

INTRODUCTION.

No Knight of the Round Table has been so highly honoured by the old Romance-writers as Sir Gawayne, the son of Loth, and nephew to the renowned Arthur. They delighted to describe him as Gawayne the good, a man matchless on mould, the most gracious that under God lived, the hardiest of hand, the most fortunate in arms, and the most polite in hall, whose knowledge, knighthood, kindly works, doings, doughtiness, and deeds of arms were known in all lands.

When Arthur beheld the dead body of his kinsman lying on the ground bathed in blood, he is said to have exclaimed, "O righteous God, this blood were worthy to be preserved and enshrined in gold!" Our author, too, loves to speak of his hero in similar terms of praise, calling him the knight faultless in his five wits, void of every offence, and adorned with every earthly virtue. He represents him as one whose trust was in the five wounds, and in whom the five virtues which distinguished the true knight were more firmly established than in any other on earth.

The author of the present story, who, as we know from his religious poems, had an utter horror of moral impurity, could have chosen no better subject for a romance in which amusement and moral instruction were to be combined. In the following tale he shows how the true knight, though tempted sorely not once alone, but twice, nay thrice, breaks not his vow of chastity, but turns aside the tempter's shafts with the shield of purity and arm of faith, and so passes scatheless through the perilous defile of trial and opportunity seeming safe.

But while our author has borrowed many of the details of his story from the "Roman de Perceval" by Chrestien de Troyes, he has made the narrative more attractive by the introduction of several original and highly interesting passages which throw light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

The following elaborate descriptions are well deserving of especial notice:—

- I. The mode of completely arming a knight (ll. 568-589).
- II. The hunting and breaking the deer (ll. 1126-1359).
- III. The hunting and unlacing the wild boar (ll. 1412-1614).
- IV. A fox hunt (ll. 1675-1921).

The following is an outline of the story of Gawayne's adventures, more or less in the words of the writer himself:—

Arthur, the greatest of Britain's kings, holds the Christmas festival at Camelot, surrounded by the celebrated knights of the Round Table, noble lords, the most renowned under heaven, and ladies the loveliest that ever had life (ll. 37-57). This noble company celebrate the New Year by a religious service, by the bestowal of gifts, and the most joyous mirth. Lords and ladies take their seats at the table—Queen Guenever, the grey-eyed, gaily dressed, sits at the daïs, the high table, or table of state, where too sat Gawayne and Ywain together with other worthies of the Round Table (ll. 58-84, 107-115). Arthur, in mood as joyful as a child, his blood young and his brain wild, declares that he will not eat nor sit long at the table until some adventurous thing, some uncouth tale, some great marvel, or some encounter of arms has occurred to mark the return of the New Year (ll. 85-106).

The first course was announced with cracking of trumpets, with the noise of nakers and noble pipes.

"Each two had dishes twelve,
Good beer and bright wine both."

Scarcely was the first course served when another noise than that of music was heard. There rushes in at the hall-door a knight of gigantic stature—the greatest on earth—in measure high. He was clothed entirely in green, and rode upon a green foal (ll. 116-178). Fair wavy hair fell about the shoulders of the Green Knight, and a great beard like a bush hung upon his breast (ll. 179-202).

The knight carried no helmet, shield, or spear, but in one hand a holly bough, and in the other an axe "huge and unmeet," the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor (ll. 203-220). Thus arrayed, the Green Knight enters the hall without saluting any one. The first word that he uttered was, "Where is the govenour of this gang? gladly would I see him and with himself speak reason." To the knights he cast his eye, looking for the most renowned. Much did the noble assembly marvel to see a man and a horse of such a hue, green as the grass. Even greener they seemed than green enamel on bright gold. Many marvels had they seen, but none such as this. They were afraid to answer, but sat stone-still in a dead silence, as if overpowered by sleep;

"Not all from fear, but some for courtesy" (ll. 221-249).

Then Arthur before the high daïs salutes the Green Knight, bids him welcome, and entreats him to stay awhile at his Court. The knight says that his errand is not to abide in any dwelling, but to seek the most valiant of the heroes of the Round Table that he may put his courage to the proof, and thus satisfy himself as to the fame of Arthur's court. "I come," he says, "in peace, as ye may see by this branch that I bear here. Had I come with hostile intentions, I should not have left my hauberk, helmet, shield, sharp spear, and other weapons behind me. But because I desire no war, 'my weeds are softer.' If thou be so bold as all men say, thou wilt grant me the request I am about to make." "Sir courteous knight," replies Arthur, "if thou cravest battle only, here failest thou not to fight." "Nay," says the Green Knight, "I seek no fighting. Here about on this bench are only beardless children. Were I arrayed in arms on a high steed no man here would be a match for me (ll. 250-282). But it is now Christmas time, and this is the New Year, and I see around me many brave ones;—if any be so bold in his blood that dare strike a stroke for another, I shall give him this rich axe to do with it whatever he pleases. I shall abide the first blow just as I sit, and will stand him a stroke, stiff on this floor, provided that I deal him another in return.

And yet give I him respite,
A twelvemonth and a day;
Now haste and let see tite (soon)
Dare any here-in ought say."

If he astounded them at first, much more so did he after this speech, and fear held them all silent. The knight, righting himself in his saddle, rolls fiercely his red eyes about, bends his bristly green brows, and strokes his beard awaiting a reply. But finding none that would carp with him, he exclaims, "What! is this Arthur's house, the fame of which has spread through so many realms? Forsooth, the renown of the Round Table is overturned by the word of one man's speech, for all tremble for dread without a blow being struck!" (ll. 283-313). With this he laughed so loud that Arthur blushed for very shame, and waxed as wroth as the wind. "I know no man," he says, "that is aghast at thy great words. Give me now thy axe and I will grant thee thy request!" Arthur seizes the axe, grasps the handle, and sternly brandishes it

about, while the Green Knight, with a stern cheer and a dry countenance, stroking his beard and drawing down his coat, awaits the blow (ll. 314-335). Sir Gawayne, the nephew of the king, beseeches his uncle to let him undertake the encounter; and, at the earnest entreaty of his nobles, Arthur consents "to give Gawayne the game" (ll. 336-365).

Sir Gawayne then takes possession of the axe, but, before the blow is dealt, the Green Knight asks the name of his opponent. "In good faith," answers the good knight, "Gawayne I am called, that bids thee to this buffet, whatever may befall after, and at this time twelvemonth will take from thee another, with whatever weapon thou wilt, and with no wight else alive." "By Gog," quoth the Green Knight, "it pleases me well that I shall receive at thy fist that which I have sought here—moreover thou hast truly rehearsed the terms of the covenant,—but thou shalt first pledge me thy word that thou wilt seek me thyself, wheresoever on earth thou believest I may be found, and fetch thee such wages as thou dealest me to-day before this company of doughty ones." "Where should I seek thee?" replies Gawayne, "where is thy place? I know not thee, thy court, or thy name. I wot not where thou dwellest, but teach me thereto, tell me how thou art called, and I shall endeavour to find thee,—and that I swear thee for truth and by my sure troth." "That is enough in New Year," says the groom in green, "if I tell thee when I have received the tap. When thou hast smitten me, then smartly I will teach thee of my house, my home, and my own name, so that thou mayest follow my track and fulfil the covenant between us. If I spend no speech, then speedest thou the better, for then mayest thou remain in thy own land and seek no further; but cease thy talking¹ (ll. 366-412). Take now thy grim tool to thee and let us see how thou knockest." "Gladly, sir, for sooth," quoth Gawayne, and his axe he brandishes.

[¹ This, I think, is the true explanation of *slokes*.]

The Green Knight adjusts himself on the ground, bends slightly his head, lays his long lovely locks over his crown, and lays bare his neck for the blow. Gawayne then gripped the axe, and, raising it on high, let it fall quickly upon the knight's neck and severed the head from the body. The fair head fell from the neck to the earth, and many turned it aside with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood burst from the body, yet the knight never faltered nor fell; but boldly he started forth on stiff shanks and fiercely rushed forward, seized his head, and lifted it up quickly. Then he runs to his horse, the bridle he catches, steps into his stirrups and strides aloft. His head by the hair he holds in his hands, and sits as firmly in his saddle as if no mishap had ailed him, though headless he was (ll. 413-439). He turned his ugly trunk about—that ugly body that bled,—and holding the head in his hand, he directed the face toward the "dearest on the dais." The head lifted up its eyelids and looked abroad, and thus much spoke with its mouth as ye may now hear:

"Loke, Gawayne, thou be prompt to go as thou hast promised, and seek till thou find me according to thy promise made in the hearing of these knights. Get thee to the Green Chapel, I charge thee, to fetch such a dint as thou hast dealt, to be returned on New Year's morn. As the Knight of the Green Chapel I am known to many, wherefore if thou seekest thou canst not fail to find me. Therefore come, or recreant be called." With a fierce start the reins he turns, rushes out of the hall-door, his head in his hand, so that the fire of the flint flew from the hoofs of his foal. To what kingdom he belonged knew none there, nor knew they from whence he had come. What then?

"The king and Gawayne there

At that green (one) they laugh and grin."

Though Arthur wondered much at the marvel, he let no one see that he was at all troubled about it, but full loudly thus spake to his comely queen with courteous speech:

"Dear dame, to-day be never dismayed, well happens such craft at Christmas time. I may now proceed to meat, for I cannot deny that I have witnessed a wondrous adventure this day" (ll. 440-475).

He looked upon Sir Gawayne and said, "Now, sir, hang up thine axe, for enough has it hewn." So the weapon was hung up on high that all might look upon it, and "by true title thereof tell the wonder." Then all the knights hastened to their seats at the table, so did the king and our good knight, and they were there served with all dainties, "with all manner of meat and minstrelsy."

Though words were wanting when they first to seat went, now are their hands full of stern work, and the marvel affords them good subject for conversation. But a year passes full quickly and never returns,—the beginning is seldom like the end; wherefore this Christmas passed away and the year after, and each season in turn followed after another (ll. 476-520). Thus winter winds round again, and then Gawayne thinks of his wearisome journey (ll. 521-535). On All-hallows day Arthur entertains right nobly the lords and ladies of his court in honour of his nephew, for whom all courteous knights and lovely ladies were in great grief. Nevertheless they spoke only of mirth, and, though joyless themselves, made many a joke to cheer the good Sir Gawayne (ll. 536-565). Early on the morrow Sir Gawayne, with great ceremony, is arrayed in his armour (ll. 566-589), and thus completely equipped for his adventure he first hears mass, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur, the knights of the Round Table, and the lords and ladies of the court, who kiss him and commend him to Christ. He bids them all good day, as he thought, for evermore (ll. 590-669);

"Very much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day."

Now rides our knight through the realms of England with no companion but his foal, and no one to hold converse with save God alone. From Camelot, in Somersetshire, he proceeds through Gloucestershire and the adjoining counties into Montgomeryshire, and thence through North Wales to Holyhead, adjoining the Isle of Anglesea (ll. 670-700), from which he passes into the very narrow peninsula of Wirral, in Cheshire, where dwelt but few that loved God or man. Gawayne enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel, but all the inhabitants declare that they have never seen "any man of such hues of green."

The knight thence pursues his journey by strange paths, over hill and moor, encountering on his way not only serpents, wolves, bulls, bears, and boars, but wood satyrs and giants. But worse than all those, however, was the sharp winter, "when the cold clear water shed from the clouds, and froze ere it might fall to the earth. Nearly slain with the sleet he slept in his armour, more nights than enough, in naked rocks" (ll. 701-729).

Thus in peril and plight the knight travels on until Christmas-eve, and to Mary he makes his moan that she may direct him to some abode. On the morn he arrives at an immense forest, wondrously wild, surrounded by high hills on every side, where he found hoary oaks full huge, a hundred together. The hazel and the hawthorn intermingled were all overgrown with moss, and upon their boughs sat many sad birds that piteously piped for pain of the

cold. Gawayne besought the Lord and Mary to guide him to some habitation where he might hear mass (ll. 730-762). Scarcely had he crossed himself thrice, when he perceived a dwelling in the wood set upon a hill. It was the loveliest castle he had ever beheld. It was pitched on a prairie, with a park all about it, enclosing many a tree for more than two miles. It shone as the sun through the bright oaks (ll. 763-772).

Gawayne urges on his steed Gringolet, and finds himself at the "chief gate." He called aloud, and soon there appeared a "porter" on the wall, who demanded his errand.

"Good sir," quoth Gawayne, "wouldst thou go to the high lord of this house, and crave a lodging for me?"

"Yea, by Peter!" replied the porter, "well I know that thou art welcome to dwell here as long as thou likest."

The drawbridge is soon let down, and the gates opened wide to receive the knight. Many noble ones hasten to bid him welcome (ll. 773-825). They take away his helmet, sword, and shield, and many a proud one presses forward to do him honour. They bring him into the hall, where a fire was brightly burning upon the hearth. Then the lord of the land¹ comes from his chamber and welcomes Sir Gawayne, telling him that he is to consider the place as his own. Our knight is next conducted to a bright bower, where was noble bedding—curtains of pure silk, with golden hems, and Tarsic tapestries upon the walls and the floors (ll. 826-859). Here the knight doffed his armour and put on rich robes, which so well became him, that all declared that a more comely knight Christ had never made (ll. 860-883).

[¹ Gawayne is now in the castle of the Green Knight, who, divested of his elvish or supernatural character, appears to our knight merely as a bold one with a beaver-hued beard.]

A table is soon raised, and Gawayne, having washed, proceeds to meat. Many dishes are set before him—"sews" of various kinds, fish of all kinds, some baked in bread, others broiled on the embers, some boiled, and others seasoned with spices. The knight expresses himself well pleased, and calls it a most noble and princely feast.

After dinner, in reply to numerous questions, he tells his host that he is Gawayne, one of the Knights of the Round Table. When this was made known great was the joy in the hall. Each one said softly to his companion, "Now we shall see courteous behaviour and learn the terms of noble discourse, since we have amongst us 'that fine father of nurture.' Truly God has highly favoured us in sending us such a noble guest as Sir Gawayne" (ll. 884-927). At the end of the Christmas festival Gawayne desires to take his departure from the castle, but his host persuades him to stay, promising to direct him to the Green Chapel (about two miles from the castle), that he may be there by the appointed time (ll. 1029-1082).

A covenant is made between them, the terms of which were that the lord of the castle should go out early to the chase, that Gawayne meanwhile should lie in his loft at his ease, then rise at his usual hour, and afterwards sit at table with his hostess, and that at the end of the day they should make an exchange of whatever they might obtain in the interim. "Whatever I win in the wood," says the lord, "shall be yours, and what thou gettest shall be mine" (ll. 1083-1125).

Full early before daybreak the folk uprise, saddle their horses, and truss their mails. The noble lord of the land, arrayed for riding, eats hastily a sop, and having heard mass, proceeds with a hundred hunters to hunt the wild deer (ll. 1126-1177).

All this time Gawayne lies in his gay bed. His nap is disturbed by a little noise at the door, which is softly opened. He heaves up his head out of the clothes, and, peeping through the curtains, beholds a most lovely lady (the wife of his host). She came towards the bed, and the knight laid himself down quickly, pretending to be asleep. The lady stole to the bed, cast up the curtains, crept within, sat her softly on the bed-side, and waited some time till the knight should awake. After lurking awhile under the clothes considering what it all meant, Gawayne unlocked his eyelids, and put on a look of surprise, at the same time making the sign of the cross, as if afraid of some hidden danger (ll. 1178-1207). "Good morrow, sir," said that fair lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus. I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure." "Good morrow," quoth Gawayne, "I shall act according to your will with great pleasure, but permit me to rise that I may the more comfortably converse with you." "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one, "ye shall not rise from your bed, for since I have caught my knight I shall hold talk with him. I ween well that ye are Sir Gawayne that all the world worships, whose honour and courtesy are so greatly praised. Now ye are here, and we are alone (my lord and his men being afar off, other men, too, are in bed, so are my maidens), and the door is safely closed, I shall use my time well while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my person to do with it as ye please, and I will be your servant" (ll. 1208-1240).

Gawayne behaves most discreetly, for the remembrance of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel prevents him from thinking of love (ll. 1205-1289). At last the lady takes leave of the knight by catching him in her arms and kissing him (ll. 1290-1307). The day passes away merrily, and at dusk the Lord of the castle returns from the chase. He presents the venison to Gawayne according to the previous covenant between them. Our knight gives his host a kiss as the only piece of good fortune that had fallen to him during the day. "It is good," says the other, "and would be much better if ye would tell me where ye won such bliss" (ll. 1308-1394). "That was not in our covenant," replies Gawayne, "so try me no more." After much laughing on both sides they proceed to supper, and afterwards, while the choice wine is being carried round, Gawayne and his host renew their agreement. Late at night they take leave of each other and hasten to their beds. "By the time that the cock had crowed and cackled thrice" the lord was up, and after "meat and mass" were over the hunters make for the woods, where they give chase to a wild boar who had grown old and mischievous (ll. 1395-1467).

While the sportsmen are hunting this "wild swine" our lovely knight lies in his bed. He is not forgotten by the lady, who pays him an early visit, seeking to make further trial of his virtues. She sits softly by his side and tells him that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before (ll. 1468-1486). "I taught you of kissing," says she; "that becomes every courteous knight." Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden him. The lady replies that he is strong enough to enforce his own wishes. Our knight answers that every gift not given with a good will is worthless. His fair visitor then enquires how it is that he who is so skilled in the true sport of love and so renowned a knight, has never talked to her of love (ll. 1487-1524). "You ought," she says, "to show and teach a young thing like me some tokens of true-love's crafts; I come hither and sit here alone to learn of you some game; do teach me of your wit while my lord is from home." Gawayne replies that he cannot undertake the task of expounding true-love

and tales of arms to one who has far more wisdom than he possesses. Thus did our knight avoid all appearance of evil, though sorely pressed to do what was wrong (ll. 1525-1552). The lady, having bestowed two kisses upon Sir Gawayne, takes her leave of him (ll. 1553-1557).

At the end of the day the lord of the castle returns home with the shields and head of the wild boar. He shows them to his guest, who declares that "such a brawn of a beast, nor such sides of a swine," he never before has seen. Gawayne takes possession of the spoil according to covenant, and in return he bestows two kisses upon his host, who declares that his guest has indeed been rich with "such chaffer" (ll. 1558-1647).

After much persuasion, Gawayne consents to stop at the castle another day (ll. 1648-1685). Early on the morrow the lord and his men hasten to the woods, and come upon the track of a fox, the hunting of which affords them plenty of employment and sport (ll. 1686-1730). Meanwhile our good knight sleeps soundly within his comely curtains. He is again visited by the lady of the castle. So gaily was she attired, and so "faultless of her features," that great joy warmed the heart of Sir Gawayne. With soft and pleasant smiles "they smite into mirth," and are soon engaged in conversation. Had not Mary thought of her knight, he would have been in great peril (ll. 1731-1769). So sorely does the fair one press him with her love, that he fears lest he should become a traitor to his host. The lady enquires whether he has a mistress to whom he has plighted his troth. The knight swears by St John that he neither has nor desires one. This answer causes the dame to sigh for sorrow, and telling him that she must depart, she asks for some gift, if it were only a glove, by which she might "think on the knight and lessen her grief" (ll. 1770-1800). Gawayne assures her that he has nothing worthy of her acceptance; that he is on an "uncouth errand," and therefore has "no men with no mails containing precious things," for which he is truly sorry.

Quoth that lovesome (one)—

"Though I had nought of yours,
Yet should ye have of mine.

Thus saying, she offers him a rich ring of red gold "with a shining stone standing aloft," that shone like the beams of the bright sun. The knight refused the gift, as he had nothing to give in return. "Since ye refuse my ring," says the lady, "because it seems too rich, and ye would not be beholden to me, I shall give you my girdle that is less valuable" (ll. 1801-1835). But Gawayne replies that he will not accept gold or reward of any kind, though "ever in hot and in cold" he will be her true servant.

"Do ye refuse it," asks the lady, "because it seems simple and of little value? Whoso knew the virtues that are knit therein would estimate it more highly. For he who is girded with this green lace cannot be wounded or slain by any man under heaven." The knight thinks awhile, and it strikes him that this would be a "jewel for the jeopardy" that he had to undergo at the Green Chapel. So he not only accepts the lace, but promises to keep the possession of it a secret (ll. 1836-1865). By that time the lady had kissed him thrice, and she then takes "her leave and leaves him there."

Gawayne rises, dresses himself in noble array, and conceals the "love lace" where he might find it again. He then hies to mass, shrives him of his misdeeds, and obtains absolution. On his return to the hall he solaces the ladies with comely carols and all kinds of joy (ll. 1866-1892). The dark night came, and then the lord of the castle, having slain the fox, returns to his "dear home," where he finds a fire brightly turning and his guest amusing the

ladies (ll. 1893-1927). Gawayne, in fulfilment of his agreement, kisses his host thrice.¹ "By Christ," quoth the other knight, "ye have caught much bliss. I have hunted all this day and nought have I got but the skin of this foul fox (the devil have the goods!), and that is full poor for to pay for such precious things" (ll. 1928-1951).

After the usual evening's entertainment, Gawayne retires to rest. The next morning, being New Year's day, is cold and stormy. Snow falls, and the dales are full of drift. Our knight in his bed locks his eyelids, but full little he sleeps. By each cock that crows he knows the hour, and before day-break he calls for his chamberlain, who quickly brings him his armour (ll. 1952-2014). While Gawayne clothed himself in his rich weeds he forgot not the "lace, the lady's gift," but with it doubly girded his loins. He wore it not for its rich ornaments, "but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer," and as a safeguard against sword or knife (ll. 2015-2046).

Having thanked his host and all the renowned assembly for the great kindness he had experienced at their hands, "he steps into stirrups and strides aloft" (ll. 2047-2068).

The drawbridge is let down, and the broad gates unbarred and borne open upon both sides, and the knight, after commending the castle to Christ, passes thereout and goes on his way accompanied by his guide, that should teach him to turn to that place where he should receive the much-dreaded blow. They climb over cliffs, where each hill had a hat and a mist-cloak, until the next morn, when they find themselves on a full high hill covered with snow. The servant bids his master remain awhile, saying, "I have brought you hither at this time, and now ye are not far from that noted place that ye have so often enquired after. The place that ye press to is esteemed full perilous, and there dwells a man in that waste the worst upon earth, for he is stiff and stern and loves to strike, and greater is he than any man upon middle-earth, and his body is bigger than the best four in Arthur's house. He keeps the Green Chapel; there passes none by that place, however proud in arms, that he does not 'ding him to death with dint of his hand.' He is a man immoderate and 'no mercy uses,' for be it churl or chaplain that by the chapel rides, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, it is as pleasant to him to kill them as to go alive himself. Wherefore I tell thee truly, 'come ye there, ye be killed, though ye had twenty lives to spend. He has dwelt there long of yore, and on field much sorrow has wrought. Against his sore dints ye may not defend you' (ll. 2069-2117). Therefore, good Sir Gawayne, let the man alone, and for God's sake go by some other path, and then I shall hie me home again. I swear to you by

[¹ He only in part keeps to his covenant, as he holds back the *love-lace*.]

God and all His saints that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne thanks his guide for his well-meant kindness, but declares that to the Green Chapel he will go, though the owner thereof be "a stern knave," for God can devise means to save his servants.

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life I will not hinder thee. Have thy helmet on thy head, thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side, till thou be brought to the bottom of the valley. Then look a little on the plain, on thy left hand, and thou shalt see in that slade the chapel itself, and the burly knight that guards it (ll. 2118-2148). Now, farewell Gawayne the noble! for all the gold upon ground I

would not go with thee nor bear thee fellowship through this wood 'on foot farther.'" Thus having spoken, he gallops away and leaves the knight alone.

Gawayne now pursues his journey, rides through the dale, and looks about. He sees no signs of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks, and the very shadows of the high woods seemed wild and distorted. No chapel, however, could he discover. After a while he sees a round hill by the side of a stream; thither he goes, alights, and fastens his horse to the branch of a tree. He walks about the hill, debating with himself what it might be. It had a hole in the one end and on each side, and everywhere overgrown with grass, but whether it was only an old cave or a crevice of an old crag he could not tell (ll. 2149-2188).

"Now, indeed," quoth Gawayne, "a desert is here; this oratory is ugly with herbs overgrown. It is a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions after the devil's manner.' Now I feel it is the fiend (the devil) in my five wits that has covenanted with me that he may destroy me. This is a chapel of misfortune—evil betide it! It is the most cursed kirk that ever I came in." With his helmet on his head, and spear in his hand, he roams up to the rock, and then he hears from that high hill beyond the brook a wondrous wild noise. Lo! it clattered in the cliff as if one upon a grindstone were grinding a scythe. It whirred like the water at a mill, and rushed and re-echoed, terrible to hear. "Though my life I forgo," says Gawayne, "no noise shall cause me to fear."

Then he cried aloud, "Who dwells in this place, discourse with me to hold? For now is good Gawayne going right here if any brave wight will hie him hither, either now or never" (ll. 2189-2216).

"Abide," quoth one on the bank above, over his head, "and thou shalt have all in haste that I promised thee once."

Soon there comes out of a hole in the crag, with a fell weapon a Danish axe quite new, the "man in the green," clothed as at first as his legs, locks and beard. But now he is on foot and walks on the earth. When he reaches the stream, he hops over and boldly strides about. He meets Sir Gawayne, who tells him that he is quite ready to fulfil his part of the compact. "Gawayne," quoth that 'green gome' (man), "may God preserve thee! Truly thou art welcome to my place, 'and thou hast timed thy travel' as a true man should. Thou knowest the covenants made between us, at this time twelve-month, that on New Year's day I should return thee thy blow. We are now in this valley by ourselves, and can do as we please (ll. 2217-2246). Have, therefore, thy helmet off thy head, and 'have here thy pay.' Let us have no more talk than when thou didst strike off my head with a single blow."

"Nay, by God!" quoth Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will for any harm that may happen, but will stand still while thou strikest."

Then he stoops a little and shows his bare neck, unmoved by any fear. The Green Knight takes up his "grim tool," and with all his force raises it aloft, as if he meant utterly to destroy him. As the axe came gliding down Gawayne "shrank a little with the shoulders from the sharp iron." The other withheld his weapon, and then reproved the prince with many proud words. "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed, that never feared for no host by hill nor by vale, for now thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm (ll. 2247-2272). Such cowardice of that knight did I never hear. I never flinched nor fled when thou didst aim at me in King Arthur's house. My head flew to my feet and yet I never fled, wherefore I deserve to be called the better man."

Quoth Gawayne, "I shunted once, but will do so no more, though my head fall on the stones. But hasten and bring me to the point; deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I shall stand thee a stroke and start no more until thine axe has hit me—have here my troth." "Have at thee, then," said the other, and heaves the axe aloft, and looks as savagely as if he were mad. He aims at the other mightily, but withholds his hand ere it might hurt. Gawayne readily abides the blow without flinching with any member, and stood still as a stone or a tree fixed in rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then merrily the other did speak, "Since now thou hast thy heart whole it behoves me to strike, so take care of thy neck." Gawayne answers with great wroth, "Thrash on, thou fierce man, thou threatenest too long; I believe thy own heart fails thee."

"Forsooth," quoth the other, "since thou speakest so boldly, I will no longer delay" (ll. 2273-2304). Then, contracting "both lips and brow," he made ready to strike, and let fall his axe on the bare neck of Sir Gawayne. "Though he hammered" fiercely, he only "severed the hide," causing the blood to flow. When Gawayne saw his blood on the snow, he quickly seized his helmet and placed it on his head. Then he drew out his bright sword, and thus angrily spoke: "Cease, man, of thy blow, bid me no more. I have received a stroke in this place without opposition, but if thou givest me any more readily shall I requite thee, of that be thou sure. Our covenant stipulates one stroke, and therefore now cease."

The Green Knight, resting on his axe, looks on Sir Gawayne, as bold and fearless he there stood, and then with a loud voice thus addresses the knight: "Bold knight, be not so wroth, no man here has wronged thee (ll. 2305-2339); I promised thee a stroke, and thou hast it, so hold thee well pleased. I could have dealt much worse with thee, and caused thee much sorrow. Two blows I aimed at thee, for twice thou kissedst my fair wife; but I struck thee not, because thou restoredst them to me according to agreement. At the third time thou failedst, and therefore I have given thee that tap. That woven girdle, given thee by my own wife, belongs to me. I know well thy kisses, thy conduct also, and the wooing of my wife, for I wrought it myself. I sent her to try thee, and truly methinks thou art the most faultless man that ever on foot went. Still, sir, thou wert wanting in good faith; but as it proceeded from no immorality, thou being only desirous of saving thy life, the less I blame thee."

Gawayne stood confounded, the blood rushed into his face, and he shrank within himself for very shame. "Cursed," he cried, "be cowardice and covetousness both; in you are villany and vice, that virtue destroy." Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight in green, cursing his cowardice and covetousness. The Green Knight, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou hast confessed so clean, and acknowledged thy faults, that I hold thee as pure as thou hadst never forfeited since thou wast first born. I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come now to my castle, and we shall enjoy together the festivities of the New Year" (ll. 2340-2406).

"Nay, forsooth," quoth the knight, "but for your kindness may God requite you. Commend me to that courteous one your comely wife, who with her crafts has beguiled me. But it is no uncommon thing for a man to come to sorrow through women's wiles; for so was Adam beguiled with one, and Solomon with many. Samson was destroyed by Delilah, and David suffered much through Bathsheba. *'It were indeed great bliss for a man to love them well and believe them not.'* Since the greatest upon earth were so beguiled,

methinks I should be excused. But God reward you for your girdle, which I will ever wear in remembrance of my fault, and when pride shall exalt me, a look to this love-lace shall lessen it (ll. 2407-2438). But since ye are the lord of yonder land, from whom I have received so much honour, tell me truly your right name, and I shall ask no more questions."

Quoth the other, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fay, who dwells in my house. Much has she learnt of Merlin, who knows all your knights at home. She brought me to your hall for to essay the prowess of the Round Table. She wrought this wonder to bereave you of your wits, hoping to have grieved Guenever and affrighted her to death by means of the man that spoke with his head in his hand before the high table. She is even thine aunt, Arthur's half sister; wherefore come to thine aunt, for all my household love thee."

Gawayne refuses to accompany the Green Knight, and so, with many embraces and kind wishes, they separate—the one to his castle, the other to Arthur's court.

After passing through many wild ways, our knight recovers from the wound in his neck, and at last comes safe and sound to the court of King Arthur. Great then was the joy of all; the king and queen kiss their brave knight, and make many enquiries about his journey. He tells them of his adventures, hiding nothing—"the chance of the chapel, the cheer of the knight, the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace." Groaning for grief and shame he shows them the cut in his neck, which he had received for his unfaithfulness (ll. 2439-2504). The king and his courtiers comfort the knight—they laugh loudly at his adventures, and unanimously agree that those lords and ladies that belonged to the Round Table, and each knight of the brotherhood should ever after wear a bright green belt for Gawayne's sake. And he upon whom it was conferred honoured it evermore after.

Thus in Arthur's time this adventure befell, whereof the "*Brutus Books*" bear witness (ll. 2505-2530).

I need not say that the *Brutus Books* we possess do not contain the legend here set forth, though it is not much more improbable than some of the statements contained in them. If the reader desires to know the relation in which this and the like stories stand to the original Arthur legends, he will find it discussed in Sir F. Madden's Preface to his edition of "*Syr Gawayne*," which also contains a sketch of the very different views taken of Sir Gawayne by the different Romance writers.

Into this and other *literary* questions I do not enter here, as I have nothing to add to Sir F. Madden's statements; but in the text of the Poem I have differed from him in some few readings, which will be found noticed in the Notes and Glossary.

As the manuscript is fast fading, I am glad that the existence of the Early English Text Society has enabled us to secure a wider diffusion of its contents before the original shall be no longer legible.

We want nothing but an increased supply of members to enable us to give to a large circle of readers many an equally interesting record of Early English minds.

SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE KNY3T.

[FYTTE THE FIRST.]

I.

	Sipen þe sege & þe assaut wat3 sesed at Troye, þe bor3 brittened & brent to bronde3 & aske3, þe tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wro3t, 4 Wat3 tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe; Hit wat3 Ennias þe athel, & his highe kynde, þat sipen depreced <i>prouinces</i> , & <i>patrounes</i> bicomē Welne3e of al þe wele <i>in</i> þe west iles, 8 Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swyþe, <i>With</i> gret bobbaunce þat bur3e he biges vpon fyrst, & neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat; Ticius to Tuskan [turnes,] & teldes bigymnes; 12 Langaberde <i>in</i> Lumbardie lyftes vp homes; & fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he sette3, wyth wyme; 16 Where werre, & wrake, & wonder, Bi syþe3 hat3 wont <i>þer-inne</i> , & oft boþe blysse & blunder Ful skete hat3 skyfted synne.	[Fol. 91a.] After the siege of Troy Romulus built Rome, and Felix Brutus founded Britain, a land of war and wonder, and oft of bliss and blunder.
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II.

20	Ande quen þis Bretayn wat3 bigged bi þis burn rych, Bolde bredden <i>þer-inne</i> , baret þat lofden, In mony turned tyme tene þat wro3ten; Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft 24 Þen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme. Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne kynges Ay wat3 Arthur þe hendest; as I haf herde telle; For-þi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe, 28 Pat a selly in si3t summe men hit holden, & an outrage awenture of Arthure3 wondere3; If 3e wyl lysten þis laye bot on littel quile, I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I <i>in</i> toun herde, 32 <i>with</i> tonge; As hit is stad & stoken, In stori stif & stronge, <i>With</i> lel letteres loken, 36 <i>In</i> londe so hat3 ben longe.	Bold men increased in the Land, and many marvels happened. Of all Britain's kings Arthur was the noblest. [Fol. 91b.] Listen a while and ye shall hear the story of an "outrageous adventure."
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III.

40	Þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse, <i>With</i> mony luflych lorde, lede3 of þe best, Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breþer, <i>With</i> rych reuel ory3t, & rechles merþes; þer tournayed tulkes bi-tyme3 ful mony, Iusted ful lolilé þise gentyle kni3tes, Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make. 44 For þer þe fest wat3 ilyche ful fiftē dayes, <i>With</i> alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men coupe a-vyse; Such glaumande gle glorious to here, Dere dyn vp-on day, daunsyng on ny3tes, 48 Al wat3 hap vpon he3e <i>in</i> halle3 & chambre3,	Arthur held at Camelot his Christmas feast, with all the knights of the Round Table, full fifteen days. All was joy in hall and chamber,
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With lorde3 & ladies, as leuest *him* þo3t;
 With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned *þer* samen,
 þe most kyd kny3te3 vnder kryste seluen,
 52 & þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden,
 & he þe comlokest kyng þat þe court haldes;
 For al wat3 þis fayre folk *in* her first age,
 on sille;
 56 þe hapnest vnder heuen,
 Kyng hy3est mon of wylle,
 Hit were¹ now gret nye to neuen
 So hardy a here *on* hille.

¹ MS. werere.

IV.

60 Wyle nw 3er wat3 so 3ep þat hit wat3 nwe *cummen*,
 þat day doubble on þe dece wat3 þe douth serued,
 Fro þe kyng wat3 *cummen with* kny3tes *in* to þe halle,
 þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende;
 64 Loude crye wat3 þer kest of clerke3 & oþer,
 Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte;
 & syþen riche forth *runnen* to reche honde-selle,
 3e3ed 3eres 3iftes on hi3, 3elde hem bi hond,
 68 Debated busyly aboute þo giftes;
 Ladies la3ed ful loude, þo3 þay lost haden,
 & he þat wan wat3 not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe.
 Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme;
 72 When þay had waschen, worþyly þay wenten to sete,
 þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed;
 Whene Guenore ful gay, grayþed *in* þe myddes.
 Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute,
 76 Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer
 Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites *in*-noghe,
 þat were enbrawdred & beten wyth þe best *gemmes*,
 þat my3t be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye,
 80 in daye;
 þe comlokest to discrye,
 þer glent *with* y3en gray,
 A semloker þat euer he sy3e,
 84 Soth mo3t no mon say.

V.

Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued,
 He wat3 so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & *sum*-quat child gered,
 His lif liked hym ly3t, he louied þe lasse
 88 Auþer to lenge lye, or to longe sitte,
 So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wylde;
 & also anoþer maner meued *him* eke,
 þat he þur3 nobelay had nomen, ho wolde neuer ete
 92 Vpon such a dere day, er hym deuised were
 Of *sum* auenturus þyng an vncouþe tale,
 Of *sum* mayn meruayle, þat he my3t trawe,
 Of¹ alderes, of armes, of oþer auenturus,
 96 Oþer *sum* segg hym bi-so3t of *sum* siker kny3t,

To Ioyne wyth hym *in iustying* in Iopardé to lay,
 Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oþer,
 As fortune wolde fulsun hom þe fayrer to haue.
 100 Bis wat3 [þe] kynges countenaunce where he *in court* were,
 At vch farand fest among his fre meny,
 in halle;
 þer-fore of face so fere.
 104 He sti3tle3 stif in stalle,
 Ful 3ep *in* þat nw 3ere,
 Much mirthe he mas *with* alle.

[Fol. 92b.]

He of face so bold makes much mirth with all.

¹ Of of, in MS.

VI.

Thus þer stondes *in* stale þe stif kyng his-seluen,
 108 Talkkande bifore þe hy3e table of trifles ful hende
 There gode Gawan wat3 *grayþed*, Gwenore bisyde
 & Agraun a la dure mayn on þat oþer syde sittes
 Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kni3tes;
 112 Bischoþ Bawdewyn abof bi-gine3 þe table,
 & Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit hym-seluen;
 Bi3e were di3t on þe des, & derworþly serued,
 & siþen mony siker segge at þe sidborde3.
 116 Þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes,
 Wyth mony baner ful bry3t, þat þer-bi henced,
 Nwe nakryn noyse *with* þe noble pipes,
 Wylde werbles & wy3t wakned lote,
 120 Þat mony hert ful hi3e hef at her towches;
 Dayntes dryuen þer-wyth of ful dere metes,
 Foy3oun of þe fresche, & on so fele disches,
 Þat pine to fynde þe place þe peple bi-forne
 124 For to sette þe syluener,¹ þat sere sewes halden,
 on clothe;
 Iche lede as he loued hym-selue
 þer laght *with*-outen loþe,
 128 Ay two had disches twelue,
 Good ber, & bry3t wyn boþe.

The king talks with his knights.

Gawayne,
 Agravayn,

Bishop Bawdewyn,
 and Ywain sit on the dais.

The first course is served with cracking of trumpets.

It consisted of all dainties in season.

Each two had dishes twelve,
 good beer and bright wine both.

¹ svlueren (?) (dishes).

VII.

Now wyl I of hor seruise say yow no more,
 For veh wy3e may wel wit no wont þat þer were;
 132 An oþer noyse ful newe ne3ed biliue,
 Þat þe lude my3t haf leue lif-lode to cach.
 For vneþe wat3 þe noyce not a whyle sesed,
 & þe fyrst cource *in* þe court kyndely serued,
 136 þer hales *in* at þe halle dor an aghlich mayster,
 On þe most on þe molde on mesure hyghe;
 Fro þe swyre to þe swange so sware & so þik,
 & his lyndes & his lymes so longe & so grete,
 140 Half etayn *in* erde I hope þat he were.
 Bot mon most I algate mynn hym to bene,
 & þat þe myriest *in* his muckel þat my3t ride;

There was no want of anything.

Scarcely had the first course commenced,

when there rushes in at the hall-door a knight;

the tallest on earth

[Fol. 93.]

he must have been.

144 For of bak & of brest al were his bodi sturne,
 Bot his wombe & his wast were worthily smale,
 & alle his fetures fol3ande, *in forme* þat he hade,
 ful clene;
 148 For wonder of his hwe *men* hade,
 Set *in* his semblaunt sene;
 He ferde as freke were fade,
 & ouer-al enker grene.

His back and breast were great,
 but his belly and waist were small.

VIII.

152 Ande al grayped *in* grene þis gome & his wedes,
 A strayt cote ful stre3t, þat stek on his sides,
 A mere mantile abof, mensked *with-inne*,
With pelure pured apert þe pane ful clene,
With blyþe blaunner ful bry3t, & his hod boþe,
 156 þat wat3 la3t fro his lokke3, & layde on his schulderes
 Heme wel haled, hose of þat same grene,
 þat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder,
 Of bry3t golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche
 160 & scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides;
 & alle his vesture uerayly wat3 clene *verdure*,
 Boþe þe barres of his belt & oþer blyþe stones,
 þat were richely rayled *in* his aray clene,
 164 Aboutte hym-self & his sadel, vpon silk werke3,
 þat were to tor for to telle of tryfles þe halue,
 þat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & fly3es,
 With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay *in* myddes;
 168 þe pendauntes of his payttrure, þe proude cropure
 His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þenne
 þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same,
 & his arsoun3 al after, & his apel sturtes,
 172 þat euer glemere¹ & glent al of grene stones.
 þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke,
 sertayn;
 176 A grene hors gret & þikke,
 A stede ful stif to strayne,
In brawdren brydel quik,
 To þe gome he wat3 ful gayn.

He was clothed entirely in green.

His spurs were of bright gold.

His saddle was embroidered with birds and flies.

The foal that he rode upon was green;

it was a steed full stiff to guide.

[Fol. 93b.]

¹ glemed (?).

IX.

180 Wel gay wat3 þis gome gered *in* grene,
 & þe here of his hed of his hors swete;
 Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes;
 A much berd as¹ a busk ouer his brest henges,
 þat wyth his hi3lich here, þat of his hed reches,
 184 Wat3 euesed al vmbe-torne, a-bof his elbowes,
 þat half his armes þer vnder were halched *in* þe wyse
 Of a kynge3 capados, þat closes his swyre.
 þe mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke,
 188 Wel cresped & cemmed wyth knottes ful mony,
 Folden *in* wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene,
 Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde;

Gaily was the knight attired.

His great beard, like a bush, hung on his breast.

The horse's mane was decked with golden threads.

192 þe tayl & his toppyng twynnen of a sute,
 & bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bry3t grene,
 Dubbed wyth ful dere stone3, as þe dok lasted,
 Syþen þrawen wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte,
 196 þer mony belle3 ful bry3t of brende golde rungen.
 Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes,
 Wat3 neuer sene in þat sale wyth sy3t er þat tyme,
 with y3e;
 He loked as layt so ly3t,
 200 So sayd al þat hym sy3e,
 Hit semed as no mon my3t,
 Vnder his dyntte3 dry3e.

¹ as as, in MS.

X.

204 Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauþer,
 Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes,
 Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwne ne to smyte,
 Bot in his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe,
 þat is grattest in grene, when greue3 ar bare,
 208 & an ax in his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete,
 A spetos sparþe to expoun in spelle quo-so my3t;
 þe hede of an eln3erde þe large lenkþe hade,
 þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen,
 212 þe bit burnyst bry3t, *with* a brod egge,
 As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores;
 þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte,
 þat wat3 wounden wyth yrn to þe wande3 ende,
 216 & al bigrauen *with* grene, in *gracios*¹ werkes;
 A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede,
 & so after þe halme halched ful ofte,
 Wyth tryed tassele3 þerto tacched in-noghe,
 220 On botoun3 of þe bry3t grene brayden ful ryche.
 Þis hapel helde3 hym in, & þe halle entres,
 Driuande to þe he3e dece, dut he no woþe,
 Haylsed he neuer one, bot he3e he ouer loked.
 224 þe fyrst word þat he warp, "wher is," he sayd,
 "þe gouernour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde
 Se þat segg in sy3t, & *with* hym self speke
 raysoun."
 228 To kny3te3 he kest his y3e,
 & reled hym vp & down,
 He stemmed & con studie,
 Quo walt þer most renoun.

¹ looks like gracons in MS.

XI.

232 Ther wat3 lokyng on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde,
 For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene my3t,
 þat a hapel & a horse my3t such a hwe lach,
 As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed,
 236 Þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bry3ter;

Its tail was bound with a green band.

Such a foal nor a knight were never before seen.

It seemed that no man might endure his dints.

The knight carried neither spear nor shield,

In one hand was a holly bough,

in the other an axe,

the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor,

[Fol. 94.]

and the handle was encased in iron, curiously "graven with green, in gracious works."

Thus arrayed the Green Knight enters the hall,

without saluting any one.

He asks for the "governor" of the company,

and looks for the most renowned.

Much they marvel to see a man and a horse

as green as grass.

Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre,
 Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worth schulde. Never before had they seen such a sight as this.
 For fele sellye3 had þay sen, bot such neuer are,
 240 For-þi for fantoum & fayry3e þe folk þere hit demed;
 þer-fore to answare wat3 ar3e mony aþel freke, They were afraid to answer,
 & al stouned at his steuen, & stonstil seten,
 In a swoghe sylence þur3 þe sale riche and were as silent as if sleep had taken possession of them;
 244 As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3
 in hy3e;
 I deme hit not al for doute,
 Bot sum for cortaysye, some from fear and others from courtesy.
 248 Bot let hym þat al schulde loute,
 Cast vnto þat wy3e.

XII.

Þenn Arþour bifore þe hi3 dece þat auenture byholde3, Arthur salutes the Green Knight.
 & rekenly hym reuerenced, for rad was he neuer,
 252 & sayde, "wy3e, welcum iwys to þis place,
 þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat, [Fol. 94b.]
 Li3t luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye, bids him welcome, and invites him to stay awhile.
 & quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after."
 256 "Nay, as help me," quod þe hapel, "he þat on hy3e syttes, The knight says that he will not tarry.
 To wone any quyle in þis won, hit wat3 not myn ernde;
 Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hy3e,
 & þy bur3 & þy burnes best ar holden,
 260 Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,
 þe wy3test & þe worþyest of þe worldes kynde, He seeks the most valiant that he may prove him.
 Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure layke3;
 & here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,
 264 & þat hat3 wayned me hider, I-wyis, at þis tyme.
 3e may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here,
 þat I passe as in pes, & no ply3t seche; He comes in peace.
 For had I founded in fere, in fe3tyng wyse,
 268 I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe, At home, however, he has both shield and spear.
 A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bry3t,
 Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als,
 Bot for I wolde no were, my wede3 ar softer.
 272 Bot if þou be so bold as alle burne3 tellen,
 þou wyl grant me godly þe gomen þat I ask,
 bi ry3t."
 Arthour con onsware,
 276 & sayd, "sir cortays kny3t,
 If þou craue batayl bare,
 Here fayle3 þou not to fy3t." Arthur assures him that he shall not fail to find an opponent worthy of him.

XIII.

"Nay, frayst I no fy3t, in fayth I þe telle, "I seek no fight," says the knight.
 280 Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdle3 chylder;
 If I were hasped in armes on a he3e stede, "Here are only beardless children."
 Here is no mon me to mach, for my3te3 so^l wayke. Here is no man to match me.
 For-þy I craue in þis court a crystmas gomen,
 284 For hit is 3ol & nwe 3er, & here ar 3ep mony; Here are brave ones many,
 If any so hardy in þis hous holde3 hym-seluen,
 Be so bolde in his blod, brayn in hys hede, if any be bold enough to 'strike a stroke for another,'

288	<p> þat dar stíflý strike a strok for an oþer, I schal gif hym of my gyft þys giserne ryche, Þis ax, þat is heué <i>in</i>-nogh, to hondele as hym lykes, & I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte. If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle, Lepe ly3tly me to, & lach þis weppen, I quit clayme hit for euer, kepe hit as his auen, & I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on þis flet, Elle3 þou wyl di3t me þe dom to dele hym an oþer, barlay; & 3et gif hym respite, A twelmonyth & a day;— Now hy3e, & let se tite Dar any her-inne o3t say." </p>	<p> this axe shall be his; [Fol. 95.] but I shall give him a 'stroke' in return within a twelvemonth and a day." </p>
292		
296		
300		

¹ MS. fo.

XIV.

	If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þanne	Fear kept all silent.
	Alle þe hered-men <i>in</i> halle, þe hy3 & þe lo3e;	
304	þe renk on his rounce <i>hym</i> ruched <i>in</i> his sadel,	The knight rolled his red eyes about,
	& runisch-ly his rede y3en he reled aboute,	
	Bende his bresed bro3e3, bly-cande grene,	and bent his bristly green brows.
	Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.	Waving his beard awhile, he exclaimed:
	When non wolde kepe <i>hym with</i> carp he co3ed ful hy3e,	
308	Ande rimed <i>hym</i> ful richley, & ry3t <i>hym</i> to speke:	
	"What, is þis Arþures hous," <i>quod</i> þe hapel þenne,	"What! is this Arthur's court?
	"Þat al þe rous rennes of, þur3 ryalmes so mony?	
	Where is now <i>your sourquydrye</i> & <i>your conquestes</i> ,	
312	<i>Your</i> gry[n]del-layk, & <i>your</i> greme, & <i>your</i> grete wordes?	
	Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table	Forsooth the renown of the Round Table is overturned
	Ouer-walt wyth a worde of on wy3es speche;	'with a word of one man's speech.'"
	For al dares for drede, <i>with</i> -oute dynt schewed!"	
316	Wyth þis he la3es so loude, þat þe lorde greued;	
	þe blod schot for scham <i>in</i> -to his schyre face	Arthur blushes for shame.
	& lere;	
	He wex as wroth as wynde,	He waxes as wroth as the wind.
320	So did alle þat þer were	
	þe kyng as kene bi kynde,	
	þen stod þat stif mon nere.	

XV.

