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THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS MALORY

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SIR TRISTRAM DE LYONES

III-XV

*[Winchester MS., ff. 187^v—346^v;
Caxton, Books IX-XII]*



LA COTE MALE TAYLE

*[Winchester MS., ff. 187^v-195^v;
Caxton, Book IX, chs. 1-9]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How a yonge man came into the courte of kyng Arthur and how syr Kaye called hym in scorne La Cote Male Tayle.
2. How a damoyssel came into the courte and desyred a knyght to take on hym an enquest which La Cote Male Tayle emprised.
3. How Le Cote Male Tayle overthrewe syr Dagonet, the kynges fole, and of the rebuke that he had of the damoyssel.
4. How Le Cote Male Tayle fought ayenst an hondred knyghtes, and how he escaped† by the meane of a lady.
5. How syr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of La Cote Male Tayle, and how he folowed after hym, and how La Cote Male Tayle was prysoner.
6. How syr Launcelot faught wyth six knyghtes and after wyth syr Bryan, and how he delyverd the prysonners.
- 7- How syr Launcelot mette wyth the damoyssel named Maledysaunt, and named hyr the Damoyssel Bien Pensaunt.
8. How Le Cote Male Tayle was taken prysoner and after rescowed by syr Launcelot, and how syr Launcelot overcam four brethren.
9. How syr Launcelot maad Le Cote Mayle lord of the castel of Pendragon, and after was made knyght of the Rounde Table.

† S escaped

HERE LEVYTH OF THE TALE OF SIR LAMEROK AND OF SYR
TRYSTRAMYS, AND HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TALE OF SYR LA
COTE MALE TAYLE THAT WAS A GOOD KNYGHT

TO the courte of kyng Arthure there cam a yonge man (1)
bygly made, and he was rychely beseyne, and he desyred 5
to be made a knyght of the kynges. But his overgarmente
sate overthwartely, howbehit hit was ryche clothe of golde.

'What is youre name?' seyde kyng Arthure. 187^v

'Sir, my name is Br[e]wnor le Noyre, and within shorte
space ye shall know that I am comyn of goode kynne.' 10

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Kay the Senesciall, 'but in
mokyng ye shall be called "La Cote Male Tayle",' that is
as muche to sey 'The Evyll-Shapyn Cote.'

'Hit is a grete thyng that thou askyste,' seyde the kyng.
'But for what cause weryst thou that ryche cote?' 15

'Hit is for som cause, sir,' he answerde. 'I had a fathir, a
noble knyght, and as he rode an-huntyng uppon a day hit
happed hym to ley hym downe to slepe, and there cam a
knyght that had bene longe his enemy. And whan he saw
he was faste on slepe he all to-hew hym, and thys same cote 20
had my fadir on that tyme. And that makyth this coote to
sytte so evyll uppon me, for the strokes be on hit as I founde
hit, and never shall hit be amendid for me. Thus, to
have my fadyrs deth in remembraunce, I were this coote
tyll I be revenged. And because ye ar called the moste 25
nobelyst kyng of the worlde, I com to you to make me a
knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lanjerok and sir Gaheris, 'hit were well
done to make hym knyght, for hym besemyth well of persone
and of countenaunce that he shall preve a good knyght and 3°
a myghty. For, sir, and ye be remembird, evyn suche one
was sir Launcelot whan he cam fyrst into this courte, and
full fewe of us knew from whens he cam. And now is he

1 C leue we of 2 C the historye of 3 that was a good knyght *not in C*. Cf.
p. 45129-31 4 C At the Courte 6 Cthe kyng 9 CSyre saide he my name
is Breunor le noyre 11-12 C Seneschal but in mockage 14-15 Ckyng And
for 15-16 C cote telle me for I can wel thynke for somme cause hit is Syre he
17 Con huntyng 21 Con the same tyme 22 C ben on 23 C shalle
be 26 C you that ye shold make 30-1 C good man and a good knyght

proved the man of moste worshyp in the worlde, and all your courte and Rounde Table is by sir Launcelot worshypped and amended, more than by ony knyght lyvyng.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde the kynge, 'and to-morow at youre 5 requeste I shall make hym knyght.'

So on the morne there was an harte founden, and thydir rode kyng Arthure wyth a company of his knyghtes to sle that herte. And this yonge man that sir Kay named La Cote 1881 Male Tayle was there leffte behynde wyth quene Gwenyvere.

10 And by a suddeyne adventure there was an horryble lyon kepte in a towre of stoon, and he brake lowse and cam hurlyng before the quene and her knyghtes. And whan the quene sawe the lyon she cryed oute and fledde and prayed hir knyghtes to rescow her. And there was none but twelve 15 knyghtes that abode, and all the other fledde. Than seyde La Cote Male Tayle,

'Now I se that all cowherde knyghtes be nat dede,' and therewithall he drew his swerde and dressed hym before the lyon. And that lyon gaped wyde and cam uppon hym 20 rawmpyng to have slayne hym, and he agayne smote hym in the myddys of the hede, that hit claff in sundir and so dayshed downe to the erthe.

And anone hit was tolde the quene how the yong ma[n] that sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle had slayne the lyon, 25 and anone with that the kynge com home and the quene tolde hym of that adventure. He was well pleased and seyde,

'Uppon payne of myne hede, he shall preve a noble man and feythefull and trewe of his promyseP And so forthe-withall the kynge made hym knyght.

30 'Now, sir,' seyde this yonge knyght, 'I requyre you and all the knyghtes of the courte that ye calle me none other name but La Cote Mele Tayle: insomuche that sir Kay hath so named me, so woll I be called.'

'I assente me thereto,' seyde the kynge.

2 Candalle your Round 3 Cnowlyuynge 6 Cthemorou there 11 C
a stronge Toure of stone and it happened that he at that tyme brake 14-15 C
none of hem alle but twelue that abode 17 C ben not 20 C he thenne smote
21 Cmyddes S mydde 21-2 C hede suche a myghty stroke that it clafe his
hede in sonder and dashed to the erthe 23 W yong mat C yonge man 24
C* named by scorne La cote 28 Cand a feythful Knyghte and true 31 C of
youre courte 34 C me wel therto

And so the same day there cam a damesell into the courte, (2)
and she brought wyth hir a grete blacke shyld with a whyght
honde in the myddis holdynge a swerde, and other pycoure
was there none in that shyld. Whan kynge Arthure saw her
he asked her from whens she cam and what she wolde. 5

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I have rydden longe and many a day with
this shyld many wayes, and for this cause I am com to youre
courte: for there was a good knyght that ought this shyld,
and this knyght had undirtake a grete dede of armys to 188^v
encheve hit. And so by myssefortune another stronge 10
knyght mette with hym by suddeyne aventure, and there
they fought longe, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore,
and they were so wery that they lefft that batayle on evyn
honde. So this knyght that ought the shyld sawe none other
way but he muste dye, and than he commaunded me to bere 15
this shyld to the courte of kyng Arthure, he requyrynge and
prayynge som good knyght to take his shyld, and that he
wolde fulfyll the queste that he was in.'

'Now what sey ye to this queste?' seyde kynge Arthure.
'Is there here any of you that woll take uppon you to welde 20
this shyld?'

Than was there nat one that wolde speke a worde. Than
sir Kay toke the shyld in his hondis and lyfft hit up.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the damesell, 'what is your name?'

'Wete you well my name is sir Kay the Senesciall that 25
wydewhere is knowyn.'

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'lay downe that shyld, for wyte
thou well hit fallyth nat for you, for he muste be a bettir
knyght than ye that shall welde this chylde.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Kay, 'I toke youre shyld nat to that 30
entente. But go whoso go woll, for I woll nat go with you.¹

Than the damesell stood styll a grete whyle and behylde
many of the knyghtes. Than spake this yonge knyght La
Cote Male Tayle and seyde,

'Fayre damesell, I woll take this shyld and the adventure 35

1 C Capitulum secundum Thenne that same 3 and not in C 7 for not in C

10 C soo it mysfortunyd hym another 13 on not in C 14 C this shelde

20 Cyow here that wille take vpon hym 22 C one word 23 and lyfft hit

up not in C† 30-1 C* kay wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by your

leue for to behold it not to that entent but goo where someuer thou wilt for I

33 Cspak the knyght 34 and seyde not in C 35 C the shelde

uppon me, and I wyste whothirward my journey myght be.
For because I was this day made knyght I wolde take this
adventure uppon me.'

'What is youre name, fayre yonge man?' seyde the
5 damesell.

'My name is,' he seyde, 'La Cote Male Tayle.'

'Well may thou be callyd so,' seyde the damesell, "'the
knyght wyth the evyll-shapyn coote"! But and thou be so
1891 hardy to take on the to beare that shyld and to folowe me,
10 wete thou well thy skynne shall be as well hewyn as thy cote.'

'As for that,' seyde sir La Cote Male Tayle, 'whan I am
so hewyn I woll aske you no salff to heale me withall!.'

And forthwithall there com into the courte two squyers
and brought hym grete horsis and his armoure and spearys.
15 And anone he was armed and toke his leve.

'Sir, I woll nat,' seyde the kynge, 'be my wyll that ye toke
uppon you this harde adventure.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'this adventure is myne, and the fyrste that
ever I toke uppon, and that woll I folow whatsoever com
20 of me.'

Than that damesell departed, and so sir La Cote Male
Tayle faste folowed aftir. And within a whyle he overtoke
the damesell, and anone she mysseseyde hym in the fowlyst
maner.

(3) 25 Than sir Kay ordayned sir Dagonet, kynge Arthurs foole,
to folow aftir La Cote Male Tayle, and there sir Kay
ordayned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed, and bade
hym folow sir La Cote Male Tayle and profyr hym to juste.
And so he ded, and whan he sawe La Cote Male Tayle he
30 cryed and bade make hymredy to juste. So sir La Cote Male
Tayle smote sir Dagonet ovir his horse croupyr.

Than the damesell mocked La Cote Male Tayle and seyde,
'Fye for shame! Now arte thou shamed in kynge Arthurs
courte, whan they sende a foole to have ado with the, and
35 specially at thy fyrste justys.'

1 W the adventure uppon me what and I wyste whothirward C that aduenture
vpon me soof I wyst I shold knowef wheder ward (see note) 6 Csaid he 7 C
mayst thou 9 C vpon the 11 sir not in C 12 C no salue 14 C
his speres 16 Sir not in C CI wold not by my will said the kynge 17 C
that hard 18 Csaid he W hthis 21 so sir not in C 28 sir not in C
30 Cbadde hym make 31 W croupyn (n for r) 33 kynge not in C

Thus she rode longe and chydde. And so within a whyle
there cam sir Bleoberys, the good knyght, and there he justed
with sir La Cote Male Tayle. And there syr Bleoberys smote
hym so sore that horse and all felle to the erthe. Than sir La
Cote Male Tayle arose up lyghtly and dressed his shyldre and 5
drew his swerde, and a wolde have done batayle to the
uttraunce, for he was woode wroth.

'Nat so,' seyde Bleoberys de Gany's, 'as at this tyme I woll
nat fyght upon foote.' 189^v

Than the damesell Maledysaunte rebuked hym in the 10
fowleste maner and bade hym 'turne agayne, cowardeP

'A, damesell,' seyde he, 'I pray you of mercy to myssesay
me no more, for my gryff is inow, though ye gryff me no
more. Yet I calle me never the worse knyght, though a marys
sonne hath fayled me, and also I counte myselff never the 15
worse man for a falle of sir Bleoberys.'

So thus he rode with her two dayes, and by fortune there
he encountred wyth sir Palomydes, the noble knyght, and
in the same wyse sir Palomydes served hym as ded sir
Bleoberys toforehonde. Than seyde the damesell, 20

'What doste thou here in my felyship? For thou canste
nat sytte no knyght nother wythstonde hym one buffette but
yf hit were sir Dagonet.'

'A, fayre damesell, I am nat the worse to take a falle of sir
Palomydes. And yett grete dysworshyp have I none, for 25
nother sir Bleoberys nother yett sir Palomydes woll not
fyght with me on foote.'

'As for that,' seyde the damesell, 'wete you welle they have
disdayne and scorne to alyght of their horsis to fyght with
suche a lewde knyght as thou arte.' 30

So in the meanwhyle there com sir Mordred, sir Ga-
waynes brother, and so he felle in felyshyp with the damesell
Maledysaunte.

And than they com before the Castell Orgulus, and there

10-13 *W* (*sidenote*): How La Cote Male Tayle justed with sir Bleoberys and had
a falle 12 *P* myssay *R†* myssa 13 *C* ye gyuef me (*see note*) 14 Yet
not in *C* *C* whan a 15 *C* fayleth 16 *C* wers knyght 17-19 *C* there
came sir Palomydes and encountred with hym and he in the same wyse serued hym
20-21 *C* to fore hand What dost thou here in my felauship saide the damoyssel
maledysaunt thou canst 26 *C* wold not 28 *C* wetethou 29 *C* tolyghte
of 32 *C* in the felauship 34 *C* Orgulous

was suche a custom that there myght com no knyght by the castell but other he muste juste othir be presonere, othir at the leste to lose his horse and harneyse.

And there cam oute two knyghtes ayenste them, and sir
5 Mordred justyd with the formyste, and that knyght of the castell smote sir Mordred downe of his horse. And than sir La Cote Male Tayle justed with that other, and ayther of hem smote downe other horsis to the erthe. And anone they avoyded their horsis and aythir of hem toke othirs
10 horses.

And than sir La Cote Male Tayle rode unto that knyght
190^r that smote downe sir Mordred, and there La Cote Male Tayle wounded hym passynge sore and putte hym frome hys horse, and (he) lay as he had bene dede.

15 So he turned unto hym that mette hym afore, and he toke the flyght towarde the castell, and sir La Cote Male Tayle rode aftir hym into the Castell Orgulus, and there sir La Cote Male Tayle slew hym.

(4) And anone there cam an hondred knyghtys aboute hym,
20 and all assayled hym. And whan he sawe hys horse sholde be slayne he alyght and voyded his horse, and so put hym oute of the gate. And whan he had so done he hurled in amonge them and dressed his backe untill a ladyes chambir wall, thynkyng hymselff that he hadde lever dye there with
25 worship than to abyde the rebukes of the Damesell Male-dysaunte.

And so in the meanetyme, as he stood and fought, that lady that hylde that chambir wente oute slyly at a posterne, and withoute the gatys she founde sir La Cote Male Tayle
30 his horse. And lightly she gate hym by the brydyll and tyed hym to the posterne, and than she yode unto her chambir slyly agayne for to beholde how that one knyght faught ayenst an hondred knyghtes.

1 C myght no knyght come 2 C or be prysoner or at 3 C his harneis
8-9 C smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe And whanne they auoyded their
horses thenne eyther 11 sir *not in C* 12 C* and lusted with hym And there
13 C tayle hurte & wounded 14 and lay *not in C†* 17 C Orgulous
21 C* hors & putte the brydel vnder his feete and so put 23 Cvnto 28 C
lady whos was the chamber 28 Coute S out Cat her posterne 29 sir
not in C 29-30 C tayles hors 31 C she wente vnto 32 S knyght
C knyghte

And whan she had beholde hym longe she wente to a wyndow behynde his backe and seyde,

'Thou knyght that fyghtyst wondirly well, but for all that at the laste thou muste nedys dye but yf thou can thorow thy myghty prouesse wyne unto yondir posterne: for there 5 have I fastened th[y] horse to abyde the. But wete thou welle thou muste thynke on thy worshyp and thynke nat to dye, for thou mayste nat wyne unto that posterne withoute thou do nobely and myghtyly.'

Whan sir La Cote Male Tayle harde her sey so he gryped 10 his swerde in his honde and put his shyld fayre before hym, and thorow the thыckyst pres he thryled thorow. And whan he cam to the porsterne he founde there redy four knyghtes, and at two the fyrste strokys he slew two of the knyghtes 'and the 190^v other fledde"¹, and so he wanne his horse and rode frome them. 15

And all hit was rehersed in kynge Arthurs courte, how he slew twelve knyghtes within the Castell Orgulus.

And so he rode on his way, and in the meanewhyle the damesell seyde unto sir Mordred,

'I wene my foolyssh knyght be othir slayne or takyn 20 presonere.'

And than were they ware and saw hym com rydyng, and whan he was com to them he tolde all how he had spedde and escaped in the dispyte of all the castell, 'and som of the beste of hem woll telle no talys.' 25

'Thow gabbyst falsely,' seyde the damesell, 'that dare I make good! For as a foole and a dastarde to all knyghthode they have latte the passe.'

'That may ye preve,' seyde La Cote Male Tayle.

With that she sente a corroure of hers that allway rode 30 with her, and so he rode thydir lyghtly and spurred how and in what wyse that knyght ascaped oute of that castell. Than

3 C knyght thou fyghtest 6 Chaul SI haue 6 W there 11 C
handes S put C putt 12 C he thrulled thorou them And 13 C
posterne 14-15 C* slewe two of the knyghtes & the other fledde F (MS.
B.N. fr. 103 f. 102^r col. 2): vient a une dez portes du chastel que quatre sergens
vouloient ja fermer. Et il leur vient a l'espee traite et fait semblant de les occire.
Et eulx ourent tel paour qu'ilz ne l'oserent attendre, et cil passe oultre 16 Calle
as it was it was 17 C Orgulous 22 C ware where he came 24 Cdespyte
of them alle and 26 CThou lyst falsiy 27 Cgood butf as a foole 31 C*
her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede and soo 31-2 Cand asked how and in
what maner that la cote male tayle was escaped 31 W haw (a for o)

all the knyghtes cursed hym and seyde he was a fende and no man, 'for he hath slayne here twelve of oure beste knyghtis, and we went [unto] this day that hit had bene to muche for sir Trystrames de Lyones othir for sir Launcelot de Lake.

5 And in dyspyte and magre of us all he is departed frome us.'

And so hir curroure com agayne and tolde the damesell all how sir La Cote Male Tayle spedde at the Castell Orgulus. Than she smote downe the hede and seyde but lytyll.

10 'Be my hede/ seyde sir Mordred to the damesell, 'ye ar gretly to blame so to rebuke hym, for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. But as yette he may nat sytte sure on horsebacke, for he that muste be a good horseman hit muste com to usage

15 and excercise. But whan he commyth to the strokis of his swerde he is than noble and myghty. And that saw sir Bleoberys and sir Palomydes; for wete you well they were

191^r wyly *men* of warre, for they wolde know anone, whan they sye a yonge knyght, by his rydyng, how they were sure to
20 gyffe hym a falle frome his horse othir a grete buffett. But for the moste party they wyll nat lyght on foote with yonge knyghtes, for they ar myghtyly and strongly armed.

'For in lyke wyse syr Launcelot du Lake, whan he was fyrste made knyght, he was oftyn put to the worse on horse-
25 backe, but ever uppon foote he recoverde his renowne and slew and defowled many knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And therefore the rebukes that sir Launcelot ded unto many knyghtes causyth them t[hat] be men of prouesse to beware, for oftyn tyme I have seyne the olde preved knyghtes
30 rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begynners.'

Thus they rode sure talkyng by the wey togydys.

(5) HERE THIS TALE OVERLEPYTH A WHYLE UNTO SIR LAUNCE-
LOTT, that whan he was com to the courte of kyng Arthure

1 C said that he 3 C* wende vnto this had omitted in S 3-4 C for sir
launcelot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyones 5-6 C* in despyte of vs alle he is
departed from vs and maugre oure hedes With this ansuer the curroure departed and
came to Maledysaunt his lady and told alle 7 C had spedde 8 C her heed
but *not* in C 13 C knyghte but not yet 18 C men of armes and
anone they knowe whan (S when) 25 C renomme 26 C defoyled C
of the S os the 28 W them to be C* them that be 29 tyme *not* in C
32-3 C Here leue we of a whyle of this tale and speke we of sire Launcelot du lake
Capitulum Quintum That whan

than harde he telle of the yonge knyghte sir La Cote Male Tayle, how he slew the lyon and how he toke uppon hym the adventures of the blacke shylde, whyche was named at that tyme the hardyest adventure of the worlde.

'So God me save!' seyde sir Launcelot unto many of his 5
felowys. 'Hit was shame to all the good noble knyghtes to
suffir suche a yonge knyght to take so hyghe adventure on
hym for his distruccion. For I woll that ye wyte,' seyde sir
Launcelot, 'that this damesell Maledysaunte hath borne
that shylde many a day for to seche the moste preved 10
knyghtes. And that was she that sir Breunys Saunze Pite
toke the shylde frome, and aftir sir Trystrames de Lyones
rescowed that shylde frome hym and gaff hit to the damesell
agayne, a lytyll afore that tyme that sir Trystrames faught
with my newew Blamoure de Ga[n]ys for a quarell that was 15
betwyxte the kyng of Irelande and hym.' 191^v

Than many knyghtes were sory that sir La Cote Male Tayle was gone forthe to that adventure.

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I caste me to ryde aftir 20
hym.'

And so within seven dayes sir Launcelot overtoke sir La Cote Male Tayle, and than he salewed hym and the damesell Maledysaunte. And whan sir Mordred saw Launcelot, than he leffte their felyship, and so sir Launcelot rode with hem all a day. And ever that damesell rebuked sir 25
La Cote Male Tayle, and than sir Launcelot answerde for hym. Than she leffte of and rebuked sir Launcelot.

So thys meanetyme sir Trystramys sente by a damesell a lettir unto sir Launcelot, excusynge hym of the weddyng of Isod le Blaunche Mayiies, and seyde in the lettir, as he was 30
a trew knyght, he had never ado fleishly with Isode le Blaunche Maynys. And passyng curteysly and jantely sir Trystrames wrote unto sir Launcelot, ever besechyng hym to be hys good frende and unto La Beall Isod of Cornwayle, and that sir Launcelot wolde excuse hym if that ever he saw 35
her. And within shorte tyme, by the grace of God, sir

1 *sinnotinC* 2-3 *Ctheaduentureof* 3 *Cthewhiche* 6 good *not in C*
7 *C take suche aduenture* 11 *Csauncepyte* 12 *C from her and after*
Tristram 15 *C Blamore de Ganyes* 21-2 *C ouertook la* 25 *sir not in C*
30 *C Isoud le blaunche maynys* 32 *C curtoisly & gently* 36-p. 468, 1
C god said sir Tristram that

Trystramys seyð that he wolde speke with La Beall Isode and with hym ryght hastyly.

Than sir Launcelot departed frome the damesell and frome sir La Cote Male Tayle for to overse that lettir and to wryte 5 another lettir unto sir Trystram.

And in the meanewhyle sir La Cote Male Tale rode with the damesel untill they cam to a castell that hyght Pendragon. And there were six knyghtes that stood afore hym and one of them profirde to fyght or to juste with hym.

10 And so sir La Cote Male Tayle smote hym over hys horse croupe. And than the fyve knyght[es] sette uppon hym all at onys with their spearys, and there they smote La Cote Male Tay[le] downe horse and man. And than they ded alyght suddeynly and sette their hondis uppon hym all at 15 onys and toke hym presonere.

And on the morne sir Launcelot arose and delyverde the damesell with lettirs unto sir Trystram, and than he toke hys way aftir sir La Cote Male Tayle. And by the way uppon a 192' brydge there was a knyght that profirde sir Launcelot to 20 juste, and sir Launcelot smote hym downe. And than they faught uppon foote a noble batayle togydirs and a myghty, and at the laste sir Launcelot smote hym downe grovelynge uppon hys hondys and hys kneys. And than that knyght yelded hym, and sir Launcelot resseyved hym fayre.

25 'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'I requyre you telle me youre name, for muche my harte yevith unto you.'

'Nay,' seyð sir Launcelot, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name onles that ye telle me youre name/

'Sertaynly,' seyde the knyght, 'my name ys sir Neroveus, 30 that was made knyght of my lorde sir Launcelot du Lake/

'A, sir Neroveus de Lyle!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am ryght glad that ye ar proved a good knyght, for now wyte you well my name ys sir Launcelot.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Neroveus, 'what have I done!' And 35 therewithall he felle flatlynge to his feete and wolde have

5 C Tristram de lyones 8 that not in C 9 to fyght or not in C C
with la cote male tayle 13 ded not in C 15 C* prysoner and soo ledde hym
vnto the castel Sc kepte hym as prysoner (probably a homoeoteleuton in W) 25 C
requyre the 28 Conies thenne that 29 Cf Nerouens (F Veroneus, Neroneus)
31 C A Nerouens 33 C Launcelot du lake 34 C Nerouens de lyle 35 C
wold S would

kyste them, but sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir hym. And than aythir made grete joy of other, and than sir Neroveus tolde sir Launcelot that he sholde nat go by the Castell of Pendragon, 'for there ys a lorde, a myghty knyght, and many myghty knyghtes with hym, and thys nyght I harde sey 5 that they toke a knyght presonere that rode with a damesell, and they sey he ys a knyght of the Rounde Table.'

'A,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that knyght ys my felow, and (6) hym shall I rescowe and borow, or ellis lose my lyff therefore.'

And therewithall he rode faste tyll he cam before the 10 Castell of Pendrag[on. And] anone therewithall there cam six knyghtes, and all [made hem redy] to sette uppon sir Launcelot at onys. Than sir [Launcelot feautryd his] speare and smote the formyst, that he br[ake his bak in sonder], and three of them smote hym and three fa[yled. And than sir 15 Launcelot] past thorow them, and lyghtly h[e torned in ageyne and smote] anothir knyght thorow the brest [and thorowoute the back] more than an elle, [and therewithall his speare brak. Soo than] all the remenaunte of the four k[nyghtes drewe their swerdes and lashed] at sir Launcelot, 20 and at every s[troke sir Launcelot bestowed so his] strokis 192^v that at four strokis sundry they avoyded their sadyls passynge sore wounded, and furthwithal he rode hurlynge into the castell.

And anone the lorde of that castell which was called sir 25 Bryan de Les lies, which was a noble man and a grete enemy to kynge Arthure, so within a whyle he was armed and on horsebacke. And than they feautred their spearis and hurled togydirs so strongly that bothe their horsys russed to the erthe. And than they avoyded their sadyls and dressed 30 their shyldis and drew their swerdis and flowe togydirs as wood men, and there were many strokis a whyle.

At the laste sir Launcelot gaff' sir Bryan such a buffette that he kneled uppon hys knees, and than sir Launcelot russed uppon hym with grete force and pulled of his helme. 35

1 C not lete hym
borow not in C

2 C Nerouens
C els I shalle lese
18 C thorou oute

25 C the castel that was that tyme cleped
gyders 32 C* strokes yeven in a whyle
35 C and with grete force he pulled

6 C prysoner yesterday that 9 and
11-21 The bottom corner of the
23 W he rorde he omitted in S
26 S and grete 31 C flange to
33 Cgaftosir 35 Crashed

And whan sir Bryan sy that he sholde be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in hys mercy and in hys grace.

Than sir Launcelot made hym to delyver all hys presoners that he had within hys castell, and therein sir Launcelot 5 founde of kynge Arthurs knyghtes thirty knyghtes and forty ladyes. And so he delyverde hem, and than he rode his way.

And anone as sir La Cote Male Tayle was delyverde, he gate his horse and hys harneyse and hys damesell Male-dysaunte.

10 The meanewhyle sir Neroveus, that sir Launcelot had foughtyn withall before at the brydge, he sente a damesell aftir sir Launcelot to wete how [he] (ha)d spedde at the castell of Pendragon. And than they in the [castell mer-veyjled what knyght he was that was there when [sir Bryan 15 and his] knyghtes delyverde all tho presoners.

'Syr, [have ye no mervei]le,' seyde the damesell, 'for the beste [knyght in this world] was here and ded thys jurnay, and wyte [ye wel,' she said, '(h)it was sir Launcjelot.'

Than was sir Bryan full glad, [and so was his lady and 20 al]l hys knyghtes, that he sholde wyne [them. And whan the dame]sell and sir La Cote Male Tayle [understood that (h)it was s(i)r La]uncelot that had rydden with hem [in fel(y)ship, and that she reme]mbirde her how she had 193^r rebuked hym and called hym cowarde, than she was passyng 25 hevye.

(7) So than they toke their horsis and rode forthe a greate pace aftir sir Launcelot, and within two myle they overtoke hym, and salewed hym and thanked hym. And anone the damesell cryed sir Launcelot mercy of hir evyll dede, and 30 seyyng, 'for now I know ye ar the floure of all knyghthode of the worlde, and sir Trystram departe hit even betw[e]ne you. For God knowith, be my good wyll,' seyde the damesell, 'that I have sought you, my lorde sir Launcelot, and sir Trystrams longe, and now I thanke God I have mette with 35 you. And onys at Camelot I mette with sir Trystrams, and

5-6 C of arthurs knyghtes thyrtty and xl ladyes 7 sir not in C 10 C
 Neroueus 12-23 The bottom corner of the leaf is torn in W 13 C
 they within the 14 that was there not in Cf 16 Syr not in C Wseyde seyde
 20 C that suche a man shold 21 sir not in C 22-3 See note 24 C was
 she 26 greate not in C 30-2 C knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is
 departed euen bitwene sire Tristram and you 32 be my good wyll not in C

there he rescowed thys blacke shyld with the whyght honde holdyng a naked swerde that sir Brewnys Saunz Pite had takyn frome me.'

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'who tolde you my name?' 5

'Sir,' seyde she, 'there cam a damesel frome a knyght that ye fought withall at a brydge, and she tolde [me] that youre name was sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Blame have she therefore,' seyde he, 'but her lord, sir Neroveus, had tolde hir. But, damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 10 uppon thys covenante I woll ryde with you, so that ye wyll nat rebuke thys knyght sir La Cote Male Tayle no more, for he ys a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. And for hys sake and pite, that he sholde nat be destroyed, I folowed hym to succour hym in thys grete nede.' 15

'A, Jesu thanke you!' seyde the damesell, 'for now I woll sey unto you and to hym bothe, I rebuked hym never for none hate that I hated hym, but for grete love that I had to hym, for ever I supposed that he had bene to yonge and to tendur of ayge to take uppon hym thys aventure. And 20 therefore be my wyll I wolde have dryvyn hym away for jelosy that I had of hys lyff. For hit may be no yonge knyghtes dede that shall enchyve thys adventure to the ende.'

'Perde !' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit ys well seyde of you! And where ye ar called the Damesell Maledysaunt, I woll calle 25 you the Damesell Byeau-Pansaunte.'

And so they rode forth togydirs a grete whyle unto they 193^v cam unto the contreye of Surluse, and there they founde a fayre vyllayge wyth a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse. And whan sir Launcelot and they were at the brydge there sterte 30 forthe afore them of jantyllumen and yomen many that seyde,

'Fayre lordis! Ye may nat passe thys brydge and thys fortresse because of that blacke shyld that I se one of you beare, and therefore there shall nat passe but one of you at onys. Therefore chose you whych of you shall entir within 35 thys brydge fyrst.'

1 C ther	S there	2 C Bruyns saunce	7 C told me your	9 C she
thenne said	10 C Neroueus	14 C noble knyght	18 C no hate	
20 of ayge not in Cf	C these aduentures	24 C Perdieu said sir Launucelot		
24 of you not in C	25, 26 Cdamoyse	26 C Bien pensaun	27 togydirs	
not in C	28 C came to the Bordoure of the country			

Than sir Launcelot profird hymselfe firste to juste and entir within thys brydge.

'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Male [Tayle], 'I besech you to lette me entir within thys fortesse. And if I may spede well
5 I woll sende for you, and if hit so be that I be slayne, there hit goth. And if I be takyn presonere, than may you rescowe me.'

'Sir, I am loth that ye sholde passe this passage first,' seyde sir Launcelot.

10 'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Male Tayle, 'I pray you lat me put my body in that adventure.'

'Now go youre way,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and Jesu be your spede !'

So he entird anone, and there mette with hym two
15 brethirne, the tone hyght sir Playne de Fors and that othir hyght sir Playne de Amoris. And anone they justed with La Cote Male Tayle, and sir La Cote Male Tayle smote downe sir Playne de Fors, and aftir he smote downe sir Playne de Amoris.

20 And than they dressed their shyldis and swerdys and bade sir La Cote Male Tayle alyght, and so he ded. And there was daysshynge and foynynge with swerdis, and so they began to assayle othir full harde, and they gaff sir La Cote Male Tayle many grete woundis uppon hed and breste and
25 uppon shuldurs. And as he mygh[t] ever amonge he gaff sad strokis agayne, and than the two brethirne traced and traversed for to be of both hondis of sir La Cote Male Tale, but he by fyne forse and knyghtly proues gate hem afore hym. And whan he felte hym so wounded than he doubled

30 hys strokis and gaffe them so many woundis that he felde hem to the erthe, and wolde have slayne them had they nat
194^r yelded them.

1 juste and *not in* C† 3 sir *not in* C 5 Cyfit happened that 6 C And yf soo be that I am a prysoner taken thenne 8 Sir *not in* C 8-10 C I am lothe said sir launcelot to lete you passe this passage Syre said la cote 11 C this aduventure 12-19 W (*sidenote*): How sir La Cote Male Tayle strake a-downe sir Playne de Fors and sir Playne de Amoris 15 C force 16 P amours (0 and r obliterated in R) 16-17 C they mette with sir la cote 17 C and fyrste la cote 18 C force 19 C amours 20 C dressid them to their 18, 21 sir *not in* C 23-5 C assaile ful hard la cote male taylor and many grete woundes gaf hym vpon his heed and vpon his brest and vpon his sholders 27 C* taylor 29 C And thenne whan he felte hym self soo

And ryght so sir La Cote Male Tayle toke the beste horse that there was of them three, and so he rode forth hys way to the othir fortres and brydge. And there he mette with the thirde brother, hys name was sir Plenoryus, a full noble knyght, and there they justed togydys, and aythir smote 5 other downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

And than they avoyded their horsys and dressed their shyldis and swerdis, and than they gaff many sad strokis. And one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge, and another whyle the other. And thus they faught two owres 10 and more and never rested, and ever sir Launcelot and the damesell behylde them.

'Alas!' seyde the damesell, 'my knyght fyghttyth passynge sore and overlonge.'

'Now may ye se,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that he ys a noble 15 knyght, for to considir hys firste batayle and his grevous woundis. And evyn forthwithall, so wounded as he ys, hit ys mervayle that he may endure thys longe batayle with that good knyght.'

Thys meanewhyle sir La Cote Male Tayle sanke ryght 20 downe uppon the erthe, what forwounded and forbled he myght nat stonde. Than the tothir knyght had pyte off hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, dismay you not, for had ye bene freysshe whan ye mette with me as I was, I wote well that I coude nat 25 have endured you. And therefore, [for] youre noble dedys of armys, I shall shew to you kyndenes and jantilnes all that I may.'

And furthewithall thys noble knyght sir Plenoryus toke hym up in hys armys and ledde hym into hys towre. And 30 than he commaunded hym the wyne and made to serch hym and to stop hys bledynge woundys.

'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Mal Tayle, 'withdraw you from me and hyghe you to yondir brydge agayne, for there woll mete with you another maner a knyght than ever 35 was 1.'

4 C broder whoos name 7-8 C and drewe their swerdes and gaf 18 W thys longe thys longe 21 C what forbled 24 C fayr yonge knyghte 25-6 C I shold not haue endured so longe as ye haue done and 29 C Plenorius 28-33 W (sidenote): How sir Plenorius smote downe La Cote Male Tayle 31 P serche R sarche 35 a not in C

'Why,' seyde sir Plenoryus, 'ys there behynde ony mo of youre felyship?'

'Ye, sir, wete you well there ys a muche bettir knyght than I am.'

5 'What ys hys name?' seyde sir Plenoryus.

'Sir, ye shall nat know for me.'

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'he shall be encountird withall,
194^v whatsomever he be.'

And anone he herde a knyght calle that seyde,

10 'Sir Plenoryus, where arte thou? Othir thou muste delyver me that presoner that thou haste lad into thy towre, othir ellis com and do batayle with me!'

Than sir Plenoryus gate hys horse and cam, with a speare in hys honde, walopynge towarde sir Launcelot. And than
15 they began to feauter theire spearys, and cam togydir as thundir, and smote aythir othir so myghtyly that their horsis felle downe undir them.

And than they avoyded their horsis and pulled oute their swerdis, and lyke too bullis they laysshed togydirs with grete
20 strokis and foynys. But ever sir Launcelot recoverde grounde uppon hym, and sir Plenoryus traced to have gone aboute hym, but sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir that, but bare hym backer and backer tylle he cam nye hys towre gate. And than seyde sir Launcelot,

25 'I know you well for a good knyght, but wyte thou well thy lyff and deth ys in my honde, and therefore yelde the to me and thy presonere!'

But he answerde no worde, but strake myghtyly uppon sir Launcelotis helme, that the fyre sprange oute of hys yen.
30 Than sir Launcelot doubeled his strokes so thicke, and smote at hym so myghtyly, that he made hym knele uppon his knees. And therewithall sir Launcelot lepe uppon hym and pulled hym grovelynge downe.

Than sir Plenoryus yelded hym and hys towre and all his
35 presoners at hys wylle. Than sir Launcelot receyved hym and toke hys trowthe.

1 *sir not in C* 1-3 *Cf is there another maner knyght behynde of your felauship*
ye said la cote male tayle ther is 6 *C ye shall not knowe for me said la cote*
maletayle 9 *CThennesir Plenorius herd* 23 *Cnyyhe* 25 *Cknowethe*
 29 *W that the fyre sprange oute of hys helme that the fyre sprange oute of hys*
yen Ceyen 32 *C lepte* 34 *W and hys towre and hys towre*

And than he rode to the tothir brydge, and there sir Launcelot justed with othir three of hys brethirn, that one hyght sir Pyllownes, and the othir hyght sir Pellogres, and the thirde hyght sir Pelaundris. And first uppon horsebacke sir Launcelot smote hem doune, and aftirwarde he bete hem 5 on foote and made them to yelde them unto hym.

And than he returned ayen unto sir Pleonoryus, and there he founde in hys preson kyng Carados of Scotlonde and many other knyghtes, and all they were delyverde. 195'

And than sir La Cote Male Tale cam to sir Launcelot, and 10 than sir Launcelot wolde have gyvyn hym all thys fortresse and the brydges.

'Nay, sir,' seyde La Cote Male Tayle, 'I woll nat have sir Plenoryus lyvelode. With that he wyll graunte you, my lorde sir Launcelot, to com unto kyng Arthurs house and 15 to be hys knyght and all hys brethirne, I woll pray you, my lorde, to latte hym have hys lyvelode.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyth thys, that [he] woll com to the courte of kyng Arthure and bycom hys man, and hys brethern fyve. And as for you, sir Plenoryus, I woll 20 undirtake,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'at the nexte feste, so there be a place voyde, that ye shall be knyght of the Rounde Table.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Plenoryus, 'at the nexte feste of Pentecoste I woll be at kyng Arthurs courte, and at that tyme I woll be 25 gyded and ruled as kyng Arthure and ye woll have me.'

Than sir Launcelot and sir La Cote Male Tayle reposed them there untill they were hole of hir woundis, and there they had myry chere and good reste and many good gamys, and there were many fayre ladyes. 30

And so in the meanewhyle cam sir Kay the Senesciall and (9) sir Brandiles, and anone they felyshipped with them, and so within ten dayes they departed, the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte, from thes fortres.

And as sir Launcelot cam by the Castell of Pendragon, 35

2-4 C the one hyght Pillounes and the other hyght Pellogris and the thyrdde sir Pellandris 7 ayen *not in C* 11-12 C alle these fortresses and these brydges
 13 C Nay said 15 C Arthurs courte and 18-19 W that ye woll
 21 CLauncelot S Launcelot 25 kyng *not in C* 28 C vnto the tyme
 that sire la cote male tayle was hole of his woundes (that omitted in S) 31-2 C
 seneschal and sire Brandyles 33-4 C tho knyghtes of Arthurs

there he put sir Bryan de Lese lies from his londes, for because he wolde never be withholde with kynge Arthure.

And all the castell of Pendragon and all the londis thereof he gaff to sir La Cote Male Tayle. And than sir Launcelot
 5 sente for sir Neroveus that he made onys knyght, and he made hym to have all the rule of that castell and of that contrey undir sir La Cote Male Tayle. And so they rode unto kynge Arthurs courte all hole togydirs.

And at Pentecoste nexte folowyng there was sir Plenoryus, and sir La Cote Male Tayle was called otherwyse be
 10 ryght sir Brewne le Noyre. And bothe they were made knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and grete londis kynge Arthure gaff them.

195^v And there sir Breune le Noyre wedded that damesell
 15 Maledysaunte, and aftir she was called the lady Byeauuevyvante. But ever aftir for the more party he was called La Cote Male Tayle, and he preved a passyng noble knyght and a myghty, and many worshipfull dedys he ded aftir in hys lyff.

20 And sir Plenoryus preved a good knyght and was full of proues, and all the dayes of theyre lyff for the moste party they awayted uppon sir Launcelot.

And sir Plenoryus brethirne were ever knyghtes of kynge Arthurs, and also, as the Freynshe booke makith mencion,
 2 5 sir La Cote Male Tayle revenged the deth of hys fadir.

1-2 C for cause	3 C that castel	5 C Neroneus	S Neroueus	7 C
mayle tayle	8 kynge <i>not in C</i>	Cal holy	10 WAS <i>not in C</i>	11 C
Breunes le noyre	bothe maade	14 C there Breune	14-15 C damoyzell	
Maledysaunt	15-16 C called Beau viuante	18 C and myghty	20 C	
a noble knyght and ful	24 C Arthur	25 Cauengyd his faders dethe		

IV
TRISTRAM'S MADNESS AND EXILE

*[Winchester MS., ff. 195^v-213^v;
Caxton, Book IX, chs. 10-29]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

10. How la Bele Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by hir mayde Brangwayn, and of dyvers adventures of syr Trystram.
- i i. How syr Tristram mette with sir Lamerok de Gales, and how they faught and after accorded never to fyght togyders.
12. How syr Palomydes folowed the questyng beest and smote doun syr Trystram and syr Lame rock wyth one spere.
- 13—14.* How syr Lamerok mette wyth syr Melleagaunce and faught togydre for the beaulte of dame Guenever.
15. How syr Kaye mette wyth syr Trystram, and after of the shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl, and how they justed.
16. How kyng Arthur was brought into the Forest Peryllous, and how syr Trystram saved his lyf.
17. How syr Trystram came to La Beale Isoude, and how Kehydious began to love Bele Isoude, and of a letter that Tristram fonde.
18. How syr Tristram departed fro Tyntagyl, and how he sorowed and was so longe in a forest tyl he was out of his mynde.
19. How syr Trystram sowed Dagonet in a wellle, and how Palamydes sente a damoyssel to seche Trystram, and how Palamydes mette wyth kyng Mark.
20. How it was noysed how sir Trystram was dede, and how La Beale Isoude wolde have slayn hyrself.
21. How kyng Mark fonde syr Trystram naked and made hym to be borne home to Tyntagyl, and how he was there knowen by a brachet.
22. How kyng Marke by th'avys of his counceyl bannysshed syr Trystram oute of Cornewayl the terme of ten yere.
23. How a damoyssel sought helpe to helpe sir Launcelot ayenst thirty knyghtes, and how syr Trystram faught with them.
24. How syr Trystram and syr Launcelot came to a lodgyngf where they must juste wyth two knyghtes.
25. How syr Trystram justed wyth syr Kaye and sir Sagramor le Desyrous, and how syr Gawayn torned syr Trystram fro Morgan le Fay.
26. How syr Trystram and syr Gauwayn rode to have foughten ayenst the thirty knyghtes, but they durst not come oute.

27. How damoyse Brangwayn fonde Trystram slepyng by a welle,
and how she delyverd letters to hym fro Bele Isoude.
28. How syr Trystram had a falle of syr Palomydes, and how Launce
lot overthrewe two knyghtes.
29. How syr Launcelot justed with Palomydes and overthrewe hym,
and after he was assayled with twelve knyghtes.

NOW leve we here sir Launcelot du Lake and sir La (10)
 Cote Male Tayle, and turne we unto sir Trystram
 de Lyones that was in Bretayne, that whan La Beall Isode
 undirstood that he was wedded she sente to hym by hir
 maydyn, dame Brangwayn, pyteuous lettirs as coude be 5
 thought and made, and hir conclusyon was thus, that if hit
 pleased sir Trystram, to com to hir courte and brynge with
 hym Isode le Blaunche Maynys; and they shulde be kepte
 als well as herselff.

Than sir Trystram called unto hym sir Keyhydy(ns) and 10
 asked hym whether he wolde go with hym into Cornwayle
 secretelly. He answerde hym and seyde that he was redy at
 all tymes. And than he lete ordayne prevayly a lityll
 vessel, and therein they sayled, sir Trystram, sir Keyhydins,
 and dame Brangwayne and Governayle, sir Trystrams 15
 squyar.

So whan they were in the see a contraryous wynde blew
 them unto the costis of North Walis, ny the Foreyste
 Perelus. Than seyde sir Trystrames,

'Here shall ye abyde me thes ten dayes, and Governayle, 20
 my squyer, with you. And if so be I com nat agayne by that
 day, take the nexte way into Cornwayle, for in thys foreyste
 ar many strange adventures, as I have harde sey, and som
 of hem I caste to preve or that I departe. And whan I may
 I shall hyghe me aftir you.' 25

Than sir Trystrams and sir Keyhydins toke their horsis 196^r
 and departed frome theire felyship. And so they rode within
 that foreyste a myle and more, and at the laste sir Trystrams
 saw before them a lykely knyght syttyng armed by
 a well. And a stronge myghty horse stood passyng nyghe 30
 hym ityed to an oke, and a man hovyng and rydyng by
 hym, ledyng an horse lode with spearys. And thys knyght
 that sate at the well semyd by hys countenance to be

1 sir Launcelot du Lake and *not in C* 3 C Bretayne whanne la beale Isoud
 5 dame *not in C* 6 thus *not in C* C and hit 7 C* that he wold come
 9 C she her self 10 W Kehydy⁵ 12 and seyde *not in Cf* 14 C they
 wente syr Tristram kehidiys 18 Con the costes 18-19 Cf castel peryllous
F (MS. B.N. fr. 103f. 108^r col. 2): pres de la forest des Damantes 21 *W a*
a geyne 24 C caste me to preue or I 29 C armed syttyng 30 stood
not in C 31 C teyed 32 C lade with 33 C atte welle

passyng hevy. Than sir Trystramys rode nere hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght! Why sitte you so droupynge? Ye seme to be a knyghte arraunte by youre armys and harneys, and
5 therefore dresse you to juste with one of us other with bothe!'

Therewithall that knyght made no wordes, but toke hys shylde and buckeled hit aboute hys necke, and lyghtly he toke hys horse and lepte uppon hym, and than he toke a grete
10 speare of hys squyre and departed hys way a furlonge.

Then sir Kehydyng asked leve of sir Trystrames to juste firste.

'Sir, do your beste!' seyde sir Trystrames.

So they mette togydirs, and there sir Kehydyng had a falle
15 and was sore wounded an hyghe abovyn the pappis. Than sir Trystramys seyde,

'Knyght that ys well justed, now make you redy unto me!'

'Sir, I am redy,' seyde the knyght.

And anone he toke a grete speare and encountird with
20 sir Trystramys. And there by fortune and by grete force that knyght smote downe sir Trystramys frome hys horse, and had a grete falle. Than sir Trystramys was sore ashamed, and lyghtly he avoyded hys horse and put hys shylde afore hys shulder and drew hys swerde, and than sir Trystramys
25 requyred that knyght of hys knyghthode to alyghte uppon foote and fyght with hym.

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght.

And so he alyght uppon foote and avoyded hys horse and kest hys shylde uppon hys shulder and drew oute hys swerde,
30 and there they fought a longe batayle togydirs, nyghe two owrys.

Than sir Trystramys seyde,

'Fayre knyght, holde thyne honde a lytyll whyle and telle
19b^v me of whens thou arte and what is thy name.'

35 'As for that,' seyde the knyght, 'I woll be avysed; but and ye woll telle me youre name, peradventure I woll telle you myne.'

5 W of 14 W Kehydy⁵ 18 Sir *not in C* 19 C And thenne that
knyght took a gretter spere in his hand and encountred 20 by fortune and
not in Cf 30 C ful nyghe 33 a lytyll whyle *not in Cf*

'Now, fayre knyght,' he seyde, 'my name ys sir Trystram (10
de Lyones.'

'Sir, and my name ys sir Lamerok de Galys.'

'A, sir Lamerok!' seyde sir Trystram, 'well be we mette!
And bethynke the now of the despite thou dedist me of the 5
sendynge of the home unto kynge Markis courte, to the
entente to have slayne or dishonourde my lady, quene
La Beall Isode. And therefore wyte thou well,' seyde sir
Trystramys, 'the tone of us two shall dy or we departed

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'that tyme that we were togydirs 10
in the He of Servage ye promysed me bettir frendship.'

So sir Trystramys wolde make no lenger delayes, but
laysshed at sir Lamerok, and thus they faught longe tylle
aythir were wery of other. Than sir Trystrams seyde unto
sir Lamorak, 15

'In all my lyff mette I never with such a knyght that was so
bygge and so well-brethed. Therefore,' sayde sir Trystramys,
'hit were pite that ony of us bothe sholde here be myscheved.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for youre renowne and your
name I woll that ye have the worship, and therefore I woll 20
yelde me unto you.' And therewith he toke the poynte of
hys swerde in hys honde to yelde hym.

'Nay,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'ye shall nat do so, for well
I know youre profirs (are) more of your jantilnes than for ony
feare or drede ye have of me.' 25

And therewithall sir Trystramys profferde hym hys
swerde and seyde,

'Sir Lamerak, as an overcom knyght I yelde me to you as
a man of moste noble proues that I ever mette!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I woll do you jantylnes: I 30
requyre you, lat us be sworne togydirs that never none of us
shall aftir thys day have ado with other.'

And therewithall sir Trystrames and sir Lamorak sware

3 CSyre said the other knyght and my name is sir lamorak de galys 10-11 C
Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage and at that tyme
ye promysed me grete frendship 14-24 W (sidenote): Here sir Trystrams
and sir Lamorak fawght tyll they were wery bothe and so they left on evyn
honde and were swore togydir 17 Cbrethed as ye be 19-20 Crenomme
and name 20 C worship of this bataille and 22 in hys honde not in C†
24 C†, W† and more 24-5 C† for my fere 29 C of the most 29 C mette
with alle

that never none of hem sholde fyght agaynste othir, for well
nother for woo.

(12) And thys meanewhyle com sir Palomydes, the good knyght,
197^f folowyng the questyng beste that had in shap lyke a serpentis
5 hede and a body lyke a lybud, buttocked lyke a lyon and
footed lyke an harte. And in hys body there was such a
noyse as hit had bene twenty couple of houndys questyng,
and suche noyse that beste made wheresomever he wente.
And thys beste evermore sir Palomydes folowed, for hit was

10 called hys queste.

, And ryght so as he folowed this beste, hit cam by sir
Trystram, and sone aftir cam sir Palomydes. And to breff
thys mater, he smote downe sir Trystramys and sir Lamerak
bothe with one speare, and so he departed aftir the Beste
15 Glatysssaunte (that was called the Questyng Beste), where
fore thes two knyghtes were passyng wrothe that sir
Palomydes wold nat fyght with hem on foote.

Here men may undirstonde that bene men of worship
that man was never fourmed that all tymes myght attayne,
20 but somtyme he was put to the worse by malefortune and
at som tyme the wayker knyght put the byggar knyght to a
rebuke.

Than sir Trystrams and sir Lamerok gate sir Kayhydyns
uppon a shylde betwyxte them bothe and led hym to a fosters
25 lodge. And there they gaff hym in charge to kepe hym well,
and with hym they abode three dayes.

Than thes two knyghtes toke their horsys and at a crosse
they departed. And than seyde sir Trystramys to sir
Lamerak,

30 'I requyre you, if ye hap to mete with sir Palomydes, say
to hym that he shall fynde me at the same welle there we
mette tofore, and there I, sir Trystramys, shall preve
whether he be bettir knyght than I.'

And so ayther departed frome othir a sondry way, and
35 sir Trystramys rode nyghe thereas was sir Keyhydyns, and

1-2 C nor for wele nor for woo 5 Ca lybard buttocks lyke 7 Cf ben
the noyse of thyrtty coupel F (MS. B.N.fr. 103f. 10g^v col. 2): comment se vingt
braches glatissent devant elle 12 C cam Palamydes 17 Con foote with
hem 18 C ben of 19 C that he was 19-20 C myght stande but
21 C putte the better knyghte 27 Cat the crosse 30-1 C say hym 31-2 C
atte same welle there I mette hym and

sir Lamorak rode untyll he cam to a chapell, and there he put
hys horse unto pastoure.

And anone there cam sir Mellyagaunce that was kynge
Bagdemagus sonne, and he there put hys horse to pasture,
and was nat ware of sir Lamerok. And than thys knyght 5
sir Mellyagaunce made hys mone of the love that he had to 197^v
quene Gwenyver, and there he made a wofull complaynte.

All thys harde sir Lamorak, and on the morne sir Lamorak
toke hys horse and rode unto the foreyste, and there he mette
with two knyghtes hovyng undir the woodshaw. 10

'Fayre kyghtes!' seyde sir Lamerok, 'what do ye, hovyng
here and wacchynge? And yff ye be knyghtes arraunte that
wyll juste, lo I am redyP

'Nay, sir knyght,' they seyde, 'we abyde nat here for to
juste with you, but we lye in a wayte uppon a knyght that 15
slew oure brothir.'

'What knyght was that,' seyde sir Lamorak, 'that ye wolde
mete withal?' 1

'Sir,' they seyde, 'hit ys sir Launcelot that we woll slee
and he com thys way.' 20

'Ye take uppon you a grete charge,' seyde sir Lamorake,
'for sir Launcelot ys a noble proved knyght.'

'As for that, sir, we doute nat, for there ys none of us but
we ar good inowghe for hym.'

'I woll nat beleve that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for I harde 25
never yet of no knyght dayes of oure lyff but sir Launcelot
was to bygge for hym.'

Ryght as they talked sir Lameroke was ware how sir (13)
Launcelot com rydyng streyte towarde them. Than sir
Lamorak salewed hym and he hym agayne, and than sir 30
Lamorak asked sir Launcelot if there were onythyng that
he myght do for hym in thys marchys.

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'nat at thys tyme, I thanke you.'

Than ayther departed frome other, and sir Lamorake rode
ayen thereas he leffte the two knyghtes, and than he founde 35
them hydde in the leved woode.

7 C Gueneuer 14 C they said not soo we 15 C lye here in a wayte of a
17-18 C* wold fayne mete 19-20 C* that slewe oure broder And yf euer we
maye mete with hym he shal not escape but we shalle slee hym 23 sir not
in C 26 C the dayes of my lyf 28 C Ryyght soo as they stode talkynge
thus syre

'Fye on you!' seyde sir Lamerak, 'false cowardis! That pite and shame hit ys that ony of you sholde take the hyghe Order of KnyghthodeP

So sir Lamerok departed fro them, and within a whyle he mette with sir Mellyagaunce. And than sir Lamorak asked hym why he loved quene Gwenyver as he ded, 'for I was nat far frome you whan ye made youre complaynte by the chapell/

'Ded ye so?' seyde sir Mellyagaunce. 'Than woll I abyde
198^r 10 by hit. I love quene Gwenyver!'

'What woll ye with hit?'

'I woll preve and make hit good that she ys the fayryste lady and moste of beaute in the worlde.'

'As to that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I say nay thereto, for 15 quene Morgause of Orkeney, modir unto sir Gawayne, for she ys the fayryst lady that beryth the lyff.'

That ys nat so,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'and that woll I preve with my hondis!'

'Wylle ye so?' seyde sir Lamorak. 'And in a bettir quarell
20 kepe I nat to fyght.'

So they departed [ayther] frome othir in grete wrathe, and than they com rydyng togydirs as hit had bene thundir, and aythir smote other so sore that their horsis felle backwarde to the erthe. And than they avoyded their horsys and dressed
25 their shyldis and drew their swerdis, and than they hurteled togydirs as wylde borys, and thus they fought a grete whyle. For sir Mellyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght, but sir Lamorak was harde byg for hym and put hym all-ways abacke, but aythir had wounded othir sore.

30 And as they stood thus fyghtyng, by fortune com sir Launcelot and sir Bleoberys, and than sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they fought so togydirs, 'and ye ar bothe of the courte of kynge Arthure.'
(14) 'Sir,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'I shall telle you for what
35 cause we do thys batayle. I praysed my lady, quene Gwenyvere, and seyde she was the fayryste lady of the worlde, and sir

1 That *not in C* 6 C *Gueneuer* 10 C *gueneuer* 12 hit *not in C*
15-16 C *moder to sire Gawayne and his moderf is the fayrest quene and lady*
18 C *handes vpon thy body* 21 C* *departed eyther from* 33 C *bothe*
knyghtes of kynge Arthur

Lameroke seyde nay thereto, for he seyde quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrar than she and more of beaute.'

'A!' seyde sir (Launcelot, 'sir) Lamerak, why sayst thou so? Hit ys nat thy parte to dispraise thy prynces that thou arte undir obeysaunce and we all.' And therewithall sir 5 Launcelot alyght on foote. 'And therefore make the redy, for I woll preve uppon the that quene Guenever ys the fayryst lady and moste of bounty in the worlde.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I am lothe to have ado with you in thys quarrell, for every man thynkith hys owne lady 10 fayryste, and thoughe I prayse the lady that I love moste, ye sholde nat be wrothe. For thoughe my lady quene 198^v Gwenyver be fayryst in youre eye, wyte you well quene Morgause of Orkeney ys fayryst in myne eye, and so every knyght thynkith his owne lady fayryste. And wyte you well, 15 sir, ye ar the man in the worlde excepte sir Trystramys that I am moste lothyst to have ado withall, but and ye woll nedys have ado with me, I shall endure you as longe as I may.'

Than spake sir Bleoberys and seyde,

'My lorde, sir Launcelot, I wyste you never so mysse- 20 advysed as ye be at thys tyme, for sir Lamerok seyth to you but reson and knyghtly. For I warne you, I have a lady, and methynkith that she ys the fayryst lady of the worlde. Were thys a grete reson that ye sholde be wrothe with me for such langage? And well ye wote that sir Lamerak ys a noble 25 knyght as I know ony lyvyng, and he hath oughte you and all us ever good wyll. Therefore I pray you, be fryndis!'

Than sir Launcelot seyde,

'Sir, I pray you, forgyve me myne offence and evyll wyll, and if I was mysseadvysed I woll make amendis.' 30

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'the amendis ys sone made betwyxte you and me.'

And so sir Launcelot and sir Bleoberys departed, and sir Lamerok and sir Mellyagaunce toke their horsis and aithir departed frome othir. 35

3 C A syre Lamerak 5-6 C vnder there obeyssaunce dnf we alle and there with he alyghte on foote and sayd for this quarel make the 13 C Gueneuer 17-18 C nedes fyghte with me 21 C ye are now For 21 to not in C 25-6 C is as noble knyght as I knowe and he 27 all not in C 28 C sayd vnto sir lamerak 29 offence and not in Cf 30 C will amende hit 34 C syr Melyagaunce and sir Lamerak

And within a while cam kyng Arthure and mette with sir Lamerok and justed with hym, and there he smote downe sir Lamerok and wounded hym sore with a speare. And so he rode frome hym, wherefore sir Lamerok was wroth that 5 he wolde nat fyght with hym on foote, howbehit that sir Lamerok knew nat kynge Arthure.

(15) Now levith of thys tale and spekith of sir Trystramys, that as he rode he mette with sir Kay the Senescyall, and there sir Kay asked sir Trystramys of what contrey 10 he was. He answerde and seyde he was of the contrey of Cornwaile.

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Kay, 'for as yet harde I never 199' that evir good knyght com oute of Corn way le.'

'That ys well spokyn,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but and hit 15 please you to telle me your name, I pray you.'

'Sir, wyte you well that my name ys sir Kay the Senesciall.'

'A, sir, ys that youre name?' seyde sir Trystramys.

'Now wyte you well that ye ar named the shamefullst knyght of your tunge that now ys lyvyng. Howbehit ye 20 ar called a good knyght, but ye ar called unfortunate and passyng overthwart of youre tunge.'

And thus they rode togydirs tyll they cam to a brydge, and there was a knyght that wolde nat latte them passe tyll one of them justed with hym. And so that knyght justed 25 with sir Kay, and there he gaff sir Kay a falle, and hys name was sir Tor, sir Lamerokes halff-brothir.

And than they two rode to their lodgyng, and there they founde sir Braundiles, and sir Tor cam thydir anone aftir. And as they sate at hir souper, thes four knyghtes, three of 30 them spake all the shame by Cornysh knyghtes that coude be seyde. Sir Trystramys harde all that they seyde, and seyde but lytyll, but he thought the more. But at that tyme he discoverde nat hys name.

And uppon the morne sir Trystrams toke hys horse and 35 abode them uppon their way. And there sir Brandiles

7 C Now leue we of this tale and speke we of	10 C ansuerd that he	14 C
is euyl spoken	14 C bnt S but	15 C I requyre yon (S you)
well said sire kay that	C seneschal	17 A sir not in C
S knyght	23 that not in C	20 C knyght
29 hir not in C	C knyghtes S knyghtes	C falle his
coude be seyde not in C	30 the not in C	30-1 that
31-2 C and he sayd		

p[ro]firde to juste with sir Trystram, and there sir Trystram smote hym downe, horse and all, to the erthe.

Than sir Tor le Fyze de Vaysshoure, he encountird with sir Trystram, and there sir Trystram smote hym downe. And than he rode hys way and sir Kay folowed hym, but he wolde none of hys felyship. Than sir Brandiles com to sir Kay and seyde,

'I wolde wyte fayne what ys that knyghtes name.'

'Com one with me,' seyde sir Kay, 'and we shall pray hym to telle us hys name.' 10

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam nyghe hym, and than they were ware where he sate by a welle and had put of hys helme to drynke at the welle. And whan that he saw them com he laced on hys helme lyghtly and toke hys horse to 199^v profir hem to juste. 15

'Nay!' seyde sir Brandyles, 'we justed late inowe with you, but we com nat in that entente, but we requyre you of knyghthod to telle us youre name.'

'My fayre lordys, sitthyn that hit ys youre [desyre], and now for to please you ye shall wyte that my name 20 ys sir Trystram de Lyones, newew unto kyng Mark of Cornwayne.'

'In goode tyme,' seyde sir Brandiles, 'and well be ye foundyn! And wyte you well that we be ryght glad that we have founde you, and we be of a felyship that wolde be ryght 25 glad of youre company, for ye ar the knyght in the worlde that the felyship of the Rounde Table desyryth moste to have the company off.'

'God thank them all,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of hir grete goodnes, but as yet I fele well that I am not able to be of 30 their felyship, for I was never yet of such dedys of worthynes to be in the companye of such a felyship.'

'A,' seyde sir Kay, 'and ye be sir Trystrams, ye ar the man called now moste of proues excepte sir Launcelot, for he beryth nat the lyff crystynde nother hethynde that canne 35 fynde such anothir knyght, to speke of hys proues and of his

3 C fyse de vayshoure	he not in C	6 C wold not of	9 C Come on with
13 that not in C	17 C But for this we come to requyre	19 C fayre knyghtes	
20 now for not in C	27 C the noble felauship	C mooste desyreth	
29 all not in C	30 C am vnabyl to	33 C Tristram (S Trystram) de lyones	
34 C launcelot du lake	35 C crysten ne hethen		

hondis and hys trouthe withall. For yet cowde there never creature sey hym dishonoure and make hit good.'

Thus they talked a grete whyle, and than they departed ayther frome other such wayes as hem semed beste.

- (16) 5 Now shall ye here what was the cause that kyng Arthure cam into the Foreyste Perelous, that was in North Walis, by the meanys of a lady. Her name was Aunowre, and thys lady cam to kyng Arthure at Cardyeff, and she by fayre promyses and fayre behestis made kyng Arthure to ryde
10 with her into that foreyste Perelous. And she was a grete sorseres, and many dayes she had loved kyng Arthure, and bycause she wolde have had hym to lye by her she cam into that contrey.

So whan the kyng was gone with hir, many of hys
15 knyghtes folowed aftir hym whan they myste hym, as sir Launcelot, sir Brandiles, and many other.

200^f And whan she had brought hym to hir towre she desired hym to ly by her, and than the kyng remembird hym of hy[s] lady and wolde nat for no crauffte that she cowde do.

20 Than every day she wolde make hym ryde into that foreyste with (hyr) owne knyghtes to the entente to have had hym slayne; for whan thys lady Aunowre saw that she myght nat have hym at her wylle, than she laboured by false meanys to have destroyed kyng Arthure and slayne hym.

25 Than the Lady of the Lake, that was allwayes fryndely to kyng Arthure, she undirstood by hir suttyl craufftes that kyng Arthure was lykely to be destroyed. And therefore thys Lady of the Lake, that hyght Nynve, she cam into that foreyste to seke aftir sir Launcelot du Lake othir ellis sir
30 Trystramys for to helpe kyng Arthure, for as that same day she knew well that kyng Arthur sholde be slayne onles that he had helpe of one of these two knyghtes.

And thus (as) she rode uppon a downe she mette with sir Trystram, and anone as she saw hym she knew hym andseyde,

3s 'A, my lorde, sir Trystram, well be ye mette, and blyssed

6 C forest perillous	7 C Annowre	8 C Cardyf	9 C promyse	12 had
not in C	15 C after kyng arthur whan	16 sir not in C	19 C	
not lye by her for	21 W hys	C his	C had kyng arthur	27 C
was lyke to	28 C Nyneue	29 Clake or sire	30-1 C day this	
lady of the lake knewe	33 C rode vp and donne (S doune)	tyl she	34 and	
seyde not in C	35 C Tristram she said well be			

be the tyme that I have mette with you, for the same day
and within thys [two] owrys shall be done the dolefullyst
dede that ever was done in thys londe.'

'A, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'may I amende
hit?' 5

'Yee, sir, therefore comyth on with me in all the haste ye
may, for ye shall se the moste worshipfullyst knyght in the
worlde harde bestadde.'

Than seyde sir Trystramys, 'I am redy lo to helpe you
and suche a noble man as ye sey he ys.' 10

'Sir, hit ys nother better ne worse,' seyde the damesell,
'but the noble kynge Arthure hymselff.'

'God deffende,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'that ever he shulde
be in such distresse!'

Than they rode togydys a grete pace untill they cam to a 15
lityll turret in a castell, and undirnethe that castel they saw
a knyght stondynge uppon foote fyghtyng with two knyghtes.
And so sir Trystramys behelde them. And at the laste thes 200^v
two knyghtes smote downe that one knyght, and one of hem
unlaced hys helme, and the lady Aunowre gate kynge 20
Arthurs swerde in her honde to have strykyn of his hede.

And therewithall com sir Trystramys as faste as he myght,
and seyyng, 'Traytours! Leve that knyght anone!' And
so sir Trystrams smote the tone of hem thorow the body that
he felle dede, and than he russhed to the othir and smote hys 25
backe in sundir.

And in the meanewhyle the Lady of the Lake cryed to
kyng Arthur, 'Lat nat that false lady ascape!'

Than kynge Arthur overtoke hir and with the same swerd
he smote of her hede. And the Lady of the Lake toke up 30
hir hede and hynged hit at hir sadill-bowe by the heyre.

1 Cthis same 2-3 C the foulest† dede F (MS. B.N.fr. 334f. 114^v col. 1):
que chevalerie demourast en joye qui pour la mort d'un homme sera huy en dolour
4 CO fair 6 C Come on with me she said and that in alle the haste 9 lo
not in C 9-11 C helpe suche a noble man he is neither better 11-12 C said
the lady of the lake but 19 C doune the one C and that one 20 C*
helm to haue slayne hym And the lady Annoure 21 W have haue
22-28 W (sidenote); How sir Trystrams rescowed kyng Arthur fro the lady
Aunowre 22-4 C Tristram with alle his myghte cryenge Traytresse Trai-
tresse leue that And anone there sire Tristram smote the one of the knyghtes
thorou 25 C rashed 31 C henge it vp by the heyre of her sadell
bowe

And than sir Trystramys horsed the kynge agayne and rode forth with hym, but he charged the Lady of the Lake nat to discover hys name as at that tyme. So whan the kynge was horsed he thanked hartely sir Trystramys and desired
 5 to wyte hys name, but he wolde nat telle hym none other but that he was a poure knyght adventures. And so he bare kynge Arthure rfelyship¹ tylle he mette with som of hys knyghtes.

And so within a whyle he mette with sir Ector de Marys, and he knew nat kynge Arthur nother yet sir Trystram, and
 10 he desired to juste with one of them. Than sir Trystrames rode unto sir Ector and smote hym frome hys horse, and whan he had done so he cam agayne to [the] kynge and seyde,

'My lorde, yondir ys one of youre knyghtes, he may beare you felyshyp. And anothir day, (by) that dede that I have
 15 done for you, I truste to God ye shall undirstonde that I wolde do you servyse.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure, Mat me wyte what ye ar.'

'Nat at thys tyme,' seyde sir Trystramys. So he departed and leffte kynge Arthur and sir Ector togydys.

(17) 20 And than at a day sette sir Trystrams and sir Lamerok mette at a welle, and than they toke sir Keyhydys at the
 201^r fosters house, and so they rode with hym to [the] ship where they leffte dame Brangwayne and Governayle. And so they sayled into Cornuayle all hole togydys.

25 And by assente and by enformacion of dame Brangwayne, whan they were londed they rode unto sir Dynas the Senesciall, a trusty frynde of sir Trystramys, and so sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne rode to the courte of kynge Marke and tolde the quene La Beall Isode that sir Trys-
 30 tramys was nyghe hir in the contrey. Than for verry pure joy La Beall Isode sowned, and whan she myght speke she seyde,

'Jantyll senesciall, helpe that I myght speke with hym, othir my harte woll braste!'

35 Than sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne brought sir

1 C horsed kyng Arthur and 5 none other *not in C* 7 C* Arthur
 felaship tyl F (MS. B.N. fr. 334. f. 115^r col. 1): je vous feray compagnie
 jusques a tant que vous aiez trouve aucun de vos chevaliers 9 C Arthur nor
 sir Tristram 13 C knyghtes S knyghtes 21 C at the welle C
 took kehidyus 24 C all holy 26 Cf whan thye 27-8 C so dame
 Brangwayne and syre Dynas rode 33 C gentyl knyst Seneschall help

Trystram and sir Kehydyngs prevaly into the courte, unto the chambir whereas La Beall Isode assygned them. And to telle the joyes that were betwyxte La Beall Isode and sir Trystramys, there ys no maker can make hit, nothir no harte can thynke hit, nother no penne can wryte hit, nother 5 no mowth can speke hit.

And as the Freynshe booke makith mension, at the firste tyme that ever sir Kayhidi(ns) saw La Beall Isode he was so enamored uppon hir that for very pure love he myght never withdraw hit. And at the laste, as ye shall hyre or the booke 10 be ended, sir Keyhydyngs dyed for the love of Isode.

And than pryvaly he wrote unto her lettirs and baladis of the moste goodlyeste that were used in tho dayes. And whan La Beall Isode undirstoode hys lettirs she had pite of hys complaynte, and unavised she wrote another lettir to com- 15 forte hym withall.

And sir Trystram was all thys whyle in a turret, at the commaundemente of La Beall Isode, and whan she myght she yeode and come to sir Trystram.

So on a day kynge Marke played at the chesse undir a 20 chambir wyndowe, and at that tyme sir Trystramys and sir Keyhydyngs were within the chambir over kynge Marke. And as hit myshapped, sir Trystrams founde the lettir that 201^v sir Kayhydyngs sente unto La Beall Isode; also he had founde the lettir that she had sente unto sir Keyhydyngs. And at the 25 same tyme La Beall Isode was in the same chambir.

Than sir Trystramys com unto La Beall Isode and seyde, 'Madame, here ys a lettir that was sente unto you, and here ys the lettir that ye sente unto hym that sente you that lettir. Alas! madame, the good love that I have lovyd you, 30 and many londis and grete rychesse have I forsakyn for youre love! And now ye ar a traytouras unto me, whych dothe me grete payne.

'But as for the, sir Keyhydyngs, I brought the oute of Bretayne into thys contrey, and thy fadir, kynge Howell, I 35

1 C kehydius pryuely vnto the 2 C chamber S chambre C Isoud
hadde assygned hit and 4-7 Cf there is no tonge can telle it nor herte
thynke hit nor pen wryte hit And as 7 W makith makith 11 Cfor the loue
(Sforloue) of la beale Isoud 18-19 C myght she came vnto sire 24 C
sent vn o la 25 C she wrote vnto Kehydius 25-6 C that same
32 C to me the whiche

wan hys londis. Howbehit I wedded thy syster, Isode le
 Blaunche Maynes, for the goodnes she ded unto me, and
 yet, as I am a trew knyght, she ys a clene maydyn for me.
 But wyte thou well, sir Keyhydins, for thys falshed and
 5 treson thou hast done unto me, I woll revenge hit uppon the !'
 And therewithall sir Trystram drew his swerde and seyde,
 'Sir Keyhidins, kepe the!' And than La Beall Isode sowned
 to the erthe.

And whan sir Keyhydins saw sir Trystrams com uppon
 10 hym, he saw none other boote but lepte oute at a bay-
 wyndow evyn over the hede where sate kyng Marke
 playng at the chesse. And whan the kyng saw one com
 hurlyng over hys hede, he seyde,

'Felow, what arte thou, and what ys the cause thou lepe
 15 oute at that wyndow?'

'My lorde kyng,' seyde sir Keyhydins, 'hit fortunede me
 that I was aslepe in the wyndow abovyn youre hede, and as
 I slepte I slumbirde, and so I felle downe.'

(18) Thus sir Keyhydins excused hym, and sir Trystram drad
 20 hym leste he were discoverde unto the kyng that he was
 there. Wherefore he drew hym to the strength of the towre
 and armed hym in such armour as he had for to fyght with
 hem that wolde withstonde hym.

202^r And so whan sir Trystram saw that there was no resistance
 25 agaynste hym he sente Governayle for hys horse and hys
 speare, and knyghtly he rode forth oute of the castell opynly
 that was callyd the Castell of Tyntagyll.

And evyn at the gate he mette with sir Gyngalyn,
 Gawaynes sonne, and anone sir Gyngalyn put hys speare in
 30 the reste and ran uppon sir Trystram and brake hys speare.
 And sir Trystram at that tyme had but a swerde, and gaff
 hym such a buffet uppon the helme that he fylle downe
 frome hys sadill, and hys swerde slode adowne and carved
 asundir his horse necke. And so sir Trystramys rode hys
 35 way into the foreyste.

And all thys doynge saw kyng Marke, and than he sente

3 Cam true	12 Ccheses	14 C lepest	16 Cthe kyng	18 C
slommaryd	19-20 Cf hym	Capitulum xiii	Thenne sir Tristram dredde sore	
lest	22 for not in S	29 C syr Gawayns	29-30 C in his reyste	
33-4 C and carf a sonder				

a squyer unto the hurte knyght and commaunded hym to com to hym, and so he ded. And whan kynge Marke wyst that hyt was sir Gyngalyn he wellcommyd hym and gaff hym anothir horse, and so he asked hym what knyght was that encountirde with hym. 5

'Sir,' seyde sir Gyngalyn, 'I wote nat what knyght hit was, but well I wote he syeth and makith grete dole.'

Than sir Trystrames within a whyle mette with a knyght of hys owne—hys name was sir Fergus—and whan he had mette with hym he made such sorow that he felle downe of 10 hys horse in a sowne, and in such sorow he was inne three dayes and three nyghtes.

Than at the laste sir Trystramys sente unto the courte by sir Fergus for to spurre what tydyngis. And so as he rode by the way he mette with a damesell that cam frome sir 15 Palomydes to know and seke how sir Trystramys ded. Than sir Fergus tolde her how he was allmoste oute of hys mynde.

'Alas!' seyde the damesell, 'where shall I fynde hym?'

'In suche a place,' seyde sir Fergus.

Than sir Fergus founde quene Isode syke in hir bedde, 20 makynge the grettyste dole that ever ony erthly woman made.

And whan the damesell founde sir Trystramys she made 202^v grete dole, bycause she myght nat amende hym; for the more she made of hym, the more was hys payne. And at the laste sir Trystram toke hys horse and rode away frome her. And 25 than was hit three dayes or that she coude fynde hym, and than she broute hym mete and drynke, but he wolde none.

And than another tyme sir Trystramys ascaped away frome the damesell, and hit happened hym to ryde by the same castell where sir Palomydes and sir Trystramys dyd batayle, 30 whan La Beall Isode departed them. And there by fortune the damesell mette with sir Trystramys ayen, makynge the grettiste dole that ever erthely creature made, and she yode to the lady of that castell and tolde of the myssadventure of sir Trystrames. 35

'Alas!' seyde the lady of that castell, 'where ys my lorde sir Trystramys?'

4 C hym an horse and asked 7 C he sygheth 9 C owne that hyghte sir
10 C made grete sorowe in so moche that he 11 C was in thre 14 C
to spere 20 C seke 34 C tolde her

'Ryght here by youre castell,' seyde the damesell.

'In good tyme,' seyde the lady, 'ys he so nyghe me: he shall have mete and drynke of the beste. And an harpe I have of hys whereuppon he taught me, for of goodly harpyng
5 he beryth the pryse of the worlde.'

So thys lady and damesell brought hym mete and drynke, but he ete lityll thereoff. Than uppon a nyght he put hys horse frome hym and unlaced hys armour, and so yeode unto the wyldirnes and braste downe the treys and bowis.

io And othirwhyte, whan he founde the harpe that the lady sente hym, than wolde he harpe and play thereuppon and wepe togydirs. And somtyme, whan he was in the wood, the lady wyst nat where he was. Than wolde she sette hir downe and play uppon the harpe, and anone sir Trystramys wolde
15 com to the harpe and harkyn thereto, and somtyme he wolde harpe hymselff.

Thus he there endured a quarter off a yere, and so at the
203^r laste he ran hys way and she wyst nat where he was becom.

And than was he naked, and waxed leane and poore of fleyshe.

20 And so he felle in the felyshyppe of herdemen and shyperdis, and dayly they wolde gyff hym som of their mete and drynke, and whan he ded ony shrewde dede they wolde beate hym with roddis. And so they clypped hym with sherys and made hym lyke a foole.

9) 25 And so uppon a day sir Dagonet, kyng Arthurs foole, cam into Cornwayle with two squyers with hym, and as they rode thorow that foreyste they cam by a fayre welle where sir Trystramys was wonte to be. And the weddir was hote, and they alyght to drynke of that welle, and in the meane-
30 whyte theyre horsys brake lowse.

Ryght so cam sir Trystramys unto them, and firste he sowsed sir Dagonet in that welle, and afir that hys squyers, and thereat lowghe the shyperdis. And furthwithall he ran afir their horsis and brought hem agayne one by one, and
35 ryght so wete as they were he made them lepe up and ryde their wayes.

5 C in the world 8-9 C And thenne he vnaced his armour and thenne sir
Tristram wold go in to the 12 C woode that the 14-15 C that harp
Thenne wold sire Tristram come to that harp 17 C yere thfine at 25 sir
not in C 27 S came to a 31 C sire Tristram came 32 C after his

Thus sir Trystramys endured there an halff-yere naked,
and wolde never com in towne.

So the meanewhyle the damesell that sir Palomydes sent
to seke sir Trystram, she yode unto sir Palomydes and tolde
hym off all the myschyff that sir Trystram endured. 5

'Alas!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit ys grete pitd that ever
so noble a knyght sholde be so myscheved for the love of a
lady. But nevertheles I woll go and seke hym and comforte
hym and I may.'

Than a lytyll before that tyme La Beall Isode had com- 10
maunded sir Kayhydins oute of the contrey of Cornwayle.
So sir Keyhydins departed with a dolerous harte, and by
aventure he mette with sir Palomydes, and they felyshypped
togydirs, and aythir complayned to other of there hote love
that they loved La Beall Isode. 15

'Now lat us,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'seke sir Trystramys
that lovyth her as well as we, and let us preve whether we
may recover hym.'

So they rode into the foreyste, and three dayes and three 203^Y
nyghtes they wolde never take lodgyng, but ever sought sir 20
Trystram. And uppon a tyme by adventure they mette with
kyng Marke that was rydden frome hys men all alone.
And whan they saw hym sir Palomydes knew hym, but sir
Keyhydins knew hym nat.

'A, false knyght!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit ys pite thou 25
haste thy lyff, for thou arte a destroyer of all worshipfull
knyghtes, and by thy myschyff and thy vengeaunce thou
haste destroyed that moste noble knyght, sir Trystramys de
Lyones. And therefore deffende the,' seyde sir Palomydes,
'for thou shalt dye thys day!' 30

'That were shame,' seyde kyng Marke, 'for ye too ar
armed and I am unarmed.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall fynde a remedy
therefore: here ys a knyght with me, and thou shalt have
hys harneyse.' 35

'Nay,' seyde kyng Marke, 'I woll nat have ado with you,
for cause have ye none to me: for all the mysseease that sir

Trystramys hath was for a lettir that he founde. For as for me, I ded to hym no displesure, and God knowith I am full sory for hys maledye and hys myssease.'

So whan the kynge had thus excused hymselff they were 5 fryndys, and kynge Marke wolde have had them unto the Castell of Tyntagyll. But sir Palomydes wolde nat, but turned unto the realme of Logrys, and sir Keyhydins seyde that he wolde into Bretayne.

Now turne we unto sir Dagonet ayen, that whan he and 10 hys squyers were uppon horsebacke he demyd that the shyperdis had sente that foole to aray hem so bycause that they lawghed at them. And so they rode unto the keepers of the bestis and all to-bete them.

Whan sir Trystramys saw hem betyn that were wonte to 15 gyff hym mete, he ran thydir and gate sir Dagonet by the hede, and there he gaff hym such a falle to the erthe and brusede hym so that he lay styлле. And than he wraсте hys 204^r swerde oute of hys honde, and therewith he ran to one of hys squyers and smote of hys hede, and hys othir squyer fled. 20 And so sir Trystramys toke his way with the swerde in hys honde, rennyng as he had bene wyld woode.

Than sir Dagonet rode to kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had spedde in the foreyste, 'and therefore,' seyde sir Dagonet, 'beware, kynge Marke, that thou com nat aboute 25 that well in the foreyste, for there ys a foole naked. And that foole and I, foole, mette togydir, and he had allmoste slayne me.'

'A,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ys sir Matto le Breune that felle oute of hys wytte because he loste hys lady, for whan 30 sir Gaherys smote downe sir Matto and wan hys lady of hym, never syns was he in his mynde, and that was grete pite, for he was a good knyght.'

(20) Than sir Andred that was cousyn unto sir Trystram made a lady that was hys paramour to sey and to noyse hit that 35 she was with sir Trystramys or ever he dyed. And thys tale she brought unto kynge Markis house, that she buried hym

3 C his disease and malady	4 C thus xcused hym they	5-6 the Castell of
not in C	11 S that soole	14 Whan not in C
15 C* mete and drynke	16 there he not in C	16-17 Certhe that he brysed hym sore
so	18 C swerd	19 C & the other
23 C that forest	33 Cvato S vnto	36 C markes courte that

by a welle, and that or he dyed he besoughte kynge Marke to make hys cousyn, sir Andred, kynge of the contrey of Lyonas, of the whych sir Trystramys was lorde of. And all thys ded sir Andred bycause he wolde have had sir Trystramys londis.

And whan kynge Mark harde telle that sir Trystrames 5
was dede he wepte and made grete dole. But whan quene Isode harde of thes tydyngis, she made such sorow that she was nyghe oute of hir mynde. And so uppon a day she thought to sle hirselff and never to lyve aftir the deth of sir Trystramys. 10

And so uppon a day La Beall Isode gate a swerde pryvayly, and bare hit into her gardyne, and there she pyghte the swerde thorow a plum-tre up to the hyltis so that hit stake faste, and hit stooode breste-hyghe. And as she wolde have renne uppon the swerde and to have slayne hirselff, all 15
thys aspyed kynge Marke, how she kneled adowne and seyde, 'Sweyte Lorde Jesu, have mercy uppon me, for I may nat 204^v
lyve aftir the deth of sir Trystram de Lyones, for he was my firste love and shall be the laste!'

And with thes wordis cam kynge Marke and toke hir in 20
hys armys. And than he toke up the swerde and bare hir away with hym into a towre, and there he made hir to be kepte, and wacched hir surely. And aftir that she lay longe syke, nyghe at the poynte of dethe.

So thys meanewhyle ran sir Trystramys naked in the 25
foreyste with the swerde in hys honde, and so he cam to an ermytayge, and there he layde hym downe and slepte. And in the meanewhyle the ermyte stale away the swerde and layde mete downe by hym. Thus was he kepte there a *ten* dayes, and at the laste he departed and com to the herdemen 30
ayen.

And there was a gyaunte in that contrey that hyght Tauleas, and for feare of sir Trystram more than seven yere he durste never muche go at large, but for the moste party he kepte hym in a sure castell of hys owne. And so thys 35
Tauleas harde telle that sir Trystramys was dede by the noyse of the courte of kynge Marke. Than thys gyaunt Tauleas yode dayly at hys large,

And so he happyd uppon a day he cam to the herdemen wandrynge and langeryng, and there he sette hym downe to reste amonge them. And in the meanewhyle there cam a knyght of Cornwayle that led a lady with hym, and hys name
5 was sir Dynaunte. And whan the gyaunte saw hym he wente frome the herdemen and hydde hym under a tre.

And so the knyght cam to the well and there he alyght to repose hym. And as sone as he was frome hys horse this gyaunte Tauleas com betwyxte thys knyght and hys horse
10 and leped uppon hym, and so forthewith he rode unto sir Dynaunte and toke hym by the coler and pulled hym afore
205^r hym uppon hys horse, and wolde have stryken of hys hede.

Than the herdemen seyde unto sir Trystram, 'Helpe yondir knyght!'

15 'Helpe ye hym,' seyde sir Trystram.

'We dare nat,' seyde the herdemen.

Than sir Trystram was ware of the swerde of the knyght thereas hit lay, and so thydir he ran and toke up the swerde and smote to sir Tauleas, and so strake of hys hede, and so he
20 yode hys way to the herdemen.

(21) Than sir Dynaunte toke up the gyauntes hede and bare hit with hym unto kyng Marke, and tolde hym what adventure betyde hym in the foreyste and how a naked man rescowed hym frome the grymly gyaunte sir Tauleas.

25 'Where had ye thys aventure?' seyde kyng Marke.

'Forsothe,' seyde sir Dynaunte, 'at the fayre fountayne in the foreyst, where many adventures knyght[es] mete, and there ys the madde man.'

'Well,' seyde kyng Marke, 'I woll se that wood man.'

30 So within a day or two kyng Marke commaunded hys knyghtes and his hunters to be redy, and seyde that he wolde hunte on the morne. And so uppon the morne he wente into that foreyste.

And whan the kyng cam to that welle he found there

3 And in *not in C* 5 C Dynaunt 9-10 C* hors and toke the hors and lepte {see note} 12 C and there wolde 18-22 W (*sidenote*): How sir Trystram slew Tauleas the Gyaunte 19 C smote to sir Tauleas and so *not in C†* 20 C yede 21 C* Thenne the knyght took vp F le chevalier
27 C in your foreste C aduenturous kny3tes 29 C that wild man 31-2 C hunters that they shold be redy on the morne for to hunte and soo

lyyng a fayre naked man, and a swerde by hym. Than
kyng Marke blew and straked, and therewith hys knyghtes
cam to hym, and than he commaunded hys knyghtes to take
the naked man with fayrenes, 'and brynge hym to my
castell.'

5

And so they ded savely and fayre, and keste mantels uppon
sir Trystramys, and so lad hym unto Tyntagyll. And there
they bathed hym and wayshed hym, and gaff hym hote
suppyngis, tyll they had brought hym well to hys remem-
braunce. But all thys whyle there was no creature that knew
sir Trystramys nothir what maner man he was.

10

So hyt befelle uppon a day that the quene La Beall Isode
hard of such a man that ran naked in the foreyste, and how
the kyng had brought hym home to the courte. Than La
Beall Isode called unto her dame Brangwayne and seyde,

15 205^v

'Com on with me, for we woll go se thys man that my
lorde brought frome the foreste the laste day.'

So they passed forth and spurred where was the syke man,
and than a squyer tolde the quene that he was in the gardyne
takyng hys reste to repose hym ayenst the sunne.

20

So whan the quene loked uppon sir Trystramys she was
nat remembird of hym, but ever she seyde unto dame
Brangwayne, 'Mesemys I shulde have sene thys man here
before in many placis.'

But as sone as sir Trystramys sye her he knew her well
inowe, and than he turned away hys vysage and wepte.

25

Than the quene had allwayes a lytyll brachett that sir
Trystramys gaff hir the first tyme that ever she cam into
Cornwayle, and never wold that brachet departe frome her
but yf sir Trystram were nyghe thereas was La Beall Isode.
And thys brachet was firste sente frome the kynges doughter
of Fraunce unto sir Trystrams for grete love.

30

And anone thys lityll bracket felte a savoure of sir
Trystram. He lepte uppon hym and lycked hys learys and
hys earys, and than he whyned and quested, and she smelled

35

1 C lyenge by that welle 6 C did saully C cast 7 C ledde
hym 8 C wasshed hym 11 maner *not in* C^f 12 C Soo hit felle
18 C spered 20 Cf rest and repose 22 C sheheid Ssheseid 23-4 C
me semeth I shold have sene hym here to fore 25 C sawe her 30 C
Tristram was 30-4 W (*sidenote*): How the brachet of La Beall Isod distreved
syr Trystramys 31 firste *not in* Cf 3 3 C anone as this 34 C* she lepte
917.16 11 E

at hys feete and at hys hondis and on all the partyes of hys body that she myght com to.

'A, my lady!' seyde dame Brangwayne, 'Alas! I se hit ys myne owne lorde sir Trystramys.'

- 5 And thereuppon La Beall Isode felle downe in a sowne and so lay a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she seyde,

¹ A, my lorde, sir Trystram! Blyssed be God ye have youre lyff! And now I am sure ye shall be discoverde by thys lityll brachet, for she woll never leve you. And also I am sure, as sone as my lorde kynge Marke do know you he woll banysh you oute of the contrey of Cornwayle, othir ellis he woll destroy you. And therefore, for Goddys sake, myne owne lorde, graunte kynge Marke hys wyll, and than draw
15 you unto the courte off kynge Arthure, for there ar ye
206^r beloved. And ever whan I may I shall sende unto you, and whan ye lyst ye may com unto me, and at all tymes early and late I woll be at youre commaundement, to lyve as poore a lyff as ever ded quyene or lady.'

- 20 'A, madameF seyde sir Trystramys, 'go frome me, for much angir and daunger have I ascaped for your love.'

(22) Than the quene departed, but the brachet wolde nat frome hym, and therewithal! cam kynge Marke, and the brachet sate uppon hym and bayed at them all. And therewithall sir
25 Andred spake and sayde,

'Sir, thys ys sir Trystramys, I se well by that brachet.'

'Nay,' seyde the kynge, 'I can nat suppose that.'

Than the kyng asked hym uppon hys faythe what he was and what was hys name.

- 30 'So God me helpe,' seyde he, 'my name ys sir Trystramys de Lyones. Now do by me what ye lyst.'

'A,' sayde kynge Marke, 'me repentis of youre recoverynge.'

- And so he lete calle hys barownes to geve jugemente unto
35 sir Trystramys to the dethe. Than many of hys barownes wolde nat assente thereto, and in especiall sir Dynas the

3 C Brangwayn vnto la beale	Isoud Alias alias said she I see	W Brangwayne
seyde Alas I se	8 A <i>notin</i> C	13 And therefore <i>not in</i> C
5 Courte	20 C O madame	26 well <i>not in</i> C
29 C† what was was	32-3 Cyourrecouer	34-5 C to luge sir Tristram

Senesciall and sir Fergus. And so by the avyse of them all sir Trystramys was banysshed oute of the contrey for ten yere, and thereuppon he toke hys othe uppon a booke before the kynge and hys barownys.

And so he was made to departe oute of the contrey of 5 Cornwayle, and there were many barownes brought hym unto hys shyp, that som were of hys frendis and som were of hys fooyes.

And in the meanewhyle there cam a knyght of kynge Arthurs, and hys name was sir Dynadan, and hys commyng 10 was for to seke aftir sir Trystram. Than they shewed hym where he was, armed at all poyntis, going to the shyp.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'or ye passe thys court, that ye woll juste with me [I requyre the]/'

'With a good wyll,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'and these 15 lordes woll gyffe me leve.'

Than the barownes graunted thereto, and so they ranne 206^v togydir, and there sir Trystramys gaff sir Dynadan a falle. And than he prayde sir Trystram of hys jantylnes to gyff hym leve to go in hys felyshyp. 20

'Ye shall be ryght wellcom,' seyde he.

And than sir Trystramys and sir Dynadan toke their horsys and rode to their shypys togydir. And whan sir Trystramys was in the se he seyde,

'Grete well kyng Marke and all myne enemyes, and sey 25 to hem I woll com agayne whan I may. And sey hym well am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with sir Marhalt, and dellyverd all hys contrey frome servayge. And well am I rewarded for the fecchyng and costis of quene Isode oute off Irelande and the daunger that I was in firste and laste. 30 And by the way commyng home what daunger I had to brynge agayne quene Isode frome the Castell Pleure! And well am I rewarded whan I fought with sir Bleoberys for sir Segwarydes wyff. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with sir Blamoure de Ganys for kyng Angwysh, fadir unto 35 La Beall Isode.

1 C by thadyse 6-9 W (*sidenote*): How sir Trystrams g ff sir Dynadan a
falle 7-8 C shyp of the whiche som me were his frendes &" som me his foes
10 C Arthurs his sir not in C 19 of hys jantylnes not in Cf 21-2 C
said thenne sire Tristram and soo they took 26 to not in C sey hym
not in C† 32 C castel Plure 33 C I am

'And well am I rewarded whan I smote down the good knyght sir Lamerok de Galis at kynge Markes requeste. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and the kynge of North Galys, and
 5 both thes wolde have put hys londe in servayge, and by me they were put to a rebuke. And well am I rewarded for the sleynge of Tauleas, the myghty gyaunte. And many othir dedys have I done for hym, and now have I my waryson!

'And telle kynge Marke that many noble knyghtes
 10 of the Rounde Table have spared the barownes of thys contrey for my sake. And also, I am nat well rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght sir Palomydes and rescowed quene Isode frome hym. And at that tyme kynge Marke seyde afore all hys barownes I sholde have bene bettir
 15 rewarded.'

And furthewithall he toke the see.

(23)207^r And at the nexte londynge faste by the see therfe mette with sir Trystram and with sir Dynadan sir Ector de Marys and sir Bors de Ganys, and there sir Ector justed with sir
 20 Dynadan and he smote hym and hys horse downe. And than sir Trystram wolde have justed with sir Bors, and sir Bors seyde that he wolde nat juste with no Cornyssh knyghtes, for they ar nat called men of worship. And all thys was done uppon a brydge.

25 And with thys cam sir Bleoberys and sir Dryaunte, and sir Bleoberys profird to juste with sir Trystram, [and there sir Trystram] smote downe sir Bleoberys. Than seyde sir Bors de Ganys,

'I wyste never Cornysh knyght of so grete a valure nor so
 30 valyaunte as that knyght that beryth the trappours enbrowdred with crownys.'

And than sir Trystram and sir Dynadan departed from them into a foreyst, and there mette them a damesell that cam for the love of sir Launcelot to seke aftir som noble
 35 knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte for to rescow sir Launcelot. For he was ordayned for by the treson of quene Morgan le

2 CLamorak

6 C1a m

10 C table roud

11 And *not in C* C

am I not

16 W and furthe wt all and furthe with all C nad forth with alle

25 CDryaunt

35—p. 505, 1 C launcelot and soo sir launcelott was ordeyned

for by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne sir launcelot

Fay to have slayne hym, and for that cause she ordayne
thirty knyghtes to lye in wayte for sir Launcelot.

And thys damesell knew thys treson, and for thys cause
she cam for to seke noble knyghtis to helpe sir Launcelot;
for that nyght other the day after sir Launcelot sholde com 5
where thes thirty knyghtes were.

And so thys damesell mette with sir Bors and sir Ector
and with sir Dryaunte, and there she told hem all four of the
treson of Morgan le Fay. And than they promysed her that
they wolde be nyghe her whan sir Launcelot shold mete with 10
the thirty knyghtes.

'And if so be they sette uppon hym, we woll do rescowis
as we can.'¹

So the damesell departed, and by adventure she mette
with sir Trystram and with sir Dynadan, and there the 15 207^v
damesell tolde hem of all the treson that was ordayne for sir
Launcelot.

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Trystram, 'bryng me to
that same place where they shold mete with sir Launcelot.'

Than seyde sir Dynadan, 20

'What woll ye do? Hit ys nat for us to fyght with thirty
knyghtes, and wyte you well I woll nat thereof?'"! As to
macche o knyght, two or three ys inow and they be men,
but for to matche fiftene knyghtes, that I woll never undir-
take.' 25

'Fy for shame!' seyde sir Trystram, 'do but youre parte!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat thereoff but iff ye
woll lende me your shyld. For ye bere a shyld of Corn-
wayle, and for the cowardyse that ys named to the knyghtes
of Cornwayle by youre shyldys ye bene ever forborne.' 30

'Nay,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I woll nat departe frome my
shyld for her sake that gaff hit me. But one thyng,' seyde
sir Trystram, 'I promyse the, sir Dynadan: but if thou
wolte promyse me to abyde with me ryght here I shall sle
the. For I desyre no more of the but answere one knyght. 35
And yf thy harte woll nat serve the, stonde by and loke
uppon!'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll promyse you to looke

uppon and to do what I may to save myselff, but I wolde I had nat mette with you.'

So than anone thes thirty knyghtes cam faste by thes four knyghtes, and they were ware of them, and aythir of other.
 5 And so thes thirty knyghtes lette (them passe) for thys cause, that they wolde nat wratth them if case be they had ado with sir Launcelot. And the four knyghtes lette them passe to thys entente, that they wolde se and beholde what they wolde do with sir Launcelot.

10 And so the thirty knyghtes paste on and cam by sir Trystram and by sir Dynadan, and than sir Trystramys cryed on hyght:

'Lo here ys a knyght ayenste you for the love of sir Launcelot!'

15 And there he slew two with a speare and ten with hys swerde. And than cam in sir Dynadan and he ded passyng
 208^r welle. And so of the thirty knyghtes there yoodde but ten away, and they fledde.

And all thys batayle saw sir Bors de Ganys and hys three
 20 felowys, and than they saw well hit was the same knyght that justed with hem at the brydge. Than they toke their horsys and rode unto sir Trystramys and praysed hym and thanked hym of hys good dedys, And they all desyred sir Trystram to go with them to their lodgyng, and he seyde he wold nat
 25 go to no lodgyng. Than they four knyghtes prayde hym to telle hys name.

'Fayre lordys,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name.'

(24) Than sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode forthe their way
 30 tyllethey cam to shyperdis and to herdemen. And there they asked them if they knew ony lodgyng there nerehonde.

'Sir,' seyde the herdemen, 'hereby ys good herberow in a castell, but there ys such a custom that there shall no knyght herberow there but if he juste with two knyghtes, and if he
 35 be but o knyght he muste juste with two knyghtes. And as ye be, sone shall ye be macched.'

6 C caas be	12 C on hyghe	15 Cf with one sperd	17 C there
wente	24 C he said nay he wold not	25 C they alle four	26 C telle
hem his	31 C nyghe hand	32 C Forsothe syrs sayde the	C
good lodgyng in	33-4 C knyghte be herberowed but	35 C but one	
35-6 C two	And as ye be therin soone		

'There ys shrewde herberow V seyde sir Dynadan. 'Lodge where ye woll, for I woll nat lodge there.'

'Fye for shame !' seyde sir Trystramys, 'ar ye nat a knyght of the Table Rounde ? Wherefore ye may nat with your worship reffuse your lodgyng.' 5

'Not so,' seyde the herdemen, 'for and ye be beatyn and have the warse, ye shall nat be lodged there, and if ye beate them ye shall well be herberowed.'

'A,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I undirstonde they ar two good knyghtes.' 10

Than sir Dynadan wolde nat lodge there in no maner but as sir Trystramys requyred hym of hys knyghthode, and so they rode thydir. And to make shorte tale, sir Trystram and sir Dynadan smote hem downe bothe, and so they entirde into the castell and had good chere as they cowde 15
thynke or devyse.

And whan they were unarmed and thought to be myry and in good reste, there cam in at the yatis sir Palomydes and sir Gaherys, requyryng to have the custum of [the] castell. 20

'What aray ys thys?' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I wolde fayne have my reste.'

'That may nat be,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Now muste we 208^v
nedis defende the custum of thys castell insomuch as we have the bettir of this lordes of thys castell. And therefor,' 25
seyde sir Trystram, 'nedis muste ye make you redy.'

'In the devyls name,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'cam I into youre company!'

And so they made them redy, and sir Gaherys encountirde with sir Trystram, and sir Gaherys had a falle. And sir 30
Palomydes encountirde with sir Dynadan, and sir Dynadan had a falle: than was hit falle for falle. So than muste they fyght on foote, and that wolde nat sir Dynadan, for he was sore brused of that falle that sir Palomydes gaff hym.

Than sir Trystramys laced on sir Dynadans helme and 35
prayed hym to helpe hym.

'I woll nat,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I am sore wounded of

7 C the wers
S knyghthode
vnlaced syre

8 C be wel
21 fayne

9 I undirstonde *not in C*
notinC† 33 and *not in C*

12 C knyghthode
35 C Tristram

the thirty knyghtes that we had ado withall. But ye fare,'
 seyde sir Dynadan, 'as a man [that] were oute of hys mynde
 that wold caste hymselff away. And I may curse the tyme
 that ever I sye you, for in all the worlde ar nat such two
 5 knyghtes that ar so wood as ys sir Launcelot and ye, sir
 Trystram! For onys I felle in the felyshyp of sir Launcelot
 as I have done now with you, and he sette me so a worke that
 a quarter of a yere I kept my bedde. Jesu deffende me,' seyde
 sir Dynadan, 'frome such two knyghtys, and specially frome
 10 youre felyshyp.'

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll fyght with hem bothe!'

And anone sir Trystram bade hem com forthe bothe, 'for
 I woll fyght with you'. Than sir Palomydes and sir Gaherys
 dressed and smote at hem bothe. Than sir Dynadan smote
 15 at sir Gaherys a stroke or two, and turned frome hym.

'Nay!' seyde sir Palomydes. 'Hit ys to much shame for
 us two knyghtes to fyght with one!' And than he ded
 bydde sir Gaherys, 'Stonde asyde with that knyght that
 hath no lyste to fyght.'

20 Than they rode togydirs and fought longe, and at the
 laste sir Trystram doubled hys stroke and drove sir Palo-
 209^r mydes abak more than three stryddyds. And than by one
 assente sir Gaherys and sir Dynadan wente betwyxte them
 and departed them in sundir.

25 And than by the assente of sir Trystramys they wolde
 have lodged togydirs, but sir Dynadan seyde he wold nat
 lodge in that castell. And than he cursed the tyme that ever
 he com in theyre felyship, and so he toke hys horse and hys
 harneyse and departed.

30 Than sir Trystram prayde the lordys of that castell to
 lende hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgyng. And so they
 ded, and overtoke sir Dynadan and rode to hir lodgyng,
 two myle thens, with a good man in a pryory; and there they
 were well at ease.

35 And that same nyght sir Bors and sir Bleoberys and sir
 Ector and sir Dryaunt abode styll in the same place thereas

1 C hadde but late agoo to doo with alle

2 C Dynadan vnto syr Trystram

as a madde man and as a man *pt* is oute of

5 C that ben so

7 so *not in C*

iz C Thenne syr

14 C dressid them and

sir *not in C*

20-1 C

atte last

21 C strokes

26 seyde he *not in C*

28 Cf their feaushyp

31 C lene hym

sir Trystram faught with [the] thirty knyghtes. And there they mette with sir Launcelot the same nyght, and had made promyse to lodge with sir Collgrevaunce the same nyght.

But anone as sir Launcelot harde of the shyld of Corn- (25)
wayle, he wyste well hit was sir Trystram that had fought 5
with hys enemyes, and than sir Launcelot praysed sir
Trystram and called hym the man of moste worshyp in the
worlde.

So there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght sir
Pellynore, and he desyred to wete the name of sir Trystram, 10
but in no wyse he coude nat. And so sir Trystram departed
and leffte sir Dynadan in that pryory, for he was so wery
and so sore brused that he myght nat ryde. Than thys
knyght sir Pellynore seyde unto sir Dynadan,

'Sith that ye woll nat telle me that knyghtes name, I shall 15
ryde affter hym and make hym to telle me hys name, other
he shall dye therefore.'

'Yet beware, sir knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for and ye
folow hym ye woll repente hit.'

So that knyght, sir Pellynor, rode aftir sir Trystram and 20
reyqured hym of justis. Than sir Trystram smote hym
downe and wounded hym thorow the shulder, and so he 209^v
paste on hys way.

And on the nexte day folowyng sir Trystram mette with
pursyvantis, and they tolde hym that there was made a grete 25
crye of turnemente betwene kyng Carados of Scotlonde
and the kyng of North Galys, and aythir shulde juste agayne
othir afore the Castell of Maydyns. And thes pursyvauntis
sought all the contrey aftir good knyghtes, and in especial
kyng Carados lete make grete sykyng for sir Launcelot, 30
and the kyng of North Galis lete seke specially for sir
Trystramys de Lyones. And at that tyme sir Trystramys
thought to be at that justis.

And so by adventure they mette with sir Kay the Sene-
ciall and sir Sagramoure le Desirous, and sir Kay requyred 35

1	Wvfh. sir Trystramys xxxti	knyghtes	C* with the thirtty knyghtes	4
Cas the noble Knyghte syre	5	Cthenne wyst he wel that hyt was	9	sir not
inC	12 C the pryory	15 CI will	18 Yet not in C	19 C ye
shalle	21 Cf si Tristram	27 C kyng of Northwalys	28	Ca t the
30 grete not in C	C launcelot du lake	31 C seke after sir	32	Clyonas
34-5	C seneschal and syr Sagramor le desyrus			

syr Trystram to juste. And sir Trystram in a maner refused hym, bycause he wolde nat be hurte nothir brused ayenste the grete justis that shuld [be] before the Castell of Maydyns, and therefore he thought to reste hym and to repose hym.

5 And allway sir Kay cryed,

'Sir knyght of Cornwayne, juste with me, othir ellys yelde the to me as recreaunte!'

Whan sir Trystram herd hym sey so he turned unto hym, and than sir Kay refused hym and turned hys backe. Than
10 sir Trystram sayde,

'As I fynde the, I shall take the!'

Than sir Kay turned with evyll wyll, and sir Trystram smote sir Kay downe, and so he rode forthe.

Than sir Sagramoure le Desirous rode aftir sir Trystram
15 and made hym to juste with hym. And there sir Trystram smote downe sir Sagramoure frome hys horse and rode hys way.

And the same day he mette with a damesell that tolde hym that he sholde wyne grete worshyp of a knyght
20 aventures that ded much harme in all that contrey. Whan sir Trystramys herde her sey so he was glad to go with her to wyn worshyp. And so sir Trystram rode with that
210^r damesell a six myle.

And than there mette with hym sir Gawayne, and there-
25 withall sir Gawayne knew the damesell, that she was longynge to quene Morgan le Fay. Than sir Gawayne undirstood that she lad that kynght to som myschyeff, and sayde,

'Fayre knyght, whothir ryde ye now with that damesell?',

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wote nat whothir I shall ryde
30 but as thys damesell woll lede me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'ye shall nat ryde with her, for she and her lady ded never goode but yll.'

And than sir Gawayne pulled oute hys swerde and seyde,
'Damesell, but yf thou telle me anone for what cause thou
35 ledyst thys knyght, thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone, for I know all youre ladyes treson and yourys.'

4 C to repose hym and to reste hym	8 C to hym	14, 16 C Sagramore
le desyrus	20 C aduenturous	25-6 C* was a damoysele of Quene
Morgan	27-8 C meschyef Faire knyght said sire Gawayne whyder	34 Cf
what what	35-6 C knyst with the thou shalt dye for hit ryght anon I	
knowe		

'A, mercy, sir Gawayne,' seyde she, 'and yff ye woll save my lyff I woll telle you.'

'Say on,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and thou shalt have thy lyff.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'quene Morgan, my lady, hath ordayned a thirty ladyes to seke and aspye aftir sir Launcelot or aftir 5 sir Trystram, and by the traynys of thes ladyes, who that may fyrste mete any of thes two knyghtes, they shulde turne hem unto Morgan le Fayes castell, sayyng that they sholde do dedys of worship. And yf any of the two knyghtes cam, there be thirty knyghtes Hyng and wacchyng in a towre to 10 wayte uppon sir Launcelot or uppon sir Trystramys.'

'Fy for shame,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that evir such false treson sholde be wrought or used in a quene and a kyngys systir, and a kyng and a quenys doughtir! Sir,' seyde sir (26) Gawayne, 'wyl ye stonde with me, and we woll se the 15 malyce of thes knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'go ye to them and hit please you, and ye shall se I woll nat fayle you, for hit ys not longe ago syn I and a felow mette with thirty [knyghtes] of the quenys felyship, and God spede us so that we won away with worship.' 20

So than sir Gawayne and sir Trystram rode towarde the 210^v castell where Morgan le Fay was; and ever sir Gawayne demed that he was sir Trystram de Lyones, bycause he hard that two knyghtes had slayn and beatyn thirty knyghtes. And whan they cam afore the castell sir Gawayne spake on 25 hyght and seyde,

'Quene Morgan, sende oute youre knyghtes that ye have layde in wacche for sir Launcelot and for sir Trystram. Now,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I know youre false treson, and all placis where that I ryde shall know of youre false treson. 30 And now lat se,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'whethir ye dare com oute of youre castell, ye thirty knyghtes.'

Than the quene spake and all the thirty knyghtes at onys, and seyde,

'A, sir Gawayne, full well wotist thou what thou dost and 35 seyst, for, parde, we know the passyng well. But all that

1 A not in C	C she said	4 C Morgan le fay	5-6 C or sir	10
C* there there	16 C these thyrty knyghtes	19 C of that	20 C	
we may wyne worship	27 C Morgan le fay	29-30 C* and thorou all		
places where that I ryde men shall knowe	31 seyde not in Cf	35 A		
not in C	36 C For by god we			

thou spekyst and doyst, thou sayste hit uppon pryde of that good knyght that ys there with the. For there be som of us know the hondys of that good knyght overall well. And wyte thou well, sir Gawayne, 'hit is more for his sake than
 5 for thyn that we woll not come oute of this castel, for wete ye well, sir Gawayne¹, the knyght that beryth the armys of Cornwayle, we know hym and what he ys.'

Than sir Gawayne and sir Trystram departed and rode on their wayes a day or two togydirs, and there by adventure
 10 they mette with sir Kay and with sir Sagramour le Desyrous. And than they were glad of sir Gawayne and he of them, but they wyst nat what he was with the shyld of Cornwayle but by demyng.

And thus they rode togydirs a day or too, and than they
 15 were ware of sir Breuse Saunz Pit£ chasyng a lady for to have slayne her, for he had slayn her paramour afore.

'Holde you all styлле,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and shew none of you forth, and ye shall se me rewarde yonder false knyght: for and he aspye you, he ys so well horsed that he
 20 woll ascape away.'

211^r And than sir Gawayne rode betwixt sir Breuse and the lady and sayde,

'False knyght, leve her and have ado with me!'

So whan sir Brewse saw no man but sir Gawayne, he
 25 feautred hys speare, and sir Gawayne ayenste hym. And there sir Breuse overthrew sir Gawayne, and than he rode [over] hym and overtwarte hym twenty tymys to have destroyed hym.

And [whan] sir Trystram saw hym do so vylaunce a dede
 30 he hurled oute ayenste hym, and whan sir Breuse hym saw with the shyld of Cornwayle he knew hym well that hit was sir Trystram. And than he fledde, and sir Trystrams folowed hym, and so sir Breuse was so horsed that he wente hys way quyte. And sir Trystram folowed hym longe after, for he
 35 wolde fayne have bene avenged uppon hym.

3 C knownen full wel the handes of that knyght ouer alle wel 4-6 F (MS. B.N. fr. 103 f. 184^v col. 1): 'Messire Gauvain, sachiez que la paour de vous ne nous fait pas ceans demourer, ainchois le fait meilleur de vous; car s'il n'eust la hors fors vous, vous trouvisies bien qui s'alast combatre a vous.' *Homoeoteleuton*
 in W 15 C Breuse sauce pyte 24 Cf syre gayne 32-3 C folowed
 after hym 33 Cand Breuse saunce pyte 34 affter not in C

And so whan he had longe chaced hym he saw a fayre well,
and thydir he rode to repose hym, and tyed hys horse tylle
a tre. And than he pulled of hys helme and waysshed hys (27)
vysayge and hys hondes, and so he felle on slepe.

And so in the meanewhyle cam a damesell that had sought 5
sir Trystram many wayes and dayes within thys londe.
And whan she cam to the welle she loked uppon hym and
had forgotyn hym as in remembraunce of sir Trystrames,
but by hys horse she knew hym, that hyght Passe-Brewell,
that had ben hys horse many yerys; for whan he was madde 10
in the foreyste sir Fergus kepte hym. So thys lady, dame
Brangwayne, abode styлле tylle he was awake. And whan she
saw hym awaked she salewed hym and he her agayne, for
aythir knew other of olde acyuentaunce. Than she tolde
sir Trystram how she had sought hym longe and brode, and 15
there she tolde hym how she had lettirs frome the quene La
Beall Isode. Than anone [sir Trystram redde them, and wete
ye well he was gladd, for therein was many a pyteous com-
playnte. Than sir Trystram] sayde,

'Lady, dame Brangwayne, ye shall ryde with me tylle the 20
turnemente be done at the Castell of Maydyns. And than 211^v
shall ye beare lettirs and tydynges with you.'

And than sir Trystram toke hys horse and sought
lodgyng, and there he mette with a good aunciaunte knyght
and prayde hym to lodge with hym. Ryght so com Gover- 25
naye unto sir Trystram that was glad of the commyng of
the lady. And thys olde knyghtes name was sir Pellownes,
and he tolde hym of the grete turnemente that shulde be at
the Castell of Maydyns: 'And there sir Launcelot and two
and twenty knyghtes of hys blood have ordayne shyldis of 30
Cornwayne.'

And ryght so there com one unto sir Pellownes and tolde
hym that sir Persides de Bloyse was com home. Than that
knyght hylde up hys hondys and thanked God of hys

3 Cf Capitulum XVII 10 C ben sire Tristrmas hors 13 C hym wake
14-15 C told hym how 17-20 W anone seyde lady dame Bragwayne C*
anon sire Tristram redde them and wete ye well he was gladd for theryn was
many a pyteous complaynte Thenne sir Tristram said lady Brangwayne W's
*reading is an example of a 'combined error': a homoeoteleuton caused by the recurrence
of sir Trystram and followed by the omission of these words (see note)* 20 C tyl
that 24 C auncent 25-6 Cf Goneraille S Gouvernaile 26 of
the commyng *not in C* 29-30 C and xxxii kny3tes 30 Cordeyned

commynge home, and there sir Pellownes tolde sir Trystram that of two yere afore he had nat sene hys son, sir Persydes.

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'I know youre son well inowgh for a good knyght.'

- 5 And so one tyme sir Trystrams and sir Persydes com to their lodgyng both at onys, and so they unarmed h[e]m and put uppon them such clothyng as they had. And than thes two knyghtes ech wellcomyd other, and whan sir Persides undirstood that sir Trystram was of Cornwayle he
10 seyde he was onys in Cornwayle,

'And there I justed before kynge Marke, and so hit happened me at that same day to overthrow ten knyghtis. And than cam to me sir Trystrams de Lyonas and overthrew me, and toke my lady fro me, and that shall I never

- 15 forgete, but I shall remembir me and ever I se my tyme.'

'A', sayde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde that ye hate sir Trystram. What deme you? That sir Trystram ys nat able to withstonde youre malyce?'

- 'Yes,' seyde sir Persydes, 'I know well that sir Trystram
20 ys a noble knyght and a muche bettir knyght than I am, yet I shall nat owghe hym my good wyll.'

- 212^r Ryght as they stood thus talkynge at a bay-wyndow of that castell, they sye many knyghtes ryde to and fro toward the turnemente. And than was sir Trystram ware of a lykly
25 knyght rydyng uppon a grete black horse, and a blacke coverde shylde.

'What knyght ys that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'with the blacke shylde and the blacke horse?'

- 'I know hym well,' seyde sir Persides, 'he ys one of the
30 beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

'Than hit ys sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Trystrams.

'Nay,' seyde sir Persides, 'hit ys sir Palomydes that ys yett oncrystynde.'

- (28) Than they saw muche people of the contrey salew sir
35 Palomydes, and seyde with a lowde voice,

'Jesu save the and kepe the, thou noble knyght sir Palomydes!'

2 C that in two yeres he 5 C soo on a tyme 6 W unarmed hym C*
vnarmed hem 7 C vpon hem their clothyng And 14 Cladyawey from
17 C* deme ye wene ye that 28-9 C* black hors & the blak sheld he semeth
(S semes) a good kny3t I 35-7 and . . . Palomydes *not in Cf*

And within a whyle aftir there cam a squyer of that castell that tolde sir Pellownes, that was lorde of that castell, that a knyght with a blacke shyld had smyttyn downe thirtene knyghtes.

'Now, fayre brother,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Persides, 'lat us caste on us lyght clokys, and lat us go se that play.'

'Not so,' seyde sir Persides, 'we woll nat go lyke knavys thydir, but we woll ryde lyke men and as good knyghtes to withstonde our enemies.' 10

So they armed them and toke their horsys and grete spearys, and thydir they rode thereas many knyghtes assayed themselff byfore the turnemente. And anone sir Palamydes saw sir Persides, and than he sente a squyar unto hym and seyde, 15

'Go thou to the yondir knyght with the grene shyld and therein a lyon of gooldys, and say hym I requyre hym to juste with me, and telle hym that my name ys sir Palomydes.'

Whan sir Persides undirstood the rekeyst of sir Palomydes he made hym redy. And there anone they mette togydir, but sir Persides had a falle.

Than sir Trystram dressed hym to be revenged uppon sir Palomydes. And that saw sir Palomydes that was redy, and so was nat sir Trystram, and toke hym at avauntayge 25 and smote hym over hys horse tayle, whan he had no speare 212^v in hys reste.

Than sterte up sir Trystram, and toke horse lyghtly, and was wrothe oute of mesure and sore ashamed of that falle. Than sir Trystramys sente unto sir Palomydes by Gover- 30 nayle and prayde hym to juste with hym at hys rekeyste.

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat juste with that knyght, for I know hym bettir than he wenyth. And if he be wroth, he may ryght hit to-morne at the Castell Maydyns, where he may se me and many other 35 knyghtes.'

1-2 C the castel 6 Cf vpon vs clokes 6-7 C the play 12 C they went
 28 C took his hors 34-P. 516, 7 W [sidenote]: How sir Trystram was taken at avauntage or he was redy by sir Palomydes and had a fall 35 C castel of maydens

So with that cam sir Dynadan, and whan he saw sir Trystram wroth he lyste nat to jape, but seyde,

'Lo, sir Trystram, here may a man preve, be he never so good yet may he have a falle; and he was never so wyse 5 but he myght be oversayne, and he rydyth well that never felle.'

So sir Trystram was passyng wrothe and seyde to sir Persides and to sir Dynadan,

'I woll revenge me!'

io Ryght so as they stode talkynge, there cam by sir Trystram a lykly knyght, rydyng passyng sobirly and hevily, with a blacke shyld.

'What knyght ys that?' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Persides.

15 'I know hym well,' seyde sir Persides, 'for hys name ys sir Bryaunte of Northe Walis.'

And so he paste on amonge other knyghtes of North Walis. And there com in sir Launcelot de Lake with a shyld of the armys of Cornwayle, and he sente a squyer 20 unto sir Bryaunte and requyred hym to juste with hym.

'Well,' seyde sir Bryaunte, 'sythyn that I am requyred to juste, I woll do what I may.'

And there sir Launcelot smote downe sir Bryaunte frome hys horse a grete falle. And than sir Trystram mervayled 25 what knyght he was that bar the shyld of Cornwayle.

'Sir, whatsoever he be,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I warraunte he ys of king Bannys blode, whych bene knyghtes of the nobelyst proues in the worlde, for to accompte so many for so many.'

30 Than there cam in two knyghtes of North Galys, that one 213^r hyght sir Hew de la Mountayne, and the other sir Madok de la Mountayne, and they chalenged sir Launcelot footehote, sir Launcelot not refusynge hem, but made hym redy, and with one grete speare he smote downe bothe over their 35 horse taylis, and so sir Launcelot rode hys way.

2-3 C to Iape lo sayd sir Dynadan here may	3 C Be a man neuer	5
Couersene	10 C there there	16 C Bryaunt of Northwalys
Bryannt S Bryaunt	23 C smote donne (S doune)	21 C
what so euer	26-7 C warante you he	27 C blood the whiche
C the moost noble prowse	30 in not in C	31 C Hewe
sperre he smote hem doune bothe ouer their hors croupes		34-5 Cone

'By the good Lorde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'he ys a good knyght that beryth the shyld of Cornwayle, and mesemyth he rydith on the beste maner that ever I saw knyght ryde.'

Than the kynge of North Galis rode unto sir Palomydes and prayed him hartely for hys sake 'to juste with that 5 knyght that hath done us of North Galis dispite.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I am full lothe to have ado with that knyght, and cause why as to-morne the grete turnement shall be. And therefore I wolde kepe myself freysshe be my wyll.' 10

'Nay,' seyde the kynge of North Galis, 'I pray you, requyre hym of justis.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll juste at youre requeste, and requyre that knyght to juste with me. And oftyn I have seyne a man at hys owne requeste have a grete falle.' 15

Than sir Palomydes sente unto sir Launcelot a squyre (2 and requyred hym to juste,

'Fayre fellow,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'tell me thy lordis name.'

'Sir, my lordys name ys sir Palomydes, the good knyght.' 20

'In good owre,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for there ys no knyght I saw thys seven yere that I had levir have ado withall.'

And so ayther knyghtes made them redy with two grete spearys. 25

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'ye shall se that sir Palomydes woll quyte hym ryght well.'

'Hyt may be so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but I undirtake that knyght with the shyld of Cornwayle shall gyff hym a falle.' 30

'I beleve hit nat,' seyde sir Dynadan.

Ryght [so] they spurred their horsis and feautred their spearys, and aythir smote other. And sir Palomydes brake a speare uppon sir Launcelot, and he sate and meved nat. But sir Launcelot smote hym so harde that he made hys horse 35

3 C in the best 8 C cause why is for as 16 Cf Capitulum X I X 17 C of lustes 22-3 C knyght that I sawe thys seuen yeres that I had leuer adoo with all than with hym 35 Cf smote hym so lyghtly F (MS. B.N.fr. 334 f. 22^r col. 2): Et Lancelot du Lac fiert Palamedes si roidement de si grant force en mi le piz que il n'a pas tant de pooir que il puisse le cop soustenir, ancois vole du cheval a terre

213^v to avoyde the sadill, and the stroke brake hys shylde and the hawbarke, and had he nat fallyn he had be slayne.

'How now?' seyde sir Trystram. 'I wyst well by the maner of their rydynge bothe that sir Palomydes shulde have a falle.'

5 Ryght so sir Launcelot rode hys way, and rode to a well to drynke and repose hym. And they of North Galis aspyed hym whother he wente. And than there folowed hym twelve knyghtes for to have myscheved hym for thys cause, that upon the morne at the turnemente at the Castell of
10 Maydyns that he sholde nat wyn the victory.

So they com uppon sir Launcelot suddeynly, and unnethe he myght put on hys helme and take hys horse but they were in hondis with hym. And than sir Launcelot gate hys speare in hys honde and ran thorow them, and there he slew a
15 knyght and brake hys speare in hys body. Than he drew hys swerde and smote uppon the ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde, that within a few strokis he had slayne other three knyghtes, and the remenaunte that abode he wounded hem sore, all that ded abyde. Thus sir Launcelot ascaped
20 fro hys enemyes of Northe Walis.

And than sir Launcelot rode hys way tylle a frynde, and lodged hym tylle on the morowe, for he wolde nat the firste day have ado in the turnemente bycause of hys grete laboure. And on the first day he was with kynge Arthur, thereas he
25 was sette on hye uppon a chafBet to d[i]scerne who was beste worthy of hys dedis. So sir Launcelot was with kynge Arthur and justed nat the first day.

7 C whyther he rode

13-14 C speere and rode thorou

9 C of the castel

17 C lyfte hand soo that

12 C putte vpon hym

25 C vpon a schaffold

V

THE CASTLE OF MAIDENS

*[Winchester MS., ff. 213^v-222^v;
Caxton, Book IX, chs. 30-37.]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

30. How syr Trystram byhaved hym the fyrst day of the tournement, and there he had the prys.
31. How syr Trystram retourned ayenst kyng Arthurs partye bycause he sawe syr Palomydes on that partye.
32. How syr Trystram fonde Palomydes by a welle and broughte hym wyth hym to his lodgyng.
33. How syr Trystram smote doun sir Palomydes, and how he justed wyth kyng Arthur, and other feates.
34. How syr Launcelot hurte syr Trystram, and how after syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes.
35. How the prys of the thyrd day was gyven to syr Launcelot and syr Launcelot gaf it to syr Trystram.
36. How Palomydes came to the castel where syr Trystram was, and of the queste that syr Launcelot and ten knyghtes made for syr Tristram.
37. How syr Trystram, syr Palomydes, and syr Dynadan were taken and put in pryson.

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TURNEMENT OF THE CASTEL MAYDYN.
THE FYRSTE DAY.

NOW turne we unto sir Trystramys de Lyones that (30)
commaunded Governayle, hys servaunte, to ordayne
hym a blacke shyld with none other remembraunce therein, 5
and so sir Persides and sir Trystramys departed from sir
Pellownes. And they rode erly toward the turnemente,
and than they drew them to kynge Carydos syde of 214^f
Scotlonde.

And anone knyghtes began the filde, what of the kynge 10
of North Galys syde and of kynge Carydos; and there began
a grete party. Than there was hurlyng and russhyng.
Ryght so cam in sir Persides and sir Trystram, and so they
ded fare that day that they put the kyng of North Galis
abacke. 15

Than cam in sir Bleoberys de Ganys and sir Gaherys with
them of North Galis. And than was sir Persides smyttyn
adowne and allmoste slayne, for mo than forty horsemen
wente over hym. For sir Bleoberys ded grete dedes of
armys, and sir Gaherys fayled hym not. 20

Whan sir Tristram behylde them and sye them do such
dedis of armys he mervayled what they were. Also sir
Trystram thought shame that sir Persides was so done to.
And than he gate a grete speare in hys honde, and rode to
sir Gaherys and smote hym down frome hys horse. 25

And than sir Bleoberys was wrothe, and gate a speare
and rode ayenste sir Trystram in grete ire. And there sir
Trystram smote sir Bleoberys frome hys horse. So than the
Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes was wrothe, and he
horsed sir Bleoberys and sir Gaherys agayne, and there 30
began a grete medle. And ever sir Trystram hylde them
passyng shorte, and ever sir Bleoberys was passyng bysy
uppon sir Trystram.

And there cam in sir Dynadan ayenst sir Trystram, and

1-2 <i>not in C</i>	6-7 <i>C from their hooste syr Pellounes</i>	10-12 <i>C what of</i>
kynge Northgalys party and what of kynge Carados party & there began grete party	12 <i>Crasshyng</i>	24 <i>C and thenne he rode</i>
26 <i>C</i>	28 <i>C Trystram mette with hym and smote</i>	

sir Trystram gaff hym such a buffette that he sowned uppon
hys horse. And so anone sir Dynadan cam to sir Trystram
and seyde,

'Sir, I know the bettir than thou wenyst, but here I
5 promyse the my trouth, I woll never com agaynst the more,
for I promyse the that swerde of thyne shall never com on
my helme.'

So with that come sir Bleoberys, and sir Trystram gaff
214^v hym such a buffett that downe he abaysshed hys hede; and
10 than he raught hym so sore by the helme that he pulled hym
undir hys feete. And than kyng Arthure blew to lodgyng.

Than sir Trystram departed to hys pavyllion, and sir
Dynadan rode with hym, and sir Persides. And kyng
Arthure than, and the kyngis uppon bothe partyes, mer-
15 vayled what knyght that was with the blacke shyld. Many
knyghtis seyde their avyse; and som knew hym for sir
Trystram and hylde their peace and wolde nat say. So that
firste day kyng Arthure and all the kynges and lordis that
were juges gaff sir Trystram the pryce, howbehyt they knew
20 hym nat, but named hym the Knyght with the Blacke
Shylde.

(31) Than uppon the morne sir Palomydes returned from the
kyng of North Galis, and rode to kyng Arthurs syde, where
was kyng Carados and the kyng of Irelande, and sir
25 Launcelottis kynne, and sir Gawaynes kynne. So sir Palo-
mydes sent the damesell unto sir Trystram that he sente to
seke hym whan he was oute of hys mynde in the foreyst, and
this damesell asked sir Trystramys what was hys name and
what he was.

30 'As for that, telle sir Palomydes that he shall nat wete as
at thys tyme, unto the tyme I have brokyn two spearis
uppon hym. But lat hym wete thys much, that I am the
same knyght that he smote downe in the over-evenyng at
the turnemente, and telle hym playnly on what party that he
35 be, I woll be of the contrary party.'

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'ye shall undirstonde that sir

1-2 Cswowned in his sadel Thenne anone

C* his hors feet 16 knyghtis *not in C*

C that said sir Tristram telle ye shalle

telle 33 C in ouer euenyng

9 Che leyd his hede

11 C wold nought say

30 C moche said sir Tristram

32 C moche said sir Tristram

Palomydes woll be on kynge Arthurs party where the moste noble knyghtes of the worlde be.'

'In the name of God,' seyde sir Trystram, 'than woll I be with the kynge of Northe Galis, because of sir Palomydes woll be on kynge Arthurs syde, and ellis I wolde nat but 5 for hys sake.'

So whan kyng Arthure was com they blew unto the fylde, and than there began a grete party. And so kynge Carados 215^f justed with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and there kynge Carados had a falle. Than was there hurlyng and 10 russhynge. And ryght so com in knyghtes of kyng Arthurs, and they bare on bak the kynge of North Galis knyghtes.

Than sir Trystram cam in, and began so rowghly and so bygly that there was none myght withstonde hym, and thus he endured longe. And at the laste by fortune he felle 15 amonge the felyshyp of kyng Ban. So there fylle uppon hym sir Bors de Ganys, and sir Ector de Marys, and sir Blamour de Ganys, and many othir knyghtes.

And than sir Trystram smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that all lordis and ladyes spake of hys noble 20 dedis. But at the last sir Trystram sholde have had the wars, had nat the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes bene. And than he cam with hys felyshyp and rescowed sir Trystram, and brought hym away frome the knyghtes that bare the shyldis of Cornwayne. 25

And than sir Trystram saw another felyship by themselff, and there was a forty knyghtes togydir, and sir Kay le Senescial was their governoure. Than sir Trystram rode in amongyst them, and there he smote downe sir Kay frome hys horse, and there he fared amonge the knyghtis as a 30 grehounde amonge conyes.

Than sir Launcelot founde a knyght that was sore wounded uppon the hede.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'who wounded you so sore?'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'a knyght that bearyth a blacke shyld. 35 And I may curse the tyme that ever I mette with hym, for he ys a devyll and no man.'

1 C Arthurs syde
9 C kynge of the hondred
the last syr Trystram felle

2 C world ben
14-15 C thus sire
28 C Seneschal

4 C by cause syr Palomydes
And at
30 C lyke a

So sir Launcelot departed from hym, and thought to mete with sir Trystram, and so he rode with hys swerde idrawyn in hys honde to seke sir Trystram. And than he aspyed hym hurlyng here and there, and at every stroke
 215^v 5 sir Trystram well-nyghe smote downe a knyght.

'A! mercy Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'syth the firste tyme that ever I bare armys saw I never one knyght do so mervaylous dedys of armys. And if I sholde,' seyde sir Launcelot to hymself, 'sette uppon thys knyght now, I ded
 10 shame to myselff,'

And therewithall sir Launcelot put up hys swerde.

And than the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes, and an hondred mo of North Walis, sette uppon the twenty knyghtes of sir Launcelottes kynne, and they twenty knyghtes hylde
 15 them ever togydir as wylde swyne, and none wolde fayle other. So sir Trystram, whan he behylde the nobles of thes twenty knyghtes, he mervayled of their good dedys, for he saw by their fare and rule that they had levyr dye than to avoyde the fylde.

20 'Now, Jesu,' seyde sir Trystram, 'well may [h]e be called valyaunte and full of proues that hath such a sorte of noble knyghtes unto hys kynne. And full lyke ys he to be a nobleman that ys their leder and governoure.'

He mente hit by sir Launcelot du Lake.

25 So whan sir Trystram had beholde them longe he thought s[h]ame to se two hondred knyghtes batterying uppon twenty knyghtes. Than sir Trystram rode unto the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes and seyde,

'Sir, leve your fyghtyng with tho twenty knyghtes, for
 30 ye wyne no worship of them, ye be so many and they so few. And wyte you well, they woll nat oute of the fylde, I se by their chere and countenaunce, [and] worship get you none and ye sle them. Therefore leve your fyghtyng with them, for I, to encrese my worship, I woll ryde unto the

3 C drawn 4 C hym how he hurled here and there 6 C\ said
 the kynge 6-7 C syth the tyme I bare 7 C neuer no knyght 8-9
 Cshold sette vpon this knyght said sir Launcelot to hym self I dyd 13 knyghtes
 not in C 16 C & so whan sir Tristram beheld 18 Cfare and by theil
 reule 19 to not in C 20 C* may he be W may ye be called not in
 C 26 W (sidenote; later hand)-, shame 32 W countenaunce that wor-
 ship C* countenaunce and worship 34 C eucreece S encrease

twenty knyghtes and helpe them with all my myght and power/

'Nay,' seyde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, 'ye shall nat do so. Now I se youre corayge and curtesye, I woll withdraw my knyghtes for youre plesure, for evermore a 5 good knyght woll favoure another, and lyke woll draw to 216' lyke.'

Than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes withdrew hys knyghtes. (32)

And all thys whyle and longe tofore sir Launcelot 10 had wacched uppon sir Trystram in veary purpose to have felyshipped with hym. And than suddenly sir Trystram, sir Dynadan and Governayle, hys man, rode their way into the foreyste, that no man perceyved where they wente. 15

So than kynge Arthure blew unto lodgyng, and gaff the kynge of North Galis the pryce, bycause sir Trystram was uppon hys syde. Than sir Launcelot rode here and there as wode as a lyon that faughted hys fyllle, because he had loste sir Trystram, and so he returned unto kynge Arthure. 20 And than all the felde was in a noyse, that with the wynde hit myght be harde two myle how the lordys and ladyes cryed:

'The Knyght with the Blacke Shylde hath won the fylde!' 25

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'where ys that knyght becom? Hit ys shame to all tho in the fylde so to lette hym ascape away frome you, but with jantylnes and curtesye ye myght have brought hym unto me to thys Castell of Maydyns. 30

Than kynge Arthur wente to hys knyghtes and comforted them, and seyde,

'My fayre felowis, be nat dismayde thoughe ye have loste the fylde thys day.' And many were hurte and sore wounded, and many were hole. 'My felowys,' seyde kyng Arthur, 35 'loke that ye be of good chere, for to-morn I woll be in the fylde with you and revenge you of youre enemyes.'

ii C with a very 19 C so wood as lyon 21 C in alle the felde was a
22 C two myle thens 32 C* them in the best wyse that he coude and sayd
33 Cdysmayed how be hit ye haue

So that nyght kynge Arthure and hys knyghtes reposed
themsellf.

