They go backwards and forwards, but can hear no news of Nasciens (p. 2). One night they come to a city and lodge with an old vavasour, who tells them of their danger in coming as Christians to a heathen city (p. 3). Its name is Tosquean (Fr. roquehan), and it is the birthplace of the parents of St Mary the Egyptian (p. 4). One of the messengers has a vision,—that Joseph of Arimathea appears to him, and tells him that Nasciens is not there (p. 4), and so takes him to a high mountain, shows him a ship in the Grecian sea, and tells him that Nasciens is in it (p. 5).—Next morning he tells his companions, and they agree to go to the sea, get a ship and seek Nasciens (p. 5, 6). They travel shoreward through a hot land (p. 6). One of them dies of thirst, and is buried at Alexandria (p. 7). The others come to the shore, and find a ship with two hundred dead men in it, and a maiden under a plank (p. 7). She tells them that the corpses were the men of her father King Label, who were attacked by the knights of the King of Sarre (p. 8), and all killed; but she, as a maiden, was let go, and has lived in the ship with the corpses ever since (p. 9). The messengers consult what to do, and one advises that they have the corpses buried, and then get a mariner to sail the ship for them (p. 9). So they get people, and bury the corpses by the seaside, and cut an inscription on a rock near (p. 10). They then ask the damsel what she is going to do. She doesn't know, and cries (p. 10). They agree to take her with them, and she consents to go (p. 11). They cannot get a Master for the ship, but provision it, and go on board and to bed (p. 12). A great storm rises, and drives GRAAL.—VOL. II.
them for three days far out to sea (p. 12, 13). On the fourth day the ship splits into four pieces on a rock; two messengers are drowned (p. 13), two reach the island, and one of them saves the damsel (p. 13). They thank God and ask His protection, and then comfort the damsel (p. 14), and tell her of their faith, and how Christ delivers his friends from all evils (p. 15). She promises to be Christ’s servant if He will save them from the danger they are in (p. 15). They look about the rock, see a bit of old wall, and sleep under it (p. 16). Next day they mount the rock, and find a little house most richly furnished as for a lord (p. 16), and in it a gorgeous bed with four posts of gold and precious stones (p. 17). At the head of the bed is the tomb of ‘Ypocras, the beste fesiscien that euere sawh lyvenge ony man’ (p. 17). They wonder greatly at the richness of the house, which was made by Hippocras ‘for his maner’ or dwelling-place (p. 18).

Now tellethe here this Storye Anon,

Whanne the fyve Messeneris were gon
From the qweene, sire Nasciens to seke
—That Gentyl knyght So good & Meke,—

Somtyne towardis they Reden faste,
And somtime bakwardis they prekyd In haste,
for they ne Cowde knowen non Certeinte

In what Contre that he scholde be,
Ne neere tydynges of hym herden telle,
In what Manere to hym befelle;
Where offen they weren Abascht ful sore
that of hym Cowden they heren no More.

and whanne longe they hadden Reden so
In diuers londis bothe to & fro,
 thorwh Alle payneme & othir Contre
where they Supposid him forto han be;

and thus sowhten they bothe fer & Ner,
but of hym herden they nowher.

And ful fer they weren Owt of here Contre,
Wherfore Alle ful Sory they be.

So that it happid vpon A Nyht
that Into A Cite thei Comen ful Ryht

whiche that was In paynem londe,
As I do 3ow to vndirstonde;
And happed they Comen to an old vavasour that kepte An Ost, & was A Man of honour, and whanne they hadde Supped Echou, this good man Axede of hem Anon Of what Contre and whens they were, And what thing that they Sowhten there thanne Answerid the Messengers to hym Agein, "Of Sarras we ben Alle In Certein, And thus Riden Abowte In Eche Contre A knyht to fyden, 3if it wolde be, That is Iclepid Sire Nasciens A worthy man & of gret defens, that most wondirfully was lost that Evere 3it man wiste be ony Cost."

"What," quod here Ost Ajen tho, "3e ben Cristened, so mot I go." Thanne he Answerid sone Ageyn, "that is Soth, Sire, now in Certein." "haw thanne So hardy dorste 3e be Forto Comen Into this Contre, Sethen that 3e knowen with-owten dowte that 3e ben dedly hated Al A-bowte that ben Contrarye to Owre lay:
Merveille it is to me how 3e lyven this day."
"Sire," seide On Of the Messengeris tho, "Angwisch of wedering Made vs hider to go; be wheche wederyng Oure lord is gon, and of vs ne weten where to fynde hym non. For we nete whethir Among paynems he be, Owther Ellis Among the Cristiente; therfore Supposing to fynden hym here, hider we ben comen In this Manere."
"thanne," quod here ost to hem Ageyn, "3e don gret folye here In Certeyn; For it May Repenten 3ow ful sore, And don 3ow Angwisch ful Moche More."
ONE MESSENGER HAS A VISION OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA. [CH. XXXV.

They have a great supper.

They ask where they are.

The youngest has a vision of Joseph of Arimathie,

who promises to show him where Nasciens is.

thanne to hym Seiden they Everichon
‘that they Ne wiste non Othirwise to don.’

That Nyht weren they Served ful worschefully
with Spices and with Alle delicasy,
For In that lond is Gret plente
of Alle Manere of spices of deynte;
and So wel Iserved hadden they ne be
Sethen they departyd of here Contre.

thanne Axeden the Messengers of here ost there,
‘In what Manere of Contre that they were.’
thenne seide here Ost to hem Anon,

‘In Egypt,

in the town Tosquean.’

In whiche Same Tosquean Cyte
was born bothe fadir & Modir, As I telle the,
of that goode holy womman
that is Clepid Mary Egipcian.”

As they lyen In here bed that Nyht,
To the yongest of the fyve In his slepe was diht
So that he Say A Certein Ayycioun,—
‘that Josephe of Armathie to forn him gan gon,’
“and Axede of Me what I sowht there.
and I him Answerid In My Manere,
‘Sire, I seke my lord Nasciens with-owten delay,
that hath be Missed ful many a day.’
‘What?’ quod Josephe, ‘that Man so hende,
hopest thou him In this Contre to fynde?’
‘Sire, trewly I not,’ quod this Messenger,
‘And therfore we seken hym fer & Ner.’
‘In this Contre,’ quod Josephes tho,
‘thow schat hym not fynde nethir to ne fro.
but A-Rys and go with Me,
And I schal schewing the where bat he be.’

Thanne wente Iosephes forth to-fore,
And this Messenger folwede faste thore.
CH. XXXV.] JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA SHOWS WHERE NASCIENS IS. 5

So longe to gederis they wenten In fere
Tyl Atte laste vppon A Mownteyn Comen they there,
And it was the heyest that Evere Men say;
thus hym Semede with-owten delay.
and whanne Aboven that they were,
An heyghere place 3it Syen they there,
where Onne they myhten wel sen & knowe
Alle things vnnder hem, it was so lowe,
and Al the See, and that there Inne was,
bothe Schepis & barges In that plas.

"Thanne Axed me Joseph In his Manere,
'What Manere of thing Sixt thou here?'
'Alle the Erthe now, Sire, here I Se,
Where Inne the peple En-Abited be;
And alle the Sees I se Al-so
that Schepis or barges Inne Mown go."

thanne Josep hgan hym to schewe
A gret Schipe with-Inne A threwe,
That fer from hym was In the Se
To-ward Grece, As he tolde Me.

"thanne Josep h to Me ward drow Nerre,
'Sixt thow 3one schipe that is so ferre?'
'je, Sire, ful wel that Schipe I se,
that is so fer Into 3one Contre.'

'lo, In 3one Schipe, As I telle the,
Is thy lord with his Compene.'"

and thus Sone they weren parted Asondir,
Where offen the messenger hadde gret woundir;
For he ne wiste whedir he gan to gon,
So Sodeynly he partyd from hym Anon.
Vppon the morwe whanne Rysen they were,
and Al Redy forto Riden forth there,
& weren I-past Owt of that Cyte,
thanne this 3ouge Man to his felawes talked he,
and tolde hem verrayly with Al his Myht
whiche A viciou? he hadde that Nyht.
The Messengers leave Tosquean in Egypt.

The Messenger tells the vision to the others, thanne Anon they Axedem him what it was; and he hem gan tellen Alle the Cas. Whanne they herden him Speken: In this degré, 'It was A fair Aventure,' they seiden Certeynle, 136 'that Owre lord hem Nolde for-zeten In non Manere, Sethen that here Lord they Sowhten So there; and Ek be Ioseph they hadden warnenge, Into what partyes they scholde gon Sekynge.' 140 thanne seiden alle be on Asent, 'that Evene to pe se to gon was here Entent, And there forte geten hem A schip Anon, And so forth Into the Se wolde they gon, 141 The See to Envirowne he day & be Nyht 3if that here lord Nasciens fynden they myght.'

But 3it Er they from here Ost wente, he hem Counselling veramente 148 'that they ne Scholden In non degré be knowne that they weren of Cristiente; ' and 3if 3e don oper wise thanne I sow seye, 3e scholen ben Alle dede ful ceraceylye; 152 and perfore As y conseille 3ow, loke that 3e do In Alle pè places where so 3e go.' thei seiden perto they wolden don here Myht: thanne forth they wenten Anon Ryht. 156

Thus parted the Messengers from that Cyte thore As 3e herden me telleth here before, and hem dressede towards the See They go towards the see, Also caste As they Myhten fleé, 160 And Redyn Al day with gret peyno In An Owtraious Contre Certeynle.

and it is so hot for it was so hot in that Contre, that Alle Naked, Men wenten, I telle the; 164 for there the Monthe of August, so hot it is, hattere thanne oper Monthis with-owten Mis. that same day the hete was [so] Strong that On Of here felawes deide hem Among that one of them dies,
For thurst That he took tho there; and thus he deide In this Manere. and of Egypt the Chief Cite they hym beryede ful worshipfulle, Where-offen Alisawndre is the Name, A worthy Cyte, and of a gret fame.

And the Secunde day there After Anon, Tho that weren left gonnen forth to gon, and helden forth here Iorne Tyl that they Comen to the See, And there founden they A schipe ful sone That evene streyht to the lond was gone, the wheche Schipe hadde with-Innes him there Two hundred Men ded In qweynt Manere.

And Into that Schip they Entrede Anon, the fowre Messengeris Everichon, and Syen the Manere of this Aray, Where offen they weren Abascht In fay. thanne loked they A lytel hem beside, and behelden vndir A planke that tyde, They syen where that a fair lady lay, (As this Storie vs doth here Say,) and drowen hire owt of that place To Sen what Manor of womman it wace. thanne jf messengeres Refreyned hire then Of the deth of Alle these men, and why they weren Slayn, & In what Manere, of hire wolden they weten there.

thanne Ryht Anon Answerid sche, "zif that 3e welen Ensuren to Me that 3e welen don Me non bodyly ded, I schal 3ow tellen In this Sted." And they hire Enswere Ryht Anon, 'that hire peticiown scholde be don; Nethir non thing to hire don scholde be that hire scholde Misplese In ony degre.'
These were the men of king Label, my father,

who was attackt at sea,

by the king of Sarre,

and a great force.

They fought on the high sea,

so that 1000 men died in an hour.

My father was shain,

"thanne schal I tellen 3ow Al the Cas
how they weren ded here In this plas.
"Vndir-standeth, the men that here død be,
they were Alle of label Cite ;
And Alle weren they kyng Labelys Men,
that was my fadyr, As y wel ken.
and thus it happede, as I 3ow telle,
that kyng Melohaus how with him befelle,
that he wolde Into Surrye go
his Eldest sone forto Sen tho,
that was put Into thike partye
For to Norture, I sey 3ow Sekerlye.
and whanne he was Entred Into þe Se,
and with hym A fayr Compeyne,
thanne Cam þe kyng of Sarre In þat sted,
that him hated Evene to the ded,
So that he sente gret Chyvalre
Into the middes of the See,
And Into the Schepis they Entred Anon,
And on Owr [men] Gonzen to gon,
that they weren fayn to a Roche to fle
that stood In Myddis of the See,
Where vppon was a Castel
that was bothe fayr, swete, & lel.

"Thus thanne Semblede bothe Meyne
To-Gederis Amyddis the hye See,
that so there to-Gederis they fowhte
that Men Merveilles Sen there Mowhte,
30 that with Inne the Owr of A day
A thowsend Men there ded I say,
For there nas non of hem than
but þif he were holden A passyng Man,
and A worthy knyht of his hond,
As I do 3ow to vndirstood ;
So that there with-owten faille
My fadir was Slayn In bataylle,
And Alle the Remnaunt beheded were
lik In the forme As 3e sen here;
So that there Scaped non persone
Sauf only, Sires, I Alone.
and Siker ded there hadde I be
but that A maiden they fownden me,
and a feble persone of Stature:
this was the Cause, I 3ow Enswre,
that me my lif they leten have;
so from hem wente I tho save,
And lefte here with this Compeyne
that ded 3e sen In this degre.
Now have I 3ow told the Certeinte
of that 3e me han Axed ful sekerle.”
they seiden the bataylle, pat soth it was,
For it was wel sene In that plas,
So that verray tokenys they mylten se
with Inne the Schipe bord Certeinle.

Thanne token they ConceU Al In fere
how with that Schipe they mylten don there;
For 3if so to haven it Into the Se,
Alle here Confucioun it Myhte be.
thanne Answered on of the fowre tho,
“hereth myn Avis what me thenketh perto:
these men that here now ded be,
Owre semblaunce they han, As 3e mown se;
therfore In worsheping of Owre Creatoure
We scholen hem don Som Maner Onoure;
and here bodyes we scholen berren here,
that non wilde beste ne have non powere
on hem to feden In non manere degre;
For swich As they weren, so ben we;
Al thowh that Christened not they were,
3it Owre semblaunce han they, As we sen here.
And whanne this schipe I-clensed it Is,
thanne Moste we gon with-owten Mys,
And geten vs Owher A Marynere

that Into þe Se myhte Governe vs here,

and Gyden vs aftyr Goddis wille,

Whethir he wele vs saven oþer Spille:

this is my Counsell that ye do."

"Forsothe we A-senten wel therto."

Thanne wenten they Into swich A partye

Where as helpe to haven Sekerlye.

and whanne with the peple they weren present,

they behynten hem with ful good Entent

what manere of gwerdon that they wolden have

Forte helpen this peple weren Grave.

So sore they travailed Alle the day,

And Every Man dyde what he may,

tyl alle these Bodyes Everichon

with-Innen the Erthe weren they don;

Evene faste by the se syde

they leften tho Bodyes forto Abye.

And In the Roche there Al this was,

they leten letrres don Graven In that plas

that In Grw weren In this Manere,

‘kyng Labelis Men Liggen here

that they of Grace han thus Slayn:

here lyn they Berred In Certayn

bothe for Rewthe and Ek pyte

that swich semblanwe hadden they, lik as han we

The messenjeris that Nasciens Sowhete,

In this Manere han they wrowhte.’

And whanne they hadden Thus I-do,

Thanne Axede they of the damyscel tho

‘What sche wolden don, & In what Manere,

and hon sche thowhte to Governen hire there.

"Seris, I wot Nevere Certeinle,

I am So for Owt of my Contre,

Nethir here know I non Man,

Nethir of here Maneris nowhit I ne kan,
"Nethe nor thing they welon done for me;

Perfore Aftir your Counsayl now wolen I be,
For of my selfe Counsayl have I non,
and therto I not what forto done."

thanne wepte this damysle wondirly sore,
that on word me myhten sche spoken no More.
thanne of hire, pite hadden they with-owten faille,
And token hem to Gederis In Cownsayle:

'best it weren,' they seiden tho,
'that thike damysle with hem scholde go
til they hadden her lord Ifownde,
3if it wolde happen In Oure stownde,
and thanne Cristene hire forto don;'
herto they Assented Everychon.
Thanne seiden they to this Mayden Alle
Wheeche A cas Amongs hem was befallen,
that with hem Scholde sche go
And hire wille were to don so.

thanne seide this Maiden Anon Ageyn,
"that wyle I gladlich In Certeyn,
On this Condicion, that 3e ne wille
Non velenie A-wayten me vntyller."

and they Answered, "Nay, ful Sekerly
that to defenden with myht of Body."

thanne fil sche down to here feet,
And wepte for Loye Also Skeet,
And seyde 'that sche wolde with-owten variaunce
Onlich ben at here Governaunce:

thanne to hire seiden they Alle In fere
hire forto Sosteyne At here powere.

thanne spoken they forto have
A Man that the Schipe Cowde governe & save,
but nowher non Milhten they fynde;
Where[for] sory weren they In here Mynde.

That Evenyng to ye schype they gommen Orleyne
Alle Manere of viandes, hem to susteyne.
At night they go on board, and a great wind blows them out to sea, without a master, so that they are much alarmed, and do not know where they are.

And whanne the Nyht was Come vponne, Alle fyve to the Schipe gonne to Gon, And lyen with-Inne the schippes bord there to Resten hem, At On word: And Evere was the seyl vp an hy, As it to the Roche Aryvede Sekerly.

And so it happede Abowtes Midnyht A wynd there Ros of ful gret Myght, and blew the Schip Into the Sec ful mochel therfore than they wenden han be; and whanne they wenden han ben At the Ryvage, With-Inne the See they weren A fer passage; and whanne they loked hem Abowte, In the depe Se weren they with owten dowte.

Thanne weren they Abasched ful Sore whanne Amongs the wavses weren they thore; and Nethir Mayster ne Governour hem forto Socouren In that Stoure; and the See not pesible, but boistous, was, So pat ful sore they dredden hem In pat plas. and thorw the tempst that was there, the Seyl to-brast In many A manere And fyl fer from hem In to the Se. thanne ful sore Abascht weren Alle he, And for-possed with wavses weren they there, So that of here lyves they hadden gret fere.

In this Angwishe, and In this dolour, thre dayes weren they In this stour With owten Mete Oper Ony drynk; this was to hem A ful hevy thing. And with Inne these thre dayes, so fer weren they browght with-Inne the hye Se, that they wyste nowht; and 3it demed they In Al here peyne that from Egipt they1 weren for Certeyne; and so they weren, with-owten lettyng, ferythere thanne they Cowden han knoweng;
For the Schipe wente Evere to fore the wynd
Swiftere than þᵉ Rakke In þᵉ Eyr be kynd,
and so fer drof hem In to the Se
that they ne wiste In to whiche contre. 388

The fourthe day, the Owr of pryme,
hem be-happed An hard Chauzce that tyme,
and fowle Acombred Alle they were,
For to A passing gret Roch they proched wel Nere ;
and the wynd ful harde thedir hem sore drof
that the Schip on fowre partyes to-Rof;
In which of somme Of tho fowre partyes
tweyne weren dreint with-owten Iyes,
And the damysele floterid In the see,
Oper Socoure kowde non there sche.

And whanne sche beheld that tweyne saved were,
Ful lowde to hem than Cride sche there, 400
And preide hem sweteliche In hire Manere
‘For love of here God that they lovede so dere,
Of whom they helden the newe lay,
that they wolden hire Socoure that day.’ 404

thanne beheld on of the Messengeres two,
and gret pite hadde on this damysele tho,
and took vppe his hond & him gan to blesse,
And In to the Se he gan hym dresse. 408
tho betook he hym to God Almyht,
Anon to that damysele he gan hym dyht,
So that with myht and strengthe of hem two
Aȝen to the Roche wonnen they tho.

Whanne to the Roche they weren I-gon,
they thanked Iesus, Maryes sone, Anon,
that hem hadde Saved from peryl & wo,
So Ny here deth As they weren tho. 416

In this Manere tweyne of the Messengers
Weren perschid for fawt of Maryneris
as they wented to sechen Nasciens here lord,—
thus weren they persched At on word,— 420
And twayne lefthen with that damysele;  
but the ne hadden neyther to mete ne to Mele,  
For Alle here vyaunde In to the Se fylle,  
As here to fore 3e herden Me telle.  
thanne ful sore Abasched they were  
that non Maner of viaunde hadden they there;  
And therto fer In A straunge Contre,  
And fer from peple disolat to be,  
that In that yl was there vyaunde non  
to sellen, neper growenge on Erthe ne ston.  
And this was on of the moste thing  
that hem browhte Into so Mochel Morneng,  
For thens supposid they neuere to han gon  
but 3if it be thoruh [grace] Of Only god Alon.  
& so In goddis gouernance they putten hem Echon,  
To don with hem what he wolde don;  
And knelyng, Cryden hym Mercye  
with weeping and teris ful tendirlye;  
and Cryden to him In this Manere,  
"Now, goode lord, thow Socoure vs here,  
that we ne fallen In non desperauence  
thurwh the fals Enemyes Chawnce;  
but kepe vs lord In thin Servyse,  
that þ' fals Enemy of vs Cachche non prise."  
Sweche wordis & swiche preyeris  
Oftyn tymes hadden these messengeris;  
and Evere this damysele wepte ful sore,  
and Cursid the tyme that sche Cam thore,  
From Evel to worse to ben browht,  
Euerc thus Compleyned sche In hire thouht.  
And there they hyre Comforted Anon  
Also Mochel As they Cowden don,  
And seiden ' that God wolde socour hem sende  
Er Comen Owht fowe dayes¹ to the Ende;’  
"and therfore, damysele, wepe 3e no more,  
For 3owre Morneng doth vs moche sore."
Thanne Axede sche hem of here Creawnce, And they hire tolde with-owten variaunce how that be Iosephe of Barthamye they it Resceyveden ful trewelye, And be Al holy Chirches lawe, Of wheche Creawnce they weren ful fawe. thanne tolden they hyre In Eche degre What powere [Crist hadde], & what dignete, and how that socouren he wolde his frend, And from peryles to-bringen him to good End. "For who that In hym hath Aslyaunce, he wele hym kepen with-owten variaunce; and from Alle peryles, I the Enswe, hym delyveren, as Seith the holy scripture."
"In feith," quod this damysele tho, "If 30wre lord sweche Merveilles May do as 3e me now tellen here, on hym wil I trosten In Alle Manere. If he owt of this peryl vs now brynge; and to vs wil owht sende In Socourynge, And therto A-sckapen from Al this fere, I hym promyse In Alle Manere From this day forward his Servaunt to be, And hym to Serven In Alle Manere degre." "Ha, damysele," quod they Anon, "Now weten we wel Everychon that with-owten dowte ful Sekerly we scholen haven Socour Ryht hastely Al other wyse thanne he wolde han do Sethen 30ure promys 3e han mad so."
In this Manere leften they Alle thre In ful grete thowht ful Sekerle; For they hadden Neuere be wont perto, to suffren swich Angwisht As they hadden tho. and whanne the Nyht Gan Comen faste, Abowtes In the yl they loked Atte laste,
and Aspiden Ryht Anon there
An old wal of ston In A qweynte Manere,
that somtyme of an hows it was,
and with grete pride I-mad In that plas;
but be Old tyme it was down throwe,
but A parcel lefte there vppon a Rowe
that there vndir Myhten wel Reste.
Sixe persones, other fyve Atte leste.

thanne to thike partyes wenten they anon
be here wittes thanne Everichon,
and seide 'that bettere it was þere to Abye
vndir that wal thanne be the see syde,
In the Schadewe forto kepen hem,
thanne forto liggen be the streem.'
and there Abyden they Al that Nyht
Tyl on þe Morwen it was day lyht.

On the Morwen Erelly, whanne it was day,
Ful faste here preyeres thanne gonne they say,
'That God for his pyte & grete Mercy
hem Som Comfort Scholde sende hastely.'

thanne seiden they that they wolden gon
to sen what howseng was In that ston.
and whanne in this Roch they wenten an hy,
they behelden Abowtes ful Inwardly:

thanne Anothir wal syen they there,
As thowh of Marbel wrowht it were,
And A lytel hows there vppon,
—thus hem thowhte, and thedir gonne gon,—
Whiche was som tyme Richelych dyht
As that it Semed to here Syht,
that hem thowhte so Riche myhte non be
So solely Mad In that Contre.

They enter this,
and In they Entrede, & vpe they wente,
the Messengers and þe damysele veramente.
and whanne they be-helden Al A-bowte,
thanne Sien they there with-Owten dowte.
An hostel that som tyme was Rialy dyht,
As thowh it hadde ben for p° most Man of Myht
Arayed lik A Ryal Manere,
Somtyme On lord to han dwelled In there.

For therre-Inne stoden peleris of Marbil stones,
Ful Rialy I-wrowht for the Nones;
And thre-qwarterid they weren Of Gold & Asure
And Of Silver, be gret Maistrye, I the Ensure,
As thowh it hadde ben wrowht be Enchauntment,
So Rialy it was thare present.
And with-Innen Atte the Ende of pat hows
They Syen A bed ful Merveillows,
the Richest and the moste Avenaunt
That Evere Man Say, As I vndirstond.
And the fowre postes that it vp Bare,
Of Bryht Schyneng gold weren they there,
And Of precyous stones they weren ful pyht,
And therto ful Rialy weren they dyht
that moche peple it Myhte han Seyn,
So Merveilously it was wrowht In Certein:
For they wenden it hadde ben In dremon
Whanze they syen Al this Riche thyng.

Aboven this bed, A tombe there was,
Ful fayr, ful Riche, per In that plas;
And therto so Merveilously it was wrowht
that Alle they Merveilleden In here thowht;
for it was so delitable In here Syhte tho
That mochel Comfort it dede hem do.
Where-vppon lettres of grw weren wretou there
that thus Seyden, and In this Manere,
'here lith ypocras, the beste Fesiscian
That Evere Sawh lyvenge Ony man,
that be Cawtel of his wyves Red,
Sodeynly he was browht to his ded:
and Into thise place was he browht trewlyo
Le Antonye the kyng of percye.'
DOCTOR YPOCRAS'S HOUSE.

[CH. XXXV.

Whanne the Messengeris these lettres gone beholde, They gonnen to Reden hem Mani folde, and longe Of hym to-gyderes they spoke, And seiden that he was A wys man On boke. 568 ful faste they behelden this hows Abowte From the ton Ende to the tothir with-owten dowte, And so Manye Riche thinges syen they there that Evere to-form syen they In Ony Manere; 572 For Maner was per Neure so Raly dyht that Cowde Comprehende to Mannes Myht. For Of Al the world hem thowhte it was p[e] richest place That Evere Erthly man In browht wase; 576 and the Richesse that there they fownde Miht non man tellen that wenten On grownde. But now leveth here this storye Ony more of this hows to speken sekerlye, 580 Whiche that ypocras dyde don Make Onlich There for his Owne Sake, and for his Maner he let it dyht, For he was A man Moehel Of Myht; 584 And Enstored ful wel it was Of Manye Richesse In that plas; Whiche hows is Now Al forfare, but jit Al that Richesse lefte ther. 588

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE HISTORY OF THE PHYSICIAN YPOCRAS.1

How he was the most learned physician living; but was once 'reproved be clergies dome,' on this wise:—when he came to Rome in Augustus's time, all men were mourning for the supposed death of the Emperor's nephew (p. 20). Ypocras goes to the corpse, finds life in it, puts the juice of a herb into its mouth, and up it gets alive, whole

1 The Additional MS. 10,292 heads the Chapter: 'Ensi que Ypocras fu pendus en le tour de rome, & tous les gens li rewardoient.'
and sound (p. 21). The Empress, to honour Ypocras, puts up an image of gold of him, and another of her son, in the highest place of Rome, with a tabernacle and inscription over (p. 22). Ypocras cures many people, and is counted half a god, and his 'figure' is worshipped (p. 23). Then a fair lady comes from the parts of Galilee, and, when she sees these golden images, she smiles, and says she'll soon prove Ypocras a fool (p. 24). The Emperor appoints a meeting for them at the temple, and the fair lady looks hard at Ypocras, and he at her, till he falls in love with her, and is 'clene browht in a letargye' for desire of her (p. 24-5). The Emperor and Queen come to see him, and so does the fair lady (p. 25). His heart is glad at this, and he tells her his love (p. 26). She beguiles him, saying she loves him too, and will be at his will (p. 26). This cures him, and he returns to Court (p. 27). The fair lady shows him her bower at the top of a tower, and tells him that the son of the King of Babylon is there (p. 27); she proposes that he shall get into a vessel, and she shall draw him up and let him talk to her. Ypocras consents (p. 28). He sleeps at the Emperor's, goes out at night (p. 28), and finds the vessel ready. The lady and her cousin draw him up to the middle of the tower (p. 28), and there he hangs in his basket all day, with the people staring at him (p. 29). When the Emperor sees him at night he orders him to be let down, but Ypocras will not explain how he came there (p. 30); so the Emperor has the images of his own nephew and Ypocras broken (p. 30). Ypocras stays at Rome till a knight comes and tells the Emperor of Christ's miracles, when Ypocras says he must go and see Christ (p. 31), and accordingly starts for Galilee (p. 32). He comes to Persia, and raises the king's dead son to life (p. 33). After a time, the king marries him to his daughter (p. 33), and Ypocras tries to find out the most 'temperable' isle to live in (p. 33). A master- shipman tells him of it, and he, and his, sail there (p. 34). Ypocras has a beautiful house built (p. 34); and makes a wonderful bed, in which if a sick man lies he is cured (p. 34). He also makes a wonderful cup, in which any poison will lose its strength, and not hurt a man if he drinks it (p. 35). But Ypocras's wife is very proud of her rank, and hates her husband (p. 35). She mixes some poison

1 The French text explains that great criminals were put into the vessel, and slung up on the side of the tower a night and a day for all the people to see them, after which the criminals were killed.

2 The French text adds that the lady had a picture painted of herself and cousin pulling up Ypocras. This she put up before the images, and then told the Emperor all about it. Ypocras has to confess it is true, and then insists that the images shall be taken down.

3 The French text takes him to Giant's Island and the City of Corinth, where he marries the daughter of the King of Sur.
in bread, finds it will kill dogs, and then puts some of it into Ypocras's cup with his wine (p. 35). The cup deprives it of its strength, and it doesn't hurt him (p. 35). His wife is sorry for this, and throws the cup into the sea, to her husband's great distress (p. 36). One day, Ypocras tells her that anyone will die who eats the flesh of a wild sow at heat, that is under their window (p. 36). She tells her cook to kill the sow, and send it up for supper (p. 37). Ypocras eats it, and says he shall die unless he can get some of the liquor the pork was boiled in (p. 37). None can be got, so he reproaches his wife and dies (p. 37). His friends bury him in a gorgeous tomb (p. 37), and the King of Babylon comes and destroys the whole place (p. 38).

Ful trewly Recordeth here this Storye
Of the worthynesse of ypocras Sekerlye,
For the worthiest Fecyscian that was
Evere Acompted In Ony plas;
For of that Scyense More Coude he
that ony Man leveng In Cristiente;
but [for] On thyng that he dyde At Rome,
Reproved he was be Clergies dome;—
For the worthiest Clerk he was told,
Passenge Al Erthly men Many fold;—
And what Aventure that hym befylle,
I schal 3ow schewe, & herkene me vntylle.

This was the trowthe and the verye:
Whanne Augustus Cesar Empe/'our was he,
The same Our that ypocras to Rome Cam,
Mochel Morneng & Sorwe Made Every Man
As thowh here Fadrys hadden ben ded
To forn hem lyggeng In that Sted.
thanme ypocras Abascht hym wondir sore
Of the Morneng that he Sawh thore,
So that he preyde A lytel Child
that to forn hym was bothe Meke and Myld,
that he wolde tellen hym the Cawse why
Wherfore the peple there was so sory.

"Now, Certes," quod this Child thanne,
"Why that thus Mornen Alle these Menne,—
It was for A Neveu of the Emperour (Whiche was A persone of gret honour) that ful longe Syk hath be, and now they seyn that ded Is he: and therto he was so sayr and so good That Every man hym lovede with his Moid. And this is the Enchesown Sekerlye Alle the hevynesse of p e peple trewelye.” “and where is the Body,” quod ypocras tho. “Sire, In the Emperowres halle it is I-do.” And whanne this word tho he herde, Toward themperoures halle faste he ferde; And 3if Ony breth In his body be founde, he hopede hym to A-Reren that ilke stownde, and Onlyche to helthe to bryngen hym A3en— that Alle the peple there it scholde sen— Be his Medicyn And his Craft; thus wolde he don Er that he laft. Thanne to the paleys gan he gon, And to that he presede Anon; but so mochel peple there was, Onnethis he myhte Entren In to p e plas. and whanne he was Comen to the Cors, Anon he tasted with gret fors In what partie he myhte fynden Ony lyf: Thys Merveilled themperowr and his wyf. Anon as he there thus hadde I-do, lyf In his Body thanne felte he tho; And Gan to Openen his Mowth Anon, And p e Iews Of An Erbe he gan pere-Inne don, That of so gret vertu was there, Of his Siknesse he dice him Arere, And there he A-Ros with strengthe & Myht Openly there In Alle Mennes Syht, Also hol and Also Sownd As Evere he Was In Ony stownd.
A Gold Statue of Doctor Ypocras is Set Up.  [CH. XXXVI.]

And whanne he hadde thus I-do,
the Empresesse to hym gan to go,
and Seide, "Sire, ful wel thou be!
A glad womman hast thou Maked me!
What Manere of Gwerdon that pou wilt Crave,
Ful Sekerly, Sere, 3e scholen it have." 68
thananne Axede the Empresesse what he hyhte.
he Seyde "ypocras, lady," Anon Ryhte.
"Now know I wel be 3oure Connenge
that 3e ben the worthyest feeyscyan levenge:
A Man from deth to lyve A3en Arere,
Thus dyde Neure fayscyan, I trowe, Ere.
Therefore þe Moste worschepe I schal the do
that Evere to Feciscian was don unto." 76

An Ymage of Gold Anon let sche Make,
Ryaliche I-dyht, for ypocras his sake.

and another of the restored child,

Aftyr that Child þat from Siknesse he rerid so.
And theke ymages bothe In fere
In the heighest place of Rome set weren they there,
So that hos Evere Comen, Other wente,
thike ymages myhten they Sen veramente;
and Aboven thike ymages two
A Ryal Tabernacle Made sche tho,
that non Reyn ne scholde Comen therny,
So wel was it Made, and So Sotely.

And Aboven ypocras themperesse lettres let do,
That In this Manere wyse Seyden tho:
'Lo, this ymage is ypocras,
'the worthiest Phelesphre þat Evere was,
'that In Rome Arerid In Certeine
'A man to lyve Owt of gret pemye
'that ful Ny Was to Augustus Cesar,
'hos ymage stont by him thar.'
and whanne this was Al I-do,
thanne seyde themperesse Anon tho,
CH. XXXVI.] DOCTOR YPOCRAS IS THOUGHT HALF A GOD.

'that For non Manere In no dege
thike ymages Remeved scholde be.' 100
than seiden they to themperesse Anon
'that hire Comandement scholde be don.'

Anon Mochel made¹ Offen was he tho
Abowtes Al Rome where he dyde go,
So that Manye Sike Men Keuered he
as he Abowtes wente In Eche Contre,
So that for his grete konnenge
they Cleped hym half A god with-Owten lesyne,
And the moste Sovereyn of Alle Clergye,
Thyse they hym Clepyd ful Certeinlye:
And As Moche worschepe to his fygure gonuen they do
As to Ony of here goddis dyden they tho.
And so scholden they han don for Evere More,
Ne hadde on thyng At Rome behapped thore:
What it was, I schal now telle,
Swich An Aventure hym befelle.

Thike tyme whanne ypocras At Rome was,
and worscepyd he was In Every plas,
It happed so there be Aventure
that A fair lady, I the Ensure,
Of the partyes of Galele,
to the Emperour thedir Cam sche.
Sche was holden the fairest womman
That Ony creature discryven Cowde than,
And Also Ryaliche sche was A-dyht
As belonged to swich A lady of Myht.

Whanne this Empresse Say this lady bryht,
Of hire sche Axede Anon Ryht
'Whens sche Cam, & of what kende,'
And sche hire Answerid As good & hende:
Sche seide that 'Sche was Comen of hy dege,
Of kynges and qwene ful Certeinle.'
Thanne ladyes and damyselis sche Comanded hire there,
hire to don Servyse In alle Manere,
The lady sees the images, 

and undertakes to make a fool of Ypocras.

as that belonged to hyre Astat,  

hire forto worshcep bothe Erly & lat.  136

and whanne fulliche A monthe hadde sche pere be,  

thanne Atte laste these ymages beheld sche,  

And Anon Axeode with-Owten taryenge  

'What theke ymages weren to signefyeng.'  140

thanne tolden they hyre with-Inne a whyle;  

And Anon this lady Gan forto smyle,  

and seide, 'that phelesophre was not bore,  

From deth to lyve A man to Reren thore:'  144

"for I dar wel seyn with-Inne a schort day  

hym A Fool to preven, So scholen 3e say;  

For of this that 3e sein to me here,  

It may not be trewe In non Manere;  148

Ne neuere beleven it In my thowht  

For non Man that Evere was wrowht."

This tale was told to forn themperowr,  

that thus be ypocras was seid dishonour;  152

So that it was spoken bothe to & fro

Tyl atte laste ypocras pere-offen herde tho;  

Where offen he hadde ful grete disdeyn,  156

As I 30w Seye now In Certeyn,  

And seide 'pat he scholde neuere glad ne be  

tyl that damysele he myhte se,  

that hym A fool wolde make.'  160

thanue themperour this word gan take,  

And seyde that to forn him scholde sche be.  

"Whanne, sire," quod ypocras, "I preye the?"  

"In the temple to morwe, Atte Owre of pryme,  

thanze scholen we Meten Al In good tyme."  164

Al Nyht lay ypocras, and thowhte  

how that this thing Ony weye ben Mowhte;  

and On pe Morwe, Er the Owre of pryme,  

ypocras at the temple was be tyme.  168

thanne Cam pere thedyr this lady gent  

With A grete Compenycei Of ladyes present,
CH. XXXVI.] DOCTOR YPOCRAS FALLS MORTALLY IN LOVE.  25

And Axe ' wheche was Ypocras, of Alle the Meyne pat there was.'  172
And sche beheld hym wondirly sore
A-forn Alle the wommen that weren thore ;
and ypocras was A fair 3ong Man ;
thus beheld sche In hym than.  176
And ypocras of hire, good Reward took tho,
More thanne of Alle Remnant pat with hire gonue go ;
For sche hadde the moste passyng Bewte
Aforn Alle woman that Evere Sawh he,  180
Whiche Made hym falle In foly thowht
that hym there-Owt no man Myht bringe nowht ;
and 3it Into Anothir place wente he
hire bettere to beholde, 3if it wolde be.  184
He falls deeply in love with her,
And the More that he hire beheld tho,
the More Angwich his herte Cam vnto ;
that So Sore he fyl In a folye thowht,
So pat hym selve\(^1\) helpen Myhte he nowht.  188 [\(^1\) MS. selve]

Whanne this lady was from the temple gon,
Ypocras homward he torned Anon,
And becam So Syk And Evel At Ese
So that pere myhte nothing hym plese.  192
So sore lovede ypocras this fair ladye,
That Clene browht was he In A letargye
For that his wyl he ne Myhte not have,
And for schame he dorst it not Crave.  196
that so harde & so syk he lay,
that Othere Feciscians wenden Eche day
that Sekyr ded he Scholde han be ;
but they knew not fulliche his Malade.  200
The court come to see him,
So that th'emperour Cam to his plas
To weten howh pat it with hym was ;
and so dyde the qwene, & ladyes mo.
And Amongs Alle, this lady gan forth go,  204
for whom that he was so Evel At Ese,
and whanne he hire say, his herte gan to plese :
and he tells his love to the lady.

The lady means to deceive him.

The Wily Woman takes-in Doctor Ypocrates. [Ch. XXXVI.

thanne In his herte hadde he gret thowht howl this Mater Abowtes Scholde ben browht, 208
So that he made hem voiden Everichon
Except this lady Only Alon, and tolde hire his herte ful pleyn,
'how, for hire, ded scholde he ben In Certeyn 212
but 3if hire love he Myhte have,
For Othirwise Mihte he not be save.'

"Whanne that sche hadde herd Al his Complexunt,
Thanne hire wordys Gan sche to peynt, 216
As sche that thouhte thorwh a fals wyle
holyche ypocras fortto be-gyle;
and swiche wordis 3af hym tho
that Into A strengere letargye Mad hym to go,
"Now, Certes, sire ypocras," quod sche,
"So worthy A man as that 3e be,
that Only wolde for My sake
Swich diseyse to 3ow now take,
Whiche fayn I wolde Amended were
be me, and I wyste In Ony Manere.
For 3e Conne Not loven Me so wel
That I do to 3ow A3en Everydel;
but I ne may not In non Manere wyse
3owre wil to fuliilbe be non Gyse;
For so gret warde is set On Me
that I ne may not Comen withouten gret Meyne; 232
and Ek with-Owten leve of the Emperor
I ne may nowher gon, day ne Owr;
but Rathiare than deyen 3e scholde for me,
At 3owre owne wille wolde I be; 236
For gret pite it were of 3oure ded,
Forto Many A Man 3e don good Red."

Whanne ypocras herde hire wordis tho,
that this lady Concentyn wolde hym vnto,
gret Ioye to his herte was tho dyht
Whanne sche hym kyste with Al hire Mylt;
Supposyng to ypocras with herte goodlye;
but Al was falshed and Trecherye.  

Lo, behold, the same day tho
Whanne this lady from hym was go,
vp of his Cowche he gan to Ryse,
& to hym took Comfort In openwyse,
And to the Cowrt he gan to go.
bothe ladys & gentel wommen As ens hym comen tho,
and gret Ioye of hym Alle they Made;
but there nas non that Myhte hym glade

Sauf only that lady So fre
Wheche falsly mente In Al degre;
Sehe made hym loken vpe to the towr
vppon whiche that was hire Bowr,
and schewed hym where heng A-down be P e wal
A strong Corde and A long with-Al.
"Lo, sire," quod this lady thanne,
"Now Mown 3e ben A Merye Manne;"
For In zone towr zondir an hy
Is the kynges sone of Babyloyne trewly,
and there In presown Is he do;
and be that Corde his mete Cometh hym to,
In a vessel is I-knyt therby
to hym it is vpe drawen trewely,
and therfore now I schal 30w say
A noble while this Selvé day:
the Corde and the vessel down schal I lete,
and Père-Inne pat 3e dressen 30w ful Mete,
an vp to Me I schal 30w drawe,—
this sye I to 30w In prevy sawe;—
than ne prevyly Mown 3e with me speke,
and Al 30wre herte thanne to me breke;
and whanne the day gynmeth to neyghen Nye,
down scholen we 30w leten pat non Man schal Aspyce,
and thus mown 3e often Sithes do."

than ne ypocras concented wel therto.
28 THE WILY WOMAN MAKES A FOOL OF YPOCRAS. [CH. XXXVI.

Ypocras consents. That same day this ypocras
at themperours table Iset he was,
and there disported hym al that day
As a man that In letargye lay.
and whanne it drowhe toward p° Nyht,
To his hows his men wolden hym han dyht ;
he hym Excused As hym thowhte beste,
and seide that Al Nyht he wolde pere Reste ;
and for he was not wel at Ese,
his Men weren fayn hym forto plese,
and Ordeyned hym A chambre of honour
there as the lady was to forn that tour.

When his men are asleep, he goes out,
and the lady lets down the cord.

Ypocras gets into the vessel,
the lady and her cousin draw him nearly up,
and then fasten the cord,
and ask him, if his philosophy can get him up or down.

That same day this ypocras
at themperours table Iset he was,
and there disported hym al that day
As a man that In letargye lay.
and whanne it drowhe toward p° Nyht,
To his hows his men wolden hym han dyht ;
he hym Excused As hym thowhte beste,
and seide that Al Nyht he wolde pere Reste ;
and for he was not wel at Ese,
his Men weren fayn hym forto plese,
and Ordeyned hym A chambre of honour
there as the lady was to forn that tour.

Now here was toward A schrewed gyn/ie !—
and to that lady he made A signe,
and they vpe hym drowh with gret pyne,
this lady and hire Owne Cosyn
be whom was wrowht this fals Engyn.

And whanne thys was drawn ny vpe An hy,
the Corde they fastened ful Craftily
that heyhere ne lowhere ne myhte he gon,
but there heng Ypocras Al A lon.

thanne seide this lady to ypoeras Anon
“let se what 3oure phelosophie Can don
Owther vpe to brynge, owther down Agayn ;
3e scholen it now proven In Certein.”

And whanne that ypoeras behold Al this
that thus sche hadde hym deceyved I-wys,
he ne wiste what forto do,
Nethir howh down pat he myhte go;
for 3if to the Erthe he fyl A down,
thanue were it fully his Confuciown:
So Al Nyht thus Ypocras lefte there
ful sore I-Angred In divers Manere.
And on the Morwe whanne it was day,
themperesse Owt At the 3ate toke hire way
hire to disporte and forto pleye
(as I sey 3ow now certeynlye)
and with hire a gret Meyne,
but of Al this 3it wiste not sche.

and whanne the peple of Rome town
Erly vp Rysen al In vyrown,
And beheld to this towr An hy,
thanne sien they there ful verayllly
A man that there heng In a vessel—
they myhteu him sen Everydel,—
and they supposide Everychon
that be themperours Comau?de?ment was it don,
and supposid that it hadde be sum Malfetour
that was for-Iogged vppon that towr;
So that non of themperowrs Men
Nygh that vessel dorste Comen then.

thanne so ful of schame this Ypocras was
that Men so vppon him wondrid In that plas,
So that word dorste he spoken non
To the peple that hym loked vppon,
and Evere wende the peple Everichon
that themperour it hadde I-don,
and for-Iuged hym to his ded
be aseent of alle the Cowrtes Red.
Thus Alle the leve longe day
Ypocras there heng with-owten delay.

and at Even whanne themperour Cam hom
and his Meyne Everychon,
And whanne that he was down Alyht, Of that vessel he hadde Anon A syth, And Axede 'who that there-Inne was.'  
"Sire," they Seiden, "it is ypocras whom 3e han don so Mochel honour, and now he hangeth vppon zone tour. 
and, Sire, we ne weten what he hath Misdo that vppon zone towr is fordeden so."

"let him down," quod the Emperor anon, 
"and I wile wete how this doth gon; And 3if Othere felesophres this han do, with-owten My leven hym demen so, they scholen forthenken it Everychon So that of hem Schal Skapen Neure on."

So wenten they Into the towr Anon, The Emperours Comandement forto don, and leten hym down ful Softelye. thanne themperour Axede hym In hye; but for non thynge that he Cowde seyn, Ypocras Nolde hym tellen In Certein, "wel Sire," thanne quod the Emperour, "Sethen I may not Knowen of joure langour 372  
[See note², p. 19. The lady shows-up Ypocras, and he says he'll leave Rome if the images are not taken away.]  
[then] themperour forth wente Anon, and Into his Chambre gan to gon. 376 thanne Anon The Emperour tho Comanded the Ymages to ben broken en two Whiche pot there he Made for Ypocras and for his Neveuw In that plas; but 3it to-broken ne hadden they not ben Ne hadde þe damyseles speche ben as I wen. 
Thus dwelled ypocras In Rome Stylle, and Every man was fayn to fulfillen his wille, 384 Tyl atte laste vppon A day that a knyht to Rome Cam perfay
Forto sen there the Emperowr,
Whiche that was A man of gret honour.
and whanne this knyght hadde I-Ete,
Anon with the Emperowr gan he Mete;
And themperour Axede hym Anon
'Owt of what Contre he was gon.'
and the knyght hym Answerid ful softly
"Sire, from Ierusalem ful trewely;
And 3it Sire More Certeynle
I have ben In þe lond of Galele."
"what tydynges, Sire, bryugen 3e thenne,
that 3e welen vs tellen lik as 3e kenne."
"Sire, I schal 3ow tellen the Moste Merveillous thyng
that Evere was herd of Ony Man leveng."
"what Merveilles ben they," quod themperour tho:
"Sire, I schal 3ow telle er that I go.
A pore Man there is In that Contre
that manye wondir Merveilles werketh he,
For he is of so gret strengthe and Myht
that blynde men he maketh to sen ful bryht;
the dombe to speke, the lame forto go,
the woode man he Maketh tame Also,
the def to heren, the dede ype Ryse:
Al thus doth he, sire, In Merveillous wyse."
"Alle these," quod ypocras Anon tho,
"As wel as he I schal hem alle do."
"Nay Sikerly, sire," quod the knyght,
"that schal neuere lyn In þoure Myht;
For a man blynd born doth he Maken se,
and, sire, grettere thinges I telle it the;
For Lazarus that was there ded—
3re dayes & thre Nyht he lay In þat sted—
and Owt of his tombe he dyde hym gon
to forn Alle the peple there Anon,
And this doth he be his Owne Myht
And by his wordis Openly In Mennys siht."
“Thanne,” quod ypocras, “sethen it is so that so manye Merveilles he Can do, he passeth alle Erthly Creature Of Clennesse of wit so good & pure; I hym wile gon Forto Se And be Swich as 3e tellen Me.”

“Sire Knyht,” quod themperour than, “What is his Name tellen me thou kan?”

“3e Sekerly, Sire,” quod the knyht, “Iesus of Nanareth his Name is Ryht, and they holden hym A verray prophete, Certeynly, Sire, As I 3ow here be-hete.”

“Now Certes,” quod Ypocras tho, “Streyht to Galyle now wil I go, to knowen of his wit & his powere 3if that it be as 3e seyn now here, and there the sothe schal I knowe Of hym & of me, with-Inne A throwe. and 3if he konne don More thanne I, I wele ben his disciple trewely; and 3if I Conne don More thanne he, Myn discyple I wele that he be.”

and for this same Enchesowne wente Ypocras owt of Rome, and with hym A ful gret Meyne, Tyl that he Cam vnto the See.

and whanne to the see they weren I-gon, the kyng of perse there fownden they Anon with gret Compenye of Chevalrye, but Moche Mone they Maden trewelye, and it was only for the kynges Awntonyes sone that Owt of this world they wenden hadde ben gone.

whanne Ypocras beheld al this Matere, Of his Mule he Alyht A-down there, and dressed hym Into that partye where that theke Cors lay Sekerlye;
and In gret sorwe fond he there the kynge,
and Alle his Meyne ful sore Mornenge.
and whanne this body he hadde beholde,
Anon the Clothes he dyde On-folde,
And took there A letwarye ful good
that thike Maladye there with-stood,
and Into his Mouth he putte [it] Anon.
And Er he Evere thens gan gon,
With A lowd voys the Child gan to Crye
that Al the peple it herde Sekerlye.

thanne Ronne they Alle Abowtes Ypocras,
and seiden that this A fair Miracle was.

Thanne seide Ypocras to the kynge,
"and jow wilt granzten me my ferste Askyng,
be to-Morwen thi sone schal hol be
In Al degres, As thow Schalt se."

thanne swor the kynge be his Creance Anon
'that Alle his peticions scholden ben don.'
So thanne wrowht this Ypocras
that on the Morewen the Child Al hol it was.

thanne seide the peple there Abowte
that he to god Aperede with-Owten dowte.

thanne there Abod he ful longe In londe
with the kynge Of perse, as I vndirstonde,
Tyl Atte laste be the kynges wille
the kyng 3af his dowther hym vntylle;
And there Mad he ful Ryal Maryage
As longed to A lady Of hyre parage,
and As gret worschepe, I vndirstond,
as he hadde ben kynge of Ony lond,

Thanne Sente ypocras forth anon
Messengeris As faste As they Cowde gon
Aftyr his fadir & Moder Certeyn tho
With his Ojer frendis to Comen vnto,
Forto Axen hem Consaille
Into what Contre it myht best Ayayle

Ypocras cures Dardanides,

and the people think it a miracle,
YPOCRAS BUILDS A CASTLE ON HIS ISLAND. [CH. XXXVI.

that he myhte beste herberwed to be,
Into Most temperable place Abowtes þe see, 496
Owther In ony yl that were delitable
be þe see ðer be lond with-owten fable.
thanne A Maister Schipman gan forth to go,
And told hym of An yl In the Se Anon 500
that More temperable than Othere it was,
Fer be west, and In what plas.

Thanne Schepyd ypocras Al his good Anon,
And thedirward gan faste forto gon, 504
and with him his frenedes & his wif Also,
To this same Yl Alle gommen they to go.
and whanne Sawf that he was there,
his wyf, his frenedes, and Al his good In fer, 508
and Alle Sauf weren thedyr gon,
Ful Mochel Ioye they Maden Anon.
thanne werkmen let he Ordelyn Anon,
And Made A Castel Of lym & ston ; 512
and with-Inne that Castel An halle he Made,
þere-Inne his frenedes forto glade ;
the dore there-offen it was red goold,
As Any Man there it Myhte be-hoold, 516
and ful I-pyht with precyous stones ;
And Ek the pyler with-Inne for þe Nones
was of Marbyl, I-kouered with gold & Asure
ful Richely wroght, I 30w Ensure. 520
and there-Inne A bed he let dyhte,
the Moste wondirful that Ony man Myhte ;
For there weren In so manye stones of vertwe
whiche that weren bothe good & trewe ; 524
For Ony man that Syk þer onne lith, Sekerlye
he Schal be keuered of Alle Maladye.
Lo this hows made ypocras be this Enchesouw,
That his wyf scholde don hym non distroccioyn. 528

1 This word is added above the line by a later hand.
Nethir be poysown ne be non venym, that non Maladye Scholde Comen to hym. 

3it Also More there let he tho Make A Cowpe to drynkenn In for his Owne Sake, 

that 3if Ony poysown there Inne were don, Al the Strengthe it scholde lesen Anon. 

but Evere his wyf was proud In herte, And of hire hosbonde sche hadde gret smerte, 

For that sche was so hygh I-bore, And sche thowhte On hym sche was but lore; Therfore sche hated hym ful dedly, and purposed hym to Slen Al prevylly. 

Ful strong poysown sche gan to Make, Only Al for hire lordis Sake, and took bred, & In the poysown it putte, 

And took A dogge for to Eten Itte, So that the dogge thanne dayde Anon, and ded lay Stylle As ony Ston. 

And whanne his wyf hadde prevyd Al thys, thanne was hire herte ful of Blys; 

And took it to hire lord Ypocras As he At his Sopere was, And In his Cowpe was it put tho: but Al the strengthe Anon was Ago. 

thanne ypocras took pe Cowpe Anon and drank peoffen Amongs hem Echon, but peere offen hadde he non disceise; Wherfore his wyf gan there to mysplese, And took the Cuppe In hire hond Anon, and Ryht faste gan loken there vppon. thanne Axed Sire Ypocras Anon there 'Why sche it beheld In Swich Manere.' "Sire, for it is So Riche A thyng, therfore I have peer offen so gret Merveilleng." "Certes, dame," quod Ypocras tho, "In Al this world ben Swiche no mo; He is afraid that his wife may poison him; so he makes a magic cup, which destroys poison. 

His wife hates him, and makes poison for him, but his cup takes away its strength. 

He tells her the power of the cup.
For what poysown þat there-Inne be done,
It leseth al the strengthe Ryht Anone,
For Neure Man schal Empeyred be,
That here-Offen drynketh, Sikur mown 3e be.”

And whanne sche beheld Al this Cas,
how that he from deth A-sckaped was;
wherfore sche Made ful gret Morneng
that hire Craft ne hadde non Oper werkyng;
For As longe As he the Cowpe hadde with-owten faille,
wel wysse sche hire werkyng nolde not Availle.

So that sche Aspyde vpon A day
whanne non of hire Meyne was In þe way,
And Caste this Cowpe In to See
Also fer As sche myht don it fle,
and whanne ypocras his Cowpe dyde Mysse,
thanne was his herte In gret distresse;
and faste he Axeđe ‘where it was don,’
but of hem Alle ne wysse neuere on."
"So Aftyr it happed vpon A day
that ypocras In his Chambere wyndowe lay,
and his wyf be hym Also
Lyggeng And talkyng, bothe two.
And As he loked toward the grownde,
he Sawh A wylde Sowe In that stownde;
"dame," he seide, "sy 3e this beste here
that walketh benethe In this Manere?"
"3e, Sire," sche seide ful Sekerly,
"what Meneth that beste, I 3ow prey?"
"dame," he Seide, "I schal the telle:
that beste wolde now Ony man qwelle
that there-offen Ete, it is so vnkynde,
And þerto so hot as I have In Mynde.”
"Now, is that trewe, Sire," thanne quod sche.
"3e, dame," he seide thanne, "ful Sykerlye."
Anon A-dow sche gan hire to dresse,
and to hire Cook wente with Owten Misse.
"Sixt thou," she said, "this best here
that walkyth thus In this Manere?"
"3e, lady," he Seyde "that wel I do."
"thanze faste Anon that thou hym slo,
and that to Sopere that he be dyht,
for my lord it loveth with Al his Myht."

Anon he dyde hire Comandement,
and to the Soper was born present.

and whanne ypocras þeoffen hadde Ete,
Ful faste for peyne he gan to swete,
and seide, "dame, I may not be save
but 3if of the water that I have
That this flesch was Soden Inne.
dame, I Am ded, neþer more ne Mynne."

thanne Cowntenaunce Made sche Anon
That the water Al a wey was don.

Thanne Anon the Cook let he Calle,
Of þe water to geten hym, what myhte be falle,
"Outher bringe me there it is Cast,
Outher ells I deye, And that In hast."

than to thike place was he browht,
but of the water ne myhte he geten nowht.
And whanne Ipoecras say that it was so,
And that Al the water was A-go,
"dame," he seide, "thow hast me Slayn
 Ful falsly here In Certayn.
for that man Is born In non londe
(As In My wit I vndirstonde)
that Kan be war of wommens wyle,
So ful they ben of qweyntise & Cyle."
thus falsly was here Ypocras ded
thorwh his wyves false Red.

Thanne his frendis there Anon
leten write vpon his tombe ston,
In what Manere that he was ded
Thorwh his false wyves Red;
whiche tombe was so Ryaly dyht,
that neuere myht Comprehende In Mannes Miht
Swich Anothir tombe to Make
As there was don for Ypocras sake.
& gret distroccion gan there do¹;
and thus In this Maner As I 3ow say
Swich Richesse was þere be thike day,
and swich Strengthe & swich Bewte
As here to fare 3e han herd seyn me.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OF THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE TWO MESSENGERS AND
THE DAMSEL; AND OF THEIR MEETING WITH
MORDREYNS, NASCIENS, AND CELIDOYNE².

How the Messengers and the Damsel are much cast down (p. 39, 40), and how she declares she must die for hunger (p. 41). They see the sea on fire, and a flaming ship comes to the Island (p. 41, 42); but the flame dies out, and they find a loathly man on board, as black as any shoe (p. 42), who says he is come to take them from the island if they will do homage to him (p. 43). The messengers ask who he is, and what his name is (p. 43, 44). He answers, *The Wise Serpent*, and renews his offer of saving them (p. 44). The damsel refuses it, for which he reproaches her as both 'fool and eayfte' (p. 44), and tells them they shall die on the rock (p. 45). One of the messengers declares they will trust in Jesus (p. 46), and the black man departs. They go up to Ypocras's house, talk over the matter, and conclude that their tempter was the devil (p. 46, 47). After sleeping, they pray Christ for help (p. 47, 48), and see a vessel coming with 'a fair old man' on board; whom they greet (p. 48), and tell him they trust in God to help them. He confirms them in their faith (p. 49). The damsel assents, but suggests that they have 'sustenance non, but the eyr, the see, and rock of ston' (p. 49). One of them tells the old man of 'The Wise Serpent,' and

¹ pour ypoeras, que il auoit hai trop morteleuent.
² The heading of the illustration to this Chapter (fol. 48 b. col. 2), in the Additional MS. 10,292, is 'Ensi que li noirs hors en j. nef fu devant le maison Ypocras qui estoit tout depechies.' On the two side-planks of the black man's boat is written 'fauteile sui apelles, et de nus bons ne sui ames.'
CH. XXXVII.] THE MESSENGERS AND KING LABEL'S DAUGHTER. 39

asks who he was (p. 50). The old man tells them that he was 'The verray serpent of helle,' and that if they had trusted his ship, it would have drowned them, as it was one of his 'Mynistres whereupon that enemy rode' (p. 50, 51). The old man assures the damsel that she shall be taken from the island (p. 51), and then vanishes, leaving 'a sweetnesse, as thowh alle worldly spycerye amongst hem hadde ben trewelye' (p. 51). The damsel believes he was Christ, or one of His servants (p. 52). They mount the rock to sleep again, but the damsel ponders on the means of deliverance (p. 52-3). She thinks she hears a cry, goes higher up the rock, and sees a great light on the sea (p. 53). She wakes the messengers, and they all go down, and find a lighted ship with 'a fayr damysele' on board (p. 53-4), who offers to take them away if they will do her bidding (p. 54). She is the 'Lady of Atenys Londe,' 'the wisest creature' in the world, and the helper of all who do her homage (p. 54-5). They agree to worship her if she is of their faith; but on hearing that she is a 'Paynymy' they refuse (p. 55-6). She becomes angry, and asks them what good they've got from their new faith,—nothing but 'peyne and travaille' (p. 56-7). They answer, Christ had travail for them, and so they reck not of it (p. 57). She threatens them with death, and then vanishes (p. 57). They sleep in Ypocras's house, and next morning pray to Christ (p. 58). The ship, the old man, and the lion, that had been with Celidoyne, come to them (p. 58-9). He promises to take them to king Mordreins 'and sire Nasciens' (p. 59). They rejoice, but are afraid of the lion (p. 59-60). He urges them to enter his ship; and they do so (p. 60-1). The old man speaks 'ful swete wordis to the maiden,' and remains himself on the rock (p. 61). The messengers and the maiden sail away, till on the third day they meet 'Mordrayns, Nasciens, and Celidoyne' (p. 61), whose ship they go on board of, and the lion-ship goes 'as fast away as ever fiew swalwe in the someries day' (p. 62). The Messengers and Damsel relate their adventures to Nasciens (p. 62).

Now procedith forthere this Storye,
and Openly scheweth to Owre Memorye
of the Messengers, And the damysele
That with hem was, bothe fayr and lele.

whanne Ypocras hous they hadden longe beholde,
bothe his tombe and the bed Manyfolde,
and there knewen they be the scripture
In what Manner his deth he gan to Endure,
be the fals Coniettyng Of his wyf
that so falsly Receued hym his lyf,
KING LABEL'S DAUGHTER IS IN DISTRESS. [CH. XXXVII.

where-offen they spoken ful pleyn,
And seiden that she was fals in Certeyn ;
For A3ens A wykked wommans wyle
May there non Man withstonden non while.
And whanne thus Alle they hadden do,
Vp to the heygthe of the Roch wenten they tho ;
this was Abowtes the Owre of Mydday
that Alle these thinges thus they say.
thanne gonnen they loken Into the se
Al Abowtes there In Eche parte,
3if Owther Schipe Other Galey mynten they sen there
that hem Mynten Comforten In Ony Manere.
And thus Alday Abiden they On the Roche An hy,
As peple that was sore Abascht & ful sory,
For nowher Syen they non Comfort
that to hem be Ony Weye dide Resort.
Atte laste Cam the Nyht vppon tho
that they ne mynten sen whider to go ;
And bare weren they of Al Maner of chere,
For mete ne drynk hadden they non there ;
And Also ful ferre from Eche Contre
Wherby thei mynten sosteyned be,
For Other grace there knew they non
but there Ryht forto dyen Anon,
But 3if it be bi helpe of p' holy gost,
Elles supposen they there to ben lost.

The damysele that 3ong was, & tendre of Age,
Of by kyn born, and of gret parage,
wel faste sche gan hire to Compleyne,
and thus to the Messengeris Gan sche seyne,
" Lordynges, 3e taken non kep Of Me
that thus In distresse Am, as 3e moune se,
And thus to my deth han 3e me browht ;
For In 3ow Comfort fynde I Ryht nowht,
Nethyr be thyke god that 3e Serve,
Owt of owre peynes ne doth not swerve ;
and but 31f wear Counsell 3e conne me seyn, 48 and expects to die of hunger.
for honger here schal I deyen In Certeyn,  
Evane to forn 30w, In 30we syht,  
here schal I deyen Anon ful Ryht;  
For it is thre dayes ful Agon  
that Mete ne drynk hadde I non.”  
And whanne they herde hire thus to maken hire Mone,  
Certeynly they Nysie what forto done;  
but they Answeryd Anon Agayn,  
and sayden, “damysele, In Certayn  
beleveth the Makyng of 30we Mone,  
For Opervyse 3e Mosten done;  
bothe with 30ure herte & 30ure Mowthe  
3e mosten don As we seyn nowthe,  
Clepeth to hym that Of Alle Comfort he is,  
That of 30we peynes he may 3ow lys.”  
thanne seide the damysele Anon tho,  
“there is non Man leveng myht suffer so,  
half so gret peyne As I do here,  
there:-fore helpe wolde I han In som Mane;  
Of what side that Evere it be  
I ne Rowhte, and helpe were Comen to Me.”  
And whiles thei weren thus In talkyng,  
Into the See weren they beholdyng,  
where they Syen A gret flawme of fyre,  
And Al the see brenning hem thowhte there;  
Ek Al the see On gret tempest was,  
lyk As the devel hadde ben In that plas.  
thanne seide On of the Messengeris two  
“Sy 3e now Owht that I here do,  
Methinketh the Se On fyre it is,  
And As bryht for it brenneth I-wys.”  
“In the name of Cryst,” quod this Othir tho,  
In 3one fyre A schipe me semeth doth go,  
And that gret peple with-Inne there is,  
As me Semeth with-owten Mys;
and set me Semeth More verralye
that faste hiderward the schip doth hye."

"Now, par ma fey," quod this damysele tho,
"Som Maner tydynges Come, Us Unto."

Thanne Anon In this Mene while,
Not fulliche the space of half A Myle,
the schiue Al flawmeng to Reg Roche Cam
wheche that these thre persones weren vppon.
and whanne they syen it was so Ny,
down Of the Roche they dyden hem hy;
"Lordynges," quod this damysele tho,
"down to this schiue now let us go,
And to beholden what it may be,
for this is the same that we gonne se."
down Of the Roche thanne Comen they Anon,
And thus some al the flawme was Owt don
that in thike schiue was to fore,
Al was A-qweynt whanne they Comen there.
And whanne to the Roches poynt they weren gon,
A Schiue they fownden there riht Anon,
And with-Innen A man of dispetous stature,
And lothly to beholde, I sow Ensure;
Ful gret and large be was therto,
and therto As blak As Ony Scho,
And his Eyen brenneng In his hed
As thowth it were flawmes of fir so Red.
and whanne this damysele he gan beholde,
he hire grette many folde;
and sche 3ald hym his gretyng Agayn,
and so dyden the Messengeris In Cortein;
but of him ful sore Absacht they were,
For that he loked so spetously there.
Thanne Axeled he of hem there
'how thider they Comen, and In what Manere,
that so fer from peple it was,
And Ek from the lond In Eche A plas.'
than ne Answerid that damysele Anon,
"be persecucion, hider ben we Gon;"
and for hunger & thirst here scholen we deye
but 3if we han Socour hastelye,
Owther hens that we Mown go,
And som socour Come vs vnto."

thanne seide this Man to hem there,
"hider Am I Comen In that Manere
3ow to bryngen Owt of this wake,
3if that so be homage 3e welen me make."

And whanne these Messengeris herden tho
That of homage he spak hem vnto,
Forte becomen his lige men,
where-offen sore they Merveilleth then,
And Axeden what Manere man pat he were
that of hem homage Axede there,
"for homage to 3ow scholen we non do
tyl we weten whens 3e Comen fro."
"I Am A man Of fer Contre,
but My lordschepe is In lond & In see,
that the moste peple Of this world
Onylich Obeyen to my word,
And holden me for here Sovereyn lord,
Of strenkthe, of myht, be here owne Acord;
for there Nis no Mannes lordschepe lyvenge
that lasteth So fer In Al Maner of thinges;
And therto I am of so gret powste,
that non thing is don On lond ne see
but Anon that I it do knowe,
Alle swiche thinges vppon A rowe;
Now haven 3e herd Every del
Of my power, & what I kan don wel."

"Sire," quod these Messengeris tho,
"And it be As 3e seyn vs vnto,
we knownen wel pat there is non man lyvynge
that hath A qwarter so Mochel Of konnenge,

The Black Man offers to take the Messengers and Damsel away, if they will do him homage.
THE BLACK MAN’S OFFER IS REFUSD.  {CH. XXXVII.

They ask his name.

Sauf only oure lord Cryst, goddis sone, that In al the world pere hath he none; but now of on thing to 3ow scholen we spelle, what is 3owre Name, that 3e vs now telle.”

“My name Gladliche now wyl I say;

“The wise Serpent’ me re me clepen Eche day.”

“Now Certes,” quod thanne this Messengere, “It is p’most Merveillous Name pat euere herdeich Ere.”

thanne seide this Man A3en tho,

“Hyder Am I now 3ow comen vnto, of 3owre diseise owt ferto brynge

3if 3e welen don me homagynge,
And Into my Schipe 30w for to take,
And bringen 30w owt of Al this wrake.”

“Now Certes,” quod this damysele tho, “3owre Cowntenauance, 3owre Chere, doth me gret wo,

That I Am so Aferd ful Sekerlye
To Comen In 3owre Compenye;
for Rathere here we scholen Abyde,
And here Suffren deth At this tyde,
And 3it more grettere distorbaunce
thanne to vs come 3it be Ony chaunce,
Rathere thanne hens we scholen go
Tyl God vs sende tydynge Mo."

Whanne this Man vndirstood this tho,
that thus this damysele spak hym vnto,
he Answerid here In dispit Ageyn,
And thus to hire seide anon ful pleyn:

“ha! thou womman, bothen fool and kaytyf,
that Rekkest now so litel of thy lyf!

ha, dispitful Creature,
Unhappy A3ens al good Aventure!
What Eyleth the now In this Nede
thine Owne lif forto forbede?

for it is semeng here now to me
that bettere, Evel than good, louest pou sekirle.
Nedis mostest thou ben A womman,
that ne lovest not ho pat the helpen kan;
and here thou Chesest thyn distroccioum,
And only Refusest here thyn savacioun:
Now from 3ow wile I gon,
And leven 3ow here Al Alon,
Where As 3e scholen for honger deye,
And In Myseise ful vetterlye;
For after this tyme Neuere non
3ow to Refreschen hider schal gon,
Wherfor 3e scholen Repenten ful sore
that 3e ne welen don After my lore;
but 3oure Repentyng ful late schal be,
Sethen 3e welen not Trosten on My seignoure;
and perfore As Caytyves scholen 3e dye,
As schal this Caytyf womman here sodeinlie.
For at the prykke of deth ben 3e now here;
3e scholen it not sekapen In non Manere
but that fer hunger Scholen 3e deye,
and vppon this Roche lyn openlye,
and the fowles 3owre flesch scholen Ete,
For Other Sepulture non 3e gete.

