sets."
- 432 At this point the scribe interjects the words "Here is a flyt of Percyvell of Galles." The next line begins with a large capital "O," extending over four lines.
- 434 The sudden appearance of a castle or hall to a travelling knight in a medieval romance often prepares the reader to expect some enchantment. Here Perceval will receive the magic ring that will figure heavily in his future actions.
- 493 ff. A strange knight riding into the king's hall on horseback was a common episode in medieval romances. See *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and Chaucer's Squire's Tale.

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 606 The blood-red clothing worn by this character seems to indicate that he (like the green-clad figure in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*) is an enchanter against whom everyone is powerless except the one whose destiny it is to slay him.
- 611 French and Hale emend *iswih* to the more familiar "within."
- 617 Although the story of the cup is elliptically treated here, one may assume that this is no ordinary drinking vessel. Earlier critics suggested that it is somehow linked to the health of Arthur's kingdom, which will decline without it and, in this respect, is akin to a secularized grail trope. In line 1062, Arthur is said to have gone to "care-bedd," and even though this is supposedly on account of his concern for the safety of Perceval, it might earlier have been linked more directly to the stolen vessel.
- 633 *Fyve*. Holthausen emends to *fiftene*, imagining that the Red Knight has assailed Arthur every year since the death of Perceval senior.
- 642 *J. Halliwell-Phillipps'* emendation, which saves the meter and the sense and is followed by Holthausen and French and Hale.
- 657 MS: *wih*.
- 660 The unarmed "childe" (Perceval has only his dart) fighting and overcoming the armed and experienced foe smacks of the David and Goliath story that Chaucer also parodies in lines 807–27 of the Tale of Sir Thopas. Noting the short stanza, lines 557–60, Mills suggests that twelve lines have been omitted by the scribe. The text in the MS is continuous.
- 682 French and Hale note that in the Middle Ages, during the twelve days of the Christmas season, all fighting was forbidden. Casting one's foe in the marsh, however, seems to have been acceptable.
- 872 Mills suggests that Thornton's exemplar might have read: *To tham will I te* ("go"), which makes more immediate sense.
- 899 MS: *Thou have the moste foo slayne*, which breaks the rhyme scheme, thus the emendation.

Notes

- 921 The brother who was slain fifteen years ago is the elder Perceval, and this man (unnamed) is thus young Perceval's uncle. Line 1050 alludes to this relationship.
- 977 *Sowdane*. A "Sultan," the chief ruler of a Muslim country, but the term is seldom used with much precision in medieval literature. Such a character was pagan, powerful, and, therefore, evil, and is commonly a foil to the hero.
- 1021 *The*. MS: *He*. The emendation is Halliwell-Phillipps'.
- 1043 *sprongen of a stane*. I.e., alone, as if he were just created. See Franklin's Tale line 1614: *cropen out of the ground*. The allusion is to the myth of Pyrrha and Deucalion and the repopulation of the world from stones thrown behind them.
- 1068 Arthur's concern for Perceval, which might seem excessive considering that he has never seen the boy before, can be explained in part by the king's affection for Perceval's father. But Arthur was also Perceval's *maternal* uncle. Thus he and the boy form that most special of medieval relationships, the avuncular — Arthur's blood most assuredly ran through Perceval's veins.
- 1165 French and Hale gloss *fade* as "determined." It could also mean "weak." But see line 616, where MED glosses the word as "eager for battle."
- 1173 Mills glosses this line as "Let anyone who can narrate [this story] in company [say that]. . . ."
- 1177 MED notes instances of *spede* used to imply "ease" or "alleviation," which seems to be the sense here. The point is that Perceval's spear is very busy.
- 1229–36 The sense of these lines is that Lady Lufamore, eager to find out who has slain the Saracens, asks that he come forth so that she might reward him. No one from inside the castle comes to claim the reward.
- 1294 Perceval's disposition to ignore the slaughter might be seen as a sign of his modesty, though more likely it signals his frustration at not having carried out his mission, namely, to slay the Sowdan, as he doggedly explains in lines 1298–1300.

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- 1392 Although *kene* can mean "acrimonious," it also means "brave" or "bold," and it seems that the author intended one of the latter senses here, since Kay is not now playing his usual caustic role.
- 1540 The manuscript has been damaged so that only the beginnings of the last words recorded from lines 1537-39 remain at this point. The text continues with no space left for the sixteenth line. The omitted lines, the equivalent, perhaps, of the sixteenth line and the first four lines of the next stanza, tell of Lady Lufamore's greeting of King Arthur. They are missing apparently because of the scribe's oversight and not because of the damage to the manuscript.
- 1576-80 The beginnings of these lines were reconstructed by Holthausen. The lower left corner of the leaf is missing.
- 1589 *Then. MS:* *The.* Emendation by Halliwell-Phillipps.
- 1595 In the Middle Ages, a knight bent on peace did not wear shoes — only soft socks (see the Green Knight in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, line 160); but a knight intent on battle wore both shoes and spurs. Arthur seems to be saying here that with the death of the Sultan, Perceval would have proven his battle skills to the fullest — i.e., he would be worthy of the shoes of a knight.
- 1615 The Sultan seems to be asking whether the slayer of his men (i.e., Perceval) is alive to fight with him.
- 1620 French and Hale note the break in rhyme to suggest the right reading is probably "with hym to fyghte."
- 1659 The sense of the line is uncertain. It perhaps refers to the distance the Sultan was hurled from his horse, since "land" was a unit of measure. See, for example, "plough/land" (MED, OED), indicating the amount of land one could cultivate with one plough.
- 1693 The sense of this line seems to be that Perceval stood where he was and thought, an activity somewhat rare for him. The fact that the "mere" was actually a "steed" has come as a revelation.
- 1698 *Then. MS The.*

Notes

- 1755 French and Hale emend the line needlessly by adding */wedded/* after *he had*.
- 1769-92 Although the interval might vary, a year was the usual length of time for a mortal to stay in fairyland before longing to return to the world.
- 1774 with the gres. The point seems to be that without Perceval to hunt for her, she now lives as a vegetarian, a detail that astonishes the narrator (lines 1778-80), but is nonetheless true — without lying!
- 1799 MS: *bor.*
- 1830 The noble lady is the same one with whom Perceval exchanged rings earlier in the poem, while she lay sleeping in the castle. Her magic ring protected him in battle, and it is thus much more valuable than the one he left with her.
- 1836 in *londe*. An expletive, used vaguely in ME poetry, comparable to *in towne*. Here, perhaps, it implies a situation or predicament. See *Sir Ferumbras*, line 2793, *Welawo to longe y lyve in londe*, where the sense is "on earth." Chaucer toys with the vacuous phrase in *The Tale of Sir Thopas* (CT VII 887), along with *in towne* (CT VII 793).
- 1839 dighte. The author's frequent use of this term pays rich dividends here. The lady is hidden, adorned (with the chains), clothed (in shame), prepared (for humiliation), placed (tied, etc.) — all meanings the poet has previously affiliated with *dighte*.
- 1963 Giants were popular creatures of medieval romance. See W. F. Bryan and Germaine Dempster, eds., *Sources and Analogues of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"* (New York: Humanities Press, 1958), pp. 530-54.
- 1985 thay. Holthausen and French and Hale read *thyn*, without acknowledging emendation, though the MS clearly reads *thay*.
- 1996 French and Hale gloss: "I gave it away." Mills emends the line to read: *If That/ take it fro me*. MED cites instances of *I* functioning as the pronoun *he*.
- 2027-28 *And one was behynde* apparently means that the iron clasp binding the head of the axe to the handle weighs another stone (c. 14 pounds), making the total axe weight 23 stone, or about 322 pounds in all.

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 2032 It is perhaps worth noting that *lome* is used in ME as a metaphor for the penis. Certainly, to this giant, his *playlome* (2013) or *cloblome* (2053) is a figure of his potency. Cf., MED *lome* (n.) 1.c.
- 2084 Perceval's is black comedy here; obviously a giant without a left foot cannot "leap," unless hopping is leaping.
- 2138 MS: *wonneade*. Holthausen's emendation.
- 2141-43 See Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas (VII, 748-50): *And so bifel upon a day, / For sothe, as I yow telle may, / Sire Thopas wolde our ride.*
- 2209-12 Critics such as Brown and Speirs contend that in earlier versions of this story, Perceval's mother was a water fairy, thus her repeated association with wells. Seen in this light, it is not surprising that she appears to her son just after he has taken a drink.
- 2251 The use of a magic potion to induce sleep and thus to restore one to the "proper" state of mind was commonplace in medieval romance.
- 2257-61 A v-shaped tear at the top center of fol. 176r deletes the end word of the first three long lines of the first column.
- 2257 *hir by*. French and Hale's reconstruction.
- 2258 *sekerly*. Halliwell-Phillipps' reconstruction, followed by Holthausen and French and Hale.
- 2261 *state*. Holthausen's reconstruction, followed by French and Hale. Halliwell-Phillipps supplies *wate*.
- 2272 Green is associated with vegetation, but it is also a restorative color, thus fitting for the reinstatement of the relationship between mother and son.

Introduction

Ywain and Gawain

Introduction

Ywain and Gawain survives in a single copy preserved in the British Library as Cotton Galba E. ix. The parchment manuscript contains 114 folios, seventeen separate pieces. Most of these — *The Gospel of Nicodemus*, a treatise on the Seven Deadly Sins, *The Prick of Conscience*, a "Book of Penance," a Rood poem, and a *Pater Noster*, for example — are didactic. But others, such as notes on the points of a horse, *The Prophecies of Merlin*, and the satirical poem, "Sir Penny," represent a diversity of secular tastes. The hands of six individual scribes can be discerned in the collection, four of these dating from the early fifteenth century. The first hand — that of *Ywain and Gawain* and *The Seven Sages of Rome* — is a clear *Anglicana Formata* and the text is in a Northern dialect. Because certain North-East Midland forms are often reflected in the rhyme, the language is assumed to be that of the original author, who probably composed the work some fifty to one hundred years before this particular version was written down. A lack of topical references in the text makes it impossible to date the composition of the poem precisely.

The manuscript is in generally good condition, although its upper edges show water damage, probably from the 1731 fire in the library of Robert Bruce Cotton, the book's only identifiable owner. The top portion is often marred by shrinkage, splitting, and staining; worm holes, tearing, and ink blots occur throughout. Few of these defects present difficulties for the reader, however. The text contains little decoration. It begins with a large, ornate blue capital, picked in red, and a long, downward flourish, extending through the title and four lines of the manuscript. A number of smaller initials, alternately red and blue, are scattered throughout the text, normally coinciding with our modern practice of paragraphing. Such initials contain non-representational foliage and sport tendrils both upward and downward into the margins. The text contains numerous paragraph markings, which are generally not consistent with modern usage. There is little punctuation, and capitalization is sporadically employed.

The poem itself, a translation and adaptation of Chrétien de Troyes' *Le Chevalier au Lion*, is the story of Ywain, son of Urien, and a knight of King Arthur's court, whom the English poet assumed to have been a king and who is historically believed

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to have fought against the Angles in the sixth century. Unlike most romances, this one is a tale of married love: Ywain weds his lady, only to lose her through the breaking of a vow, whereafter he must perform many feats of valor before winning her again. The story begins at Arthur's court when Sir Colgrevance tells of his adventure along a perilous path which led him to a monster herdsman, a magic storm-producing well, and an avenging knight who some time ago had defeated Colgrevance in battle. Immediately Ywain, fired by the prospect of such an encounter and hoping to be more successful than his kinsman, sets out on the path himself, followed at some distance by Arthur and his retinue. Ywain defeats the knight, who, mortally wounded, flees to his castle. Ywain pursues him, but upon reaching the castle, he is trapped by the portcullis which crashes down upon him, killing his horse. He is rescued by Lunette, the companion of the dead knight's wife, whom he has unknowingly befriended in the past, and she gives him a ring that makes him invisible. Thus he is able to escape capture within the castle walls. He falls in love with the grieving widow, Alundyne; subsequently, he marries her and becomes the protector of her property. When Arthur and his knights arrive, Ywain defeats Sir Kay and proudly entertains them all as host and lord.

His happiness is short-lived, however, for soon Gawain, who had accompanied Arthur to the castle, persuades Ywain to "follow arms" with him to prove his manliness alongside his friend in tournaments. Alundyne agrees to the venture — but only for the space of a year. When Ywain forgets to return on the appointed day, she publicly renounces him and subsequently withdraws her magic ring which had served to protect him from harm. Having lost his love, Ywain also loses his mind, roaming the forest like a wild "beste" until the kindness of a hermit and the magic of still another lady restore him. Brought, in effect, to his senses, he now fights for justice and truth. Seeing a dragon battling a lion, he saves the lion and the beast becomes his companion. He rescues hapless maidens, defeats an oppressing giant, and overcomes an evil steward. When at last he returns to Alundyne's castle, Lunette aids him in a reconciliation with his wife. Then all live happily, the poet assures us, "Until that death haves dreven tham down" (line 4026).

As with *Sir Perceval of Galler*, this poem has suffered by comparison with its French prototype, considered by many to have been Chrétien's consummate achievement. Unlike *Sir Perceval*, a work which the English poet took and made his own, *Ywain and Gawain* is more a translation and a streamlining of *Le Chevalier au Lion*, retaining the narrative, but reducing the earlier work by some twenty-eight hundred lines. That the reduction often comes at the expense of Chrétien's rich descriptive passages, eliminating not only the courtly elements, battle details, and character nuances, but also the subtle word play, irony, psychologizing, and suspense, has caused the English romance to be labeled as "flat," lacking in "wit and subtlety."

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In addition, such streamlining has produced what some critics take to be lacunae in the text — gaps where the meaning is not clear. Such "gaps" may be the result of "faulty copying," or they may represent the English poet's conscious attempt at pandering to an audience who would eschew such subtleties in favor of a more fast-paced and action-filled plot. *Ywain* and *Gawain*, however, must not be judged solely by comparison to Chrétien, for it is a provocative, skillfully-wrought poem in its own right, reproducing the *Ywain* saga for an English audience that is rather different from the French courts for which Chrétien wrote, an audience seeking courtly sophistication rather than owning it.

Whatever the reason for the abridgements, the English poet does focus on action. *Ywain*'s thoughts and feelings interest him less than the physical activities that effect character change. *Ywain*'s adventures are not random, but progressive: his first act — his attack on the knight of the well — is motivated by family concerns. He is in pursuit of his own self-aggrandizement. Likewise, his year of "tournamenting" with *Gawain* is undertaken for personal glory. He becomes so self-absorbed that he forgets his vows to his wife. After he has lost and regained his sanity his adventures take on a different character. He now acts solely for justice and right as steps toward personal atonement. His deeds are performed not as the noted "Sir *Ywain*," but as the unknown "Knight of the Lion." In the final battle where he unknowingly fights against his best friend, Sir *Gawain*, he is willing to proclaim himself the loser — even though the battle was a draw — displaying a type of humility not known to him before. In humility *Ywain*'s education is complete: He is *redeemed* and makes *ending . . . of al the sorows that he hode* (lines 4009–10). Only then can he be reconciled with his wife. Espousing chivalry in its ideal forms, *Ywain* contrasts with *Sir Perceval of Galles*. His courtly activities raise questions about the nature of *trowthe* and about the conflict between married love and personal honor, and thus the romance anticipates more fully developed treatments of such themes in later fourteenth-century works.

The poem is written in rhymed couplets; each line contains four stresses and is generally octosyllabic. Some degree of alliteration appears in approximately one third of the lines, sometimes in two or three syllables. The dialogue is often lively and colloquial, befitting a North-country poet writing for an audience more mercantile in its livelihood than Chrétien's courtly group.

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Ywain and Gawain

Here bigyns Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|----|---|--------------------------|
| | Almyghti God that made mankyn, | mankind |
| | He schilde His servandes out of syn | protects; from |
| | And maystene them with myght and mayne | |
| | That herkens Ywayne and Gawayne; | Who listens to |
| 5 | Thai war knighthes of the Tabyl Rownde, | |
| | Tharfore listens a lytel stownde. | little while |
| | Arthure, the Kyng of Yagland, | |
| | That wan al Wales with his hand | conquered |
| | And al Scotland, als sayes the buke, | at |
| 10 | And mani mo, if men wil luke, | more |
| | Of al knighthes he bare the prye. | was most worthy |
| | In world was none so war ne wise. | prudent |
| | Trew he was in alkyn thing. | every |
| | Als it byfel to swilk a kyng, | such |
| 15 | He made a feste, the soth to say, | feast; mirth |
| | Opon the Witsononday | |
| | At Kerdyf that es in Wales. | Cardiff |
| | And efter mese thare in the hales | after dinner; pavilions |
| | Ful grete and gay was the assemblé | |
| 20 | Of lordes and ladies of that cuntré, | |
| | And als of kynghes war and wyse | great excellence |
| | And damisels of mykel prye. | Each one; great pleasure |
| | Ilkane with other made grete gamin | at; were assembled |
| | And grete solace als thai war samin. | boasted |
| 25 | Fast thai carped and curtaysly | feats; hunting |
| | Of dedes of armes and of veseri | lived |
| | And of gude knighthes that lyfed then, | truly know |
| | And how men might tham kyndeli ken | valor |
| | By doghtines of thaire gude dede | |
| 30 | On ilka syde, wharesum thai yede — | every; wherever; went |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|----|--|-------------------------|
| | For thai war stiff in ilka stowre. | strong: every fight |
| | And tharfore gat thai grese honowre. | got |
| | Thai tald of more trewh than bitwene | accounted for; between |
| | Than now omang men here es sene, | among; is |
| 35 | For trouth and luf es al bylaft; | love; abandoned |
| | Men uses now another craft. | |
| | With worde men makes it trew and stabil, | words (i.e., writing) |
| | Bot in thaire faith es noght bot fabil; | nothing but lies |
| | With the mowth men makes it hale, | mouth; sweet |
| 40 | Bot trew trouth es nane in the tale. | |
| | Tharfore hereof now wil I blyn, | stop |
| | Of the Kyng Arthure I wil bygyn | |
| | And of his curtayse cumpany; | |
| | There was the flowre of chevallry. | |
| 45 | Swilk lose thai wan with speres-horde | Such praise; spearpoint |
| | Over al the world went the worde. | |
| | After mete went the Kyng | |
| | Into chamber to slepeing. | |
| | And also went with him the Quene. | |
| 50 | That byheld thai al bydene, | one and all |
| | For thai saw them never so | |
| | On high dayes to chamber go. | |
| | Bot sone, when thai war went to slepe, | |
| | Knyghtes sat the dor to kepe: | guard |
| 55 | Sir Dedyne and Sir Segramore, | |
| | Sir Gawayn and Sir Kay sat thore, | there |
| | And also sat there Sir Ywaine | |
| | And Colgrevance of mckyl mayn. | |
| | This knight that hight Colgrevance, | |
| 60 | Tald his felows of a chance | |
| | And of a stowre he had in bene, | situation |
| | And al his tale herd the Quene. | battle; been in |
| | The chamber dore sho has unshet, | opened |
| | And down omang thanm scho hir set; | |
| 65 | Sodainli sho sat down right, | Suddenly |
| | Or ani of thanm of hir had sight | Before |
| | Bot Colgrevance rase up in hy, | rose; haste |
| | And thareof had Syr Kay envy. | |
| | For he was of his tong a skalde, | tongue a scold |

Ywain and Gawain

- 70 And forto boste was he ful balde.
 "Ow, Colgrevance," said Sir Kay,
 "Ful light of lepes has thou bene ay.
 Thou wenes now that the sal fall
 Forto be henedest of us all.
- 75 And the Quene sal understand,
 That here es none so unkunand
 Al if thou rase and we sat stylle.
 We ne dyd it for none yll,
 Ne for no manere of fayntise,
- 80 Ne us denyd nocht forto rise,
 That we ne had resen had we hyr sene."
 "Sir Kay, I wote wele," sayd the Quene,
 "And it war gude thou left swilk sawes
 And nocht despise so thi felawes."
- 85 "Madame," he said, "by Goddes dome,
 We ne wist no thing of thi come
 And if we did nocht curtaysly,
 Takes to no velany.
 Bot pray ye now this gentil man
- 90 To tel the tale that he bygan."
 Colgrevance said to Sir Kay:
 "Bi grete God that aw this day.
 Na mare manes me thi flyt
 Than it war a flies byt.
- 95 Ful oft wele better men than I
 Has thou desspised desspytusely.
 It es ful semeli, als me think,
 A brok omaing men forto stynk.
 So it fares by the, Syr Kay:
- 100 Of wiked wordes has thou bene ay.
 And, sen thi wordes er wikked and fell,
 This time tharto na more I tell,
 Bot of the thing that I bygan."
 And sone Sir Kay him answerd than
- 105 And said ful tite unto the Quene:
 "Madame, if ye had nocht here bene,
 We sold have herd a selly case;
 Now let ye us of oure solace.
- boar; bold
 Oh
 quick to rise; ever been
 think; you shall be accounted
 To be most courteous
 shall
 ignorant
 arose
 sluggishness
 designed (refused)
 arisen; seen
 know
 quit such speech
 judgment
 knew; coming
 (behave) courteously
 Account it no courtesy
 made
 bothers; reproach
 bite
 contemptuously
 as it seems to me
 badger
 fares
 evil words; ever been
 since; are; fierce
 quickly
 should; marvelous incident
 you deprive us; entertainment

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|---|
| 110 | Tharfore, madame, we wald yow pray, That ye cumand him to say And tel forth, als he had tyght." | command; speak as; intended |
| | Than answerd that hende knight: "Mi lady es so avyse. That scho wil nocht cumand me | courteous wise |
| 115 | To tel that towches me to ill; Scho es nocht of so wiked will." | <i>what redounds to my discredit</i> wicked |
| | Sir Kai said than ful smertli: "Madame, al hale this cumpani Praies yow hertly now omell, | whole <i>heartily; meanwhile</i> |
| 120 | That he his tale forth might tell. If ye wil nocht for oure praying, For faith ye aw unto the kyng. Cumandes him his tale to tell, That we mai here how it byfell." | owe |
| 125 | Than said the Quene, "Sir Colgrevance, I prai the tak to no grevance This kene karping of Syr Kay; Of wiked wordes has he bene ay, So that none may him chastise. | bitter nagging always |
| 130 | Tharfore I prai the, on al wise, That thou let nocht for his sawes, At tel to me and thi felawes Al thi tale, how it bytid. For my luf I the pray and byd." | wholeheartedly cease But <i>happened</i> |
| 135 | "Series, madame, that es me lath Bot for I wil nocht mak yow wrath, Yowre cumandment I sal fulfill, If ye wil listen me untill, With hertes and eres understandes; | reluctant angry |
| 140 | And I sal tel yow swilk tithandes, That ye herd never none slike Reherced in no kynges ryke. Bot word fares als dose the wind, Bot if men it in hert bynd; | such ridings like 'em <i>Recounted; realm</i> |
| 145 | And, wordes wo so trewly tase, By the eres into the hert it gase, And in the hert thare es the horde | who; takes goes treasury |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|--------------------------------|
| | And knawing of ilk mans worde. | each |
| | "Herkens, hende unto my spell. | good sir; gracious lady; story |
| 150 | Trofels sal I yow nane tell. | Trivial tales shall |
| | Ne lesinges forto ger yow lagh, | lies; make you laugh |
| | Bot I sal say right als I sagh. | saw |
| | Now als this time sex yere | six years ago |
| | I rade allane, als ye sal here, | rode; hear |
| 155 | Obout forto seke aventurs, | seek |
| | Wele armid in gude armurs. | |
| | In a frith I fand a strete; | wood; path |
| | Ful thik and hard, I you bihete, | square |
| | With thornes, breres, and moni a quyn. | prickly branches; quince tree |
| 160 | Nerchand al day I rade thareyn, | Nearly |
| | And thurgh I past with mckyl payn. | great pain |
| | Than come I sone into a playn, | clearing |
| | Whare I gan se a bretise brade, | parapet broad |
| | And thederward ful fast I rade. | |
| 165 | I saw the walles and the dyke, | most |
| | And hertly wele it gan me lyke; | heartily |
| | And on the drawbrig saw I stand | |
| | A knight with fawkon on his hand. | falcon |
| | This ilk knight, that be ye balde, | same; assured |
| 170 | Was lord and keper of that halde. | castle |
| | I hailsed him kindly als I kowth; | hailed; could |
| | He answerd me mildeli with mowth. | courteous speech |
| | Mi sterap toke that hende knight | stirrup |
| | And kindly cumanded me to lyght; | dismount |
| 175 | His cumandment I did onane, | straight away |
| | And into hall sone war we tane. | taken |
| | He thanked God, that gude man, | |
| | Sevyn sithes or ever he blan, | times before; ceased |
| | And the way that me theder broght, | thither |
| 180 | And als the aventurs that I soght. | |
| | "Thus went we in, God do him mede, | give him recompense |
| | And in his hand he led my stede. | |
| | When we are in that fayre palays — | |
| | It was ful worthly wrought always — | |
| 185 | I saw no man of moder born. | |
| | Bot a burde hang us biforn, | rectangular board |

Ywain and Gawain

- Was nowther of yren ne of tre,
Ne I ne wist whareof it might be.
And by that bord hang a mall.
190 The knyght smate on tharwithal
Thrise, and by them might men se
Bifore him come a faire menye,
Curtayse men in worde and dede.
To stabil sone thaï led mi stede.
- "A damisel come unto me,
The semeliest that ever I se,
Lufsumer lised never in land.
Hendly scho toke me by the hand,
And sone that gentyl creature
195 Al unlaced myne armure.
Into a chamber sho me led,
And with a mantil scho me cled:
It was of purpure faire and fine
And the pane of riche ermyne.
200 Al the folk war went us fra,
And thare was none than bot we twa.
Scho served me hendely to hend:
Hir maners might no man amend.
Of tong sho was trew and renable
205 And of hir semblant soft and stable.
Ful fain I wald, if that I might,
Have woned with that swete wight.
And, when we sold go to soper,
That lady with a lufsum chere
210 Led me down into the hall.
Thare war we served wele at all;
It nedes nocht to tel the mese,
For wonder welc war we at esse.
Byfor me sat the lady bright
215 Curtaisly my mete to dyght;
Us wanted nowther baken ne roste.
And after soper sayd myne oste
That he cowth nocht tel the day
That ani knight are with him lay,
220 Or that ani aventures soght.
- neither of iron nor wood
hammer
Thrice
group of followers
Lovelier lived
Courteously
clothed
purple cloth
living
courteously close by
tongue; eloquent
demeanor
gladly
lived; person
should
gracious manner
food
ease
prepare
lacked; meat pie; roast meat
host
could not [more happily] recall
previously

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|----------------------------|
| | Tharfore he prayed me, if I moght, On al wise, when I come ogayne, That I sold cum to him sertayne. I said, "Sir, gladly, yf I may." | might |
| 230 | It had bene shame have said him nay. "That night had I ful gade rest And mi stede esed of the best. Alsome als it was dayes lyght, | provided comfort |
| | Forth to fare sone was I dyght. | |
| 235 | Mi leve of mine ost toke I thare And went mi way withouten mare, Aventures forto layt in land. A faire forest sone I fand. | host |
| | Me thought mi hap thare fel ful hard, | seek |
| 240 | For thare was mani a wilde lebard, Lions, beres, bath bal and bare, That newfully gan rope and rare. Oway I drogh me, and with that | came upon |
| | I saw sone whare a man sat | by chance |
| 245 | On a lawnd, the fowlest wight That ever yit man saw in syght. He was a lathly creature, For fowl he was out of mesure; | leopard |
| | A wonder mace in hand he hadde, And sone mi way to him I made. | boar |
| 250 | His hevyd, me thought, was als grete Als of a rownyce or a nese; Unto his belt hang his hare, And efter that byheld I mare. | sorrowfully; cry out; roar |
| | To his forhede byheld I than, | drew |
| 255 | Was bradder than twa large span; He had eres als ane olyfant And was wele more than geant. His face was ful brade and flat; | clearing; ugliest creature |
| | His nese was cutted als a cat; His browes war like litel buskes; And his teihe like bare tuskes. A ful grete bulge opon his bak — | loathsome |
| 260 | Thare was noght made withouten lac. | ugly |
| | | wonderful club |
| | | head |
| | | saddle-horse; ox |
| | | Down to; hair |
| | | more |
| | | two; handbreadths |
| | | like an elephant |
| | | bigger than a giant |
| | | broad |
| | | snubbed |
| | | bushes |
| | | boar's tusks |
| | | faul |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 265 | His chin was fast until his brest; On his mace he gan him rest. Also it was a wonder wede, That the cherle yn gode; | <i>firmly fixed</i> <i>club</i> <i>wondrous garment</i> <i>was dressed in</i> |
| 270 | Nowther of wol ne of line Was the wede that he went yn. "When he me sagh, he stode upright. I frayned him if he wolde fight, | <i>wool; linen</i> <i>clothing</i> <i>asked</i> |
| 275 | For tharto was I in gude will, Bot als a beste than stode he still. I hopid that he no wittes kowth, No reson forto speke with mowth. | <i>thought; had no ability to understand</i> |
| | To him I spak ful hardily And said, "What ertow, belamy?" He said again, "I am a man." | <i>are you, fair friend</i> |
| 280 | I said, "Swilk saw I never nane. What ertow?" alsone said he. I said, "Swilk als thou here may se." | <i>Such</i> <i>instantly</i> |
| | I said, "What does thou here allane?" He said, "I kepe thir bestes ilkane." | <i>alone</i> <i>each one</i> |
| 285 | I said, "That es mervaille, think me, For I herd never of man bot the In wildernes ne in forestes, That kepeing had of wilde bestes, | |
| | Bot thai war bunden fast in halde." | <i>bound; confinement</i> |
| 290 | He sayd, "Of thire es none so balde Nowther by day ne bi night Anes to pas out of mi sight." | <i>fearless</i> |
| | I sayd, "How so? Tel me thi scill." "Parfay," he said, "gladly I will." | <i>Alone</i> <i>skill</i> <i>By my faith</i> |
| 295 | He said, "In al this faire foreste Es thare none so wilde beste, That remu dar, bot stil stand, When I am to him cumand. | |
| | Any ay, when that I wil him fang | <i>dare to move</i> |
| 300 | With mi fingers that er strang. I ger him cri on swilk manere, That al the bestes when thai him here, Obout me than cum thai all, | <i>coming</i> <i>seize</i> <i>make; such</i> <i>hear</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- 305 And to mi fete fast thai fall,
On thaire manere merci to cry.
Bot understand now redyli,
Olyve es thare lifand no ma
Bot I that durst omang tham ga,
That he ne sold sone be al torrent.
310 Bot thai er at my comandment;
To me thai cum when I tham call,
And I am maister of tham all.'
 'Than he asked onone right,
What man I was. I said, 'A knyght
315 That soght aventurs in that land,
My body to asai and fande.
And I the pray of thi kownsayle,
Thou teche me to sum mervayle.'
He sayd, 'I can no wonders tell,
320 Bot here bisyde es a well.
Wend theder and do als I say;
Thou passes nocht al quite oway.
Follow forth this ilk strete,
And sone sum mervayles sal thou mete.
325 The well es under the fairest tre
That ever was in this contré;
By that well hinges a bacyne
That es of gold gude and fyne,
With a cheyne, trewly to tell,
330 That wil reche into the well.
Thare es a chapel nere tharby,
That nobil es and ful lufely.
By the well standes a stane;
Tak the bacyn sone onane
335 And cast on water with thi hand,
And sone thou sal se new tithand.
A storme sal rise and a tempest
Al about, by est and west;
Thou sal here mani thonor-blast
340 Al about the blawand fast.
And thare sal cum slik slete and rayne
That unnesse sal thou stand ogayne;
- readily
Alive; more
should soon be torn to pieces
Unless; are
straight away
rest; dry
direct
Go
You won't get away so easily
some path
hangs; basin
quickly
shall see; tidings
hear; thunderblast
you blowing fiercely
such sleet
with difficulty

