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The Middle-English Versions
of
Partonope of Blois

EDITED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS
BY
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PREFATORY NOTE.

The theme which Apuleius has immortalized in the story of Cupid and Psyche has assumed numerous shapes in its wanderings through the world. In some tales the parts of the lovers are reversed, and on this variation of the theme is built one of the most beautiful romances of the Middle Ages, the poem of "Parténopeus de Blois," written in France probably at the end of the twelfth century.

Parténopeus de Blois, in English Partonope of Blois, nephew of the king of France, is lost while hunting in the Ardennes. He embarks in an enchanted ship and arrives at a palace, the inhabitants of which are invisible. Here he is visited at night by Melior, queen of Byzantium. She promises to marry him when some years have passed, but stipulates that he must not try to see her in the meantime. On a visit to France Partonope is tempted by his mother, and receives from her a magical lantern which breaks the spell. Banished and forlorn, Partonope resolves to die, but is saved by the queen's sister, Urake. After a three days' tournament Partonope is again united to his lady.

All the French MSS. actually known begin with the mention of Partonope's royal descent and the description of his person. The scene is laid in France. We do not hear about Melior till she makes herself known to Partonope. To this version belong the longer English text, a German translation by Konrad von Würzburg, a Dutch translation, and a very free Italian adaptation.

In another version, which exists only in foreign translations, Melior is first introduced. She sends messengers round the world to find a husband, and goes to France to ascertain whether they have given a true report of Partonope's beauty. Then the hunting scene takes place. This version was equally translated into English, but all that has been preserved is a short fragment of 308 lines. The text is complete, though considerably altered, in a Danish, an
Prefatory Note.

Icelandic, and a Spanish-Catalan translation. In Catalonia the story was printed as a chap-book as late as 1844.

The question of the original form of the romance will be discussed in the general Introduction. Here I shall say only a few words about the relation of the longer English version to the French MSS. The Arsenal MS., which forms the basis of Crapelet's edition, ends with a combat between Partonope and the Sultan of Persia. The Sultan is slain, and three marriages take place: Partonope marries Melior, the young king of France marries Urake, and Gaudin, Partonope's faithful companion, receives Persevis, Urake's maid of honour. This is a very happy and appropriate termination to the story. The vivid style and the picturesque descriptions make this ending one of the most striking passages in old French literature. It is not, however, due to the original author of the version, but to a Picard poet apparently contemporaneous. The other French MSS. and the foreign translations of the same group have no single combat. Melior is adjudged to Partonope, and the Sultan is obliged to leave, brooding on vengeance. The English version closes with the celebration of this single marriage, while the other texts continue the story, more or less, relating the adventures of Anselot (see II. 7069 ff.) and the return of the Sultan.

The longer English version is known to exist in the following MSS.—


MS. Rawl. Poet. 14, Bodleian Library, Oxford, which is a little later and slightly longer. Some portions were printed (with numerous errors) by Buckley in an appendix to fill up the gaps of the Univ. Coll. MS.

MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3, ff. 6-7, in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to New College, Oxford, written in a 15th century hand, 158 lines. It was printed by Buckley, who probably saw the MS. in a better shape than it is at present. It has been missing for many years, but was discovered again by Dr. Carleton Brown. I am indebted to Dr. William W. Lawrence for a collation of the text.

A MS. of the 15th century belonging to Viscount Clifden (Lord Robartes's MS.), printed by R. Wülcker in Anglia XII, pp. 607-620, about 200 lines.
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Add. MS. 35,288, British Museum, late 15th century, in three different hands, somewhat more than 12,000 lines.

The merits and the defects of the three principal MSS. may be summarized thus—

The Univ. Coll. MS. is the oldest. Sometimes, especially in the rimes, it has better forms than the other MSS., but very often the spelling is defective. The MS. is imperfect at the beginning and end, and has numerous lacunæ in the middle. Many passages have been abbreviated or otherwise altered.

The Rawl. MS. is closely allied to the preceding one. Though only slightly later, its language bears a more advanced stamp. Its readings are, as a rule, far behind those of the two other MSS.

With the usual reserve in paleographic matters, it may be said that the Brit. Mus. MS. is some thirty or forty years later than the Univ. Coll. MS. The portion ll. 2181–4058 was written by an ignorant scribe who could not spell properly, and who introduced many southern particularities of his own. The scribe who wrote ll. 1–2180, and ll. 4059–6530, was better fitted for his task; and the third, who wrote the rest, about one half of the poem, is scarcely inferior to the Univ. Coll. hand. Like the latter, he writes in a somewhat too northern dialect. The MS. is practically complete, and in spite of the errors of the first two scribes, it has, on the whole, better readings than any other MS. Sometimes it seems to have been amplified by the first hands (or their predecessors), but it frequently happens that in the midst of their apparent amplifications we recognize genuine traits, which prove that the corresponding passages in the Oxford MSS. must have been curtailed.

When, at the request of the late Dr. Furnivall, I undertook the task of editing the poem for the E.E.T.S., I was at first inclined to adopt the oldest MS. as the basis of my text as far as this MS. went, and to print the rest from the Brit. Mus. MS., giving only text variants in the footnotes. The many missing passages and bad readings of the Univ. Coll. MS. had also to be supplied from the latter MS. This would, of course, necessitate some embarrassing jugglery in placing the lines, and Dr. Furnivall preferred to print the MSS. in full, laying the whole material before the reader. The question of precedence thus largely became a typographical one. But as the Brit. Mus. MS., from its very position, is the leader, I have corrected the most obvious errors and blunders of this MS., reserving
the discussion of discrepancies to the Notes of the second volume. Correcting on a large scale might at best mean correcting the author himself. It would be futile to attempt to normalize the spelling. There could be no question of improving the other MSS., but I have supplied small words within brackets in the Univ. Coll. MS. when it could be conveniently done.

The shorter English version is extant only as a fragment of 308 lines in a MS. at Vale Royal, and was edited by R. C. X. (i.e. R. C. Nichols) for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1873. The MS. is stated by the editor to have been written about 1450. After relating Partonope's arrival in the enchanted city and his meeting with Melior, the text, without any break, proceeds to the morning of the third day of the tournament, l. 277 corresponding to l. 10811 of the other version.

As all attempts at seeing the MS. have proved unsuccessful, it has been reprinted from the Roxburghe Club edition. The facsimile of one page included in the volume permitted of a few corrections in the text.

A second volume will, it is hoped, contain a literary and grammatical Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary of proper names and rare words.

A. Trampe Böltker.

Christiania, September 1912.
Partonope of Blois.

[Addit. MS. 35,288, British Museum.]

HOO so luste olde stories to rede,
He shalle fhynge, wyth-owten Drede,
Muerellys and wonders mony and ffle
Off myrthe, ioye, dyssese, and wele.
For ne had bokes ben lyten in prose,
And eke in ryme, Of them pat be-fore vs were,
We shulde haue lytelle luste to lere
Or know of thynge that was be-fore
Wroghte or don, or Gode was bore.

Ther-fore be wrytinge of olde storyes
Ys now broghte to owre memories
The olde law and eke the newe;
And ellys myghte we alle rew
Upoun owre-selfe, whylle we ben here.
For be wrytynge we moste lere
How we moste gouerned be
To worshyppe Gode in trinite.
And ther-fore Stories for to rede
Wolle I conselle, wyth-owten drede,
Bothe olde and yonge pat letteryd be.
To the lewed also, parde,
Is goode sum-tyme for to here.
For by herynge he * may lere
Thynge pat fryste he ne knewe;
And to soche folke olde fyunge ys new,
Whanne hyt ys in gestes songe,
Or els in prose tolde wyth tonge.

Heading Partonape added by a later hand.
10. ov (?) crossed out after of. 23. he] MS. ye.
Seynte Paule, pat ys cheffe doctor'
Off holy scripture and pryncipalle auctor',
Talkynge a-monge pe clerge,
Thes beñ hys wordes playnlye,
That alle pat ener ys y-wrytte
In boke we owe welle to wytte,
That alle to vs ys goode doctryne.
For thorowghe scripture men deuyne
To parte the goode fromme the Ille ;
Thys preueth he wyth many a skylle.
For be the Sentense neuer so lewy?,
Yet per-in moste nedes be shawyd?
Good and euelle bothe in ffere.
For be Scripture a man) may lere
To do the goode, and the eueH Eschewe ;
And yeff aH scripture were hyd in mewe,
Men) shulde haue fuH lytelle knowyngy
Off goode and eueH the trew departynge. [leaf 2, back]
The folle of byrth can no wytte ffynde
But that he hath by taste of kynde.
Off alle pat vnder heuen* ys
The wyse taketh wysdam l-wys.
Eke every man) may at the eye See
The fly wyche ys callud the bee,
Hys hony he draweth be hys kynde
Off bytter* erbes, and the wyse can ffynde
In folys tales sum-tyne wysdam.
Ther-for fulle ofte the wyse mane
Wolle here the folle and eke the wyse,
Where-thorowe he can} pe better deuyse
To drawe wysdam owte of ffoly,
Where-for y Sey yow sykerly :
In thys boke shalle ye fynde wrytte
Bothi goode and euelle. I do yow to wytte :
The goode taketh, the euelle leve,
For aH goode moste welle preve.
In thys boke ye may lere,
And ye lyste hyt rede and here,
God divided the world into three parts.

Priam was king of Troy.

He had five sons.

Hector was a gallant knight.

Priam was a cruel tyrant.
They had of there souereyne lorde, 104
Was goo, and they be [on] a-corde
To the grekes come wyth-ownten ffayle
A-geyne here kynde to holde batayle.
For he had of a knave certayne
Vn-know, and ouer alle hys regyeue,
Chyffe Instyce made; and he wex aH a fende.
He toke now hede but of hys ffrende,
They shulde haue alle maner offfyce.
By the Ientynhes set he no pryce,
But euer helde hem lowe and mate.
That made the pepulle pe kynde to hate.
Hys name was cleped Anchyses.

And hys cause hyt was, wyth-owten les,
That Troye, the cyte rychie and ryalle,
Was for euer destroyed; for towre and walle
To erthe was throw, and aH was brente.

Thorreghie thys traytoure pys was shente
Thys worthy Cyte, pys nobel towne.
Wyth grekes thus was vp so downe
Throw and destroyed for euer-moo
Thys Cyte and pepulle also.

T'Hys Cyte was of hye noblesse,
Fulle of worshyppe and gret ryches.
Of knyghthode eke hyt bare pe pryse
Off aH the worlde; and of delyse
Hyt had grette plente, pys ys no naye,
Tyyle hyt be-felle vppoH a day
The kyngus Sone, pe noble Parys,
Reueshyd ond Elyne, put bare the prys
Thorreghie the worlde of hye beaute.

Yette for aH thys, pys noble Cyte
Myghte neuer haue be destroyed thus,
Ne had be that kynde Pryamus
Set hym in couetysse so grettely of goode.
That made hys pepuH for wrathe so wodde
That they hym hated a-hoHe alle thynge.
That was déstruccion) of the kynde

And of the Cyte; for Elynes hosbande
Medeste never haue take oul honde
To sette a-pow the worthy Cyte;
And yette a noble kyunge was he.
Menelaus was thyss kyngus name.
He suffered mekely alle thyss shame.
Thoghe he were worthy, yt to playne
Durste he noghte, alle-thowe Eleyne
Were hys wyffe; he dree So
The Troyens; for what hym luste to do,
Thys sparre* they noghte, pys ys no lye;
They were so stronge of cheualrye.
Tylle pat a knyghte, pe wyche hyte Nestor, t
Wych for age was whyte and hore,
That loued* Menelaus as hys lyffe,
He grucched* sore that hys wyffe
Was take a-way thus wyth stronge honde.
Thys Nestor eke helde hys londe
Off Menelaus, and he hys lege lorde
Was: where-fore in no wyse a-corde
He wolde but hyt a-venged* were,
For he was a worthy man of werre.
An.c. yeres he had and moo
Of age, and eke he was ther-to
A goode clerke; of rayre Eloquens
He had y-noglie, for be experyens
Throwe Greke hyt was wel knowe.
Mony grette wysdomys had he Sowe*
Throwoute the londe in euerie contre;
Ther-flore chyffe of conselle was he
Wyth euerie lorde and euerie kyunge.
Grettely to herte he toke thyss thynge
That was so shamefully do
A-yens hys souereyne lorde, and tho
He be-thoytte hym in what wyse
Hys wyttys cowde he beste deuyse
To a-venge hys lorde Shame.
For porowe pe worlde pys fowle fflame*

154. MS. Nestor.
169. MS. Sawe.
179. MS. ffama.
He called the Greeks together, and encouraged Priam's subjects to rebel against their king.

Hector assembled the peoples of the Orient.

Was so dryffe and forth i-blowe;
Thorowe alle londys hyt was knowe.
Then thys wyse Nestor sente
To any man that service or rente
Oughte Menelaus her kynge,
They shulde excuse hem for no-thynge
To a-venge the shame of here lorde.
Thus alle hys men be on a-corde
A-greyñ welle hym seruysy to do.
And he off wysdome eke ther-to
Sente vn-to Pryamus londe
To wyth-holde in-to hys honde
Alle tho that rebelyñ wyliny were
For to Susteyne the grette were
That Menelans oughte to Troy make.
To thys a-corde Ñestor hope take
Inde, Capadoyne, Perce and Mede;
And alle Crurenye thys were spede;
Lybens haddeñ eke grette Joyn
To ryse a-poñ here kyng of Troye.
Thus they assentyd' be one a-corde
To werre a-poñ here souerayne lorde.
Ector had a-spyed alle thys;
Hem to wyth-sonde hys porpose ys.
He Sende a-noñ to alle the oryente
For pepulle, and to hys commawndemente
Alle were redy to Obey.
They seyde wyth oo voyse they wolde dye
And lyffe wyth Ector, the worthy knyghte,
And helpe hym wyth alle here myghte
A-geynes the grekes, pat were so stronge.
And so they dyd eres full longe,
And mony a yere, and cwer so myghte,
Ne had Anchises, ñe fals knyghte,
Solde hyt to Grekes for couetysy.
Thus he be-trussed hyt at hys deuyse.
The troyans kepte hyt ix yere
Mannely, and after ferther nere.

181. MS. th between Thorowe and alle.
In the x yere Ector was slayne,
Where-of þe grekes were glad and sayne,
And the troyans were as sory,
For in here werres he fuht knyghtly
A-geyne the grekes hem duft defende,
For mony a grette showre he hem sende.
Tho Priamus thys Anchises
Chyffe to hym of couselle hym ches,*
No man wyste of whens he was bore,
Ne of hys kyn ; but of tresoure
He cowde welle geder to rychie þe kynge.
He hym loued† a-bone alle thynge,
Off alle hys londe hym cheff† Justice
He made, and as he wolde deuyse
He aggreed‡, and helde hym ther-to.
Thys fals traytoure demenyed‡ hym so
He made the kynge the lordes hate.
Euer he sette grette debate
Be-twyn the lordes and the kynge,
For mony a grette and stronge lesynge
He made vpon hem euer-moo.
The kynge lounyd golde and seluer soo,
He fulle falsly in kowde hþt brynge.
He and couetyse destroyed† the kynge.
Thys Anchyses, thys fals traytoure,
Vpon þe master-yate he had a towre
Off Troye, thys noble and worthy Cyte,
Where, on a nyghte, prynely he
Hadde yn the grekes be hys assente,
And accorded wyth hem þat destroyed† and brente
Shulde Troye, thys worthy Cyte, bee,
On þys condicione that he
Shulde robbe and pille eche neyghibore
Off hys, for he knew all there tresoure,
Where hþt was, and they grauntted† we‡
Alle that he axed, ewery delle.
Xowe pryncely entryd‡ thes grekes be

220. Troy withstood the Greeks for nine years.
224. Anchises.
225. MS. chesses.
228. MS. ches (short s).
230. MS. ches (short s).
232. MS. ches (short s).
236. MS. ches (short s).
240. MS. ches (short s).
244. MS. ches (short s).
248. MS. ches (short s).
252. MS. ches (short s).
The Greeks entered the city, and spared nobody.

In-to Troye, thys worthy Cyte.
Fryste they robbed and after brente,
They no-thynge spared of mankynde.
In-to þe towre, wych was þe doneyn,
The kynge flede, and hys sones echeone.
There was slayne kynge Pryamus
And alle hys sonnes, same Elenus,
Wych in-to a botte dyd preuely skape,
And yede where hym was Shape
Shame; and a-nother chylde toke
A man, hys name telleth not [t]hys boke,
And broghte hym preuely, wyth-owte les,
In-to a shyppe of Anchyses.
When Anchyses had done thys tresone,
To shyppe he wente wyth grette ffoysone
Off golde and seluer. Wyth hym was
Gone in-to the shyppe was noble Eneas.
Off hys kyn no-þyng was he,
For worthy and curtes in euery degre
Eneas was, as seythe the booke,
Anchises aH a-nother way toke,
For he was fulfylled of couetyse,
Prowde and envious in alle wyse.
Yette Eneas was wyth Anchises,
In wele and woo, in prate of dyssesce,
He toke wyth on sonde and see,
Tylle atte the laste anyuek they be
In-to the londe of Romenye,*
Where-OF they conqueryk the Senere.
Whan Markomyris, þys yonge kynge,
Wych was sone to Priamus þe kynge,
Was scaped frome Troye wyth Anchyses
Fulle yonge and tender amonge þe pres,
Thorowe helpe of on wychie was hys norry,
Vn-wyste of Anchyses fulle prinuely,
Whan he was xv yere of age,
He woxe semely, stronge, and had corage
To do alle thynge; and þe pepulle Sykerly
Whende he had ben sone to hys norry.
Yette he wyster welle hyt was not so,
Butte yette hys Norry made hym so.
Yette othe wolde he say: "That ffelowne!
I shalle sle hym that dyd pys tresone
To my fader and to my lynage."
And euer the more he waxeth in age,
To alle the pepuH, as they denyse,
He lyked moche H Ector and Parys
Off stature, of vysage, and off bonne.
The pepulle ther-fore othe gone
To hys Norry for to enquire
Yeff thysh chylde hys sone were;
And euer he sayde sykerly ye.
Where-fore thyssh man thohte pat he
Myghte notte wellle a-byde there.
He thohte he wolde goo yelse-where.
And pryuely, when he had spase,
He putte hym alle in Godlys grace.
And pryuely be nyghte stale a-waye
And in-to Fraunce toke hys waye.
Nowe in-to Fraunce comyn be
Botie Markomyrys And he.
Fraunce was named tho ylke dayes
Galles, as myne auctor seyes.
Ther-In was neyther Cyte, casteH, ne berowe.
A man] myghte ryghte welle hau ne ryde berowe,
In euery parte bothe of brede and lenglie,
He shulde neyther hau ne fownde no strenghe.
The pepuH were dysperplede here and there,
They were no-tynyge a-rayed for werre.
Ther-In herbourghede mony a wylde beste.
Alle the londe was tho ny honde ffloreste.
Ther-In was neyther Erle, duke, ne kynge;
Eche man] was lorde of hys owne thynge.
Tylle hyt happened pat, at the entre*
Off the londe, Markomiryss Norrye
Dyed, and per-wyth as ffaste

After 312 a line crossed out: Now in-to Fraunse comyn be thyay.
327. oh crossed out before of. 328. MS. entrynge.
He brente hys bonnes in grette haste,
That [was] the vsage of that contre.
332
In-to seruyse tho droghie he.
Thys yonge man, thys ylke Markomirys,
He was manly, semely, and ryghte wyse; 336
For hys seruyse hym ryghte gode wage.
He seruyed nonne but of lynage
Where the grettes off alle pat ylke londe.
Curteyse and lowly hys lorde hym euer fonde.
On a Day when he luste for to talke
Wyth hys lorde, as he allone dyd walke,
He tolde of Troye alle the case,
Of the desstruccione, and eke how pat he was
The kyngus sone of Troye Pryame,
And preuely in-to a shyppe he came
Off Anchyses, vuwyste of any wyghte.
Hys master tho wyth hys* herte and myghte
Was glade and joyfull, and made hym grette chere,
And made hym telle, pat alle men myglite here,
The processe a-gayne, and alle the case,
And how kynge Pryame sone he was.
They herde hys tale alle goodely,
They helde hym trew, wyse, and eke redy.
And then* he tolde hem forthie of Eneas,
Wyche a man of Armes that he was,
And wyche materyes he dyd in Ytalye,
Howe he conquered by and bye.
"He dothe thurghe-owte what hym luste," sayde he,
"Rydethie and bremeth and ransometh the eche contre.
Thys ys the cause for they haue no strenghe
In alle the contre, nether in brede ne lenghe.
He maketh the pepulle thraille and bownde ychone. [[1. 6]]
Hyt ys fulle lyke he shalle yow yeke so done,
Butte yeffe ye ordeyne a-gayne hym other strenghe,
He shalle yowe ouer-ryde in brede and lenghe;"
He hem conselletli they shalle strengles make,
And then he durste welle vnder-take,

332. contre or contre, apparently corrected from contre.
315. he came]\ MS. come he. 347. hym]\ MS. hym.
351. then]\ MS. them.
And they wolle to-geder hem in habyte, 368
They shulde fynde ther-in grette [de]lyte,
And walle here Cytees and borovs rounde a-bowte,
Then myghte they slepe sykerly, and haue no dowte
Off no Enemyes, whens so euer they were.
372
In thys wyse he can hem faste lere.
They lyked wel hys conselle and hys rede.
Cytees and castelles they made in grette spede,
Welle I-walled in the beste wyse.
376
For hys wytte a-now chyyfe Iustycye
They hym made, and sette hym vp as a lorde.
They dyde no-thynge wyth-owte hys a-corde.
A wyffe they geffe hym, borne of hye kynrede,
380
And then they made hym lorde, wyth-owte drede,
Alle hys lyffe vn-tiH hys endynge-daye,
Off hem alle, thys ys wyth-owten naye.

When he wes dede, hys sone prynse they made
384
Off hem alle, of whome they were fulle gladdc.
He hem gonernyd in welthe and grette honowre;
He was to hem a nobulle gonernowre.

And after hym fro eyre to eyre hyt yede.
Here names to telle I trowe hyt be no nede,
They bythie not putte yette in Remembraunce
In thys cronycle wyche I rede of Fraunce.
Prynces they were so of here maner.
392
Butte the fienshe boke me dothie lere
That longe after a prynce syker they hadde,
Wyche in wele and prosperite hem ladde,
Wyche was of the ryalle blode of Troye.
396
Off hym alle Fraunce hade so muchie loye
That they hym loued a-bone aH erthely thynge.
He was the ffyrste that euer was named kynge.
He made lawes and moche other thynge,
And made hem drawe wyth-owte lesyng
To be obeysaunte* to here kynggus lawe,
Both the wyth ffeyrnesse and eke wyth awe.
He made the lawes, as y gesse,
404
For batellus, for customys, and frauncheses,
Off theses and traytowres also here Iewy[es].
Thus he made the lawes wythe-owten lese. [leaf 6, back]
In ryghte and trowthe euers hys pepulhe he ladde.
THER-FORE ALLE HYS LYE-DAYES HE HADE
A-monge hem Ioye, welthie, and prosperite.
Yeres and dayes fulle mony regned he,
And then after, when all-Myghty God wolde,
A sone he hadde, pat after hym regne shulde.
LUDON*hyghte thys chylde pat shulde be
Here kynge, pat of wyttie lacked grette plente.
Off other goodes lytelle he hadde.
THER-FORE MOCHIE HYS PEPULLE HE DRADE,
WHER-FORE IN CHAMBER HYM-SELFE HE HADE,
FULLE Ofte hys peple lawes he ladde,
Charles he cheresede, and no-þyngge Ientyle.
HE LEVYDE NOTTE BUTTE A WHYLE.
After hym came hys sone and eyre,
And he made a-yen to repeyre
ALL pat contraryed hys fader lawe,
Sum wyth ffeyrenes and some wyth awe.
Hym to Crystes lawe seynte Remys
Converted, longe or than seynte Denys
Kame in-to Fraunce; and eke the clergye
He loned, and cheresshyde chyuallerye.
Cleonels thys nobelle kynge hyghte.
He proued hym-selfe a nobelle knyghte.
Grette werre he helde alle hys lyfe.
Wyth Sarceines he foughte mony a sythe,*
For setlien he the crowne namne,
HE SO WYSE AND SO RYGHTEFILLE KYNGE HE-CAME
Ther was no manne of hym complayned
Off ronge, a-none he hyt restrayne[d],
And wolde se where the trowthie stode.
And then he wolde wyth esy mode
Redresse hyt as resone were.
And so he hadde a goode manere:
The porallis ryghte esely here he wolde,
A lorde also, yeff pat he shulde;
To enery manne, after hys state were,
He wolde redresse hyt in esy manere.
Off knyghtehode fully he bare the pryse.
Ther-to he was ryghte manly and wyse.
So wysely hys remne gouverned he
That he lyned ener in prosperite.
Thys nobelle kynge, pys nobelle conquerowre,
Wanne many a Cyte wyth many a towre,
That ffro Chyrbrond in-to Russye
Was ther nouer manne so hardye
To döi a-geynste hys commande;te
And yeffe he dyd', he were butte shente.
Off Arderne the towre also,
Ther contrairyed no manne pat he wolde haue do.
In thys Arderne, as seythe thys geste,
Ther ys a grette and a huge fforesthe.
Hyt lyethe in lenghe bothie este and weste;
Ther-In dwellithe mony a wyldhe beste;
The porsewte ys fulle large a-bowte.
Ther-fore hyt ys, wyth-owten dowte,
Grette perelle a man wol ther-In to come;
Ther-In to herboroughe ys no man wonne.
For shyppe that passe by the See,
For no nede dar notte he
Arryue in-to the huge fforestes
For drede of the wyldhe bestes.
In olde bookes, as I rede,
I fynde wryten, wyth-owten drede,
Off lyones and lebardes hyt ys ffulle.
The wyldhe bore and eke the bulle
Hawe there here haunte destawntly.
The cause I wolde telle yowe why
That I thys fforesthe thys deuyse,
For owte of thys moste mochie thynge ryse
That longethe vn-to my matere.
Lystenethe nowe, and ye shalle here.

THys kynge Cleouels, pys worthy manne,
Syn ffryste pe tyme that he be-gan
Crowne on) hedde ffryste to bere,

Nobody dared to oppose him,
not even in the Ardennes.
In the Ardennes were all kinds of wild animals.

Clovis was fond of hunting there.
Also for to holden] in honde a spere,
Nexte dede of armes he loued] bestes
To hunte in Arderne, thys huge florest,
And wyth] strenghe of howndes and men
The boore to chasse owte of hys ded.
So hyt be-ffed that on a daye
To ffynde the boore he wolde assaye.
Hys hvntes he* warned] ryghte a-noun
That to thys florest he wolde goon.
Thand] had] thys kyunge a suster there
That was to hym full lefe and dere,
pat nexte hys owne weddute wyffe
He loued] here as hys owne lyffe.
Lucresse] thys noble lady hyghte.
A sone she] had, that be goode ryghte
Erle of Angowe shulde be
And of Bloys, so teltethe me
The olde booke* full weH I-wryted,
In fiyrenshe also, and fayre endyte.
And ye wolde wytte what he hyte,
Partonope be Gode almythe
Name] he was, when he was bore,
Of hys godfader atte the churchie-dore.
And playnely to tell yow of thys maun
Thys tale trewly I be-gan].
Thys yonge man] of whome I telle,
Of Ientynnes he was the verey welle.
The nobelle kyunge hym] loued] so
That where pat ener he rydde or go,
Nexte hym he ys of alle men,
To hym also nyghte of kynd,
That [nexte] hys suster or hys wyffe
He loued hym best of any lyffe.
He was so gentyl of worde and dede
That thorowe aH Fraunce, where pat he yede,
Off hys worshyppe men] myghte here.
For off hys age he had no pere.

490. he] MS. we, perhaps only intended for warned.
500. booke] MS. boode.
Hys age was forsothe, as I gesse,
xviii yere, neyther more ne lesse.

What a-venture feH nowe of Δ yse man
I wolde telle fortifie nowe as I can).

THys kynge of whome I of tolde,
He ys shape wyth baronyes bolde
To [t]ys foreste for to ryde,
Wyth knyght and squyer hym be-syde,
And also wythi nowumber of men,
The bore to chasse owte of hys den).
To thys foreste he ys come
Wyth hynte and hownde as he was won).
Off thys hyt nedethi no more to telle :
The hornes sownen as any belle,
The howndes arne uncowepeled than.
There loketh vp ful mony a man)
Here tryste on euery syde to kepe,
Hyt ys no tyme for hem to slepe.
And nexte the kynge of any man
Stonde Partonope, hys tryste man).
Ryghte sone after, wyth-owten more,
Fownde ys the wylde boore.
The howntes to blowe spare notte then).
The grette lymowres ere lette renne.
A-bowte the wodde the boore ys broughte ;
Alle the day they spare noghte
Hym to hynte thorowe thyke and thynne,
Tylle the boore, fulle wery of renne,
A-yen) Euy) the bay a-bodde.
Partonope, there as he stode,
Pullud owte hys swyrde lychie a manne,
And ffreshely to thys bore he ranne.
Be-twyn) was then) a grette stryfe,
Butte yet the boore there loste hys lyfe.
Seynge, the kynge, there as he stode,
Then) sayde he: “Be Goddys rode,
Thys was welle don), as of a chylde,

529. chasse] hole invellum for a.
555. go crossed out before goddys.
Another boar is roused.

Partonope pursues the boar.

Night closes in.

To sle a boore so fers and wylde.
Nowe Gode, I thanke the as I can.
He ys ryghte lyke to ben a man."7

The kynge in talkynge as he stode,
Sawe where ther come wyth eger mode
A-nother boore, alle ffreshe I-fownde.
To hym the howndes dyd renne full rownde.
The kynge comaunded ryghte a-nonne
The huntes they shulde evry-chone
Drawe vp there howndus by and by.
The cause shalle I telle yow why;
For faste westwarde draweth pe soune,
The howndes ben fulle wery for renne.
Also he sey hyt drew nere nyghte.
To hys loggyng he wente fulle ryghte.
The kyng commaundde Partonope
T[h]at swythe on horsebacke shulde he be,
Prycke after faste, sette horne to mowthe
To drawe of the howndes, yeif pat he cowthe.
Thys Partonope no lettyng made,
But dyd ryghte as the kynge hym bade.
A-pon his horse a-none he lepe,
Thoroughg thyke and thynne toke he no kepe
The boore to folowe, I yowe plyghte,
And draw yefter hym, yeif that he myghte.
So faste hys hors he prycketh thanne
That hym folowe myghte no manne.
The boore was nenwr owte of hys syghte,
The sothe to sayne, tylle darke nyghte
So faste felle ow in that tyde,
No ferther myghte he se to ryde.
He wyste nenwr where that he was,
Thys was to hym a sory case.
The kynge a-nonne loste had he,
Thynge pat ys ordeyne[n] nedes moste be
By fortune vn-to evry manne.
Partonope hys horne be-gan
In honde to take, and blewe hyt lowde.

561. MS. scarcely came.
583. fow crossed out before folowe.
But for no crafte that ever he cowde, 596
Men wol he horne cowde he non here.
Thaw gan he waxe of heuy chere, 600
For he hadde don a foly thinge
So for to drawe hym fro hys kynge.
Nowe wolde I lene thys manne so ynge,
And telle yowe forthie of the kynge,
Hat homward to hys loggyng rydeth. 604
After hym for sothie no manne a-bydeth.
He wenyth Partonope were I-come.
The hunte hys howndus hath vp nome,
And come was to hys loggynge.
A-none hym axed thys worthy kynge
After hys Neuowe Partonope,
He cowde not telle whether pat he
Were come home, or els be-hynde.
A-none hyt ran the kynge in mynde
 Howe he hym had bode gon
To drawe the howndus of echone.
Then he comaundeth the wyth aH hys myghte
That men wyth the hornes alle pat nyghte
Shulde noyse make on euery syde,
And in the forste alle nyghte to ryde,
Yeff any grace myghte be
Thys chylde to fynde in any degré.
Now after hym euery man, as he ys bedyn, 620
Vn-to the foreste ys he ryden.
Grette noyse they make aH pat nyghte,
Tylle on the morowe pe sone bryghte
Owte of the este gan showe hyr so
That euery manne myghte se to goo
Or ryde where so eu er hym luste. 624
[leaf 9]
Thoroughie thye and thynne in pat fforest
Ryghte faste they soghte euerychone,
Butte tydynges cowde they here nonne
Off thys chylde in no degré.
Gretter sorowe myghte not be

599. MS. for, or possibly far.
614. comaundeth] hole in vellum for u.
616. alle pat crossed out before on].

PARTONOPE.
Then was a-monge the mayne tho:
“Allas!” they sayde, “thys chylde y[s] go
And loste for euer, thys ys no nay.”
There ys songe but wleewaye.
Thys grette boore of home I tolde,
Thorowe the forste ys bente fu[h] bolde,
Tylle he come to the see-syde.
There thote he longe not to a-hyde;
Hys lyppe vn-to the see he nomine,
And faste thorowe the see he swomme,
And ouer see faste hym hyede,
Tylle he come in-to the other Syde.
Whan he was the perelle paste,
He hydd hym so wonder faste
To the wyldernes, I dar weH Saye,
And lyued there many a longe daye.

Nowe wolle I speke of Partonope.
Whatte to do wotte not he.

Hownde and horne had he loste;
Hys horse for sothe ys alle-moste
Dede for wery in that stonde,
And sodenly ys falle to grownde.
Alle drery stonte Partonope.

“Lorde alle-myghty Gode,” sayde he,
“Saue me nowe I be not lore,
As thowe were of a mayden bore.”

“Allas,” he thoghte, “what may I do?
For colde and honger I am fulle wo.
A-fende also nowe of my lyffe.

Helpe me lorde Gode and eke seynte Sythie That thes wylyde and wodde bestes Denowre me not in thes florestes!”
Thys yonge man wyste not what to do,
But at the laste he drewe hym to
An olde tre, an holowe thynge,
Ther-in to haue hys loggyng.
Alle nyghte ther-in he laye

Tylle on the morowe but hyt was daye.
Alle that nyghte fulle sore he wepte,
For sorowe and drede slepe he no slepe.
Be-tyme a-morowe he gan to ryse.  [leaf 9, back] 672 The next
day he tries
in vain to
find his way
home.

He loked a-bowte, and gan to deuyse

Wych cuntrė homwarde he myghte beste

Draue owte of thys wylde fforestē.

Vn-to hys horse he yede ffaste,

And by the brydelle atte the laste

Hym he dreue on hys ffette.

In-to the sadelle a-none he lepe,

Homwarde to drawe for sothe he wende.

Gode hym grace ther-to sende!

But alle for noghte, hyt wyH not be,

Alle a-weyardys the wey taketh he.

Alle þat day he rode fulle ffaste,

Mony a perlows water he paste.

The ffrenshe boke thus dothe me telle

xx waters he passed fulle ffelle.

He rode as faste as ever he myghte

Alle that day, tyllé hyt was nyghte.

When nyghte was come, thys ys no nay,

The mone shone as bryghte as day.

He loked apon the mone so bryghte:

"Nowe, lorde," he sayde, "that made thys lyghte

Man to comforte and also beste,

Brynge me welle owte of thys iforeste!"

He houyde stylene, he loked a-bowte.

Than sawe he, wyth-owten dowte,

Where he was in a medow stronge,

The grasse vp to hys styroppe longe

Was grow on hegovt, as I hope,

For hyt had neuer be mow ne rope,

But beddet fuH of bestes wylde.

Fulle sore a-ferde tho was thys chylde.

Forthe tho rode Par tonope,

Tylle atte the laste he sawe the see

Ebbe and flowe and noyse make.

Hys herte wyth-In be-gan to quake,

He wende fully dek to be,

He thoȝte he myghte no fether fle.

698. stronge] st and o indistinct; the t is apparently altered from an o.
And fherther looke\(d\) he in-to the stronde,
Hym tho\(s\)te that faste by the londe
A Shyppe he sawe there rydnynge,
Ryghte welle a-raye\(d\), tho any kynge
There shulde haue passed the See.
And of thys shyppe ryghte glade was he;
He tho\(s\)te he shulde haue some conforte
Off them pat ryued atte the porte,
And wyth hem conselle howe he myghte beste
Scape owte of thys wyld foreste.

He heyd\(e\), faste tylle he was there,
And sone he ne\(3\)he\(d\) pe shyppe fulle nere.
When\(e\) he come vn-to the stronde,
Owte of the shyppe vn-to pe londe
A brygge was leyde fulle gode and stronge,
Ryghte brodde hyt was and also longe,
And man\(w\) thyder-in myghte go ryghte we\(H\),
And no\(3\)te to wete hys fotte a delle.
And when\(e\) he to the brygge came,
Then\(w\) tho\(s\)te he : "My Gode and man,
In wolle I go, what so be-tyde,
No lenger here wolle I a-byde."

Downe of hys horse he lepte a-none,
In-to the shyppe he gan\(w\) to gow\(l\),
Hys hors he lede in by hys Syde,
"And what so enuer me be-tyde,
He shalle not lefe be-hynde me,
For then\(w\) I shulde hym enuer se."
Thys ys the sothe, he luste welle slepe,
But fryste of o thynge he toke gret kepe
That man\(w\) on\(w\) lyffe Sawe he now.
Hys herte gan\(w\) colde as any stonne.
To hym-selfe thus sayde he :
"Thys ys a Shyppe of f\(f\)ayre
Or thynge made be Enchauntemente.
Nowe helpe me, lorde Omnipotente,
That the deuelle no power hane
My sowle wyth hym to helle crane,

737. h crossed out before se.
740. h crossed out before no\(w\).
747. ca crossed out before crane.
And save me, lorde, yeffe hyt be thy wylle, 748
That I neuer in thys shyppe spylle."
And when he had sayde thers wordes, 752
He layde hym on the shyppe-bordes, "Partonope falls asleep.
Whatte for honger and for slepe,
Off hym-selfe toke he no kepe.
When he for wery was downe layde, 756
Vn-to slepe he feH a lyteH brayde.
No ryghte goode slepe for sothie he toke,
But halfe wakyng, as seyth pe boke,
And as he lay thy[s] in slummyrnynge, 760
There befelle a wonder thynge.
Thys ryalle shyppe of wyclie I tolde,
The sayle a-now gan owte to folde.
Ryghte a-pon the toppe an hye 764
The sayle ys pullud by and by.
A mevable wynde then had he, [leaf 10, back]
He sawe the sayle vp in the see
A-fore the wynde in water clere.
A wonder thynge hyt ys to here
Wyth-owten helpe a shyppe to sayle, 768
The wynde so fulle vpptoñ the sayle,
And helpe of man ther-in now ys.
A fulle grette meruelle me thynketh was thys.
Partonope when he a-woke, 772
A-bowte hym faste he gan to loke,
Be-thoȝte hym-selfe where pat he was :
"Thys ys," thoghte he, "a wonder case," 776
A Shyppe to sayle wyth-outen gyde.
Gode helpe," sayde he, "nowe in thys tyde."
He sawe no-þynge but water clere ;
For syghte of londe fer ne nere
Cowde he a-spye in no wyse. 780
Then gan he faste for to devyse
Where thys fforestes was be-come,
Owte of hys syghte hyt ys be-nome.
"Nowe, goode Gode," sayde Partonope, 784
"Thowe fortune thus hape shapen me
762. non (?) crossed out before pon).
770. ys non crossed out before in.
Partonope prays to God.

That I shalle dye in thys place,
Allmyghty Gode, do me grace!"
To hym-selfe he sayde thus:

"O mercy, lorde, swete Ihesus,
Man wolte lyteH what ys hys beste.
For when I was in yender floreste,
Off my lyffe I was in drad;"
For very fere I was my mad.
In-to pe shyppe for seker I came,
And In wyth me my horse I name.

I howpet to haue a better yere;
And nowe for sofe better me were
In yender foreste to haue ben;
Than in thys shyppe, as I wene.
For yette by possibilite
Every man know may be
A man had ys in dry lande
Yet sum way may he fownde
Hym-selfe to helpe owte of dyssece
In mony a wyse, wyth-owten lese.
But in water for to be
I can) for sothe in no degre
Devyse how any helpe to haue,
Butte Gode allone he may me saue."
And thus he lyetie and sorow maketh
He dar not Slepe, butte alle-wey waketh
For drede of peresynge in the see.
But alle for noghte, hyt wyH not be,
Hys a-venture he moste a-byde,
For nowe ys fortune for sothe hys gyde.
And thus he saylethe alle the nyghte,
Tylle on the morowe pat hyt was lyghte,
Then on the shyppe gan faste he
Denyse and loke howe hyt myghte be
That hyt shulde sayle in any londe
Wyth-owten helpe of manns honde.
But for to speke of thys shyppe,
The more per-of pat he toke keppe,

789. On margin of MS. in the same hand: Nota.
796. Does MS. yere stand for lere?
Euer to hym hyt was more mervayle:
Off clothe and selke pen was pe sayle;
Ther-to hyt was so welle grane
That of entayle, so Gode me saue,
Ther cowde no werkemaw hyt a-mende.
Then pryade he Gode hym grace sende
Hys lyffe to saue, yeff hys wyH be.
And forthe alle day thys sayleth he,
Tylle hyt was derke nyghte aH-moste,
And then] pe shyppe vn-to a coste
Helde euen hys course, as pat he
By mannes honde gyded had be.
Whan to pe londe the shyppe was come,
Partonope, as he was won,
Loked owte to se the tyde,
ThaH sawe he where be-syde
Ther stode a towne, wyth-owtenH dowte,
Ryghte welle I-walled rownde a-bowte.
A-myddes the towne, wyth-in the walle,
There stode a castelle pat was ryalle,
Wyth towres grette on) every syde,
For any kynde ther-In to a-byde.
A grette mervayle pen sawe he,
For nyghte hyt was vppon pe see,
And in pe Cuntre hyt was as bryghte
As thowe hyt had be day lyghte.
The brygge a-now he toke in honde,
And fro pe shyppe vn-to the londe
He layde hyt owte, and pat a-none,
That he myghte vn-to pe londe gon).
When he to pe londe come was,
He thonked Gode tho of hys grace,
That alle thes pereHys he had] welle paste. [leaf 11, back
Butte yeHte fulle sore was he a-gaste,
For he sawe no-pynege that [bare] lyffe,
Man] ne chylde, wydo ne wyffe.
And he also for thyste and honger
Was ryghte febeH, hyt was no wonder;
And ow) hys hors honger was sene,
For lacke of mete he was ryghte lene.
Bytte when ys chylde Partonope
On londe was come, a-nom gan he
A-bowte hym loke on enery syde.
He sawe the cuntre bothe large and wyde.
Yette on thysh shyppe he be-gan to holde,
He sayde be hym that Judas solde
Thys shyppe was mcrveltus made.
In alle hys lyffe he ne hadde
Sey so evryous a wroghte thynge,
He then trowed per was no man lenyng
By crafte of honde cowde suche on make,
Butte yeffe a clerke cowde vnder-take
By nygromansy to make hytte;
For hyt passeth manes wytte.
The townie, the caste he be-helde,
Howe curiously they were bylde:
Off blacke marbe was made pe waH,
Enchekeryd weH wyth Crystalle,
Wyth Jasper also, pat was so bryghte.
In-to the cuntre hyt gaflle grette lyghte.
Thys grette meruayle he can be-holde;
Hys herte be-gan to colde.
He sayde: "Alas, what may ys be?"
He thogte he was but in fayre,
And weneth hyt were pe develles werke.
For weH he wyste pe nyghte ys derke,
And nyghte hyt was vppon pe see;
On londe hyt was so lyghte* pat he
Myghte se to ryde alle a-bowte
In alle the cuntre, thys ys no dowte.
Also pe hauen was large and wyde,
x thousande shyppes per-yn myghte ryde
For any drede of pe see,
Whanne wynde or wedder ceuer hyt be.
When he pe cuntre devysed he had,
In herte he was no-ynyng gladde,
Butte for the wyth-alle hys hors he toke,
And streyghte to towne, as seysethe the boke,
He rodde as faste as euer he myghte,
And to the gate he came fulle ryghte.  

Butte when he to the gate come,
Hys eye he caste yppe ther-on,
Be-helde hyt wysely alle a-bowte,
And then he sayde wyth-owte dowte:
"Thys ys of so grette and heyghte,
Ther can no man devyse be sleyghte
Thys towre to wynne in no wyse."

And harde hyt was for to denyse
The curyous makyng pat per-on was.
And In he rydethe an esy pas.
The strete was payd pat were fulH longe;
On euery syde howsyngge stronge
Off blacke marbeH fulH weH I-bake.
A-bofe per-on, I under-take,
Pomelys per stode of golde fuH fyne;
Ther-on by crafte and goode engyne
Egelys of golde flekerynge per stode,
Lebardes and lyonis also fulle goode
Veppon pe gabellys* of golde I-pureF,
And other bestes dyuerse fygured,
And alle, as they hadden ben on lyfe,
By crafte pey menyde wonder blyfe,
Pat neuer, sethen pat he was boren,
Had he seyne suche a towne be-foren.
Thys fayre towne of wych I tolde,
The boke of ffrenshe, pat ys fulle olde,
Hyt denyseth in suche degrs
Hyt were to longe as nowe for me
Alle pat to telle, yhs ys no naye.
Per-fore I lefe hyt in goode faye,
And woH go forth vn-to my mater,
And hyt lyke yow me to here.
Thys yonge chylde Partonope,
For thryste and honger wotte not he
What to doH-Gode be yhs gyde—
And forthe fuH esely dotlie he ryde.

912. Description of its splendour.
916. MS. garbellys.
Partonope enters a house,  

He po3te of pys fayre syghte,  
Hys herte sum-what be-gan to lyghte,  
And sum-tyme he tho3te a-yen  
Alle pys ne was butte fantayne.  
Then sawe he where pe palys-yate  
Stode wyde open, and in per-atte  
He rodde, and downe frome hys horse he lyghte,  
For ferther ryde he ne myghte,  
And when he of hys hors lyghte,  
Hym thoghte he sawe moche lyghte  
Off torches and off fyre also.  
In-to the halle wente he theo,  
Fayre clothes he sawe pe per layde  
Thorowe pe halle on every syde.  
Off brede and wyne he sawe grette plente,  
Off mete there lacked no maner of deynte.  
He sawe stonde on pe cuppe-borde  
Cuppes of golde for any lorde,  
Sponys of golde and of Syluer also.  
"Nówe, lounde," sayde he, "what may I do?  
For dek I am ney for honger."  
Also he had moche wonder  
To se of Ryches so grette plente,  
And no man on lyfe butte he.  
For the thorowe pe halle walked he  
The palys wyth-In forpe for to See.  
When he was porowe pe halle gon,  
He sawe be-four hym ryghte a-nów  
A towre of marbelle ryghte fayre per stode;  
The yates of Iron were fulle goode.  
Vpon the towre then lokéd he,  
"O lond," he sayde, "what may thys be?"  
Stytle he stode, and hyst be-helde,  
In what wyse hyst was bylde.  
Then was hyst a castelle stronge.  
A-bowte pe walle fulle brode and longe  
A dyche per was of water clere.  
The brygge there-ouer was fulle nere  
An e flote, I trowe, of lenglie;  

955. maner deynte gives a better reading.
Hyt wolle be drawe wyth lytelle strenghte.
The fayre towne he sawe a-fore
Hys grette bewte had I-lore.
Thys place was wonder fayre to se.
Then po[te thys chylde Partonope
This place shulde be goode Resone
Be chylfie pallys of the towne.
And to hym-selfe sayde he:
“Whatte [ys] ther-In I shalle se.”
In atte the gate he made a loppe;
Thys was the sothie, hyt [was] wyth ope,
Hys herte wexe lyghte as leffe on lynde,
For he supposeth ther-In to fynde
Men I-nowe hym to dysporte,
And wyth mete hym to conforte.
In-to the halle vp wente he,
A ryghte goode fyre per myghte he see.
The halle also fulle ryally
Wythe golde[n clo]pes and attaby
Was hongyd fulle welle, wyth-owten dowte,
Off ryghte grette heyghte rownde a-bowte.
Off o fyng merulyd grettely he:
Man[e] chylde cowde he now see.
He sawe per laye bope clope and borde,*
Po[te hyt had benn a-fore a lord,]
That sethe pe tyme pat he was borne
So fayre sawe he newer be-fforne.
Then po[te pys chylde: “What may pys be?
Thys ys deuyllys werke,” sayde he.
And as he stode pus in thys thoghhte,
A-none be-fore hym were I-broghte
A peyre of bassennys fayre I-curyd,†
Off fynge golde ryghte welle pured.
Alle thys be-helde Partonope.
Vn-to hym-selfe pys sayde he:
“These bassennys cyrd pat I see,
For sothie be resone pynketh me
Ther-of to wasslie hyt arne broghte.”
And to washe was he be-thoghhte.*
He washed hys hondes ryghte a-none.
To soper þoþte he for to gone,
As he þat was for very honger
Loste, for sothie, hyt was no wonder.
Whan he hys hondes wa-shed he hadde,
He sawe no wyghte þat ones hym bade
To soper sytte in no place.
þen thoþte he, be Goddys grace,
To soper sytte þey he wolde.

A-none hym-selfe wyth herte bolde
A-myddes þe benche downe he sette.
The borde* a-none, wyth-owte lette,
Be-fore hym lay ryghte well a-rayed*.
Off þys syghte he was dysmayed*.
So ryalle seruyse for to see,
And no man* on* lyfe þer butte he.
Ryghte a-none, when he was sette,
Mete grette plente þer was fette.
Torches be-fore þe mete In come,
Off lyghte ther was fuH mykel* won.
Torches of brocte by-fore* hym stode, [leaf 13, back]
Cuppys of golde wyth wyne fulle goode,
For sothie hym to yete ryghte welle.
Butte yette he was a-ferde sum delle.
A-bowte þe halle faste loked* he,
On* grette meruayle he myghte see:
He sawe þe bordes in þe halle,
Welle I-covered* bothe grette and smale ;
Fulle of mete stode every borde.
But thorowe þe halle ther was no worde,
For man* ne woman* sawe he none
In þe place but he allone.
Butte neuer the later, so seythe þe boke,
To hys mete firesshely he toke ;
And for sothie hyt ys no wonder,
For þer-to droffe hym very honger*.
And when he had* yete ryghte welle,

1037. M.S. myker. 1038. fore written twice.
Payn wolde he haue dronke his fyle.

Alle thoȝe he had grette thruste,

For sothe dronke he ne druste:

For in dronke, he seyde, be resone

Myghte welle be herberowed poysone.

For alle pat he saue wyth his eye,

Hym poȝte hyt was but fantasye.

Cuppys of golde be-fore hym stode

Wyth dyuerse wynes, and pat fulle goode,

And wyth pat weH to drynke for sope hym luste,

For he was Inly sore a-thruste.

A-pon]e ryghte syde of þe dese

He sawe serveth a ryalle messe,

As thoȝe a quene þer had bene;

And þat was ryghte weH a-sene,

For hyt was servyde in hey deyse

Wyth metes and drynkes in dyuerse wyse.

Partonope hyt faste caȝt be-holde,

He sawe þe vesseH were aH of golde.

A-monges þes vesseH he sawe wyne stode

In a ryche cuppe þat was fulle goode.

Thys cuppe was of safer ffyne,

Hyt moeste nedes showe weH wyne.

þe conacle was of Rube rede,

Thys chylde þer-of toke grette hede.

Wyth-In hym-selfe he gan to þynke

Off þat cuppe he wolde drynke.

Ther-to poȝte hym he had a skylle,

For the ssafer for sothe ne wylle

Suffer in hym no poysone to a-bythe. [leaf 14]

"For sope," he thoȝte, "what euere me tyde

Ther-of I wolde drynke a draghte."

And wyth hy[s honde þe cuppe he rawghte.

To hym mowthe he gan hyt sette,

Hym poȝte þey were ryghte weH I-mette.

There he dranke wyne fuH goode,

Hym poȝte hyt conforte welle his blode.

1061. MS. santase (long s).

1074. u crossed out after þes; stode written above stonde, which is crossed out.
And when he had dronke p[ys] drawghte,
To hys mete ffresshely he rawghte,
And to hym goode confortele toke,
Thys seyethe my auctor, þe ffrenshe boke.
Syth[e he had] dronke of p[ys] cuppe,
He þoȝte he myghte þe Safer sowpe;  1096
For thys was hys Opynion,  
That cuppe wolde holde no poyson.
And he sowpethe alle in ese,  1100
And maketh hym-selfe welle at ese.
When he had so sowpe[n] aþ hys wylle,
And of þe cuppe dronke hys ffylle,
Than þym luste no more to sowpe.  1104
Vppe goþe þe mete and eke þe cuppe,
The clothie vp-drawe, þe towayle layde.
A-now ryghte in a lytelle brayde  
He wasse hys hondes, and vppe he stode.  1108
Than[þ] ga[n] chaunge alle hys blode,
He loked a-bowte, he myghte þer see
Off torches and lyghte grette plente,
Butte manþ ow lyfe sawe he none.  1112
"Lorde," sayde he, "what may I done?
I not," he sayde, "what me ys beste.
But he þat made bothe Este and weste,
Safe me, yeþ hyt be hys wylle,
In thys myschyfe þat I lie spylle."  1116
And when he had aþ p[ys] I-þoȝte,
"Be Gode," he sayde, "þat me hath wroþte,
I wolle as my as euere I canþ  1120
Take herte to me, and be a manþ.
And what so euere me be-tyde,
Whyther so þat thys lyghte me gyde,
After I wolle, what euere he beste,  1124
For some ys tyme to go to reste."
And so after wyth-In a lyteð whyle,
I trowe þe mowntans of a mýle,
To chamber the torches toke þe waye.  1128
Than[þ] þoȝte þe chylde: "Now, by my ffaye,  [leave 14, blk.]

1092.  MS. possibly sythen.  1097. ss crossed out before Safer.
1128. thorches crossed out before torches.
Folowe I wolde, what so be-tyde.
Gode of heuen, be nowe my gyde!"
When he was come in-to pe chamber,
The walles were as bryghte as ambere.
A bed per-In ther heuge fulle ffyne,
Hyt was honged be goode engyne.
The Couertoure was of Ernone goode.
Thys chylde be-helde, and stytle stode,
And sayde: "Lorde, what may thyss be?"
And faste a-bowte he gan to See.
He blessyd hym thryes wyth goode entente.
He new sayde he: "Lorde Omnipotente,
but haste me saued alle thyss waye,
Be nowe my helpe, lorde, I pe praye;
For I wot neuer what to do,
Yeffe thy grace go nowe me ffrro."
He gan fulle faste loke a-bowte,
Howe he myghte do he had grette dowte.
Then In pe chymnaye he sawe a ffyre,
And to pe ffyre he drewe hym nere,
pe ryaH ffyre and pe bed he gan be-holde,
Clopes he sawe fulle mony a ffolde
Off golde fulle ryche, hyt ys no drede.
The grette ryche[es] ys nowe no nede
Me to deuyse, ne hyt to telle,
Hyt were fuH longe for me to dwelle.

1132 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 1138 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1144 1145 1146 1147 1148 1149 1150 1151 1152 1153 1154 1155 1156 1157 1158

The torches disappear.
Partonope goes to bed.
He clops to hym fulle softe he drowe.
I trowe of fere he had I-nowe,
For peu he sawe pe chamber ah derke,
He pohte thys was a wonder werke.
For fere he dryste not ryghte wel slepe,
He was In better poynte to wepe.
Thys lay he style he ah in a trannse ;
He was a-ferde of some myschaunse
Shulde hym be-falle or hyt was daye.

And as he was In thys a-ffraye,
And hys herte fulle nere quappynge,
In pe flore he herde conyngge
A pytge fulle softly what euer hyt were,
Where-off fully he gau to fere.
Mernayle he had what hyt myghte be.
"Alas pe tyme," then sayde he,
"That euer I was of woman bore,
For well I wotte I am butte lore."
Vnder pe cloyps he can hym hyde,
And drow hym to pe beddys syde.
Weny[n] ge hyt had ben sum enyelle pytge
That he herde in pe flore comyngge.
And pen hyt was, wyth-owten drede,
A yonge mayde, ho so luste to rede
The story in frenshe, pe r shalle he se
She was a laydy of grette degre,
That homely to hyr owne bedde come.
And wyth hyr hondes vppe she nome
The cloyps alle, and In dyd crepe,
For pe she wolde, she pozte, slepe.
Whether she were fayre or ellys no,
Nere pe chylde she dressyd here tho.
Stytle sho lay, and no-pyngge sayde,
A grette whyle after pat she was layde ;
For she ne herde ne felte no-pyngge
Off Partonope pat was so yenge.
Fulle stytle he lay and durste not stere,
Hys herte was so fulle of sere,
For he ne wyste what pyngge hyt was,
Me pynketh he stode in a wonder case:
In bedde they be thes to yonge,
They neyther to other sayde no-pynge.
The toin dar not for very fere,
Be tother for shame can no chere.
A-shamed she ys for wommanhede,
Thynkenge that she hape in here bedde
A lusty man, and she I-wys
Wetynge welle a mayde she ys,
Here maydenhode so yonge for to lese,
Supposyng welle she may not chese,
As she that had in sochie plynfite
Here-selfe broghte ; for alle here delyte
And all here plesaunce was hym to haue
To here husbande, and so to saue
Here worshippe ; for fully pyst was her po pits.
Off alle pe worlde no-pynge she Roghte,
Off kyn, ne ffrynde, ne creature,
But pynkyng howe sho myghte endure
Euer of hym to haue plesauns ;
For she wyth-owte varyauns
Purposyd euer to bew hys.
What say ye louners, was hyt not thys
A gentylle herte of here pyst was,
Off hyghe borne, and in suche case
Had broghte here-selfe in blame and balawnce,
That here honowre lay in suche chaunse ?
But here-after she fownde hym vntrewa.
Alle here lyffte she myghte welle rewe
Vppon hyr-selfe, and ech man haue rowthe,
That euer so fayre on7 for here trowpe
Falsely shulde desyued be
Off here lofe in eny degre.
Butte atte pyst tyme I wolde no more
Speke of pyst mater, ne trete be-fore
Off parellys after that may be-falle.
But to that* lady I clepe and calle
That Venus ys called, goddas of loue,
That in heaven sytteste a-boue,

1231. On margin of MS. in the same hand: notatur.
1245. MS. adds day before lady.

PARTONOPE.
The lady is afraid that the guest should think her too forward.

Brynge * phishing* lady to here desyre,
bat haste so sore sette on fyr
In here servus * phishing* her trowbeMt herte,
bat she here-after fele no smerte
For here trowpe, ne for here kyndenes.

Alle nyghte * phishing* In grette dystresse
Lycethe * phishing* goodely lady fye.
For alle * phishing* worlde not not she
In what wyse she myghte beste
Be acquyntedw wyth here geste,
Wyth here lone bat was so dere.
Ofte per-fore she chawngeith chere,
And In here-selte thyntketh ethys:
"Yeeffe I make hym chere, I-wysse,
I am a-ferde lesthe wolle wene,
And here-eft of me deme
Other-wyse * phishing* godely were,
Thys ys alle my moste ffre,
And falle here-after in Ielosye,
And parameature * phishing* pyne * phishing* pat I
Off a-nother wolle be wonne
As lyghtely, and * phishing* were be-gonne
An endelos sorowe for enuer-moo,
Then were my Ioye for enuer goe."

Thus laye * phishing* lady argynge
In here-selte and sofr eryngye,
Prayinge Gode of * phishing* hys grace
To be here conselle In * phishing* case.
Thus caste she perellys, and In grette fere
Lycethe alle nyghte, and I dar swere
On the toder syde Partonope
Ys so a-ferde pat trewey he
Wenethe fully for to be dedde.
He can no concealle ne no rede,
But lycthe as styyle as any stone.
He not to home to make * phishing* mone,
But wenythe hurt were Illusion.

1251. fle crossed out before fele.
1254. of me seems to be crossed out before * phishing*.
1273. sore] e (or u?) corrected from some other letter.
Off þe denyllum and of conivrysone,
Dar he not spake In no wyse.
Lette se nowe ho can beste denyse
þes twyne to make a-quentitybl to be. 1288
For sothie I dar welle seye þat she
For shamefaste dar noste saye,
The toder weneth for to dye.
Off alle þys fere make we a fyne. 1292
þe ðirenshe boke fulle welle In Ryme
Tellethe hyt shortly, and noste in prose.
Ther-fore fully I me-purpose
After myw auctor' to make an ende. 1296
Thy[s] fayre lady þat was so hende,
Streyghte forþe here legge, and happed to fiele,
Trewly þe ðirenshe boke seyth þe hele
Off þys wofulle Partonope.
“Owte! alas þen!” sayde [s]he,
And In a maner gan to crye,
For sothie I wolde not lye,
Myne auctor seyðie hyt was not lowde. 1304
Hyt semed welle for sope she cowde [leaf 16, back]
Mykelle goode, and þer-fore she
Spake fulle softe, for þer shulde be
No grette a-ffray, ne no sterynge. 1308
She þoste þys mater In to brynge
That here worshyppe sawyd were,
For þat ener was here moste ﬁere,
As In anger tho she sayde thys: 1312
“Weyte of my bedde, thow mester man,
Hye þe faste, and þat a-none!
Hoo may þou be? what doste þou here?
Hyt were better for þe þou were 1316
An hunderd þowsande myle henne.
For and hyt were wyste of my men,
Thowe sholde not skape, þou shuldeste be dedde.
Hey þe faste owte of my bedde.
For and I crey and make a-ffray,
Or yeffe þou ly stylle tylle hyt be daye,
Haddeste thowe an hunderde mennes lyves.

1317. MS. scarcely thowsonde.
Thow shuldeste ben\textbf{e} alle to-hewe \textbf{w}yth knyves. 1324
Hey pe fasting \textbf{p}at \textbf{p}ou were hennes! 1328
Ey mayde Mary! of what contre or whennes
Arte \textbf{p}ou come so boldly
In-to thys contre? I telle pe I
Am quene \textbf{a}nd lady of \textbf{p}s londe.
How dorste \textbf{p}ou euer take on\textbf{w} honde
In-to bedde on\textbf{w}s thy ffote to sette
\textbf{W}yth-owte my leve? Fulle euelle mette 1332
Shalte \textbf{p}ou be or to-morowe nonne;
For \textbf{p}ou shalte se \textbf{p}aw fulle sone
Thow shalte \textbf{w}yth flнтерys be harde knytte,
And depe prove downtown In-to a pytte, 1336
Where \textbf{p}ou shalte neuer \textbf{p}y hondes see
As on\textbf{w}e on\textbf{w}e lyve as powe shalte be.
Allas, allas! betrayed! I am
Of a comelynge straunge, a stronge man.)” 1340
Thys yonge man, \textbf{p}s Partonope,
A-ffrayde he was, but yet was he
Comforted\textbf{e} we\textbf{h} in oo \textbf{p}yenge.
He wyste well\textbf{e}, \textbf{w}yth-owte lesynghe 1344
Hyt was ne deuelle ne no \textbf{f}ynde
For he herde her haue in mynde
Crystes moder, the mayden\textbf{e} Mary.
And be \textbf{p}at worde he gan a-spy 1348
Hyt was a woman\textbf{f}, what euer she were,
But of o thynge he was to lere
Whether she were wydo, mayden\textbf{f}, or wyffe.
But glade was he \textbf{p}at of hys lyffe 1352
He howpethe fully to be in swerte,
For he wyste well\textbf{e} syker \textbf{p}at she
Was of so hye kynrede borne,
Alle-po she had spoke be-forne 1356
Wordes of malys \textbf{a}nd cruelte,
Yethe fully trusteth \textbf{a}nd howpethe he
That he shalle haue of hyr fulle grace.
And \textbf{p}er-wyth-alle he \textbf{p}ynketh to embrace 1360
Thys flayre lady in hys armes too.
Then he be-tho\textbf{z}te hym, \textbf{a}nd I do soo,
I notte \textbf{p}er-of what harme myghte falle.
And ryghte a-now þer-wyth-alle
He gan to Sygfy fuller pytusly:
"Medame," he sayde, "I axe mercy
Off yow þat arne so mercyable,
For I wolle make to yow no ffabelle,
Butte telle yow playnely my desece,
In howpe yowre wrathie to a-þese
And stoppe alle yowre malencoly.
Thys ys þe sope, medame, þat I
Happed to chase a wylde beste
Yender in Arderne, þat huge foreste.
A bore hyt was, I wolde not ly,
After hym so faste I ganne to hy,
Tylle derke nyghte felle vpon me;
And þen I myghte no lenger see
Thys wylde borre forth to chase.
And þen I poȝte to chese a place
Where-In þat I myghte be
Herberowed; an hy vpon a tre
I me sette for very fiere,
For I sawe alle a bowte me where
Wylde bestes fulle þyke layen.
I was fulle Sore a-ferde to dyen
Alle þat nyghte, tylle hyt was daye.
And In þe mornynge for sope I saye
A shyppe rydynge in þe see.
Thyder poȝte to hye me,
And [when] I to þe shyppe kame,
Off þe fayrenes grette kepe I name,
And þer I howyped refresshyd to be.
Theder-In þerfore I hyed me
Wylh myne hakeney in my honde.
And þus, medame, in-to þys londe
I am come and in-þo þys cyte,
Where-þo ye clayme lady to be,
And in-þo bedde wyth-owten leve.
Ther-þore I pray yowe poȝte to greue.
For alle þys day in þe towne
I haue go both vpppe and downe.

1364. He relates his adven-
ture,
1368
1372
1376
1380
1384
1388
1392
1396
1400

any crossed out before an.
Man ne chylde cowde I now see;
And pus my-selfe I herborowed me;
Where-fore, my lady, mercy I cry.
For truly, medame, poze I shulde dy,
And I shulde departe yowe fro,
I notte to home ne wheder to go.
I knowe no cuntre fer ne nere,
And pus I am yowre presonere.
Blessyd be fortune pat wyth lys whele
Hath alle my sorowe turned to wele,
For per I wende wyth wylde beste
Hane be denowred in your foreste,
Hape me sende in-to yowre honde,
pat arne chyffe lady of alle yhs londe,
To be my lady and my gyde.
What euer ye wolde pat me be-tyde,
I wolde pe same, what euer hit be,
My dere lady, baue mercy on me."

"Syr," sayde yhs lady, "I haue not to do
Off yne ese ne of yne woo,
Butte faste I bydde pe hey pe henne.
For wytte ryghte weH pat I haue men
pat wolde a-raye the fulle Ille,
And per-fore wyth by goode wylle
I conselle pe faste hens to gone.
Wette ryghte welle I am not allone."

"MAdame," he sayde, "hit ys no skylle,
Ne resone neyber, but by yowre wylle,
That euer I shulde here he[r]borowde be,
Saue onely porowe yowre benygnite
And yowre gracieus homanhede,
Where-of I truste ye wolde take hede."

"Syr, hit nedythe no man dyowe teche
Off fantasy ne of ffrayre speche."

Sayde thys lady, "I fele ryghte welle,
Butte alle yhs helpeth pe neuer a delle,
For poze poue were as worthy a knyghte
As euer was moste worthy, be nyghte
I haue knyghtes faste me be-syde

1404. s crossed out before ot.
That shulle a-bate alle thy pryde."

"MAdame," sayde Partonope,  
"Gode for-bede pat euer shulde be

In me founde suche a-vyse,
Ye myghte welle saye I were to nyse,
Yowe to shovewn dysdayne or pryde.
For I woH neuer be but glade to a-bye
And stonde to youwre ordynaunce,
And what euer so be my happo or chawnce,
I wolde no ferther, I may not flene.
I say for me I wolde not ryse.
I can not pynke In what wyse
I myghte owte of wys chamber passe.
I putte me holy in youwre grace."

"Syr," she sayde, "ryse vppe a-none,
And I my-selfe woH wyth pe gone,
And to pe dore I wolde pe lede.
Thy[s] ys my conselle and my rede.
Yeffe of my conselle ye geffe no forse,
To-morrow ye shulle wyth wyldie horse
Be alle to-drawe as sone as daye,
Thys ys fulle sothe, wyth-owten) nay."

"MEdame," he sayde, "truly,
I may not go, I am so wery,
Ther-fore youwre mercy eu er I crye.
And yeff so be pat I shalle dye,
And wyth my dethe I may yowe plese,
Thys ys to me a ryghte grette ese.
For yeff ye woH I drawe be
Wyth hors and honge't on) a tre,
Rather pen) we de-part a-twyn,
I geffe yowe lefe wyth-owte syn
Thys to sle me, so Gode me sane,
Rcke I not youwre mercy to haue."

Thys yonge man, thys Partonope,
What more to saye wotte not he
But suffer hiss payne payently,
In truste, in howpe to haue her mercy.

1444 Partonope insists on staying.
1448 The lady orders him once more to rise.
1452 Partonope refuses
He syked softly, he lyethe fulle style,
As he pat dar not say owte hys wylle.
When thys lady hys sykyenge herde,
Here herte wyth-in her body sferde
Lyke as pe leffe dothe on a tre,
When hyt ys blowe, as pou may see,
Wyth hydowesse wynde and tempaste grette.
Here body was colde, yette dyd' she swete;
Hyt semed as powe hyt had be
Travelyd wyth pat in-sfyrmyte
That ffler ys cleped', or else pe agwe.
She gaw her repente and also rewre
Off thys desece pat sho had do
To pe chylde; sho poaste also
He was but yonge and tender of age,
Borne and broghte forpe of heye parage.
"Allas," she poaste, "pe ylke nyghte and whyle
pat euere shuld heym so fowlc revyle,
As powe he were of no degre."
In here herte she gaw to hauie pyte.
Faste vppon hym pe mastery take,
Sho poaste fully a-mendes to make.
And wyth pat she be-gaw to wepe;
The ters ranne downe by here cheke.
Sho sobbed, she syked petuesly,
Sho porposed her to aske mercy
Off hym pat fayne wolde mercy hauie.
Nowe me pynketh, so Godc me sauc, 
Sho owte of very homanhede
Off hys desece to take grette hede.
And so sho dyd, hys ys no naye;
For also syker as any daye,
Ther ys in erthe no-lynge * so kynde
As be hys wynnem, ther as pey fynde
Here serwandes trewe and stydfaste.
Ther-flore hys lady at the laste
poaste fulle ow hym to hauie pyte.

