

Sir Perceval of Galles
and
Ywain and Gawain

Edited by
Mary Flowers Braswell

Published for TEAMS
(The Consortium for the Teaching of the Middle Ages)
in Association with the University of Rochester

by

Medieval Institute Publications

WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

Kalamazoo, Michigan — 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 Octovyane*, *The Romance of Sir Ysambrace*, *The Romance of Dyoclyciane*, *Sir Degrevante*, *Sir Eglamour*, and *The Awentyrs 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probably the “thick oaken boards, covered with white leather, and fastened with a clasp,” referred to by Madden, has been replaced by later oak boards covered with a pig-skin leather.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 *Wynnere and Wastoure*, 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 *Awentyrs 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

Sir Perceval of Galles

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 *locus amoenus*, 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 "nurtour" becomes a foil to the effete and courtly Arthur, thus suggesting the disenchantment with the noble ideal that accelerated as the Middle

Introduction

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) *aaabcccbdddbbeeb*. 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.

Select Bibliography

Manuscript

Lincoln Cathedral MS 91 (Thornton, c. 1440), fols. 161r-176r.

Sir Perceval of Galles

Facsimile

The Thornton Manuscript (Lincoln Cathedral MS 91). Introduction by D. S. Brewer and A. E. B. Owen. London: The Scolar Press, 1977.

Editions

Baldwin, Dean Richard, ed. *Sir Perceval of Galles: An Edition.* Dissertation, Ohio State University, 1973.

Campion, J., and F. Holthausen, eds. *Sir Perceval of Galles.* Alt- und Mittelenglische Texte 5. Heidelberg: Carl Winter, 1913.

Ellis, F. S., ed. *Syr Perecyvelle of Gales.* Hammersmith: Kelmscott, 1895.

French, Walter Hoyt, and Charles Brockway Hale, eds. *Middle English Metrical Romances.* Vol. 2. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1930. Rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1964. Pp. 529–604.

Griffiths, J. J., ed. *Sir Percevell of Gales.* Masters Thesis, University College of North Wales, 1977.

Halliwell [-Phillipps], James Orchard, ed. *The Thornton Romances: The Early English Metrical Romances of Perceval, Isumbras, Eglamour, and Degrevant.* Camden Society 30. London: J.B. Nichols and Son for the Camden Society, 1844.

Mills, Maldwyn, ed. *Ywain and Gawain, Sir Percyvell of Gales, The Anturs of Arther.* London: Everyman's Library, 1992.

Catalogues and Studies of the Manuscript

Keiser, George. "The Nineteenth-Century Discovery of the Thornton Manuscript (Lincoln Cathedral Library MS 91)." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 77 (1983), 167–90.

Thompson, R. M., ed. *Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Lincoln Cathedral Chapter Library.* Cambridge: Boydell and Brewer, 1989.

Introduction

Bibliographies

Newstead, Helaine. "Arthurian Legends." In *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English*, ed. J. Burke Severs. Vol. 1. New Haven: Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1967. P. 250.

Rice, Joanne A. *Middle English Romance: An Annotated Bibliography, 1955–1985*. New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1987. Pp. 503–06.

Selected Critical Studies

Baron, F. Xavier. "Mother and Son in *Sir Perceval of Galles*." *Papers on Language and Literature* 8 (1972), 3–14. [Argues that the sensitive handling of the relationship between Perceval and Acheflour is unique in the traditional Perceval story.]

Busby, Keith. "Chrétien de Troyes English'd." *Neophilologus* 71 (1987), 596–613. [Examines how the English poet changes characters, shortens passages, adds supernatural figures in his adaptation of Chrétien's work.]

Brown, Arthur C. L. "The Grail and the English *Sir Perceval*." *Modern Philology* 16 (1918–19), 553–68; 17 (1919–20), 361–82; 18 (1920–21), 201–28 and 661–73; 22 (1924–25), 79–98 and 113–32. [Claims that the English *Perceval* is at least partially independent of Chrétien's *Conte del Graal*, being influenced by motifs drawn from fairy tales and Irish history.]

Fowler, David C. "Le *Conte du Graal* and *Sir Perceval of Galles*." *Comparative Literature Studies* 12 (1975), 5–20. [Claims that the author of *Sir Perceval* did indeed know Chrétien's work but that he purposefully omitted references to the Grail while retaining the serious theme.]

Griffith, Reginald Harvey. *Sir Perceval of Galles: A Study of the Sources of the Legend*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1911. [Sees multi-stage development of the English poet's work with which Chrétien had little or no influence.]

Hood, Edna Sue. *Sir Perceval of Galles: Medieval Fiction*. Dissertation, University of Wisconsin, 1966. [Compares *Sir Perceval* to the "Fair Unknown" stories; discusses the work as a romance and as narrative fiction.]

Sir Perceval of Galles

Eckhardt, Caroline D. "Arthurian Comedy: The Simpleton-Hero in *Sir Perceval of Galles*." *Chaucer Review* 8 (1974), 205–20. [Argues for the merits of the poem, including its skillful integration of narrative details, its effective characterization, and its sustained comic tone.]

Speirs, John. *Medieval English Poetry: The Non-Chaucerian Tradition*. London: Faber and Faber, 1957. Pp. 122–38. [Discusses the mythological aspects of *Sir Perceval*.]

Veldhoen, N. H. G. E. "'I Haffe Spedde Better Pan I Wend': Some Notes of the Middle English *Sir Perceval of Galles*." *Dutch Quarterly Review* 11 (1981), 279–86. [Stresses the tightness of the poet's structure and the relationships among the various characters.]

Wilson, Anne. *The Magical Quest: The Use of Magic in Arthurian Romance*. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1988. See Chapter Three: "Sir Perceval of Galles," pp. 143–48. [Claims that the omission of the Grail castle episode in the English poet's work can be explained by that author's desire to move in a different direction — from the relationship of Perceval to the king (as in Chrétien) to the guilty, incestuous relationship of Perceval with his mother.]

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

	That noble Percyvell so wele dare Syche dynttys habyde. Was ther nowthir more ne lasse Of all those that ther was	<i>able blows to suffer</i>
75	That durste mete hym one the grasse, Agaynes hym to ryde. Thay gaffe Sir Percyvell the gree: Beste worthy was he;	<i>dared; on; grassy plot victory</i>
80	And hamewardes than rode he, And blythe was his bryde.	<i>happy</i>
	And thofe 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	And therfore gyffes he a gyfte 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>
90	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>
95	That Percyvell in the felde Schulde hym schende thus undire schelde, 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 befelle ther no stryffe, Till Percyvell had in his lyffe A son by his yonge wyffe,	<i>Before; calamity</i>
	Aftir hym to duelle.	<i>Until</i>
105	When the childe was borne, He made calle it one the morne Als his fadir highte byforne — Yonge Percyvell.	<i>on was named</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

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 hade siche a body: Hir aylede no prydē.	She sorry lost (i.e., She felt)
	And now is Percyvell the wighte Slayne in batelle and in fyghte, And the lady hase gyffen a gyfte, Holde if scho may,	creature made a pledge Keep it
165	That scho schall never mare wone In stede, with hir yonge sone, Ther dedes of armes schall be done, By nyghte ne be daye.	she; dwell [any] place Where
170	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
175	Schall he nowther take tent To justes ne to tournameint, Bot in the wilde wodde went, With bestes to playe.	go animals
	With wilde bestes for to playe, Scho tuke hir leve and went hir waye, Bothe at baron and at raye, And went to the wodde.	She from the nobility; king
180	Byhynde scho leved boure and haulle; A mayden scho tuke hir withalle,	left bower; hall

Sir Perceval of Galles

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 220 | Thurte hir none crave. ¹
So wele he lernede hym to schote,
Ther was no beste that welke one fote
To fle fro hym was it no bote.
When that he wolde hym have, | walked
useless |
| 225 | Even when he wolde hym have.
Thus he wexe and wele thrave,
And was reghte a gude knave
Within a fewe yere.
Fyftene wynter and mare | <i>Even then</i>
<i>throve</i>
<i>truly; boy</i> |
| 230 | He duellede in those holtes hare;
Nowther nurture ne lare
Scho wolde hym none lere.
Till it byfelle, on a day,
The lady till hir son gun say, | <i>gray woods</i>
<i>courtesy; learning</i>
<i>teach</i> |
| 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, | <i>to; did</i>
<i>counsel</i> |
| 240 | And longe to duelle here." | <i>power</i> |
| | "Swete moder," sayde he,
"Whatkyns a godd may that be
That ye nowe bydd mee
That I schall to pray?" | <i>What kind of</i> |
| 245 | Then byspakke the lady even:
"It es the grete Godd of heven:
This worlde made He within seven,
Appon the sexte day." | <i>directly</i> |
| 250 | "By grete Godd," sayde he than,
"And I may mete with that man,
With alle the crafte that I kan,
Reghte so schall I pray!" | <i>If</i> |
| | There he levede in a tayte
Bothe his modir and his gayte, | <i>left with eagerness</i>
<i>goats</i> |

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 255 The grete Godd for to layte, *seek*
 Fynde hym when he may.
- And as he welke in holtes hare, *walked; gray woods*
 He sawe a gate, as it ware; *path*
 With thre knyghtis mett he thare
260 Off Arthus in. *household*
- One was Ewayne fytz Asoure,
 Another was Gawayne with honour,
 And Kay, the bolde baratour,
 And all were of his kyn.
- 265 In riche robes thay ryde; *time*
 The childe hadd no thyng that tyde
 That he myghte in his bones hyde,
 Bot a gaytes skynn.
- He was a burely of body, and therto right brade;
- 270 One ayther halfe a skynn he hade; *goat's*
 The hode was of the same made,
 Juste to the chynn. *broad*
 On both sides
 hood
- His hode was juste to his chyn,
 The flesche halfe tourned within.
- 275 The childes witt was full thyn
 When he scholde say oughte. *speak properly*
 Thay were clothede all in grene;
 Siche hade he never sene:
 Wele he wened that thay had bene
280 The Godd that he soghte.
 He said, “Wilke of yow alle three *Which*
 May the grete Godd bee
 That my moder tolde mee,
 That all this werlde wroghte?”
- 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 fole one the filde,
290 Was comen oute of the woddes wilde,
 To Gawayne that was meke and mylde *naif in the field*

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 295 And softe to ansuare,
 "I sall sla 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 wexe he tene:
 Bot he a grete bukke had bene,
 Ne hadd he stonde tham bytwene,¹
 He hade hym slayne thare.
- 300 gray woods
 grew; angry
 As if
 He [Percyvell] would have
- 305 Bot than said Gawayn to Kay,
 "Thi prowde 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 knyghe,
 And I come hym till?"
 Than saide Sir Gawayne righte thare,
 "I kane gyffe the nane ansuare;
 Bot to the Kynge I rede thou fare,
 To wete his awenn will!"
- 310 do harm always
 in a softer manner
 If
 Who has remained on
 dressed
 If
 advise; go
 know; own
- 315 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 gude,
- 320 remain
 home
 corral
 mares

¹ *Regardless of whoever had stood between them*

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Bot never one was tame;	
330	And sone saide he, "Bi Seyne John,	<i>Saint</i>
	Swilke thynges as are yone	<i>Such; yonder</i>
	Rade the knyghtes apone;	<i>Rode</i>
	Knewe I thaire name,	
	Als ever mote I thryffe or thee,	<i>prosper; thrive</i>
	The moste of yone that I see	<i>largest; yonder</i>
335	Smertly schall bere mee	
	Till I come to my dame."	<i>mother</i>
	He saide, "When I come to my dame,	
	And I fynde hir at home,	<i>home</i>
	Scho will telle the name	
340	Off this ilke thyng."	<i>aforementioned</i>
	The moste mere he thare see	<i>largest mare</i>
	Smertly overynnes he,	<i>runs down</i>
	And saide, "Thou sall bere me	<i>shall</i>
	To-morne to the Kynge."	
345	Kepes he no sadill-gere,	<i>He puts no store in</i>
	Bot stert up on the mere:	<i>leaps upon</i>
	Hamewarde scho gun hym bere,	
	Withowtten faylynge.	
	The lady was never more sore bygone.	<i>sorely overwhelmed</i>
350	Scho wiste never whare to wonne,	<i>knew; what to do</i>
	When scho wiste hir yonge sonne	
	Horse hame bryngue.	<i>home</i>
	Scho saw hym horse hame bryngue;	
	Scho wiste wele, by that thyngue,	<i>knew</i>
355	That the kynde wolde oute spryne	<i>natural course</i>
	For thyngue that be moughte.	<i>would prevail</i>
	Than als sone saide the lady,	
	"That ever solde I sorowe dry,	<i>should; endure</i>
	For love of thi body,	
360	That I hafe dere boghte!	
	Dere son," saide scho hym to,	
	"Thou wirkestiselfe mekill unroo,	<i>work; unrest</i>
	What will thou with this mere do,	
	That thou hase hame broghte?"	
365	Bot the boye was never so blythe	

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Als when he herde the name kythe Of the stode-mere stythe. Of na thyng than he roghte.	<i>made known stud-mare strong had he concern</i>
370	Now he calles hir a mere, Als his moder dide ere; He wened all other horses were And hade bene callede soo. “Moder, at yonder hill hafe I bene; Thare hafe I thre knyghtes sene, And I hafe spoken with tham, I wene, Wordes in throo;	<i>before assumed</i>
375	I have highte tham all thre Before thaire Kyng for to be: Siche on schall he make me As is one of tho!”	<i>anger promised</i>
380	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 sloo!”	<i>Such a one those promised Unless slay</i>
385	Bot than byspakke the lady, That for hir son was sary — Hir thoghte wele that scho myght dy And knelyde one hir knee: “Sone, thou has takyn thi rede,	<i>Who; grieved die on plan</i>
390	To do thiselfe to the dede! In everilke a strange stede, Doo als I bydde the: To-morne es forthirmaste Yole-day,	<i>death every foreign place command first</i>
395	And thou says thou will away To make the knyghte, if thou may, Als thou tolde mee. Lyttill thou can of nurtoure:	<i>know; courtesy moderation</i>
400	Luke thou be of mesure Bothe in haulle and in boure, And fonde to be fre.”	<i>chamber try to be well-mannered</i>
	Than saide the lady so brighte, “There thou meteste with a knyghte,	

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Do thi hode off, I highte, 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.	showed; ermine in sets
410	"Sone, ther thou sees this fare In thaire hodes lye." "Bi grete God," sayd he, "Where that I a knyghte see,	where; handsome fur hoods
	Moder, as ye bidd me, Righte so schall I."	<i>Wherever</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.	Despite anything; happen none
420	Brydill hase he righte nane; Seese he no better wane, Bot a wythe hase he tane, And kevylles his stede.	Sees; means withy (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
	He tase the rynge and the spere, Stirttes up appon the mere: Fro the moder that hym bere, Forthe gan he ryde.	Leaps
	One his way as he gan ryde, He fande an haulle ther besyde;	castle
435	He saide, "For oghte that may betyde, Thedir in will I." He went in withowtten lett;	hindrance
	He fande a brade borde sett, A bryghte fire, welebett, Brynnande therby.	broad dining table kindled Burning

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 wyne, 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 fondoned to be free, Thofe he were of no pryde.	Another person to sustain The other moderation Eagerly; sought; courteous Although
465	Thofe he were of no pryde, Forthyrmore 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 schorte 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, Withowtten any bade.	<i>further ado where course</i>
485	He came ther the Kyng was, Servede of the firste mese.	<i>To [address] him (the King); primary goal</i>
	To hym was the maste has That the childe hade;	<i>permitted no hindrance</i>
	And thare made he no lett At gate, dore, ne wykett,	<i>readily</i>
490	Bot in graythely he gett — Syche maistres he made.	<i>So powerfully he acted</i>
	At his firste in-comynge, His mere, withowtten faylynge,	
495	Kyste the forhevede of the Kynge — So nerehande he rade!	<i>forehead close up; rode</i>
	The Kyng had ferly thaa, And up his hande gan he taa	<i>pulled back in surprise then take</i>
500	And putt it forthir hym fraa, 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 desire</i>
505	Than said the fole of the filde, “I am myn awnn modirs childe,	<i>fool; field</i>
	Comen fro the woddes wylde Till Arthure the dere.	<i>own</i>
	Yisterday saw I knyghtis three:	<i>Unto; great</i>
510	Siche on sall thou make mee On this mere byfor the,	<i>Such a one</i>
	Thi mete or thou schere!”	<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 thaa. Childe, hafe thou my blyssyng For thi feres folowynge! Here hase thou fonden the Kynge That kan the knyghe maa."	those have <i>following thy fellows</i>
520	Than sayde Peceyvell the free, "And this Arthure the Kyng bee, Luke he a knyghe make mee: I rede at it be swaa!"	<i>thee; make</i>
525	Thofe he unborely were dyghte, He sware by mekill Goddes myghte: "Bot if the Kyng make me knyghe, I sall hym here slaa!"	<i>If</i> <i>See to it</i> <i>demand; so</i> <i>meanly; dressed</i>
	All that ther weren, olde and yngye, Hadden ferly of the Kyng, That he wolde suffre siche a thyng Of that foul wyghe	<i>Unless</i>
	On horse hovande hym by. The Kyng byholdes hym on hy;	<i>slay</i>
530	Than wexe he sone sory When he sawe that syghte.	wonder
535	The teres oute of his eghne glade, Never one another habade. "Allas," he sayde, "that I was made,	<i>person</i>
	Be day or by nyghte, One lyve I scholde after hym bee	<i>waiting</i>
540	That me thynke lyke the: ¹ Thou arte so semely to see, And thou were wele dighte!"	<i>eyes flowed</i> <i>one waiting for the other</i>
		<i>If; dressed</i>
545	He saide, "And thou were wele dighte, Thou were lyke to a knyghe That I lovede with all my myghte Whills he was one lyve.	alive
550	So wele wroghte he my will 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 stryffe!
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; foe
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.”
- destroy; alone
Unless
put
- The childe thoghte he longe bade
570 That he ne ware a knyghe made,
For he wiste never that he hade
A fader to be slayne;
The lesse was his menyng.
He saide sone to the Kynge,
- Avenge; father's destroyer
waited too long
understanding
- 575 “Sir, late be thi jangleynge!
Of this kepe I nane.”
- stop; chattering
care
- He sais, “I kepe not to stande
With thi jangleyns to lange.
Make me knyghe with thi hande,
580 If it sall be done!”
- too long
- Than the Kyng hym hendly highte
That he schold dub hym to knyghe,
With thi that he wolde doun lighte
And ete with hym at none.
- eagerly promised
- 585 The Kyng biholdes the vesage free,
And ever more trowed hee
That the childe scholde bee
Sir Percyvell son:
- Provided that
at that time
noble countenance
believed

Sir Perceval of Galles

	It ran in the Kynges mode,	<i>mind</i>
590	His syster Acheflour 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 understande	
	He was a wilde man.	
	So faire he spakke hym withall,	(i.e., Arthur)
	He lyghtes doun in the haulle,	(i.e., Perceval)
	Bonde his mere amonge them alle	<i>mare</i>
600	And to the borde wann.	<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 wede.	<i>clothing</i>
	He made them gammen full gnede,	<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 fett,	<i>fiercely; cup; took</i>
	Bifore the Kynge that was sett.	
615	Ther was no man that durste hym lett,	<i>oppose</i>
	Thofe that he were fadde.	<i>Even though; eager for battle</i>
	The couppe was filled full of wyne;	<i>cup</i>
	He dranke of that that was therinn.	
	All of rede golde fyne	
620	Was the coupe made.	
	He tuke it up in his hande,	<i>found</i>
	The coupe that he there fande,	
	And lefte 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 hade
 Mighte no tonge tell.
 “A! dere God,” said the Kyng than,
 630 “That all this wyde werlde wan,
 Whethir I sall ever hafe that man
 May make yone fende duelle?
 Fyve yeres hase he thus gane,
 And my coupes fro me tane,
 635 And my gude knyghe slayne,
 Men calde Sir Percyvell;
 Sythen taken hase he three,
 And ay awaye will he bee,
 Or I may harnayse me
 640 In felde hym to felle.”
- “Petir!” quod Percyvell the yonge,
 “Hym than will I down dynge
 And the coupe agayne brynge,
 And thou will make me knyghe.”
- 645 “Als I am trewe kyng,” said he,
 “A knyghe sall I make the,
 Forthi thou will brynge mee
 The coupe of golde bryghte.”
- Up ryses Sir Arthoure,
 650 Went to a chamboure
 To feche doun armoure,
 The childe in to dyghe;
 Bot are it was doun caste,
 Ere was Percyvell paste,
 655 And on his way folowed faste,
 That he solde with fyghte.
- With his foo for to fighte,
 None othergates was he dighte,
 Bot in thre gayt-skynnes righte,
 660 A fole als he ware.
- (i.e., the author of the poem)
- Who; won*
- fiend desist*
- taken from me*
- Since then*
- always*
- Before; arm myself*
- kill*
- If*
- strike*
- arm*
- before; taken down*
- gone*
- That [knight]; should*
- enemy*
- otherwise; prepared*
- goat*

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

700	Than saide Percyvell hym till, “Thou art a lethir swayne.”	feeble knave
	Then saide the childe in that tyde, “And thou woldest me here byde, After thi mere scholde I ryde And brynghe hir agayne;	<i>If; wait here for me</i>
705	Then myghte we bothe with myghte Menskfully togedir fyghte, Ayther of us, as he were a knyghte, Till tyme the tone ware slayne.”	Honorably <i>one</i>
	Now es the Rede Knyghte slayne, Lefte dede in the playne. The childe gon his mere mayne After the stede.	<i>direct</i>
	The stede was swifter than the mere, For he hade no thynge to bere Bot his sadill and his gere, Fro hym thofe he yede.	<i>though; went</i>
715	The mere was bagged with fole; And hirselfe a grete bole; For to rynne scho myghte not thole, Ne folowe hym no sped.	<i>heavy; foal</i> <i>swelled up [animal]</i> <i>run; suffer</i>
720	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.	<i>to; take himself</i> <i>steps (gaits)</i> <i>stingy (i.e., no extra steps)</i>
725	The gates made he full gnede In the waye ther he yede; With strenght tuke he the stede And broghte to the knyghte.	<i>stingy</i> <i>where; went</i>
730	“Me thynke,” he sayde, “thou arte fele That thou ne will away stele; Now I houppe that thou will dele Strokes appon hyghte.	<i>trustworthy</i> <i>sneak away</i> <i>hope; deal</i> <i>high (horseback)</i>
735	I hafe broghte to the thi mere And mekill of thyn other gere; Lepe on hir, as thou was ere, And thou will more fighte!”	<i>you your mare</i> <i>much</i> <i>before</i>