So the damesell that com frome La Beall Isod unto sir
Trystram, all the whyle the turnement was a-doyng she was
5 with quyene Gwenyvere, and ever the quene asked her for
what cause she cam into that contrey.

'Madame,' she answerde, 'I com for none other cause but
frome my [lady], La Beall Isode, to wete of youre wellfare.'
216^V For in no wyse she wold nat telle the quene that she cam
io for sir Trystramys sake.

So thys lady, dame Brangwayn, toke hir leve of quene
Gwenyver, and she rode aftir sir Trystram. And as she rode
thorow the foreyste she harde a grete cry. Than she com-
maunded hir squyar to go into that foreyste to wyte what was
15 that noyse. And so he cam to a welle, and there he founde
a knyght bounden tyll a tre, cryng as he had bene woode,
and his horse and hys harneys stondyng by hym.

And whan he aspyed the squyar, with a brayde he brake
hymselff lowse, and toke hys swerde in hys honde and ran
20 to have slayne that squyer. Than he toke hys horse and
fledde to dame Brangwayne and tolde hir of hys adventure.
Than she rode unto sir Trystramys pavylon, and tolde sir
Trystram what adventure she had founde in the foreyste.

'Alas,' seyde sir Trystram, 'uppon my hede, there ys som
25 good knyght at myschyff.'

Than sir Trystram toke hys horse and hys swerde, and
rode thyder, and there he harde how the knyght complayned
unto hymselff and sayde,

'I, wofull knyght, sir Palomydes! What mysseadventure
30 befallith me that thus am defoyled with falsehed and treson,
thorow sir Bors and sir Ector! Alas!' he seyde, 'why lyve
I so longe?'

And than he gate his swerde in hys honde and made
many straunge sygnes and tokyns, and so thorow the
35 rageynge he threw hys swerd in that fountayne. Than sir
Palomydes wayled and wrange hys hondys, and at the laste,
for pure sorow, he ran into that fountayne and sought aftir

9 Cwold not telle S wold telle 18 Csquyer ther with he abraide and brake
21 C fledde all that euer he myght vnto dame 33 Chandes 34-5 Chis
rageynge 37 Cranne in to that Fontayne ouer his bely and soughte (*see note*)

hys swerde. Than sir Trystram saw that, and ran uppon sir Palomydes and hylde hym in hys armys faste.

'What art thou,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that holdith me so?'

'I am a man of thys foreyste that wold the none harme.'

'AlasP seyde sir Palomydes, 'I may never wyn worship 5 where sir Trystram ys, for ever where he ys and I be, there gete I no worshyp. And yf he be away, for the moste party 217' I have the gre, onles that sir Launcelot be there, othir ellis sir Lamerok.' Than sir Palomydes sayde, 'Onys in Irelande sir Trystram put me to the wors, and anothir tyme in 10 Cornwayle and in other placis in thys londe.'

'What wolde ye do,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye had sir Trystram?'

'I wolde fyght with hym,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and ease my harte uppon hym. And yet, to say the sothe, sir Trystram 15 ys the jantylyste knyght in thys worlde lyvyng.'

'Sir, what woll ye do?' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye go with me to youre lodgyng?'

'Nay,' he seyde, 'to the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, for he rescowed me frome sir Bors de Ganyz 20 and sir Ector, and ellis had I bene slayne traytourly.'

And sir Trystram seyde hym such kynde wordys that sir Palomydes wente with hym to hys lodgyng. Than Governayle wente tofore and charged dame Brangwayne to go oute of the way to hir lodgyng, 'and byd ye sir 25 Persides that he make hym no quarels.'

And so they rode togedirs tyll they cam to sir Trystramys pavylon, and there had sir Palomydes all the chere that myght be had all that nyght. But in no wyse sir Trystram myght nat be knowyn with sir Palomydes. And so aftir 30 souper they yeode to reste, and sir Trystram for grete travayle slepte tyll hit was day. And sir Palomydes myght nat slepe for angwysse, and so in the dawning of the day he toke hys horse prevayly and rode hys way unto Gaherys and to sir Sagramoure le Desirous, where the[y] were in 35 their pavylons, for they three were felowis at the begynnynge of the turnemente.

6-7 C there thennegete 8-9 C there or syr 12 W seyde seyde 17
 Sir not in C 19 C* Nay sayde he I wille goo to the (*In W seyde occurs at the*
end of a line. This may have caused the omission of I wille goo or some such words)
 26 C he S ye 29-30 C sire Palomydes myst not knowe what was syr Tristram

And than uppon the morne the kynge blew unto the turnemente uppon the third day.

- (33) So the kynge of Northe Galis and the Kynge of the Hon-
dred Knyghtes, they two encountird with kynge Carados
5 and the kynge of Irelande. And there the Kynge with the
217^v Hondred Knyghtes smote downe kynge Carados, and the
kynge of Northe Galis smote downe the kynge of Irelande.

So with that cam in sir Palomydes, and he made grete
worke, for by hys endented shyld he was well knowyn.
10 So there cam in kynge Arthur and ded grete dedis of armys
togydirs, and put the kynge of North Gales and the Kyng
with the Hondred Knyghtes to the wars.

So with [this] cam in sir Trystram with hys blak shyld,
and anone he justed with sir Palomydes, and there by fyne
15 force sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes over hys horse
croupe. Than kynge Arthure cryed,

'Knyght with the blacke shyld, make the redy to me!'

And in the same wyse sir Trystram smote kynge Arthure.

- And than by forse of kynge Arthurs knyghtes the kynge
20 and sir Palomydes were horsed agayne. Than kynge Arthur
with a grete egir harte, he gate a grete speare in hys honde,
and there uppon the one syde he smote sir Trystram over
hys horse.

- Than foote-hote sir Palomydes cam uppon sir Trystram,
25 as he was uppon foote, to have overryddyn hym. Than sir
Trystram was ware off hym, and stowped a lytyll asyde, and
with grete ire he gate hym by the arme and pulled hym
downe frome hys horse.

- Than sir Palomydes lyghtly arose, and [they] daysshed
30 togydirs with their swerdys myghtly, that many kynges,
quenys, lordys and ladyes stode and behelde them. And
at the last sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes uppon the
helme three myghty strokes, and at every stroke that he
gaff he seyde,

- 35 'Have thys for sir Trystramys sake!'

And with that sir Palomydes felle to the erthe grovel-
ynge.

8-13 C With that... Soo came... With this 22 Cf therupon 29-31 Cand
thenne they dashed to gyder myghtely with their swerdes and many kynges Quenes
and lordes stode and beheld them 34 C gaf hym 35 C Have *not* in Cf

Than cam the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes and brought sir Trystram an horse, and so was he horsed agayne. And by that tyme was sir Palomydes horsed, and with grete ire he justed uppon sir Trystram with hys speare as hit was in the reyste, and gaff hym a grete dayssh with hys swerde. 5 Than sir Trystram avoyded hys speare, and gate hym by 218^r the nek with hys bothe hondis, and pulled hym clene oute of hys saddle, and so he bare hym afore hym the lengthe often spearys, and than he lete hym falle at hys adventure.

Than sir Trystram was ware of kynge Arthure with a 10 naked swerde in hys honde, and with hys speare sir Trystram ran uppon kyng Arthure. And than kyng Arthure boldely abode hym, and with hys swerde he smote ato hys speare. And therewithall sir Trystram was astooned, and so kynge Arthure gaff hym three or four strokis or he myght gete 15 oute hys swerde. And so sir Trystram drew hys swerde, and aythir of them assayed othir passyng harde, and with that the grete prease departed.

Than sir Trystram rode here and there and ded hys grete payne, that a twelve of the good knyghtes of the bloode of 20 kynge Ban that were of sir Launcelottis [kyn] that day sir Trystram smote down, that all the estatis mervayled of their grete dedis, and all people [cryede] uppon the knyght with the blacke shylde.

So thys cry was so large that sir Launcelot harde hit, and 25 (34) than he gate a grete speare in hys honde and cam towardis the cry. Than sir Launcelot cryed,

'Knyght with the blacke shylde, make ye redy to juste with me!'

Whan sir Trystram harde hym sey so, he gate hys speare 30 in hys honde, and ayther abeysed their hedys downe lowe and cam togydir as thundir, that sir Trystrams speare brake in pecis. And sir Launcelot by malefortune stroke sir Trystram on the syde a depe wounde nyghe to the dethe. But yet sir Trystram avoyded nat hys sadyll, and so the 35 speare brake therewithall. And yete sir Trystram gate oute

1 C kynge with the 2-3 C ageyn By thenne was 9 C thenne in the
presence of hem al he lete (see note) 13 C atwo 14 C Tristram stonyed
15 C four grete strokis 16 (7 and at the last sir 17 aythir of them *notin*C/f
20 C thatiofthe 22-3 C* of his grete 31-2 Ceyther abeysed down their
hedes and 36 C ther with all sir tristram that was wounded gate oute

hys swerde, and he russhed to sir Launcelot and gaff hym
 three grete strokes uppon the helme, that the fyre sprange
 oute, that sir Launcelot abeysed hys hede low toward hys
 sadyll-bow. And so therewithall Trystram departed frome
 218^v 5 the fylde, for he felte hym so wounded that he wente he
 sholde have dyed. And sir Dynadan aspyed hym and
 folowed hym into the foreyste.

Than sir Launcelot abode and ded mervaylous dedys.

So whan sir Trystram was departed by the foreystis syde,
 10 he alyght and unlaced hys harneys and freyssshed hys wounde.
 Than wente sir Dynadan that he sholde have dyed, and
 wepte.

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Trystram, 'never drede you, sir
 Dynadan, for I am harte-hole, and of thys wounde I shall
 15 sone be hole, by the mercy of God!'

And anone sir Dynadan was ware where cam sir Palo-
 mydes rydyng streyte uppon them. Than sir Trystram was
 ware that sir Palomydes com to have destroyed hym, and so
 sir Dynadan gaff hym warnynge and seyde,
 20 'Sir Trystram, my lorde, ye ar so sore wounded that ye
 may nat have ado with hym. Therefore I woll ryde agaynste
 hym and do to hym what I may, and yf I be slayne ye may
 pray for my soule. And so in the meanewhyle ye may with-
 draw you and go into the castell or into the foreyste, that
 25 he shall nat mete with you.'

Sir Trystram smyled, and seyde,

'I thanke you, sir Dynadan, ^rof your good wyll, but ye
 shall undirstond that I am able to handyll hym.'

And anone hastely he armed hym, and toke hys horse and
 30 a grete speare in hys honde, and seyde to sir Dynadan
 'Adew', and rode toward sir Palomydes a soffte pace.

Whan sir Palomydes saw hym he alyght and made a
 countenaunce to amende hys horse, but he ded hit for thys
 cause, for he abode sir Gaherys that cam aftir hym. And
 35 whan he was com he rode towards sir Trystram.

3 C hede lowely toward 8 C dyd many merueyllous dedes 11 W dyed
 repeated in the margin in a later hand 11-12 and wepte not in Cf 13-14
 C Dynadan neuer drede the 16 C By that sir Dynadan 27 C* Dynadan of
 your good wyll but F (MS. B.N. fr. 334 f. 247^v col. 1): quant il entendi la grant
 franchise de Dynadam et la grant debonnairete, il li respond en seurriant: 'Dynda-
 dam, biaux amis' etc, 28 C shalle wete that 32 C† sawe that he made

Than sir Trystram sente unto sir Palomydes and requyred hym to juste with hym; and if he smote downe sir Palomydes he wolde do no more to hym, and if sir Palomydes smote downe sir Trystram, he bade hym do hys utteraunce. And so they were accorded and mette to- 5 gydirs.

And sir Trystram smote downe sir Palomydes, that he 219^f had a vylaunce falle and lay styll as he had bene dede. And than sir Trystram ran uppon sir Gaherys, and he wold nat have justed, but whethir he wolde or wolde nat sir 10 Trystram smote hym over hys horse croupe, that he lay styll. And sir Trystram rode hys way and lefft sir Persides hys squyar within the pavelons.

And sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode to an olde knyghtes place to lodge them; and thys olde knyght had 15 fyve sonnes at the turnement that prayde God hartely for their commynge home. And so, as the Freynshe booke sayeth, they com home all fyve well beatyn.

And whan sir Trystram departed into the foreyste sir Launcelot hylde allwayes the stowre lyke harde, as a man 20 araged that toke none hede to hymself. And wyte you well there was many a noble knyght ayenste hym. And whan kyng Arthure saw sir Launcelot do so mervaylous dedis of armys he than armed hym and toke hys horse and hys armour, and rode into the fylde to helpe sir Launcelot, and 25 so many knyght[es] cam with kynge Arthur.

And to make shorte tale in conclusion, the kyng of North Galis and the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes were put to the wars. And bycause sir Launcelot abode and was the laste in the fylde, the pryse was gyvyn hym. But 30 sir Launcelot, nother for kynge, quene, nother knyght, wolde thereoff. And where the cry was cryed thorow the fylde,

'Sir Launcelot hath wonne the filde thys day!'

Sir Launcelot made another cry contrary,

35

3-4 C yf it so happend that sire Palomydes 5 C accorded thenne they mette 8 C a greuous falle soo that he laye 10 Cor not 12 C* styll as though he had ben dede And 12-13 C Persy des squyer 16 C turnement for who me he prayed 27 Cf conclnsion S conclusion 29 Cf pntte S putte 31-2 C Laucelot wold neyther for kyng Qnene (S Quene) ne knyghte haue the pryce but where 34-5 C Launcelot lete make an other crye

'Sir Trystram hath won the fylde, for he began firste, and lengyst hylde on, and so hathe he done the firste day, the secunde, and the thirde day!'

- (35) Than all the astatis and degrees, hyghe and lowe, seyde
 5 [of] sir Launcelot grete worship for the honoure that he ded
 to sir Trystram, and for the honour doying by sir Launcelot
 he was at that tyme more praysed and renowmed than [and]
 he had overthrowyn fyve hondred knyghtes. And all the
 219^v peple hole for hys jantilness, firste the astatis, hyghe and
 10 lowe, and after the comynalte, at onys cryed,

'Sir Launcelot hath won the gre, whosoever sayth nay!'

Than was sir Launcelot wrothe and ashamed, and so there-
 withall he rode to kynge Arthure.

- 'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'we ar all dismayde that sir
 15 Trystram ys thus departed frome us! Parde,' seyde kynge
 Arthur, 'he ys one of the nobelyst knyghtes that ever I saw
 holde speare in honde or swerde, and the moste curtayse
 knyght in hys fyghtyng. For full harde I sye hym bestad,'
 seyde kynge Arthure, 'whan he smote sir Palomydes uppon
 20 the helme thryse, that he abaysshed hys helme with hys
 strokis. And also he seyde "here ys a stroke for sir Trys-
 tram", and thus he seyde thryse.'

- Than kynge Arthur and sir Launcelot and sir Dodynas
 le Saveage toke their horsis to seke aftir sir Trystram.
 25 And by the meanys of sir Persides he had tolde kynge
 Arthure where sir Trystramys pavylyon was. But whan
 they cam there, sir Trystram and sir Dynadan was gone.
 Than kynge Arthur and sir Launcelot was hevvy and returned
 ayen to the Castell Maydyns makyng grete dole for the
 30 hurte of sir Trystram, and hys suddeyne departyng.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'I am more hevvy
 that I can nat mete with hym than I am for all the hurtys
 that all my knyghtes have had at the turnement.'

And so forthwith cam sir Gaherys and tolde kynge

1-2 C fyrst and last he hath endured and soo hath he	4 W and of degrees	C
and degrees	6-7 G doying to sir Tristram he was	9 C estates both hyhe
10 C cryed at ones	11 Cwonne the felde who soo euer saye nay	15 Cvs
By god said	17 C spere or swerd in hand curteyst	18 bestad not in C
24 aftir not in C	26 C Tristram was in his paelione but	27 C were gone
28 C were heny (S heuy)	32 C hym thenne for al	34 C Ryght soo

came sir Gaherys

Arthur how sir Trystram had smytten downe sir Palomydes, and hit was at hys owne requeste.

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'that was grete dishonoure to sir Palomydes, inasmuch as sir Trystram was so sore wounded. And may we all, kyngis and knyghtes and men of 5 worship, sey that sir Trystram may be called a knyght and one of the beste knyghtes that ever y saw dayes of my lyff. For I woll that ye all, kyngis and knyghtes, know,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'that I never saw knyght do so mervaylously as he hath done thes three dayes, for he was the firste that 10 began, and the lengyst that hylde on, save thys laste day; and thoughe he were hurte hit was a manly adventure of 220' two noble knyghtes. And whan two noble men encountir, nedis muste the tone have the worse, lyke as God wyll suffir at that tyme.' 15

'Sir, as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for all the londys that ever my fadir leffte I wolde nat have hurt sir Trystram and I had knowyn hym at that tyme that I hurte hym: for I saw nat hys shyld. For and I had seyne hys blacke shyld, I wolde nat have medled with hym for many causis,' seyde 20 sir Launcelot. 'For but late he ded as muche for me as ever ded knyght, and that ys well knowyn, that he had ado with thirty knyghtes and no helpe only save sir Dynadan. And one thyng shall I promyse you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'sir Palomydes shall repente hit, as in hys unknyghtly delynge 25 so for to folow that noble knyght that I be mysfortune hurte hym thus.'

So sir Launcelot seyde all the worship that myght be spokyn by sir Trystram.

Than kyng Arthure made a grete feste to all that wolde 30 com.

And thus we lat passe kynge Arthure, and a lityll we woll turne unto sir Palomydes, that aftir he had a falle of sir Trystram he was nerehonde araged oute of hys wytte for despite of sir Trystram, and so he folowed hym by adven- 35 ture. And as he cam by a ryver, in hys woodnes he wolde

2 C atte syr Palomydes owne request	4 so <i>not in C</i>	5 C and now may
6 C* a noble knyght	7 C the dayes	11 C and that lengest held on sauf
16 C As for me	17 C lefte me	18-19 C that I hurt hym was for I sawe
21 but <i>not in C</i>	23 only <i>not in C</i>	24 you <i>not in C</i>
25-6 Chisvn-kyndely delynge for	26-7 C by myshap hurted thus	29 C said by

have made hys horse to have lopyn over the watir, and the horse fayled footyng and felle in the ryver, wherefore sir Palomydes was adrad leste he shulde have bene drowned.

(36) 5 And than he avoyde hys horse and swam to the londe, and lete hys horse go downe by adventure. And whan he cam to the londe he toke of hys harnys and sate romynge and cryynge as a man oute of hys mynde.

Ryght so cam a damesell evyn by sir Palomydes, that was sente [fro] sir Gawayne and hys brothir unto sir Mordred
10 that lay syke in the same place with that olde knyght where sir Trystram was. For, as the booke seythe, sir Persides
220^v hurte so sir Mordred a ten dayes afore, and had hit nat bene for the love of sir Gawayne and hys brethirn, sir Persides had slayne sir Mordred.

15 And so this damysell cam by sir Palomydes, and he and she had langage togyder, whych pleased neythir of them. And so thys damesell rode her wayes tyll she cam to that olde knyghtes place, and there she tolde that olde knyght how she mette with the woodist knyght by adventure that
20 ever she mette withall.

'What bare he in hys shyld?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, hit was endented with whyght and blacke,' seyde the damesell.

'A,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that was Palamydes, the good
25 knyght. For well I know hym,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for one of the beste knyghtes lyvyng in thys realme.'

Than that olde knyght toke a lityll hakeney and rode for sir Palomydes, and brought hym unto hys owne maner. And full well knew sir Trystram hym, but he sayde but
30 lytill. For at that tyme sir Trystram was walkyng uppon hys feete and well amended of hi[s] hurtis, and allwayes whan sir Palomydes saw sir Trystram he wolde beholde hym full mervaylously, and ever hym semed that he had sene hym. Than wolde he sey unto sir Dynadan,

35 'And ever I may mete with sir Trystram, he shall nat escape myne hondis.'

1 C haue lepte ouer the watir riot in C

9 W sente for 11 C the Frensshe book

he 16 C the whiche 22 Sir not in C
but 31 Whir hurtis C* his hurtis

4 C auoyded

13 Cbroder

29 C Trystram syr Palomydes

6 C rorynge

15-16 C she and

'I mervayle,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ye do boste behynde sir Trystram so, for hit ys but late that he was in youre hondys and ye in hys hondis. Why wolde ye nat holde hym whan ye had hym? For I saw myselff twyse or thryse that ye gate but lytyll worship of sir Trystram.' 5

Than was sir Palomydes ashamed. So leve we them a lytyll whyle in the castell with the olde knyght sir Darras.

Now shall we speke of kynge Arthure, that seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Had nat ye bene, we had nat loste sir Trystram, for he 10 was here dayly unto the tyme ye mette with hym. And in an evyll tyme,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye encountred with hym.'

'My lorde Arthure,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall undir- 221' stonde the cause. Ye put now uppon me that I sholde be 15 causer of hys departicion; God knowith hit was ayenste my wyll! But whan men bene hote in dedis of armys, oftyn hit ys seyne they hurte their frendis as well as their foys. And, my lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall undirstonde that sir Trystram ys a man that I am ryght lothe to offende to, for 20 he hath done more for me than ever y ded for hym as yet.'

But than sir Launcelot mad brynge forthe a boke, and than seyde sir Launcleot,

'Here we ar ten knyghtes that woll swere uppon thys booke never to reste one nyght where we reste another thys 25 twelve-month, untyll that we fynde sir Trystram. And as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I promyse you uppon thys booke that, and I may mete with hym, other with fayrenes othir with fowlnes I shall brynge hym to thys courte, other elles I shall dye therefore.' 30

And the namys of thes ten knyghtes that had undirtake thys queste [were these folowyng]: first was sir Launcelot; sir Ector de Marys, sir Bors de Ganys, and sir Bleoberys, sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Lucan de Butler, sir Uwayne, sir Galyhud, sir Lyonel, and sir Galyodyn. So thes ten noble 35

2 so *not in C* 7 *C the old castel* 12 *kynge not in C* 14 *sir not in C*
 14-15 *ye shall undirstonde the cause not in C* 15-16 *C ben cause* 17-18
 hit ys seyne *not in C* 20 *C offende for* 23 *C sir launcelot said*
 24-5 *Cvponabook* 28-9 *Cfayrenes or foulnesse* 33 *CBelobcris* 34
C Blamor de ganys and Lucan the botteler 35 *C Galyhad Lyonel and Galyodyn*

knyghtes departed frome the courte of kynge Arthur, and so they rode uppon theire queste togydys tyll they com to a crosse where departed four wayes, and there departed the felyship in four to seke sir Trystram.

- 5 And as sir Launcelot rode, by adventure he mette with dame Brangwayne that was sente into that contrey to seke sir Trystram, and she fled as faste as her palfrey myght go. So sir Launcelot mette with her and asked why she fled.

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde dame Brangwayne, 'I fle for 10 drede of my lyff, for here folowith me sir Breuse Saunz Pite to sle me.'

'Holde you nyghe me,' seyde sir Launcelot.

And whan he sye sir Breuse Saunz Pite (he) cryed unto hym and seyde,

- 15 'False knyght, destroyer of ladyes and damesels, now thy laste dayes be com!'

221^v Whan sir Breuse Saunce Pite saw sir Launcelottis shyld he knew hit well, for at that tyme he bare nat the shyld of Cornwayle, but he bare hys owne. And than sir Breuse

- 20 returned and fled, and sir Launcelot folowed aftir hym. But sir Breuse was so well horsed that whan hym lyst to fle he myght fle whan he wolde and abyde whan he wolde. And than sir Launcelot returned unto dame Brangwayne, and [she] thanked sir Launcelot of hys curtesy and grete

25 laboure.

- (37) Now woll we speke of sir Lucan de Butler, that by fortune he cam rydyng to the same place thereas was sir Trystram, and in he cam for none other entente but to aske herberow. Than the porter asked what was hys name.

- 30 'Sir, telle youre lorde that my name ys sir Lucan de Butler, a knyght of the Rounde Table.'

So the porter yode unto sir Darras, lorde of the place, and tolde hym who was there to aske herberow.

- 'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Daname that was newew unto sir 35 Darras, 'sey hym that he shall nat be lodged here. But lat

10 C saunce pyte 13 C* Thenne whanne sire Launcelot sawe sir Breuse
saunce pytesyr launcelot 18-19 C* the armes of 19 C*owneshelde 20
returned and not in C Cf and syr Tristram 22-3 C myght wel flee and also
abyde whan hym lyst And thenne 24 C she thanked hym of his grete 26 C
Lucan the buttelere 29-30 Chis name Telle 30-1 C Lucan the botteler
32 C wente vnto

hym wete that I, sir Danam, woll mete with hym anone,
and byd hym make hym redy.'

So sir Danam com forthe on horseback, and there they met
togydys with spearys. And sir Lucan smote downe sir Danam
over hys horse croupe, and than he fled into that place, and 5
sir Lucan rode aftir hym [and asked after hym] many tymys.

Than sir Dynadan seyde to sir Trystram,

'Hit ys shame to se the lordys cousyne of thys place
defoyled.'

'Abyde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I shall redresse hit.' 10

And in the meanewhyle sir Dynadan was on horsebacke,
and he justed with sir Lucan, and he smote sir Dynadan
thorow the thycke of [the] thyghe, and so he rode hys way.
And sir Trystram was wroth that sir Dynadan was hurte,
and he folowed aftir and thought to avenge hym. And 15
within a whyle he overtoke sir Lucan and bade hym turne,
and so they mette togydys. And sir Trystram hurte sir
Lucane passynge sore and gaff hym a falle.

So with that com sir Uwayne, a jantill knyght, and whan
he saw sir Lucan so hurte he called to sir Trystram to juste. 20 222'

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'telle me youre name,
I requyre you.'

'Sir knyght, wite you well my name ys sir Uwayne, le
Fyze de Roy Ureyne.'

'A,' seyde sir Tristram, 'be my wyll I wolde nat have 25
ado with you at no tyme.'

'Sir, ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'but ye shall
have ado with me.'

And than sir Trystram saw none other boote but rode
ayenste hym, and overthrew sir Uwayne and hurte hym in 30
the syde, and so he departed unto hys lodgyng agayne.

And whan sir Danam undirstood that sir Trystram had
hurte sir Lucan he wolde have ryddyn aftir hym for to have
slayne hym. But sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym.

Than sir Uwayne lete ordayne an horse-litter, and brought 35
sir Lucan to the abbay of Ganys. And the castell thereby
hyght the Castell off Ganys, of the whych sir Bleoberys was

12 C with Lucan be botteler & ther sir lucan smote dynada (S smote doune
dynada) 17 C to gyders soo that sire Tristram 18 C Lucan 20 to not in C
C Iuste with hym 24 C fyse 26-7 C no tyme ye shalle not soo (see note)
32 Cf sire Dynadan (see note) 33 Chnrte S hurte C after syr Lucan for

lorde. And at that castell sir Launcelot promysed all hys felowis there to mete in the queste of sir Trystram.

So whan sir Trystram was com to hys lodgyng, there cam a damsell that tolde sir Darras that three of his sunnys
5 were slayne at that turnemente, and two greuously wounded so that they were never lyke to helpe themselff: and all thys was done by a noble knyght that bare a blacke shyld, and that was he that bare the pryce.

Than cam one and tolde sir Darras that the same knyght
10 was within hys courte that bare the blacke shyld. Than sir Darras yode unto sir Trystramys chambir, and there he founde hys shyld and shewed hit to the damesell.

'A, sir,' seyde the damesell, 'thys same ys he that slewe youre three sunnys.'

15 Than withoute ony taryynyge sir Darras put sir Tristram, sir Palomydes, and sir Dynadan within a stronge preson, and there sir Trystram was lyke to have dyed of grete syknes.

And every day sir Palomydes wolde reprove sir Trystram of olde hate betwyxt them, and ever sir Trystram spake
20 fay re and seyde lytyll. But whan sir Palomydes se that sir
222^v Trystram was falle in syknes, than was he hevy for hym and comforted hym in all the beste wyse he coude.

And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, there cam fourty knyghtes to sir Darras that were of hys owne kynne, and they
25 wolde have slayne sir Trystram and hys felowis, but sir Darras wolde nat, but put them in preson, and mete and drynke they had.

So sir Trystram endured there grete payne, for syknes had undirtake hym, and that ys the grettist payne a presoner
30 may have. For all the whyle a presonere may have hys helth of body, he may endure undir the mercy of God and in hope of good delyveraunce; but whan syknes towchith a presoners body, than may a presonere say all welth ys hym berauffte, and than hath he cause to wayle and wepe. Ryght
35 so ded sir Trystram whan syknes had undirtake hym, for than he toke such sorow that he had allmoste slayne hymselff.

2 there *not in C* 3-4 C *ther came* S *ther cam* 10 C *within hym that*
15-16 C *Tristram and syre* 20-1 C *Palomydes sawe the fallynge of seke-*
nesse of sir Tristram thenne was he 25 C *his two felawes* 26 C **not suffre*
that but kepte them (see note) 33 C *bo y* 34 C *he hath*

VI

THE ROUND TABLE

*[Winchester MS., ff. 222^v–235^v;
Caxton, Book IX, chs. 38–44, Book X, chs. 1–6.]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

- Bk. IX, 38. How kyng Marke was sory for the good renommee of syr Tristram. Somme of Arthurs knyghtesjusted wyth knyghtes of Cornewayl.
39. Of the treason of kyng Marke, and how syr Gaheris smote hym doun and And red his cosyn.
40. How, after that syr Trystram, syr Palomydes and syr Dynadan had be longe in pryson, they were delyverd.
41. How syr Dynadan rescowed a lady fro syr Breuse Sauns Pyte, and how syr Trystram receyved a shelde of Morgan le Fay.
42. How syr Trystram took wyth hym the shelde and also how he slewe the paramour of Morgan le Fay.
43. How Morgan le Fay buryed hyr paramour, and how syr Tristram preysed syr Launcelot and hys kynne.
44. How syr Trystram at a tornoyment bare the shelde that Morgan le Fay delyverd to hym.
- Bk. X, 1. How syr Trystram justed and smote doun kyng Arthur bycause he tolde hym not the cause why he bare that shelde.
2. How syr Trystram saved syr Palomydes lyf, and how they promysed to fyght togyder wythin fourteenyght.
3. How syr Trystram sought a stronge knyght that had smyton hym doun and many other knyghtes of the Rounde Table.
4. How syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramor le Desyrous and syr Dodynas le Savage.
5. How syr Trystram mette at the perron wyth syr Launcelotf, and how they faught togyder unknowen.ff
6. How syr Launcelot brought syr Trystram to the courte, and of the joye that the kyng and other made for the comyng of syr Trystram.

† C Launcolot S Launcelot †† C vnkuowen S vnknowen

NOW woll we spek and leve sir Trystram, sir Palomydes, (38)
and sir Dynadan in preson, and speke we of othir
knyghtes that sought aftir sir Trystram many dyverse partyes
of thys londe.

And some yode into Cornwayle, and by adventure sir 5
Gaherys, newew unto kynge Arthure, cam unto kynge
Marke. And there he was well resseyved and sate at kynge
Markys owne table and at hys owne messe. Than kynge
Marke asked sir Gaherys what tydynges there was within
the realme of Logrys. 10

'Sir,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'the kynge regnys as a noble
knyght, and now but late there was a grete justis and turne-
mente that ever y saw within thys reallme of Logres, and
the moste nobelyste knyghtes were at that justis. But there
was one knyght that ded mervaylously three dayes, and he 15
bare a blacke shylde, and on all the knyghtes that ever y saw
he preved the beste knyght.'

'That was,' seyde kynge Marke, 'sir Launcelot, other ellis
sir Palomydes the paynym.'

'Not so,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for they were both of the 20 223'
contrary party agaynste the knyght with the blacke shylde.'

'Than was hit sir Trystram de Lyones,' seyde [the] kynge.
And therewithall he smote downe hys hede, and in hys harte
he feryd sore that sir Trystram sholde gete hym such worship
in the realme of Logrys wherethorow hymselff shuld nat be 25
able to withstonde hym.

Thus sir Gaherys had grete chere with kynge Marke and
with the quene. La Beall Isode was glad of his wordis, for well
she wyste by hys dedis and maners that hit was sir Trystram.

And than the kynge made a feste royall, and to that feste 30
cam sir Uwayne le Fyze de Roy Urayne (and som called
hym sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes). And thys sir
Uwayne chalenged all the knyghtes of Cornwayle. Than

8 C & ete of his owne	9-10 C there were in the	13 CI sawe ony in the
realme	14 Cmoost noble	16 Cand of alle knyghtes
17-19 Cknyst	thrnne said Kyng mark that was syre launcelot or syre	20 C Gaherys for
bothe syre launcelot and sire Palomydes were on the	22 de Lyones not in	
C	22-3 C* the kyng ye said sir Gaheryse And there with all the Kyng	25
C where thorou that he hym self	28 C Isoud the whiche was gladdes of syr	
Gaheryse wordes	31 C fyse de roy Vreyne	32 C maynys
		33 CVwayn

was the kyng wood wrothe that he had [no] knyghtes to
answere hym.

Than sir Andred, newew unto kyng Marke, lepe up and
sayde,

5 'I woll ancountir with sir Uwayne.'

Than he yode and armyd hym, and horsed hym in the
beste maner. And there sir Uwayne mette with sir Andred
and smote hym downe, that he sowned on the erthe. Than was
kyng Marke sory and wrot[h]e oute of mesure that he had
10 no knyght to revenge hys newew, sir Andret. So the kyng
called unto hym sir Dynas le Senesciall, and prayde hym for
hys sake to take uppon hym for to juste with sir Uwayne.

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynas, 'I am full lothe to have ado with ony
of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table.'

15 'Yet, for my love, take uppon you for to juste.'

So sir Dynas made hym redy to juste, and anone they
encountirde togydirs with grete spearys. But sir Dynas was
overthrowyn, horse and man, a grete falle. Who was wroth
than but kyng Marke!

20 'Alas!' he seyde, 'have I no knyght that woll encounter
with yondir knyght?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for youre sake I woll just.'

So sir Gaherys made hym redy, and whan he was armed
he rode into the fylde. And whan sir Uwayne saw sir
223^v 25 Gaherys shylde he rode to hym and seyde,

'Sir, ye do nat youre parte, for the firste tyme that ever
ye were made knyght of the Rounde Table ye sware that ye
shuld nat have ado with none of youre felyship wyttyngly.

And, parde, sir Gaherys, ye know me well inow by my
30 shylde, and so do I know you by youre shylde. And thaughe
ye wolde breke youre othe, I woll nat breke myne. For
there ys nat one here nother ye that shall thynk I am aferde
of you, but that I durst ryght well have ado with you. And
yet we be syster sonnys!'

35 Than was sir Gaherys ashamed. And so therewithall
every knyght wente their way, and sir Uwayne rode oute
of the contrey.

3 C lepte vp
take vpon the to
29 Cyecknewe

13-14 C ony knyght
16 to juste not in C
32 C nor ye

15 C yet said the kyng for my loue
26-7 C For sire the fyrst tyme ye were
33 that not in C† 36-7 C rode in to the

Than kynge Marke armed hym and toke hys horse and hys speare with a squyar with hym, and than he rode afore sir Uwayne and suddeynly, at a gap, he ran uppon hym as he that was nat ware of hym. And there he smote hym allmoste thorow the body, and so there leffte hym. 5

So within a whyle there cam sir Kay and founde sir Uwayne, and asked hym how he was hurte.

'I wote nat,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'why nother wherefore, but by treson, I am sure, I gate thys hurte. For here cam a knyght suddeynly uppon me or that I was ware, and 10 suddeynly hurte me.'

Than there was com sir Andred to seke kyng Marke.

'Thou traytoure knyghtP seyde sir Kay, 'and I wyst hit were thou that thus traytourely haste hurte thys noble knyght, thou shuldist never passe my hondysP 15

'Sir,' seyd sir Andred, 'I ded never hurte hym, and that I reporte me to hymselff.'

'Fy on you, false knyghtes of Cornwayle,' seyde sir Kay, 'for ye [are] naught worth P

So sir Kay made cary sir Uwayne to the Abbay of the 20 Black Crosse, and the[re] was he heled.

Than sir Gaherys toke hys leve of kyng Marke, but or he departed he seyde,

'Sir kynge, ye ded a fowle shame whan ye flemyd sir Trystram oute of thys contrey, for ye nedid nat to have 25 doughted no knyght and he had bene here.'

And so he departed.

Than there cam sir Kay the Senesciall unto kynge Marke, (39) and there he had god chere shewynge outewarde. 224'

'Now, fayre lordys,' sayde kynge Marke, 'woll ye preve 30 ony adventure in this foreyste of Morrys, whych ys an harde adventure as I know ony?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Kay, 'I woll preve hit.'

And sir Gaherys seyde he wolde be avysed, for kynge Marke was ever full of treson. And therewithall sir Gaherys 35 departed and rode hys way. And by the same way that sir

5 so not in C 8 C why nor 17 CI wylle reporte me 18-19 C*
 knyghtes said syr Kay for ye of Cornewaile ar nought 24 C shame vnto
 you & your Courte whan ye bannysshed sir 25-6 C haue doubted 30
 Cj- said he 31-2 C Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hard an aduenture

Kay sholde ryde, he leyde hym downe to reste, chargynge
hys squyar to wayte uppon hym:

'And yf sir Kay comme, warne me whan he commyth.'

So within a whyle sir Kay com rydyng that way. And than
5 sir Gaherys toke hys horse and mette hym, and seyde,

'Sir Kay, ye ar nat wyse to ryde at the rekeyste of kynge
Marke, for he delith all with treson.'

Than seyde sir Kay,

'I requyre you that we may preve well thys adventure.'

10 'I woll nat fayle you,' seyde sir Gaherys.

And so they rode that tyme tylle a lake that was that tyme
called the Perelous Lake, and there they abode under the
s[h]awe of the wood.

The meanewhyle kynge Marke within the castell of
15 Tyntagyll avoyded all hys barownes, and all othir, save
such as were prevy with hym, were avoyded oute of the
chambir. And than he let calle hys newew, sir Andred, and
bade arme hym and horse hym lyghtly, for by that tyme hit
was nyghe mydnyght. And so kynge Marke was armed all
20 in blacke, horse and all, and so at a prevy postern they two
yssued oute with their verlattes with them, and so rode tylle
they cam to that lake.

Than sir Kay aspyed them firste, and gate hys spear in
hys honde, and profirde to juste. And kynge Marke rode
25 ayenst hym, and smote ech other full harde, for the moone
shone as the bryght day. And at that justis sir Kayes horse
felle downe, for hys horse was nat so bygge as the kynges
horse was, and sir Kayes horse brused hym full sore.

224^v Than sir Gaherys was wrothe that sir Kay had a falle.

30 Than he cryed,

'Knyght, sitte thou faste in thy sadle, for I wolle revenge
my felow!'

Than kynge Marke was aferde of sir Gaherys, and so
with evyll wylle kynge Marke rode ayenste hym, and sir
35 Gaherys gaff hym such a stroke that he felle downe. And
so forthwithall sir Gaherys ran unto sir Andred and smote

2-3 C vpon sir kay and warne me whanne he 9 C requyre you lete vs
preue this aduenture 12 C peryllous 12-13 C the shawe of 16 C†
pryny Spruy W that were 19 nyghe not in C 19-20 Carmed in blak
21 C their varlets so not in C 23-4 in hys honde not in C 28 C horse and sir

hym frome hys horse quyte, that hys helme smote in the
 erthe and nyghe had brokyn hys neke. And therewithall sir
 Gaherys alyght, and gate up sir Kay, and than they yeode
 bothe on foote to them, and bade them yelde them and telle
 their namys, othir ellis they sholde dey. Than with grete 5
 payne sir Andred spake firste and seyde,

'Hit ys kynge Marke of Cornwayle, therefore be ye ware
 what ye do. And I am sir Andred, hys cousyn.'

'Fy on you bothe!' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for ye ar false
 traytours, and false treson have ye wrought undir youre 10
 semble chere that ye made us. For hit were pite that ye sholde
 lyve ony lenger,' seyde sir Gaherys.

'Save my lyff,' seyde kynge Marke, 'and I woll make
 amendys. And concider that I am a kynge anynted.'

'Hit were the more shame,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'to save 15
 thy lyff! For thou arte a kynge anynted with creyme, and
 therefore thou sholdist holde with all men of worship. And
 therefore thou arte worthy to dye.'

And so with that he laysshed at kynge Marke, and he
 coverde hym with hys shyld and defended hym as he myght. 20
 And than sir Kay laysshed at sir Andret. And therewithall
 kynge Marke yelded hym unto sir Gaherys, and than he
 kneled adowne and made hys othe uppon the crosse of the
 swerde that never whyle he lyved he wolde be ayenste
 arraunte knyghtes. And also he sware to be good fryende 25
 unto sir Trystram, if ever he cam into Cornwayle. And by
 that tyme sir Andret was on the erthe, and sir Kay wolde
 have slayne hym.

'Lat be,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'sle hym nat, I pray you.'

'Sir, hit were pite,' seyde syr Kay, 'that he sholde lyve 30 225'
 ony lenger, for he ys cousyn nyghe unto sir Trystram, and
 ever he hath bene a traytoure unto hym, and by hym he was
 exhyled oute of Cornwayle. And therefore I woll sle hym,¹
 seyde sir Kay.

'Ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for sytthyn I have 35
 yevyn the kynge hys lyff, I pray you gyff hym hys lyffe.'

5 ellis *not in C* 9-10 Cf for a fals traitour 10-11 C treason hast thou
 wroust and he both vnder the fayned chere 11-12 C vs it were pyte said sir
 Gaherys that thou sholdest lyue 19-20 C Mark without sayeng ony more &
 couerd 26-7 C Cornewaile By thenne sir Andred 30 Sir *not in C* 31
 C for this is nygh cosyn vnto 35 C not said Gaherys sythen

And therewithall sir Kay lete hym go.

And so they rode her wayes unto sir Dynas le Senesciall,
for bycause they harde sey that he loved well sir Trystram.
So they reposed them, and sone aftir they rode unto the
5 realme of Logrys.

And so within a lityll while they mette with sir Launcelot
that allwayes had dame Brangwayne with hym, to that
entente, hewente to have mette the sunner with sir Trystram,
And sir Launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornwayle, and
10 whethir they harde of sir Trystram. Sir Kay and sir Gaherys
answerde that they harde nat of hym, and so they tolde
worde by worde of their adventure. Than sir Launcelot
smyled and seyde,

'Harde hit ys to take oute off the fleysshe that ys bredde
15 in the boone!'

And so they made hem myrry togydirs.

(40) Now leve we of thys tale and speke we of sir Dynas that
had within the castell a paramour, and she loved anothir
knyght bettir than hym. And so whan sir Dynas was oute
20 an-huntynge, she slypped downe by a towell, and toke with
hir two brachettis, and so she yode to the knyght that she
loved.

And whan sir Dynas cam home and myste hys paramoure
and hys brachettes, than was he the more wrother for hys
25 brachettis, more than for hys lady. So than he rode aftir the
knyght that had hys paramoure, and bade hym turne and
juste. So sir Dynas smote hym downe, that with the falle he
brake hys legge and hys arme. And than hys lady and
paramour cryed and seyde, 'Sir Dynas, mercyP and she
30 wolde love hym bettir than ever she ded.

225^v 'Nay,' seyde sir Dynas, 'I shall never truste them that
onys betrayeth me, and therefore as ye have begunne so ende,
for I woll nevir meddill with you.'

And so sir Dynas departed and toke his brachettis with
35 hym, and so he rode to hys castell.

Now woll we turne unto sir Launcelot that was ryght

2 C Soo sir Kay and syre Gaherys rode	C the Seneschal	4 C them there
and 10 C Tristram or not	11 C ansuerd and said that	11-12
C told sir launcelot word	19 C wente oute	20 Catuell 22-3 C*
loued and he her ageyne And whanne	25 more not in C	29 C cryed sire
Dynas mercy and said she	32 C betrayed	

hevy that he cowth never hyre no tydynges of sir Trystram,
for all this whyle he was in preson with sir Darras, sir Palo-
mydes, and sir Dynadan. Than dame Brangwayne toke hyr
leve to go into Cornwayle, and sir Launcelot, sir Kay, and
sir Gaherys rode to seke the con trey of Surluse. 5

Now spekith thys tale of sir Trystram and of hys two
felowis, for every day sir Palomydes brawled and seyde
langayge ayenste sir Tristram.

Than seyde sir Dynadan,

ⁱ I mervayle of the, sir Palomydes, whethir, and thou 10
haddyst sir Tristram here, I trow, thou woldiste do none
harme. For and a wolff and a sheepe were togydir in a
preson, the wolff wolde suffir the sheepe to be in pees. And
wyte thou well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'thys same ys sir Trys-
tram at a worde, and now mayst thou do thy beste with hym, 15
and latte se [yf ye] now skyffte hit with youre handys.'

Than was sir Palomydes abaysshed, and seyde lityll. Than
seyde sir Trystram to sir Palomydes,

'I have harde muche of youre magre ayenste me, but I
woll nat meddill with you at thys tyme be my wylle, bycause 20
[I drede] the lorde of this place that hath us in governaunce.
For and I dred hym nat more than I do the, sone hit sholde
be skyffte.'

And so they peaced hemselff.

Ryght so cam in a damesell and seyde, 25

'Knyghtes, be of good chere, for ye ar sure of youre lyves,
and that I harde my lorde sir Darras sey.'

So than were they all glad, for dayly they wente to have
dyed.

Than sone aftir thys sir Trystram fyll syke, that he wente 30
to have dyed. Than sir Dynadan wepte, and so ded sir 226^f
Palomydes, undir them bothe makynge grete sorow. So a
damesell cam in to them and founde them mournynge. Than
she wente unto sir Darras and tolde hym how the myghty
knyght that bare the blacke shyld was lykly to dye. 35

1 C he coude 2-3 C Darras Palomydes & Dynadan 5 C* seke sir
Tristram in the 8-10 CI merueyle said sir Dynadan of the 10 whethir
not in C 11 I trow not in C C do hym no 16 C see now yf ye can skyfte
17-19 C lytyl syr Palomydes thenne said syr Tristram I haue 27 C herd say
my lord syre Darras 28 C Thenne were they gladde alle thre For dayly they
wende they shold haue

'That shall nat be,' seyde sir Darras, 'for God deffende, whan knyghtes com to me for succour, that I sholde suffir hem to dye within my preson. Therefore/ seyde sir Darras, 'go fecche me that syke knyght and hys felowis afore me.'

5 And whan sir Darras saw sir Trystram ibrought afore hym, he seyde,

'Sir knyght, me repentis of youre sykenes, for ye ar called a full noble knyght, and so hit semyth by you. And wyte you well that hit shall never be seyde that I, sir Darras, 10 shall destroy such a noble knyght as ye ar in preson, how-behit that ye have slayne three of my sunnes, wherefore I was gretely agrieved. But now shalt thou go and thy felowys, and take youre horse and youre armour, for they have bene fayre and clene kepte, and ye shall go where hit lykith you 15 uppon this covaunte, that ye, knyght, woll promyse me to be good frynde to my sunnys two that bene now on lyve, and also that ye telle me thy name.'

'Sir, as for [me], my name ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and in Cornwayle was I borne, and newew I am unto kyng 20 Marke. And as for the dethe of youre two sunnes, I myght nat do withall. For and they had bene the nexte kyn that I have, I myght have done none othirwyse; and if I had slayne hem by treson other trechory, I had bene worthy to have dyed.'

'All thys I co[n]sider,' seyde sir Darras, 'that all that ye 25 ded was by fors of knyghthode, and that was the cause I wolde nat put you to dethe. But sith ye be sir Trystram the good knyght, I pray you hartyly to be my good frynde and (unto) my sunnes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I promyse you by the fay the of 226" 30 my body, ever whyle I lyve I woll do you servyse, for ye have done to us but as a naturall knyght ought to do.'

Than sir Trystram reposed hym there a whyle tyll that he was amended of hys syknes, and whan he was bygge and stronge they toke their leve, and every knyght toke their 35 horses and harneys, and so departed and rode togydys tyll they cam to a crosseway.

3-4 C Darras to the damoysele fetcheth that knyst 7-8 C thy sekenesse ... thou arte ... the 9 I not in C 10 C as thou arte 11 C where by I 12-13 C† felawes and youre harneis & horses haue ben 15-17 C that thou: . . . thou telle 18 C Syr said he 28 C* to my 32 a whyle not in C 35 and harneys not in Cf

'Now, felowis,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here woll we departe in sundir.'

And by cause sir Dynadan had the firste adventure, of hym I woll begyn.

So as sir Dynadan rode by a well, he founde a lady 5(41) making grete dole.

'What aylith you?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the lady, 'I am the wofullst lady of the worlde, for within thys fyve dayes here com a knyght called sir Breuse Saunz Pite, and he slewe myne owne 10 brothir, and ever syns he hath kepte me at hys owne wylle, and of all men in the worlde I hate hym moste. And therefore I requyre you of knyghthode to avenge me, for he woll nat tarry but be here anone.'

'Lat hym com!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'And bycause of 15 honoure of all women I woll do my parte.'

So with this cam sir Breuse, and whan he saw a knyght with his lady he was wood wrothe, and than he seyde,

'Kepe the, sir knyght, from me!'

And so they hurled togydirs as the thundir, and aythir 20 smote othir passynge sore. But sir Dynadan put hym thorow the shuldir a grevous wounde, and or ever sir Dynadan myght turne hym sir Breuse was gone and fledde.

Than the lady prayde hym to brynge hyr to a castell there besyde but four myle; and so sir Dynadan brought her there and 25 she was wellcom, for the lorde of that castell was hir uncle. And so sir Dynadan rode hys way uppon hys adventure.

Now turnyth thys tale unto sir Trystram, that by adventure he cam to a castell to aske lodgyng, wherein was quene 227^r Morgan le Fay. And so whan sir Trystram was let into that 30 castell he had good chere all that nyght. And so uppon the morne, whan he wolde have departed, the quene seyde,

'Wyte you well ye shall nat departe lyghtly, for ye ar here as a presonere.'

'Jesu deffende me!' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I was but 35 late a presonere.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde the quene, 'ye shall abyde with me tyll that I wyte what ye ar, and frome whens ye cam.'

And ever the quene wolde sette sir Trystram on her one syde, and her paramour on hir other syde, and evermore the quene wolde beholde sir Trystram. And thereat thys othir knyght was jeleous, and was in wyll suddeynly to have ronne 5 uppon hym with a swerde, but he forbare for shame. Than the quene seyde unto sir Trystram,

'Telle me youre name, and I shall suffir you to departe whan ye wyll.'

'Uppon that covenante, madame, I woll telle you: my 10 name ys sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'A!' seyde quene Morgan le Fay, 'and I had wyst that, thou sholdist nat have departed so sone as thou shalte. But sitthyn I have made a promyse, I wolde holde hit, with that thou wolte promyse me to beare uppon the a shyld I shall 15 delyver the [unto] the castell of the Harde Roche, where kynge Arthure hath cryed a grete turnemente. And there I pray you that ye woll be, and to do as much of dedys of armys for me as ye may do. For at the Castell of Maydyns, sir Trystram, ye ded mervaylous dedis of armys as ever I 20 harde knyght do.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Trystram, 'let me se the shyld that I shall beare.'

Than the shyld was brought forthe, and the fylde was gouldes with a kynge and a quene therein paynted, and a 25 knyght stondynge aboven them with hys one foote standynge uppon the kynges hede and the othir uppon the quenys hede.

'Madame,' seyde sir Trystram, 'thys ys a fayre shyld and a myghty, but what signifyeth this kynge and this quene and that knyght stondynge uppon bothe their hedis?'

227' 30 'I shall telle you,' seyde Morgan le Fay. 'Hit signifyeth kynge Arthure and que[ne] Gwenyver, and a knyght that holdith them bothe in bondage and in servage.'

'Madame, who ys that knyght?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, that shall ye nat wyte as at thys tyme,' seyde the 35 quene.

1 C her owne	2 C the other	3 C Quene Morgan	5 C vpon syr
Tristram with	he lefte it for shame	6 wquenene	C said to
7 C thy			
name ... suffre you	9 C couenaunt I telle you	11 quene not in C	15 W
for at the (see note)	23-4 C† feld was guldyssh (see note)	25 with hys one	
foote standynge not in	C†	26-7 C quenes Madame	29 C† standynge vp
bothe	31 Cgueneuer	33 Madame not in C	34 Sir not in C

But, as the Freynshe booke seyde, quene Morgan loved sir Launcelot beste, and ever she desired hym, and he wolde never love her nor do nothyng at her rekeyste, and therefore she hylde many knyghtes togydir to have takyn hym by strengths And bycause that she demed that sir Launcelot loved quene Gwenyver paramour and she hym agayne, therefore dame Morgan ordayned that shylde to put sir Launcelot to a rebuke, to that entente, that kynge Arthure myght undirstonde the love betwene them. 5

So sir Trystram toke that shylde and promysed hir to beare hit at the turnemente of the castell or Harde Rooche. But sir Trystram knew nat of that shylde that hit was ordayned ayenste sir Launcelot, but aftirwarde he knew hit. So sir Try- (42)
stram toke hys leve of the quene, and toke the shylde with hym.

Than cam the knyght that hylde Morgan le Fay, whos name was sir Hemyson, and he made hym redy to folow sir Trystram. 15

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde Morgan, 'ryde ye nat aftir that knyght, for ye shall wyne no worshyp of hym.'

'Fye on hym, coward knyght!' seyde sir Hemyson, 'For I wyste nevyr good knyght com oute of Cornwayle but yf hit were sir Trystram de Lyones.' 20

'Sir, what and that be he?'

'Nay, nay,' he seyde, 'he ys with La Beall Isode, and thys ys but a daffyssh knyght.' 25

'Alas, my fayre frynde, ye shall fynde hym the beste knyght that ever ye mette withall, for I know hym bettir than ye do.'

'Madame, for youre sake,' seyde sir Hemyson, 'I shall sle hym.'

'A! fayre frynde,' seyde the quene, 'me repentith that ye woll folow that knyght, for I feare me sore of your agayne-commynge.' 228^R

And so with thys the knyght rode hys way wood wrothe aftir sir Trystram as faste as he had be chaced with knyghtes.

1 C book saith Quene Morgan loued	S book saith Quene Morgan le fay loued
7 C Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned	11 Catte turnement at the castel of the hard roche
12 C not that that sheld was	15-16 C his name
18 Now <i>not in</i> C Cfayrfrende	16 C†Hymeson
S Morgan le fay	19 Cshallenot
20 knyght <i>not in</i> C	23 Sir <i>not in</i> C
23 And <i>not in</i> C Cthis this knyghte	C he said she
33-4 C wrothe and he rode	28 Madame
after syr Tristram	34 C hadde ben

So whan sir Trystram harde a knyght com aftir hym so faste, he returned aboute and saw a knyght commynge agaynste hym. And whan he cam nyghe to sir Trystram he cryed on hyght and seyde,

5 'Sir knyght, kepe the fro me!'

Than they russed togidirs as hit had bene thundir. And sir Hemyson brused hys speare uppon sir Trystram, but hys harneys was so good that he myght nat hurte hym. And sir Trystram smote hym harder, and bare hym thorow the
10 body, and fylle over hys horse croupe. Than sir Trystram turned to have done more with hys swerde, but he sy so much bloode go frome hym that hym semed lyckly to dye. And so he departed frome hym, and cam to a fayre maner to an olde knyght, and there sir Trystram lodged.

(43) 15 Nowe leve we sir Trystram and speke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe. Than hys varlette alyght, and toke of hys helme, and than he asked hys lorde whether there were ony lyff in hym.

'There ys in me lyff,' seyde the knyght, 'but hit ys but
20 lytyll, and therefore lepe thou up behynde me whan thou haste holpen me up, and holde me faste that I falle nat, and brynge me to quene Morgan, for the deepe drawghtes of dethe drawith to my harte, that I may nat lyve. For I wolde speke with her fayne or I dyed, for my soule woll be in grete perell and I dye.'

25 For with grete payne hys varlet brought hym to the castell, and there sir Hemyson fylle downe dede. Whan Morgan le Fay saw hym dede, she made grete sorow oute of reson, and than she lette dispoyle hym unto hys shurte, and so she lete put hym into a tombe. And aboute the tombe
30 she lete wryte: 'He[re] lyeth sir Hemyson, slayne by the hondis of sir Trystram de Lyones.'

Now turne we unto sir Trystram that asked the knyght,
228^v hys oste, if he saw late ony knyghtes adventures.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'here lodged the laste nyght sir Ector de
35 Marys and a damesell with hym. And the damesell tolde me that he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

4 and seyde *not in C* 11-12 *Che sawe soo* 12 *C semed he was lykely*
15 *Cf Now leue to speke of sir Tristram* 22 *C Morgan le fay for depe*
22 *C drawn* 23-4 *C I wold fayne speke with her or I* 24 *C for els*
29 *Cf lete hym putte in to* 34 *C the last nyght here lodged with me Ector*
35 *Cthat damoyse*

'That ys nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I know four bettir knyghtes of his owne blood. And the firste ys sir Launcelot du Lake, calle hym the beste knyght, and sir Bors de Ganys, sir Bleoberys de Ganys, and sir Blamour de Ganys, and also sir Gaherys.' 5

'Nay,' seyde hys oste, 'sir Gawayne ys the bettir knyght.'

'That ys nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I have mette with hem bothe, and I have felte sir Gaherys for the bettir knyght. And sir Lamorak, I calle hym as good as any of them, excepte sir Launcelot.' 10

'Sir, why name ye nat sir Trystram?' sayde hys oste. 'For I accompte hym as good a knyght as any of them.'

'I knowe nat sir Trystram,' seyde sir Trystram.

Thus they talked and bourded as longe as them thought beste, and than wente to reste. 15

And on the morne sir Trystram departed and toke hys leve of hys oste, and rode towarde the Roche Deure, and none adventure (had he) but that. And so he rested nat tyll he cam to the castell where he saw fyve hondred tentes.

So the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irelande hylde 20 agaynste kyng Arthurs knyghtes, and there began a grete medle.

So there cam in sir Trystram and ded mervaylous dedis of armys, for he smote downe many knyghtes, and ever he was before kyng Arthure with that shyld. And 25 whan kyng Arthure saw that shyld he mervayled gretly in what entent hit was made. But que[ne] Gwenyver demed as hit was, wherefore she was hevvy.

Than was there a damesell of quene Morgan in a chambir by kyng Arthure, and whan she harde kyng Arthure speke 30 of that shyld, than she spake opynly unto kyng Arthure:

'Sir kyng, wyte you well thys shyld was ordayned for you, to warn you of youre shame and dishonoure that longith to you and youre quene.'

And than anone that damesell pycked her away pryvayly, 35

4-5 C Bleoberys syr Blamor de ganys and syr

6 C is a better knyght than he

8 CI felte io-n C launcelot Why name

12 Ca knyght not in C

14-15 C them lyste and thenne

18 C* none (S anone) aduenture had sire

Tristram (see note) 20 Cf Capitulum XLIIII Thenne the kyng 23 there not in C

24 C for there he

33 C dishonour and that

229^f that no man wyste where she was becom. Than was kynge
 Arthure sad and wrothe, and asked frome whens com that
 damesell. And there was nat one that knew her nother wyst
 nat where she was becom.

5 Than quene Gwenyvere called to sir Ector de Marys, and
 there she made hyr complaynte to hym and seyde,

'I wote well thys shylde was made by Morgan le Fay in
 the dispite of me and of sir Launcelot, wherefore I drede me
 sore leste I shall be destroyed.'

10 And ever the kynge behylde sir Trystram that ded so
 mervaylous dedis of armys that he wondred sore what knyght
 hit myght be, and well he wyste hit was nat sir Launcelot.
 And also hit was tolde hym that sir Trystram was in
 Bretayne with Isolde le Blaunche Maynys, for he demed, and

15 he had bene in the realme of Logrys, sir Launcelot other
 som of hys felowis that were in the queste of sir Trystram,
 that they sholde have founde hym or that tyme. So kynge
 Arthure had mervayle what knyght he myght be. And ever
 kynge Arthurs ye was on that shylde. And all that aspyed
 20 the quene and that made hir sore aferde.

Than ever sir Trystram smote downe knyghtes wondirly
 to beholde, what uppon the ryght honde and uppon the
 lyffte honde, that unnethe no knyght myght withstonde hym.
 And the kynge of Scottes and the kynge of Irelande began
 25 to withdraw them. Whan kynge Arthur aspyed that, he
 thought the knyght with the straunge shylde sholde nat
 ascape hym. Than he called unto sir Uwayne le Blaunche
 Maynes and bade hym arme hym and make hym redy.

So anone kyng Arthure and sir Uwayn dressed them
 30 before sir Trystram and requyred hym to telle where he
 hadde that shylde.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I had hit of quene Morgan le Fay, suster
 to kynge Arthure.'

So HERE LEVITH OF THIS BOOKE, FOR HIT YS THE FIRSTE
 35 BOOKE OF SIR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES. AND THE SECONDE

3-4 C her nor wyste where 8 S and sir 9 C I shold 12 Che myght
 13 also *not in C* 13-14 C* in petyte Bretayne C Isoud la blaunche maynys 19
 C syr Arthurs eye 25 kynge *not in C* 27-8 C vnto hym syre Vwayn la
 blaunche maynys 29 W sirsirVwayne 30 C telle hem where 34Csoohere
 endeth this history of this book 35-P- 559, ¹ Cthe second book of sir tristram
 foloweth Here begynneth the second book of sire Tristram How syre Tristram smote

BOKE BEGYNNYTH WHERE SIR TRYSTRAM SMOTE DOWNE KYNGE
ARTHURE AND SIR UWAYNE, BYCAUSE WHY HE WOLDE NAT
TELLE HEM WHEREFORE THAT SHYLDE WAS MADE. B U T TO SEY
THE SOTH, SIR TRYSTRAM COUDE NAT TELLE THE CAUSE, FOR
HE KNEW HIT NAT.

5

'And yf hit be so ye can dyscryve what ye beare, ye ar 229
worthy to beare armys.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll answere you.
For this shylde was yevyn me, not desyred, of quene
Morgan le Fay. And as for [me], I can nat descryve this 10
armys, for hit is no poynte of my charge, and yet I truste to
God to beare hit with worship.'

'Truly,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'ye ought nat to beare none
armys but yf ye wyste what ye bare. But I pray you telle me
youre name.' 15

'To what entente?' seyde sir Trystram.

'For I wolde wete,' seyde kyng Arthure.

'Sir, ye shall nat wete for me at this tyme.'

'Than shall ye and I do batayle togydir.'

'Why', seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye do batayle with me but yf 20
I telle you my name? For sothe, that lytyll nedyth you. And ye
were a man of worshyp ye wolde nat have ado with me, for ye
have sene me this day have had grete travayle. And therefore
ye ar no valyaunte knyght to aske batayle of me, consyderynge
my grete travayle. Howbehit, I woll nat fayle you, and have 25
ye no doute that I feare nat you. Though ye thynke ye have
me at a grete avauntage, yet shall I ryght well endure you.'

And therewithall kyng Arthure dressid his shylde and
his speare, and sir Trystram ayenst hym, and they come
egirly togydys. And there kyng Arthure brake his speare 30
all to pecis on sir Trystrams shylde. But sir Trystram smote
kyng Arthure agayne so sore that horse and man felle to the
erthe, and there was kyng Arthure woundid on the lyfte
syde a grete wounde and a perelous.

Whan sir Uwayne saw his lorde kyng Arthure ly on the 35

6 C The tenth book Capitulum primum And yf so be 7 C bere the armes
8-9 Wyou As for this C you this 12 C bere hem with 17 kyng not in C
18 Cweteasatthis 19 C to gyders sayd kyng Arthure 21 C name and that
lytyl 22-3 ye wolde nat have ado with me not in C† 24 C are a vylynous knyght
31-2 C Tristram hitte Arthure 32 so sore not in C 35 kyng not in C
35-p. 560, 1 Con the ground

erthe sore woundid, he was passynge hevy. And than he dresid his shylde and iiis speare, and cryed alowde unto sir Trystram and seyde,

'Knyght, defende the!'

5 So they come togydir as faste as their horse myght ren,
230^r and sir Uwayne brused his speare all to pecis uppon sir Trystrams shylde. And sir Trystram smote hym harder and sorer with such a myght that he bare hym clene oute of his sadyll to the erthe. With that sir Trystram turned hys horse
10 aboute and sayde to them,

'Fayre knyghtes, I had now no nede to juste with you, for I have had inowghe to do this day.'

Than arose up kynge Arthure and went to sir Uwayne, and than he seyde to sir Trystrams,

15 'We have now as we have deservyd, for thorowe oure owne o[r]gulyte we demaunded batayle of you, and yet youre name we know nat.'

'Neverthesse, by Seynte Crosse,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'he is a stronge knyght, at myne advyse, as ony is lyvyng.'

20 Than sir Trystram departed, and in every place he asked aftir sir Launcelot. But in no place he cowde hyre of hym whether he were dede other on lyve, wherefore sir Trystram made grete dole and sorowe.

So sir Trystram rode by a foreyste and than was he ware
25 of a fayre toure by a marys on the tone syde, and on that other syde was a fayre medow, and there he sawe ten knyghtes *fyghtynge* togydys. And ever the nere he cam, he saw how there was but one knyght ded batayle ayenst a nine knyghtes, and that one knyght ded so mervaylously
30 that sir Trystram had grete wondir that ever one knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys. And than within a lytyll whyle he had slayne halff theire horsys and unhorsid them, and their horsys ran into the feldys and forestes.

Than sir Trystram had so grete pite of that one knyght
35 that endured so grete payne, and ever hym thought hit sholde be sir Palomydes, by his shylde. So he rode unto the

5-6 C to gyder as thonder and syr 9 hys horse *not in C* 10 to them
not in C 11 now *not in C* 13 up kynge *not in C* 14 he *not in C*
19 C now lyuyng 20 Casked & demaunded 21 Ccoudenot 25 Con
that one syde 29 anot in C Conedyd 33 Cforeste 35 Che thought

knyghtys and cryed unto them and bade them sease of that batayle, for they ded themself grete shame, so many knyghtes to feyght wyth one. Than answerde the maystir of tho knyghtes, hys name was called sir Brunys Saunze Pyte, that was at that tyme the moste myschevuste knyght lyvyng, 5 and seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, what have ye ado with us to medyll? And 230^v therefore, and ye be wyse, departe on youre way as ye cam, for this knyght shall nat scape us.'

'That were grete pyte,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that so good a 10 knyght as he is sholde be slayne so cowardly. And therefore I make you ware I woll succour hym with all my puyssaunce.'

So sir Trystram alyght of hys horse, because they were on (2) foote, that they sholde nat sle his horse. And than sir Trystram dressyd his shylde with hys swerde in his honde, 15 and he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde passyng sore, that well-nye every stroke he strake downe a knyghte. And whan they aspyed his strokys they fledde, bothe sir Brunys Saunze Pyte and hys felyship, unto the towre, and sir Trystram folowed faste aftir wyth hys 20 swerde in his honde, but they ascaped into the towre and shut sir Trystram wythoute the gate.

And whan sir Trystram sawe that, he returned abacke unto sir Palomydes and founde hym syttyng undir a tre sore woundid. 25

'A, fay re knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'well be ye founde!'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'of youre grete goodnesse, for ye have rescowed me of my lyff, and savyd me of my dethe.'

'What is your name?' seyde sir Trystram. 30

'Sir, my name ys sir Palomydes.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Trystram, 'thou haste a fayre grace of me this day that I sholde rescowe the, and thou art the man in the worlde that I most hate! But now make the redy, for I shall do batayle with the!' 35

1-2 C of their bataille	4 C Breuse saunce pyte	5 Cf lynyng	9 C
not escape vs	10 grete <i>not inC</i>	12 CI warne you I will socoure	14-15
sir Trystram <i>not inC</i>	17 C nygh at euery	19 C fled all with Breuse sauce	
pyte vnto	23 C sawe this	28-9 Csaue me from my	31 Che said
my name is	32 C O Ihesu	33-P. 562, 4 (<i>sidenote</i>): How sir Trystram	
rescowed sir Palomydes from sir Brunys saunz Pyte and from nine knyghtis			

'What is your name?' seyde sir Palomydes.

'My name is sir Trystram, your mortall enemy.'

'Hit maybe so,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but ye have done over-
muche for me this day that I sholde fyght with you, for inas-
5 muche as ye have saved my lyff hit woll be no worship for you
231' to have ado with me; for ye ar freyshe and I am sore woundid.
And therefore, and ye woll nedys have ado with me, assygne
me a day, and than shall I mete with you withoute fayle.'

'Ye say well,'¹ seyde sir Trystramys. 'Now I assygne you
10 to mete me in the medowe by the ryver of Camelot, where
Merlyon sette the perowne.'

So they were agreed. Than sir Trystram asked sir Palo-
mydes why the nine knyghtes ded batayle with hym.

'For this cause,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'As I rode uppon
15 myne adventures in a foreyste here besyde, I aspyed where
lay a dede knyght, and a lady wepynge besydys hym. And
whan I sawe her makynge suche doole, I asked her who
slew her lorde. "Sir," she seyde, "the falsyste knyght of the
worlde, and moste he is of vilany; and his name is sir
20 Br[e]wnes Saunze Pit£." Than for pite I made the damsell
to lepe on her palferey, and I promysed her to be her
waraunte and to helpe to entyre hir lorde. And suddeynly,
as I cam rydyng by this towre, there come oute sir Brewnys
Saunce Pite, and suddeynly he strake me fro my horse. And
25 or ever I myghte recovir my horse, this sir Brewnys slew the
damesell. And so I toke my horse agayne, and I was sore
ashamyd, and so began this medl£ betwyste us. And this is
the cause wherefore we ded this batayle.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde the maner
30 of your batayle. But in ony wyse, that ye have remembraunce
of your promyse that ye have made with me to do batayle
this day fourteenyght.'

'I shall nat fayle you,' sayde sir Palomydes.

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as at this tyme I woll nat fayle
35 you tyll that ye be oute of the damage of your enemies.'

1 sir *not in C* 6 C wounded sore 8 CI shal 13 Cf the ten knyghtes
14-15 Cf rode vp myn 16 C besyde hym 19-20 C* world now lyuyng
and he is the moost vylayne that euer man herd speke of and his name is sir Breuse
saunce pyte 22 helpe her to 27 S this is is 30 Cbataylle Sbataylle
30 that ye *not in C* 31 Cf made with me to doo bataille with me this day
35 C* oute of the dauger

So they amowntid uppon their horsys and rode togydyrs unto the foreyste, and there they founde a fayre welle with clere watir burbelynge.

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'to drynke of that water I have grete currage.' 5 231¹

And than they alyght of their horsys. And than were they ware besyde them where stode a grete horse tyed tylle a tre, and ever he nayed. Than they aspyed farthermore, and than were they ware of a fayre knyght armed undir a tre, lackyng no pece of harnes, save hys helme lay undir his hede. 10

'By the good Lorde,' seyde sir Tristram, 'yonder lyeth a well-farynge knyght. What is beste to do?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Awake hym!' seyde sir Palomydes.

So sir Trystram awakyd hym wyth the butte of hys speare. 15 And so the knyght arose up hastely, and put his helme uppon his hede, and mowntyd uppon his horse, and gate a grete speare in his honde. And withoute any mo wordis he hurled unto sir Trystram and smote hym clene from his sadyll to the erthe and hurte hym on the lyffte syde. Than 20 sir Trystram lay styll in grete perell.

Then he waloppyd further and fette his course and come hurlyng uppon sir Palomydes. And there he strake hym aparte thorow the body, that he felle frome hys horse to the erthe. And than this straunge knyght lefte them there and 25 toke his way thorow the foreyste.

So wyth this sir Trystram and sir Palomydes were on foote, and gate their horsys agayne, and aythir asked counceyle of other what was beste to done.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll folow this 30 stronge knyght that thus hath shamed us.'

'Well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and I woll repose me here with a frende of myne.'

'Beware,' seyde sir Trystram to sir Palomydes, 'loke that ye fayle nat that day that ye have sette with me, for, as I 35

1 C they mounted 2 C vnto that 5 grete *not in C* 7 C ware by
 them 7-8 C to a tree 8 Than they aspyed farthermore *not in C* 16 W his
 shys helme ('shys' partly deleted) 17 and mowntyd uppon his horse *not in Cf*
 18 W and with with oute only 20-1 Csyde that sir styll *not in C* 27 C
 sir Palomydes and sire Tristram 32-3 C here by with 34 loke *not in C*
 35 S day ye C* me to do bataille for

deme, ye woll nat holde your day, for I am muche bygger than ye ar.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'be as be may, for I feare you nat. For and I be nat syke nother presoner, I woll
232' 5 nat fayle you, but I have more doute of you that ye woll nat mete with me, for ye woll ryde aftir yondir knyght, and yf ye mete with hym, hit is in adventure and ever ye scape his hondys.'

So sir Trystram and sir Palomydes departyd and ayther
10 toke their wayes dyverse.

(3) And so sir Trystram rode longe aftir this stronge knyght, and at the laste he sye where lay a lady overtwarte a dede knyght.

'Fayre lady,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'who hath slayne your
15 lorde?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'here came a knyght rydyng, as my lorde and I restyd us here, and askyd hym of whens he was, and my lorde seyde of kyng Arthurs courte. "Therefore," seyde the stronge knyght, "I woll juste with the, for I hate
20 all tho that be of Arthurs courte". And my lorde that lyeth here dede amownted uppon hys horse, and the stronge knyght and my lorde recountyrd togydir, and there he smote my lorde thorowoute with his speare. And thus he hath brought me in grete woo and damage.'

25 'That me repentys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of youre grete hevynesse. But please hit you to tell me your husbondys name?'

'Sir, his name was sir Galardonne, that wolde have prevyde a good knyght.'

30 So departed sir Trystram frome that dolorous lady and had much evyll lodgyng. Than on the thirde day sir Trystram mette with sir Gawayne and sir Bleoberys in a foreyste at a lodge, and ayther were sore wounded. Than sir Trystram askyd sir Gawayne and sir Bleoberys yf they mette
35 with suche a knyght with suche a conyssaunce, wyth a coverde shyld.

2 ar *not in C*

6 C ye ryde

18 kyng *not in C*

please you telle

3 C as hit be maye

7 C is an harde aduenture ye escape

20 C all these that ben

28 Cname was Galardoun

5 C But I haue cause to haue

9 C Ryght soo

25-6 C grete anger and hit

36 Ckeuerd shelde

'Fayre knyght,' seyde these wounded knyghtes, 'such a knyght mette with us to oure damage. And fyrste he smote downe my felowe, sir Bleoberys, and sore woundid hym, bycause he bade me I sholde nat have ado with hym for why he was over stronge for me. That stronge knyght toke his 5 wordis at scorne, and seyde he seyde hit for mockery. And than they rode togedys, and so he hurte my felowe. And whan he had done so, I myght nat for shame but I muste juste wyth hym. And at the fyrste course he smote me downe 232^T and my horse to the erthe, and there he had allmoste slayne 10 me, and frome us he toke his horse and departed. And in an evyll tyme we mette with hym!'

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'so he mette wyth me and with another knyght, sir Palomydes, and he smote us bothe downe with one speare and hurte us ryght sore.' 15

'Be my faythe,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'be my counceyle ye shall lette hym passe and seke hym no farther, for at the nexte feste of the Rounde Table, uppon payne of myne hede, ye shall fynde hym there.'

'Be my faythe,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I shall never reste 20 tyll that I fynde hym.'

And than syr Gawayne askyd hys name. [Than he sayde, 'My name is sir Trystram.'

And so ayther told other their names and than] aythir departed. And so sir Trystram rode his way. And by 25 fortune in a medowe he mette with sir Kay the Senescyall and with sir Dynadan.

'What tydynges,' seyde sir Trystram, 'with you knyghtes?'

'Nat good,' seyde these knyghtes.

'Why so?' seyde sir Trystram. 'I pray you tell me, fori 30 ryde to seke a knyght.'

'What conyssaunce beryth he?' seyde sir Kay.

'He beryth,' seyde sir Trystram, 'a shylde covyrde close.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Kay, 'that is the same knyght that

1 C Faire syr wounded *not in C* 2 C to oure grete damage 14 C
 knyght that hyght Palomydes 22-5 W name and so aythir departed and so sir
 Trystram rode C* name Thenne he said my name is sir Tristram and so eyther
 told other their names and thenne departed syr Tristram and rode (*see note*) 26
 Csire Tristram mette 26-7 C seneschal and sir 28 Cf tydynges with you
 said sir Tristram with you Knyghtes 32 C conyssaunce 33 C a couered
 sheld close with a clothe (S with clothe)

mette with us! For this nyght we were lodged hereby in a wydows house, and there was that knyght lodged. And when he wyste we were of kynge Arthurs courte, he spake grete vylony by the kynge, and specially by the quene
 5 Gwenyver. And than on the morne was waged batayle with hym for that cause. And at the fyrste recountir he smote me downe,' seyde sir Kay, 'fro myne horse, and hurte me passyngly sore. And whan my felowe, sir Dynadan, saw me smytten downe and hurte sore, yet he wolde nat
 10 revenge me, but fledde fro me. And thus is he departed from us.'

And than sir Trystram asked what was their namys, and so ayther tolde other their namys. And so sir Trystram departed from sir Kay and frome sir Dynadan, and so he paste
 233^r thorow a grete foreyste into a playne tyll he was ware of a pryory. And there he reposed hym with a good man six dayes.

(4) And than he sente his squyer Gover[n]ayle and commaunded hym to go to a cite thereby to fecche hym newe
 20 harneyse, for hit was longe tyme afore that sir Trystram had bene refreysshed; for his harneyse was brused and brokyn sore. And whan Governayle was com with his apparayle, he toke his leve at the wydow, and mownted uppon his horse and rode his way erly on the morne.

25 And by suddayne adventure he mette with sir Sagramour le Desyrus and wyth sir Dodynas le Saveaye. And this two knyghtes mette with sir Trystram and questyonde with hym and askyd hym yf he wolde juste wyth hem.

'Fayre knyghtes,' sayde sir Trystram, 'with good wyll I
 30 wolde juste with you, but I have promysed a day isette nerehonde to do batayle wyth a stronge knyght, and therefore am I loth to have ado with you. For and hit mysfortuned me to be hurte here, I sholde nat be able to do my batayle whyche I promysed.'

35 'As for that,' sayde sir Sagramour, 'magre your hede ye shall juste with us or ye passe frome us.'

1-2 C lodged within a	6-7 C recoutre said sir kay he smote me doune from
my	8 C passyng
9 C hurte he wold	11 from us <i>not in C</i>
12 C asked them theyr	18 Chis man that hyght Gouvernaile
20 C afore that syre	22 C Gouvernaile his seruauant was
26 C syre Dodynas	S sir Dodynas
C these two	30 C at a day sette

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yf ye force me thereto, I muste do what I may.'

And than they dressed their shyldis and cam rennyng togydir with grete ire. But thorow sir Trystrams grete force he strake sir Sagramoure frome his horse. Than he hurled 5 his horse further and seyde to sir Dodynas,

'Knyght, make the redy!'

And so, thorow fyne forse, sir Trystram strake downe sir Dodynas frome hys horse. And whan he sawe hem ly on the erthe, he toke his brydyll and rode furth on his way, and 10 his man Governayle with hym.

And anone as sir Trystram was paste, sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas gate their horsys and mownted up lyghtly and folowed aftir sir Trystram. And whan sir Trystram sawe them com so faste aftir hym, he returned his horse to them 15 and asked them what they wolde.

'Methynkyth hit is nat longe ago sytthen I smote you 233^v downe to the erthe at your owne desyre, and I wolde have ryddyn by you and ye wolde have suffyrd me. But now mesemyth ye wolde do more batayle with me.' 20

'That is trowthe,' seyde sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas, 'for we woll be revengyd of the dyspyte that ye have done to us.'

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that shall lytyll nede you, for all that I ded to you, ye caused hit. Wherefore 25 I requyre you of your knyghthode, leve me as at this tyme, for I am sure, and I do batayle with you, I shall nat ascape withoute grete hurtes, and, as I suppose, ye shall nat ascape all lotles. And this is the cause why that I am so loth to have ado wyth you, for I muste fyght within this three dayes with 3^o a good knyght and a valyaunte as ony now is lyvynge. And yf I be hurte I shall nat be able to do batayle with hym.'

'What knyght is that,' seyde sir Sagramoure, 'that ye shall fyght wythall?'

'Sir, hit is a good knyght callyd sir Palomydes.' 35

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas, 'ye have a cause to drede hym, for ye shall fynde hym a passynge

1 C ye enforce	8 downe sir not in C	13 C gate ageyne their	15
C returned with his	17 Methynkyth not in C	18 downe not in C	C
owne request and desyre I	19 C you but ye wold not suffre me and now	30	
C these thre	31 C as valyaunt	35 C Syrs said he it is	37 C haue caus

good knyght and a valyaunte. And bycause ye shall have
ado wyth hym, we woll forbeare you as at this tyme, and
ellys ye sholde nat ascape us lyghtly. But, fayre knyght,'
sayde sir Sagramoure, 'telle us your name.'

5 'Syrrys, my name is sir Trystram.'

'AP sayde sir Sagramoure and sir Dodynas, 'well be ye
founde, for muche worshyp have we harde of you.'

And than aythir toke leve of other and departed on
there way.

(5) 10 And sir Trystram rode streyte to Camelot to the perowne
that Merlyon had made tofore, where sir Launceor, that
was the kynges son of Irelande, was slayne by the hondys

234^r of sir Balyn. And in the same place was the fayre lady
Columbe slayne that was love unto sir Launceor, for aftir

15 he was dede she toke hys swerde and threste hit thorow her
body. And so by the crafte of Merlyon he made to entyre
this knyght Launceor and his lady Columbe undir one stone.
And at that tyme Merlyon profecied that in that same place
sholde fyght two the beste knyghtes that ever were in kyngde

20 Arthurs dayes, and two of the beste lovers.

So whan sir Trystram come to the towmbe of stone he
loked aboute hym aftyr sir Palomydes. Than was he ware
where come a semely knyght rydyng ayenst hym, all in
whyght, and the coverde shyld. Whan he cam nyghe sir

25 Trystram, he seyde on hyght,

'Ye be wellcom, sir knyght, and well and trewly have ye
holdyn your promyse.'

And than they dressid their shyldis and spearys, and cam
togydys with all her myghtes of their horsys. And they
30 mette so fersely that bothe the horsys and knyghtes felle to
the erthe, and, as faste as they myght, avoyde there
horsys and put their shyldis afore them, and they strake
togydys wyth bryght swerdys as men that were of myght,
and aythir woundid othir wondirly sore, that the bloode ran

5 C Syr said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones 10 C Capitulum V
Thenne departed sire Tristram and rode streyghte vnto Peron 11 C Merlyn
Lancyor 12 W Irelande that was C Irland was 13 sir *not in C* Cin
that same C the fayr S a fayr 14 CLanceor 16 C Merlyn entiere
20 two of *not in C* 21-2 C tombe where lancyor and his lady were buried he
loked 22-3 C ware of a semely knyght came rydyng 24 C* whyte with a
couerd 25 Conhyghe 26-7 C ye hold 30 C their horses

oute uppon the grasse. And thus they fought the space of four owres, that never one wolde speke to other. And of their harneys they had hewyn of many pecis.

'A, lorde Jesu!' seyde Governayle, 'I mervayle gretely of the grete strokis my maystir hath yevyn to youre may stir.' 5

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Launcelottis servaunte, 'youre maystir hath not yevyn hym so many, but your maystir hath resseyvede so many or more.'

'A, Jesu! seyde Governayle, 'hit is to muche for sir Palomydes to suffir, other sir Launcelot. And yet pyte hit 10 were that aythir of these good knyghtes sholde dystroy otheris bloode.'

So they stode and wepte bothe, and made grete dole whan they sawe their swerdys overcoverde with bloode of there bodyes. Than at the laste sir Launcelot spake and seyde, 15 234^v

'Knyght, thou fyghtyst wondir well as ever I sawe knyghte. Therefore, and hit please you, tell me your name/

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that is me loth to telle ony man my name.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and I were requyred, I was 20 never loth to tell my name.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'than I requyre you to tell me your name.'

'Fayre knyght, my name is sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'AlasP seyde sir Trystram, 'what have I done! For ye ar 25 the man in the worlde that I love beste.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'telle me your name.'

'Truly, sir, I hyght sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what aventure is befall me !' 30

And therewyth sir Launcelott kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde. And therewithall sir Trystram kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde, and so aythir gaff other the gre. And than they bothe forthwithall went to the stone and set hem downe uppon hit and toke of their 35

2 C other one word 5 grete *not in C* 7 hym *not in C* 8 C as many
 14 C sawe the bryghte swerdes 15 C spake syr launcelot 16 C wonderly
 wel 22 C Hit is wel said said sir Tristram 24 C knyghte he said 27
Now not in C 29 C Truly said he my name is sir 30 CO Ihesu 34 C the
 degree W forth with all they went C* forth with all went

helmys to keele them, and aythir kyste other an hondred tymes.

And than anone aftir they toke their horsis and rode to Camelot, and there they mette with sir Gawayne and with sir
5 Gaherys that had made promyse to kynge Arthure never to com agayne to the courte tyll they had brought sir Trystram with hem.

(6) 'Returne agayne,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'for youre queste is done, for I have mette with sir Trystram. Lo, here is his
10 owne person!'

Than was sir Gawayne glad and seyde to sir Trystram,
'Ye ar wellcom, for now have ye easid me gretly of my grete laboure. For what cause,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'com ye into this contrey?'

15 'Fay re sir,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I come into this con trey
235^r because of sir Palomydes, for he and I assigned at this day to have done batayle togydys at the peroune, and I mervayle I hyre nat of hym. And thus by adventure my lorde syr Launcelot and I mette togydys.'

20 So wyth this come kynge Arthure, and when he wyste sir Trystram was there, he yode unto hym, and toke hym by the honde, and seyde,

'Sir Trystram, ye ar as wellcom as ony knyght that ever com unto this courte.'

25 And whan the kynge herde how sir Launcelot and he had foughtyn, and aythir had wounded other wondirly sore, then the kynge made grete dole. Than sir Trystram tolde the kynge how he com thydir to have ado with sir Palomydes. And than he tolde the kynge how he had rescowed hym from

3° the nine knyghtes and sir Breunes Saunze Pite, and how he founde a knyght lyyng by a welle, 'and that knyght smote downe bothe sir Palomydes and me, and hys shyld was coverde with a clothe. So sir Palomydes lefte me, and I folowed aftir that knyght, and in many placis I founde
35 where he had slayne knyghtes and forjustyd many.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that same knyght

3 Cf took of their helmes (see note) 5 kynge not in C 13 grete not in C
16 C I had 20 C With this came 20-1 C wyst that there was sir Tristram
thenne he ranne vnto 25 Chad herd 28 Cfor to 32 bothe not
in C 32 C me but his

smote me downe and sir Bleoberys and hurte us sore bothe,
he wyth the coverde shyld.'

'A!' sayde sir Kay, 'that same knyght smote me downe and
hurte me passynge sore.'

'Jesu mercy!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'what knyght was that 5
wyth the coverde shyld?'

'We knew hym not,' seyde sir Trystram, and so seyde they
all.

'No?' seyde kynge Arthure. 'Than wote I, for hit is sir
Launcelot.' 10

Than they all lokyd uppon sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir, ye have begyled us all wyth youre coverde shyld.'

'Hit is not the fyrste tyme,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'he hath
done so.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'truly, wete you well, I 15
was the same knyght that bare the coverde shyld, and
bycause I wolde nat be knowyn that I was of youre courte, 235^v
I seyde no worship be youre house.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Gawayne, syr Kay and sir
Bleoberys. 20

Than kynge Arthure toke sir Trystram by the honde and
wente to the Table Rounde. Than com quene Gwenyver
and many ladyes with her, and all tho ladyes seyde at one
voyce,

'Wellcom, sir Trystram!' 25

'Wellcom!' seyde [the] damesels.

'Wellcom,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for one of the beste
knyghtes and the jentyllyst of the wo[r]lde and the man of
moste worship. For all maner of huntynge thou beryste the
pryce, and of all mesures of blowynge thou arte the begyn- 30
nyng, of all the termys of huntynge and hawkynge ye ar the
begynner, of all instirmentes of musyk ye ar the beste.
Therefore, jantyll knyghte', seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ar
wellcom to this courte. And also, I pray you,' seyde kynge
Arthure, 'graunte me a done.' 35

3 same <i>not in C</i>	<i>C</i> me adoune &	4 <i>C</i> * sore & fayne wolde I haue
known hym but I myst not	5, 13, 33	kynge <i>notinC</i>
saide	9 <i>C</i> Now said	7 <i>CI</i> knowe not
ladyes say den	26-7 <i>C</i> * the damoyseles	23 <i>C</i>
Arthur	28 <i>C</i> gentylst of the world	welcome sayd knyghtes welcome said
hawkynge and ye	<i>C</i> * haukyng ye are	30-1 <i>C</i> begynnynge and of
		31 <i>W</i>
		35 <i>C</i> a bone

'Sir, hit shall be at youre commaundement/ seyde sir Trystram.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I wyll desyre that ye shall abyde in my courte.'

S 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'thereto me is lothe, for I have to do in many con treys.'

'Not so,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye have promysed me, ye may not say nay.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll as ye woll.'

10 Than wente kynge Arthure unto the seges aboute the Rounde Table, and loked on every syege whyche were voyde that lacked knyghtes. And than the kynge sye in the syege of sir Marhalt lettys that seyde: THIS IS THE SYEGE OF THE NOBLE KNYGHT SIR TRYSTRAMYS. And than kynge Arthure 15 made sir Trystram a knyght of the Rounde Table wyth grete nobeley and a feste as myght be thought.

For sir Marhalte was slayne afore by the hondis of sir Trystram in an ilonde, and that was well knowyn at that tyme in the courte of kynge Arthure. For this sir Marhalte 20 was a worthy knyght, and for evyll dedis that he ded to the contreye of Cornwayle sir Trystram and he fought so longe tyll they felle bledynge to the erthe, for they were so sore wounded that they myght nat stonde for bledynge. And sir Trystram by fortune recoverde, and sir Marhalte dyed 25 thorow the stroke he had in the hede.

SO LEVE WE SIR TRYSTRAM AND TURNE WE UNTO KYNGE MARKE.

1 Sir; sir *not in C* 3, 7, 19 kynge *not in C* 3-4 C desyre of you that ye wille abyde 5 Cis me 5-6 C haue adoo in 7 C promysed hit me 11 C loked in euery syege the whiche 13 C Marhaus that saiden 15 a *not in C* 15 C table round 16 Cand grete feest 17 C Marhaus afore *not in S* 19 C this Marhaus 21-2 C foughte And they foughte soolongetracyngeandtrauercyngetyllethey 24 C Marhaus 25 C stroke on the hede 26-7 C Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of Kyng Marke

VII
KING MARK

*[Winchester MS., ff. 236^r-260^v
Caxton, Book X, chs. 7-31]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

7. How for despyte of syr Trystram kyng Mark came wyth two knyghtes into Englund and how he slewe one of the knyghtes.
8. How the kyng came to a fontayne where he fonde syr Lamerock complaynyng for the love of kyng Lots wyf.
9. How kyng Marke, syr Lamerok and syr Dynadan came to a castel, and how kyng Marke was knowen there.
10. How syr Berluses mette wyth kyng Marke, and how syr Dynadan toke his partye.
11. How kyng Marke mocked syr Dynadan, and how they mette wyth six knyghtes of the Rounde Table.
12. How the six knyghtes sente sir Dagonet to juste with kyng Marke and how kyng Marke refused hym.
13. How syr Palomydes by adventure mette kyng Marke fleyng, and how he overthrewe Dagonet and other knyghtes.
14. How kyng Marke and syr Dynadan herde syr Palomydes makyng grete sorowe and mornynge for La Bele Isoude.
15. How the kyng had slayn Amant wrongfully tofore kyng Arthur, and syr Launcelot fette kyng Marke to kyng Arthur.
16. How syr Dynadan tolde syr Palamydes of the batayl'betwene syr Launcelot and syr Trystram.
17. How syr Lamerok justed wyth dyvers knyghtes of the castel wherin was Morgan le Fay.
18. How syr Palamydes wold have justed for syr Lamerock wyth the knyghtes of the castel.
19. How syr Lamerock justed wyth syr Palomydes and hurte hym greuously.
20. How it was tolde syr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng Marke, and how a knyght overthrewe hym and six knyghtes.
21. How kyng Arthur lete do crye a justes, and how syr Lamorak came in and overthrewe syr Gawayn and many other.
22. How kyng Arthur made kyng Marke to be accorded with syr Trystram, and how they departed toward Cornewayll.
23. How syr Percyvale was made knyght of kyng Arthur, and how a dombe mayde spack and brought hym to the Rounde Table.
24. How syr Lamerock laye wyth kyng* Lots wyf, and how syr Gaheris slewe hir whiche was his owne moder.
25. How syr Agravayn and syr Mordred mette wyth a knyght fleyng, and how they bothe were overthrowen, and of syr Dynadan.

26. How kyng Arthur, the quene and Launcelot receyved* letters oute of Cornewayle, and of the ansuer ageyn.
27. How syr Launcelot was wrothe wyth the letter that he receyved from kyng Marke, and of Dynadan, whiche made a laye of kyng Marke.
28. How syr Trystram was hurte, and of a warre maad to kynge Marke, and of syr Trystram,f how he promysed to rescowe hym.
29. How syr Trystram overcame the batayl, and how Elyas desyred a man to fyght body for body.
30. How syr Elyas and syr Trystram faught togyder for the truage, and how syr Trystram slewe Elyas in the felde.
31. How at a grete feste that kyng Marke made an harper came and sange the lay that Dynadan had made.

* Creceyned S receyued

† S Trysstram

THAN kynge Marke had grete dyspyte at sir Trystram. (7)
 And whan he chaced hym oute of Cornwayle (yette
 was he nevew unto kynge Marke, but he had grete suspeccion
 unto sir Trystram bycause of his quene, La Beale Isode, for
 hym semed that there was muche love betwene them twayne), 5
 so whan sir Trystram was departed oute of Cornwayle into
 Ingelonde, kynge Marke harde of the grete proues that sir
 Trystram ded there, wyth the whyche he grieved.

So he sen te on his party men to aspye what dedis he ded, and
 the quene sente pryvaly on hir party spyes to know what dedis 10
 he had done, for full grete love was there betwene them. So
 whan the messyngers were com home they tolde the trouthe
 as they herde, and how he passed all other knyghtes but yf
 hit were sir Launcelot Than kynge Marke was ryght hevvy
 of tho tydynge, and as glad was La Beale Isode. 15

Than grete dyspyte kynge Marke had at hym, and so he
 toke wyth hym two knyghtes and two squyers, and dysgyssed
 hymself, and toke his way into Ingelonde to the entente
 to sle sir Trystram. And one of tho knyghtes hyght sir
 Bersules, and the other knyght was callyd Amaunte. So as 20
 they rode kynge Marke asked a knyght that he mette, where
 he myght fynde kynge Arthure.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'at Camelot.'

Also he asked that knyght aftir sir Trystrams, whether
 [he] herde of hym in the courte of kynge Arthure. 25

'Wete you well,' seyde that knyght, 'ye shall fynde sir
 Trystram there for a man of worship moste that is now 236^v
 lyvyng, for thorow his proues he wan the turnement at the
 Castell of Maydyns that stondyth by the Roche Dure. And

1-2 C* despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram and Thanne he F (MS. B.N.fr.
 334 f. 302^f col. 2) : apres ce que les granz fez de Trystram ... en commencierent a
 parler et a dire que toutes les greingnours merveilles du monde aloit feisant Trystram
 par mi le roiaume de Logres par force de chevalerie et par prouesce de cors. Le roy
 Marc, quant il entendit ces nouveles ... si en est tant a malaise que il ne set que il
 en puisse dire (see note) 5 C to moche 5-6 C them bothe Soo 8 C there
 the whiche greued hym sore Soo 11 full not in C C them tweyn 13 C
 had herd that he 15 C of these 16-17 C Thenne in grete despyte he took
 17 C two good Knyghtes C desguysed S desguifed 18-19 C entente for to
 19 C of these ii Knyghtes 19, 23 sir not in C 20 CAmant 22 Che
 shold fynde 27 C of as grete worship as is now 29 C the hard roche
 And

syththen he hath wonne wyth his hondys thirty knyghtes that were men of grete honoure. And the laste batayle that ever he ded he fought with sir Launcelot, and that was a mer-vaylus batayle. And by love and not by force sir Launcelotte
5 brought sir Trystram to the courte. And of hym kynge Arthure made passynge grete joy, and so made hym knyght of the Table Rounde, and his seate is in the same place where sir Marhalte the good knyghtes seate was.'

Than was kynge Marke passynge sory whan he harde of
10 the honour of sir Trystram, and so they departed. Than seyde kynge Marke unto his two knyghtes,

'Now I woll tell you my counsell, for ye ar the men that I moste truste on lyve. And I woll that ye wete my com-mynge hydir is to this entente, for to destroy sir Trystram
15 by som wylys other by treson, and hit shall be harde and ever he ascape oure hondis.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Bersules, 'my lorde, what meane you? For and ye be sette in such a way, ye ar disposed shamfully, for sir Trystram is the knyght of worshyp moste that we
20 knowe lyvyng. And therefore I warne you playnly, I woll not consente to the deth of hym, and therefore I woll yelde hym my servyse and forsake you.'

Whan kynge Marke harde hym say so, suddeynly he drewe hys swerde and seyde, 'A, traytoure!', and smote sir
25 Bersules on the hede that the swerde wente to his teithe. Whan sir Amant, his felow, sawe hym do that vylounce dede, and his squyers also, [they] seyde to the kynge,

'Hit was foule done and myschevously, wherefore we woll do you no more servyse. And wete you well we woll appele
30 you of treson afore kynge Arthure.'

Than was kynge Marke wondirly wrothe, and wolde have
237^r [slayne] Amaunte, but he and the two squyers hylde them togydirs and sette nought by his malyce. So whan kynge

1 C his owne handes 3 P dyde R dye 4 by love and *not in* Cf 7-8
C seate was where the good Knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was 12 C wille I for
not in C 13 C trust moost to on 15 C by wyles or by treason 16 C
yfeuer 17 C my lorde *not in* C 18 *and not in* Cf 19 C of moost
worship 20-1 C wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe 26 C
Amant the knyghte sawe 27-8 W also Csquyers they said hit 29 C the no
29-30 C appeche the of 30 kynge *not in* C 32 C* slayne Amant F
(MS. B.N.fr. 334 f. 303^r col. 2): hors court sus le roy au chevalier et le vouloit
ferir de Tespee par mi la teste, mes les escuiers se mistrent entre deux

Marke sawe he myght nat be revenged on them, he seyde
thus unto the knyght Amante:

'Wyte thou well, and thou appeyche me of treson, I shall
thereof defende me afore kynge Arthure, but I requyre the
that thou telle nat my name that I am kynge Marke, what- 5
somevir com of me.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Amante, 'I woll nat discover your
name.'

And so they departed. And sir Amante and his felowys 10
toke the body of sir Bersules and buried hit.

Than kynge Marke rode tyll he come to a fountayne, and (8)
there he rested hym by that fountayne, and stode in a dwere
whether he myght ryde to kynge Arthurs courte other none,
or to returne agayne to his contrey.

And as he thus restyd hym by that fountayne, there cam 15
by hym a knyght well armed on horsebacke, and he alyght
and tyed his horse and sette hym downe by the brynke of
the fountayne, and there he made grete langoure and dole.
And so he made the dolefullst complaynte of love that ever
man herde, and all this whyle was he nat ware of kynge 20
Marke. And this was a grete complay[n]te; he cryed and
wepte and sayde,

'O, thou fayre quene of Orkeney, kynge Lottys wyff and
modir unto sir Gawayne and to sir Gaherys, and modir to
many other, for thy love I am in grete paynys!' 25

Than kynge Marke arose and wente nere hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, ye have made a piteuos complay[n]te.'

'Truly,' seyde the knyght, 'hit is an hondred parte more
rufullyer than myne herte can uttir.'

'I requyre you,' seyde kynge Marke, 'telle me youre 30
name.'

'Sir, as for my name, I wyll not hyde hit from no knyght
that beryth a shylde. Sir, my name is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

But whan sir Lameroke herde kynge Marke speke, than
wyste he well by his speche that he was a Cornysh knyght. 35

3 C thou apoeche me 9, 10 sir not in C 12 by that fountayne not in
C Cinadoubte 13 C he wold ryde kynge not in C 14 Corretome
17 C† hors vntyl a tree (see note) 19 so he not in C 21 C* grete parte
of his complaynte 22 C wepte sayenge 23 thou not in C 24 C moder
of sir Gawayne 27 a not in C 32 C Sir said he as 33 Cshelde and my
33, 34 C Lamerak

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'I undirstonde by your tunge that ye be of Cornewayle, wherein there dwellyth the
 237^v shamfullist knyght of a kynge that is now lyvyng, for he is a grete enemy to all good knyghtes. And [that] prevyth
 5 well, for he hath chased oute of that contrey sir Trystram that is the worshypfullist knyght that now is lyvyng, and all knyghtes spekyth of hym worship; and for the jeleousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his contrey. Hit is pite,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'that ony suche false kynge
 10 cowarde as kynge Marke is shulde be macched with suche a fayre lady and a good as La Beale Isode is, for all the wo[r]lde of hym spekyth shame, and of her grete worshyp as ony quene may have.'

'I have nat ado in this mater,' seyde kynge Marke. 'But,
 15 sir, can y[e] tell me ony tydyngis?'

'I can telle you,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'there shall be a grete turnemente in haste bysyde Camelot, at the Castell of Jagent. And the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtys and the kynge of Irelande, as I suppose, makyth that turne-
 20 mente.'

Than cam there a knyght that was callyd sir Dynadan, and salewed them bothe. And whan he wyste that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornwayle, he repreved hym for the love of kynge Marke a thousand-folde more than ded sir
 25 Lameroke. And so he profirde to juste with kynge Marke. And he was full lothe thereto, but sir Dynadan egged hym so that he justed wyth sir Lameroke. And sir Lameroke smote kynge Marke so sore .that he bare hym on his speare ende over his horse tayle.

30 And than kynge Marke arose, and gate his horse agayne, and folowed aftir sir Lameroke. But sir Dynadan wolde nat juste with sir Lameroke, but he tolde kynge Marke that sir Lameroke was sir Kay the Senescyall.

'That is nat so,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for he is muche
 35 bygger than sir Kay.'

1 knyght <i>not in C</i>	3 knyght of a <i>not in C</i>	6 Cuow	S now	7 C
speken	9-10 C that euer ony suche fals knyght coward	11 C and good		
Cworld	12 grete <i>not in C</i>	C that ony	14-15 C* marke neyther noughte	
wille I speke therof wel said said syre Lamorak syre can ye	W you	19 C make		
21 C there came	26 Cedgydhyrn	30 and gate his horse <i>not in C</i>	34	
C not soo				

And so he folowed and overtoke hym and bade hym abyde.

'What woll ye do?' seyde sir Lameroke.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I woll fyght wyth a swerde, for ye have shamed me with a speare.'

5

And therewyth they daysshed togydyrs wyth swerdis. And sir Lamerok suffyrde hym and forbare hym, and kynge Marke was passyng besy and smote thy eke strokys. Than sir Lameroke saw he wolde nat stynte, he waxed somewhat wrothe, and doubled his strokys, for he was of the nobelyste of the worlde. And he beete hym so on the helme that his hede [henge] nyghe on the sadyll-bowe. Whan sir Lameroke saw hym fare so, he sayde,

238'

'Knyght, what chere? Mesemyth ye have nyghe youre fylle of fyghtyng. Hit were pyte to do you ony more harme, for ye ar but a meane knyght. Therefore I gyff you leve to go where ye lyst.'

15

'Gramercy,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for ye and I be no macchis.*

Than sir Dynadan mocked kynge Marke and seyde, 'Ye ar nat able to macche a good knyght!'

20

'As for that,' seyde kynge Marke, 'at the fyrste tyme that [I] justed with this knyght, ye refused hym.'

'Thynke ye that a shame?' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Nay, sir, hit is ever worshyp to a knyght to refuse that thyng that he may nat attayne. Therefore your worshyp had bene muche more to have refused hym as I ded, for I warne you playnly he is able to beate suche fyve as ye ar and I be: for ye knyghtis of Cornwayne ar no men of worshyp as other knyghtes ar, and bycause ye ar nat of worshyp, ye hate all men of worship, for never in your con trey was bredde suche a knyght as sir Trystram.'

25

30

Than they rode furth all togydyrs, kynge Marke, sir Lameroke and sir Dynadan, tylle that they com to a brygge, and at the ende thereof stood a fayre toure. Than saw they a knyght on horsebacke well armed, braundisshynge a speare, cryyng, and profyrde hymself to juste.

(9)

35

6 C And S and 8 C passyng hasty Than *not in C* 9 C stynte and waxyd 10-11 C was one of the noblest knyghtes of the world 14 C syr knyght 24 C that it is a shame to me said 28 ar *not in C* 30 C no men of worship 30-1 C neuer was bredde in your cuntrye suche a Knyght as is sir 36 C* proferynge

'Now,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke, 'yondir ar too bretherne, that one hyght Alyne and that other hyght Tryan, that woll juste with ony that passyth this passayge. Now profyr youreself,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke,

- 5 'for ever ye be leyde to the erthe.'
 238^v Than kynge Marke was ashamed, and therewith he feautyrde hys speare and hurteled to sir Tryan, and aythir brake their spearys all to pecis, and passed thorow anone. Than sir Tryan s n te kyng Marke another speare to juste more,
 10 but in no wyse he wolde nat juste no more.

Than they com to the castell, all thre knyghtes, and prayde the lorde of that castell of herborow.

- 'Ye ar ryght wellcom,' seyde the knyghtes of the castell, 'for the love of the lorde of this towre,' the whyche hyght sir
 15 Torre le Fyze Aryes.

And than they com into a fayre courte well repayred, and so they had passynge good chere tyll the lyefftenaunte of that castell that hyght Berluse aspyed kynge Marke of Cornwayle. Than seyde sir Berluse,

- 20 'Sir knyght, I know you well, better than ye wene, for ye ar kynge Marke that slew my fadir afore myne owne yghen, and me had ye slayn had I not ascapyd into a woode. But wyte you well, for the love of my lorde sir Torre, whyche is lorde of this castell, I woll nat at this tyme nother hurte nor
 25 harme you, nothir none of your felyship. But wyte you well, whan ye ar paste this loggyng I shall hurte you and I may, for ye slew my [fader] traytourly and cowardly. But fyrste, for my lorde sir Torre, and for the love of sir Lameroke the honorable knyght that here is lodgid, ye sholde have [none]
 30 evyll lodgyng. For hit [is] pyte that ever ye sholde be in the company of good knyghtes, for ye ar the moste vylounce knyght of a kynge that is now lyvyng, for ye ar a dystroyer of good knyghtes, and all that ye do is but by treson.'
- (10) Than was kynge Marke sore ashamyd and seyde but lytyll

2 CAleyn the other 4, 19 sir notin C 9 WTryan smote kyng C*
 Trian sent Kynge F (MS. B.N. fr. 334 f. 308^v col. 1): fet aporier un glaive
 pour lui 14 C this castel 15 C Tor le fyse aries 17 C lieutenant
 20 well not in C 23-24 Cf lord of this castel (homoeoteleuton) nat at this tyme
 not in C 27 and cowardly not in C 28 C for the loue of my lord sir Tor
 W the love love of 29-30 C* ye shal haue none ylle lodgyng 31 C most
 S moost 32 C knyght or kynge that is now knowen on lyue 33 by not in C

agayne. But whan sir Lameroke and sir Dynadan wyste that he was kynge Marke they were sory of [his] felyshyp. So aftir supper they went to lodgyng.

So on the morne they arose, and kynge Marke and sir Dynadan rode togedyrs. And three myle of there mette with 5 hem three knyghtes, and sir Berluse was one, and other two 239^f of hys cosyns.

Whan sir Berluse saw kynge Marke he cryed on hyghte:

'Traytoure, kepe the from me, for wete thou well that I am sir Berluse!' 10

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I counceyle you as at this tyme medyll nat wyth hym, for he is rydyng to kynge Arthure. And bycause I promysed to conduyte hym to my lorde kynge Arthure, nedis muste I take a parte wyth hym; howbeit I love nat his condision, and fayne I wolde be from 15 hym.'

'Well, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Berluse, 'me repentys that ye woll take party with hym, but now do youre beste!'

Than he hurteled to kynge Marke and smote hym sore uppon the shylde, that he bare hym clene oute of his sadill 20 to the erthe. That saw sir Dynadan, and he feautyrd hys speare and ran to one of his felowys and smote hym of hys sadyll. Than sir Dynadan turned his horse and smote the thirde knyght in the same wyse, that he went to the erthe, for this sir Dynadan was a good knyght on horsebacke. 25

And so there began a grete batayle, for sir Berluse and hys felowys hylde them togedyrs strongly on foote. And so thorow the grete force of sir Dynadan kynge Marke had sir Berluse at the erthe, and his two felowys fled. And had nat sir Dynadan bene, kynge Marke wolde have slayne hym; 30 and so sir Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyff, for this kynge Marke was but a murtherer. And than they toke their horsys and departed, and lefte sir Berluse there sore woundid.

2 W of youre felyshyp C sory of his felauship 4 C arose erly 5 C
myle fro their lodgyng there 6-7 C and that other his two cosyns 8
Whan *not in C* C Marke and thenne he 10 sir *not in C* 11-12 C you
to leue of at this tyme for he 13 CI haue promysed 17 C wel dynadan
18 Cuow Snow 22 CofBerlusesfelawes C*hymdoun eof 23,26,29
sir *not in C* 24 that he went *not in C* 25 this *not in C* 26 CBerluse S
Berluse 29 C to the erthe 30 Cnot ben syre Dynadan C Mark S **Marke**
31 this *not in C*

Than kynge Marke and sir Dynadan rode forth a four leagis Englyshe tyll that they com to a brydge where hoved a knyght on horsebacke, armyd redy to juste.

'Lo,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke, 'yonder 5 hovyth a knyght that woll juste, for there shall none passe this brydge but he muste juste with that knyght.'

'Ye say well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for this justys fallyth for you.'

239^v But sir Dynadan knew the knyght for a noble knyght, 10 and fayne he wolde have justyd, but he had levir that kynge Marke had justed with hym. But by no meane kynge Marke wolde nat juste. Than sir Dynadan myght nat refuse hym in no maner, and so ayther dressed their spearys and their shyldys and smote togydys, that thorow fyne force sir Dyna- 15 dan was smyttyn to the erthe. And lyghtly he arose up and gate his horse and requyred that knyght to do batayle with swerdys. And he answerde and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, as at this tyme I may nat have ado with you no more, for the custom of this passage is suche.'

20 Than was sir Dynadan passynge wrothe that he myght nat be revenged of that knyght, and so he departed. And in no wyse wolde that knyght telle hys name, but ever sir Dynadan thought he sholde know hym by his shyld that he sholde be sir Torre.

(11) 25 So as they rode by the way kynge Marke than began to mocke sir Dynadan, and seyde,

'I wente you knyghtes of the Rounde Table myght in no wyse fynde youre macchis.'

'Ye sey well/ seyde sir Dynadan. 'As for you, on my lyff, 30 [I] calle you none of the good knyghtes. But syth ye have such dispyte at me, I requere you to juste with me to preve my strengthe.'

'Nat so,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for I woll nat have ado with you in no maner; but I requyre you of one thyng, that 35 whan ye com to kynge Arthures courte, discover nat my name, for I am sore there behatyd.'

2 C came

3 C armed and redy

7 C Hit is wel

7-8 C falleth

with the

9 C knyght wel that he was a noble

10 Cf had had

10 that *not in C*

11 had *not in C*

23 C that it shold

28 C their

matches

30 C the best knyghtes

35 kynge *not in C*

36 Cam

there soo hated

'Hit is shame to you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ye governe you so shamfully, for I se by you ye ar full of cowardyse, and ye ar also a murtherar, and that is the grettyst shame that ony knyght may have, for nevyr had knyght murthere[r] worship, nother never shall have. For I sawe but late thorow my forse 5 ye wolde have slayne sir Bersules, a better knyght than ever ye were or ever shall be, and more of proues.' 240'

Thus they rode forth talkynge tyll they com to a fayre place where stode a knyghte and prayde them to take their lodgyng with hym. So at the requeste of that knyght they 10 reposed them there and made them well at ease and had grete chere, for all araunte knyghtes to hym were welcom, and specially all tho of kynge Arthurs courte.

Than sir Dynadan demaunded his oste what was the knyghtes name that kepte the brydge. 15

'For what cause aske you?' seyde his oste.

'For hit is nat longe ago/ seyde sir Dynadan, 'syththen he gaff me a falle.'

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde his oste, 'thereof have ye no mer-vayle, for he is a passynge good knyght, and his name is sir 20 Torre, the sonne of Aryes le Vaysshare.'

'AP seyde sir Dynadan, 'was that sir Torre? Truly so ever me thought.¹

So ryght as they stood thus talkynge togydys they saw com rydynge by them over a playne six knyghtes of the 25 courte of kynge Arthure well armyd at all poyntys; and by their shyldys sir Dynadan knew them well. The fyrste was the good knyght sir Uwayne, the sonne of kynge Uryen. The secunde was the noble knyght sir Brandyles. The thirde was Ozanna le Cure Hardy. The fourth was sir Uwayne les 30 Adventurys. The fyfth was sir Agravayne, the sixth, sir Mordred, to brethirne to sir Gawayne.

Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed thes six knyghtes he thought to hymself he wolde brynge kynge Marke by som wyle to juste with one of them. And than anone they toke 35

3 also not in C 4 W murdered (d expuncted) 4-5 C neuer a Knyght
beynge a murtherer hath worship nor neuer 6-7 Cf than ye or euer ye shal
be 12 Cwere welcom to hym 13 kynge not in C 15 P knygytes
R Knyghtes 21 C Tor the sone of aries le vaysshare 22 C Tor for truly
28 CVryens 30 C Ozana sir not in C 31 C auenturous 32 C
Mordred broder to 33 C had sene these 34 C thought in hym self

their horsys and ran aftir these six knyghtes well-nye a three
myle Englyshe. Than was kynge Marke ware where they
sate all six aboute a welle and ete and dranke suche metys
as they had, and their horsis walkynge and som tyed, and
5 their shyldys hynde in dyverse placis aboute them.

'L of seyde sir Dynadan, 'yondir ar knyghtes arraunte that
woll juste with us.'

'God forbede,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for they be six, and
we but two.'

10 'As for that,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'lat us nat spare, for I
woll assay the formyst.'

And therewith he made hym redy. Whan kynge Marke
sawe hym do so, as faste as sir Dynadan rode towardis
them, kynge Marke rode frowarde them with all his mayneall
15 mayne.

So whan sir Dynadan saw that kynge Marke was gone,
he sette the speare oute of the reaste and threwe hys shyld
uppon his backe and cam rydyng to the felyshyp of the
Rounde Table. And anone sir Uwayne knew sir Dynadan,
20 and welcomed hym, and so ded all his felyshyp. And than
they asked hym of adventures, and whether that he sawe of sir
Trystram othir sir Launcelot.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'as for me, I sawe
none of them sytthyn we departed fro Camelot.'

25 'What knyght is that,' seyde sir Braundyles, 'that so
sodeynly departed frome you and rode over yondir fylde?'

'Sir, hit is a knyght of Cornwayle, and the moste orryble
cowarde that ever bestrode horse.'

'What is his name?' seyde all thos knyghtes.

30 'I wote nat,' seyde sir Dynadan.

So whan they had reposed them and spokyn togydys
they toke there horsys and rode to a castell where dwelled
an olde knyght that made all knyghtes arraunte good
chere.

35 So in the meanewhyle that they were talkynge, com into
the castell sir Gryfflet le Fyz de Deu. And there was he

i six *not in C* nye *not in C* 19 C table round 21 C of his adventures
21-2 C whether he had sene syr Tristram 23 as for me *not in C* 24 C
sythen I departed from 27 Csyr said he C horryble 29 C these
knyghtes 36 C Gryfflet le fyse de dieu

wellcom, and they all askyd hym whethir he sye sir Launcelot
other sir Trystram. He answerde and seyde,

'I sawe hem nat sytthyn they departed frome Camelot.'

So as sir Dynadan walked and behylde the castell, thereby
in a chambir he aspyed kynge Marke, and than he rebuked 5
hym and asked why he departed so.

'Sir, for I durst nat abyde, for they were so many. But
how ascaped ye?' seyde kynge Marke.

'Sir, they be better frendis than I went they had ben.'

'Who is captayne of this felyshyp?' seyde kynge Marke. 10

For to feare hym sir Dynadan seyde hit was sir Launcelot. 241'

'A, JesuP seyde kynge Marke, 'myght ye knowe sir
Launcelot by his shylde?'

'Ye,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for he beryth a shylde of sylver
and blacke bendis.' 15

All this he seyde to feare kynge Marke, for sir Launcelot
was nat in the felyshyp.

'Now I pray you,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ye woll ryde
in my felyshyp,'

['That is me lothe to doo,' said sir Dynadan, 'bycause ye 20
for soke my felyshyp,']

Ryght so sir Dynadan went from kyng Marke and went
to his own felyshyp]; and so they mown ted uppon there
horsys and rode on their wayes and talked of the Cornyshe
knyght, for sir Dynadan tolde them that he was in the castell 25
where they were lodged.

'Hit is well seyde,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'for here have I
brought sir Dagonet, kynge Arthurs foole, that is the beste
felow and the meryeste in the worlde.'

'Woll ye than do well?' seyde sir Dynadan. 'I have tolde 30
the Cornyshe knyght that here is sir Launcelot, and the
Cornyshe knyght asked me what shylde he bare, and I tolde
hym that he bare the same shylde that sir Mordred beryth.'

'Woll ye do well?' seyde sir Mordred. 'I am hurte and

i Che had sene 2-3 CTristram Syrs he ansuerd I sawe 7 C Syr said
he for I durst not abyde by cause they 9 C syr said sir Dinadan they were better
10-11 Csaid the Kynge thenne for 11 Csayd that it 12 C† myghte I
knowe 16 C fere the kyng for 20-3 C* that is me lothe to doo said syre
Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felauship Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from
kyng Mark & wente to his own felauship Homoeoteleuton in W 25 sir not in C
30 than not in C 32-3 C bare Truly I told hym that he bare (S bereth)

may nat well beare my shyld nother harneys, and therefore put my harneys and my shyld uppon sir Dagonet and let hym sette uppon the Cornyshe knyght.'

'That shall be done/ seyde sir Dagonet, 'be my fayth.'

- 5 And so anone sir Dagonet was armed in sir Mordredis harneys and hys shyld, and he was sette on a grete horse and a speare in his honde.

'Now,' seyde sir Dagonet, 'sette me to that knyght and I trowe I shall beare hym downe.'

- 10 So all thes knyghtes rode to a woodis syde and abode tyll kynge Marke cam by the way. Than they put forth sir Dagonet, and he cam on all the whyle his horse myght renne uppon kynge Marke. And whan he cam nye to kynge Marke he cryed as he were woode, and sayde,

- 15 'Kepe the, knyght of Cornwayle, for I woll sle the!'

And anone as kynge Marke behylde his shyld, he seyde to hymself,

'Yondyr is sir Launcelot. Alas, now am I destroyed!'

And therewithall he made his horse to ren and fledde as

- 20 faste as he myght thorow thycke and thorow thynne. And ever sir Dagonet folowed aftir kynge Marke, cryyng and

241* ratyng hym as a woode man, thorow a grete foreste.

Whan sir Uwayne and sir Brandules saw sir Dagonet so chace kynge Marke, they lawghed all as they were wylde,

- 25 and than they toke their horsys and rode aftir to se how sir Dagonet spedde, for theym behoved for no good that sir Dagonet were shente, for kynge Arthure loved hym passyng well and made hym knyght hys owne hondys. And at every turnemente he bega[n] to make kynge Arthure to lawghe.

- 30 Than the knyghtes rode here and there cryyng and chasyng aftir kynge Marke, that all the foreyste range of the noyse.

- (13) So kynge Marke by fortune rode by a welle, in the way where stood a knyght arraunte on horsebacke, armed at all poyntys, with a grete spere in his honde. And whan he saw

- 35 kyng Marke com fleyng he sayde to the knyght,

'Returne agayne for shame and stonde with me, and I shall be thy waraunte.'

5 C† Thenne anone was Dagonet armed hym in 8 shewe me the Knyght
12-13 C renne streyght vpon 19-20 C renne as fast as it 24 C were wood
26 C they wold not for 32 C Mark rode by fortune by 35 C he said Knyght

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde kynge Marke, 'lette me passe, for yondir commyth aftir me the beste knyght of the worlde, wyth the blacke beanded shylde.'

'Fy, for shame,' seyde the knyght, 'for he is none of the worthy knyghtes. But yf he were sir Launcelot othir sir 5 Trystram I shall nat doute to mete the bettyr of them bothe.'

Whan kyng Marke harde hym sey that worde, he returned his horse and abode by hym. And than that stronge knyght bare a speare to sir Dagonet and smote hym so sore that he bare hym over his horse tayle, that nyghe he had brokyn 10 his necke. And anone aftir hym cam sir Braundules, and whan he sawe sir Dagonette have that falle he was passynge wrothe, and seyde,

'Kepe the, knyght!'

And so they hurled togydyrs wondir sore. But the knyghte 15 smote sir Brandules so sore that he went to the erthe, horse and man. Sir Uwayne com aftir and sy all this.

'JesuP he seyde, 'yondyr is a stronge knyght!'

And than they feautred their spearys, and this knyght com so egirly that he smote downe sir Uwayne. Than cam sir 20 Ozanna wyth the Hardy Harte, and he was smyttyn downe.

'Now,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'be my counceyle lat us sende 242' to yondir arraunte knyghte and wete whether he be of kynge Arthurs courte, for, as I deme, hit is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

So they sente unto hym and prayde that stronge knyght 25 'to telle us his name', and whethir he were of kynge Arthurs courte other nat.

'As for my name, telle tho knyghtes I am a knyght ar-raunte as they ar, but my name they shall nat wete at this tyme. And lat them wete that I am no knyght of kynge Arthurs.' 30

And so the squyer rode ayen and tolde as he seyde.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'he is one of the strongyst knyghtes that ever I saw, for he hathe overthrowyn three noble knyghtes, and nedis we muste encountyr with 35 hym for shame.'

5 C Knyghtes and yf 7-8 Che torned his 9, 12, 20 sir *not in C* 10 C and nyghe 11, 16C Brandyles 13 Candcryed 15 Churtled 18 Csaidhe 20-1 C came Ozana 24 Cit Shit CLamorak 25 C prayd the straunge Knyghte 26 C us *not in C* kynge *not in C* 28-30 C name they shalle not wete but telle hem I am a Knyst arraunt as they ar and lete 30 C Arthurs Courte 31 C told them his ansuer of hym 32 CAgrauayne

So sir Aggravayne feautred his speare, and that othir was
 redy and smote hym downe over his horse taylor to the erthe.
 And in the same wyse he smote sir Uwayne les Avoutres,
 and also sir Gryfflot. Than had he served them all but sir
 5 Dynadan, for he was behynde, and sir Mordrede whyche
 sir Dagonet had his harneys.

So whan this was done this stronge knyght rode on his
 way a soffte pace, and kynge Marke rode aftir hym praysynge
 hym mykyll. But he wolde answer no wordys but syghed
 10 wondirly sore, and hongynge downe his hede, takynge no
 hyde to his wordys. Thus they rode well-nyghe a three myle
 Englysh. And than this knyght callyd to hym a varlet and
 bade hym:

'Ryde untyll yondir fayre maner, and commaunde me to
 15 the lady of that castell and place, and pray hir to sende me
 som refresshyng of good metys and drynkys. And yf she
 aske the what I am, telle her that I am the knyght that
 folowyth the glatysaunte beste.' (That is in Englysh to sey,
 the questynge beste, for the beste, wheresomever he yode,
 20 he quested in the bealy with suche a noyse as hit had bene
 a thirty couple of howndis.)

Than the varlet wente his way and cam to the maner and
 242^v salewed the lady, and tolde her frome whens he come. And
 whan [s]he undirstode that he cam fro the knyght that
 25 folowed the questynge beste,

'A! swete Lord JesuP she seyde, 'whan shall I se that
 jantyll knyght, my dere sonne sir Palomydes! Alas! woll he
 nat abyde with me?'

And therewith she sowned and wepte and made passynge
 30 grete dole. But allso sone as she myght she gaff the varlet
 mete all that he axed. And than the varlet returned unto sir
 Palomydes, for he was a varlet of kynge Markis. And as
 sone as he cam he tolde the knyghtes name was sir Palo-
 mydes.

35 'I am well pleased,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but holde the
 styll and sey nothyng.'

1 C Agrauayne 2 taylor *not in C†* 3 Cauoultres 4 CGryfflet 5-6 C
 Mordrede was vnarmed and Dagonet had 7 S his his 11 nyghenotinC 14 C
 yonder S younder C recommaunde me 18 C Glatysaunt 20 C it S hit
 25 W folowed the the questynge 26 C O swete 27 C noble Knyghte
 27 sir *not in C* 30-1 C And thenne also soone 31 mete *not in C†*

Than they alyght and sette them downe and reposed them
a whyle. And anone wythall kynge Marke fylle on slepe.
So whan sir Palomydes sawe hym sounde on slepe he toke
his horse and rode his way and seyde to them,

'I woll nat be in the company of a slepyng knyght.' And 5
so he rode a grete pace.

Now turne we unto sir Dynadan that founde thes seven (14)
knyghtes passynge hevy, and whan he wyste how that they
had sped, 'as hevy was he.'¹

'Sir Uwayne,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I dare ley thereon my 10
hede, hit is sir Lameroke de Galys. I promyse you all I shall
fynde hym, and he may be founde in this contrey.'

And so sir Dynadan rode aftir this knyght, and so ded
kynge Marke that sought hym thorow the foreyste. And so
as kynge Marke rode aftir sir Palomydes he harde a noyse 15
of a man that made grete dole. Than kynge Marke rode as
nye that noyse as he myght and as he durste. Than was he
ware of a knyght that was dissended of his horse, and he
had putte of his helme, and there he made a peteuous com-
play[n]te and a dolerous of love. 20

Now leve we off, and talke we of sir Dynadan that rode
to seke sir Palomydes. And as he cam wythin a foreyste, he
mette with a knyght, a chacer of deore.

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'mette ye wyth ony knyght wyth
a shyld of sylver and lyons hedys?' 25

'Ye, fayre knyght/ seyde the other, 'with suche a knyght 243'
mette I wyth but a whyle agone, and streyte yondir way he
yeode.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for myght I fynde the
tracke of his horse, I sholde nat fayle to fynde that knyght.' 30

Ryght so as sir Dynadan rode in the evenynge late, he
harde a dolefull noyse as hit were of a man. Than sir Dyna-
dan rode towarde that noyse, and whan he cam nyghe that
noyse he alyght of his horse and wente nere hym on foote.
Than was he ware of a knyght that stode undir a tre, and 35
his horse tyed by hym, and his helme off; and ever that

8-10 C* wyst how that they sped as heuy was he My lord Vwayne said Dynadan
F (MS. B.N.fr. 334f. 316^v col. 2): 'Ce n'est mie de merveilles se il vos en poise,' fet
Dynadam. . . . 'se Diex me saut, il me poise moult durement de vostre courouz
tout autretant comme se chascun de vos fust mon frere charnel' 10 thereon *not*
in C 21 C we that and 31 Ceuenlate 36 C* the helme of his hede

knyght made a dolefull complaynte as evir made knyght, and allwayes he complayned of La Beale Isode, the quene of Cornwayle, and sayde,

'A, fayre lady, why love I the? For thou arte fayryst of all 5 othir, and as yet shewdyst thou never love to me nother bounty. Parde, and yet, alas! muste I love the. And I may nat blame the, fayre lady, for myne eyen caused me. And yet to love the I am but a foole, for the beste knyght of the worlde lovyth the and ye hym agayne, that is sir Trystram 10 de Lyones. And the falsyst knyght and kynge of the worlde is your husbande, and the moste cowarde and full of treson is youre lorde kynge Marke. And alas! so beawteuous a lady and pereles of all othir sholde be matched with the moste vylounce knyght of the worlde!'

15 And all this langage harde kynge Marke, what sir Palomydes seyde by hym. Wherefore he was adrad, whan he sawe sir Dynadan, leste that he had aspyed hym, and that he wolde tell sir Palomydes that he was kynge Marke; wherefore he wythdrewe hym, and toke his horse and rode to his 20 men where he commaunded hem to abyde. And so he rode as faste as he myght unto Camelot.

And the same day he founde there sir Amant, the knyght, 243^v redy that afore kynge Arthure had appelyd hym of treson. And so lyghtly the kynge commaunded them to do batayle.

25 And by mysadventure kynge Marke smote sir Amante thorow the body; and yet was sir Amaunte in the ryghtuous quarell. And ryght so he toke his horse and departed frome the courte for drede of sir Dynadan, that he wolde telle sir Trystram and sir Palomydes what he was.

30 Than was there damesels that La Beale Isode had sente (15) to sir Trystram that knew sir Amante well. Than by the lycence of kynge Arthure they wente to hym and spake with hym, for whyle the truncheon of the speare stake in his body he spake.

35 'A, fayre damesels,' seyde sir Amant, 'recommunde me

2 Che made his complaynte of 5 Cand yet shewest 6 Cbounte Alias yet must 7-8 C* eyen ben cause of this sorowe And yet 10 C kynge and knyghte of the worlde *not in C* 12 Callasthateuersofayrealady 17-18 Clest and he aspyed hym that he wold 18-19 C Marke and therefor he with-drewe 22, 25, 26, 35 sir *not in C* 23 kynge *not in C* 30 C Thenne were ther maydens **that** 35 C Amant ye recommaunde

unto La Beale Isode, and telle her that I am slayne for the love of her and of syr Trystram.'

And there he tolde the damessels how cowardly kyng Marke had slayne hym and sir Bersules, his felow:

'And for that dede I appeled hym of treson, and here am I 5
slayne in a ryghtuous quarell, and all was bycause sir Bersules
and I wolde nat consente by treason to sle the noble knyght
sir Trystram.'

Than the two maydyns cryed alowde, that all the courte myght hyre, and seyde, 10

'A, swete Jesu that knowyste all hydde thynges ! Why sufferyst Thou so false a traytoure to venqueyshe and sle a trewe knyght that faught in a ryghteous quarell!'

Than anone hit was spronge to the kyng and the quene and to all the lordis that hit was kyng Marke that had slayne 15
sir Amante and sir Bersules aforehonde, wherefore they did there that batayle. Than was kyng Arthure wrothe oute of mesure, and so was all other knyghtes.

But whan sir Trystram wyste all, he wepte for sorow for the losse of sir Bersules and of sir Amante. Whan sir 20
Launcelot aspyed sir Trystram wepe he wente hastely to kyng Arthure and sayde,

'Sir, I pray you, gyff me leve to returne ayen yondir false 244'
kyng and knyght.'

'I pray you,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'fetche hym agayne, 25
but I wolde nat ye slew hym, for my worshyp.'

Than sir Launcelot armed hym in all haste, and mownted uppon a grete horse and toke a spere in his honde and rode aftir kyng Marke. And frome thens a three myles Englysh sir Launcelot overtoke hym and bade hym turne hym: 30

'Recreaunte kyng and knyght! For whethir thou wylte othir nylt, thou shalt go with me to kyng Arthurs courte!'

Than kyng Marke returned and loked uppon sir Launcelot and sayde, 35

6 C of sir Bersyles 10 C here it 11 C O swete lord Ihesu 18 C the
other 19 C Tristram knewe alle the matere he maade grete dole and sorowe
oute of mesure and wepte for sorow 20 C losse of the noble knyghtes syr
Bersyles 23 C† returne ageyne to yonder F (MS. B.N. fr. 334 f. 320'
col. 1): Sire se il vos plesoit je feroie le chevalier retourner 32 C wilt or
not thow

'Fayre sir, what is your name?'¹

'Wyte you well my name is sir Launcelot, and therefore defende the!'

And whan kynge Marke knew that hit was sir Launcelot,
5 and cam so faste uppon hym with a speare, he cryed than
alowde and seyde,

'I yelde me to the, sir Launcelot, honorable knyght'

But sir Launcelot wolde nat hyre hym, but cam faste
uppon hym. Kynge Marke saw that, and made no deffence
10 but tumbled adowne oute of his sadyll to the erthe as a sak,
and there he lay styll and cryed:

'Sir Launcelot, have mercy uppon me!'

'Aryse, recreaunte kynge and knyght!'

'Sir, I woll nat fyght,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but whother
15 that ye woll I woll go wyth you.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelotte, 'that I myght nat gyff the
one buffette for the love of sir Trystram and of La Beale
Isode, and for tho two knyghtes that thou haste slayne
trayturly!'

20 And so he mownte uppon his horse and brought hym to
kynge Arthure. And there kynge Marke alyght in that
same place, and threwe his helme frome hym uppon the
erthe and his swerde, and felle flatte to the erthe at kynge
Arthurs feete, and put hym in his grace and mercy.

25 'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ar wellcom
in a maner, and in a maner ye ar nat wellcom. In this maner
ye ar wellcom, that [ye] com hydir magre your hede, as I
suppose.'

'That is trouthe/ seyde kynge Marke, 'and ellys I had nat
244' 30 bene here now, for my lorde sir Launcelot brought me hydir
by fyne force, and to hym am I yoldyn to as recreaunte.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ought to do me servyse,
omayge and feaute, and never wolde ye do me none, but
ever ye have bene ayenste me, and a dystroyer of my
35 knyghtes. Now, how woll ye acqyte you?'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'ryght as youre lordshyp woll

2 C wel said he my	4 C Marke wiste that	6-7 C on lowde I yelde me
11-13 C cryed sire launcelot mercy Aryse	13 C knyghte and kynge	14
Sir not in C	16 C Alias Alias	17 C† Tdestram
23 C† of kynge	25	
kynge not in C	27 C thy hede	30-1 Chyderthurgh his fyne
32 C*ye		
vnderstande ye oughte	33 C homage	

requeyre me, unto my power I woll make a large amendys.'
For he was a fayre speker, and false thereundir.

Than for the grete plesure of sir Trystram, to make them
two accordid, the kynge withhyld kynge Marke as at that
tyme and made a brokyn love day betwene them. 5

Now turne we agayne unto sir Palomydes, how sir Dynadan (16)
comfortyd hym in all that he myght frome his grete sorowe.

'What knyght ar ye?' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Sir, I am a knyght arraunte as ye be, that have sought
you longe by your shyld.' 10

'Here is my shyld,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'wete you well,
and ye wolde ought therewith, I woll deffende hit.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat have ado with you
but in good maner.'

'And yf ye wyll, ye shall fynde me sone redy.' 15

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'whotherwarde ryde ye this
way?'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I wote nat whother,
but as fortune ledyth me.'

'But harde ye other sawe ye ought of sir Trystram?' 20

'So God me helpe, of sir Trystram I bothe herde and
sawe, and natforthan we love nat inwardly well togydys,
yet at my myscheffe sir Trystram rescowed me fro my deth.
And yet or he and I departed, by bothe oure assentys we
assygnd a day that we sholde have mette at the stony grave 25
that Merlyon sette besyde Camelot, and there to have done
batayle togydys. Howbehit I was letted,' seyde sir Palo-
mydes, 'that I myght nat holde my day, whyche grevyth me 245'
sore; but I have a layrge excuse, for I was presonere with a
lorde and many other mo, and that shall sir Trystram well 30
undirstonde that I brake hit of no feare of cowardyse.'