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|--|
| | Of lightnes sal thou se a lowe, | brightness; flame |
| | Unnethes thou sal thi selven knowe. | Hardly |
| 345 | And if thou pas withouten grevance, Than has thou the fairest chance, That ever yit had any knyght, That theder come to kyth his myght." | harm |
| | "Than toke I leve and went my way | proclaim |
| 350 | And rade unto the midday. By than I come whare I sold be, I saw the chapel and the tre. Thare I fand the fayrest thorne | rode <i>By [the time] when; should</i> |
| | That ever groued sen God was born. | <i>grew since</i> |
| 355 | So thik it was with leves grene, Might no rayn cum tharbytwene; And that grenes lastes ay. For no winter dere yt may. | always may harm it |
| | I fand the bacyn als he talde, | basin |
| 360 | And the wel with water kalde. An amerawd was the stane — Richer saw I never nane — On fowre rubyes on heght standard. | cold emerald; stone |
| | Thaire light lasted over al the land, | standing aloft |
| 365 | And when I saw that semely syght, It made me bath joyful and lyght. I toke the bacyn sone onane And heilt water opon the stane. | shone pleasing both; light-hearted |
| | The weder wex than wonder-blak, | at once |
| 370 | And the thoner fast gan crak. | poured |
| | Thare come slike stormes of hayl and rays, Unnethes I might stand thare ogayn; | thunder such |
| | The store windes blew ful lowd, So kene come never are of clowd. | With difficulty |
| 375 | I was drevyn with snaw and slete, Unnethes I might stand on my fete. In my face the levening smate, I wend have brent, so was it hate, | violent bitter; before from driven |
| | That weder made me so will of rede, | Scarcely |
| 380 | I hopid sone to have my dede; And seretes, if it lang had last, | <i>lightning smoke</i> <i>expected to have /been/ burned; hot</i> <i>at a loss</i> <i>death</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| | I hope I had never thethin past. | <i>I expect I'd never have left that place</i> |
| | Bot thorgh His might that tholed wowsd, | <i>suffered wounds (i.e., Christ)</i> |
| | The storme sesed within a stownde. | <i>moment</i> |
| 385 | Than wex the weder fayre ogayne, And thareof was I wonder-fayne; For best comforth of al thing Es solace efter myslikeing. | <i>wondrouly joyour comfort unhappiness</i> |
| | "Than saw I sone a mery syght: | |
| 390 | Of al the fowles that er in flyght, Lighted so thik opon that tre, That bogh ne lefe noose might I se. So merily than gon thai sing, | <i>bough; leaf</i> |
| | That al the wode bigan to ring; | |
| 395 | Ful mery was the melody Of thaire sang and of thaire cry. Thare herd never man none swilk, Bot if ani had herd that ilk. | <i>heard; such Unless; same [song]</i> |
| | And when that mery dyn was done, | |
| 400 | Another noyse than herd I sone, Als it war of horsmen Mo than owtner nyen or ten. | <i>As if More; either</i> |
| | "Sone than saw I cum a knyght; | |
| | In riche armurs was he dight, | <i>dressed</i> |
| 405 | And sone, when I gan on him loke, Mi shelde and spere to me I toke. That knight to me hied ful fast, And kene wordes out gan be cast. | <i>hastened bold commanded; immediately</i> |
| | He bad that I sold tel him tise, | |
| 410 | Whi I did him swilk despite, With weders wakened him of rest And done him wrang in his forest. "Tharfore," he said, "thou sal aby!" | <i>such injury storms; from wrong shall pay for it</i> |
| | And with that come he egerly | |
| 415 | And said I had ogayn resowne Done him greie destruccione, And might it never more amend. Tharfore he bad I sold me fend. | <i>against reason</i> |
| | And sone I smate him on the shelde, | |
| 420 | Mi schaft brac out in the felde, | <i>defend myself as soon as broke</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|---|
| | And than he bare me sone bi strenkith Out of my sadel my speres lenkith. I wate that he was largely By the shuldres mare than I; | strength <i>the length of my spear</i> knew; larger |
| 425 | And bi the ded that I sal thole, Mi stede by his was bot a foile. For mate I lay down on the grownde, So was I stonayd in that stownde. | death; suffer foal <i>Defeated (check-mated)</i> stunned; tame |
| 430 | A worde to me wald he noght say, Bot toke my stede and went his way. Ful sarily than thare I sat, For wa I wist noght what was what. | horse then woe; knew not quickly |
| 435 | With my stede he went in hy The same way that he come by. And I durst folow him no ferr For doost me solde bitide wert. | further <i>fear I should suffer worse</i> heaven didn't know; went |
| | And also yit, by Goddes dome, I ne wist whare he bycome. "Than I thought how I had hight | <i>promised</i> |
| 440 | Unto myne ost, the hende knyght, And also til his lady bryght, To com ogayn if that I myght. Mine armurs left I thare ilkane, | host; gracious to |
| | For els myght I noght have gane. | armor; also |
| 445 | Unto myne in I come by day. The hende knight and the fayre may Of my come war thai ful glade, And nobil semblant thai me made. | lodging maiden <i>coming were; glad</i> reception |
| 450 | In al things thai have tham born Als thai did the night bisorn. Sone thai wist whare I had bene, And said that thai had never sene | <i>learned</i> |
| | Knyght that ever theder come, Take the way ogayn home. | |
| 455 | On this wise that tyme I wrought; I fand the folies that I soght." "Now sekerty," said Sir Ywayne, "Thou art my cosyn jermayne; | <i>In this manner</i> found close kinman |
| | Trew luf suld be us bytwene, | |

Ywain and Gawain

- 460 Als sold bytwyx brether bene.
 Thou ert a fole at thou ne had are
 Tald me of this ferly fare,
 For sertes I sold onone ryght
 Have venged the of that ilk knyght.
 So sal I yit, if that I may."
- 465 And than als smerty sayed Syr Kay —
 He karpet to tham wordes grete:
 "It es sene, now es efter mete,
 Mare boste es in a pot of wyne
 470 Than in a karcas of Sayat Martyne.
 Arme the smerty, Syr Ywayne,
 And sone that thou war cumen ogayne;
 Luke thou fil wele thi panele,
 And in thi sadel set the wele.
 475 And when thou wendes, I the pray,
 Thi baner wele that thou desplay;
 And, rede I, or thou wende,
 Thou tak thi leve at ilka frende.
 And if it so bytide this nyght,
 480 That the in slepe dreche ani wight
 Or any dremis mak the rad,
 Turn ogayn and say I bad."
 The quene answerd with milde mode
 And said, "Syr Kay, ertow wode?
 485 What the devyl es the withyn,
 At thi tong may never blyn
 Thi felows so fowly to shende?
 Serthes, Sir Kay, thou ert unhende.
 By Him that for us sufferd pine,
 490 Syr, and thi tong war myne
 I sold bical it tyte of treson,
 And so might thou do, by gade reson.
 Thi tong dose the grete dishonowre,
 And therefore es it thi traytowre."
 495 And than alsoone Syr Ywayne
 Ful hendly answerd ogayne,
 Al if men sayd hym velany,
 He karped ay ful cartaysly:
- brother
 not to have [told me] earlier
 weird event
 at once
 avenged you; same
 sharply
 spoke; insolent
 ix
 (see note)
 again
 saddlepad
 place yourself well
 goes
 ere you go
 of every friend
 vex
 you frightened
 predicted [it]
 mood
 are you crazy
 That; tongue; cease
 shame
 discourteous
 (i.e., Christ); torment
 if
 should accuse it quickly
 instantly
 courteously
 Always
 spoke

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|--------------------------------------|
| | "Madame," he said unto the quene, | |
| 500 | "Thare sold na stryf be us bytwenc. | |
| | Unknowth men wele may he shende | <i>Stupid; shamed</i> |
| | That to his felows es so unhende. | <i>discourteous</i> |
| | And als, madame, men says sertayne | <i>also</i> |
| | That, wo so flites or turnes ogayne, | <i>whosoever reproaches; against</i> |
| 505 | He bygias al the melle: | <i>fight</i> |
| | So wil I nocht it far by me. | |
| | Lates him say haley his thoght; | <i>Let; wholly</i> |
| | His wordes greves me right nocht." | <i>not at all</i> |
| | Als thai war in this spekeing | |
| 510 | Out of the chamber come the kyng. | |
| | The barons that war thare, sertayn. | <i>rose themselves for him</i> |
| | Smertly rase thai him ogayne. | <i>one and all</i> |
| | He bad tham sit down al bydene, | <i>himself</i> |
| | And down he set him by the quene. | |
| 515 | The quene talde him fayre and wele, | |
| | Als sho kowth, everilka dele | <i>understood every bit</i> |
| | Ful apertly al the chance | <i>plainly; occurrence</i> |
| | Als it bifel Syr Colgreavance. | |
| | When sho had talde him how it ferd, | <i>happened</i> |
| 520 | And the king hyr tale had herd, | |
| | He sware by his owyn crowne | |
| | And his fader sowle Uter Pendragowne, | <i>father's soul</i> |
| | That he sold se that ilk syght | <i>same</i> |
| | By that day thethin a fowretenight, | <i>from thence; fortnight</i> |
| 525 | On Saint Johns evyn, the Baptist, | |
| | That best barn was under Crist. | <i>near to</i> |
| | "Swith," he sayd, "wendes with me, | <i>Quickly; go</i> |
| | Who so wil that wonder se." | |
| | The kynges word might nocht be hid. | |
| 530 | Over al the cowrt sone was it kyd; | <i>made known</i> |
| | And thare was none so litel page | |
| | That he ne was fayn of that voyage; | <i>eager for; journey</i> |
| | And knyghtes and swiers war ful fayne; | <i>squires</i> |
| | Mysliked none bot Syr Ywayne. | <i>None was displeased</i> |
| 535 | To himself he made grete mane, | |
| | For he wald have went allane. | |
| | In hert he had grete myslykynge | <i>displeasure</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|---|
| | For the wending of the kyng, | going |
| | Al for he hopid, withowten fayle, | |
| 540 | That Sir Kay sold ask the batayle, | should |
| | Or els Sir Gawayn, knyght valiant; | |
| | And owther wald the king grant. | |
| | Who so it wald first crave | |
| | Of them two, sone might it have. | |
| 545 | The kynges wil wald he noght bide, | would be (<i>i.e.</i> , Ywain) not await |
| | Worth of him, what may bityde; | Become; happen |
| | Bi him allane he thought to wend | By himself alone |
| | And tak the grace that God wald send. | |
| | He thought to be wele on hys way, | |
| 550 | Or it war passed the thryd day, | Ere |
| | And to asay if he myght mete | |
| | With that ilk narow strete | path |
| | With thornes and with breres set, | briars |
| | That mens way might lightli let, | hindre |
| 555 | And also forto fynd the halde, | fortress |
| | That Sir Colgreveance of talde. | told |
| | The knyght and the mayden meke, | |
| | The forest fast than wald he seke, | |
| | And als the karl of Kaymes kyn | also; churl of Cain's |
| 560 | And the wilde bestes with him, | |
| | The tre with briddes thare opon, | |
| | The chapel, the bacyn, and the stone. | |
| | His thought wald he tel to no frende, | |
| | Until he wyst how it wald ende. | |
| 565 | Than went Ywaine to his yn; | household |
| | His men he fand redy thareyn. | found |
| | Unto a swier gan he say, | squire |
| | "Go swith and sadel my palfrey, | quickly |
| | And so thou do my strang stede, | also; powerful |
| 570 | And tak with the my best wede. | armor |
| | At yone gate I wil outryde; | |
| | Withowten town I sal the bide. | Outside; await you |
| | And by the smerty unto me, | hasten quickly |
| | For I most make a jorne. | journey |
| 575 | Ogain sal thou bring my palfra, | |
| | And forbede the eght to say. | |

Ywain and Gawain

- If thou wil any more me se,
Lat none wit of my preveté;
And if ani man the oght frayn,
Luke now lely that thou layn." know; secrecy
580 "Sir," he said, "with ful gode will,
Als ye byd, I sal felfyll.
At yowre awyn wil may ye ride,
For me ye sal moght be ascryed."
585 Forth than went Sir Ywayne;
He thinkes, or he cum ogayne,
To wreke his kosyn at his myght.
The squier has his bernays dyght;
He did right als his mayster red;
590 His stede, his armurs he him led.
When Ywayn was withouten town,
Of his palfray lighted he down
And dight him right wele in his wede
And lepe up on his gode stede.
595 Furth he rade onose right,
Until it neghed nere the nyght.
He passed many high mowntayne
In wildernes and mony a playne,
Til he come to that lethir sty,
600 That him byhoved pass by.
Than was he seker for to se
The wel and the fayre tre.
The chapel saw he at the last,
And theder hyed he ful fast.
605 More curtaysi and more honowre
Fand he with them in that toure,
And mare conforth by monyfalde,
Than Colgrevance had him of talde.
That night was he herberd thare:
610 So wele was he never are.
At morn he went forth by the strete,
And with the cherel sone gan he mete
That sold tel to him the way.
He sayned him, the soth to say,
615 Twenty sith or ever he bian;
- should ask you
loyally; he

own
because of; informed upon

avenge his cousin with all
armor prepared
advised
equipment; *to* him
outside
Off
dressed; armor

straight away

treacherous crossing
of necessity *had to*
sure

Assisted

many times over

lodged
before

churl
should
crossed himself
times; ceased

Ywain and Gawain

- Swilk mervayle had he of that man;
 For he had wonder that nature
 Myght mak so fowl a creature.
 Than to the well he rade gode pase,
 And doun he lighted in that place;
 And sone the bacyn has he tane
 And kest water opon the stane;
 And sone thare wex withouten fayle,
 Wind and thosor and raya and haile.
 When it was sesed, than saw he
 The fowles light opon the tre;
 Tha sang ful fayre opon that thorn,
 Right als tha had done byforn.
 And sone he saw cumand a knight
 Als fast so the fowl in flyght
 With rude semblanc and sterne chere,
 And hastily he neghed nere.
 To speke of lufe na time was thare,
 For aither hated uther ful sare.
 Togeder smertly gan tha drive,
 Thaire sheldes sone bigan to ryve,
 Thaire shaftes cheverd to thaire hand,
 Bot tha war bath ful wele sytand.
 Out tha drogh thaire swerde kene
 And delt strakes than bytwene;
 Al to peces tha hewed thaire sheldes,
 The culpons flegh out in the feldes.
 On helmes strake thay so with yre,
 At illa strake outbrast the fyre.
 Aither of tham gode buffettes bede,
 And nowther wald styr of the stede.
 Ful kenesly tha kyd thaire myght
 And feyned tham nocht forto fight.
 On thaire hauberkes that men myght ken,
 The blode out of thaire bodyes ren;
 Aither on other laid so fast,
 The batayl might nocht lang last.
 Hauberkes er broken and helmes reven,
 Stif strakes war thare gyfen;
- at a good pace (*i.e.*, rapidly)
- soon; blew up
thunder
- birds
- as
rough appearance; fierce manner
approached
- either; sorely
- split
splintered in
(in the saddle)
- pieces flew
ire
- Either; blows offered
budge from
bravely; made known
- coats of mail; see
- Coats of mail are; split

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|-------------------------------------|
| 655 | Thai fught on hors stify always; The basel was wele more to prayns. | stably |
| | Bot at the last Syr Ywayne On his felow kyd his mayne: | <i>made known; strength</i> |
| | So egerly he smate him than, | <i>then</i> |
| 660 | He clefe the helme and the hernaun. The knyght wist he was mere ded; | <i>skull</i> |
| | To fle than was his best rede, | <i>knew</i> |
| | And fast he fled with al hys mayne, | <i>plan</i> |
| | And fast folowd Syr Ywayne. | <i>strength</i> |
| 665 | Bot he ne might him overtake, Tharfore grete murning gan he make. | (Ywain); (the knight) |
| | He folowd him ful stowthlyk | <i>resolutely</i> |
| | And wald have tane him ded or quik. | <i>dead or alive</i> |
| | He folowd him to the ceté; | <i>city</i> |
| 670 | Na man lyfand met he. | <i>living</i> |
| | When thai come to the kastel gate, In he folowd fast thareate. | |
| | At aither entré was, iwyx, | <i>truly</i> |
| | Straytly wroght a portculis | <i>finely</i> |
| 675 | Shod wele with yren and stelle And also grunden wonder wele. | <i>steel</i> |
| | Under that than was a swyke, | <i>sharpened</i> |
| | That made Syr Ywain to myslike. | <i>treacherous snare</i> |
| | His hors fote toched thareon | |
| 680 | Than fel the portculis onone Bytwyx him and his hinder arsown. | <i>iron gate instantly</i> |
| | Thorgh sadel and stede it smate al down, | <i>castle (rear part of saddle)</i> |
| | His spores of his heles it schare; | <i>spurs off; heels; cut</i> |
| | Than had Ywaine murnyng mare. | <i>mourning more</i> |
| 685 | Bot so he wend have passed quite, | <i>as he thought to; free</i> |
| | Than fel the tother bifore als tyte. | <i>quickly</i> |
| | A faire grace yit fel him swa, | <i>so</i> |
| | Al if it smate his hors in twa | |
| | And his spores of aither hele, | <i>from</i> |
| 690 | That himself passed so wele. | |
| | Bytwene tha gates now es he tane; | <i>makes; much moan</i> |
| | Tharfore he mase ful mukel mane, | <i>great; make</i> |
| | And mikel murnyng gan he ma, | |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 695 | For the knyght was went him fra. Als he was stoken in that stall, He herd byhind him in a wall A dore opend faire and wele, And thareout come a damysel. Efter hir the dore sho stak, | from trapped (stoked) |
| 700 | Ful hinde wordes to him sho spak. "Syr," sho said, "by Saint Myghell, Here thou has a febil ostell. Thou mon be ded, es noght at laine, For my lord that thou has slayne. | shut courteous; the <i>Michael</i> poor hostelry shall; certainly |
| 705 | Seker it es that thou him slogh; My lady makes sorow ynogh And al his menye everilkane. Here has thou famen many ane To be thi bane er thai ful balde. | Certain; killed attendants everyone foes cause your death are; eager |
| 710 | Thou brekes noght out of this halde. And, for thai wate thai may noght fayl, Thai wil the sla in playn batayl." He sayd, "Thai ne sal, so God me rede. For al thaire might do me to dede, | since they know shall not; counsel slay me |
| 715 | Ne no handes upon me lay." Sho said, "Na, serues, if that I may! Al if thou be here strayly stad, Me think thou ert noght ful adrad. And sir," sho said, "on al wise | sore beset |
| 720 | I aw the honore and servyse. I was in message at the king Bifore this time, whils I was yng; I was noght than savese, Als a damysel aghst to be. | owe you on a mission to young [as] discreet |
| 725 | Fro the tyme that I was lyght In cowrt was none so hend knyght. That unto me than walde take hede, Bot thou allane, God do the mede. Grete honore thou did to me, | alighted courteous |
| 730 | And that sal I now quite the. I wate, if thou be seldom sene, Thou ert the Kyng son Uriene, | alone; reward you repay know even though you are the son of King Uriene |

Ywain and Gawain

- And thi name es Sir Ywayne.
Of me may thou be serayne.
- 735 If thou wil my kownsail leve,
Thou sal find na man the to greve;
I sal lene the here mi ring.
Bot yelde it me at myne askyng.
When thou ert broght of al thi payn,
740 Yelde it than to me ogayne.
Als the bark hilles the tre,
Right so sal my ring do the;
When thou in hand has the stane,
Dere sal thai do the nane;
- 745 For the stane es of swilk myght,
Of the sal men have na syght."
Wit ye wele that Sir Ywayne
Of thir wordes was ful fayne.
In at the dore sho him led
- 750 And did him sit opon hir bed.
A quylt ful mobil lay thareon,
Richer saw he never none.
Sho said if he wald any thing,
He sold be served at his liking.
- 755 He said that ete wald he fayn.
Sho went and come ful sone ogain;
A capon rosted broght sho sone,
A clene klath and brede tharone
And a pot with riche wine
- 760 And a pece to fil it yne.
He ete and drank with ful gude chere,
For tharof had he grete mystere.
When he had eten and dronken wele,
Grete noyse he herd in the kasselle.
- 765 Tha soght overal him to have slain,
To venge thaire lorde war tha ful bayn
Or that the cors in erth was layd.
The damysel sone to him sayd,
"Now seke tha the fast forto sla,
- 770 Bot whosoever com or ga,
Be thou never the more adred,
- counsel believe
lend you
protects
Harm
much
Know
these; joyful
quilt
wanted
pleasure
eat; gladly
cloth; bread
cup; in
need
everywhere
eager
Ere; corpse
afraid

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| | Ne styr thou nocht out of this stede; | <i>Nor move; place</i> |
| | In this here seke thai wyll, | <i>{place}</i> |
| | Bot on this bed luke thou be styll, | |
| 775 | Of them al mak thou na force. | |
| | Bot when that thai sal bere the cors | <i>body</i> |
| | Unto the kyrk for to bery, | <i>church; bury</i> |
| | Than sal thou here a sary cry; | <i>hear; grievous</i> |
| | So sal thai mak a doleful dyn. | |
| 780 | Than wil thay seke the eft herein; | <i>seek you afterwards</i> |
| | Bot luke thou be of hert lyght, | |
| | For of the sal thai have no syght. | |
| | Here sal thou be, mawgré thaire berd, | <i>despite their best efforts</i> |
| | And tharfore be thou nocht aferd. | |
| 785 | Thi famen sal be als the blynd, | <i>foes</i> |
| | Both byfor the and byhind, | |
| | On ilka side sal thou be soght. | <i>every</i> |
| | Now most I ga, bot drede the nocht, | <i>go</i> |
| | For I sal do that the es lefe, | <i>what is agreeable {to} you</i> |
| 790 | If al it turn me to mischefe." | <i>Even if</i> |
| | When sho come unto the gate, | |
| | Ful many men fand sho tharate | |
| | Wele armed, and wald ful fayn | |
| | Have taken and slanc Sir Ywaine. | |
| 795 | Half his stede thare fand thai | <i>horse</i> |
| | That within the gates lay; | |
| | Bot the knight thare fand thai nocht: | |
| | Than was tharemekil sorow unsoght. | <i>unrelieved</i> |
| | Dore ne window was thare nane, | |
| 800 | Whare he myght oway gane. | |
| | Thai said he sold thare be laft, | <i>knew</i> |
| | Or elis he cowth of wechecraft, | <i>knew</i> |
| | Or he cowth of nygromancy, | |
| | Or he had wenges forto fly. | |
| 805 | Hastily than went thai all | |
| | And soght him in the maydens hall, | |
| | In chambers high (es nocht at hide), | <i>to</i> |
| | And in solers on ilka side. | <i>upper rooms; each</i> |
| | Sir Ywaine saw ful wele al that, | |
| 810 | And still upon the bed he sat. | |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|---|--|
| | Thare was nane that anes mynt Unto the bed at smyte a dynt; Al about thai smate so fast, That mani of thaire wapins brast. | who once made a movement Toward; to |
| 815 | Mekyl sorow thai made ilkane, For thai ne myght wreke thaire lord bane. Thai went oway with dreri chere, And sone thare after come the bere. | broke each one avenge; lord's death bier |
| 820 | A lady folowd white so mylk. In al that land was none swilk; Sho wrang hir fingers, outburst the blode. For mekyl wa sho was nere wode. | as such out burst gone mad |
| | Hir fayre hare scho al todrogh, And ful oft fel sho down in swogh; | hair; pulled out in a swoon |
| 825 | Sho wepe with a ful dreri voice. The hali water and the Croyce Was born bifore the procession; Thare folowd mani a moder son; | Cross Were |
| | Bifore the cors rade a knyght | corpse rode |
| 830 | On his steede that was ful wight, In his armures wele arrayd, With spere and target gudely grayd. Than Sir Ywain herd the cry | (the dead knight's) steed; strong (the dead knight's) armor shield; equipped |
| | And the dole of that fayre lady; | sorrow |
| 835 | For more sorow myght nane have, Than sho had when he went to grave. Prestes and monkes on thaire wyse Ful solemnly did the servyse. | in every way |
| | Als Lunes thare stode in the thrang. | Also |
| 840 | Until Sir Ywaine thought hir lang. Out of the thrang the wai sho tase, Unto Sir Ywaine fast sho gase. Sho said, "Sir, how ertow stad? | long away takes goes |
| | I hope ful wele thou has bene rad." | how are you doing? expect; frightened |
| 845 | "Sertes," he said, "thou sais wele thare; So abyest was I never are." He said, "Leman, I pray the, If it any wise may be, | upset; before Sweetheart |
| | That I might luke a litel throw | look; while |

Ywain and Gawain

- 850 Out at sum hole or sum window,
For wonder fayn," he sayd, "wald I
Have a sight of the lady." would
- The maiden than ful sone unshet
In a place a prevé weket.
- 855 Thare of the lady he had a syght.
Lowd sho cried to God almyght,
"Of his sins do hym pardowne,
For certanly in no regyowne region
Was never knight of his bewte,
- 860 Ne after him sal never nane be;
In al the world fro end to ende
Es none so curtayse ne so hende.
God grant the grace thou mai won
In hevyn with His owyn son;
- 865 For so large liles none in lede
Ne none so doghty of gude dede."
When sho had thus made hir spell,
In swownyng ful oft sithes sho fell.
Now lat we the lady be,
- 870 And of Sir Ywaine speke we.
Luf, that es so mekil of mayne,
Sare had wounded Sir Ywayne,
That whareso he sal ride or ga,
His hert sho has that es his fa.¹ mighty of power
- 875 His hert he has set al bydene,
Whare himself dar noght be sene.
Bot thus in langing bides he
And hopes that it sal better be.
Al that war at the enterement,
- 880 Toke thaire leve at the lady gent,
And hame now er thai halely gane;
And the lady left allane
Dwelld with hir chamberere
And other mo that war hir dere.
- 885 Than bigan hir noyes al new,
Sore
- for
altogether
dare
longing
- burial
of; gracious
wholly
- lady-in-waiting
were close to her
weeping

¹She who is his for possessor his heart

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|-----|--|-----------------------------------|
| | For sorow failed hir hide and hew. | permeated; skin |
| | Unto his sawl was sho ful hulde; | loyal |
| | Opon a sawter al of guilde | psalter; gold |
| | To say the salmes fast sho bigan | psalmus |
| 890 | And toke no tent unto no man. | heed of any |
| | Than had Sir Ywain mckyl drede, | |
| | For he hoped noght to spede; | (i.e., he did not expect success) |
| | He said, "I am mckil to blame, | |
| | That I luf tham that wald me shame. | |
| 895 | Bot yit I wite hir al with wogh, | blame; wrongfully |
| | Sen that I hir lord slogh. | Since |
| | I can noght se by nakyn gyn, | any scheme |
| | How that I hir luf sold wyn. | |
| | That lady es ful gent and small, | gracious |
| 900 | Hir yghen clere als es cristall; | eyes |
| | Sertes thare es no man olive, | alive |
| | That kowth hir bewtene wele descriue." | could; beauty |
| | Thus was Syr Ywayne sted that sesowne; | situated; time |
| | He wrought ful mckyl ogayns resowne | |
| 905 | To set his luf in swilk a stede, | place |
| | Whare thai hated him to the dede. | death |
| | He sayd he sold have hir to wife, | |
| | Or els he sold lose his lyve. | |
| | Thus als he in stody sat, | reverie |
| 910 | The mayden come to him with that. | |
| | Sho sayd, "How hasto farn this day, | have you fared |
| | Sen that I weat fro the cway?" | |
| | Sone sho saw him pale and wan, | |
| | Sho wist wele what him ayled than. | ailed him then |
| 915 | Sho said, "I wote thi hert es set, | |
| | And sertes I ne sal noght it let; | allow |
| | Bot I sal help the fra presowne | from prison |
| | And bring the to thi warisowne." | reward |
| | He said, "Sertes, damysele, | |
| 920 | Out of this place wil I noght stele; | |
| | Bot I wil weade by dayes lyght, | |
| | That men may of me have sight | |
| | Opinly on ilka syde. | |
| | Worth of me what so bityde, | Become |