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.	<i>in that place should; dead knew; advice</i>
740		
	Now es Percyvell lyghte To unspoyle the Rede Knyghte, Bot he ne couthe never fynd righte The lacynge of his wede.	<i>off his horse strip of his armour</i>
745	He was armede so wele In gude iryn and in stele, He couthe no gett of a dele, For nonkyns nede.	<i>fastenings; armor</i>
	He sayd, "My moder bad me, When my dart solde broken be, Owte of the iren bren the tree: Now es me fyre gnede."	<i>off; piece No matter what taught</i>
750		
	Now he getis hym flynt, His fyre-iren he hent, And then, withowtten any stynt, He kyndilt a glede.	<i>burn; wood lacking</i>
755		
	Now he kyndils a glede, Amonge the buskes he yede And gedirs, full gude spede, Wodde, a fyre to make.	<i>steel; seizes delay spark</i>
760	A grete fyre made he than, The Rede Knyghte in to bren, For he ne couthe nott ken His gere off to take.	<i>woods; went gathers; quickly</i>
765	Be than was Sir Gawayne dyght, Folowede after the fyghte Betwene hym and the Rede Knyghte, For the childes sake.	<i>burn figure out how prepared</i>
	He fande the Rede Knyght lyggand, Slayne of Percyvell hande, Besyde a fyre brynnande Off byrke and of akke.	<i>lying burning birch; oak</i>
770		

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	<i>By Saint Peter!</i> <i>see</i>
780	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.”	<i>If</i>
785	Than Sir Gawayn doun lyghte, Unlacede the Rede Knyghte; The childe in his armour dight At his awnn will.	<i>dressed</i>
790	When he was dighte in his atire, He tase the knyghte bi the swire, Keste hym reghte in the fyre, The brandes to balde.	<i>dressed</i> <i>takes; neck</i>
795	Bot then said Percyvell on bost, “Ly still therin now and roste! I kepe nothyng of thi coste, Ne noghte of thi spalde!”	<i>flames; increase</i> <i>boast</i> <i>roast</i> <i>care; distressed condition</i> <i>limbs</i>
800	The knyghte lygges ther on brede; The childe es dighte in his wede, And lepe up apon his stede, Als hymselfe wolde.	<i>sprawling</i> <i>equipped; arms</i>
805	He luked doun to his fete, Saw his gere faire and mete: “For a knyghte I may be lete And myghte be calde.”	<i>becoming</i> <i>allowed to pass</i> <i>called [one]</i>
810	Then sayd Sir Gawayn hym till, “Goo we faste fro this hill! Thou hase done what thou will; It neghes nere nyghte.”	<i>nears</i>
	“What! trowes thou,” quod Percyvell the yonge, “That I will agayn brynge	<i>do you believe</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

- | | | |
|-----|---|---|
| 815 | <p>Untill Arthoure the Kynge
 The golde that es brygthe?
 Nay, so mote I thryfe or thee,
 I am als grete a lorde als he;
 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,
 Are I doun lyghte."</p> | <i>thrive; prosper</i>
<i>otherwise [than a] knight</i>
<i>present</i>
<i>Before</i> |
| 820 | <p>Nowther wolde he doun lyghte,
 Ne he wolde wende with the knyght,
 Bot rydes forthe all the nyghte,
 So prowde was he than.</p> | |
| 825 | <p>Till on the morne at forthe dayes,
 He mett a wyche, as men says.
 His horse and his harnays
 Couthe scho wele ken.</p> | <i>late in the morning</i>
<i>witch</i>
<i>recognize</i>
<i>assumed</i> |
| 830 | <p>Scho wende that it hade bene
 The Rede Knyghte that scho hade sene,
 Was wonnt in those armes to bene,
 To gerre the stede rynne.</p> | <i>accustomed; be</i>
<i>equip; [to] run</i> |
| 835 | <p>In haste scho come hym agayne,
 Sayde, "It is not to layne,
 Men tolde me that thou was slayne
 With Arthours men.</p> | |
| 840 | <p>Ther come one of my men,
 Till yonder hill he gan me kenne,
 There thou sees the fyre brene,
 And sayde that thou was thare."</p> | <i>led me to understand</i>
<i>Where</i> |
| 845 | <p>Ever satt Percyvell stone-still,
 And spakke no thynge hir till
 Till scho hade sayde all hir will,
 And spakke lesse ne mare.
 "At yondere hill hafe I bene:
 Nothyng hafe I there sene
 Bot gayte-skynnes, I wene.
 Siche ill-farande fare!"</p> | <i>neither less nor more</i>
<i>wretched stuff</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

850	"Mi sone, and thou ware thare slayne And thyn armes of drawen, I couthe hele the agayne Als wele als thou was are."	<i>if carried away could heal you before</i>
855	Than wist Percyvell by thatt, It servede hym of somwhatt, The wylde fyre that he gatt When the knyghte was slayne;	<i>knew</i>
	And righte so wolde he, thare That the olde wiche ware.	<i>he wanted</i>
860	Oppon his spere he hir bare To the fyre agayne; In ill wrethe and in grete, He keste the wiche in the hete;	<i>wrath; anger cast; flames sweat wicked</i>
	He sayde, "Ly still and swete Bi thi son, that lyther swayne!"	
865	Thus he leves thaym twoo, And on his gates gan he goo: Siche dedis to do moo Was the childe fayne.	<i>way more eager</i>
870	Als he come by a wodd-syde, He sawe ten men ryde; He said, "For ought that may betyde, To tham will I me."	<i>I myself will [go] to them</i>
	When those ten saw hym thare, Thay wende the Rede Knyghte it ware,	<i>thought</i>
875	That wolde tham all forfare, And faste gan thay flee; For he was sogates cledde,	<i>destroy</i>
	Alle belyffe fro hym thay fledde;	<i>Since; thus clad quickly</i>
880	And ever the faster that thay spedde, The swiftlyere sewed hee, Till he was warre of a knyghte, And of the menevaire he had syght;	<i>followed</i>
	He put up his umbrere on hight, And said, "Sir, God luke thee!"	<i>ermine visor 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!"
For by the vesage hym thoghte | <i>countenance</i> |
| 890 | The Rede Knyghte was it noghte,
That hade them all bysoughte;
And baldely he bade.
It semede wele bi the syghte
That he had slayne the Rede Knyght: | <i>searched for</i>
<i>fearlessly; commanded</i> |
| 895 | In his armes was he dighte,
And on his stede rade.
"Son," sayde the knyghte tho,
And thankede the childe full thro,
"Thou hase slayne the moste foo | <i>dressed</i>
<i>rode</i>
<i>then</i>
<i>eagerly</i>
<i>greatest</i> |
| 900 | That ever yitt I hade." | |
| 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 paste out of myghte
With any man for to fyghte:
He ansuerde in hy; | <i>Earlier</i>
<i>riding</i> |
| 910 | He sayde, "Theis children nyne,
All are thay sonnes myne.
For ferde or I solde tham tyne,
Therfore fledd I. | <i>These</i>
<i>fear that; should; lose</i> |
| 915 | We wende wele that it had bene
The Rede Knyghte that we hade sene;
He walde hafe slayne us bydene,
Withowtten mercy. | <i>thought indeed</i>
<i>altogether</i> |
| Withowtten any mercy
He wolde hafe slayne us in hy;
To my sonnes he hade envy
Moste of any men. | | |
| 920 | Fiftene yeres es it gane
Syn he my brodire hade slane; | <i>haste</i>
<i>Of</i>
<i>brother</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Now hadde the theefe undirtane To sla us all then:	<i>undertaken</i>
925	He was ferde lesse my sonnes 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	<i>afraid lest; should; slay older; more [capable]</i>
930	Ther he was done to the dede, I solde never hafe etyn brede Are I hade sene hym bren."	<i>see place death Until; burn</i>
	"Petir!" quod Percyvell, "he es brende! I haffe spedde better than I wend Ever at the laste ende."	<i>burned been more successful; thought</i>
	The blythere wexe the knyghte; By his haulle thaire gates felle, And yerne he prayed Percyvell That he solde ther with hym duelle And be ther all that nyghte.	<i>The more happy became castle their way passed eagerly</i>
940	Full wele he couthe a geste calle. He broghte the childe into the haulle; So faire he spake hym withalle That he es doun lyghte;	<i>invite</i>
945	His stede es in stable sett And hymselfe to the haulle fett, And than, withowtten any lett, To the mette thay tham dighte.	<i>fetched delay food; prepared themselves</i>
950	Mete and drynke was ther dighte, And men to serve tham full ryghte; The childe that come with the knyghte, Enoghe ther he fande. At the mete as thay beste satte,	<i>At the height of the feast</i>
955	Come the portere fro the gate, Saide a man was theratte Of the Maydenlande; Saide, "Sir, he prayes the Off mete and drynke, for charyté; For a messagere es he And may nott lange stande."	

Sir Perceval of Galles

The knyght badde late hym inn,
 “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 haylsede the knyghe as he can,
 Als he satt on dese.
- 970 The knyghe askede hym thare
 Whase man that he ware,
 And how ferre that he walde so fare,
 Withowtten 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 bysegis he that woman
 That scho may hafe no pese.”
- He sayse that scho may have no pese,
 The lady, for hir fayrenes,
 And for hir mekill reches.
 “He wirkes hir full woo;
- 985 He dose hir sorow all hir sythe,
 And all he slaes doun rythe;
 He wolde have hir to wyfe,
 And scho will noghte soo.
- 990 Now hase that ilke Sowdane
 Hir fadir and hir eme slane,
 And hir brethir ilkane,
 And is hir moste foo.
- 995 So nere he hase hir now soughte
 That till a castelle es scho broghe,
 And fro the walles will he noghte,
 Ere that he may hir too.
- greeted
As; dais
- Whose
far; travel
lies
- put an end to
Uprisen
taken
- peace
- despite; beauty
great wealth
causes; woe
causes; days
slays 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;	<i>take</i>
	The lady will hirselfe sla	<i>slay</i>
	Are he, that es hir maste fa,	<i>Ere; foe</i>
1000	Solde wedde hir to wyfe.	
	Now es the Sowdan so wyghte,	<i>strong</i>
	Alle he slaes doun ryghte:	
	Ther may no man with hym fyghte,	
	Bot he were kempe ryfe."	<i>renowned warrior</i>
1005	Than sayde Percyvell, "I the praye,	
	That thou wolde teche me the waye	<i>show</i>
	Thedir, als the gates laye,	<i>Thither; roads lie</i>
	Withowtten any stryfe;	
	Mighte I mete with that Sowdan	
1010	That so dose to that woman,	
	Alsone he solde be slane,	<i>Instantly</i>
	And I myghte hafe the lyfe!"	<i>If I have life [to do it]</i>
	The messangere prayed hym mare	<i>rather</i>
	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 habydde,	<i>If</i>
	Bot ryghte now will I ryde,	
1020	Als so faste als I may."	
	The knyghte herde hym say so;	
	Yerne he prayes hym to too	<i>Eagerly; take</i>
	His nyne sonnes, with hym to goo.	
	He nykkes hym with nay.	<i>[Perceval] refuses</i>
1025	Bot so faire spekes he	
	That he takes of tham three,	
	In his felawchipe to be —	
	The blythere were thay.	<i>happier</i>
	Thay ware blythe of ther bade,	<i>these tidings</i>
1030	Busked tham and forthe rade;	<i>Made themselves ready</i>
	Mekill myrthes thay made:	<i>Much glee</i>
	Bot lyttill it amende.	<i>remedied</i>
	He was paste bot a while —	<i>[Perceval]; gone</i>
	The montenance of a myle —	<i>distance</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

1035	He was bythoghte of a gyle Wele werte than thay wende. Thofe 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 uncouthe men His maystres to make. Now hase Percyvell in throo	instruct foreign wonders; perform haste
1050	Spoken with his emes twoo, Bot never one of tho Took his knawlage. Now in his way es he sett That may hym lede, withowtten lett,	uncles those Recognized his plan hindrance
1055	Thare he and the Sowdan sall mete, His browes to blake. Late we Percyvell the yngel Fare in Goddes blyssyng, And untill Arthoure the Kyng	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 mournynge 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; [so] miserable; avenge
1070	Als he was layde for to ly, Come the messangere on hy With lettres fro the lady, And schewes tham righte thare.	put to bed in haste

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Afote myghte the Kyng noght stande, Bot rede tham thare lyggande, And sayde, "Of thyne erande Thou hase thyn answare."	<i>On his feet But advise; lying there</i>
1075		
	He sayde, "Thou wote thyne ansuare: 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 menyng? In my londe wot I no lordyng Es worthy to be a knyghte."	<i>speak about know</i>
	The messangere ansuerd agayne, "Wete ye, his name es for to layne, The whethir I wolde hafe weten 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 brynge: "If I kan trow thi talkynge, That ilke was Percyvell."	<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*
 Aboute a cyté stonde.
 On huntyng was the Sowdane; *Out*
 He lefte men many aне, *a one*
 1135 Twenty score that wele kan:
 Be the gates yemande — *guarding*
 Elleven score one the nyghte,
 And ten one 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,
 Elleven 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

	Into the thikkeste of the prese Amanges tham thanne.	<i>crowd</i>
1150	And up stirt one that was bolde, Bygane his brydill to holde, And askede whedire that he wolde Make his horse to rynne. He said, "I ame hedir come For to see a Sowdane;	<i>where</i>
1155	In faythe, righte sone he sall be slane, And I myghte hym ken.	<i>If only; see</i>
1160	If I hym oghte ken may, To-morne, when it es lighte daye Than sall we togedir playe With wapyns unryde."	<i>cruel</i>
1165	They herde that he had undirtane For to sle thaire Sowdane. Thay felle aboute hym, everilkane, To make that bolde habyde.	<i>everyone</i>
1170	The childe sawe that he was fade, The body that his bridill hade: Even over hym he rade, In gate there bisyde. He stayred about hym with his spere;	<i>brave one remain [for battle]</i>
	Many thurgh gane he bere: Ther was none that myght hym dere, Percevell, that tyde.	<i>eager for battle</i>
		<i>person; held</i>
1175	Tide in townne who will telle, Folkes undir his fete felle; The bolde body Percevelle, He sped tham to spill.	<i>What happened</i>
	Hym thoghte no spede at his spere: Many thurgh gane he bere, Fonde folke in the here,	<i>hastened</i>
1180	Feghtyng to fill. Fro that it was mydnyghte Till it was even at daye-lighte, Were thay never so wilde ne wighte, He wroghte at his will.	<i>rest for</i>
		<i>Foolish people of the enemy</i>
		<i>(i.e., they get their fill of fighting)</i>

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.	<i>dealt blows; sword withstand struck</i>
1190	Now he strykes for the nonys, Made the Sarazenes hede-bones Hoppe als dose hayle-stones Abowtte one the gres; Thus he dalt tham on rawe Till the daye gun dawe:	<i>strongly grass in turn dawn low</i>
1195	He layd thaire lyves full law, Als many als there was. When he hade slayne so many men, He was so wery by then, I tell yow for certen,	
1200	He roghte wele the lesse 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.	<i>cared scarcely at all death <i>In the midst of that place he would rest himself there moment; safety</i></i>
1205	Now fonde he no sekirnes, Bot under the walle ther he was, A faire place he hym chese, And down there he lighte.	<i>safety Except chose for himself</i>
1210	He laide hym doun in that tyde; His stede stode hym besyde: The fole was fayne for to byde — Was wery for the fyght Till one the morne that it was day.	<i>glad; abide</i>
1215	The wayte appon the walle lay: He sawe an ugly play In the place dighte; Yitt was ther more ferly: Ther was no qwyk man left therby!	<i>sentinel fearful performance provided marvel living</i>
1220	Thay called up the lady For to see that sighte.	

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 schelde brode.
- Grete ferly thaym thoghte
 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,
- 1230 And wist the lady was thare,
 Thaire warysoune to yelde.
- Scho wold thaire warysone yelde:
 Full faste forthe thay bihelde
 If thay myghte fynde in the felde
 1240 Who hade done that dede;
 Thay luked undir thair hande,
 Sawe a mekill horse stande,
 A blody knyghe liggande
 By a rede stede.
- 1245 Then said the lady so brighte,
 “Yondir ligges a knyghe
 That hase bene in the fighte,
 If I kane righte rede;
 Owthir es yone man slane,
- 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,
- lie
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 weldis in wane;
Scho badd hym, "Wende and see Go
Yif yon man on lyfe be. yonder; alive
Bid hym com and speke with me,
And pray hym als thou kane." can
- 1270 Now to pray hym als he kane,
Undir the wallis he wane; goes
Warly wakend he that mane: Cautiously awakened; man
The horse stode still.
Als it was tolde unto me,
He knelid down on his kne;
Hendely hailsed he that fre, Courteously greeted; nobleman
And sone said hym till,
"My lady, lele Lufamour, fair
Habyddis the in hir chambour, Awaits you
Prayes the, for thyn honour,
To come, yif ye will."
- 1280 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. fair lady
Full blythe was that birde brighte
When scho sawe hym with syghte,
For scho trowed that he was wighte, manly
And askede hym in hy: questioned
At that fre gan scho frayne,
Thoghe he were lefe for to layne, noble one; ask
If he wiste who had tham slayne — eager to hide the facts
Thase folkes of envy.

Sir Perceval of Galles

	He sayd, "I soghte none of tho; I come the Sowdane to slo, And thay ne wolde noghte late me go; Thaire lyfes there refte I."	<i>those slay</i>
1300		
	He sayd, "Belyfe thay solde aby." And Lufamour, that lele lady, Wist ful wele therby The childe was full wighte.	<i>Happily; abide fair Knew 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 such a helper</i>
	Faste the lady hym byhelde: Scho thoght hym worthi to welde, And he myghte wyn hir in felde, With maystry and myghte.	<i>Against; [he] was determined Earnestly govern field of battle</i>
1310	His stede thay in stabill set And hymselfe to haulle was fet, And than, withowtten any let, To dyne gun thay dighte.	<i>hall; brought delay 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 dainties lie</i>
1315	In a chayere of golde Bifore the fayrest, to byholde The myldeste mayden one molde, At mete als scho satt.	<i>handsomely was served on earth</i>
1320	Scho made hym semblande so gude, Als thay felle to thaire fude, The mayden mengede his mode With myrthes at the mete,	<i>friendly welcome</i>
	That for hir sake righte tha	<i>roused his spirits then</i>
1325	Sone he gane undirta The sory Sowdane to sla, Withowtten any lett.	<i>undertake delay</i>
1330		

Sir Perceval of Galles

- He sayd, withowtten any lett,
 “When the Sowdane and I bene mett,
 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.”
- He ne hade dyned bot smalle
 When worde come into the haulle
 That many men withalle
 Were hernyste one the hill;
- For tene thaire felawes were slayne,
 The cité hafe thay nere tane.
 The men that were within the wane
 The comon-belle gun knyll.
- Now knyllyn thay the comon-belle.
 Worde come to Percevell,
 And he wold there no lengere duelle,
 Bot lepe fro the dese —
- Siche wilde gerys hade he mo —
 Sayd, “Kynsmen, now I go.
 For alle yone sail I slo
 Longe are I sese!”
- Scho kiste hym withowtten lett;
 The helme on his hede scho sett;
 To the stabill full sone he gett,
 There his stede was.
- There were none with hym to fare;
 For no man then wolde he spare! —
 Rydis furthe, withowtten mare,
 Till he come to the prese.
- When he come to the prese,
 He rydes in one a rese;
 The folkes, that byfore hym was,
 Thaire strenght hade thay tone;
- To kepe hym than were thay ware;
 Thaire dyntis 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
Sowdan's gang
- in a rush*
taken
oppose; eager
blows harm

Sir Perceval of Galles

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| | Then whoso hade strekyn sare
One a harde stone. | <i>fiercely</i> |
| | Were thay wighte, were thay woke,
Alle that he till stroke, | <i>strong; weak</i> |
| 1375 | He made thaire bodies to roke:
Was ther no better wone. | <i>fall back
fate</i> |
| | I wote, he sped hym so sone
That day, by heghe none | <i>noon</i> |
| | With all that folke hade he done:
One lefe lefte noghte one. | <i>Alive</i> |
| | When he had slayne all tho,
He loked forthir hym fro, | |
| | If he myghte fynde any mo
With hym for to fygthe; | |
| 1385 | And als that hardy bihelde,
He sese, ferre in the felde,
Fowre knyghtis undir schelde
Come rydand full righte. | <i>hardy [lad] looked about
sees far
vigorously</i> |
| | One was Kyng Arthour,
Anothir Ewayne, the floure, | <i>most excellent</i> |
| 1390 | The thirde Wawayne with honoure,
And Kay, the kene knyghte.
Percevell saide, withowtten mare,
"To yondir foure will I fare; | |
| 1395 | And if the Sowdane be thare,
I sall holde that I highte." | <i>keep; promised</i> |
| | 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,
Forthir in the felde. | <i>On
rode; powerful
warriors to meet</i> |
| 1405 | Then was the lady full wo
When scho sawe hym go
Agaynes foure knyghtys tho,
With schafte and with schelde. | <i>To meet</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

1410	<p>They were so mekyl and unryde That wele wende scho that tyde With bale thay solde gare hym byde That was hir beste belde.</p>	<i>great; huge time grief; make protector</i>
1415	<p>Thofe he were beste of hir belde, As that lady byhelde, He rydes forthe in the felde, Even tham agayne.</p>	<i>protection</i>
1420	<p>Then sayd Arthoure the Kyng, “I se a bolde knyghte owt spryng; For to seke feghtyng, Forthe will he frayne.</p> <p>If he fare forthe to fighte And we foure kempys agayne one knyght, Littill menske wold to us lighte If he were sone slayne.”</p>	<i>Directly against charging seek battle warriors honor</i>
1425	<p>They fore forthward right faste, And sone kevells did thay caste, And evyr fell it to frayste Untill Sir Wawayne.</p>	<i>lots try Unto</i>
1430	<p>When it felle to Sir Wawayne To ryde Percevell agayne, Of that fare was he fayne, And fro tham he rade.</p>	<i>against chance</i>
1435	<p>Ever the nerre hym he drewe, Wele the better he hym knewe, Horse and hernays of hewe, That the childe hade.</p> <p>“A, dere God!” said Wawayne the fre, “How-gates may this be? If I sle hym, or he me,</p>	<i>nearer</i>
1440	<p>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.”</p>	<i>his enemy For If lives; utterly woeful</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

