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Abbotsford Series

of the

Scottish Poets

Edited by GEORGE EYRE-TODD

# EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY

THOMAS THE RHYMER

JOHN BARBOUR

ANDROW OF WYNTOUN

HENRY THE MINSTREL

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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## NOTE.

IT has long been a reproach that, owing to the absence of an accessible edition, no popular knowledge of the early poetry of Scotland was possible—that, while texts of the early English poets, such as Chaucer, Langland, and Gower, were within reach of all, no such facilities were available for the equally interesting and valuable works of Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Wyntoun, and Henry the Minstrel. The present volume is an attempt to supply this want.

From their great bulk the works of the poets here dealt with may with obvious advantage be studied in selected form. In each case, however, an effort has been made, by means of summaries between the selected passages, to afford a view of the entire poem.

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## EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

ONE of the commonest of popular mistakes upon philological subjects has been the supposition that the Lowland Scots language was nothing more than a rude or corrupted dialect of ordinary English. The making of two dictionaries and the writing of many dissertations have not completely dispelled this impression. Students, however, have long been aware that the popular idea was mistaken; their only difficulty has been in ascertaining the actual origin of the tongue. Dr. Jamieson, in the earlier Scottish dictionary, was at great pains to prove the language a dialect of Gothic; and Dr. Charles Mackay, in his more recent compilation, though right in the main, betrayed something of a tendency to advocate Gaelic sources. It is now agreed by those most competent to judge that the tongue spoken in the Scottish lowlands was the most northern of the three great dialects of English. Of these dialects the southern form, once the language

of Kent and Devon, has now all but entirely died out; and while the midland form, by regular evolution, has developed into the written and spoken English of to-day, the northern, by literary use and from the fact of its national foundation, obtained a permanence in Scotland for at least five centuries. It was the language of court and bar, made golden by the tongues of poets and gentle by the lips of fair dames. There are those yet living who say that in their youth there were few pleasures more delightful than to listen to the talk of some old lady who retained the quaint and noble manner of the "auld Scots tongue." This language possessed a charm unknown to our modern speech. English was admitted by Dr. Mackay to be perhaps the most muscular and copious language in the world, but he remarked that it was harsh and sibilant, while the Scottish, with its beautiful terminational derivatives, was almost as soft as Italian. An Englishman, he said, speaks of a "pretty little girl," a Scotsman of a "bonnie wee lassie."

In course of time, owing to the intimate relations of the Scottish court with France, the language of the northern kingdom became strongly tinged with French modes of expression. Indeed, finally it came in many respects to resemble the tongue rather of the



country's ally than of its neighbour. The foreign influence is strongly marked in the language of Dunbar and the later fifteenth and sixteenth century poets, and is conspicuous in the pronunciation of such words as *flours*, more like the French *fleurs* than the English *flowers*. To the present day many words in common use north of the Tweed, such as *fashed* (*fâché*), *ashet* (*assiette*), and *jigot* (*gigot*), are no less than pure French. In the times of earliest Scottish poetry, however, the influence of France had hardly begun to affect Scottish speech, and in that poetry accordingly, a monument is preserved of the Scottish language in something like its native state. It would be impossible to render into modern English of equal simplicity and strength many of the most ordinary passages in this old poetry, and for this reason some regret might be expressed that, at anyrate in Scotland, the study of poems like Barbour's *Bruce* and Henry's *Wallace* is abandoned so completely for the study of early middle-English models. About the verse of the early Scottish poets there is a bloom whose secret has vanished irrevocably with the freshness of their morning-time; but from a study of that verse modern English might at least be enriched with many beautiful words at present without even a counterpart in the language.

No fewer than four distinct races were united in the making of the Scottish nation—the original Picts of the north, the Cymry of Strathclyde, the Scots from Ireland, and the Angles of Northumbria. To these might be added a slight later infusion of Norman blood from the south, and the descendants of the sea-roving Norse and Danes who for centuries built their eyries on the coast and among the western isles. So late as the present day the physical characteristics of each of these separate races are observable everywhere with more or less distinctness in the people of the country. With as much truth, though perhaps more subtly, may the mental characteristics of the different races be distinguished. The fact is marked in Sir Walter Scott's famous saying: "Gentlemen of the north, people of the west, men of the south, and folk of Fife." Pains have been taken by more than one critic to identify the respective qualities of these races in the national poetry. Without going so far, it is possible perhaps to trace thus the origin of one or two of the most salient features of the poetry of the north.

To the Celtic element in the Scottish blood Mr. Stopford Brooke attributes the passionate love of wild nature and the love of colour which everywhere distinguish early Scottish from early English poetry. "There is," he says,

speaking of the special Celtic elements in the Lowland verse, "a passionate, close, and poetical observation and description of natural scenery in Scotland from the earliest times of its poetry such as we do not possess in English poetry till the time of Wordsworth," while "all early Scottish poetry differs from English in the extraordinary way in which colour is insisted upon, and at times in the lavish exaggeration of it." The critic's truth in attributing these characteristics may be easily allowed when it is remembered how largely to the present hour colour tinges the nomenclature of the Highlands, and how full of tenderness for glen and stream the Highlander still remains. The same delight in colour may be seen in such passages of the early *Sir Tristrem* as the description of Ysonde :

Ysonde of highe priis,  
 The maiden bright of hewe  
 That wered fow and griis  
 And scarlet that was newe.

The same tenderness for wild nature may be remarked in delicate descriptive passages like the opening of a certain scene of *The Bruce* :

This wes in ver, quhen wynter tid,  
 With his blastis hidwyss to bid,  
 Was our drywyn : and birdis smale,  
 As turturis and the nyctyngale,  
 Begouth rycht sariely to syng,  
 And for to mak in thair singyng

Swete notis and sownys ser  
 And melodys plesand to her,  
 And the treis beguth to ma  
 Burgeans and brycht blomys alsua.

Equally, perhaps, to the Cymric blood may be traced the enthusiasm of nationality which everywhere inspires the poetry of the north. The emigrant Highlander at the present day pines for the "white shieling," and the "yellow island," the "blue mountains," and the "nut-brown maid" he has forsaken; but no less does the modern farmer of the Clyde valley and the Lanark moors waken to a lively energy at mention of Wallace and the wars with the English. It was in the west that independence always was first asserted, alike in the times of Wallace, of Bruce, and of the later Covenanters; and in the light of this fact it seems fair to attribute something at least of the strenuous nationality of Scottish poetry, from Barbour's *Bruce* to Burns' *Scots wha hae*, to the strain of British blood in the race.

It cannot be supposed that in the poems which remain to us we possess the very earliest efforts of the Scottish muse. Song is the first of all the arts to make its appearance, and in the two hundred years from the time when Malcolm Canmore, marrying a Saxon wife, began to discourage Celtic as the language of his court, till the time of Thomas the Rhymer, it is not likely that minstrelsy was mute in

the country. Allusions indeed are not lacking which show that the reading or hearing of romances was at an early time a popular relaxation in Scotland; and there appears to be reason for believing, as Dr. Irving in his *History of Scottish Poetry* suggested, that the earliest authentic Scottish poem, the *Sir Tristrem* of Thomas the Rhymer, was one of a cycle of romances upon the adventures of ancient, half-mythical Cymric heroes which formed the popular north-country poetry until the newly-welded Scottish race came, in Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas, to possess national heroes more particularly its own. Whether or not this be the case, it may be pointed out that in Scottish poetry there exists, complete and unbroken from very early times, a golden vein of historic material. From iron facts—from the deeds of kings, the fortunes of war, the loss and gain of provinces—the historian of Scotland may limn upon his canvas the outer features of the nation's past. For his subtler purposes there remains this more delicate resource. Poetry in Scotland has ever been, not only a criticism, but a reflection of life, and a reflection which, like that in the Arabian mirror, has shown not alone the deeds and manners of its time, but the thoughts behind the deeds.

Like one of Scotland's own mountain streams the course of Scottish poetry can be traversed

almost in a day's journey, and at every turn it is seen to have taken its character from its surroundings. From its earliest traces in romance recited to the knights errant of a heroic age, rushing bold and strong down rough defiles in the national war-epics of Barbour and Blind Harry, it is found sunning itself presently in the love-song of James through a primrose strath of peace. At each descent the passion which inspires the verse was the spirit of its age. The wandering knights who after the Conquest pushed their fortunes into the north saw their ideals mirrored in the adventures of a hero like Sir Tristrem. The people new-welded into a single nation by the wars of succession, and battling still against heavy odds for freedom, heard their aspirations echoed in the verse of the chronicler-poets. And the sweet lay penned by the Scottish king heralded the incoming of a gentler time.

Alike as the illustration of a beautiful and heroic old language, as a richly-sparkling fountain of emotion, eloquence, and enthusiasm, and as a reflection, in bright, unfading colours, of the national mind and manners of the north in times that have passed away, the early poetry of Scotland holds a place and character peculiarly its own in the gallery of English literature.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.





## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

ON the shadowy borderland between myth and reality, in the early literary history of Scotland, stands The Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune. Few names are more familiar than his in the folk-lore of the north, yet regarding few is so little generally known. With his fame as a maker of early Scottish romance a weird reputation for prophecy has been handed down by tradition, while in the ancient ballad poetry of the Borders he is celebrated as the hero of elfin adventure. In this respect he stands on the same platform as Michael Scott and Merlin the Wild, with the latter of whom he has sometimes been confounded; and in the three cases it is curious to note how the superstition of a rude age has, with or without their own connivance, invested the poet and the religious ascetic with the gift of prophecy, and the student of nature with the powers of the wizard.

Of the actual facts of the Rhymer's life very little is known. His name itself even has been subject of speculation. Scott in his introduction to *Sir Tristrem* stated that according to uniform popular

tradition the poet's surname was Learmont, and that the appellation of 'The Rhymer' was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. But the same writer also remarks that surnames were not yet always hereditary in the 13th century. It has never been disputed, however, that the residence and probable birthplace of the bard was Ercildoune, now Earlston, a village on the Leader Water two miles above its junction with the Tweed. After the lapse of eight centuries a ruined tower known as his dwelling-place may still be seen at the western extremity of the village. In a deed of the thirteenth century by Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, in the chartulary of Melrose, the Rhymer appears as a witness; and a charter is extant in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh by which Thomas of Ercildoune, "son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoune," conveys his family lands to the Church of the Holy Trinity of Soltra. The latter deed is dated 1299, and from the two charters, and a reference by Henry the Minstrel, the poet's life may be roughly estimated as extending from about 1220 to 1298.

Whether he himself explicitly assumed the character of seer in order to give greater weight to his political advice is impossible to say. Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads*, suggested that, "in order to give a sanction to his predictions, which seem all to have been calculated in one way or other for the service of his country, the Rhymer pretended to an intercourse with the Queen of Elfland, as Numa Pompilius did with the nymph Egeria." This may have been the

case, or the story may be altogether a popular and later invention; but the narrative of his intercourse with the elfin queen, whether composed by himself or not, is extant to the present day, and forms one of the most characteristic of the Border ballads. According to this ballad, Thomas sojourned with the queen in Elfland for seven years, though to him it seemed "nought but the space of dayis three." At parting, by way of consolation, she revealed to her sorrowing lover a long roll of prophecies, and as a farewell token conferred on Thomas himself the prophetic gift:

If thou wilt spell or talès tell,  
Thomas, thou never shall make lee.

With a story of this sort once established in the popular mind it is easy to see how the Rhymer might acquire the reputation of a prophet. There exists, as has been said, no absolute proof that he assumed the prophetic *rôle* himself, but it is certain that very shortly after his death the foresight of many momentous events was attributed to him. The most striking of these perhaps is that of the accidental death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn, and the subsequent disastrous wars of succession. The story is related both by Fordun and Boece. The latter, translated by Bellenden, gives it with no small dramatic skill. "It is said the day afore the kingis deith the Erle of Marche demandit ane prophet namit Thomas Rymour, otherwayis namit Ersiltoun, quhat wedder suld be on the morow. To quhome answerit this Thomas that on the

morow, afore noun, sall blow the gretist wynd that ever was hard afore in Scotland. On the morow, quhen it was neir noun, the lift appering loune, but (without) ony din or tempest, the Erle send for this propheit and reprevit hym that he prognosticat sic wynd to be, and nae apperance thair of. This Thomas maid litel answer, bot said, noun is not yet gane. And incontinent ane man came to the yet (gate) schawing the king was slane. Than said the prophet, yone is the wynd that sall blaw to the gret calamity and truble of al Scotland." Prophecies attributed to the Rhymer are recorded by Barbour, Wyntoun, and Blind Harry, and are mentioned in the *Scala-chronicon*, a history written, it is supposed, in the time of Edward III. Bits of local prophecy quoted as his were floating in the popular mind so late as the beginning of the present century, and may indeed remain in currency to the present day. One of these is pathetic enough:

The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth stane,  
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

Most of the extant political rhymes passing as the prophecies of True Thomas are to be found, with other productions of the same sort, in a small volume published by Andro Hart at Edinburgh in 1615.

Behind all this popular tradition of elfin intercourse and prophetic insight, however, Thomas the Rhymer claims the solid reputation of maker of the earliest Scottish romance. There exist two other compositions of competing claim—the romances of *Garven and*

*Gologras* and *Galoran of Galloway*—both also attributed by Scott to the thirteenth century. Strong doubts as to their date, however, have been expressed by later critics, while their rudeness and excessive alliteration render them hardly intelligible. *Sir Tristrem* therefore may fairly be looked upon, not only as the most outstanding, but as the earliest extant poem of the north.

The poem is contained in the famous Auchinleck manuscript, “a portly quarto volume of early English poetry written on vellum in the beginning of the fourteenth century,” and presented to the Advocates’ Library in 1744 by Lord Auchinleck, father of Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. The former history of the volume is unknown. From this source *Sir Tristrem* was very fully edited by Scott in 1804, and in 1886 was made still further accessible in an admirable edition for the Scottish Text Society by Mr. G. P. M’Neill.

It is true of this, of course, as of most other productions of obscure times, that the authorship has been subjected to question. The point upon which doubt has been chiefly urged is the opening stanza of the romance :

Y was at Ertheldoune  
With Tomas spak Y thare, &c.

It may be possible to make too much of this point. The insertion of his name in the text was in early times a poet’s only method of perpetuating his claims of authorship. After detailing all that has been said for and against the authenticity

of the romance, Mr. M'Neill quotes the direct testimony of the Rhymer's contemporary, Robert Mannyng of Brunne, and concludes by remarking that "the arguments which assail the trustworthiness of these documents are suggested by somewhat hypercritical doubts, and the theories designed to supplant them are based upon conjectures wholly unsupported by evidence."

The invention of the story told in the poem, however, cannot be attributed to the Rhymer. The tale of Tristrem most probably had a foundation in the exploits of an actual chieftain of the ancient Cymric kingdom of western Britain. In the early Welsh Triads Tristrem appears, already famous, chiefly as the lover of Essylt, wife of his uncle Mark. In the history of King Arthur, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the ninth century, the hero is recorded as one of the knights of the Round Table. Frequent mention of the story of Tristrem and Isolde is found in the twelfth and thirteenth century songs of the troubadours and trouveres of France; and it formed one of the four great romances of Cymric tradition recited at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings. It is for casting the romance into Scottish verse that credit is given to the Rhymer; and his composition soon became known throughout Europe as the best version of the famous tale. Robert of Brunne declared—

Ouer gestes it has the steem,  
Ouer all that is or was,  
If men it sayd as made Thomas.

After wanderings down the centuries in almost every tongue of Europe, the story is found living yet in modern days in the verse of Richard Wagner, Matthew Arnold, Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne.

As it remains, the early Scottish composition is a vivid example, as indeed it was perhaps the most famous model, of the romances of chivalry. Already the story had lost the primitive simplicity of legend and had had incorporated with it all the mediæval devices of plot and motive. Love and arms are the subjects—the rescue of usurped kingdoms and the prosecution of amorous intrigues. To these ends giants and dragons have to be overcome and a love-potion has to be drunk. These were the regular machinery of the singers of Europe in the Middle Ages. The chief thread of the narrative bears that the British knight Tristrem is sent to bring home from Ireland his uncle's bride Isonde, and by the mistaken drinking of a love-philtre by the two on the way, becomes engaged in an amour which occupies the remainder of the lovers' lives. Stratagems, estrangements, stolen interviews follow, a very doubtful regard is paid to conjugal relations, and the whole tale forms material for somewhat curious speculation upon the morals and habits of a society which had these romances for its approved intellectual food.

The poem is written in an involved stanza in striking contrast to the simple style of the narrative and the obvious eagerness of the narrator to press on with his tale. The design of the composition,

as in most old romances, is of the character best adapted for recitation—a series of adventures, each complete in itself, strung upon the lives of the lovers. At the same time there is a certain arrangement, a proportion and balance of parts round the central idea, which give to the story an artistic unity. The situations frequently possess strong dramatic point, as when Tristrem, having drunk the love-potion with Isonde, has to fulfil his mission and hand her over in marriage to the king. Most notable of all, the characters of the tale from first to last are firmly and even subtly drawn. Limned from the outside by their actions and words, they stand distinct as if reproduced from life or from the most intimate tradition. Reliably as in actual contact one comes to know them all—Isonde, another Lady Macbeth, crafty of brain and passionate of heart; “Brengrwain the Bright,” the maid and confidant of the queen, careful by the possession of compromising secrets to keep Isonde in her power, but at the same time both lending her wits and submitting her person to screen her mistress; Mark, the rich king and foolish husband, tricked and deceived, yielding up his queen, Herod-like, for a minstrel’s song, and ever ready to believe a protestation in face of the clearest evidence; and Tristrem, the doughty knight, skilled alike in arts and arms, fertile in amorous devices, and faithful everywhere to the lady of his passion. Even the subordinate characters are touched to the life. A modern analytic poet might be glad to own a delicate bit of motive-painting like the scene in



which Sir Canados woos Isonde and receives his answer.

The example of Sir Tristrem had some following in Scottish poetry. To the Rhymer himself Scott was inclined to attribute *Hornchild, or The Geste of King Horn*, a romantic narrative poem extant in six-syllable couplets. There exist also the two alliterative Arthurian romances before-mentioned of *Garwen and Gologras* and *Galoran of Galloway*; *The Pystyl of Swete Susan*, a poem in involved stanza like that of *Sir Tristrem*, but of longer line, on the Apocryphal subject of Susanna; and *The Taill of Rauf Coilzear, how he harbreit King Charles*, a vigorous romance concerning Charlemagne and Ralph a collier, similar in incident to the story of King Alfred and the shepherd. But another inspiration was already in the air. Shortly after the composition of *Sir Tristrem* the last of the line of Celtic kings fell over the fatal cliff at Kinghorn, and amid the dire wars of succession and independence a new era dawned upon the history and literature of Scotland.

THE selections from *Sir Tristrem* which are here given include the most salient episodes of the romance. No liberties have been taken with the text, saving the insertion of capitals for the first personal pronoun and at proper names. The ancient spelling, *yive* (give), *yuere* (ivere, ivory), *twiis* (twice), possesses a historic interest of its own. The chief peculiarity of the composition is its elliptic style :

That man hyc neuer seighe  
That bifor Tristrem wold,

is left to stand for

That man she never saw  
That before Tristrem she would choose.

Notwithstanding this obstacle it is curious to discover how clearly the meaning appears when the stanzas are read aloud. Phonetically the language differs but little from modern English.

## SIR TRISTREM.



Y WAS at Ertheldoune :  
With Tomas spak Y thare ;  
Ther herd Y rede in roun<sup>1</sup>  
Who Tristrem gat and bare,  
Who was king with croun,  
And who him forsterd yare<sup>2</sup>,  
And who was bold baroun,  
As thair elders ware.  
Bi yere<sup>3</sup>  
Tomas tells in toun  
This auentours<sup>4</sup> as thai ware.

<sup>1</sup> rime, perhaps  
rhythm.

<sup>2</sup> fostered  
willingly.

<sup>3</sup> year by year.

<sup>4</sup> adventures.

### The Birth of Tristrem.

[Truce having been declared between two chiefs, the Duke Morgan and Rouland Riis, Lord of Ermonie, the latter betakes himself to the court of King Mark. Victorious at a tournament, he becomes the object of a passion on the part of the king's sister, Blancheflour, who, the knight presently being wounded, visits him secretly in his chamber. Word, however, arrives from Rohand, a trusty vassal, that Morgan has broken the truce. Rouland therefore, followed by Blancheflour, takes leave of Mark.]

Thai busked and makid hem boun<sup>5</sup>,  
Nas ther no leng abade ;

<sup>5</sup> prepared and  
made ready.

<sup>1</sup> raised ensign.

Thai lefted goinfainoun<sup>1</sup>,  
 And out of hauen thai rade  
 Till thai com til atoun,  
 A castel Rohand had made.  
 Her sailes thai leten doun,  
 And knight, ouer bord thai strade  
 Al cladde.

<sup>2</sup> brave, faithful.

The knightes that wer fade<sup>2</sup>,  
 Thai dede as Rohand bade.

Rohand right he radde:—

“This maiden schal ben oure,  
 Rouland Riis to wedde,  
 At weld<sup>3</sup> in castel tour,  
 To bring hir to his bedde  
 That brightest is in bour.  
 Nas neuer non fairer fedde<sup>4</sup>  
 Than Maiden Blaunche flour  
 Al blithe.”

<sup>3</sup> to rule.

<sup>4</sup> nourished.

<sup>5</sup> much honour.

<sup>6</sup> swiftly.

After that michel anour<sup>5</sup>  
 Parting com ther swithe<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> in public it was  
 not hidden.

In hird nas nought to hele<sup>7</sup>  
 That Morgan telles in toun,  
 Mekeliche he gan mele<sup>8</sup>  
 Among his men to roun<sup>9</sup>;  
 He bad his knightes lele  
 Come to his somoun<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> amiably (meek-  
 ly) gan mix.

<sup>9</sup> speak.

<sup>10</sup> summons.

With hors and wepenes fele  
 And rered goinfaynoun,  
 That bold.  
 He rode so king with croun  
 To win al that he wold.

Of folk the feld was brade,  
 Ther Morgan men gan bide<sup>1</sup>;  
 Tho Rouland to hem rade,  
 Oyain him gun thai ride;  
 Swiche meting nas neuer made  
 With sorwe on ich aside.  
 Ther of was Rouland glade,  
 Ful fast he feld<sup>2</sup> her pride.  
 With paine  
 Morgan scaped that tide  
 That he nas nought slain.

<sup>1</sup> abide, take up  
 position.

<sup>2</sup> felled.

Morganes folk cam newe<sup>3</sup>  
 Of Rouland Riis the gode,  
 On helmes gun thai hewe,  
 Thurch brinies brast<sup>4</sup> the blod;  
 Sone to deth ther drewe  
 Mani a frely fode<sup>5</sup>.  
 Of Rouland was to rewe<sup>6</sup>,  
 To grounde when he yode<sup>7</sup>,  
 That bold:  
 His sone him after stode,  
 And dere his deth he sold.

<sup>3</sup> came anew  
 upon.

<sup>4</sup> through helmet  
 burst.

<sup>5</sup> noble person.

<sup>6</sup> rue.

<sup>7</sup> go-ed, went.

Rewthe mow<sup>8</sup> ye here  
 Of Rouland Riis the knight:

<sup>8</sup> sorrow must.

Threhundred he slough there  
 With his swerd bright;  
 Of all tho that ther were  
 Might none him felle in fight,  
 But on with tresoun there  
 Thurch the bodi him pight<sup>1</sup>.  
 With gile  
 To deth he him dight—  
 Allas that ich while!

His hors o feld him bare  
 Alle ded hom in his way;  
 Gret wonder hadde he thought thare  
 That folk of ferly play<sup>2</sup>.  
 The tiding com with care  
 To Blancheffour, that may<sup>3</sup>.  
 For hir me reweth sare:  
 On child bed ther sche lay  
 Was born  
 Of hir Tristrem that day,  
 Ac hye no bade<sup>4</sup> nought that morn.

A ring of rich hewe  
 Than hadde that leuedi fre<sup>5</sup>;  
 Sche toke it Rouhand trewe,  
 Hir sone sche bad it be:—  
 “Mi brother wele it knewe,  
 Mi fader yaf<sup>6</sup> it me;

<sup>1</sup> pierced.<sup>2</sup> Great wonder had he gained by his marvelous activity.<sup>3</sup> damsel.<sup>4</sup> But she lingered not.<sup>5</sup> noble lady.<sup>6</sup> gave.

King Markes may rewe,  
 The ring, than he it se,  
 And moun.  
 As Rouland loued the,  
 'Thou kepe it to his sone."

'The folk stode vnfain<sup>1</sup>  
 Bifor that leuedi fre:—  
 "Rouland, mi lord, is slain,  
 He speketh no more with me.  
 That leuedi, nought to lain<sup>2</sup>,  
 For sothe<sup>3</sup> ded is sche.  
 Who may be ogain?  
 As God wil it schal be,  
 Vnblithe."

<sup>1</sup> sad.<sup>2</sup> not to dispute,  
without a doubt.  
<sup>3</sup> forsooth.

Sorwe it was to se,  
 That leuedi sweltd swithe<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> died soon.

Geten and born was so  
 The child, was fair and white.  
 Nas neuer Rohand so wo,  
 He nist<sup>5</sup> it whom to wite<sup>6</sup>.  
 To child bed ded he go  
 His owen wiif al so tite<sup>7</sup>,  
 And seyde he hadde children to,  
 On hem was his delite  
 Bi crist.

<sup>5</sup> wist not.<sup>6</sup> to blame, to put  
it upon.<sup>7</sup> quickly.

In court men cleped<sup>8</sup> him so:—  
 'Tho tram bifor the trist.

<sup>8</sup> called.

## Tristrem at the Court of Mark.

[For fifteen years Tristrem, disguised as Tramtrist, is educated by Rohand, becoming marvellously expert in all knightly games, in minstrelsy, and hunting. At last, one day, Tristrem having won heavily at chess from the master of a Norwegian vessel, the latter, to avoid payment, carries his opponent off. A heavy storm constraining the master of the vessel to put him ashore, Jonahlike, in England, Tristrem makes his way by chance to the court of Mark, and there, by his skill in music and venery, becomes a favourite of the king. Meanwhile Rohand, searching through seven kingdoms for his foster-son, arrives at last at the palace gate. On account of his tattered and travel-stained clothes he is refused entrance, first by the porter, then by the usher.]

The pouer man of mold  
 Tok forth another ring,  
 The huscher he yaf the gold,  
 It seemed to a king ;  
 Formost tho in fold<sup>1</sup>  
 He lete him in thring<sup>2</sup> ;  
 To Tristrem trewe in hold  
 He hete<sup>3</sup> he wold him bring,  
 And brought ;  
 Tristrem knewe him no thing,  
 And ferly<sup>4</sup> Rohand thought.

Thei men Tristrem had sworn,  
 He no trowed<sup>5</sup> it neuer in lede<sup>6</sup>  
 That Rohand robes were torn,  
 That he wered swiche awede<sup>7</sup>.  
 He frained<sup>8</sup> him biforn<sup>9</sup> :—  
 “ Child, so God the rede<sup>10</sup>,”

<sup>1</sup> Foremost then among the folk.

<sup>2</sup> press in.

<sup>3</sup> promised.

<sup>4</sup> strangely.

<sup>5</sup> believed.

<sup>6</sup> indeed (*lit.* among the people).

<sup>7</sup> wore such a dress.

<sup>8</sup> asked.

<sup>9</sup> before, first.

<sup>10</sup> judge.



How were thou fram Rohand lorn<sup>1</sup>?  
 Monestow neuer<sup>2</sup> in lede?"  
 Nought lain  
 He kneled better spede  
 And kist Rohand ful fain.

<sup>1</sup> lost.<sup>2</sup> Rememberest  
thou never.

"Fader, no wretthe the nought",  
 Ful welcome er ye!  
 Bi God, that man hath bought,  
 No thing no knewe Y the;  
 With sorwe thou hast me sought,  
 To wite it wo is me!"  
 To Mark the word he brought,  
 "Wil ye mi fader se  
 With sight?  
 Graithed<sup>4</sup> Y wil he be,  
 And seththen<sup>5</sup> schewe him as knight."

<sup>3</sup> be not wrath-  
ful.<sup>4</sup> clad.<sup>5</sup> afterwards  
(*mod. Scot. syne*).

Tristrem to Mark it seyde,  
 His auentours, as it were,  
 Hou he with schipmen pleyde,  
 Of lond hou thai him bere,  
 Hou stormes hem bi stayed,  
 Til anker hem brast and are<sup>6</sup>.  
 "Thai yolden<sup>7</sup> me that Y layde  
 With al mi wining there  
 In hand;  
 Y clambe the holtes hare<sup>8</sup>  
 Till Y thine hunters fand."

<sup>6</sup> anchor and oar  
broke.<sup>7</sup> yielded.<sup>8</sup> woods hoar.

A bath thai brought Rohand inne,  
 A barbour was redi thare ;  
 Al rowe<sup>1</sup> it was, his chinne,  
 His heued<sup>2</sup> was white of hare ;  
 A scarlet with riche skinne<sup>3</sup>  
 Ybrought him was ful yare.  
 Rohand of noble kinne,  
 That robe ful fair he bare,  
 That bold ;  
 Who that had seyn him thare  
 A prince him might han told.

<sup>1</sup> rough.<sup>2</sup> head.<sup>3</sup> 1. scarlet robe  
fur-lined.

Fair his tale bi gan  
 Rohand ; thei he com lat<sup>4</sup> :  
 Tristrem, that honour can,  
 To halle led him the gate<sup>5</sup>.  
 Ich man seyde than  
 Nas non swiche, as thai wate<sup>6</sup>,  
 As was the pouer man  
 That thai bete fram the gat  
 With care ;  
 Nas non that wald him hate,  
 Bot welcom was he thare.

<sup>4</sup> thither he let  
him come.<sup>5</sup> way.<sup>6</sup> knew.

Water thai asked swithe,  
 Cloth and board was drain<sup>7</sup>  
 With mete and drink lithe<sup>8</sup>  
 And seriaunce<sup>9</sup> that were bayn<sup>10</sup>  
 To serve Tristrem swithe  
 And Sir Rohand ful fayn ;

<sup>7</sup> drawn.<sup>8</sup> pleasant.<sup>9</sup> servants.<sup>10</sup> ready.

Whasche<sup>1</sup>, when thai wald rise,  
 The king ros him oyain  
 That tide ;  
 In lede is nought to layn<sup>2</sup>,  
 He sett him bi his side.

<sup>1</sup> wash.<sup>2</sup> in company is not to be disputed, to be brief.

Rohand that was thare,  
 To Mark his tale bi gan :--  
 "Wist ye what Tristrem ware,  
 Miche gode ye wold him an .  
 Your owen soster him bare,"  
 The king lithed<sup>4</sup> him than  
 "Y nam sibbe<sup>5</sup> him na mare,  
 Ich aught<sup>6</sup> to ben his man,  
 Sir king.  
 Knowe it yiue<sup>7</sup> ye can,  
 Sche taught<sup>8</sup> me this ring

<sup>3</sup> grant.<sup>4</sup> listened to.<sup>5</sup> kin to.<sup>6</sup> owned.<sup>7</sup> gif, if.<sup>8</sup> entrusted to.

When Rouland Riis the bold  
 Douke Morgan gan mete."  
 The tale when Rohand told,  
 For sorwe he gan grete<sup>9</sup>.  
 The king biheld that old,  
 How his wonges<sup>10</sup> were wete.  
 To Mark the ring he yold,  
 He knewe it al so sket<sup>11</sup>,  
 Gan loke :  
 He kist Tristrem ful skete,  
 And for his nevou<sup>12</sup> toke.

<sup>9</sup> weep.<sup>10</sup> cheeks.<sup>11</sup> quickly.<sup>12</sup> nephew.

1 then they  
kissed.

'Tho thai kisten<sup>1</sup> him alle,  
Bothe leuedi and knight  
And seriaunce in the halle  
And maidens that were bright.

2 asked.

Tristrem gan Rohand calle,  
And freined<sup>2</sup> him with sight:—

3 in short.

“Sir, how may this falle?  
How may Y proue it right?  
Nought lain<sup>3</sup>

Tel me, for Godes might,  
How was mi fader slain?”

### Tristrem's Revenge.

[Told of the death of his father and mother by Morgan's treachery, Tristrem at last obtains Mark's permission to make war. He is knighted by the king, and, sailing for Ermonie, garrisons Rohand's castle with a thousand men. Grown weary there of inaction, he determines to put his fortune to a personal issue.]

“With Morgan speke wil Y  
And spede.

So long idel we ly,  
Myself mai do mi nede.”

4 promised.

Tristrem dede as he hight<sup>4</sup>.

5 ready.

He busked and made him yare<sup>5</sup>

6 His fifteen  
knights.

Hi fiftend som of knight<sup>6</sup>,

7 gaed, went.

With him yede<sup>7</sup> na mare.

To court thai com ful right

8 sheared, cut.

As Morgan his brede schare<sup>8</sup>;

Thai teld tho bi sight  
 Ten kinges sones thai ware ;  
     Vn sought  
 Heuedes of wild bare  
 Ichon<sup>1</sup> to presant brought. 1 each one.

Rohand bi gan to sayn<sup>2</sup>, 2 speak.  
 To his knightes than seyde he : —  
 “As woman is, tviis for lain<sup>3</sup>, 3 As a woman  
who is twice  
seduced.  
 Y may say bi me.  
 Yif Tristrem be now sleyn,  
 Yuel yemers<sup>4</sup> er we. 4 ill guardians.  
 To armes, knight and swayn,  
 And swiftly ride ye  
     And swithe !  
 Till Y Tristrem se,  
 No worth<sup>5</sup> Y neuer blithe.” 5 become.

Tristrem speke bi gan :—  
 “Sir King, God loke<sup>6</sup> the 6 look on.  
 As Y the loue and an<sup>7</sup> 7 regard.  
 And thou hast serued to me !”  
 The Douke answerd than :-  
 “Y pray, mi lord so fre,  
 Whether thou bless or ban,  
 Thine owen mot it be,  
     Thou bold !  
 Thi nedes tel thou me,  
 Thine erand, what thou wold.”

“Amendes! Mi fader is slain,  
 Mine hirritage Hermonie!”

The Douk answerd ogain:—

“Certes, thi fader than slough Y.

Seththen<sup>1</sup> thou so hast sayd,

Amendes ther ought to ly.

Ther fore, prout swayn,

So schal Y the; for thi

Right than

Artow comen titly<sup>2</sup>

Fram Marke thi kinsman.

“Yongling, thou schalt abide!

Foles thou wendest to fand<sup>3</sup>!

Thi fader thi moder gan hide,

In horedom he hir band<sup>4</sup>.

How comestow with pride?

Out, traitour, of mi land!”

Tristrem spac that tide:—

“Thou lext<sup>5</sup>, ich vnder stand

And wot<sup>6</sup>!”

Morgan with his hand

With a lof Tristrem smot.

On his brest adoun

Of his nose ran the blod.

Tristrem swerd was boun,

And near the Douke he stode.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Two lines are here wanting, as is evident from the difference in the stanza, though there is no blank in the MS.

<sup>1</sup> syne, there-  
after.

<sup>2</sup> Thou art come  
quickly.

<sup>3</sup> weenedst to  
find.

<sup>4</sup> bound.

<sup>5</sup> liest.

<sup>6</sup> know.

With that, was comen to toun  
 Rohand with help ful gode  
 And gayn<sup>1</sup>.  
 Al that oyain<sup>2</sup> hem stode  
 Wightly<sup>3</sup> were thai slayn.

1 pleasant.

2 against.

3 quickly.

To prisoun thai gun take  
 Erl, baroun, and knight.  
 For Douke Morgan sake,  
 Mani on dyd doun right.  
 Schaftes they gun shake  
 And riuen scheldes bright  
 Crounes thai gun crake  
 Mani, ich wene, aflight<sup>4</sup>.  
 Saunfayl<sup>5</sup>,  
 Bitvene the none and the night  
 Last the batayle.

4 outright.

5 without pause.

Thus hath Tristrem the swete  
 Yslawe the Douke Morgan.  
 No wold he neuer lete<sup>6</sup>  
 Til mo castels were tan<sup>7</sup>;  
 Tounes thai yold him skete,  
 And cites stithe of stan<sup>8</sup>.  
 The folk fel to his fet,  
 Ayaines him stode ther nan  
 In land.  
 He slough his fader ban,<sup>9</sup>  
 Al bowed to his hand.

6 forbear.

7 ta'en.

8 strong of stone.

9 father's  
murderer.

<sup>1</sup> ruled.Tvo yere he sett<sup>1</sup> that land,

His lawes made he cri.

Al com to his hand,

Almain, and Ermonie,

At his wil to stand

Boun and al redy.

<sup>2</sup> gave.Rohand he yaf<sup>2</sup> the wand,

And bad him sitt him bi,

<sup>3</sup> noble.That fre<sup>3</sup>.

“Rohand lord make Y,

To held this lond of me.”

### Tristrem's Teaching of Ysonde.

[Returned to his uncle's court, Tristrem finds the country groaning under a huge, unjust tribute demanded by Ireland—three hundred pounds each of gold, coined silver, and brass, and every fourth year three hundred children. Tristrem persuades the council to refuse, takes upon himself the denial of the tribute, and in a great duel with Moraunt, the Irish ambassador, cleaves that champion's skull. At the same time he is himself wounded, and the wound gangrenes. He lies ill for three years. At last, despairing of cure and forsaken by all because of his wound's stench, he asks a ship. In this he drifts from Carlion to Dublin. There his skill in music, chess, and tables enlists the interest of the queen, who, expert in surgery, after the manner of the ladies of that day, undertakes his cure. The queen is sister to the dead Moraunt, but, remembering his duel, Tristrem has taken care to assume the name of Tramtris, and to declare himself a merchant robbed by pirates. As an accomplished companion he is frequently invited to court, and there he turns his skill to good account.]

<sup>4</sup> was called.

The king had a douhter dere

That maiden Ysonde hight<sup>4</sup>,<sup>5</sup> song.<sup>6</sup> lief, pleased.That gle<sup>5</sup> was lef<sup>6</sup> to here

And romaunce to rede aright.

<sup>7</sup> teach.Sir Tramtris hir gan lere<sup>7</sup>



Tho with al his might  
 What alle pointes<sup>1</sup> were,  
 To se the sothe<sup>2</sup> in sight,  
 To say.

<sup>1</sup> accomplish-  
 ments.  
<sup>2</sup> truth.

In Yrlond nas no knight  
 With Ysonde durst play.

Ysonde of heighe priis<sup>3</sup>,  
 The maiden bright of hewe  
 That wered fow and griis<sup>4</sup>  
 And scarlet that was newe.

<sup>3</sup> praise, fame.

<sup>4</sup> fur and grey  
 furred cloth.

In world was non so wiis  
 Of craft that men knewe  
 With outen Sir Tramtris,  
 That al games of grewe  
 On grounde.

Hom longeth<sup>5</sup> Tramtris the trewe,  
 For heled was his wounde.

<sup>5</sup> entertains with  
 fair talk.

Sir Tramtris in Irlond  
 Duelled al ayere.  
 So gode likeing<sup>6</sup> he fand  
 That hole he was and fere.  
 The Quen to fot and hand  
 He serued dern and dere<sup>7</sup>;  
 Ysonde he dede vnder stand  
 What alle playes were  
 In lay<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> entertainment.