And than sir Palomydes tolde sir Dynadan the same day
that they sholde have mette.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that same day
mette sir Launcelot and sir Trystram at the same grave of 35
stone, and there was the moste myghtyeste batayle that ever
was sene in this londe betwyxte two knyghtes, for they

3-4 C them tweyne 12 Cyewilleoughte 18 whother *not in C* 19-20
Cme Herde ye 28 Cthewhiche 30 Cryghtwel 31 C hit not of ree
32 CDynodan 35 Cgrane S graue 36-7 Ceuerwas S euer was

fought more than fyve owres, and there they bothe bled so
 muche blood that all men mervayled that ever they myght
 endure hit. And so by bothe their assentys they were made
 frendys and sworne brethirne for ever, and no man cowde
 5 juge the bettir knyght. And now is sir Trystram made a
 knyght of the Rounde Table, and he syttyth in the syege of
 the noble knyght sir Marhalte.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'sir Trystram ys farre
 bygger than is sir Launcelot, and the hardyer knyght.'

10 'Sir, have ye assayde them bothe?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'I have [sene] sir Trystramys myght,' seyde sir Palomydes,
 'but never sir Launcelot, to my wyttynge, but at the fountayne
 where lay sir Launcelot on slepe. And there with one speare
 he smote downe sir Trystram and me,' [seyde] sir Palomydes.

15 'But at that tyme they knewe nat, but afterwarde.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'as for sir Launcelot
 and sir [Trystram], lette them be, for the warre of them woll
 nat be lyghtly macchid of no knyghtes that I knowe lyvyng.'

'No,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'God deffende, but and I hadde
 20 a quarell to the bettir of them bothe, I wolde with as good a
 wyll fyght with hem as with you.'

'Sir, I requere you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'telle me your
 name, and in good fayth I shall holde you company tyll that
 we com to Camelot, and there shall ye have grete worshyp
 25 now at this grete turnemente, for there shall be quene
 Gwenyver and La Beale Isode of Cornwayne.'

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, for the love of La Beale Isode
 245^v I woll be there, and ellis nat, but I woll nat have ado in
 kyng Arthurs courte.'

30 'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I shall ryde with you and do
 you servyse, so ye woll tell me youre name.'

'Syr, ye shall undirstonde my name is Palomydes, brothir
 unto sir Saphyre, the good knyght, and sir Segwarydes.
 And we [b]e Sarezyns borne.'

1 Ctwohoures	so not in S	3 CAndsoatthelasteby	4-5 Ccan luge
10 Sir not in C	11 W have sayde sir Trystramys myght	C* I haue sene syre	
Trystram fyghte	13 C where sire Lanncelot (S Launcelot) lay on slepe	15	
C* not eyther	other 16 Now not in C	17 Wand sir Palomydes lette	Cthe
werst of them	21 Cwithhym	22 seyde sir Dynadan not in C	33 Cto
Safere the good and noble Knyghte	34 W and were Sarezyns borne	C and	
If we be* Sarasyns borne of fader and moder			

'Sir, I thanke you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I am glad that I knowe your name. And by me ye shall nat be hurte but rather avauced, and I may, on my lyff. For ye shall wyne worshyp in the courte of kynge Arthure and be ryghte wellcom.'

And so they dressed on their helmys and put on there 5 shyldis and mownted upon their horsys and toke the brode way towarde Camelot. And than were they ware of a castell that was fayre andryche and also passynge stronge as ony was within this realme. So sir Palomydes seyde to sir Dynadan, (17)

'Here is a castell that I knowe well, and therein dwellyth 10 quene Morgan le Fay, kynge Arthurs systyr. And kynge Arthure gaff hir this castell by the whyche he hath repented hym sytthyn a thousand tymes, for sytthen kynge Arthur and she hath bene at debate and stryff; but this castell coude he never gete nother wyne of hir by no maner of engyne. And 15 ever as she myght she made warre on kynge Arthure, and all daungerous knyghtes she wytholdyth with her for to dystroy all thos knyghtes that kynge Arthure lovyth. And there shall no knyght passe this way but he muste juste with one knyght other wyth two other with three. And yf 20 hit hap that kynge Arthurs knyght be beatyn, he shall lose his horse and harnes and all that he hath, and harde yf that he ascape but that he shall be presonere.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'this is a shamefull and a vylauce usage for a quene to use, and namely to 25 make suche warre uppon her owne lorde that is called the floure of chevalry that is Crystyn othir hethyn, and with all my harte I woll destroy that shamefull custom. And I woll 246^r that all the worlde wyte she shall have no servyse of me. And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes, as I suppose she woll, 30 to juste, they shall have bothe there hondys full.'

'And I shall nat fayle you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'unto my puyssaunce, uppon my lyff!'

1-3 C* Syre said sire Dynadan I thanke you moche for thetellyng of your name
For I am gladde of that I knowe your name & I promyse you by the feyth of my body
ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will but rather be auanced And ther to wille
I helpe yow with all my power I promyse you doubte ye not And certaynly on
my lyf ye shalle wyne grete worship 9 C Syr Palomydes said Dynadan
12 by not in C 18 C these knyghtes 21 C hit S it W knyghtef
C* knyght 24 sir not in C 24-5 C shameful customme and a vylaynous
vsaunce 28 C wold destroye 30-1 C* wil for to

So as they stode on horsebacke afore the castell, there cam a knyght wyth a rede shylde and two squyers aftir hym; and he cam straye unto sir Palomydes and sayde,

'Fayre knyght arraunte, I requyre the for the love thou owyste unto knyghthode, that thou wylt not have ado here with this men of this castell.' (Thus sir Lamerok seyde.) 'For I cam hydir to seke this dede, and hit is my rekeyste. And therefore I beseche you, knyght, lette me deale, and yf I be beatyn, revenge me.'

10 'In the name of God,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'lat se how ye woll spede, and we shall beholde you.'

Than anone come furth a knyght of the castell and profyrde to juste with the knyght wyth the rede shylde. And anone they encountryd togydys, and he with the rede shylde smote hym so harde that he bare hym over to the erthe. And therewith anone cam another knyght of the castell, and he was smyttyn so sore that he avoyded hys sadyll. And furthwithall cam the thirde knyght, and the knyght with the rede shylde smote hym to the erthe. Than
20 cam sir Palomydes and besought hym that he myght helpe hym to juste.

'Now, sir knyght,' he seyde, 'suffir me as at this tyme to have my wyll, for and they were twenty knyghtes I shall nat doute them.'

25 And ever there were uppon the wallys of the castell many lordys that cryed and seyde,

'Well have ye justed, knyght with the rede shylde!'

But as sone as the knyght had smyttyn hem downe, his squyers toke their horsys and avoyded there sadyls and brydyls of the horsis, and turnede theym into the foreyste, and made the knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the justys.

246^v Ryght so cam forth of the castell the fourthe knyght, and freyshly profyrde to juste wyth the knyght with the rede shylde. And he was redy, and he smote hym so harde that
35 horse and man felle to the erthe, and the knyghtes backe brake with the falle, and his necke also.

3 C Palomydes the good Knyghte and sayd to hym

knySt 5 C that ye wille not haue adone here

men C castell for this was sire Lamorack that thus said

22 C Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre

29 C squyer 32 C came oute of

4 C Fayre and gentyl

6 P thefe men R these

10 sir not in C

26 C lordes and ladyes that

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Palomydes. 'That yondir is a passynge good knyght and the beste juster that ever I sawe,'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'he is as good as ever was sir Launcelot othir sir Trystram, what knyght soever he be.'

Than furthwithall cam a knyght oute of the castell with 5 (18) a shylde bended with blak and with whyght. And anone the knyght wyth the rede shylde and he encountyrd so harde that he smote the knyght of the castell thorowoute the bended shylde and thorow the body, and brake the horse backe.

'Fayre knyght,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'ye have overmuche 10 on hande, therefore I pray you, lette me juste, for ye had nede to be reposed.'

'Why, sir,' seyde the knyght, 'seme ye that I am weyke and fyeble? A, sir, methynkyth ye proffir me grete wronge and shame whan I do well inowe, for I telle you now as I tolde you 15 arste, and they were twenty knyghtes I shall beate theym. And yf I be beatyn other slayne, than may ye revenge me. And yf ye thynke that I be wery, and ye have an appetyte to juste with me, I shall fynde [you] justynge inowghe.'

'Syr,' seyde he, 'I sayde hit nat because that I wolde juste 20 with you, but mesemyth ye have overmuche on hande.'

'And therefore, and ye were jantyll,' sayde the knyght with the rede shylde, 'ye wolde nat profyr me no shame. Therefore I requyre you to juste with me, and ye shall fynde that I am nat wery.' 25

'Syth ye requyre me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'take kepe to youreselff.'

Than they two knyghtes com togydys as faste as their horsys myght ren, and the knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shylde that the speare wente into hys syde and 30 hurte hym a grete wounde and a perelous. And therewith sir Palomydes avoyded his sadyll. And that knyght turned 247^r unto sir Dynadan, and whan he sawe hym commynge he cryed alowde and sayde,

'Sir, I woll nat have ado with you!' 35

But for that he spared nat, but com strayte uppon [hym]. So sir Dynadan for shame put forth hys speare and all to-

4 Csomeuer 7 C† and And he 14-15 C and to me shame 15 for not
in C 15-16 Cyou erst for and they 18 Wappetyde 19 W fynde hym
justynge 20 C said Palomydes I said 23 C ye shold not profer me shame
30-1 and hurte hym not in Cf 31-2 C there with all sir 36 C he lete it not

shyvirde hit uppon the knyght; but he smote sir Dynadan agayne so harde that he bare hym frome his horse. But he wolde nat suffyr his squyer to meddyll wyth there horsys, and bycause they were knyghtes arraunte.

5 Than he dressid hym agayne to the castell and justed with seven knyghtes mo, and there was none of hem that myght withstonde hym, but he bare them to the erthe. And of those a twelve knyghtes he slewe in playne justys four; and the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on
10 the crosse of a swerde that they sholde never use the evyll customs of the castell. And whan he made them to swere that othe, he let them passe. And stode the lordis and the ladyes on the castell wallys, cryyng and seynge:

'Knyght with the rede [shylde], ye have mervaylously
15 well done as ever we sawe knyght do.'

And therewith come a knyght oute of the castell unarmed, and seyde,

'Knyght with the rede shylde, overmuche damage have ye done this same day! And therefore returne whother ye
20 woll, for here ar no mo that woll have ado with the, for we repente sore that ever ye cam here, for by the is fordone all the olde customes of this castell.'

And with that worde he turned agayne into the castell, and shett the yatys. Than the knyght wyth the rede shylde
25 turned and called his squyers, and so paste forth on his way and rode a grete pace.

And whan he was paste, sir Palomydes wente to sir Dynadan and seyde to hym,

'I had never suche a shame of one knyght that ever I
30 mette, and therefore I caste me to ryde aftir hym and to be revenged uppon hym with my swerde, for on horsebacke I deme I shall gete no worshyp of hym.'

['Sir Palomydes,' seyde Dynadan, 'ye shalle not medle

1-4 C that he smote hym clene from his sadel but their horses he wold not suffre his squyers to medle with and by cause 7 C he *not in C* Ct bare hym 8 C these twelue 11 C had made 12 C And euer stode 19 C donetovs this 20 *that not in C* 21 C euer thou earnest 22 all *notinC* 28 to hym *not in C* 31 uppon hym *not in C* 33—p. 601, 2 C* Syre Palomydes said Dynadan ye shalle not medle with hym by my counceyl for ye shal gete no worship of hym F (MS. B.N. fr. 334 f. 324 col. 1): 'Quant tu vois que il a encore plus fet que il n'avoit devant, si te veuls combattre encontre lui? Cuides-tu que ce soit courtoisie a tel chevalier comme tu dois estre?' *Homoeoteleuton in W.*

with hym by my counceil, for ye shal gete no worship of hym,] and for this cause: that ye have sene hym this day 247^v have had evermuche to done and overmuche travayled.'

'Be Allmyghty Jesu,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall never be at ease tyll that I have had ado with hym.' 5

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I shall gyffyou my beholdynge.'

'Well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'than shall ye se how we shall redresse oure myghtes.' So they toke there horsys of their varlettis and rode aftir the knyght with the rede shyld. And downe in a valay, besyde a fountayne, they were ware 10 where he was alyght to repose hym, and had done of his helme for to drynke at the welle. Than sir Palomydes rode (19) faste tyll he cam nyghe hym, and than he seyde,

'Knyght, remembir ye me, and of the same dede that ye ded to me late at the castell. Therefore redresse the, for I 15 woll have ado with the.'

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'of me ye wyne no worshyp, for ye have sene this [daye] that I have be travayled sore.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat lette, for wyte you well, I woll be revenged.' 20

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'I may happyn to endure you.'

And therewithall he mownted uppon his horse and toke a grete speare in his honde redy to juste.

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat juste, for I am sure at justynge I gete no pryce.' 25

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde he, 'hit wolde beseme a knyght to juste and to fyght on horsebacke.'

'Ye shall se what I woll do,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And therewith he alyght downe uppon foote, and dressed his shyld afore hym and pulled oute his swerde. Than the 30 knyght with the rede shyld descended downe frome his horse and dressed his shyld afore hym, and so he drewe oute his swerde. And than they come togydys a soffte pace, and wondirly they layshed togydys passynge thicke, the mown-tenaunceofanowre, or ever they breethid. Than they trased 35 and traverced and wexed wondirly wrothe, and aythir be-

2 that *not in C* 3 *C* ouer moche to done 4, 6, 12 sir *not in C*
 13 *C* thfine *S* thefie 14 me and *not in C*† 15 *C* to me ryght now at the
C desse the 17 *C*said he to Palomydes of 23 *C* redy for to 24 *P*fure
R sure 26 *C*Fair knyght said that Knyghte It

248^f hyght other deth. They he we so faste wyth there swerdis that they kutte downe half their shyldis, and they hewe togydyrs on helmys and mayles, that the bare fleysshe in som places stode abovyn there harneys.

5 And whan sir Palomydes behylde his felowys swerde over-heled with his blood, hit greved hym sore. And som whyle they foyned and somwhyle they strake downe as wylde men. But at the laste sir Palomydes waxed wondir faynte bycause of his fyrste wounde that he had at the castell wyth a speare,

10 for that wounde greved hym wondirly sore.

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'mesemyth we have assayed ayther other passyngly well, andyf hit may please you [I requyre you] of your knyghthode to tell me your name.'

'Sir,' he sayde, 'that is me ryght loth, for ye have done me
15 grete wronge and no knyghthode to proffir me batayle, con-syderynge my grete travayle. But and ye woll telle me youre name, I woll telle you myne.'

'Sir, wyte you well, my name is sir Palomydes.'

'Than, sir, ye shall undirstonde my name is sir Lameroke
20 de Galys, sonne and ayre unto the good knyght and kynge, kynge Pellynore. And sir Torre, the good knyght, is my halff brothir.'

Whan sir Palomydes had herde hym sey so, he kneled adowne and asked mercy:

25 'For outrageously have I done to you this day, consyder-ynge the grete dedis of armys I have sene you done, and shamefully and unknyghtly I have requyred you to do batayle with me.'

'A, sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'overmuche have
30 ye done and seyde to me!'

And therewyth he pulled hym up wyth his bothe hondis, and seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, the worthy knyght, in all this londe is no

2-3 C cutte in doune half theire swerdesf and mayles 3-4 C† in some place
7 Cfayned downe *not in C* 8 wondir *not in C* 11 Now *not in C* 12-13
C* please the I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name 14 C Sir
said the knyst to Palomydes that is me loth to doo for thou hast done 15 grete
not in C 16-17 C thou wolt . . . thy . . . the myn 18 C Syr said he wete
thouwel 19 CAsyr 23 had *not in C* 25 Coultragously Soultraga-
uously 26 and *not in C* 28 with me *not in C* 31 Cf he en braced hym
with his {see note} 33 Sir *not in C*

bettir than ye be, nor more of proues, and me repentys sore that we sholde fyght togydirs.'

'So hit doth nat me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and yett I am sorer wounded than ye be; but as for that, I shall sone be 248* hole. But sertaynly I wolde nat, for the fayryst castell in 5 this londe, but yf ye and I had mette: for I shall love you dayes of my lyff afore all other knyghtes excepte my brother sir Saphir.'

'I say the same,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'excepte my brother sir 10 Torre.'

Than cam sir Dynadan, and he made grete joy of sir Lamerok. Than their squyers dressed bothe their shyldis and their harnes, and stopped hir woundis. And thereby at a pryory they rested them all nyght.

Now turne we agayne, that whan sir Uwayne and sir 15 (20) Braundyles with his felowys cam to the courte of kynge Arthure, and they tolde the kynge, sir Launcelot, and sir Trystram, how sir Dagonet, the foole, chaced kynge Marke thorowoute the foreste, and how the stronge knyght smote them downe all seven with one speare, than there was grete 20 lawghynge and japyng at kynge Marke and at sir Dagonet. But all thos knyghtes coude nat telle what knyght hit was that rescowed kynge Marke. Than they asked of kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym, and he answerde and sayde,

'He named hymself the knyght that folowed the questynge 25 beste, and in that name he sent oute one of my varlettes to a place where was his modir. And whan she harde from whens he cam she made passyng grete dole, and so discoverde to my varlette his name, and seyde: "A, my dere son, sir Palomydes, why wolt thou nat se me?" And therefore, sir,' 30 seyde kynge Marke, 'hit is to undirstonde his name is sir Palomydes, a noble knyght/

Than were all the seven knyghtys passynge glad that they knewe his name.

Now turne we agayne, for on the morne they toke their 35 horsys, bothe sir Lameroke, sir Palomydes, and sir Dynadan,

4 C ye ben	C soone therof be	7 C the dayes	8 C Safere	10 C
Tor	15 C† whan sir Gaynys	19 C thurgh the forest	22 C these	
knyghtes	23 of not in C	26 C on that	oute not in C	29 C 0 my
33 W Than Than were	passynge not in C	35 W agayne for for	36 C†	
Lamorak Palomydes Dynada				

wyth their squyers and varlettis, tylle they sawe a fayre
castell that stode on a mountayne well closyd. And thydir
249^r they rode; and there they founde a knyght that hyght sir
Galahalte, that was lorde of that castell. And there they had
5 grete chere and were well eased.

'Sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'what woll ye do?'

'Sir, I woll to-morne to the courte of kynge Arthure.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat ryde this
three dayes, for I am sore hurte and mucche have I bledde,
10 and therefore I woll repose me here.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'and I woll abyde here wyth
you. And whan ye ryde, than woll I ryde, onles that ye tary
overlonge; than woll I take myne horse. Therefore I pray
you, sir Dynadan, abyde ye and ryde with us.'

15 'Faythfully,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat abyde, for I
have suche a talente to se sir Trystram that I may nat abyde
longe from hym.'

'A! sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'now do I undir-
stonde that ye love my mortall enemy, and therefore how
20 sholde I truste you?'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I love my lorde sir
Trystram abovyn all othir knyghtes, and hym woll I serve
and do honoure.'

'So shall I,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'in all that I may with
25 my power.'

So on the morne sir Dynadan rode unto the courte of
kynge Arthur. And by the way as he rode he sawe where
stode an arraunte knyght, and made hym redy for to juste.

'Nat so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I have no wyll to juste.'

30 'Wyth me shall ye juste,' seyde the knyght, 'or that ye
passe this way.'

'Sir, whether aske you justys of love othir of hate?'

The knyghte answerde and seyde,

'Wyte you well I aske hit for loove and nat of hate.'

3-4 C hyght Galahalt 6-7 W So sir Dynadan seyde to sir Lameroke what
woll ye do Sir I woll to-morne to the courte of kynge Arthure C* Syr Dynadan
said sire Lamorak what wil ye doo sir said Dynadan I wyll etc. 14 ye *not in C*
15, 21, 29 sir *not in C* 18 C A Dynadan 21 Wyte you *not in C* 22 knyghtes
not in C 24-5 C that may lye in my 28 Cstode S stode 32 Sir
not in C Cloue or by hate 33 and seyde *not in C* 34 Cloue & not S
loue & and not

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but ye proffyr me harde love whan ye wolde juste with me wyth an harde speare! But, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'syttyn ye woll juste with me, mete wyth me in the courte of kynge Arthure, and there I shall juste wyth 5 you.'

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'syttyn ye woll not juste wyth me, I pray you tell me your name.' 249^v

'Sir knyght, my name ys sir Dynadan.'

'A, sir,' seyde that knyght, 'full well knowe I you for a 10 good knyght and a jantyll, and wyte you well, sir, I love you hertyly.'

'Than shall here be no justys,' seyde syr Dynadan, 'bewyxt us.'

So they departed. 15

And the same day he com to Camelot where lay kynge Arthure. And there he salewed the kynge and the quene, sir Launcelot and sir Trystram; and all the courte was glad of sir Dynadans commynge home, for he was jantyll, wyse, and a good knyght. And in aspeciall sir Trystram loved sir 20 Dynadan passyngly well.

Than the kynge askyd sir Dynadan what adventures he had sene.

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I have seyne many adventures, and of som kynge Marke knowyth, but nat all.' 25

Than the kynge herkened to sir Dynadan how he tolde that sir Palomydes and he were byfore the castell of Morgan le Fay, and how sir Lameroke toke the justys afore them, and how he forjusted twelve knyghtes and of them four he slew, and how aftir that 'he smote downe sir Palomydes and me 30 bothe.'

'I may nat belyve that,' seyde the kynge, 'for sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyght.'

'That is verry trouthe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but yett I sawe hym bettyr preved hande for hande.' 35

And than he tolde the kynge of all that batayle, and how

1 C be soo 2 C ye wylle 2-3 C a sharp spere 5 C shalle I 10 C the
Knyghte 11, 13, 24 sir not in C 19 commynge home not in Cf 19-20
C wyse and curteys and a good 20 C in especyal the valyaunt Knyght sir
Tristram 21 C passyng wel aboute all other knyghtes sauf sir launcelot 26
to not in C 27 Cwere afore 30 that not in C

sir Palomydes was the more wayker and sorer was hurte,
and more he loste of his blood than sir Lameroke.

'And withoute doute,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'had the batayle
lasted ony lenger, sir Palomydes had be slayne.'

5 'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'this is to me a grete
mervayle.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'mervayle ye nothyng of
for, at myne advyce, there is nat a valyaunter knyght in the
worlde lyvyng, for I know his myght. And now woll I say

10 you, I was never so wery of knyght but yf hit were my lorde
250^r sir Launcelot. And there is no knyght in the worlde excepte
sir Launcelot that I wolde ded so well as sir Lamerok.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde the kynge, 'I wolde fayne that
knyght sir Lamerok wolde com to this courte.'

15 'Sir,' seyd sir Dynadan, 'he woll be here in shorte space
and sir Palomydes bothe, but I feare me that sir Palomydes
may nat yett travayle.'

(21) So wythin three dayes after the kynge lete make a juste-
nyng at a pryory frome the justys. And there made them
20 redy many knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and sir Gawayne
and his bretherne they made them redy to juste. But sir
Launcelot, syr Trystram, nother sir Dynadan wolde nat
juste, but suffyrd sir Gawayne for the love of kynge Arthure
wyth his bretherne to wynde the degre yf they myght.

25 So on the morn they apparayled hem to juste; sir Gawayne
and his four bretherne, they ded grete dedis of armys, and
sir Ector de Marys ded mervaylously well. But sir Gawayne
passed all that felyship, wherefore kynge Arthure and all the
knyghtes gave sir Gawayne the honoure [at] the begynnynge.

30 Ryght so was kynge Arthure ware of a knyght and two
squieres that com oute of a foreystis syde wyth a covyrd
shylde of lethir. Than he cam in Tslyly¹, and hurled here
and there, and anone with one speare he had smyttyn downe

1 C weyker and more hurte

2-3 C more lost of his blood And withoute

3-4 C bataille lenger lasted palomydes

5 CO Ihesu

7 sir not in C

10 my lorde not in C

12 that not in C

13 fayne not in C

14 C

Lamorak came

16 C fere that Palomydes

19 frome the justys not in C

20 C For syr

21-2 C But Tristram Lancelot nor Dynadan

29 W

honoure and the

30 C kynge Arthur was

31-2 C with a sheld couerd

with leder

32 W cam in styffly C* came slyly

F (MS. B.N. fr. 334 f.

320^f col. 2): lors s'en vet le petit pas vers L'assemblee

two knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And so wyth his hurtelynge he loste the coverynge of his shyld. Than was the kynge and all ware that he bare a rede shyld.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'se where rydyth a strong knyght, he wyth the rede shyld.' 5

And there was a noyse and a grete cry:

'Beware the knyght with the rede shyld!'

So wythin a lytyll whyle he had overthrowyn three bretherne of sir Gawaynes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'mesemyth 10 yondir is the beste juster that ever I sawe.'

So he loked aboute and saw hym encountir with sir 250^v Gawayne, and he smote hym downe with so grete force that he made his horse to avoyde his sadyll.

'How now?' seyde the kynge to sir Gawayne. 'Methynk- 15 yth ye have a fallel Well were me and I knew what knyght he were with the rede shyld.'

'I know hym well inowghe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but as at this tyme ye shall nat know his name.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'he justyth better than 20 sir Palomydes, and yf ye lyst to know, his name is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

And as they stood thus, they saw sir Gawayne and he encountyrd togedir agayne, and there he smote sir Gawayne from his horse and brused hym sore. And in the syght of 25 kynge Arthure he smote downe twenty knyghtes besyde sir Gawayne, and so clyerly was the pryce yevyn hym as a knyght piereles. Than slyly and mervaylously sir Lameroke wythdrewe hym from all the felyshyp into the foreystys syde. All this aspyed kynge Arthure, for his yghe went never 30 frome hym.

Than the kynge, sir Launcelot, and sir Trystram, and sir Dynadan toke there hakeneyes and rode streyte aftir the good knyght sir Lameroke de Galis, and there founde hym. And thus seyde [the] kynge: 35

'A, fayre knyght, well be ye founde!'

1 C his	S this	3 C alle other ware	4 C O Ihesu	4-5 C a stoute
Knyghte	6 C noyse & cryenge	12 C with that he sawe hym	14	
C his	S the	15-16 C Kyng sire Gawayne hath a falle	18 inowghe not	
in C	21 C name wete ye wel his name is	23 they saw not in C	27	

C Gawayne and his bretheren

Whan he sawe the kynge he put of his helme and salewed hym. And whan he sawe sir Trystram he alyght adowne of his horse and ran to take hym by the [hyes]; but sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym, but he alyght or that he cam and
 5 ayther toke othir in armys and made grete joy of other.

Than the kynge was gladde and so was all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table except sir Gawayne and his bretherne. And whan they wyste that hit was sir Lameroke they had grete despyte of hym, and were wondirly wrothe wyth hym
 10 that he had put hym to such a dishonoure that day. Than
 251^r he called to hym prevaly in counceyle all his bretherne, and to them seyde thus:

'Fayre bretherne, here may ye se: whom that we hate kynge Arthure lovyth, and whom that we love he hatyth.
 15 And wyte you well, my fayre bretherne, that this sir Lameroke woll nevyr love us, because we slew his fadir, kynge Pellynor, for we demed that he slew oure fadir, kynge Lotte of Orkenay; and for the deth of kynge Pellynor sir Lameroke ded us a shame to oure modir. Therefore I woll
 20 be revenged.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawaynes brethrene, 'lat se: devyse how ye woll be revenged, and ye shall fynde us redy.'

'Well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'holde ye styll and we shall aspye oure tyme.'

(22) 25 Now passe we on oure mater and leve we sir Gawayne, and speke we of kynge Arthure, that on a day seyde unto kynge Marke,

'Sir, I pray you, gyff me a gyffte that I shall aske you.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll gyff you what gyffte I
 30 may gyff you.'

'Sir, gramercy,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'this woll I aske you, that ye be good lorde unto sir Trystram, for he is a man of grete honoure, and that ye woll take hym with you into

3 Cranne to hym to W by the styroppe C* by the thyes F (MS. B.N.fr. 334 f. 33^r col. 1): *et k ou il voit Trystram il court a lui et l'acole par mi la cuisse*
 6 C and also 9 Cat hym 10 such a *not in C* 10-11 C Thenne Gawayn
 11 to hym *not in C* 18 Lotte *not in C* C Orkeney And for the despyte of
 Pellenore 21-2 Cleteseehowewylleormayebe 29-30 C*whatsomeuer
 ye desyre and hit be in my power F (MS. B.N.fr. 334f. 330^r col. 1-2): *ce que vos*
me demanderoiz pour tant que ce soit chose qui je puisse avoir 31 CI wille
 32 C ye wille be

Cornwayle and lat hym se his fryndis, and there cherysh hym for my sake.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I promyse you be my fayth and by the fayth that I owe unto God and to you, I shall worship hym for youre sake all that I can or may.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and I woll forgyff you all the evyll wyll that ever I ought you, and ye swere that uppon a booke afore me.'

'Wyth a good wyll,' seyde kynge Marke.

And so he there sware uppon a booke afore hym and all his knyghtes, and therewith kynge Marke and sir Trystram toke ayther othir by the hondis harde knytte togydys. But for all this kynge Marke thought falsely, as hit preved aftir; for he put sir Trystram in preson, and cowardly wolde have slayne hym.

Then sone aftyr kynge Marke toke his leve to ryde into Cornwayle, and sir Trystram made hym redy to ryde with hym, whereof the moste party of the Rounde Table were wrothe and hevy. And in especiall sir Launcelot and sir Lameroke and sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure, for well they wyste that kynge Marke wolde sle or destroy sir Trystram.

'AlasP seyde sir Dynadan, 'that my lorde sir Trystram shall departeP

And sir Trystram toke suche a sorow that he was amased.

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'what have ye done? For ye shall lose the man of moste worship that ever cam into youre courte.'

'Sir, hit was his owne desyre,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and therefore I myght nat do wythall, for I have done all that I can and made them at accorde.'

'Acorde?' seyde sir Launcelotte. 'Now fye on that accorde! For ye shall here that he shall destroy sir Trystram other put hym into preson, for he is the moste cowarde and the vylaunste kynge and knyght that is now lyvyng.'

3-4 C yow by the feythe of my body and 5 C in all 6 kynge not in C
7 C and so be that ye swere that vpon (S swere vpon) 11 C hisknyghtes S
his knyghtes 25 Csuche sorowe 26 C* amasyd lyke a foole 28 C moost
man of 30 Sir not in C kynge not in C 33 Now not in C Cfyvpon
34 C shalle slee sir 35 C in a pryson

And therewith sir Launcelot departed and cam to kynge Marke and sayde to hym thus:

'Sir kynge, wyte [th]ou well the good knyght sir Trystram shall go with the. Beware, I rede the, of treson, for and 5 thou myschyff that knyght by ony maner of falsehode or treson, by the fayth I awghe to God and to the Order of Knyghthode, I shall sle the myne owne hondis!'

'Sir Launcelot, overmuch have ye sayde unto me, and I have sworne and seyde over largely afore kynge Arthure, in 10 hyrynge of all hys knyghtes, and overmuch shame hit were to me to breke my promyse.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but ye ar called so false and full of felony that no man may beleve you. Parde, hit is knowyn well for what cause ye cam into this contrey: and 15 for none other cause but to sle syr [Tristram].'

Soo with grete dole kynge Marke and sir Tristram rode togyders. For hit was by sir Tristrams wil and his meanes to goo with kyng Marke, and all was for the entente to see La Beale Isoud, for withoute the syghte of her syr Tristram 20 myght not endure.

(23) Now torne we ageyne unto syr Lamorak and speke we of his bretheren: syr Tor, whiche was kynge Pellenors fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couherd, for he was a bastard; and sire Aglovale was his fyrst sone begoten in 25 wedlok; syre Lamorak, Dornar, Percyvale, these were his sonnes to in wedlok.

So whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departed from the courte there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departyng of sir Tristram. Thenne the kynge and his 30 knyghtes made no manere of joyes eyghte dayes after.

And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym, and whanne this knyghte was unarmed he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte.

35 'Of what lygnage is he come?' said kynge Arthur.

'Syre,' sayd the knyght, 'he is the sone of kyng Pellenore

3 W you 8 C launcelot said the kyng 10-11 C* knyghtes that I shal not sle nor bitraye hym It were to me ouer moche shame to breke 13-14 C of treason that no man manf byleue you For soth it is 14 C wel wherfor ye 15 C but for slee S but to slee 15-p. 612, 1 Folio 252 is missing in W, The text in square brackets is based on C.

that dyd you somtyme good servyse, and he is broder unto syr Lamorak de Galys, the good knyghte.'

'Wel,' sayd the kynge, 'for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte?'

'Wete you wel, my lord the kynge, that this yonge 5 squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglavale.'

'Syre Aglovayle,' sayd Arthur, 'for the love of sire Lamorak and for his faders love he shalle be made knyghte to-morowe. Now telle me,' said Arthur, 'what is his name?' 10

'Syre,' sayd the knyght, 'his name is Percyvale de Galys.'

Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott. But the kynge and alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preved a good knyghte.

Thenne at the dyner, whanne the kynge was set at the 15 table, and every knyght after he was of prowessse, the kyng commaunded hym to be sette amonge meane knyghtes; and soo was sire Percyvale sette as the kynge commaunded.

Thenne was there a mayden in the quenes court that was come of hyhe blood, and she was domme and never spak 20 word. Ryght so she cam streyght into the halle, and went unto sir Percyvale, and toke hym by the hand and said alowde, that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit,

'Aryse, syr Percyvale, the noble knyght and Goddes knyght, and go with me!' 25

And so he dyd, and there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the Sege Perillous and said,

'Fair knyghte, take here thy sege, for that sege apperteyneth to the and to none other.'

Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste, and as she was 30 confessid and houseld thenne she dyed. Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete joye of syr Percyvale.

Now torne we unto sir Lamorak that moche was there (24) preysed. Thenne by the meane of sir Gawayn and his bretheren they sente for her moder there besydes, fast by a 35 castel besyde Camelot, and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak. The quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle, but sir Lamorak wyst of their beyng and was fill fayne.

And for to make an ende of this matere, he sente unto her, and ther betwixe them was a nyght assygned that sir 40

W 253^f Lamerok shold come to her. Therof] was ware sir Gaherys, and rode afore the same nyght, and wayted uppon sir Lamerok. And than he sy where he cam rydyng all armed, and where he alyght and tyed his horse to a prevay postren, 5 and so he wente into a parler and unarmed hym. And than he wente unto the quenys bed, and she made of hym passyngre grete joy and he of her agayne, for ayther lovid other passyngre sore.

So whan sir Gaherys sawe his tyme he cam to there beddis 10 syde all armed, wyth his swerde naked, and suddaynly he gate his modir by the heyre and strake of her hede. Whan sir Lamerok sawe the blood daysshe uppon hym all hote, whyche was the bloode that he loved passyng well, wyte you well he was sore abaysshed and dismayed of that dolorous 15 syght. And therewithall sir Lamerok lepte oute of the bed in his shurte as a knyght dismayed, saynge thus:

'A, sir Gaherys, knyght of the Table Rounde! Fowle and evyll have ye done, and to you grete shame! Alas, why have ye slayne youre modir that bare you? For with more ryght ye 20 shulde have slayne me!'

'The offence haste thou done,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'nat-withstondyng a man is borne to offir his servyse, but yett sholdyst thou beware with whom thou medelyst, for thou haste put my bretherne and me to a shame; and thy fadir 25 slew oure fadir, and thou to ly by oure modir is to muche shame for us to suffir. And as for thy fadir, kynge Pellynor, my brothir sir Gawayne and I slew hym.'

'Ye ded the more wronge,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for my fadir slew nat your fadir: hit was Balyn le Saveage! And as 30 yett my fadyrs deth is nat revenged/

'Leve tho wordy[s],' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for and thou speke vylaunsly I woll sle the, but bycause thou arte naked I am ashamed to sle the. But wyte thou well, in what place I may gete the, I woll sle the! And now is my modir quytte of the, 35 for she shall never shame her chyldryn. And therefore hyghe

3 rydyng *not in C* 4 C sire Lamerok alyghte 9 C whan the knyght syr
 10 he *not in C* 13 C the whiche W ppassyng 14-15 6† dolorous
 knyght 19 For *not in C* 24 C putte me and my bretheren to 26 C
 Pellenore 28 Cye dyd hym the more 31-2 Cspeke felonsly 34 CI
 shall slee Cmy moder is 35-p. 613,1 for she shall never shame her chyldryn.
 And therefore hyghe the *not in C† (homoeoteleuton)*

the and wythdrawe the and take thyne armour, that thou 253^v
were gone.'

So sir Lameroke saw there was none other boote, but
faste armed hym and toke his horse and roode his way
makyngre grete sorow; but for shame and sorowe he wolde 5
nat ryde to kynge Arthurs courte, but rode another way.

But whan hit was knowyn that sir Gaherys had slayne
his modir the kynge was wrothe and commaunded hym to
go oute of his courte. Wyte you well sir Gawayne was
wrothe that sir Gaherys had slayne his modir and lete sir 10
Lameroke ascape. And for this mater was the kynge passyngre
wrothe and many other knyghtes.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'here is a grete myscheff fallyn
by fellony and by forecaste [treason], that your syster is
thus shamfully islayne. And I dare say hit was wrought by 15
treson, and I dare say also that ye shall lose that good knyght
sir Lamerok. And I wote well, and sir Trystram wyste hit,
he wolde never com within your courte.'

'God deffende,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'that I sholde lese
sir Lamerok!' 20

'Yes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for sir Gawayne and his
bretherne woll sle hym by one meane other by another.'

'That shall I lette,' seyde kynge Arthur.

NOW LEVE WE OF SIR LAMEROK AND SPEKE WE OF SIR (25)
GAWAYNE AND HIS BRETHERNE, SIR AGGRAVAYNE AND SIR 25
MORDRED.

As they rode on their adventures they mette wyth a knyght
flyyngre sore wounded, and they asked hym what tydynges.

'Fayre knyghtes,' sayde he, 'here commyth a knyght aftir
me that woll sle me.' 30

So wyth that come sir Dynadan fast rydyngre to them by
adventure, but he wolde promyse them none helpe. But

5 C shame and doloure he 7, 10, sir *not in C* 8 C passyngre wrothe
12 C wrothe and soo was sir Lamerok and many 13-14 C befallen by 16
C also that *not in C* 17 C Lamerok the whiche is grete pyte I wote wel and
am sure and sir 18 C* courte the whiche shold greue yow moche more and alle
youre knyghtes 19 C the noble Kynge 20-1 C* Lamerok or sir Tristram
for thenne tweyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table round were gone syre sayde
syre Laucelot I am sure ye shalle lese sir Lamerok for 22 C* or other for they
amonge them haue concluded and sworne to sle hym and euer they may see their
tyme 25 C Gawayns bretheren & specially of sire 31 fast *not in C*
32 C no help

sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred promysed to rescowe hym.

And therewithall come that knyght streyte unto them, and anone he profyrde to juste. That sawe sir Mordred and rode 5 to hym and strake hym, but he smote sir Mordred over his horse taylor. That sawe sir Aggravayne [and streyghte 254^r he rode toward that knyght¹. And ryght so as he served sir Mordred, so he served sir Aggravayne and [said], 'Wyte you well, syrrys bothe, that I am sir Brewnys Saunze 10 Pite that hath done thus to you.'

And yet he rode over sir Aggravayne fyve or six tymes.

Whan sir Dynadan saw this, he muste nedis juste with hym for shame. And so sir Dynadan and he encountyrd togydys, but wyth pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym 15 over hys horse taylor. Than he toke his horse and fledde, for he was on foote: one of the valyaunte knyghtes in Arthurs dayes, and a grete dystroyer of all good knyghtes.

Than rode sir Dynadan unto sir Mordred and unto sir Aggravayne.

20 'Sir knyght/ [said they all,] ' (ryght) well have ye done, and well have ye revenged us, wherefore we pray you tell us your name.'

'Fay re syrs, ye ought to knowe my name whyche is called sir Dynadan.'

25 Whan they undirstode that hit was sir Dynadan they were more wrothe than they were before, for they hated hym oute of mesure bycause of sir Lameroke. For sir Dynadan had suche a custom that he loved all good knyghtes that were valyaunte, and he hated all tho that were destroyers of good 30 knyghtes. And there was none that hated sir Dynadan but tho that ever were called murtherers.

Than spake the hurte knyght that Brewnes Saunze Pite had chaced, his name was Dalan, and sayde,

'Yf thou be sir Dynadan, thou slewe my fadir.'

35 'Hit myght well be so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but than hit was in my deffence and at his requested

5 C† hym but he strake Mordred 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 25, 27, 30, 34, 35 sir not in C
6-7 F Aggravains . . . lesse courre vers Breuz 9 C Syrs wete ye wel bothe
9-10 C Breuse saunce pyte 10 C done this 16 C valyaunttest 20 C
said they alle 23 C the whiche 30 C were none 34 C slewest

'Be my hede,' seyde Dalyn, 'thou shalt dye therefore!'

And therewith he dressed his speare and his shyld. And to make shorte tale, sir Dynadan smote hym downe of his horse, that his necke was nye brokyn. And in the same wyse he smote sir Mordred and sir Aggravayne. And aftir, in the 5 queste of the Sankgreal, cowardly and felonsly they slew 254^v sir Dynadan, whyche was a [grete dammage, for he was a¹ grete bourder and a passynge good knyght.

And so sir Dynadan rode to a castall that hyght Bealle Valet, and there he founde sir Palamydes that was nat hole 10 of the wounde that sir Lamerok gaff hym. And there sir Dynadan tolde sir Palomydes all the tydynges that he harde and sawe of sir Trystram, and how he was gone with kynge Marke, and wyth hym he hath all wyll and desyre. Therewith sir Palomydes wexed wrothe, for he loved la 15 Beale Isode, and than he wyste well that sir Trystram enjoyed her.

Now leve we sir Palomydes and sir Dynadan in the castell (26) of Beale Valet, and turne we agayne unto kynge Arthure. There cam a knyght oute of Cornwayle, his name was sir 20 Fergus, a fellow of the Rounde Table, and there he tolde the kynge and sir Launcelot good tydyngis of sir Trystram (and there was brought goodly letters), and how he leffte hym in the castell of Tyntagyll.

Than cam a damesell that brought goodly lettys unto 25 kynge Arthure and unto sir Launcelot, and there she had passynge good chere of the kynge and of the quene and of sir Launcelot. And so they wrote goodly lettys agayne. But sir Launcelot bade ever sir Trystram beware of kynge Marke, for ever he called hym in hys lettirs Kynge Foxe, 30 as who saythe he faryth allwey with wyls and treson; whereof sir Trystram in his herte thanked sir Launcelot.

Than the damesell wente unto La Beale Isode and bare

3 C make the shorter tale 7 sir *not in C* 7-8 C* the whiche was grete
 dammage for he was a grete bourder F (MS. B.N.fr. 334 f. 334P col. 1): bien eust
 Dynadam mort et lui et l'autre se il li pleust, mes pour ce que il ne vouloit mie
 avoir blasme du roy Artus ne de celui lignage ne de nul autre chevalier, les lessa
 il a mettre a mort . . . si li tourna puis a damage, car apres la queste du Saint
 Graal . . . Tocist Agravain entre lui et Mordret 10 C not yet hole 11,12, 20
 sir *not in C* 14 C alle his wyll 23 C were brought 27 C Quene
 Gueneuer and 31 C fareth alle with

hir lettirs frome the kyng and from sir Launcelot, whereof she was in grete joy.

'Fayre damesell,' seyde Isode, 'how faryth my lorde Arthure, and quene Gwenyver, and the noble knyght sir Launcelot?'

255^r She answerd, and to make shorte tale, 'Muche the bettir that ye and sir Trystram bene in joy.'

'God rewarde them,' seyde Isode, 'for sir Trystram hath suffirde grete payne for me and I for hym.'

10 So the damesell departed and brought the lettirs to kyng Marke, And whan he had rad them and undirstonde them, he was wroth wyth sir Trystram, for he demed that he had sente the damesell to kyng Arthure. For kyng Arthure and sir Launcelot in a maner thretned kyng Marke
15 in (t)his letters, and as kyng Marke red this lettys he demede treson by sir Trystram.

'Damesell,' seyde kyng Marke, 'woll ye ryde agayne and beare lettys frome me unto kyng Arthure?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I woll be at youre commaundement to
20 ryde whan ye wyll.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the kyng. 'Com ye agayne to-morne and fecche youre lettys.'

Than she departed and cam to La Beall Isode and to sir Trystram and tolde hem how she sholde ryde agayne with
25 lettys to kyng Arthure.

'Than we pray you,' seyde they, 'that whan ye have resceyved youre lettys that ye wolde com by us, that we may se the prevytf of your lettirs.'

'All that I may do, madame, ye wote well I muste do for
30 sir Trystram, for I have be longe his owne maydyn.'

So on the morne the damesell wente unto kyng Marke to have resceyved his lettys and to departe.

'Damesell, I am nat avysed,' seyde kyng Marke, 'as at this tyme to sende my lettys.'

35 But so pryvayly and secretly he sente lettirs unto kyng

2 *C in passynge grete* 3, 8 *C said la Beale Isoud* 8-9 *C† Tristram suffereth*
11 *Cvnderstood* 13-14 *C For Arthur and Launcelot* 14 *Cthreted* 15 *in*
his letters not in C 21 *C ageyne said the Kyng* 23-4 *and cam to La Beall*
Isode and to sir Trystram not in C† 26 *C said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram*
30 *C ben longe* 32 *C haue had his* 33 *Damesell not in C* 35 *C*
Thenne pruely

Arthure and unto quene Gwenyver and unto sir Launcelot. So the varlet departed and founde the kynge and the quene in Walys, at Carlyon. And as the kynge and the quene was at masse the varlet cam wyth the lettys, and whan masse was done the kynge and the quene opened the lettirs pre- 5 255^v vayly. And to begyn, the kyngis lettirs spake wondirly shorte unto kynge Arthur, and bade hym entermete with hymself and wyth hys wyff, and of his knyghtes, for he was able to rule his wyff and his knyghtes.

Whan kynge Arthure undirstode the lettir, he mused of 10 (27) many thynges, and thought of his systers wordys, quene Morgan le Fay, that she had seyde betwyxte quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot, and in this thought he studyed a grete whyle. Than he bethought hym agayne how his owne sistir was his enemy, and that she hated the quene and sir Launce- 15 lot to the deth, and so he put that all oute of his thought.

Than kynge Arthur rad the letter agayne, and the lattir clause seyde that kynge Marke toke sir Trystram for his mortall enemy, wherefore he put kynge Arthure oute of doute he wolde be revenged of sir Trystram. Than was 20 kynge Arthure wrothe wyth kynge Marke.

And whan quene Gwenyver rad hir lettir and undirstode hyt, she was wrothe oute of mesure, for the letter spake shame by her and by sir Launcelot. And so prevayly she sente the lettir unto sir Launcelot. And when he wyste the 25 entente of the letter he was so wrothe that he layde hym downe on his bed to slepe, whereof sir Dynadan was ware, for hit was his maner to be prevy with all good knyghtes. And as sir Launcelot slepte, he stole the lettir oute of his honde and rad hit worde by worde, and than he made grete 30 sorow for angir. And sir Launcelot so wakened, and wente to a wyndowe and redde the letter agayne, whyche made hym angry.

'Syr,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'wherefore be ye angry? I 256^r pray you, discover your harte to me, for, pard£, ye know 35 well that I wolde you but well, for I am a poor knyght and

3-4 C were at 5-6 C pryuely by them self And the begynnynge of the kynges
8-10 C able ynough to rule and kepe his wyf Capitulum xvii (sic) Whanne kynge
11 C thoust on 16 to the deth *not in C* 31 C awaked and 34-5 I pray you
not in C 35-6 C For sothe ye wote wel I owe yow good wyllle how be hit I am

a servytur unto you and to all good knyghtes. For though I be nat of worship myself, I love all tho that bene of worship.'

'Hit is trouthe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar a trusty 5 knyght, and for grete truste I woll shewe you my counceyle.'

And whan sir Dynadan undirstoode hit well he seyde,

'Sir, thus is my counceyle: sette you ryght naught by thes thretenynges, for kynge Marke is so vylaunche a knyght that by fayre speche shall never man gete ought of hym. 10 But ye shall se what I shall do: I woll make a lay for hym, and whan hit is made, I shall make an harpere to syng hit afore hym/

And so anone he wente and made hit, and taught hit to an harpere that hyght Elyot, and whan he cowde hit he 15 taught hit to many harpers. And so by the wyll of kynge Arthure and of sir Launcelot the harpers wente into Walys and into Cornwayle to syng the lay that sir Dynadan made by kynge Marke, whyche was the worste lay that ever harper songe with harpe or with ony other instrument.

(28) 20 Now turne we agayne unto sir Trystram and to kynge Marke. Now as sir Trystram was at a justys and at a turnemente hit fortunede he was sore hurte bothe with a speare and with a swerde, but yet allwayes he wan the gre. And for to repose hym he wente to a good knyght that 25 dwelled in Cornwayle in a castell, whos name was sir Dynas the Senesciall.

So by myssefortune there come oute of Syssoyne a grete 256^v nombre of men of armys, and an hedeous oste, and they entyrde nye the castell of Tyntagyll; and hir captens name 30 was sir Elyas, a good man of armys.

Whan kynge Marke undirstood his enemyes were entyrde into his londe he made grete dole and sorow, for in no wyse by his good wyll kynge Marke wolde nat sende for sir Trystram, for he hated hym dedly. So whan his counceyle 35 was com, they devysed and caste many perellys of the grete

6-7 Cvnderstood aile he said this is 6,7 sir *notin* C 8 Cthretys a knyght
not in C 9 ought *not in Cf* 11-12 W made make an harpere to syng hit I shall
 afore C* made I shalle make 16 C of sire Launcelot and of Arthur C
 went streyghte in to 18 by *not in S* C the whiche was 21-2 C at Iustes
 and att turnement 23 C yet he wanne alweyes the degre 27 C Sessoyne
 33 good *not in C* 35 grete *not in C*

strengthe of hir enemyes. And than they concluded all at onys, and seyde thus unto kynge Marke:

'Sir, wyte you well ye muste sende for sir Trystram, the good knyght, other ellys they woll never be overcome, for by sir Trystram they muste be foughtyn withall, other ellys 5 we rowe ayenste the streme.¹

'Well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll do by youre counceyle.' But yette he was full lothe thereto, but nede constrained hym to sende for hym.

And so he was sente fore in all haste that myght be, that 10 he sholde com to kynge Marke. And whan he undirstoode that he had sente for hym, he bestrode a soffte ambular and rode to kynge Marke. And whan he was com the kynge seyde thus:

'Fayre newew, sir Trystram, this is all: here be come 15 oure enemyes off Sessoyne that ar here nyhonde, and without tarynge they muste be mette wyth shortly, other ellys they woll destroy this con trey.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'wyte you well all my power is at your commaundement. But, sir, this eyght dayes I may 20 beare none armys, for my woundis be nat hole. And by that day I shall do what I may.'

'Ye say well,' seyde kynge Marke. 'Than go ye agayne and repose you and make you freysh, and I shall go mete the Sessoynes with all my power.' 25

So the kynge departed unto Tyntagyll and sir Trystram wente to repose hym.

And the kynge made a grete oste and departed them in three. The fyrste parte ledde sir Dynas the Senescyall, and sir Andret led the secunde parte, and sir Arguys led the 30 thirde parte, and he was of the bloode of kynge Marke. And 257' the Sessoynes had three grete batayles and many good men of armys.

And so kynge Marke by the advyce of his knyghtes yssued oute of the castell of Tyntagyll uppon his enemyes. 35 And sir Dynas, the good knyght, rode oute afore and slewe two good knyghtes his owne hondis. And than began the

10 C Thenne was he sente 12 C Kynge Marke had sente C he mounted
vpon a softe 16 C nyghe hand 20 C commaundement And wete ye wel
syre these eyght 21 C not yet hole 24 C go and mete 37 good *not in C*

batayles. And there was mervaylous brekyng of spearys and smytyng of swerdys, and bylled downe many good knyghtes. And ever was sir Dynas the Senesciall beste of kyng Markys party.

- 5 And thus the batayle endured longe with grete mor[t]alytē, but at the laste kyng Marke and sir Dynas, were they never so loth, they were dryvyn to the castell of Tyntagyll with grete slaughter of people. And the Syssoynes folowed on faste, that ten of them were getyn wythin the yatys and
io four slayne wyth the portecolyes.

Than kyng Marke sente for sir Trystram by a varlet agayne that tolde hym of all the mor[t]alyt6. Than he sente the varlet agayne and bade hym:

- 'Telle kyng Marke that I woll com as sone as I am hole,
15 for arste I may do hym no goode.'

Than kyng Marke hadde hys answer.

And therewith cam Elyas, and bade the kyng yelde up the castell, 'for ye may not holde hit nowhyle.'

- 'Sir Elyas,' seyde kyng Marke, 'and yf I be nat the
20 sonner rescowed, I muste yelde up this castell.'

And anone the kyng sente ayen for rescow to sir Trystram. And by that tyme sir Trystram was nyghe hole, and he had getyn hym ten good knyghtes of kyng Arthurs, and wyth hem he rode unto Tyntagyll.

- 25 And whan he sawe the grete oste of Sessoynes he mar-
vayled wondir gretly. And than sir Trystram rode by the woodys and by the dychis as secretely as he myght, tyll he cam ny the gatis. And anone there dressed a knyght to hym,
25^v whan he sawe that sir Trystram wolde have entird. Than
30 sir Trystram ran to hym and smote hym downe dede. And so he served three mo. And everyche of these ten knyghtes slewe a man of armys. So sir Trystram entyrde into the yatys of Tyntagyll.

2 C and slewe doune

7 C they withdrewen hem to

8 C and S And C

Sessoyns

9 C were put within

12 agayne not in C

19-21 C said the

kyng so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone rescued Anone Kyng Marke
sente 21-2 C Tristram By thenne sir Tristram was hoole 23 C go ten hym

29-30 C wold entre & sir tristram

30 ran to hym not in Cf F (MS. B.N.fr.

99 f. 369^r col. 2) quant Tristan le voit venir il ne fait mie semblant qu'il ait paour,

ains li adrece la teste du cheval et le fiert si durement en son venir, etc. 32-3 C

in to the castel of

And whan kynge Marke wyste that sir Trystram was com
he was glad of his commynge, and so was all the felyship,
and of hym they made grete joy.

And on the morne Elyas the captayne cam and bade (29)
kynge Marke: 'Com oute and do batay[le], for now the good 5
knyght sir Trystram is entyrd. And hit woll be shame,'
seyde Elyas, 'for to keep thy wallys.'

Whan kynge Marke undirstoode this he was wrothe and
seyde no worde, but wente to sir Trystram and axed hym
his counceyle. 10

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye that I gyff hym his
answere?'

'I woll well,' seyde kynge Marke.

Than sir Trystram seyde thus to the messengere:

'Beare thy lorde worde frome the kynge and me and sey 15
how that we woll do batayle to-mor[n]e wyth hym in the
playne fylde.'

'Sir, what is your name?' seyde the messyngere.

'Sir, wyte [th]ou well my name is sir Trystram de Lyones.'

So therewithall the messyngere departed and tolde his 20
lorde Elyas.

'Sir/ seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray o(f) you gyff me leve
to have the rule of youre oste to-morowe.'

'Sir, I pray you take the rule,' seyde kynge Marke.

Than sir Trystram lete devyse the batayle in what maner 25
that they sholde be. So he lete his oste be departed in Tsix¹
batayles, and ordayned sir Dynas the Senesciall to have the
voward, and other good knyghtes to rule the remenaunte.
And the same nyght sir Trystram gart bren all the Sessoynes
shyppis unto the colde water. And anone, as Elyas wyst 30
that, he seyde hit was of sir Trystrams doynge:

'For he castyth that we shall never ascape, modys sonne
of us. Therefore, fayre felowys, fyght frely to-morow, and
myscomfourt you nought for one knyght, for though he be 258'

6 C shame to the
hym to morne
that he had herd
bataill I pray
partyes

14 Cmessagere
18 Sir *not in C*
22 C* Tristram vnto Kynge Marke
26 W in vii

15-16 and sey how *not in C*
19 W wyte you well
C* it shold be He lete departe his hoost in syxe

16 Cwith
21 C Elyas alle
23-4 C rule of the
27-8 C haue the fore
34 C ony knyst though

F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 370^r col. 1): Tristan ordonne sa gent et fait iiii
batailles aussi bonnes et grandes, et ii ou il ot moins de gent
ward 29 CTristram brente alle 32 C moder

the beste knyght of the worlde he may nat have ado with us all.'

Than they ordayned their batayles [in] four partyes, wondirly well apparayled and garnysshed [with] men of 5 armys. Thus they wythin issued oute, and they wythoute sette frely uppon them. And there sir Dynas ded grete dedis of armys; natforthan sir Dynas and his felyshyp were put to the wors.

So with that cam sir Trystram and slew two knyghtes 10 with one speare. Than he slew on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that men mervayled that ever he myght do suche dedis of armys. And than he myght se somtyme the batayle was dryvyn a bow-draught frome the castell, and somtyme hit was at the yatys of the castell.

15 Than cam Elyas the captayne, russhynge here and there, and smote kynge Marke so sore uppon the helme that he made hym to avoyde his sadyll. And than sir Dynas gate kynge Marke agayne to horsebacke.

And therewyth cam syr Trystram lyke a lyon, and there 20 he mette wyth sir Elyas, and he smote hym so sore on the helme that he avayded his sadyll. And thus they fought tyll hit was nyght, and for grete slaughtir of people and for wounded peple every party withdrew to their resseyte.

And whan kynge Marke was com wythin the castell of 25 Tyntagyll he lacked of his knyghtes an hondred, and they withoute lacked two hondred. Than they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes, and than they wente to counceyle. And wyte you well eythir party were loth to fyght more, so that aythir myght ascape with their worshyp.

30 Whan Elyas the captayne undirstoode the deth of his men 258^v he made grete dole; also whan he knew that they were loth to go to batayle agayne, he was wrothe oute of mesure. Than Elyas sente unto kynge Marke in grete dyspyte uppon hede whether he wolde fynde a knyght that wolde fyght 35 with hym body for body, and yf that he myght sle kynge Markis knyght, he to have the trowayge of Cornwayle

1 C in the world

4 W appararayled apparayled

5 oute *not in* C

16

Cand hytte kynge

17 Cthesadel

19 C There with alle

22-3

CslauZter

and for

23 Ceueryche party drewe to their reste

31 Che wyst that

33-4

C sente word vnto Kyng Mark in grete despyte whether

34-5 Cfyghte for hym

yerely, and yf that his knyght sle [hym], ' I fully releace my clayme for ever.'

Than the messynge departed unto kynge Marke and tolde hym how that his lorde Elyas had sent hym worde to fynde a knyght to do batayle wyth hym body for body. 5 Whan kynge Marke undirstood the messynge he bade hym abyde and he sholde have his answeze.

Than callyd he all the batayle togydir to wyte what was best counceyle, and they seyde all at onys, 'To fyght in a fylde we have no luste, for had nat bene the proues of sir Trystram, 10 hit hadde bene lykly that we never sholde have scaped. And therefore, sir, as we deme, hit were well done to fynde a knyght that wolde do batayle wyth hym, for he knyghtly proferyth/

Natforthan whan all this was seyde they coude fynde no (30) knyght that wolde do batayle with hym. 15

'Sir kynge,' seyde they all, 'here is no knyght that dare fyght with Elyas/

'Alas!' seyde kynge Marke, 'than am I shamed and uttirly distroyed, onles that my newew sir Trystram wolde take the batayle uppon hym.' 20

'Sir, wyte you well,' they seyde all, 'he had yesterday overmuche on hande, and he is wery and travayled and sore wounded.

'Where is he?' seyde kynge Marke.

Than one answeyrd and sayde, 'Sir, he lyeth in his bedde 25 for to repose hym.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Marke, 'but I have the succour of 259^r my newew sir Trystram, I am utterly destroyed for ever/

And therewithall one wente to sir Trystram there he lay, and tolde hym what kynge Marke seyde. And therewith 30 sir Trystram arose lyghtly and put on hym a longe gowne, and cam afore the kynge and the lordis. And whan he saw them so dismayed he axed them what tydynges.

¹ W sle myne C* sle hym F (MS. B.N. fr. gg f. 372^r col. 1): se vous en champ le [= Helyas] poves conquerre par force d'armez, cilz de Sassoigne seront des ores mais au commandement de Cornoaille 3 C messenger 6 C messenger 8 C* alle the Baronage to gyder 10 C syr Tristrams prowessse 18—19 C am I vtterly ashamed and vtterly destroyed 19-20 Cwylle take 21 Sir not in C 22 C wery for trauaille and sore 25-6 C Syr said they he is in his bedde to repose hym 29 C There with one 30 C had sayd 32 C al the lordes 33 C asked the Kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem

'Never worse,' seyde the kynge. And therewyth he tolde hym all as ye have herde aforehonde. 'And as for you,' seyde the kynge, 'we may aske no more of you for shame, for thorow youre hardynesse yestirday ye saved all oure lyvys.'

- 5 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde ye wolde have my succour, and reson wolde that I sholde do all that lyyth in me to do, savyng my worshyp and my lyff, howbe-
[hit] that I am sore brused and hurte. And sytthyn sir Elyas proferyth so largely, I shall fyght with hym. Other
10 ellys I woll be slayne in the fylde, othir ellys delyver Corn-
way le of the olde trewage. And therefore lyghtly calle his messyngere, and he shall be answerde. For as yett my woundis bene grene, and they woll be sorer hereaftir seven-
nyght than they be now, and therefore he shall have his
15 answerde that I woll do batayle to-morne.'

Than was the messyngere brought before kynge Marke.

'Now herkyn, my fellow/ seyde sir Trystram, 'go faste unto thy lorde, and bid hym make a trewe assurance on his party for the trwayge, as the kynge here shall on his party.

- 20 And than tell thy lorde that sir Trystram, kynge Arthurs knyght and knyght of the Table Rounde, wyll as to-morne mete with thy lorde on horsebak to do batayle as longe as I may endure, and aftir that to do batayle with hym on foote to the uttraunce.'

- 25 The messyngere behylde sir Trystram frome the top to the too, and therewythall he departed. And so he cam to his
259^v lorde and tolde hym how he was answer[d] of sir Trystram.

- And therewithall was made ostage on bothe partyes, and made hit as sure as hit myght be that whethirsomever
30 party had the victory, so for to ende. And than were bothe ostys assembeled on bothe partyes the fylde wythoute the castell of Tyntagyll, and there was none that bare armys but sir Trystram and sir Elyas.

2 W ze have C alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyst to fyghte for the truage of Cornewail and none can I fynde And 3 C the kynge and alle the lordeswemaye 4 C†yourlyues 7 C in my power to doo 13-14 C sorer aseuen nyght after than they ben now 15 C to morn with hym 16 C† messenger departed brought 17 C Herkemy 18 C make true 20 C lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram 22-3 C as longe as my hors maye endure 26 C so he not in C 29 C somever not in C 30 for not in C 31 C of the 32-p. 625, 1 C none but sir Tristram and sir Elyas armed Soo

So whan all the poyntement was made they departed in sundir and cam togydirs wyth all the myght that there horsys myght ren, that ayther knyght smote othir so harde that bothe horsis and knyghtes wente to the erthe. Natfor-
 than they bothe arose lyghtly, and dressed their shyldis on 5
 their sholdyrs with naked swerdys in their hondis, and they daysshed togydirs so that hit semed a flamynge fyre aboute them. Thus they traced and traversced, and hewe on helmys and hawberkes, and cut away many cantellys of their shyldis, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore, that the 10
 hoote blood ran freyshly uppon the erthe.

And by than they had foughtyn the mowntenaunce of an owre, sir Trystram waxed faynte and wery, and bled sore, and gaff sore abak. That sawe sir Elyas, and folowed fyersly uppon hym and wounded hym in many placis. And 15
 ever sir Trystram traced and traverced and wente froward hym here and there, and coverde hym with his shyld as he myght all waykely, that all men sayde he was overcom; for sir Elyas had gyvyn hym twenty strokes ayenste one.

Than was there lawghynge amonge the Sessoynes party, *o and grete dole on kynge Markis party.

'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'we ar all shamed and destroyed for ever!'

For, as the booke seyth, sir Trystram was never so macched but yf hit were of sir Launcelot. 25

Thus as they stode and behylde bothe partyes, that one party laughynge and the othir party wepynge, sir Trystram 260* remembird hym of his lady, La Beale Isode, that loked uppon hym, and how he was never lykly to com in hir presence. Than he pulled up his shyld that before hyng full lowe, and than 30
 he dressed hym unto sir Elyas and gaff hym many sadstrokys, twenty ayenst one, and all to-brake his shyld and his hawberke, that the hote bloode ran downe as hit had bene rayne.

Than began kynge Marke and all Cornyshemen to lawghe, and the other party to wepe. And ever sir Trystram seyde to 35
 sir Elyas, Teldethe!'

1 all *not in C* 3 *C* renne And eyther 11 *C* blood felle fresshly 13-14 *C*
 faynte and forbledde and gaf 20 *C* laughyng of the Sessoyns 29 *C* lykely
 neuer 31 *C* dressid vp his shelde vnto Elyas 33 *C* Cranne doune to the erthe
 as hit had bene rayne *not in C†* 34 *C* Marke to laughe and alle Cornyshe men
 35 *C* that other

And whan sir Trystram saw hym so stakir on the grounde, he seyde, 'Sir Elyas, I am ryght sory for the, for thou arte a passynge good knyght as ever I mette withall excepte sir Launcelot.'

- 5 And therewithall sir Elyas fell to the erthe and there dyed. 'Now what shall I do?' seyde sir Trystram unto kynge Marke, 'for this batayle ys at an ende.'

Than they departed, and kynge Marke toke of hem many presoners to redresse the harmys and the scathis, and the 10 remenaunte he sente into her countrey to borow oute their felowys.

Than was sir Trystram serched and well healed. Yett for all this kynge Marke wolde have slayne sir Trystram, but for all that ever sir Trystram saw other herde by kynge Marke, 15 he wolde never beware of his treson; but evir he wolde be thereas La Beale Isode was.

- (31) Now woll we passe over this mater and speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan had sente into Cornwayle. And at the grete feste that kynge Marke made 20 for the joy that the Sessoynes were put oute of his contrey, than cam Elyas the harper with the lay that sir Dynadan had made, and secretly brought hit unto sir Trystram, and tolde hym the lay that sir Dynadan had made by kynge Marke.

260^v And whan sir Trystram harde hit, he sayde,

- 25 'O Lord Jesu ! That sir Dynadan can make wondirly well and yll. There he sholde make evyll!'

'Sir,' seyde Elyas, 'dare I synge this songe afore kynge Marke?'

- 'Yee, on my perell,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I shall be thy 30 waraunte.'

So at the mete in cam Elyas the harper amonge other mynstrels and began to harpe. And because he was a coryous harper men harde hym synge the same lay that sir Dynadan made, whyche spake the moste vylany by kynge Marke and 35 of his treson that ever man herde. And whan the harper had sunge his songe to the ende, kynge Marke was wondirly wrothe and sayde,

1 C so stakkerynge 8 C* they of Elyas party 9-10 C scathes that he had of them and the remenaunte 13 C wold fayne haue 14-15 C Marke yet wold he neuer 17 C passe of 21, 23 sir *not in C* 26 Cf ylle there as it shalle be 31-2 among other mynstrels and began to harpe *not in C* 34 C the whiche

'Harper, how durste thou be so bolde, on thy hede, to syng this songe afore me?'

'Sir,' seyde Elyas, 'wyte thou well I am a mynstrell, and I muste do as I am commaunded of thos lordis that I beare the armys of. And, sir, wyte you well that sir Dynadan, a 5 knyght of the Table Rounde, made this songe and made me to syng hit afore you.'

'Thou seyste well,' seyde kyng Marke, 'and bycause thou arte a mynstrell thou shalt go quyte. But I charge the, hyghe the faste oute of my syght!' 10

So Elyas the harper departed and wente to sir Trystram and tolde hym how he had sped. Than sir Trystram let make lettyrs as goodly as he cowde to rLauncelot¹ and to sir Dynadan, and so he let conduyte the harper oute of the contrey. But to sey that kyng Marke was wondirly wrothe, [he was], 15 for he demed that the lay that was songe afore hym was made by sir Trystrams counceyle, wherefore he thought to sle hym and all his well-wyllers in that contrey.

1 C thow harper 11 Elyas *not in C* 13 W to Camelot C* to launcelot
F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 376^v, col. 1): Tristan disten souriant:... 'Me salueras Lance-
 lot du Lac. A celui diras tu ...'

VIII
ALEXANDER THE ORPHAN

*[Winchester MS., ff. 260^v-268^r;
Caxton, Book X, chs. 32-40]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

32. How kyng Marke slewe by treason his brother Bowdyn for good service that he had done to hym.
33. How Anglydes, Boudyns wyf, escaped with hir yonge sone Alysaunder le Orphelyn and came to the castel of Arondel.
34. How Anglydes gaf the bloody doblet to Alysaunder, hir sone, the same day that he was made knyght, and the charge withal.
35. How it was tolde to kyng Marke of Alysaunder, and how he wold have slayn syr Sadok for savyng of his lyf.
36. How syr Alysaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment, and of Morgan le Fay, and how he faught wyth syr Maulgryn and slewe hym.
37. How quene Morgan le Fay had Alysaunder in hyr castel and how she heelyd his woundes.
38. How Alysaunder was delyverd fro the quene Morgan le Fay by the moyane of a damoyssel.
39. How Alysaunder mette wyth Alys la Beale Pylgrym and how he justed wyth two knyghtes, and after of hym and of syr Mordred.

NOW turne we to another mater that felle betwene kyng (32)
 Marke and his brother that was called the good prynce
 Bodwyne, that all the peple of the contrey loved hym passyng
 well.

So hit befelle on a tyme that the myscreauntys Sarezynes 5 261^r
 londid in the contrey of Cornwayle sone aftir these Sessoynes
 were departed. And whan the good prynce sir Bodwyne
 was ware of them where they were lounded, and than at the
 londyng he areysed the peple pryvayly and hastyly.

And or hit were day he let put wyldre fyre in three of his 10
 owne shippis, and suddeynly he pulled up the sayle, and wyth
 the wynde he made tho shippis to be drevyn amonge the
 navy of the Sarezynes. And to make a short tale, tho three
 shippis sett on fyre all the shippis, that none were saved.
 And at the poynte of the day the good prynce Bodwyne with 15
 all his felyship set on the myscreauntys with showtys and
 cryes, and slew the numbir of forty thousand and lefft none
 on lyve.

Whan kyng Marke wyste this he was wondirly wrothe
 that his brother sholde wynne suche worship and honour. 20
 And bycause this prynce was bettir beloved than he in all
 that contrey, and also this prynce Bodwyne lovid well sir
 Trystram, and therefore he thought to sle hym.

And thus, hastily and uppon hede, as a man that was full
 of treson, he sente for prynce Bodwyne and Anglydes, his 25
 wyff, and bade them brynge their yonge sonne with hem, that
 he myght se hym; and all this he ded to the entente to sle the
 chylde as well as his fadir, for he was the falsist traytour that
 ever was borne. Alas, for the goodnes and for hys good dedis
 this jantyll prynce Bodwyne was slayne! 30

So whan he cam wyth his wyff Anglydes the kyng made
 them fayre semblaunte tylle they had dyned. And whan they
 had dyned kyng Marke sente for his brother and seyde thus:

'Brothir, how sped you whan the myscreauntes aryved by

3 hym *not in C* 5 *C* Sarasyns 7 *C* were gone And thene *(see note) the
C Boudwyne 8 was ware of them where they were lounded and than *not in C†*
 9 *C* areysed the countrey pryuely 13 a *not in C* 15 Cattedpoynt 17
C slewe to the 20 and honour *not in C* 22 *C* And that al so Boudwyn
 24-5 *C* hastily as a man oute of his wytte he sente 29 *C* his goodenes

you? Mesemyth hit had bene your parte to have sente me worde, that I myght have bene at that journey; for hit had bene reson that I had had the honoure and nat you.'

261^v 5 'Sir,' seyde prince Bodwyne, 'hit was so that, and I had [taryed tyl that I had] sente for you, tho myscreauntes had destroyed my contrey.'

'Thou lyeste, false traytoure!' seyde kynge Marke. 'For thou arte ever aboute to wyne worship from me and put me to dishonoure, and thou cherysht that I hate!'

10 And therewith he stroke hym to the herte wyth a dagger, that he never aftir spake worde.

Than the lady Anglydes made grete dole and sowned, for she saw her lorde slayne afore her face. Than was there no more to do, but prynce Bodwyne was dispoyled and brought 15 to his buryellys. But his lady Anglydes pryvaly gate hir husbandis dubled and his shurte, and that she kepte secretly.

Than was there muche sorow and crynge, and grete dole made betwyxt sir Trystram, sir Dynas, and sir Fergus. And so ded all knyghtes that were there, for that prynce was 20 passyngly well beloved.

So La Beall Isode sente for Anglydes, his wyff, and bade her avoyde delyverly, other ellys hir yonge sonne Alysaurdir le Orphelyne sholde be slayne. Whan she harde this, she toke her horse and hir chylde and rode away with suche 25 poore men as durste ryde with hir.

(33) Notwythstondynge, whan kynge Marke had done this dede, yet he thought to do more vengeaunce, and with his swerde in his honde he sought frome chambir to chambir for Anglydes and hir yonge sonne. And whan she was myst he 30 called a good knyght to hym that hyght sir Sadoke, and charged hym in payne of dethe to fette agayne Anglydes and hir yonge sonne.

So sir Sadoke departed, and rode aftir Anglydes, and within ten myle he overtoke her and bade hir turne ayen and 35 ryde with hym to kynge Marke.

1 C had be 4 C the Prynce 4-5 C* and I had zztaryed tyl that I had sente (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 9 Ccheryst 15 his *not in C* C But Anglydes
18 betwixt *not in C* 21 C sente vnto Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf
22 C auoyde lygtely 22-3 C Alysander le Orphelyn 28-9 C to chamber
to seke Anglydes 30 to hym *not in C* 31 C by payne C fette Anglydes ageyne

'Alas, fayre knyght!' she seyde, 'what shall ye wyne be my sunnys deth, other ellys by myne? For I have overmuch harme, and to grete a losse.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Sadoke, 'for your losse is grete dole and pite. But, madame,' seyde sir Sadoke, 'wolde ye departe 5 oute of this contrey wyth youre sonne, and kepe hym tyll he 262' be of ayge, that he may revenge his fadys deth? Than wolde I suffir you to departe frome me, so ye promyse me to revenge the deth of prynce Bodwyne.'

'A, jantyll knyght, Jesu thanke the! And yf ever my sonne, 10 Alysaunder le Orphelyne, lyve to be a knyght, he shall have his fadys dublet and his shurte with the bloody markes, and 1 shall gyff hym suche a charge that he shall remembir hit whylys he lyvyth.'

And therewithall departed sir Sadoke frome her, and ayther 15 departed frome other. And whan sir Sadoke cam unto kynge Marke he tolde hym faythfully that he had drowned yonge Alysaunder, her sonne; and thereof kynge Marke was full glad.

Now turne we unto Anglydes that rode bothe nyght and day by adventure oute off Cornwayle, and sylden and in 20 feaw placis she rested, but ever she drewe southwarde to the seesyde, tyll by fortune she cam to a castell that is called Magowns, that now is called Arundell, in Southsex. And the conestable of that castell welcomed Anglydes, and seyde she was wellcom to her owne castell. 25

And so she was there worshipfully resceyved, for the conestable his wyff was her ny cousyn. And the conestabls name was sir Bellyngere, and he tolde Anglydes that the same castell was hers by ryght inerytaunce.

Thus Anglydes endured yerys and wyntyrs, tyll Alysaunder 30 was bygge and stronge, and there was none so wyghty in all that contrey, that there was no man myght do no maner of maystry afore hym.

2 C deth or by myn I haue hadde ouer moche 4 sir not in C C of your
4 grete not in C 5 sir not in C 11 C Alysaunder le Orphelyn 15 C
there with al Sadok departed from 15-16 C* eyther bytoke other to god And
when Sadok 20-1 C and lytyl and in fewe 23 C Magouns & now hit is
C Arundel 24 C of the castel 24 C welcomed her and 26 C and
there was Anglydes worshipfully 27 C Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn
28 C was Belangere and that same conestable told 31 Cwyght 32 C
Country neyther there was none that myghte

(34) Than uppon a day sir Bellyngere the constable cam to Anglydes and seyde,

'Madame, hit were tyme my lorde sir Alysaundir were made knyght, for he is a stronge yonge man.'

5 'Sir,' seyde she, 'I wolde he were made knyght, but than muste I gyff hym the moste charge that ever synfull modir gaff to hir childe.'

262^v 'As for that, do as ye lyst, and I shall gyff hym warnynge that he shall be made knyght. And hit woll be well done that

10 he be made knyght at oure Lady day in Lente.'

'Be hit so,' seyde Anglydes, 'and I pray you, make ye redy therefore.'

So cam the conestable to Alysaundir, and tolde hym that he sholde at oure Lady (day) of Lente be made a knyght.

15 'Sir, I thanke God and you,' seyde Alysaundir 'for this is the beste tydynge that ever cam to me.'

Than the conestable ordayned twenty of the grettyste jantylmennes sunnys and the beste borne men of that contrey whyche sholde be made knyghtes the same day that Alysaundir was made knyght. And so on the same day that he and his twenty felowys were made knyghtes, at the offerynge of the masse there cam this lady Anglydes unto her sonne and seyde thus:

25 'A, my fayre swete sonne, I charge the uppon my blyssynge and of the hyghe Order of Chevalry that thou takyste here this day, to take hede what I shall sey and charge the wythall.'

And therewithall she pulled oute a bloody dublet and a bloody shurte that was bebled with olde bloode. Whan Alysaundir saw this he sterte abak, and waxed paale, and sayde, 30 'Fayre moder, what may this be or meane?'

'I shall tell the, fayre son. This was thyne owne fadyrs doublet and shurte that he ware uppon hym that same tyme that he was slayne.' And there she tolde hym why and 35 wherefore. 'And for hys good dedis kynge Marke slew hym

3, 15 sir *not in C* 4 C *passyng strong* 8 As for that *not in C* C *lyste sayd*
 Bellangere and I 11 ye *not in C* 14 C *made knyghte* 15 and you *not in C*
 for *not in C* 15-16 C *these are the best* 18-19 C *the country that shold*
 19 C *that same* 20 C *that Alysander and* 22 this lady *not in C* 24 C O
 fayre 26 C *day that thou vnderstande what* 31 be or *not in C* 33
 C *same daye* 35 C *And hou for his goodenes kynge*

with his dagger afore myne owne yghen. And therefore this shall be youre charge that I gyf you at thys tyme. Now I requere the, and I charge the uppon my blyssynge and uppon the hyghe Order of Knyghthode, that thou be revenged uppon kynge Marke for the deth of thy fadir.' 5

And therewythall she sowned. Than Alysaundir lepte to his modir, and toke her up in his armys, and sayde, 263'

'Fayre modir, ye have gyvyn me a grete charge, and here I promyse you I shall be avenged uppon kynge Marke whan that I may, and that I promyse to God and to you.' 10

So this feste was ended, and the conestable by the avyce of Anglydes let purvey that Alysaundir were well horsed and harneyste. Than hejusted with his twenty felowys that were made knyghtes with hym; but for to make a shorte tale, he overthrewe all tho twenty, that none myght withstonde hym 15 a buffet.

Than one of tho knyghtes departed unto kynge Marke, and tolde all how Alysaundir was made knyght and all the charge that his modir gaff hym, as ye have harde aforetyme.

'Alas, false treson!' seyde kynge Marke. 'I wente that yonge traytoure had bene dede. Alas! whom may I truste?' 20

And therewithall kynge Marke toke a swerde in his honde, and sought sir Sadoke from chambir to chambir to sle hym. Whan sir Sadoke saw kynge Marke com with his swerde in his honde, 25

'Syr,' he seyde, 'beware, Marke, and com nat nyghe me! For wyte thou well that I saved Alysaundir his lyff, of the whyche I never repente me, for thou falsely and cowardly slew his fadir, prynce Bodwyne, traytourly for his good dedis. Wherefore I pray Allmyghty Jesu sende Alysaundir myght and power to be revenged uppon the. And now beware, kynge Marke, of yonge Alysaundir, for he is made a knyght.' 30

'Alas,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ever I sholde hyre a traytoure sey so afore me!'

And therewith four knyghtes of kynge Markes drew their swerdis to sle sir Sadoke, but anone kynge Marke his knyghtes 35

2 C† that 11 shalle gyue the at thys tyme not in C 3 C and charge the
12 C was wel 18 C told hym 25-6 C hand he sayd thus Beware Kynge
Mark 29 prynce not in C 30-1 C myghte and strengthe to 36-p. 638,
1 C anone sir Sadok slewe hem alle in Kynge Markes presence And thenne sir Sadok

were slayne afore hym. And sir Sadoke paste forthe into his chambir, and toke his harneys and his horse and rode on his
 263^v way, for there was nother sir Trystram, sir Dynas, nother sir Fergus that wolde sir Sadoke ony evyll wyll.

5 Than was kynge Marke wood wrothe, and thought to destroy sir Alysaundir, for hym he dradde and hated moste of any man lyvyng.

Whan sir Trystram undirstood that Alysaundir was made knyght, anone furthwithall he sent hym a lettir prayyng and
 10 chargyng hym that he draw hym to the courte of kynge Arthure, and that he put hym in the rule and in the hondis of sir Launcelot. So this lettir was sente unto sir Alysaundir from his cousyne, sir Trystram, and at that tyme he thought to do after his commaundement.

15 Than kynge Marke called a knyght that brought hym the tydynges frome Alysaundir, and bade hym abyde styll in that contrey.

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'so muste I do, for in myn owne contrey dare I nat com/

20 'No force,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for I shall gyff the here double as muche londis as ever thou haddyste of thyne owne/

But within shorte space sir Sadoke mette wyth that false knyght and slew hym. Than was kynge Marke wood wrothe oute of mesure. Than he sente unto queue Morgan le Fay
 25 and to the quene of Northe Galys, prayyng them in his lettirs that they two sorserers wolde sette all the contrey envyrone with ladyes that were enchauntours, and by suche that were daungerous knyghtes, as sir Malagryne and sir Brewnys Saunze Pyte, that by no meane Alysaundir le Orphelyne
 30 shulde never ascape, but other he sholde be takyn or slayne. And all this ordynaunce made kynge Marke to distroy sir Alysaunder.

(36) Now turne we unto sir Alysaundir, that at his departyng

2 C his hors and his harneis 3 C waye a good paas C Tristram neyther syre
 Dynas nor 5 wood not in C 6 C* Alysander and syre Sadok that had
 saued hym for kynge Marke dredde 9 C prayenge hym and 18, 20 for not
 in C 26 C sorceresses 26-7 C† countrey in fyre with F (MS. B.N.fr. 99
 f. 378^v col. 2): Quant Morgain ot envoye ses damoiselles par deca et par dela,
 elle monta entre luy et sa maisnie 27 C enchauntresses 28-9 C† Malgryn
 Breuse saunce pyte 30 never not in C 31-2 C for to destroye Alysander
 33 C we ageyne vnto

his modir toke with hym his fadyrs bloddy sherte, and so he bare hit with hym tyll his deth day in tokenynge to thyne uppon his fadyrs deth.

So was Alysaundir purposed to ryde to London, by the 264^r counceyle of sir Trystram, to sir Launcelot. And [by] fortune 5 he wente aftir the seesyde, and rode wronge. And there he wan at a turnemente the g[r]e, thatkynge Caradosmade, and there he smote downe kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes, and also sir Saffir, a good knyght that was sir Palomydes brother. 10

And all this sawe a damesell, and went to Morgan le Fay, and tolde hir how she saw the beste knyght juste that ever she sawe; and ever as he s[mo]te downe knyghtes, he made them to swere to were none harneyse of a twelve-monthe and a day.

'This is well seyde,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'for that is the 15 knyght that I wolde fayne se.'

And so she toke her palfrey and rode a grete whyle, and than she rested her in her pavylyon. So there cam four knyghtes, two of them were armed, and two were unarmed, and they tolde Morgan le Fay there namys. The fyrste was 20 Elyas de Gomeret the secunde Car de Gomeret; tho two were armed. And the other two were of Camylarde, cousyns unto quene Gwenyver. And that one hyght sir Gye, and that othir hyght sir Garaunte; tho two were unarmed. And this four knyghtes tolde Morgan le Fay how a yonge knyght had 25 smyttyn them downe afore a castell.

'For the maydyn of that castell seyde that he was but late made knyght, and yonge. But as we suppose, but yf hit were sir Trystram othir sir Launcelot other ellys sir Lameroke the good knyght, [there is none] that myght sytte hym a buffette 30 with a speare.'

'Well,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'I shall mete wyth that knyght or hit be longe tyme and he dwelle in that con trey.'

1-2 sherte Soo.that he bare with hym alweyes tyll 5 W lonncelot 6 C by the 10 C broder the good knyght 11-12 went to how she not in C† F (MS. B.N.fr. gg f. 378^r cols. 1-2): Si avint que une damoiselle vint au chastel Morgain, et sachiez tout certainement que celle damoiselle estoit moult acointe de Morgain . . . Et lors lui compte comment le chevalier avoit abatu le roy Karados et ses chevaliers et comment il avoit abatu Saphar (see p. 1487) 12-13 C† euer he sawe 13 W sornte 15 C fay this is 19 of them not in C 21 Csecond was Carde † Gomoret tho 21,24 two not in C 23 Chyst Guy 30 C†kny3

So turne we to the damesell of the castell, that whan Alysaundir le Orphelyne had forjusted the four knyghtes she called hym to her and seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, wolte thou for my sake juste and fyght wyth
5 a knyght of this contrey, that is and hath bene longe an evyll
neighbour to me? His name is sir Malegryne, and he
264^v woll nat suffir me to be maryde in no maner.'

'Damesell/ seyde sir Alysaundir, 'and he com the whyle
that I am here, I woll fyght with hym.'

10 And therewithall she sente for hym, for he was at her com-
maundement. And whan ayther had a syght of other, they
made hem redy for to juste. And so they cam togydyr egirly,
and this sir Malegryne brused his speare uppon sir Alysaun-
dir, and he smote hym agayne so harde that he bare hym
15 quyte from his horse 'to the erthe'¹. But this Malegryne de-
voyded, and lyghtly arose and dressed his shyld and drew
his swerde, and bade hym alight:

'For wyte thou well, sir knyghte, thoughe thou have the
bettir on horsebacke, thou shalt fynde that I shall endure the
20 lyke a knyght on foote.'

'Ye sey well!' seyde sir Alysaundir. And so he avoyded
his horse and bytoke hym to his varlet. And than they
rushed togydys lyke two boorys, and leyde on their helmys
and shyldis longe tyme by the space of three owrys, that never
25 man coude sey whyche was thebettir knyght. And in the
meanewhyle cam Morgan le Fay to the damesell of the castell,
and they behylde the batayle.

But this sir Malagryne was an olde rooted knyght, and he
was called one of the daungerous knyghtes of the worlde to
30 do batayle on foote, but on horsebacke there was manybettir.
And ever this Malagryne awaytedtosle sir Alysaundir, and so
wounded hym wondirly sore that hit was mervayle that ever he
myght stonde, for he had bled so muche; for this sir Alysaun-

5 C† knyghte for my sake of this C long tyme an 6 C is Malgryne 7
C* maner wyse for all that I can doo or ony knyght for my sake 8-9 C come
whyles I am 9 C hym and my poure body for your sake I wille Jeoparde (not
in F) 13, 28, 31 sir not in C 14 C and alisander smote 15 C* from his sadell
to the erthe F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 379^v col. 1): chei' a la terre par dessus la crouppe
de son cheval 15-16 C Malgryne aroos lyghtly and dressid 17-18 C
aly3te sayeg thou3 thou haue 19-20 C endure lyke 21 C It is wel said
said Alysander and soo lyghtly he 30 C there were 33-P. 641, 1 C
moche blood for Alysander fought wyldly

dir fought ever wyldely and nat wyttyly, and that othir was a fel-
[onjous knyght and awayted hym, and smote hym sore. And
somytyme they russed togedyrs with their shyldis lyke two
boorys other rammys, and felle grovelynge bothe to the erthe.

'Now, sir knyght,' seyde sir Malegryne, 'holde thyne 5
honde a whyle, and telle me what thou arte.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Alysaunder, 'but yf me lyst 265'
well. But tell me thy name, and why thou kepyste thys con-
trey, other ellys thou shalt dye of my hondis.'

'Sir, wyte thou well,' seyde sir Malagryne, 'that for this 10
maydyns love, of this castell, I have slayne ten good knyghtes
by myssehap, and by outerage [and] orgulyte of myself I
have slayne othir *ten* knyghtes.'

'So God helpe me,' seyde sir Alysaunder, 'this is the fowl-
yste confession that ever I harde knyght make, and hit were 15
pit6 that thou sholdiste lyve ony lenger. And therefore, kepe
the! For, as I am a trewe knyght, other thou shalt sle me,
other ellys I shall sle the!'

Than they laysshed togedyrs fyersely. And at the laste
sir Alysaunder smote hym to the erthe, and than he raced of 20
his helme and smote of his hede.

And whan he had done this batayle he toke his horse and
wolde have mownted uppon his horse, but he myght nat for
faynte. And than he seyde,

'A, Jesu, succoure me!' 25

So by that com Morgan le Fay and bade hym be of good
comforte. And so she layde hym, this Alysaunder, in an

5 C Now knyghte sayd Malgryn 5, 7, 10, 20 sir *not in C* 7 That *not in C*
8 well *not in C* 10 C Wete thou well sayd Malgryne 13 C ten other
15-17 C make nor neuer herd I speke of other men of suche a shameful confession
wherfore hit were grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue
ony lenger therfore kepe the as wel as euer thou mayst for as I am true 18 C
the I promyse the feythfully (*not in F*) 20 C smote Malegryne 21 C hede
lyghtely 22-7 C† done and ended this bataille anone he called to hym his varlet
the whiche brought hym his hors And thene he wenyng to be strong ynoug wold
haue mouted And soo she leyde sire Alysander F (MS. B.N.fr 99 f. 380^r col. J)
agrees in substance with Wi Et quant Alixandre lui ot la teste coppee, il boute Tespee
ou fuerrej et quant il cuida monter, le sang qui de son corps lui avaloit le comenga
si a foibloyer qu'il ne pot oncques sur son cheval, ancois le convint coucher a la
terre vouldist ou non. Lors vint Morgain a lui et lui dist: 'Sire chevalier, je scay
tout certainement que vous estes durement navres.' 'Dame, dist-il, Vous dictes voir.'
'Eut vous chees en telles mains qui bien vous sauront guerir.' 'Dame, moult grant
mercis', dist Alixandre l'Orphelins (*see note*).

horse-lettir, and so led hym into the castell, for he had no foote to stonde uppon the erthe; for he had sixtene grete woundis, and in especiall one of them was lyke to be his deth.

- (37) Than quene Morgan le Fay serched his woundis and gaff
 5 hym suche oynement that he sholde have dyed. And so on the morne whan she cam to hym agayne, he complayned hym sore. And than she put another oynemente uppon hym, and than he was oute of his payne.

Than cam the damesell of the castell and seyde unto Morgan le Fay,

'I pray you helpe me that this knyght myght wedde me, for he hath wonne me with his hondis.'

'Ye shall se,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'what I shall sey.'

- Than this quene Morgan le Fay wente to sir Alysaudir
 15 and bade hym in ony wyse that he shulde refuse this lady, 'and she desyre to wed you; for she is nat for you'.

265^v So this damesell cam and desired of hym maryage.

'Damesell,' seyde sir Alysaudir, 'I thanke you, but as yet I caste me nat to mary in this contrey.'

- 20 'Sir,' she seyde, 'sythyn ye woll nat mary me, I pray you, insomuche as ye have wonne me, that ye woll gyff me to a knyght of this contrey that hath bene my frende and loved me many yerys.'

'Wyth all myne herte,' seyde sir Alysaudir, 'I woll as-
 25 sente thereto.'

Than was the knyght sente fore, and his name was sir Geryne le Grose. And anone he made them honde-faste and wedded them.

- Than cam quene Morgan le Fay to sir Alysaudir and
 30 bade hym aryse, and so put hym in an horse-lytter. And so she gaff hym sucche a drynke that of three dayes and three nyghtes he waked never, but slepte. And so she brought hym to hir owne castell that at that tyme was called La Beale Regarde. Than Morgan le Fay com to sir Alysaudir and
 35 axed hym yf he wolde fayne be hole.

'Madame, who wolde be syke and he myght be hole?'

1 C† he he 2 C foote ne myst to 6 agayne *not in C* 7 C other
 oynements 14 *this not in C* 14, 29, 34 *sir not in C* 15 *hym not in C*
 18 Csayd Orphelyn I thanke 26 and *not in C* 31 Cinthre dayes 33-4
 C† Beale regard F Belle Garde 36 Madame *not in C* C seke said
 Alysander and he

'Well,¹ seyde Morgan, 'than shall ye promyse me by youre knyghthode that this twelve-monthe and a day ye shall nat passe the compace of this castell, and ye shall lyghtly be hole.'

'I assent me,' seyde sir Alysauindir.

And there he made hir a promyse and was sone hole. And 5 whan sir Alysauindir was hole, he repented hym of his othe, for he myght nat be revenged uppon kynge Marke.

Ryght so there cam a damesell that was cousyn nyghe to the erle of Pase, and she was cousyn also unto Morgan le Fay; and by ryght that castell of La Beale Regarde sholde 10 have bene hers by trew enherytaunce. So this damesell entyrd into this castell where lay sir Alysauindir, and there she founde hym uppon his bedde passynge hevy and all sad.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the damesell, 'and ye wolde be myrry, (38) 266'
1 cowde tell you good tydyngis.' 15

'Well were me,' seyde sir Alysauindir, 'and I myght hyre of good tydynges, for now I stonde as a presonere be my promyse.'

'Sir/ she seyde, 'wyte you well that ye be a presonere and wors than ye wene, for my lady, my cousyn, quene Morgan, 20 kepyth you here for none other entente but for to do hir plesure whan hit lykyth hir.'

'A, Jesu defende me,' seyde sir Alysauindir, 'frome suche pleasure! For I had levir kut away my hangers than I wolde do her only suche pleasure!' 25

'As Jesu me helpe,' seyde the damesell, 'and ye wolde love me and be ruled by me, I shall make your delyveraunce with your worship.'

'Telle me now by what meane, and ye shall have my love.'

'Fayre knyght,' sayde she, 'this castell ought of ryght to 30 be myne. And I have an uncle [the whiche] is a myghty erle, and he is erle of the Pace; and of all folkis he hatyth [moste] Morgan le Fay. And I shall sende unto hym and pray hym for my sake to destroy this castell for the evyll customys that bene used therein, and than woll he com and sette fyre on every 35

2 C this daye twelue 3 C and withoute doubte ye 4 me not in C 6
sirnottnC 7 Creuengyd S reuenged 10 C† regard 17 Cstande
S stand 19 C wete ye wel 20 C Morgan le fay 22 C pleasyr with
yow whan 24 Cawey S away 25 only not in C 29 C me said
Alysander by what 32 C of pase C moost 35—p. 644, 1 C sette
wylde fyre on euery parte of the castel and I shalle gete

parte with wylde fyre. And so shall I gete you at a prevy postren, and there shall ye have your horse and your harneis/ 'Fayre damesell, ye sey passynge well.'

'And than may ye kepe the rome of this castell this twelve- 5 monthe and a day, and than breke ye nat youre othe.'

'Truly, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Alysaunder, 'ye say sothe.'

And than he kyssed hir and ded to her plesaunce as hit pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers.

So anone she sente unto hir uncle and bade hym com to 10 destroy that castell; for, as the booke seyth, he wolde have destroyed that castell aforetyme, had nat that damesell bene.

Whan the erle undirstode hir letteris, he sente her worde 266* on suche a day he wolde com and destroy that castell. So whan that day cam, sir Alysaunder yode to a postren where 15 he sholde fle into the gardyne, and there he sholde fynde his armoure and his horse.

So whan the day cam that was sette, thydir cam the erle of the Pase wyth four hondred knyghtes and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castell, that or they seased they leffte nat 20 one stone stondynge.

And all this whyle that this fyre was in the castell, he abode in the gardyne. And whan the fyre was done, he let crye that he wolde kepe that pyce of erthe, thereas the castell of La Beale Regarde was, a twelve-monthe and a day frome all 25 maner of knyghtes that wolde com.

So hit happed there was a deuke Aunsyrus, and he was of the kynne of sir Launcelot. And this knyght was a grete pylgryme, for every thirde yere he wolde be at Jerusalem; and bycause he used all his lyff to go in pylgrymage, men 30 called hym deuke Anserus the Pylgryme. And this deuke had a doughter that hyght Alys, that was a passynge fayre woman; and bycause of her fadir she was called Alys le Beall Pylgryme.

And anone as she harde of this crye, she wente unto kyng 35 Arthurs [courte] and seyde opynly, in hyrynge of many

3 C Ye say wel damoysele sayd Alysander	4 C thenne she sayd ye may kepe
12-13 C word ageyne that on suche	14-15 C came she shewed Alysander a
posterne where thorou he	15 Cagardyn
S knyghtes	18 C of pase Ckuyghtes
22 Clete make a crye	24 C† regard Candadaye S
and daye	25 of not in C
26 C that hyst Ansirus	30 C Anserus
32-3 C le beale pylgrym S la beale pylgrym	34 kyng not in C

knyghtes, that what knyght may overcom that knyght that
kepyth the pyce of erthe 'shall have me and all my londis.'

Whan knyghtes of the Rounde Table harde hir sey thus,
many of them were glad, for she was passynge fayre and
ryche, and of grete rentys. 5

Ryght so she lete crye in castellys and townys as faste on
her syde as sir Alysaundir ded on his syde. Than she dressed
hir pavyllion streyte by the pyese of erthe that sir Alysaundir
kepte.

So she was nat so sone there but there cam a knyght of 10
kyng Arthurs courte that hyght sir Sagramour le Desyrus, 267'
and he profyrde to juste wyth sir Alysaundir. And so they
encountyrd, and he bruse his speare uppon sir Alysaundir.
But sir Alysaundir smote hym so sore that he avoyded his
arson of his sadyll to the erthe. 15

Whan La Beale Alys sawe hym juste so well, she thought
hym a passyng goodly knyght on horsebacke. And than she
lepe oute of hir pavyllion and toke sir Alysaundir by the
brydyll, and thus she seyde:

'Fayre knyght! Of thy knyghthode, shew me thyvysayge.' 20

'That dare I well,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'shew my vysayge.'

And than he put of his helme, and whan she sawe his
vysage she seyde,

'A, swete Fadir Jesu! The I muste love, and never othir.'

'Than shewe me youre vysage,' seyde he. 25

And anone she unwympeled her, and whan he sawe her (39)
he seyde,

'A, Lorde Jesu! Here have I founde my love and my lady!
And therefore, fayre lady, I promyse you to be youre knyght,
and none other that beryth the lyff.' 30

'Now, jantyll knyghte,' seyde she, 'telle me youre name.'

'Madame, my name is sir Alysaundir le Orphelyne.'

'A, sir/ seyde she, 'syth ye lyst to know my name, wyte
you well my name is Alys la Beale Pellaron. And whan we

2 C that (S the) pyece 4 of them *not in C* 5 and ryche *not in C* 7 C as
as 11 C hyghte Sagramore le desyrus 12 C with Alysander 13 C and
Sagramore le desyrus brysed 14-16 C soo harde that he auoyded his sadel And
whanne 20 C I requyre the of 24 fadir *not in C* 26 C her vysage And
28 A, lorde Jesu *not in C* 28-9 C lady Truly fayre lady said he I promyse
32 Madame *not in C* 32-4 C is said he Alysander le Orphelyn Now damoyssel
telle me your name said he my name is said she Alys la beale pilgrym

be more at oure hartys ease, bothe ye and I shall telle of what bloode we be com.'

So there was grete love betwyxt them.

And as they thus talked, there cam a knyght that hyght 5 sir Harleuse le Berbuse, and axed parte of sir Alysaunder spearys. Than sir Alysaunder encountred with hym, and at the fyrste sir Alysaunder smote hym over his horse croupe. And than there cam another knyght that hyght sir Hewgon, and sir Alysaunder smote hym downe as he ded that othir.

10 Than sir Hewgon profirde batayle on foote, and anone sir Alysaunder overthrewe hym within three strokys; and than he raced of his helme and there wolde have slayne hym, had he nat yelded hym. So than sir Alysaunder made bothe tho knyghtes to swere to were none armour of a twelve-monthe 15 and a day. Than sir Alysaunder alyght, and wente to reste hym and to repose hym.

267^v Than the damesell that halpe sir Alysaunder oute of the castell, in her play tolde Alys alltogydir how he was presonere in the castell of La Beall Regarde; and there she tolde her 20 how she gate hym oute of preson.

'Sir,' seyde Alys la Beall Pillaron, 'mesemyth ye ar muche beholdyng to this mayden.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Alysaunder.

And there Alys tolde of what bloode she was com, and 25 seyde,

'Sir, wyte you well that I am of the bloode of kynge Ban, tha[t] was fadir unto sir Launcelot.'

'Iwys, fayre lady,' seyde sir Alysaunder, 'my modir tolde me my fadir was brothir unto a kynge, and I am nye cousyn 30 unto sir Trystram.'

So this meanewhyle cam three knyghtes; that one hyght sir Vayns, and that other hyght Harvis le Marchis, and the thirde hyghte Peryne de la Mountayne. And with one speare

5 C† Harsouse le Berbuse F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 382^v col. 2) Herlaux le Barbu
10 C*Heugon F (ibid., f. 382^v col. 1) Hugon and anone not in C 11 C
Alysander ouercame hym with thre 11-12 and than he raced of his helme not
in C† F (ibid., col. 2) lui arrache le hiaume de la teste 13 sir not in C 14
C armour in a 15 C alý3te doun and 19 C regard 24 C told hym
of 24-5 and seyde not in C 26 C wel she said that 27 W than was
28 C ye wys sir not in C 29 C me that my 31 C came there thre
32 sir not in C C Haruys de la marches F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 383^v col. 2)
Herni (Hervil) le Marchis 33 C Peryn de la montayne

sir Alysaundir smote them downe all three, and gaff them suche fallys that they had no lyst to fyght uppon foote. So he made them to swere to were none armys atwelve-monthe.

So whan they were departed sir Alysaundir behylde his lady Alys on horsebak as she stooode in hir pavyllion, and than 5 was he so enamerred uppon her that he wyst nat whether he were on horsebacke other on foote. Ryght so cam the false knyght sir Mordred and sawe sir Alysaundir was so afonned uppon his lady, and therewithall he toke hys horse by the brydyll and lad hym here and there, and had caste to have 10 lad hym oute of that place to have shamed hym.

So whan the damesell that halpe hym oute of that castell sawe how shamefully he was lad, anone she lete arme her and sette a shyld uppon her shuldir. And therewith she amownted uppon his horse and gate a naked swerde in hir 15 honde, and she threste unto Alysaundir with all hir myght, and she gaff hym suche a buffet that hym thought the fyre flowe oute of his yghen.

And whan sir Alysaundir felte that stroke he loked aboute hym and drew his swerde. And whan she sawe that, she 20 fledde, and so ded sir Mordred into the foreyste. And the 268^r damesell fled into the pavylyon.

So whan sir Alysaundir undirstood hymselff how the false knyght wolde have shamed hym had nat the damesell bene, than was he wroth with hymselff that sir Mordred had so 25 ascaped his hondis. But than sir Alysaundir and his lady Alys had good game at the damesell, how sadly she smote hym uppon the helme.

Than sir Alysaundirjusted thus day be day, and on foote ded many batayles with many knyghtes of kyng Arthurs 30 courte, and with many knyghtes straungers, that for to tell batayle by batayle hit were overmuche to reherse. For every day in that twelve-monthe he had to do wyth one knyght owther wyth another, and som day with three or four, and there was never knyght that put hym to the warre. 35

And at the twelve-monthes ende he departed with his lady

3 C armes in a twelue moneth	5 C† as he stood	8-9 C was assoted vpon
14 Csheld S shelde	14-15 C she mounted	19 sir <i>not in C</i>
20 C† whan he sawe	27-8 Cshe hytte hym	31-2 C straungers therforeto telle
alle the batails that he did it were	33 C within that	33-4 C knyght or with
other and some day he had adoo with thre or with foure		35 C to the werse

La Beall Pyllerowne. And that damesell wolde never go
 frome hym, and so they wente into their contrey of Benoy
 and lyved there in grete joy.

- o) But, as the booke tellyth, kynge Marke wolde never stynte
 5 tylle he had slayne hym by treson. And by Alis he gate a
 chylde that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse, and by good fortune
 he cam to the courte of kynge Arthure and preved a good
 knyght. And he revenged his fadirs deth, for this false kynge
 Marke slew bothe sir Trystram and sir Alysauindir falsely
 10 and felonsly.

And hit happed so that sir Alysauindir had never grace ne
 fortune to com to kynge Arthurs courte; for and he had com
 to sir Launcelot, all knyghtes seyde that knew hym that he
 was one of the strengyste knyghtes that was in kynge Arthurs
 15 dayes. And grete dole was made for hym.

SO LETTE WE HYM PASSE AND TURNE WE TO ANOTHER TALE.

1 C Alys la beale pylgrym	7-8 C a passynge good	8 C the fals
9 C & Alysander	n C that Alysander	13 that <i>not tn C</i>
<i>not in C</i>	16 C we of hym passe	14 kynge

IX

THE TOURNAMENT AT SURLUSE

*[Winchester MS., ff. 268^r-277^r;
Caxton, Book X, chs. 40-49]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

40. How sir Galahalt dyd do crye a justes in Surluse, and queue Guenevers knyghtes shold juste ayenst all that wold come.
41. How syr Lancelot fought in a tournoyment, and how syr Palomydes dyd armes there for a damoyzell.
42. How syr Galahault and syr Palomydes faught togyder, and of syr Dynadan and syr Galahault.
43. How syr Archade appeled syr Palamydes of treason, and how syr Palamydes slewe hym.
44. Of the thyrd day, and how syr Palomydes justed wyth syr Lamerok, and other thynges.
45. Of the fourth day, and of many grete feates of armcs.
46. Of the fifth day, and how syr Lamerok byhaved* hym.
47. How Palamydes fought wyth Corsabryn for a lady, and how Palamydes slewe Corsabryn.
48. Of the sixth day and what was thenne doon.
49. Of the seventh batayll, and how syr Launcelot, beyng desguysed lyke a mayde, smote doun syr Dynadan.

* C bybaued S byhaued.

SO hit befelle that sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, lorde
 of the contrey of Surluse, whereof cam oute many good
 knyghtes—and this noble prince was a passyng good man
 of armys, and ever he hylde a noble felyship togydirs— and
 than he cam to kynge Arthurs courte and tolde hym his en- 5 268¹
 tente, how this was his wyll: he had let cry a justys in the
 contrey of Surluse, the whyche contrey was within the bandis
 of kynge Arthur, and there he asked leve to crye a justys.

'I woll gyf you leve/ seyde kynge Arthure, 'but wyte you
 well I may not be there myself.' 10

'Sir,' seyde quene Gwenyver, 'please hit you to gyff me
 leve to be at that justis?'

'Wyth ryght a good wyll,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for sir
 Galahalte, the good prynce, shall have you in governaunce.'

'Sir, as ye wyll, so be hit'. Than the quene seyde, 'I woll 15
 take with me suche knyghtes as lykyth me beste.'

'Do as ye lyste,' seyde kynge Arthure.

So anbre she commaunded sir Launcelot to make hym
 redy with suche knyghtes as hym thought beste.

So in every goode towne and castell off this londe was 20
 made a crye that in the contrey of Surluse sir Galahalte shulde
 make a justis that sholde laste seven dayes, and how the
 Hawte Prince, with the helpe of quene Gwenyvers knyghtes,
 sholde juste agayne all maner of men that commyth. Whan
 this crye was knowyn, kynges and prynces, deukes, erlys 25
 and barownes and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at
 that justys.

And at the day of justenyng there cam in sir Dynadan
 disgysed, and ded many grete dedis of armys. Than at the (41)
 requeste of quene Gwenyver and of kynge Bagdemagus sir 30
 Launcelot com into the thrange, but he was disgysed; that
 was the cause that feaw folke knew hym. And there mette
 wyth hym sir Ector de Marys, his owne brother, and ayther

5 kynge *not in C* 6 C wyll how he wold lete 7-8 C within the landes of
 8 C axed leve to lete crye 9-10 C wete thou wel 10 myself *not in C*
 13 a *not in C* 14 C the haute prynce 15-16 C† Syr said Galahalt I wille
 as ye wyll sir thenne the quene (S quene) I wille take with me and suche knyghtes
 as pleasen me best 22 C† eyghte dayes 24 C men that wold come 31
 P in to the rayeng but he was disgysed and that

brake their spearys uppon other to their handis. And than aythir gate another speare, and than sir Launcelot smote downe sir Ector, his owne brother.

That sawe sir Bleoberys, and he smote sir Launcelot up-
 5 pon the helme suche a buffet that he wyste nat well where
 269^f he was. Than sir Launcelot smote sir Bleoberys so sore
 uppon the helme that his hed bowed downe bakwarde, and
 he smote hym efft another stroke, and therewith he avoyded
 his sadyll. And so he rode by and threste in amonge the
 10 thyckkyst.

Whan the kynge of North Galys saw sir Ector and sir
 Bleoberys ley on the grounde, than was he wrothe, for they
 cam on his party agaynste them of Surluse. So the kynge
 of North Galys ran unto sir Launcelot and brake a speare
 15 uppon hym all to pecis. And therewith sir Launcelot over-
 take the kynge of North Galys and smote hym such a buffet
 on the helme with his swerde that he made hym to avoyde
 the arson of his sadyll. And anone the kynge was horsed
 agayne.

20 So kynge Bagdemagus and the kynge of Northe Galys
 aythir party hurled to other, and than began a stronge medfℓ,
 but they of Northe Galys were muche bygger than the other.

So whan sir Launcelot saw his party go so to the warre,
 he thrange oute to the thyckkyst with a bygge swerde in his
 25 honde. And there he smote downe on the ryght honde and
 on the lyffte hond, and pulled downe knyghtes and russed
 of helmys, that all men had wondir that ever knyght myght
 do suche dedis of armys.

Whan sir Mellyagaunce that was sonne unto kynge Bag-
 30 demagus saw how sir Launcelot fared, and whan he undir-
 stood that hit was he, he wyste well that he was disgysed for
 his sake. Than sir Mellyagaunce prayde a knyght to sle sir
 Launcelotes horse, other with swerde or speare.

4-5 C he smote sir launcelot suche a buffet uppon the helme that he wyste not

6 C* launcelot was wrothe and smote

8 C another buffet that he auoyded

9-10 C threst forth to the thyckest

17-18 C auoyde his hors and anone

20 C So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus

21 aythir *not in C*

22-3 Cwere

ferre bygger Whanne sire

23 C the werst

24 C thrange in to the thyckest

prees with a sword

26-7 C and racyd of their helmys

27 C euer one

knyght

29 C Mellegaunt

30 C* ferd he merueiled gretely And whan he

32 C Malegaunt

33 Cor with spere

And at that tyme, kynge Bagdemagus mette with another knyght that hyght Sauseyse, a good knyght, and sayde,

'Now, fayre knyght sir Sauseyse, encountir with my sonne, sir Mellyagaunce, and *gyff* hym layrge pay, for I wolde that he were well beatyn of thy hondis, that he myght departe oute 5
of this felyship.' 269^v

And than sir Sauseyse encountyrd with sir Mellyagaunce, and aythir smote other adowne. And than they fought on foote. And there sir Sauseyse had wonne sir Mellyagaunce, had there nat com rescowys. 10

So than the Haute Prynce blewe to lodgyng, and every knyght unarmed hym and wente to the grete feyste.

Than in the meanewhyle there came a damesell to the Haute Prynce and complayned that there was a knyght that hyght sir Gonereyes that withhyld all her londis. And so 15
the knyght was there presente, and keste his glove to hir or to ony that wolde fyght in hir name. So the damesell toke up the glove all hevily for the defaute of a champyon. Than there cam a varlet to her and seyde,

'Damesell, woll ye do aftir me?' 20

'Full fayne/ seyde the damesell.

'Than go ye unto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an ermytage, and that knyght folowyth the questynge beeste, and pray hym to take the batayle uppon hym. And anone he woll graunte you.' 25

So anone she toke her palferey, and within a whyle she founde that knyght whyche was called sir Palomydes. And whan she requyred hym he armed hym and rode with her and made her go to the Haute Prynce and to aske leve for hir knyght to do batayle. 30

'I woll well,' seyde the Haute Prynce.

Than the knyghtes made them redy and cam to the fylde to juste on horsebacke, and aythir gate a grete speare in his honde, and so mette togydirs so hard that their spearis all

2 Cgoodknyghtetowhomhesayd 3 knyght sir *not in C* 4 CMalegeaunt
C large payment that *not in C* \$-6 C oute of this feld 7 Csyr (Ssyre)
Malegeaunt 10 C not there 15 sir *not in C* C Goneryes that withhelde
her alle her 16-17 C† to hym or to ony (S any) that 23 C that foloweth
25 C anone I wote wel he 27 C knyght that was sire Palomydes 30 C
knyght S knyght 32 C knyghtes were redy in the feld 33 grete *not*
in C 33-4 C in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that

to-shevird. And anone they flange oute their swerdis, and sir Palomydes smote sir Gonereyse downe to the erthe. And than he raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than they wente to souper.

- 5 And this damesell loved sir Palomydes as her paramour, but the booke seyth she was of his kynne.

So than sir Palomydes disgysed hymselff in this maner: in his shyld he bare the questynge beste, and in all his trapours. And whan he was thus redy he sente to the Haute Prynce to
 10 gyff hym leve to juste with othir knyghtes, but he was adouted
 270^r of syr Launcelot. Than the Haute Prynce sente hym worde agayne that he sholde be wellcom, and that sir Launcelot sholde nat juste wyth hym. Than sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce lete cry that what knyght somever smote downe sir
 is Palomydes sholde have his damesell to hymselff to his demaynes.

- (42) HERE BEGYNNYTH THE SECUNDE DAY. And anone as sir Palomydes came into the fylde, sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was at the raunge ende, and mette wyth sir Palo-
 20 mydes and he with hym with two grete spearys. And they came so harde togydys that their spearys all to-shevirde. But sir Galahalte smote hym so harde that he bare hym bakwarde over his horse, but yet he loste nat his styroppis. Than they pulled oute their swerdis, and laysshed togydirs many sad
 25 strokis, that many worshypfull knyghtes leffte their busynes to beholde them. But at the laste sir Galahalte smote a stroke of myght unto sir Palomydes sore uppon the helme; but the helme was so harde that the swerde myght nat byghte, but slypped and smote of the hede of his horse.

- 30 But whan sir Galahalte saw the good knyght sir Palomydes fall to the erthe, he was ashamed of that stroke. And therewithall he alyght adowne of his owne horse, and prayde sir Palomydes to take that horse of his gyffte and to forgyff hym that dede.

- 35 'Sir/ seyde sir Palomydes, *I thanke you of youre grete

1 C out swerdes	2 C Gonereys	5 C her not in C	7, 27, 35 sir not in C
14 that not in C	Csomeuer he were that smote	15-16 to his demaynes not in C	
20 two not in C	23-4 C they drewe their	26 C Galahalt the	
haut prynce smote	27 W so sore	29-30 C* hede of the hors of sir	
Palomydes whan the haut prynce wyst and sawe	30 sir Palomydes not in C		
32 C alyghte doune	32-3 C prayd the good knyghte Palomydes		

goodnes, for ever of a man of worship a knyght shall never have disworshyp.'

And so he mownted uppon that horse, and the Haute Prynce had another horse anone.

'Now,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'I releace to you that 5 maydyn, for [ye] have wonne her.'

'A,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'the damesell and I be at youre commaundement.'

So they departed, and sir Galahalte ded grete dedis of armys. And ryght so cam sir Dynadan and encountryd wyth 10 sir Galahalte, and aythir cam on other so faste that their spearys brake to there hondis. But sir Dynadan had wente the Haute Prynce had bene more weryar than he was, and than he smote many sad strokes at the Haute Prynce. But 270^v whan sir Dynadan saw he myght nat gete hym to the erthe, 15 he seyde,

'My lorde, I pray you, leve me and take anothir.'

So the Haute Prynce knew nat sir Dynadan, but leffte hym goodly for his fay re wordis, and so they departed. But another knyght there cam and tolde the Haute Prynce that hit 20 was sir Dynadan.

'Iwys,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'therefore am I hevy that he is so scaped fro me, for with his mokkis and his japyss now shall I never have done with hym.'

And than sir Galahalte rode faste aftyr hym and bade hym, 25

'Abyde, sir Dynadan, for kynge Arthurs sake!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'so God me helpe, we mete no more togydyrs this day!'

Than in that haste sir Galahalte mett with sir Mellya-gaunce, and he smote hym so in the throte that and he had 30 fallyn his necke had be brokyn. And with the same speare he smote downe anothir knyght.

Than cam in they of the Northe Galys and many straungers with them, and were lyke to have put them of Surluse to the

2 C† baue (S haue) 6 W for I have wonne her C* for ye haue wonne her
F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 386^r col. 1): je m'en tiens pour vaincuz et vous clain quite
 la damoisele 11-12 C* came to other so fast with their speres that their speres
 (homoeoteleuton in W?) 13 C more wery than 7, 10, 12, 15, 18, 21, 25, 26, 27 sir
 not in C 18-19 C† lefte goodely 19-20 C but soone there came another and
 told 22 C for soth sayd the prynce 29-30 C in that wrathe the haute
 prynce mette with Melyagaunt 31 be not in C 34 with them not in C†

worse, for sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce had overmuche in honde. So there cam the good knyght sir Symounde the Valyaunte with forty knyghtes and bete them all abacke.

Than quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot let blow to 5 lodgyng, and every knyght unarmed hym and dressed them to the teste.

(43) So whan sir Palomydes was unarmed he axed lodgyng for hymselff and the damesell, and anone the Haute Prynce commaunded them to lodgyng. And he was nat so sone in 10 his lodgyng but there cam a knyght that hyght Archade: he was brothir unto sir Gomoryes that sir Palomydes slewe afore in the damesels quarell. And this knyght Archede called sir Palomydes traytoure, and appeled hym for the deth of his brother.

15 'By the leve of the Haute Prynce,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall answeere the.'

271^r Whan sir Galahalte undirstood there quarell he bade them go to the dynere:

'And as sone as ye have dyned, loke that aythir knyght 20 be redy in the fylde.'

So whan they had dyned they were armed bothe and toke their horsys. And the quene and the prynce and sir Launcelot were sette to beholde them. And so they let ren their horsis, and there sir Palomydes and sir Archade mette, and 25 he bare sir Archade on his speare ende over his horse tayle. And than sir Palomydes alyght and drewe his swerde, but sir Archade myght nat aryse. And there sir Palomydes raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than the Haute Prynce and quene Gwenyver went to souper.

30 Than kynge Bagdemagus sente away his sonne Mellygaunce, bycause sir Launcelot sholde nat mete with hym; for he hated sir Launcelot, and that knewe he nat.

(44) NOW BEGYNNYTH THE THIRDE DAY OF JUSTIS. And at that day kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy, and there cam 35 agaynste hym kynge Marsyll that had in gyffte an ilonde of sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce. And this ilonde was called Pomytayne.

2 C knyghte Semound 4-5 C to lodgyng S the lodgyng 7,15,25,26, sir not in C 24-5 and sir Archade mette and he not in C 25 ende not in C 33 C of lustyng 35 C Marsyl 36-7 C yland had the name Pomytayn

Than hit befelle thus that kynge Bagdemagus and kynge Marsyll of Pomytayne mett togydir wyth spearys, and kynge Marsyll had suche a buffet that he felle over his horse croupe. Than cam therein a knyght of kynge Marsyls to revenge his lorde, and kynge Bagdemagus smote hym downe, horse and 5 man, to the erthe.

So there came an erle that hyght sir Arrowse, and sir Breuse, and an hondred knyghtes wyth hem of Pometaynes, and the kynge of Northe Galys was with hem, and all they were agaynste them of Surluse. And than there began a grete 10 batayle, and many knyghtes were caste undir their horse fyete. And ever kynge Bagdemagus ded beste, for he fyrste began and ever he was lengyste that helde on. But sir Gaherys, Gawaynes brother, smote ever at the face of kynge 271^v Bagdemagus, and at the laste he smote downe sir Gaherys, 15 horse and man.

And by aventure sir Palomydes mette with sir Blamour de Ganys, brother unto sir Bleoberys, and ayther smote other with grete spearis, that bothe horse and men felle to the erthe. But sir Blamour had [suche a falle that he had] allmoste broke 20 his necke, for the blood braste oute at the nose, mowthe, and earys. Than cam in deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and undir his governaunce there cam a knyght that hyght sir Elys la Noyre. And there encountyrd with hym kynge Bagdemagus, and he smote sir Elys, that he made hym to avoyde his arson 25 of his sadyll.

So this deuke Chalence of Claraunce ded there grete dedis of armys, and so late as he cam in the thirde day there ded no man so well excepte kynge Bagdemagus and sir Palomydes. And the pryce was gyvyn that day unto kynge 30 Bagdemagus, and than they blew unto lodgyng and unarmed them and wente to the feyste.

Ryght so cam in sir Dynadan and mocked and japed wyth

7 C hyght arrouse	8 C Pometayne	10 a not in C	11 their not in C
13 was lengyste that	not in C	But sir not in C†	15 C laste kynge
Bagdemagus hurtled doune	Gaherys	17 C Palomydes the good	Knyghte
17-18 C† syre Bleoberys de	Ganys syre Bleoberys broder	And eyther	19 C
both theyre horses and knyghtes	felle	20 C* Blamore had suche a	falle that he
had al moost broken	21 C† sor the S for the	21-2 C at nose mouthe and	his eres but at the laste he
recovered well by good surgens	(not in F)	Thenne there	cam
22 C Chaleyns	25-6 his arson of not in C	28-9 C there was	no man dyd soo
31 C Bagdemagns	S Bagdemagus	25, 33 sir not in C	

kyng Bagdemagus, that all knyghtes lowghe at hym, for he was a fyne japer and lovyng unto all good knyghtes.

So anone as they had dyned, there cam a varlet beerynge four spearys on his backe, and he cam to sir Palomydes and
5 seyde thus:

'Here is a knyght by that hath sente the choyse of four spearys, and requyryth you for youre ladyes sake to take that one halff of thes spearys and juste with hym in the fylde.'

'Telle hym/ seyde sir Palomydes,' "I woll nat fayle you"/
10 So sir Galahalte seyde, 'Make you redy!' So quene Gwenyver, the Haute Prynce, and sir Launcelot, they were sette in scaffoldis [to gyve the jugement of these two knyghtis].

Than sir Palomydes and the straunge knyght ran togydrys and brake there spearys to their hondys. And anone aythir
272^f 15 of them toke another speare and shyvyrd them in pecis. And than ayther toke a gretter speare, and than the knyght smote downe sir Palomydes, horse and man, and as he wolde have passed over hym the knyghtes horse stombeled and felle downe uppon sir Palomydes. Than they drewe theire
20 swerdis, and laysshed togydrys wondirly sore.

Than the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot seyde they saw never two knyghtes fyght bettir; but ever the straunge knyght doubled his strokys and put sir Palomydes abak.

And therewithall the Haute Prynce cryed 'WhooT'
25 And than they wente to lodgyng, and whan they were unarmed anone they knew hym for sir Lamerok. And whan Launcelot knew sir Lamerok he made muche of hym; for of all erthely men he loved hym beste excepte sir Trystram.

Than quene Gwenyver comended hym, and so did all good
30 knyghtes, (and) made muche of hym, excepte sir Gawaynes brethirne. Than quene Gwenyvir seyde unto sir Lancelot¹,

'Sir, I requyre you that and ye juste ony more, that ye juste wyth none of the blood of my lorde kyng Arthur.'

2 C and wel louyng alle 6 that *not in C* C sente yow the choyse 9
C fayle hym 10 C Whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this he badde Palomydes
make hym redy So the Quene 12 C* to gyue the Iugement of these two
Knyghtes *So in F* 13-14 Cranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their
handes 15 C tooke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered 17 C
man to the erthe 18 C the straunge knyghtes 4, 9, 19 sir *not in C* 20-1
CsoreagretewhyleThenne 22 C better than they dyd 26-7 C they knewe
hit was the noble kny3t syr Lamorak Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was
sirLamorak 29 C alle other good 31 /[^]Lamerok C* FLa(u)ncelot

And so he promysed he wolde nat at that tyme.

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE FOURTH DAY. Than cam into the (45)
fylde the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes, and all they
of Northe Galys, and deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and kyng
Marsyll of Pometayne. And there cam sir Saphir, sir Palo- 5
mydes brother, and he tolde hym tydynges of hys fadir and
of his modir.

'And his name was called [the] erle (de la Plaunche), and
so I appeled hym afore the kyng, for he made warre uppon
oure fadir and modir. And there I slewe hym in playne 10
batayle.'

So they two went into the fylde, and the damesell wyth
hem. And there cam to encounter agayne them sir Bleo-
berys de Ganys and sir Ector de Marys. And sir Palomydes
encountyrd wyth sir Bleoberys, and aythir smote other 15 272^v
downe. In the same wyse ded sir Saphir and sir Ector, and
tho two couplys ded batayle on foote.

Than cam in sir Lamerok, and he encountyrd with the
Kyng of the Hondred Knyghtes and smote hym quyte over
his horse tayle. And in the same wyse he served the kyng 20
of Northe Galys, and also he smote downe kyng Marsyll.
And so or ever he stynte he smote downe wyth his speare
and with his swerde thirty knyghtys. Whan deuke Chalens
saw sir Lamerok do so grete proues he wolde nat meddyll
with hym for shame. And than he charged all his knyghtes 25
in payne of deth that 'none of you towche hym, for hit were
shame to all goode knyghtes and that knyght were shamed'.

Than the two kynges gadird them togydirs, and all they
sett uppon sir Lameroke. And he fayled them nat, but
rushed here and there and raced of many helmys, that the 30
Haute Prince and quene Gwenyver seyde they sawe never
knyght do suche dedis of armys on horsebacke.

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot to kyng Bagdemagus, 'I woll
arme me and helpe sir Lamerok.'

'And I woll ryde wyth you,' seyde kyng Bagdemagus. 35

And whan they two were horsed they cam to sir Lamerok

4 C chaleyns of Claraunce 5 C pomatyn 5-6 C came Safyr Palomydes
6 of hys fadir and *not in* C† F nostre pere et nostre mere 8 W an erle (*see note*)
9 C† so he appeled hym afore kyng Arthur for 12 two *not in* C 30 C* there
smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & racyd 24, 33 sir *not in* C

that stood amonge thirty knyghtes, and well was hym that myght reche hym a buffet; and ever he smote agayne myghtyly. Than cam there into the pres sir Launcelot, and he threwe downe sir Mador de la Porte, and with the tron-
 5 cheon of that speare he threwe downe many knyghtes. And kyng Bagdemagus smote on the lyffte honde and on the ryght honde mervaylusly well. And than tho three kynges fledde abak.

And therewithall sir Galahalte lat blow to lodgyng; and
 10 all herrowdis gaff sir Lamerok the pryce.

273^r And all this whyle fought sir Palomydes, and sir Bleoberys, and sir Safer, and sir Ector on foote, and never was there four knyghtes more evynner macched. And anone they were departed, and had unto their lodgyng, and un-
 15 armed; and so they wente to the grete feste.

But whan sir Lamerok was com unto the courte quene Gwenyver enbraced hym in her armys and seyde,

'Sir, well have ye done this day!'

Than cam the Haute Prynce, and he made of hym grete
 20 joy, and so ded sir Dynadan, for he wepte for joy. But the joy that sir Launcelot made of sir Lamerok there myght no tonge telle. Than they wente unto reste.

And so on the morne the Haute Prynce sir Galahalte blew unto the fylde.

(46)25 HERE BEGYNNYTH THE FYFTH DAY. SO hit befell that sir Palomydes cam in the morne-tyde, and profyrde to juste thereas kyng Arthur was in a castell there besydys Surluse. And there encountryd with hym a worshypfull deuke that hyght Adrawns, and there sir Palomydes smote hym over his
 30 horse croupyr. And this deuke was uncle unto kyng Arthur.

Than sir Elvce, his Sonne, rode unto sir Palomydes, and so he servid sir Elyse in the same wyse. Whan sir Gawayne sawe

9 C There with all thenne sire 10 C alle the heroudes 11-12 C†oughte
 Palomydes sire Bleoberys sire Safere sire (S sire) Ector 12 C were 13 more not in C
 14-15 C vnrmed hem and 16 C come in to 17 C Gueneuer took hym in
 her 20 C dyd Dynadan 21 C sir Launcelot S sire Launcelot 21-
 2 C no man telle 23 so not in C 23 C the haute prynce lete blowe
 25 C begynneth the S begynneththe 28-9 that hyght Adrawns not in C†
 F Ardans 32 C† sire Elyses sone In F Elyse (Helis) is the son of Adrawns
 (Ardans). See note 32-3 C vnto Palomydes and Palomydes served Elyse
 33 C† sire Vwayne sawe F Gauvain

this he was wrothe. Than he toke his horse and encounterd with sir Palomydes, and sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that he wente to the erthe, horse and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote downe his three bretherne, that is for to say sir Mordred, sir Gaherys, and sir Aggra-5
vayne.

'A, JesuP seyde kynge Arthure, 'this is a grete dispyte that suche a Saryson shall smyte downe my blood!'

And therewithall kynge Arthure was wrothe and thought to have made hym redy to juste. That aspyed sir Lamerok, 10
that kynge Arthure and his blood was so discomfite. And anone he was redy and axed sir Palomydes if he wolde ony more juste.

'Why sholde I nat juste?' seyde sir Palomydes.

So they hurled togydirs and brake their spearys, and all 15 273?
to-shyvird them, that all the castell range of their dyntys. Than aythir gate a gretter speare, and they cam so fyersly togydir that sir Palomydes speare brake, and sir Lamerokes hylde. And therewythall sir Palomydes loste his spurrys, and so he lay upryght on his horse backe. But sir Palomydes 20
recoverde agayne and toke his damesell, and so sir Saffir and he went their way.

So whan he was departed the kynge cam to sir Lamerok and thankyd hym of his goodnes and prayde hym to tell hym his name. 25

'Syr,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'wyte you well I owghe you my servyse, but as at this tyme I woll nat abyde here, for I se off myne enemyes many aboute you.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'nowe wote I well hit is sir Lamerok de Galys. A, sir Lamerok, abyde wyth me! And 30
be my crowne, I shall never fayle the: and nat so hardy in sir Gawaynes hede, nothir none of his bretherne, to do the wronged

4-6 C doune thre bretheren of syre Gawayns that is for to say Mordred Gaherys
andAgrauayne 7 COIhesu kynge *not in C* 7-8 CdespyteofaSarasyn
thatheshalle 9 Cwaswoode wrothe 11 Cblood were discomfyte 12
sir *not in C* 14 juste *not in C* sir *not in C* 17 Cspere in his hand and
they 18 C to gyders but sir Palomydes spere all to brast and sir 19
C dyd holde 20-1 C† horsbak And thgne sire Palomydes retorned ageyne
21-2 C and sir (S sire) Safere retorned his way 23 C departed kynge Arthur
came 26 Cwetethowwel 28 Cabouteme 30 COLamorak 31
sir *not in C* 32-3 C the ony wronge

'Sir, grete wronge have they done me and you bothe.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for they slew their owne modir, my sistir. Hit had bene muche fayrer and bettir that ye hadde wedded her, for ye ar a kynges sonne as
5 well as they.'

'A, Jesu, mercy!' seyde sir Lamerok. 'Her deth shall I never forgete, and if hit were nat at the reverence of youre hyghnes, I sholde be revenged uppon sir Gawayne and his bretherne.'

10 'Truly,' seyde kynge Arthour, 'I woll make you at acorde.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'as at this tyme I may nat abyde with you, for I muste to the justis where is sir Launcelot and the Haute Pry nee sir Galahalte.'

So there was a damesell that was doughtir unto kynge
15 Baudas; and there was a Sarazen knyght that hyght sir Corsabryne, and he loved the damesell and in no wyse he wolde suffir her to be maryed. For ever this Corsabryne [njoysted her and named her that she was oute of her mynde, and thus he lette her that she myght nat be maryed.

(47)20 So by fortune this damesell harde telle that sir Palomydes
274^r ded muche for damesels. And anone she sente hym a pensell and prayde hym to fyght with sir Corsabroyne for her love, and he sholde have her and all her londis, and of her fadirs that sholde falle aftir hym. Than the damesell sente unto sir
25 Corsabryne and bade hym go unto sir Palomydes that was a paynym as well as he, and she gaff hym warnynge that she had sente hym her pensell; and yf he myght overcome sir Palomydes she wolde wedde hym.

Whan sir Corsabryne wyste of her dedis, than was he
30 wood wrothe. And anone he rode unto Surluse where the Haute Prynce [was], and there he founde sir Palomydes redy, the whyche had the pensell. And so there they waged batayle aythir with othir afore sir Galahalte.

1 C Syre said syre Lamorak wronge 2 C the kynge 3 C* the whiche me sore greueth It hadde 6 CO Ihesu said the noble knyght sire Lamorack vnto Arthur her 7 C* forgete I promyse yow and make myn auowe vnto god I shalle reuenge her deth as soone I see tyme conenable And yf hit 8 C shold now haue ben reuenged 10 kynge not in C 11 sir not in C 15 C† Baudes F Baudas 15-16 Chyghte Corsabryn 18 W moyseed (<inoyseed?) 20 sir not in C 21 C damoyseles sake soo she sent to hym 22 C corsabryn 23 C† haue her and her landes of her faders 24 C falle to her Thenne 24-5 C vnto corsabryn 28, 33 sir not in C 30 C wroth and angry

'Well,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'this day muste noble knyghtes juste, and at aftir dyner we shall se how ye can do/

Than they blew to justys. And in cam sir Dynadan and mette with sir Geryne, a good knyght, and he threw hym downe over his horse crouper. And sir Dynadan overthrew 5 four knyghtes mo, and there he dede grete dedis of armys, for he was a good knyght. But he was a grete skoffer and a gaper, and the meryste knyght amonge felyship that was that tyme lyvyng: and he loved every good knyght and every good knyght loved hym. 10

So whan the Haute Prynce saw sir Dynadan do so well, he sente unto sir Launcelot and bade hym stryke hym adowne:

'And [whan that ye have done] so, brynge hym afore me and quene Gwenyver.' 15

Than sir Launcelot ded as he was requyred. Than cam sir La[morak] and smote downe many knyghtes, and raced of helmys, and droff all the knyghtes afore hym, and sir Launcelot smote adowne sir Dynadan and made his men to unarme hym. And so brought hym to the quene, and tho 20 the Haute Prynce lowghe at sir Dynadan, that they myght nat stonde.

'Well/ seyde sir Dynadan, 'yet have I no shame, for the olde shrew sir Launcelot smote me downe.'

So they wente to dyner, all the courte, and had grete dis- 25 porte at sir Dynadan. 274^v

So whan the dyner was done, they blew to the fylde to beholde sir Palomydes and sir Corsabryne. Syr Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddys of the fylde, and than they hurled togydirs with her spearys as hit were thundir, ana 30 they smote aythir other to the erthe. And than they pulled oute there swerdis and dressed their shyldis and laysshed togydirs myghtly as myghty knyghtes, that well-nyghe

2 Ccanspede 4 CGeryn 7 grete not in C 8 Calaper 9 CMyuyng
And he hadde suche a customme that he loued 10-11 Chym ageyne Soo thenne
whanne 12-13 C stryke doune syre Dynadan 14 Homoeoteleuton in W
(adowne . . . done) 15 C and the noble quene 16-17 W Than cam sir
Launcelot and smote C* Thenne sire Lamorak and he smote 17 W knyghtes
and and 18 C afore them 20-1 C and the haute prynce and they*
C dynadan so sore that 25 C dyuer S dyner and not in C† 25-6 C had
good sporte at Dynadan 28 Cand Corsabryn 31 C and eyther smote

there was no pyse of harneyse wolde holde them, for this Corsabryne was a passynge felownse knyght. Than Corsabryne seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, wolt thou release me yondir damesell and
5 the pensell?'