324	<p>Ande sayde, "hæpel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys, & as þou foly hat3 frayst, fynde þe be-houes; I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes. Gif me now þy geserne, vpon gode3 halue, & I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."</p>	<p>He assures the knight that no one is afraid of his great words.</p>
328	<p>Ly3tly lepe3 he hym to, & la3t at his honde; þen feersly þat oþer freke vpon fote ly3tis. Now hat3 Arthure his axe, & þe halme grype3, & sturnely sture3 hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þo3t.</p>	<p>[Fol. 95<i>b</i>.]</p> <p>Arthur seizes his axe.</p>
332	<p>þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hy3t, Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more; Wyth sturne schere¹ þer he stod, he stroked his berde,</p>	<p>The knight, stroking his beard, awaits the blow, and with a "dry countenance" draws down his coat.</p>

336 & wyth a countenaunce dry3e he dro3 doun his cote,
 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dinte3,
 Ben any burne vpon bench hade bro3t hym to drynk
 of wyne,
 Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,
 340 To þe kyng he can enclyne,
 "I be-seche now *with* sa3e3 sene,
 Pis melly mot be myne."

Sir Gawayne beseeches the king to let him undertake the blow.

¹ chere (?).

XVI.

344 "Wolde 3e, worpilych lorde," *quod* Gawan to þe kyng,
 "Bid me bo3e fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,
 þat I wyth-oute vylanye my3t voyde þis table,
 & þat my legge lady lyked not ille,
 I wolde com to *your* counseyl, bifore *your* cort ryche.
 348 For me þink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen,
 þer such an askyng is heuened so hy3e in *your* sale,
 þa33e 3our-self be talenttyf to take hit to *your*-seluen,
 Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,
 352 þat vnder heuen, I hope, non ha3er er of wylle,
 Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered;
 I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,
 & lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe,
 356 Bot for as much as 3e ar myn em, I am only to prayse,
 No bounté bot *your* blod I in my bodé knowe;
 & syþen þis note is so nys, þat no3t hit yow falles,
 & I haue frayed hit at yow fyrst, folde3 hit to me,
 360 & if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych,
 bout blame."
 Ryche to-geder con roun,
 & syþen þay redder alle same,
 364 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun,
 & gif Gawan þe game.

He asks permission to leave the table; he says,

it is not meet that Arthur should be active in the matter,

while so many bold ones sit upon bench.

Although the weakest, he is quite ready to meet the Green Knight.

The nobles entreat Arthur to "give Gawayne the game."

XVII.

þen comaunded þe kyng þe kny3t for to ryse;
 & he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre,
 368 Kneled doun bifore þe kyng, & cache3 þat weppen;
 & he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde,
 & gef hym godde3 blessing, & gladly hym biddes
 þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe.
 372 "Kepe þe cosyn," *quod* þe kyng, "þat þou on kyrf sette,
 & if þou rede3 hym ry3t, redly I trowe,
 þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after.
 Gawan got3 to þe gome, *with* giserne in honde,
 376 & he baldly hym byde3, he bayst neuer þe helder
 þen carppe3 to *sir* Gawan þe kny3t in þe grene,
 "Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrre passe.
 Fyrst I eþe þe, haþel, how þat þou hattes,
 380 þat þou me telle truly, as I tryst may?"
 "In god fayth," *quod* þe goode kny3t, "Gawan I hatte,
 þat bede þe þis buffet, quat-so bi-falle3 after,

[Fol. 96.]

The king gives his nephew his weapon,

and tells him to keep heart and hand steady.

The Green Knight enquires the name of his opponent.

Sir Gawayne tells him his name, and declares that he is willing to give and receive a blow.

& at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoþer,
 384 Wyth what weppen so¹ þou wylt, & wyth no wy3 elle3,
 on lyue."
 þat oþer on-sware3 agayn,
 "Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue,
 388 As I am ferly fayn. The other thereof is glad.
 Þis dint þat þou schal dryue."

¹ MS. fo.

XVIII.

"Bigog," *quod* þe grene kny3t, "sir Gawan, melykes,
 þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here;
 392 & þou hat3 redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,
 Clanly al þe couenaunt þat I þe kynge asked,
 Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawþe,
 þat þou schal seche me þi-self, where-so þou hopes
 396 I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages
 As þou deles me to day, bfore þis douþe ryche."
 "Where schulde I wale þe," *quod* Gauan, "where is þy place?
 I wot neuer where þou wonyes, bi hym þat me wro3t,
 400 Ne I know not þe, kny3t, þy cort, ne þi name.
 Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes,
 & I schal ware alle my wyt to wynne me þeder,
 & þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawep."
 404 "þat is in-nogh in nwe 3er, hit nedes no more,"
Quod þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,
 "3if I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue,
 & þou me smopely hat3 smyten, smartly I þe teche
 408 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,
 Þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwarde3 holde,
 & if I spende no speche, þenne spede3 þou þe better,
 For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre,
 412 bot slokes;
 Ta now þy grymme tole to þe,
 & let se how þou cnoke3."
 "Gladly sir, for soþe,"
 416 *Quod* Gawan; his ax he strokes.

"It pleases me well, Sir Gawayne," says the Green Knight,
 "that I shall receive a blow from thy fist; but thou must
 swear that thou wilt seek me,

to receive the blow in return."

"Where shall I seek thee?" says Sir Gawayne;

"tell me thy name and abode and I will find thee."

[Fol. 96b.]

"When thou hast smitten me," says the knight, "then tell I
 thee of my home and name;

if I speak not at all, so much the better for thee.

Take now thy grim tool, and let us see how thou
 knockest."

XIX.

The grene kny3t vpon grounde grayþely hym dresses,
 A littel lut with þe hede, þe lere he discouere3,
 His longe louelych lokke3 he layd ouer his croun.
 420 Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe.
 Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hy3t,
 Þe kay fot on þe folde he be-fore sette,
 Let hit doun ly3tly ly3t on þe naked,
 424 þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones,
 & schrank þur3 þe schyire grece, & scade hit in twynne,
 þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde.
 Þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe,
 428 þat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled;
 Þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe grene;
 & nawþer faltered ne fel þe freke neuer þe helder,

The Green Knight

puts his long lovely locks aside and lays bare his neck.

Sir Gawayne lets fall his axe

and severs the head from the body.

The head falls to the earth.

Many kick it aside with their feet.

The knight never falters;

432	Bot styþly he start forth vpon styf schonkes, & ru[n]yschly he ra3t out, þere as renkke3 stoden, La3t to his lufly hed, & lyft hit vp sone; & syþen bo3e3 to his blonk, þe brydel he cachche3, Steppe3 <i>in</i> to stel bawe & stryde3 alofte, 436 & his hede by þe here <i>in</i> his honde halde3; & as sadly þe segge hym <i>in</i> his sadel sette, As non vnhap had hym ayled, þa3 hedle3 he ¹ we[re], <i>in</i> stedde;	he rushes forth, seizes his head, steps into the saddle, holding the while the head in his hand by the hair,
440	He brayde his bluk ² aboute, þat vgly bodi þat bledde, Moni on of hym had doute, Bi þat his resoun3 were redde.	and turns his horse about. [Fol. 97.]

¹ MS. ho. ² blunk (?).

XX.

444	For þe hede in his honde he halde3 vp euen, To-ward þe derrest on þe dece he dresse3 þe face, & hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lydde3, & loked ful brode, & meled þus much <i>with</i> his muthe, as 3e may now here.	The head lifts up its eyelids, and addresses Sir Gawayne; "Look thou, be ready to go as thou hast promised,
448	"Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hette3, & layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde, As þou hat3 hette <i>in</i> þis halle, herande þise kny3tes; To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe to fotte,	and seek till thou findest me. Get thee to the Green Chapel,
452	Such a dunt as þou hat3 dalt disserued þou habbe3, To be 3ederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn; þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony; For-þi me forto fynde if þou frayste3, fayle3 þou neuer,	there to receive a blow on New Year's morn. Fail thou never;
456	þer-fore com, oþer recreaunt be calde þe be-houeus." With a runisch rout þe rayne3 he torne3, Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed <i>in</i> his hande, þat þe fyr of þe flynt fla3e fro fole houes.	come, or recreant be called." The Green Knight then rushes out of the hall, his head in his hand.
460	To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere, Neuermore þen þay wyste fram queþen he wat3 wonnen; what þenne? þe kyng & Gawen þare,	
464	At þat grene þay la3e & grenne, 3et breued wat3 hit ful bare, A meruayl among þo menne.	At that green one Arthur and Gawayne "laugh and grin."

XXI.

468	þa3 Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder, He let no semblaunt be sene, bot sayde ful hy3e To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche, "Dere dame, to day demay yow neuer; Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse, 472 Laykyng of enterlude3, to la3e & to syng. Among pi3e, kynde caroles of kny3te3 & ladye3; Neuer-þe-lece to my mete I may me wel dres, For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake." 476 He glent vpon <i>sir</i> Gawen, & gaynly he sayde, "Now <i>sir</i> , heng vp þyn ax, þat hat3 <i>in</i> -nogh hewen." & hit wat3 don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,	Arthur addresses the queen: "Dear dame, be not dismayed; such marvels well become the Christmas festival; I may now go to meat. Sir Gawayne, hang up thine axe. [Fol. 97 <i>b</i> .]
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<p>480</p> <p>484</p> <p>488</p>	<p>þer alle men for meruayl my3t on hit loke, & bi trwe tytel þer-of to telle þe wonder. þenne þay bo3ed to a borde þise burnes to-geder, þe kyng & þe gode kny3t, & kene men hem serued Of alle dayntye3 double, as derrest my3t falle, Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe; Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worþed an ende, in londe. Now þenk wel, <i>sir</i> Gawan, For woþe þat þou ne wonde, þis auenture forto frayn, þat þou hat3 tan on honde.</p>	<p>The king and his knights sit feasting at the board till day is ended.</p> <p>Now beware, Sir Gawayne, lest thou fail to seek the adventure that thou hast taken in hand.</p>
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[FYTTE THE SECOND.]

I.

<p>492</p> <p>496</p> <p>500</p> <p>504</p> <p>508</p> <p>512</p>	<p>This hanselle hat3 Arthur of auenturus on fyrst, In 3onge 3er, for he 3erned 3elpyng to here, Tha3 hym worde3 were wane, when þay to sete wenten; Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk staf-ful her hond. Gawan wat3 glad to be-gynne þose gomne3 <i>in</i> halle, Bot þa3 þe ende be heuy, haf 3e no wonder; For þa3 men <i>ben</i> mery in mynde, quen þay han mayn drynk, A 3ere 3ernes ful 3erne, & 3elde3 neuer lyke, þe forme to þe fynisment folde3 ful selden. For-þi þis 3ol ouer-3ede, & þe 3ere after, & vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer; After crysten-masse com þe crabbed lentoun, þat frayste3 flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple Bot þenne þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit þrepe3, Colde clenge3 adoun, cloude3 vp-lyften, Schyre schede3 þe rayn <i>in</i> schowre3 ful warme, Falle3 vpon fayre flat, flowre3 þere schewen, Boþe grounde3 & þe greue3 grene ar her wede3, Brydde3 busken to bylde, & bremlych syngen, For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer after, bi bonk; & blossom3 bolne to blowe, Bi rawe3 rych & ronk, þen note3 noble <i>in</i>-no3e, Ar herde in wod so wlonk.</p>	<p>This marvel serves to keep up a brisk conversation in Court.</p> <p>The year passes full quickly and never returns.</p> <p>After Christmas comes the "crabbed Lenten."</p> <p>Spring sets in and warm showers descend;</p> <p>the groves become green, birds build and sing, for joy of the summer that follows;</p> <p>blossoms begin to bloom,</p> <p>and noble notes are heard in the woods [Fol. 98]</p>
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II.

<p>516</p> <p>520</p> <p>524</p>	<p>After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wynde3, Quen 3eferus sylfe3 hym-self on sede3 & erbe3, Wela-wynne is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute. When þe donkande dewe drope3 of þe leue3, To bide a blysful blusch of þe bry3t sunne. Bot þen hy3es heruest, & hardenes hym sone. Warne3 hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype; He dryues wyth dro3t þe dust for to ryse. Fro þe face of þe folde to fly3e ful hy3e; Wroþe wynde of þe welkyn wrastele3 <i>with</i> þe sunne, þe leue3 lancen fro þe lynde, & ly3ten on þe grounde,</p>	<p>Then the soft winds of summer, beautiful are the flowers wet with dew-drops.</p> <p>But harvest approaches soon, and drives the dust about.</p> <p>The leaves drop off the trees,</p>
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528 & al grayes þe gres, þat grene wat3 ere;
þenne al rype3 & rote3 þat ros vpon fyrst,
& þus 3irne3 þe 3ere in 3isterdaye3 mony,
& wynter wynde3 a3ayn, as þe worlde aske3
no sage.

532 Til me3el-mas mone,
Wat3 cumen wyth wynter wage;
þen þenkke3 Gawan ful sone,
Of his anious uyage.

the grass becomes gray, and all ripens and rots.

Winter winds round again,

and then Sir Gawayne thinks of his dread journey.

III.

536 3et quyl al-hal-day with Arþer he lenges,
& he made a fare on þat fest, for þe freke3 sake,
With much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table;
Kny3te3 ful cortays & comlych ladies,
540 Al for luf of þat lede in longynge þay were,
Bot neuer-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot merþe,
Mony ioyle3 for þat ientyle iape3 þer maden.
For aftter mete, with mournyng he mele3 to his eme,
544 & speke3 of his passage, & pertly he sayde,
"Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask;
3e knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more
To telle yow tene3 þer-of neuer bot trifel;
548 Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne,
To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse."
þenne þe best of þe bur3 bo3ed to-geder,
Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,
552 Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence,
Launcelot, & Lyonel, & Lucan þe gode,
Sir Boos, & sir Byduer, big men boþe,
& mony oþer menskful, with Mador de la Port.
556 Alle þis compayny of court com þe kyng nerre,
For to counseyl þe kny3t, with care at her hert;
þere wat3 much derue¹ doel driuen in þe sale,
þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat ernde,
560 To dry3e a delful dynt, & dele no more
wyth bronde.
þe kny3t mad ay god chere,
& sayde, "quat schuld I wonde,
564 Of destines derf & dere,
What may mon do bot fonde?"

On All-hallows day Arthur makes a feast for his nephew's sake.

After meat, Sir Gawayne thus speaks to his uncle:

"Now, liege lord, I ask leave of you,

for I am bound on the morn to seek the Green Knight."

[Fol. 98b.]

Many nobles, the best of the court, counsel and comfort him.

Much sorrow prevails in the hall.

Gawayne declares that he has nothing to fear.

¹ derne (?).

IV.

He dowelle3 þer al þat day, and dresse3 on þe morn,
Aske3 erly hys arme3, & alle were þay bro3t
568 Fyrst a tule tapit, ty3t ouer þe flet,
& miche wat3 þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte;
þe stif mon steppe3 þeron, & þe stel hondole3,
Dubbed in a dublet of a dere tars,
572 & syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft,
þat wyth a bry3t blaunner was bounden with-inne;
þenne set þay þe sabatoun3 vpon þe segge fote3,

On the morn he asks for his arms.

A carpet is spread on the floor,

and he steps thereon.

He is dubbed in a doublet of Tarsic silk, and a well-made hood.

They set steel slices on his feet, and lap his legs in steel greaves.

576 580 584 588	His lege3 lapped <i>in</i> stel <i>with</i> luflych greue3, <i>With</i> polayne3 piched þer-to, policed ful clene, Aboute his kne3 knaged wyth knote3 of golde; Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed His thik þrawn þy3e3 <i>with</i> þwonges to-tachched; & syþen þe brawden bryne of bry3t stel ryng3, Vmbe-weued þat wy3, vpon wlonk stuffe; & wel bornyst brace vpon his boþe armes, <i>With</i> gode cowers & gay, & gloue3 of plate, & alle þe godlych gere þat hym gayn schulde þat tyde; Wyth ryche cote armure, His gold spore3 spend <i>with</i> pryde, Gurde wyth a bront ful sure, <i>With</i> silk sayn vmbe his syde.	Fair cuisses enclose his thighs, and afterwards they put on the steel habergeon, well-burnished braces, elbow pieces, and gloves of plate. Over all this is placed the coat armour. His spurs are then fixed, and his sword is attached to his side by a silken girdle.
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V.

592 596 600 604 608 612 616	When he wat3 hasped <i>in</i> armes, his harnays wat3 ryche, þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde; So harnayst as he wat3 he herkne3 his masse, Offred & honoured at þe he3e auter; Syþen he come3 to þe kyng & to his cort fere3, Lache3 lufly his leue at lorde3 & ladye3; & þay hym kyst & conueyed, bikende hym to kryst. Bi þat wat3 Gryngolet grayth, & gurde <i>with</i> a sadel, þat glemed ful gayly <i>with</i> mony golde frenges, Ay quere naylet ful nwe for þat note ryched; þe brydel barred aboute, <i>with</i> bry3t golde bounden; þe apparayl of þe payttrure, & of þe proude skyrte3, þe cropore, & þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsoun3; & al wat3 rayled on red ryche golde nayle3, þat al glytered & glent as glem of þe sumne. Þenne hentes he þe holme, & hastily hit kysses, þat wat3 stapled stifly, & stoffed wyth-inne: Hit wat3 hy3e on his hede, hasped bihynde, Wyth a ly3tli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle, Enbrawden & bounden wyth þe best gemme3, On brode sylkyn borde, & brydde3 on seme3, As papiaye3 paynted pernyng bitwene, Tortors & trulofe3 entayled so þyk, As mony burde þer aboute had ben seuen wynter <i>in</i> toune; þe cercle wat3 more o prys, þat vmbe-clypped hys crown, Of diamaunte3 a deuys, þat boþe were bry3t & broun.	[Fol. 99a.] Thus arrayed the knight hears mass, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur and his court. By that time his horse Gringolet was ready, the harness of which glittered like the "gleam of the sun." Then Sir Gawayne sets his helmet upon his head, fastened behind with a "urisoun," richly embroidered with gems. The circle around the helmet was decked with diamonds.
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VI.

620 624	Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr goulde3, Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwe3; He brayde3 hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals kestes, þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre. & quy þe pentangel apende3 to þat prynce noble, I am <i>in</i> tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde;	Then they show him his shield with the "pentangle" of pure gold. The "pentangle" was devised by Solomon as a token of truth.
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<p>Hit is a <i>syngne</i> þat Salamon set <i>sum-quyle</i>, <i>In bytoknyng</i> of trawþe, bi tytle þat hit habbe3, For hit is a figure þat halde3 fyue poynte3, 628 & vche lyne vmbe-lappe3 & louke3 <i>in oþer</i>, & ay quere hit is ende3,¹ & Englych hit callen <i>Ouer-al</i>, as I here, þe endeles knot. For-þy hit acorde3 to þis kny3t, & to his cler arme3, 632 For ay faythful <i>in</i> fyue & sere fyue syþe3, Gawan wat3 for gode knawen, & as golde pured, Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertue3² <i>ennourned</i> <i>in mote</i>; 636 For-þy þe pen-tangel nwe He ber <i>in</i> schelde & cote, As tulk of tale most trwe, & gentylest kny3t of lote.</p>	<p>[Fol. 99b] It is called the endless knot It well becomes the good Sir Gawayne, a knight the truest of speech and the fairest of form.</p>
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¹ MS *emdele3*. ² MS *verertue3*

VII.

<p>640 Fyrst he wat3 funden faultle3 <i>in</i> his fyue wytte3, & efte fayled neuer þe freke <i>in</i> his fyue fyngres, & alle his afaunce vpon folde wat3 <i>in</i> þe fyue wounde3 þat Cryst ka3t on þe croys, as þe crede telle3; 644 & quere-so-euer þys mon <i>in</i> melly wat3 stad, His þro þo3t wat3 <i>in</i> þat, þur3 alle oþer þynge3, þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioie3, þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde; 648 At þis cause þe kny3t comlyche hade <i>In</i> þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted, þat quen he blusched þerto, his belde neuer payred. þe fyrst¹ fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed, 652 Wat3 fraunchyse, & fela3schyp for-be² al þyng; His clannes & his cortaysye croked were neuer, & pite, þat passe3 alle poynte3, þyse pure fyue Were harder happed on þat habel þen on any oþer. 656 Now alle þese fyue syþe3, forsoþe, were fetled on þis kny3t, & vchone halched <i>in</i> oþer, þat non ende hade, & fyched vpon fyue poynte3, þat fayld neuer, Ne samned neuer <i>in</i> no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er], 660 <i>With-oute</i>n ende at any noke [a]i quere fynde, Where-euer þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende. Þer-fore on his schene schelde schapen wat3 þe knot, þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowle3, 664 þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called, <i>with</i> lore. Now grayþed is Gawan gay, & la3t his launce ry3t þore, 668 & gef hem alle goud day, He wende for euer more.</p>	<p>He was found faultless in his five wits. His trust was in the five wounds. The image of the Virgin was depicted upon his shield. In cleanness and courtesy he was never found wanting, therefore was the endless knot fastened on his shield. [Fol. 100] Sir Gawayne seizes his lance and bids all "good day."</p>
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¹ MS *fyft*. ² *for-bi* (?).

VIII.

	He sperred þe sted <i>with</i> þe spure ³ , & sprong on his way,	He spurs his horse and goes on his way.
	So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after;	
672	Al þat se ³ þat semly syked <i>in</i> hert,	All that saw that seemly one mourned in their hearts.
	& sayde sobly al same segges til <i>oþer</i> ,	
	Carande for þat comly, "bi Kryst, hit is scape,	
676	þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble!	They declared that his equal was not to be found upon earth.
	To fynde hys fere vpon folde, <i>in</i> fayth is not eþe;	
	Warloker to haf wro ³ t had more wyt bene,	
	& haf dy ³ t 3onder dere a duk to haue worþed;	It would have been better for him to have been a leader of men,
680	A lowande leder of lede ³ <i>in</i> londe hym wel seme ³ ,	than to die by the hands of "an elvish man."
	& so had better haf ben þen britned to no ³ t,	
	Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angarde ³ pryde.	
	Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take,	
	As kny ³ te ³ <i>in</i> caueloun ³ on cryst-masse gomne ³ !"	
684	Wel much wat ³ þe warme water þat waltered of y ³ en,	Much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.
	When þat semly syre so ³ t fro þo wone ³	
	þat ¹ daye;	
	He made non abode,	
688	Bot wy ³ tly went hys way,	Meanwhile many a weary way goes Sir Gawayne.
	Mony wylsum way he rode,	
	þe bok as I herde say.	

¹ MS. þad.

IX.

	Now ride ³ þis renk þur ³ þe ryalme of Logres,	Now rides the knight through the realms of England.
692	Sir Gauan on Gode ³ halue, þa ³ hym no gomen þo ³ t;	
	Oft, leudle ³ alone, he lenge ³ on ny ³ te ³ ,	
	þer he fonde no ³ t hym byfore þe fare þat he lyked;	He has no companion but his horse.
	Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frythe ³ & doune ³ ,	
696	Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,	No men does he see till he approaches North Wales.
	Til þat he ne ³ ed ful noghe ¹ <i>in</i> to þe Norþe Wale ³ ;	
	Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he halde ³ ,	
	& fare ³ ouer þe forde ³ by þe for-londe ³ ,	
700	Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk	From Holyhead he passes into Wirral.
	<i>In</i> þe wyldrenesse of Wyrle; wonde þer bot lyte	
	þat auþer God <i>oþer</i> gome wyth goud hert louied.	[Fol. 100b] There he finds but few that loved God or man.
	& ay he frayned, as he ferde, at freke ³ þat he met,	
704	If þay hade herde any karp of a kny ³ t grene,	He enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel,
	<i>In</i> any grounde þer-about, of þe grene chapel; ²	
	& al nykked hym wyth nay, þat neuer <i>in</i> her lyue	
	þay se ³ e neuer no segge þat wat ³ of suche hwe ³	but can gain no tidings of him.
708	of grene.	
	þe kny ³ t tok gates straunge,	
	<i>In</i> mony a bonk vnbene,	
	His cher ful oft con chaunge,	His cheer oft changed before he found the Chapel.
712	þat chapel er he my ³ t sene.	

¹ nyghe (?). ² MS. clapel.

X.

Mony klyf he ouer-clambe <i>in</i> contraye ³ straunge,	Many a cliff he climbed over;
Fer floten fro his frende ³ fremedly he ryde ³ ;	many a ford and stream he crossed, and everywhere he

716	At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wy3e passed, He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were, & þat so foule & so felle, þat fe3t hym by-hode; So mony meruayl hi mount þer þe mon fynde3, Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.	found a foe. It were too tedious to tell the tenth part of his adventures
720	Sumwhyle wyth worme3 he werre3, & with wolues als, Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, þat woned in þe knarre3, Boþe wyth bulle3 & bere3, & bore3 oþer-quyle, & etayne3, þat hym a-nelede, of þe he3e felle;	with serpents, wolves, and wild men; with bulls, bears, and boars.
724	Nade he ben du3ty & dry3e, & dry3tyn had serued, Douteles he hade ben ded, & dreped ful ofte. For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter was wor3, When þe colde cler water fro þe cloude3 schadden,	Had he not been both brave and good, doubtless he had been dead. The sharp winter was far worse than any war that ever troubled him.
728	& fres er hit falle my3t to þe fale erþe; Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped in his yrnas, Mo ny3te3 þen in-noghe in naked rokke3, þer as claterande fro þe crest þe colde borne renne3,	
732	& henge he3e ouer his hede in hard ysse-ikkles. þus in peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde, Bi contray carye3 þis kny3t, tyl kryst-masse euen, al one;	Thus in peril he travels till Christmas-eve.
736	þe kny3t wel þat tyde, To Mary made his mone. þat ho hym red to ryde, & wysse hym to sum wone.	To the Virgin Mary he prays to guide him to some abode. [Fol. 101.]

XI.

740	Bi a mounte on þe morne meryly he rydes, Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly wat3 wylde, Hi3e hille3 on vche a halue, & holt wode3 vnder, Of hore oke3 fill hoge a hundreth to-geder;	On the morn Sir Gawayne finds himself in a deep forest, where were old oaks many a hundred.
744	þe hasel & þe ha3-borne were harled al samen, With ro3e raged mosse rayled ay-where, With mony brydde3 vnblyþe vpon bare twyges, þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.	Many sad birds upon bare twigs piped piteously for the cold.
748	þe gome vpon Gryngolet glyde3 hem vnder, þur3 mony misy & myre, mon al hym one, Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde, To se þe seruy ¹ of þat syre, þat on þat self ny3t	Through many a mire he goes, that he may celebrate the birth of Christ.
752	Of a burde wat3 borne, oure baret to quelle; & þerfore sykyng he sayde, "I be-seche þe, lorde, & Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere. Of sum herber, þer he3ly I my3t here masse.	He beseeches the Virgin Mary to direct him to some lodging where he may hear mass.
756	Ande þy matyne3 to-morne, mekely I ask, & þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue, & crede."	
760	He rode in his prayere, & cryed for his mysdede, He sayned hym in syþes sere, & sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"	Blessing himself, he says, "Cross of Christ, speed me!"

¹ seruyce (?).

XII.

764 Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot pryē,
 Er he wat³ war *in* þe wod of a won *in* a mote.
 Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder bo³e³,
 Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi þe diches;
 768 A castel þe comlokest þat euer kny³t a³te,
 Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,
 With a pyked palays, pyned ful þik,
 Þat vmbe-te³e mony tre mo þen two myle.
 Þat holde on þat on syde þe habel auysed,
 772 As hit schemered & schon þur³ þe schyre oke³;
 Þenne hat³ he hendly of his helme, & he³ly he þonke³
 Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boþe,
 Þat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened.
 776 "Now bone hostel," coþe þe burne, "I be-seche yow 3ette!"
 Þenne gedere³ he to Gryngolet *with* þe gilt hele³,
 & he ful chauncely hat³ chosen to þe chef gate,
 Þat bro³t bremly þe burne to þe bryge ende,
 780 *in* haste;
 Þe bryge wat³ breme vp-brayde,
 Þe 3ate³ wer stoken faste,
 Þe walle³ were wel arayed,
 784 Hit dut no wynde³ blaste.

Scarcely had he blessed himself thrice

when he saw a dwelling in the wood, set on a hill,

the comeliest castle that knight ever owned.

It shone as the sun through the bright oaks.

[Fol. 101*b*.]

Sir Gawayne goes to the chief gate,

and finds the draw-bridge raised, and the gates shut fast.

XIII.

Þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed,
 Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place,
 Þe walle wod *in* þe water wonderly depe,
 788 Ande eft a ful huge he³t hit haled vpon lofte,
 Of harde hewen ston vp to þe table³,
 Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, *in* þe best lawe;
 & syþen garyte³ ful gaye gered bi-twene,
 792 Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful clene;
 A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuer;
 & innermore he be-helde þat halle ful hy³e,
 Towre telded bytwene trochet ful þik,
 796 Fayre fylyole³ þat fy³ed, & ferlyly long,
 With coruon coprounes, craftyly sle³e;
 Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he *in*-no³e,
 Vpon bastel roue³, þat blenked ful quyte;
 800 So mony pynakle payntet wat³ poudred ay quere,
 Among þe castel carnele³, clambred so þik,
 Þat pared out of papure purely hit semed.
 Þe fre freke on þe fole hit fayr *in*-n[o]ghe þo³t,
 804 If he my³t keuer to com þe cloyster wyth-inne,
 To herber *in* þat hostel, whyl halyday lested
 auinant;
 He calde, & sone þer com
 808 A porter pure plesaunt,
 On þe wal his ernd he nome,
 & haylsed þe kny³t erraunt.

The knight abides on the bank,

and observes the "huge height,"

with its battlements and watch towers.

Bright and long were its round towers,

with their well-made capitals.

He thinks it fair enough if he might only come within the cloister.

He calls, and soon there comes a porter to know the knight's errand.

XIV.

812 "Gode sir," *quod* Gawan, "wolde³ þou go myn ernde,
 To þe he³ lorde of pis hous, herber to craue?"

"Good sir," says Gawayne, "ask the high lord of this house to grant me a lodging."

[Fol. 102.]

	"3e, Peter," <i>quod</i> þe porter, "& purely I trowe, ¹ þat 3e be, wy3e, welcum to won quyle yow lyke3." þen 3ede þat wy3e a3ayn awyþe,	"You are welcome to dwell here as long as you like," replied the porter.
816	& folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe kny3t; þay let down þe grete dra3t, & derely out 3eden, & kneled down on her knes vpon þe colde erþe, To welcum þis ilk wy3, as worþy hom þo3t;	The draw-bridge is let down, and the gate is opened wide to receive him.
820	þay 3olden hym þe brode 3ate, 3arked vp wyde, & he hem raysed rekenly, & rod ouer þe brygge; Sere segge3 hym sesed by sadel, quel ² he ly3t, & syþen stabeled his stede stif men in-no3e.	His horse is well stabled.
824	Kny3te3 & swyere3 comen down þenne, For to bryng þis burne ³ wyth blys in-to halle; Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hi3ed in-noghe For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,	Knights and squires bring Gawayne into the hall. Many a one hastens to take his helmet and sword.
828	His bronde & his blasoun boþe þay token. þen haylsed he ful hendly þo haþele3 vch one, & mony proud mon þer presed, þat prynce to honour; Alle hasped in his he3 wede to halle þay hym wonnen,	
832	þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly brenned. þenne þe lorde of þe lede loute3 fro his chambre, For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flor; He sayde, "3e ar welcum to welde as yow lyke3,	The lord of the country bids him welcome,
836	þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wyllle & welde." "Graunt mercy," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þer Kryst hit yow for-3elde,"	
840	As freke3 þat semed fayn, Ayþer oþer in arme3 con felde.	and they embrace each other.

¹ trowoe, MS. ² quyle (?) or quen (?). ³ buurne, MS.

XV.

	Gawayn gly3t on þe gome þat godly hym gret, & þu3t hit a bolde burne þat þe bur3 a3te,	Gawayne looks on his host; a big bold one he seemed.
844	A hoge hapel for þe none3, & of hyghe elde; ¹ Brode bry3t wat3 his berde, & al beuer hwed, Sturne stif on þe stryþþe on stal-worth schonke3, Felle face as þe fyre, & fre of hys speche;	Beaver-hued was his broad beard, and his face as "fell as the fire."
848	& wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þu3t, To lede a lortschyp in lee of leude3 ful gode. þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & chefly cumaunde3 ⁴	^[Fol. 102b.] The lord leads Gawayne to a chamber, and assigns him a page to wait upon him.
852	To delyuer hym a leude, hym lo3ly to serue; & þere were boun at his bode burne3 in-no3e, þat bro3t hym to a bry3t boure, þer beddyng wat3 noble,	In this bright bower was noble bedding;
856	Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde hemme3, & couertore3 ful curious, with comlych pane3, Of bry3t blaunnier a-boue enbrawdred bisyde3, Rudele3 remmande on rope3, red golde rynge3,	the curtains were of pure silk with golden hems;
	Tapyte3 ty3t to þe wo3e, of tuly & tars, & vnder fete, on þe flet, of fol3ande sute.	Tarsic tapestries covered the walls and the floor.
860	þer he wat3 dispoyled, wyth speche3 of myerþe, þe burn of his bruny, & of his bry3t wede3; Ryche robes ful rad renkke3 hem ³ bro3ten,	Here the knight doffed his armour, and put on rich robes,

864 For to charge, & to chaunge, & chose of þe best.
 Sone as he on hent, & happed þer-inne,
 þat sete on hym⁴ semly, wyth saylande skyrte³,
 þe ver by his uisage verayly hit semed which well became him.
 Wel ne³ to vche hapel alle on hwes,
 868 Lowande & lufly, alle his lymme³ vnder,
 þat a comloker kny³t neuer Kryst made,
 hem þo³t;
 Wheþen in worlde he were,
 872 Hit semed as he my³t
 Be prynce *with*-outen pere,
 In felde þer felle men fy³t.

¹ eldee, MS. ² clesly, MS. ³ hym (?). ⁴ MS. hyn.

XVI.

876 A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole brenned,
 Wat³ grayþed for *sir* Gawan, grayþely *with* cloþe³,
 Whyssynes vpon queldepoyntes, þa[t] koynt wer boþe;
 & þenne a mere mantyle wat³ on þat mon cast,
 Of a broun bleeaunt, enbrauded ful ryche,
 880 & fayre furred wyth-inne *with* felle³ of þe best,
 Alle of ermyn in erde, his hode of þe same;
 & he sete in þat settel semlych ryche,
 & achaufed hym chefly,¹ & þenne his cher mended.
 884 Sone wat³ telded vp a tapit, on treste³ ful fayre,
 Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed,
 Sanap, & salure, & syluer-in spone³;
 þe wy³e wesche at his wyll, & went to his mete
 888 Segge³ hym serued semly in-no³e,
 Wyth sere sewes & sete,² sesounde of þe best,
 Double felde, as hit falle³, & fele kyn fische³;
 Summe baken in bred, summe brad on þe glede³,
 892 Summe sopen, summe in sewe, sauered *with* spyces,
 & ay sawes³ so sle³e³, þat þe segge lyked.
 þe freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte,
 Ful hendely, quen alle þe hapeles re-hayted hym at one³
 896 as hende;
 "Þis penaunce now 3e take,
 & eft hit schal amende;"
 þat mon much merþe con make.
 900 For *wyn* in his hed þat wende.

¹ MS. cefly. ² swete (?). ³ sewes (?).

XVII.

904 Þenne wat³ spyed & spured vpon spare wyse.
 Bi preue poynte³ of þat prynce, put to hym-seluen,
 þat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were,
 þat aþel Arthure þe hende halde³ hym one,
 þat is þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table;
 & hit wat³ Wawen hym-self þat in þat won sytte³,
 Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lymped.

<p>908 When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade, Loude la3ed he þerat, so lef hit hym þo3t, & alle þe men <i>in</i> þat mote maden much joye, To apere <i>in</i> his presense prestly þat tyme, 912 þat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes Apendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer, By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most. Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere, 916 "Now schal we semlych se sle3te3 of þewe3, & þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble, Wich spede is <i>in</i> speche, vnspurd may we lerne, Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture; 920 God hat3 geuen <i>vus</i> his <i>grace</i> godly for soþe, þat such a gest as Gawan graunte3 <i>vus</i> to haue, When burne3 blyþe of his burþe schal sitte & synge. 924 <i>In</i> menyng of manere3 mere, þis burne now schal <i>vus</i> bryng, I hope þat may hym here, Schal lerne of luf-talkyng."</p>	<p>When this was made known, great was the joy in the hall. Each one said softly to his mate, "Now we shall see courteous manners and hear noble speech, for we have amongst us the 'father of nurture.' [Fol. 103<i>b</i>.] He that may him hear shall learn of love-talking."</p>
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XVIII.

<p>928 Bi þat þe diner wat3 done, & þe dere vp, Hit wat3 ne3 at þe niy3t ne3ed þe tyme; Chaplayne3¹ to þe chapeles chosen þe gate, Rungen ful rychely, ry3t as þay schulden, 932 To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde. þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als, <i>In</i>-to a comly closet coyntly ho entre3; Gawan glyde3 ful gay, & gos þeder sone; 936 þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & lede3 hym to sytte, & couþly hym knowe3, & calle3 hym his nome, & sayde he wat3 þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde; & he hym þonkked þroly, & ayþer halched oþer. 940 & seten soberly samen þe seruise-quyle; þenne lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t. þenne com ho of hir closet, <i>with</i> mony cler burde3, Ho wat3 þe fayrest <i>in</i> felle, of flesche & of lyre, 944 & of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer, & wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t. He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende; An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde, 948 þat wat3 alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed, & he3ly honowred <i>with</i> hapele3 aboute. Bot yn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were, For if þe 3onge wat3 3ep, 3ol3e wat3 þat oþer; 952 Riche red on þat on rayled ay quere, Rugh ronkled cheke3 þat oþer on rolled; Kerhofes of þat on wyth mony cler perle3 Hir brest & hir bry3t þrote bare displayed, 956 Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat scheduler² on hille3; þat oþer wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre, Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn <i>with</i> mylk-quyte vayles, Hir frount folden <i>in</i> sylk, enfoubled ay quere, 960 Toret & treieted <i>with</i> tryfle3 aboute, þat no3t wat3 bare of þat burde bot þe blake bro3es.</p>	<p>After dinner the company go to the chapel, to hear the evensong of the great season. The lord of the castle and Sir Gawayne sit together during service. His wife, accompanied by her maids, leaves her seat. She appeared even fairer than Guenever. An older lady (an ancient one she seemed) led her by the hand. Very unlike were these two. if the young one was fair the other was yellow, and had rough and wrinkled cheeks. The younger had breast and throat "bare displayed." The ancient one exposed only her "black brows," her two eyes, [Fol. 104.]</p>
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þe twayne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppe3,
 & þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered;
 964 A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle,
 for gode;
 Hir body wat3 schort & þik.
 Hir buttoke3 bay & brode,
 968 More lykker-wys on to lyk,
 Wat3 þat scho hade on lode.

nose, and naked lips, all sour and bleared.

Her body was short and thick;
her buttocks broad and round.

¹ MS. [claplayne3.] ² schedes (?).

XIX.

When Gawayn gly3t on þat gay, þat *graciously* loked,
 Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem a3aynes;
 972 þe alder he haylses, heldande ful lowe,
 þe loueloker he lappe3 a lyttel *in* arme3,
 He kysses hir comlyly, & kny3tly he mele3;
 þay kallen hym of a quoyntaunce, & he hit quyk aske3
 976 To be her seruauant sothly, if hem-self lyked.
 þay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden
 To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken
 Spyce3, þat vn-sparely men speded hom to bryng,
 980 & þe wynne-lych wyne þer-with vche tyme.
 þe lorde luflych aloft lepe3 ful ofte,
 Mynned merthe to be made vpon mony syþe3.
 Hent he3ly of his hode, & on a spere hinged,
 984 & wayned hom to wynne þe worchip þer-of,
 þat most myrþe my3t mene¹ þat crystenmas whyle;
 "& i schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best,
 Er me wont þe wede3, *with* help of my frende3."
 988 þus wyth la3ande lote3 þe lorde hit tayt² make3,
 For to glade *sir* Gawayn *with* gomne3 *in* halle
 þat ny3t;
 Til þat hit wat3 tyme,
 992 þe kyng comaundet ly3t,
 Sir Gawen his leue con nyme,
 & to his bed hym di3t.

With permission of the lord,

Sir Gawayne salutes the elder,

but the younger he kisses,

and begs to be her servant.

To chamber all go,
where spices and wine are served.

The lord takes off his hood and places it on a spear.

He who makes most mirth is to win it.

Night approaches, and then

Sir Gawayne takes his leave and retires to rest.

¹ meue (?). ² layt (?).

XX.

On þe morne, as vch mon myne3 þat tyme,
 996 [þ]at dry3tyn for oure destyné to de3e wat3 borne,
 Wele waxe3 *in* vche a won *in* worlde, for his sake;
 So did hit pere on þat day, þur3 dayntes mony;
 Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt
 1000 Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best.
 þe olde auncian wyf he3est ho sytte3;
 þe lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;
 Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder þay seten,
 1004 Euen *in*-mydde3, as þe messe metely come;
 & syþen þur3 al þe sale, as hem best semed,
 Bi vche grome at his degre *grayþely* wat3 serued.
 þer wat3 mete, þer wat3 myrþe, þer wat3 much ioye,

On Christmas morn,
joy reigns in every dwelling in the world.

So did it in the castle where our knight abode.
[Fol. 104b.]

The lord and "the old ancient wife" sit together.

Gawayne sits by the wife of his host.

It were too tedious to tell of the meat, the mirth, and the
joy that abounded everywhere.

- 1008 þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were,
 & to poynte hit 3et I pyned me *parauenture*;
 Bot 3et I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde
 Such comfort of her compaynye ca3ten to-geder,
 1012 þur3 her dere dalyaunce of her derne worde3,
 Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe;
 & hor play wat3 passande vche prynce gomen,
 in vayres;
 1016 Trumpe3 & nakerys,
 Much pypyng *þer* repayres,
 Vche *mon* tented hys,
 & þay two tented þayres.

Gawayne and his beautiful companion derive much comfort from each other's conversation.

Trumpets and nakers give forth their sounds.

XXI.

- 1020 Much dut wat3 þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer,
 & þe pryð as þro þronge *in þerafter*;
 Þe ioye of sayn Ione3 day wat3 gentyle to here,
 & wat3 þe last of þe layk, leude3 þer þo3ten.
 1024 Þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne,
 For-þy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken,
 Daunsed ful dre3ly wyth dere carole3;
 At þe last, when hit wat3 late, þay lachen her leue,
 1028 Vchon to wende on his way, þat wat3 wy3e stronge.
 Gawan gef hym god-day, þe god *mon* hym lachche3,
 Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] *chymné* bysyde,
 & þere he dra3e3 hym on-dry3e, & derely hym þonkke3,
 1032 Of þe wynne worschip &¹ he hym wayned hade,
 As to honour his hous on þat hy3e tyde,
 & enbelyse his bur3 *with* his bele chere.
 "I-wysse *sir*, quyl I leue, me worþe3 þe better,
 1036 þat Gawayn hat3 ben my gest, at Godde3 awen fest." [Fol. 105.]
 "Grant merci² *sir*," *quod* Gawayn, "in god fayth hit is yowre3,
 Al þe honour is *your* awen, þe he3e kyng yow 3elde;
 & I am wy3e at *your* wylle, to worch *your* hest,
 1040 As I am halden þer-to, in hy3e & in lo3e,
 bi ri3t."
 Þe lorde fast can hym payne,
 To holde lenger þe kny3t,
 1044 To hym answe3 Gawayn,
 Bi non way þat he my3t.

Great was the joy for three days.
 St. John's-day was the last of the Christmas festival.

On the morrow many of the guests took their departure from the castle.

Sir Gawayne is thanked by his host for the honour and pleasure of his visit.

[Fol. 105.]

He endeavours to keep the knight at his court.

¹ þat (?). ² merci, in MS.

XXII.

- Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen,
 Quat derne¹ dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme,
 1048 So kenly fro þe kynge3 kourt to kayre al his one,
 Er þe halidaye3 holly were halet out of toun?
 "For soþe *sir*," *quod* þe segge, "3e sayn bot þe trawþe
 A he3e ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo wone3,
 1052 For I am sumned my selfe to sech to a place,
 I wot² *in* worlde wheder warde to wende, hit to fynde;
 I nolde, bot if I hit negh my3t on nw3eres morne,

He desires to know what had driven Sir Gawayne from Arthur's court before the end of the Christmas holidays.

The knight replies that "a high errand and a hasty one" had forced him to leave the court.

	For alle þe londe <i>in</i> -wyth Logres, so me oure lorde help!	
1056	For-þy, <i>sir</i> , þis enquest I require yow here, þat 3e me telle <i>with</i> trawþe, if euer 3e tale herde Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stonde3, & of þe kny3t þat hit kepes, of colour of grene?	He asks his host whether he has ever heard of the Green Chapel,
1060	þer wat3 stabled bi statut a steuen <i>vus</i> by-twene, To mete þat mon at þat mere, 3if I my3t last; & of þat ilk nw3ere hot neked now wonte3, & I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde,	for he has to be there on New Year's-day.
1064	Gladloker, bi Godde3 <i>sun</i> , þen any god welde! For-þi, I-wysse, bi 3owre wylle, wende me bi-houes, Naf I now to busy bot bare þre daye3, & me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde."	He would as lief die as fail in his errand.
1068	þenne la3ande <i>quod</i> þe lorde, "now leng þe by-houes, For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tyme3 ende, þe grene chapayle vpon grounde, greue yow no more; Bot 3e schal be <i>in</i> yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese,	The prince tells Sir Gawayne that he will teach him the way.
1072	Quyle forth dayej, & ferk on pe fyrst of pe 3ere, & cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow like3 in sperme; Dowelle3 whyle new 3eres daye,	[Fol. 105b]
1076	& rys, & rayke3 þenne, Mon schal yow sette <i>in</i> waye, Hit is not two myle henne."	The Green chapel is not more than two miles from the castle.

¹ derue (?). ² not (?).

XXIII.

	þenne wat3 Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he la3ed,—	Then was Gawayne glad,
1080	"Now I þonk yow þryuandely þur3 alle oþer þynge, Now acheued is my chaunce, I schal at <i>your</i> wylle Dowelle, & elle3 do quat 3e demen."	and consents to tarry awhile at the castle.
1084	þenne sesed hym þe syre, & set hym bysyde, Let þe ladie3 be fette, to lyke hem þe better; þer wat3 seme solace by hem-self stille; þe lorde let for luf lote3 so myry, As wy3 þat wolde of his wyte, ne wyst quat he my3t.	The ladies are brought in to solace him.
1088	þenne he carped to þe kny3t, criande loude, "3e han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde; Wyl 3e halde þis hes here at þys one3?" "3e <i>sir</i> , for-soþe," sayd þe segge trwe,	The lord of the castle asks the knight to grant him one request;
1092	"Whyl I byde <i>in</i> yowre bor3e, be bayn to 3ow[r]e hest." "For 3e haf trauayled," <i>quod</i> þe tulk, "townen fro ferre, & syþen waked me wyth, 3e arn not wel waryst, Nauper of sostnaunce ne of slepe, soþly I knowe;	That he will stay in his chamber during mass time,
1096	3e schal lenge <i>in your</i> lofte, & ly3e <i>in your</i> ese, To morn quyle þe messe-quyle, & to mete wende, When 3e wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yow schal sitte, & comfort yow <i>with</i> compayny, til I to cort torne,	and then go to meat with his hostess.
1100	3e lende; & I schal erly ryse, On huntyng wyl I wende." Gauayn grante3 alle þyse,	Gawayne accedes to his request.
1104	Hym heldande, as þe hende.	

XXIV.

- "3et firre," *quod* þe freke, "a forwarde we make;
Quat-so-euer I wynne *in* þe wod, hit worþe3 to *youre*3,
& quat chek so 3e acheue, chaunge me þer-forne;
1108 Swete, swap we so, sware *with* trawþe,
Queþer, leude, so lymþ lere oþer better."
"Bi God," *quod* Gawayn þe gode, "I *grant* þer-tylle,
& þat yow lyst forto layke, lef hit me þynkes.
1112 "Who bringe3 *vus* þis beuerage, þis bargayn is maked:"
So sayde þe lorde of þat lede; þay la3ed vchone,
þay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vnty3tel,¹
þise lorde3 & ladye3, quyle þat hem lyked;
1116 & syþen *with* frenkysch fare & fele fayre lote3
þay stoden, & stemed, & styilly speken,
Kysten ful comlyly, & ka3ten her leue.
1120 *With* mony leude ful ly3t, & lemande torches,
Vche burne to his bed wat3 bro3t at þe laste,
ful softe;
To bed 3et er þay 3ede,
Recorded couenaunte3 ofte;
1124 þe olde lorde of þat leude,²
Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.

"Whatsoever," says the host, "I win in the wood shall be yours,

and what check you achieve shall be mine."

[Fol. 106.]

A bargain is made between them.

Night approaches and each "to his bed was brought at the last."

¹ vntyl ny3te (?). ² lede (?).

[FYTTE THE THIRD.]

I.

- Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen,
Gestes þat go wolde, hor grome3 þay calden,
1128 & þay busken vp bilyue, blonkke3 to sadel,
Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males,
Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde,
Lepen vp ly3tly, lachen her brydeles,
1132 Vche wy3e on his way, þer hym wel lyked.
þe leue lorde of þe londe wat3 not þe last,
A-rayed for þe rydyng, *with* renkke3 ful mony;
Ete a sop hastily, when he hade herde masse,
1136 *With* bugle to bent felde he buske3 by-lyue;
By þat þat any day-ly3t lemed vpon erþe,
He *with* his hapeles on hy3e horsses weren.
þenne þise cacheres þat coupe, cowpled hor hounde3,
1140 Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þer-oute,
Blwe bygly *in* bugle3 þre bare mote;
Braches bayed þerfore, & breme noyse maked,
& þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went;
1144 A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle,
of þe best;
To trystors vewters 3od,
Couples huntes of kest,
1148 þer ros for blaste3 gode,
Gret rurd *in* þat forest.