"Now, Sire," quod a Messenger Anon,
"wel weten we pat to this Roche of ston
3e comen hydir vs forto Socoure,
And thereto A man of welthe & of honoure;
but In Certein we hadden levere to deye
thanne forto gon In 3oure Compenye;
3oure persone and Contenaunce it is so hydows,
And 3oure lokyne and wordis ben so dispetows;
For only, Sire, Confounded we ben
Of the wordis that 3e to vs here seyn,
that here nedis Mosten we dye
For Miseise & honger Otterlye;
And, for thy Compenye that we forsake,
therefore to Mercy wilt pou vs not take:
They will trust in the mercy of Christ, but Only In his Mercy we vs affye
who will not forsake them, that is Jesus the sone of Marye,

The Man goes away, And to his Mercy only we vs take,

[leaf 49] For his Servauntes Nele he neuer forsake,

in storm and flaming sea, but vs to Comforten In this straunge place

and a horrible noise, as of hell! there As non Creature Many day ne wase."

The Messengers and King Label's daughter go up again to the house of Ypocras,
- And there they seten hem to Reste
  Evene As thre hym liked beiste, 264
  and gonnten they to talken Anon
  Of hym þat from the Roche was gon:
  "be my trouthe," quod the damysele thanne,
  "I was Neuere so sore Aferd of Manna.
  And, weteth wel, lordynges, In Certeyn,
  that nethir honger ne thurst haue I pleyn,
  but from me it is Al now A-go,
  that there often ne fele I now no Mo."
  Thanne seiden the tothir Messengers Ageyn,
  "It was non Erthly Man In Certeyn,
  but that it was owre dedly Enemy
  that vs hyder Cam forto Aspye,
  And vs to putten owt of Ryhtful Creunce,
  3if he it Cowde han don be his fals variaunce."
  whanne they hadden long Spoken of this thing,
  Thanne fillen they Alle In Slepyng,
  what for travaile and for werynesse,
  and what for deseise and gret distresse.
  and whanne On Slepe that they were,
  Non power hadden they to waken there; 284
  what for fastyng and for febelte,
  they weren so Ouercomen In Eche degre.
  So vppon the Morwen, whanne it was day,
  and the Sonne schon, As Eche Man Say,
  on hem the Sonne gan forto Schine
  there As they lyen thike same tyme,
  and þerto the sonne so hot Schon there
  vppon here faces that Naked were,
  So that for the gret hete Anon
  there they wakened Everichon.
  and whanne Awaked fulliche they were,
  To Cryst they Maden here prayere,
  whiche that was kyng of alle kynges,
  to hym they made there here Offrynges
AN OLD FAIR MAN SAILS TO THE ISLAND. [CH. XXXVII.

with wepyng and with terys Sore,
Evere Axeng Crist 'Mercy and Ore,
that he wolde, Of his speyal grace,
Som Comfort to senden hem In that place
where As that they weren In gret peryl,
fer with-Inne the See In that Exyl.'

And whanne they hadden thus I-don,
Into the Se they loked *ere Anon;
thanne Sien where that Cam In the See
A Fair litel vessel, As thowhten thanne he,
And Evene to the Roches Poynt
that vessel was Comen, and therto Ioynt;
And this was Abowtes the Owr of pryme
whanne this they Aspiden thike tyme;
and In the vessel was A fair Old Man,
As thei that tyme behelden than.

"Now, behold," quod the Messenger tho,
"I hope goode tydynges ben Comen vs to,
For here is Aryved An Old Man
that som Comfort tellen vs kan."

thanne Of the Roch down gonne they go,
and this good Man Comen they vnto;

thanne whanne they gonne this good man Aspye,
An Old Awncyel Man he was Otterlye;
but 3it Al this not withstandyng
he was a fair Man with Owten lesyng.

And Anon As they hym Sye,
they hym gretten ful Curteislye;
And he hem 3ald here Greyng
Ryht ful Onestly and ful plesyng,
and hem Axede Ryht Anon
'how Into *at place they weren gon.'
And they hym Answeryd Anon Ryht,
'that be adversite thedir weren they dyht,
Fer from Men, and from vytaille,
that In poynt Of deth they weren saun3 faille;
For but if god do hem Som socour,  
we ben not Able to lyven On Owre;  
And if he wele to vs his Counseyl sende,  
that we scholen Asckape heyl & Sownd  
As Evere we wenten on Ony grownd.'  

Whanne the goode man herde hem thus seyn,  
"Forsotho, sires," quod he, "and In Carteyn  
And 3e holden Alwey this Creawnce  
Stedfastly with-owten variaunce,  
Owt of this yl I schal 3ow don brynge  
3if 3e In 3owre feyth han non varyenge;  
For trosteth me wel verraylye,  
that he wil not 3ow forgeten sekerlye;  
Ne non that hym don Ony Servyse  
he wil not forgeten In non wyse."

"Ha, Sire," quod this damysele tho,  
"I beleve pat trowthe.3e sein me vnto;  
but, sire, and we longe dwellen here,  
we scholen thanne dyen Al In fere;  
For Sekir, ooper sustenauence haven we non  
but the Eyr, the See, and Roch Of ston."  
"3e, damysele," quod this goode Man,  
"3it have thou non drede not for than;  
For forgeten scholen 3e not be  
And 3e welen han hym In Memore,  
that non Maner of thing ne wil forgete,  
Nethir his Servauntes he Wil not lete."

"Now, swete Sire," quod on of these mea tho,  
"So telle vs on thyng Er that 3e go."  
"let se, sey on," quod this good Man,  
"And I schal tellen what that I kan."

"Sire, Abowtes the hygh Mydnyht  
here hadden we a wonderful syht:  
To vs here Cam A Merveillous wyht,  
and seide 'that he was a Man of Myht.'  

They tell him of their trouble.

He bids them hold fast their faith.

The damsel says they have been a long time waiting for help.

Then they tell the old man
and seide that for vs I-Comen he was,
vs for to bryngen Owt of this plas,
and vs to Saven from Alle peryl,
And Sownd to bryngen vs owt of pis Exyl,
& therto A man Of gret power,
and that his lordschepe lasted bothe fer & ner;

More Ouer therto, A wonderful Name,
‘The wyse Serpent,’ A Man of fame;
therto he was the leythest Man
that on Creature Myhte loke vppon;
And for that Cause we desiren wel sore
To weten what Man that it wore.”

“Of hym I kan 30w ful wel telle,
And of his Condicion I kan 30w spelle:
and vndirstondith what I schal Seye:
It is Mannes disceyvour Sekerlye;
And with his coniettyng & his falsnesse
Al day men bryngeth he In distresse;
that han goddis semblance & his kynde,
hem forto Spillen, that is his Mynde.
but, Seris, 3it More I schal 30w telle,
It was the verray Serpent of helle
that Cam forto vysyten here 30w,
and seide that he cam for 30wre prow;
but feythfully now trosteth to Me,
And 3e In his vessel hadde I-be,
In-to the Se he scholde 30w han Cast,
And there 30w drenched Anon In hast;
For 3e wenden A schipe that it hadde be,
but it nas not So ful Sekerle;
but Anothir schrewed Enemy it was,
On of his Mynestres In that plas,
where vppon that Enemy Rod
Also longe As here with 30w Abod;
therefore, and with hym hadde 3e gon,
3e hadde ben persched Everychon;
For he is of so fels beheste
—As wel to the lesto as to the Meste— 408
For 3ow Into peynes scholde he han browht,
For opear Socour Cowde he don 3ow nowht.
Now I have 3ow told In Al degre
Of that Enemy, & what is he ; 412
therefore beth war In Alle Manere
3if ony More he Come to vysiten 3ow here ;
And beth war pat he discyeve 3ow nowht,
Ne for non thing chonge not 3owre thowht."

"Ha, Sire, 3it," quod this damyscle tho,
"Telleth me on thing Er that 3e go."
"Gladlich, Sey on," quod this good Man,
"I schal 3ow telle Al that I kan."
"Sire, owt of this Roche scholde we Enere go,
Owther ony Man to helpen vs Comen vnto."
"3e," quod this good man ryht Anon,
"Owt of this Roche scholen 3e gon,
and here not longe forto Abyde
3if 3e ben stedfast In Eche tyde,
and defenden 3ow from 3e ferst Enemy
That to 3ow wile Comen wel Sotely ; 428
but beth Alweye of stedfast creaunce
Inne hym that is non variaunce,
And he hens will thanne 3ow brynge
3if 3e dwellyn stille In good levenge."

Anon As he this word hadde Seyd,
he was Agon with-Inne A breyd, 432
that Nether hym ne his vessel
Ne Cowden they Sen neuere a del ;
but the grettest sweetnesse that Evere was,
with hem there lefte In that plas,
As thowh Alle worldly Spycerye
Amongs hem hadde ben trewelye.

Than gonne they to-gederis to spoken Anon
Of the good man that from hem was gon,
And seiden that greth Comforted they were thorwh the goode wordis that he spak there.

"In feith," quod the damysel tho,
"Alle my Sorwe and kare it is a-go;
and Of on thing I do 3ow behete,
Thowgh In Al this world were there nou Mete,
So with his wordis fulfild I am
that he to me seide whanne he Cam;
For Anon as I loked hym vppon,
Myn hunger and thurst was A-gon,
and Al my deseise tho Everydel;
And þerfore I beleve Ryht wel
that this Is he of whom 3e spelle,
Jesus Crist, kyng of Erthe and helle,
Other Elles On of his Seriaunce
that hider Cam vs to Avaunce."

thanwe seiden the Messengeris tho,
"they ne wiste how it myhte go,
but that it were goddis sonde
To Maken hem fre that weren bonde;
For now, after this grete drede,
Comfort we han In this Stede;
and as Mochel as of the ferste we weren Agast,
this good man vs hath comforted In hast."
Thus Al that dai they gonne to speke
Of thike good Man So lowly & Meke,
and seiden hem was happed good Aventure
Of tho tydyinges that weren so sure;
So that Al day Abyden they there
Tyl it gan to dirken Everywhere.
and whanne to the Even it was come Ageyn,
Aþen vpe to þe Roche they wenten Certeyn,
and wenten Aþen to the same place
There As Ipocras I-beryed wace:
So there Alle thre they gonuen hem Reste
In swich place as that hem liked beste.
So whanne it was abowtes Midnyht,
the Messengeres Slepten, I the plyht;
but the damysele Al wakyng was
At theke tyme, so was hire gras;
For Evere sche lay, & hire bethowhte
how pat Alle this thing ben Mowhte
As towching here deliueraunce,
In what Manere schold ben here chaunce.

& as sche thus In thenkenge here lay,
hire powhte sche herde A wondir fray
And A wondir despetows Cry,
so pat sche was A-ferd ful Sekerly,
for sche thowhte pat Cry was hire Ner.
and Anon vpward sche dressede here ther,
and heyere on p* Roche gan sche to go,
Forto weten ho there was tho;
For owther man owfer wommanne
It was that so ferde thanne.


and whanne vppon the Roch sche was An hy,
thanne say sche Atte Roche banke trewly
wondir gret lyht here In the see,
where-offen sche wondred what it myhte be.
And whanne sche hadde thus I-do,
and to the Messengeris gan sche to go,
and faste vppon hem sche gan to Calle,
and tolde hem what Aventure was befalle,
‘how that to hem was comen there
Wondir gret lyht In qweyte Manere;’
thanne down of the Roch wenten they Alle thre
Forto weten what it myhte be.

and whanne down they weren comen Echon,
A wondir fair schip behelden they Anon,
and In Maner as of Manye torches lyht,
—Al thus it Semede there to here siht,—
and ful of Richesse hem thouhte it was,
The worthiest that myhte ben In ony plas;
[CH. XXXVII.

with a fair lady in it, and there Inne was A fayr damysele
that to hem semede bothe swete & lele;
And grete lust they hadden hire to beholde,
To hem semed sche so fair Many folde.
And whanne they hire Gonnen to Se,
Anon they hire gretten Alle thre;
And sche hem 3ald here gretyng tho
In swich A Manere As sche cowde do.

than ne Axede sche of hem Anon,
'how In to that place that they weren gon.'

thanne answerid they sone A-geyn,
'be wondyrful Aventures, In Certeyn;
and here Abiden Nedis we Mote
til som Aventure come, Ofer som bote.'

"Certes," quod the damysele of p° schipe tho,
"hard Aventure is Comenge 3ow to,
For hens be 3e neuere lik to gon
In helthe of body, of flesch, ne bon;
for 3e ben so fer from Eche Contre,
Supposing to non Man that here 3e be;
but Neuertheles 3it not for than
(In as moche that 3e han semblance of Man,) of 3ow I haue now ful grete pyt;
and 3if 3e welen, 3e scholen gon with Me,
and Into Sauf place with me scholen 3e go
3if myn Comandement welen 3e do;
and I wele Axen 3ow non Other thing
but as Alle men to me don pat ben lyveng."
and they seiden that 'with good wille
hire Comandement wolden they fulfille
3if it to hem semede thing Resonable,
and that to hem it Myhte ben profitable.

thanne spak p° damysele of the schip Anon,
"I schal 3ow tellen what 3e scholen don :
But ferst I do you to vndirstonde
that I am Lady of Atenys Londe,
And Myn is holiche al that Contre—
bothe Castel & town, lond & See—
so that I knowe wel In Myn Entent,
that In Al this world here present
Nes non so Riche Man ne womman,
Sekerly, As Reherse the now i Can.
thereto I am the wisest Creature
that In this world is, I the Ensure;
For Alle thing that In the world is don,
I hit knowe thanne Riht Anon;
And 3if Ony peple In Angwisch be,
I hem Owt brynge ful Certeinle;
and whanne they ben In peryl of ded,
thanne I hem socoure In that sted;
thus Alle that Evere that homage will me do,
Riht Anon Socour I sende hem to.
This thing I sey to 3ow now here,—
3if 3e welen don In this Manere,
And homage here me forto don,
In to my schipe I schal 3ow taken Anon,
and leden 3ow thanne In-to swich A place
that is ful of ioye and ful of grace.”
and whanne they herden hire thus speke,
Eche to ofer here hertes gonnen breke,
and Axeden CowncyeI of this thyng,
what were best forre here leveng.
“be my trowthe,” quod the ton Messengere,
“And it be As sche telleth vs here,
and therto and sche be of oure lay,
we scholen hire worschepen this ylke day;”
and with here thanne wele we go
Into what Contre she wele leden vs to;
but 3if of Anothir lay that sche be,
we wilne hire forsaken Sekerle;
for owre Creance sche wolde don vs to reneye,
and to beleven On hire fals feye;”
THEY REFUSE THE OFFERS OF THE LADY OF ATHENS. [CH. XXXVII.

for that was the most thing In here thowht, that here Creawnce forsaken wolden they nowht. 588 thanne Axeden they hire In the schipe thanne, "Of what Creawnce ben 3e," seiden they, "wommanne, and what with vs 3e wolden don, and we to 3oure homage consenten Anon?"

"that schal I 3ow seyn with-Inne wordis fewe, Al myn purpos vpon A rewep: Ferst I schal 3ow tellen At this tyme that I am Ryht A worthy Paynyme, The Richest that is In Al that lond, As I do 3ow here to vndirstond; and 3if that homage 3e welen me do, with me Into pat Contre scholen 3e go."

"In feyth, damysele," quod the ton Messengere, "sethen we knowen so mochel of 3ow here, that 3e be not of Oure Creawnce, 3e 3ow forsaken with Owten variaunce; 3if it so be that I from 3ow go, Neuere geten 3e helpe ne Socour 3ow to bryngen owt of this langour; For 3e ben so fer from Eche contre, that here for honger scholen deyen 3e."

thanne answered they Anon Ageyn,

"that lever they hadden to deyen certeyn thanne to gon In hire compenye; here only god to wraththen Sekerlye, hos lawe & hos Creawnce we welen kepen with Owten variaunce." "O, Cursed kaytyves," quod this damysele tho, "what Ese doth 3owre Creawnce 3ow to, Oper the Cristendom that 3e han take? For sethen han 3e ben In wo & wrake;
and sethen 3e leften 3oure first lay
3e han had Sorwen Inowh Eche day,
and In peyne & travaile han 3e be,
and so scholen 3e Contenwen sikerle."

"Of travaylle," quod the ton Messengere,
"we taken non charge, non of vs here;"
For of Travaille Ensample han we
Of Jesus that be-Cam Man Erthle,
For he was nevere with owten travaile
vs Azen to biggen Sauz faille;
for he travailled tyl he was deel,
Man-kynde to byen from the qwed.
Therefore, 3if we his Servauntes wilen be,
thanne neper of peyne ne travaile ne rekken we ;
In this world to suffren Alle Manere distresse,
In hevene forto haven Joye that is Endelesse;
And for this cause damysele, Sekerly,
vs ne Rekketh to travaylle bodyly;
for travaile owre lord scheweth to vs,
whiche that is Maryes sone, Jesus."

And whanne sche herde hem thus Answere,
Anon to wraththen sche gan hire there ;
"3e cursed Caytyves, now wel I se
that In sorwe it liketh 3ow forto be
More thanne In Ese, Other In Reste,
thus semeth Me it liketh 3ow beste ;
thefore hens now wyle I go,
And leven 3ow here In peyne & wo,
For of non man here geten 3e socour,
So scholen 3e deyen In wo and langour;
and thanne the bryddes of the Eyr
To 3oure bodyes scholen repeyr."

So wente sche thens thanne Anon,
and forth Into the see gan sche gon,
and they Aftir hire lokeden there,
but sche was vansched I qweynt Manere.

'S We do not mind that, following the example of Christ.'
They sleep in Ypocras's house.

Thanne Anon torned they vp Ageyn
To ypocras hows In Certeyn,
And there slepton Alle thre with owten dowte
Tyl on the Morwe they myhten sen hem Abowte.
    and on the Morwe, whan it was pryme,
they Awoken Alle thre thanne In good tyme,
and thanne vpwardis they gomen hem dresse,
and In god they putten here Sekernesse,
knelyng a-down vppon here kne
Into the Estward ful Sekerle;
and there they Maden here preyere
To Jesus Cryst so leef an dere,
" that he wolde of his grete Mercy
hem Comfort to senden hastely,
and that he wolde not hem forgete
there to dyen for fawt of Mete;
but As the fadyr Socoureth the child,
so do 3e vs, goode lord, bothe mek & myld."
    and whanne they hadden Mad here preyere,
Estward A3ens the sonne lokeden they there
Ful fer Abrod Into the Se;
A lytel thing there thowhte thanne syen hee,
but from hem It was so fer
that they ne Cowde knowen In non Maner
What it was, ne what it Myhte be,
Til Abowtes Midday Sekerle;
be that tyme it was to hem komen so ny,
that they hadden knoweng sekery
that a lytel vessel thanne it was,
whiche thedir was komen In to fayt plas,
and to the Roche there it dyde Applye;
and they hem down hyede ful hastelye
forto Sen what thing it were
And what thing per Inne was there.
    and whanne they weren tho komen Adown,
Abowtes hem they loked In-virown,
And behelden this vessel Every del; 696 with an old man, and there Inne An Old man bothe fair & lel; and with hym browhte In Compeuye 700 being Celidoyne's A lyown that loked ful Egerlye,— old ship and lion, and it was the same lyown that to fore tyme was with Celidoine, and Also the Same vessel 704 That celidoyne in wente Every del. and whanne they behelden this trewly, Ech on other lokede ful ferfully; They wonder how For gret wonder they hadden tho how that faire man with þ* lyown dorste go. thanze Axede hem this olde Man Anon, ‘how they Into that contre weren gon.’ 708 they hym Answerid Anon a-geyn, ‘that be goddis wilde it was, Certeyn ; and whanne that Goddis wilde it were, Owt of that Roche scholden they gon there.” 712 “Certeyn,” quod this old Man tho, “And þe with me welen now go In this vessel with this lyown, I schal 30w socoure Al & Som. 716 For his love that þe Calangen 30ure lord I schal 30w socowren At on word, and 30w leaden Into Swich A place (thorwh helpe & thoruh goddis grase) 720 to find Mordreins there as kyng Mordreins scholen þe fynde, and sire Nasciens that knyht so kynde, for whom þe forsoken 30ure Own londe, hym forto seken. As I vndirstond.” 724 whanne this word thanne they herde, As Ioyful Men thanne they ferde : “A, Sire, now knowen we Iyht wel that bothe Owre lord & 30wre 3e knowen Eche del. 728 They are de- Now, goode sire, that 3e welen vs telle lighted, In what Maner with owre lordis befelle,
sethen 3e known where they be; 732
Now, good sire, that 3e wolen telle Me
whether that they ben hol & Sownd,
oper owhit lyveng Aboven the ground."

"I am swich a Man As 3e se,
but I trowe pat 3e known not Me;
for I am other Wyse than 3e suppose here,
A Man Merveillous In other Manere;
For I kan tellen 3ow Every del
how with 3oure lordis it stont ful wel.
the Kyng Mordreyns and Nasciengs now be
In a schipe A Myddis of the See;
And 3if that Evere 3e welen hem speke,
Into this vessel thanne Mosten 3e Reke,
And I 3ow Sekerlye schal Cowndeye
Tyl that 3e to hem comeu trewelye."

"Syre, there offen we thanken 3ow hyly,
with Alle Owre hertes ful stedfastly."

"this to 3ow thus schal I do,"
Seide this good man to hem tho.

"thanne Entren, Sire, gladly scholde we,
but 3if for drede of the lyown it be,
which is so gret & so Merveylous,
And to Owre lokyng so dispetous."

"Thanne Sekerly, now Semeth me,
but 3if from this Roch that 3e fle,
I suppose that 3e don gret folye;
For no More Into this partye
Schal neuere man Comen 3ow to socoure,
Nether 3ow to bryngen owt of langoure; 760
Therfore wolde I with good wille
that 3e this vessel Entred vntylle, 764
and in this Roche that 3e leven me.
and ful wel weteth In Certeinte
that I have don More than this
For Man to fore tyne with-owten Mis:
Now Entreth here Into my plas Anon, and for sow Into the Roche shal I gon."

Thanne Cam this good man Owt of p° vessel, and p° Messengeris Entred faire & wel; and with hem there that faire May that Only god worschepyd Every day.

Thanne seide this goodman to that Mayde Ful swete wordis; & thus he sayde, "Mayden, 3if thou hast lost A kyng, And thy fadyr thorwh his begetyng; Al thouh that he were here Kyng Erthly, Now hast pou to p† fadyr A kyng that is hevenly, whiche that is kyng of alle kyngge, and owt of Alle Sorwes p° to brynge, and Ek Owt of the develis powste where Inne pat thaw hast longe I-be."

"Sire," quod thiis Maide, "this schal I do, and Into port salw thou wilt brynge me to." thus Into the vessel Entred they Echon, And this good man to the Roch gan gon.

So thanne Cam pere bothe wynd & wedrynge, and fer Into the See it gan hem brynge; 30 that with Inne a lytel while they syen Neper Roch, lond, ne ylle. Thus Al that day and Al that Nyht To forn p° wynd they seileden owt Ryht, For there flowh neuere so swyftly bryd As thyk tyde was hem betyd; and Ek the secunde day Also, And the Nyht folwenge Ek perto.

and vpon the Morwe, the Owre pryme, They loked forth Into the see be tymc; and thanne In the See gone they to kenne the same schipe that weren In these Menne: Mordrayns, Nasciens, and Celidoyne in fere, Alle In that Schipe weren they there.

They go into the ship, and the old man says to the damsel, 'If thou hast lost an earthly father and king, thou hast found a heavenly one.'

A wind sends the ship faster than the birds can fly, for two days and nights, till they reach the ship of Mordreins, Nasciens, and Celidoyne,
They tell Nasciens their story.

And whanne to-gederis they weren so Ny
that Eche Myhte Other knowen trewly,
Faste to-gederis tho they grette
Whanne bothe Schepis to gederis weren Mette.
And whanne they weren Entred Echon,
Ful faste to-gederis Ronnen they Anon,
And Eche gan Other forto Embrace,
and Faste to kyssen In that place.

thane Anon as that Entred they were,
Bothen Messengeris and the damysele there,
the lytel vessel wente with þe lyown as faste Away
As Evere flew swalwe In the someris day;
So that with-Inne A lytel throwe
Nethir vessel, ne lyow[n], myhte they knowe.
Thanne Axede Nasciens Of the Messengeris tho
what Cawsed hem from home forto go.
Thanne tolden they hym Al In fere,
‘In what manere that they persched were,
and how on a Roch they Aryven that stownde
where As Ypocras tombe they fownde;
and they wenden to han ben ded,
Ne hadde an Olde Man ne ben In þat sted,
That Neuere to fore we ne hym Syen, ne knewe;
So sore vpon vs thanne gan he to Rewe,
That owt Of the Roch he dyde vs gon,
and there he for vs lefte Al Alon.
and 3it seide he that More for man hadde he do
Thanne At that tyme to vs dyde he tho:
3it More tolde he vs In Certeyn
where that we scholden fynden 3ow pleyn,
Alle thre In On Schipe In Compenye,
Alle heyl & Sownd ful Sekerlye.’

‘Now sothly,” quod sire Nasciens tho,
“wel wiste þat good man what he hadde to do;
And to vs ful welcome 3e be,
For we ben glad of 3oure Compenye:
Lo, Sethen that Alle departyd we were
Into dyvers londes Every where,
And to fulfillen his Comandement
Now Altogether we ben present.
lo, this is the grete lord Above,
That vs hath schewed so moche love;
let vs hym thanken with Alle our Myht,
That Glorious Lord, As it is Ryght."

Thanne Axede he Of the damysele tho,
'Owt of what Contre that sche cam fro,
And how with the Messengeris she gan to Mete.'
Al sche hym tolde Er sche wolde lete,
and of what lond sche was l-bore,
and hos dowhter, As I Reheresed before.

Thanne gan Nasciens forto Refreyne
Of thike Messengeris In Certeyne
Of his Soster and Of his wyf,
whethir they hadden helthe and lyf.
thanne Answerid the Messengeris tho,
"Sire, In good hele ben they bothe two;
But Abasched sore they be,
For of 3ow they ne haven non Certeynte."
"ha, worthy Lord," quod Mordrayns the kyng,
"It were to Me a Joyful tydyng
and I wyste how fer In the Se I were,
Owther Ny Ony lond In Ony Manere."
"3e, Sire," quod Nasciens to the Kyng,
"Therefore Make 3e non Morneng ;
For be his wille it Moste ben do
As hit hath ben Al hiderto;
and whanae it is plesing to God Oure Kynge,
Into Owre Owne Contre he wele vs bryngye ;
Therfore to hym let vs now preye,
and leven that Mater that we of seye."

Thus to-gederis God his Servauntes browhte,
that Nethir of Other ne wiste nowhte;
For into divers Contres departed they were, and, lo, thoruhe his Miht, Azen to-Gederis weren they pere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Priest clad in white comes walking on the sea (p. 65); with the sign of the Cross he cures Nasciens of his wound (p. 66), and says that Christ will take Joseph and Josephes and their Company into Great Britain, all walking on the sea (p. 67). A ship comes up to them, and the Priest orders Celidoyne on board of it (p. 67-8). They reach Mor dreins's Castle, Barne, while the inmates are asleep, rouse them, and are received with great joy (p. 68-9). Next day the Barons near arrive; and then the Queen (p. 69). Messengers are sent out after Nasciens's Queen Flegentyne, and find her in the realm of Meotyde (p. 70). She comes to her husband in Sarras; but is distressed at not finding Celidoyne, till his Adventures are told her (p. 70). King Label's daughter (who was afterwards Celidoyne's wife) is christened; as "Myn Sire Robert Boroun" tells us, who translated this story from the Latin of the hermit to whom God gave it (p. 70-1). Nasciens can hear nothing of where Celidoyne is (p. 71), gets anxious about it, and prays God to let him go into the strange land where he has been told his household shall multiply (p. 72). So Christ sends him a Vision, and tells him to arise and go to the sea, enter a ship, and follow whatever he sees there (p. 72-3). He gets a good horse, and rides off (p. 73). His wife Flegentyne is distressed at this, and the Barons disperse in search of Nasciens (p. 74). One of them, Nabor (a cruel and felonous old man of seventy), tracks him by the nails in his horse's feet, rides 70 miles after him in one day (p. 74), and finds him utterly exhausted by a battle with the giant Fereyn (p. 75), whom Nabor kills, and then insists on Nasciens's returning home (p. 76). Nasciens refuses; Nabor drags him to the ground (p. 77-8), and draws his sword to kill him, but is struck dead for such unknightly conduct to his liege lord (p. 79-80). Then comes up Nasciens's friend, the Lord of Tarabel (p. 80), and says that Nabor well deserved his death (p. 81); whereupon a voice from heaven rebukes him for judging another when he had himself killed his own father for the sake of his inheritance (p. 81); and the Lord of Tarabel is thereupon struck dead by a thunderbolt (p. 82). A monk comes and advises Nasciens to bury all the three corpses in three Tombs, and carve their story on them as a warning of God's vengeance (p. 83). Nasciens sends messengers to his wife Flegentyne begging her to have this done; and the bodies are put into the earth with many tears and sore weeping (p. 83-1).
Thus twey nyhtes to-gederis Abyden they,
As here Reherseth now this Story,
And vppon the thriddle Nyht
The Mone be-gan to schynen wel bryht,
and the See bothe Mek and stable it was,
and with the wynd they seileden A fair pas.
and Abowtes the hye Myd
Of a fair Castel they hadden a syht,
of wheche the name, Barne I-clepid it was,
That Mordrayns sone Owhte
In that plas,
In the Ottrest partye of his Owne loud
Toward the see, as I vndirstond.
And whanne so Nygh that they were,
and that Castel they knewen wel there,
They blesseden the Kyng of hevene Anon,
And worsciples they 3even hym Everichon,
'that he hem thedir browhte In Savfte
From Alle Maner perylles In Eche degre ;
And that they hadden desired so sore,
to the lond thanne that they comen thore,
So that they ne failleden In non degre,
but Evene to port salw tho comen hee,'

Thanne After hem they loked Ageyn,
and they syen vpon the se Comen ful pleyn
In Manere of A prest I-clothed In whit,
tho As hem Semede, swich was his Abyt ;
And Al drye to hem he Cam vpon the sec,
As Alle they it syen ful verraylle ;
and asaste vpon the see wente he
As Evere fowl with wenges Myhte fle,
So that the Schip he Overtook Anon
where As Ime they weren Everichon,
Thanne In goddis Name he hem grette,
and they hym thanked, and not ne lette ;
but Alle Abasched sore weren they there,
Lest that it here Enemy tho were

The third night
4
they get a fair wind,

8 and get near the Castle Barne belonging to Mor-
dreins's son.

12
They give thanks for their safe arrival.

16

20

24

28

32

36

A priest, clothed
in white,
comes over the
sea,

whereat they are af
aid it is the
devil,
Hermione heals Nasciens's wound.

He comes for no evil, but to heal Nasciens's wound, by making the sign of the cross over him.

Nasciens asks who he is?

(The French text says Hermione.)

He is the man to whom Nasciens built a church,
A Chirche of hym that thou dost Make; and has been sent to warn him not to sin again.
hider to the Come I now for his sake; 76
and thus the grete Maister sente me to the
That thin helthe I scholde be, and he will be kept from harm.
And from Adversite the to defende, 80
And that to goddis Comandementes pou Attendes;
3if pou wilt his love haven In Ony wyse, 84
that thou do non fals Sacrifice.
herkene to me now, I the Rede, 88
what Maner of thing I shal the bede, 92
that from this tyme forward wele he kepen the
From Alle Aventures, ful syker thou be. 96
For Al so strong he is therto
As vpon the See to Maken Me go,
And vpon the e wete Se to Maken my weye
with-Owten Confowndyng, As I the seyc.
So lyghtly schal Iosepe of Barithmathie,
and Josephes the ferste Cristen bischope sekerlye,
and with hym his peple Also,
Alle Bare On the Se scholen they go;
with-owten Schipe owther Ony Oper thyng
Into Grete Breteigne Crist doth hem bryng.
For it is the grete lordis wille,
Of his ligne Breteyne to fulfille." 100
And whiles they Spoken thus In fere,
They Syen A vessel In the se Comen there,
And towards hem it cam ful faste
Til bord on bord hit Cam Atte laste,
And to-Gederis they smeten so sore
that they wenden han persched thore ;
but with-Inne non thing there nas
That they cowden Aspien In that plas.
104
thanne bespak this good Man Corteyne
Anon Ryht there to Celidoyne,
"Now, faire child, ARys vpe here,
and In this Schipe that thou were ;" 108

Ch. XXXVIII. [Joseph of Arimathea is to go to Britain. 67
and go As Aventure wil the lede;
do, faire Child, now as I the bede;
For thus the sente to seyne be Me
gre lord inne maieste,
which that deleuere [the] from Calafere,
Owt of his presown and his powere."

Anon As this Child herd hym seyn so,
Owt of the grete Schipe he gan to go
In to that lytel vessel Anon,
And betawht hem God Everichon.
And thus sone As he Entred he was,
As Swifly As sonne Entreth thoruh glas
I-past he was Owt of here Syht,
that they non lengere sen hym ne Myht,

thanne whanne Nasciens beheld Al this,
For so Abasched he was Iwis,
Thanne seide this good man to Nasciens there
"Abasche the not, Sire, In non Manere,
For thy sone here-Aftir Schalt thou se
bothe heyl and qwert In alle dege;
In that lond that god hath behoten the & thyne,
There schalt thou hym Sen ful wel afyne.
Now forth to thy centre that thou go,
To thy wyf and to thy Meyne Al-so;
For this is goddis Comandement
that I the Seye now verrament."

Thanne this Goodman Anon from hem paste
that they ne wiste where he be-Cam In haste;
and thus sone Alle Sawf Aryved they were
vndir the Castel gate tho there,
so Ny, that Alle tho pot weren In the Castel
Myht han herd hem wondirly well
But that Alle On Slepe they were,
So that kyng Mordreins Cride lowde there,
and Seyde, "Opene 3e the 3ates Anon,
and leteth 3oure lordes here Inne to gon."
thanne they with-Inne Rysen vp ful faste,
And to the walles Ronnen in gret haste,
And Seiden, "sires, ho ben 3e there
that Into this Castel wold Entren here?"
So longe the kyng to hem Spak,
That they hym Knewe with-Owten lak
that it was here Owne Kyng;
And faste bothe torches & tortys were In lyhteng,
and with As gret Ioye Resceyved here kyng
As It hadde be God to here plesyng.
that Nyht gret worschepe the Kyng they don,
Al that Meyne Everychon,
For gret love that to hym they hadde
and ful sore for him weren they Adradde.
and whanne it was the day lyht,
Messengers faste prekid, ho so gon Miht,
Abowtes In eche contre Rydyinge,
Of the kyng & Nasciens to beren tydynge.
whanne the Barouns of that Contre
of Kyng Mordreyns knew Certeinte,
To that Castel prykedyn they ful faste,
ful Manye Barowns, and In gret haste;
For Ioye the wepyng they maden there,
I trowe that neuer man say Ere;
there was bothe Mirdhe, Ioye, & gret feste,
amonges tho barowns bothe lest and Meste.
and with-Inne the Seventhe day
to that Castel Cam the qwene In fay;
and so gret Ioye of hire lord hadde sehe thanne,
and of hire brothir that worthy Manne,
that now wyht with mowthe tellen ne Can
the Ioye that Made thike goode womman.
and whanne that Nasciens to Reste was gon,
thanne herde he tellen Ryht Anon
that his wyf owt of pat Rem was past,
hym forto seken with ful gret hast.

When the people of the castle know
his voice, they receive him with
great joy,
than Messengeris sente he forth Anon, 

hos[o] myhte fastere Ryden Other gon, 

and not to stynten tyl sche were founde, 

where so they walked be ony grownde. 

So that the Messengers forth they wente; 

and schortly to bryngen it to oure Entente, 

Into the Rem of Meotyde 

they Reden Er they wolden Abyde, 

and with this lady Metten they thore; 

Ful Ioyful and glad wereu they therfore. 

and whanne of hire lord pat sche herde telle 

that heyl he was I flesch & felle, 

Anon sche Returned hom Ageyn 
as I 30w telle here now In Certeyn. 

[loand— 

and whanne sche was Entred Into Kyng Mordrayns 

As this storie doth 30w to vndi'stond,— 

thanne fond sche hire lord, & Mordrayns þe kyng, 

In þe Cite of Sarras with-Owten lesyng:

thanne Of the Ioye that was hem be-twene,

No Man tho Cowde tellen, as I wene. 

but whanne hire sone sche sawh not there,

Thanne wondirfully Chonged sche hire chere ;

but thanne thorugh the Kyng & hire lorde

they to hem Maden hire Acorde,

and tolden hire of Merveilles In ech degre,—

how that with Celidoyne it scholde be, 

and what Aventures hym befelle,

Al this they tolden the lady vntylle. 

That same day that they to Sarras wente,

Kyng labelis dowhter was cristenede presente ;

In the worscep of god & þe qwene Mordrayn, 

There was sche Cristened In Certeyn 

be the handes of Petro that was thanne 

I-Cownted for Ryht an holy Manne ;

And Ek Ioseps kyynes-ma powerless for sothe he was, 

a blessed man holden In that plas ;
CH. XXXVIII.] NO NEWS OF JOSEPH OR CELIDOYNE. 71

whiche damysele was sethen ful sekerlye
Celidoynes wif, as seith now this storye
. . . that myn sire Robert Boroue here
From latyn Into frensch translated this Matere, 220
Next Aftyr that holy Ermyt
that god him Self hadde taken It.

Ful gret Merveille Among these ladyes was
Of that fair Aventure, and Of that Gras,
that so be Goddis helpe this socour
hadden browht here lordis Owt of langour.
3it not-with-stondying for this fair Aventure,
Neuer the prowdere weren they, I the Enswre ; 228
Ne the More bobauence hadden In herte,
butf to God zoven preysenges, and not A-sterete,
For that socour he hadde hem sent
here lordis to sen with Eyen present. 232

Thanne ful fer senten they Abowte
To seken Ioseph with-owten dowte,
For they supposeden sekerlye
that Celidoyne with him was Otterlye,
but for non Man that Evere they sente
herden they non tydynges veramente,
and that Greved hem ful sore
that of hym herden they no more.
Thanne seiden they tho hem betwene
Sethen that they syen it wolde not bene,
‘betere it were Iosephe to seke,
wichhe that is A Man bothe good & Mcke,
that he better Comfort wolde vs telle
thanne 3it Of hym Ony befelle.’

thus weren they Algates ful of thowht
For pat of Celidoyne herden they nowht :
Thanne thus In pensifnesse fil Nasciens tho,
where-thorwh in-to Mal Ese he made hym go,
that bothe he lefte his drynk & his Mete,
and Al that to the Body scholde ben Seete ; 252

[leaf 52.]

and was afterwards Celidoyne’s
owne, as Robert Borou says, who
translated this story from Latin into French,

They send to seek for Joseph of
Arimathie,
FLEGENTYNE'S VISION.  NASCIENS IS TO GO TO SEA.  [CH. XXXVIII.

So that he thowhte vpon non Othir thing, but that Evere to god he 3af gretyng, and besowhte God for his grete pyte

' that he myhte have Scheweng In som degre
where that Iosephe of Armathye, Owther Celydoyne, to fynden Otterlye.'

"And 3it More, Lord, I the beseche, with ful faire wordis & myldë speche, that Owt Of this world [thou] let me not gon Tyl Into pat lond passen we Mown, as it is don me to vndirstonde that 3it schal I passen Into strange londe, whiche that Multplied scholde be Al holiche Of Myn Meyne."

thanne flegentyne, Nasciens wyf, Toldhe lord, with-Owten stryf,

Of a certein Aviciown Anon
that to hire In slepe gan to gon,

' that they Anon Into that lond scholde fare whiche with hem fulfild scholde ben thare.'

Lo, this prayere Nasciens Made Every day, and Ek be Nyht As he In bedde lay. So longe he preyde, and In Eche Owre, pat Atte laste to hym sente Owre saviour.

On Even[ing] As he In his bed lay;

A wondir Avicyown hym thowhte he say:— that In his Chambre A gret Clerte was, and Ek A voys he herde In that plas— wher-with he Awook Anon there— that to him seide in this Manere:

"ARis vp Nasciens, now Anon Ryht, And faste towards the see the dyht,
where thou schalt fynde A schipe Anon; and per-Inne faste Entre thouw Anon; and what Erere thou se, hane pou non dowte what Manere of thing be the Abowte;
CH. XXXVIII.] NASCIENTS STARTS ON HIS FRESH JOURNEY.

& thedir the riht wey schal it leden the
Of thike that thou desirest to se;
And some tydynges schalt thou knowe
Of alle thy peticious vpon A rowe."

whanne this Clerte non lengere dide last,
and that the vois from hym was past,
Owt of his bed he aros Anon tho,
and thankynges to god thanne dide he do,
' that God, of his grete Cortesye,
had hym certefyed so openlye
that Aftir Celidoyne he scholde go
Into a fer strange lond tho,
Forto pubplysche that Contre
that ful of myscreawntes now be.'

thus sone he Clothed hym Anon,
And to his Stable he gan to gon,
And took A good hors And A strong,
And there Into the sadel sone he sprong,
So that Neuere man the wysere was
whedir he wente, ne Into what plas,
Ne non man hym Apareeyven Myhte
whether he wente be day ower be nyhte.

vpon the Morwe, whanne it was day,
the lady Awook there that sche lay,
and Missid hire lord that lay hire by.
Anon sette s sche vpe a sorweful Cry,
so that al hire peple hire Cam Abowte,
And for here weren they In grete dowte,
and Axeden what they myhten do:
So that Anon Acordid they tho
't that Eche man scholde gon be his Contre;
for fer from hem Myhte he not be,
sethen the tyme he wente his way.'
Thus Amonges hem they gonne to say.

thanne Eche man took hors Anon,
and Eche man his partye gan to gon,
and he shall be led where he wants to go.
292

He thanks God,
296

He thanks God,
300

and goes away without telling anyone,
308

His wife misses him,
312

and his servants go out to look for him,
316

and goes away without telling anyone,
and seiden '3if they myhten hym Mete, 
his Compenye they wolden not lete, 
but him to bryngen hom A-geyn;' 
thus seide Eche man In Certeyn.

So On that was of that Compenye, 
In his weye faste gan he hye, 
and loked forth to-forn hym tho, 
and Aspye where Nasciens hadde go 
be the Naylles of his hors feet; 
thanne thike weye wolde he not leet. 
and he that hem thus gan to Aspye, 
his Name was Nabor ful sekerlye; 
whiche was A gret knyht, & A strong, 
and In Servage hadde ben long, 
and Also In gret Caytyvete; 
but sire Nasciens for Rewthe & pyte 
hym bowhte of A kyng Of ynde, 
For he seide he was Comen Of kynges kynde; 
but trewly Nabor ne was not so; 
for A veleynes sone was he tho, 
and I-comen of A schrewed streen 
lik as he schewed, seker 3e ben: 
and an old knyht he was therto, 
Sixty 3er & ten with-Owten Mo; 
and therto he was the most felonows Man 
and Most Crewel Hât In the world levede than.

And whanne he hadde fownden this Redy weye 
That Nasciens forth Rod ful sekerlye, 
Thanne Rood he faste In his Iorne 
Al so harde As that hors Mihte fle 
whiles he myhten have the day lyht, 
that of his lord he myhte haven a syht. 
And so faste he gan to Ryde, 
that Sixty myles & ten he Rod Hât tyde, 
and so Rod he In ful gret haste 
Tyl his wit from him was Ny paste,
And also he hadde I-lost the syht
Of Nasciens hors feet, as I the plyht.

and whanne it was Abowtes Evesong,
at the foot of A Mow[n]teyn pat was hyh & long,
there mette he with a sarryyn thanne,
and Axed hym 3if he Saw Ony Manne,
A knyht Rydyng al Alone;
thus hym this Nabor axede sone.
and he Answerid Anon ageyn
and seide “Nay, sire, In Certeyn
this day sawh I Man neuer on
On hors here Ryden, but on Alon
that with Fereyn, the stowte Ieauzt,
I saw hyn fyhten, as I vndirstond:
And whether he be knyht Oper bachelere,
Seker, sire, I not In non Manere.”

And whanne this word he vndirstood,
thanne with the Sarrezyn non lengere he bod,
but priked fast forth In his weye
As faste As the hors Myht gon In feye;
and thanne forth ferthere he gan to pace;
thanne hver he beheld to-forn his face
A sore Melle Of tweyne ful felownesly.
thanne thidirward faste he gan hym hy,
and so longe hadde they fowhten In this Manere
So pat for febnelnesse they fillen bothe there,
and the ton vppon the tothir he lay.

So longe hadden they fowhten pat day
that Onnethis there brethen they myhte,
So wery they weren there bothen of fyhte.
whanne that Nabor his lord tho say
vndir the Ieawnt there he lay,
it abasched he was ful sore,
al-thowgh An hardy man he wore,
and there drow Owt his swerd Anon,
and to hem ward faste he gan to gon;

364 He meets a Sarrasin,
368 who tells him he has seen a man fighting a giant.
372 Nabor goes on,
376
380 Nabor goes on,
384
388 and finds the giant and Nasciens both lying exhausted,
392 Nasciens underneath,
NABOR BIDS NASCIENS GO BACK HOME. [CH. XXXVIII.

thanne Of his hors he A-lyhte Certeyne,
And there it fastened Anon be the Reyne,
And on his feet Cam A gret pas
To hem bothe here the Melle it was.  400
and whanne the Ieaunt sawgh On Comen there,
with a swerd drawen In Swich A manere,
thanne vp Arysen Anon wolde he ;
but for Nasciens it Myhte not be,
that anon knew Nabor be sight ;
he held thanne þe Ieaunt with Al his Myht,
that vp from hym he myhte not Aryse
for owht þe Ieaunt Cowde don In non wyse.  408
thanne Nabor smot this Ieaunt So,
that his hed he Clef Evene vntwo
down Into the harde teth,
So þat he lost bothe wit and breth.  412
Anon sire Nasciens Ros vpe thanne,
As lyht, as Ioyful, as ony Manne,
and thankede God In Many Manere
Of that socour he sente hym there.  416

whanne Nabor say his lord hol & sownd,
and that he stood vppon the grownd,
"Sire," he seide, "God, worschepid thou be,
That from peryl Of deth hath deliuered the.  420
Now for all the Servise that I have 30w do,
hom ward A3en that 3e wolden go,
and Elles Sire In Certayn
Non of 3oure Meyne schal Nevere be fayn,
Nethir In Ioye, nethir in Reste,
and therfore, sire, me semeth beste,
and also for my lady 3oure wyf
that lyveth In peynë, wo, and stryf;
Ne neure Joye may Comen In hire herte,
but Evere to lyven In peynes smerte,
but 3if 3e homward tornen agayn,
Sertes, sire, schal she neure be fayn ;  432
and Elles demen Alle Mosten we, 
that 3e ben ded In som hard dege."

"Now, Nabor, myn Owne swete frend, 
that to me hast been bothe good and kend,—
wete thou wel, Nabor, In Certeyn, 
that hom-ward schal I neuere tornen Ageyn 
til I have seyn that I Come fore; 
there-fore, Nabor, preye me no more; 
For Sekir, Nabor, In this dege, 
It nys non nede forto preyen me."

"No, Sire, quod Nabor, Anon tho; 
and whanne from My compenye I gan to go, 
that 30w wenten to seken Abowte, 
Eche of vs Ensurede with-owten dowte 
that which of vs 30w myhte fynde, 
hom A3en to Rotorne be ony kynde. 
and now sethen that I have 30w fownde 
heil & sownd vppon this grownde, 
hom A3en with me scholen 3e gon, 
Certes, sire, whethir 3e wele Oper non."

"Now, Certes, quod Nasciens to Nabor tho, 
I trowe, power hast thow non therto."

"That I have, quod Nabor to Nasciens Ageyn, 
Owther Ellis we schole fyhten In Certeyn."

"What, quod Nasciens to hym thanne, 
I wende that thow were My Manne; 
and 3if tho scholdest fyhten with me, 
Me thynketh, Nabor, it myhte not wel be."

"be my trowthe, quod Nabor, tho, 
and that Sekerly Schal I do; 
For my trowthe breken I Nylle, 
Only 3owre wil to fullisse."

"Now treuely, quod Sire Nasciens, 
that bataille were Of grete Offens, 
and Ek Egal it Myhte not be 
be non thing, as besemeth me;"
Also you are fresh, and I weary; you are armed, and I am not."

Nabor says, he shall go back, and seizes his arm.

Nasciens is so tired and faint, that Nabor throws him down, and breaks his head.

For thou art both fresh and lyht, and I am a man wery Of fyht; And Ek Armed thou art therto, and In non wyse nam I not so. Thereto my lige Man I vndirstond, and jet I made þe knyht with myn hond; and therfore hand schost thou non leyn On Me, as me now semeth, In non degre."

“I schal, quod Nabor, be my fay; Aȝen with me schalt þou gon this day; Whethir that thou wilt, Owher non, Aȝen with me schalt thou gon.”

“Nay, be the grace of god, quod Nasciens tho, For non power that thou kanst do.”

Thanne Nasciens his weye gan to take, and faste to the Seward gan he schake; thanne this Nabor to-forn hym gan prese, and of his weye there Made hym Sese, and be the ton arm hym held ageyn, That forthere myhte he not In Certeyn.

“ A, quod Nasciens, and thow with strengthe me holde! I trowe þat thou be not so bolde To letten at this tyme My Iorne Of thing that I desire to Se.”

Thanne held this Nabor so faste hym there that he ne myhte Ascapen In non Manere, For he was bothen feynst and wery Of þe Bataille Of the Ieawnt trewely, so that non power he hadde hym to withstonde, So faste he held hym be the honde. And this Felown and vntrewe man, so sore he drowgh On his lord than, that to the ground he made hym to falle; Anon In swowneng fyl he with-alle, and to-barst bothen vysage & his forehed, that the blood Ran Owt In that sted;
so sore he Astoned tho was
Of that fallyng In that plas.
and this veleyn ne hadde nou pyte
Of his lord In non manere degre,
For he was ful Of schrewednesse,
Of vntrowthe, and of al wykkednesse.

Whanne Nasciens Of his swowneng Awaked was tho,
thanne this fals Nabor Cryde hym vnto,
'that trewly he scholde hym Slen Anon,
but 3if homwardis he wolde gon.'
and Nasciens so woful was tho
For tweyne thynges witht-Owten Mo :
On, for that he wolde him ledyn Ageyn,
which A3en his wille was pleyn ;
And 3if that A3en he torneode so,
thanne his Comandement myhste he not do.

quod Nasciens, "and thou wilt, thou myht me sle,
For A3en wille I not In non degre."
"Certeynly," quod this Nabor tho,
"And but thow wilt, I schal the slo.
For now Onlyche alle thy Meyne,
For the maken sorwe and pyte ;
and Ek thy frendis Everichon,
For the they maken passing Mon.
And therfore now, so god helpe Me,
but 3if thow wilt Comen, I schal sleu the."
"Sle me," quod Nasciens, " thanne In this sted,
and I wele for3even the my ded."

Thanze this Nabor drowh his swerd ful hastely,
And gan it holden there vp An hy,
For to han Cloven his hed In sondir,
Where-Offen Sire Nasciens hadde wondir.

and whanne Nasciens saye swerd An hy,
he left vpe his hond to God almyghty,
and seide, "lord, save me thou here
From this false thevis powere."
And Anon as he hadde Mad his preyere
this Nabor Anon ded fyl down there,
and his swerd Ryht In his hond,
as the storye vs doth to vnderstond. 544

Whanne Nasciens beheld that Merveil there,
bothe sory and glad he was In his Manere:
Glad, for he was ascaped so;
And Ek sory, for his deth tho;
For In his herte he demed ful sore
That his sowle ne was but lore.

thanne loked Nasciens toward the see,
And beheld where Cam a gret Compeyne 552
On hors bak faste prekyenge;
and to hym wardis they weren Comenge;
And al abowtes he loked hym there,
where he myhte hym hyden In Ony Manere;
for gret drede thanne hadde he tho,
that Azen with hem scholde he go.
And whiles he lokede where hym to hyde,
vypon him they Comen In that tyde;
and gret ioye they maden Everichon
whanne they here lord syen there gon.
For his lige Men weren they Echon,
That hym sowhten there anon;
and Of his a Castel hadden In kepyng,
and gode men they weren, and trewe lovenge;
And also newe Cristened weren they alle
For love of Nasciens, so gan befalle.
and whanne that Ech Of hem say Oher,
they Ioyed to-gederis as Brother and brothire;
and for the gret love that was hem betwene,
Ful Often they kysten al be-dene.

This lord that was Of tarabel
Axede Of Nasciens Everydel
‘how that Nabor so was ded,
that toforn hem lay in that sted.’ 576
Thanne Nasciens took hym On side Anon,  
and tolde hym Onliche how it gan gon,  
and how that he wolde han hym Slayn:  
“but oure lord it nolde suffren In Certayn,  
but swich veniaunce took As 3e mown se,  
and thus ded is he In this degre;  
wheche forthenketh me ful sore,  
and Oferwise goddis wille it wore:  
For I telle 3ow myn Entent,  
It is good to kepen goddes commaundement.”

“Now, trewly,” quod this lord of Tarabel,  
“Me Semeth this veniaunce to hym Cam wel,  
For, Ma fey, wers ne myhte be not do  
Thanne to his lige to werken so;  
and forto Slen his owne lord,  
Therto myhte I Neuere Acord.”

And whiles they stoden thus In fere,  
And talked to-gedere Of this Matere,  
A vois betwenes hem herden they there,  
that thus there seide In this Manere,  
“A, thou Man Of Tarabel!  
Enemy to Crist! þat knowest þou wel;  
And fals Cristene Man Ek therto!  
For thou thyn Owne fadir didest slo.  
Why demest thou this Man here  
Wers than thy self In Ony Manere?  
For thou wost haven thy Fadris lond,  
thou hym slowh, I do the vndirstond.  
therefore gret veniaunce schal Comen to the,  
that Al the world therby war schal be.”

And Anon as this vois was gon,  
the wedir gan chongen Riht Anon,  
and so dirk Amonges hem it be-cam to be,  
That non Of hem ne Myhte Othere se.  
thanne Amonges hem Cam A strok Of thondir,  
Where-Offen the peple hadde [so] gret wondir  

Nasciens tells him,  
and the lord of Tarabel thinks it served Nabor right,  
for wanting to kill his master Nasciens.  
Then comes a voice reminding the lord of Tarabel  
how he killeth his own father, so that he was no better than Nabor, and should also be punished.  
A thunder bolt comes.
THE LORD OF TARABEL IS STRUCK DEAD. [CH. XXXVIII.

that to the Erthe they fillen Echon,
that vppon here feet mylhe stonden neuer on,
butter byen As thow they hadden ben dede,
Everychon In that Stede.
And whanne that they Of here swowneng Awook,
Of here lord thanne kepe they took;
and fownden where that he ded lay,
as Alle that Meyne there it say,
Smeten to the ded with that thondir;
and so as he stank, it was gret woundir:
For there Mihte no man hym Comen Ny,
So fowle he stank there Certeynly.

And whanne this Meyne sawhe that it was so,
They Cryden, & Maden ful Mochel wo,
lementaciouw, and gret weylyng,
that A Myle Me Myhte heren here Morneng.
And, whiles they Maden this lementacioun,
To hem pere cam A man of Religioun;
And al whit was his vesture,
that he Inne Cam, I the ensure.
and whanne he say Nasciens there,
As a sory man, and In gret fere,
and, for best he knew Nasciens tho,
anon to hym gan he to go,
And Axede Of Nasciens Everydel
How that Aventure there befel,
than ne Nasciens Certeyfied hym Anon
Al the Mater, ho it was doon.
"Forsothe," quod this good Man,
"this is A Merveillous Mater than,
For Of swich anothir Neuere I herde,
Sethen I Cam Into Middelerde!
Now god On here sowles Mercy have,
and his wille be hem to save."

"Now, gooode sire," quod Nasciens tho,
"that Cownceyl 3e wolden 3even me vnto,
whether In holy Erthe here bodyes to grave,
Owthir in Other place to Maken hem save."
"I schal 3ow seyn," quod this good Man,
"Swich Conseyl as I thereto Can,
3e knowen it Cam be goddes veniance;
therfore were it good that this chaunce
thorwgh-Owt al the world were knowe,
bothe Amongis hye & lowe;
that Ensample therby they mown take,
Eche man from wikkednesse to Aslake.
And therefore here, be my Cownsaylle,
we scholen hem beryen with-Owten faille;
And wryten vppon here bodyes here
In what Manere that ded they were;
So that Evere In Remembrance
May be knowen here Mischaunce
the bettere to Every Cristene Man
That the lettres Reden wel Can:
And thus me semeth best pat 3e do;"
quod this goodman to Nasciens tho.

Thanne Answerid Sire Nasciens þere Anon,
and seide, "seker, it scholde be don."
thanne Clepide forth Sire Nasciens there,
the Meyne þat with the lord of tarabel were,
"Now, lordynges, I preye 3ow Everichon
that these Bodyes Into the Erthe 3e don;
On body Of this [side] Of the weye,
Anoper On þe toper side that 3e loye;
and Amyddes hem bothe this Ieawut,
that here with me bataille gan hawnt.
and whanue In the Erthe 3e han hem do,
To Beyllye, My Castel, that 3e go,
and sey to Flegentyne, My dwchesse,
that for me sche make non distresse;
but that sche do here forto Make
Thre tombes for these Mennes sake;
And On Every tombe let hire don write
Swich Mater As se han herd vs Endite,
that A Remembranice it Mote be
To Alle the Men Of Cristyente."

They seiden his Comandement scholde be do;
and these bodyes Into the Erthe they putten tho,
With Many Teres And sore Wepynges,
and all Nyht weren they there dwellynge.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OF NASCIENS’S FURTHER ADVENTURES, AND HIS GENEALOGY.

Nasciens rides off to the sea (p. 85). There he finds Solomon’s ship, and is asked by a lovely maiden to put her on board of it (p. 85-6); he tries to, but the ship keeps running away (p. 86), on which he drops the beautiful damsel, crosses himself, and she instantly appears as a foul fiend (p. 86). Then he has a vision: A good man tells him that Celidoyne is in the Land Promist to him, and that he, Nasciens, shall never return to his own country (p. 87-8). Nasciens asks who shall be the last of his line, and is given “a lyttel wryt,” to tell him all about it (p. 89). Then Celidoyne appears to him, with Nine Kings, of whom one is feeble and poor (p. 89), and another like a lion, and all kneel to Celidoyne (p. 90). After this, Nasciens waketh, and reads his Genealogy after Celidoyne, 1. Narpus; 2. Nasciens; 3. Elyan the grete (or Alains li gros); 4. Ysayes; 5. Jonaanz; 6. Lawnceloiz; 7. Bauz; 8. Lawnce-lot (p. 90-1), like a hound; 9. Galath, like a flood, thick at the source, clear at the end, who shall pass all men in bounty, and end the Adventures of Britain (p. 91-2). Nasciens awakes rejoicing; reads his Rolette all day (p. 92-3), and all night wonders why his eighth descendant should have been like a dog, and the ninth like a flood (p. 93-4). He prays to God to explain this, and a ship comes close to his (p. 94-5), with, seemingly, no one in it. But he boards the new ship, and finds an old man there (p. 95), who rather snubs him at first for disturbing him (p. 95), and afterwards for wanting to pry into God’s secrets, like a great fool (p. 97); but at last explains that the lion typifies a wise man of good life (p. 98-9), and the dog a sinner (p. 99); and the flood, as it was thick at the outset, a man begotten of fornication; and as it was clear in the middle, the virgin knight of greatest
prowess and grace that ever lived (p. 99-100). The good man then vanishes, and Nasciens thanks God for his tidings (p. 100).

Thanne Nasciens Anon, with-Owten dowte, Chos the beste hors Of that Rowte,
And Into the Sadel he sprang Anon, and hastede Faste that he were gon, and told hem of the Ieawnt Every del, In what Manere & how it befel: whiche that the storye not telleth here, but here-Aftir it schal schewen 3ow more Clere. 8

Thanne whanne On horsbak that he was set, his weye he took, and non lengere ne let; but Al so faste As the hors myhte gon, Towardis the se he wente Anon,
Whedir as he cam be the spring of day, And A fair schipe anon there he say; The same schipe it was In Certeynte where-Inne to fore tymes he hadde be, that the bed and the swerd Inne pere was, wich that him thowhte a delitable plas. And to-forn that schip sawh he The fairest damysele that myhte be, and the beste Arayed In vesture that Evere he say, I the Ensure.

And whanne she say Nasciens Comen there, Anon sche hym grette with fair Cherc, and vp azens hym gan to stonde, & to hym forto speke gan sche fonde, and seide, “Welcome, thou goddis knyht, The beste that Evere was In Ony fyht! Ha! Gentyl knyht, I preye the nowe, For the feith that thou to þ lord dost owe, That On thing thou wost don for me which shal the not Costen In non degre.” “Gladliche, quod sire Nasciens tho, If it lye In My powere for to do.”
THE FAIR GIRL TURNS INTO A FOUL FIEND. [CH. XXXIX.

"That myhpest thou, quod this damysele, Anon Ryght, 36
3if that thou be A gentyl knyht."

"Telle me thane, quod Nasciens Anon, and to my power I schal it don."

"Gladly, quod sche, and thou woldest it do. Into this schipe wold I go,
And I ne may Entren for werynesse ; For travaille and for gret distresse ;
therefore Into þe schipe thow wost me here ; now, gentil knyht, I preye the here."

"That gladly schal I do, quod the knyht, and It lye In my powere and Myht."

He takes her in his arms, and goes towards it, but the ship goes away,

And in his Armes he took hire tho, and toward the Schipe gan he go.

& Whanne that Inne he wolde han gon, the schipe from londe it wente Anon ; and Evere the fastere to the schipe he wente, The ferthere it was to his Entente.

Where-often he Merveilled ful gretly, & left that damysele Adown Anon In ly ; and merveilled Mochel Of that thing that it so ferde In his werkyng.

for so sore Abasched was he tho,
That he ne wyste what forto do ; and left vp Anon his Ryht hond, and the signe of the Cros Made, I vndirstond.

and whanne he hadde don In this Manere, Abowtes hym faste lokede he there,

and sawh hire chonge with-Owten Misse hire forme Into A schrewes likenesse, lik as sche was In Certeinte,
A fowl fend in alle degrè.

And whanne he gan þis beholde, Ful faste his herte gan to Colde,

and blessed hym Evere lengere the More,
So that Of hire he was bascht ful sore.
“Ha! thou fals traytour, goddis Enemy,
Me wost thou han deceeduyd falsly
In the forme Of A womman here,
and art A fowl deeval In Eche Manere!
but, fals thief, it schal not be:
for to god and holy chirche I betake me.”
and thus he betook hym to god Anon,
and Into the Schipe he gan to gon.

Whanne Into the Schipe I-Entred he was,
he loket abowtes hym In that plas.
there non thing Elles Cowde he se,
but Only his hors, in non degre;
but An Orible Noise there he herde,
For, lyk As helles Mowth it Ferde.
And as deevalis they ferdon Echon—
and that wiste he ful wel Anon—
that weren Abowtes him forto take;
but Evere On hym the Cros gan he make,
and his preyeris he gan forto seye,
And Ek his Orysouns thanne ful tentyfye.
and as he Made thanne his preyere,
down In Slepyng Fyl he there;
what for drede, and what for travaille,
There slept he with-Owten faiile:
For ful A gret nede he hadde therto,
that hadde I-ben In swich travaille and wo.

Anon as he On slepe there was,
A viciown ther Cam him to, be goddis gras;
him thowhte he saw A man I-Clothid in Red,
that to forn hym stood In that Sted.
And Nasciens him Axede Anon Ryht there
What he was, In fair Manere.
he Seyde, “I am Swich A man,
that what thou hast don, tellen I Can;
and Ek what the is forto Come
I Can the tellen, Al and Some.”
Nasciens asks where Celidoyne is.

He is in the promised land.

with Joseph and his company.

Nasciens is never to go back to his own country.

nor the ship either,

till the holy Grail comes.

Thanne Axede hym Nasciens Riht Anone, "Where that was Celidoyne his soone."  
he seide, "that he was In the same lond that hym was promysed to, I vndistond, Forto Encresen and Multepleye."
"A, quod Nasciens, ho is there In his Compenye?"  
"In his Compenye hath he there Them that Maken hym Ryht gret Chere. And Amonges hem Is be holden A lord, I say the, Nasciens, at On word."

Thanne Axede Nasciens Of hym Eftsone
"Whedyr that Iosephe and Iosephes weren gone, and tho fat with hym wente Owt of Sarras, and owt of Manye Anothyr plas."
thanne answered this goodman Anon, "that Iosep Ouer the see was gon, with-Owten Ony schipe vppon that Sec, Into Anothir lond, where that he and Alle hisse scholen there dwelle, that Contre with newe peple to fulfille whiche that is granstyd to 30w, and hem that hym with komen Owt Ierusalem."
"Ha, goode Sire, quod Nasciens tho, Sethen 3e known what is to do, Wolde 3e tellen me On thing In Certein: 3if Evere to Myn Owne Contre to gon Ageyn."  
thanne Answerid this good Mon tho, "Into thin Owne Contre schalt thou neuere go but 3if it be Onlych In dremenge; tak thou this for a sykyr Tydlynge.
*Neper* this vessel never the Mo Into thi Contre ne schal not go, but hire stille dwellen In this Contre, Tyl that Of Sarras al the Meyne,
And with hem that vessel to bryngen hol and Al, Wheche that kepten the seint Graal.
CH. XXXIX.] NASCIENS'S VISION. HIS 9 DESCENDANTS. 89

and Aform that tyme, In Certein,
This ylke Schipe schal not gon heyn.
and 3it thedir it is In alle degre
thre hundred 3er, As I telle it the.”
“Ha! goode Sire, quod Nascien thanne,
Of my lygne ho schal ben the laste Manne?”
“that schalt thow weten Ryht hastily,
To the I-schewed ful Openly.”

Thanne paste forth this good man with-Owten
and lefte there Nasciens ful sore Slepynge;
as A man that sore fortravaylled was,
[he] lay Stylle Sleping In that plas.
3it thowhte Ajen Sire Nasciens tho,
that Ajen this goodman to hym Cam to,
and that A lytel wryt he hym browhte,
and In his hond it putte, as he him thowhte,
& seide, “behold now this Scripture here,
Thanne Of thy lyne thou schalt here,
but not Of hem that thou ferst Come,
For Otherwise Schalt thou knowen the dome;
For it is Of hem that Of the Comen schal,
as this wryt schal Schewen the Al.”
Thanne with this he partyd Away.

thus some him thouhte that Celidoyne he say,
and with him broughte On aftyr Anothir,
Nyne persones vppon A fothir.
and In the gyse Of kynges they were,
Alle Sawf the heyththe In his Manere,—
and he lik the kynde Of An hownd was,
For diuers Skelis In that plas.
Therto he was so feble & so pore,
that non power he ne hadde to stonden thore.
The ferste to Celidoine kneidle tho,
the second, þe thridde, þe fourthe diden al so;
the fyfte, þe Sixthe, the Seventhe Ek,
to hym they knelyd ful lowly & Mek;
They all kneel to Celidoyne; one is like a lion,

and all the world regrets him when he dies.

They all kneel to Celidoyne; one is like a lion,

and all the world regrets him when he dies.

and the heythe and the Ninthe, In here dregre,

thus Alle to Celidoyne kneleden hec. 180

Of whiche On was In forme of A lyown,

but that On his hed he ne hadde non Corown.

Whanne that out of this World scholde he go,—

Al this him thowhte Sire Nasciens tho,— 184

and that alle the world to him gan Compleyne;

Al thus demyd Nasciens In Certeyne:

whiles On slepe In the Schipe he lay,

Al this him thowghte verrayly he say.

thanne Abowtes the Our of Noon,

Sire Nasciens gan waken there Anon,

where as he Anon Redely the writ þere fonde,

Ful faire I-Closed there In his honde,

whiche the goodman dyde him take;

Redely he it fonde whanne he gan wake.

than Whanne Redelich he gan it be-holde,

Þanne Ioyede he In his herte Manie folde,

And wiste wel that Fable was it non

whanne he say the writ In his hond I-don;

and thankyd his god with herte & Mende,

that to hym he wolde ben so hende,

hym Alle swiche things forto schewe

In demonstrauce vppon A rewe;

For wel he wiste be goddes wille was it do,

Al that thing that he sawgh tho.

Thanne Opened he that wryt Anon, 204

And Many Merveilles þere behelde he son,

that In Ebrw I-wretcn weren there,

and in lattyn, In dyvers Manere;

And Openly it Tolde of goddis knyhtes,

& of his Ministres Anon there Rlyhtes.

The ferst, that Nasciens scholde be,

the Seconde, Celidoyne, as I telle the. 212

"and the ferste that of Celidoyne schal issuwe,

schal ben A kyng ful good and trewe:
hos Name schal be kyng Narpus,
A ful worthy knyht, and an Awntrvs.
the secund, Nasciens schal ben his Name,
A worthy knyht, and of good fame.
the thridde, Elyen the grete, scholen they Calle,
A worthy man amonges hem alle,
and therto Religows Of lyf,
And Corowne schal beren with-Owten stryf.
The fowrthe, Ysayes, Clepid schal be ;
The fyfthe Ionaanz, as 3e mown se,
that schal ben A knyht good & hardy,
and holy chirehe vp to beren steadfastly.
the Sixthe, lawnceloz, Inamed ful ryht,
A worthy man, & Mochel Of Myht,
And therto I-Crowned schal he be
In Erthe and In hevene ful Sekerle ;
For In hym herberwed bothe there is
bothe pyte & Charite with-Owten Mys.
the seventhe, Baus, scholen we Clepe ;
& of him schal Comen with-Owten lette
The Eyhtthe, [that] schal ben lawncelot In Certayne,
whiche that suffren schal both travaylle and payne
More thanne Ony toforn hym han I-do,
Owther Aftyr hym Scholen Comen Also.
This the kynde Of An hownd schal have,
Tyl at his laste Ende to Maken him save.
Of hym Schal the Nynthe thanne Come,
that is likned to a flood al & some,
that Trowbled As A kanel schal be,
and thikke atte Begynneng, I telle it the ;
but In the Midwardis It schal be More Cler
than to-forn it is In alle Manere ;
And in the Ende, and thow wilt knowe,
A hundred fold doweble, vpon a Rowe,
More fairere, More Cleer, & More swete,
thanre In Ony place to-forn, I the behete ;
and so swete to drynken It is\(^1\) Also, that wondir it is to wetene withouten Mo; So that A Man thyketh ful trewele that fulfiel Of his swetnesse may he not be. and In that flood schal I batten Me From top to the too ful Sekerle; and this same Man schal ben A kynge, And his Name Galath In vndirstondyng. For he schal passen Of Bownte Alle that Evere to-form hym han be, \(\text{[Fr. 'el brief']}\)

He is to finish the adventures of that land, this Man schal Enden alle Aventure In that lond, I the here Ensure, and Aftir my wil he schal it do, thus I the telle with-Owten Mo.”