1506. s crossed out after to.
1513. Ms. hyngo.
She hape loste here worlde of cruelte,
And syketh and wepyth tenderlye.
And þen a-none fulle softlye,
Ther as sho fryste to hym warde laye,
On he ryghte syde, þys ys no naye,
Fro hym sho turned to þe lyfte syde.
So nye hym sho þoste sho nokde not abyde.
And þis sho lyethe as stylle as a stonne.
Then þoste þys chylde: “What shalle I done?
Sho ys turned a-way fro me.
I wolde here folowe, what euere Sho be.”
Fro hym he putte forthe hys honde.
He soghte faste, tylle þat he fonde
Thys yonge lady, I yow ensewre.
But suche a-nooner creature
He ffelte neuer of flesche and bonne,
And nere þys lady he gan to gonne.
Ouer here hys arme he gan to laye,
Thys ys sope as I yowe saye.
So softe, so elene she was to fele
þat where he was he wyste not welle.
Plesaunce had hym ouer-come
þat aþ hys wyttes were fro hym nome.
What þys lady hys honde can fele,
Whatte to done sho wotte not welle;
But fersely hys honde sho put a-gayne,
Turned her to hym warde, and sayde: “Lette ben!”
Be warre,” sho sayde, “whatte wolþ ye do?”
Thys chylde no-þynge durste say þer-to
For very shame, but stylle he laye
Ney alle þe nyghte tylle on þe daye.
Thys laye þey stylle be on þa corde,
He durste not speke for alle þe worlde.
Thys lay þey stylle, tylle at þe laste
After hys lady he gan to graspe
Wyþ hys honde fulþ cowardely.
And forth wyþ-alþ fulþ faste bye
Thys ðayre lady he can hym laye.

Partonys approaches her.

1554. S crossed out after fu".
For shame he durste no worde seye
Tylle longe and late, and atte pe laste
Hys arme ffreshely he ouer her caste,
And she hyt suffered pasyentlye.
Thawe sayde sho to hym full meekely :
"For pe loue of Gode, I praye yowe lette be."
And wyth pat worde a-none gaunde he
In hys armes her caste to hym brase.
And fulle softely pen sho sayde : "Allas!
And her legges sho gan to knynte,
And wyth hys knees he gan hem ow-shote.
And per-wyth-aH she sayde : "Syr, mercy!"
He wolde not lefe ne be per-by ;
For of her wordes toke he no hede ;
But pys a-way her maydenhede
Hape he pen raffe, and geffe her hys.
Thus Entergamynyd they I-wys.
Sucbe game a-fore he neuer a-sayde.
Thys yonge lady was alle dysmayde
Off her-selfe, for trewly she
In suche a plyȝte had neuer erste be."
Thus hape she sufferyd, sho seyeth ryȝte noȝte,
Butte lyetlie fulle styllle alle in a thōȝte,
Tylle atte pe laste, wyth voyse full basse,
Twyes she sayde : "Allas, allas,
That I am sore and also wery !
For, syr, I telle yowe truly,
Had I had strenght or ells myghte,
I dar welle say In all pys flyghte
Ye shulde not hane had pat now ye hane.
But welle 'I wotte, so Gode me safe,
Myne a-mendes ys all I-made."
And wyth pat worde she wox all sadde,
And tenderly she gan to wepe.
"My sorowe," sho sayde, "ys not to seke."
Pat worde here Partonope.
"My dere herte," pen sayde he,
"Be not heuy, ne be not wrothie,
For I wolde make to yow and wolde,
As sore as ever ye wolle me charge.

As I am your ste presonere,
I wolle be bothie ferre and there
at your

Off mony a semely manne they me tolde,
Off knyghtes that were in batayle fulle bolde,
Off mony ow fulle of gentynes.
Butte for to speke of more or lesse,
They that in Fraunce haue nee be,
Toke grette hede in every degree
Wylche beste shulde be for my prowe.
Than had they moste joye of yowe.
They tolde me they had founde
A man, to seche he world so rounde,
Suche a nother myghte nonne be
Fownde thynge in alle degree.
Semely he was and also yonge,
And cosyn he was vn-to he kyng,
Broghte forpe and borne of hey degree.
Hys name [they sayde] ys Partanope.
Off yowe they tolde so grette goodenesse,
Off hey bewte so grette noblesse,
Of curtesy so grette abondans,
That porowe alle he remme of Fraunce
Of gentynes ye bere he prayse,
As off yowre age also ryghte wyse.

1598. Catch-word At youre. The vellum ends here, the rest of the MS. is written on paper. One leaf, scarcely more, is lost in the middle. The Lady here makes herself known as Queen of Byzantium. As the Lords of the Empire wished her to marry, she had sent envoys round all the world.
1606. hod ? crossed out before had.
1620. As] MS. a kind of inverted short s, somewhat like a d. It may have been meant for as or and.

1 A man, To seche the world Rounde,
Swiche a nother myghte nonne be 1609
Founde as he was in alle degree.
Semely he was and also yonge. [1 leaf]
And cosyn he was vn-to the kyng, 1612
Brought forth and brone of highe degree.
Hys name they sayde ys Partanope.

Of yow tolde so grette goodenesse,
So hygh beaute, so moche nobynesse.
Of curtesy so grette habundaunce, 1617
That thurgh-out alle the Rewme of Fraunce
Of gentynesse ye beryth the prayse,
And as of yong age also Ryght wyse.
Thys was proclaimed he hey renowne
Off yowre manhole thorow everie towne.
Of yowre hey worshippe when I hit herde,
Trewly, my Ioye, myne herte sterde
As [those] hit hadde fully be
For ever runeshed [away] fro me.
And gode of lone per-wyth a-none
So sharply shotte hys fyre alone
Thorowte myne ere in-to myne herte
pat In no wyse I myghte a-sterde
To yowe onely for to obeye me
To lone yowe beste in alle degre.
[pat porposyd] I me a-none
[pat In-to Fraunce I wolde goni
To haue knowlege of yowre persone,
And thus my-selfe a-lone
Shope me for to passe pe see,
Wyth me per were [but] maydenes iij.
And streyghte in-to Normande [leaf 29, back]
Ouer the see, not for to lye,
I Sayled[9], and ryved atte a porte,
Wyche hauen[y] I-named Tresporte.
Frome thens streyghte in-to France
I yede to see the Ordynaunce
Off pe kynge and of hys mayne.
And ther I sawe, my loue, howe ye
Were moste playinge wyth pe kynge.
Hyt semed weH he lonyd[9] yowe a-bone aH pyng ;
[1] Were moste Plesyng with the kynge.

Thus was proclaimed the hygh renowne
Of yowre manhole thurgh every thownd.
Of yowre hey worship when I hit herde,
Trewly, my Ioye, myne herte sterde
As thegh hit hadde fully be
For ever runeshed a-way fro me.
And gode of love therewith a-none
So sharply shotte hys fyre alone
Thurgh-out myne Ere in-to myn hert
That in no wyse I myghte a-stert
But onely for to obey me
To love yow best in alle degre.
And than I purposid me a-none
That I wolde in-to France gone

1624

To haue knowlege of yowre persone,
And thus my-selfe alle alone
Shope me for to passe the See.
Wyth me were but mayndens thre,
And streyght in-to Normandy
Ouer the See, not for to lye,
I sayled, and Ryved at a porte,
Which hauen[y] named Tresporte.
From thens streyght in-to France
I yede to see the Ordynaunce
Of the kynge and of his mayne,
And ther I sawe, my love, howe ye

1632

1636

1640

1644

1648
There sawe I yowe shryste, my nowne loye.

Heny I was to departe yowe shfo. 1652

And pat tymne myne herte dyd lere,
A-bone alle other to lone yowe reste. 1656

Thys boore aH day chased ye,
Tylle nyghte shylle onl, ye myghte not se. 1660

And* on the morowe, when hyt was daye,
I made yowe se a shyppe full gaye
By and anker rydyngg on the see. 1664

Thys crafte I dyd, yette more I can.
In alle pys tyme sawe [me] no man,
Ne noghte shalle vn-to pe daye
But I be weddyd, pys ys no naye. 1668

Wyth cruelle herte ye wolde hym chasste.
And so ye dyd tymne, with swche place
He yow brought, tyl ye ne wyst 1665
Where that ye were in that forest.
This boore alle day thus chased ye,
Tylle nyghte shylle onl, ye myghte not see.
And in the morow, whan hit was day,
I made yow see a Shipp full gay 1670
By Ankyr rydyng in the See.

Alle this was made thorow crafte of me.

Thys crafte dyd, yette more I can.

Thys boore aH day chased ye, 1655

Tylle I had yow from hym raffe. 1669
The Boore I made so fast flee,
For wele I wyst, my love, that yee

Wythy cruelle herte ye wolde hym chasste.
And so ye dyd tymne, with swche place
He yow brought, tyl ye ne wyst 1665
Where that ye were in that forest.
This boore alle day thus chased ye,
Tylle nyghte shylle onl, ye myghte not see.
And in the morow, whan hit was day,
I made yow see a Shipp full gay 1670
By Ankyr rydyng in the See.

Alle this was made thorow crafte of me.
Thys crafte dyd I, yette more I can.

Of alle this tymne sawe [me] no man,
Ne not ne shall in-to that day 1675
That I be weddyd, thysys no naye.
Wherefore, my love, I yowe praye
That ye neuer here-after whyke ne saye
That I shulde euer to hasty bee
To looue lyghtly, in no degre,
To parforme any other hys plesyre,
Alle-thowe I suffer yowre plesyre.
For when ye enteryd in-to thys cyte,
I had ordeyned, my love, pat ye
Shulde haue byn' herberyd at yowre ese.
For alle þynge þat myghte yowe plesse,
As ferforthe as Godde sente me wytte,
I hadde fully ordeyned hyt
In a palys fulle delectable—
Leuyth þe wytte, þys ys no fable—
Ther I hadde ordayned ye shulde haue be
Seruyd worshipfully for yowre degree,
Tylle I had holde my parlemente,
And alle my lordes, be on' a-sente,
Hadden fully a-cordette be
That ye shulde haue weddyd me.
And I þoste be on' a-corde
Ye shulde haue be my souerayn lord.
In-to a palys, þat ys large and wyde,
I sawe yowe enter, and þer-in a-bbye
Wolde ye notte; but In þe palys
þat pryncipalle was, a-pon þe deyse,
Homely ye sate, my nowne swete.

Where-fore, my love, I yowe praye 1677
That neuer here-after þythik ne saye
That I shulde euer to hasty be
To looue lyghtly in ony degree 1680
To parfourme now alle my desyre,
Therfore I suffer alle your plesyre.
For whan ye entred in-to this þyte,
I had ordeyned, my love, that ye
Shulde haue ben' herboward at yowre ease.
[leaf 1]

That I had ordeynyd ye shulde haue be
Seruyd worshipfully for your degree,
Tylle I had holde my parlement, 1693
And alle my lordys, by one assent,
Haddde fully therto accorded be
That ye shulde haue weddyd me. 1696
And thus I though(t) by her accordce
Ye shulde haue ben' my souerayn lord.
In-to a paleys, that ys large and wyde,
I say yow entren, and þer-in a-bbye
Wolde ye not / but in the paleys, 1701
That pryncipalle was / there rrippon) the days
Homely ye sette[n], mynd owne swete.
There sawe I yow bothe drynke and etc. 1704
And after that, when that ye luste,
To a chamber ye wente to have youre reste.
Ye spared not in-to my bedde
Homely to* gone, alle on-ledde.
On-ware of me I fynde yowe here.
Ryghte welcome be ye, my herte dere,
My hertes Ioy, mywertely make.
In euylle I pray yowe ye ne take
Those I suffer your plesauns.
I se that is the ordynauns
Off gode of lone, howe sore me smerte.
Hyt was me shape or then my serke." 1716
"M dere lady," sayde Partonope,
"By youre wordes I fele that ye
Haue beseed your bothe ferre and here.
Off myne astate besely, for to enquire.
By youre wordes I fele ryghte welle
Ye knowe my conselle euery delle.
Wheder hyt hath bene wysdome oper folly.
Therfore wyth alle my herte nowe I
Thanke yowe, my nowne herte dere,
Off thyse plesauns that I had here.
Wherefore I pray yow euer that ye
Wolle drynke that I shalle euer be
Trew to yowe wythowten varyans,
1708. to] MS. ye. 1718. fl crossed out before fele.
1724. MS. alle twice.

Univ. Coll. MS.

There say I yow bothe drynke and etc.
And afterward, when ye lyst, 1705
To chambyr ye went to have youre Rest.
Ye spared not in-to my bedde
Homely to gone alle vndeede, 1708
Vmware of me I fynde yow here.
Ryght welcome ye be, myn hert dere, Myn hertys Ioye, myn erthly make,
In euylle I pray yow that ye ne take
Though I suffre alle youre plesaunce,
Sythen I see hyt ys the ordynaunce
Of god of love, how sore I smert.
Hyt was me shape rather than my shert." 1716

"M dere lady," sayde Partonope,
"By youre wordes I see that yee
Haue beseed yow bothe ferre and here
Of myn astate besely to enquire. 1720
For by youre wordes I fele ryght wele
That ye know my gouvnaun[e] euery dele.
Whether hyt hath be wisdom) or ellys folly,
1724 and protests that ie will always be faithful to her.
Therefore wyth alle myn hert now I
1728
Thank yow, myn owne herte dere,
Of this plesaunce that I have now here.
Wherefore thogh that euer ye
Wylle thynk that I shaff euer be 1728
Trew to yow wythouten) varyaunce,
And euer-more gladde to do yowe plesauns
A-boue alle other creature;
Thys I am redy yow to ensewre
By otthe or bonde, or in whatte wyse
Yowre gentylle herte can beste denyse.
Welle I wotte I am yowe dere,
Sethe ye hane chose me to be yowre ffere.*
Ne trowly I can not þynke þat ye
Wolle euer in any wyse be
Wonne lyghtely frome me in any wyse,
Suche thoste in me shalle neuer ryse.
Ne In yowre herte lette no foly
Brynge to yowre mynde þat Ielosy
Shulde euer suche a master be
þat I shulde þynke, my lady, þat ye
In yowre herte cowde be vntrewre,
Or lyghtely chaunge [me] for a newe.
For welle I wotte here be-fore
I haue drad Ielosy, butte [n]euer-more
Efter thys day haue hym in mynde
þat fals traytore þat ofte reste vnkynede,
That loueres made vnstydfast
Tyllle here lones, tyll at þe laste
Here grette lone was broghte to hate,
And after þat for euer debate.

1736. MS. sethe (or sethen) I haue chose yowe to be my ffere.
1746. Second chaunge crossed out.
1749. myn crossed out before mynde.
1752. louneres crossed out before lounes.

Partonope warns against jealousy.

And euer-more gladde to do yow plesauncest
A-bone any erthly creature:
This am I redy yow to ensewre 1732
By otthe or bonde in what wyse
Your gentyle hert best canne denyse,
And welle I wote I am yore dere,
Syth ye hane chose me to youre feere,
Ne trowly I canne not thinke that ye
Wolle euer in ony wyse be 1738
Wonne lyghtely in me in ony wyse
Swych thought fro me shal me neuer a-rate.
Ne in your hert let no foly

Bryng to youre mynde that Ielowsy
Shal euer so over-maystry me
That I shulde thinke, my lady, that ye
In youre hert couth be vntrew, 1745
Or lyghtely chonge me for ony new.
For welle I wote here be-fore
I haue drad Ielowsy, butte neuer-more
After this day haue hym in mynde 1749
That fals traytore that ofte ys vnkynede,
Hath lovers made and vnstydfast
To her loves, tyll at the last, 1752
There grette love was / hath brought in hate,
And afterwarde euermore a debate.
And alle hys crafte ys but fals ymagynacion
Off pat was neuer put in exsecucion; 1756
As ofte tyne a man shalle dreme a pynge
pat ys in-possible, and yet in slepynge
He shalle wene hyt myghte be ryghte wele,
And pat hyt were as sope as pe gospelle. 1760
Thys case felle onys in thys same londe
Off a man) pat bare liys wyffe on) honde
Ipat he was Cokoolde, and sho was to hym vntrewe,
And euer hys wyffe Avepte and sayde naye.
The sely Avoman) was In grette affraye, 1768
And he so sore ymagened' of pys thynge
That or) a nyghte, as he lay slepynge,
Ielosy po3te he wolde make hym a-fferde.
He po3te he sawe hys neybore drawe owte hys swerde, 1772
And fulle hys scawbarte he po3te pat he pyssed'.
When he had don), where he be-come he nyste.
Owte of hys slepe woddely he a-woke,
For-ferde of Ielosy alh hys body quoke. 1776
“Owte, allas!” sayde he, “pat I was boore!
Nowe hyt ys worse pen euer hyt was be-fore.
For welle I wotte be myne ymaginacion
The dode ys done and put in exsecucion.
My dreme hape showed me by expereuns
He pat pyssed' he[re]in my presauns
In my scawbarde, he hape don pe dede.”
And pas Ielosy hape quytyte pe folke hys mede. 1784
And perfore putte Ielosy owte of mynde;
For In pat case ye shalle me neuer fynde,
pat euer mystrustye shalle I to yowe be.
And do pe same, whylle pat ye lyffe, to me; 1788
And pen shalle owre hertes stonde in reste,
And eche of vs shalle welle oper truste.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And alle hys crafte ys but fals Imagi-
nacion)
Of thynge that neuer was putt in ex-
ecucion; 1755
As ofte tyne a man) shah dreme of
thynge
That is vnpossyble, and yett in slepyng
He shah wene hyt myghte be ryghte wele,
And that hit were as sothe as gospell.
PARTONEPE.

And ther:fore puttyth Ielowsy owte of
mynde; 1785
For in that caas ye shuiff me neuer fynde
That euer mystrinty shatf I to yow be.
And do the same, whyle ye lyve, to
me; (leaf 3)
And than shulde bothe oure hertye
stonde in rest, 1789
For eche of vs shah other welle treast.
But yff I yowe lonyd, for softe I were vnkynde.
To do my plesauns euer redy I yowe ffynde. 1792
Ther-to so softe, so fayre shape ye be, 1796
but she can-
Yste and hyt lyke yowe I myghte yowe onus see,
not comply
Ye shulde yer wyth do me so hey plesauns, 1804
to the
Hyt shulde never passe owte of my remembrance."
partonwe
"Ye shall not fayle no nyghte to haue me
wishes to see
Redy to performe yowre hertes desyre.
the Lady,
In kyssyng, in felyng, and in ath pat may be plesyre, 1800
but she can-
To yowe, my herte, I wolde euer redy be; 1804
not comply
Safe onely syghte desyre pat noghte of me, [leaf 22, back]
with his
effe shulde to yowe be no hevy a-bydyngne.
desire
tyll one year and
Tylle tyme come, wyche ys neyder fer ne nere
a half has
Butte too yere Iow and euyn halfe a yere. 1800
passed.
Thys shalde to yowe be no hevy a-bydyngne.
In the mean-
Off me ye shalde haue playe, speche, and ffelyngne,
time he may
Howndes [and] hawkes ye shalde haue eke I-nowe,
have all
Mules and stedes also to bere yowe 1808
kinds of
Both in foreste and eke also In ryvere,
pleasures.
Where euer ye luste, ferre or else nere.
Clothes of sylk ye shalde haue goode and fyne,
and
Fyssh and fflessh, goode bredde and eke goode wyne, 1812
and
euery nyghte a fayre* and a softe bedde,
and
Fayre townes and castelles to heH In your hede,
and
euery nyghte a fayre after fayre.
and

1807. MS. perhaps ek. 1814. MS. adds fyre after fayre.

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But If I yowe lonyd, for softe I were vnkynde.
To my plesaunce cuyr redy I yowe fynede.
Therto so softe, so fayre shapte be ye,
That and hit lykyd yow I myght yow onys see,
Ye shulde do me therwith so hye plesaunce,
Hyt shulde never passe owte of my remembrance." 1796
"Ye swete lone," sayde this lady free,
"A nyghtys ye shulde redy haue me
To performe alle your hertys desyre.
In kysyng, in felyng at alle your plesyre 1800
To yow, my hert, I wylle euer redy be:
Same onely syght desyre ye not of me,
Tylle tyme come, which ys nother ferre ne nere

But two yerres hemme and one half a yerre, 1804
This shaff to yow be none hevy a-bydyng,
Of me ye shulde hane speche, play, and felyng.
Howndys and hawkyes ye shulhe haue y-now, 1807
Myllys and Stedlys reday to bere yow
Bothe in-to forest and in-to rywere,
Where euer ye luste, ferre or ellys nere.
Clothis of Sylk ye shalde haue goode and fyne,
Fyshes and fflessh, goode bredde and ryght goode wyne, 1812
Fayre townes and Castellys to hylle in your hede,
And euery nyght a fayre and a softe bedde,
And me per-In redy yowe to conforte,  
Wyth alle my herte to make yowe dysporte.  1816
Other' company gete ye now but me
Off no manh ne woman, tyH þese yeres be
Passed and goð and fully broghte to ende.
And be þat tyme þyng þat ys nowe blynde,
Shalle be to yowe ryghte opon I-nowe.
Ye shal se aH folke, and aH folke shal se yowe.
Be conseH of my kynges* ye shalle þen se
I shal be wedde vn-to yowe, Partonope.*  1824
In thys mene whyle hyl shalle so ordenyte be
þys lone be-twyn vs shal be kepte preve.
Be then shalle aH þe londe be [on] a-corde
Assente ye shalle be my souerayne lorde.
[Thynkyth not this tyme shal be to longe;]
þys ys þe acorde be-twyn my lordes and me,
Þat alle þys tyme sene shalle ye not be,
Tylle I have chosen suche on þat lyketh me.  1832
Nowe hawe I chose soche on as me luste to hawe.
Alle þys dyde I for yowe, so God me safe.
þe order of knyghtehode in þys tyme shaH ye take,
þe pepurH may yowe þen in no wyse for-sake.  1836
Hyl shal ond yowe þen be so semely a syghte
þat porowe þe worlde pey cowde not chese a knyght

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And me ther-in redy yow to Comforte,
Wyth alle my herte to make yow
dysporte.  1816
Other company gete ye none but me
Of man ne woman, tyH these yeres be
Fastyd and gone and fully brought to ende.
And by that tyme thyng that now ys
blynde,  1820
Shaff be themne to yow ryght opyn y-nowe.
Ye shulle see alle folke, and they sheH
see yow.
Be Counstyle of alle my kyngys ye
shaH thanH see
I shal be wedde to yow, Partonope.
In this meane while hit shal so
ordeynyd be  1825
This love betwen vs shal be kept
pryve.

Be than) shal alle my londe by one
a-corde [leaf 5, back]
Assent that ye shal be my souerayn)
lorde.  1828
Thynkyth not this tyme shal be to
longe:
This ys the agrement of my londe,
That say aH this tyme I shal not be
Weddyd / tylle I have chosen suche as
lyketh me.  1832
Now hawe I chosen) one as me lyketh
to hawe.
Alle this I dyd for yow, so God me
save.
The ordre of knyght in this tyme shal
ye take,  1835
The peple thanH may not yow forsake.
Of yow than) shal be so semely a syghte
That in the worlde they cowde not
chese a knyght
A more able to be her governoure,  

Of Hector's blode ye be that worthy knyghte,  

Of knyghthode he bare the pryse a-way. Ye know this; hit may not be sayde nay.”  

A more a-beller to be here governowre,  

Off Ectorys blode ye be that worthy knyghte,  

Where euer [he were] in batelle or in fyghte  

Off knyghthode euer he bare the pryse a-waye.  

Ye know this; hit may not be sayde nay. [leaf 24]  

Alle-waye he louyde cheualrye.  

Looke yowe to be my lorde and eke my loue,  

And sette ye be come of gentyle blode,  

And sette yowre herte euer in cheualrye.  

And be lowly to smale as welle as to grete,  

“Loo, yender gothe the welle of gentylnes.”  

Thys porowe pe londe of yowe shalle ryse a fame,  

Wyche shall be so hey a Lowy to me  

1849. MS. possibly sethen.
but ylke daye but y was so full of grace
but I be-sette my loun In so gode a place, 1864
To se my loun be worthyeste of be worlde.
And goode, sw[e]te herte, bepe* nowe of my nw a-corde,
And be not heuy, thowe ye may* notte se 1868
As yet my persone ; for trewly hyt shaught not be.
Here after-warde owre bothes best.
Lette no socie postes reve yowe of your reste,
And loke here-after ye never desyrions be
Be+ crafte of Nygromansy to haue pe syghte of me, 1872
\nto pe tyme pe day be come and goo
but we mowe openly showe vs bothe too.
For ye fe ye, trewly ye shalle be dedde,
Ye mowe not scape, to ley a lasse wedde, 1876
And I shulde lese my name for euer-moo.
My goode, dere herte, loke ye do nener Soo.
Alle socie fantasyes, for Goddys loun, lette be ;
A bofe aH þyng hane mercy, my swete loun, on me ! 1880
\MI fayre lone, my goode, swete herte dere,
Off my persone hane ye no ffere.
Demythie me not to be ane eueh þyng
That shulde be crafte yowre sowle In synne bryng, 1884
Hytte to deparde frome heuen\ blysses."
And wyth but worde she can hym kysse,
Wyth wepyng, and sayde : "For sope I am

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Ye to hane goodely so moche grace ;
Therto God send yow bothe tyme and space. 1864
And swete hert, be now of my nw a-corde,
As I have yow chosen) for my lorde,
And be not hevy though ye may not see
My persone /yet truly hit shaught be 1868
Here-after for oure bothes best. [leaf 4]
Let no suche thoughtes reve youre Rest,
And here-after ye nener desyrions be
By ony crafe to hae the syght of me,
In-to the tyme that day be come and goo 1873
That we may opinly shew vs bothe two,
And ye ye do onlybyse ye shaught be dede.
Ye mow not scape, thogh ye wolde lay
other wed 1876
And I shulde leese my name for euer-moo.
My dere hert, loke ye do nener soo.
Alle suche fantasyes now lat be ;
A bove alle thinge save my worship and
me. 1880
My fayre love, my swete hert dere,
Of me feere ye not in no manere ;
Ne demyth that I shulde be an evyH thing
That shulde youre soul to myschief bryng, 1884
Hyt to deparde fully fre heuen\blysses."
And with that worde She gan hym fast kysse.
Wyth wepyng She sayde : "For sothe I am)
Made all thing I love Isus ys name.
Of all the worlde he is lorde and Syre;
He made eterne, water, Eyre, and fyre.
He ys maker of euer creature; 1905
And made man after his figure."  

"I am ryghte gladde pat I may knowe and see 1908
pat ye truste and love God almyghte.
But sory I am I may not haue ye syghte
Off yowe pat ben my souereyn lady dere.
I shalle fulle longe pynke* ond yvs ij. yere
And other halfe. Howe shagh I pus endure?

1890. MS. possibly sethen. 1912. MS. pynge

Borne A trew Crystyn woman), 1883
And my beleve ys fully Crystes lore,
And euere hath ben syth I was bore.
My love, trusteth wre, I welle not lye,
I beleve ond Cryste that was borne of Mary,
That bought vs wyth hys precius bloode,
I aske of you never no more goode
But for his love that ye love me best.
Thus may I think that I am in rest.
For to me ye shal do that thynge 1897
That to Isus Crist shulde be dys-
plesynge;
This ys and euere shal be my nent
Fully to kepe his commanement.
I pray yow, love, that ye wylle do the
same. 1901

A-borne alle thing I love Isus ys name.
Of alle the worlde he is lorde and Syre;
He made eterne, water, Eyre, and fyre.
"I am ryghte gladde that know and see
That ye trust and leve on God
almyghte. 1902
But sory I am that I may not have the
ysght
Of yow that be my lady souereyn
dere.
I shal long think on this two yere
And other halfe. How shal I thus
endure? 1913
Lette me yowe se, and I yowe ensyre.—
“Speketh not of syghte, let aH þes wordes be.
I pray yowe fully ye wþH haue mercy on me, 1916
And byse yowe aþ-way myne honowre to saue,
And saue your-selfe, þat ye no harme haue.”

Partonope ys nowe faste falle on slepe.
Hys fayre lady thanþ taketh þow hym grette kepe, 1920
And kysseth hym swete, and þynketh fully þat sho
In other hevnþ kepeth neuer for to be.
Offte sho was In porpose hym to wake
To haue more plesauns of hym þat ys her make. 1924
Wyþ þym to play was aþ her moste deleyte.
Yette alle her luste sho wolþ putte In respyte. [leaf 21]
She þoþte grette traunyle aþ þat myþte hadþ he;
Hym to wake, hyt had benþ grette pyte. 1928
Stytle sho lay, tylle hyt was opynþ daye,
That she myghte, In bedde as sho laye,
Se þe sonne he[r] bemþ sprede In so bryghte
þat aþ þe chamber was laughtynge lyghte. 1932
Thys Partonope owte of hys slepe a-woke.
As he caste vp hys ey, sodenly he ganþ loke
Alle a-bowte þe chamber ; he seþ so gret a lyghte, 1935
Alle þe days of hys lyFFE he seye neuer soche a syghte.
Grette Ioye had he of þys chamber, as he myghte welle.
Butte yette was þer onþ þyuge þat lykkeþ hym no delle :
He lokedþ after hys lady þat he lonyþ soo. 1939

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Lat me yow seenþ, and I yow ensure.”
“Spekyth of no sewerte, lat alle this be.
I pray yow fully to haue mercy on me,
And besþ yow myþn honoure for to save,
And youre-self, þat ye none haþ[r]nþ haue.” 1918
Partanope ys nowe softe saþt onþ sleepe.
This fayre lady of hym takyth kepe,
And kyssith hymþ swte, and thinkyth
that She 1921
In other heymþ kepeth neuer to be.
Offte She was in porpose hymþ to a-wake
To haue more plesauns of hymþ, hir make. 1924
With hymþ to play was hir moost de-
leyte.
Yet alle hir lust she put in respyte.

She thought grete traunyle that nyght
had he;
Hymþ to wake had She grete pyte. 1928
Stytle She lyved, thyþ hit was vpþon day
That Beemys of the sonne thanþ She
say.
This Partonope of his sleepe a-woke*.
As he cast vp his eye, sodenly ganþ he
loke 1931
A-bowte the chamber, he sawe grete
lyght;
In his lyFFE sawe he neuer soche a syght,
As he had of the chambre as myght
wele.
Yet oþ thyng lykkeþ hymþ neuer a delet:
He lokedþ after his lady that he lonyþ
soo. 1939

1933. MS. adds to before a-woke, which was first written a-wake.
New clothes lie ready for him.

He dresses,

Vpon \( \) he bedde he caste hys eie,
And seye \( \) he chamber so ryche a-rayed
\( \)at off \( \) be wte he was Dysmayed.
He mervelythe grettely of \( \)e bryghtnes.
And fer-wyth he be-gynnet hy/ji-selfe to dresse
Owte of hys bedde, \( \)ys \( \) no dowte.
And as he loked thus now a-boute, 1952

Hit servyd of nought, for than \( \) she was
go/o.
Than sayde this woofful Partanope:
"Allas, what may this be?
My loye ys goo, whider I ne note.
And I shaff do I note wele note." 1944
He saw the chamber so ryche a rayed
\( \)at of the beaute he was dysmayed.
He mervayled grettely of the bryght-
ness. 1949
And there-withall \( \) gan \( \) hys dresse
Owte of his bedde, this ys no dowte.
And as he loked thus now a-boute, 1952

Vpon \( \) he bedde he sawe where lay
A Gown \( \) alle new, this ys no maye.
He poarte \( \) hys [noble] garmente
Was layde there to \( \) entente
\( \)at he shuld hyt on hym do,
And, shorte tale to make, he dyd so.
And when he hadde hyt on hys backe,
In the gowne fownde he no lacke.
For to hym hyt was as welle I-shape
As thowe \( \)e mesure had \( \) ben \( \)take
For hym verely off Porpose.
And fer-wyth-alle a-non \( \) he rosse.
Hosen and shone a-none he fonde ther
A-rayde for hym in \( \)e beste manere.
Whan \( \) he was redy and a-rayde,
Off hys newe clopes he was welle payde. [leaf 24, back] 1968
Owte of the chamber he thought to goo.
Then solemnly was brought hym to too
A newer of water and a bassynge,
Bothe hyt were of golde fulle ffyne,
A towelle per-wyth of Parys werke.
Thys seruyse was to hym ful derke,
For man ne chylde cowde he now see.
He wys she his hondes, and owte yede he
Off his chamber, that was so gaye,
In-to the halle, and per he Saye
The bordes conured wyth clothes fyne.
Hyt was made redy for he shulde dyne.
Thynge yonge Partanope thought:
"Alle this aray ys made for me broghte." 1972
A-mydde the beache he thought to goo.
Amyddes the beache he downe he hym settte,
Per was no wyghte hym for to lette.
Off mete and drynke had he plente,
Bus seyethe per boke, per lacked no deynte.
Of ow the ynge he was heuy and sadde:
Per sayde to hym no man be gladde; 1984
Ne bade hym ne mery be and blythe.
He sawe no ynge pat ever bare hyve.
When he had dyned, he tho:
"Alle this day whatte may I do?" 1988
And streyghte he rose vp fro the deyse;
And borowe he halle and downe by the gryse
In-to the court streyghte yede he.

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Owte of the chamber he thought to goo.
Then solemnly was brought hym tho
And ewer wyth watyr and a basyn,
Bothe they were of golde fulffyne, 1972
A towel therwyth of Parys werke.
This servyse was to hym ful derke,
For man ne childe cowde he none see.
He wassith his handes, and owte yede he
1976
Owte of this chamber, that was so gay,
In-to the halle, and there he say
The Bordes conured with clothys fyne.
Hit was made redy for he shulde dyne.
Then thought this yonge Partanope:
"Alle this aray ys made for me." 1982

Amydthes the bench he downe hym settte,
There was [no] wyghte hym to lett. 1984
Of mete and drynke had he plente,
Thus sayth the Booke, he lacke deynte.
Of ow thung was he hevy and sadde:
There sayde to hym no man be gladde; 1989
Ne bade hym ete merily ne beyve.
He saw no-thang that ever bare lyfye.
"Alle this day what may I do?"
And streyght vp he rose from the dees.
Thow the halle and downe by the grees
In-to the court streyghte yede he. 1995
He loked a-bowte, he cowde not se
off hys wery and lene hakeney
That he per lafte yesterdaiye.
He loked a-bowte, and faste be-helde
by son stalle ryall, howe hit was bylde.
And as he ceste hys eye a-bowte,
He sawe where stode, wyth-owten dowte,
A Corser that was bottie fayre and able
For any kynge, pat streyghte owte of pe stabelle
Was brighte for he shulde ou hym ryde.
He was a-ferde hym for to be-stryde,
Or for to lepe vpon hym backe,
Be-cause pat he was so blacke.
Some euelle thyuge he wende hit had be,
And stylle stante thys Partonope,
And off by son courser toke grete kepe,
And atte pe laste vpon hym lepe.
Nowe ys yonge Partonope
Vpon hors-backe, and streyghte rydethe he
Thorowte pe cowrte ryghte to pe gate.
When he was per, he poste alle-gate
That fayre towre he wolde see.
Fro horsebacke lyghtely lepythe he.
Vp pe fowre pe towre he goe wyth-alle.
He lafte not tylle he was ou pe walle,
There as he myghte se rounde a-bowte,
The castelle wyth-In, pe cyte wyth-owte.
To-warde pe sonne pe loked the he.

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He loked a-bowte, he cowde not see
Of his leene and wery hakney 1997
That he now left there but yesterday.
He lokyd a-bowte, and faste be-keleel
This castel, how hit was by elle. 2000
And as he cast his eye weff a-bowte,
He sawe where stode alle withoute
A courser that was fayre and able
For ony kynge / that streyght oute of stable 2004
Was brought that he shulde ou hym ryde.
He was a-ferde hym to be-stryde,
Som' evy hym webeth hit had be, 2009
For blak hit was / stylle stode Partonope,
And of this courser toke grete kepe,
Yet atte last ou hym he lepe. 2012
And thosrow the courte vn-to the yate
Rydeth he, and thought algate 2016
That fayre Toure he wolde see.
From horsbak lightely lepeth he,
Vp thorow the towre he gothe withalle.
He loveth not tylle he was on the walle, 2020
There as he myght see rounde a-bowte,
The castel wyth-In / the citee withoute.
To-warde the Svnne that loked he.
Alle þe coste* was notte but see, 2024
Thorowe wychie he sawe be resone
By shyppe come marchaundyse in-to þe towne,
Clopes of golde and Spycery
Frome Alysaunder and fro Surry,
Clowys, maecys, and Galyngale,
Off suger andcanelle fulf mony a bale,
Off medecynes bope more and lesse
To hele folke of here Sckenes.
Onw þe toder syde þen loked he:
A M† Erberys þer myghte he see
þat longen to þe Cyteënnes of þe towne,
There myghte he se hem walke vp and downe. 2036
Ther-to he sawe so mony gardynes,
And by þe [see-]syde * no-þynge but vynes.
Onw þe thryde quarter gan he loke
Off þe castelle, as seyethe þe boke. 2040
þat ys of frenshe, wyche ys myn† auctour.
Ther as he loked ouer þe towre,
As fferre as euer he myghte see,
Hyt was butte corne alle þe cont[re], 2044
And medowe wyth gras so weH I-growe,
And evyn† redy for to mowe.
On þe iiiij quarter of þe castelle
He lokethe owte, and vysethe hym welle. 2048
Many fayre syghtes sawe he there,
Hem shalle I telle and ye wulle here:
Ther sawe he þe haven large and wyde. 2049

All that Cooste was nought but see,
Thurgh which he sayled by resoun
Be Shipp come Merchandyse to the towne). 2026
On the tother syde then loked he; 2033
A thousand herbers there myght he see
That longyd to Citeënys of the towne,
There myght hem[ see walk vp and down]. 2036
Ther-to he saw so many gardynes,
And by the See-syde no-thing but vynes.
On the thirde quarter gan he loke

† Of the Castle, as sayth the Booke,
That ys french, which ys myn† auctoure.
There as he loked than ouer the Toure,
As fferre as euer myght see, [† leaf 6]
Hyt was Corne aH that contree 2044
And medowe with gras so weH by-growe,
And evyn† redy for to mowe.
On the fourth quarter of this Castle
He loked oute and a-vysed hym weH.
Many fayre syghtys say he there. 2049
Hem† shal† I telle yf ye wulle here:
There saw he the haven large and wyde.
A thousand Shippys theryn myght ryde
Safteph ynoth for any tempest.
Thus tellith now the frenche geste.
Ouer thys haven} then) sawe he
A brygge of Stone and not of tree,
Wyth Towres and cornelys so well I-made,
On} hit to lake his bert was glade.
Atte ende of the brygge in-to the
Contree.
A castell alle new there myght he see
Weft towred, and so large a-boute,
Theryn) myght be herbowred, withoute
doute,

Many a knyght and many a Squier
And a lorde of huf} grete power.
He myght see then myle on} breedle
But alle Corne and grene meede:
Of lenth hit was many a myle,
He by-helde than} a grete whyle.
Be-yonde alle this was huge forest,
No-thyng theryn) but while best.
Thus the vynes and gardynes large,
The haven} so fulle of shyppe and barge,
Of Corne, of meede so grete plente.
He po} to} shyste was a delectable contree.
Thys drosse he forpe wyth ffayre syghte
The longe day, tylle hyst was nyght.

2054. gr crossed out before geste.
Downe fro pe towre now* pynkethie he goo.

The fayre corser pat was so blacke.

And streyghtie he lepethe vpon hys backe,
And rydeth forthie to pe halle dove,
There as he fownde hys hors be-fore.

Frome hors he lepeth wyth-owten moo;
In-to pe halle pen dof he goo,
That was cheffe of pe palys.

There as pe fyre was a-fore pe deyse,
In a cheyer homely he hym sette.

Whatte he wolde haue, a-none was fette.

And he warmethe hym by the fyre,
Tylle tyme was to goo vn-to sopere.

And when hys soper was redy dyghte,
He ryseth a-none ryghte.

And sette hym eueni a-myddes pe deyse,
And sowpethe alle in goode pesse.

Ther as yere was a-fore the deys,
In the halle of that fayre Paleys.

In a chayre homely he hym sette 2089

With no man) he there mette.

And thus he warmythe hym) by the fyre,
Tille tyme was to goo vn-to Sopere. 2092
Than) he sytteh a-myddlys the deas,
And Soopeth meryly and ys in pees. 2096
Welley ys he servid in alle manere degree,
Yett neyither man) ne woman) sawe he.

Whan) he hath Sooped at his leysyr,
He rose vp, and went to the fyre. 2100
Lyght of Torches he saw in that stede.

And whan) tyme was to go to bedde,
In-to the Chambyr went the Torchis.
He foloweth after and thydyr approchis.
He made hym redy wyth-owte moo
Streyghte in-to pe bedde to goo.

And when he was in bedde layde,
Sone after, wyth-In a lyttelle brayde,
Comethe hys ladye fayre and fire.

Her In hys Armes þen takethe he,
And kyssethe her, and makethe her feste,
And wyth her dope what euer hym leste.

Than seide þys ladye, þys ys no naye :
"My loun, quod sho, "howe hape þys daye
Byne spente, and In whatte manere ?
Tellethe me nowe, myne owne herte dere."—
"Madame," Sayde Partonope,
"I haue hyt spente in þys degre :
Ouer þe yate I haue be,
On þat grette towre, where I myghte see
The towne, þe castelle rownde a-bowte,
And alle þe contre, wyth-owten dowte,
So plentuos of wyne and corne.
I sawe neuer suche a syghte be-forne."

"Syn," sayde þe ladye, "þys is sophe.
As þer as any man rydeth or gote
Thorowe þe worlde þat ys so rounde,
So flayre a place may neuer be fflownde
Þat hape In hym so grette delyte,
And þer-to stante in so flayre a syghte,
When þyryste I herde of yowe tydync,

"Trewly," sayde he, "I had grete conforte.
For on þe grete Toure atte yate a-ferre
I haue be this day at my layser,
Where I myght see the town þa-bonete,
The Castell and the Contre, withouten dowte,
So plentuous of grasse, wyne, and corne.
I sawe neuer suche a syghte be-forne."
I lefte besynes of other pytng,*
And made pytys place so fresshe and gaye,
Thynkyng, my herte, but ye yowre playe [leaf 26, back] 2136
Shulde haue per-In and I also,
Wyth-owten knowledge of any moo.
And per-four nowe, my herte dere,
Sythye ye nowe haue ensured me here
But ye shulle neuer by crafte me see,
Yowre ensrawnse in no wyse breke ye,
But kepeth tenderly vn-to my daye,
Tyle eche of vs of other maye
Vn-grucchede of any haue plesaunce;
Ellys myghte per falle grette dysaunce
Foruer be-twyn yowe and me,
Wyche Gode for-bede pyt euer shulbe be.
And per-four dype fully by my rede;
Ye myghte fulle lyghtely ellys be dede,
And I shamed for euer-moo.
My gode swete, dype neuer Soo;
Ye wolde, I'trowe, holde me to blame.
Butte I tolde yowe the name
Off pyt see and eke of pytys castelle.
My loute, nowe understande me welle,
Thys grette see ys named Doyre,
The cyte ys called Chyffe De Oyre.

2134. MS. pytnger. 2140. MS. possibly sythen.
2154. the written above y my, which is crossed out.
2158. Oyd crossed out before Oyre.

Univ. Coll. MS.

For hit shulde be to youre ple-ys-yng,
Thinkyng that ye and I alle oure dysporte,
And to vs no man haue resorte.
And therefore now, mynd hert fully dere,
Syth ye haue ensured me here
That ye shal neuer by crafte me see
Tyle that we shal wydlyd be,
Youre suraunce kepith unto that day;
And thanne ye me see may.
Ellys myght there falle grette dysaunce
And of youre myrth shrewde dysple-
saunce,
Which God forbede that ye shalde be so
nyce,
And therefore doth fully by mynd a-
For yf ye do Contrary, hit shal turne
to shame
Of vs bothe / and lesyng of my name
For euer and yow to shenshipp also.
Therfore lat it be neuer so do.
And yf ye wylle wete of this casteff
And of this See, I wylle yow teh, 2154
And of thise Names, How they be called:
This Castle that ys welle walled
Men calle hit Chief doire
And the See ys named Doyre. 2158

2155. MS. thys or this?
Thys Castell sette I in ys fayre syghte,  
but we twayne myghte have deylete  
For euer In thys lusty place;  
Ther-to I pray Gode sende vs grace.  
Here, In þe dychie, for sope I haue,  
but ys harde rokke, fulle mony a cave  
Hewed and made by goode engyne,  
On caue þat ys alle of marbryne,  
Where-In on hyghte Hernelus Dwelled, þat had to hys spowse  
One Betyryce, wyche was hís wyffe,  
þat broghte hym for þe in here lyffe  
þe sounys, and alle had order of knyghte.  
Bolde and harde þey were in fffyghte.  
When þe gallyottys on þe See  
Hadde robbyd Marchandes, þen wolde he  
Owte off fyghte wyth hem gonne.  
Off hem he toke fulle mony onne,  
And In-to presone made hem dye,  
And toke fro hem Robbery.  
So of þys see the name ys Doyre,  
The castelle hate Chyffle De Oyre,  
Thatt ys y-bylte wyth many towre.  
And, my leue, my name ys Meliowre.  
And leuyd Rysth welle, þer ys no thyng  
Thatt ys or may be ymne [my] kepyng,  
Redy ytte schalle euer vnto yow be,  
Yff þe ordeyned no crafte to see  

2160.  
2164.  
2168.  
2172.  
2176.  
[leaf 27]  
2180.  
2184.  

2171. ode crossed out before order.  
2175. MS: perhaps syghte, but the passage is evidently corrupt.  
2181. Here begins a new hand.

Univ. Coll. MS.

In the caste þe dychie forsothe I haue  
In harde Roche fulf many a cawe 2164  
Hewyn and made by goode engyne,  
Of whiche come ys Called Marbryne,  
Where dwellyd one that light Her-  
nelous  
Sunatyme / and he had a spouse, 2168  
One Betyryce, that bare him/Sones lyve  
That after were knyghtys in her lyve.  
And when the Gallyothys vpon the See  
Had robbd Merchants of the centre.  
Than wolde they oute and fyghte with  
[leaf 7, back]  
And thus they toke many men),  
And fro hem had grete robbery, 2178  
And in presone wolde make hym dye.  
'An i trustith wele, there ys no thyng  
That ys or may be in my kepyng, 2184  
Redy hit shal euer to yow be,  
Yf ye ordeyned no crafte to see
My persons be-fore this assygned day."
Partonope answeryd and sayde: "Nay, 2188
In me ther schalle never be found [such] fowly.
Trewly, my lady, y hade leuer dye."—
"Speke we no more of thus matere,"
Sey[d]e thus lady, "butt tellyth me where 2192
Tomorowe ye wylde desporte yow.
Wyth howndys or hawkes. Tellyth me nowe,
Wylde ye to Reuer or to wode goo? 2196
Ye mowe now chese of bothe too.
Yff ye wolde to the wode gone,
After youre dyner to yow a-none

PARTONOPE.

She asks Partonope whether he would like to go to the forest or to the river.
British Museum MS.

He prefers hunting in the forest.

They fall asleep.

After breakfast Partenope mounts his horse.

He blows his horn, and hounds of various kinds come running towards him.

In-to the skye that Ioye ys to see. 2213
Of alle these dysportes now chese ye." 2219
"Madame," he sayde, "me lyketh best
To-morow to hunte yw the foreste."— 2217
"Nowe, sere," sche sayde, "do as ye luste." [leaf 27, back]
And there-wyth-alle sche hym kyste,
And [some] after they fylle onne slepe,
Wat they dydde more toke y no kepe.
In bedde thyay laye, thus ys no naye,
Tylle onne the morewe lighth daye
Into the chamber yeff sucche a lyghtltes
Thatt welle to ryse see he myghtltes.
Vppe he rose, for ytte was tyme.
He made hym redly for to dyne.
Wanne he hadde dynyd, he toke the horne,
Thatt onne the walle henge hym be-force, 2228
Lepte vppe on hym hors, and rydylth faste
Tylle he was alle the medawys paste.
He blewel hym horn, thus ys no dowte;
He was welle herde ij myle abowte.
Whenne he hadde blowe, theanne myghthe see
[M]ywtles of howndes come nyghheyng he nere,
Copelud wyth sulke and no3th wyth he here.
Lemers to hym thenne come lepynghe,
They where as soffe as eny selke,
And ther-to whyte as eny mylke.
2224. MS. cheses.

Univ. Coll. MS.

In-to the Skye that Ioye ys to see. 2213
Of alle these dysportis now chese ys." 2219
"Madame," he sayde, "me lyketh best
To-morow to hunte in the forest."— 2217
"Now Syr" she sayde "do as you
lest." 2216
And so therewith She hym kyst,
And some after they fell and sleepe,
Of other Ioye toke they no kepe. 2220
And Thus in play and sleepe they lay
Tylle on the morow that hit was day,
Thanne his lady was forth past. [4 leaf]
1 He Cowde no Better but rose at last.

And whan he had dyned, he toke the horne 2227
That on the walle heng hym be-force,
Lepeth vpon hors, and forth he rydeth
Tylle he was past the medowys sydes.
He blew his horn, this ys no doute,
Hyt was wele herd two myle a-boute.
Mutes of howndes of alle degree. 2223
Came toward hym, as he myght see,
Coupled with Sylk and not wyth heere.
Lemours a-boute her nekkes bere
Her lees were as softe as sylk.
And thereto whyte as ony Mylk. 2238

2235. u in coupled has one stroke too many; similar in 2243. in Uncoupleth.
Into the foreste he rydythe a pase;  
Anone fownde alle ffreschely the trace,  
Off a passyng wylyde bore. 
Thys Partonope, wythi-owte more, 
Vnkwopelyd hys howndes, and taketh in lesse 
These fayre lemers, and thay not sesee 
Alle the howndes to seke the foreste, 
Tylle fownde ys the wylyde beste. 
Now ys the wylyde bore fownde. 
The howndes to hym now Rennyth fulle rownde, 
The grete as welle as do the* lesthe. 
The crye to here yt were a feste 
For an emperowr’ an for a lorde. 
So hole they Renne by one acoorde 
To thys bore, thus ys no naye, 
So ffresche thay Renne alle the daye, 
Tylle he ganne wery, thus ys no dowte, 
They broghte [hym] so faste abowte. 
Atte the laste thus wylyde beste [leaf 28] 
For-sakethe clene the thycke foreste. 
Vnto the lande drawyth he, 
There as stode Partonope 
Wythe the lemers ymne hys lesse. 
He lette hem slyppe, and faste they presse 
To-ward the beste; and pat seyth he. 
Wythe alle hys my3the he gymyth fee. 
Hys fly3thte may hym servce of now3thte; 

In-to the forest he rydeth a paas, 2239 
A-none he fonde alle fresh the traae 
Of a passyng sterene, wylyde Boore. 
This Partanope, withouten more, 
Vncoupleth his howndes in-to the forest 
Forte fynde now this wylyde Beest. 
Wh[en] this Boore was y-fownde, 2247 
They rynne to hym hoole and sounde 
Bothe the moost and eke the leest. 
The crye to here hit ys a feest 
For an emperoure or for a lorde. 
So closo they rynne by one a-corde, 2252 
So fresshly they rynne alle that day, 
Tylle he wex wery of hys way. 2255 
They broughte hym) so thykke a-boute 
That he was fayne of alle that route. 
And atte last this wylyde greete beest 
For-saketh the thykke forest, 
And to the launde than) draweth he, 
There as ys stondying Partanope 2260 
Than) with the lynours in) hys lees, 
He lettith hem) slyppe, and forth thay prees 
Toward that Boore, and that sawe he. 
Wyth alle hys myght he gymnth to fele, 2264 
But hys flyght servith hym) of nought;
For ynone suche plyte they have hym broghte,
He myȝythe noȝth coner yn-to hys demene.
Ther-to he was so wery of Renne,
He myȝythe no fether, thys ys no naye.
Stytle he stondythe, and bydythe the baye.
There-to come anone fulle Rownde
Alle the racches, and down to grownde
They haue hym drawe wyth grete stryffe,
And thus the bore [hath] loste hys lyfte.
Wat dothe the ane Partonope?
Hys swende amone drawythlyte owte he,
And alle to brekyth the wylde beste,
And wyth yt makyth hys howndes a feste.
Be than alle thys thynge was done,
Hytte was hye tym[e to draue home,
There as he thɔȝhte to haue hys Reste.
He bare noȝth wyth hym of thus beste;
Hys hors he toke, and oune hym Lepe*.
More of hys howndes toke he no kepe.
Sane ij lymers, thys ys no naye.
Wyth hym he toke, and Rode hys waye,
That oune daylylye he myȝythe dysporte.
For tyll[e myȝythe come hadde he no sporte.
Nowe Rydyth he strawȝte to the castelle.
Where as he fowndele alle thynge Rȝythe welle,
Hys soper redy and welle y-made.

2272. MS. raches?
2283. MS. lepte.
2290. fownde] o like a.

Univ. Coll., MS.

For in suche plyte they have hym brought.
If heed not Cover to hys demene.
Therto he was so wery of renne, 2268
He myȝthy no further, this ys no naye,
Stytle he stondeth, and bydyth the baye.
There to come an oke fift rounde. 2271
The raches, and down to the grounde.
They haue hym drawe with grete stryfe,
And thus the Boore hath loste hys lyfte.
What dothe the ane Partonope?
Hys swerde a-noure dreweth he.
And alle to brekythryth this wylyeste,
And with hit makyth hys howndes feste. 2272

Ro than[e alle thys thynge was done,
Hyt was tym[e to draue home, 2280
There as he thought to have his rest.
He bare no wyth hym of this best;
Hys hors he toke and oune hym Lepe.
More of these howndes toke he no kepe.
Sanc iij lymers, this ys no naye, 2285
With hym he toke, and rode his way,
That oune daylyght myȝythe hym Lepe dysporte.
For tyll[e myȝythe he had no more comforte.
Nowe Rydyth he sryght to the castelle,
Where he fonde alle thynge ryght welle.
Hys soper redy and welle y-made, 2291
He sopeth freschely and maketh hym gladde. 2292
From sopeth rysyth Partanope, 2292
And yonne-to Chamber thenne gothe he, 2296
Weder that the torches strenyth hym ledde.
He maketh hym redy and gothe to bedde, 2296
Where as he fyndyth fayre Meliowre, 2299
Thatt ys chefe lady of the towre,
Wyche thatt he fayne euer yonne* O pleyte.
For here Ioye and here delyte 2300
Ys hym to make Ioye and playe.
That fayne he bothe ny3thi and daye.
Nowe may thys man grete Ioye make,
That loute hath sende hym sucche a make 2304
That he may bathe* yonne so hye a blysse.
Alle ny3thte they leye and clyppe and kyss,e;" 2305
And she hym tellyth nobel storyes,
Offe loue of kny3thode olde victoryes. 2308
Hym to dysporte faste besyeth sche.
Alas, thus story schendyth me.
For alle my loue canne y have no3thte 2312
Butte cawse of care and sorow and th03thte.
Now wolde God hytte my3thi be soo
Thatt sche louted me as y here doo.
Partanope stonde in blessed plyte,
For of hys lady he hathe hys delyte. 2316
He lackyth no-thyng of here grace,
And y stonde euene in contraryyys case.
He sethy here no3th, but he hath leyser

2299. MS. adds a second yn.
2305. MS. bothe.
2306. MS. clypte and kyssyde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

They lye bothe in Ioye and blysse, 2305
Alle nyght they clyppe and kyss,e, 2306
And She hym telleth noble storyes
Of Ioye and kny3thode olde storyes.
Partanope stont in Blessid plyte. 2307
For of here ladyshyppe he hath ful delyte.
213 For of her ladyshhippe he hath ful dysporte.
To speke, to play alle in the derke.
He may be joyfull in his werke,
To fele, to kysse, and to haue hys pleasowre.  2320
And y se my lady day be daye,
Here gracys worth ys euer naye.
[1] Have the euyl and [he] the gode,
Where-fore me thynkyth mynd herte-bloode  2324
Fulle offte tyme away doTHE mylte.
I fare themne as y ne felte
Gode ner hylle, but lye ymne a trawnce.
Thys hathe ffortune caȝhte me ymne a chauce
Vppon hys dyce thatt neuer wylle turne.
Thus muste y euer yw wo soiorne.
Butte playnely excusyth me,
I am noth in thus in-firmyte.  2332
God schelde me euer fro that mischaunce
To hoppe so ferre ymne lone-ys dawnce.
For y am comawndyt of my souereyne
Thys story to drawe fulle and playne,  2336
Be-causse yt was ful vnkowthe and lytet knowe,
Frome frenche ymne-to yngelysche, that beter nowe
Hyt myȝth be to euer-y wyȝtthe.
There-fore y do alle my myȝthte
To saue my autor ymne sucche wyse
As he that mater luste devyse,  [leaf 20]
Where he makythe ymne grete compleyte
In frenche so fayre thatt yt to paynte  2344
In Engelysche tunȝge y saye for me
My wyttys alle to dullet bee.
He tellyth hys tale of sentament*,
I under-stonde noȝth hys entent;  2348
Ne wolle ne besy me to lere.
There-fore strayȝþhte to the mater
I wylle go of Partonope.
Fulle xij mo[ñ]thys hathe he nowe be  2352
In hert-ys loye fulle playnere,*
One day to hunte, another to þe Recure.
Thys hath he broȝth the þere to þende,
2355

Univ. Coll. MS.

Thus in hertys loye fuift playnere,  2353
And so hath he brought the yere to
O day to hunte, another in the Ryvere.  ende.
That canne remembrance put* hym in mynde 2356
In wat pleyte he ys broYNCte yyne.
He hath for-3ete alle hym kynne;
He thynckythI [on no-thyng] ferre ne nere, 2360
Butt ow howndes and hawkes for the renere, 
And onne hym lady fayre and brythte,
Tylle ytte be-felle vppon a ny3thte
Thatt yyne [the] monythe that was of Septembe
Thatt can he ffully hym remembre
Off Cleobolys, the gode [kyng] of France,
And off hys moder, that yyne grete dystawnce
And yyne werte stote of hys lyffe.
Hys deth wyth euery man) was Ryffle,
No man) cowde speke of hym welkeare.
There-fore he wote welle yw grete care
Stante hym moder flor hym sake.
Where-fore he purposyth amendys to make,
Now thynckyt yyne hym hert Ryth hye:
"I wolde take leue to goo and see;
My moder, the kyngne my Enme alle-soo."
There-wythi he maken hym reed to goo
Strayghtte to bedde, so ytte was Ene.
For there he th03the to take hym lene.
In-to the bedde nowe goyth hee,
Where as he ffeynte hym lady ffre,
Redy to make hym gode chere.
Here lesson) was not newe to lere.
Now be-gynneth to speke Partonope

2356. put) MS but. 2368. MS. denthe or deuth.
2371. or stonte ?

Univ. Coll. MS.

Than) he gan) to put in his mynde 2356
In what pleyte he ys brought yyne.
He hath forgeten) alle hym kynne;
He thynketh on no-thyng ferre ne nere
But on) hundes and hawkes for the
Ryver,
2360
And ow) his lady fayre and bryght,
Tylle hyt be-fell onys ow) a night,
In the moneth that was of September
Then) he ganne hym to rememb) 2364
Of Cleobelys, the gode kyng of Fraunce,
And of hym modyr that in grete
distantance
And in werousnes stode of hym lyffe.
Hys deth wyth enery man) was ryffe,
2368
For no man) of hym Contre cowth
telle
Whether he fared evytt or welle.
Therfore he wote welle in grete care
Stont hym moder of hym welfare. 2372
Now in) his hert thynketh he :
"I wolde take leve to go and see
My moder, the king myn) eme also."
And when) he had leyser therto, 2373
Than) to speke begynneth Partonope
To hys lady: "Madame," sayde he, 2384
"I praye yow yatt that ye in no wyse greve "
Off my wordys, for trewely of me 2388
I must praye yow, thus ys no nay ;
For ytte ys go full money a daye
Offe my fryndys thatt y ne herd.
I wolde fayyne wete howe they ferde."—
"My nowe love," thenne sayde sche,
"Ye schalle haue gode leue of me ;
And lokyth alle-way thatt ye be trewe
To me, and chancheth for no newe ;
For Fraunce stonde in suche plyte nowe,
Hytte hath ryght grete rede of yow ;
For kynge Cleobolys hathe loste heys lyffe; *
In Fraunce ys not but werre and stryffe.
"The power of Fraunce ys dyscumberfyte.
And ye schalle telle yow wyde plyte
Yowr' fader stande, for he ys dede.
Yowr' moder leynt, an canne no rede ;
And Bloys stant thust wyth-owten dowte,
Hytte ys ysoeget Rownde abowte.
Drove yow to armes and knyghthode,
And loke there lacke yne yow no manhode.
Loke ye large and geyth faste.
Where to haue goode be not agaste ;
Ye schalle haue y-nowe of me.
And [yf] ye canne aspye ther be

2397. MS. wyffe. 2403. or stantte ?

Univ. Coll. MS.

To hys lady: "Madame," sayde he, 2384
I praye yow that ye in no wyse greve
Of my wordes that I shal meye. 2386
I must praye yow of leve, this ys no nay ;
For hit gone ys full many a day
Of my frendes that I me herde, [if o.] k.
I wolde fayne wytte how they ferde."—
"Myn owne love," then sayde she,
"Ye shal haue gode leve of me : 2392
And loke Alyce That y be Trew
To me, and chonoge not for a New.
For Fraunce stonte in suche plyte now
Hyt hath ryght grete rede of yow; 2396
For kynge Cleobolys hath lost hys lyffe ;

In Fraunce ys but werre and stryffe.
The power of Fraunce is dyscumberfyte,
And I shal telle yow in what plyte
Youre fader stont, for he ys dede. 2401
Youre Modir leynt, and can no rede,
And Bloys stont thust wythouten dowte :
Hyt ys seeged rounde a-boute. 2404
Drove yow to armes and to knyghthode,
And loke ye lakke no manhode.
Looke ye be large and geyth faste.
Where to haue goode be not a-gast :
Ye shal haue ynowgh of me. 2409
Any yf ye can espye that ther be
Any worthy knygghtys thorow the londe, 2412
In alle the haste loke that ye fowonde, 2412
There as they ben yw armes bolde, 2412
Wyth gode y-now hem to wyth-holde. 2412
Looke thatt ye be gentyly, lowly, and meke, 2412
And gentyly to hem gode clothys eke. 2412
Alle-so of speche beyth fayre and lowlyche 2412
As wele to the pore as to the Reehe.

After my cowncel loke thatt ye* wyrke, 2412
And lonyth* welle God and holy chyrche. 2420
Ye mowe notte fayle of hye cheualry, 2424
Yff 36 lone God and owi'' ladi. 2424
And o thyng, my loue, y praye* yowe 2424
That yw no wyse ye* ne besy yow howe 2424
By craffte of nygromansy me to see. 2424
For yt wolle for yowr* worse be.

Whenne 3e haue y-bro3tlite thus worke to a zende—
Ther-to sone yow Gode grace sende— 2428
In Fraunce loke affer dwelle not 3e, 2428
Butte faste hye yow agayne to me.
Tylle ye be [at] Doyre loke 3e not cesse 2432
For yowr* worclypp and myne ese."—
"Madame," sayde he, "this gode lesson" 2432
Schalle y welle kepe and thys sermone.

Nor neuer for kuany[n]ge thatt here speke*

"Above all, beware of treason; and come back to me as soon as the war is over."

Partonope assures her that he will never break his word.

That in no-thyng ye be besy now 2424
By craffte of Nygromansy me to see. 2424
For hit wolle for youre worst be.

Whan ye haue brought this werre to ende—
Therto God yow grace sende—
In Fraunce longe after dwelle not ye, but fast hye yow ayen) to me.
Tylle ye be at Doyre loke ye not cees 2433
"Madame," sayde he, "this gode lesson"
Shaft I kepe for my sermon). 2433
And for no-thyng that I can) here speke
The following day Partonope embarks with his black steed and his two hounds.

Schalle ye neuer my Couenaunte breke, 2436
Ne ye no wyse besy me
Er the day sette yow to see."
Nowe hawe thay bothe lafte talkynge
And falle ynto grete thyneckynge.
Thys lyth th Partonope tylle yt ys day,
Thenne he abowte hym so welle may
To ryde or go where so hym luste.
In bedde he thynckyth no lengger reste. 2444

He rysyth vppe ymne grete haste,
An on hys forney hyythte hym faste.
He toke hys cowerser that was Coole blacke,
And lyghtely lepyth apon hys bace,
And takyth wyth hym hys lemers too;
Of meyny takyth wyth hym no moo.
Hit nedylithe no3th telle how he toke hym leve,
He dydde yt pruely over eve.
Of ower thynge takethe he no kepe,
Butte strayght he rydytli forthe to the [s]chyppe,
Wyche furste hym broghte to that Cetee.
Wyth-owtenw more there-in gothe he, 2456
And takythe his horse wyth hym in honde.
Wanne he was there-ynne he* fownde
A bedde alle redy and cleny made,
Where-of he was Rysthle ynyly gladde.
He made hym redy, and ymne dine crepe,
He hadde grete nede forto slepe.
Off thus fayre schyppe alle the mayne,
2458. he] MS. y.

Univ. Coll. MS.

My couenaunt wole I not breke." 2436
Now hane they bothe left talkynge.
And falle in to grete thankyng. 2440
Thus lyth Partonope tylle hit was day
That the lyght vervly he say.
In bedde he wole no longer rest.
To rysse vp hemy semyly best; 2446
And toke hym cowerser that was blak,
And lyghtly lepyth apon hym bace,
And taketh wyth hym his lymers twoo.
Of meyny takyth wyth hym no moo.
Hit nedyl not to take more leve,
For it was do pruely over eve. 2452
Of other thynge toke he no kepe,
Butt streyght he rydeth to the Shippe,
Whych lyftst hym brought to that cytee.
Wythoute more therym gothe he, 2456
And taketh hys hors with hym onhonde.
Whan he was ynd there, he fonde
A bedde redy, alle clennyly made,
Whereof he was ryght Inly glade. 2460
He made hym redy, and ynd dyd crepe,
He had grete nede for to slepe.
Off wyche he myȝtȝte noȝthi on see, 2464
Vppe drowe angker yȝ alle the haste.
The schyppe anone begynnynthi sayle faste,
Thatt er thatt day was comen to ende— 2468
The schyppe so saylyythe afore the wynde—
He hadde alle passyd the grete see,
And ynte to Lyre was comynhe, 2472
Where as he muste nedys abyde ;
He myghte no fether for thatt tyde.
2475
The schyppe was grete, he myȝtȝte noȝthi passe.
The ship sails up the Loire.

The shipppemenȝ alle bothe more and lesse
Owte of the schyppe the bote gan dresse
In-to the watere thatt hatythe Leyre.

[A bed] Thay hymȝ dressyd welle and fayre
In-to the bote, and yt was arayede
Wythe clemnely clothys, and þer-in they leyde
Alle slepyng Partonope.

Off thus araye nothyng he.
Thys was me thenketh a wonder reys.

Whenne he woke, theȝ faste be Bloyse
Aryved thus þonge Partanope,
2480
He awakes near Blois.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Vp was the ankyr drawe in haste,
And the Sayle yȝ crosse the maste, 2465
Who hyt takeleþ he cowde not see,
But in þees so styyle lyyth he.
This Shyppe sayleþ and passith the See,
And in-to the water of Lyer they comenþ be, 2470
Where as he must nedes a-byde ;
He myȝtgþt no further for the tyde.

For the water so shalow was. 2474
Therfore the cable they gan oyte folde
By which the anker was y-folde. [11, 10, 1]"The anker They leete oyte slyde back"
To make the Shippe to ryde. 2480
Anone a boote was sette in to Leyre,2483
And a bedde theryn goode and fayre.
Onþ thys bedde Partanope slepyng
Was leyde, therof not wetyng. 2488
This was now a wondyr reys.
Whanþ he woke, thenþ fast by Bloys
Aryvedþ this yong Partanope,
He thinks of Melior and bursts into tears.

Proceeding on his Journey

he meets twelve black stumper-horses,

Wych he knewe [welle] for hys contree.
Wan he was landyd, then gan he blyve
Hym lokhe abowte, butte thynge on lyve
Savee horse and grehowndys cowthe he non se,
Wych he brothe wyth hym to the see.
The bote no lenger there wolde soiorne,
Butte to hys schyppe gan faste returne.
Butte ho was gyde kowde he nott see
Off thus bote, and stylle stode he
And thynketh on Melioure, hys hert swete.
For pyt of hir hys teres damo crepe
Oute of his eyen domo by his cheke.


Which he knewe welo for his Contree.
Whan he was landyd, then gan he blyve
Hym lokhe a-bouthe, but thynge on lyve
Savee horse and grehowndys cowthe he non se,
Which he brought wyth hym to the See.
The Bote no lenger wolde sogourn
But to his Shippe fast gan retourne.
But who was gyde cont he not se
Of this Bote, and stylle stont he
And thenketh on Melior, his hert swete.

Which he knewe [welle] for his Contree.
Whan he was landyd, then gan he blyve
Hym lokhe abowte, butte thynge on lyve
Savee horse and grehowndys cowthe he non se,
Wych he brothe wyth hym to the see.
The bote no lenger there wolde soiorne,
Butte to hys schyppe gan faste returne.
Butte ho was gyde kowde he nott see
Off thus bote, and stylle stode he
And thynketh on Melioure, hys hert swete.
For pyt of hir hys teres damo crepe
Oute of his eyen domo by his cheke.

For pyt of hir hys teres damo crepe
Oute of his eyen domo by his cheke.

Hys hert tendred, and gan to wepe,
And thenketh soone to turne a-yen
To see hys lady and his Queene,
Here-to he prayeth God sende hym grace;
And on his Journey forthe he gan passe.
Of the contree he taketh grete garde,
He seeth where Bloys stont, and thyderwarde
The way fulle privel taketh he;
He wolde nogth blythely aspyed be.
And as he nyed Bloys nere,
In the way he sawe [how and] where
Agayn hym come xii somerys,
Charged wyth golde and Ryche auerys.

Off the Contre he taketh grete garde.
The way fulle pryvely taketh he:
He wolde nogth blythely aspyed be.
And as he nyed Bloys nere,
In the way he sawe [how and] where
Agayn hym come xii somerys,
Charged wyth golde and Ryche auerys.
The horse were blacke every-chone,
Ry3th payre coursers; and wyth hem come
xij 3onge men thatd hem dede lede,
Welle cladde yu sylke, wyth-outen drede. 2520
Alle be-hynde there come a kny3thte
That was ther master, and that was Ry3thte,
For he [had] large of the message.
He was very whyte for age;
He was fulle semely, of stature longe;
In 3owthe hytte semed he hadde bene stronge.
Wanne he hadde sy3thte of Partanope,
Hys message yonne thus wyse sayde he: 2528
"Syr," he sayde, "y saye yow gretynge
Fro [s]wyche onne that aboue alle thynge
That thart Erythely ys, to yow hathe geffe
Here body, here herte, and alle here loue.
And as ye* ben [here] herte swete,
Sche prayyth ye schulde not here for-gete.
Alle thys tresoure sche hathe yow sente,
And as to here loue, to thus entente 2536
To mayntayne yowur' warres, and that in armes
Ye schulde be worcyrpfulH, and of Charmes
Be Ry3thte ware, that ye ne be
Wythe [hem] be-gyled." Thenne sayde he 2540
To thus kny3thte: "God me defende
Here yonne sucche wyse to offende."—
2533. ye] MS. he.