1445	Now no maistrys he made, Sir Wawayne, there als he rade, Bot hovyde styl and habade His concell to ta. “Ane unwyse man,” he sayd, “am I,	<i>menacing gestures</i>
	Bot hovyde styl and habade His concell to ta.	<i>remained; stopped</i>
	Es there no man so hardy	<i>take</i>
1450	That puttis myselfe to siche a foly; Es there no man so hardy That ne anothir es alswa. Thogfe Percevell hase slayne the Rede Knight,	<i>also</i>
	Yitt may another be als wyghte,	<i>Although</i>
1455	And in that gere be dyghte, And taken alle hym fra. If I suffire my sister sone,	<i>armor; dressed</i>
	And anothir in his gere be done And gete the maystry me appon,	<i>am gentle with</i>
1460	That wolde do me wa;	<i>equipment</i>
	It wolde wirke me full wa! So mote I one erthe ga, It ne sall noghte betyde me swa,	<i>woe</i>
	If I may righte rede!	<i>be well advised</i>
1465	A schafte sall I one hym sett, And I sall fonde firste to hitt; Then sall I ken be my witt Who weldys that wede.”	<i>try</i>
	No more carpys he that tyde,	<i>wears that armor</i>
1470	Bot son togedyr gon thay ryde- Men that bolde were to byde, And styff appon stede;	<i>debates</i>
	Thaire horse were stallworthe and strange,	<i>strong</i>
	Thair scheldis were unfailande;	
1475	Thaire speris brake to thaire hande, Als tham byhoved nede.	<i>splintered in</i>
		<i>As they were bound to do</i>
	Now es broken that are were hale, And than bygane Percevale For to tell one a tale	<i>ere; whole</i>
1480	That one his tonge laye. He sayde, “Wyde-whare hafe I gane; Siche anothir Sowdane	<i>on</i>
		<i>Far and wide</i>
		<i>Such</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

	In faythe sawe I never nane, By nyghte ne by daye.	
1485	I hafe slayne, and I the ken, Twenty score of thi men; And of alle that I slewe then, Me thoghte it bot a playe Agayne that dynt that I hafe tane; For siche one aughte I never nane Bot I qwyte two for ane, Forsothe, and I maye."	<i>tell you</i> <i>Compared to; blow</i> <i>possessed</i> <i>Unless; repay</i>
1490	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,	<i>lie</i> <i>glad</i> <i>naïf in</i>
1495	Percevell the wighte — He sayse, "I ame no Sowdane, Bot I am that ilke man That thi body bygan In armours to dighte.	<i>strong</i> <i>same</i>
1500	I giffe the prise to thi pyth. Unkyndely talked thou me with: My name es Wawayne in kythe, Whoso redys righte."	<i>prize; strength</i> <i>among my people</i>
1505	He sayses, "Who that will rede the aryghte, My name es Wawayne the knyghte." And than thay sessem of thaire fighte, Als gude frendes scholde. He sayse, "Thynkes thou noghte when That thou woldes the knyghte brene,	<i>advise you</i> <i>cease</i>
1510	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,	<i>didn't know how</i> <i>plunder</i>
1515	By takens that he tolde.	<i>details</i>
1520		

Sir Perceval of Galles

	He dide then als he gane hym lere: Putt up hys umbrere; And kyste togedir with gud chere Those beryns so bolde.	<i>had been taught visor warriors</i>
1525	Now kissede the beryns so bolde, Sythen talkede what thay wolde. Be then come Arthour the bolde, That there was knyghte and kyng	<i>warriors</i>
	Als his cosyns hadd done, Thankede God also sone.	<i>By</i>
1530	Off mekill myrthis thay mone At thaire metyng. Sythen, withowtten any bade, To the castelle thay rade	<i>reminisce</i>
		<i>delay</i>
1535	With the childe that thay hade, Percevell the yngel. 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 moste foo."	<i>that</i>
1545	Theire stedis thay sett in the stalle. The Kyng wendis to haulle; His knyghtis yode hym with alle, Als kynde was to go.	<i>greatest enemy</i>
	Thaire metis was redy, And therto went thay in hy,	<i>goes</i>
1550	The Kyng and the lady, And knyghtis also.	<i>went</i>
	Wele welcomed scho the geste With riche metis of the beste, Drynkes of the derreste, Dighted bydene.	<i>As was the custom</i>
1555	Thay ete and dranke what thay wolde,	<i>food</i>
		<i>quickly</i>
		<i>most costly</i>
		<i>Prepared for everyone</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

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

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Appon the Sowdane.” *against*
 Then said Percevell the fre,
 “Als sone als I the Sowdane see,
 Righte so sall it sone be,
 1600 Als I hafe undirtane.” *undertaken*
- He says, “Als I hafe undirtane
 For to sla the Sowdane,
 So sall I wirke als I kanne,
 That dede to bygynn.”
 1605 That day was ther no more dede *activity*
 With those worthily in wede,
 Bot buskede tham and to bedde yede,
 The more and the mynn; *prepared themselves; went less*
 Till one the morne erely
- 1610 Comes the Sowdane with a cry,
 Fonde all his folkes hym by
 Putt into pyn. *torment (i.e., dead)*
 Sone asked he wha *who*
 That so durste his men sla,
 1615 And wete hym one lyfe gaa, *(see note)*
 The maystry to wynn.
- Now to wynn the maystry,
 To the castell gan he cry,
 If any were so hardy,
 1620 The maistry to wynn:
 “A man for ane, *[a man]*
 Thoghe he hadd all his folke slane,
 Here sall he fynde Golrotherame
 To mete hym full ryghte,
 1625 Appon siche a covenande *pact*
 That ye hefe up your hande; *lift*
 Who that may the better stande
 And more es of myghte
 To bryng that other to the dede,
 1630 Browke wele the londe on brede *death*
 And hir that is so faire and rede,
 Lufamour the brighte!” *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 dubbed hym to knyghte.
Thofe he couthe littill insighte,
1640 The childe was of pith.
He bad he solde be to prayse,
Therto hende and curtayse;
Sir Percevell the Galayse
Thay called hym in kythe.
1645 Kyng Arthour in Maydenlande
Dubbid hym knyghe 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 nane:
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 schafes to righte.
Gollerotheram, thofe he wolde wede,
Percevell bere hym fro his stede
Two londis one brede,
- Peace*
was 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 hafe mynt,
Thou schalt it never mende.”
Appon the Sowdan he duelled
- 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.
 Fayne wolde he hafe hym slayne,
 This uncely Sowdane,
 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,
 Righte here he solde be brende."
- He said, "Righte here I solde the brene,
 And thou ne solde never more then
 Fighte for no wymman,
 So I solde the fere!"
- Then said Wawayne the knyghte,
 "Thou myghte, and thou knewe righte,
 And thou woldes of thi stede lighte,
 Wynn hym one were."
- The childe was of gamen gnede;
 Now he thynkes one thede,
 "Lorde! whethir this be a stede
 I wende had bene a mere?"
 In stede righte there he in stode,
 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,
 One his fete to gete.
 Than his swerde drawes he,
 Strykes at Percevell the fre.
 The childe hadd no powsté
 His laykes to lett.
- 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
banter cautious
on the spot
- can this; steed
mare
place
- released
- same hapless
- power
sword play; oppose
acted on his own
toward him
- measured

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Als he sprent forby, The Sowdan keste up a cry; The childe wann owt of study That he was inn sett.	flew past awoke; meditation absorbed in
1710	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 hesitation work
1715	He hitt hym even one the nekk-bane, Thurgh ventale and pesane. The hede of the Sowdane He strykes the body fra.	assails; fiercely chest and neck armor
1720	Then full wightly he yode To his stede, there he stode; The milde mayden in mode, Mirthe may scho ma!	from went
1725	Many mirthes then he made; In to the castell he rade, And boldly he there habade With that mayden brighte. Fayne were thay ilkane	spirit make
1730	That he had slane the Sowdane And wele wonn that wymman, With maystry and myghte. Thay said Percevell the yyng	each
1735	Was beste worthy to be kyng, For wele withowtten lesyng He helde that he highte.	young
1740	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. | <i>broad</i> |
| 1750 | Than Kyng Arthour in hy
Wolde no lengare ther ly:
Toke lefe at the lady.
Fro tham than he rade: | <i>leave of</i> |
| 1755 | Left Percevell the yyng
Off all that lande to be kyng,
For he had with a ryng
The mayden that it hade. ¹ | <i>the next</i> |
| 1760 | Sythen, appon the tother day,
The Kyng went on his way,
The certane sothe, als I say,
Withowtten any bade. | <i>delay</i> |
| Now than yong Percevell habade
In those borowes so brade
For hir sake, that he hade
Wedd with a ryng. | | |
| 1765 | Wele weldede he that lande,
Alle bowes to his honde;
The folke, that he byfore fonde,
Knewe hym for kyng. | <i>ruled</i>
<i>bow</i>
<i>sought</i> |
| 1770 | Thus he wonnes in that wone
Till that the twelmonthe was gone,
With Lufamour his leman.
He thoghte on no thyng, | <i>dwells; place</i> |
| 1775 | Now on his moder that was,
How scho levyde with the gres,
With more drynke and lesse,
In welles, there thay spryng. | <i>beloved</i>
<i>upon grass</i> |
| 1780 | Drynkes of welles, ther thay spryng,
And gresse etys, withoutt lesyng!
Scho liffede with none othir thyng
In the holtes hare. | <i>grass; it's no lie</i>
<i>gray woods</i> |

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."
 Than righte sone saide he,
 1790 "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 duelle thare
 For noghte 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 lemmen,
 Till the heghe dayes of Yole were gane,
 With hir for to bee.
- Bot it served hir of no thyng:
 A preste 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 allone;
 Fro tham he wolde everichone:
 1815 Mighte no man with hym gone,
 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 Stode 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 dighte
- 1840 Here for to stande."
- She says, "Here mon I stande
For a faute that he fande
That sall I warande
Is my moste mone.
Now to the I sall say:
- 1845 Appon my bedd I lay
Appon the laste Yole-day —
Twelve monethes es gone —
Were he knyghte, were he king,
He come one his playnge.
- 1850 With me he chaungede a ring,
The richeste of one.
The body myght I noghte see
That made that chaungyng with me,
Bot what that ever he be,
- 1855 The better hase he tone!"
- close by*
marvel
noble lady; complexion
(see note)
thusly tied
fault
greatest moan
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; | <i>stone</i>
<i>know of none</i> |
| 1860 | A man that had it in were
One his body for to bere,
There scholde no dyntys hym dere,
Ne to the dethe brynge." | <i>war</i> |
| 1865 | And then wiste Sir Percevale
Full wele by the ladys tale
That he had broghte hir in bale
Thurgh his chaungyng. | <i>into grief</i>
<i>exchanging [of rings]</i> |
| 1870 | Than also sone sayd he
To that lady so fre,
"I sall the louse fro the tre,
Als I ame trewe kyng." | <i>shall loosen you</i> |
| 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. | <i>kept; promised</i>
<i>loosened</i>
<i>bound</i> |
| 1880 | Forwaked was he very:
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, | <i>He was utterly weary from lack of sleep</i>
<i>Rest himself</i> |
| 1885 | Scho putt on Percevell wighte,
Bad hym fle with all his myghte,
"For yonder comes the Blake Knyghte;
Dede mon ye be!" | <i>awakened</i> |
| 1890 | Scho sayd, "Dede mon ye be,
I say yow, sir certanly:
Yonder out comes he
That will us bothe slee!"
The knyghte gan hir answere,
"Tolde ye me noghte lang ere | <i>must</i>
<i>earlier</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

1895	Ther solde no dyntis me dere, Ne wirke me no woo?" The helme on his hede he sett; Bot or he myght to his stede get, The Blak Knyght with hym mett,	<i>blows; harm</i>
	His maistrys to mo.	<i>ere</i>
1900	He sayd, "How! hase thou here Fonden now thi play-fere? Ye schall haby it full dere Er that I hethen go!"	<i>conquest; accomplish</i>
		<i>playmate</i>
		<i>pay for it dearly</i>
		<i>hence</i>
1905	He said, "Or I hethyn go, I sall sle yow bothe two, And all siche othir mo, Thaire waryson to yelde."	<i>hence</i>
	Than sayd Percevell the fre,	<i>reward</i>
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 habydre, With schafte and with schelde. Than Sir Percevell the wight Bare down the Blake Knyght.	<i>engage in war</i>
	Than was the lady so bright	
1920	His best socour in telde;	<i>camp</i>
	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.	<i>protectors</i>
		<i>Unless</i>
1925	Ever als Percevell the kene Sold the knyghtis bane hafe bene, Ay went the lady bytwene And cryed, "Mercy!"	<i>Even as; brave</i>
	Than the lady he forbere,	<i>Should; death</i>
1930	And made the Blak Knyghte to swere Of alle evylls that there were, Forgiffe the lady.	<i>spared</i>

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>injury pertained</i>
1935		
1940	“I did hir never no velany; Bot slepande I saw hir ly: Than kist I that lady — I will it never layne.	<i>lie</i>
	I tok a ryng that I fande; I left hir, I undirstande, That sall I wele warande, Anothir ther-agayne.”	<i>believe guarantee as a substitute not otherwise</i>
1945	Thofe it were for none other thyng, He swere by Jhesu, Heven-kyng, To wete withowtten lesyng, And here to be slayne;	<i>lying</i>
	“And all redy is the ryng; And thou will myn agayne bryng, Here will I make the chaungyng, And of myn awnn be fayne.”	<i>If exchange joyful</i>
	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.	<i>joyful lie too late</i>
	Als sone als I the ryng fande, I toke it sone off hir hande; To the lorde of this lande	
1950	I bare it one a gate. That gate with grefe hafe I gone: I bare it to a gude mone, The stalworhestre geant of one	
	That any man wate.	<i>straight away way man most stalwart giant of all knows</i>
1955	Es it nowther knyghe ne kyng That dorste aske hym that ryng, That he ne wolde hym down dyng With harmes full hate.”	<i>strike much violence</i>

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 giffes any ryng, Bot thou myn agayne brynge, Thou haste awaye geven! And yif it may no nother be, Righte sone than tell thou me The sothe: whilke that es he Thou knawes, 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 solde he be, The riche ryng with that grym! The stane es bright and nothyng dym;	<i>more valuable anger know; doubt Which</i>
1990	For sothe, ther soll thou fynd hym: I toke it fro me; Owthir within or withowt, Or one his play ther abowte, Of the he giffes littill dowte,	<i>lofty</i>
1995	And that soll thou see."	<i>horrid creature</i>
2000	He says, "That soll thou see, I say the full sekirly." And than forthe rydis he Wondirly swythe.	<i>you; has no fear</i>
2005	The geant stode in his holde, That had those londis in wolde:	<i>He tell you; surely swiftly castle [his] power</i>

Sir Perceval of Galles

	Saw Percevell, that was bolde, One his lande dryfe;	<i>gallop [his horse]</i>
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 bene at Rome, So ever mote I thryfe!”	<i>However prepared to fight well-endowed battle weapon prosper</i>
2015	Whethir he thryfe or he the, Ane iryn clobe takes he; Agayne Percevell the fre He went than full right. The clobe wheyhed reghte wele That a freke myght it fele: The hede was of harde stèle, Twelve stone weghte!	<i>thrive; prosper iron club weighed a lot knight (168 pounds)</i>
2020	Ther was iryn in the wande, Ten stone of the lande, And one was byhynde his hande, For holdyng was dight. Ther was thre and twenty in hale;	<i>iron; shaft (140 pounds' worth) (see note) designed all (i.e., 322 pounds weight)</i>
2025	Full evyll myght any men smale, That men telles nowe in tale, With siche a lome fighte.	<i>poorly weapon</i>
2030	Now are thay bothe bown, Mett one a more brown, A mile withoutt any town, Boldly with schelde. Than saide the geant so wight, Als sone als he sawe the knyght, “Mahown, loved be thi myght!”	<i>armed moor outside <i>Mahomet</i></i>
2035	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.”	<i>alone full grown</i>
2040		

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 2045 Than said Percevell 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 dyntis that thay gaffe bydene
When thay so mett. *resounded
to each other*
- 2055 The gyant with his clobe-lome
Wolde hafe strekyn Percevell sone,
Bot he therunder wightely come,
A stroke hym to sett. *club-weapon
smitten
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 stode:
To the midschafte it wode. *was embedded*
- 2070 The Percevell the gode,
Hys swerde owt he get. *Then*
- 2075 By then hys swerde owt he get,
Strykes the geant withowtten lett, *delay
Thrusts straight*
- 2080 Merkes even to his nekk,
Reght even ther he stode;
His honde he strykes hym fro, *from him*
- 2085 His lefte fote also,
With siche dyntis as tho. *those
Nearer; went*
- 2090 Nerre hym he yode.
Then sayd Percevell, “I undirstande
Thou myghte with a lesse wande *smaller stick*
- 2095 Hafe weledid better thi hande
And hafe done the some gode;
Now bese it never for ane *is; anyone
from; to take*
- The clobe of the erthe tane.

Sir Perceval of Galles

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

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 owtt all the golde
 Righte there appon the faire molde;
 The ryng owte glade.
 The portare stode besyde,
 Sawe the ryng owt glyde,
 Sayde ofte, "Wo worthe the tyde
 That ever was it made!"
 Percevell answerde in hy,
 And asked wherefore and why
 He banned it so brothely,
 Bot if he cause hade.
 Then alsone said he,
 And sware by his lewté:
 "The cause sall I tell the,
 Withowten any bade."
- He says, "Withowtten any bade,
 The knyghte that it here hade,
 Theroff a presande he made,
 And hedir he it broghte.
 Mi mayster tuke it in his hande,
 Ressayved faire that presande:
 He was chefe lorde of this lande,
 Als man that mekill moghte.
 That tyme was here fast by
 Wonnande a lady,
 And hir wele and lely
 He luffede, als me thoghte.
 So it byfelle appon a day,
 Now the sothe als I sall say,
 Mi lorde went hym to play,
 And the lady bysoghte.
- Now the lady byseches he
 That scho wolde his leman be;
 Fast he frayned that free,
 For any kyns aughte.
 At the firste bygynnyng,
 He wolde hafe gyffen hir the ryng;
- cast
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 tokynyng,
Then was scho un-saughte. | <i>distraught</i> |
| | Scho gret and cried in hir mone;
Sayd, 'Thefe, hase thou my sone slone | <i>wept; grief</i> |
| 2155 | And the ryng fro hym tone,
That I hym bitaughte?" | <i>Thief; slain</i> |
| | Hir clothes ther scho rafe hir fro,
And to the wodd gan scho go; | <i>taken</i> |
| | Thus es the lady so wo, | <i>entrusted</i> |
| 2160 | And this is the draghte. | <i>tore</i> |
| | | <i>course [of fate]</i> |
| | For siche draghtis als this,
Now es the lady wode, iwys, | <i>Because of; luck (draughts)</i> |
| | And wilde in the wodde scho es,
Ay sythen that ilke tyde. | <i>gone mad, truly</i> |
| 2165 | Fayne wolde I take that free,
Bot alsone als scho sees me, | <i>Ever since</i> |
| | Faste awaye dose scho flee:
Will scho noghte abyde." | <i>as soon as</i> |
| 2170 | Then sayde Sir Percevell,
"I will assaye full snelle | <i>attempt; quickly</i> |
| | To make that lady to duelle;
Bot I will noghte ryde: | |
| | One my fete will I ga,
That faire lady to ta. | <i>capture</i> |
| 2175 | Me aughte to bryng hir of wa:
I laye in hir syde." | <i>rescue her from woe</i>
<i>(i.e., "I am her son.")</i> |
| | He sayse, "I laye in hir syde;
I sall never one horse ryde | |
| | Till I hafe sene hir in tyde, | <i>time</i> |
| 2180 | Spede if I may;
Ne none armoure that may be | <i>Have better luck</i> |
| | 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, | <i>went</i> |
| | That sall be in my mode
Aftir myn other play; | <i>determination</i> |
| | | <i>Despite anything else</i> |

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 2190 Ne I ne sall never mare more
 Come owt of yone holtis hare gray woods
 Till I wete how scho fare,
 For sothe, als I saye.” know; fares
- 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. left
 His armour he leved therin,
 Toke one hym a gayt-skynne,
 And to the wodde gan he wyn,
 Among the holtis hare. goatskin
- 2200 A sevenyght long hase he soghte;
 His modir ne fyndis he noghte.
 Of mete ne drynke he ne roghte,
 So full he was of care. cared about
 Till the nynte day, byfell anxiety
 That he come to a welle
 Ther he was wonte 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; hide
 Bot when scho sawe hym thare,
 Scho bygan for to dare,
 And sone gaffe hym answare,
 That brighte was of ble. Farther; walk
 Scho bigan to call and cry:
 Sayd, “Siche a sone hade I!”
 His hert lightened in hy, Then; aware
- 2220 Blythe for to bee.
 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 byhoved ther to byde. Scho steris appon hym in tene; Wete ye wele, withowtten wene, Had hir myghte so mekill bene, 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: Pure was his pryde. To the castell, withowtten mare, The righte way gon he fare; The portare was redy yare, And lete hym in glyde.	<i>With that in no way</i> <i>It behooved her anger</i> <i>Know; doubt</i> <i>Had she been strong enough</i> <i>greater</i> <i>He had no pride</i> <i>soon walk</i>
2230	In with his modir he glade, Als he sayse that it made; With siche clothes als thay hade, Thay happed hir forthy. The geant had a drynk wroghte, The portere sone it forthe broghte, For no man was his thoghte Bot for that lady. Thay wolde not lett long thon,	<i>walked</i> <i>covered; accordingly</i>
2235	Bot lavede in hir with a spone. Then scho one slepe fell also sone, Regh certeyne in hy. Thus the lady there lyes Thre nygħttis and thre dayes, And the portere always	<i>did not wait long then poured [the liquid]</i>
2240	Lay wakande hir by. Thus the portare woke hir by — Ther whills hir luffed 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.e., right mind)</i> <i>normal way</i>
2245		
2250		
2255		
2260		

Sir Perceval of Galles

- Als scho hadde nowthir arely ne late *formerly or recently*
Never therowte bene.
- 2265 Thay sett tham down one thaire kne,
Thanked Godde, alle three,
That he wolde so appon tham see *look*
As it was there sene.
- Sythen aftir gan thay ta *prepare*
2270 A riche bathe for to ma,
And made the lady in to ga, *make*
In graye and in grene.
- Than Sir Percevell in hy
Toke his modir hym by,
- 2275 I say yow than certenly,
And home went hee.
Grete lordes and the Qwene
Welcomed hym al bydene; *altogether*
When thay hym on lyfe sene;
- 2280 Than blythe myghte thay bee.
Sythen he went into the Holy Londe, *Then*
Wanne many cités 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 Percevell de Gales
Here endys the Romance of Sir Percevell 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 *plaisance* (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 */vJaylede* and glsses the word as “helped.”
- 179 This line might imply that Acheflour left her family and her king (*raye*). But *raye* 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 naiveté.
- 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 “thiselfe” 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: *nuttoure*. 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 ffyt 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 *inwith* 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 *fystene*, imagining that the Red Knight has assailed Arthur every year since the death of Perceval senior.
- 642 I. 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 hase 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.