All this was wretten In thike lyveret, the wheche In Nasciens hond was set. and whanne he hadde loked Everydel, From Ende to Ende as Cowde ful wel, and beheld the Ende Of his lyne, and whiche that to hym scholde propyne Aftyr the Schewyng Of this good Man, he hit beholdeth lik as he Can; And that Galaaz it scholde be, Ful Of Mecknesse and of bownte, 268 Of knyghthood & of Chevalrye, Of Conqwest and Of Victorye; 272 " and this Man the Ende of thy lyne schal be, as I the telle ful Certeynle.”

thanme for Ioye Gan he to wepe, whanne he was Awaked Of his slepe, and thankyd God with good Creawnce, For schewyng to hym of pat demonstrauce; 281 For gret Ioye he hadde to be-holde the wryt In his hond ful Manyfolde;
and there it to be-holde was his Entent,
whyles the day with hym was present,
Fore Of Alle day he ne Myhte hym Restreyne
but that writ to beholden In certeyne;
For gladdere he was Of that Sylte
Thanne Alle the world to han had In his Myhte,
Of that Ilke same prophesye
whiche that hym was schewed sekerlye;
For he wiste wel with-Owten dowte
that it scholde be trewe Al Abowte,
lyk as he Fond in that Rolette,
whiche that In his hond was sette.

And whanne so longe he hadde loked there On,
Tyl that the day was Al A-gon,
that he Cowde knowen non lettrwre,
So dirk it was, I the Ensure;
and whanne that lettrure Cowde he knowen non,
Into his Bosom he it putte Anon,
And Asens his brest he gan it to leye
with Al His Mynde ful Enterelye;
And as Faste he gan that writ to hym folde,
as the Child of the Modir doth to p° pappes holde
bothe for pyte and Ek for love,
thus dyde he for the good lord above.
Thanne gan he his preyeris fortto seye,
and ek his Orysonus ful devoutlye,
'that god of his Mercy & pyte
In his Servise Meynteyned to be,
as the fadir wil kepen the sone,
So me, good lord, bringe to thy won.'

And whanne he hadde mad his preyere,
To the Schippes bord gan he go there;
and al that leve longe Nyht
Into the Se he loked forth Ryht,
where that he fyl In a gret thouht,
whiche from hym ne myhte askagen nowht,
Nasclens wants his vision more explained. [CH. XXXIX.

be Encheson that the Eyhtthe of his lyne there
Scholde ben Chonged In Swich Manere,

As to the forme Of An hownd
whiche that goth vppon the grownd,
and the tothere the forme Of A lyown,
"this is to Me Ryht A Wondir Avyciówn."
and sit gan he to thynken More
why the nynthe to A lyown was not likned thore,
but to A flood that In begynneng was
Trouble and thikke In Every plas,
and In the Endynge bothe Cler & swete,
For to Every manys drynkeng it was Mete.

vvpon the wheche ful sore he thowhte,
and Into gret pe[n]sifnesse here it hym browhte,
that Of al Nyht non Sleewe he ne slepte,
but Evere his writ ful wel he kepte ;
and Al Nyht he lokede Into the se
vvpon the Schippes bord ful Certenle.

When the day returns,
Whanne thanne he say the day to Sprynge,
To hym it was a Joyful tydynge ;
Thanne vp his hondis he gan to holde,
and thankid his lord ful Manyfolde,
and preide to god, In his Manere,
"Of Certeyn thinges hym wisse & lere,
whiche that his herte desireth gretly
It forto knowen more Openly,
why that On Of his lyne scholde be
likned to An hownd,' "this Merveilleth me,
and A nothir to a flood
whiche atte begynneng is troubel, I vndirstood,
and In the Endynge so swete it is
and so Merveillos, with-Owten Mis :
perfore at Ese schal I neuere be
tyli that here-Offen I knowe pe Certeynte."
Whanne thus his prayere he hadde I-do,
Azen the wryt he took him vnto,
and there-Onne faste he loked Anon
that Alle his lust was Awey gon;
For nethir to drinken ne to Ete
hadde he non lust, wel 3e wete;
but Evere to loken vppon his wryt,
that was þe moste thing Of his delyt.

He studies the writing again.

and whanne it drowh to-ward the Noon,
Est Into the Se he lokede Anon,
and say A schipe Come seyleng faste
Towardis hym In ful gret haste;
and Atte laste it Aproched so Ny,
tyl bord On bord they weren sekerly.
and thanne ful faste beheld he there
Both vp & down In his Manere,
and non lyves body there-Inne he say;
but Euer he supposede as he lay,
that with-Owten Man ne was it nowht
that thike schipe there to hym browht;
so that his Owne schipe forsook he Anon,
and Into the tothir he gan forto gon,
and loked Abowtes In Every Corner
jif Ony man he [myht] fynden there.

A ship comes to him.

And Atte laste A man there he fond,
as this storye doth 3ow forto vndirstond,
which was Ryht An Old Man,
that Governour Of thike schip was than;
whiche Man lay there In Restyng
In manere As though he were In Slepyng.
and whanne that Nasciens hym gan gon,
Vpe he Caste his Eyen there anon;

Then he finds an old man asleep.

"What sekest thou, quod this good man, here?"
"A, sire, I wolde witen 3if that On slepe 3e were."
"What is that to the?" quod this good Man,
"Whepere I slepe Or wake," quod he to Nasciens than;
"For this is not the ferste Owre
That thou hast don Me moche more langour;
but this schal I now forseven it the; 396
be war Eftsones thow greve not Me.”

“A, swete sire, Anon quod Nasciens tho,
In what place haue I owht 3ow misdo?
Siker, and I it wiste In Ony degre,
gret Amendis wolde I Make the;
after myn symple powere Certein,
3ow, sire, Agreen I wolde ful pleyn.”

“Wel, quod this good man that was present,
Of thy good wille I holde in Contempt.”
thanne this good man Refreynd hym tho,
‘whens he was, & whedir he wolde go?’
And Nasciens hym tolde al the veryte
Of his trowble and his Adversite.

And whanne Nasciens hadde told hym Al this,
thanne Axede he Of hym with-Owten Mys,
‘Of what Contre that he was.’
the goodman him answered In that plas,

“I am Of swich a Contre
that thou neure Inne Come sekerle,
ne Neure ne schalt in non Manere
whiles that thou lyvest here,
but of the writ pat thow hast in honde,
loke that thou wel vndirstonde.”

“that schal I, quod Nasciens, with good wille,
For pat myn herte wel mocfl falleth vntylle;
For whiles that I there-Onne don thinke
I ne have non lust neper to Eten ne drynke.
but Of ij thinges fayn wold I knowe
(zif I Myhte with-Inne A throwe,) 424
whiche Myn herte myhte gretyly Ese,
And I wiste 3ow Not to mysplese;”
and tolde the goodman Every del,
lik as yppon his herte it lay ful wel.

Anon this good man beheld him tho,
and seide, “sire Nasciens, what thenketh thou do
For to knowen thy lordis prevyte, which In non wyse ne scholde be.

For he is a gret fool with-Owten les, that desireth to knowen his lordis secrees
More thanne he Owhte forto do:
be war, sire Nasciens, do þou not so."
"Now trewe, Sire, quod Nasciens Ageyn, 3e sein ful soth, Sire, In Certein."
"For this Cause syre Nasciens, I telle it the, that the wysere Evere scholdest thou be, and Also no More to ben so vnkonnen
Of thy lordis secrees to han knoweng; Sethen that god Of his gret pete,
Of his specyal grace and debonewryte,
Hath the schewed be demonstraunce
Of alle the lynes Every chawnche, how they scholen happe, and what to be;
and þit me thinketh it pleseth not the, but Evere desirest from day to day
hit forto knowen More verray, whiche that Non thing Oweth to the,
Sethen that thou art Erthly & Mortalite.
Wherfore it May Neuere schewed be To non dedly Man In non Manere degre, but þif it be Only be Revelaciown thorwgh the holigost In publicaciowun.
"Behold how Owre lord In Alle Manere Of his grete godnesse hath schewed þe here As Mochel as Eny Creature Cowde devise!
and þit kanst þou not leven In Non Maner wyse, but Evere forto Enqweren More & More.
be war lest it greve the ful sore;
For there-by Myhtest thow Ryht wel sone Geten his haterede, And that Anone."

The man says, He is a great fool who tries to pry into his Lord's secrets.

The old man warns Nasciens not to seek to know more than he has been told.

which is much more than is usual.

else he may rouse God's anger.
Nasciens's Ninth, or Lion-, Descendant. [CH. XXXIX.

that he was a synnere ful grette,
and that of his Synne he ne Cowde not lete;
and to the goodman Seide In this Manere,
"Now, good Sere, haueth me Excused here,
For it Nis non Merveille Of Myn Axynge
In that I am A synnere In Alle thynge;
and wot Neuere what I Axen Schal
that scholde me Availle, partye and Al;
and knoweth wel pat synneres In Al degre
knowen not what they Axen Certeynle,
Nethir Aftyr God neper aftyr Resown;
therfore haueth me now In Excusaciown."

"Wherfore, quod the goodman to hym Ageyn,
that Scholen fallen Of thy degre,
thowgh likenesse Of an hownd pat it be,
and the Nynthe I-lykned to a flood,
lyk as here-to-fore thow vndirstood?"

"Sire, and I knew this, quod Nasciens tho,
thanne Al my sorwe were Clene Ago."

"Ye, quod this goodman to hym Ageyn,
Thanne schal I the it tellen In Certeyn.

"Thyke that Of the lyown han Syngesyaunce,
loke that thou take it In ful Remembrawnce—
and Ek of Owre lordis Owne Schewyng,—
that they Scholen ben good In here leveng,
And Of feyth bothe pyler and fundement,
and pertoe Of Clene lyf In al here Entent.
& for Of Clene lyf that they scholen be.
The lyown they signesie In Eche degre
Be Manye Resowns, As I schal the Schewe:
herkene hem now, here vpon A rowe.
For lyk As the lyown Ouer Alle Other bestes
Is chef lord, and pertoe hath alle his hestes,
and putteth hem vndir his Subiececioun,
Riht so doth the wyse Man be alle Manere Of Resown,—
he wil not In synne lyghtly falle, 
thowghe pat be Entysment the devel to hym Calle, 504 
and 3if it happe as be Mys-Aventure 
that In dedly synne he falle, I the enswre, 
3it he hopeth Into the Otterest degre 
thorwgh Celestial things saved forto be; 
and that be the holigostes Myht 
From synne to kepen hym bothe day and nyht; 
And be Goddis Myht thens Owt to A-Ryse, 
lyk as the lyown of Alle bestes hath the pryse: 
and thus the goode Man doth hym Restreyne 
Every day from Synne Certeyne 
thorwgh his strengthe and thorwgh his Myht, 
Of the holygost, I telle the ful Ryht. 

"The tothir that to an hownd I-lykned Is, 
Signefyeth A Synnere with-Owten Mys, 
that for hunger Renneth to his vyawnde,— 
as I do the now forto wndirstonde,—
So doth the Synnere thorwgh temptaciowun . 
Of the devely's quentyse and ymagynaciown, 
that In synne whanne he is falle, 
Evere the devel to hym doth Calle, 
That he ne hath non strenkthe to Ryse 
lyk as the lyown hath, In non wyse; 
For, And he witte how fowl Synne were, 
and how bytter In Eche Manere, 
and what bytternesse that is there-Inne, 
I trowe that he wilde beleven Of synne; 
For thanne scholde he knownen Eche Del 
The fylthnesse of Alle Synnes ful wel.
lo, thus to A flood1 and to A lyown 
thy ligne is lykned be good Resown. 

"And how the Nynthe is likned Certeynle 
To A gret Flood,—here hast thou now se, 
that In the begynyneng trowble & thikke it is, 
and swete In the Endeng with-Owten Mys. 

1. P hownd. But 
Galahad, Nasciens’s ninth descendant, was 
1. a flood, 2. a lion; see p. 98. 
Nasciens’s ninth descendant (Ga-
lath or Galahad, 
p. 91-2) is like a 
troubled stream,
"Be enchosown that the flood troubled schal be, and thikke atte begynneng In Alle degre, It is for he was begeten In Synne, be Engendorwe, nethir More ne Mynne; and that Mulyer not born he was, but be lust Of lecherye In Certeine plas; and not be holy Chirches ymagynacioun, but Onlyche be fowl fornycaciowun, and In Othir dedly Synne Also; theryfore his birthe In begynneng, foul it is, lo, and troubled As Is a thykke Revere. "but as In the Midwardis, vndirstonde Jou here, that whanne he Cam to his Middyl Age, he wax A man bothe sad and Sage, and ful Of prowesse and Chevalrye, Therto Myhty man, Strong and hardye. That is 3it now More for to seyn: Of Chevalrye he schal passen Alle his fadris pleyn, bothe of Erthly prowesse, Of bownte, and Of alle godnesse. For a virgyne Evere schal he be alle dayes Of his lyve Certeinle; And the Ende Of him More Merveillous schal be thanne Of Ony Oper Man Certeynle; For Of Condiscions he schal han non pere Of non Erthly Man lyvenge here. For he A More gracious Man schal ben thanne Evere was Ony Of his stren. Now have I told the Al the hole decent Of Alle thy lyne, Sire, verament." And whanne these wordes he hadde I-told, Nasciens faste gon to be-hold, And he ne wyste In now degre where this Man becam Certeynle. And whanne Nasciens sawgh al this, thanne thanked he je kyng Of blys,
and wiste wel \( \hat{p} \)at it was goddis Ordinaunce
that him sente Swich manere of chaunce,
and \( \hat{p} \)at he hadde verray knowenge
Of that he was to fore In stodyenge.

Now scholen we tornen here Owre storye,
and to Flegentyn, Nasciens wyf, scholen we hye.  

CHAPTER XL.

OF FLEGENTYNE'S MEEKNESS, AND HOW SHE HAS THE
THREE TOMBS BUILT AND CARVED.\(^1\)

How Flegentyn bare her sorrows very meekly, and prayed for
Nasciens and Celidoyne (p. 102); and how, as she was
going to the Virgin's church, the men of Tarabel met her
and gave her her husband's message (p. 102, and see ch.
xxxviii. p. 83); and how she took silver and gold, and
went and got workmen, and set up "the tombs of Judg-
ment in the contre betwene Tarabel and Babiloine " over
Nabor, the Lord of Tarabel, and the Giant Fereyn (p. 103);
and how she then retired to her castle Belyl, and would
not leave it, though entreated by Mordrains and Sarraeynte
to do so (p. 103-4).

Whanne that Nasciens from his Castel was go,
Thanne Flegentyn his wyf made mocel wo
that he nowgher myhte ben fownde,
Nethir fer, nethir Nygh, In non stownde:
thanne left sche stytle ful of Morneng,
Of Sorwe, and of lewmentyng,
as sche that hire lord loved Sovereinly
Aboven Alle Creatures \( \hat{p} \)at weren Erthly;
and \( \hat{p} \)at Neuere for non temptacioun
hire herte was Neuere In Mwtacyoun;
but Evere As A womman good & Clene
hire persecucions suffred, As I wene;

\(^{1}\) The Additional MS. heads the illustration to this chapter,
—"Ensi que vne duechose fit taillier les tombe, et les letters
escrire;" and begins "Chi endroit dist li contes que quant
nasciens se fu partis des homes karabel et de nabor qui en tel
maniere estoit mort, comme li contes nous a denises. Li home
karabel alerent tant qu'il uindrent a la duechose flagentynue," &c.
and Evere thanked God Of hire trebulacioun, Of hire deseisse and hire persecuiown, and Evere As A woman ful Of Meknesse Sche hire kepte In Al hire distresse; and thowgh In Ioye Ope In sorwe sche were, For hire lord sche preyde In hire Manere, and for hire 3onge sone Also, That God hem kepe from peyne & wo, and that here Sowlis Myhte Comen to blysse; Of this preyere dide sche not Misse. And thus Morned sche Everyday tho For that hyre lord was so Ago, and wisten Neuere whider becomen they were, Into non place, Nethyr Fer ne Nere, and whanne it was toward the Nyht, and Men Of Sarras Comen hom ful Ryht, and non tydynges ne Cowden telle Of hire lord in non wise how it befelle, thanne Moche sorriere Abasched sche was, More thanne to-fore In Ony Oper plas. thanne grettere sorwe hadde sche with-owten variaunce Othirwyse thanne sche made Offen Semblaunce; and thus Al pat Nyht In sorwe sche lay Tyl uppon þe Morwen it was lyht Of day. On the Morwe Erly, whanne it was lyht, toward the Chirche this lady took hire way Ryht, wheche that hire lord Sire Nasciens Of Godis Modir hadde mad it In reuerens. Thanne Comen the Men of tarabel To Flegentyne, that lady so lel, and seide that “3owre lorde sente 3ow gretyng Of good love Aboven Alle thing,” and tolden hire Only how þat it was— as that they Syen In thike plas,— Of Tarabel the grete lord, and of Nabor, At On Word,
And Of the grete leawnt Also,
how pat of hem thre it happede tho.
Whanne that sche vndirstood Al this tale,
how that hire lord was browht In bale,
and how Saved he was be goddis Mercy,
thanne thydirward faste she gan hyre hy,
And took with hire bothe Silvir & Gold
To fulfille that hire lord wold.

and to that Mowntayng wente Anon
there that hire lord the bataille hadde don,
And Aftir werkmen sente sche faste
Tho thre tombes to Maken In haste ;
lyk as hire lord devysed hem hadde,
The werkmen faste sche maken badde :
So that with-Inne thre Month of day
they weren Redy dyht ; and sche wente hire way.

For tho tombes so hy let sche pere Make
that Al the world péroffe Ensample to take,
And sche let wryten On Every ston
the Cause of here deyeng Anon.

And to Every tombe sche ʒaf A name,
“the tombes of Juggement” with-owten blame ;
and these tombes stonden In the Entre
be-twene Tarabel and babiloine Sikerle.
So that hom ægen Is sche now gon,
To Belyl hire Castel Of lym & ston,
and there sche Casteth for to Abye,
And thens to Romowne At no1 Tyde
tyl that sche have tydynges Of hire lord,
Owther from hym Som Certeyn Word,
Owther Ellis that sche wente be Aventure,
Ellis wolde sche not thens gon, I the Ensure.

Thus this lady In hire Castel stille Abod,
As A good womman ful Of hevenynes & Mod,
From to-forn Cristemasse Feste
Into past Esterne Atte leste.
and In this Mene while Cam Rydyng—
That goode lady Into Comfortyng—
bothe kyng Mordreyns and his qwene
Sarracynte, that lady be-dene;
and gladliche with hem hire wold han had,
and to Sarras with hem hire wold han lad,
but sche ne wolde for non thing
To Sarras gon with the kyng

tyl that sche haue verry knowlechinge
Of hire lord, more verry tydynge.
but now leveth this storye here
Of kyng Mordrains and the lady In fere,
and bothe Of Nasciens & Celidoyne,
And of al that lyne there in certeyne,
And Azen Torneth to Iosephe,¹ and Iosephes his sone,
& to Alle that Feleschepe that with hym gone. 100

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW JOSEPH AND HIS COMPANIONS CROSS OVER TO BRITAIN ON JOSEPHES'S SHIRT.²

How God delivered from prisons, and fed always, Joseph and his companions; and one night ordered Joseph to beget Galaaz on his wife, which he did (p. 105-6). How they come to the sea, and ask counsel of Josephes as to their crossing it (p. 106-7). He says, God will take some over at once, but not all (p. 107); and why, because, though He kept His promise of help to them, some of them were unehaste with their wives, and others repented leaving their homes, therefore they cannot pass over (p. 108); but the good ones shall (p. 108). These, Josephes kisses (p. 111), and by order of a voice from heaven sends the Graal-Bearers first, who walk barefoot on the sea as on dry

¹ This, and the same word hereafter, represent the Iosep of the MS., the final p having a curl over it.
² The Additional MS. heads the Illustration to this chapter, —“Ensi que Iosephes le vesque fet passer ses gens la mer sour son chemise, et deus i afondrener;” and begins “Orendroit dist li contes, que quant Ioseph se fu partis de sarras, il erra entre lui et sa compaignie mainte iournee, et tant qu'il orent passe le flun d' euftrare, et mainte autre terre.”
ground (p. 111-12); then he pulls off his shirt, and calls
Joseph first, then Dro (p. 112), and 150 persons on to it
on the sea, God "redressing" it, and making it hold them,
except two sinners who drop off, and sink like lead or
stone (p. 113). On the Shirt they cross the sea, and
arrive safe in Great Britain, which is peopled by Saracens
and other miscreants (p. 113). Josephes prays for his
friends left behind, and is told that they shall arrive safe,
and that he is to spread Christianity over the land (p. 114).
He tells his companions that Britain is their promist
land, and exhorts them to keep God's law and establish it
there (p. 115). They offer at once to do what he orders
for the rearing of God's law; but he decides on waiting
for tidings of their companions (p. 115).

Now telleth here this Story Anon,
That aftir Joseph from Sarras was gon,
So that betwene hym and his Compenye
Manye Jornes wenten they Sckerlye
tyl they weren past the flowni Of Ewfrate,
And Manye Othir Jornes bothe Erly and late.
And as they wenten, Mochel folk they fownde
that hem Arested In that stownde ;
but Evere god delinered hem Anon
bothe Owt Of Castel and Owt of ston ;
So that Nyhtes thanne Manyon
In Wodes weren they logged Echon,
and In Every mannes loggenge
Alle Manere Of vyande bothe of Mete and drink ;
what that here herties Cowden Axen Oper Crave,
with-Owten dowte Anon they it have.

that Nyht lay Josephe with his wyf,
A Noble woman to God, and Clene Of lyf ;
For Of Alle wommen that thike tyme were,
Of hire degre hadde sche non pere.
Thanne descendid A vois there Anon,
and to Josephe there spak thus son,
and seide "that the grete Maister þe word sent
thy wyf fleschly to knowne In good Entente ;
This Niht Only that thou so do,
For it is goddis will that it be so.
JOSEPH BEGETS GALAAZ, AND GOES TO THE SEA. [CH. XLI.

He is to have a son of her, to be called Galaaz, that here thorwgh the seed Of the this lond may Repleynsched be: 28
and 3if that it be a knave Chyld,
Galaaz thoum Clepe, bothe mek and Myld,
For thus Commandeth the grete lord
that Alle thing Ordeyneth be his Owne Acord.”

thanze Answerid Joseph he there riht Anon,
“I am Redy his Comandement to don,
but that I am so Feble and so Old
that I not how this thing ben schold.”
quod this voys, “dismaye the non thing,
For thus Moste it be with-Owten varyeng.”

his wyf, Joseph knew that Nyht,
and begat Galaaz thorwgh goddis Myht,
whiche was A good man, and Clene of lif,
and the peple kepte from Mochel stryf;
and therto A worthy knyht he was,
which was fulfild be goddis gras.

So On the Morwe, whanne it was day,
Joseph he and his Meyne tooken here way
there that holy arche it was,
And Maden here preyeres In pat plas;
Afore that holy vessel Alle knelynge,
they preiden there ful sore wepinge
And besowhten Oure lord Of good Cowndyt
Ouer that Se to passen ful qwyt
Into the lond that was behoten hem,
To Alle here Children, and to her stren.

Thanne whanne here preyers they hadden I-do,
Towards the Se thanne Gonne they go,
And this be-fyl yppon a saturday
that be-Nyhgted they weren In fay.
and whanne they weren Come to the see,
Nethir Galeye ne Schipe ne fownden they sekerle
where-Inne they myhten Over see gon.
thanne Maden they mone Everichon;
and for Sorwe and fol lewmentyng
they borsten Alle In Sore wepyng,
and preyden Owre lord Of his Socour
hem forto senden In that langowr;
and for his Mercye & his pyte
Sawf to bryngen hem Over the See.

and with this they Comen wepyng ful sore
alle to Josephes the Bischope thore,
“A, Sire bischope, how scholen we do?
Ouer this Se mown we not Go,
For here is nethir schipe ne Galeye
That we mown Ouer In gon trewelye;
Wherfore we mosten Abyden stille here
But 3e konne tellen vs Ony bettyr Chere.

Wherefore, Sire, we preyen now the
that thou wost tellen vs som Certeinte,
whethir that we scholen here stylle Abyde,
Owther Ouer the see goon At this tyde
Into the lond that is 3oven to vs
Be the Specyal grace Of swete Iesus,
that the Remnaunt Of Oure weyes myhte we go
Oure lordis wille to fulfillen Al so.”

Whanne Joseph e sawh hem Maken this Mone,
Gret pite he hadde Of hem Everichone
that they here Contre and good hadden forsake,
and Only to Goddis Servise hem take;
and Ek that Of his kynne they were,
bothe lordis and ladyes that werent there.

And Anon he seide these wordis Milde,
“Dismays 3ow not, neper lord lady ne Childe,
For he that hath Conveyed vs In Every weye,
Ouer this See he wele vs now Conveye.
But alle, at this tym, Cowndeye not he wele;
and why, I schal tellen yow the Skele.
For whanne 3e Comen Owt Of 3ours lond,
As I do 3ow here to vndistond,
And forsooken Al Worldly Ese,
Onliche that goode lord for to plese,
and him beighten good Servise to do
As the Child to pᵉ fadir, with-Owten Mo;
And that Synne scholden 3e don non
From that tyme forward where so 3e gon,
lik As 3e dyden there be-fore
with 3oure wyves whanne 3e weren thore:
and he 3ow behighte with-Owten drede
he wolde 3ow socoure In al 3oure Nede;
and where-Onne 3oure herte would thenke,
3e scholde it hauen, bothe Mete and drynke;
and Also delyveren 3ow wolde he
From alle Noysauze and al adversite:
And Alle thing that he hath 3ow behyght,
he hath it parfo[r]med with strengthe & myht.
For 3it me semeth that 3e axeden nevere thing
but that Anon that 3e hadden 3owre Askyng.
and as Often as that Arest hauen 3e ben,
he hath 3ow deliuered both faire & Clen.
Thus hath he 3olden to 3ow his beheste,
To Man womman and Child, both lest and Meste.

"But ful Evel Aqwyt hym han 3e
For his kendenesse, As 3e scholen Se:
Herkeneth me now what I schal say.

"Whanne he to 3ow spak 3isterday
Atte Entre Of the forest here
That Agas is Clepid In Old Manere,
and there he warned 3ou genneraly
In Chastete to kepen 3ow Only,
and Clene In body and In herte,
that non vnclennesse 3ow Asterto;
Ne not with 3owre wyves forto Melle
but be his leve, As I 3ow Spelle;
and this promyse Maden 3e,
As 3e wel knouen Corteynle:
Now, behold how 3e han this holden, 30wre promysses lik as 3e tolden!
For the More part Of this Compenye, 3e knowen 3owre wyves In luxvrye!
And Somme there ben that Repenten ful sore that Owt Of here Contre Comen they thore;
and so Entasted Alle 3e been, Somme Of lecherye that is vnclen,
And Somme Of his Contre the Repentaunce why they Owt Comen be Ony Chaunce,
and Sory they ben In alle degre here hertes to sette In Swich parfyte.

"But the tothere that Oferwise han do, here hertes to god Contenwed Eure mo,
and 3it Into this day dwellyn they So,—
Al so hot breneng Evere In Charyte, lo,
as Ony licour In vessel boylled May be,
Thus dwellen they In love and In Charite;
and ben fulfild with the holy gost,
the wheche that is lord Of myhtes most;
For they han kept hem In Chastete
Aftyr Goddis byddyng In Eche degre,
And In Chastete han they kept here lyf
Aftyr goddis comandement with-Owten stryf,—
These, treuely, scholen passen the See
with-Owten Schipe oþer galeye In Ony degre;
and the See hem Susteyne schal also,
and there-Over Clene forto go.
For with venym Enfect be they not trewelye,
Neþer with fylthe Entachched,ne with non velonye;
These with-Owten Schipe Scholen go
Over the See with-Owten Mo,
thorwgh feyth, beleve, and stedfast Creunce
that In hem is fownden with-Owten varianunce.

"But 3e that ben fallen in Synne,
3e ben not Able to Entren the Se with-Inne
we must leave behind to repent.

The guilty ones begin to lament.

and accuse themselves,

and the innocent ask how they shall pass the sea?

But 3if 3e han Owther Schipe \oper\ Galeye
That 3ow Ouer May bryngen Sauflye.
and wele 3e now heren the Cause why?
I schal it 3ow tellen ful Openly;
that we from 3ow scholen departen here,
I schal it 3ow Schewen More Openly and Clere.
For Ouer lord desyreth In non degre
The deth of A Synnere, what so he be;
but that he lyve and Amen\den\ his lif
For\to\ ly\ven\ In Clennesse with-Owten\ stryf.

"This thing to 3ow now have I told,
3owre owne fol\yes\ to knowen\ Manyfold,
Of that 3e han Mistaken 3ow Ony Owr
I forfetyng A\zens\ 3ou\re\ Creatowr,
Ne\fer\ neuere\ Repented\ 3ow Into this day
Of 3ou\re\ Evele dedis, as I 3ow Say."

Thanne they that Cowpable were,
herde Joseph\e\ Spe\ken\ In this Manere,
and hem So Ac\usede\ Of here trespas,
Ful moc\ch\ Sorwe Maden they In that plas,
and began\n\nen\ So gret deol for\to\ Make
So that for Sorwe they gonne to qwake,
that neu\ere\ greet\ere\ Sorwe Men say
To-f\orn\ that tyme Into that day;
and Cry\den\ In here Owne Conciense,
"A, Creature vn\kende, why wostest p\ou\ Offense?"
and Of this Condiciou\n Cursed pe\ple\ we\ ben
Ful two hundred & Sixty, as that I wen."

And Of hem that not Ac\wsed\ were,
To Joseph\es\ the[y] Rennen al In fere,
and to-forn hym they kne\leden\ Every\chon,
and thanne thus to hym they seiden Anon—
"Now, swete Sere Josephes\1, how may this be
that we scholen passen here Ouer the see?"
thanne he hem Answer\ede\ Ry\ht\ Anon

1 MS. Josephs, with a line through the h.
"Here Over this See now scholen 3e gon."

and vpon that Compenye was Certeinly Two hundred persones and ful Fyfty, and the Moste part Of Alle tho, kynnes folk to Iosephes weren Also.

That Nyht it was bothe fair and stille, and the See pesible At here Owne wille with-Owten tempest Owther distresse ; and þe Mone schon In alle hire bryhtnesse, Al so bryht as In Averylle, thus it schon bothe fair & stille : and this was the Satyrday Certeinly Aford Esterne day ful trewly. And tho Iosephes to his fadir then Cam Anon And hym kyste to-forn hem Echon, & so On Aftyr Anothir there As his Owne brethenen In Eche Manere ; So Iosephes hem kyste Everychon, Alle his Compenye be On and On ; and to hem he seyde In the same degre As to his Fadir he dyde thanne Certeinle, "Sweth 3e me now Everychon In the Same weye that I schal gon."

thanne Iosephes the See wolde han Entred Anone but that A voys to hym there Cam thus sone, and Seide, "Iosephes, Entre thou not here, but werke thou In Other Manere."

Erst putte to-forn the Everichon that thou kystest here Anon, and Setten here feet vpon the se— For Alle I-Saved scholen they be, as it is pleyly the be-hote, Over Al Sawf scholen they gon On fote ; For Alle Sewr Scholen they be vpon the See to Gon ful Certeinle, and Over this see scholen they pase
Er the day schewe In Ony plase.”

As the vois to Ioseph[le[s] Spak, in the same Manere

Riht so forth his peple Cleped he there;

and theym that the holy vessel bore,

Into the Se he dide hem gon thore,

“For the vertw Of this Fessel

3ow schal Cowndyen faire and wel.”

and thus vpon the see they wenten Anon

with-Owten drede thanne Everychon,

that so vpon that water wenten they there

As thowgh vpon the drye ground they were;

and with hem boren they In Compenye

the holy vessel, with-Owten lye,

the wheche they Cleped seint Graal

Owthir Operwyse it is I-Clepid p[e] sunk Ryal.

And whanne Iosephes beheld Al this

that On p[e] water the[y] wenten with-Owten Mys,

thanne dide he Of his Schirte there,

and Cloathed him In Anothir Manere,

and spradde that Schirte vpon the see

As thowgh that it pleyn lond hadde I-be,

and Seide to his fadir there Anon

his feet that Schirte to setten vpon.

Thanne cleped he forth An Old Man

that Iosephes ful Cosyn was than,

and twelfe Sones he hadde Also;

but the fadris Name was Clepyd Dro:

and he his feet sette vpon the Scherte,

and as Ioseph[e] to-form him hadde sette.

thanne Aftyr this Iosephes gan to Calle

An hundred and Fyfty forth with Alle;

and alle vpon the Scherte Entred Anon,

And there vpon the See they stoden Echon.

Thanne Josephes bothe Schirte and water gan blesse,

And Anon God gan it for to Redresse,

and wax moche largere hem vntyple,
and it fer Abrod spradde Aftyr goddis wylle!
behold what Meracle god there wroWhile
For his peple that he hadde I-bowhte!
that for An hundred and personas Fyty
Vppon that schirte Alle weren they trewely!
Except Only personas tweyne
whiche weren not worthy In Certeyne,
the whiche was bothe the fadir & pō sone
that ne hadden not ful wel I-kept here Wone;
the Fadris Name, 'Symenx' it was,
that whanne he scholde Entren In that plas,
Into the water they sonken there Anon
As thowgh it hadde ben Owther led OPer ston.
And whanne Josephes beheld thanne this,
"3e han don ful Evele with-Owen Mis.
Now here the werkes don wel schewe
what feith In 30w was In pōs throwe."
And whanne that Into the water weren they Sonke,
with Alle here strengths thanne they Swonke
tyl that Aboven the water they were.
Thanne they that vppon the lond weren left there,
Faste they Rømne hem to Socoure,
And to pō lond hem pulde In that Oure.
and Josephes held his schert be the Selve
that So In to the Water he dyde hem Meve,
and Comauuded hem alle to God Al-Myht,
that so be goddis governaunce forth wenten they
ryht;
So that it happed hem bothe faire and wel
That vppon the Morwe they Aryvede Ech del,
and Into grete Breteyne they Entred Anon
Al that Compenye thanne Everychon;
And Syen bothe the lond and Contre there,
That Alle fulfyld with Sarrasines were,
and Manye Othere Miscraunce,
so happid that tyme was here Chaunce.
Whanne that Alle Aryved they were, 
Josephes Anon Reuersed hym there, 
and vppon his knees he kneilde A-down, 
and to God there he Made his Orisown, 
and 3ald hym graces & thankynges Al so 
Of the Miracle that he for hem hadde I-do. 

Thanne Josephes drowh hym somewhat Afer 
From his Felawes, and wolde Comen non ner, 
and his preyeres gon faste forto Make 
For his Othere felawes sake 
with wepyng and with teres grete, 
For hem that beyonde the Se he lete, 
that God hem Sauf Scholde brynge 
Into here feleschepe with-owten blemeschenge. 
And whanne his preyeres he hadde I-do, 
A vois to hym Anon Cam tho, 
And seide1, “Iosephes, thy preyere 
Of god it is herd In good Manere; 
For to the Scholen they Comen sauf & sownd 
there that thow stondist, vppon this grownd. 
For this lond is behoten to the 
And to hem pat thou hast In compeyne, 
Forto Multeplyen this lond here 
with Opere peple thanne pere-Inne were; 
And therfore thou Most speden the faste, 
Goddis Name to pyblysshe In haste; 
For wete pou wel, thou Mostest here travaill 
Tyl goddis lawe be knowne with-Owten faille, 
Over Al Abowtes In this lond, 
and for non thyng that thow wond.”

Whanne Iosephes herde this vois thus seyn, 
thanne from the Erthe he Ros In Certein, 
And looked vpward to the hevene, 
And Seide, “lord with Mylde stevene

1 MS. to; Fr. *dist.*
behold thy Servaunt Al Redy here
thy wil to fulfille Every where.” 348

Thanne Josephes tornede Anon Ageyn
Toward his fadir & his frendis In Certeyn,
and seide, “lوردynge, herkeneth to Me;
Tydynges I schal tellen 3ow now Certeynle.
this is the lond ful sothfastly
that to vs is behoten, and Owre Comeny,
the wheche with Others plauttes Edified moste be
thanne it is now for Certeynle. 352
For as the lawe Of Miscreaunce,
It is bothe fals and Eke variaunce;
therfore Moste Goddis lawe here
Stedfastly ben vp-holden In Ony Manere;
and therefore In þís lond that lawe Roten wele now, we,
and the Rootes of þe fals lawe breken sekerle.”

Thanne answerid they Alle Anon
that to-forn Josephes stoden Echon,
“lo ! Sire, behold al Redy ben we here
with Owre hertes and bodyes al In fere
To don Al 3owre Comandement,
lo, vs alle here, Sire, present !
For here ben we Redy Everychon,
Goddis lawe to Reren Azens owre fón;
and the lawe Of the verray Crucyfye,
we scholen it vp-holden to lyve òper dye:
therefore Comande vs what we scholen done,
and it schal be sped thus sone,
To Owre poweris and Owre Myht
Goddis lawe to holden upryht.”

Thanne answerid Iosephes to hem Ageyn,
“þit Schal I Abyden In Certeyn
Tyl that we han Of Owre felawes som tyding,
þif God Of his grace hyder wyle hem bryng
that On þe tothir syde Of the see now be,
that God hem kepe for his grete pete.”
Nasciens's Further Adventures. [CH. XLII.

Now leveth here this storye
Of Josephes and Of Al his Compenye,
and Retorneth to Nasciens Ageyn,
and Ek to Celydoyne In Certeyn.

CHAPTER XLII.

Nasciens, and the Sinners of Joseph's Company, Land
in Britain, Meet Joseph, and Then Celydoyne. 1

Nasciens goes back on board Solomon's ship, and at night has
a Vision of the Good Man who gave him the writ, taking
it from him (p. 117). When he wakes, the book is gone
(p. 118). He goes to sea, and is met by an 'Amyrawnt'
and his knights going to war with King Salarnande of
Greece (p. 118). They call him a fool, and say they never
saw such a 'nise' man as he is, but give him some food
(p. 118-19). After long tossing about, his ship comes, while
he sleeps, to the port where Joseph's left-behind followers
are (p. 119). They, being ordered from heaven, come on
board (p. 119); and when out at sea they find Nasciens
(p. 120), wake him, and tell him their story. He recognises
among them his knight Clamarides, or Clamaecides,
from Sarras (p. 121), and gets him to explain how his
company came there (p. 122). They all arrive in Britain,
are welcomed by Joseph and his company (p. 124), and
stay talking, being fed by the Holy Graal (p. 125). After
setting out, they go foodless for a day and a night, and
are about to quarrel over twelve little loaves (p. 126),
when Josephes makes them sit down, breaks each loaf
into three, puts it into the Graal, and then feeds all the
500 folk miraculously with the loaves (p. 127), so that they
leave behind more than the loaves themselves (p. 127).
Josephes preaches to them (p. 127), and then they travel
on, and enter Castle Galafort, which has the sign of the
Cross on the door (p. 128). They can see no one at first,
but afterwards come on a large assembly of Saracen
clerks, with whom Celydoyne is arguing before Duke
Gaunort (p. 129-30). Nasciens recognises his son, and they
embrace (p. 130), and the Duke has the whole company
lodged and fed in his castle (p. 132). Celydoyne tells his
father that his vessel brought him to Britain, and that he
had lived with a good hermit in a wood (p. 132).

1 The Additional MS. heads this chapter with "Ensi que li
amiraut de mer donna du pain a nacien qui estont tous seuls
en j. nef;" and begins "Quant li preudoms qui anciesies auoit
deuise la senefiance du brief qu 'il tenoit, se fu partis de la nef."
Now this storye telleth here
Of the Godman and Nasciens In fere,
how that Nasciens pis writ gan beholde,
and there-Onne loked ful Many folde;
and how this goodman was thanne Ago
From Nasciens, and how he ne wiste tho.

Nasciens, that was botho Joyful and glad,
On his writ faste loked that he had;
and to that Schippes bord he Cam Anon,
and Into his Owne Schipe he gan to gon,
where As was the Bed so Riche,
and the swerd pat In pe world ne was non swiche,
And no man Abowtes hym nowher he say,
but Only that Richesse that to-forn hym lay;
wherethorwh In his herte he gan to glade
Of the Goode wordis that pe good man seid hade;
and thanne Abowtes hym he lokede tho,
and Sawh non wyht Comeng to ne fro,
Ne nethir man ne womman that he myhte to speke.
Thanne Azen to his wryt he gan to Reke
Tyl that the Nyht it Cam hym vppon;
thanne down to sleepe he leyd hym Anon.
thanne hym thowhte As long as he In slepe lay
That this goodman Azen to hym Cam In Fay,
and took that writ Owt Of his hond,—
thus gan he tho forto vndirstond,—
and seide to him thus In Certeyn,
"this writ gettest thou Neure ageyn:
tyl that Owt of this world schalt pou go,
this writ Azen Cometh the neure vnto;
and Owt Of this schipe gost pou not In non degre
Tyl the day of the Resurrection ful sekerle,
and thanne schalt pou A-Ryven Anon
Into pe lond there as Is Celidoyne thy son;
and with pe A-Ryven scholen Also
the Synneris that with Iosephes ne myghten not go."
Nasciens is distress at losing his genealogy. [CH. XLII.

Al this Sawgh Nasciens In his slepinge, where-Offen he hadde gret Merveillynge.

Vpon the Morwen whanne it was day lyght,

Nasciens awakes, vp Ros thanne this Nasciens Anon Riht, and bethowghte hym Of his Aviciown That he hadde seyn, bothe Alle and som.

misses his writing, Thanne aftir his wryt loked he there, and he it Cowde fynde In non Manere; and zit loked he bothe vpe and down Al Abowtes that Schipe In vyrown. & whanne he Cowde fynden In non wyse, thanne gan his herte ful sore to Agryse; thanne waste he wel that thike good Man thike wryt from hym hadde taken than, where-Offen Abasched ful sore he was that his wryt was so gon In that plas; but he hopede that it was be goddis Ordenaunce, wherfore he was the lasse In dowtaunce, So that he Comforted hym the More thorwgh the Avyciown that he hadde thore.

is much distress, It behapped hym so the same day That In the see a schipe he say, (and Cam from Cordres that Cyte,) where-Inne was a gret Compene, An Amyrawnt, and with hym bothe princes & knyhtes and many Oper peple Redy to fyhotes; & Into Greece ward they were, vpon kyng Salarnande to werren there. and whanne sire Nasciens thei gonne to se, thanne Merveilled Alle this Compene, and, for aftir hem he was formably, with hem In here schipe they wolden han had trewly; but Nasciens Nolde In non degre Comen in here Compeyne.

but hopes it is the will of God. It behapped hym so the same day That In the see a schipe he say, (and Cam from Cordres that Cyte,) where-Inne was a gret Compene, An Amyrawnt, and with hym bothe princes & knyhtes and many Oper peple Redy to fyhotes; & Into Greece ward they were, vpon kyng Salarnande to werren there. and whanne sire Nasciens thei gonne to se, thanne Merveilled Alle this Compene, and, for aftir hem he was formably, with hem In here schipe they wolden han had trewly; but Nasciens Nolde In non degre Comen in here Compeyne. And whanne they syen he Wolde not so, they seiden he was a fool with-Owten Mo,
and that they sien neuere so Nise A man as pis veray fool Nasciens was than;
So that to hym pane for Routhe & pyte
Of here vyandes thanne 3oven hee;
and so from hym thanne gonne they gon,
and Of hym spoken Many On,
that they Syen nevere to fore
A man In a schipe Alone to gon Ore.

And Nasciens that In the se was Abrod,
Vpp and down labowred as wolde pis goode lord;
Now wente forward here A whille,
and now Wente bakwardis Many A myle,
and Into Manye A dyvers Contre
that schipe A-Ryved ful Sekerle;
and Often Arest wit Miscreans,
but Eurea god delynered him be chauns.
and atte laste the schipe took In to pis see,
Estward Into A port thanne wente he;
and Abowtes high Midnyht
he fyl On slepe Anon Ryht;
and his schipe to lond it wente,
And 3it woak he not veramente.

But now declareth this storye
at what yl be A-Ryved Sekerlye—
at the devyseng Of Seynt Graal
whiche that this Storye declareth Al,—
It telleth that he Aryved Evene ryht pere
In the same place as Iosephes felischepe were,
where as they Abyden wel longe
that for synne pis wolde not hem fonge.

And whanne the Schipe to the lond was gon,
To hem A voys there Cam Anon,
"Into this Schipe Entrith Alle 3e,
and Ouer the Se Cowndyed scholen 3e be
Into the lond that is to 3ow behote,
there-Inne to Gryfflen Many A Rote."
and sin no more. for, be war lat 3e don non More Synne
From this day forward but lat 3e blynne,
and 3if 3e don In Ony degre,
bothe body & sowle distroyed 3e be."

And whanne they herde that p[e] vois thus spak tho,
anon they answereden with-Owten Mo,
"lord, thyn Owne Men Alle we be
From this day forward now Sekerle,
In Swich a Manere as be non weye
thy Comandement not breken faithfullye."

and 3it A bonet In p[e] schip there was
that was not set On In that plas;
and whanne the bonet was Onne I-don,
thanne God sente hem wynd Ryht Anon,
So that with-Inne A schort while
they Cowden Nethir Sen lend ne yle,
So fer they weren in the Se,
thanne betoken they hem Alle to p[e] Trenyte,
and preyden god for his gret Morye
"that to theke Contre he wolde don hem Aplye
where that Iosephes and Owre felawes be;
Now gracious lord, for thy gret pyte."

And whiles thus they weren In here prey[e]r
Into A partye Of the Schipe loked they there,
and Syen Nasciens where that he lay,
that hadde not waked Of Al that day
For non noyse that they Alle Made,
Where-Offen Merveille alle they bade.

Finding Nasciens,
and whanne they gouyen hym thus Aspye,
Abowtes hym faste they Ronne Sekerlye,
& thus they spoken Amonges hem Echon,
"whethir scholo we Awaken hym Other non."
thanne Answerid Anon somme ageyn,
"Awake we him now here In Certein."
Anon On leyde his hond vpon Nasciens his hed,
they awake him,
and there Awook hym In that sted.
Nasciens recognises Clamacides.

& Anon whanne he Awaked was, he blessid hym Often In that plas, And Merveilled Mochel In his thowht how that Meyne to hym was browht; For whanne to Slepe he leyde hym pat Nyht, with-Innen his Schipe ne was non wyht. thanne vp Anon he gan hym to dresse, Amonges hem alle In Sothfastnesse, As A Man that was ful sore Afrayed, and Of his witnes thanne Alle dismayed, and hem grette there Everychon, thanne After, he Axede Of hem Anon 'Whens that they Comen In to that plas, For with-Inne schort while non with him Nas.' Thanne answerid they hym Anon Ageyn, 'that somme Of Ierusalem weren Cerceyn, And somme Of galile & Of Other plase; Swich was p' Compenye pat there wase; and from here Ioudis thus ben they go, and from here Richesse Clene Also, be his 1 Comandement that is kyng of kinges— Wheche is Iesus Crist, lord Ouer al thynges— For Into A lond that we scholde go that vs he hath behoten for Evere Mo, To vs and to Oure Eyres In fere:' In this Maner tolden they Nasciens there. And whiles they talkyd of this Matere, Sire Nasciens thanne beheld Every where, and Amonges hem alle he sawh a knyht that to fore tymes he knew ful riht, as him thowhte be his semblauence at that tyme with-Owten varyanunce. thanne wiste he pat it was Clamarides that hurt was In bataylle amonges p' pres, and Anon his boote he hadde thorough p' Crois pat Mordrayns In his scheld ladde, and he is much surprised, and asks whence they come? They say they are from Jerusalem and Galilee, and seek a land promist them by God. Nasciens recognises a knight called Clamacides, who was cured by the cross on Mordrayns's shield,
CLAMACIDES TELLS NASCIENS HIS STORY. [CH. XLII.

whiche Cros In his scheld to bataille he bar
whanne with kyng Tholome fawht he thar.

Thanne whanne that this Nasciens knew veraily
that it was Clamacides properly,
Non lengere Abyden thanxe he ne Myhte,
but hym be his propre Name clepid Anon Ryhte,
and seide “Clamacides, Art thou not he
that Sumtyme heldist lordschepe Of Me?”

and whanne Clamacides herde On clepen hym be name,
he Merveilled thanne gretly Of that fame,
and Aspide that it was Sire Nasciens.
thanne Anon cam he to his presens,
and wiste wel it was his Owne lord,
an (sic) he his knyht be his Owne acord.
thanne to hym he Ran ful faste,
and abowten his Nekke his Armes he Caste,
and hym kyste for Ioye and pyte,
Sore wepyng that Alle men myhten it se,
and seide “Sire, what Aventure may this be
that thus In this Contre ben now 3e,
And how to me 3e Comen here,
Fayn wolde I weten, & what Manere.”
“And Namly 3e, sire Clamacides,
how that 3e Comen in this pres.”
“Certes, quod Clamacides tho,
Sethen that Iosephes Owre bischope gan forth go
and his fadyr Iosephe with his Compene,
whanne from Sarras they wente sekerle,
thanne left y al my worldly Catel
and swed him forth Everydel,
Iosephs (sic) and his Compenye,
Tyl to the Se we Comen trewlye ;
and there Al this Compenye lefte for synne,
Man, Woman, and Child, bothe More & Mynne ;
and told hym how pat Iosephes past Ouer the se
Clene be Myracle Certeinle ;
and so leften we there behynde
Tyl God vpon vs wolde han som Mende.
and thus, god worshepid mot he be,
Into this Schipe ben Entred we;
For the Moste desire we have,
and we Of god dorsten it Crave,
to Come to Iosephes Oure bischop dere,
To his Fadyr, an to oure Compenye In fere.”

"telle me thanne, quod Nasciens anon,
Is 3owre feleschepe wit Iosephes gon?"

"3e, forsothe, Sire, Sikerly,
And so ben we Of his Compeny;
but for Owre Synnes that we han don,
In his feleschepe Myhte we not Gon.
Now have I 3ow told Al In fere
Of Owre beenge & Of Owre Manere;
and, good Sire, that 3e wolden vs telle
how pat 3e sethen of Sarras gonnen Owte dwelle;
and how that 3e han fare there 3e han be,
Now, goode Sire, that 3e welen telle[n Me.”

And Nasciens to hym gan to Reporte
In to whiche diuers Contre he gan Resorte,
and More he wele whanne he hath space,
3if Evere to Iosephes to Comen have I grace.

Thanne alle that Evere weren In the Schipe tho,
Gret Ioye to Nasciens thanne gonze they do,
and hym kysten ¹ Al vpon A rew[e,
and Nasciens hem a3en with-In A threwe;
thus dured that Ioye pat day & that Nyht
Tyl vppon the Morwe it was day lyht.
and On þ Morwe whanne it was lyht day
Alle gonnen thei knelen, and forto pray
"that God here Synnes wolde forgeten Echon,
and to his Mercye hem take be On & On,
And bringe hem Into the same place
there Iosephes is, Lord, thorwgh þ grace,

¹ MS. bysten.
And Oure Othir Fleschepe Also,
good lord, that we myhte Comen hem to."

And thus dwelled hee In this preyere
Tyl pryme Of the day Al In fere.
and whanne they hadden thus I-do,
they gonnen hem blessen Everichon tho
with the Signe Of the holy Crois,
they thanked Iesus with mylde voys,
and forth they gonnen to loken Anon,
And Aspyden the lond Evene thus son;
and faste be the water syde
they syen moche peple _pere_ Abye;
but they Nisten what they were
ty[ ] Somwhat that they Comen Nere.

and whanne they syen the lond verayly,
thanne hadde they bothe Ioye and pley,
And Evere thankeden Goddis sonde
that he hem Gyede towards the londe.
and whanne the schipe to the lond was Comen so Ny
that they Syen here felawes Openly,
thanne so gret Ioye was hem Among
that non Erthly man cowde tellen with tong;
& whanne they that On _p_ water side were,
knewen that here felawes weren there,
Ful lowde to hem they gonne to Crye,
and seide "welcometh" Al An hye
Al so lowde as they myhte Crye,
"Welcometh" quod Iosephes ful Sekerlye.

Thus the Schipe there Cam to londe,
and Every man Owt gan to fonde.
thanne Eche man _Oper_ gan to Embrace,
and for Ioye they kysten In that place,
and wepten for Ioye and for pete
As they Alle here frendis ded hadde be.

Anon as that Nasciens Iosephes Say,
Towardsis him he took the way,
And Of hym took knowleching, and ful Onesty Made hym gretyng.

thanne Iosephes Made hym ful gret Chere, and was Ryht Joyful that he was there.

thanne Iosephes Gan hym forto Refreyne Of his fare, and Of kyng Mordreyne; For Iosephes for yat hym non thyng, so mochel he hadde hem In Chersyng.

Thanne told hym Nasciens Al In fere what Aventure hadde behapped hym there Sethen the tyme 3e from vs wente, what hem hadde happed veramente; and how that god for hem hadde wrowht, & how Into diuers places that they were brouht.

So al day vpon the brynke Abyden they there, bothe Iosephes and Alle pat with hym were, and thankede God there Everychon That hem thedyr Sawfly browhte so sone.

That day ne Eten they non vyawnde, but Resceyved here Saviour, as I vndirstonde, vpon the Table Of seynt Graal, Other in ope rwyse Clepid sank Ryal.

vpon the Morwe Alle Repleynsched they were with swich vyawnde as they desired there, and the thridde day Ek Also what thing they wolden desiren tho. thus fowre dayes Abyden they there vpon the Se side In this Manere.

the Fyfthe day they gonnez to remeve, and walkid Al day tyl that it was Eve; & atte laste they Entreden In to A forest, bothe Olde & 3ong, & lest & Mest: And al day and al Nyht Meteles they were, whiche gret discisse dyde hem there.

vpon the Morwe an Aventure befelle; the storye wele that I it telle.
till they see an old woman baking twelve little loaves, which they buy, and begin to quarrel over, till Josephes is appeald to.

Joseph sends his son to quiet the people.

thus Al that day gonne they go Fastyng with peyne and with wo, tyl it was Abowtes Mydday,
An Old Womman there they say that In An Ovene book hire bred, and twelde loves sche hadde In pat sted; but In soth they weren but smale Forto Maken there-Offen Ony tale, and thus they that forhungerd were, thike .xij. loves they Bowhten there; wherfore Amonges hem they streven faste, and gret Noyse they maden Atte laste, & acorden they myhten not In non weye Of these .xij. loves Certeynlye; For On hongred they weren Manyon, And but .xij. loves amonges hem Echon, where as weren fyve hundred persons Of Men & wommen Alle þe At Ones; that so gret stryf amonges hem was, Eche Opere wold han slayn In that plas 3if they ne hadde I-stilled be. thanne faste to Josephes gon?ze they fle, and seiden, "Certein, with-Owten faille, Sire, but 3if ze potten þerto Consaille, Eche man Opere wil now sle For A lytel bred, sire, sikerle." "Nay, Certes, quod Josephes tho, For bred is it Not, how so it go; but it is for here Owne Synne that þe fals Enemy hath tempted hem Inne." thanze seyde Iosephe to his sone Anon 'that to þe peple he moste gon, and stillen hem In that they Cowde Opere Myhte; For A lytel bred they gynuen to fylte.' Thanne Josephes Cam to hem Anon, and Maden hem to Syttten Everychon;
and so they dyden Al In fere
vppon that Grownd seten down there.
and Iosephes took these loves hym selve,
and hem Brak Anon there Alle twelve,
And Everich lof he brak On thre,
And In the holy dish thanze putte it he.

there god thanne schewede his Miracle Anon
On þo bred þat In the holy vessel was don.
thanne was this bred afrom hem leyd
(as Iosephes hadde Comanded and seid,)
To-forn the fyve hundred persons
that on tweyne sides seten In tho wones,
halfdendel here, and halfdendel there;
thus to-forn hem was it leid In this Manere.
and so mochel plente they hadden Of Mete
that Nowher Ny they myhten it Ete,
but there hem lefte so gret plente
that þeroffen they Merveilled ful sekerle;
and þat there leften, as hem thowhte,
More thanne þo xij. loves that they bowhte.

Swich Miracles god schewede there
For the Synneres that with Iosephes were,
whiche that weren In dedly synne;
lo, þat God Of his goodnesse ne wolde not blynne!
this Miracle In grete Breteyne was do
abowtes þo Midday with-Owten Mo;
whiche day to hem it was ful gret Ese,
For þo peple ful wel it dide thanme plese.

And whanne they hadden Eten thus Everichon,
Iosephes gan hem for to prechen Anon,
and schewed hem the poyntes Of the gospel,
and to hem declared it bothe faire and wel;
And seyden hem that it was for Synne,
theke Errowr that they weren fallen Inne,
and Ek thorwgh the develis power,
be hos Entyseng þe trespaced Er.
JOSEPHES'S FOLK PRAY BEFORE THE GRAAL. [ch. xlII.

and says he is astonished at them.

"Me Merveylleth greatly of 3oure werkyng
whanne Evere more 3e hadden Alle 3oure Askyng,
as wel as 3oure felawes 3owre desire,
and 3it fillen 3e In the develis powere;
and that myhten 3e ful wel now se
whanne Ouer the Se 3e Myhten not gon with me;
that Causede 3oure felawes Everychon
Ouer the see with Me to gon,
b'encesoun to god of here goode Servyse;
And as wikkedly diden 3e In 3oure gyse."
Sweche wordis Iosephes to hem seide,
and Often Sithes to fore hem it leide;
and thus he hem tawhte wel forto do
that Aftyr his werkyng they Scholden levene so;
but 3it hadden they a lettyng
that they ne Cowden don but litel good thing;
For In hem was wounden with Inne,
Fowr venym that Made hem to Symne.
That Nyht Iosephs and his Compenye,
In A wode they lyen ful Sekerlye;
And vpon the Morwe, whanne it was day,
To that holy vessel token they here way
there as was the Seynt Graal,
Owther Ouer wise it Clepid the sank Ryal.
And there Maden they Orysowns
with goode herte and high devociouns;
and whanne that thus they hadden I-do,
Thanne here weye Chosen they tho;
and thus they wenten al that tyme
ty1 that it was the Owr Of pryme.
thanne behelden they Anon there fast bye,
and A Castel aspiden they ful hastelye
That to the Sarazines belonged there,
as aftirward they dyden Enqwere;
whiche Castel was Cleped Galafort,
and A qweynte Cros hadden vpon the port,
where-Offen they Merveillede Everichon
Swich A Cros there-Onne was don.
For they supposede In Alle that lond
Non swiche Signe have ben, I vndirstond;
For but paynemys they wenden it hadde be.
Thanne seyde Iosephes ful Sekerle
“Into this Castel Entren We here;
For here is a signe Of goddis powere.”

Thanne thus forth gonne they to gon
Alle Barefoted there Everichon.
and whanne they Nerre hadden Entred the weye,
the Castel fair semede to here Eye;
and bothe it was strong and fair to Syht,
and therto A place Of ful strong Myht.
but ȝit On Neuer nethir syde
Nethir Man ne womman ne syen that tyde.
Wherfore they Merveillede wondirly sore
that non peple ne syen they thore;
thanne seiden they In here Manere
‘that for hem God hadde Ordeyned þat Castel there.’
thanne Entrede they Into that Castel Anon,
but Man ne womman Syen they Non.
and whanne Into the Myddis they weren gon,
they stoden stille and herkened Anon,
and hem thougghte as to here beryng
that they herden A gret Noyse Of speyng;
Of mocl peple, Where so they were,
Gret Noyse hem thoughte they herden there.
Thanne forthere gonne they to gon;
Into a faire halle Entrede they Anon,
where that they fownden Everydel
Alle the meyne of that Castel,
and Alle þe wise Clerkis Of that Contre,
that best Sarrazines lawe Cowden hee;
And the dwk of þat plase was there present
at that grete Semble verament;

They find the people of the castle,
and wise clerks,
and the Duke Gaanort,
the whiche slembre Ordeyned he
Alle Aens Celidoyne ful Sikerle;
which dwk was bothe Riche & fort,
his Name was Clepid Gaanort.

Thus he to Celidoyne he hadde behyht:
"3if that he Cowde, Owther preven Myht,
that Cristen lawe paste the Sarrazyn,
thanne wil I pleyly beleven In thyn,
and anon I-Cristened wil I be,
Celidoyne, for love Of the."

"Swiche Cavesede Celidoyne to ben þere Redy
Aens tho Sarrazynes ful apertly.
3it Celidoyne In that place
to hem so spak thorwh goddis grace,
that they wisten neure what to Answered,
Swiche qwestions he put hem there.
and Celidoyne held hem so hote thanne
that they ne wiste what to sein, non Manne.
Thanne anon be the lordis prayer
tyl On þe Morwe Celidoyne 3af hem day there;
and 3if that Celidoyne Cowde not thanne preve,
he scholde ben distroyed long Er Eve,
and 3if the Sarrazines benethe weren Ido,
they scholde ben Confowned for Evere Mo.

Thanne thus departed they Everichon,
and Eche man to his Ostel hom gan he gon.
thanne Abowtes hem loked They faste
On Iosephes and his Compenie In haste;
& how bare foted they wente,
and how Evel vestured þere presente;
wherfore they Merveilleden Everichon
that swich peple Amonges hem gan to gon.

Whanne Nasciens beheld Celidoyne tho,
that with the dewk gan forth to go,
thanne grete Ioye he hadde In herte,
and Anon to his sone he sterte,
and took him In his Armës two,  
and Often tymes he kyste him tho,  
and wepte for Ioye and for pyte  
Whanne that his sone there say he.  
And whanne that the Remnaunt syen this,  
Eche Aftyr Othir Celydoyne gan to kys.  

Thanne that beheld this Dewk Gaanort  
that they to Celidoyne thus gonnen Resort,  
where-Offen he Merv Eyllede wondir sore  
what Maner Of peple that they wore.  
and whanne they hadden So Ido,  
Anon the Dewk Clepid Celidoyne tho,  
And Axed hym what the Compenye were  
That1 so gret Joye he Made to there.  

Thanne to that Dewk Answeryd Celidoyne,  
"Sire, this is my Fadyr Certeyne;"  
and schewed hym to Nasciens pere Anon ryht ;  
"and, sire, this is the pastour Of god Almyht,  
and Eke the vpholdere Of holichirche,  
that Many goode wirkes doth wirche,  
and Alle the tothere, holy peple ben,  
the wheche gon barfot, as 3e mowun sen.  
3it neuertheles, Sire, I telle it the,  
Riche peple they weren In here Contre,  
And Al that han forsaken Only  
For the love Of god Almyhty,  
that as porely clothed In this world went he  
as don this peple that 3e now here se.  
Now wot I wel with-Owten Dowte  
That 3oure Clergye, alle the Rowte,  
Ful Clene Schal Confounded ben  
Toforn 3ow, Sire, As 3e scholen sen ;  
For to-forn this high persone here  
they scholen not doren lyen In non Manere."  

"Celidoyne, quod this dewk tho,  
Sethen thou hen2 knowest so,
Celidoyne tells Nasciens his adventures. [CH. XLII.

Lele hem vp Into my paleys Anon; and that good Chere my moyne hem don, and that they ben Esed with the beste, and that Richely they ben browht to Reste; and to Morwe Atte Pryme Of day With the to the halle they Comen here way. and Of On thing thou me Entende; but 3if þe maister of 3oure lawe Can him defende, Swich Iewyse On hym Schal I do that it schal be spoken Of for Evere Mo.” thanne Comaundd his seriauntes anon the Cristene men to herberwen Echon; and so they weren Alle ful Richely, And therto Ifed with alle delicasy. And thus Resceyved alle they were For the love Of Celidoyne there, and hadde Alle thing that they wolden have, Owther what here hertes Cowde Crave. that Nyht Celidoyne be his fadir lay, and thus to Celidoyne gan he say; he Axede him In what Manere that Into that Contre Cam he there; and he him tolde ful Sekerly that his vessel him thedir browht trewly. thanne quod Nasciens Agen tho “how longe is that now Ago?” thanne seide Celidoyne to his fadir Ageyn, “Fowre Monthis & More, Sire, In Certein.” “And where han þe dwellid sethen Algate?” “Sire, Þu a forest with An Ermit boþe Erly & late, whiche is a man Of ful holy lyf; there he me kepþe with-Owten Stryf, and gladlich wolde heren Every day Of the Cristene lawe what I wold say, In dispiseng of sarrazines lawe, whiche thing to hym was ful fawe.”
and thus Al Nylt spoken they in fere
Of Manye Aventures to-gederis there.
   Now of this Mater leveth this storye,
And to Dewk Gaanort let vs now hye.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF DUKE GAANORT’S VISIONS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION.1

Duke Gaanort has a vision (p. 134), which the Saracen clerks
cannot interpret, so the Christians are sent for (p. 135),
and Josephes tells his own company and the Duke, that
the clear water of the latter’s vision typified bapt-
ism, whence all his company issued pure; and that
the mist that blackend them typified their sin,
and the black valley into which it went typified hell
(p. 136). Gaanort is satisfied, and calls on the Saracens
to dispute about the Virgin Mary (p. 137). Their greatest
doctor, Lucans, says, that no child can have been born
without its mother knowing a man (p. 138); on which
Josephes prays to the Virgin that Lucans may never speak
more; and instantly he tears his tongue with fiery hands,
pulls it out of his head, and falls down dead (p. 138).
Gaanort asks Josephes to satisfy him as to the Virgin's
virginity before and after Christ’s birth (p. 139). Josephes
tells him how, when he (Gaanort) was five years old, in
Galilee he saw a type of it; for out of a fleur-de-lys he
saw a rose-tree, with many poor roses, but one most glori-
ous bud (p. 140-1); and out of that, closed as it was, one
day came a man, who fought a serpent and slew it (p. 142),
and pickt up the fallen roses (p. 142). And then the
smell of the rose cured him (Gaanort) of a bad wound
(p. 143); and, on his trying to unclose the rose, a man
from heaven told him he should never know the meaning
of what he had seen, because he was not of the right faith
(p. 143). Gaanort worships Josephes, acknowledges that
all he has said is true, and asks him to explain its mean-
ing (p. 143-4). Josephes says, that the fleur-de-lys typified
Eve (p. 144); the rose-tree the World (p. 145); the fallen
roses, prophets in hell whom Christ rescued (p. 145); the
precious bud the Virgin Mary (p. 146); the man who

1 MS. Add. 10292, heads this chapter, “Ensi que iosephes
le vesque despuste a le clergie le duc Nanor qui pailens estoit;”
and begins it thus: “Quant li dus ganors se fu la nuit coleles
en sen lit, si commencha a penser mult durement des meruelles
qu’il auoit cies de celydoine.”
came from her like a sunbeam through glass, Christ (p. 146), who, as 'a dedly man,' was tempted, died on the Cross, and rose again, and brought his friends from hell (p. 146-7). And the Virgin was Virgin ever, and you have never worshiped her, Duke Gaanort (p. 147).

Now tellith this storie furthermore how dewk Gaanort to his bed went thore, and Merveillede Gretly In his thought Of the woundres that Celidoyne wroght, the wheche was Evere day be day: thus thouhte þe dewk as he lay; that so atte laste he fyl In sleekyng, and þer-Inne he fyl In a gret dremente.

hym thowhte that a Cler water say he, On þe faireste that myhte be, whiche, gret wil he hadde to be-holde, and þere-Onne loked manyfolde.
he say where that a peple gan gon,— Alle white werenthey Everichon,— and forth alle gonnen they pase; but he wist neure Into what plase.
thanne aftir þit there say he More: vppon Somme that weren thore, decended Adown a foul gret Mist, that Alle blak become they, wel he yst, and Þelthed there Everichon, al so manye as there gonne gon: and the tothere chonged neure here Colour For non manner thing Of that stour, and thanne beheld he atte laste how the fylthed In to A blak valey paste, where they were taken Everichon; and þere Abyden, wgethir they wolde ofer non, And þe tothere Oure the water they wente bothe fair an Clene, with good Entente. 

Al this say the dewk In his Slepyng, where-Ofen he Merveillede In his wakyng,
that Of al that Niht he myhle Slepen no more,
but lay stille, and On this Mater thowhte sore
that he Sawgh In Aviciown

to him was schewed be Relevaciown.

vp on the Morwen, whanne it was day,
vp he Ros, and forth wente his way,
and Comandde there Ryht Anon
that alle the Maistres to-Forn hym scholde gon.
and whanne they weren Comen alle In ferre, Anon
his Aviciown he told hem there,
and there-Offen wolde knowe þe signesiance,
what it betokened with/Owen variancse.
and they Answered him Ageyn
that they Cowden not tellen In Certein;
but of the Cristene Asken Scholen þe,
3if they Owht Connen it tellen sekerle.

thus sone the Cristene weren Aftyr sent
to-forn the dewk to Comen present,
and so forth they Comen with good wil,
the dewkis Comandement to fulfille,
and Comen forth In Symple Aray
to-forn the peple that hem say,
and seten down vp on the grownde
atte the dewkes Fett that stownde.

thus sone the dewk told hem his dremeng,
where-Offen he preyde hem of ale Oper thing
there-Offen to knowen the verite,
what Signesiance it Myhte be.

Thanne dressed hym Josephes vp Anon,
and spak that they herden Everichou.

"Gaanort, dewk, I schal the Schewe
the Significaciouns vp on A rewe."

"And I schal it Abyde, quod the dewk thanne,
and so schal here now Every Manne;
For I desire ful gretly here
the sothe ^so knowen al In ferre."
JOSEPHES EXPLAINS DUKE GAANORT'S VISION. [CH. XLIII.

The meaning is partly to punish his companions.

Thanne torned hym Iosephs riht Anon Toward his Compenye Everychon, and seide to hem with-Owten lettynge, "This Owhte for 3ow to ben Chastysinge; 72 And this belongeth to 3ow properly.

And wele 3e sen, I schal tellen 3ow why, how the flood that this dewk Say In his slepyng As he lay, 76

The flood means the baptism, Signesith fulliche the Cristendom that 3e han taken Alle and Som, wherethorwgh I-Clened that 3e be From Alle Synnes and vylone.

For Al so sone as 3e Cristened were, Alle 3oure Olde Synnes forsoken 3e there: For Al so sone as 3e Cristened were, Alle 3oure Olde Synnes forsoken 3e there:

and the foul mist means the deadly sin, and also I-puryfyed weren 3e Clene Of 3owre Synnes Alle be-dene.

But sethen that we Owt of oure Contre gonne gon, Into this Contre to Comen Everychon that Oure lord hath behoten vs here, To vs and to alle Oure lygne In fere; 88

but that On somme Of Owre partye the dirknesse is fallen sekerlye, wherethorwh 3e be comen bothe fowl & blak, and the fals Enemy of whom I to-fore spak 92

3ow hath browht Into dedly Synne, the wheche that 3e be Ronnen Inne.

and the Synne whiche bat 3e han do, It is Rilht fowl with-Owten Mo; 96

and that was Sene attē See whanne that 3e myhten not passen with Me, wherfore that drede Owhte 3e to have, 100

The dark valley signifies hell, jif that 3oure sowles scholen ben save. "This dirke valey, and this depe, that this dewk say In his slepe, sygnesith with-Owten Ony more liknesse the valey Of helle, where as is distresse ; 104
whenes that neuere man schal pase, and he be Entred, for here is non grase. In wheche valye somme lefte there, And somme forth pasten In fair Manere, whiche that weren good men and trewe, lyghtly they pasten vppon a Rewe."