Before day-break folks arise,

saddle their horses, and truss their mails.

Each goes where it pleases him best.

The noble lord of the land arrays himself for riding.

He eats a sop hastily and goes to mass.

Before day-light he and his men are on their horses.

Then the hounds are called out and coupled.

Three short notes are blown by the bugles.

A hundred hunters join in the chase.

To the stations the "fewters" go,

[Fol. 106b.]

and the dogs are cast off.

II.

At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wylde;
Der drof *in* þe dale, doted for drede,
1152 Hi3ed to þe hy3e, bot heterly þay were
Restayed *with* þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed;
þay let þe hertte3 haf þe gate, *with* þe hy3e hedes,
þe breme bukke3 also, *with* hor brode paume3;
1156 For þe fre lorde hade de-fende *in* fermysoun tyme,
þat þer schulde no mon mene¹ to þe male dere.
þe hinde3 were halden *in*, *with* hay & war,
þe does dryuen *with* gret dyn to þe depe slade3;
1160 þer my3t mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes,
At vche [þat] wende vnder wande wapped a flone,
þat bigly bote on þe broun, *with* ful brode hede3,
What! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkke3 þay de3en.
1164 & ay rachches *in* a res radly hem fol3es,
Huntre3 wyth hy3e horne hasted hem after,
Wyth such a crakkande kry, as klyffes haden brusten;
What wylde so at-waped wy3es þat schotten,
1168 Wat3 al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt.
Bi þay were tened at þe hy3e, & taysed to þe wattre3,
þe lede3 were so lerned at þe lo3e trysteres,
& þe gre-hounde3 so grete, þat geten hem bylyue,
1172 & hem to fylched, as fast as freke3 my3t loke,
þer ry3t.
þe lorde for blys abloy
Ful oft con launce & ly3t,
1176 & drof þat day wyth Ioy
Thus to þe derk ny3t.

¹ meue (?).

Roused by the clamour the deer rush to the heights,

but are soon driven back.
The harts and bucks are allowed to pass,

but the hinds and does are driven back to the shades.

As they fly they are shot by the bowmen.

The hounds and the hunters, with a loud cry, follow in
pursuit.

Those that escaped the arrows are killed by the hounds.

The lord waxes joyful in the chase,

which lasted till the approach of night.

III.

þus layke3 þis lorde by lynde wode3 eue3,
& G. þe god mon, *in* gay bed lyge3,
1180 Lurkke3 quyl þe day-ly3t lemed on þe woves,
Vnder couertour ful clere, cortyned aboute;
& as *in* slomeryng he slode, sle3ly he herde
A littel dyn at his dor, & derfly vpon;
1184 & he heue3 vp his hed out of þe cloþes,
A corner of þe cortyn he ca3t vp a lyttel,
& wayte3 warly þider-warde, quat hit be my3t.
Hit wat3 þe ladi, loflyest to be-holde,
1188 þat dro3 þe dor after hir ful dernly¹ & stylye,
& bo3ed to-warde þe bed; & þe burne schamed.
& layde hym doun lystyly, & let as he slepte.
& ho stepped stilly. & stel to his bedde,
1192 Kest vp þe cortyn, & creped *with-inne*,
& set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde,
& lenged þere selly longe, to loke quen he wakened.
þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,
1196 Compast *in* his concience to quat þat cace my3t
Mene oþer amount, to meruayle hym þo3t;
Bot 3et he sayde *in* hym-self, "more semly hit were

All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.

under "coverture full clear".

He hears a noise at his door.
[Fol. 107.]

A lady, the loveliest to behold, enters softly.

She approaches the bed.

Gawayne pretends to be asleep.
The lady casts up the curtain and sits on the bedside.

Gawayne has much wonder thereat.

1200 To aspye wyth my spelle [in] space quat ho wolde."
 þen he wakenede, & wroth, & to hir warde torned,
 & vn-louked his y3e-lydde3, & let as hym wondered,
 & sayned hym, as bi his sa3e þe sauer to worthe,
 with hande;
 1204 Wyth chymne & cheke ful swete,
 Boþe quit & red in-blande,
 Ful lufly con ho lete,
 Wyth lyppe3 smal la3ande.

¹ deruly (?).

IV.

1208 "God moroun, *sir* Gawayn," sayde þat fayr lady,
 "3e ar a sleper vn-sly3e, þat mon may slyde hider;
 Now ar 3e tan astyt, bot true *vus* may schape,
 I schal bynde yow in your bedde, þat be 3e trayst:"
 1212 Al la3ande þe lady lanced þo bourde3.
 "Goud moroun g[aye],"¹ *quod* Gawayn þe blyþe,
 "Me schal worþe at your wille, & þat me wel lyke3,
 For I 3elde me 3ederly, & 3e3e after grace,
 1216 & þat is þe best, be my dome, for me by-houe3 nede;"
 & þus he bourded a-3ayn with mony a blyþe la3ter.
 "Bot wolde 3e, lady louely, þen leue me grante,
 & de-prece your prysoun, & pray hym to ryse,
 1220 I wolde bo3e of þis bed, & busk me better,
 I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth."
 "Nay, for soþe, beau *sir*," sayd þat swete,
 "3e schal not rise of your bedde, I rych yow better,
 1224 I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als,
 & syþen karp wyth my kny3t þat I ka3t haue;
 For I wene wel, Iwysse, *sir* Wawen 3e are,
 þat alle þe worlde worchipe3, quere-so 3e ride;
 1228 Your honour, your hendelayk is hendely prayed
 With lorde3, wyth ladyes, with alle þat lyf bere.
 & now 3e ar here, iwysse, & we bot oure one;
 "My lorde & his lede3 ar on lenþe faren,
 1232 Oþer burne3 in her bedde, & my burde3 als,
 þe dor drawen, & dit with a derf haspe;
 & syþen I haue in þis hous hym þat al lyke3,
 I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit laste3,
 1236 with tale;
 3e ar welcum to my cors,
 Yowre awen won to wale,
 Me be-houe3 of fyne force,
 1240 Your seruauant be & schale."

He rouses himself up,
 unlocks his eyes, and looks as if he were astonished.

I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure."

"Good morrow," says the knight, "I am well pleased to be
 at your service;

but permit me to rise and dress myself."

[Fol. 107b]
 "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one,

"I shall hold talk with you here.

I know well that you are Gawayne that all the woild
 worships.

We are by ourselves;

My lord and his men are far off.

Other men are in their beds, so are my maidens.

The door is safely closed.

Since I have him in house that every one likes, I shall use
 my time well while it lasts.

Ye are welcome to my body.

I shall be your servant."

¹ This word is illegible in the MS.

V.

"In god fayth," *quod* Gawayn, "gayn hit me þynkke3,
 þa3 I be not now he þat 3e of speken;
 To reche to such reuerence as 3e reherce here
 1244 I am wy3e vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen;

"I am unworthy," says Sir Gawayne, "to reach to such
 reverence as ye rehearse.

- Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þo3t,
 At sa3e oþer at seruyce þat I sette my3t
 To þe plesaunce of *your* prys, hit were a pure ioye."
 1248 "In god fayth, *sir* Gawayn," *quod* þe gay lady,
 "þe prys & þe prowes þat plese3 al oþer,
 If I hit lakked, oþer set at ly3t, hit were littel daynté;
 Bot hit ar ladyes *in-no3e*, þat leuer wer nowþe
 1252 Haf þe hende *in* hor holde, as I þe habbe here,
 To daly *witt* derely *your* daynté worde3,
 Keuer hem comfort, & colen her care3,
 Þen much of þe garysourn oþer golde þat¹ þay hauen;
 1256 Bot I louue² þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte halde3,
 I haf hit holly *in* my honde þat al desyres,
 þur3e grace."
 Scho made hym so gret chere,
 1260 þat wat3 so fayr of face,
 þe kny3t *with* speches skere,
 A[n]swared to vche a cace.

I shall be glad, however, to please you by word, or service."

"There are ladies," says his visitor, "who would prefer thy company

to much of the gold that they possess."

[Fol. 108.]

The knight answers the lady's questions.

¹ MS. þat þat. ² louie or loune (?).

VI.

- "Madame," *quod* þe myry mon, "Mary yow 3elde,
 1264 For I haf founden, *in* god fayth, yowre fraunchis nobele,
 & oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hor dede3;
 Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen,
 Hit is þe worchyp of *your*-self, þat no3t hot wel *conne*3."
 1268 "Bi Mary," *quod* þe menskful, "me þynk hit anoþer;
 For were I worth al þe wone of wymmen alyue,
 & al þe wele of þe worlde were *in* my honde,
 & I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde,
 1272 For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpun þe kny3t here,
 Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblaunt,
 & þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee,
 Þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen."
 1276 "I-wysse, worpy," *quod* þe wy3e, "3e haf waled wel better,
 Bot I am proude of þe prys þat 3e put on me,
 & soberly *your* seruauunt my souerayn I holde yow,
 & yowre kny3t I be-com, & Kryst yow for-3elde."
 1280 Þus þay meled of much-quat, til myd-morn paste,
 & ay þe lady let lyk, a¹ hym loued mych;
 Þe freke ferde *with* defence, & feted ful fayre.
 Þa3 I were burde bry3test, þe burde *in* mynde hade,
 1284 Þe lasse luf *in* his lode, for lur þat he so3t,
 bouté hone;
 Þe dunte þat schulde² hym deue,
 & nede3 hit most be done;
 1288 Þe lady þenn spek of leue.
 He *granted* hir ful sone.

Gawayne tells her that he prefers her conversation before that of all others.

The lady declares by Mary,

that were she about to choose her a lord,

she would select Gawayne before any man on earth.

Gawayne tells her that he will become her own knight and faithful servant.

The remembrance of his adventure prevents him from thinking of love.

The lady takes leave of Sir Gawayne.

¹ and (?) ² sclulde, in MS.

VII.

	þenne ho gef hym god-day, & wyth a glent la3ed. & as ho stod, ho stonyed hym wyth ful stor worde3:	With a laughing glance, she says,
1292	"Now he þat spede3 vche spech, þis disport 3elde yow! Bot þat 3e be Gawan, hit got3 <i>in mynde</i> ." "Quer-fore?" <i>quod</i> þe freke, & freschly he aske3, Ferde lest he hade fayled <i>in fourme</i> of his castes;	"I am doubtful whether ye be Gawayne.
1296	Bot þe burde hym blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde, "So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden, & cortaysye is closed so clene <i>in hym-seluen</i> , Couth not ly3tly haf lenged so long wyth a lady,	[Fol. 108b.] Were it he, surely, ere this, he would have craved a kiss."
1300	Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his courtaysye, Bi sum towch of summe tryfle, at sum tale3 ende." þen <i>quod</i> Wowen, "I-wysse, worþe as yow lyke3, I schal kysse at <i>your</i> comaundement, as a kny3t falle3,	"I shall kiss," says the knight, "at your commandment."
1304	& fire ¹ lest he displese yow, so ² plede hit no more." Ho comes nerre <i>with</i> þat, & cache3 hym <i>in arme</i> 3, Loute3 luflych adoun, & þe leude kysse3; þay comly bykennen to Kryst ayþer oþer;	With that the lady catches him in her arms and kisses him.
1308	Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, <i>with-uten</i> dyn more. & he ryches hym to ryse, & rapes hym sone, Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede, Bo3e3 forth, quen he wat3 boun, blyþely to masse,	Gawayne then rises and goes to mass.
1312	& þenne he meued to his mete, þat menskly hym keped, & made myry al day til þe mone rysed, <i>with game</i> ; <i>With</i> ³ neuer freke fayrer fonge,	He makes mirth all day till the moon rises,
1316	Bitwene two so dyngne dame, þe alder & þe 3onge, Much solace set þay same.	between the "two dames," the older and the younger.

¹ fere (?). ² fo, in MS. ³ Was (?) Nas (?).

VIII.

1320	And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamne3, To hunt <i>in holte</i> 3 & heþe, at hynde3 barayne, Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe sumne heldet, Of dos & of oþer dere, to deme were wonder. þenne fersly þay flokked <i>in folk</i> at þe laste,	Meanwhile the lord of the land and his men hunt in woods and heaths.
1324	& quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked; þe best bo3ed þerto, <i>with burne</i> 3 <i>in-noghe</i> , Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were, & didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede aske3;	Quickly of the killed a " <i>quarry</i> " they make.
1328	Serched hem at þe asay, summe þat þer were, Two fyngeres þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle; Syþen þay slyt þe slot, sesed þe erber, Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten;	Then they set about <i>breaking</i> the deer.
1332	Syþen rytte þay þe fourre lymmes, & rent of þe hyde, þen brek þay þe bale, þe bale3 out token, Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot; þay gryped to þe gargulun, & grayþely departed	They take away the <i>assay</i> or fat, then they slit the <i>slot</i> and remove the <i>erber</i> . They afterwards rip the four limbs and rend off the hide.
1336	þe wesaunt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe gutte3; þen scher þay out þe schuldere3 <i>with</i> her scharp knyue3, Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes; Sipen britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit <i>in twynne</i> ,	They next open the belly [Fol. 109.] and take out the bowels. They then separate the <i>weasand</i> from the windhole and throw out the guts.
1340	& eft at þe gargulun bigyne3 on þenne,	The shoulders are cut out, and the breast divided into halves. The <i>numbles</i> are next removed.

- Ryue3 hit vp radly, ry3t to þe by3t,
 Voyde3 out þe a-vanters, & verayly þerafter
 Alle þe ryme3 by þe rybbe3 radly þay lance;
 1344 So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge bone3,
 Euenden to þe haunche, þat hinged alle samen,
 & heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere,
 & þat þayneme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,
 1348 bi kynde;
 Bi þe by3t al of þe þy3es,
 þe lappe3 þay lance bi-hynde,
 To hewe hit in two þay hy3es,
 1352 Bi þe bak-bon to vnbynde.

By the fork of the thighs,

the flaps are hewn in two by the backbone.

IX.

- Boþe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þenne,
 & syþen sunder þay þe syde3 swyft fro þe chyne,
 & þe corbeles fee þay kest in a greue;¹
 1356 þenn þurled þay ayþer þik side þur3, bi þe rybbe,
 & hinged þenne a[y]þer bi ho3es of þe fourche3,
 Vche freke for his fee, as falle3 forto haue.
 Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay þayr houndes,
 1360 Wyth þe lyuer & þe ly3te3, þe leþer of þe paunche3,
 & bred baped in blod, blende þer amonge3;
 Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachche3,
 Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,
 1364 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif mote3.
 Bi þat þe dayly3t wat3 done, þe douthe wat3 al wonen
 In-to þe comly castel, þer þe kny3t bide3
 ful stille;
 1368 Wyth blys & bry3t fyr bette,
 þe lord is comen þer-tylle,
 When Gawayn wyth hym mette,
 þer wat3 bot wele at wylle.

After this the head and neck are cut off, and the sides severed from the chine.

With the liver, lights and paunches, they feed the hounds.

Then they make for home.

Gawayne goes out to meet his host.

¹ grene (?).

X.

- 1372 Thenne comaunded þe lorde in þat sale to samen alle þe meny
 Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to ly3t with her burdes,
 Bi-fore alle þe folk on þe flette, freke3 he bedde3
 Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne;
 1376 & al godly in gomen Gaway[n] he called,
 Teche3 hym to þe tayles of ful tayt bestes,
 Schewe3 hym þe schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.
 "How paye3 yow þis play? haf I prys wonnen?
 1380 Haue I þryuandely þonk þur3 my craft serued?"
 "3e I-wysse," quod þat oþer wy3e, "here is wayth fayrest
 þat I se3 þis seuen 3ere in sesoun of wynter."
 "& al I gif yow, Gawayn," quod þe gome þenne,
 1384 "For by a-corde of couenaunt 3e craue hit as your awen."
 "Þis is soth," quod þe segge, "I say yow þatilke,
 &¹ I haf worthyly þis wone3 wyth-inne,
 I-wysse with as god wylle hit worþe3 to 3oure3."
 1388 He hasppe3 his fayre hals his arme3 wyth-inne,

[Fol. 109b.]
 The lord commands all his household to assemble,

and the venison to be brought before him.

He calls Gawayne,

and asks him whether he does not deserve much praise for his success in the chase.

On the knight expressing himself satisfied, he is told to take the whole according to a former agreement between them.

Gawayne gives the knight a comely kiss in return.

- & kysses hym as comlyly as he² couþe awyse:
 "Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,
 I wowche hit saf fynly, þa³ feler hit were."
 1392 "Hit is god," *quod* þe god mon, "grant mercy þerfore,
 Hit may be such, hit is þe better, &¹ 3e me breue wolde
 Where 3e wan þis ilk wele, biwytte of hor³ seluen?"
 "Pat wat³ not forward," *quod* he, "frayst me no more,
 1396 For 3e haftan þat yow tyde³, trawe³e non oþer
 3e mowe."
 þay la³ed, & made hem blyþe,
 Wyth lote³ þat were to lowe,
 1400 To soper þay 3ede asswyþe,
 Wyth dayntes nwe *in*-nowe.

His host desires to know where he has gotten such weal.

As this does not enter into the covenant, he gets no answer to his question.

They then proceed to supper, where were dainties new and enough.

¹ And = an. ² ho, in MS. ³ your (?).

XI.

- And syþen by þe chymné *in* chamber þay seten.
 Wy³e³ þe walle wyn we³ed to hem oft,
 1404 & efte *in* her bourdyng þay bayþen *in* þe morn,
 To fylle þe same forwarde³ þat þay by-fore maden,
 Pat chaunce so bytyde³ hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,
 What nwe³ so þay nome, at na³t quen þay metten
 1408 þay acorded of þe couenaunte³ byfore þe court alle;
 þe beuerage wat³ bro³t forth *in* bourde at þat tyme;
 Þenne þay louelych le³ten leue at þe last,
 Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.
 1412 Bi þat þe coke hade crowe³¹ & cakled bot þryse,
 þe lorde wat³ lopen of his bedde, [&] þe leude³ vch one,
 So þat þe mete & þe masse wat³ metely delyuered;
 þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,
 1416 to chace;
 He³ *with* hunte & horne³,
 þur³ playne³ þay passe *in* space,
 Vn-coupled among þo þorne³,
 1420 Rache³ þat ran on race.

By the hearth they sit.

Wine is carried round.

Again Sir Gawayne and his host renew their agreement.

[Fol. 110.]

Then they take leave of each other and hasten to bed.

Scarce had the cock cackled thrice when the lord was up.

With his hunters and horns they pursue the chase.

¹ crowed (?).

XII.

- Sone þay calle of a quest *in* aker syde,
 þe hunt re-hayted þe hounde³, þat hit fyrst mynged,
 Wylde worde³ hym warp wyth a wrast noyce;
 1424 þe hownde³ þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe,
 & fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones;
 Þenne such a glauerande glam of gedered rachche³
 Ros, þat þe rochere³ rungen aboute;
 1428 Huntere³ hem hardened *with* horne & wyth muthe.
 Þen al *in* a semblé sweyed to-geder,
 Bitwene a flosche *in* þat fryth, & a foo cragge;
 In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,
 1432 Þer as þe rogh rocher vn-rydely wat³ fallen,
 [þay] ferden to þe fyndyng, & freke³ hem after;

The hunters cheer on the hounds,

which fall to the scent forty at once.

All come together by the side of a cliff.

	þay vmbe-kesten þe knarre & þe knot boþe.	They look about on all sides,
1436	Wy3e3, whyl þay wysten wel wyt inne hem hit were, þe best þat þer breued wat3 wyth þe blod hounde3. þenne þay beten on þe buske3, & bede hym vp ryse, & he vnsoundyly out so3t segge3 ouer-þwert, On þe sellokest swyn swenged out þere,	and beat on the bushes. Out there rushes a fierce wild boar,
1440	Long sythen for ¹ þe sounder þat wi3t for-olde, For he wat3 b[este &] bor alþer grattest, [And eue]re quen he gronyed, þenne greued mony, For [þre a]t þe fyrst þrast he þry3t to þe erþe,	At the first thrust he fells three to the ground.
1444	& [sped hym] forth good sped, boutte spyt more, [Ande þay] halowed hyghe ful hy3e & hay! hay! cryed Haden horne3 to mouþe heterly rechated;	[Fol. 110b.]
1448	Mony wat3 þe myry mouthe of men & of hounde3, þat buskke3 after þis bor, <i>with</i> bost & wyth noyse, To quelle; Ful oft he byde3 þe baye, & mayme3 þe mute <i>Im</i> -melle,	Full quickly the hunters pursue him.
1452	He hurte3 of þe hounde3, & þay Ful 3omerly 3aule & 3elle.	However, he attacks the hounds, causing them to yowl and yell.

¹ fro (?).

XIII.

	Schalke3 to schote at hym schowen to þenne, Haled to hym of her arewe3, hitten hym oft;	The bowmen send their arrows after this wild swine,
1456	Bot þe poynte3 payred at þe pyth þat py3t in his schelde3, & þe barbe3 of his browe bite non wolde, þa3 þe schauen schaft schyndered in pece3, þe hede hypped a3ayn, were-so-euer hit hitte;	but they glide off shivered in pieces.
1460	Bot quon þe dynte3 hym dered of her dry3e stroke3, þen, brayn-wod for bate, on burne3 he rase3, Hurte3 hem ful heterly þer he forth hy3e3, & mony ar3ed þerat, & on-lyte dro3en.	Enraged with the blows, he attacks the hunters.
1464	Bot þe lorde on a ly3t horce launces hym after, As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowe3, He rechated, & r[ode] ¹ þur3 rone3 ful þyk, Suande þis wy[ld]e swyn til þe sunne shafted.	The lord of the land blows his bugle,
1468	þis day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse, Why le oure luflych lede lys in his bedde, Gawayn <i>grayþ</i> ely at home, in gere3 ful ryche of hewe;	and pursues the boar. All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.
1472	þe lady no3t for3ate, Com to hym to salue, Ful erly ho wat3 hym ate, His mode forto remwe.	

¹ The MS. is here almost illegible.

XIV.

1476	Ho <i>commes</i> to þe cortyn, & at þe kny3t totes, <i>Sir</i> Wawen her welcumed worpy on fyrst, & ho hym 3elde3 a3ayn, ful 3erne of hir worde3, Sette3 hir soff[t]ly by his syde, & swypely ho la3e3,	The lady of the castle again visits Sir Gawayne. Softly she sits by his side,
------	--	--

- 1480 & wyth a luflych loke ho layde¹ hym þyse worde3:
 "Sir, 3if 3e be Wawen, wonder me þynkke3,
 Wy3e þat is so wel wrast alway to god,
 & conne3 not of compaynye þe coste3 vnder-take,
 1484 & if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, 3e kest hom of *your mynde*;
 Pou hat3 for-3eten 3ederly þat 3isterday I ta3tte
 alder-truest token of talk þat I cowþe."
 "What is þat?" *quod* þe wyghe, "I-wysse I wot neuer,
 1488 If hit be sothe þat 3e breue, þe blame is *myn* awen."
 "3et I kende yow of kyssyng," *quod* þe clere þenne,
 "Quere-so countenaunce is couþe, quikly to clayme,
 þat bicumes vche a kny3t, þat cortaysy vses."
 1492 "Do way," *quod* þat derf mon, "my dere, þat speche,
 For þat durst I not do, lest I denayed were,
 If I were werned, I were wrang I-wysse, 3if I *profered*."
 "Ma fay," *quod* þe mere wyf, "3e may not be werned,
 1496 3e ar stif *in-noghe* to constrayne wyth strenkþe, 3if yow lyke3,
 3if any were so vilanous þat yow denaye² wolde."
 "3e, be God," *quod* Gawayn, "good is *your* speche,
 Bot þrete is vn-þryuande *in* þede þer I lende,
 1500 & vche gift þat is geuen not *with* goud wylle;
 I am at *your* comaundement, to kysse quen yow lyke3,
 3e may lach quen yow lyst, & leue quen yow þynkke3,
 in space."
 1504 Þe lady loute3 a-down,
 & comlyly kysses his face,
 Much speche þay þer expoun,
 Of druryes greme & *grace*.

and tells the knight that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before.

"I taught you of kissing," she says, "that becomes every knight."

Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden.

He is told that he is strong enough to enforce it.

The knight replies that every gift is worthless that is not given willingly.

The lady stoops down and kisses him.

¹ sayde (?). ² de vaye, in MS.

XV.

- 1508 "I woled¹ wyt at yow, wy3e," þat worþy þer sayde,
 "& yow wrathed not þer-wyth, what were þe skylle,
 þat so 3ong & so 3epe, as 3e [ar] at þis tyme,
 So cortayse, so kny3tyly, as 3e ar knowne oute,
 1512 & of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng a-losed,
 Is² þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes;
 F[or] to telle of þis tenelyng of þis trwe kny3te3,
 Hit is þe tytelet, token, & tyxt of her werkke3,
 1516 How le[des] for her lele luf hor lyue3 han auntered,
 Endured for her drury dulful stounde3,
 & after wenged *with* her walour & voyded her care,
 & bro3t blysse *in-to* boure, *with* bountees hor awen.
 1520 & 3e ar kny3t com-lokest kyd of *your* elde,
 Your worde & *your* worchip walke3 ay quere,
 & I haf seten by *your*-self here sere twyes,
 3et herde I neuer of *your* hed helde no worde3
 1524 þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;
 & 3e, þat ar so cortays & coynt of *your* hetes,
 Oghe to a 3onke þynk 3ern to schewe,
 & teche *sum* tokene3 of trweluf craftes.
 1528 Why ar 3e lewed, þat alle þe los welde3,
 Oþer elles 3e demen me to dille, *your* dalyaunce to herken?
 for schame!

"I would learn," she says, "why you, who are so young and active,

so skilled in the true sport of love,

and so renowned a knight,

[Fol. 111b.]

have never talked to me of love.

You ought to show a young thing like me some token of 'true-love's crafts.'

1532 I com hider sengel, & sitte,
To lerne at yow *sum* game,
Dos, teche³ me of *your* wytte,
Whil my lorde is fro hame."

So teach me of your 'wit' while my lord is from home."

¹ wolde (?). ² In (?).

XVI.

1536 "In goud fayþe," *quod* Gawayn, "God yow for3elde,
Gret is þe gode gle, & gomen to me huge,
þat so worþy as 3e wolde wynne hidere,
& pyne yow *with* so pouer a mon, as play wyth *your* kny3t,
With any skynne3 countenaunce, hit keuere3 me ese;
1540 Bot to take þe toruayle¹ to my-self, to trwluf expoun,
& towche þe teme3 of tyxt, & tale3 of arme3,
To yow þat, I wot wel, welde3 more sly3t
Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche
1544 As I am, oþer euer schal, in erde þer I leue,
Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.
I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my my3t,
As I am hy3ly bihalden, & euer-more wylle
1548 Be seruauant to *your*-seluen, so saue me dry3tyn!"
þus hym frayned þat fre, & fondet hym ofte,
Forto haf wonnen hym to wo3e, what-so scho þo3t elle3,
Bot he de fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed,
1552 Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten,
bot blysse;
þay la3ed & layked longe,
At þe last scho con hym kysse,
1556 Hir leue fayre con scho fonge,
& went hir waye Iwysse.

"It is a great pleasure to me," says Sir Gawayne, "to hear you talk,

but I cannot undertake the task to expound true-love and tales of arms.

I will, however, act according to your will,

and ever be your servant."

Thus Gawayne defends himself.

The lady having kissed the knight, takes leave of him.

¹ tornayle (?).

XVII.

Then ruþes hym þe renk, & ryses to þe masse,
& sipen hor diner wat3 dy3t & derely serued.
1560 þe lede *with* þe ladye3 layked alle day,
Bot þe lorde ouer þe londe3 launced ful ofte,
Swe3 his vncely swyn, þat swynge3 bi þe bonkke3,
& bote þe best of his brache3 þe bakke3 in sunder;
1564 þer he bode in his bay, tel¹ bawe-men hit breken,
& made² hym, maw-gref his bed, forto mwe vtter;
So felle flone3 per flete, when þe folk gedered;
Bot 3et þe styffest to start bi stounde3 he made,
1568 Til at þe last he wat3 so mat, he my3t no more renne,
Bot in þe hast þat he my3t, he to a hole wynne3,
Of a rasse, bi a rokk, þer renne3 þe boerne,
He gete þe bonk at his bak, bigyne3 to scrape,
1572 þe froþe femed³ at his mouth vnfayre bi þe wyke3,
Whette3 his whyte tusche3; *with* hym þen irked
Alle þe burne3 so bolde, þat hym by stoden,
To nye hym on-ferum, bot ne3e hym non durst

Gawayne rises, hears mass, and then dines.

[Fol. 112.]

Meanwhile the lord pursues the wild boar,

that bit the backs of his hounds asunder,

and caused the stiffest of the hunters to start.

The boar runs into a hole in a rock by the side of a brook.

The froth foams at his mouth.

None durst approach him,

1576 for woþe;
 He hade hurt so mony byforne,
 þat al þu3t⁴ þenne ful loþe,
 Be more wyth his tusche³ torne, so many had he torn with his tusks.
 1580 þat breme wat3 [&] brayn-wod bothe.

¹ til (?). ² madee, in MS. ³ fomed (?). ⁴ þo3t (?).

XVIII.

Til þe kny3t com hym-self, kachande his blonk, The knight, seeing the boar at bay,
 Sy3 hym byde at þe bay, his burne3 bysyde, alights from his horse,
 He ly3tes luflych¹ adoun, leue3 his corsour,
 1584 Brayde3 out a bry3t bront, & bigly forth stryde3,
 Founde3 fast þur3 þe forth, þer þe felle byde3, and seeks to attack him with his sword.
 þe wylde wat3 war of þe wy3e *with* weppen *in* honde,
 Hef hy3ly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,
 1588 þat fele ferde for þe freke3,² lest felle hym þe worre;
 þe swyn sette3 hym out on þe segge euen, The "swine sets out" upon the man,
 þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon hepe3,
 In þe wy3t-est of þe water, þe worre hade þat oper;
 1592 For þe mon merkke3 hym wel, as þay mette fyrst, who, aiming well,
 Set sadly þe scharp *in* þe slot euen, wounds him in the pit of the stomach.
 Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered,
 & he 3arrande hym 3elde, & 3edoun³ þe water,
 1596 ful tyt;
 A hundreth hounde3 hym hent, [Fol. 112b.]
 þat bremely con hym bite, The boar is soon bitten to death by a hundred hounds.
 Burne3 him bro3t to bent,
 1600 & dogge3 to dethe endite.

¹ MS. luslych. ² freke (?). ³ 3ede down (?).

XIX.

There wat3 blawyng of prys *in* mony breme home, Then was there blowing of horns
 He3e halowing on hi3e, *with* hapele3 þat my3t;
 Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maystere3, and baying of hounds.
 1604 Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef huntes.
 þenne a wy3e þat wat3 wys vpon wod crafte3, One wise in woodcraft begins to unlace the boar.
 To vnlace þis bor lufly bigynne3;
 Fyrst he hewes of his hed, & on hi3e sette3, First he hews off the head, then rends him by the back.
 1608 & syþen rende3 him al roghe bi þe rygge after,
 Brayde3 out þe boweles, brenne3 hom on glede,
 With bred blent þer-*with* his braches rewarde3;
 Syþen he britne3 out þe brawen *in* bry3t brode [s]chelde3,
 1612 & hat3 out þe hastlette3, as hi3tly biseme3; Then the hastlets are removed.
 & 3et hem halche3 al hole þe halue3 to-geder, The two halves are next bound together and hung upon a pole.
 & syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges.
 Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home;
 1616 þe bores hed wat3 borne bifore þe burnes seluen,
 þat him for-ferde *in* þe forþe, þur3 forse of his honde,
 so stronge;
 Til he se3 *sir* Gawayne,
 1620 In halle hym þo3t ful longe,

He calde, & he com gayn,
His fee3 *per* for to fonge.

Gawayne is called to receive the spoil.

XX.

- 1624 Þe lorde ful lowde *with* lote, & la3ed myry,
When he se3e *sir* G: *with* solace he speke3;
Þe goude ladye3 were geten, & gedered þe meyny,
He schewe3 hem þe schelde3, & schapes hem þe tale,
Of þe largesse, & þe lenþe, þe liþerne3 also,
1628 Of þe were of þe wylde swyn, *in* wod þer he fled.
Þat oþer kny3t ful comly comended his dede3,
& praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade;
For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde,
1632 Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuere are.
Þenne hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon hit praysed,
& let lodly þerat þe lorde forte here:
"Now Gawayn," *quod* þe god mon, "þis gomen is *your* awen;
1636 Bi fyn for-warde & faste, faythely 3e knowe."
"Hit is sothe," *quod* þe segge, "& as siker trwe;
Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawþe."
He [hent] þe habel aboute þe halse, & hendely hym kysse3,
1640 & efter-sones of þe same he serued hym þere.
"Now ar we euen," *quod* þe habel, "in þis euen-tide,
Of alle þe couenauntes þat we kny3t, syþen I com hider,
bi lawe;"
1644 Þe lorde sayde, "bi saynt Gile,
3e ar þe best þat I knowe,
3e ben ryche *in* a whyle,
Such chaffer & 3e drowe."

The lord of the land is well pleased when he sees Sir Gawayne,

He shows him the shields of the wild boar, and tells him of its length and breadth.

Such a "brawn of a beast," Sir Gawayne says, he never has seen.

[Fol. 113.]

Gawayne takes possession of it according to covenant,

and in return kisses his host,

who declares his guest to be the best he knows.

XXI.

- 1648 Þenne þay teldet table3 [on] trestes alofte,
Kesten cloþe3 vpon, clere ly3t þenne
Wakned bi wo3e3, waxen torches
Segge3 sette, & serued *in* sale al aboute;
1652 Much glam & gle glent vp þer-inne,
Aboute þe fyre vpon flet, & on fele wyse,
At þe soper & after, mony aþel songe3,
As coundutes of kryst-masse, & carole3 newe,
1656 With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle.
& euer oure luflych kny3t þe lady bi-syde;
Such semblaunt to þat segge semly ho made,
Wyth stille stollen countenance, þat stalworth to plese,
1660 Þat al for-wondered wat3 þe wy3e, & wroth *with* hym-seluen,
Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a-3ayne3,
Bot dalt *with* hir al *in* daynte, how-se-euer þe dede turned
to wrast;
1664 Quen þay hade played *in* halle,
As longe as hor wylle hom last,
To chambre he¹ con hym calle,
& to þe chem-ne þay past.

Tables are raised aloft,
cloths cast upon them,
and torches are lighted.

With much mirth and glee,

supper is served in the hall,

and ever our lovely knight by the lady sits,

who does all she can to please her companion.

When they had long played in the hall,

they proceeded "to chamber."

¹ ho (?).

XXII.

- 1668 Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe,
To norne on þe same note, on nwe3ere3 euen;
Bot þe kny3t craued leue, to kayre on þe morn,
For hit wat3 ne3 at þe terme, þat he to¹ schulde.
1672 þe lorde hym letted of þat, to lenge hym resteyed,
& sayde, "as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe,
Þou schal cheue to þe grene chapel, þy charres to make,
Leude, on nw3ere3 ly3t, longe bifore pryme:
1676 For-þy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese,
& I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towche3,
Chaunge wyth þe cheuisaunce, bi þat I charre hider;
For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe,
1680 Now þrid tyme þrowe best þenk on þe morne,
Make we mery quyl we may, & mynne vpon Ioye,
For þe lur may mon lach, when so mon lyke3."
Þis wat3 grayþely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged,
1684 Bliþe bro3t wat3 hym drynk, & þay to bedde 3eden,
with li3t;
Sir G: lis & slepes,
Ful stille & softe al ni3t;
1688 þe lorde þat his crafte3 kepes,
Ful erly he wat3 di3t.

There they drank and discoursed.

Gawayne begs leave to depart on the morrow.

[Fol. 113b.]

His host swears to him,

that he shall come to the Green Chapel on New Year's
morn long before prime.

Our knight consents to remain for another night.

Full still and softly he sleeps all night.

Early in the morning the lord is up.

¹ te (?).

XXIII.

- After messe a morsel¹ he & his men token,
Miry wat3 þe mornynge, his mounture he askes;
1692 Alle þe hapeles þat on horse schulde helden hym after,
Were boun busked on hor blonkke3, bi-fore² þe halle 3ate3;
Ferly fayre wat3 þe folde, for þe forst clenged,
In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe sunne,
1696 & ful clere coste3³ þe clowdes of þe welkyn.
Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde,
Rocheres rounge bi rys, for rurde of her hornes;
Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade,
1700 Trayle3 ofte a trayteres⁴, bi traunt of her wyles;
A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles,
His fela3es fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful pike,
Runnen forth in a rabel, in his ry3t fare;
1704 & he fyske3 hem by-fore, þay founden hym sone,
& quen þay seghe hym with sy3t, þay sued hym fast,
Wre3ande h[ym] ful [w]eterly with a wroth noyse;
& he trantes & tornayee3 þur3 mony tene greue;
1708 Hamloune3, & herkene3, bi hegge3 ful ofte;
At þe last bi a littel dich he lepe3 ouer a spenné,
Stele3 out ful stilly bi a strothe rande,
Went haf wylt of þe wode, with wyle3 fro þe houndes,
1712 Þenne wat3 he went, er he wyst, to⁵ a wale tryster,
þer þre þro at a þrich þrat hym at ones,
al graye;
He blenched a3ayn bilyue,

After mass, a morsel he take with his men.

Then were all on their horses before the hall-gates.

It was a clear frosty morning.

The hunters, dispersed by a wood's side,

come upon the track of a fox,

which is followed up by the hounds.

They soon get sight of the game,

and pursue him through many a rough grove.

[Fol. 114.]

The fox at last leaps over a spinny,

and by a rugged path seeks to get clear from the hounds.

He comes upon one of the hunting stations, where he is
attacked by the dogs.

However, he slips them,

1716

& stifly start onstray,
With alle þe wo on lyue,
To þe wod he went away.

and makes again for the wood.

¹ MS. nnorsel. ² bi-forere, in MS. ³ caste3 (?). ⁴ trayveres (?). ⁵ to
to, in MS.

XXIV.

1720

Thenne wat3 hit lif vpon list to lyþen þe hounde3,
When alle þe mute hade hym met, mended to-geder,
Suche a sor3e at þat sy3t þay sette on his hede,
As alle þe clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes;

Then was it fine sport to listen to the hounds,

and the hallooing of the hunters.

1724

Loude he wat3 3ayned, *with* 3arande speche;
þer he wat3 þreted, & ofte þef called,
& ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne my3t;

There the fox was threatened and called a thief.

1728

Ofte he wat3 runnen at, when he out rayked,
& ofte reled *in* a3ayn, so reniarde wat3 wylé.
& 3e he lad hem bi lag, mon, þe lorde & his meyny;
On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd, ouer, vnder,

But Reynard was wily,

and led them astray over mounts.

1732

Whyle þe hende kny3t at home holsumly slepe3,
With-*inne* þe comly cortynes, on þe colde morne.

Meanwhile the knight at home soundly sleeps within his comely curtains.

Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe,
Ne þe purpose to payre, þat py3t *in* hir hert,
Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder,

1736

In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erþe,
þat wat3 furred ful fyne *with* felle3, wel pured,
No hwe3 goud on hir hede, bot þe ha3er stones
Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty *in* clusteres;

The lady of the castle, clothed in a rich mantle,

1740

Hir þryuen face & hir þrote þrowen al naked,
Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke.
Ho come3 *with-inne* þe chambre dore, & closes hit hir after,

her throat and bosom all bare,

comes to Gawayne's chamber,
opens a window, and says,

1744

Wayne3¹ vp a wyndow, & on þe wy3e calle3,
& radly þus re-hayted hym, *with* hir riche worde3,
*with*² chere;

"A! mon, how may þou slepe,
þis morning is so clere?"

"Ah! man, how canst thou sleep,

[Fol. 114b.]
this morning is so clear?"

1748

He wat3 *in* drowping depe,
Bot þenne he con hir here.

¹ wayue3(?). ² bi, à sec. manu.

XXV.

1752

In dre3 droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble,
As mon þat wat3 in mornyng of mony þro þo3tes,
How þat destiné schulde þat day [dy3t] his wyrde,
At þe grene chapel, when he þe gome metes,
& bi-houes his buffet abide, with-oute debate more;

The knight was then dreaming of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel.

He awakes and speaks to his fair visitor,

1756

Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes,
Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & sware3 *with* hast.

who sweetly kisses him.

1760

þe lady luflych com la3ande swete,
Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly him kyssed;
He welcume3 hir worþily, with a wale chere;
He se3 hir so glorious, & gayly atyred,

So faultes of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes,
 Wi3t wallande Ioye warmed his hert;
 With smoþe smylyng & smolt þay smeten *in-to merþe*,
 1764 þat al wat3 blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bi-twene,
 & wyne,
 þay lanced wordes gode,
 Much wele þen wat3 þer-inne,
 1768 Gret perile bi-twene hem stod,
 Nif mare of hir kny3t mynne.

Great joy warms the heart of Sir Gawayne,

and "great peril between them stood."

XXVI.

For þat pryne of pris de-presed hym so þikke.
 Nurned hym so ne3e þe þred, þat nede hym bi-houed,
 1772 Oþer lach þer hir luf, oþer lodly re-fuse;
 He cared for his cortaysye, lest crapaȳn he were,
 & more for his meschef, 3if he schulde make synne,
 & be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde a3t.
 1776 "God schylde," *quod* þe schalk, "þat schal not be-falle!"
 With luf-la3yng a lyt, he layd hym by-syde
 Alle þe speche3 of specialté þat sprange of her mouthe.
Quod þat burde to þe burne, "blame 3e disserue,
 1780 3if 3e luf not þat lyf þat 3e lye nexte,
 Bifore alle þe wy3e3 *in* þe worlde, wounded *in* hert,
 Bot if 3e haf a lemman, a leuer, þat yow lyke3 better,
 & folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde,
 1784 Þat yow lausen ne lyst, & þat I leue nouþe;
 And þat 3e telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow,
 For alle þe lufe3 vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe,
 for gile."
 1788 Þe kny3t sayde, "be sayn Ion,"
 & smeþely con he smyle,
 "In fayth I welde ri3t non,
 Ne non wil welde þe quile."

The knight is sorely pressed.

He fears lest he should become a traitor to his host.

The lady inquire whether he has a mistress that he loves better than her.

[Fol. 115.]

Sir Gawayne swears by St. John that he neither has nor desires one.

XXVII.

1792 "Pat is a worde," *quod* þat wy3t, "þat worst is of alle,
Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me þinkke3;
Kysse me now coraly, & I schal cach heþen,
I may bot mournen vpon molde, as may þat much louyes."
1796 Sykande ho swe3e down, & semly hym kyssed,
& siþen ho seueres hym fro, & says as ho stondes,
"Now, dere, at þis de-partyng, do me þis ese,
Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if¹ hit were,
1800 þat I may mynne on þe mon, my mourning to lassen."
"Now Iwysse," *quod* þat wy3e, "I wolde I hade here
þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,
For 3e haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte
1804 More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche my3t,
Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot naked;
Hit is not *your* honour to haf at þis tyme
A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawayne3 gifte3,
1808 & I am here [on] an erande in erde3 vncouþe,
& haue no men wyth no male3, *with* menskful þinge3;
þat mislyke3 me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,²

She then kisses him, sighing for sorrow.

She desires some gift,
by which to remember him.

Gawayne tells her that she is worthy of a better gift than he can bestow.

He has no men with mails containing precious things.

1812	Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille, ne pine." "Nay, hende of hy ³ e honours," <i>Quod</i> þat lufsum vnder lyne, "Þa ³ I hade o ³ t ³ of youre ³ , 1816 3et schulde 3e haue of myne."	Then says that lovesome, "Though I had nought of yours, yet should ye have of mine."
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¹ of, in MS. ² tyne, in MS. ³ no³t (?).

XXVIII.

1820	Ho ra ³ t hym a riche rynk ¹ of red golde werke ³ , Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte, þat bere blusschande beme ³ as þe bry ³ t sunne; Wyt 3e wel, hit wat ³ worth wele ful hoge. Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde, "I wil no gifte ³ for gode, my gay, at þis tyme; I haf none yow to norne, ne no ³ t wyl I take." 1824 Ho bede hit hym ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes, & swere swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese nolde; & ho sore þat he forsoke, & sayde þer-after, "If 3e renay my rynk, to ryche for hit seme ³ , 1828 3e wolde not so hy ³ ly halden be to me, I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse." Ho la ³ t a lace ly ³ tly, þat ² leke vmbe hir syde ³ , Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle, 1832 Gered hit wat ³ <i>with</i> grene sylke, & <i>with</i> golde schaped, No ³ t bot arounde brayden, beten <i>with</i> fyngre ³ ; & þat ho bede to þe burne, & blyþely bi-so ³ t Þa ³ hit vn-worþi were, þat he hit take wolde. 1836 & he nay þat he nolde neghe <i>in</i> no wyse, Nauper golde ne garysoun, er God hym <i>grace</i> sende, To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen þere. "& þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow no ³ t, 1840 & lette ³ be <i>your</i> bisnesse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer to graunte; I am derely to yow biholde, Bi-cause of <i>your</i> sembelaunt, 1844 & euer <i>in</i> hot & colde To be <i>your</i> trwe seruauant.	She offers him a gold ring, but he refuses to accept it, [Fol. 115 <i>b</i> .] as he has none to give in return. Very sorrowful was that fair one on account of his refusal. She takes off her "girdle," and beseeches him to take it. Gawayne again refuses to accept anything, but promises, "ever in hot and in cold, to be her true servant."
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¹ ryng (?). ² þat þat, in MS.

XXIX.

1848	"Now forsake 3e þis silke." sayde þe burde þenne, "For hit is symple <i>in</i> hit-self. & so hit wel seme ³ ? Lo! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worþy; Bot who-so knew þe costes þat knit ar þer-inne, He wolde hit prayse at more prys, parauenture; For quat gome so is gorde <i>with</i> þis grene lace, 1852 While he hit hade hemely halched aboute, þer is no hapel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat my ³ t; For he my ³ t not he slayn, for sly ³ t vpon erþe." þen kest þe kny ³ t, & hit come to his hert,	"Do you refuse it," says the lady, because it is simple? Whoso knew the virtues that it possesses, would highly prize it. For he who is girded with this green lace, cannot be wounded or slain." The knight thinks of his adventure at the Green Chapel.
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- 1856 Hit were a luel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged were,
When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech;
My³¹ he haf slypped to þe vn-slayn, þe sle3t were noble.
þenne ho þulged with hir þrepe, & þoled hir to speke,
1860 & ho bere on hym þe belt, & bede hit hym swyþe,
& he granted, & [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle,
& biso3t hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer,
Bot to lelly layne for² hir lorde; þe leude hym acorde3.
1864 þat neuer wy3e schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay twayne,
for no3te;
He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe,
Ful þro *with* hert & þo3t.
1868 Bi þat on þrynne syþe,
He hat3 kyst þe kny3t so to3t.

The lady presses him to accept the lace.

[Fol. 116.]

He consents not only to take the girdle, but to keep the possession of it a secret.

By that time the lady has kissed him thrice.

¹ my3t (?). ² fro (?).

XXX.

- Thenne lachche3 ho hir leue, & leue3 hym þere,
For more myrþe of þat mon mo3t ho not gete;
1872 When ho¹ wat3 gon, *sir* G. gere3 hym sone,
Rises, & riches hym *in* araye noble,
Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym ra3t,
Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde;
1876 Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye,
Preuely aproched to a prest, & prayed hym þere
þat he wolde lyfte² his lyf, & lern hym better,
How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld seye heþen.
1880 þere he schrof hym schyrly, & schewed his mysdede3,
Of þe more & þe mynne, & merci beseche3,
& of absolucioun he on þe segge calles;
& he asoyled hym surely, & sette hym so clene,
1884 As dome3-day schulde haf ben di3t on þe morn.
& syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes,
With comlych caroles, & alle kynnes ioye,
As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk ny3t,
1888 *with* blys;
Vche mon hade daynte þare,
Of hym, & sayde Iwysse,
þus myry he wat3 neuer are,
1892 Syn he com hider, er þis.

Then she takes her leave.

Gawayne then dresses himself,

and conceals the love-lace about his person.

He then hies to mass,

and shrives him of his misdeeds.

and prays for absolution.

He returns to the hall, and makes himself so merry among the ladies,

with comely carols,

that they said,

"Thus merry was he never before since hither he came."

¹ he, in MS. ² lyste (?).

XXXI.

- Now hym lenge *in* þat lee, þer luf hym bi-tyde;
3et is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes,
He hat3 forfaren þis fox, þat he fol3ed longe;
1896 As he sprent ouer a spenné, to spye þe schrewe,
þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe,
Renaud com richchande þur3 a ro3e greue,
& alle þe rabel *in* a res, ry3t at his hele3.
1900 þe wy3e wat3 war of þe wylde, & warly abides,

Gawayne's host is still in the field.

He has destroyed the fox.

[Fol. 116b.]

He spied Reynard coming through a "rough grove,"

and tried to hit him with his sword.

	& brayde3 out þe bry3t bronde, & at þe best caste3; & he schunt for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered, A rach rapes hym to, ry3t er he my3t,	The fox "shunts," and is seized by one of the dogs.
1904	& ry3t bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle, & worried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse. þe lorde ly3te3 bilyue, & cache3 by ¹ sone, Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes,	The lord takes him out of the hound's mouth.
1908	Halde3 he3e ouer his hede, halowe3 faste, & þer bayen hym mony bray ² hounde3; Huntes hy3ed hem þeder, with horne3 ful mony, Ay re-chatande ary3t til þay þe renk se3en;	Hunters hasten thither with horns full many.
1912	Bi þat wat3 comen his compeyny noble, Alle þat euer ber bugle blowed at ones, & alle þise oþer halowed, þat hade no hornes, Hit wat3 þe myriest mute þat euer men herde,	It was the merriest meet that ever was heard.
1916	þe rich rurd þat þer wat3 raysed for renaude saule, with lote; Hor hounde3 þay þer rewarde, Her ³ hede3 þay fawne & frote,	The hounds are rewarded,
1920	& syþen þay tan reynarde, & tyrnen of his cote.	and then they take Reynard and "turn off his coat."