Univ. Coll. MS.

The hors were blake euery-chone,
Ryght fayre courserye; and wyth hem come
come
Twelve young men that dyd hem ledye,
Wey eelade in sylke, wyth-outen drede.
Alle be-hynde there Com a knyght
That was her maister, and that was ryght, 2518
For he had charge of the message.
He was alle white for verray age; 2524
He was fulf semely, of statue longe;
In youth hit semyd he had be stronge.
Whan he had syght of Partanope,
His message in this wyse sayde he: 2528
"Sir," he sayde, "I say yow gretyng
Fro sucbe one that a-bove alle thynge
That erthly ys, to yow hathe yove
Hir body, hyr herte, and hir love. 2532
And as ye byn hir herte swete,
She prayeth yow that ye wol not hyr
foryet.
Alle this tresoure She hath yow sent
As to hyr love, for this entent 2536
To mayntyne youre warres, and that in armes
Ye schulde be worthy / and of charmces
Be weH ware that ye ne be 2539
With hem be-gyled." Then sayde he
To this knyght: "God me defende
Euer in sucbe wyse her to offende."—
"Welle," sayth this kynght, "yet haue I to saye
To yow yett more. She dothe praye
In armes and turnementys ye lusty to be,
In lustys alle-so ; butte lokythe thatt 3e
Be ware thatt kny3ht be no man) yow make.
Thatt dede wolle sche vpou) here take
Thatt day thatt 3e weddyd schulde bee.
Wythe yowr' swerde anone wolle sche
Yow gyrd yn alle pepuH sy3htie.
Sche schalle yow gue the worde of kny3htie.
And kepe yow welle for God-ys sake,
Be no craffe no man) yow make.
To see youre lady or tyme be." 2555
And with that worde alle wepyng he
Turned hym) and gothe hys waye.
These zonge men), thatt yh) selke so gaye
Were clothyd, to hym) they come anone
To take ther leve; for they muste goone
Wythi here master home agayne.
And then) they sayde : "Syr, loke 3e bene
Euer-more to youre lady trewe,
Ellys yt wylle yow bothe rewe,
And thatt 3e not to longe solorne,
Butte to your' lady sone returne."
And wyth that wortho sodenly they be 1
Vanaschyd away, that trewly he

2545. tur[n]ewmentys] n or n written above r.
2568. vanaschyd] second a like o.

Univ. Coll. MS.

"Wele," sayth this knyght, "yet haue I to saye
To yow yett more. She dothe praye 2544
In armes, in turnements ye lusty be
And in lustes loke that be ye.
Be ware that yow knyght be no man
make.
That dede wolle sche vpou) hir take 2548
That day that ye shulle weddyd be.
With youre Swerde a-none wylle She
Yow gyrd in alle the peples syght.
She shal yow gyrd the ordre of knyght.
And kepe yow wel) for Godlys sake,

2544
2548
2552
2555
2564
2556
2558
2560
2568
Wote neuer were thay bene [be] come.
To Bloys hathe he the waye nome.
A-fore hym gothe thus xij somerys
Streynthete to the gate, where as the porterys
Stode to-gyder and sawe thus sy3thete,
And thanckyd hyely God alle-my3thete.
They sawe the somerys Charged wyth Ryeches.
The Castel stode yyne grete dystresse ;
They tho3th yt come by God-ys grace.
Inne they lette the somerys pace.
Some after came Partanope.
[And whan) they aspyed hit was he,
And they myght redyly hym) know,
Down) on) knees they gan) falle low,
And welcomed hym) withi alle her hert.
And in alle hast one in ded stert,
And to the lady, his moder, saide he :
"Youre Son) ys come, Partanope."
Sche gan) to fraye of sodente,
Butte yette yne haste vppe Rysyth sche,
And gothe here sone for to mete.
Whanne sche hym) sawe, sche gynnynthe to wepe
For very Ioye, and ther-wyth-alle
Here armes, thatt were longe and smale,
Abowte hys necke sche dede leye.
Sche my3thete for Ioye no worthe seye,
2579. MS. scarcely come.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Wote neuer where they be become.
To Bloys hath he the waye nome.
Afore hym) gone these xij Somers
Streynghte to the yate, when[re] as the porters
Stode to-gyder and sawe this syght,
And thanked hyghly God almyght.
They sawe the Somers charged with rychesse.
The castell stode in grete distresse ;
They thought hit come by Goddys grace ;
And in they lette these Somers passe.
Sone after come this Partanope,
And whan) they aspyed hit was he,
And they myght redyly hym) know,
Down) on) knees they gan) falle low,
And welcomed hym) with alle her hert.
And in alle hast one in ded stert,
And to the lady, his moder, saide he :
"Youre Son) ys come, Partanope."
She gan) affray of this sodeyn caas,
And ryseth vp in a grete raas,
And gothe hir Son) for to mete.
Whan) Sye she gynneth to wepe
For verray Ioye, and therewith-ahf
Her armes, that were longe and smale,
Abowte his nekke She dyld lay.
She myght no worde for Ioye say,
And kyssed hym wyth dedely chere.
Sche ferde as thow sche weste neuer where
And sone after sche dydde awake
Owte off here sownnyng, and gynnythte take
Here hert to here fully agayne.
And then sche seyde: "Where have ye bene,
My dere soen, my Erthely Ioye,
That neuer ye hadde tokyn fro the,
Letter ne worthe thatt me my3th e se,
To me thus hathe bene grette dyssese.
Kynge Cleobollys he ys dede,
Yowr fader alle-so; thus ys the threde
I stonde, an amd yune grette dowte.
My ney3thbowrys here rownde abowte
Haue Rebellyd and dysheryed me
Off fayre castellys no lesse themne thre,
That stonden here yune the morsesse
Rownde abowte the castef of Bloys."
"Madame," sayde thus Partonope,
"Bethe of gode comfort; y hope that ye
In schorte tyme schalle stonde ye e se.
Y knowe Ry3thte welle alle yowr dyssese.
Butte dothe dyscharge alle thys somerys,
And sendyth abowte for kny3tes and squyers.

2609. stande] a fairly distinct. 2613. MS. possibly maresse.

...
I schalle not spere for no gyffe 
Hemō to wyth-holde by my thryffe 
To saue yow yowr^ heritage, 
And c. M^ h y wolde welle wage."

In alle the haste themne dothe sche 
Here letterys sende alle the Cunte 
For knygght, yomen, and goode Squyer
A certeyn^ day to come to dyner.
Tydyng ranne thorow the contree]
Thatt home was comen) Partonope.
The tythyngys to hys fryndys but he gladde,
Hys Enmyys herof no loye made.
Whenne the cheualrye of the Cunte
Herde saye thatt Partonope
In very trowthe* was come home,
Faste to hym) warde they gynne gone.
He hym) reseynd wythe goodely chere,
They be Ry3th gladde to feynde hym) there.*
To thowsand kny3thtys there he wyth-helde,
Thatt redy were to go to the fylde,
When) thatt euere hym) lesste to Ryde.
Partonope wolde no lenger abyde,
Butte to the stronge Castellys thre
The strey3hltie way anon) wyll he*.

2635. MS. trawthe.
2638. MS. They feynde be Ry3th gladde off hym) there.
2644. wyll he] MS. taketh he, which properly belongs to l. 2643, the scribe having dropped four lines, here supplied from Univ. Coll. MS.

I shaft not spare now for no yeffe 
Hem) to with-holde now by my thrite
To saue yow and myn^ heritage, 2623
And hundreth thousand I wol wage.? 
In alle the hast than) dothe She 
Hir letters sende alle the Contree 
For knygght, yomen, and goode Squyer
A certeyn^ day to come to dyner. 2623
Tydyng ranne thorow the contree
That home was come Partonope.
These tydyngis to his fryndys were glad,
His enemies herof no Ioye made. 2632

Univ. Coll. MS.

Whan) the cheualry of that contree
Herde say how that Partonope
In verray trouth was come home,
Fast to hym) ward they gan) gone. 2636
He hem) resseyvid with goodely chere.
They be right glade to feynde hym) here.
Two thousand knyghtes there [he]
with-helde, [1 leaf 12, back]
That reily were to go to feelede, 2640
Whan) that euere hym) lyst to ryde.
Partonope wolde no lenger byde.
But to these stronge Castellys thre
The streyght way a-none wyll he.
Short tale to make, this ys no lees,
The castellys, the Contree he sett in pees.
Wythoute more lette than Partanope
A gyson Agysore.
He hath the kyng, that of hys lyfe
Is full wery, thus ys no drede;
For he ne hath Coumsaye ne rede
Off kynne, nor frend, ne of his legges.
Therefore in grete drede he now is.
For there ys a kyng that highteth
Agysore

Come in-to Fraunce lyke as a Boore
Or a wolf that ys ravenous.
He sleeth, he robeth, and leveth none
Vnbrente, but castellis and wallid towrs.
He hath wythe hym dyuerse nacionys
And grete Numbere of Cheualrye
Of Norway, of Glylond, of Oranye,
Of Erlond, of Fresselond, of Denmarke,
Thatt fully destroyen alle thatt marche.

A another ther ys a grete werroure,
A kyng thatt ys namyd Surnegowre,

Uriv. Coll. MS.

British Museum MS.
Yonge, hardy, manly yu fy3ythe,  
And ther-to a passye semely kny3ythe.  
For and he hadde bene off Crystys lore,  
I trowe men hane neuer* by-fore 2672  
In Romaunce herd a worthyer kynge.  
He loued kny3thhode aboue alle thynge.  
The kyng of Francone ys onne Pnytyfe.  
Tydyngys he heryth* of werre and stryffe 2676  
Thorowe alle Francone yu euery Contre.  
In thus CasteH wyth hym there be  
Offe frenche an flenysche, as y wene,  
Butte x Mti; and there agaynys bene 2680  
Anw.c. Mti wyth kynge Surnegoure,  
There-fore off Cheualrye he ys namyd folowre.  
And alle thus heryth Partonope.  
A-none to the kynge fast hyythe he, 2684  
And wythe hym brynggythe a ffayre mayne, [leaf 33, back]  
Fyffe Mti kuy3thtes, wyche thatt be  
In armes fresche and welle arayde;  
Here wagys he hathe hem welle payde. 2688  
Nowe tythynggyste of Partonope  
To the kynge ys come, and gladde ys he,  
And gothe agaynys hym owte of hys towre,  
And resenyd hym wyth grete honowre,  
And hys desese tellyth in hast  
To Partonope, and how sore agaste 2692  

\[2672.\text{ neuer}] \text{ MS. here.} \quad 2676. \text{ MS. beryth.} \]

---

Yonge, hardy, and fuft feers in fyght,*  
And therto a passye semely knyght.  
The kyng of Francone ys now in Poun-tyfe.  
Tydynges he heryth of werre and stryfe  
Thorow alle Francone in euery Contre.  
In this castel with hym ther be  
Of frenche, of flemmynges, as I wene,  
But ten thousand; and there a-yenst bene  
And hundred thousand with kyng Sor- 

---

Partonope brings with him five thousand knights.

---

The King of France has only ten thousand men;
Sornegour has one hundred thousand.

---

The King explains his hopeless position.

---

A-none to the kynge fast hyeth he, 2684  
And with hym bryngith a fayre mayne  
Feve hundre\(d\) knyghtis, whiche that he  
In armes fressh and weft a-rayde;  
They be of her wages weft payde, 2688  
Now tydynges of this Partonope  
Are come to the kynge, and gladde ys he,  
And gothe a-yenst hym one of his towre,  
And hym reseyvith with grete honoure,  
And his dyssease he tellith in hast  
To Partonope, and how sore a-gast

---

2690. MS. syght.
He ys of kynge Sornagoure, 2696
For he ys so stronge a werrowre.
He thynkyth thus lond to conquere.
"I may not slepe for sorowe and fere:
He brennyth and wastyth alle the londe,
I hauue no power hym to wyth-stonde."
2700
Alle thus heryth Partonope.
He seyyth butte lyteH, butte more thynkyth he.
Atte the laste he sayde to the kynge:
"Me mervelyth gretyly off on\' thynge.
Why sende ye no3the for alle menne
Thatt to your\' Crowne lege bene?"—
2704
"So haue y do," thenne seyde the kynge.
"They wylle obbye me nothynge.
Y canne ymne no wyse trewly see
Butt thatt they neyder holde me
For kynge, for souereyne, ne for no lorde."
Partonope answeryd atte thatt worthe:
2712
"Thenn sethen\' ytte wolle no beter be,
Pray God of helpe, and he wolle see
To hys seruand euer ynde.
I canne no more butte thus I rede."
2716
The kynge now leuyth alle thys nuiter,
And streyhte gothe in to [hys] dynere,
And wyth hym takyth the Partonope.
Ry3th gladde of hym\' for sothe ys he.*
Thys Pountye ys a Castelle Ryalle,
[leaf 31] 2720

The first four lines of leaf 34 are a repetition of 11. 2702-5, with
the following differences of spelling: seyythe, lyteH, thynkyth,
seyd, mervelyth, of O thyyng, no3thte.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Closyd welle wyth Ry3th a stronge walle,
Fulle of towres wyth-owten dowte.
A deche ry3the depe goythe the Rownde abowte,
Fulle of water, and harde to wynne.
Ther-to the Castef ys wyth-ynne
Off men of armes stuffet welle.
Off warre vesture hyt* lacketh neuer a dele.
Nowe hadde these hethen men in costome
Every day armed fresschely to come
To profere skermesche to thys castelle.
Thay spare no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
And these were kny3thtes of kynge Sornagowre,
Wyche of cheualrye bare the flowre,
"Where-of he laste hadde att the Castelle of Chanarde
A M* kny3thtyss and neuer a cowarde.
And these were kuy^thtes of kynge Sornagoure,
Wyche of cheualrye bare the flowre,
Thay spaire no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
Nowe hadde these hetheii) men in costouie
Euery day ai-med ffreschely to come
To profere skermesche to thiys castelle.
Thay spare no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
And these were kuy^thtes of kynge Sornagoure,
Wyche of cheualrye bare the flowre,
"Where-of he laste hadde atte the Castelle of Chanarde
A M* kny3thtyss and neuer a cowarde.
And these were kuy^thtes of kynge Sornagoure,
Wyche of cheualrye bare the flowre,
Thay spaire no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
Nowe hadde these hetheii) men in costouie
Euery day ai-med ffreschely to come
To profere skermesche to thiys castelle.
Thay spare no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
And these were kuy^thtes of kynge Sornagoure,
Wyche of cheualrye bare the flowre,
"Where-of he laste hadde atte the Castelle of Chanarde
A M* kny3thtyss and neuer a cowarde.
The booty is all sent to Agisor.

Sornegour himself is at Chars.

He commands his rear to join him on Saint James’s day.

Watte ever ther prayes where nette, schepe, or horse, Thay sende alle to kyng Agysores.

Atte Chars lyeth the kyng Sornegowre
As fers ymne batyl as eny bore
Thatt wylde ys, and lyyth the ymne Denne.
He conawndythe sertayn of hys men)
To Ryde to hys rewarde,
Thatt thy schulde gene hym in charge
To every man in hys degree
Thatt they algate schulde be
Wythe hym atte synt James ffeste,
Thatt hathe the Baptyste bothe moste and lest.
Thys was ypom wytsoneday
That kyng Sornegowre at Chars leye,
Hys Remerys dysconeryd the Cuntre,
There herde he fyrste of Partonope.
Wanne that tythyngys they ganne here,
Off Partonope themne dydde they ffere.
The saryynys ganne here cownceH take,
And charged alle men they schulde make
Hem redy and arme hym faste,
For they wolde ryde ym alle haste.
A none x M redy were
Onne horse-backe armed wyth schelde and spere.
V. c. off these, as I rede,
Helden hole to-gyder wyth-owten drede.
The oder v. c. owte of araye
Ranne and prykyd the Cuntre alle daye.*

2749. praying like r.
2763. MS. Remerys.
On leaf 34, back, the last nine lines (after 2776) are crossed out in MS. Then follows catch-word: ranne and prykyd, and at the top of leaf 35 is repeated: Ranne and prekyde the Cuntre alle daye.

Univ. Coll. MS.

At Chars lyeth the kyng Sornegoure
As feers in batayle as any Boore.
He sendith to his rewarde tho
That they shul# make hem# redy and come hym to.
This was ypom the white sonday
That Sornegonore made this a-ray.
His Remers dysconeryd alle the cuntre, And there they herde first of Partonope.

The Saraynys than they gonne seere, And a Cooinsale than makyn there.
Anone ten thousand redy were
On horsbak armed with Scheilde and Spere.
Fyne hundred of these, as I rede, Heldel hole to gyther withouten drede.
The tother oute of aray than) Alle day the Countree prykyd and ranne:
Thay raft maney man, hys lyffe. 
Thay cesyd nutt tylle thay where atte Puvntyfle.
Thorow the Contre thenne Rose the crye. 
The frenehemen onne the castel onne hye, 2780
Owte of the Contre herde grette afraye, 
Whyth hym-sylfe hadde grette dysmaye.
The hethen luste notte to abyde here kynge, 
The freneh men thay dradde no-thynge. 2784
A-none as euer Partonope .
Thys noyse heryth, watt dothe he 
Faste butte arnethe hym in alle haste? 
And Comaw[n]lythe his sawdyowres faste 2788
They make hem redy, for he wolle Ryde, 
He thynckyth no lenger for to abyde.
v. c. now on horse-backe [he hade] 
Welle armed; and thenne hee bade 
The porterys faste vndo the 3ate. 
Butte he wolle lette no man passe ther-ate, 
Tylle tyme thatt he the kynge mæthte y-see
Redy to ryde and hys mayne. 2796
The kynge ys armed and Redy to Ryde.
After hym ther wolde no man abyde.
Two M[e]n alle redy he 
Armed hadde, and thenne Partonope 
Spake to the kynge ynne thus wyse:
["Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse"] 
Howe thatt ye gounernyd schalle be.
Kepythe to-gedyr alle yowr mayne, 2804
2788. MS. sawdyowres. 
2792. hee bade] MS. bade hee.

Univ. Coll. MS.

They refte many a man of his lyfe. 
They seys not tylle they come to Poun-
tyfe. 2778
Thus they made a sudeyn affray. 2781
They in the Castel gan dysmay.
A-none as euer this Partonope 2785
This noyse herith, what dothe he? 
Armed hym in alle that hast, 
And with alle his soudionsr as fast 
He thenketh no lenger for to a-bye, 
But to hym ys redy for to ryde. 2790
He bade the porters vndo the yate, 2793
But they wolde not late none ont
therate, 2784
Tylle the kynge were redy to ryde. 2797
Than after hym he dothe a-bye. 2798
1 He spake to the kynge in This wyse:
"Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse 2802
How that ye shatt governed be. [I if. 11]
Kepyth hole to-gydyr youre mayne,
And y schalle go affore and mete
Wyth these hethen; butte locke 3e lete
None off yowr hoste fro yow goo.
Butte 3yff 3e se ytte stonde soo
Thatt of helpe y haue grete nede,
Me* to Rescowe thanfaste 3e spede."

Now [of] the kynge Partonope
Hys leue takyth, and ffreshely Rydythi he
Ouer the brygge yn-to the fyldé,
To hym war[d] comynge he be-helde
Freschely armed an hethen knyåthite
Thatt hym asawylett wythi alle hys my3htite.
Partonope pulleth owte hys swerde,
As he [that] was no-thynge aferde.
He gaffe the hethen knyåth a dynte
Wythte hys swerde thatt neuer stynte,
Tylle cleuen was hede and helme anone,
Streyåthte vuto the breste bone.
He ffelle downe dede yn alle here sy^thte.

Now of the kyng this Partanope
His leve takith, and forthé rydeth he
Over the Brygge in-to the feelde, 2813
Where he sawe and be-heclede
How that an* hethen knyght
Be-gan) hym to assayle with his myght.

| Partonope rides into the field, and is once attacked by a heathen knight. |
| Partonope cleaves his head. |
| This knight’s name was Heldin. |

Univ. Coll. MS.

And I shaff goo a-fore and meete 2805
With these hethen; but looke ye leete
None of youre Oost from b yow goo.
But yf ye wyle see het stant soo 2808
That I of helpe haue grete nede,
Me to rescowe thanfast ye spede."

Now of the kyng this Partanope
His leve takith, and forthé rydeth he
Over the Brygge in-to the feelde, 2813
Where he sawe and be-heclede
How that an* hethen knyght
Be-gan) hym to assayle with his myght.

Partonope pulleth owte his Swerde,
And of hym is no-thynge a-ferde. 2818
He gaff that knyght suche a dynt
That thrugh his helde hit glynt.
He tylle doune dede alle in her syght.
Heldines was the name of this knyght.

Now Partanope wolde no3th sese
Off grete strokys, butte ynw be-gynnynthe to prese,


Partonope pulleth owte his Swerde,
And of hym is no-thynge a-ferde. 2818
He gaff that knyght suche a dynt
That thrugh his helde hit glynt.
He tylle doune dede alle in her syght.
Heldenes was the name of this knyght.

Now Partanope wolde no3th sese
Off grete strokys, butte ynw be-gynnynthe to prese,
As he that was bothe hardy and bolde.
Sucche a stroke he gaffe Burnolde, 2836
An hethen man, that alle myghtht see.
The quarter wythe the harme he made flee
From the body in-to the fylde.
Sucche strokys men haue y-sen butte sylde.
Partonope cryed: "O Cristen men!  2840
Leye onne faste, thatt the hethen
Neuer mowe thatt day se
Thatt we schulle of thenn he be
Dyscumfyte, or ellys be wythy-drawe
Off sucche pepelle of false lawe."
He encour-ages his men to fight valiantly.
The hethen hertys gan faste colde
Be-cause of Helden and of Burnolde
Where so deden; for bothe too
2844
Were gode kny3thys; and Partonope ther-to
So fersely leyth onne rownde abowte;
2848
Moch Folke he sleythe of the hethen Rowte.
Amonge the hethen he so pressythe,
And of fy3htyng neuer sessythe.
2852
He leyth on the hethen soo
They mow nott chese, away th[e]y goo,
Alle blody and beten owte of the fy3htte*,
Thus buth thay thus day alle scumfyte;
2856
A-way they flee an huge pace.
Partonope* folowyth wythe the chase
Wythe alle hys power by hys syde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

For he was bothe hardy and boolde.
And sucche a stroke he gaffe Bornolde 2835
That a hethen knyght was he.
The quarter with the arme he made flee
[1 leaf 14, back]
Fro the Body in-to the feldes.
Suche strookes men haue sey seelde,
Partonope cryed: "O ye cristena men!  2840
Lay on last vpon the hethen,
That they se not vs withdrawe.  2843
Kelle these people of fals lawe."
The hethen hertys gan faste Cooledge
Be-cause of Hildenes and Bornolde

Were dede so; for bothe they two
Were worthey knyghtes but now ys so
That Partanope feersly hym a-boute
Sleeth folke of the hethen rowte.  2850
Among the hethen he so presed,
And of fyghtyng he neuer sesed,
But overledde the hethen soo
Th[e]ly may nott chese, a-way they goo,
Alle blody and beten owte of fyght,*
Thus be thay this day dyscomfyte.  2856
A-way they flee an huge paas.
Partanope feersly pursueth the Chaas
With alle his power be his syde.

2855. MS. syght.
There was sene he cowde beste ryde.  
The heathen for fere ganne quake,  
Partonope hathem over-take.  
Now enter-mellyd aȝen they be.  
The Crysten liȝt onne, thatt hyt to see  
Or here, hyt was, me thynkyhtye, grete loye.  
Partonope thatt day dydde grete noye  
To the saryȝynys; for trewly abyde  
Dysparelde ymne the felde they bee.  
Many an helme ther men myȝȝhte y-see  
Alle to-clatered and scheldes schake.  
The saryȝynec effe sone he ganne make  
To leue ther grownde, and to flyȝȝhte  
He putte hem alle; and ther a myȝȝhte  
Ho slowe, hose name was Farrees*,  
He slowe as he rode thorow the presse.  
He mette anoder hyȝȝth Maroes,  
He scowe hym alle-so, thus ys no lese.  
Owte of the presse nowe dothe he Ryde  
Hym to brethe, butte there abyde  
He wolde noȝȝth long, butte ymne agayne.  
Thatt sawe the saryȝynes, and faste to flene  
They ganne echone* wyth-owten lette.  
Amonge hem was onȝȝth bele Sawrette,  
A sarȝynye, a luste man, an a soigne.  
He was Newew unto Sornegowre the kyng.

Univ. Coll. MS.

There hit was seen) who cowde ryde.  
The hethyn) for fere they gan) quake,  
Partanopè hath hem) now overtake.  
Now entermedid a-yen they be.  
The Crysten fyghten, loye hit ys to see;  
And the hethen) drust not a-bye, 2867  
For Partanope made hym) sparble wyde.  
And many and helme ther men) myght see  
Alle to-clateryd and broken) be.  
The hethen) her grounde gan) for-sake;  
Her fyght a-way they dyd make.  
There Partanope in that fyght  
Slow many a doûghty knyght.  
He slow the lord Mores  
And a knyght that hyght Fores.  
Amonge hem) was oon) Bele Soret,2884  
A lusty Sarayyn), wythoute lette.  
Strong he was and wele lykyng,  
Nevew to Sornegowre the kyng.
Welle horsyd and ffreshely armyd was hee.  
Off hym toke hepe Partonope.  
He spowrythe his stede wyth alle his my3thte,  
He tho3thte thatt sar3yne schulde aly3thte.  
And wyth grete haste wythte hym he mette,  
And so sore hym wythi-sette,  
The sar3ynec mow3thi yw no wyse chose.  
Partonope made hym there to lese  
Hys lyffe; ther-wyth Partonope  
Lokythe abowte after hym mayne,  
And to hym drawyth a sowffte pace.  
The hethen) cryed alas alas,*  
Off hym) dethe thay hadde grete pety.  
“Watte manne hy[s] thus Partonope?”  
They sayde alle, in Crystyante  
Was nott sucche anoder as hee.  
Partonope ys nowe wythe hym mayne.  
Hem to-geder nowe draweth hee;  
And dothe off hym helme hem to abrethe.  
He loked be-hynde, and on a hethe  
The kynge of Fraunce ther sawe he comyng  
Wythe alle hym Oste, wyche was gode tythyngge  
To alle the power of Partonope.  
For nothynge lengger abyde wolde he.  
Onne goythe the helme, forthe Rennythe the stede  
Amonge alle the bodyyys thatt there laye dede,  
Tylle he was, wyth-owte lese,  

2898. MS. The cryed alas alas hethen) sayd alas.

---

Wele horsyd and arnmed was he.  
Of hym) toke heede this Partonope.  
In grete hast with hym) he mette,  
And suche a stroke on) hym) he sette  
That he myght in no wyse chese,  
Bnt his lyffe dyd the lase.  
[1 leaf 12]
1And therwith this goodo Partanope  
Loketh a-bonte for his myene,  
And to hem) draweth a softe paas.  
The hethen) cryed alas alas,  
Of his deth they had grete pytte.  
“What man) ys this Partanope?”/  
They sayde in alle Crystyante  
Was not suche a-nother as he.  
Partanope ys nowe with his myene,  
For they now to-gyder be.  
He dothe of his helme for to a-brethe.  
He loked be-hynde, and vnneneth  
The kynge of Fraunce he saw comyng  
With alle his Oste; that was gode  
Tylle he was, wyth-outen) lase,
Amyddes the Sarajynes ynd alle the presse.  
He leyyth abowte hym wyth his brande.  
Many an hethen there loste hys hande,  
The armes fro the body clene  
He made flee ynto the grene.  
Whan the Sarajynes thus dyd see,  
Alle at ens they gan [to] flee.  
Amonges these [hethen] was a man,  
A worthy kyght, that hyght Lugan.  
Wyth hym mette Partanope.  
Hys heede anone he made flee  
From the body ynto the fylde.  
Many a Sarajyn hit byhelde.  

Of this stroke they were aferde;  
They cursed hym sore and eke hys swerde.  
Partanope leyeth [onne] yune eueri syde.  
Now gynde the hethen faste on hym Ryde,  
And wyth fers hert hym to asayle.  
Now at Erste be-gynnythe the Katayle.  
The wyth alle comythie the kynge  
Off Fraunce, and wythe hym alle prekyng  
To M[i] of hys lege men),  
Thatt freschely the prees of* the ethen)  
Wythe sturdy speres and swerdes [br]eke.  
Onne grownde of the hethen falleth maney freke.  

2930. or an?  
2936. the prees of] M[i]. pressyth vponon).
The yonge kyng hym-selfe dothe fyght,
The hethen in hast are put to flyght,
There bydeth not one but fast gaun flee
To Chars, and Partanope
Charchet hem strey3thte to the castelle,
Where-ynne was many a saryyne felle,
Thatt to the gate faste* Ranne.
A-none owte gothe the grete gunne.
There-wyth they made an huge slyrche;
Partanope hurlythe hem in-to the deche.
The bowes of brake er bent in hast
They bent here arow-blastys and stones caste.
Partanope thatt day viidyr his sheelde
Wythe that he hadde of money moo
Broken the armes and leggys a-twoo.
The frenche men thatt were lefft in Pvntyffe,
Felle sodenly yn grete sryffe.
And alle was for here abydyng,
Thatt they schulde leue be-hynde here kyng.
They armed hym yn grete haste,
And after the kyng hyed faste.
Eche man shaped hym to gone;
And thus ys Pvntyffe lefft alone.
Whenne Surnegowr, the hethen kyng,

2942. MS. Iars. 2944. or mony? 2945. MS. farste.
Herde the noyse and the cryinge 2964
Off thus mayne, he armed hym faste,
An to the gate he gaunte haste.
Whenne he to the baryerys come,
Hys stede freschely ther he nome.
He wente to have an issue fre*,
Butte of hys purpose lette was he.
The kyngye off Fraunce was atte that Res,
And Partonope the erle of Bloys;
There was eke the kyngye ys oste. [leaf 37, back]
Partonope hadde atte hys coste
v Mth men armed welle
Wyth helmes Burneschyd wyth bry3h the style.
Thay schette the Barryers anone Ry3hthe,
Thatt the hethen had no my3hthe
Owte of the Castell forder to lisse.
The fffrench e there wyth the hethen [dyd] fyzhthe,
Tylle aponne hym felle durke ny3hthe,
Thatt [n]onne* off them my3hthe oder sec.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Herde this noyse and this cryinge 2964
Of his meyne, he armed hem fast, And to the yate he hyde in haste.
And whan he to the Barres come, His stede fresly thare he nome. 2968
He wende to have and Issue free, But of his purpose lette was he.
The kyng of Fraunce at that reys, 1
And Partonope, The Erel of Bloys, And therwitha the kyngis Ooste.
Partonope hadde there at his coste [11f. 16]
Fyve thousand men armed welle 2975
In armeoure bryght made of steele,
That shette the baryres a-nome ryght,
That the hethen had no myght 2978
Oute of the Castell further to goo.
There yede strokes many tho. [fyght
The fffrench with the hethen] there dyd
Tylle upon his restless derke nyght,
That none of hym myght other see.

Kewl. MS.
1 Ill . . . de his noyse and his cryinge
. f his meyne, he armde hym faste,
And to ye yate he hyde in haste.
Whene he to ye baryes come, [1 leaf]
His stede fresly yer he nome. 2968
He wende to have hede issue fre,
But of his purpose lette was he.
The kyng of Francois at sent reys,
And Partonope, ye erle of Bloysse, 2972
And yer with alle ye kyngys oste.
Partonope hade yer at his coste
Fyve thounsonde armde welle
In armure bryght made of steele, 2976
That shet ye baryres anone right
That ye hethen hade no myght
Out of ye castel forder to goo.
There yede strokes manye po. 2980
The fffrench with ye hethen dede fyght
Till upon his restless derke nyght,
That none of hem myght offer se. 2984

Between 2970 and 2971 MS. adds: The kyngye of Fraunce let was he.
The kynge comawndyd his men lette be
Off thus skermysche and thus stryve,
And take the way to Pvntyffe.
The hethen take the Surnegowre,
Here kynge, and streythte in-to the towre—
For ytte was nyghte—thay hym ladde.
They conseld hym, and they hym rede
To kepe thatt caste[t] yw saue garde,
Tylle he hadde alle his reerwarde.
To Pvntyffe ys now reden the kynge;
And Partonope, bothe luste and yonge,
In thus Iornyay the geten hym a name,
Thatt alle men be-gynne to proclame
Hys grete name and worthynys.
Ther-to there spake bothe more and lasse,
And seyden, sethen the worle be-ganne,
Was ther neuer bore a sucche a mane
Off manhode, of worthynys, of fredome and of lowlynys.
For so hym preysythe bothe more and lesse;
For he helde sucche oppyn husholde
Thatt wellcome was ho euers come wolde.
And grete gyftys gaue he, and thatt was ofte,

\textit{Uni. Coll. MS.}

The kyng comaundeth his men) let be
Alle this skyrmyssh and alle this stryfe,
And taketh the way to Pontoysye. 2986
The hethen / taketh Sornegoure,
Her kyng / and streyght to the Toure,
For hit was nyght / they hym ledde.
And alle they consayle and rede
To kepe that Castle in safe garde,
Tylle he had alle his reward. 2992

\textit{Rawl. MS.}

The kyng comaundyth his men let be
Alle his skyrmyshe and alle his stryfe,
And toke be wye to Pontoysye.
The hethen take Sornegoure,
Her kyng, and streight to be toure,
For it was nyght, be hym lede. 2989
And taketh hym and rede
To kepe be castell in safe garde,

\textit{To Pontoysye ys now rydde the kyng;}
And Partonope, bothe lusty and yonge,
In this Iurney hath a grete name,
That Thourgh alle Fraunce they gan proclame 2996
His grete manhode and his worthinesse,
Ther-off they speke bothe more and lesse;
For he helde suche oppyn housholde
That wellcome was that come wolde.
Grete gyftes gaf he had that was ofte,

\textit{Whoever comes to him is welcome.}
Off clothes, off golde, and velvett softe.
There-to so lowly [eke] was he
Notte onely to lordys butte to euery dege,
Thatt euery man of hym hadde loye;
They lekened hym to worthey Ector of Troye.
Thatt lady here lone cowde welle Chese
Thatte sucche onne chese, and cownde so plese [leaf 38]
Alle the worle, and loued here beste;
Thys he ys spoken off thorow alle Fraunce,
Thatt of hys wytte and of hys gouernaunce
Kame neuer no sucche yn-to thatt Cunte.
The pepele desyryd hym gretely to see,
And drewo to hym fro* euery sytle.
Knyȝhte ne squyer wolde now abyde,
Butte alle drew to Partonope.
Hem so godeyly thenne resenuyd he
That gladd of hym ys euery wyȝhte.
He was so pleasawnt yu here wyȝhte
Thatt ther was neyder knyȝhte ne squyer
That for hys loun or for hys favowre
Throw-owte alle Frawnce was gladd to be
A-queyntyd wythe Partonope.
And tho thatt comyth he dothe wyth-holde
He yenvyth hem plente of syluer and golde.

[3019. fro] MS. fers.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Univ. Coll. MS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Off clothes, of golde, and welvet softe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And there lowly eke was he</td>
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<tr>
<td>Not onely to lordys but to alle degree</td>
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<tr>
<td>That euery man of hym hadde loye;</td>
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<tr>
<td>They lekened hym to Ector of Troye.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus ys he spoken of thorow alle Fraunce,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That of hys wytte and of his gouernaunce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come neuer suche in that contree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The people desyreth hym gretely to see,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And drawe to hym fro euery sytle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knyght or squyer wylle not abyde,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And alle that come he dothe withholde.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rawcl. MS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Of clothys of golde, velvet softe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And per-to lovely eke was he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not only to lordys but to aþ degree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That euery man of hym hadde loye;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They lekened hym to Ectore of Troye,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus is he spokyn of in Fraunce,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That of his wyte and his gouernaunce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come neuer suche in but contree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The peple desyreth theym gretely to se,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And drawe to hym fro euery sytle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knyght, squyer will not abyde.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And aþ put come he dyde with-holde.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[leaf 8, back]
[leaf 16, back]
[leaf 38]
To please hom alle he dothe his myghte,
Hys worchyppe to saue, and eke the \* Ryghte 3032
Off Fraunce and of hys lege lorde.
Fro many partyes of the worlde
Moche pepel to hym ys comande,
Now a .c., now ij c., now a thosande. 3036
To Fraunce was he a stronge poste ;
[Day by day encreseith the Ooste.
Or than a moneth was alle past]
Chyualrye to hym can d[a]we faste,
Thatt there were numberyd in the fylde
An .c. M† wythe spere and schylde.
The re[re]ward of kynge Surnegour
Ys now y-come, where-ynne the flowre \* 3040
Ys herborewed of thus Chyualrye.
Where-fore anone he made do crye
Thatt they schulde alle y-armed bee
The nexte day, thatt he myghte y-see 3048

3031. MS. hom or ham.
3032. the] MS. hys.
3044. flowre] MS. towre.

Univ. Coll. MS.
To please hem alle he dothe his myght
Hys worchyppe to saue and the ryght
Of Fraunce and of his lyge lorde.
Fro many partyes of the worlde 3034
Moche people come to hym warde,
Bothe by thousandes and hundredz.
To Fraunce was he a stronge poste ;
Day by day encreseith the Ooste.
Or than a moneth was alle past
Chevalry to hym drow wel fast, 3040
That there were nombered in the feeld
An hundred thousand with Spere and
Sheeld.

The rerewarde of kyng Sorno-
goure
Ys now comyn, wherin the floure 3044
Is herborewed of his chyualrye.
Wherefore a-none he made do crye
That they shulde alle armed be
The nexte day, that he myght see 3048

3035. b (?) erased before poste.
3042. mit written above hunderde (by another hand?).
3044. who erased before where.

PARTONOPE.
What pepe he hadde in the fylde.
The heredes there numberyd wyth spere and schyld
11 hunderyd My* wyth-owten alblasterys,
Wythe-owte gyldenys and archerys,*
Were-of the numbere they cownde notte telle. [leaf 38, back]

Sornegouw the kynge, thatt was so felle,
Whenne alle these pepele he dyd see,
The kynge of Fraunce thenne manasyd* he,
And sayde prowedly he wolde no the fayle
To holde the fylde and geue hym batayle.

Partonope heryth alle thus;
And to hym comynyng sodenly ys

Moch pepele of Loreyne and of Freslonde,
Wythe-owte letter of hym or [any] sonde,
The poytowys, the auungyus,* the Gascon,
The frenche, the almayne, the Breton.

Moch pepele come of Pavy,
And alle-so owte of Lombardy.

3051. MS. II M^h^ hunderyd, ll. 3051-52 are in inverse order in MS.
3056. manasyd] MS. namyd.
3063. MS. paytowys? MS. amgunys.
Be-twene these kynges wyth-owten
dayle
Ys sette a day of Batayle,
Wyche ordynaunce, wyth-owten
Shulde be holde apou a twysdaye,
Wyche yn olde tyme, I wolde noyth lye,
The day of Batayle dothe synefye.
The kyng of Fraunce comaw[n]dytke by wrytte
Erche-byscoppes and Byschopys, and heyly
To abbotys and priorys and eke to frerys
To come a prosecon and make here prayerys
For hym and alle hys cheualrye.
To do hys comawndement faste they hye.
Atte Chars schalle the Batayle be,
Where the hardy schalle make the coward fle.
Ytte was onne a twysday,
Whenne the sonne ys bemus fulle gaye
Schowed, wyche browythe forthe meny a flowr,
Kynge Agysowr* and kynge Surnegowre,
Vnder the schado of appytt trees,
Here cownseH helde yn alle degrees
Off here lordes and of here knyghthode,*

Univ. Coll. MS.
Bytwene these kynges, saunt fayle,
Is sette the day of her batayle, 3068
With ordynance, withouten nay,
Shulde be holde on the Tuesday,
Whiche in olde tyme, not for to lye,
The day of batayle to signifie.
THe kyng of Fraunce comau.ndeth by wrytte,
And Bysshops and clergy hem hyly bytte
To go on) precessi on) for alle his Chevalyre.
To do his comau.ndement faste they hye.
At Chars shaft now this batayle be;
He than hath the wors must nedys fle.
These hethen kiyges Sornogou
With the worthy Syr Agysour,
Vndyr Shadow of appytt trees,
Her counsayle holde with alle degrees
Of her lordys and of her kynghthode,

Rawl. MS.
Be-twe-ne his kynges samfaith
Ys set the day of her bataiiff,
Wyth ordynaunce, with-out nay,
Shulde holde vpon the thursday,
Whiche In olde tyme, not for to lye,
The day of bataiff to synefye. 3072
The kyng of Fraunce comau ndeth by wryte,
And byッシュpuse and clergy truly bytte
To go on pressession for his chevalrye.
To do his comau ndement faste they hye.
At Chars shat now this bataiff be;
He hath the worse moste nedys fle.
This heigh kyngge Sornogoure
With the worthy Sir Agysoure,
Vnder the shaft line of appytt trees,
Here counseil helde with att degrees
Of her lordes and of her kynghthode,
And .c. knyghtys [that] of alle manhode 3088
Where hyly cownted they hadde there,
Thatt kowde welle dele wythe schelde and spere.
They were as stytle as eyn stone,
One worde ne speke of hem nott one. 3092
Kynge Sornegowre hem faste be-helde:
"Lordyngys," he sayde, "to-morowe the felde
We mutte holde and 3ene Batayle
To the frenche, thys ys no fayle.
Ye buthe alle bothe ware and wyse.
Lete evry man seye now hys devyse
To sette owre Batayle in ordynaunce,
And se hoo schalle haue the gowernaunce
Off owre slyngges and of owre archerye."
Firste speke Loemers* in wordes hye.
Off Norway he was lord and kynge;
The Northways er atte hys ledynge. 3100
"Ser," he sayde, "hyt may nott fayle
To-morowe we schalle haue Batayle,
3102. MS. Leoners.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And hundred knyghtes, that of manhode
Were highly acounted, they had there,
That cowde dele weff with Shelde and Spere. 3090
Kynge Sornogoure hem faste by-helde:
"Lordinges," he sayde, "to-morow the feelde
We must holde and gyffle batayle
To the frenche, this may not fayle.
Ye be alle bothe ware and wyse. 3097
Lat Eche man seyn his advyse
To sette owre batayle in ordynaunce,
And se who shalt haue the gowernaunce
Of owre wynges and of owre Archerye."
First speke kyng Loemers wordes hye.

Of Norway he was lord and kyng;
The norweys are at his ledynge. 3104
"Sir," he sayde, "hit may not fayle
To-morow we shal haue batayle

Rawl. MS.

An honderde knyghtes bof of manhode
Were highly acountyde bof hadde bof,
That couthe weff bof with shelde and spere. 3090
Kynge Sornogoure hem faste be-helde:
"Lordynge," he sayde, "to-morwe bof felde
We moste holde and gyffle bataiff
To the frenche, bis may not fayife. 3096
Ye be aiff bothe ware and wyse.
Let icche man se his avyse
To set owre bataiff In ordenauence,
And se who shalt haue bof gowenaunce
Of owre wynges and owre archerye. 3101
Firste speke kyng Loemers wordes hye.

\[1\] Firste speke kyng Loemers wordes hye.

3088. Above honderde is added m\(^3\) in another hand.
3090, in added above bof.
3104. bydyd crossed out before bydynge.
And wythe God-ys grace the victorye
Of here cheualrye, butte the frenche trewly
Encresith faste, and alle-so y seye
Moche pepuH to hym glynnythe to obeye.
The frenche ern yvn here ownl Cuntre,
And wythe hym ys one Partonope,
That to seke the worl[d]e fur and nere
A worthyer may ther nowe be preuyed yvn werre,
And of the frenche, y dar vndertake,
Beste; and alle-so he dothe make
Alle thus pepele agaynys vus to come.
They be noe more stryngger themne they were wonne.
They haue more folke then have* we,
And knowyth the Cuntre beter in eche dege.

The kyngye hathe made vsse grete proyers
\[c. to fylle of owre Cowferys
Wythe golde and syluer and grete Ryche,
Off mules of Spayne a M\textsuperscript{i} no lesse,
A M\textsuperscript{i} horse and XX\textsuperscript{i} lyones,
A M\textsuperscript{i} gosse-hau-kys and a thousands fawconys.

Univ. Coll. MS.
And with Goddys grace ye victorye
Of the frenche, but ther Cheualrye 3108
Encresith faste, and also I say \[17, bk.
Moche people to hem\) gynneth to obeye.
\[The fynche arne in her owne Contrey,
And with hem ys one Partanope, 3112
That to seke the worlde nye and ferre,
A worthyer ys not preved in werre.
Of alle the frenche, dare I vndertake,
He ys best / and also he dothe make
Alle these people a-yenste vs to come.
They be more strenger the\] they were wonne.
They haue now more folk then we,
And know the Contrey better in eche dege.

Afore this the kyng hath made grete profe
Two hundred to fylle of oure cofrey
With golde and Seluer and grete rychesse,
Of mules of Spayne to thousand no lesse,
A thousand hors and twenty lyones,
And a thousand Goshaukes and fancones.

Ravcl. MS.
And with Goddes grace the victorye
Of ye frenche, but her Cheualrye 3108
Encreseth faste, and also I sey
Moche pepit to him gynneth to obey.
The frenche are In Per owne Contrey,
And with hem is on Partonope, 3112
That to seke ye worlde nigh and ferre,
A worthyer is not prevyde no-where.
Of all ye frenche, I vndrstonde,
He is ye beste, I dare vnderfonge,
AH his pepit a-yenste vs come.
They ben more strenger then they were wonne.

Afore his ye kyngge hath made grete profe
Two hundredde to fett of oure coffere
With golde and syluer and grete Rychesse,
Of mervis of Spayne a housonde no lesse,
A housonde hors and XX\textsuperscript{i} lyouns,
And a housonde goshawkes and fancones.
And o disorders of our counsel, Shulde be rewarded ryght wele, 3128 With coppys of synder and coppys of golde, Upon thus conduscon wyth that we wolde In-to owre cunte faste retorne, And ynyne France no lengre soiorne, 3132 And yette thus profere yeffe ye haue mowe, [leaf 30, back] I counself wyth for his crowne nowne Ye styrue no more; lette hym ytte haue. Thys ys my rede, so God me saue." 3136 Whan he hadde sayde, alle styyle they satte A Ryȝhte grete whylle or any ys wytte Owte wolde schewe or ytte declare. That sawe kyng Faburnys, and wolde none to spare 3140 To telle ys wytte and wys aduyse. He was Ryȝhte semely, and thero wyse, And kyng he was of Glyglaund; Money a lornye toke he on hande. 3144 "Syr," he sayde, "my brother Loemers*
In armes ys bothe myȝthly and fers.


Univ. Coll. MS.
And other that be of our Counsayle Shulde also be rewardyde wele 3128 With coppys of sylder and eke of golde, Vpon this condicion that we wolde In to owre cunte faste retorne, 3131 And in France no lengre soiourne. And yet this ye haue mowe, I counsel this for his crowne nowe Ye styrue nomore lat hym hit haue. This ys my rede, so God me saue." Whan he had sayde, alle styyle they sette 3137 A ryght grete while, or any his wette Oute wolde shewe or more declare. Than kyng Faburnys wolde not spare 3140 To telle his wytte and his a-vyce. He was ryght semely, and also wyse, And kyng he was of Glyglaund; Many a lornye toke he on hone. 3144 "Syr," he sayde, "my brother Loemers*
In armes ys bothe myȝthly and fers,

Regel. MS.
And oþer þat be of oure counsaile Shulde also be rewardyde wele 3128 With coppys of sylder and golde fyne, Vpon his condicion þat we willyne In-to owre cunte faste retorne, And in France no lengre soiourne. And yet his ye haue mowe. I counsel you for youre crowne nowe Ye styrue no more, let hym hit haue. This is my rede, so God me saue." Whan he had sayde, stéþ he satte 3137 A ryght grete while, ore ony mate Out wolde shewe ore more declare. Than kyng Baburrus wolde not spare 3140 To teþ þis wyte and þis a-vyce. He was Right symly and also wyse, And kyng he was of Glyglaund; Many a lornye he toke on hone. 3144 "Syr," he sayde, "my broþer Loemers*
In armes is bothe myȝthly and fers,
And welle hath the seyd towchyng your wytte worre.

Butte welle ye wytte we arne come fro ferre 3148
The crowne of thus land for to haue.
My rede ys there-fore, so God me saue,
Owre oste to-morowe redy bee
In the fylde, there you may see 3152

[After 3152 lacuna of 60 lines in Brit. Mus. MS.]

Univ. Coll. MS.

And weff hath sayde towchyng your wytte worre, 3147
But wef ye wote are comen fro ferre
The Corouii of this lond for to have.
My rede therefore, so God me saue, (if. 151)
Youre Ooste to-morow now redy be
In the fylde, and there may ye see 3152

Rawl. MS.

And weff hath the seyd towchyng your wytte worre, 3147
But weff ye wot we come fro ferre
The crowne of his londe fore to haue.
More per-for, so God me saue,
Youre oste to-morowe redy be
In pe felde, and per may ye see 3152

Univ. Coll. MS.

That [they] be sette in ordenaunce,
What euer falle after of happe or chaunce.
For we are ferre oute of oure Contree
Amonge oure enemys, this know ye.
Better were vs manly to dye
Than in tretyse trust her courtesye."
His wyte hath sayde kyng Faburnys.
There answerith kyng Marukenes.
Kyng he ys and lorde of Orkeney.
"I wole not spare," quod he, "to say
My fuH resow and myne a-vyce.
Kyng Loemers ys bothe manly and wyse;
His counsaile may vs moche a-vaiH.
Ye know wele that we haue grete trauayle,
And ferre are oute of oure Contre.
The french in a CasteH restid be,
And better are lerned of the werre

Rawl. MS.

Marukin, king of the Orkneys, agrees with Loemer.

"I will not spare," quod he, "to say
My full reson and myn avyse.
Kyng Loemeres is manly and wyse;
His counsell may vs moche avaiH, 3155
Ye knowe we haue moche travaill,
And ferre oute of oure contre.
The frenche In casteH restede be, 3163
And better are lernede of pe warre
Thanne we that come so ferre;
And every day they wax more stragge.
They have the ryght and we the wronge.
To eschew fighting / or swiche dystresse
I consayle we take of her Rychesse,
And leve hem her contre / and nomore werre,
Sith we not mowe hem conquerre.”

Now hath this kyng sayde his a-vyce.
Hym answerid a kyng holden wyse —
Hime "Kynge Marukyns hathi wele sayde,
Sane of oo thynge I holde not me a-payde.
For thoght myne heers be woxen white,
I wolde truly yet me acquyte
In this materie; for ye saide oo thynge
That wysely hath Loemers thy kyng.
Of that wysedom canne I no skylle.

And leve hen her contre
And so to yonge men the olde are lothe.
I wote nevyr how this Comsayle gothe.
But whan the kyng was at home in his contre,
In peas and wele at ease was he.
Ye cowde not suffer hym to a-byde there,
He must gone oute algate and conquer.
And now ye counsayle hym to goone,
And saye he shall have with hym grete woone
Of horse, of golde, and of Rychesse,
Of lyons, fawkons, Goshawkes, and Mules.
The kyng of Fraunce myght none other do thenne,
For be-caurse he had no power of men.
Now his alleaunce and alle his kyne
With grete power to hym come bene.
They be now strenger of knyght[hode] thene we,
For alle his Ioye and comorte ys Partanope,
And now he wole not make suche profers.
I trowe he wole not one of his coferes
Opyn to gyffe vs of his Rychesse or goode.
Me thinketh he were than worse thene woode.

Rawl. MS.
In pese and well at eyse was he. 3196
Ye couthe not suffer hym abyde pere,
He moste gon out algate to conquer.
And nowe ye counsel hym to gyne,
And say he shall have grete woone
Of horse, of golde, and of Rychesse.
The kyng of France myght none oyer do þen,
For he hade no poure of men.
Nowe his alyance and all his kyne
With grete poure to hym come bene.
They he strenger of knyght[hode] þen we,
For all his Ioye and comfort is Partanope.
Nowe he wyl not make soche profers.
I trowe he wyl not on of his coferes
Opyn to gyffe vs of his goode.
Me thynke he were þen worse þen woode.

3200. MS. perhaps say.

British Museum MS.
Off my Reson y wolde make a fyne.
A gode Reson sayde kyng Fabryne;
He sayde* we werre yn the wronge;
There-fore be reson the lesse stronge

3215. MS. sayde.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Of my reson I wolde make fyne. 3213
But wysdam ys goode sayde kyng Sabryne.
He sayde we were in the wronge;
Therfore be reson lesse stronge 3216

Rawl. MS.
Of my reson I wyl make fyne. 3213
But good wysdome sayde kyng Fabryne.
He seyde we were in þe wronge;
There-for be reson þe lesse stronge
Schulde we be, sythe thay haue Ry3the.
For trewly me* werre leuer fy3thte
In Ry3thte and for to haue lesse
Themne in ronge to haue enceresse." 3220
Kynge Fursyn had the seyde and holde hys pese.
An Erle then spake woo-ys name ys Marres.
He was Cheffe Iustycye yw thatt Contree,
Moche lawe yn hys heede hadde he. 3224
In hys CowuesH a-boue alle thynge
 Trusted moste Sornegour the kynge.
"Syr," he seyde, "herethe nowe my worde.
A nores* tolde yow thatt wyþ-owten lorde
And gode gouernauns alle France stode.
There was none left of the Ryalle blode
Butte a chylde thatt was tendere of age.
He cownselyd* yow men for to wage
To sette alle France yn grette werre, [leaf 40]
Ye mowte no3htte fayle hym to co[n]quere.
Butte he made yow a grete lesyng.

3232. MS. cownselyd.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Schulde we be, sith they haue ryght.
For trewly me had lever to fyght
In ryght and for to haue the lesse
Than in wronge and to haue eneres." 3221
Kynge Sursyn had sayde and helde hys
pees. An Erle than spake ther whose nam
y s Marres.
He was cheyf Iustys of his Contree.
Moche lawe in his hede had he. 3224
To his cowneyle a-boue alle thing
Trusted moost Sornogoure the kynge.
"Syr," he saide, "here nowe my worde,
A nores tolde yow That withouten
lorde [leaf 19] 3228
And goode gouernaunce/ France stode.
The:ere was none left of the reyall
blode
But a chylde was tendred of age.
He cownsayled yow men for to wage
To sette alle France in grete werre
the, 3233
But hit had be better to be vndoo.
For yow he made a grete lesyng.

Rawl. MS.

Shuif we be, for they hauke ryght. 3217
For truly me hade leuer to fight
In Right and for to haue he lesse
Then In wronge to have encressé." 3220
Kynge Sursyn had seyde and helde his
pese
An erle pen spekyth, hight Marres.
He was chyfe lustyce of his contre.
Moche lawe In his hede hade he. 3224
To his cowneche a-boue alle thing
I Trusted mooste Sornogour the kyng.
"Sir," he seyde, "here nowe my worde.
[1 leaf 11] 3227
Armes tolde you pat with-out lorde
And good gouernaunces France stode.
There was none lefte of þe Royall blode
But a child tendred of age.
He counsellede yow men to wage 3232
To set Franse In grete warre þoo,
But it hade ben beter it hade ben vndo.
For you he made grete lesyng. 3235
Ye knowe well y-nowe the frenche kyng
Fulle manly gouernyd hym in werre,
And alle-so ther ys onne nowe come fro ferre
Thatt owte of Fraunce waste summe-tyme loste,
Wyche ys to hym Ry3thte a grete* poste.
Hys name ys clepyd Partonope.
So manly yn armes gouernyd ys he
Thatt alle the worlde* begynnythe to hym drawe,
By yowr' power he settyth no^th an hawe.
Neuer the later y cownsel that ye
In the fylde ener* redy be,
Welle arayed to [y]eue hym Batayle,
Paraventure hytt may yow gretyly avayle.
For yff he se yow redy to fy3thte,
He wolde paraventure anow) Ry3thte
Proffere yow gretyly of hys tresowre.
Thus mowe ye wythe worchepp and honore
Escheue the harme of thys Batayle.
Thow hys profres may lyteH avayle,
And yff hym luste nothynge to proffere,

Ye knewe weff nowe pe frenche kyng
Fuff manly gouernese hym In warre,
Also pe is on come fro ferre
That out of Fraunce was loste somtyme,
Whiche is to hym a grete frende.
His name is clepyde Partonope.
So manly in Amers gouerned ys he
That alle the worlde to hym gynne
drawe,
By youre power he set not an hawe.
Neuer the later I Counsell that ye
In the feilde ener redy to be,
Welle arayed to gyff hym batayle.
Paraventure hit may yow avayle.
For yf they see yow redy to fyght,
He wolde paraventure a-none ryght
Profer yow gretyly of his tresoure.
Thus mowe ye with worship and grete
honoure
Eschew the harme of this batayle.
Thogh his profres may lytyll a-ayle,
And gyff hym lust no-thyng to proffere,
Ytte schalle yt make hym to opene his cofere. 3256
Betyr hytt ys to wyrke by charme
Thenne to leve, and haue more harme.
Thys ys playnely Marres ys conselle.
This proposal was agreed on.

Ther-to acordythe the hethen Ry3hte welle,
Saue kyng Fabowrys and kyngge Fursyn
Thos3hys Cowmsel was false engyne.
When Sornegour the kyngge herde [t]hys conselle
Off Marres hys Instyce, ytt was not Ry3hte welle
Plesyng to hym, ne to hys entente.
Yette for the tyme he dydde consente
To Marres cowmsel; for hys corage
To lorde, to kny3htte, yeman ne page,
He nolde * dyscownere, wythe-owten lese.
He sayd certayne he wolde hane pes
Wythe alle Fraunce to make* a fyn
[leaf 40, back] Off hys wrege; and thenne the wyne
He axethe, and drynkethe wyth hem anone.
He comawndethe alle hys lordez echone
On the more thatt theye nott fayle

3256. y] MS. ze.
3263. When] MS. kyng.
3269. nolde] MS. wolde.

Yett shal] I make hym open his cofere.
Better ys to wirke the charme 3257
Than to leve and haue more harme.
Thus playnly Marres dothe Counself.

Her-to the hethen adcorde ryghte wele,
Saue kyng Faburs and kyngge Fursyn
Thought his Counself was fals engyne.
Whan] Sornegoure herde this consayle
Of Marres his Instyce, hit was not wele
Plesyng to hym, ne to his entent.
Yett for the tyme he did Consent
To Marres Consawe; for his corage
To lorde, knyght, yeman, ne page, 3268
He wolde discouer, withouten lees.
He sayde certeyn he wolde hane pes
With alle Fraunce, and make a fyne
Of his wrege; and then] the wyne 3272
He asked, and drinketh with hem anone.
He comandeth his lordez echone
On the morow that they not fayle

Uni. Coll. MS.

Yet shal] ye make oppyn his coiffe.
Better is to worke the charme 3257
Then to leue and haue more harme.
Thus playnly Marras counsell eth everye deff.
Hereto the hethyn acordeth Right weff,
Safe kyngge Faburs and kyngge Fursyne
Thorswe his counsell and his engyne.
When Sornegoure herde his counsell
Of Marras the Instyce it was not weff,
Plesyng to hym, ne to his entente.
Yet for the tyme he dyde consentes 3266
To Marras counsell; for his corage
To lorde, knyght, ye-man, ne page, 3268
He nolde dyscownere, with-out lesse.
He saydde sorten he wolde hane pesse
With alle France and make a fyne
Of his warre, and ben] the wyne 3272
He askyth, and dynketh with hem anone.
[leaf 11, back] He comandeth his lordes echon
On] the morow] but bey ne faff
Hem to araye "to yeffe Batayle 3276
To the frenche hem ry3thte to the playne
Affore Chars, watte euer we sayne.
And [that] owre BatayH yu gode araye
Be sette in ordynaunce y yow praye.
Thenne be we redy for to fy3thte
Yff nedde be."
And themne gode ny3thte
He bade hys cowynseH euer-chone ;
For he wolde to hys reste gone.
He yede to bedde to haue hys reste ;
Butte yette to slepe lyteH hym leste.
For whenne he was a-bedde alone,
"Alas," sayde he, "what may y done ?
I am shamed, thus ys no lees*,
And alle throw consel off Marres *
And hys false cowardye.
He hadde made alle my mayny
Wyth-drawe here hertes and loothe to fy3thte."
Thus lyethe the kyng alle the ny3thte,
Wepyngne and waylyngne and makaung yoo.
"My worchyp for euere ys alle agoo,
Seyde he, "and nowe I wote Ry3thte welle
3289. lees] MS. dowte. 3290. MS. hered adds owte.

Hem to aray "to gyf Batayle 3276
Vnto the frenche, right on] then playne
Afore Charsse, what euere we sayne.
And that oure batayle in goode aray
Be sette in ordynaunce y yow praye. 3280
Than be redy we [ with hem] to fyght
Yf nede be /" and then] goode nyght
He had his counsayle euer-chone ;
For he wolde to his rest goone. 3284
He yode to bedde to haue his rest ;
But yett to slepe lytiff hym lyst.
For when] he was to bedde allone,
"Alas," sayde he, "what may I done ?
I am shamed, this ys no lees, 3289
And alle thorow couynseH of Marres
And of his fals Cowardy.
He hath made alle my meyny 3292
Withdraw her hert and loothe to fyght."
Thus leith the kyng alle that nyght,
Waylyng and makaung moche yoo.
"My worship for euere ys nowe goo," 3296
He sayde, "and nowe I wote ryght wele

Hem to array "to gyf bataiH 3276
Vnto ye frenche, on ye playne
Afore Charsse, what euere we sayne.
And sette our batales in goode aray
Be set in ordynance [I] you praye. 3280
Then be we redy with hem to fyght
Yef nede be." And pen good nyght
He bade his couynseH euer-chone ;
For he wolde to his rest gon. 3284
He yode to bedde to haue his rest ;
But yet to slepe liuyiff hym lyste.
For when] he was on bedde alone,
"Alas," he sayde, "what may I done ?
I am shamed, this is no lese, 3289
And atte porwe couynseH of Marras
And of his fals Cowardy.
He hathe made att my meyny 3292
With-drawe per hertes and loothe to fyght."
Thus lyth ye kyng att pis nyght,
Waltryng and makaung moche mone.
"My worchipe for evyer is gon," 3296
He sayde, "and nowe I wote ryght wef

But having retired for the night
he gives vent to his indignation.

Univ. Coll. MS.  3292. MS. here adds owte.
Rowl. MS.
I haue harme hadde thorow his Counset.
Ther-after to werke y haue be gladde.
Off a Ryght poyre man y hym made
My Ieffe Justyce an eke an Erle,
There he was born a chorle.
Butte sethen [of] a chorle I turned the name
In-to an Erle, no wonder thow * schame
In the 3ende be my rewarde,
Sethen he ys false and eke a cowarde
Preynyd alle-so, and a traytor felle.
Fro thys day forthe off consen
Schalle he be neuer, [ne] of thatt ys-state.
No wondere ys thow my men me hate. [leaf 41]
For watte so euer he wolde haue do*,
Thow ytte were ronge, ytte schulde be so.
I sufferyd hym [my] men to prisone,
And off a trew man to make a felone.
[And that he dyd me thought was lawe.] Therefore we seythe an olde * sawe :
He to home a man dothe truste,

3302–3. MS. chorle or charle.
3304. MS. throw. 3311. MS. done.
3316. seythe an olde ] MS. semythe and holde.

Univ. Coll. MS.
I haue had harme thorow his Cousen.
Therafter to werke I haue be gladde.
Of a ryght poyre man I hym made 3300
My chiefe Justyce and eke an Erle,
And he of birth but a chorle.
But sight of a chorle I turned the name
In-to an Erle, no wonder thogh shame
In the ende be my rewarde,[leaf 20] 3305
Syth he ys suche a flas Cowarde
Provid, and also a Traytoure feth.
Fro this day forth of consen 3308
Shaft he neuer be, ne of that estate.
No wonder ys thogh my men me hate.
For what that euer he wolde haue do,
Though hit were ronge, hit schulde be so.

3312
I sufferyd hym my men to prisone,
And of a trew man to make a felone.
And that he dyd me thought was lawe.
Therefore men saith an olde sawe : 3316
He to whom a man do tre and

Rawl. MS.
I haue hade harme poyre his Cousen.
Thereafter to werke I haue ben glade.
Of a Ryght poyre man I hym made
My chiefe Justyce and eke an Erle. 3301
But sethe of a chirle I turnede pe name,
In-to an erle, no wonder pough shame
In pe ende be my rewarde, 3305
1 Sethe he is soyche a false cowarde
Provyde, and also a truytoure feth.
Fro his day furthe of my conseñ 3308
Shafl he neuer be, ne of pat estate.
No man have wonder pough my men
me hate. [1 leaf 12]
For what pat heuer he wolde me have do,

3311
Though it were do, it schulde be so.
I sufferyd hem myne men to presone,
And of a trewe man to make a felonde.
That he dyde me thought it lawe. 3315
Therefor men seyth an olde sawe :
He to whom a man doth the truste,
Euer may dysewe hymo beste. 
Hys bonde kyndrede y made fre, 
And sette hem alle in hye degre, 3320
And yff hym casteH[es] and cetye[s], 
And toke hem neste me of alle my priu3. 
Off no gentylye toke he * no hede
To, bute alle to make ys owne kynrede 
And hem in-hawnse to grette estate. 
Thys hathe made my gentyl so mate, 
And so wery offe here lyffe, 3324
Thatt they be euer yu care and stryffe.
And fryste they loued me as ther kynge; 
Nowe they hate me aboue alle thyncke. 
Y may se ytte wele by here chere, 3328
Alle-thow they kepe ytte yyne preuey manere.
For be thay payyd welle off ther wage, 
For to fy3thte haue they * no corage.
Thay lone more ese and for to haue pes
Thanne myne honour; and thatt hathe Marres 
Made wythe hys hyenys of pryde.
Gode 3eue me grace O day to abyde 

3318. On margin of MS. notatur bene. 

Univ. Coll. MS. 
Euermore may dysewe hym best. 
The bonde kyndred I made free, 
And sette hem alle in her degree, 3320
Gafe hem Castellis and eke cytees, 
And made hem chyec of my privettes.
With no gentyyman toke he noneheede,
But alle to make his owne kynrede, 
And hem enhanunce to grette estate.3225
This hath made my gentyles so mate,
And so wery they be of her lyfe  3327
That they bene ever in care and strylic.
And first they loyde me as her kyng; 
Nowe they hate me a3ove alle thing.
I may see wele by her chere, 3331
Thogh they kepe hit in prive manere. 
For be they payde weff of thayre wage, 
For to fyght haue they no corage.3334
They love more to sette and to hane pess
Than myne honour/ that hath Marres 
Made with hyghnes and with pryde, 3337
God gyfe me grace to-day to a-bbye

Rowl. MS. 
Euer-more may defende hym beste. 
The bonde kenrede he made fre, 
And set hem aHH In hye degre, 3320
Gafe hym casteHes and Cettes, 
And made chef of my prevetes.
With no gentill men toke he no hede,
But aHH to make my Ientilles so mate,
And so wery pey be of her lyfe  3327
That pey be euer In care and stryfe.
Firste pey lonyde me as her kyng; 
Nowe pey hate me aboue aHH thynge. 
I may se weff be her chere, 3331
Though pey kepe it In preue manere.
For be pey payde weff of her wage, 
For to fight haue pey no corage. 3334
They lone more to syte In pese
Than myne honour, bat hath Marras 
Made with his highnes and with his pryde.
God yef me grace oo day to abyde
To save my worschepp yyne thus viage!
And y schalle queyte hym so hys wage,
That alle my knyghtthe-hode there-wyth schalle plese,
And alle here hertes sette yyne ese.”

Nowe lyethe he stytle, and sayythe no more
A ryȝthte grete whyle, butte wonder sore
He sekethe and wepethe tenderlye:

"Alas,” he sayde, “how maye I
Beste yn thys case my honor saue?
Wythe me ther ys neyder knyȝthte no knaue
Thatt yyne my quarelle * lest to fyȝthte. [leaf 11, back]
They seyne playnely y haue no Ryȝthte.
These wordes to me bethe heuy and harde.
For an y fyȝthte notte, a very cowarde
The fynche for ener wolde me holde.
I hadde leuer a thousand folde
For to dye thenne for to be schamen.
For thow y seye [hyt] y haue be named
The wortyyste nowe onne lyffe.”

And [he] ther-wythe anone as blyve

ll. 3340–41. originally inverted in MS., but the correct order is indicated by a, b, in the margin.
3345. d crossed out before tenderlye. 3349. MS. distinctly quorelle.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To save my worschepe and his viage!
I shal queyte hym alle his wage, 3340
That alle my knyghthode therwithall
shalt please,
And alle her hertis sette in case.” *
Nowe lyethe he stytle, and sayth nomore,
Butt in hym-self moorned sore. 3344
He syghed and sorrowd full tenderly:
"Alas,” he sayde, “how may I
Best in this caas myn) honoure save!
With me ys ther knyght ne knave 3348

That in my quarell lust to flyght.
They say playnly I haue no ryght.
These wordes to me be hevy and harde.
For and I flyght not / a very cowarde
The fynche for ener wolde me holde.
I had lewer a thousand folde 3354
For to dye then to be ashamed.
For though I say hit, I haue be named
The wortyest that ys now a lyve.” 3357
And he a-none therwith as by-lyve

ll. 3343–44 are inverted in MS.

Rawl. MS.

To save my worschepe and his viage!
I shal queyte hym aff his wage, 3340
That aff my knyghthode per-with shal
plese,
And aff per hertis sette in eyse.”
Nowe lyth he stiif and seyth no more,
In his herte he is wonder sore. 3344
He sighede and sorwyde full tenderly:
"Alas,” he sayde, "how may I
Beste in his case my honour saue?
With me is per noper knyght ne knave [leaf 12, back] 3348

That in my quarell lust to flyght.
They say playnly I have no right.
This wordes to me falt harde. 3351
For and I fight not, a veryer cowarde
This fynche for ener with me holde.
I had leuer a pouonde folde 3354
For to dye pen be shamyde.
For though I say it, I have be namyde
The wortyeste pat nowe is on lyve.”

And he anone per-with as blyve
British Museum MS.