And whanne thus he hadde Ido, thanne dewk Gaanort Axede he tho how him thowhte be his Expowneng, 3if that it liked hym Ony thyng. "Certes, quod the dewk thanne, I holde yoame wordis as A trewe Manne ; And that se han Seyd, it plesith Me, how that Evere there-Offen it be. For it doth ne more good trewely thanne Ony thing that I haue herd Certeinly.”

Thanne spak the dewk to p° Maistres Anon Of the Sarazines lawe Everychon ; And Seide, “lوردynes, se mosten here speke, And vppon Celidoyne to ben Awreke Of thike that p° Cristene don Calle Marye, the virgine Modir of Alle-Myhty God In Maieste, how swich A lord Iborn Myht be, Mayden after, as sche was to fore, Ere that hire child was Conceyved & bore. Now wolde I sen to-form me here how se konne beren seow In this Matere ; And the Cristene Confownded to be, whiche that ful wel scholde plesen me.”

Whanne that thus he hadde Iseid, thanne stirte vp A mayster In a breyd,— the grettest Maister Of alle the lond Of Phelosophie, as I vndirstond ;— and thus this Maister him vpe gau dresse Towardis Iosephes, and gan to reherse.
Lucan falls dead for denying Mary’s virginity. [CH. XLIII.

Josephes tells him to be careful, thanne Iosephes to him seide there, “Be War, Lucans, what thou seyst here,” 144 (For Lucans was the phelosophres Name, Of Sarrazynes lawe A man of fame),

for if he slanders the mother of heaven’s king, “loke thou make here non lesyng On Marye, þe Modir Of hevene kyng.

he will repent it. and þif thou do now, In Certeyne thou schalt Repenten In Every veyne Er that thou part hens trewelye, Amonges here Alle this Compenye.”

Lucan denies her virginity. “I ne schal no thing Seyn, quod this lweeney, but As Openly it is knowne to Every man; 152 For I telle the, Iosephes, ful Certeynly, was neuere Child In wommannes body with-Owten Mannes knowlechinge, and gret peyne In the Berynge.”

Josephes appeals to the Virgin, “In the Name Of God, quod Iosephes tho, Now hast thou Mad A leseng òper two. 156 Now, that gloreous Mayde, specyaly I pray, Aȝens whom thou hast witnessed this day,— as verrayly as sche Maiden Is To-forn and after, with-Owten Mys, And for Child beryng neuere defowlid was, but Evere Clene virgine be Goddis gras,— 164 So as verrayly as sche clene virgine Is, thow have non more power to spoken Amys Aȝens hire In non Manere degre, and that þou hast seid, it sone mot be.”

Anon as Iosephes this word hadde spoke, this lucans Gan Roren In his throte, and made therto þe fowlest Cryeng, as thowh it hadde ben a devesle beleyng; and drowh Owt his tonge with hondis that brende, him thowhte, as feris brondes, and pulde it Owt Of his hed, and Sethen fyl down there stark ded,
so that neuere Man Mihle Of him sterre
hond, leg, ne foot, In non Manere.

Whanne this dewk beheld this tho,
he ne wyste what to don for wo,
and myhte not Abyden his Orible Cry,
but Owt Of his paleys hadde hym trewely.
thanne to Iosephes spak he Anon,
"Maister, Aftyr the now will I don,
For I ne wot what I May say
Of My Selven this Ilke day;
but 3if thou me wilt telyn here
Of hire virginite In Alle Manere,
how that Clene virgine 3e myhte be,
To-forn and Aftyr, In Alle degre—
and 3if this pou Conne seyn with-Owten faille,
I wele Clene werken Aftyr thin Cownsaille."

"Now, Certes, Sire, quod Iosephes tho,
this schal I the telyn Er that I go.

"whanne thow were A child here be-forn,
Thanne was I neyther begeten ne born,
Ne Sethen Aftyr that ful longe
that thou wondris Sye ful stronge,
whiche that Neuere thou dist discure
To non Creature, I the ensure;
For the gretest drede haddist pou tho
that Sethen thou haddest, oper to or fro;
and 3it it Is In thin Remembraunce
Of that Merveil and Of that Chaunce."

Aftyr this word Anon thanne
the Dewk gan lawhen On Every Manne.
thanne Iosephes Axede hym there
"Why lawhe 3e, Sire, In swich Manere?"
"I lawhe, quod this dewk, Certeinly,
For pat 3e maken fables so Openly,
and seyn that I Abasched was,
which I nas nevere In non plas.
but, Iosephes, se maken a fable here,
that se sein thyke tyme born se here;
a-forn 30urs birthe to knowen Certene,
this wolde I weten how this myhte be."

"Now, Certein, Sire, quod Joseps tho,
Alle this thing May wel be do;
For he that Of Alle poyntes hath knowenenge,
To me hath discouered this ylke thinge;
and but Of Alle thinges he were wis,
Elles Of konwenge hadde he not þe pris;
but Alle Maner thinges knoweth he,
that this hath discoveryd to Me.

and 3it tolded (sic) thow it Neure to non Man,
and 3it to the tellen I it kan,
In Every poynt Ryht As it was,
Openly, Sire, now here In this plas.

"Ferst, Sire kyng, I schal tellen it the
That thou were boren In Galele,
And A pore herdeman thy fadir was;
And there kepest thou bestes In that plas.
Anon as thou were foure 3eres Old,
Forto kepen the bestes he made þe bold,
So that it happed ones In the Monthe Of May,
as thou kepest thy bestes vppon A day
In A feld that was Clepyd Tarsis,—
and vppon a tewesday it was I-wis—
that vndir A Roser thou wentest there
To schonen the hete In alle Manere.
And whanne there vndir I-set thou were,

A fair flowr-delys Sye thow there,
Ful hy and ful fayr Abowtes the;
For swich Anothir dist thou neuere se.
And whanne thou haddest beholden it londe,
from that there Cam A Roser ful stronge,—
thus thowhte the there In this Syht,—
As on tre Owt Of Anothir scholde Alyht.
This Roser hadde Mani Roses vpon, but of Bewte was there Neuere On; and faste thou gonne to beholde why so fowle they weren in Every folke.  
\[252\] thanne Semed the that Owt of the delys, A rose Owt sprang Of Riht gret pris, that Alle the tothere Roses Over spreddde, and down to the Erthe there hem ledde,  
\[256\] and fillen Alle down pore and Anoyows, thus thowhte þe, vndir that Rose so gloryows.  

"And whanne Alle they weren fallen Adown, That non lefte there Abydyng In-virown,  
\[260\] thanne Sye thou On that issued Owt there, the fairest Rose that Evere Sye thou Ere, And Most Merveilous there to Syht, the wheche Rose þere Abod .ix. dayes Owtriht,  
\[264\] and Everich day it Grew ful Sore, bothe Fairere and grettere, More & More: That so gret Merveille Of non flowr haddest thou Neuere to-forn that Owr, For Swich A Rose sie thou neuere Er In non Contre nether Ny ne Fer. And Every day thider gonue thou gon that Rose to beholden Anon,  
\[272\] That nethir beste ne non Othir thing To that faire Rose scholde don hyndreng: this wost thou wel, Sire, now, Everydel that I the telle, thou knowest ful wel. and Evere As Clos that Rose it was As Any botown In ony plas; And here-Offen Abasched wondirly thou were That it Nevere Opened I non Manere.  
\[280\] so that it behapped vpon A day As thow thon there vndir that Roser lay, Of A wilde swyn thow were wondid sore thoruh thin hype, that thou were ny lore;  
\[284\] which bore many poor roses, and one glorious one, which grew bigger and fairer every day; and every day thou didst go to see it, and it was shft up tight like a bud; and one day thou wast hurt by a wild boar, under the rose-tree,
and so syk thou were, swich was thy gras, that Remeven thou ne Mihtest Owt of *pat* plas.

And whanne it was Abowtes Midday, that Rose beheldest *pou* as thou *pere* lay,

and thou sye that Moche Reddere it was, be an hundred fold than Ony In that plas, and Grettere and largere it was also thanne An hundred of *p* to *pere*, as *p* thouhte tho. 292

and thus as thou haddest here-Of Merveyllyng, thou beheldest Owt Of that Rose Goyng

A Certein thing, what so It was;

but thou Nistest nowht be non Cas. 296

but I telle the nowe in Alle degré,

the forme Of A man it hadde sekerle;

And *jít* the Rose Openede *neuere* the More,

but al Clos and Ioynt Evre was it thore, 300

bothe to-forn and Aftir Also:

this knowest thou wel that it dide do.

and whanne the fegure *pat* there-Owt gan gon,

A whyle vppon the Erthe went Alon, 304

thus sone Cam forth a ful gret serpent

that him*¹* wolde han devoured verament.

Neuertheless *jít* to-gederis they fowhte

so *pat* *p* serpent was slayn and brouht to nowhte; 308

and thanne Anon to *p* flowres he Ran

that weren so fowle & fallen than;

hem he took vpe thanne Everychon,

and with hym bar *pere*forth Anon. 312

And whanne Alle this haddist *pou* seyn,

vppon thyn wounde haddest *pou* non Mende Certeyn,

but vpe thou Ryse, and bethowhtest the

Whethir it were soth *Op*er vanite. 316

thanne gonne thou forth forto gon
to beholde that faire Rose Anon,

For to sen what were *pere* with-Inne,
and Er woldest thou for Nothing blynde.
So wentest thou forth to that Roser,
and Anon therto thou kneledist ther,
and kystest that Rose ful Swetely;
thanne thus sone Al hol were thou sekerly,
And Of thy wowsnde feltest thou non deseyse,
so Mochel that Roser gan the plese,
an fulbild thou were Of so gret sweetnesse,
So that neuere Erthly man More ne lasse
hadde neuere, the thowhte, so gret plente
Of Swich sweetnesse In non degre.

and thy wound was held by kissing that rose.

Then a man came from heaven, and said

thou shouldest not know the meaning of all this, for thou wast not of his faith.

Now have I the told Every word,
as I trowe thou wilt to Me Acord,
what thou didest at the Age Of fyve 3er
In that Contre whiles thou were ther.”

And whanne the dewk these wordes gan here,
how Iosephes hadde seyd In swich Manere,
Anon Of his place be gan down to gon
Amonges his Meyne þere Everichon,
And kneled Adown vp pon his kne,
and seide, “goddis Mynestre, worscheped þou be.
Now knowe I wel, that Every word
It is ful trewe þat thou hast me told;
Now wot I wel that thou Art he,
Josephes explains Duke Gaanort's adventure.

And prays him to explain it to him.

Josephes warns him he will repent it, if he does not respect what he is going to hear.

The fleur-de-lis represented Eve, who brought sin into the world;

The roses are the prophets who were before Christ;

Now, for thike lord that thou levest vppon,

So telle me þe signesiawnce Of Everichon:

For Certes Of Alle worldly thing

therfore, sire, now praye I the,

So tellen me þeroften the verite."

"Dewk Gaanort, quod Josephes the, I schal the telle Er that I go;

but be war Of that I schal tellen the;

but thow it worshepe In Alle degre,

wete thon Riiht wel with-Owten More

that þou the schalt Repenten ful sore,

Sorere thanne Evere didest þou Of Ony thing;

but thou now worshepe here myn seyeng.

"Herkene now, and I schal the Say

the signesiawnce, this Ilke day,

bothe Of the flowr delys and the Roser:

Of Al these thinges I schal tellen the her.

"The delys that to-foren the Roser thou syc, It signeyeth Eve, oure form Modir, sekerlye, that Of Al this world was the begynneng, and Of Oure lyne the ferste forth bryngeng;

and thoruh the synne that there don was In Paradys, that delitable plas,

wherby Alle Synne and wrechednesse

vs and Ek Owre hath browht In distresse. thanne Cam there A dew from hevene Adown and watered that Roser Al In-virown;

For there as the delis, be Inobedience Fyl In Synne, and dide gret Offence;—

be the Roses vndirstonde schalt þou here the holy prophetes that to-fore Crist were,

that Comen Alle Of Oure ferste Rote, whiche was Eve, as I the behote,

1 MS. Josep.
that Into helle they wenten Echon
After here deethes, ful gret won.
For they were owle & wynclene,
and for synne thider wente, wel myltest pou wene.

& be the Roser, vndirstonden schalt thou the rose-tree is the world,
the world Only, as I telle the now ;
to wheche Roser men gon ful faste
the flowres to pullen In gret hast.
So fareth this world with-Owten More

to hem that to hit Enclyne so sore : to hem that to hit Enclyne so sore :
the world to hem it is so deyltable,
they connen not it leven with-Owten Fable ;
perfore to helle they fallen Adown,
al the swich peple In-virown
that hem deylten In wor[l]dlly things here,
and hevenely things leven In Alle Manere,
and forsaken hevenlych heritage,
& to worldly thinges hem take, hope lord and page. wel Mown they for folis Itold be,
and vnwitty & Madde, ful sekerle,
that leveth to taken A precious ston,
and Amongis the swyn to putten it Anon :
for More they loven wrecchednesse
Thanne hevenely thing, Oper Ony goodnesse.

"Be the Roses that fillen adown,
thou schalt vndirstonden Al & Som,—
the that fillen down Of that Rosere,
that So feble and Anentisched were :-
For prophetes and good Men thou it take,
That mochel good diden for god.lis sake,
that, thorugh synne of Oure first modir here,
To helle they wenten alle In fere
aftyr here deth and departyson,
and stille Abyden there In that presown
Tyl that the flowr Of Alle floures
Can Owt to springe for Owre socours ;
till the time of St Mary, the wheche is Oure lady seint Marye, 428
the best of women, that is virgyne and Maiden ful trewelye, 428
signified by the and Of Alle wommen hath moste Bowne. 428
the great rose, where-thorwh, sire, As I telle it the, 432
and she remaind that God In pat virgine dide Alyhte 432
ever a virgin, as sonne that schineth thorwgh glas so bryht; 432
as the rose was and hire virginite neuere put Away, 436
ever clo'd. and so Owte he wente, the sothe to say.

And Evere is this hire virgynyte 440
As Clos as p° Rose In Eche degré, that so As sotely Owt he wente
that so As sotely Owt he wente as pat be Entred by his Owne Entente;
so at the byrthe as clene virgine sche was so At hire Conceyveng, thorwh goddis gras;
and thus Evere aftyr and to-fore, and thus Evere aftyr and to-fore,
Clene virgine for Evere Abod sche thore, Clene virgine for Evere Abod sche thore,
lyk As the Rose that thou there sye, lyk As the Rose that thou there sye,

"Whanne Into this Erthe that he was bore— 444
as thou sye owt of pat Rose Isswen thore—
thanne dwelled he here, kyng Of kynges,
and In xxxij wynter dide Many thinges; and In xxxij wynter dide Many thinges;
and so longe abod he here and so longe abod he here
In povert and In gret Misere,
so that the Enemy supposede wel so that the Enemy supposede wel
A deddy Man he hadde ben Everidel; A deddy Man he hadde ben Everidel;
and thryes he gan hym forto Asaye and thryes he gan hym forto Asaye
be diuers weyes In On daye; be diuers weyes In On daye;
but Evere he fond hym so hard & Cleno but Evere he fond hym so hard & Cleno
that he ne wyste what he dyde mene. that he ne wyste what he dyde mene.
thanne whanne he say he Cowde not sped, thanne whanne he say he Cowde not sped,
Thanne On the Crois Crist Suffred dede; Thanne On the Crois Crist Suffred dede;
there wende he hym forto han Gete, there wende he hym forto han Gete,
but his pray there dide he forlete: but his pray there dide he forlete:
For In as Moche as God he was, For In as Moche as God he was,
he Ros A°en thorwgh his Owne Gras,
and wente to that fowle presown,
and deliuered his frendis Everichon.  
This was he that thou Sye verraylye
Owt of the Rose Isswen to-fore thyn Eye;
and fawht with that fowle Serpent,
wich was þe fals Enemy verament,
and ladde his frendes to hevene blisse.
Lo, the Significacion of þat Rose it isse.

"Ofer ellis vnderstonde thou Myht here,
that god, þe serpent Ouercom In þis Manere
be his deth vppon the Croys ful ryht,
thus Ouercom he the devel Owtryht.
For be that deth he hym Ouercom,
and purchased lif to Every Cristen Man.

"And thus, In this Maner degre,
bor was Jesus Of Mare,
that Evere is, & was, a blessed virgine;
And Al Ioint & Clos In Al manere tyme
As was the Rose, I telle it the,
but Alle Ouer Opened ben Sekerle;
and Of this thing Mihtest þou ben Sure,
That Evere was sche virgine good & pure.

"This is the virgine, and thou wylt Wete,
That thou worschepedest Neuere ȝyte.
and wilt þou wyte why worschepen hire þou ne May?
For thou ne Art not ful waschen In Fay,
In the Swete flood, Owther In the wawe
that baptesme Is Clepid be the newe lawe.
Now hauue I the told, dewk Gaanore,
Of that thou Axedest me to fore;
what I hauue the seid now, telle þou Me,
how thou likest therby In Alle degre."
CHAPTER XLIV.

OF THE CONVERSION OF DUKE GAANORT AND HIS PEOPLE.

All Gaanort's men declare that they believe the Virgin kept her Virginity before and after Christ's birth, and therefore they will be christend (p. 149). Gaanort too desires baptism (p. 150), and Josephes baptizes a thousand of the men (p. 150). Gaanort then orders the unbelievers out of the place; and they go on board a ship (p. 151), which soon turns "up so down," and drowns them all (p. 151); and next morning all the bodies are found under the Castle walls (p. 152). Josephes orders them to be buried, and a Tower raised over them, to be called "The Tower of Marvels" (p. 154), whence in Arthur's time knights shall issue to joust with all comers (p. 154). So the tower is built, and lasts till Lancelot breaks it in pieces, "as of Arthur’s hows the storye, It doth declaren more openly" (p. 155). Gaanort also erects a Church in his Palace, in honour of Mary (p. 155); and Joseph's wife is delivered of her son Galans, called Galaas the Fort, because he was born in the Castle (p. 155). The people round send and tell the King of Northumberland of Gaanort's Conversion (p. 156), and the King, by the advice of his Barons, orders the Duke to come to him (p. 157); but Josephes tells him to repudiate the King's seignory, and say he is under Christ's only (p. 157). This Gaanort does (p. 158), and the King of Northumberland at once summons his men to the fair city of Soose (p. 159), 5,000 strong, and thence marches "to Humber Water" and besieges Gaanort (p. 159). The Duke is afraid, but comforted that the Christians have "stuffed" the Castle well, and that it is strong (p. 160). Nasciens advises a sortie on the King's army while it is encamping (p. 161). This is made, and is very successful, 200 and more being killed (p. 162); however, the King and his knights arm themselves and fight, but no one can withstand Nasciens (p. 163), who fights "as a devil" (p. 164), kills the King's horse, and then the King himself, as he will not yield (p. 165). The Saracens, on seeing their leader dead, flee to the Humber (p. 166), and so the Christians have the victory, and give God thanks for it (p. 167).

"Now, Certes," quod this Dewk thanne,
"In Al this lond Nys þere non So wys Mæne,
Non Manere Of Clerk Of phelesophye,
that thou ne scholdest hem Alle distroye;
So that In grete Ioye thou hast me put Inne,
whiche from myn herte ne schal neuere twyane.
and now I haue so fulleche knoweng
So that I desire neuer nou Othir thing."

thanwe torne he toward his Clerkes Anon,
and thus to hem seide Everichon,
"wyle 3e not seyn that this virgine Marye
whiche that Conceyved so prevylye,
and bar Iesus Crist that holy prophete,
That bothe virgynye and Mayden is 3ete;
Is sche not Mayden bothe After and to-fore,
As this goode Man vs techeth In lore?"

"Sire, quothen they Alle Everichon,
there A3ens ne seyn we not On.
For Apertly It was Schewed to 3ow
As he toforn vs telleth here now;
wherefore Alle we trowen it ful wel
that he hath seid here Everydel.
and loke 3e don Ek, Sire, the same,
and Elles trewylye 3e ben to blame;
and pat to 3oure lawe no more soiet pat 3e be,
but Only to the lawe Of Cristyente.
therfore bethenke 3e what 3e welen do,
For 3oure lawe we forsaken for Euere Mo;
Fo[r] nethir for wraththe ne for stryf
we scholen Neuere dureng Oure lyf
but Only On god worschepen Ay,
the wheche is Jesus Crist, God verray."

Thanne kneled they down Everichon
To Josephes feet there Anon,
and preyden hym Alle Of Cristenenge,
And Ek Of that holy watres waschenge.
Anon As he thus herde hem Seyn,
he bad hem Rysen vp A-Geyn:
Ek he wepte for Ioye and for pyte,
So gret Mirthe in herte thanne haddde he;
and graunted hem there here Askyng,
the holy water Of Cristeneng.
Thanne spak he to Dewk Gaanor,
And to hym thus seide Ryht thor,

"Faire Sire Gaanor, quod Iosephes Anon,
wilt thou do As thi Clerkes here don,
and As the Maistres don Of thy lawe;
For Of Cristendom they ben Ryht fawe?"

"Sire," quod the dewk to Iosephes thanne,
"thowgh they forsaken it Every Manne,
Onliche Of baptisme I the besekte,
that Art goddis Mynestre good and Meke;
for though of hem Cristened ben neuer On,
Of Baptesme I praye the, Sire, now Anon."

At that tyme was there An huge Cry
Thorwgh Al that paleys ful trewely,
that Iosephes they hadden Groved So,
they Niste for Mone what to do,
but preiden hym Of Baptesme Everichon
Al so faste As they Myhten Rennen Oper gon.
And whanne Iosephes Al this beheld there,
he made gret Ioye In his Manere,
and Comanded there A prest Anon
water to putten In a ston,
and blessed it with his Owne hond,
as I do 3ow to vndirstond,
and Cristened there-Inne dewk Gaanor,
And After Alle that Evere Comen thor,
Bothe Child, Man, and Womman,
that Baptesme Of hym preide than;
So that longe Er it was Noon
A thousand he Cristened Everichon.

and whanne that the Even Comen was,
This dewk there putte Owt Of his plas
Alle tho that Cristened wolde not be,
Owt Of his paleys he dyde hem fle,
and Alle his Meyne I-Cristened they were,
Sawf an hundred and Fyfty there.
The unbaptiz'd men are all drownd.

(The dewk wolde neuere chongen his name,
For that it was Of Ryht gret fame,
And Ek his Fadyr I-Clepyd was so,
perfore non Operwise Nolde Iosephes do.)
Anon he Comanded to Alle tho
Owt Of his lond thanne forto go.
and they Answeryd hem vntylle
that they wolden it don with good wille.
Thanne wenten they Owt Of pe Castel
To the water side ful faire and wel :
and there fownden they A schipe Anon,
and there-Inne Maryneris Manyon ;
and thike Schipe they Entred ful sone,
And Into the See Gonnen they Gone,
preyenge to the Chef Marynere
Into A Nothir lond to leden hem there.

And whanne Entred weren they Everychon,
And from the lond that they weren Gon,
A gret wynd Anon Gan there Aryse
Owt Of Mesure In Alle Wyse ;
and the Schipe torned vp so down there
So that Alle Anon Idrenched they were,
Alle that Evere Resceyved not Crystyente,
bothen they and Maryneris, I-drenched they be.
that Nyht the dewk gret Ioye he Made,
and Iosephes and his felawes Made ful glade ;
and al Nyht spoken Of pat Compenye
that from hem parted so velenoslye.

The dewk, Of Iosephes Asked thanne,
"Good Sire, what schal fallen Of pese Menne ?"
"I schal 30w tellen, quod Iosephes tho,
Of that peple how it schal go :
to Morwen schole 3e hem Alle Se
To londe ARyven In A queynte degrc,
wiche to 30w schal ben gret verefianence
and gret fulfillenge to 30ure Creauace :
and grettere wonde the see 3e newere Non
thanne 3e scholen to Morwe Of hem Echon." 116
Of which dewk Gaanor abascht hym sore,
and gladly of Iosephes wolde weten More,
but he durst not, lest he wolde hym greve,
therefore no more to hym wolde he Meve. 120
So wente the dewk to his Reste that Nyht,
And Abod there whiles it was day lyht.
Vpon the Morwe, Whanne it Was Day,
there Comen tydynge with-Owten delay 124
To this Dewk Sire Gaanore,
Of A Messenger cam renneng thore; 128
where-Offen Abasched he was non del,
For he supposede Of non thing but wel.
there Cam A 3oman ful faste Rennenge,
And browhte p° dewk Merveillous tydynge.
"What ben tho, quod the dewk thanne,
telle me here Anon, thou 3omanne."
132
"be my trwthe, Sire, quod he tho,
vndir this Castel As I gan to go,
lyn there Al that peple ded 136
that hens departyd Owt Of this sted,
whiche that wolde not I-Cristened be;
3ounder, Alle ded, 3e Mown hem se."
and Whanne p° dewk herde here-offen telle,
Owt Of his Castel he Cam ful snelle 140
Forto knowen whethir this soth were,
Owther A lesyng Itold hym there.
And whanne that he Cam to p° se side,
Manye Of his Meyne he fond pere that tyde
144
to beholden this Merveille there
that was befallen In this Manere,
and whanne the dewk it gan beholde,
In his herte he Merveiled Many folde
Of so moche peple Ipersched to be.
thanne pere Of his Meyne Anon Axed he
What manner Of peple that it was?

"It ben they that wolden not Cristened be
that here lyn ded As 3e Mown se;
and forsothe, sire denk, I haue herd telle
that An hundred and fyfty here ben full snelle."

"Now, serche Abowtes, quod the dewk thanne,
3if 3e fynde here So Manye A Manne."

They count them, and find 150

and a mariner with them.

thanne dyden they the dewkes Comandement,
and there they fownden hem Alle present—

An hundred and Fyfty Everichon

iggen alle there vpon harde stou;
and with hem was fownden A Marynere,
And An Ore In hond there.

For this Merveille ful treweley

the dewk sent aftyr Iosephes hastely.

thanne thedyr Cam Iosephes Anon,
and his Compenye with hym Everichon.

thanne Axede the dewk Of Iosephes here
Of that Aventure, how it were.

thanne quod Iosephes "Certeinle

It is behapped as it scholde be;

For thou schalt neuer sen synful Man

that the fals Enemy serven Can,
but 3if he qwite hem thus here Mede

As to hem he hath don In this stede.

For whanne he hath served him al his Age,
be he Neuer Of so hy parage,—

And whanoe he weneth Aboven to be,

thanne Cometh the fals Enemy ful sekerle,
And hem so sleth In dedly synne,
and sleth bothe body & sowle with-Inne."

"Sire Iosephes, quod the dewk thenne,
what scholen we don with Alle these Menne."

"Sire, quod Iosephes, I schal 3ow say.

Into this Erthe here let putte hem this day,
THE TOWER OF MARVELS IS TO BE BUILT. [CH. XLIV.

Evene be the banke faste by;
and Over hem do make A towr ful hy, 188
So that with-Inne the tour Alle Icolen¹ they be, 192
here bodyes Iberyed ful sekerle;
And whanne the towr performed Is,
thanne schal it be Clepid with-Owten Mys, 192
"the towr Of Merveilles" schal be þe Name,
for, thorwgh alle breteynge, þat schal ben þe fame.
"In this lond that is called breteyngne,
Arthowr A Kyng schal ben Certeygne, 196
the moste worthy and vaillawnt knyght,
and the Most Merveillous In Ony fyht.
and In that tyme here schal befalle
Many Merveilles wonderful with Alle
be the strok Of On swerd Only,
that Al the world þere-Offen schal spenckn trewly;
 wheche Merveylles scholen Enduren here
In this lond fulliche fowrtene 3ere;
and this Merveille schal algates laste
til þe laste Of Nasciens lyne Come In haste.
Of the Merveilles I haue 3ow told
þat þere scholen ben wrowht Many fold;
For knyght In Arthures Cowrt ne schal non be
thus Iustes Other bataille Asketh sekerle,
that as a good a knyht here schal he fynde
Owt Of this towr to Entren be kende;
And though that Neuere so Manye Assemblen here,
Owt Of this tour scholen Comen In fere
Man for Man with hem to fyhte;
and þit schal non Man knownen Aryhte
whens they Comen In Non degre,
tyl these Aventures be On persone I-Ended be,
and for this speical Cause Only
‘the towr of Merveilles’ weschole Callen It properly. 220
¹ Icolen is the perfect participle of cele, conceal, as iholen is of hele, cover, conceal.
"Now doth beryn these Men Anon, and do Make this towr of lym & ston; For Alle thing pat I have 3ow told, 3e scholen fynden it trewe In Eche fold."

the dewk let beryn these Men Anon, and let Ordeyne faste lym and ston, both Masouns and Carpenteris sent After faste, So that the towr were made In haste; And whanne that towr Redy was dyht, "the towr of Merveilles" Anon it hight; the wheche Name longe dide laste, Tyl that lawneelot thedir Cam In haste and it dide broken In pceys A-down, Al that towr Onlich In virown, as Of Arthures hows the storye It doth declaren More Openlye.

and whiles this towr was in Makyn, p[e] dewk a fair Chirche hadde In Reryng In a fair place Of his Castel which this dewk loved ful wel.

peke Chirche there Arerid it was In p[e] worsechepe Of Marye ful Of gras. and whiles this Chirche was In reryng, Iosephes Modris tyme was Comeng that hire Child sche scholde bere In that Castel Evene riht there; and whanne the Child Iborn it was, A fair knave Child In that plas, where-Offen gret Ioye there they made, and Alle the Court they weren ful glade, and Named that Child Galaas Anon; where-fore gret feste p[e]y maden Echon; and for that Child In that Castel was bore, "Galaas the fort" they Calden hym thore.

Whanne they that In virown the Castel were, Wysten how that With the Dewk It stood there,
and that he was torned to Cristendom, and al his Meyne bothe hol & som, and gonnen to Grosschen Everichon, & there to hym Sent Message Anon ‘that werren they wolden vppon hym þere, and distroyen his londis Every where.’

Anon he Answerid þe Messengeris Ageyn, and seide, ‘his lond he wolde kepen Certeyn al so longe as that he Myhte, For sarazines lawe he hadde forsaken Owtrithe, and to that lawe wolde he neuerre tornen Aȝen Schortly thowh they wolde hym Slen.’

whanne they herden his Answere, tho that Messengeris weren there wenten to the kyng of Northumberlond, And dide hym Al this to vndistond,— ‘that dewk Gaanor hadde deservid wel his lond to lesen Everidel ;
for he hadde forsaken paynem lawe and to Cristendom he dide hym drawe.’

Whanne the kyng of Northumberlond herde this, he was Ryht wroth with-Owten Mys ; For the kyng knew þe Dewk so wel hard Of herte As Evere was stel, and the worthyest knyght In Al bretayne ;
this wiste wel the kyng, he was certayne. thanne took he Cownseil of his barown, Of that cause what is best to don :
“Sire, after hym Anon doth sende, that he to 3ow Come, & not Offende ; and þif he ne Come not At 3owre sonde, thanne Mown 3e hym Sle, & don him schonde ;
And Elles taketh 3oure Ost ful Clene & werreth On him Al be-dene, so mown 3e slen him, and þe Cristene Also that hym Made this forto do ;
thanne scholen the Cristene In nonn degre
In this Lond not I-Reryd be."

Anon the kyng dyde After here Red,
and sente forth Messageris In that sted,
and 'Comanded hym As his lige Man
Anon to hym he scholde Comen than
For to spoken with hym there,
that he ne leve it In non Manere ;
and zif that he This withstonde,
that he Nele Comen At Myn sonde,
Schortly he schal Confounded be,
he and alle hise ful Certeyne.'

whanne the dewk herde this tydying,
To hym it was A gret Assrayeng ;
For he knew the kyng Myhty was
Of londis, Of Body, In Every plas.
So thanne to Josephes he Cam Anon,
And Axed Cownseil what to don.
"I schal 3ow say, quod Josephes tho,
In this thing what is best to do :
Anon that 3e sende hym to seyne,
'that his Man 3e ben not certeyne ;
For Owt Of his Subiection 3e ben,
and Owt of alle his lordschepis ful Clen ;
and Only I-set In the seignioric
Of Iesus Crist the sone Of Marye,
hos lordschepe that 3e welen holde
For Ony Man, be he Neuere so bolde.'

For, knoweth wel, Sire dewk, In Certein,
That Owre Lord 3ow schal socoure ful pleyn,
and Of him to haven the victorye
Of tho Miscreawntes Sekerlye ;
And thowgh algates 3e scholden deye,
bettere myhten 3e Neuere Certeinlye
thanze vppon the Enemy Of Iesu Crist,
Sire Dewk, herto thou myht wel tryst :
The duke tells the messenger

*I will not go to the king of Northumberland,
but he may come and speak with me, if he wants anything,
for as long as he is a paynim,
I will do nothing for him.

For worse thanne howndes, Siker they ben,
al the Compenye, as 3e scholen wel sen.
this is my Counsaille that 3e do,
and god honouren Evere Mo.
and but 3e welen don Aftir Me,
holichirches child art pou not sekerle,
but A wykked servaunt to god Only
but pou Riht thus do vtterly."
"And I wele seker, quod the dewk thanne;
him schal I serven for Ony Manne."

Thanne Cam he to pe Messengers Of pe kyng,
and of here bode 3af hem Answerynge:
"3e mown seyn (sic) the kyng vnto,
'with hym to speke will I not go;
but 3if he wil Owht In Ony degre,
so lette hym Comen an spoken with Me;"
For as longe as he A paynem Is,
For hym I wele don nowht I-wis."
"how goth this, quod pe Messengeris tho,
that 3e to 3oure lord ne welen not go,
sethen 3e holden Of hym 3oure lond,
as it is don vs to vndirstond."
"that I do Not, with-Owten lettenge,
but Only Of Jesus, hevene kinge;"
Of hym I holde Al my lond,
as I do 3ow to vndirstond;
and for his love, sires, Only,
I haue forsaken Alle Opere seignory."
"In feyth, quod the Messageris Ageyn,
3e mown be sewr and Cortein
that to-forn this Castel scholen 3e so
to 3ow many A strong Eneme."
"3e, quod pe dewk to hem ful sone,
thowgh they myn Enemyes ben Everichone,
So that God Onlich my frend he be,
Of hem haue I non drede sekerle."
Thus departyd the messenegeres Anon,
and toward here lord forth they gon,
& tolde him Evene word for word
that the dewk to hym wolde not Acord.
thanne sente he Messenegeris Anon In his
Abowtes Al his lond bothe fer & Nye,
'that his Meyne to hym scholde Comen there
In here beste aray In alle Manere,
To A place that is I-Cleped 'soose,'
whiche was pat tyme A fair Cyte.

So be the day that he hem sette,
At that Cyte Alle they mette;
so pat the kyn Isswed Anon
Owt of that Cyte, and his Meyne Echon,—
what On hors bak, & what On foote,
bet than fyve thousand, wel I wote.—
so that his Iorne he took wel faste
Tyl to humber water he Cam Atte laste,
and Entrede Into A priorye,
he and Al his Compenye.

The same dai Comen they to-forn p° Castel,
& with hym his Meyne Everydel;
but Iosephs In that Castel not ne was,
but at Anothir besides In that plas.
Half A dayes Iorne thenne,
whiche 'Caleph' was Clepid of many Menne.

Whanae the dewk sawh p° kyng so bere,
he was afrayed In diuers Manere
as A man that neuere beseged was
to-forn that tyme In non Maner of plas;
For Evere to fore tymes hadde he be
the worthiest knyght ful sekerle
Of Al the world with-Owten drede;
For dowte hadde he neuere In non stede.
The Castel with-Inne wel Ordeyned was
Of Men of strengthes In Every plas;

The king of Northumberland gathers his host at Soose,
and comes to besiege Galafort.
Josephes has gone to the castle Caleph.
Duke Gaanort is much alarmd at the king's force,
For Anon As the Cristene herden telle
that the kyng was so fers & felle,
and that he wolde were begynne;
there-forebethowhtenthewayth-Inne,
were it were, Other were it pes,
they wolde ben seker Neuertheles;
and More siker with-Inne they were
thanne with-Owten 3if they hadde ben þere.

And the Castel In hym self ful strong it was,
whiche to hem was Comfort In that plas;
and the Cristene with Al here Myht
Stoold that Castel bothe day and Nyht
to here power, what Myhte Availle
To that Castel with-Owten faille:
and this was On Of þe things Most
þat the dewk hym Comforted Azens þe Ost.

Whanne the kyng was Comen to-fore þat Castel,
he gan to loggen bothe faire & wel,
Supposing to hym In Alle Manere
that they with-Inne wolkde not Isswen there.
The dewk in his Castel lay
and loked Atte wyndowe, as I 3ow say,
and lay in ful gret pensifnesse
As A Man that was In distresse.
& as In his thowht he lay there tho,
Sire Nasciens to-forn hym say he go,
Of whom he hadde herd gret Chevalrye
Of Conqwestes, Of batailles, Of victoyre.
thanne seide the dewk to hym Anon,
“Sire, Of this Mater how scholen we don?
beholde Goddis Enemyes, this peple here,
how they loggen vs Al In fere,
And Goddis Enemyes Everychon!
what is best þat we with hem don?
hem to disloggen In this plas,
It were best thorwh goddis gras.
“Nay, Sire dewk, quod Nasciens tho,
For Otherwyse we scholen now do.”
“Now Certes, quod the dewk Ageyn,
aftyr 30w wele I werken In certeyn.”

Nasciens advises
him to attack
them,

“thanne don 3e 30ure Men Armen Anon,
and to assemblen Everichon
Er fulliche logged that they be,
the More Ese to vs, Sire, ful Sikerle.
And for that I hope now trewely
we scholen hem fynden most besy,
And wers I-purveyed in Eche degre
thanne here Aftyr that they scholen be;
For now Cometh nothing In here thowht
that we hens Owt scholde Isswen Owht:
And therfore, sire, now Ryht Anon
On Goddis Enmyes now let vs gon
In Iesus Name, the sone Of Marye,
that vs wele defenden ful trewelye,
Oure warawuzt and Oure Governour,
that vs wele Save In Every stour.
And 3it More, sere, with-owten faylle,
And we dyen In this Bataylle,
to hevene bliss thanne scholen we go
thorw Martirdom for Evere Mo;
and 3if that we han victorye,
Endles worschepe Sekerlye.”

Whanne the dewk this word herde,
thanne As A Joyful Man he Ferde,
and Anon In his paleys let Crye
“As Armes, As Armes” faste in hye.
thanne Every man In his degre
hym to Armen wente besile;
and so to the Dewk they browthen Anon
ArMure to putten hym vpon,
and Ek to Sire Nasciens Also,
what thing that hym belonged vnto.

Duke Gaanort
calls his men to
arms,

puts on his
armour,
They rush upon the enemy, and go out with Nasciens.

They slay 500 and more of them, who are taken by surprise, and are making their camp.

They slay 200 and more of them, whanne the Dewk and Nasciens In fere bothe weren Armed ful sewrly there, Into the Cowrt they Comen Anon, And to here hors there gonne they gon; And Owt they token the Ryhte weye Atte the Castel gate ful pleynlye.

And whanne the Dewk to fett gate gan gon, he Comanded the kepere Anon that Open the gate scholde be, his Meyne to Isswen with here Compene; So that the dewk Isswed Anon Ryht, and aftir, his Meyne with here Myht al so sweftly as they Cowden gon, And aftyr Nasciens wente Anon; And Evere Vppon the dewk he sewede faste with his Meyne In Ryht gret haste.

And whanne they weren Owt I-gon, they prekyd here hors thanne Everichon Al so faste As they myhten Renne, On goddis Enemyes wolde they not blynne; And so sodeynly On hem they gonne gon, For of hem kep token they non, for that they weren Abowtes logeng, And token kep Of non Ope thyng; for they supposeden Certeinly that they wolden not han Isswed so sodeynly, thanne On hem sodeynly they Come, and beaten & slowen Manynone, so that with-Inne A lytel space two hundred weren slayn In that place; And the topare knyhtes pat after hem gonne gon, they gonnen so wel to fyhten Anon that Manye they slowen Of Northumberlond, as this storye doth vs to vndirstond. thanne be-gan the Styr Anon, and thorwh Al the Ost it gan to gon,
what Of dede Men and wounded bope
the Noyse was wonderfully forsothe.

thanne whanne this Cry they herden Echon,
To here Armure they Ronnen anon;
and the kyng hym selve with-Owten lak
Caste An hawberk yppon his bak,
and his helm yppon his hed,
And hyede hym faste In to pat stede;
So dyden the that with him were;
For drede Of deth they Entred there.

Thenne the kyng Al Redy was,
and Ek his Meyne In that plas;
"Seweth me, he seyde, Echon;
for On Owre Enemyes weleu we gon.
And 3if that I Mete dewk Gaanor,
Non Cristendom schal hym Saven thor
pat I ne schal slen hym þere Anon."

and so forth faste he gan to gon,
And Entred Into the Cristene pres,
& for non Man Nolde he not Ses.
Ful grete strokes gan he 3even there,
with Al his Myht and his powere;
So paste the kyng with his strenkthe
Into the bataylle In brede & lengthe;
There As he Sawh thikkest pres,
theÂydyr he wenete with-Owten les;
And beheld to-fore hym there
how Nasciens hym bar, and In what Mancre,
and sweche socoures As he there Made,
where-Offen gret Merveille this kyng hade.
So that Nasciens On bothe sides fawht he,
that þe peple fledde that hym gonnen so;
for In what place that Nasciens gan gon
Among tho paynemes Many On,
that he Ne Rod thorwgh hem ful bolde,
whelthir the paynemis wolde Opfer Nolde;
And swiche Strokis ȝaf he there,
that they ne wisten whethir it were
thorwh his Owne Myht And strenkthe,
Owther be goddis grace In brede & lengthe;
For there ne was hawberk ne helm Non
that his swerd thorwgh bot In to the bon.
And swiche MerveiUes there he wrowhte
that Eche Man Merveilled In his thowhte;
So that no man In al that Rowte
dorst hym Abye, swich was here dowte.

And whanne the kyng Al this be-held,
that Nasciens So Ferde In that Feld,
he seide he was non Erthly Man,
but As A devel So fawht he than;
and Nasciens, that Every Renge he sowhte
In that bataille, and not Of hem Rowhte;
For he ne dredde for non Man,
were he Neuere so hardy than.

Thus Evere fyhteng vp & down he Rod,
So that No man there hym withstood;

At last they meet.
And Atte laste he Mette with the kyng:
and whanne he knew hym be his Armeng,
And ok what harmes that he bar,
To him fasthe thanne Rod he thar.

Thus Nolde Sire Nasciens him refuse,
but faste towardis hym gan he to Muse,
And vpon hym sette his hors hed,
And towardis him prykyde In that sted.

Nasciens attacks the king,
thanne sone to hym Aproched he was,
And lefte vpe his swerd In that plas
For to han smeten therwith the kyng;

who runs away,
For In Nasciens Nas non Abydyng.
and whanne the kyng this beheld
That he so fawht In the feld,
and sawh his swerd Aboven his hed,

Anon he fledde In that sted
CH. XLIV.] NASCIENS KILLS THE KING OF NORTHUMBERLAND. 165

Al so faste As he Myhte Ryde,
& Nasciens Aftir hym In that tyde;
So that his strok he ne Myhte restreyne,
but that his hors he smot so sore Certeyne
that his Chyne he smot In sonder.
the hors down fyl, it was non wondir,
and the kyng was þere sone Alyht,
& Sire Nasciens kythed On hym his Myht;
and vpon his helm he smot hym so
that On bothe knees the kyng fyl tho;
for non power he ne hadde to Ryse,
So nyghe was he to his Iwyse.

and when Nasciens beheld Al this Cas,
that he there In Swowneng was,
he took the kyng be the helm Anon
Er he wolde Ony ferthere gon,
and took it Of Anon Of his hed,
So that Open he lay In that sted.
and whanne he hym Sawgh In this Manere,
and hym to slen In his powere,
3if he ne wolde Mercy Crye,
hym wolde he slen ful sekerlye.
"þelde the, sire kyng, ful Certeyne,
Other Ellis In feyth I schal the Sle
be the helpe Of Goddis Myht,
but þou the þelde Anon Ryht."
"Sle me thanne, quod this kyng,
For I have levere with-Owten faillyng
A paynem To dien In this place,
thanne Cristene to be, and haue grace."

Whanne Nasciens him heurde thus tho seyn,
Anon his swerd he took Certein,
and smot Of there his hed,
Evene from the scholdres, In that sted.
And his hors Anon Aþen he took
Mawgre his Enemyes, As seith the book;
and thanne began to fyghten ful sore,  
Mochel hardere than he dide to fore:  
thus that Bataille ne dide not blynne,  
what of hem with-Owten & what Of hem with-Inne.  620  
So that with-Inne A whille there  
A thowsend Atte Erthe they were,  
what dede & wounded In that plas,  
As it there happed be goddis Gras.  
3it Moche more peple there was  
Of hem with-Owten In that plas;  
Many mo thanne Of hem with-Inne,  
but 3it Of fyghteng wolden they not blynne.  628  
but al so sone As the kynges Meyne  
Aspiden that here lord ded was he,  
and that with-Owten Governour they were;  
thanne sore Abasched weren they there,  632  
And aftir that Owr hadden they non Myht  
Forte defenden hem In that fyht;  
but torned the bak thanne Everychon,  
and towards humbre they fledden Anon;  636  
and Manye Of hem that fledden there,  
Ful wel Iharneysed tho they were,  
but they Of þe Castel Of Galafort thanne  
Seweden Aftyr Every Manne,  640  
So that At the wateris banke Anon  
they were Confounded Everychon,  
and þefore þe Mown wel vndistonde  
Of so Merveillous A bataille In non londe,  644  
but Only it were thorwh goddis Grace  
that hem þerto graunted both Myht & space.  
Whanne here Enemyes so Onercomen were,  648  
Anon here loggen brenjze they there,  
And seiden pleynly Anon thenne,  
that here good wolden they brenne;  
for Of here good wolden they non,  
but þere it brende Amonges hem Æchon.  652
thus hadden the Cristene victorie
Of the Sarazines ful sekerlye,
In the Erthe Of grete bretaygne,
this I sey 30w In Certeyne.

thanne seide these Cristene Everichon,
that 'be hem this bataille was Neuere don,
but Onliche, they wisten, be goddis Myht
that hem hadde sosteyned In here fyht.'

thanne was this a gret Afermeng
To here Creauence with-Owten letteng;
Thanne knewen they wel ful verrayly
That He Was Lord God Al Myhty;
so that to God weren they ful Meke,
ful stedfast Of feith, and debonere Eke;
For the grete victore he hadde hem sent,
here thankynge they 3oven to god verament.

Now leveth the storye here Anon Ryht
Of Alle these Meyne, I 3ow plyght,
And Torneth to Josephes now Ageyn,
as I schal 3ow declaren In Certeyn.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW JOSEPHES WAS IMPRISIOND, AND HOW MORDREINS ARRIVD IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Josephes and his Company go to North Wales (p. 168), the king of which, Crwedelx, says they are thieves, and puts them in prison to starve for forty days, and see whether their holy vessel will feed them (p. 169). Christ promises them help (p. 170); and also appears, fresh crucified, to Mordreins at Sarras, and orders him to avenge Him on Crwedelx (p. 171). By his provost's advice, Mordreins summons Flegentine, and Label's daughter, and his own host, to Sarras (p. 172); appoints Aganore regent of his kingdom, and his heir (p. 173), and sets out to the sea with 300 Barons and their retinue (p. 174). He sends back for his White Shield [see vol. I. p. 109, 159, &c.], and embarks (p. 174). A great tempest rises, so that they are afraid of perishing (p. 175). They pray to God; and a voice tells them to cast the Enemy out of the ship (p. 176). Thereupon
Mordreins sprinkles Holy Water all about, and the devil, in the form of a damsel, flies out of a window, carrying with him a man whom he says is his (p. 176). Nothing but stench is found in the chamber, though the Captain of Castle Come is miss (p. 177). They wake a hermit who has slept through the turmoil, to explain the meaning of it all (p. 178). He says that this Captain of Come desired the wife of Nasciens, and so the Devil in her likeness came to him (p. 179), and his lust with her created the tempest; after which the Devil flew off with him (p. 180). This adventure makes the people in the ship better; and at last they all arrive in Great Britain, at Castle Caleph, next North Gales (p. 181). Two knights from Nasciens soon meet them (p. 181) and tell them news of Nasciens and Celidoyne (p. 182-3). Mordreins has his tents made ready, and Nasciens and Celidoyne soon arrive, to Flegentynes great joy (p. 184). Celidoyne then tells them how he got to Britain,—over the sea, companionless, and fed by a bird once a day, till he came to Castle Galefort (p. 185), into which a good man took him (p. 186), and shewed him Duke Gaanort bereft of his mind by a devil, and about to drown his son in a well (p. 187). This son the good man rescued, and christened the child, leaving Celidoyne to teach the father (p. 187). Gaanor then assembled all the Saracen masters to dispute whether their law or the Christian were the better; and at that discussion Nasciens found them (p. 188). Nasciens then tells Mordreins of his fight with the Giant (p. 189), but will not tell the other wonders he has seen (p. 190).

**Josephes, his father, and 150 of his company, leave Galafort, and take the holy dish with them to North Wales.**

whanne Iosephes Owt of Galafort was gon, and his Fadir with hym wente Anon, and An hundred and fifty of his Meyne wente forth with hym In Compene; but forto kepen Ioseps wif, lefte Nasciens Meyne with-owten stryf, and Celidoynes, and of his kyn Oper Also, Ioseps wyf tenden vnto.

Thus Iosephes from galafort wente, and the holy dish with hym presente; Thus wente he On Every partye the peple to preche Seckerlye, Tyl to North wales put he was gon, and his compenye Everychon: whiche same tyme kyng was there king Crwdelx, ful fel In Eche Manere,
and An vntrewe paynem Evere he was, For In his persone was there non Gras. 

and whanne that he herde telle that Into his lond were Comen ful snelle Meyne that weren not Of his lay, but Cristened they weren, they gonne hym say, and with him browghten An holy vessel, that ful of grace was Every del; but the kyng let this for leseng there, for he ne trowed In non Manere, but Seide that 'Thevis that they were, whiche Into his lond weren Entre[d] in fere;' and comanded that Riht Anon to-forn hym they scholden be browht Echon; So that to Cowrt weren they browht Alle, To forn the kyng Into his halle. Whanne the kyng this Compenye þere say, To forn hym Comen In so powre Aray, barefoted, and In pore Clothenge,— and whanne hem he Sawh so Comenge, "This peple, he seide ful Schortly, Nis non thing Forto tellen by," but there hem Comanded to presown, Iosephes and this Meyne Echon. "And fourty Dayes there scholden they be with-owten Mete, Òper drynk, ful Sekerle, and that No Man scholde ben so hardy In Al that tyme to Comen hem Ny; For that I wolde gladliche knowe þif they myhten leven Ony throwe, and whethir here lord hem feden scholde, Òper the vessel that they so holy it holde; For In that place scholten they Abye Everych Owr In to that Tyde, And thanne þþ sothe schal I se, þif Alle here Seyenges trewe be;
For, be the lord that I On beleve,
In this wise I schal hem preve,
For Other vyawnde geten they non,
but they it gete owt Of the harde ston.”

Thus there Comauaded this fals paynem
Only forto distroyen hem,
And forto bryngen hem to paynem lay,
And to forsaken Crestene, 3if pat he may;
but for non thing they Nolden it do,
For non thing he dyde hem to.
And the Ferste Nyht Anon
Iesus to hem sone gan gon,
and Comforted hem In Alle degre,
“and pat dismayed Nothing 3e be;
For what thing that 3oure herte wile Crave,
Axeth it Redelich, and 3e scholen it have;
and, thowgh that 3e Abyden here,
dismaye 3ow not In non Manere,
For with-Inne schort tyme I schal 3ow sende
socoure that hym schal bryngen to ende,
and distroyen that fals hownd and Alle his
pat 3ow In prisown putte with-Owten Mys;
and alle that 3ow Tornementis do,
they scholen ben browht In sorwe & wo.”

In this Manere tolde hem the voys that Nyht,
Wherthorwh they weren boje Ioyful & lyht;
and In more Ioye they weren Also
For the tydynge they herden tho.

That same Nyht kyng Mordrayn
In his bed At Sarras lay Certeyn,
bothe his wyf and he In fere,
And of Josephes and Nasciens spoken there,
And In here hertes hadden gret Merveilynge
that Of hem ne herden they non tydynge,
Nethir Of Celidoyne ne his Compenye,
where-Offen they Merveilleden trewelye.
For ful fayn wolde the kyng han knowe how with hem It stood vppon A rowe, thus sone On slepe there fyly the kyng;—

him thowhte he sawh to forn him Comeng Oure lord ful Angwischous and Al to-Rent, And al newe wowndid to his Entent, And vppon the Crois Crwefyed Ageyn, bothe hondis & fet I-nayllcd In Certeyn. and whanne the kyng this gan beholde, he wepte and Syhedc Many folde, "ha! lord, ho this thyng hath pow I-do?" And he Answerid Anon Ryht tho, "kyng Crwdelx, Of North gales kyng, Me hath thus put to Crwefyeng; forto hym it sufficeth no thing Of my ferste Crwefyeng;

but newe he Crwefieth me Ageyn, As thou myht Sen with thin Eyen pleyyn. Arys vp faste Anon now here, And loke thine ArMure Every where, And take thy wyf Onliche with the, and Nasciens wif In thy Compene, and the dowhter of kyng label, whiche Maiden thow knowest ful wel, and hyeth 30w faste to the see, And there I-scheped that 3e be;

For Into Grete breteygne thou schalt go, there to Avengen me vppon My fo, On kyng Crwdelx, that me tormenteyth sore. Ano2 kyng Mordrayns Answerid thore, 'that ryht gladliche he wolde it do to Avengen his lord vppon his fo.'

On the Morwen, whanne he vp Ros, hastely to Chirche thanne he Gos, As A man bothe Ioyful & Gladde For peke Aviciown I-sein he hadde;
Mordreins tells
the vision to his
provost,

who advises him
to get his men
together, and go
to Wales.

Nasciens's wife
Flegentyne
comes;

and Mordreins
proposes to leave
there herde he Matynes & Masse bothe;
thanne Calde he to hym the provost forsothe,
And told hym his Avyciown
Alto-gederis, bothe hol & som.
thanne whanne he hadde seid Everidel,
Anon that provost Answerid ful wel,
“Sire,” he seide, Make 3e non taryeng,
but faste Somowneth 3oure Ost to gadering,
and that 3e hyen 3ow In Alle wyse
to Avengen Crist of his Mal Eyse,
For it is the fairest demonstraunce
that Evere 3ow happed In Ony chamnce.”

the kyng ful wel beleved 3e provost thenne,
& Aftyr Nasciens wif he sente be his Menne,
& Aftyr the dowhter Of kyng label,
which for a Maide he knew ful wel,
and aftyr al his Meyne both fer & Ny
That to hym Alle they Comen In hy,
Eche Man Arayed In his beste wyse,
with swich harneis As he cowde best devise;
and thus to hym they hyeden Anon
his Comandement forto don,
And to hym they comen In to Sarras,
To that Cyte As his wille was;
Eche Man In his beste Aray,
To-form him they Mostred 3ere 3at day.

and whanne Nasciens wif 3edir was gon,
the kyng here took In Cownseyll Anon,
And hire there tolde In Confesciown
Al the hol Mater Of his Aviciown,
“Wherefore that I knowe ful wel
that it is Goddis wyl Everydel
that 3e with vs thedir scholen go,
and kyng labelis dowhter with vs Also,
and Also My wyf the qweene;
So pat Al my lond I shal leven bedene
To Aganore that ful trewe knyght,
It forto kepen with Al his Myht.
And 3if that Neure we come Ageyn,
Nothir we ne Owre Eyres In Certeyn,
Mordreins leaves Sarras with 300 barons, and sends Aganor to fetch his white shield, etc.

Vpon the Morwen Aftyr Sewenge, Eche Man to Sarras Cam to his Kynge; And so thenz departyd they sone, & with hym thre hundred barowns Everichone, with-Otten sqwyeris and opere Meyne, And with-Otten footmen ful sekerle. whanne that Owt Of þe Cyte weren they gon king Mordreins and [his] feleschepe Echon, and whanne that A myle he was past, To Aganor he seide þere Anon in hast, "þe behoven to tornen Ageyn, For I have forgeten In Certeyn Princepaly my white Scheld, of wheche I hadde nede In þe feld whanne that I fawht with Tholome Kyng Of Egipeyans, ful Sekerle. For theke scheld In non Manere degre I ne schal not leven behynden Me, For Everyday that Scheld moste I se In Remembrance Of my victorye, And of that lye Crwcyfyed kyng - that of myn Emynes 3af me conqweryng." Anon A sqwyer tornede Ageyn For þe kynges scheld In Certeyn that In his chombre þe kyng forgat. the sqwyer forth Rod Anon with that, And that scheld browhte to the kyng with Owten Ony long taryeng. So whanne the kyng the scheld þere say, he Made bothe the Mirt, Ioye, and play, And Into the schipe he dide it do that hym Selve scholde In Go. Also his qweene and Nasciens wyf, and kyng labelis dowter, with-Otten stryf. thanne of the peple was þere sore wepyng, Gret lementaciown, and Mochel Morneng.
whanne the kyng from his Meyne was gon, and Entred the See there anon, and the Seyl was vp I-drawe, where-Offen his Meyne weren ful fawe, and the Maister Marynere
Governance vppon hym took pere, Andputte Every Man to his dege, In what Servise that they scholde be; So that with-Inne A lytel space, As God of his myht wolde graunte hem grace, So fer they weren from the lond, with-Inne A while, as I vndirstond, That Non Lond Ne Cowden they Aspye, Nethyr Fer ne faste bye; and whanne they weren A Middles the Se, The Tempest A-Ros ful spetowsle, So gret and therto so merveilous, So dreadful and Ek so boytous, that Alle they wenden perschede han be, So boistows was the storm ful sekerle. The tempest was so fowl and strong to the kyng and his peple Among, that In sweche peryl Alle they were, So that they wenden han persched there. they Wepten, and sorwededen, and Maden gret Cry, and besowhten god of his Mercy, and seiden “lord, and thi wille it be, let vs not deyen here In this dege, but Respite vs, lord, for thy Mercy, that of Owre Misdedis Openly we Axen the Mown For3evenesse Of our Gyltes & oure wrechednesse; And Sese this tempest And this Torment That we ben now Inne, lord, present, and that we Mowen forth Savely gon Thedyr As thou hast vs Ordeyned Echon.”
In the Mene while they Maden here preyere
To God and to his Modyr So dере.

thanane Aperyd there A voys Anon,
that they it herden þere Everichon,

"voide the Enemy from 30w In haste,
Owt of 30wre Schipe that he were past,
þer Elles perschen scholen 3e Alle,
Swich a Cas is 3ow befalle."

Whanne the kyng this vois so herde,
Anon As a Ferful Man he ferde,
and knew wel that the Enemy herberwed was
with-Inmen his schipe, swich was his Gras;

but, for he Cowde not pareeyven ho it were,
Anon holy water thanne took he there,
And Abowtes the Schipe he it Caste,
Over Al Abowtes in gret haste.

And As he wente Abowtes Castynge
the holy water for here vortherynge,
In a chambre he herde faste hym by
An hydows Noyse and A wondyrful Cry,
that wondirfully þere-Offen Abascht he was
Of the noyse he herde In that plas.

And thus sone they seyen there Anon
The Enemy Owt Of the Chambre goun
In liknesse of a damysele
that hadde Fetures Many & fele,
and A lyveng man with hire sche bar,
As hem thowhte that they Syen thare,
And Seyde, hereng there hem Alle,

"this Is Myn be lot I-falle,
And þerfore I take hym forth with Me
As Myn Owne servaunt ful sekerle."

Thus sone weren they so fer I-past,
that the Sylhte of hem hadden they lost;
Of wheche thing they weren Abascht Everichon,
that Of hem ne spoken Cowde neuer On.
Thanne clepid the king A preest hastely,  
An Old Man that was hym faste By,  
And bad hym Entren the Chambre Anon,  
Of wheche the Enemy was owt Gon;  
“For I wot wel that the Enemy it was  
That Isswed here owt of this plas.”

Thanne the Goode Man took haliwater Anon,  
and his stole, and gan forth to gon,  
And Entred In to the Chambre there,  
And the kyng him folwede ful Nere.  
thanne there so stenkenge A savour was  
that they ne Cowden Entren Into that plas  
but 3if here hertes scholden han to-broke,  
so Mochel stench In that Chambre was loke.  
thanne began this goodman there  
holy water to Casten Every where,  
but they ne fownden non Maner of thyng.  
thanne Axede Anon Mordrayns the kyng  
Of hem that Abowte hym were,  
‘3if that Ony Man they lakkede þere,  
Owther knyht Owthe sqwyere,  
Owthe[r] Ony Þer persone In Ony Manere.’

thanne Abowtes hem loked they Anon,  
And þe Capteyn Of kome þanne was Agon.  
thanne seide the kyng “ful Certeynle,  
It is Ryht now grete Merveil to Me  
but the Enemy hym haue forth bore  
that with-Innen vs was herberwed to fore.”

Whileys they weren Of spekyng Of this Matere,  
A lady to þe kyng Anon spak there:  
“A Sire, ful gret Merveil Mow þe have  
Of þat holy Ermyt, So god me Save,  
that þe hider browhte with þow,  
how that so sore he slepith now,  
that neuere ne waketh for non tempest  
Of Al this storm, Mest ne lest.

Mordreins sends a priest into the room whence the devil came,  
and there is a horrible smell in it,  
but nothing else.

They count the men,  
and find the captain of Castle Come to be missing.

A lady advises Mordreins to speak to an old hermit,  
who has slept all through the storm.
And I wolde that to hym ye gow

to weten how this tempest myhte be do;
For whanne this Enemy was Agon,
In Al the see tempest was there non.

thanne wente forth the kynge full faste:
This Goodman he fond thanne Atte laste
Evere Slepenge In On do gre,
and ful sore wepyng Еuere lay he
as they he hadde ben full wakyng,
So sore he wepte In his Slepyng.

Whanne the kynge Sawh hym slepen so sore,
hе Made A signe that Abowtes hym wore,
“Awaketh hym, he seide ful softely,
and by hym Abydeth stedfastly.”
and thus he seide In his wakyng,
“ha! thow Enemy, thow fowle thyng,
why hast thou here boren Away
Owt Of Oure schip A man this day?”
thanne Made he moche More Morneng

Evere Ony tym to fore, and More wepyng;
and Evere Abod the kynge still there
to knowen Of this good Mannes Manere.
And so long й кнег Abod In that plas
that й goodman ful Awaked was,
and Nevertheles not for than
the water In his Eyen stille was than.

“Ha! sire!” quod he to the kynge thanne,
Why loketh On Me here so Many A Manne?”

“For sothe, sire,” quod the kynge Ageyn,
“We han sow beholden here In Certayn;
For ye han slept so stedfastly,
And we In torment, sorwe, and Cry:
and 3it woken ye neure for non thyng,
for tempest, sorwe, ne Cryeng;
and In sowre slepyng so gommen ye speke
pat for sorwe we wenden Oure hertes to breke.”
Thanne seide this Good Man to the kyng,
"Certes, Sire, there-Ofen is non Merveillying;
For In My sleping, as I lay stylle,
I sawh a thing that liked me Ille."
"What may that be," quod the kyng.
"Sire, I schal 3ow say with-Owten taryeng.
"Sire, In Myn Slepyng here I say
On Of 3owre knyhtes this Selve day,
whiche I trowe it be Of Come 3oure Capteyn,
that Is 3owre Castel In Certeyn.
and how there-Ofen it is betyd,
3e scholen wel heren, and 3e Abyd.
he lovede so sore the lady Nascien
hot paramours, As I say 3ow pleyn,
and Neuere his Wille Myhte he haue
For non thing that he Cowde Crave;
and Evere Abowtes here faste he lay,
but he ne myhte spreden1 be non way.
and whanne the Enemy gan this Aspye,
Towards him faste Gan he to hye
In liknesse Of that lady Gent
whiche Flegentyne hyhte veramente,
and seide 'And thow wost become My Man,
thy wyl wold I fulfiullen than;
what that Evere that thow wilt do,
3owre wille to haue whanze 3e liken so.'
"Thanne he hire Man becam Anone,
and his saviour forsook thus sone;
and Sethen that tyne In-to this day
hath he ben hire Man verray,
Into this Owre Of Midday ful Ryht
that I thus here Slepte In 3owre Syht.
So that it behappede now this Cas
That this Captein In his Chombre was:
thanne Aperede there to hym Anone
the Enemy In lyknesse Of hire thus sone,
whiche he wende hadde ben Nasciens wyf,
whom that he lovede with Alle his lyf;
and as thing On Erthe he lovede so sore,
Neper Of Alle thyng he desired More
thanne with hire to don Folye;
and thus sone he gan to here Aplye,
And to hire he Ran with A ful gret ber,
and his Caytyve lecherie fulfilde ther,
where-thorwh this gret tempest sekerlye,
here-Offen it Cam, As 3e sien with Eye.

"Whanne this Caytyf thus hadde I-do,
Into hire Owne forme thanne torned sche hire tho,
and seide that she wolde him with hire bere
Evene As hire Owne Man whiche was there.
thanne so gret drede hadde this knyht,
whanne he be-held that fowl wyht,
That Nethir On God neper On holichirche
he ne Cowde not thenken, ne non good wirche;
lo! thus Sore disc eyved he was,
thurh drede and sorwen In that plas.
So the Enemy hym there took vpe Anon
In hys Nekke, and with him gan gon
like As 3e both herde and Sye;
So In My sleepe dede I witterlye,
As it tho plesede the goode lord,
he it me schewed be his Owne Acord.

"And whanne I sawh the Enemy the knyht so bere,
thanne wepte I sore, As 3e syen here,
And Into the tyme that I waked was
I ne hadde neuere Reste In this plas,
Ne 3it ne have for sorwe and drede
whanne I say the Enemy the knyht so lede;
For In myn herte I sorwe ful sore
That the Devel thorwh sweche deseyt thore,
And thorwgh swich Misaventure,
both lost body & sowle, I the Enswre.
and this is the Cawse Certeynlye
that I slept here so stedfastlye
whiles that the tempest dured here,
thus Slept I In this Manere;
and thus hath the Enemy deceyved that knyht:
Wherefore, gracious lord, of thy Myht,
and it, Goode lord, thy wille it be,
So On his Sowle thow have pyte."

This Aventure Anon Abowten schewed was
To Nasciens wif, & Opere In that plas
that thike tyme with-Inne þe schipe were,
the better from Synne to kepen hem þere
and bettere serven here Creatour;
and hym better worschepen & honour.
thus the schipe In the se gan to go
On day & Opere, bothe the two & Fro
as the wynd it Gan to blowe,
tyl at the laste with-Inne A throwe
They Aryveden In gret breteyne
At the Castel Of Caleph In Certeyne,
whiche that Next to North gales was
Of Al that Rem In that plas.

whanne they weren Arevyn Echon,
here Osteyowrs they maden forth gon,
and Maden Redy here paylowns,
here hors, here Armures, here Akatowns;
& whiles thus besy they weren In Certayne,
they lokeden Azens A Mowntaygne,
they syen where that Comen two knyhtes
On horsbak I-armed Evenene Owt Ryghtes,
and hem fayllede non thing, I vndirstonde,
Sawf that non Glayves hadden they On honde.

and whanne they seyen the knyhtes Comen prikyng so
Azens hem they dresseden Anon thore,
vppon here destreris forto Ride,
with tho knyhtes to Meten that tyde.

The hermit prays
God to save the
captain’s soul.

As they prepare
to land,

two knights come
down to meet
them,

[† MS. Evenene]

all armd,
but without
swords.
The knights say they are Christians.

and when they know who Mordreins is, they welcome him,

for they have long sought him.

They are Nasciens's knights,

and he told them Mordreins would come that day.

Their names are Clamacydes and [leaf 66] Naron.

thanne Axeden they the knyhtes Anon

'what they were, & whedir they wolde gon.'

"Sire," quod these knyhtes, "Cristened we be."

"Now, gode Sire, quod they, whennes be 3e?" 488

thanne Answerid kyng Mordrayn,

"And we ben Cristened, Sire, In Certayn, And In baptesme Cleped I was kyng Mordrayn, kyng of Sarras."

Thanne Anon Adown they Alyhte, bothe the kyng and Eke the knyhte, and seiden, "Sire kyng, welcome 3e be Ful sekerly Into this Contre ;

For In Many A place we 3ow han sowht 3if we myhte happen to sen 3ow owht."

Anon the kyng seide to hem Ageyn,

"Now, leve Sires, whens Comen 3e pleyn?"

"Sire Nasciens knyhtes forsothe we be, that hider Comen to Meten with the."

"Me forto Meten?" quod the kyng thanne,

"how was there war Offen Ony Mane?"

"Sikerly, sire kyng, quod the knyhtes tho, here-Offen wisten we longes A-go ;

For it is past Sixe dayes In Certeyn Sethen my lord told vs ful pleyn,

that this day, Oper to Morwen with-Owten faille,

Into this same port scholde 3e ful saylle."

thanne spak the kyng with milde speche,

"doth Of 3oure helmes, I 3ow beseche."

And whanne that here vesages weren Overt, he knew hem Openly thanne Apert.

Thanne was the ton Clamacydes,—

Of wheche this storye Afor doth Rehers,— 516

and the tothir knyht hyhte sir Naron, whiche was bothe kyng and qwenes sone, and therto A worthy knyht,

As Often hadde ben proved In fyht.
Thanne dide the kyng Of his helm Anon,
And On fote with hem gan to gon,
For the grete Ioye that there was
Cowde non Man devysen In non plas.
And the kyng hem kyste ful Often sithe
whethir they wolde oper molde, he was so blythe;
and as gret Ioye Of hem Made trewely
As he hadde begeten them with his body.

Whanne the knyhtes pat at p see side were,
behelden the Ioye that the kyng Made there
to hem that he with Mette so,

where-Offen Mochel they Merceillede tho,
that the knyhtes wenten forth bedene
to weten what this thing Scholde Mene.
and whanne Ech Oper gan forto beholde,
thanne was pere Ioye ful Manyfolde,
Ful Mochel More thanne was be-fore.

but whanne Flegentyne herde tellen thore
that they weren hire lordis knyhtes,
thanne to hem sche Ran Anon Ryhtes,
and hem there kiste ful Often Sythe,
So glad sche was, so Ioyful and blythe,
that Neuere herte Of non womman
Of so Mochel Ioye Cowde tellen than.
thanne Axede sche aftir Celidoyne hire sone,
3if Owht they wiste where he was be-Come.

"Certes, lady, they Seiden Ageyn,
3e scholen hem Sen ful sone Certeyn,
both 3owre sone and Ek My lord,
Al heyl and qwert, At On word;
For he him Ordeyneth with his Compenye
hedirward as faste As he kan hye.
For he knew wel In ful Certeyn,
this day Oper to Morwen to Meten 3ow pleyn:
and there-fore hens scholen 3e not Gon
Til he 3ow here visite Everichon."