¹ hym (?). ² brap (?). ³ Her her, in MS.

XXXII.

	& þenne þay helden to home, for hit wat3 nie3 ny3t, Strakande ful stoutly in hor store horne3;	The hunters then hasten home.
1924	þe lorde is ly3t at þe laste at hys lef home, Fynde3 fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side, Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad wat3 with alle, Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioie,	The lord at last alights at his dear home, where he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies.
1928	He were a bleaunt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erpe, His surkot semed hym wel, þat softe wat3 forred, & his hode of þat ilke hanged on his schulder, Blande al of blaunner were boþe al aboute.	The knight comes forward and welcomes his host,
1932	He mete3 me þis god mon in mydde3 þe flore, & al with gomen he hym gret, & goudly he sayde, "I schal fyller vpon fyrst oure forwarde3 nouþe, þat we spedly han spoken, þer spared wat3 no drynk;"	[Fol. 117.] and according to covenant kisses him thrice. (See l. 1868.)
1936	þen acoles he [þe] kny3t, & kysses hym þryes, As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette couþe. "Bi Kryst," quod þat oþer kny3t, "3e cach much sele, In cheuisaunce of þis chaffer, 3if 3e hade goud chepe3."	"By Christ," says the other, "ye have had much bliss!"
1940	"3e of þe chepe no charg," quod chefly þat oþer, "As is pertly payed þe chepe3 þat I a3te." "Mary," quod þat oþer mon, "myn is bi-hynde, For I haf hunted al þis day, & no3t haf I geten,	I have hunted all day and have gotten nothing, but the skin of this foul fox,
1944	Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe gode3, & þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þinges, As 3e haf þry3t me here, þro suche þre cosses, so gode."	a poor reward for three such kisses."
1948	"I-no3," quod sir Gawayn, "I þonk yow, bi þe rode;" & how þe fox wat3 slayn, He tolde hym, as þay stode.	He then tells him how the fox was slain.

XXXIII.

- 1952 With merþe & mynstralsye, wyth mete3 at hor wylle,
 þay maden as mery as any men mo3ten,
With la3yng of ladies, *with* lote3 of bordes;
 Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe,
 1956 Bot if þe douthe had doted, oþer dronken ben oþer,
 Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iape3,
 Til þe sesoun wat3 se3en, þat þay seuer moste;
 Burne3 to hor bedde be-houed at þe laste.
 1960 Þenne lo3ly his leue at þe lorde fyrst
 Fochche3 þis fre mon, & fayre he hym þonkke3;
 "Of such a sellyly¹ soiorne, as I haf hade here,
 Your honour, at þis hy3e fest, þe hy3e kyng yow 3elde!
 1964 I 3ef yow me for on of youre3, if yowre-self lyke3,
 For I mot nedes, as 3e wot, meue to morne;
 & 3e me take sum tolke, to teche, as 3e hy3t,
 þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer
 1968 To dele, on nw3ere3 day, þe dome of my wyrdes."
 "In god fayþe," *quod* þe god mon. "wyth a goud wylle;
 Al þat euer I yow hy3t, halde schal I rede."
 Þer asyngnes he a seruaunt, to sett hym in þe waye,
 1972 & coundue hym by þe downe3, þat he no drechch had,
 For to f[e]rk þur3 þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest,
 bi greue.
 þe lorde Gawayn con þonk,
 1976 Such worchip he wolde hym weue;
 Þen at þo ladye3 wlonk.
 þe kny3t hat3 tan his leue.

With much mirth and minstrelsy they made merry,

until the time came for them to part.

Gawayne takes leave of his host.

and thanks him for his happy "sojourn."

He asks for a man to teach him the way to the Green Chapel.

A servant is assigned to him,

[Fol. 117b.]

and then he takes leave of the ladies,

¹ selly (?).

XXXIV.

- 1980 With care & wyth kyssyng he carppe3 hem tille,
 & fele þryuande þonkke3 he þrat hom to haue,
 & þay 3elden hym a3ay[n] 3eþly þat ilk;
 Þay bikende hym to Kryst, *with* ful colde sykynges.
 Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly de-partes;
 1984 Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke,
 For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne,
 Pat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute hym to serue;
 & vche segge as sore, to seuer *with* hym þere,
 1988 As þay hade wonde worþyly *with* þat wlonk euer.
 Þen *with* ledes & ly3t he wat3 ladde to his chambre,
 & blybely bro3t to his bedde, to be at his rest;
 3if he ne slepe soundyly, say ne dar I,
 1992 For he hade mucche on þe morn to mynne, 3if he wolde,
 in þo3t;
 Let hym ly3e þere stille,
 He hat3¹ nere þat he so3t,
 1996 & 3e wyl a whyle be styлле,
 I schal telle yow how þay wro3t.

kissing them sorrowfully.

They commend him to Christ.

He then departs, thanking each one he meets "for his service and solace."

He retires to rest but sleeps but little,

for much has he to think of on the morrow.

Let him there lie still.

Be still awhile, and I shall tell how they wrought.

¹ wat3 (?).

[FYTTE THE FOURTH.]

I.

	Now ne3e3 þe nw3ere, & þe ny3t passe3, þe day dryue3 to þe derk, as dry3tyn bidde3;	New Year's Day approaches.
2000	Bot wylde wedere3 of þe worlde wakned þeroute, Clowdes kesten kenly þe colde to þe erþe, Wyth ny3e ¹ in-noghe of þe norþe, þe naked to tene; þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snayped þe wylde;	The weather is stormy.
2004	þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hy3e, & drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete. þe leude lystened ful wel, þat le3 <i>in</i> his bedde, þa3 he lowke3 his lidde3, ful lyttel he sleges;	Snow falls. The dales are full of drift.
2008	Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen. De-liuerly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged, For þere wat3 ly3t of a lau[m]pe, þat lemed <i>in</i> his chambre;	Gawayne in his bed hears each cock that crows. [Fol. 118.]
2012	He called to his chamberlayn, þat cofly hym swared, & bede hym bryng hym his bruny, & his blonk sadel; þat oþer ferke3 hym vp, & feche3 hym his wede3, & grayþe3 me <i>sir</i> Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.	He calls for his chamberlain, and bids him bring him his armour.
2016	Fyrst he clad hym <i>in</i> his cloþe3, þe colde for to were; & syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely wat3 keped, Boþe his paunce, & his plate3, piked ful clene, þe rynge3 ² rokked of þe roust, of his riche bruny; & al wat3 fresch as vpon fyrst, & he wat3 fayn þenne	Men knock off the rust from his rich habergeon.
2020	to þonk; He hade vpon vche pece, Wypped ful wel & wlonk; þe gayest <i>in</i> to Grece,	
2024	þe burne bede bryng his blonk.	The knight then calls for his steed.

¹ nywe (?). ² rynke3 (?).

II.

	Whyle þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen; His cote, wyth be conysaunce of þe clere werke3, Ennurned vpon veluet <i>vertuuus</i> ¹ stone3, 2028 Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded seme3, & fayre furred <i>with-inne</i> wyth fayre pelures. 3et laft he not þe lace, þe ladie3 gifte, þat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of hym-seluen;	While he clothed himself in his rich weeds, he forgot not the "lace," the lady's gift,
2032	Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his bal3e haunche3, þenn dressed he his drurye double hym aboute; Swyþe sweþled vmbe his swange swetely, þat kny3t, þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed,	but with it doubly girded his loins.
2036	Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat rycþe wat3 to schewe. Bot wered not þis ilk wy3e for wele þis gordel, For pryde of þe pendaunte3, þa3 polyst þay were, & þa3 þe glyterande golde glent vpon ende3,	He wore it not for its rich ornaments,
2040	Bot forto sauē hym-self, when suffer hym by-houed, To byde bale <i>with-oute</i> dabate, of bronde hym to were, oþer knyffe; Bi þat þe bolde mon boun,	"but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer."

2044 Wynne3 þeroute bilyue,
Alle þe meyny of renoun,
He þonkke3 ofte ful ryue.

All the renowned assembly he thanks full oft.

¹ *vertuous* (?).

III.

2048 Thenne wat3 Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret wat3 & huge,
& hade ben sojoumed sauerly, & in a siker wyse,
Hym lyst prik for poynt, þat proude hors þenne;
þe wy3e wynne3 hym to, & wyte3 on his lyre,
& sayde soberly hym-self, & by his soth swere3,
2052 "Here is a meyny in þis mote, þat on menske þenkke3,
þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot þay haue;
þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde;
3if þay for charyté cherysen a gest,
2056 & halden honour in her honde, þe hæl þe 3elde,
þat halde3 þe heuen vpon hy3e, & also yow alle!
& 3if I my3t lyf vpon londe lede any quyle,
I schuld rech yow sum rewarde redyly, if I my3t."
2060 þenn steppe3 he in-to stirop, & stryde3 alofte;
His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder he hit la3t,
Gorde3 to Gryngolet, with his gilt hele3,
& he starte3 on þe ston, stod he no lenger,
2064 to prounce;
His hæl on hors wat3 þenne,
þat bere his spere & launce.
"Þis kastel to Kryst I kenne,
2068 He gef hit ay god chaunce!"

[Fol. 118b.]
Then was Gringolet arrayed,
full ready to prick on.

Gawayne returns thanks for the honour and kindness
shown to him by all.

He then steps into his saddle,

and "starts on the stone" without more delay.

"This castle to Christ I commend; may he give it ever
good chance!"

IV.

The brygge wat3 brayde down, & þe brode 3ate3
Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boþe halue;
þe burne blessed hym bilyue, & þe brede3 passed;
2072 Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled,
Gef hym God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue;
& went on his way, with his wy3e one,
þat schulde teche hym to tourne to þat tene place,
2076 þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue.
þay bo3en bi bonkke3, þer bo3e3 ar bare,
þay clomben bi clyffe3, þer clenge3 þe colde;
þe heuen wat3 vp halt, bot vgly þer vnder,
2080 Mist mugged on þe mor, malt on þe mounte3,
Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge;
Broke3 byled, & breke, bi bonkke3 aboute,
Schyre schaterande on schore3, þer þay down schowued.
2084 Welawylle wat3 þe way, þer þay bi wod schulden,
Til hit wat3 sone sesoun, þat þe sunne ryses,
þat tyde;
þay were on a hille ful hy3e,
2088 þe quyte snaw lay bisyde;
þe burne þat rod hym by
Bede his mayster abide.

The gates are soon opened.

The knight passes thereout,

and goes on his way accompanied by his guide.

They climb by cliffs,

where each "hill had a hat and a mist-cloak,"

[Fol. 119.]
until daylight.

They were then on a "hill full high."

The servant bade his master abide, saying,

V.

- 2092 "For I haf *wommen* yow hider, wy3e, at þis tyme,
 & now nar 3e not fer fro þat note place,
 þat 3e han spied & spured so specially after;
 Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe,
 & 3e ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,
 2096 Wolde 3e worch bi my wytte, 3e worþed þe better.
 þe place þat 3e prece to, ful perelous is halden;
 þer wone3 a wy3e in þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe;
 For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies,
 2100 & more he is þen any mon vpon myddelerde,
 & his body bigger þen þe best fowre.
 þat ar in Arþure3 hous, Hestor¹ oþer oþer.
 He cheue3 þat chaunce at þe chapel grene;
 2104 þer passes non bi þat place, so proude in his armes,
 þat he ne dynne3 hym to deþe, *with* dynt of his honde;
 For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses,
 For be hit chorle, oþer chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel rydes,
 2108 Monk, oþer masse-prest, oþer any mon elles,
 Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go hym seluen.
 For-þy I say þe as soþe as 3e in sadel sitte,
 Com 3e þere, 3e be kyllled, [I] may þe kny3t rede,
 2112 Trawe 3e me þat trwely, þa3 3e had twenty lyues
 to spende;
 He hat3 wonyd here ful 3ore,
 On bent much baret bende,
 2116 A3ayn his dynte3 sore,
 3e may not yow defende."

"I have brought you hither,
 ye are not now far from the noted place.
 Full perilous is it esteemed.
 The lord of that 'waste' is stiff and stern.
 His body is bigger 'than the best four in Arthur's house.'
 None passes by the Green Chapel, 'that he does not ding to
 death with dint of his hand.'
 For be it churl or chaplain, monk, mass-priest, 'or any man
 else,' he kills them all.

¹ Hector (?).

VI.

- "For-þy, goude *sir* Gawayn, let þe gome one,
 & got3 a-way sum oþer gate; vpon Godde3 halue;
 2120 Cayre3 bi sum oþer kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede;
 & I schal hy3 me hom a3ayn, & hete yow fyrrre,
 þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode hal3e3,
 As help me God & þe halydam, & oþe3 in-noghe,
 2124 þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale,
 þat euer 3e fondet to fle, for freke þat I wyst."
 "Grant merci;" *quod* Gawayn, & gruchyng he sayde,
 "Wel worth þe wy3e, þat wolde3 my gode,
 2128 & þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou wolde3!
 Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed,
 Founded for ferde for to fle, in fourme þat þou telle3,
 I were a kny3t kowarde, I my3t not¹ be excused.
 2132 Bot I wy1 to þe chapel, for chaunce þat may falle,
 & talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste,
 Worþe hit wele, oþer wo, as þe wyrde lyke3
 hit hafe;
 2136 þa3e he be a sturn knape,
 To sti3tel, &² stad *with* staue,
 Ful wel con dry3tyn schape,
 His seruaunte3 forto saue."

Wherefore, good Sir Gawayne, let this man alone.
 Go by some other region,
 [Fol. 119b.]
 I swear by God and all His saints, that I will never say that
 ever ye attempted to flee from any man."
 Gawayne replies that to shun this danger would mark him
 as a "coward knight."
 To the Chapel, therefore, he will go,
 though the owner thereof were a stern knave.
 "Full well can God devise his servants for to save."

VII.

- 2140 "Mary!" *quod* þat oþer mon, "now þou so much spelle³, "Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy
þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þy-seluen, life,
& þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe;
Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere *in* þi honde,
2144 & ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi 3on rokke syde, take thy helmet on thy head, and thy spear in thy hand,
Til þou be bro3t to þe boþem of þe brem valay; and ride down this path by yon rock-side,
þenne loke a littel on þe launde, on þi lyfte honde, till thou come to the bottom of the valley;
& þou schal se *in* þat slade þe self chapel, look a little to the left,
2148 & þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepe³. and thou shalt see the Chapel itself and the man that
Now fare³ wel on Gode³ half, Gawayn þe noble, guards it."
For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go with þe,
Ne bere þe fela³schip þur³ þis fryth on fote fyrre."
2152 Bi þat þe wy³e *in* þe wod wende³ his brydel, Having thus spoken the guide takes leave of the knight.
Hit þe hors *with* þe hele³, as harde as he my³t,
Lepe³ hym ouer þe launde, & leue³ þe kny³t þere,
al one.
2156 "Bi Godde³ self," *quod* Gawayn, "By God's self," says Sir Gawayne, "I will neither weep
"I wyl nauþer grete ne grone, nor groan.
To Godde³ wylle I am ful bayn, To God's will I am full ready."
& to hym I haf me tone."

VIII.

- 2160 Thenne gyrde³ he to Gryngolet, & gedere³ þe rake, [Fol. 120.]
Schowue³ *in* bi a schore, at a scha³e syde, Then he pursues his journey,
Ride³ þur³ þe ro³e bonk, ry³t to þe dale; rides through the dale, and looks about.
& þenne he wayted hym aboute, & wylde hit hym þo³t,
2164 & se³e no syngne of resette, bisyde³ nowhere, He sees no sign of a resting-place, but only high and steep
Bot hy³e bonkke³ & brent, vpon boþe halue, banks.
& ru³e knokled knarre³, *with* knornd stone³;
þe skwe³ of þe scowtes skayued¹ hym þo³t.
2168 þenne he houed, & wyth-hylde his hors at þat tyde, No chapel could he discern.
& ofte chaunged his cher, þe chapel to seche;
He se³ non suche *in* no syde, & selly hym þo³t,
Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];
2172 A bal³ ber³, bi a bonke, þe brymme by-syde, At last he sees a hill by the side of a stream;
Bi a for³ of a flode, þat ferked þare;
þe borne blubred þer-inne, as hit boyled hade.
þe kny³t kache³ his caple, & com to þe lawe,
2176 Li³te³ doun luflyly, & at a lynde tache³ thither he goes,
þe rayne, & his riche, with a ro³e braunche; alights and fastens his horse to a branch of a tree.
þen[n]e he bo³e³ to þe ber³e, aboute hit he walke, He walks around the hill, debating with himself what it
D[e]batande *with* hym-self, quat hit be my³t. might be,
2180 Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayþer syde, and at last finds an old cave in the crag.
& ouer-grown *with* gresse *in* glodes ay where,
& al wat³ hol³ *in-with*, nobot an olde caue,
Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he coupe hit no³t deme
2184 *with* spelle,
"We,² lorde," *quod* þe gentyle kny³t,
"Wheþer þis be þe grene chapelle;
He my³t aboute myd-ny³t, He prays that about midnight he may tell his matins.
2188 [þ]e dele his matynnes telle!"

¹ skayned (?). ² wel (?).

IX.

- "Now i-wysse," *quod* Wowayn, "wysty is here;
Bis oritore is vgly, *with* erbe3 ouer-grown;
Wel biseme3 þe wy3e wruxled *in* grene
2192 Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deuele3 wyse;
Now I fele hit is þe fende, *in* my fyue wytte3,
þat hat3 stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here;
Bis is a chapel of meschaunce, þat chekke hit by-tyde,
2196 Hit is þe corsesdest kyrk, þat euer i com inne!"
With he3e helme on his hede, his launce *in* his honde,
He rome3 vp to þe rokke of þo ro3 wone3;
Þene herde he of þat hy3e hil, *in* a harde roche,
2200 Bi3onde þe broke, *in* a bonk, a wonder breme noyse,
Quat! hit clatered *in* þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde,
As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syþe;
What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne,
2204 What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here.
Þenne "bi Godde," *quod* Gawayn, "þat gere as¹ I trowe,
Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete,
bi rote;
2208 Let God worche we loo,
Hit helppe3 me not a mote,
My lif þa3 I for-goo,
Drede dot3 me no lote."

¹ at, in MS.

X.

- 2212 Thenne þe kny3t con calle ful hy3e,
"Who sti3tle3 *in* þis sted, me steuen to holde?
For now is gode Gawayn goande ry3t here,
If any wy3e o3t wyl wynne hider fast,
2216 Oþer now, oþer neuer, his nede3 to spede."
"Abyde," *quod* on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his hede,
"& þou schal haf al *in* hast, þat I þe hy3t ones."
3et he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe,
2220 & wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde ly3t;
& syþen he keuere3 bi a cragge, & come3 of a hole,
Whyrlande out of a wro, wyth a felle weppen,
A dene3 ax nwe dy3t, þe dynt *with* [t]o 3elde
2224 *With* a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme,
Fyled *in* a fylor, fowre fote large,
Hit wat3 no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bry3t.
& þe gome *in* þe erene gered as fyrst,
2228 Boþe þe lyre & þe legge3, lokke3, & berde,
Saue þat fayre on his fote he founde3 on þe erþe,
Sette þe stele to þe stone, & stalked bysyde.
When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde,
2232 He hypped ouer on hys ax, & orpedly stryde3,
Bremly broþe on a bent, þat brode wat3 a-boute,
on snawe.
Sir Gawayn þe kny3t con mete.

2236 He ne lutte hym no þyng lowe,
þat oþer sayde, "now, *sir* swete,
Of steuen mon may þe trowe."

He meets Sir Gawayne without obeisance.
The other tells him that he is now ready for conversation

XI.

"Gawayn," *quod* þat grene gome, "God þe mot loke!
2240 I-wysse þou art welcom,¹ wy³e, to my place,
& þou hat³ tyled þi trauayl as *true*² mon schulde;
& þou knowe³ þe couenaunte³ kest *vus* by-twene,
At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled,
2244 & I schulde at þis nwe 3ere 3eþly þe quyte.
& we ar *in* þis valay, *verayly* oure one,
Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as *vus* like³;
Haf þy³ helme of þy hede, & haf here þy pay;
2248 Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þenne,
"When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one."
"Nay, bi God," *quod* Gawayn, "þat me gost lante,
I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat falle³;
2252 Botsty³tel þe vpon on strok, & I schal stonde style,
& warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lyke³,
no whare."
He lened *with* þe nek, & lutte,
2256 & schewed þat schyre al bare,
& lette as he no³t dutte,
For drede he wolde not dare.

"God preserve thee!" says the Green Knight,
"as a true knight 'thou hast timed thy travel'
Thou knowest the covenant between us,
that on New Year's day I should return thy blow
Here we are alone,
Have off thy helmet and take thy pay at once."
"By God," quoth Sir Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee
thy will."
Then he shows his bare neck,
and appears undaunted.

¹ welcon, in MS. ² truee in MS. ³ MS. þy þy.

XII.

Then þe gome *in* þe grene grayþed hym swyþe,
2260 Gedere³ yp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte;
With alle þe bur *in* his body he ber hit on lofte,
Munt as ma³tyly, as marre hym he wolde;
Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dre³ as he atled,
2264 Þer hade ben ded of his dynt, þat do³ty wat³ euer.
Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte hym bysyde,
As hit com glydande adoun, on glode hym to schende,
& schranke a lytel *with* þe schulderes, for þe scharp yrne.
2268 Þat oþer schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wythhalde³,
& þenne repreued he þe prynce *with* mony prowde worde³.
"Þou art not Gawayn," *quod* þe gome, "þat is so goud halden,
þat neuer ar³ed for no here, by hylle ne be vale,
2272 & now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harme³;
Such cowardise of þat kny³t cowþe I neuer here.
Nawþer fyked I, ne fla³e, freke, quen þou myntest,
Ne kest no kaulacion, in kynge³ hous Arthor,
2276 My hede fla³ to my fote, & 3et fla³ I neuer;
& þou, er any harme hent, ar³e³ *in* hert,
Wherefore þe better burne me burde be called
þer-fore."
2280 *Quod* G:, "I schunt one³,
& so wyl I no more,
Bot pa³ my hede falle on þe stone³,

Then the man in green seizes his grim tool.
With all his force he raises it aloft.
As it came gliding down,
Sir Gawayne shrank a little with his shoulders.
The other reproved him, saying,
"Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed,
[Fol. 121b.]
for thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm.
I never flinched when thou struckest.
My head flew to my foot, yet I never fled,
wherefore I ought to be called the better man."
"I shunted once," says Gawayne, "but will no more.

I con not hit restore.

XIII.

- 2284 Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, & bryng me to þe poynt,
Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde,
For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more,
Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe."
2288 "Haf at þe þenne," *quod* þat oþer, & heue3 hit alofte,
& wayte3 as wroþely, as he wode were;
He mynte3 at hym ma3tyly, bot not þe mon ryue3,¹
With-helde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt my3t.
2292 Gawayn grayþely hit byde3, & glent *with* no membre,
Bot stode styлле as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer,
þat rapeled is *in* roche grounde, *with* rote3 a hundreth.
þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon *in* þe grene,
2296 "So now þou hat3 þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]s;
Halde þe now þe hy3e hode, þat Arþur þe ra3t,
& kepe þy kanel at þis kest, 3if hit keuer may."
G: ful gryndelly *with* greme þenne sayde,
2300 "Wy þresch on, þou þro mon, þou þrete3 to longe,
I hope þat þi hert ar3e wyth þyn awen seluen."
"For soþe," *quod* þat oþer freke, "so felly þou speke3,
I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde,
2304 ri3t nowe."
þenne tas he² hym stryþe to stryke,
& frounses boþe lyppe & browe,
No meruayle þa3 hym myslyke,
2308 þat hoped of no rescowe.

Bring me to the point; deal me my destiny at once."

"Have at thee, then," says the other.

With that he aims at him a blow.

Gawayne never flinches, but stands as still as a stone.

"Now," says the Green Knight, "I must hit thee, since thy heart is whole."

"Thrash on," says the other.

Then the Green Knight makes ready to strike.

¹ ? *ryne3* = touches. ² he he, in MS.

XIV.

- He lyftes ly3tly his lome, & let hit down fayre,
With þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek
þa3 he homered heterly, hurt hym no more,
2312 Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde;
þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þur3 þe schyre grece,
þat þe schene blod *over* his schulderes schot to þe erþe.
& quen þe burne se3 þe blode blenk on þe snawe,
2316 He sprit forth spenne fote more þen a spere lenþe,
Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast,
Schot *with* his schuldere3 his fayre schelde vnder,
Brayde3 out a bry3t sworde, & bremely he speke3;
2320 Neuer syn þat he wat3 burne borne of his moder,
Wat3 he neuer *in* þis worlde, wy3e half so blyþe:—
"Blynne, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo;
I haf a stroke *in* þis sted *with*-oute stryf hent,
2324 & if þow reche3 me any mo, I redyly schal quyte,
& 3elde 3ederly a3ayn, & þer to 3e tryst,
& foo;
Bot on stroke here me falle3,
2328 þe couenaunt schop ry3t so,
[Sikered]¹ in Arþure3 halle3,

He let fall his loom on the bare

[Fol. 122.]
neck of Sir Gawayne.

The sharp weapon pierced the flesh so that the blood flowed.

When the knight saw the blood on the snow,

he unsheathed his sword, and thus spake:

"Cease, man, of thy blow.

If thou givest me any more, readily shall I requite thee.

Our agreement stipulates only one stroke."

& þer-fore, hende, now hoo!"

¹ Illegible.

XV.

- 2332 The hapel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested,
Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to be scharp lened,
& loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde 3ede,
How þat do3ty dredles deruely þer stonde3,
Armed ful a3le3; *in* hert hit hym lyke3.
- 2336 þenn he mele3 muryly, wyth a much steuen,
& wyth a r[a]ykande rurde he to þe renk sayde,
"Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel;
No mon here vn-manerly þe mys-boden habbe,
- 2340 Ne kyd, bot as couenaunde, at kynge3 kort schaped;
I hy3t þe a strok, & þou hit hat3, halde þe wel payed,
I relece þe of þe remnaunt, of ry3tes alle oþer;
3if¹ I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunter,
- 2344 I couþe wroþeloker haf waret, [&] to þe haf wro3t anger.²
Fyrst I mansed þe muryly, *with* a mynt one,
& roue þe wyth no rof, sore *with* ry3t I þe profered,
For þe forwarde that we fest *in* þe fyrst ny3t,
- 2348 & þou trystly þe trawþe & trwly me halde3,
Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon shulde;
þat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered,
þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cosse3 me ra3te3,
- 2352 For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,
boute scape;
Trwe mon trwe restore,
þenne þar mon drede no waþe;
- 2356 At þe þrid þou fayled þore,
& þer-for þat tappe ta þe.
- The Green Knight rested on his axe,
looked on Sir Gawayne, who appeared bold and fearless,
and addressed him as follows: "Bold knight, be not so wroth,
I promised thee a stroke and thou hast it, be satisfied.
² could have dealt worse with thee.
I menaced thee with one blow for the covenant
[Fol. 122b.]
between us on the first night.
Another I aimed at thee because thou kissedst my wife.
A true man should restore truly, and then he need fear no harm.
Thou failedst at the third time, and therefore take thee that tap. (See l. 1861.)

¹ uf, in MS. ² This word is doubtful.

XVI.

- For hit is my wede þat þou were3, þat ilke wouen girdel,
Myn owen wyf hit þe weued, I wot wel forsoþe;
- 2360 Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als,
& þe wowyng of my wyf, I wro3t hit myseluen;
I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkke3,
On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote 3ede;
- 2364 As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more,
So is Gawayn, *in* god fayth, bi oþer gay kny3te3.
Bot here you lakked a lyttel, *sir*, & lewte yow wanted,
Bot þat wat3 for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauþer,
- 2368 Bot for 3e lufed *your* lyf, þe lasse I yow blame."
þat oþer stif mon *in* study stod a gret whyle;
So agreued for greme he gryed *with-inne*,
Alle þe blode of his brest blende *in* his face,
- 2372 þat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked.
þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,—
"Corsed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe!
In yow is vylany & vyse, þat vertue disstrye3."
- For my weed (woven by my wife) thou wearest.
I know thy kisses and my wife's wooing.
I sent her to try thee, and faultless I found thee.
But yet thou sinnedst a little,
for love of thy life."
Gawayne stands confounded.
"Cursed," he says, "be cowardice and covetousness both!"

2376	þenne he ka3t to þe knot, & þe kest lawse3, Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen: "Lo! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle! For care of þy knokke cowardyse me ta3t	Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight. He curses his cowardice,
2380	To a-corde me <i>with</i> couetyse, my kynde to for-sake, þat is larges & lewte, þat longe3 to kny3te3. Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer; Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sor3e	and confesses himself to have been guilty of untruth.
2384	& care! I bi-knowe yow, kny3t, here styлле, Al fawty is my fare, Lete3 me ouer-take <i>your</i> wylle,	[Fol. 123.]
2388	& efle I schal be ware."	

XVII.

2392	Thenne lo3e þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde, "I halde hit hardily ¹ hole, þe harme þat I hade; þou art confessed so clene, be-knownen of þy mysses, & hat3 þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge, I halde þe polysed of þat ply3t, & pured as clene, As þou hade3 neuer forfeþed, syþen þou wat3 fyrst borne. & I gif þe, <i>sir</i> , þe gurdel þat is golde hemmed;	Then the other, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou art confessed so clean, that I hold thee as pure as if thou hadst never been guilty.
2396	For hit is grene as my goune, <i>sir</i> G., 3e maye þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þrynge3 Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous kny3te3,	I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle, as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel.
2400	& 3e schal <i>in</i> þis nwe 3er a3ayn to my wone3, & we schyn reuel þe remnaunt of þis ryche fest, ful bene." þer laþed hym fast þe lorde, & sayde, " <i>with</i> my wyf, I wene, We schal yow wel acorde, þat wat3 <i>your</i> enmy kene."	Come again to my abode, and abide there for the remainder of the festival."

¹ hardilyly, in MS.

XVIII.

2408	"Nay, for soþe," <i>quod</i> þe segge, & sesed hys helme, & hat3 hit of hendely, & þe habel þonkke3, "I haf soiornd sadly, sele yow bytyde, & he 3elde hit yow 3are, þat 3arkke3 al menskes! & comaunde3 me to þat cortays, <i>your</i> comlych fere, Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladye3. þat þus hor kny3t wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled. Bot hit is no ferly, þa3 a fole madde, & þur3 wyles of wymmen be wonen to sor3e;	"Nay, forsooth," says Gawayne, "I have sojourned sadly, but bliss betide thee! Commend me to your comely wife and that other lady who have beguiled me. But it is no marvel for a man to be brought to grief through a woman's wiles.
2416	For so wat3 Adam <i>in</i> erde <i>with</i> one bygyled, & Salamon <i>with</i> fele sere, & Samson eft sone3, Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde, & Dauyth þer-after Wat3 blended <i>with</i> Barsabe, þat much bale þoled.	Adam, Solomon, Samson, and David were beguiled by women.
2420	Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a wyme huge, To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat coupe, For þes wer forne ¹ þe freest þat fol3ed alle þe sele, Ex-ellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuen-ryche,	How could a man love them and believe them not? [Fol. 123b.]

2424 þat mused;
 & alle þay were bi-wyled,
 With² wymmen þat þay vsed,
 þa3 I be now bigyled,
 2428 Me þink me burde be excused."

Though I be now beguiled, methinks I should be excused.

¹ forme (?) ² with wyth, in MS.

XIX.

"Bot *your* gordel," *quod* G: "God yow for-3elde!
 þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe wynne golde,
 Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes,
 2432 For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkke3,
 Bot *in* synge of my surfet I schal se hit ofte;
 When I ride *in* renoun, remorde to myseluen
 þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed,
 2436 How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylþe;
 & þus, quen pryde schal me pryk, for prowes of armes,
 þe loke to þis luf lace schal leþe my hert.
 Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer;
 2440 Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde[r] londe, þer I haf lent *inne*,
 Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow 3elde
 þat vp-halde3 þe heuen, & on hy3 sitte3,—
 How norne 3e yowre ry3t nome, & þenne no more?"
 2444 "þat schal I telle þe trwly," *quod* þat oþer þenne,
 "Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat *in* þis londe,
 þur3 my3t of Morgne la Faye, þat *in* my hous lenges,
 &¹ koyntyse of clergie, bi craftes wel lerned,
 2448 þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho² taken;
 For ho hat3 dalt drwry ful dere *sum* tyme,
 With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle *your* kny3te3
 at hame;
 2452 Morgne þe goddes,
 þer-fore hit is hir name;
 Welde3 non so hy3e hawtesse,
 þat ho ne con make ful tame.

But God reward you for your girdle.

I will wear it in remembrance of my fault.

And when pride shall prick me,
 a look to this lace shall abate it.

But tell me your right name and I shall have done."

The Green Knight replies, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fey, the pupil of Merlin.

She can tame even the haughtiest.

¹ in (?). ² ho hat3 (?).

XX.

2456 Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to *your* wynne halle,
 For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were,
 þat remnes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table;
 Ho wayned me þis wonder, *your* wytte3 to reue,
 2460 For to haf greued Gaynour, & gart hir to dy3e.
 With gopnyng¹ of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych speked,
 With his hede *in* his honde, bifore þe hy3e table.
 þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady;
 2464 Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arpure3 half suster,
 þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere Vter after
 Hade Arþur vpon, þat aþel is nowþe.
 þerfore I eþe þe, haþel, to com to þy naunt,
 2468 Make myry *in* my hous, my meny þe louies,

It was she who caused me to test the renown of the Round Table,

[Fol. 124.]
 hoping to grieve Guenever and cause her death through fear.

She is even thine aunt.

Therefore come to her and make merry in my house."

& I wol þe as wel, wy3e, bi my faythe,
 As any gome vnder God, for þy grete trouþe."
 & he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes;
 2472 þay acolen & kyssen, [bikennen] ayþer oþer
 To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ry3t þere,
 on coolde;
 Gawayn on blonk ful bene,
 2476 To þe kynges bur3 buske3 bolde,
 & þe kny3t in þe enker grene,
 Whider-warde so euer he wolde.

¹ glopnyng (?).

XXI.

Wylde waye3 in þe worlde Wowen now ryde3,
 2480 On Gryngolet, þat þe grace hade geten of his lyue;
 Ofte he herbered in house, & ofte al þeroute,
 & mony a-venture in vale, & venquyst ofte,
 þat I ne ty3t, at þis tyme, in tale to remene.
 2484 þe hurt wat3 hole, þat he hade hent in his nek,
 & þe blykkande belt he bere þerabout,
 A belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde,
 Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, with a knot,
 2488 In tokenyng he wat3 tane in tech of a faute;
 & þus he commes to þe court, kny3t al in sounde.
 þer wakned wele in þat wone, when wyst þe grete,
 þat gode G: wat3 comen, gayn hit hym þo3t;
 2492 þe kyng kysse3 þe kny3t, & þe whene alce,
 & syþen mony syker kny3t, þat so3t hym to haylce,
 Of his fare þat hym frayned, & ferlyly he telles;
 Biknowo3 alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—
 2496 þe chaunce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe kny3t,
 þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last.
 þe nirt in þe nek he naked hem schewed,
 þat he la3t for his vnleute at þe leudes hondes,
 2500 for blame;
 He tened quen he schulde telle,
 He gromed for gref & grame;
 þe blod in his face con melle,
 2504 When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

XXII.

"Lo! lorde," *quod* þe leude, & þe lace hondeled,
 "Þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek,
 Þis is þe laþe & þe losse, þat I la3t haue,
 2508 Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf ca3t þare,
 Þis is þe token of vn-trawþe, þat I am tan inne,
 & I mot nede3 hit were, wyle I may last;
 For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit,
 2512 For þer hit one3 is tachched, twynne wil hit neuer."
 þe kyng comforte3 þe kny3t, & alle þe court als,
 La3en loude þer-at, & luflyly acorden,
 þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table,
 2516 Vche burne of þe broþer-hede a bauderyk schulde haue,

Gawayne refuses to return with the Green Knight.

On horse full fair he bends to Arthur's hall.

Wild ways now Gawayne rides.

Oft he harboured in house and oft thereout.

The wound in his neck became whole.
He still carried about him the belt,

in token of his fault.
Thus he comes to the Court of King Arthur.
Great then was the joy of all.

The king and his knights ask him concerning his journey.

Gawayne tells them of his adventures,

[Fol. 124b.]
the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace.

He showed them the cut in his neck.

He groaned for grief and shame, and the blood rushed into his face.

"Lo!" says he, handling the lace, "this is the band of blame,

a token of my cowardice and covetousness,

I must needs wear it as long as I live."

The king comforts the knight, and all the court too.

Each knight of the brotherhood agrees to wear a bright green belt,

	A bende, a belef hym aboute, of a bry3t grene, & þat, for sake of þat segge, in swete to were.	for Gawayne's sake,
	For þat wat3 acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,	
2520	& he honoured þat hit hade, euer-more after, As hit is breued in þe best boke of romaunce.	who ever more honoured it.
	þus in Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde, þe Brutus bokees þer-of beres wyttensse;	Thus in Arthur's day this adventure befell.
2524	Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, bo3ed hider fyrst, After þe segge & þe asaute wat3 sesed at Troye, I-wysse;	
2528	Mony auntere3 here bi-forne, Haf fallen suche er þis: Now þat bere þe croun of þorne, He bryng vus to his blysse! AMEN.	He that bore the crown of thorns bring us to His bliss!

NOTES.

- Line 8 Ricchis turns, goes,
The king ...
Ricchis his reynys and the Renke metys:
Girden to gedur with þere grete speires.—T.B. l. 1232.
- 37 *þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse.*
Camalot, in Malory's "Morte Arthure," is said to be the same as Winchester. Ritson supposes it to be *Caer-went*, in Monmouthshire, and afterwards confounded with *Caer-wynt*, or *Winchester*. But popular tradition here seems the best guide, which assigned the site of *Camalot* to the ruins of a castle on a hill, near the church of South Cadbury, in Somersetshire (Sir F. Madden).
- 65 *Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte.*
Christmas celebrated anew, mentioned full often.
Sir F. Madden leaves the word *nayted* unexplained in his Glossary to "Syr Gawayne."
- 124 *syluener* = *sylueren*, i.e. silver dishes.
- 139 *lyndes* = *lendes*, loins.
- 142 *in his muckel*, in his greatness.
- 184 Wat3 euesed al umbe-torne—? was trimmed, all cut evenly around; *umbe-torne* may be an error for *vmbe-corue* = cut round.
- 216 *in gracios werkes*. Sir F. Madden reads *gracons* for *gracios*, and suggests Greek as the meaning of it.
- 244-5 *As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3
in hy3e.*
As all were fallen asleep so ceased their words
in haste (suddenly).
Sir F. Madden reads *slaked horlote3*, instead of *slaked hor lote3*, which, according to his glossary, signifies drunken vagabonds. He evidently takes *horlote3* to be another (and a very uncommon) form of *harlote3* = *harlots*. But *harlot*, or vagabond, would be a very inappropriate term to apply to the noble *Knights of the Round Table*. Moreover, *slaked* never, I think, means drunken. The general sense of the verb *slake* is to let loose, lessen, cease. Cf. lines 411-2, where *sloke*, another form of *slake*, occurs with a similar meaning:
— *layt no fyrre; bot slokes.*
— seek no further, but stop (cease).

- Sir F. Madden suggests *blows* as the explanation of *slokes*. It is, however, a *verb* in the imperative mood.
- 286 *Brayn*. Mätzner suggests *brayn-wod*.
- 296 *barlay* = par loi. This word is exceedingly common in the T. Book (see l. 3391).
I bid you now, *barlay*, with besines at all
Pat ye set you most souverainly my suster to gete.—T.B. l. 2780.
- 394 *siker*. Sir F. Madden reads *swer*.
- 440 *bluk*. Sir F. Madden suggests *blunk* (horse). I am inclined to keep to the reading of the MS., and explain *bluk* as = *bulk* = trunk. Cf. the use of the word *Blok* in "Early English Alliterative Poems," p. 100, l. 272.
- 558 *derue doel*, etc. = great grief. Sir F. Madden reads *derne*, i.e. secret, instead of *derue* (= *derf*). Cf. line 564.
- 577 *knaged*, fastened.
The braunches were borly, sum of bright gold,
With leuys full luffly, light of the same;
With burions aboue bright to beholde;
And fruit on yt fourmyt of fairest of shap,
Of mony kynd that was knyht, *knagged* aboue.—T.B. l. 4973.
- 629 & *ay quere hit is endele3*, etc.
And everywhere it is *endless*, etc.
Sir F. Madden reads *emdele3*, i.e. with equal sides.
- 652 *for-be* = *for-bi* = surpassing, beyond.
- 681 for *Hadet* read *Halet* = *haled* = exiled (?). See line 1049.
- 806 *auinant* = *auenaunt*, pleasantly. Sir F. Madden reads *amnant*.
- 954 *of*. Should we not read *on* (?)
- 957 *Pat oper wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre*.
The *gorger* or *wimple* is stated first to have appeared in Edward the First's reign, and an example is found on the monument of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who died in 1269. From the poem, however, it would seem that the *gorger* was confined to elderly ladies (Sir F. Madden)
- 968 *More lykker-wys on to lyk*,
Wat3 þat scho had on lode.
A more pleasant one to like,
Was that (one) she had under her control.
- 988 *tayt* = lively, and hence pleasant, agreeable.
- 1015 *in vayres*, in purity.
- 1020 *dut* = *dunt* (?) = *dint* (?), referring to *sword-sports*.
- 1022 *sayn[t] Ione3 day*. This is the 27th of December, and the last of the feast. Sometimes the Christmas festivities were prolonged to New Year's Day (Sir F. Madden).
- 1047 *derne dede* = secret deed. I would prefer to read *derue dede* = great deed. Cf. lines 558, 564.
- 1053 *I wot in worlde*, etc. = *I not* (I know not) *in worlde*, etc.
- 1054 *I nolde, bot if I hit negh my3t on nw3eres morne*,
For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres, etc.
I would not [delay to set out], unless I might approach it on New Year's morn, for all the lands within England, etc.
- 1074 *in spenne* = *in space* = in the interval = meanwhile. See line 1503.
- 1160 *slentyng of arwes*. Sir F. Madden reads *sleutyng*.
"Of drawyn swordis *scleutyng* to and fra,
The brycht mettale, and othir armouris seir,
Quharon the sonnys blenkis betis cleir,

- Glitteris and schane, and vnder bemys brycht,
Castis ane new twynklyng or a lemand lycht."
(G. Douglas' *Æneid*, Vol. i, p. 421.)
- 1281 *let lyk* = appeared pleased.
- 1283 *Pa3 I were burde bry3test, þe burde in mynde hade*, etc.
The sense requires us to read:
Pa3 ho were burde bry3test, þe burne in mynde hade, etc.
i.e., Though she were lady fairest, the knight in mind had, etc.
- 1440 *Long sythen [seuered] for þe sounder þat wi3t for-olde*
Long since separated from the *sounder* or herd that fierce (one) for-aged
(grew very old).
"Now to speke of the boore, the fyrste year he is
A pygge of the *sounder* callyd, as haue I blys;
The secunde yere an hogge, and soo shall he be,
And an hoggestere, whan he is of yeres thre;
And when he is foure yere, a boor shall he be,
From the *sounder* of the swyne thenne departyth he;
A synguler is he soo, for alone he woll go."
(Book of St. Alban's, ed. 1496, sig. d., i.)
- 1476 *totes* = looks, toots.
Sho went up wightly by a walle syde.
To the toppe of a toure and *tot* ouer the water.—T.B. l. 862.
- 1623 A verb [*? laled* = cried] seems wanting after *lorde*.
- 1702 *fnasted*, breathed.
These balfull bestes were, as the boke tellus,
Full flaumond of fyre with *fnastyng* of logh.—T.B. l. 168.
- 1710 *a strothe rande* = a rugged path. Cf. the phrases *tene greue*, l. 1707; *ro3e greue*, l. 1898.
- 1729 *bi lag* = *be-lagh*(?) = below (?).
- 1719 *Thenne wat3 hit lif vpon list*, etc.
Should we not read:
Thenne wat3 hit list vpon lif, etc.
i.e., Then was there joy in life, etc.
- 1780 *lyf* = *lef*(?), beloved (one).
- 1869 *Ho hat3 kyst þe kny3t so to3t*.
She has kissed the knight so courteous.
Sir F. Madden explains *to3t*, promptly. *To3t* seems to be the same as the Northumbrian *taght* in the following extract from the "Morte Arthure":
"There come in at the fyrste course, before the kyng seluene,
Bare hevedys that ware bryghte, burnyste with sylver,
Alle with *taghte* mene and *towne* in togers fulle ryche."—(p. 15.)
The word *towne* (well-behaved) still exists in *wan-ton*, the original meaning of which was ill-mannered, ill-bred.
- 1909 *bray hounde3* = *brap hounde3*, i.e. fierce hounds.
- 1995 *He hat3 nere þat he so3t* = *He wat3 nere þat he so3t* = He was near to that which he sought.
- 2160 *gedere3 þe rake* = takes the path or way.
- 2167 *þe skwe3 of þe scowtes skayued hym þo3t*.
The shadows of the hills appeared wild (desolate) to him. Sir F. Madden reads *skayned*, of which he gives no explanation. *Skayued* = *skayfed*, seems to be the N. Prov. English *scafe*, wild. Scotch *schaivie*, wild, mad. O.N. *skeifr*. Sw. *skef*, awry, distorted.
- 2204 *ronge* = clattered.

- 2211 *Drede dot3 me no lote =*
 No noise shall cause me to dread (fear).
- 2357 *& þer-for þat tappe ta þe.*
 And therefore take thee that tap.
 ta þe = take thee. Sir F. Madden reads *tape* = *taketh*. See l. 413, where *to þe* rhymes with *sothe*. We have no imperatives in *th* in this poem.
- 2401 *We schyn reuel*, etc. Sir F. Madden reads *wasch yn reuel*. But *schyn* = shall. See Glossary to "Alliterative Poems."
- 2474 *on-coolde* = *on-colde* = *coldly* = sorrowfully.
- 2489 *in-sounde* = *soundly*, well. Cf. *in-blande* = together; *in-lyche*, alike; *inmydde3*, amidst.

Sir Gawayne

and

The Green Knight:

AN ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE-POEM,

(AB. 1360 A.D.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS."

RE-EDITED FROM COTTON. MS. NERO, A.x., IN THE BRITISH
 MUSEUM,

BY

RICHARD MORRIS,

EDITOR OF HAMPOLE'S "PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE," "EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE
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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In re-editing the present romance-poem I have been saved all labour of transcription by using the very accurate text contained in Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne."

I have not only read his copy with the manuscript, but also the proof-sheets as they came to hand, hoping by this means to give the reader a text free from any errors of transcription.

The present edition differs from that of the earlier one in having the contractions of the manuscript expanded and side-notes added to the text to enable the reader to follow with some degree of ease the author's pleasant narrative of Sir Gawayne's adventures.

The Glossary is taken from Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne,"¹ to which, for the better interpretation of the text, I have made several additions, and have, moreover, glossed nearly all the words previously left unexplained.

For a description of the Manuscript, and particulars relating to the authorship and dialect of the present work, the reader is referred to the preface to *Early English Alliterative Poems*.

R.M.

LONDON,
December 22, 1864.

[¹ Sir F. Madden has most generously placed at the disposal of the Early English Text Society any of his works which it may determine to re-edit.]

INTRODUCTION.

No Knight of the Round Table has been so highly honoured by the old Romance-writers as Sir Gawayne, the son of Loth, and nephew to the renowned Arthur. They delighted to describe him as Gawayne the good, a man matchless on mould, the most gracious that under God lived, the hardiest of hand, the most fortunate in arms, and the most polite in hall, whose knowledge, knighthood, kindly works, doings, doughtiness, and deeds of arms were known in all lands.

When Arthur beheld the dead body of his kinsman lying on the ground bathed in blood, he is said to have exclaimed, "O righteous God, this blood were worthy to be preserved and enshrined in gold!" Our author, too, loves to speak of his hero in similar terms of praise, calling him the knight faultless in his five wits, void of every offence, and adorned with every earthly virtue. He represents him as one whose trust was in the five wounds, and in whom the five virtues which distinguished the true knight were more firmly established than in any other on earth.

The author of the present story, who, as we know from his religious poems, had an utter horror of moral impurity, could have chosen no better subject for a romance in which amusement and moral instruction were to be combined. In the following tale he shows how the true knight, though tempted sorely not once alone, but twice, nay thrice, breaks not his vow of chastity, but turns aside the tempter's shafts with the shield of purity and

arm of faith, and so passes scatheless through the perilous defile of trial and opportunity seeming safe.

But while our author has borrowed many of the details of his story from the "Roman de Perceval" by Chrestien de Troyes, he has made the narrative more attractive by the introduction of several original and highly interesting passages which throw light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

The following elaborate descriptions are well deserving of especial notice:—

- I. The mode of completely arming a knight (ll. 568-589).
- II. The hunting and breaking the deer (ll. 1126-1359).
- III. The hunting and unlacing the wild boar (ll. 1412-1614).
- IV. A fox hunt (ll. 1675-1921).