<sup>7</sup> secretly and  
 with favour.

<sup>8</sup> law.

His leue he asked at here  
 In schip to founde<sup>9</sup> oway.

<sup>9</sup> go.

## The Embassy for Ysonde.

[Returned to the court of Mark, Tristrem is received with great joy by his uncle, and has to give a full account of his absence and cure. He dilates upon the charms of Ysonde, and the king, struck by the description, offers to make Tristrem his heir if he will bring the princess to Cornwall. The idea pleases the jealous barons.]

In Ingland ful wide  
 The barouns hem bi thought  
 To fel Tristremes pride  
 How thai fairest mought ;  
 The king thai rad to ride<sup>1</sup>,  
 A quen to him thai sought,  
 That Tristrem might abide<sup>2</sup>  
 That he no were<sup>3</sup> it nought,  
 No king :  
 Thai seyð that Tristrem mought  
 Ysonde of Irlond bring.

<sup>1</sup> counselled to  
 rid himself of  
 (Tristrem).

<sup>2</sup> suffer.

<sup>3</sup> become.

<sup>4</sup> chose.

<sup>5</sup> of such sort.

<sup>6</sup> lies.

<sup>7</sup> leasing, treason.

<sup>8</sup> foolish.

<sup>9</sup> strange, silly.

A brid bright thai ches<sup>4</sup>  
 As blod opon snoweing :  
 “ A maiden of swiche reles<sup>5</sup>,  
 Tristrem may to the bring.”  
 Quoth Tristrem :—“ It is les<sup>6</sup>,  
 And troweth it for lesing<sup>7</sup> ;  
 To aski that neuer no wes,  
 It is a fole<sup>8</sup> asking  
 Bi kinde :  
 It is a selli<sup>9</sup> thing,  
 For no man may it finde.

"Y rede<sup>1</sup> ye nought no striue ;  
     A swalu Ich herd sing,  
 Ye sigge Ich wern mi nem to wiue<sup>2</sup>,  
     For Y schuld be your king.  
 Now bringeth me atte riue<sup>3</sup>  
     Schip and other thing.  
 Ye se me neuer oliue<sup>4</sup>  
     Bot yif Ich Ysonde bring,  
         That bright.  
     Finde me min askeing,  
 Mine fiftend som of knight."

<sup>1</sup> counsel.<sup>2</sup> Ye say I dare my uncle to wed.<sup>3</sup> (*à la rive*) shore.<sup>4</sup> Ye will never see me alive.

### The Drinking of the Love-potion.

[Tristrem sails for Ireland with rich presents, to find the people of Dublin in dire terror. They are threatened by a monstrous dragon which has done so much damage that the hand of Ysonde is offered to him who shall slay it. Tristrem undertakes the adventure, and after a dreadful encounter slays the beast. Cutting out the dragon's tongue he attempts to carry it away in his hose, but is overcome by its poison. Presently the king's steward, passing, cuts off the dragon's head, carries it to court, and claims the victory and the hand of Ysonde. The princess disbelieves the tale, and proceeding with her mother to the scene of encounter, finds Tristrem. Revived by their aid, he claims the victory, proves his claim by producing the tongue, and pledges his ship and cargo that he will make good his story upon the person of the steward. So dignified is the supposed merchant's bearing that Ysonde exclaims "Alas that thou art not knight!" While Tristrem is in a bath Ysonde discovers that a break in his sword fits a fragment of steel which had been taken from the skull of her uncle Moraunt. With her mother she rushes to despatch the champion in his bath, but the king interposes. Tristrem defends himself as having slain Moraunt in fair fight. Smiling upon Ysonde, he tells her that he is her late preceptor Tramtris, and asks her why she did not slay him when she had opportunity before. Finally he declares his embassy. The match is accepted, the steward relinquishing his claim, is thrown into prison at Ysonde's request, and preparation is made for the voyage of the princess.

Tristrem swore that thing ;  
 Thai seyð it schuld stand  
 That he schuld Ysonde bring  
 —Thai token it vnder hand—  
 To Marke, the riche king,  
 Oliue yif thai him fand,  
 And make hir with his ring,  
 Quen of Ingeland,  
 To say ;  
 The forward<sup>1</sup> fast thai band<sup>2</sup>  
 Er thai parted oway.

<sup>1</sup> compact.  
<sup>2</sup> bound.

<sup>3</sup> neither land nor  
 people.

<sup>4</sup> speedily.

<sup>5</sup> beget.

No asked he lond no lithe<sup>3</sup>,  
 Bot that maiden bright ;  
 He busked him al so swithe<sup>4</sup>,  
 Both squier and knight.  
 Her moder about was blithe  
 And tok adrink of might,  
 That loue wald kithe<sup>5</sup>,  
 And tok it Brengwain the bright  
 To think :  
 “At er spouseing a night  
 Yif Maik and hir to drink.”

<sup>6</sup> rowed.

Ysonde bright of hewe  
 Is fer out in the se.  
 A winde oyain hem blewe  
 That sail no might ther be.  
 So rewe<sup>6</sup> the knightes trewe,  
 Tristrem, so rewe he,  
 Euer as thai com newe—

He on oyain hem thre<sup>1</sup>—  
     Gret swink<sup>2</sup>.  
 Swete Ysonde the fre  
 Asked Bringwain adrink.

The coupe was richeli wrought,  
     Of gold it was, the pin \*;  
 In al the warld nas nought  
     Swiche drink as ther was in.  
 Brengwain was wrong bi thought,  
     To that drink sche gan win  
 And swete Ysonde it bi taught<sup>3</sup>:  
     Sche bad Tristrem bigin,  
         To say.  
     Her loue might no man tvin<sup>4</sup>,  
 Til her endingday.

An hounde ther was biside,  
     That was ycleped Hodain;  
 The coupe he licked that tide  
     Tho down it sett Bringwain;  
 Thai loued al in lide<sup>5</sup>  
     And ther of were thai fain;  
 To gider<sup>6</sup> thai gun abide  
     In ioie and ek in pain  
         For thought:  
     In iuel time, to sain<sup>7</sup>,  
 The drink was y wrought.

<sup>1</sup> He one against  
 three of them.  
<sup>2</sup> toil.

<sup>3</sup> gave.

<sup>4</sup> part.

<sup>5</sup> in common.

<sup>6</sup> Together.

<sup>7</sup> to say, forsooth.

\* Scott explained this line by a note: "The practice of putting gold and silver pins into drinking vessels was intended to regulate the draught of each guest." Hence perhaps the vulgar expressions, "drinking to a merry pin," and "taking one down a peg."

<sup>1</sup> Two weeks.

'Tvai wikes<sup>1</sup> in the strand  
 No seyl thai no drewe ;  
 Into Ingland  
 A winde to wille hem blewe.  
 The king on hunting thai fand ;  
 A knaue that he knewe,  
 He made him knight with hand  
 For his tidinges newe,  
 Gan bring.  
 Ysonde bright of hewe  
 Ther spoused Mark the king.

[Brengrwain on the nuptial night is substituted for the guilty queen. Presently the latter, fearing betrayal, orders two ruffians to dispatch her maid. The damsel, however, induces these to spare her, protesting that her only crime has been to lend the queen a clean smock on her bridal night. This being reported to the queen as Brengrwain's last speech, Ysonde perceives the fidelity of her maid, laments her death, and vows vengeance on her murderers. Brengrwain is then produced and restored to full favour.]

### Mark surrenders his Queen.

<sup>2</sup> between, across.

Fram Irlond to the king  
 An harpou com bi tven<sup>2</sup> ;  
 An harp he gan forth bring,  
 Swiche no hadde thai neuer sen  
 With sight ;  
 Himself, with outhen wen<sup>3</sup>,  
 Bar it day and night.

<sup>3</sup> without pause.

Ysonde he loved in are<sup>1</sup>,  
 He that the harp brought ;  
 About his hals<sup>2</sup> he it bare,  
 Richelich it was wrought ;  
 He hidde it euer mare<sup>3</sup>,  
 Out no com it nought.  
 “Thine harp whi wiltow spare,  
 Yif thou ther of can ought  
 Of gle<sup>4</sup>?”  
 “Out no cometh it nought  
 With ouden yiftes fre<sup>5</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> erst, formerly.<sup>2</sup> neck.<sup>3</sup> evermore.<sup>4</sup> music.<sup>5</sup> noble gifts.

Mark seyde, “Lat me se  
 Harpi hou thou can,  
 And what thou askest me  
 Yiue Y schal the than.”

“Blethely<sup>6</sup>,” seyde he ;  
 A miri lay he bigan.  
 “Sir king, of yiftes fre  
 Her with Ysonde Y wan<sup>7</sup>  
 Bidene<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Blithely.<sup>7</sup> win.<sup>8</sup> speedily.

Y proue the for fals man,  
 Or Y schal haue thi quen.”

Mark to conseyl yede<sup>9</sup>,  
 And asked rede<sup>10</sup> of tho to :  
 “Lesen Y mote<sup>11</sup> mi manhed,  
 Or yeld Ysonde me fro.”  
 Mark was ful of drede,  
 Ysonde lete he go.

<sup>9</sup> went.<sup>10</sup> advice.<sup>11</sup> Lessen I must.

<sup>1</sup> extremity.

Tristrem in that nede<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> slaying deer.

At wode was, dere to slo<sup>2</sup>,

That day ;

Tristrem com right tho

As Ysonde was o way.

<sup>3</sup> anger.

Tho was Tristrem in ten<sup>3</sup>,

And chidde with the king ;

<sup>4</sup> Givest thou  
gleemen.

“Yifstow glewemen<sup>4</sup> thy quen?

Hastow no nother thing?”

<sup>5</sup> a musical  
instrument,  
hand-organ.

His rote<sup>5</sup>, with outhen wen<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> without delay.

He raught<sup>7</sup> by the ring ;

<sup>7</sup> reached for.

Tho folwed Tristrem the ken

To schip ther thai hir bring

So blithe ;

Tristrem bigan to sing,

<sup>8</sup> listen.

And Ysonde bigan to lithe<sup>8</sup>.

Swiche song he gan sing

<sup>9</sup> soon sorrowful.

That hir was swithe wo<sup>9</sup> ;

Her com swiche louelonging,

<sup>10</sup> nigh broke in  
two.

Hir hert brast neighe ato<sup>10</sup>.

The earl.

Therl<sup>11</sup> to hir gan spring

With knightes mani mo,

And seyde, “Mi swete thing,

Whi farestow so,

Y pray?”

Ysonde to lond most go,

Er sche went o way.



"Within a stounde<sup>1</sup> of the day  
     Y schal ben hole and sounde;  
 Y here amenstrel<sup>2</sup>, to say,  
     Of Tristrem he hath asoun<sup>3</sup>."  
 Therl seyde, "Dathet him ay<sup>4</sup>  
     Of Tristrem yif this stounde!  
 That minstrel for his lay  
     Schal have an hundred pounde  
         Of me,  
     Yif he wil with ous founde<sup>5</sup>,  
 Lef,<sup>6</sup> for thou louest his gle."

<sup>1</sup> short space.

<sup>2</sup> a minstrel.

<sup>3</sup> a song.

<sup>4</sup> Ill-luck have  
    him always.

<sup>5</sup> go.

<sup>6</sup> Love, darling.

His gle al for to here  
     The leuedi was sett on land  
 To play bi the riuere;  
     Therl ladde hir bi hand;  
 Tristrem, trewe fere<sup>7</sup>,  
     Mirie notes he fand  
 Opon his rote of yuere<sup>8</sup>,  
     As thai were on the strand;  
         That stounde  
     Thurch that semly sand<sup>9</sup>  
 Ysonde was hole and sounde.

<sup>7</sup> friend.

<sup>8</sup> ivory.

<sup>9</sup> sound.

Hole sche was and sounde  
     Thurch vertu of his gle;  
 For thi therl that stounde  
     Glad a man was he;  
 Of penis to hundred pounde  
     He yaf<sup>10</sup> Tristrem the fre;

<sup>10</sup> gave.

To schip than gun thai founde,  
 In Yrlond wald thai be  
 Ful fain<sup>1</sup>,  
 Therl and knightes thre  
 With Ysonde and Bringwain.

Tristrem tok his stede  
 And lepe ther on to ride ;  
 The quen bad him her lede<sup>2</sup>  
 To schip him bi side ;  
 Tristrem dede as hye bede<sup>3</sup>,  
 In wode he gan hir hide.  
 To therl he seyde, " In that nede  
 Thou hast ytent<sup>4</sup> thi pride,  
 Thou dote !  
 With thine harp thou wonne hir that tide,  
 Thou tint hir with mi rote."

### Meriadok's Discovery.

[After a week spent together in the forest Tristrem restores Ysonde to the king, telling him to give minstrels other gifts in future. The suspicions of one of Mark's courtiers, however, have been excited.]

Meriadok was aman  
 That Tristrem trowed ay<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Miche gode he him an,  
 In o<sup>6</sup> chaumber thai lay.  
 Tristrem to Ysonde wan<sup>7</sup>  
 A night with hir to play ;

<sup>1</sup> willingly.

<sup>2</sup> lead.

<sup>3</sup> as she bade.

<sup>4</sup> lost.

<sup>5</sup> trusted always.

<sup>6</sup> one.

<sup>7</sup> won.

As man that miche kan<sup>1</sup>,  
 A bord he tok oway  
                     Of her bour\*;  
 Er he went, to say,  
 Of snowe was fallen aschour.

A schowr ther was y falle,  
 That al the way was white;  
 Tristrem was wo with alle,  
                     With diol, sorwe, and site<sup>2</sup>.  
 Bitven the bour and the halle  
                     The way was naru and lite<sup>3</sup>.  
 Swiche cas him was bi falle,  
                     As we finde in scrite<sup>4</sup>.  
                             Ful sket  
                     A siue<sup>5</sup> he fond tite<sup>6</sup>,  
 And bond vnder his fete.

Meriadok with his might  
                     Aros vp al bi dene<sup>7</sup>;  
 The way he went right  
                     Til he com to the quen;  
 The bord he fond of tvight<sup>8</sup>,  
                     To wite, and nought at wene<sup>9</sup>.  
 Of Tristrem kertel the knight  
                     He fond a pece grene  
                             Of tore;  
                     Meriadok the kene  
 Wondred ther fore.

\* Scott notes here the primitive domestic architecture. The queen's chamber was a wooden bower apart, "the art of partitions being probably unknown."

### The Trial of Ysonde.

[Meriadok opens his suspicions to the king. The latter accordingly pretends a journey to the Holy Land, and asks Ysonde to whose charge she wishes to be committed. At first she names Tristrem, but presently, advised by Brengwain, she pretends a hatred to the knight, and the king is satisfied. Further interviews of the lovers are discovered by a dwarf, concealed in a tree. The king assumes the dwarf's place, but the lovers, discovering him by his shadow, pretend mutual recrimination, and Mark is again persuaded of their innocence. Finally, however, Meriadok invents a device. The king, the queen, and Tristrem have blood let the same day, and Meriadok strews the floor of Ysonde's chamber with flour. Tristrem coming at night, leaps thirty feet over the flour, but his vein bursting betrays his visit.]

Tristrem was fled oway,  
 To wite, and nought to wene.  
 At Londen on a day  
 Mark wald spourge<sup>1</sup> the quen.  
 Men seyde sche brak the lay<sup>2</sup>;  
 A bischop yede<sup>3</sup> bi tvene,  
 With hot yren, to say,  
 Sche thought to make hir clene  
 Of sake<sup>4</sup>.  
 Ysonde said bidene  
 That dome sche wald take.

<sup>5</sup> marches.

Men sett the merkes<sup>5</sup> there  
 At Westeminster ful right,  
 Hot yren to bere  
 For Sir Tristrem the knight.  
 In pouer wede to were<sup>6</sup>  
 Tristrem com that night

<sup>6</sup> in poor weed  
 clad.

—Of alle the knightes here  
 No knew him non bi sight  
 Bidene—  
 To swete Ysonde bright,  
 As forward<sup>1</sup> was hem bitvene.

<sup>1</sup> tryst.

Ouer Temes she schuld ride,  
 That is an arm of the se:  
 “To the schip side,  
 This man schal bere me.”  
 Tristrem hir bar that tide,  
 And on the quen fel he,  
 Next her naked side  
 That mani man might y se  
 San schewe<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> without being shown.

\*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

In water thai wald him sink,  
 And wers<sup>3</sup>, yif thai may.  
 “Ye quite him iuel his swink<sup>4</sup> ;”  
 The quen seyde to hem ay ;  
 “It semeth mete no drink  
 Hadde he not mani aday ;  
 For pouerte<sup>5</sup>, methenk,  
 He fel, for sothe to say,  
 And nede<sup>6</sup> :  
 Yeueth<sup>7</sup> him gold, Y pray,  
 He may bidde god me spede.”

<sup>3</sup> worse.<sup>4</sup> Ye requite him ill his toil.<sup>5</sup> poverty.<sup>6</sup> want.<sup>7</sup> Give.

Gold thai youen him thare :

<sup>1</sup> consistory (a  
hisshop's court.)

The constori<sup>1</sup> thai bigan.

Swete Ysonde sware

Sche was giltles woman ;

<sup>2</sup> one.

“ Bot on<sup>2</sup> to schip me bare,

<sup>3</sup> saw well then.

The knightes seighe wele than<sup>3</sup> ;

What so his wille ware,

<sup>4</sup> Strangely nigh  
he won.

Ferli neighe he wan<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> A true thing  
I say.

Sothe thing<sup>5</sup>,

So neighe com neuer man

Bot mi lord the king.”

Swete Ysonde hath sworn

Hir clene, that miri may ;

<sup>6</sup> appointed.

To hir thai had y corn<sup>6</sup>

Hot yren, Y say.

<sup>7</sup> before, forward.

The knightes were bi forn<sup>7</sup> ;

<sup>8</sup> then prayed  
they.

For hir tho praiden thai<sup>8</sup>.

The yren sche hadde y born,

<sup>9</sup> But Mark  
forgave.

Ac Mark foryaue<sup>9</sup> that day

And dede.

Meriadok held thai,

For fole in his falshede.

Ysonde is graunted clene,

<sup>11</sup> In spite of  
Meriadok his  
(accusation).

Meriadok maugre his<sup>10</sup> ;

Neuer er nas the quene

So wele with Mark, Y wis.

Tristrem, with ouden wene,

Into Wales he is ;

In bataile he hath ben,  
 And fast he fraines<sup>1</sup> this <sup>1</sup> eagerly he  
 seeks.  
 Right thare :  
 For he ne may Ysonde kisse  
 Fight he sought ay whare.

### Ysonde of the White Hand.

[After famous exploits in Wales, where he relieves the kingdom from the tyranny of a giant, Urgan, Tristrem is invited back to court; but fresh amours with the queen appearing, Mark banishes the two together. They find a dwelling in the forest for a year, till the king, hunting one day, finds them asleep with a drawn sword lying between them. Persuaded of their innocence by this chance circumstance, and enamoured once more by the beauty of Ysonde, he stops with his glove a sunbeam falling through a cranny on her face, and presently recalls his wife and nephew to court. Again surprised by a dwarf, however, in a stolen interview with the queen, Tristrem is compelled to fly.]

Tristrem is went oway  
 Withouten coming oyain,  
 And siketh, for sothe to sain<sup>2</sup>, <sup>2</sup> sighs, truth to  
 say.  
 With sorwe and michel<sup>3</sup> pain. <sup>3</sup> much.  
 Tristrem fareth ay  
 As man that wald be slain,  
 Bothe night and day,  
 Fightes for to frain<sup>4</sup>, <sup>4</sup> seek.  
 That fre ;  
 Spaine he hath thurch sayn<sup>5</sup>, <sup>5</sup> seen.  
 Geauntes he slough thre<sup>6</sup>. <sup>6</sup> Giants three he  
 slew.  
 Into Bretein he ches<sup>7</sup> <sup>7</sup> chose.  
 Bi come the doukes knight ;  
 He set his lond in pes<sup>8</sup>, <sup>8</sup> peace.  
 That arst<sup>9</sup> was ful of fight. <sup>9</sup> formerly.

Al that the doukes wes  
 He wan oyain with right.  
 He bede<sup>1</sup> him, with outen les<sup>2</sup>,  
 His douhter that was bright  
 In land.  
 That maiden Ysonde hight  
 With the White Hand.

<sup>1</sup> offered.  
<sup>2</sup> "without lies,  
*i.e.*, in fact.

Tristremes loue was strong  
 On swete Ysonde the quene;  
 Of Ysonde he made a song,  
 That song Ysonde bidene.  
 The maiden wende<sup>3</sup> al wrong  
 Of hir it hadde y bene.  
 Hir wening<sup>4</sup> was so long,  
 To hir fader hye gan mene<sup>5</sup>  
 For nede.  
 Ysonde with hand schene<sup>6</sup>  
 Tristrem to wiue thai bede<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> weened,  
 guessed.

<sup>4</sup> desire.

<sup>5</sup> make moan.

<sup>6</sup> fair.

<sup>7</sup> offered.

Tristrem a wil is inne,  
 Has founden in his thought<sup>8</sup>:  
 "Mark, mi nem, hath sinne,  
 Wrong he hath wrought.  
 Icham in sorwe and pine,  
 Ther to hye hath me brought.  
 Hir loue, Y say, is mine,  
 The boke seyt it is nought<sup>9</sup>  
 With right."  
 The maiden more he sought  
 For sche Ysonde hight<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> There is a wish  
 in Tristrem  
 which he has  
 found in his  
 thoughts.  
 —*M<sup>a</sup>.Vcill.*

<sup>9</sup> The Bible saith  
 it is not.

<sup>10</sup> was called.



That in his hert he fand,  
 And trewely thought he ay;  
 The forward fast he band'  
 With Ysonde; that may  
 With the white hand  
 He spoused that day.  
 O night, Ich vnder stand,  
 To boure wenten thai  
 On bedde.  
 Tristrem ring fel oway  
 As men to chaumber him ledde.

<sup>1</sup> The compact  
fast he bound.

Tristrem bi held that ring,  
 Tho was his hert ful wo:  
 "Oyain me swiche athing  
 Dede neuer Ysonde so;  
 Mark, her lord, the king,  
 With tresoun may hir to.  
 Mine hert may no man bring  
 For no thing hir fro,  
 That fre.

Ich have tvinned ous to<sup>2</sup>,  
 The wrong is al in me."

<sup>2</sup> I have parted  
us two.

Tristrem to bedde yede  
 With hert ful of care.  
 He seyde, "The dern dede<sup>3</sup>,  
 Do it Y no dare;"  
 The maiden he for bedde<sup>4</sup>,  
 Yif it hir wille ware.

<sup>3</sup> The secret  
deed.

<sup>4</sup> demanded.

<sup>1</sup> forsooth, *lit.* in word.

The maide answerd in lede<sup>1</sup>,  
 “Ther of haue thou no care.  
 Al stille  
 Y nil desiri na mare  
 Bot at thine owen wille.”

### The Suit of Sir Canados.

[Presented with lands by the Duke Florentin of Brittany, Tristrem is attacked by Beliagog, a neighbouring giant. He cuts off the giant's foot and compels him to build a splendid hall containing in sculpture the whole history of Tristrem. Presently Ganhardin, brother of Ysonde of the White Hand, discovers Tristrem's neglect of his sister. He upbraids the hero, and for answer is shown the sculptured hall. Here he acknowledges the superior charms of the Cornish Ysonde, and becomes so enamoured of the presentment of Brengwain that Tristrem and he set out for England. Meanwhile Sir Canados, a new character, the constable of Mark, seeks to offer his addresses to the queen.]

Sir Canados was than  
 Constable, the quen ful neighe;  
 For Tristrem Ysonde wan<sup>2</sup>,  
 So weneth<sup>3</sup> he be ful sleighe  
 To make hir his leman  
 With broche and riche beighe<sup>4</sup>.  
 For nought that he do can,  
 Hir hert was euer heighe  
 To hold;  
 That man hye never seighe<sup>5</sup>  
 That bifor Tristrem wold.

<sup>2</sup> Because Tristrem won.

<sup>3</sup> thinketh.

<sup>4</sup> ring.

<sup>5</sup> saw.

Tristrem made asong,  
 That song<sup>1</sup> Ysonde the sleighe<sup>2</sup>  
 And harped euer among.  
 Sir Canados was neighe ;  
 He seyde, " Dame, thou hast wrong,  
 For sothe who it seighe.  
 As oule and stormes strong,  
 So criestow on heye  
 In herd<sup>3</sup>.  
 Thou louest Tristrem dreighe<sup>4</sup>,  
 To wrong thou art ylerd<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> sung;  
<sup>2</sup> cunning,  
 skilful.

<sup>3</sup> in public.

<sup>4</sup> exceedingly.

<sup>5</sup> Thou art  
 wrongly in-  
 formed.

"Tristrem, for thi sake,  
 For sothe wiued hath he.  
 This wil the torn to wrake<sup>6</sup>;  
 Of Breteyne douke schal he be.  
 Other semblaunt<sup>7</sup> thou make  
 Thiseluen<sup>8</sup>, yif thou hir se ;  
 Thi love hir dede him take,  
 For hye hight as do ye<sup>9</sup>  
 In land.  
 Ysonde men calleth that fre,  
 With the white hand."

<sup>6</sup> turn to  
 vengeance.

<sup>7</sup> appearance.

<sup>8</sup> Thyself.

<sup>9</sup> she is called as  
 are ye.

"Sir Canados, the waite<sup>10</sup>!  
 Euer thou art mi fo.  
 Febli thou canst hayte,  
 There man schuld menske<sup>11</sup> do.  
 Who wil lesinges layt<sup>12</sup>,  
 Tharf him no ferther go.

<sup>10</sup> guard thee.

<sup>11</sup> in manly  
 fashion.

<sup>12</sup> treachery seek

<sup>1</sup> slander.

Falsly canestow fayt<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ever will be to  
thee sorrow.

That euer worth the wo<sup>2</sup>.

For thi

<sup>3</sup> A curse.

Malisoun<sup>3</sup> haue thou also  
Of God and our Leuedy!

“A yift Ich yiue the :

<sup>4</sup> Thy good  
fortune mayst  
thou lose.

Thi thrift mot thou tine<sup>4</sup>!

That thou asked me,

No schal it neuer be thine.

Y hated al so thou be

Of alle that drink wine!

<sup>5</sup> Hence quickly  
flee.

Hennes yern thou fle<sup>5</sup>

Out of sight mine

In lede.

Y pray to seyn Katerine

That iuel mot thou spede.”

### The Queen's Tournament.

[Ysonde, disconsolate at the news of Tristrem, betakes herself with Brengwain to the forest. Here they are found by Tristrem returning with his friend. Tristrem and the queen are reconciled, and Brengwain is betrothed to Ganhardin. After spending two days together in the forest the party is nearly surprised by Canados. Coming with the whole force of the country he compels Tristrem and Ganhardin to fly, and carries Ysonde, bitterly upbraiding him, back to court. Tristrem remains in Cornwall, disguised as a beggar, with “cup and clapper.” Brengwain, disapproving his conduct, threatens to betray his interviews with Ysonde. Instead, however, she reveals to Mark the presumptuous love of Canados for the queen, and the constable is forthwith banished. Ysonde, fain for her lover, seeks to justify him to Brengwain, and, reduced to flatter her maid, begs her to bring him back. Nevertheless, upon Tristrem's next visit to the queen Brengwain proceeds to taunt him with his late flight.]

Tristrem in bour is blithe,  
 With Ysonde playd he thare ;

Brengwain badde he lithe<sup>1</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> bade him listen

“ Who ther armes bare,

Ganhardin and thou that sithe<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> time.

Wightly oway gun fare<sup>3</sup>.”

<sup>3</sup> Gallantly fled.

Quath Tristrem, “ Crieth swithe<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Proclaim  
quickly.

A turnament ful yare

With might :

Noither of ous nil spare

Erl, baroun, no knight.”

A turnament thai lete crie ;

The parti Canados tok he<sup>5</sup> ;

<sup>5</sup> Canados took  
the other side.

And Meriadok sikerly<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> surely.

In his help gan he be.

Tristrem ful hastilye,

Of sent Ganhardin the fre<sup>7</sup> :

<sup>7</sup> Sent for the  
noble Gan-  
hardin.

Ganhardin com titly

That turnament to se

With sight ;

Fro the turnament nold thai fle<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> they would not  
flee.

Til her fon<sup>9</sup> were feld doun right.

<sup>9</sup> their toes.

Thai com into the feld,

And founde ther knightes kene ;

Her old dedes thai yeld<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> gave up.

With batayle al bi dene<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> speedily.

Tristrem gan bi held,

To Meriadok bi tvene ;

For the tales he teld,  
 On him he wrake his tene<sup>1</sup>  
     That tide;  
 He yaf him awounde kene  
 Thurch out bothe side.

<sup>1</sup> wraiked his  
 wrath.

Bitvene Canados and Ganhardin  
 The fight was ferly strong;  
 'Tristrem thought it pin<sup>2</sup>  
     That it last so long;  
 His stirops he made him tine<sup>3</sup>,  
 To grounde he him wrong<sup>4</sup>.  
 Sir Canados ther gan lyn<sup>5</sup>,  
 The blod thurch brini throng<sup>6</sup>.  
     With care  
 On him he wrake his wrong,  
 That he no ros na mare.

<sup>2</sup> pain.

<sup>3</sup> lose.

<sup>4</sup> hurled.

<sup>5</sup> lay there.

<sup>6</sup> through helmet  
 pressed.

<sup>7</sup> Their foes  
 eagerly they  
 cast down.

<sup>8</sup> The country  
 with them  
 joined.

<sup>9</sup> took the high  
 keep.

Her fon fast thai feld<sup>7</sup>,  
 And mani of hem thai slough;  
 The cuntre with hem meld<sup>8</sup>,  
 Thai wrought hem wo ynough.  
 'Tristrem hath hem teld  
 That him to schame drough.  
 Thai token the heighe held<sup>9</sup>,  
 And passed wele anough,  
     And bade.  
 Vnder wode bough  
 After her fomen thai rade.

## Conclusion.

[Tristrem and Ganhardin, their vengeance accomplished, retire to Brittany. There Tristrem undertakes the aid of a young knight bereft of his mistress. In the combat the young knight is slain. Tristrem avenges his death and slays the fifteen ravishers, but, fatal hap, receives an arrow in his old wound.

At this point the remainder of the romance in the Auchinleck MS. is torn away. Sir Walter Scott in his edition of the poem with curious art supplied a conclusion "in the stile of Thomas of Erceldoune" from two extant fragments of the French metrical version of the tale. This relates how Tristrem's gangrene became daily worse and could be cured by none but Ysonde of Cornwall. Ganhardin, bearing Tristrem's ring, is despatched for the queen, and instructed to hoist a white sail upon his return if accompanied by Ysonde, but a black sail if his embassy be unsuccessful. At last the vessel appears in sight flying a white sail. Ysonde of Brittany, knowing the signal and fired with jealousy, hastens to inform Tristrem. He conjures her to tell him the colour of the sail. She says it is black, whereupon, concluding himself forsaken by Ysonde, Tristrem sinks back in despair and dies. Ysonde of Cornwall lands, and hearing from an old man the death of her lover, rushes to the castle.

When Ysonde herd that  
 Fast sche gan to gonne,  
 At the castel gate  
 Stop hir might none.  
 Sche passed in there at,  
 The chaumbre sche won.  
 Tristrem in cloth of stat  
 Lay stretched thar as ston  
 So cold.  
 Ysonde loked him on  
 And faste gan bihold.

Fairer ladye ere  
 Did Britannye never spye,  
 Swiche murning chere  
 Making on heighe.  
 On Tristreme's bere  
 Doun con sche lye ;  
 Rise ogayn did sche nere,  
 Bot thare con sche dye  
 For woe.  
 Swiche lovers als thei  
 Never schal be moe.]





JOHN BARBOUR.



## JOHN BARBOUR.

HISTORIAN of the national hero as well as author of the national epic, John Barbour remains not only the first but the most famous of the poet-chroniclers of Scotland.\* But for his pen the passion of patriotism which gave Scotland a soul for four hundred years might have died with Douglas and Bruce, and but for him the living heroes of the Scottish wars of succession and independence might have come down to us little more than empty names.

Considering the fame of his work even in his own day, it seems strange that hardly anything is known of the facts of the poet's life. A few dates only have been discovered here and there, and imagination is left to clothe these with circumstance. His birth is set in Aberdeenshire in 1316, two years after the battle of Bannockburn, but the first certain knowledge of him does not occur till 1357. His appearance then is closely connected with the history of the time. Since the death of Alexander III. force of arms had been tried by the English kings for the subjugation of Scotland, and had failed. Now, however, according to Tytler, "Edward III. seemed to have fallen upon

a more fatal and successful mode of attack." After eleven years of captivity the Scottish king, David II., was held to ransom, and, among other attractions, there being then no such institutions in their own country, "the youth of Scotland were induced to frequent the universities of Oxford and Cambridge by the ready kindness with which the king gave them letters of protection." In 1357 Barbour, as Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was one of the commissioners appointed to arrange the treaty of ransom at Berwick, and in the same year and in 1364 he accompanied parties of young men to Oxford for the purposes of study. His passports upon these occasions are still extant, "teste Rege, apud Westmonasterium." There also exist permits dated 1365 and 1368 allowing him with a suite to pass through England to France upon scholarly research. Three times Barbour appears as one of the auditors of exchequer, and by a charter of 5th December, 1388, he received from Robert II. a pension of £10 in acknowledgment of his literary services. Previously, besides a gift of £10 and a Crown wardship, he had received a perpetual annuity of 20s. from his royal master. The annuity he made over to the chapter of Aberdeen for the saying of an annual mass for his soul, and regularly till the Reformation the mass was said in the cathedral there on the 13th of March. This, accordingly, has been presumed to be the day of Barbour's death. The year of his decease has been set at 1395, the last recorded payment of his larger pension occurring on 3rd April of that year.

Dr. Merry Ross, in his *Scottish History and Literature*, stated somewhat boldly that before the date of Barbour's work the great age of the chroniclers in England was already past. "Besides a solid array of historical names," he adds, "England can show a splendid list of poets, satirists, and critics, when empty silence reigns beyond the Tweed." To some extent, no doubt, this is true, though it was hardly an utter silence which produced *Sir Tristrem* and its following, the ballads of *Ercildoune*, *Auld Maitland*, and the like, and the other spirited popular poetry which found mention in Gavin Douglas's *Palice of Honour*, and is referred to by Barbour himself.

Young wemen when thai will play  
Sing it amang them ilk day.

The comparative silence of the north, however, is accounted for by the absence of cohesive nationality. Without this the greatest inspiration of poetry was lacking. No sooner were the various races of Scotland united in a common sympathy by the wars of succession than the national spirit burst full-grown into vigorous poetic flower. In Barbour's *Bruce* appeared, fully developed, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*—no crude fervour, but the earnest, high-hearted enthusiasm for things chivalrous and tender which has been the keynote of Scottish poetry ever since.

*The Bruce* was not its author's only work. Several passages in Wyntoun's *Cronykil* attest the existence of another :

This Nynus had a sone alsua,  
Sere Dardane lord de Frygia,

Fra quham Barbere sutely  
 Has made a propyr genealogy  
 Tyl Robert oure secownd king  
 That Scotland had in governyne.

Again :

Of Bruttus lyneage quha wyll her,  
 He luk the tretis of Barbere  
 Mad in-tyl a genealogy  
 Rycht wele, and mare perfytly  
 Than I can on ony wys  
 Wytht all my wyt to yowe dewys.

Barbour himself in *The Bruce*, speaking of the conquests of Arthur, says—

The Broite beris thair off wytnes.

This poem, called by Wyntoun elsewhere *The Brut*, has now been completely lost, unless some two thousand lines said to exist in the MS. Troy-books by Lydgate at Cambridge be a part of it. The composition appears to have contained in metre an account of the descent of the Scottish kings from the Trojan Brutus, grandson of Æneas. A work of similar name and purpose was the *Brut* of Layamon in England, and the two are chiefly notable perhaps for showing the praiseworthy desire of all early chroniclers to begin at the beginning of things.

Still another work remains to be attributed to Barbour. Not many years ago Mr. Bradshaw discovered the *Book of Legends of the Saints*. The MS. of this, "a tall, narrow volume, closely written in unmistakably Scottish hand," is now in Cambridge University library, and a printed edition was given to the public in 1889.

But the fame of the Archdeacon of Aberdeen rests with neither of these. It is *The Bruce* which has kept his name shining through the centuries, and it is by *The Bruce* that he will be remembered while the English-speaking race has a heart to be touched and thrilled by generous emotion.

Barbour's poem naturally was neither the first nor the last upon so popular a subject. Patrick Gordon, Gentleman, about 1615 wrote in heroic verse *The Famous History of the Renown'd and Valiant Prince, Robert, Sirnamed the Bruce, King of Scotland*, and in his preface referred to a MS. poem previous to Barbour's. This was by Peter Fenton, a monk in the abbey of Melrose in 1369; but it was tattered and almost illegible when Gordon saw it, and nothing is known of it now.

Of the two manuscripts of Barbour's poem known to exist, one, penned by John Ramsay in 1489, lies now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; the other, dated 1487, and probably by the same hand, as it is signed J. R., is in the archives of St. John's College, Cambridge. By the end of last century there had been made many printed editions "to answer the demand of the common people for this book, which, to the credit of their good sense," said Pinkerton, its editor of 1790, "is very great." Since then there have appeared Dr. Jamieson's edition of 1820, an edition for the Spalding Club by Mr. Cosmo Innes in 1856, and one for the Early English Text Society by the Rev. Mr. Skeat in 1870.

The historical value of *The Bruce* was early recog-

nised. Wyntoun and Boece both excused their brevity regarding the reign of King Robert by referring their readers to Barbour. It is partly owing, therefore, to the excellence of Barbour's masterpiece that no other contemporary account of the period which it records is extant upon the Scottish side. On the part of England, it is true, there exist chronicles like those of Lanercost and of William of Malmesbury. These, however, touch only externally upon matters in which the interests of the southern kingdom were concerned. The fact remains that for the inner atmosphere of Scottish life at the time, for the detail, character, and circumstance which give history its meaning, Barbour's *Bruce* is all but the only source of information. Nor has the general truth of his narrative ever been questioned. Upon every point but one upon which comparison can be made his statements accord with otherwise ascertained facts. He had every opportunity of acquiring information. The country was ringing from end to end with details of the great struggle; at court he was near the most trustworthy sources of knowledge, and in his youth at least there must have been about him many who had ridden by Randolph's side and who had heard the battle-bugles of the king. For the circumstances of Edward Bruce's raid in Galloway he quotes his actual informant by name :

A knycht, that then wes in his rowt,  
 Worthi and wycht, stalwart and stout,  
 Curtaiss, and fayr, and off gud fame,  
 Schyr Alane off Catkert by name,  
 Tauld me this taile, as I sall tell.