Mordreins rejoices extremely at meeting them,
and his knights also.
Flegentyne comes to welcome and kiss them for the love of Nasciens.
She asks after Celidoyne,
Nasciens meets Mordreins and Flegentyne.

Of wheche tydinges the king was glad,
And Anon his Ostoyours he bad
'that his pavylouuns Alle pyht they were
In a faire Medwe besides there,
Evene faste be the see side,
that sire Nasciens pere he myhte Abyde;
And Also that herberwed he myhte be,
Sire Nasciens and al his Compenye,
and with hym Dewk Gaanor
that with him thedir Cam thor.
And Anon diden the kynges Comandemement
Alle his Meyne With good Entent:
For so ful of Ioye they weren sekerlye
So that for Ioye hem thowhte they flye.
And as they weren thus In werkyng,
They Syen where Nasciens was Comeng
Down of An hy Mowntaygne,
and with him a greet Compenye In Certaygne.

Whanne the kyng that gan Aspye,
Anon he horsed hym ful sekerlye
And hise knyhtes Everichon,
& Faste Azens this Nasciens gonne they gon;
Al so feste As they myhten Ride,
Eche Man his hors prekede At that Tyde.
thanne to-gederis Gonnen they Mete,
and ful Often they kisten ful sweete,
and wepten for Ioye bothe harde & sore
Alle the Compenye that there wore.
But of the teres and of the Wepyng
that the dewchesse Made Oner Alle thyng
whanne hire lord & hire Child sche say,
for Ioye sche swowned ten sithes that day;
so Everichon wenden pot there was,
for Ioye sche wolde han deid In that plas:
ful greet Ioye was that Nyht
that p' kyng made of Nasciens, I plyht.
and whanne they hadden sowped Al In fere,
as to sweche Lordis belonged there,
thanne ðe kyng Axed Of Nasciens Certeyne
how he fond his sone Celydoynge.
and he told hym Al In fere
"how In the Castel Of Galafort he fond hym there
dispwten Azens the Sarrasynes
Maistres Of the lawe, tho wethirwynes;
but how that he thedir tho Cam,
3it Enqwered he not Of non Man;
but with this dewk I hym fond,
As I do 3ow to vndirstond."

Thanne Axede the kyng Of Celidoyne Anon,
how Into that Contre he gan gon.
"I schal 3ow tellen, quod Celidoyne than,
how that I Cam to this good Man,
and 3e welen lestene and herkene to Me,
and Ek Al 3oure hole Compeyne.

"Certeyn, from 3ow whanne I gan gon
Into that vessel to-forn 3ow Echon,
he tolde me that the same Nyht
Cristes peple Ouer the Se wente Ryht
drye vppon here feet As On the grownde,
As I telle 3ow this Ilke Stownde,
So paste I long thorwh the See,
day and Other, with-Owten Compene
Of Ony worldly Erthliche thyng
sauf A brid that browhte me my lyveng:
Every day Ones with-Owten les
that brid to Me so gan pres.
thus wente I forth bothe day & Nyht,
tyl it liked Oure lord Of his grete Myht
that at ðe laste I Cam to Galafort,
and to that Castel I gan Resort;
but I hadde farst longe ben In ðe se
Aftir goddis wille, as it scholede be.
There a man bade him leave the ship,
and took him to the Castle,
and made a blood-red cross on the gate,
In sign that the inhabitants should be the first converted in that country,
and the sign of the cross should protect them.

"Whanne þe schipe was Comen to the lond,
A man to me Anon there gan fond,
' Go thou Owt Of this Schipe here;'
but I hym not knew In non Manere,
So that Owt Of þe schip I wente Anon,
his Comandement Only for to don;
and me thowhte he was A good Man,
For to-wardis the Castel wente he than.
and whanne to the Entre that he gan go,
Anon his fynger took he tho,
And vppon the ȝate A Cros he Made,
where-Offen gret Merveille thanne I hade;
for the Cros becam blod Red
vpon the ȝate In that sted.

thanne seide this Man to Me trewlye,
" wost þou what this doth signefye?"
" Nay, sire, forsothe, thanne quod I,
I knowe not þe Signefyauunce trewly."
" thanne vndirstonde thou Ryht wel
that I have thus Markyd this Castel
Aftir the Signe Of holychirche,
For they with-Inne so scholen werche
Ferst Of Ony In this Contre
holy chircne to worschepen In Eche degre.
And vndirstonde that this Cros here
Ne schal not faille In non Manere,
But hem Availlen It schal Algate
that it beholden, bothe Erly and late,
and therto ne scholen haven non sodeyn deth
that it doth worschepen, and be the gate geth;
and to the lord Of the Castel
he may ben Sure to faren ful wel.
"Thus the goode Man tolde Me
that Cros there Made ful Sekerle,
thanne be the hond he took me Anon,
and In At the ȝate he Made Me gon,
and broght Me Into the Castel fer with-Inne, 668 Then the man brought Celidoyne into the castle
tyl Into A gardyne I Cam, he wolde not blynne, garden,  
the wheche vndir the hyghe towr was; 668 where he found
and there A welle was In that plas,  
whiche was ful delitable and fayr to se, 672 the duke,  
and swete and delicious In Alle degre;  
And there fownden the dewk Gaanor, 672 who was gone
In whom the Enemy hadde Entred thor  
The same day In the Morwenynge, 680 and was trying
to Maken hym don thyng that was vnkynde; 676 to drown his son
For his Eldest Sone there took he Anon,  
And In that welle wolde han drenched hym son. 680 in a fountain.
whanne the goode Man beheld Al this,  
That so fowle wolde han don Amys, 680 The good man
he bereft the Child Owt Of his hond,  
and blew In his Face, as I vndirstond. 680 saved the child,
thanne thus sone he Cam to his wyt Ageyn, 684 and restored
As I sow sey, Sires, now In Certeyn. 684 Gaanor's wits.

"thanne this Goodman Riht Anon,  
Er he forthere thens wolde he gon, 688 He christend the
he spreynhte that welle Alle abowte,  
and the Child there-Inne wesch with-Owten dowte; 688 child,
and whanne he hadde thanne thus I-do, 688 He christend the
thanne j' Child In Clothes he lappede tho,  
and seide to dewk Gaanor, "there, 692 child,
behold this Child that thow sixt here
Is now broght Owt Of the develis servage  
whiles he is A Child of yong Age, 696 and commended
For Cristendom he hath Rescueyved here;  
therefore I Charge the In Alle Manere, 696 Celidoyne to the
that now from this day forward,  
Of Celydoyne and hym thou take good Garde.  
and troste the wel Now In Certeyn  
that I wolde not leven the, Celydoyn, 700 duke,
Celidoyne's Account of His Adventures. [CH. XLV.

but for to bryngen the Only in Creawnce,
And thy Creatour to knowe with-Owten Variaunce

"thus Cristen ed the Child p" good Man there,
And Me to Gaanor be-took Al in fere:
thus dide this Goode Man, with-Owten dowte,
that the Croys On the 3ate Mad with-Owte.

and sethen that tyme 3it hiderto
he1 ne wolde Neyther Gon to ne fro
but 3if he hadde Me In Compenye,
So mochel Evere Aftyr he gan In me Affye.
Thanne Everyday I gan hym Schewe
The poynthes Of beleve vppon A rewe,
and ful knowlechinge and verite
Of the Ryht beleve ful Sekerle,
and Of Cristendom Everydel
As I haue herd told be holy Gospel.

"Thanne seide dewk Gaanor Anor to Me,
That In gret Ese scholde he Neuer be
Tyl he knewe the sothe verray
whiche were to holden the better lay,
whethir the Cristene lawe, Of per Sarazine;
thus faste In his wittes he gan devyne.
Thanne Made he there A gret Semble
Of Alle the Maiitres Of Sarrisene,
what they Cowden seyn to Cristen lawe,
Owther it depreven In Ony Sawe.
And Thus Maden We Manye Asemble
for that same Cause ful Sekerle;
and tyl it happed vppon A day
that theke dispethion 3e Comen & say.

"Now haue I told yow Al my destene,
In what Manere it hath happed with me
Sethen the tyme I parted 3ow fro,
How that Into this castel I gan go.
Now telleth me, And it 3ow plesse,
Of 3oure Aventures & Of 3oure Ese."

1 i.e. Gaanor.
Thanne began the kyng to preye
To Sire Nasciens that he scholde seye
what Aventures that hym come to,
Sethen the tyme he wente hem fro.

“Sire, be 3owre leve, quod Nasciens thanne,
I schal it Neuer tellen it to non Manne,
but 3if it In Confescioun be;
sweche things ben Manys per-Offen sekerle;
but Of A Ieawnt I schal 3ow telle,
swich A Cas with hym Me beFelle,
Of wheche there ben In the Mowntayn
Thre Grete towris I-mad Certayn:
this, quod Nasciens, I kan wel telle,
Alle the Cas how it be-Felle;
This is the sothe as I 3ow say:

“whanne from Belik I Rod the ferste day,
and to the Mowntayn whanne I was gon,
thanne with this Ieawnt I Mette Anon
that lay there and Abod his pray,
as it was his Custom Every day,
that from A port Cam Of the se,
weyfareng men to wayten sekerle;
and hem wolde he slen Anon,
Owther to his presown with him scholden gon.
and Anon As he me Sawh Comen there,
he me Gan to Assaillen In his Manere.
Thus lasted longe that ilke Melle
be-twene hym & Me full Sekerle,
tyl that I was so forfowhte
That non lengere stonden I Mowhte.
Thanne Cam Nabor, that was my knyht,
and fond me there So wery In fyht,
that me Cam forto seken there,
and Slowh the Ieaw[n]t In Esy Manere;
and aftyr wolde he me han Slayn,
For with him I wolde not tornen Agayn;
but Owre lord it Suffren Nolde,
that me there so sien he scholde;
but thorwh that grete lordis Myht,
he fyl ded at my feet Anon ryht.’’

and After he tolde hym Everydel
Of the deth Of the lord of Tarabel,
how that with thondir l-slayn he was,
and how that ded he lay In that plas.
but of Alle his Othere aventure
he nolde not tellen, I sow Enswre,
For non thing they Cowden do,
tyI there-Offen that he knew Mo.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW MORDREINS DELIVERS JOSEPHES, IS STRUCK BLIND,
AND TURNS HERMIT; AND HOW CELIDOYNE IS MARRIED.

Hearing that Josephes and his Companions are imprison by
King Crwdelx, Mordreins summons him to give them up
(p. 191), and, on his refusal, harries his country (p. 192).
Crwdelx collects a host of 5000 men at Legwetone (p. 192),
marches against Mordreins, and the battle begins (p. 193).
The Pagans are getting the worst of it, when Crwdelx orders
his men to set on Mordreins (p. 194). They wound him
and throw him to the ground (p. 194), but Gaanor unhorses Crwdelx (p. 194). Nasciens charges them, and the
North Wales men flee (p. 195). Mordreins orders a pursit into their city; and by eve not one is left alive (p. 195).
Mordreins attributes all his power to God, and delivers
Josephes out of prison (p. 196). Thanksgivings are made
before the Graal (p. 197), and, as Mordreins presses near
to see “that blessed Scint Graal” (l. 250), a Voice warns
him to desist, and then a Hand takes away his sight (p. 198).
He confesses himself a fool, but prays that he may
live till the coming of Nasciens’s ninth descendant (p. 198).
This is promist him, and that then he shall have his
sight restord (p. 198-9). He says he shall go back to Gaalfort,
and marry Celidoyne to King Label’s daughter (p. 200).
As he cannot ride, he is carried in a litter (p. 200): the
marriage is solemnied, and an heir, Nasciens, engenderd (p. 201). By Josephes’s counsel (p. 202), Mordreins,
after giving his wife and shield into Nasciens’s keeping (p. 203), retires to a hermitage to serve God (p. 204).
An Abbey of White Monks is founded there, and
many Barons come to see Mordreins, who lives 200 years and more, till Galahad comes (p. 204-5), as affirm myn Sire Robert of Borron—who translated this Story of Sank Ryal out of Latin into French by Holy Church's command (l. 496—500),—and Holy Church (p. 205).

Thus spoken they longe of this Matere, and Gret Comfort to hem it was there that hem god schewede so his Myht, that departed were Many A Nyht, And so sodeynly to-Gederis I-Come Alle, Gret Ioye Amonges hem was be-falle.

Thanne Ansede the kyng After Josephies Anon, Into what partyes that he was gon. thanne ansswerede Nasciens to hym ful sone, & seide, kyng Crwdelx hadde hem in preson done. thanne answerid kyng Mordrayns Agayn, “that vppon him wolde he werren ful pleyn, And distroyen bothe Rente And lond, and Al that Evere he kepith In hond, but 3if he deliuerde Owt Of preson Josephs and His Meyne Echon.”

and to this they Cordeden Alle, what so Evere there-Offen myhte be-falle. vppon the Morwen, whanne it was day, he Comanden his payylouns to ben taken Away, and Comanded his Ost Anon to Maken hem Redy Everichon ; and so Ryden they forth In Compenye Tyl to Northgales Comen they Sekerlye. thanne sente he to kyng Crwdelx In haste, “that the Crestene he deliuerede faste, wheche he kepte In his preson with-Owten Skele Other Ony Reson ; and, but my biddyng he do, Certeyne It schal hym Greven In Every veyne, Other I schal hym putten In swich a place, thens Owt to Comen schal he neuer han grace.”
whanne these Messengers forth weren gon,
and to kyng Crwdelx Comen thus son,
and telden him Clene his Message,
which took he In pryde and In Rage,
‘and Nolde ryht nowht don for his sonde,
but Charged hym to gon Owt Of his londe.’
whanne kyng Mordrayns here-Offen herde telle
that kyng Crwdelx was so fekel and felle,
Anon kyng Mordrayns gan to Owtraye,
and Al the Contre gan for to Afraye,
and brend bothe Castel and town,
& there dide he mocel distrocciown.
whanne kyng Crwdelx herde Of this,
that kyng Mordrains dide so mocel Amys,
after Alle his peple thanne sente he pere
Into Alle Contres bothe fer & Nere,
that to hym they scholden Come faste
to the Cyte Of legwetone In haste.
and whanne thedir Assembled they were,
be Acomptes .v. thousand w[e]ren there,
what On horsbak and On foot,
as here kyng dide hem boote.
and On the Morwe atte Owr Of pryme
he him buskede forth betyme
vppon the Cristene forto Ryde,
So he hym Ordeynede At that tyde.
and whanne they weren Owt Of p° Cite
the Mowntawnee Of half here Iorne,
thanne Cam A paynem to p° kyng Anon,
“Siker vs behoveth Everychon
to vs forto taken Oure Armure,
and pat Every man In him self be sure.
Lo, behold the peple Of Cristiente,
how faste On vs the gynuen komen fle,
A thowsend On ward here Mown 3e se,
Of Men wel harneyse[d] In Alle degré.”
Whanne these tydynges to kyng Crwdelex Come, 72 and that there are many of them.
It was past pryme to-wardis the None;  
and anon he axede A paynem ful Certeinle  
what peple there was Of Cristiente.  
"Je, sire, trewly, quod the Messenger,  
Of Cristene is Gret peple ther."
anon the kyng to Armure wente, 76 King Crwdelex arranges his battalions,  
and Ordeyned his batailles veramente,  
and to Euerich Ordeyned A governour,  
whiche him thowhte nedful In that stour.  
and In the Ordeyneng Of his bataille,  
the Cristene Of A Mowntayn descended sauns faille, 80 The Christians come down from a mountain,  
harneyesed Clene In Alle degre:  
this behelden the Paynemis sekerle,  
and sire Nasciens here ledere was,  
A worthy knyht, and ful of Gras. 84  

whanne bothe batailles Asembled were,  
Atte Erthe was feld Many paynem there,  
And a gret Cry Anon there Was  
Of bothe Ostes In that plas. 88 who distinguishes himself,  
There A man Merveilles Of Armes Miht se,  
Of sire Nasciens In Many degre,  
And Also Of p e dewk Gaanor; 92 and Duke Gaanort does the same,  
So Manie Merveilles wrowhten they thor,  
that wondir it was forto se  
Of tho two worthi knyhtes sikerle.  
Thus tho two Batailles I-sembled were, 96  
as to-forn 3e herden rehersen here:  
there slowen they paynemis Manion,  
that lyen there as dede As ston.  
thanne Entrede In to bataille kyng Mordrayn,  
with Many A knyht and Many A swayn; 100 Mordreins also makes a great slaughter,  
and so On bothe Sides fawht he sore,  
and tawht the Sarrazines Of Cristene lore,  
& swiche stowte strokes 3af he Abowte,  
that Many paynem he Made to lowte.
than the annoyance of Crwdelx, who sets his men at him.

They attack and wound Mordreins.

He defends himself well,

but is nearly killed, when Gaanort comes to his rescue,

and strikes down king Crwdelx.

194 GAANORT RESCUES MORDREINS, AND FELLS CRWDELX. | CH. XLVI.

thanne kyng Crwdelx beheld Al this, hym thouhte that pley wente Al Amys;

than the kyng Crwdelx gan hym to discrye,

And Comanded his Men Anon In hye,

“were 3e faste vppon this Man;

And that he ne skape 3if 3e kan,

but him 3e sle, & saveth hym Me

that he not Askape In non dege.”

Whanne they herden here lord sein so,

A3ens kyng Mordrains Gonne they go,

and what with swerdes and with spere

they hunten kyng Mordrayns ful sore there,

and so Manye wounds On hym he bar,

that Merveylle was they ne hadde slayn him thar;

and Evere he defended him As A man

So Merveillously, that it was wondir than

that Evere Ony man Of his Age

Scholde haven half so moche Corage;

3it Sekerly slayn scholde he han be

Ne hadde dewk Gaanor ben Sekerle,

that thedir Cam be Aventure,

to Rescu goddis knyht, I the Ensure.

And whanne that he say kyng Mordrayn

On the Erthe liggen In Certeyn,

and vnder-nethen here hers feet,

Into that part he prekede Also sket,

and his swerd On lefte he lyft vpe there,

& Mette with kyng Crwdelx In Evel Manere;

so he smot hym On his helm An lyi,

and sore hym wowndid & bitterly,

that Owt Of his Sadel he fel ful son,

and Rescu hadde non oper for hem Echon;

but Atte Grownde As A ded Man lay,

which was to hym A sory play.

and whiles the dewk Gaanor fawht so,

Sire Nasciens In to that part gan go;
There As kyng Mordrayns was holden down,  
Amonges hem he prekede As A fers lyown, and disparpoilled that Meyne Anon. 
Into that pres he gan forth gon, and On bothe Sides leide On so faste, that Made the fir owt of here Eyen breste. 
and whanne they of North gales gonne be-holde 
that here Lord At the Erthe lay Colde, and wounded Evene to the ded, 
and Myht not Remwen owt of pat sted, thanne dismayed weren they Everychon, 
and to here hors they fledden Anon, 148 
and homwardis gonnen to flen wel faste, 
whanne Owt Of pat Ost they myhten breste. 

And thus As 3e han herd now here, 144 
They of Northgales Scomfited were. 
thanne whanne kyng Mordrays sawh hem fle, 
Thanne Riht Anon Comanded he 
That Of hem scholde Aseckape not On, 148 
but Into the Cyte After hem Gon, 
and that with-Inne with hem 3e be, 152 
what so befalle In Ony degre, 
they fulfilden the kynges Comandement, 
and aftir they preken verament, 164 
Tel they Comen to that Cyte, 
and In with hem Entrede Certeynle, 
So that there Amyddes the stretes, 
Of paynemis they Maden ful gret hopes, 168 
that non Man non ground ne myhte Sen there, 
but Al keverid with blood Every where; 
For there was so gret Mortalyte, 
and Of paynemis ded so gret plente, 
For so sore that day they fowhte, 
that of miscreant ne paynem they ne Rowhte; 
but long Er that it was Eve that day 
Nefer paynem ne Miscreant þere lefte In fay, 176
MORDREINS FREES JOSEPH FROM PRISON. [CH. XLVI.

but dede they weren Everychon,
That on lyve ne lefte not On.

At Even whanne Morrayns Cam to his Ostel,
his Meyne that he trosted ful wel
Seiden, “Of 3oure Age was neuere Man non
that swiche Merveilles myhte werken As 3e han don.”
thanne seide to hem the kyng agayn,
“It was neuere I, lordinges, In Certeyn ;
For he that alle strengthes ben herberwed Inne,
Me hath deliuered from Paynemis Gynne ;
and 3if 3e supposen it In Me trewelye,
Sekyr the thinken On me folye.”
thanne On-armed they hym Anon,
And On hym fownden woujides Manion,
So that Abascht the weren ful sore ;
So many woujides he hadde thore.
Thanne gonsen they Axen Of his Chere,
and how that he felte his herte there,
he seide that harm felte he Non
Of As Many woujides As hym weren vppon.

Thanne took he Iosephs Owt of preson Anon,
and with hym his feleschepe Everychon.
whanne Iosephes was Comen to þe paleys,
Ægens hym the kyng Rau & wolde not ses,
and for gret Ioye Often hym kyste,
for wel he loved him, and that he wyster.
thanne Iosephes Axede hym Anon
what Made him Into tho partyes gon,
and the kyng hym took On Syde
Fer from his Meyne At that tyde,
and tolde him Al his Aviceown
that be Nyht he hadde In Sarras town ;
“this, Of My Cawse was the comenge,
I sey 3ow, Iosephes, with owten lesenge.”
“how is It thanne Of Crwdelx the kyng
that vs putte In to presowneng?”
"Sire," quod kyng Mordrayns to hym Agayn, and hears he is dead, and told hym Of Al the victorye That God hadde sent hem sekerlye.

"Lo, Sire, how the goode lord kan done, how goodly he schewet his powere Amonges the Cristene that so fewe were, and his people defeated.

Azens þe kyng of Northgales to han victore, and he In bataylle to be slayn sekerlye."

that Nyht In the Cite weren Esed Everichon, Alle the Cristene be On and be On; And vpon the Morwen they Resen alle, They all go to give thanks before the Graal Table.

And on knees there gone they falle To-fore the table of Seynt Graal ;
there Maden they here preyeris, bot þe gret and smal, And thankede Owre lord god of his Seignourie Of that he hadde sent hem victorye, And of the Conquest of Northgales kyng:
thus to god maden they here thankyng.

and Josepeth, that of the Cristene, Maister was, Josephes goes to perform his service before it,

him gan to Reversen¹ In that plas, [¹ revsten? Fr. fu revestis]
and to-fore the holy vessel he wente To sein his Masse there presente,
As he was wont with devoeyown with Manye an holy Orysown.

thanne kyng Mordrayns, þat longe desired hadde he
Apertly the Seint Gral forto se 240 and Mordreins press too near to look at the Graal.

3if it Ony wyse ben Myhte, the Nerre he dressed hym to hauen A sylte, Nerrere than he scholde han do, & Anon A vois Amongs hem cam tho 244
That Openly seide to the kyng, "Go thou non ferthere for non thyng;" A voice tells him to come no nearer,
but þit Cowde þere neuer e tonge telle, Ne herte Nothir thinken ne spelle, 248
Mordreins is struck blind and powerless. [CH. XLVI.

but in his desire he still presses nearer,

the gladness and the desire Sekerle.

that blessed Seint Graal for to see;

So that he drew him Ner and Ner,

whiche Sore him Aftyr for-thowhtether;

and thus some there descendid On

that his syhte benam hym Anon,

and Ek his power and his Myht also,

that myht hadde he neyther to stonden ne go,

Ne Omethis Ony membre to Meve;

lo, what he dyde his God to greve.

whanne he Sawh Oure lord Avenged so be

On hym for his trespass there Openle,

For he hadde broken his Comandement

A-forn Alle the peple; he seide present,

"A, Iesse Crist, ful swete lord,

thou hast me Schewed thorwh thy word

that A fool I am thorough my trespass!

A, swete lord, I beseche the Of gras!

and, good lord, that thou hast me sent,

It pleseth me ful wel In myn Entent.

Now, worthy Iesse, lord of gret Renown,

that Ie wolden grautten me for my Gerdown

For my symple and powre Servyse,

that I ne deye not In non wyse

Tyl that Ie goode knyht of Ie Nynthe degre

Of Sire Nasciens that I Myht se,

whiche Ie Merveilles of Seint Graal schal do,

that I move sen hym to-foren me go,

that I myhte hym bope Clippe & kisse,

And that were mochel of my worldly blissse."

whanne the kyng hadde mad this prayere,

Anon A vois he gan there here,

And seide: "dismaye the not, sire kyng,

For God hath herd thin Askyng,

and thy wil fulfild schal be

Of Iat thou desirdest ful Sekerle.
For deyen schalt vou nowher here
Tyl that knyht to-foren the Apere;
and what tyme he Cometh to the,
thy sihte Azen schal 3olden be
that thou schalt so ful Openly
Alle Manere Of thing pat is the by;
Ek thanne Of thy woundes heled schalt vou be,
and not to foren, sire kyng, Sekerle."
thus the vois to hym seide there,
and him thus be-hyte In this Manere,
that theke knyht he scholde se
whiche that so moche desired he.
and as Only the vois there Mente,
It were foure persone veramente,
Of Iosephes and his fadir Iosephle,
Nasciens and Celidoyne An hepe.

And whanne the servise Was Al I-do,
the holy vessel they worschepeden Alle tho;
and whanne they hadden so I-don,
To kyng Mordrayns they Comen Anon,
and axeden how it stood with hym
Of Alle hise woundis so sore & Grym.
thanne he Answerid hem Anon,
"Certes, he seide, my sihte is gon,
and Al my power Is me bereved
that Onnethe may I steren membre ne heved,
For p' grete Forfet that I hane do
sethen to this place that I gan go,
For that I desirede forto se
thing that nowht belonged to me,
therefore this veniawnce here sekerly
On me Oure lord hath taken Openly.
And I to 30w here now make surawnce
that there nas neuere thing so mochel to my plesaunce
as that is now this sonde ful sikerle;
For now wel seker here may I be
and he shall live
till that knight comes,
and then he shall
be made whole.

Only Joseph,
Josephes,
Nasciens, and
Mordreins hear
this voice.
(The French gives
Mordreins instead
of Celidoyne.)
[leaf 68]
Mordreins is carrid to Galafort.

Mordreins resolves to go to Galafort, and marry Celidoyne to King Label's daughter.

Mordreins's queen Sarracynte knew how it stod al be-dene,
Gret sorwe & deol pere gan sche Make Anon Ryht for hyre lordis Sake, and so diden al the Baronage that Ouer weren Comen at pat passage;
For the kyng so hadde lost his syht, and thereto Of Alle his Membres the Myht; so diden Nasciens & dewk Gaanore, For his deseise wepten they ful sore.
and In Middes Of Al here Morneng they browhten An hors to the kyng, And An horsbak Setten hym there; but power to sitten hadde he In non Maner.
and whanne the Barowns behelden this Syht, that On horsbak to Sitten hadde he non Miht, A lyter they maden there Anon that the kyng mihte forth Inne gon,
and Evene thus In this Manere the kyng to Galafort ladden they there.

where Celidoyne is married to this maiden,

that me Oure lord for his Child doth holde, that Of My sinnes me Chastiseth Manyfolde."

Thanne Gonne they wepen Alle In fere For the repentance the kyng hadde there; thanne axeden they him what he wolde do.
he seide 'that to Galafort thanne wolde he go, For he wolde maken that Maryage Of Celidoyne and þe Maiden Of high parage, which was the kynges dowhter label, An Onest Mayden, and I love hire wel; for this is be Goddis Ordenance that it thus scholde be with-Owten variaunce;'
and that liked hem Alle ful wel to do; Thanne forth to galafort gonne they go.

Anon whanne that Sarracynte the qwene knew how it stod al be-dene,
Gret sorwe & deol pere gan sche Make Anon Ryht for hyre lordis Sake, and so diden al the Baronage that Ouer weren Comen at pat passage;
For the kyng so hadde lost his syht, and thereto Of Alle his Membres the Myht; so diden Nasciens & dewk Gaanore, For his deseise wepten they ful sore.
and In Middes Of Al here Morneng they browhten An hors to the kyng, And An horsbak Setten hym there; but power to sitten hadde he In non Maner.
and whanne the Barowns behelden this Syht, that On horsbak to Sitten hadde he non Miht, A lyter they maden there Anon that the kyng mihte forth Inne gon,
and Evene thus In this Manere the kyng to Galafort ladden they there.

that Same day, Schortly to telle,
Celidoine to this maide was wedded ful snelle
whiche was the dowhter Of kyng label,
and 30ven hem p[o]cesciowns Manye & fel,
and sesid hem Into North gales lond,
kyng of that Rem As I vndirstond;
So that .viij. dayes lasted this Mariage
Of tho two Children Of high parage,
and ful gret Ioye there was to se;
but not so mochel as there scholde han be
as 3if the kyng hadde ben In hele;
Of lustes ne pleyes nowher ny so fele.

and whanne this Mariage An Ended was,
As there it happede thorwgh goddis gras,
whanne tyme Cam, As god it wolde,
an Eir they Engendreden bothe faire & bolde,
which A myhty man was In tyme Comenge,
and Of A foreyn lond he was Mad kynge,
and Aftyr his Graunt-fadyr to fore,
Nasciens was he Clepyd thore,
lik As be the devyn Schewenge
was browht to Nasciens In his slepynge,
lyk As he sawh In that wryt there
which was hym browht In preve Manere.

whanne this Maryage was Al I-do,

than seide kyng Mordreins to his barowns tho,
that non lengere with hem wolde he dwelle.
"what is thanne, Sire, to don, 3owre wille?"
"that Schal I sein here riht Anon
to 3ow lordynges now Everychon;
and aftir Iosephes that 3e sende
that me may Conseillen Into good Ende."

than ne to Iosephes gonne they gon,
& preiden hym to Come to þe kyng Anon;
and he forth Cam with-Owten taryenge
to weten the wyl Of Mordreins the kynge.
and whanne þe kyng hym herde there,
he him Axede In this Manere,
Mordreins is to live with a hermit. [CH. XLI.

“Sire, of Cownsaile I wolde seow pray
what is best to do In Ony way,
for I wolde that se wolden Conseillen Me
Where I myht ben In place preve,
Away from this peple here
that scholen ben troubled In dines Manere,
whiche that were grete Noysaunce to Me
Amonges hem thanne forto be,
for to me scholde it not elles do
but Angwissh, peyne, & Mochel wo.”

“Sire, quod Iosephes to hym Ageyn,
Of this Cownseil I wele seven seow fayn ;
For besides in this forest here
An hermyt newliche is herberwed there,
which is A Man bothe holy and Able,
and with him to be, for seow it were Covenable.”
whanne the kyng this word herde,
ful joyfully thanne he ferde,
and to Iosephes seide thanne certeinle,
“Sire, my pastour, I wot wel seow be,
that my sowle schal defende from my fon ;
Now, good Sire, lede me thedir Anon
where I may Enden my Servise
to my lord god, that high Iustice,
Is As mocel as that I may
wit my tonge him serven from day to day ;
For of Alle myn Othere myhtes and powere
ful clene hath he me berefte here.
lord, I-worschepid mot thou be
Of Al that Evere thou hast sent Me ;
and whanne thy wille is, me to Restore
to myn Syhte As I hadde to fore.”

Thus ful longe spak kyng Mordrayn
To Alle his barowns In Certein,
and took leve of dewk and knyht ;
for on the Morwe?i he wolde forth Riht.
and to hem he seide Everichon,
"be me taketh Ensample Alle Anon,
that 3e offenden not 3owre Creatour
be day, ne be nyht, neper In non Owr;
and 3if 3e don As I 3ow say,
than seker mown 3e ben Everyday,
Into what partie where so 3e gon,
3e scholen han victorye of 3oure fon.
And 3if In ony peryl that 3e be,
he wele 3ow deliuere ful sekerle;
and as Of Sarracynte, my qweene & wyf,
which that I holde a ful good womman Of lyf,
I 3ow alle precie ful hertyle
that to hire good kep taken ye,
and hire to don worschepe In Alle Manere
As to 3owre worldly lady here;
For therto ben 3e bownden Echon
be the legau/ice 36 han me don.
and 3e, sire Nasciens, my brothir dere,
that Of Alle othere to me most chere,
I 3ow herteliche now beseche
for my wyf, with mylde speche,
whiche that your Owne Soster Is,
that be non wyse sche fare Amys;
and pat 3e loven hire wel & hertyly
As A good womman and a worthy;
and 3if Evere 3e lovede me,
so loveth hire In Alle degre;
and that 3e welen kepen In worschepinge
My scheld, p*e which I with me gan bringe;
whewe scheld, as 3e wel knowe,
In bataille I bar ful Many A throwe,
and specyaly that ilke day
whanne Tholome we token In fay;
and loketh that this scheld 3e kopen as trewly
as 3oure herte with-Inne 3oure body;
then shall you always have the victory.
for his sake, a fair abbey is founded there,
and manye of his barowns Also, with him to dwellen for Evere mo ;
so that in theke Abbey dwellede stille þe kyng Al so longe As he was blynd,
Mordreins lives there as long as his blindness lasts, which is till Galahad comes to see him,
as is told in the story of Sank Ryal, and also by Messire Robert of Borron, who translated the story out of Latin into French.
(1. 497—500 not in the French.)

for ho so Evere In bataille it bere, he schal have vittorie Every where; and for this cause, brothir sire Nascien, I sow it betake A-forn Alle Oper men, For 3it In tyme Comeng scholen 3e se, Many myrneles þerby wroght scholen be.”

And In this Manere Mordrains the kyng, his wif and his scheld betook In keping 472 To sire Nasciens, his brothir dere, and renwed on þe Morwe, Alle In fere, To the Ermytage, to that good man of whiche that Josephes to him spak than ; so that for love of kyng Mordrayn, with-Inne schort whille þere In Certayn, A fair Abbey I-mad there was, and a ful gret, In that þlas ; so I-fowndid was it there with white Monkes in faire Manere ; For Often sethen Entrid was þe kyng, thedir to him cam Many A lordyng, 484 and manye of his barowns Also, with þe kyng, and ek to visiten, as it seith here, the story of Sank Ryal In this Manere ;

Mordreins goes to the Hermitage, and so after, for his sake,
and as holy chirche Afermeth Also,
how longe king Mordreins lyvede &ere tho,
Two hundred 3er & More After sire Nascien,
As this holy storye Reporteth then,
Tyl that Cam the Nynthe persone yn londe
Of Nasciens kynde, now 3e vndirstonde,
of wheche that Galaaz was his Name,
a ful worthy knyht, And of gret fame.
Thus lefte the king In that Abbey,
And Nasciens In Galafort Sekerly
dwellyng with dewk Gaanor,
and mochel Cristene peple with hem thor,
bothen of dewkes and of Chevalrye,
and of worthy men a gret Compenye,
that weren ful Redy for to fyhten
For the love of Crist god Almyhten,
A3ens the Miscreantz bataille to bede
where so they weren In Ony stede.

CHAPTER XLVII.

OF JOSEPHES IN CAMELOT, AND OF KING AGRESTES'S
TREACHERY AND DEATH.

Josephes and his Company leave Galafort, and arrive at the
great City Kamaalot, where all the paynim kings are
crownd (p. 206). He preaches the Name of God, and
converts 1050 Saracens (p. 207), at which their king
Agrestes is so grievd that he plots how to bring them
back to their old faith, and is baptized himself with false
intent (p. 207-8), the Devil being closed up in his heart
(p. 208). Josephes leaves twelve of his ‘Cosynes’ in charge
to teach the people of the City, and sets out to Scotland
with his father, &c. (p. 208-9). King Agrestes sends for
his chief lords, who are all false Christians, and plots
with a false knight Landoyne to set up a Cross in his
room, and kill every one who will worship it, but let the
deniers of it go free (p. 209-10). On pain of death they
make many deny it, and kill those who won’t (p. 210).
Then Joseph’s twelve relatives are stript, dragd through
the streets, and their brains batterd out on a Cross
Josephes and his Men come to Camelot. [CH. XLVII.

(p. 211). A wooden Cross is also dragd through the City (p. 211); and the King is satisfied, but immediately goes out of his wits, strangles his wife and child, kills his brother, raves about the street (p. 211-12), and then dies (p. 212). The people send for Josephes; he comes and buries the Martyrs, whose Cross remains red till Arthur's time (p. 212), and is called The Red Cross (l. 240, p. 212). Josephes orders all paynim temples and images to be destroyed (p. 213), has a Church built to St Stephen, brings the people back to Christianity, and then leaves them (p. 213).

whanne Josephes say pat Mordrains pe kyng
was I-browht to his dwellyng,
And Nasciens belefte with Gaanor
that Of Galafort was dewk thor,
than Josephes departed thenne In hye,
and with him his Compenye
and Of his kynnes men Also,
Abowtes In the Contre forto go,
the holy Ewangelye forto preche,
and the peple, Of Christendom to teche.
anon from Galafort gonne they go
& at Nasciens and pe qwene here leve token tho,
and At Alle Othere knyhtes In fere.

thanne forth here weye wenten they there
Into Manye A stronge Contre,
to prechen the peple ful certeinle.
thanne to a Cyte they comen, God wot,
which was tho Clepid kaAmalot;
and this the Richest Cite was
Of Alle breteygne In Ony plas,
and Ek it was of sweche bownte
that Alle kingses weren crowned pere Sekerle,
which that weren of paynem londe,
In pat Cite As I vndirstonde,
For it was more had In worschepinge
thanne ony oper Cite with-owten lesynge.

In wheche tyme whanne Cristene thedir come,—
Josephes and his Compenye Alle & some,—
there was A lord, And Ek was he kyng,
the moste fers Man In this world leyng,
and his Riht Name was with-Owten les
properly there was he Clepid Agrestes;
and whanne Iosephes was Entred there,
& his Compenye with him Alle In fore,
ful faste gan he preche ful sekerlye
the Name & p° power of God Almyhtye.
And thike tyme Abowtes kamaAlot pere Nere
but Miscreawntes Every where,
That, so as Goddis wille it was,
thike day Convertyd was In pat plas
A thowsend & Fyfty Sarrazines
that to fore tyme weren wethir-wynes,
and Tomned to the Cristene lay,
& forsoken Sarrazines for Everse & ay,
and Al here false Miscreayne
that to fore they kepten with Mischaunce.
whanne that this kyng Agrestes
beheld his peple with so gret pres,
and that so Manye Convertyd were,
where-Offen ful Sorweful was he there;
perfore so gret sorwe thanne took he,
that to Mannes herte non grettere myhte be,
For he was the falsest Creature
That In this world lyvede, I the Ensure.
Thanne thus bethowhte hym this fals kyng
of a fals tresown Anon be Coniectyng,
and thus to him self he gan to say,
"how may I best werken this ilke day?
For so mochel peple I-torned there Is
From my lawe now with-Owten Mys,
that I ne wot how to do,
so manye of hem ben now Ago;
For Of hem ben More than we,
therefore Cristened now wil I be
In semblance and in significiown, 
Cristened to ben be fals Assumylaciown."

and whanne pat Iosephes thanes was gon,
thanne supposide he sone Anon—
what be preyere and Manasynge—
his peple Azen to his lay to brynge,
& what for drede Of deth and veniaunce
to bringen hem to here ferste Creaunce.

And thus On the Morwe I-crystened he was
Of Iosephes In that Same plas,
In distroction Of his Owne lif
To Endles peyne with-Owen stryf.

thanne ful glad was the peple tho,
For In goodnesse they wenden he hadde it do,
and wenden he had ben trewe Cristen Man;

but Al for falsnesse was It than,
and As A fals Creustene Aperid he there,
The peple to discyven Everywhere,
For the devel was Closed In his herte
that from hym nolde neuere asterte,

and lette hym from Alle dedis goode,
& torned hym from Gol pat deyde On Roode;
So that the peple Cowde not Aspye
his Falsnesse nethir his trechorrye;
that sit so l'encheson Of the kyng Anon
thorwgh f' lond weren Cristened Everychon.

thus Iosephes .viij. dayes Abod there
Til Al that Cite I-Cristened they were,
and Of his Cosynes he lefte there twelve:
So that thenes he wente hym selve,
and Charged theke .xij. Alle In fere
the peple Of Cite to Enforme there,
and to techen hem In Swich degre
that In hem the devel non more Entren scholde he,
hem forto torne to here Olde lay:
thus bad he hem prechen Every day.
And whanne thens whanne he was gon,
Iosephes & his fadyr & his Meyne Echon
Into the partye of scotland Sekerlye;
thanne this Agrestes, ful of Envye,
vpon a fryday ful Sekerle
Sente Abowtes Al his Contre
For Alle the grettest of his lond,
that feste to hym scholden they fond.
For so mochel he knew Of hem Anon,
that fals Cristene weren they Everychon.

thanne whanne they weren Comen with-Owten faille,
to hem he discurede his Cownsaille.

thanne was þere On that Landoyne hylte,
A ful fals man, & Of gret Myhte,
And to hym thus seide this Agrestes
“3e mosten me helpen In My deses.”
“Sire, quod this Landoyne thanne,
þe knownen I am 3oure Owne Manne,
þerfore to me seith what Evere 3ow liste,
For Onlych to me Mown 3e Triste;
and, be It wisdom, Other be it folye,
I Schal It don, Sire, sekirlye.”

Thanne seyde the kyng to hym Ageyn,
“My purpos schal I tellen 3ow pleyn,
and what I thenke forto don
Of myne liges now Everichon,
Only to Maken hem tornen Ageyn
to Owre fers lawe, Sire, In Certeyn.
for the lawe þat I have Reseeyved nowe,
In manye partyes it doth me Rewe,
but I hate it More now Certeiuly
thanne Ouy Worldly thing trewely;
and for I se wel that it stont so
that my peple I may not Onergo
with-Owten strenkthe Of myn baronye,
þerfore Aftir 3ow sente I In hye.

AGRESTES TAKES COUNSEL AGAINST THE CHRISTIANS.

CH. XLVII.

and then goes to Scotland.

Agestes sends for his nobles,

who are all false Christians like himself.

He bids one man, Landoyne,

help him in his design, which Landoyne promises,

whatever it is.

Agestes wishes to make his people desert Christianity,

for he hates it more than any earthly thing,

therefore he has sent to consult his barons.
He proposes to bring the people in, one by one, to his chamber, where is erected a great cross,

and whoever worships it shall be killed, while those that deny it shall save their lives.

Landoyne agrees to this, and thinks it will do.

Through this treachery many men and women are beheaded,

and many others are frightend back to their old faith.

Agrestes threatens to destroy the 12 men of Joseph's kindred, unless they give up their faith.

thus werken wile I ful previle,
And senden Aftir this Meyne
Into My Chambre be On And On, 140
thus prevly Alle scholen they gon ;
And there A Cros scholen we Make
Onlyche for the Cristene sake ;
and wheche Of hem hit worschepe do,
be-twixen vs we scholen hem slo ;
and tho that welen forsaken hyt,
Of here dethes scholen they gon qwyt."

herto Acorde Aftyr the grete Men Of that Contre, 152
and thus, be here fals purposeing,
tho that to hem not wolden ben Assentyn, 156
beheveded On Aftyr Anothir,
As wel the soster as the brother,
thus tyl Manye they hadden Ouergon
Of goddis peple ful gret won ;
& Manye Ompere that wereu but of tendre Age
Tooken A3en to here ferste homage, 160
for drede of deth, to here ferste miscreAunce ;
this was to hem A fowl Meschaunce.
and whanne the kyng thus hadde Ido,
the xij goodemen thanne took he tho 164
which weren Of Iosephes kyurede,
and towardis þe deth he dyde hem lede,
and seide to hem pleynly Anon,
‘that ded scholden they ben Everychon ;
but 3if here Goddis worschepen they wolde, 168
distroyen he wolde hem bothe 3onge and Olde.’
thanne they Answerid him Ageyn,
‘that wolden they neuere don In Certeyn ;' 172
for drede Of deth, neper Of othir thing,
Neurec wolden they forsaken hevene kyng.'
and whanne the kyng herde here talkynge,
Anon with-Owtere More taryenge
he dispoilede hem Everichon,
and hors Comanded to bryngen Anon,
and hem drowh thoruh that Cyte
atte hors Ars ful sekerle,
To A Cros that Josephes Ordeyned there
At the Entre of the Cyte In his Manere;
and took On Of hem þere Ryht Anon,
& to that Cros bond him thus son,
and with grete Malles Of Irne tho
Mochel sorwe he dyde hym do;
and so there beten hym vppon þe heved
that On þe Cros Al his Brayn beleved:
And thus I-Martered Alle xij they were
At thyke selve Cros Evene Ryht there.
So that It happede, With Here blood
and with here brayn that there stood,
the Cros Everowned was Abowte,
that it to be-holden it was gret dowte;
So that the Cros be-Cam Al Red
Of þe blood [pat] was sched In that sted.
than the kyng Agreed he was
Of the veniawnce In that plas.
than to the Cyte he Entred Agayn,
and Of tre he fond a Cros ful pleyn;
thanne Camanded (sic) he Ryht Anon
that Cros Awey forto be don,
and ben drawen thorwgh þat Cyte
bothe Openliche And Ek preve.
and thus sone As this was don,
Owt Of his wyt he Wente Anon,
And On his hondis he gan to frete,
and þere A ʒong Child gan he meete,
Josaphes buries the 12 Martyrs. The Red Cross. [CH. XLVII.

strangies his child and his wife, and kills his brother. Then he goes screaming through the city, and dies miserably in the midst of it.

Then the people send to Josaphes, for they sorely need good counsel.

He comes to them in great distress for the 12 martyrs, whom he buries before the same cross, which ever remains red in remembrance of the martyrs, and is called the "Red Cross," till the time of King Arthur.

wheche same Child he strangeled Anon, and Ek his Owne wyf there-Aftyr son; Ek his Owne brothir he slowh Also. thanne forth In the Cyte gan he to go Cryeng and belwenge As A fend, For that the Cristene he dide thus schend, and Evere In Middles Of that Cyte, In ful gret myschef þere deide he.

Of this Manere Of deyenge hadde þe peple gret Merveillynge, and senten after Josaphes In gret haste, 'that to hem he scholde hyen hym faste, For Nede they hadden Of Cownsaille, what thing þat myhte hem best Availle.'

whanne Josaphes herre-Offen herde telle, Faste þedirward hyede he hym snelle with wepyng Of teres, And sorwe of herte, with strong Angwisch, and sorwes smerte, Alle xij Martires he berrede there with hevy herte and hevy Chere, To-forn the same Cros Al in fere there As his Cosines I-Martired were, and that same Cros Abod stille Red Many wyntres Aftyr In that sted; for there Crist so gret Miracles wrowhte for theke Martires þat hevene so bowhte, thike Cros chonged nevere the Colour, but Algates Red In Everich Owr, In remembraunce Of the martires twelve that suffrede deth for god hym selve; and that was the Cause, I sey 30w pleyne, that þe Rêde Cros was it Called In Certeyn; and thus it dured Evere Mo Tyl kyng Arthowr gan forth to go, and that the Ende Of Sank Ryal fulliche be Ended with gret and smal.
Whanne Iosephes had thus I-do, and I-beryed the Martyres tho, Anon he Ordeyned In Alle haste, and Comaundad the Cristen Al so faste, Alle the temples to breken Adown that In pot Cyte weren In-virown, and the ymages to breken Everichon that pere weren Mad Of tre other ston; and al that Evere belonged to paynem lawe, Anon riht he dide hem down drawe; And In Middis Of that Cyte there A chirche Of seint stevene he dide Arere, and whanne the Chirche I-Rerid was, and the peple I-stablisched In that plas, and to Cristene lawe I-browht Agayn, thanne wente he thens In Certayn.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF MOYS'S PRESUMPTION AND ITS PUNISHMENT; AND OF BRONS AND HIS SONS, AND ALEYN THE GROS.

Josephes leaves Galafort, and one of his company, Brons, goes next him (p. 214). They sit at the Graal-table, with a seat for one between them, and Peers asks that some one may fill it (p. 214). Josephes says that it's left void to typifie Christ's seat at the Last Supper, and can only be filld by a holier man than any one there. This, Moys, Symon, and others take as presumption (p. 215), consider as fable (p. 215); and Moys says he is willing to sit in it if his fellows will ask Josephes's leave (p. 216). So they go and ask Josephes (p. 216), who warns them that Moys is a sinner, and not fit for it (p. 217); but still he gives leave (p. 217). Moys next day sits in the seat (p. 218), and at once Seven Flaming Hands from Heaven cast fire on him, and carry him off to a far place, burning like a dry bush (p. 219). The people repent, and Josephes tells them they shall see where Moys is, some day (p. 219). At Brons's request, Josephes has Brons's twelve sons up before him to ask whether they will be wedded or not (p. 220). Eleven choose wedding, but the twelfth chooses virginity and the keeping of the Holy Graal (p. 220), which Josephes promises him, and then marries the eleven
Josephes and all his company continue their journey, and a good man named Bron is always Josephes's companion.

They sit together at the Graal table, but a wide space is left between them.

Peers (call'd Bron in the French version) asks why nobody is call'd up to take the empty place.

Josephes then sets out through the country, converting Pagains (p. 222). The sinners of his company in a "wastable" place want food, and find a fish-pond (p. 223); but the good livers go to service, and are fed by the Holy Graal (p. 224). The sinners, not being fed, beg Josephes to pray for them (p. 224); and he orders Bron's twelfth son, Aleyn the Gros (p. 225), to take the net from the Graal-table, and fish with it in the pond (p. 225). Aleyn does so, but catches only one fish, which the sinners say will not feed a tenth of them (p. 225-6); however, Aleyn, having prayed to God, feeds the whole of the men with the fish (p. 226-7), and is christened by them "Aleyn the Rich Fisher" (p. 227, l. 472), the pond being nam'd "Aleynes Stagne" (p. 227).

whanne Owt Of pat Contre he was gon, and his Compenye with him Echon,

In to A place he Cam pleynly,
And On hyhte Bron wente hym by,

a good Man, & An holy lyvere,
algates with Josephes wente pere.

So happede it vpon a Fryday
as to-gederis they wente be þe way,

and happede that theke day bothe In fere
at the table of seint Graal seten there,

but betwene hem two sekerly
was a gret spas left Openly,

the spas Of A Mannes sytteng
betwene hem with-Owten fayllyleg ;
and Amyddis the table was this spas,
where-Offen they mervelliden In þat plas.

thanne was þere On þat highte Peers,

Cosyn to Iosephes, thus gan Rehers,
"Sire, why ne Clepen þe som Man here
that In that place myhte sitten there?
For so streite here, sire, we Sitte,
and Other goode men At Owre Mete,
In distresse And In Mal Ese,
and þat voide place myhtes vs plese."

"Peers, quod Iosephes thanne Agayn,
This place, I schal telle the In Certayn,
THE SINNERS RIDICULE JOSEPHES'S SAYING ABOUT THE SEAT.

Is Ordeyned here for non Man
that here I knowe Ouer Aspie kan;
but it is don for signefyance,
Peers, I the telle with-Owten variAunce,
whanne that Iesus his Sene Made
Among his disciples to Maken hem glade,
and In the Middles Sat he there,
pat signeiseth that this Is voide here;
and but pe holyere man he be pat I konne wit,
Elles schal there non Man here syt."

Tho that At thike table were,
these wordis to presomcioun token there;
and tho that were eu dwellying In synne,
After here Mete ne Cowden not blynne,
but Ay talkeden Of this Mater,
and seiden 'it was fable, In here Maner,
and that A lesyng Iosephes had I-mad;
thus with-Owten faille they seid:
"for As Esely A man Myht sitten there
as In Ony place with-Owten fere,
Nethir non more peryl scholde he have
thanue In Anoper place, but sitten as save."

To this word Assentyd ful foure & twenty
that of Iersualem weren Only,
Of wheche, tweyne gret spekeris were,
that Symon and Moys weren ClepedHERE,
& seiden, "lordynges, howe semeth 3ow here
Of Oure bischope that thus vs doth lere,
that thike place voide scholde be
In signefiaunce Of An hy degre,
And that folye it is to sitten there
but 3if a passing holy man he were;
how thinkyng 3ow be this qwestiown?
Ys it Owther trowthe, Owther Ony Resown?
For he seith it is folye gret,

1 Fr. la chaîne

Josephes says the empty place
means Christ's seat,
and only a holier man than any
that he knows of
may sit in it.
Some at the table
take these words
in presumption,
especially the
sinners of the
company,
who say it is a
fable of Josephes's
inventing,
and that any one
might sit there as
safely as
elsewhere.

[leaf 70]

whether it is true
or reasonable?
Ony man to sitten In that set."

"Now, Certes, quod the tothir tho,
It is ful lik for to ben so,
Rathere a leseng than Owht Elles,
thus vs thenketh, as he spellis.
but Is it not for the beste
that we 3it not breken Iosephes heste,
Ne non Man forto Sitten there
ty1 we knowen more Of his Manere?"

"In the Name Of god, quod Moys thanne,
And 3e welen hym preye not-for-thanue
that to Morwe I myhte sitten there,
I wele It don with Ryht good Chere."

"Now, certein, quod these Othere tho,
And we wisten 3e wolden don so,
we wolden him preien with good wille,
to weten what he wile sein vs tylle."
so to Iosephes1 they Comen Anon,
and preiden him faire Everichon,
& seiden "A man we han Amonges vs here
that Is worthi to sytten there ;
wherefore we preien 3ow for Cherite,
and for Al Oure worschepe sekerle,
that him 3e wolden let sitten there
To Morwen, sire, At his dynere."

than1e Iosephes Axede hem Anon
"Jif that Amonges 3ow be swich On
that desireth forto sytten there,
and is not worthy In non Manere?"
"3is, forsothe, they seiden Alle,
swich grace Amonges vs is befalle :
Moys it is, sire, sekerly,
3oure Owne Cosin and Oure, sothly."
"A, quod Iosephes, how may this be?
what tyme Nether his fadir ne he

1 MS. Iosep'.
CH. XLVIII. JOSEPHES GIVES MOYS LEAVE TO SIT IN THE GRAAL-SEAT. 217

Ouer the se myhte not vs sewe, left behind with
but leften behinde Al the rewe the other sinners,
Among the tothere that hadden Misdo, when crossing the
that for sinne with vs myht not go? Channel,
and now 3e sein that he is so good a man, and now they say
and worthy is to sytten there than ! he is become such
I May it not leven In non degre a good man and
that so holy A man he scholde be, worthy of that
but that it so plese to Oure lord place?
Of A wikked man to Maken A good.”

“Sire, what liketh 3ow forto sein so ?
we knowen him worthy with-Owen Mo
3if it so be 3e 3iven him grace ;
and þerefore we preien 3ow Everychon
that In that place he myhte sitte Alon :
and þere scholde 3e preven goddis wille,
whethir that he be goodman Oþer ille.”

“I wele wel, quod Josephes tho,
that Goddis wille were fully do ;
but I ne kan trwen for non thing
that he scholde ben so good Of leveng ;
3it neuertheles suffren wole I
that he sitte there trewely.”

And they him thankede Everichon,
and forth to Moys they wenten Anon,
& þere Al to-gederis tolden hym It,
how In þe voide place he scholde syt.
thanne he seide ‘he wolde it do,
And þat riht fayn he was þerto.’

Thus Al that Nyht Spoken they no More
tyl On the Morwen at Midday thore.
thanne Comen they to Moys, his felawes Echon,
and seiden “Moys, now mown 3e gon,
and sitten as 3e hyhten 3isterday,
& Ek as to vs alle 3e gonnyn say.”
Moys comes to where Josephes and Bron sit,
looking very good.
Josephes warns him not to try it if he does not know himself to be worthy,
or he will repent it,
"for this place is the place for God's Son,
and if thou knowest not thyself to be the worthiest of this company, I fear thou wilt be lost."

Moys is afraid, but still persists,
and Josephes bids him sit down;

thanke Mois seide he wolde it don;
and to that part he wente Anon
where that Iosephes & bron seten In fere,
and thus to Iosephes he seide there;
with so pytows chere to hem he wente,
Semenge a good man As be his Entente.

thanke to him quod Iosephes there,
"Ioke be non weye thou sytte not here
but ȝif thou knowe þe Man worthy,
Òper ȝis it schal þe Repenten trewly.
For troste the, Moys, now In Certeyn,
that here non synnere may sitten pley;
for this place doth signifie
the place Of goddis sene sekerye,
þerfore, be war, Er þou here Sitte,
that þou best worthy thi self wyte
Of Alle this general Compenye;
and ellis here to sitten, it were folye,
and ȝif Òper wise with the it be,
I drede þou wilt ben lost Certeinle."

Whanne that Mois this word herd,
as A man afrayed, riht so he ferde;
ȝit neuertheles he Answerid Ageyn,

that worthy he was þere to sitten Certeyn,
and þerto he trosted In his degre
þat Owre lord god not wroth wolde be.'
"Come forth anoz, quod Iosephes thanne,
and sit dowun here as a worthy Manne;
& ȝif it so be as thou dost schewe,
we scholen it knawen sone Al this rewe."

Þanne Came forth Mois Anon;
betwene Iosephes & bron he gan to gon,
And þer adoun he gan to sitte;
but ful sone he repented itte.

Moys hadde not longe I-seten there,
that from hevene Cometh In A wonder Manere
Sevene hondis, to Alle here syht, seven burning hands come from heaven,
Eche brenneng as brond so bryht; set Moys on fire,
but the bodyes that weren Of tho like a dry bush,
they mihte not se for what to do, 172 and carry him off through the air.
but this alle they behelden ful wel, 176
how fir and flambes they Casten Echedel
vppon Moys there that he sat, 180
there Alle the peple sawh wel that;
And pat as lihtly he brende there as a drye busch whanne it is On fere.
as the rest are ashamed,
and vp him lifte tho handes Anon, like a dry bush,
& with him In to þe eyr gonne they gon 184 and confess that Josephes has told them the truth,
Al so brenneng as he was, 188
and boren him Into a ful fer plas.
whanne they that at thike table were,
Syen the hondes Awey hym bere, 184
they weren Abasched Everichon, and that no man is worthy to take that place.
and to Iosephes they seiden Anon, 192
"A, sire Iosephes, now knowen we wel
that þou scist trowthe Everidel. They ask whether Moys is lost or saved,
For a gret synne it is to do, 188
that Sege to Neyhen Ony mo; and that no man
For we knowen non Man worthy here 196
In that place to sitten there. is worthy to take that place.
Now, goode sire, and it be 30wre wille, 192
whedir that he is, 3e wolde nv telle;
and whethir he saved Other damped be, and are told they
that 3e wolde vs tellen for Charite." 196
"here-Offen Certein scholen 3e be and shall see him
whanne tyme Cometh Sekerle, again,
3e scholen him sen where þat he Is, 200 and then they
Apertly to 30wre Eyen with-Owten Mys; willknow his
thannte scholen 3e knewen In Certeyn fate.
whethir he be In Ioye Other peyn." 204
Aftyr this they wolde no More
Of that Mater Axen Josephes thore;
for Alle Abasched ful sore they were
Of that Syhte they Syen there.
and whanne I-Eten they hadden Echon,
thanne seide Bron to Iosephes Anon,
“Sire, Of thing that I schal Axen the,
I preie 3ow pat 3e welen Conseillen Me.”
“Seith on, Bron, quod Iosephes thanne,
and I wele Cownseillen 3ow As I kanne.”
“Sire, .xij. sones I haue, quod he,
that alle 3oure Cosines seker they be;
Do hem Comen to-fore 3ow Echon,
and thanne axeth hem be On and On
what Maner Of Men that they welen be,
Owther wedded men, Owther spertwalte.”
“this schal I wel don, quod Iosephes thanne :”
So let he sende Aftyr Every Manne.
whanne to-forn him, Iosephes, weren Comen Echon,
thanne he E[n]qwered Of Ech be his On,
‘what Maner Of Man he wolde be.’
So pat .xj. Acorted Into On degre,
‘that wedded wolden they ben Alle,
what Aventure so that hem be-falle ;’
but the .xij. brother Answerid not so,
For ‘Owerwise he thowhte to do,
and that Neuere wedded wolde he be,
but Al his lyf Chast virgine sekerle ;
and Alle dayes tyl he gan to sterve,
that holy vessel wolde he Serve.’
This Ches that brother, as I 3ow telle;
Io, what grace that hym befelle !
and his xj bretherin I-wedded to be,
for that Chosen they ful Sekerle.
And whanne Iosephes beheld this On brothir,
what he hadde Chosen Aforne Alle the tothir,
he gan him to Clippen and to kysse
ful Often sithes with-Owten Misse,
OH.

XLVIII.

BRON's 12TH SON, ALEYN, IS TO KEEP THE HOLY GRAIL.

and to the xj seide he thanne,

"Of 3ow han Chosen Ech Manne that A wif wedden wele he.

3e scholen it haven ful sekerle,
For I schal Maryen 3ow Everichon,
Swiche as 3e desire here Anon;
and God grawnte 3ow grace pat 3e so do,
trewe wedlok to kepen for Evere Mo."

To the xijthe brother seide he there,
"Tweyn thinges han je chosen here:
the ferste, to kepen virginite;
\( ^\text{p} \) secund, A Servaunt Axen 3e to be,
Forto Serven this holy vessel
which that is here, Seint graal.
On Of these I grauhte 3ow wel;
\( \text{p} ^\text{e} \) Grete god \( \text{p} ^\text{e} \) toper 3ow gr[a]unte Ech del,
That 3e Alle dayes Of 3owre Lyve That Mown be,
and him Only worschepen In alle degre;
and that 3owre flesch ne tempted be,
To non Maner lust Of lecherye,
but that 3e flen alle maner of folle;
therto preyeth God Enterlye.
and for that 3e han Chosen virginite,
and Mynestre to \( \text{p} \) holy vessel to be,
Of On thing I sey 3ow In Certeyn,
Aftyr my deth scholen 3e ful pley
the lordschepe Of that vessel have,
It forto kepen bothe sownd and save.
and whanne Owt Of this world pat 3e scholen go,
loke 3e thanne to whom 3e deliueren it to,
that he be A man ful Of grace
& ful Of Goodnesse In Eche place.
this 3ifte, my frend, 3eve I to the,
For that thow Axest virginite."

and \( \text{pere} \) Anon he knelide A-down,
and thankid Iosephes with good devociown,

and promises to marry the other eleven
praying they may have grace to be true in wedlock.
Josephes promises the twelfth brother (Aleyn)

Josephes promises the twelfth brother
(Aleyn)

that he shall never be tempted by the flesh,
and shall serve the holy vessel, and be its guardian after Josephes's death,
and bids him, when his time to die cometh, deliver the Graal to some other holy man.

Aleyn weeps, and thanks Josephes,
JOSEPHES CONVERTS MORE AND MORE FOLK. [CH. XLVIII.

there anon ful sore wpeynge
as he to-forn him was knelynge;
So that after the deth Of Iosephe
the holy vessel¹ dide he kepe.  [¹ MS. vessessei]

thanne Iosephes to his bretherin retourned Anon,
and hem Maryede Everichon,
Eche man Aftyr his Owne wille,
thus here Mariages he gan fullfille.

Whanne that Iosephes thus hadde I-do,
forthere Into breteygne thanne gan he go,
and with him his Compenye,
Into swich place as god wolde him gye.
and non day pere was pat he forth wente
that his Compenye Encresede veramente,
Som day be xx, and some day be Mo:
barefot Aftyr hym gonnen they to-go,
and forsoken here Richesses Everichon,
and forth with Iosephes gonne they gon.
for 3it Cam he neuere In non plase
but pat be him gret peple I-torned wase,
and hem Cast Owt Of Miscreauwce
be his wordis, swich was his chawnce;
and be the vertv Of the holy gost,
wichce pat is lord Of myhtes Most,
The strengest paynem pat Evere was,
he dide him torne be goddis gras,
So pat, thoruh his goode preching,
Every day his Compenye was Encresing.

Vpon a day as they forth wente,
In a wastable Contre veramente,
where that was scars of vyaunde,
as this storie doth vs vndirstonde:
and vndirstondeth 3e now verament,
that Al the Compenye that with him went,
Ne weren not worthy Sufficed to be
Of the holy vessel Sekerle;
but Manye of hem pat with him wente
were holy lyveris, and Of good Entente;
and Ofer that leveden In lecherye,
and In Ofer dedly synne witterlye,
& that here lyf nolde Chongen there
For Sermown ne for non preyere,
but lyveden aftyr lust of here body,
whiche torned hem to gret foly.

Thyke day, whanne they Entred were
Into the valey that I Rehersed Ere,
whanne Into the Middis that they weren gon,
A gret stanke foWnden they Anon,
And At the hed of thike stang
they fownden A vessel As they gonne gang,
And A Net per-Inne, fysch forto take:
thus wrowhte Only god ȝit for here sake;
and whanne that they to the stang weren gon,
they Casten Of here Clothes riht Anon
For the strong hete that there was,
As theke day happepede be Cas.
thanne be-gan Iosephes his servise Anon
As he was wont forto don,
and with him Othere Of his Compenye
that goode lyveris weren trewlye.
and tho that to thike Servise vsed not were,
here preyeres they seiden Amonges hem there,
and preiden to god, for his grete grace,
hem forto bringen Into swich a place
where they myhte haven here sostenaunce
For here leveng, and to his plesaunce.

Theke day Alle the Cristene were
In Worschepinge Of the holy vessel there;
and whanne they hadden don what they wolde,
Anon they Seten vppon that Molde,
and spredden Abrod vppon here knees
Towaylles and Empty dowbleris,

for some livd in
deadly sin.

They come into
a valley with a
great pond in the
midst,

and at its head a
vessel with a
fishing-net in it.

Josephes begins
his servise with
those of his
company who
are good livers.
as if to dine; as men that wolden here fast breke,
down In that Medwe þere they sete;
For Othere tables weren there non
but þat weren mad Of flesch and bon.
and whanne A-down that they weren set,
[Fr. perrons] Than Cam On peers 1 with-Owten let,
then the Graal is brought in,
that Cosin there to Iosephes was,
and browhte seint Graal Into þat plas;
and so þat be vertw of thike holy vessel
and they are all provided with food by its power.
Al the table was fulfeld wel
that herte cowde thenke ðoper vndirstonde.
thus there As Alle these good men sete,
Fulfyled they were with Alle Manere of Mete;
but in place as the Synneris were,
Non Multiplicacion was not there;
Of theke forseid holy vessel
Fulfild weren they neure Þ del;
So ne wiste the Synneris what to do,
For non vyawnde ne hadden they tho.
Aftyr Mete, whanne vpe Resen they were,
The synful to Iosephes Comen there,
and seiden “sire, what scholen we do?
but ȝif ȝe ȝowe Cownseyl putten vs to,
Elles ben we ful Evele begon,
For nethir mete ne drynk haue we non;
therfore for vs mosten ȝe preye,
that we for hunger here ne deye;
For the vessel vs repleynscheth not here,
þerfore ȝe mosten In Other Manere.”
thanne Answerid Iosephes to hem Ageyn,
“Now Mown ȝe known In Certeyn
that ȝowre God han ȝe forsake;
and whiles that ȝe to God diden take,
thanne was he to ȝow[re] fadyr ful kynde
whiles that ȝe him hadden In Mynde,
and sethen that stepchildren that 3e ben, 
he hath pou forgoten ful Clen.
Now therefore Ensample mown 3e take;
It Nis not Good hym to forsake.
And 3if style With Hym Wolde 3e han he, 
Non thing 3ow scholde han lakked Sekerle; 
and 3it not-withstondyng Al this,
I schal 3ow Cownsayllen with-Owten Mys, 
b'encheson that 3e han non Relevyng 
at this tyme here In Etyng.”

Thanne Anon Iosephes gan forth Calle 
the xijthe sone of Bron, as gan befalle, 
whiche he hadde Chosen to the seint Graal, 
where-Offen Maister he made hem with Al; 
whos Name was Cleped Aleyn the Gros, 
A ful holy man, And Of gret loos; 
(but 3it this was not that Aleyn 
That of Celidoyne discended pleyn; 
for that Aleyn, kyng Crowned he was, 
and so was this Neuere In non plas.)

Whanne pis Aleyn to-fore Iosephes gan gon, 
to hym he seide to-tornem hem Echon, 
“It Alayn,—that Of this world shalt be 
the Moste gracious Man Of thy degre,— 
Go thou to this stange Anon; 
and Into that vessel that 3e gon, 
& take the Net that 3e finden there; 
Into þe water it Caste In 3owre Manere, 
and taketh fisch for this Meyne, 
wherby sosteyned that they Mown b.”

This Child dide his Comaundement, 
and to þe water wenete with good Entent, 
and Into the stangne the Net þere Caste, 
and to londe drow yt Atte laste. 
Whanne they that stooden vpon þe lond, 
And there Abyden Goddis sond,

CH. XLVIII. ALEYN LE GROS FISHES, FOR THE SINNERS. 225

and therefore he has forsaken you;

notwithstanding this,
I will advise you as well as I can.”

Josephes calls for Aleyn the Gros, 
the 12th son of Bron, who was 
the minister of the Holy Graal

(not the descendant of Celidoyne),

and bids him go to the pond 
and get into the boat, 
and throw the net into the water, and catch 
fish for the sinners.

Aleyn throws the net,
and when it is drawn to land they only find one big fish in it.

The fish is cut up and cooked,

and Josephes tells Aleyn to divide it into three parts,

and put one at each end of the table and one in the middle,

and to pray to God to have mercy on the sinners that they may be felt.

Aleyn prays with many tears,
and sette this fysch In thre partye
Oppon the Cloth ful Sekerlye.

thanne þere Ovre lord wrowhte Miracles Anon
for Aleyn his chosyn, Amonges hem Echon. 460
that with that fysch fulfild they were,
Al the hole Compenye that was there,
as they Al the world Of Mete
to hem be Ordenaunce hadde ben gete;
and lefte there ful gret plente
Of Relie of that fisch ful sekerle.

thanne to aleyn token they Ageyn
the leveng Of that fisch In Certeyn;
and there-with þoven him A name
Of wheche Evere After he hadde þe fame;
For Evere after I-Cleped was he
"Aleyn the Riche Fischere" sekerle;
and so Cleped they him Everychou,
Alle þo þat with þe holy vessel gonne gon.
and from that day aftyre for Ony thing
It was Clepid "aleynes stagne" with-Owten lesing. 476
thannte so gret Ioye Amonges hem they made,
that be Aleyn they weren so glade
that non tonge ne Cowden it telle,
Nether Of here Ioye halfendel Cowde spelle. 480

CHAPTER XLIX.

OF JOSEPH'S ADVENTURES, AND HOW HE BRINGS A
DEAD MAN BACK TO LIFE.