The following is an outline of the story of Gawayne's adventures, more or less in the words of the writer himself:—

Arthur, the greatest of Britain's kings, holds the Christmas festival at Camelot, surrounded by the celebrated knights of the Round Table, noble lords, the most renowned under heaven, and ladies the loveliest that ever had life (ll. 37-57). This noble company celebrate the New Year by a religious service, by the bestowal of gifts, and the most joyous mirth. Lords and ladies take their seats at the table—Queen Guenever, the grey-eyed, gaily dressed, sits at the daïs, the high table, or table of state, where too sat Gawayne and Ywain together with other worthies of the Round Table (ll. 58-84, 107-115). Arthur, in mood as joyful as a child, his blood young and his brain wild, declares that he will not eat nor sit long at the table until some adventurous thing, some uncouth tale, some great marvel, or some encounter of arms has occurred to mark the return of the New Year (ll. 85-106).

The first course was announced with cracking of trumpets, with the noise of nakers and noble pipes.

"Each two had dishes twelve,
Good beer and bright wine both."

Scarcely was the first course served when another noise than that of music was heard. There rushes in at the hall-door a knight of gigantic stature—the greatest on earth—in measure high. He was clothed entirely in green, and rode upon a green foal (ll. 116-178). Fair wavy hair fell about the shoulders of the Green Knight, and a great beard like a bush hung upon his breast (ll. 179-202).

The knight carried no helmet, shield, or spear, but in one hand a holly bough, and in the other an axe "huge and unmeet," the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor (ll. 203-220). Thus arrayed, the Green Knight enters the hall without saluting any one. The first word that he uttered was, "Where is the govenour of this gang? gladly would I see him and with himself speak reason." To the knights he cast his eye, looking for the most renowned. Much did the noble assembly marvel to see a man and a horse of such a hue, green as the grass. Even greener they seemed than green enamel on bright gold. Many marvels had they seen, but none such as this. They were afraid to answer, but sat stone-still in a dead silence, as if overpowered by sleep;

"Not all from fear, but some for courtesy" (ll. 221-249).

Then Arthur before the high daïs salutes the Green Knight, bids him welcome, and entreats him to stay awhile at his Court. The knight says that his errand is not to abide in any dwelling, but to seek the most valiant of the heroes of the Round Table that he may put his courage to the proof, and thus satisfy himself as to the fame of Arthur's court. "I come," he says, "in peace, as ye may see by this branch that I bear here. Had I come with hostile intentions, I should not have left my hauberk, helmet, shield, sharp spear, and other weapons behind me. But because I desire no war, 'my weeds are softer.' If thou be so bold as all men say, thou wilt grant me the request I am about to make." "Sir courteous knight," replies Arthur, "if thou cravest battle only, here failest thou not to fight." "Nay," says the Green Knight, "I seek no fighting. Here about on this bench are only beardless children. Were I arrayed in arms on a high steed no man here would be a match for me (ll. 250-282). But it is now Christmas time, and this is the New Year, and I see around me many brave ones;—if any be so bold in his blood that dare strike a stroke for another, I shall give him this rich axe to do with it whatever he pleases. I shall abide the first blow just as I sit, and will stand him a stroke, stiff on this floor, provided that I deal him another in return.

And yet give I him respite,
A twelvemonth and a day;
Now haste and let see tite (soon)
Dare any here-in ought say."

If he astounded them at first, much more so did he after this speech, and fear held them all silent. The knight, righting himself in his saddle, rolls fiercely his red eyes about, bends his bristly green brows, and strokes his beard awaiting a reply. But finding none that would carp with him, he exclaims, "What! is this Arthur's house, the fame of which has spread through so many realms? Forsooth, the renown of the Round Table is overturned by the word of one man's speech, for all tremble for dread without a blow being struck!" (ll. 283-313). With this he laughed so loud that Arthur blushed for very shame, and waxed as wroth as the wind. "I know no man," he says, "that is aghast at thy great words. Give me now thy axe and I will grant thee thy request!" Arthur seizes the axe, grasps the handle, and sternly brandishes it about, while the Green Knight, with a stern cheer and a dry countenance, stroking his beard and drawing down his coat, awaits the blow (ll. 314-335). Sir Gawayne, the nephew of the king, beseeches his uncle to let him undertake the encounter; and, at the earnest entreaty of his nobles, Arthur consents "to give Gawayne the game" (ll. 336-365).

Sir Gawayne then takes possession of the axe, but, before the blow is dealt, the Green Knight asks the name of his opponent. "In good faith," answers the good knight, "Gawayne I am called, that bids thee to this buffet, whatever may befall after, and at this time twelvemonth will take from thee another, with whatever weapon thou wilt, and with no wight else alive." "By Gog," quoth the Green Knight, "it pleases me well that I shall receive at thy fist that which I have sought here—moreover thou hast truly rehearsed the terms of the covenant,—but thou shalt first pledge me thy word that thou wilt seek me thyself, wheresoever on earth thou believest I may be found, and fetch thee such wages as thou dealest me to-day before this company of doughty ones." "Where should I seek thee?" replies Gawayne, "where is thy place? I know not thee, thy court, or thy name. I wot not where thou dwellest, but teach me thereto, tell me how thou art called, and I shall endeavour to find thee,—and that I swear thee for truth and by my sure troth." "That is enough in New Year," says the groom in green, "if I tell thee when I have received the tap. When thou hast smitten me, then smartly I will teach thee of my house, my home, and my own name, so that thou mayest follow my track and fulfil the

covenant between us. If I spend no speech, then speedest thou the better, for then mayest thou remain in thy own land and seek no further; but cease thy talking¹ (ll. 366-412). Take now thy grim tool to thee and let us see how thou knockest." "Gladly, sir, for sooth," quoth Gawayne, and his axe he brandishes.

[¹ This, I think, is the true explanation of *slokes*.]

The Green Knight adjusts himself on the ground, bends slightly his head, lays his long lovely locks over his crown, and lays bare his neck for the blow. Gawayne then gripped the axe, and, raising it on high, let it fall quickly upon the knight's neck and severed the head from the body. The fair head fell from the neck to the earth, and many turned it aside with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood burst from the body, yet the knight never faltered nor fell; but boldly he started forth on stiff shanks and fiercely rushed forward, seized his head, and lifted it up quickly. Then he runs to his horse, the bridle he catches, steps into his stirrups and strides aloft. His head by the hair he holds in his hands, and sits as firmly in his saddle as if no mishap had ailed him, though headless he was (ll. 413-439). He turned his ugly trunk about—that ugly body that bled,—and holding the head in his hand, he directed the face toward the "dearest on the dais." The head lifted up its eyelids and looked abroad, and thus much spoke with its mouth as ye may now hear:

"Loke, Gawayne, thou be prompt to go as thou hast promised, and seek till thou find me according to thy promise made in the hearing of these knights. Get thee to the Green Chapel, I charge thee, to fetch such a dint as thou hast dealt, to be returned on New Year's morn. As the Knight of the Green Chapel I am known to many, wherefore if thou seekest thou canst not fail to find me. Therefore come, or recreant be called." With a fierce start the reins he turns, rushes out of the hall-door, his head in his hand, so that the fire of the flint flew from the hoofs of his foal. To what kingdom he belonged knew none there, nor knew they from whence he had come. What then?

"The king and Gawayne there
At that green (one) they laugh and grin."

Though Arthur wondered much at the marvel, he let no one see that he was at all troubled about it, but full loudly thus spake to his comely queen with courteous speech:

"Dear dame, to-day be never dismayed, well happens such craft at Christmas time. I may now proceed to meat, for I cannot deny that I have witnessed a wondrous adventure this day" (ll. 440-475).

He looked upon Sir Gawayne and said, "Now, sir, hang up thine axe, for enough has it hewn." So the weapon was hung up on high that all might look upon it, and "by true title thereof tell the wonder." Then all the knights hastened to their seats at the table, so did the king and our good knight, and they were there served with all dainties, "with all manner of meat and minstrelsy."

Though words were wanting when they first to seat went, now are their hands full of stern work, and the marvel affords them good subject for conversation. But a year passes full quickly and never returns,—the beginning is seldom like the end; wherefore this Christmas passed away and the year after, and each season in turn followed after another (ll. 476-520). Thus winter winds round again, and then Gawayne thinks of his wearisome

journey (ll. 521-535). On All-hallows day Arthur entertains right nobly the lords and ladies of his court in honour of his nephew, for whom all courteous knights and lovely ladies were in great grief. Nevertheless they spoke only of mirth, and, though joyless themselves, made many a joke to cheer the good Sir Gawayne (ll. 536-565). Early on the morrow Sir Gawayne, with great ceremony, is arrayed in his armour (ll. 566-589), and thus completely equipped for his adventure he first hears mass, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur, the knights of the Round Table, and the lords and ladies of the court, who kiss him and commend him to Christ. He bids them all good day, as he thought, for evermore (ll. 590-669);

"Very much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day."

Now rides our knight through the realms of England with no companion but his foal, and no one to hold converse with save God alone. From Camelot, in Somersetshire, he proceeds through Gloucestershire and the adjoining counties into Montgomeryshire, and thence through North Wales to Holyhead, adjoining the Isle of Anglesea (ll. 670-700), from which he passes into the very narrow peninsula of Wirral, in Cheshire, where dwelt but few that loved God or man. Gawayne enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel, but all the inhabitants declare that they have never seen "any man of such hues of green."

The knight thence pursues his journey by strange paths, over hill and moor, encountering on his way not only serpents, wolves, bulls, bears, and boars, but wood satyrs and giants. But worse than all those, however, was the sharp winter, "when the cold clear water shed from the clouds, and froze ere it might fall to the earth. Nearly slain with the sleet he slept in his armour, more nights than enough, in naked rocks" (ll. 701-729).

Thus in peril and plight the knight travels on until Christmas-eve, and to Mary he makes his moan that she may direct him to some abode. On the morn he arrives at an immense forest, wondrously wild, surrounded by high hills on every side, where he found hoary oaks full huge, a hundred together. The hazel and the hawthorn intermingled were all overgrown with moss, and upon their boughs sat many sad birds that piteously piped for pain of the cold. Gawayne besought the Lord and Mary to guide him to some habitation where he might hear mass (ll. 730-762). Scarcely had he crossed himself thrice, when he perceived a dwelling in the wood set upon a hill. It was the loveliest castle he had ever beheld. It was pitched on a prairie, with a park all about it, enclosing many a tree for more than two miles. It shone as the sun through the bright oaks (ll. 763-772).

Gawayne urges on his steed Gringolet, and finds himself at the "chief gate." He called aloud, and soon there appeared a "porter" on the wall, who demanded his errand.

"Good sir," quoth Gawayne, "wouldst thou go to the high lord of this house, and crave a lodging for me?"

"Yea, by Peter!" replied the porter, "well I know that thou art welcome to dwell here as long as thou likest."

The drawbridge is soon let down, and the gates opened wide to receive the knight. Many noble ones hasten to bid him welcome (ll. 773-825). They take away his helmet, sword, and shield, and many a proud one presses forward to do him honour. They bring him into the hall, where a fire was brightly burning upon the hearth. Then the lord of the land¹ comes from his chamber

and welcomes Sir Gawayne, telling him that he is to consider the place as his own. Our knight is next conducted to a bright bower, where was noble bedding—curtains of pure silk, with golden hems, and Tarsic tapestries upon the walls and the floors (ll. 826-859). Here the knight doffed his armour and put on rich robes, which so well became him, that all declared that a more comely knight Christ had never made (ll. 860-883).

[¹ Gawayne is now in the castle of the Green Knight, who, divested of his elvish or supernatural character, appears to our knight merely as a bold one with a beaver-hued beard.]

A table is soon raised, and Gawayne, having washed, proceeds to meat. Many dishes are set before him—"sews" of various kinds, fish of all kinds, some baked in bread, others broiled on the embers, some boiled, and others seasoned with spices. The knight expresses himself well pleased, and calls it a most noble and princely feast.

After dinner, in reply to numerous questions, he tells his host that he is Gawayne, one of the Knights of the Round Table. When this was made known great was the joy in the hall. Each one said softly to his companion, "Now we shall see courteous behaviour and learn the terms of noble discourse, since we have amongst us 'that fine father of nurture.' Truly God has highly favoured us in sending us such a noble guest as Sir Gawayne" (ll. 884-927). At the end of the Christmas festival Gawayne desires to take his departure from the castle, but his host persuades him to stay, promising to direct him to the Green Chapel (about two miles from the castle), that he may be there by the appointed time (ll. 1029-1082).

A covenant is made between them, the terms of which were that the lord of the castle should go out early to the chase, that Gawayne meanwhile should lie in his loft at his ease, then rise at his usual hour, and afterwards sit at table with his hostess, and that at the end of the day they should make an exchange of whatever they might obtain in the interim. "Whatever I win in the wood," says the lord, "shall be yours, and what thou gettest shall be mine" (ll. 1083-1125).

Full early before daybreak the folk uprise, saddle their horses, and truss their mails. The noble lord of the land, arrayed for riding, eats hastily a sop, and having heard mass, proceeds with a hundred hunters to hunt the wild deer (ll. 1126-1177).

All this time Gawayne lies in his gay bed. His nap is disturbed by a little noise at the door, which is softly opened. He heaves up his head out of the clothes, and, peeping through the curtains, beholds a most lovely lady (the wife of his host). She came towards the bed, and the knight laid himself down quickly, pretending to be asleep. The lady stole to the bed, cast up the curtains, crept within, sat her softly on the bed-side, and waited some time till the knight should awake. After lurking awhile under the clothes considering what it all meant, Gawayne unlocked his eyelids, and put on a look of surprise, at the same time making the sign of the cross, as if afraid of some hidden danger (ll. 1178-1207). "Good morrow, sir," said that fair lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus. I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure." "Good morrow," quoth Gawayne, "I shall act according to your will with great pleasure, but permit me to rise that I may the more comfortably converse with you." "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one, "ye shall not rise from your bed, for since I have caught my knight I shall hold talk with him. I ween well that ye are Sir Gawayne that all the world worships, whose honour and courtesy are so greatly praised. Now ye are

here, and we are alone (my lord and his men being afar off, other men, too, are in bed, so are my maidens), and the door is safely closed, I shall use my time well while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my person to do with it as ye please, and I will be your servant" (ll. 1208-1240).

Gawayne behaves most discreetly, for the remembrance of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel prevents him from thinking of love (ll. 1205-1289). At last the lady takes leave of the knight by catching him in her arms and kissing him (ll. 1290-1307). The day passes away merrily, and at dusk the Lord of the castle returns from the chase. He presents the venison to Gawayne according to the previous covenant between them. Our knight gives his host a kiss as the only piece of good fortune that had fallen to him during the day. "It is good," says the other, "and would be much better if ye would tell me where ye won such bliss" (ll. 1308-1394). "That was not in our covenant," replies Gawayne, "so try me no more." After much laughing on both sides they proceed to supper, and afterwards, while the choice wine is being carried round, Gawayne and his host renew their agreement. Late at night they take leave of each other and hasten to their beds. "By the time that the cock had crowed and cackled thrice" the lord was up, and after "meat and mass" were over the hunters make for the woods, where they give chase to a wild boar who had grown old and mischievous (ll. 1395-1467).

While the sportsmen are hunting this "wild swine" our lovely knight lies in his bed. He is not forgotten by the lady, who pays him an early visit, seeking to make further trial of his virtues. She sits softly by his side and tells him that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before (ll. 1468-1486). "I taught you of kissing," says she; "that becomes every courteous knight." Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden him. The lady replies that he is strong enough to enforce his own wishes. Our knight answers that every gift not given with a good will is worthless. His fair visitor then enquires how it is that he who is so skilled in the true sport of love and so renowned a knight, has never talked to her of love (ll. 1487-1524). "You ought," she says, "to show and teach a young thing like me some tokens of true-love's crafts; I come hither and sit here alone to learn of you some game; do teach me of your wit while my lord is from home." Gawayne replies that he cannot undertake the task of expounding true-love and tales of arms to one who has far more wisdom than he possesses. Thus did our knight avoid all appearance of evil, though sorely pressed to do what was wrong (ll. 1525-1552). The lady, having bestowed two kisses upon Sir Gawayne, takes her leave of him (ll. 1553-1557).

At the end of the day the lord of the castle returns home with the shields and head of the wild boar. He shows them to his guest, who declares that "such a brawn of a beast, nor such sides of a swine," he never before has seen. Gawayne takes possession of the spoil according to covenant, and in return he bestows two kisses upon his host, who declares that his guest has indeed been rich with "such chaffer" (ll. 1558-1647).

After much persuasion, Gawayne consents to stop at the castle another day (ll. 1648-1685). Early on the morrow the lord and his men hasten to the woods, and come upon the track of a fox, the hunting of which affords them plenty of employment and sport (ll. 1686-1730). Meanwhile our good knight sleeps soundly within his comely curtains. He is again visited by the lady of the castle. So gaily was she attired, and so "faultless of her features," that great joy warmed the heart of Sir Gawayne. With soft and pleasant smiles "they smite into mirth," and are soon engaged in conversation. Had not Mary thought of her knight, he would have been in great peril (ll. 1731-1769). So sorely does the fair one press him with her love, that he fears lest he should

become a traitor to his host. The lady enquires whether he has a mistress to whom he has plighted his troth. The knight swears by St John that he neither has nor desires one. This answer causes the dame to sigh for sorrow, and telling him that she must depart, she asks for some gift, if it were only a glove, by which she might "think on the knight and lessen her grief" (ll. 1770-1800). Gawayne assures her that he has nothing worthy of her acceptance; that he is on an "uncouth errand," and therefore has "no men with no mails containing precious things," for which he is truly sorry.

Quoth that lovesome (one)—

"Though I had nought of yours,
Yet should ye have of mine.

Thus saying, she offers him a rich ring of red gold "with a shining stone standing aloft," that shone like the beams of the bright sun. The knight refused the gift, as he had nothing to give in return. "Since ye refuse my ring," says the lady, "because it seems too rich, and ye would not be beholden to me, I shall give you my girdle that is less valuable" (ll. 1801-1835). But Gawayne replies that he will not accept gold or reward of any kind, though "ever in hot and in cold" he will be her true servant.

"Do ye refuse it," asks the lady, "because it seems simple and of little value? Whoso knew the virtues that are knit therein would estimate it more highly. For he who is girded with this green lace cannot be wounded or slain by any man under heaven." The knight thinks awhile, and it strikes him that this would be a "jewel for the jeopardy" that he had to undergo at the Green Chapel. So he not only accepts the lace, but promises to keep the possession of it a secret (ll. 1836-1865). By that time the lady had kissed him thrice, and she then takes "her leave and leaves him there."

Gawayne rises, dresses himself in noble array, and conceals the "love lace" where he might find it again. He then hies to mass, shrives him of his misdeeds, and obtains absolution. On his return to the hall he solaces the ladies with comely carols and all kinds of joy (ll. 1866-1892). The dark night came, and then the lord of the castle, having slain the fox, returns to his "dear home," where he finds a fire brightly turning and his guest amusing the ladies (ll. 1893-1927). Gawayne, in fulfilment of his agreement, kisses his host thrice.¹ "By Christ," quoth the other knight, "ye have caught much bliss. I have hunted all this day and nought have I got but the skin of this foul fox (the devil have the goods!), and that is full poor for to pay for such precious things" (ll. 1928-1951).

After the usual evening's entertainment, Gawayne retires to rest. The next morning, being New Year's day, is cold and stormy. Snow falls, and the dales are full of drift. Our knight in his bed locks his eyelids, but full little he sleeps. By each cock that crows he knows the hour, and before day-break he calls for his chamberlain, who quickly brings him his armour (ll. 1952-2014). While Gawayne clothed himself in his rich weeds he forgot not the "lace, the lady's gift," but with it doubly girded his loins. He wore it not for its rich ornaments, "but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer," and as a safeguard against sword or knife (ll. 2015-2046).

Having thanked his host and all the renowned assembly for the great kindness he had experienced at their hands, "he steps into stirrups and strides aloft" (ll. 2047-2068).

The drawbridge is let down, and the broad gates unbarred and borne open upon both sides, and the knight, after commending the castle to Christ, passes thereout and goes on his way accompanied by his guide, that should teach him to turn to that place where he should receive the much-dreaded blow. They climb over cliffs, where each hill had a hat and a mist-cloak, until the next morn, when they find themselves on a full high hill covered with snow. The servant bids his master remain awhile, saying, "I have brought you hither at this time, and now ye are not far from that noted place that ye have so often enquired after. The place that ye press to is esteemed full perilous, and there dwells a man in that waste the worst upon earth, for he is stiff and stern and loves to strike, and greater is he than any man upon middle-earth, and his body is bigger than the best four in Arthur's house. He keeps the Green Chapel; there passes none by that place, however proud in arms, that he does not 'ding him to death with dint of his hand.' He is a man immoderate and 'no mercy uses,' for be it churl or chaplain that by the chapel rides, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, it is as pleasant to him to kill them as to go alive himself. Wherefore I tell thee truly, 'come ye there, ye be killed, though ye had twenty lives to spend. He has dwelt there long of yore, and on field much sorrow has wrought. Against his sore dints ye may not defend you' (ll. 2069-2117). Therefore, good Sir Gawayne, let the man alone, and for God's sake go by some other path, and then I shall hie me home again. I swear to you by

[¹ He only in part keeps to his covenant, as he holds back the *love-lace*.]

God and all His saints that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne thanks his guide for his well-meant kindness, but declares that to the Green Chapel he will go, though the owner thereof be "a stern knave," for God can devise means to save his servants.

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life I will not hinder thee. Have thy helmet on thy head, thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side, till thou be brought to the bottom of the valley. Then look a little on the plain, on thy left hand, and thou shalt see in that slade the chapel itself, and the burly knight that guards it (ll. 2118-2148). Now, farewell Gawayne the noble! for all the gold upon ground I would not go with thee nor bear thee fellowship through this wood 'on foot farther.'" Thus having spoken, he gallops away and leaves the knight alone.

Gawayne now pursues his journey, rides through the dale, and looks about. He sees no signs of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks, and the very shadows of the high woods seemed wild and distorted. No chapel, however, could he discover. After a while he sees a round hill by the side of a stream; thither he goes, alights, and fastens his horse to the branch of a tree. He walks about the hill, debating with himself what it might be. It had a hole in the one end and on each side, and everywhere overgrown with grass, but whether it was only an old cave or a crevice of an old crag he could not tell (ll. 2149-2188).

"Now, indeed," quoth Gawayne, "a desert is here; this oratory is ugly with herbs overgrown. It is a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions after the devil's manner.' Now I feel it is the fiend (the devil) in my five wits that has covenanted with me that he may destroy me. This is a chapel of misfortune—evil betide it! It is the most cursed kirk that ever I came in." With his helmet on his head, and spear in his hand, he roams up to the rock, and then he hears from that high hill beyond the brook a wondrous

wild noise. Lo! it clattered in the cliff as if one upon a grindstone were grinding a scythe. It whirled like the water at a mill, and rushed and re-echoed, terrible to hear. "Though my life I forgo," says Gawayne, "no noise shall cause me to fear."

Then he cried aloud, "Who dwells in this place, discourse with me to hold? For now is good Gawayne going right here if any brave wight will hie him hither, either now or never" (ll. 2189-2216).

"Abide," quoth one on the bank above, over his head, "and thou shalt have all in haste that I promised thee once."

Soon there comes out of a hole in the crag, with a fell weapon a Danish axe quite new, the "man in the green," clothed as at first as his legs, locks and beard. But now he is on foot and walks on the earth. When he reaches the stream, he hops over and boldly strides about. He meets Sir Gawayne, who tells him that he is quite ready to fulfil his part of the compact. "Gawayne," quoth that 'green gome' (man), "may God preserve thee! Truly thou art welcome to my place, 'and thou hast timed thy travel' as a true man should. Thou knowest the covenants made between us, at this time twelve-month, that on New Year's day I should return thee thy blow. We are now in this valley by ourselves, and can do as we please (ll. 2217-2246). Have, therefore, thy helmet off thy head, and 'have here thy pay.' Let us have no more talk than when thou didst strike off my head with a single blow."

"Nay, by God!" quoth Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will for any harm that may happen, but will stand still while thou strikest."

Then he stoops a little and shows his bare neck, unmoved by any fear. The Green Knight takes up his "grim tool," and with all his force raises it aloft, as if he meant utterly to destroy him. As the axe came gliding down Gawayne "shrank a little with the shoulders from the sharp iron." The other withheld his weapon, and then reproved the prince with many proud words. "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed, that never feared for no host by hill nor by vale, for now thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm (ll. 2247-2272). Such cowardice of that knight did I never hear. I never flinched nor fled when thou didst aim at me in King Arthur's house. My head flew to my feet and yet I never fled, wherefore I deserve to be called the better man."

Quoth Gawayne, "I shunted once, but will do so no more, though my head fall on the stones. But hasten and bring me to the point; deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I shall stand thee a stroke and start no more until thine axe has hit me—have here my troth." "Have at thee, then," said the other, and heaves the axe aloft, and looks as savagely as if he were mad. He aims at the other mightily, but withholds his hand ere it might hurt. Gawayne readily abides the blow without flinching with any member, and stood still as a stone or a tree fixed in rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then merrily the other did speak, "Since now thou hast thy heart whole it behoves me to strike, so take care of thy neck." Gawayne answers with great wroth, "Thrash on, thou fierce man, thou threatenest too long; I believe thy own heart fails thee."

"Forsooth," quoth the other, "since thou speakest so boldly, I will no longer delay" (ll. 2273-2304). Then, contracting "both lips and brow," he made ready to strike, and let fall his axe on the bare neck of Sir Gawayne. "Though he hammered" fiercely, he only "severed the hide," causing the blood to flow. When Gawayne saw his blood on the snow, he quickly seized his helmet and placed it on his head. Then he drew out his bright sword, and thus angrily

spoke: "Cease, man, of thy blow, bid me no more. I have received a stroke in this place without opposition, but if thou givest me any more readily shall I requite thee, of that be thou sure. Our covenant stipulates one stroke, and therefore now cease."

The Green Knight, resting on his axe, looks on Sir Gawayne, as bold and fearless he there stood, and then with a loud voice thus addresses the knight: "Bold knight, be not so wroth, no man here has wronged thee (ll. 2305-2339); I promised thee a stroke, and thou hast it, so hold thee well pleased. I could have dealt much worse with thee, and caused thee much sorrow. Two blows I aimed at thee, for twice thou kissedst my fair wife; but I struck thee not, because thou restoredst them to me according to agreement. At the third time thou failedst, and therefore I have given thee that tap. That woven girdle, given thee by my own wife, belongs to me. I know well thy kisses, thy conduct also, and the wooing of my wife, for I wrought it myself. I sent her to try thee, and truly methinks thou art the most faultless man that ever on foot went. Still, sir, thou wert wanting in good faith; but as it proceeded from no immorality, thou being only desirous of saving thy life, the less I blame thee."

Gawayne stood confounded, the blood rushed into his face, and he shrank within himself for very shame. "Cursed," he cried, "be cowardice and covetousness both; in you are villany and vice, that virtue destroy." Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight in green, cursing his cowardice and covetousness. The Green Knight, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou hast confessed so clean, and acknowledged thy faults, that I hold thee as pure as thou hadst never forfeited since thou wast first born. I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come now to my castle, and we shall enjoy together the festivities of the New Year" (ll. 2340-2406).

"Nay, forsooth," quoth the knight, "but for your kindness may God requite you. Commend me to that courteous one your comely wife, who with her crafts has beguiled me. But it is no uncommon thing for a man to come to sorrow through women's wiles; for so was Adam beguiled with one, and Solomon with many. Samson was destroyed by Delilah, and David suffered much through Bathsheba. *'It were indeed great bliss for a man to love them well and believe them not.'* Since the greatest upon earth were so beguiled, methinks I should be excused. But God reward you for your girdle, which I will ever wear in remembrance of my fault, and when pride shall exalt me, a look to this love-lace shall lessen it (ll. 2407-2438). But since ye are the lord of yonder land, from whom I have received so much honour, tell me truly your right name, and I shall ask no more questions."

Quoth the other, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fay, who dwells in my house. Much has she learnt of Merlin, who knows all your knights at home. She brought me to your hall for to essay the prowess of the Round Table. She wrought this wonder to bereave you of your wits, hoping to have grieved Guenever and affrighted her to death by means of the man that spoke with his head in his hand before the high table. She is even thine aunt, Arthur's half sister; wherefore come to thine aunt, for all my household love thee."

Gawayne refuses to accompany the Green Knight, and so, with many embraces and kind wishes, they separate—the one to his castle, the other to Arthur's court.

After passing through many wild ways, our knight recovers from the wound in his neck, and at last comes safe and sound to the court of King Arthur. Great then was the joy of all; the king and queen kiss their brave knight, and make many enquiries about his journey. He tells them of his adventures, hiding nothing—"the chance of the chapel, the cheer of the knight, the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace." Groaning for grief and shame he shows them the cut in his neck, which he had received for his unfaithfulness (ll. 2439-2504). The king and his courtiers comfort the knight—they laugh loudly at his adventures, and unanimously agree that those lords and ladies that belonged to the Round Table, and each knight of the brotherhood should ever after wear a bright green belt for Gawayne's sake. And he upon whom it was conferred honoured it evermore after.

Thus in Arthur's time this adventure befell, whereof the "Brutus Books" bear witness (ll. 2505-2530).

I need not say that the *Brutus Books* we possess do not contain the legend here set forth, though it is not much more improbable than some of the statements contained in them. If the reader desires to know the relation in which this and the like stories stand to the original Arthur legends, he will find it discussed in Sir F. Madden's Preface to his edition of "Syr Gawayne," which also contains a sketch of the very different views taken of Sir Gawayne by the different Romance writers.

Into this and other *literary* questions I do not enter here, as I have nothing to add to Sir F. Madden's statements; but in the text of the Poem I have differed from him in some few readings, which will be found noticed in the Notes and Glossary.

As the manuscript is fast fading, I am glad that the existence of the Early English Text Society has enabled us to secure a wider diffusion of its contents before the original shall be no longer legible.

We want nothing but an increased supply of members to enable us to give to a large circle of readers many an equally interesting record of Early English minds.

SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE KNYȝT.

[FYTTE THE FIRST.]

I.

	Sipen þe sege & þe assaut watȝ sesed at Troye,	[Fol. 91a.]
	þe borȝ brittened & brent to brondez & askeȝ,	After the siege of Troy
	þe tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wroȝt,	
4	Watȝ tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe;	
	Hit watȝ Ennias þe athel, & his highe kynde,	
	þat sipen depreced <i>prouinces</i> , & <i>patrounes</i> bicomē	
	Welneȝe of al þe wele in þe west iles,	
8	Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swyȝe,	Romulus built Rome,
	<i>With</i> gret bobbaunce þat burȝe he biges vpon fyrst,	
	& neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;	
	Ticius to Tuskan [turnes,] & teldes bigynnes;	
12	Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp homes;	
	& fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus	and Felix Brutus founded Britain,
	On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he setteȝ,	
	wyth wyne;	a land of war and wonder,

16	Where werre, & wrake, & wonder, Bi syþe3 hat3 wont þer-inne, & oft boþe blysse & blunder Ful skete hat3 skyfted synne.	and oft of bliss and blunder.
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II.

20	Ande quen þis Bretayn wat3 bigged bi þis burn rych, Bolde bredden þer-inne, baret þat lofden, In mony turned tyme tene þat wro3ten; Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft	Bold men increased in the Land,
24	þen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme. Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne kynges Ay wat3 Arthur þe hendest; as I haf herde telle; For-þi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe,	and many marvels happened. Of all Britain's kings Arthur was the noblest.
28	þat a selly in si3t summe men hit holden, & an outrage awenture of Arthure3 wondere3; If 3e wyl lysten þis laye bot on littel quile, I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I in toun herde,	[Fol. 91b.] Listen a while and ye shall hear the story of an "outrageous adventure."
32	<div style="padding-left: 40px;">with tonge; As hit is stad & stoken, In stori stif & stronge, With lel letteres loken,</div>	
36	<div style="padding-left: 40px;">In londe so hat3 ben longe.</div>	

III.

40	Pis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse, With mony luflych lorde, lede3 of þe best, Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breþer, With rych reuel ory3t, & rechles merþes; Per tournayed tulkes bi-tyme3 ful mony, Iusted ful lolilé þise gentyle kni3tes, Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.	Arthur held at Camelot his Christmas feast, with all the knights of the Round Table,
44	For þer þe fest wat3 ilyche ful fiften dayes, With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men coupe a-vyse; Such glaumande gle glorious to here, Dere dyn vp-on day, daunsyng on ny3tes,	full fifteen days.
48	Al wat3 hap vpon he3e in halle3 & chambrez, With lordez & ladies, as leuest him þo3t; With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned þer samen, þe most kyd kny3te3 vnder kryste seluen, & þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden, & he þe comlokest kyng þat þe court haldes; For al wat3 þis fayre folk in her first age, <div style="padding-left: 40px;">on sille;</div>	All was joy in hall and chamber, among brave knights and lovely ladies,
52	<div style="padding-left: 40px;">þe hapnest vnder heuen, Kyng hy3est mon of wylle, Hit were¹ now gret nye to neuen So hardy a here on hille.</div>	the happiest under heaven.

¹ MS. werere.

IV.

60	Wyle nw 3er wat3 so 3ep þat hit wat3 nwe cummen, þat day doubble on þe dece wat3 þe douth serued, Fro þe kyng wat3 cummen <i>with kny3tes in</i> to þe halle, þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende;	They celebrate the New Year with great joy.
64	Loude crye wat3 þer kest of clerke3 & oþer, Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte; & syþen riche forth runnen to reche honde-selle, 3e3ed 3eres 3iftes on hi3, 3elde hem bi hond,	[Fol. 92] Gifts are demanded and bestowed.
68	Debated busyly aboute þo giftes; Ladies lazed ful loude, þo3 þay lost haden, & he þat wan wat3 not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe. Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme;	Lords and ladies take their seats at the table.
72	When þay had waschen, worpyly þay wenten to sete, þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed; Whene Guenore ful gay, grayþed <i>in</i> þe myddes. Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute,	Queen Guenever appears gaily dressed.
76	Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites <i>in-noghe</i> , þat were enbrawdred & beten wyth þe best gemmes, þat my3t be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye,	
80	in daye; þe comlokest to discrye, þer glent <i>with</i> y3en gray, A semloker þat euer he sy3e,	A lady fairer of form might no one say he had ever before seen.
84	Soth mo3t no mon say.	

V.

	Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued, He wat3 so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & <i>sum</i> -quat child gered, His lif liked hym ly3t, he louied þe lasse	Arthur would not eat,
88	Auþer to lenge lye, or to longe sitte, So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wylde; & also anoþer maner meued him eke, þat he þur3 nobelay had nomen, ho wolde neuer ete	nor would he long sit
92	Vpon such a dere day, er hym deuised were Of <i>sum</i> auenturus þyng an vncoþe tale, Of <i>sum</i> mayn meruayle, þat he my3t trawe, Of ¹ alderes, of armes, of oþer auenturus,	until he had witnessed a "wondrous adventure" of some kind.
96	Oþer sum segg hym bi-so3t of <i>sum</i> siker kny3t, To Ioyne wyth hym <i>in</i> iustying in Iopardé to lay, Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oþer, As fortune wolde fulsun hom þe fayrer to haue.	
100	þis wat3 [þe] kynges countenaunce where he <i>in court</i> were, At vch farand fest among his fre meny, in halle;	[Fol. 92b.]
	þer-fore of face so fere. He sti3tle3 stif in stalle, Ful 3ep <i>in</i> þat nw 3ere, Much mirthe he mas <i>with</i> alle.	He of face so bold makes much mirth with all.

¹ Of of, in MS.

VI.

Thus þer stondes <i>in</i> stale þe stif kyng his-seluen,	The king talks with his knights.
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108	Talkkande bifore þe hyȝe table of trifles ful hende There gode Gawan watȝ <i>grayþed</i> , Gwenore bisyde & <i>Agrauayn</i> a la dure mayn on þat oþer syde sittes Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kniȝtes;	Gawayne, Agravayn,
112	Bisshop Bawdewyn abof bi-gineȝ þe table, & Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit hym-seluen; Biȝe were diȝt on þe des, & derworþly serued, & siþen mony siker segge at þe sidbordeȝ.	Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain sit on the dais.
116	Þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes, Wyth mony baner ful bryȝt, þat þer-bi henged, Nwe nakryn noyse <i>with</i> þe noble pipes, Wylde werbles & wyȝt wakned lote,	The first course is served with cracking of trumpets.
120	Þat mony hert ful hiȝe hef at her towches; Dayntes dryuen þer-wyth of ful dere metes, Foyssoun of þe fresche, & on so fele disches, Þat pine to fynde þe place þe peple bi-forne	It consisted of all dainties in season.
124	For to sette þe syluener, ¹ þat sere sewes halden, on clothe; Iche lede as he loued hym-selue þer laght <i>with</i> -outen loþe,	
128	Ay two had disches twelue, Good ber, & bryȝt wyn boþe.	Each two had dishes twelve, good beer and bright wine both.

¹ svlueren (?) (dishes).

VII.

	Now wyl I of hor seruise say yow no more, For veh wyȝe may wel wit no wont þat þer were;	There was no want of anything.
132	An oþer noyse ful newe neȝed biliue, þat þe lude myȝt haf leue lif-lode to cach. For vneþe watȝ þe noyce not a whyle sesed, & þe fyrst cource <i>in</i> þe court kyndely serued,	Scarcely had the first course commenced,
136	þer hales <i>in</i> at þe halle dor an aghlich mayster, On þe most on þe molde on mesure hyȝhe; Fro þe swyre to þe swange so sware & so þik, & his lyndes & his lymes so longe & so grete,	when there rushes in at the hall-door a knight;
140	Half etayn <i>in</i> erde I hope þat he were. Bot mon most I algate mynn hym to bene, & þat þe myriest <i>in</i> his muckel þat myȝt ride; For of bak & of brest al were his bodi sturne,	the tallest on earth [Fol. 93.] he must have been.
144	Bot his wombe & his wast were worthily smale, & alle his fetures folȝande, <i>in</i> forme þat he hade, ful clene; For wonder of his hwe men hade,	His back and breast were great, but his belly and waist were small.
148	Set <i>in</i> his semblaunt sene; He ferde as freke were fade, & ouer-al enker grene.	

VIII.

152	Ande al grayþed <i>in</i> grene þis gome & his wedes, A strayt cote ful streȝt, þat stek on his sides, A mere mantile abof, mensked <i>with-inne</i> , <i>With</i> pelure pured apert þe pane ful clene, <i>With</i> blyþe blaunner ful bryȝt, & his hod boþe,	He was clothed entirely in green.
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156	<p> bat wat3 la3t fro his lokke3, & layde on his schulderes Heme wel haled, hose of þat same grene, bat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder, Of bry3t golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche & scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides; & alle his vesture uerayly wat3 clene <i>verdure</i>, Boþe þe barres of his belt & oþer blyþe stones, bat were richely rayled <i>in</i> his aray clene, Aboutte hym-self & his sadel, vpon silk werke3, bat were to tor for to telle of tryfles þe halue, bat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & fly3es, With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay <i>in</i> myddes; þe pendauntes of his paytture, þe proude cropure His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þenne þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same, & his arsoun3 al after, & his apæl sturtes, bat euer glemere¹ & glent al of grene stones. þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke, sertayn; A grene hors gret & þikke, A stede ful stif to strayne, In brawdren brydel quik, To þe gome he wat3 ful gayn. </p>	<p>His spurs were of bright gold.</p> <p>His saddle was embroidered with birds and flies.</p> <p>The foal that he rode upon was green;</p> <p>it was a steed full stiff to guide.</p> <p>[Fol. 93b.]</p>
176		

¹ glemed (?).

IX.

180	<p> Wel gay wat3 þis gome gered <i>in</i> grene, & þe here of his hed of his hors swete; Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes; A much berd as¹ a busk ouer his brest henges, bat wyth his hi3lich here, þat of his hed reches, Wat3 euesed al vmbe-torne, a-bof his elbowes, bat half his armes þer vnder were halched <i>in</i> þe wyse Of a kynge3 capados, þat closes his swyre. þe mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke, Wel cresped & cemmed wyth knottes ful mony, Folden <i>in</i> wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene, Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde; þe tayl & his toppyng twymnen of a sute, & bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bry3t grene, Dubbed wyth ful dere stone3, as þe dok lasted, Syþen þrawen wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte, Per mony belle3 ful bry3t of brende golde rungen. Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes, Wat3 neuer sene <i>in</i> þat sale wyth sy3t er þat tyme, with y3e; He loked as layt so ly3t, So sayd al þat hym sy3e, Hit semed as no mon my3t, Vnder his dyntte3 dry3e. </p>	<p>Gaily was the knight attired.</p> <p>His great beard, like a bush, hung on his breast.</p> <p>The horse's mane was decked with golden threads.</p> <p>Its tail was bound with a green band.</p> <p>Such a foal nor a knight were never before seen.</p> <p>It seemed that no man might endure his dints.</p>
192		
196		
200		

¹ as as, in MS.

X.

204	Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauper, Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes, Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwne ne to smyte, Bot <i>in</i> his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe, þat is grattest <i>in</i> grene, when greueþ ar bare,	The knight carried neither spear nor shield, In one hand was a holly bough,
208	& an ax <i>in</i> his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete, A spetos sparþe to expoun <i>in</i> spelle quo-so myȝt; þe hede of an elnȝerde þe large lenkþe hade, þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen,	in the other an axe,
212	þe bit burnyst bryȝt, <i>with</i> a brod egge, As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores; þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte, þat watȝ wounde wyth yrn to þe wandeȝ ende,	the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor,
216	& al bigrauen <i>with</i> grene, <i>in</i> <i>gracios</i> ¹ werkes; A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede, & so after þe halme halched ful ofte, Wyth tryed tasseleȝ þerto tacched <i>in</i> -noghe,	[Fol. 94.] and the handle was encased in iron, curiously "graven with green, in gracious works."
220	On botounȝ of þe bryȝt grene brayden ful ryche. þis habel heldeȝ hym <i>in</i> , & þe halle entres, Driuande to þe heȝe dece, dut he no woþe, Haylsed he neuer one, bot heȝe he ouer loket.	Thus arrayed the Green Knight enters the hall,
224	þe fyrst word þat he warp, "wher is," he sayd, "þe gouernour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde Se þat segg <i>in</i> syȝt, & <i>with</i> hym self speke raysoun."	without saluting any one. He asks for the "governor" of the company,
228	To knyȝteȝ he kest his yȝe, & reled hym vp & down, He stemmed & con studie, Quo walt þer most renoun.	and looks for the most renowned.

¹ *looks like gracons in MS.*

XI.

232	Ther watȝ loking on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde, For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene myȝt, þat a habel & a horse myȝt such a hwe lach, As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed,	Much they marvel to see a man and a horse as green as grass.
236	þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bryȝter; Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre, Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worth schulde.	Never before had they seen such a sight as this.
240	For fele sellyeȝ had þay sen, bot such neuer are, For-þi for fantoum & fayryȝe þe folk þere hit demet; þer-fore to answere watȝ arȝe mony apel freke, & al stoune at his steuen, & stonstil seten, In a swoghe sylence þurȝ þe sale riche	They were afraid to answer, and were as silent as if sleep had taken possession of them;
244	As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor loteȝ in hyȝe; I deme hit not al for doute, Bot sum for cortaysye, Bot let hym þat al schulde loute, Cast vnto þat wyȝe.	some from fear and others from courtesy.

XII.

þenn Arþour bifore þe hiȝ dece þat auenture byholdeȝ,	Arthur salutes the Green Knight.
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252	& rekenly <i>hym</i> reuerenced, for rad was he neuer, & sayde, "wyȝe, welcum iwys to þis place, þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat, Liȝt luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye, & quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after."	[Fol. 94b.] bids him welcome, and invites him to stay awhile.
256	"Nay, as help me," <i>quod</i> þe habel, "he þat on hyȝe syttes, To wone any quyle <i>in</i> þis won, hit watȝ not myn ernde; Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hyȝe, & þy burȝ & þy burnes best ar holden,	The knight says that he will not tarry.
260	Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde, þe wyȝtest & þe worþyest of þe worldes kynde, Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure laykeȝ; & here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,	He seeks the most valiant that he may prove him.
264	& þat hatȝ wayned me hider, I-wyis, at þis tyme. Ȝe may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here, þat I passe as <i>in</i> pes, & no plyȝt seche; For had I founded <i>in</i> fere, <i>in</i> feȝtyng wyse,	He comes in peace.
268	I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe, A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bryȝt, Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als, Bot for I wolde no were, my wedeȝ ar softer.	At home, however, he has both shield and spear.
272	Bot if þou be so bold as alle burneȝ tellen, þou wyl <i>grant</i> me godly þe gomen þat I ask, bi ryȝt."	
276	Arthour con onsware, & sayd, " <i>sir</i> cortays knyȝt, If þou craue batayl bare, Here fayleȝ þou not to fyȝt."	Arthur assures him that he shall not fail to find an opponent worthy of him.

XIII.

280	"Nay, frayst I no fyzt, <i>in fayth</i> I þe telle, Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdlez chylde; If I were hasped <i>in armes</i> on a heze stede, Here is no mon me to mach, for myztez so ¹ wayke. For-þy I craue <i>in þis court</i> a crystmas gomen, 284 For hit is 3ol & nwe 3er, & here ar 3ep mony; If any so hardy <i>in þis hous</i> holde3 hym-seluen, Be so bolde <i>in his blod</i> , brayn <i>in hys hede</i> , þat dar stifly strike a strok for an oþer, 288 I schal gif hym of my gyft þys giserne ryche, þis ax, þat is heué <i>in-nogh</i> , to hondele as hym lykes, & I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte. If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle, 292 Lepe lyztly me to, & lach þis weppen, I quit clayme hit for euer, kepe hit as his auen, & I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on þis flet, Ellez þou wyl di3t me þe dom to dele hym an oþer, 296 barlay; & 3et gif hym respite, A twelmonyth & a day;— Now hy3e, & let se tite 300 Dar any her- <i>inne</i> o3t say."	"I seek no fight," says the knight. "Here are only beardless children." Here is no man to match me. Here are brave ones many, if any be bold enough to 'strike a stroke for another,' this axe shall be his; [Fol. 95.] but I shall give him a 'stroke' in return within a twelvemonth and a day."
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¹ MS. fo.

XIV.

- If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þanne
 Alle þe hered-men *in* halle, þe hyȝ & þe loȝe;
 þe renk on his rounce hym ruced *in* his sadel,
 304 & runisch-ly his rede yȝen he reled aboute,
 Bende his bresed broȝeȝ, bly-cande grene,
 Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.
 When non wolde kepe hym *with* carp he coȝed ful hyȝe,
 308 Ande rimed hym ful richley, & ryȝt hym to speke:
 "What, is þis Arþures hous," *quod* þe hapel þenne,
 "Þat al þe rous rennes of, þurȝ ryalmes so mony?
 Where is now *your sourquydrye* & *your conquestes*,
 312 *Your gry[n]del-layk*, & *your greme*, & *your grete wordes*?
 Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table
 Ouer-walt wyth a worde of on wyȝes speche;
 For al dares for drede, *with-out*e dynt schewed!"
 316 Wyth þis he laȝes so loude, þat þe lorde greued;
 þe blod schot for scham *in-to* his schyre face
 & lere;
 He wex as wroth as wynde,
 320 So did alle þat þer were
 þe kyng as kene bi kynde,
 þen stod þat stif mon nere.

Fear kept all silent.

The knight rolled his red eyes about,

and bent his bristly green brows.

Waving his beard awhile, he exclaimed:

"What! is this Arthur's court?

Forsooth the renown of the Round Table is overturned
 'with a word of one man's speech.'"

Arthur blushes for shame.

He waxes as wroth as the wind.

XV.

- Ande sayde, "hapel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys,
 324 & as þou folȝ hatȝ frayst, fynde þe be-houes;
 I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.
 Gif me now þy geserne, vpon godeȝ halue,
 & I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."
 328 Lyȝtly lepeȝ he hym to, & laȝt at his honde;
 þen feersly þat oþer freke vpon fote lyȝtis.
 Now hatȝ Arthure his axe, & þe halme grypeȝ,
 & sturnely stureȝ hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þoȝt.
 332 þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hyȝt,
 Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more;
 Wyth sturne schere¹ þer he stod, he stroked his berde,
 & wyth a countenance dryȝe he droȝ down his cote,
 336 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dinteȝ,
 þen any burne vpon bench hade broȝt hym to drynk
 of wyne,
 Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,
 340 To þe kyng he can enclyne,
 "I be-seche now *with* saȝeȝ sene,
 þis melly mot be myne."

He assures the knight that no one is afraid of his great words.

[Fol. 95b.]

Arthur seizes his axe.

The knight, stroking his beard, awaits the blow, and with a
 "dry countenance" draws down his coat.

Sir Gawayne beseeches the king to let him undertake the
 blow.

¹ chere (?).

XVI.

- "Wolde ȝe, worpilych lorde," *quod* Gawan to þe kyng,
 344 "Bid me boȝe fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,
 þat I wyth-oute vylanye myȝt voyde þis table,

He asks permission to leave the table; he says,

<p>& þat my legge lady lyked not ille, I wolde com to <i>your</i> counseyl, bifore <i>your</i> cort ryche. 348 For me þink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen, þer such an askyng is heuened so hyȝe <i>in your</i> sale, þaȝȝe <i>your</i>-self be talenttyf to take hit to <i>your</i>-seluen, Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten, 352 þat vnder heuen, I hope, non haȝer er of wylle, Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered; I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest, & lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe, 356 Bot for as much as ȝe ar myn em, I am only to prayse, No bounté bot <i>your</i> blod I in my bodé knowe; & syþen þis note is so nys, þat noȝt hit yow falles, & I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, foldeȝ hit to me, 360 & if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych, bout blame." Ryche to-geder con roun, & syþen þay redder alle same, 364 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun, & gif Gawan þe game.</p>	<p>it is not meet that Arthur should be active in the matter,</p> <p>while so many bold ones sit upon bench.</p> <p>Although the weakest, he is quite ready to meet the Green Knight.</p> <p>The nobles entreat Arthur to "give Gawayne the game."</p>
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XVII.