Sende after a clerke off hys cowneleyn, 3360
Wyche thatt he trusteth and loued welle. 3360
"My frynde," he sayde, "haste thow noȝhte herde
How Marres wythe myne Oste hathe ferde,
And how falsly he hathe me be-trayed,
And alle my power gretely dysmayed?"— 3364
"Syr," sayde thys clerke, "yowe noȝhte dysplese
Off thatt y schalle saye, hytte ys now lese.
Alle the worlde, so God me saue,
Grette mervayle hathe thatt thyss knaue,
Thatt was the sone of a chorle,
Ye haue en-haunsed and made an Erle.
For thus ys sothe, wyth-owten yayne,
He loued yow neuer an howre of a daye 3372
Butte for hys vantage and hys prowre.
Thatt haue ye preued welle y-nowe.
For thus ys euer * chorles kynde:
He thatt he dreytyhe, schalle hym fynde 3376
Curteyse, esy, and debonoure,
Tylle thatt he may haue tyme and leysowr
Hys master to do summe fowle dyspyte:

3369. or charle? 3375. MS. neuer; charles?

Univ. Coll. MS.

Sent after a clerke of his counselH,
That he lovید and trusted weft. 3360
"My frende," he sayde, "haste thou not herde
How Marres with mynd Ooste hath ferde,
And how falsly he hathe me be-trayed,
And alle my power myghtily dysmayed?"— 3364
"Syr," sayde this clerke, "yow not dysplese
Of thatt I shayf say, hit ys no lees.
Alle the worlde, so God me saue, 3367
Grete mervayle hath/that thus a knave,
That was the SonJ of a lewde Cherle,
Ye haue enhanneed and made an Erle.
For this ys sothe, withouten rayv,
He lovید yow neuer the houre of day.
Thogh he be curteys, easy, and debonayre,
He waytteh to haue tyme and layser
His Mayster to do som foule dyspyte;

PARTONOPE.

Rawcl. MS.

Sent after a clerke of his counsell,
That he louyd and trustede weft. 3360
"My frende," he sayde, "haste thou not herde
Howe Marris with myne oeste ferde,
And howe falsly he hathe me be-trayede,
And aft my powre myghtily dysmayde?"— 3364
"Sir," sayde pis clerke, "you not dysplese
Of pat I shaft sey, it is no lese.
Aff pe worlde, so God me saue,
Grete merveyf hathe pat pis a knawe,
That was pe sone of an chirle, 3369
Ye haue enhanneed and made an erle.
For pis is sothe, with-out rayv,
He lovyeo yow neuer pe oure of on day.
Though he to you be deboneure, 3372
He wayth to haue tyme and leysere
His maister to do som dyspyte;
Hys kynedes ther-wythe he wolde aqynte.
Thus hathe Marres quytte hym to yow,
And y schalle telle yow trewly howe:
He dothe yowr knyght-hode to vnderstonde
Hytte ys yowr wylle they voyde thus londe,
For wythe the frenche ye wolle nott Datayle,
And thatt manhode yu yow dothe fayle.
Lo, syr, wyche lone ye ynee hym fynede.  [leaf 42]
Sueche frendes were gode to lene be-hynde.
Whenne he hym purposethe to do fals thyngge,
Thys ys worde: thus wolde the kyng.
Alle the defawte he putte the yn yow;
Thatt hathe he playnely preuene nowe.
Thus hathte he fa[l]sely yow be-trayde.
Wythe his wordes [he] hathe demayed
Alle yowr knyghthes and alle yowr oste.
By his doying ys alle yowr coste
Loste, as towchyng thys viage.
For euery knawe and euery page

Univ. Coll. MS.

His kynedes so he wolde hym quyte.
Thus hath Marres quytte hym to yow,
And I shal truly telle yow how:
He dothe youre knyghthode to vnderstonde
Hyt ys youre wylle they voyde this londe,
For with the frenche they wolde banye,
And that yu yow manhode dothe fayle.
Lo, syr, what love in hym ye fynede,
Sueche frendys were gode to lene behynde.
Whan he purposeth to doo fals thyng,
This ys his worde: thus wolde the kyng.
Alle the fawte he putte in yow;
That hathe he playnely proved nowe.
Thus he yow hath falsly be-trayed
With his wordes, and he hath dysmayed
Alle youre knyghthode and youre oste.
And by his doynge is alle youre coste
Lost, as towchynge this viage.
For euery knawe and euery page

Ravcl. MS.

His kynedes so wif he quyte.
Thus hath Marres quytte hym to you,
And I shal truly telle you howe:
He dothe youre knyghthode vnderstonde
Hit is youre wif pey voyde pe londe,
With pe frenche pey wif not bataiH,
And hit In you manhode dothe faiH.
Loo, sir, what love In hym I fynede.
Soveche frendes were gode to lene behynde.
When he purposeth to do false thyngge,
This is pe wordes: tes wif pe kyng.
AH pe fante he putte In you;
That hathe he playnely provyde nowe.
Thus he hathe you be-trayed.
With his wordes he hathe dyssmayde
AH youre knyghthode and youre oste.
And be his doynge is att youre coste
Loste, as towchynge pis viage.
For euery knawe and euery page

1, 3381 after 1, 3389 in MS.
Spare nott to speke, and saye that ye
Dar nott do butte Ryȝtthe as he
Wolle yow consele; and furder-more
They [sey] that ye haue seyde be-fore
Thys londe ye wolde frely conquere,
And nowe thus cowardly ende yowr warre,
To hem grete harme, to yow grete schame.
Off alle thus dede ye bere the blame.”
And wythe thatt worde the clerk can wepe
So tenderly, he cowde notte lette
Off a grete whyle, tylle thatt the kyng
Badde hym be pes, [for of] a thyngge
He hym be-thoȝht, and thatt Ryȝtthe thoou.
“My frynde,” he sayde, “thou schalte goo
Onw my condre to the kyng
Off Fraunce, and seye hym my plesynge,
Where yffe thatt he * wolde
Thatt is knyȝthtes fyȝtthe scholde
For thus Ryȝtthe and do thus batayle.
For welle y wote hytte myȝththe nott fayle,
And eche of us bryngge to the fyldh hys oste,*

Univ. Coll. MS.
Spareth not to speke, and sayeth that ye
Dare not do but right as he 3400
Wole you counsel; and furthermore
They say that ye haue here be-fore
Seyde this londe ye wolde conquer,
And now cowardly wolde ende youre warre,
To hem grete harme and you shame.
Fulle his wylle ye to put yow in blame,"
And with thatt worde the clerk gane
wepe
So tenderly, he couthe not lете. 3408
Of a grete whyle, ye hath that the kyng
Bad hym be pess; for of a thing
He hym be-thought, and ryght thoou
“My frende,” he sayde, “thou shalt goo
Onw myȝtht erande to the kyng
Of Fraunce, and say my plesynge,
Whether now yt that he wolde
That two knyghtes fytght shulde 3416
For ours ryght and do this batayle.
For wele I wote I myght not fayle,
And eche of us bryng forthe ours Oost,

Rawl. MS.
Sparke not to speke, and sayeth that ye
Dare not do but right as he 3400
With you counsel; and furthermore
They say that ye haue here be-fore
Seyde this londe ye wolde conquer,
And cowardly nowe will ende your warre,
To hem grete harme and you shame.
His will is to put you in blame,"
And with that worde the clerk gan
wepe
So tenderly, he couthe not lете. 3408
Of a grete whyle, ye hath that the kyng
Bade hym be pess; for of a thing
He hym be-bought and right ho
“My frende,” he sayde, “thou shalt goo
Onw myȝtht erande to the kyng
Of Fraunce, and say my plesynge,
Whether now yt that he wolde
That two knyghtes fytght shulde 3416
For ours right In his bataile.
For wele I wote I myght not fayle,
And eche of us bryng forthe ours Oost,
Many a gode man the schalle be loste.<br>Where-fore my wylle were fully thyss, Thatt he wolde ordeyne a knygþte of hys, Be he gentelyman one or other, And my-sylffe wolde be the tother.<br>Yff ye be slayne yt thatt fyfthte, There ys neythyr kyngye, squyer, ne knygþtthe In my neste, thatt pey ne schalle * do To hym omage er thatt they goo, Onne thus condicon thatt they haue lene Thys londe to passe wyth-owten greue, And vnder hys cundite thatt they may be, Tyll the[y] be passed alle thus cuntre. And y schalle make hem swere [al]so Heder to sende my sone to do Homage to hym ynne the same degre, And alle-so, yff ytte appe be me To sle hys champyon wythe myne hande, That he schalle holde alle hys lande Of me by omage, and sucche seruyce As y my-sylffe nowe [wolle] devyce

| 3427. MS. schallo. | 3430. or lande? |

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*Univ. Coll. MS.*<br>Many a good man they shall be lost.<br>Wherefore my wyll were fully this, 3421<br>That he wolde ordyn a knyght of his, Be he gentilman one or other, And I my-selfe wole be the other. 3424<br>Ther ys nether kyng, Squyer, nor knyght<br>In my Ooste but that they shall doo To hym homage or than I goo, 3428<br>On this condicioun that they haue levye This londe to passe without greve, And vnder his condite that they be, Tyll ye be passed alle his contree, And I shal make hem swere also 3433<br>Ider to sende my Son to do Homage to hym in the same degre.<br>And also, yff hit happe me 3436 To selle his champion with my honde, That ye shal holde alle his londe Of me my homage / and which seruyce As I my-self now wole devyce 3440

*Rawl. MS.*<br>Many a good knyght per shaft be loste. 3420<br>Wherefore my wihte were fully his, That he wolde ordeyne a knyght of his, Be he gentilman one or other, And my-self wihte be the other. 3424<br>Yef I be slayny in that fight, 3428<br>Ther ys nother kyng, Squyer, nor knyght<br>In my ooste but pat pey shalt do To hym omage or pen I goo, 3423<br>On his condicioun pat pey haue lene This londe to passe with-out greve, And vnder his condite pat pey be, Tyth pey be passed aht his contre. 3432<br>And I shal make hem swere also Heuer to sende my son to do Homage to hym In the same degre, And also, yef it happe me 3436<br>To selle his champion with my honde, That he shal holde aht his londe Of me by omage and by seruyce As I my-self wihte devyce 3440
My owne mayne to hym to do.
The same to me he motte [do] alseo.
Go wryte a letter off thus matere,
And to the kyng fastoth ytte bere."— 3444
"Syr," seyde the clerke, "y schalle do wryte
Alle thus matere and ytte endyte,
And to the kyng of Fraunce hytte bere.
A, Gode mersy ! yyne grete fere
Stande alle your pepele, and namely ye
Thatt bene a lord of so hye degree,
Thatt sucche a batayle onne yow wolle take.
Yowre manelye alle thus dothe make."
And wyth the thatt worthe the * clerke dydde turne,
And went hys way ; for lenger soiorne
Wythe the kyng wolde no3th he,
Sethe hytte motte no beter bee.
He wrote hys letter, and went hys way.
He come to Pwntyffe be thatt daye
Was so dawed thatt he mow3th see
Alle abowte, and streythte yed he [leaf 43]
To the brygge, and faste dyde calle.

3453. the wriuten twice. After 3459. catch-word anf abowte.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Myn owne mayne to hym to do.
The same to me he must do alsoo.
Go wryte a letter of this matere,
And to the kyng fastoth hit bere."— 3445
"Syr," seyde the clerke, "I shal go
All the matere and hit endyte,
And to the kyng of Fraunce hit bere.
A, God mercy ! now in grete feere 3448
May stonde youre people, and namely
To that be lordes of hye degree truly,
That sucche a batayle ou yow wolle take.
Yore manely hert alle this dothe make."
And with that worde the Clerk dyde
turne,
And went hys way ; for lenger so-georne
With the kyng wolde then not he,
Syth hit myght no better be. 3456
He wrote this letter, and went his way.
He come to Pwntyff by the daye
Was l-dawed, that he myght se
Alle a-bonete, and streyght yode he
To the kyng, and faste dyde calle. 3461

Rowl. MS.
Myn owne mem to hym to do.
The same to me he moste do also.
Go wryte a letter of his mater,
And to be kyng faste it bere."— 3444
"Syr," seyde be clerke, "I shal go
All be mater and it endyte,
And to be kyng of France it bere.
A, God mercy ! in grete fere 3448
May stonde youre pep"l, and namly
Th0 be lordes of ye gre truly,
That sucche a batai on you wul take.
Yore manely hert all be dothe make."
And with be worde be clerke dyde turne,
And went his way ; for lenger soiorne
With be kyng wolde ben not he,
Sethe it myght no better be. 3456
He wrote be letter, and went his way.
He come to Pwntyfe be be day
Was dawde, be he myght see
Ab aboute, and streyght yede he 3460
To be kyng, and faste dyde caff.
The porter lets down the drawbridge, and leads him to the steward, who informs the King.

The porter let the draught down fade. He axed anone who was there.
The Clerk hym answeryd: "A messyngere, Thatt nedys muste speke wyth yowr kyng; For a letter off credens I hym bryng." The porter lette hym ynne anone.

To-geder ynto the alle they gone. There they fonde the kyngys [s][c]werde; A knyghthe he semyd and no cowarde. To hym anone sayde the porter:

"Sere, here ys come a messyngere, And syythe he mutte for any thynge Speke wyth owre lege lorde the kyngye." The steward sayde he was welle-come, And by the honde he hath hym nome, And to [the] chamber he hym lede. There was the kyngye thatt tyme a-bedde, In-to the chamber the stawierte yede, The messyngyer no fether wolde he led. "Gode morwe," he seyde ynto the kyngye.

"Syr, y hope gode tythyngye, And ye wylle Ryse, ye schalle here.

Univ. Coll. MS.
The porter let the draught downe falle. He asked anone what he myght be. The clercse seyde a messenger he, 3464

That nedes moste speke with pe kyngye; Thatt letteris of credence I hym bryngye. The porter set hym In anone [leaf 11]
To-geder In-to pe haff pey gon. 3463 Ther jey fonde pe kynges stawierte; A knyght he semyde and no cowarde. To hym anone seyde he porter:

"Sir, come is a messyngere, And seythe he moste for any thynge Speke with owre lorde pe kyngye." The stawierte seyde he was welcome, And be pe honde he hathe hym nome, And to pe chambr dore hym lede. 3477 Then was pe kyngye In his bede. In-to pe chambr pe stawierte yede, The messengere no forper he lede. 3480

For here ys come a messangere
Fro onne off the hethen kynges.
Letterys he hathWyth new tythynges.
I hope to God that they bene gode.”—
“Syr,” sayde the kyng, “nowe by the roode!”
They bene welle-come wattr euere they be.”
To the steward anone sayde he:
“Go for my CownceH, and pat anone;
And brynge hem wyth the euerychone.”
These tythynges herde Partonope,
To the kyng faste hyede he.
[Bysshoppis and moche clerky Toward the kyng faste ganne hye.]
Dukes, and Barons, and erlys mony one,
Where euere they were in fylde or townne,
To the kyng faste gan) they hye.
When knyghtes and squyeres that dyde aspye,
They made hem) redy in alle the hast,
Toward the kyng they spedde hem) fast.

3493. MS. thethe.

3497. or many ?
Nowe ys the CownceH to the kynge come,
Into a chamber where they be woned
Alle to-geter for to mete.
The kynge anone was made to wete
Thatt hys CownceH alle redy were.
The kynge sente for hys messyngere,
And the kynge ther-wythy dyele gone
In to hys CownceH rythtthe anone,
Wythe alle hys lordes thatt he my3th speke and mete,
And reuerently hem alle he grete.

God morewe he hem badde by and bye,
And onne hys cheyer hym sette onne hye,
And he seyde: "Serys, why I
Hane sente for yow thus hastelye,
Thus ys the cawse, echema[n] here:
To me ys come a messyngere
Fro the hethen] kynge Sornegour.
Watte he menythe, why ne where-flore,
I wote neuer; butte there-flore I
Hane sent for yow thus hastelye
Thatt ye schulde heyre hys entente
As welle as y"; and ther-wyth he sente
To thys Clerke, wythte-owten] lette.
Anone he come, and downe hym sette
Vppon] hys knee fulle Reherently,

Univ. Coll. MS.
1 Nowe ys the kyngis Cownsayle y-come
In-to the chamber where they were woned [1 leaf 22, back] 3504
Alle to-gydyr goodely to mete.
The kyng a-none therof had weete
That hys counseH alle redy were.
The kyng sent for his Messangere, 3508
And to his counseH he gan] hym hye,
Sayng: "Syres, I shaft tett yow why
I hane sent for yow nowe nowe herye:
To me ys come a messangere 3518
From the hethen] kyng Sornegour.
What he menyth, why ne wherfore,
I wote neuer; but therfore now I
Hane sent for yow thus hastely 3522
That ye shulde here his cutent
As wele as "\]; and therwith he sent
For this Messanger, which that
reueren[t]ly

Rawl. MS.
1 Nowe is ye kynges counseH y-come,
In-to ye chambr ye were done [1 leaf 14, back] 3504
AH to-geder goodely to mete.
The kyngane pere-of hede wete,
The kyng sent for ye mesengere, 3508
Then to chambr he gan hye,
Syngye: "Siris, I shaft tett yow why
I hane sent for you nowe nowe here:
To me is come a mesangere 3518
Fro ye hethen] kyng Sornegour.
What he menyth, why ne wherfore
I wot neuer; but herfore I
Hane sent for you hastely 3522
That ye shaft here his entente
As weel as \]; and her-with assente
For his messenger, whych her reuerently
And salued the kyng e and seyde: "Syr, 1
Am] come fro Sornegour a messengere,
And brynge yow letterys. Loo, syr, here
They bene redy. Wolle ye hem see?"
The kyngge hym answeryd: "Take hem mee."
The letterys the kyngge toke of the Clerke,
And by-cawse the howe was alle derke,
Vppe he rose, and strEyYthe he wente
To the wendowe, and thenne he sente
For serten lordys that were moste preve,
Off wyche onne was Partonope.
When they were come, the letter he toke,
And brake the scale, and there-onne gam loke,
And redde hytte ouer, and sawe the entente
Off kyngge Sornegour, and witt he mente.
They yeve hym pryse of hym knyffhode.
In hym, they seyde, ther lacked no manhode.
A-none ther-whyth Partonope
Knelyd adowne apow hym knee,
And to the kyngge seyde: "Yeef me * myne honowre.
Love, lette me wythe Sornegour"
For yow to do now thys batayle."

3547. me] MS. ye.

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Salued the kyng, and sayde: "Syr, truly,
I am sent from Sornogoure a messangere,
And bring yow letters. Loo, syr, here
They be redy. Wolle ye hem see?"
The kyng answeryd: "Take hem me."
To he hem] brakke, and they were redde
Amonge the lordes that he there hadde
Of his Counsell that were pryve,
Of which one was Partanope, 3533
And sawe that what Sornogoure entente,
Alle his mater that he had sent.
They gyff hym pryce of hye knyght-
hode,
In hym they sye no lacke of manhode,
A-none therwith Partanope 3545
Kneled down] upon] his knee,
Seyd to the kyng: "Gyff me myn] honoure,
That I may fyght with Sornogoure.
For yow wole I do this batayle." 3549

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Saluede pe kyngge and seyde: "Sir, truly,
I am sent fro Sornogoure a messengere,
And brynge you letters. Lo, sir, here
They be redy. Wiff ye hem see?"
The kyngge anserwe: "Take hem me."
Tho he hem brake and ey they were rede
Amonge pe lordes hat he per hade
Of his counsell] pat were preve,
Of which on was Partonope, 3533
And sawe per what Sornogoure mente,
At his mater he hade sente.
They gaf hym prys of high knyghthode,
In hym ey se no lake of manhode.
A-none per-with Partonope 3545
Knylyde downe vpon his knee,
Seyde to pe kyngge: "Gyff me my honoure
That I may fyght with Sornogoure.
For you wiff I do his bataiff." 3549

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British Museum MS.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Ravel. MS.
The kynge anone wyth-owten farewell dayle
Thancked hyghly Partonope,
And sayde: “I wote Ryght he well that ye
Hauce manhode y-nowe and eke Corage.
Butte for to speke off manneys agee,
Ye er butte yonge, nott gretily assayde—
Off thatt y sayde butli not dysmayed—
And he ys preuyd a manly knyghte ;
For yw many a perilows fyghte
Hathe he done masteres wyth hys honde,
Mo thenne eny man yw this londe.
Anne there-fore [cosyn] I praye yowe
Hertely, off thus mater nowe
To me ye speke neuer more.
For hytte schulde greue me so sore
Yf there fylle eny messawnter.
Y hadde leuer my deths endure,
Or me helde as a prysonere,
Thanne graunte me thus, my owen fere.”
Thanne answeryd the kynge Partonope :
“Syr,” he sayde, “truely yeff see
Wolle notte graunte me thus Batayle,
I saye yow playnely, wyth-owten dayle,

Atter 1. 3553 one leaf has been torn out.

Univ. Coll. MS.

The kynge anone with-outen dayle
Thancked hyghly Partonope,
And sayde: “I wote ryght weff that ye
Hauce manhode ynough and corage.

Rawl. MS.

The kynge anone with-out faitth
Thancked highly Partonope:
“ I wot right weff hat ye
Hauce manhode I-nowe and corage.
But for to speke of mans age,
Ye be but yonge, nott gretilly assayde—
Of hat I say be not mysspayde— 3556
And he is pruyde a manly knyghte ;
For In many a perilus sight [leaf 15]
He hathe the don maistres with honde,
Mo then eny man with-In his londe.
And per-fore, cosyn, I praye you 3561
Hertly, of his mater nowe
To me ye speke no more.
For I haide leuer soffer grete sore 3564
Then harme shulde come you nere.
I wilt not you graunt, my owne fere.”
To his answerde Partonope : 3569
“Sir,” he sayde, “truly yeff hat ye
With not graunt me his bataill,
I say you playnely, sau3h faill,
Yowī servuye for euer y refuse." [leaf 44, back]

Onne thus worde the kynge gretely ganne muse, * The King 
And answeryd wyth wepyng chere: 
"Myne owne Cosyn, myne owne fere! 3576
Alle myne owne truste stonte ywī yowe.
And yff ye wylle alle-gate nowe
Thys perielys BatayH take ywī honde,
Ye be cheffe CowynceH of thus londe, 3580
And as ye wylle so motte hytt bee.
For trewly, Cosyn, ne hadde ye
Come ynto Fraunce atte thus tyme,
I wote welle y and alle myne
Hadde bene Chassed owte of Fraunce.
Butte my tryste and mywī adffyawnce,
My ffayre Cosyn, ys alle onne yow.
Onne vs alle haue mersy nowe. 3584
For y excuse me for euer-more,
And seye playnely hytt goyth fulle sore
Azens alle reson and alle skele.
Butte loo, y putte me ywī yowrī wylle." 3592
In thus wyse answeryd Partonope:
"Alle-my3hyth God, y praye thatt ye
Helpe me yنع yowrī owne Ry3thte.
Onne [me] y take thus ylke afy3thte 3596
Yowrī lawe fully to defende.
There-to [oure] lord me grase sende."—
"Nowe," sayde the kynge, "Partonope,
As ye wolles saye hyttte muste nedys be." 3600
And there-wythe ffrendely he hym lyfte,
And seyde: "Y hope for yowrī beste
Yowrī vnertakyngne schalle nowe bee.
There[—to] yow helpe the trinite!" 3604

3575. MS. adds the kynge before wyth.

123

Rawl. MS.

Youre servuye for euer I refuse."  
At þis worde þe kynge gan myse, We hade be In grette peyne."
And at þe laste seyde: "In affyance, Then seyde Partonope þe worthy:
Yef ye wif so you avance, "The yeorde God almyghty, 3594
As ye wolff, so mot it be. And he helpe me In youre right;
For truly, cosyn, hade not ye For on me I take þis fight 3596
Come In-to Fraunce at þis tyme, Your Enemyms hitt for to defende,
That grace oure lorde me sende."
And their wythi-all strey3te he wente
To hys cheyre, and faste sente
For alle hy[s] hole Cheualrye,
And them he sayde: "the cause whye
I haue atte thus tyme sente for yow.
Kynge Sornegour hath me nowe
A letter—here stant the messengere—
And seyythe, yeffe I wolde, hys wylle were,
Forte trye owre bothe Ry3htes,
Thys batayle to stomnde be-twyn ir kny3htes.
Thys ys the cause* of his menynge,
For to Eschewe grete blode shedynge.
For thus ys seker, wyth-owten feylyfe,
Yeffe we bothe come to batayle,
That bothe owre ostes to-geder mete,
Mynd a man schalle ther hys lyffe lete.
Inne hys cause hym-sylffe wylle fy3hthe,
For he hym-sylffe schalle be hys kny3hthe.
And y another kny3hthe motte sende
Wythe hym to fy3hthe, ther to defende
The Ry3hthe thatt longethe to thus londe.
[For he hathe fully take on honde.]
Ye ff he ymhe thus Batayle slayne bee,
Kny3htes and Duckes of thatt Cuntree
And other lordes alle eke ther-too,
Schalle do me Omage, er that they goo,
And olde ther londes euer of me.
And eke ther-to they schulle swore bee

3615. the cause written twice.
To sende me hys Eldyste sone;
And eke he schalle do as they hane done.
And so happe that my knyghte* bee
Dyscumfyte or slayne yn the degre,
I and thus Rene motte stonde
To do hym Omage, and holde owre londe
Ryghte off hym as he schulde of mee,
Yffe he slayne or dyscumfyte bee.

To Partonope y grawnte thus Batayle.
I Charge yow alle thatt 3e nott fayle
To-mowre be-tyme redy to bee
Wythi my Cosyn, and eke wythi meee,
Armed be-fore the Castle of Chars.
Hytty ys gode afore to be warys.
For yf he mene vntrewly,
Thenne er we redy Boldely
Vs to defente, yffe he assayle.
And yffe so falle thus Batayle

He has granted the venture to Partonope.
The French army is to meet the next morning in arms before Chare,
and act according to circumstances.

And the next morning, in arms before Chare, the French army is to meet the next morning in arms before Chare.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To sende me his eldstye sone:
And he shaff do as pey hau done.
And it hape pet my knyght be 3635
Dyscumfyte ore slayne In fat degre,
And I also with my renne moste stonde
To do hym omage, and oure londe
Holde of hym as he shulde of me.
And I tett you with-out fai#: 3641
To Partonope I haue gyfe pe batai: 3641
To-mowre ye moste redy be
To go with my cossyn and me,
Armede be-fore he casteff of Chare.
Hit is good fote to be ware.
Then are we redy fai#: boldly
Vs to defende yef he assai: 3648
And yef he truly his batai:
Parforme as he hathente, 3652
That pet ye may, be on assente
Vn-arme hem In preve manere,
And make noyse as nought were.
I charge yow alle eke ther-to,

1And make noyse as noght were. 3654
I charge yow alle eke ther-to, 5 leave 23]
In the evening prayers should be read everywhere.

Whenne euen comythe, that ye goo 3656
Barefutte ye pro procession
To every Churche ye ne thus towne,
And praye the holy trinite
To owre worchyppe that he wolle see,
And Crystes lawe euer he sane
A[n]d on vs alle mersy to haue."
The kyng atte this tyme seyth no more,
Ne alle the lordes, but wonder sore
They syke, and many tenderly
Wepe and waylythe * fulle hevelye.
The kyng anone a letter lete wryte,
And bade the secreatory ytte welle endyte,
Thatt Sornegour myythte knowe hys entente.
The sa[c]ratary forthe yyne haste wente
Thys letter fully to endyte,
And alle the kynge-ys entente to wryte.
Thys letter in haste ys wryte and made.
The kyng comawndytt anone and bade
The hethen clerke hytte to take,
And that he schulde no tarryng make,

3662. After a a blot in MS. and then onne crossed out; on vs is written above alle.

3666. MS. walkythe. 3670. sar underdotted after The.

Univ. Coll. MS.

When evyn comyth, yet ye goo 3656
Barfoote lowly on presession
To every chirche In his towne,
And praye we to the Holy Trinynye
To oure worchyppe yet he wille see, 3660
And Crystes lawe euer he save,
And ond vs alle merycy to haue."

The king at this tyme sayth the nomore,
Ne alle the lordes, but wondey sore
They sygh, and many one huff tendryly
Wepid and wyllid ryght hevely. 3666
The kyng anone a letter gan wryte,
And bad the Secretary hit welle endyte,
That Sornegoure myght know hys entent.
The Secretary now forthe ys went. 3670
This letter in heste ys wryten and made.
The kyng anone comandylid and bade
The hethen clerke hit to take, 3675
And that he schulde no tarryng make

Rawcl. MS.

When evyn comyth, yet ye goo 3656
Barfoote lowly on presession
To every Chirche in his towne,
And praye we to the holy trinity
To oure worchyppe yet he wille see, 3660
And Crystes lawe euer he save,
And ond vs all mercy haue." [1 leaf 10]

The kyng at his tyme seyth no more,
Ne a fe lordes, but wonder sore 3664
They sigh, and many huff tendrly
Wepid and wyblede huff petunously.

Ere the kyng a letter dyde wryte,
And bade the secretary it endyte,
That Sornegoure myght knowe his entente. 3669

This letter is wryten in heste. 3673
The kyng comondylde faste
The hethen clerke it to take,
And yet he shulde no tarryng make,
Butte bere hytte to kynge Sornegour,
And seye hym thatt "the cheffle fillowre
Off my kny3thode wyth hym schalle fy3thte,
Wythe Goddys grace, and saue my Ry3thte." 3680
Thys letter thys Clerk ey hadthe taken yynne haste,
And to hys kynge hyed hym faste.
Thys Clerk to Chars ys come.
The kynge [hym] seythe, and sayde: "Welcome." 3684
The clerke downe knelythe afore the kynge: [leaf 46]
"Syr," he seyde, "letterys y brynge
Vnder the kynge-ys seale off Fraunce.
Redythe hym ouer, for gode purvyaunce 3688
For thys Batayle hytte nedythe make.
For sucche one hath ey ytte vnder-take,
Hytte nedythe welle now avysed to be."
Thanne sayde the kynge: "Canste thow telle me 3692
Wo ys the man, and wate ys hys name?"
Thenne seyde the Clerke: "Gretely to blame
Ellys where I. I dyd hym see.
Hys name ys syr Partonope, 3696
Inne whomme the kynge hathe grete auffyaunce,
And afetter alle the rene* off Fraunce."*
Then) answeryd kynge Sornegour:

3698. reme] MS. kynge. After this line the MS. adds: I motte fy3thte wate happe or Chaunce, cf. l. 3702.

Univ. Coll. MS.
But bere hit to Sornogoure the kynge,
And say to hym "a knyght yng
Of myne with hym shaff fght,
With Goodys grace, and save my ryght." 3680
The letter this clerk hath taken in hast,
And to his lorde hym hyed fuff fast.
And whan he had hym in seynge:
"Syr," he seyde, "letters newe I bryng
Vndyr the kynge Seale of Fraunce.
Redythe hem and make purvyaunce,
For this batayle hit nedyth to make.
For suche com hath hit vndyr-take 3690
Whos name ys Partonope, 3696
Floure y-callyd of that Contree,
In whom the kynge hathe grete affyaunce,
And so hath all the Rewme of Fraunce." Thay) answeryd kynge Sornegour: 3699

Rawl. MS.
But heryth Sornogoure pe kynge,
And sey to hym a knyght yenge 3678
Of myn) with hym shaff fght,
With Goddes leue, to saue my right."
The letter pe clerk ey hadte in haste,
And to his lorde hym hyede faste.
When he had hym In seynge: 3683
"Syr," he seyde, "letter newe I bryng
Vnder pe kynge seaff of Fraunce.
Redyth hem and make purvyaunce,
For his batait is nedyth to make.
For socye on heate hit vnder-take
Whose name is Partonope, 3696
Floure I-callyd of pot contre,
In whom he ey his affyaunce, 3697
And so heate all pe rene of Fraunce." Thay) answerde kynge Sornegour:
"I thanke God hyely, for wythe the floure'' 3700
Off alle knyg3thode of alle the Reme off Fraunce
I motte fy3thte, wate happe * or chauncye
Me euere falle ymne thys fy3thte.
I hope, lorde, thorow thy my3thte
To saue my worchyppe and myne honowr,
Sethew he of Cновalrye ys the flowerw, 3704
Off alle Fraunce eke the Genteyleste.
So mutte y fy3thte wythe [the] beste,
Wyche to me ys grete honowre."
Thus answeryd the Clerke kynge Sornegour.
And at * pat worde he sent anone
For alle hys cownsaye be one and one. 3712
To hym come kynge Fursyne,*
Kynge Loemer,* and kynge Fab[u]ryyne,
And Marukyn,* and false Marres
Comethe forthe wythi hem\* ymne the presse. 3716
"Lordynges," he sayde, "hytt ys my wylle
My counsayle yow telle, for hytte ys skelle
Ye ytte wete; for yesterd-day dy-verse *
I fownde yow alle; for eche man dyd transuer [ff. 46, bk.] 3720

Univ. Coll. MS.

"I thanke God highly, for with the floure
Of knyg3thode nowe in Fraunce
I must fyght, what happe or chauncye
Me euere falle this day in fyght. 3703
Yet I hope, lorde, thorow they myght
To save nowe myny hononre,
Thogh I fyght with this gay floure.
And with that worde he sent anone
For alle hys cownsaye by one and one.
To hym\* ther come king Sursyn, 3713
Kynge Loymer, and kynge Fabouryn, 3714
And Marukyn, and fals Marres 3715
Come forthe with hem\* in-to the presse.
"Lordyngis," he sayde, "hit ys my wille
My counsayle yow to telle, as yt ys skylle.
Ye wote welle that yesterd-day dierers
I fownde yow alle/ for eche man dyd travers 3720

Rawl. MS.

"I thanke God highly, for with the floure 3700
Of knyg3thode nowe In Fraunce
I moste fyght, what hape or chauncye
Me euere faH at pis tyme In fyght.
Yet I hope, lorde, porwe by myght
To save nowe myne honoure, 3705
Though I fyght with the gay floure."
And with pat worde he sent anone
For aH his counsayle by on and on. 3712
To hym\* per comyth kynge Sursyn,
Kynge Loemere and kynge Fabryne,
And Markyn, and fals Marres 3715
Come furthe with hym In-to the presse. 3716
"Lordyngis," he sayde, "it is my wylle
My counsayle you to telle, it is skyl."
Other-ys wette, ther as to cownseH
I dyd yow calle to se ynne watte perelle
We stodde ynne, and in watte dystawncce,
There-agayne to make gode ordynacue.
Whenne ye were come, ye toke nowe hede
To my worceppe ne to my manhed.
[M]I cowncelle there-fore y take ;
For no man y wolde ytte neuer for-sake.
Be hytt gode or ylle, ytte fialleth on* me.
The kynge-ys letterys off Fraunce here they be,
Sytho howe he wrytethe, and ynne wate forme,
For alle the couenauntes* y wylle parforme."
They brake the letter, and dyd hyt rede.
[They seye] The sentence, and ynne grete drede
Alle these lordes stode everychone.
Off hem alle ther was* nott one
Thatt here-to therste saye a worthe,
Butte stodenalle stylle be one acorde.
To hem thennne seyde the [stowte] kyng:

3729. on] MS. for. 3732. MS. comawmentes.
3736. alle ther was] MS. ther was alle.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Others witte, there as to counseH
I calde yow to teft what pereff
We stonde in, and in watte dystaunce,
And there-ayen to make gode ordy-
naunce.

When ye were come, ye toke none hede
To my worship ne to my manhed.
Myne owne Counseyle therfore I take ;
For no man I wylle hit neuer for-sake.
Be hit gode or evyl hit fallichon* me.
The kynges letres of Fraunce here they be,
Seeth how he wryteth, and in what
For alle the couenauntes I wylle par
forme." They brake the letters, and hem dyd rede.
They syght the senteues, and in grete drede
Alle these lordes thane stode echone.
Of hem alle there was not one
That there durst say a worde,
But stode alle stylle by one acorde.
To hem than sayde this stowte kyng:

Rawl. MS.

Ofer wyte per as to counseH
We stonde In, and In what pis-staunce.

When ye were come, ye toke none hede
To my worceppe ne to my manhed.
Myne owne counseil per-for I take ;
For no man I wylle hit neuer for-sake.
Be it good ore if it aff on me,
The kynges letter of Fraunce here bey be,
Sethe howe he wryth, and In what
For aff ye couenauntes I shalH parforme."
They brake ye letter, and hem dyde rede.
They sawe ye sentence, and In grete drede
Aff pis lordes bey stode echone.
Of hem aff per was but on
That per durste say on worde,
But stode aff stiH at on acorde.
To hem seyde pis stoute kyngye:
British Museum MS.

Fursin proposes that all should go armed to camp, to safeguard the king.

At sunrise, the Saracens assemble, with helm and shield.

"I warne yow, seres, off one thynge:
Fro thus entent to a Newe
None off yow schalle me remewe."

Fyrste off alle themne spake syr Fursyne:
"Sythe off yowr' wyll e thus ys the fyne
Thatt fro thus prasses ye wyll e not goo,
I camente no more saye ther-to,
Butte erly to-morewe thatt alle men' be
In the fyelde armed to make yowr' asemele,
Thatt ye mowe stonde ymne saune garde,
And every maund kepe hys owne warde."

Alle they aagreyd hem to thus worde,
And to hys herbrow went every lorde.

[At] Morewe anone as hyme was day,
The sonne here bemes schewyd fulle gaye.
The mynstrallys here Trumpes gan sowne.

There-wythe there Oste they dyde some [leaf 47]
To arme heme faste, and redy make
Anone the fyelde for to take.
By thowsandylys they drewyth to the felde
Wyth maney an * helme and many a schylde.


Univ. Coll. MS.

"I warne yow, seys, of on thynge:
Fro bis entente unto a newe
None of yow alle shalle me renew."

Fyrst of yow alle thand spake Sursyn.

1 But erly to-morrow lat alle men be 3747
In he felde armed and make youre assemble,
That ye may stonde in safe garde,
And every man kepe his owne warde."
Alle they a-greed hem to this oo worde,
And to her herburgh went every lorde.

At morowe whan hit was day, 3753
The Syme her bemes shewyd gay.
The Mynstralles her trumpes gymne sowne.

Therewith the Ooste they dyd somonu
To arme hem faste and redy make
Anone the felde frely to take,
Be thousandys they draw to the felde
Wyth many helme and bright sheeldes.

Ruel. MS.

"I ware you, seris, of on thynge:
Fro bis entente unto a newe
None of you shaft me remewe."

Firste of this be spake Sursyn:
"Sethe of youre whiff is he fyne 3744
That fro bis poerpose ye whiff not goo,
I can no more saye per-to,
But erly to-morwe let all hem be 3747
In felde armede at youre assemble,
That ye may stonde In safe garde,
And every man kepe his owne warde."

At morowe when it was day,
The son here bemes shewyd gay.
The monstrethes per trumpes gan sowne.

There-with pe oste pe dyd seomunu
Anone pe felde frely to make,
To arme hem faste and redy make.
By pousondey pe drowe pe feldes
With many helme and bright sheeldes

After 3743 catch-word But erly.
L. 3755-56 are inverted in MS.

II. 3751-52 are inverted in MS.
The kyng hym armed, as sayth the booke,
In grete haste, and wyth hym toke
Sursyn, Fabur, and eke Marres, 3764
Loemere, Markyn, and Sarres.
Wyth hem commenay Spere and Shede.

As some as they come to the feeld, Her Bataylles fast they dyd araye, Armed they were bothe freshe and gay, On that tother syde come the kyng of France 3769
Wyth alle hys kynne and alleaunce, And wyth hym brought Partonope. Hevenly hit was hym to see, 3772
So yonge, so freshe, so wele be-seen. To pray for hym they besy been. The french demenyd hem ful esly, And prayde to God ful hertely 3776
To save her worship and her ryght. So had they do be-fore alle nyght. Ouer the feeld to hem came prikyng 3780

Univ. Coll. MS.

The kyng hym armed, as sayth the booke,
In grete haste, and wyth hym toke
Sursyn, Fabur, and eke Marres, 3764
Loemere, Markyn, and Sarres.
Wyth hem commenay Spere and Shede.

As some as they come to the feeld, Her Bataylles fast they dyd araye, Armed they were bothe freshe and gay, On that tother syde come the kyng of France 3769
Wyth alle hys kynne and alleaunce, And wyth hym brought Partonope. Hevenly hit was hym to see, 3772
So yonge, so freshe, so wele be-seen. To pray for hym they besy been. The french demenyd hem ful esly, And prayde to God ful hertely 3776
To save her worship and her ryght. So had they do be-fore alle nyght. Ouer the feeld to hem came prikyng 3780

Rwvl. MS.

The kyng hym armode, as seth þe boke,
In grete haste, and with hym toke
Sursyn, Fabris, and eke Marras, 3763
Loemeres, Markyn, and eke Surris.
With hem come many spere and shelede.
As some as þey come In-to þe feeld, Here batailies faste dyde array. Armed þey were freshe and gay. 3768
On þat oþer syde þe kyng of France
With afl his kyne and allaunce, And with hym brought Partonope. An hevynly sight it was hem to see, So yonge, so freshe, so well be-sene. To praye for hym þey besy bene. The french deynede hem eysely, And prayede to God ful hertely 3776 To save her worshippe and þer right. So hade þey do afl þey nyght. Ouer þe felde to hem come pre-kynge 3784. MS. surris (i indistinct).
Loemer and Mares repair to the French camp to hear the covenant.

The King proposes to bring a hundred armed knights to the lists, and to rehearse the covenant there.

The Kings meet courteously.

\[3781. MS. loemers; kyng seeme marked for erasure before Erle.\]
\[3787. say. MS. Syr.\]
\[3794. Do in Do written like an S.\]
\[3802. MS. Curtely.\]

Univ. Coll. MS.

Erle Marres and Loemers the kyng
To hem of Fraunce then luff streight
To wytte yf that this noble fyght 3784
Shulde be holde and
To hym answeryd the kyng of France :
"Say kyng Sornegour that I haue sayde \\
1In no wyse for me shal be renayed. 3788
Therfor he wyth and hundred knyghtes \\
Lat hym come downe to the lystes 3792
Oute frome hys Ooste ; and than shat I \\
Do the same, and there by and by \\
Shall alle the Covennautes rehersyd be \\
Be-twix hym and Partonope. 3796
There we shal holde our parlament \\
And shew playnly alle our entente." \\
To this there was nomore to do ; \\
They were alle a-greed therto. 3500
And in this wyse anone they mete, \\
And curtesly other goodely grete.

3788. MS. renayed.

Rawl. MS.

Erle Marras and Loemers the kyng
To hem of France ben full streight
To wyte yf pis nobill fight 3784
Shulde be holde and all covenantes.
To hem answere the kyng of France :
"Sey kyngge Sornegours but I haue sayne \\
1In no wyse sha shall be renayed. 3788
There fore he with an hundered knyghtes \\
Let hem come downe to be lystes 3792
Out fro his ooste, and ben shat I \\
Do be same, and put by and by \\
Shall all of covenantes rehersede be \\
Be-twix hym and Partonope. 3796
There we sha holde our parlament \\
And shew playnly our entente." \\
To pis ber was no more to do ; \\
They were all gaderde hereto. 3800
1And In pis wyse a-none be mete, \\
And curtesly eyben oper grete.
Schoralty off thus to make a fynye,
The hethen putte up Fursyne* 3804 and Fursin rehearse the coven.
To rehearse the Covenantes
That holde schulde be betwix hem and * Fraunce.
Kynge Fursyne,* thus worthy knyghte, 3808
Rehersyd the Covenantes off thus fyghte.
And tolde the trowth off the recorde,
In suche wyssse that every word.
Acordyd to here bothe wrytynge.
Wherefore the lorde made grete prayynesge 3812
Off hys dyscrescon and off hys wytte,
And seyde to fulle-fylye ytte
As he had sayde, alle redy were.
The hethen knyghtes anone hyd swere 3816 Oaths are
Vpon suche relics as they hadde
These Covenantes to holde surerly and sadde.
The kynge of Fraunce ys the other syde
Alle-so swore, watte so euer be-tyde,
The Covenantes thatt he wolde trewly
Holde, as they* ther-to by and bye

3804. MS. furfyne.
3806. MS. & written above off, omitted in the text.
3807. MS. Furfyne. 3822. as they] MS. and.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Shortly of this to make a fyne,
The hethen put vpoun Sursyn 3804
To rehearse alle the covenantes
That shulde be holde be-twyx hem and Fraunce.
Kynge Sursyn, that worthye knyght,
Rehersed the covenantes of this fyght,
And tolde the trouth of the a-corde,
In which wyse that every wordes 3810
Was a-greed to her bothe wrytynge.
Wherefore the lordes made grete prayn-
Of his discresion) and of his wytte
And sayde alle they wolde fulfelle hyt
As he had sayde they redy were. 3815
The hethen knyghtes anone dyd swere
Vpon suche Kelyk as they hadde.
These covenantes to holde surely and sadde.
The kynge of Fraunce on the other syde
Also swere, what ever betyde, 3820
The covenantes he wolde fulf truly
Holde hem, as they there by and by
II. 3815-16 inverted in MS.

Rawl. MS.
Shortly of his to make fyne,
The hethen put vpoun Sursyn 3804
To rehearse the covenantes
That shulde be holde be-twix hem and vs.
Kynge Sursyn, his worthy knyght,
Rehersyd pe covenantes of his fght,
And tolde pe trouth of pe acorde, 3809
In which wyse pe trowth wordes
Were a-greed to pe bothe wrytynge.
Wherefore pe lordes made grete prayynge
Of hys dyscrescon) and of his wyte,
And sayde pe wyde fully it
As he hade sayde pep redy were. 3815
The hethen knyghtes anone dyd swere
Vpon somche relakes as pep hadde
Covenantes to holde surely and sadde.
The kynge of France on pe other syde
Also swere, whatsoever so be-tyde, 3820
3818. On margin Covenantes added by a later hand.
Were rehersyd by kyng Fursyne.*
Thus off here Covenauntes thus ys the fyne.
Thanne made they herodes stonde ond hye
To make an Oye and a crye,
Onne payne off losyng off lyffe and lene,
Eche man schulde on-arme hym.
Sorngour comawndyd off hys knyghtes
A thousands welle armed to kepe the lyysters,
Thatt no man scholde so hardly bee
In-to [the] lyysters to make entre,
Ne alle-so no man to go owte.
Onne the ffrenche seyde a M* knyghtes stowte *
Where armed to kepe thus aflyaunce,
And thatt the worthless off alle Fraunce,
Redy onne horse-bakke wyth sperre and schylde,
Where ordeyned to kepe the ffrenche fylyde,
Thatt no Ryott schulde aRyse.
Thus fylyde was ryalle to devyse

3823. MS. Furfyne. 3825. or stande? 3834. stowte] MS. stode.

* Unir. Coll. MS.
Where rehersyd by kynge Sursyn).
Thus of these covenauntes here ys the fyne.
Thanne made they an herawde stond an hye.
To make a certayn nowes and crye.
In payne of losyng lyfe and lyme,
Eche man shulde vnarme hym.
Sorngour commawndyd of his knyghtes
A thousand weyl armed to kepe the lyysters,
That no man shulde so hardly be.
In-to the lyysters to make entre,
Ne also no man to goone oute.
On thye fyrnse syde also a thousand stoute.
Were armed knyghtes to kepe this afianace.
And that the wordysters of alle Fraunce,
Redy on horsbakte wyth sperre and sheylde.
Were ordeyned to kepe the frinches fylde,
That no Ryot schulde eny wyse a-ryse.
Thus was hit ryall to devyse

3828. MS. vnarme.

Rawl. MS.
We rehersyde be kyng Sursyn).
Thus of pe cou[en]auntes here is pe fyne.
Then an heronde stode vp an hye
To make seret eynes and crye.
In payne of losyng of lyfe and lyme,
Eche man [un-]arme hym.
Sorngour commyned of his knyghtes.
A ponsonde weyl armed to kepe lysters,
That no man schulde so hardly be.
In-to pe lyysters to make entre.
Ne also no man to gon onde.
On pe fyrnchem syde a ponsonde stonde.
On pe fyrnchem syde to kepe pis aflyaunce.
And pei pe worthyeyste of alle France,
Redy on hors-baekte wyth sperre and sheylde.
Were ordeyned to kepe pe fyrnch feldes.
That no ryote schulde in wyse be.
Thus was it arrayde to pe aynse

3826. On margin To make Certayn: eynes: and crye, added by a later hand.
3833-34. Inverted order of lines in MS.
That so y-wardett was abowte
Wythe is M' kyng thtes stowte.
The frenche kyng brouygthe Partanope
In-to the lysys, and ther toke hee
Off hym leue fulle sore wepyng,
And comendyd hym* to the blessynege
Off the blessyd trinite.
And thus from hym departed hee.
Kyng Fursyne* onne the other seyde
Was kyng Sornegour ys gyde
In-to* the lysyst, and ther hym broȝhthe.
Wyth heuy chere and grete thoȝhthe.
Wyth wepyng eyen he toke hys leue,
And prayed hys god he schulde welle prone
In thy[s] Batayle and ynne hys Ryȝhthe,
And sone hym schameles ynne hys fyȝhthe

Nowe the hethen kyng Partonope,
Wyche off Cheualrye bare the floure
Off alle the sette of hethen laye,
In-to the lysystys fulle fresche and gaye
Onne horse backe ys comen y-armed welle

3846. MS. adds sylfe after hym.
3851. to written twic.

Univ. Coll. MS.

That so vyrond was a-boute
Wyth two thousand knyghtes stoute.
The french kyng brought Partanope
In-to the lysys, and there toke he 3844
Of hym leue full sore weympyn,
And recomandynge hym to the blessyng
Of oure lorde, the blessyd trinite.
And so fro hym departed then he, 3848
Cyng Surisy in the hethen syde
Was kyng Sornegours gyde.
In-to the lysys to hym brought
Wyth eyen chere and grete thoȝht.
Whith wepyng eyen he toke his leve,
And prayde his god he shulde weft preve

In this batayle and in this ryght,
And save hym shameles in fyght. 3856

Now this hethen kyng Sornegour,
Which of chevalry beryth the flour
Of alle the sette in hethen laye,
In-to the lysys full fresche and gaye
On hosebak ys come armed weft.
Wythe hosen of mayle and fyne style,
Welle y-lased wythe fyne sylke.

Hys stede was whyte as any mylke,
Armed ynne mayle fulle fresche and gaye,
Suer[l]y I-nowe for alle asaye,
And there a-bowte a fresche trappure,
Welle y-shape and of gode messure, [leaf 43, back]
Wythe golde welle bete and of hys devyse.
Thys lorde, thatte was bothe manly and wyse,
Above sate armed freschely and welle
Inne an habrygoun of fyne style.
Abowte hys necke henge a schylde
So bryȝthte off style that alle the fylde
Was Elumyed of the bryȝthynsse.
Ther-to hytte was weldely, [y] gesse.

Vppon hys hede a helme fulle gaye,
S[u]ere y-nowe atte alle asaye.
Above a CerkeH of stones Reche,
A gode ytte hadde bene for a churche.
For the marchandys hynnes to Humbere
The valewe ther-off cowthe the not nummber.
Above his arnes* he toke a cote,
Embrowderyd wyth pereH weH yfrote *

3883. MS. arnes. 3884. weH yfrote] MS. and not wyth slote.
Off hys armes fulle Rechely
Wythe Rubyys and saurerys by and bye.
Omne eche schulder off style a besague,
A swerde he hadde fresche and newe
Abowte hym gyarde, bothe harde and longe,
And [in] hys honde a sperre fulle* stronge.
And by hys sadef apow hys arsuyone
Hynge a gleynge thatt nye hande downe
To the grownde the alffe toke;
And Ioye omne hym hytt was to lyke,
As hoyni the hethe[n] thatt ylke daye.
Off kyngge Sornegeur thus was the araye.
Onne the ffrenche sayde Partonope
Onne horsebacke [ffreschely] y-armed sette hee,
In hosen of mayle shape ryght well,*
I-lased wythe sylke wyth poloyns of stele.*
And hanberke he hadde of gode mesure,
Myvythty and stronge and off gode temp[er]ure,
A Cote off armes he hadde aboove,
Welle Embrowderyd which* thatt hys longe

3889. or lange?
3890. or hande? M.S. adds longe before stronge.
3891. or open?
3899. M.S. Freschely y-armed in hosen of mayle weff fyne.
3900. M.S. here adds clene.
3901. which] M.S. for.

Univ. Coll. M.S.
Of armes done fuft rychely
Wythe Rubyys and Saphires by and by.
Om' eche Shulder of steel a besagew,
A Swerde he had fresh and new 3888
A-boute hym gyarde, bothe longe and brode,
And in hys hand a Spere fuft gode.
And hys sadiff vpon the arsou
Heng a gleynge that nyhand donn) 3892
To the grownde the helve toke;
And Ioy hit was on hym to lyke. 3894
On the fre[n]sch syde Partonope 3897
Om' horsbake armed syttyth he
In hosyn of mayle shape ryght wele,
Lased wyth Sylk wyth polayn) of stele.
Hawbrek he had om' of gode mesure,
Mighty and stronge and of good tem-

3890. Of armys don fuft Rychly
With Rubyys and apheres by and by.
On every styde of steff he sawe
A swerde he hade freshe and newe 3888
About hym gyarde, both longe and brode.
And his honde a sperre fuft good.
And his sadiff vpon his arsou 3891
Hynge a gleve pet nye hande downe
To the grownde the helve toke;
And Ioye it was on hym to lyke. 3894
* On the fre[n]sch syde Partonope 3897
On hors-bake armed syttyth he
In hosyn of maih made weff,
Lasede of sylke of polyn steh. 3900
Hanbreke he hade of good mesure,
Mighty and stronge, of good tempe-

3904. wych] MS. wyth.

3904. a cote of armes he had above,
Weff embrowderyd whiche his love 3904
Hadde ordeynyd afore yn the beste manere;
A better be sayne was ther noon no-where.
Hys helme was sette fulle off precious stones.
Hym-selfe was myghty and byge of bonys. [leaf 49] 3908
A-bowte hys nekke enge hys schylde,
So firesheely, hytte gladethe alle the fyldhe,
Welle I-feteyd wyth plate and style,
Syr wythte hys sword, wyche was Ry3th welle
Wyth golde and perel Reche be-gone.
Swerdes he ne hadde more butte one,
Ne wepyw were-onne he my3tht tryste,
Sauv a spere he haddeonne hys feste.
Of axe ne Glayne made he no forse.
As blacke as Cole thenne was hys horse,
Thus ys the sothe, wyth-owten lesse.
He was welle y-armed to hys ese.
And yyne hys sadet he ganne hym dresse,
And to hys Enmy e gan to presse.
Vnder hys arme hys spere he kaste,
Hys hors he prekyd feressly and faste.
Sornegoure he smote amydde the schylde.
Wythe his sper, alle men be-lyde.

Hys helme twyched hys horse cropyon.*

Ne hadde [he] hym helde by the arsone, 3928

Fro hys saide he hadde fallen to gromnde.

Hytt apped hys stede was myghty and sownde,

And ellys men myghte saye wyth-owten fayle

He hadde bene dedde for stufte or mayle. 3932

Sornegour smote hym fiercely agayne

Wyth hys sper, gretely ytte was sene,

For fowle rased was hys schelde.

And wyth thus Curse forthe wyth the fylde 3936

Eche off hem departed from other.

The frenche be-helde, and sucche anoder

Corse onne horse-bakke neuer afore

They hadde sene, sethe they were bore. 3940

Sornegour thatt felde bothe sore and smerte,

Schowed welle he lacked no herte.

Hys horse he turned yyne agayne, 3943

And schope hys Corse, Ioye ytte was to sene. [leaf 40, back]

He thocht he to quyte Partonope,

Butte he was ware as welle as hee.

3927. MS. cropyon.

Unic. Coll. MS.

Wythe his sper, alle men be-lyde.

His helme twyched his hors cropyon.

Ne he had he holde hym by the arsone

Of his sadif, he had falle to the gromnde. 3929

Than Sornegour in that stounde

Hit fersely smote wytht hys sper agayn,

And thought hym to overthrow wyth mayne,

For foule arayed was his sheeld.

And wyth this Cours forth in the feldde

Eyther of hem departed fro other.

The frensch sayde that suche a-nother

Cours / ond horsbak neuer a-fore 3939

They had seen, styth they were bore.

Sornegonre that felt bothe sore and smert,

Sheved wele that he lakkyd no hert.

Hys hors he tourned ayen,

And shope hys cours, Ioye was to seen.

He thought to a-quite Partonope. 3945

But he was ware as welle as he,

Partonope.

With his sper, att men behelde.

His helme toyched his hors cropyon.

* Ne hade he holde hym be pearsone 3928

Of his sadif, he hade fath to gromnde.

Then Sornegour In pat stounde[1] leat 19]

Hym freshly smote with his sper agayn,

And fought hym to over-throwe with mayne,

For foule arrayde was his sheeld.

And with his course In-to be felde 3936

Eyther of hem departye fro other.

The frenche sayde pat soych another

Course on hors-bake alore 3939

They hade not sen, sen jey were bore.

Sornegour felt bothe sore and smerte.

Shewed weff pat per lakede no herte.

His hors he turnede ayene,

And shope his course, Ioye was to sene. 3944

He fought to a-qynte Partonope

But he was ware as weff as he,
He made hys Curse wythe-owten} lette.
Amydde the lyystes euyn they mette.
Sornegour hytte hym amydde the [s]chylde
Wythe hys spere, thatt alle the fylyde
Dyneed off thatt grete stroke.
Hytt ferde as ther hadde [be] felde and eoke.
The spere was stronge and wolde not breke.
Partonope was a my3thty freke,
And jyste nort the spere Escheue,
Hytt made hym not onys to remene.*
In hys saleH he sette fulle welle.
Sornegour thatt was bothe fers and felle,
And eke yn wurmes fulle welle y-leryd,
Turned hys horse, and owte wyth hys swerd.
There-off toke hede Partonope,
And owte drowe hys swerde as welle as hee.
Fersely anone to-gedyr they mette.
Many a grete stroke there was smete.

And ynn ye hurlynge Partonope
Wythe hys swerde a stroke smote he
Apon kyng Sorneegour hys helme so* gaye,

Univ. Coll. MS.
And made his cours withoute lette.
Amydde the lyystes then they mette.
Sornogour hytte hym a-medde the Sheeld.
Wyth his spere, that alle the feeld
Deneed veryly of that stroke
That ther had be fulle a grete Ooke.
The Spere was storng and wolde not breke.

Partonope was a myghtye freke,
In his SaleH stytle sate and weft.
Sornogour that was ferse and felle,
And eke in armes full wele y-lered,
Turnyd hys horns, and outy wyth his swerde.

Therof toke hede goodle Partonope,
And wyth hys Swerde oute as weft as he.
Fresshly a-none to-gedyr they mette.
Many a grete stroke there was sette.
And in this hurlyng Partonope
Wyth hys Swerde a stroke smote he
Vpon Sornogour helme so gay,

Rawl. MS.
And made his cours with-out lette.
Amyde pe lyystes pey mette.
Sorneegour hit hym amyde pe shebed
With his spere, peT aH pe felde
Demyde verylye peT stroke
That peT had be faft an oke.
The spere was stronge and will not breke.
Partonope was a myghty freke,
In his sadeH stille sate and weft.
Sorneegour peT was ferse and fell,
And eke In armes weft 1-lered,
Turnyth his hors, and outy with his swerde.

Therof toke hede Partonope,
And with his swerde out as weft as he.
Fryshly anone pey mette.
Many a grete stroke pey sette.

And in [t]his hurlynge Partonope
With his swerde a stroke yafe he
Vpon Sorneegour helme so gay,
So dyspetuously, the kyng gan\ afforday, 3968
And stonyed there-wythe he was so gretelye,
Thatt there-wyth his hors horse fulle ly3ythlye
He turned fro Partanope.
There-wythe thekyng smote hee 3972
Wythe his swerde, wythe alle his my3nte.
He was pwynt to hame made hym\ by3yte
Owte of hys sadel\ sodenlye.
Butte as he herde hym\ my3ytelye 3976
By the here of hys stede-ys necke,
Partonope sparythe not, butte leynty on\ thyeke.
The kyng yyme hys arnes waxed alle hotte.
Wyth hys spores hys stede he smote; [leaf 50] 3980
And yyne thus wyse departed bee*

Kynge Sornegour and Partonope.
They hadde bothe nedle hym\ to brethe.
A whyle they Reste hem\ on\ thatt ethe. 3984
A-monge the firenche was made a grete noyse.
They sayde Partanope, the Erle of Bloyse,
Hadde wyll\ quitte hym\ in thys fy3yte
A-gaynyste kyng Sornegour, thatt worthy kny3hte.
Onne the hethen\ syde the Danes 3981. bee\ MS. hee.

Univ. Coll. MS.
So spetuosly that he gan\ afray, 3968
And stonyed ther-wythe he was gretely.
There-wyth his hors fuft lyghtly
He turned froward Partanope.
Than the kyng a-gayn\ smote he. 3972
And that wyth alle his myght.
He made hym welny to lyght
Oute of his Sadyff fuft sodenly,
But as he herde hym\ myghtlyy 3976
By the here of hys stedy\ nekk,
Partanope Spared hym not, but layde\ on\ thykk.
The kyng in his armes weyth hoot.
Wyth his Spurre\ his stede he smote; 3981
And in this wyse departed be
Kyng Sornegour and Partanope.
They had bothe nede hem to a-brethe.
A whyle they rest hem\ on\ the hethe.
Amonge the fressh was made grete noysye.
They sayde Partanope, Erle of Bloys,
Hath wytt\ quitte hym in this fyght
Agayn\ Sornegour, thatt worthy knyght,

Ravil. MS.
So spytuosly \ot\ In \ot\ afray 3968
A-stonyde per-wyth he was gretely.
1 There-wyth his hors fuft lightly
He turnyde frowarde Partonope.
Then \kyng agayn smote he. 3972
And \ot\ wyth\ nyght he. [1r. E.B, bk.]
He made hym\ weyl\ nyte to light
Out of his sadiff fuft sodenlyy.
But as he herde hym\ myghtlyly 3976
Be \ot\ hres of hys stedys\ nyke,
Partonope\ sparedde, but leyde\ on\ thyke.
The kyng\ In\ his harnes wax hoote.
With\ hys spore\ hys stede he smote;
And in\ hys wyse departyd be 3981
Kyng Sornegour\ and Partonope.
They had hette hem to brethe.
A while\ \et\ hette hem\\ \et\ hette. 3984
A-mong\ \et\ frence\ was grete noysye.
They sayde Partonope, erle of Bloys,
Hath\ weyl\ quitte hym\ In\ hys light 3988
Agayn Sornegour, \et\ worthy knyght,
They fight again,

and Sornegour uses his longer sword.

but bears it too low,

and pierces the skull of Partonope's horse.

To staker, as he neede mutte falle.

3996. worse] r very indistinct.

Univ. Coll. MS.

But Sornogoure, in his armes faile parfyte,

Had of Partonope grete dispetye. 3992
And in his sadeff he gan hym dresse.
He thought, falle hyt better or worse, 3997
He wold onces assaile Partonope.

There-wyth his lenger sword toke he.
A-none fresselty bothe they mette.
And ther as Sornogour wente to hauce smettede
Vnder the shelde Partonope,
Off thatt stroke fullè fayled he:
The swerdes pwynte he bare to lowe.
For enen amytyde the sadeff-bowe
Off hys swerde he smote the pomelle.
Thys hethen kyng that was so felle,
Thoqht he haue renenewed throwe hym Corse.

Off hym he ffaylet and smote hym horse
In-to the Brayne thowre the panne.

[This blake steede there-wyth be-ganne]

Rawl. MS.

But Sornogoure In armes faile parfyly

Hade of Partonope grete dyspsyte. 3992
In his sadeff he gan hym dresse.
He fought, falle hit better ore worse,
He wolde onys assaife Partonope. 3997
Ther with his longe swardere toke he.
A-none freshely to-gedere by met,
And Sornogoure wolde hauce smyte 4000
On] be [s]childe Partonope.

Of set stroke fone leyde he:
The swerdes poynt he bare so lowe.
For evyn amyde he sadeff bowe 4004
Of his sward he sethe the pomef.
The hethyn kyng [set] was so fef,
He wolde a bore hym porwe he corse.

Of hem he faylede and smote pe horse.
In-to pe brayne porwe pe panne. 4009
The blake stede per-with be-ganne
To stagir, as he nedes moste faile.
Partonope anone lyȝhtely wyth-alle
Lepte fyro hys horse, bothe hole and sownde.
Hys stede dyed, and felle to grounde.
There myȝthe a man the freffenche see
Grete sorowe make for Partonope.
"Mercy, lord Ihesu," sayde hee,
"Now safe myyn honor and my frynge,
And suffere notte thus thethen fynde
Off thus batayle to hawe the victorye,"  [leaf 50, back]
Thatth neuer here-after he hadde ynone memorye
Thatth thy servantes dyscumfyte schulde be.
O mysia[n]che thatth neuer dyd þe
Plesanys, ne worchyp, ne seruyce.
Lord! lette thy wrathe nowe notte arysse
For owre synnes, butte same thy Ryȝhtlie!"
Partonope onne fote was redy to fyȝtlie.
He Coverd hym knyȝhtely vnder hys schelde,
Alle redy d[r]awe hys swerde he helde.
Summe-wate aschamed was Partonope
Thatth thus lyȝhtely vnhorced was hee.
The danes onne the other syde
In [here] bерт hadde grete pryde
Off thus Chaunce thatth was be-falle,
And wyth one voyse they seyden alle
Here lorde and here kynge Somnegour

4022. servantes] a like o.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Partonope a-lyght there-wyth-alle, 4012
Leeper from his hors both hole and
Sownde.
His swerde dyed, and fyth to grounde.
The frenche kyng wyth grete dolor
Prayde Ihesu to saue his honoure,
And sayd: "Lord God in trynyte!
Suffre not they servaunt to scoomyte be
Of this Cursyd hethen fynd.
But lorde, saue my crysten fynd
And of myyn honor the ryght!"
Partonope on fote to fyght 4027
He was redy conconed vndyr Shelle,
And knyghtly his swerde he heled,
But Sumwhat a-shamed was Partonope
That thus lyghtly vn-horced was he.

Partonope alight anone with-åf, 4012
Lepe fro his hors hole and sounde.

Rвел. MS.

1 His stede dyded and åf to grounde.
The french kyng with grete doloure
Prayde Ihesu to save his honoure,
And sayde: "Lorde God In trynyte!
Suffer not by servaunt scoomyte be
Of pis coursede hethen finde.  [leap 20]
But lorde, save my crystyn frenge
And my honoure and be right!"
Partonope on foote to fyght 4027
He was redy, and conconde his shelle,
And knyghtly his swerde he heled.
But ashynde was Partonope
That þus lightly vnhorseed was he. 4031

4018. On margin added by a later hand: suffer not thy servaunt discomforted to be.
Sornegour offers peace upon condition that the French King will do him homage.

Off alle kny3thode yette bare the flowre, And wende for thys sory chaunce They hadde conqueryd the Realme of Fraunce. 

Onne horse-baunce sett kyng Sornegour As felle, as fers as any bore; And streyght he Rydyth to Partonope:  

"My friynde," he sayde, "er that thatt yee Be dede, my wylye were on thyynge Thatt ye schulde speake wyth yowr kyng, And counsayle hym to hane pes wyth me."

And seye* so mersyabel wolle y be,* And seye hym hys worehypp schalle y saue. Off hys gode kepe y none to haue, 

"My frende," he sayde, "er than that ye Be dede, my wylle were on thynge Thatt ye schulde speke wyth our kyng, And counsayle hym to hane pes wyth me."

Thall thy schalle fryste be swore to me, To hym also swore wolle I be.  

Off hym axe I no more A-vawntage, But onely that he do me homage Here In thys place be-fore myn oste, 

To hym y schalle do, and eke to hym, So welle that he and alle hys kynne Schulde seye hys Omage ys welle y-sette, He my3ythte yyne no wyse for hym do bette.  

Thys ys to hym no ryghte grette coste. Thus I mene to saue myne honowre, That no Iyer ne no gabbowre

4040. Sornegour MS. seyde; be] MS. me.

Univ. Coll. MS.

On horse-baunce sette kyng Sornegour As felle and Fers as any bore: 4041 And streyght he rydyth to Partonope: "My frende," he sayd, "er than that ye Be dede, my wylye were on thyynge 4044 That ye schulde speke wyth our kyng, And counsayle hym to hane pes wyth me."

Rawl. MS.

On horsbaunce sat kyng Sornegour As felle as fers as any bore: 4041 And streyght he rydyth to Partonope. "My frende," he seyde, "er hat ye Be dede, my wyllye were on thyynge 4044 That ye shulde speke wyth your kyng, And counsele hym to hane pes wyth me."

4047, after 1. 4056 follows catch-word: to hym also swore. On leaf 51, top, the first hand resumes.
May say that I shulde chaced be
Shamfully owte of thy cuntrre,
And I myghte no-lyngge conquere,
Towne ne cyte, and thy of my wery?
Shulde make an ende shamfully.
Thys ys pe cause why that I
Desyre no more off alle thy good.
Partonope fulle styyle stode
And herde pe keynge say of hym
tyle:
"Syr, yeff pe kyngge of Fraunce shulde be
Thys wyse homagere, then myghte weH ye
Seyne ye had made a fayre conqueste,
And I had falsly my be-heste
Performed in myne owne acorde,
Syth to fyghte for my lorde
I swore, and eke to safe thy honowre.
But of on lyngge, Surnegour, I
am gladde, for youre crueltie
Ys turned fully to humylyte,
For ye se me atte dysavawntage.
I trowe ye haue loste youre grette corage."
When kyngge Surnegour herde thy scorne,
Yeffe he were wodde or felt be-forne,
Then wex he feller then euer he was;
And prycked thy stede a full grette pas;
And wyn thy swerde fully was he

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**British Museum MS.**

Thyn answeyr good Partanope: 4075
"Yf the kyngge of Fraunce shulde be
Youre homagere, than myghtt wyll ye
Sey ye had made a fayre conqueste,
And falsly had I performyd my be-heste.
I am redy to saue his honowre. 4082
But oo thynge, kyng Sornogour, I
am gladde that your crueltie
Ys now turnte to humilite,
For ye se me atte this anauntage;
Y trow ye haue lost your Corage." W
Han Sornogour herd this Serone,
He was woddyr than he was be-forne. 4059
And wyn that word purposed was he

**Rawl. MS.**

Then answeyr good Partanope: 4075
"Yef pe kyngge of France shulde be
Youre omagour, pen myghtt he
Sey ye hade made a fayre conqueste,
And falsly had I parformyde my heste.
I am redy to saue his honowre. 4082
But o thynke, kyngge Sornogour, I
am glade pe your creweHte
Ys nowe turnere to humylete,
For ye se me at dyssavantage,
I trowe ye haue loste your corage."
When Sornogour herd pe is scorne, 4058
He was woder pen he was beфорne.
And with pe word purposed was he
Porposed to stycke Partanope.
Atte hym he smotte on pe ryghte syde.
Hys stroke hym pozte not to a-bbye,
But to pe lyfte syde lyghtely leppe,
Where of hys stede he toke grette kepe,
And fownde welle hys hedde was bare.
There hym to smyte wolde he nought spare.