Sir Perceval of Galles

- 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, “ploughland” (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 lesyng!*
- 1799 MS: *bot.*
- 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 lande*. 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: *[That] toke 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: *wonnade*. 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 out 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

Ywain and Gawain

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 Galles*, 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."

Introduction

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 hade* (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.

Ywain and Gawain

Select Bibliography

Manuscript

British Library Cotton MS Galba E. ix, fols. 4–25.

Editions

French, Walter H., and Charles Brockway Hale, eds. *Ywain and Gawain* (lines 1–1448). In *Middle English Metrical Romances*. New York: Russell and Russell, 1964. Pp. 483–527.

Friedman, Albert B., and Norman T. Harrington, eds. *Ywain and Gawain*. EETS o.s. 254. London: Oxford University Press, 1964. Rpt. 1981. [The introduction, pp. ix–lxii, discusses the MS, the structure of the poem, and its relationship to Chrétien.]

Harrington, Norman Taylor, ed. *Ywain and Gawain: A Critical Edition*. Dissertation, Harvard University, 1960.

Mills, Maldwyn, ed. *Ywain and Gawain, Sir Percyvell of Gales, The Anturs of Arther*. London: J. M. Dent, 1992. [Everyman edition.]

Ritson, Joseph, ed. *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romanceſ*. Vol. 1. London: W. Nicol, 1802. Pp. 1–169. Rpt. Edinburgh: Goldsmid, 1884.

Schleich, Gustav, ed. *Ywain and Gawain*. Oppeln/Leipzig: E. Franck, 1887.

Stevick, Robert D., ed. “Ywain and Gawain.” In *Five Middle English Narratives*. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1967. Pp. 140–283. [Normalized text.]

Taglicht, J., ed. *An Edition of the Middle English Romances [sic] Ywain and Gawain, with Introduction, Notes, Glossary*. Dissertation, Oxford University, 1963–64.

Introduction

Bibliographies

Hunt, Tony. "The Medieval Adaptations of Chrétien's *Yvain*: A Bibliographical Essay," In *An Arthurian Tapestry: Essays in Memory of Lewis Thorpe*. Ed. Kenneth Varty. Glasgow French Department, University of Glasgow, 1981. Pp. 203–13.

Roce, Joanne A. *Middle English Romance: An Annotated Bibliography, 1955–1985*. New York: Garland, 1987. Pp. 547–52.

Selected Critical Studies

de Caluwé-Dor, Juliette. "Yvain's Lion Again: A Comparative Analysis of Its Personality and Function in the Welsh, French, and English Versions." In *An Arthurian Tapestry: Essays in Memory of Lewis Thorpe*. Ed. Kenneth Varty. Glasgow French Department, University of Glasgow, 1981. Pp. 229–38. [Suggests that in the English version of the story, the lion does not have the personality of the vassal, as in Chrétien's, but rather that of a friendly dog, more faithful to Ywain than Ywain has been to the lady.]

Doob, Penelope B. R. *Nebuchadnezzar's Children: Conventions of Madness in Middle English Literature*. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1974. Pp. 134–53. [Views Ywain's lack of *trowthe* — his moral fault — as leading to his insanity (often a punishment for sin) and suggests that he can only be restored to reason by adhering to the virtues inherent in Alundyne's ring.]

Faris, David E. "The Art of Adventure in the Middle English Romance: *Ywain and Gawain, Eger and Grime*." *Studia Neophilologica* 53 (1981), 91–100. [Argues for *Ywain* as an "imaginatively conceived" romance in which time and space exist to serve the hero's needs, not to limit them.]

Finlayson, John. "Ywain and Gawain and the Meaning of Adventure." *Anglia* 87 (1969), 312–37. [Claims that Ywain's adventures serve to characterize the hero who progresses from a self-serving knight to a king who seeks justice.]

Friedman, Albert B., and Norman T. Harrington. Introduction to *Ywain and Gawain*. EETS o.s. 254. London: Oxford University Press, 1964. Rpt. 1981. Pp. ix–lxii. [Discusses the manuscript of *Ywain*, the structure of the work, the relationship to Chrétien's *Yvain*.]

Ywain and Gawain

Hamilton, Gayle K. "The Breaking of the Troth in *Ywain and Gawain*." *Mediaevalia* 2 (1976), 111–35. [Argues that the poem is not only concerned with the keeping of one's vow in a feudal society, but also with that higher justice which is sometimes at odds with one's spoken vow.]

Hamilton, George L. "Storm-Making Springs: Rings of Invisibility and Protection — Studies on the Sources of the *Yvain* of Chrétien de Troyes." *The Romanic Review* 2 (1911), 355–75. [Traces the sources of the magic storm, concentrating on the Celtic folk-tale as a source for Chrétien.]

Harrington, Norman T. "The Problems of the Lacunae in *Ywain and Gawain*." *JEGP* 69 (1970), 659–65. [Sees the lacunae not as careless copying, but instead as deliberate attempts on the part of the English poet to avoid what his audience might consider as frivolous or unpalatable.]

Hunt, Tony. "Beginnings, Middles, and Ends: Some Interpretative Problems in Chrétien's *Yvain* and its Medieval Adaptations." In *The Craft of Fiction: Essays in Medieval Poetics*. Ed. Leigh A. Arrathon. Rochester, Michigan: Solaris Press, 1984. Pp. 83–117. [Notes that *trowthe* is more important than the love element in *Ywain*, a poem which does not possess the ironies and complexities of the French original.]

Lacy, Norris J., et al. eds. *The New Arthurian Encyclopedia*. New York: Garland Publishing Inc., 1991. [See various characters, sites, works, s.v.]

Owens, Roger John. "'Ywain and Gawain': Style in the Middle English Romance." Dissertation, University of California, San Diego, 1977. [Argues for a certain set of English conventions that the *Ywain*-poet shared with his contemporaries and which he consciously manipulated in his work.]

Speirs, John. *Medieval English Poetry: The Non-Chaucerian Tradition*. London: Faber and Faber, 1957; rpt. 1971. Pp. 114–21. [Suggests that certain episodes in the poem (the monster herdsman, the storm-raising fountain, the keeper of the well) have their roots in pre-Christian rites which the English poet and Chrétien inherited even if they didn't fully understand.]

Taglicht, J. "Notes on *Ywain and Gawain*." *Neuphilologische Mitteilungen* 71 (1970), 641–47. [Corrects numerous errors, and supplements linguistic notes and glossary of Friedman and Harrington's edition.]

Introduction

Weston, Jessie L. “‘Ywain and Gawain’ and ‘Le Chevalier au Lion.’” *MLQ* 1 (1898), 98–107 and 194–202. [Although conceding that the English poem is a “translation” of Chrétien’s *Yvain*, Weston contends that the author also knew “The Lady of the Fountain” contained in the Welsh *Mabinogi*, which he used to supplement the French poem.]

Wilson, Anne. *The Magical Quest: The Use of Magic in Arthurian Romance*. Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1988. Pp. 1–23 and 53–93. [Contends that *Ywain and Gawain* can best be understood by means of a four-step “magical plot” in which Ywain’s ritualistic actions exorcise his theft of and treachery to Alundyne and allow him to achieve his goal.]

Ywain and Gawain

Here bigyns Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

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 Fortho be hendest of us all.	<i>boast; bold</i> <i>Oh</i> <i>quick to rise; ever been</i> <i>think; you shall be accounted</i> <i>To be most courteous</i>
75	And the Quene sal understand, That here es none so unkunand Al if thou rase and we sat styll. We ne dyd it for none yll, Ne for no manere of fayntise,	<i>shall</i> <i>ignorant</i> <i>arose</i>
80	Ne us denyd noght 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 noght despise so thi felawes.”	<i>sluggishness</i> <i>deigned (refused)</i> <i>arisen; seen</i> <i>know</i> <i>quit such speech</i>
85	“Madame,” he said, “by Goddes dome, We ne wist no thing of thi come And if we did noght curtaysly, Takes to no velany. Bot pray ye now this gentil man	<i>judgment</i> <i>knew; coming</i> <i>{behave] courteously</i> <i>Account it no discortesy</i>
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.	<i>made</i> <i>bothers; reproach</i> <i>bite</i>
95	Ful oft wele better men than I Has thou desspised desspytusely. It es ful semeli, als me think, A brok omang men forto stynk. So it fars by the, Syr Kay:	<i>contemptuously</i> <i>as it seems to me</i> <i>badger</i> <i>fares</i>
100	Of weked 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	<i>evil words; ever been</i> <i>since; are; fierce</i>
105	And said ful tite unto the Quene: “Madame, if ye had noght here bene, We sold have herd a selly case; Now let ye us of oure solace.	<i>quickly</i> <i>should; marvelous incident</i> <i>you deprive us; entertainment</i>

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

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.	<i>neither of iron nor wood</i> <i>hammer</i>
190	The knyght smate on tharwithal Thrise, and by then might men se Bifore him come a faire menye, Curtayse men in worde and dede. To stabil sone thai led mi stede.	<i>Thrice</i> <i>group of followers</i>
195	"A damisel come unto me, The semeliest that ever I se, Lufsumer lified never in land. Hendly scho toke me by the hand, And sone that gentyl creature	<i>Lovelier lived</i> <i>Courteously</i>
200	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.	<i>clothed</i> <i>purple cloth</i> <i>lining</i>
205	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	<i>courteously close by</i> <i>tongue; eloquent</i>
210	And of hir semblant soft and stabile. Ful fain I wald, if that I might, Have woned with that swete wight. And, when we sold go to soperie, That lady with a lufsom chere	<i>demeanor</i> <i>gladly</i> <i>lived; person</i> <i>should</i> <i>gracious manner</i>
215	Led me down into the hall. Thare war we served wele at all; It nedes noght to tel the mese, For wonder wele war we at esse. Byfor me sat the lady bright	 <i>food</i> <i>ease</i>
220	Curtaisly my mete to dyght; Us wanted nowther baken ne roste. And after soper sayd myne oste That he cowth noght tel the day That ani knight are with him lay,	<i>prepare</i> <i>lacked; meat pie; roast meat</i> <i>host</i> <i>could not [more happily] recall</i> <i>previously</i>
225	Or that ani aventures soght.	

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."	<i>might</i>
230	It had bene shame have said him nay. "That night had I ful gude rest And mi stede esed of the best. Alsone als it was dayes lyght,	<i>provided comfort</i>
	Forth to fare sone was I dyght.	
235	Mi leve of mine ost toke I thare And went mi way withowten mare, Aventures forto layt in land. A faire forest sone I fand.	<i>host</i>
	Me thoght mi hap thare fel ful hard,	<i>seek</i>
240	For thare was mani a wilde lebard, Lions, beres, bath bul and bare, That rewfully gan rope and rare. Oway I drogh me, and with that	<i>came upon</i>
	I saw sone whare a man sat	<i>by chance</i>
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;	<i>leopard</i>
	A wonder mace in hand he hade,	<i>boar</i>
250	And sone mi way to him I made. His hevyd, me thoght, was als grete Als of a rownyc or a nete; Unto his belt hang his hare,	<i>sorrowfully; cry out; roar</i>
	And efter that byheld I mare.	<i>drew</i>
255	To his forhede byheld I than, Was bradder than twa large span; He had eres als ane olyfant And was wele more than geant.	<i>clearing; ugliest creature</i>
	His face was ful brade and flat;	<i>loathsome</i>
260	His nese was cutted als a cat; His browes war like litel buskes; And his tethe like bare tuskes. A ful grete bulge opon his bak —	<i>ugly</i>
	Thare was noght made withowten lac.	<i>wonderful club</i>
		<i>head</i>
		<i>saddle-horse; ox</i>
		<i>Down to; hair</i>
		<i>more</i>
		<i>two; handbreadths</i>
		<i>like an elephant</i>
		<i>bigger than a giant</i>
		<i>broad</i>
		<i>snubbed</i>
		<i>bushes</i>
		<i>boar's tusks</i>
		<i>fault</i>

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 gede; Nowther of wol ne of line Was the wede that he went yn.	<i>firmly fixed</i> <i>club</i> <i>wondrous garment</i> <i>was dressed in</i> <i>wool; linen</i> <i>clothing</i>
270	“When he me sagh, he stode upright. I frayned him if he wolde fight, For tharto was I in gude will, Bot als a beste than stode he still.	<i>asked</i>
275	I hopid that he no wittes kowth, No reson forto speke with mowth. To him I spak ful hardily And said, ‘What ertow, belamy?’ He said ogain, ‘I am a man.’	<i>thought; had no ability to understand</i> <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 said, ‘What does thou here allane?’ He said, ‘I kepe thir bestes ilkane.’	<i>Such</i> <i>instantly</i> <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 sayd, ‘How so? Tel me thi scill.’ ‘Parfay,’ he said, ‘gladly I will.’	<i>fearless</i> <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> <i>coming</i> <i>seize</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>make; such</i> <i>hear</i>

Ywain and Gawain

- And to mi fete fast thai fall,
 305 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 noght al quite oway.
 Folow forth this ilk strete,
 And sone sum mervayles sal thou mete.
 325 The well es under the fairest tre
 That ever was in this cuntré;
 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 obout, by est and west;
 Thou sal here mani thonor-blast
 340 Al obout the blawand fast.
 And thare sal cum slik slete and rayne
 That unnese sal thou stand ogayne;
- readily*
Alive; more
- should soon be torn to pieces*
Unless; are
- straight away*
- test; try*
- direct*
- Go*
You won't get away so easily
same path
- hangs; basin*
- quickly*
- shall see; tidings*
- hear; thunderblasts*
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.	rode
	By than I come whare I sold be, I saw the chapel and the tre.	By [the time] when; should
	Thare I fand the fayrest thorne	
	That ever groued sen God was born.	grew since
355	So thik it was with leves grene, Might no rayn cum tharbytwene;	
	And that grenes lastes ay,	always
	For no winter dere yt may.	may harm it
	I fand the bacyn als he talde,	basin
360	And the wel with water kalde.	cold
	An amerawd was the stane —	emerald; stone
	Richer saw I never nane —	
	On fowre rubyes on heght standard.	standing aloft
	Thaire light lasted over al the land,	shone
365	And when I saw that semely syght, It made me bath joyful and lyght.	pleasing
	I toke the bacyn sone onane	both; light-hearted
	And helt water opon the stane.	at once
	The weder wex than wonder-blak,	poured
370	And the thoner fast gan crak.	thunder
	Thare come slike stormes of hayl and rayn,	such
	Unnethes I might stand thare ogayn;	With difficulty
	The store windes blew ful lowd,	violent
	So kene come never are of clowd.	bitter; before from
375	I was drevyn with snaw and slete,	driven
	Unnethes I might stand on my fete.	Scarcely
	In my face the levening smate,	lightning smote
	I wend have brent, so was it hate,	expected to have [been] burned; hot
	That weder made me so will of rede,	at a loss
380	I hopid sone to have my dede;	death
	And sertes, if it lang had last,	

Ywain and Gawain

	I hope I had never thethin past. Bot thorgh His might that tholed wownd, The storme sesed within a stownde.	<i>I expect I'd never have left that place suffered wounds (i.e., Christ) moment</i>
385	Than wex the weder fayre ogayne, And thareof was I wonder-fayne; For best comforthe of al thing Es solace efter myslikeing. “Than saw I sone a mery syght:	<i>wondrouslly joyous comfort unhappiness</i>
390	Of al the fowles that er in flyght, Lighted so thik opon that tre, That bogh ne lefe none might I se. So merily than gon thai sing, That al the wode bigan to ring;	<i>bough; leaf</i>
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. And when that mery dyn was done,	<i>heard; such Unless; same [song]</i>
400	Another noyse than herd I sone, Als it war of horsmen Mo than owther nyen or ten. “Sone than saw I cum a knyght; In riche armurs was he digit,	<i>As if More; either 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 he cast. He bad that I sold tel him tite,	<i>hastened bold commanded; immediately</i>
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!’ And with that come he egerly	<i>such injury storms; from wrong shall pay for it</i>
415	And said I had ogayn resowne Done him grete destrucciowne, And might it never more amend. Tharfore he bad I sold me fend. And sone I smate him on the shelde,	<i>against reason</i>
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 fole. For mate I lay down on the grownde, So was I stonayd in that stownde.	death; suffer foal <i>Defeated (check-mated)</i> stunned; time
430	A worde to me wald he noght say, Bot toke my stede and went his way. Ful sarily than thare I sat, With my stede he went in hy	horse then woe; knew not quickly
435	The same way that he come by. And I durst folow him no ferr For dout me solde bitide werr. And also yit, by Goddes dome,	farther <i>fear I should suffer worse</i> heaven didn't know; went
	I ne wist whare he bycome. “Than I thoght 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 <i>armor; also</i>
445	For els myght I noght have gane. Unto myne in I come by day. The hende knight and the fayre may Of my come war thai ful glade,	lodging maiden <i>coming were; glad</i> reception
450	And nobil semblant thai me made. In al thinges thai have tham born Als thai did the night biforn. Sone thai wist whare I had bene,	<i>learned</i>
	And said that thai had never sene Knyght that ever theder come, Take the way ogayn home.	
455	On this wise that tyme I wroght; I fand the folies that I soght.” “Now sekerly,” said Sir Ywayne, “Thou ert my cosyn jermayne;	<i>In this manner</i> found <i>close kinsman</i>
	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."	<i>brother</i> <i>not to have [told me] earlier</i> <i>weird event</i> <i>at once</i> <i>avenged you; same</i>
465	And than als smertly sayed Syr Kay — He karpet to tham wordes grete: “It es sene, now es efter mete, Mare boste es in a pot of wyne	<i>sharply</i> <i>spoke; insolent</i> <i>is</i>
470	Than in a karcas of Saynt Martyne. Arme the smertly, Syr Ywayne, And sone that thou war cumen ogayne; Luke thou fil wele thi panele,	<i>(see note)</i> <i>again</i> <i>saddlepad</i> <i>place yourself well</i>
475	And in thi sadel set the wele. And when thou wendes, I the pray, Thi baner wele that thou desplay; And, rede I, or thou wende,	<i>goes</i> <i>ere you go</i> <i>of every friend</i>
480	Thou tak thi leve at ilka frende. And if it so bytide this nyght, That the in slepe dreche ani wight Or any dremis mak the rad,	 <i>vex</i> <i>you frightened</i> <i>predicted [it]</i> <i>mood</i>
485	Turn ogayn and say I bad.” The quene answerd with milde mode And said, “Sir Kay, ertow wode? What the devyl es the withyn,	 <i>are you crazy</i> <i>That; tongue; cease</i>
490	At thi tong may never blyn Thi felows so fowly to shende? Sertes, Sir Kay, thou ert unhende. By Him that for us sufferd pine,	<i>shame</i> <i>discourteous</i> <i>(i.e., Christ); torment</i>
495	Syr, and thi tong war myne I sold bical it tyte of treson, And so might thou do, by gude reson. Thi tong dose the grete dishonowre,	<i>if</i> <i>should accuse it quickly</i>
	And tharefore es it thi traytowre.” And than alsone Syr Ywayne Ful hendly answerd ogayne, Al if men sayd hym velany,	 <i>instantly</i> <i>courteously</i> <i>Always</i> <i>spoke</i>
	He karped ay ful curtaysly:	