In one conspicuous instance only, as has been said, did Barbour depart from actual fact. With true instinct he perceived the one possible exception which might be taken to his hero's history—the fact that he, bred at Edward's court, had renounced his allegiance; and in order to display briefly the underlying right of Bruce's action he took the liberty of attributing to the grandson the wrong which had been done to the grandfather by the English king. It made a point of poetic justice that the noble who had suffered the wrong should be he who finally took redress at the hands of fortune: whereas it was the grandfather who suffered in Baliol's time and the grandson who triumphed at Bannockburn.

It was not, however, altogether as history that Barbour wrote *The Bruce*. Something of the ancient function of the bard was in his purpose. His intention was the exhibiting of a hero, the stirring of popular enthusiasm, as much as the recording of simple fact. His scheme was larger than mere detail of history. He painted the birth of a nation, and his work remains outstanding among national poems as conspicuously the epic of freedom. The sword had already done its part—Scotland stood erect; it was the poet's time to step forward, to show the true meaning of the struggle which was just over, and to pen its lesson upon the hearts of the people in letters of fire.

None who read *The Bruce* will aver that Barbour failed in what was demanded of him. The awakened soul of the nation was to be kept alive, and, for its

growth in strength and beauty, heroic and gentle ideals had to be kept before its eyes. These things Barbour accomplished. It is impossible to estimate the service to the civilization of his country silently effected by the praise of such gentle traits as that detailed in the passage beginning "The king has heard a woman cry." His work is a gallery of noble portraits, and when one has closed the book his characters remain alive in the mind, a strength and an inspiration. On the southern side Edward I., it is true, is painted all black, as he appeared to Scottish eyes at that time. But there is Sir Aymer de Valence, courteous and unembittered throughout in face of continued misfortune; and no one can read without a thrill the farewell of Sir Giles de Argentine to his flying king on the field of Bannockburn. There is Edward Bruce, hot-hearted and hot-headed, ever ready to charge against any odds with no more thought than

The ma thai be  
The mai honour all out haff we.

There is Douglas, ever full of deft resource, expert in all arts alike of peace and war, the daring guerilla chief, gentlest squire of dames, but the terrible "Black Douglas" in the field. There is Randolph, the king's nephew, strict in honour as Bruce himself, mettled as became his princely blood, and wise beyond his age in governing. There are the gallant young Walter Stewart and the gentle old bishop, William Lamberton; the latter heroic through his love for Douglas. Last and greatest of all appears the hero-king himself, unmatched in courtesy to noble foes and friends,

terrible beyond telling to traitors, ever ready with the right word or parable to inspire his followers, his every act pregnant with the art of conduct. With rare skill Barbour has shown how the king's greatness made his followers great and inspired the whole heroism of his time, so that Sir Ingraham de Umphrville could justly be made to say of him

Ilk yowman is sa wicht  
Of his that he is worth a knycht.

The poem should end, perhaps, after the battle of Bannockburn. The object of its action was then attained and its epic meaning complete. There is interior evidence, indeed, that it was originally meant to end here, the date and a general summing up being given. The remainder appears as a sequel, and, like all sequels, possesses diminished interest. The Irish wars of Edward Bruce and the Border exploits of Douglas, well told as they are, lag somewhat after the master-stroke by which the king set firm his throne. For some passages, however, the after part possesses a value of its own, among them being the unique story already referred to of the king's courtesy to women, and a valuable account of the warlike proceedings of that time in a long detailed description of the defence of Berwick.

Of the incidents of the poem, such as Bruce's encouragement of his knights with stories of romance during the tedious crossing of Loch Lomond, Mr. Cosmo Innes has said that "they give us a higher idea of chivalry than any writer of fable has reached." Pinkerton, the earlier editor, took occasion to say that

he preferred the life, spirit, and ease of Barbour, the plain sense, pictures of real manners, and perpetual incident and entertainment, to the melancholy sublimity of Dante and the amorous quaintness of Petrarch. And of the purely literary part Warton, the historian of English poetry, declared that "Barbour has adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical imagery far superior to his age." When the opportunity occurs, the historian of Bruce has shown that he can touch the details of natural description with a sure hand.

This wes in the moneth of May,  
 Quhen byrdis syngis on ilka spray ;  
 Melland thair notis with seymly sounce  
 For softnes of the suet sesoun ;  
 And levys of the branchys spredis,  
 And blomys brycht besid thaim bredis ;  
 And feldis are strowit with flouris  
 Well sawarand, of ser colouris ;  
 And all thing worthis blith and gay,  
 Quhen that this gude king tuk his way  
 To rid southwart.

The poem is rich in shrewd observation of the springs of feeling. There is a quaint philosophy about lines like the following :

To tell off paynis passyt by  
 Plesys to heryng petuisly,  
 And to reherss thar auld disese  
 Dois thaim oft-syss confort and ese.  
 With thi thar-to folow na blame  
 Dishonour, wikytnes, na schame.

A certain sort of aphorism, too, is constantly occurring :

For gud help is in gud begynnyng,  
 For gud begynnyng and hardy,

Gyff it be folowit wittily,  
May ger oftsyss unlikly thing  
Cum to full conabill ending.

Barbour was a scholar, apt with classic allusion, and ready always to justify the action of his characters by a comparison with facts of Greek or Roman history—the resolution of Hannibal, the fate of Alexander or Cæsar, or the habits of Aristotle. Although not altogether free from the superstition of his time—inclined, for instance, to credit the presence of a fiend at the deathbed of Edward I.—he had doubts on such possibilities worthy of a later day.

In one respect at least *The Bruce* may be shown to possess an immense advantage over the great epics of Greece and Rome. The reader has immeasurably greater satisfaction in the success of its hero. In the Scottish poem there is no mean bribing of partizan gods, no unfair interference of a *deus ex machinâ*. All victory is fairly won, and is the natural reward of superior prudence, forethought, and courage. The difference in moral effect which this means may be seen at a glance.

John Barbour, as known by his work, possessed in a superlative degree the poet's heart for appreciating all nobleness; and his epic altogether, with the far-famed panegyric on Freedom which it contains, is hardly to be read yet without catching something of the glow, the high, brave-born enthusiasm of its heroic time.

IN the manuscripts of *The Bruce*, as in other ancient MSS., there is no punctuation. Besides this necessary addition, in the following pages hyphens have been introduced to connect words which now form compounds, such as *in-till* (into), *quhar-euir* (wherever), *euir-mar* (evermore). It is thought unnecessary to burden the margin with translations of familiar peculiarities of Scottish spelling like *quh* for *wh* (quhom for whom), *dd* for *th* (thidyr for thither), *ch* for *gh* (rycht for right). Words and passages of the text enclosed in brackets are gaps supplied by Dr. Jamieson from the reading of early editions and otherwise. As in the case of *Sir Tristrem*, an effort is made by means of summaries between the selected passages to afford a view of the entire poem.

## THE BRUCE.



**S**TORYS to rede ar delitabill,  
 Supposs<sup>1</sup> that thai be nocht bot fabill :  
 Than suld storyss that suthfast<sup>2</sup> wer,  
 And thai war said on gud maner,  
 Hawe doubill plesance in heryng.  
 The fyrst plesance is the carpyng<sup>3</sup>  
 And the tothir the suthfastnes,  
 That schawys the thing rycht as it wes.  
 And such thyngis that are likand<sup>4</sup>  
 Tyll manns heryng<sup>5</sup> ar plesand.  
 Tharfor I wald fayne set my will,  
 Giff my wyt mycht suffice thartill,  
 To put in wryt a suthfast story,  
 That it lest ay furth in memory,  
 Swa that na tyme of lenth it let<sup>6</sup>,  
 Na ger it haly be foryet<sup>7</sup>.  
 For auld storys that men redys  
 Representis to thaim the dedys  
 Of stalwart folk that lywyt ar<sup>8</sup>,  
 Rycht as thai than in presence war.  
 And certes, thai suld weill hawe pryss<sup>9</sup>  
 That in thair tyme war wycht and wiss<sup>10</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Although.

<sup>2</sup> true.

<sup>3</sup> narration.

<sup>4</sup> agreeable.

<sup>5</sup> To man's hearing.

<sup>6</sup> So that no length of time obstruct it.

<sup>7</sup> Nor cause it wholly be forgot.

<sup>8</sup> lived of yore.

<sup>9</sup> have praise.

<sup>10</sup> strong and wise.

And led thair lyff in gret trawail,  
 And oft, in hard stour<sup>1</sup> off bataill,  
 Wan rycht gret price off chewalry,  
 And war woydyt off cowardy<sup>2</sup>;  
 As wes king Robert off Scotland,  
 That hardy wes off hart and hand;  
 And gud Schyr James off Douglas,  
 That in his tyme sa worthy was,  
 That off hys price and his bounté<sup>3</sup>  
 In fer landis renownyt wes he.  
 Off thaim I thynk this buk to ma.  
 Now God gyff grace that I may swa  
 Tret it and bryng it till endyng  
 That I say nocht bot suthfast thing!

### Scotland under Oppression.

[Upon the death of Alexander III. the barons of Scotland, disagreeing upon the competing claims of Baliol and of Bruce to the throne, invite Edward I. of England to act as arbitrator. To turn the dissension to his own advantage Edward offers the crown to the competitor who will do him sovereign homage. Bruce refuses. Baliol accepts, is made king, but presently on a slight pretext is degraded.]

Quhen Schyr Edward, the mychty king,  
 Had on this wyss<sup>4</sup> done his likyng  
 Off Jhone the Ballecoll, that swa sone  
 Was all defawtyt<sup>5</sup> and wndone,  
 To Scotland went he than in hy<sup>6</sup>,  
 And all the land gan occupy  
 Sa hale that bath castell and toune  
 War in-till his possessiounne,



[Fra Weik anent <sup>1</sup> Orkenay]	<sup>1</sup> From Wick opposite.
To Mullyr snwk <sup>2</sup> in Gallaway,	<sup>2</sup> point.
And stuffyt <sup>3</sup> all with Ingliss men.	<sup>3</sup> furnished.
Schyreffys and bailyheys maid he then,	
And alkyn <sup>4</sup> othir officeris	<sup>4</sup> all kinds of.
That for to gowern land afferis <sup>5</sup>	<sup>5</sup> pertains.
He maid off Inglis nation ;	
That worthy than sa ryche fellone <sup>6</sup> ,	<sup>6</sup> Who became then so extremely rich.
And sa wykkyt and cowatouss,	
And swa hawtane and dispitouss <sup>7</sup> ,	<sup>7</sup> haughty and spiteful.
That Scottis men mycht do na thing	
That euir mycht pleys to thar liking.	
Thar wyffis wald thai oft forly <sup>8</sup> ,	<sup>8</sup> lie with.
And thar dochtrys <sup>9</sup> dispitously :	<sup>9</sup> daughters.
And gyff ony of thaim thair-at war wrath,	
Thai watyt <sup>10</sup> hym wele with gret scaith <sup>11</sup> ;	<sup>10</sup> plundered.
For thai suld fynd sone enchesone <sup>12</sup>	<sup>11</sup> hurt.
To put hym to destructione.	<sup>12</sup> reason.
And gyff that ony man thaim by	
Had ony thing that wes worthy,	
As horss or hund or othir thing	
That war plesand to thar liking,	
With rycht or wrang it have wald thai.	
And gyf ony wald thaim withsay <sup>13</sup> ,	<sup>13</sup> gainsay.
Thai suld swa do, that thai suld tyne <sup>14</sup>	<sup>14</sup> lose.
Othir land or lyff, or leyff in pyne.	
For thai dempt <sup>15</sup> thaim eftir thair will,	<sup>15</sup> doomed.
Takand na kep to rycht na skill <sup>16</sup> .	<sup>16</sup> Taking no heed of right or reason.
A ! quhat thai dempt them felony <sup>17</sup> !	<sup>17</sup> cruelly.
For gud knyghtis that war worthy,	
For litill enchesoune or than nane	

Thai hangyt be the nekbane.  
 Als that folk that euir wes fre  
 And in fredome wount for to be,  
 Throw thar gret myschance and foly  
 War tretyt than sa wykkytly  
 That thair fays thair jugis war.  
 Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar?

A! fredome is a noble thing!

1 pleasure.

Fredome mayss man to haiff liking<sup>1</sup>.

Fredome all solace to man giffis.

He levys at ess that frely levys!

A noble hart may haiff nane ess,

Na ellys nocht that may him pless,

Gyff fredome failyhe: for fre liking

2 Is yearned for  
above.

Is yharnyt our<sup>2</sup> all othir thing.

Na he that ay hass levyt fre

3 peculiar state.

May nocht knaw weill the propyrté<sup>3</sup>,

4 grief.

The angyr<sup>4</sup>, na the wrechyt dome,

5 coupled with  
foul thraldom.

That is cowplyt to foule thyrl dome<sup>5</sup>.

Bot gyff he had assayit it,

6 by heart he  
should know it.

Than all perquer he suld it wyt<sup>6</sup>;

7 praise, prize.

And suld think fredome mar to pryss<sup>7</sup>

Than all the gold in warld that is.

Thus contrar thingis euir-mar

8 Revealers of  
the other are.

Discoweryngis off the tothir ar<sup>8</sup>.

And he that thryll is has nocht his;

All that he hass embandownyt is

Till hys lord, quhat-euir he be.

9 not so much  
free.

Yheynt has he nocht sa mekill fre<sup>9</sup>

As fre wyll to leyve or do

That at hys hart hym drawis to.  
 Than mayss clerkis questioun,  
 Quhen thai fall in disputacioun,  
 That gyff man bad his thryll owcht do,  
 And in the samyn tym come him to  
 His wyff, and askyt hym hyr det<sup>1</sup>,  
 Quhethir he his lordis neid suld bet<sup>2</sup>,  
 And pay fryst that he awcht<sup>3</sup>, and syne<sup>4</sup>  
 Do furth his lordis commandyne;  
 Or leve onpayit his wyff, and do  
 Thai thingis that commandyt is him to?  
 I leve all the solucioun  
 Till thaim that ar off mar renoun.  
 Bot sen thai mak sic comperyng<sup>5</sup>  
 Betwix the dettis off wedding<sup>6</sup>  
 And lordis bidding till his threll;  
 Ye may weile se, thought nane yow tell,  
 How hard a thing that threldome is.  
 For men may weile se, that ar wyss,  
 That wedding is the hardest band  
 That ony man may tak on hand:  
 And thryldome is weill wer than deid<sup>7</sup>;  
 For quhill a thryll his lyff may leid  
 It merrys him, body and banys<sup>8</sup>;  
 And dede anoyis him bot anys<sup>9</sup>.  
 Schortly to say, is nane can tell  
 The halle<sup>10</sup> conditioun off a threll.

<sup>1</sup> duty.

<sup>2</sup> abate.

<sup>3</sup> owes.

<sup>4</sup> afterwards.

<sup>5</sup> comparison.

<sup>6</sup> duties of marriage.

<sup>7</sup> much worse than death.

<sup>8</sup> mars him, body and bones.

<sup>9</sup> death troubles but once.

<sup>10</sup> whole.

## James of Douglas.

[Among sufferers is William of Douglas. He is seized by Edward and slain in prison, and his lands are given to Lord Clifford. Fleeing from the country, his son, young James of Douglas, lives in Paris for nearly three years. Returning then to see whether he cannot do something to regain his heritage, he lands at St. Andrews, where he is warmly received by the bishop. His open heart wins him many friends.]

<sup>1</sup> loyal.

He wes in all his dedis lele<sup>1</sup>;

<sup>2</sup> deigned.

For him dedeyneit<sup>2</sup> nocht to dele

<sup>3</sup> falsehood.

With trechery na with faset<sup>3</sup>.

His hart on hey honour wes set,

<sup>4</sup> demeaned in  
such fashion.

And hym contenyt on sic maner<sup>4</sup>

That all him luffyt that war him ner.

Bot he wes nocht so fayr that we

Suld spek gretly off his beauté.

<sup>5</sup> somewhat.

In wysage wes he sumdeill<sup>5</sup> gray,

And had blak har, as Ic hard say.

Bot off lymmys he wes weill maid,

With banys gret, and schuldrys braid.

His body wes weyll [maid and lenye;]

As thai that saw hym said to me.

Quhen he wes blyth he wes luffy,

And meyk and sweyt in cumpany:

Bot quha in battaill mycht him se

All othir contenance had he.

<sup>6</sup> lisped.

And in spek wlispyt<sup>6</sup> he sum-deill;

Bot that sat him rycht wondre weill.

Till gud Ector of Troy mycht he

In mony thingis likynt be.

Ector had blak har as he had,

And stark lymmys<sup>1</sup>, and rycht weill maid,  
 And wlyspit alsua as did he,  
 And wes fulfillyt of leawté<sup>2</sup>,  
 And wes curtaiss and wyss and wycht.  
 Bot off manheid and mekill mycht  
 Till Ector dar I nane comper,  
 Off all that euir in warldys wer.  
 The quethyr in his tyme sa wrocht he  
 That he suld gretly lovyt be.

<sup>1</sup> strong limbs.<sup>2</sup> complete in  
loyalty.

He duellyt thar quhill on a tid  
 The king Eduuard, with mekill prid,  
 Come to Strevillyne with gret mengye<sup>3</sup>  
 For till hald thar ane assemblé.  
 Thiddirwart went mony baroune;  
 Byschop Wylame off Lambyrtoun  
 Raid thiddyrs als, and with him was  
 This squyer James of Dowglas.  
 The byschop led him to the king,  
 And said, "Schyr, heyr I to yow bryng  
 This child that clemys<sup>4</sup> your man to be,  
 And prayis you per cheryté  
 That ye resave her his homage  
 And grantis him his herytage."  
 'Quhat landis clemys he?' said the king.  
 "Schyr, giff that it be your liking,  
 He clemys the lordschip off Douglas;  
 For lord tharoff hys fadyr was."  
 The king then wrethyt him encrely<sup>5</sup>,  
 And said, 'Schyr byschop, sekyrly  
 Gyff thow wald kep thi fewté<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> following.<sup>4</sup> claims.<sup>5</sup> was wroth in-  
wardly (*en*  
*cœur*).<sup>6</sup> fealty.

Thow maid nane sic speking to me.  
 Hys fadyr ay wes my fay feloune<sup>1</sup>,  
 And deyt tharfor in my presoun,  
 And wes agayne my maiesté;  
 Tharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.  
 Ga purches land quhar-euir he may;  
 For tharoff haffys he nane perfay<sup>2</sup>.  
 The Clyffurd sall thaim haiff, for he  
 Ay lely has serwyt to me.<sup>3</sup>  
 The byschop hard him swa ansuer,  
 And durst<sup>3</sup> than spek till him na mar;  
 Bot fra his presence went in hy,  
 For he dred sayr his felouny<sup>4</sup>:  
 Swa that he na mar spak thairto.  
 The king did that he com to do,  
 And went till Ingland syn agayn,  
 With mony man off mekill mayn<sup>5</sup>.

### Bruce Defeated.

[Riding from Stirling one day Sir John Cumyn proposes to assist Bruce in a rising. Bruce consents, but the compact is betrayed by Cumyn. Bruce is summoned to London, and, unwitting of treachery, narrowly escapes arrest. He posts north to Lochmaben, raises his vassals, stabs Cumyn at the high altar at Dumfries, and takes the field. He is joined by the young Douglas and crowned at Scone, but is surprised and, in spite of prodigies of personal valour, defeated first at Methven, and afterwards, while wandering with the queen and her ladies among the hills, by John of Lorn at Dalry.]

The king that nycht his wachis set,  
 And gert ordayne that thai mycht et;  
 And bad conford to thaim tak,  
 And at thar mychtis mery mak.

"For disconford," as then said he,  
 "Is the werst thing that may be.  
 For throw mekill disconforting  
 Men fallis off in-to disparityng,  
 And fra a man disparityt be,  
 Then trewly wtterly wencusyt<sup>1</sup> is he, 1 vanquished.  
 And fra the hart be discumfyt,  
 The body is nocht worth a myt<sup>2</sup>. 2 mite.  
 Tharfor," he said, "atour<sup>3</sup> all thing, 3 above.  
 Kepys yow fra disparityng,  
 And thynk thouch we now harmys fele,  
 That God may yeit releve ws weill.  
 Men redys off mony men that war  
 Fer hardar stad<sup>4</sup> then we yhet ar, 4 harder beset.  
 And syne our lord sic grace thaim lent  
 That thai come weill till thair entent.

For Rome quhilum sa hard wes stad  
 Quhen Hanniball thaim wencusyt had,

. . . . .  
 Ye may weill be ensampill se  
 That na man suld disparityt be,  
 Na lat his hart be wencusyt all  
 For na myscheiff that euir may fall.  
 For nane wate<sup>5</sup> in how litill space 5 know.  
 That God wmquhile<sup>6</sup> will send grace. 6 sometimes.  
 Had thai\* fled and thar wayis gane  
 Thar fayis swith<sup>7</sup> the toune had tane. 7 quickly.  
 Tharfor men that werrayand war<sup>8</sup> 8 carry on war.

\*The people of Rome.

- <sup>1</sup> aim.                   Suld set thair etlyng<sup>1</sup> euir-mar  
 To stand agayne thair fayis mycht,  
 Wmqhile with strenth and quhile with slycht,  
 And ay thynk to cum to purpos;  
<sup>2</sup> choice.                And giff that thaim war set in choss<sup>2</sup>  
 To dey or to leyff cowardly,  
<sup>3</sup> rather.                Thai suld erar<sup>3</sup> dey chewalrusly."
- <sup>4</sup> In this fashion.       Thusgat<sup>4</sup> thaim confort the king,  
 And to confort thaim gan inbryng  
 Auld storys off men that wer  
 Set in-tyll hard assayis ser<sup>5</sup>,  
<sup>5</sup> in several hard trials.  
<sup>6</sup> thwarted.             And that fortoun contraryit<sup>6</sup> fast,  
 And come to purpos at the last.

### The Parting with the Queen.

- <sup>7</sup> feigned.             He prechyt thaim on this maner,  
 And fenyeit<sup>7</sup> to mak better cher  
 Then he had matir to, be fer:  
<sup>8</sup> went from ill to worse.     For his causs yeid fra ill to wer<sup>8</sup>.  
 Thai war ay in sa hard trawail,  
 'Till the ladyis began to fayle,  
<sup>9</sup> suffer.                That mycht the trawail drey<sup>9</sup> na mar.  
 Sa did othir als that thar war.  
 The erle Jhone wes ane off tha,  
 Off Athole, that quhen he saw sua  
 The king be discumfyt twyss,



And sa feile<sup>1</sup> folk agayne him ryss,  
 And lyff in sic trawaill and dout,  
 His hart begane to faile all out.  
 And to the king apon a day  
 He said, "Gyff I durst to yow say,  
 We lyff in to sa mekill dreid,  
 And haffis oft-syss<sup>2</sup> off met sic ned,  
 And is ay in sic trawailling,  
 With cauld and hungir and waking,  
 That I am sad off my-selwyn<sup>3</sup> sua  
 That I count nocht my liff a stra.  
 Thir angrys<sup>4</sup> may I ne mar drey,  
 For thought me tharfor worthit dey.  
 I mon soiourne, quhar-euir it be.  
 Leuys me<sup>5</sup> tharfor per cheryté."  
 The king saw that he sa wes failyt,  
 And that he ik wes for trawaillyt<sup>6</sup>.  
 He said, "Schyr erle, we sall sone se  
 And ordayne how it best may be.  
 Quhar-euyr ye be, our Lord yow send  
 Grace fra your fais yow to defend!"  
 With that in hy to him callyt he  
 Thaim that till him war mast priué:  
 Then amang thaim thai thoct it best,  
 And ordanyt for the liklyest,  
 That the queyne and the erle alsua  
 And the ladyis in hy<sup>7</sup> suld ga  
 With Nele the Bruce till Kildromy.  
 For thaim thoct thai mycht sekyrly<sup>8</sup>  
 Duell thar quhill thai war wictaillit weile.  
 For swa stalwart wes the castell

<sup>1</sup> many.<sup>2</sup> often.<sup>3</sup> myself.<sup>4</sup> These griefs.<sup>5</sup> Give me leave.<sup>6</sup> also was sore  
fatigued.<sup>7</sup> in haste.<sup>8</sup> securely.

That it with strenth war hard to get  
 Quhill that thar-in wer men and mete.  
 As thai ordanyt thai did in hy:  
 The queyne and all hyr cumpany  
 Lap<sup>1</sup> on thair horss and furth thai far.  
 Men mycht haiff sene, quha had bene thar,  
 At leve-takyng the ladyis gret<sup>2</sup>  
 And mak thar face with teris wet,  
 And knychtis for thar luffis sak  
 Bath sich and wep and murnyng mak.  
 Thai kyssyt thair luffis at thair partyng.  
 The king wmbethocht him off a thing;  
 That he fra thine on fute wald ga,  
 And tak on fute bath weill and wa,  
 And wald na horss-men with him haiff.  
 Tharfor his horss all haile<sup>3</sup> he gaiff  
 To the ladyis that mystir<sup>4</sup> had.  
 The queyn furth on hyr wayis rade,  
 And sawffly come to the castell,  
 Quhar hyr folk war resawyt weill  
 And esyt weill with meyt and drynk.  
 Bot mycht nane eyss let<sup>5</sup> hyr to think  
 On the king that wes sa sar stad  
 That bot twa hundre with him had.  
 The quhethir thaim weill confortyt he ay:  
 God help him, that all mychtis may!

<sup>1</sup> Leaped.

<sup>2</sup> weep.

<sup>3</sup> all whole, every one.

<sup>4</sup> necessity.

<sup>5</sup> no ease might prevent.

## The King a Fugitive.

[Bruce with his two hundred men wanders for a time among the mountains, but, winter coming on, he determines to retreat to Kintyre. He sends Sir Neil Campbell in advance to procure provision.]

'The king, eftir that he wes gane,	
'To Lowchlomond the way has tane <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> taken.
And come thar on the thrid day.	
Bot thar-about na bait fand thai <sup>2</sup>	<sup>2</sup> no boat found they.
'That mycht thaim our the water ber.	
'Than war thai wa <sup>3</sup> on gret maner,	<sup>3</sup> woful.
For it wes fer about to ga,	
And thai war in to dout alsua	
'To meyt thair fayis that spred war wyd.	
'Tharfor endlang <sup>4</sup> the louchhis syd	<sup>4</sup> along.
Sa besyly thai socht and fast,	
'Tyll Jamys of Dowglas at the last	
Fand a litill sonkyn bate	
And to the land it drew fut hate <sup>5</sup> .	<sup>5</sup> straightway (hot-foot).
Bot it sa litill wes that it	
Mycht our the watter bot thresum flyt <sup>6</sup> .	<sup>6</sup> transport but threetogether.
'Thai send tharoff word to the king,	
'That wes joyfull off that fynding;	
And fyrst in-to the bate is gane,	
With him Dowglas. The thrid wes ane	
'That rowyt thaim our deliuerly <sup>7</sup>	<sup>7</sup> nimbly.
And set thaim on the land all dry,	
And rowyt sa oft-syss to and fra,	
Fechand ay our twa and twa,	
'That in a nycht and in a day	

Cummyn owt-our the louch ar thai.  
 For sum off thaim couth swome full weil  
 And on his bak ber a fardele<sup>1</sup>.  
 Swa with swymmyng and with rowyng  
 Thai brocht thaim our, and all thair thing.

The king, the quhilis, meryly  
 Red to thaim that war him by  
 Romanys off worthi Ferambrace,\*  
 That worthily our-cummyn<sup>2</sup> was  
 Throw the rycht douchty Olywer;  
 And how the Duk Peris<sup>3</sup> wer  
 Assegy<sup>4</sup> in-till Egrymor.

<sup>1</sup> a burden.

<sup>2</sup> overcome.

<sup>3</sup> the Twelve  
Peers of France  
(Douze Pairs).

<sup>4</sup> besieged.

### The Death of Edward I.

[Bruce betakes himself to winter at the Isle of Rachryn. The queen and her daughter, leaving shelter, are made prisoners at the Girth of Tain, and Kildromy itself, after a gallant defence by Neil Bruce, is betrayed and reduced by the English.]

Bot quhen the king Eduuard hard say  
 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy  
 Agayne his sone sa stalwartly,  
 He gaderyt gret chewalry  
 And towart Scotland went in hy.

And as in-till Northummyrland  
 He wes with his gret rowt ridand,  
 A seknes tuk him in the way,

\**Sir Fierabras*, one of the romances concerning Charlemagne and his twelve peers. It was edited from the Ashmole MS. by Mr. Sidney J. Herrtage for the Early English Text Society in 1879.

And put him to sa hard assay  
 That he mycht nocht ga na ryd.  
 Him worthit, magre his<sup>1</sup>, abid  
 In-till an hamillet thar-by,  
 A litill toun and wnworthy.  
 With gret payne thiddir thai him broucht;  
 He wes sa stad that he ne mocht  
 Hys aynd bot<sup>2</sup> with gret paynys draw,  
 Na spek bot giff it war weill<sup>3</sup> law.  
 The quhethir he bad thai suld him say  
 Quhat toun wes that, that he in lay.  
 "Schyrr," thai said, "Burch in the Sand  
 Men callis this toun, in-till this land."  
 'Call thai it Burch? Alas!' said he,  
 'My hop is now fordone<sup>4</sup> to me.  
 For I wend neuir to thoile<sup>5</sup> the payne  
 Off deid till I, throw mekill mayn,  
 The Burch off Jerusalem had tane.  
 My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne<sup>6</sup>.  
 In Burch I wyst weill I suld de,  
 Bot I was nothir wyss na sle<sup>7</sup>  
 Till othyr Burch kep to ta<sup>8</sup>.  
 'Now may I na-wiss forthyrr ga.'  
 'Thus pleyneyt<sup>9</sup> he off his foly,  
 As he had mater sekylly<sup>10</sup>  
 Quhen he cowyt<sup>11</sup> certanté  
 Off that at nane may certan be.

<sup>1</sup> It behoved him,  
despite his  
(desire).

<sup>2</sup> His own boot.

<sup>3</sup> actually.

<sup>4</sup> quite worn out.

<sup>5</sup> weened never  
to suffer.

<sup>6</sup> finished.

<sup>7</sup> cunning.

<sup>8</sup> to take excep-  
tion.

<sup>9</sup> complained.

<sup>10</sup> surely.

<sup>11</sup> coveted.

[Edward, it appears, had consulted a certain fiend as to the date and place of his death, and the familiar, after the manner of his kind, had deceived his patron with an equivocal answer.]

At Jerusalem trowyt<sup>12</sup> he

<sup>12</sup> trusted.

Grawyn<sup>13</sup> in the Burch to be;

<sup>13</sup> Interred.

- The quethyr at Burch in-to the Sand  
 He swelt<sup>1</sup> rycht in his awn land.  
 And quhen he to the dede wes ner,  
 The folk, that at Kyldromy wer,  
 Come with prisoneris that thai had tane,  
 And syne to the king ar gane.  
 And for to confort him thai tauld  
 How thai the castell to thaim yauld<sup>2</sup>;  
 And how thai till his will war broucht,  
 To do off that quhat-euir he thought;  
 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do.  
 Then lukyt he angryly thaim to,  
 And said grynnand, “Hyngis and drawys<sup>3</sup>.”  
 That wes wondir of sic sawis<sup>4</sup>,  
 That he, that to the dede was ner,  
 Suld ansuer apou sic maner,  
 For-owtyn menyng<sup>5</sup> and mercy;  
 How mycht he traist on hym to cry,  
 That suthfastly demys<sup>6</sup> all thing,  
 To haiff mercy for his cryng,  
 Off him that, throw his felony,  
 In-to sic poynt<sup>7</sup> had na mercy?  
 His men his maundment has done,  
 And he deyt thareftir sone,  
 And syne wes broucht till berynes<sup>8</sup>.  
 His sone syne king eftir wes.
- <sup>1</sup> died.
- <sup>2</sup> yielded.
- <sup>3</sup> Hang and draw.
- <sup>4</sup> such a saying.
- <sup>5</sup> Without compassion.
- <sup>6</sup> truly judges.
- <sup>7</sup> In such state of body.
- <sup>8</sup> burial.

## The Return of the King.

[Douglas, irking at idleness and pitying the burdened islanders, leaves Rachryn, makes a descent upon Arran, succeeds in cutting off a convoy of supplies, and all but takes the castle of Brodick. Ten days later Bruce sets sail.]

With thretty small galayis and thre

The king arywyt<sup>1</sup> in Arane,

<sup>1</sup> arrived.

And syne<sup>2</sup> to the land is gane

<sup>2</sup> presently.

And in a toune tuk his herbery<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> took quarters in  
in a hamlet.

And speryt<sup>4</sup> syne speceally

<sup>4</sup> inquired.

Gyff ony man couth tell tithand<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> tidings.

Off ony strang men in that land.

“Yhis,” said a woman, “Schyr, perfay,

Off strang men I kan yow say,

That ar cummyn in this countré,

And schort quhile syne, throw thair bounté,

Thai haff discomfyt our wardane,

And mony off his men has slane.

And till a stalwart place herby

Reparis all thair cumpany.”

‘Dame,’ said the king, ‘wald thow we wiss<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> direct us.

To that place quhar thair repair<sup>7</sup> is,

<sup>7</sup> gathering.

I sall reward the but lesing<sup>8</sup>;

<sup>8</sup> without fraud,  
indeed.

For thai ar all off my duelling,

And I rycht blythly wald them se,

And swa trow I that thai wald me.’

“Yhis,” said scho, “Schyr, I will blythly

Ga with yow and your cumpany,

Till that I schaw yow thair repair.”

‘That is inewch<sup>9</sup>, my systir fayr;

<sup>9</sup> enough.

'Now ga we forthwart,' said the king,  
 Than went thai furth but mar letting<sup>1</sup>,  
 Folowand her as scho thaim led,  
 Till at the last scho schawyt a sted<sup>2</sup>  
 To the king in a wode glen,  
 And said, "Schyr, her I saw the men  
 That yhe sper eftir mak logyng:  
 Her I trow be thair reparying."

The king then blew his horn in hy,  
 And gert<sup>3</sup> the men that wer him by  
 Hald thaim still and all priwé;  
 And syne agayn his horn blew he.  
 James of Dowglas herd him blaw,  
 And at the last alsone<sup>4</sup> gan knaw,  
 And said, "Sothly yon is the king:  
 I knaw lang quhill syne<sup>5</sup> his blawyng."  
 The thrid tym thar with all he blew,  
 And then Schyr Robert Boid it knew,  
 And said, "Yone is the king but dreid<sup>6</sup>;  
 Ga we furth till him bettir speid."  
 Than went thai till the king in hy,  
 And him inclynyt curtasly.  
 And blythly welcummyt thaim the king,  
 And wes joyfull of thair meting,  
 And kissit thaim, and speryt syne  
 How thai had farne<sup>7</sup> in thair huntyn.  
 And thai him tauld all but lesing:  
 Syne lowyt<sup>8</sup> thai God off thair meting.  
 Syne with the king till his herbery  
 Went bath joyfull and joly.

<sup>1</sup> without more delay.

<sup>2</sup> showed a place.

<sup>3</sup> caused.

<sup>4</sup> as soon as the last (blast sounded).

<sup>5</sup> long time since.

<sup>6</sup> without doubt.

<sup>7</sup> fared.

<sup>8</sup> praised.



## The Landing in Carrick.

[A council of war is held, and a descent upon the opposite mainland determined. Cuthbert, a scout, is sent over to Carrick with orders if landing appears feasible to light a fire on Turnberry Head. On the appointed day the fire is seen. As the king prepares to leave the beach a woman beckons him apart and in a spirited harangue prophesies his approaching triumph. He then sets sail.]

<p>This wes in ver<sup>1</sup>, quhen wyntir-tid,          With his blastis hidwyss to bid<sup>2</sup>,          Was our-drywyn<sup>3</sup>, and byrdis smale,          As turturis and the nyctyngale,          Begouth rycht sariely<sup>4</sup> to syng,          And for to mak in thair singyng          Swete notis, and sownys ser<sup>5</sup>,          And melodys plesand to her:          And the treis begouth to ma          Burgeans<sup>6</sup>, and brycht blomys alsua,          To wyn the helyng off thair hewid<sup>7</sup>          That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid<sup>8</sup>;          And all gressys begouth to spryng.          In-to that tyme the nobill king,          With his flote and a few mengye,          Thre hundyr I trow thai mycht be,          Is to the se, owte off Arane,          A litill forouth ewyn gane<sup>9</sup>.</p>	<p><sup>1</sup> spring.  <sup>2</sup> hideous to              abide.  <sup>3</sup> over-driven.  <sup>4</sup> Began right              artfully.  <sup>5</sup> sounds many.  <sup>6</sup> Buds.  <sup>7</sup> To get the              covering of              their head.  <sup>8</sup> reft.  <sup>9</sup> gone forth in              even array.</p>
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Thai rowit fast with all thair mycht  
 Till that apoun thaim fell the nycht,  
 That woux myrk<sup>10</sup> apoun gret maner,  
 Swa that thai wust nocht quhar thai wer.

<sup>10</sup> waxed dark.

For thai na nedill had, na stane,  
 Bot rowt always in-till ane<sup>1</sup>,  
 Sterand all tyme apou the fyr  
 That thai saw brynnand lycht and schyr<sup>2</sup>.  
 It wes bot auentur<sup>3</sup> thaim led,  
 And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped  
 That at the fyr arywyt thai,  
 And went to land but mar delay.  
 And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,  
 Was full off angyr<sup>4</sup> and off ire:  
 For he durst nocht do it away,  
 And wes alsua doundand ay  
 That his lord suld pass to se.  
 Tharfor thair cummyng waytit he,  
 And met thaim at thair arywing.  
 He wes wele sone brought to the king,  
 That speryt at hym how he had done.  
 And he with sar hart tauld him sone  
 How that he fand nane weill luffand<sup>5</sup>,  
 Bot all war fayis that he fand:  
 And that the lord the Persy,  
 With ner thre hundre in company,  
 Was in the castell thar besid,  
 Fullfilyt<sup>6</sup> off dispyt and prid;  
 Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt  
 War herberyt in the toune<sup>7</sup> without:  
 "And dyspytyt yow mar, Schir king,  
 Than men may dispyt ony thing."  
 Than said the king, in full gret ire,  
 'Tratour, quhy maid thou than the fyr?'  
 "A! Schyr," said he, "sa God me se!

<sup>1</sup> in one body.<sup>2</sup> clear.<sup>3</sup> adventure.<sup>4</sup> grief.<sup>5</sup> well-disposed.<sup>6</sup> "choke-full."<sup>7</sup> quartered in the  
steading.

The fyr wes newyr maid for me.  
 Na, or<sup>1</sup> the nycht, I wyst it nocht;  
 Bot fra<sup>2</sup> I wyst it, weill I thocht  
 That ye and haly your menye  
 In hy suld put yow to the se.  
 For-thi<sup>3</sup> I cum to mete yow her,  
 To tell perellys that may aper."

<sup>1</sup> ere.<sup>2</sup> from the time  
when.<sup>3</sup> therefore.