So sore hys strocke ther he sette ;
A-mydde the hedde pe stede he smette,
That hedde and necke porowe he cleffe,
And wyth pe dynt pe sadyg refle.
The stede felle vpon Sornegour,
Where-of grette parte of hys honowre
He loste at þat ylke falle.
Ne had he he deleyuer wyth-alle,
He had ben ded wyth-owten) more.
Thys falle hym greved wonder sore.
The danys on) pe hethenne syde
Hatli gotse a parcelle of here pryde.
The frenshe a-noyn wyth alle here herte
Preysedên) Godc þat so gane) verte
Wele and woon, ryghte as hym lyste.

Sornegour
The kyng hym-selfe halpe at þe beste,

4113. w crossed out before verte.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Sharpely to smyte this Partanope. 4093
At hym he smote on the ryght syde ;
His stroke he thought shuld a-bbye,
But to the lyfte syde Partanope leep,
And of his stede toke grete kepe, 4097
That his hede was a[ll] bare.
Therto smyte he wold not spare. 4099
The hede throw-out he clefe,
The stede of there he rele :
Wherefor kyng Sornegour 4104
Was in doute of his honoure,
And wyth fyf wyth-outen more. 4108
That fah greved hym fah sore.
Tho that were on the hethen syde,
Hame lost a parcelle of her syde.
The frenche a-noyn with good hert 4112
Thankeid God that so gan) werke
Wele and wo, ryght as hym lyst.
Sornegour than a[ll] in a myst
And lyghte vp lyghtly on hys fette, 4116
As that poghite fully to mete
Wyth hys enmy Partonope.
For a grette [stroke] pen gafe hym he
Vpon the corne of hys shylde. 4120
Hyt dynned ouer alle the fyldc;
Stele ne mayle wolde hyt not holde.
Thys swerde was tempered, and wolde not folde.
In the shylde hyt enteryd a fote; 4124
And wyth the poynte yet was hys cote
Fowle I-raced, and eke I-rente.
And wyth hope hondis pe kyngc pen hente
The swerde pat faste was yw pe shylde.
Many a man thys case be-helde.
He pulled so, hyt wolde not be.
To hys horse-warde pen drowe hym he.
Partonope gan hym follow so faste, 4132
Hys porpose fayled that he had caste.
For he poyste, yeffe he had mon,
To haue take a swerde pat by pe arson
Off hys sadly pe hynge. 4136
But Partonope so fersly gan swyng
After hym, and layde ond ffaste,
And on hym so fersly gan] laste
That on] hys horse he stombelde and fell.
And per-wyth he happed to take hys bylle,
The wyche some men do a gleyue calle.
A-shamed he was of hys grette falle,
And ther-wyth lyghtely vppon hys fette
He lepe, and poghite he wolde mete
Wyth hys Enemy Partonope.
But so hit happened that both he
For wery of fyghte nedyd of breth;
And bothe a-reste hem on] the hethe.
Partonope had grette encombrancc
Off Sornegour ys swerde, pat fowlc myschawnce,
The wyche henge so faste in hys shylde,
He myghte not lyghtely hym be-welde.
And pat swene welle kyngne Sornegoure,
And fersly, as he had b[w] a bore,
Leyethe* on] hys Enemy wyth hys gleyve.
Partonope feste pat strokes d[()pe weye.
Thus they ley on alle pat day,
Pat alle men, that hit be-helde and say,
Sayde pat perylouse was hys batayle,
So fersly eche other dothe sayle.

4156. Leyethe[ MS. Lyghtely.

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Univ. Coll. MS.

And gafe hym strokes manye.
Ytt his hors he came ny,
Where he had a grete faeth.
And ytt there wyth hast and hylle
His gleyve he Caught full smerte,
And on his feete vp he stert,
Thenkyng he wold mette wyth Partonope,
But so hit happed that they both he
So wery of fyght / hit nedyd to breth;
And bothe they rested hym on the heth.
Partonope had grete en-Comberancc
Of the Sword, that foule myschawnce,
Which henge so fast in his shield, 4152
That he myghtly hym welle.
And that seeth wyth Sornegoure,
And feersly, as hit were a bore,
Leeth on hym wyth hys gleyve. 4156
Mighty strokes he gan the wyfe,
Ryght perilous was this Batayle, 4160
So feersly eche other dyd assayle,

Rawl. MS.

And gafe hym strokes manuye.
Yet his hors he come nyce.
Where he had a grete faeth.
And yet per with hast and aff
His gleyve he caught smerte,
And on his feete up he stert, 4145
Thynkyng he wolde mete Partonope.
But so hit happened pat bothe be
So wery of fyght, it nedeth to breth;
And bothe bothe reste on pat heth.
Partonope hade grete encombrancc
Of pat swerde, pat foule myschawnce,
Whiche henge so faste In his sheld,
That he myghtly hym welle. 4153
And pat sethe wyth Sornegoure,
And feersly, as it were a bore,
Lightly on hym with his gleyve. 4156
Mighty strokes he gan to weye.
Right perilous was his batayl, 4160
So feersly eche of[e]r dyd assayl.
They sayde bope were ryght worthy
Knights, and in batayle myghty,
Sturdly, delyuer, and also stronge.
The day was per-to bope hot and longe.
A-sfiere were on-what pe hepenne,
And faste to Gode prayde pe Crysten.

To Marys pe Erle a-geyne tourne I,
That welle ys warre, and wotte surely
Howe Surnegowre, hys lorde and eke pe kyinge,
Hatytli hym dedely a-bofe aht pynge.
He be-pynketh faste how pat he
To hys lorde myghte make hys gre.
In peryle he pynketh he syth hys lorde.
Hys retenewe pat byw of hys a-corde,
To hym prinely he dud hem calle.

"Syris," he seyeth, "wytteth welle alle,
In grette drede stondyth owre kyinge.
I telle yowe trowe of on pyne:
Owte of pys fyldo to passe on lyfe
He ys not lyckely; per-fore as blyve
In preuwy wyse do Arme yowe.

For aht pys worlde ne wolle I nowe

4174. pynkth crossed out before pynketh.
4183. pyns] MS. possibly pe.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Men seyd they were ryght wrothe
Knights, fulf corageous and myghty,
Sturdy, delyver, and ther-to strong.
The day was whote and longe. 4165
A-ferd som-what were aht the hethen,
And fast to God prayd the Crysten.
To Marres, the erle, a-yen turne l, 4168
That were his ware, and wote truly
How Sornogour, his owne kyng,
Hated hym dedely a-bowe aht thynge.
He thenketh fast how that he 4172
To his lord myght make his gre.
In pereh nowe he seyth his lord. [leaf 52, back]
He reteneu that bene of his a-cord,
To hym prevly he dyd caht. 4176
"Syres," he sayde, "ye wote wele aht
In grette drede stondeth owre kyng.
I telle you thaw of on thing:
Oute of this feld to passe on lyve 4180
He ys not lykly; ther-for as blyve
In proye wyse goe and arme yow.
For aht this world ne wold I nowe

Ravl. MS.

Men seyd pe weye were right worthyle
Knights, fulf coragous and myghty,
Stordly, delyuer, and perto stronge.
The day was hote and longe. 4165
Aferde som-what were pe hetyns,
And faste to God prayde pe crystyns.
To Marres, pe erle, ayen turne I, 4168
That wef is ware, and wot truly
Howe Sornogour, his owne kyng,
Hatytli hym dedly a-bowe aht thynge.
He theynketh faste howe pat he 4172
To his lorde myghte make his gre.
In pereh nowe he seyth his lorde.
His reteneuw pat [ben] of his a-corde
To hym prevly dyde he caht. 4176
"Syris," he seyd, "ye wot wef aht
In grette drede stondth owre kyng.
I tell ye trewe of a thynge:
Out of peis feld to passe on lyve 4180
He is not lykly; per-for as blyve
In proye wyse goe and arme you.
For aht peis worlde ne wold I nowe
A-foure myne eyne to se hym dye. 4184
Yowe to armes faste pat ye hye. 4188
Dothie ond faste yowre habyrionys;
A-boffe caste ond yowre gownes,
And wyth yowre swerdes gyrde yowe faste,
And loke porowte pe presse ye pruste,
That ben ond-armed and naked men,
And presyth forthye thyH pat ye ben

[Thorugh the meyne and nygli your kyng.] 4192
And sparynghe not for no-þynge
Yowre lege lorde for to rescowe.
For I make Gode a vowe:
I had leuer be for-sworne
Then? I shulde se me by-forne
My lege lorde pe kynge dye.”
My auctor seyth yet he dud lye,
For hys menyng was alle fals-hedde.
But forthe a-non, wyth-owte drede,
Hys thousande, wyth-owten hoyse or crye,
Off pe knyghtes were armed, and faste dyte
Here mastere they houne,* Erle Marys,
Redy to pruste porowte pe prese.

4196. MS. swerne?
4204. houne]. MS. hane.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A-fore myn eyn see hym dye. 4184
Yow to armes faste ye hye.
Do on fast your habegenos,
And a-bove cast on your gowones,
And wyth your Swerdys gyrdye yow feste,
And loke threw the presse ye tres, 4189
That be vn-armed and naked men,
And preset forth thyH that ye been
Thorugh the meyne and nyght your kyng.

4192
And spare not for no-thyng
Your lyge lorde for to rescowe.

I had lever now be for-sworne 4196
Than to see hym dye me forn.”
Yit myne auctor seeth veryly
Hit was not but a fayne lye.
For his meanyng was falsedede. 4200
But forth a-non, wyth-outen drede,
Thre thousand wyth-outen more Crye
Of knyghtes were armed, and faste by
Her mayster, Erle Mares, they hove,
Redy the presse to threathe throw. 4205

Rawl. MS.

A-fore myne eyne see hym dye. 4184
You to harnes faste ye hye. [If. 21, bk.]
Do on faste your habergons,
And above caste on youre gownes,
And with youre swerdes gyrde you feste,
And loke porwe pe presse ye thryste,
That be vnarmede and nakede men,
And presyth furthe thit pat ye ben
Thorwe pe meyne and nyght your wyne

4192
And spare not for nothyng
Your lyege lorde to rescowe.
For to be grete God I make a vowe:
I hade leuer be for-sworne.
Then se hym dye me be-forne."
Yet myne auctor seyth wytterly
Hit was not but a feyned lye.
For his meny[nge] was falsedede. 4200
But furthe anone, with-out drede,
Thre pousonde, with-out more crye,
Of knyghtes were arrayded hastely 4203
Here maister, erle Mairas, pe hoye,
Redy to presse and threathe porwe.
STronge ys the batelle and perelowe, To be-holde fuyh dolorowse.

Prowde men) of armys ben they bothe, 4208
To geffe hyt vp lyghtely they ben) fulle lothe.
Frome morowe lasted jyhs stronge batayle, 4212
Tylle the sonne wylh-owten fayl ye
Gan) drawe fulle lowe in-to the weste.
Thowe shuldyste haue [sene] pen lytelie reste
Be-twyn) thes fayglites, the ben) so rothe,
They peyne hem)selfe fersely to fyghte bothe.
They sawe the day gan) faste fayl ye,
[leaf 53, back] 4216
And eche of hem of jyhs batayle
The victory wolde haue yeff het he myghte.
Ther-fore fersely nowe gan) they fayglite.

Ryghte Rothe they were, not yet for pen) 4220
Vn-syttynge wordes shulde no man
Haue herde be-twyn) hem) in) no wyse.

Butte jyhs batayle forthe to deuyse
I wolde atte jyhs tyme hye me. 4224
Fulle fersely ys nowe Partonope
A-sayled of the kynge Sornegowre
That wode ys as a wylde bore.

jyhs kynge jyhs gysharnie halte in honde, 4228
To sle jyhs enemy nowe woff he fownde.

From 4206-4415 several passages have become confused in MS.
After 4205 ... presse MS. continues: Partonope ... sterte, etc. which will be found ll. 4266 ff.

Univ. Coll. MS.
STronge ys the batayll, and perlons 4209
To be-hold, and fuyh dolours.
Prowde men) of armes been they bothe, 4212
To gyff hit vp lyghtely they be ryght lothe.
Frome morow lastyd this grete batayle, 4216
Th morow wythouten fayl ye
Ganne drawe lowe in-to the west. 4212
Men myght se then lytyll rest.
Beytwe[n] these fghters so wrothe : 4216
They peyned freshely to fght bothe.
Ther-fore the day ganne faste fayl ye,
And ech of hym of his batayle
The victory wolde haue yf he myght.
Ther-fore fersely they gyn) to fght.
Fuyh fersely now) and ryght sore 4225
Is Partonope assaylyyd of Sornegoure.

Rвел. MS.
STronge is ye bataill, and perllons 4209
To be-holde, and well dolours.
Prowde men) of armes bye be bothe, 4212
To gyfe it vp ligthly bye be bothe.
For morow lestede jyss grete bataill, 4216
Tif) bye son) with-out fail pe 4216
Ganne drawe lowe in-to the weste. 4212
Men myght se byen lyttle rest.
Be-twene) these kyghtes wrothe ; 4216
They payned hym to fght bothe.
Ther ye day gyn) feste fail pe 4216
And eche of hym hades his bataill
The victory wolde haue yef he myght.
Ther-fore fersely bye gon fght.
Freshly now) and right sore 4225
Is Partonope assailed bye Sornegour.
With his axe
Sornegour
deals a
blow on
Partonope's
helm,
and nearly
bears him
down.
But Par-
tonope's re-
turn stroke
breaks the
King's helm,
and throws it to the
earth.

A delefulle stroke he [leet] þe-w file
Wyth hys gysharne to Partonope,
And wyth hys shylde he dude hyt wafe.
But wyth pe becke yet of hys gleve
A-pon the helme so fersly he smotte
Off Partonope, þat he ne wotte
Where he was wysely in þat stonde.
For wyth that stroke ryghte to pe grounded
Partonope hadde a pounte to ffalle.
Hys helme was bent In grettely wyth-alle.
Ne had hyt welle I-tempered be,
Alle to pecys hylde haue be.
Wyth thys strocke Partonope
A-stonyed was, butte yette lette he
To pe kyngge a stroke so fersly file
Wyth hys swerde, and ryghte [an] h[y]e
Vppon hys helme he hym smette,
That a-now wyth-owte lette
Hys cover brake and alle pe tyngge
Off hys helme, and [hylt] gan fflynge
Frome hys hedde in-to the sffylde.
Crystyn and hethen þat hylt byhylde,
Sayden: "Thys ys a perlous fflyhte."
Thys hethen kyng, þys worthy kynyhte,
Where he was in þat stonde,
For he had wyly fallie to the grounde,
And not-wythstondyinge/that Partonope
A-stonyed was; yett lette he
Vpon his helme so freashly he smote,

A grete stroke he leete then) flege
Wyth hys gleyve to Partonope,
And wyth hys Sheldle hedyd hit wewe.
But wyth the Beke yet of his gleve
Vpon his helme so freshely he smoteth

Vpon his helme freshely he smote,
That Partonope not weff wote
Where he was in þat stonde,
For he had eue fæt to grounde.
Not-wythstondyinge þat Partonope
Astonyde was, yett let he
To pe kynge a stroke let flege
Wyth his swerde, and righte an hyl
Vpon hys helme he hym smette,
That a-now with-out lette
His Covere brake and tyngge
Of his helme, and it gan fflynge
From his hade in-to pe felde.
Crystyn and hethen þat be-helde,
They sayde: "This ys a perlous fghte."
This hethen kynge, þis worthy kynyht,
For alle hys helme a-basshed hym\(\text{w}\) noghte, 4256
Butte a\(\text{H}\)-w\(\text{e}\)y feersly hys enemy soghite,
And wyth hys gysharne atte hym lette fle. 4256
And wyth hys shylde Partonope
Welle hym defendyth as he myghte. 4256
Butte pe gysharne so sore a-lyghte,
The stroke lange ouer alle the ffylde. 4260
In-to the myddys hym cleffe the shylde,
And ther-In stake so sore \(\text{a}n\)d faste.
The kyng to hym hym pullyth in haste.
He pullyth so feersly that ou\(\text{h}\) hym kne
To grownde gothie Partonope.
Partonope lyghtly a-nou\(\text{v}\) vp sterte. 4264
A-shamed he was \(\text{a}n\)d wrothe in herte
That at \(\text{p}\)e erthe he had so be.
Wyth hys swerde \(\text{p}\)\(\text{e}\)l lette he fle
To hys enemy so grette a stroke,
Hym semed \(\text{p}\)\(\text{a}t\) ther had falle a wocke.
The kyng hys stroke warly be-hulde,
And resseyued hym vp\(\text{p}\)\(\text{o}\)n\(\text{n}\) hys shylde.

\(\text{A}\)fter 4265 . . . Partonope \(\text{M}\)S. continues: He pulled . . . hadde, see II. 4356 ff.

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\(\text{U}v\text{i}c. \text{C}o\text{l}l. \text{M}\text{S.}\)

For all his helme he bashede nought,
But all\(\text{y}\)\(\text{e}\)e feersly his enemy sought,
And wyth his Gesarme at hym leete fle. 4256
And wyth his Sheelde Partonope
Welle hym defendyd as he myght,
But the Gesarme so sore a-lyght,
The stroke long ouer alle the feeldel. 4260
In-to the myddys he cleffe his Sheelde,
And the\(\text{r}\)er\(\text{in}\) stake so sore and fast.
The kyng to hym hym pulled fast. 4263
He pulled so feersly that ou\(\text{h}\) his kne
To the grounde than gouth Partonope.
He a-nou\(\text{v}\)e lyghtly th\(\text{v}\)\(\text{y}\) vp sterte. 4266
Ashamed and wrothe he was in herte
That at erthe he had so be. 1[leaf 29, back]
Wyth his swerde than\(\text{d}\) leete he fle
To his enemy so grette a stroke,
As thogh ther had falle an Oke. 4271
The kyng hys stroke warly be-helde,
And resseyued hym vp\(\text{p}\)\(\text{o}\)n\(\text{n}\) his Sheelde.

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\(\text{R}\text{awel. M}\text{S.}\)

For all his helme he bashed nought,
But all\(\text{y}\)\(\text{e}\)e feersly his enemy sought,
And with his gyssharme at hym let fle.
And with his shylde Partonope
Well hym defendyd as he myght,
But he gyssharme so sore a-light,
The stroke long ouer all he feltel. 4260
In-to the myddes he cleffe his sheldel, and the\(\text{r}\)er\(\text{in}\) stake so sore and fast.
Then to hym he pulled-\(\text{e}\)n herte.
He pulled so feersly \(\text{p}\)\(\text{a}t\) on his knees
To grounde \(\text{p}\)\(\text{e}\)n went Partonope.
He lightly\(\text{p}\)\(\text{e}\)n vp sterte,
A-shamyde \(\text{a}n\)d wrothe he was in herte
That at erthe he had so be. 4268
With his swerde \(\text{p}\)\(\text{e}\)n let he fle
To his enemy so grette a stroke,
As thogh\(\text{p}\)\(\text{e}\)r had fell an oke. 4271
The kyng his stroke warly be-helde,
And resseyued it vp\(\text{p}\)\(\text{o}\)n his shield.
The shylde was sure, but not for þan
In-to þe myddes þe swerde Rau.
The swerde was stronge and wolde not breke,
þorowe þe shylde a fote he steke.
The kynge aspyed þe swerde was faste
In hys shylde, and in grette haste
He vndoth þe gyrdeH of hys shylde,
And frome hym keste hyt in þe fylde.
Wyth þys crafte ys Partonope
Grettely encomberd; nowe may not he
Wyth hys swerde hym-selfe be-welde,
For ond the poynte faste cleunythe þe shylde.
PArtonope stonte nowe in grette fere.
The kynge wolde geffe hym no leysere
To drawe hys swerde owte of þe shylde,
But chasyth hym fersly owte of þe fylde.
In bothe hys armes he halte hys gysharne,
And leyethe ond faste, and dothe moche harme
To thys yonge Partonope.
But wyth hys shylde weH couredoth hym he.

Univ. Coll. MS.
The Sheelde was sure, but not for þan
In-to the myddes the Sverde ranne.
The swerde was strong, and not to-
brake.
Thorow the Sheelde a foote hit stake.
The kynge aspyde the Sverde was fast
In hys Sheelde, and thoo in grete hast
He vndeoth the gyrde of hys Sheelde,
And fro hym cast hit in-to the fylde.
Wyth hys crafte now ys Partonope
Gretly encomberd; now mav not he
Wyth hys swerde hym-selfe be-welde,
For ond the poynte cleuth the Sheelde.
PArtonope stont now in grete fere.
The kynge wolde gyffe hym no leysere
To drawe hys swerde owte of his Sheelde,
But chaseth hym fersly a-boute the fylde.
In bothe his handes he holdyth hys
gesarne,
And laythe ond fast, and dothe harme
To this yonge knyght Partonope.
But wyth his Sheelde weH couredoth hym he.

Rawl. MS.
The sheld was sure, but not for þen
In-to þe myddes þe swerde rane.
This swerde was stronge and not to-
brake, * 4276
Thorwe þe sheilde a foote it stake.
The kynge aspyde þe swerde was faste
In his sheilde, and In grete haste
He vndyde þe gyrade of his sheilde,
And frome hym caste it In-to felde.
With his crafte is now PArtonope
Gretly encomberd; now mav not he
With his swerde hym-selfe welde,
For on þe poynte cleuth his sheilde.
* PArtonope stont In grete fere
The kynge wyth gyffe hym no leysere
To drawe his swerde out of his sheilde,
But chaseth hym aboute þe felde.
In bothe his handes he holdyth þe
gyssarne,
And leyeth ond faste, and doth harme
To þis yonge knyght PArtonope.
But with his sheilde couredoth hym he.

4276. After to some illegible letters; brake| ke indistinct.
And as they were thus in stryvnyng,
He toke hede where a feyre swerde hyng
A-pon þe kynges ded stede.
Hys swerde he lefte, and thyder he yede,
And Sornegowre swerde fro þe Arson wolfe rafte,
There as he hyngynge had hþt lafte.
Grette a-venture and grette dystresse
A man wyghte se þer and grette prowesse
Be-twën thys two worthy men).
The batayle ys fulle perlowse be-twënn hem,
And mervelowse to be-holde þer-to,
For ofte tyme hþt stode So
The twonne hath þe better a man wolde deme,
And sodenly, or thowe wolde wene,
He hath the worse, wyth-outennay.
Thus fortune alle the longe day
Turneth* hur on-stydfaste whyle,
That non of hem no whyle ys welle.
Hyt to be-holde ys a mervelowse syghte.
The day passyth, and oþ comyth the nyght.

4310. Turnyth*] MS. Thorow.

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Univ. Coll. MS.
And as they were thus in stryvnyng,
He toke hede where a Swerde hyng
Upon the kings dede stede. 4296
Hys Swardhe he lefte, and thyder he yede:
I Sornegoure Swerde for the arson reft,
Ther as he hanging had hþt lefte.
Grete aventure of grete dystresse 4300
A man wyght se there and professe
Be-twën thëse two so worshì man.
The batayles ys perious now hem be-twën),
And Marvaylous to be-holde therto.
For ofte tyme truly hit ston to 4305
The tone hath the better, a man wolde deme,
And sodenly, or tow woldeste wene.
He hath the worse, wyth-outennay.
Thus fortune alle the longe day 4309
Turneth hþr vnstedfast whyle,
That none of hem ys no whyle wele.
Hyt to be-holde ys a mervayle syght.
The day passyth oþ, fast on comyth the nyght.

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Ravil. MS.
As þey were þas In st[ryvnyngge,
He toke hede where a swerde hyng
Vpon þe kynges dede stede. 4296
His swerde he lefte, and þere he yede,
Sornegour swerde fro þe arson he reft,
Ther as he hit hadde it lefte.
Grete aventure of grete dysstres 4300
Be-twëne þis ij worthy men).
The batafl is perius be-twëne hem,
And mervelus to be-holde þerto. 4304
For ofte tyme truly it ston to 4305
The tone hath better, and none with
deeme,
And so-deny or þou woldeste wene.
He hath the worse with-outennay. 4308
Thus fortune aff þe longe day
Turneth hem vnstedfast whyle,
That none of hem is nowe while.
To be-holde it is mervelus sight. 4312
The day passeth, on comyth þe nyght.

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He sees the sword that hangs at the saddle of Sornegour's dead steed. He drops his own, and seizes the other weapon.

The issue of the combat is uncertain.

Night is coming on.
In bothe hondys holdeth the hethyn kynge
Fulle fersly hys gysharne and drethy no-kyng.
On the other syde Partonope       [leaf 54, bk. l. 27] 4316
Hys sweerde in hande alle naked halte he,
Redy to syghte in the sylde.
Kyng Sorenowre hapé neyser helme ne sylde.
Fortune hath the hym thus a-Rayed,
Hys osté per-off ys grettely dysmayed.

NOwe comyth Partonope to asseyle
Hys hynk kynge, and wolt not syeyle,
Yeffe he may, to haue hys hedde.  4324

The kynge hym hyethe a fulle grette spedé
To hym warde, and off ye strokes ys warre,
And wyth hys gysharne a-way hyt bare.
Bothé fersly to-geder they smeté,
And so hyt happenyd here wepenys mette.  [leaf 55]
Partonope had there a grette harme:
Hys sweerde he smotte a-geye the gysharne.
Be the hylte hit brake, and alle to-fyle.
The danys were gladde when they hyt seye,
For swerdles was Partonope.

After 4315 . . . gyng M.S. continues: stronge . . . perelowse,
see II. 4206 ff.

Unic. Coll. M.S.
In bothe handys holdith þe kyng
Hys Gesarne feersly, and drede no-thing.
On the other syde this Partonope 4316
Hys Swerde naked eke holdeth he,
Redy to fight in the same sylde.
The kyng hath neyther helme ne Shilde.

NOW cometh Partonope for to asseyle
This kyng, and wylle not tayle,
Yf he now, to haue his heede.  4324
The kyng hym hived a full greté spedé
To hym warde, and of the stroke ys ware,
And wyth his Gesarne away he bare.
Bothe feersly to-gydyr they smette, 4325
And atte last her wepenys mette.
Partonope had there a greté harme:
Hys sweerde he smoth in the gesarne.
By the hilt hit brake in that fytght. 4332

The hethen were glade to see that syght.
And Swerdles than ys Partonope.

Rawl. M.S.
In bothe hondes he holde/þ þe kyng,
His gyssarne freshly, and drede no-thynge.  [leaf 23]

1In þe toper syde þis Partonope 4316
His swerde naked holdith he,
Redy to fight In þe fylde.
The kyng hath neyser helme ne shilde.

* Nowe comyth Partonope to assaif
This kyng, and wult not fayth,
Yef he may, to haue his heede.  4324
The kyng hyede a greté spedé
To hym, and of his stroke is ware.

And with his gyssarne away it bare.
Bothe freshly togeder smette, 4328
And at þe laste þer wepenys mete.
Partonope had þer greté harme:
His swerde he smote In þer gyssarne,
Be þe hilt it brake In the gyssarne with fytght.  4332
The hethen were glad to see that sight,
Swerdeles þen is Partonope.
When the freche men dyde see,
Grette sorowe in hertys they hadde;
And namely the kyng grette sorow made,
And prayed God wyth alle hys myght
to save Partonope and eke hys ryght.

Wythe-owte wepyne ys Partonope.

That swerde ys broke, þe toper tweyne be
Snarled in þe shylde faste.

Whatte dothe Partonope butte in grette haste
Lepte to þe kyng wyth-owten lette,
And on þe gysharne bothe hondys sette,
And þoghite hyst fro þe kyng to pulle.
The kyng defendythe [hyst] atte þe fulle.
And thus they wrastelle and stryve sore,
Tylle atte þe laste, whatte wolde ye more?
The Erle of hym þe gysharne wanne.
The kyng sey þat, and faste Ranne
To the swerde, alle men be-helde,
There as hit stake faste in þe shylde.
Vpon þe shylde he sette hys fette,

4340. wepyne] MS. shylde.
He succeeds in drawing it out, but not in taking up the shield.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>British Museum MS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He pulled and lefte not tyle he hyt hadde.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He pulled and lefte not tyle he hyt hadde.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dayes per-off were ryghte glaffe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the s[h]ylde.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyche Partonope pat he be-helde,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyth the gyshame at hym he smote,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And of pat porpose pe kynghe he lette.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He sythie that hyt wylle not be.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The swyrde in honde naked halte he,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyche he drowe owte of pe shylde.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In hys honde he hyt halte, all men be-helde,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hys naked swerde [as] syluer bryghte.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hym lacked no poynite of a knyghte,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[For helme and sheelde haue he none,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the feelde he had hem forgone.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And wyth pat swerde nowe lynkethie he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fersley to assayle Partonope.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To hym he smotte wyth alle hys myghte,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And floghte hys swerde shulde a lyghte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vpon hys Enemy Partonope.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After 4355 . . . hete MS. continues: A swerde . . . bryghte, see II. 4416 ff. 4360. alle men) be helde crossed out before syluer.

---

Univ. Coll. MS. | Rawl. MS.
---|---
And the swerde that was his boote |
And pe swerde pat was his bote 4355
He pulled oute, and hit halde, |
He pullyde out, and it hadde. [II. 23, l. 17]
Whereof the heten was fun glaffe. |
Where-of pe hethen were full glade. |
Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the |
That hit to take forth so boote |
Sheelde. |
| Wherefore the kyng in the tylde |
But Partonope that be-helede, |
That naked Swerde as syluer bryght |
Wyth the gesarme at hym he smote, 4360 |
Hecle in defensce as a knyght: |
His purpose he put a syde. |
For helme and sheelde had he none, 4365 |
| That naked Swerde as syluer bryght |
Where the kyng in the tylde |
| Helde in defence as a kynght; |
| For helme and sheelde had he none, 4367 |
| In the feelde he had hem forgone. |
In pe feldhe he hade hem for-gone. |
And wyth this Swerde thynketh he |
And with his swerde thynketh he |
Fresly to assayle Partanope. |
Fresly to assayle Partanope. |
| To hym he smotte wyth alle his |
To hym he smote with all his |
| myght, |
| And thought hit shulde hane lyght|
And boughit it shulde hane lyght |
Vpon) his enemy Partanope. | Vpon) his enemy Partanope. 

---
But hit happed for sothe that he
Was so nye hym pat on his sheilde 4376
He smote his honde; and in-to pe fylde
Owte fle his swerde pat was so bryghte.
The stroke he smotethe wyth alle his myghte,
Wychie was to hym both shame and harme,
Ther-wyth a-stonyed wes his Arme.

Thys a-spyed Partonope.
In alle pe haste a-wey caste he
Hys gysharne, and wyth pat lyghtely * wente 4384
To the swerde, and vp lyft hente,
Wychie fleye owte of pe kynges fyste.
Nowe hathie Partonope all his lyste,
For Sorneowre stante nowe wepynlesse. 4388
Lo, thus fortune can) turne hur dyse
Nowe vp, nowe downe; here whele ys vnstable. [if. 54, bk.]

Onh her ys no truste; she ys so varyabelle.
Butte gladde ys now Partonope, 4392
For in hande that swerde hathi he
In wyche [he] hath grete affyawnce,
He broghte hyt wyth hym in-to Fraunce.
Butte wyle Partonope his swerde vp toke,

Univ. Coll. MS. 4384. MS. lyghtely twier.

Rawl. MS.
But it happyde for sothe pat he
Was so nye hem pat on his sheilde 4376
He smote his honde; and In-to pe felde
Fley his swerde pat was so bright.
Then was he sore a-fright,
With pat stroke he hade grete harme, 4380
For sore astonyde was his arme.
This aspyde to Partonope.
In alle the haste away caste he 4383
The gesarme, and than lyghtly went,
That Swerde feersly he vp hent. 4385
And gladded ys nowe Partonope 4392
That in honde that Swerde hath he
In which he hath grete afliaunce,
He Brought hit wyth hym in-to Fraunce.
But while that Partonope the Swerde vp toke, 4396

While Partonope pe swerde toke 4396
The heþyn kynge faste gan loke
After wepyne, butte perch was non
Thatte he myghte hane ; þen what to done
He wotte neuer ; yette he toke keppe
Where a shylde lay, and thyer he leppe.
He toke hyt vp in fulle gretete haste,
And a-bowte hys necke hyt caste.
That sethe ðys erle Partonope,
And fersly a strokke at hym lette fle.
The kynge hyt keppe[te] appow hys shylde.
And wyth þat stroke in-to þe fyllyde
A cantelle fley, ðys ys no nay.
And when Partonope þys syghte say,
A-nother dynte þer-on he yaffe,
That alle ow peces þe shylde raffe.
A-none þoghte Partonope
The better he hadde of þys medele.
Ther-wyth sey þys heþyn kynge
Hys Enemy's shylde, and þer-in styckynge
A swerde þat was ffurbeshe[ð] fuþ bryghte, [ll. 55, l. 28] 4416
And þer-to a now he lepte fulle ryghte.

After 4415 . . . styckynge MS. continues: On . . . Partonope, see ll. 4316 ff.

Univ. Coll. MS.
This hethen kynge fast gan loke
After wepyne, but there was none
That he myghte hane / then what to done
He wote neuer / yet he toke keppe
Where a Shede lay, and thider he lepe.
He toke hit vp in fulte gretete haste,
And a-bowte his neck to hit cast.
That seeth the erle Partonope,
And feyster at hym tho leete flee
A stroke, which he defende wyth his Shede.
And wyth that stroke in-to the felede
A Castel fye, this ys no nay.
And when Partonope that sey,
A-nother dynt theron he gafe,
That alle to peþ es Shede relie.
A-none thonght Erle Partonope
The better he had of this medele.
Therwyth see[ð]h this hethen kyng
Hys enemies Shede, and ther-in styking
A Swerde that was furbushed bright,
An[nd] therto anone he lepe fuþ ryght.

Ruel. MS.
The hethyn kynge faste gan loke
After wepyne, but þer was non
That he myghte hane ; þen what to done
He wot neuer ; yet þen he toke keppe
Where a shylde lay, and þer he lepe.
He toke hyt vp in fulle grete haste,
And a-bowte hys necke hyt caste.
That sethe þys erle Partonope,
And fersly a strokke at hym lette fle.
The kynge hyt keppe[te] appow hys shylde.
And wyth þat stroke in-to þe fyllyde
A cantelle fley, þys ys no nay.
And when Partonope þys syghte say,
A-nother dynte þer-on he yaffe,
That alle ow peces þe shylde raffe.
A-none þoghte Partonope
The better he hadde of þys medele.
Ther-wyth sey þys hethyn kynge
His enemies Shide, and þer-in styckynge
A swerde þat was furbushed bright,
And þer-to he lepe anone right,
He pulled, hyt owte and pat a-non.
Hys ffrypes pe per-wyth were gladde echeonl.
Nowe ys pe bat[a]yle fulle mervelouse,
And to be-holde fulle Dolorouse.
Off hem bothe ys non ryghte sure.
There falleth so mony a venture
Onw bothe pe sydes; for nowe pe touw
Ys atte pe better, and ryghte a-non
Mervelously ys atte the wof[r]ses:
So ys the batayle fulle perversse.
To bothe partyes fortune stante; 4428
Her whole ys euere vnstabh and mevante.

PArtonope hys bryghte swerde gynnethi dresse,
Wyche that Melt[i]owre for hye provesse
Hym gaffe at here laste departynge,
Wyche was to hym a precyowse thyngye.
So gode hyt was, whan he hyt sey,
And Remembryt hym the cause why
Hys loue, hys lady so fayre and ffyre
Hym hyt gaffe, and for that he
Shulde hym besy grettely in knyght-hode.
And pat made hym thynke in manhode.
And ther-wyth hys herte gan faste llyghte;
That thorste made hym freshe to ffyghte

4429. ys] MS. ye.

Univ. Coll. MS.
He pulled hit oute in grete haste,
And in his honde hath hit faste.
Now ys the Batayle mervelous, 4420
And to be-holde how myschevous.
Of hym bothe ys none ryghte sure.
Ther falle so many aventure
Onw bothe sydes; for nowe the tone 4424
Is at better and nowe ryghte anone
Mervaylesly he ys atte worses:
So this batayle ys perversse. [leaf 55, back]

PArtonope hym gan dresse 4430
To ffyght for hym provesse,
And be-thynketh how that Melior
That Swerde gafe hym therfor 4437
To preve hym-selfe a manly knyght,
Where ene he went in any ffyght.
And ther-wyth his hert gan to llyght,
And fresh was a-none to ffyght. 4441

PARTONOPE.

Rawl. MS.
He pullede it out In grete haste,
And in his honde hathe it faste.
Nowe is pe batait[th] mervelus, 4420
And to be-holde myschevus.
Of hem bothe is non sure.
Ther fitt so many aventure
On bothe sythis; for nowe pe tone 4424
Ys at better, and nowe right anone
Mervelously he is at wors:
So his batait is fuff perlus.
* Partonope hym gan dresse 4430
To ffyght for his provesse,
And be-thynketh howe pat Melyore
That swerde gafe hym perfore 4437
To prove hym-selfe a manly knyght,
Where euer he went In any ffyght.
And per-with his hert gan to llyght, 4440
And fresh was anone to ffyght.
And quckened hys herte so hyly,  
That to Sornegowre he lepte fulle lygilitely,  
And so fersly smotte ond hys shylde,  
By peces hit filey a-bowte the flylde.  
The kyng hym couerythe as he myghte;  
Butte ene Partonope put hym to flylhte.  
For in no place he Soferyth hym to a-byde,  
Butte alle a-bowte he lystes wyde  
He hym chasyth so hyly,  
That kyng Sornegowre wotte full:  
Surely he hathe the worse of this batayle.  
Lo, thus can love wythouten fayle  
Make a man maystries vse,  
And a knyght shame to refuse.  

Whan he had of his lady memory,  
Then to Sornogoure he lepe full  
lyghtly,  
And so fersly smote hym ond the  
Sheelde,  
B peces hit filey a-bowte the feelde.  
The kyng hym covered as well as he  
myght;  
But ene Partonope put hym to flyght.  
For in no place he wolde Sulfre hym  
a-bye,  
But alle a-bowte the lystes wyde  
He hym chased so hidously  
That Sornogoure wenyth full surely  
He hath the worse of this batayle.  
Lo, thus can love wythouten fayle  
Make a man maystries vse,  
And a knyght shame to refuse.

4444. On the margin is written notatur bene.
For thus I am servued day be day
Off her that I loue and do servue.
Yette frome her servyse shall I not servue,
For I wolde euery servyante be.
And wolde Gode that onys she
Off here conselle me wolde make!
Butte alle pat me lustes she dope for-sake.
LOrlynges, I pray alle fy/re,
}3owe I leue of Partonope
A whyle, and speke of oyer frynge,
Butte alle fiat me histe she doijje for-sake.
LOrdynges, I pray alle fy/re,
}3owe I leue of Partonope
A whyle, and speke of oyer frynge,
Butte alle fiat me histe she doijje for-sake.
LOrdynges, I pray alle fy/re,
}3owe I leue of Partonope
A whyle, and speke of oyer frynge,
Butte alle fiat me histe she doijje for-sace.
LOrlynges, I pray alle fy/re,
}3owe I leue of Partonope
A whyle, and speke of oyer frynge,
Off both the partyes, wythouten doute.
A-none he and alle hys rowte

Oute wyth her Swerdes, and leyne owd ffaeste
One every syde, and atte pe laste
Mares come to Partonope,
And wyth his swerde atte hym lette fle.
The Erle manly defendyth pe sfelde.
Mares smote fersly, and Sornegoure behelde,
And cryed faste to Erle Mares
That he shulde leue and make pes
By the alygeawnce pat he hym owghte.
Mares hym answered that in hys poghte
Hyte come neuer, what so be-felle;
He wol not be cesyd of hys wylle.
The * M* Danys pat armed were,
And pat day assyngned there
The fyld to kepe ow Sornegoure ys syde,
To the kyng they faste gan ryde.
Kynge Fursyn* and kynge Fabure eke
On the sfelde ffaeste gan prycke
To kynge Sornegoure, here lege lorde.

“Mercy!” sayde he, “for owre a-corde 
Ys alle to-Squatte and dysarayde.”
Fals Mares hath me be-trayed.
Sleeth hym, I bydde yow, and pat anonne!”
They hym answeryd everychone
That hyt shulde be done in haste.
Towarde Mares they prekynn ffaste,
And alle they hem peyned wyth-owten ffayle
To sle Mares in pat batayle.
The Paynemys layde eche ow other,
Ther spared no man cosyn ne brother.
The crystew were sley thyykke also,
Butte of the hepeng were mony mo.
And so hyt myghte no neder be
Butte take was Partonope.
Butte mony an hepynd made he to dye,
Er they myghte come hym so nye.
And mony a crystew dyed in pat ffyghte,
And mony mo shulde, ne had the nyght 
Come on so faste, ys ys the sothe.
But kyng Sornegoure was wondyr wrothe.

**British Museum MS.**

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

“Merci,” sayde they, “for oure a-corde I ys altosquatte and dysarayde. 4520
Fals Mares hath vs be-trayed.” —
“Sleeth hym,” he sayde, “and that anone!”
They hym answeryth everychone: 4523
“Hyt shal be done, and that in hast.”
Toward Marres they pressad fast,
And hem payne withouten fayle
To sleer Marres in that batayle. 4527
The hethen layed on eche on other,
They spared neydyr Cosyn ne brother.
The Crysten were slayn thyykke also,
But of the hethen were many moo.
And also hyt myght other none other be 4532
But taken than was Partonope.
But many hethen made he to dye,
Or they myght come hym so nye.
And many a crystyn dyed in that fght,
And many moo shulde, had not the nyght
Come on so fast, this ys the sothe.
But kyng Sornegoure was wondyr wrothe.

**Rawl. MS.**

“Mercy!” sayde pey, “for ourse acorde Ys aff squat and dysarayd. 4520
False Mares hath vs be-trayed.” —
“Sle hym,” he sayde, “and pat anone!”
They hym answere everychone:
“Hit shal he done, and pat anone.” 4524
Toward Marres pey presede faste, [lf.25.]
And hem payne with-out faith
To sleer Marres in pat bataft. [leaf 25.]
The hethyn leyde on ihe oper, 4528
The theyrde nofer cosyn ne brofer.
The crystyn were slayn thyyke also,
But of pe hethyn many mo.
And so it myghte none oper be 4532
But takyn pen was Partonope.
But many hethen made he dye,
Ore pey myghte come hym so nye.
Many crystyn dyede In pat fght, 4536
And many mo shulde, had not pe myghte
Come on so faste, pis is pe sothe.
But kyng Sornegoure was fuht wrothe.
HE toke a horse in grete haste,
And In a-monge hem prycked faste,
And whyth hys swerde leyde faste a-bowte,
And slowe mony on, wyth-owten dowte,
Off hys secte and hys kynredle,
And euer cryed faste as he yede:
"Loke ye saue Partonope!"
Thys in hys fyghtynge euer cryed he.
Butte when he cowde no-yyngge here,
Off Partonope he was In ffere
In thys horlynge he had byn sleyne.
Hys clepynge he thoȝte was in veyne,
For lytelle he þoȝte he shulde be take.
The heven) waxed darke, þe skyes were blake,
The day was passed, hýt wes derke nyglhte.
Thys þe Ostes departed from) fyyghte.
The ffrenshe departed wyth grette deele,
For Partonope they supposed welle
Ys ded wyth-owte any nay.
And streyghte to Pûntyffe þey toke þe way.
Kynge Sornegowre ys rothe and Anguysshous

Univ. Coll. MS.

He toke an hors in grete hast, 4540
And in amonge hem pyricked fast, 4541
And whyth hys Swerde hayde fast a-bowte, 4542
And slowe mony on, wyth-owten dowte, 4543
Off hys secte and hys kynredle, 4544
And euer cryed faste as he yede:
"Loke ye saue Partonope!"
Thys in hys fyghtynge euer cryed he.
Butte when he cowde no-yyngge here, 4548
Off Partonope he was In ffere
In thys horlynge he had byn sleyne.
Hys clepynge he thoȝte was in veyne,
For lytelle he þoȝte he shulde be take.
The heven) waxed darke, þe skyes were blake,
The day was passed, hýt wes derke nyglhte.
Thys þe Ostes departed from) fyyghte.
The ffrenshe departed wyth grette deele,
For Partonope they supposed welle
Ys ded wyth-owte any nay.
And streyghte to Pûntyffe þey toke þe way.
Kynge Sornegowre ys rothe and Anguysshous

Rawl. MS.

He toke an hors In grete haste, 4540
And In amonge hys pyckerede faste, 4541
And with his swerde he leyde aboute, 4542
And slowe mony on, with-out dowte, 4543
Of his syde and of his kynred, 4544
And euer cryed faste as he yede:
"Loke ye saue erle Partonope!"
Thus In fyyghtynge euer cryed he.
Butte when he couthe not here, 4548
Of Partonope he was In fere
That In his horlynge he was slayne.
Hit crynde hym thought was in vayne,
Lyttly he thought he shulde be take.
4552
Than his Skye ganne wes blake,
The day was past, bit was derke nyght.
Thus the Oosie departed fro) fyyght.
The fanchise departed wyth grete heynte,
For they Suppose that Partanope 4557
Ys dede wyth-Outen any nay.
And to Pontyff þey toke the way.
Sornogoure ys wroth and angwisshe
That he myght not have the rescows
Off hys ffelowe Partonope.
What dyd he pen suppose ye?
Wyth pe ffrenshe he dyd forthe ryde
A-monge hem alle vn-w-a-Spyed,
As powe he had be on of hem.
Ther herde he of pe ffrenshe men
So grette sorowe and complayne made
For Partonope, pat none was glade,
Butte fulle of sorowe and wepynge.
And pas to Pountyffe-warde pey be rydynge,
And Sornegowre in here company.
None of hem hym cowde a-Spy.
And In-to Pountyffe, to pe halle dore,
Wyth hem rodde kynge Sornegowre.
As he was armed he lyghte a-none,
He lette hys hors where he wolde gon;
He toke no hede where he be-come.
The pey vn-to pe chamber he nome,
Where as pe kynge of Fraunshe he seye
Make sorowe, and wepte fulle tenderly,
Sowynge and passyng sorowe made.
None of hys men hym cowde glade,
For in hys sorowe þys was hys crye:

"Allas, Partonope! þou were so nye
My kyn and eke my gouernoure.
Nowe arte þou deè, wyche were þe flowre
Off alle þe knyghthode þat longeth to Fraunce.
Allas! what happe or what myschawnee
Was that þe felde so ffsalsely
Was kepte; for þe hepen truly
Arne for-sorwe, and þat echone. [leaf 57, back]
None of hem alle may voyde ne gon
Frome þys fowle Inconvenyente,
For I my-selfe was there presente,
When alle þe kynges þer toke here ethie.
Yette sory I am, and ryghte wrothe,
Thys vyleny shulde be in Sornegowre,
For he was þe śyryste on þat swore;
And þat I wotte weH he lacked no manhode.
I trusted euer fully in hys knyghthode
And in hys gentylines, that neuer he
In suche vntrupe fownden wolde be.
Hys worde I cowde euer haue trysted welle,
That hyt had ben as trewe as stylene."

For in crye sorow this was his crye: 4584
"Allas, Partonope! thow were so nye
My kynne and eke my gouernoure.
Nowe art thou deede which were the floure.
Of alle the knyghthode that longyth to Fraunce.
Allas! what happe or mychance
Was that this feelde so flisly
Was kept; the hethen now trwyly
Be forsworne wythouten nay. 4592
The contrary they moye not say,
For I myself was present for sothe,
When they toke her othe. 4596
Yet for Sorneȝoure I am ryghte sory
That he shulde be founde in suche vlyany,
And yet I wote weft he lacked no manhode.
I trusted euer fully in his knyghthode
And in his gentylenes and suerte,
That such vntrouthe wolde not he
Enfyrge dene neuer haue wrought,
I trowe therto he not consentyd in thought."

For In his sorwe his was his crye: 4584
"Allas, Partonope! þou were so nye
My kynne and eke my gouernoure.
Nowe art þou deede which were þe floure
Of all knyghthode þat longyth to Fraunce.
Allas! what happe ore myschance
Who þat fêkhit so falsy
Was kepte; þe heythyn truly
Be for-sworne with-out nay. 4592
The contrary þey may not say.
I my-selfe was þer present for sothe,
When þey þer toke þer othe. 4596
Yet for Sorneȝoure I am right sory
That he shulde be founde In soychæ velony.
Yet wot þe weft he lakede no manhode.
I truste euer fully to his knyghthode
And In his jewelnes and suerte,
That soychæ vntrouthe wolde not he
Enfyrge dene neuer haue wrought,
I trowe þer-to he neuer consentyd In boht.
When Sornegoure herde pe kyng hyme presye,
To hys herte hyt was grette e se.
Wyth-In hym-selfe then peoste he:
"I wolde no lenger hyde me."

And wyth his poshte in grette haste
Hys hedde he vna rmed, and per-wyth as faste
Alle nakke d he pulled owte hys swerde,
Wyth pe wyche at pat tyme he was gyerde.
And in hys honde pe poynyte he toke,
Hys Regalyte he than for-Soke
As for pat tyme, as pynkethie me;
For downe he sette hym ond hys kne.
"Syr," sayde he to pe ffrenshe kyng,
"Mercy I aske a-boure a ffynge.
I am vna rmed, as ye may se,
My hedde ys nakke d, syr, pardle.
The hyltes vpwarde ye se I holde
Off my swerde nakke d, for pat I wolde
Bene atte your grace and atte your wy lle.
Thys ys my cause and also my Skylle:
Ye effe pat Youre cosyn Partonope

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When Sornegoure herde the kyng hyme presye,
Tham to his hert hit was grette e se.
Wyth hym-self then thought he: 4608
"I wolde no lenger nowe hide me."

And wyth this thought in grette haste
His helme he pulled of as faste,
And nakked he plukked oute his Swerde, 4612
Wyth which at that tyme he was gyerde.
And in his honde the poynyte he toke,
His regally he thanne for-soke,
As for that tyme thus dyd he, 4616
And downe he set hym ond his kne.
"Syr," sayde he to the french kyng,
"Mercy I aske a-bove alle thing.
I am vna rmed, as ye may se, 4620
Myne hedde ys nakked, and I Submytte me.
[leaf 33, back]
The hyltes of my Swerde I yp holde,
For at your grace I be wolde, 4623
And cause why I shal determyne:
Yf that Partonope, youre Cosyn, 4626

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"When Sornegour herde pe kyng hyme presye,
Then to his hert it was grete eyse.4607
With-In hym-selfe then bought he:
"I will no lenger nowe hyde me."
With his bought In grete haste, [leaf 26]
His helme he of faste,
And nakked he pulled out his swerde,

With which pe pat tyme he was gyerde,
And in his honde pe poynyte he toke,
His regally he pen for-soke,
And for pat tyme pus dyde he: 4616
Downe he set hym on his kne.
"Syr," sayde he to pe kyng of France,
"Mercy I aske for myne alyance.
I am vna rmede, as ye may see." 4620

The holt of his swerde vp holde he.
"For at your grace I wolde be.
And cause why I shal determyne: 4626
Yef pat Partonope, youre cossy,
Be ded or takyn, or pat I be
Fow[n]dew wyttynge of thys tresone,
Or any man can prve be resone
This pes shulde be broke porowe me,
I am here redy alle-wey to be
Obyesaunte to yowre cowrtys a-warde.
Putteth my body in safe garde.
My requeste I pray pat ye do,
I yelde yowe here my Swerde also."
Be kyng hys swerde taketh in goode a-ysse,
And prayethe hym he wolde a-ysse *
Vppon[h]s fette, and [pen] he sayde:
"Sorne-gowre, I am grettely myspayde
Wyth yhs falshode; yet neperles I se
By yowre gouernance pat ye ne be
Knowynge per-off in no wyse,
Sythe ye arni come pus in yhs gyse
To yelde yowe pus lowly vn-to me.
Hyt semeth sory per-off pat ye be,
Off thys grette losse pat I haue."

4637. ryse] MS. ryde. 4643. MS. possibly sythen.

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Univ. Coll. MS.
Be dede or take thorow this treason,
And yf any man can prove be resone
This pes shulde be broke thorow me,
I am here redy alwey to be
Obyesaunte to yowre courteys a-warde.
Putteth my body now in safe garde.
My request I pray that ye doo, 4634
I yelde you here my Swerde also.
And therineth in me no variaunce,
For I never thought this myschannce."
The kyng his swerde taketh in goode
wyse, 4636
And prayde hym that he wolde ryse
Vpon[h]s fete, and ther[h]e sayde:
"Sorne-gowre, I am grettely myspayde
Wyth this falshede; yet nowe the lesse
I see 4640
Be youre gouernance that ye not be
Knowing therof in no wyse,
Sethe ye are comen in this gyse 4643
To yelde yow thus lowly vnto me.
Hit maketh grete prefe nowe, parde,
That of this tresone no gilt ye haue."—

Rowl. MS.
This pes shal be broke porwe me,
I am here redy a-w-y to be
Obeyesant to your courtesye and
warde, 4632
Puttyth me, lorde, In saffe garde.
My request I praye you pat ye do,
I yelde you here my swerde also. 4635
Thynketh In me no variaunce."
The kyng his swerde taketh In good
wyse, 4636
And prayede hym pat he wolde ryse
Vpon[h]s fete, and [pen] he sayde:
"Sorne-gowre, I am grettely myspayde
With his falshede; yet nowe he lesse
I se 4640
Be your gouernance pat ye ne be
Knowynge per-off In no wyse,
Sethe ye are come In his gyse
To yelde you pus lowly to me. 4644
Hit maketh grete prefe nowe, parde,
Of his treson no gilt ye haue."—
"Syr," sayde Sornegowre, "so Gode me safe,  
I am rottie also trewly. 4648
Ye ben be-trayed, and also am I,  
And by home I shalde yowe telle: 4652
He ys bope olde, fers, and felle,  
I haue broghte hym vp of noghte,  
Where-fore ofte in my boghte  
I haue fulle sore repented me.  
For he was butte of lowe degre;  
Off bertie hys fader was a chorle. 4656
Nowe haue I made hym a grette Erle;  
Hys name ys Mares, syr, Parde.  
He hath be-trayed bope yowe and me.  
Cursed he ys in alle wyse,  
Fayre of speche, and fals of seruyse. 4660
To me he ys plesawnte and lowly,  
And to my knygthode dyspituos and stordy.  
Fryste I helde hym trewe and sadde,  
And per-fore my stewarte I hym made.

Univ. Coll. MS.
"Syr," sayde Sornegour, "so God me save,  
I am wrothe and in my hert angrey 4648
That ye thus are be-trayed and so am I;  
And be whom hit ys I shalde yow tefft:  
He ys bothe olde, fers, and feft.  
I haue brought hym vp of noight, 4652
Where-fore ofte in my large thought  
I haue fult sore repented me  
That euer I so lewe shulde be;  
For he was of bryth but lowe degree,  
I my-self made hym free.  
His fadyr was but a power Cherle; 4658
Now I haue made the Son and Erle.  
Hit ys Marres, Syr, pardee.  
He hath be-trayed bothe yowe and me.  
Cursid he ys and Covetous in alle wyse,  
Fayre of spech, and flas in Servyse. 4661
To me he ys plesaunt and lowly, [1 leaf 34]
And to my men dyspituos and stordy.  
Fyrst I helde hym true and sadde, 4664
And therfore my stwarde I hym made.  
Quaynt rewles now dothe he vse,  
I wolde for euer now hym refuse.  
And servyse more neuer shal he do,  
And his deservyng shal I quyte also.

Rawl. MS.
"Sir," sayde Sornegour, "so God me save,  
I am wrothe and In my hert angry 4648
That ye are betrayede, and so am I.  
Be whom it is I shalde you teft;  
He is bothe olde, fers, and feft.  
I haue brought hym vp of noight, 4652
Where-[fore] oftyn in my pought  
I haue fult sore repented me [lit. 26, bk.]  
That I euer so lowde shulde be;  
For he was of berthe but lowe degre.  
His fader was but a poure chorle, 4656
Nowe haue I made his son an erle.  
His name is Marres, sir, parde.  
He hathe be-trayede you and me.  
Coursesde he is In all wyse, 4660
Fayre of speche, and fals In servyse.  
To me his he plesant and lowly,  
To my men dyspytuous and stordy.  
Fyrst I helde hym trewe and sadde, 4664
There-for my stewarte I hym made.  
Quynte Rulis dothe he vse,  
I witt for euer hem refuse.  
His seruyse more neuer shal he me do,  
His deservyng neuer shal I quyte so.
A recital of Mare's falseness.

And when he purposed to do fals þynge, 
þys was hys worde: þys wolde þe kynge.
Thys alle þe dynte ys falle on me.
There as my pepelle was wonite to be
To me fulle lounyge and fulle kynde,
Ille wylled and frowarde nowe I hem fflynde.
For no man to me wolde * sey of þe traytowre [leaf 58, back]
Butte alle worshyppe and grette honowre.
An Erles doþter I gaffe hym to wyfe;
He hathe me greued wyth werre and stryfe.
For þer I had wende he had saued myw honowre,
He maketh me to holde fals and a traytowre.
Where-fore I pray yowe of on þynge,
As ye ben a ryghtfulle kynge,
But in no wyse ye þynke þorowe me
Shulde be ded Partonope.
For an Erle hawe here a kynge.
And yeff so be [hat] for no-thynge
I may not [now] excused be,
Takethe venganse þen vppon me.
And yeff lyte yowe þen þat I haue

4672 MS. Wolle.

Univ. Coll. MS.
For whan he purposyth to do fals thing
Such ys his worde; thus wolde the kyng.
Thus alle the dent ys falle on me.
There as my pepelle was wont to be 4669
To me fuld lovynge and fuld kynde,
Evyn wylled now hem fynde.
For none wolde tell me of this Traytoure,
But speke hym worship and honoure. 4673
And Erles doþter I gaffe hym to wyfe;
He hathe me rewardyde wyth sorow and stryfe.
Where I had went that[t] he shulde save
myn honoure 4676
He makes me to be holde a fals Traytoure.
Where-fore I pray yow of oþ thing,
As ye be nowe a ryght-ful þing,
That in no wyse ye thenke þorowe me
Shulde be dede or take Partonope. 4681
For an Erle hawe here a king.
And yeff so be that for no-thing
I may not nowe Excused be,
Take vengeance then on me.
And yeff hit lyte yow that I hawe

Rawl. MS.
When he porposeth to do false thynge,
Soyche is his worde; þus wiþ þe kyng
That at þe doute is falle on me. 4683
There as my pepell was wont to be
To me lonyngge and fuld kynde,
Eþe wiþlyde I do hem fynde,
Non wolde tell me of þis traytoure, 4672
But speke hym worshipe and honoure.
An erles doþter I gaffe hym to wyfe;
He hathe me rewardyde with sorwe and stryfe. 4675
Where I wende to sayde my honour
He makes me to [be] holde a traytoure.
Where-for I praye you of oþ thynge,
As ye be nowe a right-ful þynge,
That in no wyse ye thynke þorwe me
Shulde be dede ore take Partonope.
For an erle hawe here a kyng.
And yeff so be þat for no-thynge
I may not nowe excusede be,
Take vengance þen on me.
And yeff it lyte you þat I hawe
My lyffe, I shalle, so God me saue, 4688
To yowe as trewe and ffrystedly be
As Euer was Erle Partonope,
And do yowe servyse as wéth as I can,
And þer-to be-come yowre trewe lege man.
And here-of to make yowe swerte
I shalle le hostages of goode degre,
Eriys and barony and ſeate men,
Kynges also, and eche of hem
Shalle come and do yowe homage,
As welle as they þat ben) for me in Ostage."

The kynge hym answered full goodely :
"Syr," he sayde, "be God al-myghty,
Other vengenauce kepe I none
But as ye haue saydye that ye wolde done.
Ye seen he wolde my legeman be
And alle youre londes holde of me." —
"Syr," saydye Sornegoure, "that I
Yow say
To do hit redlyly I wyth obey.
The frenchmen alle helde hem wéth payde
Wyth the king, and also they sayde

---

He will serve him as faithfully as Partonope,

The King agrees,

And receive Sornegour's homage.

---

Univ. Coll. MS.

My lyfe I shal, so God me saue,
To you as trewe and frendly be 4688
As euer was Erle Partonope,
And do you servyse as well as I can,
And thereto be your legeman.
And hereof to make you swerte 4692
I shall lay hostage of good degree,
Eles and barons and other men,
Kingis also, and eche of hem
Shall come and do you homage, 4696
As well as for to lyfe for me in hostage."

He him answerd then full goodely:
"Syr," he sayde, "be God al-myghty,
Other vengenauce kepe I none 4700
But as ye haue saydye that ye wolde done.
Ye seen he wolde my legeman be
And alle youre londes holde of me." —
"Syr," saydye Sornegoure, "that I
Yow say
To do hit redlyly I wyth obey.
The frenchmen alle helde hem wéth payde
Wyth the king, and also they sayde

---

Rawl. MS.

My lyfe I shal, so God me saue,
To you as trewe and frendly be 4688
As euer was erle Partonope. [ll. 27.]
1 And do you servyse as well as I can,

And here-of to [make] you swerte 4692
I shall ley ostage of good degre,
Eriis and barons and other men,
Kynges also and eche of hem
Shall come and do you homage, 4696
As well as lyfe for me In hostage."

He answerd þen full goodely:
"Syr," he sayde, "be God almyghty,
Othr vengenauce kepe I none, 4700
But as I haue sayde þat wíth I done.
Ye se I wíth my legeman be
And all your lorde holde of me." —
"Syr," [sayde] Sornegour, "that I
You say
To do it redly I wíth obey.
The frenche æth helde hym payde
With þe kynge, and also þey sayde
Off kyng Sornegowre grette worshippe in sothe,
And seyde truely he had kepte hys othe.
The kyng a-none hys homage hate take.
The frenshe men grette loye make,
And seyne Sornegowre wyH holde hys heste,
And that pe kyng a grette comqueste
H[ath]e made, and fewe * strokys gefe.
They buyw ensured eche other to loue.
Theys is, kynges vnarmed be.
Yette grette heuyynes for Partonope
Ys made a-monge pe frenshe men.
The kyng a-none comawndeth the hem
Alle that of hys conselle be,
That they shulde besy hem to se
That alle pe worshippe and honowre
That myghte be do to Sornegowre,
Shulde be dow and alle pe servyse
bat myghte be do in ony wyse.
And so they dyd as they myghte.
Here herties were heuy and no-pyne lyghte

MS. places 1, 1723 after 1720.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Of king Sornegoure grette worshippe in sothe,
And seyde he truly hath kept his othe.
The king a-none his homoge hath take.
The frenshe men grette loye make,
And sayde that Sornegoure wolde holde his hest,
And that the king a grete conquest
Hath made, and few strokes yve.
They be Ensured eche other to love.
These two kynges vnarmed be.
Yette grette heuynesse for Partonope
Is mad a-monge the french men.
The king a-none commandeth hem
That they shulde besy hem to see
Alle that of Comasayle be,
That alle the worshipp and the honore
That myght be do to Sornegowre
Shulde be done and alle the servyse
That myght be done in ony wyse.
And so they dyd as they myght.
Her herties were heuy and no-thing lyght

Rawl. MS.

Of kyng Sornegowre grette worshippe
In sothe,
And seyde he truly hade kepte his othe.
The kyng his homage hate take.
The frenche men grette loye make,
And seyde Sornegowre wolde holde his heste,
And bat pe kyng a grete comqueste
Hathe made, and fewe strokes yeve.
They ben ensured eche iche oper to loue.
This ty kynges vnarmede be.
Yette grette heuynesse for Partonope
Ys made a-monge pe frenche men.
The kyng the anone comoundyth hem
That pey shulde besye hem to se
AH bat of his counsell be,
That a] pe worchippe and honoure
That myght be do to Sornegoure
Shulde be done and a] by servyse
That myght be don In ony wyse.
And so pey dede as pey myght.
Here herties were heuy and nothyung light

4724. A flourished S before shulde.
For the losse of Partonope.
Grette sorowe in herte for hym made he.
Alle nyghte grete sorowe a-monge hem was made;
None of hem cowde other glade.
The heathen men on here syde
On the morowe faste to Chars gan ryde,
And to the castelle off Agysoure
To seeke here lorde kynge Sornegoure.
And when they hed aH I-soghite,
And of hym fynde cowde ryghte noghite,
Off hym cowde they no ther rede,
Butte Supposen sothely þat he ys dede.

Kynge Fursyn * and kynge Fabowre
Hem armed a-none wyth hert Sore,
And comawnded aH here cheualrye
Wyth hem to ryde In grette hye
Streglite to Mares loggynge.
They sayde he was causer of lesyng
Off here kynge and here a-vowe,
Where-fore they sayde ded shulde he be.
As they sayden so they dyd.

4732. of crossed out before on). 4740. MS. Furfyn).
British Museum MS.

Fersely a-pon hym they ryde,
And In grette haste dyd hym sle,
And grette parte also hys meyne.

When Partonope sawe alle thys,
To hem a-mone yeldon he ys.
When they fownde hym owld lyfe,
Grette Ioye was a-monge hem as blyfe,
And pynked ther gode of hys grace:
They howped they shulde pe better passe
Thorowe Fraunce to pe ssee,
And so to passe safe in-to here cuntre.
And as they were in thys affray,
Fro Povntyffe, ther as here kynge laye,
A letter he sende in grette haste,
Vndyr hys synet, comawndynge flaste
Alle hys ooste to come to Povntyffe
To make an ende of aH hys stryffe,
And homage to do to pe kynge of Fraunce,
To home he hade made hys alygeavnsse.

When they herde of here kynge

4756. or pynked?

Univ. Coll. MS.

Feersely vp\(n\) hym they ryde,
And in grette haste they dyd sle,*
And grette parte also of hys meyne.
When Partonope sey alle this,
To hem anone yolden he ys.
When they founten hym a-lyye,
Grete yoie amonage hys was made as blyye,
And thanked God of his grette grace:
They hoped they shulde the better passe
Thorow Fraunce alle to the See,
And so forthe safe in-to her Countre.
And as they were in this affray, 4760
Fro Povntyff, there as her kyng lay,
A letter he sent in grette hast,
Vndyr his Signett, comawndynge fast
Alle his Ooste to come to Povntyffe 4764
To make an ende of alle this stryfe,*
And homage do to the king of Fraunce,
To whom he hade made his leygeavnce.
When they herd of her king 4768

4760. MS. slee.
4765 after 4771 in MS.

Rawl. MS.

Faste vp\(n\) hym pey rede,
And in grette haste pey dyde sle
And a grette parte of his meyne.
When Partonope se a\(n\) this, 4752
To hem anone yeldyn he is.
When pey fonde hym on lyve
Grete Ioye amonage hys was blyye,
And thankede God of his grace: 4756
They hoppede pey shulde pe beter passe
Thorwe France to pe see,
And so forthe safe In-to pe contre.
And pey were in his affray 4760
Fro Povntyff pe her kyng laye,
A letor he sent In grette hast,
Vnder his syngnet, comawndynge faste
A\(t\) his ooste to come to Povntyffe 4764
To make an ende of pe sryfe
And homage Do to pe kynghe of Fraunce,
To whom he hade made his legaunce.
When pey herde of pe kynghe 4768
That ond lyfe was, a-hoie alle þynge
They made grete Ioye, and yette þey were
For Mares dethe grettely in fere.
Nowe be they come to Powntyfe
To here kyng, and of hys lyfe
They be as glaide as they may be.

Wyth hem they bryng Partonope.
The kynge of Fraunce owte of þe towne
Ys rydew, and wyth hym a legyowne
Off hys knyghtes, as syker as day,
Welle I-horsed and in fresshe a-raye.
Off aþ þe Ostys they bere þe flowre.
And wyth hym rydethe kynge Sornegowre,
Talkyng þe and spekyng dyuere þynge.
And sone after they had tydynges
That þe oste of Sarsonyes was neye.
When the kynge of Fraunce hem sye,

A-fore hem aþ come kynge Fursyn,*
And neste hym come kynge Faburyn, 4784
Partonope and * kynge Leomers,*

4776. The King of
Fraunce and Sornegour
come to
meet him.
4780. Sornegour's
vassals beg
for pardon
for having
slain Mares.

4786. MS. Furfyn or perhaps Surfyn.
4788. and] MS. had ;MS. Leomers.

UNiv. Coll. MS.
That he ond lyfe was, above alle thing
They made grete Ioye, and yett they were
Foo Marres dethe gretly in feere.
Now be they come to Ponntyfe 4772
To her kyng, and of his lyfe [fl. 35, bl.] 4773
They be as glaude as they mow be.
Wyth hem they bring Partanope. 4775
The king of Fraunce owte of the towne
Is ryden, and wyth hym a legyoun.
Of his knyghtes, as syker as day, 4778
Wyth I-horsid and in freesh aray.
Of alle his Ooste they bere the flour.
And wyth hym rydys king Sornegour,
Talkyng and speking of dyuers things.
And sone after hane they tythinges
That the Ooste of Sarasyn was nygh.
And when the king of Fraunce hym sye, 4785
Afore hym alle Comyth king Fursyn *
And nexte hym Comyth king Faburyne, 4788
Partanope and king Loemers, 4788

1. 4786. MS. rather furysyn than surysyn.

PARTONOPE.

Rawl. MS.
Was on lyve, aboue althynges
They made grete Ioye þere

For Marras dethe gretly In fere.
Nowe be þey come to Powntyfe, 4772
To hir kyng and of his lyfe.* [fl. 28,]
They be as glade as þey may be.
With hem þey bryng Partonope. 4775
The kynge of France owte of þe towne
Ys redyn, with hym his alygonyne,
Of his knyghtes, sekere as day,
Wel I-horsede and In noblay.
Of aþ his oste þey bere þe flor.
With hem was kynge Sornegour,
Talkyng and spekyng of dyuerse thynges.
And sone after hane þey tydynges
That þe oste of sarsons was nygh. 4784
When þey kynge of France hym sigh,
Afore hem aþ comyth kynge Sursyn, 4788
Nexte hym comyth kynge Fabryne,
Partonope, and kynge Loemeres, 4788

II. 4772-73 inverted in MS.

N
And Marukyns,* a kyng cuH fers.
Wyth hem come mony a worthy knyghte.
These inn. kynges ond here fete be lyghte,
And come to Sornegowre, wyth-owten les,
To crye hym mercy, and axe here pes
Off pet they had Mares Slayne.
But lorde! the irensshe men were fayne,
When pe kyng had Partonope
In hys possessione and in hys sewerte.
Some lowhen, and some sterete,
And some wepte for tendernes of herte.
And Sornegowre was bope glad and Ioyus
Off Partonope, and per-to desyrous
Wyth hym to speke, wyth-owte les.
But a-none per was so grette pres
To be-holde pys yonge Partonope,
Eche man had Ioye ond hym to se.
Some hym welcome, and some hym kysse,
The syghte of hym here care made lesse.
The kyng of Fraunce taketh homage
Off alle pe heymph, and per-to sure hostage,

Univ. Coll. MS.