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 925 | Manly wil I hethin wende." Than answerd tha mayden hende, "Sir, thow sal wend with honowre, For thou sal have ful gade socowre. Bot, sir, thou sal be here sertayne A while unto I cum ogayne." | <i>Nobly; hence depart</i> <i>assistance</i> |
| 930 | Sho kend al tewly his entent, And tharfore es sho wightly went Unto the lady faire and bright, For unto hir right wele sho myght Say whatsom byr willes es. | <i>knew</i> <i>busily gone</i> |
| 935 | For sho was al hir maystres, Her keper, and hir cownsaylere. To hir sho said, als ye sal here, Bytwix tham twa in gade cownsayl, "Madame," sho sayd, "I have mervayl | <i>whatsoever</i> <i>(Lunette); (Alandyne's) governess</i> <i>manager of her affairs</i> |
| 940 | That ye sorow thus ever on aye. For Goddes luf, lat be yowre mane. Ye sold think over alkyn thyng Of the Kinges Arburgh cumyng. | <i>so persistently (all the time)</i> <i>grief</i> <i>every</i> |
| 945 | Menes yow noght of the message Of the Damysel Savage, That in hir lettire to yow send? Allas, who sal yow now defend Yowre land and al that es thareya, | <i>King Arthur's</i> <i>Don't you recall</i> |
| 950 | Sen ye wil never of wepeing blyn? A, madame, takes tent to me. Ye se have na knyght in this contré, That durst right now his body bede | <i>stop</i> <i>pay attention</i> |
| 955 | Foro do a doghthy dede, Ne forto bide themekil boste Of King Arburgh and of his oste; And if he find noane hym ogaya, | <i>offer</i> |
| | Yowre landes er lorn, this es sertayn." | <i>lost</i> |
| 960 | The lady understande ful wele, How sho hyt cownsaile ilka dele; Sho bad hyt go hir way smerly, And that sho war na more hardy | <i>every part</i> |
| | Swilk wordes to hyt at speke; | <i>bold</i> <i>to</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---|--|
| 965 | For wa hir hert wold al tobreke. Sho bad, "Go wightily hethin oway." Than the maiden thus gan say. "Madame, it es oft wemens will Tham forso blame that sais tham scill." | woe; break into pieces swiftly hence <i>reasons with them</i> <i>as if she didn't care</i> |
| 970 | Sho went oway, als sho nocht roght, And than the lady hyr bythought, That the maiden said no wrang. And so sho sat in stody lang. In stody thus allane sho sat; | <i>wrong</i> |
| 975 | The mayden come ogayn with that. "Madame," sho said, "ye er a barn; Thus may ye sone yowre self forfarn." Sho sayd, "Chastise thi hert, madame; To swilk a lady it es grete shame | <i>child</i> <i>destroy</i> <i>(Lunette)</i> |
| 980 | Thus to wepe and make slike cry; Think opon thi grete gentri. Trowes thou the flowre of chevalry Sold al with thi lord dy And with him be put in molde? | <i>much</i> <i>gentility</i> <i>Believe</i> |
| 985 | God forbede that it so solde! Als gode als he and better bene." "Thou lies," sho sayd, "by hevyn-quenc!" Lat se if thoue me tel kan, Whar es amy so doghthy man, | <i>earth</i> <i>should be</i> |
| 990 | Als he was that wedded me." "Yis, and ye kun me na mawgrē, And that ye mak me sekernes, That ye sal luf me never the les." Sho said, "Thou may be ful serlbyn, | <i>if you will bear me no spite</i> <i>give me reassurance</i> |
| 995 | That for na thing that thou mai sayn, Wil I me wreth on nanc manere." "Madame," sho said, "than sal ye here; I sal yow tel a prevelē, | <i>grow angry</i> |
| 1000 | And na ma sal it wit bot we. Yf twa knyghtes be in the felde On twa steedes with spere and shelde And the tane the tother may slay, Whether es the better of tha?" | <i>secret</i> <i>more; know except the two of us</i> <i>two</i> <i>one; other; slay</i> <i>those</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|--|
| | Sho said, "He that has the bataile." | won |
| | "Ya," said the mayden, "sawnfayle, | without fail |
| 1005 | The knyght that lifies es mare of maine Than yowre lord that was slayne. Yowre lord fled out of the place, And the tother gan hym chace Heder into his awyn halde; | powerful |
| 1010 | Thare may ye wit, he was ful balde." | <i>the other</i> <i>Hither; own fortress</i> |
| | The lady said, "This es grete scorne, That thou nevyns him me biforne; Thou sais nowther soth ne right. Swith, out of myne eghen syght!" | <i>know; brave</i> |
| 1015 | The mayden said, "So mot I the, Thus ne hight ye nocht me, That ye sold so me myssay," With that sho turned hir oway, And hastily sho went ogayn | <i>speaks of; before me</i> <i>truth</i> <i>Instantly get out; eye</i> <i>As I hope to prosper</i> <i>promised abuse</i> |
| 1020 | Unto the chameber to Sir Ywayne. | (Lanette) |
| | The lady thought than al the nyght, How that sho had na knyght Ferto seke hir land thorghout To kepe Arburgh and hys rowt. | (Alandyne) |
| 1025 | Than bigan hir forto shame And hirself fast forto blame. Unto hirself fast gan sho flyte And said, "With wrang now I hir wite. Now hopes sho I wil never mire | <i>defend</i> <i>defend against; army</i> <i>reproach</i> <i>(Lanette) blame</i> <i>thinks</i> |
| 1030 | Luf hir als I have done are. I wil hir luf with main and mode; For that sho said was for my gode." | <i>Love</i> <i>strength of mind and will</i> |
| | On the morn the mayden rase, And unto chamber sone sho gase. | <i>arose</i> |
| 1035 | Thare sho fyndes the faire lady Hingand hir hevyd ful drerily In the place whare sho hir left; And illa dele sho talde hir eft, Als sho had said to hir bifore. | <i>Hanging; head</i> <i>Every bit; then</i> |
| 1040 | Than said the lady, "Me rewes sore, That I missayd the yesterday. | <i>I sorely regret</i> <i>spoke gruffly to you</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| | I wil amend, if that I may. | |
| | Of that knyght now wald I here, | would; hear |
| | What he war and whethen he were. | whence |
| 1045 | I wate that I have sayd omys; | know; amiss |
| | Now wil I do als thou me wys. | direct |
| | Tel me baldely, or thou blin, | fearlessly; cease |
| | If he be cumen of gentil kyn." | |
| | "Madame," sho said, "I dar warand, | dare guarantee |
| 1050 | A genteler lord es none lifand; | living |
| | The hestdest man ye sal him fynde, | most gracious |
| | That ever come of Adams kynde." | |
| | "How hat he? Sai me for sertayne." | What is his name |
| | "Madame," sho said, "Sir Ywayne; | |
| 1055 | So gentil knight have ye noght sene; | |
| | He es the King son Uryene." | |
| | Sho held hir paid of that tithyng, | pleased; news |
| | For that his fader was a kyng; | |
| | "Do me have him here in my sight | Bring him here |
| 1060 | Bitwene this and the thrid night | |
| | And are, if that it are myght be. | sooner; sooner |
| | Me langes sare him forto se; | longs sorely |
| | Bring him, if thou mai, this night." | |
| | "Madame," sho sayd, "that I ne might, | |
| 1065 | For his wonyng es bethin oway | dwelling; hence |
| | More than the jorné of a day. | |
| | Bot I have a wele risand page, | fast-running |
| | Wil stirt thider right in a stage | pretty quick |
| | And bring him by to-morn at nyght." | tomorrow |
| 1070 | The lady saide, "Loke yf he myght | |
| | To-morn by evyn be here ogayn." | |
| | Sho said, "Madame, with al his mayn." | |
| | "Bid him by on alkyn wyse. | hasten in every way |
| | He sal be quit wele his servyse; | repaid |
| 1075 | Avancement sal be bys bone, | reward |
| | If he wil do this erand sone." | |
| | "Madame," sho said, "I dar yow hight | promise |
| | To have him here or the thrid nyght. | before |
| | Towhils, efter yowre kownsayl send | Meanwhile |
| 1080 | And ask tham wha sal yow defend | |

Ywain and Gawain

- Yowre well, yowre land, kastel, and towre
Ogays the nobil King Arthure.
For thare es name of tham ilkane,
That dar the batel undertane.
- 1085 Than sal ye say, "Nedes bus me take
A lorde to do that ye foersake."
Nedes bus yow have sum nobil knyght,
That wil and may defend yowre right;
And sals also, to suffer ded
- 1090 Ye wil nocht do out of thaire rede.
Of that worde sal thai be blyth
And thank yow ful many sithe."
The lady said, "By God of myght,
I sal areson tham this night.
- 1095 Me think thou dwelles ful lang here;
Send forth swith the messangere."
Than was the lady blith and glad.
Sho did al als hir mayden bad.
Efter hir cownsail sho sent onane.
- 1100 And bad thai sold cum sone ilkane.
The maiden redies hyr ful rath.
Bilive sho gert Syr Ywaine bath
And cled him sethyn in gude scarlet
Forord wele and with gold fret,
- 1105 A gindel ful riche for the nanes
Of perry and of preciows stanes.
Sho talde him al how he sold do,
When that he come the lady to.
And thus when he was al redy,
- 1110 Sho went and talde to byr lady,
That cumen was hir messagere.
Sho said smertly, "Do lat me here,
Cumes he sone, als have thou wyn?"
"Medame," sho said, "I sal nocht bliin,
- 1115 Or that he be byfor yow here."
Than said the lady with light chere,
"Go bring him heder prevely,
That none wit bot thou and I."
Than the maiden went ogayn
- each one
undertake
It is necessary that
It is necessary that
say; deask
counsel
times
question
at once
quickly
Quickly she drew; bath
clothed; afterwards
Trimmed with fur; fastened
occasion
jewelry; [other]
as you hope to have joy
cease
hither secretly
knows

Ywain and Gawain

- 1120 Hastily to Sir Ywayn.
 "Sir," sho sayd, "als have I wyn,
 My lady wate thou ert hereyn.
 To cum bifore hir luke thou be balde,
 And tak gode tent what I have talde."
 joy
 knows
 fearless
 pay close attention
- 1125 By the hand sho toke the knyght
 And led him unto chamber right
 Byfor hir lady (es noght at layne).
 And of that come was sho ful fayne.
 Bot yit Sir Ywayne had grete drede,
 (it can't be hidden)
 arrival; joyful
- 1130 When he unto chamber yede.
 The chamber flore and als the bed
 With klothes of gold was al overspred.
 Hir thought he was withouten lac,
 Bot no word to him sho spak.
 It seemed to her he was without fault
 went
- 1135 And he for dred oway he drogh.
 Than the mayden stode and logh.
 Sho sayd, "Mawgré have that knyght
 That haves of swilk a lady syght
 And can noght shew to hir his nede.
 drew
 laughed
 ill luck befall
 such
- 1140 Cum furth, sir; the thar noght drede,
 That mi lady wil the smyte;
 Sho loves the wele withouten lite.
 Pray to hir of hir mercy,
 And for thi sake right so sal I.
 you need not
 fault
- 1145 That sho forgif the in this stede
 Of Salados the Rouse ded,
 That was hir lord, that thou has slayne."
 On knese him set than Syr Ywaine.
 "Madame, I yelde me yow untill
 situation
 Salados the Rouse's death
- 1150 Ever to be at yowre wyll;
 Yf that I might, I ne wald noght fle."
 Sho said, "Nay, whi sold so be?
 To ded yf I gert do the now,
 To me it war ful litel prow.
 death; caused to
 advantage
- 1155 Bot for I find the so bowsum,
 That thou wald thus to me cum,
 And for thou dose the in my grace,
 I forgif the thi trispase.
 gracious
 since you place yourself

Ywain and Gawain

- 1160 Syt down," sho said, "and lat me here,
Why thou ert thus debonere." *meek*
"Madame," he said, "anis with a luke,
Al my hert with the thou toke. *once; look*
- Sen I first of the had syght,
Have I the lufed with al my might.
- 1165 To mo than the, mi lady hende, *more; gracious*
Sal never more my luf wende.
For thi luf ever I am rody
Lely forto lif or dy." *Loyally*
- Sho said, "Dar thou wele undertake
- 1170 In my land pese forto make
And forto maintene al mi righties
Ogayns King Arthure and his knyghies?"
He said, "That dar I undertane
Ogaynes ilk a lyfand man."
- 1175 Swilk kownsail byfore had sho tane. *Such; taken*
Sho said, "Sir, than er we at ane." *are*
Hir barons hir ful rathly red
To tak a lord hir forto wed. *quickly advised*
- Than hastily sho went to hall;
- 1180 Thare abade hir barons all
Fortho hald thaire parlement
And mari hir by thaire aseant. *marry*
- Sho sayd, "Sirs, with an acorde,
Sen me bus nedely have a lord
- 1185 My landes forto lede and yeme,
Sais me sone howe ye wil deme." *Since I needs must*
"Madame," thai said, "how so ye will,
Al we sal assest thartyll." *oversee*
Tell; judge
- Than the lady went ogayne
1190 Unto chameber to Sir Ywaine.
"Sir," sho said, "so God me save,
Other lorde wil I nane have.
If I the left, I did noght right,
A king son and a noble knyght."
- 1195 Now has the maiden done hir thought:
Sir Ywayne out of anger brought
The lady led him unto hall; *thereto*
accomplished her intention

Ywain and Gawain

- Ogains him rase the barons all.
And al thai said ful sekerly:
1200 "This knight sal wed the lady."
And ilkane said thamself bitwene
(So faire a man had thai moght seme),
"For his bewte in hal and bowre
Him semes to be an emperowre.
1205 We wald that thai war trowth-plight
And weded some this ilk nyght."
The lady set hir on the dese
And cumand al to hald thaire pese,
And had hir steward sumwhat say,
1210 Or men went fra court oway.
The steward said, "Sirs, understandes,
Were es waxen in thir landes:
The king Arthure es redy dight
To be here byn this fowretenyght.
1215 He and his menye ha thought
To win this land if thai moght.
Thai wate ful wele that he es ded,
That was lord here in this stede.
None es so wight wapins to welde
1220 Ne that so boldly mai us belde.
And wemen may maintene no stowre —
Thai most nedes have a governowre.
Tharfor mi lady most nede
Be weded hastily for dredre;
1225 And to na lord wil sho tak tent,
Bot if it be by yowre assent."
Than the lordes al on raw
Held tham wele payd of this saw;
Al assented byr untill
1230 To tak a lord at hyr owyn wyll.
Than said the lady onone right,
"How hald ye yow paid of this knight?
He profers hym on al wyse
To myne honore and my servyse.
1235 And serdes, sirs, the soth to say,
I saw him never or this day;
- Before him arose*
each one
wish; engaged
wedded immediately; very
all came to her
Before; court
Danger increases
is already prepared
within; fortnight
followers have
are able
know
courageous
protect
women; withdraw no battle
take heed
in turn
contested; speech
to
(i.e., Are you contented with)
before

Ywain and Gawain

- Bot talde unto me has it bene,
He es the kyng son Uriene.
He es cumen of hegh parage
1240 And wonder doghly of vasselage.
War and wise and ful curtayne,
He yernes me to wife alwayse.
And nere the lese, I wate, he might
Have wele better, and so war right."
1245 With a voice halely thai sayd,
"Madame, ful wele we hold us payd.
Bot hastes fast, al that ye may,
That ye war wedded this ilk day."
And grete prayer gan thai make
1250 On al wise, that sho sold hym take.
Sone unto the kirk thai went
And war wedded in thaire present.
Thare wedded Ywaine in plevyne
The riche lady Alundyne,
1255 The dukes doghter of Landuit;
Els had byr lande bene destruyt.
Thus thai made the maryage
Omang al the riche barnage.
Thai made ful mickyl mirth that day.
1260 Ful grete festes on gude array.
Grete mirthes made thai in that stede,
And al forgetyn es now the ded
Of him that was thaire lord fre.
Thai say that this es worth swilk thre,
1265 And that thai lufed him mikel more
Than him that lord was thare byfore.
The bridal sat, for soth to tell,
Til Kyng Arthure come to the well
With al his knyghtes everilkane;
1270 Byhind leved thare nocht ane.
Than sayd Sir Kay, "Now, whare es he
That made slike bost here forto be
Fortho venge his cosyn germayne?
I wist his wordes war al in vayne.
1275 He made grete bostie bifor the quene,
- high lineage
bold in knightly deeds
- know
- sweetly
contented
- presence
pledge
- nobility
- death
gracious
this lord (i.e., Ywain)
- wedding festivities lasted
- everyone
- such
kinsman

Ywain and Gawain

- And here now dar he noght be sene.
 His proud wordes er now al purst,
 For, in fayth, ful ill he durst
 Anes luke opon that knyght
- 1280 That he made bost with to fyght."
 Than sayd Gawayn hastily:
 "Syr, for Goddes luf, mercy!
 For I dar hete the for sertayne,
- 1285 That we sal here of Sir Ywayne
 This ilk day, that be thou balde,
 Bot he be ded or done in halde;
 And never in no company
- 1290 Herd I him speke the velany."
 Than sayd Sir Kay, "Lo, at thi will
 Fra this time forth I sal be still."
 The king kest water on the stane;
- 1295 The storme rase ful sone onane
 With wikked weders, kene and calde,
 Als it was byforehand talde.
- 1300 The king and his men ilkane
 Wend tharwith to have bene slane,
 So blew it store with slete and rayn;
 And hastily than Syr Ywayne
- 1305 Dight him graythly in his gere
 With nobil shelde and strong spere.
 When he was dight in seker wede,
 Than he umstrade a nobil steede.
- 1310 Him thought that he was als lyght
 Als a fowl es to the flyght.
 Unto the well fast wendes he,
 And sone, when thai myght him se,
- 1315 Syr Kay (for he wald noght fayle)
 Smertly askes the batayl.
 And alone than said the kyng,
 "Sir Kay, I grante the thine askyng."
- 1320 Than Sir Ywayne neghed them nere
 Thaire countenance to se and here.
 Sir Kay than on his stede gan spring;
 "Bere the wele now," sayd the kyng.
- shut up
Once look
promise
hear
same; assured
Unless; put in confinement
of you
at once
Thought
violently
Prepared himself readily
safe armor
mounted
Arrogantly requests
bravely
approached

Ywain and Gawain

- 1315 Ful glad and blith was Syr Ywayne,
 When Sir Kay come him ogayn.
 Bot Kay wist nocht wha it was;
 He findes his fere now or he pas.
 Syr Ywayne thinkes now to be wroken
 1320 On the grete wordes that Kay has spoken.
 Thai rade togeder with speres kene;
 Thare was no reverence thanm bitwene.
 Sir Ywayn gan Sir Kay bere
 Out of his sadel lenkith of his spere;
 1325 His helm unto the erth smate;
 A fote depe tharein yt bate.
 He wald do him na more despite,
 Bot down he lighted als tyte.
 Syr Kay stede he toke in hy
 1330 And presand the king ful curtaynsly.
 Wonder glad than war thai all
 That Kay so fowl a shame gan fall;
 And ilkone sayd til other thes,
 "This es he that scornes al men";
 1335 Of his wa war thai wele paid.
 Syr Ywain than to the kyng said,
 "Sir Kyng, I gif to the this stede,
 For he may help the in thi nede;
 And to me war it grete trispas
 1340 Forto withhold that yowres was."
 "What man ertow?" quod the kyng;
 "Of the have I ne knawyng.
 Bot if thou unarmed were
 Or els thi name that I might here."
 1345 "Lord," he sayd, "I am Ywayne."
 Than was the king ferly fayne;
 A sari man than was Sir Kay,
 That said that he was stollen oway;
 Al descumfite he lay on grownde,
 1350 To him that was a sary stownde.
 The king and his men war ful glad,
 That they so Sir Ywayne had,
 And ful glad was Sir Gawayne
- who
companion; goes forth
avenged
- the length*
- mack
injury
quickly
- Kay's horse; haste
presented fit to j*
- to the
- woe; pleased
- what rightly belongs to you*
- wondroux joyful
- previous moment*

Ywain and Gawain

- 1355 Of the welefare of Sir Ywayne.
 1355 For nane was to him half so dere
 Of al that in the court were.
 The king Sir Ywayne sone bisought
 To tel him al how he had wrought;
 And sone Sir Ywaine gan him tell
 Of al his fare how it byfell:
 With the knight how that he sped,
 And how he had the lady wed,
 And how the mayden hym helped wele.
 Thus tald he to him ilka dele.
- 1365 "Sir King," he sayd, "I yow byseke
 And al yowre menye milde and meke,
 That ye wald grante to me that grace
 At wend with me to my purchace,
 And se my kastel and my towre;
 Than myght ye do me grete honowre."
 The kyng granted him ful right
 To dwel with him a fowretenyght.
 Sir Ywayne thanked him oft sith;
 The knyghtes war al glad and blyth
 With Sir Ywaine forto wend.
- 1375 And sone a squier has he send;
 Unto the kastel the way he nome
 And warned the lady of thaire come,
 And that his lord come with the kyng.
 1380 And when the lady herd this thing,
 It es no lifand man with mowth,
 That half hir cumforth tel kowth.
 Hastily that lady hende
 Cumand al hir men to wende
- 1385 And dight tham in thaire best array
 To kepe the king that ilk day.
 Thaikeped him in riche wede
 Rydeand on many a nobil steede;
 Thai hailsed him ful curtaysly
- 1390 And also al his cumpany.
 Thai said he was worthy to dowl,
 That so fele folk led obowt.
- what he had done
- all the details
- company
- To dwell; newly acquired property
- (i.e., Ywain)
- many times
- went
- arrival
- There's not a living soul; mouth
- delight could tell
- gracious
- Ordered; attend
- dressed
- receive
- received; decor
- of fear (reverence)
- many

Ywain and Gawain

- 1395 Thare was grete joy, I yow bihete,
With clothes spred in ilka strete
And damysels danceand ful wele
With trompes, pipes, and with frisele.
The castel and the ceté rang
With mynstralsi and nobil sang.
Thai ordand tham ilkane infere
To kepe the king on faire manere.
The lady went withouten towne
And with hir many bald barowne
Cled in purpure and ermyne
With girdels al of gold ful fyne.
1405 The lady made ful meri chere;
Sho was al dight with dremries dere.
Abowt hir was ful mekyl thrang;
The puple cried and sayd omang.
"Welkum ertou, Kyng Arthoure —
1410 Of al this werld thou beres the flowre.
Lord Kyng of all kynges,
And blissed be he that the brynges."
When the lady the kyng saw,
Unto him fast gan sho draw
1415 To hald his sterap whils he lyght.
Bot sone, when he of hir had syght,
With mekyl myrrh thai samen met.
With hende wordes sho him gret,
"A thowsand sithes welkum," sho says.
1420 "And so es Sir Gawayne the curtayse."
The king said, "Lady white so flowre,
God gif the joy and mekil honowre,
For thou ert fayre with body gent."
With that he hir in armes hent,
1425 And ful faire he gan hir falde.
Thare was many to bihalde.
It es no man with tong may tell
The mirth that was tham omell.
Of maidens was thare so gode wane,
1430 That ilka knight myght tak ane.
Ful mekil joy Syr Ywayn made
- banners; every
dancing
flute
- all together
- brave
purple clothing
- decked out with precious lovetokens
people; among (themselves)
- dismounted
- together
- embraced
enfold
bihold
- among
a number
have one

Ywain and Gawain

- That he the king til his hows hadde;
 The lady omang tham al samen together
 Made ful mekyl joy and gamen.
- 1435 In the kastel thus thai dwell,
 Ful mekyl myrth wase tham omell; among
 The king was thare with his knyghtes
 Aght dayes and aght nyghtes; Eight: eight
 And Ywayn tham ful mery made
- 1440 With alkyn gamyn tham forto glade. every pleasure; move
 He prayed the kyng to thank the may, maiden
 That hym had helpid in his jornay;
 And ilk day had thai solace sere diverse
 Of hawking and als of revere; hawking
- 1445 For thare was a ful fayre cuntré taken
 With wodes and parkes grete plenté,
 And castels wrought with lyme and stane,
 That Ywayne with his wife had tane. dwell
 Now wil the king no langer lende,
- 1450 Bot til his cuntré wil he wende. to; go
 Aywhils thai war thare, for sertayne,
 Syr Gawayn did al his mayne As long as
 To pray Sir Ywaine on al manere
 Forso wende with tham infere. together
- 1455 He said, "Sir, if thou ly at hame,
 Wonderly men wil the blame. Greatly
 That knight es no thing to set by
 That leves al his chevalry lies warming himself
 And ligges bekand in his bed,
- 1460 When he haves a lady wed. support
 For when that he has grete endose, renown
 Than war tyme to win his lose;
 For when a knyght es chevalrouse,
 His lady es the more jelous.
- 1465 Also sho lufes him wele the bet. delay
 Tharfore, sir, thou sal nocht let follow; every
 To haunt armes in ilk cuntré;
 Than wil men wele more prayse the.
 Thou hase inogh to thi despens;
- 1470 Now may thou wele hante turnamente. use
frequent

Ywain and Gawain

- Thou and I sal wende infere,
And I will be at thi banere.
I dar noght say, so God me glad,
If I so fayre a leman had,
- 1475 That I ne most leve al chevalry
At hame ydel with hir to ly.
Bot yit a fole that litel kan,
May wele cown sail another man."
- So lang Sir Gawayn prayed so,
- 1480 Syr Ywayne grantes him forto go
Unto the lady and tak his leve;
Loth him was hir forto greve.
- Til hyr osane the way he nome,
Bot sho ne wist noght whi he come.
- 1485 In his arms he gan hir mese,
And thus he said, "My leman swete,
My life, my hele, and al my hert,
My joy, my comfort, and my quest,
- A thing prai I the unto
- 1490 For thine honore and myne also."
The lady said, "Sir, verrayment,
I wil do al yowre cumandment."
"Dame," he said, "I wil the pray,
- That I might the king camvay
- 1495 And also with my feres founde
Armes forto haunte a stownde.
For in bouding men wald me blame,
If I sold now dwel at hame."
- The lady was loth him to greve.
- 1500 "Sir," she said, "I gif yow leve
Until a terme that I sal sayn,
Bot that ye cum than ogayn!
Al this yere hale I yow grante
- Dedes of armes forto haunte;
- 1505 Bot, syr, als ye luf me dere,
On al wise that ye be here
This day twelmoth how som it be,
For the luf ye aw to me.
- And if ye com noght by that day,
- travel together
- took
- embrace
- beloved
- health
- truly
- accompany
- companions seek
- To follow arms for a while*
(i.e., men would think me a joke)
- Only if
- entire
- follow
- owe

Ywain and Gawain

- 1510 My luf sal ye lose for ay.
 Avise yow wele now or ye gone.
 This day es the evyn of Saint Jon;
 That warn I yow now or ye wende,
 Luke ye cum by the twelmoth ende." before you leave
- 1515 "Dame," he sayd, "I sal noght let
 To hold the day that thou has set;
 And if I might be at my wyll,
 Ful oft are sold I cum the till. fail
- 1520 Bot, madame, this understandes;
 A man that passes divers landes,
 May sum tyme cum in grete destres,
 In preson or els in sekenes;
 Tharfore I pray yow, or I ga,
 That ye wil out-tak thir twa." to
- 1525 The lady sayd, "This grant I wele,
 Als ye ask, everilka deile; exclude these two [possibilities]
 And I sal lene to yow my ring,
 That es to me a ful dere thing. every bit
 In name anger sal ye be,
 Whils ye it have and thinkes on me. precious trouble
- 1530 I sal tel to yow onane
 The vertu that es in the stane:
 It es na preson thow sal halde,
 Al if yowre fasse be manyfalde; hold
- 1535 With sekenes sal ye noght be tane,
 Ne of yowre blode ye sal lese nanc;
 In basel tane sal ye noght be,
 Whils ye it have and thinkes on me; foes; manifold taken
 And ay, whils ye er trew of love,
 Over al sal ye be above.
- 1540 I wald never fornakyn wight
 Lene it are unto na knyght.
 For grete luf I it yow take;
 Yemes it wele now for my sake." any kind of circumstance
- 1545 Sir Ywayne said, "Dame, gramercy!"
 Than he gert ordain in hy
 Armurs and al other gere,
 Stalworth stedes, both shield and spere, Give; ever give it to you Care for made ready in haste

Ywain and Gawain

- And also squyere, knave, and swayne.
1550 Fel glad and blith was Sir Gawayne.
 No lenger wald Syr Ywayne byde,
 On his stede sone gan he stride
 And thus he has his leve tane.
 For him marned many ane.
- 1555 The lady took leve of the kyng
 And of his menye, ald and yng;
 Hir lord, Sir Ywayne, sho bisekes
 With teris trikland on hir chekes,
 On al wise that he noght let
1560 To halde the day that he had set.
 The knightes thus thaire ways er went
 To justing and to tournament.
 Fel dughly did Sir Ywayne,
 And also did Sir Gawayne;
- 1565 Thai war ful doghly both infere,
 Thai wan the prise both fer and nere.
 The kyng that time at Cester lay,
 The knightes went tham forto play.
 Fel really thai rade about
- 1570 Al that twelvmoth out and out
 To justing and to tournament;
 Thai wan grete wirships, als thai went;
 Sir Ywayne oft had al the lose,
 Of him the word ful wide gose;
- 1575 Of thaire dedes was grete renown
 To and fra in towre and towne.
 On this wise in this life they last,
 Unto Saint Johns day was past.
 Then hastily they hied home
- 1580 And sone unto the kyng thai come;
 And thare thai held grete mangeri,
 The kyng with al his company.
 Sir Ywaine umbithought him than,
 He had forgeten his leman.
- 1585 "Broken I have hir cumandment.
 Sertes," he said, "now be I shent;
 The terme es past that sho me set.