<p>þen comaunded þe kyng þe knyȝt for to ryse; & he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre, 368 Kneled down bifore þe kyng, & cacheȝ þat weppen; & he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde, & gef hym goddeȝ blessing, & gladly hym biddes þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe. 372 "Kepe þe cosyn," <i>quod</i> þe kyng, "þat þou on kyrf sette, & if þou redeȝ hym ryȝt, redly I trowe, þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after. Gawan gotȝ to þe gome, <i>with</i> giserne <i>in</i> honde, 376 & he baldly hym bydeȝ, he bayst neuer þe helder þen carpeȝ to <i>sir</i> Gawan þe knyȝt <i>in</i> þe grene, "Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrre passe. Fyrst I eþe þe, haþel, how þat þou hattes, 380 þat þou me telle truly, as I tryst may?" "In god fayth," <i>quod</i> þe goode knyȝt, "Gawan I hatte, þat bede þe þis buffet, quat-so bi-falleȝ after, & at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoþer, 384 Wyth what weppen so¹ þou wylt, & wyth no wyȝ elleȝ, on lyue." þat oþer on-swareȝ agayn, "Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue, 388 As I am ferly fayn. þis dint þat þou schal dryue."</p>	<p>[Fol. 96.]</p> <p>The king gives his nephew his weapon,</p> <p>and tells him to keep heart and hand steady.</p> <p>The Green Knight enquires the name of his opponent.</p> <p>Sir Gawayne tells him his name, and declares that he is willing to give and receive a blow.</p> <p>The other thereof is glad.</p>
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¹ MS. fo.

XVIII.

<p>"Bigog," <i>quod</i> þe grene knyȝt, "<i>sir</i> Gawan, melykes, þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here; 392 & þou hatȝ redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe, Clanly al þe couenaunt þat I þe kynge asked,</p>	<p>"It pleases me well, Sir Gawayne," says the Green Knight, "that I shall receive a blow from thy fist; but thou must swear that thou wilt seek me,</p>
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<p> 396 Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawþe, þat þou schal seche me þi-self, where-so þou hopes I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages As þou deles me to day, bfore þis douþe ryche." "Where schulde I wale þe," <i>quod</i> Gauan, "where is þy place?" 400 I wot neuer where þou wonyes, bi <i>hym</i> þat me wroȝt, Ne I know not þe, knyȝt, þy cort, ne þi name. Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes, & I schal ware alle my wyt to <i>wynne</i> me þeder, & þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawep." 404 "Þat is in-nogh in nwe ȝer, hit nedes no more," <i>Quod</i> þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende, "ȝif I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue, & þou me smobely hatȝ smyten, smartly I þe teche 408 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome, þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwardeȝ holde, & if I spende no speche, þenne spedeȝ þou þe better, For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre, 412 bot slokes; Ta now þy grymme tole to þe, & let se how þou cnokeȝ." "Gladly <i>sir</i>, for soþe," 416 <i>Quod</i> Gawan; his ax he strokes. </p>	<p> to receive the blow in return." "Where shall I seek thee?" says Sir Gawayne; "tell me thy name and abode and I will find thee." [Fol. 96b.] "When thou hast smitten me," says the knight, "then tell I thee of my home and name; if I speak not at all, so much the better for thee. Take now thy grim tool, and let us see how thou knockest." </p>
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XIX.

<p> The grene knyȝt vpon grounde grayþely <i>hym</i> dresses, A littel lut <i>with</i> þe hede, þe lere he discouereȝ, His longe louelych lokkeȝ he layd ouer his croun. 420 Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe. Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hyȝt, þe kay fot on þe folde he be-fore sette, Let hit doun lyȝtly lyȝt on þe naked, 424 þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones, & schrank þurȝ þe schyire grece, & scade hit in <i>twynne</i>, þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde. þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe, 428 þat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled; þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe grene; & nawþer faltered ne fel þe freke neuer þe helder, Bot styþly he start forth vpon styf schonkes, 432 & ru[n]yschly he raȝt out, þere as renkkeȝ stoden, Laȝt to his lufly hed, & lyft hit vp sone; & syþen boȝeȝ to his blonk, þe brydel he cachcheȝ, Steppeȝ in to stel bawe & strydeȝ alofte, 436 & his hede by þe here in his honde haldeȝ; & as sadly þe segge <i>hym</i> in his sadel sette, As non vnhap had <i>hym</i> ayled, þaȝ hedleȝ he¹ we[re], in stedde; 440 He brayde his bluk² aboute, þat vgly bodi þat bledde, Moni on of <i>hym</i> had doute, Bi þat his resounȝ were redde. </p>	<p> The Green Knight puts his long lovely locks aside and lays bare his neck. Sir Gawayne lets fall his axe and severs the head from the body. The head falls to the earth. Many kick it aside with their feet. The knight never falters; he rushes forth, seizes his head, steps into the saddle, holding the while the head in his hand by the hair, and turns his horse about. [Fol. 97.] </p>
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¹ MS. ho. ² blunk (?).

XX.

- 444 For þe hede in his honde he haldez vp euen,
To-ward þe derrest on þe dece he dresseþ þe face,
& hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lyddeþ, & loked ful brode,
& meled þus much *with* his muthe, as 3e may now here.
448 "Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hetteþ,
& layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde,
As þou hatþ hette *in* þis halle, herande þise kny3tes;
To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe to fotte,
452 Such a dunt as þou hatþ dalt disserued þou habbeþ,
To be 3ederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn;
þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony;
For-þi me forto fynde if þou fraysteþ, fayleþ þou neuer,
456 þer-fore com, oþer recreaunt be calde þe be-houeus."
With a runisch rout þe rayneþ he torneþ,
Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed *in* his hande,
þat þe fyr of þe flynt flaþe fro fole houes.
460 To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere,
Neuermore þen þay wyste fram queþen he watþ wonnen;
what þenne?
þe kyng & Gawen þare,
464 At þat grene þay laþe & grenne,
3et breued watþ hit ful bare,
A meruayl among þo menne.
- The head lifts up its eyelids,
and addresses Sir Gawayne; "Look thou, be ready to go as thou hast promised,
and seek till thou findest me.
Get thee to the Green Chapel,
there to receive a blow on New Year's morn.
Fail thou never;
come, or recreant be called."
The Green Knight then rushes out of the hall, his head in his hand.
At that green one Arthur and Gawayne "laugh and grin."

XXI.

- þaþ Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder,
468 He let no semblaunt be sene, bot sayde ful hyþe
To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche,
"Dere dame, to day demay yow neuer;
Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse,
472 Laykyng of enterludeþ, to laþe & to syng.
Among þise, kynde caroles of kny3teþ & ladyeþ;
Neuer-þe-lece to my mete I may me wel dres,
For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake."
476 He glent vpon *sir* Gawen, & gaynly he sayde,
"Now *sir*, heng vp þyn ax, þat hatþ *in*-nogh hewen."
& hit watþ don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,
þer alle men for meruayl my3t on hit loke,
480 & bi trwe tytel þer-of to telle þe wonder.
þenne þay boþed to a borde þise burnes to-geder,
þe kyng & þe gode kny3t, & kene men hem serued
Of alle dayntyeþ double, as derrest my3t falle,
484 Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe;
Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worþed an ende,
in londe.
Now þenk wel, *sir* Gawan,
488 For woþe þat þou ne wonde,
þis auenture forto frayn,
þat þou hatþ tan on honde.
- Arthur addresses the queen:
"Dear dame, be not dismayed; such marvels well become the Christmas festival;
I may now go to meat.
Sir Gawayne, hang up thine axe.
[Fol. 97b.]
The king and his knights sit feasting at the board till day is ended.
Now beware, Sir Gawayne, lest thou fail to seek the adventure that thou hast taken in hand.

[FYTTE THE SECOND.]

I.

- 492 This hanselle hatz Arthur of auenturus on fyrst,
In zonge zer, for he zerned zelpyng to here,
Thaz hym wordez were wane, when þay to sete wenten;
Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk staf-ful her hond.
Gawan wat3 glad to be-gynne þose gomnez in halle,
496 Bot þaz þe ende be heuy, haf 3e no wonder;
For þaz men ben mery in mynde, quen þay han mayn drynk,
A zere zernes ful zerne, & zeldez neuer lyke,
þe forme to þe fynisment foldez ful selden.
500 For-þi þis 3ol ouer-3ede, & þe zere after,
& vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer;
After crysten-masse com þe crabbed lentoun,
þat frayste3 flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple
504 Bot þenne þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit þrepe3,
Colde clenge3 adoun, cloudez vp-lyften,
Schyre schede3 þe rayn in schowrez ful warme,
Falle3 vpon fayre flat, flowrez þere schewen,
508 Boþe groundez & þe greue3 grene ar her wede3,
Brydde3 busken to bylde, & bremlych syngen,
For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer after,
bi bonk;
512 & blossomez bolne to blowe,
Bi rawe3 rych & ronk,
þen note3 noble in-no3e,
Ar herde in wod so wlonk.
- This marvel serves to keep up a brisk conversation in Court.
The year passes full quickly and never returns.
After Christmas comes the "crabbed Lenten."
Spring sets in and warm showers descend;
the groves become green,
birds build and sing,
for joy of the summer that follows;
blossoms begin to bloom,
and noble notes are heard in the woods
[Fol. 98]

II.

- 516 After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wynde3,
Quen zeferus syfle3 hym-self on sede3 & erbe3,
Wela-wynne is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute.
When þe donkande dewe dropez of þe leue3,
520 To bide a blysful blusch of þe bryzt sunne.
Bot þen hyzes heruest, & hardenes hym sone.
Warnez hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype;
He dryues wyth drozt þe dust for to ryse.
524 Fro þe face of þe folde to fly3e ful hy3e;
Wroþe wynde of þe welkyn wrastelez with þe sunne,
þe leue3 lancen fro þe lynde, & lyzten on þe grounde,
& al grayes þe gres, þat grene wat3 ere;
528 þenne al rype3 & rote3 þat ros vpon fyrst,
& þus zirnez þe zere in zisterdayez mony,
& wynter wynde3 azayn, as þe worlde askez
no sage.
532 Til mezel-mas mone,
Wat3 cumen wyth wynter wage;
þen þenkke3 Gawan ful sone,
Of his anious uyage.
- Then the soft winds of summer,
beautiful are the flowers wet with dew-drops.
But harvest approaches soon,
and drives the dust about.
The leaves drop off the trees,
the grass becomes gray, and all ripens and rots.
Winter winds round again,
and then Sir Gawayne thinks of his dread journey.

III.

- 536 3et quyl al-hal-day with Arþer he lenges,
& he made a fare on þat fest, for þe freke3 sake,
With much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table;
- On All-hallows day Arthur makes a feast for his nephew's sake.

540	Knyzteȝ ful cortays & comlych ladies, Al for luf of þat lede <i>in longynge</i> þay were, Bot neuer-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot <i>merþe</i> , Mony ioyleȝ for þat ientyle iapeȝ þer maden. For aftter mete, <i>with mournynge</i> he meleȝ to his eme,	After meat, Sir Gawayne thus speaks to his uncle:
544	& spekeȝ of his passage, & pertly he sayde, "Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask; ȝe knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more To telle yow teneȝ þer-of neuer bot trifel;	"Now, liege lord, I ask leave of you,
548	Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne, To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse." þenne þe best of þe burȝ boȝed to-geder, Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,	for I am bound on the morn to seek the Green Knight."
552	<i>Sir</i> Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence, Launcelot, & Lyonel, & Lucan þe gode, <i>Sir</i> Boos, & sir Byduer, big <i>men</i> boþe, & mony oþer menskful, <i>with</i> Mador de la Port.	[Fol. 98b.]
556	Alle þis compayny of court com þe kyng nerre, For to counseyl þe knyȝt, with care at her hert; þere watȝ much derue ¹ doel driuen <i>in</i> þe sale, þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat ernde,	Many nobles, the best of the court, counsel and comfort him.
560	To dryȝe a delful dynt, & dele no more wyth bronde. þe knyȝt mad ay god chere, & sayde, "quat schuld I wonde,	Much sorrow prevails in the hall.
564	Of destines derf & dere, What may mon do bot fonde?"	Gawayne declares that he has nothing to fear.

¹ derne (?).

IV.

	He dowelleȝ þer al þat day, and dresseȝ on þe morn, Askeȝ erly hys armeȝ, & alle were þay broȝt	On the morn he asks for his arms.
568	Fyrst a tule tapit, tyȝt ouer þe flet, & miche watȝ þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte; þe stif mon steppeȝ þeron, & þe stel hondoleȝ, Dubbed <i>in</i> a dublet of a dere tars,	A carpet is spread on the floor, and he steps thereon.
572	& syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft, þat wyth a bryȝt blaunmer was bounden <i>with-inne</i> ; þenne set þay þe sabatounȝ vpon þe segge foteȝ, His legeȝ lapped <i>in</i> stel <i>with</i> luflych greueȝ,	He is dubbed in a doublet of Tarsic silk, and a well-made hood.
576	<i>With</i> polayneȝ picked þer-to, policed ful clene, Aboute his kneȝ knaged wyth knoteȝ of golde; Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed His thik þrawen þyȝeȝ <i>with</i> þwonges to-tachched;	They set steel slices on his feet, and lap his legs in steel greaves.
580	& syþen þe brawden bryne of bryȝt stel <i>ryngeȝ</i> , Vmbe-weued þat wyȝ, vpon wlonk stuffe; & wel bornyst brace vpon his boþe armes, <i>With</i> gode cowers & gay, & gloueȝ of plate,	Fair cuisses enclose his thighs, and afterwards they put on the steel habergeon,
584	& alle þe godlych gere þat <i>hym</i> gayn schulde þat tyde; Wyth ryche cote armure, His gold sporeȝ spend <i>with</i> pryde,	well-burnished braces, elbow pieces, and gloves of plate.
588	Gurde wyth a bront ful sure, <i>With</i> silk sayn vmbe his syde.	Over all this is placed the coat armour. His spurs are then fixed, and his sword is attached to his side by a silken girdle.

V.

- When he wat3 hasped *in* armes, his harnays wat3 ryche, [Fol. 99a.]
 þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde; Thus arrayed the knight hears mass,
 592 So harnayst as he wat3 he herkne3 his masse,
 Offred & honoured at þe he3e auter;
 Syþen he come3 to þe kyng & to his cort fere3, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur and his court.
 Lache3 lufly his leue at lordez & ladye3;
 596 & þay hym kyst & conueyed, bikende hym to kryst.
 Bi þat wat3 Gryngolet grayth, & gurde *with* a sadel, By that time his horse Gringolet was ready,
 þat glemed ful gayly *with* mony golde frenges,
 Ay quere naylet ful nwe for þat note ryched;
 600 þe brydel barred aboute, *with* bryzt golde bounden;
 þe apparayl of þe payttrure, & of þe proude skyrte3, the harness of which glittered like the "gleam of the sun."
 þe cropore, & þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsounes;
 & al wat3 rayled on red ryche golde nayle3,
 604 þat al glytered & glent as glem of þe sunne.
 þenne hentes he þe holme, & hastily hit kysses, Then Sir Gawayne sets his helmet upon his head,
 þat wat3 stapled stifly, & stoffed wyth-inne:
 Hit wat3 hy3e on his hede, hasped bihynde,
 608 Wyth a lyztli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle,
 Enbrawdenn & bounden wyth þe best gemme3, fastened behind with a "urisoun,"
 On brode sylkyn borde, & brydde3 on seme3, richly embroidered with gems.
 As papiaye3 paynted pernyng bitwene,
 612 Tortors & trulofe3 entayled so þyk,
 As mony burde þer aboute had ben seuen wynter
in toune;
 þe cercle wat3 more o prys, The circle around the helmet was decked with diamonds.
 616 þat vmbe-clypped hys croun,
 Of diamante3 a deuys,
 þat boþe were bryzt & broun.

VI.

- Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr goules, Then they show him his shield with the "pentangle" of
 620 Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwe3; pure gold.
 He brayde3 hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals kestes,
 þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre.
 & quy þe pentangel apende3 to þat prynce noble,
 624 I am *in* tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde;
 Hit is a syngne þat Salamon set sum-quyle,
 In bytoknyng of trawþe, bi tytly þat hit habbe3,
 For hit is a figure þat halde3 fyue poynte3, [Fol. 99b]
 628 & vche lyne vmbe-lappe3 & louke3 *in* oþer,
 & ay quere hit is endeles,¹ & Englych hit callen
 Ouer-al, as I here, þe endeles knot. It is called the endless knot
 For-þy hit acorde3 to þis knyzt, & to his cler arme3,
 632 For ay faythful *in* fyue & sere fyue syþe3,
 Gawan wat3 for gode knawen, & as golde pured,
 Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertue3² ennourned
in mote;
 636 For-þy þe pen-tangel nwe
 He ber *in* schelde & cote,
 As tulk of tale most trwe,
 & gentylest knyzt of lote. a knight the truest of speech and the fairest of form.

VII.

- 640 Fyrst he wat3 funden fautle3 *in* his fyue wytte3, He was found faultless in his five wits.
& efte fayled neuer þe freke *in* his fyue fyngres,
& alle his afyaunce vpon folde wat3 *in* þe fyue wounde3 His trust was in the five wounds.
Pat Cryst ka3t on þe croys, as þe crede telle3;
644 & quere-so-euer þys mon *in* melly wat3 stad,
His þro þo3t wat3 *in* þat, þur3 alle oþer þynge3,
þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioie3,
þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde;
648 At þis cause þe kny3t comlyche hade
In þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted, The image of the Virgin was depicted upon his shield.
þat quen he blusched þerto, his belde neuer payred.
þe fyrst¹ fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed,
652 Wat3 fraunchyse, & fela3schyp for-be² al þyng;
His clannes & his cortaysye croked were neuer, In cleanness and courtesy he was never found wanting,
& pite, þat passe3 alle poynte3, þyse pure fyue
Were harder happed on þat hæl þen on any oþer.
656 Now alle þese fyue syþe3, forsoþe, were fetled on þis kny3t,
& vchone halched *in* oþer, þat non ende hade,
& fyched vpon fyue poynte3, þat fayld neuer,
Ne samned neuer *in* no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er],
660 *With*-outen ende at any noke [a]i quere fynde,
Where-euer þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende.
þer-fore on his schene schelde schapen wat3 þe knot, therefore was the endless knot fastened on his shield.
þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowle3,
664 þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called, [Fol. 100]
with lore.
Now grayped is Gawan gay,
& la3t his launce ry3t þore,
668 & gef hem alle goud day,
He wende for euer more. Sir Gawayne seizes his lance and bids all "good day."

¹ MS fyft. ² for-bi (?).

VIII.

- He sperred þe sted *with* þe spure3, & sprong on his way, He spurs his horse and goes on his way.
So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after;
672 Al þat se3 þat semly syked *in* hert,
& sayde soþly al same segges til oþer,
Carande for þat comly, "bi Kryst, hit is scape,
þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble!
676 To fynde hys fere vpon folde, *in* fayth is not eþe;
Warloker to haf wro3t had more wyt bene,
& haf dy3t 3onder dere a duk to haue worþed;
A lowande leder of lede3 *in* londe hym wel seme3,
680 & so had better haf ben þen britned to no3t,
Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angarde3 pryde.
Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take,
As kny3te3 *in* caueloun3 on cryst-masse gomne3!"
684 Wel much wat3 þe warme water þat waltered of y3en, Much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.
When þat semly syre so3t fro þo wone3

688 þat¹ daye;
 He made non abode,
 Bot wyȝtly went hys way,
 Mony wylsum way he rode,
 þe bok as I herde say.

Meanwhile many a weary way goes Sir Gawayne.

¹ MS. þad.

IX.

692 Now rideȝ þis renk þurȝ þe ryalme of Logres,
 Sir Gauan on Godeȝ halue, þaȝ hym no gomen þoȝt;
 Oft, leudleȝ alone, he lengeȝ on nyȝteȝ,
 þer he fonde noȝt hym byfore þe fare þat he lyked;
 Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frytheȝ & douneȝ,
 696 Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,
 Til þat he neȝed ful noghe¹ in to þe Norþe Waleȝ;
 Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he haldeȝ,
 & fareȝ ouer þe fordeȝ by þe for-londeȝ,
 700 Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk
 In þe wyldrenesse of Wyrle; wonde þer bot lyte
 þat auþer God oþer gome wyth goud hert louied.
 & ay he frayned, as he ferde, at frekeȝ þat he met,
 704 If þay hade herde any karp of a knyȝt grene,
 In any grounde þer-about, of þe grene chapel;²
 & al nykked hym wyth nay, þat neuer in her lyue
 þay seȝe neuer no segge þat watȝ of suche hweȝ
 708 of grene.
 þe knyȝt tok gates straunge,
 In mony a bonk vnbene,
 His cher ful oft con chaunge,
 712 þat chapel er he myȝt sene.

Now rides the knight through the realms of England.

He has no companion but his horse.

No men does he see till he approaches North Wales.

From Holyhead he passes into Wirral.

[Fol. 100b]
 There he finds but few that loved God or man.

He enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel,

but can gain no tidings of him.

His cheer oft changed before he found the Chapel.

¹ nyghe (?). ² MS. clapel.

X.

 Mony klyf he ouer-clambe in contrayeȝ straunge,
 Fer floten fro his frendeȝ fremedly he rydeȝ;
 At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wyȝe passed,
 716 He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were,
 & þat so foule & so felle, þat feȝt hym by-hode;
 So mony meruayl hi mount þer þe mon fyndeȝ,
 Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.
 720 Sumwhyte wyth wormeȝ he werreȝ, & *with* wolues als,
 Sumwhyte wyth wodwos, þat woned in þe knarreȝ,
 Boþe wyth bulleȝ & bereȝ, & boreȝ oþer-quyle,
 & etayneȝ, þat hym a-nelede, of þe heȝe felle;
 724 Nade he ben duȝty & dryȝe, & dryȝtyn had serued,
 Douteles he hade ben ded, & dreped ful ofte.
 For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter was worȝ,
 When þe colde cler water fro þe cloudeȝ schadden,
 728 & fres er hit falle myȝt to þe fale erþe;
 Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped in his yrnas,
 Mo nyȝteȝ þen in-noghe in naked rokkeȝ,

Many a cliff he climbed over;

many a ford and stream he crossed, and everywhere he found a foe.

It were too tedious to tell the tenth part of his adventures

with serpents, wolves, and wild men;

with bulls, bears, and boars.

Had he not been both brave and good, doubtless he had been dead.

The sharp winter was far worse than any war that ever troubled him.

- 732 *þer* as claterande fro *þe* crest *þe* colde borne renneþ,
 & hengeð heþe ouer his hede *in* hard ýsse-ikkles.
þus in peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde,
 Bi contray caryeþ þis knyzt, tyl kryst-masse euen,
 al one;
- 736 *þe* knyzt wel þat tyde,
 To Mary made his mone.
þat ho hym red to ryde,
 & wysse hym to *sum* wone.
- Thus in peril he travels till Christmas-eve.
- To the Virgin Mary he prays to guide him to some abode.
- [Fol. 101.]

XI.

- 740 Bi a mounte on *þe* morne meryly he rydes,
 Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly wat3 wylde,
 Hiþe hilleþ on vche a halue, & holt wodeþ vnder,
 Of hore okeþ fill hoge a hundreth to-geder;
- 744 *þe* hasel & *þe* haþ-borne were harled al samen,
 With roþe raged mosse rayled ay-where,
 With mony bryddeþ vnblyþe vpon bare twyges,
 þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of *þe* colde.
- 748 *þe* gome vpon Gryngolet glydeþ hem vnder,
 þurþ mony misy & myre, mon al hym one,
 Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde,
 To se *þe* seruy¹ of þat syre, þat on þat self nyzt
- 752 Of a burde wat3 borne, oure baret to quelle;
 & þerfore sykyng he sayde, "I be-seche *þe*, lorde,
 & Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere.
 Of *sum* herber, þer heþly I myzt here masse.
- 756 Ande þy matyneþ to-morne, mekely I ask,
 & þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue,
 & crede."
- 760 He rode *in* his prayere,
 & cryed for his mysdede,
 He sayned hym *in* syþes sere,
 & sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"
- On the morn Sir Gawayne finds himself in a deep forest,
 where were old oaks many a hundred.
- Many sad birds upon bare twigs piped piteously for the cold.
- Through many a mire he goes, that he may celebrate the birth of Christ.
- He beseeches the Virgin Mary to direct him to some lodging where he may hear mass.
- Blessing himself, he says, "Cross of Christ, speed me!"

¹ seruyce (?).

XII.

- 764 Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot þrye,
 Er he wat3 war *in* þe wod of a won *in* a mote.
 Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder boþeþ,
 Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi *þe* diches;
- 768 A castel þe comlokest þat euer knyzt aþte,
 Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,
 With a pyked palays, pyned ful þik,
 þat vmbe-teþe mony tre mo þen two myle.
 þat holde on þat on syde þe habel auysed,
- 772 As hit schemered & schon þurþ *þe* schyre okeþ;
 þenne hat3 he hendly of his helme, & heþly he þonkeþ
 Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boþe,
 þat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened.
- 776 "Now bone hostel," cope þe burne, "I be-seche yow þette!"
 þenne gedereþ he to Gryngolet *with* þe gilt heleþ,
 & he ful chauncely hat3 chosen to þe chef gate,
- Scarcely had he blessed himself thrice
 when he saw a dwelling in the wood, set on a hill,
 the comeliest castle that knight ever owned.
- It shone as the sun through the bright oaks.
- [Fol. 101b.]
- Sir Gawayne goes to the chief gate,

780 þat broȝt bremly þe burne to þe bryge ende,
 in haste;
 þe bryge watȝ breme vp-brayde,
 þe ȝateȝ wer stoken faste,
 þe walleȝ were wel arayed,
784 Hit dut no wyndeȝ blaste.

and finds the draw-bridge raised, and the gates shut fast.

XIII.

 þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed,
 Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place,
 þe walle wod *in* þe water wonderly depe,
788 Ande eft a ful huge heȝt hit haled vpon lofte,
 Of harde hewen ston vp to þe tableȝ,
 Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, *in* þe best lawe;
 & syþen garyteȝ ful gaye gered bi-twene,
792 Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful clene;
 A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuer;
 & *innermore* he be-helde þat halle ful hyȝe,
 Towre telded bytwene trochet ful þik,
796 Fayre fylyoleȝ þat fyȝed, & ferlyly long,
 With coruon coprounes, craftyly sleȝe;
 Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he *in-noȝe*,
 Vpon bastel roueȝ, þat blenked ful quyte;
800 So mony pynakle payntet watȝ poudred ay quere,
 Among þe castel carneleȝ, clambred so þik,
 þat pared out of papure purely hit semed.
 þe fre freke on þe fole hit fayr *in-n[o]ghe* þoȝt,
804 If he myȝt keuer to com þe cloyster wyth-*inne*,
 To herber *in* þat hostel, whyl halyday lested
 auinant;
 He calde, & sone þer com
808 A porter pure plesaunt,
 On þe wal his ernd he nome,
 & haylsed þe knyȝt erraunt.

The knight abides on the bank,

and observes the "huge height,"

with its battlements and watch towers.

Bright and long were its round towers,

with their well-made capitals.

He thinks it fair enough if he might only come within the cloister.

He calls, and soon there comes a porter to know the knight's errand.

XIV.

812 "Gode *sir*," *quod* Gawan, "woldeȝ þou go myn ernde,
 To þe heȝ lorde of þis hous, herber to craue?"
 "ȝe, Peter," *quod* þe porter, "& purely I trowe,¹
 þat ȝe be, wyȝe, welcum to won quyle yow lykeȝ."
 þen ȝede þat wyȝe azayn awayþe,
816 & folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe knyȝt;
 þay let doun þe grete draȝt, & derely out ȝeden,
 & kneled doun on her knes vpon þe colde erþe,
 To welcum þis ilk wyȝ, as worþy hom þoȝt;
820 þay ȝolden hym þe brode ȝate, ȝarked vp wyde,
 & he hem raysed rekenly, & rod ouer þe brygge;
 Sere seggeȝ hym sesed by sadel, quel² he lyȝt,
 & syþen stabeled his stede stif men *in-noȝe*.
824 Knyȝteȝ & swyereȝ comen doun þenne,
 For to bryng þis burne³ wyth blys *in-to* halle;
 Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hiȝed *in-noghe*
 For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,
828 His bronde & his blasoun boþe þay token.

"Good sir," says Gawayne, "ask the high lord of this house to grant me a lodging."

[Fol. 102.]

"You are welcome to dwell here as long as you like," replied the porter.

The draw-bridge is let down,

and the gate is opened wide to receive him.

His horse is well stabled.

Knights and squires bring Gawayne into the hall.

Many a one hastens to take his helmet and sword.

þen haylsed he ful hendly þo hapelez vch one,
 & mony proud mon þer presed, þat prynce to honour;
 Alle hasped in his he3 wede to halle þay hym wonnen,
 832 þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly brenned.
 Þenne þe lorde of þe lede loute3 fro his chambre,
 The lord of the country bids him welcome,
 For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flor;
 He sayde, "3e ar welcum to welde as yow lyke3,
 836 þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wyll
 & welde."
 "Graunt mercy," *quod* Gawayn,
 "þer Kryst hit yow for-3elde,"
 840 As freke3 þat semed fayn,
 and they embrace each other.
 Ayþer oþer in arme3 con felde.

¹ trowoe, MS. ² quyle (?) or quen (?). ³ buurne, MS.

XV.

Gawayn gly3t on þe gome þat godly hym gret,
 & þu3t hit a bolde burne þat þe bur3 a3te,
 844 A hoge hapel for þe none3, & of hyghe elde;¹
 Brode bry3t wat3 his berde, & al beuer hwed,
 Beaver-hued was his broad beard,
 Sturne stif on þe stryþþe on stal-worth schonke3,
 Felle face as þe fyre, & fre of hys speche;
 848 & wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þu3t,
 To lede a lortschyp in lee of leude3 ful gode.
 þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & chefly *cumaunde3* ^[Fol. 102b.]
 The lord leads Gawayne to a chamber, and assigns him a
 To delyuer hym a leude, hym lo3ly to serue;
 852 & þere were boun at his bode burne3 in-no3e,
 þat bro3t hym to a bry3t boure, þer beddyng wat3 noble,
 In this bright bower was noble bedding;
 Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde hemme3,
 the curtains were of pure silk with golden hems;
 856 & couertore3 ful curious, *with* comlych pane3,
 Of bry3t blaunnier a-boue enbrawdred bisyde3,
 Rudelez remnande on rope3, red golde rynge3,
 Tapyte3 ty3t to þe wo3e, of tuly & tars,
 Tarsic tapestries covered the walls and the floor.
 & vnder fete, on þe flet, of fol3ande sute.
 860 þer he wat3 dispoyled, wyth speche3 of myerþe,
 þe burn of his bruny, & of his bry3t wede3;
 Ryches robes ful rad renkke3 hem³ bro3ten,
 For to charge, & to chaunge, & chose of þe best.
 864 Sone as he on hent, & happed þer-inne,
 þat sete on hym⁴ semly, wyth saylande skyrte3,
 þe ver by his uisage verayly hit semed
 which well became him.
 Wel ne3 to vche hapel alle on hwes,
 868 Lowande & lufly, alle his lymme3 vnder,
 þat a comloker kny3t neuer Kryst made,
 hem þo3t;
 Wheþen in worlde he were,
 872 Hit semed as he my3t
 Be prynce *with*-outen pere,
 In felde þer felle men fy3t.

¹ eldee, MS. ² clesly, MS. ³ hym (?). ⁴ MS. hyn.

XVI.

876	A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole breñned, Wat3 grayped for <i>sir</i> Gawan, grayþely <i>with</i> cloþe3, Whyssynes vpon queldepoyntes, þa[t] koynt wer boþe; & þenne a mere mantyle wat3 on þat mon cast, Of a broun bleeaunt, enbrauded ful ryche,	A chair is placed for Sir Gawayne before the fireplace.
880	& fayre furred wyth-inne <i>with</i> felle3 of þe best, Alle of ermyn <i>in</i> erde, his hode of þe same; & he sete <i>in</i> þat settel semlych ryche, & achaufed hym chefly, ¹ & þenne his cher mended.	A mantle of fine linen, richly embroidered, is thrown over him.
884	Sone wat3 telded vp a tapit, on treste3 ful fayre, Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed, Sanap, & salure, & syluer- <i>in</i> spone3; þe wy3e wesche at his wylle, & went to his mete	A table is soon raised, and the knight, having washed, proceeded to meat.
888	Segge3 hym serued semly <i>in</i> -no3e, Wyth sere sewes & sete, ² sesounde of þe best, Double felde, as hit falle3, & fele kyn fische3; Summe baken <i>in</i> bred, summe brad on þe glede3,	[Fol. 103.]
892	Summe soþen, summe <i>in</i> sewe, sauered <i>with</i> spyces, & ay sawes ³ so sle3e3, þat þe segge lyked. þe freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte, Ful hendely, quen alle þe hapeles re-hayted hym at one3	He is served with numerous dishes; with fish baked and broiled, or boiled and seasoned with spices.
896	as hende; "Þis penaunce now 3e take, & eft hit schal amende;" þat mon much merþe con make.	He calls it a full noble feast,
900	For wyn <i>in</i> his hed þat wende.	and much mirth he makes, for the wine is in his head.

¹ MS. cefly. ² swete (?). ³ sewes (?).

XVII.

904	þenne wat3 spyed & spured vpon spare wyse. Bi preue poynte3 of þat prynce, put to hym-seluen, þat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were, þat apel Arthure þe hende halde3 hym one, þat is þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table; & hit wat3 Wawen hym-self þat <i>in</i> þat won sytte3, Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lymped.	Sir Gawayne, in answer to questions put to him, tells the prince that he is of Arthur's court.
908	When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade, Loude la3ed he þerat, so lef hit hym þo3t, & alle þe men <i>in</i> þat mote maden much joye, To apere <i>in</i> his presense prestly þat tyme,	When this was made known, great was the joy in the hall.
912	þat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes Apendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer, By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most. Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere,	Each one said softly to his mate,
916	"Now schal we semlych se sle3te3 of þewe3, & þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble, Wich spede is <i>in</i> speche, vnspurd may we lerne, Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture;	"Now we shall see courteous manners and hear noble speech,
920	God hat3 geuen <i>vus</i> his <i>grace</i> godly for soþe, þat such a gest as Gawan graunte3 <i>vus</i> to haue, When burne3 blyþe of his burþe schal sitte & synge.	for we have amongst us the 'father of nurture.'
924	<i>In</i> menyng of manere3 mere, Þis burne now schal <i>vus</i> bryng,	[Fol. 103b.] He that may him hear shall learn of love-talking."

I hope þat may hym here,
Schal lerne of luf-talkyng."

XVIII.

- 928 Bi þat þe diner wat3 done, & þe dere vp,
Hit wat3 ne3 at þe niy3t ne3ed þe tyme;
Chaplayne3¹ to þe chapeles chosen þe gate,
Rungen ful rychely, ry3t as þay schulden,
932 To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde.
þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als,
In-to a comly closet coyntly ho entre3;
Gawan glyde3 ful gay, & gos þeder sone;
936 þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & lede3 hym to sytte,
& couþly hym knowe3, & calle3 hym his nome,
& sayde he wat3 þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde;
& he hym þonkked þroly, & ayþer halched oþer.
940 & seten soberly samen þe seruise-quyle;
þenne lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t.
þenne com ho of hir closet, *with* mony cler burde3,
Ho wat3 þe fayrest *in* felle, of flesche & of lyre,
944 & of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer,
& wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t.
He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende;
An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde,
948 þat wat3 alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed,
& he3ly honowred *with* hapele3 aboute.
Bot yn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were,
For if þe 3onge wat3 3ep, 3ol3e wat3 þat oþer;
952 Riche red on þat on rayled ay quere,
Rugh ronkled cheke3 þat oþer on rolled;
Kerhofes of þat on wyth mony cler perle3
Hir brest & hir bry3t þrote bare displayed,
956 Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat scheduler² on hille3;
þat oþer wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre,
Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn *with* mylk-quyte vayles,
Hir frount folden *in* sylk, enfoubled ay quere,
960 Toret & treieted *with* tryfle3 aboute,
þat no3t wat3 bare of þat burde bot þe blake brozes.
þe tweyne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppe3,
& þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered;
964 A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle,
for gode;
Hir body wat3 schort & þik.
Hir buttoke3 bay & brode,
968 More lykker-wys on to lyk,
Wat3 þat scho hade on lode.
- After dinner the company go to the chapel,

to hear the evensong of the great season.

The lord of the castle and Sir Gawayne sit together during service.

His wife, accompanied by her maids, leaves her seat.

She appeared even fairer than Guenever.

An older lady (an ancient one she seemed) led her by the hand.

Very unlike were these two.
if the young one was fair the other was yellow,

and had rough and wrinkled cheeks.

The younger had breast and throat "bare displayed."

The ancient one exposed only her "black brows," her two eyes,

[Fol. 104.]
nose, and naked lips, all sour and bleared.

Her body was short and thick;
her buttocks broad and round.

¹ MS. [claplayne3.] ² schedes (?).

XIX.

- When Gawayn gly3t on þat gay, þat *graciously* loked,
Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem a3aynes;
972 þe alder he haylses, heldande ful lowe,
þe loueloker he lappe3 a lyttel *in* arme3,
- With permission of the lord,

Sir Gawayne salutes the elder,

He kysses hir comlyly, & knyȝtly he meleȝ;
 976 þay kallen hym of a quoyntaunce, & he hit quyȝk askeȝ
 To be her seruauȝt sothly, if hem-self lykȝd.
 þay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden
 To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken
 Spyceȝ, þat vn-sparely men spedȝd hom to bryng,
 980 & þe wynne-lych wyne þer-with vche tyme.
 Þe lorde luflych aloft lepeȝ ful ofte,
 Mynned merthe to be made vpon mony syþeȝ.
 Hent heȝly of his hode, & on a spere hengeȝ,
 984 & wayned hom to wynne þe worchip þer-of,
 þat most myrþe myȝt mene¹ þat crystenmas whyle;
 "& i schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best,
 Er me wont þe wedeȝ, with help of my frendeȝ."
 988 þus wyth laȝande loteȝ þe lorde hit tayt² makeȝ,
 For to glade *sir* Gawayn with gomneȝ in halle
 þat nyȝt;
 Til þat hit watȝ tyme,
 992 þe kyng comaundet lyȝt,
Sir Gawen his leue con nyme,
 & to his bed hym diȝt.

¹ meue (?). ² layt (?).

XX.

On þe morne, as vch mon myneȝ þat tyme,
 996 [Þ]at dryȝtyn for oure destyné to deȝe watȝ borne,
 Wele waxeȝ in vche a won in worlde, for his sake;
 So did hit þere on þat day, þurȝ dayntes mony;
 Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt
 1000 Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best.
 Þe olde auncian wyf heȝest ho sytteȝ;
 Þe lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;
 Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder þay seten,
 1004 Euen in-myddȝe, as þe messe metely come;
 & syþen þurȝ al þe sale, as hem best semed,
 Bi vche grome at his degre *gray*þely watȝ serued.
 Þer watȝ mete, þer watȝ myrþe, þer watȝ much ioȝe,
 1008 þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were,
 & to poynte hit ȝet I pyndȝd me *para*uenture;
 Bot ȝet I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde
 Such comfort of her compaynye caȝten to-geder,
 1012 þurȝ her dere dalyaunce of her derne wordeȝ,
 Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe;
 & hor play watȝ passande vche pryȝce gomen,
 in vayres;
 1016 Trumpeȝ & nakerys,
 Much pypyng þer repayres,
 Vche mon tented hys,
 & þay two tented þayres.

XXI.

1020 Much dut watȝ þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer,
 & þe pryȝd as þro þronȝe in þerafter;

but the younger he kisses,

and begs to be her servant.

To chamber all go,
where spices and wine are served.

The lord takes off his hood and places it on a spear.

He who makes most mirth is to win it.

Night approaches, and then

Sir Gawayne takes his leave and retires to rest.

On Christmas morn,

joy reigns in every dwelling in the world.

So did it in the castle where our knight abode.
[Fol. 104b.]

The lord and "the old ancient wife" sit together.

Gawayne sits by the wife of his host.

It were too tedious to tell of the meat, the mirth, and the
joy that abounded everywhere.

Gawayne and his beautiful companion derive much
comfort from each other's conversation.

Trumpets and nakers give forth their sounds.

Great was the joy for three days.

	þe ioye of sayn Ioneȝ day watȝ gentyle to here, & watȝ þe last of þe layk, leudeȝ þer þoȝten.	St. John's-day was the last of the Christmas festival.
1024	þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne, For-þy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken, Daunsed ful dreȝly wyth dere caroleȝ;	
1028	At þe last, when hit watȝ late, þay lachen her leue, Vchon to wende on his way, þat watȝ wyȝe stronge. Gawan gef hym god-day, þe god mon hym lachcheȝ, Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] chymné bysyde, & þere he draȝeȝ hym on-dryȝe, & derely hym þonkkeȝ,	On the morrow many of the guests took their departure from the castle.
1032	Of þe wynne worschip & ¹ he hym wayned hade, As to honour his hous on þat hyȝe tyde, & enbelyse his burȝ with his bele chere. "I-wysse <i>sir</i> , quyl I leue, me worþeȝ þe better,	Sir Gawayne is thanked by his host for the honour and pleasure of his visit.
1036	þat Gawayn hatȝ ben my gest, at Goddeȝ awen fest." "Grant merci ² <i>sir</i> ," quod Gawayn, "in god fayth hit is yowreȝ, Al þe honour is your awen, þe heȝe kyng yow ȝelde; & I am wyȝe at your wylle, to worch youre hest,	[Fol. 105.]
1040	As I am halden þer-to, in hyȝe & in loȝe, bi riȝt." þe lorde fast can hym payne, To holde lenger þe knyȝt,	He endeavours to keep the knight at his court.
1044	To hym answeȝ Gawayn, Bi non way þat he myȝt.	

¹ þat (?). ² merci, in MS.

XXII.

	Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen, Quat derne ¹ dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme,	He desires to know what had driven Sir Gawayne from Arthur's court before the end of the Christmas holidays.
1048	So kenly fro þe kyngȝ kourt to kayre al his one, Er þe halidayeȝ holly were halet out of toun? "For soþe <i>sir</i> ," quod þe segge, "ȝe sayn bot þe trawþe A heȝe ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo woneȝ,	The knight replies that "a high errand and a hasty one" had forced him to leave the court.
1052	For I am summed my selfe to sech to a place, I wot ² in worlde wheder warde to wende, hit to fynde; I nolde, bot if I hit negh myȝt on nwȝeres morne, For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres, so me oure lorde help!	
1056	For-þy, <i>sir</i> , þis enquest I require yow here, þat ȝe me telle with trawþe, if euer ȝe tale herde Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stondeȝ, & of þe knyȝt þat hit kepes, of colour of grene?	He asks his host whether he has ever heard of the Green Chapel,
1060	þer watȝ stabled bi statut a steuen vus by-twene, To mete þat mon at þat mere, ȝif I myȝt last; & of þat ilk nwȝere hot naked now wonteȝ, & I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde,	for he has to be there on New Year's-day.
1064	Gladloker, bi Goddeȝ sun, þen any god welde! For-þi, I-wysse, bi ȝowre wylle, wende me bi-houes, Naf I now to busy bot bare þre dayeȝ, & me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde."	He would as lief die as fail in his errand.
1068	þenne laȝande quod þe lorde, "now leng þe by-houes, For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tymeȝ ende, þe grene chapayle vpon grounde, greue yow no more; Bot ȝe schal be in yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese,	The prince tells Sir Gawayne that he will teach him the way.
1072	Quyle forth dayej, & ferk on pe fyrst of pe ȝere,	

& cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow likeȝ [Fol. 105b]
in ſpene;

1076 Dowelleȝ whyle new ȝeres daye,
& rys, & raykeȝ þenne,
Mon ſchal yow sette in waye,
Hit is not two myle henne."

The Green chapel is not more than two miles from the castle.

¹ derue (?). ² not (?).

XXIII.

þenne watȝ Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he laȝed,—
1080 "Now I þonk yow þryuandely þurȝ alle oþer þynge,
Now acheued is my chaunce, I ſchal at *your* wyll
Dowelle, & elleȝ do quat ȝe demen."
þenne ſeſed hym þe ſyre, & ſet hym bysyde,
1084 Let þe ladieȝ be fette, to lyke hem þe better;
þer watȝ ſeme ſolace by hem-ſelf ſtille;
þe lorde let for luf loteȝ ſo myry,
As wyȝ þat wolde of his wyte, ne wyſt quat he myȝt.
1088 þenne he carped to þe knyȝt, criande loude,
"Ȝe han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde;
Wyl ȝe halde þiſ heſ here at þyſ oneȝ?"
"Ȝe *sir*, for-ſoþe," ſayd þe ſegge trwe,
1092 "Whyl I byde in yowre borȝe, be bayn to ȝow[r]e heſt."
"For ȝe haf trauayled," *quod* þe tulk, "townen fro ferre,
& ſyþen waked me wyth, ȝe arn not wel waryſt,
Nauþer of ſoſtนาunce ne of ſlepe, ſoþly I knowe;
1096 Ȝe ſchal lenge in *your* lofte, & lyȝe in *your* eſe,
To morn quyle þe meſſe-quyle, & to mete wende,
When ȝe wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yow ſchal ſitte,
& comfort yow *with* compayny, til I to cort torne,
1100 ȝe lende;
& I ſchal erly ryſe,
On huntyng wyl I wende."
Gauayn granteȝ alle þyſe,
1104 Hym heldande, as þe hende.

Then was Gawayne glad,

and conſents to tarry awhile at the caſtle.

The ladies are brought in to ſolace him.

The lord of the caſtle aſks the knight to grant him one requeſt;

That he will ſtay in his chamber during maſſ time,

and then go to meat with his hoſteſſ.

Gawayne accedes to his requeſt.

XXIV.

"Ȝet firre," *quod* þe freke, "a forwarde we make;
Quat-ſo-euer I wynne in þe wod, hit worþeȝ to *youreȝ*,
& quat chek ſo ȝe acheue, chaunge me þer-forne;
1108 Swete, ſwap we ſo, ſware *with* trawþe,
Queþer, leude, ſo lymþ lere oþer better."
"Bi God," *quod* Gawayn þe gode, "I grant þer-tylle,
& þat yow lyſt forto layke, lef hit me þynkeſ."
1112 "Who bringeȝ *vus* þiſ beuerage, þiſ bargayn is maked:"
So ſayde þe lorde of þat lede; þay laȝed vchone,
þay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vntyȝtel,¹
þiſe lordeȝ & ladyeȝ, quyle þat hem lyked;
1116 & ſyþen *with* frenkyſch fare & fele fayre loteȝ
þay ſtoden, & ſtemed, & ſtylly ſpeken,
Kyſten ful comlyly, & kaȝten her leue.
With mony leude ful lyȝt, & lemande torches,
1120 Vche burne to hiſ bed watȝ broȝt at þe laſte,

"Whatſoeuer," ſays the hoſt, "I win in the wood ſhall be yours,

and what check you achieve ſhall be mine."

[Fol. 106.]

A bargain is made between them.

Night approaches and each "to hiſ bed was brought at the laſt."

ful softe;
 To bed ȝet er þay ȝede,
 Recorded couenaunteȝ ofte;
 1124 þe olde lorde of þat leude,²
 Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.

¹ vntyl nyȝte (?). ² lede (?).

[FYTTE THE THIRD.]

I.

Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen,
 Gestes þat go wolde, hor gromeȝ þay calden,
 1128 & þay busken vp bilyue, blonkkeȝ to sadel,
 Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males,
 Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde,
 Lepen vp lyȝtly, lachen her brydeles,
 1132 Vche wyȝe on his way, þer hym wel lyked.
 þe leue lorde of þe londe watȝ not þe last,
 A-rayed for þe rydyng, *with* renkkeȝ ful mony;
 Ete a sop hastyly, when he hade herde masse,
 1136 *With* bugle to bent felde he buskeȝ by-lyue;
 By þat þat any day-lyȝt lemed vpon erþe,
 He *with* his hapeles on hyȝe horsses weren.
 Þenne þise cacheres þat couþe, cowpled hor houndeȝ,
 1140 Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þer-oute,
 Blwe bygly *in* bugleȝ þre bare mote;
 Braches bayed þerfore, & breme noyse maked,
 & þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went;
 1144 A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle,
 of þe best;
 To trystors vewters ȝod,
 Couples huntres of kest,
 1148 þer ros for blasteȝ gode,
 Gret rurd *in* þat forest.

Before day-break folks uprise,
 saddle their horses, and truss their mails.
 Each goes where it pleases him best.
 The noble lord of the land arrays himself for riding.
 He eats a sop hastily and goes to mass.
 Before day-light he and his men are on their horses.
 Then the hounds are called out and coupled.
 Three short notes are blown by the bugles.
 A hundred hunters join in the chase.
 To the stations the "fewters" go,
 [Fol. 106b.]
 and the dogs are cast off.

II.