And Markynne, a king futh feers,
Wyth hem come many a worthy knyght.
There foure kinges ond foote be lyght;
And come to Sornogoure wythouten les;
To Crye hym Mercy and aske hym pes
Of that they had Marres slayne.
But lorde! the frenchmen were futh fayne,
When the king had Partanope
In his possessyon and in snerate.
Somd lowgehn, and Some strete,
And some wert for tendynesse of hert.
And Sornogoure was bothe gladde and Ioyense
Of Partanope, and therto desyrance
Wyth hym to speke, wyth-owten les.
But there a-none was so grette presse
To be-holde this yong Partanope,
Eche man had Ioye on him to see.
Somd hym welcomed, some him kysse,
The syght of hym her care made lesse,
The king of Fraunce tolde homage
And ther-to sure hostage,

Rawel. MS.

And Markyn, a kyng futh fers.
With hem come many a worthy knyght.
These inn kynges ond foote be light,
And come to Sornogour with out les,
To crye hym mercy and aske hym pes
Of pet pey hade Murras slayne.
But pe frenche men were fayne,
When pe kyng he had Partanope
In his possession and in snerate.
Som longen, and som steret,
And som wepte for tendernese of herte.
Sornogour was glade and Ioyens
Of Partanope and per-to desyrace
With hym to speke, with-out les.
But a-none was so grette presse
To be-holde pis Partanope,
Eche man hade Ioye hym to see.
Som hym welome, som hym kyste,
The sight of hym per care made lesse.
The kynge of France tolde omage
And per-to sure ostage,
That they shulde hym bere feyth and trowe,
And In hym shal neuer be slowpe
Fownde, but in trowe here honoure 4812
Euer he wolde safe, and per-wyth Sornegowre,
When he herde pe deth of Mares,
He comawndethe hys men pat at per pleys
Shulde cesse and be putte in contynuawnce, 4816
WhyH they were in pe Reme of Fraunce.
The kynge of Fraunce hath made an ende
Wyth at pes hepyi, and lefe to wende
He geuyth hem porowe pe Remme of Fraunce, 4820
Wyth-owte lettynge or dysturbaunce.
Atte the departynge of thes ij. kynges, [leaf 60, back]
He kynge of Fraunce geuyth grete thinges:
He yafe golde, seluer, and corne, 4824
And pat suche plente, pat neuer be-forne
In Fraunce was sene suche a coste,

Univ. Coll. MS.
That they shulde him bere feyth and trothe,
And in hym shal neuer be slouthe
Founden, but that in thought theyre honoure [leaf 56]. 4812
Eyry he wett saue, and therwyth Sornegoure,
When he herde the dede of armes,
He comaundyd his men that alle her plees
Shulde cesse and be put in contynuance, 4816
Whyle they were in the Rewme of Fraunce,
For there they thought no lenger sogeoure,
But besy hem homward to retourene,*
For the king of Fraunce had made an ende
Wyth alle these hethen, and leve to wende
He yeuuyth hem thurgh the Rewme of Fraunce, 4820
Wythouten lettyinge or any dystauence.
At the parting of these two kynges
The king of Fraunce yafe grete thinges:
He yafe golde, Seluer, and also Corne,
And that such plente as neuer be-forne
In Fraunce was sene such a cost, 4826

Rawl. MS.
That pey shulde hym bere feyth and trothe  [leaf 28, back.
And In hem shal neuer be fonde slouthe,
Fonde, but In trothe and honoure
Euer he witt saue and per-with Sornegoure, 4813
When he herde pe dede of armes,
He comodyth at ait perelles
Shulde see and put In contenyewance,
Whyle pey were in the reme of France.
The kynge of France hade made ende
With ait pis hetyn, and leve to wende
He yeuuyth hem borwe-out France, 4820
Without lettyngye ore ony dystauence.
And departyde of pis ij kynges,
The kynge of France yafe grete thynge:
He yafe golde, syluer, and also corne,
Soche plente was neuer be-forne 4825
In France was sen soyche a coste,
Off corne suche plente, for aH pe Oste
Was refreshed, yet more yafe he:
Clothes of golde and of sylke gret plente,
Horse, howndes, berys, and lyouns,
Goshawkys, sparohawkys, and ryalle facownys.
Sornegowre suche frenshyppe he be-hyghte,
That homwarde in hert he ys gladde and lyghte.
Afther pe kynge his yefftys alle
Hath I-geffe, bope grette and smalle,
Be-pynketh hym grettely Partonope
Whatte geftes beste geffe may he.
And for hys worshipype shulde a-ryse
Grette geftys he gan to denysse
And to departe so plentuosly,
That men wyghte se so frely
Neuer man hys geftys gaffe.
The heppy kynge sownde and saffe
Hys lefe hape taken, and streyghite gope he
The nexte way in-to hys Cuntre.
The kynge of France be goode a-vyce
Pe streyghite way holdeth in-to Paryse.
Wyth Sornegowre ys Partanope,
And grette gyftes nowe genethie he
To hym and to aff hys Oste,
¶bat wyth-owte a passyng coste
Alle men sayde hyt myghte not be.
He was hope manly, curteys, and fre.
Ther was neyper Erle, kynge, ne baroune,
Were he in fyld, Castelle, or towne,
¶bat he ne had gyftes grete.
Hyt semed wett he wolde not lette
Hym-selfe to worsshippe for coste or dyspence. [leaf 61]
Also, for sope, grette neelygens
Was neuer herborowe in hys persone,*
He wyste so welle what was to done.
Ther was neyper Kyghte, ne squyer of price,
That they ne had gyftes of good deuyse.
¶per-fore they thonked hym in hye wyse,
And ther-to gaffe hym the pryce
Off manhode, fredome, and curtesey.
They cleped hym pe flowre of cheualrey ;
For in hys geuyng he ofte hem prayde

4860. MS. prosone.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Wyth Sornegowre ys Partanope 4848

¶That wythoute a passyng Cooste
Alle men sayde hit myghte not be. 4852
He was bothe manly, curteys, and fre.
Ther was noother king, Erle, ne baroun,
Were he In feele, Castell or towne,
That he ne had yeftes grete. 4856
Hym-selfe to worship for cost or dyspence
Also sothely grete negligence
Was neuer founden In his persone, 4860
He wyst so wel what was to done.
There ne was knyght, ne Squyer of pryce,
¶That they ne hade gyftes of goode devyce ;
Where-fore they thanked hym in hye wyse, 4864
And ther-to gysyn him so hye a pryse
Of manhode, fredom, and curtesay,
Of worschip, nurturc, and Clevalrye ;
For In his gyffyn ofte he prayde 4868

Rawl. MS.
With Sornegowre is Partanope, 4848
And grete yeftes yeuynyth he [leaf 29]
To hym and to aff his oste,
That with-out a passaunyng coste
AFF men sayde it myght not be. 4852
He was wyse, manly, and fre.
Ther was neyper Erle ne barone,
Where he In felde, castell, ore towne,
That he ne hade yeftes grete. 4856
Hit semyde wet he wolde not lette
Hym-selfe to worschippe for ony dys-pace.
Also sothly grete neck[1]legennc
Was neuer founde In his persone, 4860
He wyst so weff what he hade to done.
Ther ne was squyre, ne knyght of pryse,
But he wyed yeftes of goode devyse,
Where-for he thanke hem In here wyse, 4864
And per-to gyse hym so hye enpryse
Of manhode, fredom, and cortesey ;
For In his prayng he hym prayde
Off here gode frenshypp, and per-wyth sayde,
Yeffe euer hyt lay in hyys lotte eny þyne
That hem myghte do ese or plesyngye,
He wolde be euer redy to do. 4872
The heþen on the other syde also
Hym þonked grettely, bothe moste and lest,
Off hyys grette yeftes and hyys be-heste.
Butte when Sornegowre and Partonope 4876
Alle-gate shulde departe be,
And echte shulde take leue of other,
They wepte as þowe broþer and broþer
For euer shulde departe ond twyne. 4880
Sornegowre sayde, þowe myglihyte wynne
Atte one worde alle Turkyme and Fraunce,
He had leuer haue þe Altyawyne
Off yonge Partonope þand þat to Ioye, 4884
"And nowe I wotte welle, departe fro yow *
I moste nedys, þys ys the ffyne."

And per-wyth he wepte, and þen kynge Fursyne *
4884-85. Three points in MS. after Partonope and welle,

Of his good frenshif, and therwyth sayde
Yeffe euer in his lotte lay any thing
That hygh do eise or Ellis plesynge,
He wolde be redy euer to do. 4872
The hethen on the tother syde also
Hym thanked grettely, bothe moste and lest,
Of his grete yeftes and his be-heste.
But whan Sornogour and Partanope
Algate shulde de-partyde be, 4877
And echte shulde take leve of other,
They wept as they had be Brother and brothar
That euer they shulde departe atwype. 4880
Sornogour sayde: "Though I myght wyne
At one worde alle Turky and eke Fraunce,
I had lever haue the delyaunce
Of yow Partanope than that to Ioye now. 4884
And now I wote weþ departe fro yow
I mote nedys, this ys the ffyne."
And ther-wyth he wepte, and thand king Furseynd

Of his frenchipe, and yet with seyde
Yef euer in his lot lay onythynge
That hym myght do eyse or plesynge,
He wolde be redy euer to do. 4872
The hethen on þe toþer syde also
Hym thanked grettely, moste and leste,
Of his grete yeftes and his beste.
But whan Sornogour and Partanope
Algate shulde departide be, 4877
And echte shulde take leve of oþer,
They wept as þey hade ben broþer
That þey shulde departe atwynge. 4880
Sornogour sayde: "Though I myght wyne
At on worde Turky and Fraunce,
I hade levor þy dalyance
Of yow Partanope þen þat Ioye nowe.
And nowe I wilt departe fro you, 4885
I mote nedes, þis is þe ffyne."
Come, and wyth hym kyng Loemers
And kyng Faburnyns, they had a prees,
For kynges they were alle thre,
And come to speke wyth Partonope.
Fryste of alle spake Fursyne * pe kyng
to Partonope, and sayde: "Of one kyng
We wolde yowe pray, and pat echie-one,
Ye wolde vs conselle what were to done."
"Syre," sayde Fursyne,* " pys ys no les,
Ye wotte welle pat dekt ys Mares,
And Gode wotte not purgie owre defawe,
For falsely vppon yowe he made a-sawte
A-yenste pe a-corde of owre parlemente.
Ther swore * we alle be one assente
The ffylde to kepe well and trewly
That no man shulde be so hardly
To entermete hym on eyper parte.-
And thus sware * Mares as well as I.
And pen we sawe hft myghte not ffayle
That pe vctorye of pys batayle

4888. MS. Loemers.
4901. swore] MS. fore.
4905. sware] MS. swake.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Come, and wyth hym kyng Loemers
And king Faburnynus, they had a prees,
For kynges they were alle there, 4890
And come to speke wyth Partonope.
Furst of alle spake Sursyn the kng
To Partonope, and sayd: "Of oo thing
We wolde yow pay, and that echone,
Ye wolde vs counsayle what were to done."
Sir," Sayde Fursyne, "this ys no les,
Ye wonte wele that dede ys Marras,
And God wote not thorow owre defawe,
For flasly vpon he made assante
Ayen the acorde of owre parlamente.
There swere wealle by one assent 4901
The feelde to kepe wele and truly
That no man shulde be so hardly
To entermete hym on neyther parte.
And this swere Marras as wele as we.
And thanne we sye this myght not ffayle
That the victori of this batayle

4888. Loemers and Faburin explain to Partonope that, as keepers of the place, they have thought it just to put Mares to death.
4892 To Partonope, and sayde: "Of one kyng
4896 Ye wotte welle pat dekt ys Mares,
4904 And thus sware * Mares as well as I.
4906 That the victori of his bataiff

Rawl. MS.

Come, and with hym Loemers.

Firste of alle spake Sursyn pe kyng 4892
To Partonope and seyde: "Of othyng
We wif you praye, and pat ichone,
Ye wolde vs counseff what to don."
Sir," seyde Sursyn, "jis is no lesse,
Ye wot wett pat dede is Marras,
And not porwe owre defawe,
For falsy made on you de sante,
A-yen pe corde of owre parlamente.
There swere we aff by on sente.
The felde to kepe well and truly
That no man shulde be so hardy
To entermete on neyther parte.
This sware Marras wett as we.
Then we se we myght not faif
That the victory of jis bataiff
Moste nedes falle to yowre syde.

Thys Mares wolde no lenger a-byde:
He toke no hede of othie ne allegeawnce,
Butte enteryd pe lystes, and gret dyssturbawnce
Made, for he wolde rescowe hys lorde,
\textit{A-geyne pe ordynavnce and pe accorde}
Off alle pe lordes of bothe partye.
Where[-fore] me \textit{wynketh, syr, trulye},
Suche as were kepers of pe place
To suche one shulde do no grace,
Butte done hym lawe \textit{* and hye Iustyce}.

So du\textit{d} we, \textit{and pus in \textit{pys wyle}}
Ys \textit{de\textit{f}} pat fals Erle Mares,
That brake \textit{hys othe and eke owre pes}.
And \textit{per-fore, yef any man\textit{\textdagger}} \textit{wolff [say]} \textit{pat y \textdagger}
In thys case dude \textit{ffelonye},
Or ony of vs, \textit{pe contrary to proue}
\textit{I am redy.} \textit{And \textit{per-wyth hys glowe}}
He thewe downe; \textit{and Partonope}
Toke \textit{vp pe glowe, and \textit{pen sayde he:}}
\textit{"Of alle \textit{pys stryfe ys made a ende.}}

\textbf{Partonope answers that all troubles are now over.}

\textbf{Universitie Coll. MS.}

\begin{align*}
\text{Moste nedes falle on youre syde.} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{This Mares wolde no lenger a-byde:} & \quad 4928 \\
\text{He toke no hede of othie ne allegeawnce,} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{But Entryd the lystes, and gret dyssturbawnce} & \quad 4928 \\
\text{Made, for he wolde rescowe hys lorde,} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{\textit{A-geyne pe ordynavnce and pe accorde}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Of alle the lordis of bothe partye,} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Where-fore me \textit{wynketh, syr, trulye},} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Suche as were kepers of \textit{pe place}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{To suche one shulde do no grace,} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Butte done hym lawe \textit{* and hye Iustyce}.} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{So du\textit{d} we, \textit{and pus in \textit{pys wyle}}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Ys \textit{de\textit{f}} pat fals Erle Mares,} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{That brake \textit{hys othe and eke owre pes}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{And \textit{per-fore, yef any man\textit{\textdagger}} \textit{wolff [say]} \textit{pat y \textdagger}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{In thys case dude \textit{ffelonye},} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Or ony of vs, \textit{pe contrary to proue} \textit{I am redy.} \textit{And \textit{per-wyth hys glowe}}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{He thewe downe; \textit{and Partonope}} & \quad 4908 \\
\text{Toke \textit{vp pe glowe, and \textit{pen sayde he:}} \textit{"Of alle \textit{pys stryfe is made a ende.}}} & \quad 4908
\end{align*}
Eche man ys kyste and oper frende,
And eche ys shapen to hys cuntre.
Lette aH pes needeles rehersales be.”
And wyth þys Partonope hathe take
Hys lene, and ther-wyth the hepen make
Grette heuynes at hys departynge.
And þen he prayeth Gode hem brynge
Safe and welle in-to there cuntre.
And thus wyth worshypp departethe he.
And here-wyth-alle Partonope
The streyghte way to Bloys takyþi he.
NOwe ys Partonope come to Bloys
And on a day a-pou* hys deys
A-monge hys meyne atte mete he sete
Alle heuy, and neyþer dranke ne ete,
Butte sette hys eyen in a place,
And neuer hem remenyd of a grette space.
Butte hys mayne grette loye made,
Ety, and drunken, and were ryghte glade.
And all-wye sate Partonope heuy,

4941. MS. a pon a day on; of crossed out before on).

Univ. Coll. MS.
Eche man ys kyst, and others frende,
And eche man in-to his Contree.
Lette alle these needeles rehersayles be.”
And wyth these wordys Partonope hath take
His leve, and therwyth the hethen make
Grete heuynesse at his departing.
And then they pryde God hym bring
Safe and wele to his Contree.
And Thus wyth worship departyd he.
And there-wyth-alle Partonope
The streyght way to Bloys taketh he.
Nowe ys Partonope come to Bloys,
And in a day upon his deys
Amonge his meyne at mete he sate
Alle heuyly, and nother dranke ne ete,
But sett his yen in a place,
And neuer hem remenyd on a glrete space.
But his meyne grete loye made,
Ethe, and drunken, and were ryght glade.
Alle-wye sate Partonope hevely.

Rowl. MS.
Eche man is kyste and oper frende,
And iche man In-to his cuntre.
Let aH pis nedles rehersaH be.”
And with pis worde Partonope hathe take
His leve, and per-wyth pe hethyn make
Grete heuynes at his departynge.
Then þey pryde God hym bryng
Safe and weH In-to her cuntre.
And þas with worship departeyde he,
And here with-aH Partonope
The streighte wy to Bloyes toke he.
Nowe is Partonope come to Bloyes,
And on a day upon his deys
Amonge his meyne at mete he sate
AHe hevely, and noner dranke ne ete,
But set his eye In o place,
And not hem retnewyd a grete space.
But his meyne grete loye made;
They ete and dranke, and were glade.
AHe-wye sat Partonope hevely,
pynkyne in hys herte besely
Off fayre Melyowre, hys ladye fire,
Howe longe pe tyne ys syn pat he
Hade be owte of hyr syghte,
And also in whate wyse he myghte
Wyth-owten any other-ys offence
Sonneste come to here presence.

Hys moder on hym faste gan loke,
And of hys chere grette hede toke.
She had grette mervayle for * why and whatte
pe cause was so heuy pat he Sate,
Her dere sone Partonope.

Fulle mekely to hym pas sayde she :
'My fayre sone, ye wotte weff thys,
In alle pys worlde a-lyue per nys
pynge pat better loned shulde be,
Ne trusted neyper, as pynkethi me,
Then of a chylde shulde be pe moder.
For ech of vs shulde lofe so other,
That ther shulde none heunyes be
In yowre herte, pat a-none to me
Ye shulde dyscouer and playnely sey.

4958. for] MS. and.

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Thynkyng in his hert besely
Of fayre Melior, his lady free,
Howe longe hit ys syn then), that he
Had ben oute of her syght,
And also in whate wyse he myght
Wythouten any other offynce
Sunnest come to her presence.

His moder on hym gan faste loke,
And of his cheere grette hede toke.
She had grette mervayle for why and what
Hys moder on hym gan faste loke,
Ye haue sete nowe thes owres twye
Ryghte pensyfe and In grette heynynesse. [leaf 62, back] 4972

Tellethe me nowe yowre grette dystresse.
Ye seme a man, as pynkethi me,
That grettely wyth lone vulnerate be,
And pat yowre herte wyth-owte varyaunce
Ys hole in yowre loues gouernaunce.
I conivvre yowe, yeff hyt so be,
Be verye trouthe ye telle to me,
By pe feythe pat a goode chylde owe
To hys moder, and lette me knowe
The verye trouthe, and yeff ye be
In grette dystresse, playnely telle me.

And yeff ye haue cause to be seeke or heyle,
I may yowe esse wyth my conseyle." 4984
"MOder," pen sayde Partonope,
"I wotte ryghte weff truly pat ye
Louve me a-bone aff erpely pynge.

Ther-fore atte yowre comawndynge
I moste nedes obeysaunte be.
British Museum MS.

And also ye haue coniured me
To telle wheather I haue [a love or none. 4992
be sope I wolde sey, so motte I gone.
Trewlye, moder, a love I haue,
That vnder heuen, se Gode me sone,
Haye no man suche one of heye noblesse. 4996
Frome hyr come alle psy syluer great rychesse
That In pes someres was broghte wyth me,
Off golde and syluer so grette plente.
As she lyste, she may me gye;
She haue of me the Senorye."* 5000

Then seyde hyrs moder: "Blessed be pat lorde
pat in gonernance haue att pe worlde,
And geffe grace pat for pe beste hit be."— 5004

"Ys she ryghte fayne, my sone? telle me."—
"For sothe I notte, moder," sayde he.
"Thys ys mervayle, be Gode al-myghte. 5008
So moche as ye haue had pe syghte

5001. MS. Senorye.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And also ye haue coniuret me
To telle wheather I haue a love or none. 4992
The sothe I wylle say, so motte I gone.
Truly, moder, a love I have,
That wnder heven, so God me save,
Hath no man such one of high noblesse. 4996
Froth her come alle this grete Rychesse
That in this Somers ys brought wyth me,
Of golde and Syluer so grete plente.
And as her last she may me gye, 5000
She hath of me the seynorye."

Hanne sayde his Modyr: "Blyssed be that lorde
That in gonernance hath alle the worlde,
And yeve grace that for the best hit be."— 5004

"Amen," answerd Partonope.— 5005
"Is she ryghte fayne? my Son, telle me."—
[leaf 38, back]
"For sothe, moder, I notte," sayde he.
"This ys mervayle, by God al-myght.
So moche as ye haue had a syght 5009

Rawl. MS.

And also ye haune coniured me
To telle wheather I haue a love or none. 4992
The sothe I with sey, so mot I gon.
Truly, moder, a love I have,
That vnder heven, so God me save,
Hath no man of sochy noblesse. 4996
Frome hir come alle this grey rychesse
That In these someres was broght wyth me,
Of golde and syluer so grete plente.
And as she lyste she may gyde me; 5000
She fath of me pe somerynete."
Then seyde he moder: "Blyssede be pat lorde
That In gonernance hath pe worlde,
And yeve grace pat for pe beste it be."— 5004

"Amen," answered Partonope. 5005
"Ys she fayre? my son, telle me."—
"For sothe, moder, I notte," sayde he.
"This is mervell, be God al-myght.
So moche as ye haue a sight [ff. 31] 5009-


**British Museum MS.**

Off hyr, and also þe repayre
In here howse, where she ys ðayre,
Or ells nay, ye can not telle?"—

"For sope, moder, alle-powe I dwelle
In her howse, bope day and nyghte,
Off her had I neuer yette þe syghlote.
For she hade geffe me in charge,
þowe I be fro hyr and atte large,
I shulde neuer besy be
In no wyse her to se,
Tylle she fully a-corde þer-to.
And a-geyne her comawndement wyl I not do."

"Fayre sone," seyde she, "hýt ys beste
Thatte ye kepe alle her be-heste,
And þat ye do alle your entente
To parforme alle her comawndemente.
Dyscouer hyr conselle in no wyse,
Butte besy yowe to do hyr seruyse.
And spare not for besynes ne labowre.
þynke she hade done yowe grette honowre.
And I pray God, þat syttethe a-boue,

---

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

Of her, and also haue had repair
In her hors, where She be fayre, 5011
Or ells nay, ye canne not telle?"—

"For sothe, moder, alle-powe I dwelle
In hyr hors, bothe day and nyghte,
Of her had I yett neuer no syghte.
For She hath geffen me in charge,
Though I be from) hir at large, 5017
I shulde nevir besy be
In no wyse hir to see,
Tylle She fully a-corde therto. 5020
Agayn her comawndement ylle I not
do."

"Fayre Son)," sayde She, "hit ys
the best
That ye kepe alle her by-beeste.
And that ye do alle youre entente 5024
To parforme hir comawndement.
Dyscouer her counsayle in no wyse,
And besy yow to do hir Servyse.
Spare not for besynes of laboure.
Thenkyth She hath do yow ryght grete
honoure,
And pray God, that sytteth a-boue,

---

**Rawl. MS.**

Of hir, and also hade repair 5010
In hir how[s]e, howe where she be fayre,

In her howse, both day and nyght,
Of hir hade I yet neuer no sight.

For she hath eve me In charge, 5016
Though I be fro hir and at large,
I shulde neuer besy be
In no wyse here to see,
Thynke she fully a-corde þer-to. 5020
Ayen her comode-ment wyl I not do."

"A sone," seyde she, "it is þe beste
That ye kepe aff her beheste,
And þer-to your entente 5024
To parforme her comodeemente.
Dyscouer her counsayle In no wyse,
And besy you to do here seruyse.
Spare not for no maner of laboure. 5028
Thynkyth she hathe do you honoure.

And I pray God, þat Syttyth aboue,

---

*British Museum MS.*

"For sope, moder, alle-powe I dwelle"

His Lady has forbid-den him to try to see her.

"F Ayre sone," seyde she, "hýt ys beste"

The mother says he must obey his Lady.

"A sone," seyde she, "it is þe beste
That ye kepe aff her beheste,
And þer-to your entente 5024
To parforme her comodeemente.
Dyscouer her counsayle In no wyse,
And besy you to do here seruyse.
Spare not for no maner of laboure. 5028
Thynkyth she hathe do you honoure.

And I pray God, þat Syttyth aboue,

---

*His Lady has forbid-den him to try to see her.*
Ye ye wowe grace euer to lone
Yowre lady, and no wyse forfette

My faire sone, when pynke ye wyth her to mete?"—
"To-morowe, moder, after none,
When I haue dyned, pynke I to gow.

My mayne I wyth wyth yowe lette,
I wolle no frynde I haue wys wytte;
For, moder, I wolle gone a-h a-lone."—
"Ye wotte beste, sone, what ys to done.

Gouerne yowe after your entente,
And breke not her comawndement.
And kepe your conselle fro every wyghte.
For on my syde, be Gode almyghte,
Hytt shaH be kepte fro every man.
And conseff I wolde yowe as I can."

The moder and pe sone departe? be.
An heuy woman in herte ys she.
To hyss conselle pow she a-corde,
Her hert ys fuH fer fro her worde.
To [pe] kyng of France ys she gonne.
"Syr," she sayde, "What may I done,

---

He intends returning to her on the next day.

Sorrowful, the mother goes to the King, and complains that her son has been lost by the devil's enchantments.

---

Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye ye wowe grace that neuer the love
Of youre lady in no wyse ye foryete.
My faire Son, when? think ye wyth
her mete?"—
"To-morowe, bondage, after none,
When I haue dyned, than? thynke I
gone.

My myyne wyth yow I wyff lete, 5036
I wyff no frende I haue hit wete;
For, moder, I wyllle gone alle a-lone."—
"Ye wotte best, Son, what ys to done.
Gouern? yow after her entente, 5040
And breke not her comawndement.
And kepe your consayle from every
wyght.
And on my syde, by God Almyght,
Hit sha? be kept fro\(w\) every man.
I sha? hit kepe as wele as I can." 5045

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Rowl. MS.

Ye ye wowe grace pat neuer pe love
Of youre lady In no wyse for-yete. 5032
Sone, when? thynke ye with here to
mete?"—
"To-morwe, moder, at after-none,
When I haue dyuede, ben thynke I
gon.

My myyne with you I will let, 5036
I will no frende I haue hit wyte;
For, moder, I will gon alone."—
"Ye wot, son, beste what is to done.
Gouerne you after hir entente, 5040
And breke not here comawndement.
Kepe youre counseff fro every wyght,

---

5045. Between leaf 33 and leaf 39 one leaf has been torn out.
I sorrowful wreche and wofulle caytyfe?  
I may be sory I am ow lyfe.
Ther was neuer woman had such a harme:
My sone ys loste by crafte of charmee,
Alle by pe deuyllys Enchauntemente.
My sone ys lore, and I am shente."

Ther-wyth a-none pe kyng of Franuce,
In whome wes alle hyr affyaunce,
Toke hyr to hym fulle goodely;
And in-to a chamber preeuely
They wente to-geder, per as she
Myghte telle hyr complaynte, and no man se.
And per she wepte wonderly sore
Er pat she myghte sey won wordes more.
When she lefte hyr wepynge,
These wordes she sayde to pe kynges:
"Syr," she sayde, "I can not se
Butte ye * hane loste Partonope.
When he wes loste in yowre fforestes,
In Arden a-monge pe wylde bestes,
Ther drewe to hym a pynge of ffeyre,
As powe hyt had ben a woman or a ladye,
And bade hym of goode conforte for to be,
And be-hyghte also pat she
Shulde brynge hym owte of dysese.
And wyth hyr wordes so hym dav plase,
And gese hym pat tym of hauer,

5069. ye] MS. I.

Ravel. MS.

I wooffre wreche and caytyfe?  
I am sory I am on lyne.
There was neuer woman had soych harme:
For my sone is loste be crafte and charme,
Aft be pe devitt entysemente."  

Ther-wyth anone pe kynge of Franuce,
In whom was here affyamece,
Here to hym he toke faith goodly;  
And In-to a chamber faith prouely
They went to-geder, per as she
Might teff here complaynte and no man se.
And per she wept wonderly sore
And he in that tyme was in grette fere.

He made wyth yr hyr covenante
To be yr lone and yr servanute.

He louete * yr beste of any creatur.

Yrette of yr persone, shappe, ne fygure,

Wyth his eyen he neuer [had] syghte trewly.

Ys ys, me pynkethe, a mervelous foly.

Off yr he hath alle maner plesawne.

Ys ys he broghte in ye denellys dawnce.
She hath defenden hym in alle degre.
He shulde not besy hym here to se.
And ys I see welle he ys butte lore.

And yette y sey yowe furthermore,
He bydethic no lenger pen to-morowe none.

He shapythie hym towarde here to gone.
Thus ys he losete, syr, what sey ye?
For Goddyse lone, syr, consellythe me.

I haue be-poghte me of won fyngle

Yeffe hylt wero to yourwe plesyngue.
Wolle ye here nowe my devyse?
I wolde be ruled at yourwe a-vys.

Ye haue a nece, syr," she sayde,

"That ys to mary, and ys a mayde,
Wyche hath passyng grette * beawte.

And per-to, syr, ye wotte w/yt pat she
Ys welle nerysshed, comyngye, and wyse.

Trewly me pynkethe she beryth pe prysye


Ravel. MS.

And pat tyme was In grete fere,
He made with here a covenante
To be hir lone and hir servanute.
He louyth her beste of ony creature.

Yet of hir shape ne figure,
With his eyen he neuer sey.
This me thynketh grette folye. [Leaf 32]

Of her he hathe all maner plesawne.
Thus is he brought In jedyvels danace.
She hathedeflyde hym In all degre
He shulde not besy hym here to see.
Thus I see he his but lore.

And yet I see forther-more,
He byte no lenger pen to-morowe none.

He porposed him to here gone. 5093
Thus is he losete, sir, what sey ye?
For Godde lone, som counsell gylf me.
I haue be-poghte me of o thynge, 5096
Yef it were to your plesyngue.
Will ye here nowe my devyse?
I wiff be rulede be youre ayyse.

Ye haue a nyce, sir," she seyde, 5100

"That is to marye, and is a mayde,
Whiche hatha passyng grate beyn.
Ther-to, sir, I wot well pat she
Ys welle nurtured, comynge and wyse.
Truly me thynke she beryth pe pryse
5103. ye crossed out before she.
Off alle maydenys in þe reme of Fraunce. Yeffe ye a-corde to lys allewynce, Yeffe ye wolle þus sende for hym a-none, I shalle telle yowe how þys shalH gone. I moste haue ij. pottys of wyne; Hyt moste be goode and Þele fynye. Þe tone I shalle in þys wyse a-raye: Yeffe my sone þer-off assay A drawȝte or twayne, I wotte ryghte weH Hys poUtæ shalH chauenge evry delle. Yowre nece to yowe þe wyne shalle brynge, But drynketh not þer-off for no-þynge. Yowre nece þer-off shalle drynke þis nowe. Þe toþer potte shalle be for yowe. And lette hem twayne to-geder speke; I kepe here dalyance no man) * breke. And thys I howpe alle shalle be weHe.” The kynge answeryd: “I graunte eche delle. Hyt ys wysdonie a man his wynde to wynne Where þorow foly they shulde twynne, Be what crafte hyt euer may be.” And þer-wyþ a-none for Partonope He sent a-none in alle þe haste, Chargyne hym he shulde faste Come to hym, alle þynge lefte. Partonope a-bode tylle este Off hys Iorney and of hys þynge, 5120

5112. MS. adds dyd before breke.

Raw. MS.

Of maydens aþ as In Fraunce. Yeffe ye acorde to þis allewynce, Yeffe ye wiß sende for hym anone, 5108 And I shalH þef you howe ye shalH done. I moste haue ij pottes of wyne; Hit moste be good and Þuly fynye. The tone I shalH in þis wyse array: 5112 Yef my son þer-off assay A draught ore ij, I wot Right weH His þought shalH chauenge evry deH. Yowre nece to you þe wyne shalH brynge, But drynketh not þer-off for noþynge. Yowre nece I-nowe shalH drynke þer-off, The toþer parte shalH þer-in lene. And let iche to ôþer speke; 5120 I kepe here dalyance no man breke. Thus I hope aþ shalH be weH.” The kynge answeryd: “I graunt iche deH. 5124 Hit is wysdom a man his frend to wyne, Ther þorow foly þey shalH atwyne, Be what crafte þat euer it be.”” Ther-with ænone for Partonope He sent a man in haþ þe haste, 5128 Chargyne hym he shulde faste Come to hym, aþ þynge lefte. Partonope abode thyf este Of his Iorney and of aþ þynge, 5132

PARTONOPE.
Partonope comes. And In grette haste come to pe kynge. When he was come, pe kynge a-none To a wyndowe wyth hym dyde gone, And ther they fylle in merly talkynge Off dyuorfe pynges; per-wyth pe kynge Bade alle men owte of pe chamber goo, Safe the ladye and they too, And pe mayde, wyche rose vp faste, And after hem barred pe dore in haste, Thys fayre mayde, wyche ys to marye, Her bewte dyscry fayne wolde 1 After je sentence of myne auctowre. Butte I praye you of pis laubur 5144

The maiden bars the door. Safe the ladye and they too. And J)e mayde, Avyche rose vp faste, And after he?« barrd) e dore in haste. Thys fayre mayde, wyche ys to marye, Her bewte dyshc fayne wolde I After je sentence of myne auctowre. 5144

Description of the maiden's beauty. Butte I praye yowe of pis laubur 5144
She is eighteen years of age, Of euf/y fetturc to reherse Je bewte. Xviii. yere she wes of age, 5148 Semely of stature, borne of hye parage. Hur herc was sette grettely in on) pyng To be fffreshe a-rayed in clopyng, 5152 Embrowdele wyth perle in strawng wyse. her cowde hyt no man lyghtely deuys To telle owte playnely here entente. Here forehede was brod, here browes bente, 5156 Hur here was bloye, streyght wes hur nose, Off sangweyne was hur complexiwe, To tei liowte out playnely here ayse, Of euf/y fetturc to reherse Je bewte. Her forhede brode and streighte rose, The skynne of hur necke was lyly whyte. 5160 She wes not lene, but flesly a lyte. [leaf 65]

Rawl. MS. That I may at pis tyme excuse/de be Of curry fetture to reherse je bente. xviii yere she was of age, 5148 Symly of statune, borne of high parage. Hir hert was set grely In o thynge To be freshe arrayde In clothynge, Embrawderde parte in strange wyse. To leff out playnely hir ayse. 5153 Her forehede brode and streighte rose, Hir coloure rede lyke a rose. Of sangweyne her complexiwe, 5158 The here of here browes were browne, The shyn) of hir nyke was lyHy whyte. She was not lene, but flesshly a lyte.
Smale armes she had and hondys fayre,
She was curteys, lowly, and debonayre.
Clothed she was In samette flyne,
Atte hur owne delyte welle shapyn.
She was sette in ffreshenesse of goode a-raye.
She was as freshe as pe rose in maye.
Off alle hur bewte I make a flyne.
The kyng of Fraunce nowe axet the pe wyne,*
Thys mayde gothe wyth goode chere,
And ffyllethe a cuppe of pat pychere,
Wyche pe moder of Partonope
Hadde so a-rayed yeff pat he
Off pat wyne drynke a drawghte,
That a-none he shalle be caught
In suche wyse he shulde for-yete
Melyowre, his fayre lady swete.
The mayde bryneth pe kyng pe wyne,
That of pe poyson was myghty and flyne.
The kyng knewe alle pe crafte welle,
He kyssed pe cuppe, but neuer a delle
Ther-of he dranke, but pus he sayde:
"Berythe my coppe, fayre mayde,
To my cosyn Partonope.
And I commawnde that also ye
Drynke to hym and make hym chere."
Thys mayde hape bope connynge and manere,
After l. 5169 MS. adds:
He kyssythe pe cuppe but neuer a delle [he crossed out] dranke he
He ravghe pe cuppe to Partonope ys moder fre.

Rawl. MS.

Smale armes and hondes fayre.
She was courteys and eke debonayre.
Clothyde she was In fyne satyn, 5164
1Weft I-shape, for ever here delyte
Was set in freshnes of array ; [1 leaf 33]
She was as freshe as rose May.
Of all here beute I make a fyne. 5168
The kyng axed after his wyne.
This mayde goth with good chere,
And fynde a coppe of pear cheere.
Whiche pe moder of Partonope 5172
Hade so arrayde but yet but he
Of pis wyne drynke a draught,
That anone he shulde be caught
In soych wyse he shulde for-gete 5176
Melyore, his lady swete.
The mayde bringyth pe kyng pe wyne,
That of pis poyson was myghty and flyne.
The kyng knewe pis crafte weft, 5180
And kyssede pe coppe, but neuer a delf
There-of he ne dranke, but pus sayde:
"Beryth my coppe, fayre mayde,
To my cosyn Partonope.
And I comonde also pat ye
Drynke to hym and make hym chere."
This mayde hade connynge and manere,
She bare pe cuppe to Partonope.

"Syr," she sayde, "pe kynge wol pat ye Drynke of pis cuppe, I shaH be-gynne."

She purposethe fully hys loute to wynye,
She dronke fyrste, and þen dronke he.

Thys wynye was lusty, and Partonope
Sette cuppe to mowpe, and better assayde, And þer-wyth-af þe prayde þe mayde
She wolde drynke to hym a-geyne.
And so they dronke þat bop þey bene
Welle I-wette, and þen Partonope
Off þys mayde behelde so þe bewte,
That wyth hur loute he wes so take,
He had for-yete Melyowre hys make.
And wyth þys mayde he felle in talkyng
Off dyuerse materes, þat of o þyng
Hys moder was syker by hys chere.
He had for-yete hys olde fere.

Hys chere gaw chawenge, hys blode gaw ryse.
Thys mayde wes plesawnte in aH wyse;
To loue hym beste wes alle hur luste.

Fulle ofte tymes þys mayde he kyste.

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Univ. Coll. MS.

And bare þe coppe to Partonope. 5188
"Sir," she sayde, "þe kynge wold þat ye
Drynke of þis coppe, I shal be-gynne."
She purposed hir his lone to wyne.
She dranke firste and þen dranke he.
This wynye was lusty, and Partonope
Set coppe to monthe, and better assayde.
And þer-wyth-af he prayede þe mayde
She wolde drynke to hym ayen. 5196
And so þey dranke þat bothe þey bene
WeH wet, and þen Partonope
Of þis mayde so he-helde þe bene
That with here lone he was so take, 5200
He hade for-yet Melyore his make.
And with þis mayde sith In talkyng

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Rawl. MS.

And wyth this Mayde he fylle in Talking
[leaf 30] 5202
Of dyuer[er]s materes / that of of thing
His moder was syker by his chere 5204
That he had for-yete his olde fere.
His chere ganne chonge, his blode gan ryse.
This mayde was plesant in alle wyse;
To love hir best was alle his lyst; 5208
Fulle ofte tymes this mayde he kyste.

---

Of dyucrese mater, and of o thynge
His moder was sekere be his chere 5204
That he hade for-yete his olde fere.
His chere gan change, his blode to ryse.

[leaf 33, back]

This mayde was plesant In aH wyse;
To love here best was his luste. 5208
Fulle ofte tymes þis mayde [he] kyste.
To hym so plesawnte was ys mayde
pat atte pe laste to hur he sayde:
"Yowre beawte and yowre goodeely chere,
Your semely poorte, your womanly manere,
In my trewe hert arne prynted so,
pat where pat euer I ryde or goo
Ye ar my loue and lady souereyne.
And to brynge me owte of peyne
Graunte me nowe to be my loue."—
"Syr," sayde pe mayde, "be gode a-boue,
On a condycione ye graunte me
To be my housbonde, I wold be
Euer redy atte your comandemente."—
"I graunte to parforme your entente,"
Sayde thys yonge Partonope.
Thus in ys wyse a-corded they be.
Yette of ys foly haue I no meruyale;
For a ryghte sober man, wyth-owten fayle,
Wyth drynke and dalyaunce and grette delyte,
Off so fayre won myghte in suche plyglite

To hym so plesaunt was pis mayde.
That at the last to hir he sayde:
"Your high beaute, your goodeely chere,
Your semely poorte, your womanly manere,
In my trewe hert are prynted so.
That where that euere I ryde or goo
Ye are my love and lady soneraygne.
And to brynge me oute of payne.
Graunte me new to be my love."—
"Syr," sayde the Mayde, "by God a-boue,
On a condition that ye graunte me
To be my housebond, I wyll be
Euer redy at your commandemente."—
"I graunte to parforme alle your entente,"
Than sayde this yonge Partonope
"Thus in this wyse a-cord we be,"
Yett of his foly haue I no meruyale;
For a right Sosour man, wythouten fayle,
Wyth drynke and dalyaunce and grette delyte
Myght be brought in such plyglite

She consents on condition that he promises to be her husband.
Partonope is willing.

To hym so plesaunt was pis mayde.
Thus at laste to here he sayde:
"Youre high beute, your goodeely chere,
Youre symliy poorte, youre womanly manere*
In my trewe hert are pynyte so
That where pat euere I ryde ore goo
Ye are my loue and lady souereyne.
And to brynge me oute of payne
Graunte me nowe to be my loue."—
"Syr," sayde pis mayde, "be God above,
On on condition pat ye graunte me
To be my housebond, and I wille be
Euer redy at youre comandemente."—
"I graunte to parforme youre entente,"
Then sayde pis yonge Partonope.
Thus In pis wyse acordyde bye be.
Yet of his foly haue I [no] merel; For a right sourse man samfaih,
With drynke and dalyaunce and grette light
Of so fayre on myghte [in] suche plught
5213. MS. Youre symly poorte, your high chere And also youre womanly manere.
Be brought to ask here of his grace,
Beynge bothe in so preuey a place.
Ther were no mo folke but they to,
Safe pe kynge and hys moder fer were no mo,
Lokyng oute atte a wyndowe and talkynge
Howe they myght Partonope In bryngye
to ofte thys mayde and for-yete Melyowre.

The kynge a-none, wyth-owte more,
Clepyd to hym Partonope.
"Cosyn)," he sayde, "howe lyke ye
Be my neece, wyche ys to marye?"
By owre lady pat in heven sytteth ou hye,
Ye eff ye wolde hane hur to your wyffe,
As I am trewe kynge, aH my lyffe
I shal be to yowe goode lorde and souereyne.
For ye shal truste me fulle and playne:
I shal geffe yow townes, Castelles, and Cyte,
And off aH ryches grete plente.
Off aH men ou fy ye I truste yowe beste."
Hys moder ou fy hur syde made grete heste.
5241. ou] perhaps an?

Univ. Coll. MS.
Of so fayre one to aske hir of hyr grace,
Beyng bothe in so peyve a place.
There were no folke but they two,
Saue the king and his modyr moo,
Lokyng oute of a wyndow and talking
How thay myght Partonope bring
To love this mayde and leve Melyoure.
I The king anone, wythouten more,
Clepyd to hym Partonope. 5238
"Cosyn," he sayde, "howe lyke ye
By my nyce, which ys to Marye? 5240
By owre lady of heven) that men to calle
and crye,
Ye eff ye wylle hane hir to your wyffe,
As I am a true kyght, alle my lyfe
I shal be to yowe goode lorde and
soneraygne.
5244
For ye shal truste me full and playne:
I shal yeve yow townes, Castelles and
Citee,
And of alle rycheses suft grete plente.
Of alle men a-lyve I trust yow best."
His modyr in hir syde made grete
heste. 5249

Rawl. MS.
Be brought to ask here of hir grace,
Beyng bothe In so prevy place.
Ther were no folke but they two,
Safe pe kynge and his moder also,
Lokyng oute of a wyndowe talkynge
Howe pey myght Partonope In bryngye
4 The kynge anone, with-out more,
Clepyd to hym Partonope.
"Cossyn)," he sayde, "howe leke ye
Be my nyce, whiche is to marye? 5240
Be owre lady, to whom I crye,
Ye ef ye wiiH hane here to your wyffe,
As I am trewe kyght, aff my lyfe
I shal be to you good lorde and souer-
aygne.
5244
For ye shal truste me playne:
I shal yeve you castelles and Cete,
[leaf 34] And of aH Ryches grete plente,
Of aH men ou fy ye I truste you best."
His moder on hir syde made grete
heste. 5249
They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
He accorded hym full to pyls folye.  
Hys moder was gladde thow owte of mesure,  
And made hom echie oder to ensure.

The King formally gives him the maiden,

Thys woman I yeffe yowe to your wyfe,  
In loye for euer to lede your lyfe,  
And so I pray Gode hyst mote be."—

"I thanke yowe, sir," sayde Partonope.

He wende a\(h\) pyls had ben\(w\) ryghte welle,  
Hys olde love was for-gete ech a delle

And place, pyls ys syker as daye,

For to haue pleyed\(e\) comyn\(w\) play

Off wyche thes louers haue suche plesaunce,

Thus wes he falle to novelye.

5254. MS. mayde\(n\). 5255. he sayde\(\) MS. they sayden.

Univ. Coll. MS.
They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
He a-cordyde full to his folye.

The moder was gladde that wythouten mesure,  
And made hem fast eche other ensure.

And to Partonope thus he sayde:

"This woman I yeve yow to your wyfe,
In loye for euer to lede your lyfe,
And so I pray God hit euer mote be."—

"I thank yow, Sir," sayde Partonope.

He wende alle this had ben\(e\) ryght wele,

His olde love was for-gete eche dele.

He kyseth his love, he maketh her chere.

He was in wylle, had he hadde leysere
And place, this ys syker as day, 5264
To haue pleyed the comyn play
Of which these louers haue such plesaunce,

For Melioure was clene oute of remembranc.

Thus was he falle to novellye. 5268

Rawl. MS.

They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
He a-cordyde full to his folye.

The moder was gladde that wythouten mesure,

And made hem sure iche to o\(e\). 5253

The kynge toke\(e\) mayde\(e\) be \(e\) honde,

And\(s\) Partonope he sayde:

"This woman I yeve you to wyfe 5256
In loye for euer to lede your lyfe,
And so I praye God it euer may be."—

"I thanke you, sir," saide Partonope.

He wende a\(h\) pis hade ben wef, 5260

His olde love was for-gete iche dhe\(n\).

He kyseth his lone, and maketh his chere.

He was in witt, while he hade leysere
And place, pis is seker as day, 5264
To haue pleyde\(e\) comyn play,
Of which\(e\) pis louers haue soych plesaunce,

For Melioure was clene oute of remembraunce.

Thus was he sa\(f\) to novelty. 5268
Thus was grette merveyle, for trewly I
Shulde neuer haue be broghte in pat plyinghe,
Off ony oper to haue Ioye or delyte
Butte of my lady, pat ys my soureyne ;
I telle yowe travpe, I can not fayne.
Fresshe and lusty ys Partonope ;
For in hys armes hys lone hape he,
Wyche he hath geton hym fresshe and newe. [leaf 66, back]
He seysethe to hyr he wol be trewe.
And she wyth hym falleth in Dalyaunce;
Off maters of Iove and of hye plesaunce;
Wyth kyssynge and talkynghe she ys fahte in boldenesse.
When wyymmen be whethe they can not cese.
Wyth gladde chere to hym she sayde : "My dere herte, fulle whete a-payde
Alle my lyffe-dayes ben may 1,
That I haue conquered yowe so wysely.
For be crafte I haue yowe take,
And made yowe fully to for-sake
Yowre olde Iove, and fully to me
Ye ben ensured euer trewe to be."

This ys grette merveHy, for Iehe truly
Shulde neuer a brought In pat plught,
Of any other to hane Ioye ore delyte,
But of lady that ys my soureyne ;
I telle you thong, I canne not fayne.
Fresshe and lusty ys Partonope : 5274
For in his armes his love holds he,
Which he hath geten hym fresssh and new.
He sayde to hir he wolde be trew.
And She wyth hym ys fallen in dalyaunce
Of Maters of love and hight plesaunce.

This is grette mereHy, for Iehe truly
Shulde neuer a brought In pat plught,
Of any other to hane Ioye ore delyte,
But of my lady and my soureyne ;
I teHy you travthe, I can not fayne.
Freshe and lusty is Partonope, 5274
For In his armes his love holdyth he,
Whiche he hathe gottyn hym newe.
He seyde to here he wolde be trewe.
She with hym is fahte In dalyaunce
Of maters of Iove and hight plesaunce,
With kyssenge and talkynghe is fahte in dalyaunce. [leaf 34, back] 5280
When women) beth weHy I can not cese.
With glade chere she to hym seyde : "My dere herte, fahte weHy payde
AH my lyve-dayes be may 1, 5284
That I haue conquerede so wysely.
1 For be crafte I hane you take,
And made you fully to for-sake
Yowre olde Iove ; and holy to me 5288
Ye be ensurede euer trewe to be."
When of his love he herde hir speke, 
His hert hym pought wolde breke. 
AH pensyfe a grette whyle he sytte. 
In his hert thynkyng agayne his wyte 
Ys come to hym freshe and newe.  
"Alas!" he pought, "I am vntrew." 
To his wyte is my sonereyne lady."  
And per-wyth he sterte vp fresly, 
And to pe dore streghte he wynte. 
The barre in his honde he hente, 
And oppynye pe dore in haste, 
In to pe porche he come rynyng. 
His hors he fonde redy stondynge. 
Vp upon his hors in haste he lepte, 
More of his trouth toke he no kepe. 
When pe kyngye was ware of his, 
A sory man for sothe he is. 
The newe love also is I-shente. 
In grete haste rydes Partonope 
To pe castell of Bloyes, and sore wepte he, 
Thynkyng on hys lady Melyowre,  
Whome in haste he cometh rydnyng; 
Vppon hys horse in haste he lepte,  
More of his trouth toke he no kepe. 
When pe kyngye was ware of his, 
A sory man for sothe he is. 
The newe love also is I-shente. 
In grete haste rydes Partonope 
To pe castell of Bloyes, and sore wepte he, 
Thynkyng on hys lady Melyowre,  
Whome in haste he cometh rydnyng; 
Vppon hys horse in haste he lepte, 
More of his trouth toke he no kepe. 
When pe kyngye was ware of his, 
A sory man for sothe he is. 
The newe love also is I-shente. 
In grete haste rydes Partonope 
To pe castell of Bloyes, and sore wepte he, 
Thynkyng on hys lady Melyowre,  
Whome in haste he cometh rydnyng;
Partonope shuts himself up in a chamber, weeping and lamenting sorely.

From his meyne he hydythe his wepyng.
From his horse lepethe, and streightly gothe
In-to his chamber, for he ys lothe
Hys meyne shulde knowe of his dysese.
He byddythe hem voyde, pys ys no lese.
They voyde his chamber in grete haste;
After hym he barretthe the dore faste.
Nowe by hym-selfe he ys allone;
He maketh sorowe and moche mone.
He cursythe the cunselle of pe kyng.
He hatyth the his newe loue a-baffe aH pyng.
The kyng, pe moder, and his loue, 5328
Herde tydynges pat a-bafe
In-to a chamber was Partonope

Go to slepe. "Hat may not be,"
Sayde his moder, "for no-pyngye."
Ah for noghte pen were owre charmynge."
To his chamber she yede in haste,
The dore she founde barred faste.
She knocket per-ate, and faste geud crye: 5336
"Vndo the dore, sone, hyt am I."
Ah for noghte he lette hur be,
And pen he sayde: "For sothe ye
Hane fro me take my erthly Ioye ;
And mowe I ones departe fro the,
Ye shalt neuer efte hane loye of me.
Goth the forth yeoure way, and lette me be."

Seyde his moder, "for nothyngye. 5332
Ah for nought were oure charmynge."
To his chamber she yede in haste.
The dure she yede, and founde sperede faste.
She knockede faste, and loude dyde crye: 5336
"Vndo pe dore, son, it am I."
Ah for nought he lette here be.
Then he sayde: "For sothe ye
Hante fro me take my erthly make and ljoye ;
And nowe I am departye fro you a-weye.
Ye shalt neuer after hante ljoye of me.
Goth the farthe yeoure wey, and lette me be."
Thys lady wepynge went hur way, 5344 She goes, weeping.
Wenynge fully, þys ys no nay, Partonope will ask his Lady's pardon,
She had to hym no trespas do.
Partonope anone, as she was go, 5348
Be þoghhte hym: " Yeft I a-bythe here, 5348
The kyinge and my moder wyth wepyng chere,
Wyth mony a-nother, scholdde wonder on me,"
And a-noper whyle þus þoghhte he:
"My lone, my lady, my hertys leche, 5352
I wolde me besy yowe for to seche.
For I haue not so grettyly a-geyne resone [leaf 67, back]
Forfete to hur, butte grace and pardone
I may axe of hur and haue. 5356
Off þat I haue do, so Gode me saue,
Wyth aþ my hert I me repente,
And mercy [crye] wyth gode entente."
And wyth þys þoghhte he rose vp faste. 5360
The dore he vnbarrede in grette haste,
And went þys way fulH henely.
And for menþ shulde hym not aspye,
Ouer þys eyenþ he keste hys hode, 5364
And to a manþ þat to-fore hym stode
He sayde: "No lenger loke þou a-bythe,
Butte feche my horse, for I wolde ryde
A lyteH way for to desporte me 5368
Aþ alone; for of my meyne
Atte þys tyme grettyly hane I no nede."
Thus aþ alone forthe he yede.

Rawl. MS.

This lady wepynge went hur wy, 5344
Wenyng fully, þis is no nay,
She haed to hym a trespas do.
Partonope anone, as she was go,
He thought: "Yeþ I abyde here, 5348
The kyng and my moder with wepyng chere,
With many oþer shuld wonder on me."
Aþerer while þus þought he:
"My lone, my lady, my hertys leche
I witt me besy for to seche. 5353
For I haue gretly again resone
For-Sette to here; grace and pardonue
I may ask of hym and hane. 5356
Of þat I haue do, so God me saue,
With aþ my hert I me repente,
And mercy crye with good entente."
With þat þought he rose vp faste. 5360
The dore he vnbarrede in haste,
And went his wey henely.
For his meyne shulde hym not aspye,
Ouer his eyenþ he caste his hode, 5364
And to a manþ þat to-fore hym stode
He sayde: "No lenger loke þou a-bythe,
Butte feche my horse, for I witt ryde
A lyteH while to dysporte me 5368
Aþ alone; for of my meyne [leaf 35, back]
At þis tyme hane I no nede."
Thus alone forthe he yede.
British Museum MS.

And thus alone as he rode musynge, 5372
Knyghtes sodenly hym come metynge, 5376
Off wyche I haue tolde of be-fore,
\[pat\] broghte hym hys somers wyt \[hys\] tresowre.
The[\[y]] saluyd hym fulle godeley,
And pen they sayde: "Syr, grettely
Off your lady desyred ye be.
Gothe your way, for atte ye see
Yowre bote, your shyppe, \(\text{per}\) ys redy.
The tyde a-bydeth yowe trewly,
And \(\text{pe}\) wynde \text{and} the weder at whye* haue."—
"Off thes tydlynge, so Gode me safe,
I thanke yowe grettely," saythe Partonope.
And wyt \(\text{pat}\) worde \(\text{pes}\) knyghtes be
Sodenly gon, he wotte ner where.
And he rydethe forth to pe water of Lere.
When he come \(\text{per}\), redy he fownde 5388
A fayre bote stondynge by pe londe,
Where-In he fownde a ffeyre bedde made.
Partonope \(\text{per-off}\) wes wonder gladde.
Shortly, no lenger wolde he a-byde,
Butte gothe to botte, \text{and} weder \text{and} tyde 5392
Wes aH redy rychte to hys plesyre.
Downe ow\(\text{e}\) pe bedde he hym leyde at leysere;
He \(\text{poghite}\) \(\text{per}\) for to slepe a wyneke.
Nowe shalH ye here a wonder hyng :
Hys horse, hys lemenys noghte he sey,


*Read. MS.*

And alone as he rode musynge, 5372
Knyghtes sodenly hym come metynge, 5376
Of whiche I haue tolde be-fore,
That brought hym \(\text{pe}\) somers with
tresoure.
They saluyde hym fulf softly, 5382
And pen ye sayde: "Syr, grettely
Of youre lady desyrede ye be.
Gothe youre wy, for at ye see
Yowre bote, your shipe \(\text{per}\) is redy.5380
The tyde abydes you, \(\text{and}\) truly
The wynde \text{and} weder at w[ill] ye haue."—
"Of his tydlynge, so God me sanc,
I thanke you hertly," sayde Partonope.
The knyghtes ne no-hynge were bye. 5400
The bote was gouerned in pe see. He sees them again on board the ship.
A wonder ys, as thynketh me. 5404
The bote streyghte hym broghte to pe shyppe. Partonope arrives at
When he was In, he toke grette kepe: Chef d'Oire,
For hys horse, hys lemers per he fownde, and rides to the palace.
Wychie be-hynde hym on the strownde He can eat nothing.
Hed be lefte, for so wende he. 5408
And hys fortie saylthe Partonope Thorwe pe water wychie ys called [L]oyre,
byter he see. TyH he entered Chyffe Doyre, 5412
A wonder ys, as thynketh me. and ves to the palace.
The bote streyghte hym broghte to e shyppe. 5416
When he was In, he toke grette kepe: He made hym redy for streyghte to gone
For li^s horse, hys lemers he founde, Sone after soper, when tyme was, To bedde, pat was hys entente.
Wychie be-hynde hym, and on pe strownde, 5420 He goes to bed.
Hade ben, for so wende he. 5424
And hys furthe saillyth Partonope Shorte tale to make, to bedde he* wente.
Thorwe pe water wychie clepede Loyre, 5425. MS. hem.
Tiff he enterde In-to Chyfe doyere, 5428
Whiche is chese hauyn of pecontre.
Fro pe shipe to pe londe gothe he. 5432
Maister of pe shipe, ne gouernoure Sees hym none; streight to pe toure
Of his lady nowe rydes he, Of his lady nowe rydes he,
And let pe shipe alone be. 5436
Straighc he rydeth to pe palys, 5440
And in pe haH, a-pow the deyse He sette hym downe; hys soper was redy.
He yete no mete, but sate heuyle. He etes no me, but syttes heuyle.
Sone after soper, when tyme was, 5444
To chamber he went a esy pas. He knewe what he was wont to done.
He made hym redy for streyghte to gone To bedde, pat was hys entente.
To bedde, pat was hys entente. 5448
Shorte tale to make, to bedde he wente.
When he was leyde, he couertoure
To hym he drowe. *per-wyth* Melewre
To bedde come fulle softeby.
In armes he toke hur ful goodely,
He kyssed hur, *and* made hur chere.
Butte she a-spyed be hys manere
He was atte *pat* tyme *sum-what* heuy.

"GOode syr," she seyde, "what cause or why
Be ye nowe in thys heuynes?"
Telleth me playnely your dystresse."

He answered hur ful softely:
"My dere herte, I crye yowe mercy.
I-wys, my loue, I am grettely dyssmayed.
The kynge of Fraunce hath [me] be-betrayed,
And my euelle moder also,
Thowe a drynke made me do
A thynge where-of I repente me.
Falce and vn-trew helyt made me be
To yowe, my lady souereyne.
On here falsedode I me complayne.
A wyne I dronke, was made by crafte,
Borowe wyche my wytte was me by-rafte,
And I be-come a folle naturelle.
Thys made my moder, she ys full felle.
Ther-wyth they broghte me a mayde
That was mery, *and* *pen* they sayde:

5447. *he crossed out before wyche.*

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Rowe. MS.

When he was leyde, he couertoure
To hym he drowe; *and per-with*
Melyore
To bede come ful full softely. 5428
In his armes he toke hir goodely,
He kyssed hir, and made hir chere,
But she asspyed be his manere
*He was at pat tyme sum-what heuy.* 5432
"Good sir," she seyde, "what cause
Or why
Be ye in his heuynes?"
Tell me playnely your dystresse.
He asnerede here softeby: 5436
"My dere herte, I crye your mercy.
My dere herte, I am dyssmayde.

The kynge of Fraunce bathe me be-
trayede,
And myne eviht moder also, 5440
Thorwe drynke made me to do
A thynge where-of I repente me.
False and vn-trewel it made me be
"To you, my lady souereyne. 5444
On hir falsedode I me complayne.
A wyne I dronke, was made by crafte,
Thorwe whiche my wytt was me raft,
And I be-come a folle naturath. 5448
This made my moder, she is full
feth. [leaf 68, back]
Ther-wyth *pey* brought a mayde
That was to marye; *pen pey* seyde
'Howe lyke yowe be pys mayde yonge? 5452
She ys ryghte ffeyre and nece to pe kynge.'
The kynge per-wyth come as blyfe,
And gaffe hur me vn-to my wyfe,
Wyth townes, castellys, and grette ryches. 5456
per I ensured* here a-fore pe wyttene
To be hur husbando and alle oper for-sake,
And she on hur syde to be my make
Ensured by-fore hem alle tho.
Yette by grace hyt happed so,
Er I here nyghed bodely,
My wytte come to me graciosly.
And pen I wyste I had mys-do.
In grete haste sterte I vpo tho,
And lefte my trowjje wyth he?» alle.
Wherefore your mercy euuer I calle,
For I for-yete yowe jjiis ffalsselye.
My swete herte, haue on me mercy." 5468
[leaf 69]
Off speche he stynte, and seyde no more,
But stil he lay and sighede sore.
"Syr," seyde hys lady, "why do ye thus?" 5472
Ther-wyth she gaffe hym a swete cosse,
And seyde: "Lette be, my herte swete,
For I wolle ryghte welle ye wete
I love yowe a thousands folde pe more,
That ye haue hym a-sayde so sore,
5457. MS. ensweryd or ensdreyd. 5458. MS. scarceoly husboden).
And leve hem alle and drawe to me.
And I may per-by knowe and se
Yowre herte to me stonte uner stable,
Where-fore pys traspas ys pardonable.
Butte yeffe here-after pe deuylle be
Yowre master so grettely pat me to se
[Ye desyre] ffor drynke or for ony poysone,
To make of me opyn demonstracyone,
Er my wyH be pat hyt be so;
Ye shulle vn-do vs bope to,
Alle oper pynge mowe fulle lyghtely
Off me for-yefte be, but trewly I
Lone yowe so weH wyth mynd herte,
Alle oper forfeottes mowe me not smertte.
Nowe ar they falle fro pys Dalynance,
And besy hem to do eche oper plesawnce.
Thus alle pe nyghte to-geder hyt be,
Tylle on) the morowe pat Partonope
Moste nedes ryse, for hyt was day.
And pus he rose, and wente hys wey,
Where he wolde hym to dysporte.
Off no wyghte ells had he comforte
Neuer a day, tylle hyt was nyghte.
Thys lyffe he leynd fortenyghte.
And on) a day he hym be-peglite
In whatte care he had broglite
Hys moder, and eke pe kyngge of Fraunee,
And alh hys kynrede and hys alysaunce.
Where-fore he porposethe hem alh to se
And hastily to go in-to hys cuntre.
As he [on] nyghte in bede laye [leaf 60, back] 5508
Wyth hys lady, hys fresshe maye,
He toke hyr in armes and wyth pat hur kyste.
"My dere herte," he sayde, "and I wyste
Ye wolde not dysplesed be,
I wolde hane leue of yowe to se
My cuntre; hyt were to me grette ese.
Butte me were lothe yowe to dysplese."
And wyth pat worde she syked sore.
"My loun," she sayde, "euer-more
I drede me porowe fals en-chawntemente
Ye shulle make vs hope shente.
Yowre moder atte yowre nexte comynge
I fere me shal make yowe brynge
Some hynde where-porowe ye shal me sene.
Shente for euer shal ye pen bene,
To brynge me in offence and to breke your trowpe 5524
My swete herte, hane ou me rowpe.
For Gode me so helpe as wyslye
I gaffe yowe cause neuer why
Thus lyghtely to departe fro me.
Wyth-owten stroke ye wolle me sle.
In Fraunce ye maye lyffe in pes,
Er euer to yowe I shulde make pres
That ye shulde euer repayre to me,

Rowl. MS.

And alh his keurede and his alysaunce.
Where-fore he porposeth hem to see
And hastily go in-to his cuntre.
As he on nyghte In bede laye 5508
Wyth his lady, his freshe maye,
He toke her In armes and hir kyste.
"My dere hert," he sayde, "and y wyste
Ye wolde not dysplesed be, 5512
I wolde hane leue of you to se,
To me it were a grete eyse.
But lothe me were you to dysplese,"
Wyth pat worde he sighede sore. 5516
"My loun," she sayde, "euer-more
I drede me of false enchantemente,

Ye shal make vs bothe shente.
Youre moder atte youre nexte comynge
For me shal make you brynge 5521
Som thynge pat ye shal me sene.
Shent for euer pen shal ye ben,
"To breke myne offence and my trouthe
My swete hert, hane on me rounthe.5525
For God me helpe so as wysly
I yef you neuer no cause why
Thus lyghtely to departed fro me. 5528
With-out stroke ye witt me sle.
In France ye maye bydde In pes,
Ore euer I shulde to you make pres
That ye shal euer repayre to me, 5532

PARTONOPE.
Butte yeff hyst to yowe plesaunce be.
Yeffe ye thus departhe fro me,
And breke your beheste, ye shulle se
Ye shulle me sle wyth-owten knyffye.
Thus shalt your lone reve me my lyffe,
And pns shalt I be lefte allone
In care and sorwe to make my mone
I note to whom, when ye be wente.
Wyth sorwe and wepyngye shalle I be shente,
For efter won euylle comythe comythe mony mo.
And ye in suche wyse lette me go,
Then shalt I endure in langwyshyinge,
Never full dedde, but euers dyngye,
And lyteH ete and lesse drynke,
And no dele slepe powe I wynke.

bus shalt I my body pyne,
Fro myrthe and loye my hert restreyne.
Off aH trewe conseH shalt I be sadde,
And mercy axe ther non may be hadde.
Soche loye hape he pat lesythye hys lone,
Alle day hyst hath bryn in prone:
Comynly ther pat wone louythe beste
Off aH oper hys thanke ys neste.
Lo, dere herte, ys mowe ye se
In whatte myschyffe ye shulle lefe me,
Yeffe ye me se or pan my luste.
In yowe fully ys alle my truste.

5540. Second when seems marked for erasure.

But it to you plesance be.
Yef ye pns departe fro me,
And breke yourbeeste, ye shaff se
Ye shaff me sle wyth-out knyffye. 5536
Thus shaff ye reve me my lyfe,
Thus shaff I be lefte alone
In care and sorwe to make my mone
I not to whom, when ye be wente. 5540
With sorwe and wepyngye I shaff be shente,
For after on euH comyth many mo.
And in soynye wyse ye let me goo,
Then shaff I endure In langwyssyngye,
Neuer fuH dede, but euer dyngye, 5545
And lyte mete drinke and lesse drynke,
And no deH slepe pough I wynke.
Thus shaff I my body peyne, 5548
Merthe and loyf my hert resstrayne.
Of aH newe consenH shaff I be sale,
Mercy askynge per non may be hade.
Sowych loyf hathe he pat lonthy his lone. 5552
AH he day it hathe be put In prove
Comynly per pou lovyste beste
Of aH oper his thanke is neste.
Loo, dyre hert, pns may ye see 5556
In what myschef ye shaff beve me,
Yef ye se ore pbnH me lysye.
In you fully is aH my truste.
For lo, dere herte, pys ys my fere:
A-monge yowre frendes, when ye be per,
Wyth crafte brought In ye shal be,
Ye shulle hem truste better pen me.
Yowre moder wenythe aH fantanye be
That I do, sethe me to se
Ye ben defended; per-fore sykerly
She wolle make some crafte where-by
Ye shulle a-ye my wyth me se.
Thus shulle ye leue hur better pen me.
Yet a-bone aH pys ys my fere
My lone to lese pat ys so dere,
Haue boughte myne herte, and pat be ye.
Nowe gode [lone], haue mercy on me,"

"My fayre lady, thynke weH thys,
In alle pe reme of Fraunce per nys
Man ne woman pat can me brynge
To done offence In any thynge
That were contrary to youwe plesawnce.
Gode kepe me ever fro pat myschaunce.
Then were I worse pen ony hownde,
That thys lonynge haue yowe fownde,
That I shulde your deth caste.
Myne endeles sorowe pen shulde I haste.
For by the holy A-postolys twelffe
I loue yowe better pen my-selffe.
And moche loue pen haue I loste,
Yeffe ye shulde me thys mystruste."
Thus aH nyghte by-twyn hem twey
Words per were; hem luste not to pley,
Ne slepe neyper, pys ys no nay,
TyH on pe morowe pat brodde daye
Shone In so bryghte pat Partonope
Poghte pat hyt was hey tyme pat he
Made hym redy, and so he dyde;
And to hys dyner streyghte he yede.
And after dyner streyghte yede he
Vppon a towre of pe castelle to se
The see, pe wynde, and eke pe tyde.
AH pys was weH, and per-fore a-byde
Longe wyth hys lady poghte not he.
Butte aH-wey after Partonope
To hys lady enery nyghte
Sware he shulde neuer pe syghte
Off hyr desyre, tylle pat she
Luste hyt were so; and pues takythe he
Hys'leue; also when hyt was day,
To shyppe he gothe, and takethe pe way
Ouer pe see* streyghte to Bloys.

5608. MS. adds pe shyppe after see.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Thus aH pe nyght be-twix hem to 5588
Words per were; hem lyste none opeH to do.
They myght not slepe, pis is no nay,

Tiff on pe morowe pe broode day
Shone In so bright pat Partonope 5592
Thought it was tyme pat he
Made hym redy, and so he dyde;
And to his dyner streyghte he yede.
And after denere streyghte yede he 5596
In-to pe towre of pe castelle to se

The se, pe wynde, and eke pe tyde.
AH pis was weH, and per-fore abyde
Longe with his lady pought not he.
But alwey after Partonope 5601
To his lady enery nyghte
Sware he shulde neuer pe sight
Of his desyre tiff pat she
Lyste it were; and pues takethe he
His leue; and when it was day,
To shipe he goth, and taketh pe wey
Ouer pe se streight to Bloys. 5608

5608-9: inverted in MS.
Thyder he come as who seythe treys.
Shorte tale to make, he yede to londe,
And went to Bloys, and per he founde
Hys moder and alle hys oder meyne,
That off hys comynge ful Ioyfuh bee,
And of hys passage hauue grette meruyale,
For no man sawe shyppe neyper sayle,
And pat A-none he come to Bloys.
In hys comynge he ys curteysse.
AH Fraunce made Ioye of hys comynge.
Ou'horsbake lyghtely lepeth pe kynghe,
He pryked faste porowe pe towne.
After hym heyed, hope Erle and barowne.
Knyghtes, Squyers of euerde degre
Come to welcome Partonope.
And he hem thonked wyth swych e chere, [leaf 71] 5624
That they lyked so hys manere.
Euery man made grette Ioyinge
Off Partonope-y's home comynge
Off welcomenynge and ende to make,
The grette pres heere leue haue take,
And homwarde echie man" take the hys wey.