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

	For the wending of the kyng,	<i>going</i>
	Al for he hopid, withowten fayle,	
540	That Sir Kay sold ask the batayle,	<i>should</i>
	Or els Sir Gawayn, knyght vailant;	
	And owther wald the king grant.	
	Who so it wald first crave	
	Of tham two, sone might it have.	
545	The kynges wil wald he noght bide,	<i>would he (i.e., Ywain) not await</i>
	Worth of him, what may bityde;	<i>Become; happen</i>
	Bi him allane he thoght to wend	<i>By himself alone</i>
	And tak the grace that God wald send.	
	He thoght to be wele on hys way,	
550	Or it war passed the thryd day,	<i>Ere</i>
	And to asay if he myght mete	
	With that ilk narow strete	<i>path</i>
	With thornes and with breres set,	<i>briars</i>
	That mens way might lightli let,	<i>hinder</i>
555	And also forto fynd the halde,	<i>fortress</i>
	That Sir Colgrevance of talde.	<i>told</i>
	The knyght and the mayden meke,	
	The forest fast than wald he seke,	
	And als the karl of Kaymes kyn	<i>also; churl of Cain's</i>
560	And the wilde bestes with him,	
	The tre with briddes thare opon,	
	The chapel, the bacyn, and the stone.	
	His thoght wald he tel to no frende,	
	Until he wyst how it wald ende.	
565	Than went Ywaine to his yn;	<i>household</i>
	His men he fand redy thareyn.	<i>found</i>
	Unto a swier gan he say,	<i>squire</i>
	"Go swith and sadel my palfray,	<i>quickly</i>
	And so thou do my strang stede,	<i>also; powerful</i>
570	And tak with the my best wede.	<i>armor</i>
	At yone gate I wil outryde;	
	Withowten town I sal the bide.	<i>Outside; await you</i>
	And hy the smertly unto me,	<i>hasten quickly</i>
	For I most make a jorné.	<i>journey</i>
575	Ogain sal thou bring my palfra,	
	And forbede the oght 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.”
 “Sir,” he said, “with ful gude will,
 Als ye byd, I sal fulfyll.
 At yowre awyn wil may ye ride,
 For me ye sal noght be ascryed.”
- Forth than went Sir Ywayne;
 He thinkes, or he cum ogayne,
 To wreke his kosyn at his myght.
 The squier has his hernays dyght;
 He did right als his mayster red;
 His stede, his armurs he him led.
 When Ywayn was withowten town,
 Of his palfray lighted he down
 And dight him right wele in his wede
 And lepe up on his gude stede.
- furth he rade onone 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,
 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.
- More curtaysi and more honowre
 Fand he with tham in that toure,
 And mare conforth by monyfalde,
 Than Colgrevance had him of talde.
 That night was he herberd thare:
 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,
 Twenty sith or ever he blan;
- know; secrecy
should ask you
loyally; lie
- 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
- hastened
- 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 gude 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 withowten fayle,
 Wind and thonor and rayn and haile.
 When it was sesed, than saw he
 The fowles light opon the tre;
 Thai sang ful fayre opon that thorn,
 Right als thai 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 thai drive,
 Thaire sheldes sone bigan to ryve,
 Thaire shaftes cheverd to thaire hand,
 Bot thai war bath ful wele syttand.
 Out thai drogh thaire swerdes kene
 And delt strakes tham bytwene;
 Al to peces thai hewed thaire sheldes,
 The culpons flegh out in the feldes.
 On helmes strake thay so with yre,
 At ilka strake outbrast the fyre.
 Aither of tham gude buffettes bede,
 And nowther wald styr of the stede.
 Fulkenely thai kyd thaire myght
 And feyned tham noght 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 noght 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 faght on hors stifly always; The batel was wele more to prays. Bot at the last Syr Ywayne On his felow kyd his mayne: So egerly he smate him than,	<i>stoutly</i> <i>then</i> <i>skull</i> <i>knew</i> <i>plan</i> <i>strength</i>
660	He clefe the helme and the hernpan. The knyght wist he was nere ded; To fle than was his best rede, And fast he fled with al hys mayne, And fast folowd Syr Ywayne.	
665	Bot he ne might him overtake, Tharfore grete murning gan he make. He folowd him ful stowtlyk And wald have tane him ded or quik. He folowd him to the ceté;	<i>(Ywain); (the knight)</i> <i>resolutely</i> <i>dead or alive</i> <i>city</i> <i>living</i>
670	Na man lyfand met he. When thai come to the kastel gate, In he folowd fast thareate. At aither entré was, iwys, Straytly wroght a portculis	
675	Shod wele with yren and stèle And also grunden wonder wele. Under that than was a swyke, That made Syr Ywain to myslike. His hors fote toched thareon	<i>truly</i> <i>Finely</i> <i>steel</i> <i>sharpened</i> <i>treacherous snare</i>
680	Than fel the portculis onone Bytwyx him and his hinder arsown. Thorgh sadel and stede it smate al down, His spores of his heles it schare; Than had Ywaine murnyng mare.	<i>iron gate instantly</i> <i>cantle (rear part of saddle)</i> <i>spurs off; heels; cut</i> <i>mourning more</i>
685	Bot so he wend have passed quite, Than fel the tother bifore als tyte. A faire grace yit fel him swa, Al if it smate his hors in twa And his spors of aither hele,	<i>as he thought to; free</i> <i>quickly</i> <i>so</i> <i>from</i>
690	That himself passed so wele. Bytwene tha gates now es he tane; Tharfore he mase ful mukel mane, And mikel murnyng gan he ma,	 <i>makes; much moan</i> <i>great; make</i>

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,	<i>from trapped (stoked)</i>
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.	<i>shut courteous; she Michael poor hostelry shall; certainly</i>
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.	<i>Certain; killed attendants everyone foes cause your death are; eager</i>
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,	<i>since they know shall not; counsel slay me</i>
715	Ne no handes opon me lay.” Sho said, “Na, sertes, 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	<i>sore beset</i>
720	I aw the honore and servyse. I was in message at the king Bifore this time, whils I was ying; I was noght than saveise, Als a damysel aght to be.	<i>owe you on a mission to young [as] discreet</i>
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,	<i>alighted courteous</i>
730	And that sal I now quite the. I wate, if thou be seldom sene, Thou ert the Kyng son Uriene,	<i>alone; reward you repay know even though you are the son of King Uriene</i>

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

	Thare was nane that anes mynt Unto the bed at smyte a dynt; Al obout thai smate so fast, That mani of thaire wapins brast.	<i>who once made a movement</i> <i>Toward; to</i> <i>broke</i> <i>each one</i>
815	Mekyl sorow thai made ilkane, For thai ne myght wreke thaire lord bane. Thai went oway with dreri chere, And sone thare efter come the bere.	<i>avenge; lord's death</i> <i>bier</i> <i>as</i> <i>such</i>
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.	<i>out burst</i> <i>gone mad</i> <i>hair; pulled out</i> <i>in a swoon</i>
825	Hir fayre hare scho al todrogh, And ful oft fel sho down in swogh; Sho wepe with a ful dreri voice. The hali water and the Croyce	<i>Cross</i> <i>Were</i>
830	Was born bifore the procession; Thare folowd mani a moder son; Bifore the cors rade a knyght On his stede that was ful wight,	<i>corpse rode</i> <i>(the dead knight's) steed; strong</i>
	In his armurs wele arayd, With spere and target gudely grayd. Than Sir Ywayn herd the cry And the dole of that fayre lady;	<i>(the dead knight's) armor</i> <i>shield; equipped</i> <i>sorrow</i>
835	For more sorow myght nane have, Than sho had when he went to grave. Prestes and monkes on thaire wyse Ful solempnly did the servyse.	<i>in every way</i>
840	Als Lunet thare stode in the thrang, Until Sir Ywaine thoght hir lang. Out of the thrang the wai sho tase, Unto Sir Ywaine fast sho gase.	<i>Also</i> <i>long away</i> <i>takes</i> <i>goes</i>
	Sho said, "Sir, how ertow stad? I hope ful wele thou has bene rad."	<i>how are you doing?</i> <i>expect; frightened</i>
845	"Sertes," he said, "thou sais wele thare; So abayst was I never are." He said, "Leman, I pray the, If it any wise may be,	<i>upset; before</i> <i>Sweetheart</i>
	That I might luke a litel throw	<i>look; while</i>

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. | then; opened up
secret window |
| 855 | Thare of the lady he had a syght.
Lowd sho cried to God almyght,
"Of his sins do hym pardowne,
For sertanly in no regyowne | region |
| | Was never knight of his bewté,
Ne efter him sal never nane be; | gracious
dwell |
| 860 | 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; | generous; on earth
worthy
speech
times |
| 865 | For so large lifes none in lede
Ne none so doghty of gude dede."
When sho had thus made hir spell,
In swownyng ful oft sithes sho fell. | mighty of power
Sore |
| | Now lat we the lady be,
And of Sir Ywaine speke we. | foe
altogether
dare
longing |
| 870 | Luf, that es so mekil of mayne,
Sare had wonded Sir Ywayne,
That whareso he sal ride or ga,
His hert sho has that es his fa. ¹ | burial
of; gracious
wholly |
| 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. | lady-in-waiting
were close to her
weeping |
| 880 | Al that war at the enterement,
Toke thaire leve at the lady gent,
And hame now er thai halely gane;
And the lady left allane | |
| | Dweland with hir chamberere
And other mo that war hir dere. | |
| 885 | Than bigan hir noyes al new, | |

¹*She who is his foe possesses his heart*

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

925	Manly wil I hethin wende."	<i>Nobly; hence depart</i>
	Than answerd tha mayden hende,	
	"Sir, thow sal wend with honowre,	
	For thou sal have ful gude socowre.	<i>assistance</i>
	Bot, sir, thou sal be here sertayne	
930	A while unto I cum ogayne."	
	Sho kend al trewly his entent,	<i>knew</i>
	And tharfore es sho wightly went	<i>busily gone</i>
	Unto the lady faire and bright,	
	For unto hir right wele sho myght	
935	Say whatsom hyr willes es.	<i>whatsoever</i>
	For sho was al hir maystres,	(Lunette); (Alundyne's) governess
	Her keper, and hir cownsaylere.	manager of her affairs
	To hir sho said, als ye sal here,	
	Bytwix tham twa in gude cownsayl,	
940	"Madame," sho sayd, "I have mervayl	
	That ye sorow thus ever on ane.	<i>so persistently (all the time)</i>
	For Goddes luf, lat be yowre mane.	<i>grief</i>
	Ye sold think over alkyn thyng	<i>every</i>
	Of the Kinges Arburgh cumyng.	<i>King Arthur's</i>
945	Menes yow noght of the message	<i>Don't you recall</i>
	Of the Damysel Savage,	
	That in hir lettore to yow send?	
	Allas, who sal yow now defend	
	Yowre land and al that es thareyn,	
950	Sen ye wil never of wepeing blyn?	<i>stop</i>
	A, madame, takes tent to me.	<i>pay attention</i>
	Ye ne have na knyght in this cuntré,	
	That durst right now his body bede	<i>offer</i>
	Forto do a doghty dede,	
955	Ne forto bide themekil boste	
	Of King Arburgh and of his oste;	
	And if he find none hym ogayn,	
	Yowre landes er lorn, this es sertayn."	<i>lost</i>
	The lady understande ful wele,	
960	How sho hyr cownsaid ilka dele;	<i>every part</i>
	Sho bad hyr go hir way smertly,	
	And that sho war na more hardy	<i>bold</i>
	Swilk wordes to hyr at speke;	<i>to</i>

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- Yowre well, yowre land, kastel, and towre
 Ogayns the nobil King Arthure.
 For thare es nane of tham ilkane,
 That dar the batel undertane.
- 1085 Than sal ye say, “Nedes bus me take
 A lorde to do that ye forsake.”
 Nedes bus yow have sum nobil knyght,
 That wil and may defend yowre right;
 And sais also, to suffer ded
- 1090 Ye wil noght 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 sethin in gude scarlet
 Forord wele and with gold fret,
- 1105 A girdel ful riche for the nanes
 Of perry and of preciouws 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 hyr 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 noght blin,
- 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; death
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.
- went
- The chamber flore and als the bed
 With klothes of gold was al overspred.
 Hir thought he was withowten lac,
 Bot no word to him sho spak.
- It seemed to her he was without fault*
- 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.”
- situation*
Salados the Rouse's death
- On knese him set than Syr Ywaine.
 “Madame, I yelde me yow untill
- 1150 Ever to be at yowre wyll;
 Yf that I might, I ne wald noght fle.”
- death; caused to
advantage
- Sho said, “Nay, whi sold so be?
 To ded yf I gert do the now,
 To me it war ful litel prow.
- gracious
- 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.
- since you place yourself*

Ywain and Gawain

- 1160 Syt down," sho said, "and lat me here,
Why thou ert thus debonere." *meek
once; look*
- "Madame," he said, "anis with a luke,
Al my hert with the thou toke.
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 redy
Lely forto lif or dy." *Loyally*
- Sho said, "Dar thou wele undertake
- 1170 In my land pese forto make
And forto maintene al mi rightes
Ogayns King Arthure and his knyghtes?"
He said, "That dar I undertane
Ogaynes ilka 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.
Than hastily sho went to hall;
- 1180 Thare abade hir barons all
Fortho hald thaire parlement
And mari hir by thaire asent. *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
oversee*
- "Madame," thai said, "how so ye will,
Al we sal assent thartyll." *Tell; judge
thereto*
- 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 thoght: *accomplished her intention*
Sir Ywayne out of anger broght.
The lady led him unto hall;

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1200 | Ogains him rase the barons all.
And al thai said ful sekerly:
“This knight sal wed the lady.”
And ilkane said thamself bitwene
(So faire a man had thai noght sene),
“For his bewté in hal and bowre
Him semes to be an emperowre. | <i>Before him arose
each one</i> |
| 1205 | We wald that thai war trouth-plight
And weded sone this ilk nyght.”
The lady set hir on the dese
And cumand al to hald thaire pese,
And bad hir steward sumwhat say, | <i>wish; engaged
wedded immediately; very
all came to her</i> |
| 1210 | Or men went fra cowrt oway.
The steward said, “Sirs, understandes,
Were es waxen in thir landes:
The king Arthure es redy dight
To be here byn this fowretenyght. | <i>Before; court
Danger increases
is already prepared
within; fortnight</i> |
| 1215 | He and his menye ha thoght
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 | <i>followers have
are able
know
courageous</i> |
| 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 drede; | <i>protect
women; withstand no battle</i> |
| 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 hyr untill | <i>take heed
in turn
contented; speech
to</i> |
| 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. | <i>(i.e., Are you contented with)</i> |
| 1235 | And sertes, sirs, the soth to say,
I saw him never or this day; | <i>before</i> |

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 doghthy of vasselage.
War and wise and ful curtayse,
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 hald 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 suld 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 hyr lande bene destruyt.
Thus thai made the maryage
Omang al the riche barnage.
Thai made fulmekyl mirth that day,
- 1260 Ful grete festes on gude aray.
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 mekil 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 noght 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 boste 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
- shut up*
- Once look*
- 1280 That he made bost with to fyght.”
 Than sayd Gawayn hastily:
 “Syr, for Goddes luf, mercy!
 For I dar hete the for sertayne,
- promise*
- hear*
- same; assured*
- 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 cumpany
- Unless; put in confinement*
- Herd I him speke the velany.”
 Than sayd Sir Kay, “Lo, at thi will
- of you*
- 1290 Fra this time forth I sal be still.”
 The king kest water on the stane;
 The storme rase ful sone onane
 With wikked weders, kene and calde,
- at once*
- Als it was byforehand talde.
- 1295 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
- Thought*
- violently*
- Dight him graythly in his gere
 With nobil shelde and strong spere.
- Prepared himself readily*
- 1300 When he was dight in seker wede,
 Than he umstrade a nobil stede.
 Him thoght that he was als lyght
 Als a fowl es to the flyght.
- safe armor*
- mounted*
- 1305 Unto the well fast wendes he,
 And sone, when thai myght him se,
 Syr Kay (for he wald noght fayle)
 Smertly asks the batayl.
- Arrogantly requests*
- instantly*
- And alsone than said the kyng,
 “Sir Kay, I grante the thine askyng.”
- approached*
- Than Sir Ywayn neghed tham nere
 Thaire countenance to se and here.
 Sir Kay than on his stede gan spring;
 “Bere the wele now,” sayd the kyng.

Ywain and Gawain

- 1315 Ful glad and blith was Syr Ywayne,
When Sir Kay come him ogayn.
Bot Kay wist noght wha it was;
He findes his fere now or he pas.
Syr Ywaine thinkes now to be wroken
1320 On the grete wordes that Kay has spoken.
Thai rade togeder with speres kene;
Thare was no reverence tham 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 curtaysly.
Wonder glad than war thai all
That Kay so fowl a shame gan fall;
And ilkone sayd til other then,
“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
stuck
injury
quickly
*Kay's horse; haste
presented [it to]*
to the
woe; pleased
what rightly belongs to you
wondrous joyful
grevious moment

Ywain and Gawain

- 1355 Of the welefare of Sir Ywayne.
 For nane was to him half so dere
 Of al that in the court were.
 The king Sir Ywayn sone bisoght
 To tel him al how he had wroght;
 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.
- what he had done*
- 1360 "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."
- all the details*
- 1365 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.
- company*
- 1370 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.
- To dwell; newly acquired property*
- 1375 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
- (i.e., Ywain)*
- 1380 And dight tham in thaire best aray
 To kepe the king that ilk day.
 Thai keped him in riche wede
 Rydeand on many a nobil stede;
 Thai hailsed him ful curtaysly
- many times*
- 1385 And also al his cumpany.
 Thai said he was worthy to dowt,
 That so fele folk led obowt.
- went*
- 1390 *There's not a living soul; mouth*
delight could tell
gracious
Ordered; attend
dressed
receive
received; decor
- arrival*
- of fear (reverence)*
- many*

Ywain and Gawain

- Thare was grete joy, I yow bihete,
 With clothes spred in ilka strete
 1395 And damysels danceand ful wele
 With trompes, pipes, and with fristele.
 The castel and the ceté rang
 With mynstralsi and nobil sang.
 Thai ordand tham ilkane infere
 1400 To kepe the king on faire manere.
 The lady went withowten 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 drewries 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 myrth 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 gude 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 hade;
 The lady omang tham al samen
 Made ful mekyl joy and gamen. *together*
- 1435 In the kastel thus thai dwell,
 Ful mekyl myrth wase tham omell;
 The king was thare with his knyghtes
 Aght dayes and aght nyghtes; *among*
 And Ywayn tham ful mery made
- 1440 With alkyn gamyn tham forto glade.
 He prayed the kyng to thank the may,
 That hym had helpid in his jornay;
 And ilk day had thai solace sere
 Of huntyng and als of revere; *Eight; eight*
diverse
hawking
- 1445 For thare was a ful fayre cuntré
 With wodes and parkes grete plenté,
 And castels wroght with lyme and stane,
 That Ywayne with his wife had tane. *taken*
 Now wil the king no langer lende,
dwell
- 1450 Bot til his cuntré wil he wende.
 Aywhils thai war thare, for sertayne,
 Syr Gawayn did al his mayne
 To pray Sir Ywaine on al manere
 Forto wende with tham infere. *to; go*
As long as
- 1455 He said, "Sir, if thou ly at hame,
 Wonderly men wil the blame.
 That knight es no thing to set by
 That leves al his chevalry
 And ligges bekeand in his bed, *together*
Greatly
- 1460 When he haves a lady wed.
 For when that he has grete endose,
 Than war tyme to win his lose;
 For when a knyght es chevalrouse,
 His lady es the more jelows. *lies warming himself*
support
renown
- 1465 Also sho lufes him wele the bet.
 Tharfore, sir, thou sal noght let
 To haunt armes in ilk cuntré;
 Than wil men wele more prayse the.
 Thou hase inogh to thi despens; *delay*
follow; every
- 1470 Now may thou wele hante turnamentes. *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 cownsail 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 onane the way he nome,
Bot sho ne wist noght whi he come.
1485 In his arms he gan hir mete,
And thus he said, "My leman swete,
My life, my hele, and al my hert,
My joy, my comfort, and my quert,
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 cumvay
- 1495 And also with my feres founde
Armes forto haunte a stownde.
For in boording men wald me blame,
If I sold now dwel at hame."
The lady was loth him to greve.
- 1500 "Sir," sho 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 hante;
- 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. before you leave
 This day es the evyn of Saint Jon;
 That warn I yow now or ye wende,
 Luke ye cum by the twelmoth ende."
- 1515 "Dame," he sayd, "I sal noght let
 To hald the day that thou has set; fail
 And if I might be at my wyll,
 Ful oft are sold I cum the till.
 Bot, madame, this understandes:
- 1520 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." exclude these two [possibilities]
- 1525 The lady sayd, "This grant I wele,
 Als ye ask, everilka dele; every bit
 And I sal lene to yow my ring,
 That es to me a ful dere thing. precious trouble
 In nane anger sal ye be,
- 1530 Whils ye it have and thinkes on me.
 I sal tel to yow onane
 The vertu that es in the stane:
 It es na preson thow sal halde, hold
 Al if yowre fase be manyfalde; foes; manifold
- 1535 With sekenes sal ye noght be tane,
 Ne of yowre blode ye sal lese nane;
 In batel tane sal ye noght be, taken
 Whils ye it have and thinkes on me;
 And ay, whils ye er trew of love,
- 1540 Over al sal ye be obove.
 I wald never for nakyn wight
 Lene it are unto na knyght. any kind of circumstance
 For grete luf I it yow take; Give; ever
 Yemes it wele now for my sake." give it to you
- 1545 Sir Ywayne said, "Dame, gramercy!" Care for
 Than he gert ordain in hy
 Armurs and al other gere, made ready in haste
 Stalworth stedes, both shield and spere,

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| | And also squyere, knave, and swayne. | |
| 1550 | Ful 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 murned many ane. | |
| 1555 | The lady took leve of the kyng
And of his menye, ald and yng; | <i>followers; young</i> |
| | Hir lord, Sir Ywayne, sho bisekes
With teris trikland on hir chekes, | |
| | On al wise that he noght let | <i>fail</i> |
| 1560 | To halde the day that he had set.
The knightes thus thaire ways er went
To justing and to tournament.
Ful dughitily did Sir Ywayne, | <i>hold</i> |
| | And also did Sir Gawayne; | <i>worthily performed</i> |
| 1565 | Thai war ful doghthy both infere,
Thai wan the prise both fer and nere.
The kyng that time at Cester lay; | <i>together</i> |
| | The knightes went tham forto play.
Ful really thai rade obout | <i>Chester</i> |
| 1570 | Al that twelmoth 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; | <i>praise</i> |
| 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. | <i>goes</i> |
| | Then hastily they hied home | <i>hurried</i> |
| 1580 | And sone unto the kyng thai come;
And thare thai held grete mangeri,
The kyng with al his company. | |
| | Sir Ywaine umbithoght him than,
He had forgeten his leman. | <i>feasts</i> |
| 1585 | “Broken I have hir cumandment.
Sertes,” he said, “now be I shent;
The terme es past that sho me set. | <i>remembered</i>
<i>beloved</i>
<i>ruined</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| | How ever sal this bale be bet? | <i>grief be remedied</i> |
| | Unnethes he might him hald fra wepe. | <i>Barely; from weeping</i> |
| 1590 | And right in this than toke he kepe,
Into court come a damysele
On a palfray amblane wele;
And egerly down gan sho lyght
Withouten help of knave or knyght. | <i>just as he was remembering all this</i> |
| 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 | “ <i>May God favor you</i> ” |
| 1600 | And al thi knyghtes bot Sir Ywayne.
He es ateyned for trayture,
A fals and lither losenjourne;
He has bytrayed my lady,
But sho es war with his gilry. | <i>except
condemned
wicked rascal</i> |
| 1605 | Sho hopid noght, the soth to say,
That he wald so have stollen oway.
He made to hir fulmekyl boсте
And said, of al he lufed hir moste.
Al was treason and treachery, | <i>aware of; deceit
expected</i> |
| 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, | <i>dearly pay for</i> |
| 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, | <i>health
harmed</i> |
| 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.” | <i>treated her viciously
creature</i> |
| 1625 | Til Ywayne sais sho thus, “Thou es
Traytur untrew and trowthles | <i>loved</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- And of his arows lost he nane.
 Thare he lifed a grete sesowne;
 With rotes amd 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 sperd his gate and in he ran
 Forfered of that wode man;
 And for him thoght it charité,
- 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 alsone 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 ermyte to the towne
 And salde the skinnes that he broght,
 And better brede tharwith he boght;
- lived
roots
- woods
hermitage
hermit; cognizant of
- thought; gone mad; time
- fastened
Terrified by; crazy
- such; such
- in abundance
previously such ate
- forest
- prepared
- way
- flayed; boiled
- every
- boiled