The king wes off his spek angry,  
 And askyt his prywé men, in hy,  
 Quhat at thaim thought wes best to do.  
 Schyr Edward fryst answert thar-to,  
 Hys brodyr that wes swa hardy,  
 And said, "I say yow sekyrly  
 Thar sall na perell that may be  
 Dryve me eftsonys<sup>4</sup> to the se.  
 Myne auentur her tak will I,  
 Quhethir it be esfull or angry."  
 'Brothyr,' he said, 'sen thou will sua,  
 It is gud that we saymn ta<sup>5</sup>  
 Dissese or ese, or payne or play,  
 Eftyr as God will ws purway.  
 And sen men sayis that the Persy  
 Myn heretage will occupy,\*  
 And his menye sa ner ws lyis,  
 That ws dispytis mony wyss,  
 Ga we and wenge sum off the dispyte;  
 And that may we haiff done als tite<sup>6</sup>,  
 For thai ly traistly, but dreding<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> presently.<sup>5</sup> together take.<sup>6</sup> also soon.<sup>7</sup> trustfully, with-  
out fear.

\* Bruce inherited Carrick through his mother, whose first husband had been earl of that district.

Off ws or off our her cummyng.  
 And thought we slepand slew thaim all,  
 Repruff tharoff na man sall.  
 For werrayour na forss<sup>1</sup> suld ma,  
 Quhethir he mycht ourcum his fa  
 Throw strenth or throw sutelté,  
 Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> warrior no  
 scruple.

### The Defence at the Ford.

[Percy abandons Turnberry. A lady of the country, cousin to Bruce, joins the king with forty followers and informs him of the fall of Kildromy and the taking of the queen. Douglas, obtaining permission, departs alone for Douglasdale, declares himself to his people, and surprising his enemies at kirk on Palm Sunday, puts them to the sword. His slaughter of prisoners among the meal and wine on the castle floor is called "The Douglas Larder." Meanwhile the king, attacked by traitors in a covert, excites his followers' admiration by his single-handed defence.]

Presently the men of Galloway, seeing him with but few retainers, come upon him suddenly, two hundred strong.]

Thai schup thaim in an ewynnyng<sup>2</sup>  
 To suppress<sup>3</sup> sodanly the king;  
 And till him held thai straucht thair way.  
 Bot he, that had his wachis ay  
 On ilk<sup>4</sup> sid, off thair cummyng,  
 Lang or thai come, had wyttering<sup>5</sup>,  
 And how fele<sup>6</sup> that thai mycht be.  
 Tharfor he thought, with his menye,  
 To withdraw him out off the place,  
 For the nycht weill fallyn was.  
 And for the nycht he thought at<sup>7</sup> thai

<sup>2</sup> prepared on an  
 evening.

<sup>3</sup> suppress.

<sup>4</sup> every.

<sup>5</sup> information.

<sup>6</sup> many.

<sup>7</sup> that.

Suld nocht haiff sycht to hald the way  
 That he war passyt with his menye.  
 And as he thought rycht swa did he,  
 And went him doun till a morrass,  
 Our a wattyr that rynnand was ;  
 And in the bog he fand a place  
 Weill strait, that weill twa bow-drawcht<sup>1</sup> was <sup>1</sup> quite two bow-  
shots.  
 Fra the wattyr thai passit haid.  
 He said, " Her may ye mak abaid,  
 And rest yow all a quhile and ly.  
 I will ga wach all priuely  
 Giff Ik her oucht off thair cummyng :  
 And giff I may her ony thing,  
 I sall ger warn you, sa that we  
 Sall ay at our awantage be."

The king now takys his gate<sup>2</sup> to ga, <sup>2</sup> takes his way.  
 And with him tuk he sergeandis twa<sup>3</sup>; <sup>3</sup> two squires.  
 And Schyr Gilbert de la Hay left he  
 Thar, for to rest with his menye.  
 To the wattyr he come in hy,  
 And lysnyt full entently  
 Giff he herd oucht off thair cummyng ;  
 Bot yeit mocht he her na thing.  
 Endlang the wattyr than yeid he<sup>4</sup> <sup>4</sup> Along the  
stream then  
went he.  
 On athyr syd a gret quantité,  
 And saw the brayis<sup>5</sup> hey standand, <sup>5</sup> hillsides.  
 The wattyr holl throw slik rynnand<sup>6</sup>;  
 And fand na furd that men mycht pass,  
 Bot quhar him-selwyn<sup>7</sup> passit was. <sup>6</sup> The deep water  
running  
through slime.  
 And swa strait wes the wpcummyng <sup>7</sup> himself.

1 thrust together.

That twa men mycht nocht samyn thring<sup>1</sup>,  
 Na on na maner press thaim swa  
 That thai to-gidder mycht lang ga.

2 A hound's bay-  
 ing far off.

And quhen he a lang quhile had bene thar  
 He herknyt, and herd as it war  
 A hundis questionyng on fer<sup>2</sup>,  
 That ay come till him ner and ner.  
 He stude still, for till herkyn mar,  
 And ay the langer he wes thar  
 He herd it ner and ner cummand.  
 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand,

3 betokening.

Tyll that he heard mar takynnyng<sup>3</sup>,  
 Than, for ane hundis questionyng,  
 He wald nocht wakyn his menye.  
 Tharfor he wald abid, and se  
 Quhat folk thai war, and quhethir thai  
 Held towart him the rycht way,  
 Or passyt ane othyr way fer by.  
 The moyne wes schynand clerly.  
 Sa lang he stude, that he mycht her  
 The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.

4 in haste.

5 waken his fol-  
 lowing.

Than his twa men in hy<sup>4</sup> send he  
 To warne and walkyn his menye<sup>5</sup>;  
 And thai ar furth thair wayis gane,  
 And he left thar all hym allane.  
 And swa stude he herknand,  
 Till that he saw cum at his hand  
 The hale rout, in-till full gret hy.  
 Then he wmbethought him hastily  
 Giff he held towart his menye

That, or he mycht reparyt be<sup>1</sup>,  
 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkan<sup>2</sup>.  
 And then behuffyt him chess ane  
 Off thir twa, othyr to fley or dey.  
 Bot his hart that wes stout and hey  
 Consaillyt hym hym allane to bid,  
 And kepe thaim at the furde syd,  
 And defend weill the wpcummyng;  
 Sen he was warnyst of armyng<sup>3</sup>  
 That he thar arowys thurch nocht dreid.  
 And gyff he war off gret manheid  
 He mycht stunay thaim euirilkane<sup>4</sup>,  
 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane.  
 He did rycht as hys hart hym bad.  
 Strang wtrageouss curage he had,  
 Quhen he sa stoutly him allane,  
 For litill strenth off erd<sup>5</sup>, has tane  
 To fecht with twa hundre and ma.  
 Thar-with he to the furd gan ga,  
 And thai, apou the tothyr party,  
 That saw him stand thar anyrly<sup>6</sup>,  
 Thringand<sup>7</sup> in-till the watty rad.  
 For off him litill dout thai had,  
 And raid till him in full gret hy.  
 He smate the fyrst swa wygorusly  
 With his sper, that rycht scharp schar<sup>8</sup>,  
 Till he doun till the erd him bar.  
 The lave<sup>9</sup> come then in-till a randoun<sup>10</sup>;  
 Bot his horss, that wes born doun,  
 Combryt thaim the wpgang to ta<sup>11</sup>.  
 And quhen the king saw it was swa,

<sup>1</sup> ere he might  
join his men.

<sup>2</sup> each one.

<sup>3</sup> furnished with  
armour.

<sup>4</sup> dismay them  
every one.

<sup>5</sup> ground.

<sup>6</sup> alone.

<sup>7</sup> Thronging.

<sup>8</sup> cut.

<sup>9</sup> remainder.  
<sup>10</sup> torrent.

<sup>11</sup> Cumbered  
them in the  
ascent.

<sup>1</sup> stabbed.

He stekyt<sup>1</sup> the horss, and he gan flyng,  
 And syne fell at the wpcummyng.  
 The layff with that come with a schout;  
 And he, that stalwart wes and stout,  
 Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra,  
 And sa gud payment gan thaim ma,  
 That fyvesum in the furd he slew.  
 The lève then sumdele thaim withdrew,  
 That dred his strakys wondre sar,  
 For he in nathing thaim forbar.

<sup>2</sup> fights.

<sup>3</sup> Whoeverknew.

<sup>4</sup> all whole.

<sup>5</sup> without doubt.

<sup>6</sup> So many.

<sup>7</sup> closed up.

Then said ane, “Certes, we ar to blame.  
 Quhat sall we say quhen we cum hame,  
 Quhen a man fechtis<sup>2</sup> agane ws all?  
 Quha wyst euir<sup>3</sup> men sa foully fall  
 As ws, gyff that we thusgat leve?”  
 With that all haile<sup>4</sup> a schout thai geve,  
 And cryit, “On him! he may nocht last.”  
 With that thai pressyt hym sa fast  
 That had he nocht the better bene  
 He had bene dede with-owtyn wen<sup>5</sup>.  
 Bot he sa gret defence gan mak  
 That quhar he hyt ewyn a strak  
 Thar mycht na thing agane [him] stand.  
 In litill space he left liand  
 Sa fele<sup>6</sup> that the wpcummyng wes then  
 Dyttyt<sup>7</sup> with slayn horss and men;  
 Swa that his fayis, for that stopping,  
 Mycht nocht cum to the wpcummyng.



A! der God! quha had then bene by,  
 And sene how he sa hardyly  
 Addressyt hym agane thaim all,  
 I wate weile that thai suld him call  
 The best that levyt in his day.  
 And giff I the suth sall say,  
 I herd neur in na tym gane  
 Ane stynt<sup>1</sup> sa mony him allane.

<sup>1</sup> stop.

On this manner, that Ik haiff tauld,  
 The king, that stout wes and bauld,  
 Wes fechtand on the furd syd,  
 Giffand and takand rowtis roid<sup>2</sup>,  
 Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid  
 That he the ford all stoppyt haid,  
 That nane off thaim mycht till him rid.  
 Thaim thought than foly for to byd,  
 And halely the flycht gan ta,  
 And went hamwartis<sup>3</sup> quhar thai come fra.  
 For the kingis men with the cry  
 Walknyt full effrayitly<sup>4</sup>,  
 And com to sek thair lord the king.  
 The Gallowaymen hard thar cummyng,  
 And fled, and durst abid no mar.  
 The kingis men, that dredand war  
 For thair lord, full spedly  
 Come to the furd; and sone in hy  
 Thai fand the king syttand allane,  
 That off hys bassynet<sup>5</sup> has tane

rude blows.

<sup>3</sup> homewards.

<sup>4</sup> Wakened  
affrightedly.

<sup>5</sup> helmet.

1 air. Till awent<sup>1</sup> him, for he wes hate.  
 Than speryt thai at him off his state,  
 And he tauld thaim all hale the cass,  
 Howgate that he assailyt was.  
 And how that God him helpyt swa  
 That he eschapyt hale thaim fra.  
 Than lukyt thai how fele war ded:  
 And thai fand lyand in that sted  
 Fourtene, that war slayne with his hand.  
 Than lovyt<sup>2</sup> thai God fast<sup>3</sup>, all weildand<sup>4</sup>.  
 That thai thair lord fand hale and fer;  
 And said thaim byrd<sup>5</sup> on na maner  
 Drede thair fayis, sen thair chyftane  
 Wes off sic hart and off sic mayn  
 That he for thaim had wndretan  
 With swa fele for to fecht ane<sup>6</sup>.

2 praised.  
 3 hastily.  
 4 all in a host.  
 5 behaved.

6 single.

Syk wordis spak thai of the king,  
 And for his hey wndretaking  
 Farlyit<sup>7</sup>, and yarnyt hym for to se,  
 That with him ay wes wont to be.  
 A! quhat worschip is perfyt thing<sup>8</sup>!  
 For it mayss men till haiff loving<sup>9</sup>,  
 Giff it be folowit ythenly<sup>10</sup>.  
 For pryce off worschip nocht-forthi<sup>11</sup>  
 Is hard to wyn. For gret trawail,  
 Offt to defend and oft assaill,  
 And to be in thair dedis wyss,  
 Gerris men off worschip wyn the pryce.

7 wondered.

8 what honour is  
 a perfect deed.  
 9 praise.  
 10 consistently.

11 notwithstanding.

## The Goodwife of Carrick.

[The English warden, Sir Aymer de Valence, determined on a decisive blow, approaches with a great force. The king attacks him, but finds himself in turn attacked behind by John of Lorn with eight hundred men. Seeing the odds hopeless, he divides his following into three parties to distract pursuit. Again and again this device is resorted to, but John of Lorn, with a bloodhound, continually pursues the king's company. At last Bruce, left alone with his foster-brother, slays with his own hand four of five pursuers who overtake him. Then, losing heart, he declares he will go no further. But the foster-brother rallies him, and presently he remembers a device. Wading a bowshot down a running stream they throw the hound off the scent and escape. In this fight, it is said, Thomas Randolph on the English side won great honour by capturing Bruce's banner. The king and his man the same night are attacked when asleep by three assassins. The foster-brother is slain, but Bruce avenges his death on the three traitors. Afterwards he sets forth towards his tryst.]

The king went furth way and angry <sup>1</sup> ,	<sup>1</sup> woful and grieved.
Menand <sup>2</sup> his man full tendirly;	<sup>2</sup> lamenting.
And held his way, all him allane,	
And rycht towart the houss is gan	
Quhar he set tryst to meit his men.	
It wes weill inwith <sup>3</sup> nycht be then.	<sup>3</sup> towards.
He come sone in the houss, and fand	
The howsswyff on the benk <sup>4</sup> sittand;	<sup>4</sup> bench.
That askit him quhat he was,	
And quhen <sup>5</sup> he come, and quhar he gas.	<sup>5</sup> whence.
“A trawailand man, dame,” said he,	
“That trawaillys her throw the contré.”	
Scho said, ‘All that trawailand er,	
For ane his sak, ar welcum her.’	
The king said, “Gud dame, quhat is he	
That gerris yow haiff sic specialté <sup>6</sup>	<sup>6</sup> peculiar regard.
‘To men that trawailis?’ ‘Schyr, perfay,’	

Quoth the gud wyff, 'I sall yow say.  
 The king, Robert the Bruyss, is he,  
 That is rycht lord off this countré.  
 His fayis now haldis him in thrang<sup>1</sup>;  
 Bot I think to se or ocht lang<sup>2</sup>  
 Him lord and king our all the land,  
 That na fayis sall him withstand.'  
 "Dame, luffis thow him sa weil?" said he.  
 'Ya Schyr,' said scho, 'so God me se!  
 "Dame," sayd he, "[lo] hym her the by;  
 For Ik am he, I say the soithly<sup>3</sup>;  
 Yha certes, dame." 'And quhar are gane  
 Your men, quhen ye ar thus allane?  
 "At this time, dame, Ik haiff no ma<sup>4</sup>."  
 Scho said; 'It may na-wyss be swa.  
 Ik haiff twa sonnys, wycht and hardy;  
 Thai sall becum your men in hy.'  
 As scho diuisyt<sup>5</sup> thai haiff done;  
 His sworne men become thai sone.  
 The wyff syn gert him syt and ete:  
 Bot he has schort quhile at the mete  
 Syttyn, quhen he hard gret stamping  
 About the howss. Then, but letting,  
 Thai stert wp the howss for to defende.  
 That sone eftre the king has kend  
 James off Dowglas. Than wes he blyth,  
 And bad oppyn the durris swyth<sup>6</sup>.  
 And thai cum in, all that thar war.  
 Schyr Eduuard the Bruce wes thar.  
 And James alsua of Dowglas,  
 That wes eschapyt fra the chace

<sup>1</sup> struggle.<sup>2</sup> ere any length  
of time.<sup>3</sup> truly.<sup>4</sup> more.<sup>5</sup> devised.<sup>6</sup> quickly.

And with the kingis brothyr met.  
 Syn to the tryst that thaim wes set  
 Thai sped thaim with thair cumpany,  
 That war ane hundir and weile fyfty.

### Edward Bruce in Galloway.

[Successful in several minor engagements and in repulsing another private attack upon his life, the king determines to essay greater things. A detachment of a thousand men under Sir Philip Mowbray, coming from Bothwell to surprise him, are waylaid by Douglas near Kilmarnock and put to rout. Bruce then accepts a challenge from De Valence to join battle under Loudon Hill. Beforehand he takes care to manipulate the field so that the forces will meet on something like equal footing, and the result is the final overthrow of the English warden. Setting out forthwith to meet the hostile lords in the north, the king falls seriously ill. He is carried from place to place in a litter, and his friends begin to lose heart, till one day, his forces being attacked at Old Meldrum by Sir David of Brechin, he calls for his horse and armour, and routs at once his sickness and his enemies. Forfar Castle is taken and demolished, and Perth, after a six weeks' siege, falls before the king's attack in person. Meanwhile in the south Douglas has again by stratagem taken and destroyed his own castle, and Edward Bruce has set forth to free Galloway. After routing a large force by the Water of Cree he does not hesitate with only fifty men to fall upon fifteen hundred.]

Throw his chewalrouss chewalry  
 Galloway wes stonayit gretumly<sup>1</sup>,  
 And he dowtyt for his bounté<sup>2</sup>.  
 Sum off the men off the countré  
 Come till his pess, and maid him aith.  
 Bot Schyr Amery, that had the skaith<sup>3</sup>  
 Off the bargane<sup>4</sup> I tauld off er,  
 Raid till Inglan till purches ther  
 Off armyt men gret cumpany,  
 To weng him off the welany<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> greatly dismayed.

<sup>2</sup> feared for his worth.

<sup>3</sup> hurt.

<sup>4</sup> fight.

<sup>5</sup> avenge the disgrace.

That Schyr Eduuard, that noble knycht,  
 Him did by Cre in-to the fycht.  
 Off gud men he assemblit thar  
 Weill fyftene hundyr men and mar  
 That war off rycht gud renownmé.  
 His way with all that folk tuk he,  
 And in the land all priuely  
 Entryt with that chewalry,  
 Thynkand Schyr Eduuard to suppryss,  
 Giff that he mowcht on ony wiss.  
 For he thought he wald him assaile,  
 Or that he left, in playn bataill.  
 Now may ye her off gret ferly<sup>1</sup>  
 And off rycht hey chewalry.  
 For Schyr Eduuard in-to the land  
 Wes, with his mengné, rycht ner hand,  
 And in the mornyng rycht arly  
 Herd the countré men mak cry,  
 And had wytryng off thair cummyng.  
 Than buskyt he him, but delaying,  
 And lapp on horss delyuerly<sup>2</sup>.  
 He had than in route fyfty,  
 All apon gud horss armyt weill.  
 His small folk gert he ilkdeill<sup>3</sup>  
 Withdraw thaim till a strait tharby,  
 And he raid furth with his fyfty.

A knycht that then wes in his rowt,  
 Worthi<sup>4</sup> and wycht, stalwart and stout,  
 Curtaiss and fayr<sup>5</sup> and off gud fame,

<sup>1</sup> wonder.

<sup>2</sup> nimbly.

<sup>3</sup> caused he each  
one.

<sup>4</sup> Valorous.

<sup>5</sup> proper.

Schyr Alane off Catkert by name,  
 Tauld me this taile, as I sall tell.  
 Gret myst in-to the mornyng fell,  
 Sa thai mycht nocht se thaim by,  
 For myst, a bowdraucht fullely.  
 Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traiss,  
 Quhar-at the rowte furth passyt waiss  
 Off thair fayis, that forowth raid<sup>1</sup>.  
 Schyr Eduuard, that gret yarnyn had  
 All tymys to do chewalry,  
 With all his rout in full gret hy  
 Folowyt the traiss quhar gane war thai.  
 And befor midmorne off the day  
 The myst wox cler all sodanly.  
 And than he and his cumpany  
 War nocht a bowdrawcht fra the rout.  
 Than schot thai on thaim with a schout.  
 For gyff thai fled thai wyst that thai  
 Suld nocht weill feyrd<sup>2</sup> part get away.  
 Tharfor in awentur to dey  
 He wald him put or<sup>3</sup> he wald fley.  
 And quhen the Inglis cumpany  
 Saw on thaim cum sa sodanly  
 Sik folk, for-owtyn abaysyng<sup>4</sup>,  
 Thai war stonayt for effraying<sup>5</sup>.  
 And the tothyr, but mar abaid<sup>6</sup>,  
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid  
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.  
 Stonayit sa gretly than thai war  
 Throw the force off that fyrst assay  
 That thai war in-till gret effray;

<sup>1</sup> rode before.<sup>2</sup> fourth.<sup>3</sup> ere.<sup>4</sup> Such folk with-  
out abashment.<sup>5</sup> terror.<sup>6</sup> without more  
delay.

- <sup>1</sup> supposed.      And wend<sup>1</sup> befor thai had bene ma,  
 For that thai war assailit swa.  
<sup>2</sup> ridden through.      Quhen thai had thyrlit<sup>2</sup> thaim hastily  
 Than Schyr Eduuardis cumpany  
<sup>3</sup> Charged head-  
 long.      Set stoutly in the heid<sup>3</sup> agayne.  
 And at that courss borne doune and slayn  
 War off thair fayis a gret party,  
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly  
<sup>4</sup> dispersed.      That thai war scalyt<sup>4</sup> gretly then.  
 And quhen Schyr Eduuard and his men  
 Saw thaim in-till sa ewill aray  
<sup>5</sup> spurred.      The thrid tyme on thaim prekyt<sup>5</sup> thai.  
 And thai that saw thaim sa stoutly  
 Come on, dred thaim sa gretumly  
 That all thar rowt, bath less and mar,  
<sup>6</sup> scattered.      Fled prekand, scalyt<sup>6</sup> her and thar.  
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy  
 To bid; bot all comonaly  
<sup>7</sup> shelter.      Fled to warand<sup>7</sup>; and he gan chass  
 That wilfull to destroy thaim was.  
 And sum he tuk, and sum war slayn;  
 Bot Schyr Amery with mekill payn  
<sup>8</sup> went his way.      Eschapyt, and his gat is gayn<sup>8</sup>.  
 His men discumfyt war ilkane;  
 Sum tane, sum slayne, sum gat away.  
<sup>9</sup> right proper  
 point of war  
 indeed.      It wes a rycht fayr poynt perfay<sup>9</sup>.



## Thomas Randolph.

[Douglas coming one night to a house on the Water of Lynn listens and hears someone inside say, "The devil!" Judging his enemies to be within he surrounds the house, and after a fierce fight secures several notable prisoners, among others Bruce's nephew, Randolph, and his own cousin, Alexander Stewart.]

That nycht the gud lord off Dowglas  
 Maid to Schyr Alysander, that was  
 His emyss<sup>1</sup> sone, rycht glaidsome cher.  
 Swa did he als, with-owtyn wer<sup>2</sup>,  
 Till Thomas Randell; for that he  
 Wes to the king in ner degre  
 Off blud, for his sistre him bar.  
 And on the morne, for-owtyn mar<sup>3</sup>,  
 Towart the noble king he raid,  
 And with him bath thai twa he haid.  
 The king off his present was blyth,<sup>4</sup>  
 And thankyt him weill fele syth<sup>4</sup>.  
 And till hys nevo gan he say  
 "Thou has ane quhill renyid thi fay<sup>5</sup>,  
 Bot thou reconsalit now mon be."  
 Then till the king ansueryt he,  
 And said, 'Ye chasty<sup>6</sup> me; bot ye  
 Aucht better chastyt for to be.  
 For sene ye werrayit<sup>7</sup> the king  
 Off Ingland, in playne fechting<sup>8</sup>  
 Ye suld press to derenyhe<sup>9</sup> [your] rycht,  
 And nocht with cowardy na with slycht.<sup>7</sup>  
 The king said, "Yeit fall it may  
 Cum, or oucht lang<sup>10</sup>, to sic assay.

1 uncle's.

2 without restriction, *lit.* guard.

3 without more (ado).

4 very many times.

5 forsworn thy allegiance.

6 reprove.

7 made war on.

8 in open fight.

9 determine by battle.

10 ere long.

Bot sen thow spekys sa rudly,  
 It is gret skyl<sup>1</sup> men chasty  
 Thai proud wordis till that thow knaw  
 The rycht, and bow it as thow aw<sup>2</sup>.  
 The king, for-owtyn mar delaying,  
 Send him to be in ferme keping  
 Quhar that he allane suld be  
 Nocht all apon his powsté<sup>3</sup> fre.

And quhen a litill time wes went,  
 Eftre Thomas Randell he sent;  
 And sa weile with him tretit he,  
 That he his man hecht<sup>4</sup> for to be.  
 And the king his ire him forgave:  
 And for to hey<sup>5</sup> his state him gave  
 Murreff, and erle tharoff him maid,  
 And othyr sundry landis braid  
 He gave him in-till heretage.  
 He knew his worthi wasselage<sup>6</sup>  
 And his gret wit and his awyss<sup>7</sup>,  
 His traist hart, and his lele seruice.  
 Tharfor in him affyit he<sup>8</sup>.  
 And ryche maid him off land and fe,  
 As it wes certis rycht worthi.  
 For, and men spek off him trewly,  
 He wes swa curageous ane knycht,  
 Sa wyss, sa worthy, and sa wycht,  
 And off sa souerane gret bounté<sup>9</sup>,  
 That mekill<sup>10</sup> off him may spokyn be.  
 And for I think off him to rede<sup>11</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> reason.<sup>2</sup> bend to it as  
thou ought.<sup>3</sup> effort.<sup>4</sup> engaged.<sup>5</sup> heighten.<sup>6</sup> valorous  
achievement.<sup>7</sup> his sagacity and  
his prudence.<sup>8</sup> he put faith.<sup>9</sup> goodness.<sup>10</sup> much.<sup>11</sup> discourse.

And to schaw part off his gud dede,  
 I will discryve now his fassoun<sup>1</sup>  
 And part off his condicioun.  
 He wes off mesurabill statur<sup>2</sup>,  
 And weile porturat at mesur<sup>3</sup>,  
 With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,  
 Curtaiss at poynt, and debonayr,  
 And off rycht sekyr contenyng<sup>4</sup>.  
 Lawté he lowyt atour<sup>5</sup> all thing;  
 Falset, tresoun, and felony,  
 He stud agayne ay encrely<sup>6</sup>.  
 He heyt<sup>7</sup> honour ay, and larges<sup>8</sup>,  
 And ay mantemyt<sup>9</sup> rychtwysnes.  
 In cumpany solacious<sup>10</sup>  
 He was, and tharwith amorous.  
 And gud knyghtis he luffyt ay.  
 And, giff I the suth sall say,  
 He wes fulfillit off bounté,  
 Als off wertuyts all maid was he.  
 I will commend him her no mar:  
 Bot ye sall her weile forthyrmar  
 That he for his dedis worthy  
 Suld weile be prysyt souerandy<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> describe the  
fashion of him.

<sup>2</sup> middle stature.

<sup>3</sup> showed his  
height well.

<sup>4</sup> firm demean-  
our.

<sup>5</sup> Truth he  
esteemed  
above.

<sup>6</sup> in his heart.

<sup>7</sup> exalted.

<sup>8</sup> liberty.

<sup>9</sup> possessed.

<sup>10</sup> cheerful.

<sup>11</sup> sovereignly.

Quhen the king thus was with him saucht<sup>12</sup>,  
 And gret lordschippis had him betaucht<sup>13</sup>,  
 He woux sa wyse and sa awysé  
 That his land fyrst weill stablyst he,  
 And syne he sped him to the wer,  
 Till help his eyne in his myster<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> softened.

<sup>13</sup> bestowed.

<sup>14</sup> need

### The Battle of Bannockburn.

[Meanwhile the king has routed the forces of John of Lorn under Ben Cruachan, and has taken Dunstaffnage. William Bunnock, a doughty farmer, concealing men under his supplies of hay, has surprised Linlithgow peel. Douglas on St. Fastern's Eve, approaching upon hands and knees in the dusk, has his men mistaken for a herd of wandering cattle, and succeeds in scaling the walls of Roxburgh. And Randolph, after a hopeless siege, gains access to Edinburgh Castle by a perilous lover's path, and wins it for the king. Edward Bruce, having overcome all Galloway and Nithsdale and reduced Rutherglen and Dundee, lays siege to Stirling. The place is impregnable, but at last, provisions running low, the governor offers to make a treaty to deliver the castle provided it be not relieved by midsummer. Edward Bruce agrees. The king at the intelligence blames his brother's rashness in allowing so long a grace to so powerful an enemy, but nevertheless makes the best preparation he can. At the same time Edward II. of England, seeing here an opportunity of conquering the whole of the north at one blow, summons all his resources. A hundred thousand men assemble on the east border. Here Edward joins them, and they are arrayed under renowned leaders.]

<sup>1</sup> thus-wise.

Quhen the king apoun this kyn wyss<sup>1</sup>

Had ordanyt, as Ik her diuiss,

<sup>2</sup> governing.

His bataillis and his stering<sup>2</sup>,

He raiss arly in a mornynng,

And fra Berwik he tuk the way.

<sup>3</sup> covered.

Bath hillis and walis helyt<sup>3</sup> thai,

As the bataillis that war braid

<sup>4</sup> Rode disposed  
over the fields.

Departyt our the feldis raid<sup>4</sup>.

The sone wes brycht and schynand cler,

And armouris that burnyst wer

Swa blomyt with the sonnys beme

<sup>5</sup> blaze.

That all the land wes in a leme<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> displayed.

Baneris rycht fayrly flawmand<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> streamers  
waving.

And penselys to the wynd wawand<sup>7</sup>

Swa fele thar war of ser quantiss<sup>1</sup> † fair design.  
 That it war gret slycht<sup>2</sup> to diuise. ‡ skill.  
 And suld I tell all thar affer<sup>3</sup>, † equipment.  
 Thar contenance, and thar maner,  
 Thocht I couth I suld combryt be.  
 The king, with all that gret menye,  
 Till Edinburgh he raid him rycht.  
 Thai war all out to fele<sup>4</sup> to fycht † too many.  
 With few folk of a symple land.  
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat ma withstand?

The king Robert, quhen he hard say  
 That Inglis men in sic aray  
 And in-to sua gret quantité  
 Come in his land, in hy gert he  
 His men be somound generaly.  
 And thai come all, full wilfully,  
 To the Torwood, quhar that the king  
 Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

[Edward Bruce, Stewart, Douglas, and Randolph join the king, and the Scottish forces number over thirty thousand. Bruce arranges them in four "battles." On Saturday he hears that the English are in Edinburgh. Accordingly he leads his army to the New Park before Stirling, and to equalize the conflict, honeycombs the ground on his left with foot-pits against cavalry. At sunrise on Sunday the Scots hear mass, and that day keep fast for the Vigil of St. John. Bruce bids all who are faint-hearted leave the field, but all answer with a cry of resolution. That night the English lie at Falkirk, and Murray is set to keep succours out of Stirling. Next day the English appear, covering hill and plain with shining mail and waving banners. They detach eight hundred horse under Clifford to relieve Stirling by making a circuit. The king pointing this out to Murray declares that "a rose of his chaplet is fallen." The latter, stung and mortified, dashes against the succours with five hundred men, and after a terrible conflict puts them to rout. Meanwhile the main body of the English approaches.]

And quhen the king wist that thai wer,  
 In hale bataill, cummand sa ner,  
 His bataill gert he weill array.  
 He raid apon a litill palfray,  
 Laucht<sup>1</sup>, and joly arayand  
 His bataill, with an ax in hand.  
 And on his bassynet he bar  
 An hat of tyre aboune ay quhar<sup>2</sup>,  
 And thar-wpon, in-to taknyng<sup>3</sup>,  
 Ane hey croune, that he wes king.

And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war  
 With thair bataill approchand ner,  
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,  
 With helm on heid and sper in hand,  
 Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi,  
 That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy,  
 And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne,  
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne,  
 Come on a sted a bow-schote ner,  
 Befor all othyr that thar wer;  
 And knew the king, for that he saw  
 Him swa rang his men on raw<sup>4</sup>,  
 And by the croune that wes set  
 Alsua apon his bassynet.  
 And towart him he went in hy<sup>5</sup>.  
 And [quhen] the king sua apertly<sup>6</sup>  
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris<sup>7</sup>,  
 In hy till him the hors he steris<sup>8</sup>.  
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the king  
 Cum on, for-owtyn abaysing,

<sup>1</sup> clad (in mail).

<sup>2</sup> a tiara hat  
above every-  
thing.

<sup>3</sup> in token.

<sup>4</sup> range in row.

<sup>5</sup> haste.

<sup>6</sup> boldly.

<sup>7</sup> before his com-  
rades.

<sup>8</sup> steers.

Till him he raid in full gret hy.  
 He thought that he suld weill lychtly<sup>1</sup>  
 Wyn<sup>2</sup> him and haf him at his will,  
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.  
 Sprent thai samyn in-till a ling<sup>3</sup>.  
 Schyr Henry myssit the noble king;  
 And he, that in his sterapys stud,  
 With the ax that wes hard and gud  
 With sa gret mayne raucht him a dynt<sup>4</sup>  
 That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt<sup>5</sup>  
 The hewy dusche<sup>6</sup> that he him gave,  
 That ner the heid till the harnys<sup>7</sup> clave.  
 The hand ax schaft fruschet in twa<sup>8</sup>,  
 And he doune to the erd gan ga  
 All flatlynys, for him faillyt mycht.  
 This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht.

<sup>1</sup> very easily.<sup>2</sup> reach.<sup>3</sup> They sped together in a line.<sup>4</sup> With so great strength reached him a blow.<sup>5</sup> stop.<sup>6</sup> heavy crash.<sup>7</sup> brain.<sup>8</sup> shivered in two.

[As night falls Bruce addresses his troops, orders their conduct on the morrow, and declares their enemies already morally discomfited. Next morning he makes knights and arrays his battle.]

And quhen the king off Ingland  
 Swa the Scottis saw tak on hand,  
 Takand the hard feyld sa opynly,  
 And apon fute, he had ferly<sup>9</sup>,  
 And said, "Quhat! will yone Scottis fycht?"  
 'Ya sekyrly!' said a knycht,  
 Schyr Ingrame the Wmfrawill hat he<sup>10</sup>;  
 And said, 'Forsuth now, Schyr, I se  
 It is the mast ferlyfull sycht  
 That euyre I saw, quhen for to fycht  
 The Scottis men has tane on hand

<sup>9</sup> he marvelled.<sup>10</sup> he was called.

Agayne the mycht of Ingland  
 In plane hard feild to giff bataile.  
 Bot, and ye will trow<sup>1</sup> my consaill,  
 Ye sall discomfyt thaim lychtly.  
 Withdrawys you hyne<sup>2</sup> sodandly,  
 With bataillis and with penownys,  
 Quhill that we pass our pailyownyis<sup>3</sup>;  
 And ye sall se alsone that thai,  
 Magre<sup>4</sup> thair lordys, sall brek aray  
 And scaile<sup>5</sup> thaim our harnays<sup>6</sup> to ta.  
 And quhen we se thaim scalit sua  
 Prik we than on thaim hardely,  
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly :  
 For than sall nane be kny<sup>7</sup> to fycht  
 That may withstand your mekill mycht.<sup>7</sup>  
 "I will nocht," said the king, "perfay,  
 Do sa: for thar sall na man say  
 That I sall eschew the bataill,  
 Na withdraw me for sic rangaile<sup>8</sup>."

Quhen this wes said, that er said I,  
 The Scottis men comounaly  
 Knelyt all doune, to God to pray.  
 And a schort prayer thar maid thai  
 To God, to help thaim in that fycht.  
 And quhen the Inglis king had sycht  
 Off thaim kneland, he said in hy,  
 "Yone folk knel to ask mercy."  
 Schyr Ingrahame said, 'Ye say suth now.  
 Thai ask mercy; bot nane at yow.  
 For thair trespas to God thai cry.



I tell yow a thing sekyrly,  
 That yone men will all wyn or de :  
 For doute of dede<sup>1</sup> thai sall nocht fle.<sup>2</sup> 1 fear of death.  
 “Now be it sa than,” said the king.  
 And than, but langer delaying,  
 Thai gert trump till the assemblé<sup>2</sup>. 2 joining of  
battle.  
 On athir sid men mycht than se  
 Mony a wucht man and worthi  
 Redy to do chawalry.

[The divisions of Edward Bruce, Murray, and Douglas each are attacked. The king, observing how the English archers gall his troops, despatches Sir Robert Keith with five hundred light horse, who destroys and routs them utterly. Meanwhile the Scottish archers make havoc among the English cavalry.]

And the gud king Robert, that ay  
 Wes fillyt off full gret bounté,  
 Saw how that his bataillis thre  
 Sa hardely assemblyt thar  
 And sa weill in the fycht thaim bar,  
 And swa fast on thair fayis gan ding<sup>3</sup> 3 drive.  
 That him thought nane had abaysing,  
 And how the archeris war scalyt then,  
 He was all blyth; and till his men  
 He said, “Lordingis, now luk that ye  
 Worthy and off gud cowyn<sup>4</sup> be 4 artifice, con-  
duct.  
 At thys assemblé, and hardy,  
 And assemblill sa sturdely  
 That na thing may befor yow stand.  
 Our men are sa freschly fechtand  
 That thai thair fayis has grathyt sua<sup>5</sup> 5 prepared sc.

<sup>1</sup> undertake.

That be thai pressyt, Ik wndreta<sup>1</sup>,  
A litill fastyr, ye sal se  
That thai discumfyt sone sall be."

<sup>2</sup> driven (back) a  
great deal.

<sup>3</sup> fiercely.

<sup>4</sup> achievements.

Quhen this wes said thai held thair way,  
And on ane feld assemblyt thai  
Sa stoutly, that at thair cummyng  
Thair fayis war ruschyt a gret thing<sup>2</sup>.  
Thar mycht men se men felly<sup>3</sup> fycht,  
And men that worthi war and wycht  
Do mony worthi wasselage<sup>4</sup>.  
Thai faucht as thai war in a rage;  
For quhen the Scottis archery  
Saw thair fayis sa sturdely  
Stand in-to bataill thaim agayn,  
With all thair mycht and all thair mayn  
Thai layid on, as men out of wit,  
And quhar thai with full strak mycht hyt,  
Thar mycht na armur stynt thair strak.  
Thai to fruchyt<sup>5</sup> that thai mycht our-tak,  
And with axys sic duschys gave  
That thai helmys and hedis clave.  
And thar fayis rycht hardely  
Met thaim, and dang on thaim doughtely,  
With wapnys that war styth of stele<sup>6</sup>.  
Thar wes the bataill strekyt wele<sup>7</sup>.  
Sa gret dyn thar wes of dyntis,  
As wapnys apon armur styntis,  
And off speris sa gret brestring<sup>8</sup>,  
And sic thrang<sup>9</sup>, and sic thrysting,  
Sic gyrnyng<sup>10</sup>, granyng<sup>11</sup>, and sa gret

<sup>5</sup> also broke  
(rank).

<sup>6</sup> weapons strong  
of steel.

<sup>7</sup> engaged in well.

<sup>8</sup> breaking.

<sup>9</sup> rushing to-  
gether.

<sup>10</sup> grinning.

<sup>11</sup> groaning.

A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit,  
 And ensenyeys<sup>1</sup> on ilka sid,  
 Gewand and takand woundis wid,  
 That it wes hydwyss for to her.

<sup>1</sup> war-cries.