Thether he come as who syeth treys.
Shorte tale to make, he yede to londe,
And went to Bloys, and there he fonde
And Modyr and alle his other meyne,
That of his comyng ful Ioyfull be, 5613
And of his passage hauue grette meruyale,
For no man seeth another Shipp nor sayle,
And that alone he come to Bloys. 5616
In his comyng he ys curtseys.
Alle Fraunce made Ioye of his comyng.
Ou'horsbak lyghtly lepeth the king,
He pryked faste thorow the thown. 5620
After hym hyed bothe Erle and barown;
Knyghtes and Squyers of euerde degre,
Came to welcome home Partonope.
And he hem thanked wyth such chere,
That they lyked so his gode manere.
Euey man made grete Ioyung 5626
Of Partonopes home Comyng. [ll. 40-b.]
Of his welcomyng and ende to make,
"The grette pres he leve haue take, 5629
And homward echie man toke the way.
Partonope's mother asks the advice of her mother, as to keeping her son in France.

She counsels her to send for the Bishop of Paris.

The mother lays the case before him.

Sone after hyt felle vppon a deye
Thys moder of Partonope
Hur wyttes casteth howe beste myghte she
Hur Sone haue stylene In Fraunce.
A moder she had, in home hur affyynce
Was grettely, for she was bothe olde and wyse.
She poght she wolde hane hur a-vyse.
Hur moder she tolde alle hur conselle.
She hur answerd, and sayde: "In perelle
Grettely stante Partonope;
Where-fore, doghter, I conselle pat ye
Sende for pe bysshoppe off Parys.
He ys a clerke, and per-to ryghte wyse,
And can gode skyf of Sermonyng.
He knoweth the helpe off alle pyenge."
He was sente after, he come a-none.
When he was come, to-gedyr they gone
In-to a parlere alle thre.
The moder sayde to the bysshoppe: "Syr, ye
Be ryghte welcome, wyth-owten more.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Sone after hit felle vpun a day
That the Moder of Partanope 5632
Hir wyttes cast how best myght She
Hir Son wyth-holdde stylene in Fraine.
A Moder She had, in whom hir alliane
Was gretly, for She was bothe olde and wyse. 5636
Sheo thought Sheo wolde hane hir a-vyce.
Hir Moder She tolde alle hir Counsel.
She answerid, and sayde, "In grete pereff
May thus stonde Partanope; 5640
Wherefore, daughter, I consayde the Send for the Bysshop of Paryse.
He ys a Clerk, and thereto Rich & wyse.
And can gode skyfle of sermonyng. He knoweth the helpe of alle thing." He was sent after, he come a-none. 5646
When he was comyn, to-geder they gon In-to a parlour alle thre. 5648
The moder sayde to the Bysshoppe: "Ye, Sere,
Bene ryght welcome, wythouten more.

Rowl. MS.

Sone after it fitt on a day
That pe moder of Partonope 5632
Here wyttres kyste howe beste myght she
Here sone keppe stiffe In Fraunce.
A moder she had in hir here affyynce
Was, for she was olde and wyse. 5636
She pought she wolde hane here avyse.
1 Hir moder she tolde here counsel, She answerde; "In grete pereff [1 leaf39]
May bus stonde Partonope; 5640
Wherefore daughter I consayde the Sende for pe byshope of Paris.
He is a clerke and per-to right wyse,
And can good stiffe of sermonyng. He knoweth he helpe of al thinge." He was sent after, he come anone. 5646
When he was come, to-geder they gon In-to parlour nowe a-there. 5648
The moder sayde to pe byshope: "Ye sore,
Ye be right welcome with-out more.
5648. thru crossed out before there.
I am diseased wonder sore,
Where-fore your counsell I moste haue.
For I fere me gretely, so Gode me saue,
My sone to lese Partonope.
For thys hystant trewly, syr, he
Ys taken wyth feendys of ffayre.
For aH a-loone he gothie, pat we
Be montie ne wotte where hym to fynde,
Butte alle hys mayne he leuythie be-hynde.
He hathie a lone, syr, sykerly.
She hathie defended hym hyly
That he desyre hur noghtie to se.
Thys ys a wonder pynge to me.
They mete neuer but on} nyghtie ;
Off hur had he yette neuer no syghtie.
Wyth hur he fynte aH maner of plesaunce.
Hyst ys a fende or some myschawne,
That wolle hys body an} sole brynge
In-to some myscheff ; lo, ys ys a pyunge
Wychie greuethie my hert wonderly Sore.
Thys ys pe cause ye were sent fore.”—
"WyH," sayde pe bysshoppe, "lette me a-lone."

In-to a chamber I wot gonne,
And brynge youre sone pen in to me.
A whyle in conselle we wot be."
For hur sone she sent a-none.
When he was come, she made hym gone
In-to pe chamber wyth-owe lete,
Where as pe bysshoppe hym sone mette,
And sayde to hym: "Welcome be ye.
Come, syttythe downe ryghte here be me."
The bysshoppe his tale be-gan)
Alle a-ff[e]rre, and seyde: "Syr, I
Here of yowe moche worshippe and honour;
For off aH Fraunce ye bere the flowre
Off manhode and of cheualry.
Thys ys pe cause, syr, why pat I
Hyder am come yowe for to se,
And wyth aH my herte am gladde pat ye
Arne in hele and in gladnes."

Hys bysshoppe pleyed wyles, as I gesse ;
For he no worde spake of his lady,
Butte oper materes broughte yn sopely.
And pen he sayde: "Trewly ye
To Gode moche holden) be.
Ye haue pe name of gentynes,
Off curtesy and off hye prouesse.
bus renneth your fame porowe pe worlde.
Thanketh the heyl) pat ylke lorde
Fro whome hys comethe ; for wytte weH ye

"Thank God

" WeH," seyde pe bysshope, "let me alone."
In-to a chamhir she is gon,
In-to his chamhir with-out lete. 5678
Where as pe bysshope sone mete,
And seyde to hym: "WeH-come be ye.
Come, sit downe righte here be me." 5681
The bishohe be-gan his tale subtilly
AHH afferre, and seyde: "Syr, sekerly
I here of you mosste worchiphe and
honoure 5684
For of Fraunce ye here pe fowre
Of manhode and of chevalrye.
This is pe cause, sir, pat I
Help th am come you to see.
With aH my hert and glade am I
That ye are In hele and gladnes."
This bysshop pleyde wylis, I gesse :
For he no worde spake of his lady, 5692
But oper materis broughte subtilly.
Then he seyde: "Truly ye
Mochrome to God holdyn) be.
Ye here pe name of lentiynes,
Of courtesey and high prouesse.
Thus renyth pe fame porwe pe worlde.
Thanketh heyl) pat ilke lorde
Fro whom his comyth ; for weH wot ye

Leaf 72
Off yowre-selfe hyt may not be.
For p owe a moune wolde yefe yowe a fosder
Off golde, ye myghite not selle to a nother
Bewte, strenghe, ne provesse,
Fredome, curtesy, ne larges.
Alle tho graces cometh fro hym;
Fro yowe cometh no-yynge but fowle synne.
Ther-fore sette alle yowre entente
To fully hym commaundemente.
Serne* not a-nother wyth hym yefte.
Take resone to yowe, and porsewe pryfte,
And besy yowe to serue Gode a-bone;
Then hane ye a lorde and eke a lone.
Ye ff ye hym lone, he wolle yowe kepe
Fro alle your Enemys, powe ye slepe,
O'per ellys whoyer ye be wakyngye.
Ther-fore lone hym a-bone a ffynge.
All worldly worshippe I-nowe hane ye.
All pat he geffe yowe, and ynnketh pat he
Alle, when hym luste, may fro yowe take.
Lone hym pen for youre owne sake,
And lone hym trewly in alle wyse.
Loke none erthely lone yowe suppryse,
Leste per-wyth ye be so blente,
That ye breke hym comawndemente.
Lyethe not longe in dedely Synne,
Yeff per be eny nowe pat ye be yyne.

5710. Serne] MS. Seyne. 5711. or persewe ?

RAWL. MS.

Of your-selve may it not be.
For though a man wolde gyfe a foper
Of golde, he myght not set to anoper
Beute, strenght, ne provesse, 5704 for all your beauty,
Fredome, curtesy, ne largesse.
All his graces come fro hym;
Fro you comyth not but syn.
Ther-fore sett all your entente 5708
To kepe fully his comandemente.
Serve not anoper with his gyfte,
Take resone to you, and porsewe right.
Then hane ye a lorde and a love 5712
To serve oner all thyng above,
Yef ye hym lone, he witt you kepe

5717. catchword All worldly.
Seeing Partonope dismayed, the Bishop continues his admonitions, and tells him a tale of victorious saints, till Partonope is no longer able to resist.

Gope faste to sore confessione.”

bus endythe pe bysshoppe ys sermon.

When pe bysshoppe hadde aH seyde,
Partonope sat aH dysmayde.

He caste a syke, hyt semen fro ferre.

That hende pe bysshopp, and nyglihed hym ner.
He bade hym boldely teH owte his synne,
And ransake his conscience weH wyth-yn.
And pen he tolde hym a nobelH story

Off holy wrytte, and howe pe vycory
Off pe deuyH seyntts hadde

In olde tyme, and bade hym be gladde,
And ow pe denyly shewe his knyghthode,
Sythen in batayle he lacked no manhode,
“And shewe pat pon arte Godys knyghte.”

And so moche pynge hym he be-hyghte,
pat atte pe laste Partonope
Aggreid hym fully for to be
Atte pe bysshoppys owne wyH.
And sodenly ther-wyth he felle
In-to a poghite fuH hevely.
“Alas,” poghite he, “what may I
Do, for weH I wotte truly
I hame do nowe fulle grette ffolye
My lome bus fowle to be-traye.

Nowe ys to late to sey naye,
Sythe I am agreed per-to.”

5728. Gettyth faste to confessione.

Thus endyth pe bysshepe his sermon.

* When pe bysshepe hadde aH seyde,
Partonope stond aH dyssmayde.
He caste a sigh, it semen fro ferre. 5732
That hende pe bysshope and nyghede nerre.
He bade hym boldely teH out his synce,
And ransake his conscience with-Ine.
Then he tolde hym a nobelH storye 5736
Of holy wythe, and howe victorie
Of pe devyH and sentence hade
In olde tyme, and bade hym be gladde,
And pe devyH shewyde his knyghthode.

5728. Gettyth[e like e. 5728

Sethe In bataiH he lakedo no manhode,
“Shewe pat pon art Goddes knyght, 5742
And thynke howe meche ye hym hight,”
That at laste Partonope 5744
A-greide fully for to be
At pe bysshoppys owne wyth.
And sodenly per-with he fith
In-to a poghite fuH hevely. 5748
“Alas,” he poghite, “what may I
Do, for weH I wot truly
I hame do nowe grette ffolye
My lome bus fowle to be-traye. 5752
Nowe ys to late to sey naye,
Sethe I am a-greide per-to.”

5754. MS. possibly sythe.
He confesses that he has a love whom he has never seen.

She always speaks well of God.

And to me sent hem in-to Fraunce.

She sent great gifts to France.

She hath made me to take on hande.

The battle be pe which I haue pe pryce.

He confesses that he has a love whom he has never seen.

She always speaks well of God.

And to me sent hem in-to Fraunce.

And to my kyn and myne alynaunce

She bade I shulde departe frely.

And so I dade, for trewly I

Yafe kynges, Erles, and eke barownes,

Knyghtes, Squyers : Cetes and townes.

And moche pepel of every degree

Wyth hur golde I wyth-helde wyth me.

She hath made me to take on hande.

Thowwe here is pes come in-to pys lande.

She hath made me to take on hande.

The battle be pe which I haue pe pryce.

He confesses that he has a love whom he has never seen.

She always speaks well of God.

And to me sent hem in-to Fraunce.

She sent great gifts to France.

She hath made me to take on hande.

The battle be pe which I haue pe pryce.

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She bade I shulde departe frely.

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Yafe kynges, Erles, and eke barownes,

Knyghtes, Squyers : Cetes and townes.

And moche pepel of every degree

Wyth hur golde I wyth-helde wyth me.

She hath made me to take on hande.

Thowwe here is pes come in-to pys lande.

She hath made me to take on hande.

The battle be pe which I haue pe pryce.
Wherefore, syr, to myne a-vyse,  
She haue ful gentilily quyte hur vn-to me,  
Sane in ou tynge pat hur to se  
She me defendythe so hevely.  
For pynge cause, syr, trewly I  
Putte me in youre ordynawnce,  
What ever happe me falle or chawnce."

When pe bysshoppe herde hes entente :  
"Nowe, lorde," he sayde "omnipotente,  
I yde pe gracyes and honkyngye !  
Partonope," he sayde, "a-bowe all tynge  
I cunselle pat ye hur se,  
Eowe hyt a-geyn hur wyll be."

Hys moder seyde on pe oder parte :  
"I hane ordeyned ferfore an arte  
Where-porowe ye shulle hur naked see.  
Butte for no-tynge loke ye ne be  
A-fierde of pat fowle tynge."

To hym a lanterne she dyd brynge  
A-none, and per-In a candell bryghte,  
Pat shonnes as pe day lyghte.  
For wynde ne weder hyt wolde not owte.  
And per-wyth wyles, wyth-owten dowte,  
She maketh hym fully to agre  
Vn-to hys lady fals to be.

Pynge lanterne wyth lyghte she dope hym proferre.  
He hyt resyueneth, and in a coferre

Hyt putte, and hoydyth hyt yourely,  
Tylle ou pe tyme pat he be redy  
To go hys lady for to se,  
Tyth pynge se do, grette poyte hape he.  
Off pynge porpose shorte tale to make,  
Towarde hys lady pe wey he have take.

To ryde faste spareth not he,  
What hape may faill ore chawnce."

"Lorde," he seyde, "omnipotente,  
Yve me grace with myne entente  
To yeld ye due thankyngye !  
Partonope above," he seyde, "all thynge
Tyll he come streglite to pe see.
A-none he comethe a-pon pe strownde.
Hys bothe aH redy per he fownde,
And redely per-In he leppe,
And rowed forpe wv-to pe shyppe.
When he was per, In he yede,
And forthe he saylethe a fuH grette spede.
pe wynde was goode, pe tyde was feyre.
A-none he atte Cheffe-De-Oyre,
Wychie was pe hauen of pe Cyte,
Where as wonte was Partonope
To take pe londe and per a-ryue.
Hys lanterne he toke to hym as blyye.
Hyt was nyghte and sum-dele derke.
Fulle prenely he hyd pys fals werke,
As a traytoure fals and felle.
He lefte pe shyppe and entered pe casteH,
Where he fownde aH suche semblanaute
As he was wonte, aH pe remenaunte
Off wax, of napery fuH feyre a-raye,
VesseH of golde, flyne and gay,
Plente of bredde and off goode wyne
Off aH maner atte pe fuH fflyne,
Parteryggys, bryddys, and venosone,
Off aH deynteis ryghte grette ffoysone.
Vppon) pe benche downe he hym sette.
He ne yete ne dranke, for in pe nette
Off blynde ffly he was I-take ;
For alle reson had hym for-sake.
When the Soper wes aH I-done,
Streyghte in-to pe chamber he dyde gone

Univ. Coll. MS.

'To take the londe and there a-ryue. 5828
His lanter) he toke to hym as blyye ;
Hit was nyght and somdele derk.
FuH prevely he hidde this fals werke,
As a traytoure fals and felle. 5832
He left the Shipp and entered the CastelH,
Where he fonde alle such semblanyaute
As he was wonte and alle reuenaunte
Of wax and napery fuH fflyre a-raye, 5836
VesseH of golde, flyne and gay, [Leaf 41]

5820
5824
5828
5832
5836
5840
5844

Plente of Bred and of goode wyne
Of alle manere and that fuH fyne,
Partrykes, bryddes, and venesoun) 5840
Of alle deynteis ryghte grette feysoun).
Opon) the Bench downe he hym sett,
He ete ne drank, for in the nett
Of blynde floy he was take ; 5844
For alle reson) had hym for-sake.
Whenne the Soper was alle done,
Straight in-to Chambres he dyd gone
Wyth lyght a-fore hym as he was wonne. 5848
Than he be-thought hym what best to done
Was wyth his craft of nygromancy.
Wythin the Curteyns he gan hym hye,
And toke the Clothis vp of the Bedde,
And there vnder the lantern hydde.
He of wyth his Clothis everychone, 5854
And naked to bedde he went anone.
Oute of the Chamber voydedy the lyght;
And ther-wyth come his lady bryght.
Alle naked to bedde fast She dyd hye,
And to her lone She drawe ryght nye.
When naked hir felt Partonope, 5860
The Clothes from hym tho ferre Throw he.
His lanterne he put vp wyth his lyght.
Alle naked there had he the syght
Of the fayrest shapen creature 5864
That euer was foordened thorow nature,
When his lady did this aspye,
1 On hym She cast a petenouse ye
And sownned wyth a dedely chere. 5868
To Partonope gan to sore ferre;
He wyst weH he had done grette folye.
Alle hys crafte he cam defye,
And þrew þe lanterne a-getyn þe walle,
þat on a thousands pecys smalle
5872. MS. lavnterne with v crossed out.
Hyt flye þat fyryste shonne so bryghte,
And þer-wyð quedech þat fowle lyghte.
þys lady ever sowned faste,
Fulle pyteosly, and atte þe laste
She felle owte of hur sownyng
In-to a sorowful wepyng,
Tyle longe after hur hert dyd breke.
She wythly she gan to speke,
As she þat was gretelly dysmayled.

"Alias!" she sayde, "I am be-trayd"
And shamed þorow my nowne dede.
Thus bathe lone quytte me my medi.
Lone to serve I was to hasty.
My fayre, swete lone, what hawe I
Done or sayde þat longeth to blame,
That ye hawe done me þys opyn shame?
Dyde I a-geyne yowes any þynge
That was so heyled yowere dyspleysynge,
þorowe þe wyche ye were þus wrothe wyth me,
That I shulde þus I-shamed be?
Yeffe I wyste whatte my gylte were,
Yette I myghte suffer þe better to bere

Univ. Coll. MS.
Hit flye that firste shone so bright,
And therwyth quenched this fals lyght.
This lady ever swonned fast 5876
Fulle peteusly, and atte last
Sho fyle oute of hur swonyng
In-to a sorowful wepyng,
Tyle long after her hert gan breke.
Than peteusly she ganne to speke,
As she that was gretelly dysmayyl.

"Alias!" she sayde, "I am be-trayd"
And Shamed thorow mynyd owne dede,
Thus hath lone quytt me my medi.
Lone to serve I was to hasty.
My fayre swet love, what haue I
Done or sayde that longet to blame,
That ye hawe done me this opyn shame?
Dyde I ayen yow ever eny thing
That was so highly youre dyspleysing,
Thorow which ye were thus wrothe wyth me,
That I shulde thus shamed be?
Yeffe I wyst what my gylte were
Yet I myght suffer the better to bere

Rawl. MS.
1 Hit flye þat firste shone so bright.
Ther-wyth quenched þe false light.
This lady ever swonyde faste 5876
Fulle peteously, and at laste 1[leaf 41]
She bit out of her swonynyge
In-to a sorowful wepyng,
That longe after her hert gan breke.
Than peteously she gan to speke, 5881
As she þat was gretelly dysmayde.

"Alias!" she sayde, "I am be-trayde"
And shamed þorow myn owne dede.
Thus hath lone quyte me my medi.
Love to serve I was to hasty.
My fayre, swete lone, what hawe I
Done ore sayde þat longyth to blame,
And ye hawe done me þis oppyn shame.
Dyde I ever onythyng
That was highly youre dyspleysynge,
Thorowe whiche ye were wrothe with me,
That I shulde þus shamed be?
Yeiff I wyste what my gylte were,
Yet I myghtt sowe þe beter to bere
Alle þys shame and þys dysease. 5896
I telle yowe trewly þys ys no lese. 5900
Lorde Gode! howe ofte dyd I yowe warne
Ye shulde desyre no crafte of charme
Me to se tyff tyme were. 5904
Whatte þe cause was ye shalt nowe here,
Ther was in yowe nepyre resone ne skylle
In þys wyse to se me a-geynes my wylle.
I was docter of an Empeourwe, 5905
Wyche of Constantynoble* helde þe ho[n]wre.
He was louyd and drad porowe þe worlde.
Eche man was gladde wyth hym to a-corde,
Sane onely Sulcan, þe lorde of Perce,
He wes euer to hym aduere.
Whatte wyth hys ryches and hys grette irre
He droffe hym owte of hys Empyre.
My fader hadde no eyre but me. 5912
Off me þer-fore grette hede toke he,
And me to scole a-none dyd sette,
And grette clerkes a-none lette fette
To lerne me clerkye and grette wysdome. 5915

Univ. Coll. MS.

Alle this shame and this disease. 5896
I telle yow trewly this ys no lees.
Lorde God! how oft dyd I yow warne
Ye shulde desyre craft ne charme
Me to see tyll tyme were. 5900
What my cause ys ye now shalt here.
There was in yow no resoun no skylle
In this wyse to see me a-ynest my wylle.
I was daughtour of the Empeourre
Which of Constantynoble helde the honoure 5905
He was louyd and dradde thower alle
the worlde. 5907
[leaf 42]
Eche man was gladde wyth hym to a-corde,
Save onely fulgan, the lorde of Perch.
He was euer to hym averse, 5909
That wyth his rychesse and his grette irre
He drofte hym oute of his Empyre.
My fader had none heyre but me. 5912
Of me therfore grette hede he toke,
And me to scoole anone dyd sette,
And grette Clerkes anone lete fett. 5915
To lerne me clerkye and gret wysdom

Rawl. MS.

Alþ þis shame and þis dyseyse. 5896
I teþ you trewly þis is no lëse.
Lorde, howe ofte dyde I you warne
Ye shulde desyre craft ne charme
Me to se tyff tyme were. 5900
What my cause was ye shalt here,
Ther was In you no resoun ne skiff
In þis wyse to se me aynste my wít.
* I was daughtour to þe empeourre 5904
Whiche of Costentyn helde þe honoure.
He was louyde and drade of þe þe worde.
Eche man was glade wyth hym to acorde,
Safe only saltan, þe lorde of Perce, 5908
He was euer to hym averse.
With his Ryches and his gretre irre
[1 leaf 41 b]
He drafe hym out of his empryre.
My fader hade none ayre but me. 5912
Of me þer-fore grette hede he toke,
And me to scole anone dyde sete,
And grette clerkes anone dyde fete
To lerne me clerkye and wysdome. 5916
And pat I myghte pe better gouerne pe kyn[g]domo.
A c. mastres I had and mo. [leaf 75]
And God e gaffe me grace to lerne so,
pat pe vij. scienz I cowde parfyghtly.
And after pat pen lerned I
To knowe pe Erbe and here vertu,
And eke pe rotes where euer they grewe,
Where pat in kynde were colde or hote, 5924
AH maner of spyces I knewe by rote,
Howe in phisike* pey haue here worchynge.
The seke in-to hele I can weH bryngle.
After pys I lerned Diuinite, 5928
To knowe pe personys of pe trinite.
By pen I was xv. yere of age,
My masters, pat were bope wyse and sage,
In alle the vij. artys I dyd hem passe. 5932
Then to Nygromancy sette I was,
Then I lerned Enchauntementes[s],
To knowe pe crafte of experimentes[s].
In my chamber often pruely 5936

After 5917 catchword A C masters.
5926. phisike] MS. sekenes.

Univ. Coll. MS.

That I myght the better gouerne the kingdom. 5917
And hundereth Maystres I had and moo.
And God yaff me grace to lerne soo
That the Sevyn Seyence I cowde parlytely. 5920
And after that lerned I
To know of euerie herbe the vertue,
And eke of Rothis, where euer they grewe,
Whether they in kynde be colde or hote.
Alle maner of Spyces I knowe by rote,
How in phisike they haue her worching.
The seke in-to heele I canne wyse bring.
After this I lernyd dyuynite, 5923
Thre persones to knowe of the trynyte.
By than I was xv yere of age,
My maystres, that were bothe wyse and sage,
In alle the vij arse I dyd hem passe.
Thanne to nygromancy set I was.5933
Thanne I lernyd enchauntementes,
To know the craft of experymentes.
In my Chambre ofte tymes pryuly

MS. Rawl.

An honderde maistres I hade and moo.
God yef me grace to lerne soo 5919
That pe vij seyence I southe parfyttly.
And after pat pen lernyde I 5921
To knowe of euerie erbe pe vertu,
And of rotes where euer pey grewe,
Whether pey in kynde be colde or hote.
AH maner of spyces I knowe be rote,
Howe in fysike pey haue per werkynges.
The seke in-to hele I can weH bryngle.
After pis I lernede deuennyte, 5928
Thre persones to knowe of pe treynte.
Be than I was xv yere of age,
My maistres pat were wyse and sage
In aft pe vij artes I dyde hem passe.
Then to negromony set I wasse. 5933
Then I lernede [e]nchauntementes,
To knowe be crafte of experimentes.
In my chambr ofte tymes prevely 5936

PARTANOPE
I dyde craftes full meruelously;  
For openely I wolde noughtyke done,  
My konygne shulde haue be kydde a-none.  
But when hym lyked he Emperoroure  
To se my craftte, pen In a towre  
Or In a chamber þus prveuely  
Hym to dysporte þen wolde I  
And my mastres at his commawnde,  
Pley craftes þorowe wych mony man was blynte.  
[The chambrer wyth my fader that I was Inne,  
By craft of nygromauncye and such gynne  
Shulde semhe hit grew, wythouten dout,  
In largenesse a myle a-boute  
To alle theo that wythinne were.  
Ther-to hit was so bright and clere,  
And that a-boute hit sugyrmongesly.  
As hit dothe in the Someris day.
Armed on horsbacke, redy to ffyghte.* 5956  tournaments,

5956. MS. Armed on horsbacke in goode a-ray

Eche one wyth oper redy to fflyghte.

5961. MS. adds I wolde after Turne.

5962. ow crossed out after caste ; MS. adds or before powe.

5971. MS. apparently shulde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Armed on horsbak redy to fyght 5956

Thus was, I trowe, a mervevious thing.

Then shulde thay turne mervauously.

As long as me lust [and] themme wold I

In lesse while themme in a thought 5960

Turne alle this mervayle to nought.

After that I made come a lyon,

The olfaunte also, and eke the

Greffoun,

And alle maner of bestes, whiles I

wolde ; 5964

Eche one wyth other fyght shulde,

By the wytte that God hathe sent me

In Castell or town thought there had be

Of people dewling an hundreth thousand.

5963

This durse I welle take on hand

None of other shulde ware be,

For none of hem myght other see,

And by this crafte forsothe haue I 5972

In my Castelle kepte yow fyttruly,

Wythouten knowing of any wyght,
And do yowe plesaunce wyth aH my myght.

AH pys conyng e and aH pys crafte

Ye hawe clene-fro me be-rafte.

Thys ys pe cause and pe skylle,

For ye hawe sene me a-yen my wyH.

For aH pe dayes whyle I lyffe,

Thys crafte woH I neuer putte in preue.

To-morowe a-none as hyt ys day,

Ye shuH weH knowe pys pat I say

To yowe, ys sope and no-pynge les:

Ye shuH to-morowe se grette pres

Off Erlys, knygHtes, Squyers, and barownne,

Off ladies, gentyl-wemen of grette renowne.

My shame pen shaft I se opynly,

That ha9e be hyd fuH preudely

borowe my connyng e and my seyence,

Wychie ys nowe loste porowe yowre noglyenge.

Myne Erlys, my barownys, and eke my myayne,

Thes kynges sonsys pat wyH me be,

Shulle welle knowe knowe a-pertely

Univ. Coll. MS.

And do yow plesaunce wyth alle my myght.

Alle this Cunny[n]ge and this craft 5976

Ye hawe clene frome me be-rafte.

This ys the Cause and the skylle,

For ye hawe seen me a-yenst my wylle. For alle the dayes that I lyve, 5980

This craft wyll I neuer putte in preue.

To-morowe anone at hit ys day, Ye shañ welle knowe this that I say

'To yow, ys sothe and nothing les. 5984

Ye shuff to-morowe see grete prees

Of knyghtes, Squyers, and baroun.

Of ladyes, gentyLwomen of grete renoun.

My shame shulde see then opynly 5988

That hath byn hydde fuH prevyly

Thurgh my Conynyng and my science, Which ys now lost thorow youre negligence

[Leaf 13]

Myn Erles, my Barouns, and alle my myyne 5992

Thes kynges* Sonys that wyth me be,

Shulde weH knowe and se appertely

Rowl. MS.

And do you plesau[ne] with aH my myght.

AH pis cony[ng]e and pis crafte 5976

Ye hane clene fro me reste.

This is pe cause and pe shitt,

For ye hane sen me aynst me witt.

For aH pe dayes while I bene 5980

This crafte wiH I put In preue.

To-morowe anone as it is day Ye shaff weH knowe pat I say

To you is sothe and nothyng lesse. 5984

Ye shaff to-morowe se grete prese

Of knyght, squyre and barrown, And ladys of grette renowne.

My shame shalde so oppynly 5988

That hathe ben hede full prevely *

Thorwe my connyng e and my seyence Which is loste porowe your necleangeness.

My erlis, my barons, and my mayne,

This knygHtes sonsys pat wyth me be 5992

[Leaf 14, back]

'Shuff weH knowe and se* appertely 5993

5989. Abbreviated as for prevely.

5994. MS. apparently so.

93. In kynges there seems to be an indistinct t after g.
Whatte lyfe we haue lyued bothe ye and I,
And alle wyth O voyse reprove me
That euery I shulde your love be.
Thus shal openly be knowe my shame.

And who ys causer of my blame?
My swete love, no-body but ye."

And wyth pat worde thyss lady fyr
Fylle ow swonynge as she were dedde.
Partonope was wyth-owten redd.
And hym selfe so cau dymay,
To hur he cowde þus no worde say,
Note of hys forfette onys crye hur mercy.
Me pynketh þys was not gouerned manly.
When thyss lady fyr swonyng came,
Hyr complaynte aH newe began,
And sayde: "Lorde Gode Omnipotente,
That erpe, water, and fyrmamente
Atte O worde madyste aH of noghte,
Whys sufferyste þou euere womannys þoglite
Wyth manmys lone encombred to be,

6004. g crossed out before caud. 6013. or perhaps womannys.

Univ. Coll. MS.

What lyff ye haue leyvd bothe ye and I,
And alle wyth oo voyce reprove me
That euer I shalde youre love be. 5997
Thus shal opynly be knowe my shame.

And who ys cause of my blame?
My swete love, no-body but ye." 6000
And wyth that word this lady fyr
Fylle in a swonyng as she were dedde.
Tho was Partonope wythouten rede,
And hym selfe so gan dymay. 6004
To hur he gan no word say,
Not of his forfette onys crye her mercy.
Me thynketh this was not gouerned manly.

W Hanne this lady of swonyng
sessed thanne, 6008
Her Complent alle newe be-game,
And sayde: "Lorde God omnipotent,
That erthe, water and firmamente
Wyth one worde madest alle of nought,
Why sufferst thou euer womannys
thought 6013
Wyth manmys love encombred be,

6014. m in encombred with four strokes.

Rawl. MS.

What lyfe we haue leyde, ye and I,
And aH with o voyse reprove me 5996
That euer I shulde your love be.
Thus shal oppynly be knowe my shame. [Leaf 76]

And who is cause of my blame?
My swete love, no-body but ye." 6000
And with þat worde þis lady fyr
Fiȝt In swony[n]ge as she were dedde.
Tho was Partonope with-out rede,
And hym selfe gan dymay. 6004
To here he couthe no word sey,
Not of his forfette onys crye her mercy.

* When þis lady of swony[n]ge secede
pen, 6008
Her complaynt aH newe be-gan,
And sayde: "Lorde God [m]nipotente,
That erthe, water and fyrmente
With on worde maideste aH of nought,

With mans lone acomerde be, 6014
Or tryste here worde? for weH by me
Eche woman may ensampeH take. 6016
For fayre wordes men can make
I-nowe, thyH they haue here luste.
Here lone wolde they neuer after truste,
Butte besy hem tyH they haue a newe.
And so haue ye* done; for fuH vntrewre
Haue I fownde yowe to me,
Yowre newe shaH so servde be:
Ye lone so weH Nouncrye. 6024
Be war* nowe ye haue do no ffoley.
For aH I haue gon to scole,
I haue prued my-selfe a ffole;
That shaH I wytte weH to-morowe.
To me pen towarde ys shame and sorowe;
For eche man pen shaH wonder on me.
And my fayre lone, pen shaH ye be
Destroyed but* yeff I hyt make,
For ye shaH se, I vnder-take,
Knyghtes and Squyeres mony won.
They roghte neuer whattle to don;

Univ. Coll. MS.

Or trust his word? for welle by me
Eche woman may ensampeH take. 6016
For fayre wordys men Conne weH make
Ynow, tylle they haue alle haer lust.
Her love they com neuer after truste,
But besy hem tylle they haue a new.
And so haue ye done; for fulle vntrewre
Haue I fownde yow now to me,
And your new so shaH servyde be:
Ye lone so weH novelty.
Beware ye haue now do no foly.
For alle that I haue gone to scole,
Now haue I provyde my-selfe a fole;
That shaH I wele wele to-morowe.
To me than) ys toward shame and sorow;
For eche man shaH thanme wondyr on
me.
And my fayre lone, than shaH ye be
Destroyed but yf I hit make.
For ye shaH see, I vnder-take,
Knyghtes and Squyers many one.
They rought neuer what to done

Royal. MS.

Or trust his word? for welle by me
Eche woman may ensampeH take. 6016
For fayre wordes men can make
I-nowe tiff hey haue per lyste.
Here lone hey neuer after truste,
But besy hem tiff hey gane newe. 6020
And so haue ye don; for fuH vntrewre
Haue I fonde you now to me.
And your newe so shaH servyde be:
Ye lone so weH nowe nedly. 6024
Be ware nowe ye haue don foly.
For aH pen I haue gon to scole,
Nowe haue I provyde my-selfe a fole.
That I shaft wyte to-morowe. 6023
To me is cony[n]ge shame and sorwe;

For iche man pen whit wonder on me.
And my fayre lorde, pen shaH ye be
Dysstroyde but yeff I hit vnder-take. 6032
Knyghtes and squyeres many on,
They ronthe neuer what to done
On you for to avengid be.

For many a day haeve they seruyd me
For to see me openly;
And nowe shalle they knowe appertely
That I haue kep yow for my lone. 6040

6040

Therfore My
For Alle
Alias
That
For
My
Maydenhode, my honowre, and my name,
My Ioye, my boldenes, and my game,
My play, my Iolyte, my mery lawghyng, My fredome, my cortesey, and my bounte.
Alle these vertues hau ye reft fro me, And yeve me for alle these mynd endelesse payn.

Therfore to me ye be now certayn)
My sorow, my wrathe, and my Rancour,
My sykynge, my wepyng, my dyshonowre,
My langorynge, my sekenes, euyth and morowe, 6056
My foule shame, my endeles sorowe,
My grette reprofe, my recheles ffole,
My sorowfull payne, my dedely vylony.
The[re] ys no ende of my sorowe;
Shamed for ever I shal be to-morowe.
Euer curse I may ther-flore
That day infortunatte pat I was bore.
Losse of goode may esely be take;
But she pat lesythe hur lone and hur make,
Hir hertte shalt never hane Ioye a day
After hym to lone, ys ys no nay." 6060
Thys lady for sorow hyr hondys dope wrynge,
Hyr complaynte heryth Partanope.
After hys detli sore wyssythe he;
He syketh, he wepyth pytynsly,* [leaf 77.] 6072
Hys moder he eurseth the dyspynosly,*
The Erchebysshoppe and eke hys* sermone,
And prayeth Gode they both Mon!

6072. MS. dywynosly. 6073. MS. sorously.
6074. hys] MS. pe.

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<td>My grette reprofe, my recheles foly,</td>
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<td>There is none ende of my sorwe; 6060</td>
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<td>Bener Curse may I ther-fore [leaf 44]</td>
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<td>The day in-fortunatte that I was bore.</td>
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<td>Her hertshaft never hane Ioye a day</td>
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<td>After hym to lyve, this ys no nay.&quot;</td>
<td>After hym to lone, his is no nay.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>This lady for sorow hir handes dothe wryng, 6068</td>
<td>This lady dothe hir hondes wryng,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hir heere to-theryth, and lyeth so weeping.</td>
<td>Hir here to-tere, and lighte sore wepyng. 6069</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hir complaynte heryth Partanope, After his deth sore wyssyth he:</td>
<td>Hir complaynt heryth Partanope.</td>
</tr>
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<td>He syghed, he wepyd petyously, 6072</td>
<td>After his deth the wyssyth he;</td>
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<tr>
<td>His moder he cursed to spytufullly, The erchebysshope and eke his sermoun,</td>
<td>He sighede and wepte pytynsly. 6072</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And praeth God the bothe moun</td>
<td>His moder he coursede spytyntously, The erche-bysshoppe and his sermon,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[leaf 43, back]</td>
<td>[leaf 43, back]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And prayeth God pat he bothe mon)
Haue myschaunce or þew þat they duye, 6076
And þen at erst be-gan fast crye,
And axe hys lady of hur mercy.
He sayde: “My lady, truly I
May excuse me by no resone
þat I ne haue a fulH hey tresone
Wroghte; other be cause þer-of and not I.
Butte yette I knowlage þer-of þe felony,
þat I haue forfette lymme and lyffe
To yowe, my souereyne lady and wyffe.
Therfore to-morowe lette me [be] slayne
Off yowre knyghites, þat wolde so fayne
Take on me veniawnee; for truly I
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dar In no wyse axe pardon,
For I haue dow so yte treson.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe
þew euere to lyffe in care and stryffe.
My lyffe to me ys butte shame.
Off trowpe for euere ys loste my name.
Where-fore, my fayre souereyne ladye,
I pray yowe hyly of yowre mercy.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Haue myschaunce or that they dye.
And than( at erst he gan fast crye
And aske his lady of hir mercy,
He sayd: “My lady, trwyly I
May excuse me by no reson)
That I haue do a fulth high treson.
Other Ar cause therof and not I.
But yet I knowlech the felony,
That I haue forfett lymme and lyffe
To yow, my souerayn( lady and wyfe.
The(refixe to-morowe lat me be slayn)
Of youre knyghites, that wolde so fayne
Take on me vengance; for trwyly I
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dare in no wyse asko no pardon,
For I haue done to high a treson.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe
Thanne euere to leve in care and stryffe.
My lyff to me ys no-thing but shame.
Of trewth for euere ys lost my name.
Wher-for, my fayre souerayn( ladye, 6096
I pray yow highly of yowre mercy

Rowl. MS.

Haue myschaunce ore þat þey dye. 6076
Then at erst he gan fast crye,
And aske his lady of hir mercy.
He seyde: “My lady, truly I
May excuse me be no reson) 6080
That I ne haue don high treson.
Ober ar cause þer-of and not I.
But yet I knowleqe me glytly,
That I haue forfet lyyme and lyfe 6084
To you my soueraynede lady and wyfe.
Ther-for to-morowe let me be slayne
Of youre knyghites, þen wolde I fayne
Take on me vengeance; for truly I 6088
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dare in no wyse aske no pardon,
For I haue done so high treson.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe
Then euere to leve In care and stryfe.
My lyfe to me is but shame.
Of treonthe for euere is loste my name.
Where-fore, my soueraynede lady, 6096
I praye you highly of mercy,
In this wyse that erly to-morowe
I may be slayne, and oute of sorowe
I may be broghte and owte of stryff.
My dethe ys me leuer pen my lyfe."
And as they lay in here talkynge,
be lyghte of day in faste gan sprynge;
pen gan hur wymmen faste aryse.
Hyre ffresshenes, here a-raye for to devyse
Hyt were nowe to grette a tarynge.
Myne anctor per-of maketh no rehersynge,
Saue onely of here grette kynredde.
Ther-of he speketh, wyth-owten drede:
Off kynge, of Erles they come echone.

Streyghte to here lady they can gone
In-to te chamber, ther as they laye.
And by pat tyme hyt was brodde daye,
Ther sawe they alle opynly
Howe here lady had gouerned hur proprely.
Grette sorow ther a man myght se
A-monge be wymmen; and pen Partonope

\[leaf 77, back\]

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

In this wyse that erly to-morowe
I may be slayne, pat out of sorowe
I may be brought and out of stryff. 6100
My dethe is me leuer pen my lyfe."
And as they lay in this wyse talkynge.
The lyght of day in faste gan sprynge.
Hanne gam hir wymmen faste aryse.
Her beante, her a-raye for to devyse
Hit were now a grete tarynge.
Myn anctore therof maketh no rehersynge.
Saue onely of her grete kynrede. 6108
Therof he spekes, wythouten drede:
Of kynges, erles he comes Echone.
Streyght to hir lady they gynnge gone
In-to te chambr, there as she lay. 6112
And by that tyme hit was brode daye,
There syghe they alle opynly
Howe her lady had gouerned hir proprely.
Grette sorow there a man myght see
A-monge the women; and then Par-\[

6104. MS. wymmen.

**Rowl. MS.**

In this wyse that erly to-morowe
I may be slayne, pat out of sorowe
I may be brought and out of stryff. 6100
My dethe is me leuer pen my lyfe."
As they lay In this wyse talkynge,
The light of day faste gan In sprynge.
Their gan hir women faste ryse. 6104
Her beante and hir array to devyse
His were nowe a grete tarynge.
Myn anctor per-of maketh no rehersynge,
Safe only of hir grete kynrede. 6108
Ther-of they speke, with-out drede:
Of kynge, erles they come echone.
Straight to her lady they gan gon
In-to te chambr, as she lay. 6112
And be pat tyme it was brode daye,
Ther sigh they all opynly. 6117
Howe her lady had gouned hir proprely.
Grete [sorwe] per a man myght see
A-monge the women; and pen Partonope

6117. MS. wymmen.
Wyste weH he had do grette ffolye.
The wymmen on hym faste gan prye,
And sayde fuH hevyly and as hym luste.
What for drede and what for shame.
Alle hur wymmen hur fowle gan blame,
And sayde: “Grette Ioye ye may haue
Off yowre-selwe, when suche a knaue
To yowre lone ye haue pus take,
And so mony lordes for-sake,
Knyghtes and squyeres eke per-to.
Allas for shame! What haue ye do?
Whyle ye lyffe ye may repente
Ye haue be-sette on a lewed knaue.”
And sayde pat aH wymmen hane
A custume, and pey sette hem to loue,
Off shame they ne reechie ne of reprowe,
Be so pat they mowe haue here luste,
For any þynge þat be haddes moste.

6133. þat crossed out before, and aH after seyde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyste weH he had do grette folye.
The wymmen on hym gan faste prye,
And sayde fuH hevyly and as hym lyst.
This fayre lady had lytH rest,
What for drede and for shame.
Alle hur wymmen foule g[a]lune her blame,
And sayde: “Grette Ioye ye mow haue
Of yoursef, when suche a knaue
To youre love ye have thus take,
And so na[n]ly lordes hane for-sake,
Knyghtes and Squyeres eke ther-to.
Alas for shame! what haue ye do?
Wyles ye lyve ye mow repent
That youre lust and youre talent
Ye haue be-sett on a lewed knaue.”
And sayde that alle women hane
A custome, and they sett hem to love,
Of shame they ne reech ne of reprowe
Be so they mowe haue hir lust
For any thing that be had must.

6119, 6123. MS. wymmen.

Rawl. MS.

Wyste weH he had do grette folye.
The women on hym faste gan crye,
And sayde iH as hym lyste.
This fayre lady hade lytH truste,
What for drede and for shame,
A[+] her women) gan hir blame,
And sayde: “Grette Ioye may ye haue
Of yoursef, when soyche a knave
To youre lone ye haue take,
And so many lordes hane for-sake,
Knyghtes and squyeres eke per-to.
Alas for shame! what haue ye do?
While ye leue ye may repent
That youre luste and youre talente
Ye haue be-set on a lewedde knave?”
And seyde aH þat women haue
A custome, and þey sette hem to loue,
Of shame þey ne reche ne reprowe,
Be so þey may haue þer luste,
For ony thyng þat be hadest moste.

6120
6124
6128
6132
6136
When the day was wel spronge,
And pes wemmen had wel I-ronge
Here belle, wychie was heny to here,
Thys lady had hope shame and fere;
For she was in ryghte grette dowte:
Here wome men stode aH rownde a-bowte
Hur bedde, and pre-cedyn wonder nye
To have syghte of here lady.
On herre they loked wonder faste,
And nere they come at the laste
Here lady better for to a-vyse.
And pen they poghite in aH wyse,
And she had ben gladdè and no-pynge heny,
She had bewte and pat passyngely.
Hir bewte made here malencoly to seee,
So pat per was none of pat prece,
That þey ne were in here herte sory
That they hadde repreuyd so here lady.

Univ. Coll. MS.
When þe day was wel I-spronge,
And þis women ho wel y-ronge
Hir beþ, which was heny to bere, 6140
This lady had bothe shame and fere;
For she was in righte grette dowte:
Hir women stode rownde aboute
Hir bede, and pres-de wonder nyghe
To have a sight of hir lady. 6145
On hir þey loke wonder faste,
And nere þey come at þe laste
Hir lady better to devyse.[Leaf 44, back]
Then þey pought In aH wyse, 6149
And she had ben glade and not heny,
She had benute not passyngly.
Hir beute made hir maly[n]céoly sese,
So þat þer was none of þat prece 6153
That þey ne were In hert sorye
That þey hadde so reprenyde þer lady.

Rawl. MS.

Clifden MS.

W Hanne the day was wele spronge
And these women had wele y-ronge 6139
And þis wemen ho wel I-ronge 6139
Hir beþ, which was heny to bere, 6140
This lady had bothe shame and fere;
For she was in righte grette dowte:
Hir women stode rownde aboute
Hir bede, and pres-de wonder nyghe
To have a sight of hir lady. 6145
On hir þey loke wonder faste,
And nere þey come at þe laste
Hir lady better to devyse.[Leaf 44, back]
Then þey pought In aH wyse, 6149
And she had ben glade and not heny,
She had benute not passyngly.
Hir beute made hir maly[n]céoly sese,
So þat þer was none of þat prece 6153
That þey ne were In hert sorye
That þey hadde so reprenyde þer lady.

... e was in ryght gret doute 6142
... ommen stode aH rownde a-bowte 6144
... d and preised wondyr nye 6144
... e a syght off hur lady
... they lokyn wondyr fast
... re they come att þe last
... dy better to A-vyse 6148
... an thay thowght in aH wyse
... e had ben glad and not heny
... d benate and not passyngly
... uate made hur malynceoly sees
... er were non of þat preces 6153
... ay ne were on hert sory
... b[ad so] reprouny[de] her lady
And all stode stille by one a-corde, 6156
That none of hem durste sey more a worde. 6156

Wyth-In a whyle come In a-none
A semely lady, and ðat a fayre one.

In hur persone was founde no lacke: 6160
Hyr here henge tressyde at hur bakke,
Fulle bloye, wyche hynge downe to hyr fete.
Eche of hyr bewtyes to oper was mete,
And so answerynge in eche degre,
ðat she was preysed passyngly of bewte.

Hyr a-raye to reherse here,
Hyt nedythie not, but in ðe beste manere
She wes a-rayed, þys fayre maye.
Butte who so luste to here of hur a-raye,
Lette hym go to the firenshe bocke,
That IdeH mater I forsoke
To telle hym in prose or els in ryme.
For me poghte hym taryed grette tyme,
And ys a mater fuH needles,
For eche man,wotte weH wyth-owten les,
A lady þat ys of hye Degre, 6176

---

Rawl. MS.

And all stode stille In on a-corde, 6156
That none of hem durste sey a worde.
With-In a while come In anone
A symly lady, and a fayre one.
In hir persone was founde no lake: 6160
Her henge tressedy se at hir bakke,
Weth hangynges downe at her feete.
She of hir bene to oper was mete 6163
And so hanswerynge In eche degre,
That she was presedyng se byse of bene.
Here array to reherse to reherse here,
Hit nedyth not, for In beste manere
She was arrayed In þe beste, þat freshe may.

Who so luste to here of hir arraye,
Let hym go to þe frenche boke,
And who so wif it oner-voke,
To tell it In prose ore In ryme, 6172
For me It were a lonyge tyme,
And it is a mater þerto nedles,
For eche man,wote weH, with-out lees,
A lady þat is of high degre, 6176

---

Cliffden MS.

... tyH [In on] a-corde 6156
... em deir to say more a word
... whyle come in a-non
... s[ymly] lady and a fayre on
... was found no lacke 6160
... hyng tressyd at hur bakke
... y honged downe to her fete
... ðe h[er] benayte to other was[mete]
... seryng in eche degre 6164
... þresyd passyngly off benayte

Pen here who-so wyH loke 6169

... hyt in processe or yn ryme 6172
... hyt wer a longe tyme
... t ys A mater þerto fuH needles
... e man wote weH with[-out] lees
... þat ys off hey degre 6176

1 [Bottom line]
2 [Top line of col.]
Arrayde in the beste maner moste nedes be, 6180
Whatte nedes to speke of hur forhedde,
Off hur nose, hur mowpe, hyrre lyppes rede,
Off hur shappe, or of hur armes smalle? 6182

And more a ryghte grette tale
Myne auctor maketh, wych shal not for me
Be nowe rehearsed, but thus that she
Was holde[n] one off the fayreste
That was on lyue, and per-to pe goodelyse
Wyth to dele pat myghte be,
And Wrake for sothie hyte she.
Suster she was to ffayre Melyowre.
Forthe she come wyth herte sore
Streyghte to pe bed, per as she lay.
These oper ladys, when they hyr saye,
Hem wyth-drewen, and dyd hur reuerens;
And glad they were aH of hur presens.
To Melyoure yede pe ffayre Wrake,
And these wordes to hur she spake:
"LAdy," she sayde, "for Godes loue haue mercy
Off yowre worshyppe, and hoyde your folly.

---

Arrayde In the beste maner moste nedes be, 6180
Whatte nedes to speke of hur forhedde,
Off hur nose, hur mowpe, hyrre lyppes rede,
Off hur shappe, or of hur armes smalle? 6182
Thys man ye loue, we aH weH se,
And for yowre beste hyt may happe to be.
Taketh aH þese wordes in vayne
That my felowes hane* to yowe sayne.
Nowe þat they hauè be-holde hym welle,
Here hertes be chaunged evey dele.
They þynke they haue a þynge mys-do.
And I shalH sey yowe eke also
Playnly and truly myne a-vyse:
Me þynketh he shalde be boþe manly and wyse.
A þeyrer, a semlyer shalH no man fynye,
þowe a man י soghtte to þe grette Ynde,
Then ye hauè chose here to yowre loue.
A grette dele þe lesse ys yowre reproue.
I wotte weH he hath do ryghte grette foly,
And quyte hym to yowe vntrewly.
Aþeowe a louer be fownde vnstabelli,
Yett ys þe forfette Pardonabelli,
"FAyre suster," sayde the Queene,
"Ye wytte nener trewly what ye mene"
In thys mater; for sykerly I
Hym hauè defended fuH hylye
He shalde not se me in þys wyse.
Ther-fore I wolle weH a-vyse,
Or I for-gesse hym þys hy trespas.
For whyle I lyffe, 'Allas, allas'
May be my songe, I wotte ryghte weH.
For and ye felde that I fele,
Hyt shulde not be lyghtely for-yene.
But aH-way, suster, ye speke of loue,

6201. hauè] MS. no.

Clifden MS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Clifden MS.</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Clifden MS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6198</td>
<td>s weH we see</td>
<td>6198</td>
<td>shaH no man fynye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6200</td>
<td>t may hap to be</td>
<td>6200</td>
<td>hym thorow grece and ynde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6198</td>
<td>ys in vayne</td>
<td>6198</td>
<td>yin to youre loue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6200</td>
<td>hauè sayne*</td>
<td>6200</td>
<td>is youre reproue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6200</td>
<td>behold hem weH</td>
<td>6200</td>
<td>do ful folylye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6200</td>
<td>evey dele</td>
<td>6200</td>
<td>w vntrewlye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6201</td>
<td>no thynge mysdo</td>
<td>6201</td>
<td>found vnstabelli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6216</td>
<td>Hso</td>
<td>6216</td>
<td>ay be pardonabelli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6201</td>
<td>myn aduyce</td>
<td>6201</td>
<td>vnd . . . . . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6201</td>
<td>both manly and wyse</td>
<td>6201</td>
<td>The last very incomplete lines of Wulker's transcript belong to II. 7557 ff.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Off my wordes be not dyspleased,
Ye haue felte per-of yet no dysese."
TO hur answered pe fayre Wrake:
"Madame, grette cause ye haue to take
Sorowe for hys vnykyndenes.
But yette for thys, grette heuynes
In yowre hert takethe not ye.
Thynkethe of whatte estate ye be.
Ye shende your-selfe, and per-fore grette ffoly
Hyt ys, sythe a-mendyd hyt may not be.
Ther-fore my conselle ys that ye
Leue aH hys; hyt ys to done.
Or else we shouH of yowe echone
Be so encombred pat no conforte
We shaH make yow no dysporte.
Thynkethe ye ar quene and lady of hys londe.
No man may be any bonde
Yowe restrayne fro yowre desyre.
Ther-fore hys rancowre and hys grette yre
Off wrathe owte of yowre herte lette passe,
And take hys man a-geyne to grace.
Where-to clepe ye yowre-selfe caughtyse,
And wayle pe tyme ye be on lyne?
Wher-to wepe ye hys pytusously ?
Exile hys pogHte owte of yowre memorye."
"Syster," sayde thys lady fife.
"Thys cunselle pat ye cunseH me
May neuer sethy in myne herte.
I fele per-of so dedely smerte,
That trewy and by Gode a-boye,
Me thynketh I can? hym neuer loue.

6237. MS. possibly sythen.

Clifden MS.

ye shend yowre selfe A . . . . 1 6236
hyt ys sythen A-mendy . . . . 6236
thefor my counsayle . . . . 6236
leue aH thys sorrow fo . . . . 6236
or els we shah off yow . . . . 6236
be so encombred that . . . . 6236
we shah knowe yow . . . . 6236

1 At the back of leaf beginning l. 6193.
2 l. 6251 is top line in MS.
Allas, my suster, am I to blame?
He hath do me so opyn shame,
And Godde wotte causelas as for me.
Yette a grette* forfette ones dysh he,
And pat I for-gaffe hym truly.
And nowe he hath quytte hym more vngoodely.
Theis y, fawtes grene me so sore
That truly, suster, I may no more."

"MEdame," sayde fayre Wrake,
"A cause ye haue a quarelle to make
A-geyne yowre loue, sylk pat he*
Hath so hym governed pat yche man may se
Ye haue hym chose to yowre loue,
Wyche ye jynke ys grette reproue,
Syth thy wylle was pat couertly
Hyt shulde be do, and nowe a-pertly
Hyt ys knowe borowe hys foly.
Yette yu? ys case ye may do remedy,
And ye wolde do after my conselle,
And shalle fare welle and be ryghte welle.
Yowre lordes ar alle of on a-corde,
WyH wylynyge ye shulle take a lorde
To be yowre husbonde and your governowre,
Off aH your reme to safe the honowre.
Ther-fore lette wrytte yowre letteres faste,
Chargynge yowre lordes in grette haste
A Certeyne day wyth yowe to be.
When they ben) come, be moste preve
Off hem aH to yowe ye take,
And tellyth playnely a lorde and a make
Ye haue I-chose yowre husbonde to be.
And lette hem pen the persone se.
A worthyer ne a semelyer knygfte

She has already forgiven him once.
Urake then reminds her that the lords of the country wished her to take a husband.
She may now summon them, and declare that she has chosen the man she likes best.

6260. MS. gretter. 6269. he} MS. ye.

---

**Cliifden MS.**

A-las suster y am not .
he hath done me so .
And god wote conssay.
For onys A grete off .
pat y for-gaffe hym .

And now he hath quy .
thes two defawtes gee .
that truly suster y m .

6260 6264 6268

---

**PARTONOE.**
They will surely be pleased, and none will blame her.

Melior cannot think of loving a man who has betrayed her.

Was neuer non showed in here syghte. 6292
Sythe ye haue take hym to yowre loue,
Thus shal quenched be pe grette reproue
That ye wene he haue yowe do.
What mowe yowre lordes sey per-to ?
For to your luste they moste a-gre.
Thor-wyth a-none lette hem hym se.
Wyth hym they shulle be weH a-payde.
Off yowre-selde behe not dysmayed.
Thus may beste be hydde your shame,
For none of pem may yowe blame ;
They wol a-gre hem to yowre desyre.
Sythe pat ye luste fully your plesyre
Hem pus to telle, pen moste they be
Off yowre cunselle, and pen mowe ye
Rule hem alle ryghte as ye luste.
Medame, me thynketh thys ys your beste.
For yeffe ye take a-noper lorde,
Rowe hyt be by alle here a-corde,
For pys ye shalle fuH ofte bere blame,
Hyt shalle fulle fowle a-payre yowre name.”

Thys lady answeryd: “Your fayre sermowne
Me thynketh ys grettely a-yen aH resone,
That I shulde euer hys lone be,
That hath pus falsely be-trayed me.*
For whome pat euer I take to lorde,
He and I shalle neuer a-corde.
Suster, fulle lytelle knowe ye of loue,

6293, 6304. MS. possibly sythen. 6316. me] MS. be.

Clifden MS.

wyth hym they shal be weH Apay . . .
off yowre-self be not dysmayed 6300 6305
thys may best be hude youre shame
for none off them than may yow bl . . .
they wyH A-gre hem to yowre desyr . .
Syth ye lyst fuHly youre pleas . . .
ham thus to telt than most thay be 6305
off youre cunsayle and so may yee
Rule them aH right as ye lyst
Madam me thynketh thys ys pe best
for yff ye take a-nother lord 6309

1 At back of page beginning with l. 6142.
2 6313. Wilker prints f.
Ye byseed yowe neuer hyt to prove
Ther-In no\textsuperscript{per} Ioye ne dyssse.
For trelyw, suster, \textit{wyth-owten} les,
An vngoodely wonde dope more Envye
Off onys lone \textit{pen} of and Enemy.
Be a M\textsuperscript{ti} folde and moche more.
Suster, I warne yowe \textit{per-fore},
Alle thys mater ye lette nowe be,
And ther-of spekethe no more to me.”

GRrette sorowe makyth \textit{yhs} fayre mayde,
And \textit{per wyth} hyr suster ys euy\textit{H} a-payde,
That hyr entente may not be
Performed as she wolde in no degre.
She syketh, sshe wepyth fuh tenderly.
These wordes she sayde fuh pytously :
“In loue thys ys a wonder \textit{pynge},
A lyte\textit{H} wrathe hathy neuer endynge.
A goode lord\textit{e} pat syttyste a-boue !
Harde \textit{pynge} ys on) for to loue,
Syt\textit{e} for a worde or lytelle debate
Eche shat\textit{H} \textit{oper} for euer hate.”

ANde after \textit{yhs} the[y] speke no more ;
Butte Partonope wepyth wondyr sore.
He ys rysone, \textit{and} stante vppon \textit{hys} fete.
Wrake sette hur downe for to wepe.
Alle the ladyes that ther In bene,
Arne wroth and heuy \textit{wyth} the quene.

\textsuperscript{6321.} no\textsuperscript{per}] o like e. \textsuperscript{6339.} MS. possibly sythen.
\textsuperscript{6343.} rysone] scarcely rysene.

\textsuperscript{1 At back of page beginning with 1. 6109.}
\textsuperscript{2 Bottom line.}
Partonojie departs sadly.  

Urake accompanies him through the hall,  

Tylle She had hym Brought hym thorow the presse. [leaf 43] 6374

Whan he in-to hall come,  

Of knyghtes and Squyers he say many one, 6376

That loked vpon hym fulle deynously, And manessed hym fulle vyght dyspetously. 6377

Tylle She had hym Brought hym thorow the presse. [leaf 81]

Lokedde vpon hym fulle deynowsly, And manacysde hym fulle dyspetously.

Ne hadde be pys mayde fayre Wrake, Grette vengawse on hym they had take. 6380

Urake fetches the clothes he wore at his arrival,  

And helps him to dress.  

Alle-powe they fryste toke of hym lyte,  

Hem poste of hym was a ryghte gode syghte. 6348

Tho Wrake rose wyth-owte lette.  

Alle hys clopes to hym she fette,  

Soche clopes as he thyder broghte,  

Were they owghte, were they noghte, 6352

The fryste tyme he thyder come.  

The huntyngne clopes to hym he nome,  

And dyde hem onne wyth sory chere.  

Wrake aH in pe beste manere 6356

In-to hys clopes holpe hym a-raye.  

They were not oner-dele gaye;  

Hys fresshe a-raye was aH a-go. 6360

Hys hosyn, hys showys on dyde he tho,  

The same he used longe a-forne.  

Wrake toke hym hys wolde horne,  

And a-bowte hys necke he hyst hynghe.  

AII pe ladyes tho feld on Wyepinghe; 6364

They durste not speke ne hym be-mene,  

Leste they dysdayned grettely pe quene.  

Off hem he toke hys leue fully pytously.  

Off hys departynge pe were fulheuy. 6368

Ther they lefte hym euerychone.  

None wolde wyth hym further gone,  

Saue onely hys lady Wrake, pe fayre. 6372

She was curteyse and debonayre,  

She lefte hym not, wyth-owten les,  

Tylle she had broghte hym porowte pe pres.  

When he in-to the halhe come,  

Off knyghtes and Squyers mony onne 6376

Lokedde vpon hym fulle deynowsly,  

And manacyde hym fulle dyspetously.  

Ne hadde be pys mayde fayre Wrake,  

Grette vengawse on hym they had take. 6380
Many wordes they sayde *put* shamefult be,
They shulle not be rehersed for me.
*When* they had sayde *a†* whatte they luste,
Eche man† yede where hym ys beste.

WRake ledde thys Partonope
Thorowte the pres, but truly she
Off hym lyffe had grette dowte,
Tylle he was passed alle the rowte.

Forthe *wyth* hym yede thys lady *ffcre*,
Tylle he was come ryghte to pe see.
There alle redy pe shypppe fownde he,
Where-In he wes wonte to passe pe see.

The SHypmen† to hym gan† shrewdely speke,
Prayde *Gode* pe deuylle hym necke shulde breke.
Or some fowle vengawnse on† hym take,
Tylle atte the last *‡* goode Wrake
Bade hem leue here grette manassynge,
And commaundedy hem *a†* they shulde brynge
Hym safe to Nawntys *wyth-owte* more stryffe,
In payne of lesyng both lymme and lyffe.

Forthe-wyth was broghte hym *‡* hakeneye,
Neyther better ne worse, but in pe same a-Raye
As he hym fryste broghte frome the foreste;
He semyd no-þynge a lusty beste.

Partonope, *wyth-owten* more,
Wepynge *and* sykynge wonder sore,

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Univ. Coll. MS.

Many wordys they sayd that shamfult be,
They Shucont he rehersed for me. 6382
Whan† they had sayd alle her lyst,
Eche man† yode as hym lyked best. 6384
Vrak ladde this Partanope sekerly
Thorow-oute the prees, *ff†* trewly, 6386
Of his lyfe had ryght grete dowte,
Tylle he was past thorowalle the rowte.
Forth *wyth* hym† yode this lady free,
Tylle he was come ryghte to the see. 6390
Thr alre redy the Shyppe fonde he.
Where-In he was wonte to passe the Se.
The Shypmen† to hym gan† shrewdely
Speke, 6393
And prayde God the devy† his nek shulde breke,
Or som fowle vengeans upon† hym take,
Tylle at last thys goode Vrakke 6396
Bad hem leve her grete manassing,
And commaund hym *a†* shulde bring
Hym Safe to Nauntes *wyth-outen* more stryffe,
In payne of lesyng both lymme and lyffe. 6400

Forthe-wyth was broghte hym *‡* hakeneye,
Neyther better ne worse, but in the same aray
As he hym† fyrst brought frome the forest;
He semyd no-thing a lusty best. 6404
Partanope *wyth-outen* more
Wepynge and sykyng wonder sore,
Leue takythe of pys mayden steere,
And In-to shyppe stryghte gothe he.
6408
After hym come In pys horse a-none.
Be shypmen besyed hem euerychone,
Here ankyr drewe vp, and downe wyth be sayle,
And forth a-fore the wynde they sayle.
6412
When the maryneres vnder be sayle were,
Partonope they made grette chere
By-cause of Wrake pat mayde ITre,
To make hym chere alle besy the[y] be. [leaf 81, back]
6416
Be then they had sayled xv. lowrnes,*
A-none wi/th-owte any owres,*
A-fore Nawntys they were, pat fayre cyte,
And for the a-fore the wynde they sayle.
6419
They owte wyth here botte ryghte a-none,
Partonope wyth hem thyder-yn dope gone.
They toke ym wyth hem pys hakeney.
6424
To Bloyes they rowed pe nexte way.
A-none as they come to the strownde,
Partonope in haste they sette ond londe,
And per hym lefte wyth-owte moo.
They bade hym fare welle, and home they goo.
6428
Partonope after pys shyppe can lokke,
Off hys mysshappe grette hede he toke.
Wyth-In hym-selfe he poste hym vtterly :
"Alas," poste he, "howe vn-gracyously
To my loue haue I gouernyd me !
6432

Leve taketh of this mayden free,
And In-to Shippe streght gothe he. 6408
After hym come In hys hors a-nond.
The Shipmen besyen hem fast echon,
Her anker vp draw, and down wyth the sayle,
And forth a-fore the wynde they sayle,
Whan the Maryners vndyr the Sayle were,
[leaf 45, back] 6413
Partonope they made ryght gret e chere
Be-cause of Vrake, that mayden free.
To make hym chere alle Besy they be.
6415
Be than they had Sayled xv Ior ney
A-fore Naunts they were, that Cytce.
They oute wyth her bote ryght a-none.
Partonope wyth hem in ther dothe gone.
They toke in wyth hem] hys hakeney.
To Bloys they Row the next way. 6424
Anone as they come to the strownde,
Partonope in hast they sett ond lond,
And hym there left wyth-oupen moo.
The bad hym fare weft, and home they go.
6428
Partonope after this Shippe gan lokke,
Of his mysshappe grette heede he toke.
Wyth-In hym-selfe he thought hym vtterly :
"Alas," though[t] he, "how ungraci-
sously
To my love have I gouernyd me ! 6433
A thousande parte I had leuer be
Dede ten lyffe as I nowe do.
My Ioye ys go for euer-mo."
So yre and sorrow to[ke] hym by pe hatrelle,
pat downe to grownde ond sownynge he felle.
Hys spyrytte of lyffe fro hym ny paste.
So longe he lay, and atte the laste
He rosse as a man dele dysmayed.
Hys spyrituelle membres were grettely affrayed.
After hys shyppe* he gan to se,
Wyche some-tyme was wonte to be
Attendante to hym, and nowe ys go.
Hys herte so sore gan quappe tho,
Remembranye of the Ioye he had be-fore,
Wyche ys nowe go for euer-more.
Ther-wyth sodenly come a grypynge
A-bowte hys herte, pat etfe ond sownynge
He felle, and per-wyth the paynes stronge
So perelowe were, and lasted so longe,
That of thys myschyffe ny det he was.
And when he a-woke, he sayde: "Allas,
Allas!" he sayde, and per-wyth fulle sore
He syked, and sayde: "pat I was bore,
The tyme cursed motte hyt be!
Allas, Erle Marres, why ne had ye
Slayne me a-none wyth-owten more,

6443. MS. spyppe.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A thousand I had lever be
Dede than lyfe now as I do.
My Ioye ys gone for euer-mo."
So Ire and sorow toke hym be the haterel,
That downe to the grownde ond whom he felle.
Hys spyrit of hym full Nygh was past.
So long he lay that atte last
He a-rose as a man alle dysmayde.
Hys spirituel membres were gretly a-frayed.
After the Shippe he ganne to see,
Which was som-tyme wonte to be
Attendant to hym, and now ys go.

His hert so sore ganne whappe tho,
Remenbring of the Ioye he had be-fore,
Which ys now go for euer-more.
Therwyth sodenly come a gryping
A-bowte his hert, that Efte ond swonnyng
He felle, and ther-of the payne streng,
That of this myschyf nye dyd he was.
And allas he sayd, when he a-woke was.
"Allas," he sayde, and there-wyth full sore
He syghed, and sayd: "that I was bore
Tylle the tyme cursed mot hit be!
Allas, Erle Marres, why ne had ye
All his joy is gone.

A man who is false to his love, should die many times.

When ye rescowed kynge Surnegoure?
Or ells I had ben\'d In the foreste
Off Arderne I-slayne, and wyth some beste
Denowred, or uer* ffayre Melyowre,
My loue, my Ioye, myne hertes tresowre,
Shulde uer thys fowle porowe me
Be trayd! for we\'l I wotte nowe pat she
For uer ys loste porowe my folye,
Where-fore a traytowre nowe am I;
And am be-trayed eke ther-to.

Adam lost paradyse thorogh his foly,
But yet a gretter losse haue I.
For wan\' the ange\'l drofe hem oute,
This ys the Soth wyth-oute\'n doute,
He toke wyth hym hiss love, hiss wyfe;
In Ioye they ledde forth her lyfe.
But even the contrary haue I do.

My Ioye ys loste for uer-moo.
Wyffull I haue loste myne honowre;
By good\'ngemente pe lorde a-bone
Shulde not suffer hym to dye atte onus,

6460. euer] MS. ells.

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Univ. Coll. MS.

Whan ye rescowed king Surnegoure,
Slayne me in that same houre,* 6460
Or elles I had be in the forest
Of Arderne I-Slayne, and wyth som best
Devoured, or uer sayre Melyoure
My love, my Ioy, my hertes tresoure,
Shulde euer thus fonde thorg me 6465
Be trayd / suf\' wele I wotte now that She
For euer ys lost thowr my foly,
Wherefor I knowlech a traytoure am I; 6468
And am be-trayed eke ther-to;
And my love for euer ys vndo.