How Joseph has a "talent" or desire to go into another coun-
try, and sets out on a Friday to the Forest of Brooklound.
There he meets a Saracen knight (p. 228), whose brother is
badly wounded, and neither of the four Saracen Gods,
Mahownd, Termagaunt, Jupiter, and Appolyn, can cure
him (p. 229). Joseph says, of course not, because they
are made with men's hands; but he can cure the brother,
though only by God's help (p. 229); on which the Saracen
threatens him with death, if he lies (p. 230); but instead,
a wild lion kills the Saracen as soon as they reach his "Castel of Roch" (p. 231). The men of the Castle bring their dead lord’s brother to Joseph (p. 232), who promises to cure him if he will believe on God (p. 233), for the Saracens’ idols can help no one, and neither move nor go (p. 233); try them, and see if they can cure the dead knight (p. 233). Joseph is unbound, and the corpse put before the idols (p. 234). Joseph prays, and thunder and lightning burn and smash the idols (p. 235). The wounded Saracen knight (Mathegrans) asks Joseph who he is (p. 236), and says that he will believe the Trinity if it will bring his brother to life (p. 236). Joseph prays to Christ; the brother, Argon, comes back to life (p. 236-7), and all turn believers, and are baptized (p. 238). With part of the steward’s sword, Joseph heals Mathegrans (p. 238), and then, putting it to the point left in his own thigh, he draws the point out clean, as if no flesh had toucht it (p. 239), and says that the pieces of the sword shall not join till Galahad comes (p. 239). Wherefore the sword is held in great honour (p. 239).

While they spoken Of this Mattere,

Joseph tells his son Josephes that he desires to go into another country, Iosephe to his sone Iosephes seide there, Whyles a talent Is comen to Me that I moste gon Into Anothir Contre, 4 thedyr As God me wele lede, and there I hope ful wel to spede; and to 3ow schal I Retorne ayeryn as hastily as I may, In Certayn.”

Thanne Iosephe from hem departed Anon, and his weye forth gan he to gon, as it happede vpon A fryday To the forest Of Brookland he took þe way. 12 and as he walkede In that forest he say A sarrazin that was ful prest; vpon An hy hors he gan ryde, And Salwed Iosephe that ylke tyde. 16 & a while to gederis they hadden gon, thanne Axede the Sarrazin Of Iosephe Anon ‘Of what Contre that he was, and where he was born, and what plas.’ 20 “Sire, I Am Of Armathie, In Certein, and thus I walk In Many A pleyn.”
"how Come pou here," quod Ž Sarrazin thanne. 24
"Sire, be hym that mochel good kanne, 24
that ladde the Children of Israel
thorw Ž Rede se bothe drye & wel:
he Into this Contre hath me browht,
whiche Žat knoweth Eche Mannes thouht." 28
"What Maner Of Mester Man Art thou?"
"Sire, I am A leche, I telle 30 now."
"A leche," quod the Sarrazin tho,
"Canst pou Ony leche-craft do?"
"3e, sire, quod Iosephe In Certein;
I can helen Alle wounds pleyn."
"thanne with me schalt pou gon this tyde
vnto my Castel here besyde;
there haue I A brothir bothe sik & sore,
that sore I-wondid lith he thore,
and al this 3er there hath Sik I-be
Of A wounde In his hed sekerle.
3it Cowde I neuere fynde leche Non
That him Ony Recur Cowde don."
"In the Name of god, quod Iosephe tho,
and he aftir me wil do,
and beleven that I wyl say,
he schal ben holpen with-Inne schort day:
Onlych thorwh my goddis Myht
I schal hym keueren Anon Ryht."
"Of wheche god? quod the Sarrazine;
we han foure Goddis, bothe gode & fyne,
Mahownd and TEmagaunt, goddis so fin;
Anothir hihte Iubiter and Appolyn,
and non Of these him helpe Conne do;
How Cowdest pou thanne helpen him so,
and be wheche God Of Alle these fowre
Cowdest pou my brothir don socowre."
"be non Of these fowre, quod Iosephe tho,
Cowde I neure thy brothir Socowr do;
for here myht may nowht availle
him to helpen with-Owten faille;
and perchfore discyveyd art pon wel Clene
3if Ony socour In hem thou wene.”

“That am I not, quod the Sarrazin, certeinly,
For they ben Goddis Endelesly.”

Whanne Iosephe herde the Sarrazine so speke,
Anon to hym thanne he gan Reke,
and seide “ wheche goddis ben now tho
that sweche Maistries Connen do ?

thi Goddis ben Mad with Mannes hand,
I do the wel to vndirstand :
Non more power hauen they Ouer the
thanne thow Ouer hem, ful sekerle.”

“My goddis ben Of power ful pleyn,
Not Only be here Owne feigure,
but after hem pat ben Mad, I the Enswre ;
For I wot wel the ymages Mown not do,
but they wheche aftir they ben Mad so
Mown helpe and Socoure\textsuperscript{en} Every Man,
Sikerly, Sere, I telle the Can,
So Every God aftyr his ymage
Socoureth the peple that ben Of Age.”

“In the Name of God, quod Iosephe tho,
and with the to thy Castel do me go,
I schal the schewen al and som
that Alle they han power non,
Nethir to Meven ne\textsuperscript{per} to Go,
Ne thy bro\textsuperscript{per} to helpe neuer the mo ;
and therfore deseyved ful Clene Art thou
that so in hem belevest now.”

“Wel Anon, quod the Sarrazyn thanne,
be myn hed, As I am A trewe Manne,
and thou hast mad me Ony lyenge,
thou schalt be ded with-Owten taryeng.”
Thus to-gederis forth they wente
al that Morwenyng veramente

til It were the Owr Of p° Midday.
Atte the laste that Castel he say;
ful hye vppon A Mownteyn
that Castel pere stood In Certeyn;
‘the Castel Of Roch ’ I-Called it was,
ful wel walled In Every plas,
and therto p° diches depe Inowh,
deppere Abowtes A Castel neuere man ne sawh.

whanne Iosephe and the Sarrazin Entred were,
Anon A wylde lyown Metten they there,
and to that Sarrazin he went Anone,
and Of his hors pulde him thus sone,
and there him strangeleden with-Owten dowte
For Alle his Meyne that stood Abowte.

whanne they Syen here lord so ded,
Mochel sorwe they Maden in that sted.

thanne tooken they Iosephe there Anon,
and to preson ladden hym thus son,
and perto his handes Ibownden him behynde:
thus diden the Sarrazines so fals & vnkynde.

and Anon the false Stewarde
with his swerd smot Iosephe ful harde
Into the thygh a ful gret wownde,
that his swerd to-brak In that stownde;
So that half p° swerd lefte In his thygb,
the wheche to-broken was pere trewly.

Thus with Iosephe ferden they there
wel falsly In here Manere.

thanne seide Iosephe to hem tho,
“Sires, why faren 3e with me so?”
“For we ne haven non Other Encheson,”
thus they seiden to him Echon.

“and whedir thinken 3e me to lede ?”
“Into A place pere thou shalt be dede.”
Joseph bids them bring their sick to him, and he will cure them. Then they bring their lord's brother, who was wounded in the head, who promises to enrich Joseph if he can cure him. But Joseph laughs at him, and tells him his riches are worthless.

"Ha, Sires, quod Iosephe tho, whanne In presown 3e han me do, Alle the sike Of the Castel bringeth to Me, And I schal hem helen ful sekerle."

"what Artow thanne, quod they, A leche?"

"3e, Sire, he seide with schort speche, I schal hem helen full Certeynle 3if that they welen beleven On Me."

thanne browhten they per lordis broper In pat sted, that sore was wondrous In the hed, than the leche to-foren helen Myhte. and whanne that he Cam In Iosepis (sic) Syhte, thanne Axede him Iosephe riht anon, how fern his hurt was Agon. he seide 'more thanne An hol 3er;' thus gan he tellen to Iosephe ther;

"and 3if that 3e to me Conne do socowr, I schal sow Maken A man Of gret honour."

thanne Iosephe gan to lawhen Anon Afore the sarrazines Everichon,

"how myhtest pou A Riche man Maken Me? thou Nart but pore In alle degre." "3is, that I haue, quod the sarrazin Agein, plente Of gold & Sulver In Certeyn; and thereto Manye stones ful precious, and manye Riche Clothes, and delicious."

"Nay, quod Iosephe, this Richesse is nowht, and that schalt pou wel knowen In thy thowht; For I wolde weten now Of the, thow thou haue Richesse so gret plente, and ley it to-forn the both tope an taille, & let se what it can the Avaylle."

"Certes, quod the Sarrazin ful snelle, per-Offen soth thou dost me telle."

"thar myhtest pou se, quod Iosephe thanne, that thou Nart but A pore Manne,
CII. XLIIX.] JOSEPH WANTS TO PROVE THE HEATHEN GODS' POWER.

For In this world Is tresour non swich
that Maketh A man half so Riche 168
As doth helthe, I telle it the;
how thinketh p^e^ sire, telle pou Me?
for Sethen that be Richesse hele might pou not have,
therfore aftir helthe that thou do Crane."
"that wolde I fayn, quod the Sarrazin tho,
and I wyste how Evere to do."
"In the Name Of God, quod Iosep^e^ thanne,
I wele the techen now as [I] Canne." 176
"Telle me how, quod the Sarrazin,
and I wele it don wel and fyn."
"3if thou wilt On god beleve,
To Alle helthe thanne schalt pou preve."
"In God, quod the Sarrazin Agein,
I beleve ful wel In Certeyn,
and Not Only Oppon On lord,
but On Alle my Goddis with On Acord." 184
"In fowre goddis, quod Iosep^e^ ful hastile;
whiche foure ben tho, telle thou me?"
"that schal I do, quod the Sarrazin Agein,
Mahownd and Jubiter Certein,
Appolyn And Ek Termagawnt,
these foure Goddis holiche ich hawnt."
Anon Iosep^e^ to him spak thanne,
and seid, "thou art the more Folicsh Manne;
For these goddis that pou belevest vpon,
Nether helthe ne bote mown don the non,
Neper to non Opem Creature,
ful sekerly I the Ensure,
And that schal I proven the here Anon."
"let se," quod p^e^ Sarrazin, that it were don."
"Take 3e that dede body Anon,
and tofore 3oure Goddis 3e him don;
and 3if that to lyve he rere him Ageyn
thanne ben they myhty In Certein;
as they cannot buy him health, the greatest
treasure of all, and therefore he
is but a poor man.
Joseph bids him believe on God, and he shall be cured.
The Sarrazin says he believes in four gods already.
Joseph says he is the more foolish.
and offers to prove the Sarrazin deities,
by whether they can restore the
dead lord to life or not.
JOSEPH Mocks THE HEATHENS AND THEIR IDOLS. [CH. XLIX.

If they cannot, they are false.

and if that they Mown not don so,
Elles ben they false for Evere mo,
and thou to blame for thy beleve.
haveth do; let se Anon this 3e preve."
"Trewly, quod p° Sarrazin thanne,
that herde I neure spoken Of non Manne;
that Ony God myhte do,
from deth to lyve a man bringen so;
3it Neuertheles Asayen scholen we
to fulfillen thy wil ful Sekerle."

Thanne let this Sarrazin Iosephe vnbynde
his hondis that bownden weren behinde,
but Of his hurt non thing he ne wytte
that p° steward him hadde so thryste
Into the hype with his swerd,
where-Offen he was non thing Aferd.
and whanne the Sarrazines thus hadden I-do,
here lord to-forn here goddis [they] broght tho;
Everichon they knelede A down,
and preiden to Iubiter And Mahown.

whanne thus longe hadden they preid there
and Of his lif weren neure the Nere,
thanne Iosephe Gan hem Ascrien Anon,
"ha! 3e Cursed peple Everychon!
why worchespen 3e so this Mawmetrye
that nowht ne may Availlen Sekerlye?
weten 3e not wel they mown not Go,
Ne spoken ne Meven Neure the Mo;
behold how fairre this ded Man here
Riseth ther vpe for Alle 3oure preyere!"

Thanne Iosephe kneledi persone down Anone,
And there to God he Made his bone,
"A thou Iesus God, ful myhty lord,
that hider me sentest be thin Owne Acord
thin holy Name forto declare
In Eche Contre and Every whare
Now, lord, herteliche I the preie
Openly forto declaren thy feye,
That thou Woldest here, lord, scheWen thy Myht
Openly here In these paynemes sith,
this Caytevous peple that decayved ben
thorwgh mysvbelieve, lord, As ye wel sen.”
Thanne Anon Iosephe the Erthe gan kysse,
and vpwardis he did hem dresse,
and seide, “lordinges, beholde ye here
Of 3owre Goddis here the powere,
and here strenkthes Anon Ryht,
For they ben nethyr of power ne Myht.”

thus sone with-Inne A lytel spas
Iesus Crist þere schewede his gras;
for þere the hevene Openede Anon,
and As sparkelis Of fyr þere Owt gonue gon,
and þe Erthe be-gan to qwake,
and Al the firmament to wexen blake;
So that the Sarrazines Everichon
wenden to han deid there Anon.

thanne Cam there thondir & lyhteneng A-down,
and brenden Alle tho ymages In virown;
and ek hem On smale peces to-brak,
& so they stonken with-owten lak,
that alle they thowhten ded they were
For þe grete stench they felten there;
Except Iosephe there Only,
Alle ouercomen they weren Sekerly.
And whanne they were comen to memorie Ageyn,

Joseph bids the people see the proof of their gods' weakness.

Joseph says, now you see your idols cannot even help themselves!
but 3if 3e tornen 3owre CreAwunce,
Elles to 3ow schal Comen Mischaunuce.”

Thanne seide he that hurt was,
to Iosephe, there in that plas,
“Sire, seide, how hytest thou?”
“Sire, quod he, Iosephe am I clepid now.”
“what, art thou not a sarrazin thanne?”
“No, quod Iosephe, I am A Cristene manne,
and beleve On fadir, sone, and holy gost,
where he is but On god of mytes most.”
“thanne, quod this Mathegrans 3e sarrazin, tho,
In thre Goddis thou belevest Also?”
“Nay, quod Iosephe, that may not be,
For but On god they ben Alle thre;
And perto so myhty and so ful of powste
that the dede to lyve Areren welen he,
and ek, Alle tho that false be,
Trew he kan maken hem sekerle;
and there Nis sinnere non so gret
that he ne wile hem Clensen As sket,
and As myhty god he wile him preve,
To Alle tho that On him beleve;
for wel mown 3e sen be 3oure goddis here,
that he is lord Of so gret powere.”
“Sertes, quod Mathegrans thanne,
Sire, I hold the for a trewe Manne,
and 3if he my brothir to lif wele bringe,
I sey 3ou, Iosephe, with-owten lesinge,
I schal neure On Oper god beleve,
but Only On him, and thou this preve.”

And whanne Iosephe herde him so say,
a ful glad Man he was that day;
Anon to the Erthe he knelyde Adown,
and there he made his Orysonw:

“O thou God that Alle things wrowhte,
And Al this world thou Madest Of Nowhte,
CH. XLIX. JOSEPH RESTORES THE DEAD SARACEN TO LIFE.

The sonne, the Mone, and the fowre Elemens, and Of A virgine to be born with-Owten Offens, and Sethen On Croys I-don thow were, and there-vpon I-stongen with a spere, that so suffredist pou tormentes Manye & felle, thy peple to beggen Owt Of helle; and thanne from deth to lyve pou Ryse Ageyn Of thin Owne Myht, Lord, In Certeyn: So worththily, goode lorde, schewe Miracle here, thorwgh thy myht this dede man to Arere, that Al this peple here, lord, May se thy werkyng and thin dignete."

Thanne Iosephe gan him vpe forto dresse, and not longe After, with-Owten les, the dede Age to lyve he Ros, and After to Iosephe Anon he gos, and knelid A-down and kyste his feet Afor hem Alle, and not ne leet, and seide to hym Aftyr his Owne lyst, "welcome, seriaunt Of Iesu Crist, that God Of the Croys thou took A-down,"
(Thus he seide with A gret Sown,) "that God Amonges vs the hath sent vs for to Cristene verament, to bryngen vs Owt of Endeles peyne, therfore Art thou Comen In Certeyne."

whanne Iosephe sawh hym so Aryse, he Made to God A worthy sacryfise, and wepe for Ioye and for pyte, that Alle the peple there myhte it se; And seide to hem that Abowtes him were, "Now mow 3e wel knowen and sen here that he is God Evere pereles, and Of Alle bowtes he doth not ses."
"Now forsothe, quod Mathegrans tho, It Is ful trewe thou seist me to,
Argon's men are baptized.

Argon's men desire Joseph to forgive them, and are all baptized.

The steward confesses how he stabbd Joseph, and left half the sword in his wound.

Joseph says he will be healed by the grace of God, but Mathegrans shall be cured first. He sends for the remnant of the sword, heals Mathegrans with it.

For Neure hens forward I ne schal Certeyn
On non oper God to beleven ful pleyn;
For now knowe I wel that my brothir Argon
from deth to lyve here he is I-gon
Onleche thorwh thy goddis powere;
For now knowe I God with-Owten pere."

Thanne Alle the Meyne that In pe Castel were, anon to Josephe On knes fillen there,
And with lowd voys Alle gonzen they Crye,
"lord Josephe, On vs thou haue Mercye!
Of Oure Misbeleva And Miscreance,
Goode lord, On vs pou take non veniaunce,
and Neure forward from this day
we scholen werken Azens thyn lay;
perfore, good Josephe, so wisse vs here,
and we it scholen fulfille In Alle Manere."
Thus they of the Castel Everichon
weren there Christened forsothe Anon.
whanne pe steward beheld Al this there,
that so hadde hurt Josephe In swich Manere,
Openliche there he it be-knewe,
And ful sore pere-Offen gan he rewe,
And how the sword In him broken was,
And the halfendel lefte In that plas,
& pe Remenant scholen pe pere fynde
In his hype with-Owten lesynge.
Thanne this Mathegrans Dyde serchen Anon,
and in his hype they it fownden thus son,
"A, Sire, quod Mathegrans, telle thou Me
how of this hort helid scholen pe be."
"wel, quod Josephe, be goddis help Certeinle;
but first of 3oure wounde hely[d] Scholen pe be."
thanne the Remenant of pe sword he let bringen Anon,
and to Mathegrans wounde leide it thus son;
thanne thussome I-helid he was
Afor that peple thoruh goddis Gras.
than ne leidde he put sword to his Owne wonde; the poynt thus sone Owt Cam In A stownde, 384
More whittere, more fair, and More Cler
An hundred part thanne it was Er;
Not A drope Of Blood ne was there On, and that they Syen Every-chon, 388
as thowh neuere In the flesch it hadde be, where-offen the Merveilleden ful sekerle.

Of this, gret wondir gonne they Make;
thanne Iosephe the sword On honde gan take; 392
"ha! sword, neuere Ioyned to-gederis schalt you be, The sword shall
 tyl Into his hondis thou Come ful sekerle, together again till
that the Aventures of the seint Graal
To An Ende schal bringen hem Al; 396
and As sone as he þ* taketh on honde
To-gederis schalt you Ioyne thornh goddis sondé; for this Ende that In My flesch was,
Tyl that tyme schal neuere Comen In plas." 400
Thus Iosephe with the sword there wrowhte;
and ful faste to him thanne they sowhtte,
so that Cristened the weren Everichon 404
Al so faste remneng As they myhten gon.
And Agrons, viij dayes afyr levede he
Among that peple ful Certeinle.
than ne whanne Iosephe scholde go,
the sword he betook hem tho,
and they it kepte In Cherte, 408
and gret worschepe it dide that Meyne.

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CHAPTER  L.
OF JOSEPH'S FURTHER ADVENTURES; AND OF THE CRIMES
OF CHANAAAN AND SYMEN.

Joseph starts for the Forest of Darnantes, and by a great water
finds his people, who cannot pass over it (p. 241). They
pray to God, and soon see a White Hart start out of a
bush, attended by Four Lions (p. 242), which leads them
all over the water, except Chanaan (p. 242-3). Chanaan's eleven brothers beg Joseph to help their brother over (p. 244), and so Joseph walks over the water to him, and offers to take him back (p. 244); but Chanaan is afraid to go without a boat, and Joseph returns without him (p. 245). However some fishermen soon after bring him over (p. 245), but they, Joseph says, are Pagans, and shall perish soon; as they do, in a tempest (p. 246). Joseph then promises the people they shall see where Moys is (p. 247). Peers and Brons ask Joseph to explain the meaning of the White Hart and the Four Lions (p. 247); and he tells them that Christ is the hart, and his and his Mother's virginity; that the Four Evangelists are the Lions (p. 247-8), and that Christ shall appear "angerly" to Launcelot and Modred in Arthur's time (p. 248). Joseph and his people continue their journey, and come to a Castle, where they see no one, but only a great fire burning (p. 249); and out of the fire comes a voice, crying on Joseph to pray for the owner of it, that his pain may be lessend (p. 249), for, when Ministers of Hell reft him from Joseph, and were carrying him away, a holy Hermit ordred them to give him up, and they dropt him at once into that fire (p. 250). The voice also tells Aley the Gros that it is Moys who cries, his "Nygh Cosin," who would sit in the Seat at the Graal table (p. 251). While Moys talks to his father Symen (p. 252), Joseph and Aley pray for him, and immediately a rain from heaven quenches great part of the fire (p. 252-3), so that Moys is relieved of almost all his pain (p. 253), though he must stop where he is till Galahad comes to release him (p. 253-4). He begs Joseph to go through the country and convert the people (p. 254); and so Joseph goes on through Scotland, which got its name from King Elcose (p. 254). At supper, all are fed by the Holy Graal, except Chanaan and Symen (p. 254-5), who grumble together that this is not by their fault, but by that of their fathers and brethren (p. 255); and so Symen agrees to take vengeance on Peers, and Chanaan on his brethren (p. 256). Chanaan accordingly kills his twelve brethren (p. 257), but Symen only wounds Peers with a poison knife (p. 258); is caught, taken before Joseph, and confesses that Chanaan murdered his brethren (p. 259). Joseph prays for vengeance on Chanaan (p. 260), but is told from Heaven to do judgment himself (p. 260). He insists on his Company deciding the sinners' fate (p. 261); and they bury Chanaan and Symen in two pits "up stonding even to the chyne" (p. 262). From towards the realm of Gales come flying two burning men, who pull out Symen, and fly off with him (p. 262), but whither "my maister Sire Robert de Borron" says not here; it will appear hereafter (p. 262).
Joseph goes on his way to seek his people.

passes through the forest of Darnantes,

and comes to a great lake, where his company are all waiting till he comes to cross over the water.

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Thanne thus Anon gonne they do
As Ioseph he there hadde tawht hem tho,
and per Anon they kneled A-down,
And to God Maden here Orisown,
‘Over that water hem to bringe,
and per-offen hem to sende som tokenenge.’
thus In here prei[er]es Abyden they there
from prime Into Midday Al In fere,
and Evere Abyden the sonde Of god Almyht.
So Atte laste hadden they An In syht,
that Owt of a lytel busch there beside,
Owt Syen they Comen At that tyde
A lytel hert that was snow whit,
a ful faire beste to here deylt,
& abowtes his Nekke A Chene Of goold,
and with him fowre liowns gonne they behold,
On be-hinde, Anothir him to-fore,
& on Eche side On, & so ladden him thore;
and as Cherly p[e] liowns this hert gonne kepe,
As the modir the Child lulleth On slepe.
thanne these bestes Approchede hem Anon,
and thoruh the peple these liouns gonne gon,
with-Owten blemscheng Of Ony Man.
Anon there Ioseph he thowhte than,
whanne the hert p[e] water say he take,
and the liowns him folwed as hire Make,
thanne seide Ioseph he to p[e] peple Anon
‘Seweth 3e me now Everychon,
And Alle Sawf scholen we be
that Ouer this watyr wile folowen Me.’
So that the water they Entred Anon,
and Alle Sawf Ouer gonne they gon,
Al so drye As vppon A Roche Of ston,
In so stedfast beleve the weren Echon.
thus pasten Alle that Compenye,
Except On ful Sekerlye,
Ch. L.] Chanaan alone is left behind.

Thorwh verray grace and goddis powere,
Faire Al Ouer pasten they there.

Thus pasten they that water Every Man,
Except On that hyhte Chanaan;
and this Canaan that was thore,
Of Jerusalem he was I-bore,
and twelve bretheren hadde he,
that with Iosep pasten sikerle.
and whanne Ouer that water they weren gon,
and parceyved pat here brothir thanne Anon
was beleft On the tothir syde,
thanne Mochel mone they maden pat tyde,
and to Iosephe thanne faste gonne they go,
and hertely besowhten Iosephe tho;
"a, goode sere, that 3e wolden vs telle
how this Aventure here befelle,
that owre brothir is vs behinde;
how may this be, and be what kynde?"

"welc 3e weten the skele why,"
quod Iosephe to hem Certeinly;
"alle discharged Of synne 3e be,
and so nys not he ful sikerle;
werfore hym behouneth to Abyden there,
for with vs myhte he not Come in noon Manere;
and 3if he hadde, I-sonken scholde he;
therefore best for him is there to be;
For ful gilty doth he hym knowe,
that he ne myhte not passen forth in this Rowe."

Thanne gonne the bretheren to wepen Echon,
and to Iosephe they maden Mochel Mon;
"ha, goode Sire, how scholen we do,
that Oure brothir ne myhte Come in vs to,
for he is [t]here In stronge Contre,
and fer from his frendes sikerle;
and he¹ socour hath he Ryht non,
A, goode Iosep, how scholen we don?"
And they love him so dearly that they pray Joseph to bring him over, else they will die of sorrow. 

And they fully from his Contre; and we his bretheren ben Sikerle, for hym loven we ful Enterly 

As the flesch and blood of Oure Owne body; therfore, goode Iosephe, for Charite, helpeth that Ouer comen weren he; 244

Oper elles for sorwe we scholen dye certeinly, Iosephe, and In feye, 3if that we gon owt of this Contre but 3if that he In Owre feleschepe be." 120

Thanne thus wepinge Alle they preide, and thus to Iosephe Alle they seide, of hem Iosephe hadde gret pyte there, For pat Alle good men they were; 124

and ful Of prowesse Ek therto, thanne that Ony thing scholde be do. thanne seide Iosephe ful Curteislye, “for 3oure love I schal it don trewelye; 128

and 3it trowe I bettere that he were, & that to vs he Come not here; and be hym more Evel may Comen vs to; Neuertheles 3oure wylle 3it wile I do.” 132

So that to the water Iosephe Azen wente forto fullen here Entente, and vnto the water he gan to go, to þe tothir side that he cam fro; 136

And thanne to Chanaan seide he, “Now thin Owne levyng here myhtest þou se; and 3if In as good lif thou haddest I-be As thy brethren Areu Sikerle, 140

thanne haddest þou not beleft here Sekerly, Kanaam, In non Manere.” thanne took him Iosephe be the hond, and thus seide, As I/vndirstond, 144

“Come On, Chanaam, and sewe thou me, and sawf and seker schalt thou be.”
and whanne to the brinke they weren gon,
  thanne to Iosephe he seide Anon,
  "this watir it is bothe depe and blak,
  I ne dar not per-Onne gon with-Owten lak ;
  with-Owten A schipe other A galeye,
  lest I scholde perschen, Iosephe, In feye."
  "Certes, quod Iosephe to him Ageyn,
  It nis non wondyr In Certein
  thowh pou In this water deidest here,
  Sethen thou Trodest non bettere In Goddis powere; Therfore here schal I leven now the,
  and to thin brethren gon wile I A3e ;
  and Merveille pë not thowh pou longe here Abyde,
  for here mythest pou dwellen A long tyde,
  til fischeres here Comen seiling be the,
  pë Over to bringen ful Certeinle." Thus In this Maner Iosephe gan forth to pase,
  And Chanaam lefte stille In that place.
  whanne his bretheren behelden Iosephe ther,
  and sein not here brothir In non Maner,
  thanne grettere morneng gonne they make
  thanne ony tyme to foru for hys sake ;
  but here morneng but lytel while didlaste
  Aftyr that Iosephe they conne taste,
  So that with Inne A whille After, sone
  A fyschere1 vppon that water gan gone ;
  and whanne that Chanaam Sawh hem ther,
  Anon to hem he clepid from fer,
  And preyde hem In to here schipe forto take
  him, forto veryen ouer that lake ;
  So that Ouer that water he wente,
  And with his Compenye Mette veramente.
  and whanne his bretherin gonnen him beholde,
  they Maden Ioye ful Many folde,
  for they loveden him ful wel
  as bretheren Owhte Everydel,

[1 Fr. marounier]
THE PAYNIM FISHERMEN ARE DROWNED.

For him lovede they Al so dere
as bretheren Owhten to loven In fere.

whanne that Iosephe Chanaam gan se,

"Chanaam, he seide, welcome ye be!
Chanaam, I kan the tollen tydynge:
they that the hider dide brynge,
they weren so wykked In Alle degre
that Alle Goodnesse from hem doth fle,
and perto so sorwefullly ben they be-gon,
and that schalt pou sen here Anon;
For Alle I-persched they scholen be,
that Al this peple here schal se;
and that schal ben here Gwerdown,
for here Over bringeng with good resown;
for they ben paynemes Mescreauurs,
therefore hem schal happen ful wondir chauns,
for they wroghten Azens Goddis wille,
hider the to bringe, I sey the tylle;
and, for his Comandement that they han broke,
In strong presoun they scholen ben stoke;
and hem Alle Swelven schal the see,
bothe schipe and Man ful Sekerle,
and that schalt thou sone beholde
3if it be soth that I the tolde."

Whanne Iosephe hadde told hem pis tale,
per be-gan sorwen with-Owten bale;
For so gret A wynd per Ros Anon,
and Ouer that water it wente ful son,
and Made per-Inne Manye A ful gret wawe,
so pat Ech Ouer O per gan Ouerthrawe,
and dreinte this vessel there Anon,
so pat persched they weren Echon,
that Alle Iosepis Meyne perre beheld
lik as he behyhte hem In that feld.

Whanne they Alle this wondir hadde sein,
To Iosephe they Comen Anon Certein,
THE WHITE HART TYPIFIES CHRIST.

and seiden, “sere, what scholen we do? Scholen we now Ony firthere go, Oger scholen we stille Abyden here? 3e, Sire, and we Al In fere.” “Into A forest scholen we pase, and pere scholen we seyn, be goddis grace, In what place that Moys is Inne, As I behyht 3ow Er that I blynne.” “Sire, quod they, scholen we thanne se Moys Ovre brothir, where ȝat he be?” “ȝat, quod Iosephe, that scholen ȝe Moys here seyn In Alle degre.”

Thanne from that place wente they Anon, and toward the forest of darmandes they gonne gon. Thanne Aleyn, that Fyschere Clepid was, and Bron and Peers In that places, and feste to Iosephe gonne they gon, And pere to him seiden thus Son, “Sire, telleth vs for Charite what signesiaunce ȝat this May be, Of this hert and fowre lyown ȝat thus here wenten With-Owten distroctiouns.”

“Sires, quod Iosephe to hem thanne, I schal ȝow tellen As ȝat I Canne: It is Of God the signesiaunce, that to his disciples wile maken demonstraunce For ȝe that In Synne hauen be, and forsaken It Certeinle, and ben I-Comen to A newe kende; what I schal now seyn, take ȝe In Mende, why that In An hert he gan him schewe; vndistondeth my Resoun vpon A rewde.

Of an hert, the kynde Evere It is, From Age to ȝongthe to torenne I-wis: Ryht so dyde Iesu Crist; From deth Aros, As ȝe wel wyst,
The Four Lions typify the Four Evangelists.

The whiteness represents his mother and his purity from sin.

The chain shows his humility.

The four lions are the four evangelists who wrote his works and miracles.

Joseph's company pass into the forest of Nantes.

Lancelot and Modred.

As Christ hath appeared blessedly to us, he shall appear in later times angrily to two men.

The space of two miles there anon, and Joseph that Algates went to fore, into a weye he torned thore.

Thus as they wenten forth talkynge, into the forest of Darnautes began hem brynge; and whanne with-Inne that they hadden gon The space of two miles there anon, and Joseph that Algates went to fore, into a weye he torned thore.

that is God and verray prophete, that on the Cros his lyf dyde lete. and be his whitnesse, vndirstondeth se and be his Chayne vndirstondeth se, that signefieth hymlyte. and be his Chaynse vndirstondeth se, that signefieth hymlyte.

"And be the fowre bestes in his Compenye, the fowre Evangelistes signefyen sekerlye, that Alle his werkis wreten Echon, and Of his blessid Miracles Manyon that here Amonges vs wrowlte he, As thowh A dedly man he hadde be. "Thus be the white hert vndirstonde Crist In his holy virginite; and be the fowre bestes Also the fowre Evangelystes that these Ourer this water Owre Condyt hath be, As Openly here Alle Mown se. and as blessedly As he aperith to vs here, As Angerly schal he In Anothir Manere To twyne persones In tyme Comenge, be Arthures day that schal be kynge. and whiche two that they scholde be; On schal ben lawncelot ful sekerle; And the tothir, Mordret schal ben his Name, that schal ben A man Of a wondirful fame; And Into that tyme In Certain In this Semblauunce Aperen will he not Ageyn."

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that Is God and verray prophete,

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that On the Cros his lyf dyde lete.

and be his whitnesse, vndirstondeth se

his Modris and his virgnyte,

whiche non Of hem Entachched was

with non Maner Synne In non plas,

and be his Chaynse vndirstondeth se,

that signefieth hymlyte.

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"and be the fowre bestes In his Compenye, the fowre Evangelistes signefyen sekerlye, that Alle his werkis wreten Echon, and Of his blessid Miracles Manyon that here Amonges vs wrowlte he, As thowh A dedly man he hadde be. "Thus be the white hert vndirstonde se

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and him they Seweden Everichon
Al so faste As they Cowde Gon,
Tyl they Comen In to A gret Valey
where As A gret hows syen they.
And Whanne they Comen to that Entre,
Al Open the gate þere fownden he;
but Nethir Man ne womman syen they non
that In wolden hem letten forto gon,
	thanne forth Iosephe Innere wente,
And Al his Compenye veramente,
And In to An halle he gan gon,
þere him they foloweden Everichon.
thanne A gret fyr syen they there,
that As briht brende And as Clere
thowh Alle the bussches þere In Erthe hadde be
vppon A fyr I-set ful Sekerle.
And whanne this fyr that they Sye,
Thanne Axeden þei Iosephe In hye
‘what myhte signefie that ilke fyre.’
thus sone A vois thanne gonnen they here,
and so lowde it gan to Crye
that Alle they it herden Sekerlye,
“holy fadyr Iosephe, Goddis knyht,
Fulfild with the Grace Of god Almyht,
that thou woldist Onlyche preyen for me
To that good lord In Maieste,
Myn Angwisch that he wolde Aollapse,
whiche I Am more worthy to take;
but þit þat he wolde Of his Mercye
My peyne to Aleggen In som partye.”
and the voys þat there thus spak,
Owt Of þ þer it Cam with-Owten lak.
	thanne seide Iosephe, “fain wold I preye
þif I wiste my lord not forto Anoye.”
“A, quod the vois, In Alle wyse
For me þat 3e wolde preien In 3oure Gyse;
Joseph bids him tell how it is with him, whether he is saved or lost.

He says he still hopes to have grace through the mercy of God, that he may have a Saviour through the mercy of God.

Though he sat presumptuously in the seat of Christ, therefore devils carried him off and were taking him to the dungeon.

When a holy hermit saw them, and made them drop him, MOYS TELLS HOW DEVILS CARRIED HIM OFF.

\[CH. L.\]

\& be your prayers my payne I-legged schal be, thus troste I, Josephe, Certeinly.

"Do me to wetene," quod Josephe Ageyn, "whether you schole to blisse Over to payn, Owper Evere Mercy that you hopest to have Of thy Creatour that may the Save."

"I ne have not don so great Trespas that I ne hope to haue bothe Mercy and gras:

For his Mercy, so great It is to Alle tho that don Amys,

and they repented hem of hir Misdede, Anon to Mercy he wele hem lede.

but now knowe I wel that thilke same se that I Inne sat be presomtweste,

It Is that same sege to mene where as God to his disciples Made his Sene;

And I As A fals Synnere And dedlich man wolde sitten there;

wherefore On Me God took veniaunce for myn desir & myn Mischaunce, how from the table that I was left,

And with Ministres Of helle from 30w Reft, that streyht with hem I scholde han gon Into here depe donioune Anon.

"And whanne they Comen Over this forest, happede An holy man Is here be west,

An holy Ermyt, & A Religious, As he walkede Owt Of his hous,—

and xxxij wynter Ermyt here hath he be, A ful holy man In Alle degre.—

And whanne he sawh hem me so bere, Anon hem Alle he Contowrede there so that here they leten Me falle,

so faste thermyt On hem gan Calle,

and seide, 'leve 3e this Man that 3e here bere, For Over him haven 3e non powere;
For he ne hath not 3it so Mochel Misdo,
To Endles peyne forto go.
For 3it Mercy schal he have,
And his Sowle schal 3it be save.'
but this same fyr belefte with Me
In signesfiaunce Of lecherye, As 3e mown se ;
and thus schal Abyden here
tyl there Come A knyht Of gret powere,
That the Aventures Of the seint Graal
To an Ende schal he bringen Al ;
and hider fortvne schal bringen him to Me,
This Merveille here that he schal se ;
and be the helpe Of that holy knyht,
Owt Of this fyr he schal be dyht.
And thus the Good man here me tolde,
For In that place Sitten I wolde.
whanne þe Enemyes herden him so spoke,
Anon faste from Me gonnen they to Reke,
and leften me thus In this degre
In this same Manere As 3e Mown se.”

Thanne bespak Aleyn the Gros Anon,
to him that In the fyr was thus son,
and thus seide, & In this Manere,
To him þat In the fyr was there :
“What Art thou that I there Se?
whethir Man Ojer womman, telle þou me,
that the Certein Myhte I knowe
Of Alle this thing vppon A rowe.”

“Ha! Ha! Aleyn, quod thanne the voys,
I am thy Nygh Cosin that is here, Moys,
That here In this fyr doth brenne
For the Sege that I sat Inne,
As 3e Alle gonnen there Se ;
there-for this peyne is dyht to me ;
and þefore, Aleyn Cosin, I preye to þe
that thou wost1 to God preyen for Me,
for I knowe wel that 30wre prayere,  
Of God schal be herd, As lef and dere.” 400

Whanne that Symen1 herde this word,  
that faste be Iosephe thanne there stood,  
with a lowd vois he2 gan to Crye,  
and hym Axede there An hye,  
“Art thou Mois that Art here,  
that lyest & brenst here In this fere?”  
“that I am, fadyr, Sekerly;  
and 3it wers hadde comen to my body  
Ne hadde the holy preiere ne be  
Of an holy Ernyt ful Sekerle;  
and thus, fadyr Symen, with-Owten les,  
To peyne hadde I gon Endles.  
thus to 30w And to Chanaan now I seye,  
hens forward p° bettere to ben In feye;  
For wete 3e wel, that be Synne  
and 3e greven Owre lord there-Inne,  
In Grettere peyne scholen 3e dwelle  
thanne I here fele In flesch Oper felle.”  

“Sone Moys, quod Symen tho,  
In what Manere now may I do,  
from peyne me to kepen In al degre?”  
“Fadyr Symen, I schal tellen the:  
with 30w han 3e A bodly leche,  
that Alle goodnesse he will 30w teche;  
with 30w han 3e that holy Bischope  
that may 30w Clensen from tayl to tope;  
And 3e wele werken After his lore,  
Of peyne ne sorwe felen 3e neure More.”  

In this Manere Whileys they gonne talke,  
Iosephe and Aleyd forth gonnez walke,  
and setten hem down vppon here kne,  
and preiden to god In Maieste  
‘For Moys that was In peyne and wo,  
Forto Aslaken somme Of tho;
And that he wolde, for his gret pite, 
his peyne Aleggen, And it wolde be.' 
and whiles they maden here preiere, 
they syen from hevene how it Cam pere
In semblauunce Of Ryht A gret Reyn, 
and Into the fer it discended ful pleyn;
and a gret partye there-Ofen it qweynte,
and halfendel the flawme fully Asteynte.

And whanne that this thus was I-do,
A ful lowd voys Sette vp Moys tho 
that Alle the Compenye it Myhte it here,
And thus there seide In his Manere,
"Ha! Iosephe, Resten Mown 3e
Of 3oure preyeris now sekerle,
for 3e han don Me A gret leigaunce
Of my peynes with-Owen dowtaunce.
God 3ow qwyte, there I ne may!
My peynes han 3e gretly lissid this day;
For now, me thinketh, gon Is my peyne
thorwh 3oure goode preyeris In Certayne."
thanne there-Ofen Iosephe Glad was tho
that his peynes weren Aslaked so.

Thanne spak Symen to his sone ther,
"Sone Moys, how seist thou Of this fer?
schal it with the longe Endure?"
"Not so longe, Fadir, I the Ensure,
as I am worthy hit forto haue;
For I troste to god he wil me save,
For mere his pite and his Mercy,
Evere lastinge scholde it ben trewly;
but Of his Mercy And Of his pyte
3it Operwise hath he Ordeyned for me,
and this Sorwe An Ende to brynge
thorwh an holy knyhtes Comenge,
hos Name schal be Clepid Galaas,
here me schal visiten In this plas,
Joseph and his Company go to Scotland.

Then Moys tells Joseph to go and preach the Crucified in the country, which needs it sorely.

Thanne Moys tells Joseph to go and preach the Crucified in the country, which needs it sorely.

Joseph's company leave Moys in his fire, and go on all that day and night, and get to Scotland, called so from king Elcose.

They are fed with all possible delicacies, and the Adventures Of p^e seint Graal,
To An Ende bringen he schal;
and Alle the Adventures Of grete breteyne,
In him schal ben Ended In Certeyne.
and thanne slaken schal my dolour
That I am Inne here In this Owr."

"A, goode holy Iosephe, for Charite Abydeth 3e non lengere In this place, but Abowtes this Contre faste 3e pace, and precheth the name Of the Crucyfye, for it is ful gret Nede trewelye;
For Al Abowtes In this Contre but fals Mescreauntes pere ne be. Now go 3e forth this ilke tyde, and In this place moste I Abyde Tyl that be that holy Mannes bownte Al this fyr Onlich Asteynt here be."

Thanne parted Iosephe thens Anon, and his Compenye with him gone gon;
and Mois there beleft stille, and they forth wente be goddis wille
Al that day and Al that Nyht.
and On the Morwen, whiles it was lyht, Owt Of p^e forest gonnen they gon, and into scotlond Entred Anon;
and 3it thouh scotlond that it were, It nas so Cald but for On Manere, but for the kyng Elcose^1 yclepyd he Was, Whedir that they Entrede, and Into whiche plas; 500 and thike Nyht Alle I-herberwed they were In A ful gret pleyn forsothe there.
and whanne to soper that they weren set, with Alle delicasyes they weren Replet;
Of what Manere thing that herte wolde Crave, Anon Rediliche they it there haue;
So that it is Merveil forto knowe
how pat Alle fulfilde weren they upon A rowe,
Except Chanaan & Symen,
hem lakkede grace Amonges Ofer Men,
So that thorwh þe holy vessel
Repleinsched weren they neuere A del,
that so In desease was here Abydyng
two dayes And two Nyht with-Owten lesynge.
And whanne they Sien that they ne were
Not worthy here felischepe to Entren there,
So with-Inne hem self gonnen they Seye
with vegerous herte and gret Envye,
and spoken Of here mysaventure,

“ It Cometh not be vs, I the Enswe, 
but for Oure fadris Gilte to-fore,
That semede Cristene, & weren not thore;
there-fore for vs that Olde now be,
Falleth the veniaunce ful Sekerle.”

“In feith Anon, quod Symen thanne,
Peers that halt him so holy A manne
Evere to God In Semblauunce,
3it haue I lengere with-Owten variaunce—
thowth that he my ny Cosin be,
and Joseph is Also sekere,
3it hath he nowhere travailel so ferre
As I haue don In Alle Manere;
Neþer neuere for god so moche dide he
As that I have don now sekere;
and so trowe I that Al his Synne
vpon me is belef, boþe more & Mynæ;
So that trostily I beleve forsothe
that God for my gilte nys not wrothe.”

“ Now Certes, quod Chanaan tho,
with my bretheryn it fareth Ryht so;
for here synne that thei diden here,
Oure bischope myht not sewen In non Manere,
So weren they gilty, and to blame,
So vppon me falleth the schame;
therefore that 3e wolden Conseillem me
what I schal don In Ony degre."

"Certes, quod Symen, wile 3e now se,
vpon my Cosin peers avenged I be
Er to-Morwe that it be pryme,
that it schal be thowhte On A ful long tyme;
bothe here and Ellis where
It schal be thowhte On In Many Manere."

"And I forsothe, quod Chanaam tho,
with my bretheren the same schal I do;
For tyl that I have so I-wrowht,
Of pe Seint Graal Gete I nowht,
nether non Maner Of Sustenauence
tyl on hem pat I haue wrowht veniaunce."

Thus to-Gederis wrowhten they two,
whiche tornede hem After to mochel wo;
For In Wanhope weren they falle,
and Exempt from graces Alle
Othisrwise thanne they weren wont:
thus it fyl hem In Every point;
for they gonnen werken so gret wreche
that Alle the world pere-Offen hadde speche,
and schal Into domesday,
Of here Felonyes Men scholen say.

At Even Whanne logged Alle they were
In A gret Medwe besides there,
Chanaan, In whom the devel Entred was,
Of his felonye Remembred In that plas;
he took his swerd bothe scharpe & kene,
and be pe Mone lyht pat schon so sche
he Aspide where his bretheren lay,
Alle xij, Sekerly and In fay.

Chanaan goes by
the moonlight to
his twelve
brothers,
finds them asleep,
for both he and
Symen are desper-
ate; and therefore
they commit a
crime that all the
world hears of.

and Chanaan says
he will on his
brothers,
CH. L.] CHANAAK KILLS HIS 12 BROTHERS. SYMEN STABS PIERs. 257

and drowh Owt his swerd thus son,
and his Owne brothir he slowh Anon,
that so from On to Anothir
he slowh Alle .xij. In þat fothir.
and whanne he say that ded they were
alle xij, he lefte hem lyggeng there,
And wente forth thanne In his weye,
Symen to seken Certeinlye ;
and whanne he hadde him I-fownde,
Of his dede he tolde him that stownde.

"Now hauen 3e wrowht, quod symen tho,
lik As I Mysly wyle now do ;
For Of Peers so schal I venged be
that is My Cosin ful Sikerle.
Abyde me now here, quod Symen tho,
Tyl thal Aþen I come the to."
"þou schalt me fynde, quod Chanaam thanne,
vndir this Figge tre for Ony Manne."

thanne wente Symen forth his way
Into þe place þere Iosephe lay ;
For ful wel Supposede he
that faste be him peers scholde be :
and in his hond he bar A knyf
þerwith to Reven peers his lyf,
the wheche Enveymyned was In that plas :
the blad A foote long it was,
so that knyf was forto dowte
For two skelis Al Abowte,
the ton was for the Enveymynge,
þe toþer for scharpnesse with-Owten levenge.

Whanne Symen was Comen þere peers lay,
and verrayly In þat Compenye him say,
Anon he lefte there vpe his knyf
him to han Slayn with-Owten stryf ;
but At that tyme hadde he non powere,
what for drede and what for fere ;

580  kills them one after another,
581  and leaves them lying.
588  Then he meets Symen, and tells him what he has done.
592
596  Symen goes to kill Peers, with a poisoned knife,
600  a foot long in the blade.
604  When Symen sees Peers lying,
612  he lifts his knife to kill him,

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but Into the Brest there he him smot
that ful sore In his body there bot.
For it ne was not Goddis wil
that so falsly he scholde him spille;
So that thorwh the scholdere it Cam thore
A large handful and wel More.
and whanne pers felte Al this
that so was hvt with-Owten Mys,
Anon ful lowde he gan to Crye
“Ha! help, God, for now I deye.”

thanne wook the peple Ryht Anon,
And to Peers þere gonne they gon,
And Axeden him ho haddé so I-do,
And he seide “Symen,” and no Mo.
So symen tooken they In that stede,
and to-foren Iosephe gonnen him lede,
and Axeden Iosephe what they scholden do
that In this Manere Peers dyde Slo.
And whiles Of this that they gonne speke,
A ful gret Compenye Cam there Reke,
that þe xij brethern hadden I-fownde,
The Whiche Weren slayn In that StoWnde;
and so gret deol they maden Certeinle
as thowh Al the world to-forn hem ded hadde be.
And whanne that Bron Sawh this Syht,
To Iosephe he wente Anon Ryht
Ful sore wepenge, and Makyng Mone,
“Sire, he seide, Cometh with me Anone,
and 3e scholen sen the Rewfullest syht
that Evere 3e syen, I schal 3ow plyht,
Of the xij brethern Of Chanaan
that here lyn Slayn, Every Man;
and I ne wot ho hath it I-do,
where-fore, Sire, myn herte is wo.”
Whanne Iosephe thus him speke herde,
As A woful man thanne he ferde,
and thedirward wente he ful sone to sen what thing \textit{pat pere} was done.

whanne Into \textit{pat} place he was Comen there As Alle these xij bretheren ded they were, thanne thus gan he to seyn,

\textquotedblleft Ha! thou enemy, Of falsnesse ful pleyn, why hast \textit{pou} thus here now wrowht with goddis peple that Gylded the nowht?\textquotedblright

\textit{A, Mercy}, lord, ful Evel haue I do to the Of thihe peple that thou be-took me, that thus falsly here ben ded!

\textit{A, goode lord, Mercy now In this steed!}"

thanwe comanded he Symen Anon \textit{pere} to-form him Comen In Ony Manere:

\textquotedblleft Symen, quod Iosephe, ho hath this do?\textquotedblright

thanwe Anon Answerid symen tho,

\textquotedblleft Chanaam, here brothir, hath hem sleyn, I sey now, sire Iosephe, In Certayn.\textquotedblright

\textquotedblleft Where is he, quod Iosep thanne, that Ilke false Cursede Manze?\textquotedblright

\textquotedblleft Sire, he seide, vndir 3one figge tre \textit{pere} wolde, he seide, Abyden Me.\textquotedblright

thanwe Comau?ided Iosephe Anon that thedir his Meyne scholde gon.

Anon forth wenten they verament to fulfillen his Comandement,

and Comen to the figge tre;

\textit{pere} fownden they Chanaam Sekerle, and, whethir he wolde Owther non,

To-form Iosephe they dyden him gon.

and whanne Iosephe gan him beholde, he wepte and Syghede Many folde,

\textquotedblleft Ha! Chanaam, why hast \textit{pou} thus falsly do, Thy xij bretheren thus forto slo, that to the world weren goode Men and worthy knyhtes Everychon?\textquotedblright

\textit{Joseph goes to see the bodies,}

\textit{and grieves that he had not taken better care of the people entrusted to him.}

\textit{Then he asks Symen who has done it;}

\textit{and Symen betrays Chanaan, and tells where he is.}

\textit{Joseph sends to fetch Chanaan,}

\textit{and asks him why he murdered his brothers?}
“and 3f I haue thus hem Slayn, Me Repenteth not In Certeyn.”

“What was thy Cause thou dydest so?”

“Sire, I schal telle the Er that I go. this was pleinliche the Cause why:
for Often haue I sein Openly

More goodnesse God hath for hem wrouht thanne for me which that he bowht;
for Every day Repleinscheded they were,
Of the holy gost Alle in fere,
and I for hunger nygh ded was,
For Of þe seint Graal haue I non gras.”

“A, quod Iosephe, thou wikkede Manne,
Why dordest thou don so thanne
sethen God hem lovede bettere than the;
how dordest þou so don In Ony degre?
For it was the worste deede
that Euere Man dyde In Ony stede.

Wherfore I preye to Owre Saviour
That som tokenenge he wyl sende þis Owre
On the forto doon worldly veniaunce
For thyn fowl dede, And thin Mischaunce.”

Thus some A voys there Cam Anon
that they it vndirstoden Everychon,
“do þe be hem hard Iuggement
As þe mown Acorden be þoure Entent.
For the Iuggement Of the high devyne
wyle that hard Iuggement to hem propyne.”
And whanne that they this worde herde,
As in gret Ioye Alle they Ferde,
In that Oure lord to hem gan sende
how they scholde werken to the Ende,
and that they hadden deseryvd to ben ded
thorwhe here fals werkyng In that Sted.

Anon whanne the day I-sprongen was,
and the Sonne schon In Every plas,
than seide Iosephs to his Compenye, 724

"Taketh 3e these tweyne men hastelye, and loketh that 3e don hem to Iuggement For here desert And here Entent. For certein me Semeth In My wyt that they han wel deservit It."

than Seiden they to Iosephe Agein, 728

"Sire, moche bettere Conne 3e In Certein hym forto demen, thanne Connen we, what Iuggement they scholden haue In Al degre."

than quod Iosephe to hem thanne:

"I ne wil not Medlen Of these Menne; but 3e that worthy knyhtes hauen been, and Many Aventures hauen 3e seen, and now goddis knyhtes been 3e Alle, demeth 3e what of hem schal be-falle; and that After the worldis Iuggement that 3e demen hem bothe After 3oure Entent." 740

And whanne they herden Iosephs1 thus sein, thanme to Cownseyl wenten they ful pleyn, and Eche Of Other Gan to Enqweren, 744

what best were to don Of theke Men there, and what Iuggementes it Myhte be. to putten hem to dethe, thus Spoken hee; and whanne they weren Alle At On Acord, They tolden it to Iosephs1 Every word. than ne seide Iosephe to hem ful sone, "Goth, doth thanne that 3e han to done; for I sey to 3ow, that As be Mo Nothing there-Offen disturbed schal be." 752

thanze tooken they these Men Anon, and ladden hem forth to-form hem Echon, and bow[n]den here hondes hem behynde As for men That fals weren and vnkynde, 756

and Comaunded that two pyttes Anon to Make

1 MS. Ioseps, with contraction mark over p.
For theke tweyne vntrewe mennes sake,
and Anon they weren I-put there-Inne
both vp stondyng Evene to the Chynne.
and thanne behelden Alle they Anon
To-ward the Rem of Gales Echon,
and they Syen Come Fleyng In the Eyr,
and faire towards hem they gonne Repeyr,
and lyk As tweyne briddes they Comen fleynge,
Twyene men to-gederis Embraced, brennenge
as thowh it were In flawmes Of fyre so Red,
Swiftly they Comen In to that sted;
as it hadde ben A wyndes blast
These two Men thider Comen In hast.
And token Symen1 Openly In here syht,
And with hym forth token they here flyht;
In to the same Contre that they Comen fro
faste with hym gonnen they go;
but In to what place, telleth this storye,
No man Can seyn ne tellen Certeinlye;
Nethir my Maister Sire Roberd de borron
Of theke poynt ne telleth nethir skele ne resoun,
Ne Entermeteth him not In non degre
whider they him bare Certeinle.
but whanne that Cometh bothe tyme & spas,
More scholen 3e heren Of this Cas
Openly declared to 3oure Ere,
So that 3e scholen it vadirstonden more Cler.
Now leveth Of Symen this Storye,
And to Chanaam storye doth he hye.

CHAPTER LI.

OF THE FATE OF CHANAAN, AND OF PIERS’S WOUND.

Chanaan, having been firmly burid in his pit up to the shoulders, with his hands tied behind him, begins to

1 Before, Symen, p. 215, l. 52, and Symen, p. 255, l. 509, &c.
repent (p. 263-4), and prays to Christ to pardon him, and to Joseph to pray for him (p. 264-5). He then begs the people to unbind his hands that he may raise them in prayer to God (p. 265), and to bury him near his brethren if he dies before Joseph leaves the country, because then passers-by will pray for his soul (p. 266). His friends take pity on him, and unbind his hands (p. 266), and make tombs for his twelve brethren, and one for him when he dies (p. 266-7). Joseph says a sword must be set on all the tombs (p. 267); and comforts Piers (p. 268), whose wound his friends had made worse with herbs (p. 268). Next morning a sword is seen set on each tomb by no earthly hand (p. 269), and upon Chanaan's tomb a fire (p. 269). Joseph predicts that Lancelot shall extinguish the fire (p. 269-70), and that Galahad shall free Symen, Chanaan, and Moys (p. 270). Pharans stays behind (p. 270), and builds a chapel in Balaan's country, where he can pray for Chanaan (p. 271), and Piers is left with him; the rest start off (p. 271). Piers grows worse, to Pharans's great distress (p. 271-2). As Piers's wound gets worse and worse, he begs Pharans to take him to the nearest sea; which Pharans does, on assback (p. 272), and puts him on board of a ship that they find there (p. 273). Piers begs Pharans to go back and leave him alone (p. 273-4); they commend one another to God, and Piers sails off (p. 274).

Now hauen 3e herd how that this Storye
Of Symen hath declared ful Openlye,
how forth Into the Eyr that he was bore
In Alle here Syhte that there wore,
where-Offen Abasched they weren Echon,
that word Amonges hem was þere Non;
and after hym they lokede wel faste,
but with-Inne A schort while he was paste
ful Clene Owt Of Alle here Sylt,
So that Of hym Sawh Neuere A wyht.

And whanne Owt Of here Syhte that he was Gon,
Thanne to Chanaams pyt Comen they Anon,
and him thus sone putten there-Inne,
and him bedelven, and wolde not blynte,
and þerto his handis be-hinden him I-bownde
In þe pyt vp stonding At that stownde;
and the Erthe they beten Abowtes hym faste.
As thought that Evere it scholde han laste,
CHANAAN CONFESSIONS HIS SINS TO JOSEPH. [CH. LI.

up to his shoulders in the earth.

that so to the scholdres I-Closed was he, and caste bedolven ful sekerle.

Whanne Chanaam thus Arayed was, he wiste wel to deyen In that plas.

Of him selven he hadde ful gret pyte
In swich A maner that deyen scholde he, and be-gan to wepen ful sore

for his mysdede he hadde don thore.

and whanne that Ioseps to-forn him gan gon, To-wardes him his face he tornede Anon,

And thus to Ioseps he gan to Say, Ful sore weping that Ilke day, “holy fadir Ioseph,1 herkene thou Me,

Of thing that I schal tellen the.

holy fadir! Synned I haue wel sore, and gret penance to suffren there-fore;

For I haue fowle Mistaken Me bothe Azenst my god and Azens the;

but 3it so gret was neuere Synnere that In this world was boren here, but 3if that Mercy he scholde haue

Of his God, and he wolde it crave with stedfast herte, and his synnes sory,

he prays Christ to remember him, thanne God On hym wile hauen Mercy;

and perfore I beseeche to god my Savyour that is Medicine to Alle dolour,

that he wolde, for his Rihtwos pyte and for his large Mercy, to rewen On Me,— as that bothe pyte and Ek Mercy

In him ben herberwed ful Ioyntlye,— that he ne wolde for myn hygh falsnesse My synnes to Repotten In this distresse:

and to save him as a father saves his son.

but as lyghtly as A fadyr Eche Owr wyle Rennen his sone forto Socowr,

So preye I to that worthy Lord now here of Mercy and grace In Alle Manere,

1 MS. Iosep, with contraction mark over p.
and that he wolde not lesen Me,
Ne forsaken Myn Sowle for his pite
which that he bowhte with his precious blood
thorwh his hard deth vppon the Rood;
and As Of Mercy and pite he Is the Rote,
So to myn Synful Soule he do bote.
and thou fadir Iosephe, As I wel knowe
as for An holy Fadyr In Every throwe,
that thou wost so now preyen for me,
so pat thorwh thy preiire the bettere myhte be,
that 3if Euere Of synnere be hadde Mercye,
On me mercy to haue, to him now I Crye;
and thou for me, Iosephe, now preye Also,
so pat I be not dampned for Evere Mo!
and what peyne Ofer purgatorye that Euere it be
that to me he wil Ordeyne for Myn disloyalte,
I wele it Resceyven ful paciently,
and Only trosten In his gret Mercy,
So that at the day Of Iuggement
that I be nethir dampned ne schent,
but Meknesse to Me to schewen that day,
and deliueren Me from that spitous fray,
and not with the dampned forto dwelle,
whiche Euerelastyngly Schole ben In helle.”
and whanne Alle this he hadde I-spoke,
thanne vppon the peple he gan to loke,
and hem ful faste be-gan to preye
with Sorweful herte and weping Eye,
and preide hem “In worschepe Of his Creatour
his handes to Onbynden In that Our,
that vpwardis to God he myhte hem holde,
And Of Mercy him preyen Manifolde
whiles that I haue here bothe lyf and space
To besechen god of his specyal grace;
and for the love of Iesus, 3if so be-falle
that I here deye to-forn 3ow Alle
CHANAAN IS BURID WITH HIS BROTHERS.  

Er that 3e passen from this Contre,  
thanne that 3e wolden beryen Me 92  
Amyddis my bretheren Everichon  
that I so falsely to hem haue don.  

"And welen 3e now knowen the Cause why  
that I 3ow preye here so hertely? 96  
Is for this Cause, I telle 3ow Echon :  
For As Manye as be this weye don gon,  
for my bretheren welen they preyen thanne,  
and for my Sowle Every Manne, 100  
that God wolde for3even it Me  
My worldly Gitnes In Eche degre;  
and to 3ow Alle I preye now here,  
As to my bretherin bothe lef and dere,  
that for me 3e Wolden so preye  
to that lord that Sit On hye,  
'On Me swich veniance to taken In this place,  
that at the day Of dom I myhte han grace, 108  
and for3evenesse Of myn Misdede ;'  
Now, goode bretheren, for me thus that 3e bede,  
so that At the day of Iuggemens  
It be for3eten In his presens,  
and that he wolde for3even it to me  
that I haue wrowht so gret disloyalte."  

Whanne he hadde Mad thus his preyere,  
Alle his bretheryn that there were, 116  
Of hym hadden ful gret pyte  
For that so sore thanne wepte he,  
and fulliden Anon his Byddyng,  
and vnbownden his handis aftir his Askynge; 120  
& there Amyddis his bretherin twelve  
they him begroven As he desired him-selve;  
And On Eche brothir Aftyr his kynde  
Of the beste ston that they Cowde fynde, 124  
and Of Marbil they weren Echon  
Also ferforth As thei mihten it don ;
A SWORD IS FIXT ON EACH BROTHER'S TOMB.

and vpon Chanaam, whanne he was ded, they leyden An nothir In that sted, and vpon Eche A ston was wreten the Name Of the twelve bretheren there Alle In same; & vpon Chanaam they wreten A scripture Ryht In this Manere, I 3ow Enswre, "here lyth Chanaam Of Ierusalem In Certain that his twelve bretherin falsly hath Slayn;" and Alle In that Cyte weren they bore, As 3e han me herd Rehersen before.

And whanne they hadden thus I-do, thanne of Iosephes Axeden they tho, 3if he wolde Owht remeven that Ilke day. thanne Anon Iosephes to hem Seyde, "Nay, but here scholen we dwellen Echon Tyl that this day be Al Agon, For A gret thing that Nedful Is, that behoueth to be don with-Owten Mys.

"Ful wel 3e knowen, as 3e mown se, that Alle these, worthy knyhtes han ben; there-fore wile I that Ech Of hem haue A signe here I-Mad vpon his grave, In signeiaunce that knyhtes they were, & this schal be don whiles we ben here."

thanne Axeden they what syne it scholde be, "On Eche tombe A swerd, he seide, Sekerle, In signeiaunce Of hem that lyn there, that In here dayes so worthy knyhtes were; For Man schal non passen be this way that theke swordis scholen taken Away." thanne thus fulfiel they his Comaundemement that he hem had there present.

That Nyht iyen they Alle In Certayn there As the twelve bretheren weren slayn; and there Amonges hem In that stownde they gonnen to serchen peerses² wounde;
PIERS'S WOUND GETS WORSE.

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and whanne they hadden wel loked there-One, They seiden that helyd he scholde ben some; 164
So pat to the wounde they putten As they stood swich thing As hem thowhte scholde be good; but there-Offen thanne deceyved they were,
For but litel kepe token they there how that the wounde Envemyned was, they Cowde it not Aspyen In that plas, so that for th'envemyneng Of that wounde they putten Non Medicyn that stownde;
so that thei deden hym More harm than good In that plyht tho As it there stood:
For Anon as they hadden Anoynt him so with thing that Contrarye was therto, 172
thus sone his flesch be-gan to brenne, So that mochel peyne suffrede he thenne;
and thanne more Angwisch hadde he thore thanne Evere he suffrede Ony tyme before, 180
so that he wende Siker to han ben ded For peyne that he suffrede In that sted.

Piers suffers terribly, and his wound gets worse and worse.

He complains to Joseph of his pain.

Joseph comforts him,

and promises that he shall get better.


1 The MS. has In.
2 This, and the same word in this Chapter, are in the MS. Ioseps, with a heavy stroke over the ps.
and, for dismayed he scholde not be,

Iosephes And Alle his Compeyne
that day and that Nyht Abyden stille
In Comuntoyrng of Pers,—this was his wilne,—
and Ek Also for that wery they were
For makeng Of theke tombes there;
So that Nyht token they here Reste
as Iosephes and his Compeneie likede best.

vppon the morwen whanne they gonne Rise,
they wondrede Sore In here gyse;
whanne the tombes they gonne behold,
In here hertes the merveilled many folde.
For On Eche A tombe they gonne to se
A swerd, And dowward the poynt sekerle,
which neuere Erthly hand there sette:
this was gret Merveil to here witte;
and vppon Chanaams tombe they sye
Gret fyr brenng ful trewelye,
as drye busches they hadden I-be,
So lyht I-brende tho ful Sekerle.

Whanne they beheld this Aventure,
they Axeden of Iosephes which hadde Cure
‘whethir this fyr scholde lasten longe,
Ofer Endlesly there stille to A-fonge.’

"I schal 3ou seyn, quod Iosephes thanne,
to Assoille 3owre qwestiown lik As I kanne.
this Fyr Algates ne schal not brenne,
but Cesen it schal, but 3e neten whenne,
For it ne May not ben now Anon
Tyl that A knyht here gynne to gon,
the wheche A synnere & luxorious schal be,
but 3it schal he ben Of gret bownte,
passynge Al his Compenye,
As that I sey 3ow Certeynlye;
and here that knyht In his Comenge
Schal Asteynte this fyr with-Owten lesinge;
and not Only be his Owne grace,  
but for that God wile schewen In eche place  
To A Man worschepe Of Cheualrye,  
thus Crist here wile don Sekerlye,  
hos Name schal be Clepid Lawncelot,  
I it 3ow telle, for 3e ne wot;  
and Of hym there schal spryngge  
The beste knyht That Evere Was leyngge,  
to whom Oure lord schal schewen his Myht  
More thanne to Ony Othir Erthly knyht;  
For thorwh his Religious lyvenge  
hym schal befalle ful Many A thenge;  
For Alle the Aventures Of grete breteaynge  
In that knyht Schal behappen In Certaynegne  
Passing Ony Othyr knyht,—  
sweche Aventures to hym ben dyht,—  
Hos Name, I telle 3ow, Galath schal be  
In baptesme I-Cleped ful Sykerle.  
whiche Galath deleveren schal Certayne  
bothe Symev And Moys Owt Of peye,  
and Also Chanaam delinere schal be  
Owt Of his peye, As I telle the;  
And Alle these things scholen befalle  
Thus tolde Iosephes to his Compenye  
Of Many diuers Merveilles that scholde be,  
lyk as Crist to hym discouered hadde  
As In that Contre his Feleschepe he ladde.  
this same day whanne he hadde thus seid,  
his disciple Pers ful sik him leyd;  
and Also Anothir Abod there stille  
Fulliche be his Owne good wille,  
whiche Pharans hyhte, and A preest was,  
ful stille Abod he In that plas,  
and there Alle dayes Of his lyve wolde he dwelle,  
For Owht that Ony man Cowde to hym spelle,
where that A Chapel he gan to Arere,  
Every day his Masse to syngen there,  
to preyen his lord, for his pyte,  
On Chanaans Sowle to han Merce.  
and thus dyde Pharans be his Owne Entent,  
For that he sawh Chanaams there present  
Of Sorewful herte and gret Repentauce  
that him behapped swich A myschaunce,  
and be his lyve Repentyng here  
Of his Misdedis tho Alle In fere.

And thus belefte Pharans there behinde,  
For that Chanaams Sowle he wolde haue In Minde;  
And Anon A Chapel he gan to Arere,  
his Masse and preieris to seyn Inze there;  
whiche Chapel, On Balaans let þere dyhte,  
that In thike Contre was Man Of Myhte,  
whiche Balaans Aftyr Convertyd was  
thorwgh Pharans Counseil In that plas,  
and Resceined the Cristene lay,  
and þere-Inne lyvede ful Many a day.

so that vppon the Morwe thei token here Iorne,  
Iosephes, and with him Al his Compeyne,  
Sauf Only Pharans belefte behynde,  
and with this Piers that was so kynde  
be Encheson that hurt he was,  
and ne myhte not Meven Owt Of that plas;  
For he ne mihte not sewen his Compenye,  
So Syk and sor he was trewelye.  
And thus belesten they bothe In-same,  
Pharans and Piers with-Owten blame.

This piers, that hurt was so sore,  
Everyday gan Apeyren More and More  
that he wende Sykerlyy deal to han be,  
for non Othir Rekewre treuly knew he,  
that so with-Inne the thre ferste dayes  
he was apeired In ful Many weyes;
PIERS WAXES WORSE, AND GOES TO THE SEA. [CH. LI.

Pharans does not know what to do for Piers.

So that this Pharans ne knew non boote Of his wounde, nethir Cold ne boote, but Every day it wax worse than Oper:
Thus thoughte Pharans Of Piers his brother. and whanne Piers beheld Al this, that Of his peynes he myhte hauen non lys, thanne gan this Piers to wepen ful sore, For pyte that of him self he hadde there, and that he Sawgh he schulde dye For defawt Of leche-craft Sekerlye.

Piers expects to die,

thanne seide Piers to Pharans tho, "I se wel, brothir, it wele non Oper wyse go, For it is not his wille that may me save that here myn helthe I scholde haue; where-fore I preie yow, my brothir dere,
That to the nexte se 3e bener me here, and whanne to-gederis there that we be, thanne Othir Cowneiul vs May be se, So that I schal not here Abyde,
but In to Anothir Contre me moste glyde; For wel 3e knowen, myn Owne brothir, that Everyday I am wers than Othir.

Whanne Pharans herde thus his Mone,
For sorwe In herte he gan to grone,
and seide 'to his power In Alle things, that to the See he scholde hym bringe,' so that Pharans purchased him that ilke day, and vppon the Morwe, the sothe to say that he hadde geten hym An Asse, whiche that gret Ese to Pyers it wasse, and sette me pers vppon his bak, whiche was deseised with-Owten lak, and so him ladde thanne to the See Al so Esely As it Mihte tho be.
and whanne thedir they weren I-gon, Man nethir beste sien they non,
but onliche a vessel rediliche I-dyht, 344
where-offen þe Seyl was vpe Ipyht,
and the vessel Al Redy forto go 348
In to what Contre it scholde tho.

and whanne that Piers this vessel say, 352
he thankede God that ylke day,
for he thowhte wel In his Entent 356
that God for him thider hadde it sent.
thanne seide he to Pharans there,
“Tak me down, my brothir dere, 360
and putte me In to this vessel Anon,
and Into the See thanne let it Gon,
Into what partye Owther Ony Contre,
For Aftyr goddis wille it Mot be,
where that bote I hope to fynden trewlye
and keuering1 of myn grete Maladye.”