All thair four bataillis with that wer  
 Fechtand in a frount halyly.  
 A mychty God! how doughtely  
 Schyr Eduuard the Bruce and his men  
 Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then!  
 Fechtand in sa gud covyn,  
 Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyne,  
 That thar waward ruschyt was<sup>2</sup>,  
 And, maugre tharis, left the place,  
 And till thar gret rout to warand  
 Thai went; that tane had apon hand  
 Sa gret anoy that thai war effrayit  
 For Scottis that thaim hard assayit<sup>3</sup>  
 That than war in a schiltrum<sup>4</sup> all.  
 Quha hapnyt in-to that fycht to fall  
 I trow agane he suld nocht ryss.  
 Thar mycht men se on mony wyss  
 Hardimentis eschewyt<sup>5</sup> doughtely,  
 And mony that wycht war and hardy  
 Sone liand wndre fete all dede,  
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.  
 Armys and quhytyss<sup>6</sup> that thai bar  
 With blud war sa defoulyt thar  
 That thai mycht nocht descroyit<sup>7</sup> be.  
 A mychty God! quha than mycht se  
 That Stewart, Waltre, and his rout,

<sup>2</sup> their vanguard  
 was driven  
 (back).

<sup>3</sup> attacked.

<sup>4</sup> a host in round  
 formation.

<sup>5</sup> daring deeds  
 achieved.

<sup>6</sup> military hats.

<sup>7</sup> described.

And the gud Douglas that wes sa stout,  
 Fechtand in-to that stalwart stour,  
 He suld say that till all honour  
 Thai war worthi that in that fycht  
 Sa fast pressyt thair fayis mycht,  
 That thaim ruschytt quhar thai yeid.  
 Thar men mycht se mony a steid  
 Fleand on stray, that lord had nane.  
 A Lord! quha then gud tent<sup>1</sup> had tane  
 Till the gud erle of Murreff,  
 And his, that sa gret rowtis geff<sup>2</sup>,  
 And faucht sa fast in that battaill,  
 Tholand<sup>3</sup> sic paynys and trawaill  
 That thai and tharis maid sic debat<sup>4</sup>  
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.  
 Than mycht men her enseynyeis cry,  
 And Scottis men cry hardely,  
 "On thaim! On thaim! On thaim! Thai faile!"  
 With that sa hard thai gan assaile,  
 And slew all that thai mycht our-ta,  
 And the Scottis archeris alsua  
 Schot amang them sa deliuerly,  
 Engrewand<sup>5</sup> thaim sa gretumly,  
 That quhat for thaim that with thaim faucht  
 That swa gret rowtis to thaim raucht  
 And pressyt thaim full egrely,  
 And quhat for arowis that felly<sup>6</sup>  
 Mony gret woundis gan thaim ma  
 And slew fast off thair horss alsua,  
 That thai wandyst a litill wei<sup>7</sup>.  
 Thai dred sa gretly then to dey

<sup>1</sup> attention.<sup>2</sup> so great blows  
gave.<sup>3</sup> undergoing.<sup>4</sup> contention.<sup>5</sup> vexing.<sup>6</sup> in dire manner.<sup>7</sup> showed fear  
somewhat.

That thair cownyn wes wer and wer<sup>1</sup>.  
 For thai that fechtand with thaim wer  
 Set hardement and strenth and will  
 And hart and corage als thar-till,  
 And all thair mayne and all thair mycht,  
 To put thaim fully to [the] flycht.

<sup>1</sup> their carriage  
 was worse and  
 worse.

[At this point the Scottish camp-followers, who had been ordered to the rear by Bruce, desiring to see the battle, mount sheets on poles for banners, and, fifteen thousand strong, are seen coming over the Gillies' Hill. The distant sight utterly disheartens the wearied English, who take it for the approach of fresh Scottish reserves. As Bruce leads a new attack in person they begin to give way, and the rout is soon general.]

And quhen the king of England  
 Saw his men fley in syndry place,  
 And saw his fayis rout that was  
 Worthyn<sup>2</sup> sa wycht and sa hardy—  
 That all his folk war halyly  
 Sa stonayit<sup>3</sup> that thai had na mycht  
 To stynt<sup>4</sup> thair fayis in the fycht—  
 He was abaysyt<sup>5</sup> sa gretumly  
 That he and his cumpany,  
 Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,  
 In-till a frusch<sup>6</sup> all tok the flycht,  
 And to the castell held thair way.  
 And yeyt haiff Ik hard som men say  
 That of Walence Schir Aymer,  
 When he the feld saw wencusyt ner,  
 Be the reyngye led away the king,  
 Agayne his will, fra the fechting.

<sup>2</sup> become.

<sup>3</sup> dismayed.

<sup>4</sup> stay.

<sup>5</sup> confounded.

<sup>6</sup> broken rout.

And quhen Schyr Gylis the Argenté  
 Saw the king thus and his menye

Schap thaim to fley sa spedyly,  
 He come rycht to the king in hy  
 And said, "Schyr, sen it is sua  
 That ye thusgat your gat will ga<sup>1</sup>,  
 Hawys gud day! for agayne will I.  
 Yeyt fled I neuir sekryly<sup>2</sup>,  
 And I cheyss her to bid<sup>3</sup> and dey,  
 Than for to lyve schamly, and fley."  
 Hys bridill, but mar abad,  
 He turnyt, and agayne he rade,  
 And on Eduuard the Bruyss rout,  
 That wes sa sturdy and sa stout  
 As drede off nakyn<sup>4</sup> thing had he,  
 He prikyt, cryand, "The Argenté!"  
 And thai with spuris swa him met,  
 And swa fele<sup>5</sup> speris on him set,  
 That he and hors war chargyt swa  
 That bathe till the erd gan ga,  
 And in that place thar slane wes he.  
 Off hys deid wes rycht gret pité;  
 He wes the thrid best knycht, perfay,  
 That men wyst lywand<sup>6</sup> in his day.

[Thirty thousand dead and all the English baggage are left on the field. Douglas pursues King Edward to Dunbar, and night falls upon the weary but joyful army of Scotland.]

And on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
 The king raiss, as his willis<sup>7</sup> was.  
 Than ane Inglis knycht, throw cass<sup>8</sup>,  
 Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand<sup>9</sup>,  
 Swa that na man laid on him hand.  
 In a busk<sup>10</sup> he hid hys armyng,

<sup>1</sup> thus your way  
will go.

<sup>2</sup> assuredly.

<sup>3</sup> choose here to  
abide.

<sup>4</sup> no kind of.

<sup>5</sup> many.

<sup>6</sup> knew living.

<sup>7</sup> custom.

<sup>8</sup> by chance.

<sup>9</sup> wandering, *lit.*  
wawering.

<sup>10</sup> bush.

And waytyt quhill he saw the king  
 In the morne cum forth arly:  
 Till him than is he went in hy.  
 Schyr Marmeduk the Twengue he hycht<sup>1</sup>.  
 He raykyt<sup>2</sup> till the king all rycht,  
 And halyst<sup>3</sup> him upon his kne.  
 "Welcum, Schyr Marmeduk," said he;  
 "To quhat man art thow presoner?"  
 'To nane,' he said, 'bot to you her.  
 I yeld me at your will to be.'  
 "And I ressave the, Schyr," said he.  
 Than gert<sup>4</sup> he tret him curtasly.  
 He duelt lang in his cumpany,  
 And syne till Ingland him send he,  
 Arayit weile, but ransoun fre,  
 And geff him gret gyftis tharto.  
 A worthi man that sua wald do  
 Mycht mak him gretly for to prise<sup>5</sup>.

Quhen Marmeduk apou this wiss  
 Was yoldyn<sup>6</sup>, as Ik to yow say,  
 Than come Schir Philip the Mowbray  
 And to the king yauld the castell.  
 His cunnand hes he haldyn<sup>7</sup> well,  
 And with him tretyt sua the king,  
 That he belewyt<sup>8</sup> of his duelling,  
 And held him lelely his fay  
 Quhill the last end off his lyf day.

<sup>1</sup> was named.<sup>2</sup> reached, *lit.*  
ranged.<sup>3</sup> saluted.<sup>4</sup> caused.<sup>5</sup> be praised.<sup>6</sup> yielded.<sup>7</sup> his covenant  
has he kept.<sup>8</sup> delivered up.

[Among the results of the battle Bruce receives back his queen and his daughter Marjory in exchange for the Earl of Hereford. Marjory is married to Walter Stewart, and the king sets his realm in order.]

## The King and the Lavyndar.

[After the battle of Bannockburn the poem proceeds to recount the enterprises and successes of the king's generals. While Douglas holds the Border, Edward Bruce carries victory into Ireland. King Robert himself during one campaign takes the command there, and during their march then a point of chivalry is noticed.]

The king has hard a woman cry ;  
 He askyt quhat that wes in hy<sup>1</sup>.  
 "It is the layndar<sup>2</sup>, Schyr," said ane,  
 "That hyr child-ill<sup>3</sup> rycht now has tane,  
 And mon<sup>4</sup> leve now behind ws her :  
 Tharfor scho makys yone iwill<sup>5</sup> cher."  
 The king said, 'Certis, it war pité  
 That scho in that poynt<sup>6</sup> left suld be ;  
 For certis I trow thar is na man  
 That he ne will rew a woman than.'  
 Hiss ost all thar arestyt he,  
 And gert a tent sone stentit<sup>7</sup> be,  
 And gert hyr gang<sup>8</sup> in hastily,  
 And othyr wemen to be hyr by.  
 Quhill scho wes deliuer he bad,  
 And syne furth on his wayis raid.  
 And how scho furth suld caryit be,  
 Or euir he furth fur<sup>9</sup>, ordanyt he.  
 This wes a full gret curtasy,  
 That swilk<sup>10</sup> a king, and sa mychty,  
 Gert his men duell on this maner,  
 Bot for a pouir lauender.

<sup>1</sup> in haste.<sup>2</sup> laundress.<sup>3</sup> travail-pains.<sup>4</sup> must.<sup>5</sup> evil.<sup>6</sup> extremity.<sup>7</sup> set up.<sup>8</sup> go.<sup>9</sup> fared forth.<sup>10</sup> such.



## The Death of Bruce.

[Berwick, the last stronghold in Scotland held by the English, is taken by Douglas and Randolph, and Walter Stewart installed as governor. Then follows a long, minute, and stirring account of its siege by the English king. Bruce finally relieves the place by making a counter-march into England which draws off the besiegers. In Ireland Edward Bruce is slain at last in a rash attack against hopeless odds, and that country in consequence is presently abandoned to its English holders. Encouraged by this event, Edward II. makes one more attempt upon Scotland with his whole force. But Bruce burns and drives all forage into the north, and the English army, finding neither enemy to fight nor provisions to eat, is compelled to retire. It is followed by Bruce, and finally at Biland, in Yorkshire, in its famished state put to utter rout. King Robert next devotes himself to the establishment of justice and order in his kingdom, concludes and enforces a peace with England, and after, with the consent of his parliament, settling the succession first on his son, and, failing him, on the children of his daughter Marjory and Walter Stewart, dies in ease and honour at Cardross on the Clyde.]

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes  
 And affermyt with sekyrnes<sup>1</sup>,  
 The king to Cardros went in hy,  
 And thar him tuk sa fellely<sup>2</sup>  
 The seknes, and him trawailit swa,  
 That he wyst him behowyt to ma  
 Off all his liff the commoun end,  
 That is to dede, quhen God will send.  
 Tharfor his lettrys sone send he  
 For the lordis off his countré,  
 And thai come as thai bidding had.  
 His testament than has he maid  
 Befor bath lordis and prelati;  
 And to religioun of ser statis<sup>3</sup>  
 For hele of his saule gaf he  
 Siluer into gret quantité.

<sup>1</sup> confirmed  
 securely.

<sup>2</sup> severely.

<sup>3</sup> several esta-  
 blishments.

He ordanyt for his saule weill,  
 And quhen this done wes ilkadele<sup>1</sup>  
 He said, "Lordingis, swa is it gayn  
 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,  
 That is the dede, withowtyn drede,  
 That ilk man mon thole off nede.  
 And I thank God that has me sent  
 Space in this lyve me to repent ;  
 For throwch me and my werraying<sup>2</sup>  
 Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling,  
 Quhar mony sakles<sup>3</sup> men war slayn.  
 Tharfor this seknes and this payn  
 I tak in thank for my trespass.  
 And myn hart fichyt<sup>4</sup> sekirly was  
 Quhen I wes in prosperité,  
 Off my synnys to sauffyt<sup>5</sup> be  
 To trawaill apon Goddis fayis.  
 And sen he now me till him tayis<sup>6</sup>,  
 Swa that the body may na-wyss  
 Fullfill that the hart gan dewyss<sup>7</sup>,  
 I wald the hart war thiddy sent  
 Quhar-in consawyt<sup>8</sup> wes that entent.  
 Tharfor I pray yow cuirilkan<sup>9</sup>  
 That ye amang yow chess me ane  
 That be honest, wiss, and wicht,  
 And off his hand a noble knycht,  
 On Goddis fayis my hart to ber  
 Quhen saule and corss disseueryt er.  
 For I wald it war worthily  
 Broucht thar, sen God will nocht that I  
 Haiff pouer thiddywart to ga."

<sup>1</sup> every whit.<sup>2</sup> war-making.<sup>3</sup> blameless<sup>4</sup> fixed.<sup>5</sup> absolved.<sup>6</sup> takes.<sup>7</sup> devise.<sup>8</sup> conceived.<sup>9</sup> everyone.

Than war thair hartis all sar wa<sup>1</sup> 1 sorely woful.  
 That nayne mycht hald him fra greting<sup>2</sup>. 2 weeping.  
 He bad thaim leve thair sorowing ;  
 For it, he said, mycht nocht releve,  
 And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve<sup>3</sup>; 3 vex.  
 And prayit thaim in hy to do  
 The thing that thai war chargit to.  
 Than went thai furth with dreary mode.  
 Amang thaim thai thoct it gode  
 That the worthi lord of Douglas  
 Best schapyn for that trawail was.  
 And quhen the king hard that thai swa  
 Had ordanyt him his hart to ta  
 That he mast yarynt suld it haff,  
 He said, "Sa God him-self me saiff!  
 I hald me rycht weill payit that yhe  
 Haff chosyn him ; for his bounté  
 And his worschip set my yaryng  
 Ay sen I thought to do this thing,  
 That he it with him thar suld ber.  
 And sen ye all assentit er  
 It is the mar likand<sup>4</sup> to me. 4 agreeable.  
 Lat se now quhat thar-till sayis he."  
 And quhen the gud lord of Douglas  
 Wist that thing thus spokyn was  
 He come and knelit to the king,  
 And on this wiss maid him thanking.  
 "I thank you gretly, lord," said he,  
 "Off mony largess and gret bounté  
 That yhe haff done me felsyss<sup>5</sup> 5 very often.  
 Sen fyrst I come to your servyce.

<sup>1</sup> *digne.*

Bot our all thing I mak thanking  
 That ye sa dyng<sup>1</sup> and worthi thing  
 As your hart that enlumynyt wes  
 Of all bounté and all prowes  
<sup>2</sup> *keeping.* Will that I in my yemsall<sup>2</sup> tak.  
 For yow, Schyr, I will blythly mak  
 This trawaill, gif God will me gif  
 Layser and space swa lang to lyff."  
 The king him thankyt tendrely.  
 Than wes nane in that cumpany  
 That thai na wepyt for pité.  
 Thar cher anoyus wes to se.

<sup>3</sup> *enterprise.*

Quhen the Lord Douglas on this wiss  
 Had wndretane sa hey empriss<sup>3</sup>  
 As the gud kyngis hart to ber  
 On Goddis fayis apon wer  
 Prissyt for his empriss wes he.  
 And the kingis infirmyté  
 Woux mar and mar, quhill at the last  
 The dulfull dede approchit fast.

<sup>4</sup> *true (vrai).*

And quhen he had gert till him do  
 All that gud crystyn man fell to  
 With werray<sup>4</sup> repentance he gaf  
 The gast, that God till hewyn haiff  
 Amang his chossyn folk to be  
 In joy, solace, and angell gle!

<sup>5</sup> *place to place.*

And fra his folk wyst he wes ded  
 The sorow raiss fra steid to steid<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> *tear:*

Thar mycht men se men ryve<sup>6</sup> thair har,

<sup>7</sup> *weep full sore.*

And comounly kychtis gret full sar<sup>7</sup>,

And thar newffys<sup>1</sup> oft samyn<sup>2</sup> dryve,  
 And as woud<sup>3</sup> men thair clathis ryve,  
 Regratand his worthi bounté,  
 His wyt, his strenth, his honesté;  
 And our all, the gret cumpany  
 That he thaim maid oft curtasly.  
 "All our defens," thai said, "allace!  
 And he that all our comford was,  
 Our wyt and all our gouernyng,  
 Allace! is brought her till ending!  
 His worschip and his mekill<sup>4</sup> mycht  
 Maid all that war with him sa wycht<sup>5</sup>  
 That thai mycht neur abaysit be  
 Quhill forouth<sup>6</sup> thaim thai mycht him se.  
 Allace! quhat sall we do or say?  
 For on lyff quhill he lesty, ay  
 With all our nychtbowris dred war we,  
 And in-till mony ser countré  
 Off our worschip sprang the renoun;  
 And that wes all for his persoune."  
 With swilk<sup>7</sup> wordis thai maid thair mayn;  
 And sekyrly woundre wes nane<sup>8</sup>,  
 For better gouernour than he  
 Mycht in na countré fundyn be.

1 hands.  
 2 together.  
 3 mad.

4 great.

5 able.

6 in front of.

7 such.

8 assuredly it was  
no wonder.

[The poem ends with the death of Douglas in his attempt to carry the Bruce's heart through Spain to the Holy Land. Successful in a great battle against the Saracens, the Scottish company presses the pursuit too far, and some of the knights are presently surrounded. Perceiving Sir William St. Clair battling against hopeless odds, Douglas exclaims, "Yonder brave knight will be slain if he have not help," and spurring again into the fray he falls there with his friends. The king's heart is brought home again, and buried by Murray in Melrose Abbey.]



ANDROW OF WYNTOUN.





## ANDROW OF WYNTOUN.

THERE have been chroniclers and there have been historians, and the office of the one is not to be mistaken for the office of the other. The chronicler undertakes to do no more than set down in the order of their happening the events and circumstances of a certain time. The object of the historian, on the other hand, is to sift and assort facts, to show their relation, and by their proper arrangement and interpretation to reveal the principles of their occurrence, the tragedy and comedy which everywhere underlie the outer movement of events. Androw of Wyntoun made no claim to the title of historian. He called his work simply a chronicle of Scotland, and it does not appear that he aimed at greater things than the name suggests. It may be said that the opportunity lay to his hand, as an ecclesiastic familiar with the sources of information, to write a great epic of the Scottish Church, displaying behind the events of history that church's rise to power among the estates of the realm. He did not, however, essay the laurels of the epic poet. Other ideals of poetry, moreover, probably formed as small a part of his

object. As he did not attempt any masterly grouping of the march of events towards a national purpose, so, it would seem, he had no thought of touching with artistic design the plain circumstances of his narrative. The reader will look through the *Cronykil of Scotland* almost in vain for the excitement of a dramatic situation, the contrast and climax of human emotion. Hardly at all will he find that focussing of objects to their most interesting point of view which distinguishes a picture from a map, the work of the artist from the work of the artizan. Nowhere, it may safely be said, will he taste the breath of that ethereal wine, strangely stirring the heart, which is the vintage of great poetic genius.

The chief value of Wyntoun's work must remain its value as a chronicle, its worth as material for history. In this respect its importance has long been recognised, and out of its substance, by craftsmen like Tytler, Scott, and Hill Burton, have been quarried the corner-stones of many a historic edifice. As material for poetry, however, if not always as poetry itself, the *Cronykil* is deserving of more attention than it has yet received. Many of the circumstances of the remote period set forth in its pages have a quaint picturesqueness peculiar to themselves. Wyntoun had a happy faculty for collecting and incorporating typical facts and stories; and amid the huge mass of his narrative, neglected mostly because of the labour of finding them, there are discoverable glimpses of scenes and episodes set in a romantic atmosphere without conscious effort of art. For the fair

preservation of these, rather than for the poor fact of his work being presented in form of rhythm, the author of the *Orygynale Cronykil* must maintain a place of respect among the early poets of Scotland.

Almost all that is known of Wyntoun himself has been gathered from the pages of his work. Regarding his origin nothing whatever has been discovered, and even with the aid of his own occasional references his personality comes but dimly out of the cloister dusk of the past. His chronicle is supposed to have been finished between 1419 and 1424, as it mentions the death of Robert, Duke of Albany, which occurred at the former date, but says nothing of the return of James I. from captivity, which took place in the latter year. Probably he did not long survive the completion of his work. In the prologue to the last book he declares himself an aged man :

Off this Tretys the last end  
 Tyl bettyr than I am I commend ;  
 For, as I stabil myne intent,  
 Offt I fynd impediment  
 Wyth sudane and fers maladis  
 That me cumbris mony wis,  
 And elde me mastreis wyth hir brevis,  
 Ilke day me sare aggrevis.  
 Scho has me maid monitioune  
 To se for a conclusioune  
 The quhilk behovis to be of det.  
 Quhat term of tyme of that be set  
 I can wyt it be na way ;  
 Bot, weil I wate, on schorte delay  
 At a court I mon appeire  
 Fell accusationis thare til here,  
 Quhare na help thare is bot grace.

In the chartulary of St. Andrew's as early as 1395, at a perambulation held "in presentia serenissimi principis Roberti Ducis Albanie," Wyntoun is mentioned as Prior of the island in Loch Leven; and as he must have been of mature years before obtaining this position his birth has been set about the middle of the reign of David II., say about 1350.

In the prologue to the *Cronykil* he describes himself:

And, for I wyll nane bere the blame  
 Off my defawte, [this] is my name  
 Be baptysyne, ANDROWE OF WYNTOUNE,  
 Off Sanctandrowys a Chanowne  
 Regulare, bot noucht-for-thi  
 Off thaim all the lest worthy;  
 Bot off thare grace and thaire fauoure  
 I wes, but meryt, made Priowre  
 Off the Ynche wythin Lochlewyne,  
 Hawand tharof my tyill ewyne  
 Off Sanctandrowys dyocesys,  
 Betwene the Lomownde and Bennarty.

Notwithstanding his modest denial of merit it may be understood that Androw of Wyntoun, as an ecclesiastic, was likely to be a man of no mean powers. The prior of an ancient monastery, who was also a canon regular of the metropolitan see of St. Andrew's, could hardly be an altogether insignificant person. The Church in Scotland, owning, it is said, from a third to a half of the whole lands of the country, was then approaching the height of her political power, and the dignities of St. Andrew's See were prizes sought after by the best blood and the most ambitious in the realm. Five sub-priorities

belonged to St. Andrew's: Monymusk in Aberdeenshire, the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth, Pittenweem in Fife, and Portmoak and St. Serf's in Kinross. The last-named religious house, situated on the inch or island in Lochleven, was said to have been a Culdee monastery founded by Brud, king of the Picts, about the year 700. In this still, romantic spot Wyntoun must have spent many of the riper years of his life; and here, with little to break the quiet of the hours but the lapse of waves on the islet beach and the sweet chime at intervals of the monastery bells, it is probable he wrote the pages of his book.

A few years earlier John of Fordun, a chantry priest of the cathedral of Aberdeen, had written in Latin his chronicle of the Scottish nation, afterwards amplified by Bower, who died abbot of Inch Colme, into the work now known as the *Scoti-chronicon*. But it is certain that Wyntoun never saw this work, and when the suggestion of writing a narrative of national events was made to him he quietly set about the task of independent research and original composition in the vernacular.

The inception of the work is owed to an ancestor of the noble family of Wemyss.

This tretys symplyly  
I made at the instans of a larde  
That hade my serwys in his warde,  
Schyr Jhone of the Wemyss be rycht name,  
An honest knycht and of gude fame.

As it stands, the *Cronykil* is the earliest composition of strictly historical purpose extant in the vernacular

of the north, and, strangely enough, for fully two hundred years afterwards, excepting the translations of Ballenden and Read, no other history of the Scottish people was written in the Scottish tongue. A considerable number of manuscripts of the work are in existence. The best of them is the Royal MS. in the British Museum, a transcript made for George Barclay of Achrody probably not later than 1430. From this, collated with MSS. of the Cotton, Harleian, and Advocates' libraries, the first printed edition was made by David Macpherson in 1795. In that edition, upon the principle of excluding all that did not immediately belong to the history of Scotland, nearly the whole of the first five books of the *Cronykil* were omitted. In 1872-79 another excellent edition by Mr. David Laing, including these books, was printed at Edinburgh in three portly volumes as part of a series of the historians of Scotland. Both of these editions are now somewhat difficult to procure.

Wyntoun called his work *The Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, that is, as he explained in his prologue, a chronicle narrating events from the first beginning of things. Accordingly, in the orthodox fashion of his time, he begins with the Creation, and the greater part of the first five books is occupied with the long descent through sacred and profane history. It is only at the beginning of the sixth book that the author settles down to his more immediate subject. The narrative is divided into nine books of very unequal length.

In honowre of the Ordrys nyne  
Off haly Angelys.

Each book is introduced by a prologue and a summary of chapters, and each chapter has a rhyming title, as

This next folowand Chaptere says  
 Quhat done wes in second Robertis days.

Extraordinary care is taken to mention at least the year of each event. A great part of the *Cronykil*, indeed, is the merest recording of names and occurrences and their dates, and in spite of all the ingenious variety of the rhymes the reader is apt to grow weary of bare statements of fact beginning

A thousand aucht and fourty yhere  
 Fra the byrth of our Lord dere,

or

A thousand, a hundyr, thretty and nyne  
 Yheris fra the swete Wyrgyne  
 Had borne hyr Sowne.

This characteristic, however valuable from the historical point of view, seriously interferes with pretensions to poetic charm. So anxious was Wyntoun to be authentic that he has actually introduced two speeches in plain prose, one of them being the declaration of Henry IV. on assuming the English crown after the deposition of Richard II. On the other hand, he shared the easy habit of the chroniclers of his age, such as Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne, of omitting such portions of history as were already known to be written by other hands. For this reason he omits the history of Alexander the Great, the wars of the Saxons and Britons, the actions of Wallace and Bruce, and the origin of the Stewarts.

The vanity of poetic authorship seems to have influenced him but little, for, besides alluding to his contemporary Barbour again and again in the most self-deprecatory terms, he has incorporated in his eighth book, without alteration, some three hundred lines of *The Bruce*. A considerable portion of the *Cronykil* indeed was avowedly not written by himself. He informs the reader that while engaged upon the work he was presented with a narrative written by some unknown person, and finding it entirely suitable for his purpose, he simply inserted it in his manuscript. In this way thirty-six clearly defined chapters, from the birth of David II. to the death of Robert II., are accounted for. To the same liberality of quotation is owed the preservation of a little elegaic song on the death of Alexander III., which Macpherson considered to be contemporary with the event, that is nearly ninety years older than Barbour's work.

For the purposes of the historian, Wyntoun's work has been simply invaluable. For the events of the last fifty years of his narrative, it has to be remembered, he was himself personally an authority; while "it can scarcely be doubted," says Dr. Irving, "that he had access to many important documents which are irretrievably lost." The reliability of the *Cronykil* is discovered wherever it is possible to compare its account with such unquestioned testimony as the *Fadera Angliæ* and the remains of the *Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's*. In the famous case of the Sutherland succession Lord Hailes made large use of Wyntoun for evidence of ancient Scottish laws and



customs of inheritance ; and Macpherson declared that “the compiler of a Scottish peerage might obtain from Wyntoun more true information concerning the ancient noble families of Scotland than is to be found in any work extant.”

Before most things else, perhaps, Wyntoun was a churchman. Loyal to the uttermost to his order, he takes special delight in recording the acts and deaths of the prelates of St. Andrew's. He carefully notices every founding of an abbey ; and Alexander I. and David I. have the warmest commendation from him for their munificence to the church. Curious glimpses of the theology of that day are to be had here and there in his pages. In the fifth book of the *Cronykil*, St. Serf, the patron saint of Wyntoun's priory, holds a long and somewhat scornful interview with the Devil, in which the fiend, for the confusion of his interlocutor, propounds questions as to where God existed before the making of heaven and earth, and the like. Malcolm IV. also appears after death to a friend and furnishes information regarding a future state.

Touches of credulity and superstition of this sort, natural to the times, do not, however, affect the truth of the material narrative. Liberal, rather, and open-minded beyond his age, Wyntoun displays little of the rude prejudice which was apt to disfigure the patriotic writing of the time. Only twice does he launch into invective against the national enemy—upon the cruelty of Edward I. to the Scots, and upon the seizure in time of truce of the young Prince James. Perhaps

the fact most significant of the nationality of the chronicler is that amid all his references and quotations he does not once mention the works of Langland, Gower, or Chaucer, all of whom were his contemporaries, and flourished in his time. Frequently indeed the reader is tempted to wish that Wyntoun had indulged a trifle more in the rhetoric of emotional description. It is true that the cruel deaths by starvation of the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay at Hermitage and of the gay young Duke of Rothesay at Falkland might have been dangerous ground just then to posture upon; but pictures might have been made of incidents like the tragic death of Thomas à Becket on the Cathedral steps at Canterbury, the momentous fall from the cliff of Alexander III. at Kinghorn, and the vindication of the freedom of the North by her sons at the battle of Stirling Bridge. These afforded room for stirring narrative—for more, at anyrate, than the bare mention accorded by the chronicler.

Wyntoun, however, went his own way. Other writers, like Boece, have hidden historic truth altogether under their garniture of fancy, and by contrast the simple plainness of Wyntoun has value and effect. In these pages one reads with an interest not less striking for their simplicity of statement, passages like those detailing the original story of Macbeth, the granting of the boon of Macduff, or the story of the Lady Devorgille and the founding of Sweetheart Abbey. Many such episodes, otherwise unknown or strangely distorted, are found here

in their historic form. Authentic insight, too, is frequently afforded into the manners of those times, as in the narrative of the rough jousting at Berwick and in the episode with which the *Cronykil* concludes, detailing how the Earl of Mar in 1418 passed over to Paris, and there at the sign of "The Tynnyn Plate" kept open house with regal magnificence for twelve weeks. Stripped of all glamour of sentiment, the rudeness and cruelties of the age appear in realistic strength, as when, rather than yield her trust, the brave Lady of Seton sees her hostage son hanged before her eyes. At the same time the ideals of those centuries are sometimes flashed out in a sentence. It is said of David I.:

The day he wes bath Kyng and Knycht,  
A Mwnk devote he wes the nycht.

The last episode of the *Cronykil*, detailing the adventures of the Earl of Mar abroad, has no vital connection with the body of the narrative. It was probably an after addition to the volume, and may have been written by way of acknowledgment of some political favour. The work really ends with the capture of James I., an event which happened fourteen years before the date of writing. As Macpherson remarked, at that period "it was rather dangerous for truth to tread too close upon the heels of time." The good prior therefore acted with prudence in bringing his narrative when he did to a close.

It is nearly five hundred years since Wyntoun laid

down his pen. During that time, though never popular with the popularity of Barbour and Blind Harry, he has probably never been quite forgotten. His position as a national chronicler accounts to a large extent for this. But the reader who grows familiar with his pages to-day discovers what may perhaps be another reason. He finds himself making the acquaintance, not only of a teller of quaint historic tales, but of a gentle and pious soul.

# THE ORYGYNALE CRONYKIL OF SCOTLAND.

## Early Britain.

[The *Cronykil* begins with a narrative of the earliest events of sacred history—the state of angels, the creation, the flood, &c. Then follows a geographical description of the three continents, ending with the British Isles.]

**B**LESSYDE Bretayne beelde<sup>1</sup> sulde be <sup>1</sup> model.  
 Off all the ils in the se,  
 Quhare flowrys are fele<sup>2</sup> on feldys fayre, <sup>2</sup> many.  
 Hale<sup>3</sup> off hewe, haylsum off ayre. <sup>3</sup> Perfect.  
 Off all corne thare is copy<sup>4</sup> gret, <sup>4</sup> abundance.  
 Pese and atys, bere and qwhet;  
 Bath froyt on tre and fysche in flwde,  
 And tyll all catale pasture gwde.  
 Solynus [sayis] in Bretanny  
 Sum steddys<sup>5</sup> growys sa habowndanly <sup>5</sup> places.  
 Off gyrs<sup>6</sup> that sum-tym, bot thair fe<sup>7</sup> <sup>6</sup> grass.  
 Fra fwlth off mete refrenyht be<sup>8</sup>, <sup>7</sup> cattle.  
 Thair fwde sall turne thame to peryle, <sup>8</sup> Be restrained  
 To rot, or bryst, or dey sum quhyle. <sup>from over-</sup>  
 Thare wylde in wode has welth at wylle; <sup>feeding.</sup>  
 Thare hyrdys hydys holme and hille;  
 Thare bewys bowys all for byrtht<sup>9</sup>; <sup>9</sup> branches bend  
 with burden.

<sup>1</sup> blackbird and  
thrush contest  
in mirth.

<sup>2</sup> all kinds of  
deer.

<sup>3</sup> fishing.

Bath merle and maŵeys mellys off myrth<sup>1</sup>  
Thare huntyng is at allkyne dere<sup>2</sup>.  
And richt gud hawlkyne<sup>3</sup> on rywëre;  
Off fysche thair is habowndance,  
And nedfulle thyng to mannys substance.

Be west Bretane is lyand  
All the landys off Irlande,  
That is ane land off nobyl ayre,  
Off fyrth and felde and flowrys fayre.  
Thare nakyn best off wënym<sup>4</sup> may  
Lywë or lest atoure<sup>5</sup> a day,  
As ask or eddyre, tade or pade<sup>6</sup>,  
Suppos that thai be thiddyr hade.

<sup>4</sup> no kind of  
venomous  
beast.

<sup>5</sup> above.

<sup>6</sup> eft or adder,  
toad, or frog.

### The Rise of Macbeth.

[The generations of the world, the events of oriental and classic history, and the due succession of potentates, emperors, and popes are narrated. Among other legends the travels are told of the "King's Stone," or "Stone of Destiny," from Spain, first to Ireland, then to Scone in Scotland, with its oracle :

NI FALLAT FATUM, SCOTI, QUOCUNQUE LOCATUM  
INVENIENT LAPIDEM, REGNARE TENENTUR IBIDEM.

The descent of the Scottish kings is traced to Duncan, a somewhat free-living monarch, who is slain by his sister's son at Elgin.]

<sup>7</sup> treason.

In this tyme, as yhe herd me tell  
Off trewsone<sup>7</sup> that in Ingland fell,  
In Scotland nere the lyk cas  
Be Makbeth-Fynlayk practykyd was,  
Quhen he mwrthrysyde hys awyne eme<sup>8</sup>  
Be hope that he had in a dreme

<sup>8</sup> uncle.

That he sawe quhen he was yhyng  
 In hows duelland wyth the king,  
 That fayrly trettyd hym and welle  
 In all that langyd hym ilke delle<sup>1</sup>.  
 For he wes hys systyr sone  
 Hys yharnyng all he gert be done<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> belonged to him  
 every whit.

<sup>2</sup> Caused his  
 desire to be  
 done.

A nycht he thowcht in hys dremyng  
 That sittand he was besyd the king  
 At a sete in hwntyng, swa  
 In-till a leysh had grewhundys twa.  
 He thowcht quhile he was swa sittand  
 He sawe thre wemen by gangand<sup>3</sup>,  
 And thai wemen than thowcht he  
 Thre werd systrys mast lyk to be.  
 The fyrst he hard say gangand by,  
 "Lo, yhondyr the Thayne off Crwmbawchty<sup>4</sup>!"<sup>4</sup> Cromarty.  
 The tothir woman sayd agayne,  
 "Off Morave yhondyre I se the Thayne."  
 The thryd than sayd, "I se the Kyng."  
 All this he herd in his dremyng.  
 Sone efftyre that in his yhowthad  
 Off thyr thayndomys he thayne was made;  
 Syne neyst he thowcht to be kyng  
 Fra Duncanys dayis had tane endyng.

<sup>3</sup> going.

The fantasy thus of his dreme  
 Movyd hym mast to sla hys eme,  
 As he dyd all furth in dede,  
 As befor yhe herd me rede<sup>5</sup>;  
 And Dame Grwok, hys emys wyff,

<sup>5</sup> recount.

Tuk and led wyth hyr hys lyff,  
 And held hyr bathe hys wyff and qweyne,  
 As befor than scho had beyne  
 Till hys eme qwene lyvand  
 Quhen he wes kyng wyth crowne ryngnand.  
 For lytyll in honowre than had he  
 The greys<sup>1</sup> off affynyté.

<sup>1</sup> degrees.

All thus quhen his eme wes dede  
 He succedyt in his stede,  
 And sevyntene wyntyre full rignand  
 As kyng he wes than in-till Scotland.  
 All hys tyme wes gret plenté  
 Abowndand bath in land and se.  
 He wes in justice rycht lawchfull,  
 And till hys legis all awfull.  
 Quhen Leo the Tend wes Pape off Rome  
 As pylgryne to the curt he come,  
 And in hys almus he sew sylver<sup>2</sup>  
 Till all pure folk that had myster<sup>3</sup>;  
 And all tyme oysyd<sup>4</sup> he to wyrk  
 Profytably for Haly Kyrke.

<sup>2</sup> strewed silver.

<sup>3</sup> need.

<sup>4</sup> used.



### The Boon of Macduff.

[Macbeth, with all his good works, is a fierce king. Watching the building of his castle of Dunsinane he one day notices a yoke of oxen fail in drawing timber. He asks whose oxen these are, and being informed that they belong to Macduff, the thane of Fife, he threatens to put the thane's own neck into the yoke and make him draw. Macduff flies, first to Kennachy, where his wife keeps the pursuing king in treaty till she sees her husband's boat beyond reach on the firth, then to the English court, where Duncan's sons have found refuge. The eldest two refuse the enterprise, but the third, Malcolm, a natural son, is roused to avenge his father. Blessed by Edward the Confessor, and joined by Siward, Lord of Northumberland, he invades Scotland, reaches Birnam, and vanquishes Macbeth with almost the exact circumstances immortalized by Shakespeare. Macduff, however, is not the slayer of the king, nor have the thane's wife and children been put to death by Macbeth. Afterwards, for his services, Macduff asks of Malcolm three things.]

Qwhen Makbeth-Fynlayk thus wes slane  
 Off Fyffe Macduff that tyme the Thane  
 For his trawaille till his bownté  
 At Malcolme as Kyng askyd thire thre<sup>1</sup>.  
 Fyrst, till hys sete fra the awtare<sup>2</sup>  
 [That he sulde be the kyngis] ledare,  
 And in that set thare set hym downe  
 Till tak his coronatyowne  
 For hym and hys posteryté  
 Quhen-eyre the kyng suld crownyd be.\*  
 Efftyre that the secownd thyng  
 Wes that he askyd at the kyng  
 Till haüve the waward<sup>3</sup> off hys bataylle

<sup>1</sup> these three  
 (things).

<sup>2</sup> from the altar.

<sup>3</sup> vanguard.

\* A memorable instance of the exercise of this privilege was the crowning of Robert the Bruce at Scone by the Countess of Buchan in default of her brother, the Earl of Fife.