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|----------------------------|
| | That has yow done so mekyl dere. | <i>great harm</i> |
| 1745 | And he ware hale, so God me mend,
Yowre sorow war sone broght to end." | <i>If</i> |
| | The lady said, "And this ilk be he
And than he wil noght hethin fle, | <i>hence</i> |
| | Thorgh Goddes help than, hope I yit | |
| 1750 | We sal him win ynto his wyt.
Swith at hame I wald we were, | <i>ointment</i> |
| | For thare I have an unement dere;
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 | <i>ointment</i> |
| | And he war anes anoynt with yt,
Smertly sold he have his wit." | <i>gone mad</i> |
| | Fro hame thai wer bot half a myle; | |
| 1760 | Theder come thai in a whyle.
The lady sone the boyst has soght, | <i>box</i> |
| | And the unement has sho broght. | <i>ointment</i> |
| | "Have," sho said, "this unement here,
Unto me it es ful dere; | |
| 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. | <i>shirt; undergarment</i> |
| | A riche robe als gan sho ta | <i>take</i> |
| | And a saint of silk alswa | <i>girdle</i> |
| | And also a gude palfray, | |
| | And smertly come sho whare he lay. | |
| 1775 | On slepe fast yit sho him fande.
Hir hors until a tre sho band, | <i>bound</i> |
| | And hastily to him sho yede, | <i>went</i> |
| | And that was ful hardy dede. | |
| | Sho enoynt hys heved wele | |
| 1780 | And his body ilka dele.
Sho despended al the unement | <i>everywhere</i> |
| | Over hir ladies cumandment. | <i>Against</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- For hir lady wald sho noght let; *fail*
 Hir thoght that it was ful wele set.
- 1785 Al his atyre sho left hym by
 At his rising to be redy
 That he might him cletch and dyght, *clothe; prepare*
 Or he sold of hyr have syght.
 Than he wakend of his slepe; *from*
- 1790 The maiden to him toke gude kepe;
 He luked up ful sarily *wretchedly*
 And said, "Lady Saynt Mary,
 What hard grace to me es maked,
 That I am here now thus naked?"
- 1795 Allas, wher any have here bene?
 I trow, sum has my sorow sene."
 Lang he sat so in a thoght, *Long*
 How that gere was theder broght.
 Than had he noght somekyl myght
- 1800 On his fote to stand upright; *walk*
 Him failed might of fote and hand, *put*
 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 forto mete *desire*
 Sum man that myght his bales bete. *grief abate*
 Than lepe the maiden on hir palfray
 And nere byside him made hir way.
 Sho lete als sho him noght had sene
- 1810 Ne wetyn that he thare had bene. *let [on] as*
 Sone when he of hir had syght, *knew*
 He cried unto hyr on hight. *he cried to her by name*
 Than wald sho no ferrer ride,
 Bot fast sho loked on ilka syde
- 1815 And waited obout fer and nere.
 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, *would be to me most desirable*
- 1820 For I am here in grete meschefe.
 I ne wate never by what chance *don't know by what circumstance*

Ywain and Gawain

- That I have al this grevance.
 Thar charité I walde the pray
 Forto lene me that palfray,
 1825 That in thi hand es redy bowne *prepared*
 And wis me sone unto som towne. *guide*
 I wate noght how I had this wa,
 Ne how that I sal hethin ga.” *don't know; woe*
 Sho answered him with wordes hende,
 1830 “Syr, if thou wil with me wende,
 Ful gladly wil I ese the, *go hence*
 Until that thou amended be.” *gracious*
 Sho helped him up on his hors ryg,
 And sone thai come until a bryg; *horse's back*
 1835 Into the water the boist sho cast,
 And sethin hame sho hied fast. *bridge*
 When thai come to the castel gate,
 Thai lighted and went in tharate.
 The maiden to the chameber went;
 1840 The lady asked the unement. *box*
 “Madame,” sho said, “the boyst es lorn,
 And so was I nerehand tharforn.” *afterwards; hastened*
 “How so,” sho said, “for Goddes Tre?”
 “Madame,” she said, “I sal tel the
 1845 Al the soth how that it was.
 Als I over the brig sold pas,
 Evyn in myddes, the soth to say,
 Thare stombild my palfray;
 On the brig he fell al flat, *sprawling*
 1850 And the boyst right with that
 Fel fra me in the water down;
 And had I noght bene titter boun
 To tak my palfray by the mane,
 The water sone had bene my bane.” *box*
 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 tresure that ever I hade.
 To me it es fulmekil skath, *doom*
 1860 Bot better es lose it than yow bath. *ruined*
 make glad
 injury

Ywain and Gawain

	“Wend,” sho said, “unto the knight And luke thou ese him at thi myght.”	<i>Betake thyself loathsome caused him to be for strengthening</i>
1865	“Lady,” sho said, “els war me lathe.” Than sho gert him washe and bathe And gaf him mete and drink of main, Til he had geten his might ogayn.	<i>requisitioned; wrought powerful</i>
	Thai ordand armurs ful wele dight, And so thai did stedes ful wight. So it fell sone on a day,	
1870	Whils he in the castel lay, The ryche eryl, Syr Alers, With knightes, serjantes and swiers, And with swith grete vetale Come that kastel to asayle.	<i>powerful squires 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 ane on the shelde, That the knyght and als the stede	<i>dons encounters landed such a blow also</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>went each blow; slew</i>
1885	Sum he losed of hys men, Bot the eril lost swilk ten. Al thai fled fast fra that syde, Whare thai saw Sir Ywayn ride. He herted so his cumpany,	<i>ten times as many inspired</i>
1890	The moste coward was ful hardy To fel al that thai fand in felde. The lady lay ever and bihelde;	<i>greatest</i>
	Sho sais, “Yon es a nobil knyght, Ful eger and of ful grete myght;	
1895	He es wele worthy forto prayse, That es so doghyt and curtayse.” The mayden said, “Withowten let, Yowre oynement may ye think wele set; Sese, madame, how he prikes,	<i>Doubtless ointment; well applied See; spurs</i>

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- 1940 And, when thai saw tham cumand nere,
 Ogayns him went thai al infere;
 And when the lady gan tham mete,
 Sir Ywaine gudely gan hir grete.
 He said, "Madame, have thi presoun
 And hald him here in thi baundoun."
prisoner
power
made
- 1945 Bot he gert hir grante him grace
 To mak amendes yn that space.
 On a buke the erl sware
 Forto restore bath les and mare,
 And big ogayn bath toure and toune,
build; both tower; fortress
- 1950 That by him war casten doun,
 And evermare 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,
 Grete murnyng tharfore sho makes.
 Sho said, "Sir, if it be yowre will,
 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 bysoght,
 Bot al hir speche avayles noght.
stay
earnestly
- 1960 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,
 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 gent
 Wepid sare when that he went.
will [take]; as reward
- 1970 1975 Now rides Ywayn als ye sal here,
 With hevy herte and dreri chere
 Thurgh a forest by a sty;
with all of us
use; stay
gracious
narrow pathway

Ywain and Gawain

	And thare he herd a hydose cry. The gaynest way ful sone he tase, Til he come whare the noys was.	<i>hideous straightest; takes</i>
1980	Than was he war of a dragoun, Had asayled a wilde lyown; With his tayl he drogh him fast, And fire ever on him he cast.	<i>attacked; lion (the dragon)</i>
1985	The lyoun had over litel myght Ogaynes the dragon forto fyght. Than Sir Ywayn made him bown Fortho sucore the lyown;	<i>lion</i>
	His shelde bifore his face he fest	<i>ready</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>help the lion held</i>
	Sunder strake he the throte-boll, That fra the body went the cholll.	<i>jowl</i>
1995	By the lioun tail the hevid hang yit, For tharby had he tane his bit; The tail Sir Ywayne strake in twa, The dragon hevid than fel tharfra.	<i>Asunder; larynx jowl</i>
	He thought, "If the lyoun me asayle,	<i>head still hung</i>
2000	Redy sal he have batayle." Bot the lyoun wald noght fyght.	<i>bites</i>
	Grete fawnyng made he to the knyght. Down on the grund he set him oft,	<i>Ready</i>
	His fortherfete he held oloft,	<i>placed himself forefeet</i>
2005	And thanked the knyght als he kowth, Al if he myght noght speke with mowth;	<i>could</i>
	So wele the lyon of him lete, Ful law he lay and likked his fete.	<i>Even though paid homage</i>
	When Syr Ywayne that sight gan se,	<i>low; licked</i>
2010	Of the beste him thoght peté, And on his wai forth gan he ride;	<i>beast; pity</i>
	The lyown 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 noght greve,	
	He wald noght go withowten leve.	<i>permission</i>
2025	Fra his lord the way he laght	<i>took</i>
	The mountance of ane arow-draght;	<i>distance; arrow's flight</i>
	Sone he met a barayn da,	<i>barren doe</i>
	And ful sone he gan hir sla;	
	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 ete raw fless and banes.	
	Sir Ywayn in that ilk telde	<i>same lodging place</i>
	Laid his hevid opon his shelde;	
2055	Al nyght the lyon about gede	<i>paced</i>

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- And has me put here in presown.
 2135 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 fase wil fight?" *enemies*
 "Sir," sho sayd, "als mot I ga,
 2140 In this land er bot knyghtes twa, *are*
 That me wald help to cover of care:
 The tane es went, I wate noght whare; *recover from*
 The tother es dweland with the king
 And wate noght of my myslykyng. *one is gone; know
other; dwelling
misfortune*
 2145 The tane of tham hat Syr Gawayn.
 And the tother hat Syr Ywayn.
 For hym sal I be done to dede *Because of him; put to death*
 To-morn right in this same stede;
 He es the Kinges son Uriene."
 2150 "Parfay," he sayd, "I have hym sene;
 I am he, and for my gilt
 Sal thou never more be spilt. *killed*
 Thou ert Lunet, if I can rede,
 That helpyd me ynmekyl drede; *discern*
 2155 I had bene ded had thou noght bene.
 Tharfore tel me us bytwene,
 How bical thai the of treason *accuse*
 Thus forto sla and for what reson?"
 "Sir, thai say that my lady
 2160 Lufed me moste specially,
 And wroght al after my rede; *counsel*
 Tharefore thai hate me to the ded.
 The steward says that done have I
 Grete treason unto my lady.
 2165 His twa brether sayd it als,
 And I wist that thai said fals;
 And sone I answerd als a sot — *foolishly*
 For fole bolt es sone shot — *fool's*
 2170 That sold me mayntene in my right
 And feght with tham al thre;
 Thus the batayl wajed we. *waged*

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|---------------------------|
| | Than thai granted me als tyte
Fourty dayes unto respite; | <i>immediately</i> |
| 2175 | And at the kynges court I was;
I fand na cumfort ne na solase
Nowther of knyght, knave, ne swayn.”
Than said he, “Whare was Syr Gawayn? | |
| | He has bene ever trew and lele,
He fayled never no damysele.” | <i>fair</i> |
| 2180 | Scho said, “In court he was noght sene,
For a knyght led oway the quene.
The king tharfore es swith grym; | |
| | Syr Gawayn folowd efter him, | <i>very angry</i> |
| 2185 | He coms noght hame, for sertayne,
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 might I sal noght fayl. | |
| | Bot how so bese of the batayle, | <i>it shall be</i> |
| 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>ask</i> |
| | I prai to grete God alweldand, | <i>conceal</i> |
| 2200 | That thai have noght the hegher hand;
Sen that ye wil my murnyng mend,
I tak the grace that God wil send.” | <i>almighty</i> |
| | Syr Ywayn sayd, “I sal the hyght | <i>victory</i> |
| | To mend thi murnyng at my myght: | <i>promise</i> |
| 2205 | Thorgh grace of God in Trenyté
I sal the wreke of tham al thre.” | <i>avenge you against</i> |
| | Than rade he forth into frith,
And hys lyoun went hym with. | <i>woods</i> |
| | Had he redyn bot a stownde, | |
| 2210 | A ful fayre castell he fownde;
And Syr Ywaine, the soth to say, | <i>ridden; while</i> |

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. *because of*
 Thai said, "Syr, withowten dowt,
 That beste byhoves the leve tharout." *you're obliged to leave outside*
 He sayd, "Sirs, so have I wyn,
bliss
- 2220 Mi lyoun and I sal noght twyn;
 I luf him als wele, I yow hete,
 Als my self at ane mete;
 Owther sal we samyn lende,
 Or els wil we hethin wende. *assure*
equally
together remain
go away
- 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 sethin cled
 In clothes that war gay and dere. *unarmed; afterwards dressed*
 Bot oftymes changed thaire chere;
costly
- 2235 Sum tyme, he saw, thai weped all
 Als ai wald to water fall;
 Thai made slike murnyng and slik mane
 That gretter saw he never nane;
 Thai feynyd tham oft for hys sake *manner*
- 2240 Fayre semblant forto 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." *ever would; turn*
such
- 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. *if it be your will*
mourning
- 2250 A geant wons here nere bysyde,
 That es a devil of mekil pryde; *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 reft,
 Noght bot this kastel es me left. pillaged; stolen
- 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 foure als slane mun be — dwells
 He has al in hys presowne. must
- 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, oath
reason
- 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, Unless
refused his marrying
- 2270 That durst with hym selven fyght;
 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, every bit
 2275 “Syr,” he sayd, “me think mervayl
 That ye soght never no kounsayl
 At the kynges hous here bysyde;
 For, sertes, in al this werld so wyde
 Es no man of so mekil myght,
- 2280 Geant, champioun, ne knight,
 That he ne has knyghtes of his menye Giant
 That ful glad and blyth wald be
 Fortho mete with swilk a man
 That thai myght kyth thaire myghtes on.” company
make known; prowess
- 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 drede, 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. *known*
- 2295 Forto 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
 Forto fyght with the geant;
 And that opon swilk a covenant,
 Yif he cum at swilk a time,
 So that we may fight by prime. *If*
- 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.” *attend*
- The knyght sare sighand sayd him till,
 “Sir, God yelde the thi gode wyll.”
- 2310 And al that ware thare in the hall,
 On knese byfor hym gan thai fall.
 Forth thare come a byrd ful bryght,
 The fairest man might se in sight; *lady*
- 2315 Hir moder come with hir infere,
 And both thai morned and made yll chere. *together*
- The knight said, “Lo, verraiment,
 God has us gude socure sent,
 This knight that of his grace wil grant *truly*
- 2320 Forto fyght with the geant.”
 On knese thai fel doun 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 knel me byforn.”
 He toke tham up tye both infere
 And prayd tham to amend thaire chere.

Ywain and Gawain

- “And praies 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
 Forto do another dede;
 For, sertes, theder most I nede.
- 2335 Serthes, I wald noght tham byswike
 Forto win this kinges rike.”
 His thoght was on that damysel,
 That he left in the chapel.
 Thai said, “He es of grete renowne,
- 2340 For with hym dwels the lyoun.”
 Ful wele confort war thai all
 Bath in boure and als in hall.
 Ful glad war thai of thaire gest,
 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 broght thareyn infere.
 Sone at morn, when it was day,
 2350 The lady and the fayre may
 Til Ywayn chamber went thai sone,
 And the dore thai have undone.
 Sir Ywayn to the kyrk gede
 Or he did any other dede;
- 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 noght lende;
 Til other place byhoves me fare.”
 2360 Than had the knyght fulmekel care;
 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
- 2365 Half my land with toun and toure,
 And ye wil help us in this stoure.”
 Sir Ywayn said, “Nai, God forbide
 went
 Before; deed
 I'm obliged to go
 while longer
 Help
 If; battle

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;
 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, plan
 Of him war than none other rede either; slay
 Bot oither he sold hymselven sla
 Or wode ogain to the wod ga. become insane again in the wilderness
 Ryght with that thare come a grome At that instant; lad
 2380 And said tham that geant come: told them
 “Yowre sons bringes he him byforn,
 Wel nere naked als thai war born.”
 With wretched ragges war thai kled
 And fast bunden; thus er thai led. dressed securely
- 2385 The geant was bath large and lang
 And bare a levore of yren ful strang; bar; iron
 Tharwith he bet tham bitterly. beat
 Grete rewth it was to here tham cry; pity
 Thai had no thing tham forto hyde. to hide themselves with
 2390 A dwergh gode on the tother syde,
 He bare a scowrge with cordes ten; dwarf went
 Tharewith he bet tha gentil men
 Ever on ane als he war wode.
 Efter ilka band brast out the blode; beat those
- 2395 And when thai at the walles were,
 He cried loud that men myght here,
 “If thou wil have thi sons in hele, as if he were mad
 Deliver me that damysele. After each stroke burst
- I sal hir gif to warisowne health
 2400 Ane of the foulest quisteroun, give as a prize
 That ever yit ete any brede. scullions
 He sal have hir maydenhede. ate
 Thar sal none other lig hir by lie down
 Bot naked herlotes and lowsy.” contemptible persons
- 2405 When the lord thir wordes herd,
 Als he war wode for wa he ferd. As if; woe; became (fared)

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 throw.
For, sertes, it war a misaventure
That so gentil a creature
2415 Sold ever so foul hap byfall
To be defouled 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
Fortho sla that foul geant.
The drawrigges 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
Praied ful hertly 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
Fortho cum heder out of thi halde?
2435 Whosoever the heder send,
Lufed the litel, so God me mend.
Of the he wald be wroken fayn.”
“Do forth thi best,” said Sir Ywayn.
Al 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 bit, outbrast the blode.
2445 So fast Sir Ywayn on yt soght,
- then who*
ferocious; 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 noght.
 The geant stombild with the dynt,
 And unto Sir Ywayn he mynt,
 And on the shelde he hit ful fast,
 2450 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
 2455 Ne for batayl that he sold make,
 Wald he none other wapyn take.
 Sir Ywain left his spere of hand
 And strake obout him with his brand,
 And the geant mekil of mayn
 2460 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,
 2465 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,
 2470 For al was bare unto bane.
 At the lyown oft he mynt,
 Bot ever he lepis fro his dynt,
 So that no strake on him lyght.
 By than was Ywain cumen to myght,
 2475 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
 2480 Fel doun law upon the land.
 Sethin with a stoke to him he stert
 And smate the geant unto 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; tore*
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 doghter was noght the last.
 I may noght tel the joy thai had;
 And the foure brether war ful glad,
 2495 For thai war out of bales broght. *evil fate*
 The lord wist it helpid noght
 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 praied 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 noght do;
 Bileves wele, for me bus go." *I must go*
 2505 Tham was ful wo — he wald noght dwell — *joyous; came about*
 Bot fain thai war that it so fell. *closest; take*
 The neghest way than gan he wele,
 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 almygthy,
 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 foure 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 noght 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 sembland tham bitwene,
That ever owther had other sene.
2535 Al obout 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 erandes say?
Allas, 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 bylive,
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 nede.”
2555 Thir wordes herd than the steward;
He hies him unto hir ful hard.
He said, “Thou lies, fals woman!
For thi treason ertow tane.
Sho has bitraied hir lady,
2560 And, sir, so wil sho the in hy.
And tharfore, 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
hastens; cruelly
haste
heaven
advise

Ywain and Gawain

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

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. yet
- 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, lie there
- 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, fierce blow
- 2615 And with his pawm al rafe he downe
 Bath hauberk and his actoune
 And al the fless doun til his kne,
 So that men myght his guttes se;
 To ground he fell so al torent paws; tore
- 2620 Was thare no man that him ment.
 The lioun gan hym sla.
 Than war thai bot twa and twa,
 And, sertanly, thare Sir Ywayn
 Als with wordes did his main torn to pieces
- 2625 Forto chastis hys lyowne;
 Bot he ne wald na more lig doun.
 The liown thought, how so he sayd,
 That with his help he was wele payd. best
- 2630 Thai smate the lyoun on ilka syde
 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, satisfied
- Might thare none his dintes doure.
- 2635 So grevosly 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, (i.e., Ywain)
would go mad
- 2640 For both he kest tham in the fire battle
endure
yielded
paid; reward