followers; young

*fail
hold*

worthily performed

together

Chester

*praise
goes*

hurried

feasts

*remembered
beloved*

ruined

Ywain and Gawain

- How ever sal this bale be bet?
Unnethes he might him hald fra wepe.
1590 And right in this than toke he kepe,
Into court come a damysele
On a palfray ambland wele;
And egerly down gan sho lyght
Withouten help of knave or knyght.
1595 And sone sho lete hyr mantel fall
And hasted hir fast into hall.
"Syr Kyng," sho sayde, "God mot the se,
My lady gretes the wele by me,
And also Sir gude Gawayne
1600 And al thi knyghtes bot Sir Ywayne.
He es ateyned for trayture,
A fals and lither losenjoure;
He has bytrayed my lady,
But sho es war with his gilry.
1605 Sho hopid nocht, the soth to say,
That he wald so have stollen oway.
He made to hir fulmekyl boste
And said, of al he lufed hir moste.
Al was treson and trechery,
1610 And that he sal ful dere haby.
It es fulmekyl ogains the right
To cal so fals a man a knight.
My lady wend he had hir hert
Ay forto kepe and hald in querit,
1615 Bot now with grefe he has hir gret
And broken the term that sho him set,
That was the evyn of Saynt John;
Now es that tyme for ever gone.
So lang gaf sho him respite.
1620 And thus he haves hir led with lite.
Sertainly, so fals a fode
Was never cumen of kynges blode,
That so sone forgat his wyfe,
That lofed him better than hyr life."
1625 Til Ywayne sais sho thus, "Thou es
Traytur untrew and trowthles
- grief be remedied*
Barely; from weeping
just as he was remembering all this
- "May God favor you"*
- except*
condemned
wicked rascal
- aware of; deceit*
expected
- dearly pay for*
- health*
harmed
- treated her viciously*
creature
- loved*

Ywain and Gawain

- And also an unkind cumlyng.
Deliver me my lady ring! upstart
- Sho stirt to him with sterne loke,
1630 The ring fro his finger sho toke;
And absone als sho had the ring.
Hir leve toke sho of the king
And started up on hir palfray.
Withouten more sho went hir way; as soon as
left
- With hir was nowther knave ne grome,
1635 Ne no man wist where sho bycome.
Sir Ywayn, when he this gan here,
Murned and made simpil chere;
In sorrow than so was he stad,
1640 That nere for murning wex he mad.
It was no mirth that him myght mend;
At worth to nocht ful wele he wend,
For wa he es ful wil of wane.
"Alias, I am myne owin bane;
1645 Alias," he sayd, "that I was born,
Have I my leman thus forlorn,
And al es for myne owen foly.
Alias, this dole wil mak me dy."
An evyl toke him als he stode;
1650 For wa he wex al wilde and wode.
Unto the wod the way he nome;
No man wist where he bycome.
Obout he weik in the forest,
Als it wore a wilde bestie;
1655 His men on illka syde has soght
Fer and nere and findes him nocht.
On a day als Ywayne ran
In the wod, he met a man;
Arowes brade and bow had he,
1660 And when Sir Ywayne gan him se,
To him he stirt with bir ful grim,
His bow and arwes reft he him.
Illka day than at the leste
Shot he him a wilde bestie;
1665 Fless he wan him ful gude wane.
dismal countenance
became
totally confused
destroyer (evil, poison)
lost utterly
evil spirit possessed him
woe; crazy
forest; took
knew where he went
larked
As if he were
assault
robbed
Every
Flesh; abundance

Ywain and Gawain

- And of his arrows lost he nane.
 Thare he lifed a grete sesowne;
 With rotes and raw venysowne.
 He drank of the warm blode,
 1670 And that did him mekil gode.
 Als he went in that boskage,
 He fand a litil ermytage.
 The ermyte saw and sone was war,
 A naked man a bow bare.
 1675 He hoped he was wode that tide;
 Tharfore no lenger durst he bide.
 He spred his gate and in he ran
 Forfered of that wode man;
 And for him thought it charite,
 1680 Out at his window set he
 Brede and water for the wode man;
 And tharto ful sone he ran.
 Swilk als he had, swilk he him gaf,
 Barly-brede with al the chaf;
 1685 Tharof ete he ful gude wane,
 And are swilk ete he never nane.
 Of the water he drank tharwith;
 Than ran he forth into the frith,
 For if a man be never so wode,
 1690 He wil kum whare man dose him gode,
 And, sertanly, so did Ywayne.
 Everilka day he come ogayne,
 And with him broght he redy boun
 Ilka day new venisowne;
 1695 He laid it at the ermite gate
 And ete and drank and went his gate.
 Ever alone als he was gane,
 The ermyt toke the flesh onane;
 He flogh it and seth it fayre and wele;
 1700 Than had Ywayne at ilka mele
 Brede and sothen venysowne.
 Than went the ermyt to the towne
 And salde the skinnes that he broght,
 And better brede tharwith he boght;

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1705 | Than fand Sir Ywayne in that stede Venyson and better brede. | place |
| | This life led he ful fele yere, And sethen he wrought als ye sal here. | <i>for several years afterwards; soiled</i> |
| | Als Ywaine sleped under a tre, | |
| 1710 | By him come thare rideand thre: A lady, twa bourewemen alswa. | <i>ladies-in-waiting</i> |
| | Than spak one of the maidens twa, "A naked man me think I se; Wit I wil what it may be." | |
| 1715 | Sho lighted down and to him yede, And unto him sho toke gude hede; | know |
| | Hir thought wele sho had him sene In many stedes whare sho had bene. | went |
| | Sho was astonyd in that stownde, For in hys face sho saw a wondre, | <i>heend</i> |
| 1720 | Bot it was heled and hale of hew; Tharby, hir thought, that sho him knew. Sho sayd, "By God that me has made, Swilk a wound Sir Ywayne hadde. | <i>places</i> |
| 1725 | Sertaynly, this ilk es he. | <i>moment</i> |
| | Allas," sho sayd, "how may this be? Allas, that him es thus bytyd, So nobil a knyght als he was kyd. | <i>wound</i> |
| | It es grete sorow that he sold be | |
| 1730 | So ugly now opon to se." So tenderly for him sho gret, That hir teres al hir chekkes wet. | <i>to look upon</i> |
| | "Madame," sho said, "for sertayn, Here have we funden Sir Ywayne, | <i>wept</i> |
| 1735 | The best knyght that on grund mai ga. | |
| | Allas, him es bytyd so wa; In sum sorow was he stad, And tharfore es he waxen mad. | <i>on him some woe has happened</i> |
| | Sorow wil meng a mans blode | <i>With; afflicted</i> |
| 1740 | And make him forto wax wode. Madame, and he war now in quert And al hale of will and hert, Ogays yowre fa he wald yow were, | <i>sar up</i> |
| | | <i>go crazy</i> |
| | | <i>if; good health</i> |
| | | <i>for; protect</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- That has yow done so mckyl dere. *great harm*
 1745 And he ware hale, so God me mead, *If*
 'Yowre sorow war sone broght to end.'
 The lady said, "And this ilk be he
 And than he wil noght hethin fle, *hence*
 Thorgh Goddes help than, hope I yit
 1750 We sal him win ynto his wyt.
 Swith at hame I wald we were,
 For thare I have an unement dere; *ointment*
 Morgan the Wise gaf it to me
 And said als I sal tel to the.
 1755 He sayd, "This unement es so gode,
 That if a man be braynwode *ointment*
 And he war anes anoynt with yt,
 Smertly sold he have his wit."
 Fro hame thai wer bot half a myle;
 1760 Theder come thai in a whyle.
 The lady sone the boyst has soght,
 And the unement has sho broght. *box*
 "Have," sho said, "this unement here,
 Unto me it es ful dere; *ointment*
 1765 And smertly that thou wend ogayne,
 Bot luke thou spend it noght in vaine;
 And fra the knight anoynted be,
 That thou leves, bring it to me."
 Hastily that maiden meke
 1770 Tok hose and shose and serk and breke. *shirt; undergarment*
 A riche robe als gan sho ta *take*
 And a saint of silk alswa *girdle*
 And also a gude palfrey,
 And smertly come sho whare he lay.
 1775 On slepe fast yit sho him fande.
 Hir hors until a tre sho band, *bound*
 And hastily to him sho yede, *went*
 And that was ful hardy dede.
 Sho enoynt hys heved wele
 1780 And his body ilka dele. *everywhere*
 Sho despended al the unement
 Over hir ladies cumandment. *Against*

Ywain and Gawain

- For hir lady wald sho noght let; fail
Hir thought that it was ful wele set.
- 1785 Al his atyre sho left hym by clothe; prepare
At his rising to be redy
That he might him cledh and dyght,
Or he sold of hyr have syght.
Than he wakend of his slepe; from
1790 The maiden to him toke gude kepe;
He loked up ful sarily wretchedly
And said, "Lady Saynt Mary,
What hard grace to me es maked,
That I am here now thus naked?
1795 Alias, wher any have here bene?
I trow, sum has my sorow sene,"
Lang he sat so in a thoght,
How that gere was theder brought.
Than had he noght somekyl myght Long
1800 On his fote to stand upright;
Him failed might of fote and hand,
That he myght nowther ga ne stand.
Bot yit his clothes on he wan;
Tharfore ful wery was he than.
1805 Than had he mister fortio mete desire
Sum man that myght his bales bete.
Than lepe the maiden on hir palfray
And nere byside him made hir way.
Sho lese als sho him noght had sene
1810 Ne wetyn that he thare had bene.
Sone when he of hir had syght,
He cried unto hyr on bight.
Than wald sho no ferrer ride,
Bot fast sho loked on ilka syde
1815 And waited about fer and mere.
He cried and sayd, "I am here."
Than sone sho rade him till
And sayd, "Sir, what es thi will?"
"Lady, thi help war me ful lefe.
1820 For I am here in grete meschefe.
I ne wate never by what chance
let [on] as
knew
he cried to her by name
would be to me most desirable
don't know by what circumstance

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| | That I have al this grevance. Thar charité I walde the pray Ferto lene me that palfrey. | |
| 1825 | That in thi hand es rody bowne And wis me sone unto som towne, I wate nocht how I had this wa, Ne how that I sal hethin ga." | <i>prepared guide don't know; woe go hence gracious</i> |
| 1830 | Sho answered him with wordes hende, "Syr, if thou wil with me wende, Ful gladly wil I ese the, Until that thou amended be." | |
| | Sho helped him up on his hors ryg, | <i>horse's back</i> |
| | And sone thai come until a bryg; | <i>bridge</i> |
| 1835 | Into the water the boist sho cast, And sethine hame sho hied fast. When thai come to the castel gase, Thai lighted and went in tharate. | <i>box afterwards; hastened</i> |
| | The maiden to the chameber went; | |
| 1840 | The lady asked the unement. "Madame," sho said, "the boyst es lorn, And so was I nerehand tharfor." | <i>inquired about; ointment box; lost nearly as a result</i> |
| | "How so," sho said, "for Goddes Tre?" | <i>by the Cross</i> |
| | "Madame," she said, "I sal tel the | |
| 1845 | Al the sooth how that it was. Als I over the brig sold pas, Evyn in myddes, the sooth to say, Thare stombild my palfrey; | <i>Exactly (All the truth) bridge should pass middle</i> |
| | On the brig he fell al flat, | <i>sprawling</i> |
| 1850 | And the boyst right with that Fel fra me in the water down; And had I nocht bene titter boun To tak my palfrey by the mane, | <i>box</i> |
| | The water sone had bene my bane." | <i>quickly prepared</i> |
| 1855 | The lady said, "Now am I shent, That I have lorn my gude unement; It was to me, so God me glade, The best treasure that ever I hade. | <i>doom ruined</i> |
| | To me it es fulmekil skath, | <i>make glad</i> |
| 1860 | Bot better es lose it than yow bath. | <i>injury</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|--|
| | "Wend," sho said, "unto the knight And luke thou esc him at thi myght." | <i>Betake thyself</i> |
| | "Lady," sho said, "els war me lathe." Than sho gert him washe and bathe | <i>loathsome</i> |
| 1865 | And gaf him mete and drink of main, Til he had geten his might ogayn. | <i>caused him to be</i> <i>for strengthening</i> |
| | Thai ordand armurs ful wele dight, And so thai did stedes ful wight. | <i>requisitioned; wrought</i> <i>powerful</i> |
| | So it fell sone on a day, | |
| 1870 | Whils he in the castel lay, The ryche eryl, Syr Aiers, With knighthes, serjantes and swiers, And with swith grete vetaile Come that kastel to asyle. | <i>powerful</i> <i>squires</i> <i>an abundance of provisions</i> |
| 1875 | Sir Ywain than his armurs tase With other socure that he hase. The erel he kepes in the felde, And sone he hit aye on the sheldre, That the knyght and als the stede | <i>done</i> <i>encounters</i> <i>landed such a blow</i> |
| 1880 | Stark ded to the erth thai yede, Sone another, the thrid, the ferth Feld he doun ded on the erth; He stird him so omang tham than, At ilka dint he slogh a man. | <i>also</i> <i>went</i> |
| 1885 | Sum he losed of his men, Bot the eril lost swilk ten. Ai thai fled fast fra that syde, Whare thai saw Sir Ywain ride. He herted so his cumpany, | <i>each blow; slew</i> <i>ten times as many</i> |
| 1890 | The moste coward was ful hardy To fel al that thai fand in felde. | <i>inspired</i> <i>greatest</i> |
| | The lady lay ever and bikelde; | |
| | Sho sais, "Yon es a nobil knyght, Ful eger and of ful grete myght; | |
| 1895 | He es wele worthy forto prayse, That es so doghthy and curtayne." | |
| | The mayden said, "Withowten let, Yowre oyncement may ye think wele set; | <i>Doubtless</i> <i>ointment; well applied</i> |
| | Sese, madame, how he prikes, | <i>See; spurs</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1900 | And sece also how fele he stikes Lo, how he fars omang his fasse; Al that he hittes sone he slase. War thare swilk other twa als he, Than, hope I, sone thaire fasse sold fle. | see; many foes slays |
| 1905 | Sertes, than sold we se ful tyte, The eril sold be descumfite. Madame, God gif, his wil were To wed yow and be loverd here." | foes quickly |
| 1910 | The erils folk went fast to ded; To fle than was his best rede. | may God grant lord death plan |
| 1915 | The eril sone bigan to fle, And than might men bound se, How Sir Ywayne and his feres Followd them on fel maners; | entertainment companions fierce |
| 1920 | And fast thai slogh the erils men, Olive thai left noght over ten. The eril fled ful fast for dredc, And than Sir Ywaine strake his stede And overtoke him in that tide | Alive time |
| 1925 | At a kastel thar bysyde. Sir Ywayne sone withset the gate, That the eril myght noght in tharate. The eril saw al myght noght gain; | blocked |
| 1930 | He yalde him sone to Sir Ywayn. And sone he has his trowth pylght To wend with him that ilk night Unto the lady of grese renowme And profer him to hir presowne, | <i>yielded himself</i> (the earl); pledged |
| 1935 | And to do him in hir grace And also to mend his trispase. The eril than unarmed his hevid, And none armure on him he levid. Helm, sheld, and als his brand, | himself; prison put himself |
| | That he bare naked in his hand, Al he gaf to Sir Ywayne, And hame with him he went ogaine. In the kastel made thai joy ilkane, | head left |
| | When thai wist the eril was tane. | taken |

Ywain and Gawain

- 1940 And, when thai saw tham cumand nere,
Ogayas him went thai al infere;
And when the lady gan tham mete,
Sir Ywaine godcely gan hir grete.
He said, "Madame, have thi presoun
And hold him here in thi baundoun."
prisoner
power
made
- 1945 Bot he gert hir grante him grace
To mak amendes ya that space,
On a buke the erl sware
Ferto restore bath ics and marc,
And big ogayn bath tourc and tourne,
build; both tower; fortress
- 1950 That by him war casten dounce,
And evermore to be hir frende.
Umage made he to that hende;
To this forward he borows fand,
The best lordes of al that land.
Homage; gracious woman
promise; inscribed pledges
- 1955 Sir Ywaine wald no lenger lend,
Bot redies him fast forto wend.
At the lady his leve he takes,
Grese murnyng tharfore sho makes.
Sho said, "Sir, if it be yowre will,
1960 I pray yow forto dwel here still;
And I wil yelde into yowre handes
Myne awyn body and al my landes."
Hereof fast sho hym bysought,
Bot al hir speche avayles noght.
earnestly
- 1965 He said, "I wil no thing to mede
Bot myne armurs and my stede."
Sho said, "Bath stede and other thing
Es yowres at yowre owyn likyng;
And if ye walde here with us dwell,
1970 Mekyl mirth war us omell."
It was na bote to bid him bide,
He toke his stede and on gan stride;
The lady and hyr maydens gear
Wepid sare when that he went.
with all of us
use; stay
gracious
- 1975 Now rides Ywayn als ye sal here,
With hevy herte and dreri chere
Thurgh a forest by a sty;
narrow pathway

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---|---------------------------|
| | And thare he herd a hydose cry. | |
| | The gaynest way ful sone he tase, | <i>kidnous</i> |
| 1980 | Til he come whare the noys was. | <i>straightest; takes</i> |
| | Than was he war of a dragoun, | |
| | Had asayled a wilde lyoun; | |
| | With his tayl he drogh him fast, | <i>attacked; lion</i> |
| | And fire ever on him he cast. | <i>(the dragon)</i> |
| 1985 | The lyoun had over litel myght | |
| | Ogaynes the dragon forto fyght. | |
| | Than Sir Ywayn made him bown | |
| | Forto sucore the lyoun; | <i>ready</i> |
| | His shelde bifore his face he fest | <i>help the lion</i> |
| | | <i>held</i> |
| 1990 | For the fyre that the dragon kest; | |
| | He strake the dragon in at the chavyl, | |
| | That it come out at the navyl. | <i>jowl</i> |
| | Sunder strake he the throte-boll, | |
| | That fra the body went the chol. | |
| 1995 | By the lioun tail the hevid hang yit, | <i>An under; larynx</i> |
| | For tharby had he tane his bit; | <i>jowl</i> |
| | The tail Sir Ywayne strake in twa, | <i>head still hung</i> |
| | The dragon hevid than fel tharfra. | <i>bites</i> |
| | He thought, "If the lyoun me asayle, | |
| 2000 | Redy sal he have batayle." | <i>Ready</i> |
| | Bot the lyoun wald noght fyght. | |
| | Grete fawnyng made he to the knyght. | |
| | Down on the grand he set him oft, | |
| | His fortherfete he held oloft. | <i>placed himself</i> |
| 2005 | And thanked the knyght als he kowth, | <i>forefeet</i> |
| | Al if he myght noght speke with mowith; | <i>could</i> |
| | So wele the lyoun of him lete, | <i>Even though</i> |
| | Ful law he lay and likked his fete. | <i>paid homage</i> |
| | When Syr Ywayne that sight gan se, | <i>low; licked</i> |
| 2010 | Of the beste him thought pete, | |
| | And on his wai forth gan he ride; | <i>breast; pity</i> |
| | The lyoun folowd by hys syde. | |
| | In the forest al that day | |
| | The lyoun mekely foloud ay, | <i>followed always</i> |
| 2015 | And never for wele ne for wa | |
| | Wald he part Sir Ywayn fra. | |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|---------------------------------|
| | Thus in the forest als thai ware, | |
| | The lyoun hungerd swith sare. | <i>very sorely</i> |
| | Of a beste savore he hade; | <i>smell</i> |
| 2020 | Until hys lord semblanc he made, | <i>Unto; signs</i> |
| | That he wald go to get his pray; | <i>nature demanded it</i> |
| | His kind it wald, the soth to say. | |
| | For his lorde sold him nocht greve, | |
| | He wald nocht go withowten leue, | <i>permission</i> |
| 2025 | Fra his lord the way he laght | <i>took</i> |
| | The mountance of ane arow-dracht; | <i>distance; arrow's flight</i> |
| | Sone he met a barayn da, | <i>barren dor</i> |
| | And ful sone he gan hir slæ; | |
| | Hir throte in twa ful sone he bate | <i>bit</i> |
| 2030 | And drank the blode whils it was hate. | <i>hot</i> |
| | That da he kest than in his nek, | <i>doe; cast; across</i> |
| | Als it war a mele sek. | <i>sack of meal</i> |
| | Unto his lorde than he it bare; | |
| | And Sir Ywayn parsayved thare, | <i>observed</i> |
| 2035 | That it was so nere the nyght, | |
| | That no ferrer ride he might. | |
| | A loge of bowes sone he made, | <i>lodging; boughs</i> |
| | And flynt and fire-yren bath he hade, | |
| | And fire ful sone thare he slogh | <i>struck</i> |
| 2040 | Of dry mos and many a bogh. | <i>bough</i> |
| | The lion has the da undone; | <i>doe</i> |
| | Sire Ywayne made a spit ful sone, | |
| | And rosted sum to thaire sopere. | <i>for</i> |
| | The lyon lay als ye sal here: | |
| 2045 | Unto na mete he him drogh | <i>drew near</i> |
| | Until his maister had eten ynogh. | <i>enough</i> |
| | Him failed thare bath salt and brede, | <i>lacked</i> |
| | And so him did whyte wine and rede; | <i>also he lacked</i> |
| | Bot of swilk thing als thai had, | |
| 2050 | He and his lyon made tham glad. | |
| | The lyon hungerd for the nanes, | <i>you can be certain</i> |
| | Ful fast he ese raw fless and banes. | |
| | Sir Ywayne in that ilk telde | <i>same lodging place</i> |
| | Laid his hevid upon his shelde; | |
| 2055 | Al nyght the lyon about gede | <i>paced</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| | To kepe his mayster and his stede. | protect |
| | Thus the lyon and the knyght | |
| | Lended thare a fouretenyght. | Stayed |
| | On a day so it byfell, | |
| 2060 | Syr Ywayne come unto the well. | |
| | He saw the chapel and the thorne | |
| | And said allass that he was born; | |
| | And when he loked on the stane, | |
| | He fel in swooning sone onane. | swooning once again |
| 2065 | Als he fel his swerde outshoke; | |
| | The pomel into the erth toke, | stuck |
| | The poynt toke until his throte — | stuck |
| | Wel nere he made a sari nose! | Very nearly; sorry piece of work |
| | Thorgh his armurs sone it smate, | pierced |
| 2070 | A litel intill hys hals it bate; | neck; bit |
| | And wen the lyon saw his blude, | when |
| | He brayded als he had bene wode. | roared; gone insane |
| | Than kest he up so lathly rede, | hideous a roar |
| | Ful mani fok myght he have ferde. | frightened |
| 2075 | He wend wele, so God me rede, | thought; advise |
| | That his mayster had bene ded. | |
| | It was ful grete pete to here | |
| | What sorow he made on his manere. | |
| | He stirt ful hertly, I yow heic. | leaped up; promise |
| 2080 | And toke the swerde bytwix his fete; | |
| | Up he set it by a stane, | |
| | And thare he wald himself have slane; | |
| | And so he had sone, for sertayne; | |
| | Bot right in that rase Syr Ywayne; | that instant] arose |
| 2085 | And alsonce als he saw hym stand, | (the lion) saw [Ywain] |
| | For fayn he liked fote and hand. | Eagerly he licked |
| | Sir Ywain said oft sithes, "Allas, | repeatedly |
| | Of alkins men hard es my grace. | |
| | Mi leman set me sertayn day, | |
| 2090 | And I it brak, so wayloway. | |
| | Allas, for dole how may I dwell | grief |
| | To se this chapel and this well, | |
| | Hir faire thorn, hir riche stane? | |
| | My gude dayes er now al gane, | |

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|---|------------------------------|
| 2095 | My joy es done now al bidene, I am soght worthi to be sene. I saw this wild beste was ful bayn For my luf himself have slayne. | <i>entirely</i> |
| | Than sold I, sertes, by more right | <i>eager</i> |
| 2100 | Sla my self for swilk a wyght That I have for my foly lorn. Alias the while that I was born!" | <i>person</i> |
| | Als Sir Ywain made his mane | <i>lost</i> |
| 2105 | In the chapel ay was anc And herd his murnyng haly all | <i>lament</i> |
| | Thorgh a crevice of the wall, And sone it said with simepel chere, | <i>even so was one</i> |
| | "What eriou, that murnes here?" | <i>all his mourning</i> |
| 2110 | "A man," he sayd, "sum tyme I was." | <i>manner</i> |
| | What eriou? Tel me or I pas." | <i>go forth</i> |
| | "I am," it sayd, "the sariest wight, | <i>sorriest</i> |
| | That ever lifed by day or nyght." | |
| | "Nay," he said, "by Saynt Martyne, | |
| | Thare es na sorow mete to myne, | <i>equal</i> |
| 2115 | Ne no wight so wil of wane. | <i>homeless</i> |
| | I was a man, now am I name; | |
| | Whilom I was a nobil knyght | |
| | And a man of mekyll myght; | |
| | I had knyghtes of my menye | |
| 2120 | And of reches grete plenté; | <i>wealth</i> |
| | I had a ful fayre seignory, | <i>domain</i> |
| | And al I lost for my foly. | |
| | Mi maste sorow als sal thou here: | |
| | I lost a lady that was me dere." | |
| 2125 | The tother sayd, "Alias, alias, | |
| | Myne es a wele sarier case: | |
| | To-morn I mun bere my jewyse, | <i>mast; judgment (doom)</i> |
| | Als my famen wil devise." | <i>foes</i> |
| | "Alias," he said, "what es the skill?" | <i>reason</i> |
| 2130 | "That sal thou here, sir, if thou will. | |
| | I was a mayden mekil of pride | |
| | With a lady here nere biseide; | |
| | Men me bikalles of tresoun | <i>accuse</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- 2135 And has me put here in presown.
 I have no man to defend me,
 Tharfore to-morn brent mun I be." burned
- He sayd, "What if thou get a knyght,
 That for the with thi fasse wil fight?"
 "Sir," sho sayd, "als mot I ga,
 In this land er bot knyghties twa,
 That me wald help to cover of care:
 The tane es went, I wate noght whare;
 The tother es dweland with the king
 And wate noght of my myslykyng.
 The tane of tham hat Syr Gawayn.
 And the tother hat Syr Ywayn.
 For hym sal I be done to dede
 To-morn right in this same stede;
 He es the Kinges son Uriene."
 "Parfay," he sayd, "I have hym sene;
 I am he, and for my gilt
 Sal thou never more be spilt.
 Thou ert Lunet, if I can rede,
 That helpyd me yn mckyl drede;
 I had bene ded had thou noght bene.
 Tharfore tel me us bytwene,
 How bical tha of treson
 Thus forto sla and for what reson?"
 "Sir, thai say that my lady
 Lufed me mosle specially,
 And wrought al efter my rede;
 Tharefore thai hate me to the ded,
 The steward says that done have I
 Grete tresone unto my lady.
 His twa brether sayd it als,
 And I wist that thai said fals;
 And sone I answerd als a sot —
 For fole bolt es sone shot —
 I said that I sold find a knyght,
 That sold me maystene in my right
 And fecht with tham al thre;
 Thus the batayl wajed we.
- are
recover from
one is gone; know
other; dwelling
misfortune
is called*
- Because of him; put to death*
- killed
discern*
- accuse*
- counsel
sentenced; death*
- foolishly
fool's*
- waged*

Ywain and Gawain

- Than thai granted me als tyte
Fourty dayes unto respite; immediately
2175 And at the kynges court I was;
I fand na comfort ne na solase
Nowther of knyght, knave, ne swayn."
Than said he, "Whare was Syr Gawayn?
He has bene ever trew and lele, fair
2180 He fayled never no damysele."
Scho said, "In court he was noght sene,
For a knyght led oway the quene.
The king tharfore es swith grym; very angry
Syr Gawayn folowd efter him,
2185 He coms noght hame, for sestayne,
Until he bryng the quene ogayne.
Now has thou herd, so God me rede,
Why I sal be done to ded."
He said, "Als I am trew knyght,
2190 I sal be redy forto fyght
To-morn with tham al thre,
Leman, for the luf of the.
At my myght I sal noght fayl.
Bot how so beset of the batayle, it shall be
2195 If ani man my name the frayne,
On al manere luke thou yt layne;
Unto na man my name thou say."
"Syr," sho sayd, "for soth, nay.
I prai to grete God alweldand, ask
2200 That thai have noght the hegher hand,
Sen that ye wil my murnyng mend,
I tak the grace that God wil send."
Syr Ywayn sayd, "I sal the hyght conceal
To mend thi murnyng at my myght:
2205 Thorgh grace of God in Trenyté
I sal the wreke of tham al thre."
Than rade he forth into frith,
And hys lyoun went hym with.
Had he redyn bot a stownde, almighty
2210 A ful fayre castell he fownde; victory
And Syr Ywaine, the soth to say,
promise
avenge you against
woods
ridden; while

Ywain and Gawain

- Unto the castel toke the way.
 When he come at the castel gate,
 Foure porters he fand tharate.
- 2215 The drawbryg sone lete thai doun,
 Bot al thai fled for the lyown.
 Thai said, "Syr, withowten downt,
 That beste byhoves the leve tharout."
 He sayd, "Sirs, so have I wyn,
- 2220 Mi lyoun and I sal nocht twyn;
 I luf him als wele, I yow hete,
 Als my self at ane mese;
 Owther sal we samyn lende,
 Or els wil we hethin wende.
- 2225 Bot right with that the lord he met,
 And ful gladly he him gret,
 With knyghtes and swiers grete plenté
 And faire ladies and maydens fre;
 Ful mekyl joy of him thai made,
- 2230 Bot sorow in thaire hertes thai hade.
 Unto a chameber was he led
 And unharmed and sethim cled
 In clothes that war gay and dere.
 Bot oftymes changed thaire chere;
- 2235 Sum tyme, he saw, thai weped all
 Als ai wald to water fall;
 Thai made slike murnyng and slik manc
 That grettier saw he never nane;
 Thai feynyd tham oft for hys sake
- 2240 Fayre semblant foeto make.
 Ful grete wonder Sir Ywayn hade
 For thai swilk joy and sorow made.
 "Sir," he said, "if yowre wil ware,
 I wald wyt why ye make slike kare."
- 2245 "This joy," he said, "that we mak now,
 Sir, es al for we have yow;
 And, sir, also we mak this sorow
 For dedys that sal be done to-morow.
 A geant wons here nere bysyde,
- 2250 That es a devil of mekil prude;
- because of
you're obliged to leave outside
bliss
part
assure
equally
together remain
go away
- unarmed; afterwards dressed
cordly
manner
- ever would; turn
such
- if it be your will
mourning
- is all because you're here
- dwells

Ywain and Gawain

- His name hat Harpyns of Mowntain.
For him we lyf in mekil payn;
My landes haves he robbed and rest,
Noght bot this kassel es me left.
- 2255 And, by God that in hevyn wons,
Syr, I had sex knyghtis to sons;
I saw my self the twa slogh he,
To-morn the fourre als slanc mun be —
He has al in hys presowne.
- 2260 And, sir, for nane other enchesowne,
Bot for I warned hym to wyve
My doghter, fayrest fode olyve.
Tharfore es he wonder wrath,
And depely has he sworn hys ath,
- 2265 With maystry that he sal hir wyn,
And that the laddes of his kychyn
And also that his werst fote-knave
His wil of that woman sal have,
Bot I to-morn might find a knight,
- 2270 That durst with hym selven fught;
And I have none to him at ga.
What wonder es if me be wa?"
Syr Ywayn lystend hym ful wele,
And when he had talde ilka dele,
- 2275 "Syr," he sayd, "me think mervayl
That ye socht never no kounsayl
At the kynges hous here bysyde;
For, series, in al this world so wyde
Es no man of so mekil myght.
- 2280 Geant, champioun, ne knight,
That he ne has knyghtes of his menye
That ful glad and blyth wald be
Ferto mete with swilk a man
That thai myght kyth thaire myghtes on."
- 2285 He said, "Syr, so God me mend,
Unto the kynges kourt I send
To seke my mayster Syr Gawayn;
For he wald socore me ful fain.
He wald noght leve for luf ne drode,
- pillaged; stolen
dwells
must
reason
refused his marrying creature alive
oath
Unless
every bit
Giant company
make known; prowess
assist

Ywain and Gawain

- 2290 Had he wist now of my nede;
For his sister es my wyfe,
And he lufes hyr als his lyfe.
Bot a knyght this other day,
Thai talde, has led the quene oway.
- 2295 Ferto seke hyr went Sir Gawayn,
And yit ne come he noght ogayn."
Than Syr Ywayne sighed sare
And said unto the knyght right thare;
"Syr," he sayd, "for Gawayn sake
- 2300 This batayl wil I undertake
Ferto fyght with the geant;
And that opon swilk a covenant,
Yif he cum at swilk a time,
So that we may fight by prime.
- 2305 No langer may I tent tharto,
For other thing I have to do;
I have a dede that most be done
To-morn nedes byfor the none."
- 2310 The knyght sare sighand sayd him till,
"Sir, God yelde the thi gode wyl."
And al that ware thare in the hall,
On knese byfor hym gan thai fall.
Forth thare come a byrd ful bryght,
- 2315 Hir moder come with hir infere,
And both thai morned and made yll chere.
The knight said, "Lo, verraiment,
God has us gude socure sent,
This knight that of his grace wil grant
- 2320 Ferto fyght with the geant."
On knese thai fel down to his fete
And thanked him with wordes swete.
"A, God forbede," said Sir Ywain,
"That the sister of Sir Gawayn
- 2325 Or any other of his blode born
Sold on this wise kneil me byforn."
He toke tham up tyte both infere
And prayd tham to amend thaire chere.