Quhat-eyr thai ware wald it assaylle ;  
 That he and hys suld haue always  
 Quhen that the kyng suld banare rays.  
<sup>1</sup> war. Or gyff the Thayne off Fyff in were<sup>1</sup>  
 Or in-till host wyth hys powere  
 Ware, the waward suld governyd be  
 Be hym and hys posteryté.  
 Efftyre this, the thryd askyng  
 That he askyt at the kyng,  
<sup>2</sup> broil. Gyve ony be suddane chawdmellé<sup>2</sup>  
 Hapnyd swa slayne to be  
 Be ony off the Thaynys kyne  
 Off Fyff, the kynryk all wyth-in,  
 Gyve he swa slayne wer gentill-man  
 Foure and twenty markys than ;  
 For a yhwman twelf markys ay  
<sup>3</sup> A mulct paid to kinsmen of slain. The slaare suld for kynbwt<sup>3</sup> pay,  
 And haue full remyssyowne  
 Fra thine for all that actyowne.  
 Gyve ony hapnyd hym to sla  
<sup>4</sup> law. That to that lawch<sup>4</sup> ware bwndyn swa,  
 Off that priuylage evymare  
<sup>5</sup> Without part. Partles<sup>5</sup> suld be the slaare.  
 Off this lawch are thre capytale ;  
 That is the Blak Prest off Weddale,  
 The Thayne off Fyffe, and the thryd syne  
 Quha-euÿre be Lord off Abbyrnethyne.\*

\* So late as 1421 the Stewart in Fife received three gentlemen who had been concerned in the slaughter of Melvil of Glenbervy to the *Lach of Clan-Macduff*, three of their friends being securities for proof of their kindred to Macduff.—*Macpherson*.

## Malcolm and the Traitor.

[After routing a second usurper, Malcolm (Canmore) is crowned with great solemnity at Scone, and receives the oath of fealty from all who owe homage to the crown.]

In the crystyndome I trow than  
 Wes noucht in deid a bettyr man,  
 Na lyvand a bettyr knycht  
 Na mare manly, stowt, and wucht<sup>1</sup>. 1 capable.  
 Amang all othir famows dedis  
 Mony men thus off hym redis<sup>2</sup>; 2 recount.  
 That in hys court thare wes a knycht,  
 A lord off powere and off mycht,  
 That set hym till haŵe slayne the kyng,  
 Hys purpos gyve he till end mycht bryng.  
 In-to the kyngys court than  
 Thare wes duelland a lele man  
 That tald the kyngys awyne persowne  
 That that lord set hym be tresowne  
 To sla the kyng, gyve that he  
 Mycht wyt<sup>3</sup> hys oportunté. 3 perceive.  
 This lord that tyme wes noucht present  
 In-to the court, bot wes absent,  
 Bot swne agayne he come wyth ma<sup>4</sup> 4 more.  
 Than he wes wont, the kyng to sla.  
 Wyth curtasy yhit nevyretheles  
 Than, as befor, ressayvyd he wes.  
 The kyng than warnyd hys menyhé<sup>5</sup> 5 following.  
 Wyth hym at hwntyng for to be;  
 And to that knycht he sayd alsua  
 That wyth hym-selff he wald hym ta<sup>6</sup> 6 take.

By hym to syt at that huntynge.  
 The knyght consentyd to the kyng.  
 Than on the morne, wytth-owtyn let<sup>1</sup>,  
 The setys and the stable sete<sup>2</sup>,  
 The kyng and that lord alsua  
 Togydder rad, and nane bot tha,  
 Fere in the wode; and thare thay fand  
 A fayre brade land and a plesand,  
 A lytill hill off nobill ayre,  
 All wode about bathe thyk and fayre.

Than thus the kyng sayd to the knyght,  
 "On fwte at lykyng thow may lycht,  
 Or on hors gyve thow will be,  
 As the thynk best. Now ches thow the<sup>3</sup>,  
 Horsyd and armyd als welle  
 As I am thow art ilke-dele<sup>4</sup>.  
 Thi wapnys ar scharpe and mare redy  
 Than ony in-to this sted haue I—  
 Dergat<sup>5</sup>, spere, knyff, and swerd.  
 Betwene ws dele we now the werd<sup>6</sup>.  
 Here is best now to begyn  
 Thi purpos, gyve thow will honowre wyn.  
 Here is nane that may ws se  
 Na help may owthir me or the,  
 For-thi [fande]<sup>7</sup> now wyth all thi mycht  
 To do thi purpos as a knyght.  
 Set thow haue fadyt thi lawté<sup>8</sup>  
 Do this dede yhit wyth honesté.  
 Gyve othir thow may or dare or wille,  
 Fenyhé the nowcht<sup>9</sup> to fulfille

<sup>1</sup> without hindrance.

<sup>2</sup> The points and positions being set.

<sup>3</sup> choose thou.

<sup>4</sup> every whit.

<sup>5</sup> Target.

<sup>6</sup> fate.

<sup>7</sup> Therefore try.

<sup>8</sup> Though thou hast failed in loyalty.

<sup>9</sup> Hesitate not.

Thi heycht<sup>1</sup>, thi purpos, and thine athe. 1 promise.  
 Do fourth thi dedys and be noucht lathe.  
 Gyve thow thynkys to sla me  
 Quhat tyme na nowe may bettyr be  
 Wyth fredome, or wyth mare manhed?  
 Or gyve thow wald put me to dede  
 Wyth venowme or wytht scharpe poysowne,  
 That is a wyffis condytywoun.  
 Or gyve thow wald in-to my bede  
 Prevaly put me to dede,  
 That war as in adultery  
 Murthrysyd to be wnhonestly.  
 Or a knyff gyve thow wald hyd  
 Prewely, and thi tyme abyd  
 Quhill thow mycht at ese me sla,  
 A murtherere mycht do na war than sua<sup>2</sup>. 2 worse than so.  
 For-thi do as suld a knycht ;  
 Ga we togyddyr, God dele the rycht !  
 Wyth oure foure handys and no ma ;  
 Thare-on mot all the gamyn ga<sup>3</sup>. 3 must all the  
game go.

Wyth this the knycht all changyd hewe  
 Lyk hys purpos all to rewe,  
 And hys wysage worthyd wan<sup>4</sup> 4 became pale.  
 As he had bene rycht a mad man.  
 Thare fell he downe and askyd mercy,  
 For all hys purpos wes foly,  
 And sayd his lord mycht wyth the lawe  
 Hym, as he was wald, bath hang and drawe ;  
 And swa he yhald hym till hys will  
 On hym hys lust all to fulfill  
 Bwt ony kyn<sup>5</sup> condytywone. 5 Without any  
sort of.

The kyng than all his actyowne  
 Forgaue thi knycht thare qwyty,  
 And tuk hym all till his mercy;  
 And thare he become his man  
 Mare lele than he wes befor than.  
 And the kyng that wes hys lord  
 Let na man wyt off thare discord,  
 Quhill<sup>1</sup> the knycht hym-selff this cas  
 Tald in all as hapnyd was.

<sup>1</sup> Till.

### A Wedding Guest's Tale.

[Edward the Confessor dying childless in England, the throne there is seized first by Harold, then by William of Normandy. Upon this, Edgar Atheling, the lawful heir, being too young for resistance, flies with his sisters Margaret and Christian. Their ship is driven into the Firth of Forth, and they land at St. Margaret's Hope. Christian takes the veil, but Margaret is married by King Malcolm, and on the death of her brother carries to the Scottish royal house the rightful succession to the Saxon throne of England. Twice Malcolm raids the southern kingdom, and once Scotland is wasted by William as far as Abernethy. While invading England for the third time, Malcolm and one of his sons are slain at Alnwick. The crown, upon this, is seized by Malcolm's brother, Donald. Donald is expelled by Duncan II., a natural son of Malcolm, but two years later is reinstated by the Earl of Mearns. Finally, after a reign of three years in all, Donald is overthrown, mutilated, and his eyes put out, and the kingdom is held in turn by Malcolm's three sons, Edgar, Alexander I., and David I. Edgar weds his sister Maud to Henry I. of England, youngest son of the Conqueror. At the marriage there are great rejoicings.]

<sup>2</sup> feast.

Thare made wes a gret mawngery<sup>2</sup>,  
 Quhare gaddryd ware the mast worthy,  
 And lordys off the grettast gre<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> degree.

<sup>4</sup> known.

That kend<sup>4</sup> ware in that cuntré.

Swa thare wes ane awlde knyght sete  
 Among thame that day at the mete,  
 And thir wordys than said he :  
 " Now in the rwte is set the tre  
 Bathe frwyt and floure all lyk to bere."  
 Bot fewe wyst thare-off the manere.  
 Than thai reqwyryd hym that wes by  
 Sittand, to say per cumpany  
 Quhat sygnyfyid that mystyk word  
 That he swa spak than at the borde.  
 The knyght than sayd thame curtasly  
 He wald declere it oppynly.

" Quhille," he sayd, " I wes steward  
 Till my lord the King Edward,  
 And I before hym wes standand  
 At his mete, and he sittand  
 As he oysyd<sup>1</sup> wyth gret honowre,  
 Thare wes a suspect traytoure,  
 Set<sup>2</sup> swa he wes nowcht prowyd in dede,  
 Yhit swilk he provyd or thine he yhed<sup>3</sup>.  
 By the kyng than at the mete  
 He wes at his tabill sete.  
 In his hand a pes off brede  
 He had, that ryght thare made his dede.  
 For to the kyng this wes hys word  
 That day sittand at the bord,  
 ' My lord, offt yhe have herd off me  
 That yhe suld betresyd be,  
 And that I suld be tresowne  
 Sla and wndo yhoure persowne.

<sup>1</sup> used.

<sup>2</sup> Though.

<sup>3</sup> such he proved  
ere thence he  
went.

Gyve evyr I thowcht for to do sua  
 I pra God hyne<sup>1</sup> I neŵyre ga,  
 Bot at this ilk<sup>2</sup> pes of bred  
 Here at yhoure bord be now my dede,  
 And off it nevyr a crote,  
 Quhill I be wyrryd<sup>3</sup>, owre-pas my throt.<sup>7</sup>  
 That brede than he begouth till ete,  
 Bot owre hys throt it mycht noucht get.  
 Swa, suddanly rycht at the borde  
 He wyrryd, and spak neŵyre a word  
 Mare than he spak of that bred  
 Before that he deyd in that stede.  
 The kyng than gert hym doggydly  
 Be drawyn owt, and dyspytwsly<sup>4</sup>  
 Oure a hewch<sup>5</sup> gert cast hym downe,  
 Doggys till ete his caryowne.  
 My lord," he sayd, yhit sittand  
 As in a study [than] musand,  
 And efftyr that all this was done  
 As yhe have herd, than sayd he sone,  
 As vaknyd<sup>6</sup> owt off his study.

"I wes," he sayd, "in Normandy  
 Bydand<sup>7</sup>, as yhe wyst, a quhille  
 Owt off this land in gret exyle;  
 And swa thare wes twa cunnand men  
 That offt to me repayryd then,  
 My specyall famylyerys,  
 Off plesand and off fayre manerys.  
 The state off England on a day  
 Be thare word sare menyd<sup>8</sup> thai,

<sup>1</sup> hence.<sup>2</sup> that this same.<sup>3</sup> Till I be choked.<sup>4</sup> without pity.<sup>5</sup> crag.<sup>6</sup> wakened.<sup>7</sup> Abiding.<sup>8</sup> lamented.



And sayd Ingland wes lyk to be  
 Confowndyd for gret inyqwyté  
 That wes done in-to that land ;  
 For few in it wes than lyvand  
 That wes commendyd all wértuws,  
 Bot iwill and fals and lycherus,  
 [And] nowthir lauch na [yhit] lawté<sup>1</sup>                   † law nor loyalty.  
 Wes oysyd na done in that cuntré,  
 And lordys be thare awärts  
 The sympill folk wald ay supprys ;  
 Byschaps, prestys, and prelatys  
 In hawtayne<sup>2</sup> pryd ay led thare statys ;                   2 haughty.  
 Swa, lyk war<sup>3</sup>, that inyqwyté   3 likely it was.  
 Suld all wndo this hale<sup>4</sup> cuntré.                                 4 whole.  
 I askyd," he sayd, "than, qwhat remede  
 This mycht helpe or stand in sted.  
 Ane off thame than awnsweryd me  
 And sayd, 'Swilk<sup>5</sup> help may fall to be,                         5 Such.  
 As be this ryddill I will the say,  
 Fra the or [I sall] pas away.  
 A grene tre fra the rwte wes sawyn,  
 And fra it a space wes drawyn,  
 As men for till wndyrstand,  
 Large thre akyre leynth off land.  
 This tre may happyn for to get  
 The kynd rwte, and in it be set,  
 And sap to recovyr syne  
 Bath [the] leyff and flewowre fyne,  
 And the froyte the tre oure-sprede.  
 Than is to lypyn<sup>6</sup> sum remede.'"                                 6 to be expected.

Than the knycht sayd, "Now I se  
 In-to the kynd rwte set the tre.  
 This tre yhe may wndyrstand  
 To be the kynryk off Ingland  
 That in honowre and ryches  
 And in gret welth abowndand wes.  
 The rwte, yhe trow, kyngys sede  
 Quhare-off all kyngis come on dede,  
 That awcht<sup>1</sup> the kynryk off Ingland,  
 Be lyne and lynage discendand,  
 Quhill<sup>2</sup> Harald, Bastard, and Willame Rede,  
 That now in mwld ar lyand dede,  
 Off that state interruptyowne.  
 Mad be thare intrusyowne.  
 Thir ware the akyr-leynthis thre  
 That before reheryd we ;  
 Ilkane off thir<sup>3</sup> wyth thare streynth  
 Fychyd<sup>4</sup> the tre ane akyr-leynth.  
 Now gottyn has that tre the rwte  
 Off kynd<sup>5</sup>, oure confort and oure bute<sup>6</sup>,  
 All lyk to bere bath frwyt and floure  
 In-till oure helpe and oure succoure,  
 Syne<sup>7</sup> Saxon and the Scottys blude  
 Togyddyr is in yhon frely fwde<sup>8</sup>,  
 Dame Mald, our qwene and oure lady,  
 Now weddyd wyth oure kyng Henry."

<sup>1</sup> owned.<sup>2</sup> Till.<sup>3</sup> Each one of these.<sup>4</sup> Fetched.<sup>5</sup> nature (the native root).<sup>6</sup> good.<sup>7</sup> Since.<sup>8</sup> noble person.

This knycht syttand at the borde  
 All this rehers[it] word be word.

### The Burial of Henry II. of England.

[David I. founds no fewer than five bishoprics and nine or ten abbeys, and marries the heiress of the Earl of Huntingdon, through whom that earldom is inherited by the Scottish kings. He makes war upon the usurper Stephen in support of the claims of his niece Maud to the English throne, but is defeated in a great battle (Battle of the Standard). The crown of England, however, is settled on Maud's son, afterwards Henry II., and David obtains Northumberland and Cumberland. In this reign the deposed Donald, though blind and emasculate, accomplishes a terrible revenge. Desponding one day on his hard fate, he hears the king's son, "a gangand bairn," go by. He calls to the child, who comes innocently to be kissed, when Donald so handles him that he screams and dies. At this sight the queen, too, suddenly expires, and the succession itself is only saved by the Cæsarean operation. Donald is cast into a dungeon and starved to death. David's remaining son, Prince Henry, Earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland, dying, to the great grief of the kingdom, before his father, that king is succeeded in turn by his grandsons, Malcolm the Maiden and William the Lion. In the reign of the latter monarch Scotland loses all her recent acquisitions. Surprised and captured at Alnwick, William is only freed on condition of relinquishing important possessions and paying homage to Henry. These exactions are considered the greater hardship since William's grandfather David himself knighted Henry at Carlisle, and passing to London, set him on the English throne. Scotland, nevertheless, suffers great depression till the death of the English king. His burial is described.]

Quhen this Henry thus wes dede,  
 For to be borne to the sted  
 Ordanyd for hys sepulture,  
 As suld a dede kyng wyth honwre,  
 Hys body oure wes cled all hale  
 In honest kyngys aparale;  
 Till hys fete fra hys hewyd<sup>†</sup> all downe,  
 Hawand thare-on off gold a crowne,  
 And gluwys on his handys twa,  
 Belyd wyth his suerd alsua,

<sup>†</sup> head.

1 Embroidered.

Septyr, [and] ryng, and sandallys  
 Browdyn<sup>1</sup> welle on kyngys wys,  
 Bot hys visage wes all bare.  
 Thus bore wyth lordys that ware thare  
 To the sted off hys sepulture  
 Wyth gret reverens and honwre.  
 Rychard hys swn than and his ayre  
 Wyth hys court plesand and rycht fayre  
 Than mete hys fadyr on the way.  
 Off that dede body, quhare it lay,  
 Owt off the nesthryllys twa  
 The red blud brystyd owt, that sua  
 Fast it bled that all thare-by  
 Gangand had thare-off ferly<sup>2</sup>.  
 How ilkane kest<sup>3</sup> in thaire intent  
 Thare wes na certane jwgement,  
 Bot lyk it wes be that thyng sene  
 That the spyryt wes movyd in tene<sup>4</sup>  
 Off the fadyre agayne the swne.  
 Yhit nevyrtheles, all to be dwne,  
 This Rychard passyd on, gretand sare<sup>5</sup>,  
 Wyth lordys that the body bare  
 To the sted off the sepulture,  
 Quhare it interyd wes wyth honwre.

2 marvel.

3 each one cast  
 (drew conclu-  
 sion).

4 anger.

5 weeping sore.

6 same.

Efftyre tha exeqwysis als fast  
 Till Lwndyn this ilk<sup>6</sup> Rychard past,  
 And tuk thi crowne in-to the sted  
 Off hys fadyr that thus wes dede.  
 Set he Rychard be name wes cald,  
 For he a stowt knycht and a bald

Wes in prys<sup>1</sup> off hys renowne. 1 praise.  
 Rychard the hart off a lyowne,  
 Or Lyownys Hart to say schortly,  
 Thai cald this Rychard comownaly.  
 Till oure kyng Willame he qwhylum wes<sup>2</sup> 2 sometime was.  
 Luwyd falow in dedys off prowes ;  
 For-thi thai war ilkane till othir  
 Specyalle, as he had bene his brodyr.

[With a sum of ten thousand marks (£100,000 sterling) William recovers from Richard all his dignities, estates, and homages, and he renders important assistance to the English king both in setting out for and in returning from his Crusade. For a few chapters further the events of the two countries are narrated together. On the southern side are related the quarrels of King John with church and barons, and the consequent invasion of England and capture of London by Louis, the Dauphin of France. In the north, for his share in these troubles, Alexander II., William the Lion's son, suffers excommunication, and among other matters an account is given of a clan feud between the Besats of Oban and the men of Athole. In 1242 the king and queen with their court are entertained for a night by Sir William Besat at Oban. Next morning the king hastens away to Edinburgh, leaving the queen behind. Four days later she rides to Forfar, attended by Sir William. That night, after attending a tournament at Haddington, Patrick, Earl of Athole, and his company are burnt "to coals" in their lodging. For this deed Besat and his two brothers are blamed. In vain it is shown that on the fatal night Sir William sat late at supper with the queen in Forfar, and led her to her chamber before retiring himself. In vain the queen offers to swear in person to his innocence. In vain Besat himself has the misdoers cursed "wyth buk and bell" in all the kirks of the diocese of Aberdeen, and offers to prove his innocence upon the bodies of his accusers. It is asserted that, wherever he himself might be that night, his arms and men were seen in Haddington, and that the deed was done by the Besats for an ancient feud. Their lands are harried utterly of goods and cattle, and before the fury of the powerful kinsmen of Athole, they are finally banished the kingdom.]

## Lament for Alexander III.

[On the death of Alexander II. in 1249, his son Alexander III., eight years of age, is crowned at Scone. A year later he is married to Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. Henry intrigues to the prejudice of Scotland, and, at home, struggles occur between the barons of English and Scottish interest for possession of the king. In 1263, however, Alexander has asserted himself, and fights the battle of Largs, where, amid a tempest of "gret weddrys scharpe and snell," the Norse ascendancy over the Western Isles is finally broken. Among further particulars detailed of the time of Alexander III. the right of coining money is confirmed to the Church; Edward I. conquers Wales; and in Dunfermline at the translation of St. Margaret, a miracle happens, her body refusing to be lifted till that of her husband Malcolm has first been removed. Upon the king's death his wise government receives justice at the hands of the poet.]

A thowsand twa hundyr foure score off yhere  
 The fyft, fra that the Madyn clere  
 Jhesu Cryst oure Lord had borne,  
 Alysandyr oure kyng deyd at Kyngorne.  
 Fra that place he wes had syne<sup>1</sup>  
 And enteryd in Dwnfermlyne.  
 In that collegyd kyrk he lyis  
 Hys spyryt in-till paradys.

<sup>1</sup> afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> lamented him  
 sore.

Scotland menyd hym than full sare<sup>2</sup>,  
 For wndyr hym all his legis ware  
 In honoure, qwyyete, and in pes,  
 For-thi cald PESSYBILL KYNG he wes.  
 He honoryd God and Haly Kyrk,  
 And medfull dedys he oysyd to wyrk.  
 Till all prestys he dyd reverens,  
 And sawffyd<sup>3</sup> thare statys wyth diligens.  
 He [was] stedfast in crystyn fay;

<sup>3</sup> preserved.

Relygyows men he honoryde ay.  
 He luwyd all men that [war] wertyuows ;  
 He lathyd and chastyd [all] vityuows.  
 Be justys he gave and eqwyté  
 Till ilke man that his suld be.  
 That he mycht noucht till wertyu drawe  
 He held ay wndyr dowt<sup>1</sup> and awe. 1 fear.  
 He gert chasty<sup>2</sup> mysdoarys 2 caused chastise.  
 As lauch wald be thare manerys.  
 The lawch he gert be kepyd welle  
 In all his kynryk ilka delle.  
 He led his lyff in honesté,  
 Devotyown, and chastyté.  
 Till lordys, knyghtys, and sqwyerys  
 That ware plesand off manerys  
 He wes lele, luwand, and liberale,  
 And all wertyuows in governale.  
 He wes gret off almows dede<sup>3</sup> 3 deeds of alms.  
 Till all that he couth wyt had nede.  
 Yhwmen, powere karl, or knawe,  
 That wes off mycht an ox til hawe  
 He gert that man hawe part in pluche<sup>4</sup>. 4 ploughing.  
 Swa wes corne in [his] land enwche.  
 Swa than begowth<sup>5</sup>, and efftyr lang 5 began.  
 Off land wes mesure, ane ox-gang.  
 Mychty men, that had ma  
 Oxyn, he gert in pluchys ga.  
 A pluch of land efftyr that  
 To nowmyr<sup>6</sup> off oxyn mesuryd gat. 6 number.  
 Be that vertu all hys land  
 Off corn he gert be abowndand.

<sup>1</sup> oats.A bolle off atys<sup>1</sup> pennys foure<sup>2</sup> did not exceed.Off Scottys moné past noucht oure<sup>2</sup>;

A boll off bere for awcht or ten

In comowne prys sawld wes then ;

For sextene a boll of qwhete,

Or for twenty, the derth wes grete.

This falyhyd fra he deyde suddanly ;

This sang wes made off hym for-thi<sup>3</sup>.<sup>3</sup> therefore, *lil.*  
for this.

## [CANTUS.]

Quhen Alysandyr owre Kyng wes dede,

<sup>4</sup> law.That Scotland led in luwe and le<sup>4</sup>,<sup>5</sup> plenty.Away wes sons<sup>5</sup> off ale and brede,

Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle.

Oure gold wes changyd in-to lede.—

Cryst, borne in-to Vyrghnyté,

Succoure Scotland and remede,

That stad [is in] perplexyté.

## The Lady Devorgil.

[David and Alexander, the sons of Alexander III., having died childless before their father, and his daughter, married to Eric of Norway, having left only the young Margaret, "the Maid of Norway," Edward I. asks this princess in marriage for his son. She dies, however, before reaching Scotland. The case of the Scottish succession is then stated at great length, John Balliol claiming the throne as grandson of the eldest daughter, and Robert Bruce as son of the youngest daughter of David, brother of William the Lion. The lineal descent of the Comyns is also traced from the dethroned King Donald. A legend like that of the Lady Godiva is related of Maud, queen of Henry I., and a quaint story is told of the mother of Balliol.]



Now to rehers it is my will  
 Sum wertws dedis off Derworgill.  
 That lady wes, as I herd say,  
 Alanys [douchtyr] off Gallway.  
 Jhon eldare Ballyoll in his lyffe  
 That lady weddyt till his wyff,  
 And on hyr syne efftyr that  
 Jhon the Ballyoll the kyng he gat.  
 Quhen the Ballyoll [at]<sup>1</sup> wes hyr lord  
 Spowsyd, as yhe herd record,  
 Hys sawle send till his Creature,  
 Or he wes layd in sepulture  
 Scho gert oppyn his body tyte<sup>2</sup>,  
 And gert his hart be tane owt qwyte<sup>3</sup>.  
 Wyth spycery welle savorand,  
 And off kynd welle flevorand,  
 That ilke hart than, as men sayd,  
 Scho bawmyd, and gert it be layd  
 In-till a cophyn off evore<sup>4</sup>  
 That scho gert be made tharefore,  
 Annamalyd and perfytly dycht<sup>5</sup>,  
 Lokyt, and bwndyn wyth sylver brycht.  
 And alway quhen scho yhed till mete<sup>6</sup>  
 That [cophyne scho gert by hir] sett,  
 And till hyr lord, as in presens,  
 Ay to that scho dyd reverens.  
 And thare scho gert set ilka day,  
 [As] wont before hyr lord wes ay,  
 All the cowrssys coŵeryd welle  
 In-to sylver brycht weschelle  
 Browcht fra the kychyn and thare set.

<sup>1</sup> that.<sup>2</sup> quickly.<sup>3</sup> had his heart  
taken out  
whole.<sup>4</sup> ivory.<sup>5</sup> Enamelled and  
perfectly  
polished.<sup>6</sup> went to meat.

Quhen scho mad hyr to rys fra met  
 All thai courssys scho gert then  
 Be tane wp and delt til pure men ;  
 Scho send all thai courssys gud,  
 As scho thame chesy<sup>1</sup>, to ta thare fude.  
 This scho cessyt nevyr to do  
 Quhill lyvand in this warld wes scho.  
 Scho ordanyt in hyre testament  
 And gave byddyng wyth hale intent  
 That that hart thai suld than ta  
 And lay it betwene hyr pappys twa,  
 As detyt<sup>2</sup> thai war than wyth honowre  
 To lay hyr wyth that in sepulture.

<sup>1</sup> chose.<sup>2</sup> bound in duty.

Scho fowndyt in-to Gallway  
 Off Cystews ordyre ane abbay.  
*Dulce-Cor* scho gert thaim all,  
 That is Swet-Hart, that abbay call ;  
 And now the men off Gallway  
 Callys that sted the New Abbay.  
 Howssys off freris scho fwndyt tway ;  
 Wytowne and Dunde [war] thai.  
 In ekyng<sup>3</sup> als off Goddis serwyce  
 Scho fowndyt in Glasgow twa chapellanyis,  
 And in the Universyté  
 Off Oxynfurde scho gert be  
 A collage fowndyt.\* This lady  
 Dyd all thir dedis devotly.

<sup>3</sup> enlargement.

\* Balliol College.

A bettyr lady than scho wes nane  
 In all the yle off Mare Bretane.  
 Scho wes rycht plesand off bewté;  
 Here wes gret taknys off bownté<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> token of worth.

### The Sack of Berwick.

[Balliol accepts the crown as a vassal of Edward, but presently, resisting the indignities put upon him, is deprived of his honours by the English king. In support of the falling monarch three hundred gentlemen of Fife attack Berwick and carry it at the point of the sword.]

Quhen the Kyng Edward off Ingland  
 Had herd off this deid full tythand<sup>2</sup>  
 All breme he belyd in-to berth<sup>3</sup>,  
 And wrythyd all in wedand werth<sup>4</sup>,  
 Als a kobbyd in his crope<sup>5</sup>  
 As he had ettyne ane attyrcope<sup>6</sup>;  
 And als fast assemblyd hys ost,  
 And come to Berwyk wyth gret bost,  
 And layd a sege to the town,  
 Assawtis makand rycht fellown<sup>7</sup>.  
 The stwff<sup>8</sup> wythin resystens  
 Agayne hym made, and gret deffens.  
 Sa qwhene he saw that he mycht noucht  
 The town off were<sup>9</sup> wyn as he thought,  
 Wndyr dissymbelatyown  
 Bath tent thai tuk wp and pawillown,  
 All lyk as to gere cese that were;  
 Than he removyd wyth his powere,

<sup>2</sup> tidings.

<sup>3</sup> furious he  
 blazed into  
 wrath.

<sup>4</sup> in raging state.

<sup>5</sup> choked in his  
 gullet.

<sup>6</sup> eaten a spider.

<sup>7</sup> Making right  
 fierce assaults.

<sup>8</sup> garrison.

<sup>9</sup> by war.

<sup>1</sup> scattered in  
ambush.

<sup>2</sup> Letting pass.

<sup>3</sup> knew.

And scalyd in buschementis<sup>1</sup> nere thareby  
His ostys, bydand prewally  
Owrdrywand<sup>2</sup> a day or twa.  
And qwhill that thai war bydand swa  
Thai fenyhyd armys off Scotland  
As thai kend<sup>3</sup> lordis thai berand ;  
And ayrly on the Gud Fryday  
To the town agayne come thai,  
The lordis armys off Scotland  
At the sown ryssyng apperand  
On bayneris payntyd and penownys.

<sup>4</sup> gates.

Wythin the town the Scottis wes  
Rejosyd in-till gret blythnes  
Off that sycht; for thai wyst noucht  
Off the desayt agayne thame wroucht,  
Bot thai trowyd that thaire kyng  
That ost hade sende in thare helpyng.  
For-thi the yhettis<sup>4</sup> alsa fast  
All off the towne thai gert wp cast.  
And at thai yhettis oppyn then  
Fast thrang [in] the Inglys men,  
And wmbeset the Scottis thare  
Or thai wyst welle quhat thai ware.  
The Inglis [men] thare slwe downe  
[All] hale the Scottis natyowne  
That wyth-in that towne thai fand,  
Off all condytyowne nane sparand ;  
Leryd and lawde<sup>5</sup>, nwne and frere,  
All wes slayne wyth that powere ;

<sup>5</sup> Cleric and lay.

Off allkyn state, off allkyn age,  
 [Thai] sparyd nothir carl na page;  
 Bath awld and yhowng, men and wywys,  
 And sowkand barnys thar tynt<sup>1</sup> thare lyvys;  
 Yhwmen and gentilmen alsa,  
 The lyvys all thai tuk [thaim] fra.  
 Thare slayne wes downe the floure of Fyffe;  
 Thare sawlys to sawff thai spendyt the lyffe,  
 And in the sawfté off the town  
 Before, thai had the mast renown.

<sup>1</sup> unweaned  
 infants there  
 lost.

Thus thai slayand ware sa fast  
 All the day, qwhill<sup>2</sup> at the last  
 This Kyng Edward saw in that tyde  
 A woman slayne, and off hyr syde  
 A barne he saw fall owt, sprewland  
 Besyd that woman slayne lyand.  
 "Lasses, Lasses," than cryid he;  
 "Leve off, leve off," that word suld be.

<sup>2</sup> till.

Sevyn thowsand and fyve hundyr ware  
 Bodyis reknyd that slayne ware thare.  
 This dwne wes on the Gud Fryday.  
 Off elde na kynd nane sparyd thai.  
 Twa dayis owt, as a depe flwde,  
 Throw all the town thare ran rede blude.  
 Thus that Kyng of England,  
 Noucht kyng, bot a fell tyrand,  
 Led that day his devotyown.

<sup>1</sup> suffer the passion of death.

He gert thare thole the passyown  
 Off dede<sup>1</sup> mony a creature  
 In-till gratyous state and pure,  
 Clene schrewwyn, in gud entent  
 Redy to tak thare sacrament.  
 Hys offyce wes that Gud Fryday  
 Till here innocentis de, and say  
 "Allace! allace! now, Lord, we cry,  
 For hym that deyd that day, mercy!"  
 Nane othir serwys that day herd he,  
 Bot gert thame slay on, but peté.<sup>2</sup>  
 The sawlys that he gert slay down thare  
 He send quhare his sawle nevyrmare  
 Wes lyk to come, that is the blys,  
 Quhare alkyn joy ay lestand is.

<sup>2</sup> without pity.

### A Border Tournament.\*

[The rise of Sir William Wallace, his victory over the English Treasurer at Stirling Bridge, and his defeat at Falkirk, follow. Edward subdues all south of the Forth, and harries his opponents as far as Perth, "noucht levand behynd bot watty and stane. The three great battles at Roslyn are described, in which in one day twenty thousand English are defeated by Sir John Comyn and Sir Simon Fraser; and Edward's capture of Stirling is narrated. . But for the rest of the Wars of Succession the reader of the *Cronykil* is referred to Barbour. On the death of Bruce the regency of Randolph and his shrewd administration of justice are detailed, his policy being to make the sheriff personally responsible for gear stolen in each district. The regent, however, is poisoned at a feast at Wemyss; whereupon Edward Balliol lands at Kinghorn, wins the great battle of Dupplin near Perth, and is crowned at Scone. The wars of the Wardens of Scotland

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\* The description of this tournament forms part of the MS. interpolated in his narrative by Wyntoun.

against Balliol and Edward III. ensue at great length, the most outstanding episodes of the narrative being the hanging of Sir Alexander Seton's son before the eyes of his father and mother because Seton will not deliver Berwick to the English king earlier than the time agreed, the slaughter of 10,000 Scots at the great battle of Halidon Hill, and the spirited and successful defence of Dunbar by its countess. In this defence it is narrated how, when a boulder from one of Montague's catapults would strike the ramparts,

Wyth a towalle a damyselle  
 Arayid jolyly and welle  
 Wipyt the walle, that thai mycht se,  
 To gere thaim mare anoyd be.

In particular, an illustration of the chivalry of that day is afforded by a description of a great jousting at Berwick in 1338.]

Off Lancastyr Schyr Henry,  
 That callyd than wes Erle of Derby,  
 Than wyth the kyng wes rycht prewe.  
 On Scotlandis marchis trawelyd he  
 And had gret yharnyng to wyn prys<sup>1</sup>.  
 He wes ay worthy, wycht, and wys,  
 And mast renownyd off bownté,  
 Off gentrys<sup>2</sup>, and off honesté,  
 That in-till Ingland lywand was.  
 He has herd spek how the Dowglas  
 Throw wyt and wurschipe apertly<sup>3</sup>  
 Dyd mony dowchty jwperty<sup>4</sup>.  
 He send and askyd thre cours off were  
 At hym, and he grawntyte it there.  
 Thai come samyn<sup>5</sup> at a certane plas.  
 Alysawndyre the Ramsay thare was  
 Serwand Dowglas at that justyng,  
 For he expart wes in-tyll swilk thyng<sup>6</sup>.  
 The nobill Erle off Derby  
 Come wyth a joly cumpany.

<sup>1</sup> yearning to  
earn praise.  
<sup>2</sup> gentleness.  
<sup>3</sup> boldly.  
<sup>4</sup> many doughty  
enterprises.  
<sup>5</sup> together.  
<sup>6</sup> such things.

Sone fra thai hade thair salus made,  
 Thai tuk thare rynkis, and samyn rade.  
 And at the tothir<sup>1</sup> cours off were  
 The Dowglas hit and brak his spere,  
 And a sclys off the schafft that brak  
 In-till his hand a wounde can mak.  
 Tharefore the gud Erle off Derby,  
 That saw hym hurt sa fellownly<sup>2</sup>,  
 Wald thole<sup>3</sup> hym than to just no mare.  
 Bot, or<sup>4</sup> he tuk his leve to fare,  
 He spak till Alysawndyr Ramsay,  
 And specyally kan<sup>5</sup> hym pray  
 For to purchas a company,  
 That at the lest thai war twenty,  
 Off gentill-men wyth scheld and spere,  
 To just ilk man thre cowers off were;  
 And gyve he na had all gentillmen,  
 He bad tak knawyn yhwmen then,  
 To cum to Berwyk a set day.  
 Thare-till grawntyd the Ramsay,  
 And sayd that he suld welle purchas  
 Company, and cum to that plas,  
 Wytht thi<sup>6</sup> [that] thai all assuryd ware,  
 Quhat-evyr than fell at that justyng thare.

<sup>1</sup> second, *lit.* the other.

<sup>2</sup> severely.

<sup>3</sup> suffer.

<sup>4</sup> ere.

<sup>5</sup> began.

<sup>6</sup> With this (provision).

The Erle thame assuryd willfully,  
 Ande the Ramsay in well gret hy  
 Gat hym falowys, and at the day  
 To Berwyk come, bathe he and thai.  
 The Erle ressaywyd thame curtasly,  
 And gert delywære thame herby<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> quarters.



Apon the morne, qwhen that thai ware  
 Makand thame bowne<sup>1</sup>, hym-selff come thare, <sup>1</sup> ready.  
 And fand all oppyn the entré;  
 And noucht-for-thi<sup>2</sup> thare knokide he <sup>2</sup> notwithstanding.  
 Wyth-owte the dure all prewally,  
 Quhill Ramsay til hym [coym] in hy  
 [And] gert hym entre sone. Than he  
 Sayd, "God mot at yhoure laykyng be!<sup>3</sup>" <sup>3</sup> God help your  
 Syne said he, "Lordis, on qwhat manere  
 Will yhe ryn at this justyng here?" <sup>3</sup> desire.  
 "Wyth plate scheldis," sayd Ramsay,  
 "As it afferis<sup>4</sup> to this play." <sup>4</sup> is proper.  
 "A! syrrys, be oure Lord," sayd he,  
 "So suld no man here prysyt be<sup>5</sup>, <sup>5</sup> be praised.  
 For none till othir mycht do iwill.  
 Bot and it likand<sup>6</sup> ware yhow till <sup>6</sup> agreeable.  
 As men hostayis for to ryn<sup>7</sup> <sup>7</sup> to run in fashion  
 So mycht men prys off wurschype wyne." <sup>7</sup> of war.  
 Quod Alysawndyre the Ramsay,  
 "It sall lik til ws all, perfay,  
 That ilk man ryn his falow till  
 In kyrtyll allane, gyve that yhe will."  
 The Erle sayd than debonarly,  
 "Nay, that is all to hard trewly."  
 Quod Willame off the Towris than,  
 "Schyre, gyve yhe na will, lat ilke man  
 Ryn all bare wysage, and yhe  
 Qwha [eschewis] fyrst rycht swne sall se."  
 The Erle sayde mekilly, "Schyris, nay,  
 Yhit that is all to hard, perfay<sup>8</sup>; <sup>8</sup> i' faith.  
 Bot as I said yhowe will ye do,

Than suld sum prys folow ws to."  
 Thaire-to thai gave all thare consent,  
 And he furth till his falowys went.