Than was he wrothe oute of mesure, and gaff sir Palomyde[s] suche a buffet that he kneled on his kne. Than sir Palomydes arose lyghtly and smote hym uppon the helme, that he fell upryght to the erthe. And therewithall he raced
10 of his helme and seyde,

'Yelde the, Corsabryne, or thou shalt dye!'

'Fye on the,' seyde sir Corsabryne, 'and do thy warste!'

Than he smote of his hede. And therewithall cam a stynke of his body, whan the soule departed, that there
15 myght nobody abyde the savoure. So was the corpus had away and buried in a wood, bycause he was a pay[n]ym.

Than they blew unto lodgyng, and sir Palomydes was unarmed. Than he wente unto quene Gwenyver, to the Haute Prince, and to sir Launcelot.

20 'Sir,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'here have ye seyne this day a grete myracle by Corsabryne, what savoure was there whan the soule departed frome the body. Therefore we all requyre you to take the baptye upon you, and than all knyghtes woll sette the more be you.'

25 'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll that ye all knowe that into this londe I cam to be crystyned, and in my harte I am
275^r crystynde, and crystynde woll I be. But I have made suche a vowe that I may nat be crystynde tyll I have done seven trewe bataylis for Jesus sake, and than woll I be crystynde.

30 And I truste that God woll take myne entente, for I meane truly.'

Than sir Palomydes prayde quene Gwenyver and the Haute Prynce [to soupe with hym]; and so he ded bothe sir Launcelot and sir Lamerok and many other good
35 knyghtes.

2-4 C† knyghte Corsabryn said Palomydes wylte thou In F the speaker is
Corsabryn 6 C was Corsabryn 9 C felle doune ry3t to the erthe 11 C
Corsabryn yelde the, or ellys thou shalt dye of my handes 12 sir not in C and
not in C 15 C corps 16 Jf paymym 17, 25 sir not in C 22-3 C There
for syre we wylle requyre 23 Cand I promyse yowalle 24 C* by yow and
say more worship by yow 28 Can auowe 33 See note C† they dyd

So on the morne they herde there masse, and blewe to the
[felde,] and than many worshipfull knyghtes made them redy.

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE SYXTH DAY. Than cam therein sir (48)
Gaherys, and there encountyrd with hym sir Ossayse of
Surluse, and sir Gaherys smote hym over his horse croupe. 5
And than ayther party encountyrd with othir, and there were
many [speres broken and many] knyghtes caste undir fyete.

So there cam in sir Darnarde and sir Agglovale, that were
bretherne unto sir Lamerok, and they mette with other two
knyghtes, and aythir smote other so harde that all four 10
knyghtes and horsis fell to the erthe.

Whan sir Lamerok saw his two bretherne downe he was
wrothe oute of mesure; and than he gate a grete speare in
his honde, and therewithall he smote downe four good
knyghtes, and than his speare brake. Than he pulled oute 15
his swerde and smote aboute hym on the ryght honde and
on the lyffte honde, and raced of helmys and pulled downe
knyghtes, that all men mervayled of suche dedis of armys as
he ded, for he fared so that many knyghtes fledde. Than he
horsed his bretherne agayne and sayde, 20

'Bretherne, ye ought to be ashamed to falle so of your
horsis! What is a knyght but whan he is on horsebacke?
For I sette nat by a knyght whan he is on foote, for all
batayles on foote ar but pyllours in batayles, for there sholde
no knyght fyghte on foote but yf hit were for treson or ellys 25
he were dryvyn by forse to fyght on foote. Therefore,
bretherne, sytte faste in your sadyls, or ellys fyght never 275*
more afore me!'

So with that cam in the deuke Chalence of Claraunce.
And there encountyrd with hym the erle of Ulbawys of 30
Surluse, and aythir of hem smote other downe. Than the
knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed their lordis agayne, for sir
Ector and sir Bleoberys were on foote waytynge on the deuke
Chalence, and the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes was
with the erle of Ulbawes. 35

So wyth that cam sir Gaherys and laysshed to the Kyng

1 to not in C 2 many worshipfull not in C 7 Cf. p. 66g, 3-4. 8 C sir
Dornard 13 Coute S out 23 For not in C 24 Cpelowres batails 26
C dryuen therto by force therfore 27 C faste on your horses or 29, 34 C
Chaleyns 30, 35 C Vlbawes 33, 36 sir not in C

wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and he to hym agayne. Than cam the deuke Chalence and departed them. So they blew to lodgyng, and the knyghtes unarmed them and drewe them to there dyner.

5 And at the myddys of his dynar in cam sir Dynadan and began to rayle. And than he behelde the Haute Prynce that hym semed wrothe with som faute that he sawe: for he had a condission that he loved no fysshe, and bycause [he] was served with fysshe and hated hit, therefore he was nat myrry.

io And whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the Haute Prynce he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede, and anone that he gate betwyxte two disshis and served the Haute Prynce with that fysshe. And than he sayde thus:

'Sir Galahalte, well may I lykyn you to a wolff, for he
15 woll never ete fysshe, but fleysshe.'

And anone the Haute Prynce lowghe at his wordis.

'Well, well/ seyde sir Dynadan to sir Launcelot, 'what devyll do ye in this contrey? For here may no meane knyghtes wyne no worship for the/

20 'I ensure the, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall no more mete with the, nother with thy grete speare, for I may nat sytte in my sadyll whan thy speare hittyth me. And I be happy, I shall beware of thy boyteous body that thou beryst. Well/ seyde sir Launcelot, 'make good wacche [e]ver. God

25 forbode that ever we mete but hit be at a dysshe of mete!'

Than lowghe the quene and the Haute Prynce, that they
276^r myght nat sytte at their table, and thus they made grete joy tyll on the morne. And than they harde masse, and blew to the fylde, and quene Gwenyver and all astatys were sette as

30 jouges, armed clene with their shyldis to kepe the ryghtes.

(49) Now BEGYNNYTH THE SEVENTH BATAYLE. Here cam in the deuke Cambynes and there encountyrd with hym sir Arys-
taunce that was cownted a good knyght, and they mette so harde that aythir bare other adowne, horse and man. Than

35 there cam in the erle Lambayle and halpe the deuke agayne to horsebacke.

5 C of their dyner 8 C a customme he loued 9 C fysshe the whiche he
hated 17 C to launcelot 19-20 C for the sir Dynadan said Laucelot I ensure
the I 22 C And yf 23 C boystous 24 W Ouer (see note) 25 C
forbode 29 Call the estates 29-30 C* set and luges 30 Cryghte
36-p. 669, 1 C to hors Thenne came there

Than there cam in sir Ossayse of Surluse, and he smote the erle Lambayle downe frome his horse. And so they began grete dedis of armys, and many spearys were brokyn and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe. Than the kyng of Northe Galys and the erle Ulbawes smote togydys, that 5 all the jouges thought hit was mortall deth.

This meanewhyle quene Gwenyver and the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot made there sir Dynadan to make hym redy to juste.

'I woll,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'ryde into the fylde, but than 10 one of you twayne woll mete with me.'

Terdeus,' seyde the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot, 'ye may se how we sytte here as jouges with oure shyldis, and all way may ye beholde where we sytte here or nat.'

So sir Dynadan departed and toke his horse, and mette 15 with many knyghtes and ded passyngly well. And as he was departed, sir Launcelot disgysed hymself and put uppon his armour a maydyns garmente freyssshely attyred. Than sir Launcelot made sir Galyhodyn to lede hym thorow the raunge, and all men had wondir what damesell was that. 20 And so as sir Dynadan cam into the raunge, sir Launcelot, that was in the damesels aray, gate sir Galyhodys speare and ran unto sir Dynadan.

And allwayes he loked up thereas sir Launcelot was, and than he sawe one sytte in the stede of sir Launcelot armed. 25 But whan sir Dynadan saw a maner of a damesell, he dradde perellys lest hit sholde be sir Launcelot disgysed. But sir 276^v Launcelot cam on hym so faste that he smote sir Dynadan over his horse croupe. And anone grete coystrons gate sir Dynadan, and into the foreyste there besyde, and there they 30 dispoyled hym unto his sherte and put uppon hym a womans garmente and so brought hym into fylde; and so the[y] blew unto lodgyng, and every knyght wente and unarmed them.

And than was sir Dynadan brought in amonge them all, 35 and whan quene Gwenyver sawe sir Dynadan ibrought in so

2-3 C beganne they to doo grete	6 C was lyke mortal	11 C† one one
12 and sir Launcelot <i>not in</i> C†	14 C mayst thow	20 C damoyssel it was
24 C alwayes sire Dynadan loked	27 C peryls that it was syre	28-9 C
smote hym ouer	29 C† grete scornes gate	F des ribaux (<i>see note</i>)
Dynadan in to	32 C thefelde	36 C brought soo

amonge them all, than she lowghe, that she fell downe; and so dede all that there was.

⁴Well/ seyde sir Dynadan, 'sir Launcelot, thou arte so false that I can never beware of the/

5 Than by all the assente they gaff sir Launcelot the pryce; the next was sir Lameroke de Galys, and the thirde was sir Palomydes; the fourth was kynge Bagdemagus. So thes four knyghtes had the pryce, And there was grete joy and grete nobelay in all the courte.

10 And on the morne quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot departed unto kynge Arthur; but in no wyse sir Lamerok w[ol]de nat go wyth them.

'Sir, I shall undirtake,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that, and ye woll go wyth us, kynge Arthure shall charge sir Gawayne
15 and his bretherne never to do you hurte.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I woll nat truste to sir Gawayne, nother none of his bretherne. And wyte you well, sir La[uncelot], and hit were nat for my lorde kynge Arthurs sake, I shuld macche sir Gawayne and his bretherne well
20 inowghe. But for to say that I shall truste them, that shall I never. And therefore] I pray you recommaunde me unto kynge Arthure and all my lordys of the Rounde Table, and in what place that ever I com I shall do you all servyse to my power. And, sir, yet hit is but late that I revenged them
25 whan they were put to the [werse] by sir Palomydes.'

Tha[n] sir Lameroke departed frome sir Launcelot and
277^r all the felyship, and aythir of them wepte at her departynge.

(50) Now TURNE WE FRO THIS MATER AND SPEKE WE OF SIR TRYSTRAM, OF WHOM THIS BOOKE IS PRINCIPALL OFF. AND
30 LEVE WE THE KYNGE AND THE QUENE, AND SIR LAUNCELOT, AND SIR LAMEROK.

2 C there were	3 C Dynadan to launcelot	11-12 W lamerok wlode nat
18 W%\rlamerok	23 MnotinC	24 yttnotinC
whan my lord Arthurs kynne were	26-7 C laucelot and eyther wepte	24-5 Creuengydtatf

X

JOYOUS GARD

*[WinchesterMS., ff. 277^r-291^r
Caxton, Book X, chs. 50-60]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

50. How by treson syr Tristram was brought to a turnoymentf for to have be slayn, and how he was put in pryson.
51. How kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the Pope, and how syr Percyval delyverd syr Tristram oute of pryson.
52. How syr Trystram and La Beale Isoude came into Englund, and how syr Launcelot brought them to Joyous Garde.
53. How by the counceyl of Bele Ysoude Trystram rode armed, and how he mette wyth syr Palomydes.
54. Of syr Palomydes, and how he mette wyth syr Bleoberys and wyth syr Ector; and of syr Percyvale.
55. How syr Trystram mette wyth syr Dynadan, and of their devyses, and what he sayd to syr Gauwayns brethern.
56. How syr Trystram smote doun syr Agravayn and syr Gaheris, and how syr Dynadan was sente fore by La Beale Isoude.
57. How syr Dynadan mette wyth syr Trystram, and wyth justyng wyth syr Palamydes syr Dynadan knewe hym.
58. How they approched the Castel Lonajep, and of other devyses of the deth of syr Lamerok.
59. How they came to Humber banke, and how they fonde a shyppe there wherin laye the body of kyng Hermaunce.
60. How syr Trystram wyth his felawshyp came and were with an hoost whyche after faught wyth syr Trystram, and other maters.

f S tournoymment.

AND HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TRESON OF KYNGE MARKE THAT
A HE ORDAYNED AGAYNE SIR TRYSTRAM.

And there was cryed by the costys of Cornwayle a grete
turnemente and justys, and all was done by sir Galahalt the
Haute Prynce and kynge Bagdemagus to the entente to sle 5
syr Launcelot other ellys uttirly to destroy hym and shame
hym, bycause sir Launcelot had evermore the hygher degrē.
Therefore this prynce and this kynge made this justys ayenst
sir Launcelot.

And thus her counceyle was discovered unto kynge 10
Marke, whereof he was glad. Than kynge Marke unbe-
thought hym that he wolde have sir Trystram unto the
turnemente disgysed, that no man sholde knowe hym, to
that entente that the Haute Prynce sholde wene that sir
Trystram were sir Launcelot. 15

And so at that justys cam in sir Trystram, and at that
tyme sir Launcelot was not there. But whan they sawe a
knyght disgysed do suche dedis of armys, they wente hit
had bene sir Launcelot, and in especiall kynge Marke seyde
hit was sir Launcelot playnly. 20

Than they sette uppon hym, bothe kynge Bagdemagus
and the Haute Prynce, and there knyghtes seyde that hit
was wondir that ever sir Trystram myght endure that payne.
Notwythstondynge for all the payne that they ded hym, he
wan the degre at that turnemente, and there he hurte many 25
knyghtes and brused them wondirly sore.

So whan the justys was all done they knewe well that he
was sir Trystran de Lyones, and all they that were on kynge
Markis party were glad that sir Trystram was hurte, and all
the remenaunte were sory of his hurte, for sir Trystrams was 30
nat so behated as was sir Launcelot, nat wythin the realme
of Ingelonde. 277³

1 CMark SMarke 2 Cordeynedageynst 6 C'syr not in C 7 Chad
alweyesthe n C ful gladde 11-12 C bethoughte hym 16 Catthise
Iustes 22 C† theyre Knyghtes that 24-5 C that he had syr Tristram wanne
26 C* them and they hurte hym and brysed hym wonderly sore (*homoeoteleuton in*
W7) 27 C Iustes were alle 27-8 Cthat hit was 28 C all that 29
all not in C 31-2 C Launcelot within the Reame of England

Than cam kynge Marke unto sir Trystrams and sayde,
'Fayre newew, I am hevvy of your hurtys.'

'Gramercy, my lorde,' seyde sir Trystram.

Than kynge Marke made hym to be put in an horse
5 letter in grete tokenynge of love and sayde,

'Fayre cousyne, I shall[e be] your leche myselff.'

And so he rode forth wyth sir Trystram and brought hym
into a castell by daylyght. And than kynge Marke made sir
Trystram to ete, and aftir that he gaff hym a drynke; and
10 anone as he hadde drunke he felle on slepe. And whan hit
was nyght he made hym to be caryed to another castell, and
there he put hym in a stronge preson, and a man and a
woman to gyff hym his mete and his drynke. So there he
was a grete whyle.

15 Than was sir Trystram myssed, and no creature wyst
where he was becam. And whan La Beall Isode harde how
he was myste, pryvayly she wente unto sir Sadocke and
prayde hym to aspye where was sir Trystram. And whan sir
Sadocke knew how sir Trystram was myste he sought and
20 made spyes for hym.

And than he aspyed that kynge Marke had put the good
knyght in preson by his owne assente and the traytoure of
Magouns. Than sir Sadocke toke with hym too of his
cousyns and he layde them and hymself anone in a bushe-
25 mente faste by the castell of Tyntagyll in armys.

And as by fortune there cam rydyng kynge Marke and four
of his newewys and a sertayne of the traytours of Magouns.
So whan sir Sadocke aspyed them he brake oute of bushe-
mente and sette there uppon them. And whan that kynge
30 Marke aspyed sir Sadocke he fledde as faste as he myght, and
there sir Sadocke slew all the four newewys of kynge Marke,
his cousins. But thes traytours of Magouns smote one of
sir Sadockes cousins a grete wounde in the necke, but sir
Sadocke smote other twayne to the deth.

2 C am sory 4 C made sir T. 4-5 C hors bere in grete sygne of 9 that
not in C 9-10 C drynke the whiche as soone as he 12 C* pryson & there he
ordeyned a 13 C and drynke 18-19 C when Sadok wyst hou 19-25
C† myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyny (S kyng) mark &
the traitours of Magos thene sadok & two of his cosyns leid them in an enbusse-
ment 29 that not in C 31-2 C newewes vnto Kynge Marke But 32-3
C† Magons slewe one of Sadoks 34 C smote the other to the deth

Than sir Sadocke rode uppon his way unto the castell that was called Lyonas, and there he aspyde of the treson 278^r and felony of kynge Marke. So off that castell they rode wyth sir Sadocke tyll they cam to a castel that hyght Arbray, and there in the towne they founde sir Dynas the Senesciall 5 that was a good knyght. But whan sir Sadock had tolde sir Dynas of all the treson of kynge Marke, than he defyed suche a kynge and seyde he wolde gyff up all his londis that hylde of hym.

And whan he seyde thes wordis all maner knyghtes 10 seyde as sir Dynas sayde. Than by his advyse and of sir Sadockes he let stuff all the townys and castels wythin the contrey of Lyones and assemble all that they cowde make.

Now turne unto kynge Marke, that whan he was ascaped 15 (51) frome sir Sadocke he rode unto the castell of Tyntagyll, and there he made a grete cry and noyse, and cryed unto harneyse all that myght bere armys.

Than they sought and founde where was dede four cousyns of kynge Marke, and the traytoure of Magouns. 20 Than the kynge lette entyre them in a chapell.

Than kynge Marke lette cry in all the contrey that hylde of hym to go unto armys, for he undirstood that to the warre he muste nedis.

So whan kynge Marke harde and undirstood how sir 25 Dynas and sir Sadok were arysyn in the contrey of Lyones, he reme[mb]ird of treson and wyeles, and so thus he ded lete make and countirfete lettirs from the Pope, and dede make a straunge clarke to brynge tho lettys unto kynge Marke, the whyche lettys specified that kynge Marke sholde make 30 hym redy, uppon payne of cursynge, wyth his oste to com to the Pope to helpe hym to go to Jerusalem for to make warre uppon the Saresyns.

So whan this clarke was com by the meane of the kynge, anone therewyth kynge Marke sente that clarke unto sir 35 Trystram and bade hym sey thus, that and he wolde go

3 C* Soo they of that castel rode 8 all *not in C* 8-9 C that he held
13-14 C assembled all (*S alle*) the peple that they myght make 15 C torne we
vnto 16 C Casiel S Castel 25-6 C syre Sadok and sir Dynas 27 C
remembryd* of wyles and treason Lo thus W remendird 29 C to bere them
vnto 35 C anone with alle C sente these letters vnto

warre uppon the myscreauntes he sholde go oute of preson
278^v and have all his power with hym.

Whan sir Trystram undirstood this lettir, than he sayde
thus to the clerke:

- 5 'A, kynge Marke, ever haste thou bene a traytoure and
ever wolt be! But thou, clerke,' seyde sir Trystram, 'sey thou
thus unto kynge Marke: syne the Pope hath sente for hym,
bid hym go thidir hymselff. For telle hym, traytoure kynge
as he is, I woll nat go at his commaundement! Gete oute
10 of preson as well as I may, for I se I am well rewarded for
my trewe servyse.'

Than the clarke returned agayne unto kynge Mark and
tolde hym of the answeere of sir Trystram.

- 'Well/ seyde kynge Marke, 'yet shall he be begyled.'
15 And anone he wente unto hys chambir and countirfeted
lettirs, [and the lettirs] specyfyed that the Pope desyred sir
Trystram to com hymself to make warre uppon the mys-
creauntes.

- So whan the clerke cam agayne unto sir Trystram and
20 toke hym thes lettirs he aspyed they were of kynge Markes
countirfetyng, and sayde,

'A, kynge Marke! False hast thou ever bene, and so wolt
thou endeP

- Than the clarke departed frome sir Trystram and cam
25 unto kynge Marke agayne. And so by than there was com
four wounded knyghtes within the castell of Tyntagyll, and
one of them his necke was nyghe brokyn in twayne, and
another had his arme nyghe strykyn away; the thirde was
boren thorow with a speare; the fourthe had his thyghe
30 stryken in twayne. And whan they cam afore kynge Marke
they cryed and sayde,

* Kynge, why fleyste thou nat? For all this contrey ys
clyerly aysen ayenste the.'

1 Csholdbehadoute 2 with hym *not in C* 6 C wyllebe 7 CtheAp-
postlepope 9 Cgeteloute 10 as well *not in C* 12 agayne *not in C*
16 C* letters and the letters specyfyed {*homoeoteleuton in W*} 19 C was come
20 C* letters thenne sire Tristram behelde these letters & anone he aspyed they
W them they were 21-2 C counterfetyng A said syre Tristram fals hast thow
ben euer kynge Marke and soo 28 nyghe *not in C*† 29 C borne thurgh
29-30 C† his teeth stryken in tweyn F la cuisse tranchee 33 Carysen clerely
ageynst the

Than was kynge Marke wrothe oute of mesure.

And so in the meanewhyle there cam into the contrey sir Percivale de Galys to seke aftir sir Trystram. And whan sir Percivale harde that sir Trystram was in preson, he made clerly the delyveraunce of hym by his knyghtly meanys. 5 And whan he was so delyverde he made grete joy of sir Percivale, and so ded ech one of other. Than sir Trystram seyde unto sir Percivale,

'And ye woll abyde in this marchis, I woll ryde with you.'

'Nay/ seyde sir Percivale, 'in thes contreyes I may nat 10 279' tary, for I muste nedis into Wales.'

So sir Percivale departed frome sir Trystram and streyte he rode unto kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had delyvered sir Trystram. And also he tolde the kynge that he had done hymself grete shame for to preson sir Trystram 15 so, 'for he is now the knyght of moste reverence in the worlde lyvyng, and wyte you well that the noblyste knyghtes of the worlde lovyth sir Trystram. And yf he woll make warre uppon you, ye may nat abyde hit/

'That is trouthe,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but I may nat love 20 sir Trystram, bycause he lovyth my quene, La Beall Isode.'

'A, fy for shame' seyde sir Percivale, 'sey ye never so more! For ar nat ye uncle unto sir Trystram? And by youre neveaw ye sholde never thynke that so noble a knyght as sir Trystram is, that he wolde do hymself so grete vylany to 25 holde his unclys wyff. Howbehit,' seyde sir Percivale, 'he may love youre quene synles, because she is called one of the fayryst ladies of the worlde.'

Than sir Percivale departed frome kynge Marke, but yet he bethought hym of more treson, notwithstandinge he 30 graunted unto sir Percivale never by no maner of meanys to hurte sir Trystram.

So anone kynge Marke sente unto sir Dynas the Senesciall that he sholde put downe all the people that he had raysted, for he sente hym an othe that he wolde go hymself unto the 35

3 aftir *not in C* 3-4 *C* whan he herd 4 *C* syr Percyual made 5 *C* of sir
Tristram 12-13 *C* rode streyghte vnto 15-16 *C* for to putte sir Tristram in
pryson For 16 *C*moostrenommein this 18 Cloue 21 *C*my **Quene**
and my wyfla beale Isoud 23-4 *C* and he your neuewe ye 29-30 *C** **Marke**
Soo whan he was departed Kyng Mark bethought hym 30-1 *C* kyng **mark**
graunted syre (*S* syr) Percyuale 33 *C* Dynas *S* Dyanas

Pope of Rome to warre uppon the myscreauntes, 'and I trow that is fayrer warre than thus to areyse people agaynste youre kynge.'

And anone as sir Dynas undirstood that he wolde go
 5 uppon the myscreauntys, than sir Dynas, in all the haste
 that myght be, he putte downe all his people. And whan the
 people were departed every man to his home, than kynge
 Marke aspyed where was sir Trystram wyth La Beall Isode,
 and there by treson kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym
 10 in preson, contrary to his promyse that he made unto sir
 Percivale.

279^v Whan quene Isode undirstode that sir Trystram was in
 preson agayne, she made grete sorow as ever made lady or
 jantyllwoman. Than sir Trystram sente a lettir unto La
 15 Beall Isode and prayde hir to be his good lady, and sayde, yf
 hit pleased her to make a vessell redy for her and hym, he
 wolde go wyth her unto the realme of Logrys, that is this
 londe.

Whan La Beall Isode undirstood sir Trystrams [letters]
 20 and his entente she sente hym another and bade hym be of
 good comforte, for she wolde do make the vessell redy and
 all maner of thyng to purpose. Than La Beall Isode sente
 unto sir Dynas and to sir Sadok and prayde hem in ony
 wyse to take kynge Marke and put hym in preson unto the
 25 tyme that she and sir Trystram were departed unto the
 realme of Logrys.

Whan sir Dynas the Senesciall undirstood the treson of
 kynge Marke he promysed her to do her commaundemente,
 and sente her worde agayne that kynge Marke sholde be put
 30 in preson. And so as they devysed hit was done, and than
 sir Trystram was delyverde oute of preson. And anone in
 all haste quene Isode and sir Trystram wente and toke there
 counceyle, and so they toke wyth them what them lyste
 beste, and so they departed.

1 I trow *not in C* 2 C the peple 4 C that kynge marke wold 5
 Calle the hast S alle hast 6 that myght be he *not in C* 6 Calle the peple
 13 agayne *not in C* 15 sayde *not in C* 16 W hym and 22 maner of *not*
in C 23 C to sadok 26 C Royamme 28-9 C† her ageyne and sente
 her word that 30 C And as they deuyed it (S hit) soo hit was 31 C oute S out
 32 S Tristram and went 33-4 Cj- counceyll with that they wold haue with
 them whan they departed

Than La Beall Isode and sir Trystram toke their vessell (52)
 and cam by watir into this londe. And so they were nat
 four dayes in this londe but there was made a crye of a
 justys and turnement that kynge Arthure let make. Whan
 sir Trystram harde tell of that turnement he disgysed hym- 5
 selff and La Beall Isode and rode unto that turnemente. And
 whan he cam there he sawe many knyghtes juste and turney,
 and so sir Trystram dressed hym to the raunge. And to
 make shorte conclusyon, he overthrewe fourtene knyghtes
 of the Rounde Table. 10

Whan sir Launcelot saw thes knyghtes of the Rounde
 Table thus overthrowe he dressed hym to sir Trystram, and
 that saw La Beall Isode, how sir Launcelot was commyn 280^r
 into the fylde. Than she sente unto sir Launcelot a rynge to
 lat hym wete hit was sir Trystram de Lyones. Whan sir 15
 Launcelot undirstood that he was sir Trystram he was full
 glad and wolde nat juste. And than sir Launcelot aspyed
 whydir syr Trystram yeode, and aftir hym he rode, and than
 aythir made grete joy of other.

And so sir Launcelot brought sir Trystram and Isode 20
 unto Joyus Garde that was his owne castell, and he had
 wonne hit with his owne hondis. And there sir Launcelot
 put them in, to welde hit for their owne. And wyte you well
 that castell was garnysshed and furnyssshed for a kynge and
 a quene royall there to have suggeourned. And sir Launcelot 25
 charged all his people to honoure them and love them as
 they wolde do hymself.

So sir Launcelot departed unto kynge Arthure, and than
 he tolde quene Gwenyver how he that justed so well at the
 laste turnemente was sir Trystram, and there he tolde her 30
 how that he had with hym La Beall Isode, magre kynge
 Marke. And so quene Gwenyvere tolde all this to kynge
 Arthure, and whan kynge Arthure wyste that sir Trystram
 was ascaped and commyn from kynge Marke and had
 brought La Beall Isode with hym, than was he passyng glad, 35
 So bycause of sir Trystram kynge Arthure let make a cry

3 C in this land four dayes but there came a crye	n-12 C Knyghtes thus
ouerthrowen sire launcelot dressid	14 CThenne laBeale Isoud sente
15 Crynge and badde hym wete	16 C that there was
grete Ioye	19 C made of other
21-2 C Castel that he had wonne with	23 hit not in C
C atte last	29-30

that on Mayday shulde be a justis byfore the castell of
Lone[z]ep, and that castell was faste by Joyus Garde,

And thus kynge Arthure devysed that all the knyghtes of
this londe, of Cornwayle, and of North Walys, shulde juste
5 ayenste all thes contreyis: Irelande and Scotlonde and the
remenaunte of Walys, and the contrey of Goore and Surluse,
and of Lystenoyse, and they of Northumbirlonde, and all
those that hylde londis of kynge Arthurs a this halff the se.
So whan this crye was made many knyghtes were glad and

10 many were sad.

280^v 'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'by this
cry that ye have made ye woll put us that bene aboute you
in grete jouparte, for there be many knyghtes that hath envy
to us. Therefore whan we shall mete at the day of justis

15 there woll be harde skyffte for us/

'As for that/ seyde kynge Arthure, 'I care nat. There
shall we preve whoo shall be beste of his hondis.'

So whan sir Launcelot undirstood wherefore kynge Ar-
thure made this justenyng, than he made suche purvyaunce
20 that La Beall Isode sholde beholde the justis in a secrete
place that was honeste for her astate.

Now turne we unto sir Trystram and to La Beall Isode,
how they made joy togydrys dayly with all maner of myrthis
that they coude devyse.

2\$ And every day sir Trystram wolde go ryde an-huntyng,
for he was called that tyme the chyeff chacer of the worlde
and the noblyst blower of an home of all maner of mesures.
For, as bookis reporte, of sir Trystram cam all the good
termys of venery and of huntyng, and all the syses and
30 mesures of all blowyng wyth an home; and of hym we had
fyrst all the termys of hawkyng, and whyche were bestis of
chace and bestis of venery, and whyche were vermyns, and
all the blastis that longed to all maner of game: fyrste to
the uncouplyng, to the sekyng, to the fyndyng, to the

2 W Lonesep	C Lonazep	F Louvezerp	5 C alle	S all	7-8 C alle
they that	8 C of arthur	10 C many were vngladde	11,	16	kynge
not in C	13 C that have grete enuye	14 C when	S whan	15	
C skyfte amonge vs	23 C grete Ioy dayly to gyders	25 S and in euery			
26 C for sire Tristram was that tyme called the best chacer		30 C mesures of			
blowyng of an home	33 C longen	C gamen	34	to the fyndyng	
not in C†					

rechace, to the flyght, to the deth, and to strake; and many other blastis and termys, that all maner jantylmen hath cause to the worldes ende to prayse sir Trystram and to pray for his soule. AMEN, SAYDE SIR THOMAS MALLEORRE.

So on a day La Beall Isode seyde unto sir Trystram, 5 (53)

'I mervayle me muche that ye remembir nat youreselff how ye be here in a straunge contrey, and here be many perelous knyghtes, and well ye wote that kynge Marke is full of treson. And that ye woll ryde thus to chace and to 281^f hunte unarmed, ye myght be sone destroyed/ 10

'My fayre lady and my love, mercy! I woll no more do so/

So than sir Trystram rode dayly an-huntynge armed, and his men berynge his shylde and his speare.

So on a day, a lytil afore the moneth o May, sir Trystram chaced an harte passyng egirly, and so the harte passed by 15 a fayre welle. And than sir Trystram alyght and put of his helme to drynke of that burbely welle, and ryght so he harde and sawe the questyng beste commynge towarde the welle. So whan sir Trystram saw that beste he put on his helme, for he demed he sholde hyre of sir Palomydes; for that beste was 20 hys queste. Ryght so sir Trystram saw where cam a knyghte armed uppon a noble courser, and so he salewed hym.

So they spake of many thynges, and this knyghtes name was sir Brewnys Saunze Pite. And so anone with that there cam unto them sir Palomydes, and aythir salewed other and 25 spake fayre to other.

'Now, fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I can tell you tydynges.'

'What is that?' seyde tho knyghtes.

'Sirris, wyte you well that kynge Marke of Cornwayle is 30 put in preson by his owne knyghtes, and all was for the love of sir Trystram, for kynge Marke had put sir Trystram twyse in preson, and onys sir Percivale delyverde hym, and at the laste tyme La Beall Isode delyverde sir Trystram and wente clyerly away wyth hym into this realme. And all this 35

1 C rechate 2 C haue cause 4 Amen sayde sir Thomas Malleorre *not in*
C 6 C moche said she 10 sone *notin*C 11 CI cryeyou mercy 17 C
burbley water 18 C come to the 24 Cand ryght so with alle there 25
C the noble knyghte sire Palomydes 27 Now *not in* C 33-5 C delyuerd
the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson And at the laste tyme Quene La
beale Isoud delyuerd hym and wente

whyle kynge Marke is in preson. And this be trouthe,'
seyde sir Palomydes, 'we shall hyre hastely of sir Trystram.
And as for to say that I love La Beall Isode peramoures, I
dare make good that I do, and that she hath my servyse abo-
5 vyn all other ladyes and shall have all the terme of my lyff.'

And ryght so as they stode thus talkynge, they saw
afore them where cam a knyght all armed on a grete horse,
and his one man bare hys shyld and the othir his speare.
281^v And anone as that knyght aspied hym he gate his shyld and
10 his speare and dressed hym to juste.

'Now, fayre felowys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir ys a
knyghte woll juste wyth us. Now lette us se whyche of us
shall encountir wyth hym, for I se well he is of the courte of
kyng Arthur/

15 'Hit shall nat be longe ar he be mette wythall,' seyde sir
Palomydes, 'for I fynde never no knyght in my queste of
this glatissynge beste but, and he wolde juste, I never yet
refused hym.'

'Sir, as well may 1/ seyde sir Brewnes Saunz Pite,
20 'folow that beste as ye.'

'Than shall ye do batayle wyth me,' seyde sir Palomydes.

So sir Palomydes dressed hym unto that othir knyght
whyche hyght sir Bleoberis, that was a noble knyght and
nygh kynne unto sir Launcelot. And so they mette so harde
25 that sir Palomydes felle to the erthe, horse and man. Than
sir Bleoberys cryed alowde and seyde thus:

'Make redy, thou false traytoure knyght, sir Brewnys
Saunze Pite! For I woll have ado wyth the to the uttraunce
for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou haste betraydeP
30 Whan sir Brewnys harde hym sey so, he toke his horse by
the brydyll and fledde his way [as faste as ever his hors

1 CMarke the fals tray tour is 1-2 C† Is this trouthe said Palomydes Thenne
shall we hastily here of (see note) 5 C haue the terme 6 thus not in C
8 C and one of his men C speres 9 C* aspyed them 11 Now not in C
12 C vs lete see 16 C* I fonde 17 C† Glastynge beast F beste
glatissant yet not in C 19 C As wel may I said Breuse saunce pyte 23
whyche hyght not in C C a ful noble 25 C hors and alle 27 C make
the redy 28 C for wete thou certaynly I wille 29 C hast falsly bitraid
30 C whanne this false knyght and traitour Breuse saunce pyte herde 31 - p.
685, 1 C* his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte renne for sore he was of hym
aferd Whan F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f, 403° col. 1): s'en va aussi courant comme si la
fouldre le chacist

myghte renne.¹ Whan sir Bleoberys saw hym fle he felowed faste after thorow thicke and thorow thynne.

And by fortune, as sir Brewnys fled, he saw evyn afore hym three knyghtes of the Table Rounde, that one hyght sir Ector de Marys and the othir hyght sir Percivale de Galys, 5 the thirde hyght sir Harry de Fyze Lake, a good knyght and an hardy. And as for sir Percivale, he was called that tyme as of his ayge one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the beste assured. So whan sir Brewnys saw these knyghtes he rode straye unto them and cryed and prayde 10 them of rescowys.

'What nede have ye?' seyde sir Ector.

'A, fayre knyghtes!' seyde sir Brewnys, 'here folowyth me the moste traytour knyght and the moste coward and moste of vylany, and his name is sir Brewnys Saunze Pite. 15 And if he may gete me he woll sle me wythoute mercy and

'Than abyde ye with us,' seyde sir Percivale, 'and we shall 282' warraunte.'

And anone were they ware of sir Bleoberys whyche cam 20 rydyng all that he myght. Than sir Ector put hymself fyrste forthe to juste afore them all. And whan sir Bleoberys saw that they were four knyghtes and he but hymself, he stode in a dwere whethir he wolde turne other holde his way.

Than he seyde to hymself, 'I am a knyght of the Table 25 Rounde, and rathir than I sholde shame myne othe and my bloode I woll holde my way whatsomever falle thereof.'

And than sir Ector dressed his speare, and smote aythir other passyng sore, but sir Ector felle to the erthe. That saw sir Percivale, and he dressed his horse towarde hym all 30 that he myght dryve. But syr Percyvale had suche a stroke that horse and man felle bothe to the erthe.

Whan sir Harry saw that they were bothe to the erthe, than he seyde to hymself, 'never was sir Brewnes of suche proues.' So sir Harry dressed his horse, and they mette 35 togydys so strongly that bothe the horsys and the knyghtes

4 C round of the whiche thof one
of his tyme one

18 ye *not in C*
32 *bothe not in C*

10 C cryed vnto them & prayd
19 C warauntyow
33, 35 C Harre

6 C Harre de fyse lake
22 fyrste *not in C*

8 C† tyme
15 C vylony his
24 Cinadoubte

felle to the erthe, but sir Bleoberys horse began to recover agayne.

That saw sir Brewnys and cam hurtelynge and smote hym over and over, and wolde have slayne hym as he lay on the 5 grounde. Than sir Harry arose lyghtly and toke the brydyll of sir Brewnys horse and sayde,

'Fy for shame! Stryke never a knyght whan he is at the erthe! For this knyght may be called no shamefull knyght of his dedis, for on this grounde he hath done worshypfully, 10 and put to the warre passynge good knyghtes.'

'Therefore woll I nat let,' seyde sir Brewnys.

'Thou shalt nat chose,' seyde sir Harry, 'as at this tyme!'

So whan sir Brewnys saw that he myght nat have hys wyllle he spake fayre. Than sir Harry let hym go, and than anone 15 he made his horse to renne over sir Bleoberys and rosshed hym to the erthe lyke to have slayne hym. Whan sir Harry saw hym do so vylaunsly he cryed and sayde,

'Traytoure knyght, leve of, for shame!'

And as sir Harry wolde have takyn his horse to fyght wyth 20 syr Brewnys, than sir Brewnys [ranne upon hym] as he was 282^v halff uppon his horse, and smote hym downe, horse and man, and had slayne nere sir Harry, the good knyght. That saw sir Percyvale, and than he cryde,

'Traytur knyght, what doste thou?'

25 And whan sir Percyvale was uppon his horse sir Brewnys toke his horse and fledde all that ever he myght, and sir Percyvale and sir Harry folowed hym faste, but ever the lenger they chaced the farther were they behynde. Than they turned agayne and cam to sir Ector de Marys and to 30 sir Bleoberys. Than sayde sir Bleoberys,

'Why have ye so succoured that false traytoure knyght?'

5 C Harre le fyse lake arose 9 C† for yet as men may see there as he lyeth on the grofid he F (MS. B.N. fr. gg f. 404^v col. 1): . . . Vous a cestui chevalier ne toucheres tant comme il soit a pie et vous a cheval. Et saves vous pourquoi je le fais ? Je ne le vois pas espargnant pour ce que je ne lui vueille trop grant mal, que c'est le chevaliers du monde plus mal renomme et a qui tous autres chevaliers veulent plus de mal, mais pour la proesce que j'ay orendroit en lui veue 10 C to the werse 12 C Harre 13 C not chese nor haue his 16 C lyke yf he wold haue 17 and sayde not in C 21-2 C man to the erthe and had nere slayne syr Harre 27 C Harre folowed after hym 30-1 C Bleoberys A fayr knyghtes said Bleoberys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour

'Why,' sayde sir Harry, 'what knyght is he? For well I wote hit is a false knyght,' seyde sir Harry, 'and a cowarde and a felons knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'he is the moste cowarde knyght, and a devowrer of ladyes, and also a distroyer of kynge 5 Arthurs knyghtes as grete as ony ys now lyvyng/

'Sir, what is youre name?' seyde sir Ector.

'My name is,' he seyde, 'sir Bleoberys de Ganys/

'Alas, fayre cousynP seyde sir Ector, 'forgyff me, for I am sir Ector de Marys.' 10

Than sir Percyvale and sir Harry made grete joy of sir Bleoberys, but all they were hevy that sir Brewnys Saunze Pite had ascaped them, whereof they made grete dole.

Ryght so as they stood there cam sir Palomydes; and (54) whan he saw the shyld of sir Bleoberys ly on the erthe, than 15 sayde sir Palomydes,

'He that owyth that shyld lette hym dresse hym to me, for he smote me downe here faste by at a fountayne, and therefore I woll fyght wyth hym on foote.'

'Sir, I am redy,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'here to answeere the, 20 for wyte thou well, sir knyght, hit was I, and my name ys sir Bleoberys de Ganys.'

'Well art thou mette,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and wyte thou well my name ys sir Palomydes the Saresyn.'

(And aythir of them hated other to the dethe.) 25

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Ector, 'wyte thou well there is nother [th]ou nothir no knyght that beryth the lyffthat sleyth ony of oure bloode but he shall dye for hit. Therefore, and thou lyst to fyght, go and syke sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram, and there shalt thou fynde thy matche.' 30 283'

'Wyth them have I mette,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but I had never no worshyp of them.'

'Was there never no maner of knyght,' seyde sir Ector, 'but they too that ever matched you?'

5 also not in C 5-7 C destroyer of good Knyghtes and specyally of Arthurs
what is 8 he seyde not in C 9, 15, 16, 23, 24, 26, 31 sir not in C 9 C
foryguytme 11-12 Cioyethat they met with bleoberys 12-13 Saunze
Pite not in C 14 Cthus there 18 W by here (contamination) 19 C† fyghte
for hym 20 Sir not in C Csaïd Bleoberys 21-2 Cis Bleoberys 27
W you nothir no knyght C thow nor none knyght 29 C goo seche sire
30 C shalle ye fynde your matche 34 too not in C Cmatched with you

'Yes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'there was the thirde; as good a knyght as ony of them, and of his ayge he was the beste, for yet founde I never his pyere. For and he myght have lyved tyll he had bene more of ayge, an hardyer man there
 5 lyvith nat than he wolde have bene, and his name was sir Lamorak de Galys. And as he had justed at a turnemente, there he overthrewe me and thirty knyghtes mo, and there he wan the gre. And at his departynge there mette hym sir Gawayne and his bretherne, and wyth grete payne they slewe
 10 hym felounly, unto all good knyghtes grete damage!'

And anone as sir Percyvale herde that his brothir was dede, sir Lamerok, he felle over his horse mane sownynge, and there he made the grettyste dole and sorow that ever made any noble knyght. And whan sir Percyvale arose he seyde,
 15 'Alas, my good and noble brother, sir Lamorak, now shall we never mete! And I trowe in all the wyde worlde may nat a man fynde suche a knyght as he was of his ayge. And hit is to muche to suffir the deth of oure fadir kynge Pellynor, and now the deth of oure good brother sir Lamorak!'

20 So in this meanewhyle there cam a varlet frome the courte of kynge Arthure and tolde hem of the grete turnemente that sholde be at Lonezep, and how this londis, Cornwayle [and] No[r]the Galys, shulde juste ayenst all that wolde com of other co(n)tereyes.

25 Now turne we unto sir Trystram, that as he rode an-huntynge he mette wyth sir Dynadan that was commyn into the contrey to seke sir Trystram.

And anone sir Dynadan tolde sir Trystram his name, but sir Trystram wolde nat tell his name, wherefore sir Dyna-
 30 dan was wrothe.

'For suche a folyshe knyght as ye ar,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I saw but late this day lyyng by a welle, and he fared as he slepte. And there he lay lyke a fole grennyng and wolde

1-2 C thyrdde a good knyght as 2-3 C best that ever I fond for and he
 4 more of ayge *not in C* W and hardyer C an hardyer 5 C† lyueth no
 knyghte now suche and his name 8 C degree 13 and sorow *not in C* 14
 any noble *not in C* 16-17 C a man maye not 20 C† meane wyhle 22 C
 Lonasep C these landes 23 C* & Northgalys shold be ageynst alle them
 that 24 of other contereyes *not in C* 33 Cgrymmynge

nat speke, and his shyld lay by hym, and his horse also 283^v
stood by hym. And well I wote he was a lovear.'

'A, fayre sir,¹ seyde sir Trystram, 'ar nat ye a lovear?'

'Mary, fye on that crauffte!' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Sir, that is yevell seyde,' [seyde] sir Trystram, 'for a 5
knyght may never be of proues but yf he be a lovear.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Now I pray you telle
me youre name, syth ye be suche a lovear; othir ellys I shall
do batayle with you.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit is no reson to fyght 10
wyth me but yf I telle you my name. And as for my name,
ye shall nat wyte as at this tyme for me.'

'Fye for shame! Ar ye a knyght and dare nat telle youre
name to me? Therefore, sir, I woll fyght with you!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll be avysed, for I 15
woll nat do batayle but yf me lyst. And yf I do batayle wyth
you,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye ar nat able to withstonde me.'

'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And thus as they h[o]ved styлле they saw a knyght com
rydyng agaynste them. 20

'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'se where commyth a knyght
rydyng whyche woll juste wyth you.'

Anone as sir Dynadan behylde hym he seyde,

'Be my fayth! That same is the doted knyght that I saw
lye by the welle, nother slepyng nother wakyng.' 25

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I know that knyght well,
wyth the coverde shyld of assure, for he is the kynges
sonne of Northumbirlonde. His name is sir Epynogrys,
and he is as grete a lover as I know, and he lovyth the
kynges doughter of Walys, a full fayre lady. And now I 3^o
suppose,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye requyre hym, he woll
juste wyth you, and than shall ye preve whether a lover be
bettir knyght or ye that woll nat love no lady.'

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'now shalt thou se what I shall do.'

And therewithall sir Dynadan spake on hyght and sayde, 35

1 also *not in C* 3 *C* are ye not 7 *C* it is wel said said sir I pray you
not in C 8 *suche not in C* 11 *C* but I for that 12 *C* shalle ye for
me *not in C* 13 *C* shame said Dynadan arte thow a knyghte and darste not telle
thy 14, 34 *sir not in C* *C* with the 16-17 wyth you *not in C* 19 *W*
heved 24 Be my fayth *not in C* *C* that is the same doted 25 *C* ne wakyng
27 for *not in C* 28 *C* Epynegrys 33 *C** a better

'Sir knyght, make the redy to juste wythe me, for juste ye muste nedis, for hit is the custom of knyghtes arraunte for to make a knyght to juste, woll he othir nell he.'

284^r 'Sir,' seyde sir Epyngryns, 'ys that the rule and custom
5 of you?'

'As for that,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'make redy, for here is for me!'

And therewythall they spurred their horsys and mette togydys so harde that sir Epyngryns smote downe sir Dyna-
10 dan. And anone sir Trystram rode to sir Dynadan and sayde,
'How now? Mesemyth the lover hath well sped.'

'Fye on the, cowardeP seyde sir Dynadan. 'And yf thou be a good knyght, revenge me!'

'Nay/ seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll nat juste as at this tyme,
15 but take youre horse and let us go hens/

'God defende me,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'frome thy felyshyp, for I never spedde well syns I mette wyth the/

And so they departed.

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'peraventure I cowde tell you
20 tydynges of sir Trystram.'

'Godde save me,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'from thy felyshyp! For sir Trystram were mykyll the warre and he were in thy company.'

And they departed.

25 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yet hit may happyn that I may mete wyth yow in othir placis.'

So rode sir Trystram unto Joyus Garde, and there he harde in that towne grete noyse and cry.

'What is this noyse?' seyde sir Trystram.

30 'Sir,' seyde they, 'here is a knyght of this castell that hath be longe amonge us, and ryght now he is slayne with two knyghtes, and for none other cause but that oure knyght seyde that sir Launcelot was bettir knyght than sir Gawayne.'

'That was a symple cause,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for to sle
35 a good knyght for seyyng well by his maystir.'

'That is lytyll remedy to us,' seyde the men of the towne.

1-2 for juste ye muste nedis *not in C*
(see note) 4 and custom *not in C*
to Iuste will he or nyll (see note)
me 25-6 C happen I shal mete

2-3 Cerraut kny3tes one to Iuste with other
5 C you arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght
9 C Epyngryns 21 C God defende
33 C were a better 35 C for to saye wel

'For and sir Launcelot had bene hyre, sone we sholde have bene revenged uppon tho false knyghtes.'

Whan sir Trystram harde them sey so, he sente for his shyld and his speare. And lyghtly so wythin a whyle he had overtake them and made them turne and amende that 5 they had myssedone.

'What amendis woldiste thou have ?' seyde the one knyght.

And therewyth they toke there course, and aythir mette 284^v other so harde that sir Trystram smote downe that knyght over his horse tayle. Than the othir knyght dressed hym to sir 10 Trystram, and in the same wyse he served the othir knyght.

And than they gate of their horsis as well as they myght and dressed their swerdis and their shyldis to do batayle to the utteraunce.

'Now, knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye telle me of 15 whens ye be and what is youre namys? For suche men ye myght be ye shulde harde ascape my hondis, and also ye myght be suche men and of suche a cuntre that for all youre ye veil dedis ye myght passe quyte.'

'Wyte thou well, sir knyght,' seyde they, 'we feare nat 20 muche to telle the oure namys, for my name ys sir Aggrayne, and my name is sir Gaherys, brethirne unto the good knyght sir Gawayne, and we be newewys unto kyng Arthure.'

'Well/ seyde sir Trystram, 'for kyng Arthurs sake I shall lette you passe as at this tyme. But hit is shame/ seyde sir 25 Trystram, 'that sir Gawayne and ye be commyn of so grete blood, that ye four bretherne be so named as ye be: for ye be called the grettyste destroyers and murtherars of good knyghtes that is now in the realme of Ingelonde. And as I have harde say, sir Gawayne and ye, his brethirne, amonge 30 you slew a bettir knyght than ever any of you was, whyche was called the noble knyght sir Lamorak de Galys. And hit had pleased God,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wolde I had bene by hym at his deth day.'

2 Cthefals 4 CSc for his spere so *notin* C 5 C and badde them tome
 13 C their sheldes and swerdes to (S do) do their bataile 15 Now *not in* C C
 Tristram ye shalle telle 16 C whens yc ar 17 also *not in* C 18 C suche
 men of suche a countre 19 C ye shold passe 21 muche *not in* C 22
 C name S na name 27 C bretheren are soo 29-31 C that ben now in this
 reame for it is but as I herde saye that syr Gawayne & ye slewe amonge yow a better
 31-2 C euer ye were that was the noble 34 C by syre Lamorak day *not in* C

'Than shuldist thou have gone the same way,' seyde sir Gaherys.

'Now, fayre knyghtes, than muste there have bene many mo good knyghtes than ye of youre bloode.'

5 And therewythall sir Trystram departed frome them towarde Joyus Garde. And whan he was departed they toke there horsis, and the tone seyde to the tothir,

'We woll overtake hym and be revenged uppon hym in the despyte of sir Lamerok.'

10 So whan they had overtakyn sir Trystram, sir Aggravayne bade hym,

'Turne, traytoure knyght!'

'Ye sey well!' seyde sir Trystram.

And therewythall he pulled oute his swerde and smote sir
'S Aggravayne suche a buffet uppon the helme that he tumblede downe of his horse in a sowne, and he had a grevous wounde. And than he turned to sir Gaherys, and sir Trystram smote hys swerde and his helme togydir wyth suche a myght that sir Gaherys felle oute of his sadyll.

20 And so sir Trystram rode unto Joyus Garde, and there he alyght and unarmed hym. So sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode of all this adventure as ye have harde toforne, and whan she harde hym tell of sir Dynadan,

'Sir,' she seyde, 'is nat that he that made the songe by
25 kynge Marke?'

'That same is he,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for he is the beste bourder and japer that I know, and a noble knyght of his hondis, and the beste felawe that I know, and all good knyghtis lovyth his felyship.'

30 'Alas, sir,' seyde she, 'why brought ye hym nat wyth you hydir?'

'Have ye no care,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for he rydyth to seke me in this contrye, and therefore he woll nat away tyll he have mette wyth me.'

35 And there sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode how sir Dynadan hylde ayenste all lovers.

3 Now *not in C* 3-5 C† knyghte said syre Tristram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are And 13 C that is euyll sayd said C†. F (MS. B.N. fr. ggf. 417* col. 1): 'il ne vous en puet venir se doumage non' 22 C his aduenture 24 C said she 27 C Iaper and a 31 hydir *not in C*

Ryght so cam in a varlette and tolde sir Trystram how there was com an arraunte knyght into the towne wyth suche a coloures uppon his shyld.

'Be my fayth, that is sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Therefore, madame, wote ye what ye shall do: sende ye for 5 hym, and I woll nat be seyne. And ye shall hyre the myrry-este knyght that ever ye spake wythall, and the maddyst talker. And I pray you hertaly that ye make hym good chere.'

So anone La Beall Isode sente unto the towne and prayde sir Dynadan that he wolde com into the castell and repose 10 hym there wyth a lady.

'Wyth a good wyll!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And so he mownted uppon his horse and rode into the castell, and there he alyght and was unarmed and brought into the halle. 15

And anone La Beall Isode cam unto hym and aythir salewed other. Than she asked hym of whens that he was.

'Madame,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I am of the courte of kyng Arthure, and a knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name is sir Dynadan.' 20

'What do ye in this contrey?' seyde La Beall Isode.

'For sothe, madame, I seke after sir Trystram, the good 285^y knyght, for hit was tolde me that he was in this contrey.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'but I am nat ware of hym.' ^\$

'Madame,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I mervayle at sir Trystram and mo other suche lovers. What aylyth them to be so madde and so asoted uppon women?'

'Why', seyde La Beall Isode, 'ar ye a knyght and ar no lovear? For sothe, hit is grete shame to you, wherefore ye 30 may nat be called a good knyght by reson but yf ye make a quarell for a lady.'

'God deffende me!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for the joy of love is to shorte, and the sorow thereof^r and what cometh thereof¹ is duras over longe.' 35

4 Be my fayth *not in C* 5 Therefore madame *not in C* C doo said sire
Tristram send 6 C hym my lady Isoud and I 9 C sente in to the 12
Csyre S sir 15 C† in to the castel 22 C Madame sayd he after *not*
inC 26 W mervayle that Cmerueylleof 29-30 Candbenoloueritisshame
31 by reson *not in C* C but yf S and yf 34 C* therof and what cometh
therof So in F (see note). Homoeoteleton in W 34-5 C† therof dureth

'A!' sayde La Beall Isode, 'say ye nevermore so, for hyre faste by was the good knyght sir Bleoberys de Galys that fought wyth [three] knyghtes at onys for a damesell, and he wan her afore the kyng of Northumbirlonde. And that
5 was worshipfully done', seyde La Beall Isode.

'For sothe, hit was so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I knowe him well for a good knyght and a noble, and comyn he is of noble bloode, and all be noble knyghtes of the blood of sir Launcelot de Lake.'

10 'Now I pray you, for my love,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'wyl ye fyght for me wyth three knyghtes that doth me grete wronge? And insomuche as ye bene a knyght of kyng Arthurs, I requyre you to do batayle for me.'

Than sir Dynadan seyde,

15 'I shall sey you ye be as fayre a lady as evir I sawe ony, and much fayrer than is my lady quene Gwenyver, but wyte you well, at one worde, I woll nat fyght for you wyth three knyghtes, Jesu me defende!'

Than Isode lowghe, and had a good game at hym. So he
20 had all the chyre that she myght make hym, and there he lay all that nyght.

And on the morne early sir Trystram armed hym, and La Beall Isode gaff hym a good helme, and than he promysed her that he wolde mete wyth sir Dynadan. And so they two
25 wolde ryde togedyrs unto Lone[^]ep, where the turnemente sholde be, 'and there shall I make redy for you, where ye shall se all the feyght.'

286^r So departed sir Trystram wyth two squyers that bare his shyld and his speare[s] that were grete and longe.

(57) 30 So aftir that sir Dynadan departed, and rode his way a grete shake untill he had overtakyn sir Trystram. And whan sir Dynadan had overtakyn hym he knew hym anone and hated the felyshyp of hym of all othir knyghtes.

2 de Galys *not in C* 3 W wyth nil knyghtes C* with thre knyghtes F (MS. B.N. fr. gg f. 419^v col. 2): pres de cy a III chevaliers C damoyseys sake 4-6 And that was worshipfully done seyde La Beall Isode For sothe *not in C* 7 he is *not in C* 8-9 C alle ben noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of that is sire 10-11 CI pray yow said la Beale Isoud telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me 18 C Ihesu defende me 25 W Lone-3ep C* Lonazep F Louvezep 27-8 C see the turnement Thenne departed 29 C* speres 31 C grete paas vntyl 33 C and he hated C* hym aboue all

'AP seyde sir Dynadan, 'arte thou that cowherd knyght that I mette wyth yestirday? Well, kepe the! for thou shalt juste wyth me, magre thyne hede!'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I am passynge lothe to juste.'

5

And so they lette there horsis renne, and sir Trystram myste of hym a purpose, and sir Dynadan brake his speare al to shyvys. And therewythall sir Dynadan dressed hym to drawe oute his swerde.

'Not so, sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'why ar ye so wrothe? 10 I am nat disposid to fyght at this tyme/

'Fey on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Thou shamyste all knyghtes!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I care nat, for I woll wayte uppon you and be undyr youre proteccion, for cause 15 ye ar so good a knyght that ye may save me.'

'God delyver me of the!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'For thou arte as goodly a man of armys and of thy persone as ever I sawe, and also the moste cowarde that ever I saw. What wolt thou do wyth grete spearys and suche wepen as thou 20 caryeste with the?'

'Sir, I shall yeff them/ seyde sir Trystram, 'to som good knyght whan I com to the turnemente; and yf I se that you do beste, sir, I shall gyff them to you/

So thus as they rode talkynge they saw where cam an 25 arraunte knyght afore them that dressed hym to juste.

'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir is one that woll juste. Now dresse you to hym/

'A, shame betyde the!' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Nay, nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for that knyght semyth 30 a shrewe.'

'Than shall I , ' seyde sir Dynadan.

And so they dressed there shyldis and there spearys, and there they mett togydiris so harde that the othir knyght smote downe sir Dynadan frome his horse.

35

1 C coward knyght 2 Well *not in C* 4 passynge *not in C* 7-8 C† brak a
spere vpon sire Tristram and there with syre F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 421' col. 2): il fait
son glaive voler en pieces 11-12 CI wille not fyghte Fy 15 C for by cause
16 that *not in C* 17 CThedeuyll delyuer me 19 also *not in C* 20 C wolt S
wold Cwiththo grete speres that thou 22, 24 *sinotinC* 23,27 that *notinC*
28 C dresse the 30 C besemeth 34 there *not in C*

286^v 'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit had bene bettir ye had lefft.'
 'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And than he sterte up and gate his swerde in his honde
 and proffyrd to do batayle on foote.

5 'Whether in love other in wrathe?' seyde the other knyght.
 'Sir, lat us do batayle in love,' seyde sir Dynadan.

'What is youre name?' seyde that knyght. 'I pray you
 telle me.'

'Sir, wyte you well my name is sir Dynadan.'

10 'A, sir Dynadan,' seyde that knyght, 'and my name is sir
 Gareth, yongyst brothir unto sir Gawayne.'

Than aythir made of other grete chere, for this sir Gareth
 was the beste knyght of all the brethirne, and he preved a
 good knyght. Than they toke their horsys and there they

15 spoke of sir Trystram, how suche a cowarde he was; and
 every worde sir Trystram harde, and lowgh them to scorne.
 Than were they ware where cam a knyght afore them well
 horsed and well armed, and he made hym redy to juste.

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Trystram, 'loke betwyxte
 20 you who shall juste wyth yondir knyght, for I warne you
 I woll nat have ado wyth hym.'

'Than shall I,' seyde sir Gareth.

And so they encountryd togydys, and there that knyght
 smote downe sir Gareth over his horse croupe.

25 'How now?' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Dynadan. 'Now
 dresse you and revenge the good knyght sir Gareth.'

'That shall I nat,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for he hath stryken
 downe a mucche bygger knyght than I am.'

'A, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I se and fele
 30 that youre harte faylyth you. And therefore now shall ye se
 what I shall do.'

And than sir Trystram hurtelyd unto that knyght and
 smote hym quyte frome his horse. And whan sir Dynadan
 saw that he mervayled gretly, and than he demed that hit
 35 was sir Trystram. And anone this knyght that was on foote
 pulled oute his swerde to do batayle.

'Sir, what is youre name?' seyde sir Trystram.

3 C Thenne sir Dynadan starte	6 C lete vs (Sir not in C)	g C wete ye (Sir not in C)
10, 12 sir not in C	13 Call tho bretheren	19 C Fair knyghtes
25-6 C Dynadan dresse the now and	26 sir not in C	29 C A said sire
Tristram now sire Dynadan I see	30 And not in C	36-7 C bataille what

'Wyte you well,' seyde that knyght, 'my name is sir Palomydes.'

'A, sir knyght, whyche knyght hate ye moste in the 287^r worlde?' seyde sir Trystram.

'For sothe,' seyde he, 'I hate sir Trystram moste to the 5 deth, for and I may mete wyth hym the tone of us shall dye.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Trystram. 'And now wyte you well that my name is sir Trystram de Lyones, and now do your warste!'

Whan sir Palomydes saw hym sey so he was astoned, and 10 than he seyde thus:

'I pray you, sir Trystram, forgyff me all my evyll wyll! And yf I lyve I shall do you servyse afore all the knyghtes that bene lyvyng. And thereas I have owed you evyll wyll me sore repentes. I wote nat what eylyth me, for mesemyth 15 that ye ar a good knyght; and that ony other knyght that namyth hymselff a good knyght sholde hate you, me sore mervaylyth. And there I requyre you, sir Trystram, take none displaysure at myne unkynde wordis.'

'Sir Palomydes/ seyde sir Trystram, 'ye sey well. And well 20 I wote ye ar a good knyght, for I have seyne you preved, and many grete entirpryses ye have done and well enchyved them. Therefore,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'and ye have ony yevyll wyll to me, now may ye ryght hit, for I am redy at youre hande.'

'Nat so, my lorde sir Trystram, for I woll do you knyghtly 25 servyse in all thyng as ye woll commaunde me.'

'Sir, ryght so I woll take you,' seyde sir Trystram.

And so they rode forthe on their wayes talkynge of many thynges. Than seyde sir Dynadan,

'A, my lorde sir Trystram! Fowle have ye mocked me, 30 for God knowyth I came into this contrey for youre sake, and by the advyce of my lorde sir Launcelot, and yet wolde he nat tell me the sertaynte of you where I sholde fynde you.'

2-3 C Palomydes	What knyghte	3-4 in the worlde <i>not in C</i>	5 C Syr
knyght said he	moste <i>not in C</i>	6 C the one	7-8 Cand weteye welthat
I am sire	10 C Palomydes herd hym	13 C seruyse aboue alle other	
knyghtes	16 C & none other	17 C named	17-18 C† shold not hate
yow therfor I	19 C no displeasyr	22 C haue ye taken vpon yow and	
wel 25 for <i>not in C</i>	26 Calle Sail me <i>not in C</i>	26-7 C commaunde	
and ryght	29-30 C thynges O my lord sire	Tristram said Dynadan foule	
32-3 Cwold not sire Launcelot telle	33 the <i>not in C</i> †		

'Truly,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sir Launcelot wyste beste where I was, for I abyde in his owne castell.'

(58) And thus they rode untill they were ware of the coste of Lone[e]p, and than were they ware of foure hondred tentes
287^v 5 and pavelouns, and mervaylous grete ordynaunce.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir I se the grettyste ordynaunce that ever I sawe.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'mesemyth that there [was] a[s] grete [an] ordynaunce at the Castell of Maydyns uppon the
10 roche where ye wan the pryce, for I saw myself where ye forjusted thirty knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'and in the Surluce, at the turnemente that sir Galahalte of the Longe lies made, whyche there dured seven dayes; for there was as grete a gaderynge
15 as is hyre, for there were many nacions.'

'Syr, who was the beste there?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, hit was sir Launcelot du Lake, and the noble knyght sir Lamerok de Galys.'

'Be my fayth,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sir Launcelot were
20 there, I doute nat,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but he wan the worshyp, so he had nat bene overmacched wyth many knyghtes. And of the deth of sir Lamorak,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit was over grete pit6, for I dare say he was the clennyst-myghted man and the beste-wynded of his ayge that
25 was on lyve. For I knew hym that he was one of the best knyghtes that ever I mette wythall but yf hit were sir Launcelot.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Dynadan and sir Trystram, 'that full wo is us for his deth! And yf they were nat the cousyns of my
30 lorde kynge Arthure that slew hym, they sholde dye for hit, all that were concentynge to his dethe.'

'And for suche thynges,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'I feare to drawe unto the courte of kynge Arthure. Sir, I woll that ye wete hit,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth.

1 and *not in C* 2 *C* abode within his 3 *C** Castel 4 *C* Lonasep
(*F* Louvezep) 8-9 *C** was as grete an (*see note*) 12-13 *C* in Surluse at that
turnement 13 sir *not in C* Cthewhiche 14 for there *not in C* 15-
16 Cnacyonswho 16 there *not in C* 18-21 Cgalys and sir launcelot wanne
the degree I doubtte not said sir Tristram but he wanne the degree So he 25-
6 *C* was the byggest knyght that 28 sir Dynadan and *not in C* that *not in C*
29 *C* is me for 30 kynge *not in C* 31 Call tho that 33 Sir *not in C*

'As for that, I blame you nat,' seyde sir Gareth, 'for well I undirstonde the vengeance of my brethirne, sir Gawayne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, and sir Mordred. But as for me,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I meddyll nat of their maters, and therefore there is none that lovyth me of them. And for 5
cause that I undirstonde they be murtherars of good knyghtes I lefte there company, and wolde God I had bene besyde sir Gawayne whan that moste noble knyght sir Lamorake was slayne!'

'Now, as Jesu be my helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit is 10
passyngly well sayde of you, for I had lever,' sayde sir 288' Trystrams, 'than all the golde betwyxte this and Rome I had bene there.'

'Twysse,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'so wolde I, and yet had I never the gre at no justis nothir turnemente and that noble 15
knyghte sir Lamorak had be there, but other on horsebak othir ellys on foote he put me ever to the wars. And that day that sir Lamorak was slayne he ded the moste dedis of armys that ever I saw knyght do in my lyeff, and whan he was gyvyn the gre be my lorde kyng Arthure, sir Gawayne to
and his three bretherne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, and sir Mordred, sette uppon sir Lamorak in a pryvy place, and there they slew his horse, and so they faught with hym on foote more than three owrys bothe byfore hym and behynde hym, and so sir Mordred gaff hym his dethis wounde 25
byhynde hym at his bakke, and all to-hewe hym: for one of his squyers tolde me that sawe hit.'

'Now fye uppon tresonP seyde sir Trystram, 'for hit sleyth myne harte to hyre this tale.'

'And so hit dothe myne,' seyde sir Gareth, 'bretherne as 30
they be myne.'

'Now speke we of othir dedis/ seyde sir Palomydes, 'and let hym be, for his lyff ye may nat gete agayne.'

I As for that *not in C* 3 C Agrauayne Gaherys and Mordred 4 and *not in C* 5-6 C none of them that loueth me And for I vnderstande 7-8 C†
god wold I had ben by sayd Gareth whanne the noble 11 passyngly *not in C*
II -12 sayde sir Trystrams *not in C* 14 Cye wys said palomydes & soo wold I had
ben there & yet 15-18 C turnement there as he was but he put me to the werse
or on foot or on horsbak & that day that he was 19-20 C alle my lyfe dayes
And whan hym was 21-2 C Agrauayne Gaherys and sire Mordred 28
Now *not in C* 28-9 Chit kyllleth my 31-2 C* myn I shall neuer loue them
nor draw in their felauship for that dede Now

'That is the more *pite!*' seyde sir Dynadan. Tor sir Gawayne and his bretherne, excepte you, sir Gareth, hatyth all good knyghtes of the Rounde Table for the moste party. For well I wote, (as) they myght, prevauly they hate my
 5 lorde sir Launcelot and all his kyn, and grete pryvay dyspyte they have at hym. And sertaynly that is my lorde sir Launcelot well ware of, and that causyth hym the more to have the good knyghtes of his kynne aboute hym/

(59) 'Now, sir,¹ seyde sir Palomydes, 'let us leve of this mater
 10 and let us se how we shall do at this turnemente. And, sir, by myne advyce, lat us four holde togydyrs ayenst all that woll com/

'Nat be my counceyle/ seyde sir Trystram, 'for I se by their pavylouns there woll be four hondred knyghtes. And
 15 doute ye nat,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but there woll be many
 288^v good knyghtes, and be a man never so valyaunte nother so bygge but he may be overmatched. And so have I seyne knyghtes done many, and whan they wente beste to have wonne worshyp they loste hit; for manhode is nat worthe
 20 but yf hit be medled with wysdome. And as for me,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit may happen I shall kepe myne owne hede as well as another/

So thus they rode untyll they cam to Humbir banke where they harde a crye and a dolefull noyse. Than were they ware
 25 in the wynde where cam a ryche vessell heled over with r[e]de sylke, and the vessell londe faste by them. Therewith sir Trystram alyght and his knyghtes, and so sir Trystram wente afore and entird into that vessell. And whan he cam in he saw a fayre bedde rychely coverde, and thereuppon lay a
 30 semely dede knyght all armed sauff the hede, (and) was all bloody wyth dedly woundys uppon hym, whych semed to be a passynge good knyght.

'Jesu, how may this be/ seyde sir Trystram, 'that this knyght is thus slayne?'
 35 And anone sir Trystram was ware of a lettir in the dede knyghtes honde.

4 C, W and they myght (see note)

6 C sertaynly not in C

7 the more not in C

9 Now not in C

10 And sir not in C

13-14 C by their

17 C bygge

yet he 18 C many tymes And

25 W rode

29-30 C† a dede semely knyghte

30-1 C al bebledde with

31 C the whiche

33 Jesu not in C

'Now, maystlr marynars,' seyde sir Trystram, 'what meanyth this lettir?'

'Sir,' seyde they, 'in that lettir shall ye hyre and knowe how he was slayne, and for what cause, and what was his name. But, sir,' seyde the marynars, 'wyte you well that no man shall take that lettir and rede hit but yf he be a good knyght, and that he woll faythfully promyse to revenge his dethe, and ellis shall there no knyght se that lettir opyn.'

'And wyte you well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that som of us may revenge his dethe as well as another; and yf hit so be as ye marynars sey, his deathe shall be revenged.'

And therewythall sir Trystram toke the lettir oute of the knyghtes honde, and than he opened hit and rad hit, and thus hit specified:

'Harmaunce, kyng and lorde of the Rede Cite, I sende to all knyghtes arraunte, recommaundyng unto you, noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte, that I besече them all amonge them to fynde one knyght that woll fyght for my sake with two bretherne that I brought up off nought, and felously and traytourly they slewe me. Wherefore I besече one good knyght to revenge my dethe, and [he] that revengyth my dethe I woll that he have my Rede Cit£ and all my castels.'

'Sir,' seyde the marynars, 'wyte you well, this knyght and kyng that hyre lyeth was a full worshypfull man and of grete proues, and full [well] he loved all maner of knyghtes arraunte/

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here is a pyteuous case, and full fayne I wolde take this entirpryse, but I have made suche a promyse that nedis I muste be at this grete justys and turnement, othir ellys I am shamed. For well I wote for my sake in aspeciall my lorde kyng Arthure made this justis and turnemente in this contrey, and well I wote

1 Now *not in C* 2 *C* that letter n W sey that his 13-14 *C†* hande and hit sayd thus. In *F* *Palomides takes the letter* et l'euvre et le monstre a Tristan et ly dist: 'Sire or lisies qui mieulx saves lire de nous.*... Quant Tristam ot pourveu de chief en chief et puis commence a lire davant tous ses compaignons, et treuve en escript que le brief disoit en telle maniere (*MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 426^r col. 2*) 17 that *not in C* 21-2 *C* And he that reuenged my 25-6 *C* of ful grete 26 *C**fulwelhe of *not in C* 29 Centerpryse vpon me but 30 *C* muste *S* must 31 justys and *not in C* 32-3 *C* lord Arthur lete make this

that many worshypfull people woll be hyre at this turnemente for to se me; and therefore I feare to take this entirpryse uppon me, that I shall nat com agayne betyme to this justys.'

- 5 'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I pray you gyff me this entirpryse, and ye shall se me enchyeve hit worshypfully, other ellys I shall dye in this quarell.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and this entirpryse I gyff hit you, wyth this, that ye be with me at this turnemente whyche 10 shall be as this day sevendyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I promyse you I shall be wyth you by that day, and I be unslayne and unmaymed.'

- (60) So departed sir Trystram, sir Gareth, and sir Dynadan, and so leffte sir Palomydes in the vessell. And so sir Trystram 15 behylde the marynars how they sayled overlonge Humbir.

And whan sir Palomydes was oute of there syght they toke their horsys and loked aboute them, and than were they ware of a knyght that cam rydyng agaynste them unarmed, and nothyng but a swerde aboute hym. And whan he cam 20 nyghe, this knyght salewed them and they hym agayne.

- 289^v 'Now, fayre knyghtes,' seyde that knyght, 'I pray you, insomuche as ye be knyghtes arraunte, that ye woll com and se my castall and take suche as ye fynde there; I pray you hertely!'

- 25 'Wyth a good wyll,' seyde sir Trystram.

And so they rode with hym untill his castell, and there they were brought into the halle whyche was well apparayled, and so they were there unarmed and sette at a borde. And whan this knyght sawe sir Trystram, anone he knew hym 30 and wexed passyng pale and wrothe at sir Trystram. And whan sir Trystram sawe his oste make suche chere he mervayled and sayde,

'Sir, myne oste, what chere make you?'

- 'Wyte thou well,' sayde he, 'I fare muche the warre that 35 I se the, for I know the for sir Trystram de Lyones. For thou

1 C there att that 2 C fere me 8-9 CI gyue yow 17 C beheld aboute
19-20 C nothyng aboute hym but a swerd And whan this knyghte came nyghe
them he salewed 21 Now *not in C* 25 Wyth a good wyll seyde sir Trystram
not in C† F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 427 col. 1):* II me plaist moult bien fait Tristan
30 C And thenne this Knyght waxed pale 34-5 C fare the werse for the for I
knowe the sir Tristram de lyones thou

slewyste my brother, and therefore I gyffthe warnynge that I woll sle the and ever I may gete the at large!

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am never advysed that ever I slew any brother of yourys, and yf ye say that I ded hit I woll make amendys unto my power.' 5

'I woll no mendys have,' seyde the knyght, 'but kepe the frome me!'

So whan he hadde dyned sir Trystram asked his armys and departed. And so they rode on there wayes, and wythin a myle way sir Dynadan saw where cam a knyght armed and 10 well horsed, wyth a whyghte shyld.

'Sir Trystram,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'take kepe to youre-selff, for I dare undirtake yondir commyth your oste that woll have ado wyth you.'

'Lat hym com,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I shall abyde hym 15 as I may.'

And whan the knyght cam nyghe to sir Trystram he cryed and bade hym abyde and kepe hym.

And anone they hurteled togydys, but sir Trystram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym over his 20 horse croupe. Than the knyght arose lyghtly and toke his horse agayne and rode fyersly to sir Trystram and smote 290^f hym twyse other thryse harde uppon the helme.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray you leve of and smyte me no more, for I wolde be lothe to deale with you 25 and I myght chose, for I have of your mete and drynke in my body.'

And for all that he wolde nat leve. Than sir Trystram gaff hym suche a buffette uppon the helme that he felle up-so-downe frome his horse, that the bloode braste oute at the 30 ventrayles of his helme, and so he lay style lykly to be dede. Than sir Trystram sayde,

'Me repentys of this buffette that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dede.'

1-2 C the somons I wille 5 hit *not in C* 6 C none amendys said 11
C† horsed without (*S* withoute) shelde F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 427^v col. 2): voyent
veuir apres eubc un chevalier arme" de toutes armes moult bien et moult noblement,
et si estoit moult richement montes et portoit ung escu tout blanc sans nulle autre
enseigne 16 C as wel as I may 17 C anone the knyghte whanne he came
nyghe sir 21 W croupen 23 other thryse *not in C* 26 of *not in C*
26-7 C within my body 31 Cventayles

And so they lefft hym and rode on their wayes. So whan they had ryddyn awhyle they sawe com rydyng agayenst them two full lykely knyghtes, well armed and well horsed, and goodly servauntes aboute them. And that 5 one knyght hyght sir Berraunt le Apres, and he was called the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and the other was sir Segwarydes, that were renomed two noble knyghtes.

So as they cam aythir by other, the kynge loked uppon 10 sir [Dynadan], and at that tyme sir Dynadan had sir Trystrams helme uppon his shuldir, whyche [helme the kynge¹ had seyne tofore with the quene of North Galys, and that quene the kynge loved as peramour. And that helme the quene of Northe Galys gaff to La Beall Isode, and quene 15 Isode gaff hit to sir Trystram.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Berraunte, 'where had ye that helme?'

'What wolde ye?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'For I woll have ado wyth you,' seyde the kynge, 'for the 20 love of her that ought this helme. And therefore kepe you!'

So they cam togydir wyth all there myghtes of their horsis. And there the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe sir Dynadan and his horse, and than he commaunded 290^v 25 his servaunte to take that helme off and kepe hit. So the varlet wente to unbuckyll his helme.

'What wolt thou do?' seyde sir Trystram. 'Leve that helme!'

2 whan *not in C* Chad not ryden but a whyle but they sawe rydyng 4-5
 C them the one was Berrannt (S Berraunt) 9-16 W the kynge had seyne
 tofore with the quene of Northegalys and that quene the kynge loved as peramour
 and that helme the quene of Northegalys gaff to La Beall Isode and quene Isode
 gaff hit to sir Trystram So as they cam aythir be other the kynge loked uppon
 sir Trystram and at that tyme sir Dynadan had sir Trystrams helme uppon his
 shuldir whyche he had seyne tofore sir knyght C* the Kynge loked vpon sir
 Dynadan that at that tyme he had syre Tristrams helme vpon his sholder
 the whiche helme the kynge had sene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys
 and that quene the kynge loued as peramour & that helme the quene of north-
 galys had gyuen to la Beale Isoud & the quene la Beale Isoud gaf it to sir
 Tristram Syr Knyghte (*see note*) 20 C that owed 22 C they departed
 and came 24 downe *not in C* C Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe 25 C
 seruaunt goo and take thou his helme 27 C† What helme what wolt (S wold)
 thou doo

'To what entente/ seyde the kyng, 'wyll ye meddyll
with that helme?'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that helme shall
nat departe fro me tyll hit be derrer bought.'

'Than make you redy!' seyde sir Berraunte unto sir 5
Trystram.

So they hurteled togydys, and there sir Trystram smote
hym downe over his horse tayle; and than the kyng arose
lyghtly and gate his horse agayne, and than he strake fyersly
at sir Trystram many grete strokys. And than he gaff sir 10
Berraunte such a buffette uppon the helme that he felle
downe over his horse sore astonyed.

'LoP seyde sir Dynadan, 'that helme is unhappy to us
twayne, for I had a falle for hit, and now, sir kyng, have
ye another falle.' 15

Than sir Segwarydes asked, 'Who shall juste wyth
me?'

'I pray you,' seyde sir Gareth unto sir Dynadan, 'let me
have this justys.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I pray you hertely take hit as 20
for me!'

'That is no reson,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for this justys
shulde have bene youre.'

'At a worde,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat thereof.'

Than sir Gareth dressed hym unto sir Segwarydes, and 25
there sir Segwarydes smote sir Gareth and his horse to the
erthe.

'Now,' seyde sir Tristram unto sir Dynadan, 'juste ye with
yondir knyght.'

'I woll nat thereof,' seyde sir Dynadan. 30

'Than woll I,' seyde sir Trystram.

And than sir Trystram ranne unto hym and gaff hym a
falle, and so they leffte hem on foote.

And sir Trystram rode unto Joyus Garde, and there sir
Gareth wolde nat of his curtesy have gone into his castell, 35
but sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym to departe. And so
they alyght and unarmed them and had grete chere. But

1 C ye sire knyght medle

4 C me or it be

5 C Beraunce

9 C hors

lyghtly ageyne

10-11 C thenne syre Tristram gafe sir Beraunce

12 C

stonyed 20 hertely *not in C* 23 C shold be

28 ye *not in C*

35 C thiscastel

whan sir Dynadan cam afore La Beall Isode he cursed her
that ever he bare sir Trystrams helme, and there he tolde
her how sir Trystram had mocked hym. Than there was
291^r lawghynge and japyngge at sir Dynadan, that they wyste nat
5 what to do wyth hym.

1-2 C† cursed the tyme that euer he bare *F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 431^r col. 1): 'Dame,
or cognois je tout de voir que vous me baillastes mon ennemy, mais certes je m'en
delivray aussi tost comme je cognuy que c'estoit mon encombrer. Dame, vous
estes asse's saige, mais se vous le ténis a folie, et je le tieng a grant sens.'*

XI

THE RED CITY

*[Winchester MS., ff. 291^r-296^v;
Caxton, Book X, chs. 61-65]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

61. How Palamydes wente for to fyght wyth two brethern for the deth of kyng Hermaunce.
62. The cople of the letter wryton for to revenge the kynges deth, and how syr Palamydes faught for to have the bataylle.
63. Of the preparacyon of syr Palamydes and the two brethern that shold fyght wyth hym.
64. Of the batayl betwene syr Palamydes and the two brethern, and how the two brethern were slayn.
65. How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes mette Breuce Sauns Pyte.*

* C pyte and how Syr Tristram and la beale ysoude wente vnto Lonasep (*see p. 725*).

NOW woll we leve them myrry wythin Joyus Garde and (61)
speke we of sir Palomydes, the whyche sayled evyn-
longis Humbir untyll that he came unto the see costys, and
thereby was a fayre castell. And at that tyme hit was erly
in the mornynge, afore day. Than the marynars wente unto 5
sir Palomydes that slepte faste.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the marynars, 'ye must aryse, for here
is a castell that ye muste go into.'

'I assente me,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And therewithall he aryved, and than he blew his home 10
that the marynars had yevyn hym. And whan they in the
castell harde that home they put oute many knyghtes; and
there they stood uppon the wallys and sayde with one voyse,

'Wellcom be ye to this castell !'

And than hit waxed clyere day, and sir Palomydes entyrde 15
into the castell. And within a while he was served with
many dyverse metys. Than sir Palomydes harde aboute
hym muche wepyng and grete dole.

'What may this meane ?' seyde sir Palomydes. 'For I love
nat to hyre suche a sorowfull noyse, and therefore I wolde 20
knowe what hit meanted.'

Than there cam a knyght afore hym, his name was sir
Ebell, that seyde thus:

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, this dole and sorow is made
here every day, and for this cause. We had a kyng 25
hyght Harmaunce, and he was kyng of the Rede Citē, and
this kyng that was oure lorde was a noble knyght, layrge
and lyberall of his expence. And in all the worlde he loved
nothyng so muche as he ded arraunte knyghtes of kyng
Arthurs courte, and all justyng, huntynge, and all maner of 30
knyghtly gamys; for so good a kyng and knyght had never
the rewle of poore peple. And bycause of his goodnes
jantyll demeanys we bemoone hym, and ever shall. And all
kyngis and astatys may beware by oure lorde: for he was

2 C palomydes thene sir palomydes sailed 3-4 Chuber to the costes of the see
where was 7 S aryse sor here 12 C put forthe many 19 For *not in*
C 20 Csucheasorou and fayne I wold 21 Cit meaneth 22 C hym one
whos name 27 oure *not in* C† 28 all *not in* C 31 Cso kynde a kyng
32 C peple as he was and 32-3 C and gentylnesse we 34 Wyoure C* oure

destroyed in his owne defaute; for had he cheryshed his
 291^v owne bloode, he had bene a lyvis kynge and lyved with grete
 ryches and reste; but all astatys may beware by owre kynge.
 But alas,' seyde sir Ebell, 'that ever we sholde gyff all other
 5 warraynge by his dethe!'

'Telle me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'how and in what maner
 was your lorde slayne, and by whom.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Ebell, 'oure kynge brought up of chyldir
 two men that now ar perelous knyghtes, and thes two
 10 knyghtes oure kynge had them so in favour that he loved
 no man nother trusted no man of his owne bloode, nother
 none other that was aboute hym. And by thes two knyghtes
 oure kynge was governed, and so they ruled hym peasably
 and his londys, and never wolde they suffir none of his
 15 bloode to have no rule with oure kynge. And also he was
 so fre and so jeantyll, and they so false and so dysseyvable,
 that they ruled hym peasably. And that aspyed the lordis
 of oure kynges bloode, and departed frome hym unto their
 owne lyeffloode.

20 'And whan thos traytours undirstood that they had
 dryvyn all the lordis of his bloode frome hym, than were
 they nat pleased wyth suche rewle, but ever thought to have
 more. And as ever hit is an olde sawe, "Gyeff a chorle rule
 and thereby he woll nat be suffysed", for whatsomever he
 25 be that is rewled by a vylayne borne, and the lorde of the
 soyle be a jantylman born, that same vylayne shall destroy
 all the jeauntylmen aboute hym. Therefore all the astatys
 and lordys, of what astate ye be, loke ye beware whom ye
 take aboute you. And therefore, sir, and ye be a knyght of
 30 kynge Arthurs courte remembir this tale, for this is the
 ende and conclusyon:

'My lorde and kynge rode unto the foreyste hereby by
 the advyse of thes two traytours, and there he chaced at the
 rede deare, armed at all peacis full lyke a good knyght. And
 35 so for labour he waxed drye, and than he alyght and dranke
 292^t at a well. And whan he was alyght, by the assente of thes

1-2 C ~~cherished~~ them of his blood he hadde yet lyued with 4 C that we
 shalle gyue 6 sir ~~not in~~ C how ~~not in~~ C† 10 C had soo in cherete that
 11 owne ~~not in~~ C 21-2 C hym they were not 22 C with that rule but
 theen they thoughte 28 of what astate ye be loke ye ~~not in~~ C† 29 C And
 yf ye be 33 two ~~not in~~ C

two traytours, the tone whyche hyght Helyus he suddeynly smote oure kynge thorow the body wyth a speare. And so they leffte hym there; and whan they were departed, than by fortune I cam to the welle and founde my lorde and kynge wounded to the deth. And whan I harde his com- 5 playnte I lat brynge hym to the watirs syde, and in that same shyppe I put hym on lyve. And whan my lorde kynge Harmaunce was in that vessell he requyred me for the trewe feythe I owed unto hym for to wryte a lettir in this maner:

' "Recommunde me unto kynge Arthure and all his noble 10 (62) knyghtys arraunte, besechyng them all that, insomuche as I, kynge Harmaunce, kynge of the Rede Cit[^], thus I am slayne by felony and treson thorow two knyghtes of myne owne bryngyng up and of myne owne makynge, besechyng som worshypfull knyght to revenge my dethe, insomuch 15 as I have bene ever to my power well-wyllyng unto kynge Arthurs courte. And who that woll adventure his lyff for my sake to revenge my deth and sle thes two traytours in one batayle, I, kynge Harmaunce, kynge of the Red Cite, frely woll gyff hym all my londis and rentes that ever I 20 welded in my lyeff."

'And this lettir,' seyde sir Ebell, 'I wrote be my lordis commaundemente, and than he resceayved his Creature. And whan he was dede, he commaunded me, or ever he were colde to put that lettir faste in his honde, and than he com- 25 maunded me to sende forthe that same vessell downe by Humbir streyme, and that I sholde gyeff thes marynars in commaundemente never to stynte tyll they cam unto Lonezep, where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme: ** And there shall som good knyght have pite of me and revenge 30 my deathe, for there was never knyght nother lorde falselyar nothir traytourlyar slayne than I am hyere wounded unto my 292^y dethe." Thus was the complaynte of oure kynge Harmaunce.

6 C water syde 7 C hym a lyue 10 C Recommundyng vnto & to al noble *not in C* 12 C thus am 13-14 C* of myn own & of myn own bryngyng (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 14-15 C makynge that som worshipful knyst wil reuenge 16 as *not in C†* 17 Clyf with these two traitours for 18 to revenge my deth and sle thes two traytours *not in C†* 20 woll *not in C* 22 sir *not in C* 26 C to putte forthe 26-7 C doune number and I shold 28 C stynte vntyl that they C† vnto Logris 30 C pyte on me and reuenge 32 wounded *not in C*

'Now,' seyde sir Ebell, 'ye knowe all how oure lorde was betrayed. And therefore we requyre you for Goddis sake have pite uppon his dethe, and worshypfully than may ye welde all his londis. For we all wyte well, and ye may sle 5 tho two traytours, the Rede Cite and all that be therein woll take you for their kyndely lorde.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit grevyth myne harte for to hyre you tell this dolefull tale, and to say the trouthe I saw that same lettir that ye speke of, and one of the beste knyghtes 10 of the worlde rad that same lettir to me that ye speake of, and by his commaundemente I cam hydir to revenge your kynges deathe. And therefore have done and let me wyte where I shall fynde tho traytours, for I shall never be at ease in my harte tyll I be in handis wyth them.'

15 'Sir,' seyde Ebell, 'than take your shyppe agayne, and that shyppe muste brynge you unto the Delectable He, faste by the Rede Citē. And we in this castell shall pray for you and abyde youre agayne-commynge. For this same castell, and ye sped well, muste nedis be youre. For oure kyng 20 Harmaunce lette make this castell for the love of tho two traytours, and so we kepte hit with stronge honde, and therefore full sore ar we thretened.'

'Wote ye what ye shall do,' seyde Palomydes. 'What-somevir com of me, loke ye kepe well thys castell, for and 25 hit myssefortune me so to be slayne in this queste, I am sure there woll com one of the beste knyghtis of the worlde for to revenge my dethe, and that is sir Trystram de Lyones, othir ellis sir Launcelot de Lake.'

293^r Than sir Palomydes departed frome that castell. And as he 30 cam nyghe the shyppe, there cam oute of a shyppe a goodly knyght armed ayenste hym wyth his shyld on his shuldir, and his honde uppon his swerde. And anone as he cam nyghe unto sir Palomydes, he seyde,

'Sir knyght, what seke you hyre? Leeve this queste, for 35 hit is myne, and myne hit was or hit were youre, and therefore I woll have hit.'

2 And therefore *not in C* 3 C* worshipfully reuenge his dethe and thenne 4
 Cthiselandes 5 C calle tho that ben 6 kyndely *not in C* 9-11 C
 knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me and by 22 C threted 23 C
 sir P. 30 W nyghe there shyppe C nyghe the Cyte 33 unto *not in C*

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit may well be that this queste was youres or hit was myne. But whan the lettir was takyn oute of the dede knyghtes honde, at that tyme by lyklyhode there was no knyght had undirtake to revenge the kynges dethe. And so at that tyme I promysed to avenge 5 his dethe, and so I shall, other ellys I am shamed.'

'Ye say well,' seyde the knyght, 'butte wyte you well, than woll I fyght wyth you, and whether of us be bettir knyght lat hym take the batayle on honde.'

'I assente me,' seyde sir Palomydes. 10

And than they dressed their shyldis and pulled oute their swerdis, and laysshed togydys many sad strokys as men of myght. And this fyghtyng lasted more than an owre. But at the laste sir Palomydes waxed bygge and bettir-wynded, and than he smote that knyght suche a stroke that he kneled 15 on his kneis. Than that knyght spake on hyght and sayde,

'Jeantyll knyght, holde thy honde!'

And therewyth sir Palomydes wythdrewe his honde. Than thys knyght seyde,

'Sir, wyte you well ye ar bettir worthy to have this batayle 20 than I, and I requyre you of knyghthode telle me youre name.'

'Sir, my name is sir Palomydes, a knyght of kyng Arthurs and of the Table Rounde, whyche am com hydir to revenge thys same dede.' 25

'Sir, well be ye founde,' seyde the knyght to sir Palomydes, (63) 'for of all knyghtes that bene on lyve, excepte three, I had levyste have you. And the fyrste is sir Launcelot du Lake, and the secunde ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and the thyrde is my nyghe cousyn, the good knyght sir Lamorak de Galys. 30 And I am brothir unto kyng Harmaunce that is dede, and my name is sir Hermynde.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and ye shall se how I shall spyede; and yff I be there slayne go ye unto my lorde 293^v

4-5 C the deth of the kyng 8-9 C and who be the better knyghte of vs
bothe lete 13 C fyztyng was more 15-16 C that he made hym to
knelevponhis 18 And therewyth *not in C* C Syr Palomydes was goodely& with -
drewe 20, 26 Sir *not in C* 20 Cwel knyzt that thou arte better 21 C† and
requyre the Cknyghthode S knyghthode 21-2 C thy name 23 C is Palo-
mydes 24 CArthurs SArthurs 24-5 C*round thathyder I came to reuenge
the dethe of this dede kyng 26 sir *not in C* 29 the secunde ys *not in C*†

sir Launcelot other ellys to my lord sir Trystram, and pray them to revenge my dethe. For as for sir Lamorak, hym shall ye never se in this worlde.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Hermynde, 'how may that be that he is
5 slayne?'

'By sir Gawayne and his bretherne,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Hermynde, 'there was nat one for one that slew hym!'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for they were four
10 daungerus knyghtes that slew hym, that was sir Gawayne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys and sir Mordred. But sir Gareth, the fifth brothir, was away, the beste knyght of them all/

And so sir Palomydes tolde sir Hermynde all the maner
15 and how they slew sir Lamorak all only by treson.

So sir Palomyde toke his shyppe and drove up to the Delectable He. And in the meanewhyle sir Hermynde, the kynges brothir, he aryved up at the Rede Cite, and there he tolde them how there was com a knyght of kyng Arthurs
20 to avenge kyng Harmaunce dethe: 'and his name ys sir Palomydes, the good knyght, that for the moste party he folowyth the beste glatyssaunte.'

Than all the citē made grete joy, for muche had they harde of sir Palomydes and of his noble prouesse. So they
25 lette ordayne a messyngere and sente unto the two bretherne and bade them to make them redy, for there was a knyght com that wolde fyght wyth them bothe. So the messyngere wente unto them where they were at a castell there besyde, and there he tolde them how there was a knyght cornyn of
30 kyng Arthurs to fyght with them bothe at onys.

'He is wellcom,' seyde they, 'but is hit sir Launcelot other ony of his bloode?'

'Sir, he is none of that bloode,' seyde the messyngere.

'Than we care the lesse,' seyde the two brethirne, 'for
35 none of the bloode of sir Launcelot we kepe nat to have ado wythall.'

4 that not in C (see note) 7 C said Hermynd 10 C hym as Syr Gawayne
16-17 C and aryued vp at the delectable 17-18 C Hermynde that was the
kynges 20 C Hermaunce 31 C* But telle vs we pray yow yf hit be sire
33 Sir not in C

'Sir, wyte you well,' seyde the messyngere, 'his name is sir Palomydes, that yet is uncrystened, a noble knyght.'

'Well,' seyde they, 'and he be now uncrystynde he shall never be crystynde.'

So they appoynted to be at the cite within two dayes. And 5 294^r
whan sir Palomydes was comyn to the cite they made
passaynge grete joy of hym. And than they behylde hym
and thought he was well made and clenly and bygly, and
unmaymed of his lymmys, and neyther to yonge nother to
olde; and so all the people prayed hym. 10

And though he were nat crystynde, yet he belyved in the
beste maner and was full faythefull and trew of his promyse,
and well-condyssyonde; and bycause he made his avow that
he wolde never be crystynde unto the tyme that he had
enchyeved the beste glatysaunte, the whyche was a full 15
wondirfull beyste and a grete sygnifycasion; for Merlyon
prophesyed muche of that byeste. And also sir Palomydes
avowed never to take full Crystyndom untyll that he had
done seven batayles within lystys.

So wythin the thirde day there cam to the cit⁶ thes two 20
brethirne: the tone hyght sir Helyus and [the other hyght]
Helake, the whyche were men of grete prouesse; howbehit
that they were falsse and full of treson, and but poore men
born, yet were they noble knyghtes of their handys. And
with them they brought fourty knyghtes, of theire hondis 25
noble men, to that entente that they shulde be bygge inowghe
for the Rede Cite. Thus cam the two bretherne wyth grete
bobbaunce and pryde, for they had put the Rede Cit[^] in
grete feare and damage. Than they were brought to the
lystes, and sir Palomydes cam into the place and seyde thus: 3^o

'Be ye the two brethirne, Helyus and Helake, that slew
youre kynge and lorde sir Harmaunce by felony and treson,
for whom that I am comyn hydir to revenge his dethe?'

'Wyte [th]ou well, sir,' seyde Helyus and sir Helake,
'that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kynge Harmaunce. 35
And wyte thou well, thou sir Palomydes Sarezyn, that we

1 Sir not in C 8 C and sawe that he 18 C vnto the tyme that 25-6 of
theire hondis noble men not in C 29 grete not in C 34 C wete thou
(W you) wel said sir 35-6 W (sidenote) How sir Palomydes revenged the
deth of kyng Harmaunce of the Rede Cite 36 C wel sire

shall so handyll the or that thou departe that thou shalt
wysshe that thou haddyst be crystynde.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but as yet I wolde
294^v nat dye or that I were full crystynde. And yette so aferde
5 am I nat of you bothe but that I shall dye a bettir Crystyn
man than ony of you bothe. And doute ye nat,' seyde sir
Palomydes, 'ayther ye other I shall be leffte dede in this
place.'

(64) So they departed in grete wreath; and the two bretherne
10 cam ayenst sir Palomydes, and he ayenste them, as faste as
their horsis myght ren. And by fortune sir Palomydes smote
sir Helake thorow his shyld and thorow his breste more
than a fadom.

All this whyle sir Helyus hylde up his speare, and for
15 pryde and orgule he wolde nat smyte sir Palomydes wyth
his speare. But whan he saw his brothir lye on the erthe and
saw he myght nat helpe hymselff, than he seyde unto sir
Palomydes,

'Kepethe!'

20 And therewyth he cam hurtelynge unto sir Palomydes
with his speare, and smote hym quyte frome his horse. So
sir Helyus rode over sir Palomydes twyse or thryse; and
therewyth sir Palomydes was ashamed, and gate the horse of
sir Helyus by the brydyll, and therewithall the horse arered,
25 and sir Palomydes halpe aftir, and so they felle to the erthe.

But anone sir Helyus starte up lightly, and there he
smote sir Palomydes a grete stroke uppon the helme, that
he kneled uppon his kne; and than they laysshed togydys
many sad strokis and trased and traversed now bakwarde,
30 now sydelynge, hurtelynge togydys lyke two borys, and
that same tyme they felle bothe grovelynge to the erthe.

Thus [they] fought styлле withoute ony reposynge two
owres and never brethid. And than sir Palomydes waxed
faynte and wery, and sir Helyus waxed passynge stronge
35 and doubled his strokes and drove sir Palomydes ovirtwarte
and endelonge all the fylde.

1 C shalle handle the so 2 C thou werest crystened 3 C Palomydes for yet
4 full *not in C* 4-5 C so am I not aferd of 5 C* but I truste to god that I
shal 9 in grete wreath *not in C* 15 Corgulyte 19 C helpe thy self
21-2 C from his sadel Thenne sire 25 C felle both to 28 C his owne knee
36-p. 719, i C feld that they of the cyte whan they saw sir Palomydes

Than whan they of the cite saw sir Palomydes in this case
they wepte and cryed and made grete dole, and the other 295^r
party made as grete joy.

'Alas,' seyde the men of the cite, 'that this noble knyght
shulde thus be slayne for oure kynges sake!' 5

And as they were thus wepyng and cryyng, sir Palo-
mydes, whyche had suffyrde an hondred strokes, and wondir
hit was that he stode on his fyete, so at the laste sir Palo-
mydes loked aboute as he myght weyakly unto the comyn
people how they wepte for hym, and than he seyde to hym- 10
selff, 'A, fye for shame, sir Palomydes! Why hange ye
youre hede so lowe?' And therewith he bare up his shyld
and loked sir Helyus in the vysoure and smote hym a grete
stroke uppon the helme and aftir that anothir and anothir,
and than he smote sir Helyus with suche a myght that he 15
felde hym to the erthe grovelynge. And than he raced of hys
helme from his hede and so smote of his hede from the body.

And than were the people of the cite the myrrest people
that myght be. So they brought hym to his lodgyng with
grete solempnyte, and there all the people becam his men. 20
And than sir Palomydes prayde them all to take kepe unto
all the lordeship of kyng Harmaunce:

'For, fayre sirrys, wyte y[e] well, I may nat as at this tyme
abyde with you, for I muste in all haste be wyth my lorde
kyng Arthure at the castel of Lonezep.' 25

Than were people full hevy at his departynge, for all the
cite profyrd sir Palomydes the thirde parte of their goodis
so that he wolde abyde wyth hem. But in no wyse as at that
tyme he ne wolde abyde. And so sir Palomydes departed,
and cam unto the castell thereas sir Ebell was lyefFtenaunte. 30
And whan they in the castell wyste how sir Palomydes had
sped there was a joyfull mayne.

And so sir Palomydes departed and cam to the castell of 295^v
Lonezep; and whan he knew that sir Trystram was nat there

5 S shold haue thus 7-8 C strokes that it was wonder that he 8-10 C
Palomydes beheld as he myght the comen peple 11-12 C hangest thou thy
hede 13 C† in the vysage and he smote 15-16 Chefelleto 17 Chede
and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed his hede 18 C
Cyte the Ioyefullest peple 23 W wyte you well 25-6 CLona3ep the whiche
I haue promysed Thenne was the people 29 C he wold not 34 C he
wyst that

he toke hys way over Humbir and cam unto Joyus Garde where was sir Trystram and La Beall Isode.

So sir Trystram had commaunded that what knyght arraunte cam within Joyus Garde, as in the towne, that they
5 sholde warne sir Trystram. So there cam a man of the towne and tolde sir Trystram how there was a knyght in the towne, a passyng goodly man.

'What maner of man ys he?' seyde sir Trystram, 'and what sygne beryth he?'

10 And anone he tolde hym all the tokyns of hym.

'Be my fayth, that ys sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Dynadan.

'For sothe hit may well be,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Than go ye, sir Dynadan, and fecche hym hydir.'

Than sir Dynadan wente unto sir Palomydes, and there
15 aythir made othir grete chere, and so they lay togydirs that nyght. And on the morn erly cam sir Trystram and sir Gareth, and toke them in their beddis; and so they arose and brake their faste.

(65) And than sir Trystram dressed sir Palomydes unto the
20 fyldis and woodis, and so they were accorded to repose them in the foreyste. And whan they had played them a grete whyle they rode unto a fayre well. And anone they were ware of an armed knyght cam rydyng agaynste them, and there ayther salewed other.

25 Than this armed knyght spake to sir Trystram and asked what were those knyghtes that were lodged in Joyus Garde.

'I wote nat what they ar,' seyde sir Trystram.

'But what knyghtes be ye? For mesemyth ye be no knyghtes arraunte, because ye ryde unarmed.'

30 'Sir, whethir we be knyghtes or nat, we lyste nat to telle the oure name.'

'Why wolt thou nat tell me thy name?' seyde that knyght. 'Than kepe the, for thou shalt dye of myne hondis!'

2 C where as sir Tristram was and

the tokens of (S os) hym

Dynadan

sire Tristram vnto Dynadan Soo Dynadan

grete Ioye and soo

the feldes and woodes So

Tristan, alons la dehors veoir ces plains et ses fontaines, si vous sera un grant deduit a ceste matinee

in C

32 Why not in C

10 C Soo the man told sire Tristram alle

11 Be my fayth not in C C is Palomydes said

12-14 C† Tristram go ye to hym said

15 Cmade of other (S made other)

19-20 C* Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to

F (MS. B.N. fr.99 f. 439' col. 1): Talarndes, fait

C ye said that kny3te for

30 Sir not

And therewithall he gate his speare and wolde have ronne sir Trystram [thorow]. That saw sir Palomydes, and smote his horse traveyse in myddys thesyde, that he smote horse and man spyteuously to the erthe. And therewyth sir Palomydes 296' alyght and pulled oute his swerde to have slayne hym. 5

'Lat be,' seyde sir Trystram, 'sle hym nat, for the knyghte is but a foole and hit were shame to sle hym. But take away his speare,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and lat hym take his horse and go where that he wyll.'

So whan this knyght arose he groned sore of the falle, and 10 so he gate his horse, and whan he was up he turned his horse and requyred sir Trystram and sir Palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were.

'Now wyte thou well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'my name is sir Trystram de Lyones, and this knyghtes name is sir 15 Palomydes.'

Whan he wyste what he hyght he toke his horse wyth the spurrys, bycaus they shulde nat aske hym his name, and so he rode faste away thorow thicke and thorow thynne. Than cam there by them a knyght with a bended shylde of 20 assure, his name was sir Epynogrys, and he cam a grete walop.

'Whother ar ye away?' sayde sir Trystram.

'My fayre lordis,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'I folow the falsiste knyght that beryth the lyeff, wherefore I requyre you 25 telle me whethyr ye sye hym, for he beryth a shylde with a case of rede over hit.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'suche a knyght departed frome us nat a quarter of an owre ago, and therefore we pray you to telle us his name.' 30

'Alas,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'why let ye hym ascape from you? And he is so grete a foo untill all arraunte knyghtys, whos name is sir Brewnys Saunze Pite.'

'A, fy for shame!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and alas that ever

1 C spere in his handes and	2 C* Tristram thurgh	3-4 C that man
and hors felle to the erthe	6 for not in C	11 C he took his hors and whan
he was vp	14 Cwete ye wel	17 Cwhat they were he took
19 Cso	20 Cbented	21 Casure whos name
rode	21, 24 sir not in C	21-2
C cam toward them a grete wallop	23 C ar ye rydyng said	29-30 and
therefore not in C	31 sir not in C	32 C vntoal
name	32-3 C knyghtes his	
33 W Piete	C* Pyte	

he ascapyd myne hondis, for he is the man in the worlde whom I hate moste.'

Than eviry knyght made grete sorow to othir, and so sir Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace aftir hym. Than 5 sir Trystram and hys three felowys rode towarde Joyus Garde, and there sir Trystram talked unto sir Palomydes of his batayle, and how that he had sped at the Rede *Cite*. And as ye have harde afore, so was hyt ended.

'Truly,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am glad ye have well sped, 296^v io fo[r] ye have done worshypfully. Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'we muste forwarde as to-morne.'

And than he devysed how hit shulde be; and there sir Trystram devysed to sende his two pavelons to set hem faste by the well of Lonzep, 'and therein shall be the quene 15 La Beall Isode.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Dynadan.

But whan sir Palomydes herde of that his harte was ravysshed oute of mesure: notwythstondyng he seyde but lytyll. So whan they cam to Joyus Garde sir Palomydes 20 wolde nat have gone into the castell, but as sir Trystram lad hym by the honde into Joyus Garde. And whan sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode he was so ravysshed that he myght unnethe speke. So they wente unto mete, but sir Palomydes myght nat ete, and there was all the chire that 2^s myght be had.

And so on the morn they were apparayled for to ryde towarde Lonzep.

3 sir *not in C* 5 *C* rode vnto Ioyous 7 had *not in C* n as *not in C*
 16 *C* Hit is wel said said sir 20-1 *C* Tristram took hym by the fynger & ladde
 hym in to the castel And whanne 26 for *not in C*

XII

THE TOURNAMENT AT LONEZEP

*{Winchester MS., ff. 296^v-314^r;
Caxton, Book X, chs. 65-81}*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

65. How syr Tristram and La Beale Ysoude wente unto Lonagep.
66. How syr Palamydes justed wyth syr Galyhodyn, and after wyth syr Gawayn, and smote them down.
67. How syr Trystram and his felaushyp cam unto the tournement of Lone3ep, and of dyvers justes and maters.
68. How syr Trystram and hys felaushyp justed, and of the noble feates that they dyd in that tournoyeng.
69. How syr Trystram was unhorsed and smyten down by syr Launcelot, and after that syr Tristram smote doun kyng Arthur.
70. How syr Trystram chaunged his harnoys, and it was al reed, and how he demenyd hym; and how syr Palamydes slewe Launcelottes hors.
71. How syr Launcelot sayd to syr Palamydes, and how the prys of that day was gyven to syr Palamydes.
72. How syr Dynadan provoked syr Trystram to do wel.
73. How kyng Arthur and syr Launcelot came to see La Bele Ysoude, and how Palamydes smote doun kyng Arthur.
74. How the second day Palamydes forsoke syr Trystram, and wente to the contrarye partye ayenst hym.
75. How syr Trystram departed out of the felde and awaked sir Dynadan, and chaunged his araye into blacke.
76. How syr Palamydes chaunged his shelde and armour for to hurte sir Tristram, and how syr Launcelot dyd to sir Tristram.
77. How syr Trystram departed wyth La Bele Isoude, and how Palomydes folowed and excused hym.
78. How kyng Arthur and syr Launcelot came into theyr pavelions as they satte at souper, and of Palomydes.
79. How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes dyd the nexte day, and how kyng Arthur was unhorsed.
80. How syr Trystram torned to kynge Arthurs syde, and how syr Palomydes wolde not.
81. How syr Bleoberis and syr Ector reported to quene Guenever of the beaute of La Bele Isoude.

SO syr Trystram had three squyars, and La Beall Isode had three jantyllwomen, and bothe the quene and they were rychely apparayled; and other people had they none with them but varlettes to beare their shyldis and their spearys. And thus they rode forthe. And as they rode they saw afore them a route of knyghtes, and that was sir Galyhodyn with twenty knyghtes with hym.

'Now, fayre fealowys,' seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'yondir cornmyth four knyghtes, and a ryche and a well fayre lady; and I am in wyll to take that fayre lady from them.'

'Sir, that is nat beste,' seyde one of them, 'but sende ye to them and awyte what they woll say,'

And so they ded, and anone there cam a squyer unto sir Trystram and asked them whether they wolde juste other ellys to lose that lady.

'Natso,'seyde sir Trystram, 'but telle your lordeand bydde hym com as many as we bene, and wynne her and take her.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and hit please you, lat me have this dede, and I shall undirtake them all four.'

'Sir, I woll that ye have hit,' seyde sir Trystram, 'at youre pleasure.'

'Now go and telle your lorde sir Galyhodyn that this knyght woll encountir with hym and his felowys.'

So this squyer departed and tolde sir Galyhodyn.

Than he dressed his shyld and put forth a speare, and sir Palomydes smote sir Galyhodyn so harde that horse and man bothe yode to the erthe, and there he had an horryble falle. And than cam another knyght, and the same wyse he served hym; and so he served the thirde and the fourthe, that he smote them over their horse croupes. And allwayes sir Palomydes speare was hole.

Than cam there six knyghtes mo of sir Galyhodynes men and wolde have bene avenged uppon sir Palomydes.

8 Now *not in C* 9 *C* and a wel *S* and wel 10 fayre *not in C* 11 *C* That is not of the best counceill said one of Galyhodyns men but 12 *C* and wete what
13 *C* soo hit was done there 15 *C* lese their lady 16 *but not in C* *C*
lord I byd 18 *C* said Palomydes 19-20 *C* foure I wyll 26-7 *C**
Palomydes another and there sire Palomydes smote Galyhodyn soo hard that he
smote bothe hors and man to the 28 *C* and in the same 8, 22, 24, 32 *sir not in C*

'Lat be,' seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'nat so hardy! None of you all meddyll with this knyght, for he is a man of grete bounte and honoure, and yf he wolde do his uttermuste ye ar nat all able to deale wyth hym.'

5 And ryght so they hylde them styll, and ever sir Palomydes was redy to juste. And whan he sawe they wolde no more he rode unto sir Trystram.

'A, sir Palomydes I Ryght well have ye done and worshypfully, as a good knyght sholde.

10 So this sir Galyhodyn was nyghe kyn unto sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and this sir Galyhodyn was a kynge within the contrey of Surluse.

So as sir Trystram with his three felowys and La Beall Isode rode, they saw afore them four knyghtes, and every
15 knyght had his speare in his honde. The fyrst was sir Gawayne, the secunde was sir Uwayne, the thirde was sir Sagramour le Desyrus, and the fourthe was sir Dodynas le Saveage. And whan sir Palomydes behylde them, that the four knyghtes were redy to juste, he prayde sir Trystram to
20 gyff hym leve to have ado with them also longe as he myght holde hym on horsebak.

'And yf that I be smyttyn downe, I pray you revenge me.'

'Well,' seyde syr Trystram, 'and ye ar nat so fayne to have worship but I wolde as fayne encrease youre worshyp.'

297^v 25 And wythall sir Gawayne put forthe his speare and sir Palomydes another, and so they cam egirly togydys, that sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that sir Gawayne felle to the erthe, horse and all. And in the same wyse he served sir Uwayne and sir Dodynas and sir Sagramour, and all thes
30 four knyghtes sir Palomydes smote them downe with dyverse spearys.

And than sir Trystram departed towarde Lonezep, and whan they were departed than cam thydir sir Galyhodyn with his twenty knyghtes unto sir Gawayne, and there he
35 tolde hym all how he had sped.

3 do his uttermuste *not in* C† 4 C to medle with 8 A sir Palomydes *not in C* 8-9 C done said sir Tristram & worshypfully haue ye done as a good

10 C nyghe cosyn vnto Galahalt 13-14 C Tristram syr Palomydes and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they saw 23 C* Tristram I wille as ye wille and

ye 26 Ccamosoegerly 27-8 Csmote sir Gawayne to the erthe 10, 11, 17, 33 sir *not in C* 34 C† his x knyztys F xx chevaliers. C†.p. 727, line 7.

'Be my trouthe,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I mervayle what knyghtes they ben that ar so arayed all in grene.'

'And that knyght uppon the whyghte horse smote me downe', seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'and three of my felowys.'

'So ded he me,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and my three felowys. 5 And well I wote,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that other he uppon the whyghte horse ys sir Trystram othir ellys sir Palomydes, and that well-beseyne lady is quene Isode.'

And as they talked thus of one thyng and of other, and in the meanewhyle sir Trystram passed on tyll that he cam 10 to the welle where his pavylyons were sette. And there they alyghted, and there they sawe many pavylyons and grete aray.

Than sir Trystram leffte there sir Palomydes and sir Gareth with La Beall Isode, and sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode unto Lonezep to herkyn tydynges, and sir Trystram 15 rode uppon sir Palomydes whyght horse. And whan he cam into the castell sir Trystram harde a grete home blowe, and to the home drewe many knyghtes.

Than sir Trystrams asked a knyght, 'What meanyth the blaste of that home?' 20

'Sir,' seyde that knyght, 'hit is for all tho that shall holde ayenste kyng Arthure at this turnemente: the fyrst ys the kyng of Irelande, and the kyng of Surluse, and the kyng of Lystenoyse, the kyng of Northumbirlonde, and the kyng of the beste parte of Walys, with many other contreys.' 25

And all thes drewe them to a councyle to undirstonde what governaunce they shall be of. But the kyng of Ireland his name was sir Marhalte, that was fadir unto the good knyght sir Marhalte that sir Trystram slew; and he had the 298^r speache, that sir Trystram myght hyre: 30

'Now, lordis and felowis, lat us loke to oureselff, for wyte you well kyng Arthure ys sure of many good knyghtes, other ellys he wolde nat with feaw knyghtes have ado with us. Therefore, be my rede, lat every knyght have a standarde

I CI merueyle said sire Gawayne what (Be my trouthe *not in C*) 2 all *not in C* 4 C & my iii felaws 4, 5 sir *not in C* 5 C & so he dyd to me and my three felowys *not in C* 8 C that gay bysene 9 C Thus they talked of II C his two pavelions 17 C sir Dynadan herd 21 for *not in C* 26 all *not in C* 27-9 C Irland whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good knyghte sir Marhaus 29-30 C slewe had alle the speche 30-1 C here it He said lordes 34 C my councyl lete euery Kyng

and a cognysaunce by hymselff, that every knyght may draw to his naturall lorde. And than may every kynge and capayne helpe his knyght yf he have nede.'

Whan sir Trystram had harde all their counceyle he rode
(67) 5 unto kynge Arthure for to hyre his counceyle. But sir Trystram was nat so sone com unto the place but sir Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente unto kynge Arthure and tolde hym that that same grene knyght in the grene harneyse with the whyghte horse 'smote us two downe and six of oure felowys
10 this same day.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure.

And than he called sir Trystram to hym and asked what was his name.

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye shall holde me excused: as at this tyme ye shall nat know my name/'
15

And there sir Trystram returned and rode his way.

'I have mervayle,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that yondir knyght woll [nat] tell me his name. But go ye, sir Gryfflet, and pray hym to speke with me betwyxt us twayne.'

20 Than sir Gryfflet rode aftir hym and overtoke hym and seyde that kynge Arthure prayde hym to speake with hym.

'Sir, uppon this covenante,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll turne agayne, so that ye woll ensure me that the kynge woll nat desyre to hyre my name.'

25 'I shall undirtake it,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'that he woll nat gretly desyre of you.'

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam to kynge Arthure.

'Now, fayre sir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'what is the cause ye woll nat tell me your name?'

30 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'withoute a cause I wolde nat hyde my name.'

'Well, uppon what party woll ye holde?' seyde kynge Arthure.

1-2 C knyghte drawe to their naturel 3 C yf they have 7-8 C hym that same 11, 17 kynge *not in C* 12 C asked hym 14 C Syre said sire 15 C tyme for ye shalle not wete my 18 C* wille not 18-19 C *goo thow* Gryfflet le fyse de dieu and 19 twayne *not in C* 21 C hym for to speke with hym secretly a parte vpon this (*not in F*) 22-4 C I wille speke with hym that I wille tome ageyne soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre 25-6 C vnder-take said sir Gryfflet that he wille not gretly desyre hit of you 28 Now *not in C* 30 C† I wille not 32 Well *not in C*

'Truly, my lorde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wote nat yet on what party I woll be on untill I com to the fylde. And thereas my harte gyvyth me, there woll I holde me. But 298^v to-morow ye shall se and preve on what party I shall com.'

And therewithall he returned and went to his pavelons. 5 And uppon the morne they armed them all in grene and cam into the fylde. And there yonge knyghtys began to juste and ded many worshypfull dedis.

Than spake sir Gareth unto sir Trystram and prayde hym to gyff hym leve to breake his speare, for hym thought shame 10 to beare his speare hole agayne.

Whan sir Trystram had harde hym sey so, he lowghe and sayde,

'I pray you, do youre beste!'

Than sir Gareth gate his speare and profirde to juste. 15 And that sawe a knyght that was neveaw unto the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes; his name was sir Selyses, a good knyght and a good man of armys. So this Selyses dressed hym unto sir Gareth, and they two mette togydirs so harde that ayther smote other downe, horse and man, to 20 the erthe.

And so they were bothe hurte and brused, and there they lay tyll the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes halpe up sir Selyses, and sir Trystram and sir Palomydes halpe up sir Gareth ayen, and so they rode wyth hym to their pavyllons. 25 And than they pulled of his helme, and whan La Beall Isode saw sir Gareth brused so in the face she asked hym what ayled hym.

'Madame,' sayde sir Gareth, 'I had a grete buffette, and I suppose I gaff anothir, but none of my fealowys, God thanke 30 hem, wolde rescowe me.'

'Perdeus,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit longyth nat to none of us at this day to juste, for there hath nat this dayjusted no preved knyghtes. And whan the other party saw that ye profyrd yourself to juste, they sente a passyng good knyght 35

3 Chold but 9 Cspacke Gareth 15 Caspere 17-18 a good knyght
not in C 18 C this knyght 20 C doune hors (S his hors) and alle to 22 C
brysed and hurte 25 C with sir Gareth vnto their 27 so *not in C* 31
C wold not rescowe 32 C Forsothe said Palomydes hit longed to none 34
C* knyghtes and nedely ye wold luste And whan 35-p. 732, 1 C sente one
to yow a passyng good knyght of his age for I

unto you, for I know hym well: his name is sir Selyses. And
 worshypfully ye mette with hym, and neyther of you ar dis-
 honoured. And therefore refreyshe yourselff, that ye may be
 redy and hole to juste to-morne.'

5 'As for that,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I shall nat fayle you and
 I may bestryde myne horse.'

(68) 'Now, sirs, uppon what party is hyt beste', seyde sir Trys-
 299^f tram, 'to be withall to-morne?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ye shall have myne advyse to
 10 be ayenst kynge Arthure as to-morne, for on his party will
 be sir Launcelot and many good knyghtes of his blood with
 hym; and the mo men of worship that they be, the more
 worshyp shall we wynde.'

'That is full knyghtly spokyn,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and
 15 so shall hit be ryght as y[e] counceyle me.'

'In the name of God,' seyde they all.

So that nyght they were reposed with the beste. And in
 the morne whan hit was day they were arayed all in grene
 trapurs, bothe shyldis and spearys, and La Beall Isode in the
 20 same coloure, and her three damesels. And ryght thes four
 knyghtes cam into the fylde endlyng and thorow, and so they
 lad La Beall Isode thidir as she sholde stande and beholde
 all the justes in a bay-wyndow; but allwayes she was wyped,
 that no man myght se her vysage. And than thes four
 25 knyghtes rode streyte unto the party of the kynge of Scottis.

Whan kynge Arthure had seyne hem do all this he asked
 sir Launcelot what were this knyghtes and this quene.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I can nat tell you, for no ser-
 tayne. But yf sir Trystram be in this contrey or sir Palo-
 30 mydes, sir, wyte you well hit be they, and there is quene
 La Beall Isode.'

Than kynge Arthure called unto hym sir Kay and seyde,
 'Go ye lightly and wyte how many knyghtes there bene hyre
 lackynge of the Table Rounde, for by the segis ye may know.'

1, 5, 7 sir *not in C* 7 sirs *not in C* 7-8 W is hyt beste seyde sir Trystram ys
 hit hit beste to be C is hit best we be with alle as to morne 13 C^f worship
 weshallewe 14-15 Candryghtsooasyecounceilemesoo willedoo 17 C
 were lodged 17-18 C and on the 19 bothe *not in C* 20 Cryghtesoo
 these 24-5 C these thref kny3tes 25 W knyng 28-9 C said launcelot
 I can not say you in certayn 29-30 C palomydes wete 30-1 C they in
 certeyn and la beale Isoud 32 kynge *not in C* 34 Cseges thou maiste knowe

So went sir Kay and saw by the wrytynge in the syeges
that there lacked ten knyghtes, and thes were hir namys: sir
Trystram, sir Palomydes, sir Percivall, sir Gareth, sir
Gaherys, sir Epynogrys, sir Mordred, sir Dynadan, sir La
Cote Male Tayle, and sir Pelleas, the noble knyght. 5

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'som of thes, I dare undir-
take, ar here this day ayenste us.'

Than cam therein two bretherne, cousins unto sir
Gawayne: that one hyght sir Edwarde and that other hyght
sir Sadok, the whyche were two good knyghtes. 10

And they asked of kynge Arthure that they myght have 299^v
the fyrste justis, for they were of Orkeney.

'I am pleased/ seyde kynge Arthure.

Than sir Edwarde encountirde with the kynge of Scottis,
in whos party was sir Trystram and sir Palomydes. And this 15
sir Edwarde of Orkeney smote the kynge of Scottis quyte
frome his horse, a grete falle. And sir Sadoke smote the
kynge of Northe Walys downe and gaff hym a wondir grete
falle, that there was a grete cry on kynge Arthurs party.

And that made sir Palomydes passyngly wrothe, and so 20
sir Palomydes dressed his shylde and his speare, and wyth
all hys myght he mette with sir Edwarde of Orkeney and
smote hym so harde that his horse had no myght to stonde
on his fyete, and so he hurled downe to the erthe. And than
with the same speare sir Palomydes smote downe Sadok 25
over his horse croupe.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kyng Arthure, 'what knyght ys that
arayed so all in grene? For he justyth myghtyly.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'he ys [a] good
knyght, and yet shall ye se hym juste bettir or he departe. 30
And yet shall ye se a more bygger knyght in the same colour
than he is. For that same knyght/ seyde sir Gawayne, 'that
smote downe ryght now my two cousins, he smote me
downe within thes two dayes, and seven felowys mo.'

This meanewhyle as they stood thus talkynge, there cam 35

2 C these ben their names that ben not here Syr 3 sir Gareth *not in* C† 7
W that ar 15 this *not in* C 16 of Orkeney *not in* C 17 a grete
falle *not in* C 20 C passyng wrothe 22-3 C Orkeney that he smote hym
23 C hors myghte not stande 24 Csoo they hurtled to 27 CO Ihesu
2 7 kyng *not in* C 28 so *not in* C For *not in* C 31 C see saide svre Gawayne
another bygger 33 C† my four cosyns

into the place sir Trystram uppon a blacke horse. And or ever he stynte he smote downe with one speare four good knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the kynne of sir Gawayne. And sir Gareth and sir Dynadan everyche of them smote s downe a good knyght.

'A, Jesu!' seyde Arthure, 'yondir knyght uppon the bl[a]cke horse dothe myghtyly and mervaylously well.'

'Abyde you!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'That knyght on the blak horse began nat yet.'

10 Than sir Trystrams made to horse the two knyghtes agayne that sir Edward and sir Sadok had unhorsed at the begynnyng. And than sir Trystram drew his swerde and rode unto the thyckyst prease ayenste them of Orkeney, and 300^r there he smote downe knyghtes and raced off helmys and 15 pulled away their shyldis and hurteled downe many of their knyghtes. And so he fared that kynge Arthure and all knyghtes had grete mervayle to se ony o knyght do so muche dedis of armys.

And sir Palomydes fayled nat uppon the other syde, that 20 he so mervaylously ded and well that all men had wondir; for kynge Arthure lykened sir Trystram, that was on the blak horse, unto a wood lyon; and he lykened sir Palomydes, uppon the whyght horse, unto a wood lybarde, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan unto egir wolvis.

25 But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kyngys wolde helpe other, but all the felyshyp of every standarde to helpe other as they myght. But ever sir Trystram ded so muche dedis of armys that they of Orkeney wexed wery of hym and so withdrew them unto Lonezep.

(69) 30 Than was the cry of herowdys and all maner of comyn people, 'the grene knyght hath done mervaylously and beatyn all them of Orkeney!' And there herowdis numbird that sir Trystram, that was uppon the blacke horse, had smytten downe with spearys and swerdis thirty knyghtes, 35 and sir Palomydes had smyttyn downe twenty knyghtes;

6 *A not in C* 8 *C knyght with the* 10-ri *C made to horse ageyne the two*
 kynges that Edward and Sadok 13 *C rode in to the thyckest of the prees* 14
C and rashed of 15 *of their not in C* 16 *C knyghtes he ferd soo that sire*
 Arthur 17-18 *C merueille whan they sawe one knyght doo so grete dedes*
 19-20 *Csyde but dyd so merueylously wel* 22 *C hors lyke to a wood*
he not in C 32 *C there the heraudes* 33 *C that satte vpon*

and the most party of thes fifty knyghtes were of the house of kynge Arthure and preved knyghtes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Launcelot, 'this is a grete shame to se four knyghtes beate so many knyghtes of myne. And therefore make you redy, for we 5 woll have ado with them!'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well that there ar two passynge good knyghtes, and grete worship were hit nat to us now to have ado with them, for they ar gretly travayled.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I woll be avenged. 10 And therefore take with you sir Bleoberys and sir Ector de Marys, and I woll be the fourthe,' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Well, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall fynde me redy, and my brother sir Ector and my cousyn sir Bleoberys.'

And so whan they were redy and on horsebacke, 'Now 15 chose,' seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Launcelot, 'whom that ye woll encountir wythall.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll counter wyth the grene 300^v knyght uppon the blacke horse.' (That was sir Trystram.) 'And my cousyn sir Bleoberys shall macche the grene knyght 20 uppon the whyght horse.' (That was sir Palomydes.) 'And my brother sir Ector shall macche wyth the grene knyght uppon the dunne horse.' (That was sir Gareth.)

'Than muste I,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'have ado with the grene knyght uppon the gresylde horse,' and that was sir 25 Dynadan.

'Now every man take kepe to his felow!' seyde sir Launcelot.

And so they trotted on togydys, and there encountirde sir Launcelot ayenst sir Trystram, and they smote ayther 30 othir so sore that horse and man yeode to the erthe. But sir Launcelot wente that hit had be sir Palomydes, and so they passed utter.

3 kynge *not in C* 4 C* shame to vs to 7, 18 sir *not in C* 9 C for they
haue this day sore trauaylled 10 kynge *not in C* 11-12 de Marys *not in C*
12 kynge *not in C* 13 C Syre said Launcelot 16 C sir Arthur vnto sir
launcelot with whome 18 C wille mete with 20 C shall Sshalle 23
C† vpon the whyte hors 24 C sir Arthur 27 C take heede to 30-1
C Tristram Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he
bare hors and man to the erthe 31-3 W (*sidenote*) How sir Trystram had a
falle 32 C launcelot wend that 32-3 C soo he passed forthe

And than sir Bleoberys encountyrd wyth sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde upon the shyld that sir Palomydes and his whyght horse rosteled to the erthe. Than sir Ector smote sir Gareth so harde that downe he felle from his
5 horse. And than noble kynge Arthure he encountyrd wyth sir Dynadan, and kynge Arthure smote hym quyte frome his horse. And than the noyse turned awhyle and seyde,

'The grene knyghtes were felde downe!'

Whan the kyng of Northe Galys saw that sir Trystram was
10 on foote, and than he remembyrd hym how grete dedis of armys they had done, than he made redy many knyghtes. For the custom and the cry was suche that what knyght were smytten downe and myght nat be horsed agayne by his felowys othir by his owne strengthe, that as that day
15 he sholde be presonere unto the party that smote hym downe.

So there cam in the kynge of Northe Galys, and he rode streyte unto sir Trystram. And whan he cam nyghe hym he alyght delyvirly and toke sir Trystram hys horse and seyde
20 thus:

'Noble knyght, I know the nat, nothir of what contrey ye be, but for the noble dedis that ye have done this day
301^r take there my horse and let me do as well as I may; for, as Jesu be my helpe, ye ar bettir worthy to have myne horse
25 than myselff.'

'Grauntermercy!' seyde sir Trystram. 'And yf I may, I shall quyte you. And loke that ye go nat far frome us, and as I suppose I shall wynne you sone another horse.'

And therewythall sir Trystram mounte upon his horse,
30 and anone he mette wyth kynge Arthure and he gaff hym suche a buffet that kynge Arthure had no power to kepe his sadyll. And than sir Trystram gaff the kynge of Northe Galys kynge Arthurs horse. Than was there grete prease aboute

2-3 W (*sidenote*) How sir Palomydes had a falle 4-6 W (*sidenote*) How sir Gareth had a falle 4 C Ector de marys smote C felle of his 5 C And the noble 6 C and he smote 6-7 C from his sadel 6-8 W (*sidenote*) How sir Dynadan had a falle 7-8 C^t a whyle how the grene knyghtes were slayndoune 9-10 C Tristram had a falle thenne 11 C* armes sir Tristram had 15 C that had smyten hym 19 C alyght doune sodenly and by toke 21 nothir *not in C* 21-2 C cuntrye that thow arte but 22 C dedes that thow haste done 24 C Ihesu me helpe 26-7 6^f may shalle 28 sone *not in C* 31 C buffet vpon the helme (*not in F*) with his swerd that kynge

kyng Arthure for to horse hym agayne. [But sire Palomydes wold not suftre kyng Arthure to be horsed ageyne,] but ever sir Palomydes smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys myghtyly as a noble knyght.

And this meanewhyle sir Trystram rode thorow the thyckyste prece and smote downe knyghtes on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys, and so passed forthe unto his pavelouns and leffte sir Palomydes on foote. And than sir Trystram chonged his horse and dysgysed hymselff all in rede, horse and harnes. 10

And whan quene Isode saw sir Trystram unhorsed and she wyst nat where he was becom, than she wepte hartely. (70°) But sir Trystram, whan he was redy, cam daysshynge lyghtly into the fylde, and than La Beall Isode aspyed hym. And so he ded grete dedis of armys wyth one speare that was grete, for 15 sir Trystram smote downe fyve knyghtes or ever he stynted.

Than sir Launcelot aspyed hym redyly that hit was sir Trystram, and than he repented hym of that he had smyttyn hym downe. And so sir Launcelot wente oute of the prees to repose hym, and lyghtly he cam agayne. 20

And so whan sir Trystram was com into the prees, thorow his grete forse he put sir Palomydes uppon his horse, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan, and than they began to do mervaylously. But sir Palomydes nothir none of his two felowys knew nat who had holpen them to horsebak. But ever sir 25 Trystram was nyghe them and knew them and they nat 301^v hym, because he had chonged into rede armour. And all this whyle sir Launcelot was away.

So whan La Beall Isode aspyed sir Trystram agayne uppon his horse bak she was passynge glad, and than she 30 lowghe and made good chere. And as hit happened, sir Palomydes lokyd up toward her; she was in the wyndow, and sir Palomydes aspyed how she lawghed. And therewyth he toke suche rejoysynge that he smote downe, what wyth his speare and wyth hys swerde, all that ever he mette, for 35

1-3 C* But sire Palomydes wold not suffre kyng Arthure to be horsed ageyne
but euer sir (*homoeoteleuton* in W) 4 and raced of helmys *not* in C 6
C thyckest of the prees 11 C sawe that syre Tristram was unhorsed 12
becom *not* in C 12-13 C wept gretely But 15 for *not* in C 18 of *not* in C
21 C Tristram came into 26 Cnyghe them and socoured them and they 27
C he was 29 C knewe sir 31 C make 32 C her where she lay in the

thorow the syght of her he was so enamerd in her love that he semed at that tyme that and bothe sir Trystram and sir Launcelot had bene bothe ayenste hym they sholde have wonne no worshyp of hym. And in his harte, as the booke 5 saythe, sir Palomydes wysshed that wyth his worshyp he myght have ado wyth sir Trystram before all men, bycause of La Beall Isode.

Than sir Palomydes began to double his strengthe, and he ded so mervaylously all men had wondir; and ever he kaste io up his yee unto La Beall Isode. And whan he saw her make suche chere he fared lyke a lyon, that there myght no man wythstonde hym. And than sir Trystram behylde hym how he styrred aboute, and seyde unto sir Dynadan,

'So God me helpe, sir Palomydes ys a passynge 'good 15 knyghte and a¹ well endurynge, but suche dedis sawe I hym never do, nother never erste herde I tell that ever he ded so muche in one day.'

'Sir, hit is his day,' seyde sir Dynadan, and he wolde sey no more unto sir Trystram, but to hymself he seyde thus: 20 'And sir Trystram knew for whos love he doth all this dedys of armys, sone he wolde abate his corrage.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that sir Palomydes were nat crystynde!'

So seyde kynge Arthur, and so seyde all that behylde 25 them. Than all people gaff hym the pryse as for the beste knyght that day, and he passed sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram.

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan to hymself, 'all this worshyp 302^r that sir Palomydes hath here thys day, he may thanke the 30 quene Isode: for had she bene away this day, had nat sir Palomydes gotyn the pryse.'

Ryght so cam into the fylde sir Launcelot du Lake, and sawe and harde the grete noyse and the grete worshyp that sir Palomydes had. He dressed hym ayenst sir Palomydes 35 wyth a grete speare and a longe, and thought to have smyttyn

6 Calle Sall 9 C wonder of hym and 12-13 C how that sire Palomydes
bestured hym and 14-15 F trop est . . . bon chevalier (see note) 16 erste
not in C 17-18 C day it 19-20 C sayd and yf ye knewe 21 C soone
wolde syre Tristram abate 22 C is not 24-5 C behelde hym 26 ellys not
in C 18, 28 sir not in C 30-1 C this daye syre Palomydes had not geten the
pryce this daye 35 C grete myghty spere 35-p. 739, 1 C thought to smyte hym

hym downe. And whan sir Palomydes saw sir Launcelot com uppon hym so faste, he toke his horse wyth the spurrys and ran uppon hym as faste wyth his swerde. And as sir Launcelot sholde have strykyn hym, he smote the speare on syde and smote hit a-too wyth his swerde. And therewyth sir 5 Palomydes russed unto sir Launcelot and thought to have put hym to shame, and wyth his swerde he smote of his horse nek that sir Launcelot rode uppon. And than sir Launcelot felle to the erthe.