Ywain and Gawain

- "And praiest fast to God alswa,
2330 That I may venge yow on yowre fa,
And that he cum swilk tyme of day,
That I by tyme may wend my way
Ferto do another dede;
For, serdes, theder most I nede.
2335 Serdes, I wald nocht than byswike
Ferto win this kinges rike." betray
realm
- His thought was on that damysel,
That he left in the chapel.
Thai said, "He es of grete renoune,
2340 For with hym dwells the lyoun."
Ful wele confort war thai all
Bath in boure and als in hall.
Ful glad war thai of thaire gest, guest
And when tyme was at go to rest,
2345 The lady broght him to his bed;
And for the lyoun sho was adred.
Na man durst negh his chamber nere,
Fro thai war brought thareyn infere.
Sone at morn, when it was day, approach
2350 The lady and the fayre may
Til Ywayn chamber went thai sone,
And the doore thai have undone.
Sir Ywayn to the kyrk gede went
Or he did any other dede; Before; deed
- 2355 He herd the servise of the day
And sethin to the knyght gan say,
"Sir," he said, "now most I wend,
Lenger here dar I nocht leude;
Til other place byhoves me fare." I'm obliged to go
- 2360 Than had the knyght ful mekel care; while longer
He said, "Syr, dwells a litel thraw
For luf of Gawayn that ye knew;
Socore us now or ye wende.
I sal yow gif withowten ende Help
- 2365 Half my land with toun and toure,
And ye wil help us in this stoure." If; battle
Sir Ywayn said, "Nai, God forbide

Ywain and Gawain

- That I sold tak any mede." reward
 Than was grete dole, so God me glade, grief; make me glad
- 2370 To se the sorow that thai made.
- Of tham Sir Ywayn had grete peté; plan
 Him thoght his hert myght breke in thre,
 For in grete drede ay gan he dwell
 For the mayden in the chapell.
- 2375 For, sertes, if sho war done to ded, either; slay
 Of him war than none other rede
 Bot oither he sold hymselfen sla
 Or wode ogain to the wod ga.
- Ryght with that thare come a grome become insane again in the wilderness
 2380 And said tham that geant come: At that instant; Iad
 "Yowre sons bringes he him byforn,
 Wel nere naked als thai war born." told them
- With wretched ragges war thai kled
 And fast bunden; thus er thai led.
 2385 The geant was bath large and lang dressed
 And bare a levore of yren ful strang; securely
 Tharwith he bet tham bitterly.
 Grete rewth it was to here tham cry;
 Thai had no thing tham forto hyde.
- 2390 A dwergh gode on the tother syde,
 He bare a scowrge with cordes ten;
 Tharewith he bet tha gentil men
 Ever on ane als he war wode.
 Efter ilka band brast out the blode;
- 2395 And when thai at the walles were,
 He cried loud that men myght here,
 "If thou wil have thi sons in heile,
 Deliver me that damysele.
 I sal hir gif to warisowne
- 2400 Ane of the foulest quisterous,
 That ever yit ete any brede.
 He sal have hir maydenhede.
 Thar sal none other lig hir by
 Bot naked herliotes and lowsy."
- 2405 When the lord thir wordes herd,
 Als he war wode for wa he ferd.
- give as a prize
 scullions
 ate
 lie down
 contemptible persons
 As if; woe; became (faired)

Ywain and Gawain

- Sir Ywayn than that was curtays,
Unto the knyght ful sone he sais:
"This geant es ful fers and fell
2410 And of his wordes ful kruell;
I sal deliver hir of his aw
Or els be ded within a thraw.
For, certes, it war a misaventure
That so gentil a creature
2415 Sold ever so foul hap byfall
To be defosled with a thrall."
Sone was he armed, Sir Ywayn;
Tharfore the ladies war ful fayn.
Thai helpid to lace him in his wede,
2420 And sone he lepe up on his stede.
Thai prai to God that grace him grant
Ferto sia that foul geant.
The drawbriggs war laten doun,
And forth he rides with his lioun.
2425 Ful mani sari murnand man
Left he in the kastel than,
That on thaire knese to God of might
Praised ful berty for the knyght.
Syr Ywayn rade into the playne,
2430 And the geant come hym ogayne.
His levore was ful grete and lang
And himself fulmekyl and strang;
He said, "What devil made the so balde
Ferto cam heder out of thi halde?
2435 Whosoever the heder send,
Lufed the litel, so God me mead.
Of the he wald be wroken fayn."
"Do forth thi best," said Sir Ywayn.
At the armure he was yn,
2440 Was nocht bot of a bul-skyn.
Sir Ywayn was to him ful prest,
He strake to him in middes the brest.
The spere was both stif and gode —
Whare it toke hit, outbrast the blode.
2445 So fast Sir Ywayn on yt soght,
- then who
frociour; bold
power
short while
slave
joyous
armor
knees
steel pole
sent you here
avenged gladly
(i.e., the giant)
at him quickly
the middle of
pierced

Ywain and Gawain

- The bul-scyn availed nocht.
 The geant stombild with the dynt,
 And unto Sir Ywain he mynt,
 And on the shelde he hit ful fast,
 It was mervayl that it myght last.
 The levore bended tharwithall,
 With grete force he lete it fall,
 The geant was so strong and wight,
 That never for no dint of knyght
 Ne for batayl that he sold make,
 Wald he none other wapyn take.
 Sir Ywain left his spere of hand
 And strake about him with his brand,
 And the geant mckil of mayna
 Strake ful fast to him ogayn,
 Til at the last within a throw
 He rest him on his sadelbow,
 And that parcayved his lioun,
 That his hevid so hanged doun,
 He hopid that hys lord was hyrt,
 And to the geant sone he styrt.
 The scyn and fless bath rafe he down
 Fro his hals to hys cropoun;
 His ribbes myght men se onane,
 For al was bare unto bane.
 At the lyoun oft he mynt,
 Bot ever he lepis fro his dynt,
 So that no strake on him lyght.
 By than was Ywain cumen to myght,
 Than wil he wreke him if he may.
 The geant gaf he ful gude pay;
 He smate oway al his left cheke,
 His sholder als of gan he kleke,
 That both his levore and his hand
 Fel doun law upon the land.
 Sethin with a stoke to him he stert
 And smate the geant uno the hert:
 Than was nane other tale to tell,
 Bot fast unto the erth he fell,
- blow
aimed a blow

pole

should

sword
giant great of strength

for a while
(i.e., rested himself)

thought

skin; flesh; sore
neck; buttocks

bone
aimed a blow
(i.e., the lion dodges his blows)

It cost the giant dearly

off did he snatch

low
thrust

Ywain and Gawain

- 2485 Als it had bene a hevy tre.
 Than myght men in the kastel se
 Ful mekil mirth on ilka side.
 The gates kest thai opyn wyde;
 The lord unto Syr Ywaine ran,
 2490 Him foloud many a joyful man;
 Also the lady ran ful fast,
 And hir daughter was nocht the last.
 I may nocht tel the joy thai had;
 And the fourre brether war ful glad,
 2495 For thai war out of bales broght. *evil fate*
 The lord wist it helpid nocht
 At pray Sir Ywayn for to dwell, *To; stay*
 For tales that he byfore gan tell.
 Bot hertly with his myght and mayn
 2500 He praled him forto cum ogayn *time*
 And dwel with him a litel stage, *knightly obligations*
 When he had done hys vassage. *(Ywain)*
 He said, "Sir, that may I nocht do;
 Believe wele, for me bus go." *I must go*
 2505 Tham was ful wo — he wald nocht dwell —
 Bot fain thai war that it so fell. *joyous; came about*
 The neghest way than gan he wele, *closest; take*
 Until he come to the chapele.
 Thare he fand a mekil fire
 2510 And the mayden with lely lire *flesh white as a lily*
 In hyr smok was bunden fast *smock*
 Into the fire forto be kast.
 Unto himself he sayd in hy *in haste*
 And prayed to God almyghty,
 2515 That he sold for his mekil myght *great in excellence*
 Save fro shame that swete wight. *desist; cowardice*
 "Yf thai be many and mekil of pryse,
 I sal let for no kouwardise;
 For with me es bath God and right,
 2520 And thai sal help me forto fight.
 And my lyon sal help me —
 Than er we fourre ogayns tham thre."
 Sir Ywayn rides and cries then,

Ywain and Gawain

- 2525 "Habides, I bid yow, fals men!
It semes wele that ye er wode,
That wil spill this sakes blode.
Ye sal nocht so, yf that I may."
His lyown made hym redy way.
Naked he saw the mayden stand
- 2530 Bihind hir bunden aither hand:
Than sighed Ywain wonder-oft,
Unnethes might he syt oloft.
Thare was no semblan than bitwene,
That ever owther had other sene.
- 2535 Al about hyr myght men se
Ful mykel sorow and grete peté
Of other ladies that thare were,
Wepeand with ful sory chere.
"Lord," thai sayd, "what es oure gylt?"
- 2540 Oure joy, oure confort sal be spilt.
Who sal now oure crandes say?
Alias, who sal now for us pray?"
Whils thai thus karped, was Lunet
On knese byfore the prest set,
- 2545 Of hir syns hir forto schrive.
And unto hir he went bylve,
Hir hand he toke, and up sho rase;
"Leman," he sayd, "whore er thi fase?"
"Sir, lo tham yonder in yone stede
- 2550 Bideand until I be ded;
Thai have demed me with wrang.
Wel nere had ye dwelt over lang!
I pray to God He do yow mede
That ye wald help me in this mede."
- 2555 Thir wordes herd than the steward;
He hies him unto hir ful hard.
He said, "Thou lies, fals woman!
For thi treson ertow tane.
Sho has bitraied hir lady,
- 2560 And, sir, so wil sho the in hy.
And tharforc, syr, by Goddes dome,
I rede thou wend right als thou com;

Stay

innocent person's blood

barely; set up on (his horse)
semblance

messages

spoke
priest

confess

(Ywain) went quickly

where are

Waiting

judged me falsely
Nearly
grant you reward

These

hasten; cruelly

haste

heaven

advise

Ywain and Gawain

- Thou takes a ful febil rede,
If thou for hir will suffer ded." *counsel*
- 2565 Unto the steward than said he,
"Who so es ferd, I rede he fle;
And, sertes, I have bene this day,
Whare I had ful large pay;
And yit," he sayd, "I sal noght fail." *Whoever's afraid I suggest*
- 2570 To tham he waged the batayl.
"Do oway thi lioun," said the steward,
"For that es noght oure forward.
Allane sal thou fight with us thre."
And unto him thus answerd he,
2575 "Of my lioun no help I crave;
I ne have none other fote-knave;
If he wil do yow any dere,
I rede wele that ye yow were." *harm
advise; you protect yourself
every way
restraint*
- 2580 The steward said, "On alkins wise
Thi lyoun, sir, thou most chastise,
That he do here no harm this day,
Or cis wend forth on thi way;
For hir warand mai thou noght be,
Bot thou allane fight with us thre." *guarantee*
- 2585 Al thir men wote, and so wote I,
That sho bitrayed hir lady.
Als traytures sal sho have hyre,
Sho be brent here in this fire." *reward*
- Sir Ywain sad, "Nai, God forbede!"
2590 (He wist wele how the soth gede.) *stood*
- "I trow to wreke hir with the best."
He bad his lyoun go to rest;
And he laid him sone onane
Down byfore tham everilkane;
- 2595 Bitwene his legges he layd his tail
And so biheld to the batayl.
Al thre thai ride to Sir Ywain,
And smerty rides he tham ogayn;
In that time nothing tint he,
2600 For his an strake was worth thaires thre.
He strake the steward on the shelde,
- wasted
one

Ywain and Gawain

- That he fel doun flat in the felde;
 Bot up he rase yit at the last
 And to Sir Ywayn strake ful fast.
 2605 Tharat the lyoun greved sare;
 No lenger wald he than lig thare.
 To help his mayster he went onane;
 And the ladies everilkane,
 That war thare forto se that sight,
 2610 Praied ful fast ay for the knight.
 The lyoun hasted him ful hard,
 And sone he come to the steward.
 A ful fel mynt to him he made:
 He bigan at the shulder-blade,
 2615 And with his pawm al rafe he dowsne
 Bath hauberk and his accoune
 And al the fless doun till his kne,
 So that men myght his guttes se;
 To ground he fell so al torrent
 2620 Was thare no man that him ment.
 The lioun gan hym sla.
 Than war thai bot twa and twa,
 And, certaunly, thare Sir Ywayn
 Als with wordes did his main
 2625 Forto chasis bys lyowse;
 Bot he ne wald na more lig doun.
 The lioun thought, how so he sayd,
 That with his help he was wele payd.
 Thai smate the lyoun on ilka syde
 2630 And gaf him many woundes wide.
 When that he saw hys lyoun blede,
 He ferd for wa als he wald wede,
 And fast he strake than in that stoure,
 Might thare none his dantes doure.
 2635 So grevously than he bygan
 That doun he bare bath hors and man.
 Thai yald tham sone to Sir Ywayn,
 And tharof war the folk ful fayne;
 And sone quit to tham thaire hire,
 2640 For both he kest tham in the fire
- yet
lie there
fierce blow
paws; sore
mail; jerkin (leather vest)
flesh
torn to pieces
mourned
best
satisfied
(The remaining two annalans)
(i.e., Ywain)
would go mad
battle
endure
yielded
paid; reward

Ywain and Gawain

- And said, "Wha juges men with wrang,
The same judgement sal thai fang." receive
Thus he helpid the maiden yng, young
And sethin he made the saghtelyng afterwards; peace
2645 Bitwene hyr and the riche lady.
- Than al the folk ful hastily
Proferd tham to his servise
To wirship him ever on al wise.
None of tham al wist bot Lunet
- 2650 That thai with thaire lord war met. courteously
The lady prayed him als the head
That he hame with tham wald wende
Ferto sojorn thare a stownd,
Til he wer warist of his wound. awhile
2655 By his sare set he noght a stra, healed
Bot for his lioun was him wa.
"Madame," he said, "series, nay,
I mai noght dwel, the soth to say."
Sho said, "Sir, sen thou wyl wend,
- 2660 Sai us thi name, so God the mend." Tell
"Madame," he said, "bi Saint Symoun,
I hat the Knight with the Lyoun."
Sho said, "We saw yow never or now,
Ne never herd we speke of yow."
- 2665 "Tharby," he sayd, "ye understand,
I am noght knawen wide in land."
Sho said, "I prai the forto dwell,
If that thou may, here us omell." among
If sho had wist wele wha it was,
- 2670 She wald wele lever have laten him pas;
And tharfore wald he noght be knawen
Both for hir esc and for his awyn.
He said, "No lenger dwel I ne may;
Believes wele and haves goday. remain
- 2675 I prai to Crist, hevyn kyng,
Lady, len yow gude lifing,
And len grace, that al yowre anoy
May turn yow unto mykel joy."
Sho said, "God grant that it so be."

Ywain and Gawain

- 2680 Unto himself than thus said he,
 "Thou ert the lok and kay also
 Of al my wele and al my wo."
 Now wendes he forth and morning mase,
 And nane of them wist what he was,
 lock; key
 makes [his] lament
- 2685 Bot Lunet that he bad sold layn,
 And so sho did with al his mayne.
 Sho cunvayd him forth on his way;
 He said, "Gude leman, I the pray,
 That thou tel to no moder son,
 bade; conceal
- 2690 Who has bene thi champion;
 And als I pray the, swete wight,
 Late and arly thou do thi might
 With speche unto my lady fre
 Forto make hir frende with me.
- 2695 Sen ye er now togeder glade,
 Help thou that we war frendes made."
 "Sertes, sir," sho sayd, "ful fayn
 Thareabout wil I be bays;
 And that ye have done me this day,
 happily
 Help us to become friends
- 2700 God do yow mede, als he wele may."
 Of Lunet thus his leve he tase,
 Bot in hert grete sorow he hase;
 His lioun feled so mckill wa,
 That he ne myght no ferrer ga.
 eager
- 2705 Sir Ywain puld gres in the felde
 And made a kouche opon his shelde;
 Thareon his lyoun laid he thare,
 And forth he rides and sighes sare;
 On his shelde so he him led.
 takes
- 2710 Than was he ful evyl sted.
 Forth he rides by frith and fell,
 Til he come to a fayre castell.
 Thare he cald and swith sone
 The porter has the gates undone,
 farther go
- 2715 And to him made he ful gode chere.
 He said, "Sir, ye er welcum here."
 Syr Ywain said, "God do the mede,
 For tharof have I mckill node."
 (i.e., the lion)
 unhappily situated
 forest; hill
 immediately
 reward thee

Ywain and Gawain

- 2720 Yn he rade right at the gate;
Faire folk kepid hym tharate.
Thai toke his shelde and his lyoun,
And ful softly thai laid it doun;
Sum to stabil led his stede,
And sum also unlaced his wede. *armor*
- 2725 Thai talde the lord than of that knyght;
And sone he and his lady bryght
And thaire sons and doghters all
Come ful faire him forto kall;
Thai war ful fayn he thore was sted. *there; situated*
- 2730 To chaumber sone thai have him led;
His bed was ordand richely, *prepared*
And his lioun thai laid him by.
Him was no mister forto crave,
Redy he had what he wald have.
- 2735 Twa maydens with him thai laft
That wele war lered of lechecraft;
The lordes doghters both thai wore
That war left to kepe hym thore.
Thai heled hym everilka wound, *learned in medicine*
- 2740 And hys lyoun sone made thai sownd. *healthy*
I can nocht tel how lang he lay;
When he was helyd he went his way. *healthy*
Bot whils he sojorned in that place,
In that land byfel this case.
- 2745 A litil thethin in a stede *distance away*
A grete lord of the land was ded.
Lifand he had none other ayre *heir*
Bot two doghters that war ful fayre.
Als sone als he was laid in molde, *buried in the earth*
- 2750 The elder sister sayd sho wolde
Wend to court sone als sho myght
Fortho get hir som doghthy knyght
Fortho win hir al the land
And hald it haleyn in hir hand. *wholly*
- 2755 The yonger sister saw sho se myght
Have that fell until hir right,
Bot if that it war by batail;

Ywain and Gawain

- To court sho wil at ask cownsayl.
The elder sister sone was gare, *prepared*
2760 Unto the court fast gan sho fare.
To Sir Gawayn sho made hir mane,
And he has granted hyr onane,
"Bot yt bus be so prevely," *must; secretly*
That nane wit bot thou and I.
2765 If thou of me makes any yelp, *boast*
Lorn has thou al my help." *Lorn*
Than after on the tother day
Unto kourt come the tother may,
And to Sir Gawayn sone sho went
2770 And talde unto him hir entent;
Of his help sho him bysought.
"Sertes," he sayd, "that may I noght."
Than sho wepe and wrang hir handes;
And right with that come new tithandes, *ridings*
2775 How a knyght with a lyoun
Had slane a geant ful feloun. *fierce*
The same knight thare talde this tale
That Syr Ywayn brought fra bale
That had wedded Gawayn sister dere.
2780 Sho and hir sons war thare infere; *dwarf; assured*
Thai broght the dwergh, that be ye balde,
And to Sir Gawayn have thai talde
How the knyght with the lyowne
Delivred them out of presowne,
2785 And how he for Syr Gawayn sake
Gan that batayl undertake,
And als how nobilly that he wroght.
Sir Gawayn said, "I knew him noght."
The yonger mayden than alsone *desarily*
2790 Of the king askes this bone *boon*
To have respite of fourti dais,
Als it fel to landes lays.
Sho wist thare was no man of main
That wald fyght with Sir Gawayn;
2795 Sho thought to seke by frith and fell *laws*
The knyght that sho herd tham of tell. *strength*
woodland; hill

Ywain and Gawain

- Respite was granted of this thing;
The mayden toke leve at the king
And sethen at al the baronage.
2800 And forth sho went on hir vayage. *journey*
Day ne nyght wald sho nocht spare;
Thurgh al the land fast gan sho fare,
Thurgh castel and thurgh ilka toun
To seke the knight with the lyoun:
2805 He helpes al in word and dede,
That unto him has any nede.
Sho socht hym thurgh al that land,
Bot of hym herd sho na tyhand. *tidings*
Na man kowth tel hir whare he was.
2810 Ful grete sorow in hert sho has.
So mikel murning gan sho make
That a grete sekenes gan sho take. *sickness*
Bot in hir way right wele sho sped.
At that kastell was sho sted
2815 Whare Sir Ywayn are had bene
Helid of his sekemes cleane.
There sho was ful wele knownen
And als welcum als til hyr awyn;
With alkyn gamyn thai gan hir glade. *own (people)
every kind of pleasure*
2820 And mikel joy of hir thai made.
Unto the lord sho tald hyr case,
And helping hastily sho hase. *hath
undergoing medical treatment*
Still in lecheing there sho lay;
A maiden for hir toke the way
2825 For to seke yf that sho myght
In any land here of that knyght;
And that same kastel come sho by,
Whare Ywayn wedded the lavedy; *lady*
And fast sho spird in ylk sesoun *inquired*
2830 Efter the knight with the lioun.
Thai tald hir how he went tham fra,
And also how thay saw him sla
There nobil knyghtes for the names
That fught with him al at anes. *occasion*
2835 Sho said, "Par charité, I yow pray, *all at once*

Ywain and Gawain

- If that ye wate, wil ye me say,
 Whederward that he es went?"
 Thai said, for soth, thai toke na tent;
 "Ne here es nane that the can tell,
 2840 Bot if it be a damysell,
 For whas sake he heder come,
 And for hir the batayl he name.
 We trow wele that sho can the wis;
 Yoonder in yone kyrk sho ys;
 2845 Tharfore we rede to hyr thou ga."
 And hastily than did sho swa.
 Aither other ful gudeli gret,
 And sone she frayed at Lunet
 If sho kouth ani sertan sayne.
 2850 And hendly answerd sho ogayne,
 "I sal sadel my palfrey
 And wend with the forth on thi way
 And wis the als wele als I can."
 Ful oft sithes thanked sho hir than.
 2855 Lunet was ful smertly gare,
 And with the mayden forth gan sho fare.
 Als thai went, al sho byr talde,
 How sho was taken and done in halde,
 How wikkedly that sho was wreghed,
 2860 And how that trayturs on hir leghed,
 And how that sho sold have bese brent,
 Had nocht God hir socore sent
 Of that knight with the lyoun:
 "He lesed me out of presoun."
 2865 Sho broght hir sone into a playn,
 Whare sho parted fra Sir Yways;
 Sho said, "Na mare can I tel the,
 Bot here parted he fra me.
 How that he went wate I so mare;
 2870 Bot wounded was he wonder-sare.
 God that for us sufferd wounde.
 Len us to se him hale and sowade.
 No lenger with the may I dwell;
 Bot cumly Crist that heried hell,
- paid no attention
undertook
believe; direct you
so
Either; greeted
quickly the inquired of
knew any definite news
guide you as well as
ready
accused
against her alleged
released
(Lanette)
Grant
holy; harried

Ywain and Gawain

- 2875 Len the grace that thou may sped
Of thine crand als thou has nede."
Lunet hastily hies hir home,
And the mayden sone to the kastel come
Whare he was held byforehand. (i.e., Ywain)
- 2880 The lord sone at the gate sho fand
With knyghtes and ladies grete cumpas;
Sho haylsed them al ful hensdely,
And ful fayre praled sho to them then
If thai couth thai sold hyr ken knew; make known
- 2885 Whare sho myght fynd in toure or toun
A kumly knyght with a lyoun. noble
Than said the lord, "By swete Jhesus,
Right now parted he fra us;
Lo here the steppes of his stede,
Evn unto him thai wil the lede."
Than toke sho leve and went hir way.
With spors sho sparid nocht hir palfrey;
Fast sho hyed with al hyr myght,
Until sho of him had a syght
- 2895 And of hys lyoun that by him ran.
Wonder joyful was sho than,
And with hir force sho hasted so fast
That sho overtoke him at the last. strength
Sho hailsed him with hert ful fayn, greeted
- 2900 And he hir hailsed fayre ogayn.
Sho said, "Sir, wide have I yow socht,
And for my self ne es it nocht,
Bot for a damysel of pryse
That halden es both war and wise. is held to be
- 2905 Men dose to hir ful grete outrage,
Thai wald hir reve hyr heritage;
And in this land now lifies none
That sho traystes hyr opone rob her of
Bot only upon God and the, lives
trusts; upon
only
- 2910 For thou art of so grete bounte;
Thorgh help of the sho hopes wele
To win hyr right everilka dele. every bit
Scho sais no knyght that lifies now

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | | |
|------|--|---------------|--|
| 2915 | Mai help hir half so wele als thou; | | |
| | Gret word sal gang of thi vassage, | prowess | |
| | If that thou win hir heritage. | | |
| | For thought sho toke slike sekenes sare, | such | |
| | So that sho might travail no mare, | | |
| | I have yow soght on sydes sere. | various | |
| 2920 | Tharfore yowre answer wald I here, | | |
| | Whether ye wil with me wend, | | |
| | Or elswhere yow likes to lend." | remain | |
| | He said, "That knyght that idil lies | | |
| | Oft sithes winnes ful litel pries. | prize | |
| 2925 | Forthi mi rede sal sone be tane: | | |
| | Gladly with the wil I gane, | go | |
| | Wheder so thou wil me lede, | | |
| | And hertly help the in thi nede. | | |
| | Sen thou haves me so wide soght, | | |
| 2930 | Seretes, fail the sal I noght." | | |
| | Thus thaire wai forth gan thai bald | | |
| | Until a kastel that was cald | | |
| | The Castel of the Hevy Sorow. | | |
| | Thare wald he bide until the morow; | | |
| 2935 | Thare to habide him thought it best, | | |
| | For the son drogh fast to rest. | not drew | |
| | Bot al the men that thai with met, | | |
| | Grete wonder sone on tham thai set | | |
| | And said, "Thou wreche, unseley man, | unhappy | |
| 2940 | Whi wil thou here thi herber tane? | lodging taken | |
| | Thou passes noght without despite." | injury | |
| | Sir Ywain answerd tham als tyte | quickly | |
| | And said, "For soth, ye er unhende | ungracious | |
| | Am unkouth man so forto shende; | unknow; scorn | |
| 2945 | Ye sold noght say hym velany. | | |
| | Bot if ye wist echeson why." | reason | |
| | Thai answerd than and said ful sone, | | |
| | "Thou sal wit or to-morn at none." | | |
| | Syr Ywaine said, "For al yowre saw | | |
| 2950 | Unto you castel wil I draw," | talk | |
| | He and his lyoun and the may | | |
| | Unto the castel toke the way. | maiden | |