The justyng lestyd dayis thre,  
 1 bold. Qwhare men apert<sup>1</sup> cowsis mycht se.  
 Twa Inglis knychtis thare ware slayne;  
 Off Scottis men there deyde nane;  
 Bot turnand hamwart be the way  
 Off ane hurt endyt Jhone the Hay;  
 And Willame the Ramsay wes there  
 Borne throw the hewyd wyth a spere,  
 And throw the helme wyth strynth off hand,  
 2 Till the shaft  
 stayed sticking  
 there.  
 3 quickly. Qwhill the trwnsowne [bad] thare stekand<sup>2</sup>.  
 Thai browcht a preste till hym belywe<sup>3</sup>,  
 And in his helme he can hym schrywe.  
 Than sayd the gud Erle of Derby,  
 4 surely. "Lo! heyre a fayre sycht sykkyrly<sup>4</sup>.  
 A fayrere sycht how ma man se  
 Than knycht or sqwyere, quethir-evyr he be,  
 5 in this fashion. In-till his helme hym thus-gat<sup>5</sup> schrywe?  
 Qwhen I sall pas owt off this lyve  
 I wald God off his grace wald send  
 To me on swylk manere till end."  
 Qwhen he had schrywyn hym, as I say,  
 Alysawndyr than the Ramsay  
 6 without delay. Gert lay hym down forowtyn lete<sup>6</sup>,  
 And on his helme his fute he sete,  
 7 wrench. And wyth gret strynth owt can aras<sup>7</sup>  
 The trowsown that thare stekand was.  
 He rase allane fra it wes owte,

And wyth a gud will and a stowte  
 He sayd that he wald [ayl] na-thing.  
 Tharoff the Erle had wonderyng,  
 And gretly hym commendit then,  
 And sayd, "Lw! stowt hartis off men."

Thus hapnyd till hym off this lame<sup>1</sup>.  
 And a gud knycht, Patrik the Grame,  
 That had traewelld beyhond the se  
 Till eyk his prys<sup>2</sup> throw gret bownté,  
 He herd spek off this justyng gretly,  
 And sped hym thidder in all hy.  
 He come thidder on the tothir day<sup>3</sup>;  
 Than Rýchard Talbot can hym pray  
 To serwe hym off thre cours off were,  
 And he thaim grawntyt but dawngere.  
 Sone efftyr samyn can thai ryne<sup>4</sup>.  
 The Talbot on had platis twyne<sup>5</sup>,  
 And throw thame bath his spere he bare,  
 And in the brest ane inch or mare.  
 Had he jwstyd as conand was<sup>6</sup>  
 He had bene dede in-to that plas.  
 Thare coursis haly can thai ma,  
 Bot nane had mare harme off thai twa.

<sup>1</sup> on this ground.

<sup>2</sup> To add to his  
praise.

<sup>3</sup> second day.

<sup>4</sup> began to run  
together.

<sup>5</sup> twain.

<sup>6</sup> as was agreed.

The Talbot syne can hym requere  
 To be wyth hym at the supere.  
 He assentyt, and qwhen thai were  
 Syttand best at the supere  
 Thar salute thaim a cumly knycht,

That semyt stowt, bath bald and wycht,  
 And amang thare gud wordis there  
 At Schyr Patryk three courss off were  
 He askyd in-to gud cumpany;  
 And he, as burdand, sayd smethely<sup>1</sup>  
 "Man, will thow have off me justyng?  
 Rys up to-morn in the mornying,  
 And here thi mes<sup>2</sup> welle, and schrywe the;  
 And thow sall sone delyveryt be."  
 He made tharoff na gabbyng<sup>3</sup>,  
 For on the morn at the justyng  
 He bare hym throw the body qwhit  
 And he deyt off the dynt welle tyte<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> as was meet,  
said smoothly.

<sup>2</sup> mass.

<sup>3</sup> no mocking.

<sup>4</sup> died of the blow  
very soon.

This was upon the thryde day,  
 And quhen justyt ilkane had thai  
 The haraldis sayd than on this wys,  
 That gud ware to gyff the prys,  
 On athyre half to mak thaim mede,  
 That bare thame best, for thare gud dede.  
 The lordis gawe assent thare-till,  
 And ordanyt wyth thaire allaris will<sup>5</sup>  
 That Inglis suld the Scottis prys<sup>6</sup>,  
 And thai thaim on the samyn wys.

<sup>5</sup> their common  
consent.

<sup>6</sup> appraise.

<sup>7</sup> entire.

<sup>8</sup> without hurt.

<sup>9</sup> Consulted to-  
gether then.

The Inglis men the prys gaffe than  
 Till ane that thre halle<sup>7</sup> courssis ran  
 And forowtyn hyt<sup>8</sup>. Bot Scottis men  
 Awysit thaim alsamyn then<sup>9</sup>,  
 And till the knycht the prys gaue thai  
 That smate Wilyame the Ramsay

Throw-owte the hede; and a skyl<sup>1</sup>  
 Thai schawyt till enfors thare-till<sup>2</sup>,  
 And sayd it wes justyng off were,  
 And [he] that mast engrewy<sup>3</sup> there  
 Suld have the gretast prys, wyth thi<sup>4</sup>  
 That he engrewyt honestly.

<sup>1</sup> reason.

<sup>2</sup> showed to  
 clinch (their  
 decision).

<sup>3</sup> did most vex-  
 ing.

<sup>4</sup> with this (con-  
 dition).

The haraldis than can say haly  
 The dome wes suthfast and worthy<sup>5</sup>;  
 Tharfor sayd ane, "Me-thynk, perfay,  
 That he that a knyght yhistryday  
 Slwe, and ane othir to-day, the prys  
 Suld have, Patrik the Grame that is.  
 For hade the Talbot as taylyd was<sup>6</sup>  
 Justyd, he had swelt<sup>7</sup> in-to that plas.  
 As to this prys-gywyng, for-thi,  
 I hald hym dede all wtraly."

<sup>5</sup> true and  
 gallant.

<sup>6</sup> as was cove-  
 nanted.

<sup>7</sup> died.

On this wys spak the haraldis thare,  
 Bot, for the prys wes gywyn are<sup>8</sup>,  
 Thai wald repelle it be na way.

<sup>8</sup> before.

And than the gud Erle can say,  
 "I trow it has bene seldyn sene  
 That off were justyng thus has bene  
 Conteny<sup>9</sup> thre dayis, and the prys  
 Gywyn as at this jwstyng is."  
 He festaid the jwstarys that day,  
 That on the morne syne held thaire way.

<sup>9</sup> Conducted.

[By the efforts of Douglas, Ramsay, and the Warden, Robert Stewart, the English ascendancy is gradually overcome, and David II. is brought home from France, whither he had been sent. Presently, however, at the request of the French king, he invades England, and with several of his nobles is taken prisoner

at the battle of Durham. In 1349 the "first pestilence" destroys a third of the population of Scotland. On the death of David II. the crown passes to the Stewarts in the person of Robert II. The growth of friendly relations with France is narrated, the bond of union being the common hostility to England. In a long narrative of Border warfare the most conspicuous event is the defeat and capture of Percy at Otterbourne. Several tournaments in France and England are described, as well as the fight between Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele ("the thretty for thretty") in barriers before the king at Perth. Then follow the dethronement of Richard of England by Henry IV., and the cruel death at Falkland of the son of Robert III., David, Duke of Rothesay,

Cunnand in-to litterature

A seymly persone in stature.

At Homildon in 1402, Murdoch Stewart and the Earl of Douglas are defeated by Percy with great loss. Douglas, taken prisoner, is made to join Percy in the battle against Henry IV. at Shrewsbury. The circumstances are detailed of the seizure at sea by the English of Robert's remaining son, Prince James. Robert III. dies at Dundonald, and during the ensuing regency of the Duke of Albany the chronicle ends with the expedition into Flanders of Scottish knights errant under the Earl of Mar.]

HENRY THE MINSTREL.





## HENRY THE MINSTREL.

ALTHOUGH a new fashion had been set for the more polite poetry of Scotland by the example of King James I. in the early part of the fifteenth century, much of the popular verse of the country continued to flow in the older channels. Of this there exist several specimens. Besides popular ballads like *The Battle of Harlaw*,<sup>1</sup> which was probably composed soon after the event which it celebrates, in 1411, there remain such compositions as *The Howlat, or The Danger of Pride*,<sup>2</sup> a long moral fable in the obscure style of *Gawen and Gologras*, supposed to have been written about 1450 by Sir Richard Holland, a partizan of the house of Douglas; and a curious rugged performance in various measures, called *Cockelbie's Sow*,<sup>3</sup> conveying in a vein of quaint rustic humour a recommendation of such virtues as almsgiving and economy.

But by far the best and most important of all these compositions is the great popular epic of the people's

<sup>1</sup> Printed in Ramsay's "Evergreen."

<sup>2</sup> Pinkerton's "Ancient Scottish Poems."

<sup>3</sup> Laing's "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland."

hero, *The Actis and Deidis of the Illustere and Vailyeand Campioun, Schir William Wallace, Knicht of Ellerslie*. Here, in flowing minstrel verse, not without fire and a certain heroic ring, is preserved an example, perhaps the last, of the bardic narratives which, chanted in hall and hostelrie, stirred the blood and regaled the time in Scotland in the long rush-lit evenings of the fifteenth century. And here, coloured somewhat perhaps by the two hundred years of interval between subject and singer, but not the less interesting on that account, remains the great store of fact and legend concerning the knight who, short as was his career and cruel as was his fate, struck the blow which wakened Scotland to life.

Of the author of the poem, Henry the Minstrel, or "Blind Harry," as from his infirmity he used to be popularly called, very little has been recorded. John Mair, who was born about 1454, mentions him in his history. "In the time of my infancy," he says, "Henry, a man blind from his birth, composed the whole *Book of William Wallace*, and committed to writing in vernacular poetry, in which he was skilled, the things which were commonly related. I, however, give only partial credit to such writings. By the recitation of these stories in the presence of men of foremost rank he procured food and clothing, of which he was worthy." Of himself the poet says, "It is weill knawin I am a bural (rustic) man;" and more than once he deprecates criticism on account of his situation. Near the end of the last book he says :

All worthi men at redys this rurall dyt  
Blaym nocht the buk, set I be wnperfyt.

I suld haue thank sen I nocht tra'waill spard ;  
 For my laubour na man hecht me reward ;  
 Na charge I had off king nor othir lord ;  
 Gret harm I thocht his gud deid suld be smord.  
 I haiff said her ner as the process gais,  
 And fenyeid nocht for frendschip nor for fais.  
 Costis herfor was no man bond to me ;  
 In this sentence I had na will to be.

Further, in the Treasury accounts of James IV. there appear several entries of gratuities to Henry. The last of these entries occurs in January, 1492, and it is supposed, therefore, that he died before the end of the century.

Nothing more is known of the poet's life. Of his character it is only possible to read something between the lines of his work. There a rough, uncompromising patriot is seen, honestly anxious to exalt the national hero, and bitter as a man of limited knowledge, circumscribed by his blindness and the spirit of his time, was likely to be against his country's enemies.

As with the *King's Quair*, a single manuscript has transmitted the Minstrel's work to modern times. It is bound up with the MS. of Barbour's *Bruce*, written by the same scribe, John Ramsay, in 1488, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. Set down during the poet's lifetime, this copy is likely to be fairly correct, though there are some ten or twelve lines throughout the work which are hardly intelligible. The Minstrel's inability to put his own composition on paper would sufficiently account for more than these. Of printed editions the earliest

known is that of 1570 by "Robert Lekprevik at the Expensis of Henrie Charteris," of which only one copy is known to exist (in the British Museum). There have been many later editions, but the best are one of Perth in 1790, Dr. Jamieson's in 1820, and one for the Scottish Text Society by Mr. James Moir in 1885.

The poem is divided into eleven books, and is written in the ten-syllable line rhyming in couplets, which had been wrought to great perfection by Chaucer, and has since been accorded the title of heroic verse.

Beyond an allusion or two to "Ector of Troy" and the like, which were probably the common stock of minstrels of his time, the poet does not display an acquaintance with the ancient classics. On the other hand he seems to have studied not only the style, but the sentiment and even the structure of the romances of chivalry which still at that period formed a large part of minstrel entertainment. Many of the expressions which he uses appear to be borrowed directly from these models. Phrases like "Wapynnys stiff of steill," and "In armys sone he coucht that queyn with croun," strike as a direct echo from poems like *Sir Tristrem*. The ellipses, too, which are his constant habit, find a parallel in such work as the Rhymer's. It need not be marvelled at, therefore, if the influence of these romance models made itself further felt, and if the Minstrel sought to run the half-legendary incidents of his hero's life themselves into the conventional mould. The historical credit due

to Henry's *Wallace* has been debated by nearly every editor who has undertaken the reproduction of the poem, but by none does this romance influence appear to have been taken into sufficient consideration. Henry declares in his work that he got his materials from a Latin history of the hero written by John Blair, Wallace's own schoolfellow and chaplain; and from frequent references throughout the poem the existence of such a work seems beyond doubt. In the tenth book, after recording a fight with the pirate, John of Lynn, in which Blair acted a valiant part, the Minstrel adds:

Bot maister Blayr spak nothing off himsell  
 In deid off armes quhat awentur he fell;  
 Schir Thomas Gray, was than preyst to Wallace,  
 Put in the buk how than hapnyt this cace.

The character of Blair's history itself cannot now be judged. Sir Robert Sibbald, indeed, published a work, *Relationes Arnaldi Blair*; but this has been shown to be a mere series of extracts from the *Scotichronicon*. In any case, however, it is reasonable to believe that with the materials of Blair's history Henry inwove the legends of Wallace current in his own time. The knight of Ellerslie, to be a leader at all in those days, must have been a man of immense physical strength; but the superhuman feats occasionally attributed to him by the poet are beyond reasonable belief, and can only be accounted for by the understanding that they were owed to popular tradition, which in two hundred years had had time to magnify the hero's deeds. It is not probable and

hardly possible that some of these stories—episodes in which whole troops are mowed down by the single arm of Wallace—could be derived as they stand from the sober contemporary record of an eye-witness like the chaplain. Henry on his last page confesses regarding at least one episode :

Thir twa gert me say that ane othir wyss ;  
Till Maister Blayr we did sumpart off dispyss.

The fact appears to be that in the Minstrel's time Wallace had already become a half-mythical figure round whose deeds the national imagination had gathered a literature of legend. Wyntoun said of him half a century before the Minstrel sang :

Off his gud dedis and manhad  
Gret gestis I hard say ar made,  
Bot sa mony, I trow noucht,  
As he in-till hys dayis wroucht.  
Quha all hys dedis of prys wald dyte  
Hym worthyt a gret buk to wryte.

It may therefore be supposed that Henry had sufficient latitude for additional episodes in the popular legends and "gret gestis" extant regarding the hero. Such a character was in much the same position to his chronicler as King Arthur and Charlemagne had been to the minstrels of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and was likely to find something of the same treatment. Thus it is found that Henry's poem, besides much which was probable enough, and much which is proved to be historical by contemporary records, contains certain elements which could have no foundation in fact, but which were deemed indispensable to a hero of romance.

Of this sort is the episode of Wallace's interview with the English queen. Love as well as war was a necessary element of a minstrel's tale. It was not enough that the forces of the enemy should be defeated at Stirling Bridge and the great national purpose of the Liberator accomplished; it was necessary that that enemy should be personally humbled, and that even his wife's allegiance should become part of the spoils of the victor. Henry accordingly marches his hero south to the gates of London, where King Edward, driven to his last stronghold, and reduced to abject despair, is only saved at last by the intercession of his queen in the conqueror's camp. All this is romantic enough, and, like many other episodes throughout the poem, affords a sufficiently dramatic situation. But it is not to be read as history. Edward was at that particular time engaged in the French wars in Flanders, and though the Scottish forces, after clearing their enemies out of the northern kingdom, proceeded to lay utterly waste the provinces of Northumberland and Cumberland, it is not known that they passed further south. Other episodes of the poem as well, such as the opening battle of Biggar in which the hero is made to defeat Edward in person, are also obviously apocryphal; and the conclusion to which these compel the reader is that the composition as a whole must be regarded simply as a national romance founded upon popular tradition.

At the same time it may be as well to remember that within the last few decades several of Henry's episodes, such as the expedition of Wallace to France,

formerly supposed to be fictitious, have been confirmed by discovery of authentic evidence.

For the actually ascertained facts of the hero's life the reader may be referred to the volume of "Documents Illustrative of Sir William Wallace, his Life and Times," edited for the Maitland Club by Mr. Robert Roger; and also to the admirable article on Wallace in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." From these it will be seen that though the Scottish Warden did not carry out all the enterprises attributed to him by Henry the Minstrel, he was by no means the mere robber and brigand which he was painted by Hemingford and the other English chroniclers of his time. It is significant of his enduring greatness that everywhere throughout Scotland to the present day there are places honoured for his memory. His name is, as Wordsworth says,

To be found, like a wild flower,  
All over his dear Country.

In one respect at least the Minstrel's poem remains historically valuable. It affords an illustration of the state of national feeling in Henry's own time.

If from no more than a poetical point of view, however, the composition must continue to be regarded as a monumental work. There cannot but be something intrinsically worth study in a poem which, notwithstanding the disadvantage of its author's blindness from his birth, has remained uninterruptedly popular for centuries. Debarred by his infirmity from a field in which the Scottish poets especially excelled—the description of colour and natural scenery—the Minstrel displays a rude



fire and energy and a power of realizing the telling points of action and situation beyond any of his predecessors. In a word, he possessed to a greater degree the modern spirit of romantic art. His hero, it is true, appears to lack the high-bred chivalry and polity of the Bruce as portrayed by Barbour, and displays at times an implacable ferocity which it is to be hoped did not belong to the actual character of the Liberator; while the Englishmen of the poem too commonly justify the description of Dr. Merry Ross—"mere poltroons or braggarts or felons." The temper of the Minstrel's work altogether is on a level with the temper of the common people of his time, from whom he sprang. But not the less is the *Wallace* equal to its great poetic purpose, bodying forth with broad master-strokes the tyranny which had burned its way to the passionate heart of the nation, and picturing the uprising of that national heart in the person of its early hero, uncertain in action at first, and with human desires and failings, till, stung by a crowning wrong, he grasps the weapons to his hands, hurls forth his defiance, and begins the struggle for liberty or death.

It is not impossible to understand the effect of these verses chanted to a warlike audience by the blind old Scottish Homer of the fifteenth century, recalling with vivid force, as they must have done, the heroic movement of the past, and awakening for a time again perhaps the embers of an ancient patriotism amid the miserable intestine bickerings of the reign of James the Third. The effect of the poem on a

Scottish mind, even in a later day, may be judged from the words of Robert Burns, who only knew the Minstrel's work through the paraphrase into modern Scottish by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield. "The story of Wallace," he says in his letter to Dr. Moore, "poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

## SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

[The poem opens with a complaint that the Scots forget their noble ancestors, and do honour only to their enemies. The descent of Wallace is traced and Edward's oppression briefly recounted. As a youth visiting Dundee, Wallace is insulted by the son of Selby the governor, and slays him in the street. The house in which he takes refuge is searched, but, dressed as a maid at the spinning-wheel, the hero is overlooked. Flying home to Ellerslie he finds his father and elder brother slain; and his mother, fearful for the safety of her remaining son, sends him to his uncle, Sir Richard Wallace of Ricardton. But presently, fishing one day in Irvine Water, he is attacked by some English men-at-arms, who attempt to carry off his fish, and he slays three of them. Visiting Ayr, and venturing to defend his uncle's servant, he is overpowered and cast into prison, but soon, taken for dead, is thrown over the castle wall. His nurse begs his body and carries him to her house, where he is revived with milk from her daughter's breast. Thomas the Rhymer, staying at hand with the minister, on hearing this news, prophesies the great future of Wallace. Gathering some friends, the hero waylays Lord Percy's succours at Loudon Hill, routs them, and slays their leader Fenwick, who had been the elder Wallace's murderer. Known presently as a champion of the Scottish cause, Wallace finds himself at the head of a considerable band of followers, and makes his way northwards, taking Gargunnoch Peel and the castle of Kinclaven. At Perth, in an amorous adventure, he narrowly escapes capture.]

### A Love Adventure.



WHAN Wallace said he wald go to the toun,  
Arayit him weill in-till a preistlik gown;  
In Sanct Jhonstoun\* disgysyt can he fair,  
Till this woman the quhilk I spak of ayr<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> whom I spake  
of formerly.

\* The ancient name of Perth.

Off his presence scho rycht reiosit was ;

<sup>1</sup> afraid.

And sor adred<sup>1</sup> how he away suld pass.

He soiornt thar fra nowne was of the day

Quhill ner the nycht, or that he went away.

<sup>2</sup> made appoint-  
ment with.

He trystyt<sup>2</sup> hyr quhen he wald cum agayne,

On the thrid day ; than was scho wondyr fayne.

<sup>3</sup> went.

Yhett he was seyn with enemyss as he yeid<sup>3</sup> ;

To Schyr Garraid thai tald off all his deid,

<sup>4</sup> been revenged.

And to Butler, that wald haiff wrokyn beyne<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> beautiful.

Than thai gart tak that woman brycht and scheyne<sup>5</sup>,

Accusyt hir sar of resset in that cas.

<sup>6</sup> Many times.

Feyll syis<sup>6</sup> scho suour that scho knew nocht Wallas.

<sup>7</sup> know.

Than Butler said, " We wait<sup>7</sup> weyle it was he ;

And bot thou tell, in bayle fyre sall thou de.

Giff thou will help to bryng yon rebell doune

We sall the mak a lady off renoun."

Thai gaiff till hyr baith gold and siluer brycht ;

And said scho suld be weddyt with ane knycht

<sup>8</sup> without.

Quham scho desirit, that was but<sup>8</sup> mariage.

Thus tempt thai hir, throu consaill and gret wage,

That scho thaim tald quhat tyme he wald be thar.

Than war thai glad ; for thai desirit no mar

Off all Scotland, bot Wallace at thair will.

Thus ordaynyt thai this poyntment to fullfill.

<sup>9</sup> made ready.

Feyle men off armes thai graithit<sup>9</sup> hastelye

<sup>10</sup> gates.

To kepe the yettis<sup>10</sup>, wicht Wallas till aspye.

At the set trist he entrit in the toune,

<sup>11</sup> knowing.

Wittand<sup>11</sup> no-thing of all this falss tresoune.

<sup>12</sup> without more  
delay.

Till hir chawmer he went but mair abaid<sup>12</sup>.

Scho welcummyt him, and full gret plesance maid.

<sup>13</sup> readily.

Quhat at thai wrocht I can nocht graithly<sup>13</sup> say ;

- Rycht wnperfyt I am of Venus play :  
 Bot hastelye he graithit him to gang.  
 Than scho him tuk, and speryt giff he thocht lang<sup>1</sup>; <sup>1</sup> asked if he felt  
 Scho askit him that nycht with hir to bid. weary.  
 Sone he said, "Nay, for chance that may betide ;  
 My men ar left all at mysrewill for me.  
 I may nocht sleipe this nycht quhill I thaim se."  
 Than wepyt scho, and said full oft, "Allace  
 That I was maide, wa worthe the coursit cas<sup>2</sup>! 2 woe befall the  
accursed  
chance.  
 Now haiff I lost the best man leiffand is.  
 O feble mynd, to do so foull a myss<sup>3</sup>! 3 fault.  
 O waryit witt, wykkyt and wariance<sup>4</sup>, 4 O cursed craft  
and unjust  
adjoining.  
 That me has brocht in-to this myscheful<sup>5</sup> chance!  
 Allace," scho said, "in warld that I was wrocht,  
 Giff all this payne on my-self mycht be brocht!  
 I haiff seruit to be brynt in a gleid<sup>6</sup>." 6 a bright fire.  
 Quhen Wallace saw scho ner of witt couth weid<sup>7</sup>, 7 with thought  
would fever.  
 In his armes he caucht hir sobrelly,  
 And said, "Der hart, quha has mysdoyne ocht, I?"  
 "Nay, I," quoth scho, "has falslye wrocht this trayn.  
 I haiff you sald; rycht now yhe will be slayn."  
 Scho tauld [to] him hir tresoun till ane end,  
 As I haiff said; quhat nedis mair legend?  
 At hir he speryt giff scho forthocht it sar<sup>8</sup>. 8 repented it sore.  
 "Wa, ya," scho said, "and sall do euirmar.  
 My waryed werd<sup>9</sup> in warld I mon fullfill; 9 accursed fate.  
 To mend this myss I wald byrne on a hill."  
 He comfort hir, and baide hir haiff no dreide,  
 "I will," he said, "haiff sumpart off thi weid."  
 Hir gowne he tuk on hym, and courches als<sup>10</sup>. 10 kerchief also.  
 "Will God, I sall eschape this tresoune fals.

I the forgyff." With-outyn wordis mair  
 He kissyt hyr, syne tuk his leiff to fayr.  
 Hys burly brand that helpyt him offt in neid,  
 Rycht priwalye he hid it wndyr that weid.  
 To the south yett the gaynest<sup>1</sup> way he drew ;  
 Quhar that he fand off armyt men enew.  
 To thaim he tald, dissemblyt [in] contenance ;  
 "To the chawmer, quhar he was vpon chance,  
 Speid fast," he said, "Wallace is lokit in."  
 Fra him thai socht with-outyn noyis or dyn  
 To that sammyn houss ; about thai can thaim cast.  
 Out at the yett [than] Wallas gat full fast,  
 Rycht glaid in hart ; quhen that he was with-out  
 Rycht fast he yeide, a stour<sup>2</sup> pais and a stout.  
 Twa him beheld, and said, "We will go se :  
 A stalwart queyne, forsuth, yon semys to be."  
 Him thai folowit throwe the South Ynche thai twa.  
 Quhen Wallace saw with thaim thar come na ma  
 Agayne he turnede, and has the formast slayn.  
 The tothir fled ; than Wallas, with gret mayn,  
 Vpon the hed with his suerd has him tayne ;  
 Left thaim bathe dede, syne to the strenth is gayne.  
 His men he gat, rycht glaid quhen thai him saw ;  
 Till thair defens in haist he gart<sup>3</sup> thaim draw ;  
 Deuoydyde him sone of the womannys weid :  
 Thus chapyt he out of that felloun dreid<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> nearest.

<sup>2</sup> swift.

<sup>3</sup> caused.

<sup>4</sup> extremedanger.

## An Apparition in Gask Hall.

[As the little Scottish company, pursued by the English garrison of Perth with a bloodhound, are making for the Forest of Gask, Fawdoun, a suspected traitor, declares he can go no further. Wallace, to prevent treachery, strikes off his head. The hound stops at the blood, and while the stars are shining the fugitives reach their retreat.]

As Wallace thus in the thik forrest socht,  
 Threttene war left with him, no ma had he.  
 In the Gask hall thair luyng haif thai tayne;  
 Fyr gat thai sone, bot meyt than had thai nane.  
 Twa scheipe thai tuk besid thaim of a fauld,  
 Ordanyt to soupe in-to that ssembly hauld.  
 Graithit in haist sum fude for thaim to dycht<sup>1</sup>,  
 So hard thai blaw rude hornys wpon hycht<sup>2</sup>.  
 Twa sende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be.  
 Thai baid rycht lang, and no tithingis herd he,  
 Bot boustous<sup>3</sup> noyis so brymly<sup>4</sup> blowand fast.  
 So othir twa in-to the woode furth past.  
 Nane come agayne, bot boustously can blaw.  
 In-to gret ire he send thaim furth on raw<sup>5</sup>.  
 Quhen he allayne Wallace was lewyt thar  
 The awfull blast aboundyt mekill mayr<sup>6</sup>.  
 Than trowit he weill thai had his luyng seyne;  
 His suerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne,  
 Syn furth he went quhar at he hard the horne.  
 With-out the dur Fawdoun was him beforne,  
 As till his sycht, his awne hed in his hand.  
 A croys he maid quhen he saw him so stand.  
 At Wallace in the hed he swaket<sup>7</sup> thar;  
 And he in haist sone hynt<sup>8</sup> [it] by the hair,

Syne out agayne at him he couth it cast.  
 In-till his hart he was gretlye agast.  
 Rycht weill he trowit that was no spreit of man ;  
 It was sum dewill at sic<sup>1</sup> malice began.  
 He wyst no waill<sup>2</sup> thar langar for to bide ;  
 Vp throuch the hall thus wicht Wallace can glid,  
 Till a closs stair ; the burdis raiff in twyne<sup>3</sup>,  
 Fyftene fute large he lap out of that in<sup>4</sup>.  
 Wp the wattir sodeynlye he couth fair.  
 Agayne he blent<sup>5</sup> quhat perance he saw thair.  
 Him thocht he saw Faudoun, that hugly syr ;  
 That hail hall he had set in a fyr ;  
 A gret raftre he had in-till his hand.  
 Wallace as than no langar walde he stand.  
 Off his gud men full gret meruail had he,  
 How thai war tynt<sup>6</sup> throuch his feyle<sup>7</sup> fantasé.  
 Traistis rycht weill all this was suth<sup>8</sup> in deide,  
 Supposs<sup>9</sup> that it no poynt be of the creide.

[He escapes through his enemies with great difficulty, fighting nearly all the way, and, swimming the Forth at Cambuskenneth, finds refuge in the Torwood. He sends back a woman to survey the scene of the previous night, and he is joined by his uncle.]

In the Torwode thai luyt all that nycht,  
 Quhill the woman that Wallace north had send  
 Retornd agayne, and tald him till ane end  
 Quhat Inglissmen in the way scho fand dede.  
 Feyll<sup>10</sup> was fallyn fey<sup>11</sup> in mony syndry stede ;  
 The hors scho saw that Wallace had berefft,  
 And the Gask hall standand as it was left,  
 With-out harne, nocht sterd<sup>12</sup> off it a stane ;  
 Bot off his men gud tithingis scho gat nane.

<sup>1</sup> that such.

<sup>2</sup> advantage.

<sup>3</sup> rent in twain.

<sup>4</sup> dwelling.

<sup>5</sup> glanced.

<sup>6</sup> lost.

<sup>7</sup> strong.

<sup>8</sup> true.

<sup>9</sup> Although.

<sup>10</sup> Many.

<sup>11</sup> at point of death.

<sup>12</sup> stirred.



[Visiting Lanark, Wallace becomes enamoured of a young lady, the orphan daughter of Hew Braidfute of Lamington, but defers marriage till Scotland shall be free. Shortly afterwards, while the hero and his men are attending mass at Lochmaben, the English cut the tails from their horses. In the fight that ensues the English are defeated, and, Wallace being joined by Sir John the Graham, Lochmaben and Crawford castles are taken. A little later, seized with resistless love-longing, Wallace weds Marion Braidfute, and they live together until a daughter is born. But in 1297, for aiding her husband's escape from a street brawl in Lanark, the lady is put to death. At the news, Wallace is overwhelmed with grief, but presently vows implacable vengeance. He storms Lanark at midnight; puts his enemies to the sword, and shortly finds himself at the head of an army. So serious appears the rising that King Edward himself with a great force comes to Scotland. He is defeated, however, in two great battles at Biggar, and in consequence at "Forest Kyrk" Wallace is chosen Warden of the country. Edward seeks peace, and a truce of a year is agreed on. In two months this truce is broken by English treachery at the terrible "Barns of Ayr," where eighteen score Scottish gentlemen, invited to a justice ayre, and admitted two by two, are hanged to the rafters. Wallace, who meanwhile has seen a vision of his future in a dream in Monkton Kirk, is only saved by a chance delay and the warning of a woman. He avenges the treachery by burning five thousand English in their inns at Ayr on the same night. This was at ten at night. By nine next morning he is in Glasgow, where a similar justice ayre is appointed to be held, and routs Earl Percy and Bishop Beck. Called then to the help of Campbell of Lochow, he defeats and slays Macfadyen, Edward's creature in the west, in a pass under Ben More. Meanwhile Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, has taken Stirling for Wallace, and the latter, after holding a counsel at Ardochattan, captures Perth and Dunottar.]

### The Battle of Stirling Bridge.

[Wallace burns a hundred English ships at Aberdeen, and all the north falls to his hand. He is besieging Dundee when, alarmed at the news, King Edward sends a large force into Scotland under Warenne and Cressingham with orders to wait his own coming at Stirling.]

Thar mustir than was awfull for to se.  
 Off fechtand men thousandis thai war sexté  
 To Stirlyng past, or thai likit to bid.

To erll Malcome a sege thai laid that tid,  
 And thocht to kep the commaund off thar king.  
 Bot gud Wallace wrocht for ane-othir thing.  
 Dundé he left, and maid a gud chyftane,  
 With twa thousand, to kepe that hous off stayne,  
 Off Angwis men and duellaris off Dundé;  
 The samyn nycht till Sanct Jhonstoun went he.  
 Apon the morn till Schirreff-mur he raid;  
 And thar a quhill in gud aray thai baid.

<sup>1</sup> capable.

Schir Jhon the Grayme, and Ramsay that was wicht<sup>1</sup>,  
 He said to thaim, "This is my purpos rycht;

<sup>2</sup> Too much.

Our mekill<sup>2</sup> it is to proffer thaim battaill

<sup>3</sup> advantage.

Apon a playne feild; bot we haiff sum awaill<sup>3</sup>."

Schir Jhon the Grayme said, 'We haiff wndirtayn,  
 With less power, sic thing that weill is gayn.'

Than Wallace said, "Quhar sic thing cummys off  
 neid,

We suld thank God that makis ws for to speid.

Bot ner the bryg my purpos is to be,  
 And wyrk for thaim sum suttell jeperté."

Ramsay ansuerd, 'The brig we may kepe weill;

<sup>4</sup> knowledge.

Off way about Sotheroun has litill feill<sup>4</sup>.'

Wallace sent Jop the battaill for to set,

<sup>5</sup> without fail.

The Twysday next to fecht with-outyn let<sup>5</sup>.

On Setterday on to the bryg thai raid,

<sup>6</sup> compactly.

Off gud playne burd was weill and junctly<sup>6</sup> maid;

<sup>7</sup> Caused watches  
to see to it.

Gert wachis wait<sup>7</sup> that nane suld fra thaim pass.

A wricht he tuk, the suttellast at thar was,

And ordand him to saw the burd in twa

Be the myd streit, that nane mycht our it ga;

<sup>8</sup> jointed bands,  
i.e., strong  
hinges.

On charnaill bandis<sup>8</sup> nald it full fast and sone,

Syne fyld<sup>1</sup> with clay as na-thing had beyne done. 1 Afterwards  
soiled.  
 The tothir end he ordand for to be,  
 How it suld stand on thre rowaris<sup>2</sup> off tre, 2 bolts.  
 Quhen ane war out, that the laiff down suld fall.  
 Him-self wndyr he ordand thar with-all,  
 Bownd on the trest<sup>3</sup> in a creddill to sit, 3 beam, trestle.  
 To lous the pyne quhen Wallace leit him witt.  
 Bot with a horn, quhen it was tyme to be,  
 In all the ost suld no man blaw bot he.

The day approchit off the gret battaill;  
 The Inglismen for power wald nocht fail.  
 Ay sex thai war agayne ane off Wallace;  
 Fyfty thousand maid thaim to battaill place.  
 The ramaynand baid at the castell still;  
 Baithe feild and hous thai thocht to tak at will.  
 The worthi Scottis, apou the tothir side,  
 The playne feild tuk, on fute maid thaim to bid.  
 Hew Kertyngayme the wantgard ledis he,  
 With twenty thousand off likly men to se.  
 Thretty thousand the erll off Waran had;  
 Bot he did than as the wysman him bad;  
 All the fyrst ost befor him our was send<sup>4</sup>. 4 was sent over.  
 Sum Scottis men that weill the maner kend<sup>5</sup> 5 knew.  
 Bade Wallace blaw, and said thai war enew.  
 He haistyt nocht, bot sadly<sup>6</sup> couth persew, 6 wisely, firmly.  
 Quhill Warans ost thik on the bryg he saw.  
 Fra Jop the horn he hyntyt and couth blaw  
 Sa asprely<sup>7</sup>, and warned gud Jhon Wricht. 7 shrilly.  
 The rowar out he straik with gret slycht;  
 The laiff<sup>8</sup> yeid down, quhen the pynnys out gais. 8 The remainder.

A hidwys cry among the peple rais ;  
 Bathe hors and men in-to the wattir fell.  
 The hardy Scottis, that wald na langar duell,  
 Set on the laiff with strakis sad and sar,

<sup>1</sup> Assured of them  
 that were over.

Off thaim thar our as than souerit<sup>1</sup> thai war.

<sup>2</sup> At the forefront  
 they essayed.

At the forbrest thai prewit<sup>2</sup> hardely,

Wallace and Grayme, Boid, Ramsay, and Lundy,

<sup>3</sup> struggle.

All in the stour<sup>3</sup> fast fechtand face to face.

The Sotheron ost bak rerit off that place

<sup>4</sup> That.

At<sup>4</sup> thai fyrst tuk, fyve akyr breid and mar.

Wallace on fute a gret scharp sper he bar ;

Among the thickest off the press he gais.

On Kertyngaym a straik chosyn he hais

<sup>5</sup> corselet.

In the byrnes<sup>5</sup>, that polyst was full brycht.

<sup>6</sup> sharp, penetra-  
 ting.

The punyeand<sup>6</sup> hed the plattis persyt rycht,

Through the body stekit him but reskew ;

<sup>7</sup> Boldly-  
<sup>8</sup> done.

Derffly<sup>7</sup> to dede that chyftane was adew<sup>8</sup>.

Baithe man and hors at that strak he bar down.

<sup>9</sup> prepared.

The Inglis ost quhilk war in battaill boun<sup>9</sup>,

Comfort thai lost quhen thair chyftayne was slayn ;

And mony ane to fle began in playne.

Yeit worthi men baid still in-to the sted,

Quhill ten thousand was brocht on-to thair dede.

Than fled the laiff, and mycht no langar bid ;

Succour thai socht on mony diuers sid,

Sum est, sum west, and sum fled to the north.

<sup>10</sup> Over seven  
 thousand at  
 once splashed.

Sewyn thousand large at anys flottryt<sup>10</sup> in Forth,

Plungyt the depe, and drownd with-out mercye ;

<sup>11</sup> immense fol-  
 lowing.

Nayne left on lyff off all that feill menyhe<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> avail, conse-  
 quence.

Off Wallace ost na man was slayne off wail<sup>12</sup>,

Bot Androw Murray, in-to that strang battaill.

The south part than, saw at thar men was tynt<sup>1</sup>, 1 lost.  
 Als fersly fled as fyr dois off the flynt.  
 The place thai left, castell, and Stirlyng toune ;  
 Towart Dunbar in gret haist maid thaim boune.

Quhen Wallace ost had won that feild through mycht,  
 Tuk wp the bryg, and loussit gud Jhone Wricht ;  
 On the flearis syne folowed wondyr fast.  
 Erl Malcom als out off the castell past,  
 With Lennox men, to stuff<sup>2</sup> the chace gud speid. 2 supply.  
 Ay be the way thai gert feill<sup>3</sup> Sotheroun bleid ; 3 caused many.  
 In the Torwod thai gert full mony de.  
 The erll off Waran, that can full fersly fle,  
 With Corspatrik, that graithly<sup>4</sup> was his gyd, 4 readily.  
 On changit hors through-out the land thai rid,  
 Strawcht to Dunbar ; bot few with thaim thai led.  
 Mony was slayne our sleuthfully at fled.  
 The Scottis hors that had rown wondyr lang,  
 Mony gaiff our, that mycht no forthyr gang.  
 Wallace and Grayme euir to-giddy baid ;  
 At Hathyntoun full gret slauchtir thai maid  
 Off Inglismen, quhen thair hors tyryt had.  
 Quhen Ramsay come gud Wallace was full glad ;  
 With him was Boid, and Richard off Lundy,  
 Thre thousand hail<sup>5</sup> was off gud chēwaly ; 5 whole, quite.  
 And Adam als Wallace off Ricardtoun,  
 With erll Malcome, thai fand at Hathyntoune.  
 The Scottis men on slauchtir taryt was<sup>6</sup>, 6 wererestrained.  
 Quhill to Dunbar the twa chyftanys couth pass,  
 Full sitfully<sup>7</sup>, for thar gret contrar cas<sup>8</sup>. 7 sorrowfully.  
 Wallace folowed till thai gat in that place. 8 hap.