Than was the cry huge and grete, how sir Palomydes the 10 Saresyn hath smyttyn downe sir Launcelots horse. Ryght so there were many knyghtes wrothe wyth sir Palomydes bycause he had done that dede, and helde there ayenste hit, and seyde hyt was unknyghtly done in a turnemente to kyll an horse wylfully, othir ellys that hit had bene done in playne 15 batayle lyff for lyff.

Whan sir Ector de Marys saw sir Launcelot, his brothir, (71) have suche a dispyte and so sette on foote, than he gate a speare egirly and ran ayenst sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde that he bare sir Palomydes quyte frome his 20 horse. That sawe sir Trystram, and he smote downe sir Ector de Marys quyte frome his horse. Than sir Launcelot dressed his shylde uppon his shuldir, and wyth his swerde naked in his honde, and so he cam streyte uppon sir Palomydes: 25

'Wyte thou well thou haste done me this day the grettyste despyte that ever ony worshipfull knyght ded me in turnemente othir in justys, and therefore I woll be avenged uppon the. And therefore take kepe to youreself!'

'A, mercy, noble knyght', seyde sir Palomydes, 'of my 30 302^v dedis! And, jantyll knyght, forgyff me myne unknyghtly dedis, for I have no power nothir myght to wythstonde you. And I have done so muche this day that well I wote I ded never so muche nothir never shall do so muche in my dayes.

2 toke his horse wyth the spurrys and *notinC†* 3 C vpon sire launcelot as C
 swerd as he myght and 5 therewyth *not in C* 7 C to a shame of *not in C* 10
 C* grete see how 11-12 C Ryght thenne were there many 13-14 C dede
 therfor many knyghtes held there ageynst that it was 15 C wilfully but that hit
 20 C bare hym 21 C*tristra that was in reed harneis & he Cdonne S
 doune 24-5 C* palomydes fyersly & said 30 sir *not in C* 30-1 C†
 palomydes & forgyue me myn vnkyndely 34 C shal in my lyf dayes

And therefore, moste noble knyght of the worlde, I requyre the spare me as this day, and I promyse you I shall ever be youre knyght whyle I lyve, for and yf ye put me from my worshyp now, ye put me from the grettyst worshyp that ever
5 I had or ever shall have.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I se, for to say the sothe, ye have done mervaylously well this day, and I undirstonde a parte for whos love ye do hit, and well I wote that love is a grete maystry. And yf my lady were here, as she is nat,
10 wyte you well, sir Palomydes, ye shulde nat beare away the worshyp! But beware youre love be nat discoverde, for and sir Trystram may know hit, ye woll repente hit. And sytthyn my quarell is nat here, ye shall have this day the worshyp as for me; consyderynge the grete travayle and
15 payne that ye have had this day, hit were no worshyp for me to put you frome hit.'

And therewythall sir Launcelot suffyrde sir Palomydes to departe. Than sir Launcelot by grete forse and myght gate his horse agayne magre twenty knyghtes.

20 So whan sir Launcelot was horsed he ded many mervaylouse dedis of armys, and so ded sir Trystram, and sir Palomydes in lyke wyse. Than sir Launcelot smote adowne wyth a speare sir Dynadan, and the kyng off Scotlonde, and the kyng of Northe Walys, and the kyng of Northumbirlonde,
25 and the kyng of Lystenoyse. So than sir Launcelot and his felowys smote downe well-nye a fourty knyghtes.

Than cam the kyng of Irelonde and the kyng of the Streyte Marchis to rescowe sir Trystram and sir Palomydes, and there began a grete medle, and many knyghtys were
303^f 30 smyttyn downe on bothe parties. And allwayes sir Launcelot spared sir Trystram, and he spared hym, and sir Palomydes wolde nat meddyll wyth sir Launcelot.

And so there was hurlyng here and there, and than kyng Arthure sente oute many knyghtes of the Table Rounde, and sir
35 Palomydes was ever in the formyste frunte; and sir Trystram ded so strongly that the kyng and all othir had mervayle.

1 of the worlde <i>not in C</i>	2 C as at this	3 C lyue And ye	5 C haue
in my lyf dayes	9 C grete maystresse	C she nys not	10 C† wel said
sire Palomydes	19 Chis owne hors	agayne <i>not in C</i>	20-1 Cmerueylles
and soo	25 CLystynes	Caud S and	26 nye <i>not in C†</i>
hurtelynge here	36 C strongly wel that		33 C was

And than the kynge let blowe to lodgyng, and bycause
sir Palomydes beganne fyrste, and never he wente nor rode
oute of the fylde to repose hym, but ever he was doynge on
horsebak othir on foote, and lengyst duryng, kynge Arthure
and all the kynges gaff sir Palomydes the honoure and the 5
gre as for that day.

Than sir Trystram commaunded sir Dynadan to fecche
the quene La Beall Isode and bryng her to his two pavelons
by the well. And so sir Dynadan ded as he was commaunded,
but whan sir Palomydes undirstoode and knew that sir 10
Trystram was he that was in the rede armour and on the
rede horse, wyte you well that he was glad, and so was sir
Gareth and sir Dynadan, for all they wente that sir Trystram
had be takyn presonere.

And than every knyght drew to his inne. And than kynge 15
Arthure and every kynge spake of th[o] knyghtes, but of all
men they gaff sir Palomydes the pryce, and all knyghtes that
knew sir Palomydes had wondir of his dedis.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'as for
sir Palomydes, and he be the grene knyght, I dare sey as for 20
this day he is beste worthy to have the gre, for he reposed
hym never, nor never chaunged hys wedis, and he began
fyrste and lengyste hylde on. And yet well I wote,' seyde sir
Launcelot, 'that there was a better knyght than he, and that ye
shall preve or we departe fro them, [on payne] of my lyff.' 25

Thus they talked on aythir party, and so sir Dynadan
rayled wyth sir Trystram and sayde,

'What the devyll ys uppon the this day? For sir Palo-
mydes strengthe fyblede never this day, but ever he doubled. 303^v
And sir Trystram fared all this day as he had bene on 30 (72)
slepe, and therefore I calle hym a coward.'

'Well, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I was never
called cowarde or now of earthely knyght in my lyff. And
wyte thou well, sir Dynadan, [I calle myself never the more

3 hym *not in C* 3-4 C doynge merueyllously wel outhir on foote or on horsbak
and lengest 8-9 C pavelions that stode by 11 he that was *not in C†* 16
W the C*euery knyghte 19 kynge *not in C* 24-5 C that shalle be preued
or 25 for them *not in C* 29-31 Cdoubled his strengthe Capitulum lxxii And thou
sire Tristram faryst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe and therfor
I calle the coward 32 C wel Dynadan 33 Cofnoerthely 34-P. 742,
1 C* wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more coward F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 478^r
col. 1): je n'y avroie ja deshonneur.

coward"¹ though sir Launcelot gaff me a falle, for I outecepte hym of all knyghtes. And doute ye nat, sir Dynadan, and sir Launcelot have a quarell good, he is to over good for ony knyght that now ys lyvyng, and yet of his sufferance, 5 larges, bounty and curtesy I calle hym a knyght pyerles.'

And so sir Trystram was in maner wrothe wyth sir Dynadan. But all this langayge sir Dynadan sayde because he wolde angur sir Trystram for to cause hym to wake hys sp(e)retes, for well knew sir Dynadan that, and sir Trystram 10 were thorowly wrothe, sir Palomydes shulde wynne no worship uppon the morne. And for thys entente sir Dynadan seyde all this raylynge langage ayenste sir Trystram.

'Truly,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'as for sir Launcelot, of noble knyghthode and of his curtesy, proues, and jantylnes 15 I know nat his piere. For this day,' seyde sir Palomyde[s], 'I ded full uncurteysly unto sir Launcelot, and ful un-knyghtly. And full knyghtly and curteysly he ded to me agayne, for and he had bene so unjantyll to me as I was to hym, this day had I wonne no worship. And therefore,' 20 seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall be sir Launcelottis knyght whyles that I lyve.'

And all this was talkynge off in all the howsis of the kynges, and all kynges and lordis and knyghtes seyde, of clyere knyghthode and of pure strengthe and of bounte and of 25 curtesy sir Launcelot and sir Trystram bare the pryce of all knyghtes that ever were in kyng Arthurs dayes, and there were no knyghtes in kyng Arthurs dayes that ded halff so 304^r many dedis of armys as they two ded. As the booke seyth, no ten knyghtes ded nat halff the dedis that they ded, and 30 there was never knyght in there dayes that requyred sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram of ony queste, so hit were nat to there shame, but they parfomed there desyre.

(73) So on the morne sir Launcelot departed, and sir Trystram was redy, and La Beall Isode wyth sir Palomydes and sir

8-9 C* his spyrytes & to be wrothe for wel 10-11 Cshold not gete the pryce vpon 12 C raylynge and langage 13-14 C of his noble knyztthode curtosye and prowesse 19 C I had 21 C whyles my lyfe lasteth 22-3 C Thys talkynge was in the howses of Kynges But alle kynges lordes 24-5 C strengthe of bounte of curtosye 25 C pryce aboue alle 26, 27 kyng(e) not in C 27 C were neuer knyghtes that not in C 28 of armys not in C two not in C 31 C launcelot or sire

Gareth. And so they rode all in grene, full freyssshely besayne, unto the foreyste. And sir Trystram laffte sir Dynadan slepyng in his bedde. And so as they rode hit happened the kynge and sir Launcelot stode in a wyndow and saw sir Trystram ryde and La Beall Isode. 5

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yondir rydyth the fayreste lady of the worlde excepte youre quene, dame Gwenyver.'

'Who ys that?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'hit is quene Isode that, outetake my lady youre quene, she ys makeles.' 10

'Take youre horse,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and aray you at all ryghtes as I woll do, and I promyse you,¹ seyde the kynge, 'I woll se her.'

And anone they were armed and horsed, and aythir toke a speare and rode unto the foreyste. 15

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit is nat good that ye go to nyghe them, for wyte you well there ar two as good knyghtes as ony now ar lyvyng. And therefore, sir, I pray you, be nat to hasty; for peradventure there woll be som knyghtes that woll be displeased and we com suddeynly uppon them.' 20

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I woll se her, for I take no forse whom I gryeve.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye put youreself in grete juparde.'

'As for that,' seyde the kynge, 'we woll take the adven- 25 tare.'

Ryght so anone the kynge rode evyn to her and seyde, 'God you save!'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'ye ar wellcom.'

Than the kynge behylde her, and lyked her wondirly well. 30 So wyth that cam sir Palomydes unto kynge Arthure and seyde,

'Thou uncurteyse knyght, what sekyst thou here? For 304^v thou art uncurteyse to com uppon a lady thus suddeynly. Therefore wythdrawe the!' 35

But kynge Arthure toke none hede of sir Palomydes wordys, but ever he loked styлле uppon quene Isode. Than

5 La Beall *not in C* 8, 36 C sir (Syr) Arthur 9 Coute taken 11, 21, 31 kynge *not in C* 16, 23 sir *not in C* 18 ony *not in C* 19-20 C† knyghtes ben displeased 27 C* euen to her and salewed her and said 29 C said she 33 Thou *not in C*

was sir Palomydes wrothe, and therewyth he toke a speare and cam hurtelynge uppon kynge Arthure and smote hym downe with a speare, a grete falle.

Whan sir Launcelot saw that despyte of sir Palomydes, 5 he seyde to hymself,

'I am lothe to have ado wyth yondir knyght, and nat for his owne sake, but for sir Trystrams. And of one thyng I am sure of hym: yf I smyte downe sir Palomydes I muste have ado wyth sir Trystram, and that were to muche to 10 macche them bothe for me alone, for they ar two noble knyghtes. Natwythstondyng, whethir I lyve or dye, nedys muste I revenge my lorde Arthure, and so I woll, whatsomever befall me.'

And [therewyth sir Launcelot cryed to sir Palomydes, 15 'Kepe the from me!' and"¹ therewythall sir Launcelot and sir Palomydes russched togydys wyth two spearys strongly. But [sir Launcelot smote] sir Palomydes so harde that he wente quyte oute of his sadyll and had a grete falle.

Whan sir Trystram saw sir Palomydes have that falle, he 20 seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir knyght, kepe the, for I muste juste [with] the.'

'As for to juste wyth me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll nat fayle you for no drede that I have of you. But I am lothe to have ado wyth you and I myght chose, for I woll that ye 25 wyte that I muste revenge my speciall lorde and my moste bedrad frynde that was unhorsed unwarely and unknyghtly. And therefore, sir, thoughe I revenge that falle, take ye no displeure, for he is to me suche a frynde that I may nat se hym shamed.'

30 Anone sir Trystram undirstood by hys persone and by his knyghtly wordis hit was sir Launcelot du Lake, and truly sir Trystram demed that hit was kynge Arthure that sir Palomydes had smyttyn downe. And than sir Trystram put

3 a grete falle *not in C* 7 C Tristram and one thyng 8 hym *not in C*
 9-10 C were ouer moche for me to matche them bothe for they 12 Arthur
not in C C wille I 13 C befall of me 14-15 C* And there with sir
 launcelot cryed to sir palomydes kepe the from me and thenne sir launcelot F
 (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 479^r col. 1): Il est tant durement corrouce que lez lermes luy
 en viennent aux yeulx de duel, et hurte le cheval des esperons et s'adresse a Palamedes
 23 that *not in* C† 25-6 and my moste bedrad frynde *not in C* 27 sir *not*
in C 28 C displeasyr therin 31 Candveryly 32 C was Arthur he that

hys speare frome hym, and gate sir Palomydes agayne on his horse backe; and sir Launcelot gate kynge Arthure 305' agayne to horsebacke, and so departed.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Palomydes, 'ye ded nat worshypfully whan ye smote downe that knyght so suddeynly as ye ded. And wyte you well ye ded youreselff grete shame, for the knyghtes cam hyddir of there jantylnes to se a fayre lady, and that ys every good knyghtes parte to beholde a fayre lady, and ye had nat ado to play suche maystryes for my lady. Wyte thou well hit woll turne 10 to angir, for he that ye smote downe was kynge Arthure, and that othir was the good knyght sir Launcelot. But I shall nat forgete,' seyde sir Trystram, 'the wordys of sir Launcelot whan that he called hym a man of grete worshyp, and thereby I wyste that hit was kynge Arthure. And as 15 for sir Launcelot, and there had bene an hondred knyghtes in the medow, he wolde nat a refused them, and yet he seyde he wolde refuse me. And by that agayne I knew that hit was sir Launcelot, for ever he forberyth me in every place and shewyth me grete kyndenes. And of all knyghtes—I oute- 20 take none, say what men wyll say—he bearyth the floure: assay hym whosomever wyll, and he be well angred and that hym lyst to do his utteraunce wythoute ony favoure, I know hym nat on lyve but sir Launcelot ys over harde over hym, take hym bothe on horsebacke and on foote.' 25

'Sir, I may never belyeve/seyde sir Palomydes, 'that kynge Arthure woll ryde so pryvaly as a poure arraunte knyght/

'A!' sayd sir Trystrams, 'ye know nat my lorde kynge Arthure, for all knyghtes may lerne to be a knyght of hym. And therefore ye may be sory,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of youre 30 unknyghtly dedys done to so noble a knyght/

'And a thyng, sir, be done, hit can nat be undone/ seyde sir Palomydes.

Than sir Trystram sente quene Isode unto her lodgyng into the pryory, there to beholde all the turnemente. 35

1 Candputte 2 his *notin* C 2-3 C put kyng Arthur on horshak (S horsbak)
 10 C afore my lady 13 seyde sir Trystram *not in* C 16 C fyue honderd
 18 CI wyst that 21-2 C the floure of al chyvalry saye hit[†] hym who someuer
 24-6 C hard for hym be hit on horsback or on foote I may 4, 26 sir *not in* C
 30-1 C your vnkynndely dedes to so noble a kynge 32-3 C thyng that is
 done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes

- (74) Than there was a cry unto all knyghtes made, that whan they herde the home blow they sholde make justes as they ded the fyrste [daye]. And lyke as the brethirne sir Edwarde and sir Sadok began the justys the fyrste day, sir Uwayne, 5 the kyngis son Uryen, and sir Lucanere de Butlere, began the justis the secunde day.

And at the fyrste encountir sir Uwayne smote downe the kyng of Scottys, and sir Lucanere ran ayenste the kyng of Walys, and they brake there spearys all to pecis, and they 10 were so fyrse bothe that they hurteled there horsys togydir that bothe felle to the erthe. Than they off Orkeney horsed agayne sir Lucanere.

And than cam in syr Trystram de Lyones and smote downe sir Uwayne and sir Lucanere; and sir Palomydes 15 smote downe othir two knyghtes. And than cam sir Gareth and smote downe othir two good knyghtes. Than seyde kyng Arthure unto sir Launcelott,

'A! se yondir three knyghtes do passyngly well, and namely the fyrste that justed.'

- 20 'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that knyght began nat yet, but ye shall se hym do mervaylously/

And than cam into the place the knyghtes of Orkeney, and than they began to do many dedys of armys. Whan sir Trystram saw them so begyn he seyde to sir Palomydes:

- 25 'How feele ye youreselff? May ye do this day as ye ded yestirday?'

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I feele myselff so wery and so sore brused of the dedis of yestirday that I may nat endure as I ded.'

- 30 'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I shall lacke you this day.'

'But helpe yourselff,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and truste nat to me, for I may nat do as I ded.'

- And all thes wordis seyde sir Palomydes but to begyle 35 sir Trystram. Than seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth,

1 *made not in C* 8 C† kynges sone of Scottes 10 there horsys *not in C* 11 C† of Dorkeney 13 C Lyones and thenne syr Tristram smote 15-16 C Knyghtes and syre Gareth smote 16 good *not in C* 17 C syre arthur 18 A *not in C* 21 C hym this day doo 22 C† place the dukes sone of Orkeney 27, 34 C said Palomydes 29 C dyd yesterday 31-2 C† day Sire Palomydes saide truste 35 C Tristram Syr said syr Tristram vnto

'Than muste I truste uppon you, wherefore, I pray you,
be nat farre fro me to rescow me and nede be.'

'Sir, I shall nat fayle you,' seyde sir Gareth, 'in all that I 306'
may do.'

Than sir Palomydes rode by hymselff, and than in despyte 5
of sir Trystram he put hymselff in the thyckyst prees
amonges them of Orkeney. And there he ded so mervaylous
dedis of armys that all men had wondir of hym, for there
myght none stonde hym a stroke.

Whan sir Trystram saw sir Palomydes do suche dedys he 10
mervayled and sayde to hymselff,

'Methynkyth he is wery of my company.'

So sir Trystram behylde hym a grete whyle and ded but
lytyll ellys, for the noyse and ery was so grete that sir
Trystram mervayled frome whens cam the strengthe that 15
sir Palomydes had there.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gareth unto sir Trystram, 'remembir ye
nat of the wordis that sir Dynadan seyde to you yestirday,
whan he called you cowarde? Parde, sir, he seyde hit for
none ylle, for ye ar the man in the worlde that he lovyth 20
beste, and all that he seyde was for youre worshyp. And
therefore,' seyde sir Gareth, 'lat me know this day what ye
be. And wondir ye nat so uppon sir Palomydes, for he
forsyth hymselff to wyne all the honoure frome you.'

'I may well beleve hit,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sytthyn 25
I undirstonde his yevil wyll and hys envy, ye shall se, yf that
I enforce myselff, that the noyse shall be leffte that is now
uppon hym.'

Than sir Trystram rode into the thyckyst of the prees,
and than he ded so mervaylously well and ded so grete dedis 30
of armys that all men seyde that sir Trystram ded dowble
so muche dedys of armys as ded sir Palomydes aforehande.
And than the noyse wente clene from sir Palomydes, and
all the people cryed uppon sir Trystram and seyde,

2-4 C† rescowe me and nede be said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow in alle that I
maye doo F (MS. B.N. fr. gg f. 481^r col. 2): 'Gaheriet,' fait Tristan, 'or voy je
bien que chevalier estez parfaitz quand vous ne me faillez a nul besoing' 12

Methynkyth *not in C* 14 C soo huge and grete 16 C there in the felde

19 C coward for sothe sir 20-1 C he moost loueth and 22 C Gareth to
sir Tristram 23-4 Che enforceyth hym self 24 Calle the worship and honour

from 32 Cas syre Palomydes had done afore hand 33 C wente playne
from 34 and seyde *not in C*

'A, Jesu, a! Se how sir Trystram smytyth wyth hys speare so many knyghtes to the erthe! And se,' seyde they all, 'how
 306^v many knyghtes he smytyth downe wyth his swerde, and how many knyghtes he racith of there helmys and there shyldys!'

5 And so he bete all of Orkeney afore hym.

'How now?' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure. 'I tolde you that thys day there wolde a knyght play his pageaunte. For yondir rydyth a knyght: ye may se he dothe all knyghtly, for he hath strengthe and wynde inowe.'

10 'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure to sir Launcelot, 'ye sey sothe, for I sawe never a bettir knyght, for he passyth farre sir Palomydes.'

'Sir, wyte you well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit muste be so of ryght, for hit is hymself that noble knyght sir Trystram/

15 'I may ryght well belyeve hit/ seyde kynge Arthure.

But whan sir Palomydes harde the noyse and the cry was turned frome hym, he rode oute on the tone syde and behylde sir Trystram. And whan he saw hym do so mer-
 vaylously well he wepte passyngly sore for dyspyte, for he
 20 wyst well than he sholde wyn no worshyp that day; for well knew sir Palomydes, whan sir Trystram wolde put forthe his strengthe and his manhode, that he sholde gete but lytyll worshyp that day.

(75) Than cam kynge Arthure and the kynge of Northe Galys
 25 and sir Launcelot du Lake; and sir Bleoberys and sir Bors de Ganys and sir Ector de Marys, thes three knyghtes cam into the fylde wyth sir Launcelot. And so they four ded so grete dedys of armys that all the noyse began uppon sir Launcelot. And so they bete the kynge of Walys and the kynge of
 30 Scottys far abacke, and made them to voyde the fylde.

But sir Trystram and sir Gareth abode styлле in the fylde and endured all that ever there cam, that all men had wondir that ever any knyght endured so many grete strokys. But

1 C O Ihesu said the peple see how 1-2 C smyteth doune with his spere soo
 many knyghtes And see 3 C andof how 4 Cherashedof 5 C bete
 them al 9 all not in C inowe not in C 10 kynge not in C 10, 13 sir
 not in C 15 kynge not in C 17 Couthe on a parte and 18 C whanne sire
 Palomydes sawe sir Tristram do 20 than not in C C no worship wyne
 22 that not in C 27 C launcelot And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre
 knyghtes of his kynne dyd so 30 C to auoyde 33 ever not in C C knyght
 myght endure soo many strokes

ever sir Launcelot and hys kynnesmen forbare sir Trystram and sir Gareth.

Than seyde kynge Arthure, 'Ts that sir Palomydes that enduryth so well?'

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well hit ys the good 5 307'
knyght sir Trystram, for yondir ye may se sir Palomydes beholdyth and hovyth and doth lytyll or naught. And, sir, ye shall undirstonde that sir Trystram wenyth this day to beate us all oute of the fylde. And as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall nat mete hym, mete hym whoso wyll. 10
But, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye may se how sir Palomydes hovyth yondir as thoughe he were in a dreame, and wyte you well he ys full hevy that sir Trystram doyth suche dedys of armys.'

'Than ys he but a foole,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for never 15
yet was sir Palomydes suche a knyght, nor never shall be of suche proues. And yf he have envy at sir Trystram/ seyde kynge Arthure, 'and commyth in wyth hym uppon his syde, he ys a false knyght.'

And as the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake, sir 20
Trystram rode pryvayly oute of the prees, that no man aspyed hym but La Beall Isode and sir Palomydes, for they two wolde nat leve off there yghesyght of hym. And whan sir Trystram cam to his pavylons he founde sir Dynadan in hys bedde aslepe. 25

'Awake!' seyde sir Trystram, 'for ye ought to be ashamed so to slepe whan knyghtes have ado in the fylde.'

Than sir Dynadan arose lyghtly and sayde,

'Sir, what wyll ye do?'

'Make you redy,' seyde sir Trystram, 'to ryde wyth me 30
into the fylde.'

So whan sir Dynadan was armed he loked uppon sir Trystrames helme and on hys shyld, and whan he saw so many strokys uppon his helme and uppon hys shyld he seyde, 35

'In good tyme was I thus aslepe, for had I bene wyth you

I C* his thre kynnesmen by the cammaudement of syr launcelot forbare 2
and sir Gareth *not in C* 3 C sir Arthur 10 Cnot bete hym bete hym
II C Launcelot vnto Arthur 16 suche a knyght *not in C* iyCprowesse
as Sir Tristram 17-18 seyde kynge Arthure *not in C* 2 3 C lete of their eyen
vpon sir Tristram 26 for *not in C* 29 C ye that I shalle doo

I muste nedys for shame have folowed wyth you, more for shame than for any proues that ys in me, for I se well now be thy strokys that I sholde have bene truly beatyn as I was yestirday.'

5 'Leve youre japys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and com of, that we were in the fylde agayne.'

307^v 'What?' sayde sir Dynadan, 'ys youre harte up now? Yestirday ye fared as ye had dremed.'

So than sir Trystram was arayed all in blacke harneys.

10 'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'what ayleth you thys day? Mesemyth that ye be more wyldar than ye were yestirday.'

Than smyled sir Trystram and seyde to sir Dynadan,

'Awayte well uppon me: yf ye se me ovirmacched, and loke that ever ye be byhynde me, and I shall make you redy

15 way, by Goddys grace !'

So they toke there horsys.

And all thys aspyed sir Palomydes, bothe the goynge and the comynge, and so ded La Beall Isode, for she knew sir Trystram passynge well.

(76) 20 Than sir Palomydes sawe that sir Trystram was disgysed, and thought to shame hym. And so he rode unto a knyght that was sore wounded, that sate undir a thorne a good way frome the fylde.

'Syr knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I pray you to lende
25 me youre armour and youre shylde, for myne ys overwell knowyn in thys fylde, and that hath done me grete damage. And ye shall have myne armour and my shylde that ys as sure as youre.'

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght, 'that ye have myne
30 armoure and also my shylde. If they may do you any avayle, I am well pleased.'

So sir Palomydes armed hym hastely in that knyghtes armour and hys shylde that shone lyke ony crystall or sylver,

1 C shame there haue folowed yow 2 C† than ony C† me that I 3 Cbytho
strokes 6 we not in S 7 now not in C 8 C as though ye 10 C
O Ihesu said Dynadan 11 more not in C 13 and not in C 14 Cye
be euer 16 C soo sir Tristram and syre Dynadan took 17-18 C bothe
their goynge and their comynge 19 C Tristram aboue alle other 20
C Thenne whanne sire 20-1 C desguysed thenne he thoughte to doo hym a
shame Soo sire Palomydes rode to 22-3 C vnder a fayre welle from (see note)
30 also not in C 31 I am well pleased not in C 33 C shone as ony

and so he cam rydyng into the fylde. And than there was nothir sir Trystram nothir none of hys party nothir of kyng Arthurs that knew sir Palomydes.

And as sone as he was com into the fylde sir Trystram smote downe three knyghtes, evyn in the syght of sir Palomydes. And than he rode ayenste sir Trystram, and aythir mette othir wyth grete spearys, that they all to-braste to there hondis. And than they daysshed togedir wyth swerdys egirly.

Tha[n] sir Trystram had mervayle what knyght he was that ded batayle so myghtly wyth hym. Than was sir Trystram wrothe, for he felte hym passyng stronge, and he demed that he cowde nat have ado wyth the remenaunte of the knyghtes bycause of the stren[g]the of sir Palomydes.

So they laysshed togydys and gaff many sad strokys togydys, and many knyghtys mervayled what knyght he was that so encountred wyth the blak knyght, sir Trystram. And full well knew La Beall Isode that hit was sir Palomydes that faught wyth sir Trystram, for she aspyed all in her wyndow where that she stood, how sir Palomydes chaunged hys harnes wyth the wounded knyght. And than she began to wepe so hertely for the dyspyte of sir Palomydes that well-nyghe there she sowned.

Than cam in sir Launcelot wyth the knyghtes of Orkeney; and whan the todir party had aspyed sir Launcelot they cryed and seyde, 'Returne, for here commyth sir Launcelot!'

So there cam in a knyght unto sir Launcelot and seyde, 'Sir, ye muste nedis fyght wyth yondyr knyght in the blak harneyes'—whyche was sir Trystram—'for he hath all-moste overcom that good knyghte that fyghtyth wyth hym wyth the sylver shylde'—whyche was sir Palomydes.

Than sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them, and sir Launcelot seyde unto sir Palomydes,

2-3 C† Tristram nor none of kyng Arthurs party that 4 C And ryght soo
as sir Palomydes was come 7 C they braste 11 C so knyghtly with
13 C demed he myghte not haue 16-17 C he myghte be that 18 C that
there was 19 S for he aspyed 20 C stode as syr 22-3 well nyghe
not in C†. C†. F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 484' col. 1): elle est tant courroucee et tant dolente
qu'a pou qu'elle ne moroit de duel 26 C retourne retourne here cometh syre
launcelot du lake 27-8 C came knyghtes and sayd syr launcelot ye 29 C
harneis that was 31 Cshelde that was 32-3 C betwix sir Tristram and
syr palomydes and syr launcelot (S launcelot) said to palomydes

'Sir knyghte, let me have this batayle, for ye have nede to be reposed.'

Sir Palomydes knew well sir Launcelot, and so ded sir Trystram, but bycause sir Launcelot was farre hardyer knyght and bygger than sir Palomydes, he was ryght glad to suffir sir Launcelot to fyghtwyth sir Trystram. For well wyste he that sir Launcelot knew nat sir Trystram, and therefore he hoped that sir Launcelot sholde beate other shame sir Trystram, and thereof sir Palomydes was full fayne.

10 And so sir Launcelot laysshed at sir Trystram many sad
308^v strokys. But sir Launcelot knew nat sir Trystram, but sir Trystram knew well sir Launcelot. And thus they faught longe togydys, whyche made La Beall Isode well-nyghe oute of her mynde for sorow.

15 Than sir Dynadan tolde sir Gareth how that knyght in the blak harneys was there lorde sir Trystram, 'and that othir ys sir Launcelot that fyghtythyth wyth hym, that muste nedys have the bettyr of hym, for sir Trystram hath had overmuche travayle this day.'

20 'Than lat us smyte hym downe,' seyde sir Gareth.

'So hit is beste that we do,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'rathir than sir Trystrams sholde be shamed, for yondir hovyth the straunge knyghte wyth the sylver shyld to falle uppon sir Trystram yf nede be/

25 And so furthwythall sir Gareth russhed uppon sir Launcelot and gaff hym a grete stroke uppon the helme, that he was astoned. And than cam in sir Dynadan wyth hys speare, and he smote sir Launcelot suche a buffet that horse and man yode to the erthe and had a grete falle.

30 'Now, fye for shame P seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth and sir Dynadan, 'why ded ye so to-smyte adowne soo good a knyght as he ys, and namely whan I had ado wyth hym? A, Jesu! ye do youreselff grete shame and hym no dis-

3 C knewe syr launcelot wel and 5-6 C knyght than hym self therfor he was
gladde and suffred syr 7-8 C† and there he 9 C Tristram wherof syre
palomydes 10 C launcelot gaf syr Tristram 13 C to gyders that la Beale
Isoud was wel nygh 16 there lorde *not in C* 16-17 C & this is launcelot
21 C is better that rathir *not in C* 23 Cstronge knyghte C shelde S sheld
25 sir *not in C* 26 C* vpon his helme soo hard that 27 C with a spere
28-9 C hors and alle felle to 29 and had a grete falle *not in C* 30-1 C
O Ihesu said syr Tristram to syre Gareth and syre Dynadan fy for shame why
dyd ye smyte doune 32-3 Chym now ye

worshyp, for I hylde hym resonabely hote, though ye had nat holpyn me.'

Than cam sir Palomydes whyche was disgysed, and smote downe sir Dynadan frome hys horse. Than sir Launcelot, bycause sir Dynadan had smyttyn hym downe aforehonde, 5 therefore he assayled sir Dynadan passynge sore. And sir Dynadan deffended hym myghtyly, but well undirstood sir Trystram that sir Dynadan myght nat endure ayenste sir Launcelot, wherefore sir Trystram was sory.

Than cam sir Palomydes freysshe uppon sir Trystram. 10 And whan he saw sir Palomydes com so freyshly he thought to delyver hym at onys, bycause that he wolde helpe sir 309^r Dynadan that stode in perell wyth sir Launcelot. Than sir Trystram hurteled unto sir Palomydes and gaff hym a grete buffet, and than sir Trystram gate sir Palomydes and pulled 15 hym downe undirnethe his horse feete.

And than sir Trystram lyghtly lepe up and leffte sir Palomydes and wente betwyxte sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan, and than they began to do batayle togydyrs. And ryght so sir Dynadan gate sir Trystrams horse and seyde 20 on hyght, that sir Launcelot myght hyre:

'My lorde sir Trystram take youre horse!'

And whan sir Launcelot harde hym name sir Trystram, 'A, Jesu! what have I done?' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for now am I dishonoured/ and seyde, 'A, my lorde sir Trystram, 25 why were ye now disgysed? Ye have put youreselff this day in grete perell. But I pray you to pardon me, for and I had knowyn you we had nat done this'batayle/

'Sir/ seyde sir Trystrams, 'this is nat the fyrste kyndenes and goodnes that ye have shewed unto me/ 30

And anone they were horsed bothe agayne. So all the peple on that one syde gaff sir Launcelot the honoure and the

5 downe *not in C* 5-6 C afore hand thenne syr launcelot assailed 8 ayenste
not in C 11 C And whanne syr Tristram sawe hym come he 13 C Dyna-
 dan by cause he stode in grete perylle 16-17 C doune vnder nethe hym
 And so felle sir Tristram with hym and syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtly and lefte
 21 C on hyghe C here it 23 C† neneme S nename 24-5 C O Ihesu
 said launcelot what haue I done I am dishonoured A my 25-6 C Tristram
 said Launcelot why 26 now *not in C* 26-7 C your self in grete perille
 this daye But 28 C you noble Knyghte to 29-30 C kyndenes ye
 shewed me 31 C soo they were bothe horsed ageyne Thenne alle 32 C on
 the one

gre, and all the people on the othir syde gaff sir Trystram the honoure and the gre. But sir Launcelot seyde nay thereto: 'For I am nat worthy to have this honoure, for I woll reporte me to all knyghtes that sir Trystram hath bene lenger 5 in the fylde than I, and he hath smyttyn downe many mo knyghtes this day than I have done. And therefore I woll gyff sir Trystram my voyse and my name, and so I pray all my lordys and felowys so to do.'

Than there was the hole voyse of kyngys, deukes and 309^v io erlys, barons and knyghtes that sir Trystram de Lyones (77) 'thys day ys preved the beste knyght'.

Than they blewe unto lodgyng. And quene Isode was lad unto her pavelons; but wyte you well she was wrothe oute of mesure wyth sir Palomydes, for she saw all his treson 15 frome the begynnynge to the endynge. And all thys whyle neythir sir Trystram, sir Gareth, nothir sir Dynadan knew nat of the treson of sir Palomydes. But aftirward ye shall hyre how there befelle the grettyst debate betwyxte sir Trystram and sir Palomydes that myght be.

20 So whan the turnemente was done sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan rode wyth La Beall Isode to his pavelons, and ever sir Palomydes rode wyth them in there company, disgysed as he was. But whan sir Trystram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyght wyth the shyld of 25 sylver that hylde hym so hote that day, than seyde Trystram, 'Sir knyght, wyte thou well here ys none that hath nede of youre felyshyp. And therefore I pray you departe frome us.*

Than sir Palomydes answered agayne, as though he had nat known sir Trystram,

30 'Wyte you well, sir knyght, that frome this felyshyp woll I nat departe, for one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde commaunded me to be in this company, and tyll that he discharge me of my servyse I woll nat be discharged/

So by his langage sir Trystram knew that hit was sir 35 Palomydes, and seyde,

1-2 C degree & on the other syde all the people gaf to the noble kny[^]t sir Tristram the honour and the degree but launcelot 9 kyngys *not in C* 10 de Lyones *not in C* 14 S alle this treason 16 C Tristram neythir sir Gareth nor Dynadan 17-18 C here that there 21-2 C to these pavelions 25-6 C day Sir knyghte said sire Tristram wete 27 Cslauship S felauship 31 C I neuer 33-4 C discharged by that sir Tristram 35 and seyde *not in C*

'A, sir, ar ye such a knyght? Ye have be named wronge!
For ye have ben called ever a jantyll knyght, and as this day ye
have shewed me grete unjantylnes, for ye hadallmoste brought
me to my dethe. But as for you, I suppose I sholde have
done well inowghe, but sir Launcelot with you was over- 5 310'
muche, for I know no knyght lyvyng but sir Launcelot ys
to over good for hym and he woll do hys utteryst.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ar ye my lorde sir Trystram?'

'Yee, sir, and that know you well inow.'

'Be my knyghthod,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'untyll now I 10
knew you nat, for I wente that ye had bene the kyng off
Irelande, for well I wote that ye bare his armys.'

'I bare his armys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and that woll I
abyde bye, for I wanne them onys in a fylde of a full noble
knyght whos name was sir Marhalte. And wyth grete payne 15
I wan that knyght, for there was none othir recover. But
sir Marhalte dyed thorow false lechis, and yet was he never
yoldyn to me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I wente that ye had bene
turned uppon sir Launcelottys party, and that caused me to 20
turne.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and so I take you and
forgyffyou.'

So than they rode to there pavelons. And whan they were
alyght they unarmed them and wysshe there facis and there 25
hondys, and so yode unto mete and were set at there table.

But whan La Beall Isode saw sir Palomydes she chaunged
than her coloures; for wrathe she myght nat speake. Anone
sir Trystram aspyed her countenaunce and seyde,

'Madame, for what cause make ye us such chere? We 30
have bene sore travayled all thys day.¹

'Myne owne lorde,' [seyde] La Beall Isode, 'for Goddys
sake, be ye nat displeased wyth me, for I may none othir-
wyse do. I saw thys day how ye were betrayed and nyghe
brought unto youre dethe. Truly, sir, I sawe every dele, how 35
and in what wyse. And therefore, sir, how sholde I suffir in

1 C A sir palomydes sayd the noble knyghte sire Tristram ar ye 2 C haue
longe ben ever *not in C* 10 sir *not in C* 11 for *not in C* 13 C His
armes I bare said 13-14 C I stand by 15 C knyghte his name C
Marhaus 25 Cwesshe S wasshe 25-6 Candhandes 27 La Beall
not in C 28 C & for 31 all *not in C* 32 C said 34 C doo for l

youre presence suche a felonne and traytoure as ys sir Palomydes? For I saw hym wyth myne yen, how he behylde you whan ye wente oute of the fylde. For ever he hoved stylle uppon his horse tyll that he saw you com agaynewarde; and
 5 than furthwythall I saw hym ryde to the hurte knyght, and
 310^v chaunged hys harneys with hym, and than streyte I sawe hym how he sought you all the fylde, and anone as he had founde you he encountred wyth you, and wyfully sir Palomydes ded batayle wyth you. And as for hym, sir, [I] was
 10 nat gretly aferde, but I drad sore sir Launcelot whyche knew nat you.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ye may say what ye woll, I may nat contrary you, but, be my knyghthod, I knew nat my lorde sir Trystram.'

15 'No forse,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Palomydes, 'I woll take youre excuse, but well I wote ye spared me but a lytyll. But no forse! All ys pardoned as on my party.'

Than La Beall Isode hylde downe her hede and seyde no more at that tyme.

(78) 20 And therewythall two knyghtes armed come unto the pavelon, and there they alyght bothe and cam in armed at all pecis.

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye ar to blame to com thus armed at all pecis uppon me whyle we ar at oure
 25 mete. And yf ye wolde onythyng wyth us whan we were in the fylde, there myght ye have eased youre hertys.'

'Not so, sir,' seyde the tone of tho knyghtes, 'we com nat for that entente, but wyte you well, sir Trystram, we be com as youre frendys. And I am comyn hydir for
 30 to se you, and this knyght ys comyn for to se youre quene Isode.'

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you, do of your helmys, that I may se you.'

'Sir, that woll we do at youre desyre,' seyde the knyghtes.
 35 And whan their helmys were of, sir Trystram thought

1 ys *not in C* 4 C come in ageynward 6 hys *not in C* 7 C how he rode in to the felde 10-11 C sore laucelot that knewe yow not 12 C what so ye 13 C I may S I maye 14 my lorde *not in C* 15 C Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I 16-17 C but lytel but alle is pardonn'd on 25 wyth us *not in C* C† 29 C come hydder as 29-31 C† come here said the one for to see la Beale Isoud 12, 27, 34 sir *not in C*

that he sholde know them. Than spake sir Dynadan prevayly unto sir Trystram,

'That is my lorde kynge Arthure, and that other that spake to you fyrst ys my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'A, madame, I pray you aryse,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for here ys my lorde, kynge Arthure.'

Than the kynge and the quene kyssed, and sir Launcelot and sir Trystram enbraced aythir other in armys, and than there was joy wythoute mesure. And at the requeste of La Beall Isode the kynge and sir Launcelot were unarmed, and than there was myry talkynge.

'Madame,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'hit is many a day ago sythyn I desyred fyrst to se you, for ye have bene praysed so fayre a lady. And now I dare say ye ar the fayryste that ever I sawe, and sir Trystram ys as fayre and as good a knyght as ony that I know. And therefore mesemyth ye ar well besett togydir.'

'Sir, God thanke you!' seyde sir Trystram and la Beall Isode. 'Of youre goodnes and of youre larges ye ar pyrles.'

20

And thus they talked of many thyngys and of all the hole justes.

'But for what cause,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'were ye, sir Trystram, ayenst us? And ye ar a knyght of the Table Rounde, and of ryght ye sholde have bene with us.'

25

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here ys sir Dynadan and sir Gareth, youre owne newew, caused me to be ayenst you.'

'My lorde Arthure,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I may beare well [the blame], for my bak ys brode inowghe. But for sothe, hit was sir Trystrams awne dedis.'

30

'Be God, that may I repente,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for thys

1 C Thenne said sir 2-5 C Tristram syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto yow fyrst and the other is my lord Kynge Arthur Thenne said sir Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud Madame aryse for 8 C Tristram braced ro C Isoud kynge Arthur and Launcelot 12 C sire Arthur ago not in C
13 C sythen that I haue desyred to 14 C† soo ferre and now F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 487' col. 2): tous ceulx qui vous ont veue dient merueillez de vostre beaute 16 C me besemeth 18-19 C said the noble knyzt sire Tristram and Isoud 19 Cyourgretegoodenesse & largesse 28 sir not in C 28-9 C* may wel bere the blame F (MS. B.N.fr. 99f. 488' col. 1): il tourne le blasme dessus moy 29 for my bak ys brode inowghe not in C† for sothe not in C
30 C it were 31 Be God not in C

unhappy sir Trystram brought us to this turnemente, and many grete buffettys he hath caused us to have!

Than the kynge and sir Launcelot Howghe¹, that unnethe they myght sytte.

5 'But what knyght was that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that hylde you so shorte?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here he syttyth at this table.'

'What?' seyde kynge Arthure, 'was hit sir Palomydes?'

'Sir, wyte you well that hit was he,' seyde La Beall Isode.

10 'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that was unknyghtly done of you as of so good a knyght, for I have harde many people calle you a curtayse knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I knew nat sir Trystram, for he was so dysgyssed.'

15 'So God helpe me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit may well be, for I knew hym nat myselff.'

'But I mervayled whye ye turned on oure party.'

'Sir, hit was done for the same cause,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Syr, as for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I have pardouned
20 hym, and I wolde be ryght lothe to leve hys felyshyp, for I love ryght well hys company.'

And so they leffte of and talked of other thynges. And in the evenynge kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot departed
311^v unto their lodgyng. But wyte you well sir Palomydes had
25 grete envy hartely, for all that nyght he had never reste in his bed, but wayled and wepte oute of mesure.

So on the morne sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan arose early and went unto sir Palomydes chambir, and there they founde hym faste aslepe, for he had all nyght wacched.
30 [And it] was sene uppon his chekes that he had wepte full sore.

'Say ye nothyng,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I am sure he hath takyn angir and sorow for the rebuke that I gaff hym and La Beall Isode.'

(79) 35 Than sir Trystram let calle sir Palomydes and bade hym

1 S to haue this 3-4 C* launcelot lough that they myghte not sytte F (loc. cit.): lors s'en rient tous ceulx qui a la table estoient 5 C But *not in C* kynge *not in C* 6-7 C* short this with the sheld of syluer Syr 7 C this bord 9 Sir *not in C* 8, 10 kynge *not in C* 11 as *not in C* 15, 18 sir *notin C* 16-17 C knewe not sir Tristram But I merueyle 19 C As for 24 C wete ye wel 25 grete *not in C* 33 C gaf to hym

make redy, for hit was tyme to go to the fylde. And anon they armed them, and clothed them all in rede, bothe La Beall Isode and all the felyshyp, and so they lad her passynge freyssshly thorow the fylde into the pryory where was hir lodgyng.

5

And anone they harde three blastes blowe, and every kyng and knyght dressed hym to the fylde. And the fyrste that was redy to juste was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynes le Straunge, a knyght of the Table Rounde, and so they two encountyrd togydys. But sir Palomydes smote sir Kaynes 10 so harde that he bare hym quyte over his horse croupe. And furthewithall sir Palomydes smote downe anothir knyght and brake his speare, and than pulled oute hys swerde and ded wondirly well. And than the noyse began gretly uppon sir Palomydes.

15

'Lo,' seyde kyng Arthure, *yondir sir Palomydes begynnyth to play his play. So God me helpe,' seyde kyng Arthur, 'he is a passynge goode knyght.'

And ryght as they stood talkynge thus, in cam sir Trystram as thundir, and he encountird wyth sir Kay le 20 Senesciall, and there he smote hym downe quyte frome his horse. And wyth that same speare he smote downe three knyghtes more. And than he pulled oute his swerde and ded mervaylously. Than the noyse and the cry chonged fro sir Palomydes and turned unto sir Trystram. And than all 25 the people cryed, 'A, Trystram! A, Trystram!'

And than was sir Palomydes clene forgotyn.

312^p

'How now?' seyde sir Launcelot unto kyng Arthure, 'yondyr rydyth a knyght that playyth his pageautes.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'ye shall 30 se this day that yondir two knyghtes shall do here wondirs.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'the tone knyghte waytyth uppon the tother and enforsyth hymselff thorow envy to passe sir

1-2 C felde whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al	3 Calle they
and 8, 10 C Kaynus	11 Che smote hym
16 sirnotinC	13 C brake thenne his
spere & pulled (S pulled)	17 C his pageant So
17-18 Csaïd	
Arthur 20-1 C the Seneschall	22 C spere sir Tristram smote
26 C	
O Tristram O Tristram	28 C said Launcelot vnto Arthur
30 C said	
Arthur to launcelot ye	31 C here doo this day
33-4 Csaïd Launcelot	
the one knyght wayteth vpon the other	34 C passe the noble knyght sire

Trystram, and he knowyth nat the prevy envy of sir Palomydes. For, sir, all that sir Trystram doth is thorow clene knyghthod.'

And than sir Gareth and sir Dynadan ded ryght well that 5 day, that kynge Arthure spake of them grete worshyp, and [the] kynges and the knyghtes on sir Trystrams syde ded passynge well and hylde them truly togydys.

Than kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot toke their horsys and dressed them to the fylde amonge the thyckeste of the 10 prees. And there sir Trystram unknowyn[g] smote downe kynge Arthur, and than sir Launcelot wolde have rescowed hym, but there were so many uppon sir Launcelot that they pulled hym downe from his horse. And than the kynge of Irelande and the kynge of Scottes with their knyghtes ded 15 their payne to take kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot presoners. Whan sir Launcelot harde them sey so, he fared as hit had bene an hungry lyon, for he fared so that no knyght durst nyghe hym.

Than cam sir Ector de Marys, and he bare a speare ayenst 20 sir Palomydes and braste hit uppon hym all to shyvys. And than sir Ector cam agayne and gaff sir Palomydes suche a daysshe with a swerde that he stowped adowne uppon his sadyll-bowe. And forthwythall sir Ector pulled downe sir Palomydes undir his horse fyete, and than he 'gate~¹ sir 25 Launcelot¹ an horse and brought hit to hym and badde hym mounte upon hym¹. But sir Palomydes lepe before and gate the horse by the brydyll and lepe into the sadyll.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar bettir worthy to have that horse than I.'

30 Than sir Ector brought sir Launcelot another horse.

'Grauntemercy,' seyde sir Launcelot unto his brother.

And so, whan he was horsed agayne, with one speare he

1-2 C not of the pryuy enuy the whiche syre Palomydes hath to hym For all that the noble syre Tristram 4-5 C dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble knyghtes soo that Kyng 5 C grete honour & worship 6 C knyghtes of sir 7 C passyngly 8 C sir Arthur 9 C them and gete in to the thyckest 14 C Irland 16 C prysoner 22 C stouped doune 24 horse not in C† 24-6 C* thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake an hors and brought hit to hym and badde hym mounte vpon hym But F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 491^v col. 1): il prent le cheval et le maine a Lancelot. 'Sire, dist-il, or montez.' . . . Monseigneur Lancelot vouloit monter, mais Palamedez le prent W than he horsed sir launcelot But 31 C gramercy sir not in C

smote down four good knyghtes, and than sir Launcelot gate kyng Arthure a good horse. Than kyng Arthure and sir 312^v Launcelot wyth a feawe of his knyghtes of sir Launcelottis kynne ded mervaylouse dedis of armys; for that tyme, as the booke recordyth, sir Launcelot smote downe and pulled 5 downe thirty knyghtes.

Natwithstondyng the other parte hylde them so faste togydir tha[t] kyng Arthure and his knyghtes were overmacched. And whan sir Trystram saw that, what laboure kyng Arthure and his knyghtes, and in especiall the grete 10 noble dedis that sir Launcelot ded with hys owne hondis, than sir Trystram called unto hym sir Palomydes, sir Gareth (80) and sir Dynadan, and seyde thus to them:

'My fayre fealowys, wyte you well that I woll turne unto kyng Arthure[s] party, for I saw never so feawe men do so 15 well. And hit woll be shame unto us that bene knyghtes of the Rounde Table to se oure lorde kyng Arthure and that noble knyght, sir Launcelot, to be dishonoured.'

'Sir, hit wyll be well do,' seyde sir Gareth and sir Dynadan. 20

'Sir, do your beste,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I woll nat chaunge my party that I cam in wythall.'

'That is for envy of me,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but God spede you well in your journey!'

And so departed sir Palomydes frome them. 25

Than sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan turned with sir Launcelot. And than sir Launcelot smote downe the kyng of Irelande quyte frome his horse, and he smote downe the kyng of Scottes and the kyng [of] Walys. And than the kyng Arthure ran unto sir Palomydes and smote 30 hym quyte frome his horse. And than sir Trystram bare downe all that ever he mette wythall, and sir Gareth and

1 good *not in C* 1-2 *C* Launcelot broughtc to kyng Arthur one of the best of the iiij horses Thenne *F* (*loc. cit.*, col. 2): Lancelot le fist remonter malgre ses ennemis 2-3 *C* syr launcelot with kyng Arthure and a 5 Cdoun Sdoune 8 *W* togydir than kyng 10 grete *not in C* n-12 Chandes he merueylled gretely Capitulum lxxx Thenne sir 16 *C* vs knyghtes that ben of 19 *C* It wille be wel do 21 Sir *not in C* 23 *C*† That is for my sake *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 492^r col. 1*): pour Tenvie de Tristan but *not in C* 24 well *not in C* 26 *C* Tristram Gareth and Dynadan 27 Cdouue Sdoune 28 *C* and so syr launcelot smote 29 *C* kyuge *S* kyng 30 *C* thenne sir arthur 32 *C* alle that he mett Syr Gareth

sir Dynadan ded there as noble knyghtes. And anone all the todir party began to fle.

'Alas,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that ever I sholde se this day! For now I have loste all the worshyp that I wan.'

- 5 And than sir Palomydes wente hys way waylynge, and so wythdrewe hym tyll he cam to a welle. And there he put his horse from hym and ded of his armoure and wayled and wepte lyke as he had bene a wood man.

Than they gaff the pryce unto sir Trystram many
313^f 10 knyghtes, and there were many mo that gaff the pryce unto sir Launcelot.

'Now, fayre lordys, I thanke you of youre honoure that ye wolde gyff me, but I pray you hartely that ye woll gyff youre voyce unto sir Launcelot, for, be my fayth, I woll gyff
15 sir Launcelot my voyce,' seyde sir Trystram.

But sir Launcelot wolde none of hit, and so the pryce was gyffyn betwyxte them bothe; and so every man rode to his lodgyng. And sir Bleoberys and sir Ector rode wyth sir Trystram and La Beall Isode unto her pavelons.

- 20 Than as sir Palomydes was at the welle waylynge and wepyng, there cam fleyng the kynge of Walys and of Scotlonde, and they sawe sir Palomydes in that rayge.

'Alas,' seyde they, 'so noble a man as ye be sholde be in this arayP

- 25 And than the kynge gate sir Palomydes horse agayne, and made hym to arme hym and mownte uppon his horse agayne, and so he rode wyth them makyng grete dole.

So whan sir Palomydes cam nygh sir Trystram and La Beall Isode pavelons, than sir Palomydes pray[de] the two
30 kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake wyth sir Trystram. And whan he cam to the porte of the pavelon sir Palomydes seyde an hyghe,

'Where art thou, sir Trystram de Lyones ?'

2 C† the partyes beganne 3 sir not in C 4 Chaue I 9-10 CThennc
many Knyghtes gaf the pryce to syre Tristram and there were many that
12 C Fair lordes said sir Tristram I 12-13 C the honour ye 13-14 C wold
gyue your 14-15 C†eythe said syre Trystram I wille gyue sir launcelot my
voys 16 Cwold not haue hit 22 C† in that arage F (MS, B.N.fr. gg,
f. 492^r col. 1): ilz virent Palamedes qui aloit si grant duel demenant 25 C* tho
kynges 26-7 C hors and soo 28-9 C nyghe the pavelions there as syre
Tristram and La beale Isoud was in thenne sire palomydes 31 C pavelions

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ys sir Palomydes.'

'What, sir Palomydes, woll ye nat com nere amonge us?'

'Fye on the, traytoure!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for wyte thou well, and hit were daylyght as hit is nyght, I sholde sle the myn awne hondis. And yf ever I may gete the,' seyde 5
sir Palomydes, 'thou shalt dye for this dayes dede.'

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye wyte me wyth wronge, for, had ye done as I ded, ye sholde have had worshyp. But sytthyn ye gyff me so large warnynge, I shall be well ware of you.' 10

'Fye on the, traytoure!' seyde sir Palomydes, and there- wythall he departed.

Than on the morne sir Trystram and La Beall Isode, sir Bleoberys, sir Ector de Marys, sir Gareth, and sir Dynadan, what by londe and by watir, they brought La Beall Isode unto 15 313^v
Joyus Garde. And there they reposed them a sevennyght and made all the myrthis and desportys that they cowde devyse. And kynge Arthure and his knyght[es] drew unto Camelot.

And sir Palomydes rode wyth the two kynges, and ever he made the grettyst dole that ony man cowde thynke, for 20
he was nat all only so dolorous for the departynge frome La Beall Isode, but he was as sorowful a parte to go frome the felyshyp of sir Trystram. For he was so kynde and so jantyll that whan sir Palomydes remembyrd hym he myght never be myrry. 25

So at the sevennyghtes ende sir Bleoberys [and] sir Ector (81)
departed frome sir Trystram and frome the quene, and thes two knyghtes had grete gyfftyes. And ever sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode wyth sir Trystram.

And whan sir Bleoberys and sir Ector were comyn thereas 30
quene Gwenyver was lodged in a castell by the seside (and thorow the grace of God the quene was recovirde of hir malady), than she asked the two knyghtes fro whens they cam. And they seyde they cam frome sir Trystram and frome La Beall Isode. 35

1 C said Dynadan C is palomydes 2 C come in here amonge 3 sir not
in C 3-4 Cweteyowwel 5 Sleuer 6 sir not in C 8-9 Cdyd
ye hadde wonne worship 11 sir not in C 13 and La Beall Isode not in C*
15 C what by water and what by lond they 22 C was a parte as sorowful to
departefrom 23 C for sire Tristram was 24 C* hym therof he 28 Ctwo
good knyghtes ever not in C 34 C sayd that they

'How doth sir Trystram,' seyde the quene, 'and La Beall Isode?'

'Truly, madame,' seyde tho knyghtes, 'he doth as a noble knyght shulde do. And as for the quene, she is pyerles of
5 all ladyes; for to speake of her beaute, bounty, and myrthe, and of hir goodnes, we sawe never hir macche as far as we have ryddyn and gone.'

'A, mercy Jesu!' seyde quene Gwenyvir, 'thus seyth all folkys that hath sene her and spokyn wyth her. God wolde,'
10 seyde she, 'that I had parte of her condycions! And was now myssefortuned me of my syknesse whyle that turnemente endured, for, as I suppose, I shall never se in all my
314^r lyff such assembl6 of noble knyghtes and fayre ladyes.'

And than the knyghtes tolde the quene how sir Palomides wan the gre the fyrste day wyth grete nobles, 'and the secunde day sir Trystram wan the gre, and the thirde day sir Launcelot wan the gre.'

'Well,' seyde quene Gwenyvir, 'who ded beste all three dayes?'

20 'So God me helpe,' seyde thes knyghtes, 'sir Launcelot and sir Trystram had there leste dishonour. And wyte you well sir Palomides ded passyngly well and myghtyly, but he turned ayenste the party that he cam in wythall, and that caused hym to loose a grete parte of his worshyp, for hit
25 semed that sir Palomides ys passynge envyous.'

'Than shall he never wyne worshyp,' seyde the quene, 'for and hyt happyn an envyous man onys to wyne worshyp, he shall be dishonoured twyse therefore. And for this cause all men of worshyp hate an envyous man and woll
30 shewe hym no favoure, and he that ys curteyse and kynde and jantil hath favoure in every place.'

3 madame *not in C* C tho two knyghtes 8 CO mercy 8-9 C Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people that haue 10 seyde she *not in C* 10-11 C and it is mysfortuned 12 C endured And as 13 C suche an assemble noble *not in C* fayre *not in C* C ladyes as ye haue done 14-15 C told her hou Palomides 15 C the degree at the 16,17 C wanne the degree 18 C alle these thre 22 C passynge 26-7 C said Quene Gueneuer sorf and it happeth

XIII

SIR PALOMIDES

*(Winchester MS., ff. 314^r-322^r;
Caxton, Book X, chs. 82-88]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

82. How Palomydes complayned by a welle, and how Epynogris came and fonde hym, and of theyr bothe sorowes.
83. How syr Palomydes brought to syr Epynogris his lady.
84. How sir Palomydes and syr Safer were assaylled.f
85. How syr Trystram made hym redy to rescowe syr Palomydes, but syr Launcelot rescued hym or he came.
86. How syr Trystram and syr Launcelot wyth Palomydes came to Joyous Garde. Of Palomydes and syr Trystram.
87. How there was a day sette bytwene syr Trystram and syr Palomydes for to fyght, and how sir Trystram was hurte.
88. How syr Palomydes kepte his day for to have foughten, but syr Trystram myght not come, and other thynges.

† his lady & how sir palomydes & syr safer were assayled ca lxxxiiij & lxxiiij.

NOW leve we of this mater and speke we of sir Palomydes (82)
that rode and lodged with the two kynges all that nyght.

And on the morne sir Palomydes departed frome the two
kynges, whereof they were hevye. Than the kynge of Ire-
londe lente a man of his to sir Palomydes and gaff hym a 5
grete courser. And the kynge of Scotlonde gaff hym grete
gyfftes, and fayne they wolde have had hym abyde wyth
them, but he wolde nat in no wyse.

And so he departed and rode as adventures wolde gyde
hym tyll hitte was nyghe none. And than in a foreyste by a 10
well sir Palomydes saw where lay a fayre wounded knyght,
and his horse bounden by hym. And that knyght made the
grettyst dole that ever he herde man make, for ever he wepte 314*
and therewyth syghed as he wolde dye. Than sir Palomydes
rode nere hym and salewed hym myldely and sayde, 15

'Fayre knyght, why wayle you so? Lat me lye downe by
you and wayle also, for dowte ye nat, I am muche more
hevyar than ye ar. For I dare say/ seyde sir Palomydes,
'that my sorow ys an hondred-folde more than youres ys.
And therefore lat us complayne aythir to other/ 20

'Fyrst,' seyde the woundid knyght, 'I requyre you
telle me youre name. For and thou be none of the noble
knyghtes, thou shalt never know my name, whatsomever
com of me.'

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'suche as I am, be 25
hit bettir be hit worse, wyte thou well that my name ys sir
Palomydes, sunne and ayre unto kynge Asclabor, and sir
Saphir and sir Segwarydes ar my two brethirne. And wyte
thou well, as for myselff, I was never crystynde, but my two
brethirne ar truly crystynde.' 30

'A, noble knyght!' seyde that woundid knyght, 'well ys
me that I have mette wyth you. And wyte you well that my
name ys sir Epynogrys, the kynges sonne of Northumbir-

2 C lodged hym with 2-4 all that nyght And on the morne sir Palomydes
departed frome the two kynges not in C† (*homoeoteleuton*) 5 C sent a man
7 C had sire Palomydes to haue abyden 8-9 C but in no wyse he wold abyde
and soo 14 Cas though he 16-17 Cdoune and wayle with yow for doubte
not 18, 25, 33 sir not in C 23 C* knyghtes of the round table 26 C
better or be 27 C Astlabor 31 C said that knyghte 32 C wete ye wel

londe. Now sytte ye downe,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'and let us aythir complayne to othir.'

Than sir Palomydes alyght and tyed his horse faste. And thus sir Palomydes began hys complaynte and sayde,

5 'Now shall I tell you what wo I endure. I love the fayryst quene and lady that ever bare lyff, and wyte you well her name ys La Beall Isode, kynge Markes wyff of Cornwayle.'

'That ys grete foly,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'for to love quene Isode. For one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde
10 lovyth her, that ys sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for no man knowyth that mater bettir than I do. For I have bene in sir Trystrams felyshyp this moneth and more, and wyth La Beall Isode togydyrs. And, alas!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'un-
15 happy man that I am, now have I loste the felyshyp of sir
315^r Trystram and the love of La Beall Isode for ever, and I am never lykly to se her more. And sir Trystram and I bene aythir to othir mortall enemyes.'

'Well/ seyde sir Epynogrys, 'syth that ye loved La Beall
20 Isode, loved she ever you agayne by onythyng that ye cowde wyte, othir ellys ded ye ever rejoyse her in ony plesure?'

'Nay, be my knyghthode,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I never aspyed that ever she loved me more than all the worlde
25 ded, nor never had I pleasure wyth her, but the laste day she gaff me the grettyst rebuke that ever I had, whyche shall never go fro my harte. And yet I well deservyd that rebuke, for I ded nat knyghtly, and therefore I have loste the love of her and of sir Trystram for ever. And I have
30 many tymes enforsed myselff to do many dedis of armys for her sake, and ever she was the causer of my worship-wynnyng. And alas! now have I loste all the worship that ever I wanne, for never shall befall me suche proues as I had in the felyshyp of sir Trystram.'

1 ye *not in C* sir *not in C* 3-4 alyght and tyed his horse faste and thus sir Palomydes *not in C† (homoeoteUuton)* 4 and sayde *not in C* 5 Cyow said Palomydes what 8, 11, 14, 23 sir *not in C* 13 and more *not in C†* 16 C Tristram for euer & the 21 C coude thynke or wyte C her euer in 23 for *not in C* 25 ded *not in C* 26 C had the whiche 30-1 C dedes for la beale Isoud sake and she 32 C Alias said sir Palomydes now 33 C me befall

'Nay, nay,¹ seyde sir Epynogrys, 'youre sorow ys but (83)
 japys to my sorow; for I rejoysed my lady and wan her wyth
 myne hondis and loste her agayne: alas that day! And
 fyrst thus I wan her: my lady was an erlys doughtir, and as
 the erle and two knyghtes cam home fro the turnement of 5
 Lonezep, and for her sake I sette uppon this erle myselff
 and on his two knyghtes, and my lady there beyng pre-
 sente. And so by fortune there I slew the erle and one of
 the knyghtes, and the othir knyght fledde. And so that
 nyght I had my lady. to

'And on the morne, as she and I reposed us at this welle-
 syde, than cam there to me an arraunte knyght, his name
 was sir Helyor le Prowse, an hardy knyght, and he chal-
 enged me to fyght for my lady. And than we wente to
 batayle, fyrst uppon horsebacke and aftir uppon foote, but 15
 at the laste sir Helyor wounded me so that he lefft me for
 dede, and so he toke my lady with hym. And thus my
 sorow ys more than youre, for I have rejoysed, and ye
 nevir rejoysed.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but syth I can 20 315^T
 nat recover myselff, I shall promyse you, yf I can mete with
 sir Helyor, that I shall gete to you your lady agayne, other
 ellys he shall beate me.'

Than sir Palomydes made sir Epynogrys to take his
 horse, and so they rode untill an ermytage, and there sir 25
 Epynogrys rested hym. And in the meanewhyle sir Palo-
 mydes walked prevaile oute to reste hym under the levis,
 and there besydes he sawe a knyght com rydyng wyth a
 shyld that he had sene sir Ector de Marys beare aforehonde.
 And there cam aftir hym a ten knyghtes, and so thes 30
 knyghtes hove undir the levys for hete.

And anone aftir, there cam a knyght with a grene shyld
 and therein a whyght lyon, ledyng a lady uppon a palfrey.
 Than this knyght with the shyld he semed to be maystir
 of the ten knyghtes; and he rode fyrsly aftir sir Helyor, for 35

1 sir *not in C* 3-4 C *daye Thus fyrst I* 4 C *her said Epynogrys My*
 5 W *knyghtes whyche earn* 5 home *not in C*† 6 myself *not in C*
 12 C *there came there* 13 Cle *preuse* 13-14 C *and this sire (S sir) Helyor*
 chalengyd 15 Cypon *hors and after on foote* 19 Creioyed *neuer* 22 C†
 Helynor *to not in C* 25 C *rode to an* 31 C X *knyghtes* 34 C *Thane*
 S *Thene* C *the grene sheld that semed*

hit was he that hurte sir Epynogrys. And whan he cam nygh sir Helyor he bade hym deffende his lady.

'I woll deffende her,' seyde sir Helyor, 'unto my power !'

And so they ran togydirs so myghtyly that ayther smote 5 other downe, horse and all, to the erthe. And than they wan up lyghtly and drewe swerdys and dressed their shyldis, and laysshed togydyrs wondir fyersly more than an owre. And all this sir Palomydes saw and behylde.

But ever at the laste the knyght with sir Ectors shyld 10 was far bigger, and at the laste he smote downe sir Helyor. And than that knyght unlaced his helme to have strykyn off his hede. And than he cryed mercy and prayed hym to save his lyff and bade hym take his lady.

Than sir Palomydes dressed hym up, bycause he wyste 15 well that that same lady was sir Epynogrys lady, and he had promysed hym to helpe hym. Than sir Palomydes went streyte to that lady and toke her by the honde and asked her whether she knew a knyght whyche was called sir Epynogrys.

20 'Alas,' she seyde, 'that evir I knew hym other he me! For I have for his sake loste my worshyp and also hys lyff; 316^r that greveth me moste of all.'

'Nat so, fayre lady!' sayde sir Palomydes. 'Commyth on with me, for here ys sir Epynogrys in this ermytage.'

25 'A, well ys me,' seyde that lady, 'and he be on lyve!'

Than cam the tother knyght and seyde, 'Whythir wolt thou with that lady?'

'I woll do wyth her what me lyst,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Wyte thou well,¹ seyde that knyght, 'thou spekest over 30 large, thoughe thou semyst thou haste me at avauntayge, bycause thou sawyst me do batayle but late. Thou wenyst, sir knyght, to have that lady away fro me so lyghtly? Nay, thynke hit never! And thou were as good a knyght as ys

3, 15 *sir not in C* 4 *C* eyther of these knyghtes smote 6 *dressed not in C*
 7 *C* to gyders myghtely more 10 *far not in C* 10-11 *C* laste this knyghte
 smote sir Helyor doune and thenne 15 *had not in C* 18-19 *C* knyghte that
 hyghte Epynogrys 20 *C* euer he knewe me or I hym 22 *That not in C†*
F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 498^v col. 1): 'S'amour m'a mise a deshonneur, et il est pour
moy mort sans nulle faille. Mai vit onques ly uns Tautre' 23 *fayre not in C*
C come on 23, 24 *sir not in C* 26-7 *C* whether wylt thou with that lady
 said the knyght with syr Ectors shelde 28 *sir not in C* 29 *C†* wete yow
 wel 30 *C* semest me to haue at 33 *C* neuer not and

sir Launcelot or sir Trystram other ellys sir Palomydes, but thou shalt wyn her more derar than ever ded I.'

And so they wente unto battayle uppon foote, and there they gaff many sad strokys togydir, and aythir wounded other wondirly sore. And thus they faught togydir styll 5 more than an owre. Than sir Palomydes had mervayle what knyght he myght be that was so stronge and so well-brethid durynge, and at the laste thus seyde sir Palomydes:

'Knyght, I requyre the telle me thy name!'

'Wyte thou well,' seyde that knyght, 'I dare telle the my 10 name, so that thou wolt tell me thy name.'

'I woll,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Truly,' seyde that knyght, 'and my name ys sir Saphir, sonne of kynge Asclabor, and sir Palomydes and sir Seg- 15 warydes ar my bretherne.'

'Now, and wyte thou well, my name ys sir Palomydes!'

Than sir Saphir kneled adowne uppon his kneis and prayde hym of mercy, and than they unlaced their helmys and aythir kyssed other wepyng. And the meanewhyle sir Epynogrys rose of his bedde and harde them by the strokys, 20 and so he armed hym to helpe sir Palomydes yf nede were. Than sir Palomydes toke the lady by the honde and (84) brought her to sir Epynogrys, and there was grete joy betwyxte them, for aythir sowned for joy whan they were mette. 25

'Now, fayre knyght and lady,' sayde sir Saphir, 'hit were pite to departe you too, and therefore Jesu sende you joy 316^v ayther of othirP

'Grauntemercy, jantyll knyght,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'and mucche more thanke to my lorde sir Palomydes that 30 thus hath thorow his proues made me to gete my lady.'

Than sir Epynogrys requyred sir Palomydes and sir Saffir, [his] brother, to ryde with hym unto his castell for the sauffgarde of his persone.

'Syr,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'we woll be redy to conduyte 35 you, because that ye ar sore woundid.'

1 C or as is sir Tristram or sir	2 more <i>not in C</i>	4 togydir <i>not in C</i>	5
C passyng sore	togydir <i>not in C</i>	8 at the laste <i>not in C</i>	8, 12 sir <i>not in C</i>
13 C name is safyr	14 C Astlabor	17 C Safyr	19 C And in the
20 C aroose	26 Now <i>not in C</i>	C Safer	27 too and therefore <i>not in C</i>
29 sir <i>not in C</i>	30 C thanke be to	33 C with them	35 C said Palomydes

And so was sir Epynogrys and hys lady horsed uppon a soffte ambler, and than they rode unto his castell. And there they had grete chere and grete joy, as ever sir Palomydes and sir Saffir had in their lyvys.

- 5 So on the morne sir Saphir and sir Palomydes departed and rode but as fortune lad them, and so they rode all that day untyll aftir noone. And at the laste they harde a grete wepynge and a grete noyse downe in a maner.

'Sir,' seyde sir Saffir, 'lette us wyte what noyse this ys.'

- 10 'I woll well,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And so they rode tyll that they co[m] to a fayre gate of a maner, and there sate an olde man sayyng his prayers and beadis. Than sir Palomydes and sir Saphir alyght and leffte their horsis and wente within the gatys. And there they saw

- 15 full goodly men wepyng many.

'Now, fayre sirrys', seyde sir Palomydes, 'wherefore wepe ye and make thys sorow?'

And anone one of tho knyghtes of the castel behylde sir Palomydes and knew hym, and than he wente to his felowys

- 20 and sayde,

'Fayre fealowys, wyte you well all, we have within this castell the same knyght that slew oure lorde at Lonezep, for I know hym well for sir Palomydes.'

Than they wente unto harneys, all that myght beare har-

- 25 neys, som on horsebak and som uppon foote, to the numbir of three score. And whan they were redy they cam freyss[h]ly

- 317^r uppon sir Palomydes and uppon sir Sap(h)ir wyth a grete

noyse, and sayde thus:
'Kepe the, sir Palomydes, for thou arte knowyn! And be
30 ryght thou muste be dede, for thou haste slayne oure lorde, and therefore wyte thou well we may do the none other favoure but sle the. And therefore defFende the!'

Than sir Palomydes and sir Saphir, the tone sette his bak

1 C Epyuogrys S Epynogrys 1-2 lady horsed and his lady behynde hym
vpon a softe ambler And thenne 2-3 C castell where they 3 C* chere and
Ioye as grete as euer 4 C Safere had in their lyfe dayes 6 but not
in C 9 Csaïd thenne 11 C rode forth W con 15-16 C*ful many goodely
men wepyng Fair 16 sir not in C 18 C the knyghtes 19 he not
in C Cselawes Sfelawes 21 C*weteyewel Chaueinthis 23 Cwel
it is syre 27 W {catchwords} And uppon C Safere 31-2 C*weteyewel
we wille sle the therfore 33 C the one sette

to the todir and gaff many sad strokes, and also toke many grete strokes. And thus they faught wyth twenty knyghtes and forty jantyllmen and yomen nyghe a two owres. But at the laste, though they were never so lothe, sir Palomydes and sir Saphir were takyn and yoldyn and put in a stronge 5 preson.

And within three dayes twelve knyghtes passed uppon h[e]m, and they founde sir Palomydes gylty, and sir Saphir nat gylty, of the lordis deth. And whan sir Saphir shulde be delyverde there was grete dole betwyxte his brother and 10 hym. And many peteous complayntis that was made at her departicion, there ys no maker can reherse the tenth parte.

'Now, fay re brother, lat be youre doloure,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and youre sorow, for and I be ordeyned to dy a shamfull dethe, wellcom be hit. But and I had wyste of this 15 deth that I am demed unto, I sholde never have bene yoldyn.'

So departed sir Saphir, his brother, with the grettyst sorow that ever made knyght.

And on the morne they of the castell ordayne twelve knyghtes for to ryde wyth sir Palomydes unto the fadir of the 20 same knyght that sir Palomydes slew. And so they bounde his leggyis undir an olde steedis bealy, and than they rode wyth sir Palomydes unto a castell by the seesyde that hyght Pylownes, and there sir Palomydes shulde have his just^{se}*1: 25 thus was their ordynaunce.

And so they rode wyth sir Palomydes faste by the castell of Joyus Garde, and as they passed by that castell there cam rydyngne one of that castell by them that knew sir Palomydes. And whan that knyght saw hym lad bounden uppon a croked 30 courser, than the knyght asked sir Palomydes for what cause he was so lad.

'A, my fay re felow and knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 317^v

1 C many grete strokes also not in C 2 W thus thus C a twenty 3 a
not in C 4 never so not in C 8 W hym C them 9 C their lordes
10 C betwixe syr palomydes and 11-12 C that sir Safyr made at his
departyng 13 Now not in C 13-14 C broder said palomydes lete be
thy dolour and thy sorow And yf I 17-18 C Soo syr Safere departed from
his broder with the gretttest dolour and sorow 24 C Pelownes C* haue
Iustyce W have his justis F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 501^v col. 1): si le devoient mener
au pere au chevalier mort et a ses parens qui en devoient prendre vengeance de la
mort au chevalier occis 28 C rydyngne oute of that castel by them one that
29 Csawe sire palomydes bounden 31 C led so 32 sir not in C

'I ryde now towarde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at the turnemente of Lonezep. And yf I had [not] departed frome my lorde sir Trystram as I ought [not] to have done, now myght I have bene sure to have had my lyff saved. But I 5 pray you, sir knyght, recommaunde me unto my lorde sir Trystram and unto my lady quene Isode, and sey to them, yf ever I trespass to them, I aske them forgyffnes. And also, I besече you, recommaunde me unto my lorde kynge Arthure and to all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table, unto 10 my power.'

Than the knyght wepte for pite, and therewyth he rode unto Joyus Garde as faste as his horse myght renne, and lyghtly that knyght descended downe of his horse and went unto sir Trystram, and there he tolde hym all as ye have 15 harde. And ever the knyght wepte as he were woode.

(85) Whan sir Trystram knew how sir Palomydes wente to his dethward he was hevy to hyre thereof and sayde,

'Howbehit that I am wrothe wyth hym, yet I woll nat suffir hym to dye so shamefull a dethe, for he ys a full noble 20 knyght.'

And anone sir Trystram asked his armys, and whan he was armed he toke his horse and two squyars wyth hym and rode a grete pace thorow a foreyste aftir sir Palomydes, the nexte way unto the castell Pelownes where sir Palomydes 25 was jowged to his dethe.

And as the twelve knyghtes lad hym byfore them, there was the noble knyght sir Launcelot whyche was alyght by a welle, and had tyed hys horse tyll a tre, and had takyn of hys helme to drynke of that welle. And whan he sawe such a 30 route whyche semed knyghtes, sir Launcelot put on hys helme and suffyrd them to passe by hym; and anone he was ware of sir Palomydes bounden and lad shamfully towarde his dethe.

1 now *not in C* 1-2 C† at a turnement 11 C that knyghte wepte for pyte
of syr palomydes and there with alle he 15 C as he had ben madde 16
C Tristram herd how 16-17 Chis deth he 17 C here that and 18-
19 C with sir palomydes yet wil not I suffre 21 asked his armys and whan he
not in C† 22 C armed & toke 23-4 C† paas towarde the castel of pelownes
26-8 C & these twelue knyghtes that led sir palomydes passed by a welle where as sir
launcelot was whiche was alyghte there & had tyed his hors to a tree Sc taken
29-30 C saw these knyghtes 31 C was he 32-3 C to his

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what mysseadventure ys befallyn hym that he ys thus lad towarde hys dethe? Yet, pardeus,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit were shame to me to suffir this noble knyght thus to dye and I myght helpe hym. And therefore I woll helpe hym whatsomever com of hit, 5 other ellys I shall dye for hys sake!'

And than sir Launcelot mounted on hys horse and gate hys speare in hys honde and rode aftr the twelve knyghtes whyche lad sir Palomydes.

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'whother lede ye 10 that knyght? For hit besemyth hym full evyll to ryde bounden.'

Than thes twelve knyghtes returned suddeynly there horis and seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir knyght, we counceyle you nat to meddyll of this 15 knyght, for he hath deserved deth, and unto deth he ys jouged.'

'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that I may nat borow hym wyth fayrenes, for he ys over good a knyght to dye suche a shamefull dethe. And therefore, fayre knyghtes,' 20 seyde sir Launcelot, 'than kepe you as well as ye can! For I woll rescow that knyght, othir ellys dye for hit.'

Than they began to dresse there spearys, and sir Launcelot smote the formyste downe, horse and man, and so he served three mo wyth one spere. And than that speare 25 braste, and therewythall sir Launcelot drewe his swerde, and than he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde. And so wythin a whyle he leffte none of tho knyghtes, but he had leyde them to the erthe, and the moste party of them were sore wounded. 30

And than sir Launcelot toke the beste horse and lowsed sir Palomydes and sette hym uppon that horse, and so they returned agayne unto Joy us Garde.

And than was sir Palomydes ware of sir Trystram how he cam rydyng. And whan sir Launcelot sy hym he knew 35

1 CO Ihesu sir not in C 2-3 C dethe Forsoth said launcelot 4 C knyght
800 to 6 C for syr Palomydes sake 8-9 C knyghtes that ledde 11
For not in C C ful ylle to 13 C Knyghtes sodenly torned their 15
C counceille the C medle with 18 sir not in C 22 C knyght or
dye 28 W leffto C tho twelue knyghtes 31 C* hors that he fonde (not
in F) and

hym well; but sir Trystram knew nat hym, because he had on his shuldir a gylden shyld. So sir Launcelot made hym redy to juste wyth sir Trystram, because he sholde nat wene that
 318^v he were sir Launcelot. Than sir Palomydes cryed on lowde
 5 to sir Trystram and seyde,

'A, my lorde! I requyre you, juste nat wyth this knyght, for he hath saved me frome my dethe.'

Whan sir Trystram harde hym sey so he cam a soffte trottynge pace towarde hym. And than sir Palomydes
 10 seyde,

'My lorde, sir Trystram, mucche am I beholdynge unto you of youre grete goodnes, that wolde proffir youre noble body to rescow me undeserved, for I have greatly offended you. Natwythstondynge,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'here mette
 15 we wyth this noble knyght that worshypfully and manly rescowed me frome twelve knyghtes, and smote them downe all and sore wounded hem.'

(86) 'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Launcelot, 'of whens be ye?'

20 'I am a knyght arraunte,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that rydyth to seke many dedis.'

'Sir, what ys youre name?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, as at this tyme I woll nat telle you.' Than sir Launcelot seyde unto sir Trystram and to sir Palomydes,

25 'Now ar ye mette togydirs aythir wyth other, and now I woll departe frome you.'

'Nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray you and requyre you of knyghthod to ryde wyth me unto my castell.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may nat ryde
 30 wyth you, for I have many dedis to do in other placys, that at this tyme I may nat abyde wyth you.'

'A, mercy JesuP seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you, as ye be a trewe knyght to the Order of Knyghthode, play you wyth me this nyght.'

35 Than sir Trystram had a graunte of sir Launcelot; how-behit, thoughe he had nat desyred hym, he wolde have

1 C by cause syre Launcelot had	3 C Tristram that sire Tristram sholde
4 C Lauucelot 5 Launcelot	5-6 C Tristram O my 7 C for this goode
knyght hath 9 C toward them	17 C wounded them sore 21 C many
aduentures 22 Sir <i>not in C</i>	23 as <i>not in C</i> 24 C to palomydes
25 C now eyther of yow ar mette to gyders I	27 and requyre you <i>not in C</i>

rydden with hem, other sone a com aftir hym. For sir Launcelot cam for none other cause into that contrey but for to se sir Trystram.

And whan they were com wythin Joyus Garde they alyght, and there horsis were lad into a stable, and than they 5 unarmed them. For sir Launcelot, as sone as his helme was of, sir Trystram and sir Palomydes knew hym. Than sir Trystam toke sir Launcelot in his armys, and so ded La 319^r Beall Isode, and sir Palomydes kneled downe uppon his kneis and thanked sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe sir 10 Palomydes knele he lyghtly toke hym up and seyde thus:

'Wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, that I, and ony knyght in this londe of worshyp, muste of verry ryght succoure and rescow so noble a knyght as ye ar preved and renowned thorougheoute all this realme, enlonge and overtwarte.' 15

Than was there grete joy amonge them. And the ofter that sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode, the hevyyar he waxed day be day.

Than sir Launcelot wythin three or four dayes departed, and wyth hym rode sir Ector de Marys and sir Dynadan. 20 And sir Palomydes was leffte there wyth sir Trystram a two monethis and more.

But ever sir Palomydes faded and mourned, that all men had mervyle wherefore he faded so away. So uppon a day, in the dawyngye, sir Palomydes wente into the foreste by 25 hymselff alone; and there he founde a welle, and anone he loked into the welle and in the watir he sawe hys owne vysayge, how he was discolowred and defaded, a nothyngye lyke as he was.

'Lorde Jesu, what may this meane ?' seyde sir Palomydes. 30 And thus he seyde to hymselff: 'A, Palomydes, Palomydes! Why arte thou thus defaded, and ever was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyghtes of [the] worlde ? Forsothe, I woll no more lyve this lyff, for I love that I may never gete nor recover.'

zs

1 C soone haue come after them for	6-7 C them And whanne syre Launcelot
was vnhelmed sir Tristram	8 his <i>not in</i> C† 10 C whan syr lanncelot
13 C oughte of	16 grete <i>not in</i> C 20 C and Dynadan 21 C
Palomydes were there lefte with	24 S he had faded C† vppn 28 C was
distourbed and a <i>not in</i> C	29 C lyke that he 30 Lorde Jesu <i>not in</i> C
32 C* dyffaded thou that was	33 Forsothe <i>not in</i> C 34 C more lede this

And therewythall he leyde hym downe by the welle, and so began to make a ryme of La Beall Isode and of sir Trystram. And so in the meanewhyle sir Trystram was ryddyn into the same foreyste to chace an harte of grece; but sir Trystram
 319^v 5 wolde nat ryde an huntynge nevermore unarmed bycause of sir Brewnys Saunze Pite. And so sir Trystram rode into the foreyste up and downe, and as he rode he harde one synge mervaylowsly lowde; and that was sir Palomydes whyche lay by the welle.

10 And than sir Trystram rode sofftly thydir, for he demed that there was som knyght arraunte whyche was at the welle. And whan sir Trystram cam nyghe he descended downe frome hys horse and tyed hys horse faste tyll a tre. And so he cam nere on foote, and sone aftir he was ware where lay
 15 sir Palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and myrly. And ever the complayntys were of La Beall Isode, whyche was mervaylously well seyde, and pyteuously and full dolefully *nmade**¹. And all the hole songe sir Trystram harde worde by worde, and whan he had herde all sir Palomydes
 20 complaynte, he was wrothe oute of mesure, and thought for to sle hym thereas he lay.

Than sir Trystram remembyrde hymselff that sir Palomydes was unarmed, and of so noble a name that sir Palomydes had, and also the noble name that hymselff had.
 25 Than he made a restraynte of his angir, and so he wente unto sir Palomydes a soffte pace and seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, I have harde youre complay[n]te and of youre treson that ye have owed me longe, and wyte you well, therefore ye shall dye! And yf hit were nat for shame
 30 of knyghthode thou sholdyst nat ascape my hondys, for

2 C* Isoud and hym F (MS. B.N.fr. ggf. 504* col. 2): et tout ce qu'il dit si est de madame Yseult 3 C Tristram was that same day ryden 4 C the herte 6 C syr Breuse saunce pyte C Soo as sir 7 C that forest and as he rode *not in* C 8-9 C that lay 11 C erraunt that was 12 C nyghe hym he 14 C nere hym on foote and anone he was 16 C of that noble Quene La 17-18 C* merueylously and wonderfully wel sayd and full dolefully and pytously made And alle F (MS. B.N. fr. 99 f. 504^v col. 1): chantoit un chant moult hault et moult bel qu'il avoit fait nouvellement assez delictable 18 C songe the noble sir 18-19 C* herd from the begynnynge to the endynge the whiche greued and troubled hym sore But thenne at the last whanne sir Tristram had herd 23 C of the noble name 24 C also *not in* C 28 Cso longe 28-9 C thy . . . thow hast . . . wete thou . . . thou shalt

now I know well thou haste away ted me wyth treson. And therefore', seyde sir Trystram, 'tell me how thou wolt acyute the.'

'Sir, I shall acyute me thus: as for quene La Beall Isode, thou shalt wyte that I love her abovyn all other ladyes in this 5 worlde, and well I wote hit shall befall by me as for her 320^f love as befelle on the noble knyght sir Kayhydins that dyed for the love of La Beall Isode. And now, sir Trystram, I woll that ye wyte that I have loved La Beall Isode many a longe day, and she hath bene the causer of my worshyp. And 10 ellys I had bene the moste symplyste knyght in the worlde, for by her, and bycause of her, I have wonne the worshyp that I have; for whan I remembred me of quene Isode I wanne the worshyp wheresomever I cam, for the moste party. And yet I had never rewarde nother bounty of her 15 dayes of my lyff, and yet I have bene her knyght longe gwardonles. And therefore, sir Trystram, as for ony dethe I drede nat, for I had as lyeff dye as lyve. And yf I were armed as ye ar, I shulde lyghtly do batayle with the.'

'Sir, well have ye uttyrd youre treson,' seyde sir Trystram. 20

'Sir, I have done to you no treson,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for love is fre for all men, and thoughe I have loved your lady, she ys my lady as well as youre. Howbehyt that I have wronge, if ony wronge be, for ye rejoyse her and have youre desyre of her, and so had I nevyr nor never ys lyke to 25 have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermyste dayes of my lyff as well as ye/

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll fyght with you to the (87) utteryste!'

'I graunte,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for in a bettir quarell 30 kepe I never to fyght. For and I dye off youre hondis, of a bettir knyghtes hondys myght I never be slayne. And sytthyn I undirstonde that I shall never rejoyse La Beall Isode, I have as good wyll to dye as to lyve.'

1-2 And therefore *not in C* 2 C Telle me said syre Tristram how 4 C Sir said
Palomydes thus I wille acyute me as 5 C ye shal wete 6 by *not in C*
7 C befelle to the 9 C loned S loued longe *not in C* 13 C of la Beale
Isoud 15 Cyet had I neuer 16 C the dayes longe *not in C* 18 C to
lyue 19 Cas thow arte 20, 21 C omits sir in all cases 25 C your S youre
C* neuer am lyke 26 C shall S shalle 29 C vttermest 30 sir *not*
in C 32 C handes may I not be

'Tha[n] sette ye a day,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that we shall do batayle.'

320^v 'Sir, this day fyftene dayes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll mete with you hereby, in the medow undir Joyus 5 Garde.'

'Now fye for shame!' seyde sir Trystram. 'Woll ye sette so longe a day? Lat us fyght to-morne.'

'Nat so,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I am megir, and have bene longe syke for the love of La Beall Isode. And 10 therefore I woll repose me tyll I have my strengthe agayne.'

So than sir Trystram and sir Palomydes promysed faythefully to mete at the welle that day fyftene dayes.

'But now I am remembred,' seyde sir Trystram to sir 15 Palomydes, 'that ye brake me onys a promyse whan that I rescowed you frome sir Brewnys Saunze Pite and nyne knyghtes. And than ye promysed to mete me at the perowne and the grave besydis Camelot, whereas that tyme ye fayled of youre promyse.'

20 'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Palomydes unto sir Trystram, 'I was at that day in preson, that I myght nat holde my promyse. But wyte you well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall promyse you now and kepe hit.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye had 25 holden youre promyse this worke had nat bene here now at this tyme.'

Ryght so departed sir Trystram and sir Palomydes. And so sir Palomydes toke his horse and hys harneys, and so he rode unto kynge Arthurs courte. And there he gate hym 30 four knyghtes and four sargeantes of armys, and so he returned agayne unto Joyus Garde.

And so in the meanewhyle sir Trystram chaced and hunted at all maner of venery. And aboute three dayes afore the batayle that shulde be, as sir Trystram chaced an harte, 35 there was an archer shotte at the harte, and by mysfortune

1 W Thatt sette	2-3 bataille this	3 C† said payd Palomydes	6
Now <i>not in C</i>	8 sir <i>not in C</i>	14 But now <i>not in C</i>	14-15 C to
Palomydes	17 C promysed me to	18 C at that	20 C said
Palomydes	22-3 But wyte you well seyde sir Palomydes I shall promyse you		
now and kepe hit	<i>not in C†</i>	23 W you promyse	29 C there syr
palomydes gat	31 C ageynward vnto		

he smote sir Trystram in the thyk of the thyghe, and the same arrow slew sir Trystrams horse undir hym.

Whan sir Tristram was so hurte he was passynge hevy; and wyte you well he bled passynge sore. And than he toke another horse and rode unto Joyus Garde with grete hevynes, 5 more for the promyse that he had made unto sir Palomydes to do batayle with hym wythin three dayes aftir [than for ony 321^r hurte]. Wherefore there was nother man nother woman that coude chere hym [with onythyng that they coude make to hym], for ever he demed that sir Palomydes had 10 smytten hym so, because he sholde nat be able to do batayle with hym at the day appoynted. But in no wyse there was (88) no knyghte aboute sir Trystram that wolde belyeve that sir Palomydes wolde hurte hym, nother by his owne hondis nothir by none other consentynge. 15

And so whan the fyftenth day was com sir Palomydes cam to the welle wyth four knyghtes wyth hym of kyng Arthurs courte and three sargeauntes of armys. And for this entente sir Palomydes brought tho knyghtes with hym and the sargeauntes of armys, for they sholde beare recorde of 20 the batayle betwyxt sir Trystram and hym. And one sargeaunte brought in his helme, and the tother his speare, and the thirde his swerde. So sir Palomydes cam into the fylde and there he abode nyghe two owres, and than he sente a squyar unto sir Trystram and desyred hym to com into the 25 fylde to holde his promyse.

Whan the squyar was com unto Joyus Garde, anone as sir Trystram harde of his comynge he commaunded that the squyar shulde com to his presence thereas he lay in his bedde. 30

'My lorde, sir Trystram,' seyde sir Palomydes squyar, 'wyte you well, my lorde sir Palomydes abydyth you in the

2-3 Cj- hors & hurte hym whan F (MS. B.N. fr. gg f. 506^v col. 1): occist le cheval dessus quoy Tristan estoit montes 4 C wete ye wel passynge not in C
6 C made with sir palomydes as to 7-8 C* after than for ony hurte of his thy3 (see note)
9-10 C* hym with ony thyng that they coude make to hym (homoeote teuton in W) neyther Quene la Beale Isoud for euer 10 C† syr launcelot
had 11 C soo that he shold 12 C day sette Capitulum lxxxviii Bv
13 C byleue that euer syr 14 C hurte sir Tristram neyther 17 kyng not in C
19 C† ententente C the knyzttes 21 C and syr Palomydes And the one 23 sir not in C 28 Che lete commaunde that 31 C said Palomydes 32 C lord Palomydes

fylde, and he wolde wyte whether ye wolde do batayle or nat.'

'A, my fayre brother,' seyde sir Trystram, 'wyte you well that I am ryght hevy for this tydyngis. But telle youre lorde
5 sir Palomydes, and I were well at ease, I wolde nat lye here, nothir he sholde have had no nede to sende for me and I myght othir ryde or go. And for thou shalt se that I am no lyar'—sir Trystram shewed hym his thyghe, and the depnes of the wounde was syx inchis depe. 'And now thou haste
10 sene my hurte, telle thy lorde that this is no fayned mater, and tell hym that I had levir than all the golde that kynge
321^v Arthure hath that I were hole. And lat hym wyte that as for me, as sone as I may ryde I shall seke hym endelonge and overtwarte this londe; and that I promyse you as I am a trew
15 knyght. And yf ever I may mete hym, telle youre lorde sir Palomydes he shall have of me hys fyllle of batayle.'

And so the squyar departed. And whan sir Palomydes knew that sir Trystram was hurte, than he seyde thus:

'Truly, I am glad of hys hurte, and for this cause: for now
20 I am sure I shall have no shame. For I wote well, and we had medled, I sholde have had harde handelynge of hym, and by lyklyhode I muste nedys have had the worse. For he is the hardyeste knyght in batayle that now ys lyvyng excepte sir Launcelot.'

25 And than departed sir Palomydes whereas fortune lad hym. And within a moneth sir Trystram was hole of hys hurte, and than he toke hys horse and rode frome contrey to contrey, and all straunge adventures he encheved wheresomever he rode. And allwayes he enquiryed for sir Palo-
30 mydes, but off all that quarter of somer sir Trystram coude never mete with sir Palomydes.

But thus as sir Trystram soughte and enquiryed after sir Palomydes, sir Trystram enchevyed many grete batayles,

4-5 C tydynges therfor sire Palomydes 6 C nor he shold haue noo 7 C
shalt saye 8-9 the depnes of *not in C* 11-12 C gold of kyng Arthur
that 12-13 C hole & telle palomydes as soone as I am hole I shal 14 this
londe *not in C* *znotin C* 15-16 C mete with hym he shal haue batail of me
his fyllle 17 C & with this the squyer 17-18 C when palomydes wist pt
tristra 18-20 C† hurt he was glad & said now I am sure F (MS. B.N.fr.
99 f. 507^v col. 2): s'il en est joyeux et liez, ne le demanded pas, car orendroit a il
joye plus qu'il n'ot pieca (see note) 20-1 and we had medled *not in C*
21-2 C by lykely I 26 W And and within

wherethorow all the noyse and brewte fell to sir Trystram, and the name ceased of sir Launcelot. And therefore sir Launcelottis bretherne and hys kynnysmen wolde have slayne sir Trystram bycause of hys fame. But whan sir Launcelot wyste how hys kynnysmen were sette, he seyde to them 5 opynly,

'Wyte you well that and ony of you all be so hardy to wayte my lorde sir Trystram wyth ony hurte, shame, or vylany, as I am trew knyght, I shall sle the beste of you all myne owne hondis, Alas, fye for shame, sholde ye for hys 10 noble dedys awayte to sle hym! Jesu defende,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever ony noble knyght as sir Trystram ys sholde be destroyed wyth treson.'

So of this noyse and fame sprang into Cornwayne and unto 322' them of Lyones, whereof they were passynge glad and made 15 grete joy. And than they of Lyones sente lettyrs unto sir Trystram of recommendacion, and many greate gyfftyes to mayntene sir Trystrams astate. And ever betwene sir Trystram resorted unto Joyus Garde whereas La Beall Isode was, that lovid hym ever. 20

1 and brewte *not in C* z C and it seaced 7 C\ and the enuy of yow (*see note*) 8 C wayte vpon my 9-10 C yow with myne 11 C awayte vpon hym to sir *not in C* 14-15 C and amonge them 20 C hym as her lyf HERE ENDETH THE TENTHE BOOK WHICHE IS OF SYR TRISTRAM AND HERE FOLOWETH THE ENLEUENTH BOOK WHICHE IS OF SIR LAUNCELOT

XIV
LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE

*[Winchester MS., ff. 322^r–342^v;
Caxton, Book XI and Book XII, chs. 1—10]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How syr Launcelot rode on his adventure, and how he helpe a dolorous lady fro hyr payne, and how that he faught wyth a dragon,
2. How syr Launcelot came to Pelles, and of the Sangreal, and how he begate Galahad on Elayn, kyng Pelles doughter.
3. How syr Launcelot was dyspleasyd whan he knewe that he had layen by Elayn, and how she was delyverd of Galahad.
4. How syr Bors came to dame Elayn and sawe Galahad, and how he was fedde wyth the Sangreal.
5. How syr Bors made syr Pedyverf to yelde hym, and of mervaylous adventures that he had, and how he achyved them.
6. How syr Bors departed, and how syr Launcelot was rebuked of the quene Guenever, and of his excuse.
7. How dame Elayn, Galahads moder, came in grete estate to Camelot, and how Launcelot byhaved hym there.
8. How dame Brysen by enchauntement brought syr Launcelotte to Elayns bedde, and how quene Guenever rebuked hym.
9. How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Guenever to voyde the courte, and how syr Launcelot becam madde.
10. What sorowe quene Guenever made for syr Launcelot, and how he was sought by knyghtes of his kynne.
11. How a servaunte of syr Aglovals was slayn, and what vengeance syr Agio vale and syr Percyvale dyd therfore.
12. How syr Percyvale departed secretelye fro his brother, and how he losed a knyght bounden with a chayne, and other thynges.
13. How syr Percyvale mette wyth sir Ector, and how they faught longe, and eche had almoost slayne other.
14. How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of the Holy Vessel of Sangreal.

HERE FOLOWEN THE CHAPYTRES OF THE XII BOOK

1. How syr Launcelot in hys madnes took a swerde and faughte with a knyght and after lepte into a bedde.
2. How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter, and after syr Launcelot rescowed syr Blyaunte, his hoost.

† W Bedyvere.

3. How syr Launcelot faught ayenste a bore and slewe hym, and how he was hurte and brought to an hermytage.
4. How syr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn and was borne into a chambre and after helyd by the Sangreal.
5. How syr Launcelot, after that he was hole and had his mynde, he was ashamed, and how that Elayn desyred a castel for hym.
6. How syr Launcelot came into the Joyous Yle, and there he named hymself Le Chyvaler Malfet.
7. Of a grete tournoyeng in the Joyous Yle, and how syr Percyvale and syr Ector came thyder and syr Percyvale fought wyth hym.
8. How eche of them knewe other, and of their cutosyef, and how his brother Ector came to hym, and of theyr joye.
9. How syr Bors and syr Lyonel came to kyng Brandegore, and how syr Bors toke his sone Helyne le Blank, and of sir Launcelot.
10. How syr Launcelot wyth syr Percyvale and syr Ector came to the courte, and of the grete joye of hym.

† S curtoysye

NOW LEVE WE SIR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES AND SPEKE WE OF 322^r
SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAAKE AND OF SIR GALAHAD, SIR LAUN-
CELOTTIS SONNE, HOW HE WAS BEGOTYN AND IN WHAT
MANER.

AS the booke of Frenshe makyth mencion, afore the 5
As tyme that sir Galahad was begotyn or borne, there cam
in an ermyte unto kynge Arthure uppon Whitsonday, as the
knyghtes sate at the Table Rounde. And whan the ermyte
saw the Syege Perelous he asked the kynge and all the
knyghtes why that syege was voyde. Than kynge Arthur 10
for all the knyghtes answerde and seyde,

'There shall never none sytte in that syege but one, but if
he be destroyed.'

Than seyde the ermyte, 'Sir, wote ye what he ys?'

'Nay,' seyde kynge Arthure and all the knyghtes, 'we 15
know nat who he ys yet that shall sytte there.'

'Than wote I,' seyde the ermyte. 'For he that shall sytte
there ys yet unborne and unbegotyn, and this same yere he
shall be bygotyn that shall sytte in that Syege Perelous, and
he shall wynde the Sankgreall.' Whan this ermyte had made 20
this mencion he departed frome the courte of kynge Arthure.

And so aftir this feste sir Launcelot rode on his adventure
tyll on a tyme by adventure he paste over the Pounte de
Corbyn. And there he saw the fayryste towre that ever he
saw, and thereundir was a fayre lytyll towne full of people. 25
And all the people, men and women, cryed at onys, 322^v

'Wellcom, sir Launcelot, the floure of knyghthode! For
by the we shall be holpyn oute of daungereP

'What meane ye,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ye cry thus
uppon me?' 30

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde they all, 'here is wythin this
towre a dolerous lady that hath bene there in paynes many
wyntyrs and dayes, for ever she boyleth in scaldynge watir.

2-3 WLauncelottis 3-6 Cwasgoten 5 C as the book of Frensshe reherceth
Afore 10-11 C voyd Sir Arthur and alle 11 and seyde *not in* C 14 C what
is he 15 kynge *not in* C 15-16 C we wote not who is he that shalle sytte
therin 18 C is vnborne and vngoten 19 C shalle be goten Cther in
23 C pounte of 25 lytyll *not in* C 27-8 C Launcelot du lake the floure of
all knyghthode for by the alle we 29 C crye soo 32 C therin S ther in

And but late,' seyde all the people, 'sir Gawayne was here, and he myght nat helpe her, and so he leffte her in payne styлле.'

Teradventure so may I, 'seyde sir Launcelot, 'leve her in 5 payne as well as sir Gawayne.'

'Nay,' seyde the people, 'we know well that hit y[s] ye, sir Launcelot, that shall delyver her.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'than telle me what I shall do.'

And so anone they brought sir Launcelot into the towre.
10 And whan he cam to the chambir thereas this lady was, the doorys of iron unloked and unbolted, and so sir Launcelot wente into the chambir that was as hote as ony styew. And there sir Launcelot toke the fayryst lady by the honde that ever he sawe, and she was as naked as a nedyll. And by is enchauntemente quene Morgan le Fay and the quene of Northe Galys had put her there in that paynes, bycause she was called the fayryst lady of that contrey; and there she had bene fyve yere, and never myght she be delyverde oute of her paynes unto the tyme the beste knyght of the worlde had 20 takyn her by the honde.

Than the people brought her clothis, and whan sche was arayed sir Launcelot thought she was the fayryst lady that ever he saw but yf hit were quene Gwenyver, Than this lady seyde to sir Launcelot,

25 'Sir, if hit please you, woll ye go wyth me hereby into a 323' chapel, that we may gyff lovyng to God?'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'commyth on wyth me, and I woll go with you.'

So whan they cam there they gaff thankynges to God, all 30 the people bothe lerned and lewde, and seyde,

'Sir knyght, syn ye have delyverde this lady ye muste delyver us also frome a serpente whyche ys here in a tombe.'

Than sir Launcelot toke hys shyld and seyde,

'Sirrys, brynge me thydir, and what that I may do to the 35 pleasure of God and of you I shall do.'

3 styлле *not in C* 4 Peradventure *not in C* 5 C Gawayne dyd 6-7 W hit ye ye sir C it is sir 8 C said launcelot shewe 14 C was naked 18 C yeres 22-3 C lady of the word (*sic*) but 26 C louyng and thankynge vnto god 30 C lewde gaf thankynges vnto god and hym and sayd 31-2 C ye shall delyuer 32 also *not in C* C that is 34 Sirrys *not in C* 35 C god and yow I wille doo

So whan sir Launcelot com thydir he saw wrytten uppon the tombe wyth lettys of golde that seyde thus:

'HERE SHALL COM A LYBARDE OF KYNGES BLOOD AND HE SHALL SLE THIS SERPENTE. AND THIS LYBARDE SHALL ENGENDIR A LYON IN THIS FORAYNE CONTREY WHYCHE LYON SHALL PASSE 5 ALL OTHER KNYGHTEs.'

Soo whan sir Launcelot had lyffte up the tombe there came oute an orryble and a fyendely dragon spytyng wyld fyre oute of hys mowthe. Than sir Launcelotte drew his swerde and faught wyth that dragon longe, and at the laste 10 wyth grete payne sir Launcelot slew that dragon.

And therewythall com kynge Pelles, the good and noble kynge, and salewed sir Launcelot and he hym agayne.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde the kynge, 'what is youre name? I requyre you of youre knyghthode telle ye me.' 15

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyt you well my name ys sir (2) Launcelot du Lake.'

'And my name ys kynge Pelles, kynge of the forayne contre and cousyn nyghe unto Joseph of Aramathy.'

And than aythir of them made muche of othir, and so they 20 wente into the castell to take there repaste. And anone there cam in a dove at a wyndow, and in her mowthe there semed a lytyll rsenser¹ of golde, and therewythall there was suche a savour as all the spycery of the worlde had bene there. 323^v And furthwythall there was uppon the table all maner of 25 meates and drynkes that they coude thynke uppon.

So there came in a damesell passyng fayre and yonge, and she bare a vessell of golde betwyxt her hondis; and thereto the kynge kneled devoutly and seyde his prayers, and so ded all that were there. 30

'A, JesuP seyde sir Launcelot, 'what may this meane?'

'Sir/ seyde the kynge, 'this is the rychyst thyng that ony man hath lyvyng, and whan this thyng gothe abrode the Rounde Table shall be brokyn for a season. And wyte you well,' seyde the kynge, 'this is the Holy Sankgreall that ye 35 have here seyde.'

2 wyth *not in C* 7 C Soo thenne had *not in C* C tombe and there 8
 wyld *not in C* 14 Now *not in C* 15 ye *not in C* 18 C is sayd the
 kyng Pelles 19 C of S os 23 C* censer W sawser F encensier C†.
 p. 798, l. 22 31 CO Ihesu 32 Cthys is said the kynge the 33 C† goth
 aboute the 34 for a season *not in C*

So the kynge and sir Launcelot lad there lyff the moste party of that day togydir. And fayne wolde kynge Pelles have found the meane that sir Launcelot sholde have ley by his doughter, fayre Eleyne, and for this entente: the kynge knew 5 well that sir Launcelot shulde gete a pusyll uppon his doughtir, whyche shulde be called sir Galahad, the good knyght by whom all the forayne cuntrey shulde be brought oute of daunger; and by hym the Holy Grayle sholde be encheved.

Than cam furth a lady that hyght dame Brusen, and she 10 seyde unto the kynge,

'Sir, wyte you well sir Launcelot lovyth no lady in the worlde but all only quene Gwenyver. And therefore worche ye be my counceyle, and I shall make hym to lye wyth youre doughter, and he shall nat wyte but that he lyeth by quene 15 Gwenyver.'

'A, fayre lady,' sayde the kynge, 'hope ye that ye may brynge this mater aboute?'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'uppon payne of my lyff, latte me deale.' 324^r For thys dame Brusen was one of the grettyst enchaunters 20 that was that tyme in the worlde.

And so anone by dame Brusens wytte she made one *to* com to sir Launcelot that he knew well, and this man brought a rynge frome quene Gwenyver lyke as hit had com frome her, [and suche one as she was wonte for the moste parte to were]. 25 And whan sir Launcelot saw that tokyn, wyte you well he was never so fayne.

'Where is my lady?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'In the castell of Case,' seyde the messynger, 'but fyve myle hens.'

30 Than thought sir Launcelot to be there the same nyght. And than this dame Brusen, by the commaundemente of kynge Pelles, (s)he let sende Elayne to this castell wyth fyve and twenty knyghtes unto the castell of Case.

2 togydir *not in* C† 3 C meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue layne by
5 C gete a chyld vpon (*not in F*) 6 C be named sir Galahalt 9 C Dame
Brysen 12 C wyrche 13 my *not in C* 14-15 C lyeth with Quene
Gueneuer 16 CO fayre lady dame Brysen said 16-17 C† Ye to brynge
this about 19 dame *not in C* 20 C world lyuyng 22 C* brou3t
hym a 23-5 C* her and suche one as she was wonte for the moost parte to
were & when (*homoeotekuton in W*) 29 C myle thens 30 C sir launcelot
thoughte 32 W Pelles he let C Pelles lete

Than sir Launcelot ayenst nyght rode unto the castell, and there anone he was receyvedworshypfully wyth suche people, to his semyng, as were aboute quene Gwenyver secrete. So whan sir Launcelot was alyght he asked where the quene was. So dame Brusen seyde she was in her bed. 5

And than people were avoyded, and sir Launcelot was lad into her chambir. And than dame Brusen brought sir Launcelot a kuppe of wyne, and anone as he had drunken that wyne he was so asoted and madde that he myght make no delay, but wythoute ony let he wente to bedde. And so 10 he wente that mayden Elayne had bene quene Gwenyver. And wyte you well that sir Launcelot was glad, and so was that lady Eleyne that she had gotyn sir Launcelot in her armys, for well she knew that that same nyght sholde be bygotyn sir Galahad uppon her, that sholde preve the beste 15 knyght of the worlde.

And so they lay togydir untyll underne of the morne; and all the wyndowys and holys of that chambir were stopped, that no maner of day myght be seyne. And anone sir Launce- 20 lot remembryd hym and arose up and wente to the wyndow, 324^v and anone as he had unshutte the wyndow the enchaunte- (3) mente was paste. Than he knew hymselff that he had done amysse.

'Alas!' he seyde, 'that I have Fyived so long, for now am I shamed.' 25

And anone he gate his swerde in his honde and seyde,

'Thou traytours! What art thou that I have layne bye all this nyght? Thou shalt dye ryght here of myne hondys!'

Than this fayre lady Elayne skyped oute of her bedde all naked and seyde, 30

'Fayre curteyse knyght sir Launcelot,' knelynge byfore hym, 'ye ar comyn of kynges bloode, and therefore I requyre you have mercy uppon me! And as thou arte renowned the

1 C vnto that castel 3 C Quene Queneuer 5 C said she S said that she
 7 C† his chamber 8 C cup ful of 14-15 C shold be gotten vpon
 her Galahalt that 17 C vndorne on the 19 C† no man ere of 20
 Cand he arose 22 C was gone thene 24 W have loved so C* haue lyued
F (MS. Add. 5474 f. 145^v col. 2): quant il voit cheli pour qui il avoit este deceus,
 il en est tant coureches que il quide bien mourir sans confession 24-5 C I am
 29 C† Elaye 30-2 C* naked and kneled doune afore sir launcelot and sayd Fair
 curteis knyghte comen of kynges blood I requyre

moste noble knyght of the worlde, sle me nat, for I have in my wombe bygetyn of the that shall be the moste nobelyste knyght of the worlde.'

'A, false traytours! Why haste thou betrayed me? Telle me anone,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what thou arte.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I am Elayne, the doughter of kynge Pelles.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll forgyff you.'

And therewyth he toke her up in his armys and kyssed her, for she was a fayre lady, and thereto lusty and yonge, and wyse as ony was that tyme lyvyng.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may nat wyte [this to] you; but her that made thys enchauntemente uppon me and betwene you and me, and I may fynde her, that same lady dame Brusen shall lose her hede for her wycche-crauftys, for there was never knyght disceyved as I am this nyght.'

And than she seyde, 'My lorde, sir Launcelot, I beseche you, se me as sone as ye may, for I have obeyde me unto the prophesye that my fadir tolde me. And by hys commaundemente, to fullfyll this prophecie I have gyvyn the the grettyst ryches and the fayryst floure that ever I had, and that is my maydynhode that I shall never have agayne. And therefore, jantyll knyght, owghe me youre good wyll.'

And so sir Launcelot arayed hym and armed hym and toke hys leve myldely at that yonge lady Eleyne. And so he departed and rode to the castell of Corbyn where her fadir was.

And as faste as her tyme cam she was delyverde of a fayre chylde, and they crystynd hym Galahad. And wyte yow well that chylde was well kepte and well norysshed, and he was so named Galahad bycause sir Launcelot was so named at the fountayne stone (and afir that the Lady of the Lake confermed hym sir Launcelot du Lake).

2 C† wombe hym by the that 4-5 C traitresse said syr launcelot why hast
thow bytrayed me anone telle me what 8 C yow this dede 10 C was as
fayr a lady 12-13 C* wytw thys to yow 14 C me as bytwene 15 C†
Brysen s shehalle 16 C deceyud soo as 17- 18 W nyght And so sir
Launcelot arayed hym and toke his leve myldely at that yonge lady Elayne and so
he departed than C nyghte And soo syre Launcelot arayed hym and armed hym
and toke his leue myldely at that lady yonge Elayne and soo he departed Thenne
(see note) 19 W have a obeyde 21-2 C† gyuen the grettest 27 C
rodeytel he came to 31 C was named

Than aftir the lady was delyverde and churched, there cam a knyght unto her, hys name was sir Bromell la Pleche, the whyche was a grete lorde. And he had loved that lady Eleyne longe, and he evermore desyred to wedde her. And so by no meane she coude put hym off, tylle on a day she seyde to sir Bromell,

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, I woll nat love you, for my love ys sette uppon the beste knyght of the worlde/

⁴'Who ys that?' seyde sir Bromell.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit ys sir Launcelot du Lake that I love 10 and none other, and therefore wowe ye me no lenger.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Bromell, 'and sytthyn ye have tolde me so muche ye shall have lytyll joy of sir Launcelot, for I shall sle hym wheresomever I mete hymP

'Sir,' seyde this lady Elayne, 'do to hym no treson, and 15 God forbede that ye spare hym.'

'Well, my lady,' seyde sir Bromell, 'and I shall promyse you this twelve-monthe (and a) day I shall kepe Le Pounte Corbyn for sir Launcelot sake, that he shall nothir com nother go unto you but I shall mete wyth hym.' 20

Than as hit fell by fortune and adventure, sir Bors de (4) Ganys that was nevew unto sir Launcelot com over that brydge, and there sir Bromell and sir Bors justed, and sir Bors smote sir Bromell suche a buffette that he bare hym over his horse croupe. 25

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And than sir Bromell, as an hardy man, pulled oute his swerde and dressed hys shyld to do batayle wyth sir Bors. And anone sir Bors alyght and voyded his horse, and there they daysshed togydys many sad strokys. And longe thus they faught, and at the laste sir Bromell was leyde to the 30 erthe, and there sir Bors began to unlace his helme to sle hym. Than sir Bromell cryed hym mercy and yeldyd hym.

'Uppon this covaunte thou shalt have thy lyff,' seyde sir Bors, 'so thou go unto my lorde sir Launcelot uppon 35

1 C this lady 4 Eleyne *not in C* C† desyred her to 9 C is he 15 Cthe lady Cnoo Sno 15-16 and God forbede that ye spare hym *not in C* 17 C wete ye wel my shall *not in C* 18 day *not in C* C the pounte 19-20 C come ne goo 26 C hardy knyghte pulled 28 C auoyded 30 C foughte tylt att 32 C cryed syre bors mercy 35 my lord *not in C*

Whytsonday nexte commynge, and yelde the unto hym as a knyght recreaunte.'

'Sir, I woll do hit,' seyde sir Bromell.

And so he sware uppon the crosse of the swerde, and so he
5 lete hym departe. And sir Bors rode unto kynge Pelles that
was wythin Corbyne, and whan the kynge and Elayne, his
doughter, knew that sir Bors was newew unto sir Launcelot
they made hym grete chere. Than seyde dame Elayne,

'We mervayle where sir Launcelot ys, for he cam never
10 here but onys that ever I sawe.'

'Madame, mervayle ye nat, 'seyde sir Bors, 'for this halff
yere he hath bene in preson wyth quene Morgan le Fay,
kynge Arthurs systir.'

'Alas,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'that me sore repentythP
15 And ever sir Bors behylde that chylde in her armys, and
ever hym semed hit was passynge lyke sir Launcelot.

'Truly,' seyde dame Elayne, 'wyte you well, this chylde
he begate uppon me.'

Than sir Bors wept for joy, and there he prayde to God
20 that hit myght preve as good a knyght as his fadir was.

And so there cam in a whyght dowve, and she bare a
lytyll sensar of golde in her mowthe, and there was all maner
of metys and drynkis. And a mayden bare that Sankgreall,
and she seyde there opynly,

25 'Wyte you well, sir Bors, that this chylde, sir Galahad,
326' shall sytte in the Syege Perelous and enchyve the Sankgreall,
and he shall be muche bettir than ever was his fadir, sir
Launcelot, that ys his owne fadir/

And than they kneled adowne and made there devociions,
30 and there was suche a savoure as all the spycery in the worlde
had bene there. And as the dowve had takyn her flyght the
mayden vanysshed wyth the Sankgreall as she cam.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors than unto kynge Pelles, 'this castell
may be named the Castell Adventures, for here be many
35 stronge adventures.'

1 C whytsondaye that next cometh and a not in C 2-3 C recreaunt I \ C
and that he sware 7 C doughter wist that 8 C Theune S Thenne n Ma-
dame not in C ye not in C 14 sore not in C† 16 C ener hym S euer hym
18 Che gat 19 there not in C 20 that not in C 23,32 CSancgreall 24
there not in C 25-6 C child is Galahad that shalle 27 his fadir not in C*
28 C Launcelot du lake 31 C And whanne the douue took 33 than not in C

'That is sothe,' seyde the kynge, 'for well may thys place be called the adventures place. For there com but feaw knyghtes here that goth away wyth ony worshyppe; be he never so stronge, here he may be preved. And but late ago sir Gawayne, the good knyght, gate lytyll worshyp here. 5 For I lat you wyte,' seyde kynge Pelles, 'here shall no knyght wyinne worshyp but yf he be of worshyp hymselff and of good lyvyng, and that lovyth God and dredyth God. And ellys he getyth no worshyp here, be he never so hardy a man.'

'That is a wondir thyng,' seyde sir Bors, 'what ye meane 10 in thys contrey, for ye have many straunge adventures. And therefore woll I lye in thys castell thys nyght/

'Sir, ye shall nat do so,' seyde kynge Pelles, 'be my counceyle, for hit ys harde and ye ascape wythoute a shame/

'Sir, I shall take the adventure that woll fall,' seyde sir 15 Bors.

'Than I counceyle you,' seyde the kynge, 'to be clene confessed.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Bors, 'I woll be shryvyn wyth a good wyll/ 20

So sir Bors was confessed. And for all women sir Bors was a vergyne sauff for one, that was the doughter of kynge Braundegorys, and on her he gate a chylde whyche hyght Elayne. And sauff for her sir Bors was a clene may den.

And so sir Bors was lad unto bed in a fayre large chambir, 25 and many durre were shutte aboute the chambir. Whan sir Bors had aspyde all tho durrys he avoyded all the people, for he 326^v myght have nobody wyth hym. But in no wyse sir Bor wolde unarme hym, but so he leyde hym downe uppon the bed.

And ryght so he saw a lyght com, that he myght well se a 30 speare grete and longe that cam streyte uppon hym poynte-lynge, and sir Bors semed that the hede of the speare brente lyke a tapir. And anone, or sir Bors wyste, the speare smote hym in the shuldir an hande-brede in depnes, and that wounde grevid sir Bors passyng sore, and than he layde hym 35 downe for payne.

4 ago *not in C* 5 *W* good good 9 a man *not in C* 10 *C* is wonderful thyng
 11 *C* Countrey I wote not for 13*15 *Sir not in C* 15 *C* befall me 17-18
C confessid clene 23 *C** Brangorys *F* Brangoi(r)re, Brangorre *Cf.*
pp. 830-831 30 *C* sawe come in a lyght that 32 *C* to syre 33 *C* spere
 hede smote 34 *C* in to the 36 *C* doune ageyne for

And anone therewythall cam a knyght armed wyth hys shyld on hys shuldir and hys swerde in hys honde, and he bade sir Bors, 'Aryse, sir knyght, a[nd] fyght wyth me!'

'I am sore hurte, but yet I shall nat fayle the!'

- 5 And than sir Bors sterte up and dressed his shyld, and than they laysshed togydys myghtyly a grete whyle; and at the laste sir Bors bare hym bakwarde tyll that he cam to a chambir dore, and there that knyght yode into that chambir and rested hym a grete whyle. And whan he had reposed
10 hym he cam oute fyersly agayne and began new batayle wyth
(5) sir Bors myghtyly and strongely. Than sir Bors thought he sholde no more go into that chambir to reste hym, and so sir Bors dressed hym betwyxte the knyght and the chambir dore. And there sir Bors smote hym downe, and than that
15 knyght yelded hym.

'What ys youre name?' seyde sir Bors.

'Sir, my name ys sir Bedyvere of the Strete Marchys.'

- So sir Bors made hym to swere at Whytsonday nexte commynge to com to the courte of kyng Arthure, 'and yelde
20 you there as presonere and as an overcom knyght by the hondys of sir Bors.'

- So thus departed sir Bedyvere of the Strayte Marche. And than sir Bors layde hym downe to reste. And anone he harde muche noyse in that chambir, and than sir Bors aspyed that
327' 25 there cam in, he wyst nat whethir at durrys or at wyndowys, shotte of arowys and of quarellys so thyk that he mervayled, and many felle uppon hym and hurte hym in the bare placys.

And than sir Bors was ware where cam in an hedyous lyon.

- So sir Bors dressed hym to that lyon, and anone the lyon
30 beraufte hym hys shyld, and with hys swerde sir Bors smote of the lyons hede.

Ryght so furthwythall he sawe a dragon in the courte, passynge parelous and orryble, and there semyd to hym that there were lettyrs off golde wryttyn in hys forhede, and sir

4 C hurte he said but	6 C togydders Stogyders	7 C camevnto	10
C out fresshely ageyne	13 C and that chamber	17 C Syr said he my	C
pedyuere	18 W swere that at	C* swere at	19 Ccomynge to be atte court
19-20 C yelde hym	20 C† a prysoner as an	22 C pedyuere	23-4
Cand thenne he herd and felt moche	25 C ther	S there	C dores nor
wyndowes	29 C hym vnto	32 C soo syre	Bors forth with all sawe
33 parelous and not in C	33-4 to hym that there were	not in C†	

Bors thought that the lettyrs made a sygnifycacion of 'kyngge Arthure.' And ryght so there cam an orryble lybarde and an olde, and there they faught longe and ded grete batayle togydys. And at the laste the dragon spytte oute of hys mowthe as hit had bene an hondred dragons; and lyghtly all 5 the smale dragons slew the olde dragon and tore hym all to pecys.

And anone furthwythall there cam an olde man into the halle, and he sette hym downe in a fayre chayre, and there semed to be two addirs aboute hys nek. And than the olde 10 man had an harpe, and there he sange an olde lay of Joseph of Aramathy how he cam into this londe. And whan he had sungen this olde man bade sir Bors go frome thens, 'for here shall ye have no mo adventures; yet full worshypfully have ye encheved this, and bettir shall ye do hyreaftir.' 15

And than sir Bors semed that there cam the whyghtyst dowve that ever he saw, wyth a lytyll goldyn sensar in her mowthe. And anone therewythall the tempeste ceased and passed away that afore was mervaylous to hyre. So was all that courte full of good savoures. 20

Than sir Bors saw four fayre chyldren berynge four fayre tapirs, and an olde man in the myddys of this chyldyrn wyth a sensar in hys one hand and a speare in hys othir honde, and that speare was called the Speare of Vengeaunce. 327^v

'Now,' seyde that olde man to sir Bors, 'go ye to youre 25 (6) cousyn sir Launcelot and telle hym this adventure had be moste convenyent for hym of all earthely knyghtes, but synne ys so foule in hym that he may nat enchyve none suche holy dedys; for had nat bene hys synne, he had paste all the knyghtes that ever were in hys dayes. And telle thou sir 30 Launcelot, of all worldly adventures he passyth in manhode and proues all othir, but in this spyrytuall maters he shall have many hys bettyrs.'

And than sir Bors sawe four jantyllwomen com by hym, pourely beseyne: and he saw where that they entirde into a 35 chambir where was grete lyght as hit were a somers lyght.

n-12 C old songe how Ioseph of Armathye came 12 Cland thennewhanne
 13 C the old 14-15 C haue ye done and 17 that ever he saw *not in C*
 23 C\ senser in hys owne hand 26 C hym of this aduenture the whiche had ben
 28 that *not in C* none *not in C* 29 C bad past S had past 33 C his better
 36 C somer

And the women kneled downe before an auter of sylver wyth four pyloures, as hit had bene a bysshop whyche kneled afore the table of fsylver¹. And as sir Bors loked over hys hede he saw a swerde lyke sylver, naked, hovyng over 5 hys hede, and clyernes thereof smote in hys yghen, that as at that tyme sir Bors was blynde.

And there he harde a voyce whyche seyde, 'Go hens, thou sir Bors, for as yet thou arte nat worthy for [to] be in thys place !' And then he yode bakwarde tyll he bedde 10 tyll on the morne.

And so on the morne kyng Pelles made grete joy of sir Bors, and than he departed and rode unto Camelot. And there he founde sir Launcelot and tolde hym of the adventures that he had sene wyth kyng Pelles at Corbyn.

15 And so the noyse sprange in kyng Arthurs [courte] that sir Launcelot had gotyn a chylde uppon Elayne, the doughter of kyng Pelles, wherefore quene Gwenyver was wrothe, and she gaff many rebukes to sir Launcelot and called hym false knyght. And than sir Launcelot tolde the quene all, and 20 how he was made to lye by her, 'in the lyknes of you, my lady the quene;' and so the quene hylde sir Launcelot ex-cused.

And as the booke seythe, kyng Arthure had bene in 328^r Fraunce and hadde warred uppon the myghty kyng 25 Claudas and had wonne muche of hys londys. And whan the kyng was com agayne he lete cry a grete feste, that all lordys and ladyes of all Ingelonde shulde be there but yf hit were suche as were rebellyous agaynste liym.

(7) And whan dame Elayne, the doughter of kyng Pelles, 30 harde of thys feste she yode to her fadir and requyred hym that he wolde gyff her leve to ryde to that feste. The kyng answered and seyde,

'I woll that ye go thydir. But in ony wyse, as ye love me and woll have my blyssynge, loke that ye be well beseyne in 35 the moste rychest wyse, and loke that ye spare nat for no coste. Aske and ye shall have all that nedyth unto you.'

2 C† foure pyllowes F iiii fuisiaus (see note) 3 C*ofsyluer F table d'argent
 15 kyng not in C 16 Cgeten 20 C* by her byenchautementin 20-1 you
 my lady not in C† 27 C be S he 28 Crebellions S rebellious 30 C
 she wente 32 and seyde not in C 33 W os 34 C† blessing that
 35 moste not in C 36 C that yow nedeth

Than by the advyce of dame Brusen, her mayden, all thyng was appareyled unto the purpose, that there was never no lady rychelyar beseyne. So she rode wyth twenty knyghtes and ten ladyes and jantyllwomen, to the numbir of an hundred horse. And whan she cam to Camelott kynge Arthure 5 and quene Gwenyver seyde wyth all the knyghtes that dame Elayne was 'the fayrest and'¹ the beste beseyne lady that ever was seyne in that courte.

And anone as kynge Arthure wyste that she was com, he mette her and salewed her, and so ded the moste party of all 10 the knyghtes of the Rounde Table, both sir Trystram, sir Bleoberys, and sir Gawayne, and many mo that I woll nat rehearse.

But whan sir Launcelot sye her he was so ashamed, [and] that by cause he drew hys swerde to her on the morne aftir 15 that he had layne by her, that he wolde nat salewe her nother speke wyth her. And yet sir Launcelot thought that she was the fayrest woman that ever he sye in his lyeff dayes.

But whan dame Elayne saw sir Launcelot wolde nat speke unto her she was so hevy she wente her harte wolde have to- 20 braste; for wyte you well, oute of mesure she loved hym. And than dame Elayne seyde unto her woman, dame Brusen, 328^v

'The unkyndenes of sir Launcelot sleyth myne harte nere!'

'A! peas, madame,' seyde dame Brusen, 'I shall undirtake that this nyght he shall lye wyth you, and ye woll holde you 25 styлле.'

'That were me lever/ seyde dame Elayne, 'than all the golde that ys abovyn erthe.'

'Lat me deale,' seyde dame Brewsen.

So whan dame Eleyne was brought unto the quene, aythir 30 made other goode chere as by countenaunce, but nothyng wyth there hartes. But all men and women spake of the beaute of dame Elayne.

5 C horses 6 C sayd and all 7 C* was the fayrest and the best bysene F
 (MS. Add. 5474 f. 150^r col. 1): asfermerent qu'il n'avoient oncques mais veue si bieles
 feme comme ele estoit (homoeoteleuton in W) 15 to her not in C 15-16 C
 morne whan he 17 C to her 19 C that wold 22 C thenne Elayne
 23 C sleeth me nere 28 Caboue theerthe 30 dame not in C Cqne
 (S quene) Gueneuer 31 as not in C Ccounteuaunce S countenaunce 32 there
 not in C 33-P. 804. 1 C Elayne and of her grete Rychesses thenne at nyghte
 the quene commaunded that

And than hit was ordayned that dame Elayne shulde slepe in a chambir nygh by the quene, and all undir one rooff. And so hit was done as the kynge commaunded. Than the quene sente for sir Launcelot and bade hym com to her chambir
 5 that nyght, 'other ellys,' seyde the quene, 'I am sure that ye woll go to youre ladyes bedde, dame Elayne, by whome ye gate Galahad.'

'A, madameP seyde sir Launcelot, 'never say ye so, for that I ded was ayenste my wyllle.'

10 'Than,' seyde the quene, 'loke that ye com to me whan I sende for you.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall nat fayle you, but I shall be redy at youre commaundement/

So this bargayne was nat so sone done and made betwene
 15 them but dame Brusen knew hit by her crauftes and tolde hit unto her lady dame Elayne.

'Alas!' seyde she, 'how shall I do?'

'Lat me deale/ seyde dame Brusen, 'for I shall brynge hym by the honde *tyvn* to youre bedde, and he shall wyne
 20 that I am quene Gwenyvers messyngere.'

'Than well were me,' seyde dame Elayne, 'for all the worlde I love nat so muche as I do sir Launcelot.'

(8) So whan tyme com that all folkys were to bedde, dame Brusen cam to sir Launcelottes beddys syde and seyde,

25 'Sir Launcelot du Lake, slepe ye? My lady quene Gwenyver lyeth and awaytyth uppon you.'

329^r 'A, my fayre lady!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am redy to go wyth you whother ye woll have me.'

So Launcelot threwe uppon hym a longe gowne, and so he
 30 toke his swerde in hys honde. And than dame Brusen toke hym by the fyngir and lad hym to her ladyes bedde, dame Elayne, and than she departed and leaffte them there in bedde togydyrs. And wyte you well this lady was glad, and so was sir Launcelot, for he wende that he had had another
 35 in hys armys.

Now leve we them kyssynge and clyppynge as was a

2 C nyghe her chamber and	3 C as the quene commaunded (see note)	5
Cor els I am sure said the Quene	14 nat so not in	C† 21 C Now wel
is me	23 C were a bedde	25 C† slepe yow
lanncelot S launcelot	28 Cyow where ye	27 C O my C
33 C the lady	36 a not in C	29-30 so he toke not in C†

kyndely thyngge, and now speke we of quene Gwenyver that sente one of her women that she moste trusted unto sir Launcelotys bedde. And whan she cam there she founde the bedde colde, and he was nat therein; and so she cam to the quene and tolde her all.

5

'Alas!' seyde the quene, 'where is that false knyght becom?'

So the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte, and than she wrythed and waltred as a madde woman, and myght nat slepe a four or a five owres.

10

Than sir Launcelot had a condicion that he used of custom to clatir in his slepe and to speke oftyn of hys lady, quene Gwenyver. So sir Launcelot had awayked as longe as hit had pleased hym, and so by course of kynde he slepte and dame Elayne both. And in his slepe he talked and claterde as a jay 15 of the love that had bene betwyxte quene Gwenyver and hym, and so as he talked so lowde the quene harde hym thereas she lay in her chambir. And whan she harde hym so clattir she was wrothe oute of mesure, ^rand for anger and payne wist not what to do¹, and than she cowghed so lowde 20 that sir Launcelot awaked. And anone he knew her hemynge, and than he knew welle that he lay by the quene Elayne, and therewyth he lepte oute of hys bedde as he had bene a wood man, in hys shurte, and anone the quene mette hym in the floure; and thus she seyde:

z\$

'A, thou false traytoure knyght! Loke thou never abyde in my courte, and lyghtly that thou voyde my chambir! And nat so hardy, thou false traytoure knyght, that evermore thou 329^v com in my syght!'

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot.

3°

And therewyth he toke suche an hartely sorow at her

2 that she moste trusted *not in* C† F (MS. Add. 5474 f. 150^r col. 2): sa cousine qui tant ot este en la prison de Gaunes et bien savoit l'afaire de lui et de Lancelot
 4 C was away soo 11-12 C customme he wolde clater 12 C and speke ofte 13 C Soo as syr C waked 15 his *not in* S 17 W lowde that the C* soo lowde the 19-20 C* was nyghe woode and out of her mynde and for anger and payne wist not what to do And thenne she coughed F (MS. Add. 5474 f. 150^r col. 1): si fu tant dolante de ceste aventure qu'il n'est nus horn qui dire le vous peust (*homoeoteleton in W*) 22-3 C* lay not by the Quene and 26 A thou *not in* C C knyzt that thow arte loke 27 C Courte and auoyde my chamber 28 C knyzt that thow arte that euer thow 30 W louncelot 31 C aud S and

wordys that he felle downe to the floure in a sowne. And therewythall quene Gwenyver departed.

And whan sir Launcelot awooke oute of hys swoghe, he lepte oute at a bay-wyndow into a gardyne, and there wyth
5 thornys he was all to-cracched of his vysage and hys body, and so he ranne furth he knew nat whothir, and was as wylde [woode] as ever was man. And so he ran two yere, and never man had grace to know hym.