Ywain and Gawain

- When the porter of tham had sight,
 Sone he said unto the knight,
 "Cumes forth," he said, "ye al togeder!"
 Ful ille hail er ye cumen heder."
 Thus war thai welkumd at the gate,
 And yit thai went al in tharate;
 Unto the porter no word thai said.
- 2955 With much misfortune
- A hal thai fand ful gudeli graid,
 And als Sir Ywaine made entred,
 Fast bisyde him than saw he
 A proper place and faire, iwis,
 Enclosed about with a palis.
 2960 prepared
- He loked in bitwix the trese,
 And many maidens thare he sese
 Wirkand silk and gold-wire;
 Bot thai war al in pover atire.
 Thaire clothes war revem on evil arai;
- 2965 torn
- 2970 Ful tenderly al weped thai.
 Thaire face war lene and als unclene,
 And blak smokkes had thai on bidene;
 Thai had mischeis ful manifalde
 Of hunger, of thirst, and of calde;
- 2975 smock; one and all
 troubles
- shirst
- And ever onane thai weped all.
 Als thai wald to water fall.
 When Ywaine al this understande,
 Ogayn unto the gates he gode;
 Bot thai war sperred ferli fast
- 2980 As if they would turn to water
 wear
 fastened
 locks
- With lokkes that ful wele wald last.
 The porter kepid tham with his main
 And said, "Sir, thou most wend ogain;
 I wate thou wald out at the gase,
 Bot thou mai nocht by na gate.
- 2985 defended; strength
- any path
- Thi herber es tane til to-morow,
 And tharfore getes thou mckill sorow.
 Omang thi fase here sted ertow."
- 2990 lodging
- He said, "So have I bene or now
 And past ful wele; so sal I here.
 Bot, leve frend, wilou me lere
 Of thise maidens what thai are,
- foes; you are placed
- dear; will you explain to me

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|----------------------------------|
| | That wirkes al this riche ware?" | goods |
| | He said, "If thou wil wit trewly, Forthermore thou most aspy." | know find out |
| 2995 | "Tharfore," he said, "I sal noght leit." He soght and fand a dern weket, He opind it and in he gede. "Maidens," he said, "God mot yow spede, And als He sufferd woundes sare, | delay concealed gate west |
| 3000 | He send yow covering of yowre care, So that ye might mak merier chere." "Sir," thai said, "God gif so were." "Yowre sorow," he said, "unto me say, And I sal mead it, yf I may." | God grant it! |
| 3005 | Ane of tham answerd ogayne And said, "The soth we sal noght layne; We sal yow tel or ye ga ferr, Why we er here and what we err. Sir, ye sal understand | hide further |
| 3010 | That we er al of Maydenland. Oure kyng opon his jolite Passed thurgh many cantre Aventures to spir and spy Fosto assay his own body. | pleasure |
| 3015 | His herber here anes gan he ta; That was biginyng of oure wa. For heryn er twa champions; Men sais thai er the devil sons, Geten of a woman with a ram; | seek out set once |
| 3020 | Ful many man have thai done gram. What knight so herbets here a nyght, With both at ones böhoves him fight, So bus the do, by bel and boke; Alias, that thou thine thus here toke. | harm |
| 3025 | Oure king was wight himself to welde And of fourtene yeres of elde. When he was tane with tham to fyght; Bot unto tham had he no myght, And when he saw him bud be ded, | capable of looking after himself |
| 3030 | Than he kouth no better rede. | that he would be killed plan |

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| | Bot did him haly in thaire grace And made tham sureté in that place, Forso yeld tham ilka yere, So that he sold be hale and fere, | <i>put himself entirely</i> <i>each year</i> <i>sound</i> |
| 3035 | Threty maidens to trowage, And al sold be of hegh parage And the fairest of his land; Herto held he up his hand, | <i>tribute</i> <i>rank</i> |
| | This ilk rent byhoves hym gyf, Als lang als the fendes lyf, Or til thai be in batayl tane, Or els unto thai be al slane. | <i>revenue</i> <i>fiends</i> |
| | Than sal we pas al hethin quite, That here suffers al this despite. | <i>hence free</i> |
| 3045 | Bot herof es noght for speke; Es none in world that us mai wreke, We wirk here silver, silk, and golde, Es none richer on this molde, | <i>avenger</i> |
| | And never the better er we kled, And in grete hunger er we sted; | <i>are we clothed</i> <i>are we always</i> |
| 3050 | For al that we wirk in this stede, We have noght half oure fil of brede; For the best that sewes here any styk, Takes bot fourse penys in a wik, | <i>stitch</i> <i>week</i> |
| 3055 | And that es litel wha som tase hode, Any of us to kleth and fede. Ilkone of us withouten lesyng Might win ilk wike fourty shilling; | <i>to whoever takes heed</i> <i>clothe; feed</i> <i>Each one; lying</i> <i>each week</i> |
| | And yit, bot if we travail mare, Oft thai bete us wonder sare. | <i>unless</i> |
| 3060 | It helpes noght to tel this tale, For thare besē never boite of oure bale. Oure maste sorow, sen we bigan, That es that we se mani a man. | <i>relief; suffering</i> <i>greatest</i> |
| 3065 | Doghty dukes, yrels, and barouns, Oft sithes slane with thir championws; With tham to-morn bihoves the fight." Sir Ywayn said, "God, maste of myght, | <i>slain by</i> <i>you're obliged to fight</i> |
| | Sal strenkith me in ilka dede | <i>strengthen</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- 3070 Ogains tha devils and al thaire drede;
That lord deliver yow of yowre faze." *foes*
Thus takes he leve and forth he gase.
He passed forth into the hall,
Thare fand he no man him to call;
- 3075 No bewtese wald thai to him bede, *kindness; offer*
Bot hastily thai toke his stede
And also the maydens palfray,
War served wele with corn and hay.
For wele thai hoped that Sir Ywayn
- 3080 Sold never have had his stede ogayn. *thought*
Thurgh the hal Sir Ywain gase
Intil ane orcherd playn pase; *walking quickly*
His maiden with him ledes he. *leads*
He fand a knyght under a tre;
Upon a clath of gold he lay.
- 3085 Byfor him sat a ful fayre may; *maiden*
A lady sat with them infere. *in company*
The mayden red at thai myght here, *read so that; hear*
A real romance in that place, *courtly (royal) romance*
3090 Bot I ne wote of wham it was. *don't know about whom*
Sho was bot fistene yeres alde; *heir*
The knyght was lord of al that halde,
And that mayden was his ayre;
- 3095 Sho was both gracious, gode, and fare. *makes*
Sone, when thai saw Sir Ywaine,
Smertly rase thai hym ogayne,
And by the hand the lord him tase,
- 3100 And unto him grete myrth he mase. *they rose to meet him*
He said, "Sir, by swete Jhesus,
Thou ert ful welcam until us."
The mayden was bowsom and bayne *gracious; willing*
Forte unarme Syr Ywayne;
- 3105 Serk and breke bath sho hym bright, *Shirt; undergarment*
That ful craftily war wrought
Of riche cloth soft als the sylk
And tharto white als any mylk.
Sho bright hym ful riche wedes to were,
- 3110 Hose and shose and alkins gere. *shoes; all sorts of other clothing*

Ywain and Gawain

- 3110 Sho payned hir with al hir myght
To serve him and his mayden bright.
Sone thai went unto sopere,
Ful really served thai were
With metes and drinke of the best,
And sethyn war thai brought to rest.
- 3115 In his chaumber by hym lay
His owin lyoun and his may.
At morn, when it was dayes lyght,
Up thai rase and sone tham dyght.
Sir Ywayn and hys damysele
Went ful sone til a chapele,
- 3120 And thare thai herd a mes in haste
That was sayd of the Haly Gaste.
Ester Mes ordand he has
Forth on his way fast forto pas;
- 3125 At the lord hys leve he tase,
And grete thanking to him he mase.
The lord said, "Tak it to na greve,
To gang hethin yit getes thou na leve.
Herein es ane unseley law,
- 3130 That has bene used of ald daw
And bus be done for frend or fa.
I sal do com byfor the twa
Grete serjantes of mekil myght;
And, whether it be wrang or right,
- 3135 Thou most tak the shelde and spere
Ogayne's tham the forto were.
If thou overcum them in this stoure,
Than sal thou have al this honoure
And my doghter in mariage,
- 3140 And also al myne heritage."
- Than said Sir Ywayn, "Als mot I the,
Thi doghter sal thou have for me;
For a king or ane emparoure
May hir wed with grete honoure."
- 3145 The lord said, "Here sal cum na knyght,
That he ne sal with twa champions fight;
So sal thou do on al wise,
- tried conscientiously*
royally
then
dressed
mass
Mass
makes
grievance
go hence yet you have no permission
unhappy
since olden days
must be adhered to by
shall make [you] come before
fight
struggle
prosper
on behalf of
on this occasion

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|--|
| | For it es knawen custum assise." | established |
| | Sir Ywaine said, "Sen I sal so, | Since |
| 3150 | Than es the best that I may do To put me baldly in thaire bend | hands |
| | And tak the grace that God wil send." | |
| | The champions sone war forth broght. | |
| | Sir Ywain sais, "By Him me boght, | <i>[who] redeemed me</i> |
| 3155 | Ye seme wele the devils sons, For I saw never swilk champions." | |
| | Aither broght unto the place | Each |
| | A mikel rownd talvace | grece; shield |
| | And a klub ful grete and lang, | |
| 3160 | Thik fret with mani a thwang; On bodies armyd wele thai ware, | fastened; thong |
| | Bot thare hedes bath war bare. | |
| | The lioun bremly on tham blist; | fiercely; stared |
| | When he tham saw ful wele he wist | |
| 3165 | That thai sold with his mayster fight. He thought to help him at his myght; | |
| | With his tayl the erth he dang, | struck |
| | For to fyght him thought ful lang. | |
| | Of him a party had thai drede; | somewhat <i>{the fiends} were afraid</i> |
| 3170 | Thai said, "Syr knight, thou most nede Do thi lioun out of this place | Remove |
| | For to us makes he grete manace, | |
| | Or yelde the til us als creant." | defeated |
| | He said, "That war nocht mine avenant." | honorable for me |
| 3175 | Thai said, "Than do thi beste oway, And als sone sal we samys play." | <i>Then put your beast away</i> |
| | He said, "Sirs, if ye be agast, | together |
| | Takes the beste and bindes him fast." | frightened |
| | Thai said, "He sal be bun or slane, | |
| 3180 | For help of him sal thou have nane. Thi self allane sal with us fight, | bound |
| | For that es custume and the right." | |
| | Than said Sir Ywain to tham soone: | |
| | "Whare wil ye that the best be done?" | <i>put</i> |
| 3185 | "In a chamber he sal be loken With gode lokkes ful stilly stoken." | <i>locked</i> |
| | | <i>firmly closed</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- Sir Ywain led than his lioun
Intil a chamber to presoun;
Than war bath tha devils ful balde,
When the lioun was in halde.
Sir Ywayn toke his nobil wede
And dight him yn, for he had nede;
And on his nobil stede he strade,
And baldely to tham bath he rade.
- His mayden was ful sare adred,
That he was so straitly sted,
And unto God fast gan sho pray
Forso wyn him wele oway.
Than strake thai on him wonder sare
With thaire clubbes that ful strang ware;
Op on his shelle so fast thai feld
That never a pece with other held;
Wonder it es that any man
Might bere the strakes that he toke than.
- Mister haved he of socoure,
For he come never in swilk a stoure;
Bot manly evyr with al his mayn
And graithly hit he tham ogayn;
And als it telles in the boke,
He gaf the dubbil of that he toke.
- Ful grete sorow the lioun has
In the chameber whare he was;
And ever he thought opon that dede,
How he was helpid in his nede,
And he might now do na socowre
To him that helpid him in that ssoure;
- Might he out of the chamber breeke,
Sone he walde his maister wreke.
He herd thaire strakes that war ful sterin,
And yera he waytes in ilka heryn,
At the last he come to the thriswald;
- The erth thare kest he up ful sone,
Als fast als fourc men sold have done
If thai had broght bath bill and spade;
- fearless
armor
sore beset
Greatly was he in need
readily
double
assistance
avenge
injurious (fierce)
eagerly searches in every corner
threshold
pitcase

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|--|-------------------------------|
| | A mekil hole ful sone he made. | large |
| | Yn al this was Sir Ywain | |
| | Ful straitly parred with mekil payn, | hemmed in |
| | And drede he had, als him wele agh, | ought |
| 3230 | For nowther of tham na woundes laght, | took |
| | Kepe tham cowth thai wonder wele | Protect themselves |
| | That dantes derid tham never a dele; | blows harmed; hit |
| | It was na wapen that man might welde, | |
| | Might get a shever out of thaire shelde. | |
| 3235 | Tharof cowth Ywain no rede, | |
| | Sare he doubted to be ded; | fear'd; dead |
| | And also his damysel | |
| | Ful mekil mursyng made omell, | |
| | And wele sho wend he sold be slane, | |
| 3240 | And, serdes, than war hir socore gane. | fought; battle |
| | Bot fast he stightheld in that stowre, | help |
| | And hastily him come socowre. | |
| | Now es the lioun outbreaken, | |
| | His maister sal ful sone be woken. | avenged |
| 3245 | He ryndes fast with ful fell rese, | rush; fierce rush |
| | Than helpid it noght to prai for peset | |
| | He stirt unto that a glotowne, | jumped; vile fellow (glutton) |
| | And to the erth he brayd him downe. | pushed |
| | Than was thare name about that place, | |
| 3250 | That thai ne war faya of that faire chace. | chase (pursuit) |
| | The maiden had grete joy in her; | |
| | Thai said, "He sal never rise in quer." | good health (alive) |
| | His felow fraisted with al his mayn | tried |
| | To raise him smertly up ogayn; | |
| 3255 | And right so als he stowped down, | |
| | Sir Ywain with his brand was boun, | sword; ready |
| | And strake his nek-bane right insonder, | assunder |
| | Thareof the folk had mekil wonder. | |
| | His hevid trindeld on the sand: | rolled |
| 3260 | Thus had Ywain the hegher hand. | upper |
| | When he had feld that fowl feloun, | |
| | Of his stede he lighted down. | |
| | His lioun on that other lay: | |
| | Now wil he help him, if he may. | |

Ywain and Gawain

- 3265 The lioun saw his maister cum,
And to hys part he wald have som. (i.e., war)
The right sholder oway he rase,
Both arm and klob with him he tase,
And so his maister gan he wreke.
3270 And, als he might, yit gan he speke
And said, "Sir knight, for thi gentry,
I pray the have of me mercy;
And by scill sal he mercy have,
What man so mekely wil it crave; reason
3275 And tharfore grantes mercy to me."
Sir Ywain said, "I grant it the,
If that thou wil thi selven say,
That thou ert overcumen this day."
He said, "I grant, withouten fail,
3280 I am overcumen in this batail
For pure ataynt and recreant."
Sir Ywain said, "Now I the grant
Ferto do the na mare dere,
And fro my lioun I sal the were;
3285 I grant the pese at my powere."
Than come the folk ful faire infere;
The lord and the lady als
Thai toke him faire obout the hals;
Thai saide, "Sir, now saliou be
3290 Lord and syre in this cuntré,
And wed oure doghter, for certayn."
Sir Ywain answerd than ogayn;
He said, "Sen ye gif me hir now,
I gif hir evyn ogayn to yow;
3295 Of me forever I grant hir quite.
Bot, sir, takes it til no despite;
For, certes, whif may I none wed,
Until my nedes be better sped.
Bot this thing, sir, I ask of the,
3300 That al thir prisons may pas fre.
God has granted me this chance,
I have made thaire delyverance."
The lord answerd than ful tyte
- injury
protect
- neck
- wife
- these prisoners (the women in the sweatshops)*

Ywain and Gawain

- 3305 And said, "I grant the tham al quite.
My doghter als, I rede, thou take;
Sho es noght worthi to foersake."
Unto the knyght Sir Ywain sais,
"Sir, I sal noght hir mysprays;
For sho es so curtays and hende,
That fra hethin to the werlides ende
Es no king ne emparoure
Ne no man of so greic honowre,
That he ne might wed that bird bright;
And so wald I, if that I myght.
3310 I wald hir wed with ful gude chere,
Bot, lo, I have a mayden here;
To folow hir now most I nede,
Wheder so sho wil me lede.
Tharfore at this time haves goday."
3315 He said, "Thou passes noght so oway,
Sen thou wil noght do als I tell,
In my prison sal thou dwell."
He said, "If I lay thare al my live,
I sal hir never wed to wive;
3320 For with this maiden most I wend
Until we cum whare sho wil lead."
The lord saw it was no bote
Obout that mater morec to mote,
He gaf him leve oway to fare,
3325 Bot he had lever he had bene thare.
Sir Ywayn takes than forth infere
Al the prisons that thare were;
Bifore hym sone thai come ilkane,
Nerehand naked and wo-bigane;
3330 Stil he hoved at the gate,
Til thai war went al forth thareate.
Twa and twa ay went thai samyn
And made omang tham mikel gamyn.
If God had cumen fra hevyn on hight
3335 And on this mold omang tham light,
Thai had noght made mare joy, certain,
Than thai made to Syr Ywayne.

released

disparage

lovely

hence

noble lady

good day

dwell

avail

argue

rather; stayed

prisoners

Nearly

lingered

together

pleasure

earth; dwelt

Ywain and Gawain

- Folk of the toun com him biforn
And blissed the time that he was born;
3345 Of his prowes war thai wele payd:
"In this werld es none slike," thai said.
Thai cunvayd him out of the toun
With ful faire processiowne.
The maidens than thaire leve has tane,
3350 Ful mekil myrrh thai made ilkane;
At thaire departing prayed thai thus:
"Oure lord God, mighty Jhesus,
He help yow, sir, to have yowre will
And shilde yow ever fra alkyns ill."
3355 "Maidens," he said, "God mot yow se
And bring yow wele whare ye wald be."
Thus thaire way forth er thai went:
Na more unto tham wil we tent.
Sir Ywain and his faire may
3360 Al the sevenight traveld thai.
The maiden knew the way ful wele
Hame until that ilk castele
Whare sho left the seke may;
And theder hastily come thai.
3365 When thai come to the castel gate,
Sho led Sir Ywain yn thareate.
The mayden was yit seke lyand;
Bot, when thai talde hir this tithand,
That cumen was hir messagere
3370 And the knyght with hyr infere,
Swilk joy thareof sho had in hert,
Hir thought that sho was al in quert.
Sho said, "I wate my sister will
Gif me now that falles me till."
3375 In hir hert sho was ful light;
Ful hendly hailsed sho the knight:
"A, sir," sho said, "God do the mede,
That thou wald cum in swilk a node."
And al that in that kastel were
3380 Welcumd him with meri chere.
I can nocht say, so God me glade,

Ywain and Gawain

- Half the myrr that thai him made,
That night he had ful nobil rest
With alkins esment of the best.
3385 Als sone als the day was sent,
Thai ordaind tham and forth thai went.
Until that town fast gan thai ride
Whare the kyng sojourned that tide;
And thare the elder sister lay,
3390 Rody forto kepe hyr day.
Sho traistid wele on Sir Gawayn,
That no knyght sold cum him ogayn;
Sho hopid thare was no knyght lifand,
In batail that might with him stand.
3395 Al a sevenight dayes bidene
Wald nocht Sir Gawayn be sene,
Bot in ane other toun he lay,
For he wald cum at the day
Als aventureous into the place,
3400 So that no man sold se his face;
The armes he bare war nocht his awyn,
For he wald nocht in court be knawyn.
Syr Ywayn and his damysell
In the town toke thaire hostell;
3405 And thare he held him prevely,
So that none sold him ascry.
Had thai dwelt langer by a day,
Than had sho lorn hir land for ay.
Sir Ywain rested thare that nyght,
3410 And on the morn he gan hym dyght;
On slepe left thai his lyowne
And wan tham wightly out of soun.
It was hir wil and als hys awyn
At cum to court als knyght unknawyn.
3415 Sone obout the prime of day
Sir Gawayn fra thethin thare he lay,
Hies him fast into the felde
Wele armyd with spere and shelde;
No man knew him, les ne more,
3420 Bot sho that he sold fight fore.
- prepared themselves*
To
at that time
- trusted*
against
thought
- taken together (i.e., a week)*
- adventurous*
- kept himself secretly*
inform upon
- prepare*
Asleep
- To*
- thence*

Ywain and Gawain

- The elder sister to court come
Unto the king at ask hir dome. *judgment*
Sho said, "I am cumen with my knyght
Al redy to defend my right.
3425 This day was us set sesowne,
And I am here al redy bowne;
And sen this es the last day,
Gifes dome and lates us wend oure way.
My sister has al sydes soght. *appointed time*
3430 Bot, wele I wate, here cumis sho nocht;
For, certaintly, sho findes nane,
That dar the batail undertane
This day for hir forto fyght
Fortho reve fra me my right. *Give judgment*
3435 Now have I wele wounen my land
Withowten dinst of knightes hand.
What so my sister ever has mynt,
Al hir part now tel I tynt:
Al es myne to sell and gyf, *rob*
3440 Als a wreche ay sal sho lyf.
Tharfore, Sir King, sen it es swa,
Gifes yowre dome and lat us ga." *claimed*
The king said, "Maiden, think nocht lang."
(Wele he wist sho had the wrang.) *I proclaim lost*
3445 "Damysel, it es the assye,
Whils sityng es of the justise,
The dome needes thou most habide; *judgment*
For par aventure it may bityde,
Thi sister sal cum al bi tyme, *wrong*
3450 For it es litil passed prime." *custom*
When the king had talid this scill,
Thi saw cum rideand over a hyll
The yonger sister and hit knyght;
The way to town thi toke ful right.
3455 (On Ywains bed his liown lay,
And thi had stollen fra him oway.) *await*
The elder maiden made il chere,
When thi to court cumen were.
The king withdrew his jugement, *dawn*
reasoned with them
withheld

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|------------------------------|
| 3460 | For wele he trowed in his entent That the yonger sister had the right, And that sho sold cum with sum knyght; Himself knew hyr wele inogh. When he hir saw, ful fast he logh; | <i>believed in his heart</i> |
| 3465 | Him liked it wele in his hert, That he saw hir so in quert. Into the court sho toke the way, And to the king thus gan sho say, "God that governs alkin thing. | <i>laughed</i> |
| 3470 | The save and se, Syr Arthure the Kyng, And al the knyghtes that langes to the, And also al thi mery menye. Unto yowre court, sir, have I brought Am unkouth knyght that ye knew noght; | <i>in good spirits</i> |
| 3475 | He sais that soothly for my sake This batayl wil he undertake; And he haves yit in other land Ful felle dedes under hand; | <i>belong</i> |
| 3480 | Bot al he leves, God do him mede, Forso help me in my nede." Hir elder sister stode hyr by, And tyl hyr sayd sho hastily: | <i>unknown</i> |
| 3485 | "For Hys luf that lens us life, Gif me my right withouten strife, And lat no men tharfore be slayn." The elder sister sayd ogayn: | <i>many</i> |
| 3490 | "Thi right es nocht, for al es myne, And I wil have yt mawgré thine. Tharfore, if thou preche al day, Here sal thou no thing bere oway." | <i>in spite of</i> |
| 3495 | The yonger mayden to hir says, "Sister, thou ert ful curtays, And gret dole es it forto se, Slike two knyghtes als thai be, For us sal put thamselv to spill. | <i>in jeopardy</i> |
| | Therefore now, if it be thi will, Of thi gude wil to me thou gif Sumthing that I may on tif." | <i>exist on</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- 3500 The elder said, "So mot I the,
Who so es ferd, I rede thai fle. *If you're so afraid, I advise you to flee*
Thou getes right nocht, withowten fail,
Bot if thou win yt thurgh batail." *Except that you*
The yonger said, "Sen thou wil swa,
To the grace of God here I me ta; *entrust*
3505 And Lord als He es maste of myght,
He send his socore to that knyght
That thus in dede of charite
This day antres hys lif for me." *hazards*
The twa knyghtes come bifor the king
3510 And thare was sone ful grete gedering; *assembly*
For ilka man that walk might,
Hasted sone to se that syght.
Of tham this was a sellly case,
3515 That nowther wist what other wase; *For; strange
knew who; was*
Ful grete luf was bitwix tham twa,
And now er aither other fa;
Ne the king kowth tham nocht knew,
For thai wald nocht thaire faces shew.
If oþher of tham had other sene,
3520 Grete luf had bene tham bitwene;
Now was this a grete sellly *marvel*
That trew luf and so grete envy.
Als bitwix tham twa was than,
Might bath at anes be in a man.
3525 The knyghtes for thase maidens love
Aither til other kast a glove,
And wele armed with spere and shelde
Thai ridden both forth to the felde;
Thai stroke thaire stedes that war kene;
3530 Litel luf was tham bitwene.
Ful grevously bigan that gamyn,
With stalworth speres strake thai samen.
And thai had anes togoder spoken,
Had thare bene no speres broken.
3535 Bot in that time bitid it swa,
That aither of tham wald other sla.
Thai dirow swerdes and swang about,

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| 3540 | To dele dyntes had thai no dout. Thaire sheldes war shiferd and helms rifen, Ful stalworth strakes war thare gifen. | <i>fear</i> <i>splintered; helmets split</i> |
| 3545 | Bath on bak and brestes thare War bath wounded wonder sare; In many stedes might men ken The blode out of thaire bodies ren. | <i>places; see</i> <i>run</i> |
| 3550 | On helmes thai gaf slike strakes kene That the riche stanes al bidene And other gere that was ful gude, Was overcoverd al in blode. | <i>gems everywhere (on their armor)</i> |
| 3555 | Thaire helmes war evel brushten bath, And thai also war wonder wrath. Thaire hauberkes als war al totorn Both behind and also byforn; | <i>wretchedly broken</i> |
| 3560 | Thaire sheldes lay sheverd on the ground. Thai rested than a litil stound Fortho tak thaire ande tham till, And that was with thaire bother will. | <i>broken</i> <i>breath</i> <i>the will of them both</i> |
| 3565 | Bot ful lang rested thai noght, Til aither of tham on other soght; A stronge stowre was tham bitwene, | <i>before</i> |
| 3570 | Harder had men never sene. The king and other that thare ware, Said that thai saw never are So nobil knightes in no place | <i>These</i> <i>reluctant to stop</i> <i>in great numbers</i> |
| 3575 | So lang fight bot by Goddes grace. Barons, knightes, squiers, and knaves Said, "It es no man that haves So mckil tresore ne nobillay. | <i>princely wealth</i> |
| | That might tham quite thaire dede this day." Thir wordes herd the knyghtes twa; | |
| | It made tham forto be more thra. Knights went about gude wane | |
| | To mak the two sisters at ane: Bot the elder was so unkinde, | |
| | In hir thai might no mercy finde; | |
| | And the right that the yonger hase, Puttes sho in the kinges grace. | |

Ywain and Gawain

- The king himself and als the quene
And other knighthes al bidene
And al that saw that dede that day,
3580 Held al with the yonger may; *maiden*
And to the king al thai bisoght,
Whether the elder wald or noght,
That he sold evin the landes dele *evenly; divide*
And gif the yonger damyscle *give*
3585 The half or els sum porciowne,
That sho mai have to warisowne,
And part the two knighthes intwyn.
"For, sertis," thai said, "it war grete syn,
That oþther of them sold other sia,
3590 For in the world es noȝt swilk twa.
When other knighthes," said thai, "sold sese,
Thamself wald noȝt aȝent to pose."
Al that ever saw that batayl,
Of thaire might had grete mervayl.
3595 Thai saw never under the hevyn
Twa knighthes that war copied so evyn. *matched*
Of al the folk was none so wise,
That wist whether sold have the pris;
For thai saw never so stalworth stoure,
3600 Ful dere boght thai that honowre.
Grete wonder had Sir Gawayn,
What he was that fught him ogain;
And Sir Ywain had grete ferly,
Wha stode ogayns him so stilly.
3605 On this wise lasted that fight
Fra midmorn unto mirk night; *dark*
And by that tyme, I trow, thai twa
War ful weri and sare alswe.
Thai had bled so mekil blode,
3610 It was grete ferly that thai stode; *wonder*
So sare thai bet on bak and brest,
Until the sun was gone to rest;
For nowther of them wald other spare.
For mirk might thai than na mare, *beat*
3615 Tharfore to rest thai both tham yelde.