At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wylde;
 Der drof *in* þe dale, doted for drede,
 1152 Hized to þe hyȝe, bot heterly þay were
 Restayed *with* þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed;
 þay let þe hertteȝ haf þe gate, *with* þe hyȝe hedes,
 þe breme bukkeȝ also, *with* hor brode paumeȝ;
 1156 For þe fre lorde hade de-fende *in* fermysoun tyme,
 þat þer schulde no mon mene¹ to þe male dere.
 þe hindeȝ were halden *in*, *with* hay & war,
 þe does dryuen *with* gret dyn to þe depe sladeȝ;
 1160 þer myȝt mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes,
 At vche [þat] wende vnder wande wapped a flone,
 þat bigly bote on þe broun, *with* ful brode hedeȝ,
 What! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkkeȝ þay deȝen.
 1164 & ay rachches *in* a res radly hem folȝes,
 Huntres wyth hyȝe horne hasted hem after,

Roused by the clamour the deer rush to the heights,
 but are soon driven back.
 The harts and bucks are allowed to pass,
 but the hinds and does are driven back to the shades.
 As they fly they are shot by the bowmen.
 The hounds and the hunters, with a loud cry, follow in pursuit.

Wyth such a crakkande kry, as klyffes haden brusten;
 What wylde so at-waped wyȝes þat schotten,
 1168 Watȝ al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt.
 Bi þay were tened at þe hyȝe, & taysed to þe wattreȝ,
 þe ledeȝ were so lerned at þe loȝe trysteres,
 1172 & þe gre-houndeȝ so grete, þat geten hem bylyue,
 & hem to fylched, as fast as frekeȝ myȝt loke,
 þer ryȝt.
 þe lorde for blys abloy
 Ful oft con launce & lyȝt,
 1176 & drof þat day wyth loy
 Thus to þe derk nyȝt.

¹ meue (?).

III.

þus laykeȝ þis lorde by lynde wodeȝ eueȝ,
 & G. þe god mon, *in* gay bed lygeȝ,
 1180 Lurkkeȝ quyl þe day-lyȝt lemed on þe wowes,
 Vnder couertour ful clere, cortyned aboute;
 & as *in slomeryng* he slode, sleȝly he herde
 A littel dyn at his dor, & derfly vpon;
 1184 & he heueȝ vp his hed out of þe cloþes,
 A corner of þe cortyn he caȝt vp a lyttel,
 & wayteȝ warly þider-warde, quat hit be myȝt.
 Hit watȝ þe ladi, loflyest to be-holde,
 1188 þat droȝ þe dor after hir ful dernly¹ & styлле,
 & boȝed to-warde þe bed; & þe burne schamed.
 & layde hym doun lystyly, & let as he slepte.
 & ho stepped stilly. & stel to his bedde,
 1192 Kest vp þe cortyn, & creped *with-inne*,
 & set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde,
 & lenged þere selly longe, to loke quen he wakened.
 þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,
 1196 Compast *in* his concience to quat þat cace myȝt
 Mene oþer amount, to meruayle hym þoȝt;
 Bot ȝet he sayde *in* hym-self, "more semly hit were
 To aspye wyth my spelle [in] space quat ho wolde."
 1200 þen he wakenede, & wroth, & to hir warde torned,
 & vn-louked his yȝe-lyddeȝ, & let as hym wondered,
 & sayned hym, as bi his saȝe þe sauer to worthe,
 with hande;
 1204 Wyth chynne & cheke ful swete,
 Boþe quit & red *in-blande*,
 Ful lufly con ho lete,
 Wyth lyppeȝ smal laȝande.

¹ deruly (?).

IV.

1208 "God moroun, *sir* Gawayn," sayde þat fayr lady,
 "ȝe ar a sleper vn-slyȝe, þat mon may slyde hider;
 Now ar ȝe tan astyt, bot true *vus* may schape,
 I schal bynde yow *in your* bedde, þat be ȝe trayst:"

Those that escaped the arrows are killed by the hounds.

The lord waxes joyful in the chase,

which lasted till the approach of night.

All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.

under "coverture full clear".

He hears a noise at his door.

[Fol. 107.]

A lady, the loveliest to behold, enters softly.

She approaches the bed.

Gawayne pretends to be asleep.

The lady casts up the curtain and sits on the bedside.

Gawayne has much wonder thereat.

He rouses himself up,
unlocks his eyes, and looks as if he were astonished.

"Good morrow", says the lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus.

I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure."

- | | | |
|------|--|--|
| 1212 | Al lazande þe lady lanced þo bourdeȝ.
"Goud moroun g[aye]," ¹ <i>quod</i> Gawayn þe blyþe,
"Me schal worþe at <i>your</i> wille, & þat me wel lykeȝ,
For I zelde me ȝederly, & ȝeȝe after <i>grace</i> , | "Good morrow," says the knight, "I am well pleased to be
at your service; |
| 1216 | & þat is þe best, be my dome, for me by-houeȝ nedeȝ;"
& þus he bourded a-ȝayn <i>with</i> mony a blyþe laȝter.
"Bot wolde ȝe, lady louely, þen leue me grante,
& de-prece <i>your</i> prysoun, & pray hym to ryse, | but permit me to rise and dress myself." |
| 1220 | I wolde boȝe of þis bed, & busk me better,
I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth."
"Nay, for soþe, beau <i>sir</i> ," sayd þat swete,
"Ȝe schal not rise of <i>your</i> bedde, I rych yow better, | [Fol. 107b]
"Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one, |
| 1224 | I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als,
& syþen karp wyth my knyȝt þat I kaȝt haueȝ;
For I wene wel, Iwysse, <i>sir</i> Wawen ȝe are,
þat alle þe worlde worchipeȝ, quere-so ȝe ride; | "I shall hold talk with you here.

I know well that you are Gawayne that all the woild
worships. |
| 1228 | <i>Your</i> honour, <i>your</i> hendelayk is hendely praysed
<i>With</i> lordeȝ, wyth ladyes, <i>with</i> alle þat lyf bere.
& now ȝe ar here, iwysse, & we bot oure one;
"My lorde & his ledeȝ ar on lenþe faren, | We are by ourselves;

My lord and his men are far off. |
| 1232 | Oþer burneȝ <i>in</i> her bedde, & my burdeȝ als,
þe dor drawen, & dit <i>with</i> a derf haspeȝ;
& syþen I haue <i>in</i> þis hous hym þat al lykeȝ,
I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit lasteȝ, | Other men are in their beds, so are my maidens.
The door is safely closed.
Since I have him in house that every one likes, I shall use
my time well while it lasts. |
| 1236 | <i>with</i> taleȝ;
Ȝe ar welcum to my cors,
Yowre awen won to wale,
Me be-houeȝ of fyne force,
<i>Your</i> seruauȝt be & schale." | Ye are welcome to my body.

I shall be your servant." |
| 1240 | | |

¹ This word is illegible in the MS.

V.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1244</p> <p>1248</p> <p>1252</p> <p>1256</p> <p>1260</p> | <p>"In god fayth," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "gayn hit me þynkkeȝ,
 Þaȝ I be not now he þat ȝe of speken;
 To reche to such reuerence as ȝe reherce here
 I am wyȝe vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen;
 Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þoȝt,
 At saȝe oþer at seruyce þat I sette myȝt
 To þe plesaunce of <i>your</i> prys, hit were a pure ioye."
 "In god fayth, <i>sir</i> Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe gay lady,
 "Þe prys & þe prowes þat plesez al oþer,
 If I hit lakked, oþer set at lyȝt, hit were littel daynté;
 Bot hit ar ladyes <i>in</i>-noȝe, þat leuer wer nowþe
 Haf þe hende <i>in</i> hor holde, as I þe habbe here,
 To daly <i>witt</i> derely <i>your</i> daynté wordeȝ,
 Keuer hem comfort, & colen her careȝ,
 Þen much of þe garysourn oþer golde þat¹ þay hauen;
 Bot I louue² þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte haldeȝ,
 I haf hit holly <i>in</i> my honde þat al desyres,
 þurȝe grace."
 Scho made <i>hym</i> so gret chere,
 Þat watȝ so fayr of face,
 Þe knyȝt <i>with</i> speches skere,
 A[n]swared to vche a cace.</p> | <p>"I am unworthy," says Sir Gawayne, "to reach to such
 reverence as ye rehearse.</p> <p>I shall be glad, however, to please you by word, or
 service."</p> <p>"There are ladies," says his visitor, "who would prefer thy
 company</p> <p>to much of the gold that they possess."</p> <p>[Fol. 108.]
 The knight answers the lady's questions.</p> |
|---|--|--|

VI.

- 1264 "Madame," *quod* þe myry mon, "Mary yow ʒelde,
For I haf founden, *in* god fayth, yowre fraunchis nobele,
& oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hor dedeʒ;
Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen,
Hit is þe worchyp of *your*-self, þat noʒt hot wel comeʒ."
- 1268 "Bi Mary," *quod* þe menskful, "me þynk hit anoþer;
For were I worth al þe wone of wymmen alyue,
& al þe wele of þe worlde were *in* my honde,
& I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde,
1272 For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpun þe knyʒt here,
Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblaunt,
& þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee,
þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen."
- 1276 "I-wysse, worpy," *quod* þe wyʒe, "ʒe haf waled wel better,
Bot I am proude of þe prys þat ʒe put on me,
& soberly *your* seruauent my souerayn I holde yow,
& yowre knyʒt I be-com, & Kryst yow for-ʒelde."
- 1280 þus þay meled of much-quat, til myd-morn paste,
& ay þe lady let lyk, a¹ hym loued mych;
þe freke ferde *with* defence, & feted ful fayre.
þaʒ I were burde bryʒtest, þe burde *in* mynde hade,
1284 þe lasse luf *in* his lode, for lur þat he soʒt,
boute hone;
þe dunte þat schulde² hym deue,
& nedeʒ hit most be done;
1288 þe lady þenn spek of leue.
He *granted* hir ful sone.
- Gawayne tells her that he prefers her conversation before that of all others.
- The lady declares by Mary,
- that were she about to choose her a lord,
- she would select Gawayne before any man on earth.
- Gawayne tells her that he will become her own knight and faithful servant.
- The remembrance of his adventure prevents him from thinking of love.
- The lady takes leave of Sir Gawayne.

¹ and (?) ² sclulde, in MS.

VII.

- þenne ho gef hym god-day, & wyth a glent laʒed.
& as ho stod, ho stonyed hym wyth ful stor wordeʒ:
- 1292 "Now he þat spedeʒ vche spech, þis disport ʒelde yow!
Bot þat ʒe be Gawan, hit gotʒ *in* mynde."
"Quer-fore?" *quod* þe freke, & freschly he askeʒ,
Ferde lest he hade fayled *in* fourme of his castes;
- 1296 Bot þe burde hym blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde,
"So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden,
& cortaysye is closed so clene *in* hym-seluen,
Couth not lyʒtly haf lenged so long wyth a lady,
1300 Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his courtaysye,
Bi sum towch of summe tryfle, at sum taleʒ ende."
þen *quod* Woven, "I-wysse, worþe as yow lykeʒ,
I schal kysse at *your* comaundement, as a knyʒt falleʒ,
- 1304 & fire¹ lest he displese yow, so² plede hit no more."
Ho comes nerre *with* þat, & cacheʒ hym *in* armeʒ,
Louteʒ luflych adoun, & þe leude kysseʒ;
þay comly bykennen to Kryst ayþer oþer;
1308 Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, *with*-outen dyn more.
- With a laughing glance, she says,
- "I am doubtful whether ye be Gawayne.
- [Fol. 108b.]
- Were it he, surely, ere this, he would have craved a kiss."
- "I shall kiss," says the knight, "at your commandment."
- With that the lady catches him in her arms and kisses him.

& he ryches hym to ryse, & rapes hym sone,
 Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,
 Boȝeȝ forth, quen he watȝ boun, blyȝely to masse,
 1312 & þenne he meued to his mete, þat menskly hym keped,
 & made myry al day til þe mone rysed,
 with game;
 With³ neuer freke fayrer fonge,
 1316 Bitwene two so dyngne dame,
 þe alder & þe ȝonge,
 Much solace set þay same.

¹ fere (?). ² fo, in MS. ³ Was (?) Nas (?).

VIII.

And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamneȝ,
 1320 To hunt in holteȝ & heȝe, at hyndeȝ barayne,
 Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe sunne heldet,
 Of dos & of oȝer dere, to deme were wonder.
 Þenne fersly þay flokked in folk at þe laste,
 1324 & quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked;
 þe best boȝed þerto, with burneȝ in-noghe,
 Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were,
 & didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede askeȝ;
 1328 Serched hem at þe asay, summe þat þer were,
 Two fyngeres þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle;
 Syȝen þay slyt þe slot, sesed þe erber,
 Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten;
 1332 Syȝen rytte þay þe foure lymmes, & rent of þe hyde,
 Þen brek þay þe bale, þe baleȝ out token,
 Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot;
 Þay grypȝ to þe gargulun, & grayȝely departed
 1336 þe wesaunt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe gutteȝ;
 Þen scher þay out þe schuldereȝ with her scharp knyueȝ,
 Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes;
 Siȝen britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit in twynne,
 1340 & eft at þe gargulun bigyneȝ on þenne,
 Ryueȝ hit vp radly, ryȝt to þe byȝt,
 Voydeȝ out þe a-vaners, & verayly þerafter
 Alle þe rymeȝ by þe rybbeȝ radly þay lance;
 1344 So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge boneȝ,
 Euenden to þe haunche, þat hanged alle samen,
 & heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere,
 & þat þayneme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,
 1348 bi kynde;
 Bi þe byȝt al of þe þyȝes,
 þe lappeȝ þay lance bi-hynde,
 To hewe hit in two þay hyȝes,
 1352 Bi þe bak-bon to vnbynde.

Gawayne then rises and goes to mass.

He makes mirth all day till the moon rises,

between the "two dames," the older and the younger.

Meanwhile the lord of the land and his men hunt in woods and heaths.

Quickly of the killed a "quarry" they make.

Then they set about *breaking* the deer.

They take away the *assay* or fat,

then they slit the *slot* and remove the *erber*.

They afterwards rip the four limbs and rend off the hide.

They next open the belly

[Fol. 109.]
and take out the bowels.

They then separate the *weasand* from the windhole and throw out the guts.

The shoulders are cut out, and the breast divided into halves.

The *numbles* are next removed.

By the fork of the thighs,

the flaps are hewn in two by the backbone.

IX.

Boȝe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þenne,
 & syȝen sunder þay þe sydeȝ swyft fro þe chyne,
 & þe corbeles fee þay kest in a greue;¹
 1356 Þenn þurled þay ayȝer þik side þurȝ, bi þe rybbe,

After this the head and neck are cut off, and the sides severed from the chine.

- & hengeþ þenne a[y]þer bi hoʒes of þe fourcheʒ,
 Vche freke for his fee, as falleʒ forto haue.
 Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay þayr houndes,
 1360 Wyth þe lyuer & þe lyʒteʒ, þe leþer of þe pauncheʒ,
 & bred baped *in* blod, blende þer amongeʒ;
 Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachcheʒ,
 Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,
 1364 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif moteʒ.
 Bi þat þe daylyʒt watʒ done, þe douthe watʒ al wonen
In-to þe comly castel, þer þe knyʒt bideʒ
 ful stille;
 1368 Wyth blys & bryʒt fyr bette,
 þe lord is comen þer-tylle,
 When Gawayn wyth hym mette,
 þer watʒ bot wele at wylle.

With the liver, lights and paunches, they feed the hounds.

Then they make for home.

Gawayne goes out to meet his host.

¹ grene (?).

X.

- 1372 Thenne comaunded þe lorde *in* þat sale to samen alle þe meny. ^[Fel. 109b.]
 Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to lyʒt *with* her burdes,
 Bi-fore alle þe folk on þe flette, frekeʒ he beddeʒ
 Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne;
 1376 & al godly *in* gomen Gaway[n] he called,
 Techeʒ hym to þe tayles of ful tayt bestes,
 Scheweʒ hym þe schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.
 "How payeʒ yow þis play? haf I prys women?"
 1380 Haue I þryuandely þonk þurʒ my craft serued?"
 "ʒe I-wysse," *quod* þat oþer wyʒe, "here is wayth fayrest
 þat I seʒ þis seuen ʒere *in* sesoun of wynter."
 "& al I gif yow, Gawayn," *quod* þe gome þenne,
 1384 "For by a-corde of couenaunt ʒe craue hit as *your* awen."
 "Þis is soth," *quod* þe segge, "I say yow þatilke,
 &¹ I haf worthyly þis woneʒ wyth-inne,
 I-wysse *with* as god wylle hit worpeʒ to ʒoureʒ."
 1388 He hasppeʒ his fayre hals his armeʒ wyth-inne,
 & kysses hym as comlyly as he² coupe awyse:
 "Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,
 I wowche hit saf fynly, þaʒ feler hit were."
 1392 "Hit is god," *quod* þe god mon, "grant mercy þerfore,
 Hit may be such, hit is þe better, &¹ ʒe me breue wolde
 Where ʒe wan þis ilk wele, biwytte of hor³ seluen?"
 "Þat watʒ not forward," *quod* he, "frayst me no more,
 1396 For ʒe haftan þat yow tydeʒ, traweʒe non oþer
 ʒe mowe."
 þay laʒed, & made hem blyþe,
 Wyth loteʒ þat were to lowe,
 1400 To soper þay ʒede asswyþe,
 Wyth dayntes nwe *in*-nowe.

and the venison to be brought before him.

He calls Gawayne,

and asks him whether he does not deserve much praise for his success in the chase.

On the knight expressing himself satisfied, he is told to take the whole according to a former agreement between them.

Gawayne gives the knight a comely kiss in return.

His host desires to know where he has gotten such weal.

As this does not enter into the covenant, he gets no answer to his question.

They then proceed to supper, where were dainties new and enough.

¹ And = an. ² ho, in MS. ³ your (?).

XI.

	And syben by þe chymné <i>in</i> chamber þay seten.	By the hearth they sit.
	Wyȝeȝ þe walle wyn weȝed to hem oft,	Wine is carried round.
1404	& efte <i>in</i> her bourdyng þay bayben <i>in</i> þe morn,	
	To fylle þe same forwardeȝ þat þay by-fore maden,	Again Sir Gawayne and his host renew their agreement.
	Þat chaunce so bytydeȝ hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,	
1408	What nweȝ so þay nome, at naȝt quen þay metten	
	þay acorded of þe couenaunteȝ byfore þe court alle;	[Fol. 110.]
	þe beuerage watȝ broȝt forth <i>in</i> bourde at þat tyme;	Then they take leave of each other and hasten to bed.
	þenne þay louelych leȝten leue at þe last,	
	Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.	Scarce had the cock cackled thrice when the lord was up.
1412	Bi þat þe coke hade croweȝ ¹ & cakled bot þryse,	
	þe lorde watȝ lopen of his bedde, [&] þe leudeȝ vch one,	
	So þat þe mete & þe masse watȝ metely delyuered;	
	þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,	
1416	to chace;	
	Heȝ <i>with</i> hunte & horneȝ,	With his hunters and horns they pursue the chase.
	þurȝ playneȝ þay passe <i>in</i> space,	
	Vn-coupled among þo þorneȝ,	
1420	Racheȝ þat ran on race.	

¹ crowed (?).

XII.

	Sone þay calle of a quest <i>in</i> aker syde,	The hunters cheer on the hounds,
	þe hunt re-hayted þe houndeȝ, þat hit fyrst mynged,	
	Wylde wordeȝ hym warp wyth a wrast noyce;	which fall to the scent forty at once.
1424	þe howndeȝ þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe,	
	& fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones;	
	þenne such a glauerande glam of gedered rachcheȝ	
	Ros, þat þe rochereȝ rungen aboute;	
1428	Huntereȝ hem hardened <i>with</i> horne & wyth muthe.	
	þen al <i>in</i> a semblé sweyed to-geder,	All come together by the side of a cliff.
	Bitwene a flosche <i>in</i> þat fryth, & a foo cragge;	
	In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,	
1432	þer as þe rogh rocher vn-rydely watȝ fallen,	
	[þay] ferden to þe fyndyng, & frekeȝ hem after;	They look about on all sides,
	þay vmbe-kesten þe knarre & þe knot boþe.	
	Wyȝeȝ, whyl þay wysten wel wyt <i>inne</i> hem hit were,	
1436	þe best þat þer breued watȝ wyth þe blod houndeȝ.	and beat on the bushes.
	þenne þay beten on þe buskeȝ, & bede hym vp ryse,	
	& he vnsoundyly out soȝt seggeȝ ouer-þwert,	
	On þe sellokest swyn swenged out þere,	Out there rushes a fierce wild boar,
1440	Long sythen for ¹ þe sounder þat wiȝt for-olde,	
	For he watȝ b[este &] bor alþer grattest,	
	[And eue]re quen he gronyed, þenne greued mony,	
	For [þre a]t þe fyrst þrast he þryȝt to þe erþe,	At the first thrust he fells three to the ground.
1444	& [sped hym] forth good sped, boutte spyt more,	
	[Ande þay] halowed hyghe ful hyȝe & hay! hay! cryed	[Fol. 110b.]
	Haden horneȝ to mouþe heterly rechated;	Full quickly the hunters pursue him.
	Mony watȝ þe myry mouthe of men & of houndeȝ,	
1448	þat buskkeȝ after þis bor, <i>with</i> bost & wyth noyse,	
	To quelle;	
	Ful oft he bydeȝ þe baye,	
	& maymeȝ þe mute Inn-melle,	
1452	He hurteȝ of þe houndeȝ, & þay	However, he attacks the hounds, causing them to yowl and yell.

Ful 3omerly 3aule & 3elle.

¹ fro (?).

XIII.

- Schalke3 to schote at *hym* schowen to þenne,
Haled to hym of her arewe3, hitten hym oft;
1456 Bot þe poynte3 payred at þe pyth þat py3t in his schelde3,
& þe barbe3 of his browe bite non wolde,
þa3 þe schauen schaft schyndered in pece3,
þe hede hypped a3ayn, were-so-euer hit hitte;
1460 Bot quon þe dynte3 *hym* dered of her dry3e stroke3,
þen, brayn-wod for bate, on burne3 he rase3,
Hurte3 hem ful heterly þer he forth hy3e3,
& mony ar3ed þerat, & on-lyte dro3en.
1464 Bot þe lorde on a ly3t horce launces hym after,
As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowe3,
He rechated, & r[ode]¹ þur3 rone3 ful þyk,
Suande þis wy[ld]e swyn til þe sunne schafted.
1468 Þis day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse,
Whyle oure luflych lede lys in his bedde,
Gawayn grayþely at home, in gere3 ful ryche
of hewe;
1472 þe lady no3t for3ate,
Com to *hym* to salue,
Ful erly ho wat3 *hym* ate,
His mode forto remwe.

The bowmen send their arrows after this wild swine,

but they glide off shivered in pieces.

Enraged with the blows,

he attacks the hunters.

The lord of the land blows his bugle,

and pursues the boar.

All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.

¹ The MS. is here almost illegible.

XIV.

- 1476 Ho *commes* to þe cortyn, & at þe kny3t totes,
Sir Wawen her welcumed worþy on fyrst,
& ho *hym* 3elde3 a3ayn, ful 3erne of hir worde3,
Sette3 hir sof[t]ly by his syde, & swyþely ho la3e3,
1480 & wyth a luflych loke ho layde¹ *hym* þyse worde3:
"Sir, 3if 3e be Wawen, wonder me þynkke3,
Wy3e þat is so wel wrast alway to god,
& conne3 not of compaynye þe coste3 vnder-take,
1484 & if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, 3e kest hom of *your mynde*;
þou hat3 for-3eten 3ederly þat 3isterday I ta3tte
alder-truest token of talk þat I cowþe."
"What is þat?" *quod* þe wyghe, "I-wysse I wot neuer,
1488 If hit be sothe þat 3e breue, þe blame is *myn* awen."
"3et I kende yow of kyssyng," *quod* þe clere þenne,
"Quere-so countenaunce is couþe, quikly to clayme,
þat bicumes vche a kny3t, þat cortaysy vses."
1492 "Do way," *quod* þat derf mon, "my dere, þat speche,
For þat durst I not do, lest I denayed were,
If I were werned, I were wrang I-wysse, 3if I profered."
"Ma fay," *quod* þe mere wyf, "3e may not be werned,
1496 3e ar stif in-noghe to constrayne wyth strenkþe, 3if yow lyke3,
3if any were so vilanous þat yow denaye² wolde."

The lady of the castle again visits Sir Gawayne.

Softly she sits by his side,

^[Fal. 111]
and tells the knight that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before.

"I taught you of kissing," she says, "that becomes every knight."

Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden.

He is told that he is strong enough to enforce it.

1500 "Ȝe, be God," *quod* Gawayn, "good is *your* speche,
 Bot þrete is vn-þryuande *in* þede þer I lende,
 & vche gift þat is geuen not *with* goud wylle;
 I am at *your* comaundement, to kysse quen yow lykeȝ,
 Ȝe may lach quen yow lyst, & leue quen yow þynkkeȝ,
 in space."
 1504 þe lady louteȝ a-down,
 & comlyly kysses his face,
 Much speche þay þer expoun,
 Of druryes greme & *grace*.

The knight replies that every gift is worthless that is not given willingly.

The lady stoops down and kisses him.

¹ sayde (?). ² de vaye, in MS.

XV.

1508 "I woled¹ wyt at yow, wyȝe," þat worþy þer sayde,
 "& yow wrathed not þer-wyth, what were þe skylle,
 þat so ȝong & so ȝepe, as ȝe [ar] at þis tyme,
 So cortayse, so knyȝtyly, as ȝe ar knowen oute,
 1512 & of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng a-losed,
 Is² þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes;
 F[or] to telle of þis tenelyng of þis trwe knyȝteȝ,
 Hit is þe tytelet, token, & tyxt of her werkkeȝ,
 1516 How le[des] for her lele luf hor lyueȝ han auntered,
 Endured for her drury dulful stoundeȝ,
 & after wenged *with* her walour & voyded her care,
 & broȝt blysse *in-to* boure, *with* bountees hor awen.
 1520 & ȝe ar knyȝt com-lokest kyd of *your* elde,
 Your worde & *your* worchip walkeȝ ay quere,
 & I haf seten by *your*-self here sere twyes,
 Ȝet herde I neuer of *your* hed helde no wordeȝ
 1524 þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;
 & ȝe, þat ar so cortays & coynt of *your* hetes,
 Oghe to a ȝonke þynk ȝern to schewe,
 & teche *sum* tokeneȝ of trweluf craftes.
 1528 Why ar ȝe lewed, þat alle þe los weldeȝ,
 Oþer elles ȝe demen me to dille, *your* dalyaunce to herken?
 for schame!
 I com hider sengel, & sitte,
 1532 To lerne at yow *sum* game,
 Dos, techeȝ me of *your* wytte,
 Whil my lorde is fro hame."

"I would learn," she says, "why you, who are so young and active,

so skilled in the true sport of love,

and so renowned a knight,

[Fol. 111b.]

have never talked to me of love.

You ought to show a young thing like me some token of 'true-love's crafts.'

So teach me of your 'wit' while my lord is from home."

¹ wolde (?). ² In (?).

XVI.

1536 "In goud fayþe," *quod* Gawayn, "God yow forȝelde,
 Gret is þe gode gle, & gomen to me huge,
 þat so worþy as ȝe wolde wyne hidere,
 & pyne yow *with* so pouer a mon, as play wyth *your* knyȝt,
 With any skynneȝ countenaunce, hit keuereȝ me ese;
 1540 Bot to take þe toruayle¹ to my-self, to trwluf expoun,
 & towche þe temeȝ of tyxt, & taleȝ of armeȝ,
 To yow þat, I wot wel, weldeȝ more slyȝt

"It is a great pleasure to me," says Sir Gawayne, "to hear you talk,

but I cannot undertake the task to expound true-love and tales of arms.

- 1544 Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche
 As I am, oþer euer schal, in erde þer I leue,
 Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.
 I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my myȝt,
 As I am hyȝly bihalden, & euer-more wylle
 1548 Be seruaunt to your-seluen, so saue me dryȝtyn!"
 þus hym frayned þat fre, & fondet hym ofte,
 Forto haf wonnen hym to woȝe, what-so scho þoȝt elleȝ,
 Bot he de fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed,
 1552 Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten,
 bot blysse;
 þay laȝed & layked longe,
 At þe last scho con hym kysse,
 1556 Hir leue fayre con scho fonge,
 & went hir waye Iwysse.

I will, however, act according to your will,

and ever be your servant."

Thus Gawayne defends himself.

The lady having kissed the knight, takes leave of him.

¹ tornayle (?).

XVII.

- Then ruþes hym þe renk, & ryses to þe masse,
 & siþen hor diner watȝ dyȝt & derely serued.
 1560 þe lede with þe ladyȝ layked alle day,
 Bot þe lorde ouer þe londeȝ launced ful ofte,
 Sweȝ his vncely swyn, þat swynȝeȝ bi þe bonkkeȝ,
 & bote þe best of his bracheȝ þe bakkeȝ in sunder;
 1564 þer he bode in his bay, tel¹ bawe-men hit breken,
 & made² hym, maw-gref his bed, forto mwe vtter;
 So felle floneȝ þer flete, when þe folk gedered;
 Bot ȝet þe styffest to start bi stoundeȝ he made,
 1568 Til at þe last he watȝ so mat, he myȝt no more renne,
 Bot in þe hast þat he myȝt, he to a hole wyneȝ,
 Of a rasse, bi a rokk, þer renneȝ þe boerne,
 He gete þe bonk at his bak, bigyneȝ to scrape,
 1572 þe froþe femed³ at his mouth vnfayre bi þe wykeȝ,
 Whetteȝ his whyte tuscheȝ; with hym þen irked
 Alle þe burneȝ so bolde, þat hym by stoden,
 To nye hym on-ferum, bot neȝe hym non durst
 1576 for woþe;
 He hade hurt so mony byforne,
 þat al þuȝt⁴ þenne ful loþe,
 Be more wyth his tuscheȝ torne,
 1580 þat breme watȝ [&] brayn-wod bothe.

Gawayne rises, hears mass, and then dines.

[Fol. 112.]

Meanwhile the lord pursues the wild boar,

that bit the backs of his hounds asunder,

and caused the stiffest of the hunters to start.

The boar runs into a hole in a rock by the side of a brook.

The froth foams at his mouth.

None durst approach him,

so many had he torn with his tusks.

¹ til (?). ² madee, in MS. ³ fomed (?). ⁴ þoȝt (?).

XVIII.

- Til þe knyȝt com hym-self, kachande his blonk,
 Syȝ hym byde at þe bay, his burneȝ bysyde,
 He lyȝtes luflych¹ adoun, leueȝ his corsour,
 1584 Braydeȝ out a bryȝt bront, & bigly forth strydeȝ,
 Foundeȝ fast þurȝ þe forth, þer þe felle bydeȝ,
 þe wylde watȝ war of þe wyȝe with weppen in honde,
 Hef hyȝly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,

The knight, seeing the boar at bay,

alights from his horse,

and seeks to attack him with his sword.

1588	þat fele ferde for þe freke ² , ² lest felle hym þe worre; þe swyn sette ³ hym out on þe segge euen, þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon hepe ³ , In þe wyzt-est of þe water, þe worre hade þat oþer;	The "swine sets out" upon the man,
1592	For þe mon merkke ³ hym wel, as þay mette fyrst, Set sadly þe scharp in þe slot euen, Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered, & he zarrande hym zelde, & zedoun ³ þe water, ful tyt;	who, aiming well, wounds him in the pit of the stomach.
1596	A hundreth hounde ³ hym hent, þat bremely con hym bite, Burne ³ him brozt to bent, & dogge ³ to dethe endite.	[Fol. 112b.] The boar is soon bitten to death by a hundred hounds.
1600		

¹ MS. luslych. ² freke (?). ³ zede down (?).

XIX.

	There wat ³ blawyng of prys in mony breme home, Heze halowing on hi ³ e, with hapele ³ þat myzt; Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maystere ³ , Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef hunt ³ es.	Then was there blowing of horns and baying of hounds.
1604	þenne a wyze þat wat ³ wys vpon wod crafte ³ , To vnlace þis bor lufly bigymne ³ ; Fyrst he hewes of his hed, & on hi ³ e sette ³ , & syþen rende ³ him al roghe bi þe rygge after,	One wise in woodcraft begins to unlace the boar. First he hews off the head, then rends him by the back.
1608	Brayde ³ out þe boweles, brenne ³ hom on glede, With bred blent þer-with his braches rewarde ³ ; Syþen he britne ³ out þe brawen in bryzt brode [s]chelde ³ , & hat ³ out þe hastlette ³ , as hitzly biseme ³ ;	He next removes the bowels, broils them on the ashes, and therewith rewards his hounds.
1612	& zet hem halche ³ al hole þe halue ³ to-geder, & syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges. Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home; þe bores hed wat ³ borne bfore þe burnes seluen,	Then the hastlets are removed. The two halves are next bound together and hung upon a pole.
1616	þat him for-ferde in þe forþe, þur ³ forse of his honde, so stronge; Til he se ³ sir Gawayne, In halle hym þo ³ t ful longe,	The boar's head is borne before the knight, who hastens home.
1620	He calde, & he com gayn, His fee ³ þer for to fonge.	Gawayne is called to receive the spoil.

XX.

1624	þe lorde ful lowde with lote, & lazed myry, When he seze sir G: with solace he speke ³ ; þe goude ladye ³ were geten, & gedered þe meyny, He schewe ³ hem þe schelde ³ , & schapes hem þe tale, Of þe largesse, & þe lenþe, þe liþerne ³ also,	The lord of the land is well pleased when he sees Sir Gawayne, He shows him the shields of the wild boar, and tells him of its length and breadth.
1628	Of þe were of þe wylde swyn, in wod þer he fled. þat oþer knyzt ful comly comended his dede ³ , & praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade; For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde, Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuer are.	Such a "brawn of a beast," Sir Gawayne says, he never has seen.
1632	þenne hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon hit praysed, & let lodly þerat þe lorde forte here: "Now Gawayn," quod þe god mon, "þis gomen is your awen,	[Fol. 113.] Gawayne takes possession of it according to covenant,

- 1636 Bi fyn for-warde & faste, faythely 3e knowe."
 "Hit is sothe," *quod* þe segge, "& as siker trwe;
 Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawþe."
 He [hent] þe habel aboute þe halse, & hendely hym kysse^s, and in return kisses his host,
 1640 & efter-sones of þe same he serued hym þere.
 "Now ar we euen," *quod* þe habel, "in þis euen-tide,
 Of alle þe couenauntes þat we knyht, syþen I com hider,
 bi lawe;"
 1644 Þe lorde sayde, "bi saynt Gile, who declares his guest to be the best he knows.
 3e ar þe best þat I knowe,
 3e ben ryche in a whyle,
 Such chaffer & 3e drowe."

XXI.

- 1648 Þenne þay teldet tableȝ [on] trestes alofte, Tables are raised aloft,
 Kesten cloþeȝ vpon, clere lyȝt þenne cloths cast upon them,
 Wakned bi woȝeȝ, waxen torches and torches are lighted.
 Seggeȝ sette, & serued in sale al aboute;
 1652 Much glam & gle glent vp þer-inne, With much mirth and glee,
 Aboute þe fyre vpon flet, & on fele wyse, supper is served in the hall,
 At þe soper & after, mony apþel songeȝ,
 As coundutes of kryst-masse, & caroleȝ newe,
 1656 With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle. and ever our lovely knight by the lady sits,
 & euer oure luflych knyȝt þe lady bi-syde;
 Such semblaunt to þat segge semly ho made, who does all she can to please her companion.
 Wyth stille stollen countenaunce, þat stalworth to plese,
 1660 þat al for-wondered watȝ þe wyȝe, & wroth with hym-seluen,
 Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a-ȝayneȝ,
 Bot dalt with hir al in daynte, how-se-euer þe dede turned
 to wrast;
 1664 Quen þay hade played in halle, When they had long played in the hall,
 As longe as hor wylle hom last, they proceeded "to chamber."
 To chambre he¹ con hym calle,
 & to þe chem-ne þay past.

¹ ho (?).

XXII.

- 1668 Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe, There they drank and discoursed.
 To norne on þe same note, on nweȝereȝ euen;
 Bot þe knyȝt craued leue, to kayre on þe morn, Gawayne begs leave to depart on the morrow.
 For hit watȝ neȝ at þe terme, þat he to¹ schulde.
 1672 Þe lorde hym letted of þat, to lenge hym resteyed, [Fol. 113b.]
 & sayde, "as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe, His host swears to him,
 þou schal cheue to þe grene chapel, þy charres to make, that he shall come to the Green Chapel on New Year's
 Leude, on nwȝereȝ lyȝt, longe bifore pryme. morn long before prime.
 1676 For-þy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese,
 & I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towcheȝ,
 Chaunge wyth þe cheuisaunce, bi þat I charre hider;
 For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe,
 1680 Now þrid tyme þrowe best þenk on þe morne,
 Make we mery quyl we may, & mynne vpon Ioye,
 For þe lur may mon lach, when so mon lykeȝ."
 Þis watȝ grayþely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged,

1684	Bliþe broȝt watȝ hym drynk, & þay to bedde ȝeden, with liȝt; Sir G: lis & slepes, Ful stille & softe al niȝt;	Our knight consents to remain for another night. Full still and softly he sleeps all night.
1688	þe lorde þat his crafteȝ kepes, Ful erly he watȝ diȝt.	Early in the morning the lord is up.

¹ te (?).

XXIII.

	After messe a morsel ¹ he & his men token, Miry watȝ þe mornynȝ, his mounture he askes;	After mass, a morsel he take with his men.
1692	Alle þe hapeles þat on horse schulde helden hym after, Were boun busked on hor blonkkeȝ, bi-fore ² þe halle ȝateȝ; Ferly fayre watȝ þe folde, for þe forst clenged, In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe summe,	Then were all on their horses before the hall-gates. It was a clear frosty morning.
1696	& ful clere costeȝ ³ þe clowdes of þe welkyn. Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde, Rocheres rounȝen bi rys, for rurde of her hornes; Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade,	The hunters, dispersed by a wood's side, come upon the track of a fox,
1700	Trayleȝ ofte a trayteres ⁴ , bi traunt of her wyles; A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles, His felazes fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful þike, Runnen forth in a rabel, in his ryȝt fare;	which is followed up by the hounds.
1704	& he fyskeȝ hem by-fore, þay founden hym sone, & quen þay seghe hym with syȝt, þay sued hym fast, Wreȝande h[ym] ful [w]eterly with a wroth noyse; & he trantes & tornayeeȝ þurȝ mony tene greue;	They soon get sight of the game, and pursue him through many a rough grove.
1708	Hamlouneȝ, & herkeneȝ, bi heggeȝ ful ofte; At þe last bi a littel dich he lepeȝ ouer a spenné, Steleȝ out ful stilly bi a strothe rande, Went haf wylt of þe wode, with wyleȝ fro þe houndes,	[Fol. 114.] The fox at last leaps over a spinny, and by a rugged path seeks to get clear from the hounds.
1712	þenne watȝ he went, er he wyst, to ⁵ a wale tryster, þer þre þro at a þrich þrat hym at ones, al graye; He blenched aȝayn bilyue,	He comes upon one of the hunting stations, where he is attacked by the dogs. However, he slips them,
1716	& stifly start onstray, With alle þe wo on lyue, To þe wod he went away.	and makes again for the wood.

¹ MS. nnorsel. ² bi-forere, in MS. ³ casteȝ (?). ⁴ trayveres (?). ⁵ to
to, in MS.

XXIV.

1720	þenne watȝ hit lif vpon list to lyþen þe houndeȝ, When alle þe mute hade hym met, menged to-geder, Suche a sorȝe at þat syȝt þay sette on his hede, As alle þe clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes; Here he watȝ halawed, when hapeleȝ hym metten,	Then was it fine sport to listen to the hounds, and the hallooing of the hunters.
1724	Loude he watȝ ȝayned, with ȝarande speche; þer he watȝ þreted, & ofte þef called, & ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne myȝt; Ofte he watȝ runnen at, when he out rayked,	There the fox was threatened and called a thief.

1728	& ofte reled <i>in</i> azayn, so reniarde wat3 wylé. & 3e he lad hem bi lag, mon, þe lorde & his meyny; On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd, ouer, vnder, Whyle þe hende kny3t at home holsumly slepe3,	But Reynard was wily, and led them astray over mounts.
1732	With- <i>inne</i> þe comly cortynes, on þe colde morne. Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe, Ne þe purpose to payre, þat py3t <i>in</i> hir hert, Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder,	Meanwhile the knight at home soundly sleeps within his comely curtains.
1736	In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erpe, þat wat3 furred ful fyne <i>with</i> felle3, wel pured, No hwe3 goud on hir hede, bot þe hazer stones Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty <i>in</i> clusteres;	The lady of the castle, clothed in a rich mantle,
1740	Hir þryuen face & hir þrote þrowen al naked, Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke. Ho come3 <i>with-inne</i> þe chambre dore, & closes hit hir after,	her throat and bosom all bare, comes to Gawayne's chamber,
1744	Wayne3 ¹ vp a wyndow, & on þe wy3e calle3, & radly þus re-hayted hym, <i>with</i> hir riche worde3, <i>with</i> ² chere; "A! mon, how may þou slepe, Þis morning is so clere?"	opens a window, and says, "Ah! man, how canst thou sleep, [Fol. 114b.] this morning is so clear?"
1748	He wat3 <i>in</i> drowping depe, Bot þenne he con hir here.	

¹ wayue3(?). ² bi, à sec. manu.

XXV.

1752	In dre3 droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble, As mon þat wat3 <i>in</i> mornyng of mony þro þo3tes, How þat destiné schulde þat day [dy3t] his wyrde, At þe grene chapel, when he þe gome metes, & bi-houes his buffet abide, with-oute debate more; Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes, 1756 Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & sware3 <i>with</i> hast. þe lady luflych com lazande swete, Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly him kyssed; He welcume3 hir worpily, with a wale chere; 1760 He se3 hir so glorious, & gayly atyred, So fautles of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes, Wi3t wallande Ioye warmed his hert; With smobe smylyng & smolt þay smeten <i>in-to</i> merþe, 1764 þat al wat3 blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bi-twene, & wyne, þay lanced wordes gode, Much wele þen wat3 þer- <i>inne</i> , 1768 Gret <i>perile</i> bi-twene hem stod, Nif mare of hir kny3t mynne.	The knight was then dreaming of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel. He awakes and speaks to his fair visitor, who sweetly kisses him. Great joy warms the heart of Sir Gawayne, and "great peril between them stood."
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XXVI.

1772	For þat prynce of pris de-presed hym so þikke. Nurned hym so ne3e þe þred, þat nede hym bi-houed, Oþer lach þer hir luf, oþer lodly re-fuse; He cared for his cortaysye, lest craþayn he were, & more for his meschef, 3if he schulde make synne, & be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde a3t.	The knight is sorely pressed. He fears lest he should become a traitor to his host.
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- 1776 "God schylde," *quod* þe schalk, "þat schal not be-falle!"
With luf-lazýng a lyt, he layd hym by-syde
Alle þe speche3 of specialté þat sprange of her mouthe.
Quod þat burde to þe burne, "blame 3e disserue,
1780 3if 3e luf not þat lyf þat 3e lye nexte,
Bifore alle þe wy3e3 *in* þe worlde, wounded *in* hert,
Bot if 3e haf a lemman, a leuer, þat yow lyke3 better,
& folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde,
1784 þat yow lausen ne lyst, & þat I leue nouþe;
And þat 3e telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow,
For alle þe lufe3 vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe,
for gile."
1788 þe kny3t sayde, "be sayn Ion,"
& smeþely con he smyle,
"In fayth I welde ri3t non,
Ne non wil welde þe quile."

The lady inquire whether he has a mistress that he loves better than her.

[Fol. 115.]

Sir Gawayne swears by St. John that he neither has nor desires one.

XXVII.

- 1792 "þat is a worde," *quod* þat wy3t, "þat worst is of alle,
Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me þinkke3;
Kysse me now coraly, & I schal cach heþen,
I may bot mourne vpon molde, as may þat much louyes."
1796 Sykande ho swe3e doun, & semly hym kyssed,
& siþen ho seueres hym fro, & says as ho stondes,
"Now, dere, at þis de-partyng, do me þis ese,
Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if¹ hit were,
1800 þat I may mynne on þe mon, my mournyng to lassen."
"Now Iwysse," *quod* þat wy3e, "I wolde I hade here
þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,
For 3e haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte
1804 More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche my3t,
Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot naked;
Hit is not *your* honour to haf at þis tyme
A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawayne3 gifte3,
1808 & I am here [on] an erande *in* erde3 vncouþe,
& haue no men wyth no male3, *with* menskful þinge3;
þat mislyke3 me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,²
Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille,
1812 ne pine."
"Nay, hende of hy3e honours,"
Quod þat lufsum vnder lyne,
"Þa3 I hade o3t³ of youre3,
1816 3et schulde 3e haue of myne."

She then kisses him, sighing for sorrow.

She desires some gift,

by which to remember him.

Gawayne tells her that she is worthy of a better gift than he can bestow.

He has no men with mails containing precious things.

Then says that lovesome,

"Though I had nought of yours, yet should ye have of mine."

¹ of, in MS. ² tyne, in MS. ³ no3t (?).

XXVIII.

- Ho ra3t hym a riche rynk¹ of red golde werke3,
Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte,
þat bere blusschande beme3 as þe bry3t sunne;
1820 Wyt 3e wel, hit wat3 worth wele ful hoge.
Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde,
"I wil no gifte3 for gode, my gay, at þis tyme;

She offers him a gold ring,

but he refuses to accept it,

[Fol. 115b.]

as he has none to give in return.

	I haf none yow to norne, ne noȝt wyl I take."	
1824	Ho bede hit <i>hym</i> ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes, & swere swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese nolde; & ho sore þat he forsoke, & sayde þer-after, "If ȝe renay my rynk, to ryche for hit semeȝ,	Very sorrowful was that fair one on account of his refusal.
1828	Ȝe wolde not so hyȝly halden be to me, I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse."	
	Ho laȝt a lace lyȝtly, þat ² leke vmbe hir sydeȝ, Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle,	She takes off her "girdle,"
1832	Gered hit watȝ <i>with</i> grene sylke, & <i>with</i> golde schaped, Noȝt bot arounde brayden, beten <i>with</i> fyngreȝ; & þat ho bede to þe burne, & blybely bi-soȝt þaȝ hit vn-worþi were, þat he hit take wolde.	and beseeches him to take it.
1836	& he nay þat he nolde neghe <i>in</i> no wyse, Nauþer golde ne garysoun, er God <i>hym</i> <i>grace</i> sende, To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen þere. "& þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow noȝt,	Gawayne again refuses to accept anything,
1840	& letteȝ be <i>your</i> bisinesse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer to graunte; I am derely to yow biholde, Bi-cause of <i>your</i> semblaunt,	
1844	& euer <i>in</i> hot & colde To be <i>your</i> trwe seruauant.	but promises, "ever in hot and in cold, to be her true servant."

¹ ryng (?). ² þat þat, in MS.

XXIX.

	"Now forsake ȝe þis silke." sayde þe burde þenne, "For hit is symple <i>in</i> hit-self. & so hit wel semeȝ?	"Do you refuse it," says the lady, because it is simple?
1848	Lo! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worþy; Bot who-so knew þe costes þat knit ar þer-inne, He wolde hit prayse at more prys, parauenture; For quat gome so is gorde <i>with</i> þis grene lace,	Whoso knew the virtues that it possesses, would highly prize it. For he who is girded with this green lace,
1852	While he hit hade hemely halched aboute, þer is no hapel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat myȝt; For he myȝt not he slayn, for slyȝt vpon erþe." þen kest þe knyȝt, & hit come to his hert,	cannot be wounded or slain."
1856	Hit were a luel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged were, When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech; Myȝ ¹ he haf slypped to þe vn-slayn, þe sleȝt were noble. þenne ho þulged with hir þrepe, & þoled hir to speke,	The knight thinks of his adventure at the Green Chapel. The lady presses him to accept the lace. [Fol. 116.]
1860	& ho bere on hym þe belt, & bede hit hym swyþe, & he <i>granted</i> , & [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle, & bisoȝt hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer, Bot to lelly layne for ² hir lorde; þe leude hym acordeȝ.	He consents not only to take the girdle, but to keep the possession of it a secret.
1864	þat neuer wyȝe schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay twayne, for noȝte; He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe, Ful þro <i>with</i> hert & þoȝt.	
1868	Bi þat on þrynne syþe, He hatȝ kyst þe knyȝt so toȝt.	By that time the lady has kissed him thrice.

¹ myȝt (?). ² fro (?).

XXX.

- | | | |
|-------------|---|--|
| <p>1872</p> | <p>Thenne lachcheȝ ho hir leue, & leueȝ hym þere,
For more myrþe of þat mon moȝt ho not gete;
When ho¹ watȝ gon, <i>sir</i> G. gereȝ hym sone,
Rises, & riches hym <i>in</i> araye noble,
Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym raȝt,
Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde;
1876 Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye,
Preuely aproched to a prest, & prayed hym þere
Pat he wolde lyfte² his lyf, & lern hym better,
How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld seye heþen.
1880 þere he schrof hym schyrly, & schewed his mysdedeȝ,
Of þe more & þe mynne, & merci besecheȝ,
& of absolucioun he on þe segge calles;
& he asoyled hym surely, & sette hym so clene,
1884 As domeȝ-day schulde haf ben diȝt on þe morn.
& syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes,
<i>With</i> comlych caroles, & alle kynnes ioye,
As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk nyȝt,
1888 with blys;
 Vche mon hade daynte þare,
 Of hym, & sayde Iwysse,
 Þus myry he watȝ neuer are,
1892 Syn he com hider, er þis.</p> | <p>Then she takes her leave.

Gawayne then dresses himself,

and conceals the love-lace about his person.

He then hies to mass,

and shrives him of his misdeeds.

and prays for absolution.

He returns to the hall, and makes himself so merry among
the ladies,

with comely carols,

that they said,
"Thus merry was he never before since hither he came."</p> |
|-------------|---|--|

¹ he, in MS. ² lyste (?).

XXXI.