(9) Now turne we unto quene Gwenyver and to the fayre lady
10 Elayne, that whan dame Elayne harde the quene so rebuke sir Launcelot, and how also he sowned and how he lepte oute of the bay-wyndow, than she seyde unto quene Gwenyver,

'Madame, ye ar gretly to blame for sir Launcelot, for now have ye loste hym, for I saw and harde by his countenaunce
15 that he ys madde for ever. And therefore, alas! madame, ye have done grete synne and youreself grete dyshonoure, for ye have a lorde royall of youre owne, and therefore hit were youre parte for to love hym; for there ys no quene in this worlde that hath suche another kyng as ye have. And yf ye
20 were nat, I myght have getyn the love of my lorde sir Launcelot; and a grete cause I have to love hym, for he hadde my maydynhode and by hym I have borne a fayre sonne whose [name] ys sir Galahad. And he shall be in hys tyme the beste knyght of the worlde/

25 'Well, dame Elayne,' seyde the quene, 'as sone as hit ys daylyght I charge you to avoyde my courte. And for the love ye owghe unto sir Launcelot discover not hys counceyle, for and ye do, hit woll be hys dethr

'As for that,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I dare undirtake he ys
30 marred for ever, and that have you made. For nother ye nor I arlyke to rejoyse hym, for he made themoste pyteuous gronys
330^r whan he lepte oute at yondir bay wyndow that ever I harde man make. 'Alas!' seyde feyre Elayne, and 'Alas!' seyde the quene, 'for now I wote well that we have loste hym for ever!'

5 C to cratched in his
man myghte haue grace

6-7 C* was wylde wood as (see note)

7-8 C

11 C and also she sawe how he swouned 15
Ssoreuer And vtherfore not in C 15-16 C madame ye doo grete 16 C
and to your self 17 royall not in C 17-18 Cit is youre parte to loue

19 that not in C 20 getyn not in C S loue os 21 C and cause I haue
22-3 C sone and his name is Galahad 25 Well not in C C Quene whanne hit 26
Cyowandcommaundeyow 34 C Quene Gneneuer SGueneuer that not in C

So on the morne dame Elayne toke her leve to departe and wolde no lenger abyde. Than kynge Arthur brought her on her way wyth mo than an hondred knyghtes thorowoute a foreyste. And by the way she tolde sir Bors de Ganys all how hit betydde that same nyght, and how sir Launcelot lepte 5 oute at a wyndow araged oute of hys wytte.

'Alas F than seyde sir Bors, 'where ys my lorde sir Launcelot becom?'

'Sir,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'I wote nere.'

'Now, alas!' seyde sir Bors, 'betwyxt you bothe ye have 10 destroyed a good knyght.'

'As for me, sir,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I seyde nevyr nother dede *thyng*e that shulde in any wyse dysplease hym. But wyth the rebuke, sir, that quene Gwenyver gaff hym I saw hym sowne to the erthe. And whan he awoke he toke [hys 15 swerd in] hys honde, naked save hys shurte, and lepe oute at a wyndow wyth the greselyest grone that ever I harde man make.'

'Now farewell,' seyde [sir Bors] unto [dame Elayne], 'and holde my lorde kynge Arthure wyth a tale as longe as 20 ye can, for I woll turne agayne unto quene Gwenyver and gyffher an hete. And I requyre you, as ever ye woll have my servyse, make good wacche and aspye yf ever hit may happyn you to se my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'Truly,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I shall do all that I may do, 25 for I wolde lose my lyff for hym rathir than he shulde be hurte.'

'Madame,' seyde dame Brusen, 'lat sir Bors departe and hyghe hym as faste as he may to seke sir Launcelot, for I warne you, he ys clene oute of hys mynde, and yet he shall 30 be welle holpyn and but by myracle.'

Than wepte dame Elayne, and so ded sir Bors de Ganys,

3 Cthurgha 10 Now *not in C* 11 C destroyed that good 12,14 sir
not in C 15-16 C* took his swerd in his (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 19 C* fare
wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors W farewell seyde dame Elayne unto sir Bors
23 /Fwacched 23-4 Ceurye may see 25 Csaydfayr Elayne 26 C* for
as fayne wold I knowe and wete where he is become as yow or ony of his kynne or
Quene Gueneuer and cause grete ynough haue I therto as wel as ony other And wete
ye wel said fayre Elayne to sir Bors I wold 27-8 C* hurte but alias I cast me
neuer for to see hym and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer Madame said dame
Brysen the whiche had made the enchauntement before betwixt sir launcelot and her
I pray you hertely lete syre Bors 29 C hym with al his myzt as

and anone they departed. And sir Bors rode streyte unto quene Gwenyver, and whan she saw sir Bors she wepte as she were wood.

'Now, fye on youre wepynge! seyde sir Bors de Ganys.
 330^v 5 'For ye wepe never but whan there ys no boote. Alas!' seyde
 sir Bors, 'that ever sir Launcelot or ony of hys blood ever saw
 you, for now have ye loste the beste knyght of oure blood,
 and he that was all oure leder and oure succoure. And I dare
 sey and make hit good that all kynges crystynde nother
 10 hethynde may nat fynde suche a knyght, for to speke of his
 noblenes and curtesy, wyth hys beaute and hys jantylnes.
 Alas!' seyde sir Bors, 'what shall we do that ben of hys
 bloode?'

'Alas!' seyde sir Ector de Marys, and 'Alas!' seyde sir
 15 Lyonell.

(10) And whan the quene harde hem sey so she felle to the
 erthe in a dede sowne. And than sir Bors toke her up and
 dawed her, and whan she awaked she kneled afore tho three
 knyghtes and hylde up bothe (her) hondys and besought
 20 them to seke hym: 'And spare nat for no goodys but that he
 be founden, for I wote well that he ys oute of hys mynde/

And sir Bors, sir Ector and sir Lyonell departed frome the
 quene, for they myght nat abyde no lenger for sorow. And
 than the quene sente them tresoure inowe for there expence,
 25 and so they toke there horsys and there armour and de-
 parted. And than they rode frome contrey to contrey, in
 forestes and in wyldirnessys and in wastys, and ever they
 leyde waycche bothe at forestes and at all maner of men as
 they rode to harkyn and to spare aff[t]ir hym, as he that was
 30 a naked man in his shurte wyth a swerde in hys honde.

And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere, longe and
 overtwarte, and never cowde hyre worde of hym, and wyte
 you well these three knyghtes were passynge sory. And so
 at the laste sir Bors and hys felowys mette wyth a knyght that
 35 hyght sir Melyon de Tartare.

4 Now *not in C* 6 C launcelots kynne sawe 9-10 C crysten nor hethen
 14 sir *not in C* 18 C the thre 19 W bothe there C^f bothe their 21 well
 that *not in C* 24 Cexpencys 29 Candspere 31-2 C* yere end longe
 and ouerthwarte in many places forestes and wildernes and oftymes were euylle
 lodged for his sake and yett for alle their laboure and sekyng coude they neuer
 here word

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Bors, 'whothir be ye away?'
(For they knew aythir other aforetyme.)

'Sir,' seyde sir Mellyon, 'I am in the way to the court of
kyngge Arthure.'

'Than we pray you,' seyde sir Bors, 'that ye woll telle my 5
lorde Arthure and my lady quene Gwenyver and all the 331'
felyshyp of the Rounde Table that we can nat in no wyse
here telle where sir Launcelot ys becom.'

Than sir Mellyon departed from them and seyde that he
wolde telle the kyngge and the quene and all the felyshyp of 10
the Rounde Table as they had desyred hym. And whan sir
Mellyon cam to the courte he tolde the kyngge and the quene
and all the felyship as they had desyred hym, how sir Bors
had seyde of sir Launcelot.

Than sir Gawayne, sir Uwayne, sir Sagramoure le De- 15
syrous, sir Agglovale, and sir Percyvale de Galys toke uppon
them by the grete desyre of the kyngge, and in especiall by the
quene, to seke all Inglonde, Walys, and S[c]otlande to fynde
sir Launcelot. And wyth them rode eyghtene knyghtes mo
to beare them felyshyppe, and wyte you well they lakked no 20
maner of spendynge; and so were they three and twenty
knyghtes.

Now turne we unto sir Launcelot and speke we of hys care
and woo, and what payne he there endured; for colde, hungir
and thyrste he hadde plenty. 25

And thus as these noble knyghtes rode togydyrs they by
assente departed; and than they rode by two and by three,
and by four [and] by fyve, and ever they assygned where they
sholde mete.

And so sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale rode togydir unto 30
there modir whyche was a quene in tho dayes. And whan she
saw her two sunnes, for joy she wepte tendirly, and than she
seyde,

'A, my dere sonnes! Whan youre fadir was slayne he
leffte me four sonnes of the whyche now be two slayne. And 35
for the dethe of my noble sonne sir Lamorak shall myne
harte never be glad!'

3 C said Melyon C way toward the courte 12 C Courte of kyngge Arthure
he 13 Cfelauship of the round table what sir Bors 17 C of kyngge Arthur
and 18 C seke thorou out all 26-7 C by one assente 31 C that was

And than she kneled downe uppon her knees tofore sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale and besought them to abyde at home wyth her.

'A, my swete modir,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'we may nat, for we be comyn of kynges bloode of bothe partis. And therefore, modir, hit ys oure kynde to haunte armys and noble dedys.'

331^v 'Alas! my swete sonnys,' than she seyde, 'for youre sakys I shall fyrste lose my lykyng and luste, and than wynde and io wedir I may nat endure, what for the [dethe] of kyng Pellynor, youre fadir, that was shamefully slayne by the hondys of sir Gawayne and hys brothir, sir Gaherys! And they slew hym nat manly, but by treson. And alas! my dere sonnes, thys ys a pyteuous complaynte for me off youre 15 fadyrs dethe, conciderynge also the dethe of sirLamorak that of knyghthod had but feaw fealowys. And now, my dere sonnes, have this in youre mynde.'

And so there was but wepyng and sobbyng in the courte whan they sholde departe, and she felle in sownyng in the 20 myddys of the courte.

(11) And whan she was awaked, aftir them she sente a squyar wyth spendyng inowghe. And so whan the squyar had overtake them they wolde nat suffir hym to ryde wyth them, but sente hym home agayne to comforte there modir, pray- 25 yng her mekely of her blyssyng.

And so he rode agayne, and so hit happened hym to be benyghtyd. And by mysfortune he cam to a castel where dwelled a barowne, and whan the squyar was com into the castell the lorde asked hym from whens he cam and whom 30 he served.

'My lorde,' seyde the squyar, 'I serve a good knyght that ys called sir Agglovale.'

The squyar sayde hit to good entente, wenyng unto hym to have be more forborne for sir Agglovaless sake; and than 35 he seyde he had served the quene, hys modir.

'Well, my felow,' seyde the lorde of the castell, 'for sir

4 my not in C	9 fyrste not in C	10-11 C* the dethe of your fader kyng
Pellenore that	13 C treason A my	21 C awaked she sente a sq uyer after them
26-7 C so this sq uyer was benyghted	27 C he happend to come	31 & a seme
34-5 C* sake than he had said	36 C that Castel	

Agglovalys sake thou shalt have evyll lodgyng, for sir Agglo-
vale slew my brother. And therefore thou shalt have thy
dethe in party of paymente.'

And than that lorde commaunded hys men to have hym
away and to sle hym. And so they ded, and than they pulled 5
hym oute of the castell and there they slewe hym wythoute
mercy. And ryght so on the morne com sir Agglovale and
sir Percyvale rydyng by a churcheyearde where men and 332'
women were busy and behylde the dede squyar, and so
thought to bury hym. 10

'What ys that there', seyde sir Agglovale, 'that ye beholde
so faste?'

Anone a good woman sterte furth and seyde,

'Fay re knyght, here lyeth a squyar slayne shamefully this
nyght.' 15

'How was he slayne, fayre modir?' sayde sir Agglovale.

'My fayre lorde,' seyde the woman, 'the lorde of thys
castell lodged this squyar thys nyght. And because he seyde
he was servaunte unto a good knyght whyche is wyth kynge
Arthure, whos name ys sir Agglovale, therefore the lorde 20
commaunded to sle hym, and for thys cause ys he slayne.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Agglovale, 'and ye shall se hys deth
lyghtly revenged! For I am that same knyght for whom thys
squyar was slayne.'

Than sir Agglovale called unto hym sir Percyvale and 25
bade hym alyght lyghtly. And anone they betoke there men
their horsys, and so they yode on foote into the castell. And
as sone as they were wythin the castell gate sir Agglovale
bade the porter go unto hys lorde and tell his lorde that 'I
am here, sir Agglovale, for whom my squyar was slayne thys 30
nyght.'

And anone as this porter had tolde hys lorde, 'He ys wel-
com!' seyde sir Goodwyne. And anone he armed hym and
cam into the courte and seyde,

2-3 C shalt dye on party 5 C and slee hym 6 C slewe bym S slewe hym
11 C is there 13 C good man (see note) 16 C†ayr felawe (see note) 17
C fayr syr said the man 20 C Arthur his name 23 C reuenged lyghtely
26-7 C lyghtely and soo they alyghte bo the and betoke their horses to their men
27-8 C And also soone 29-30 C goo thow vnto thy lord and telle hym that
I am syr 30 C whome this squyer 32-3 C porter told this to his lord
whos name was Godewyn anone he armed

'Whyche of you ys sir Agglovale?'

'Here I am, loo! But for what cause slewyst thou thys nyght my modyrs squyar?'

'I slew hym,' seyde sir Goodwyne, 'bycause of the, for 5 thou slewyste my brother sir Gawdelyne.'

'As for thy brother,' seyde sir Agglovale, 'I avow I slew hym, for he was a false knyght and a betrayer of ladyes and of good knyghtes. And for the dethe of my squyar', seyde sir Agglovale, 'I defy the!'¹

10 And anone they laysshed togydyrs as egirly as hit had bene two lyons. And sir Percyvale he faught wyth all the reme-
naunte that wolde fyght, and wythin a whyle sir Percyvale
332^v had slayne all that wolde withstonde hym, for sir Percyvale deled so hys strokys that were so rude that there durste no
15 man abyde hym.

And wythin a whyle sir Agglovale had sir Goodwyne at the erthe, and there he unlaced hys helme and strake of hys hede. And than they departed and toke their horsys; and than they let cary the dede squyar unto a pryory, and there
20 they entered hym.

(12) And whan thys was done they rode in many contreys ever inquiryng aftir sir Launcelot. But they coude never hyre of hym. And at the laste they com to a castell that hyght Cardycan, and there sir Percyvale and sir Agglovale were lodged
25 togydyrs. And prevaly, aboute mydnyght, sir Percyvale com to sir Agglovaless squyar and seyde,

'Aryse and make the redy, for ye and I woll ryde away secretly.'

'Sir,' seyde the squyar, 'I wolde full fayne ryde with you
30 where ye wolde have me, but and my lorde, youre brother, take me he woll de me.'

'As for that, care not, for I shall be youre warraunte.'

And so sir Percyvale rode tyll hyt was aftir none, and than he cam uppon a brydge of stone, and there he founde a
35 knyght whyche was bounden wyth a chayne faste aboute the waste unto a pyloure of stone.

2 C am said Aglovale for 5 C Gawdelyn 6 C auowe hit I 8-10
C squyer thou shalt dye I defy the (*) said sir Goodewyn(†) thenne they F (MS.
Add. 5474 f. 153^r col. 1): jou te desfi et sui Agloval 21 C in to many 22
Cneuer they coude 26 sir not in C 32 Ccare thou not Cthy waraunt
35 C knyght that was

'A, my fayre knyght,' seyde that boundyn knyght, 'I requyre the of knyghthode, lowse my bondys of !'

'Sir, what knyght ar ye?' seyde sir Percyvale. 'And for what cause ar ye bounden ?'

'Sir, I shall telle you,' seyde that knyght. 'I am a knyght 5 off the Table Rounde, and my name ys sir Persydes. And thus by adventure I cam thys way, and here I lodged in thys castell at the brydge foote. And therein dwellyth an uncurteyse lady, and bycause she proffyrd me to be her paramoure and I refused her, she sette her men uppon me sud- 10 deynly or ever I myght com to my wepyn. Thus they toke 333' me and bounde me, and here I wote well I shall dye but yf som man of worshyp breke my bondys.'

'Sir, be ye of good chere!' seyde sir Percyvale. 'And bycause ye ar a knyght of the Rounde Table as well as I, I 15 woll truste to God to breke youre bondys.'

And therewyth sir Percyvale pulled oute hys swerde and strake at the chayne wyth suche a myght that he cutte a-to the chayne and thorow sir Parsydes hawbirke, and hurte hym a lytyll. 20

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Parsydes, 'that was a myghty stroke as ever I felte of mannes hande! For had nat the chayne be, ye had slayne me.'

And therewithall sir Parsydes saw a knyght whyche cam oute of the castell as faste as ever he myght flynge. 25

'Sir, beware! For yondyr commyth a knyght that woll have ado with you.'

'Lat hym com!' seyde sir Percyvale.

And so mette that knyght in myddys the brydge, and sir Percyvale gaff hym suche a buffette that he smote hym quy te 30 frome hys horse and over a parte of the brydge, that and there had nat bene a lytyll vessell undir the brydge, that knyght had bene drowned.

And than sir Percyvale toke the knyghtes horse and made sir Persydes to mounte uppon hym. And so they two rode 35

1 CO fayre 2 of knyghthode *not in* C† 2-3 C lose me of my boundes
what 11-12 toke me *not in* C† B-14 C bandes Be 16 woll *not in* C
19 C Percydes 21 C O Ihesu 21, 24 C Persides 22 C felt one for
24-5 C knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer 26 C Beware syr said syre
Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille 29 C he mette with that C of the
31 and there *not in* C 35 C† vp hym

unto the castell and bade the lady delyver sir Persydes ser-
vauntys, othir ellys he wolde sle all that ever he founde. And
so for feare she delyverde them all.

Than was sir Percyvale ware of a lady that stode in that
5 towre.

'A, madame,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what use and custom ys
that in a lady to destroy good knyghtes but yf they woll be
youre paramour? Perde, this [is] a shamefull custom of a
lady, and yf I had nat a grete mater to do in my honde I
io shulde fordo all youre false customys!'

And so sir Parsydes brought sir Percyvale unto hys owne
castell, and there he made hym grete chere all that nyght.

And on the morne, whan sir Percyvale had harde a masse
333^v and broke hys faste, he bade sir Parsydes ryde unto kyng
15 Arthure: 'And telle ye the kyng how that ye mette wyth me,
and telle you my brother, sir Agglovale, how I rescowed you.
And byd hym seke nat aftir me, for I am in the queste to syke
sir Launcelot du Lake. And thoughe he seke me, he shall
nat fynde me. And tell hym I woll never se hym nothir the
20 courte tyll that I have founde sir Launcelot. Also telle sir
Kay the Senescyall and syr Mordred that I truste to Jesu to
be of as grete worthynes as aythir of them, for tell them that
I shall never forgete their mokyngs and scornys that day that
I was made knyght; and telle them I woll never se that courte
25 tyll men speke more worshyp of me than ever they ded of
any of them bothe.'

And so sir Parsydes departed frome sir Percyvale, and
than he rode unto kyng Arthure and tolde of sir Percyvale.
And whan sir Agglovale harde hym speke of hys brothir sir
30 Percyvale,

'Forsothe,' he seyde, 'he departed fro me unkyndly.'
(13) 'Sir/ seyde sir Persydes, 'on my lyff, he shall preve a noble
knyght as ony now ys lyvyng.'

And whan he saw sir Kay and sir Mordred, sir Parsydes
35 sayde thus:

8 C peramour for so the this is 9 to do *not in C* 10 C youre euyll
custommes 13 a *not in C* 14 C broken 15 C telle the 16 C telle my
20 that HO/ *in C* 21 C and to syr C truste S trust 22-3 C them I 23
C* scornes that they did to me that day 24 C that Courte S the Courte
25 Ceuer men dyd 28 C told there of 30-1 C percyuale he sayd he
departed from me

'My fayre lordys, sir Percyvale gretyth you well bothe, and he sente you worde by me that he trustyth to God or ever he com to courte agayne to be of as grete nobles as ever were you bothe, and mo men to speke of his noblenesse than ever spake of
yours.'

5

'Hyt may well be,' seyde sir Kay and sir Mordred, 'but at that tyme he was made knyght he was full unlykly to preve a good knyght.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'he muste nedys preve a good knyght, for hys fadir and hys bretherne were noble
knyghtes all.'

10

And now woll we turne unto sir Percyvale that rode longe. And in a foreyste he mette wyth a knyght wyth a brokyn shyld and a brokyn helme. And as sone as aythir saw other
they made them redy to juste, and so they hurled togydys
wyth all [the] myghtes¹ of their horses¹, and they mette togydys so hard that sir Percyvale was smyttyn to the erthe. And than sir Percyvale arose delyverly, and keste hys shyld on hys shuldir and drew hys swerde, and bade the other
knyght alyght and do batayle unto the uttirmuste.

20

'Well, sir, wyll ye more yet?' seyde that knyght.

And therewyth he alyght, and put hys horse from hym. And than they cam togydir an easy pace and laysshed togydys with noble swerdys. And somtyme they stroke and
sometyme they foyned, that ayther gaff other many sad
strokys and woundys. And thus they faught nerehande halffe a day and never rested but lytyll, and there was none of them bothe that hadde leste woundys but he had fyftene, and they bledde so muche that hyt was mervayle they stode on their feete. But thys knyght that faught wyth sir Percyvale
was a proved knyght and a wyse-fyghtynge knyght, and sir Percyvale was yonge and stronge, nat knowynge in fyghtynge as the othir was. Than sir Percyvale spake fyrste and seyde,

25

30

'Sir knyght, holde thy honde a whyle, for we have

1 C lordes bothe syr 4 C ye bothe 4-5 C† than euer they did yow
7 Cvnlyke 11 all not in C 14-15 C other redyly they 15 C soo
hurteled 16-17 C the myghte of theyr horses*) & they(†) to gyders soo W
all their myghtes and they mette togydys so F (MS. Add. 5474f. 154^v col. 2): si
s'entrefierent si durement es grans aleures des chevaus 18 C arose lyghtely
and 20 C doo we bataille 21 Well sir not in C yet not in C 25 C
foyned and eyther 25-6 C many grete woundes 26-7 Cnerehalf 27 C
but ryghte lytel 28 Chad lasse woundes than xv 34 C whyle stille for

foughtyn over longe for a symple mater and quarell. And therefore I requyre the tell me thy name, for I was never ar thys tyme thus macched.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde that knyght, 'and never or this 5 tyme was there never knyght that wounded me so sore as thou haste done, and yet have I foughtyn in many batayles. And now shall thou wyte that I am a knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name ys sir Ector de Marys, brother unto the good knyght sir Launcelot du Lake.'

10 'Alas !' sayde sir Percyvale, 'and my name ys sir Percyvale de Galys whyche hath made my qu[e]ste to seke sir Launcelott. And now am I syker that I shall never fenyshe my queste, for ye have slayne me with youre hondys.'

'Hit is nat so,' seyde sir Ector, 'for I am slayne by youre 15 hondys, and may not lyve. And therefore I requyre you/ seyde sir Ector unto sir Percyvale, 'ryde ye here faste by to a pryory, and brynge me a preste, that I may resseyve my Savyoure, for I may nat lyve. And whan ye com to the courte of kynge Arthure tell nat my brother, sir Launcelot, how 20 that ye slew me, for than woll he be youre mortall enemy, but ye may sey that I was slayne in my queste as I sought hym.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Percyvale, 'ye sey that thyng that never woll be, for I am so faynte for bledynge that I may unnethe 25 stonde. How sholde I than take my horse?'

4) Than they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure.

'This woll nat awayle,' seyde sir Percyvale. And than he kneled downe and made hys prayer devoutely unto All-myghty Jesu, for he was one of the beste knyghtes of the 30 worlde at that tyme, in whom the verrey fayth stode moste in.

Ryght so there cam by the holy vessell, the Sankegreall, wyth all maner of swetnesse and savoure, but they cowde nat se redyly who bare the vessell. But sir Percyvale had a glem- 35 erynge of the vessell and of the mayden that bare hit, for he was a parfyte mayden. And furthwithall they were as

1-2 C fouzten for a symple mater and quarel ouer longe and therfor 3 thus not
in C 12 C I am 15 C† maye n lyuote therfor 16 faste not in C
30 C world that at that tyme was in who me 32 C vessel of the Sancgreall
34 C redyly see who that bare that vessel 36 C parfyte clene mayden C
they bothe were

hole of hyde and lymme as ever they were in their lyff. Than they gaff thankynge to God with grete myldenesse.

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what may thys meane, that we be thus heled, and ryght now we were at the poynte of dyynge?' 5

'I woote full well,' seyde sir Ector, 'what hit is. Hit is an holy vessell that is borne by a mayden, and therein ys a parte of the bloode of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But hit may nat be sene,' seyde sir Ector, 'but yff hit be by (an holy) man.' 10

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I saw a damesell, as me thought, all in whyght, with a vessell in bothe her hondys, and furthwithall I was hole.'

So than they toke their horsys and their harneys, and mended hyt as well as they myght that was brokyn; and so they mounted up and rode talkynge togydys. 15 335^r

And there sir Ector de Marys tolde sir Percyvale how he had sought hys brother, sir Launcelot, longe, and never cowde hyre wytynge of hym: 'In many harde adventures have I bene in thys queste. And so aythir tolde othir of there grete adventures.

And now leve we of a whyle of sir Ector and of sir Percy- (XII 1) vale, and speke we of sir Launcelot that suffird and endured many sharpe showres, that ever ran wylde woode frome place to place, and lyved by fruyte and suche as he myght gete and dranke watir two yere.

And other clothyng had he but lytyll, but in his shurte and his breke, thus as sir Launcelott wandred here and there, he cam into a fayre medow where he founde a pavelon. And thereby uppon a tre hyng a whyght shyld, and two swerdys 30 hyng thereby, and two spearys lened thereby to a tre. And whan sir Launcelot saw the swerdys, anone he lepte to the

1 Clyf dayes 3 CO lhesu 8 C hooly blood C*crist blessid mote he be
9 C byaparfyte (see note) 15 C amended there hameis as 16 C vpon
theyr horses and 19 Cstraunge aduentures 20 grete not in C 22 C
Here endeth the enleuenth booke And here foloweth the twelfth book Capitulum
primum And now 27-8 C but his sherte and his breche Thus W but in his
shurte and his breke And thus F (MS. Add. S474f- *55^v col. 2): un jour d'iver qu'il
faisoit moult froit avint que aventure amena Lancelot en braies et en chemises tout
depechies a deux paveillons qui estoient tendu en une prairie (see note) 29 C in a
31 to not in C† 32 W saw there C* sawe the

tone swerde, and clyched that swerde in hys honde and drew hitte oute. And than he laysshed at the shyld, that all the medow range of the dyntys, that he gaff such a noyse as ten knyghtes hadde fought togydys.

5 Than cam furth a dwarff, and lepe unto sir Launcelot, and wolde have had the swerde oute of his honde. And than sir Launcelot toke hym by the bothe shuldrys and threw hym unto the grounde, that he felle uppon hys nek and had nygh brokyn hit. And therewythall the dwarf cryede helpe.

10 Than there com furth a lykly knyght and well apparaylede in scarlet furred with menyvere. And anone as he saw sir Launcelot he demed that he shulde be oute of hys wytte, and than he seyde wyth fayre speche,

'Good man, ley downe that swerde! For as me semyth
15 thou haddyst more nede of a slepe and of warme clothis than to welde that swerde.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'com nat to nyghe, for
335^v and thou do, wyte thou well I woll sle the!'

And whan the knyght of the pavylon saw that, he starte
20 bakwarde into hys pavylon. And than the dwarffe armed hym lyghtly, and so the knyght thought by force and myght to have takyn the swerde fro sir Launcelot. And so he cam steppynge uppon hym, and whan sir Launcelot saw hym com so armed wyth hys swerde in hys honde, than sir Launcelot
25 flowghe to hym wyth suche a myght, and smote hym uppon the helme suche a buffet, that the stroke troubled his brayne, and therewythall the swerde brake in three. And the knyght felle to the erthe and semed as he had bene dede, the bloode brastyng oute of his mowthe, nose, and eares.

30 And than sir Launcelot ran into the pavelon, and russhed evyn into the warme bedde. And there was a lady that lay in that bedde; and anone she gate her smokke, and ran oute of the pavylon, and whan she sawe her lorde lye at the grounde lyke to be dede, than she cryed and wepte as she had bene
35 madde. And so wyth her noyse the knyght awaked oute of his sowghe, and loked up weykly wyth his yen.

1 C one swerde and tooke hit in	5 Cand lepte	7-9 Chym to the ground
vp on his neck that he had al moost broken his neck and there with alle		20
Cbakward within the paelione	23 C steppynge oute and whanne	24 C
so alle armed	25 C and hytte hym	26 C braynes
29 C mowthe the nose and theeres	31 that lay not in C	28 and semed

And than he asked where was that madde man whyche had yevyn hym suche a buffette, 'for suche a one had I never of mannes honde!'

'Sir,' seyde the dwarff, 'hit is nat youre worshyp to hurte hym, for he ys a man oute of his wytte; and doute ye nat he hath bene a man of grete worshyp, and for som hartely sorow that he hath takyn he ys fallyn madde. And mesemyth,' seyde the dwarff, 'that he resemblyth muche unto sir Launcelot, for hym I sawe at the turnemente of Lonezep.'

'Jesu defende,' seyde that knyght, 'that ever that noble knyght, sir Launcelot, sholde be in suche a plyght! But whatsomever he be,' seyde that knyght, 'harme woll I none do hym/

And this knyghtes name was sir Blyaunte, the whyche seyde unto the dwarff,

'Go thou faste on horsebak unto my brother, sir Selyvaunte, whyche ys in the castell Blanke, and telle hym of myne adventure, and byd hym brynge wyth hym an horse-lytter. And than woll we beare thys knyght unto my castell.'

So the dwarff rode faste, and he cam agayn and brought sir Selyvaunte wyth hym, and six men wyth an horse-lytter. And so they toke up the fethir bedde wyth sir Launcelot, and so caryed all away wyth hem unto the castell Blanke, and he never awaked tyll he was wythin the castell. And than they bounde hys handys and hys feete, and gaff hym good metys and good drynkys, and brought hym agayne to hys strengthe and his fayrenesse. But in hys wytte they cowde nat brynge hym, nother to know hymselff. And thus was sir Launcelot there more than a yere and an halff, honestly arayed and fayre faryn wythall.

Than uppon a day thys lorde of that castell, sir Blyaunte, toke hys armys on horsebak wyth a speare to seke adventures. And as he rode in a foreyste there mette hym to knyghtes adventures: that one was sir Brewnys Saunze Pite, and hys brother, sir Bartelot. And thes two ran bothe at onys on sir Bleaunte and brake theyre spearys uppon hys

2 C†or suche a buffet had

4 youre *not* in C

9 C grete turnement besyde

Lonezep

14-15 C Blyaunt Thenne he said

16-17 C broder syr Selyuaunt

that is at the Castel 28 C hym ageyn nor to

29 Can half S a half 34

C the one was Breuse saunce pyte

35 C Bertelot

body. And than they drewe there swerdys and made grete batayle, and foughte longe togydys. But at the laste sir Blyaunte was sore wounded and felte hymselffe faynte, and anone he fledde on horsebak towarde hys castell.

- 5 And as they cam hurlyng undir the castell, there was sir Launcelot at a wyndow, and saw how two knyghtes layde uppon sir Blyaunte wyth there swerdys. And whan sir Launcelot saw that, yet as woode as he was he was sory for hys lorde, sir Blyaunte. And than in a brayde sir Launcelot
 10 brake hys chaynes of hys leggyss and of hys armys, and in the breakynge he hurte hys hondys sore; and so sir Launcelot
 336^v ran oute at a posterne, and there he mette wyth tho two knyghtes that chaced syr Blyaunte. And there he pulled downe sir Bartelot wyth his bare hondys frome hys horse,
 15 and therewythall he wrothe oute the swerde oute of hys honde, and so he lepe unto sir Brewse and gaff hym suche a buffette upon the hede that he tumbled bakwarde over hys horse croupe.

And whan sir Bartelot saw hys brother have suche a
 20 buffet he gate a speare in hys honde, and wolde have renne sir Launcelot thorow. And that saw sir Blyaunte and strake of the hande of sir Bartelot. And than sir Brewse and sir Bartelot gate there horsis and fledde away as faste as they myght.

- 25 So whan sir Selyvaunte cam and saw what sir Launcelot had done for hys brother, than he thanked God, and so ded hys brother, that ever they ded hym ony good. But whan sir Blyaunte sawe that sir Launcelot was hurte wyth the brekyng of hys irons, than was he h[e]vy that ever he bounde
 30 hym.

'I pray you, brother, sir Selyvaunte, bynde hym no more, for he ys happy and gracyous/

Than they made grete joy of sir Launcelot, and so he bode thereafF(t)ir an halffyre and more.

1 C drewe oute swerdes 5-6 C Castel where as sir launcelot lay in a 9 in a brayde *not in* C† 10 C brake the chaynes fro his legges 14, 22 C Bertelot
 15 C wrothe hys suerd out of 16 Clepte 19 C And whan sir Bertelot sawe there his 19-20 C suche a falle he gat 23-4 as fast as they myght
*notin*C† 25 CSelyuaunt S Selyuaunt 29 Whovy 30-1 C† hym bynde hym no more said syr Selyuaunt for 33-4 C* launcelot and they bound hym no more & soo he abode there an half

And so on a morne sir Launcelot was ware where cam a grete bore wyth many houndys afftir hym, but the boore was so bygge ther myght no houndys tary hym. And so the hunters cam aftir, blowynge there hornys, bothe uppon horsebacke and som uppon foote, and than sir Launcelot 5 was ware where one alyght and tyed hys horse tylle a tre and lened hys speare ayenst the tre. So there cam syr Launcelot (3) and founde the horse, and a good swerde tyed to the sadyll bowe, and anone sir Launcelot lepe into the sadyll and gate that speare in hys honde, and than he rode faste aftir the boore. 10

And anone he was ware where he sate, and his ars to a 337^r roche, faste by an ermytage. And than sir Launcelot ran at the boore wyth hys speare and all to-shyvird his speare. And therewyth the boore turned hym lyghtly, and rove oute the longys and the harte of the horse, that sir Launcelot felle to 15 the erthe; and, or ever he myght gete frome hys horse, the bore smote hym on the brawne of the thyghe up unto the howghe-boone. And than sir Launcelot was wrothe, and up he gate uppon hys feete, and toke hys swerde and smote of the borys hede at one stroke. 20

And therewythall cam oute the ermyte and saw hym have suche a wounde. Anone he meaned hym, and wolde have had hym home unto his ermytage. But whan sir Launcelot harde hym speake, he was so wrothe wyth hys wounde that he ran uppon the ermyte to have slayne hym. Than the 25 ermyte ran away, and whan sir Launcelot myght nat overgete hym he threw his swerde aftir hym, for he myght no farther for bledynge. Than the ermyte turned agayne and asked sir Launcelot how he was hurte.

'A, my fealow,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'this boore hath 30 byttyn me sore!'

'Than com ye wyth me/ seyde the ermyte, 'and I shall heale you.'

1 C on the morne erly syr 2 C many houndes nyghe hym 3 C tere hym
6 C to a tree 8 C* hors bounden tyl a tree & a spere lenyng ageynst a tree &
a swerd 9 Clepte 11-12 C & thenne syre launcelot was ware where the
bore set his ars to a tree fast 13 and all to-shyvird his speare *not in C† (homoeo-
teleuton)* 14 C hym nemly & rafe out 15 C hors so that 16 Ceuer
sire launcelot myzt gete from the hors 17 C bore rafe hym Cvp to 19 C &
drewe his swerd & he 22 C wound thenne the heremyte came to sir launcelot
and bemoned hym 27-8 C for syr launcelot myght thof no ferther 30 A
my *not in C* 31 C† beten 32 ye *not in C*

'Go thy way,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and deale nat wyth me!'

Than the ermyte ran his way, and there he mette wyth a goodly knyght [wyth many men]¹.

5 'Sir,' seyde the ermyte, 'here is faste by my place the goodlyest man that ever I sawe, and he ys sore wounded wyth a boore, and yet he hath slayne the bore. But well I wote,' seyde the good man, 'and he be nat holpyn, he shall dye of that wounde, and that were grete pitē.'

10 Than that knyght at the desyre of the ermyte gate a carte, and therein he put the boore and sir Launcelot; for he was so fyeble that they myght ryght easily deale with hym. And so sir Launcelot was brought unto the ermytage, and there the ermyte healed hym of hys wounde. But the ermyte myght
15 nat fynde hym his sustenance, and so he empeyred and waxed fyeble bothe of body and of hys wytte: for defaute of sustenance he waxed more wooder than he was aforetyme.

And than uppon a day sir Launcelot ran his way into the
20 foreyste; and by the adventure he com to the citē of Corbyn where dame Elayne was, that bare Galahad, sir Launcelottys sonne. And so whan he was entyrde into the towne he ran thorow the towne to the castell; and than all the yonge men of that cite ran aftir sir Launcelot, and there they threwe
25 turvis at hym and gaff hym many sad strokys. And ever as sir Launcelot myght reche ony of them, he threw them so that they wolde never com in hys hondes no more, for of som he brake the leggis and armys.

And so he fledde into the castell, and than cam oute
30 knyghtes and squyers and rescowed sir Launcelot. Whan they behylde hym and loked uppon hys persone, they thought they never sawe so goodly a man. And whan they sawe so many woundys uppon hym, they demed that he had bene a man of worshyp. And than they ordayned hym clothis to hys

4 C* good knyghte with many men F (MS. Add. 5474f. 157^v col. 1): si s'en vait jusc'al recet d'un chevalier si prent jusc'a six serjans 8 Csayd the heremyte

C holpen that goodly man shall	10 C knyghte atte desyre	11 C
and in that carte that knyghte putte	C for sir launcelot was	15 C
fynde syr launcelots sustenance	17 C of his sustenance	18 C afore
hand	26 C myghte ouer retche	28 C & the armes
neuer	33 C alle they	32 C sawe

body, and straw and lytter undir the gate of the castell to lye in. And so every day they wolde throw hym mete and set hym drynke, but there was but feaw that wolde brynge hym mete to hys hondys.

So hit befelle that kyng Pelles had a neveaw whos name 5 was Caster, and so he desyred of the kynge to be made knyght, and at hys owne rekeyste the kynge made hym knyght at the feste of Candyllmasse. And whan sir Castor was made knyght, that same day he gaff many gownys. And than sir Castor sente for the foole, whych was sir Launcelot; 10 and whan he was cam afore sir Castor, he gaff sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed unto hym. And whan sir Launcelot was so arayed lyke a knyght, he was the seme-lyeste man in all the courte, and none so well made.

So whan he sye hys tyme he wente into the gardyne, and 15 there he layde hym downe by a welle and slepte. And so at aftir none dame Elayne and her maydyns cam into the gardyne to sporte them. And as they romed up and downe one of dame Elaynes maydens aspyed where lay a goodly man by the well slepynge. 20

Teas/ seyde dame Elayne, 'and sey no worde, but shew me that man where he lyeth.'

So anone she brought dame Elayne where he lay. And whan that she behylde hym, anone she felle in remembraunce of hym and knew hym veryly for sir Launcelot. And there- 25 wythall she felle on wepynge so hartely that she sanke evyn to the erthe. And whan she had thus wepte a grete whyle, than she arose and called her maydyns and seyde she was syke. And so she yode oute of the gardyne as streyte tQ her fadir as she cowde, and there she toke hym by herselff aparte; and 30 than she seyde,

'A, my dere fadir! now I have nede of your helpe, and but yf that ye helpe me now, farewell my good dayes forever!'

1-2 C strawe vnderne the hym and a lytel housf And thene euery 3 that not
in C 5 C neuwe his name 6 C Castor 7 C knyghte & so atte
request of this Castor the kynge 10 C that was 16 C there syre launcelot
leid 18 C toplayethem 20 C† slepynge and anone shewed hym to dame
Elayne F (MS. Add. 5474 f. 158^r col. 1): et la ou ele vit la fille au roi Pelles si li dist:
"Dame, se vous voltes veir le plus biel home del monde, jou le vous mousterroie."
21-2 but shew me that man where he lyeth not in C† 28 W sheyde she 29-30 C
gardyn & she wente streyghte to her fader & there 30 Ca parte by her self
32 C O fader now haue I nede 33 now not in C

'What ys that, doughter?' seyde kynge Pelles.

'In youre gardyne I was to sporte me, and there, by the welle, I founde sir Launcelot du Lake slepynge.'

'I may nat byleve hit!' seyde kynge Pelles.

5 'Truly, sir, he ys there!' she seyde. 'And mesemyth he shulde be yet distracke oute of hys wytte.'

'Than holde you styлле,' seyde the kynge, 'and lat me deale.'

Than the kynge called unto hym suche as he moste trusted, a four persones and dame Elayne, hys doughter, and
10 dame Brusen, her servaunte. And whan they cam to the welle and behylde sir Launcelot, anone dame Brusen seyde to the kynge,

'We muste be wyse how we deale wyth hym, for thys knyght ys oute of hys mynde, and yf we awake hym rudely,
15 what he woll do we all know nat. And therefore abyde ye a whyle, and I shall throw an inchauntemente uppon hym, that he shall nat awake of an owre.'

And so she ded, and than the kynge commaunded that all
338^v people shulde avoyde, that none shulde be in that way thereas
20 the kynge wolde com. And so whan thys was done thes four men and thes ladyes layde honde on sir Launcelot, and so they bare hym into a towre, and so into a chambir where was the holy vessell of the Sankgreall. And byfore that holy vessell sir Launcelot was layde. And there cam an holy
25 man and unhyllid that vessell, and so by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessell sir Launcelot was heled and recoverde.

And as sone as he was awaked he groned and syghed, and complainyd hym sore of hys woodnes and strokys that he
(5) 30 had had. And as sone as sir Launcelot saw kynge Pelles and dame Elayne, he waxed ashamed and seyde thus:

'A, lorde Jesu, how cam I hydir? For Goddys sake, my fayre lorde, lat me wyte how that I cam hydir.'

2 C* Sir she said thus is it in your gardyn I went for to 4 C bileue that
5 C syre she said truly he is there & 6 C be distracte 9-10 and dame
Brusen her servaunte *not in* C† 11-13 C Brysen knewe hym Sire saide dame
Brysen we 15-16 C not But ye shal abyde and I 16 C suche an
17 C within the space of an honre 18 C Thenne within a lytel whyle
after the kyng 23-4 C† and by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy
vessel and there (*see note*) 28 C And whanne that he 29-30 C† com-
playned gretely that he was passynge sore Capitulum V And whanne sir 32
C how came I here 33 fayre *not in* C Ccame here

'Sir,' seyde dame Elayne, 'into thys contrey ye cam lyke a mased man, clene oute of youre wytte. And here have ye ben kepte as a foole, and no cryature here knew what ye were, untill by fortune a mayden of myne brought me unto you whereas ye lay slepyng by a well. And anone as I 5 veryly behylde you [I knewe you]. Than I tolde my fadir, and so were ye brought afore thys holy vessell, and by the vertu of hit thus were ye healed.'

'A, Jesu, mercy!' seyde sir Launcelot. 'Yf this be sothe, how many be there that knowyth of my woodnes?' 10

'So God me helpe,' seyde dame Elayne, 'no mo but my fadir, and I, and dame Brusen.'

'Now, for Crystes love,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'kepe hit counceyle and lat no man knowe hit in the worlde! For I am sore ashamed that I have be myssefortuned, for I am 15 banysshed the contrey of Inglonde.'

And so sir Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyght or ever that he myght styrre for sorennes. And than uppon a day he seyde unto dame Elayne thes wordis :

'Fayre lady Elayne, for youre sake I have had muche care 20 and angwyshe, hit nedyth nat to reherse hit, ye know how. 339 Natwythstondyng I know well I have done fowle to you whan that I drewe my swerde to you to have slayneyou uppon the morne aftir whan that I had layne wyth you. And all was for the cause that ye and dame Brusen made me for to lye be 25 you magry myne hede. And as ye sey, sir Galahad, your sonne, was begotyn.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde dame Elayne.

'Than woll ye for my sake,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'go ye unto youre fadir and gete me a place of hym wherein I may 30 dwelle? For in the courte of kynge Arthure may I never com.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'I woll lyve and dye wyth you, only for youre sake, and yf my lyff myght nat avayle you and

2 C a madde man 6 C beheld yow I knewe yow And thenne (*homoeoteleuton*
in W) 10 C there be that knowen 13-14 Chit in counceyle 15 C
ben thus myscaryed for 16 C* Countrey of Logrys for euer that is for to
saye the countrey of Englonde (*homoeoteleuton* in W?) 20 Fayre not in C C*
moche trauaill care 24 C morn whan I 24-5 C was the cause 26 C*
saye that nyght Galahalt 29 C Now wille ye for my loue said 29-30
C* goo vnto 33-4 C yow and only 34 C not anaile S not auaille

my dethe myght avayle you, wyte you well I wolde dye for
 youre sake. And I woll to my fadir, and I am ryght sure
 there ys [nojthyng]e that I can desyre of hym but I shall have
 hit. And wher ye be, [my] lorde sir Launcelot, doute ye nat
 5 but I woll be wyth you, wyth all the servyse that I may do.'

So furthwythall she wente to her fadir and sayde,

'Sir, my lorde sir Launcelot desyreth to be hyre by you in
 som castell offyours.'

'Well, doughter,' seyde the kynge, 'syttyn hit is his
 10 desyre to abyde in this marchis, he shall be in the castell of
 Blyaunte, and there shall ye be wyth hym, and twenty of the
 fayryste yonge ladyes that bene in thys contrey, and they
 shall be all of the grettyst blood in this contrey; and ye
 shall have twenty knyghtes wyth you. For, doughter, I
 15 woll that ye wyte we all be honowred by the blood of sir
 Launcelot.'

(6) Than wente dame Elayne unto sir Launcelot and tolde
 hym all how her fadir had devysed. Than cam a knyght
 whyche was called sir Castor, that was neveaw unto kynge
 20 Pelles, and he cam unto sir Launcelot and asked hym what
 was hys name.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'my name ys Le Shyvalere 111
 339^v Mafeete, that ys to sey "the knyght that hath trespassed".*

'Sir,' seyde sir Castor, 'hit may well be so, but ever me-
 25 semyth youre name shulde be sir Launcelot du Lake, for or
 now I have seyne you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar nat jantyll, for I put a case
 that my name were sir Launcelot and that hyt lyst me nat
 to discover my name, what shulde hit greve you here to kepe
 30 my counsell and ye nat hurte thereby? But wyte you well,
 and ever hit lye in my power, I shall greve you, and ever I
 mete with you in my way!'

Than sir Castor kneled adowne and besought sir Launce-
 lot of mercy: 'for I shall never uttir what ye be whyle that ye
 35 ar in thys parties.'

2 Cwillegoto ryght *not in C* 9 is *not in S* 12 yonge *not in C* 13
 Calle be of the grete blood in this contrey *not in C* 14 C† haue ten knyghtes
 18-19 Cdeuysed for hym and her Thenne cam the kny3t syr 20 and he cam
not in C† 22-3 Cle cheualer malfet 27-8 C not as a gentyl kny3t I put
 caas my name 31-3 C greue yow & that I promyse you truly Thenne
 34 that *not in S* 35 C be in these

Than sir Launcelot pardowned hym. And so kynge
 Pelles wyth twenty knyghtes and dame Elayne wyth her
 twenty ladyes rode unto the castel of Blyaunte that stood in
 an ilonde beclosed envyrowne wyth a fayre watir deep and
 layrge. And whan they were there sir Launcelot lat calle hit 5
 the Joyus He; and there was he called none otherwyse but
 Le Shyvalere Mafete, 'the knyght that hath trespass.'

Than sir Launcelot lete make hym a shyld all of sable,
 and a quene crowned in the myddis of sylver, and a knyght
 clene armed knelynge afore her. And every day onys, for 10
 ony myrthis that all the ladyes myght make hym, he wolde
 onys every day loke towarde the realme of Logrys, where
 kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyver was, and than wolde
 he falle uppon a wepyng as hys harte shulde to-braste.

So hit befelle that tyme sir Launcelot harde of a justynge 15
 faste by, wythin three leagis. Than he called unto hym a
 dwarff, and he bade hym go unto that justynge: 'and or ever
 the knyghtes departe, loke that thou make there a cry, in
 hyrynge of all knyghtes, that there ys one knyght in Joyus
 He, whyche ys the castell of Blyaunte, and sey that hys name 20
 ys Le Shyvalere Mafete, that woll juste ayenst knyghtes all
 that woll com. And who that puttyth that knyght to the 340^r
 wars, he shall have a fayre maydyn and a jarfawcon.'

So whan this cry was cryed, unto Joyus He drew the (7)
 numbir of fyve hondred knyghtes. And wyte you well there 25
 was never seyne in kynge Arthurs dayes one knyght that ded
 so muche dedys of armys as sir Launcelot ded tho three
 dayes togydys. For, as the boke makyth truly mencyon, he
 had the bettir of all the fyve hondred knyghtes, and there
 was nat one slayne of them. And aftir that sir Launcelot 30
 made them all a grete feste.

And in the meanewhyle cam sir Percyvale de Galys and
 sir Ector de Marys undir that castell whyche was called the
 Joyus He. And as they behylde that gay castell they wolde

1 Chym And thenne after this kynge 2 Cx knyghtes (c/. p. 826,14) 2-3 C
 Elayne and twenty 4 C† beclosed in yron with 7 C Le chevalier malfet
 9 C myddes alle of 16 C by his Castel within 18 that not in C 19 C
 alle the knyghtes S alle knyghtes 21 C le cheualer malfet all not in C
 23 he not in C 24 C was made 24-5 C drewe knyghtes to the number
 of fyue honderd and 27 tho not in C 33 P Castel th t was R Castel
 that was

have gone to that castell, but they myght nat for the brode watir, and brydge coude they fynde none. Than were they ware on the othir syde where stooode a lady wyth a sparhawke on her honde, and sir Percyvale called unto her and 5 asked that lady who was in that castell.

'Fayre knyghtes,' she seyde, 'here wythin thys castell ys the fayryste lady in thys londe, and her name is dame Elayne. Also we have in thys castell one of the fayryste knyghtes and the myghtyest man that ys, I dare sey, lyvyng, and he 10 callyth hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete.'

'How cam he into thys marchys?' seyde sir Percyvale.

'Truly/ seyde the damesell, 'he cam into thys con trey lyke a madde man, wyth doggys and boyes chasyng hym thorow the cyte of Corbyn, and by the holy vessel! of the Sank- 15 greall he was brought into hys wytte agayne. But he woll nat do batayle wyth no knyght but by undirne or noone. And yf ye lyst to com into the castell,' seyde the lady, 'ye must ryde unto the farther syde of the castell, and there shall ye fynde a vessell that woll beare you and youre horse.'

20 Than they departed and cam unto the vessell; and than sir Percyvale alyght, and sayde unto sir Ector de Marys,

340v 'Ye shall abyde me hyre untill that I wyte what maner a knyght he ys. For hit were shame unto us, inasmuche as he ys but one knyght, and w[e] shulde bothe do batayle wyth 25 hym.'

'Do as ye lyst,' seyde syr Ector, 'and here I shall abyde you untill that I hyre off you.'

Than passed sir Percyvale the water, and whan he cam to the castell gate he seyde unto the porter,

30 'Go thou to [the] good knyght of this castell and telle hym hyre ys com an arraunte knyght to juste wyth hym/

Than the porter yode in and cam agayne and bade hym ryde into the comyn place thereas the justyng shall be, 'where lordys and ladyes may beholde you.'

35 And so anone as sir Launcelot had a warnyng he was

2-3 CThenne they sawe on

3 where stooode *not in C*

7 dame *not in C*

8 one of *not in C* Cknyghte

10 C called

Cle cheualer mal fett

16

Cor by none

28 CPercyual

SPercyuale

29-30 Che bad the porter goo

30 C knyghte within the Castel

31 C come S comen

31-4 C† hym Sir

said the porter ryde ye within the Castel and there is a comyn place for Iustyng that lordes

sone redy, and there sir Percyvale and sir Launcelot were com bothe. They encountirde wyth suche a myght, and there spearys were so rude, that bothe the horsys and the knyghtys fell to the grounde. Than they avoyded there horsys, and flange oute there noble swerdys, and hew away 5 many cantels of there shyldys, and so hurteled togydrys lyke two borys. And aythir wounded othir passynge sore, and so at the laste sir Percyvale spake fyrste, whan they had foughtyn there longe more than two owres.

'Now, fay re knyght,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I requyre you 10 of youre knyghthode to telle me youre name, for I mette never wyth suche another knyght.'

'Sir, as for my name,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll nat hyde hyt frome you, but my name ys Le Shyvalere Mafete. Now telle me your name,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I requyre you.' 15

'Truly,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'my name ys sir Percyvale de Galys, that was brothir unto the good knyght sir Lamorak de Galys, and kynge Pellynor was oure fadir, and sir Agglovale ys my brothir.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what have I done to fyght 20 wyth you whyche ar a knyght of the Table Round! And 341' som tyme I was youre [felawe].'

And therewythall sir Launcelot kneled downe uppon hys (8) kneys and threwe away hys shyld and hys swerde from hym. Whan sir Percyvale sawe hym do so he mervayled what he 25 meant, and than he seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, whatsomever <y>e be, I requyre you uppon the hyghe Order of Knyghthode to telle me youre trewe name.'

Than he answerde and seyde, 'So God me helpe, my name 30 ys sir Launcelot du Lake, kynge Bannys son of Benoy.'

'Alas!' than seyde sir Percyvale, 'what have I now done? For I was sente by the quene for to seke you, and so I have sought you nygh thys two yere, and yondir ys sir Ector de

1-2 C† launcelot encountred 4 C to the erthe 5 there not in C 6 many
not in C C to gyder with their sheldes lyke 10 Now not in C 10-11 C7
requyre the telle me thy name 12 C suche a knyghte 13-14 C Sir said
syr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet 15 C* yow gentyl knyghte
21-2 C round that somtyme was 26 C thus he said 27 W he be C
28 to not in C C thy. true 30 answerde and not in C 32 now not in C
33 For not in C

Marys, youre brothir, whyche abydyth me on the yondir syde of the watyr. And therefore, for Goddys sake,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'forgyffe me myne offencys that I have here doner

5 'Sir, hyt ys sone forgyvyn,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than sir Percyvale sente for sir Ector de Marys, and whan sir Launcelot had a syght of hym he ran unto hym and toke hym in hys armys; and than sir Ector kneled downe, and aythir wepte uppon othir, that all men had pite to beholde
10 them.

Than cam forthe dame Elayne. And she made them grete chere as myght be made, and there she tolde sir Ector and sir Percyvale how and in what maner sir Launcelot cam into that countrey and how he was heled. And there hyt was
15 knowyn how longe sir Launcelot was with sir Blyaunte and wyth sir Selyvaunte, and how he fyrste mette wyth them, [and how he] departed frome them bycause he was hurte wyth a boore, and how the ermyte healed hym off hys grete wounde, and how that he cam to the cite of Corbyn.

(9) 20 Now leve we sir Launcelot in Joyus He wyth hys lady, dame
341^v Elayne, and sir Per[cy]vayle and sir Ector playynge wyth them, and now turne we unto sir Bors de Ganys and unto sir Lyonell that had sought sir Launcelot long, nye by the space of two yere, and never coude they hyre of hym. And
25 as they thus rode, by adventure they cam to the house of kyng Brandegorys, and there sir Bors was well knowyn, for he had gotyn a chylde uppon the kynges doughtir fyftene yere tofore, and hys name was Elyne le Blanke. And whan sir Bors sawe that chylde he lyked hym passynge well. And
30 so thoo knyghtes had good chere of kyng Brandegorys. [And on the morne syre Bors came afore kyng Brandegorys] and seyde,

'Here ys my sonne Elyne le Blanke, and syth hyt ys so, I wyll that ye wyte I woll have hym wyth me unto the courte
35 of kynge Arthur.'

1 whyche *not in C* 1-2 Cthe yonder water Now for 12 Cmyghte lye in
her power and 17-18 C by cause of a bore 18 C heled syre launcelot of
19 the cite of *not in C* 20 C with the lady 22-3 Cand sire Lyonel 23 long
not in C 26 kyng *not in C*† 28 CHelyn le blank 29 C† child hit
lyked 33 C blanke that as it is sayd he is my sone And sythe 34 Cwete that

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'ye may well take hym wyth you, but he ys as yet over tendir of ayge.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Bors, 'yet I woll have hym wythe me and bryngheym to the howse of moste worshyp in the worlde.'

So whan sir Bors shulde departe there was made grete 5 sorow for the departynge of Helyne le Blanke. But at the laste they departed, and wythin a whyle they cam unto Camelot whereas was kynge Arthure. And so whan kynge Arthure undirstoode that Helyne le Blanke was sir Bors son and neveaw unto kynge Brandegorys, than kynge Arthure 10 let make hym knyghte of the Rounde Table. And so he preved a good knyghte and an adventurus.

AND NOW WOLL WE TO OURE MATER OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

So hyt befelle on a day that sir Ector and sir Percyvale cam unto sir Launcelot and asked of hym what he wolde do, 15 and whethir he wolde go wyth them unto kynge Arthure.

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelott, 'that may I nat do by no meane, for I was so vengeabely deffended the courte that I 342^r caste me never to com there more/

'Sir,' seyde sir Ector, 'I am youre brothir, and ye ar the 20 man in the worlde that I love moste. And yf I undirstoode that hyt were youre dysworshyp, ye may undirstonde that I wolde never counceyle you thereto. But kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtes, and in especiall quene Gwenyver, makyth suche dole and sorow for you that hyt ys mervayle 25 to hyre and se. And ye muste remembir the grete worshyp and renowne that ye be off, how that ye have bene more spokyn of than ony othir knyght that ys now lyvyng; for there ys none that beryth the name now but ye and sir Trystram. And therefore, brother,' seyde sir Ector, 'make 30 you redy to [ryde to] the courte wyth us. And I dare sey and make hyt good/ seyde sir Ector, 'hyt hath coste my lady the quene twenty thousand pounds the sekyng of you/

2 as yet not in C 3 yet not in C 6-7 C* blanch and grete wepyng
was there made But sire Bors and syre Lyonel departed 8 C where was
9 C† kynge Bors 11 C† lete hym make knyghte 14 C vpon a day syr
Ector 15 of not in C* 16 C Arthur or not 17 C may not be by
18 Cso venetreted at the 23 wolde (C wold) not in S 25 C* maade
C* hit was merueyle 31-2 C* say there was neuer knyghte better welcome to
the court than ye and I wote wel and can make it good 32-3 S lady Quene

'Welle, brothir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll do aftir youre counceyle and ryde wyth you.'

So than they toke [their horses] and made redy, and anone they toke there leve at kynge Pelles and at dame Elayne.
5 And whan sir Launcelot shulde departe dame Elayne mad grete sorow.

'My lorde, sir Launcelot,' seyde dame Elayne, 'thys same feste of Pentecoste shall youre sonne and myne, Galahad, be made knyght, for he ys now fully fyftene wynter olde.'

10 'Madame, do as ye lyst,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and God gyff hym grace to preve a good knyght.'

'As for that,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I doute nat he shall preve the beste man of hys kynne excepte one.'

'Than shall he be a good man inowghe,' seyde sir Launce-
15 lot.

(10) So anone they departed, and wythin fyftene dayes journey they cam unto Camelot, that ys in Englyshe calle[d] Wynchester. And whan sir Launcelot was com amonge them,
342^v the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete joy of hys home-
20 commynge.

And there sir Percyvale and sir Ector de Marys began and tolde the hole adventures: how sir Launcelot had bene oute of hys mynde in the tyme of hys abcence, and how he called hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete, 'the knyght that had
25 trespass'; and in three dayes wythin Joyus He sir Launcelot smote downe fyve hondred knyghtes. And ever as sir Ector and sir Percyvale tolde thes talys of sir Launcelot, quene Gwenyver wepte as she shulde have dyed. Than the quene made hym grete chere.

30 'A, JesuP seyde kynge Arthure, 'I mervayle for what cause ye, sir Launcelot, wente oute of youre mynde. For I and many othir deme hyt was for the love of fayre Elayne, the doughtir of kynge Pelles, by whom ye ar noysed that ye have gotyn a chylde, and hys name ys Galahad. And men
35 sey that he shall do many mervaylouse thyngys.'

3-4 C made them redy and took (see note)

7 C Elayne at this

10 Madame

not in C 14 C a man good ynough

16 C within fyue dayes

17-18

C is called in Englyssh wynchester

19-21 C of hym And 21 CPercyual

de galys 22 C adventures that syre

23 C out S oute in not in C†

24 Cle cheuler malefet

25 wythin Joyus He not in C† 29 hym not in C†

30 CO Ihesu

31 C mynde I

34-p- 833, 1 C doo merueylles My

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yf I ded ony foly I have that I sought,'

And therewythall the kynge spake no more. But all sir Launcelottys kynnesmen knew for whom he wente oute of hys mynde. And than there was made grete feystys, and 5 grete joy was there amonge them. And all lordys and ladyes made grete joy whan they harde how sir Launcelot was com agayne unto the courte.

NOW WOLL WE LEVE OF THYS MATER, AND SPEKE WE OFF SIR HTRYSTRAM"¹ AND OF SIR PALOMYDES THAT WAS THE SAREZEN 10 UNCRYSTYNDE.

4 C launcelots kynne knewe 5-7 C there were grete feestes made and grete **Ioye**
 & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herd that sir launcelot was come to the
 Courte ageyne they made grete ioye Capitulum xi 9-10 W speke we off sir
 Launcelot C* speke we of sire Tristram (*so in F*)

XV

CONCLUSION

*(Winchester MS., ff. 342^v-346^v;
Caxton, Book XII, chs. 11-14]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

11. How La Bele Ysoude counceyllled syr Trystram to goo unto the courte to the grete feste of Pentecoste.
12. How syr Trystram departed unarmed and mette with syr Palomydes, and how they smote eche other, and how Palomydes forbare hym.
13. How syr Trystram gate hym a harnoys of a knyght whyche was hurte, and how he overthrewe Palomydes.†
14. How syr Trystram and syr Palomydesft fought longe togyders and after accorded, and syr Trystram maad hym to be crystened.

† C Palomoydes †† C Palamydes

WHAN sir Trystram was com home unto Joyus Garde (i i)
 from hys adventures—and all thys whyle that sir
 Launcelot was thus myste, two yere and more, sir Trystram
 bare the brewte and renowne thorow all the realme of
 Logyrs, and many stronge adventures befelle hym, and full 5 343'
 well and worshypfully he brought hem to an ende—so
 whan he was com home La Beall Isode tolde off the grete
 feste that sholde be at Pentecoste nexte folowyng. And
 there she tolde hym how sir Launcelot had bene myssed two
 yere, and all that whyle he had bene oute of hys mynde, and 10
 how he was holpyn by the holy vessell of the Sankgreall.

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystram, 'that caused som debate be-
 twyxe hym and quene Gwenyver.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Isode, 'I knowe hyt all, for quene
 Gwenyver sente me a lettir all how hyt was done, for because 15
 I sholde requyre you to seke hym. And now, blessyd be
 God,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'he ys hole and sounde and
 comyn ayen to the courte.'

'A, Jesu! thereof am I fayne,' seyde sir Trystram. 'And
 now shall ye and I make us redy, for bothe ye and I woll be 20
 at that feste.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Isode, 'and hyt please you, I woll nat be
 there, for thorow me ye bene marked of many good knyghtes,
 and that causyth you for to have mucche more laboure for my
 sake than nedyth you to have.' 25

'Than woll I nat be there,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but yf ye
 be there.'

'God deffende,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'for than shall I be
 spokyn of shame amonge all quenys and ladyes of astate; for
 ye that ar called one of the nobelyste knyghtys of the worlde 30
 and a knyght of the Rounde Table, how may ye be myssed
 at the feste? For what shall be sayde of you amonge all
 knyghtes? "A! se how sir Trystram huntyth and hawkyth,
 and cowryth wythin a castell wyth hys lady, and forsakyth us.

4 C† bare the renomme 7 C* told hym of n C† vessel the Sancgreal
 15-16 C* letter in the whiche she wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre 19
 A Jesu *not in C* C am I glad 21 C atte feast 22 dame *not in C* 23
 Cybebe 24 C† caused yow to 25-6 C nedeth yow Thenne 31 Cand
 ye a 32 of you *not in C†* 34 C forsaketh your worshyp

Alas!" shall som sey, "hyt ys pyte that ever he was knyght, or ever he shulde have the love of a lady." Also, what shall quenys and ladyes say of me? "Hyt ys pyte that I have my lyff, that I wolde holde so noble a knyght as ye ar frome hys
5 worshyp." "

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram unto La Beall
343^v Isode, 'hyt ys passyngly well seyde of you and nobely counceyled. And now I well undirstonde that ye love me. And lyke as ye have counceyled me I woll do a parte there-
10 aftir, but there shall no man nor chylde ryde wyth me but myselff alone. And so I woll ryde on Tewysday next com- mynge, and no more harneyse of warre but my speare and my swerde.'

(12) And so whan the day come sir Trystram toke hys leve at
15 La Beall Isode, and she sente wyth hym four knyghtys; and wythin halff a myle he sente them agayne. And within a myle way aftir sir Trystram sawe afore hym where sir Palomydes had stryken downe a knyght and allmoste wounded hym to the dethe. Than sir Trystram repented hym that
20 he was nat armed, and therewyth he hoved stylelle. And anone as sir Palomydes saw sir Trystram he cryed on hyght, 'Sir Trystram, now be we mette, for or we departe we shall redresse all our olde sorys!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'there was never yet no
25 Crystyn man that ever myght make hys boste that ever I fledde from hym. And wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, thou that arte a Sarezen shall never make thy boste that ever sir Trystram de Lyones shall fle fro the!'

And therewyth sir Trystram made hys horse to ren, and
30 wyth all hys myght he cam streyte uppon sir Palomydes and braste hys speare uppon hym at an hondred pecis. And furthwythall sir Trystram drewe hys swerde, and than he turned hys horse and stroke togydyrs six grete strokys uppon hys helme. And than sir Palomydes stode stylelle and byhyld
35 sir Trystram and mervayled gretely at hys woodnes and of hys foly.

1-2 C was made knyght or that euer	7 C passyng	11 alone not in C
C wille I	17 way not in C	20-1 C stylelle with that sir palomydes knewe
syr Tristram and cryed	23 all not in C	24-5 C was yet neuer cristen
man myghte make	27 ever not in C	31 at not in C
palomydes vi grete	35 C merueyled of his woodenes	33 C stroke at

And than sir Palomydes seyde unto hymselff, 'And thys sir Trystram were armed, hyt were harde to cese hym frome hys batayle, and yff I turne agayne and sle hym I am shamed 344' wheresomevir I go.'

Than sir Trystram spake and seyde, 5

'Thou cowarde knyght, what castyste thou to do? And why wolt thou nat do batayle wyth me? For have thou no doute I shall endure the and all thy malyceP

'A, sir Trystram!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'full well thou wotyste I may nat have ado wyth the for shame, for thou 10 arte here naked and I am armede, and yf that I sle the, dyshonoure shall be myne. And well thou wotyste/ seyde sir Palomydes unto sir Trystram, 'I knowe thy strengthe and thy hardynes to endure ayenste a goode knyght.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I undirstonde thy 15 valyauntesse.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'Now, I requyre you, telle me a questyon that I shall sey unto you.'

'Than telle me what hyt ys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I shall answeyre you of the trouthe, as God me helpe.' 20

'Sir, I put a case,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that ye were armed at all ryghtes as well as I am, and I naked as ye be, what wolde ye do to me now, be youre trewe knyghthode?'

'A,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde the well, sir Palomydes, for now muste I sey myne owne jugement! 25 And, as God me blysse, that I shall sey shall nat be seyde for no feare that I have of the, sir Palomydes. But thys ys all: wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, as at thys tyme thou sholdyst departe from me, for I wol nat have ado wyth the.' 30

'No more woll I,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'And therefore ryde furth on thy way!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I may chose othir to ryde othir to go. But, sir Palomydes,¹ seyde sir Trystram, 'I mervayle greatly of one thyng, that thou arte so good a 35

1-2 C and sir Tristram S and sir Tristram 2-3 C hym of this bataille

4 C where someuer that I 8 C† endure alle the malyce 9 C said Palomydes 10 C not fyghte with 16 C valyauntesse wel 20 of not in C

21 C Iputtecaas 27 C of the But 28 thou well not in C 29 C I wold

31 sir not in C 32 S an thy 33-4 C that I maye chese said sir Tristram outhir to ryde or to abyde but 35 greatly not in C

knyght, that thou wolt nat be crystynde, and thy brothir, sir Saffir, hath bene crystynde many a day.'

344^v 'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I may nat yet be
(13) crystyned for a vowe that I have made many yerys agone.

5 Howbehyt in my harte and in my soule I have had many a day a good beleve in Jesu Cryste and hys mylde modir Mary, but I have but one batayle to do, and were that onys done I wolde be baptyzed.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as for one batayle, 10 thou shalt nat seke hyt longe. For God deffende,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that thorow my defaute thou sholdyste lengar lyve thus a Sarazyn. For yondyr ys a knyght that ye have hurte and smyttyn downe: now helpe me than that I were armed in hys armoure, and I shall sone fullfyll thyneavowys.'

15 'As ye wyll,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'so shall hyt be.'

So they rode bothe unto that knyght that sate uppon a banke, and than sir Trystram salewed hym, and he waykely salewed hym agayne.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you tell me 20 youre ryght name,'

'Syr,' he seyde, 'my ryght name ys sir Galleron off Galowey, and a knyght of the Table Rounde/

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am ryght hevvy of youre hurtys! But thys ys all: I muste pray you to leane 25 me youre hole armoure, for ye se that I am unarmed, and I muste do batayle wyth thys knyght.'

'Sir, ye shall have hyt wyth a good wyll. But ye muste beware, for I warne you that knyght ys an hardy knyght as ever I mette wythall. But, sir/seyde sir Galeron, 'I pray you, 30 telle me youre name, and what ys that knyghtes name that hath beatyn me?'

'Sir, as for my name, wyte you well [yt] ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and as for hym, hys name ys sir Palomydes, brothir unto the good knyght sir Sapher, and yet ys sir Palomydes 345^r 35 uncrystynde.'

4 C for one auowe 5-6 C† herte I bileue 7 S haue one 7-8 C* & when
that is done I wil be baptyzed with a good wille 10 Cseke it no lenger For
12 C ye syre Palomydes haue 13 than not in C 21 ryght not in C 24-5
C lene me alle your 27 C* syr said the hurte knyghte ye 28-9 C† is
wyghte Syr said 32 wyte you well not in C C* it is 33 Cand as for
the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is sir

'Alas!' seyde sir Galleron, 'that ys grete *pyte* that so good a knyght and so noble a man off armys sholde be uncrystynde.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'owthyr he shall sle me, othir I hym, but that he shall be crystynde or ever we 5 departe in sundir.'

'My lorde, sir Trystram,' seyde sir Galleron, 'youre renowne and worshyp ys well knowyn thorow many realmys, and God save you thys day frome senshyn and shame!'

Than sir Trystram unarmed sir Galleron, the whyche was 10 a noble knyght and had done many dedys of armys; and he was a large knyght of fleyshe and boone. And whan he was unarmed he stood on hys feete, for he was sore brused in the backe wyth a speare; yet as well as sir Galleron myght he armed sir Trystram. 15

And than sir Trystram mounted uppon hys horse, and in hys honde he gate sir Galleron hys speare; and therewythall sir Palomydes was redy. And so they cam hurtleyng togydys, and aythir smote othir in myddys off there shyldys. And therewythall sir Palomydes speare brake, and sir 20 Trystram smote downe sir Palomydes, horse and man, to the erthe.

And than sir Palomydes, as sone as he myght, avoyded hys horse, and dressed hys shyld, and pulled oute hys swerde. That sawe sir Trystram, and therewythall he alyght 25 and tyed hys horse to a tre. And than they cam togydys (1 egirly as two wylde borys, and so they layshed togydys, trasynge and traversynge as noble men that offten had bene well proved in batayle. But ever sir Palomydes dred passynge sore the myght of sir Trystram, and therefore he suffyrd hym 30 to breeth hym, and thus they faught more than two owrys. But oftyntymes sir Trystram smote suche strokys at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele, and sir Palomydes brake and kutte many pecis of sir Trystrams shyld, and than sir Palomydes wounded sir Trystram passynge sore, 35 for he was a well fyghtynge man.

1 grete <i>not in C</i>	13 sore <i>not in C†</i>	14 C yet soo as syr Galleron	16
C* his owne hors	17 C Gallerons	21-3 C† doune the hors and sir Palomydes as soone	
23 C auoyde	26 C hors tyl a	27 C bores lasshyng togydys	
29-30 passynge sore <i>not in C</i>	32 tymes <i>not in C</i>	34 Ccutte awaymany	
35 passynge sore <i>not in C</i>			

Than sir Trystram waxed wood wrothe oute off mesure,
 and russed uppon sir Palomydes wyth suche a myght that
 sir Palomydes felle grovelynge to the erthe. And therewythall
 he lepe up lyghtly uppon hys feete, and than sir Trystram
 5 wounded sore sir Palomydes thorow the shuldir. And ever
 sir Trystram fought styll in lyke harde, and sir Palomydes
 fayled hym nat but gaff hym many sad strokys agayne. And
 at the laste sir Trystram doubeled hys strokys uppon hym,
 and by fortune sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes swerde
 io oute of hys honde, and yf sir Palomydes had stouped for hys
 swerde he had bene slayne. And than sir Palomydes stood
 styll and behylde hys swerde wyth a sorowfull harte.

'How now?' sayde sir Trystram. Tor now I have the at
 avauntage,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as thou haddist me thys day,
 15 but hyt shall never be seyde in no courte nor amonge no good
 knyghtes that sir Trystram shall sle any knyght that ys
 wepynles. And therefore take thou thy swerde, and lat us
 make an ende of thys batayle!'

'As for to do thys batayle,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I dare
 20 ryght well ende hyt. But I have no grete luste to fyght no
 more, and for thys cause,' seyde sir Palomydes: 'myne
 offence ys to you nat so grete but that we may be fryendys,
 for all that I have offended ys and was for the love of La
 Beall Isode. And as for her, I dare say she ys pyerles of all
 346'25 othir ladyes, and also I profyrd her never no maner of
 dyshonoure, and by her I have getyn the moste parte of my
 worshyp. And sytthyn I (ha)d [ojffendedneverastoherowne
 persone, and as for the offence that I have done, hyt was
 ayenste youre owne persone, and for that [ojffence ye have
 30 gyvyn me thys day many sad strokys (and som I have gyffyn
 you agayne, and now I dare sey I felte never man of youre
 myght nothir so well-brethed but yf hit were sir Launcelot
 du Laake), wherefore I requyre you, my lorde, forgyff me
 all that I have offended unto you! And thys same day have
 35 me to the nexte church, and fyrste lat me be clene confessed,

1 C Tristram was woode 4 Clepte 5 C wounded Palomydes sore thurgh
 7 agayne *not in C* 8 C atte laste uppon hym *not in C* 11 C slayne
 Thenne Palomydes 13-14 C Tristram vnto Palomydes now haue I the at
 auantage as thow 17 C lete S let 22 C offence to yow is not soo
 23 C alle that 24 C aboue alle 25 maner of *not in C* 27 C* I offended
 W I deffended (*see note*) 29 C* that offence W that deffence (*see note*)

and aftir that se youreselff that I be truly baptysed. And than woll we all ryde togydys unto the courte of kynge Arthure, that we may be there at the nexte hyghe feste folowyng.

'Than take youre horse,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and as ye 5 sey, so shall hyt be; and all my evyll wyll God forgyff hyt you, and I do. And hereby wythin thys myle ys the suffrygan of Carlehylle whyche shall gyff you the sacramente of baptyme.'

And anone they toke there horsys, and sir Galleron rode xo wyth them, and whan they cam to the suffrygan sir Trystram tolde hym there desyre. Than the suffrygan let fylle a grete vessell wyth watyr, and whan he had halowed hyt he than confessed clene sir Palomydes. And Trystram and sir Galleron were hys two godfadyrs. 15

And than sone afftyr they departed and rode towarde Camelot where that kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyvir was, and the moste party of all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table were there also. And so the kynge and all the courte were ryght glad that sir Palomydes was crystynde. 20

And that same feste in cam sir Galahad that was son unto sir Launcelot du Lake, and sate in the Syge Perelous. And so therewythall they departed and dysceyvirde, all the 346^v knyghtys of the Rounde Table.

And than sir Trystram returned unto Joyus Garde, and 25 sir Palomydes folowed aftir the questynge beste.

HERE ENDYTH THE SECUNDE BOKE OFF SYR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES, WHYCHE DRAWYN WAS OUTE OF FREYNSHE BY SIR THOMAS MALLEORRE, KNYGHT, AS JESU BE HYS HELPE. AMEN. 30

BUT HERE YS NO REHERSALL OF THE THIRDE BOOKE.

BUT HERE FOLOWYTH THE NOBLE TALE OFF THE SANKE-GREALL, WHYCHE CALLED YS THE HOLY VESSELL AND THE

1 C see yow now that 2 kynge *not in C* 3 nexte *not in C* 4 folow-
yng *not in C* 5 C Now take 6 C† alle thyn euylle (*see note*) 7 C
here within 8 C Carleil that shalle 15 two *not in C* 16 C departed
rydyng 17 that *not in C* 18 C party alle 19 were there also *not*
in C 21 C And at the same sir *not in C* 21-2 that was son unto **sir**
Launcelot du Lake *not in C* C† 23 they *not in C* 25 C retorned ayene 26
aftir *not in C* 27-8 C Tristram that was drawn oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe
28-9 by sir Thomas Malleorre knyght as Jesu **be** hys **helpe** *not in C* C† 32 C that
called

SYGNYFYCACION OF BLYSSED BLOODE OFF OURE Lorde JESU
 CRYSTE, WHYCHE WAS BROUGHT INTO THYS LONDE BY JOSEPH
 OFF ARAMATHYE.

THEREFORE ON ALL SYNFULL, BLYSSED LORDE, HAVE ON
 5 THY KNYGHT MERCY. AMEN,

1 C of the blessid 2 C Cryste blessid mote it be the whiche 4-5 C synful
 souls* blessid lord haue thou mercy EXPLICIT LIBER XII ET INCIPIT DECIMUS-
 TERCIUS.

THE TALE

OF THE

SANKGREAL

BRIEFLY DRAWN OUT OF FRENCH

WHICH IS A TALE CHRONICLED FOR ONE OF THE
TRUEST AND ONE OF THE HOLIEST
THAT IS IN THIS WORLD

*[Winchester MS., ff. 349^r-409^r,
Caxton, Books XIII-XVII]*

THE DEPARTURE

*(Winchester MS., ff. 349^r–354^v;
Caxton, Book XIII, chs. 1–8]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How at the vygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entred into the halle before kyng Arthur a damoyssel and desyred syr Launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght, and how he wente wyth hyr.
2. How the letters were founde wry ton in the Syege Peryllous, and of the mervayllous adventure of the swerde in a stone.
3. How syr Gawayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde, and how an olde man brought in Galahad.
4. How the olde man broght Galahad to the Syege Peryllous and sette hym therin, and how al the knyghtes mervaylled.
5. How kyng Arthur shewed the stone hovyng on the water to Galahad, and how he drewe oute the swerde.
6. How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes togyder for to juste in the medowe besyde Wynchester or they departed.
7. How the quene desyred to see Galahad, and after al the knyghtes were replenysshed wyth the Holy Sangreal, and how all they avowed the enqueste of the same.
8. How grete sorowe was made of the kyng and ladyes for the departyng of the knyghtes, and how they departed.

AT the vigyl of Pentecoste, whan all the felyship of the 349*
 ii Table Rownde were com unto Camelot and there harde (1)
 hir servyse, so at the laste the tablys were sette redy to the
 meete, ryght so entird into the halle a full fayre jantillwoman
 on horsebacke that had ryddyn full faste, for hir horse was 5
 all beswette. Than she there alyght and com before the kyng
 and salewed hym, and he seyde, 'Damesell, God you blysse!'
 'Sir,' seyde she, 'for Goddis sake telle me where ys sir
 Launcelot.'

'He ys yondir, ye may se hym,' seyd the kyng. 10

Than she wente unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, I salew you on kyng Pelles behalff, and I
 also requyre you to com with me hereby into a foreste.'

Than sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled.

'I dwelle,' she seyde, 'with kyng Pelles.' 15

'What woll ye with me?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Ye shall know,' she seyde, 'whan ye com thydir.'

'Well/ seyde he, 'I woll gladly go with you.'

So sir Launcelot bade hys squyre sadyll hys horse and
 brynge hys armys in haste. So he ded hys commandement. 20
 Than come the quene unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Woll ye leve us now alone at thys hyghe feste?'

'Madam,' seyde the jantyllwoman, 'wyte you well he
 shall be with you to-morne by dynere tyme.'

'If I wyste,' seyde the quene, 'that he sholde nat be here with 25
 us to-morne, he sholde nat go with you be my good wyll!'

Ryght so departed sir Launcelot, and rode untyll that he
 com into a foreste and into a grete valey where they sye an
 abbey of nunnys. And there was a squyre redy, and opened
 the gatis, and so they entird and descended of their horsys. 30
 And anone there cam a fayre felyship aboute sir Launcelot
 and wellcomed hym, [and were passyng gladde of his
 comyngel]; and than they ladde hym unto the abbas chambir
 and unarmed hym.

3 C seruyse And the 7 C god the 8-9 C saye me where syr launcelot is
 10 He ys not in C 11, 16 sir not in C 13 also not in C to not in C Ccom
 on with 17 C said she 20 Carmes and in all hast he dyd 21 sir not in C
 22 now alone not in C† 25-6 C with vs here 27 C *launcelot with the
 gentylwoman& 32-3 C* hym & were passyng gladde of his comyng Andthenne

And ryght so he was ware uppon a bed lyyng two of hys cosyns, sir Bors and sir Lyonell. And anone he waked them, ana whan they syghe hym they made grete joy.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors unto sir Launcelot, 'what adventure hath brought you hidir? For we wende to have founde you to-morne at Camelot.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'a jantillwoman brought me hydir, but I know nat the cause.'

349^v So in the meanewhyle that they thus talked togydir, there com in twelve nunnes that brought with hem Galahad, the whych was passyng fayre and welle made, that unneth in the worlde men myght nat fynde hys macche. And all tho ladyes wepte.

'Sir,' seyde they all, 'we bryng you hyre thys chylde the whycch we have norysshed, and we pray you to make hym knyght, for of a more worthyer mannes honde may he nat resceyve the Order of Knyghthode.'

Sir Launcelot behylde thys yonge squyer and saw hym semely and demure as a dove, with all maner of goode fetures, that he wende of hys ayge never to have seene so fayre a fourme of a man. Than seyde sir Launcelot,

'Commyth thys desyre of hymselff?'

He and all they seyde 'yes.'

'Than shall he,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'resseyve the Order of Knyghthode at the reverence of the hyghe feste.'

So that nyght sir Launcelot had passyng good chere. And on the mor[n]e at the howre of pryme at Galahaddis desyre he made hym knyght, and seyde,

'God make you a good man, for of beaute faylith you none as ony that ys now lyvyng. Now, fayre sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'woll ye com with me unto the courte or kynge Arthure?'

'Nay,' seyde he, 'I woll nat go with you at thys tyme.'

Than he departed frome them and toke hys two cosynes with hym. And so they com unto Camelot by the owre of

3 *P* made *R* mad 5-6 *C* wende to morne to haue fond you 7 *C* As god
9 *C* thus stode talkyng to gyder 9-10 *C* therin came 16 *C* a knyght
17 *C* knyghthode *S* knyghthode 21 *C*† a man of forme Thenne (*see note*)
21-5 *W* (*sidenote*) Here Galahad was made knyght 24-5 *C* the hyghe orde
of knyghthode as to morne atte reuerence 29 *C*† make hym 29-30 *C*
yow not as ony that lyueth

undirne on Whytsonday. So by that tyme the kynge and the quene was gone to the mynster to here their servyse. Than the kynge and the quene were passynge glad of sir Bors and sir Lyonel, and so was all the felyshyp.

So whan the kynge and all the knyghtes were com frome 5
servyse the barownes aspyed in the segys of the Rounde
Table all aboute wretyn with golde lettirs:

'HERE OUGHT TO SITTE HE', and 'HE OUGHT TO SITTE HYRE.'

And thus they wente so longe tyll that they com to the
Sege Perelous, where they founde lettirs newly wrytten of 10
golde, whych seyde:

'FOUR HONDRED WYNTIR AND FOUR AND FYFFTY ACOM-
PLYVYSSHED AFTIR THE PASSION OF OURE LORDE JESU CRYST
OUGHTE THYS SYEGE TO BE FULFYLLED.'

Than all they seyde, 'Thys ys a mervylous thyng and an 15
adventures!' 350'

'In the name of God!' seyde sir Launcelot, and than ac-
counted the terme of the wrytynge, frome the byrth of oure
Lorde untyll that day.

'Hit semyth me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that thys syge oughte 20
to be fulfilled thys same day, for thys [ys] the Pentecoste after
the four hondred and four and fyffty yere. And if hit wolde
please all partyes, I wolde none of thes lettirs were sene thys
day tyll that he be com that ought to enchyve thys adventure.'

Than made they to ordayne a cloth of sylke for to cover 25
thes lettirs in the Syege Perelous. Than the kynge bade
haste unto dyner.

'Sir,' seyde sir Kay the Stywarde, 'if ye go now unto youre
mete ye shall breke youre olde custom of youre courte, for ye
have nat used on thys day to sytte at your mete or that ye 30
have sene some adventure.'¹

'Ye sey sothe,' seyde the kynge, 'but I had so grete joy of
sir Launcelot and of hys cosynes whych bene com to the courte
hole and sounde, that I bethought me nat of none olde custom.'

So as they stood spekyng, in com a squyre that seyde unto 35
the kynge,

17 Cthenue S thenne
this is the feest of Pentecost

19 Cvntothat

20 Csaid Ssaith

21 C*

34 C sound so that

26 Cperyllons

S peryllous

28 W if if

C of myne old

'Sir, I brynge unto you mervaylous tydynges.'

'What be they ?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir, there ys here bynethe at the ryver a grete stone whych I saw fleete abovyn the watir, and therein I saw stykyngne a
5 swerde.'

Than the kynge seyde, 'I woll se that mervayle.'

So all the knyghtes wente with hym. And whan they cam unto [the] ryver they founde there a stone fletyngne, as hitwere of rede marbyll, and therein stake a fayre ryche swerde, and
10 the pomell thereof was of precious stonys wrought with lettirs of golde subtyle. Than the barownes redde the lettirs whych seyde in thys wyse:

'NEVER SHALL MAN TAKE ME HENSE BUT ONLY HE BY WHOS SYDE I OUGHT TO HONGE AND HE SHALL BE THE BESTE KNYGHT
15 OF THE WORLDE.'

So whan the kynge had sene the lettirs he seyde unto sir Launcelot,

'Fayre sir, thys swerde ought to be youre, for I am sure ye be the beste knyght of the worlde.'

20 Than sir Launcelot answerde full sobirly,

350^v 'Sir, that ys nat my swerde; also, I have no hardines to sette my honde thereto, for hit longith nat to hange be my syde. Also, who that assayth to take hit and faylith of that swerde, he shall resseyve a wounde by that swerde that he
25 shall nat be longe hole afttir. And I woll that ye weyte that thys same day shall the adventure of the Sankgreall begynne, that ys called the holy vessell.'

[22 ff.] *P* hande [f. 308] to for hit longed not to hange by my syde Also who that assayeth to take the swerde and fayleth of hit he shal receyue a wounde by that swerd that he shal not be hole longe after And I wyl that ye wete that thys same day shal the aduentures of the Sankgreall that is called the holy vessel begynne *Capttulum iii* Now

[22 ff.] *R* hande [f. 308] for hit longed not to hange by my syde Also who that assayeth to take the swerde and fayleth of hit he shalle receyue a wounde by that swerde that he shalle not be hole longe after And I wille that ye wete that this same day shall the aduentures of the Sankgreall that is called the hooly vessel begynne *Capttulum iii*

9 *P* marbel *R*† marhel 9-11 *C*† & in the pomel therof were precyous stones wrought with subtyle letters of gold (*see note*) 16 *C*kyng *S*kyng 21 *C* certes sir it is *C* Also sir wete ye wel I

'Now, fayre newew,' seyde the kynge unto sir Gawayne, (3)
'assay ye for my love.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'sauff youre good grace, I shall nat do that.'

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'assay to take the swerde for my
love and at my commaundement.' 5

'Sir, youre commaundement I woll obey.'

And therewith he toke the swerde by the handyle, but he
myght nat stirre hit.

'I thanke you,' seyde the kynge.

'My lorde sir Gawayne,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'now wete 10
you well thys swerde shall touche you so sore that ye wolde
nat ye had sette youre honde thereto for the beste castell of
thys realme.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I myght nat withsey myne unclis wyll.'

But whan the kynge herde thys he repented hit much and 15
seyde unto sir Percyvall,

'Sir, woll ye assay for my love?'

P fayre neuewe sayd the kynge vnto syr Gawayn assaye ye for my loue
Syr he sayd sauf your good grace I shal not do that Syr sayd the kyng
assaye to take the suerd & assayef at my comandement Syr sayd
Gawayn your commaundement I wyl obeye and there with he took
vp the swerde by the handele but he myght not sterye hit I thanke
you sayd the kyng to syr Gawayn My lord syr Gawayn said syr
Lancelot now wete ye wel thys swerd shal touche you so sore that
ye shal wyll ye had neuer sette your hande thereto for the best
castel of this royalme Syr he sayd I myght not wythsaye myn vnclis
wyll and commaundement But whan the kyng herde thys he repented
hit moche And sayd vnto syr Percyvall that he shold assaye for his
loue and he sayd gladly for to Sere syr Gawayn felawshyp and therwyth

R Now fayre neuewe said the kynge vnto syr gawayn assaye ye for my
loue Sir he said sauf your good grace I shalle not doo that Sir sayd the
kynge assaye to take the suerd andf at my commaundement Syre sayd
Gawayne your commaundement I wille obey and ther with he took
vp the suerd by the handels but he myghte not sterye hit I thanke yow
said the kynge to syre Gawayne My lord syr Gawayne said syr
Lancelot now wete ye wel this swerd shalle touche yow soo sore that
ye shalle wyll ye had neuer sette your hand thereto for the best
Castel of this realme Syr he sayd I myghte not withsay myn vnclis
wyll and commaundement but whanne the kynge herd this he re-
pentid hit moche and said vnto syr Percyvall that he shold assaye for
his loue and he said gladly for to bere syr Gawayn felawshyp and there

And he assayed gladly for to beare sir Gawayne felyship, and therewith he sette to hys honde on the swerde and drew at hit strongely, but he myght nat meve hytte. Than were there [no] mo that durste be so hardy to sette their hondis 5 thereto.

'Now may ye go to youre dyner,' seyde sir Kay unto the kyng, 'for a mervalous adventure have ye sene.'

So the kyng and all they wente unto the courte, and every knyght knew hys owne place and sette hym therein. And 10 yonge men that were good knyghtes served them. So whan they were served and all sygis fulfylled sauff only the Syege Perelous, anone there befelle a mervaylous adventure: that all the doorys and wyndowes of the paleyse shutte by themselves. Natforthan the halle was nat gretly durked, and there- 15 with they abaysshed bothe one and other. Than kyng Arthure spake fyrste and seyde,

P he sette hys honde on the swerde and drewe hit strongly but he myght not moeve hyt Thenne were there no* moo that durst be so hardy to sette their handes therto

Now may ye goo to your dyner sayd syr kay vnto the kyng for a meruayllous aduenture haue ye sene Soo the kyng and alle wente vnto the Courte and euery knyghte knewe his owne place and sette hym therin And yonge men that were knyghtes serued them So whan they were serued and al seges fulfylled sauf onely the syege perillous Anone there befelle a meruaillous aduenture that al the dores and wyndowes of the paleys shyt by them self Not for thenne the halle was not gretely derked and therwyth they abasshed bothe one and other Thenne kyng Arthur spake fyrst and sayd by god fayr felowes & lordes

R with he sette his hand on the swerd and drewe hit strongly but he myghte not meue hit Thenne were there moof that durste be soo hardy to sette their handes therto

Now maye ye goo to your dyner said syr kay vnto the kyng for a merueillous aduenture haue ye sene Soo the kyng and alle wente vnto the Courte and euery knyghte knewe his owne place and sette hym therin and yonge men that were knyghtes serued them Soo whan they were serued and alle seges fulfylled sauf only the syege perillous Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture that alle the dores & wyndowes of the palays shut by them self Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darked and there with they abasshed both one and other Thenne kyng Arthur spak fyrst and sayd by god fayre felowes &

'Be God, fayre felowis and lordis, we have sene this day mervayles! But or nyght I suppose we shall se gretter 351^r mervayles.'

In the meanewhyle com in a good olde man and an awnciente, clothed all in whyght, and there was no knyght 5 knew from whens he com. And with hym he brought a yonge knyght, and bothe on foote, in rede armys, withoute swerde other shyld sauff a scawberd hangynge by hys syde. And thes wordys he seyde:

Tees be with you, fayre lordys!' 10

Than the olde man seyde unto kyng Arthure, 'Sir, I brynge you here a yonge knyght the whych ys of kynges lynage and of the kynrede of Ioseph of Aramathy, whereby the mervayles of this courte and of stronge realmys shall be fully complevysshed/ 15

The kyng was ryght glad of hys wordys and seyde unto (4) the good man,

P we haue seen thys day meruaylles but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter meruaylles

In the meane whyle came in a good olde man and an auntyent clothed alle in whyt and there was no knyght knewe from whens he came And wyth hym he brought a yonge knyght bothe on fote in reed armes wythout swerd or shelde sauf a scauberd hangyng by his syde and these wordes he sayd pees be wyth you fayr lordes Thenne the olde man sayd vnto Arthur Syr I brynge here a yonge knyght the whyche is of kynges lygnage and of the kynrede of Ioseph of Abarithye where by the meruaylles of thys courte and of straunge realmes shal be fully accomplysshed

CAPITULUM QUARTUM The kyng was ryght glad of hys wordes and

R lordes we haue sene this day merueyls but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merueyls

In the meane whyle came in a good old man and an auntyent clothed al in whyte and there was no kny3t knewe from whens he came And with hym he broughte a yong kny3t bothe on foote in reed armes withoute swerd or shield sauf a scauberd hangynge by his syde And these wordes he said pees be with yow faire lordes Thenne the old man sayd vnto Arthur syre I brynge here a yonge knyghte the whiche is of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Ioseph of Abarimathye where by the merueylles of thys Courte and of straunge realmes shalle be fully accomplysshed

CAPITULUM QUARTUM The kyng was ryghte gladde of his wordes

'Sir, ye be ryght welcom, and the yonge knyght with you.'

Than the olde man made the yonge man to unarme hym. And he was in a cote of rede sendell, and bare a mantell uppon hys sholder that was furred with ermyne, and put
5 that uppon hym.

And the olde knyght seyde unto [the] yonge knyght, 'Sir, swith me.'

And anone he lad hym to the Syege Perelous where besyde sate sir Launcelot, and the good man lyffte up the
10 clothe and founde there the lettirs that seyde thus:

'THYS YS THE SYEGE OF SIR GALAHAD THE HAWTE PRYNCE.'

'Sir,' seyde the olde knyght, 'weyte you well that place ys youres.'

And than he sette hym downe surely in that syge, and than
15 he seyde unto the olde man,

'Now may ye, sir, go youre way, for well have ye done in that that ye were commaunded. And recommaunde me unto

P sayd vnto the good man syr ye be ryght welcom and the yonge knyzt wyth you Thenne the olde man made the yonge man to vnarme hym and he was in a cote of reed sendel & bare a mantel vpon hys sholder that was furred with ermyn and put that vpon hym And the olde kynghtf sayd vnto the yonge knyght syr foloweth me and anone he ledde hym vnto the syege perillous where besyde sat syr Launcelot and the good man lyfte vp the clothe & fonde there letters that sayd thus thys is the syege of Galahalt the haute prynce syr said tholde knyght wete ye wel that place is youres And thene he set hym down surely in that syege and thenne he sayd to the olde man syr ye may now goo your waye for wel haue ye doon that ye were commaunded to doo & recom-

R and said vnto the good man syr ye be ryghte welcome and the yonge kny3te with yow Thenne the old man made the yong man to vnarme hym and he was in a cote of reed sendel & bare a mantel vpon his sholder that was furred with ermyn and put that vpon hym And the old knyghte sayd vnto the yonge knyght syr foloweth me and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege peryllous where besyde sat syr Laucelot and the good man lyfte vp the clothe and fonde there letters that said thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce Sir said thold knyghte wete ye wel that place is yours And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege And thenne he sayd to the old man syr ye maye now goo your way for wel haue ye done that ye were commaunded to doo &

my grauntesyre, kynge Pelles, and unto my lorde kynge Pecchere, and sey hem on my behalff I shall com and se hem as sone as ever y may.'

So the good man departed. And there mette hym twenty noble squyers, and so toke their horsys and wente their 5 wey.

Than all the knyghtes of the Table Rounde mervayled gretly of sir Galahad that he durst sitte there and was so tendir of ayge, and wyste nat from whens he com but all only be God. All they seyde, 10

'Thys ys he by whom the Sankgreall shall be encheved, for 351^v there sate never none but he there but he were myscheved.'

Than sir Launcelot behylde hys sonne and had grete joy of hym.

Than sir Bors tolde hys felowis, 'Uppon payne of my lyff 15 thys yonge knyght shall com to grete worship!'

So thys noyse was grete in all the courte, that hit cam unto the quene. And she had mervayle what knyght hit myght[e be] that durste adventure hym to sytte in that Sege Perelous. 20

P maunde me vnto my graunt syr kynge Pelles and vnto my lord fpetchere and say hem on my behalff I shal come and see hem as sone as euer I may Soo the good man departed and there mette hym xx noble squyers & soo took their horses and wente theyr waye

Thenne al the knyghtes of the table rounde merueylled gretely of syr Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege peryllous & was so tendyr of age and wyst not from whens he cam but al onely by god & said this is* he by whome the Sacgreal shal be encheued For there sat neuer none but hef but he were mescheued Thenne sir Lancelot behelde his sone and had [f. 309] grete

R recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Pelles and vnto my lord fPetchere and say hem on my behalff I shalle come and see hem as soone as euer I may Soo the good man departed and there met hym xx noble squyers and so took their horses and wente their way

Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round merueylled gretely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege perillous and was so tendyr of age and wist not from whens he came but al only by god and said thisf he by whome the Sacgreal shal be encheued For there sat neuer none but hef but he were mescheued Thenne syr launcelot beheld his sone and had [f. 309] grete

Than som seyde he resembled much unto sir Launcelot.

'I may well suppose,' seyde the quene, 'that sir Launcelot begate hym on kynge Pelles doughter, whych made hym to lye by her by enchauntement, and hys name ys Galahad.

5 I wolde fayne se hym,' seyde the quene, 'for he muste nedys be a noble man, for so hys fadir ys that hym begate: I reporte me unto all the Table Rounde.'

So whan the mete was done, that the kynge and all were rysen, the kyng yode to the Sege Perelous and lyfft up the
10 clothe and founde there the name of sir Galahad. And than he shewed hit unto sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Fayre newew, now have we amonge us sir Galahad, the good knyght that shall worship us all. And uppon payne of my lyff he shall encheve the Sankgreall, ryght as sir Launce-
15 lot had done us to undirstonde.' Than cam kynge Arthure unto sir Galahad and seyde, 'Sir, ye be ryght wellcom, for ye shall meve many good knyghtes to the queste of the Sankgreall, and ye shall enchyve that many other knyghtes myght never brynge to an ende.'

20 Than the kynge toke hym by the honde and wente downe frome the paleyes to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

(5) Than the quene harde thereof and cam aftir with many ladyes, and (so they) shewed her the stone where hit hoved
25 on the watir.

'Sir,' seyde the kynge unto sir Galahad, 'here ys a grete mervayle as ever y sawe, and ryght good knyghtes have assayde and fayled.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'hit ys no mervayle, for thys
30 adventure ys nat theyrs but myne. And for the surety of thys swerde I brought none with me, but here by my syde hangith the scawberte.'

And anone he leyde hys honde on the swerde, and lyghtly drew hit oute of the stone, and put hit in the sheethe, and
35 seyde unto the kynge,

1 C many said vnto the quene he 3-4 Cdoughter by the whiche he was made
to lye by by enchauntement 6 Csoo is his fader 10, 16 sir not in C 16
ryght not in C 18-19 C† that neuer knyghtes myght brynge F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 524* col. 2): a quoy lez autres av[r]ont failli 22-8 W(sidenote) How
sir Galahad pulled the swerde out of the peron 23 Than not in C 24 C†
shewed hem (see note) 31 C me For here

'Now hit goth 'better than hit dyd aforehand.']

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'a shyld God may sende you.' 352'

'Now have I the swerde that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyns le Saveaige, and he was a passynge good knyght of hys hondys; and with thys swerde he slew hys 5 brothir Balan, and that was grete pite, for he was a good knyght. And eythir slew othir thorow a dolerous stroke that Balyn gaff unto kynge Pelles, the whych ys nat yett hole, nor naught shall be tyll that I hele hym.'

So therewith the kynge 'and all¹ aspyed com rydyng 10 downe the ryver a lady on a whyght palferey a grete paace towarde them. Than she salewed the kynge and the quene and asked if that sir Launcelot were there, and than he answerd hymselff and seyde,

'I am here, my fay re lady!' 15

Than she seyde all with wepyng there, 'A, sir Launcelot 1 How youre grete doynge ys chonged sytthyn thys day in the morne!'

'Damesell, why sey ye so?'

'Sir, I say you sothe/ seyde the damesell, 'for ye were thys 20 day in the morne the best knyght of the worlde. But who sholde sey so now, he sholde be a Iyer, for there ys now one bettir than ye be, and well hit ys preved by the adventure of the swerde whereto ye durst nat sette to your honde. And that ys the change of youre name and levyng. Wherefore 25 I make unto you a remembraunce that ye shall nat wene frome hensforthe that ye be the best knyght of the worlde.'

'As towchyng unto that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I know well I was never none of the beste.'

'Yes,' seyde the damesell, 'that were ye, and ar yet, of ony 30 synfull man of the worlde. And, sir kynge, Nacien the eremyte sende[th]the worde that the shall befall the grettyst worship that ever befelle kynge in Bretayne, and I sey y[o]u

1 C* better than hit dyd afore hand F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 524^v col. 1): or vault
asses mieulx que devant 2 C god shalle send 4-5 C good man of 8
C vnto my gratite fader kynge 8-9 C nor not 9 that not in C 10 C*
kynge and all aspyed F regardent W kynge had aspyed (see note) 11 a
grete paace not in C† F moult grant aleure 13 C was there 14 and seyde
not in C 15 my not in C 16 there A sir Launcelot not in C 19-20 C
soo sayd Launcelot I 21 in the morne not in C† F vous esties hier le
meilleur chevallier du monde 23 be not in C 25 C chaunge and leuyng
of your name 28 sir not in C 29 none of not in C

wherefore: for thys day the Sankegreall appered in thy house and fedde the and all thy felyship of the Rounde Table.'

So she departed and wente the same way that she cam.

- (6) 5 'Now,' seyde the kynge, 'I am sure at this quest of the Sankegreall shall all ye of the Rownde Table departe, and nevyr shall I se you agayne hole togydirs, therefore ones shall I se you togydir in the medow, all hole togydirs! Therefore I wol se you all hole togydir in the medow of
10 Camelot, to juste and to turney, that aftir youre dethe men
352^v may speke of hit that such good knyghtes were here, such a day, hole togydirs.'

As unto that counceyle and at the kynges rekeyst they accorded all, and toke on the harneyse that longed unto
15 joustenyng. But all thys mevyng of the kynge was for thys entente, for to se Galahad preved; for the kynge demed he sholde nat lyghtly com agayne unto the courte aftir thys departyng.

So were they assembled in the medowe, both more and
20 lasse.

Than sir Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the quene dud on a noble jesseraunce uppon hym, and also he dud on hys helme, but shyldes wolde he take none for no prayer of the kynge.

- 25 So than sir Gawayne and othir knyghtes prayde hym to take a speare. Ryght so he dud. So the quene was in a towure with all hir ladyes for to beholde that turnement.

Than sir Galahad dressed hym in myddys of the medow and began to breke spearys mervaylously, that all men had
30 wondir of hym, for he there surmownted all othir knyghtes. For within a whyle he had defowled many good knyghtes of the Table Rounde sauffall only tweyne, that was sir Launcelot and sir Persyvale.

- (7) Than the kynge at the quenys desyre made hym to
35 alyght and to unlace hys helme, that the quene myght se hym in the vysayge. Whan she avysed hym she seyde,

6 C table round (S rounde) 7-8 therefore ones shall I se you togydir in the medow all hole togydirs not in C {deliberate correction} 11-12 C† were holy to gyders suche a day 17 C after his 22 C vpon hym a noble jesseraunce 32 all only not in C 34 C quenes request 36 C she beheld hym

'I dare well sey sothely that sir Launcelot begate hym, for never two men resembled more in lyknesse. Therefore hit ys no mervayle thoughe he be of grete proues.'

So a lady that stood by the quene seyde, 'Madam, for Goddis sake, ought he of ryght to be so good a knyght?' 5

'Ye, forsothe,' seyde the quene, 'for he ys of all partyes comyn of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and of the hyghest lynage: for sir Launcelot ys com but of the eyghth degre from oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and thys sir Galahad ys th[e] nyneth degr6 frome oure Lorde Jesu Cryst. 10 Therefore I dare sey they be the grettist jantillmen of the worlde.'

And than the kyng and all the astatys wente home unto Camelot, and so wente unto evynsong to the grete monester. And so aftir uppon that to sowper, and every knyght sette 15 in hys owne place as they were toforehonde.

Than anone they harde crakynge and cryngge of thundir, 353^r that hem thought the palyse sholde all to-dryve. So in the myddys of the blast entyrde a sonnebeame, more clerer by seven tymys than ever they saw day, and all they were 20 alyghted of the grace of the Holy Goste. Than began every knyght to beholde other, and eyther saw other, by their semyngge, fayrer than ever they were before. Natforthan there was no knyght that myght speke one worde a grete whyle, and so they loked every man on other as they had 25 bene doome.

Than entird into the halle the Holy Grayle coverde with whyght samyte, but there was none that myght se hit nother whom that bare hit. And there was all the halle fulfylled with good odoures, and every knyght had such metis and drynkes 30 as he beste loved in thys worlde.

And whan the Holy Grayle had bene borne thorow the hall, than the holy vessell departed suddeynly, that they wyst nat where hit becam.

Than had they all breth to speke, and than the kyng 35 yelded thankynges to God of Hys good grace that He had sente them.

1 C sothely I dar wel say that W hym hym 10 C* is of the 14 C
 mynster 18 C† the place Flipalds 19 C this blast 23 C theysawe
 afore 25 S man an other 28-9 C none myghte see hit nor who bare hit

'Sertes,' sey[de] the kynge, 'we ought to thanke oure Lorde Jesu Cryste gretly that he hath shewed us thys day at the reverence of thys hyghe feste of Pentecost.'

'Now,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'we have bene servyd thys day
5 of what metys and drynkes we thought on. But one thyng begyled us, that we myght nat se the Holy Grayle: hit was so preciously coverde. Wherefore I woll make here a vow that to-morne, withoute longer abydyng, I shall laboure in the queste of the Sankgreall, and that I shall holde me oute a
10 twelve-month and a day or more if nede be, and never shall I returne unto the courte agayne tylle I have sene hit more opynly than hit hath bene shewed here. And iff I may nat spede I shall returne agayne as he that may nat be ayenst the wyллеof God.'

15 So whan they of the Table Rounde harde sir Gawayne sey so, they arose up the moste party and made such avowes as sir Gawayne hathe made. Anone as kynge Arthur harde thys he was gretly dysplesed, for he wyst well he myght nat agaynesey their avowys.

20 'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Gawayne, 'ye have nygh slayne me for the avow that ye have made, for thorow
353^v you ye have berauffte me the fayryst and the trewyst of knyghthode that ever was sene togydir in any realme of the worlde. For whan they departe frome hense I am sure they
25 all shall never mete more togydir in thys worlde, for they shall dye many in the queste. And so hit forthynkith nat me

[21 ff.] *P* ye haue made For thorough you ye haue berafte me the fayrest felaushyp and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in any royalme of the world For whan they departe from hens I am sure they alle shal neuer mete more in thys world For they shal dye many in the quest And so it forthynketh me a lytel for I haue

[21 ff.] *R* ye haue made For thurgh yow ye haue berafte me the fayrest felauship and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in any realme of the world For whanne they departe from hens I am sure they alle shalle neuer mete more in thys world for they shalle dye many in the quest And soo it forthynketh me a lytel for

2 Cryste <i>not in C</i>	2-3 C atte reuerence	6 that <i>not in C</i>	11 C ageyne
vnto the Courte	12 C it (S hit) hath ben sene here	14 C wil of our lord	
Ihesu Cryste	17 C had made	21 C me with the auowe and promesse	
that	23 W only corealme (<i>see note</i>).		

a litill, for I have loved them as well as my lyff. Wherefore hit shall greve me ryght sore, the departicion of thys felyship, for I have had an olde custom to have hem in my felyship.'

And therewith the teerys felle in hys yen, and than he 5 (8) seyde,

'Sir Gawayne, [Gawayne]! Ye have sette me in grete sorow, for I have grete doute that my trew felyshyp shall never mete here more agayne.'

'A, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'comforte youreself! Fo hit 10 shall be unto us a grete honoure, and much more than we dyed in other placis, for of dethe we be syker,'

'A, Launcelot!' seyde the kyng, 'the grete love that I have had unto you all the dayes of my lyff makith me to sey such dolefull wordis! For there was never Crysten kyng that 15

P loved them as wel as my lyf wherfore hit shal greue me ryght sore the departycyon of thys felaushyp For I haue had an olde custome to haue them in my felaushyp CAPITULUM OCTAUUM And there wyth the teres fyl in his eyen And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne* ye haue sette me in grete sorow for I haue grete doute that my true felaushyp shal neuer mete here more ageyn A sayd syr Launcelot comforte yourself for hit shal be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf* we dyed in any other places for of deth we be syker

A Lancelot said the kyng the grete loue that I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche doleful wordes for neuer cristen kyng had neuer so many worthy men at his {see note} table as

R I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit shall greue me ryghte sore the departycyon of this felauship For I haue had an old customme to haue hem in my felauship CAPITULUM OCTAUUM And ther with the teres fyll in his eyen And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne* ye haue sette me in grete sorowe For I haue grete doute that my true felauship shalle neuer mete here more ageyne A sayd syr Launcelot comforte your self for hit shalle be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf* we dyed in any other places for of deth we be syker

A laucelot said p^e kyng p^e grete loue pt I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche dolefull wordes for neuer Crysten kyng had neuer soo many worthy men at thisf (see note) table

ever had so many worthy men at hys table as I have had thys day at the Table Rounde. And that ys my grete sorow.'

Whan the quene, ladyes, and jantillwomen knew of thys tydyng they had such sorow and hevynes that there myght
 5 no tunge telle, for tho knyghtes had holde them in honoure and charity. But aboven all othir quene Gwenyver made grete sorow.

'I mervayle', seyde she, 'that my lorde woll suffir hem to departe fro hym.'

10 Thus was all the courte trowbled for the love of the departyng of these knyghtes, and many of tho ladyes that loved knyghtes wolde have gone with hir lovis. And so had they done, had nat an olde knyght com amonge them in relygious clothynge and spake all on hyght and seyde,

15 'Fayre lordis whych have sworne in the queste of the Sankgreall, thus sendith you Nacien the eremyte worde that

P I haue had thys day at the rounde table and that is my grete sorowe. Whan the Quene ladyes & gentiwymmen wyst these tydynges they had suche sorowe & heuyness that there myght no tonge telle it for tho knyghtes had holde them in honour and chyerte But emonge al other Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe I meruaylle sayd she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym thus was al the courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes & many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone wyth her louers and so had they done had not an olde knyght comen emonge them in Relygyous clothynge & thenne he spake al on hyghe And sayde fayre lordes whyche haue sworn in the queste of the Sancgreall Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor gentywoman

R as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete sorowe Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentiwymmen wyst these tydynges they had suche sorowe & heuynesse that ther myght no tonge telle hit for tho knyghtes had hold them in honour and chyerte But amonge all other Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe I merueyille said she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym thus was al the Courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes And many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone with her louers and soo had they done had not an olde knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothynge and thenne he spake alle on hyghe and said fayre Lordes which haue sworn in the quest of the Sancgreall Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor

none in thys queste lede lady nother jantillwoman with hym,
for hit ys nat to do in so hyghe a servyse as they labour in.
For I warne you playne, he that ys nat clene of hys synnes
he shall nat se the mysteryes of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste.'

And for thys cause they leftte thes ladyes and jantillwomen. 5

So aftir thys the quene come unto sir Galahad and asked
hym of whens he was and of what contrey. Than he tolde
hir of whens he was. ' And sonne unto sir Launcelot ?' [she 354'
seyde¹. As to that [he] seyde nother yee nother nay.

'So God me helpe,' seyde the quene, 'y^e dar[f] nat shame, 10
for he ys the goodlyest knyght, and of the beste men of the
worlde commyn, and of the strene, of all partyes, of kynges.
Wherefore you ought of ryght to be of youre dedys a
passyng good man. And sertayne', she seyde, 'y^e resemble
hym much.' 15

P with hym for hit is not to do in so hyghe a seruyse as they labour
in for I warne you playne he that is not clene of his synnes he shal
not see the mysteryes of our lord (v°) Ihesu Cryste and for thys cause
they leftte these ladyes and gentylwymmen After this the quene came
vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was and of what cuntrye
he tolde hyr of whens he was and sone vnto Launcelot she said he wasf
as to that he* (*see note*) said neyther ye nor nay so god me helpe said
the quene of your fader* ye nede not to shame you for he is the
goodlyest knyght and of the best men of the world comen and of the
stremef (*see note*) of alle partyes of kynges wherfore ye ought of ryght
to be of your dedes a passyng good man & certeynly she said ye restmblef
hym moche

R gentylwoman with hym for hit is not to doo in so hyghe a
seruyse as they labour in for I warne you playne he that is not clene
of his synnes he shalle not see the mysteryes of our lord (v°) Ihesu
Cryste and for this cause they leftte these ladyes and gentylwymmen
After this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens
he was and of what cuntrye he told her of whens he was and sone
vnto Launcelot she said he wasf as to that he* (*see note*) said neyther
ye nor nay So god me helpe said the quene of your fader* ye nede
not to shame yow for he is the goodlyest knyghte and of the best men
of the world comen and of the strene* (*see note*) of alle partyes of
kynges Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge
good man & certaynly she said ye resemble hym moche

Than sir Galahad was a lityll ashamed and seyde, 'Madame, sithyn ye know in sertayne, wherefore do ye aske hit me? For he that ys my fadir shall be knowyn opynly and all betymys.'

- 5 And than they wente unto reste them. And in honoure of the hyghnes of knyghthod [of] sir Galahad he was ledde into kyng Arthures chambir, and there rested in hys owne bedde. And as sone as hit was day the kyng arose, for he had no reste of all that nyght for sorow. Than he wente unto
10 sir Gawayne and unto sir Launcelot that were aysen for to hyre masse, and than the kyng agayne seyde,

'A, Gawayne, Gawayne! Ye have betrayed me, for never shall my courte be amended by you. But ye woll never be so sory for me as I am for you!'

- 15 And therewith the tearys began to renne downe by hys vysayge, and therewith the kyng seyde,

P Thenne syr galahad was a lytel ashamed and sayd madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore do ye aske hit me For he that is my fader shal be knownen openlye and al by tymes And thenne they wente to reste them And in the honour of the hyenes of* Galahad he was ledde in to kyng Arthurs chambre and there rested in hys owne bedde And as sone as hit was day the kyng arose for he had noo reste of all that nyght for sorowe Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to Syr Launcelot that were aysen for to here masse and thene the kyng ageyn said a Gawayn Gawayn ye haue bytrayed me For neuer shalle my courte be amended by you but ye wyl neuer be sory for me as I am for you And therwyth the teres began to renne down by hys vysage And therwyth the kyng sayd

R Thenne syr Gallahad was a lytel ashamed and said Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me for he that is my fader shalle be knownen openly and al by tymes And thenne they wente to reste them And in the honour of the hyenes of* Galahad he was ledde in to kyng Arthurs chamber and there rested in his owne bedde And as soone as hit was daye the kyng arose for he had no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to syr launcelot that were aysen for to here masse And thenne the kyng ageyn said A Gawayne Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me For neuer shal my Courte be amended by yow but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yow And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage And there with the kyng said

5-6 *F*: pour Tonneur et pour la haultesse de lui.

'A, curteyse knyght, sir Launcelot! I requyre you that ye counceyle me, for I wolde that thys queste were at an ende and hit myght be.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye saw yestirday so many worthy knyghtes there were sworne that they may nat leve 5 hit in no maner of wyse.'

'That wote I well,' seyde the kynge, 'but hit shall so hevy me at their departyng that I wote well there shall no maner of joy remedy me.'

And than the kynge and the quene wente unto the 10 mynster. So anone sir Launcelot and sir Gawayne commaunded hir men to brynge hir armys, and whan they all were all armed sauff hir shyldys and her helmys, than they com to their felyship whych were all redy in the same wyse for to go to the monastery to hyre their masse and servyse. 15

Than aftir servyse the kynge wolde wete how many had undirtake the queste of the Holy Grayle; than founde they

P a knyght Syr Launcelot I requyre the thou councyl me for I wold that thys queste were vndone and it myght be Syr said syr Launcelot ye sawe yester day so many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse That wote I wel said the kyng but it shal so heuye me at theyr departyng that I wote wel there shal noo manere of Ioye remedye me

And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster Soo anone launcelot and Gawayn commaunded her men to brynge her armes And whan they al were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes thenne they came to theyr felaushyp whyche all were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here theyr seruyse Thenne after the seruyse was done the kyng wold wete how many had vndertake the

R A knyghte syr launcelot I requyre the thow counceyle me for I wold that this quest were vndone and it myghte be syr sayd syr launcelot ye sawe yester day soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse That wote I wel said the kyng but it shal so heuye me at their departyng that I wote wel there shal no manere of Ioye remedye me

And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster Soo anone launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to brynge her armes And whanne they alle were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes thenne they came to theyre felauship whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse Thenne after the seruyse was done the kynge wolde wete how many hadde

354^v be tale an hondred and fyffty, and all tho were knyghtes of
the Rounde Table.

And than they put on their helmys and departed and re-
commaunded them all hole unto the kyng and quene. And
5 there was wepyng and grete sorow.

Than the quene departed into the chambir and holde
hir there, that no man shold perceyve hir grete sorowys.
Whan sir Launcelot myssed the quene he wente tyll hir
chambir, and whan she saw hym she cryed alowde and seyde,
10 'A, sir Launcelot, Launcelot! Ye have betrayde me and
putte me to the deth, for to leve thus my lorde!'

'A, madam, I pray you be nat displeased, for I shall com
agayne as sone as I may with my worship.'

'Alas,' seyde she, 'that ever I syghe you! But He that
15 suffird dethe uppon the Crosse for all menkynde, He be unto
you good conduyte and saufte, and all the hole felyshyp!'

Ryght so departed sir Launcelot and founde hys felyshyp
that abode hys commyng, and than they toke their horsys
and rode thorow the strete of Camelot. And there was
20 wepyng of ryche and poore, and the kyng turned away and
myght nat speke for wepyng.

So within a whyle they rode all togydirs tyll that they com
to a cite, and a castell that hyght Vagon. And so they entird
into the castell, and the lorde thereof was an olde man that
25 hyght Vagon, and good of hys lyvyng, and sette opyn the
gatis and made hem all the chere that he myght.

And so on the morne they were all accorded that they
sholde departe everych from othir. And on the morne they
departed with wepyng chere, and than every knyght toke the
30 way that hym lyked beste.

P queste of the holy graylle and to accompte them he prayed them all
(*sig. N vi^v*) Thenne.

ndertake the queste of the holy grayle and to accompte them he
praid them alle (*sig. N vi^v*) Thenne.

1 C by the tale tho *not in C* 4 the kyng and *not in C†* 7 there *not in C*
9 and seyde *not in C* 10 C O launcelot 15 dethe *not in C* 17 sir *not*
in C 18 C they mounted on their 22 they rode all togydirs tyll that *not*
in C† 25 W hyght Vagon and so they entird into the castell and the lorde
thereoff was an olde man and good of C* hyght Vagon and he was a good man of

II

THE MIRACLES

*[Winchester MS., ff. 354^v-364^v;
Caxton, Book XIII, chs. 9-20]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

9. How Galahad gate hym a shelde, and how they spedde that presumed to take down the sayd shelde.
10. How Galahad departed with the shelde, and how kyng Evelaket had receyved thys shelde of Joseph of Armathye.
11. How Joseph made a crosse on the whyte shelde with his blode, and how Galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe.
12. Of the mervayle that syr Galahad sawe and herde in the tombe, and how he made Melyas knyght.
13. Of th' adventure that Melyas had, and how Galahad revenged hym, and how Melyas was caryed into an abbey.
14. How Galahad departed and how he was commaunded to goo to the Castel of Maydens to destroye the wycked custome.
15. How syr Galahad faught wyth the knyghtes of the castel and destroyed the wycked custome.
16. How syr Gawayn came to th' abbey for to folowe Galahad, and how he was shryven to an heremyte.
17. How syr Galahad mette with syr Launcelot and with syr Percy vale and smote hem down and departed fro them.
18. How syr Launcelot halfe-slepyng and halfe-wakyng sawe a seek man borne in a lytter, and how he was heled by the Sangreal.
19. How a voys spake to syr Launcelot, and how he fonde his hors and his helme borne awaye and after wente afote.
20. How syr Launcelot was shryven and what sorowe he made, and of good ensaumples whyche were shewed to hym.

† **Cenelake**

NOW rydith Galahad yet withouten shyld, and so rode (9)
 four dayes withoute ony adventure, and at the fourthe
 day aftir evynsonge he com to a whyght abbay. And there
 was he resceyved with grete reverence and lad untyll a
 chambir, and there was he unarmed. 5

And than was he ware of two knyghtes of the Table
 Rounde, on[e] was sir Bagdemagus, and sir Uwayne, and
 whan they sy hym they wen[t] to sir Galahad and made of
 hym grete solace. And so they wente unto supper. 355'

'Sirs,' seyde sir Galahad, 'what adventure brought you 10
 hydir?'

'Sir,' they seyde, 'hit ys tolde us that in thys place ys a
 shyld that no man may bere hit aboute his necke but he be
 myscheved other dede within three dayes, other maymed for
 ever. But, sir,' seyde kynge Bagdemagus, 'I shall beare hit 15
 to-morne for to assay thys adventure.'

'In the name of God! 'seyde sir Galahad.

'Sir,' seyde Bagdemagus, 'and I may nat encheve the
 adventure of thys shyld ye shall take hit uppon you, for
 I a[m] sure ye shall nat fayle.' 20

'Sir, I ryght well agre me thereto, for I have no shyld.'

So on the morne they arose and herde masse. Than syr
 Bagdemagus asked where the adventures shyld was. Anone
 a munke ledde hym behynde an awter where the shyld
 hynge as whyght as ony snowe, but in the myddys was a rede 25
 crosse.

'Syrres/ seyde t[he] monke, 'thys shyld oughte nat to be
 honged aboute the nek of no knyght but he be the worthyest
 knyght of the worlde. Therefore I counceyle you, knyghtes,
 to be well avysed.' 30

'Well,' seyde sir Bagdemagus, 'I wote well I am nat the
 beste knyght, but I shall assay to bere hit,' and so bare hit
 oute of the monaster. Than he seyde unto sir Galahad, 'And
 hit please you to abyde here styll tyll that ye wete how that
 I spede.' 35

4 Cledde vnto 6 two not in C 12 Csaydallit 13 hit not in C 15 C
 A syr 19 W of thys shyld of thys shyld 20 WI an 21 C Sir said
 Galahad 22 syr not in C 27 W to monke 28 Caboute no knyghtes
 neck but 32 P best (R† lest) knyghte of the world but 8, 17, 33 sir not in C

'Sir, I shall abyde you,' seyde sir Galahad.

Than kynge Bagdemagus toke with hym a good squyre, to brynge tydynges unto sir Galahad how he spedde. Than they rode two myle and com to a fayre valey before an ermytage, 5 and than they saw a knyght com frome that partyes in whyght armour, horse and all, and he com as faste as hys horse myght renne, and hys speare in hys reeste. Than sir Bagdemagus dressed hys speare ayenste hym and brake hit uppon the whyght knyght, but the othir stroke hym so harde that he 10 braste the mayles and threste hym thorow the ryght sholdir, for the shylde coverde hym nat as at that tyme. And so he bare hym frome hys horse, and therewith he alyght and toke 355^v hys whyght shylde from hym, saynge,

'Knyght, thou hast done thyselff grete foly, for thys 15 shylde ought nat to be borne but by hym that shall have no pere that lyvith.'

And than he com to Bagdemagus squyre and bade hym 'bere thys shylde to the good knyght sir Galahad that thou leffte in the abbey, and grete hym well by me.'

20 'Sir,' seyde the squyre, 'what ys youre name?'

'Take thou none hede of my name,' seyde the k[nyghte], 'for hit ys nat for [the] to know, nother none erthely man.'

'Now, fayre sir,'¹ seyde the squyre, 'at the reverence of Jesu Cryst, telle me be what cause thys shylde may nat 25 be borne but if the berer therof be myscheved.'

'Now syn thou hast conjoured me,' seyde the knyght, 'thys shelde behovith unto no man but unto sir Galahad.'

Than the squyre wente unto Bagdemagus and asked hym whethir he were sore wounded or none.

30 'Ye forsoth,' seyde he, 'I shall ascape harde frome the deth.'

Than he fette hys horse and ledde hym with a grete payne tyll they cam unto the abbay. Than he was takyn downe sofftely and unarmed and leyde in hys bedde and loked there

1 Sir not in C sir not in C 3 P brynge R† beynge 3-4 C Thenne whanne they had ryden two 9 W that that 10 C and sheef hym 13 Cthewhyte 17-18 Csquyer & saide bere 21 W the kynge 22 W for to know C* for the to knowe F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 507^r col. 1): a toy ne a homme terrien 24 C me for what 26 Cmesoo 27 sir not in C 29 Cor not 32-3 Cand brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay 33 C was he 34-p. 879, 1 C in a bedde and there was loked to his woundes

[to] hys woundys. And as the booke tellith, he lay there longe and ascaped hard with the lyff.

'Sir Galahad,' seyde the squyre, 'that knyght that (10) wounded Bagdemagus sende you gretynge, and bade that ye sholde bere thys shyld wherethorow grete adventures 5 sholde befall.'

'Now blyssed be good fortune!' seyde sir Galahad.

And than he asked hys armys and mownted uppon hys horse backe and hanged the whyght shyld aboute hys necke and commaunded hem unto God. So sir Uwayne seyde he 10 wolde beare hym felyshyp if hit pleased hym.

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'that may ye nat, for I must go alone, save thys squyre shall bere me felyship.'

And so departed sir Uwayne. Than within a whyle cam sir Galahad thereas the whyght knyght abode hym by the 15 ermytage, and everych salewed other curteysly.

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'by thys shyld bene many mervayles fallen.'

'Syr,' seyde the knyght, 'hit befelle aftir the Passion of 356^r oure Lorde Jesu Cryste two and thirty yere that Joseph of 20 Aramathy, that jantyll knyght the whych toke downe our Lorde of the holy Crosse, at that tyme he departed frome Jerusalem with a grete party of hys kynrede with hym. And so he labourde tyll they com to a *cit*⁶ whych hyght Saras. And that same owre that Joseph com to Saras, there was a 25 kyng that hyght Evelake that had grete warre ayenst the Sarezens, and in especiall ayenste one Sarezyn the whych was kyng Evelakes cousyn, a ryche kyng and a myghty, whych marched nyghe hys londe, and hys name was called Tholome la Feyntis. So on a day thes two mette to do batayle. 30

'Than Joseph, the sonne of Aramathy, wente to kyng Evelake and tolde hym he sholde be discomfite and slayne but he leffte hys beleve of the olde law and beleve uppon the new law. And anone he shewed hym the ryght beleve of the Holy Trynyte, for the whyche he agreed unto with 35 all hys herte.

7 C† good & fortune	9 backe not in C	14, 15, 17 sir not in C	24 C
tyl that they	25 Cand att that	26 P grete	R† greto 29 C†
nyghe this land	F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 527 ^r col. 1): qui	marchissoit a sa terre	
30 C Tolleme	31 C sone of Ioseph of Armathye	33 C but yf he	

'And there thys shyld was made for kynge Evelake in the name of Hym that dyed on the Crosse. And than thorow hys goodly belyeve he had the bettir of kynge Tholome. For whan kynge Evelake was in the batayle there was a clothe
 5 sette afore the shyld, and whan he was in the grettist perell he lett put away the cloth, and than hys enemyes saw a vigoure of a man on the crosse, wherethorow they all were discomfite.

'And so hit befelle that a man of kynge Evelakes was
 10 s[m]ytten hys honde off, and bare that honde in hys other honde. And Joseph called that man unto hym and bade hym with good devocion touche the crosse. And as sone as that man had towched the crosse with hys honde hit was as hole as ever hit was tofore.

15 'Than sone afttir the[re] felle a grete mervayle, that the crosse of the shyld at one tyme vanysshed, that no man wyste where hit becam. And than kynge Evelake was baptyzed, and the moste party of all the people of that cite.

'So sone aftir Joseph wolde departe, and kynge Evelake
 20 wolde nedys go with hym whethir he wolde or nolde. And so by fortune they com into thys londe that at that tyme was called Grete Bretayne, and there they founde a grete felon paynym that put Joseph into preson. And so by fortune that tydynges com unto a worthy man that hyght Mondrames,
 25 and he assembled all hys people for the grete renowne he had herde of Joseph. And so he com into the londe of Grete Bretaygne and disheryted thys fellon paynym, and confounded hym, and therewith delyverde Joseph oute of preson. And after that all the people withturned to the Crystyn
 3° feythe.

1) 'So nat longe afttir Joseph was leyde in hys dedly bedde, and whan kyng Evelake saw that, he had muche sorow, and seyde,

' "For thy love I leffte my contrey, and syth ye shall
 35 departe frome me oute of thys worlde, leve me som toky[n] that I may thynke on you." '

3	CTolleme	7	W vigoure	C* fygur	10	JFsnyttten	11-12	C*badde
	hym goo with	13	W and hit	15	C meeueyll	S merueyll	18	C
	and for the	19	C Ioheph	S Ioseph	23-4	C† fortune tydynges	25	
	C grete renomme	27-8	C† consumed hym	F confondirent	toz	eels dou		
	pais	29	C were torned	35	from me not in C	W tokym		

'Than Joseph seyde, "That woll I do full gladly. Now brynge me youre shyld that I toke you whan ye wente into batayle ayenst kyng Tholome."

'Than Joseph bledde sore at the nose, that he myght nat by no meane be staunched, and there, uppon that shyld, 5 he made a crosse of hys owne bloode and seyd,

' "Now may ye se a remembrance that I love you, for ye shall never se thys shyld but ye shall thynke one me. And hit shall be allwayes as freysh as hit ys now, and never shall no man beare thys shyld aboute hys necke but he shall 10 repente hit, unto the tyme that Galahad, the good knyght, beare hit. And laste of my lynayge have hit aboute hys necke, that shall do many mervaylous dedys."

' "Now," seyde kyng Evelake, "where shall I put thys shyld, that thys worthy knyght may have hit?" 15

' "Sir, ye shall leve hit thereas Nacien the ermyte shall put hit afftir hys dethe, for thydir shall that good knyght com the fiftenth day afftir that he shall reseyyve the Order of Knyghthode."

'And so that day that they sette ys thys tyme that he have 20 hys shyld. And in the same abbay lyeth Nacien the eremyte.'

And the whyght knyght vanyshed.

Anone as the squire had herde thes wordis he alyght of hys hakenay and kneled downe at Galahadys feete, and prayde 357' hym that he myght go 'with hym¹ tyll he had made hym 25 knyght.

'If I wolde (have ony felyshyp I wolde) nat refuse you.'

'Than woll ye make me a knyght?' seyde the squire. 'And that Order, by the grace of God, shall be well besette in me.'

So sir Galahad graunted hym and turned ayen unto the 30 abbay there they cam fro, and there men made grete joy of sir Galahad.

And anone as he was alyght there was a munke brought

3 C Tolleme 5 C therupon 6 and seyde not in C 10 no not in C
 12 C and the laste Cshalhaue(Sleuef) 16 Sir not in C 22 Cvanysshed
 away 25 W myght go tyll (go inserted above the line) C* myghte goo
 with him tyll F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 528* col. 1): qui li octroite a aler avecques lui
 comme escuier ou le face chevallier 27 C Yf I wold not refuse yow F (loc.
 cit.) se je voulsisse avoir compaignie je ne refusasse mie la vostre (see note) 29
 C wel sette 31-P. 882, 3 W (sidenote) Here Galahad conjoure a devil out of a
 tombe 31-2 Cofsyr S os syr

hym unto a tombe in a chircheyarde, 'where ys such a noyse that who hyryth hit veryly shall nyghe be madde other lose his strengthe. And, sir, we deme hit ys a fyende.'

(12) 'Now lede me thydir,' seyde sir Galahad.

5 And so they dud, all armed sauff his helme.

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'go to the tombe and lyffte hit up.'

And so he dud, and herde a grete noyse; and pyteuouslyhe seyde, that all men myght hyre,

10 'Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Crist, com thou nat nyghe me, for thou shalt make me go agayne there where I have bene so longe.'

But sir Galahad was nothyng afeerde, but heve up the stone. And there com oute a fowle smoke, and aftir that he

15 saw the fowlyst vygoure lepe thereoute that ever he saw in the lyknes of a man. And than he blyssed hym and wyst well hit was a fyende. Than herde he a voyce sey,

'Sir Galahad, I se there envyrowne aboute the so many angels that my power may nat deare the!'

20 Ryght so sir Galahad saw a body all armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a swerde.

'Now, fayre brothir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'lette remeve this body. For he ys nat worthy to lye within this chyrcheyarde, for he was a false Crysten man.'

25 And therewithall they departed and wente to the abbay. And anone as he was unarmed a good man cam and set hym downe by hym and seyde,

'Sir, I shall telle you what betokenyth of that ye saw in the tombe. Sir, that that coverde the body, hit betokenyth

30 the duras of the worlde, and the grete synne that oure Lorde founde in the worlde. For there was suche wrecchyddnesse that the fadir loved nat the sonne, nother the sonne loved nat the fadir. And that was one of the causys that oure Lorde toke

357^v fleysh and bloode of a clene maydyn; for oure synnes were

35 so grete at that tyme that well-nyghe all was wyckednesse.'

1-2 C where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold veryly nyghe

3 C syr they sayd we 4, 13 sir not in C 13 C but lyfte vp 14 Cout

so foul a smoke 15 W vygoure C* fygur F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 528^r col.

2): figure laide et hideuse 18 Sir not in C 22 sir not in C C lete vs

remeue 25 C there with they alle departed 28 C betokeneth alle that

29 C Tombe for that couerd body betokeneth

'Truly,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I beleve you ryght well.'

So sir Galahad rested hym there that nyght, and uppon the morne he made the squyre a knyght and asked hym hys name and of what kynred he was com.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'men calle me Melyas de Lyle, and I am 5 the sonne of the kynge of Denmarke.'

'Now, fayre sir,' seyde Galahad, 'sitthyn that ye be com of kynges and quenys, now lokith that knyghthode be well sette in you, for ye ought to be a myrroure unto all chevilyr.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Melyas, 'ye sey soth. But, sir, sytthyn ye 10 have made me a knyght ye must of ryght graunte me my first desyre that ys resonable.'

'Ye say soth,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I graunte hit you.'

'Grauntmercy, myne owne lorde,' seyde he, 'and that ye woll suffir me to ryde with you in thys queste of the Sank- 15 greall tyll that som adventure departe us.'