Ywain and Gawain

| | | |
|------|---|--|
| | Bot or thai past out of the felde, Bitwix tham two might men se Both mekil joy and grete pete. By speche might no man Gawain knaw, | before |
| 3620 | So was he hase and spak ful law; And mekil was he out of maght For the strakes that he had laught. And Sir Ywain was ful wery. | hoarse might taken |
| 3625 | Bot thus he spekes and sais in hy: He said, "Syr, sen us failes light, I hope it be no lifand wight, That wil us blame if that we twin. For of al stedes I have bese yn, With no man yit never I met | quickly we lack <i>part</i> <i>places</i> |
| 3630 | That so wele kowth his strakes set; So nobil strakes has thou gifen That my sheld es al toreven." Sir Gawayn said, "Sir, certanly, Thou ert nocht so weri als I; | could <i>split open</i> |
| 3635 | For if we langer fightand were, I trow I might do the no dere. Thou ert no thing in my det Of strakes that I on the set." | <i>injury</i> |
| 3640 | Sir Ywain said, "In Cristes name, Sai me what thou has at hame." He said, "Sen thou my name wil here And covaites to wit what it were, My name in this land mani wote; | <i>are called</i> <i>know</i> |
| 3645 | I hat Gawayn, the King son Lote." | <i>am called</i> |
| 3650 | Than was Sir Ywain sore agast; His swerde fra him he kast. He ferd right als he wald wede, And sone he stirt down of his stede. He said, "Here es a fowl mischance | <i>become mad</i> <i>leapt</i> |
| | For defaut of conisance. A, sir," he said, "had I the sene, Than had here no batel benc; I had me yolden to the als tite, Als worthi war for descumfite." | <i>recognition</i> <i>yielded myself; quickly</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- 3655 "What man ertou?" said Sir Gawain.
"Syr," he said, "I hat Ywayne,
That lufes the more by se and sand
Than any man that es lifand,
For mani dedes that thou me did,
3660 And curtaysi ye have me kyd.
Tharfore, sir, now in this stoure
I sal do the this honowre:
I grant that thou has me overcumen
And by strenkyth in batayl nomen."
3665 Sir Gawayn answerd als curtays:
"Thau sal noght do, sir, als thou sais;
This honowre sal noght be myne.
Bot, sertes, it aw wele at be thine;
I gif it the here withoutem hone
3670 And grantes that I am undone."
Sone thai light, so sais the boke,
And aither other in armes toke
And kissed so ful fele sithe;
Than war thai both glad and blithe.
3675 In armes so thai stode togeder,
Unto the king com ridand theder;
And fast he covait forso here
Of thir knyghtes what thai were,
And whi thai made so mekil gamys,
3680 Sen thai had so fughten samyn.
Ful hendli than asked the king,
Wha had so sone made saghteling
Bitwix them that had bene so wrath
And aither haved done other scath.
3685 He said, "I wend ye wald ful fain
Aither of thow have other slayn,
And now ye er so frendes dere."
"Sir King," said Gawayn, "Ye sal here
For unknawing and hard grace
3690 Thus have we fughten in this place;
I am Gawayn, yowre awin nevow,
And Sir Ywayne fught with me now,
When we war nere weri, iwy,
- am called*
shown me
contest
taken
ought well to be yours
give it to you here; delay
dismounted
many times
desired to hear
they were so happy
Who; peace
injury
bad fortune
nephew
nearly exhausted, truly

Ywain and Gawain

- 3695 Mi name he frayned and I his; asked
 When we war knawin, sone gan we sess.
 Bot, serdes, sir, this es no lese.
 Had we foughten forth a stownde,
 I wote wele I had gone to grounde;
 By his prowes and his mayne,
 3700 I wate, for soth, I had bene slayne." lie
 Thir wordes menged al the mode
 Of Sir Ywain als he stode;
 "Sir," he said, "so mot I go.
 Ye knew yowreself it es nocht so.
 3705 Sir King," he said, "withowten fail,
 I am overcum'en in this batayl."
 "Nai, serdes," said Gawain, "bot am I."
 Thus nowther wald have the maistri,
 Bifore the king gan aither grant,
 3710 That himself was recreant. defeated
 Than the king and hys menye
 Had bath joy and grete pete;
 He was ful fayn thai frendes were,
 And that thai ware so funden infere.
 3715 The kyng said, "Now es wele sene found
 That mekil luf was yow bitwene."
 He said, "Sir Ywain, welkum home!"
 For it was lang sen he thare come.
 He said, "I rede ye both assent
 3720 To do yow in my iugement;
 And I sal mak so gode anc ende
 That ye sal both be halden hende."
 Thai both assented sone thartill
 To do tham in the kynges will,
 3725 If the maydens wald do so.
 Than the king bad knyghtes two held [to be] courteous
 Wend after the maydens bath,
 And so thai did fel swith rath.
 Bifore the kyng when thai war brought
 3730 He talld unto tham als him thought,
 "Lystens me now, maydens hende,
 Yowre grete debate es brought til ende;

Ywain and Gawain

- So fer forth now es it dreven
That the dome most nedes be gifen,
And I sal deme yow als I can." *judgment murr*
The elder suster answerd than:
"Sen ye er king that us sold were,
I pray yow do to me na dere." *judge*
He said, "I wil let for na saw
3740 Forso do the landes law.
Thi yong sister sal have hir right,
For I se wele that thi knyght
Es overcummen in this were." *protect*
Thus said he anely hir to fere,
3745 And for he wist hir wil ful wele,
That sho wald part with never a dele.
"Sir," sho said, "sen thus es gane,
Now most I, whether I wil or nane,
Al yowre cumandment fufill,
3750 And tharfore dose right als ye will."
The king said, "Thus sal it fall,
Al yowre landes depart I shall.
Thi wil es wrang, that have I knawin.
Now sal thou have nocht bot thin awin,
3755 That es the half of al bydene."
Than answerd sho ful tite in tene
And said, "Me think ful grete outrage
To gif hir half myne heritage."
The king said, "For yowre bother esse
3760 In hir land I sal hir sese,
And sho sal hald hir land of the
And to the tharfore mak fewte;
Sho sal the luf als hir lady,
And thou sal kith thi curtaysi,
3765 Luf hir after thine avenant,
And sho sal be to the tenant."
This land was first, I understand,
That ever was parted in Ingland.
Than said the king, "Withowten fail,
3770 For tha luf of that batayl
Al sisters that sold after bese
- injury*
neglect; speech
conflict
only; frighten
quickly in anger
the case of you both
(put in legal possession of a feudal holding)
feudal
show
honor

Ywain and Gawain

- Sold part the landes tham bitwene."
Than said the king to Sir Gawain,
And als he prayed Sir Ywain
3775 Porto unlace thaire riche wede;
And tharto had thai bath grete nede.
Als thai thusgate stod and spak,
The lyoun out of the chamber brak.
Als thai thaire armurs sold unlace,
3780 Come he risand to that place.
Bot he had, or he come thare,
Soght his mayster whideware;
And ful mekil joy he made
When he his mayster funden hade.
3785 On ilka side than might men se,
The folk fast to toun gan fle;
So war thai feerd for the liowne
Whan thai saw him theder bown.
Syr Ywain bad tham cum ogayn
3790 And said, "Lordinges, for sertayn,
Fra this beste I sal yow were,
So that he sal do yow no dere.
And, sirs, ye sal wele trow mi sawes;
We er frendes and gude felaws.
3795 He es mine and I am his;
For na tresore I wald him mys."
When thai saw this was certain,
Than spak thai al of Sir Ywaine:
"This es the Knight with the Lioun,
3800 That es halden of so grete renown.
This ilk knight the geant sough;
Of dedis he es doghly inogh."
Than said Sir Gawayn sone in hi,
"Me es bitid grete velani;
3805 I cri the mercy, Sir Ywayne,
That I have trispast the ogayn.
Thou helped mi syster in hir nede;
Evil have I quit the now thi mede.
Thou anterd thi life for luf of me;
3810 And als mi sister taid of the,

thusly

running

far and wide

found

protect

believe my words

quickly

come to

trespassed against you

risked

Ywain and Gawain

- Thou said that we ful fele dawes
Had bene frendes and gude felawes.
Bot wha it was ne wist I noght,
Sethen have I had fulmekil thought,
days
- 3815 And yit for al that I do can,
I cowth never here of na man,
That me coth tell toure ne town
Of the Knight with the Lyoun."
When thai had unlaced thaire wede,
beast; suffering to abuse
- 3820 Al the folk toke ful gode hede,
How that beste his bales to bete
Likked his maister both head and fete.
Al the men grete mervail hade
Of the mirth the lyoun made.
Licked
- 3825 When the knyghtes war broght to rest,
The king gert cum sone of the best
Surgiens that ever war sene
Forte hele than both bidene.
brought immediately
- Sone so thai war hale and sownd,
3830 Sir Ywayn hies him fast to found.
Luf was so in his hert fest,
Night ne day haved he no rest.
Bot he get grace of his lady.
He most go wode or for luf dy.
*At soon as; healthy
hastens quickly to set out
Love; steadfast in his heart*
- 3835 Ful preveli forth gan he wende
Out of the coart fra ilka frende.
He rides right unto the well,
And thare he thinkes forte dwell.
His gode lyoun went with him ay.
Unless
- 3840 He wald noght part fro him oway.
He kest water upon the stane:
The storm rase ful sone onane,
The thoner grisely gan outbreast;
Him thought als al the grete forest
secretly
- 3845 And al that was about the well
Sold have sonken into hell.
The lady was in mekyl dout,
For al the kastel walles about
Quoike so fast that men might think
away
- thunder*

Ywain and Gawain

- 3850 That al into the erth sold synk.
Thai trembled fast, both boure and hall,
Als thai unto the grund sold fall.
Was never in this mydlerde
In no kassell folk so ferde.
- 3855 Bot wha it was wele wist Lunet;
Sho said, "Now er we hard byset;
Madame, I ne wate what us es best,
For here now may we have no rest.
Ful wele I wate ye have no knight,
- 3860 That dar wende to yowre wel and fight
With him that comes yow to assaile;
And, if he have here no batayle
Ne findes none yow to defend,
Yowre louse beset torn withouten end."
- 3865 The lady said sho wald be dede;
"Dere Lunet, what es thi rede?
Wirk I wil by thi kounseil,
For I ne wate nocht what mai avail."
"Madame," sho said, "I wald ful fays
- 3870 Kounseil yow if it might gayn.
Bot in this case it war mystere
To have a wiser kounsaylere."
And by desait than gan sho say,
"Madame, par chance this ilk day
- 3875 Sum of yowre knighthes mai cum hame
And yow defend of al this shame."
"A," sho said, "Luner, lat be;
Speke namore of my menye;
For wele I wate, so God me mend,
- 3880 I have na knight me mai defend.
Tharfore my kounseil bus the be,
And I wil wirk al efter the,
And tharfore help at al thi myght."
"Madame," sho said, "had we that knyght,
- 3885 That es so curtais and avenant
And has slane the grete geant.
And als that the thre knighthes slogh,
Of him ye myght be trist inogh.
- earth
afraid
knew
- renown will be lost forever*
- advice
- necessary
counselor
wife
- it is necessary for you to be*
- honorable
- In; have confidence enough*

Ywain and Gawain

- Bot forthermar, madame, I wate,
He and his lady er at debate
And has bene so ful many day;
And als I herd hym selvyn say,
He wald bileyve with no lady
Bot on this kownand utterly,
3895 That thai wald mak serlavn ath
To do thaire might and kunyng bath
Trewly both by day and naught
To mak him and hys lady saght."
The lady answerd sone hir tyll,
3900 "That wil I do with ful gode will;
Unto the here mi trowth I plight
That I sal tharto do mi might."
Sho said, "Madame, be ye soght wrath,
I most nedes have of yow an ath,
3905 So that I mai be serlavn."
The lady said, "That will I fayn."
Lunet than riche relikes tolke,
The chalis and the mes-boke;
On knese the lady down hir set
3910 (Wit ye wele, than liked Lunet),
Hir hand opon the boke sho laid.
And Lunet althus to hir said,
"Madame," sho said, "Thou salt swere here
That thou sal do thi powere
3915 Both dai and night opon al wise
Withouten anikyns fayntise
To saghtel the Knyght with the Lioun
And his lady of grete renoune,
So that no faut be funden in the."
3920 Sho said, "I grant, it sal so be."
Than was Lunet wele paid of this;
The boke sho gess hir lady kys.
Sone a palfray sho bistrade,
And on hir way fast forth sho rade.
3925 The next way ful sone sho nome,
Until sho to the well come.
Sir Ywain sat under the thorn,
- heard him say himself*
remain with
agreement
oath
reconciled
oath
sharly
any kind of
reconcile
well pleased
made

Ywain and Gawain

- And his lyoun lay him byforn.
Sho knew him wele by his lioun,
3930 And hastily sho lighted downe;
And als sone als he Lunet sagh,
In his hert than list him lagh. *laugh*
Mekil mirth was when thai met,
Aither other ful faire has gret.
- 3935 Sho said, "I love grese God in trone
That I have yow fun so sone, *found*
And tithandes tel I yow biforn;
Other sal my lady be manesworne
On reliques and bi bokes brade,
3940 Or eis ye twa er frendes made."
Sir Ywain than was wonder glad
For the tithandes that he had;
He thanked hir ful fele sith
That sho wald him slike gudenes kith, *show*
3945 And sho him thanked mekill mare
For the dedes that war done are. *formerly*
So ather was in other det,
That both thaire travail was wele set.
He sais, "Talde thou hir oght my name?"
- 3950 Sho said, "Nay, than war I to blame.
Thi name sho sal nocht wit for me,
Til ye have kyssed and saghteld be." *reconciled*
Than rade thai forth toward the town,
And with them ran the gode lyoun.
3955 When thai come to the castel gate,
Al went thai in threat.
Thai spak na word to na man born
Of al the folk thai fand byforn.
Als sone so the lady herd sayn,
- 3960 Hir damisel was cumen ogayn
And als the lioun and the knight,
Than in hert sho was ful lyght;
Scho covait ever of al thing
Of him to have knawlageing.
- 3965 Sir Ywain sone on knese him set,
When he with the lady met.

Ywain and Gawain

- Lunet said to the lady sone,
"Take up the knight, madame, have done!
And, als covenand bitwix us was,
3970 Makes his pese fast or he pas."
Than did the ladi him up rise;
"Sir," sho said, "opon al wise,
I wil me pain in al thing
For to mak thi saghtelyng
3975 Bitwix the and thi lady bryght."
"Medame," said Lunet, "That es right,
For nane bot ye has that powere.
Al the soth now sal ye here.
Madame," sho said, "es noght at layn,
3980 This es my lord Sir Ywaine.
Swilk luf God bitwix yow send,
That may last to yowre lives end."
Than went the lady fer obak,
And lang sho stode or that sho spak.
3985 Sho said, "How es this, damysele?
I wend thou sold be to me lele,
That makes me, whether I wil or noght,
Luf tham that me wa has wrought,
So that me bus be forsworn
3990 Or luf tham that wald I war lorn.
Bot, whether it torn to wele or ill,
That I have said, I sal fulfill."
Wit ye wele, than Sir Ywaine
Of the wordes was ful fayne.
3995 "Madame," he said, "I have miswroght,
And that I have ful dere boght.
Grete foly I did, the soth to say,
When that I past my terme-day,
And, sertes, wha so had so bityd,
4000 That sold have done right als I dyd.
Bot I sal never thorgh Goddes grace
At mi might do more trispase;
And what man so wil mercy crave,
By Goddes law he sal it have."
4005 Than sho assented saghteling to mak;
- before he goes forth*
- nothing to conceal*
- aback*
- loyal*
- I must be
them who wished*
- dearly paid for*
- peace*

Ywain and Gawain

And sone in arms he gan hir tak
And kissed hir ful oft sith:
Was he never are so blith.

- Now has Sir Ywain ending made
4010 Of al the sorows that he hadde.
Ful lely lufed he ever bys whyfe wife
And sho him als hyr owin life;
That lasted to thaire lives ende.
And trew Lunet, the maiden hende,
4015 Was honord ever with ald and yng
And lified at hir owin likyng.
Of alkyns thing sho has maystri,
Next the lord and the lady.
Al honord hir in toure and toun.
4020 Thus the Kayght with the Liown
Es turned now to Syr Ywayn
And has his lordship al ogayn;
And so Sir Ywain and his wife
In joy and blis thai led thaire live.
4025 So did Lunet and the liown
Until that ded haves dreven them down.
Of them na mare have I herd tell
Nowther in romance ne in spell.
Bot Jhesu Criste for his grete grace tale
4030 In hevyn-blis grante us a place
To bide in, if his wills be.
Amen, amen, par charité.

Ywain and Gawayn thus makes endyng
God grant us all bys dere blyssing.

Amen.

Notes

[Abbreviations: MS = BL Cotton Galba E. ix. R = Joseph Ritson's *Ancient English Metrical Romances* (1802). S = Gustav Schleich, *Ywain and Gawain* (1887). F&H = French and Hale, *Middle English Metrical Romances* (1964). EETS = Albert B. Friedman and Norman T. Harrington, *Ywain and Gawain* (1964). Mills = Everyman edition. Full references to these works appears in the Select Bibliography, after the Introduction to this romance.]

Title. *Ywain and Gawain* was probably the poet's intended title, since he makes specific, internal references to the poem this way; he refers, for example, to the audience in line 4 as those who "harkens Ywayne and Gawayne." The poem is clearly about the adventures of *Ywain*, not *Gawain*, and EETS speculates that the name "Gawain" was added for audience appeal, he being the more popular and better known of the two knights. *Ywain* appears in several Arthurian works, as early as the sixth-century *Book of Taliesin*, which contains three panegyrics to him. He is best known, of course, in Chrétien's *Ywain*, but can also be found in the comic thirteenth-century Welsh *Dream of Rhonabwy*, where he and Arthur play at chess. Also the thirteenth-century Welsh *Owain* includes rudiments of Chrétien and the English poet's story of the knight who kills a woman's husband and then marries her, only to lose her and regain her once again.

- 1 There is a tear at the top of MS, and a brown stain extends from the title down through the first few lines of the text. A large capital letter, trimmed in red and blue extends down four lines into the text.
- 6 Therefore *listens a lytel stownde* indicates that this poem, like *Sir Perceval*, belongs to the minstrel tradition, where the bard must settle his audience before he can begin his tale. Such a request for attention is noticeably absent from Chrétien's courtly romance.
- 9 *sayes*. Taglicht notes that the spelling is *says*, *sais* everywhere else in the text and that the scribe spells -*x* suffixes with great consistency: "1) Words ending in a stressed diphthong or /i:/ or /u:/ take -*es*, e.g. *praises* 2329, *sawes* 83, *sewes* 3053, *fliex* 94, *byes* 986, *browes* 261. Except: *sayes*, and *dais*: *lays* 2791 2) Words ending in any other stressed vowel take -*se*, the -*e* marking the length

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of the preceding vowel, e.g. *fase* 1534, *gase* 146, *dose* 143, *trese* 2965, *sese* 1899. 3) Disyllabic words ending in *l, r, n, m*, and stressed on the first syllable always remain disyllabic; the ending is normally *-s*, e.g. *girdels* 1401, *fingers* 300, *listens* 6, *Adams* 1052; rarely *-es*, e.g. *shulders* 424. 4) Words ending in a plosive consonant always take *-es* regardless of the position of the stress, e.g. *landes* 958, *takes* 3563, *getes* 2986, *wodes* 1446, *lesinges* 151, *hauberkes* 649, *covautes* 3642, *heriores* 2404. Except: *wirships* 1572" (NM, p. 641).

- 16 *Witmonday*. See *Sir Perceval*, note to line 393.
- 17 *er* is written above the line. EETS notes that the English poet has changed Chrétien's "Carduel in Gales" to Cardiff in Wales, probably assuming Chrétien's geography here to have been inaccurate. Although Cardiff is not as rich in Arthurian tradition as other localities in Wales, it was the departure point for several of the king's adventures.
- 33 *biwene*. MS: *biwne*; R's emendation.
- 35 The concern with "trowthe," at once the basis for all feudal society and the bond between individuals, echoes throughout the poem: failure to keep one's vows brings shame and ultimately, destruction. Yet as the poem will reveal, one must make one's vows judiciously, for truth and justice must be aligned, and careless promises can lead to ruin. See Gayle Hamilton (1976).
- 47 MS is split at the top of the page, and a brown stain extends through line 58 on the outer edge. This line begins with a large red capital letter "A," presumably due to another hand.
- 53 *slepe*. A brown stain on the manuscript obliterates the word. R's emendation.
- 55 ff. Sir *Dedyne* is a puzzle. A knight whose name bears this spelling appears nowhere else in the Arthurian canon. Chrétien's spelling of the name is "Didonez," and EETS suggests that the English poet was actually referring to Sir Dodynas "the Saucage," who was killed by Lancelot in a tournament (p. 111). However, if the poet were aware of the prose *Tristan* (mid-thirteenth century), he might have had in mind Sir Dinadan, whose amused skepticism toward codes of chivalry would have worked well in this context. Sir *Segramore* is a knight of the Round Table who appears in Chrétien's *Perceval*, the prose *Tristan*, and Froissart's *Meliador*. He was one of the last to be killed by Mordred

Ywain and Gawain

in Arthur's final battle. According to the Vulgate, he is the nephew of the Emperor of Constantinople and has a mysterious illness that makes him the object of Kay's contempt. For Kay, see note to lines 261–63 of *Sir Perceval*.

- 58 *Colgrevance* is Ywain's cousin, who appears in several of the Prose Vulgate romances and briefly in Malory.
- 68 ff. Kay's attitude towards Colgrevance's display of manners is probably due to the medieval notion that one's outward grace reflected one's inward grace, or that "manners maketh the man." Kay's failure to rise immediately upon the queen's entrance has put him at a disadvantage in courtesy, or so he believes.
- 79 *fayntise*. EETS glosses as "guile or deceit"; but Taglicht argues sensibly for "sluggishness" on the basis of the French *perese* (Chrétien, line 80).
- 80 *Ne us denyd noght forto rise*. MS: *Ne for us denyd noght forto rise*. F&H's emendation, which improves the meter and avoids the awkward *for/to* repetition. Eyeskip may be at work from the beginning of the previous line; or the *for* may reflect an awkward attempt to follow Chrétien's *Por ce que nos ne deignames*, as F&H suggest (p. 488). EETS follows F&H. Taglicht defends MS reading, however, calling the emendation unnecessary and likewise citing the French source to which the MS is more close. Taglicht glosses the uncanceled meaning as "Nor because we did not deign to rise."
- 84 *despise*. S emends to *despised*.
- 93 *mores*. EETS glosses the sense as "grieves," as if the word derived from *moan*. Taglicht suggests that it is a contracted form of *manace* (NM, p. 642). Mills glosses as "upsets."
- 94 MS is split here, obliterating the word that R supplies as *flies*. Followed by S, F&H, EETS, and Mills.
- 98 *brok*. Colgrevance compares the disagreeable Kay to a malodorous badger. The expression is proverbial.
- 100–15 A brown stain on MS obscures the beginning of these lines. Most editors follow R's readings, though in line 103, instead of *Bor of*, as in R, S, F&H, and EETS,

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- Taglicht reads, "Bot othink that I bygan," and glosses the sense as "But am sorry that I began" (*NM*, p. 642).
- 135 *me.* Added above the line in another hand.
- 149 An initial capital letter "H" in blue.
- 157 The abrupt change in topography, from civilization to the wild woods, often signals the reader to expect the "marvelous."
- 186 The *MED* translates "burde" as "shield," but EETS suggests that "burde" is a calque from Chrétien's *table*, with the sense of a "sheet of metal," hence a "gong." Taglicht questions the gloss and prefers "shield." Unless we are to believe that one would smite a shield to summon one's attendants, the EETS explanation makes better sense. Originally the "burd" may have been associated with the magic spring as part of a rite to conjure storms, but neither Chrétien nor the English poet seems to have clearly understood this connection (EETS, pp. 113-14). Mills glosses *burde* as "panel," but a panel, likely to have been of wood, would have been battered by a hammer's strong blow.
- 187 EETS notes the missing relative pronoun, observing numerous other instances (e.g. lines 256, 1068, 1981, 3076-78, 3154).
- 244 Critics have suggested that the Giant Herdsman, who appears in several romances, can be seen as a foil for Ywain, who will meet up with him in line 612. But just how he operates in this regard is an open debate. Doob suggests that, being outwardly ugly, he retains his rationality, as his domination over the beasts implies, while Ywain, at this point in his life, is both "morally ugly" and truly "irrational" (pp. 147-48). Wilson, however, sees in the Herdsman's domination over the animals a "monstrousness" which his "hideous animal features" reflect, a dominance at odds with Ywain's subsequent magnanimous relationship with his own beast (pp. 71-72).
- 253-54 S reverses these two lines.
- 309 *al torent.* MS: *alto rent.* Taglicht notes similar formations in MS 823 (*alto drogh*), 934 (*alto breke*), 2619 (*alto rent*), 3551 (*alto torn*), and 3632 (*alto reven*). The forms *torent*, *todoagh*, etc. appear nowhere in MS.

Ywain and Gawain

- 339 Storm-making springs can be found in early classical literature (Pausanias and Pliny, for example), and were often cited by travellers to the East into the Middle Ages and beyond. The presence of anything "unclean" or foreign to the well that stirred the waters was likely to bring about a disturbance. In the West, such writers as Geoffrey of Tours and Nennius narrated accounts of these springs, some of them reputedly found in Wales (George L. Hamilton, "Storm-Making Springs: Rings of Invisibility and Protection — Studies in the Sources of the *Yvain* of Chrétien de Troyes," *Romanic Review* 2 [1911], 355–75).
- 354 Taglicht emends to *groved*.
- 403 A red capital "S" here.
- 436 *biside*. MS: *bite*. So in R, S, and F&H, who gloss the sense as "for fear worse might befall me." Emendation suggested by E. Kolbing in *English Studies* 24 (1897), 146, and followed by EETS and Mills. F. Holthausen suggests *abide* (*Anglia* 14 [1891–92]), 319.
- 439 A blue capital P here.
- 457 A red initial letter "N."
- 470 *karcas of Saynt Maryne*. F&H gloss: "Meaning a flitch of dried beef." EETS notes that Martinmas is a time of slaughtering and suggests that since Saint Martin was noted for his temperance, he is being contrasted here with the heavy drinker who boasts and brags. Kay, true to form, has no use for Ywain's brave words; he implies that Ywain is more a drunkard than a butcher or man of action.
- 478 *leve at ilke frende*. Kay's scurrilous innuendo is that if Ywain does undertake the quest he had better say goodbye to everyone now, since he will not come back.
- 482 *say I bad*. Taglicht glosses: "say I told you to" and challenges EETS's "predicted" for *bad*, which he takes to be a preterite for *bede* ("offer") and notes that the text does not confuse *bede* with *bid*, from OE *biddan* (*NM*, p. 643). Mills reads: *say, "I bad!"* and glosses *bad* as "am staying." I follow EETS, which makes good sense to me.
- 483 A blue initial P.

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- 485 *withyn*. MS with *thu*.
- 509 A red initial capital "A."
- 522 Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon ("head dragon" or "foremost leader"), appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia*, where his London court, his association with Merlin, and Arthur's enchanted birth are described.
- 526 *barn*. Taglicht, noting that MS shows no sign of *er* > *ar*, suggests that *barn* may be a variant of *baron* (*NM*, p. 643).
- 525 It is no accident that Arthur chooses to set out on Saint John's Eve, for that day, June 23, coincided with midsummer's eve and its pagan celebrations. "Elves and fairies were abroad," an opportune time for marvels (EETS, p.116).
- 559 *karl of Kaymes kyn*. EETS notes that "according to tradition monsters, elves, giants, and spirits of hell were descended from Cain, who was the father of all evil progeny" (pp. 116-17). This, of course, is Grendel's heritage in *Beowulf*. See O. F. Emerson, "Legends of Cain, Especially in Old and Middle English," *PMLA* 21 (1906), 831-929.
- 575 *palfrey*. MS: *palfra*.
- 585 A blue capital "F."
- 599 Although the word "sty" or "stil" could refer to a small road or path, it was often used in the Middle Ages to portend the ominous, as in the expressions "prisoun stil" or "helle stil," for the deepest pit of hell (MED, s.v.).
- 611 A red capital "A."
- 624 In MS, after *thonor* is the word *hayf*, cancelled by a single line drawn through the middle of the word. EETS without explanation drops the and after *thonor*.
- 649 *On thaire hauberker*. MS: *Thaire hauberker*. "[At] thaire hauberkes" first suggested by S; followed by F&H and EETS. S deletes *tha* from the line.
- 664 *folowd*. MS: *follow*. S's emendation.

Ywain and Gawain

- 673 *iwyx*. MS: *I wys*, as always in this text. Emendation by S, F&H, and EETS.
- 686 *Than*. MS: *that*. S's emendation, followed by F&H, EETS, and Mills.
- 674 Chrétien is very specific in the functioning of the trap: built like a rat trap ("Torbalese qui agaite/ le rat"), it had a blade poised to fall at the slightest trigger, and was designed to cut apart anything caught in its path. Beneath the gate are two fulcrums ("trabuchet") connected to the razor-like edge of the portcullis. When activated, these caused the gate to drop, severing anything in its way. Curiously, in light of the English poet's omission of these realistic details, he goes on to treat in a much more naturalistic manner the architectural arrangement of the castle, replacing Chrétien's elaborate fantasy layout.
- 708 *Here*. The first two letters of this word are obscured by a water stain. R reads *Her*; S and F&H read *There*. EETS reads *[He]re* and Mills *Here*.
- 711 *wate*. EETS glosses as "wait, wach," and places a comma after *wate*, for a rather different reading of the line.
- 712 *Thai*. MS: *The*. S follows MS. R, F&H, and EETS emend to *Th[er]ai*. Mills normalizes to *they*.
- 737 Magic rings (usually supplied by women) often figure heavily in the story line of medieval romances where they serve to activate the plot and to tie together its loose ends. In this regard, see *Sir Perceval*.
- 797 "o" in *noghr* added above the line.
- 809 *Sir Ywaine saw*. MS: *Sir saw*. After *Sir* is a faint *Yw* written above a caret. In the same hand *Ywaine* is written in the margin.
- 843 *said* added by another hand above the line.
- 868 *swownyng*; MS: *swownyg*. F&H's emendation, followed by EETS and Mills. R and S emend to *swowsyng*.
- 869 A blue initial capital.
- 881 *gone*; M: *yone* by another hand over erasure. R's emendation, followed by all.

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- 904 *ful.* MS and R: *fu.* Schleich's emendation.
- 909 A red initial capital.
- 915 MS reads said above the line in another hand.
- 931 *Sho kend al.* MS: *Sho al.* R's emendation followed by S, F&H, and EETS. Mills emends to *Sho [wist] al.*
- 946 The English poet copies this character directly from Chrétien. In both works there is the suggestion that the audience would be familiar with this woman, but no clue to her identity is found in the literature.
- 959 A blue capital P.
- 987 *thoue.* F&H read MS as *thone*, which they emend to *thow*.
- 990 *me na mawgré.* Barely legible letters are written above the line after *me*. S reads as *na* and so emends, followed by F&H, EETS, and Mills. R reads as *on*.
- 998 *bor.* MS: *bo.* R's emendation, followed by all.
- 1057 *tithyng.* MS: *tithng.* R's emendation.
- 1059 Another hand has written *him* above the line.
- 1070 *he* is written above the line.
- 1072 *Sho* is written out in the left margin.
- 1133 *he* is written in another hand over erasure.
- 1146 Salados the Rouse is apparently the English poet's rendering of Chrétien's "Esclados le Ros," a character who does not figure again in the Arthurian legends.
- 1152 Another hand has written *said* above the line; the "y" of "nay" is written over an indecipherable letter.