Thanne gan Pharans to wepen ful sore,
and seide to Piers his brothir thore,
“wilen 3e me thus leven A lone,
And be 3oure selven In this vessel forth gone,
and vppon hape neuere Comen Ageyn,
and þerto with-Owten Compenye? it is In veyn!
And therto so syk As 3e be!
Now Certein, brothir, it Merveilleth me!
and therfore, dere brother, I 3ow preye,
so let me with 3ow gon In this weye.”
“Putte me In the vessel, quod Piers Anon,
and whanne that 3e han so I-don,
thanne schal I tellen 3ow myn Entent
of that 3e Axen me here present.”

Thanne Anon this Pharans thar,
Piers Into that vessel there bar;
and whanne that he hadde so I-do,
Anon Piers to pharans spak vnto:
“Now, goode dere pharans, and frend,
Owt of this vessel that 3e Wend; 376

1 [Fr. garison]

where they find a vessel with sails set.
Piers thanks God,
bids Pharans put him into the ship,
and then let it go out to sea.
Pharans is very unwilling to let Piers go alone,
and is very anxious to go with him.
Piers gets Pharans to carry him into the ship,
and then he bids Pharans go away.
PIERS TAKES LEAVE OF PHARANS AND GOES TO SEA. [CH. LI.

and return to his chapel, and pray for Piers, that he may recover his health.

[1 Fr. Ioseph] He is also to tell Joseph what has happened if he sees him before Piers does so.

for 3e hauen fulfild myn talent, My wyl and Al myn hole Entent; and hens Alone now schal I go, And 3e 3oures Chapel A3en vnto, So that eueryday 3e mown for me preye 'that God Into swiche place me Conveye, and that into swiche contre Come I mote, Of my Maladye to hauen some bote.' and 3if 3e my lord Iosephes seen Er I, Comaunde me to hym ful hertely, and telleth him holiche In Alle degre how that it stont now with Me, and Nedis that I Moste thus do 3if that Ony hele me Come vnto; For Onliche In god I me affye, Myn helthe to fynden ful trewelye." And thus Pharans Owt of the schipe gan gon, Ful sore wepinge thanne there Anon For the grete pite that he hadde Of piers that Into þe schipe he ladde. and Ek Piers there wepte Also whanne they departyd þere bothe two; for piers In dowte was to deye; so he supposid ful sekerlye.

thus Ech of Othir took here leve, and betawhte god bothe morwe and Eve; thus kysten they þere bothe In fere, and Ech oper Comanded to here preière, For Eche knew oper thanne ful wel As goode men to God Every del. and whanne Pharans Owt tho wente, Piers thanze wepte with good Entente; and the wynd In the Seil was Anon, and Into the See Made the Schipe gon; & thus sone with-Inne A stownde, There As Pharans stood On the grounde,
Nethir the vessel ne piers he ne say,
So fer Into the see he wente that day.
and whanne that Pharans Myht Se no more,
vpon his Asse he wente vp thore,
and to his Chapel he wente Agayn,
ful sore weeping In certayn
for that Piers so from him was gon,
& he dwelde pere stille thanne Anon.

Now leveth here Pharans storie,
& forth to Pers it doth hye,
to tellen of his Aventure
and of his helthe, I 3ow Ensure.

CHAPTER LII.

OF PIER'S ADVENTURES. HOW HE IS CURED, AND BEATS KIng ORCAWS, KILLS KING MARAHANS, MARRIES CAMYLLE, BEGETS HERLAWNT, AND IS BURID.

Piers's ship carries him to the land of the Pagan king Orcaws (p. 277), whose daughter is playing on the shore; she comes on board, pities him, and wishes her father's Christian prisoner could cure him (p. 277-8). Piers begs her to get him some relief (p. 279), and her damsels propose to take him down by the water, through her garden, and up to her chamber, where the Christian leech can cure him (p. 280-1). They do this, though it makes Piers think he shall die (p. 281). Then they get the Christian prisoner out of prison (p. 281). He has Piers carried into the praiel, and sees that his wound is poisson (p. 283), but heals him within a month (p. 284). Now, King Marahans of Ireland comes to disport him with King Orcaws, and a traitor butler poisson his son (p. 284); this, Marahans thought was Orcaws's doing; so he impeaches Orcaws of treason to King Luce of Great Britain, whereupon their gages are cast before the Parliamant at London, and the day of battle fixt (p. 284-5). Orcaws's brother won't fight for him, as he knows that Marahans is stronger than he himself is (p. 285). So, to find out his best baron, Orcaws proclaims that one of Marahans's knights will fight twelve of his (p. 286). The king (Orcaws) gets his steward to arm him secretly, rides to the Bridge (p. 287), and there defeated the twelve knights one after another (p. 288), telling them to go and yield themselves to King Orcaws (p. 289). He then
returns to his Castle, goes to dinner, pretends to be sick (p. 289-90); next day receives the twelve knights, and affects to be surpris'd that they can't tell him the name of their conqueror (p. 290). He proclaims far and wide that this conqueror will joust at the Bridge with any knight (p. 290); but intending combatants shrink from the encounter (p. 291). As soon, however, as Piers hears of it, he begs the king's daughter to get him harness and a horse (p. 292), which she does (p. 292), and then he rides to the Bridge, attacks King Orcaws (p. 293), and after a time knocks him over his horse's crupper (p. 294). They then fight on foot (p. 294) till Orcaws is overcome (p. 295); but he will die sooner than yield (p. 296). Piers makes him tell him who he is (p. 296), and, on learning that he is King Orcaws, gives up his own sword to him (p. 296), and begs forgiveness for having attacked him. This Orcaws grants, on condition that Piers fights Marahans, which Piers agrees to do (p. 298). They return secretly to Orcaws's Castle (p. 299), and the king charges his daughter to make Piers better cheer than ever (p. 299). When cured of their wounds, Orcaws and Piers set out for London (p. 300), and find Marahans at the Court of King Lucie, ready to fight (p. 300). Piers throws down his gage (p. 300); they fight; Piers kills Marahans (p. 301), declines to stay with King Lucie (p. 302), and goes home (p. 302). For his service, Orcaws offers him any reward he chooses (p. 302); he chooses that Orcaws should turn Christian; converts him accordingly (p. 303). has him baptized, his name changed to Lamet, and his daughter's to Camille (p. 304). The people turn Christians too, and build the city Orkanye, in remembrance of Orcaws (p. 304). Then Orcaws proposes to Piers that he should marry his daughter Camille (p. 304), which he consents to do, and the marriage is celebrated royally (p. 305). King Lucie comes to see Piers, who converts him and all his people (p. 305). Now, Brut's Story makes no mention of Piers (p. 306), but Sire Robert Borrorn and the Old Story do (p. 306); and so it is clear that he who drew this out in Romance knew full little of Seynt Graal or the Story of Sank Ryal (p. 306). Piers begets a son Herlawnt, who, after Piers's death, buried him in St. Philip's church, and married the daughter of the King of Ireland (p. 306-7), on whom he begat Melyan, and Melyan begat Agristes, and Agristes begat Hedor (p. 307), and Hedor begat four sons, Gawneyns, Granayns, Gwerrebes, and Gaheriet (p. 308). Now, Mordret was supposed to be King Lot's son, but truly King Arthur begat him on his own sister (p. 308, l. 1149-56, and Appendix); though this was before he wedded Gonnore, who was a worthy lady, and of good lore (p. 309).

[1 Fr. pierres all thro']

Now this storye doth forth procede
whedir that Cryst Piers gan lede:
whanne he was Comen In to the hye see,
As swyftly as Evere brid gan to fle
It drof the vessel forth, I 3ow plyht,
ful fourè dayes and fourè Nyht,
that nethir he ne drank ne Ete
but Ryht litel of Ony Mete.
Atte Fyfthe daye, Abowtes pryme,
For werynesse he slepte that tyme,
and for Angwisch that he hadde,
of his lyf ful sore him dradde;
For so Megre and feble he was
that he myhte not stere in that plas.

so pat it happed be Aventure
At A Castel he Aryved, I 3ow Ensure,
whiche that ful Of paynemis was,
and þe kynges name was Orcaws,
and he was On Of þe beste knyhtes
that In the world levede tho Ryhtes;
and he hadde ben In Ryht Creaince,
he ne hadde had non felawe with-owten variaunce.

And whanne at the Castel Aryved he was,
thanne Cam walkyng this kynges dowhter Orcaws,
whiche was a damysele ful fair and gent,
and bar þe pris of Bewte verament;
Of Alle the Maydenis In that Contre
sche was the fairest, As I telle it the.
So As sche Cam disportyng toward þe see,
and hire Maidenis In hire Compyne,
For Manye sche hadde that with hire wente,
hire to disporte Aftyr hire Entente;
and In here pleyeng As they weren that day
they Sien where þat this vessel lay,
and there so lowde they gonne to synge,
hire felawes and sche In here pleyenge,
that piers Awook there that he lay,
so Astoned he was Of that Afray.
and whan the Maide to this vessel sowhte,
he was ful syk, thanne hire thowheto;
and whan that sche beheld his wounde,
Anon to hire felawes sche seide that stownde,
"wile ye now sen the Cause why
that this man so sik is trewely?"
It Nys not wondyr thowh he were ded
Of this wounde here In this sted,
and that me thenketh were gret pyte,
For a ful fair Man hath he be
whanne that he was In hele Of his body,
A ful semly persone, sche seide, trewely;
therefore wolde I that the Cristene Man,
which to my Fadris presoun Is tan,
that is a good leche In alle Manere,
To helen this Man I wolde he were here;
For him so Mochel I knowe,
that non Erthly man with-Inne pis throwe
Ne Can so sone don hym boote
As thike Cristene, so wel I wote."

Thanne be this tyme Piers ful wakyng was,
and beheld tho damyselis In that plas,
the whiche so Richely weren Adyht,
And hire Compenye In his syht.
thanne Merveilleth this piers wondirly sore
what Alle thike ladyes and damyscles wore.
& whan that damysel sawh that Awaked he was,
Anon sche Axede hym In that plas
Of what Contre that he were,
thanne Piers hire Answeride Anon there,
"Of Jerusalem I am bore,
and am I-torned to Cristene lore,
and ful Syk and feble I am therto,
that I ne may neyther walkyn ne go;
wherefore gret node Of Counseil I haue,
3if Ony Man Cowde me helpe Oper Saue,
and but 3if the Sonnere it be,
For fawt Of helpe I deye Sykerle.”  

She asks if he is a Christian and a knight.
When he says he is both,

"For sothe A Cristene Man I Am, quod he,
here Al so syk As 3e me now se."

She warns him that he has come to a Pagan land,
and is in danger of being slain;

"be 3e A knyht,” quod this damysele, thanne.

"3e trewly, and therfo A Cristene Manne."

"Forsothe, quod this damysele tho,
-thanze hath 3oure vessel Evele I-go,
For In this place but paynemys ne be,
And non Cristene dwellyng In this Contre ;
and therfoe, And they knewen 3ow here,
& that A Cristene Man 3e were,
Anow they wolden don 3ow to ded
with-Owen Ony Othir Red.

yet because he is so ill she pities him, and would help him, if her father knew nothing of it.

"3it neuertheles, for that 3e be
A man ful syk & In euel degre,
and Also that 3e ben Alone,
& weten neuere whider 3e ben gone,
Therfore Of 3ow I haue pyte
that som socour 3e hadde, 3if it mylhte be,
3if previliche to Ony man þat I durst tryste,
So that my fadir not there of wiste.”

"damysele, quod Piers Anon thanne,
Conne þþ Ony helpe ðer Ony Manne
that me Cowde hele Of my Syknesse,
and me to helpen Owt Of my dystresse?”

He begs her to get his wound healed.

"be my Creauze, quod this Maiden Anon,
My Fadir hath A Cristene man In presoun,
that A good man Of his lawe he is,
and þerto of lechecraft he berith the pris ;
and wel I wot, and he were here,
he scholde 3ow Maken bothe hol & fere
3if Euere Ony man it scholde do
be wyt ðer Craft, As I beleve so.
THE LADIES SCHEME TO GET PETERS HEALD.

[CH. LLI.

and therefore In my Chambre I wolde 3e were, 112
So that non body not were the Nere
but Only my damyseles that here been,
that thyke Cristene man mihte 3ow seen ;
and, be myn hed, there scholde this Nyht
Som Oper Counseylle to 3ow ben dyht,
For 3if be Ony weye that it May be,
that goohe Cristene man schal 3ow se.”

“ha damysele, quod Piers Anon Ryht,
Now, for the love of God Almyht
and for 3oure owne Cowrtesye
that I myhte speken with that man In hie,
And that 3e wolden haven Rowthe on me,
And that Cristene man that I myhte Se.” 124
And whanne sche herd hym preyen so faire,
thanze to hire damyseles gan sche Repaire ;
And Axede of hem this qwestiown,
“Of this Cristene Man what schole we don? 128
For Certes me thinketh it were wel I-do,
3if Ony hele that he myhte come to ;
For a worthy knyht hath he be,
as me semeth be his degre.
and 3if In helthe that he were,
A semelieere persone nowher Nere.”

“Madame, quod hire damyseles On Rewe,
3if it be with 3ow as 3e here schewe,
[Fr. garison] Of Rekewr1 schal he faillen non
3if 3e Consenten As we schole don ;
For wel to 3oure Chambre 3e mown hym have,
And thedyr hym bringe bothe soWnd and save ; 110
and 3if 3e wyl knowen In this stede,
down be this water we scholen him lede ;
and so forth Into the Gardyn,
And thorwgh 3owre praiel wel & fyn ; 144
& so to 3oure Chambre we scholen him lede,
ful prevyliche thorwgh Al this stede.
and whan\textsubscript{e} we han thus I-do,  
than\textsubscript{e} mown 3e hauen the Cristene 3ow to,  
and Owt of preson him to brynge  
Into 3ou\textsubscript{e} Chambre with-owten lesinge;  
So that he may his wounde pere so,  
that there-Offen hol he myhte be.”  
“3e sein ful wel, quod this lady tho,  
I wele wel that 3e don so.”  
thus sone these damyseles gonne to gon  
Into this vessel thanne Anon,  
and token this Piers full softly,  
and with hem forth ladden ful prevyly;  
thor\textsubscript{w} the Gard\textsubscript{y}n Into the Chambre they wente,  
and fulfilde here ladyes Entente.  

And whan\textsubscript{e} thus they hadden I-do,  
and to hire Chambre they waren Comen vnto,  
For hym A Cowche they Maden ful prest,  
where vpon As he Scholde Rest;  
but for the Angwisch that he was Inne,  
he ne hadde non Reste, ne\textsubscript{e}per more ne Myn\textsubscript{e}.  
than\textsubscript{e} Axede hym this lady fre,  
“Now, leve sire, how stont it with the?”  

Than\textsubscript{e} Answerid Piers In fair Manure,  
“Now trewy I trowe to dyen riht here,  
and neu\textsubscript{e}re to Abyden to Morwen day,  
Ful seker, damysele, As I 3ow say.”  
and whan\textsubscript{e} sche herde him speken so thore,  
than\textsubscript{e} hadde sche more pite than\textsubscript{e} sche hadde to fore,  
and seide, “Sire, dismaye 3ow non thing!  
3e scholen hauen helpe with-owten taryeng.”  

Than\textsubscript{e} sente sche to the presoun Anon  
Al so prevyly As sche Mihte don,  
And with Alle wyttes And hire gy\textsubscript{ne}  
To geten hym Owt that was with-Inne.  
and whan\textsubscript{e} that owt sche hadde hym take,  
For fere this Cristene began to qwake,
and does not know what she wants.

and seide, "damysele, what thinke ye do?

I trowe 3e purposen me forto slo,

and Of my deth 3e Mown not wyuue, perfere it were bettene 3e blyuue."

And thus he seide for this Entent,

For pat he wende scbe wolde han him schent, 188

"Nay, sire, per-Offen haue thou non dowte, but folwe thou me sethen tpu Art Owte,

And Into my Chambre folwe thou Me,

and there the Cause schal I schewe the

why Owt Of preson I do the take ;

It is Only for Anotheris sake."

Thanne wente this damysele forth to-fore, and the Cristene hire folwede thore ; 196

And whanne Into p° Chambre they weren gon, thus some sche schewed hym Piers Anon that so sik In his bed there lay ; & whanne this presoner tho him say,

Of him he hadde ful gret pite, and so wolde Ony man In Cristiente.

"Now behold this Man In this stounde that we be the see side here fownde !

and 3if this Cristene Man helen 3e Mown, I schal deliueren 3ow Owt Of presown, and senden 3ow bothe Into Anothir Contre where pat 3e desieren to be,

with As mochel Richesse As 3e haue, Owthir Ony Of 3ou Can Of me Crave, To gon Into what partye that 3ow lyst ; and hereto 3e Mown wel Tryst ;

and thus wil I do As I telle it the, For p° grete deseise that I In hym Se."

Whanne the presoner wist that Cristened he was, he made ful gret Ioye thanne In that plas, 216

and Answerid to the damysele Anon, 'that thike thing he would gladliche don;'
thanne Axe the this presoner Of him pere Ryht, how longe it was sethen he was so dyht. thanne Answerid piers to hym Anon, “It is sethen Sixtene dayes Agon, and Every day it is wers than ope, I sei the trewly, my love brothir, and non socour ne kan I gete, Ne neper Appaty to drinke ne mete, whiche that Moche dismayeth Me Ful sekerly, Sere, I telle it the.” Thanne bespak Anon this presoner, and to this damysele seide he there, “I wolde, And 30wre wille it were, Into 30ure Prayel 3e boren him here, and there bettere the wonde myhte I se thanne In this Chambre In Alle degre.” And Anon this lady thanne dide beren Owt this Sike Manne Into the Sonne, that he myhte knowe Alle his Maladye In a throwe. and whanne he beheld hym in that plas, thanne Sawh he wel that En vemyned he was, which was the Cause Certeinle That lyhtlyche I-heled Myhte he not be, Til that the vemyn owt were I-don. than seide pis presoner to pers Anon, “Frend, En vemyned 3e ben ful sore, perefore 30ure Angwich is moche the more, and tyl that vemyn Owt be I-take Ferst, 30ure peyne May not Aslake ; And aftir the vemyn is Owte I-do, Anon ryht helthe schal Comen 30w to, that with-Inne a monthe, be goddis grace, Al hol to Maken 30w In this place.” thus sone there besowghte ful faste, Aftir Swiche herbes In gret haste
He draws out the venom with herbs, and within a month

Piers, the best-looking knight of Jerusalem, is quite well again.

The venom to draw out Owt Of that wounde, And Aftyr to Maken him hol and sownde.

that so vppon him travaileth this prisoner that with Inne the Mounte the hol was he ther, and to that lady 3ald hym Agayn

As hol and Clene In Certayn. and this Piers, that was the fairest knyght that Owt of Jerusalem went In syght, thanne his wit and bownte to him restored was whanne helthe he hadde In that plas.

With-Inne this terme fil An Aventure

That kyng Marahans Of yrelan, I 3ow ensure, Cam to disporte him with kyng Orkaws,

In as mochel as that his Cosyn he was. and his Eldest sone with him gan go, that A lytel to-fore A knyht was Mad tho, and pert doyhty In his dede:

thus In storie here we Rede. So that thike Nyht pere was gret feste In that Castel to Mest and lest;

but it happede be A tretour boteler that kyng Marahans sone poysoned he ther, And At the table there he deyde Anon At Soper ded As Ony ston.

And whanne p' kyng beheld this there, he wende kyng Orcaws Conseyl that it Were; and thus sone wente he themne to the kyng of grete Bretaygne with his Menne, wheche that tyme I-clepid was Of Bretaynge kyng lwee, In Every plas.

whanne kyng Marahans to f orn hym was pere, and him hadde Compleyned In dyvers Manere, and Apechyd kyng Orkaws Of Treson, For that he hadde poysoned his son,— thus sone Orkaws After was sent to Londone to Comen to parlarm.
and, whanne Orkaws to Londone was gon, kyng Marahans Of treson him Apechid Anon, and Seide that [he] be fals Treson In his Castel hadde poysoned his son. Anon kyng Orkaws that gan denaye, and seide the Contrarye to him in faye ; and In that qwarel his Gage he kaste, hit to defende whil his lyf wold laste, Owrther be his persone, ojer be Anothir, be som knyht, other be his brothir ; For with Marahan he ne kepte not fylthe, For that he was so worthy A knyht, For Of paynemys he bar the prys, As Aboven ojer flowres doth þe flowr delys, Thus this bataylle Enioyned was, and bothe fownden Ostages In that plas ; and the day Assigned was Also Whanne that the Bataylle scholde be do. thanne kyng Orkaws torned hom Ageyn, and Aftyr his brothyr sente In Certein that the bataylle for hym scholde don þat day. his brothir him Answerid, and seide " Nay, For þe knowen ful wel that kyng Marahans Is þe moste worthiest knyht In Alle defens that Entreth Into Ouy bataylle, þere-fore hym I Schal not Asaylle, Nethir for stryf, Nethir for hete, to-gederis In feld scholen we not mete, his body and Myn to-Gederis In fere ; It schal not ben In non Manere."

Whanne kyng Orkaws this vndirstood, thanne Anon began to Chongen his Mood whanne that his brothir it hadde forsake, and that the bataille he wolde not take. Ful Mochel Mone thanne he Made, that he som Oþir knyht ne hadde ;
ORCAWS ASKS HIS KNIGHTS TO FIGHT KING MARAHANS. [CH. LII.

For so Often tymes Asayed had he kyng Marahan In bataille & In Melle,
So that he knew wel be his dede
he was þe beste þat bestrod Ony steede,
and þerfore Nolde Orkaws In non degre
In bataylle him Meten Certeynle.

thanne sente Orkaws Ryht Anon
Afyr his barowns Everychon,
Forte preven the beste knyght
that for hym Myhte taken that fyht.

and this Orkaws þere feynede him Syk,
To knowen which of hem that was best lyk
that ylke bataille forto do
whanne þat to þe poynt they comen to.

And whanne they syen hym liggen In this Manere,
They Axede him what his wille were;
thanne seide he ‘that Agrieved was he sore
Of tydynges that him Comen thore.’

and they Axeden him what tho schold be;
and he seide, ‘kyng Marahans Certeinle
hath sent a knyht In to this Lond,
As it is don me to vndistond,
that with his Owne body he will holde fyhtes
A3ens .xij. of the beste knyhtes
that with-Inne My Lond I May fynde;
and thus Is it to Me put In Mynde,
and forto preven this Ilke thyng
to 30w haue I sent to 3even warneng,
and to Morwe At pryme this schal be;
þerfore, and 3ow lyst, telleth now me
3if that 3e welen kepyn that day;
Fore trewly, for Syknese I ne May.
And wile ye now vndistonden here
I sente for 3ow In this Manere;
and forto Fellen that knyhtes pride
For 3ow I sente now At this tyde,
that thike knyht ne schal not say,
but his felawe here to fynden Eche day.”

And thus the kyng þere gan hem telle;
for there A lesyng he Feyned ful felle;
For straunge knyht In his Rem was non,
but he him self it wolde thanne don,
Amonges theke twelve to preven Anon
3if Ony Ægens kyng Marahans dorfte gon.
thanne Axeden they Anon Ageyn,

“Sere, be 3e now here In Certeyn
that thike knyht to Morwen At pryme
At thike brygge wil Areve [1] that tyme?”
[1 ? Areve.]

“3e, quod the kyng thanne trewely,
there scholen 3e hym Meten ful sekerly.”
“thanze, quod they, we scholen him Mete,
whethir he Ryde be weye Æper strete,
So that 3owre worschepe saved schal be,
and we schameles In Alle degre.”

Thus sone these .xiij. knyhtes departyd Away,
and hom to here Ostelis they wenten þat day;
and the kyng lefte Stille In his bed
Tyl It was Even In that same sted.

and whanne it was with-Inne the Nyht,
he Clepyd his stewerd Anon Ryht,
“Go, fette me the moste strangelest Armure,
the Moste beste and the most Sure,
For hennes to-Nyht now wyl I pace,
And to morwen At Even Ægen In this place;
and 3if that Ony man Axe After me,
Sey that deseised I am ful Certeinle.”

Thus the kyng Comanded þe styward þere,
and so he wrowhte Aftyr his Manere.
and whanne the day Aproched was,
the kyng him Armede In that plas,
and took his hors, & gan forth Ride
Into that brigge that Ilke tyde.

and stop his boasting.

But he intends to personate this knight himself,
to find out his best man.

The twelve knights promise to meet the champion at the bridge.

At night Orcaws calls up his steward, to get his least known armour,

and bids him say he is ill.

Then he rides out to the bridge at the hour of prime.
but Er thanne thens he wente, 400
he made the styward swerene presente
that he scholdé discouere him to non Man, 400
what so Evere Of hym they Axeden than.

thanne so this kyng gan forth to Ryde, 404
forth to the Brygge At that tyde;
and ther Abod tyl the Owr Of pryeme,
and was Non Comen at that tyme.

thanne alle xij knyhtes they Comen In-same,
Forte fuflilten that Ilke Game;
but Speris with hem Non they browhte,
For At Alle daye there sen they Mowhte
the Brigge with speris Envirowned Abowte,
the wheche that weren bothe grete and stowte,
Whiche that Cavseed Men Of the Contre there
Eche Other to Asayen In dyvers Manere.

Whanne these xij knyhtes there behelde
that þere was A knyht with sper and schelde
that Redy was to Iusten there,
Ech man hym Ordeyned In his Manere
Forte Iusten Azens that knyht,
Euery man there to preven his Myht;
and thus Ech Of hem A sperre there took
as On the briggere were, and non forsook;
and the kyng him Cawhte Anothir,

The twelve
knights come
not bringing their
spears, for there are
plenty on the
bridge.

They arrange to
fight the knight
in order.

The king over-
comes the first
knight and

all the others, one
after another.
And whanne Alle xij I-scomfyt they were,  
the kyng In this Maner to hem seide there,  
"Sires, 3e known presoneres 3e be,  
As be p° lawe Of this Contre ;  
and that with 3ow I May now do  
As that to Armes belonget unto."
and they Answerid hym Ageyn,  
"Sire, that is soth In Certeyn."
"Thanne Comande I 3ow Everichon,  
that 3e Alle to kyng Orkaws gon,  
and 3eldeth to hym Alle 3owre persones  
On My behalve with-Inne his wones.  
than ne Axede they hym what he hyhte.  
"he knoweth me ful wel, I telle 3ow Ryhte,  
but Of myn Name, it is not to 3ow ;  
for whanne he hereth Of this prow,  
than ne wil he knowen me ful wel,  
I 3ow seye As trewe As steel ;  
And that In Manye stormes I haue be  
with him In bataylle ful Sykerle."  
thanze sworn they In here Entent  
To Fulfllen his Comaundement,  
But ful Of sorwe Alle they were  
that they weren so discomfyt there  
Of On knyht there In that plase :  
Ful Moche Sorwe Amonge hem wase.

Thanne departyd Anon the xij knyhtes  
From that place there Anon Ryhtes ;  
and the kyng Entrede Into the forest  
whanze that he say his tyme best,  
and þere Alle day Abod he Sekerlye  
For that non Man Scholde him Aspye.  
and whanne it was with-Inne the Nyht,  
Toward his Castel he gan hym dyht,  
And In A Gardyn vndir the towr  
his steward hym Abood Every Owr.

GRAAL.—VOL. II.
KING ORCAWS RECEIVES HIS 12 OVERCOME KNIGHTS. [CH. LII.

and whanne he Cam to this Gardyn,

his steward Resceyved wel & fyn,

and Resceyved his hors and his Armure,

And after to Chambre wente ful pure.

& whanne A while In Chambre he hadde I-be,

Anon to halle thanne wente he,

and Made Semblanuce As thowgh syk he were

To-forn Alle his Meyne þat was there.

Thanne his Meyne Aȝens hym gonne gon,

and hym worcheïd Everichon,

and hym Axesde 'how that it were,

& why he was Of so hevy Chere.'

and he Answered hem Ageyn,

"I Me strengthe with Al my Mayn

aȝens herte to Maken good Contenaunce,

So mochel Of Syknesse I have dowtawuce."

And vppon the Morwe, at the Owr of pryme,

the xij knyhtes Comen In good tyme

that discomfyt Of hym were,

(but they it ne knewe In now Manere,) and ȝolden hym As presoneris

On a knyhtes behalve that was ful fers ;

but they ne knewen not his Name,

For he was A man Of ful gret fame;

and tolden kyng Orcaws Al In fere

how thiñe knyht discomfyt hem there.

"Ha ! quod kyng Orcaws thanne,

Now wot I wel that he Is A manne

that ȝow Alle hath taken As presoneres,

And to Me Represented now here."

thanne Made he Semblaw[n]t As wroth he were,

but þit neuere the mo ne was he there ;

and sente forth his Messengeris Anon

thorwh-Owt his Rem for to gon,

to warnen Alle his Chevalrye,

'Atte brigge to Meten that knyht so hardye ;
and 3if Ony so hardly that there were
with that knyht to fyhten there,
what Maner Of good that he wolde Crave,
Anon Of kyng Orkaws he Scholde it have.'
but they that to fore tymes I-beten were,
Alle here Goodes the kyng Sesyd there
As for On 3er And On day,
thus kyng Orkaws hem gan to say,
and whanne that they that In the Contre were,
herden how þe xij knyhtes happeden there,
thanne In hem selve they hadden gret drede,
For they Niste neuere how to spede;
and 3if discomfyt that they were,
here londis to lesen In swich maner there.

Whanne that Piers that with this lady was,
And Of his Maladye helyd In that plas,
thanze was he as ful Of pensifnesse
As whanne he was In his distresse.
thanze Axede the lady hym Ryht tho,
"Piers, what is 3ow to thenken so,
and what Cause that it may be,
I praye 3ow, Sere, now telleth Me;
and 3if I mowe don 3ow Ony Ese,
Owther Ony thing that May 3ow plese,
anon Ryht it schal ben do,
þere-fore to suffren bothe peyne and wo.'

"A! faire lady, quod Piers Anon,
Ryht ful Esely 3e myhte it don."
"Seye On, quod this lady thanne,
and I schal don it, for Ony Manne."
"thanne schal I 3ow tellen, quod piers trewly,
And 3e me wil Enswren feythfully;
For it Cometh now In My Mynde
that 3oure fadir sendeth Into Every Ende
Aftyr his knyhtes And Bachelere,
here worthynesse forto preven here;
THE PRINCESS GETS PIERS A HORSE AND ARMOUR. [CH. LII.

And thike tyme have I sen,
and not fulliche fyve 3eres they ben,
& swich A knyht were In Oure Contre,
wel sone Asayed scholde he be;
and 3if that I hadde harneyes and Gere,
For Alle the Men that Evere were
I[n] my persene Ryht Al Alone
To that knyht wolde I gone;
al though I be In straunge Contre,
I scholde him Asaye, what so he be,
thowh he were the strengest Of this Molde,
And Abyden me he wolde:
but harneyes have I In non Manere,
and pat Maketh me to Mornen so here."

Whanne the kynges dowhter herde this,
sche Merveilled he spak Of so gret Aprys¹,
And that he wolde Iosten At that tyde
with hym that no Man dorste Abyde.
thanne seide to him this lady Anon,
"hors and harneyes 3e scholen haue son,
and longe Er Nyht Rady it schal be;
ann therefore, Piers, dismaye not the;
& ertz As Richely 3e scholen ben dyht
As though A kynges sone 3e weren Owtryht;
but In feith, Sire, be the Cownseil Of Me,
A3ens that knyht 3e scholen not Te."

"Now, faire lady, quod Pers tho,
that 3e me han be-hote, brynge me vnto;
and Of me dismaye 30w non thing,
for I troste holiche In hevene kyng."

and whanne they hadden spoken Of this Matere,
Anon from him sche wente there;
bothe hors and harneyes him Ordeyned thus sone,
and Alle Oper thing that was to done.

and whanne it was with-Inne the Nyht,
The weye to the Brygge sche tawhte him Ryht.
thanæ Of this lady his leve he took,
and On his weye forth faste he schook.
& whanne to þe brigge that he was Gon,
Into þat forest thanæ wente he Anon,
there A While to taken his Reste
As that tyme þere it liked him beste;
and down he Alyhte Of his Rowsyne,
& be his brydel hym teyde þere faste by,
and þere to pasture þif he wolde
Tyl þat day Aperede On Goddis Molde.

Piers rests in the forest till morning,
then goes to the bridge,

Piers toward his hors took the way,
and Made his hors Al Redy,
& his helm gan lasen ful lostly;
and Abowte his Nekke he heng his scheld;
thanæ Owt Of þe forest he took the feld.
whanne toward the brigge that he gan gon,
thanæ kyng Orkaws Aspide he Anon
that thedir was Comen for theke Entent,
To Wyten þif there were Ony present
whiche that Aþens him dorste Abye:
this was his Comeng At that tyde.

And whanne piers beheld him there,
he lyht Adown for Ony fere,
and tasted his harnes In that stede,
þat it scholde not faille whanne he hadd nede.
and whanne he say that Al siker it was,
To hors Aþen he wente In that plas.
and to the brigge he cam Anon,
and Salwed the kyng As he scholde don.
Anon a spere On honde he took,
& towards the kyng wel faste he schook,
and seide that Iusten Nedis he Moste:
the kyng him Answeryd that hym wel lyste.

So swyftly they Ronnen In that plas,
as faste as the howndes hertes don chas,

Piers dismounts, sees that his harness is all right,
mounts again,
[leaf 80]
goesto meet king Orcaws,
and challenges him to fight.
They encounter each other so fiercely that both their shields are broken.

Both are wounded,

but Piers pushes king Orcaws off over his crupper.

Piers draws his sword, and asks the king to try that way.

and asks the king to try that way.

and so sore to-Gederis they Mette, that here scheldes Into the fehld weren smette, 616
So that there was Non geyn Char, but bothe here whyte fleshe persched thar; so that bothe hadde they woundis grete, and siet Nethir Othir ne wolde not leto; so that the kyng On Piers his spere to-brak, and Piers Azen hym hitte with-Owten lak, & bare him Owt Of his sadel Into the feeld Ouer his hors Crowpere undir his Scheld; and there so sore I-hurt he was, Omnethis to Meven Owt Of that plas.

Whanne Piers atte therthe the kyng say, Of his hors he Alyhte with-Owten delay, 628
and there drowh Owt his swerd Anon, & towards this kyng he gan to Gon; so pat be thike tyme Pe kyng Rekeuered was, and On his feet stood In that plas, Ful sore I-hurt, and ful of Angwyschs. thanne to the kyng Piers seide thus, "Sire knyht, 3oure lostyng lost han 3e; assayeth jif Ony bettere 3o Mown 3ow byse, 636
and jif Ony thing that 3e Mown wynne with Ony Other Melle vs betwynne."

Anon he drowh his swerd with good Entente, And his scheld On honde he hente. whanne the kyng sawh pat he was Redy, Faste to that Melle he gan hym hy, and there his prowesse he schewed In his wyse with Alle his strengthe In the beste Gyse, 644
so that with his swerd & with his scheld he Entrede forth In to that Feld; In the beste Maner that he Myhte, thanne forth he wente Anon Ryhte.

Not-with-stondyng, sore hurt he was to foren tyme In that same plas,
CH. LII.]  

KING ORCAWS FALLS DOWN, SORE HURT.  

so pat moche more Nede thanne hadde he  
Of Restyng thanne Of Ony Melle.  

so there is a great combat between them.  

which that Amonges hem durede ful long,  
and Ech Other sore hurteyn As they stood,  
that Owt Of bothe here bodyes Ran plente Of blood ;  
so ful Of gret prowesse weren they bothe  
that Eche Of Other Merveilled forsothe.  

They wonder much at each other's prowess.  

For the kyng supposede ful Certeynly  
to han fowndyn non, knyht so dowhty  
that with him so longe Myhte Melle ;  
wherefore to him self he gan to spelle ;  
and Piers In that same Manere  

Eevene Of the kyng thowhte ryht ther ;  
For In non Rem he wende han fownde  
so worthy A knyht Goyng on grownde.  
but At the Ende Of that Melle  
the kyng non lengere myht durex sekerle,  
For Evere this Piers was so ful Of prowesse  
and browhte the kyng In gret distresse,  
so that thorwgh Melle and thorwgh torneye  
the kyng non lengere myhte stondyn In feye ;  
but there to-fore Piers he fyl Adown,  
Ful sore syker I-hurt his body In-Vyrown ;  
So sore, that 3if Ony Man him hadde I-seye  
On hym he wolde han had pyte In feye.  

Anon thanne Piers, that Supposid nothing  
that it hadde been Syre Orkaws the kyng,  
to him wente a ful gret pas,  
and puld Offen his helm In that plas,  
and seide 'he wolde him slen vpon that Molde  
but 3if that for Scomfyt he wolde hym holke.'  
Anon the kyng his Eyen vp Caste,  
and vppon Piers lokede Atte laste,  
& seide "thou myhtest me slen ful wel,  
For In thy power it is Eche del;"
It is a sorry thing that he has hurt King Orcaws.

But Piers again bids him yield.

"Now, be my trowthe, quod Piers tho,
but thou the 3elde, I schal the slo;
and fulliche discomfyt holden the,
Other Ellis thy bane wyle I be."

thanne quod the kynge, "Certeynylye,
Mochel lever hadde Ich here to dye
thanne to speken that schamus word,
Creauzt me 3elde be myn Owne Acord;
For to A kynge it were the grettest schame,
the Moste Repref, and the Moste blame,
that Evere Ony Erthly kynge held,
So Schamus A word to sein In feld;
3it hadde [I] levere xiiij Sithe deye
(jif so Oftene that I myhte In feye,)
that I, whiche have be so worthy A knyht,
So schamusly schulde sein thorwh ony fyhte."

Whanne Piers vndirstood that he
A kynge was Of so hy degre,
and wende he hadde ben A sengle knyht
that with hym there held swich fyht;
but whanne he Supposid that p kynge he was,
Anon to him spak he In that plas,
and seide, "Sire, for Charite
so telle here what Man 3e be;
For me thinketh as be 30vre talkyng
that 3e scholden ben A kynge."

"Certes, quod the kynge, sire knyht,
I am A kynge here In thy syht;
and, kynge Orcaws, it Is Myn Name,
In this Iond A Man Of ryht gret fame."

And whanne that Piers this vndirstood
that it was Orcaws pat lay so bathed in blood,
Anon Piers ful Of sorwe he was
that him so hadde Greved In pat plas,
So that he Nyste what forto do,
but his swerd he 3ald him vnto,
CH. LII.] Piers Tells King Orcaws Who He Is.

and seide "sire, I Crye the Mercye
Of that I haue don the gret Anoye.
wherfore, goode sire, forgeveth it me
that I so moche haue trespassed Asens the;
And, lo, my swerd here to the I zelde,
And my body and lyf I putte In thi welde,
holich, Sire kyng, Into thy Bandom,
And At thyn Ordenance hol & som."

Whanne the kyng herde him so seyn,
and that to hym so Offrede him pleyn,
thanne seide the kyng to him tho,
"What art thou that doost here so,
that Of me hast here victorie,
And theerto Mercy here me Crye;
For it is A ful gret Merveyl to Me,
the Conqwerour to þe scomyt 3olden to be."

"Sire, quod Piers Anon Ryht,
I am here to-forn 3ow bothe man and knyht,
and I-born hennes A fer Contre,
Of Ierusalem, that Grete Cyte;
And theerto, sire Piers it is My Name,
and Cristene I am, and Of that fame;
but me befyl An Aventure,
Sire kyng, ful Sikerly I 3ow Ensure,
so that I Entrede Into 3owre Castel
Not longes Agon, I wot ful wel;
and ful Evel I was wonded before,
which that did me ful Mochel sore.
but, thanked be God and 3oure dowhter so dere,
Al Myn Rekeur hadde I there,
and thorwgh A Cristene that is 3owre presoner
whiche that 3e In preson kepen ther.
For siker I wende to han ben ded
Of my wonde þat I hadde In that sted;
but, Gromesty God and that good Man,
Al hel and fers he Made me than.
And whanne that hol that I was,
thanne herde I tellen In that plas
how that 3e A bane dyde Crye
thorwgh-Owt 3oure lond ful hastilye,
Atte the Brigge to Iusten with A knyht
that was A Man Of so Mochel Myht.
and Al so sone as that I Myhte
harneyes geten Of 3oure dowhter so bryhte,
I me hyder hiede ful sone ;
but I ne wyste how it gan gone,
For siker I ne scholde han Comen here
and I hadde knowen In Ony Manere
that it hadde been 3owre persone,
I scholde 3ow han lefht here Alone,
For the grete benefit that I haue
Of 3oure dowhter, so Crist hire save ;
and perfore, that I haue don be vnknowenge,
Of forgovereness I greye 3ow, sire kynge."

and the kyng him for3af with-Owten Faylle
So pat with Marahan he wolde taken bataille.
thanne seide Piers to p° kyng Ageyn,
"Forto'haven 3owre love I wile Certeyn
putten my lyf In Aventure
A3ens kyng Marahan, I 3ow Ensure."
Thanne the kyng gan him behete
Many Gwerdoins bothe goode & grete,
and what thing that he wolde Crave,
thowgh his kyngdom, that he wolde haue ;
but that he wolde For non thing
that kyng Marahan hadde knoweng
that 3if A Cristene Man he were,
thanne Marahan nolde fyhte with him there ;
"for thanne myhte he Refusen with-Owten faille
with 3ow to fyhten In bataylle ;
For that 3e ben not Of this lay,
perfore he may 3ow refusen In fay."
Anon Piers the kyng Ensured he
That Neuere discoverid schold it be.

Thanne putten they here swerdis bothe vpe in fere,
and vndyr that Brygge Rested hem there,
In a gret deseise there bothe two,
Tyl that the day was Al A-go.
and whanne It was with-Inne the Nyht,
To hors bak they wenten A-Non Ryht,
and to the Castel gonnen they to go
that they bothen ferst Comen fro,
Al so prevly as that they Myhte,
that they scholde Comen In non Mannes sylhte,
Nefer non Man knowen Of here Comenge,
Sauf Only the steward Of the kyng
that Abod vppon his lord,
Lyk As It Was be here Owne Acord;
and Anon there lyhten they Adown,
bothe the kyng and Ek Perown;1
and they Onharmed hem pere Anon.

the kyng Aftyr his dowhter sente thus son;
and whanne to-form him that sche was gon,
the kyng his dowhter Axede Anon,
"damysele, he seide, knowe 3e this knyt?"
sche wolde it haue I-heled with Al hire Myht:
"Nay, faire dowhter, haue 3e non drede,
3e nede not hym to helen for this dede;
wherfore, I preye 3ow, dowhter dere,
That 3if Evere 3e Maden him Ony good chere,
that An hundred fold bettore 3e now do,
For he to Me Aqwyteth hym so:
For the beste knyt Of þe world Is he,
And this day in bataille hat Ouercomen Me;
And More-Ouer to Me hath he mad Surawnee
with Marahans to fyhten Into the Owtrauence."

thanne that damysele Made gret Ioyeng
whanne he had hire told that tydyng;

[1 Fr. perron; but pierres in l. 795] Orcaws sends for his daughter,

She is afraid, and would conceale it,
but Orcaws bids her not to be afraid,
but to take a hundred times
better care of Piers than before,
as he is going to fight Marahans.
and if Evere sche did hym Servise to-fore,  
Aftyr sche dyde An hundred part More.  
Thanne leches weren sent Aftyr Anon  
Alle here woundes to serchen Echon,  
For pere-Offen hadden they gret plente  
Of grete and smale, As they myhten se.  
and whanne the leches gan hem beholde,  
and hem serched ful Many folde,  
they boden hem Abasched Nothing to be,  
For Al hol scholden they ben sykerle;  
and with-Inne xvj dayes & xvj Nyht  
they scholde ben bothe Ioly & lyht,  
so put Er the day Come Of Bataylle,  
Al heyl to been with-Owten faille.  

Thus Cam Sire Piers In knowelechinge  
with kyng Orkaws with-Owten lesynge,  
and Eche A day I-Served with Riche deynte  
As thowh Ryht A kyng he hadde I-be.  
And whanne the day of Bataille Aproched Ny,  
They gonnen hem Arayen ful hastyly,  
and to horsbak they gonne hem dylte  
with A gret Compenye, I 3ow plyhte,  
and to Londone they Gonnen to Ryde,  
To kepen here day pere At that tyde.  
& whanne to Londone that they weren Gon,  
there fowden kyng Marahans Anon  
In the Cowrt to-forn kyng lucye,  
his Apel there forto Complye.  
whanne kyng Iweye kyng Orkaws say,  
he hym Anon Axede with-Owten delay,  
‘3if that the bataylle he wolde Entren there,  
Othir Anothir for hym, as was þe Manere.’  
Thanne Sire Piers, that was so dowhty A knyght,  
To-forn hem Alle he presede Anon Ryht,  
and A3ens kyng Marahans put his Gage—  
As A worthy knyght ful Of Corage—
For kyng Orkaws to fynten there,
and him defende with scheld and sper.

Anon kyng Lwcye bothe here Gages took
with Ryht good wille, & not forsook.

Thanne they Of kyng Lucyes howshold
Comen to Enqweren be Manyfold
‘what he was that scholde Fyhte
A3ens kyng Marahans pat was so wyhte;’
but non Man Of the kynges paleys there
Ne wisten not what Man Sire Piers were,
But that they seyden Amonges hem Alle
that he was A knyght Of kyng Orkaws halle.

"Now, Certein, quod Al that Compenye,
vs thinketh this knyht doth gret Folye,
A3ens kyng Marahans p® bataylle to take,
that In Al this lond he ne hath non Make;
wherefore we supposen vtterlye
hym hadde ben bettere han left his Compenie.”

Thus telleden they of Perown there
that knewen ful lytel Of his Manere.

and whanne that Comen was the day of bataylle,
To-Gideris they semelden with-Owten faylle,
So that there was be-twixen hem two
Many Crwel Strokes with peyne and Wo,
that Merveille it was forto beholde
the prowesse Of tho knyhtes so bolde;
and from it was pryme Of the day
they fowhten tyl it was past noon In fay;
For with gret prowesse & poynes so fers
he gan him to defende from Sire Piers;
for whanne Marahans knew Of Pieres Myht,
he him defendyd with Many strong fyht;
but Atte laste Ende trewely
his defens ne vailled him not sekerly,
For Sire Piers hym slowhe there in the feeld,
and stille there lay ded vndir hys Scheld;
and there Sire Piers smot Of his hed,
& bar it to kyng lucyE In that sted,
And seyde to hym In this Manere,
"Sire kyng, this dede haue I don here
to Aqwyten kyng Orkaws In this feeld
Of tresowne that Marahans him Apelyd."

"Certes, sire," quod kyng lucyE tho,
"Ful worthily here, Syre, hauew 3e do,
and Aqwy 3ow In Alle degre
As A knyht ful Of Chevalre,
and here to-Fore Alle My Baronye
3e han 3ow qwyF Ful dowhtylye ;
And On the beste knyht 3it 3e be
that Evere Sawh I, Certeynle ;
wherfore, And it were to 3ow non Noysaunce,
I wolde han som Of 3owre Aqweyntawnce."

"Sire kyng, Gladliche it May wel be
that Myn Aqweyntawnce haven scholen 3e ;
but In this Contre I ne schal not Abyde,
Sauf As lytel As I May this Tyde."

and whanne kyng Lucye say it wolde not be,
that he not wolde tarycu In that Contre,
thanne kyng Orkaws took he Asyde,
And preide hym that Ilke tyde

"that Er viij dayes fulfilyd were,
At 3oure Castel I schal speken him there,
For Mochel desire I now trewelye
to knowen som Of his Chevalrye ;
and Ek AQweynted with him to be,
I sey 3ow, kyng Orkaws, ful sekerle."

thanne kyng Orkaws Answeryd As p" hende,
"Sire, I hope there schole 3e hym fynde."

Thus from Londone they departyd Anon,
And to his Owne Castel Gan he to gon,
So that kyng Orkaws ful Ioyful was,
and Ek Alle his Meyne In that plas,
Of his Speed and Of his Iorne
that was I-don At Londone Cyte.
And whanne to his Castel that he Cam,
Azens hem tho wente Many A Man,
& Of Sire Piers Maden ful gret Ioye there
that he hadde born hym In swich Manere,
For they knewen wel In Certayn
That a worthy knyght he hadde I-slayn.

Whanne the thrydde day Was Agon,
thanne seide kyng Orkaws to Piers Anon,
"Sire Piers, 3e han me don Good Servise,
And I Myhte it 3ow qwytten In Ony Gyse ;
but Axeth Of Me what 3e welen Crave,
and be my CreAwnce 3e scholen it haue :
And 3if it be In My powere,
what that Evere 3e Axen here."
"Sire, quod Piers Ageyn hym to,
Myn Askynge 3e mown ful Esely do :
For non Good Of 3owre ne wil I haue,
Nether Of non Richesse ne wil I Crave ;
but On thing that 3e wolde don for me
whiche schal profyten 3ow In Eche degre."
thanne kyng Orkaws Answerid hym Ageyn
that he it wolde don In Certeyn.

"Now, Sire, non thing Ellis I Axe Of the,
but Cristene Man that thou wilt be,
and forsaken now thy fals lay
that thou hast worschepid Many A day ;"
and be-gan him forto scheue
Of Cristes passiown with-Inne A throwe,
and the holy vangelye gan him vndo,
And Of Other payntes Manye Mo ;
so pat with-Inne two dayes Aftyr Sewynge
he browhte hem Alle to Cristenynge,
and Reneyeden the Sarasynes lay
that they hadden kept ful Many A day.

and when they reach the castle,
there is great rejoicing for the victory.
Orcaws asks Piers to choose his reward for his services.
Piers will not have goods or money.
He asks Orcaws to forsake his false faith,
and so preaches to him, that in two days he is converted.
A hermit is sent for, and there sent he Aftyr An Ermyt Anon, and lete hem Cristenen there Everichon.

thanne the kyng that Orkaws I-Clepid was, his Name was torned In that plas, and ‘Lamet’ In baptesme Clepid was he, And his dowhter ‘Camylle’ Certeynle.  

thanne, for the love Of the kyng, they Of the Contre Maden gret Beldyng, And A Cyte they gonne to Make, And ‘Orkanye’ It Clepyd for his sake.  

Whanne that Cristened Alle they were For the Moste part In that Rem there, Thanne kyng Lamet seyde In his wyse To Sire Piers, that knyhdt Of pryse, ‘Now, Sire Piers, Myn Owne Frendo that to Me han ben so good & hende, Now that I have Fulfild to the Alle that Evere thow hast Axed Of Me, therfore, Sire, herteliche I 3ow preye that myn Request 3e welen not denye,’ thanne seide sire Piers ful Sekirly, ‘ that his Request he ne schold deny 3if that It were In his powere Ony thing that he myhte don there.’  

“I 3ow besche thanne, quod the kyng, that 3e wolden fulfillen now myn Axyng: My dowhter Camylle that 3e wolden take To 30wre wyf, Sire, for my sake; For sche is I-comen Of kyng & qwene, and porto A good womman with-Owten wene; And I schal 3ow Sesen In Al Myn lond, and Maken hem Buxom to 30wre hond; & 3yf thus, Sire Piers, it Mylhte be, there nas neuere thing so Joyful to Me as 3ow tweyne to ben knyt In Maryage, So worthy persones Of so hy parage.”
than he answered Sir ever so willing,
"Sire, then he was fully my will,
And thus he sent after this mayde
And thus the滋养 thanking hym often since
and thus sone he sent after this Mayde
and thus thus he sent after this Gentyl knyght hadde saide,

So that Ensured thane bothe they were,
And for the Mariages they Ordeyned there.
And happe that Azens the day Of weddyme
Thedyr was Comen Sire Lweye the kynge,
and Merveillede that Alle I-Cristened weren there
In so schort tyme sethen to-gederis they were;

So it Neuertheles he desirede so Sore
To knowen Sire Piers And Of his lore,
and forto havent his Aqweyntawnce
he ne wolde not leven for Al this Chawnce.

So that In the Cyte of Orkanye
was this Maryage ful Ryalye;
and there kynge Lwye Abod viij dayes
Fulliche, As this Storye here Sayes,
To beren Sire Piers here Compenye
that was so worthy In Chevalrye;
For the kynge him prisede so wel
Of Bewte & bounte Euerlydel,
so that neuer wheche he Say
So Mochel him pleside be hys lay.
And Er the viij dayes I-past they were,
Sire Piers kynge Lwye so preched there,
And Al his Compenye Ek therto
that thike tyme with hym comen tho,
& hem gan schewen Cristes lawe,
where-Offen kynge Lwye was ful fawe;
So that Cristened thanne wolde he be
be swych A Covenaut As I schal tellen the,

Piers is very willing.
They send for the maiden,
and she and Piers are betrothd.
On their wedding day
king Lucey arrives, and is much surprised to find them all Christians.

The marriage takes place.
King Lucey remains there for eight days.
Piers preaches to him,
and converts him and all his company.
King Lucey makes a covenant.
with Piers, to be his brother in arms and chivalry.

So King Lucye is christend, as both Sir Robert de Borron says, and also the old story records, Nevertheless the story of Brut says nothing of Sir Piers, so it is clear that he who drew this story out in Romance knew little about the St Graal, or the story of Sank Ryal.

Piers lives a long and worthy life, and has a noble heir called Herlawnt.

Piers dies, and is buried at Orkanye in St Philip's church.

with this, that Piers In Compenye
with kyng Lweye wil holden Chevalrye; 1048
And herto Swrawnce to þe kyng he Made,
where-Offen that Meyne weren ful glade;
and þat he wolde hym loven Aboven Alle Othir,
As love scholde ben be-twene brothir & brothir. 1052
Thus kyng Lweye there Cristened was
And his Meyne Also In that plas;
Thorwh the teching Of Sire Perown,
thus weren they Crestened Alle In-virown, 1056
As witnesseth Sire Robert Borron here
that from latyn to Frensch translated this Matere.
and Êk the Olde Storye Recordeth Also
That In this Manere this was I-do;
And þit Neuertheles Brwtes Storye
Of Sire Piers ne Maketh non Memorye;
For it Is ful Syker, with-Owten dowte,
that he which In Romawnce this drow Otwte,
he knew ful lytel Of Seynt Graal,
Owther Of the Storye Of Sank Ryal;
And therefore noman Merveille hym here
thowgh of Sire Piers he speketh not there;
but they ne Connen not hem Excuse,
Neure owt Of this styorne he to Refuse.
Ryht longe lyvede Sire Piers there
In worthinesse and strengthe, In diuers Manere; 1072
and vpon his wyf there be-gat he
A worthy Eyr In Alle Maner degre;
And Herlawnt was that Childes Name,
A vayllawnt knyht, And Of gret Fame. 1076
For whanne to harmes that he Cam,
he wax A worthy Chevalrows Man;
And whanne that Sire Piers ded was,
he Comauaded his Meyne In that plas
In Orkanye hym forto Entere,
In A Chirche Of Seynt Phelyp there;
that be his lyve he dyde Don Make
In Worschepe Of God And Seint Phelyppes sake; 1084
and thus Entered there he was
with Mochel worschepe In that plas,
and Aftyr his deth his sone harlan
the Regne Aftyr hym ReIoysched than, 1088
and Anon kyng was Crowned there;
& perto A good Man in Many Manere,
and wedded þe kynges dowhter Of Irland,
& On hire begat, As I vndirstond, 1092
An Eyr that A kyng I-Crowned was,
A worthy knyht In Every plas,
hos Name was Callid Melyan,
that was A Chevalrows & A worthy Man. 1096
and Of Melyan descended Anothir kyng,
A worthy Man In Alle thing
hos Name þat was Agristes,
A worthy Man In Every ples, 1100
and perto bothe wys and Redy;
and to his wyf A fayre lady,
A woman Gentyl & Of hy parage,
and perto I-Comen Of gret lynage; 1104
so that On hire begat an Eyr of fame,
kyng hedor Aftir was his name.
and this hedor was On Of þe beste knyhtes
that Evere In Orkanye was In fyhtes, 1108
& wedded þe kynges dowhter Of Northgales,
As In this Manere vs scheweth these tales;
And An Eyr On hire Engendred he 1112
that Aftyr kyng was Of Orkane;
And kyng loot thanæ was his Name,
A worthy Man & Of gret Fame;
& On Of kyng Arthures kyn weddede he,— 1116
which was A man Of gret powste—
and sehe was lady faire and gent.
& on hire he Engendrede verament

His son's name is Hedor,
who marries the daughter of the
king of North Wales,
and begets a son

and has a son
called Melyan, a
worthy knight,

from whom
descends Agrestes,
who is both wise
and ready,
and marries a
fair wife.
OF LOT'S SONS, GAWAIN, ETC, AND ARTHUR'S INCEST. [CH. LII.

and has four sons:

Foure sones ful trewelye,
As Recordith this Storye,—

Gawain, who is a good knight, but too lecherous;

Of wheche the ferste Gawney was hyhte,
that was A worthy Man In fyhte,
but that luxuryows he was,
A gret vys In Every plas.

The secund ne was not so worthy A knyht,

Granayns, who is proud,
but not such a good knight;

And Granayns be his Name he hyht,
and bertoo A proud Man was he,
but not to Comende for Chevalre.

Gwerrehes, a worthy man,

A worthy Man In Every pres,
and longe Endurede In travaille;
but Atte laste with-Owten faille

Ful velenosly he was Slayn
be Boort Oper lawncelot In Certeyn.

The fourthe brothir, was his Name
Gahenet, A man Of Fame.

and Gahenet,

this Gahenet was a worthy knyht,
bothe trewe and stedfast In Every fyht;
and this of the fowre bretheren wisest was,
this forseid Gahanet In every plas.

but 3yt Cam he neuere to Gaweyn,
As this storye seyth Certein.

The wisest of the four brothers.

but thanne was there On Mordret,
that men Supposen hadde ben be-get
Be-twenye kyng Loot and his wif;
but it was to-foren with-Owten sryf,
kyng Arthewr On his Soster Engendrid hym,¹
As Manye bokys it telleth In Rym;

For he wende the Maiden Of Yrland it hadde be,
whanne that to his Soster wente he.

¹ As the holders of Arthur's perfectness choose to ignore this traditional sin of their hero's, while they are willing enough to accept as true, Guinevere's traditional offence, I have added Lonelich's version of De Borron's account of the matter in an Appendix; though, of course, 'Sire Robert' may not be the author of Merlin.
and whanne that he knew Apertly
that with his Soster he hadde synned fleshly,
Thanne Repented they hem Wondir Sore
Of that dede they hadden done ther.
but this was Er he weddede Gonmore,
That A worthy lady was, and Of good lore.

Now here Mown 3e sen In Certeyn,
the Generacion bothe hol and pleyn ;
And how that Gawayyn Of p' lyne Cam
Of Iosephes Of Armathie, that Good Man ;
and this Supposeth not the peple here ;
but It is thus In Alle Manere.

And now levesth here this Storye
& of Al this lyne ful Sekerye,
and Only torneth to Iosephes Agayn
As here Aftyr 3e scholen heren ful pleyn.

CHAPTER LIII.
OF JOSEPHES AGAIN, AND OF HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER
GALAS.

Josephes journeys among the wild forests and beasts between
England and Scotland, visits Wales, Ireland, and other
strange Countries (p. 310), and then goes to Galafort,
which he left fifteen years before (p. 311). He finds his
mother burid, and his brother Galas a knight, such as
Gaunor never saw before (p. 311-12). The men of Hotelise
(afterwards Galez) send and ask Josephes to choose them
a king (p. 312). By the advice of Gaanor, Nasciens,
and twelve wise men (p. 312), Josephes confers the
Crown on Galas (p. 313); and with a great company
they all proceed to Hotelise, and its chief city Palagre,
where Galas is crown'd (p. 314). He is so much liked,
that after his death the name of his country was changed
to Galez, 'whiche Name Neuere chongen schal In this
world whiche is Fynal' (p. 315). He marries, and from
him descends King Vryens of the Round Table, who was
slain in Arthur's fight against Mordret (p. 315). Now,

1 Fr. ‘ioseph, English MS. ‘Joseps, with a curl over the p.
It must mean Josephes, as in the next chapter, l. 68, the same
Iosep's occurs, with ‘ of his fadyr' after it.
JOSEPHES JOURNEYS ABOUT, AND PREACHES. [CH. LIII.

I'll tell you an adventure of Galaaz's: One evening after hunting he comes on a quaint sight, a great Fire in a dry Ditch (p. 316). Out of it comes a voice, saying that it's his Cousin Symew, who's burning there for his misdeeds, and wants a Place of Religion founded to allay his pains (p. 316-17), which cannot end till Galahad, unstain'd by lust, comes to quench them (p. 317). So Galaaz promises to found an Abbey, and to be burid there for Symew's ease (p. 317). The Abbey is built and endow'd (p. 318), and Galaaz entomb'd there when he dies, till Lancelot of the Lake removes his corpse (p. 318-19).

Now forth this Storye gynaeth to procede, and to Othere Materis it wyle vs lede.

whanne that Iosephes departyd themne From Piers & Pharans, thike two goode Menne, 4 which Pharans hadde In Gouvernance, thorwh happeng Of A lytel Mischajuce : and whanne that Iosephes from hem was gonn And Ek his Compenye Everychon, 8 Ful Manye Iornes they wenten In fere, and but wilde forest ne fownden they there, & Ek wylde bestes In that plas, where-Offen the lond repleynschd was ; 12 and ful Mochel harm they gonnen do To þe peple that wente bothe to & fro ; For that tyme Bretaygne Repleynschd not was Toward scotland but In lytel plas : 16 and where that Evere Iosephes wente, he prechid Goddis Name veramente ; and Euere where the Moste peple was, Sorrest he prechede In that plas, 20 And wurwhte Only be goddis Myht, and be the holy gost that was so bryht. So that he Cam Neuere In non Contre, but 3if his wille Of the peple hadde he. 24 And thus wente Iosephes Al Abowte Into straunge Contres, with-Owten dowte, Into Scotlond, wales, & Into yrlond, and Into manye Oper paryes, I vnnderstand. 28
JOSEPHES GOES TO GALAFORT, AND FINDS GALAS A KNIGHT. 311

& whanne thus he hadde travailled In this Manere, and departed his kynnes Men bothe here & there, Forto Anhawncen there goddis Name In Every Contre where that they Came, that so Atte laste him took A talent To Galafort to Gon thanne verament; and whanne the Castel he Aprochid so Ny, And saugh It wel Amendyd Sothfastly, More dowble Ouer that It was Sethen he departed from that plas; but Merveille per-Offen was but lytel there, For he hadde ben thens Fyftene þere; and Abowtes that Castel weren there dyht Manye Abbeyes In worschepe Of God Almyht, that Manye goode men hadden don Mad Sethen Iosephes departed from that sted.

And whanne he was come to galafort, And Ek his Meyne thider gonz Resort, be that tyme his Modyr I-beryed was In An Abbey besides that plas, that by the Castel was there, worthily I-beryed and In fayr Manere; but Galas that his brothir was, whiche Iosephes lefte In that plas but of 30ng Age At his departyng, was A knyht Aforr his Azen Comeng, the worthiest holden In Chyvalre that was knowen In Ony Contre; And Ordrf Of knyht took this Galas Of Nasciens that Stille Abod In that plas, where-Offen Iosephes Merveilled sore whanne his brothir A knyht that he say thore.

and whanne they of Galafort Iosephes sye, Ful gret Ioye they Maden, and Melodye, Of Iosephes and Ek of lis fadyr Iosepe; Ażens hem þere Ronnen A ful gret hepe,
and to hem ful grete Festes made, 68
and to here Compenye, to Maken hem Glade;
For swich Ioye as Made dewk Gaanor
whanne Iosephes and his fadyr he sawh thor,
Neuere so gret Ioye half he Made
as that tyme he dyde, he was so glade;
For In herte to forn tyme ful sory he was
that Iosephes so longe was from pat plas.

A while whanne that Iosep[he]s was rested there,
Of the Maners of his brothir he gan Enqwere;
and dewk Gaanor him Answerede Anon,
& seide, "swich A man As Galas was On,
Of body, Of prowesse, and of dede,
knew I neuere In non kyngrede."
and whanne Iosephes of galas herde this,
thanne was his herte ful Of blis,
and to hym thanze Galas was ful dere,
and herteliche hym lovede In Alle Manere.

The ferste Mownthe pat Iosephes Cam to Galafort,
Thedyr Messengeris to him gonnen Resort,
and thedryr they browhten hym newe tydynge,
that sekerly ded was here kynge
Of the Rem of hotelise, that was tho Cald,
and After cleped Galeʒ, as now it is hald.
and bencheson that here kyng ded was,
to Iosephes they senten Into that plas,
and hym preyden 'for his honowr
to Geten hem A lord and a Governour,
whewhe that worthy here Crowne were forto bere
In defens Of here lond Every where;
for ʒif oure Rem with-Owten kyng be Ony while,
It Myhte sone thanne fallen Into Exylle.'

whanne Iosephes herde Of Al this Fare,
Anon dewk Gaanor to hym Clepid he thare,
and also dede he sire Nascien,
To taken Cownseyl of these two Men;
CH. LIII.] JOSEPHES'S BROTHER, GALAS, IS TO BE KING OF HOTELISE. 313

"For if the Rem of hoteliçe with-owte kyng were,
It Were to the peple a ful gret dere,
and lyhtly Myht Tornen In to Exyl,
whiche were to the peple ful gret peryl.
wherfore In goddis Name I 3ow preye,
that trewe Conseil Of Ryht 3e welen Me seye,
what Maner of Man that best worthy be
that Rem to governe In Alle degre,
and that the sothe 3e welen me say,
In charge of 3oure sowles at domesday."

"Sire, quod dewk Gaanor and Nasciens thenne,
the sothe to Morwe we scholen 3ow kenne."

vppon the Morwen whanne it was day,
thus bothe to Josephes gonnem they say,
"Sire, Of that 3e gonnem vs to Refreyne,
vpponoure sowles þe sothe we scholen 3ow seyne,
that In this Lond Man so worthy Is Non
Of worthynes In chevalrye Of flesch ne bon.
Ne non so worthy A Rem In governauçe to have,
As Is Galas 3owre brothir, so god vs save.
and therfore now doth 3oure likynge,
For we holden hym best worthy to be A kynge."

"wel, quod Josephes, þit schal I Enquere
of Other Men that ben not so Nere."

thanne sente Josephes forth ryht Anon,
Aftyr twelve the wysest Of Al that won.
Anon to forn hym they Comen thus sone,
and to hem there spak he Al Alone;
lyk As¹ he hadde Seyd to dewk Gaanore,
to these xij worthy men he seyde Ryht thore;
and Anon On styre forth be-forn,
and seide they scholden hym Answeren vppon þe Morn.

vppon the Morwen they Comen Alle twelve,
and Aftyr Gaanor they seyde the Selve,
and seiden that Non So worthy Nas
to ben A kyng, As was his brothir Galas.
thanne Iosephes, his brothir Gan he to Calle, and thus to hym seide Aforne hem Alle, "Brothir Galas, come hydryr to Me! kynge Of the Rem of hotelyce schal I Maken the be Cownseyl of these goode Men Certeyn, For the grete goodnesse that Of 3ow they seyn; For sekerly it Nys not don by Me Althowh that 3e my brothyr be; but sethen that 3e ben Of swich prowesse, I am Ryht Ioyful In Sykernesse that 3e ben worthy to haven swich honour, Of the Rem Of hotelyce to beren the flour." thanne knelede Galas down Anon, And of Iosephes this 3ifte Rescueyvede thus son. Thanwe Aftyr Anon the thrydde day Iosephes from Galafort took the way, So dede Ek Sire Nasciens & dewk Gaanore, And this 3onge knyht Galas with hem Rod thore, and with hem Also gret Chevalrye To hotelyce Ryden In Compenye; and Anon ful worthyly Rescueyved they were Of Alle the baronage that was there, and ful gret Ioye Of hem they Made, And ek Al the lond of hem weren glade. So that it happede On whyt-sonday that for this Galas was Mad gret Aray Atte Moste worthiyst & worschepful Cyte Of Al hotelyce, As I telle the, which that Palagre was Cleped thanne; Thedir Resorted ful Many A Manne For to sen the kynges Coronacyon, Thedir they wenten with good devocion; so that there A kynge I-sacred was Galaad, Of his Owne brothir Iosephes in that plas. Thus helden they there A worthy feste, and weren ful welcome bothe Mest and Ieste;
so that Galaaz stille kyng dwelde there, and hyghly beloved was Every where Of dewks, Erles, & of Barown, and Also of Alle his Regyown; so that for his good beryng and his fame the lond Ever Afyr hym bar the Name; For Afyr the tyme that Galaaz was ded, It is Evere clepyd Galez In that sted, whiche Name Neneve Chongen schal In this world whiche is Fynal.

Thanne this Galaaz wedded A wyf, A kynges dowhter with-Owten stryf, and On hyre he be-gat, the sothe to say, A sone that was kyng Afyr his day; and of that sone be Ryht Engendrwre desendid kyng Vryens, I the Ensure, that was ful of worthynesse

In kyng Arthures tyme, and of prowesse; and a felawe was Of the Rownde-table, As I 3ow here telle with-Owten fable, and slayn was with kyng Arthowr In bataylle vppon the pleyn Of Salysbery with-Owten faille, where As kyng Mordret and kyng Arthowr To-gederes hadden A ful gret Schowr; And there Ryht kyng Mordret was slayn, And kyng Arthour I-wounded ful sore Certayn.

He is highly belovd by all his nobles and people, and after his death his lond is calld Gales for his sake.

He marries a wife and has a son, from whom descends Uriens, who is a knight of the Round Table, and dies on Salisbury plain, where King Arthur and Modret have their great battle.

One day Galaas is riding in a wild forest all alone, and loses sight of his followers and dogs. He misses his way in the dark.
so that Into A wast lawnde he happede there, but non Manere Of weye sawhe he nowhere, and thus travers he Rod tyl Myd Nyht tyl atte laste he say A qweynte sylht, In a drye diche A ful grete Fyr:
thanne thedirward to drawen was his desyr, and whanne he was Comen to that plas, there hovede he, and Abod A ful grete spas, and Merveillede what this fyr myhte be, that so lyht brende In Alle degre.

And whiles that Galaaz so liovede there, he herde A voys As it Come from fere, whiche that Seyde there to Galaaz, "lo, here thy Nygh Cosyn In this plas, that here In this torment do dwelle, and hens ne May not, I the telle."

whanne Galaaz herde hym Cosyn so Calle, he Merveillede how that myhte befalle, and hym Abaschet wondyr Sore Of the voys that he herde thore, And seyde to hym, "that thow telle Me, wherby I May knowen In Ony degre what Maner Of thing that thow Art, And why to the delvered Is this part Of so grete Angwysch and torment, As here with myn Eyen I se present; whiche thing I desire ful sore to knowe, Of Alle this tormentis vppon a Rowe."