'I graunte you, sir/

Than men brought sir Melias hys armour and his speare and hys horse. And so sir Galahad and he rode forth all that wyke or ever they founde ony adventure. And than uppon 20 a Munday in the mornynge, as they were departed frome an abbay, they com to a crosse whych departed two wayes, and in that crosse were letters wretyn that seyde thus:

'NOW YE KNYGHTES ARRAUNTE WHICH GOTH TO SEKE
KNYGHTES ADVENTURYS, SE HERE TWO WAYES: THAT ONE **WAY** 25
DEFENDITH THE THAT THOU NE GO THAT ^{fw}AY, FOR HE SHALL
NAT GO OUTE OF THE WAY AGAYNE BUT IF HE BE A GOOD MAN
AND A WORTHY KNYGHT. A N D IF THOU GO ON THE LYFFTE
HONDE THOU SHALL NAT THERE LYGHTLY WYNNE PROUESSE,
FOR THOU SHALT IN THYS WAY BE SONE ASSAYDE.' 3°

'Sir,' seyde Melyas unto sir Galahad, 'if hit lyke you to suffir me to take the way on the lyffte honde 'lette me¹, for I shall well preve my strength.'

'Hit were bettir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye rode nat that way, for I deme I sholde bettir ascape in that way, better 35 than ye/

1 sir *not in C* 5 C sayd he 13-14 C† galahad melyas said thfine that ye
20 ever *not in C* 26 W ne go that day C* ne go pⁱ way F (MS.
B.N.fr. 120 f. 528^v col. 2): que tu n'y entres 31 C to Galahad 32 C hand
telle me F: laissies moy (*see note*) 35-6 C way than ye

'Nay, my lorde, I pray you lette me have that adventure.'
 'Take hit in Goddys name,' seyde sir Galahad,

NOW TURNYTH THE TALE UNTO SYR MELYAS DE LYLE.

- (13)358^r And than rode sir Melyas into an olde foreyste, and therin
 5 he rode two dayes and more. And than he cam into a fayre
 meadow, and there was a fayre lodge of bowys. And than he
 aspyed in that lodge a chayre wherein was a crowne of golde,
 ryche and subtyly wrought. Also there was clothys coverde
 uppon the erthe, and many delycious metis sette thereon,
 10 So sir Melyas behylde thys adventure and thought hit
 mervaylous, but he had no hungir. But of the crowne of
 golde he toke much kepe, and therewith he stowped downe
 and toke hit up, and rode hys way with hit. And anone he
 saw a knyght com rydyng aftir hym and seyde,
 15 'Sett downe that crowne whych ys nat youres, and there-
 fore defende youf

Than sir Melyas blyssed hym and seyde, 'Fayre Lorde of
 Hevyn, helpe and save thy new-made knyght!'

- And than they lette their horses renne as faste as they
 20 myght, and so they smote togydirs. But the othir knyght
 smote sir Melyas thorow hawbirke and thorow the lyff[t]
 syde, that he felle to the erth nyghe dede, and than he toke
 hys crowne and yode hys way. And sir Melyas lay styll
 and had no power to styrre hym.

- 25 So in the meanewhyle by fortune com sir Galahad and
 founde hym there in perell of dethe. And than he seyde,

'Sir Melyas, who hath wounded you? Therefore hit had
 bene better to have ryddyn the other way.'

- And whan sir Melyas herde hym speke, 'Sir,' he seyde,
 30 'for Goddys love, lat me nat dye in thys foreyst, but brynge
 me to the abbey here besyde, that I may be confessed and
 have my ryghtes.'

'Hit shall be done,' seyde sir Galahad. 'But where ys he
 that hath wounded you?'

3 Now turnyth the tale unto syr Melyas de Lyle *not in C* 4 W (*sidenote*) How
 sir Melyas toke the crowne of golde 4, 33 sir *not in C* 8 ryche and *not*
in C† C there were 14 C hym that sayd 15 C knyghte sette 16 C
 defendeth 20 C myzt so that the other knyzt 23 C the crowne and went
 his way 24 hym *not in C* 25 W by fortune by fortune 27 CA melyas
 30-1 Cbut bere me

So with that sir Galahad herde on amonge the levys cry
on hyght,

'Knyght, kepe the from me!'

'A, sir!' seyde sir Melyas, 'beware, for that y[s] he that
hath slayne me.' 5

Sir Galahad answerde and seyde, 'Sir knyght, com on your
perell!'

Than aythir dressed to other and com as fast as they myght
dryve. And sir Galahad smote hym so that hys speare wente
thorow his shuldir, and smote hym downe of hys horse, and 10
in the fallyng sir Galahaddis speare brake. So with that com
oute another knyght oute of the grene levys and brake a 358^v
spere uppon sir Galahad or ever he myght turne hym. Than
sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and smote the lyffte arme
off, that hit felle to the erthe; and than he fledde and sir 15
Galahad sewed faste aftir hym.

And than he turned agayne unto sir Melyas, and there he
alyght and dressed hym softly on hys horse tofore hym, for
the truncheon of hys speare was in hys body. And sir Gala-
had sterte up behynde hym and hylde hym in hys armys, and 20
so brought hym to the abbay, and there unarmed hym and
brought hym to hys chambir. And than he asked hys Saveoure,
and whan he had reseyved Hym he seyde unto sir Galahad,

'Syr, latte dethe com whan hit pleasith Hym.'

And therewith he drew the truncheon of the speare oute 25
of hys body, and than he sowned. Than com there an olde
monke whych somtyme had bene a knyght, and behylde sir
Melyas. And anone he ransaked hym, and than he seyde
unto sir Galahad,

'I shall heale hym of hys play, by the grace of God, within 30
the terme of seven wykes.'

Than was sir Galahad glad and unarmed hym and seyde
he wolde abyde there styllle all that nyght.

Thus dwelled he there three dayes, and than he asked

1 C herd in the 4 C said Melyas JTyehe 6 and seyde not in C 8-9 C
came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne 9, 13, 14 sir not in C 12 S
knyghte of grene not in C† 14-15 C* smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that
25 C drewe oute the 26 W Than than com 30 C of this woude by (see note)
33-4 C† abyde there thre dayes And thenne he asked F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f.
529^r col. 1): et dist qu'il demourra laiens tout le jour et Tandemain tant qu'il verra
se Melian pourra garir. Ainsi demoura Galaad laiens trois jours
917.16 II Ff

sir Melyas how hit stood with hym. Than he seyde he was turned into helpynge, God be thanked.

- (14) 'Now woll I departe,' sir Galahad seyde, 'for I have much on honde, for many good knyghtes be fulle bysy aboute hit.
5 And thys knyght and I were in the same quest of the Sankgreal.'

'Sir,' seyde a good man, 'for hys synne he was thus wounded. And I mervayle,' seyde the good man, 'how ye durste take uppon you so rych a thyng as the hyghe Order
10 of Knyghthode ys withoute clene confession. That was the cause that ye were bittirly wounded, for the way on the ryght hande betokenyd the hygheway of oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and the way of a good trew lyver. And the othir way betokenyth the way of synnars and of myssebelevs. And
15 whan the devyll saw your pryde and youre persumpcion for to take you to the queste of the Sankgreal, and that made you
359^r to be overthrowyn, for hit may nat be encheved but by vertuous lyvyng.

'Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a significac[y]on of
20 hevynly dedys, and of knyghtly dedys in Goddys workys, and no knyghtes dedys in worldly workis; and pryde ys hede of every synne: that caused thys knyght to departe frome sir Galahad. And where thou toke the crowne of golde thou ded syn in covetyse and in theffte. All this was no
25 knyghtly dedys. And so, sir Galahad, the holy knyght which fought with the two knyghtes, [the two knyghtes] signyfyeth the two dedly synnes whych were holy in thys knyght, sir Melias; and they myght nat withstonde you, for ye ar withoute dedly synne/

- 30 So now departed sir Galahad frome thens and betaughte hem all unto God.

Than sir Melias seyde, 'My lord, syr Galahad, as sone as
1 may ryde I shall seke you.'

'God sende you helthe!' seyde sir Galahad.

- 35 And so he toke hys horse and departed and rode many

2 C vnto	3 C departe sayd Galahad for	10 ys <i>not in C</i>	13 C good true
good lyuer	15 C and presumpcyon	16 C yow in the	22 C of alle
dedely synnes	23 C thow tokest	24 C thow synnest in couetyse	C
were no	25 C† And this Galahad	26 C* knyghtes the two knyghtes	
sygnefyen	27, 30, 34 sir <i>not in C</i>	32 C lord Galahad	35 he <i>not in C</i>

journeyes forewarde and bakwarde, and departed frome a place that hyght Abblasowre and had harde no masse. Than sir Galahad com to a mountayne where he founde a chapell passyng olde, and founde therein nobody, for all was desolate. And there he kneled before the awter and besought 5 God of good counceyle, and so as he prayde he harde a voyce that seyde,

'Go thou now, thou adventurous knyght, to the Castell of Madyns, and there do thou away the wycked customesP

Whan sir Galahad harde thys he thanked God and toke 10 hys horse, and he had nat ryddyn but a whyle but he saw in a valey before hym a stronge castell with depe dychys, and there ran besyde hyt a fayre ryver that hyght Sevarne. And there he mette with a man of grete ayge, and ayther salewed other, and sir Galahad asked hym the castels name. 15

'Fayre sir,' seyde he, 'hit ys the Castell of Maydyns. That ys a cursed castell and all they that be conversaunte therein, for all pite ys oute thereoff, and all hardynes and myschyff ys therein. Therefore I counceyle you, sir knyght, to turne 20 agayne/

'Sir,' sir Galahad seyde, 'wete you welle that I shall nat turne agayne.'

Than loked sir Galahad on hys armys that nothyng fayled hym, and than he putte hys shyld before hym. And anone there mette hym seven fayre maydyns the whych seyde unto 25 hym,

'Sir knyght, ye ryde here in grete foly, for ye have the watir to passe over.'

'Why shold I nat passe the watir?' seyde sir Galahad.

So rode he away frome hem and mette with a squyre that 30 seyde,

'Knyght, thoo knyghtes in the castell defyeth you and defendithyou ye go no farther tyll that they wete what ye wolde.'

1-3 C backward as aduenture wold lede hym And at the laste hit happened hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was named Abblasoure and he hadde herd no masse the whiche he was wonte euer to here or euer he departed oute of ony Castel or place and kepte that for a customme Thenne syr (see note) 3 C came vnto 3-4 C an old chappel and fond there no body 6 C of holsome counceill 9 C† thy wycked n Cbuthalfamylehe 13 CSyuarne 15, 29 sir not in C 17 C† cursyd Castel said Galahad and In F as in W the speaker is 'un home degrant aage' 21 C Sir said Galahad 32 Cdefyen 32-3 Cdefenden

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I com for to destroy the wycked custom of thys castell.'

'Sir, and ye woll abyde by that ye shall have inowghe to do.'

'Go ye now,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and hast my nedys.'

5 Than the squyre entird into the castell, and anone aftir there com oute of the castell seven knyghtes, and all were brethirne. And whan they saw sir Galahad they cryed,

'Knyght, kepe the ! For we assure you nothyng but dethe.'

'Why,' seyd Galahad, 'woll ye all have ado with me at 10 onys?'

'Yee,' seyde they, 'thereto mayste thou truste!'

Than Galahad put forth hys speare and smote the formyst to the erthe, that nerehonde he brake hys necke. And therewithall the other six smote hym on hys shyldre grete strokes,

15 that their sperys brake. Than sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and sette uppon hem so harde that hit was mervayle, and so thorow grete force he made hem for to forsake the fylde. And sir Galahad chased hem tylle they entird into the castell and so passed thorow the castell at another gate.

20 And anone there mette (sir Galahalte) an olde man clothyd in relygyous clothynge and seyde,

'Sir, have here the kayes of thys castell.'

Than sir Galahad openyd the gatis and saw so muche people in the stretys that he myght nat numbir hem. And

25 all they seyde,

'Sir, ye be wellcom, for longe have we abydyn here oure delyveraunce!'

Then com to hym a jantillwoman and seyde, 'Sir, thes knyghtes be fledde, but they woll com agayne thys nyght,

30 and here to begyn agayne their evyll custom.'

'What woll ye that I do ?' seyde sir Galahad.

'Sir,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'that ye sende aftir all the knyghtes hydir that holde their londys of thys castell, and 360' make hem all to swere for to use the customs that were used 35 here of olde tyme.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Galahad.

1 Csaide Galahad 4 C† go yow now said Galahad 8 Cassure the 13 C
nere he 14 six not in C 15 C so that 16-17 C merueylle to see hit and
17 for not in C 18, 31, 36 sir not in C 20 C syr Galahad 25 they not in C
28 Sir not in C 31 CI shalle do 34 all not in C 35 C here to fore of

And there she brought hym an home of ivery boundyn
with golde rychely, and seyde,

'Sir, blow thys home whiche woll be harde two myles
aboute.'

Whan sir Galahad had blowyn the home he sette hym 5
downe uppon a bedde. Than com a pryste to Galahad and
seyde,

'Sir, hit ys past a seven yere agone that thes seven brethirne
com into thys castell and herberowde with the lorde of the
castell that hyght the dyuke Lyanowre, and he was lorde 10
of all this contrey. And whan they had aspyed the dyukes
doughter that was a full fayre woman, than by there false
covyn they made a bate betwyxte hemselff. And the deuke
of hys goodnes wolde have departed them, and there they
slew hym and hys eldyst sonne. And than they toke the 15
maydyn and the tresoure of the castell, and so by grete force
they helde all the knyghtes of the contrey undir grete ser-
vage and trefwayge. So on a day the deukes doughter seyde
to them,

* "Ye have done grete wronge to sle my fadir and my 20
brothir and thus to holde oure londys. Natforthan," she
seyde, "ye shall nat holde thys castell many yerys, for by one
knyght ye shall all be overcom." Thus she prophecied seven
yerys agone.

"Well," seyde the seven knyghtes, "syttyn ye sey so, 25
there shall never lady nother knyght passe thys castell but
they shall abyde magre their hedys other dye therefore tyll
that knyght be com by whom we shall lose thys castell."

'And therefore hit ys called the Maydyns Castell, for they
have devoured many maydyns.* 30

'Now,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ys she here for whom thys
castell was loste?'

'Nay, sir/ seyde the pryste, 'she was dede within three

3-4 C two myle aboute this Castel 9-10 C of this castell 11 C all S alle
had not in C 13 C made debate 17-18 C knyghtes of this Castel ageynste
theire wylle vnder theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage and truage robbynge
and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of all that they had Soo hit happened on
a day F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 530^r col. 2); et commencierent la guerre vers ceulz
de cest pais et tant firent qu'il le mirent au dessoubz et receurent leurs fiefs d'eulz
19 to them not in C 20 C done vnto me greete Cmyn owne fader 23 all
not in C 31 sir not in C 33 C within these thre

nyghtes aftir that she was thus forsed, and sytthen have they kepte their yonger syster whych enduryth grete payne with mo other ladyes.'

By thys were the knyghtes of the contrey com, and than
 5 he made hem to do omage and feawtd to the dukes doughter
 and sette them in grete ease of harte. And in the morne
 360^v there com [one] and tolde sir Galahad how that sir Gawayne,
 sir Gareth and sir Uwayne had slayne the seven brethirne.

'I supposse well,' seyde sir Galahad, and toke hys armoure
 10 and hys horse, and commaunded hem unto God.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR GALAHAD AND SPEKITH OF SIR
 GAWAYNE.

(16) Now seyth the tale, aftir sir Gawayne departed he rode
 many journeys both towarde and frowarde, and at the laste
 15 [he] com to the abbey where sir Galahad had the whyght
 shyld. And there sir Gawayne lerned the way to sewe aftir
 sir Galahad, and so he rode to the abbey where Melyas lay
 syke. And there sir Melyas tolde sir Gawayne of the
 mervaylous adventures that sir Galahad dud.

20 'Certes,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I am nat happy that I toke
 nat the way that he wente. For and I may mete with hym
 I woll nat departe from hym lyghtly, for all mervaylous
 adventures sir Galahad enchevith.'

'Sir,' seyde one of the munkes, 'he woll nat of youre
 25 felyship.'

'Why so ?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Sir,' seyd he, 'for ye be wycked and synfull, and he ys full
 blyssed.'

So ryght as they thus talked there com in rydyng sir
 30 Gareth, and than they made grete joy aythir of other. And
 on the morne they harde masse and so departed, and by the
 way they mett with sir Uwayne le Avowtres. And the[re] sir
 Uwayne tolde sir Gawayne that he had mette with none
 adventures syth he departed frome the courte.

1 C thus enforced 2 C paynes 5 C the kyngesf douzter 7-8 C came
 one* (F: ung varlet) to Galahad and told hym how that Gawayn gareth and Vwayne
 11-12 not in C 15 W they com 26 so not in C 29 C thus stode
 talkynge there 30 grete not in C 32 Cles auoutres 33 C Gawayne
 how he

'Nother yet we,' seyde sir Gawayne.

And so ayther promysed othir of tho three knyghtes nat to departe whyle they were in that queste but if suddayne fortune caused hyt. So they departed and rode by fortune tyll that they cam by the Castell of Maydyns. And there the 5 seven brethirn aspyed the three knyghtes and seyde,

'Sytthyn we be flemyd by one knyght from thys castell, we shall destroy all the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we may overcom, for the love of sir Galahad.'

And therewith the seven knyghtes sette uppon hem three 10 knyghtes. And by fortune sir Gawayne slew one [of] the brethren, and ech one of hys felowys overthrew anothir, and 361^r so 'View all the remenaunte.

And than they toke the wey undir the castell, and there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode. And there everych 15 of hem departed from other.

And sir Gawayne rode tyll he com to an ermytayge, and there he founde the good man seyynge hys evynsonge of oure Lady. And there sir [Gawayne] asked herberow for charity, and the good man graunted hym gladly. Than the 20 good man asked hym what he was.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am a knyght of kyng Arthures that am in the queste of the Sankgreall, and my name ys sir Gawayne.'

'Sir,* seyde the good man, 'I wolde wete how hit stondith 25 betwyxte God and you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I wyll with a good wyll shew you my lyff if hit please you.'

There he tolde the eremyte how a monke of an abbay 30 'called me wycked knyght'.

'He myght well sey hit,' seyde the eremyte, 'for whan ye were made first knyght ye sholde have takyn you to knyghtly dedys and vertuous lyvyng. And ye have done the contrary, for ye have lyved myschevously many wyntirs. And sir Galahad ys a mayde and synned never, and that ys the cause 35 he shall enchyve where he goth that ye nor none suche shall never attayne, nother none in youre felyship, for ye have

1 C Nor we 3 suddayne *not in C* 12 C felawes slewe another 13 W flew all the C* slewe the *F et cil qui mout estoient preudome et bon chevalier les meinent si mal qu'il les ocient en poi d'ore* 20 C graunted hit hym 32 C fyrste made

used the moste untrewyst lyff that ever I herd knyght lyve. For sertes, had ye nat bene so wycked as ye ar, never had the seven brethirne be slayne by you and youre two felowys: for sir Galahad hymself alone bete hem all seven the day 5 toforne, but hys lyvyng ys such that he shall sle no man lyghtly.

'Also I may sey you that the Castell of Maydyns betokenyth the good soulys that were in preson before the Incarnacion of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. And the seven knyghtes be- 10 tokenyth the seven dedly synnes that regned that tyme in the worlde. And I may lyckyn the good knyght Galahad unto the Sonne of the Hyghe Fadir that lyght within a maydyn and bought all the soules oute of thralle: so ded sir Galahad 361^v delyver all the maydyns oute of the woofull castell. Now, 15 sir Gawayne,' seyde the good man, 'thou muste do penaunce for thy synne.'

'Sir, what penaunce shall I do?'

'Such as I woll gyff the,' seyde the good man.

'Nay,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I may do no penaunce, for we 20 knyghtes adventures many tymes suffir grete woo and payne.'

'Well/ seyde the good man, and than he hylde hys pece.

And on the morne than sir Gawayne departed frome the ermyte and bytaught hym unto God. And by adventure he mette wyth sir Agglovale and sir Gryfflet, two knyghtes of 25 the Rounde Table, and so they three rode four dayes withoute fyndynge of ony adventure. And at the fifth day they departed and everych hylde as felle them by adventure.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SYR GAWAYNE AND HYS FELOWYS
AND SPEKITH OF SIR GALAHAD.

7) 30 So whan sir Galahad was departed frome the Castell of Maydyns he rode tyll he com to a waste forest, and there he mette with sir Launcelot and sir Percivale. But they knew hym nat, for he was new dysgysed. Ryght so hys fadir, sir Launcelot, dressed hys speare and brake hit uppon sir 35 Galahad, and sir Galahad smote hym so agayne that he bare downe horse and man. And than he drew his swerde and

5 that *not in C* 7, 9-10 *C betokenen* 9 oure Lorde *not in C†* 11 *knyght*
not in C 18 *the not in C* 20 *C ofte suffren* 25 *C† they two* 33-4
syr launcelot his fader 35 *C and Galahad* *C that he smote†*

dressed hym unto sir Percyvall and smote hym so on the helme that hit rooff to the coyff of Steele, and had nat the swerde swarved sir Percyvale had be slayne. And with the stroke he felle oute of hys sadyll.

So thys justis was done tofore the ermytayge where a re- 5
cluse dwelled. And whan she saw sir Galahad ryde she seyde,

'God be with the, beste knyght of the worlde! A, sertes,'
seyde she all alowde, that sir Launc[elot] and Percyvall myght
hyre, 'and yondir two knyghtes had knowyn the as well as
I do, they wolde nat have encountird with the.' 10

Whan sir Galahad herde hir sey so he was adrad to be
knowyn, and therewith he smote hys horse with his sporys
and rode a grete pace toward them. Than perceyved they 362'
bothe that he was sir Galahad, and up they gate on their
horsys and rode faste aftir hym. But within a whyle he was 15
oute of hir syght, and than they turned agayne wyth hevvy
chere and seyde,

'Lat us spyrrre som tydynges,' seyde Percyvale, 'at yondir
rekles.'

'Do as ye lyst/ seyde sir Launcelot. 20

So whan sir Percyvale com to the recluse she knew hym
well ynoughe and sir Launcelot both.

But syr Launcelot rode overthwarte and endelonge a
wylde foreyst and hylde no pathe but as wylde adventure
lad hym. And at the last he com to a stony crosse whych 25
departed two wayes in waste londe, and by the crosse was a
stone that was a marble, but hit was so durke that sir
Launcelot myght nat wete what hyt was. Than sir Launcelot
loked bysyde hym and saw an olde chapell, and there he wente
to have founde people. 30

And anone sir Launcelot fastenyd hys horse tylle a tre, and
there he dud of hys shylde and hynge hyt uppon a tre,
and than he wente to the chapell dore and founde hit waste
and brokyn.. And within he founde a fayre awter full rychely
arayde with clothe of clene sylke, and there stode a clene 35
fayre candyllstykke whych bare six grete candyls therein,

8,14 sir *not in C* 9 Chere it And 11 C *thenne* syr Galahad 15 C *but in a*
17 and seyde *not in C* 23 C *in a* 27 C *was of marbel* 29 C *loked*
by hym Cwende 31 C *launcelot teyed his* 33 he *not in S* 35-6
C *fayre clene* 36 *therein not in C*

and the candilstyke was of sylver; and whan sir Launcelot saw thys lyght he had grete wyll for to entir into the chapell, but he coude fynde no place where he myght entir. Than was he passyng hevye and dysmayed, and returned ayen and
 5 cam to hys horse, and dud of hys sadyll and brydyll and leete hym pasture hym, and unlaced hys helme and ungerde hys swerde and layde hym downe to slepe uppon hys shyld tofore the crosse.

(18) And so he felle on slepe; and half wakyng and half slepyng
 ro he saw comyng by hym two palfreyes, all fayre and whyght, whych bare a lytter, and therein lyng a syke knyght. And
 362^v whan he was nyghe the crosse he there abode styll. All thys sir Launcelot sye and behylde hit, for he slepte nat veryly, and he herde hym sey,

15 'A, sweete Lorde! Whan shall thys sorow leve me, and whan shall the holy vessell com by me wherethorow I shall be heled? For I have endured thus longe for litill trespasse, a full grete whyle!'

Thus complayned the knyght and allways sir Launcelot
 20 harde hit. So with that sir Launcelot sye the candyllstyke with the [six] tapirs cam before the crosse, and he saw nobody that brought hit. Also there cam a table of sylver and the holy vessell of the Sankgreall which sir Launcelot had sene toforetyme in kyng Pe'scheo's house. And
 25 therewith the syke knyght sette hym up, and hylde up both hys hondys, and seyde,

'Fayre swete Lorde whych ys here within the holy vessell, take hede unto me, that I may be hole of thys malody I

And therewith on hys hondys and kneys he wente so
 30 nyghe that he towched the holy vessell and kyst hit, and anone he was hole. And than he seyde,

'Lorde God, I thanke The, for I am helyd of thys syknes!'

So whan the holy vessell had bene there a grete whyle hit went unto the chapell with the chaundeler and the lyght,
 35 so that sir Launcelot wyst nat where hit was becom; for he was overtakyn with synne, that he had no power to ryse agayne

6 C pasture &	9 C wakyng and slepyng	10 C come by	13 W sir
hit not in C	15 CO swete	17 C belessid	18-19 C whyle complayned the knyght thus and
23, 35 sir not in C	24 W Petchers	C* syxe tapers	F sis cieres
and on his knees	36 C synne S synen	C* Pescheours	F Pescheor
			29 C

the holy vessell. Wherefore aftir that many men seyde hym shame, but he toke repentaunce aftir that.

Than the syke knyght dressed hym up and kyssed the crosse. Anone hys squyre brought hym hys armys and aske[d] hys lorde how he ded. 5

'Sertes,' seyde he, 'I thanke God, ryght well! Thorow the holy vessell I am heled. But I have mervayle of thys slepyng knyght that he had no power to awake whan thys holy vessell was brought hydir.'

'I dare well sey,' seyde the squyre, 'that he dwellith in som 10 dedly synne whereof he was never confessed.'

'Be my fayth,' seyde the knyght, 'whatsomever he be, he ys unhappy. For as I deme he ys of the felyship of the Rounde Table whych ys entird in the queste of the Sankgreall.*

'Sir,' seyde the squyre, 'here I have brought you all youre 15 armys save youre helme and youre swerde, and therefore, be 363^r myne assente, now may ye take thys knyghtes helme and his swerde.'

And so he dud. And whan he was clene armed he toke there sir Launcelottis horse, for he was bettir than hys, and 20 so departed they frome the crosse.

Than anone sir Launcelot waked and sett hym up and (19) bethought hym what he had sene there and whether hit were dremys or nat. Ryght so harde he a voyse that seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, more harder than ys the stone, and more 25 bitter than ys the woode, and more naked and barer than ys the lyeff of the fygge-tre! Therefore go thou from hens, and withdraw the from thys holy places!*

And whan sir Launcelot herde thys he was passyng hevvy and wyst nat what to do. And so departed sore wepyng and 30 cursed the tyme that he was bor[n]e, for than he demed never to have worship more. For tho wordis wente to hys herte, tylle that he knew wherefore he was called so.

Than sir Launcelot wente to the crosse and founde hys helme, hys swerde, and hys Hiorseⁿ¹ away. And than he 35 called hymselff a verry wrecch and moste unhappy of all knyghtes, and there he seyde,

8 he *not in C* 10 C dare ryzt wel 28 C place 31 C was borne
32 C haug hadde worship 35 W hys crosse away (*contamination*) C* his hors
taken away F : si ne troeve ne son hiaume ne s'espee ne son cheval

'My synne and my wyckednes hath brought me unto grete dishonoure! For whan I sought worldly adventures for worldely desyres I ever encheved them and had the bettir in every place, and never was I discomfite in no quarell, were 5 hit ryght were hit wronge. And now I take uppon me the adventures to seke of holy thynges, now I se and undirstonde that myne olde synne hyndryth me and shamyth me, that I had no power to stirre nother speke whan the holy bloode appered before me.'

10 So thus he sorowed tyll hit was day, and harde the fowlys syng; than somewhat he was comforted. But whan sir Launcelot myssed his horse and hys harneyse than he wyst well God was displeased with hym. And so he departed frome the crosse on foote into a fayre foreyste, and so by pryme he 15 cam to an hyghe hylle and founde an ermytage and an ermyte therein whych was goyng unto masse.

363^v And than sir Launcelot kneled downe and cryed on oure Lorde mercy for hys wycked workys. So whan masse was done sir Launcelot called hym, and prayde hym for seynte 20 charite for to hyre hys lyff.

'With a good wylle,' seyde the good man, and asked hym whethir he was of kyng Arthurs and of the felyship of the Table Rounde.

'Ye, forsoth, sir, and my name ys sir Launcelot du Lake, 25 that hath bene ryght well seyde off. And now my good fortune ys chonged, for I am the moste wrecch of the worlde.'

The ermyte behylde hym and had mervayle whye he was so abaysshed.

'Sir/ seyde the ermyte, 'ye ought to thanke God more 30 than any knyght lyvyng, for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knyght that ys now lyvyng. And for youre presumpcion to take uppon you in dedely synne for to be in Hys presence, where Hys fleyssh and Hys blood was, which caused you ye myght nat se hyt with youre 35 worldely yen, for He woll nat appere where such synners bene but if hit be unto their grete hurte other unto their

1 C haue brought 5 C ryght or wronge 6 to seke *not in* C† 7 C olde S old 14 fayre *not in* C 17, 19 sir *not in* C 19 seynte *not in* C† 21-3 C man Sir sayd he be ye of Kyng Arthurs Courte and of the felaschup of the round table 24 C forsothe and my 31 C that now lyueth 36-p. 897, 1 C hurte & vnto her grete shame

shame. And there is no knyght now lyvyng that ought to yelde God so grete thanke os ye, for He hath yevyn you beaute, bownte, semelynes, and grete strengthe over all other knyghtes. And therefore ye ar the more beholdyn unto God than ony other man to love Hym and drede Hym, 5 for youre strengthe and your manhode woll litill awayle you and God be agaynste you.'

Than sir Launcelot wepte with hevvy harte and seyde, (20)

'Now I know well ye sey me sothe.'

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'hy de none olde synne frome me.' 10

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that were me full lothe to discover, for thys fourtene yere I never discoverde one thyng that I have used, and that may I now wyghte my shame and my disadvantages.'

And than he tolde there the good man all hys lyff, and how 15 he had loved a quene unmesurably and oute of mesure longe.

'And all my grete dedis of armys that I have done for the moste party was for the quenys sake, and for hir sake wolde I do batayle were hit ryght other wronge. And never dud I batayle all only [for] Goddis sake, but for to wynne worship 20 and to cause me the bettir to be beloved, and litill or nought 364' I thanked never God of hit.' Than sir Launcelot seyde, 'Sir, I pray you counceyle me.'

'Sir, I woll counceyle you,' seyde the ermyte, '[yf] ye shall ensure me by youre knyghthode ye shall no more com in 25 that quenys felyship as much as ye may forbere.'

And than sir Launcelot promysed hym that he nolde, by the faythe of hys body.

'Sir, loke that your harte and youre mowth accorde/ seyde the good man, 'and I shall ensure you ye shall have the more 30 worship than ever ye had.'

'Holy fadir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I mervayle of the voyce that seyde to me mervayles wordes, as ye have herde toforehonde.'

'Have ye no mervayle,' seyde the good man, 'thereoff, for 35 hit semyth well God lovith you. For men may undirstonde

1 C lyuyng now	1-2 C ought to kenne god	3 bownte not in C
C strengthe aboue all	4 C beholdyng	6 C and manhode
S wept	13 Cwyte my	14 Cdisauntur
17-18 Cdone I dyd for the	21 C me to be the better biloued	22, 24, 29 Sir not in C
24 C yf* ye wille	25 C me that ye will neuer come	30 C haue more

a stone ys harde of kynde, and namely one more than another, and that ys to undirstonde by the, sir Launcelot, for thou wolt nat leve thy synne for no goodnes that God hath sente the. Therefore thou arte more harder than ony stone, and
 5 woldyst never be made neyssh nother by watir nother by fyre, and that ys the hete of the Holy Goste may nat entir in the.

'Now take hede, in all the worlde men shall nat fynde one knyght to whom oure Lorde hath yevyn so much of grace
 10 as He hath lente the, for He hathe yeffyn the fayrenes with semelynes; also He hath yevyn the wytte and discession to know good frome ille. He hath also yevyn prouesse and hardnesse, and gevyn the to worke so largely that thou hast had the bettir all thy dayes of thy lyff wheresomever thou
 15 cam. And now oure Lorde wolde suffir the no lenger but that thou shalt know Hym whether tho[u] wolt other nylt. And why the voyce called the bitterer than the woode, for wheresomever much synne dwellith there may be but lytyll swettnesse; wherefore thou art lykened to an olde rottyn
 20 tre.

'Now have I shewed the why thou art harder than the stone and bitterer than the tre; now shall I shew the why thou art more naked and barer than the fygge-tre. Hit befelle that oure Lorde on Palme Sondag preched in Jerusa-
 25 lem, and there He founde in the people that all hardnes was
 364^v herberowd in them, and there He founde in all the towne nat one that wolde herberow Hym. And than He wente oute of the towne and founde in myddis the way a fygge-tre which was ryght fayreand well garnysshed of levys, but fruyte had
 30 hit none. Than oure Lorde cursed the tre that bare no fruyte; that betokenyth the fyg-tre unto Jerusalem that had levys and no fruyte. So thou, sir Launcelot, whan the Holy Grayle was brought before the, He founde in the no fruyte, nother good thought nother good wylle, and defouled with
 35 lechory.'

'Series,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'all that ye have seyde ys

4 harder <i>not in</i>	C†	4-5 C and neuer woldest thou be	10 C as he hath
yeuen yow for he hath yeuen yow fayrenes	11 and <i>not in</i>	C†	12 C from
euyll he hath yeuen the prowesse	14 C had at al dayes the better where someuer		
15 C wille suffre	17-18 C bytterf than wood for where ouer moche	27-8	
C withoute the Towne	28 C myddes of the	30 C bare	S bere

trew, and frome hensforewarde I caste me, by the grace of God, never to be so wycked as I have bene but as to sew knyghthode and to do fetys of armys.'

Than thys good man joyned sir Launcelot suche penaunce as he myght do and to sew knyghthode, and so assoyled hym, 5 and prayde hym to abyde with hym all that day.

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I have nother helme, horse, ne swerde.'

'As for that,' seyde the good man, 'I shall helpe you or to-morne at evyn of an horse and all that longith unto you.' 10

And than sir Launcelot repented hym gretly of hys mysse-dedys.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND BEGYNNYTH OF SIR PERCYVALE DE GALIS.

2-3 C to folowe knyghthode 6 C praid syre launcelot to 7-8 C helme
ne hors 11-12 of hys myssededys *not in C†* 13-14 C HERE LEUETH THE
HISTORY OF SYR LAUNCELOT AND HERE FOLOWETH OF SYR PERCYUAL DE GALYS
WHICHES THE XIII BOOK

III
SIR PERCEVAL

*(Winchester MS., ff. 364^v-371^v;
Caxton, Book XIV)*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How syr Percyvale came to a recluse and asked hyr counceyl, and how she tolde hym that she was hys aunte.
2. How Merlyn lykened the Rounde Table to the world, and how the knyghtes that shold achyve the Sangreal shold be knowen.
3. How syr Percyvale came into a monasterye where he fonde kyng Evelakef whyche was an olde man.
4. How syr Percyvale sawe many men of armes beryng a dede knyght and how he faught* ageynst them.
5. How a yeman desyred hym to gete ageyn an hors, and how syr Percyvalles hakenay was slayn, and how he gate an hors.
6. Of the grete daunger that syr Percyval was in by hys hors, and how he sawe a serpent and a lyon fyght.
7. Of the advysyon that syr Percyval sawe, and how hys advysyon was expowned, and of hys lyon.
8. How syr Percyvale sawe a shyppe comyng to hym warde, and how the lady of the shyppe tolde hym of hir disherytaunce.
9. How syr Percyval promysed hir helpe, and how he requyred hir of love, and how he was saved fro the fende.
10. How syr Percyval for penaunce roof hymself thorough the thyghe, and how she was knowen for the devyl.

† CEnelake

* C†auggt

NOW seyth the tale that whan sir Launcelot was ryddyn (1)
aftir sir Galahad, the whych had all thes adventures
aboven seyde, sir Percivale turned agayne unto the recluse
where he demed to have tydynges of that knyght that sir
Launcelot folowed. 5

And so he kneled at hir wyndow, and the recluse opened
hit and asked sir Percivale what he wolde.

'Madam,' he seyde, 'I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs
courte and my name ys sir Percivale de Galis.'

Whan the recluse herde his name she had grete joy of 10
hym, for mykyll she loved hym toforen passyng ony other
knyght; she ought so to do, for she was hys awnte. And
than she commaunded the gatis to be opyn, and there he had
grete chere, as grete as she myght make hym or ly in hir power.

So on the morne sir Percyvale wente to the recluse and 15
asked her if she knew that knyght with the whyght shyld. 365'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'why woll ye wete?'

'Truly, madam,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I shall never be well
at ease tyll that I know of that knyghtes felyship and that I
may fyght with hym, for I may nat leve hym so lightly, for 20
I have the shame as yette.'

'A, sir Percyvale!' seyde she, 'wolde ye fyght with hym?
I se well ye have grete wyll to be slayne, as youre fadir was
thorow outerageousnes slayne.'

'Madam, hit semyth by your wordis that ye know me.' 25

'Yee,' seyde she, 'I well oughte to know you, for I am youre
awnte, allthoughe I be in a poore place. For som men called
me somtyme the Quene of the West Landis, and I was called
the quene of moste rychesse in the worlde. And hit pleased
me never so much my rychesse as doth my poverte.' 30

Than Percyvale wepte for verry pite whan he knew hit
was hys awnte.

'A, fayre newew,' seyde she, 'whan herde you tydynges of
youre modir?'

II passyng not in C† 12 C knyzt for she 13 C commannded S commaunded
13-146' had alle the chere that she 14 C hym and all that was in her power was at
his commaundement 17 C wold ye 21 asnotinC 4,22 sir not in C
24 slayne not inC 25 C Madame sayd syr Percyual hit 27 C† in a pryory
place F (MS. B.N.fr. 120f,533^v col. 2): en povre habit 31 whan that

'Truly,' seyde he, 'I herde none of hir, but I dreme of hir muche in my slepe, and therefore I wote nat whethir she be dede other alyve.'

'Sertes, fayre newew, youre modir ys dede, for aftir youre S departynge frome her she toke such a sorow that anone as she was confessed she dyed.'

'Now God have mercy on hir soule!' seyde sir Percy vale. 'Hit sore forthynkith me; but all we muste change the lyff. Now, fayre awnte, what ys that knyght? I deme hit be he io that bare the rede armys on Whytsonday.'

'Wyte you well/ seyde she, 'that this ys he, for othirwyse ought he nat to do but to go in rede armys. And that same knyght hath no peere, for he worchith all by myracle, and he shall never be overcom of none erthly mannys hande.

15 'Also Merlyon made the Rounde Table in tokenyng of rowndnes of the worlde, for men sholde by the Rounde Table undirstonde the rowndenes signyfied by ryght. For all the worlde, crystenyd and hethyn, repayryth unto the Rounde Table, and whan they ar chosyn to be of the felyshyp of the
20 Rounde Table they thynke hemselff more blessed and more in worship than they had gotyn halff the worlde.

'And ye have sene that they have loste hir fadirs and hir modirs and all hir kynne, and hir wyves and hir chyl dren, for to be of youre felyship. Hit ys well seyne be you, for
25 synes ye departed from your modir ye wolde never se her, ye founde such felyship at the Table Rounde.

'Whan Merlyon hadordayned the Rounde Table he seyde, "By them whych sholde be felowys of the Rounde Table the trouth of the Sankgreall sholde be well knowyn." And men
30 asked hym how they myght know them that sholde best do and to encheve the Sankgreall. Than he seyde, "There sholde be three whyght bullis sholde encheve hit, and the two sholde be maydyns and the thirde sholde be chaste. And one of thos three shold passe hys fadir as much as the lyon passith
35 the lybarde, both of strength and of hardines."

'They that herde Merlion sey so seyde thus: "Sitthyn

3 Coronlyue 4 C newew sayd she your 5-6 C anone after she 9 C
Aunt telle me what is thef 14 W mannys 16-17 C for by the round
table is the world sygnefyed 20 C hem more 21 C thanyf 23 W all all
30 C how men myghte 33 C that one 36 C thus vnto Merlyn

there shall be such a knyght, thou sholdyst ordayne by thy craufftes a syge, that no man shold sytte in hit but he all only that shold passe all other knyghtes." Than Merlyon answerde that he wold so do, and than he made the Syge Perelous whych Galahad sate at hys mete on Whyttsonday 5 last past.'

'Now, Madam,' seyde sir Percy vale, 'so much have I herde of you that be my good wyll I woll never have ado with sir Galahad but by wey of goodnesse. And for Goddis love, fayre awnte, can ye teche me whe[re] I myght fynde hym ? 10 For much I wolde love the felyship of hym.'

'Fayre newew,' seyde she, 'y^e muste ryde unto a castell, the whych ys called Gooth, where he hath a cousyn jermayne, and there may ye be lodged thys nyght. And as he techith you, sewith afftir as faste as ye can; and if he can telle you no 15 tydynges of hym, ryde streyte unto the castell of Carbonek where the Maymed Kyng ys lyyng, for there shall ye hyre trew tydynges of hym.'

Than departed sir Percivale frome hys awnte, aythir (3) makyng grete sorow. And so he rode tyll aftir evynsonge, 20 366^r and than he herde a clock smyte. And anone he was ware of an house closed well with wallys and depe dyches, and there he knocke at the gate. And anone he was lette in, and 'he alyght and¹ was ledde unto a chamber and sone onarmed. And there he had ryght good chere all that nyght. 25

And on the morne he herde hys masse, and in the monestery he founde a preste redy at the awter, and on the ryght syde he saw a pew closed with iron, and behynde the awter he saw a ryche bedde and a fayre, as of cloth of sylke and golde. Than sir Percivale aspyed that therein was a man or a 30 woman, for the visayge was coverde. Than he leffte of hys lokyng and herd hys servyse.

And whan hit cam unto the sakarynge, he that lay within the perclose dressyd hym up and uncoverde hys hede, and than hym besemed a passyng olde man, and he had a crowne 35

3 C that shalle passe 4 C wold doo soo 5 C* perillous in the whiche
 9 C of kyndenes 10 C teche me some way where I maye fynde 13 C
 Goothe 20 C tyl euensonge tyme 21 C smyte and thgne he 23 C
 gate and was 23-4 C* in and he alyght and was F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 535^r
 col. 1): si prennent son cheval et le mainnent en une estable et li doinent foing et
 avaine a grant plante 24 C soone he was vnarmed

of golde uppon hys hede, and hys shuldurs were naked and unhylled unto hys navyll. And than sir Percyvale aspyed hys body was full of grete woundys, both on the shuldurs, armys, and vysayge. And ever he hylde up hys hondys 5 agaynst oure Lordis Body and cryed,

'Fayre swete Lorde Jesu Cryste, forgete nat me!'

And so he lay nat downe, but was allway in hys prayers and orysons, and hym semed to be of the ayge of three hondred wynter. And whan the masse was done the pryste 10 toke oure Lordys Body and bare hit unto the syke kyng. And whan he had used hit he ded of hys crowne and commaunded the crowne to be sett on the awter.

Than sir Percyvale asked one of the brethirn what he was.

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'y^e have herde much of Joseph 15 of Aramathy; how he was sent [by Jesu Cryst] into thys londe for to teche and preche the holy Crysten faythe, and therefor he suffird many persecucions the whych the enemyes of Cryst ded unto hym. And in the cite of Sarras he converted 366^v a kyng whos name was Evelake, and so the kyng cam with 20 Joseph into thys londe, and ever he was bysny to be thereas the Sankgreall was. And on a tyme he nyghed hit so nyghe that oure Lorde was displeased with hym, but ever he folowed hit more and more tyll God stroke hym allmoste blynde. Than thys k[ynge] cryed mercy and seyde,

25 " 'Fayre Lorde, lat me never dye tyll the good knyght of my blood of the ninth degr^e 'be com'¹, that I may se hym opynly that shall encheve the Sankgreall, and that I myght kysse hym."

(4) 'Whan the kyng thus had made hys prayers he herde a 30 voyce that seyde, " Herde ys thy prayers, for thou shalt nat dye tylle he hath kyssed the. And whan that knyght shall com the clerenes of youre yen shall com agayne, and thou shalt se opynly, and thy wound[es] shall be heled, and arst shall they never close."

35 'And thus befelle of kyng Evelake, and thys same kyng

6 C swete fader Ihesu 7 nat not in Cf 15 C*sente by Ihesu Cryst in to F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 535^v col. 2): fu premierement envois en ceste terre de par le Maistre 19 Cso this kyng 24 W knyght C* kyng 26-7 C* ix degree be come F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 535^v col. 1): qui doit les merveilles du Saint Graal veoir appertement me viengne visiter 30 C herd ben thy 31 Chehaue 33 C* woundes 35 C and this befelle

hath lyved four hondred yerys thys holy lyff, and men sey the knyght ys in thys courte that shall heale hym. Sir,' seyde the good man, 'I pray you telle me what knyght that ye be, and if that ye be of the Rownde Table.'

'Yes, forsoth, and my name ys sir Percyvale de Galis.' 5

And whan the good man undirstood hys name he made grete joy of hym. And than sir Percyvale departed and rode tylle the owre of none. And he mette in a valey aboute twenty men of armys whych bare in a beere a knyght dedly slayne. And whan they saw sir Percyvale they [asked] hym 10 of whens he was, and he seyde,

⁴Of the courte of kynge Arthur.'

Than they cryed at onys, 'Sle hym!'

Than sir Percivale smote the firste to the erth and hys horse uppon hym, and than seven of the knyghtes smote 15 uppon hys shylde at onys and the remenaunte slew hys horse, that he felle to the erth, and had slayne hym or takyn hym, had nat the good knyght s[ir] Galahad with the rede armys com there by adventure into tho partys. And whan he saw all tho knyghtes uppon one knyght he seyde, 20

'Save me that knyghtes lyve!'

And than he dressed hym towarde the twenty men of armys as faste as hys horse myght dryve, with hys speare in hys reaste, and smote the formyste horse and man to the 367^r erth. And whan his speare was brokyn he sette hys honde to 25 hys swerde and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that hit was mervayle to se; and at every stroke he smote downe one or put hym to a rebuke, so that they wolde fyght no more, but fledde to a thyk foreyst, and sir Galahad folowed them. 30

And whan sir Percyvale saw hym chace them so, he made grete sorow that hys horse was away. And than he wyst well hit was sir Galahad, and cryed alowde and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, abyde and suffir me to do you thankynges, for much have ye done for me,' 35

1 C† this thre honderd wynters F quatre cenx anz 3-4 C* yf ye be ofkyng
 Arthurs courte & of the table roud 5 C forfoth (S forsoth) said he & 8-9 C
 about a twenty 11 C he ansuerd 13 C cryed all at 16 C sheld al attones
 16-1 7 C hors soo that 17 C erthe Soo had the yslayne 20 C knyghte he
 cryed 24 C the reyste 28 C one doune 33 C and thfine (S thene) he
 cryed and seyde not in C 34 C A fayre 34-5 C thankynges vnto the for

But ever sir Galahad rode fast, that at the last he past oute of hys syght. And as fast as sir Percyvale myght he wente aftir hym on foote, cryyng. And than he mette with a yoman rydyng uppon an hakeney which lad in hys ryght honde a
5 grete steede blacker than ony bere.

'A, fayre frende,' seyde sir Percivale, 'as ever y may do for you, and to be youre knyght in the first place ye woll requyre me, that ye woll lende me that blacke steed, that I myght overtake a knyght which [rydeth] before me.'

io 'Sir,' seyde the yoman, 'that may I nat do, for the horse is such a mannys horse that he wolde sle me.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I had never so grete sorow as I have for losyng of yondir knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde the yoman, 'I am ryght hevvy for you, for a good
15 horse wolde beseme you well, but I dare nat delyver you thys horse but if ye wolde take hym frome me,'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Percivale.

And so they departed, and sir Percivale sette hym downe under a tre and made sorow oute of mesure. And as he sate
20 there cam a knyght rydyng on the horse that the yoman lad, and he was clene armyd.

(5) And anone the yoman com rydyng and pryckyng aftir as fast as he myght and asked sir Percivale if he saw ony knyght rydyng on hys blacke steede.

25 'Ye, sir, forsothe. Why aske ye me, sir?'

'A, sir! that steede he hath benomme me with strengthe, wherefore my lorde woll sle me in what place somever he
367^v fyndith me.'

'Well,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what woldist thou that I ded ?
30 Thou seest well that I am on foote. But and I had a good horse I sholde soone bryng hym agayne.'

'Sir,' seyde the yoman, 'take my hakeney and do the beste ye can, and I shall sew you on foote to wete how that ye shall spede.'

1 C rode too fast 4,9 C thewiche 4 ryght not in C† Fendestre
5 W beare C* bere (see note) 6 C euer as I maye 7 C your true knyghte
8 C lene me 10-11 C* Syre knyghte sayde the yoman I praye yow hold me
excused of that for that I maye not doo For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors
that and I lente hit yow or ony man that he 13 C haue had 17 C not doo
said 19-20 C† he was there ther cam came 22 rydyng and not in C 23 C
as euer he 25 C for soth said he why syr aske me that 27 somever not in C

Than sir Percivale bestrode the hakeney and rode as faste
as he myght, and at the last he saw that knyght. And than
he cryde,

'Knyght, turne agayne!'

And he turned and set hys speare ayenst sir Percivale, and 5
he smote the hackeney in myddis the breste, that he felle
downe rdede¹ to the erthe. And there he had a grete falle
and the other rode hys way. And than sir Percivale was wood
wrothe and cryed,

'Abyde, wycked knyght! Cowarde and false-harted 10
knyght, turne ayen, and fyght with me on foote!'

But he answerd nat, but past on hys way. Whan sir
Percivale saw he wolde nat turne he kest away shyldes, helme
and swerde, and seyde,

'Now am I a verry wreche, cursed and moste unhappy of 15
all other knyghtes!'

So in thys sorow there he abode all that day tyll hit was
nyght, and than he was faynte and leyde hym downe and
slepte tyll hit was mydnyght. And than he awaked and saw
before hym a woman whych seyde unto hym ryght fyersely, 20

'Sir Percivale, what dost thou here?'

'I do nother good nother grete ille.'

'If thou wolt ensure me,' seyde she, 'that thou wolt fulfyllen
my wylle whan I somon the, I shall lende the myne owne
horse whych shall bere the whother thou wolt.' 25

Sir Percivale was glad of hir profer and ensured hir to
fullylle all hir desire.

'Than abydith me here, and I shall go fecche you an
horse.'

And so she cam sone agayne and brought an horse with 30
her that was [y]nly black. Whan sir Percivale behylde that
horse he mervaylde that he was so grete and so well appa-
rayled. And natforthan he was so hardy he lepte uppon hym
and toke none hede off hymself.

And anone as he was uppon hym he threst to hym with 35
hys spurres, and so rode by a foreste; and the moone shoone

1 C Percivale alyghte vpon that hakney 6 C in the myddes of the brest 7
C* doune dede to F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 536^v col. 1): cil chiet qui a mort estoit
ferus 13 shyldes not in C† F (ibid.), gette jus s'espee et son escu 15-16
C vnhappy aboue all 22 Che ansuerd I doo 24 C lene the 31 C*
inly W only 32 C that it was 33 C hardy & he

clere, and within an owre and lasse he bare hym four dayes
 368^r journey thense untill he com to a rowghe watir whych rored,
 and that horse wolde have borne hym into hit.

(6) And whan sir Percivale cam nye the brymme he saw the
 5 watir so boysteous he doutted to passe over hit, and than he
 made a sygne of the crosse in hys forehed. Whan the fende
 felte hym so charged he shooke of sir Percivale, and he wente
 into the watir cryyng^r and roryng¹ and makying grete
 sorowe, and hit semed unto hym that the watir brente. Than
 10 sir Percivale perceyved hit was a fynde, the whych wolde
 have broughte hym unto perdicion. Than he commended
 hymselff unto God, and prayde oure Lorde to kepe hym
 frome all suche temptacions.

And so he prayde all that nyght tylle on the morne that
 15 hit was day, and anone he saw he was in a wylde mounteyne
 whych was closed with the se nyghe all aboute, that he myght
 se no londe aboute hym whych myghte releve hym, but
 wylde bestes. And than he wente downe into a valey, and
 there he saw a serpente bryng^e a yonge lyon by the necke,
 20 and so he cam by sir Percivale.

So with that com a grete lyon cryyng^e and ro[r]yng^e aftir
 the serpente. And as faste as sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed
 hym thydir, but the lyon had overtake the serpente and
 began batayle with hym. And than sir Percivale thought to
 25 helpe the lyon, for he was the more naturall beste of the two,
 and therewith he drew hys swerde and sette hys shyld
 afore hym, and there he gaff the serpente suche a buffett that
 he had a dedely wounde. Whan the lyon saw that, he made
 no sembelaunte to fyght with hym but made hym all the
 30 chere that a beest myghte make a man.

Whan sir Percivale perceyved hit he kyst downe his shyld
 whych was brokyn, and than he dud of hys helme for to
 gadir wynde, for he was gretly chaffed with the serpente; and
 the lyon wente allwey aboute hym fawnyng^e as a spaynell,

5 C doubted to ouerpasse it 8 C* cryenge and rorynge F (MS. B.N.fr. 120f.
 531^r col. 2): criant et ullant et faisant la plus male fin du monde 11 C vnto his per-
 dycon C he commaunded 15 C day thenne he sawe that he 19 C a yonge
 serpent 21 C* cryenge and rorynge F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 537^r col. 1): criant
 et braiant W cryyng^e and romyng 22 C thys he merueylled & hyhed
 29 C no ressemblant 30-1 C man Thenne Percyual perceyued that and caste
 32 P helme sor R helme for 33 Cenchafed

and than he stroked hym on the necke and on the sholdirs
and thanked God of the feliship of that beste.

And aboute noone the lyon toke hys lityll whelp and 368^v
trussed hym and bare hym there he com fro. Than was sir
Percivale alone. And as the tale tellith, he was at that tyme, 5
one of the men of the worlde whych moste beleved in oure
Lorde Jesu Cryste, for in tho dayes there was but fewe folk
at that tyme that beleved perfitley; for in tho dayes the sonne
spared nat the fadir no more than a straunger.

And so sir Percivale comforted hymself in oure Lorde 10
Jesu and besought Hym that no temptacion sholde brynge
hym oute of Goddys servys, but to endure as His trew cham-
pyon. Thus whan sir Percy vale had preyde he saw the lyon
com towarde hym and cowched downe at his feet. And so
all that nyght the lyon and he slepte togydirs. 15

And whan sir Percivale slepte he dremed a mervaylous
dreme; that two ladyes mette with hym, and that one sate
uppon a lyon, and that other sate uppon a serpente; and that
one of hem was yonge, and that other was olde, and the
yongist, hym thought, seyde, 20

'Sir Percyvale, my lorde salewith and sende[th] the
worde thou aray the and make the redy, for to-morne thou
muste fyght with the strongest] champion of the worlde. And
if thou be overcom thou shalt nat be quytte for losyng of
ony of thy membrys, but thou shalt be shamed for ever to 25
the worldis ende.'

And than he asked her what was hir lorde, and she seyde
'the grettist lorde of the worlde/ And so she departed sud-
deynly, that he wyst nat where.

Than com forth the tothir lady, that rode uppon the ser- 30 (7)
pente, and she seyde, 'Sir Percivale, I playne unto you of that
ye have done unto me, and I have nat offended unto you.'

'Sertes, madam/ seyde he, 'unto you nor no lady I never
offended.'

'Yes,'seyde she,'I shall sey you why. I have norysshed in 35
thys place a grete whyle a serpente whych pleased me much

5-6 C he (S be) was one of the men of the world at that tyme whiche 10
C hym self S hymself 11 C besoughte god no 12 C bnt S but
14 C and thenne he couched 17 C that there two 23 C* strongest
28 C of alle the 31 CI complayne me of yow that 32 C† and haue
33 C he sayd 35 C shalle telle yow 36 pleased me much not in C

[and served me a grete whyle]. And yestirday ye slew hym as he gate hys pray. Sey me for what cause ye slew hym, for the lyon was nat youres.'

'Madam, I know well the lyon was nat myne, but for the
369' 5 lyon ys more of jan tiller nature than the serpente, therefore I slew hym, and mesemyth I dud nat amyssse agaynst you. Madam,' seyde he, 'what wolde ye that I dud?'

'I wolde,' seyde she, 'for the amendis of my beste that ye becam my man.'

10 And than he answerde and seyde,

'That woll I nat graunte you.'

'No?' seyde she. 'Truly, ye were never but my servaunte syn ye resseyved the omayge ofoure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Therefore I you ensure, in what place that I may fyndeyou withoute
15 kepyng, I shall take you as he that somtyme was my man/

And so she departed fro sir Percivale and leffte hym slepynge, whych was sore travayled of hys avision. And on the morne he arose and blyssed hym, and he was passyngge fyble.

20 Than was sir Percivale ware in the see where com a shippe saylyng toward hym, and sir Percivale wente unto the ship and founde hit coverde within and without with whyght samyte. And at the helme stoode an olde man clothed in a surplyse, in lyknes of a pryste.

25 'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'ye be wellcom.'

'God kepe you,' seyde the good man. 'And of whense be ye?'

'Sir, I am of kynge Arthurs courte and a knyght of the Rounde Table, whych am in the queste of the Sankgreall,
30 and here I am in grete duras and never lyke to ascape oute of thys wyldernes.'

'Doute ye nat,' seyde the good man, 'and ye be so trew a knyght as the Order of Shevalry requyryth, and of herte as ye ought to be, ye shold nat doute that none enemy shold
35 slay you.'

1 C* whiche served me a grete whyle and F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 537' col 1): qui me servoit plus que vous ne cuidies (*homoeoteleuton* in W) 4 C Madame said syre Percyual I C but I dyd hit for 5 C of more 10 and seyde not in C 14 C ensure yow 17 C the whiche 20 C see and sawe a ship 23 C at the bord 26 C man Sir sayd the old man of whens 28 C Syr said sir Percyual I 29 C table Round the whiche 35 C flay Sslay

'What ar ye?' seyde sir Percyvale.

'Sir, I am of a strange con trey, and hydir I com to comforte you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'what signifieth my dreame that I dreamed thys nyght?' And there he tolde hym alltogydir. 5

'She which rode uppon the lyon, hit betokenyth the new law of Holy Chirche, that is to undirstonde fayth, good hope, belyeve and baptyme; for she semed yonger [than] that othir hit ys grete reson, for she was borne in the Resurreccion and the Passion of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. 10 And for grete love she cam to the to warne the of thy grete 369^T batayle that shall befall the/

'With whom,' seyde sir Percivale, 'shall I fyght?'

'With the moste douteful champion of the worlde, for, as the lady seyde, but if thou quyte the welle thou shalt nat be 15 quytte by losyng of one membir, but thou shalt be shamed to the worldis ende. And she that rode on the serpente signifieth the olde law, and that serpente betokenyth a fynde. And why she blamed the that thou slewyst hir servaunte, hit betokenyth nothyng (about) the serpente ye slewe; that 20 betokenyth the devyll that thou rodist on to the roche. And whan thou madist a sygne of the crosse, there thou slewyst hym and put away hys power. And whan she asked the amendis and to becom hir man, than thou saydist nay, that was to make the beleve on her and leve thy baptysm.' 25

So he commaunded sir Percivale to departe, and so he lepte over the boorde, and the shippe and all wente away he wyste nat whydir. Than he wente up into the roche and founde the lyon Whych allway bare hym felyship, and he stroked hym uppon the backe and had grete joy of hym. 30

Bi that sir Percivale had byddyn there tyll mydday he saw a shippe com saylyng in the see as all the wynde of the worlde (8) had dryven hit, and so hit londid undir that rocche. And whan sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed hym thydir and founde the shippe coverde with sylke more blacker than ony bere, 35

2 Csyrr said the old man I 6 hit *not in C* 8-9 C than the other 14
C moost champion of the world said the old man for 20-1 W nothyng but
the C† no thyng the serpent that thow slewest betokeneth F (*ibid.*, f. 538^v col. 1):
'elle ne se plaint mie du serpent que tu oceis' 24 C saydest thou woldest not
that 25 C thetobileue 28 Cvp vnto 31 Cabyden 32 C came
rowyng in 33 C it droof vnder 35 W, C beare (*cf. p. 910, l. 5*)

and therein was a jantillwoman of grete beaute, and she was clothe rychly, there myght be none bettir. And whan she saw sir Percivale she asked hym who brought hym into thys wylderness 'where ye be never lyke to passe hense, for ye
5 shall dye here for hunger and myscheff.'

'Damesell/ seyde sir Percivale, 'I serve the beste man of the
370' worlde, and in Hys servyse He woll nat suffir me to dye, for who that kno'ck"4th shall entir, and who that askyth shall have; and who that sekith Hym, He hydyth Hym not unto Hys wordys.'

io But than she seyde, 'Sir Percivale, wote ye what I am?'

'Who taught you my name?' now seyde sir Percivale.

'I knowe you bettir than ye wene: I com but late oute of the Waste Foreyste where I founde the Rede Knyght with the whyghthe shyld.'

15 'A, fayre damesell,' seyde he, 'that knyght wolde I fayne mete withall.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde she, 'and ye woll ensure me by the fayth that ye owghe unto knyghthode that ye shall do my wyll what tyme I somon you, and I shall brynge you unto
20 that knyght.'

'Yes,' he seyde, 'I shall promyse you to fullfyll your desire.'

'Well,' seyde she, 'now shall I telle you. I saw hym in the Waste Foreyste chasyng two knyghtes unto the watir whych
25 ys callede Mortayse, and they drove into that watir for drede of dethe And the two knyghtes passed over, and the Rede Knyght passed aftir, and there hys horse was drowned, and he thorow grete strenghte ascaped unto the londe.'

Thus she tolde hym, and sir Percivale was passynge glad
30 thereof. Than she asked hym if he had ete ony mete late.

'Nay, madam, truly I yeete no mete nyghe thes three dayes, but late here I spake with a good man that fedde me with hys good wordys and refreshed me gretly.'

2 C rychely that none myghte be better 3 C Percivale she saide Who broughte
yow in this 8 C* knocketh F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 538^v col. 2): quis y bout
si entre, et qui li demande si a W knowith 9 unto Hys wordys not in C
io - n Cf am ye sayd he Now who F (ibid.): 'Perceval, savez vous dont je
vieng?' Comment, fait il, 'dameiselle, qui vous aprist mon nom?' 12 but late
not in C 13 W foreyestes C* forest 14 Csheldsaydthedamoyse 15 fayre
not in C C he with that 15-17 CI mete passyng fayn Sir 21 C ye said
he I 24 Waste not in Cf C vnto a water 25 C in to that S in to the
27 C was drenched 33 C* and hooly and refresshyd (homoeoteleuton in W?)

'A, sir knyght, that same man,' seyde she, 'ys an inchaunter and a multiplier of wordis, for and ye belyve hym, ye shall be playnly shamed and dye in thys roche for pure hunger and be etyn with wylde bestis. And ye be a yonge man and a goodly knyght, and I shall helpe you and ye woll.' 5

'What ar ye,' seyde sir Percivale, 'that proferyth me thus so grete kyndenesse?'

'I am,' seyde she, 'a jantillwoman that am diseryte, whych was the rychest woman of the worlde.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Percivale, 'who hath disheryte you? 10 For I have grete pite of you.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'I dwelled with the grettist man of the 370^v worlde, and he made me so fayre and so clere that there was none lyke me. And of that grete beawt⁶ I had a litill pryde, more than I oughte to have had. Also I sayde a worde that 15 plesed hym nat, and than he wolde nat suffir me to be no lenger in [his] company. And so he drove me frome myne herytage and disheryted me for ever, and he had never pitf of me nother of none of my counceyle nother of my courte. And sitthyn, sir knyght, hit hath befallyn me to be so over- 20 throwyn and all myne, yet I have benomme hym som of hys men and made hem to becom my men, for they aske never nothyng of me but I gyff hem that and much more. Thus I and my servauntes wer(r)e ayenste hym nyght and day, therefore I know no good knyght nor no good man but I gete hem 25 on my syde and I may. And for that I know that ye ar a good knyght I beseche you to helpe me, and for ye be a felowe of the Rounde Table, wherefore ye ought nat to fayle no jantill-woman which ys disherite and she besought you of helpe.'

Than sir Percivale promysed her all the helpe that he 30 (9) myght, and than she thanked hym.

And at that tyme the wedir was hote. Than she called unto her a jantillwoman and bade hir brynge forth a pavilion. And so she ded and pyghte hit uppon the gravell.

'Sir,' seyde she, 'now may ye reste you in thys hete of thys 35 day.'

1 C knyghte said she that same man is 3 C playnly be 6 C profered
7 so not in C 8,10,29 C disheryted 9 C was somtyme the rychest 13 C
and clere 16-17 C be ony lenger in his W in their 17 C soo drofe 18
for ever not in C 20-1 C† me soo and thurgh me and myn I haue 21 Chym
many of 24 Candalmay 25 C gete hem S gete hym 35 C of the

Than he thanked her, and she put of hys helme and hys shyld. And there he slepte a grete whyle.

And so he awoke and asked her if she had ony mete, and she seyde 'yee, ye shall have inowghe.'

5 And anone there was leyde a table, and so muche meete was sette thereon that he had mervayle, for there was all maner of meetes that he cowde thynke on. Also he dranke there the strengyst wyne that ever he dranke, hym thought, and therewith he was chaffett a lityll more than he oughte to io be. With that he behylde that jantilwoman, and hym thought 371¹ she was the fayryst creature that ever he saw.

And than sir Percivale profird hir love and prayde hir that she wolde be hys. Than she refused hym in a maner whan he requyred her, for cause he sholde be the more ardente on 15 hir. And everhesednat to pray hirof love. And whan she saw hym well enchafFed, than she seyde,

'Sir Percivale, wyte you well I shall nat fulfyllle youre wyll but if ye swere frome henseforthe ye shall be my trew servaunte, and to do nothyng but that I shall com- 20 maunde you. Woll ye ensure me thys as ye be a trew knyght?'

'Yee,' seyde he, 'fayre lady, by the feythe of my body!'

'Well,' seyde she, 'now shall ye do with me what ye wyll, and now, wyte you well, ye ar the knyght in the worlde that 25 I have moste desyre to.'

And than two squyres were commaund[ed] to make a bedde in myddis of the pavelon, and anone she was unclothed and leyde therein. And than sir Percivale layde hym downe by her naked. And by adventure and grace he saw hys swerde 30 ly on the erthe nake[d], where in the pomell was a rede crosse and the sygne of the crucifixe [therjin, and bethought hym of hys knyghthode and hys promyse made unto the good man tofornehande, and than he made a sygne in the forehed of hys. And therewith the pavylon turned up-so-downe and

4 C sayd ye also ye 5-6 C and soo there was sette ynough vpon the table and
theron soo moche p^r he had 9 C was a lytel chafed more 10 C the gentil-
woman 11 W she saw C* he saw 14 C for the cause 17 C Percynale
5 Percyuale 23-4 C what soo hit please yow and 30 C on the ground
naked in whos (S whoos) pomel 31 W crucifixe in in (the first in is probably a
misreading of p) — ther) C crucifyxe therin 32-3 C made to fore hand vnto
the good man 33-4 C in his forhede & there with

than hit chonged unto a smooke and a blak clowde. And
than he drad sore and cryed alowde,

'Fayre swete Lorde Jesu Cryste, ne lette me nat be shamed, (10)
which was nyghe loste had nat Thy good grace bene!'

And than he loked unto her shippe and saw her entir 5
therein, which seyde,

'Syr Percivale, ye have betrayde me.'

And so she wente with the wynde, rorynge and yellynge,
that hit semed all the water brente after her.

Than sir Percivale made grete sorow and drew hys swerde 10
unto hym and seyde,

'Sithyn my fleyssh woll be my mayster I shall punyssh
hit.'

And therewith he rooff hymselfF thorow the thygh, that the 371^v
blood sterte aboute hym, and seyde, 15

'A, good Lord, take thys in recompensacion of that I have
myssedone ayenste The, Lorde!'

So than he clothed hym and armed hym and called
hymself wrecche of all wrecchis: 'How nyghe I was loste,
and to have lost that I sholde never have gotyn agayne, that 20
was my virginity, for that may never be recoverde aftir hit
ys onys loste.'

And than he stopped hys bledyng wound with a pece of
hys sherte. Thus as he made hys mone he saw the same
shippe com from the Oryente that the good man was in the 25
day before. And thys noble knyght was sore ashamed of
hymselfF, and therewith he fylle in a sowne. And whan he
awooke he wente unto hym waykely, and there he salewed
the good man.

And than he asked sir Percivale, 'How haste thou done 30
syth I departed?'

'Sir,' seyde [he], 'here was a jantillwoman and ledde [me]
into dedly synne.'

And there he tolde hym alltogidirs.

'Knew ye nat that mayde ?' seyde the good man. 35

2 C he was adradde and 3 C swete fader Ihesu 4 C the whiche 5 C
in to a shyp 11-12 C hym saygg sythen 14 W thorow the the 16 C
O good 16-17 C haue done ageynst the my lord 19 C hym helf (S hym
self) a wretche sayenge how nyghe was I lost 20 C sholde S shold 24
C mone S moue 26 C the noble sore not in C C ashamed with
29 C this good 32 C* ledde me 35 C the mayde

'Sir,' seyde he, 'nay, but well I wote the fynde sente hir hydir to shame me.'

'A, good knyght,' seyde he, 'thou arte a foole, for that jantillwoman was the mayster fyende of helle, which hath 5 pousti over all other devyllis. And that was the olde lady that thou saw in thyne avision rydyng on the serpente.'

Than he tolde sir Percivale how oure Lord Jesu Cryste bete hym oute of hevyn for hys synne, whycch was the moste bryghtist angell of hevyn, and therefore he loste hys herio taige. 'And that was the champion that thou fought withall, whych had overcom the, had nat the grace of God bene. Now, sir Percivale, beware and take this for an insample/

And than the good man vanysshed. Than sir Percivale toke hys armys and entirde into the shippe, and so he departed from thens.

So LEVITH THYS TALE AND TURNYTH UNTO SIR LAUNCELOT

3 CO good 4, 8, 11 the whiche 5 C power aboue alle deuyls 6 C
sawest C rydyng S rydyng 10-11 C†oughtest 12 C Now beware
syre Percyuale 13 C vanysshed away 16 C HERE ENDETH THE
FOURTENTHE BOOKE WHICHE IS OF SYR PERCYUAL AND HERE FOLOWETH OF
SYRE LAUNCELOT WHICHE IS THE FYFTENTH BOOK

IV
SIR LAUNCELOT

*(Winchester MS., ff. 371^v-376^r;
Caxton, Book XV]*

C A X T O N ' S R U B R I C S

1. How syr Launcelot came into a chapel where he fonde deed in a whyte sherte a man of relygyon of on hondred wynter olde.
2. Of a dede man: how men wold have hewen hymf, and it wolde not be; and how syr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man,
3. Of an advysyon that syr Launcelot had, and how he tolde it to an heremyte and desyred counceyll of hym.
4. How the heremyte expowned to syr Launcelot his advysyon and tolde hym that syr Galahad was hys sone.
5. How syr Launcelot justed wyth many knyghtes and he was taken.
6. How syr Launcelot tolde hys advysyon to a woman, and how she expowned it to hym.

† hym *not in S*

WHAN the eremyte had kepte sir Launcelot three dayes (i)
 than the eremyte gate hym an horse, a helme and a
 swerde, and than he departed (and rode) untill the owre of
 none. And than he saw a litill house, and whan he cam nere
 he saw a lityll chapell. And there besyde he sye an olde man 5
 which was clothed all in whyght full rychely. And than sir 372'
 Launcelot seyde,

'Sir, God save you!'

'Sir, God kepe you,' seyde the good man, 'and make you
 a good knyght.' 10

Than sir Launcelot alyght and entird into the chapell, and
 there he saw an olde man dede and in a whyght sheVte of
 passyng fyne clothe.

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'this man ought nat to be in
 such clothyng as ye se hym in, for in that he brake the othe 15
 of hys order, for he hath bene more than an hondred wynter
 a man of religions.' And than the good man and sir Launce-
 lot 'went into the chapell'; and the good man toke a stole
 aboute hys neck and a booke, and than he conjoured on that
 booke. And with that they saw the fyende in an hydeous 20
 fygure, that there was no man so hardE-herted in the worlde
 but he sholde a bene aferde. Than seyde the fyende,

'Thou haste travayle me gretly. Now telle me what
 thou wolte with me.'

'I woll/ seyde the good man, 'that thou telle me how my 25
 rfelawe¹ becam dede, and whether he be saved or dampned.'

Than he seyde with an horrible voice,

'He ys nat lost, but he ys saved!'

'How may that be?' seyde the good man. 'Hit semyth
 me that he levith nat well, for he brake hys order for to were 30

3 C† about the heure F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 540^v col. 2): quant il a chevauchie'
 jusques a heure de midi (see note) 5 C† a Chappel F (ibid.): une petite
 chappelle 5-6 C man that was 8,9 SirnotinC 12 C* whyte shert F
 (ibid.): chemise blanche W whyght sheete. 14 C this man that is dede
 oughte 17 C relygyon 17-18 C* Launcelot wente in to the Chappel and the
 good man F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 541¹ col. 1): Lors entre li preudoms en sa chappelle
 20 the fyende not in C† F (ibid.): voit Fennemy en si hideuse fourme 21 C
 fygure & horryble that 21-2 C hardf herted nor soo hard but he shold
 F (ibid.): qu'il n'a si hardi homme en tout le monde 25-6 W my brother C*
 my felawe F (ibid.): miens compains 29-30 Csemed to me 30 Clyued

a sherte where he ought to were none, and who that trespassith ayenst oure [ordre] doth nat well.'

'Nat so,' seyde the fyende. 'Thys man that lyeth here was com of grete lynage. And there was a lorde that hyght the
 5 erle de Vale that hylde grete warre ayenste thys mannes newew which hyght Aguaurs. And so thys Aguaurs saw the erle was bygger than he. Than he wente for to take counceyle of hys uncle which lyeth dede here 'as ye may se,¹¹ and than he wente oute of hys ermytaige for to maynteyne his
 10 newew ayenste the myghty erle. And so hit happed that thys man that lyeth dede ded so muche by hys wysedom and hardines that the erle was take and three of hys lordys by
 (2) force of thys dede man. Than was there pees betwyxte thys erle and thys Aguaurs, and grete surete that the erle sholde
 15 never warre agaynste hym more.

'Than this dede man that here lyeth cam to thys ermytaye agayne. And than the erle made two of hys newews for to be avenged uppon this man. So they com on a day and
 372^v founde thys dede man at the sakerynge of hys masse. And
 20 they abode hym tyll he had seyde masse, and than they sette uppon hym and drew oute their swerdys to have slayne hym, but there wolde no swerde byghte on hym more than uppon a gadde of Steele, for the Hyghe Lorde which he served, He hym preserved. Than made they a grete fyre and dud of
 25 all hys clothys and the heyre of hys backe. And than thys dede man ermyte seyde unto them,

* "Wene ye to bren me? Hit shall nat lyghe in youre power, nother to perish me as much as a threde, and there were ony on my body."

30 ' "No?" seyde one of them. "Hit shall be assayde."

'And than they dispoyled hym, and put uppon hym hys sherte, and kyste hym in a fayre. And there he lay all that day tyll hit was nyght in that fyre and was nat dede. And so in the morne than com I and founde hym dede, but I founde
 35 nyther threde nor skynne tamed. So toke they hym oute of the fyre with grete feare and leyde hym here as ye may se,

3,11 C here dede was 8 F (*ibid.*) : que tu voiz ci 9 C he asked leue & wente
 15 more *not in* C 21 their *not in* C 32-3 C† he laye all that nyzt tyl hit
 was daye in that F (*ibid.*): des hier matin jusques a hier soir bien tart 34 C
 morn I came and 35 they *not in* C†

And now may ye suffir me to go *my* way, for I have seyde you the sothe.'

And than he departed with a grete tempest. Than was the good man and sir Launcelot more gladder than they were tofore. And than sir Launcelot dwelled with that good man 5 that nyght.

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'be ye nat sir Launcelot du Lake?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde he.

'Sir, what seke you in thys contrey?' 10

'I go, sir, to seke the adventures of the Sankgreall.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'seke ye hit ye may well, but thoughe hit were here ye shall have no power to se hit, no more than a blynde man that sholde se a bryght swerde. And that ys longe on youre synne, and ellys ye were more abeler than 15 ony man lyvyng.'

And than sir Launcelot began to wepe. Than seyde the good man,

'Were ye confessed synne ye entred into the queste of the Sankgreall?' 20

'Ye, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than uppon the morne whan the good man had songe hys masse, than they buried the dede man.

'Now,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'fadir, what shall I do?'

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'I requyre you take thys 25 hayre that was thys holy mannes and put hit nexte thy skynne, and hit shall prevayle the gretly.'

'Sir, than woll I do hit,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Also, sir, I charge the that thou ete no fleysshe as longe as ye be in the queste of Sankgreall, nother ye shall drynke no 30 wyne, and that ye hyre masse dayly and ye may com thereto.' 373'

So he toke the hayre and put hit uppon hym, and so departed at evynsonge, and so rode into a foreyste. And there he mette with a jantillwoman rydyng uppon a whyght palferey, and than she asked hym, 35

10 Sir *not in C* 11 Csyr sayd syr launcelot I goo to iz Cseke it ye may
19 C† ye loetryd S ye entryd (*see note*) 21 C† launcet S launcelot (*see note*)
24 C Thenne syr launcelot sayd fader C doo S do 28 C syr
and I 29 sir *not in C* C charge you that ye ete. 31 C* may doo hit
F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 542^v col. 1): se vous estes en lieu que vous le puissies faire (see note)
33 C*euensonge tyme *F (ibid.): heure de vespres (see Introduction, p. ci)*

'Sir knyght, whother ryde ye?'

'Sertes, damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I wote nat whothir I ryde but as fortune ledith me.'

'A, sir Launcelot,' seyde she, 'I wote what adventure ye
5 seke, for ye were beforetyme nerar than ye be now, and yet
shall ye se hit more opynly than ever ye dud, and that shall
ye undirstonde in shorte tyme.'

Than sir Launcelot asked her where he myght be har-
berowde that nyght.

10 'Ye shall none fynde thys day nor nyght, but to-morne ye
shall fynde herberow goode, and ease of that ye bene in
doute off.'

And than he commended hir unto God, and so he rode
tylle that he cam to a crosse and toke that for hys oste as for
(3) 15 that nyght. And so he put hys horse to pasture and ded of
hys helme and hys shyld and made hys prayers unto the
crosse that he never falle in dedely synne agayne. And so he
leyde hym downe to slepe.

And anone as he was on slepe hit befylle hym there a
20 vision; that there com a man afore hym all bycompast with
steris, and that man had a crowne of golde on hys hede.
And that man lad in hys felyship seven kynges and two
knyghtes, and all thes worshippt the crosse, knelyng uppon
their knees, holdyng up their hondys towarde the hevyn,
25 and all they seyde:

'Swete Fadir of Hevyn, com and visite us, and yelde unto
everych of us as we have deserved/

Than loked sir Launcelot up to the hevyn and hym
semed the clowdis ded opyn, and an olde man com downe
30 with a company of angels and alyghte amonge them and
gaff unto everych hys blyssynge and called them hys ser-
vauntes and hys good and trew knyghtes. And whan thys olde
man had seyde thus he com to one of the knyghtes and seyde,

'I have loste all that I have besette in the, for thou hast
35 ruled the ayenste me as a warryoure and used wronge warris
with vayneglory for the pleasure of the worlde more than to

2, 28 sir *not in C* 10 C *shalle not fynde* 15-17 W (*sidenote*) The
avision of sir Launcelot 20-1 Calle by compasof steris 26-7 Cvntovs
eueryche as 31 W 'pern hys hys 34 C haue sette in 36 C more for
the pleasyr of the world than

please me, therefore thou shalt be confounded withoute 373^v
thou yelde me my tresoure.'

All thys avision saw sir Launcelot at the crosse, and on
the morne he toke hys horse and rode tyll mydday. And
there by adventure he mette the same knyght that toke hys 5
horse, helme and hys swerde whan he slepte, whan the Sank-
greall appered afore the crosse. So whan sir Launcelot saw
hym he salewede hym nat fayre, but cryed on hyght,

'Knyght, kepe the, for thou deddist me grete unkyndnes.'

And than they put afore them their spearis, and sir 10
Launcelot com so fyersely that he smote hym and hys horse
downe to the erthe, that he had nyghe brokyn hys neck.
Than sir Launcelot toke the knyghtes horse that was hys
owne beforehonde, and descended frome the horse he sate
uppon, and mown ted uppon hys horse, and tyed the knyghtes 15
owne horse to a tre, that he myght fynde that horse whan
he was rysen.

Than sir Launcelot rode tyll nyght, and by adventure he
mette an ermyte, and eche of hem salewd other. And there
he reste with that good man all nyght and gaff hys horse 20
suche as he myght gete. Than seyde the good man unto sir
Launcelot,

'Of whens be ye?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I am of Arthurs courte, and my name ys
sir Launcelot de Lake, that am in the queste of the Sanke- 25
greall. And therefor, sir, I pray you counceile me of a vision
that I saw thys nyght/ And so he tolde h[y]m all.

'Lo, sir Launcelot,' seyde the good man, 'there myght (4)
thou undirstonde the hyghe lynayge that thou arte com off;
(th)at thyne avision betokenyth. 30

'Aftir the Passion of Jesu Cryste fourty yere, Joseph of
Aramathy preched of the victory of kynge Evelake, that he
had in hys batayles the bettir of hys enemyes. And of the
seven kynges and the two knyghtes the firste of hem ys
called Nappus, an holy man, and the secunde hyght Nacien 35
in remembraunce of hys grauntesyre, and in hym dwelled

8 C on hyghe 9 C thou hast done to me 11 C fyersly vpon hym that
15 Chis own hors 17 Carysen 21, 26 sir *not in C* 26-7 C vryson
the whiche I hadde at (S et) the Crosse And soo he tolde hym (W hem) alle
28-9 C thou myztest 29-30 W off at thyne C of And thyne 33 C
enemyes and of S† enemyes of

oure Lorde Jesu Cryst. And the third was called Hellyas
 le Grose, and the fourth hyght Lysays, and the fifth hyght
 Jonas; he departed oute of hys contrey and wente into Walis
 and toke there the doughter of Manuell, whereby he had the
 374^r 5 londe Gaule. And he com to dwelle in thys contrey, and of
 hym com kynge Launcelot, thy grauntesyre, whych were
 wedded to the kynges doughter of Irelande, and he was as
 worthy a man as thou arte. And of hym cam kynge Ban, thy
 fadir, whych was the laste of the seven kynges. And by the,
 10 sir Launcelot, hit signyfieth that the angels seyde thou were
 none of the seven felysship. And the last was the ninth
 knyght, he was signyfyed to a lyon, for he sholde passe all
 maner of erthely knyghtes: that ys sir Galahad whych thou
 gate on kynge Pelles doughter. And thou ought to thanke
 15 God more than any othir man lyvyng, for of a synner erthely
 thou hast no pere as in knyghthode nother never shall have.
 But lytyll thanke hast thou yevyn to God for all the grete
 vertuys that God hath lente the.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye sey that good knyght ys my
 20 sonne?'

'That ought thou to know,' seyde the good man, 'for thou
 knew the doughter of kyng Pelles fleyschly, and on her thou
 begatist sir Galahad, and that was he that at the feste of
 Pentecoste sate in the Syge Perelous. And therefore make
 25 thou hit to be known opynly that he ys of thy begetyn[ge].
 And 'I counceyle the,'¹ in no place prees nat uppon hym
 to have ado with hym, for hit woll nat awayle no knyght to
 have ado with hym.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'mesemyth that good knyght
 30 shold pray for me unto the Hyghe Fadir, that I falle nat to
 synne agayne.'

6-7 C* syre the whiche there wedded the 9 Cthe which 13 Cthewhiche
 15 C lyuyuge S lyuynge 16 C† shall be 19, 23, 29 sir *not in C*
 19 C that that 21 C knowe and no man better said 24 C therefore S
 therefor 25 to be *not in C* 25-6 C* one of thy begetynge on kynge Pelles
 doughter for that wyl be youre worship and honour and to alle thy kynred And I
 couceyle yow in no place W begetyn and in no place F (MS. B.N. fr. 120
 f. 543^v col. 2): et c'est ce chevallier que tu quiers. Si le t'ay dist et fait connoistre
 pour ce que je ne vouldroie mie que tu te preisses celui par bataille, car tu le
 pourr[olies faire mortelment et toy mal baillir du corps 27-8 for hit woll nat
 awayle no knyght to have ado with hym *not in C†* F (*ibid.*): puisque nulle
 prouesce ne se peut prandre a la soie

'Truste thou well,' seyde the good man, 'thou faryst muche the better for hys prayer, for the sonne shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the [fader, nor the fader shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the¹ sonne, but every man shall beare hys owne burdon. And therefore beseke thou only 5 God, and He woll helpe the in all thy nedes.'

And than sir Launcelot and he wente to supere. And so leyde hem to reste, and [the] heyre prycked faste [sir Launcelots skynne¹ and greved hym sore, but he toke hyt mekely and suffirde the payne. And so on the morne he harde hys 10 masse and toke hys armys and so toke hys leve, and mownted (5) uppon hys horse and rode into a foreyst and helde no hyghe- 374^v way.

And as he loked before hym he sye a fayre playne, and besyde that a fayre castell, and before the castell were many 15 pavelons of sylke and of dyverse hew. And hym semed that he saw there fyve hondred knyghtes rydyng on horsebacke, and there was two partyes: they that were of the castell were all on black horsys and their trappoures black, and they that were withoute were all on whyght horsis and trappers. So 20 there began a grete turnemente, and every[che] hurteled with other, that hit mervayled sir Launcelot gretly. And at the laste hym thought they of the castell were putt to the wars.

Than thought sir Launcelot for to helpe there the wayker party in incresyng of his shevalry. And so sir Launcelot 25 threste in amonge the party of the castell and smote downe a knyght, horse and man, to the erthe, and then he russhed here and there and ded many mervaylous dedis of armys. And than he drew oiite hys swerde and strake many knyghtes to the erth, that all that saw hym mervayled that ever one 30 knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys.

1-2 C faryst mykel the 2 C prayer but the 3-4 C* wyckednes of the fader
Nor the fader shall not bere the wyckednes of the sone but eueryche shalle F
(MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 544^r col. 1): ne le filz ne partira mie a l'iniquite son pere, ne li
peres a l'iniquite son fil, mais chascun . . . recevra son loier (*homoeoteleuton in W*)
8-9 C* and the hayre prycked so syr launcelots skynne whiche greued hym ful sore
F (*ibid.*) i la haire qui estoit aspre et poignant empres sa char W hys heyre
prycked faste and greved hym sore 11 C leue Capitulum Quintum And
thenne 19 C† all in blak 20-1 So there began a grete turnemente *not in*
C† F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 544^r col. 2): Si avoient commence le tournoy trop
mervueilleux et trop grant 22 C to other gretly *not in C* 28 many *not*
in C 30 C so that alle tho that sawe

But allwayes the whyght knyghtes hylde them nyghe
 aboute sir Launcelot for to tire hym and wynde hym, and at
 the laste, [as a man may not ever endure¹, sir Launcelot
 [waxed so faynt of fyghtyng and travaillynge, and] was so
 5 wery of hys grete dedis, that he myght nat lyffte up hys
 armys for to gyff one stroke, that he wente never to have
 borne armys.

And than they all toke and ledde hym away into a foreyste
 and there made hym to alyght to reeste hym. And than all
 io the felyship of the castell were overcom for the defaughte of
 hym. Than they seyde all unto sir Launcelot,

'Blessed be God that ye be now of oure felyship, for we
 shall holde you in oure preson.'

And so they leffte hym with few wordys.

15 And than sir Launcelot made grete sorowe: 'For never or
 now was I never at turnemente nor at justes but I had the
 beste. And now I am shamed, and am sure that I am more
 synfuller than ever I was/

375^r Thus he rode sorowyng, and halff a day oute of dispayre,
 20 tyll that he cam into a depe valey.

And whan sir Launcelot sye he myght nat ryde up unto
 the mountayne, he there alyght undir an appyll-tre. And
 there he leffte hys helme and hys shyld, and put hys horse
 unto pasture. And than he leyde hym downe to slepe.

25 And than hym thought there com an olde man afore hym
 whych seyde,

'A, Launcelot, of evill, wycked fayth and poore beleve!
 Wherefore ys thy wyll turned so lightly toward dedly synne?'

And whan he had seyde thus he vanysshed away, and sir
 30 Launcelot wyst nat where he becom.

Than he toke hys horse and armed hym. And as he rode
 by the hygheway he saw a chapell where was a recluse, which
 had a wyndow, that she myght se up to the awter. And

3 C* as a man may not euer endure F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 544^r col. 2^y) 'si le
 lassent tant par souffrir et par endurer 3-4 C* Launcelot waxed so faynt of
 fyztynge & traueillynge & was so F (ibid.): est si durement lasse et travailliez
 (homoeoteleuton in W due to the recurrence of 'wa' in waxed and was) 6 C stroke
 so that 9 Calyghte & to 16 Cnorlustes 17 C shamed and thenne
 he sayd now I am sure 19 c* day he was oute 21 Cvp in to 26 C
 the whiche 27 wycked not in C† 28 C toward thy dedely 29 sir
 not in C 30 C he was become 32 C the way he

all aboute she called sir Launcelot for that he semed a knyght arraunte.

And than he cam, and she asked hym what he was, and of what place, and where aboute he wente to seke. (6)

And than he tolde hir alltogydir worde by worde, and 5 the trouth how hit befelle hym at the turnemente. And aftir that he tolde hir hys avision that he had that nyght in hys slepe, [and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene¹.

'A, Launcelot,' seyde she, 'as longe as ye were knyght of erthly knyghthode ye were the moste mervayloust man of the 10 worlde, and moste adventurst. Now,' seyde the lady, 'sitthen ye be sette amonge the knyghtis of hevynly adventures, if adventure falle hit have ye no mervayle; for that turnamente yestirday was but a tokenyng of oure Lorde, and natforethan there was none enchauntemente. For they 15 at the turnemente were erthely knyghtes. The turnamente was tokyn to se who sholde have moste knyghtes of Eliazar, the sonne of kynge Pelles, or Argustus, the sonne of kynge Harlon. But Eliazar was all clothed in whyght, and Argustus 375^v were coverde in blacke. And what thys betokenyng I shall 20 telle you.

'The day of Pentecoste, whan kynge Arthure hylde courte, hit befelle that erthely kynges and erthely knyghtes toke a turnemente togydirs, that ys to sey the queste of the Sankgreall. Of thes [the] erthely knyghtes [were they] which 25 were clothed all in blake, and the coveryng betokenyng the sy[n]nes whereof they be nat confessed. And they with the coveryng of whyght betokenyng virginity, and they that hath chosyn chastity. And thus was the queste begonne in them. Than thou behelde the synners and the good men. 30 And whan thou saw the synners overcom tho[u] enclyned to that party for bobbaunce and pryde of the worlde (and

1 C* alle aloude she sir not in C 7 C had had 8-9 C* slepe and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene for he was not contente with hit A Launcelot F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 544^v col. 1) si li prie que elle le conseille a son pouvoir 10,11 Cmerueillous . . . aduenturous 13 C*felle the contrary at that turnement haue thou no 17 C knyghtes outhur Clyazarf (confusion due to similarity of capital C and E) F (ibid.) Elyzar 19 C Clyazar C whyght And S whyght and 20 C blak the whiche were comen Alle what 23 C and knyghtes 24 C to gydrs S to gyders 24-6 C Sancgreal The erthely knyghtes were they the whiche were 27 W sygnes 29 hath not in C 31 Couercome" thow enclynest 32 W pryde of the worlde repeated

all that muste be leffte in that queste, for in thys queste thou shalt have many felowis and thy bettirs, for thou arte so feble of evyll truste and good beleve. Thys made hit whan thou were where they toke the, and ladde the into the 5 foreyste.

'And anone there appered the Sankgreall unto the whyght knyghtes, but thou were so fyeble of good 'beleve and¹ fayth that thou myght nat abyde hit for all the techyng of the good man before. But anone thou turned to the synners, 10 and that caused thy mysseaventure, that thou sholde know God frome vayneglory of the worlde; hit ys nat worth a peare. And for grete pryde thou madist grete sorow that thou haddist nat over com all the whyght knyghtes. Therefore God was wrothe with you, for in thys queste God lovith 15 no such dedis. And that made the avision to say to the that thou were of evyll faythe and of poore belyeve, the which woll make the [to falle into the"¹ depe pitte of helle, if thou kepe the nat the bettir.

'Now have I warned the of thy vayneglory and of thy 20 pryde, that thou haste many tyme arred ayenste thy Maker. 376^r Beware of everlastynge payne, for of all erthly knyghtes I have moste pite of the, for I know well thou haste nat thy pere of ony erthly synfull man.'

And so she commaunded sir Launcelot to dyner.

25 And aftir dyner he toke hys horse and commaunde her to God, and so rode into a depe valey. And there he saw a ryver (that) hygh(t) Mortays. And thorow the watir he muste nedis passe, the whych was hedyous. And than in the name of God he toke hit wit[h] good herte.

30 And whan he com over he saw an armed knyght, horse and man all black as a bere, Withoute ony worde he smote

4 C were there where 7-8 C* of good byleue and feyth F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 545r col. 1) de povre foy et de male creance 8 C myghtest 9 before not in C C tornest 10-11 C* knowe good from euylle and vayne glory of the world the whiche is 13 C* knyghtes with the keueryng of whyte by whome was betokeneth vyrgynte & chastyte & therfor 14-16 C for god loueth no suche dedes in this quest & this aduision signefyeth Jt thou were 17 C* to falle in to the depe pytte of helle F (ibid.): te feroit cheoir ou plus parfont puis d'enfer (homoeoteteuton in W) 18 the bettir not in C 27 Wryver and an mortays Cryuer and an hyhe mntayn F (ibid.): l'iaue grant que on apeloit Marcoise (see note) 30 C And when S and when 31 all not in C C as ony beare withoute (S without) W beare F (ibid.): plus noires que meure

sir Launcelottis horse to the dethe. And so he paste on and
wyst nat where he was becom.

And than he toke hys helme and hys shyld, and thanked
God of hys adventure.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND SPEKITH 5
OF SIR [GAWAYNE].

1 C† to the erthe F (*ibid.*) il l'occist 1-2 C on he wyst 5-6 C HERE
LEUETH OF THE STORY OF SYR LAUNCELOT AND SPEKE WE OF SIR GAWAYNE THE
WHICHE IS THE XVI BOOK

V
SIR GAWAIN

*(Winchester MS., ff. 376^r-380^r;
Caxton, Book XVI, chs. 1-5]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How syr Gawayn was nyghe wery of the queste of Sangreal and of his mervayllous dreame.
2. Of the advysyon of syr Ector, and how he justed wyth syr Ewayn le Avoultres, hys sworne brother.
3. How syr Gawayn and syr Ector cam to an hermytage to be confessyd, and how they tolde to the hermyte theyr advysyons.
4. How the heremyte expowned theyr advysyon.
5. Of the good counceyl that the heremyte gaf to them.

WHAN sir Gawayne was departed frome hys felyship (1)
 he rode longe withoute any adventure, for he founde
 nat the tenthe parte of adventures as they were wonte to have.
 For sir Gawayne rode frome Whytsontyde tylle a Mychaell-
 masse, and founde never adventure that pleased hym. 5

So on a day hit befelle that Gawayne mette with sir Ector
 de Maris, and aythir made grete joy of othir. And so they
 tolde everyche othir, and complayned them gretely, that they
 coude fynde none adventure.

Truly/ seyde sir Gawayne, 'I am ny wery of thys queste, 10
 and lothe I am to folow further in straunge contreyes.'

'One thyng mervaylith me muche/ seyde sir Ector, 'I
 have mette with twenty knyghtes that be felowys of myne,
 and all they complayne as I do/

'I have mervayle/ seyd sir Gawayne, 'where that sir 15
 Launcelot, you[r] brothir, ys.'

Truly/ seyde sir Ector, 'I can nat hyre of hym, nother of
 sir Galahad, sir Percivale, and sir Bors.'

'Lette hem be,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for they four have no
 peerys. And if one thyng were nat, sir Launcelot he had 20
 none felow of an erthely man; but he ys as we be, but if he
 take the more payne uppon hym. But and thes four be
 mette togydys they woll be lothe that ony man mete with
 hem; for and they fayle of Sankgreall, hit ys in waste of all
 the remenaunte to recover hit.' 25

Thus sir Ector and sir Gawayne rode more than eyght
 dayes. And on a Satirday they founde an auncyant chapell
 which was wasted, that there semed no man nor woman thydir
 repayred. And there they alyght and sette their sperys at the
 dore. And so they entirde into the chapell and there made 30
 their orysones a grete whyle.

And than they sette hem downe in the segys of the chapell,
 and as they spake of one thyng and of othir, for hevynesse

1 C† his his 3-4 C as he was wonte to doo For 5 C†ondenoneaduenture
 7 C other that it were merueylle to telle And 10 C Gawayne vnto syre Ector
 I 12 C merueilled me sayde 13 that be *not in* C† 18 C Galahad
 Percuale nor syr Bors 19 W seyde seyde 20 Cnotinsyr 21 C
 of none erthely 21-2 Che took more 24 Cthe Sancgreall 26 C
 Thus asf Ector and Gawayne 27-8 C an old chapel the whiche 28 nor
 woman *not in* C 30 C and in they 32 C thenne sette 33 C and other

theyfelleonslepe. And there [befelle] hem bothemervaylous adventures.

Sir Gawayne hym semed he cam into a medow full of herbis and floures, and there he saw a rake of bullis, an
 5 hundrith and fyffty, that were proude and black, save three of hem was all whyght, and one had a blacke spotte. And the othir two were so fayre and so whyght that they myght be no whytter. And thes three bullis which were so fayre were tyed with two stronge cordis. And the remnaunte of
 10 the bullis seyde amonge them,

'Go we hens to seke bettir pasture!'

And so som wente and som com agayne, but they were so megir that the[y] myght nat stonde upryght. And of the bullys that were so whyght that one com agayne and no mo.
 15 But whan thys whyght bulle was com agayne and amonge thes other, there rose up a grete crye for lacke of wynde [that] fayled them. And so they departed, one here and anothir there.

Thys avision befelle sir Gawayne that nyght.

(2) 20 But to sir Ector de Mares befelle another avision, the contrary. For hit semed hym that hys brothir, sir Launcelot, 377^r and he alyght oute of a chayre and lepte uppon two horsis. And the one s[aly]de to the othir,

'Go we to seke that we shall nat fynde.'

25 And hym thought thatt a man bete sir Launcelot and dispoyled hym, and clothed hym in another aray whych was all fulle of knottis, and sette hym uppon an asse. And so he rode tylle that he cam unto the fayryst wellle that ever he saw. And there sir Launcelot alyght and dranke of that wellle;
 30 and whan he stowped to drynke of that watir the watir sanke frome hym. And whan sir Launcelot saw that, he turned and wente thidir as (he had) com fro. And in the meanewhyle he trowed that hymself, sir Ector, rode tylle that (he) com to a ryche mannes house where there was a weddyng.
 35 And tner he saw a kynge whych seyde,

'Sir knyght, here ys no place for you.'

6 C hem were al 12-13 C so lene that they 13-15 W (*sidenote*) The avision of sir Gawayne 15 Cagayne amonge 19 sir not in C 24 to not in C 26 C the whiche 29 C* and wold haue dronke of (*not in F*) 32 W, C the hede (*see note*) 33 W hymself and sir C hym self and syr (*see note*) 34 W, C that they 35 C the whiche

And than he turned agayne unto the chayre that he cam fro.

And so within a whyle both sir Gawayne and sir Ector awaked, and ayther tolde other of their avision, whych mervayled hem gretly.

'Truly,' seyde sir Ector, 'I shall never be myrry tyll I hyre 5 tydynges of my brothyr sir Launcelot.'

So as they sate thus talkynge they saw an honde shewynge unto the elbow, and was coverde with rede samyte, and uppon that a brydill nat ryght ryche, that hylde within the fyste a grete candill whych brenned ryght clere; and so 10 passed before them and entird into the chapell, and than vanyshed away they wyste nat whydir.

And anone com downe a voice which seyde,

'Knyghtes full of evyll fayth and of poore beleve, thes two thynges have fayled you, and therefore ye may nat com to 15 the adventures of the Sankgreall!'

Than first spake sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Sir Ector, have ye herde thes wordys?'

'Ye truly,' seyde sir Ector, 'I herde all. Now go we,' 377^v seyde sir Ector, 'unto some ermyte that woll telle us of oure 20 avision, for hit semyth me we laboure all in waste.'

And so they departe and rode into a valey, and there they mette with a squyre which rode on an hakeney, and anone they salew hym fayre.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'can thou teche us to ony ermyte?' 25

'Sir, here ys on[e] in a litill mountayne, but hit ys so rowghe there, may no horse go thydir. And therefore ye muste go on foote. And there ye shall fynde a poore house, and therein ys Nacien [the] ermyte, whych ys the holyeste man in thys contrey.' 30

And so they departed aythir frome othir. And than in a valey they mette with a knyght all armed which profirde hem to fyght and juste as sone as he saw them.

'In the name of God,' seyde Gawayne, 'for sitthyn I departed frome Camelot there was none that profirde me to 35 juste but onys.'

3 C the whiche	6 C broder launcelot	7 C Now as	9 C* that henge
a brydel	12 C not where	17, 25 sir <i>not in C</i>	18, 26 Sir <i>not in C</i>
21 C in vayne	22-3 C there mette	26 C* is one	28 C vpon foote
29 C there is nacyen the* heremyte	33 fyght and <i>not in C</i>	C as fer as he	
34 for <i>not in C</i>			

'And now, sir,' seyde sir Ector, 'lat me juste with hym.'

'Nay, ye shall nat, but if I be betyn. Hit shall nat than forthynke me if ye go to hym [after me].'

And than aythir enbraced other to juste, and so they cam 5 togydirs as faste as they myght renne, that they braste their shyldis and mayles, and that one more than the tother. But sir Gawayne was wounded in the lyffte syde, and thys other knyght was smytten thorow the breste, that the speare com oute on the other syde. And so they felle bothe oute of their 10 sadyls, and in the fallynge they brake both their spearys.

And anone sir Gawayne arose and sette hys honde to hys swerde and caste hys shyld before hym. But all for naught was hit, for the knyght had no power to aryse agayne hym. Than seyde sir Gawayne,

15 'Ye muste yelde you as an overcom man, other ellis I muste sle you!'

'A, sir knyght T he seyde, 'I am but dede! Therefore, for Goddys sake and of youre jantilnes, lede me here unto an abbay, that I may resceyve my Creature.'

20 'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I know no house of religion here nyghe.'

'Sir, sette me on an horse tofore you, and I shall techeyou.'

So sir Gawayne sette hym up in the sadyll, and he lepe up behynde hym to sustayne hym.

378^f25 And so they cam to the abbay, and there were well resceyved. And anone he was unarmed and resceyve hys Creature.

Than he prayde sir Gawayne to drawe oute the truncheon of the speare oute of hys body. Than sir Gawayne asked 30 hym what he was.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am of kynge Arthurs courte, and was a felow of the Rounde Table, and we were sworne togydir. And now, sir Gawayne, thou hast slayne me. And

2 C Nay sayd Gawayne ye 2-3 C* shalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 546^r col. 2): apres moi 5 C* as fast as their horses myghte renne and brast (so in F) 6 C the one 6-7 C the other and Gawayne 7 Csyde but the other 8 Cbrestandthe 11 C Anone Gawayne 14, 28, 29 sir not in C 17 Therefore not in C 21 Chere by 22 C Syr sayd the knyghte sette 23 So sir not in C Cleptevp 25 C Abbay where they were 30-1 C was that knewe hym not I am sayd he of 32 C* were bretheren sworne 33—p. 945, 6 W (sidenote) Here sir Gawayne slew sir Uwayne his cousyn germayne

my name ys sir Uwayne le Avoutres, that somtyme was sone unto kynge Uryen, and I was in the queste of the Sankgreall. And now forgyff the God, for hit shall be ever rehersed that the tone sworne brother hath slayne the other.'

'Alas', seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ever thys mysadventure 5 befelle me!'

'No force,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'syttyn I shall dye this deth, of a much more worshipfuller mannes hande myght I nat dye. But whan ye com to the courte recommaunde me unto my lorde Arthur, and to all them that be leffte on lyve. 10 And for olde brothirhode thynke on me.'

Than began sir Gawayne to wepe, and also sir Ector.

And than sir Uwayne bade hym draw oute the truncheon of the speare.

And than sir Gawayne drew hit oute and anone departed 15 the soule frome the body. Than sir Gawayne and sir Ector buried hym as them ought to bury a kynges sonne and made hit wrytyn uppon hys tombe what was hys name and by whom he was slayne.

Than departed sir Gawayne and sir Ector as hevy as they 20 myght for their mysseadventure. And so rode [tyl that] they com to the rowghe mountayne, and there they tyed their horsis and wente on foote to the ermytage. And whan they were com up they saw a poore house, and besyde the chapell a litill courtelayge where Nacien the ermyte gadred wortis 25 to hys mete, as he whych had tasted none other mete of a grete whyle. And whan he saw the arraunte knyghtes he cam to them and salewed them and they hym agayne.

'Fayre lordis,' seyde he, 'what adventure brought you hydir?' 30

Than seyde sir Gawayne, 'to speke with you for to be confessed.'

'Sir,' seyde the ermyte, 'I am redy.'

Than they tolde hym so muche that he wyste welle what they ware, and than he thought to counceyle them if he myght. 35

1 C auoultres 2 C Vryens and was 3 C forgyue it the 3-4 C be sayd
that the one 6 C is befallen 10 C and alle tho that ben lefte 12,20 C
omits sir in all cases C Ector also 13-15 C† thenne Vwayne hym self and syre
Gawayne drewe oute the truncheon of the spere and anone 17 C as men oughte
18 hit not in C† hys tombe what was not in C† 26 to hys mete not in †C
30-1 Chyther Syr said Gawayn to 35 C* were

Than began sir Gawayne and tolde hym of hys avision that he had in the chapell. And Ector tolde hym all as hit ys before reherced.

'Sir,' seyde [the ermyte unto] sir Gawayne, 'the fayre 5 medow and the rak therein ought to be undirstonde the Rounde Table, and by the medow ought to be undirstonde humilite and paciens; tho be the thynges which bene allwey grene and quyk. For that men mowe no tyme overcom humility and pacience, therefore was the Rounde Table 10 founden, and the shevalry hath ben at all tymes so hyghe by the fraternity which was there that she myght nat be overcom: for men seyde she was founded in paciens and in humilite. At the rack ete an hondred and fyfty bullys, but they ete nat in the medowe, for if they had, their hartes sholde have 15 bene sette in humilite and paciens; and the bullis were proude and blacke sauffonly three.

'And by the bullys ys undirstonde the felyshyp of the Rounde Table whych for their synne and their wyckednesse bene blacke; blackenes ys as much to sey withoute good 20 vertues or workes. And the three bulles whych were whyght sauff only one had bene spotted? The too whyght betokenythe sir Galahad and sir Percivale, for they be maydyns and clene withoute spotte, and the thirde, that had a spotte, signifieth sir Bors de Gaynes, which trespassed but onys in hys 25 virginity. But sithyn he kepyth hymselff so wel in chastity that all ys forgyffyn hym and hys myssededys. And why tho three were tyed by the neckes, they be three knyghtes in virginity and chastity, and there ys no pryd smytten in them.

'And the blacke bullis whych seyde, "go we hens", they 30 were tho whych at Pentecoste at the hyghe feste toke uppon hem [to go] in the queste of the Sankgreall withoute confession: they myght nat entir in the medow of humilite and paciens. And therefore they turned into waste contreyes: that signifieth dethe, for there shall dye many off them. For 35 every ch of them shall sle othir for synne, and they that shall

1 sir <i>not in C</i>	C Gawayne fyrst &	4 C* said the heremyte vnto	7 C
tho ben	W which whych	8 C for men maye no	W The V in mowe is
<i>barely legible</i>	10 hyghe <i>notinC†</i>	14 if they had <i>not in</i>	C† 14-15 Cshold
be sette	17 C is to vnderstande	19 as much <i>not in</i>	C† 19-20 C good
or vertuous werkes	21 C one that was spotted	Cbitokenen	22 C may-
dens clene and	25 Che kept	31 C* hem to goo in	33 Cretorned

ascape shall be so megir that hit shall be mervayle to se them. And of the three bullis withoute spotte the one shall com agayne and the other two never.'

Than spake Nacien unto sir Ector: 'Soth hit ys that sir (4) Launcelot and ye com downe of one chayre; the chayer 5 379' betokenyth maystership and lordeship which ye too cam downe fro. But ye two knyghtes,' seyde the ermyte, 'ye go to seke that ye shall nat fynde, that ys the Sankgreall, for hit ys the secrete thynges of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But what ys to meane that sir Launcelot felle doune of hys 10 horse? He hath leffte hys pryde and takyn to humility for he hath fayed¹ mercy lowde for hys synne and sore repented hym, and oure Lorde hath clothed hym in Hys clothyng whych ys full of knottes, that ys the hayre that he werith dayly. And the asse that he rode uppon ys a beest 15 of humility for God wolde nat ryde uppon no styede nother uppon no palferey; in an exemple that an asse betokenyth mekenes, that thou saw sir Launcelot ryde [on] in thy slepe.

' A[nd] the welle whereat the watir sanke frome hym whan he sholde have takyn thereoff ? (And whan he saw he myght 20 nat have hit he returned from whens he cam, for the welle betokenyth the hyghe grace of God; for the more men desyre hit to take hit, the more shall be their desire.) So whan he cam nyghe the Sankgreall he meked hym so that he hylde hym nat the man worthy to be so nyghe the holy vessell, for 25 he had be so defoyled in dedly synne by the space of many yere. Yett whan he kneled downe to drynke of the welle, there he saw grete provydenge of the Sankgreall; and for he hath served so longe the devyll he shall have fvengeaunce"¹ four and twenty dayes, for that he hath bene 30 the devillis servaunte four and twenty yers. And than sone aftir he shall returne to Camelot oute of thys contrey, and he shall sey a party such thyngis as he hath founde.

'Now woll I telle you what betokenyth the hande with the

i C soo lene that 4-5 C omits sir in both cases 6 too not in C % C shalle neuerfynde 9 Cthyng But not in C 11 Cleft pryde 12 C*cryed mercy F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 547^r col. 1): cria mercy 18 Cswest 19 W At the Cwhereas the 21 C retorned thyder from 22 C god the 25 C not a man 27 downe not in C 27-8 W welle and there 29 W devyll that he 30 C* vengeaunce four and twenty dayes longe for F (ibid., col. 2): et durera celle vengeance xim (other MSS. XXXIII) jours

candill and the brydyll: that ys to undirstonde the Holy Goste where charity ys ever; and the brydyll signifieth abstynens, for whan she ys brydeled in a Crysten mannes herte s[he] holdith hym so shorte that he fallith nat in dedly 5 synne. And the candyll which shewith clernesse and lyght signyfieth the ryght way of Jesu Cryste.

'And whan [He] wente He seyde, "Knyghtes of pore fayth 379^v and of wycked beleve, thes three thynges fayled: charity abstinaunce and trouthe. Therefore ye may nat attayne 10 thys adventure of the Sankgreall." '

(5) 'Series,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'full sothly have ye seyde, that I se hit opynly. Now I pray you telle me why we mette nat with so many adventures as we were wonte to do?'

'I shall telle you gladly,' seyde the good man, 'the adven- 15 ture of the Sankgreall whych be in shewynge now. For hit apperith nat to no synners (wherefore mervayle ye nat thou[gh] ye fayle thereoff and many othir, for ye bene an untrew knyght and a grete murtherar), and to good men signifieth othir thynges than murthir. For I dare sey, as synfull as ever 20 sir Launcelot hath byn, sith that he wente into the queste of the Sankgreal he slew never man nother nought shall, tyll he com to Camelot agayne; for he hath takyn [upon] hym to forsake synne. And nere were that he ys nat stable, but by hys thoughte he ys lykly to turne agayne, he sholde 25 be nexte to enchev[e] hit sauff sir Galahad, hys sonne; but God knowith hys thought and hys unstableness. And yett shall he dye ryght an holy man, and no doute he hath no felow of none erthly synfull man lyvyng.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'hit semyth me by youre wordis 30 that for oure synnes hit woll nat avayle us to travayle in thys queste.'

'Truly,' seyde the good man, 'there bene an hondred such as ye bene shall never prevayle but to have shame.'

And whan they had herde thes wordis they comaunded

4 W so holdith 5 C† clerenesse and syghte 7 W they wente (see note)
 11 full not in C 12 C* yow good man and holy fader telle 13 C doo and
 comynly haue the better (not in F) 15-16 C* whiche ye and many other haue
 vndertake pe quest of it & fynde it not the cause is for it appiereth 16-17 C
 merueylle not though 22-3 C taken vpon hym for to forsake 23 C he nys
 28 C of no erthely lyvyng not in C 29 sir not in C 33 C ye be that
 neuer shalle preuayle 34 C† these voyces they

hym unto God. Than the good man called sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Hit ys longe tyme passed sith that ye were made knyght and never synnes servyd thou thy Maker, and now thou arte so olde a tre that in the ys neythir leeff, nor grasse, nor 5 fruyte. Wherefore bethynke the that thou yelde to oure Lorde the bare rynde, sith the fende hath the levis and the fruyte.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and I had leyser I wolde speke with you, but my felow sir Ector ys gone and abithe me 10 yondir bynethe the hylle.'

'Well,' seyde the good man, 'thou were better to be counceyled.'

Than departed sir Gawayne and cam to sir Ector, and so toke their horsis and rode tylle that they com to a fosters 15 380' house, which herberowde them ryght welle. And on the morne departed frome hir oste and rode longe or they cowthe fynde ony adventure.

NO W TURNYTH THYS TALE UNTO SYR BoRS DE GANYs

4 C sythen thow seruedest thy	5 nor grasse <i>not in C</i>	7 W hath hath	10
C felawe here syr	14 C andef came to Ector	15 that <i>not in C</i>	17 C
they departed	19 Now turnyth thys tale unto syr Bors de Ganys <i>not in C</i>		

VI
SIR BORS

*[Winchester MS., ff. 380^r-389^r,
Caxton, Book XVI, chs. 6-17]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

6. How syr Bors mette wyth an heremyte, and how he was confessyd to hym, and of his penaunce enjoyned to hym.
7. How syr Bors was lodged with a lady and how he took on hym for to fyght ageynst a champyon for hyr lande.
8. Of a vysyon whyche syr Bors had that nyght, and how he faught and overcame hys adversarye.
9. How the lady was restored to hyr londes by the bataylle of syr Boors, and of his departyng, and how he mette syr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes and also a mayde which shold have ben devoured.
10. How syr Boors lefte to rescowe his brother and rescowed the damoyssel, and how it was tolde hym that Lyonel was dede.
11. How syr Boors tolde his dreme to a preest whiche he had dremed, and of the counceyl that the preest gaf to hym.
12. How the devyl in a womans lykenes wold have had syr Bors to have layen by hir, and how by Goddes grace he escaped.
13. Of the holy comynycacyon of an abbot to syr Boors and how the abbot counceyllled hym.
14. How syr Boors mette wyth his brother syr Lyonel, and how syr Lyonel wolde have slayn syr Boors.
15. How syr Colgrevaunce fought ayenst syr Lyonel for to save syr Boors and how the heremyte was slayn.
16. How syr Lyonel slewe syr Colgrevaunce and how after he wold have slayn syr Bors.
17. How there came a voys whyche charged syr Bors to touche not hym, and of a cloude that came betwene them.

WHAN sir Bors was departed frome Camelot he mette (6)
with a religious man rydyng on an asse, and anone
sir Bors salewed hym. And anone the good man knew that
he was one of the knyghtes arraunte that was in the queste
of the Sankgreall. 5

'What ar ye?' seyde the good man.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I am a knyght that fayne wolde be coun-
ceyled, that ys entirde into the queste of the Sankgreall. For
he shall have much erthly worship that may bryng hit to
an ende.' 10

'Series,' seyde the good man, 'that ys sothe withoute
fayle, for he shall be the beste knyght of the worlde and the
fayryst of the felyship. But wyte you welle there shall none
attayne hit but by clennes, that ys pure confession.'

So rode they togydir tyll that they com unto a litill ermy- 15
tage, and there he prayde sir Bors to dwelle all that nyght.
And he so put of hys armoure and prayde hym that he
myght be confessed, and so they went into the chappel and
there he was clene confessed."¹ And so they ete brede and
dranke watir togydir. 20

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'I pray the that thou ete
none other tyll that thou sitte at the table where the Sank-
greal shall be.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I agre me thereto. But how know ye that
I shall sytte there?' 25

'Yes,' seyde the good man, 'that know I well, but there
shall be but fewe of youre felowis with you.'

'All ys wellcomme,' seyde sir Bors, 'that God sendith me.'

'Also,' seyde the good man, 'insteede of a shurte, and in
sygne of chastisemente, ye shall were a garmente. Therefore 30
I pray you do of all your clothys and youre shurte.'

And so he dud. And than he toke hym a scarlet cote so
that sholde be hys instede of hys sherte tyll he had fulfilled

3 C knewe hym that 7-8 C† counceyled in the quest 11-12 withoute fayle
not in C 15-16 C came to an heremytage 16-17 C* nyghte with hym and
soo he alyghte and put away his armour 18-19 C* confessid and soo they
wente in to the chappel and there he was clene confessid F (MS. B. N.fr. 120
f. 548^v col. 1) entrent en la chapele (homoeoteleuton in W) 20 W togydir
togydir 26 well not in C 33 C be in stede

the queste of the Sankegreall. And thys good man founde hym in so mervales a lyffe and so stable that he felte he was never gretly correpte in fleysshly lustes but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le Blanke.

380^v 5 Than he armyd hym and toke hys leve, and so departed. And so a litill frome thens he lokyd up into a tre and there he saw a passynge grete birde uppon that olde tre. And hit was passyng drye, withoute leyffe; so she sate above and had birdis whiche were dede for hungir. So at the laste he smote
10 hymselffe with hys beke which was grete and sherpe, and so the grete birde bledde so faste that he dyed amonge hys birdys. And the yonge birdys toke lyff by the bloode of the grete birde.

Whan sir Bors saw thys he wyste well hit was a grete
15 tokenynge; for whan he saw the grete birde arose nat, than he toke hys horse and yode hys way.

And so by aventure, by evynsonge tyme, he cam to a stronge towre and an hyghe, and there was he herberowde
(7) gladly. And whan he was unarmed they lad hym into an
20 hyghe towre where was a lady, yonge, lusty and fayre, and she resceyved hym with grete joy and made hym to sitte down by her. And anone he was sette to supper with fleyssh and many deyntees.

But whan sir Bors saw that, he bethought hym on hys
25 penaunce and bade a squyre to brynge hym watir. And so he brought hym, and he made soppis therein and ete them.

'A,' seyde the lady, 'I trow ye lyke nat youre mete.'

'Yes truly,' seyde sir Bors, 'God thanke you, madam, but I may nat ete none other mete to-day.'

30 Than she spake no more as at that tyme, for she was lothe to displease hym. Than aftir supper they spake of one thyng and of othir. So with that there cam a squyre and seyde,

1 C the good 2 C that he merueilled and felte that he was 3 gretly *not in*
Cf 5 W & and 7 C vpon an olde 8 C withoute leues and the
byrd sat 9 C the whiche 9-10 C Soo smote he hym self 10 C the
whiche 11 C bledde tyl that 12 Cf the yonge byrdes token the lyf by
14 sir *not in* C 17 C So by euensonge by aduentur he 18-19 Che lodged
gladly 22 C and soo was he sette to soupe 27 Cf not my mete *F: ceste*
viande que len vos a devant aportee 29 nat *not in* C C mete this daye
32 C and other

'Madam, ye muste purvey you to-morne for a champion, for ellis youre syster woll have thys castell and also youre londys, excepte ye can fynde a knyght that woll fyght to-morne in youre quarell ayenste sir Prydam le Noyre.'

Than she made grete sorow and seyde, 'A, Lorde God! 5 wherefore graunted ye me to holde my londe whereof I sholde now be disherited withoute reson and ryght?'

And whan sir Bors herde hir sey thus he seyde, 'I shall comforte you.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'I shall telle you: there was here a kynge 10 that hyghte Anyausse whych hylde all thys londe in hys 381^r kepyng. So hit myssehapped he loved a jantillwoman a grete dele elder than I. And so he toke her all the londe in hir kepyng and all hys men to governe, and she brought up many evyll custums whereby she put to dethe a grete 1\$ party of his kynnesmen. And whan he saw that, he commaunded her oute of this londe and bytoke hit me, and all thys londe in my demenys. But anone as that worthy kynge was dede thys other lady began to warre uppon me, and hath destroyed many of my men and turned hem ayenste 20 me, that I have well-nyghe no man leffte me, and I have naught ellis but thys hyghe towre that she leffte me. And yet she hath promysed me to have thys towre withoute I can fynde a knyght to fyght with her champion.'

'Now telle me,' seyde sir Bors, 'what ys that Prydam le ^% Noyre?'

'Sir, he ys the moste douted man of thys londe.'

'Than may ye sende hir worde that ye have founde a knyght that shall fyght with that Prydam le Noyre in Goddis quarelle and youre.' 30

So that lady was than glad and sente her worde that she was purveyde. And so that nyght sir Bors had passyng good chere, but in no bedde he wolde com but leyde hym on the floore, nor never wolde do otherwyse tyll that he had mette with the queste of the Sankegreall. 35

And anone as he was aslepe hym befelle a vision: that (8) there cam two birdis, that one whyght as a swanne and that

11 C Anyause 13-14 C* alle this land to her 16-17 Cthat he lete charce
her 27 Cfyre† sayd she he 28 C Now may 31 CThenne that lady
was not a lytel glad 32 passyng not in C 37 C came to hym two

other was merveylous blacke; but he was nat so grete as was that other, but in the lyknes of a raven. Than the whyght birde cam to hym and seyde,

'And thou woldist gyff me mete and serve me, I sholde
5 gyff the all the ryches of the worlde, and I shall make the
as fayre and as whyght as I am.'

So the whyght birde departed. And than cam the blacke birde to hym and seyde,

'And thou serve me to-morow and have me in no dispite,
10 thoughe I be blacke. For wyte thou well that more avaylith
381^v myne blacknesse than the odirs whyghtnesse.'

And than he departed. Than he had anothir vision:
that he cam to a grete place which semed a chapell, and
there he founde a chayre sette, on the lyffte syde which
15 was (a) worme-etyn and fyeble tre besyde hit, and on
the ryght honde were two floures lyke a lylle, and that
one wolde a benomme the tother theyre whyghtnes. But
a good man departed them, that they towched none othir,
and than oute of eche floure com oute many floures
20 and fruyte grete plenty. Than hym thought the good
man seyde,

'Sholde nat he do grete foly that wolde lette thes two
floures perishe for to succoure the rottyn tre that hyt felle
nat to the erthe?'

25 'Sir,' seyde he, 'hit semyth me that thys wood myght nat
avayle.'

'Now kepe the/ seyde the good man, 'that thou never se
such adventure befall the.'

Than he awaked and made a sygne of the crosse in
30 myddys of the forehede, and so he arose and clothed hym.
And anone there cam the lady of the place, and she salewed
hym and he her agayne, and so wente to a chapell and herd
their servyse.

And anone there cam a company of knyghtes that the
35 lady had sente for, to lede sir Bors unto the bataille. Than

1 C but it was 1-2 C as the other 4 W me me 7 C and there came
9 CSc thou woke serue 12-13 C* vysyon hym thoughte that 15 W fyeble
the tre besyde hit (see note) the tre besyde hit not in C† Fun fust 16-
17 C and the one wold haue benome the others whytenes 18 C touched not
the other 19 C of eueryche 30-1 C soo rose & clothed hym and there
35 C vnto bataille

asked he his armys, and whan he was armed she prayde hym to take a lytyll morsell to dyne.

'Nay, madam,' seyde he, 'that shall I nat do tylle I have done my batayle, by the grace of God.'

And so he lepe uppon hys horse and departed, and all the 5 knyghtes and men with hym.

And as sone as thes two ladyes mette togydir, she which sir Bors sholde fyght for, she playned hir and seyde,

'Madam, ye have done grete wronge to beryve me my landis that kyng Anyauss gaff me, and full lothe I am there 10 sholde be ony batayle.'

'Ye shall nat chose,' seyde the other, 'ellis lat your knyght withdraw hym.'

Than there was the cry made, which party had the bettir of tho two knyghtes, that hys lady sholde rejoyse all the 15 382^r londys.

Than departed the one knyght here and the other there. Than they cam togydirs with such raundom that they perced their shildes and their habergeons, and their spearis flye in pecis, and they sore wounded. Than hurteled they togydys 20 so that they beete eche other to the erthe and their horsis betwene their leggis. And anone they arose and sette handis to their swerdys and smote eche one other uppon their hedys, that they made grete woundis and depe, that the blode wente oute of hyr bodyes. For there founde sir Bors gretter def- 25 fence in that knyght more than he wente; for thys sir Prydam was a passyng good knyght and wounded sir Bors full evyll, and he hym agayne. But ever sir Pridam hylde the stowre inlyche harde. That perceyved sir Bors and suffird hym tylle he was nyghe ataynte, and than he ranne 30 uppon hym more and more, and the other wente backe for drede of dethe. So in hys withdrawyng he felle upryght, and sir Bors drew hys helme so strongly that he rente hit frome hys hede, and gaff hym many sadde strokes with the flatte of hys swerde uppon the visayge, and bade hym yelde hym 35 or he sholde sle hym. Than he cryed hym mercy and seyde,

8 C for complainyd	9 C done me wronge	C of my	12 C other lady
orelsyoure	16 Clande	18 Caraundon	19 Cthesperes
20 Cthey	wounded eyther other sore	21 C they felle both to the erthe	26-7 C For
that Prydam	27 C and he wounded	28 Ceuer this Prydam	29 Cm
lyke hard	33 W frome frome	34 C hym grete strokes	

'Fayre knyght, for Goddis love, sle me nat, and I shall ensure the never to warre ayenste thy lady, but be allway towarde hir.'

So sir Bors gaffe hym hys lyff, and anone the olde lady
5 fledde with all hir knyghtes.

- (9) Than called sir Bors all tho that hylde landis of hys lady, and seyde he sholde destroy them but if they dud such servyse unto her as longed to their londys. So they dud her omayge, and they that wolde nat were chaced
10 oute of their londis, that hit befelle that the yonge lady com to her astate agayne be the myghty prouesse of sir Bors de Ganys.

So whan all the contrey was well sette in pease, than sir Bors toke hys leve and departed, and she thanked hym
15 gretly and wolde have gyffyn hym grete gyfftes, but he
32^v refused hit.

Than he rode all that day tylle nyght, and so he cam to an hereberow to a lady which knew hym well inowghe and made of hym grete joy. So on the morne as sone as the day
20 appered, sir Bors departed from thens, and so rode into a foreyste unto the owre of mydday.

And there befelle hym a mervaylous aventure. So he mette at the departynge of the two 'Vayes two knyghtes that lad sir Lyonell, hys brothir, all naked, bowndyn uppo[n]
25 a stronge hakeney, and his hondis bounden tofore hys breste; and everych of them helde in theyre hondis thornys wherewith they wente betynge hym so sore that the bloode trayled downe more than in an hondred placis of hys body, so that he was all bloods tofore and behynde. But he seyde
30 never a worde, as he whych was grete of hert, (but) suffird all that they ded to hym as thoughe he had felte none angwysh.

And anone sir Bors dressed hym to rescow hym that was his brothir. And so he loked uppon the other syde of hym and sawe a knyght which brought a fayre j an till woman, and
35 wolde a sette her in the thycke of the foreyste for to have

4 C Thenne Bors lete hym be thenne the old 6 C Soo thenne came Bors to alle 7 Wladyes 10-11 CThenne befelle that yonge lady to come 15 C grete rychesse but 17 so he *not in C* 20 sir *not in C* 23* C two wayes two JTtwodayes F deus chemins 24 sir *not in C* 26 C in his 30 W herte suffird C herte he suffird F ainz soffroit 30-1 C that euer they 35 C wold haue set C* the thyckest place of F ou plus espes

be the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought her.
And she whych was nothyng assured cryde with an hyghe
voice,

'Seynte Mary, succour youre mayde !'

And anone as she syghe sir Bors she demed hym a knyght 5
of the Rounde Table. Than she conjoured hym, by the
faythe that he ought unto Hym 'in whose servyse thou arte
entred, for kynge Arthures sake, which I suppose made the
knyght, that thou helpe me and suffir me nat to be shamed
of this knyght'. 10

Whan sir Bors herde hir say thus, he had so much sorow
that he wyst nat what to do: 'For if I latte my brothir be in
adventure he muste be slayne, and that wold I nat for all
the erthe; and if I helpe nat the mayde she ys shamed, and
shall lose hir virginite which she shall never gete agayne'. 15

Than lyffte he up hys yghen and seyde wepyng, 383'

'Fayre swete Lorde Jesus Cryst, whos cature I am, kepe
me sir Lyonell, my brothir, that thes knyghtes sle hym nat,
and for pite of you and for mylde Maryes sake, I shall
succour thys mayde.' 20

Than dressed he hym unto the knyght which had the (10)
jantillwoman, and than he cryed,

'Sir knyght, let youre honde of youre maydyn, or ye be
but dede!'

And than he sette downe the mayden, and was armed at all 25
pycis sauff he lacked his speare. Than he dressed hys shylde
and drew route¹ his swerde. And sir Bors smote hym so
harde that hit wente thorow hys shylde and habirgeon on the
lyffte sholdir, and thorow grete strengthe he bete hym downe
to the erthe. And at the pull yng oute of sir Bors spere he 30
there sowned. Than cam sir Bors to the mayde and seyde,

'How semyth hit you? Of thys knyght be ye delyverde at
thys tyme?'

1 C† sought hym 5 C* she aspyed where syre Bors came rydyng And
whanne she came nygh hym she demed 6 C* table wherof she hoped to
haue some comforte & thenne she coniured 8 C* entryd in and for the
feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode & for the noble kyng (*homoeo-
teleuton in W?*) 11-12 C sorowe there he nyst not 14-15 C shamed for euer
and also shall lese 15, 21 C the whiche 17-18 C whoos lyge man I am kepe
Lyonel 19 C for Mary sake 23 C of that mayden 27 W drew
unto C* drewe oute F tret 27, 30, 31 sir not in C 32 C ye be

'Now, sir,' seyde she, 'I pray you lede me thereas this knyght had me.'

'So shall I do gladly.'

And toke the horse of the wounded knyght and sette the 5 jantilwoman uppon hym, and so brought hir as she desired.

'Sir knyght,' seyde she, 'ye have bettir spedde than ye wente, for [and] I had loste my maydynhode fyve hondred men sholde have dyed therefore.'

'What knyght was he that had you in the foreyst?'

10 'Be my fayth, he ys my cosyne. So wote I never [with] what engyne the fynde enchaffed hym, for yestirday he toke me fro my fadir prevayly, for I, nother none of my fadirs men, myssetrusted hym nat. And iff he had had my maydynhode he had dyed for the synne of hys body, and shamed and 15 dishonoured for ever.'

Thus as she stood talkyng with hym there cam twelve knyghtes sekyng aftir hir. And anone she tolde hem all how sir Bors had delyverde hir. Than they made grete joy and besought hym to com to her fadir, a grete lorde, and he 20 sholde be ryght wellcom.

'Truly,' seyde sir Bors, 'that may nat be at thys tyme, for I have a grete aventure to do in this con trey.'

383^v So he commaunde hem to God, and departed. Than sir Bors rode after sir Lyonell, hys brothir, by the trace of their 25 horsis.

Thus he rode sekyng a grete whyle, and anone he overtoke a man clothed in a religious wede, and rode on a stronge blacke horse, blacker than a byry, and seyde,

'Sirknyght, what seke you?'

30 'Sir,' seyde he, 'I seke my brother that I saw erewhyle betyn with two knyghtes.'

'A, sir Bors, discomforte you nat, nor falle nat into no wanhope, for I shall tell you tydyngis such as they be, for truly he ys dede.'

35 Than shewed he hym a new-slayne body lyyng in a buyssh, and hit semed hym well that hyt was the body of

8 C dyed for hit 10 C feithe sayd she he 13-14 C† maydenhede he shold
haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed 18 Chow Bors 21 C sir not
in C W nat nat 23 C commaunded hem vnto god 27 C Relygyous
clothyng 30 C sawe within a whyle 32 C sir not in C C not ne falle
in to 33 C they ben

sir Lyonell, hys brothir. And than he made suche sorow that he felle to **the** erthe in a sowne, and so lay a grete whyle there. And whan he cam to hymselff he seyde,

'Fayre brother, sytthe the company of you and me ar departed, shall I never have joy in my herte. And now He 5 whych I have takyn unto my mayster, He be my helpe.'

And whan he had seyde thus he toke the body lyghtly in hys armys and put hit upon the harson of hys sadyll, and than he seyde to the man,

'Can ye shew me any chapell nyghe where that I may ¹⁰ bury thys body?'

'Com one,' seyde [he], 'here ys one faste bye.'

And so longe they rode tyll they saw a fayre towre, and afore hit there semed an olde, fyeble chapell; and than they alyght bothe and put hym in the tombe of marble, ¹⁵

'Now leve we hym here,' seyde the good man, 'and go (n) we to oure herberow tyll to-morow we com hyre agayne to do hym servyse.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'be ye a prystem?'

'Ye forsothe,' seyde he. *o

'Than I pray you telle me a dreame that befelle me the laste nyght.'

'Say on,' seyde he.

So he begon so much to telle hym of the grete birde in the foreyste, and aftir tolde hym of hys birdys, one whyght *s and another blacke, and of the rottyn tre and of the whyght floures.

'Sir, I shall telle you a parte now, and the othir dele to-morow. The whyght fowle betokenyth a j an till woman **384^r** fayre and ryche whych loved the paramours and hath loved 30 the longe. And if that thou warne hir love she shall dy anone—if thou have no pit6 on her. That signifieth the grete birde which shall make the to warne hir. Now for no feare that thou haste, ne for no drede that thou hast of God, thou shalt nat warne hir; for thou woldist nat do hit for to 35 be holdyn chaste, for to conquerre the lo^ros¹e of the vayne-

1 sir not in C hys brothir not in C† C suche a sorow 2 C erthe all in a 4 C me is 7 Ctoke his body 8 Carson 10 Ccanst thou telle me vnto somme chappel where that I 15 C in to a Tombe 17 Cwe wille come 19 sir not in C 21 C befaile to me 22 Wmyght 26 C†ofof 31 that not in C 31-2 Cshalle goo dye anone yf Wanone and if 36 Wlove C*loos Floenge

glory of the worlde; for that shall befall the now, and thou warne hir, that sir Launcelot, the good knyght, thy cousyn, shall dye. And than shall men sey that thou arte a man-sleer, both of thy brothir sir Lyonell and of thy cousyn sir Launce-
 5 lot, whych th[o]u xnyght have rescowed easily, but thou wentist to rescow a mayde which perteyned nothyng to the. Now loke thou whether hit had bene gretter harme of thy brothers dethe, other ellis to have suffirde her to have loste hir maydynhode.' Than seyde he, 'Now hast thou harde the
 10 tokyns of thy dreame?'

'Ye,' seyde sir Bors.