Ywain and Gawain

- 1189 A red initial capital.
- 1254 EETS notes that in the naming of the lady, the English poet has misread a passage in Chrétien: "Prise a Laudine de Landuc/ La dame, qui fu fille au duc/ Laudunet, don an note un law." Mistaking "a Laudine" as one word, he subsequently anglicized it to "Alundyne."
- 1291 A blue initial capital.
- 1321 A red capital P.
- 1365 A blue capital "S."
- 1440 *forso*. MS: *so* is added above the line by another hand.
- 1449 A red capital initial.
- 1452 ff. The situation set up by the poet here — the husband's proving himself in "armes" after a happy marriage — is one Chaucer exploits from a female point of view in the Franklin's Tale. In both stories this motif serves to portend trouble.
- 1539 *ay, whils*. MS: *aywhils*.
- 1551 A blue capital "S."
- 1567 Arthur's court tended to move about and one of its seats was Chester. Geoffrey Ashe and others have argued that Chester might have been the "Cair Legion" mentioned in Nennius' *Annales Cambriae*, thus the site of Arthur's ninth battle (*A Guidebook to Arthurian Britain* [London and New York: Longman, 1980], s.v.).
- 1637 A red capital "S."
- 1640 MS: *murnig*; R's emendation, followed by others. Madness, following the separation or estrangement from one's beloved, is a part of the courtly code (see, for example, Chaucer's Knight's Tale or "Sir Orfeo"). One may view Ywain as a "Traytus untrewe," both to his vow to Alandyne that he will return within the year, and to the real meaning of chivalry. He has been playing at

Notes

tournaments when he should have been helping the weak and defenseless, and his behavior will subsequently change. But first he must do "penance" in the wild woods. On the other hand, Ywain's frustration may have led to an imbalance of humours, thus associating him with the medieval "wild man" who must gain control of the "beasts" within him. See Anne Hunsaker Hawkins, "Yvain's Madness," *PQ* 71 (1992), 377-97.

- 1687 *drank*. MS: *druk*. Ritson's emendation.
- 1700 *ika*. EETS reads *iike*.
- 1709 A blue initial capital.
- 1713 MS: *A naked man I think I se*. S leaves the line unemended, looking upon *naked* as a substantive (i.e., a "naked man"). R emends to "naked man" and EETS agrees, suggesting that the antecedent "it" in the next line is used here "for a human being regardless of sex." Mills follows R and EETS, as I do too. See resumé of the dispute in EETS.
- 1745 Taglicht emends *we* to *me*.
- 1753 Morgan, of course, immediately suggests Morgan le Fay, Arthur's sister, who was believed to have been skilled in medical arts. It is unclear why the English poet refers to her as "he" several times in the following lines. There is no indication in Chrétien that the French poet thought of Morgan as masculine, but Roger Sherman Loomis (*Arthurian Tradition and Chrétien de Troyes* [New York: Octagon Books], 1949, p. 307) cites some evidence that this character's sex was undetermined. Mills emends "He" to "Sho" in line 1755.
- 1789 A red initial capital.
- 1823 Text reads *P charite*. R reads as if the abbreviation for "r" is missing in the text, and emends accordingly; followed by S, EETS, and Mills.
- 1842 Lunet's motive for tossing away the ointment box and then lying to her mistress is obscured in the English poet's work, but not in Chrétien's. There the maiden is told that she must use the precious ointment only on the effected part — on Yvain's brow and temples alone, since his brain is causing his madness. Wasting the salve, it is stressed, would not help the knight. In her eagerness to cure

Ywain and Gawain

Yvain, however, the maiden deliberately disobeys — thus her ruse to ward off her mistress' anger.

- 1869 A blue capital "S."
- 1899 *he.* MS: *the;* R's emendation, followed by S, EETS, and Mills.
- 1975 A red capital "N."
- 2055 *obout.* EETS reads *about*, but Taglicht notes that "the form with initial *a-* does not occur in this text" (*NM*, p. 645).
- 2059 A blue capital "O."
- 2107 The pronoun "it" is probably used in this instance because Ywain does not know the identity (hence, the sex) of the person in the prison-chapel (EETS).
- 2136 From barbaric times it was customary in French law for a woman who has accused someone or has been accused herself to be burned at the stake if her husband or champion fails to win the battle fought to exonerate her (EETS).
- 2181 MS lacks *he*; R's suggestion, followed by S, EETS, and Mills.
- 2182 This an allusion to Chrétien's *Lancelot* (which that poet was presumably composing simultaneously), although the English poet might not have known it. In the French poem, a strange knight enters Arthur's household and demands to take the queen back to his land where he has imprisoned Arthur's people. If a knight will follow the queen and bring her back, the people will be freed. Kay sets out and then Gawain, although it is Lancelot who will ultimately return her to Caerleon. Chrétien, perhaps advertising, gives quite a few details. The English poet omits them.
- 2219 *so* is added above the line by another hand.
- 2237 *murnyng.* MS: *murnyg.* S's emendation, followed by EETS and Mills.
- 2249 On giants, see *Sir Perceval*, note to line 1963.
- 2264 *And.* MS: *In.* S's emendation.

Notes

- 2353 A red capital initial.
- 2428 Between this line and the next appear the words of the scribe: "here is the myddes of this boke." Since this is not the midpoint of the romance — it is 412 lines past the middle — this remark presents a problem. EETS suggests that the scribe is referring here not only to his own work, but to his copy text as well, and that, since that manuscript was not likely to have been neatly numbered, the scribe of our text simply estimated the number of lines. S hypothesized that the poet carelessly omitted lines here and elsewhere might account for the discrepancy but does not specify which lines have been omitted or why. Neither theory is altogether satisfactory.
- 2429 A blue capital "S."
- 2441 *prest*. MS: *prst*. R's emendation, followed by S, EETS, & Mills.
- 2480 *open*. MS: *open*. Schleich's emendation, followed by EETS, and Mills.
- 2522 *fourre ogayns than thre*. The four are Ywain, the lion, God, and justice ("right"), a powerful foursome against the three fiendish accusers.
- 2523 A red initial capital.
- 2611 A blue capital P.
- 2645 The rich lady is, of course, Alundyne, who does not recognize Ywain in his battle attire (his visor is over his face) and would not know that her husband would be associated with a lion. It is not yet time for Ywain to make himself known to her.
- 2662 EETS (citing Ernst Brugger, "Yvain and his Lion," *MP* 38 [1941], 277ff.) notes that it was not unusual in the Middle Ages for a brave knight to be compared to a lion, as in Richard the Lionheart or King William the Lion of Scotland. Doob takes another tack, seeing the lion as a foil for Ywain, and a symbol for what the knight has first lost, then won. His faithfulness to his master contrasts with Ywain's neglect of his wife; his compassion, with Ywain's hedonistic quest for personal glory. The lion's traits are those the knight must learn, and only after he learns them can be hailed "the knight with the lyoun" (pp. 150-51). Hawkins ("Yvain's Madness") views the knight's harmonious relationship with

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the animal as a conquering of his own "inner beasts" and the finding of his identity as a knight who can reconcile the forces and prowess of love.

- 2676 *len*. Taglicht notes that the MS distinguishes consistently between *len* "grant" (also 2677, 2872, 2875) and *lene* "lend" (737, 1527, 1542, 1824), both from OE *laenan* (*NM*, p. 646).
- 2683 A red initial capital.
- 2743 A blue capital "B."
- 2746 The following story of the lord who died and of his two daughters who used the law to gain their inheritance is found in a number of medieval works — see, for example, *Dix Crone* and *La Mule sans Frein*.
- 2748 *two* is added above the line in the same hand.
- 2788 *noght*. MS: *nght*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 2798 MS lacks the second *the*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 2877 *Lundet*. MS: *Lunded*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 2880 *fond*. EETS ignores the rhyme and reads *fond*, but Taglicht notes that that form does not appear in the MS.
- 2931 A red initial capital.
- 2935 *said*. Missing in MS. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 2966 The English poet has taken the episode of the silk maidens entirely from Chrétien, whose own "realistic" details are probably drawn from Sicilian and Oriental sources. See R. A. Hall, "The Silk Factory in Chrétien de Troyes," *MLN* 56 (1941), 418-22.
- 2995 *noght*. MS: *nght*. R's emendation, followed by all.

Notes

- 3025 I follow Taglicht's gloss here, who notes that the use of *wight* + infinitive in the sense of "capable of" is not noted by the *OED* (*NM*, p. 646), though the usage is common in ME.
- 3230 *nowther*. MS: *nowthr*. R's emendation, followed by all. It should be noted, however, that the scribe frequently drops *e* from suffixes.
- 3238 *murnyng*. MS: *Murnyg*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 3243 A blue capital "N."
- 3251 *maiden*. EETS considers the form to be an uninflected plural, but Taglicht suggests the reference may be to *his damysel* in 3237 (see also line 3195) (*NM*, p. 647).
- 3260 *had* added above the line, same hand.
- 3289 *saide* added above the line, another hand.
- 3331 A red capital initial.
- 3357 *forth er*. EETS reads *further*. I follow Mills' gloss of *onward*.
- 3443 A blue capital *P*.
- 3481 *elder*. MS has *yonger*, written by a later hand over erasure. R's emendation, followed by all. S notes the hint of *l* in the erasure, which he takes to have been part of the original word, *elder*.
- 3494 *als*. MS: *at*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 3509 Chrétien's "incognito battle," between friends, a folkloristic trope, becomes common in subsequent medieval romances, though this is its first appearance in the Arthurian romance (EETS).
- 3526 *kast a glove*. Throws down the gage, the challenge to a duel.
- 3567 *nobilay*. I follow Taglicht and Mills' gloss here. EETS suggests "nobility of nature and rank," but see OED *noble*, sb. 2, which cites this line.

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- 3571 A red initial letter.
- 3604 *ogayns*. EETS reads *ogaynes*.
- 3681 A blue capital letter.
- 3704 *know*. MS: *knew*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 3767 According to medieval inheritance laws, land should not be divided. Rather, it should pass intact to the eldest son, should there be one. When the heir was a daughter, however, the law was not so precise and two resolutions were possible. First, the land could be held by the eldest daughter as "representative tenant," to whom her sisters would have been answerable according to feudal law. Second, the land could have been "parted," i.e., divided into as many sections as there were daughters to inherit it, and these women would owe fealty to the king. The first solution seems to be comparable to that one found in the poem. (See EETS.)
- 3769 *withowten*. MS: the second *t* is added above the line in another hand.
- 3773 A red capital P.
- 3827 *ever*. MS: *over*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 3903 *Madame*. MS: *Madona*. R's emendation, followed by all.
- 3913 *swere here over* erasure: the first *e* of *swere* is added above the line by another hand.
- 3916 *anikyns*. MS: *akyns*. S's emendation, followed by EETS and Mills. R emends to *alkyns*.
- 3941 A blue capital initial.
- 3953 A red capital initial.
- 4009 A red capital "N."
- 4033-34 These two lines are scribal and have been added to the MS in the same hand, but in red ink.

Glossary

| | | | |
|------------|--|-----------|--|
| a | a, any, some; one; (interj.) | baron | family, nobility |
| aby | abide, suffer | bathe | both |
| akke | oak | bede | offer |
| akton | jacket, jerkin | belde | protector |
| alkyn | of every kind | belyffe | freely, happily |
| als | as; also | belyffe | quickly |
| allan, ame | alone | bere | (v.) carry; pierce; overthrow; (n.) coffin |
| alsone | as soon as, instantly, at once | beryns | warriors |
| alswa | also | bete | remedy, mend |
| althir | very | better | more valuable |
| amende | remedy (a bad situation) | betyde | happen |
| appert | impudent | bihete | promise, assure |
| are | ere, previously, before | birde | noble lady, damsel |
| at | at, to, in, by means of; that | bitaughte | entrusted |
| aughte | (v.) ought; possessed, owned; (n.) gift, possession | bityde | happen |
| aw(e)nn | own | blake | soot, smoke |
| ay | always, ever | blakke | turn pale |
| afote | on foot, on his feet | ble | complexion |
| bacyn | basin | blythe | happy |
| bade | (v.) bid, persuade, delay; command, taught; (n.) hesitation, further ado | body | person |
| balde | increase | bole | swelled up |
| balde | brave, fearless(ly); confident | bon | bone, destiny |
| bale | grief, suffering, misfortune | bone | reward |
| bande | bound | borde | dining table |
| bane | destroyer, death, doom | bost | boast |
| bann | curse | bot | but, unless, except, before |
| bare | boar | bot if | unless |
| | | bote | use, avail |
| | | bother(s) | both |
| | | boure | bower, inner chamber |

Glossary

| | |
|--|---|
| bown(e) <i>armed, prepared, bound, ready</i> | dele (v.) <i>deal with; (n.) piece, bit</i> |
| bowsom <i>willing, obedient, kind</i> | derne <i>judge, consider</i> |
| brade <i>broad</i> | dere (n.) <i>great one, dear; animals; (v.) harm, injure</i> |
| brand(e) <i>sword</i> | deren <i>to inquire, dare; injure, impose</i> |
| brandes <i>flames</i> | deris <i>harm</i> |
| (on) brede <i>far and wide</i> | derm <i>secret, concealed, hidden</i> |
| brem <i>burn</i> | derrest <i>most costly</i> |
| brodire <i>brother</i> | dese <i>dais</i> |
| brothely <i>fiercely, violently, vehemently</i> | dyghte, dyghte <i>prepared, equipped, dressed, designed; tied</i> |
| browke <i>lay waste, possess</i> | do <i>cause</i> |
| brudale <i>wedding feast</i> | done <i>done, caused; put</i> |
| brynnande <i>burning</i> | doughty <i>bold, worthy, valiant</i> |
| buske <i>bush, woods</i> | doun caste <i>taken down</i> |
| busked <i>made ready, prepared</i> | dose <i>cause</i> |
| byde <i>bid, sustain, command; take leave of</i> | draghte <i>course (of fate)</i> |
| bydene <i>altogether, one and all</i> | drawen <i>carried away</i> |
| bygone <i>overwhelmed</i> | drery <i>sad</i> |
| byluffede <i>beloved</i> | duelle <i>dwelle, stay; quash</i> |
| byrke <i>birch</i> | dwergh <i>dwarf</i> |
| bysoughte <i>searched for, importuned</i> | dyghte <i>to arm, armed, dressed, prepared</i> |
| bytaughte <i>gave</i> | dyng <i>strike</i> |
| bythoughte <i>thought</i> | dynned <i>resounded</i> |
| calle <i>invite</i> | dynnis <i>blows, strokes</i> |
| can <i>know</i> | ee <i>eye</i> |
| carped <i>spoke</i> | eghe, eghae <i>eye, eyes</i> |
| caryps <i>debates</i> | elde <i>older, more experienced, full grown</i> |
| ceté <i>town, city, enclosure</i> | emanges <i>among</i> |
| chaunged <i>exchanged</i> | eme <i>uncle</i> |
| chere <i>disposition, state of mind</i> | er <i>before; (v.) are</i> |
| clobe-lome <i>club, weapon</i> | ertow <i>are you</i> |
| coste <i>expense; behavior, distressed</i> | estres <i>stories</i> |
| dare (v.) <i>hide; (adj.) able</i> | even <i>directly</i> |
| dase <i>does</i> | ever <i>as even as</i> |
| dawe <i>dawn; dawes days, of old</i> | everilkane <i>everyone</i> |
| dede <i>death; activity</i> | |

Glossary

| | |
|---|--|
| fa <i>foe</i> | |
| faide <i>determined, fated</i> | |
| faidde <i>lacking strength; eager for battle</i> | |
| faire <i>fair, eloquent</i> | |
| faunde <i>found, came upon; test strength</i> | |
| far, fer <i>at a distance, far</i> | |
| fare (v.) <i>go, travel; (n.) journey, conduct</i> | |
| fase <i>foes</i> | |
| fast(e) <i>dance, close together; eagerly, earnestly</i> | |
| faute <i>fault</i> | |
| fayne <i>joyful, eager</i> | |
| fayrenes <i>beauty</i> | |
| fayntise <i>guile, deceit</i> | |
| felawe <i>person</i> | |
| fele <i>many</i> | |
| felde <i>field of battle, the joust</i> | |
| fele <i>insensitive</i> | |
| felle, fele (adj.) <i>fierce, cruel; (n.) more</i> | |
| felly <i>fiercely</i> | |
| felt <i>fetched, took</i> | |
| fende <i>fiend</i> | |
| ferde <i>fear</i> | |
| ferre (n.) <i>companion, fellow, equal; (v.)</i> | |
| <i>terrify, frighten</i> | |
| (in) fere <i>together</i> | |
| feres <i>fellows</i> | |
| ferly <i>at a distance; wonder, marvel</i> | |
| feste <i>celebration, banquet</i> | |
| fet <i>brought</i> | |
| filde <i>field</i> | |
| fill(en) <i>to satisfy a desire</i> | |
| fode <i>creature; offspring; person</i> | |
| folde <i>luxurious</i> | |
| fole <i>fool, naif; foal</i> | |
| foly <i>foolish</i> | |
| fonde(n) <i>try, seek; set out, travel</i> | |
| | <i>for despite; because of</i> |
| | forbare <i>forbade; spared</i> |
| | forfare <i>destroy, ruin</i> |
| | forhevede <i>forehead</i> |
| | forlorne <i>destroyed, utterly lost</i> |
| | forsake <i>cease from fighting</i> |
| | forth day <i>late in the morning, late in the day</i> |
| | fortharmare <i>farther</i> |
| | fortharmaste <i>first</i> |
| | forthwarde <i>ahead</i> |
| | forthly <i>accordingly, therefore</i> |
| | forward <i>agreement, promise</i> |
| | fostered <i>brought up</i> |
| | frayne <i>seek battle; inquire from, question, ask</i> |
| | free, fre (adj.) <i>well-mannered, courteous, gracious; (n.) noble person</i> |
| | freke <i>knight, man</i> |
| | frith <i>forest, woodland</i> |
| | fundem <i>found</i> |
| | fyre-iren <i>steel</i> |
| | gaffe, gyffe <i>gave</i> |
| | gammien, gamen <i>joy, pleasure, sport, banter</i> |
| | gan <i>did</i> |
| | gare <i>make</i> |
| | gase <i>goes</i> |
| | gate <i>way, path; salvation; gaits (steps)</i> |
| | gayte, gate <i>goat</i> |
| | ger(e), gerre (v.) <i>make, do, cause, equip; (n.) things, goods, equipment</i> |
| | gerys <i>ways, methods of behavior</i> |
| | gett, gette <i>led into, exposed to</i> |
| | gif (conj.) <i>if; (v.) give</i> |
| | glade <i>flow; make glad</i> |
| | glede <i>spark</i> |

Glossary

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|---|--|
| glyde walk, move | hele (n.) health; (v.) heal |
| gnede lacking, sparing, stingy; cautious; scarce | hend(e) gracious, courteous |
| gon walk, ride, go | hendely courteously |
| grasse grassy plot, grass | hent seize |
| graythed made ready, prepared, arrayed | here (v.) hear; (n.) army |
| graythely readily, properly | hernyste armed |
| gree victory | herete male deer |
| gres, gresse grass, woods | heste vow |
| gret(e) (v.) greeted; wept; (n.) anger | hete promise |
| greves woods, groves | hete flames |
| grym horrid creature | hethen hence |
| grythe peace | hevid head |
| godes goods | highte was called, was named; command, promise |
| gyffen a gift make a pledge | hind female deer |
| gyle trick | hode hood |
| habade, habhyde suffer, stay, await; readily engage in war | holde (v.) keep; (n.) castle |
| haby have, abide, suffer | holtes woods |
| hailded, haylsede greeted, saluted | hope expect, think |
| halde(s) faithful; fortress | houppre hope |
| hale sound, wholesome, entire | hovande waiting |
| halely wholly, entirely | hovyde remained |
| hals neck, throat | "how?" (interj.) "You!" |
| hame home | how-gates however |
| happed cover | hy (n.) high, noble; haste , (v.) hasten |
| hare gray | hynte received |
| harmes calamity | ilkane also, each one |
| harnayse arm (oneself) | ilke same, aforementioned |
| has concerned | in (n.) household; (prep.) in, beside |
| hat is called | infere together, in company |
| hate hot | innermare further inside |
| haulle palace, castle | inogh enough, sufficient |
| hede head; quality | insight wisdom |
| hefe raise, lift | iryn iron |
| heghe lofty, high | iswys indeed, certainly |
| helde kept | |

Glossary

| | |
|---|---|
| jangleyng chatter | lele fair, loyal, faithful |
| justynges joustings | lele loyally |
| kam know | leman lover |
| kane can | lende dwell, arrive |
| kare sorrow | lere teach, tell |
| kayes keys | lesē lie, lies |
| kechyne kitchen | lesse (n.) common people; (adj.) small; (adv.) scarcely at all |
| kempe contestant, warrior | let(en), lett surrender, delay, oppose, hinder; allow to pass |
| ken see, recognize | lethir weak, feeble; wicked, bad |
| kende (n.) character; (v.) knew | leveande able, living |
| kene acrimonious; brave, bold | leved left |
| kenely daringly | levore steel spear, far, pole |
| kepe put store in | lewte fealty |
| keste caste | list desired, yearned for |
| kevells lots | lome weapon, penis |
| kevylees bridles | lorme lose, suffer loss of |
| kind offspring; nature | lose praise, renown |
| kiste chest | lothe injury |
| kowth could, was able | louse let loose |
| knave boy | lyggand lying |
| knyll knell | lyther wicked |
| kynde nature, natural course of things | lythes listen |
| kyth (n.) words, announcement, news; (prep.) among my people | ma, maa (v.) make; (adj.) more |
| kytthe made known | Mahown Mahomet |
| lacyng fastenings | maistré (n.) menacing gestures, conquest; mastery; (v.) act strongly, act with |
| lange are earlier | maistri victory, authority |
| lare learning | make (n.) mate; (v.) perform |
| late leave | mane man; remembrance; complaint, lamentation, moan |
| lathe unpleasant, hateful, loathsome | mangeri feast |
| lavede to feed liquid to | manless unprotected |
| law low | mare (n.) nobility; female horse; (adv.) more |
| laykes sword play | |
| layne conceal, hide, lie | |
| layte seek | |
| lef, lefe (n.) friend, everyone; (adj.) disposed, eager; (v.) leave | |

Glossary

| | |
|--|---|
| marte slaughtered animal | mynne less |
| mase confused, dazed | mynt intended, endeavored, aimed |
| mate dejected, defeated, exhausted | |
| mawgré (prep.) despite, notwithstanding; (n.) ill will | nakke neck |
| mawnger manger | nakyn not any |
| may maiden | name none |
| mayne (v.) rode; (adj.) powerful, violent, strong; (n.) strength | nangatis in no wise |
| maystres wonders | nayte need, require |
| mede reward | nefe fist |
| meete, mette food | neghes, neghede nears, neared |
| mekill, mekil much, mighty, large | nere close |
| menevaire ermine | nerchande close up |
| mengede mingled | nome(n) took; taken, captured |
| menske honor | none at that time; noon |
| menye company, army | nother other |
| menyngē understanding | nurture, nurtoure courtesy |
| mere mare | nykkes refuses |
| merkes thrusts | nynte ninth |
| mese dinner, course of a meal | |
| mesure moderation | of from, at some distance from; off |
| mete measure | ogain(s) in answer; against |
| mett measured | omell among, amid |
| miche much | onane soon, anon, at once |
| mister need, be in need of | one on, in |
| mobles treasures | or ere, before |
| mode mind, heart, set of feelings | ordain prepare, arrange, plan |
| moghte might, power | oste host |
| molde earth, floor | othergates otherwise |
| mon man | oughte properly |
| mone (v.) remember, reminisce; moan; (n.) man; lament | overrynnes runs over, runs down |
| montenance space, distance | |
| more moor | palis palace, fence of pales, palisade |
| most largest | pane lining of garment |
| moughte strong, might | pares do harm |
| murnand mourning, grieving | parfoy by my faith |
| | pase gait, speed |
| | paste gone, departed, passed |
| | pay(ed) please(d) |

Glossary

| | |
|--|--|
| pendid pertained | righte particulars |
| pertis divides | righte(n) raise |
| pesane armour to protect upper part of chest and neck | rist rest |
| pese peace | rydande riding |
| Petir! By Saint Peter! | ryfe right, correctly |
| pith, pyth eagerness, strength | rymne(n) run |
| play-fere sweetheart, playmate | rode set out |
| play, playnge sport, performance | Rode Cross |
| playlome weapon | roghte(n) have concern for, care about |
| pole marsh | roke(n) fall back |
| pouste, pousté power | sadde hard, violent, solemn |
| prekande, prikande riding rapidly | saghtelling reconciliation, agreement, peace |
| presande present | sal shall |
| prese specified area, crowd | sale hall |
| prest quickly | sare deadly; sore |
| prevé secret, hidden | sary sorry, grieved |
| prevee (adj.) worthy; (v.) prove(s) | say speak |
| prise prize; value, something worth striving for | schafe shave |
| pyn torment | schende defeat |
| quert health | schere cut |
| qwyk living, alive | schewede showed |
| qwyte repay | scho she |
| rade rode, rode away | schoke was shaken |
| rafe tore | schone shoes |
| rase rush | schote, schottynge to cast (casting) a spear |
| rath(e) impatient; quickly | seelys, sellies marvels |
| raw(e) row; turn; on rawe in turn | seese sees |
| raye king | seke sick |
| real royal | sekerly surely, truly |
| reches dainties (food), wealth | seklemes security |
| recrayhandes cowards | semely comely one |
| rede (n.) plan, course of action, advice; (v.) counsel, plan, advise, demand | sen (conj.) since; (n.) sense |
| rese(n) rush | sertes certainly |
| | sessen ceased |
| | sewed followed |

Glossary

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
| seyne | saint | strete | path, way |
| sho | she | stroye | destroy |
| siche | sach | stryffe | disagreement |
| sith(e) | times, occasions | study | meditation, state of reverie |
| skathe | injury; matter of regret | styffe | strong, powerful |
| slaked | laid down | stynt | hesitate, delay, stop |
| slee | skillful | stythe | strong |
| slirk(e) | sach | suffre | be gentle with |
| slogh | killed | swaa | so |
| sloo | slay | swayne | knave |
| slone | slain | swilk(e) | sach |
| slongen | thrown off | swire | neck |
| snelle | quickly | swyth(e) | immediately, at once |
| socoure | help, aid, assist | sythe | days (time) |
| sogates | thus | sythen | since (that time) |
| sold(e) | should (be) | | |
| sought | pursued | ta, tane | taken, judged |
| soth(e) | truth | taa | soo |
| spalde | limbs | take | come |
| spare | hold back | take tent | pay attention |
| sped | hastened | takynnyng | sign of recognition, token |
| spedde | been successful | tane | the one |
| spoyle | plunder | tase | takes |
| sprent | flew, sprang | taughte | showed |
| sprongen | issued, sprung | tayte | eagerness |
| spreyng(en) | charging | teche | show |
| stande | withstand | techtyng | upbringing |
| stane | stone | telde | camp, pavillion, tent |
| stayred | thrust | tene | vexed, vexation, anger |
| steede | warhorse; place | thaas | those |
| sterete, stirtites | leaps | the | thee, you |
| stode | stood | thede | that place, country |
| stoneyde, stonayed | stunned | thedir | thither |
| stour | battle | thee | thrive |
| stownde | for a time, for a moment | theffe | thief |
| stowre | battle, fight | ther | where |
| strang(e) | fine, great, strong | thertis | divides |
| strekyn | smitten | | |

Glossary

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| thethym thence | undir just below |
| thir these | undirstande understand, believe |
| tho, thou those | unement ointment |
| thofe, thogfe although, as though | unfere infirm |
| thole bear, suffer | unhende clumsy, discourteous |
| thrafe throve | unkowth unknown, strange |
| thraffe prosper | unnethes scarcely, hardly |
| thraw, throw space of time, while | unroo unrest |
| thro, throo those | unryde large, numerous |
| throle suffer, bear | unsauchte distraught |
| throo (adj.) eagerness; (n.) anger | unspoil despoil, strip of possessions |
| thurgh throughout | untill until, to |
| thusgates thusly, in this way | |
| till unto, to | vencusede vanquished |
| tite quickly | ventale neck-piece |
| token sign | vesage countenance |
| tone the one | |
| too take | wa woe |
| tother the second, the other | wakened awakened |
| travell deed, effort | wale at will |
| travellande traveler | wande stick, shaft |
| tree wood | wane (n.) manners, means; stronghold; |
| trenchepayne bread server | (v.) goes |
| trow believe | wann turn; awoke |
| tryppre herd, flock | wansome miserable |
| tuke took | wapynes weapons |
| twa two | warande guarantee |
| tyde time | warly cautiously |
| tyne lose | marysounne reward, treasure |
| tynt told; lost, wasted | warre awake |
| tyte quickly | wate know(s) |
| uggly fearful | wayte, wate afflict |
| umbreere visor | wayte sentinel |
| umborely meanly | wedde pledge |
| uncely hapless | wede clothing, armor |
| uncouthe foreign | welde wield |
| undertane, undirtane undertaken | welden govern, possess |
| | wele indeed |

Glossary

| | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| welke walked | yare soon |
| wend(e) wend, go, wander; thought, assumed, imagined | yede went (out) |
| wene doubt, think | yelde yield, pay (for), claim |
| wened assumed | yemande yeomen, guard |
| wete know | yerne eagerly |
| wexe grew | yit yet |
| whase whose | yode went |
| whatkyns what kind of | yalde yielded |
| whedire although, wherefore | yole Christmas |
| whills all the while | yon, yone yonder |
| whilom once | |
| wighte person, creature | |
| wightly boldly, swiftly | |
| will desire | |
| wirchippe worship | |
| wirkes works | |
| wist(e) knew | |
| wit know | |
| withy pliable branch | |
| wo bad luck | |
| wode (gone) mad; was embedded | |
| wodde wilderness | |
| wake weak | |
| wolde power, possession | |
| wone (n.) conduct, custom, course of action, manner, fate; (v.) dwell | |
| wonnes dwell | |
| woode-wande branches | |
| worthy worthy, fine | |
| wote know | |
| wreke avenge | |
| wretche grew angry | |
| wyche witch | |
| wyde-whare far and wide | |
| wyghte (adj.) strong; (n.) person | |
| wynn enjoy; defeat | |
| wythen from whence | |