"I Am Symew, thyn Owne Cosyne, that here now dwelleth In this pyne Forto qwenchyn My Mysdede that I dede to Perown of Talshede, the wheche Myn Owne Cosyn was As thou hast to forne herl In Ofer plas, and therfore non More I schal the Seye; but, for his love pat On Cros Gan deye,"
So that In Aleggeng Of my peyne,
do me On thing that I schal seyne,
and fownde here som place of Religyown,
that with good herte and good devocyon
they Mown to Iesw for Me preyen,
here My peynes forto Alegggen."

"Now do one thing to relieve me,
and found some place of religion
for me that they may pray for me."

Thanne Answeryde Galaaz, "Sykerle,
Symew, I have wel herd speken Of the;
but telle me now Symew my Axyng,
Schal this torment ben Euere duryng?"
"I schal the telle," quod Symew tho,
"3if that this thing that thou wilt do."
"I the graunte, quod Galaaz thanne,
Ryht As I Am A trewe Manne.
and 3it for the I schal don More;
with Manye fayre Goodes I schal it store,
and þerto here don Maken A Riche Abbeye,
Trustylich, Symew, As I the Seye;
3it More-Over I schal preyen be my levynge,
that I, Aftyr this worldes departynge,
In that same Abbeye I-beryed to be,
For Mochel it ben Amendid be Me;
and that I hope schal don the Ese,
Aleggeng thy peyne, And Ek god to plese."

Anon thanne Symew be-gan to Crye,
And thanked Galaaz with voys ful hye.
Thanne Seyde Symew þere to Galaaz
whiche that hovede þere In that plas,
"vndirstondeth, Sire Galaaz, Ryht wel,
that this torment schal passen Every del
Al so sone As that A worthy knyht
that Aftyr the schal hoten ful Ryht
Cometh to vysiten this Ilke place;
God with hym schal senden his grace,
and In this dice stawnchen this feer,
that thou here Sixt brennen so Cleer;
because he shall be pure.

He shall end the adventures of the St. Graal. Then Symen says no more.

Galas goes away, and meets all his company, who have been lamenting him, and are rejoict to see him again.

Galas sends for workmen and builds an abbey of the Trinity, wherein sixty monks are to live.

When he dies, he is buriéd in that abbey with all his armour, and that be Encheson Of On thing is this, that neuere with luxvre he was brend Iwys; and Into this lond Of his Entrynge, Alle the poyntes of scint graal schoelen hauen Endynge.”

Thanne lefte Symew his talkynge, 285
And no More Spak to Galaaz the kynge; And Alwey kyng Galaaz Gan hym Refreyne, but neuere Aftyr word to hym wold he seyne. 288
And whanne þe kyng Sawh that he Nolde to hym no More spoken vpon that Molde, In to his weye he tornd Ageyn (As that tyme hym happede In Certeyn,)
where as he departyd the day to fore, there As Al his Meyne hadden hym lore ; and there with his Meyne Mette he Anon, that for hym hadden Mad ful gret Mon, lest that som Misaventure to hym hadde Comen, I the Ensure ; but whanne they syen hym wel At his Ese, thanne In here hertis it dede hem plese. 300
vpon the Morwen, whanne it was day, the kyng Abowtes sente be Every way bothe Aftyr Masowns And Carpentere, An hows Of Religiown to Fownden there where As Symew to hym spak: thus dede kyng Galaaz with-Owten lak, and fownded An hows Of the Trenite, And there-Inne Syxty Monkes serteinle, and therto fownded hem with good Inowhe, Of londes and Rentes, Oxen And plowhe, So that they hadden Suffysawnt levynge for Alle Cristen Sowles to preyen & syngye. 312
And Al so sone As kyng Galaaz was ded, he let hym beryen In that same sted; And with hym Al his Armure, And Also his helm, & his swerd, I the Ensure; 316
& here In A Riche grave hym pytte,
For that no man scholden Remeven Itte
to Fore tymes that lawncelot the lake
thedyr come, pat body vp to take,
that with gret peyne it scholde Remeve.

lo here of Galaaz the storye doth leve,
and telleth now of Iosephes,
how that he departyd from that hepe,
From Iosephes, and from his brothe Galaaz,
And tornede Azen In to Anothir plas.

 CHAPTER LIV.

 HOW JOSEPH DIED, AND JOSEPHES 'PASTE TO GOD IN A BLESID TYME.'

Joseph dies, and is burid in an Abbey of the Cross of England
(p. 320); and Josephes, sick and 'desesy,' goes to King Mordreins (p. 320), and says he is full of joy, because God has told him he shall die next morning (p. 320-1). Mordreins then asks for some token of remembrance of him (p. 321), and Josephes tells him to send for the Shield which he gave him for his battle with Tholomer (see vol. i. p. 109-110). When it comes, Josephes's nose bleeds (p. 321), and with the blood he makes a Cross on the Shield (p. 322), gives it to Mordreins, and says no one shall hang it on his neck without repenting the deed, till Galahad takes it (p. 322). Mordreins thanks God for giving him sight to see the shield (p. 323), and asks Josephes where he shall put it (p. 323). 'On Nasciens's tomb, for there shall Galahad come' (p. 323). On the morrow Josephes 'paste to God in a blesid tyme' (1. 138). His father's body is carrid into a land where there is a famine, and at once the famine ceases (p. 323). The body is burid in the Abbey of Glavs, which is thenceforth called Glayst-yngebery (p. 324).

Thanne procedyth forth this storye,
and telleth how pat to Galafort Iosephes gan hye,
to spoken with kyng Mordreyns verament
that often tymes hadde for hym sent,
whom ful gret desir he hadde to se,
As I sow seye ful Certeynle.
In the mean time, his father dies, to Josephes’s great distress, and is buried in an Abbey of the Cross.

In this Mene while dayde Iosephe his fadyr dere, and was Entered In a fair Manere, and wherfore Iosephes sore discomforted was, For his fadyr was beryed In that plas, For ful gret love was hem be-twene, As Evere be-twene fadyr & sone Men Myhte sene. And Iosephes Ryht ful feble was tho, that vnnethis for Syknesse Myhte he go, what for fastyng and for travaylle Onnethis Myhte he gon Sawn faille; And so Al deseysy & ful Syk he wente To Sen kyng Mordreyns veramente, In the same Abbey wheche he let Make, and let It fownden for his Owne sake.

whanne he was Comen In to that plas, Evene there As kyng Mordreins was, and hym hadde Salwed In fayr Manere, thanze seide kyng Mordreyns to hym there, “Sire, Ryht welcome forsothe 3e be! longe haue I desired 3ow to spoken & se, and with me here, sere, for to dwell, For Manye thinges I moste 3ow telle; For trewly ful longe thinketh Me that 3e han been Owt Of this Contre; and therfore wolde I weten ful fayn how that It stont with 3ow Certayn.” “Syre, I am Al heyl and sownd, blessed be god, vppon this grownd, For More Ioye Neuere I ne hadde thanme I now haue, I May be gladde.” “now where-Offen, good Sire, quod Mordreins pe kyng, May I not knowen Of that thyng?” “3is sire,” quod Iosephes, “certeynly, I it schal 3ow tellen ful trewly:
Sire, I schal 3ow sein At this tyme, 44
hens schal I passeen to-Morwen At pryme
Owt Of this world Into Anothir place :
thus hath sent me to seyne the kyng Of Grace.”

And whanne kyng Mordreyns herde this, 48
Anon he wepte for deol Iwys,
& seide to Iosephes In this Manere,
“A! goode Iosephes, My Frend so dere,
Now I am here A-lone In this Contre,
and for-saken Alle myn Owne londis & fe
For the grete love that I In 3ow fond,
this, Iosephes, I preie 3ow vndirstond;
Now sethen that it Is So Nygh 3oure tyme
that 3e scholen hens passen to-Morwen At pryme, 52
with herte I 3ow preye ful Specyale
that Som Maner Of Tokene 3e wele
that I Of 3ow Myhte hauen som Manere Remembrance,
what so Euere me be-happed In Ony Chaunce.” 56
“this schal I don, Sire,” quod Iosephes tho ;
And thanne hym bethowhte how he myhte do.
thus some Anon It Cam In his Mynde;
thanne seide he to Mordreyns that was so kynd,
“do bringen that scheld hider to Me,
that In to the Bataille I be-took the,
Whanne thoW Werredest vppon Tholomer,
and Of hym haddest the vittorye ther.”

kyng Mordreyns seide it scholde be do,
and bad A Man Anon therfore to go ;
for that scheld faste by him it was,
and Every day he it kyste In that plas,
for the grete love he hadde therto,
Eche day twye or thries he kyste it so.

The same tyme the scheld Cam Iosephes before,
At his Nese he bledde wondyr sore,
and that stawnched it wolde not be
For non thing he Cowde 3it se.
Anon thus sone he took this scheld
that kyng Mordreins bar In the feld, 80
and A Myddes the scheld, pere As he stood,
he Made a Croys with his Owne blood.

Anon, 84

and whanne that so he hadde I-don,
to kyng Mordreins he betook it Anon,
and seide there to Mordreyns the kyng,
"this schal I leven 3ow In Remembryng.
In this scheld A Crois I have Mad here
with myn Owne blood with-Owten dwere;
So that whanne 3e taken this scheld On honde,
On Me to thenken scholen 3e fonde;
For the Croys that I have Mad here
schal Evere lasten As fresch & fere
as it is this ilke same day ;—
belev wel, kyng Mordreyns, that I the say ;—
and jif Ony knyht that so bold be,
Abowtes him it hangen In Ony degre,
that he ne schal ful sore Repente,
Tyl that A worthy knyht Come presente,
whelche the worthy Galaaz schal be hote,
The laste Of the lyne Of Nasciens Rote ;
and he this scheld schal taken On honde,
And non but he ; this thou vndirstonde ;
For there schal neuere ben knyht so hardé
hit to Occupyen, but Onlich he ;
For lik as mo Merveilles be this scheld hast þou seye,
3it Mo schal galaaz werken Many weye ;
and lik As this scheld passeth Alle Oþer scheldis,
So Galaaz schal passen In townes and feldis
Alle knyhtes Of Chevalrie In every dede,
So Merveillous & worthy In his Manhede.
and with that the kyng gan to se
bothe þe scheld an Cros ful verrayie ;
Thanne took the kyng this scheld On honde,
and Often to kyssen he gan it fonde.
and seide, "lord God, I-worschepid thou be,
that Grace Of Syhte hast graunted me
This Crois to Sen here with Myn Eye;
Now, goode lord Iesw, Gromessye."
and thanne bespak kyng Mordreins
To Iosephes Er he wente theins,
"Sethen 3e han me left this Ilke thing
3ow forto haven In Remembryng,
Telleth me, Iosephes, I 3ow pray,
where that this scheld putten I may,
So that thike worthy knyht
It myht properly Comen to his syht."

Thanne Iosephes Seyde to hym tho,
"Sire kyng, 3if Aftyr Me 3e welen do,
loke where Nasciens Is beryed whanne he is ded,
and hange 3e that scheld In thike same sted;
For thdir schal Comen that goode knyht
at the fyftenethe day, I sey 3ow Ryht,
Aftyr that he hath taken the Orde of Chevalrye;
Ful faste thedirwardis he schal hym hye."
thanne seide the kyng it scholde be do.

and thus Iosephes there parted hym fro.
Vppon the Morwe Atte Owr Of pryme
he paste to God In A blesid tyme,
and was Entered In that same Abbey
There As kyng Mordreins bedered lay.

but thanne Comen Othir Men, and his Fadyr bore
Into A Nothir Contre besides thore;
For A gret Affamyne Amonges hem was.
his body they boren Into that plas,—
For this storye ful trewe it Is,
and also I-proved with-Owten Mys,—
that At the Entre Of that holy Man
Al that Famyne Secede Anon than;
and the lond becam ful Of blessidnesse,
Of Catel, Of good, and Of Al Richesse;
Joseph's body is solemnly buried at the Abbey of Glastonbury.

The story goes to Aleyn.

CHAPTEE LV.

HOW CASTLE CORBENIE IS BUILT FOR THE HOLY GRAAL,
AND VENGEANCE IS DONE FOR DESPITE TO IT AND SOLOMON'S SWORD.

Josephes, before his death, gives the Holy Graal in charge to Aleyn (p. 326), and with it he and his brethren journey from Galafors through strange lands, till they come to a foolish (nise) people, who know nothing but land-tilling, in the land of Foreygne, the king of which, Galafres, is a leper in his city Malee (p. 326-7). The king has Aleyn brought before him, and asks him if he can cure him (p. 328). Aleyn says, Yes, if he will turn Christian, and destroy all his idols (p. 328). Galafres then breaks them all to pieces (p. 329), is christend (p. 330), and Josephes shows him the Graal, which cures him instantly (p. 330). In honour of this, Galafres beheads all his people who will not turn Christians, so that the land is converted within a month (p. 330). He then offers to give his daughter in marriage to Aleyn's brother Joswe, and build a Castle for the Graal (p. 331). The castle is built, and is miraculously directed to be called Corbenie, or Treasure of the Holy Vessel (p. 331-2). The Graal is deposited there, Joswe crownd there, and marrid to Alphanye, on whom he begets an heir, Amynadappe (p. 332-3). At night, King Alphasen (formerly Galafres) sees a Vision,—the Graal on a silver table, a priest before it, and the sound of a thousand voices, and of the beating of birds' wings (p. 333). Then a flaming man tells him that he shall suffer for being in that holy place, and stabs him through both thighs (p. 333-4). The king gets his barons to carry him out of Corbenie, which he names "The Palace of Adventure" (p. 334-5), and in which no knight but one ever slept without meeting his death (p. 335). In ten days Alphasan dies, and is burid with Aleyn in St Mary's at Corbenie (p. 335-6). After Joswe's death, his son Amynadappe reigud in his stead (p. 336). And Amynadappe
begat Carcelois, and Carcelois Mangel, and Mangel Lambor (p. 336). Now, Lambor fought with his old cousin Varlans, who was a paynim, and discomfited him (p. 336-7), and Varlans went on board the ship which Nasciens enter'd at the Yl Tornaunt (vol. i. p. 336, &c.), and found a sword—Solomon's—with which he, Varlans, kill'd king Lambor (p. 337); whence came great tribulation to both lands, for in neither did tree bear fruit, or fish live, and they were call'd the Wastable Land (p. 337-8). On going back for the Scabbard, King Varlans falls dead (p. 338).

Now after Lambor, his son Pellean reigns, who is wounded through both thighs, is call'd King Mayham (p. 338), and is heal'd by Galahad. Pellean's son is Pelles, whose daughter Pelle passes all women in Britain for beauty, save Gonnore, Arthur's wife (p. 339); and on Pelle, Launcelot begets Galahad, the blessed knight, who ends all the Adventures of Britain (p. 339).

Now this Storye furthere doth telle bothe Of Josephes and Aleyn ful snelle; when he that to the deth he drouthe so Ny, thanne behelde he Aleyn ful witterly, and sawgh that he wepe so faste; thanne he hym Axede Atte laste, "Aleyn, why wepyst thow so sore? telle me thy Cause why and wherfore."

"Sire, I May wepen Ryht wel, and 3e it knewen Every del, For A schepe that Alone left Is With-Owen pastour Oper herdeman I-wys; Anon Cometh the wilde lyown, And it distroieth Al & Som. Sire, this Mater I telle by the that Art my pastour Sykerle, And I 3owre schepe as [3e] wel knowe that thus from Me scholen deye nowe. ho schal thanne My pastour be? Now, good sire, thot 3e welen tellen Me."

"3e scholen 3oure self been A good pastour, and Aftyr me 3e wil werken Eche Owr. but loke that 3e non Marchant pastour be, that Fychcheth his Eyen In Eche degre;
but torne 3oure Eyen from Idelnesse,
and Ocupie 3ow In good Besynesse
that schal kepen 3oure body from Alle torment,
and to Endeltes blyssy 3ow Represent;
therfore loke that 3e kepe 3ow wel
that the Enemy In 3ow hawe part non del."

Thanne dyde Iosephes Anon to-forn hym bryngye
the holy vessel with-Owten lesynge,
and seide to Aleyn In this Manere ;
"lo, this holy vessel I betake the here
wiche Iesu Crist my fadyr be-took ;"—
Aleyn it Resceyvede, & not forsook ;—
"and whanne Owt Of this world pat 3e schole pase,
loke that 3e it Ordeyne In to swich A place
that In this Rem It mot stille dwelle,
And be 3ow I-Sesed, As I 3ow telle."

So Aleyn Of this worshepful 3ifte there
he was ful Ioyful In Alle Manere.

Whanne that Iosephes to God past was,
Aleyne Remevede from that plas,
Owt from the Contre Of Galefors ;
and his bretheren with hym gonnen Resort,
For Wedded weren they Everychon,
Alle his bretheryn Except On
wiche that Ioswe I-Clepyd was,
that tho was vn-Maryed, so was his grace ;
and the beste knyht he was be Est Ower West,
and Of Alle his Bretheren Aleyne loved hym best.

Whanne that from Galafort he Gan gon,
thanne Axeden him his bretheryn Everichon,
‘Into what Contre that he wolde Go,’
and he hem Answerede, ‘he Niste not tho,
but as God And Aventure
vs wile Cowndeye, I 3ow Ensure.’

So wente he forth, And his bretherin Alle,
As be Aventure to hem gan falle ;
And An hundred Mo Of his kynrede
Forth with hym than gan he lede,
and seide ' that Som voide Contre
with that kynrede Repleynsched scholde be,
So that with Al his power
he worscepid & Servid god Everywher.

Thus wente he Forth In his Iorne,
as was his Aventure and destyne,
ty lhe Cam In to A stroung land
where As Nise peple he fond,
That ne CoWden but Of Lond tylyng,
Swich was here labour and here werkyng;
and that Rem was Clepid Foraygne,
Of Wheche the kyng was A lepere Certaygne,
and so Orible he was to Mannes Eye
that Eche Man schoned his Compenye;
And his Name was Clepyd Galafres,
Somtyme A worthy knyht In pres,
and dwellyd In his Owne Cyte
That Malce was Clepyd, As I telle the:
and the Same kyng A paynem was,
And Ek Al his peple In Every plas.

Whanne Aleyn Into the Cyte Entren began,
On hym there loked Many a Man,
and wondred what peple what they were
That Into the Cyte Entrede so there,
al le Barefoot, And In powre vesture,
Of wheche the kyng herde, I sow Ensure.
and thus sone Comanded the kyng
hem to-forn hym bringe with-Owen taryeng,
So that Openly he Myhte hem Se,
And whens they coemen and [of] what contre.

and whanne he hem Sawh In his Syht,
thanne Axede he hem Anon Ryht
'Of what Contre that they were.'
thanne Answerid they Anon In fere,
They say 'from Jerusalem.'

"Sire, Of Jerusalem boren we, Eche Man that Is In this Compeyne."

and whanne the kynge herde this, he Axed, "whiche Of 3ow Mayster Is?"

A-Non that Compenye Alle On Rewe there gonne the kynge Aleyn to schewe.

thanne seide the kynge, "Aleyne, I 3ow pray, Conne 3e me Owht Cownseillen In Ony way to koueren me Of my Maladye?"

"3e, sire kynge, quod Aleyn trewele, 3if 3e wil don As I 3ow teche,

Of this Maladye I schal ben 3oure loche with-Inne thre dayes with-Owten Mo."

"3e, quod the kynge, May I troste therto?"

"Sire, quod Aleyn, And 3e welen Me leve, with-Inne iij dayes 3oure helthe I schal preve."

thanne kynge Galafers Answerid tho, "What 3e me Comaunderen I schal do."

"how May I this beleve?" quod Aleyn. "Is sewrly, quod the kynge, In Certeyn, For there nys non Manere Of thing Erthly that I Nolde do to haven helthe Of Body."

"thanane, quod Aleyn, I schal 3ow Say, what 3e mosten don with-Owten Nay; and 3if 3e don not myn Comaunderement, 3e Geten neuere helthe verament."

"Now, seith Onne, quod the kynge thanane, and I it schal don As I am trewe Manne."

"Sire kynge, and helyd thou wilt be, Sarrasynes lawe forsake thou Sykerle, and Alle thin ydoles to breken In fay, that thou hast beleved Onne Many a day; and whanne thou hast the devel Forsake, thanane to Goddis lawe thou schalt p esse take; and Aftyr, I-Cristened thou schalt be, And thanne Othir things schalt thou se,
Myn holy vessel, beleve this wele,
be whiche thou schalt haue Al thin hele,
and I-clesed, Sire kyng, to be
Of Al thy Maladye, Sire, certeinle;
And 3if I do not this Ilke Dede,
I 3eve the leve to smytyn of myn hede,
And Of Al myn hol Compenye,
Sire kyng, I the Enswre trewelye."

This kyng that so moche desired his hele,
lystenede what Aleyn seyd ful wele,
and Merveyllede Mochel Of his promys
that Of his beheste he was so Nys,
and seide, "Aleyn, I wyle gladly do
Al that 3e Comaunden Me vnto;
and but 3e holden 3oure promys,
On 3ow I schal don ful hard Iewys;
and therfore loke that 3e seye me non thing,
but 3if that to ende 3e Connen it brynge."
thanne to him Answerede Aleyn Anon,
"doth by me, Sire, what 3e lyst don,
but 3if the same day Of 3oure Crestenenge,
helthe & bote I schal to 3ow brynge."

the kyng Anon the temples dide down throwe,
And Ek Alle his ydoles vppon A Rowe;
and whanne he hadde I-don Al this,
& distroyed Alle his Mawmetis I-wys
that Evere belongede to paynem lawe,
he hath hem to-borsten and to-drawe;
& thanne seide the kyng to Aleyn tho,
"wylt pon Ony more 3it that I do?"
"3is, quod Aleyn, with-Owten faille
thou Most be Crestened from toppe to taile."
thanne let he Fyllen A ston in hye
Ful Of water ful trewelye,
and blessid it was, and halwed Also,
and Anon he let the kyng per-Inne do.
which is done by a priest namd Alphazan (after whom Galafres is namd Alphasem. Fr.).

Then the holy vessel is showd to the king,

and he is curd of all his leprosy by the sight.

He becomes a good man at once, and has all his people beheaded who will not turn Christians. So all the land is converted in a month.

The king asks Aleyn to do one thing for him, which is, not to take the Graal away.

and per kyng Galafres Cristened was than Of An holy prest that hyhte Alphazan. & whanne that thus I-cristened was he, and Owt Of the water Comen Certainle, thanze browhte Aleyn this holy vessel Anon, and to kyng Galafors gan he gon, & there it discouerede & schewd it fe kyng, whiche was to hym A ferly thynge, and whanne the kyng beheld that Syht, Anon was he Clensyd thorwgh goddis Myht As Clene Also fayr as Evere he was; and thus was he keveryd be goodis gras, So that neuere Man On hym Cowde Aspye that Evere he hadde poynct of Meselrye. and whanne he beheld this worthy Cure, that he was Mad so Clene and pure thorwgh that Ilke Gloryous vessel, he seide it was holy Every del, that so be this Aventure & this Myracle he wax A goodman with-Owten Ony Obstacle, and let to beheveden Al his Meyne that Cristene peple ne wolden not be, So that theke Rem to Cristendom torned was with-Inne lesse thanne A Mownthe, be goddis gras; So that for the Miracle, with-Owten dowte, Al that Lond was Cristened Abowte. Whanne this Lond thus Convertyd was, Onlich thorwgh helpe Of Goddis Gras, thanne seide the kyng to Aleyn tho, "Now, dere frend, On thing 3e welen for me do." "Seith on, quod Aleyn, what It schal be, And I schal it don, Sire, ful Sykerle." "Aleyn, of this that I schal 30W preye, that 3e it Me denyen In Non Weye, So that this holy vessel that here I se, Owt of this place neuere Remeyeed to be;
And if it like 3ow that It be so,
3it More for 3ow thanne wile I do,
I schal don Maken A strong Castel
That holy vessel to kepen In ful wel,
And for 3ow also there-Inne to dwelle.
And to 3ow More 3it schal I now spelle,
To 3owre Owne brothir that Is so dere,
My dowhter I schal 3even to his fere,
and Corowne hym kyng be My levenge,
& Of Alle My londis to 3even him sesenyngge
be this Condiscion, As I 3ow telle,
that this holy vessel Abyde here stytle.”
Thanne Answerede Aleyn to hym Ageyn,
“I Concente wel therto In Certeyn;”
For My purpos it hath Evere I-be
That Onliche My dere brothir Joswe
Aftyr my deth hyt schold have,
that For to Governen, to kepen, & save.”
Anon the king, with-Owten More,
let fechchen his dowhter hem before,
and knytte Joswe and hire In fere,
whiche that to hym weren both leef & dere.
thus sone thanne vppon A watyr side,
A Castel he Ordeyned that Ilke tyde,
that strong & Merveilous it was to se,
With A ful fair paleys Certeinle;
And Manye Riche howses there weren dyht,
Ful Riche And Ryal to Alle Mennes syht.

and whanne this Castel thus Ordeyned was,
they it behelden In Eche A plas,
And vpon the ton gate In that sted,
they fownden letters wretten with Red;
and thus the letters Gonne specefye,
‘that this Castel scholde ben Clepid Corbenie1;’
And In Caldev was this scripture,

1 Compare the corban of the Gospel.
JOSEWE MARRIES THE PRINCESS ALPHANYE.

'Corbenie' means Treasure of the Holy Vessel.

whiche Is to vndirstonde As be lettrure, 240
as this place frely schal be,
Trosour Of p° holy vessel ful Sykerle.

thanne gonnem they seyn to Alle Anon,

that it ne was Goddis wylle
Non Othir Name to 3yven vntille.

Thus was that Castel Cleped Corbenye
Of Everych Aftyr ful Sekerlye.

And whanne Fenyscht was this Castel
In ech degre bothe faire and wel,
They browhten the vessel thedir with-Inne,

Into a fair Chambre, and qweynte Of gynne: 252

and yppon the Sunday next Sewenge
Aftyr that holy vesselis Entringe,
The kyng Comau^ded there Anon
That thike Mariage scholde be don
be-twixen Ioswe and his dowhter dere,

and therto Asemblede the peple In fere;
So that this Mariage thus was I-do,

and Alle the Royalles Comen hem vnto,

and there to Ioswe diden they homage;
and thike day was Crowned with hygh baronage
As verray kyng Of Al that lond,
In Corbenie was Crowned, I vndirstond;

and Ek he wedded there his wyf
That highte Alphanye With-Owten stryf.

& Al the peple that there Ete thyke day,
they weren Repleynsched with-Owten Nay—
be the grace Of that holy vessel of pris—
with alle Maner Metes and delacasyes;
and what that Evere they Onne thowhte,
To-form here Eyen It was hem browhte.

that Nyht Ioswe with-Owten lettynge
be-twixen hym and his was Conceyvenge;
and be-gat An Eyr bothe fayr & fre

Joswe is to be marrid to King Galafres's daught-
er.

And he is crown,

and marrid to Alphanye.

All the company is fed by the Graal.

Joswe begets an heir.
that kyng Regnede Aftyr Ioswe;
and A-Mynadape was that kynges Name,
kyng Of Foraigne, & a Man of fame.

As the kyng¹ and his Wyf lyen that Nyht
In A bed ful Richely I-dyht, [i.e. Galafres, or Alphasan.] abowtes Mydnyht whan he Awook,
Thanne Aboutes hym Gan he to look,
and there sawh he with-Owten fable
the holy vessel stonden vppon A table,
the wheche, Clene Syluer him thoughte it was;
and A man standyng therby In that plas,
whewe he ne knew nethir More ne lasse,
and Renuersed as A prest toward his Masse;
& Abowtes him he thowhte pat he herde there
A thowsend voyses, but he Nyste where;
and Alle to God 30ven they thankyng;
that was the Noyse Of here Sownengye;
betynge Of Bryddes Wynges In fere,
as they Alle they in the world hadde ben there.
and As sone As this Noyse I-left was,
the vessel was Removed Owt Of that plas.
thus sone to hym Aperede there
A man As it were In flawmes Of Fere,
and seide to this kyng there As he lay,
hos Name to Alphasan was tormed that day,
and seide, "Sire kyng, I warne the
here behoveth non Resteng forto be;
Nethir for the, ne for non Oper this tyde;
here ben ye not worthy to Abye;
but 3if A Man Of Clene lif he were,
this place scholde he not Entren here
where as the holy vessel worschepid schal be,
As with thin Eyen thou hast here se, therfore hast thou don An hardy dede that dorstest here lyggen In this Stede; Wherfore Crist wil taken veniaunce; & that schalt thou knownen with-Owten variaunce."316

Thanne with a sword he Owt Braste, that In his hond he held wel faste, and him smot ful harde and smerte that thorwgh bothe thyes the sword Owt sterte, So that On the tothir Side it was sene, & seyde thanne to this kyng be-dene, "Now it is Good that Alle Opere war be, and that they taken Ensample by the; For ho-so Entreth In to this place, he may ben Siker Of Sory Grace, that Owther ded schal he be,

*Oper schamfully departen sikerle,*

But jif it be that Worthy knyht That here to Entren is grauntyd Myht." thanne thus sone his sword Owt he drowgh, and vanschede Awey, and Nystë howgh. thanne Fyl this kyng In Swownenge thorwgh thike strok and his hurtynge, For the Grete peyne he suffrede thore he wende han lyved Neuere more, but sykerly wende han deyd Er day, So sore hit hym grevede, pë sothe f[o say.]

On the Morwen, whanne It was lyht, to the kynges Chambre drowgh baroun & knyht, and Fownden the kyng I-wounded ful sore, where-often they Merveillede, Al that was thore. thanne Axede they him Everichon how that this Aventure Cam hym vppon. "Ha! for the love Of god, quod the kyng; with me non longere haue talkynge, but helpeth me hens Owt Anon,
that Owt Of this Chambre I were gon;
For this place So holy it Is,
and þerto so ful Of Ioye and Blis,
be Entreing Of this vessel
This paleys is Sanctefyed Everydel,
So that non Man here Resten Schal
In place there As Is this Sank Ryal;
And thys paleys hath the moste wondir Name
that Evere I herde Of of Ony fame."

thanne Axeden these barowns Certeinle
"What Maner of Name that Myhte be."
thanne seide the kyng to hem Ageyn,
"The Paleys Of Aventure" It is Certein;
For Mo Merveilles here scholen 3e Sene
thanne in Alle this world Aftyr, I wene."

And thus this kyng 3af It the Name
'the paleys of Aventure,' And Of gret fame;
and so was it Clepid for Evere More,
'the paleys Of Aventure,' as I Rehersid before;
and for thike Selve Aventure.

that to the kyng Cam, I 3ow Ensure,
Thider Cam Many A dowhty knyht
In that paleys to slepen On Nyht;
but Sekerly there lay non In that stede
that On the Morwez he was fownden ded,
Tyl that On Cam that was A knyht
Of kyng Arthures, A Man of Myht;
Algates there he wolde hym Reste,
but he fond it Not for the beste;
For Althowgh that ded he nere,
3it moche duresse and schame hadde he there,
that he ne wolde for Al the worldes honour
Abyden In Non place swich A schowr."

Thus thanne this kyng Alphasan
ten dayes lyvede After than
that he was there wounded sore;
and within four days Aleyn dies also,
and they are both buried at Corbenie.

Amynadap succeeds; marries Kyng Lucye's daughter,
and is succeeded by Carcelois,

whose son is King Lambor,

who is a good man, the best in Britain.

He has a cousin, King Yarlans, with whom he is at war.

For lenger not Aftyr lyvede he no More.
and with-Itne fourwe dayes In Ceyteyn
Aleyn and he weren buryed ful pleyen,
And I-beryed bothe At Corbenie
In a Chirche Of Seint Marye;

And thus lefte this holy bodi At Corbenie
As I 3ow telle with-Owte lye;

and Aftyr him Regned his sone Amynadape,
And wedded kyng lucyes dowhter be hape,
whiche was kyng Of gret Breteygne,
As I seye 3ow, Sires, In Certeyne.

And of that damysele Cam forth Isswe
kyng Carcelois bothe good and trewe,
A worthy knyht And Ek An hardly,
To god & to the world bothe good and lowly.

Of Carcelois Isswede kyng Mangel,
That In his tyme was worthy & lel;
and Of Mangel Isswede kyng lambor,
the wheche A worthy Man was holden thor;
whiche Alle worthy kynges were,
And As Goddis fyscheris were holden there.

This lambors was A worthy knyht,
And lovede God with Al his Myht;
For Men supposed that In Al Bretaygne,
Nethir In Religiown In Certayne,
To God A better Man than A was On,
and thus they beleveden Everichon.

It happede he hadde An Olde Cosin,
and vppon him Marchede, & was Sarrasyn,
but that Cristened nowe he was;
and to-Gederis sore werreden In eche plas.
It behappede that kyng Lambors
And this kyng Yarlans with gret fors
bothe here Ostes Assembled were
vigorously to fyhten In fere;
and thus the bataille be-gonnen was be-twene bothe partyes In that plas,
that so ferforth, as I 3ow telle,
kyng varlans discomfit was, as befelle,
and Alle his Meyne I-slayn Echon;
So that kyng varlans fledde Anon
Tyl that he Cam to the Se side,
where As he say A fair schype that tydo
weche that nowe there Aryved was;
So faire A schipe say he neuer in non plas,
Nethyr So Riche In Al his Age
Sawh neuere kyng, knyht, ne page;
And stif Ony Man Axede whens it was,
they with-Innes Answerede In that plas,
"to tellen yow, Sires, we scholen 3ow graunt:
this is the Schipe that At the yl tornaunt
Nasciens Entrede with grete drede;
but thike tyme thens myht it not hym lede."

Thus sone kyng varlans Entrede Anon,
and there fond he A sword thus son,
and Owt Of the schethe it drowh As faste.
thanne Azen to Londe he gan hym haste,
And Amyddis his weye As he wente,
he Mette kyng lambors veramente.

Whanne kyng varlans him beheld,
To hym he prekede In that Feld,
and smot kyng lambors so velenously
that to Erthe wente hors and Man trewly,—
Swich was the scharpnesse Of the sword,—
Of whiche Many Men was Afyr ferd;
but Sethen Cam there gret persecutionn
To bothe the Rewmes, & Moche Tribulaciuon,—
bothen to the ReAwn Of Forraigne
and Ek to the toper ReAwn In Certaigne,—
For veniaunce Of kyng lambors Sekirle

420 They fight a battle,

424 and King Varlans is defeated.

428 and sees a fair ship there which had just arrivd,

432 the same which Nasciens enter'd at the Yl Tornaunt.

436

440

444

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452

who'm he smites down with it.

But great troubles come to both lands from that sword,
that God so wel lovede In Alle degre, 456
So ferforth that non lond proved there,
Nether trees froyt beren In non Manere,
Nether In Non water fysch myhte be fowndes,
Swich veniaunce god schewede In that stownde; 460
So that be thike gret Enchesown
It was Clepyd 'the wastable lond' be Resown.
whanne varlans Sawgh that the sword so bot,
he Returned Azen Anon foot hot
the Skawberk forto haue had therto,
but pat God wolde it scholde not be so;
So that to the Schip he Cam Ageyn,
and the Sword Into þe skawberk put it pleyn; 468
And as sone As he hadde I-do,
down Anon Ryht ded fyl he tho.
thanne they seiden Alle tho it sye,
that it was for veniaunce Sekerlye;
For there Stylle it scholde Abyde
tyl A mayde it Owt took At On tyde;
For In that Contre was non Man there
that Into the Schipe dorste Entre for fere,
For the lettres vppon the bord
that weren there wreten At On word.
Be this selve same Aventure
bothe ReAwmes weren lost, I 3ow Ensure;
lik as they Marchede bothe In fere,
Ryht so bothe londis Ilost they were.
Tho Anon Aftyr kyng lambors thanne
Reignede Pellean his sone, A worthy Manne,
that thorwgh bothe theyes I-Maymed was
atte batayle Of Rome, swich was his gras.
and for that he so was maymed there,
they cleped him kyng Mayham Every Where;
For thorwgh bothe theyes Maymed was he,
this Iike Pellean ful Sekerle;
Of wheche woundses hol myhte he not be
tul that worthy knyht Galas Cam hym to se,
and that tyme helthe schal he haue,
And Of his woundes to ben Alle Saeve.

thanne Aftyr Of this kyng Pelle

An
discendid Anothir ful worthy Man,

his Owne Sone, and was Called Pelles,
a worthi knyht, and An hardy In pres;
and A doughter hadde, that hiht pelle Sikerle,

that pasten Alle wommen Of Bewte

whiche that weren In grete Bretaigne,
Sauf Gonnore, Arthures wyf, In Certaygne.

eypon this damysele that was so fair,
Engendered Lawncelot, Galas his Eyr,

that ilke same blessid knyht Certaigne

whiche Endede Alle the Aventures of gret breaigne.

Not with-stondyng thoughg he were begeten In Synne,

3it oure lord Of his Goodnesse wolde not blyrne,

but that for the Brawnches and for the Bownte

Of p° goodmen that he Cam of Sekerle,
and took Reward to his Good lyf

that Evere Chast was, and with-Owten wyf,

And ek for the grete purpos and beheste
that God him hadde promysed Afrom lest and Meste,

So that, thorwgh his holy leveng,

Alle the Aventures to an Ende schal he bryng

Wheehe Alle Othere faillede Of Echon,
alle Browhte he to An Ende Alon.

Now hath this Storye Ended Certayn

Of declaraciouw Of the Brawnch Of Aleyn,

For it hath Schewed here Ryht wel

Al Aleyns kynrede Evere Ilke A del,
and Retorneth Azén to Celydoigne,
and to Othir lygnages In Certaygne.
CHAPTER LVI.


How Nasciens, Flegentyne, and Sarracynte, all die in one day, and the two Queens are burid in the Abbey where Mordreins lies bed-ridden (p. 341); but Nasciens with his shield is carrid to another Abbey; and no man till Galahad can take away the shield (p. 341-2). How Celidoyne knights his son Narpus, and is so great in Alms-deeds, that, if all the world had been his, he'd have given it away in alms (p. 342). And he was very learned in Astronomy (p. 342), and saw in the stars that a Famine was coming; so he sent his steward to buy Corn (p. 343), and the people mockt him; but they were provd Fools, and he a wise man (p. 343), for the famine came and killd half the people; and some foreigners (Saxons) agreed to invade Britain, take the corn, and destroy the inhabitants (p. 343-4). But Celidoyne sees it all in the stars, and assembles his Barons (p. 344). Narpus advises an ambush in a forest (p. 345); and one is laid. The enemy land, but Celidoyne's men attack them in three bodies, and the men of Sessoigne are all killd (p. 346-7). Celidoyne is afterwards burid at Camelot (p. 347). His son Narpus begets Nasciens, and Nasciens begets Elayne the Gros (p. 347), who begets Isaies, and he begets Jonas, and Jonas marries the daughter of king Murionex of Wales, and on her begets Ayne (p. 348), who begets Lancelot, and he has two sons, Bans (of Baynoie) and Brons (p. 348). Bans has three sons, one Hestor a bastard, the others Lancelot and Boors; and Boors begets Lyonix and young Boors (p. 348). Of the grandfather Lancelot, hear this: he lovd purely a beautiful wedded dame, whose tresses shone like torchlight (p. 349), and he often went to see her. But people 'Acombered with the devil' wrongly said they lovd in sin, and excited the Duke, the lady's husband, to be revengd on Lancelot (p. 350).

Now, on Good Friday, King Lancelot went barefoot through the Forest Perilous (p. 351), and, having confessed his sins, was drinking at a well, when the Duke cut his head off (p. 351), and then tried to get the head out of the well to insult it more; but God made the water boil, so that it burnt his hands, and he couldn't (p. 352). On his way home, a youth told him that such darkness had come on his Castle that no man could see another (p. 352), and on his entering the Castle 'a grest kernel of ston' killd him, and all that assented to the murder (p. 353). The well ever boils, and the tomb over Lancelot sheds blood every day at the time his head was cut off, which blood cures people of all their wounds (p. 353).
But one day two lions fight there for the carcase of a hart (p. 354), and tear one another till neither recks of his life; then one licks the blood of the tomb, and is curd; and the other, seeing this, gets curd too, and they make peace, and guard the tomb, so that no one can come to be heald at it (p. 354-5), till Lancelot de Lake kills them (p. 355).

Now, I have made an end of this (Graal) Story, and must begin another, called *Prophet Merlin*, translated by Robert of Borrown out of Latin into French, and joined with *Sank Rynl* (p. 355); therefore pray a Pater-Noster for me, Herr Lonelich, and greet our Lady with an Ave that I may bring this book to a good end (p. 356).

Now Scheweth forth this Storye
and putteth vs into More memorye;
For whanne that Iosephes hens scholde pase,
Nasciens And Celidoigne weren In that plase,
And Ekar Narpus the sone of Celidoygne,
A ful worthy knyht In Certaygne.
and whanne this terement was I-do¹,
thanne Anon Celidoygne wente hem fro,
and sire Nasciens with Mordreyns lefte Sikerle
To beren hym Felischepe and Compeyne;
and so that Aftyr It happede, As I 3ow Say,
that Alle thre they deyden In On day,
bothe Nasciens and Flegentyne his wyf,
and Also Mordreins qwene there left hire lyf,
that Noble qwene Sarracynte,
Of Goddis Servise Neure sche stynte.

Thus bothe the ladyes Entendid were
In that same Abbey with-Owten dwere
where As Mordrayns bedered lay;
bothe weren they Enterid In On day.
it was not there for to be,
but to Anothir Abbey was born Sikerle;
and with him was born that Scheld
that non knyht ne dorste be-weld;
and hit Cam thedyr ful Many A knyht
For that scheld there to proven his Myht;
but Abowtes his Nekke henge it neure Man

Words in [Fr. Quant *iosephes fu enters.]*

*Celidoyne goes away.*

*Both the queens are burid in the abbey, where Mordreins lies bedrid, but Nasciens in another abbey, with the shield that no knight may use.*
but Er he thens wente Repented than,
that Owther Of sodeyn deth they deiden Anon,
Owther som Othir Mischevis fyl hem vpon,
that with-Inne Schort tyme I-Mayned they were,
Owther som Othir Misaventur to hem Cam there.
and thus In that Abbey lette theke scheld stille
tyl that worthy knyght Cam, As was goddis wille,
That hyghte worthy Galaz, Lawncelottes sone,
That Abowtes his Nekke henge it Anone.

Now Of this scheld Resteth this Storye,
and Azen to Celydoyne doth it hye. 1

Whanne Celydoyne from his Fadyr partyd was,
he took forth Narpus his Sone A ful gret pas,
and to-gedi's wenten I Compeneye
Into that lond ful certaynlye
that toforen kyng Mordreins him hadde betake;
and there Narpus his sone A knyht gan he Make;
and dwelled there xij 3er In pes and Reste,
And that Lond wel Governede with the best,
So that non Regne that by hym was,
dorste with hym werere In Non plas.

he lovede God ful Enterly,
and mochel Almesede ded he trewly;
For so gret Of Almesse he was
that to peple wolde he seven In Every plas;
and so ful he was Of Almesede
that he wolde Stynten In non stede;
thowgh Al the world hadde ben his,
to Almesse it scholde han gon I-wys.

And so Mochel he knew Of Astronomye
and ek Of the Corps of *sterris sekerlye,
So that he knew what scholde beFalle;
And so that Amonges Othir thinges Alle,
As the sterres he beheld, I sow Ensure,
*pere* say he A wondyr Aventure;

1 The MS. makes a new Chapter here.
Celidoyne sees a great famine coming on Britain, 64
and bids his steward go and buy corn as quickly as may be.

The steward says he has more than enough for two years;

Of this dede the kyng hadde don, 84
but Celidoyne makes him go and buy quantities of corn.

The people laugh at him;

but before the year is out, a famine comes, and half the people begin to die.

They hear that there is food in Celidoyne's land,
CELIDOYNE FORESEES AN INVASION OF BRITAIN. [CH. LVI.

there scholen 3e fynden ful grete plente
Of Cornes And Of viawndes ful sekerle.”

And whanne they herden this tydyng,
Anon they wenten hem to Conseillying
To weten what was best to doon;
And thus sone they Acordid Anon
Into that Rem Alle forto Ryde
with strengthe Of Armes and mochel pryde,
and that lond forto distroye,
& bothe Men, wommen & Children to Anoye,
and Alle the goodes In that Contre;
this was here purpos ful Sikirle.

They take ship to
do so.

They meet him
upon the second
day,

and resolve to
make a raid upon
it and destroy it.

Celdoyne sees
their comenig in
the starys,

and sends out to
all his barons and
knights to meet
him

on the third day
at a castle by the
sea,

where he expects
his foes to land.

and thay sehen this Barouns echon,
what that the kyng wolde there don,
So that they hieden him faste In hye
Tyl to that Castel they Comen trewelye
vppon the seconde day Er þe Owte of pryme,
and þit was Celidoygne there to fore tyme.
Whanne that Alle Assembled they were,
thanne seide kyng Celidoygne to hem there,
“Lordinges, vndirstonde 3e Owht
why so tome 3e hider ben browht?”
“Nay, Syker, Lord, with-Owten lye
We ne knowen wherfore ne whye,
But 3if It lyke 3ow vs to seye ;
and there-Offen, Sire, we scholen 3ow preye.”
“and I schal tellen Ryht Anon to 3ow thyg that schal tornen to 3oure prov.
“this same Nyht Atte first kok Crowe
Moche peple scholen 3e sen vpon A rowe,
And Al so strong As they Mown gon
here scholen they Aryven Everichon.
and weteth wel that In Certayn,
Oure londis they Casten to wasten ful pleyn,
For they han foure men Azens Oure On ;
before bethenk 3ow what 3e wyl don.
Owthir scholen we pis tyme Oure Rem wynne,
Owthir ellis clene pere from to twynne.”
whanne Narpus that knew non thyg of this,
Anon he seyde with-Owten Mys,
And to his Fadyr he seide Ryht there,
“Of this thing haue 3e non Fere.
here to-Foren there is A Forest
Ful hygh and strong with the best,
and pedyr In Armure scholen we Entren Echon,
Al so sone As Nyht Cometh vs vpon,
and there Alle we scholen Abyde
tyl they Aryven this Ilke tyde;
For I knowe wel ful verrayly
that they wele londen ful Sckerly,
And Also vnschepen Al here good
that they haven In the salte flood,
As though nothing that they wyste
Of Owre Abydyng : to me 3e Tryste.
and then attack
them both before
and behind,
and cut them off
from their ships.

They all agree
to this,

arm themselves,
and hide in the
forest.

The ships arrive,
the warriors dis-
embark

and send for their
armour.

Then the ambush
rushes out upon
them;

and when the
invaders would
get back to their
ships,
they are attackt
by another body
of Celidoyne's
men.

The defenders of
the castle also
come out,

and whanne from here Schepis that they ben gon,
vppon hem we scholen Entren Anon,

On partye to-fore, & Anothyr behynde,
and from here Schepis we scholen hem blynde;
and whanne thus sodeynly we Comen hem vppon,
they scholen not weten what to don.”

To this Cownseil they Concentyd Alle,
and seiden that betere It myht not falle,
and that Otherwise it Myhte not be
Forte be Avenged Of that Meyne.
So that whanne It Cam to the Nyht,
they wenten to Armes Every wyht,
And Entreden In to thike Forest,
Alle the Baronage bothe lest & Mest,

and lesten but fewe In that Castel,
that forto Governen wondirdly wel.

thanne Anon, Aftyr the feorst kok krowe,
these schepis Arvyvede vppon A Rowe;
and whanne Owt Of here schepis that thei weren gon,
Into a faire Medwe they Entred Anon,
And Comanded here Men, I sow Ensure,
Forte don bringen hem here Armure;
and whanne that they with-Inne the Forest
thowhten whanne here tyme was best,
they prekeden here hors with gret Ire
As swyft As Sparkle Owt Of fyre;
bothe with lawnce and Ek with swerd,
that ilke Meyne they Maden Aferd.
and whanne they wolde han torned Ageyn
streith to here Schepis In Certeyn;
thanne Metten they with A nothir Meyne
That they Weren not War Offen Sykerle;
So that with Scharpe dyntes Inowe,
that hedis & hondis Into that feld flowe.

thanne to the Castel wolde they han gon,
For Owt they wenden han ben Echon;
CH. LVI.] CELIDOYNE’S VICTORY, DEATH, AND DESCENDANTS. 347

thanne Entrede þere-Owt A gret Rowte, and that Meyne fyl Al Abowte.
and therto the Mone schon ful bryht, that they myhte knowe Eche wyht; so þat on hem Of Sessoiigne fil the scomfiture, 
For vnarmed they weren, & no thing sure, and so sore Abasched Also they were, 
that Echon weren they Slayn there. 

And thus savede Celidoygne his lond be twayne skelis, þe Mown vndirstond, 
bothe from famyne & Ek his Enemyes, 
and whanne that he was ded, God it wot, 
he was beried and Entered At kamalot. 

and Aftyr hym was Crowned kynghis Sone Narpus, with-Owten lesyng, 
whiche Same Narpus A son he hadde, 
That Nasciens, be cristeneng Clepen he badde; 
that In his tyme was A worthy Man, 
For A bettyr body non Man knew than. 

and Of this Nasciens there Cam Issue 
A worthy Body bothe good and trewe 
wherche that was clepid Elayne the Gros, 
A ful worthy Man and Of gret los. 
and 3if that his fadyr A good Man were, 3it bettere was he, As I Can lere; 
For moche levere he hadde ded to be, 
that Ony thing to myspslesen God sekerle. 

thanne Of this Eleyns decendid A kyng 
that Isaies hylte with-Owten lesyng, 
that worschepede his God In Alle degre, 
and for non thing neuer wroth sekerle. 

the Fyfthe kyng, that of Isaias decended than, 
hylte Jonas, That was ryht A worthy Man; 
and therto he was An hardy knyht, 
and ful Of prowessse in Eche fyht;
He goes to Wales, and marries the daughter of Maroniex the king of Wales.

Her son is Aume, the king of Wales.

His son is Lancelot, who marries the daughter of the king of Ireland, and has two sons, called Ban and Brons.

Ban has three sons, Hestor, a bastard (Fr. hector du mares), Lawncelot, and Boors.

Boors has two sons, Lyonix and young Boors.

But of Lancelot the grandfather of Ban

and holy Chirche he worships pede ay,
With Al his Myht and strengthe Everich a day. 244 thanne Owt of gret Breteygne he gan to gone, and Into wales he wente thus sone, and wedded the kynges dowhter dere that hyhte Maroniex with-Owten dwere; 248 On whom he be-gat the kyng Avme, that kyng of wales was Sikerle, and this kyng Avme longe lyved there, and þere A sone he hadde, As se scholen here, 252 whiche that lawncelot was his Name, A worthy knyht and Of gret Fame, that Owt Of wales he gan to Gon, and Entrede Into gret Breteygne thus son; 256 and weddid A kynges dowhter Of Irlonde, As I do 30w to vndirstonde, this lawncelot hadde Al his fadris good, and was A Man Of ful gret Mood, 260 and tweyne sones he hadde that kynges were, and þerto ful dowhty with-Ownen dwere, the ton hihte baun, the ðeþe brons hyhte, & boþe weren Men Of ful gret Myhte. 264 This bans Of Baynoic thre sones hadde, as In storye here it is I-Radde, where-offen On A bastard was, hos Name it scheweth In this plas; 268 And hestor that Bastard hyhte, that Aftyr was Man Of gret Myhte; the tothir, Lawncelot was his Name; 272 this Boors Aftyr was A worthy kyng, and hadde twey sones both fair and 3yng; the ton, Lyonix was Clepid ful Ryht, the tothir, þonge Boors, Aftyr A man of Myht. 276 but Lawncelot, that was the graunt fadyr of Ban, Of him Merveilles weren there than
CH. LVI.]  KING LANCELOT VISITS A LOVELY AND GOOD DUCHESS.  349

whiche that Owhten not to ben forȝete,  280
but In Remembranço It is put ȝite;  
and I schal ȝow tellen with good wille  
what was the Resown and the skylle.  

This same man that lawncelot hyhte,  284
was A man of ful grete Myhte,  
and not A bettere with Inne his Rem  
that born was Of Ony barnte.  

besides the Cyte there he Abod,  288
A ful fair Castel besides there stood;  
where-Inne A lady dwellede In Certeyne  
that was weddid to A Cosyn gerneye  
to Selidoygne that worthy kyng,  
he was Cosyn with-Owten lesyng;  

And the fairest lady forsothe sche was  
Of Al grete Bretaygne In Ony plas;  
And therto sche was the beste womman  
that Ony wyht Owhter knew than,  
and þerto Of hygh lyf, and Of good,  
and Also benygne Of herte & Mood;  
and Alwey hire tresses behinden hire was dyht,  
that weren schineng As torche lyht;  
For that myhte sche not hyden In non wyse,  
It schon so bryht As thing of pryse;  
And euere was this lady ful Of Bownte,  
and worschepede god In Eche degre;  
So that fore hire bownte desired lawncelot  
to knownen that lady, As I wel wot;  
and so Often tymes hire he wente to se,  
And this storye here telles Me;  
And for that ladyes grete goodnesse  
ful Often tymes he gan thedir prese.  

This lawncelot loved this lady ful hot,  
and she hym Aȝen, so god It wot,  
And Eche Often wenten the tothir to se;  
& as Encombred peple ful Sekerle  

Beside his city is a fair castle,  
wherein dwells a lady marriđ to a cousin of Celidoyne's.  
She is the fairest and best woman of Britain,  
and her hair shines like torch-light.  
King Lancelot desires to know her,  
and often goes to see her for the sake of her great goodness.

Then the foolish people,
that Syen the Cowntenance Of hem twyne,
vpon hem falsly demede Certayne,
that with the devol Aombres were,
On hem they lyedden falsly there;
and seyden put the kyng lovede that lady hot,
and sche him In folye, kyng lawncelot.
and so long they spoken Of this thing,
So that it Cam to hire lordis hering:
thanne seide to hym On of his bretheren dere,
Sire, let vs Ones Conseillen In fore,
For sothe 3e ne werke not worth Also
That suffren kyng Lawncelot thns to do;
that he scholde don 30w swich velonye,
30wre wyf to loven In lecherye;
and fortto don 30w swich dishonowr,
Owther 30w velonye to Awayten In Ony Owre;
and 3if it belonged to me, be my lyve
On hym scholde I ben venged as blyve.”

“Now Certes, quod this goodman tho,
I Merveille Sore. And it scholde be so
that the kyng Ony velonye scholde wayten Me,
Owther Ony schame In Ony degre,
I wolde ben Avenged ful vterly
vpon his body ful venvageblye.”

“Now Mown 3e schese whethir 3e wilene Avenged be,
For As 30w I haue told, it is ful sekorle.”
Thanne quod this dewk to hym Ageyn,
“On hym schal I ben venged In certeyn
Al so sone As that I may
Tyme and space haue Ony day.”

thus here wordis leften they tho,
and Eche from Othir departyd panze fro.
and this happede In the Mydlent,
and Ek passiouw tyme was Entred verament,
Also the tyme Of Pask Entrede ful Ny.
thanne Cam Often this kyng trewly
To this lady there that she was,
And Ellis went his good lady to his place; 352
For they ne loved In non Synne,
Ne non swich vnclennesse was hem betwynne;
But for the grete delyt that they hadden bothe,
Al Of Goddis Servise to talken for-sothe, 356
that wondir grete Merveil it was to wyt,
how so gretyly hope there-Inne gonne delyt.

So that it happe it befyl On goode fryday,
that the kyng Into p['] forest Perylouse took p['] way,360
and Barefoot wente for goddis sake
whiche that daye for hym deth gan take;
and wente to heren Servise At that tyde,
Of An holy Ermyt there besyde, 364
and hym Self but the thrilde persone
that In that forest wenten Al Alone,

whanne the kyng to thermytage was Trewely
he And his twyne felawes In Compenie, 368
the dewk hym aspyde Anon,
And On hym thowhte to ben venged wel son
Of that fal[s] Felonye that he thowhte
that with Cursidnesse Into his herte was browhte. 372

It happede the kyng hadde herd his servise,
and worscpepede his God In Many A wyse,
and Of that Ermyt took Confesciown, 376
& for his Synnes penaunce And Absoluciown,
and from thermytage he gan to Gon.

thus sone A grety thurst Cam hym vppon;
thanne tornede he Anon to A fowntaygne 380
that there besides was In Certaygne.
Anon down he Enclynede to the Bryncke
Of that Fayr water Forto dryncke,
and this dewk Cam hym be-hynde
As An vntrew Man and vnkynde, 384
and with his swerd smot Of his hed,
that Into the well it Fyl that Sted.
So whanne the hed In the welle he say, 

hym thowhte he was wel I-venged that day, 

and on the body More Avenged wolde he be; 

Anon to the welle he gan to fle, 

The hed A\textit{\texteuro}en vpe forto han take; 

But God Anon Wro\textit{\texteuro}hte Myracle For his Sake. 

he putte his hond Anon Into the welle, 

that hed vp to taken ful smelle, 

and that water that Cold was before, 

Anon brenne\textit{\texteuro}ng hot it be-Cam thore, 

and with grete walmes\textit{\texteuro} it boyllede so faste, 

that the dewkes hondis it brende In haste 

Er Otwt Of the water he myhte hem have: 

hym hadde ben bettere they hadden ben Save. 

whanne he beheld this Miracle Anon, 

thanne wiste he wel that he hadde Evel I-don; 

and that god on him veniaunce hadde take, 

For that he wro\textit{\texteuro}ht the kyng Swich wrake; 

thanne seide he to hem that with hym were, 

"let vs beryen this Body now here, 

that non Man ne wete how I hane I-do, 

how that I thus falsly the kyng dide slo."

whanne that they herden this Ilke thing, 

thus sone they dyden his Byddye\textit{\texteuro}ng; 

and to-forn the Ermytage hym Beryed there, 

As they Cowden \textit{\texteuro}er Myhten with drery Chere; 

and thanne towards here Castel they gonue to gon. 

thus sone with A 3ong Child Metten they Anon, 

and to the dewk he seide with-Owten lettyng, 

"Sire dewk, newe tydynges I do 3ow bryng, 

whiche that ben harde and ful Merveillouse. 

at 3oure Castel there is Swich tenebrowse, 

that No man there Other May se; 

and this began at Mydday ful sekirla."

whanne the kyng these tydynges gan here, 

Anon he sorwede and qwook for fere.
“Certes,” quod he, “ful Evele haue I do, that kyng Lawncelot thus dye I slo.”
thanne seide his Compenye to hym Anon, “Sire, Into som Opé partye so let vs gon.” “Nay, Certes,” quod the dewk Anon tho, “I wyle Gon And proven 3if it be so.”
and whanne that he Cam to his Castel, Alle this derknesse he Say ful wel; and As sone as vnder the 3ate was he gon, On hym there fyl a gret kernel of ston, And Ouercovered hym bothe tope and to, And Ek hem that to thyke Felonye Assented Also.
Thus Owre lord venged kyng Lawncelot certayn, that so falsly the dewk hadde slayn. and Evere stille boyled that welle
ty l worthy Galaaz Cam, As Aventure befelle, and Mo Miracles God schewede there
For that worthy kyng so dere. For whanne Over hym his tombe was Mad, dropes of ful Red blood Owt It 3ald Owt Of the tombe In theke same sted, Eche day þe same Owr he smot Of his hed; and of so gret vertw this Ilke blood was, that there Cam Neuere knyht In to that plas, though he were wounded Neuere so sore, and with that Blood towched hym thore, that thus sone Anon hol scholde he be Of Alle his woundes ful Sekerle.
This Merveylle ful wyde Gan to spryngue, Abowtes In the Contre As for A mervceillous thighe. thider Cam bothe knyht and Sqwer Anon, bothe Riche and Powre, as they Myhten gon, that weren wounded, Maymed and Alle Sore, Anon here helthe hadden they thore.
So that it be-fyl vppon A day aformance the same tombe, as I gow say,

The duke repents of the murder of Lancelot, but, as he enters the castle,
a great block of stone falls on him, and on those who consented to the murder.
So Lancelot is aveng'd.
Each day, at the hour of his death, blood drops from Lancelot's tomb;
which heals all wounds.
Many people hear of this wonder,
and come to be heald.
One day a lion pulls down a hart close to the tomb. A lyown An hert there gan chase, and afor the tombe down gan hym Rase, 460

that Folk that weren there faste by, It behelden and Syen trewely, how pat the hert he took and pere it Slowghe, and On hym gan feden faste I-nowghe,

thus sone Cam Anothir wilde lyown there, Enfamyned and hungrey not pat he were, and wolde han had the tothir lyowns pray, but he it nolde Suffren to be born Away, 468

but defended his viaunde wondir sore, So that to-gederis they fowhten thore; and ful longe durede this Melle betwene the two lyowns Sikerle,

and they fight tremendously till both are nearly dead. So what with here teeth and with here pawe, Eche lyown hadde Nygh Other I-slawe, So that Manye woundses they hadden bothe, the leste hadde ten, I sey 30w for sothe. 476

and whanne they hadden thus long I-fowghte that Nethir lyown of here lyf ne rowghte, the ferste lyown to the tombe gan go,— 480

and happede Abowtis Midday was it tho,— and the tombe owt blood gan zelde; thedir wente pis lyown As he myht hym welde, and likked Of that blood Anon, and pere-with towchede his woundis Echon; 484

thanne thus sone as hol he was As Evere to forn tyme In Ony plas. and whanne the tothir beheld al this, Anon thedir wente he with-Owten Mys, 488

and thus sone I-kevered was he As hol as his felawe Sikerle, So that betwixen hem was Reste and pes Enrelastyng Aftyr with-Owten les. 492

and there is peace between them. The second does the same, The first lion licks the drops of blood from the tomb, touches his wounds with it, and is heald.

One lies down at the head of the tomb, the other at the foot,
and kepten this tombe ful strongly,  
So that Non knyht was so hardy—  
thowgh they weren wounded—hele to fette,  
that thyke two lyowns ne wolde hem lette;  
and jif with strengthe Ony thedyr gonee gon,  
that these lyowns hem wolde slen Anon,  
For bothe be day and Ek be Nyht  
they kepeth that tombe, I 3ow plyht;  
and whanne that forhungred that they were,  
the Ton wente On purchas, þe toper lefte there;  
and thus these lyowns Gonnen On to take  
Til the tyme that Cam Lawnclot de lake;  
and that he thare Slowgh hem bothe twanye,  
As to vs this Storye here Scheweth Certeyne.

Now Of Al this storie haue I mad An Ende  
That Isswede Of Celidoyne; & now forþere to wende,  
And Of Anothir Brawnch moste we be-Gyn?je,  
Of the storie that we Clepen Prophet Merlyne  
Wiche that Maister Robert Of Borrown,  
Owt Of latyn it translated hol & Som,  
Onlich Into the langage Of Frawnce  
This storie he drowgh be Aventure and Chaunce,  
And doth Merlyne Isten1 with Sank Ryal;  
For þe ton storie the tothir Medlyth withal,  
After the settyng Of the forseid Robert,  
That somtyym it translated in Middlerd.  
And I, As An vnkonneneng Man treWcly,  
Into Englisch haue drawen this Story;  
And though that to 3ow not plesyng It be,  
3it that ful Excused 3e wolde hauen Me,  
Of my neclegence and vnkonmenge  
On Me to taken swich A thinge  
Into Owre Modris tongue for to Endite,  
The swettere to sowne to More and lyte;  
And more Cler to 3oure vndirstondyng  
Thanne Owther Freusch Óper latyn, to my sopposeing;  
and they guard it from all comers,  
taking it in turns to go and hunt for food.  
At last comes Lancelot du Lac  
and slays them both.

Now I have finisht the story of Celidoyne’s race;  
and we must begin the Story of Merlin,  
which Master Robert de Borron translated from Latin into French,  
and which belongs to the story of Sank Ryal.  
[1 Fr. adiouster]  
and which I, a simple man,  
have translated this story into English,  
excuse my negligence and mistakes,  
as I supposed you would understand it better in our mother tongue  
than in French or Latin.
Before the end of the story, pray for me, Harry Lonelich, that this book may be brought to a good end.

And perchance Atte the Ende Of this Storye
A pater noster 3e wolden for me preye,
For me that herry Lonelich hyhte;
And greteth Oure lady ful Of Myhte;
Hertelich with An Ave that 3e hire bede,
This processe the bettere I myhte procede,
And bringen this book to A Good Ende.

Now therto Iesu Crist grace me sende;
And that an Ende there-Offen myhte be,
Now, goode lord, graunt me for Charyte.

[The French text, Additional MS, 10,292, ends thus:
Explicit li commencemens de lestoire del saint graal. Et chi apres uient lestoire de merlin. Dieu nous maint tous a boine fin. Amen.]
APPENDIX.

THE INCESTUOUS BEGETTING BY ARTHUR OF MORDRED, WHO AFTERWARDS SLEW HIM FOR HIS SIN, AS MERLIN PROPHESIED.

THE BIRTHE AND THE ENGENDRURE OF MORDRET.

From Lonelich's translation of Merlin (Corp. MS. fol. 135, col. 1.)

[See p. 339 of the Text.]

Soth hit is, that kyng lothis wyf was kyng Artheuris soster with-Owten stryf, this lady bar be hire lord Loth the kyng fowre worthy childeren with-Owten lesing, Gawnenet, Agravains, and sire Garrers, Gaheryes, foure knychtes bothe goode and fers.  

On the tothyr syde was Sire Mordret, hire Eldest sone with-Owten let, whiche that On hire be Artheur Engendrid was; and wyle 3e now heren, be A wondyr Cas ; For I thanke to tellen 30w Every del how he was begeten On hire ful snel, So thanne the bettere May this storye ben More Alowed ful Sekerlye.

For Mani Men knowen not how pat it was Of his be-geteng, ne nowht the Cas ; therfore they preisen it moche the lasse ; For they ben vnknoweng Of day & plase.
All the British barons were at Cardiff, to choose a successor to Uther Pendragon.

Arthur was lodged in King Lot's chamber, in a corner in the entry, as squires were.

This fair young Arthur loved Lot's fair wife.

h'yt behappede, As I 3ow schal say, that the Barons Alle vpon a day Of pe Rewm Of logres assembled were At kerdyf In Wales, with-Owten dwere, 24 there forto chosen hem A newe kyng aftyr vter pendragon with-Owten lesyng, so that kyng loth with him gan lede with hym his wyf Into that stede; and so dyden Ofer barons Also that here wyves dyde with hem go. So that kyng loth I-logged he was, and Alle his Meyne, In A ful fair plas, In wheche place Antron Ilogged was he, and with him Sire kay ful Certeinle; and artheur ful previly Ilogged he was In pe kyngges chombre, so fil the Cas. And Whanne Kyng Loth to Mete Was Set, aftir Antron he sente with-Owten let, and Also Anon Aftyr Sire kay, that but A 3ong kuyht was that day; So pat kyng loth Ordeyned there that Antron & Sire kay Ilogged were In his Owne Chambre ful previly; and 3ong Artheur was logged faste by At thentre Of the Chambre In A korner, as befyl that tyme for A worthy sqwyer. This Artheur was a faire 3ong Man, and mochel Of Norture that tyme he kan, and that lady he was fayn to plese, & ek to kyng loth to don him Ese. This lady was bothe fayr & 3yng, And a good womman ouer alle thing, whom that Artheur lovede previly, but sche ne rowhte, sche wiste not sikerly; for stedfast sche was to hire Lord, and him to plese At his Owne Acord.
So hit behappede, As I 30w say, that Al the Baronage hadde taken A day at the Blake Cros to Meten In fere, there forto touchen Of here Matere. So On the Nyht before hit happede tho that kyngh loth scholde thider go, he charged prevyly his Meyne that hors and harneis Redy scholde be At Midnyght with him forto gon: thus prevyly he charged hem Evenichon. So that his Meyne verament Fulfild In haste his Comau??deme«t: vnknowen the lady of Alle this thing, ful prevyly from hire wente he stalkyng, And In hire bed lefte hire stylle On slepe, for Of his goynge took sche non kepe. and Artheur that wel knew of Al this, that In that Corner pere lay Iwys, took good kepe Of the kynes goynge, and ful prevyly to here bed wente he stalkyng; and there he turnede hym bothe to & fro, but 3it this lady On slepe was tho. So as hit happede, this kas gan gon; this lady Awok, and hire tornede Anon, and him Enbraced Al In hire Slepe, that Of non Othis took sche non kepe but Of hire Owne lord so dere, weneng to hire to ben hire fere. And whanne that Arthur felte this, thanne wiste he wel with-Owten Mys that Of hym sche took non kepe but as A woman that was In slepe. So that he Embraced hire Ageyn, and so be hire he lay In Certeyn; where-offen the lady ful Ioyful was, sche wende hire Lord hadde ben In 3at plas.

The night before a meeting of the Barons at the Black Cross, King Lot stole quietly from his wife's bed, and left her sleeping. Arthur got into her bed, and when she woke, she embraced him. He returned it, lay with her.
and begat Mordred on her.

Then he stalkt away, she knowing nothing of it till he told her next day.

He knelt to her. She bade him rise.

He thankt her for her great kindness to him, and got her to promise, if he told her what it was, that she'd keep it a secret, and protect him from harm.

and that Nyht, in Certein to say, was Mordret begeten with-Owten delay In this Maner As ye now here.

And whanse that Artheur his wil hadde there, he ne slepete non Maner thing tyl that lady was fallen In Slombring. thanne stalkyd Artheur previliche Away, For þerof ne wyster non, the sothe to say, Tyl On the Morwe, As hit gan falle, that hym self hit tolde In the halle whanne sche was set At hire denere, and Artheur as hire kervere kneled there.

So that hit happede tho this lady gent, Of his long knelyng took good Entent. “leve sevs,” sche saide, “þong Bacheler, Ful long 30w thinken that 3e knelen her.” And he AnsWerede Ful boldliche Ageyn, “to longe may I not knelen Certeyn; For I ne may not deserven the grete bownte, Myn Owne lady, that 3e han don for me.”

thanne axede this lady Anon Ryht, “what bowntes ben tho, gentyl wyht?” thanne seide Artheur, “Certeinle that for him discouered scholde hit neuere be; Ne non thyng to hire he wolde discrye, but 3if Of trowthe sche wolde hym Affye, that neuere sche scholde discouere to non Creature; And Also Anothir thing sche scholde hym Sure, that harm to his body scholde sche neuere do, ne be hire to ben purchased nether to ne fro.” And sche hire trowthe Ensured hym ful son, As womman Of that Mater took kepe non.

thanne Anon Arthewr gan hire to telle prevyly betwixen hem how hit be-felle, and In what Maner that he be hire lay, Al he hire tolde thike same day.
Anon this lady gan wexen Red,
that for pure schame sche was ny ded;
but non wyht wiste Of here Covyne,
for At that tyme wolde sche no more dyne,
but let tables ben drawen verament,
and ful faste to hire Chombre sche went.

1o, thus young Artheur be hisoster lay
that kyng Lothis wif was that day;
but hit behappede neuere Aftyr More;
and thus was Mordret of hire body bore;
For sche knew wel be tyme & space
that be Arthewr with childe sche was.

Whanne that the tydynges gonnet for to springe
that this young Artheur scholde be kyng,
And this Mordret was tho I bore,
thanne In herte louede sche him wel more
thanynce Ony man cowde tellen that day;
but for hire lord sche dorste nowht say.