'Than ys hit in thy defaughte if sir Launcelot, thy cousyn, dye.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'that were me lothe, for there ys
 15 'no' thyng in the worlde but I had levir do than to se my lorde sir Launcelot dye in my defaught.'

'Chose ye now the tone or that other.'

Than he ladde hym into the hygh towre, and there he founde knyghtes and ladyes that seyde he was welcom. And
 20 so they unarmed hym, and whan he was in his dublette they brought hym a mantell furred with ermyne and put hit aboute hym. So they made such chere that he had forgotyn hys sorow.

And anone cam oute of a chambir unto hym the fayryst
 25 lady that ever he saw, and more rycher beseyne than ever was quene Guenyver or ony other astate.

'Lo,' seyde they, 'sir Bors, here ys the lady unto whom we owghe all oure servyse, and I trow she be the rychyst lady and the fayryste of the worlde, whych lovith you beste aboven
 30 all other knyghtes, for she woll have no knyght but you.'

2, 14 sir *not in C* 3 *C* And therefore men shalle now say 4-5 *C* launcelot
 du lake 5 *Chau* saued and rescowed 6 *wenest.... perteyneth* 8 *W*
 suffirde 9 *C* Thenne asked he hym haste 10-12 *C** dreame the whiche I haue
 told to yow Ye forsothe sayd syre Bors alle youre exposycyon and declarynge of my
 dreame I haue wel vnderstande and herd Thenne said the man in this black clothynge
 thenne is 14 *C* for wete ye wel there 15 *F* il n'est riens *C* doo hit than
 16 *C* launcelot du lake to dye 17-18 *C* the one or the other said the good man
 And thenne 18 *C* led syr Bors in to an hyge 19 *C* ladyes tho ladyes
 (*not in F*) sayde 20-1 *C* dobblet men (*not in F*) broughte 22 *C* and thenne
 they made hym suche 23-4 *C** alle his sorowe and anguysshe and only sette
 his herte in these delytes and deyntees & tooke noo thoughte more for his broder
 syre Lyonel neyther of syre Launcelot du lake his cosyn And anone (*not in F*)
 25-6 *C* than euer he sawe Quene 29 *C* of alle the world and the whiche

And whan he undirstood that langayge he was abayshed. Notforthan she salewed hym and he her; and than they sate downe togydirs and spake of many thyngis, inso-much that she besought hym to be hir love, for she had loved hym aboven all erthly men and she sholde make hym 5 rycher than evyr was man of hys age.

Whan sir Bors undirstood hir wordis he was ryght evyll at ease, but in no wyse he wolde breke his chastity, and so he wyst nat how to answere her.

'Alas, sir Bors!' seyde she, 'woll ye nat do my wylle?' 10 (12)

'Madam,' seyde he, 'there ys no lady in thys worlde whos wylle I wolde fullfyll as of thys thyng. She ought nat desire hit, for my brothir lyeth dede, which was slayne ryght late.'

'A, sir Bors,' seyde she, 'I have loved you longe for the grete beaunts I have sene in you and the grete hardynesse that I have herde of you, that nedys ye muste lye be me to-nyght, therefore I pray you graunte me.'

'Truly,' seyde he, 'I shall do hit in no maner wyse.'

Than anone she made hym such sorow as thoughe she wolde have dyed. 20

'Well, sir Bors,' seyde she, 'unto thys have ye brought me, nyghe to myne ende.'

And therewith she toke hym by the hande and bade hym beholde her, 'and ye shall se how I shall dye for youre love/ 25

And he seyde than, 'I shall hit never se.'

Than she departed and wente up into an hyghe batilment and lad with her twelve jantilwomen, and whan they were above one of the j an till women cryed,

'A, sir Bors, jantill knyght! Have mercy on us all, and suffir my lady to have hir wyll; and if ye do nat, we muste suffir dethe with oure lady for to falle downe of this hyghe towre. And if ye suffir us thus to dye for so litill a thyng 30 all ladys and jantillwomen woll sey you dishonoured

6 W man and of 8-9 C ease whiche in no maner wold not breke chastyte soo
wyst not he how 10 C Alias sayd she Bors shalle ye 11 C said Bors there
12 C I wylle 12-13 She ought nat desire hit not in C† 15 sir not in C
15-16 W for the grete beaute for the grete beaute 18 C this nyghte &
therfor C graunte it me 20 anone not in C 22 sir not in C 26
C A sayd thenne he that shalle I neuer 27 up not in C 29 C cryed and
sayd 32 C† doune os thys 34 C saye of you

Than loked he upwarde and saw they semed all ladyes of grete astate and rychely and well beseyne. Than had he of hem grete pite; natforthat he was nat uncounceyled in hymselff that levir he had they all had loste their soules
 5 than he hys soule. And with that they felle all at onys unto the erthe, and whan he saw that, he was all abaysshed and
 385^r had thereof grete mervayle. And with that he blyssed hys body and hys vysayge.

And anone he harde a grete noyse and a grete cry as all
 10 the fyndys of helle had bene aboute hym. And therewith 'he sawe'¹ nother towre, lady, ne jantillwomen, nother no chapell where he brought hys brothir to. Than hylde he up both hys hondis to the hevyn and seyde, 'Fayre swete Lorde Fadir and God in hevyn, I am grevously ascaped!'

15 And than he toke hys armys and hys horse and set hym on hys way. And anone he herde a clokke smyte on hys ryght honde, and thydir he cam to an abbay which was closed with hyghe wallis, and there was he lette in. And anone they supposed that he was one of the knyghtes of the
 20 Rounde Table that was in the queste of the Sankgreall, so they led hym into a chambir and unarmed hym.

'Sirs,' seyde sir Bors, 'if there be ony holy man in thys house, I pray you lette me speke with hym.'

Than one of hem lad hym unto the abbote which was in
 25 a chapell. And than sir Bors salewed hym and he hym agayne.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'I am a knyght arraunte,' and tolde hym the adventures whych he had sene.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the abbote, 'I wote nat what ye be,
 30 for I went that a knyght of youre ayge myght nat have be so stronge in the grace of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Natfor- than ye shall go unto youre reste, for I woll nat counceyle thys day, hit ys to late. And to-morow I shall counceyle you as I can.'

(13) 35 And that nyght was sir Bors served rychely. And on the

1 and saw *not in C* 3 nat *not in C* 5 soule *not in C* C felle adoune alle
 9 C as though alle 11 F il ne voit ne la tor 14 C fayre fader god I am
 15-16 C hors and rode on 17-18 C Abbay on his ryght hand closyd 18 C
 was lete 19-20 knyghtes of the Rounde Table that was in the queste of the
not in C (homoeoteleuton) 22 *sirnotinC* 28 C hym all the aduenture 30 C
 wende neuer that nat *not in C* 32-3 C counceyle yow this

morne erly he harde masse, and than the abbot cam to hym
and bade hym good-morow, and sir Bors to hym agayne.

And than he tolde hym he was felow of the queste of the
Sangreall, and how he had charge of the holy man to ete
brede and watir. 5

'Than oure Lorde shewed Hym unto you in the lyknesse
of a fowle, that suffirde grete anguysshe for us whan He
was putte uppon the Crosse, and bledde Hys herte blood
for mankynde; there was the tokyn and the lyknesse of the
Sankgreall that appered afore you, for the blood that the 10
grete fowle bledde reysyd the chykins frome dethe to lyff. 385^v
And by the bare tre betokenyth the worlde, whych ys naked
and nedy, withoute fruyte, but if hit com of oure Lorde.

'Also, the lady for whom ye fought for. And kyng Anyauss,
whych was lorde thereto, betokenyth Jesu Cryste, which ys 15
Kyng of the worlde. And that (y)e fought with the champion
for the lady, thus hit betokenyth: whan <y)e toke the batayle
for the lady, by her shall ye undirstonde the law of oure
Lord Jesu Cryst and Holy Chirche, and by the othir lady
ye shall undirstonde the olde lawe and the fynde which 20
all day warryth ayenst Holy Chirch; therefore ye dud
youre batayle with ryght, for ye be Jesu Crystes knyght,
therefore ye oughte to be defenders of Holy Chirche. 'And
by the blak birde myght ye understande Holy Chirche"¹
whych seyth, "I am blacke," but he ys fayre. And by the 25
whyght birde may men undirstonde the fynde, and I shall
telle you how the swan ys whyght withoutefurth and blacke
within: hit ys iprocesye, which ys with[oute] yalew or pale,
and semyth withouteforth the servauntis of Jesu Cryste, but
they be withinfurth the so horrible of fylth and synne, and begyle 30
the worlde so evyll.

'Also whan the fynde apperith to you in lyknesse of a
man o[f] religion and blamed the that thou lefft thy brothir

1 than *not in C* 6 C lord Ihesus Cryste 7 C vs syn he 11 C bled
reuyued the 13 nedy *not in C†* 14 C Anyaus 15 Clord there to fore
(*not in F*) 16, 17 C, W he 18 C the newe lawe 18-19 oure Lord *not in C*
23-5 C* chirche And by the black byrd myghte ye vnderstande holy chirche
whiche sayth F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 551' col. 1): par le noir oisel qui vous vint
veoir doit on entendre Sainte Eglise qui dit 26 C myghte 28 W ys with
(C* withoute) yalew (*contamination*) F qui est jaunes et pales 30 C within soo
31 so *not in C* 32 C to the in 33 W man or

for a lady, and he lede the where thou semed thy brothir was slayne—but he ys yette on lyve—and all was for to putte the in erreure, and to brynge the into wanhope and lechery, for he knew thou were tendir-herted, and all was
 5 for thou sholdist nat fynde the aventure of the Sankgreall. And the thirde fowle betokenyth the stronge batayle ayenste the fayre ladyes whych were all devyls.

'Also the dry tre and the whyght lylies: the sere tre betokenyth thy brothir sir Lyonell, whych ys dry withoute
 10 vertu, and therefore men oughte to calle hym the rotyn tre, and the worme-etyn tre, for he ys a murtherer and doth contrary to the Order off Knyghthode. And the two whyght floures signifieth two maydyns; the one ys a knyght which y(e) wounded the other day, and the other is the jantillwoman
 386' 15 whych ye rescowed. And why the other floure drew nye the tother, that was the knyght which wolde have defowed her and hymselfF bothe. And, sir Bors, ye had bene a grete foole and in grete perell for to have sene tho two flowris perish for to succoure the rottyn tre, for and they had
 20 synned togydir, they had be dampned; and for ye rescowed them bothe, men myght calle you a verry knyght and the servaunte of Jesu Cryste.'

(14) Than wente sir Bors frome thens and commaunded the abbotte to God. And than he rode all that day, and herbe-
 25 rowde with an olde lady.

And on the morne he rode to a castell in a valey, and there he mette with a yoman goyng a grete pace toward a foreyste.

'Sey me,' seyde sir Bors, 'canst thou telle me of ony
 30 adventure?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'here shall be undir thys castell a grete and a mervaylous turnemente.'

'Of what folkys shall hit be?' seyde sir Bors.

'The erle of Flayns shall be on the tone party, and the
 35 ladyes newew off Hervyn on the todir party.'

Than sir Bors thought to be there, to assay iff he myght mete with hys brothir sir Lyonell, or any other of hys fely-

1 C† lady 800 ledde

5 C* the blessid aduentre

8 C lylie the drye tree

9,36 sir not in C 10 C many men 14 Wys Cwas {see note} 20 C†or that ye 34 C in the one party 35 C the other 36 to assay not in C†

ship whych were in the queste of the Sankgreall, than turned to an ermytage that was in the entre of the foreysst.

And whan he was com thydir he founde there sir Lyonell, his brother, which sate all armed at the *entr6* of the chapell dore for to abyde there herberow tyll on the morne that 5 the turnement sholde be.

And whan sir Bors saw hym he had grete joy of hym, that no man cowde telle of gretter joy. And than he alyght of his horse and seyde,

'Fayre swete brothir, whan cam ye hydir?' 10

And as sir Lyonell saw hym he seyde, 'A, sir Bors, ye may nat make none avaunte, but as for you I myght have bene slayne. Whan ye saw two knyghtes lede me away beatynge me, ye leffte me to succour a jantillwoman, and suffird me in perell of deth. For never arste ne ded no 15 brothir to another so grete an untrouthe. And for that mysse-dede I ensure you now but dethe, for well have ye deserved hit. Therefor kepe you frome me frome hens forewarde! 386^T And that shall ye fynde as sone as I am armed.'

Whan sir Bors undirstode his brothirs wratth he kneled 20 downe tofore hym to the erthe, and cryed hym mercy, holdyng up both hys hondis, and prayde hym to forgyff hym hys evyll wyll.

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Lyonell, 'that shall never [be] and I may have the hygher hande, that I make myne avow to God. 25 Thou shalt have dethe, for hit were *pit6* ye leved any lenger.'

Ryght so he wente in and toke hys harneyse, and lyght uppon his horse and cam tofore hym and seyde,

'Sir Bors, kepe the fro me, for I shall do to the as I wolde do to a felon other a traytoure. For ye be the untrewyst 30 knyght that ever cam oute of so worthy an house as was kyng Bors de Ganis, which was oure fadir. Therefore sterte uppon thy horse, and so shalt thou be moste at thyne avauntayge, but if thou wylt, I woll renne uppon the

1 C And thenne he torned 6 C shalle be 8 C that it were merueil to
telle of hys loye 11 C Anone as Lyonel CA Bors 13 Cledyng
C me for to 15 Cneuererst 17 C now I ensure you 18 C† kepe the
from hensforwardf 24 C Nay sayd Lyonel 27-8 C and mounted vpon
29 Sir not in C 33-4 C shalle ye... your... ye wyll... yow 34 W
And but 34—p. 970. x Cvpon yow there as ye stande vpon foote p. 970, 2-8
(sidenote) How sir Lyonell wolde have slayne sir (sic) his brother **syr Bors**

thereas thou arte on foote, and so the shame shall be myne and the harme youre, but of that shame recke I nought.'

Whan sir Bors sye that he must fyght with his brothir
5 othir ellis to dye, he wyst nat what to do; so hys herte
counceyled hym nat thereto, inasmuch as sir Lyonell was
hys elder brothir, wherefore he oughte to bere hym reve-
rence. Yette kneled he adowne agayne tofore sir Lyonelles
horse feete and seyde,

10 'Fayre swete brothir, have mercy uppon me and sle me
nat, and have in remembraunce the grete love which oughte
to be betwene us two.'

So whatsomever sir Bors seyde to sir Lyonell he rought
nat, for the fynde had brought hym in suche a wylle that he
15 sholde sle hym. So whan sir Lyonell saw he wolde none
other do nor wolde nat ryse to gyff hym batayle he russhed
over hym so that he smote sir Bors with his horse feete
upwarde to the erthe, and hurte hym so sore that he sowned
for distresse which he felte in hymself to have dyed withoute
20 confession. So whan sir Lyonell saw thys he alyght of hys
387^r horse to have smytten of hys hede, and so he toke hym by
the helme and wolde have rente hit frome hys hede. There-
with cam the ermyte rennyng unto hym, which was a good
man and of grete ayge, and well had herde all the wordis
2 'that were betwene them'. He lepe betwene them, and so
(15) felle downe uppon sir Bors, and seyde unto sir Lyonell,

'A, jantyll knyght! have mercy uppon me and uppon thy
brothir, for if thou sle hym thou shalt be dede of that synne,
and that were grete sorow, for he ys one of the worthyest
30 knyghtes of the worlde and of best condicions.'

'So God me helpe, sir pryste, but if ye fle from hym I
shall sle you, and he shall never the sunner be quytte.'

'Series,' seyde the good man, 'I had levir ye sle me than

2 C ne reke 5 C he nyst what 6-7 C as Lyonel was borne or he wherfor
8 C he doune afore Lyonels 12 C vs tweyne 13 C what syr (So not in C)
15 C Thenne whanne Lyonel 16 C other and that he wold not haue rysen to
17 W his hys 19 C of distresse the whiche 20 sir not in C 22-3 C
heed Thenne came 24-5 C* wordes that were bitwene them and F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 552^r col. 1-2): les parollez qui avoient este dittes entr'eulz 26 C Bors
CAPITULUM xv Thenne he sayd to Lyonel 27 C and on 28 C dede of
synne. 29 C were sorouful 30 C of the best 31 W So go god C help
sayd Lyonel syr

hym, for as for my dethe shall nat be grete harme, nat halff so much as for his woll be.'

'Well,' seyde sir Leonell, 'I am agreed,' and sette his honde to his swerde, and smote hym so harde that hys hede yode off bacwarde. And natforthan he rescowed hym nat 5 of hys evyll wyll, but toke hys brothir by the helme and unlaced hit to have smytten off hys hede, and had slayne hym had nat a felowe of hys of the Rounde Table com whos name was called sir Collegrevaunce, a felow of the Rounde Table that com thydyr as oure Lordis wyll wolde. 10

And whan he saw the good man slayne he mervayled much what hit myght be; and than he behylde sir Lyonell that wolde have slayne hys brothir, 'and knewe'¹ sir Bors which he loved ryght well. Than sterte he adowne and toke sir Lyonell by the shuldurs, and drew hym strongely abacke 15 frome sir Bors, and seyde to sir Lyonell,

'Woll ye sle youre brothir, the worthyest knyght one of the worlde? That sholde no good man suffir.'

'Why,' so seyde sir Lyonell, 'woll ye lette me thereoff? For if ye entirmete thereoff, I shall sle you to, and hym there- 20 afftirP

'Why,' seyde sir Colgrevaunce, 'ys thys sothe that ye woll sle hym?'

'Yee, sle hym woll I, whoso seyth the contrary! For he hath done so muche ayenst me that he hath well deserved hit.' 25

And so ran uppon hym, and wolde have smytten of the 387* hede. And so sir Colgrevaunce ran betwixte them and seyde,

'And ye be so hardy to do so more, we two shall meddyll togidirs!'

So whan sir Lyonell undirstood his wordis he toke his 30 shylde tofore hym and asked hym what that he was.

1 Chym for my 2 C moche as of his (woll be *not in C*) 3,12,14 sir *not in C*
 3 Cam greed 4 Cte 5to 5 Cyede bakward C Not for that he
 restrayned hym of his (*see note*) 7 Chave stryken of his hede 7-9 Chym
 withoute fayle but soo it happed Colgreuaunce 9-10 C table cam at that tyme
 thyder 10 C wyll was 12 that *not in C* 13 C* broder and knewe
 syre Bors F (*loc. cit*): si congoist maintenant que ce est Boors que il amoit de
 moult grant amour 16 C from Bors 16-17 C sayd Lyonel wyll 17-18
 C knyghte of the world one & that (*see note*) 19 C why sayd Lyonel 19—
 21 C lette me therfor yf ye entermete yow in this I shall sle you and hym after
 22 sir *not in C* 24 Yee *not in C* CI sayd he who so saye 26-7 C
 smyten hym thurgh the hede

'Sir, my name ys sir Collgrevaunce, one of his felowis.'

Than sir Lyonell defyed hym, and so he sterte uppon hym and gaff hym a grete stroke thorow the helme. Than he drew his swerde—for he was a passyng good knyght—and 5 defended hym ryght manfully.

And so longe dured there the batayle that sir Bors sate up all angwyshlye and behylde sir Collegrevaunce, the good knyght, that fought with his brother for his quarell. Thereof he was full hevvy, and thought if sir Collgrevaunce slew hys brothir 10 that he sholde never have joy; also, and if hys brothir slew sir Collgrevaunce, 'the same shame sholde ever be myne.'

Than wolde he have rysen to have departed them, but he had nat so much myght to stonde one foote. And so he abode so longe that sir Collgrevaunce was overthrowyn, for thys 15 sir Lyonell was of grete chevalry and passyng hardy; for he had perced the hawbirke and the helme so sore that h[e] abode but deth; for he had lost much blood that hit was mervayle that he myght stonde upryght. Than behylde he sir Bors whych sate dressyng upward hymselff, which 20 seyde,

'A, sir Bors! Why cam ye nat to rescowe me oute of perell of dethe wherein I have putte me to succour you which were ryght now nyghe dethe?'

'Series,' seyde sir Lyonell, 'that shall nat avayle you, for 25 none of you shall be othirs warraunte, but ye shall dye both of my honde!'

Whan sir Bors herde that he seyde so muche, he arose and put on hys helme. And than he perceyved fi[r]st the ermyte-pryste whych was slayne; than made he a mervaylous 30 sorow uppon hym. Than sir Collgrevaunce cryed offtyn uppon sir Bors and seyde,

1 C and he told hym Colgreuaunce 2 sir *not in C* and so he sterte uppon
hym *not in C*† 6 C that Bors rose vp 7 C behelde Colgreuaunce
7-8 C† knyght fought 8-9 Cthennewashefullsoryandheuy 9 sir *not in C*
9-10 C slee hym that was his broder he 10 also *not in C* sir *not in C* 11 same
not in C 12 /fhavehaue 13 Woont C abode hym 14-15 C longe
tyl Colgreuaunce had the werse for Lyonel 15 Cand ryghte hardy 16 so
sore *not in C* 19-20 C hym vpward and said 21 sir *not in C* C to caste me
22-30 W (*sidenote*) How sir Lyonell slewe the ermyte and Collgrevaunce for the
rescowe of his brother syr Bors 24 sir *not in C* 25 C* bere others C but
that ye 27 C he dyd soo moche he rose 28 Cperceyued hefyreste 30
offtyn *not in C* 31 and seyde *not in C*

'Why, woll ye lat me dye here for your sake? No forse, sir! If hit please you that I shall dy, the deth shall please me 388^r the bettir, for to save a worthyer man myght I never resceyve the dethe.'

With that worde sir Lyonell smote of the helme frome hys 5 hede; and whan sir Collgrevaunce saw that he myght nat ascape, than he seyde,

'Fay re swete Jesu Cryste! That I have myssedo, have mercy uppon my soule! For such sorow that my harte suffirthe for goodnes and for almes dede that I wolde have 10 done here, be to me a lyegement of penaunce unto my sowle helthe!'

And so at thes wordis sir Lyonell smote hym so sore that he bare hym dede to the erthe. And whan he had slayne sir Collgrevaunce he ran uppon hys brothir as a fyndely man, 15 and gaff hym such a stroke that he made hym stoupe. And Hie,¹ as he that was full of humility, prayde hym for Goddis love to leve his batayle, 'for if hit befelle, fayre brothir, if that I sle you other ye me, we both shall dye for that synne.' 20

'So God me helpe, I shall never have othir mercy, and I may have the bettir honde.'

'Well,' seyde sir Bors, and drew hys swerde, all wepyng, and seyde, 'fayre brother, God knowith myne entente, for ye have done full evyll thys day to sle an holy pryste which 25 never trespassed. Also ye have slayne a jantill knyght, and one of oure felowis. And well wote ye that I am nat aferde of you gretely, but I drede the wratthe of God; and thys ys an unkyndely werre. Therefore God shew His myracle uppon us bothe, and God have mercy uppon me, thoughe 30 I ciefende my lyffayenst my brothir.'

And so with that sir Bors lyffte up hys honde and wolde have smyttyn hys brothir. And with that he harde a voice (17) whych seyde,

1-2 No forse sir *not in C* 2 *CI* dye for yow the dethe it wiile 3 *C* worthy
3-4 myght I never resceyve the dethe *not in Cf* (see note) 5 of *not in S* 6 *C*
hede Thenne Colgreuaunce 7 *W* seyde seyde 8 Cryste *not in C* 13,15 sir
not in C 14 dede *not in Cf* 17 *C* he that (see note) 18 *C* leue this
19-20 *C* we shold be dede of that 21 *C* Neuer god me help but yf I haue on
yow mercy 23 *C* Thenne drewe Bors his suerd 24-5 *C* entente A fayre
broderyehaue 25 Csleesuche an Cthewhiche 29 His *not in C* 30 *C*
bothe Now god 31-2 *C* broder with that Bors 33 *C* And thfine he

Tie, sir Bors, and towche hym nat, othir ellis thou shalt sle hym!'

Ryght so alyght a clowde betwyxte them in lykenes of a fayre and a mervaylous flame, that bothe hir two shyldis 5 brente. Than were they sore aferde and felle both to the erthe and lay there a grete whyle in a sowne. And whan they cam to themself sir Bors saw that hys brothir had none 388^v harme. Than he hylde up both his hondys, for he drad last God had takyn vengeaunce uppon hym. So with that he 10 harde a voyce that seyde,

'Sir Bors, go hens and beare felyship no lenger with thy brothir, but take thy way anone ryght to the see, for sir Percivale abydith the there.'

Than he seyde to his brother, 'For Goddis love, fayre 15 swete brothir, forgyffe me my trespasser

Than he answered and seyde, 'God forgyfF you, and I do gladly.'

So sir Bors departed frome hym, and rode the next way to the se. And at the last, by fortune, he cam to an abbay which 20 was nyghe the see, and that nyght he rested hym there.

And as he slepte, there cam a voyse and bade hym go to the see. Than he sterte up and made a signe of the crosse 'in the myddes of his forhede'¹, and toke hym to hys harnes, and made redy hys horse. And at a brokyn wall he rode 25 oute, and by fortune he cam to the see. And uppon the see-stronde he founde a shyppe that was coverde all with whyght samyte.

Than he alyghte and betoke hym to Jesu Cryste. And as sone as he was entird, the shippe departed into the see, 30 and to hys semyng hit wente fleyng, but hit was sone durked, that he myght know no man. Than he layde hym downe and slepte tyll hit was day.

1 sir *not in C* 5 C affrayed that they felle 7 sir *not in C* 8 last *not in C*
 10-12 C voyce saye Bors go hens and bere thy broder noo lenger felaushyp but
 14-15 C broder fayr swete broder forgyue me for goddes loue alle that I haue
 trespaced vnto yow 16 and seyde *not in C* 20 C nyght Bors rested 21 C
 and in his slepe there came a voyce to hym 23 C* in the myddes of his forhede
F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 552^v col. 2) 1 en my son vis hym to *not in C* 24 C*
 hors and mooted vpon hym And 25 Coute & rode soo long tyl that he came
 25-6 Con the strond 26 that was *not in C* 29 C he entryd in to the ship
 the shyp departed 30 C and wente so fast that hym semed the shyp wente
 fleynge 30-1 C derke soo that. 31-2 C† man and soo he slepte tyl

And whan he was waked he sawe in myddis of the shippe
a knyght lye all armed sauff hys helme, and anone he was
ware hit was sir Percivale de Galys. And than he made of
hym ryght grete joy, but sir Percivale was abaysshed of hym
and asked what he was. 5

'A, fayre sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'know ye me nat?'

'Series,' seyde he, 'I mervayle how ye cam hydir but if
oure Lorde brought you hydir Hymselff.'

Than sir Bors smyled, and ded off hys helme, and anone
sir Percyvale knew hym. And ayther made grete joy of 10
othir, that hit was mervayle to hyre. Than sir Bors tolde hym
how he cam into the ship, and by whos amonyshme[n]t.
And aythir told other of their temptacions, as ye have herde
toforehonde.

So wente they d[^]wneward"¹ in the see, one whyle back- 15
warde, another while forward, and every man comforted 389^f
other, and ever they were in they re prayers. Than seyde
sir Percivale,

'We lak nothyng but sir Galahad, the good knyght.'

NOW TURNYTH THE TALE UNTO SIR GALAHAD.

20

¹ C Thenne he awaked and sawe 2-3 C helme Thenne knewe he that hit
3 C Percyual of walys 5 C and he asked hym what 6 C sayd Bors 9-10
C helme Thenne Percyual 11 sir not in C 15 W they dryuyng in C*
they douneward in F contreval la mer 16-17 C eueryche comforted other
and ofte were 19 sir not in C 20 Now turnyth the tale etc. not in C C
And thus endeth the syxtenth book whiche is of syre Gawayne Ector de marys and
syre Bors de ganyes and sir Percyual And here foloweth the seuenth book whiche
is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad

VII

SIR GALAHAD

*[Winchester MS., ff. 389^r-399^r;
Caxton, Book XVII, chs. 1-12]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

1. How syr Galahad faught at a turnement and how he was knowen of syr Gawayn and of syr Ector de Marris.
2. How syr Galahad rode with a damoyssel and came to the shyp whereas syr Boors and syr Percyvale were.
3. How syr Galahad entryd into the shyp, and of a fayr bedde therin wyth other mervayllous thynges, and of a swerde.
4. Of the mervaylles of the swerde and of the scaubard.
5. How Kyng Pelles was smyton thorough both thyes by cause he drewe the swerde, and other mervayllous hystories.
6. How Salamon* toke Davyds swerde by the counceyl of hys wyf, and of other maters mervayllous.
7. A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf.
8. How Galahad and hys felowes came to a castel and how they were foughten wythal, and how they slewe theyr adversaries, and other maters.
9. How the thre knyghtes wyth Percyvalsf syster came into the waste forest, and of an herte and four lyons, and other thynges.
10. How they were desyred of a straunge custom which they wolde not obeye wherfore they faught and slewe many knyghtes.
11. How Percyvalsf syster bledde a dysshe ful of blood for to hele a lady wherfore she dyed, and how that the body was put in a shyppe.
12. How Galahad and Percyvale fonde in a castel many tombes of maydens that had bledde to dethe.

* S Salomon

†

S Percyuales

NOW seyth the tale, whan sir Galahad had rescowed sir (1)
Percyvale frome the twenty knyghtes he rode tho into a
waste foreyste wherein he dud many journeyes and founde
many adventures which he brought all to an ende, whereof
the tale makith here no mencion. 5

Than he toke hys way to the see; and on a day, as hit be-
felle, as he passed by a castell there was a wondir turnemente.
But they withoute had done so much that they within were
put to the worse, and yet were they within good knyghtes inow.

So whan sir Galahad saw tho within were at so grete 10
myschyff that men slew hem at the entre of the castell, than
he thought to helpe them, and put a speare furthe, and
smote the firste, that he flowe to the erthe and the speare
yode in pecis. Than he drew hys swerde and smote thereas
they were thyckyst; and so he dud wondirfull dedys of 15
armys, that all they mervayled.

And so hyt happynde that sir Gawayne and sir Ector de
Marys were with the knyghtes withoute. But than they
aspyed the whyght shyld with the rede crosse, and anone
that one seyde to that othir, 20

Tondir ys the good knyght sir Galahad, the Haute
Prynce. Now, forsothe, methynkith he shall be a grete foole
that shall mete with hym to fyght.'

But at the last by aventure he cam by sir Gawayne and
smote hym so sore that he clave hys helme and the coyff of 25
iron unto the hede, that sir Gawayne felle to the erthe; but the
stroke was so grete that hit slented downe and kutte the horse
sholdir in too. So whan sir Ector saw sir Gawayne downe,
he drew hym asyde and thought hit no wysedom for to abyde
hym, and also for naturall love, for because he was hys uncle. 30

Thus thorow hys hardynesse he bete abacke all the 389^v

1 C saith this story whanne 1, 10, 28 sir *not in C* 2 C he yede 3 C he
rode 4 all *not in C* 5 C the story maketh 6 and *not in C* † C day &
hit 10-11 C grete a meschyf 13 C flay to 13-14 C sperebrakto
pyeces 17 C that Gawayne 18 C But whanne they 19-20 C Crosse
the one sayd to the other 22-3 C Now he shold be a grete foole whiche shold
mete 22-30 W (*sidenote*) he sir Galahad hurte sir Gawayne lyke as sir Launcelot
made mencion tofore at Camelot 24 C Sooby 25 C soo hard that W
that that 27 C doune to the erthe and carfe the hors 30 C loue that
he 31 C Thns (S Thus) thurgh his grete hardynesse

knyghtes withoute, and than they within cam oute and chaced them all aboute. But whan sir Galahad saw there wolde none turne agayne, he stale away prevayly, and no man wyste where he was becom.

5 'Now, be my hede,' seyde sir Gawayne unto sir Ector, 'now ar the wondirs trew that was seyde of sir Launcelot, that the swerd which stake in the stone shulde gyff me such a buffette that I wold nat have hit for the beste castell in the worlde. And sothely now hit ys preved trew, for never ar
JO had I such a stroke of mannys honde/

'Sir/ seyde sir Ector, 'mesemyth youre queste ys done, and myne ys nat done.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'I shall seke no farther.'

Than was sir Gawayne borne into the castell, and unarmed
15 hym and leyde hym in a rych bedde, and a leche was founde to hele hym. And sir Ector wolde nat departe frome hym tyll he was nyghe hole.

And so the good knyght sir Galahad rode so faste that he cam that nyght to the castell of Carbonecke. And so hit befelle
20 hym that he was benyghted and cam unto an armytage. So the good man was fayne whan he saw he was a knyght arraunte.

So whan they were at reste, there befelle a jantillwoman cam and cnokkede at the dore and called sir Galahad. And so the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wolde.
25 Than she called the ermyte sir Ulphyne and seyde,

'I am a jantillwoman that wolde fayne speke with the knyght which ys within you.'

Than the good man awaked sir Galahad and bade hym aryse 'and speke with a jantyllwoman that semyth she hath
30 grete nede of you/

Than sir Galahad [wente to hir]¹ and asked hir what she wolde.

2 sir *not in C* 3-4 C *pryuely so that none wyst* 5 C *sayd Gawayn to Ector* 6 C *of Launcelot du lake that* 7 *W* *sulde shulde* 8-9 C *in this world* 9 C *neuer ere* 11 sir *not in C* n-13 C *and yours is not done*
sayd Gawayn but myn is done I shalle 14 C *Thenne Gawayne was borne in to a Castel* 15-17 C* *leche fonde that he myght lyue & to be hole within a moneth*
Thus Gawayne and Ector abode to gyder For syre Ector wold not away til Gawayne were hole 18, 23, 28 sir *not in C* 18 C *so long tyll he* 20 Chym
thus that C *benyghted in an hermytage* 22 C† *tho whan* 22-3 *ther cam a gentilwoman knocking* 25 and seyde *not in C* 26 *fayne not in C* 27 C *is with yow* 31 C* *Thenne Galahad wente to her* F *vint a li*

'Sir Galahad,' seyde she, 'I woll that ye arme you and lyght uppon thys horse and sew me, for I shall shew you within thys three dayes the hyghest adventure that ever ony knyght saw.'

So anone sir Galahad armed hym and toke hys horse, and 5 commended the e[r]myte to God. And so he bade the jantill-woman to ryde, and he wolde folow thereas she lyked.

So she rode as faste as hir palferey myght bere her, tyll (2)390^r that she cam to the see whych was called Collybye. And by nyght they com unto a castell in a vale, closed with a 10 rennyng watir, whych had stronge wallis and hyghe.

And so she entird into the castell with sir Galahad, and there had he grete chere, for the lady of that castell was the damesels lady. So was he unarmed. Than seyde the 15 damesell,

'Madame, shall we abyde here all thys day?'

'Nay/ seyde she, 'but tylle he hathdyned and slepte a litill.'

And so he ete and slepte a whyle, and this mayde than called hym and armed hym by torchelyght. And whan the mayden was horsed and he bothe, the lady toke sir Galahad 20 a fayre shylde and ryche, and so they departed from the castell and rode tylle they cam to the see. And there they founde the shippe that sir Bors and sir Percivale was in, whych seyde on the shipbourde,

'Sir Galahad, ye be wellcom, for we have abydyn you 25 longe!'

And when he herde them he asked them what they were.

'Sir,' seyde she, 'leve youre horse hyre, and I shall leve myne also.'

And toke hir sadils and her brydyls with them, and made 30 a crosse on them, and so entird into the ship. And the two knyghtes resceyved them bothe with grete joy, and everych knew other.

1 Sir *not in C* 2 C moGte vpon your hors and folowe me 5 C Auone
S Anone sir *not in C* 6-7 C commaunded hym to god and badde the gentil-
woman go and he 9 C Colly be 9-10 C And at the nyghte 11 C
water and with stronge 12, 20 sir *not in C* 14 C So whan he was vnarmed
17 C dyned and tyl he hath slepte 18-19 C whyle tyl that the mayde called
21 C†ayr child 22 and rode *not in C*† C* see syde 23-4 Cshyp
where Bors and Percyual were in the whiche cryed on the shyps bord 25 **for**
not in C 29 also *not in C*

And so the wynde arose and drove hem thorow the see into a mervayles place, and within a whyle hit dawed. Than dud sir Galahad of hys helme and hys swerde, and asked of hys felowis from whens com that fayre shippe.

- 5 'Trewly,' seyde they, 'ye wote as well as we, but hit com of Goddis grace.'

And than they tolde everych to othir of all theyre harde adventures, and of her grete temptacions.

- 'Truly,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye ar much bounden to God,
10 for ye have escaped ryght grete adventures. Sertes, had nat this jantillwoman bene, I had nat come hydir at thys tyme. For as for you two, I wente never to have founde you in thys straunge con treys.'

- 'A, sir Galahad,' seyde sir Bors, 'if sir Launcelot, your
390^T 15 fadir, were here, than were we well at ease, for than mesemed we fayled nothyng.'

'That may nat be,' seyde sir Galahad, 'but if hit pleased our Lorde.'

- By than the shipp had renne frome the londe of Logrys
20 many myles. So by adventure hit aryved up bytwyxe two rocchis, passynge grete and mervaylous, but there they myght nat londe, for there was a swalowe of the see, save there was another shippe, and uppon hit they myght go withoute daungere.

- 25 'Now go we thydir,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'and there shall we se adventures, for so ys oure Lordys wyll.'

- And wan they com thyder they founde the shippe ryche inowghe, but they founde nother man nor woman therein. But they founde in the ende of the shippe two fayre
30 lettirs wrytten, which seyde a dredefull worde and a mervaylous:

- 'THOU MAN WHYCH SHALT ENTIR INTO THYS SHIPPE, BEWARE THAT THOU BE IN STEDEFASTE BELEVE, FOR I AM FAYTHE. AND THEREFORE BEWARE HOW THOU ENTIRST BUT IF THOU
35 BE STEDEFASTE, FOR AND THOU FAYLE THEREOF I SHALL NAT HELPE THE.'

2 Cina 3 sir *not in C* 5 hit com *not in C†* 9 sir *not in C* 10 ryght *not in C* 10-11 *C* adventures and had not the gentilwoman 11-12 *C* not comen here for as for yow I wend 14 *C A* Galahad saide Bors yf launcelot 19 *C* shyp wente fro 20 many myles *not in C* 25 Now *not in C* 28 *C* man ne 34-5 but if thou be stedfaste *not in C†* thereof *not in C†*

And than seyde the jantillwoman: 'Sir Percivale,' seyde she, 'Vote ye what I am?'

'Sertes,' seyde he, 'nay. Unto my wytynge I saw you never arst.'

'Wyte ye well,' seyde she, 'I am thy syster, whych was 5
doughter unto kynge Pellynor, and therefore wete you welle
ye ar the man that I moste love. And if ye be nat in perfite
belyve of Jesu Cryste, entir nat in no maner of wyse (for
than sholde ye perish) the shippe; for He ys so perfite He
woll suffir no synner within Hym.' 10

So whan sir Percyvale undirstode she was hys verry syster
he was inwardly glad and seyde,

'Fayre sister, I shall entir in, for if I be a myssecreature
other an untrew knyght, there shall I perische.'

So in the meanewhyle sir Galahad blyssed hym and entirde 15 (3)
thereinne, and so nexte the jantillwoman, and than sir Bors,
and than sir Percyvale. And whan they were in, hit was so
mervaylous fayre and ryche [that they mervaylede.] And
amyddis the shippe was a fayre bedde. And anone sir
Galahad wen te thereto and founde thereon a crowne of sylke. 20 391*
And at the feete was a swerde, ryche and fayre, and hit was
drawyn oute of the sheeth [half] a foote and more.

And the swerde was of dyverse fassions; and the pomell
was of stoone, and there was in hym all maner of coloures
that ony man myght fynde, and every of the coloures had 25
dyverse vertues. And the scalis of the hauffte were of two
rybbis of two dyverse bestis; that one was a serpente whych
ys coversaunte in Calydone and ys calle there the serpente
of the fynde, and the boone of hym ys of such vertu that
there ys no hande that handelith hym shall never be wery 30
nother hurte; and the other bone ys of a fyssh whych ys nat
ryght grete, and hauntith the floode of Eufrate, and that
fyssh ys called Ertanax. And the bonys be of such maner
of kynde that who that handelyth hym shall have so muche

1 Sir not in C 3 he not in C† 3-4 I saw you never arst not in C† 5 C
whiche am 13 C entre therin 18-19 C* ryche that they merueylled & in
myddes of the 19-20 C & Galahad 20 C there a 22 C* half a foote F
(MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 554^r col. 1): demi pie 25 C eueryche of 27 C beestes
the one beest was 28 C was conuersaunt C called the 31 W And the
and the other bone ys of a fyssh whych C† and the other beest is a fysshe
(S which) F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 554* col. 2): et Taultre estoit d'un poisson
34 C handeleth hem shalle neuer

wyll that he shall never be wery, and he shall nat thynke on joy nother sorow that he hath had, but only that thyng that he beholdith before hym.

'AND AS FOR THYS SWERDE, THERE SHALL [NEVER] MAN
5 BEGRYPE HYM, THAT YS TO SEY, THE HAND, BUT ONE; AND HE
SHALL PASSE ALL OTHIR.'

'In the name of God,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I shall assay to handyll hit.'

So he sette hys honde to the swerde, but he myght nat
10 begrype hit.

'Be my fay the,' seyde he, 'now have I fayled.'

Than sir Bors sette to hys hande and fayled.

Than sir Galahad behylde the swerde and saw lettirs lyke
bloode that seyde:

15 'LAT SE WHO DARE DRAW ME OUTE OF MY SHEETH BUT IF
HE BE MORE HARDYER THAN ONY OTHER, FOR WHO THAT
DRAWITH M[E] OUTE, WETE YOU WELLE HE SHALL NEVER BE
SHAMED OF HYS BODY NOTHER WOUNDED TO THE DETHE.'

'Perfay,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I wolde draw thys swerde
20 oute of the sheethe, but the offendynge ys so grete that I shall
nat se[tt]e my hande thereto.'

'Now, sirs,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'the drawynge of thys
swerde ys warned to all sauff all only to you. Also thys
shippe aryved into [the] realme of Logrys, and that tyme
25 was dedly warre betwene kyng Labor, which was fadir unto
391^T the Maymed Kyng, and kyng Hurlaine, whych was a
Saresyn. But than was he newly crystened, and so aftir-
warde hylde hym one of the worthiest men of the worlde.

'And so uppon a day hit befelle that kyng Labor and
30 kyng Hurlaine had assembeled theire folke uppon the see,
where thys shippe was aryved. And there kyng Hurlaine
was discomfite, and hys men slayne. And he was aferde to
be dede and fledde to thys shippe, and there founde this

4 C* shalle neuer man F (loc. cit.): jamais nulz ne m'empoingnera 5 C* hym
at the handels but one but 7, 13 sir not in C 11-12 C fayled Bors 12 C hand
therto & 15 C who shall assaye to drawe 16 C other & who 17-18
C neuer fayle of shame of his body or to be wounded 19 C By my feyth said
galahad 21 W nat sende my hande (contamination) 22 C gentilwoman
wete ye wel that the drawynge 23 C alle men sauf 24 C in the realme
26, 30, 31 C Hurlame 27-8 C crystend soo that men helde afterward 28 C the
wyttiest men 33 C fond S he fonde

swerde, and drew hit, and cam oute and founde kynge Labor, the man of the worlde of all Crystyn in whom there is the grettist faythe. And whan kynge Hurlaine 'saw kynge Labor he dressid this swerde¹ and smote hym uppon **the** helme so harde that he clave hym and hys horse to the [erthe] 5 with the firste stroke of hys swerde.

'And hit was in the realme of Logris, and so befelle there grete pestilence, and grete harme to bothe reallmys; for there encresed nother corne, ne grasse, nother well-nye no fruyte, ne in the watir was founde no fyssh. Therefore men calle 10 hit—the londys of the two marchys—the Waste Londe, for that dolerous stroke.

'And whan kynge Hurleine saw thys swerde so kerveynge, he turned agayne to fecch the scawberd. And so cam into thys shippe and entird, and put up the swerde in the 15 sheethe, and as sone as he had done hit he felle downe dede afore the bedde. Thus was the swerde preved that never man drew hit but he were dede or maymed. So lay he here tyll a maydyn cam into the shippe and caste hym oute, for there was no man so hardy in the worlde to entir in that 20 [shippe] for the defens.'

And than behylde they the scawberte, hit besemyd to (4) be of a serpentis skynne, and thereon were lettirs of golde and sylver. And the gurdyll was but porely to com to, and nat able to susteyne such a ryche swerde. And the lettirs seyde: 25

' HE WHYCH SHALL WELDE ME OUGHT TO BE MORE HARDY THAN ANY OTHER, IF HE BEARE ME AS TRULY AS ME OUGHTE 392' TO BE BORNE. FOR THE BODY OF HYM WHICH I OUGHT TO HANGE BY, HE SHALL NAT BE SHAMED IN NO PLACE WHYLE HE YS GURDE WITH THE GURDYLL. NoTHER NEVER NONE BE SO 30 HARDY TO DO AWAY THYS GURDYLL, FOR HIT OUGHT NAT TO BE

2-4 C* C man in the world of al crystendom in whome was thenne the grettist feyth And when kynge Hurlame sawe kynge Labor he dressid this suerd and smote W all crystyn in whom there is the grettist faythe and whan kynge Hurlaine was discomfite and hys menne slayne and and he was aferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe and there founde thys swerde and drew hit and smote {duplication followed by homoeoteleuton; see note} F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 554^r col. 1): Quant le roy Urralon vist le roy Lambar, si drece Fespee, si le feri 5 C* to the erthe W to the hede F (loc. cit.): jusqu'en terre 10 founde not in C 10-11 C†yshe werfor men callen hit 17-18 C that none ne drewe 20-1 C in to shyp—that for 22 Chit seined 23 Cserpents S serpentes 26 C be more harder 31 C not be

DONE AWAY BUT BY THE HONDIS OF A MAYDE, AND THAT SHE BE A KYNGIS DOUGHTER AND A QUENYS. AND SHE MUST BE A MAYDE ALL THE DAYES OF HIR LYFF, BOTH IN WYLL AND IN WORKE; AND IF SHE BREKE HIR VIRGINITE SHE SHALL DY
5 THE MOSTE VYLAYNES DETH THAT EVER DUD ONY WOMAN.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'turne thys swerde that we may se what ys on the other syde.'

And hit was rede os bloode, with blacke lettirs as ony cole that seyde:

10 'HE THAT SHALL PRAYSE ME MOSTE, MOSTE SHALL HE FYNDE ME TO BLAME AT A GRETE NEDE. AND TO WHOM I SHOLDE BE MOSTE DEBONAYRE SHALL I BE MOST FELON. AND THAT SHALL BE AT ONE TYME ONLY.'

'Fayre brother,' seyde she to sir Percyvale, 'hit befelle
15 aftir a fourty yere aftir the Passion of our Lorde Jesu Cryste, that Nacien, th(e) brothir-in-law of kyng Mordr[a]l[i][ns], was bore in a towne, more than fourtene dayes journey frome his contray, by the commaundemente of oure Lorde, into an yle into the partyes of the Weste that men
20 clepith the He of Turnaunce.

'So befelle hit, he founde thys shippe at the entre of a roche, and he founde the bedde and the swerde, as we have Hierd"¹ now. Natforthan he had nat so much hardynesse to draw hit. And there he dwelled an eyght dayes, and at the
25 nynyth day there felle a grete wynd whych departed hym oute of the ile, and brought hym to another ile by a roche. And there he founde the grettist gyaunte that ever man myght see. And therewith cam that horrible gyaunte to sle hym, and than he loke aboute hym, and myght nat fle, also
30 he had nothyng wherewith to defende hym. But at the laste he ran to the swerde, and whan he saw hit naked he praysed hit muche, and than he shooke hit, and therewith hit brake
392^v in the myddys.

' "A," seyde Nacien, "the thyng that I moste praysed
35 ought I now moste to blame!"

3-4 C and in dede And 4 Cvyrgynyte Svyrgynyte 6,14 sir not in C 9 C
whiche sayd 13 only not in C† 15 our Lorde not in C 16 C, W thy
16-17 C Mordrayns 17 C boren in to a 21 Chit that he 22 Cand this
(S his) suerd 22-3 C* as we haue herd now So in F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 554^v
coL 2) 29 C† aad myghde 30-1 Cno thyng to defende hym with Soo
he ranne to his suerd 32-3 C therwith he brak it in

'And therewith he threw the pecis of the swerde over hys bedde, and aftir that he lepe over the bourde to fyght with the gyaunte, and slew hym. And anone he entirde into the shyppe agayne, and the wynde arose and drove hym thorow the see, that by adventure he cam to another shippe where 5 kyng Mordrayns was, whych had bene tempted full evyll with the fynde, in the Porte of Perelous Roche.

'And whan that one saw that other they made grete joy aythir of othir. And so they tolde eche other of their adventure, and how the swerde fayled hym at hys moste nede. 10 So whan Mordrayns saw the swerde he praysed hit muche, "but the brekyng was do by wyckednesse of thyselffward, for thou arte in som synne."

'And there he toke the swerde and sette the pecis togydirs, and they were as fay re isowdred as ever they were tofore. 15 And than he put the swerde in the sheeth ayen, and leyde hit downe on the bedde. Than herde they a voyce that seyde,

' "Go ye oute of thys shippe a litill whyle and entir into that othir for drede ye falle in dedly synne. For and ye be *o founde in dedely synne ye may nat ascape but perishe!"

'And so they wente into the othir shippe. And as Nacyen wente over the bourde he was smytten with a swerde on the ryght foote, that he felle downe noselynge to the shippe-bourde. And therewith he seyde, 25

' "A, Good Lorde, how am I hurte!"

'Than there cam a voice that seyde, "Take thou that for thy forfette that thou dyddist in drawynge of this swerde! Therefore thou hast ressayved a wounde, for thou were never worthy to handyll hit: the wrytyng makith mencion." 30

'In the name of God!' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye ar ryght wyse of thes wor(d)es.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'there was a kyng that hyght Pelleaus, (5) which men called the Maymed Kyng, and whyle he myght

2-3 C† with we gyaunt 7 C with a fende 8 C sawe the other 9 C of other and eyther told other of their 11 C Whanne Mordrayns 12 C was not to doo bnt (S but) by wyckednes 15 C they soutered as fayr as euer 16 Cand there putte he the swerd ayen not in C 19 ye not in C 20 C the other 24-5 C shyps bord 26 C O god how 29 C thou receyuest 32 W workes C werkes F (MS. B.N.fr 120 f. 555^r col. 2): ceste parolle (see note) 34 which men called not in C† F (ibid): que on appelle

ryde he supported much Crystyndom and Holy Chyrche.
 So uppon a day he hunted in a woode of hys owne whych
 393^r lasted unto the see, so at the laste he loste hys howndys and
 hys knyghtes sauff only one.

5 'And so he and his knyght wente tyll that they cam
 toward Irelonde, and there he founde the shippe. And
 whan he saw the lettirs and undirstood them, yet he entird,
 for he was ryght perfite of lyff. But hys knyght had no
 hardynes to entir. And there founde he thys swerde, and
 10 drew hit oute as much as ye may se. So therewith entirde
 a spere wherewith he was smytte(n) thorow both thyghes.
 And never sith myght he be heled, ne nought shall tofore
 we com to hym. Thus,' seyde she, 'was kyng Pelles, youre
 grauntesyre, maymed for hys hardynes.'

15 'In the name of God, damesellP seyde sir Galahad.

So they wente towarde the bedde to beholde all aboute hit.
 And abovyn the bed there hyng two swerdys, also there were
 spyndelys whych were whyght as snowe, and othir that were
 rede as bloode, and othir abovyn grene as ony emerawde.
 20 Of thes three colowres were thes spyndyls, and of naturall
 coloure within, and withoute ony pay[n]tynge.

'Thes spyndyls/ seyde the damesell, 'was whan synfull
 Eve cam to gadir fruyte, for which Adam and she were put
 oute of Paradyse. She toke with her the bowgh whych the
 25 appyll hyng on, than perseyved she that the braunche was
 freysh and grene, and she remembird of the losse which
 cam of the tre. Than she thought to kepe the braunche as
 longe as she myght, and for she had no coffir to kepe hit in,
 she put hit in the erthe. So by the wylle of oure Lorde the
 30 braunche grew to a grete tre within a litill whyle, and was
 as whyght as ony snowe, branchis, bowis, and levys: that
 was a tokyn that a maydyn planted hit. But after that oure
 Lorde com to Adam and bade hym know hys wyff fleyschly,
 as nature requyred. So lay Adam with hys wyff undir the
 35 same tre, and anone the tre which was whyght felle to grene

2 owne <i>not in C</i>	4-5 W one and he So he (<i>duplication</i>)	C one and there he
11 W smytter thorow	C smyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes	13 C† was not
kyng	17 C† aboute the hede	F (<i>loc. cit.</i>): en milieu du lit
18 C as ony	20 C the spyndels	22 C damoyse were whan
snowe	26 C remembryd her the	27 C came fro the
on whiche	32-3 C after god came	35 C† whyte and ful grene
S braunche		

os ony grasse, and all that com oute of hit. And in the same tyme that they medled togydirs Abell was begotyn.

'Thus was the tre longe of grene coloure. And so aftir befelle many dayes, undir the same tre, Cayne slew Abell, 393^v whereof befelle grete mervayle, for a[s] Abell had ressayved 5 dethe undir the grene tre, he loste the grene colour and becam rede; and that was in tokenyng of blood. And anone all the plantis dyed thereof, but the tre grewe and waxed mervaylusly fayre, and hit was the most fayryst tre and the most delectable that ony man myght beholde and se; and 10 so ded the plantes that grewe oute of hit tofore that Abell was slayne undir hit.

'And so longe dured the tre tyll that Salamon, kynge Davythys sonne, regned and hylde the londe aftir his fadir. So thys Salamon was wyse, and knew all the vertues of 15 stonys and treys; also he knew the course of the sturres, and of many other dyvers thynges. So this Salamon had an evyll wyff, wherethorow he wente there had be no good woman borne, and therefore he dispysed them in hys bookis. So there answerde a voice that seyde to hym thus: 20

'"Salamon, if hevynesse com to a man by a woman, ne rek tho[u] never, for yet shall there com a woman whereof there shall com gretter joy to a man, an hondred tymes than thys hevynesse gyvith sorow. And that woman shall be borne of thy lynayge." 25

'So whan Salamon harde thes wordis, he hylde hymself but a foole. Tha(n) preff had he by olde bookis the trouthe. Also the Holy Goste shewed hym the commynge of the gloriys Virgyne Mary.

'Than asked he the voyce if hit sholde be in the yarde of 30 hys lynayge.

'"Nay," seyde the voyce, "but there shall com a Man which shall be a mayde, and laste of youre bloode, and He shall be as good a knyght as deuke Josue, thy brother-in-

2 C to gyders there was Abel begoten 3-4 C* so it befelle many dayes after
vnder 4 C Caym 5 W whereof befelle C For anone as 6 C the dethe 7
C the blood 14 C Dauyds 16 C trees and soo he 16-17 C sterres
and many 19 borne not in C† C and soo he despysed 20-21 C voyce
hym ones Salamon 22 C* thow 23 C to man 27-8 W foole That
preff had he by olde bookis the trouthe C foole & the trouthe he perceuyed by old
bookes Also (see note) 30 C he of the 33 C the last

(p) law. Now have I sertefyed the of that thou stondist in doute."

'Than was Salamon gladde that there shulde com ony suche of hys lynayge, but ever he mervayled and studyed
5 who that sholde be, and what hys name myght be. So hys wyff perceyved that he studyed, and thought she wolde know
394^r at som season. And so she way ted hir tyme and cam to hym and asked hym. And there he tolde her alltogydir how the voice had tolde hym.

10 "'Well," seyde she, "I shall lette make a shippe of the beste wood and moste durable that ony man may fynde."

'So Salamon sente for carpenters, of all the londe the beste. And whan they had made the shippe the lady seyde to Salamon,

15 "'Sir, syn hit ys so that thys knyght oughte to passe all knyghtes of chevalry whych hathe bene tofore hym and shall com afftir hym, moreover I shall lerne you," seyde she, "ye shall go into oure Lordis temple where ys kyng Davith his swerde, youre fadir, whych ys the mervaylousest and the
20 sherpyste that ever was takyn in ony knyghtes hondys. Therefore take ye that, and take off the pomelle, and thereto make ye a pomell of precious stonys; late hit be so suttelly made that no man perceyve hit but that they beth all one. And aftir make there a hylte so mervaylously that no man
25 may know hit, and aftir that make a mervaylous sheethe. And whan ye have made all thys I shall lette make a gurdyl thereto, such one as shall please me."

'So all thys kyng Salamaon ded lat make as she devised, bothe the shippe and all the remenaunte. And whan the
30 shippe was redy in the see to sayle, the lady lete make a grete bedde and mervaylous ryche, and sette hir uppon the beddis hede coverde with "'sylke¹, and leyde the swerde at the feete. And the gurdyls were of hempe.

'And therewith the kynge was ryght angry.

¹ C stodeest 6-7 C knowe it at 7-8 C tyme & asked of hym the cause of his studyenge 11 ony *not in C* 12-13 C† carpenters of the lond and the best 15 C syr sayd she syn 16 C whiche haue 17 C shall (S shalle) telle you 18-19 C Dauids suerd 19 C the whiche 21 ye *not in C* 22 C stones that it be 23 C they be al 24 C merueyllously and wonderly that 27 one *not in C* 32 C* with sylke F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 557^r col. 2)1 et la couvri d'un blanc drap de soie 34 ryght *not in C*

"Sir, wyte you welle that I have none so hyghe a thyng
 whych were worthy to susteyne [soo hyghe a swerde. And
 a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes thereto, but I wote
 not whan hit shall be ne what tyme."¹

'And there she lete make a coverynge to the shippe of 5
 clothe of sylke, that sholde never rotte for no manner of
 wedir. Than thys lady wente and made a carpynter to com
 to the tre whych Abelle was slayne undir.

"Now," seyde she, "carve me oute of thys tre as much
 woode as woll make me a spyndill." 10

"A, madam," seyde he, "thys ys the tre which oure firste
 modir planted."

"Do hit," seyde she, "other ellis I shall destroy the."

'Anone as he began to worke, there com oute droppis of
 blood; and than wolde he a leffte, but she wolde nat suffir 15
 hym. And so he toke as muche woode as myght make a
 spyndyll, and so she made hym to take as muche of the grene 394^v
 tre, and so of the whyght tre. And whan thes three spyndyls
 were shapyn she made hem to be fastened uppon the syler
 of the bedde. So whan Salamon saw thys he seyde to hys 20
 wyff,

"Ye have done mervaylously, for thoughe all the worlde
 were here ryght now, they cowde nat devise wherefore all
 thys was made but oure Lorde Hymself. And thou that
 haste done hit wote nat what hit shall betokyn." 25

"Now lat hyt be," seyde she, "for ye shall hyre per-
 aventure tydynges sonner than ye wene."

NOW HERE YS A WONDIR TALE OF KYNG SALAMON AND OF
 HYS WYFF.

'That nyght lay Salamon before the shippe with litill 30 (7)
 felyship. And whan he was on slepe hym thought there
 com from hevyn a grete company of angels, and alyght into

1 C wel sayd she that 2-4 C* susteyne soo hyhe a suerd and a mayde shall
 brynge other knyghtes ther to but I wote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme
F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 557^r col. 2): " .. je n'ay nulle si haulte chose qui soit digne
 de soustenir si haulte espee comme ceste est." "Qu'en pourra on done faire ?" fist il.
 "Vous la lairds ainsi, fist elle, qu'il n'affiert pas a nous deux que nous lez y mettions
 ains lez y mettra une damoiselle, mais je ne say quant ce sera ne en quel temps"
(homoeoteleuton in W; the scribe must have mistaken tyme for the ending of susteyne)
 7 C weder yet went that lady and 10 Cwood S woode 15 Chaue lefte
 16 C tooke awaye as 18 Cand of W thes s iii 23 C he coude 25 Cwotest
 28-9 C Now shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his

the shippe, and toke water whych was brought by an angell
in a vessell of sylver, and besprente all the shippe.

'And aftir he cam to the swerde and drew lettirs o[n] the
hylte. And aftir wente to the shippe-bourde and wrote there
5 other lettirs whych seyde: "THOU MAN THAT WOLTE ENTIR
WITHIN ME, BEWARE THAT THOU BE FULLE IN THE FAYTHE, FOR
I NE AM BUT FAYTH AND BELYVE."

'Whan Salamon aspyed thos lettirs he was so abaysshed
that he durst nat entir, and so he drew hym abacke, and the
io shippe was anone shovyn in the see. He wente so faste that
he had loste the syght of hym within a litill whyle. And
than a voyce seyde,

"Salamon, the laste knyght of thy kynred shall reste in
iVhys bedde."

15 'Than wente Salamon and awaked hys wyff, and tolde her
the adventures of thys shipp.'

Now seyth the tale that a grete whyle three felowis be-
hylde the bed' and the three spyndyls. Than they were at
a sertayne that they were of naturall coloures withoute ony
20 payntyng. Than they lyfft up a cloth which was above the
grounde, and there founde a ryche purse be semyng. And
sir Percivale toke hit and founde therein a wrytte, and so
he rad hit, and devysed the maner of the spyndyls and of the
ship: whens hit cam, and by whom hit was made.

25 'Now,'¹ seyde sir Galahad, 'where shall we fynde the
395' jantillwoman that shall make new gurdylys to the swerde?'

'Fayre sirres,' seyde Percivallis syster, 'dismay you nat.
For, by the leve of God, I shall lette make a gurdyll to the
swerde, such one as sholde longe thereto/

30 And than opynde she a boxe and toke oute gurdyls which
were semely wrought [with] goldyn thredys, and uppon
that were sette full precious stonys, and a ryche buckyll of
golde.

2 C and sprete 3 W letters of the C* letters on the 6 C ful within
the 8-9 C these letters he was abashed soo that 11 Che lost syghte
12 Ca lytyl voyce 13-14 C thy lygnage shalle reste in this* bedde F
(MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 557^v col. 1): en ce lit 15-16 C her of the 17 C sayth thys-
tory 19 a not in C 21-2 Cand Percyual S and Percyuale 22 Cso
S soo 25 sir not in C 27 C† Fair syre 29 C as shalle longe 30
C she opend 32 W full of precious C* ful precyous F (ibid., col. 2):
et avecques ce y avoit embatu riches pierres precieuses

'Lo, lordys,' she seyde, 'here ys a gurdill that ought to be sette aboute the swerde. And wete you well the grettist parte of thys gurdyll was made of my hayre, whych somme tyme I loved well, whyle that I was woman of the worlde. But as sone as I wyste that thys adventure was ordayned me, 5 I clipped off my heyre and made thys gurdyll.'

'In the name of God, ye be well ifounde!' seyde sir Bors. 'For serteyse ye have put us oute off grete payne, wherein we sholde have entirde ne had your tydyngis ben.'

Than wente the jantillwoman and sette hit on the gurdyll 10 of the swerde.

'Now,' seyde the felyship, 'what ys the name of the swerde, and what shall we calle hit?'

'Truly,' seyde she, 'the name of the swerde ys the Swerde with the Straunge Gurdyls, and the s[h]eeth, Mevear of 15 Blood. For no man that hath blood in hym ne shall never see that one party of the sheth whych was made of the tree oflyff.'

Than they seyde, 'Sir Galahad, in the name of Jesu Cryste, we pray you to gurde you with thys swerde which 20 hath bene desyred so much in the realme of Logrys/

'Now latte me begynne,' seyde Galahad, 'to grype thys swerde for to gyff you corrayge. But wete you well hit longith no more to me than hit doth to you.'

And than he gryped aboute hit with his fyngirs a grete dele, 25 and than she gurte hym aboute the myddyll with the swerde.

'Now recke I nat though I dye, for now I holde me one of the beste blyssed maydyns of the worlde, whych hath made the worthyest knyght of the worlde/

'Damesell,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye have done so muche that 30 I shall be your knyght all the dayes of my lyff/

Than they wente frome that ship and wente to the other. And anone the wynde droff hem into the see a grete pace, but they had no vytayle. So hit befelle that they cam on 395^v

1 C said she 3-4 somme tyme *not in C* 8 Ccertes 15-16 C meuer
of blood 17 C the one 19 Csayd to Galahad In 20 C† and praye
that ye gyrd 28 beste *not in C* 28-9 W hath made me one of the worthyest
knyghtes {*repetition o/me one of from the previous line*}-, C* hath made the worthyest
knyght F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 558^r col. 1)1 il me semble que je soye le plus
bonneure* pucelle du siecle qui [ai] fait le plus preudomme du monde chevaillier
30 sir *not in C* 34 C but hit

the morne to a castell that men calle Carteloyse, that was in the marchys of Scotlonde. And whan they had passed the porte the jantillwoman seyde,

'Lordys, here be men aryven that, and they wyst that [y]e were ofkyng Arthurs courte, ye shulde be assayled anone.'

'Well, damesell, dismay you nat,' seyde sir Galahad, 'for He that cast us oute of the rocche shall delyver us frome hem.'

(8) So hit befelle, as they talked thus togydir, there cam a squire by them and asked what they were.

10 'Sir, we ar of kyng Arthu[r]s howse.'

'Ys that sothe?' seyde he. 'Now, be my hede,' seyde he, 'ye be evyll arayde.'

And than turned agayne unto the chyff fortresse, and within a whyle they harde an home blow. Than a jantill-
15 woman cam to hem and asked them of whens they were. Anone they tolde her.

'Now, fayre lordys,' she seyde, 'for Goddys love, turnyth agayne if ye may, for ye be com to youre dethe.'

'Nay, forsoth,' they seyde, 'we woll nat turne agayne, for
20 He shulde helpe us into whos servyse we were entred in.'

So as they stode talkyng there cam ten knyghtes well armed, and bade hem yelde othir ellis dye.

'That yeldyng,' seyde they, 'shall be noyous unto you.'

And therewith they lete their horsis renne, and sir Perci-
25 vale smote the firste, that he bare hym to the erthe, and toke hys horse and bestrode hym. And the same wyse dud sir Galahad, and al[so] sir Bors served another so; for they had no horse in that contrey, for they lefft their horsys whan they toke their shippe.

30 And so, whan they were horsed, than began they to sette uppon them, and they of the castell fledde into stronge fortressis, and thes three knyghtes aftir them into the castell;

4-5 C* that ye were W that and he were F (*ibid.*, col. 1): se on scet ceans que nous soions de la maison le roy Artus 6 Well not in C 6-7 C† Damoyzell sayd Galahad he that 8 C as they spoken thus there 9-10 C were and they said they were of kyng Arthurs 13 C torned he ageyn C† clyff fortresse F (*loc. cit.*)i maistre fortresse 17 Now not in C C sayd she 19 forsoth not in C 20 Cwe ben 21 ten not in C† F: X chevaliers toulz armds 22 Celstodye 25 C smote the forrest to the erthe 26-7 C hors & mounted therupon and the same dyd Galahad Also Bors served 27 W and all sir Bors served 28 C no horses 29 C shyp in other countrayes 32 C fortresse

and so alyght on foote, and with their swerdis slew them downe, and gate into the halle.

Than whan they behelde the grete multitude of the people that they had slayne, they helde themself grete synners.

'Sertes,' seyde sir Bors, 'I wene, and God had loved them, 5 that we sholde nat have had power to have slayne hem thus. 396^r But they have done so muche agayne oure Lorde that He wolde nat suffir hem to regne no lenger.'

'Yee say nat so,' seyde Galahad. 'First, if they mysseded ayenst God, the vengeance ys nat owris, but to Hym which 10 hath power thereof.'

So cam there, oute of a chambir, a good man, which was a preste and bare Goddis body in a cuppe. And whan he saw hem whych lay dede in the halle he was abaysshed. Anone sir Galahad ded of hys rhelme¹ and kneled adowne, 15 and so dud hys two felowis.

'Sir,' seyde they, 'have ye no drede of us, for we bene of kynge Arthurs courte.'

Than asked the good man how they were slayne so sud- daynly. And they tolde hym. 20

'Truly,' seyde the good man, 'and ye myght lyve as longe as the worlde myght endure, ne myght ye have done so grete almys-dede as this.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I repente me gretely inasmuch as they were crystynde.' 25

'Nay, repente you nat,' seyde he, 'for they were nat crystynde. And I shall telle you how that I know of thys castell. Here was a lorde erle whos name was Hernox, nat but one yere. And he had three sonnys, good knyghtes of armys, and a doughter, the fayrist jantillwoman that men 30 knew. So tho three knyghtes loved their syster so sore that they brente in love. And so they lay by her, magr£ her hede. And for she cryed to hir fadir they slew her, and toke their fadir and put hym in preson and wounded hym nye to the deth. But [a] cosyn of hers rescowed hym. 35

'And than ded they grete untrouthe, for they slew clerkis

5 sir not in C 9 C Say ye not soo sayd Galahad for yf 14-15 C alle
abasshed and Galahad 15 C* his helme and W hys and F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 558^r col. 2): oste son neaume 20 C told it hym 23 C an al-
messe dede 24 sir not in C C me moch in as moche 27 CI wote of
28 whos name was not in C† 32 C* maulgre her W magre their (see note)

and prestis, and made bete downe chapellis that oure Lordys servyse myght nat be seyde. And thys same day her fadir sente unto me for to be confessed and howseled. But such shame had never man as I had thys same day with the
 5 three bretherne; but the olde erle made me to suffir, for he seyde they shold nat longe endure, for three servauntes of oure Lorde sholde destroy them. And now hit ys brought to an ende, and by thys may you wete that oure Lorde ys nat displeased with youre dedis.'

396^v 10 'Series,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and hit had nat pleased oure Lorde, never sholde we have slayne so many men in so litill a whyle.'

And they brought the erle Hernox oute of preson into the myddis of the hall, the which knew well sir Galahad,
 15 and yet he sye hym never before but by revelacion of oure (9) Lorde. Than began he to wepe ryght tendirly, and seyde, 'Longe have I abyddyn youre commynge! But for Goddis love, holdith me in youre armys, that my soule may departe oute of my body in so good a mannys armys as ye be.'

20 'Full gladly,' seyde sir Galahad.

And than one seyde on hyght, that all folke harde, 'Sir Galahad, well hast thou ben avenged on Goddis enemyes. Now behovith the to go to the Maymed Kynge as sone as thou mayste, for he shall ressayve by the helth whych
 25 he hath abydden so longe.'

And therewith the soule departed frome the body. And sir Galahad made hym to be buried as hym ought to be.

Ryght so departed the three knyghtes, and sir Percivallis syster with them. And so they cam into a waste foreyst, and
 30 there they saw afore them a whyght herte which four lyons lad. Than they toke hem to assente for to folow aftir to know whydir they repayred.

And so they rode aftir a grete pase tyll that they cam to a valey. And thereby was an ermytayge where a good man

2 *C* not beserued nesayd (*not in F*) Cdaye S day 4 same *not in C* 5 *C*
 the erle badde me suffer 8 that *not in S* 11 Clytyl Slytel 14-15 *C*
 halle that knewe Galahad anone and 16 and (&) *obliterated in R* 20 Full
not in C sir *not in C* 21 folke *not in C* 22 Sir *not in C* 22-3 *C** hast
 thou auenged me on goddes enemyes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 558^v col. 2*):
 ce te mande le Hault Maistre que tu as huy si bien vengie' de ses ennemis 27,
 28 sir *not in C* 31 *C* after for to

dwelled, and the herte and the lyons entirde also. Whan they saw all thys they turned to the chapell and saw the good man in a relygious wede and in the armour of oure Lorde, for he wolde synge masse of the Holy Goste.

And so they entird in and herde masse; and at the secretis 5 of the masse they three saw the herte becom a man, which mervayled hem, and sette hym uppon the awter in a ryche se[g]le, and saw the four lyons were chaunged: one to the fourme of man, and another to the fourme of a lyon, and the t[h]irde to an egle, and the fourth was changed to an 10 oxe. Than toke they her se[g]le where the harte sate, and wente out thorow a glasse wyndow; and there was nothyng perissshed nother brokyn.

And they harde [a voyce] say: 'In such maner entred the 397^r Sonne of God into the wombe of Maydyn Mary, whos 15 virginity ne was perissshed, ne hurte.'

And whan they harde thes wordis, they felle downe to the erthe and were astoned. And therewith was a grete clerenesse. And whan they were com to theirselff agayne, they wente to the good man and prayde hym that he wolde 20 sey them the trouthe of that vision.

'Why, what thyng have ye sene?'

Anone they tolde hym all.

'A, lordys,' seyde he, 'ye be wellcom, for now wote I well ye beth the good knyghtes whych shall brynge the Sank- 25 greall to an ende; for ye bene they unto whom oure Lorde shall shew grete secretis. And well ought oure Lorde be signified to an harte. For the harte, whan he ys olde, he waxith yonge agayne in his whyght skynne. Ryght so commyth agayne oure Lorde frome deth to lyff, for He lost 30 erthely fleysshe, that was the dedly fleyssh whych He had takyn in the wombe of the Blyssed Virgyne Mary. And for that cause appered oure Lorde as a whyghte harte withoute spot.

7-8 W ryche sete C* ryche sege F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 558^r col. 2): en ung siege moult bel et moult riche 8 C the one 9 C man the other 10-11 C vnto anoxe 11 W her sete C* her sege F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 559^r col. 1) 1 si prindrent le siege 14 C* herd a voyce say F (loc. cit.): une voix descendi entr'eulz qui dist 15 C of a mayd mary 21 of that vision not in C† F (loc. cit.): la signifiante de ce qu'il ont veu 22 Why not in C 22-3 Csene sayd he & they told hym all that they had sene 24 for not in C 25 C ye be C the whiche

'And the four that were with hym ys to undirstonde the four evaungelistis, which sette in wrytynge a parte of Jesu Crystes dedys, that He dud somtyme whan He was amonge you an erthely man. For wete you welle never arst ne 5 myght no knyght knowe the trouthe; for oftyntymes or thys hath oure Lorde shewed Hym unto good men and to good knyghtes in lyknesse of an herte, but I suppose frome henseforthe ye shall se hit no more/

And than they joyed much, and dwelled there all day.
io And uppon the morne, whan they had herde masse, they departed and commended the good man to God. And so they cam to a castell, and passed. So there cam a knyght armed aftir them and seyde,

(10) 'Lordys, thys jantillwoman that ye lede with you, ys she 15 a mayde?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde she, 'a mayde I am,'

Than he toke hir by the brydyll and seyde,

'By the Holy Crosse, ye shall nat ascape me tofore ye have yolden the custum of thys castell.'

397^v 20 'Lat her gof seyde sir Percivale. 'Ye be nat wyse, for a mayde, in what place she commythe, ys fre.'

So in the meanewhyle there cam oute a ten or twelve knyghtes armed oute of the castell, and with hem cam jantillwomen the which hylde a dyssh of sylver. And than 25 they seyde,

'Thys jantillwoman muste yelde us the custom of thys castell.'

'Why,' seyde sir Gallahad, 'what ys the custom of thys castell?'

30 'Sir,' seyde a knyght, 'what mayde passith hereby, sholde hylde thys dyshe full of bloode of hir ryght arme.'

'Blame have he,' seyde Galahad, 'that brought up such customs I And so God save me, also sure mow ye be that of this jantillwom[a]n shall ye fayle whyle that I have hele.'

5 Coftymes 6 hath *not in C* 7 C unto good 8 hit *not in C**f 11
C commaunded 12 C passed by 14 C lordes herke what I shal saye
to yow Capitulum X This gentylwoman she *not in C*† 16 Ye *not in C* 20 sir
not in C 24 C gentylwymmen whiche 28-9 Why seyde sir (W the sir) Gal-
lahad what ys the custom of thys castell *not in C*† 30-1 C shalle yeue 33-5
C god me saue I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue
34 W jantillwomen

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I had lever be slayne.'

'And I also,' seyde sir Bors.

'Be my fayth,' seyde the knyght, 'than shall ye dye, for ye mow nat endure ayenste us, thoughe ye were the beste 5 knyghtes of the worlde.'

Than lette they ren ech horse to other, and thes three knyghtes bete the ten knyghtes, and than set their hondis to their swerdis and bete them downe. Than there cam oute of the castell a sixty knyghtes armed. 10

'Now, fayre lordis,' seyde thes three knyghtes, 'have mercy on youreselff, and have nat ado with us.'

'Nay, fayre lordes,' seyde the knyghtes of the castell, 'we counceyle you to withdrawe you, for ye ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and therefore do no more, for ye 15 have done inow. We woll lat you go with thys harme, but we muste nedys have the custum.'

'Series,' seyde sir Galahad, 'for noughte speke ye.'

'Well,' sey they, 'woll ye dye?'

'Sir, we be nat yet com thereto,' seyde sir Galahad. 20

Than began they to meddyll togydys. And sir Galahad with the straunge gurdylys drew his swerde and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and slew whom that ever abode hym, and dud so mervaylously that 'there was none that sawe hym'¹ they 'wend he had ben none erthely 25 man but a monstre.'¹

And hys two felowis helpe hym passyngly well, and so they helde their journey everych inlycke harde tyll hit was nyghe nyght. Than muste they nedis departe. So there cam a good knyght and seyde to thes three knyghtes, 30 389^r

1 sir not in C 4 C By my trouthe sayd 7 horse not in C 7-8 C thre felawes
9 C doune and slewe them F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 59r col. 2): si lez vont abatant
et occiant. But further on F remarks: si lez eussent occis asses legierement quant
ceulz du chastel issirent hors 10 C a thre score knyghtes F jusques a LX
chevaliers 11 Now not in C C thre felawes haue 18 sir not in C 20
Sir not in C C say d Galahad 21 sir not in C 23 C slewe what that 24-6
W dud so mervaylously that they had mervayle of hym C* dyd suche merueils that
there was none that sawe hym they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre
and his two felawes F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 559^r col. 1): fait itieux merueillez
que n'est nulz horns qui le veist qui cuidast qu'il fust horns terriens, mais aucuns
monstres 27 C passyng wel 28 C the Iourney 29-30 C So cam in a
30 C to the thre felawes

'If ye woll com in to-nyght and take such herberow as here ys, ye shall be ryght well com. And we shall ensure you by the fayth of oure bodyes and as we be trew knyghtes to leve you in such astate to-morow as here we fynde you, 5 withoute ony falsehode. And as sone as ye know of the custom, we dare sey 'yie woll accorde therefore.'

'For Goddis love,' seyde the jantyllwoman, 'go we thydir, and spare nat for me,'

'Well, go we!' seyde sir Galahad.

10 And so they entird into the castell, and whan they were alyght they made grete joy of hem. So within a whyle the three knyghtes asked the custom of the castell, and wherefore hit was used,

(n) 'Sir, what hit ys we woll sey you the sothe. There ys 15 in this castell a jantillwoman, whych both we and thys castell ys hers, and many other. So hit befelle many yerys agone, there happened on her a malodye, and whan she had lyene a grete whyle she felle unto a mesell. And no leche cowde remedye her, but at the laste an olde man 20 sayde, and she myght have a dysshfulle of bloode of a maydyn, and a clene virgyne in wylle and in worke, and a kynges doughter, that bloode sholde be her helth for to anoynte her withall. And for thys thyng was thys custom made.'

25 'Now,' seyde sir Percivallis sister, 'fayre knyghtes, I se well that this jantillwoman ys but dede withoute helpe, and therefore lette me blede.'

'Series,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and ye blede so muche ye mo(u) dye.'

30 'Truly,' seyde she, 'and I dye for the helth of her I shall gete me grete worship and soule helthe, and worship to my lynage; and better ys one harme than twayne. And there-

4 here *not in C* 6 W we woll accord therefore C* ye wyll accorde therfor
F (MS, B.N.fr. 120 f. 559r col. 1): vous vous accorderes legierement ace que la
 damoiseile face ce que nous li requerons 7 we *not in C* 9 Well *not in C* sir
not in C 10 C the chappel 13 used *not in* C† 14 Sir *not in C* C is sayd
 they we C yow sothe 15 both *not in C* 17 Ctherfylllepon 18-19
 C and of no leche she coude haue no remedy But 22 C her hele and for 25
 sir *not in C* 26-7 withoute helpe and therefore lette me blede *not in* C† *F*
 (loc. cit.): je la puis gairer se je vueil, et se je ne veul elle n'en puet gairir 28-9
 Wytmon Cyemaye 30 C†or to hele her 31 Cswles helthe

fore there shall no more batayle be, but to-morne I shall
'yelde¹ you youre custom of this castell.'

And than there was made grete joy over there, 'more
than¹ was made tofore, for ellis had there bene mortall warre
uppon the morne; natwithstondynge she wolde none other, 5
whether they wolde or nolde. So that nyght were thes three
felowis eased with the beste, and on the morne they harde
masse. And sir Percivalis syster bade them brynge forth the 398^v
syke lady. So she was brought forth, whych was full evyll
at ease. Than seyde she, 10

'Who shall lette me bloode?'

So one cam furthe and lette her bloode. And she bled
so muche that the dyssh was fulle. Than she lyfft up her
honde and blyssed her and seyde to thys lady,

'Madam, I am com to my dethe for to hele you. There- 15
fore, for Goddis love, prayeth for meP

And with that she felle in a sowne. Than sir Galahad and
his two felows sterte up to her, and lyffte hir up, and
staunched hir blood, but she had bled so muche that she
myght nat lyve. So whan she was awaked she seyde, 20

'Fayre brothir, sir Percivale, I dye for the helynge of this
lady. And whan I am dede, I requyre you that ye burye
me nat in thys contrey, but as sone as I am dede putte me
in a boote at the nexte haven, and lat me go as adventures
woll lede me. And as sone as ye three com to the citē of 25
Sarras, there to enchyve the Holy Grayle, ye shall fynde
me undir a towre aryved. And the[re] bury me in the
spirituall palyse. For I shall telle you for trouthe, there sir
Galahad shall be buried, and ye bothe, in the same place/

Whan sir Percivale undirstoode thes wordis he graunted 30
hir all wepyn[g]ly. And than seyde a voice unto them,

1 C shall be no more batail but 2 C* yelde yow F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 559^v
col. 2): je me acquitteray demain par celle maniere comme lez aultrez damoiselez
s'acquittent 3-4 C was grete loye more than* there was to for F (loc. cit):
Et lors commence la joie et la feste par laiens, ~~asse~~ greigneur que elle n'y avoit este
8 them not in C† 9 brought forth not in C† C the whiche full not in C
14 C she said to the lady 15-16 C to the dethe for to make yow hole for
goddess 17, 21 sir not in C 17-22 W (sidenote) The deth of sir Percivalis syster
19 blood not in C† 20 Clyue Thenne she sayd whan she was awaked 22 C†
Soo I requyre 24 C adventure 26 W ho holy 28 C† place F palays
28-9 CI saye yow soo moche there Galahad shall W there shall sir Galahad
shall 29 C ye also in 30 C Thenne Percyual 30-1 C wordes and
graunted it her wepyng 31 unto them not in C

'Lordis, to-morow, at the owre of pryme, ye three shall departe everych frome other, tylle the aventure brynge you unto the Maymed Kynge.'

Than asked she her Saveoure, and as sone as she had 5 reseyved Hym the soule departed frome the body. So the same day was the lady heled whan she was anoynted with hir bloode.

Than sir Percivale made a lettir of all that she had helpe them as in stronge adventures, and put hit in hir [r]yght 10 honde. And so leyde hir in a barge, and coverde hit with blacke sylke. And so the wynde arose and droff the barge frome the londe, and all maner of knyghtes behylde hit tyll hit was oute of ther syght.

Than they drew all to the castell, and furthewith there 15 fyll a tempeste suddeyne of thundir and lyghtnyng and rayne, as all the erthe wolde a brokyn. So halff the castell 399^r turned up-so-downe. Sohytpassydevensonge or the tempest were seased.

Than they saw tofore hem a knyght armed and wounded 20 harde in the body and in the hede, whych seyde,

'A, Good Lord, succour me, for now hit ys nede!'

So after thys knyght there cam another knyght and a dwarff which cryed to hem afarre,

'Stonde, ye may nat ascape!'

25 Than the wounded knyght hylde up hys hondys, and prayde God he myght nat dye in suche tribulacion.

'Truly,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I shall succour hym, for His sake that he callith on.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'I shall do hit, for hit ys nat for you, 30 for he ys but one knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I graunte you.'

So sir Bors toke hys [horse] and commaunded hym to God, and rode after to rescow the wounded knyght.

1 Clordes and felawes to morowe	5 C receyued hit the	6 C enoynted
with alle	12 maner of <i>not in C</i>	14 Cand soo forthe with ther
15-16		
C a sodeyne tempest and a thonder (a	<i>not in S</i>) layte and rayne	16 C
haue broken	17 C was	20-1 C hede that sayd O god socoure
25-6 C handes to god that he shold	not	27 sir <i>not in C</i>
29 C		
said Bors	31 you <i>not in C</i>	32 W toke hys swerde
hors	F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 56or col. 2): Et Boors vient a son cheval et	C* toke his
monte		

NOW TURNE WE TO SIR GALAHAD AND TO SIR PERCIVALL. (12)

Now turnyth the tale unto sir Galahad and sir Percivall, that were in a chapell all nyght in hir prayers, for to save hem sir Bors.

So on the morow they dressed them in their harneys 5 toward the castell, to wete what was fallyn of them therein¹. And whan they cam there, they founde nother man nother woman that he ne was dede by the vengeaunce of oure Lorde. So with that they harde a voice that seyde,

'Thys vengeaunce ys for bloode-shedyng of maydyns !' 10

Also they founde at the ende of the cHWppiel a chircheyarde, and therein they myght se a sixti fayre tumbis. And that place was fayre and so delectable that hit semed hem there had bene no tempeste. And there lay the bodyes of all the good maydyns which were martirde for the syke lady. 15 Also they founde there namys of ech lady, and of what bloode they were com off. And all were of kyngys bloode, and twelve¹ of them were kynges doughtirs.

Than departed they and wente into a foreyste.

'Now,' seyde sir Percivale unto sir Galahad, 'we muste 20 departe, and therefore pray we oure Lorde that we may mete togydirs in shorte tyme.'

Than they ded of their helmys and kyssed togydir and sore wepte at theyre departynge.

NOW TURNYTH THYS TALE UNTO SIR LAUNCELOTT.

25

1-4 C Now tome we to the tw felawes Capitulum XII Now saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue sir Bors
6 C* of them there in F (loc. cit): comment il estoit venu a ceulz de laiens
11 W the castell C* the chappel F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 560^v col. 1)1 au chief d'une chappelle
12 C yerd S yard C a thre score fair tombes Fen y povoit bien avoir LX
13 C was soo fayre 14 C none tempest For there
15-16 C for the seke ladyes sake Also 16 C the names of eueryche and of
17 off not in C 18 W eleven of them C twelue F (loc. cit.): xii fillesderoy
19 C they departed 20 C said Percyual vnto Galahad 21 C departe soo pray
24 sore not in C 25 Now turnyth thys tale unto sir Launcelott not in C

VIII
THE CASTLE OF CORBENIC

*[Winchester MS., ff. 399^v–403^v;
Caxton, Book XVII, chs. 13–17]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

13. How syr Launcelot entred into the shyppe where syr Percyvailes syster laye deed, and how he mette wyth syr Galahad, hys sone.
14. How a knyght brought to syr Galahad an hors and bad hym come from his fader, syr Launcelot.
15. How Launcelot was tofore the dore of the chambre wherin the Holy Sangreal was.
16. How syr Launcelot had layen xiiii dayes and as many nyghtes as a dede man, and other dyvers maters.
17. How syr Launcelot retorned toward Logres, and of other adventures whyche he sawe in the waye.

NOW seyth the tale that whan sir Launcelot was com 399^v
to the watir of Mortays as hit ys reherced before, he was (13)
in grete perell. And so he leyde hym downe and slepte, and
toke the adventure that God wolde sende hym. So whan he
was aslepe there cam a vision unto hym that seyde, 5

'Sir Launcelot, aryse up and take thyne armour, and entir
into the firste shippe that thou shalt fynde!'

And whan he herde thes wordys he sterte up and saw
grete clerenesse aboute hym, and than he lyffte up hys honde
and blyssed hym. And so toke hys armys and made hym 10
redy.

And at the laste he cam by a stronde and founde a shippe
withoute sayle other ore. And as sone as he was within the
shippe, there he had the moste swettnes that ever he felte,
and he was fulfilled with all thyng that he thought on 15
other desyred. Than he seyde,

'Swete Fadir, Jesu Cryste! I wote natt what joy I am in,
for thys passith all erthely joyes that ever I was in/

And so in thys joy [he] leyde hym downe to the shippe-
bourde and slepte tyll day. And whan he awooke he founde 20
there a fayre bed, and therein lyyng a jantillwoman dede,
which was sir Percivalles sister. And as sir Launcelot avised
her, he aspyed in hir ryght honde ^ra wrytteⁿ¹ whych he rad,
that tolde hym all the aventures that ye have herde before,
and of what lynayge she was com. 25

So with thys jantillwoman sir Launcelot was a moneth
and more. If ye wold aske how he lyved, for He that fedde
the ^rpepleⁿ¹ of Israel with manna in deserte, so was he fedde;
for every day, whan he had seyde hys prayers, he was
susteyned with the grace of the Holy Goste. 30

And so on a fnyghtⁿ¹ he wente to play hym by the watirs

1 C sayth the history sir not in C 2 C Mortoyse 4-6 W (sidenote)
The avisione of sir Launcelot 5 C hym and said 6 Sir not in C 11-
12 C redy and soo by aduenture he 12-13 C shyp the which was withoute
14 C he felte the moost swetnes that euer he felte 17 C Fair swete 17-18
C not in what loye I am For this loye passeth 22, 23 C the whiche 22-3 C
as launcelot deuyed her 23 C* hand a wrytte F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 560^r
col 2): ung brief 27-8 C* lyued he that fedde the peple of Israel F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 561^r col 1): les gens Israel W lyved for he that fedde the chyldirn of
Irsrl 29 W hys hys 31 C* on a nyghte W on a day F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 561^r col 2): par nuit

syde, for he was somewhat wery of the shippe. And than he lystened and herde an [hors] com and one rydyng uppon hym, and whan he cam nyghe hym semed a knyght, and so he late hym passe and wente thereas the ship was. And 5 there he alyght and toke the sadyll and the brydill, and put the horse frome hym, and so wente into the shyppe.

And than sir Launcelot dressed hym unto the shippe and seyde,

400^r 'Sir, ye be wellcomf

10 And he answerd, and salewed hym agayne and seyde,

'Sir, what ys youre name? For much my herte gevith unto you.'

'Truly,' seyde he, 'my name ys sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'than be ye wellcom! For ye were the 15 begynner of me in thys worlde.'

'A, sir, ar ye sir Galahad?'

'Ye, forsothe.'

And so he kneled downe and askyd hym hys blyssynge.

And aftir that toke of hys helme and kyssed hym, and there 20 was grete joy betwyxte them, for no tunge can telle what joy was betwyxte them.

And there every of them tolde othir the adventures that had befallle them syth that they departed frome the courte.

And anone as sir Galahad saw the jantillwoman dede in the 25 bedde he knew her well, and seyde grete worship of hir, that she was one of the beste maydyns lyvyng and hit was grete pite of hir dethe.

But whan sir Launcelot herde how the mervayles swerde was gotyn and who made hit, and all the mervayles rehersed 30 afore, than he prayd sir Galahad that he wolde shew hym the swerde. And so he brought hit forth and kyssed the pomell and the hiltis and the scawberde.

2 W an com C* an hors come F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. \$6i* col. 2): si oy ung chevalier venir grant erre tout a cheval 7 W Launcelot and dressyd hym vnto the shippe C Launcelot dressid vnto hym 7, 9 sir not in C 10-11 C ageyne & asked hym what 13 sir not in C 16 C A sayd he ar ye Galahad 17 C forsothe sayd he 20-2 C for there is no tonge can telle the Ioye that they made eyther of other and many a frendely word spoken bitwene as kynde wold the whiche is no nede here to be rehersed And there eueryche told F agrees with W 22-3 C other of their adventures and merueils that were befallen to them 25 C wel ynough & told grete 26 C was the best 30 C prayd galahad his sone that 31 C so he dyd and anone he kyssed

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'never arste knew I of so hyghe adventures done, and so mervalous stronge.'

So dwelled sir Launcelot [and] Galahad within that shippe halff [a yere, and served God dayly and] nyghtly with all their power. [And often they aryved in yles ferre] frome 5 folke, where th[ere repayred none but wylde beestes, and ther] they founde many [straunge adventures and peryllous which they] brought to an end. [But for tho adventures were with wylde beestes] and nat in the q[uest of the Sancgreal, therfor the tale ma]kith here [no] menc[yon 10 therof; for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho adventures that befelle] them.

So aftir, [on a Mondaye, hit befelle that they aryved in (14) the] edge of a forey[ste tofore a crosse. And thenne sawe they a knyghte] armed all in [whyte, and was rychely horsed, 15 and ledde in his] ryght hond [a whyte hors. And so he cam to the shyp and] salewed the two knyghtes in the Hyghe 400^v Lordis behalff, and seyde unto sir Galahad,

'Sir, ye have bene longe inowe with youre fadir. Therefore com oute of the shippe, and take thys horse, and go where 20 the aventures shall lede you in the queste of the Sankgreall.'

Than he wente to hys fadir and kyste hym swetely and seyde,

'Fayre swete fadir, I wote nat whan I shall se you more tyll I se the body of Jesu Cryste.'

'Now, for Goddis love,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'pray to the 25 Fadir that He holde me styll in Hys servyse.'

And so he toke hys horse, and there they hard a voyce that seyde,

'Every of you thynke for to do welle, for nevermore shall one se another off you before the dredefull day of doome.' 30

'Now, my sonne, sir Galahad, sith we shall departe and nother of us se other more, I pray to that Hyghe Fadir, conserve me and you bothe.'

1 sir not in C 2 C merueyllous & straunge F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 561^v col. 1): oncquez si haulte aventure ne si merveilleuse n'avint a chevallier 3-17 The bottom corner of the page is torn in W 10 W here menc C* here no mencyon 16 Csoo 18 unto sir not in C† 19-20 Therefore not in C 20 C and starte vpon this hors 21 C lede the in 24-6 C Cryst I praye yow sayd launcelot praye ye to the hyghe fader 26 styll not in C 29 Every of you not in C† F (ibid.): chascun de vous 29-30 C for the one shal neuer see the other before 31-3 C Now sone galahad said launcelot syn we shal departe & neuer see other I pray to pe hy fader conserue

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'no prayer avaylith so much as youres.'

And therewith sir Galahad entird into the foreyste. And the wynde arose and drove sir Launcelot more than a moneth
5 thorow the se, where he sleped but litill, but prayde to God that he myght se som tydynges of the Sankgreall.

So hit befelle on a nyght, at mydnyght, he aryved before a castell, on the backe [syde whiche was ryche] and fayre, and there was a posterne [opened toward the see, and was open]
10 withoute any kepynge, save two [lyons kept the entre; and the moone] shone ryght clere. A[none sir Launcelot herd a voyce that] seyde,

'Launcelot, go oute [of this shyp, and entre into the castel] where thou shalte [see a grete parte of thy desyre].'

15 Thenne he ran to] hys armys and [so armed hym, and so wente to the gate and] saw the lyons. [Thenne sette he hand to his suerd and dr]ewe hit. So there cam [a dwerf sodenly and smote hym th]e arme so sore [that the suerd felle oute of his hand. Then] herde he a voice [say,

20 'O, man of evylle feyth and poure byleve! Wherefore
401^r trustist thou more on thy harneyse than in thy Maker? For He myght more avayle the than thyne armour, in what servyse that thou arte sette in.'

Than seyde sir Launcelot, 'Fayre Fadir, Jesu Cryste! I
25 thanke The of Thy grete mercy that Thou reprevyest me of my myssedede. Now se I that Thou holdiste me for one of Thy servauntes/

Than toke he hys swerde agayne and put hit up in hys sheethe, and made a crosse in hys forehede, and cam to the
30 lyons. And they made sembelaunte to do hym harme. Nat-withstondynge he passed by them withoute hurte, and entird into the castell to the chyeff fortresse. And there were they all at reste.

Than sir Launcelot entred so armed, for he founde no
35 gate nor doore but hit was opyn. And at the laste he founde

1 C said Galahad 3, 4 sir not in C 5 C thurgh oute the 8-20 The
bottom left corner of the page is torn in W 17 C Thenne ther came S Thenne
there came 18 C the harme 22 C'inwhos 23-4 C sette Thenne 24
sir not in C C† fay u fader S† fay u fader 26-7 C that ye hold me for youre
servaunt 28 C thenne toke he agayne his suerd and putte 32 C there
were S† there where 34 sir not in C C entryd in so

a chambir whereof the doore was shutte, and he sett hys honde thereto to have opened hit, but he myght nat Than (15) he enforced hym myckyll to undo the doore. Than he lystened and herde a voice whych sange so swetly that hit semede none erthely thyng, and hym thought the voice 5 seyde,

'Joy and honoure be to the Fadir of Hevyn.'

Than sir Launcelot kneled adowne tofore the chambir dore, for well wyst he that there was the Sankgreall within that chambir. Than seyde he, 10

'Fayre swete Fadir, Jesu Cryste! If ever I dud thyng that plesed The, Lorde, for Thy pite ne have [me] nat in dispite for my synnes done byforetyme, and that Thou shew me somthyng of that I seke.'

And with that he saw the chambir dore opyn, and there 15 cam oute a grete clerenesse, that the house was as bryght as all the tourcheis of the worlde had bene there. So cam he to the chambir dore and wolde have entird. And anone a voice seyde unto hym,

'Sir Launcelot, flee and entir nat, for thou ought nat 20 to do hit! For and if thou entir thou shalt forthynke 401^v hit.'

Than he withdrew hym aback ryght hevvy. Than loked he up into the myddis of the chambir and saw a table of sylver, and the holy vessell coverde with rede samyte, and 25 many angels aboute hit, whereof one hylde a candyll of wexe brennyng, and the other hylde a crosse and the ornamentis of an awter. And before the holy vessell he saw a good man clothed as a pryste, and hit semed that he was at the sakeryng of the masse. And hit semed to sir 30 Launcelot that above the prystis hondys were three men, whereof the two put the yongyste by lyknes betwene the prystes hondis; and so he lyffte (hym) up ryght hyghe, and hit semed to shew so to the peple.

And than sir Launcelot mervayled nat a litill, for hym 35

1 C shytte 8 sir not in C 9 dore not in C† 20 C Flee launcelot and C oughtest 21 C hit And yf 23 C in the myddes 30-p. 1016, 5 W (sidenote) The signification of the Sankgreall that ys called the holy vessel the whiche appered to sir Launcelot 30, 35 sir not in C 33 C lyfte hit vp W lyffte hym up F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 562' col. 1): il le levoit en hault C ryghte S ryght

thought the pryste was so gretly charged of the vygoure that hym semed that he sholde falle to the erth. And whan he saw none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym, than cam he to the dore a grete pace and seyde,

- 5 'Fayre Fadir, Jesu Cryste, ne take hit for no synne if I helpe the good man whych hath grete nede of helpe.'

Ryght so entird he into the chambir and cam toward the table of sylver, and whan he cam nyghe hit he felte a breeth that hym thought hit was entromedled with fyre, which smote
io hym so sore in the vysayge that hym thought hit brente hys vysayge. And therewith he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse, as he that 'was so araged that'¹ had loste the power of hys body and hys hyrynge and syght. Than felte he many hondys whych toke hym up and bare hym oute of the chambir
15 doore and leffte hym there semyng dede to all peple.

So uppon the morow, whan hit was fayre day, they within were rysen and founde sir Launcelot lyyng before the chambir doore. All they mervayled how that he com in. And so they loked uppon hym, and felte hys powse to wete
402^f 20 whethirwereonlyffinhym. And so they founde lyff in hym, but he myght nat stonde nother stirre no membir that he had.

And so they toke hym by every parte of the body and bare hym into a chambir and leyde hym in a rych bedde farre frome folke. And so he lay four dayes.

- 25 Than one seyde he was on lyve, and another seyde nay, he was dede.

'In the name of God,' seyde an olde man, 'I do you veryly to wete he ys nat dede, but he ys as fulle of lyff as the strengyst of us all. Therefore I rede you all that he be well kepte tylle

- 30 God sende lyff in hym agayne.'

1 C* charged of the fygure W charged of the vygoure F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 562^r col. 1): il veoit que le prestre iert si charchiez de la figure qu'il tenoit qu'il li est bien advis qu'il deust cheoir a terre 5-6 C though I helpe 12 C* aryse as he that was soo araged that had loste F (ibid.): lors n'a pouvoir d'aler avant comme cil qui est tel atournes qu'il a tout le pouvoir du corps perdu (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 13 C his seyngetheenne 14 C* handes aboute hym 15 C dore withoute only amendinge of his swoune and lefte hym there semyng dede to of the chamber dore and lefte hym there semyng dede to al peple (*see note*) 17 C arysen 17 sir *not in C* 24 C* from alle folke 25-7 C Thenne the one sayd he was on lyue and the other sayd Nay In the zy C man for I 28-9 C* as the myghtyest of yow alle F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 562^r col. 2): comme le plus fort de vous touz 29 C I counceylle yow that 30 C send hym lyf ageyne

So in such maner they kepte sir Launcelot four-and- (16)
twenty dayes and also many nyghtis, that ever he lay styll
as a dede man. And at the twenty-fifth day befylle hym
aftir mydday that he opened hys yen. And whan he saw
folke he made grete sorow and seyde, 5

'Why have ye awaked me? For I was more at ease than
I am now. A, Jesu Cryste, who myght be so blyssed that
myght se opynly Thy grete mervayles of secretnesse there
where no synner may be?'

'Whfat¹ have ye sene?' seyde 'they aboute hym¹. 10

'[I have sene', seyde¹ he, 'grete mervayles that no tunge
may telle, and more than ony herte can thynke. And had
nat my synne bene beforetyme, ellis I had sene muche more.'

Than they tolde hym how he had layne there four-and- 15
twenty dayes and nyghtes.

Than hym thought hit was ponyshement for the four-
rand-twenty¹ yere that he had bene V synner, wherefore
oure Lorde put hym in penaunce the four-fand-twenty¹
dayes and nyghtes. Than loked Launcelot tofore hym and
saw the hayre whych he had borne nyghe a yere; for that 20
he forthoughte hym ryght muche that he had brokyn his
promyse unto the ermyte whych he had avowed to do.

Than they asked how [hit] stood with hym.

'Forsothe,' seyde he, 'I am hole of body, thanked be
oure Lorde. Therefore, for Goddis love, telle me where 25
I am.'

Than seyde they all that he was in the castell of Carbonek.

Therewith com a jantillwoman and brought hym a shirte
of small lynen clothe; but he chaunged nat there, but toke 402^v
the hayre to hym agayne. 3°

'Sir,' seyde they, 'the queste of the Sankgreall ys encheved

1 sir *not in C* 7 C O Ihesu 10-11 W Why have ye sene seyde he grete
C* what haue ye sene sayd they aboute hym I haue sene said he F (MS. B.N,
fr. 120 f. 562^v col. 1): Quant ceulz qui entour lui estoient oent ceste parolle, si ont
trop grant joie. Si li demandent qu'il a veu. "Je ay, fait il, veu si grans merveilles " etc.
(W has misread why for what by contamination with the previous paragraph and
committed a homoeoteleuton after seyde) 12-13 C† had not my sone ben F (ibid.):
Et se [ma] maleurete et mes grans pechtes ne fust, je eusse encores plus veu 16-17
W iiii yere C* four and twenty F (ibid.): xxiiii ans 17 W bene no synner
C* ben a synner F (ibid.): qu'il ot ou terme de xxiiii ans servi Tennemy 18 the *not*
in C 18-19 W iiii dayes C* four and twenty dayes F xxiiii jours 23 C* how
hit stood F: comment il li est 25 C therefore syrs for 25-6 C where that I am

now ryght in you, and never shall ye se of Sankgreall more than ye have sene.'

'Now I thanke God,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for Hys grete mercy of that I have sene, for hit suffisith me. For, as I suppose, no man in thys worlde have lyved bettir than I have done to enchyve that I have done.'¹

And therewith he toke the hayre and clothed hym in hit, and aboven that he put a lynyen "shirte"¹, and aftir that a roobe of scarlet, freysssh and new. And whan he was so arayed they mervayled all, for they knew hym well that he was sir Launcelot, the good knyght. And than they seyde all,

'A, my lorde sir Launcelott, ye be he?'

And he seyde, 'Yee truly, I am he.'

Than came worde to the kyng Pelles that the knyght that had layne so longe dede was the noble knyght sir Launcelot. Than was the kyng ryght glad and wente to se hym, and whan sir Launcelot saw hym com he dressed hym ayenste hym, and than made the kyng grete joy of hym.

And there the kyng tolde hym tydynges how his fayre doughter was dede. Than sir Launcelot was ryght hevye and seyde,

'Me forthynkith of the deth of youre doughter, for she was a full fayre lady, freyshe and yonge. And well I wote she bare the beste knyght that ys now on erthe, or that ever was syn God was borne.'

So the kyng hylde hym there four dayes, and on the morow he toke hys leve at kyng Pelles and at all the felyship, and thanked them of the grete laboure.

Ryght so as they sate at her dyner in the chyff halle, hit befylle that the Sangreall had fulfylled the table with all metis that ony harte mygh[t] thynke. And as they sate they saw all the doorys of the paleyse and wyndowes shutte withoute mannys honde. So were they all abaysshed. So a

1-2 C yow that neuer shalle ye see of the Sangreall nomore than 3 C said
 Launcelot of his 6 Cencheue Sfenchere 8 C* lynyen sherte F(ibid.):
 la robe de lin 10 well not in C 12 CO my C launcelot be that ye
 13 Yee not in C 15 the noble knyght not in C 17 Cwhanne launcelot
 19 C tydynges that his 20 sir not in C 20-2 Cheuy of hit and sayd syre me
 24 C bare S bere 29-30 C chyf sale thenne was so befall 30-1 C al
 maner of metes 32 C the dores and the wyndowes of the placej" were shitte
 33-p. 1019, 1 C hand wherof they were al abasshed and none wyste what to doo
 And thenne it happed sodenly a knyghte cam

knyght whych was all armed cam to the chyeff dore, and 403^r
knocked and cryed,

'Undo!'

But they wolde nat, and ever he cryed,

'Undo!'

5

So hit noyed hem so much that the kynge hymselff arose
and cam to a wyndow there where the knyght called. Than
he seyde,

'Sir knyght, ye shall nat enter at thys tyme, whyle the
Sankgreall ys hyre. And therefore go ye into anothir fort- 10
resse, for ye be none of the knyghtes of the Quest, but one
of them whych have servyd the fyende, and haste leffte the
servyse of oure Lorde.'

Than was he passynge wroth at the kynges wordis.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the kynge, 'syn ye wolde so fayne 15
entir, telle me of what contrey ye be.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am of the realme of Logrys, and my name
ys sir Ector de Marys, brother unto my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'In the name of God,' seyde the kynge, 'me forthynkis
[sore of that I have] seyde, for youre brother ys hereinne.' 20

Whan sir Ector undirstood that hys brother was there,
for he was the man in the worlde that he moste drad and
loved, than he seyde,

'A, good lorde, now dowlblith my sorow and shame! Full
truly seyde the good man of the hylle unto sir Gawayne and 25
to me of oure dremys.'

Than wente he oute of the courte as faste as hys horse
myght, and so thorowoute the castell.

Than kyng Pelles cam to sir Launcelot and tolde hym (17)
tydynges of hys brothir. Anone he was sory therefore that 30
he wyst nat what to do. So sir Launcelot departed and toke
hys armys and seyde he wold go se the realme of Logris
whych (he) had nat sene afore in a yere, and therewith com-
maunded the kynge to God.

1 W armed cam to the that cam to the chyeff 3 Cvndo the dore 5-6 C
vndoo but they wold not And atte laste it noyed 10-11 C† another For certes
ye be 12 Cwhichehath 14 C and he was 16 Csayeme 17 C
sayd he 18 is Ector de marys and broder 19-20 C* forthynketh of that
I haue sayd for W forthynkis seyde the kynge for (see note) 20 C here
within 21 C & whan Ector de marys 24 CA god now 25 sir not in C
30-1 C broder wherof he was sory that he 33 C whiche I haue not sene in a
(a not in S) twelue moneth and there with

And so rode thorow many realmys, and at the laste he com to a whyght abbay, and there they made hym that nyght grete chere. And on the morne he arose and hard masse, and afore an awter he founde a ryche tombe which was newly 5 made. And than he toke hede and saw the sydys wryten with golde which seyde,

'Here lyeth kyng Bagdemagus of Gore, which kynge 403^v Arthurs newew slew,' and named hym sir Gawayne.

Than was nat he a litill sory, for sir Launcelot loved hym 10 muche more than ony other (and had hit bene ony other than sir Gawayne he sholde nat ascape frome the dethe), and seyde to hymselff,

'A, lorde God! Thys ys a grete hurte unto kynge Arthurs courte, the losse of suche a man!'

15 And than he departed and cam to the abbey where sir Galahad dud the aventure of the tombis and wan the whyght shyld with the rede crosse. And there had he grete chere all that nyght, and on the morne he turned to Camelot where he founde kynge Arthure and the quene.

20 But many of the knyghtes of Rounde Table were slayne and destroyed, more than halff; and so three of them were com home, sir Ector, Gawayne, and Lyonell, and many other that nedith nat now to reherce. And all the courte were passyng glad of sir Launcelot, and the kynge asked 25 hym many tydyngis of hys sonne sir Galahad.

And there sir Launcelot tolde the kynge of hys adventures that befelle hym syne he departed. And also he tolde hym of the adventures of sir Galahad, sir Percivale, and sir Bors whych that he knew by the lettir of the ded mayden, and 30 also as sir Galahad had tolde hym.

'Now God wolde,' seyde the kynge, 'that they were all three here!'

'That shall never be/ seyde sir Launcelot, 'for two of hem shall ye never se. But one of them shall com home agayne.'

35 NOW LEVITH THYS TALE AND SPEKITH OF SIR GALAHAD.

9, 11 *sir not in C* 11-12 *Cnot haue escaped (S scared) from dethe to lyf and*
 14 *C courte S courte* 16 *C Galahad S Gatahad* 21 *of them not in C*
 22 *sir not in C* 23 *C neden not to be reherced* 25 *Csone Galahad* 26 *C*
ther Launcelot 27 *C that had befallen* 28 *C of Galahad Percyuale and*
 Bors 30 *also not in C* 33 *sir not in C* 35 *C Now leue we this story*
 and speke of Galahad

IX
THE MIRACLE OF GALAHAD

*[Winchester MS., ff. 403^v-409^v;
Caxton, Book XVII, chs. 18—23]*

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

18. How Galahad came to kyng Mordrayns, and of other maters and adventures.
19. How syr Percyvale and syr Boors mette wyth syr Galahad, and how they came to the castel of Carbonek, and other maters.
20. How Galahad and his felowes were fedde of the Holy Sangreal, and how our Lord apperyd to them, and other thynges.
21. How Galahad enoynted wyth the blood of the spere the Maymed Kyng, and of other adventures.
22. How they were fedde with the Sangreal whyle they were in pryson, and how Galahad was made kyng.
23. Of the sorowe that Percyvale and Boors made whan Galahad was dede; and of Percyvale, how he dyed, and other maters.

NOW seyth the tale that sir Galahad rode many journeys (18)
 in vayne, and at last he com to the abbay where kyng
 Mordrayns was. And whan he harde that, he thoughte he
 wolde abyde to se hym.

And so uppon the morne, whan he had herd masse, sir 5
 Galahad com unto kyng Mordrayns. And anone the kyng
 saw hym, whych had layne blynde of longe tyme, and than
 he dressed hym ayenste hym and seyde,

'Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Cryste and verry
 knyght, whos commynge I have abyddyn longe, now embrace 10
 me and lette me reste on thy breste, so that I may reste
 betwene thyne armys! For thou arte a clene virgyne above
 all knyghtes, as the floure of the lyly in whom virginity is
 signified. And thou arte the rose which ys the floure of all 404^r
 good vertu, and in colour of fyre. For the fyre of the Holy 15
 Goste ys takyn so in the that my fleyssh, whych was all dede
 of oldeness, ys becom agayne yonge.'

Whan sir Galahad harde thes wordys, than he embraced
 hym and all hys body. Than seyde he,

'Fay re Lorde Jesu Cryste, now I have my wylle! Now I 20
 requyre The, in thys poynte that I am in, that Thou com and
 visite me.'

And anone oure Lorde herde his prayer, and therewith the
 soule departed frome the body. And than sir Galahad put
 hym in the erthe as a kyng ought to be. And so departed, 25
 and cam into a perelous foreyste where he founde the welle
 which boyled with wawis, as the tale tellith tofore.

And as sone as sir Galahad sette hys honde thereto hit
 seased, so that hit brente no more, and anone the hete
 departed away. And cause why that hit brente, hit was a 30
 sygne of lechory that was that tyme muche used, but that
 hete myght nat abyde hys pure virginity. And so thys was

1 Csaith the story Galahad 2 Cat the last 5 so *not in C* sir *not in C*
 7 C hym the whiche 9 Sir *not in C* 9-10 and verry knyght *not in C* 14
 C rose the whiche 16 Ctake 17 C yonge ageyne 18 CThenne Galahad
 herd his wordes themme 20-1 W wylle I now I requyre 21 that *not in C*
 24 sir *not in C* 25 C departed Sdepartede 27 Cwithgrete wawes 28
 sir *not in C* 29-30 C more and the hete departed for that it brente 31 C
 lechery the whiche was 32 C vyrgynyte S vyrgyntye

'They that ought nat to sitte at the table of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, avoyde hens! For now there shall verrey knyghtes be fedde.'

So they wente thense all, sauf kyng Pelles and Elyazar, 5 hys sonne, which were holy men, and a mayde whych was hys nyce. And so (there abode) thes three knyght(es) and these three ;elles were no mo. And anone they saw knyghtes all armed that cam in at the halle dore, and ded of their helmys and armys, and seyde unto sir Galahad,

io ['Sir,] we have hyghed ryght muche for to be with you at thys table where the holy mete shall be departed.'

Than seyde he, 'Ye be wellcom! But of whens be ye?'

So three of them seyde they were of Gaule, and other three seyde they were of Irelande, and other three seyde 15 they were of Danemarke.

And so as they sate thus, there cam oute a bedde of tre of a chambir, which four jantillwomen broughte, and in the bedde lay a good man syke, and had a crowne of golde uppon his hede. And there, in the myddis of the paleyse, they sette 20 hym downe and wente agayne. Than he lyffte up hys hede and seyde,

'Sir Galahad, good knyght, ye be ryght wellcom, for much have y desyred your commyng! For in such payne and in such angwysh as I have (no man ellis myght have) suffird 25 longe. But now I truste to God the terme ys com that my payne shall be alayed, and [so I shall] sone passe oute of thys worlde, so as hit was promysed me longe ago.'

And therewith a voice seyde, 'There be two amonge you that be nat in the queste of the Sankgreall, and therefore 30 departith!'

1 oure Lorde *not in C* 2 C Cryst aryse for now shalle 5 C the whiche were 6-7 W so thes iii knyght and pes iii elles were no mo Cso these thre felawes and they thre were there no mo F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 564^r col. 1): et avecques ces troiz demourerent lez troiz compaignons (the recurrence of th in Malory's text seems to have caused the omission of there abode in X. See note) 8 that *not in C* 9 C and their armes sir *not in C* 10 Wfor we C* Sire we 14 C the other 15 C Denmarke 17 C the whiche 18 had *not in C* 19 C† myddes of the place 20 C ageyne their waye 22 Sir *not in C* good *not in C*† ryght *not in C* 24-5 JP'Angwysh as I have suffird longe C anguysshe I haue ben longe F (ibid.): en telle paine et en telle angoisse que uns aultres horns ne la pourroit mie souffrir legierement (other MSS longuement). See note 26 C* that I shall passe out (S oute) F (ibid.): je trespasseray de cest siecle W and sone passe oute (sautdu mime au mime) 30 Cdeparte ye

Than kynge Pelles and hys sunne departed. And there- 405^v
 withall besemed them that there cam an olde man and four (20)
 angelis frome hevyn, clothed in lyknesse of a byshop, and had
 a crosse in hys honde. And thes four angels bare hym up in a
 chayre and sette hym downe before the table of sylver where- 5
 uppon the Sankgreall was. And hit semed that he had in
 myddis of hys forehede lettirs which seyde, 'Se you here
 Joseph, the first bysshop of Crystendom, the same which
 oure Lorde succoured in the cite of Sarras in the spirituall
 palleys'. Than the knyghtes mervayled, for that bysshop 1°
 was dede more than three hondred yere tofore.

'A, knyghtes,' seyde he, 'mervayle nat, for I was somtyme
 an erthely man.'

So with that they harde the chambir dore opyn, and there
 they saw angels. And two bare candilsof wexe, and thethirde 15
 bare a towell, and the fourth a speare which bled mervayl-
 ously, that the droppis felle within a boxe which he hylde with
 hys othir hande. And anone they sette the candyls uppon
 the table, and the thirde the towell uppon the vessell, and
 the fourth the holy speare evyn upryght uppon the vessell. 20

And than the bysshop made sembelaunte as thoughe he
 wolde have gone to the sakeryng of a masse, and than he
 toke an obley which was made in lyknesse of brede. And
 at the lyfftyng up there cam a vigoure in lyknesse of a 25
 chylde, and the vysayge was as rede and as bryght os ony
 fyre, and smote hymselff into the brede, that all they saw
 hit that the brede was fourmed of a fleyshely man. And
 than he put hit into the holy vessell agayne, and than he
 ded tha[t] longed to a preste to do masse.

And than he wente to sir Galahad and kyssed hym, and 3°
 bade hym go and kysse hys felowis. And so he ded anone.

'Now,' seyde he, 'the servauntes of Jesu Cryste, ye shall
 be fedde afore thys table with swete metis that never
 knyghtes yet tasted.'

2 them not in Sf olde not in C 6 W that he that he 7 C the whiche
 10 W palesy C place 12 CO knyghtes 15-16 C thyrd a towel 17-18
 Cwith his other Sf with other 23 Can vbblye 24 C* cam a fygur in
 lykenes F (MS, B.N. fr. 120 f. 564' col. 2): une figure en semblance d'enfant
 29 W ded than C* "dyd that F (ibid.): il ot ce fait que a prouvoire (MS.
 approu voire) appertient com me du service de la messe C doo to a masse 30
 sir not in C 32 the not in C 34 yet not in C

And whan he had seyde he vanysshed away. And they
 406^r sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their prayers.
 Than loked they and saw a man com oute of the holy
 vessell that had all the sygnes of the Passion of Jesu Cryste
 5 bledynge all opynly, and seyde,

'My knyghtes and my servauntes, and my trew chyldren
 which bene com oute of dedly lyff into the spirituall lyff, I
 woll no lenger cover me frome you, but ye shall se now a
 parte of my secretes and of my hydde thynges. Now holdith
 xo and resseyvith the hyghe order and mete whych ye have so
 much desired.'

Than toke He hymselff the holy vessell and cam to sir
 Galahad. And he kneled adowne and resseyved hys Saveoure.
 And aftir hym so ressayved all hys felowis. And they thought
 15 hit so sweete that hit was mervaylous to telle. Than seyde
 He to sir Galahad,

'Sonne, wotyst thou what I holde betwyxte my hondis?'

'Nay,' seyde he, 'but if ye telle me/

'Thys ys,' seyde He, 'the holy dysse wherein I ete the
 20 lambe on Estir Day, and now hast thou sene that thou moste
 desired to se. But yet hast thou nat sene hit so opynly as
 thou shalt se hit in the *cit*⁶ of Sarras, in the spirituall paleyse.
 Therefore thou must go hense and beare with the thys holy
 vessell, for this nyght hit shall departe frome the realme of
 25 Logrus, and hit shall nevermore be sene here. And knowyst
 thou wherefore? For he ys nat served nother worshipped
 to hys ryght by hem of thys londe, for they be turned
 to evyll lyvyng, and therefore I shall disherite them of
 the honoure whych I have done them. And therefore go
 30 ye three [to-morne] unto the see, where ye shall fynde
 youre shippe redy, and with you take the swerde with
 the stronge gurdils, and no mo with you but sir Percivale
 and sir Bors. Also I woll that ye take with you off thys
 bloode of thys speare for to anoynte the Maymed Kyng,
 35 both his legges and hys body, and he shall have hys
 heale.'

4 C vessel S vessel 8 C wyl now no lenger hyde me 10 order and not
 in C 12, 16 sir not in C 18 C ye will telle 20 C† on sherthursdaye
 F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 564^r ol. 1)1 le jour de Pasques 22 C† spyrituel place
 F (ibid.): ou palais esperituel 25-6 Cand wotest thou 30 C* thre to morowe
 F (ibid.): le matin 33-4 C of the blood 35 C* and alle his

'Sir,' seyde Galahad, 'why shall nat thys other felowis go with us?'

'For thys cause, for ryght as I departe my postels one here and anothir there, so I woll that ye departe. And two of 406^v you shall dy in my servyse, and one of you shall com agayne 5 and telle tydynges.'

Than gaff He hem Hys blyssynge and vanysshed away.

And sir Galahad wente anone to the speare which lay (21) uppon the table and towched the bloode with hys fyngirs, and cam aftir to the maymed knyght and anoynted his legges 10 and hys body. And therewith he clothed hym anone, and sterte uppon hys feete oute of hys bedde as an hole man, and thanked God that He had heled hym.

And anone he leffte the worlde and yelded hymselffe to a place of religion of whyght monkes, and was a full holy man. 15

And that same nyght, aboute mydnyght, cam a voyce amonge them which seyde,

'My sunnes, and nat my chyeff sunnes, my frendis, and nat myne enemyes, go ye hens where ye hope beste to do, and as I bade you do/ *o

'A, thanked be Thou, Lorde, that Thou wolt whyghtsauff to calle us Thy sunnes! Now may [we] well preve that we have nat Host^r oure paynes.'

And anone in all haste they toke their harneyse and departed; but the three k[nyght]es of Gaule (one of hem hyght 25 Claudyne, kynge Claudas sonne, and the other two were grete jantillmen) than prayde sir Galahad to every[che] of them, that and they com to kynge Arthurs courte, 'to salew my lorde sir Launcelot, my fadir, and hem all of the Rounde Table', [and prayde hem, and] they com on that party, nat to 30 forgete hit.

3 CI departed 5 Cseruyse but one 7 W Than gaff He repeated 10 C
 maymed kynge 11 and hys body *not in C* 13 C thanked oure lorde that
 13-15 C hym and that was not to the world ward For anone he yelded hym to a
 place 18-19 C†rendes and not my werryours 20-1 C bad yow A thanked
 21-2 C wilt vouchesaufe to 22 C† thy synners F (MS. B.N.fr. 120 f. 564^v
col. 2): qui nous daignes tenir a tes filz et a tes amis 23 C* lost our paynes F
(ibid.): nous n'avons pas perdu nos paines 25 C* thre knyghtes W three
 kynges F (*ibid.*)i troiz chevalliers qui de Gaulle estoient 27 sir *not in C*
 28 C that yf they 28-9 C court that they sholde salewe my 29-31 Cand
 of hem of the round table and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they
 shold not forgete W table if they (*see note*)

Ryght so departed sir Galahad, and sir Percivale and sir Bors with hym, and so they rode three dayes. And than they com to a ryvage and founde the shippe whereof the tale spekith of tofore. And whan they com to the bourde
 5 they founde in the myddys of (the bedde) the table of sylver, whych they had lefft with the Maymed Kynge, and the Sankgreall whych was coverde with rede samyte. Than
 407^r were they glad to have such thyngis in their felyship. And so they entred and made grete reverence thereto, and sir
 i° Galahad felle on hys kneys and prayde longe tyme to oure Lorde, that at what tyme that he asked, he myght passe oute of this worlde. And so longe he prayde tyll a voice seyde,

'Sir Galahad, thou shalt have thy requeste, and whan thou askyst the deth of thy body thou shalt have hit, and than
 15 shalt thou have the lyff of thy soule.'

Than sir Percivale harde hym a litill, and prayde hym of felyship that was betwene them, wherefore he asked such thynges.

'Sir, that shall I telle you/ seyde sir Galahad. 'Thys othir day, whan we sawe a parte of the adventures of the Sangreall,
 20 I was in such joy of herte that I trow never man was erthely. And therefore I wote well, whan my body ys dede, my soule shall be in grete joy to se the Blyssed Trinite every day and the majeste of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste.'

And so longe were they in the shippe that they seyde to
 25 sir Galahad,

'Sir, in thys bedde ye oughte to lyghe, for so seyth the lettirs.'

And so he layde hym downe, and slepte a grete whyle. And whan he awaked he loked tofore hym and saw the citē
 30 of Sarras. And as they wolde have londed they saw the shyp wherein sir Percivall had putte hys syster in.

'Truly,' seyde sir Percivall, 'in the name of God, well hath my syster holden us covenante.'

Than toke they oute of the shyppe the table of sylver, and

1-2 C departed Galahad Percyual and Bors 5 C† myddes the table F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 564? col. 2): ~~deles~~ (other MSS. en mi) le lit 9, 18, 25, 31, 32 sir not in C 10 C felle in his prayer longe 11 C asked that he shold passe 12 C world soo moche he 12-13 C sayd to hym 13, 18 Sir not in C 15 C thow fynde 16 Than sir not in C C herd this and 17 C* them to telle hym 18 C thother 20 C suche a loye C man was that was erthely 26-7 C saith the scripture 28 W slepte

he toke hit to sir Percivale and to sir Bors to go tofore, and
sir Galahad com behynde, and ryght so they wente into the
cite. And at the gate of the cite they saw an olde man
croked, and anone sir Galahad called hym and bade hym
helpe 'to bere thys hevvy thyng.' 5

'Truly,' seyde the olde man, 'hit ys ten yere ago that I
myght nat go but with crucchis.'

'Care thou nat,' seyde sir Galahad, 'aryse up and shew
thy good wyll'

And so he assayde, and founde hymselff as hole as ever 10
he was. Than ran he to the table and toke one parte
ayenst sir Galahad. 407^v

Anone rose there a grete noyse in the cite that a crypple
was made hole by knyghtes merveyulous that entird into
the cit6. Than anone aftir the three knyghtes wente to 15
the watir and brought up into the paleyse sir Percivallis
syster, and buryed her as rychely as them oughte a kynges
doughter.

And whan the kynge of that contrey knew that and saw
that felyship (whos name was Estorausse), he asked them of 20
whens they were, and what thyng hit was that they had
brought uppon the table of sylver.

And they told hym the trouthe of the Sankgreall, and the
power whych God hath sette there.

Than thys kynge was a grete tirraunte, and was com of 25
the lyne of paynymes, and toke hem and put hem in preson
in a depe hole. But as sone as they were there, our Lord (22)
sente them the Sankgreall, thorow whos grace they were
allwey fullfyllled whyle they were in preson.

So at the yerys ende hit befelle that thys kynge lay syke 30
and felte that he sholde dye. Than he sente for the three
knyghtes, and they cam afore hym, and he cryed hem mercy
of that he had done to them; and they forgave hym goodly,
and he dyed anone.

Whan the kynge was dede all the cit6 stode dyssemayde, 35
and wyst nat who myght be her kynge. Ryght so as they

1,2,4,8,12,16 sir not in C 8 C and aryse 17-18 C rychely as a kynges
doughter oughte to be 19-20 C of the Cyte whiche was deped Estorausse
sawe the felashyp he 24 C power whiche that god 25 grete not in C
30 C kynge Estorausse lay 33 C forgaf hit hym 35 C Cyte was desmayed

were in counceyle, there com a voice downe amonge them and bade hem chose the yongyst knyght of three to be her kyng, 'for he shall well maynteyne you and all youris.'

So they made sir Galahad kyng by all the assente of the 5 hole cite, and ellys they wolde have slayne hym. And whan he was com to 'beholde¹ hys [londe] he lete make abovyn the table of sylver a cheste of golde and of precious stonys that coverde the holy vessell, and every day erly thes three knyghtes wolde com before hit and make their prayers.

10 Now at the yerys ende, and the selff Sonday aftir that sir
408^r Galahad had borne the crowne of golde, he arose up erly and hys felowis, and cam to the paleyse, and saw tofore hem the holy vessell, and a man knelyng on his kneys in lyknesse of a bysshop that had aboute hym a grete feliship of angels, 15 as hit had bene Jesu Cryste hymselff. And than he arose and began a masse of oure Lady. And so he cam to the sakerynge, and anone made an ende. He called sir Galahad unto hym and seyde,

'Com forthe, the servaunte of Jesu Cryste, and thou shalt 20 se that thou hast much desired to se.'

And than he began to tremble ryght harde whan the dedly fleysh began to beholde the spirituall thynges. Than he hylde up his hondis towarde hevyn and seyde,

'Lorde, I thanke The, for now I se that that hath be my 25 desire many a day. Now, my Blyssed Lorde, I wold nat lyve in this wrecched worlde no lenger, if hit myght please The, Lorde/

And therewith the good man toke oure Lordes Body betwyxte hys hondis, profird hit to sir Galahad, and he 30 resseyved hit ryght gladly and mekely.

'No[w] wotist thou what I am?' seyde the good man.

'Nay, sir,' seyde sir Galahad.

'I am Joseph, the sonne of Joseph of Aramathy, which

1 downe *not in C* 2 C* them thre 4, 10 sir *not in C* 6 W to hys 3boven
he lete make abovyn C* to beholde the land he lete make aboute F (MS. B.N.
fr. 120 f. 565^r col. 1): a terre tenir (*see note*) 8 C that hylled the 8-9 C the
felawes wold 10 Cself daye 16-18 C And whan he cam to the sacra-
ment of the masse and had done anone he called Galahad and sayd to hym
25-6 C† Now blessyd lord wold I not lenger lyue yf it 29 sir *not in C* 31 W
No wotist C*Now wotist 32 C Nay said Galahad 33 the sonne of
Joseph *not in C*

oure Lorde hath sente to the to bere the felyship. And wotyst thou wherefore He hathe sente me more than any other? For thou hast resembled (me) in to thynges: that thou hast sene, that ys the mervayles of the Sankgreall, (and) for thou hast bene a clene mayde as I have be and am.' 5

And whan he had seyde thes wordis 'sir Galahad' wente to sir Percivale and kyssed hym and commended hym to God. And so he wente to sir Bors and kyssed hym and commended hym to God and seyde,

'My fayre lorde, salew me unto my lorde sir Launcelot, 10 my fadir, and as sone as ye se hym bydde hym remembir of this worlde unstable.'

And therewith he kneled downe tofore the table, and made hys prayers. And so suddeynly departed hys soule to Jesu Cryste, and a grete multitude of angels bare hit up to 15 408^v hevyn evyn in the syght of hys two felowis.

Also thes two knyghtes saw com frome hevyn an hande, but they sy nat the body, and so hit com ryght to the vessell and toke hit, and the speare, and so bare hit up into hevyn. And sythen was there never man so hardy to sey that he 20 hade sey^e the Sankgreall.

So whan sir Percivale and sir Bors saw sir Galahad dede (23) they made as much sorow as ever ded men. And if they had nat bene good men they myght lyghtly have falle in dispayre. And so people of the contrey and cite, they were ryght hevyn. 25 But so he was buried, and as sone as he was buried sir Percivale yelded hym to an ermytayge oute of the cite, and toke religious clothyng. And sir Bors was allwey with hym, but he chonged never hys seculer clothyng, for that he purposed hym to go agayne into the realme of Logrus. 30

1 C sente here to 2 C wherfor that he 3-5 C* resemblyd in to thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyls (S merueyles) of the Sankgreall in that thou hast ben W resembled in to thynges that thou hast sene that ys the mervayles of the Sankgreall for thou hast bene F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 565^v col. 2): tu m'as resemble* en deus choses: en ce que tu as . . . et en ce que tu as este 6 Whe wente C Galahad went F (ibid): Galahad vient 6, 7 sir not in C 7, 9 C commaunded hym 10 My not in C 12 C this vnstable world 14 C his soule departed 15-16 C bare his soule vp to heuen that the two felawes myghte wel behold hit 17 C Also the two felawes sawe W and hande C* an hand 21 W seyde C* sene F (ibid.): veu 22 C Whanne Percyual & Bors sawe Galahad 23 C euer dyd two men 25-6 C cyte were ryzt heuy And thenne he was 28 C a relygyous C and Bors 29 C but neuer chaunged he his

Thus a yere and two monethis lyved sir Percivale in the ermytage a full holy lyff, and than passed oute of the worlde. Than sir Bors lat bury hym by hys syster and by sir Galahad in the spirituality.

5 So whan sir Bors saw that he was in so farre contreyes as in the partis of Babilonye, he departed frome the *cit6* of Sarras and armed hym and cam to the see, and entird into a shippe. And so hit befelle hym, by good adventure, he cam unto the realme of Logrus, and so he rode a pace
10 tyll he com to Camelot where the kynge was.

And than was there made grete joy of hym in all the courte, for they wente he had bene loste forasmuch as he had bene so longe oute of the contrey. And whan they had etyn, the kynge made grete clerkes to com before hym, for
15 cause they shulde cronycle of the hyghe adventures of the good knyghtes. So whan sir Bors had tolde hym of the hyghe adventures of the Sankgreall, such as had befalle hym and his three felowes, which were sir Launcelot, Percivale and sir Galahad and hymselff, than sir Launcelot tolde the
20 adventures of the Sangreall that he had sene. And all
409^r thys was made in grete bookes and put up in almeryes at Salysbury.

And anone sir Bors seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir Galahad, youre owne sonne, salewed you by me, and
25 aftir you my lorde kynge Arthure and all the hole courte. And so ded sir Percivale. For I buryed them both myne owne hondis in the cite of Sarras. Also, sir Launcelot, sir Galahad prayde you to remembir of thys unsyker worlde, as ye behyght hym whan ye were togydirs more than halffe
30 a yere.'

'Thys ys trew,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'now I truste to God hys prayer shall avayle me.'

Than sir Launcelot toke sir Bors in hys armys and seyde,

3, 4, 5, 16, 28, 31, 33 sir not in C 4 Cspyrtyueltees 6 the cite* of not in C
8 Chym in good 9-10 C rode so fast tyl 11 W of of C grete loye made
of F (MS. B.N. fr. 120 f. 565^v col. 2): ne fu onques si grant joie fete all not
in C 12 Cwendalle Cbendedefor 14-15 Chym that they 16 hyghe
not in C 18-19 C that was launcelot Percyual Galahad 19 C There
Launcelot 24 Sir not in C C youre S your 25 my lorde not in C
hole not in C 26 both not in C

'Cousyn, ye ar ryght wellcom to me! For [all that ever I may do for you and for yours, ye shall fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes whyle the spyryte is in hit, and that I promyse you feythfully, and never to fayle. And wete ye well, gentyl cousyn sir Bors,] ye and I shall never departe 5 in sundir whylis oure lyvys may laste.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'as ye woll, so woll I.'

THUS ENDITH THE TALE OF THE SANKGREAL THAT WAS BREFFLY DRAWY[N] OUTE OF FREYNSHE—WHICH YS A TALE CRONYCLED FOR ONE OF THE TREWYST AND OF THE HOLYEST 10 THAT YS IN THYS WORLDE—BY SIR THOMAS MALEORRE, KNYGHT.

O, BLESSED JESU HELPE HYM THOROW HYS MYGHT! AMEN.

1 C* gentyl cosyn 1-5 C* to me and alle that euer I maye doo for yow and for yours ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte ail tymes whyle the spyryte is in hit and that I promyse yow feythfully and neuer to fayle And wete ye wel gentyl cosyn syre Bors that ye and I wylle neuer (*see note*) 7 C he I wylle as ye wylle 8 C endeth thistory of W the s Sankgreall 9-10 C Frensshe in to Englysshe the whiche is a story cronycled 10-11 C and the holyest that is in thys world the whiche is the xvii book And here foloweth the eyghtenth book n-14 by sir Thomas Maleorre, knyght. O, Blessed Jesu helpe hym thorow Hys myght! Amen
not in C

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