Off thair best men, and Kertyngaym off renoune,  
 Twenty thousand was dede but redemptioun.  
 Besyd Beltoun Wallace raturnd agayn;  
 To folow mar as than was bot in wayn.

### Wallace and the Queen of England.

[Wallace summons a parliament at Perth, but Corspatrick, Earl of March, refuses to attend, flouting the Warden as a "king of Kyle." In consequence Wallace at Dunbar attacks and routs the haughty noble. The latter is reinforced by a large army from England under Bruce and Bishop Beck, but this also is discomfited by the enterprise of the Scots, though it grieves the leader to find his king fighting among the national enemies. To recoup the nation's losses Wallace next determines on an invasion of England, and the poet makes him march south, burning and slaying, and continually evaded by the English king, as far as St. Albans. The English barons determine to sue for peace, but, mindful of the ruthlessness of the Warden, no herald will venture to his camp. At last the queen offers to go. The Scottish leader wakens early in his tent.]

The mery day sprang fra the oryent,  
 With bemys brycht enlumynyt the occident.  
 Eftir Titan, Phebus wp rysyt fayr,  
 Heich in the sper the signes maid declayr.  
 Zepherus began his morow cours,  
 The swete wapour thus fra the ground resours<sup>1</sup>.  
 The humyll<sup>2</sup> breyth doun fra the hewÿn awaill<sup>3</sup>,  
 In euery meide, bathe fyrth, forrest, and dail;  
 The cler rede<sup>4</sup> amang the rochis rang  
 Throuch greyn branchis quhar byrdis blythly sang  
 With joyus woice in hewÿnly armony.  
 Than Wallace thocht it was no tyme to ly;  
 He croyssit him, syne sodeynli wp rais;

<sup>1</sup> rises again.

<sup>2</sup> humble, gentle.  
<sup>3</sup> descends.

<sup>4</sup> note.

To tak the ayr out off his palyon<sup>1</sup> gais.  
 Maister Jhon Blar was redy to rawess;  
 In gud entent syne bownyt to the mess<sup>2</sup>.  
 Quhen it was done Wallace can him aray<sup>3</sup>  
 In his armour quhilk gudly was and gay.  
 His schenand schoys<sup>4</sup> that burnyst was full beyn<sup>5</sup>,  
 His leg harnes he clappyt on so clene;  
 Pullane greis<sup>6</sup> he braissit on full fast;  
 A closs byrny with mony sekyl<sup>7</sup> clasp;  
 Breyst-plait, brasaris<sup>8</sup>, that worthy was in wer.  
 Besid him furth Jop couth his basnet ber.  
 His glytterand glōwis grawin on athir sid,  
 He semyt weill in battaill till abid.  
 His gud gyrdyll, and syne his burly brand,  
 A staff off steyll he gryppyt in his hand.  
 The ost him blyst, and prayit God off his grace  
 Him to conwoy fra all mystymyt cace<sup>9</sup>.  
 Adam Wallace and Boid furth with him yeid  
 By a reuir, throu-out a floryst meid.  
 And as thai walk atour<sup>10</sup> the feyldis greyn,  
 Out off the south thai saw quhar at the queyn  
 Towart the ost come ridand sobyrly,  
 And fyfty ladyis was in hyr cumpany,  
 Wallyt<sup>11</sup> off wit and demyt<sup>12</sup> off renoun,  
 Sum wedowis war, and sum off religioun;  
 And sewyn preistis that entrit war in age.  
 Wallace to sic<sup>13</sup> did neuir gret owtrage,  
 Bot gyff till him thai maid a gret offens.  
 Thus prochyt thai on towart thar presens.  
 At the palyoun quhar thai the lyoun saw  
 To ground thai lycht, and syne on kneis can faw;

<sup>1</sup> pavilion.<sup>2</sup> make ready for the mass.<sup>3</sup> began to array himself.<sup>4</sup> shining shoon.  
<sup>5</sup> richly.<sup>6</sup> Battle greaves.<sup>7</sup> sure.<sup>8</sup> vambraces.<sup>9</sup> untimely hap.<sup>10</sup> across.<sup>11</sup> Chosen.  
<sup>12</sup> judged.<sup>13</sup> such.

Prayand for pece thai cry with petous cher.  
 Erl Malcom said, "Our chyftayn is nocht her."

He bad hyr rys, and said it was nocht rycht,

<sup>1</sup> serving wight. A queyn on kneis till ony lavar wycht<sup>1</sup>.

Wp by the hand the gud erll has hyr tayn;

Atour the bent to Wallace ar thai gayn.

Quhen scho him saw scho wald haiff knelyt doune;

In armys sone he caught this queyn with croun,

And kyssyt hyr with-outyn wordis mor;

Sa dyd he neurir to na Sotheron befor.

<sup>2</sup> may. "Madem," he said, "rycht welcum mot<sup>2</sup> ye be;

How plessis yow our ostyng for to se?"

[The Scots lords and English ladies dine together, and afterwards the queen sues for peace. All her arguments, however, are in vain, and when Wallace recounts at length the woes of Scotland and his own wrongs the queen herself weeps for pity.]

<sup>3</sup> fair talk helped her nothing. The queyn fand weyll langage no-thing hyr bet<sup>3</sup>;

<sup>4</sup> overcome. Scho trowit with gold that he mycht be our-set<sup>4</sup>.

Thre thousand pound off fynest gold so red

Scho gert be brocht to Wallace in that sted.

"Madeym," he said, "na sic tribut we craiff.

A-nothir mendis we wald off Ingländ haiff,

Or we ratur fra this regioun agayn,

Off your fals blud that has our elderis slayn.

<sup>5</sup> realm. For all the gold and ryches ye in ryng<sup>5</sup>,

Ye get no pess, but desir off your king."

Quhen scho saw weill, gold mycht hyr nocht releiff,

Sum part in sport scho thought him for to preiff.

<sup>6</sup> called. 'Wallace,' scho said, 'yhe war clepyt<sup>6</sup> my luff.

<sup>7</sup> courageously. Mor baundounly<sup>7</sup> I maid me for to pruff,

Traistand tharfor your rancour for to slak.



Me-think ye suld do sum-thing for my saik.<sup>7</sup>  
 Rycht wysly he maid ansuer to the queyn.  
 "Madem," he said, "and verité war seyn  
 That ye me luffyt, I awcht<sup>1</sup> yow luff agayn. 1 owe.  
 Thir wordis all ar no-thing bot in wäyn.  
 Sic luff as that is nothing till awance,  
 To tak a lak<sup>2</sup>, and syne get no plesance. 2 reproach.  
 In spech off luff suttell ye Sotheroun ar ;  
 Ye can ws mok, suppos ye se no mar."  
 'In London,' scho said, 'for yow I sufferyt blaym;  
 Our consall als will lauch quhen we cum haym.  
 So may thai say, wemen ar fers<sup>3</sup> off thoct 3 quick, eager.  
 To sek frendship, and syne can get rycht nocht !'  
 "Madem," he said, "we wait<sup>4</sup> how ye ar send ; 4 understand.  
 Yhe trow we haiff bot litill for to spend.  
 Fyrst with your gold, for ye ar rych and wys<sup>5</sup>, 5 crafty.  
 Yhe wald ws blynd, sen Scottis ar so nys<sup>6</sup>: 6 uncrafty.  
 Syn plesand wordis off yow and ladyis fayr,  
 As quha suld dryff the byrdis till a swar<sup>7</sup> 7 snare.  
 With the small pype, for it most fresche will call.  
 Madem, as yit ye ma nocht tempt ws all.  
 Gret part off gud is left amang our kyn ;  
 In Ingland als we fynd enewch to wyn."  
 Abayssyt<sup>8</sup> scho was to mak ansuer him till. 8 At a loss.  
 'Der schyr,' scho said, 'sen this is at your will ;  
 Wer or pess, quhat-so yow likis best,  
 Lat your hye witt and gud consaill degest<sup>9</sup>.  
 "Madem," he said, "now sall ye wndirstand 9 deliberate.  
 The resoune quhy that I will mak na band.  
 With yow, ladyis, I can na trewis bynd ;  
 For your fals king her-efrir sone wald fynd,

Quhen he saw tyme, to brek it at his will,  
 And playnly say he grantyt nocht thartill.  
 Than had we nayn bot ladyis to repruff.  
 That sall he nocht, be God that is abuff.  
 Vpon wemen I will na wer begyn;  
 On you in faith no worschip is to wyn.  
 All the hail pass apon him-selff he sall tak,  
 Off pees or wer quhat hapnyt we to mak."  
 The queyn grantyt his ansuer sufficient;  
 So dyd the layff<sup>1</sup> in place that was present.  
 His delyuerance thai held off gret awaill,  
 And stark<sup>2</sup> enewch to schaw to thair consaill.  
 Wa was the qweyn hyr tra<sup>w</sup>aill helpyt nocht.  
 The gold scho tuk, that thai had with hyr brocht;  
 On-to the ost rycht frely scho it gayff  
 Till euiryk man that likyt for till haiff.  
 Till menstraillis, harroldis, scho delt haboundanlé,  
 Besekand thaim hyr frend at thai wald be.  
 Quhen Wallace saw the fredom off the queyn,  
 Sadly he said, "The suth weyll has beyn seyn,  
 Wemen may tempt the wysest at is wrocht.  
 Your gret gentrice<sup>3</sup> it sall neuir be for nocht.  
 We [yow] assure our ost sall mwff na-thing  
 Quhyll tym ye may send message fra your king.  
 Gyff it be sa at he accord and we,  
 Than for your saik it sall the bettir be.  
 Your harroldys als sall saiffly cum and ga;  
 For your fredom we sall trowbill na ma<sup>4</sup>."  
 Scho thankit him off his grant mony sys<sup>5</sup>,  
 And all the ladyis apon a gudly wys.  
 Gladly thai drank, the queyn and gud Wallace,

<sup>1</sup> the remainder.<sup>2</sup> potent.<sup>3</sup> gentlehood.<sup>4</sup> no more.<sup>5</sup> times.

Thir ladyis als and lordis in that place.  
 Hyr leyff scho tuk with-out langar abaid;  
 Fyve myle that nycht south till a nonry raid.  
 Apon the morn till London passit thai,  
 In Westmenster, quhar at the consaill lay.

### The Red Reiver.

[Peace is presently arranged, Edward giving up all Scottish fortresses and prisoners. Three years later, the affairs of all Scotland having been set in order, Wallace is invited by the French king to visit France, and leaving Sir James Stewart at the head of the government, he sets sail. At sea his vessel is attacked by Longueville, the Red Reiver, with sixteen ships; but by his personal address and strength, seizing the pirate captain as he leaps on board, Wallace captures the whole fleet.]

Wallace desyryt to talk mor with this man.  
 Sadly he sperd<sup>1</sup>, “Off quhat land was thou born?” <sup>1</sup> Seriously he asked.  
 ‘Off France,’ quoth he, ‘and my eldris beforn;  
 And thar we had sunpart off heretage:  
 Yet fers fortoun thus brocht me in a rage.’  
 Wallace sperd, “How com thow to this lyff?”  
 ‘Forsuth,’ he said, ‘bot throw a sudan stryff.  
 So hapnyt me in-to the kingis presens  
 Our raklesly to do our gret offens.  
 A nobill man off gud fame and renoun  
 That throw my deid was put to confusioun  
 Dede off a straik; quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 All helpyt nocht, thocht I repentyt full sor.  
 Throw freyndys off the court I chapyt<sup>2</sup> off that place, <sup>2</sup> escaped.  
 And neuir sen syn<sup>3</sup> couth get the kingis grace. <sup>3</sup> since then.  
 For my saik mony off my kyn gert thai de.

And quhen I saw it mycht no bettir be,  
 Bot leyff the land that me behuffyt o neid,  
<sup>1 to Bordeaux I went.</sup> Apon a day to Burdeous I yeid<sup>1</sup>.  
 Ane Inglis schip so gat I on a nycht,  
<sup>2 expeditiously was prepared.</sup> For sey lawbour that ernystfully was dycht<sup>2</sup>.  
<sup>3 gathered.</sup> To me thar semblyt<sup>3</sup> misdoaris, and weill mo ;  
 And in schort tym we multiplyt so  
 That thar wes few our power mycht withstand.  
<sup>4 reigned long.</sup> In tyranny thus haiff we rongyn lang<sup>4</sup>.  
 This sexten yer I haiff beyn on the se,  
 And doyn gret harm ; tharfor full wa is me.  
 I savit nayne, for gold nor gret ransoun,  
 Bot slew and drownyt in-to the se adoun.  
 Fawour I did till folk off syndry land ;  
 Bot Franchmen no frendschip with me fand,  
 Thai gat no grace als fer as I mycht ryng.  
<sup>5 called.</sup> Als on the se I clypyt<sup>5</sup> was a king.  
 Now se I weyll that my fortoun is went,  
 Vincust with ane ; that gerris me sair rapent.  
 Quha wald haiff said, this sammyn day at morn,  
 I suld with ane thus lychtly doun be born,  
<sup>6 scorn.</sup> In gret hething<sup>6</sup> my men it wald haiff tayne.  
<sup>7 overwhelmed.</sup> My-selff trowit till [haiff] machit<sup>7</sup> mony ane,  
 Bot I haiff found the werray playn contrar.  
 Her I gyff our roubry for eurimar ;  
 In sic mysrewll I sall neur armes ber,  
<sup>8 use, manner.</sup> Bot gyff it be in honest oys<sup>8</sup> to wer.  
 Now haiff I told part off my blyss and payn ;  
<sup>9 show.</sup> For Goddis saik sum kyndnes kyth<sup>9</sup> agayn.  
 My hart will brek bot I wyt quhat thou be  
<sup>10 abated, reduced.</sup> Thus outrageously that has rabutyt<sup>10</sup> me.

For weill I wend<sup>1</sup> that leyffand had beyn non 1 deemed.  
 Be fors off strenth mycht me as presoner ton  
 Except Wallace, that has rademyt Scotland,  
 The best is callyt this day beltyt with brand.  
 In-till his wer war worschip for to wak<sup>2</sup>, 2 travel.  
 As now in warld I trow he has no mak<sup>3</sup>.<sup>3</sup> 3 peer.  
 Tharat he smylit, and said; "Frend, weill may be,  
 Scotland had mystir<sup>4</sup> off mony sic as he. 4 need.  
 Quhat is thi naym? tell me; so haiff thow seill<sup>5</sup>!" 5 happiness.  
 'Forsuth,' he said, 'Thomas of Longaweill.'  
 "Weyll bruk<sup>6</sup> thow it! all thus stentis<sup>7</sup> our stryff: 6 enjoy.  
 Schaip<sup>8</sup> to pleyss God in mendyng off thi lyff. 7 stays.  
 Thi faithfull freynd my-selff thinkis to be; 8 Endeavour.  
 And als my nayme I sall sone tell to the.  
 For chans off wer thou suld no murnyng mak;  
 As werd<sup>9</sup> will wyrk thi fortoun mon<sup>10</sup> thou tak. 9 fate.  
 I am that man that you aʍanss so hie, 10 must.  
 And bot schort tym sen I come to the se.  
 Off Scotland born, my rycht name is Wallace."  
 On kneis he fell, and thankit God of grace;  
 'I dar aʍow that yoldyn is my hand  
 To the best man that beltis him with brand.  
 Forsuth,' he said, 'this blythis me mekill mor  
 Than off floryng ye gaiff me sixty scor.'  
 Wallace ansuerd; "Sen thou art her throw chance,  
 My purpos is, be this wiage, in France;  
 And to the king sen I am boun to pass,  
 To my reward thi pees I think to as."  
 'Pes I wald haiff [fane] off my rychtwis king;  
 And no langar in-to that realm to ryng<sup>11</sup>, 11 reign.  
 Than to tak leyff, and cum off it agayn.

In thi seruice I think for to ramayn.'

"Seruice," he said, "Thomas, that may nocht be,  
Bot gud frendschip, as I desir off the."

<sup>1</sup> Caused.

Gart<sup>1</sup> draw the wyn, and ilk man mery maid;  
Be this the schippis was in the Rochell raid.

The rede blasonys thai had born in-to wer;  
The toun was sone in-till a sudane fer.  
The Rede Reiffar thai saw was at thair hand,  
The quhilk throu strenth mycht nayn agayne him  
stand.

Sum schippis fled, and sum the land has tayn,  
Clariownys blew, and trumpattis mony ane.

<sup>2</sup> in commotion.

Quhen Wallace saw the pepill was on ster<sup>2</sup>  
He gaiff commaund na schip suld ner apper,  
Bot his awin barge in-to the haŵyn gart draw.

<sup>3</sup> ensign.

The folk was fayn quhen thai that senye<sup>3</sup> saw;  
Rycht weyll thai knew in gold the rede lioun,  
Leit wp the port rasaut him in the toun,  
And sufferyt thaim, for all that he had brocht.  
The rede naŵyn in-to the haŵyn thai socht;  
On land thai went, quhar thai likit to pass.  
Rycht few thar wyst quhat Scottisman Wallace was;  
Bot weyll thai thocht he was a gudly man,  
And honouryt him in all the craft thai can.

[Wallace carries Longueville in his suite to the French court.]

Sone eftir meit the king to parlour went,  
With gudly lordis; thar Wallace was present.  
Than commound thai off mony syndry thing;  
To spek with him gret desyr had the king.

At him he speryt off wer the gouernance.  
 He ansuerd him with manly contenance  
 Till euery poynt, als fer as he had feill<sup>1</sup>,  
 In Latyn tong rycht naturally and weill.  
 The king consauit sone throu his hie knowlage  
 Quhat wermen oysyt be reiff<sup>2</sup> in thar passage.  
 In-till his mynd the Rede Reiffar than was ;  
 Merwëll he had how he leit Wallace pass.  
 Till him he said, "Ye war sum-thing to blaym ;  
 Ye mycht haiff send, be our harrold fra haym,  
 Eftir power to bryng yow throu the se."  
 'God thank yow, schyr, tharoff ynewch had we.  
 Feill<sup>3</sup> men may pass quhar thai fynd na perell ;  
 Rycht few may kep quhar nayn is to assail.'  
 "Wallace," he said, "tharoff merwëll haiff I ;  
 A tyran ryngis in ire full cruelly  
 Apon the se, that gret sorow has wrocht ;  
 Mycht we him get, it suld not be for nocht.  
 Born off this land, a natyff man to me ;  
 Tharfor on ws the grettar harme dois he."  
 Than Thomas quok, and changyt contenas ;  
 He hard the king his ewill deidis awans.  
 Wallace beheld, and fenyeit in a part<sup>4</sup> ;  
 'Forsuth,' he said, 'we fand nane in that art  
 That proffryt ws sic wnkyndlynes.  
 Bot with your leiff I spek in haymlynes,  
 Trow ye be sycht ye couth that squier know ?'  
 "Full lang it war sen tym that I him saw.  
 Bot thir wordis off him ar bot in wäyn ;  
 Or he com her rycht gud men will be slayn."  
 Than Wallace said, 'Her I haiff brocht with me,

<sup>1</sup> knowledge.<sup>2</sup> What men of war were wont by robbery (to do).<sup>3</sup> Many.<sup>4</sup> feigned a part.

Off likly men that was in our countré :  
 Quhilk off all thir wald ye call him most lik ?  
 Amang thaim blent<sup>1</sup> that ryoll roy most ryk<sup>2</sup>,  
 Wesyit<sup>3</sup> thaim weill, bathe statur and curage,  
 Maner, makdome, thar fassoun and thar wësaige.  
 Sadly he said, aÿysit sobyrly,  
 “ That largest man, quhilk standis next yow by,  
 Wald I call him, be makdome to deÿvice.  
 Thir ar no thing bot wordis off office.”  
 Befor the king on kneis fell gud Wallace :  
 ‘ O ryoll roy, off hie honour and grace,  
 With waist wordis I will nocht yow traÿwail ;  
 Now I will spek sum-thing for myn aÿwail.  
 Our barnat<sup>4</sup> land has beyn our-set with wer,  
 With Saxonis blud that dois ws mekill der<sup>5</sup>,  
 Slayn our eldris, distroyit our rychtwys blud,  
 Waistyt our realm off gold and othir gud.  
 And ye ar her, in mycht and ryolté,  
 Yow suld haiff ey till our aduersité,  
 And ws support, throu kyndnes off the band  
 Quhilk is conserÿwt betuix yow and Scotland.  
 As I am her, at your charge, for plesance,  
 My lyflat<sup>6</sup> is bot honest cheÿysance<sup>7</sup>.  
 Flour off realmys forsuth is this regioun ;  
 To my reward I wald haiff gret gardoun<sup>8</sup>.’  
 “ Wallace,” he said, “ now ask what ye wald haiff.  
 Gud gold or land sall nocht be lang to craiff.”  
 Wallace ansuerd, ‘ So ye it grant to me,  
 Quhat I wald haiff it sall sone chosyn be.’  
 “ Quhat-euir yhe ask that is in this regioun,  
 Ye sall it haiff, except my wyff and croun.”

<sup>1</sup> glanced.  
<sup>2</sup> potent.  
<sup>3</sup> Examined.

<sup>4</sup> native, *lit.*  
 bairnhood.  
<sup>5</sup> injury.

<sup>6</sup> way of life.  
<sup>7</sup> acquiring.

<sup>8</sup> guerdon.



He thankit hym off his gret kyndlynes.

‘ My reward all sall be askyng off grace,

Pees to this man I broucht with me throu chans.

Her I quytcleym<sup>1</sup> all othir gyfftis in Frans.

<sup>1</sup> quit claim of.

This samyn is he, gyff ye knaw him weill,

That we off spak, Thomas off Longaweill.

Be rygour ye desyryt he suld be slayn ;

I him restor in-to your grace agayn.

Rasaiff him fayr, as liege man off your land.’

The king marweld, and couth in study stand ;

Perfyty knew that it was Longaweill ;

He him forgaiff his trespas euirilkdeill<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> every whit.

Bot for his saik that had him hydder brocht ;

For gold or land ellis he gat it nocht.

“ Wallace,” he said, “ I had leuir<sup>3</sup> off gud land

<sup>3</sup> leifer, rather.

Thre hundreth pund haiff sesyt<sup>4</sup> in thi hand.

<sup>4</sup> paid.

That I haiff said sall be grantyt in plain ;

Her I restor Thomas to pes agayn,

Derer to me than euir he was befor,

All for your saik, thocht it war mekill mor.”

Quhen Thomas was restoryt to his rycht

Off hys awin hand the king has maid him knycht.

Eftir he gaiff stayt to his nerrest ayr,

And maid him-selff with Wallace for to fayr.

Thus he was brocht fra naym off reyff, throu cace,

Be sudand chans off him and wicht Wallace.

## The Taking of Lochleven.

[While Wallace assists the French in their wars in Guyenne, news of his deeds reaches the English court. Advantage is taken of his absence to invade Scotland, and soon the patriotic party there is driven to extremity. The Warden is invited to return, lands at Montrose, retakes Perth, and fights the battle of Black Irnside. Presently the only stronghold in that part of Scotland remaining in English hands is the fortalice of Lochleven.]

Bot in Lochlewyn thair lay a cumpané,

Apon that inch<sup>1</sup> in a small hous thair dycht<sup>2</sup>;

Castell was nayne, bot wallyt with water wicht<sup>3</sup>.

Besyd Carrail thair semblyt<sup>4</sup> Wallace befor;

His purpos was for till assay Kyngorn.

A knycht hecht<sup>5</sup> Gray than captane in it was :

Be schort awys<sup>6</sup> purpos he tuk to pas.

Erar<sup>7</sup> he wald bid chalans off his king

Than with Wallace to rakyn for sic a thing.

That hous thair tuk, and litill tary maid.

Vpon the morn, with-outyn mar abaid,

Atour the mur, quhar thair a tryst had set,

Ner Scotlandis Well thair luyng tuk but let.

Eftir souper Wallace bad thaim ga rest :

“My-selff will walk, me-think it may be best.”

As he commaundyt, but gruching<sup>8</sup> thair haiff don.

In-to thar slep Wallace him graithit<sup>9</sup> son,

Past to Lochlewyn as it was ner mydnycht,

Auchtene with him, at he hed warnyt rycht.

Thir men wend weill he come to wesye<sup>10</sup> it.

“Falows,” he said, “I do yow weill to wyt;

Considyr weill this place, and wndirstand

That it may do full gret scaith<sup>11</sup> to Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> island.

<sup>2</sup> lay armed.

<sup>3</sup> strong.

<sup>4</sup> assembled.

<sup>5</sup> named.

<sup>6</sup> manner.

<sup>7</sup> Rather.

<sup>8</sup> without re-  
pining.

<sup>9</sup> armed.

<sup>10</sup> examine.

<sup>11</sup> hurt.

Out off the south and power cum thaim till,  
 Thai may tak in, and kep it at thair awn will.  
 Apon yon inche rycht mony men may be,  
 And syn wsche out, thair tym quhen at thai se.  
 To bid lang her we may nocht wpon chans,  
 Yon folk has fud, trast weill, at sufficians.  
 Wattir fra thaim forsuth can nocht be set ;  
 Sum wthyr wyill ws worthis<sup>1</sup> for to get. 1 behoves.  
 Yhe sall remayn her at this port all still,  
 And I my-selff the boit sall bryng yow till.”  
 Thair-with in haist his weid off castis he :  
 “Apon yon sid na wachman can I se ;”  
 Held on his sark, and tuk his suerd so gud  
 Band on his nek, and syn lap in the flud,  
 And our he swam, for lattyng<sup>2</sup> fand he nocht. 2 hindrance.  
 The boit he tuk and till hys men it brocht,  
 Arayit him weill, and wald no langar bid,  
 Bot passyt in, rowit to the tothir sid.  
 The inch thai tuk with suerdis drawyn in hand,  
 And sparyt nayn that thai befor thaim fand ;  
 Strak duris wp, stekyt men quhar thai lay ;  
 Apon the Sothroun thus sadly semblyt thai.  
 Thretty thai slew that was in that samyn place ;  
 To mak defens the Inglismen had no space.  
 Thar women fyve Wallace send off that sted ;  
 Woman nor barne he gart neuir put to dede.  
 The gud thai tuk, as it had beyn thair awyn.  
 Than Wallace said, “Falowis, I mak yow knawin,  
 The purwyance that is with-in this wanys<sup>3</sup> 3 habitation.  
 We will nocht tyne<sup>4</sup>. Ger sembyll all at anys, 4 lose.  
 Gar warn Ramsay and our gud men ilkane<sup>5</sup>; 5 each one.

<sup>1</sup> provender. I will remayn quhill this warnstor<sup>1</sup> be gane :”  
<sup>2</sup> put in guard. Send furth a man, thair horsis put to kep<sup>2</sup>,  
 Drew wp the boit, syne beddys tuk to sleip.

Wallace power, quhilk Scotland Well ner lay,  
 Befor the son thai myssyt him away.

<sup>3</sup> lament. Sum menyng<sup>3</sup> maid, and merweillyt off that cace.  
 Ramsay bad, ‘Ces, and murn nocht for Wallace.  
 It is for gud at he is fra us went ;

<sup>4</sup> verity. It sall ye se, trast weill, in werrament<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> pledge. My hed to wed<sup>5</sup>, Lochlewyn he past to se :  
 Bot that is thar, no Inglisman know we  
 In all this land, betwix thir watters left.  
 Tithandis off hym ye sall se son hereft.’

As thai about was talkand on this wys  
 A message com and chargyt thaim to rys.  
 “My lord,” he said, “to dyner has yow cald  
 In-till Lochlewyn, quhilk is a ryoll hald.  
 Ye sall fair weyll, tharfor put off all sorow.”

### Description of Wallace.

[Wallace surprises Dumbarton and Rosneath, and Douglas rises in the south and takes Sanquhar. Dundee is the last strength remaining in English hands in Scotland, and to it the Warden lays siege. News at this point is carried to King Edward, then in France. He hastens home and prepares to invade Scotland with a hundred thousand men. At the same time the French send a herald to ask if Wallace wishes succour. With him the herald brings a French description of the hero.]

The wyt off Frans thoct Wallace to commend ;  
 In-to Scotland, with this harrold thai send  
 Part off his deid, and als the discriptioun  
 Off him tane thar be men off discretioun,  
 Clerkis, knychtis, and harroldys, that him saw ;  
 Bot I hereoff can nocht rehers thaim aw.  
 Wallace statur, off gretnes, and off hycht,  
 Was jugyt thus, be discretioun off rycht,  
 That saw him bath dissembill and in weid<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Nyne quartaris large he was in lenth indeid ;  
 Thryd part lenth in schuldrys braid was he,  
 Rycht ssembly, strang, and lusty for to se ;  
 Hys lymmys gret, with stalwart pais and sound,  
 Hys browys hard, his armes gret and round ;  
 His handis maid rycht lik till a pawmer<sup>2</sup>,  
 Off manlik mak, with naless gret and cler ;  
 Proportionyt lang and fayr was his wësage ;  
 Rycht sad off spech, and abill in curage ;  
 Braid breyst and heyech<sup>3</sup>, with sturdy crag<sup>4</sup> and gret ;  
 His lyppys round, his noys was squar and tret<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Bowand<sup>6</sup> bron haryt, on browis and breis<sup>7</sup> lycht,  
 Cler aspre<sup>8</sup> eyn, lik dyamondis brycht.  
 Wndyr the chyn, on the left syd, was seyn,  
 Be hurt, a wain ; his colour was sangweyn.  
 Woundis he had in mony diuers place,  
 Bot fair and weill kepyt was his face.  
 Off ryches he kepyt no propyr thing ;  
 Gaiff as he wan, lik Alexander the king.  
 In tym off pes mek as a maid was he ;  
 Quhar wer approchyt the rycht Ector was he.  
 To Scottis men a gret credens he gaiff ;

<sup>1</sup> unclad and in  
armour.

<sup>2</sup> palm-leaf.

<sup>3</sup> high.  
<sup>4</sup> neck.

<sup>5</sup> long and well  
proportioned.

<sup>6</sup> Wavy.  
<sup>7</sup> eyebrows.

<sup>8</sup> sharp.

Bot knawin enemys thai couth him nocht disayff.  
 Thir properteys was knawin in-to Frans,  
 Off him to be in gud remembrans.  
 Maistir Jhon Blayr that patron couth rasaiff,  
 In Wallace buk brewyt<sup>1</sup> it with the layff.

<sup>1</sup> wrote.

### Wallace's Meeting with Bruce.

[Wallace defeats the English advance guard of ten thousand under Woodstock on Sheriffmuir, but, on the eve of encountering Edward himself, Comyn, brother of the Countess of March, sows dissension between the Warden and the Stewart. Stewart claims by virtue of his office to lead the vanguard; Wallace refuses, and withdraws from action. In consequence, in the great battle of Falkirk, Stewart is defeated and slain, chiefly by the valour of Bruce, who fights on the English side. In defending the Scottish retreat Wallace is wounded by Bruce, and Sir John the Graham is killed.]

Quhen Wallace saw this knycht to dede was wrocht

<sup>2</sup> mastered.

The pytuous payn so sor thyrlyt<sup>2</sup> his thoct

<sup>3</sup> nature.

All out off kynd<sup>3</sup> it alteryt his curage;

<sup>4</sup> mad.

Hys wyt in wer was than bot a wod<sup>4</sup> rage.

Hys hors him bur in feild quhar-so him lyst;

For off him-selff as than litill he wyst.

Lik a wyld best that war fra reson rent,

As wytlace wy in-to the ost he went,

<sup>5</sup> driving.

Dingand<sup>5</sup> on hard; quhat Sotheroun he rycht hyt,

Straucht upon hors agayn mycht neurir syt.

<sup>6</sup> many.

In-to that rage full feill<sup>6</sup> folk he dang doun;

<sup>7</sup> was cleared a great space.

All hym about was reddyt a gret rowm<sup>7</sup>.

[With difficulty the Scottish troops pass Carron Water, the tide being in; and Wallace's own horse, having been wounded, falls dead on gaining the further bank.]

To the Torwod he bad the ost suld ryd.  
 Kerlé and he past wpon Caroun syd,  
 Behaldand our<sup>1</sup> wpon the south party. 1 over.  
 Bruce formast com and can<sup>2</sup> on Wallace cry, 2 began.  
 “Quhat art thou thar?” ‘A man,’ Wallace can say.  
 The Bruce ansuerd, “That has thou prewyt to-day.  
 Abyd,” he said, “thou nedis nocht now to fle.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘I eschew nocht for the.  
 Bot that power has thi awn ner fordon;  
 Amendis off this, will God, we sall haiff son.’  
 “Langage off the,” the Bruce said, “I desyr.”  
 ‘Say furth,’ quoth he; ‘thou may for litill hyr<sup>3</sup>. 3 cost(?)  
 Ryd fra that ost, and gar thaim bid with Beik.  
 I wald fayn her quhat thou likis to speik.’  
 The ost baid styll, the Bruce passyt thaim fra;  
 He tuk wyth him bot a Scot that hecht Ra.  
 Quhen that the Bruce out off thair heryng wer  
 He turned in, and this question can sper:  
 “Quhy wyrkis thou thus, and mycht in gud pess be?”  
 Than Wallace said, ‘Bot in defawt off the.  
 Through thi falsheid thin awn wyt has myskend<sup>4</sup>. 4 mistaken.  
 I cleyrn no rycht, bot wald this land defend  
 At thou wndoys throu thi fals cruell deid.  
 Thou hast tynt twa had beyn worth fer mair meid,  
 On this ilk day, with a gud king to found<sup>5</sup>, 5 to go.  
 Na<sup>6</sup> fyve mylyon off fynest gold so round 6 Than.  
 That euir was wrocht in werk or ymage brycht.  
 I trow in warld was nocht a bettir knycht  
 Than was the gud Graym off trewth and hardement.’  
 Teris tharwith fra Wallace eyn down went.

[After further bitterly reproaching Bruce for fighting against his own kingdom Wallace retires to his men.]

<sup>1</sup> separated.

Thus thai depertyt<sup>1</sup>. The Bruce past his way,  
 Till Lithqwo raid, quhar that king Eduuard lay,  
 The feild had left, and lugyt a south the toun,  
 To souper set. As Bruce at the palyoun  
 So entryt in, and saw wacand his seit,  
 No wattir he tuk, bot maid him to the meit.  
 Fastand he was, and had beyn in gret dreid;  
 Bludyt was all his wapynnys and his weid.  
 Sotheroun lordys scornyt him in termys rud,  
 And said, "Behald, yon Scot ettis his awn blud."  
 The king thocht ill thai maid sic derisioun;  
 He bad haiff watter to Bruce off Huntyntoun.  
 Thai bad him wesche; he said that wald he nocht:  
 "This blud is myn, that hurtis most my thocht."

<sup>2</sup> had remorse for.

Sadly the Bruce than in his mynd remordyt<sup>2</sup>  
 Thai wordis suth that Wallace had him recordyt.  
 Than rewyt he sar, fra resoun had him knawin,  
 At blud and land suld all lik beyn his awin.  
 With thaim he was lang or he couth get away;  
 Bot contrar Scottis he faucht nocht fra that day.

### Wallace's Lament for the Graham.

Wallace slepyt bot a schort quhill and raiss.

<sup>3</sup> manner.

To rewl the ost on a gud mak<sup>3</sup> he gais  
 Till erll Malcom, Ramsay, and Lundy wicht;  
 With fyve thousand in a battaill thaim dycht.  
 Wallace, Lawder, and Crystell off Cetoun,



Fyve thousand led, and Wallace off Ricardtoun,  
 Full weyll arayit in-till thair armour clen,  
 Past to the feild quhar that the chas had ben ;  
 Among the ded men sekand the worthiast,  
 The corss off Grayn, for quham he murned mast.

Quhen thai him fand, and gud Wallace him saw,  
 He lychtyt doun, and hyn<sup>t</sup> him fra thaim aw <sup>1</sup> took.  
 In army<sup>s</sup> vp. Behaldand his pail face,  
 He kyssyt him, and cryt full oft, "Allace !  
 My best brothir in warld that euir I had !  
 My afald<sup>2</sup> freynd quhen I was hardest stad ! <sup>2</sup> honest.  
 My hop, my heill<sup>3</sup>, thow was in maist honour ! <sup>3</sup> covering, de-  
 My faith, my help, my strenthiast in stour<sup>4</sup> ! <sup>4</sup> storm.  
 In the was wyt, fredom, and hardines<sup>5</sup> ; <sup>5</sup> sense, generosi-  
 In the was treuth, manheid, and nobilnes ; <sup>ty, and bold-  
 In the was rewill, in the was gouvernans ; <sup>ness.
 In the was w<sup>e</sup>rtu with-outyn w<sup>a</sup>rians ;  
 In the lawt<sup>e</sup><sup>6</sup>, in the was gret largnas<sup>7</sup> ; <sup>6</sup> loyalty.  
 In the gentrice<sup>8</sup>, in the was stedfastnas. <sup>7</sup> liberality.  
 Thow was gret caus off wynnyng off Scotland, <sup>8</sup> gentleness.  
 Thocht I began and tuk the wer on hand.  
 I wou to God that has the warld in wauld<sup>9</sup> <sup>9</sup> under sway.  
 Thi dede sall be to Sotheroun full der sauld.  
 Martyr thow art for Scotlandis rycht and me ;  
 I sall the w<sup>e</sup>nge, or ellis tharfor de."</sup></sup>

Was na man thar fra wepyng mycht hym rafreyne  
 For loss off him, quhen thai hard Wallace pleyn.

Thai caryit him with worschip and dolour ;  
In the Fawkyrk graithit<sup>1</sup> him in sepultour.

<sup>1</sup> buried.

[Presently the Scots fall upon the English quarters in Linlithgow, put Edward to utter rout, and drive him from the country. Wallace then assembles the lords at Perth, resigns the Wardenship, and retires to France. He is made lord of Guyenne, which he wins for the French king. But while the envy of the French leaders is excited by his prowess, Scotland is again over-run by her enemies. Wallace is implored to come back. Once more he returns, once more passes through a series of adventures, and once more sets Scotland free. Then it is that King Edward, despairing of force, determines upon craft. Sir John Menteith, Wallace's "gossip," is bribed with gold and promises, and undertakes the capture. Wallace has invited Bruce to take the crown, and has been asked to meet the latter privately on Glasgow moor. He is lying accordingly with a single companion at Robroyston in that neighbourhood when the house is surrounded at dead of night by Menteith, and through the treachery of a servant the hero is taken weaponless in his sleep. He is carried to London, arraigned at Westminster Hall as a traitor, and executed with all the barbarity of the time.]





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