- | | | |
|-------------|--|--|
| <p>1896</p> | <p>Now hym lenge <i>in</i> þat lee, þer luf hym bi-tyde;
Ȝet is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes,
He hatȝ forfaren þis fox, þat he folȝed longe;
As he sprent ouer a spenné, to spye þe schrewe,
þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe,
Renaud com richchande þurȝ a roȝe greue,
& alle þe rabel <i>in</i> a res, ryȝt at his helez.
1900 þe wyȝe watȝ war of þe wylde, & warly abides,
& braydeȝ out þe bryȝt bronde, & at þe best casteȝ;
& he schunt for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered,
A rach rapes hym to, ryȝt er he myȝt,
1904 & ryȝt bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle,
& worried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse.
þe lorde lyȝteȝ bilyue, & cacheȝ by¹ sone,
Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes,
1908 Haldeȝ heȝe ouer his hede, haloweȝ faste,
& þer bayen hym mony bray² houndeȝ;
Huntes hyȝed hem þeder, <i>with</i> horneȝ ful mony,
Ay re-chatande aryȝt til þay þe renk seȝen;
1912 Bi þat watȝ comen his compeyny noble,
Alle þat euer ber bugle blowed at ones,
& alle þise oper halowed, þat hade no hornes,
Hit watȝ þe myriest mute þat euer <i>men</i> herde,
1916 þe rich rurd þat þer watȝ raysed for renaude saule,
 <i>with</i> lote;</p> | <p>Gawayne's host is still in the field.

He has destroyed the fox.

[Fol. 116b.]
He spied Reynard coming through a "rough grove,"

and tried to hit him with his sword.

The fox "shunts," and is seized by one of the dogs.

The lord takes him out of the hound's mouth.

Hunters hasten thither with horns full many.

It was the merriest meet that ever was heard.

The hounds are rewarded,</p> |
|-------------|--|--|

1920 Hor houndez þay þer rewarde,
Her³ hede3 þay fawne & frote,
& syþen þay tan reynarde,
& tyrnen of his cote.

and then they take Reynard and "turn off his coat."

¹ hym (?). ² brap (?). ³ Her her, in MS.

XXXII.

1924 & þenne þay helden to home, for hit wat3 nie3 ny3t,
Strakande ful stoutly in hor store horne3;
þe lorde is ly3t at þe laste at hys lef home,
Fynde3 fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side,
Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad wat3 with alle,
Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioie,
1928 He were a bleaunt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erþe,
His surkot semed hym wel, þat softe wat3 forred,
& his hode of þat ilke hinged on his schulder,
Blande al of blaunner were boþe al aboute.
1932 He mete3 me þis god mon in mydde3 þe flore,
& al with gomen he hym gret, & goudly he sayde,
"I schal fylle vpon fyrst oure forwarde3 nouþe,
þat we spedly han spoken, þer spared wat3 no drynk;"
1936 þen acoles he [þe] kny3t, & kysses hym þryes,
As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette couþe.
"Bi Kryst," quod þat oþer kny3t, "3e cach much sele,
In cheuisaunce of þis chaffer, 3if 3e hade goud chepe3."
1940 "3e of þe chepe no charg," quod chefly þat oþer,
"As is pertly payed þe chepe3 þat I a3te."
"Mary," quod þat oþer mon, "myn is bi-hynde,
For I haf hunted al þis day, & no3t haf I geten,
1944 Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe gode3,
& þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þinges,
As 3e haf þry3t me here, þro suche þre cosses,
so gode."
1948 "I-no3," quod sir Gawayn,
"I þonk yow, bi þe rode;"
& how þe fox wat3 slayn,
He tolde hym, as þay stode.

The hunters then hasten home.

The lord at last alights at his dear home,

where he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies.

The knight comes forward and welcomes his host,

[Fol. 117.]

and according to covenant kisses him thrice.

(See l. 1868.)

"By Christ," says the other, "ye have had much bliss!"

I have hunted all day and have gotten nothing,
but the skin of this foul fox,
a poor reward for three such kisses."

He then tells him how the fox was slain.

XXXIII.

1952 With merþe & mynstralsye, wyth mete3 at hor wylle,
þay maden as mery as any men mo3ten,
With la3yng of ladies, with lote3 of bordes;
Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe,
1956 Bot if þe douthe had doted, oþer dronken ben oþer,
Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iape3,
Til þe sesoun wat3 se3en, þat þay seuer moste;
Burne3 to hor bedde be-houed at þe laste.
1960 þenne lo3ly his leue at þe lorde fyrst
Fochche3 þis fre mon, & fayre he hym þonkke3;
"Of such a sellyly¹ soiorne, as I haf hade here,
Your honour, at þis hy3e fest, þe hy3e kyng yow 3elde!
1964 I 3ef yow me for on of youre3, if yowre-self lyke3,
For I mot nedes, as 3e wot, meue to morne;

With much mirth and minstrelsy they made merry,

until the time came for them to part.

Gawayne takes leave of his host.

and thanks him for his happy "sojourn."

	& 3e me take <i>sum</i> tolke, to teche, as 3e hyȝt, þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer	He asks for a man to teach him the way to the Green Chapel.
1968	To dele, on <i>nwȝereȝ</i> day, þe dome of my wyrdes." "In god fayþe," <i>quod</i> þe god mon. "wyth a goud wylle; Al þat euer I yow hyȝt, halde schal I rede."	
1972	þer asyngnes he a seruaunt, to sett <i>hym</i> in þe waye, & coundue <i>hym</i> by þe downeȝ, þat he no drechch had, For to f[e]rk þurȝ þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest, bi greue.	A servant is assigned to him, [Fol. 117b.]
1976	þe lorde Gawayn con þonk, Such worchip he wolde <i>hym</i> weue; þen at þo ladyeȝ wlonk. þe knyȝt hatȝ tan his leue.	and then he takes leave of the ladies,
	¹ selly (?).	

XXXIV.

1980	With care & wyth kyssyng he carppeȝ hem tille, & fele þryuande þonkkeȝ he þrat hom to haue, & þay ȝelden <i>hym</i> aȝay[n] ȝeply þat ilk; þay bikende <i>hym</i> to Kryst, <i>with</i> ful colde sykynges.	kissing them sorrowfully.
1984	Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly de-partes; Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke, For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne, þat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute <i>hym</i> to serue; & vche segge as sore, to seuer <i>with</i> <i>hym</i> þere,	They commend him to Christ. He then departs, thanking each one he meets "for his service and solace."
1988	As þay hade wonde worþyly <i>with</i> þat wlonk euer. þen <i>with</i> ledes & lyȝt he watȝ ladde to his chambre, & blybely broȝt to his bedde, to be at his rest; ȝif he ne slepe soundyly, say ne dar I,	He retires to rest but sleeps but little,
1992	For he hade muche on þe morn to mynne, ȝif he wolde, in þoȝt; Let <i>hym</i> lyȝe þere stille, He hatȝ ¹ nere þat he soȝt, 1996 & ȝe wyl a whyle be styлле, I schal telle yow how þay wroȝt.	for much has he to think of on the morrow. Let him there lie still. Be still awhile, and I shall tell how they wrought.
	¹ watȝ (?).	

[FYTTE THE FOURTH.]

I.

2000	Now neȝeȝ þe <i>nwȝere</i> , & þe nyȝt passeȝ, þe day dryueȝ to þe derk, as dryȝtyn biddeȝ; Bot wylde wedereȝ of þe worlde wakned þeroute, Clowdes kesten kenly þe colde to þe erþe, Wyth nyȝe ¹ in-noghe of þe norþe, þe naked to tene; þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snayped þe wylde;	New Year's Day approaches. The weather is stormy.
2004	þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hyȝe, & drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete. þe leude lystened ful wel, þat leȝ in his bedde, þaȝ he lowkeȝ his liddeȝ, ful lyttel he slespes;	Snow falls. The dales are full of drift.
2008	Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen.	Gawayne in his bed hears each cock that crows.

	De-liuerly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged, For þere wat3 ly3t of a lau[m]pe, þat lemed <i>in</i> his <i>chambre</i> ; He called to his chamberlayn, þat cofly hym swared, 2012 & bede hym bryng hym his bruny, & his blonk sadel; þat oþer ferke3 hym vp, & feche3 hym his wede3, & grayþe3 me <i>sir</i> Gawayn vpon a grett wyse. Fyrst he clad hym <i>in</i> his cloþe3, þe colde for to were; 2016 & syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely wat3 keped, Boþe his paunce, & his plate3, piked ful clene, þe rynges ² rokked of þe roust, of his riche bruny; & al wat3 fresch as vpon fyrst, & he wat3 fayn þenne 2020 to þonk; He hade vpon vche pece, Wypped ful wel & wlonk; þe gayest <i>in</i> to Grece, 2024 þe burne bede bryng his blonk.	[Fol. 118.] He calls for his chamberlain, and bids him bring him his armour. Men knock off the rust from his rich habergeon. The knight then calls for his steed.
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¹ nywe (?). ² rynke3 (?).

II.

	Why le þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen; His cote, wyth be conysaunce of þe clere werke3, Ennurned vpon veluet <i>vertuuous</i> ¹ stone3, 2028 Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded seme3, & fayre furred <i>with-inne</i> wyth fayre pelures. 3et laft he not þe lace, þe ladie3 gifte, þat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of hym-seluen; 2032 Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his bal3e haunche3, þenn dressed he his drurye double hym aboute; Swyþe swepled vmbe his swange swetely, þat kny3t, þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed, 2036 Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat ryche wat3 to schewe. Bot wered not þis ilk wy3e for wele þis gordel, For pryde of þe pendaunte3, þa3 polyst þay were, & þa3 þe glyterande golde glent vpon ende3, 2040 Bot forto sauē hym-self, when suffer hym by-houed, To byde bale <i>with-out</i> e dabate, of bronde hym to were, oþer knyffe; Bi þat þe bolde mon boun, 2044 Wynne3 þeroute bilyue, Alle þe meyny of renoun, He þonkke3 ofte ful ryue.	While he clothed himself in his rich weeds, he forgot not the "lace," the lady's gift, but with it doubly girded his loins. He wore it not for its rich ornaments, "but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer." All the renowned assembly he thanks full oft.
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¹ *vertuous* (?).

III.

	Thenne wat3 Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret wat3 & huge, 2048 & hade ben soiourned sauerly, & <i>in</i> a siker wyse, Hym lyst prik for poynt, þat proude hors þenne; þe wy3e wyne3 hym to, & wyte3 on his lyre, & sayde soberly hym-self, & by his soth swere3, 2052 "Here is a meyny <i>in</i> þis mote, þat on menske þenkke3, þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot þay haue; þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde;	[Fol. 118b.] Then was Gringolet arrayed, full ready to prick on. Gawayne returns thanks for the honour and kindness shown to him by all.
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2056	3if þay for charyté cherysen a gest, & halden honour <i>in</i> her honde, þe hæpel hem zelde, þat haldeþ þe heuen vpon hyȝe, & also yow alle! & 3if I myȝt lyf vpon londe lede any quyle, I schuld rech yow <i>sum</i> rewarde redyly, if I myȝt."	
2060	Þenn steppeþ he <i>in-to</i> stirop, & strydeþ alofte; His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder he hit laȝt, Gordeþ to Gryngolet, <i>with</i> his gilt heleȝ, & he starteþ on þe ston, stod he no lenger,	He then steps into his saddle, and "starts on the stone" without more delay.
2064	to praunce; His hæpel on hors watȝ þenne, þat bere his spere & launce. "Þis kastel to Kryst I kenne, He gef hit ay god chaunce!"	"This castle to Christ I commend; may he give it ever good chance!"

IV.

2072	The brygge watȝ brayde doun, & þe brode ȝateȝ Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boþe halue; Þe burne blessed hym bilyue, & þe bredeȝ passed; Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled, Gef hym God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue; & went on his way, <i>with</i> his wyȝe one, þat schulde teche hym to <i>tourne</i> to þat tene place, Þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue.	The gates are soon opened. The knight passes thereout, and goes on his way accompanied by his guide.
2076	Þay boȝen bi bonkkeȝ, þer boȝeȝ ar bare, Þay clomben bi clyffeȝ, þer clengeȝ þe colde; Þe heuen watȝ vp halt, bot vgly þer vnder,	They climb by cliffs,
2080	Mist mugged on þe mor, malt on þe mounteȝ, Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge; Brokeȝ byled, & breke, bi bonkkeȝ aboute, Schyre schaterande on schoreȝ, þer þay doun schowued.	where each "hill had a hat and a mist-cloak,"
2084	Welawylle watȝ þe way, þer þay bi wod schulden, Til hit watȝ sone sesoun, þat þe sunne ryses, þat tyde; Þay were on a hille ful hyȝe, Þe quyte snaw lay bisyde; Þe burne þat rod hym by Bede his mayster abide.	[Fol. 119.] until daylight. They were then on a "hill full high." The servant bade his master abide, saying,

V.

2092	"For I haf women yow hider, wyȝe, at þis tyme, & now nar ȝe not fer fro þat note place, þat ȝe han spied & spuryed so specially after; Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe, & ȝe ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,	"I have brought you hither, ye are not now far from the noted place.
2096	Wolde ȝe worch bi my wytte, ȝe worþed þe better. Þe place þat ȝe prece to, ful perelous is halden; Þer woneȝ a wyȝe <i>in</i> þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe; For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies, & more he is þen any mon vpon myddelerde,	Full perilous is it esteemed. The lord of that 'waste' is stiff and stern.
2100	& his body bigger þen þe best fowre. þat ar <i>in</i> Arpureȝ hous, Hestor ¹ oþer oþer. He cheueȝ þat chaunce at þe chapel grene; Þer passes non bi þat place, so proude <i>in</i> his armes,	His body is bigger 'than the best four in Arthur's house.'
2104		None passes by the Green Chapel, 'that he does not ding to death with dint of his hand.'

- þat he ne dynneþ hym to deþe, *with* dynt of his honde;
 For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses,
 For he hit chorle, *oper* chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel rydes,
 2108 Monk, *oper* masse-prest, *oper* any mon elles,
 Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go hym seluen.
 For-þy I say þe as soþe as 3e *in* sadel sitte,
 Com 3e þere, 3e be kyllled, [I] may þe knyzt rede,
 2112 Trawe 3e me þat trwely, þa3 3e had twenty lyues
 to spende;
 He hat3 wonyd here ful 3ore,
 On bent much baret bende,
 2116 A3ayn his dynte3 sore,
 3e may not yow defende."

For be it churl or chaplain, monk, mass-priest, 'or any man else,' he kills them all.

He has lived there full long.

Against his dints sore ye may not defend you.

¹ Hector (?).

VI.

- "For-þy, goude *sir* Gawayn, let þe gome one,
 & got3 a-way sum *oper* gate; vpon Godde3 halue;
 2120 Cayre3 bi sum *oper* kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede;
 & I schal hy3 me hom a3ayn, & hete yow fyrre,
 þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode hal3e3,
 As help me God & þe halydam, & oþe3 *in*-noghe,
 2124 þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale,
 þat euer 3e fondet to fle, for freke þat I wyst."
 "Grant merci;" *quod* Gawayn, & gruchyng he sayde,
 "Wel worth þe wy3e, þat wolde3 my gode,
 2128 & þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou wolde3!
 Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed,
 Founded for ferde for to fle, *in fourme* þat þou telle3,
 I were a knyzt kowarde, I myzt not¹ be excused.
 2132 Bot I wyl to þe chapel, for chaunce þat may falle,
 & talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste,
 Worþe hit wele, *oper* wo, as þe wyrde lyke3
 hit hafe;
 2136 Þa3e he be a sturn knape,
 To stiztel, &² stad *with* staue,
 Ful wel con dryztyn schape,
 His seruante3 forto saue."

Wherefore, good Sir Gawayne, let this man alone.

Go by some other region,

[Fol. 119b.]
I swear by God and all His saints, that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne replies that to shun this danger would mark him as a "coward knight."

To the Chapel, therefore, he will go,

though the owner thereof were a stern knave.

"Full well can God devise his servants for to save."

¹ mot, in MS. ² & &, in MS.

VII.

- 2140 "Mary!" *quod* þat *oper* mon, "now þou so much spelle3,
 þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þy-seluen,
 & þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe;
 Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere *in* þi honde,
 2144 & ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi 3on rokke syde,
 Til þou be brozt to þe boþem of þe brem valay;
 Þenne loke a littel on þe launde, on þi lyfte honde,
 & þou schal se *in* þat slade þe self chapel,
 2148 & þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepe3.
 Now fare3 wel on Gode3 half, Gawayn þe noble,
 For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go with þe,

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life,

take thy helmet on thy head, and thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side,

till thou come to the bottom of the valley;

look a little to the left,

and thou shalt see the Chapel itself and the man that guards it."

- Ne bere þe felazschip þurȝ þis fryth on fote fyrre."
 2152 Bi þat þe wyȝe *in* þe wod wendeȝ his brydel,
 Hit þe hors *with* þe heleȝ, as harde as he myȝt,
 Lepeȝ *hym* ouer þe launde, & leueȝ þe knyȝt þere,
 al one.
- 2156 "Bi Goddeȝ self," *quod* Gawayn,
 "I wyl nauȝer grete ne grone,
 To Goddeȝ wyll I am ful bayn,
 & to *hym* I haf me tone."

Having thus spoken the guide takes leave of the knight.

"By God's self," says Sir Gawayne, "I will neither weep nor groan.

To God's will I am full ready."

VIII.

- 2160 Thenne gyrdeȝ he to Gryngolet, & gedereȝ þe rake,
 Schowueȝ *in* bi a schore, at a schaze syde,
 Rideȝ þurȝ þe roȝe bonk, ryȝt to þe dale;
 & þenne he wayted *hym* aboute, & wylde hit *hym* þoȝt,
 2164 & seȝe no syngne of resette, bisydeȝ nowhere,
 Bot hyȝe bonkkeȝ & brent, vpon boȝe halue,
 & ruȝe knokled knarreȝ, *with* knorned stoneȝ;
 Þe skweȝ of þe scowtes skayued¹ *hym* þoȝt.
- 2168 Þenne he houed, & wyth-hylde his hors at þat tyde,
 & ofte chaunged his cher, þe chapel to seche;
 He seȝ non suche *in* no syde, & selly *hym* þoȝt,
 Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];
- 2172 A balȝ berȝ, bi a bonke, þe brymme by-syde,
 Bi a forȝ of a flode, þat ferked þare;
 Þe borne blubred þer-inne, as hit boyled hade.
 Þe knyȝt kacheȝ his caple, & com to þe lawe,
- 2176 Liȝteȝ doun luflyly, & at a lynde tacheȝ
 Þe rayne, & his riche, with a roȝe braunche;
 Þen[n]e he boȝeȝ to þe berȝe, aboute hit he walke,
 D[e]batande *with* *hym*-self, quat hit be myȝt.
- 2180 Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayȝer syde,
 & ouer-grown *with* gresse *in* glodes ay where,
 & al watȝ holȝ *in-with*, nobot an olde caue,
 Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he coupe hit noȝt deme
- 2184 *with* spelle,
 "We,² lorde," *quod* þe gentyle knyȝt,
 "Wheȝer þis be þe grene chapelle;
 He myȝt aboute myd-nyȝt,
 2188 [Þ]e dele his matynnes telle!"

[Fol. 120.]

Then he pursues his journey,

rides through the dale, and looks about.

He sees no sign of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks.

No chapel could he discern.

At last he sees a hill by the side of a stream;

thither he goes,

alights and fastens his horse to a branch of a tree.

He walks around the hill, debating with himself what it might be,

and at last finds an old cave in the crag.

He prays that about midnight he may tell his matins.

¹ skayned (?). ² wel (?).

IX.

- "Now i-wysse," *quod* Wowayn, "wysty is here;
 Þis oritore is vgly, *with* erbeȝ ouer-grown;
 Wel bisemeȝ þe wyȝe wruxled *in* grene
- 2192 Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deueleȝ wyȝe;
 Now I fele hit is þe fende, *in* my fyue wytteȝ,
 Þat hatȝ stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here;
 Þis is a chapel of meschaunce, þat chekke hit by-tyde,
- 2196 Hit is þe corsesdest kyrk, þat euer i com inne!"
 With heȝe helme on his hede, his launce *in* his honde,
 He romeȝ vp to þe rokke of þo roȝe woneȝ;

"Truly," says Sir Gawayne, "a desert is here,

a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions in devil fashion.'

It is most cursed kirk that ever I entered."

[Fol. 120b.]

Roaming about he hears a loud noise,

- 2200 þene herde he of þat hyȝe hil, *in* a harde roche,
 Biȝonde þe broke, *in* a bonk, a wonder breme noyse,
 Quat! hit clatered *in* þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde,
 As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syþe;
 What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne,
 2204 What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here.
 Þenne "bi Godde," *quod* Gawayn, "þat gere as¹ I trowe,
 Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete,
 bi rote;
 2208 Let God worche we loo,
 Hit helpeþ me not a mote,
 My lif þaȝ I for-goo,
 Drede dotȝ me no lote."

¹ at, in MS.

X.

- 2212 Thenne þe knyȝt con calle ful hyȝe,
 "Who stiȝtleȝ *in* þis sted, me steuen to holde?
 For now is gode Gawayn goande ryȝt here,
 If any wyȝe oȝt wyl wyne hider fast,
 2216 Oþer now, oþer neuer, his nedeȝ to spede."
 "Abyde," *quod* on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his hede,
 "& þou schal haf al *in* hast, þat I þe hyȝt ones."
 Ȝet he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe,
 2220 & wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde lyȝt;
 & syþen he keuereȝ bi a cragge, & comeȝ of a hole,
 Whyrlande out of a wro, wyth a felle weppen,
 A deneȝ ax nwe dyȝt, þe dynt *with* [t]o ȝelde
 2224 *With* a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme,
 Fyled *in* a fylor, fowre fote large,
 Hit watȝ no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bryȝt.
 & þe gome *in* þe erene gered as fyrst,
 2228 Boþe þe lyre & þe leggeȝ, lokkeȝ, & berde,
 Saue þat fayre on his fote he foundeȝ on þe erþe,
 Sette þe stele to þe stone, & stalked bysyde.
 When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde,
 2232 He hypped ouer on hys ax, & orpedly strydeȝ,
 Bremly brope on a bent, þat brode watȝ a-boute,
 on snawe.
 Sir Gawayn þe knyȝt con mete.
 2236 He ne lutte hym no þyng lowe,
 Þat oþer sayde, "now, *sir* swete,
 Of steuen mon may þe trowe."

XI.

- 2240 "Gawayn," *quod* þat grene gome, "God þe mot loke!
 I-wysse þou art welcom,¹ wyȝe, to my place,
 & þou hatȝ tyled þi trauayl as *true*² mon schulde;
 & þou knoweȝ þe couenaunteȝ kest *vus* by-twene,
 At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled,
 2244 & I schulde at þis nwe ȝere ȝeþly þe quyte.
 & we ar *in* þis valay, verayly oure one,

	Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as <i>vus</i> likeȝ;	
	Haf þy ³ helme of þy hede, & haf here þy pay;	Have off thy helmet and take thy pay at once."
2248	Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þenne, "When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one."	
	"Nay, bi God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þat me gost lante, I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat falleȝ;	"By God," quoth Sir Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will."
2252	Botstyȝtel þe vpon on strok, & I schal stonde styлле, & warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lykeȝ, no whare."	
	He lened <i>with</i> þe nek, & lutte,	Then he shows his bare neck,
2256	& schewed þat schyre al bare, & lette as he noȝt dutte, For drede he wolde not dare.	and appears undaunted.

¹ welcon, in MS. ² truee in MS. ³ MS. þy þy.

XII.

	Then þe gome in þe grene grayþed hym swyþe,	Then the man in green seizes his grim tool.
2260	Gedereȝ yp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte; <i>With</i> alle þe bur in his body he ber hit on lofte, Munt as maȝtyly, as marre hym he wolde;	With all his force he raises it aloft.
	Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dreȝ as he atled,	
2264	þer hade ben ded of his dynt, þat doȝty watȝ euer. Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte hym bysyde, As hit com glydande adoun, on glode hym to schende,	As it came gliding down, Sir Gawayne shrank a little with his shoulders.
	& schranke a lytel <i>with</i> þe schulderes, for þe scharp yrne.	
2268	þat oþer schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wythhaldeȝ, & þenne repreued he þe prynce <i>with</i> mony prowde wordeȝ: "þou art not Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe gome, "þat is so goud haldeȝ,	The other reproved him, saying, "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed,
	þat neuer arȝed for no here, by hylle ne be vale,	
2272	& now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harmeȝ; Such cowardise of þat knyȝt cowþe I neuer here. Nawþer fyked I, ne flaȝe, freke, quen þou myntest, Ne kest no kaulacion, in kynȝeȝ hous Arthor,	[Fol. 121b.] for thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm. I never flinched when thou struckest.
	My hede flaȝ to my fote, & ȝet flaȝ I neuer;	My head flew to my foot, yet I never fled,
2276	& þou, er any harme hent, arȝeȝ in hert, Wherefore þe better burne me burde be called þer-fore."	wherefore I ought to be called the better man."
2280	<i>Quod</i> G:; "I schunt oneȝ, & so wyl I no more, Bot paȝ my hede falle on þe stoneȝ, I con not hit restore.	"I shunted once," says Gawayne, "but will no more.

XIII.

2284	Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, & bryng me to þe poynt, Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde, For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more, Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe."	Bring me to the point; deal me my destiny at once."
2288	"Haf at þe þenne," <i>quod</i> þat oþer, & heueȝ hit alofte, & wayteȝ as wroþely, as he wode were; He mynteȝ at hym maȝtyly, bot not þe mon ryueȝ, ¹ With-helde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt myȝt.	"Have at thee, then," says the other. With that he aims at him a blow.
2292	Gawayn grayþely hit bydeȝ, & glent <i>with</i> no membre, Bot stode styлле as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer,	Gawayne never flinches, but stands as still as a stone.

- 2296 þat rapeled is *in* roche grounde, *with* roteȝ a hundreth.
 þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon *in* þe grene,
 "So now þou hatȝ þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]s;
 Halde þe now þe hyȝe hode, þat Arþur þe raȝt,
 & kepe þy kanel at þis kest, ȝif hit keuer may."
 G: ful gryndelly *with* greme þenne sayde,
 2300 "Wy þresch on, þou þro mon, þou þreteȝ to longe,
 I hope þat þi hert arȝe wyth þyn awen seluen."
 "For soþe," *quod* þat oþer freke, "so felly þou spekeȝ,
 I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde,
 2304 riȝt nowe."
 þenne tas he² hym stryþe to stryke,
 & frounses boþe lyppe & browe,
 No meruayle þaȝ hym myslyke,
 2308 þat hoped of no rescowe.

"Now," says the Green Knight, "I must hit thee, since thy heart is whole."

"Thrash on," says the other.

Then the Green Knight makes ready to strike.

¹ ? *ryneȝ* = touches. ² he he, in MS.

XIV.

- He lyftes lyȝtly his lome, & let hit down fayre,
With þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek
 þaȝ he homered heterly, hurt hym no more,
 2312 Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde;
 þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þurȝ þe schyre grece,
 þat þe schene blod *over* his schulderes schot to þe erþe.
 & quen þe burne seȝ þe blode blenk on þe snawe,
 2316 He sprit forth *spenne* fote more þen a spere lenþe,
 Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast,
 Schot *with* his schuldereȝ his fayre schelde vnder,
 Braydeȝ out a bryȝt sworde, & bremely he spekeȝ;
 2320 Neuer syn þat he watȝ burne borne of his moder,
 Watȝ he neuer *in* þis worlde, wyȝe half so blyþe:—
 "Blynne, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo;
 I haf a stroke *in* þis sted *with*-oute stryȝf hent,
 2324 & if þow recheȝ me any mo, I redyly schal quyte,
 & ȝelde ȝederly aȝayn, & þer to ȝe tryst,
 & foo;
 Bot on stroke here me falleȝ,
 2328 þe couenaunt schop ryȝt so,
 [Sikered]¹ in Arþureȝ halleȝ,
 & þer-fore, hende, now hoo!"

He let fall his loom on the bare

[Fol. 122.]
neck of Sir Gawayne.

The sharp weapon pierced the flesh so that the blood flowed.

When the knight saw the blood on the snow,

he unsheathed his sword, and thus spake:

"Cease, man, of thy blow.

If thou givest me any more, readily shall I requite thee.

Our agreement stipulates only one stroke."

¹ Illegible.

XV.

- The hapel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested,
 2332 Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to be scharp lened,
 & loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde ȝede,
 How þat doȝty dredles deruely þer stondeȝ,
 Armed ful aȝleȝ; *in* hert hit hym lykeȝ.
 2336 þenn he meleȝ muryly, wyth a much steuen,
 & wyth a r[a]lykande rurde he to þe renk sayde,
 "Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel;
 No mon here vn-manerly þe mys-boden habbe,

The Green Knight rested on his axe,

looked on Sir Gawayne, who appeared bold and fearless,

and addressed him as follows: "Bold knight, be not so wroth,

2340	Ne kyd, bot as couenaunde, at kyngeȝ kort schaped; I hyȝt þe a strok, & þou hit hatȝ, halde þe wel payed, I relece þe of þe remnaunt, of ryȝtes alle oþer; ȝif ¹ I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunter,	I promised thee a stroke and thou hast it, be satisfied.
2344	I couþe wroþeloker haf waret, [&] to þe haf wroȝt anger. ² Fyrst I mansed þe murly, <i>with</i> a mynt one, & roue þe wyth no rof, sore <i>with</i> ryȝt I þe profered, For þe forwarde that we fest <i>in</i> þe fyrst nyȝt,	² could have dealt worse with thee. I menaced thee with one blow for the covenant [Fol. 122b.] between us on the first night.
2348	& þou trystly þe trawþe & trwly me haldeȝ, Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon shulde; þat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered, þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cosseȝ me raȝteȝ,	Another I aimed at thee because thou kissedst my wife.
2352	For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes, boute scape; Trwe mon trwe restore, þenne þar mon drede no waþe;	A true man should restore truly, and then he need fear no harm.
2356	At þe þrid þou fayled þore, & þer-for þat tappe ta þe.	Thou failedst at the third time, and therefore take thee that tap. (See l. 1861.)

¹ uf, in MS. ² This word is doubtful.

XVI.

	For hit is my wede þat þou wereȝ, þat ilke wouen girdel, Myn owen wyf hit þe weued, I wot wel forsoþe;	For my weed (woven by my wife) thou wearest.
2360	Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als, & þe wowyng of my wyf, I wroȝt hit myseluen; I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkkeȝ, On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote ȝede;	I know thy kisses and my wife's wooing. I sent her to try thee, and faultless I found thee.
2364	As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more, So is Gawayn, <i>in</i> god fayth, bi oþer gay knyȝteȝ. Bot here you lakked a lyttel, <i>sir</i> , & lewte yow wanted, Bot þat watȝ for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauþer,	But yet thou sinnedst a little, for love of thy life."
2368	Bot for ȝe lufed <i>your</i> lyf, þe lasse I yow blame." þat oþer stif mon <i>in</i> study stod a gret whyle; So agreued for greme he gryed <i>with-inne</i> , Alle þe blode of his brest blende <i>in</i> his face,	Gawayne stands confounded.
2372	þat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked. þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,— "Corsed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe! <i>In</i> yow is vylany & vyse, þat vertue disstryeȝ."	"Cursed," he says, "be cowardice and covetousness both!"
2376	þenne he kaȝt to þe knot, & þe kest lawseȝ, Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen: "Lo! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle! For care of þy knokke cowardyse me taȝt	Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight. He curses his cowardice,
2380	To a-corde me <i>with</i> couetyse, my kynde to for-sake, þat is larges & lewte, þat longeȝ to knyȝteȝ. Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer; Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sorȝe	and confesses himself to have been guilty of untruth.
2384	& care! I bi-knowe yow, knyȝt, here styлле, Al fawty is my fare, Leteȝ me ouer-take <i>your</i> wylle,	[Fol. 123.]
2388	& efle I schal be ware."	

XVII.

<p>Thenne loȝe þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde, "I halde hit hardily¹ hole, þe harme þat I hade; þou art confessed so clene, be-knownen of þy mysses, 2392 & hatȝ þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge, I halde þe polysed of þat plyȝt, & pured as clene, As þou hadeȝ neuwer forfeȝed, syþen þou watȝ fyrst borne. & I gif þe, <i>sir</i>, þe gurdel þat is golde hemmed; 2396 For hit is grene as my goune, <i>sir</i> G:, ȝe maye þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þryngeȝ Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous knyȝteȝ; 2400 & ȝe schal <i>in</i> þis nwe ȝer aȝayn to my woneȝ, & we schyn reuel þe remnaunt of þis ryche fest, ful bene." Per laȝed hym fast þe lorde, 2404 & sayde, "<i>with</i> my wyf, I wene, We schal yow wel acorde, þat watȝ <i>your</i> enmy kene."</p>	<p>Then the other, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou art confessed so clean, that I hold thee as pure as if thou hadst never been guilty. I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle, as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come again to my abode, and abide there for the remainder of the festival."</p>
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¹ hardilyly, in MS.

XVIII.

<p>"Nay, for soþe," <i>quod</i> þe segge, & sesed hys helme, 2408 & hatȝ hit of hendely, & þe hapel þonkkeȝ, "I haf soioȝned sadly, sele yow bytyde, & he ȝelde hit yow ȝare, þat ȝarkkeȝ al <i>menskes</i>! & comaundeȝ me to þat cortays, <i>your</i> comlych fere, 2412 Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladyeȝ. þat þus hor knyȝt wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled. Bot hit is no ferly, þaȝ a fole madde, & þurȝ wyles of <i>wymmen</i> be wonen to sorȝe; 2416 For so watȝ Adam <i>in</i> erde <i>with</i> one bygyled, & Salamon <i>with</i> fele sere, & Samson eft soneȝ, Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde, & Dauyth þer-after Watȝ blended <i>with</i> Barsabe, þat much bale þoled. 2420 Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a <i>wynne</i> huge, To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat couþe, For þes wer forme¹ þe freest þat folȝed alle þe sele, Ex-ellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuen-ryche, 2424 þat mused; & alle þay were bi-wyled, With² <i>wymmen</i> þat þay vsed, þaȝ I be now bigyled, 2428 Me þink me burde be excused."</p>	<p>"Nay, forsooth," says Gawayne, "I have sojourned sadly, but bliss betide thee! Commend me to your comely wife and that other lady who have beguiled me. But it is no marvel for a man to be brought to grief through a woman's wiles. Adam, Solomon, Samson, and David were beguiled by women. How could a man love them and believe them not? [Fol. 123b.] Though I be now beguiled, methinks I should be excused.</p>
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¹ forme (?) ² with wyth, in MS.

XIX.

<p>"Bot <i>your</i> gordel," <i>quod</i> G: "God yow for-ȝelde! þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe <i>wynne</i> golde, Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes, 2432 For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkkeȝ, Bot <i>in</i> syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte;</p>	<p>But God reward you for your girdle. I will wear it in remembrance of my fault.</p>
--	--

- When I ride *in renoun*, remorde to myseluen
 þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed,
 2436 How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylþe;
 & þus, quen pryde schal me pryk, for prowes of armes,
 þe loke to þis luf lace schal leþe my hert.
 Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer;
 2440 Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde[r] londe, þer I haf lent *inne*,
 Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow 3elde
 þat vp-halde3 þe heuen, & on hy3 sitte3,—
 How norne 3e yowre ry3t nome, & þenne no more?"
 2444 "þat schal I telle þe trwly," *quod* þat oþer þenne,
 "Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat *in* þis londe,
 þur3 my3t of Morgne la Faye, þat *in* my hous lenges,
 &¹ koyntyse of clergie, bi craftes wel lerned,
 2448 þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho² taken;
 For ho hat3 dalt drwry ful dere *sum* tyme,
 With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle *your* kny3te3
 at hame;
 2452 Morgne þe goddes,
 þer-fore hit is hir name;
 Welde3 non so hy3e hawtesse,
 þat ho ne con make ful tame.

And when pride shall prick me,
 a look to this lace shall abate it.

But tell me your right name and I shall have done."

The Green Knight replies, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fey, the pupil of Merlin.

She can tame even the haughtiest.

¹ in (?). ² ho hat3 (?).

XX.

- 2456 Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to *your* wynne halle,
 For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were,
 þat remnes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table;
 Ho wayned me þis wonder, *your* wytte3 to reue,
 2460 For to haf greued Gaynour, & gart hir to dy3e.
 With gopnyng¹ of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych speked,
 With his hede *in* his honde, bifore þe hy3e table.
 þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady;
 2464 Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arþure3 half suster,
 þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere *Vter* after
 Hade Arþur vpon, þat ap̃el is nowþe.
 þerfore I eþe þe, hap̃el, to com to þy naunt,
 2468 Make myry *in* my hous, my meny þe louies,
 & I wol þe as wel, wy3e, bi my faythe,
 As any gome vnder God, for þy grete trauþe."
 & he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes;
 2472 þay acolen & kyssen, [bikennen] ayþer oþer
 To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ry3t þere,
 on coolde;
 Gawayn on blonk ful bene,
 2476 To þe kynge3 bur3 buske3 bolde,
 & þe kny3t *in* þe enker grene,
 Whider-warde so euer he wolde.

It was she who caused me to test the renown of the Round Table,

[Fol. 124.]
 hoping to grieve Guenever and cause her death through fear.

She is even thine aunt.

Therefore come to her and make merry in my house."

Gawayne refuses to return with the Green Knight.

On horse full fair he bends to Arthur's hall.

¹ gloznyng (?).

XXI.

2480 Wylde wayez *in* þe worlde Wowen now rydeȝ,
 On Gryngolet, þat þe *grace* hade geten of his lyue;
 Ofte he herbered *in* house, & ofte al þeroute,
 & mony a-venture *in* vale, & venquyst ofte,
 2484 þat I ne tyȝt, at þis tyme, *in* tale to remene.
 þe hurt watȝ hole, þat he hade hent *in* his nek,
 & þe blykkande belt he bere þerabout, e
 A belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde,
 Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, *with* a knot,
 2488 *In* tokenyng he watȝ tane *in* tech of a faute;
 & þus he comes to þe court, knyȝt al *in* sounde.
 þer wakned wele *in* þat wone, when wȝst þe grete,
 þat gode G: watȝ comen, gayn hit hym þoȝt;
 2492 þe kyng kysseȝ þe knyȝt, & þe whene alce,
 & syþen mony syker knyȝt, þat soȝt hym to haylce,
 Of his fare þat hym frayned, & ferlyly he telles;
 Biknowoȝ alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—
 2496 þe chaunce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe knyȝt,
 þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last.
 þe nirt *in* þe nek he naked hem schewed,
 þat he laȝt for his vnleute at þe leudes hondes,
 2500 for blame;
 He tened quen he schulde telle,
 He groned for gref & grame;
 þe blod *in* his face con melle,
 2504 When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

XXII.

"Lo! lorde," *quod* þe leude, & þe lace hondeled,
 "Þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek,
 Þis is þe laȝe & þe losse, þat I laȝt haue,
 2508 Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf caȝt þare,
 Þis is þe token of vn-trawþe, þat I am tan *inne*,
 & I mot nedeȝ hit were, wyle I may last;
 For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit,
 2512 For þer hit oneȝ is tachched, twynne wil hit neuer."
 þe kyng comforteȝ þe knyȝt, & alle þe court als,
 Laȝen loude þer-at, & luflyly acorden,
 þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table,
 2516 Vche burne of þe broþer-hede a bauderyk schulde haue,
 A bende, a belef hym aboute, of a bryȝt grene,
 & þat, for sake of þat segge, *in* swete to were.
 For þat watȝ acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,
 2520 & he honoured þat hit hade, euer-more after,
 As hit is breued *in* þe best boke of romaunce.
 þus *in* Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde,
 þe Brutus bokees þer-of beres wyttensse;
 2524 Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, boȝed hider fyrst,
 After þe segge & þe asaute watȝ sesed at Troye,
 I-wysse;
 Mony auntereȝ here bi-forne,
 2528 Haf fallen suche er þis:
 Now þat bere þe croun of þorne,
 He bryng *vus* to his blysse! AMEN.

Wild ways now Gawayne rides.

Oft he harboured in house and oft thereout.

The wound in his neck became whole.

He still carried about him the belt,

in token of his fault.

Thus he comes to the Court of King Arthur.

Great then was the joy of all.

The king and his knights ask him concerning his journey.

Gawayne tells them of his adventures,

[Fol. 124b.]
the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace.

He showed them the cut in his neck.

He groaned for grief and shame, and the blood rushed into his face.

"Lo!" says he, handling the lace, "this is the band of blame,

a token of my cowardice and covetousness,

I must needs wear it as long as I live."

The king comforts the knight, and all the court too.

Each knight of the brotherhood agrees to wear a bright green belt,

for Gawayne's sake,

who ever more honoured it.

Thus in Arthur's day this adventure befell.

He that bore the crown of thorns bring us to His bliss!

NOTES.

- Line 8 Ricchis turns, goes,
The king ...
Ricchis his reynys and the Renke metys:
Girden to gedur with þere grete speires.—T.B. l. 1232.
- 37 *Bis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse.*
Camalot, in Malory's "Morte Arthure," is said to be the same as Winchester. Ritson supposes it to be *Caer-went*, in Monmouthshire, and afterwards confounded with *Caer-wynt*, or *Winchester*. But popular tradition here seems the best guide, which assigned the site of *Camalot* to the ruins of a castle on a hill, near the church of South Cadbury, in Somersetshire (Sir F. Madden).
- 65 *Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte.*
Christmas celebrated anew, mentioned full often.
Sir F. Madden leaves the word *nayted* unexplained in his Glossary to "Syr Gawayne."
- 124 *syluener* = *sylueren*, i.e. silver dishes.
- 139 *lyndes* = *lendes*, loins.
- 142 *in his muckel*, in his greatness.
- 184 *Watz euesed al umbe-torne*—? was trimmed, all cut evenly around; *umbe-torne* may be an error for *vmbe-corue* = cut round.
- 216 *in gracios werkes*. Sir F. Madden reads *gracons* for *gracios*, and suggests *Greek* as the meaning of it.
- 244-5 *As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lotez*
in hyze.
As all were fallen asleep so ceased their words
in haste (suddenly).
Sir F. Madden reads *slaked horlotez*, instead of *slaked hor lotez*, which, according to his glossary, signifies drunken vagabonds. He evidently takes *horlotez* to be another (and a very uncommon) form of *harlotez* = *harlots*. But *harlot*, or vagabond, would be a very inappropriate term to apply to the noble *Knights of the Round Table*. Moreover, *slaked* never, I think, means drunken. The general sense of the verb *slake* is to let loose, lessen, cease. Cf. lines 411-2, where *sloke*, another form of *slake*, occurs with a similar meaning:
— *layt no fyrre; bot slokes.*
— seek no further, but stop (cease).
Sir F. Madden suggests *blows* as the explanation of *slokes*. It is, however, a *verb* in the imperative mood.
- 286 *Brayn*. Mätzner suggests *brayn-wod*.
- 296 *barlay* = par loi. This word is exceedingly common in the T. Book (see l. 3391).
I bid you now, *barlay*, with besines at all
þat ye set you most souverainly my suster to gete.—T.B. l. 2780.
- 394 *siker*. Sir F. Madden reads *swer*.
- 440 *bluk*. Sir F. Madden suggests *blunk* (horse). I am inclined to keep to the reading of the MS., and explain *bluk* as = *bulk* = trunk. Cf. the use of the word *Blok* in "Early English Alliterative Poems," p. 100, l. 272.
- 558 *derue doel*, etc. = great grief. Sir F. Madden reads *derne*, i.e. secret, instead of *derue* (= *derf*). Cf. line 564.
- 577 *knaged*, fastened.
The braunches were borly, sum of bright gold,
With leuys full luffly, light of the same;

- With burions aboue bright to beholde;
And fruit on yt fourmyt of fairest of shap,
Of mony kynd that was knyht, *knagged* aboue.—T.B. l. 4973.
- 629 & *ay quere hit is endelez*, etc.
And everywhere it is *endless*, etc.
Sir F. Madden reads *emdelez*, i.e. with equal sides.
- 652 *for-be* = *for-bi* = surpassing, beyond.
- 681 for *Hadet* read *Halet* = *haled* = exiled (?). See line 1049.
- 806 *auinant* = *auenaunt*, pleasantly. Sir F. Madden reads *amnant*.
- 954 *of*. Should we not read *on* (?).
- 957 *Pat oper wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre*.
The *gorger* or *wimple* is stated first to have appeared in Edward the First's reign, and an example is found on the monument of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who died in 1269. From the poem, however, it would seem that the *gorger* was confined to elderly ladies (Sir F. Madden)
- 968 *More lykker-wys on to lyk*,
Wat3 þat scho had on lode.
A more pleasant one to like,
Was that (one) she had under her control.
- 988 *tayt* = lively, and hence pleasant, agreeable.
- 1015 *in vayres*, in purity.
- 1020 *dut* = *dunt* (?) = *dint* (?), referring to *sword-sports*.
- 1022 *sayn[t] Ione3 day*. This is the 27th of December, and the last of the feast. Sometimes the Christmas festivities were prolonged to New Year's Day (Sir F. Madden).
- 1047 *derne dede* = secret deed. I would prefer to read *derue dede* = great deed. Cf. lines 558, 564.
- 1053 *I wot in worlde*, etc. = *I not* (I know not) *in worlde*, etc.
- 1054 *I nolde, bot if I hit negh myzt on nw3eres morne*,
For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres, etc.
I would not [delay to set out], unless I might approach it on New Year's morn, for all the lands within England, etc.
- 1074 *in spenne* = *in space* = in the interval = meanwhile. See line 1503.
- 1160 *slentyng of arwes*. Sir F. Madden reads *sleutyng*.
"Of drawyn swordis *scleutyng* to and fra,
The brycht mettale, and othir armouris seir,
Quharon the sonnys blenkis betis cleir,
Glitteris and schane, and vnder bemys brycht,
Castis ane new twynklyng or a lemand lycht."
(G. Douglas' *Æneid*, Vol. i, p. 421.)
- 1281 *let lyk* = appeared pleased.
- 1283 *Þa3 I were burde bryztest, þe burde in mynde hade*, etc.
The sense requires us to read:
Þa3 ho were burde bryztest, þe burne in mynde hade, etc.
i.e., Though she were lady fairest, the knight in mind had, etc.
- 1440 *Long sythen [seuered] for þe sounder þat wizt for-olde*
Long since separated from the *sounder* or herd that fierce (one) for-aged (grew very old).
"Now to speke of the boore, the fyrste year he is
A pygge of the *sounder* callyd, as haue I blys;
The secounde yere an hogge, and soo shall he be,
And an hoggestere, whan he is of yeres thre;
And when he is foure yere, a boor shall he be,
From the *sounder* of the swyne thenne departyth he;

- A synguler is he soo, for alone he woll go."
(Book of St. Alban's, ed. 1496, sig. d., i.)
- 1476 *totes* = looks, toots.
Sho went up wightly by a walle syde.
To the toppe of a toure and *tot* ouer the water.—T.B. l. 862.
- 1623 A verb [*? laledede* = cried] seems wanting after *lorde*.
- 1702 *fnasted*, breathed.
These balfull bestes were, as the boke tellus,
Full flaumond of fyre with *fnastyng* of logh.—T.B. l. 168.
- 1710 *a strothe rande* = a rugged path. Cf. the phrases *tene greue*, l. 1707; *roze greue*, l. 1898.
- 1729 *bi lag* = *be-lagh*(?) = below (?).
- 1719 *Thenne wat3 hit lif vpon list*, etc.
Should we not read:
Thenne wat3 hit list vpon lif, etc.
i.e., Then was there joy in life, etc.
- 1780 *lyf* = *lef*(?), beloved (one).
- 1869 *Ho hat3 kyst þe knyzt so tozt*.
She has kissed the knight so courteous.
Sir F. Madden explains *tozt*, promptly. *Tozt* seems to be the same as the Northumbrian *taght* in the following extract from the "Morte Arthure":
"There come in at the fyrste course, before the kyng seluene,
Bare hevedys that ware bryghte, burnyste with sylver,
Alle with *taghte* mene and *towne* in togers fulle ryche."—(p. 15.)
The word *towne* (well-behaved) still exists in *wan-ton*, the original meaning of which was ill-mannered, ill-bred.
- 1909 *bray houndez* = *brap houndez*, i.e. fierce hounds.
- 1995 *He hat3 nere þat he sozt* = *He wat3 nere þat he sozt* = He was near to that which he sought.
- 2160 *gedere3 þe rake* = takes the path or way.
- 2167 *þe skwez of þe scowtes skayued hym þo3t*.
The shadows of the hills appeared wild (desolate) to him. Sir F. Madden reads *skayned*, of which he gives no explanation. *Skayued* = *skayfed*, seems to be the N. Prov. English *scafe*, wild. Scotch *schaivie*, wild, mad. O.N. *skeifr*. Sw. *skef*, awry, distorted.
- 2204 *ronge* = clattered.
- 2211 *Drede dot3 me no lote* =
No noise shall cause me to dread (fear).
- 2357 *& þer-for þat tappe ta þe*.
And therefore take thee that tap.
ta þe = take thee. Sir F. Madden reads *tape* = *taketh*. See l. 413, where *to þe* rhymes with *sothe*. We have no imperatives in *th* in this poem.
- 2401 *We schyn reuel*, etc. Sir F. Madden reads *wasch yn reuel*. But *schyn* = shall. See Glossary to "Alliterative Poems."
- 2474 *on-coolde* = *on-colde* = *coldly* = sorrowfully.
- 2489 *in-sounde* = *soundly*, well. Cf. *in-blande* = together; *in-lyche*, alike; *inmydde3*, amidst.