Ywain and Gawain

- And said, "Wha judges men with wrang,
 The same judgement sal thai fang." *receive*
 Thus he helpid the maiden ying,
 And sethин he made the saghtelyng *young*
 Bitwene hyr and the riche lady. *afterwards; peace*
- 2645 Than al the folk ful hastily
 Proferd tham to his servise
 To wirship him ever on al wise.
 Nane of tham al wist bot Lunet
- 2650 That thai with thaire lord war met. *courteously*
 The lady prayed him als the hend
 That he hame with tham wald wende
 Forto sojorn thare a stownd, *awhile*
 Til he wer warist of his wound. *healed*
- 2655 By his sare set he noght a stra,
 Bot for his lioun was him wa.
 "Madame," he said, "sertes, nay,
 I mai noght dwel, the soth to say."
- 2660 Sho said, "Sir, sen thou wyl wend,
 Sai us thi name, so God the mend." *Tell*
 "Madame," he said, "bi Saint Symoun,
 I hat the Knight with the Lyoun." *am called*
 Sho said, "We saw yow never or now,
 Ne never herd we speke of yow." *before*
- 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 ese and for his awyn. *ease*
 He said, "No lenger dwel I ne may;
 Beleves wele and haves goday. *remain*
- 2675 I prai to Crist, hevyn kyng,
 Lady, len yow gude lifing,
 And len grace, that al yowre anoy *grant*
 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.” lock; key
 Now wendes he forth and morning mase,
 And nane of them wist what he was, makes [his] lament
- 2685 Bot Lunet that he bad sold layn,
 And so sho did with al hir 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.” happily
 “Sertes, sir,” sho sayd, “ful fayn
 Thareabout wil I be bayn;
 And that ye have done me this day,
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 mekill wa,
 That he ne myght no ferrer ga. eager
- 2705 Sir Ywayn 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. farther go
- 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,
(i.e., the lion)
- 2715 And to him made he ful gude chere.
 He said, “Sir, ye er welcum here.”
 Syr Ywain said, “God do the mede,
 For tharof have I mekil nede.” 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 *learned in medicine*
 That wele war lered of lechecraft;
 The lordes doghters both thai wore *were*
 That war left to kepe hym thore.
 Thai heled hym everilka wound,
- 2740 And hys lyoun sone made thai sownd. *healthy*
 I can noght 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.
- 2750 Als sone als he was laid in molde, *buried in the earth*
 The elder sister sayd sho wolde
 Wend to court sone als sho myght
 Forto get hir som doghty knyght
 Forto win hir al the land
 And hald it haley in hir hand. *wholly*
- 2755 The yonger sister saw sho ne 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,
 Unto the court fast gan sho fare. *prepared*
- 2760 To Sir Gawayn sho made hir mane,
 And he has granted hyr onane,
 "Bot yt bus be so prevely,
 That nane wit bot thou and I. *must; secretly*
- 2765 If thou of me makes any yelp,
 Lorn has thou al my help." *boast*
 Than after on the tother day *Lost*
- 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, *tidings*
- 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 *grief*
 That had wedded Gawayn sister dere.
- 2780 Sho and hir sons war thare infere;
 Thai brought the dwergh, that be ye balde,
 And to Sir Gawayn have thai talde *dwarf; assured*
- 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 *instantly*
- 2790 Of the king askes this bone *boon*
 To have respite of fourti dais,
 Als it fel to landes lays. *laws*
- Sho wist thare was no man of main
 That wald fyght with Sir Gawayn; *strength*
- 2795 Sho thought to seke by frith and fell
 The knyght that sho herd tham of tell. *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 noght spare;
 Thurgh al the land fast gan sho fare,
 Thurgh castel and thurgh ilka toun
 To seke the knight with the lyown:
 2805 He helpes al in word and dede,
 That unto him has any nede.
 Sho soght hym thurgh al that land,
 Bot of hym herd sho na tythand. *tidings*
- Na man kouth 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.
 Bot in hir way right wele sho sped. *sickness*
- At that kastell was sho sted
 2815 Whare Sir Ywayn are had bene
 Helid of his sekenes clene.
 Thare sho was ful wele knawen
 And als welcum als til hyr awyn; *own (people)*
- With alkyn gamyn thai gan hir glade,
 2820 And mikel joy of hir thai made.
 Unto the lord sho tald hyr case,
 And helping hastily sho hase. *hath*
- Stil in lecheing thare 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 sesown
 2830 Efter the knight with the lioun.
 Thai tald hir how he went tham fra,
 And also how thay saw him sla
 Thre nobil knyghtes for the nanes *inquired*
- That fught with him al at anes.
 2835 Sho said, "Par charité, I yow pray,

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;
 Yonder 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 frayned at Lunet
 If sho kouth ani sertan sayne.
- 2850 And hendly answerd sho ogayne,
 "I sal sadel my palfray
 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 hyr 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 bene brent,
 Had noght 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 Ywayn;
 Sho said, "Na mare can I tel the,
 Bot here parted he fra me.
 How that he went wate I no mare;
- 2870 Bot wounded was he wonder-sare.
 God that for us sufferd wounde.
 Len us to se him hale and sownde.
 No lenger with the may I dwell;
 Bot cumly Crist that heried hell,
- paid no attention
- undertook
- believe; direct you
- so
- Either; greeted
- quickly she inquired of
- knew any definite news
- guide you as well as
- ready
- accused
- against her alleged
- released
- (Lunette)
- Grant
- holy; harried

Ywain and Gawain

- 2875 Len the grace that thou may sped
 Of thine erand als thou has nede.”
 Lunet hastily hies hir home,
 And the mayden sone to the kastel come
 Whare he was helid byforehand.
(i.e., *Ywain*)
- 2880 The lord sone at the gate sho fand
 With knyghtes and ladies grete cumpani;
 Sho haylsed tham al ful hendely,
 And ful fayre praied sho to tham 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.
 Than said the lord, “By swete Jhesus,
 Right now parted he fra us;
 Lo here the steppes of his stede,
noble
- 2890 Evyn unto him thai wil the lede.”
 Than toke sho leve and went hir way,
 With sporrss sho sparid noght hir palfray;
 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.
 Sho hailsed him with hert ful fayn,
strength
- 2900 And he hir hailsed fayre ogayn.
 Sho said, “Sir, wide have I yow soght,
 And for my self ne es it noght,
 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 lifes none
 That sho traystes hyr opone
 Bot anly opon God and the,
rob her of
lives
- 2910 For thou ert of so grete bounté;
 Thorgh help of the sho hopes wele
 To win hyr right everilka dele.
 Scho sais no knyght that lifes now
trusts; upon
only
- every bit*

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| 2915 | Mai help hir half so wele als thou;
Gret word sal gang of thi vassage,
If that thou win hir heritage.
For thoght sho toke slike sekenes sare,
So that sho might travail no mare,
I have yow soght on sydes sere. | <i>prowess</i> |
| 2920 | Tharfore yowre answer wald I here,
Whether ye wil with me wend,
Or elswhare yow likes to lend.”
He said, “That knyght that idil lies
Oft sithes winnes ful litel pries. | <i>such</i>

<i>various</i> |
| 2925 | Forthi mi rede sal sone be tane:
Gladly with the wil I gane,
Wheder so thou wil me lede,
And hertly help the in thi nede.
Sen thou haves me so wide soght, | <i>remain</i>

<i>prize</i> |
| 2930 | Sertes, fail the sal I noght.”
Thus thaire wai forth gan thai hald
Until a kastel that was cald
The Castel of the Hevy Sorow.
Thare wald he bide until the morow; | <i>go</i> |
| 2935 | Thare to habide him thoght it best,
For the son drogh fast to rest.
Bot al the men that thai with met,
Grete wonder sone on tham thai set
And said, “Thou wreche, unseley man, | <i>sun drew</i> |
| 2940 | Whi wil thou here thi herber tane?
Thou passes noght without despite.”
Sir Ywain answerd tham als tyte
And said, “For soth, ye er unhende
An unkouth man so forto shende; | <i>unhappy</i>
<i>lodging taken</i>
<i>injury</i>
<i>quickly</i>
<i>ungracious</i> |
| 2945 | Ye sold noght say hym velany,
Bot if ye wist encheson why.”
Thai answerd than and said ful sone,
“Thou sal wit or to-morn at none.”
Syr Ywaine said, “For al yowre saw | <i>unknown; scorn</i>

<i>reason</i> |
| 2950 | Unto yon castel wil I draw.”
He and his lyoun and the may
Unto the castel toke the way. | <i>talk</i>

<i>maiden</i> |

Ywain and Gawain

- When the porter of tham had sight,
 Sone he said unto the knight,
 2955 "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.
- 2960 A hal thai fand ful gudeli graid,
 And als Sir Ywaine made entré,
 Fast bisyde him than saw he
 A proper place and faire, iwis,
 Enclosed obout with a palisade.
- 2965 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 reven on evil arai;
- 2970 Ful tenderly al weped thai.
 Thaire face war lene and als unclene,
 And blak smokkes had thai on bidene;
 Thai had misches ful manifalde
 Of hunger, of threst, and of calde;
- 2975 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 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 gate,
 Bot thou mai noght by na gate.
- 2985 Thi herber es tane til to-morow,
 And tharfore getes thou mekill sorow.
 Omang thi fase here sted ertow."
 He said, "So have I bene or now
 And past ful wele; so sal I here.
- 2990 Bot, leve frend, wiltou me lere
 Of thise maidens what thai are,
- With much misfortune*
- prepared*
- palisade*
- torn*
- smocks; one and all*
- troubles*
- thirst*
- As if they would turn to water*
- went*
- fastened*
- locks*
- defended; strength*
- any path*
- lodging*
- foes; you are placed*
- dear; will you explain to me*

Ywain and Gawain

	That wirkes al this riche ware?"	<i>goods</i>
	He said, "If thou wil wit trewly,	<i>know</i>
	Forthermare thou most aspy."	<i>find out</i>
2995	"Tharfore," he said, "I sal noght lett."	<i>delay</i>
	He soght and fand a dern weket,	<i>concealed gate</i>
	He opind it and in he gede.	<i>went</i>
	"Maidens," he said, "God mot yow spede,	
	And als He sufferd woundes sare,	
3000	He send yow covering of yowre care,	
	So that ye might mak merier chere."	
	"Sir," thai said, "God gif so were."	<i>God grant it!</i>
	"Yowre sorow," he said, "unto me say,	
	And I sal mend it, yf I may."	
3005	Ane of tham answerd ogayne	
	And said, "The soth we sal noght layne;	<i>hide</i>
	We sal yow tel or ye ga ferr,	<i>further</i>
	Why we er here and what we err.	
	Sir, ye sal understand	
3010	That we er al of Maydenland.	
	Oure kyng opon his jolité	<i>pleasure</i>
	Passed thurgh many cuntré	
	Aventures to spir and spy	<i>seek out</i>
	Forto asay his owen body.	<i>test</i>
3015	His herber here anes gan he ta;	<i>once</i>
	That was biginyng of oure wa.	
	For heryn er twa champions;	<i>herein</i>
	Men sais thai er the devil sons,	
	Geten of a woman with a ram;	
3020	Ful many man have thai done gram.	<i>harm</i>
	What knight so herbars here a nyght,	
	With both at ones bihoves him fight.	
	So bus the do, by bel and boke;	<i>must</i>
	Allas, that thou thine thus here toke.	
3025	Oure king was wight himself to welde	<i>capable of looking after himself</i>
	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,	<i>that he would be killed</i>
3030	Than he kouth no better rede,	<i>plan</i>

Ywain and Gawain

	Bot did him haly in thaire grace And made tham sureté in that place, Fortho yeld tham ilka yere, So that he sold be hale and fere,	<i>put himself entirely each year sound tribute rank</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.	
	This ilk rent byhoves hym gyf,	<i>revenue</i>
3040	Als lang als the fendes lyf, Or til thai be in batayl tane, Or els unto thai be al slane. Than sal we pas al hethin quite,	<i>fiends</i>
	That here suffers al this despite.	<i>hence free</i>
3045	Bot herof es noght for speke; Es none in werld that us mai wreke. We wirk here silver, silk, and golde, Es none richer on this molde,	<i>avenge</i>
	And never the better er we kled,	<i>are we clothed</i>
3050	And in grete hunger er we sted; For al that we wirk in this stede, We have noght half oure fil of brede;	<i>are we always</i>
	For the best that sewes here any styk, Takes bot foure penys in a wik,	<i>stitch week</i>
3055	And that es litel wha som tase hede, Any of us to kleth and fede. Ilkone of us withouten lesyng	<i>to whoever takes heed clothe; feed</i>
	Might win ilk wike fourty shilling;	<i>Each one; lying</i>
	And yit, bot if we travail mare,	<i>each week</i>
3060	Oft thai bete us wonder sare. It helpes noght to tel this tale, For thare besé never bote of oure bale.	<i>unless relief; suffering greatest</i>
	Oure maste sorow, sen we bigan, That es that we se mani a man,	
3065	Doghy dukes, yrels, and barouns, Oft sithes slane with thir champiowns; With tham to-morn bihoves the fight."	<i>slain by you're obliged to fight</i>
	Sir Ywayn said, "God, maste of myght, 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 fase." 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 thought
- 3080 Sold never have had his stede ogayn.
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;
- 3085 Opon a clath of gold he lay.
Byfor him sat a ful fayre may; maiden
A lady sat with tham 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 fiftene yeres alde;
The knyght was lord of al that halde,
And that mayden was his ayre; heir
Sho was both gracious, gode, and fare.
- 3095 Sone, when thai saw Sir Ywaine, they rose to meet him
Smertly rase thai hym ogayne,
And by the hand the lord him tase,
And unto him grete myrth he mase. makes
He said, "Sir, by swete Jhesus,
- 3100 Thou ert ful welcum until us."
The mayden was bowsom and bayne gracious; willing
Fortho unarme Syr Ywayne;
Serk and breke bath sho hym broght, Shirt; undergarment
That ful craftily war wrought
- 3105 Of riche cloth soft als the sylk
And tharto white als any mylk.
Sho broght hym ful riche wedes to were,
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 sethin war thai broght to rest. | <i>tried conscientiously</i>
<i>royally</i>
<i>then</i> |
| 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 | <i>dressed</i> |
| 3120 | Went ful sone til a chapele,
And thare thai herd a mes in haste
That was sayd of the Haly Gaste.
Efter Mes ordand he has
Forth on his way fast forto pas; | <i>mass</i>
<i>Mass</i> |
| 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 unsely law, | <i>makes</i>
<i>grievance</i>
<i>go hence yet you have no permission</i>
<i>unhappy</i> |
| 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, | <i>since olden days</i>
<i>must be adhered to by</i>
<i>shall make [you] come before</i> |
| 3135 | Thou most tak the shelde and spere
Ogaynes tham the forto were.
If thou overcum tham in this stoure,
Than sal thou have al this honoure
And my doghter in mariage, | <i>fight</i>
<i>struggle</i> |
| 3140 | And also al myne heritage." | |
| 3145 | 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." | <i>prosper</i>
<i>on behalf of</i> |
| | The lord said, "Here sal cum na knyght,
That he ne sal with twa champions fight;
So sal thou do on al wise, | <i>on this occasion</i> |

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 hend And tak the grace that God wil send."	hands
	The champions sone war forth broght.	
	Sir Ywain sais, "By Him me boght,	[who] redeemed me
3155	Ye seme wele the devils sons, For I saw never swilk champions."	
	Aither broght unto the place	Each
	A mikel rownd talvace	great; shield
	And a klub ful grete and lang,	
3160	Thik fret with mani a thwang; On bodies armyd wele thai ware, Bot thare hedes bath war bare.	fastened; thong
	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 [the fiends] were afraid
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 noght mine avenant."	honorable for me
3175	Thai said, "Than do thi beste oway, And als sone sal we samyn play."	Then put your beast away
	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 sone:	
	"Whare wil ye that the best be done?"	put
3185	"In a chamber he sal be loken With gude lokkes ful stifly stoken."	locked firmly closed

Ywain and Gawain

- Sir Ywain led than his lioun
 Intil a chamber to presoun;
 Than war bath tha devils ful balde, *fearless*
 3190 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.
 3195 His mayden was ful sare adred,
 That he was so straitly sted, *sore beset*
 And unto God fast gan sho pray
 Forto wyn him wele oway.
 Than strake thai on him wonder sare
 3200 With thaire clubbes that ful strang ware;
 Opon his shelde 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.
 3205 Mister haved he of socoure, *Greatly was he in need*
 For he come never in swilk a stoure;
 Bot manly evyr with al his mayn
 And graithly hit he tham ogayn; *readily*
 And als it telles in the boke,
 3210 He gaf the dubbil of that he toke. *double*
 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,
 3215 And he might now do na socoure *assistance*
 To him that helpid him in that stoure;
 Might he out of the chamber breke,
 Sone he walde his maister wreke. *avenge*
 He herd thaire strakes that war ful sterin, *injurious (fierce)*
 3220 And yern he waytes in ilka heryn,
 And al was made ful fast to hald.
 At the last he come to the thriswald; *threshold*
 The erth thare kest he up ful sone,
 Als fast als foure men sold have done
 3225 If thai had broght bath bill and spade; *pickaxe*

Ywain and Gawain

	A mekil hole ful sone he made.	<i>large</i>
	Yn al this was Sir Ywayn	
	Ful straitly parred with mekil payn,	<i>hemmed in</i>
	And drede he had, als him wele agh,	<i>ought</i>
3230	For nowther of tham na woundes laght.	<i>took</i>
	Kepe tham cowth thai wonder wele	<i>Protect themselves</i>
	That dintes derid tham never a dele;	<i>blows harmed; bit</i>
	It was na wapen that man might welde,	
	Might get a shever out of thaire shelde.	
3235	Tharof cowth Ywayn no rede,	
	Sare he douted to be ded;	<i>feared; dead</i>
	And also his damysel	
	Ful mekil murnyng made omell,	
	And wele sho wend he sold be slane,	
3240	And, sertes, than war hir socore gane.	
	Bot fast he stightheld in that stowre,	<i>fought; battle</i>
	And hastily him come socowre.	<i>help</i>
	Now es the lioun outbreaken,	
	His maister sal ful sone be broken.	<i>avenged</i>
3245	He rynnes fast with ful fell rese,	<i>runs; fierce rush</i>
	Than helpid it noght to prai for pese!	
	He stirt unto that a glotowne,	<i>jumped; vile fellow (glutton)</i>
	And to the erth he brayd him downe.	<i>pushed</i>
	Than was thare nane about that place,	
3250	That thai ne war fayn of that faire chace.	<i>chase (pursuit)</i>
	The maiden had grete joy in hert;	
	Thai said, "He sal never rise in quert."	<i>good health (alive)</i>
	His fellow fraisted with al his mayn	<i>tried</i>
	To raise him smertly up ogayn;	
3255	And right so als he stowped doun,	
	Sir Ywain with his brand was boun,	<i>sword; ready</i>
	And strake his nek-bane right insonder,	<i>asunder</i>
	Thareof the folk had mekil wonder.	
	His hevid trindeld on the sand:	<i>rolled</i>
3260	Thus had Ywain the hegher hand.	<i>upper</i>
	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., eat)
 The right sholder oway he rase,
 Both arm and klob with him he tase,
 And so his maister gan he wreke. tore
club
avenge
- 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, withowten fail,
- 3280 I am overcumen in this batail
 For pure ataynt and recreant." *To the utmost extent; admitting defeat*
 Sir Ywayn said, "Now I the grant
 Forto do the na mare dere,
 And fro my liown I sal the were; injury
protect
- 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; neck
 Thai saide, "Sir, now saltou be
- 3290 Lord and syre in this cuntré,
 And wed oure doghter, for sertayn."
 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, sertes, whif may I none wed,
 Until my nedes be better sped. wife
 Bot this thing, sir, I ask of the,
- 3300 That al thir prisons may pas fre. *these prisoners (the women in the sweatshops)*
 God has granted me this chance,
 I have made thaire delyverance."
 The lord answerd than ful tyte

Ywain and Gawain

- | | | |
|------|--|-----------------------|
| | And said, "I grant the tham al quite. | <i>released</i> |
| 3305 | My doghter als, I rede, thou take; | |
| | Sho es noght worthi to forsake." | |
| | Unto the knyght Sir Ywain sais, | |
| | "Sir, I sal noght hir mysprays; | <i>disparage</i> |
| | For sho es so curtays and hende, | <i>lovely</i> |
| 3310 | That fra hethin to the werldes ende | <i>hence</i> |
| | Es no king ne emparoure | |
| | Ne no man of so grete honowre, | |
| | That he ne might wed that bird bright; | <i>noble lady</i> |
| | And so wald I, if that I myght. | |
| 3315 | 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." | <i>good day</i> |
| 3320 | 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; | |
| 3325 | For with this maiden most I wend | |
| | Until we cum whare sho wil lend." | <i>dwell</i> |
| | The lord saw it was no bote | <i>avail</i> |
| | Obout that mater more to mote. | <i>argue</i> |
| | He gaf him leve oway to fare, | |
| 3330 | Bot he had lever he had bene thare. | <i>rather; stayed</i> |
| | Sir Ywayn takes than forth infere | |
| | Al the prisons that thare were; | <i>prisoners</i> |
| | Bifore hym sone thai come ilkane, | |
| | Nerehand naked and wo-bigane; | <i>Nearly</i> |
| 3335 | Stil he hoved at the gate, | <i>lingered</i> |
| | Til thai war went al forth thareate. | |
| | Twa and twa ay went thai samyn | <i>together</i> |
| | And made omang tham mikel gamyn. | <i>pleasure</i> |
| | If God had cumen fra hevyn on hight | |
| 3340 | And on this mold omang tham light, | <i>earth; dwelt</i> |
| | Thai had noght made mare joy, sertain, | |
| | Than thai made to Syr Ywayne. | |

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: *pleased*
 "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 myrth thai made ilkane; *each one*
 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." *prosperity*
 Thus thaire way forth er thai went:
 Na more unto tham wil we tent. *onwards*
 Sir Ywayn and his faire may *attend*
- 3360 Al the sevenight traveld thai.
 The maiden knew the way ful wele
 Hame until that ilk castele
 Whare sho left the seke may; *sick maiden*
 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; *sick lying*
 Bot, when thai talde hir this tithand, *news*
 That cumen was hir messagere
- 3370 And the knyght with hyr infere,
 Swilk joy thareof sho had in hert,
 Hir thoght that sho was al in quert. *good health*
 Sho said, "I wate my sister will
 Gif me now that falles me till."
- 3375 In hir hert sho was ful light; *greeted*
 Ful hendly hailsed sho the knight:
 "A, sir," sho said, "God do the mede,
 That thou wald cum in swilk a nede."
 And al that in that kastel were
- 3380 Welkumd him with meri chere.
 I can noght say, so God me glade,

Ywain and Gawain

- Half the myrth 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. *prepared themselves*
To
at that time
- Until that town fast gan thai ride
 Whare the kyng sojorned that tide;
 And thare the elder sister lay,
- 3390 Redy forto kepe hyr day.
 Sho traisted 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 *taken together (i.e., a week)*
 Wald noght Sir Gawayn be sene,
 Bot in ane other toun he lay;
 For he wald cum at the day
 Als aventureous into the place, *adventurous*
- 3400 So that no man sold se his face;
 The armes he bare war noght his awyn,
 For he wald noght in court be knawyn.
 Syr Ywayn and his damysell
 In the town toke thaire hostell;
- 3405 And thare he held him prevely, *kept himself secretly*
inform upon
 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; *prepare*
Asleep
 On slepe left thai his lyowne
 And wan tham wightly out of toun.
 It was hir wil and als hys awyn
 At cum to court als knyght unknawyn. *To*
- 3415 Sone obout the prime of day
 Sir Gawayn fra thethin thare he lay, *thence*
 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.

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." *judgment*
- 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. *appointed time*
- My sister has al sydes soght,
 3430 Bot, wele I wate, here cumis sho noght;
 For, sertainly, sho findes nane,
 That dar the batail undertane
 This day for hir forto fyght
 Forto reve fra me my right. *rob*
- 3435 Now have I wele wonnen my land
 Withowten dint of knightes hand.
 What so my sister ever has mynt,
 Al hir part now tel I tynt: *claimed*
- Al es myne to sell and gyf,
 3440 Als a wreche ay sal sho lyf. *I proclaim lost*
- Tharfore, Sir King, sen it es swa,
 Gifes yowre dome and lat us ga." *beggar forever shall she live*
- The king said, "Maiden, think noght lang."
 (Wele he wist sho had the wrang.) *judgment*
(i.e., don't presume)
- 3445 "Damysel, it es the assyse,
 Whils sityng es of the justise,
 The dome needes thou most habide;
 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,
 Thai saw cum rideand over a hyll
 The yonger sister and hir knyght;
 The way to town thai toke ful right.
 3455 (On Ywains bed his liown lay,
 And thai had stollen fra him oway.) *await*
- The elder maiden made il chere,
 When thai to court cumen were.
 The king withdrewgh his jugement, *dawn*
reasoned with them
- 3460 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; *believed in his heart*
- 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, *laughed*
- 3470 The save and se, Syr Arthure the Kyng,
 And al the knyghtes that langes to the,
 And also al thi mery menye. *in good spirits*
- 3475 He sais that sothly for my sake
 This batayl wil he undertake;
 And he haves yit in other land
 Ful felle dedes under hand; *belong*
- 3480 Bot al he leves, God do him mede,
 Forto help me in my nede." *unknown*
- 3485 Hir elder sister stode hyr by,
 And tyl hyr sayd sho hastily:
 "For Hys luf that lens us life,
 Gif me my right withouten strife,
 And lat no men tharfore be slayn." *many*
- The elder sister sayd ogayn:
 "Thi right es noght, for al es myne,
 And I wil have yt mawgré thine. *in spite of*
- 3490 Tharfore, if thou preche al day,
 Here sal thou no thing bere oway." *in jeopardy*
- The yonger mayden to hir says,
 "Sister, thou ert ful curtays,
 And gret dole es it forto se,
 Slike two knightes als thai be,
- 3495 For us sal put thamself to spill.
 Tharefore now, if it be thi will,
 Of thi gude wil to me thou gif
 Sumthing that I may on lif." *exist on*

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

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

Ywain and Gawain

- The king himself and als the quene
 And other knightes 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 damysele *give*
 3585 The half or els sum porciowne,
 That sho mai have to warisowne,
 And part the two knightes intwyn.
 “For, sertis,” thai said, “it war grete syn,
 That owther of tham sold other sla,
 3590 For in the werld es noght swilk twa.
 When other knightes,” said thai, “sold sese,
 Thamself wald noght asent to pese.”
 Al that ever saw that batayl,
 Of thaire might had grete mervayl.
 3595 Thai saw never under the hevyn *matched*
 Twa knightes that war copled so evyn.
 Of al the folk was none so wise,
 That wist whether sold have the prise; *which of the two should*
 For thai saw never so stalworth stoure, *battle*
 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 stifly.
 3605 On this wise lasted that fight *dark*
 Fra midmorn unto mirk night;
 And by that tyme, I trow, thai twa
 War ful weri and sare alsua.
 Thai had bled so mekil blode,
 3610 It was grete ferly that thai stode; *wonder*
 So sare thai bet on bak and brest, *beat*
 Until the sun was gone to rest;
 For nowther of tham wald other spare.
 For mirk might thai than na mare, *dark*
 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 peté. By speche might no man Gawain knew,	<i>before</i>
3620	So was he hase and spak ful law; And mekil was he out of maght For the strakes that he had laght. And Sir Ywain was ful wery.	<i>hoarse</i> <i>might</i> <i>taken</i>
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.	<i>quickly</i> <i>we lack</i>
	For of al stedes I have bene yn, With no man yit never I met	<i>part</i> <i>places</i>
3630	That so wele kowth his strakes set; So nobil strakes has thou gifen That my shield es al toreven."	<i>could</i>
	Sir Gawayn said, "Sir, sertanly, Thou ert noght so weri als I;	<i>split open</i>
3635	For if we langer fightand were, I trow I might do the no dere.	<i>injury</i>
	Thou ert no thing in my det Of strakes that I on the set."	
	Sir Ywain said, "In Cristes name,	
3640	Sai me what thou hat at hame."	<i>are called</i>
	He said, "Sen thou my name wil here And covaites to wit what it were, My name in this land mani wote;	<i>know</i>
	I hat Gawayn, the King son Lote."	<i>am called</i>
3645	Than was Sir Ywayn sore agast; His swerde fra him he cast.	
	He ferd right als he wald wede, And sone he stirt down of his stede.	<i>become mad</i> <i>leaps</i>
	He said, "Here es a fowl mischance	
3650	For defaut of conisance.	<i>recognition</i>
	A, sir," he said, "had I the sene, Than had here no batel bene; I had me yolden to the als tite,	
	Als worthi war for descumfite."	<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 withowten 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 ferto here
 Of thir knightes what thai were,
 And whi thai made so mekil gamyn,
- 3680 Sen thai had so foghten samyn.
 Ful hendli than asked the king,
 Wha had so sone made saghteling
 Bitwix tham 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 slain,
 And now ye er so frendes dere.”
 “Sir King,” said Gawain, “Ye sal here.
 For unknawing and hard grace
- 3690 Thus have we foghten in this place;
 I am Gawayn, yowre awin nevow,
 And Sir Ywayne faght with me now.
 When we war nere weri, iwys,
- 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 sese.
Bot, sertes, 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.”
Thir wordes menged al the mode *lie*
Of Sir Ywain als he stode; *a minute longer*
“Sir,” he said, “so mot I go,
Ye knew yowreself it es noght so.
3705 Sir King,” he said, “withowten fail,
I am overcumen in this batayl.”
“Nai, sertes,” 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 peté;
He was ful fayn thai frendes were,
And that thai ware so funden infere. *found*
3715 The kyng said, “Now es wele sene
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 jujement;
And I sal mak so gude ane ende
That ye sal both be halden hende.” *held [to be] courteous*
Thai both assented sone thartill *thereto*
To do tham in the kynges will,
3725 If the maydens wald do so.
Than the king bad knyghtes two
Wend efter the maydens bath,
And so thai did ful swith rath. *Fetch; both*
Bifore the kyng when thai war broght
3730 He tald unto tham als him thoght,
“Lystens me now, maydens hende,
Yowre grete debate es broght 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.”
- 3735 The elder sister answerd than:
 “Sen ye er king that us sold were,
 I pray yow do to me na dere.”
- He said, “I wil let for na saw
 3740 Forto do the landes law.
 Thi yong sister sal have hir right,
 For I se wele that thi knyght
 Es overcumen in this were.”
- 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 sall.
 Thi wil es wrang, that have I knawin.
 Now sal thou have noght 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 fewté;
 Sho sal the luf als hir lady,
 And thou sal kith thi curtaysi,
- 3765 Luf hir efter 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 efter bene
- judgment must
judge*
- protect
injury
neglect; speech*
- conflict
only; frighten*
- quickly in anger*
- the ease of you both
(put in legal possession of a feudal holding)*
- fealty*
- 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 Forto unlace thaire riche wede;
 And tharto had thai bath grete nede.
 Als thai thusgate stod and spak,
 The lyown out of the chamber brak.
 Als thai thaire armurs sold unlace,
thusly
- 3780 Come he rinand to that place.
 Bot he had, or he come thare,
 Soght his mayster whideware;
 And fulmekil joy he made
 When he his mayster funden hade.
running
- 3785 On ilka side than might men se,
 The folk fast to toun gan fle;
 So war thai ferd 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.
protect
- 3795 He es mine and I am his;
 For na tresore I wald him mys.”
 When thai saw this was sertain,
 Than spak thai al of Sir Ywaine:
 “This es the Knight with the Liown,
 3800 That es halden of so grete renown.
 This ilk knight the geant slogh;
 Of dedis he es doghly inogh.”
 Than said Sir Gawayn sone in hi,
 “Me es bitid grete velani;
believe my words
- 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;
quickly
- 3810 And als mi sister tald of the,
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 ful mekil thoght,
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 Liown."
When thai had unlaced thaire wede,
3820 Al the folk toke ful gode hede,
How that beste his bales to bete
Likked his maister both hend and fete.
Al the men grete mervail hade
Of the mirth the lyown made.
3825 When the knightes war broght to rest,
The king gert cum sone of the best
Surgiens that ever war sene
Fortho hele tham both bidene.
Sone so thai war hale and sounnd,
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.
3835 Ful preveli forth gan he wende
Out of the court fra ilka frende.
He rides right unto the well,
And thare he thinkes forto dwell.
His gode lyon went with him ay,
3840 He wald noght part fro him oway.
He kest water opon the stane:
The storm rase ful sone onane,
The thoner grisely gan outbreſt;
Him thoght als al the grete forest
3845 And al that was obout the well
Sold have sonken into hell.
The lady was in mekyl dout,
For al the kastel walles obout
Quoke so fast that men might think
- days*
- beast; suffering to abate*
Licked
- brought immediately*
- As soon as; healthy*
hastens quickly to set out
Love; steadfast in his heart
- Unless*
- secretly*
- 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 *earth*
 In no kastell folk so ferde. *afraid*
 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, *knew*
 3860 That dar wende to yowre wel and fight
 With him that cumes yow to asaile;
 And, if he have here no batayle
 Ne findes none yow to defend,
 Yowre lose bese lorn withouten end." *renoun will be lost forever*
 3865 The lady said sho wald be dede;
 "Dere Lunet, what es thi rede? *advice*
 Wirk I wil by thi kounsail,
 For I ne wate noght what mai avail."
 "Madame," sho said, "I wald ful fayn
 3870 Kownsail yow if it might gayn.
 Bot in this case it war mystere *necessary*
 To have a wiser kownsaylere." *counselor*
 And by desait than gan sho say, *wile*
 "Madame, par chance this ilk day
 3875 Sum of yowre knightes mai cum hame
 And yow defend of al this shame."
 "A," sho said, "Lunet, lat be;
 Speke namore of my menye;
 For wele I wate, so God me mend,
 3880 I have na knight me mai defend. *it is necessary for you to be*
 Tharfore my kownsail 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 *honorable*
 And has slane the grete geant,
 And als that the thre knightes slogh,
 Of him ye myght be trist inogh. *In; have confidence enough*

Ywain and Gawain

- Bot forthermar, madame, I wate,
 3890 He and his lady er at debate
 And has bene so ful many day;
 And als I herd hym selvyn say,
 He wald brieve with no lady
 Bot on this kownand utterly,
 3895 That thai wald mak sertayn ath
 To do thaire might and kunyng bath
 Trewly both by day and naght
 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 trouth I plight
 That I sal tharto do mi might.”
 Sho said, “Madame, be ye noght wrath,
 I most nedes have of yow an ath,
 3905 So that I mai be sertayn.”
 The lady said, “That will I fayn.”
 Lunet than riche relikes toke,
 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 Liown
 And his lady of grete renowne,
 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 gert 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*
- thusly*
- 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 grete God in trone
 That I have yow fun so sone, found
 And tithandes tel I yow biforn;
 Other sal my lady be manesworn forsworn
 On relikes and bi bokes brade,
 3940 Or els 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 noght wit for me,
 Til ye have kyssed and saughteld be." reconciled
 Than rade thai forth toward the town,
 And with tham ran the gude 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 liown 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 bituix us was,
 3970 Makes his pese fast or he pas.” *before he goes forth*
 Than did the ladi him up rise;
 “Sir,” sho said, “opon al wise,
 I wil me pain in al thing
 Forto 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 Thai 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; *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 hade.
Ful lely lufed he ever hys whyfe
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 lifed at hir owin likyng.
Of alkins thing sho has maystri,
Next the lord and the lady.
Al honord hir in toure and toun.
4020 Thus the Knyght 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 tham na mare have I herd tell
Nowther in rumance ne in spell.
Bot Jhesu Criste for his grete grace
4030 In hevyn-blis grante us a place
To bide in, if his wills be.
Amen, amen, par charité.

wife

tale

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

Amen.

Notes

[Abbreviations: MS = BL Cotton Galba E. ix. R = Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romancees* (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 *Yvain*, 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 *Tharfore 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 *says*. Taglicht notes that the spelling is *says*, *sais* everywhere else in the text and that the scribe spells -s suffixes with great consistency: "1) Words ending in a stressed diphthong or /i:/ or /u:/ take -es, e.g. *praies* 2329, *sawes* 83, *sewes* 3053, *flies* 94, *lyes* 986, *browes* 261. Except: *says*, and *dais*: *lays* 2791 2) Words ending in any other stressed vowel take -se, the -e marking the length

Notes

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, *ingers* 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, *covaites* 3642, *herlotes* 2404. Except: *wirships* 1572" (NM, p. 641).

- 16 *Witsononday*. See *Sir Perceval*, note to line 393.
- 17 *es* 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 *bitwene*. MS: *bitwne*; 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 Sauage," 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 *peresce* (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/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. Taglightt glosses the unemended meaning as "Nor because we did not deign to rise."
- 84 *despise*. S emends to *despised*.
- 93 *manes*. 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 *Bot of*, as in R, S, F&H, and EETS,

Notes

Taglicht reads, “Bot ofthink 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 torrent.* 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*, *todrogh*, 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 *bitide*. 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 Martyne*. 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.

Notes

- 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: *palfa*.
- 585 A blue capital “F.”
- 599 Although the word “sty” or “sti” 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 sti” or “helle sti,” for the deepest pit of hell (MED, s.v.).
- 611 A red capital “A.”
- 624 In MS, after *thonor* is the word *hayl*, cancelled by a single line drawn through the middle of the word. EETS without explanation drops the *and* after *thonor*.
- 649 *On thaire hauberkes*. MS: *Thaire hauberkes*. “[At] thaire hauberkes” first suggested by S; followed by F&H and EETS. S deletes *that* from the line.
- 664 *folowd*. MS: *folow*. S’s emendation.

Ywain and Gawain

- 673 *iwys.* 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 (“l'arbaleste 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 *Thare*. EETS reads *[He]re* and Mills *Here*.
- 711 *wate.* EETS glosses as “wait, watch,” 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[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 *noght* added above the line.
- 809 *Sir Ywaine saw.* MS: *Sir saw*. After *Sir* is a faint *Yw* is 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 *swowing*.
- 869 A blue initial capital.
- 881 *gane*; M: *yane* by another hand over erasure. R's emendation, followed by all.

Notes

- 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 identify is found in the literature.
- 959 A blue capital P.
- 987 *thoue.* F&H read MS as *thone*, which they emend to *thou.*
- 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 *bot.* 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 *forto.* MS: *to* 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 “Traytur untrew,” both to his vow to Alundyne 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: *drak*. Ritson’s emendation.
- 1700 *ilka*. EETS reads *ilke*.
- 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 *about.* 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 advertizing, 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 *opon.* MS: *open.* Schleich’s emendation, followed by EETS, and Mills.
- 2522 *fourē ogayns tham 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

Ywain and Gawain

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, *Diu 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 *fand*. 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: *al*. 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 *nobley*, sb. 2, which cites this line.

Ywain and Gawain

- 3571 A red initial letter.
- 3604 *ogayns*. EETS reads *ogaynes*.
- 3681 A blue capital letter.
- 3704 *knaw*. MS: *knw*. 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: *Madana*. 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 <i>a, any, some; one; (interj.)</i>	baron <i>family, nobility</i>
aby <i>abide, suffer</i>	bathe <i>both</i>
akke <i>oak</i>	bede <i>offer</i>
akton <i>jacket, jerkin</i>	belde <i>protector</i>
alkyn <i>of every kind</i>	belyfe <i>freely, happily</i>
als <i>as; also</i>	belyffe <i>quickly</i>
allan, ane <i>alone</i>	bere (v.) <i>carry; pierce; overthrow; (n.) coffin</i>
alsone <i>as soon as, instantly, at once</i>	
alswa <i>also</i>	beryns <i>warriors</i>
althir <i>very</i>	bete <i>remedy, mend</i>
amende <i>remedy (a bad situation)</i>	better <i>more valuable</i>
appert <i>impudent</i>	betyde <i>happen</i>
are <i>ere, previously, before</i>	bihete <i>promise, assure</i>
at <i>at, to, in, by means of; that</i>	birde <i>noble lady, damsel</i>
aughte (v.) <i>ought; possessed, owned; (n.) gift, possession</i>	bitaughte <i>entrusted</i>
aw(e)nn <i>own</i>	bityde <i>happen</i>
ay <i>always, ever</i>	blake <i>soot, smoke</i>
afote <i>on foot, on his feet</i>	blakke <i>turn pale</i>
bacyn <i>basin</i>	ble <i>complexion</i>
bade (v.) <i>bid, persuade, delay; command, taught; (n.) hesitation, further ado</i>	blythe <i>happy</i>
balde <i>increase</i>	body <i>person</i>
balde <i>brave, fearless(ly); confident</i>	bole <i>swelled up</i>
bale <i>grief, suffering, misfortune</i>	bon <i>bane, destiny</i>
bande <i>bound</i>	bone <i>reward</i>
bane <i>destroyer, death, doom</i>	borde <i>dining table</i>
bann <i>curse</i>	bost <i>boast</i>
bare <i>boar</i>	bot <i>but, unless, except, before</i>
	bot if <i>unless</i>
	bote <i>use, avail</i>
	bother(s) <i>both</i>
	bourne <i>bower, inner chamber</i>

Glossary

bown(e)	<i>armed, prepared, bound, ready</i>	dele	<i>(v.) deal with; (n.) piece, bit</i>
bowsom	<i>willing, obedient, kind</i>	derne	<i>judge, consider</i>
brade	<i>broad</i>	dere	<i>(n.) 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>	dern	<i>secret, concealed, hidden</i>
bren	<i>burn</i>	derrest	<i>most costly</i>
brodire	<i>brother</i>	dese	<i>dais</i>
brothely	<i>fiercely, violently, vehemently</i>	dighte, 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>	dry	<i>endure</i>
byrke	<i>birch</i>	duelle	<i>dwelle, stay; quash</i>
bysoughte	<i>searched for, importuned</i>	dwergh	<i>dwarf</i>
bytaughte	<i>gave</i>	dyghte	<i>to arm, armed, dressed, prepared</i>
bythoughte	<i>thought</i>	dyng	<i>strike</i>
calle	<i>invite</i>	dynned	<i>resounded</i>
can	<i>know</i>	dynttis	<i>blows, strokes</i>
carped	<i>spoke</i>	 	
carpys	<i>debates</i>	ee	<i>eye</i>
ceté	<i>town, city, enclosure</i>	eghe, eghne	<i>eye, eyes</i>
chaunged	<i>exchanged</i>	elde	<i>older, more experienced, full grown</i>
chere	<i>disposition, state of mind</i>	emanges	<i>among</i>
clobe-lome	<i>club, weapon</i>	eme	<i>uncle</i>
coste	<i>expense; behavior, distressed</i>	er	<i>before; (v.) are</i>
 		ertow	<i>are you</i>
dare	<i>(v.) hide; (adj.) able</i>	estres	<i>stories</i>
dase	<i>does</i>	even	<i>directly</i>
dawe	<i>dawn; dawes days, of old</i>	ever	<i>as even as</i>
dede	<i>death; activity</i>	everilkane	<i>everyone</i>

Glossary

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

Glossary

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

Glossary

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

Glossary

marte slaughtered animal	mynne less
mase confused, dazed	mynt intended, endeavored, aimed
mate dejected, defeated, exhausted	
mawgré (prep.) despite, notwithstanding; (n.) ill will	
mawnger manger	nakke neck
may maiden	nakyn not any
mayne (v.) rode; (adj.) powerful, violent, strong; (n.) strength	nane none
maystres wonders	nangatis in no wise
mede reward	nayte need, require
meete, mette food	nefe fist
mekill, mekil much, mighty, large	neghes, neghede nears, neared
menevaire ermine	nere close
mengede mingled	nerehande close up
menske honor	nome(n) took; taken, captured
menye company, army	none at that time; noon
menyngē understanding	nother other
mere mare	nurture, nurtoure courtesy
merkes thrusts	nykkes refuses
mese dinner, course of a meal	nynte ninth
mesure moderation	
mete measure	of from, at some distance from; off
mett measured	ogain(s) in answer; against
miche much	omell among, amid
mister need, be in need of	onane soon, anon, at once
mobles treasures	one on, in
mode mind, heart, set of feelings	or ere, before
moghte might, power	ordain prepare, arrange, plan
molde earth, floor	oste host
mon must	othergates otherwise
mone (v.) remember, reminisce; moan; (n.) man; lament	oughte properly
montenance space, distance	overrynnes runs over, runs down
more moor	
most largest	palis palace, fence of pales, palisade
moughte strong, might	pane lining of garment
murnand mourning, grieving	pares do harm
	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	rynne(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
poustee, powsté power	sadde hard, violent, solemn
prekande, prikande riding rapidly	saghteling 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, selles marvels
raw(e) row; turn; on rawe in turn	seese sees
raye king	seke sick
real royal	sekerly surely, truly
reches dainties (food), wealth	sekirnes 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 such	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
slik(e) such	suffire be gentle with
slogh killed	swaa so
sloo slay	swayne knave
slone slain	swilk(e) such
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 too
spalde limbs	take come
spare hold back	take tent pay attention
sped hastened	takens tokens, details
spedde been successful	takynnyng sign of recognition, token
spoyle plunder	tane the one
sprent flew, sprang	tase takes
sprongen issued, sprung	taughte showed
spryng(en) charging	tayte eagerness
stande withstand	teche show
stane stone	techyng upbringing
stayred thrust	telde camp, pavillion, tent
stede warhorse; place	tene vexed, vexation, anger
sterete, stirttes leaps	thaas those
stode stud	the thee, you
stoneyde, stonayed stunned	thede that place, country
stour battle	thedir thither
stownde for a time, for a moment	thee thrive
stowre battle, fight	theffe thief
strang(e) fine, great, strong	ther where
strekyn smitten	thertis divides

Glossary

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

Glossary

welke walked	yare soon
wend(e) wend, go, wander; thought, assumed, imagined	yede went (<i>out</i>)
wene doubt, think	yelde yield, pay (<i>for</i>), claim
wened assumed	yemande yeomen, guard
wete know	yerne eagerly
wexe grew	yit yet
whase whose	yode went
whatkyns what kind of	yolde 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	
woke 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	
wrethe grew angry	
wyche witch	
wyde-whare far and wide	
wyghte (adj.) strong; (n.) person	
wynn enjoy; defeat	
wythen from whence	