6460. MS. honore.

Adam lost paradyse thorogh his foly,
But yet a gretter losse haue I. 6472
For wan\' the ange\'l drofe hem oute,
This ys the Soth wyth-out\'en doute,
He toke wyth hym hiss love, hiss wyfe;
In Ioye they ledde forth her lyfe. 6476
But even the contrary haue I do.
My Ioye ys lost for uer-moo.
Wyffull I haue loste myne honowre;
Therfore Reson ys that in langore 6480
I lyve euer and never day.
False traytor wykked that [am] I.
A man that false ys to hys love,
Be gode Ingemente the lord above 6484
Shulde not suffre hym to dye at ones.
Butte lette hym fele to dye onys, 6488
And eft to lyffe and ofte to dye ageyne. 6488
Bus shulde suche traytowres byne
Serued and noghte do hym to dethe softe. 6492
Suche a traytowre shulde dye ofte,
Per myghte ofte haue remembrance
Off hys fals and vn-trefe gouernaunce. [leaf 82, back]
And per-wyth: "Allas," seyde Partonope,
"hys Ivgemenete be ryghte moste falle [on] me."
Gstett sorowe to hym Partonope dothe take,
For he hathe loste for ever hys make. 6496
Hys songe was not but wellawaye.
In sorowyng he spendythe hys longe day
Typew the banke of pat ryvere,
Tylle pat the laste pat darke euyn 
Wolde hym lette no lenger ther a-byde.
Then toke hys hakeney, and forthe gan he ryde
Streyghte vn-to the castelle-gate
Off Bloys, and redy he fownde ther-atte
A yeman, wyche was chyffe portere.
On hys kne he kneled; wyth goode chere
Welcomythe he hys lordel Partonope.
No worde a-gyne ther answered he.
He lyghte fro hys horse, and wente in-to [the] halle,
And per he fownde hys meyne alle.
Mony a knyghte and [mony] a Squyere,
Kuk. 46. ofte] o like e.

Univ. Coll. MS.

But lat hym lye longe in grones, 6488
And eft to lyve and dye ayen.
Thus shulde such traytor bene 6488
Served and not to haue his deth softe.
Such a traytor shulde dey ofte,
That he myght haue ofte remembrance."
And ther-wyth "Allas," sayd Partonope, 6493
"This jugement be ryght moste faff on me."
Gret sorow Partonope to hym doth take,
[leaf 46, back]
For he hath for euer lost his make. 6496
Hys songe was not but wele-aways.
In sorowing he spendyth the longe day

Upon the banke of that Rever,
Tylle the day derked there, 6500
And myghtther no lenger a-byde.
Than he upon hys hakeney forthe gan ryde
Streyght vn-to the Castell-yate
Of Bloys, and redy he fonde ther-ate
A yomai, that was Chyffe portere. 6505
On hys kne he kneled, and wyth goode chiere
Welcome his lord Partonope.
No word a-ye than answered he. 6508
He lyght from hys hors, and in-to the halle,
And there he found hys meyne alle.
Mony a knygh[t] and many a Squyere,
He does not answer the greetings of his knights, but shuts himself up in a chamber.

When they hym say, full Joyfull were. 6512
On kne they sette hem everychone,
And wyth good herte welcomyd hym home.
But he no worde answered a-yen;
Wherefore alle hys meyne ben1
Heuy and sory, and Partonope
In-to a chamber pe streylghte wey gope he,
Alle a-lone wyth-owten any lette,
And after hym the dore he shette.
When hys moder herde thys tydyme, 6516
\textcolor{red}{\texttt{pat hune come yn sorre wepyngy,}}
Off thys tydymes she was a-gaste,
And to hys chamber heyd hyr faste.
She wende hau entered wyth-owte lette,
And pen fownde she pe dore faste shette.
"Fayre sonne," sayde she, "lette me come In."—
"In feyth," sayde he, "pat shalle not byne."
Ye hau made me betraye my lune also.
Yeure crafte for euer hath me vnado, 6528

1Fu\textsuperscript{t} heuy and sory is Partonope 6517

Univ. Coll. MS. Rawl. MS.

When they hym say, full Joyfull were. 6512
On kne they sette hem everychone,
And wyth good herte welcomyd hym home.
But he no worde answered a-yen;
Wherefore alle hys meyne ben1
Heuy and sory, and Partonope
In-to the chamber streygght goth he,
Alle a-lone wyth-owten lett, 6519
And after hym the doun he shett.
Whan hys moder herd this tyding,
That her sonne came In Sore wepyng,
Of this thyngsyn She was a-gast, 6523
And to the chamber hyged her fast.
She wente to have entred wythoute lett,
And the dore was fast I-shett. 6526
"Fayre sonne," Sayde she, "that shalle not I come In?"—
"In feyth," Sayde he, "that shalle not bene.
Ye hau made me betraye my lune also.
Yeure crafte for euer hath me vnado,

Ye hau made me be-traye my lune also. 6529
Yeure crafte for euer hath me vnado

Whan they hym sayt full Ioyfull were. 6512
On kne they sette hem everychone,
And wyth good heart welcome hym to home.
But he no word answered a-yein;
Where for all his meyne ben1
Heuy and sory, and Partonope
In to a chamber pe streylghte wey gope he,
Alle a-lone wyth-owten any lette,
And after hym the dore he shette.
When his moder herde thys tydyme,
\textcolor{red}{\texttt{pat hune come yn sorre wepyng,}}
Off thynges she was a-gaste,
And to his chamber heyd hyt hit faste.
She wende hau entered wyth owte lette,
And pen fownde she pe dore faste shette.
"Fayre sonne," sayde she, "let me come In."—
"In feyth," sayde he, "pat shalle not byne.
Ye hau made me betraye my lune also.
Yeure crafte for euer hath me vnado,
And shewed wele, that no devyss is she. 6532
May I oones departe wele from the. 6533
Loke never to haue Ioy of me! 6534
Seke the a sone where pat pe luste, 6535
For on your modyrshipp shalH I neyer trust." 6536

When his modre pus herd hym sey,
And pat hir modyrshipp he can reney,
And so vnkyndely to hir gan speke,
For sorow she thought hir hert wolde breke.
" Fayre sone," seid she, "I cry you mercy.
In swych entent yete neyer was I
In no wise you to be-tray."
And with that worde she gan array
Hir-selE, pat pite a man myght haue.
She tare hir heere, and gan to Rave.
"Lete me come In, good sone," seide she.
" I pray you, lady, pus lete me be
Alone; for your faire parlement
Hathe made that I am for ever shent.
My love, my hertely Ioye haue ye

Univ. Coll. MS.

And shewed we† that no devyss is she. 6532
Which for ever ys gone from} me. 6533
May I oones departed we† from the. 6534
Loke never to hame Ioye of me! [leaf 47]
Seke the a sone where that pus lust,
For on your modyrshipp shalH I neyer trust." 6535

When the moder herd hym thus say,
And that her modyrshipp he gan reney,
And so vnkyndely to her gan speke,
For sorow She thought her hert wolde breke. 6540
" Fayre sone," sayde She, "I cry yow mercy.
In s]which entent yett neyer was I
In no wyse yow to be-traye." 6543
And wyth that word She gan array
Her-self, that pyt a man myght hanE.
She tare her here, and gan to Rave.
"Let me come In, gode sone," sayde she. —
" I pray yow, lady, late me thus be
A love; for youres layre parlement. 6549
Hath made that I am for ever l-shent.
My love, my hertely Ioye hanE ye

Rawl. MS.

And shewayde we† put no devyss is she.
May I onys departe we† fro the. 6533
Loke never to hame Ioye of me.
Seke pe a sone where pus luste,
For on your moderchipe shalH I neyer trust."

* When] pe moder herde hym pus sey,

And pat hir moderchipe he gan reyne,
And so vnkyndely to hym gan speke,
For sorwe she bought her hert dyde breke. 6540
" Fayre sone," she sayde, "I cry you mercy."

And with put worde she gan array
Hir-selfE, pat pite a man myght hanE.
She tare her here, and gan to Rave. 6546
"Let me come In, good son," sayde she. —
" I pray you, lady, let me pus be 6548
Allone, for youre parlement
Hathe made for ever pat I am shente.
My love, my hertely Ioye haue ye
Withouten ende fornome me."—

"Trewly, my fayre sone, neuer my wetyng,"

Seide pis lady, fulH sore wepyng.

"I wende haue done al for þe best,
And to haue brought your hert in Reste.

Here amonage your Chyvalry
Ye haue made a sory company."

Syth pis lady sawe no conforte,

Seide: "Of you they haue no conforte,
And sithe in faute they may not be,
AH þe disese I take on me.
And this I take on me alone.

Sone, why make ye suche moone

AH for love of this Meliore?

Ye mowe yite purchase as good tresoure,
And þat as plesaunt to you shalte be,
I dare weþ say, as enuer was she.

Me thinketh it were a Right fayre chaunge
To leve Meliore pat is bore straunge,
And take a woman of your contre,
That is brought forþe in hyghe degre
And nece to þe kyng of Fraunce.
Me thinketh pis were a fayre lyauce.
And he wiH gyve at oone Reise
As grete lordshipp as the honour of Bleys.
In pis lande they haue grete affyaunce,
They love you as wele as pe kyng of Fraunce.
This londe had be loste, had ye not be.
Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me,
Lete be your crying ‘alas, alas,`
And aH pis hevynees lete it passe.”

PArtonope* to hir yave noone answere.
More sorowe myght no man bere.
He couthe no chere, he coude no countenaunce,
Meliore myght not of his Remembraunce.
Yite of his modire he hadde grete pite,
And in his herte ofte thought he:
“My meany feyne wolde I chere.
Therof,” thought he, “I am to lere,
Sith in my herte no Ioy I fynde,
For Melyore may not from my mynde.”
Thus aH they withouten doute,

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Univ. Coll. MS.

Me thenketh this were a fayre lyauce,
And he wol gyf at one Ryese
As grete lordship as the honore of Bloyes.
In this londe hath grete affyauuus.
They love yow as wele as the Kyng of Fraunce.
Thys londe hade be lost, had ye not be.
Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me,
Late youre Crying be allas, allas,
And alle this heynes late hyt passe.”
PArtonope to her yafe none answere,
Ne More sorow myght no man
here.
He cowde no chere ne no contynauuus,
Melioure myght not of his remembreauuus.
Yet of hys modyr he had grete pyte,
And in hys hert ofte thorugh he: 6588
‘My meynes feyne wold I chere.
“Ther-of,” thought he, “I am to lere,
Syth [in] my hert no Ioy I fynde,
For Melyoure May not fro my mynde.”
Thus alle they, wythouten doute,

--

Rawl. MS.

Me thynkyth pis were a fyer alyauce.
And he wif gyfe at on reyse
As grete a lordchip as pe honour of Bloyes
In pis londe hathe grete affyauuus.
The lone you as wele as pe kyng of Fraunce.
This londe hade he loste, hade ye not be.
Ther-for, fayre son, as ye loue me,
Let be youre cryinge ‘allas, allas,’
And aH pis heynes let it pas.”
PArtonope to hir gaf non answere.
More sorowe myght no man bere.

He couthe no chere ne no countenaunce,
Melioure myght not of his remembreauuus.
Yet of his moder he hade grete pete,
And in his hert ofte bough he: 6588
‘My meynes feyne wold I chere.
Ther-of,” bough he, “I am to lere,
Sethe in my hert no loye I fynde,
For Melyores may not of my mynde.”
Thus aH day, wiH-out doute,
His moder and meyn stode with-oute,
Of his disese euer complaynyng,
TiH on pe morowe the sonne gan spryng,
That of hym they had no comforte,
Ne noone of them coupe oper sporte.
Anoone preugh Fraunce it Ronne pe tithynge
That Partonope* liep in [poynt of] deyng 6600
For heynynes of sory myschaunce.
And anoone perwith pe kyng of Fraunce
After Erchbissoppes and hisshopes sent in haste,
And bade that they shuld hye hem faste
To Bloys to conforte her good frende.
They toke her hors and péder they wende.
When they were pére they wolde be,
To pé Chambre péy come where Partonope*
Hym-selfe had presoned wondyrfully.
The bysshoppes gan speke to hym fuH goodsly,
And with hym tretyde in pé best manere,

Univ. Coll. MS.

Hys moder and meyn stode wyth-oute,
Of his desese euer complayning
TyH on the morow the sonne gan spryng,
That of hym they had no Comfort,
Ne none of them, Cownde other sport.
Anoone thorugh Fraunce ys ronne the tyding
That Partanope lyth in poynt of dying
For heynes of sory myschauns.
And a-none ther-wyth the king of Frauns
After Erchebyshops and byshops sent in hast,
And bad that they shuld hye hem fast
To Bloys to conforte her grete frende.
They toke here hors and theder they wende.
Whan they were there they wolde be,
To the Chambré they come where Partanope
Hym-selfe had presoned wondyr-fully,
The bysshope to hym ganne speke fuH goodsly,
And wyth hym tretyde in the best manere,
Hym counselyng to be of good chere,
And tolde hym ensamples of holy write,
And how þat men had loste her witte
Throw takyng of such hevynesse.
Thus eche bishopp made his processe
To þe dore of his chambr be sermone.
But for all þat they ne mowne
Make hym to speke to hem a worde.
When they þus sey, be oone acorde
Fro hym they turne fuff sore wepyng,
And home they priked with-out lettreng.
They lefte Partonope * sorowyng aloone.
The kyng of Fraunce þen what to doone
Wote neuer, and þus fuff hevely
Departed all þis company.
Grete sorowe made all his meany
And euery day fuff oft they be
Atte dore of her lordes prione,
Lystenynge alwaye if any sowne
Or worde of hym they myght here.

6623. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Hym Cousayling to be a goode
Cheyre,
And tolde hym Ensamples of holy wyrtt,
And how that men had lost her wytt
Thorow taking of such hevynes.
Thus Eche Bysshoppe made hys processe
to the dore of hys chambr be sermon,
But for alle that they ne mowne
Make hym to speke to hym a word,
Whan they this sey, be one acorde
Fro hym they turne fuff sor* wepyng,
And home they pryked wyth-out lett-ing.
They lefte Partonope Sorowyng alone.
The king of Fraunce than what to done
Wote nevir, and thus fuff hevely
Departed alle þys company.
Grete sorowe make alle hys meyney.
And euery day fuff ofte they be
At the dore of her lordes prysoun,
Lystenynge alway if ony sowne
Or word of hym ther myght here.

6621. MS. for.

6612
6616 He will not talk to them,
6620 and they are obliged to leave.
6624
6628 His retinue go weeping home.

Rawl. MS.

Hym counsellynge in þe beste maner,
And tolde hym somplis of holy wryte,
And howe þat men hadde loste þer wyte
Thorwe takyng of soyche hevynes.
Thus iche bysshoppe made hym processe
to þe dore of his chambr be sermon
But iche þei ne mon
Make hym to speke a worde.
When þei se þe on acorde
Fro hym þei turne sore wepyng,
And home þei prekede with-out lettreng.
They lefte Partonope sorwyng alone.
The kyng of France þen what to done
Wot neuer, and þus fuff heyle
Departye fro þis company.
Grete sorwe make his meyne,
And euery day fuff ofte þei be
At þe dore of þer lordes prysoun,
Lystenynge iche aþ-vey of ony sowne
Or eword of hym þey myght here.
But aff for nought; of hym no chere 6632
They coue haue, pis is no nay.
This lyfe they ladde vj. wekes day,
And they tan toke hem everyday.
What counsayelle was beste to doone,
And seyne: "In grete wanhope
Oure lorde is loste, Partonope." *
Therfore eiche man trusse hem hoonie,
"This is pe beste pat we may doone."
Thus they go withoute leve takyng,
Eiche man to his house sore wepyng.

Now wilt I teft you of Partonope :
Lytt he etith and lasse drynkep he.
Thries in pe weke he dophe ete;
His fode is not deynte mete:
Brede made of barly or elles of oote,
This is his mete, and watir sode
Thys is his drynke two dayes or þre,
That in pe weke now taketh he.
That is his sustenauce and leyvng;
In oper rule may no man hym bryng.

6638, 6643. MS. patronope.

* Univ. Coll. MS.
But alle for nought, of hym no chere
They Cowde, this ys no nay. 6633
This lyfe they lede vj. wekes day,
And they than toke hem to-gedyr echeone
What Counsayff was best to done,
And seyn: "In grete wanhope 6637
Oure lord ys lost now, Partanope."
Ther-to eche man trusse hym hoom.
"This ys the best that we may done."
Thus they go wyth oute leve taking,
Eche man to hys hoon sore wepyng. 6642

Now wot I teft yow of Partanope:
Lytt he etith and lasse drynkep he. [Leaf 84, back] 6644
Thries in the woke he doth eate;
Hys foote ys now deynte mete:
Brede make of berly or Elles of ote,
Thys ys his mete, and watir sode 6648
Thys ys his drynke two dayes or þre,
That In the woke now taketh he.
Thys ys hys Sustenauce and leyvng;
In other rule may no man hym bring.

6646. ys] y corrected from h (?).
6648. Thys] they seems to be added after an i.

* Rowl. MS.
But aff for nought, for hym no chere
They couthe haue, pis is no nay. 6633
This lyfe þey lede viij wekes day.
They toke hem to-geder icone
What counseff was beste to done 6636
And [seyn] in grete wanhope
Oure lorde is loste nowe, Partanope.
Ther-fore iche man trusse hym hoom.
This is þe beste þat we may done. 6640
Thus þey gon with-out lene takyng,
Eche man to his howse sore wepyng.
His heede, his feete wole he not wasshe,
His Coloure is lyke pe pale asshe,
His nayles growen and att forfare,
He martreth his body with sorowe and care,
He is for-grownen with his heere.
This peyn suffreth he att pe yere.
When pat yere come to ende
He was so megere and so vnthende
And so pale and ouer-growe,
That persone is noone on lyve, I trowe,
Shuld hym haue take for Partonope *;
So huncly wasted a-wey is he.
This was his worde: "Meliore, my Ioy,
Allas, shaft I neuer se pe with Ee?"
Thus wolde he say sore wepyng.
In this wise he lieth mourenyng,
That alt his myght is so clene gone
He may not rise from his bed alone
With-outen helpe, ne go wyse pase.
His songe had ben to ofte allas.

Vpon a day pis wofult Partonope *
Sate on his bedde, and pen seide he:

6663, 6673. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

His heede, his feete wol he not waysse,
His coloure ys lyke the pale Aysshe,
His nayles growen and alle for-fare,
He martereth his body wyth sorow and care,
He ys for-growen wyth his here.
This payne suffereth alle the yere.
When that yere was come to ende,
He was so megere and so vn-thende.
And so pale and over-growe,
That ther ys none on lyfe, I trowe,
Shulde hym haue take for Partanope;
Sho huncly wasteyd away ys he.
This was hys worde; "Melioure, my Ioy,
Allas, shaft I neuer see the wyth 1e?"
Thus wolde he say Sore wepyng.
In this wyse he lyeth mor[n]ing,
That alle hys myght ys so clene gone
He may not ryse from hys bed alone
Wythou[n]ten helpe, ne go thre pase.
His songe had bene to ofte allas.

Vpon a day this wofult Partonope
Sate on hys bedde, and than sayd he:

PARTONOPE.

Rawl. MS.

At the end of the year he is no more recognizable.
He cannot rise from the bed alone.
Brooding over his misfortune.
"O fader of heven omnypotent,
That erthe, water, and firmament
Madest of nought at oo worde,
And after into pis wretched worlde
Sendist pi sone mankynde to take,
And suffredist hym deny for oure sake,
Sende me conforte for pi meneesse,
And let me not perysthe in pis distresse.
Comforte me by thy holy goste,
What is me beste, lorde, pou wele woste.
Thou blessede modir and mayden Marie
That conceyvedi within thi body
Thy fadir, thy sone, thi creature,
And as softely as a lylle floure
Oute of the erthe peynles doth sprynge,
Right so easily, lady, in thy childying
Thou were delyuered of thy Savyoure,
And broughte for pat blessed floure
Avenst pe course of comyn kynde—
In holy wryte pis clerkes fynde—
And, lady, as wysely as I beleve

Univ. Coll. MS.

1 O fader of heven, omnypotente
That erthe, water, and firment 6676
Medest of nought at oo worde,
And after in to pis wrecyde worlde
Syathyst they somme maketh to take,
And suffredyst hym deny for our sake,
And lette me not perysche in thy destinne,
Comforte me be thy holy goste.
Who ys me best, lorde, thou wel woste.
Thow blised modir and mayden Marye,
That Conceyvedyst wyth in they body
Thy fadir, they sone, they creature,
And as softely as a lylle floure
Oute of the erthe paynyles doth spring,
Ryght so easilly lady in Childying
Thou were delynered of they savioure,
And broughtest forth that blysse floure
A-venst the course of Comyn kynde—
In holy wryte thus Clerke fynde—
And, lady, as wysely as I beleve

Rand. MS.

That erthe, water, and lyrment 6676
Medest of nought at one worde,
And after in to pis wrecyde worde
Sentyste thy son mankynde to take,
And soferys hym deny for oure sake,
Sende me conforte for thy mekenes,
And let me not peryshe in dysstres.
Comforte me by thy holy grace.
What is me beste, lorde, pou well woste.
Thou blysseyed moder, mayde Marye
That conseynedeste in thy body
Thy fader, thy son, thy creature
And as softely as lylly floure
Avenst pe course of comyn kynde—
In holy wryte pis clerkes fynde—
And, lady, as wyssely as I be-leve
In childyng paynfull pou feldest no greve, 4696
With all my hert I beseeche pe 46700
In my diseace hauene mercy on me! 46704
Of my life, lady, I am full wery,
For all to longe lyved haue I.
To longe liveth he pat dope felony ;
Therfore my Ioy were forto dey.
I wolde fayne dey, and I wist how.
But pe wey toward as nowe.
I can not fynde, so God me save ;
For I ne haue with me yeman ne knave
That in my possession wold leve a knyve,
Where-wyth I myght vn-do my lyfe.
Alas deh, what ayleth the? 46709
Why deynycrest thou not the worlde
Of me?
The flase folke thow hast Ioy to save,
Alle the god thow wyt hare. 46712
Robbers, traytours thou levyst ond lyve,
And such as caste hem nevyr to thryve,
Swych thou sufferyst to haue long lyfe
That sette here neyboers evyr in stryfe,
And lede her lyfe enuer in Cursednesse,
They be suffred to hane þe swete[nesse
Of þis worlde; þe toþer pat good be,
Fro þi swerde they shul not fle.

The good þou shuldest suffre on lyue,
The false þou shuldest sele as blyve.

Ladies þat fayre ben and vertuose,
To hem þou fiers arte and dispituose,
And quen hem redy to take vengeance.
The foule, þe viciouse þou dost enhaune;
In wordily Ioy þou makest hem hyte.
Alas, faire Wrake, syle þat I þe seye,
And þat ye besied you me to clope,
My life hate sith me be ful full lope.
The clipes me listhe neuer to change,
This life to me hath be ful strangue,
For al to-Rent and Roten they be.

And with that wordes Partonope
Felt in swonyng for hevyynesse.
He lay þerin longe or it wolde cese.
Withoute confort alone was he.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And lede hir lyfe enuer in couersedenes
They be southerde to hane þe swetenisses
Of þis worde; þe toþer þat good be,
Fro þi swerde þey shul not fle.

The good þou shuldest suffre on lyue,
The false þou shuldest sele as blyve.

Ladies þat fayre ben and vertuose,
To hem þou fiers arte and dispituose,
And quen hem redy to take vengeance.
The foule, vicious þou dost enhaune;
In wordily Ioy þou makest hym hyme.
Alas fayre Wrake, sith þat I þe seye.

And þat ye besyede yow me to clote,
My lyfe hade syght ye me be so lothe.
Tho clotes me lyste never to change,
This lyfe to me hante ben ful strangue,
For alle to-ren and rotten they be.

And wyth þat wordes Partonope
Fylle ond sowyng for hevyennesse.
He lay ther-In longe or hyt wyll cese.
Wythouten confort alone was he.

[Leaf 85, back]
And pis wofull man Partonope
Atte laste fro Sonnyng dyd awake.
He was ful seke, I dare vndirtake. 6740
What for sorwe and for wepyng
Still he sate, ful longe thinkynge
How best hym-self he myght sle.
But God wold not it shuld so be. 6744
His firendes had hym so in watte,
Fro wepyng kep hym so stratte
That his purpose myght not be
Atte Bloys parforme med; and pen thought he:
“To Arderne I wolde go, pe wilde forest, 6748
There may happe some wilde beste
May me devour, and pat anoone.”
Thus purposeth he pider* to gone,
And pen he seide: “He pat is false
To his love, right by pe halse
He shuld be hanged, and a foule dep hane.”
Thus in wodenesse he begynmeth to Raue; 6752
And in pis purpose fully stonte he

6738. MS. patronope. 6752. pider] MS. pas.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And pis wofull man Partonope 6738
Atte last fro Sonnyng dyd awake.
He was ful Secke, I dare vndyr-take.
What for Sorow and for wepyng 6741
Styile he sett, ful long thynkynge
How best hym self he myght Sle.
But Godde wolde hit shulde so be. 6744
His frendys had hym so in wayte,
Fro wepyns kep hym so stryte
That his purpose myght not be
Atte Bloys parforme, and than thought he: 6748
“To Arderne I wolde go, the wyld
forest,
There may happe Sonde wylyde best
May me devour, and that anoone.”
Thus purposeth he thedyr to gone, 6752
And that he seide: “He that ys false
To hys love, ryght be the balse
He shulde be hunged, and a foule deth
hane.”
Thus in wodenesse he begynmeth to rave; 6756
And in this purpose fully stonte he

6738. MS. patronope. 6752. pider] MS. pas.

Rawl. MS.

And pis wofull man Partonope At he laste of swonyng dyde a-wake.
What for sorwe and for wepyng 6741
Still he sat, longe thynkynge
Howe beste he myght hym-selfe sle.
But God wolde it shulde not be. 6744
His frendes hade hym so in wayte,
Fro wepyns kep hym so strete
That his purpose myght not be
At Bloys parformeA; pen thought he:
“To Arderne I wold go, pat foreste,
Ther may have som wilde beste 6750
May me devour, and pat anoone.”
Thus purposeth he dethir to gone.
Then he seyde: He pat is false 6753
To his lone, right be pe halse
He shulde be hongyde and foule deth
hane.
Thus In wodnesse he gynythe to raue.
And in pis purpos fully stont he 6757
To Arden to go hym-self to sle.
Myn auctour in frefushe gynynpe now reprove
These olde clerkes pat treten of love,
That put in scripture to hane in remembrance
Of olde tym pe fuH hye myssgounrneance,
Of women of whom they ofte write
FuH febly and foule of hem endite,
Ayew whom euer I wolde sey nay:
That Clerke is not on lyve his day
That wolde despute in his mater,
I shaIt hym prove a lewde frere.
These Ioly singers comynly ben lecherous,
They move not lyve with-out paramourse.
And when his queen is to hym vntrewe,
And from hym chaugeth vnto a newe,
As swich strumpettes aH day do,
Than þes prestes be so wo,
Theire lemans dedys they put in wrytynge,
To bryng after in mannes remembrynge
To suppose aH ben as they were,
And so to put men in feere
To mystrust women aH.

Suche nyse clerkes foule hem be-fall,
And for her lemans myssberyng
A\H oper women they haue mystrustyng.

But þese clerkes pat wele ruled be,
Of hem shal\H [ye] neuer know ne se
In speche, in dede, ne be wrytyng,
Any ping pat myght be reprovyng
To women pat wele ruled be.

For truly I sey as for me
In women is founden a gentilnesse,
Trew love, and perto kyndnesse,
Bountee, beaute, and eke plesaunce.

Therfore I pray God pat mysschaunce
On hem come pat lust to sey
Of women evi\H; for leuer to dey
I had þen to be founde in pat case,
Praying God to kepe me fro pat trespase.

But a\H þis matere I lete nowe be,
And speke I wil of Partanope.

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Univ. Coll. MS.

And so put men in free
To mystrust women alle.
Shuch nyse Clerkes foule hem be-falle,
And for her lemans mysberyng
Alle other women they haue mystrusting.

But these Clerkes that wele ruled be,
Of hem shal\H nevyr know ne se
In speche, in dede, ne be wryttyn.
Any thing that might be reproving
To women that wele rewled be.

For trewly I sey as for me
In women ys founden aH gentynles,
Trew love, and ther-to knyndynes
Bountee, beaute, and eke plesauns.

Therfore I pray God that mysschauns
On hym com ne lust to sey
Of women eyvH; for leuer to dey
I had/than to be founde in that case,
Prayynge God to kepe me fro that trespas.

But alle this matere I late now be,6797
And speke I woff of Partanope.

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Rawl. MS.

And so to put men in feere
To mystrute women aH.

Soyche nyse clerkes foule hem fa\H
And for her lemans mysberyng

But þese clerkes pat weff rulede be,
Of hem shal\H ye neuer knowe ne se
In speche, in dede, ne be wrytyng
And thyngs pat myght be reprouynge
To women pat weff rewlyde be.

For truly I sey as for me
In women is fonde aH lentynles,
True love and also kendynes,
Bounte, beaute and eke plesaunce.

Ther-fore I pray God pat mysschaunce
On hym come pat lyste to sey
Of women evi\H; for leuer to dey
I ñ hade þen be founde in pat case,
Prayynge to gode to kepe me fro trespas.

For a\H þis matere I let nowe be.
And speke I wiff of Partonope.

6791. MS. rather Bounte.
6795. MS. I hode (od indistinct) hade.
This careful lover with pite
Pensye, thoughtfull all day sitteth he.

And when it drewe wele toward Eve,
A childe per come, pat in his sleue
A love brought of barlyche made,
And in his hande a picher he hadde

FuH of water of pe welle clere.
This he brought to Partonope. sopere.
Partonope* was wonte to hym speke;
It did hym sorowe, his hert did breke.

"My frenede," he seide, "I shalpe sey,
I may not fayle hastily to dey
If I abide nowe longe here;
Fayne wolde I be elles-where.
Thou maiste me helpe if pou wilt.
I pray pe helpe I be not spilt."
That yonge man wept for verrey loy:
"Sir, your sorowe dothe me grete noye:
Fro you I wil not departed be,
If conforte or eace may come by me,

6807. MS. patronope.
And I may do you any plesaunce.  
Though it be to me grete grevaunce,  
I shalh it do, and it be your case,  
Though I wist perfore to lese  
My life; and that I ensure you.  
And perfore teH pleyly now  
What is your whih pat I do.”  
Partonope* seide: “I will that you go  
When Evyn cometh, and make noone aray,  
And prively gete me an hakeney  
That is swyft and right wele aumblyng.  
And when men ben aH faste slepyng,  
Then wil I ride into pe felde.  
I wolde pat no man me be-helde.  
This were to me a fuH hy conforte  
Alone to hauve pere my desporte.  
And while pe moone shyneth bright,  
There may I playe me aH the nyght.  
Thou shalt go with me and no mo.  
Now leke pat pis be wisely do.  

6826. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.
And I may do you any plesauns.  
Though hyt be to grete grevauns 6820  
I shalh hyt do, and [it] be your ease,  
Thought I wvst therefore to lese  
My lyfe / and I ensure you.  
And therfor teH pleyly now 6824  
What ys youre wyH that I do.”  
Partonope sayde: “I wolde that thow go  
Whan) even cometh, and make none aray,  
And prvely gete me a hakeney 6828  
That ys Swyft and ryght wel am-belyng.  
And whan men bene all fast Slepyng,  
Tham) wolde I ryde in-to the felde.  
I wolde that no man me be-helde. 6832  
This were to me a fuH lyfe comfort  
A-lone to have there my dysport.  
And whyle the mon e shyneth bright,  
There may I playe me alle the nyght.  
Thow shalt goo wyth me and no mo.  
Now leke that this be wysely doo.  

6819. MS. yowan, the last letters indistinct.

Ravcl. MS.
And I may do you any eyse.  
Though it be to me grete dysseyse 6820  
I shalh it do, and it be your eyse,  
Though I wyste per-for to lese  
My lyfe, and pat I ensure you.  
And per-for I tellH you trely nowe 6824  
What is youre wiff pat I shalh do.”  
Partonope sayde: “I will pat you goo  
When evyn) comyth, and make none array,  
And prvely gete me an hakeney 6828  
That is swyfte and wel amblyng.  
And when) my men) be faste slepyng,  
Then) wiff I ryde to je felde.  
I wiff pat no man me be-helde. 6832  
This were to me an lyfe conforte  
Allone to have my dysporte.  
And while je mon e shynyth bright  
Ther may I playe me tiff je nyght. 6836  
Thou shalt go with me and no mo.  
Nowe leke pat pis be wysly do.
Avenst day, with-outen drede, 6840
Homward ayen we wolff vs spede."
This childe of pis is JoyfuH and glad,
And forto że his mayster hym bad
He is risen, and forpe is go.
He wolde for no good it happenyd so * [leaf 83] 6844
Ere he were redy the hourre were passed,
Which his lordz hym sette, and perfore in hast
He made redy a fayre ambeloure.
In the Evyn, atte same houre, 6848
A fayre palfrey with hym he ledde,
And brought it to his lordes bedde,
Good and wele amblynyng with-outen nay ;
This palfrey was pomeH gray.
In his armes his maister he vp toke
Fro bedde, as seith pe ffrenssh boke,
And in the sadyH softly he hym sette.
And right anone a spore he fette, 6856
He sette on his lordes hele,
And thought that all thinge was weH.

After 6844 MS. adds the line: Ere he were redy it happenyd so.

Univ. Coll. MS.
A-venst day, wyth-outen drede, 6839
Homward ayen we wolff vs spede."
This Chylde of thys ys IoyfuH and gladde, 6841
And for to that hys mayster hym bad
He ys rysen in last, and forth ys go.
He wolde for ne goode hyt happyd hym so 6844
Ere he were redy the ourre were past,
Whiche hys lord hym sett, and the[r]-fere in hast
He made redy a fayre ambeloure.
In the evyn, at the same ourr, 6848
A fayre palfrey wyth hym he ledded,
And brought hyt to hys bedde,
Goode and weff ambelyng wyth-outen nay ;
This palfrey was pomeH gray. 6852
In hys armes his mayster he vp toke
Fro bedde, as seyth the frenssh boke,
And in the sadyH Softely he hym sette.
And ryght anone a spore he fett, 6856
And thought that alle thinge was weff.

Rawl. MS.
Avenste day with-out drede
Homwarde ayen we woff vs spede," 6840
* This childe of pis is IoyfuH and glade
And for to do þet his maister hym hale
He is resuy and furthe I-goe.
He wolde for no good it happened soo 6844
Ere he were redy, þe ourre were past
Wheche his lord set ; þer-fere in haste
[leat 48, back]
He made redy a fayre ambler.
In þe evyn, at þe same our, 6848
A fayre palfrey with hym he leede,
And brought it to his lordes bede
Right weff amblynge, with-out nay.

The palfrey was pomeH gray. 6852
In his armes his maister vp he toke
Fro his bede, as seyth þe frensch boke
And in the sadiff he hem softly set.
And right anone assoper he fet, 6856
He set it on his lordes hele,
And boughht all thynge was weff.
In herte he was Ioyfult and gladde,
And forpe his lordes horse he lade,
Wenyng that aH ping shuld be right wele.
He maketh grete Ioy and levyth aH dole.
But aH day at Eye men mow se
They Ioyen of ping pat wil not be.

PArtanope ys nowe forpe go
From Bleys, and per-to come no moo
He thinketh neuer in aH his life.
His childe cometh to hym as blyve :
"Sir," seide he, "whejere wiH ye ride ?
Here is a place faste here beside,
Where as ye mow wele you despore.
That to you shat be grete conforte
Vpon pe banke you to pley
Of Leyre the Ryuer till ayein the day.
Then shat no man vs aspye ;
And thider I can you right wele gye.
This childes name is Gillamoure.
Which for grete love kyng Sornegoure
Lente hym to Partonope,
To þis entent þat he shulde see

The maner of þe Reame of Fraunce.
For to Sornegoure* he was nye allyaunce,
No firþer but of his suster bore;
And his fader heght kyng Fabore.
Right curtseyse he was and Right bonayre,
Semely of persone, of visage fayre.
His name was Fursyne in his contree;
But his myster and lorde Partonope*
Into Gilamoure did it chaunge,
And Fursyn was his name right straunge,
And Gilaniowr was a grete dele light.
For Partonope did alþ his myght
To maken hym leve his hethen lay.
His answere þerto was euer nay.

Partonope had in vain tried to convert him to Christianity.
And Gilamoure was a grete dele more lyhthe
For partonope dide alle hys myghthe
To make hym lene hys Ethend laye
Hys answere was ther to euer nayxe

Univ. Coll. MS.
Which for grete love king Sornegoure
Lente hym late to Partanope,
To this entent that he shulde see 6880
The maner of the reame * of Fraunce.
For to Sornegoure he was ny Alyaunce,
No further but of hys Suster bore:
And hys father hight kyng Fabore. 6884
Right Curtseyse he was and right bonayre,
Semely of persone, of visage fayre.
His name was Fursyne in his contree;
But his master and lord Partanope
In-to Gilamoure dyd hyt change, 6889
For Fursyne was hys name right straunge.
[1 leaf 51, back]
And Gilamoure was a grete dele lyght.
For Partanope dyd alle hys myght yt 6892
To maken hym leve hys hethen lay.
Hys answere ther-to wase euer nay.

Rawl. MS.
Which for grete love kyng Sornegoure
Lente hym to Partanope,
To þis entent þat he shulde see 6880
The maner of the reume of Fraunce.
For to Sornegoure he was allyaunce,
No forþer but of his syster bore:
And his fader hight kyng Fabore.
Curtseyse he was and debonere.

6881. MS. Reame.
Partonope hym trusteth a-bove aH ping,
For euer he was glad to do his plesyng.
And pen he seide: "Good sir, wil ye
Hauve good desporte, now folow me.
Go we to pe watir of Leyre.
There shal ye fynde an holsome heire ;
There mow ye play and hauve desporte.
To you it shall be an hye conforte.
Partonope fast gan hym be-holde
As he pat was of cares colde:
"My frende," he seide, "me liste not pley.
I purpose me fully forto doy.
For into Arderen wo I go,
Ther shal he fynysshid aH my wo."
Gileamour pen wept tendirly,
And seide: "Ban, sir, wole I
Into Arderne, with you wole I go,
And take my deth with you also."—
"Nay," then seide Partonope,
"Thou shalt go home into pi contre
And tell pin vncle, kyng Sornegoure,*
How I am loste for euer-more.
For I shal dye, and thou shalt lyve.
My false treson is put in preve
In so highe place, it moste nedes be,
And thou stondeyst not in that degre.

6915. MS. Sernegoure.

For into Arderen now wot I goo,
Ther shal he fynesheede alle my wo."
Gyleamour than] wept tendyrly, 6909
And sayd: "Sir, than] wolt I
In-to Arderne wyth you wolt goo,
And take my deth wyth you also"—
"Nay," than] sayde Partonope, 6913
"Thow shalit go home in-to they contre
And telle the vncle, king Sornegoure,
How I am lost for euer-more, 6916
For I shalt dye, and thou shalt leve.
My false treson] ys put in preve
In so hygh plase, I must dede be, 6919
And thou stondeyst not in that degre.
Thou shalt go home and lyve in eace; This may thou me highely pleace,"

"Sir," seide Gylamour, "jis may not be;
For truly I wolde go with the.
Wheper life or deth me be-tyde, I wyl now renne be pi side.
Truly to serve pe I was swore, I make no forse of sir Sornegoure*.
But for pou shuldest pe more haue me In trust and eke in chyerte
I am redy, with-outen nay, Cristen to be pis same day."

Partonope stode in grete disease; And his hert somewhat gan apace,
When Gylamour seid he wolde be Cristenyd; in pis wise pinkep he:
"I shaH hym suffre with me wende TiH his crystnyng be brought to ende.
And after I wolde fuH prively, While he slepeth, stele sodenly
Awy from hym, he shaH not wete What contrey to drawe with me to mete."
Then to the child seid Partonope:
"If pou wilt convert and cristenyd be,
I wole pe trust a-bove all pinge And be right glad of pi dwellyng,  

---

Thow shal go home and lyve in eace; Thus mayst thow me hyghly please."
"Sir," sayde Gylamour, "this may not be:
For truely I wolde go wyth the. Wheder lyfe or deth me be-tyde, I wyl renne now by thy syde.
Trewly to serve the I was swore. I make no forse of Sir Sornegoure. But for Thow shuldest the more haue me In trust and eke in chyerte
I am redy, wythouten leve, Cristen to be this same day."

Partonope stont in grete dysesse: And hys hert somwhat ganne apace,
For departe wole we never.
This covenant I make with pe for ever.
And hye pe home to Bleys now faste,
And bryng with pe thyn horse in hast;
For in pe place pe wole I a-bye.
And pis may we in pe nyght-tide
Ride a good dele in oure wey,
TiH it drawe nere vpon pe day,
Then in some wole we wole vs reste
Ah pe day, pis is pe best,
TiH pat derke nyght come ayen.
And pe faste wole we fleen,
TiH we ben ah my contre paste.
Then shaH we of no-ping be agaste,
But ride forpe opynly ah pe day."  
This Gileamour seide not onys Nay,
But for his hors pe ranne he faste,
And prykyng ayen he come in haste.
When he was come, grete payne had he
With his maister Partonope:
He myght not sitte on hors to ryde.

And pre-kynge ayen he come in haste.
When he was come, grete payne had he
With his maister Partonope:
He myght not sytt on hors to ryde.
But as Gilamour yede be his side, 6968
And held hym vp with aH his myght,
Thus they Tournye aH be myght,
TyH they were paste pe Reaume of Fraunce.
Then gane they a new purvyance 6972
To ride forpe opynly aH pe day,
For per was no man pat wolde sey nay
To no-þing pat hem lust to do.
And forpe they ride bope twoo 6976
In grete sighnyng and hevynesse.
And so it happenyd pat to a messe
At chirche they herde rynge.
Partonope perwith maketh no lettyng,
But pider rideth, as I devyce,
Ther to here devyne servyce.
Myn anctour telleth pis chirch hight
The chirche of Albigis, per it light.

This wouH man Partonope
Gilamour anoone to hym callep he,
And axed hym: "Wylt þou cristenyd be?"

Univ. Coll. MS.
But as Gylamore yede be his syde, 6968
And held hym vp wyth aH his myght,
Thus they Tournye aH be myght,
TyH they were past the reaume * of
Fraunce.
Than goð they a new purvyance 6972
To ryde forth opynly aH the day,
For ther was no man that wolde sey
To the thing that hem lust to do.
For forth they ryde both two 6976
In grete sighying and hevynese.
And so hyt happened to a messe
At Chirch they hard Rynge.
Partanope ther-wyth maketh no
lettyng, 6980
But thede Redeth, as I devyse,
Ther to here devyne servyse.
Myn auctor telleth this chirch hyght
The Chirch of Albigs, there hit
lyght[t].

This wouH man Partonope
Gilamoure anon to hym Calleth he,
And axed hym: "Wylt Thou Cristenyd be?"

6971. MS. reaume.

Radcl. MS.
But as Gyllamore yede be his syde, 6968
And helde hym vp with all his myght,
Thus þey Tourneyde furthe aH nyght,
TiH þey were paste þe reme of Fraunce.
Then gane þey a newe purvyance 6972
To ryde furthe opynly aH the day,
There was no man wolde sey nay
To nothynge hym lyste to do.
And furthe þey ryde bothe two 6976
In grete sighnyng and heuynesse.
And so it hapyned þat to a messe
At the churche þey herde rynge
Partonope þe-withe maketh no lettyng,

But deþer rydeth be myne avys 6981
Myne autor tellyth þis churche hight
The churche of Abbygis, þerit lyght.6984

This wouH man Partonope
Gyllamoure anone callyth he,
And axede hym: "Wylt þou crystenyde
be?"

6984. MS. reaume.
He hym answerd and seide yee.
Then to be provoste seid Partonope:
"Seest pou pis man pat stonde by me? Cristene hym anoone, I the requyre."
The provoste was curteys and debonayre,
And goodly hym baptized, and pat anoone.
The Erle hym lyfte from pe fontestone. And pere aforne, as seith myn auctor, His name was called Gylamour, Anselote named hym Partonope.
And in pis wise cristenyd was he, As siker as dethe, with-outen nay.
At Albigis they Rest hem all day. [leaf 59]
When Evyn come, they went to Reste; Anselote pough it was pe beste.
When Partonope hym wist aslepe, AH softly hym-self vp lepe, 7004
And to his hakeney streight he went. His sadyH, his brydeH in honde he hent;
His hakeney he made redy in haste, 6997, 7003. MS. Partonope.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Univ. Coll. MS.</th>
<th>Rawl. MS.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He hym answeryth and seyd yee. 6988</td>
<td>He hym answerde and seyde ye. 6988</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanne to the provost sayd Partonope: &quot;Seest thou this man that stont be me? Cristen hym a-none, I the require.&quot; The provoste was debonaryre, and in this wyse Cristened was he, As syker as deth with-outen nay. At Albigis they rest hem all day. 7000 When evyn come, they went to rest; Anselott tought that was the best. Whan Partonope hym a-slepe wyse, Alle softly hym-self vp ryst, 7004 1And to his hakeney streight he went. Hys sadyH, hys brydeH in honde he hent. (1 leaf 53)</td>
<td>And goodly hym baptysede and pat anoone. The erle hym selfe fro pe fonte stone Ther aforne seyth myne autor His name was callede Gylamour, 6996 Anselott naymyde hym Partonope. In pis wyse cristende was he, As sekere as dethe, with-outen nay. At Abbygis hey reste hym all day 7000 When evyn come hey went to reste; Anselote pough it was the beste. When Partonope hym aslepe wyse, AH softly hym-self vp ryste, 7004 1And to his hakeney streight he wente. His sadyH, his brydeH in honde he hente. (1 leaf 49, back)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
With moche wo, and atte laste
Upon his hakeney porenly he lepe,
And lefte Anselote, his man, a-slepe.
In haste forpe rيدي pis Paritone, 
And in his hert pis poughe he :
"I haue leuer hym pis be scape, 
Then oper lyon), bere, or ape 
In the forest shuld him devoure.
To purchase my depe I shal labour."
In-to pis forest he takepe pis wey.
But Anselote anoone as it was day,
Gan buske faste oute of his bedde,
And toward his maister he hym spedde. 
But when he founde his maister go :
"Allas," he seide, "what shall I do? 
My maister now hath be-trayed me. 
[What is pis cause, Paritone?] 
What is pis cause of my deserte ?
But now I wote wele pis peynes smert 
Of depe in shorte tyme I mote fele.
But forsope, now wote I wele 
Ye brought me heiper for pis fyne

Univ. Coll. MS.
Wyth moche wo, and at the last 7008
Vpon his hakeney porenly he lepe,
And lefte Anselotte, his man, a-slepe.
In haste rydeth forth this Paritone,
And in his hert thus thought hе: 7012
"I haue lever hym thus be scape,
Than other lyon, bere, or ape,
In the forest shuld hym devoure.
To purchase my deth I wol labour.
In-to the forest he taketh his way, 7017
But Anselot anon) as hit was day,
Ganne buske faste oute of his bedde,
And toward his maister he hym spedde.
But whan he fonde his maister go: 7021
"Allas," he seide, "what shal I do ?
My Maister now hath be-trayed me.
What ys thai cause Paritone? 7024
What ys thy cause of my deserte ?
But now I wote wele the paynes smert
Of deth in short tyme I mote feele.
But for soth, now wote I wele 7028
Ye brought me heyper for this fyne

Ravl. MS.
With moche wo, and at the last 7008
Vpon his hakeney porenly he lepe, 
And lefte Anselot feste on slepe.
In haste rydeth furthe Paritone, 
And in his hert pis poughe he : 7012
"I haue leuer pis to skape, 
Thene oper lyon, bere, or ape, 
In pe forest shulde hym devoure.
To porcuse my deth I wille labour.
Into pe foreste he toke pe wey. 7017
But Anselot anoone as it was day, 
Gan buske faste oute of his bede, 
And toward his maister he hym sped.
When he fonde his maister goo : 7021
"Allas," he seide, "what shal I do ?
My maister nowe hath be-trayede me. 
What is py cause, Paritone? 7024
What is pe cause of my deserte ?
But nowe I wote wele pe paynes smerte 
Of dethe in short tyme I moste fele.
But for sothe, nowe wot I wele 7028
Ye brought me hefer for this fyne

7016. Laboure] hole in vellum for ou. 
7022. Hol in vellum for me.
My god to forsake, Apollyne.
O þis is a coynte pilgremage,
For I haue forsake in þis vyage 7032
My god for þi love, Partonope,*
And yeld me a cristen man to be,
And greed me fully to þin acorde.
But now haue I noper frende ne lorde ; 7036
For to my frendes woð I neuer draue,
I haue forsaken now myn owne lawe.
But I ne recche ; for I wolde go
There as I shaft dey also. 7040
But yete I wote, Partonope,*
The cause why þat þou lettest me
In þis wise oute of youre company,
For I shulde now with you dey,
Ne þat I shulde not into þe forest
Yow folowe lest some wilde best
In your servyce shuld me sle.
For wele I wote that truly ye
For me now wepe ful tenderly.
And in þe same wise mote I

7033, 7041. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

My god to forsake, Apollyne.
O þis ys a queynt pilgrymage,
For I haue for-sake in þis vyage 7032
My god for thy lone, Partanope,
And yelde me of tresoun a Cristen man to be.
7034
A[n]d greed me fully to thynne a-corde
But now haue I nether frend ne lord,
For to my frendys woð I nevir draue,
I haue forsake now myn owne lord and law.
But I ne recche ; for I wolde go
Ther as I shaft dey also. 7040
But yet I wote, Partanope,
The cause why that [thon] leftest me
In this wyse oute of youre Company,
1For I shulde now wyth yow dye 7044
Ne[d] that I shuld noo in-to the forest
1[Leaf 53, back]
Yow folowe lest Som wyth best
In youre Servyce shuld me sle.
For wele I wote truly that ye 7048
For me now wepe ful tenderly,
And in the same wyse mote I

7044. MS. adds wych before wyth.

Ravl. MS.

My god to forsake, Appolyne.
O þis is a quent pilgremage,
For I haue for-sake in þis vyage 7032
My god for þy lone, Partonope
And yelde me a cristyn man to be,

And gyrd me fully to pyne acorde.
Nowe haue I noper frende ne lorde.
To my frendes wyth I neuer draue, 7037
I haue for-sake myne owne lawe.

But I ne ryche, for I wift goo
Ther as I shaft drie also. 7040
But yet I wot, Partonope,
The cause why þou lettyste me
In þis wyse out of þy company.

[Catch-word: for I shulde nowe.]
Wepe and sorowe for you, my lorde, 
And hastely dey be one acorde."

And with this pynkyng on hors he lepe.

He thought he wolde take good kepe
Off pe stappes of his maister[s] palfray, 
To holde after hym pe straights wey
In hope he shuld hym ouer-take.

What shuld I her serve make?
Forpe he priketh vpon his hakeney
As longe as euer lasted pe day,
Titt vpon hym felt pe derke nyght.
And pen anoone he loste pe sight
Of his mysters horse steppyng,
And pen anoone he felt on wepyng,
For he myght not ouer-take
His maister; and furthermore to make
Of his sorowe and of his wo,
Att pat mater now let I go.

For her-after I shalt yow lere
Of his aventure and ye lust heere.

For now fully I purpose me
To telt yow forpe of Partonope.*

Forth now rydeth this Partonope*
Into pe forest pat neuer he
Spareth to ryde, day ne nyght,
Titt he passe knowleche and sight
Of all his frendys, more and lasse.

7072, 7073. MS. patronope.
Now is he alone in the wildernes
Amonge wyuerse and serpentes.  [leaf 90]

With-out craft of experymentes

He passed hem all with-outen disease.
Lo! so gan fortune with-outen leace

Gyde a man right as hir luste,
For his comyng into pe forest
Was amonge the serpentes to dye;
Yte was pere noone ones caste hir Eye
On hym in malyce harme to bede.
Thus pis lorde yroth hem yade;
Yte pere to dye he hadde made covenawnt.
And forpe he rideth even to pe haunte
Where lyouns and beres hadde her dwellyng.
There he thought was good a-hydyng
till he is alone in the wilderness. 7080

He seck a shelter for the night in the hollow of a tree, 7090

Where stode an holowe for-growen tree;
And of his hors right pere alight he.
He let his hors go where hym luste.
That nyght he pough pere to Reste.
As a thing that were for-lete
The hors yode forthe; for vnder his fete
Henge his brydeft ygilte full bright.
Thus nyght gan come, and day goon passe.

7080. craft] MS. crist.

Now ys he alone in the wyldernesse
Amonge wyuerse and serpentes.
Wyth-out craft of experymentes 7080
He passed hem all wyth-outen dyssse.
Lo! So gan fortune wyth-outen dye.
Gyde a man ryght as her lust, [leaf 54]
For he Comyng in-to the forest 7084
Was a-monge the Serpentes to dye;
Yet was ther none ons cast her ey
On hym) in Malece harme to bede.
Thus this lorde yroth hem yode; 7088
Yt there to dye he had made covenawnt.
And forth he rydeth even) to the haunt
Where lyouns and beres had her dwelling,

There he thought was good a-bydyng
till he is alone in the wilderness.

TyH fortune wold schape hym) to dye.
He loked a-syde, and dyr aspye 7094
Where stode an holow for-grown) tre;
And of hys hors ryght there alyght he.
7096

He seck a shelter for the night in the hollow of a tree,

He left his hors to where hym) lust,
That nyght he thought) there to rest.
As a thing that where for-lete 7099
The hors yond forth; for vndyr feete
Hinge hym) brydeft lygilte full bryght.
The day gan) passe, hit drow to nyght,
Thus nyght dyd come, and gan) passe.

7100
A hungry lion rushes at the horse.

Over a launde that hyght wyth garsse
Was growe, he sighe a lyon) came lepyng.
He was lene and large and fierce in loking,
Of flesch he semed pore and megre.
To take his pray he was ful Egre.
He had espied Partonope's * palfray;
He bought no firper to seke his pray.
Toward the palfray he hyed faste
The horse espied hym and was agaste,
And faste for feere a-wey gan fle.
This lyon) fiersly after hym did hye,
And ouere-toke hym, and pat anoone,
That flesch and skyn of his hokebone
With his pawe he did arace.

The horse perwith, as God yave grace,
With his hynder-fete at hym lety flyen,
And cleyyd his for-hede be-twene pe Eyen.
He smote pe lyon) with aH his myght.
The lyon perwith loste his sight
Of pe horse, with-outen nay.

7109. MS. patronopes.
And he with this grete affray
Ganne faste to neye and eke to renne,
As though his tayle had bene to brenne.
Through thick and thyn he hyed hym faste,
Tiff aH pe forest he was past,
And come vunto the se-* stronde.
He myght no firper for lak of lande.
Vpon pe seeside was aH nyght trottynge
This ilke hors, and aH-wey neelinge.
The moone on hevyn sate fuH hye.
Then was no Cloude vpon pe skye
Encombred of wynde ne of derkenesse,
That letted any poynte of his brightnesse.
So gay he sate on his speere
That aH pe wellyn of hym was clere;
And aH pe contree, with-outen nay,
Was as light as it had ben day.
Soft and easy was eke pe see.
A man myght right wele here and se
Ferre on pe see and eke on londe.

7129. see] MS. seide.

Univ. Coll. MS.

7124 The horse flies neighing to the sea-shore.
7128 and trots about there all the night through.
7132 This ilke hors, and allwey neyng.
7136 That pe wellyn of hym was clere.
7140 On pe se-syde aH is he trottynge.

Rawl. MS.

7124 Gau faste to neye and eke to rynne
As poughe his taift hade be to bryyne.
Thorwe thyke and thyn he hyede faste,

7128 Tiff aH pe foreste he was past,
And come vunto pe se-stronde.
He mygth no forper for lake of londe.

7133 This mone in hevyn sat fuH bye.
Ther was no clouthe vpon pe skye
Encomberde with wynde ne derkenes,
That lettyde ony poynt of his lightnes.

7136 That aH the wallyn of hym was clyere;
And aH the Contre, wythouten nay,
Was as lyght as hit had be day.
Softe and easy was eke the see.
A man myght ryght wele here and see.
Fere on the see and eke on londe.
Partonopes * hakeney vpon þe stronde
Evyr was neyng to and to.
And vpon þe see it happened so
A shippe þer was be ankyr rydying.
After wynde and tide was his abyding.
So calme at þat tyme was þe see
No furper sayle þen myght he.*
In this shipp a mayde þer was,
A fayrere, a semelrye nò-where nas,
The worlde to seke rounde a-boute.
Therto she was, with-oute doute,
Right curteise and þerto fre;
And of þis shippe chief lady was she.
Of hir was mervaylle be God a-bove;
She coupe neuer haue Ioy in love.
For of hir love was neuer man sure;
Ne paramours loved hir no creature.
This horse I spake of, euer was neyng;
And þerto so gretyly reboundyng
It made vpon the see so cliere.

7144. MS. patronopes. 7150. he] MS. theye.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And vpon) the strond Partanopes hakeney stond,
Euer was neyghying to and to.
And vpon) the see hyt happyl so
A Shyp there was be anker rydyng.
After wynde and tyde was hys abydying.
So calme at þat tyme was the see,
No fither sayle than myght he.
In this Ship a mayde ther was,
A fayrer, a semelyere no-where nas,
The world to seke rounde a-boute.
Therto sche was, wythont) doute,
Righet Curteys and ther-to fre;
And of þis Shipp chyf lady was She.
Of her was mervayle be God a-bone:
She cowde neuer hane Ioy in love.
For of her love was neuer man) sure,
Ne paramours loved her no creature.

1 This horse I spake of, was euer neyng,
And ther-to so gretyly reboundyng
Hit made vpon) this see So cliere [leaf 55]

Rwcl. MS.

Partonope hakeny on þe stronde
Euer was nyeynge to and to.
And vpon þe see it happyde soo
A shipe þer was vpon) þe se by ankiers rydying.
After wynde and tyde was his abydying.
So calme it was vpon þe see
No forþer safft myght he.
In þis ship a mayde þer was
A fayrer, a synmyere no-where nas,
The world to seke rounde a-boute.
Therto she was with-oute doute,
Rykht courteuse and þer-to fre;
Of þis shipe chyf lady was she.
Of hir was mervell he God abone:
She coutheye neuer hane Ioye of lone.
Of hir lone was neuer man) sure
Ne paramour lonyde here neuer creature.

This hors I spake of, was euer nyeynge
And þerto gretyly reboundynge [leaf 59, back]


"Peace," seide þis lady, "me thynketh I here
An horse ney now ; how sey ye?"
And with þat worde aH hir meany
StiH they stode aH wisely to here,
And first of aH answerd a marynyere.

MARoke was his name, I hote.
Of blew of Ypres was his cote.

White-heered he was and wele in * age,
In his crafte wise, and of dyuers language.
He coupe Enouge, it nedid not hym to lere.

And þen he seide: "Me thinketh þat I here
An horse ney, and þat ferre henne.
Me thinketh it shuld be in Arderne,
The grete deserte þat on þis see-
Coste is ; for it myght wele be
Some man for grete heynynesse
Is drawe to þat wildernesse,
Or elles some shipp on þe see
With Tempest perished; so myght it be
Some þer-of now had his lyfe,

7171. wele in) MS. in wele.

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Univers. Coll. MS.

"Pese," sayde þis lady, "me thynke I here
An hors ney nowe ; how sey ye?"
And wyth that word aþ her myne
Stiþ they stode aþ wysely to here,
And fyrst of aþ answerd a marynyere
MARoke was his name, I hote, 7169
Of blew of Iprys was his cote.
White-hered he was and in wele in age,
In his Craft wyse, and of dyuerse
language 7172
He couthe Inough, hyt nedyd hym not to lere.
And thanþe he seide: "Me thynketh
that I here
Anþ hors ney, and that ferre henne.
Me Thynketh hyt shuld be in Ardenþ
The grete deserte þat on þe see-
Cost þ ys ; þfor hit myght weþt be
Somþ manþ for grete heynynesse,
Or elles somþ Shypp onþ the see
Wyth tempest peryschid, So myght hit be
Somþ ther-of had now hys lyfe,

---

Rowl. MS.

"Pese," seyde þis lady, "me thynke I here
An hors ney nowe ; how sey ye?"
With þat worde aþ her myne
Stiþ stode wysly to here,
Fyrste of aþ answerde a marrenere.
MARoke was his name I hote. 7169
Of blew of Iprys was his cote.
Whyte hered he was and weþt in age,
In his crafte wyse, and of dyuerse
language 7172
He couthe Inough it nedyth not hym to lere.

Thenþe he seyde: "Me thynketh þat
I here
Ane hors nye, and þat ferre henne
Me thynke it shuld be in Arderne,
The grete dysserte þat on þe see-
Coste is ; for it myght weþt be
Som manþ for grete heynynesse
Ys drawe to þat wildernesse,
Ore elles shipþ on the see
With tempeste perisschede, myght be

Som þer-of hade nowe his lyfe,
Be grace þe wavys myght hym dryve
And eke his hors on þe stronde, 7185
And bryng bothe safe to londe.
Yf my felawes þat here in be
What þing it is lust * forto se, 7188
Into þe bote streight wolfe we gone.
The trouþe we wiþ knowe right anoone."
   "Lorde mercy" seide pis lady bright,
"Perilous hit were þis in þe nyght 7192

Univ. Coll. MS.

To go I-wysse, ye shulde never escape
Fro berys, lyons and fro malicious ape,
So wode, so seerse on yow shuld be,
On lyve from hym neuer passe shuld ye." — 7196
"Madame," sayde this goode marinere,
"And yow lyst to se dragon or bere,
The lyon, tygre, or the wyld ape,
I dare welle say ye shal wet escape [leaf 55, back] 7200
From hem wyth-out bodely harme.
For truly, madame, I can a charme,
That none of hem shal no powere hane
Ones to move or stere, So God me save.

7193-7243. lacuna in Brit. Mus. MS.

Ravl. MS.

To go deþer, ye shulde neuer skape ;
For berys, lyons, and malicious ape
So wode, so fers on you shuld be, 7195
On lyve fro hem neuer passe shuld ye." — 7201
"Madam," sayde þis good mariner,
"And ye lyste to se dragon ore bere,
The lyon, teger, ore þe wilde ape,
I dare weÞ say þe shal wet escape
Fro hem wyth-out bodely harme. 7201
For truly, madam, I can a charme
That none of hem shal no powere hane
You to grewe, so God me sane. 7204
For thogh we dwelld * there a yere,
Ther shuld nether lyon, ape ne bere
So hardly be vs to assayH."
7208  she is pleased to follow.

Than sayd this lady : "Wythouten) sayle
Wyth yow I wol) go now therfor,
And namely whan they shall be so tame,
Hem to behold hit were a good game."
7212

Marok sayd : "I shal) you shew
Merva[y]les many, and not few,
Of lyons, apes, and eke berys,
Dragouns, olifauntez, and gwy[v]ers,
Beres,* wolfes, and eke Serpentes,
And, shal) I wyth myn) experymentz
Make hem be-fore * yow for fere quake.
And whan me lust I [shall] hem) make
Ryse and walke where-euer hem) lust,
Thorw the forest were hem) lyketh best."
7220  Maruk will make the wild beasts quake before her.

Than sayd the lady, "Wythouten) lye,
This ys a passyng fayre maystrey.
Haue," she sayd, "the bote a-non
Oute of the Shipp, for I wyl) gone
Streyght in-to this wyld forest
To se aH mervelous bestes."
7224  They row to the strand,

Oute goth the bote a-non
The lady and her meyne in gone,
As many as She myght well trust
Of hem) that cowde row best.

7205. MS. dwelld.
7216. MS. Bores.
7218. fore] MS. from.

Rael. MS.

1 For pought we dwellyde here a yere
Ther shal] noper lyon, ape ne bere
So hardly be vs to assayH." [4 leat 31]

Then) seyde pis lady : "With-out fayH,
With you I will go before,
Namly whan) pey be so tame,
Hem) to be-holde it were good game."
Marroke sayde : "I shal] you shewe
Mervelus many, and not a fewe, 7213
Of lyons, apis, and eke beris,
Dragouns, olifauntez, eke gywerners,
Beris, wolfes, and eke serpentes, 7216
And I shal] with myne experymentes
Make hem be-fore you to quake.
7220

And when me lyste I shal] make
Ryse and walke where hem) lyste 7220
In pe foreste, where hem) lyke beste."
Then seyde pe lady : "With-out lye,
This is a passyng fayre maystrye.
Hane," she seyde, "pe bote anone 7224
Of pe shipe, for I will gon)
Streyght in-to pe foreste
To se aH mervelous bestes."
7228  Out gothe the bote anone,
The lady and her meyne In gon,
As many as she myght well truste
Of hem) put couthe Rowe beste.
Now fast Rowe they over the strond,
They seyde never tyH they come to londe.
Whan they on the londe a-ryved were,
They Cowde not fynde certayn ne heere
Neyther horse ne man ne other Creature,
Of here desyre were they not sure.
The lady sayd: "What may this be?
No-thyng that lyfe beryth can we not see."

Ther-wyth she comandeth ryght anon
Certeyn of her meyne for to gone
Ayen to Ship her mule to fette,
And this was done without lette.
Beres, apes, and also gryffouns,
Dragons, wyuers, and eke serpentes,
That be crafte of his experimentes
Oute of hir place durst not stirre.
This yonge lady did neigh hem nere
Of hem to be-holde pe manere.
Hir herte of hem gan no-ping fere.
These bestes they be-helde by and by,
And atte laste they did espy
Where a lyon lay newe dede.
With blode embrowded was his hede,
And fresshe I-slayne per he lay.
And not ferre fro hym the se pe palfray,
Sadeled redy, wherof pe arsone
AH blody was and eke his cropone.
Then seide Maruk: "I am certeyn
bi blode is of hym pat hath slayne
This lyon truly with-outen any more;
And eke pe man is hurt fuH sore,
And after hym I wole folowe pe trace.
And, medame, ye shuH in pis place
Abyde, and we shuH sew forp pis blode."

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Beres, apis, and also gryffouns,
Dragons, wyuers and eke serpentes,
That be crafte of his experimentes
Oute of hir place durst not stirre.
This yonge lady dyd neyght hem nere
Of hem to be-holde pe manere.
Hir herte of hem gan no-thing feere.
These bestes they beheeld by and by,
And at the last they dyd asspye
Where a lyon lay new dede.
Wyth blode embrowded his hede,
And fresh I-slayn there he lay.
And not ferre fro hem the seygh the palfray,
Sadeled redy, where-of the arson
AH blody was and eke his Crowpon,
Than) seyd Maruk: "I am certayn
This blode ys of hym that hath slayn
This lyoun truly wythouten more;
And eke the man) ys hurt fuH sore.
And after hym I wolle folow the trace.
And, madame, ye shal) in this place
A-byde, and we shal) sew forth this blode."
Partonope pen in pe holow tre stode
Hem be-holdyng peere faste by.  
This lady he be-helde witterly;
And when he hadde hir longe be-holde,
His herte gan within hym colde,
And perwith he siked ful piteously.  
This lady pat stode hym faste by,
In hir herte pought she than
The sighe trully was of a man.
And softely she hym come nere.
And what for hastynesse and for feere
His hede downe on his breste he caste. [leaf 92]
Of hym somwhat she was agaste.
With hir his visage was ouer-growe,
And he was ful pale of hewe.
This Coloure were pey * pat love trewe,
Yte was he of bones large and longe,
Febles, megre, and no-thing stronge.
Atte laste of hym she had a sight,
And pen she thought: "Be God allmyght,
This man thinketh hym-self for-do.

\[7290. \text{[pey]} \text{MS. peere.}\]

\begin{tabular}{ll}
\textit{Univ. Coll. MS.} & \textit{Rawe. MS.} \\
Partanope sees the lady, and sighs heavily. & Partanope in pe holowe tre stode \\
Hem be-holdynge peere faste by.  & Hem be-holdyng peere faste by.  \\
This lady he be-helde witterly, & This lady he be-helde witterly, \\
And when he hadde hir longe be-holde, & When he hadde hir longe be-holde, \\
His herte gan within hym colde, & His herte gan within hym colde, \\
And \(\text{perwith he siked ful} \) piteously.  & \(\text{perwith he siked ful} \) piteously.  \\
This lady pat stode hym faste by, & This lady pat stode hym faste by, \\
In hir herte pought she than & In hir herte pought she \(\text{pen} \) \\
The sighe trully was of a man. & The sighe trully was of a man. \\
And softely she hym come nere. & And softely she hym come nere. \\
And what for hastynesse and for feere & What for hastynesse and for feere \\
His hede downe on his breste he caste. & His hede downe on his breste he caste. \\
Of hym somwhat she was agaste. & Of hym somwhat she was agaste. [leaf 92] \\
With hir his visage was ouer-growe, & With hir his visage was ouer-growe, \\
And he was ful pale of hewe. & And he was ful pale of hewe. \\
This Coloure were pey * pat love trewe, & This \(\text{Coloure were pat love trewe} \) \\
Yte was he of bones large and longe, & Yte was he of bones longe \\
Febles, megre, and no-thing stronge. & Febles, megre and no-thing stronge. \\
At the laste of hym she had a sight, & At the laste of hym she had a sight \\
And than she thought: "Be God allmyght, & Then she thought: "Be God allmyght, \\
This man thinketh hym-self for-do, & This man thinketh hym-self for-do,
\end{tabular}
Some Caytif loste for care and wo.
My frende," she seide, "God pe se."
To hir no worde speke wolde he.
A lyteH hyer peN spake she:
"AH-myghty God now save thee."
And peNth he helde his heede an hye.
"And you also," she seide, "fayre lady."—
"Sir," she seide, "for pe lordes love,
That aH ping maketh and sitteth a-bove,
TeH me what is thy besynesse,
And what is cause of pi destresse,
And why you arte so megre and pale,
And of pi woN vnbocele pi male,
And teH me aH the veryr troupe.
Me thinketh of pe is grete roupe."
"LAdy," seide pis Partonope,*
"I cry you mercy, let me be,
And lette be aH your confluryng
For here ever shaft be myn abyding.
Goth hens, and lete me stiH be,
Till some beste haue devoured me."

1 Som caytyfe loste for care and wo. 7296
My frende," she sayde, "God pe see."
To hir no worde speke wolde he.
A lyttht hegyer than spake She:
"AH-myghty God nowe save thee."
7300
And there-wyth he held he hed on hye.
"And you affso," he sayd, "fayre lady,?
[Llaf 57]
"Syth," she sayd, "for the lordes love,
That aH thyng maketh and sitteth a-bove,
7304
Tylle me what his thynne hevynes,
And what ys cause of theys destresse,
And why thou art So megre and pale,
And of they woN vnbocele thy male, 730S
And teH me aH the veryr troug[t]h.
Me thinketh of thee ys grete rothne,"
"Ady," sayd thys Partanope,
"I crye you mercy, late me be,
And late be aH your coniuryng, 7313
For here ever Shaff be myn abydyng.
Goth hens, and late me styH be,
"Tyl som Best haue devoured be me."

7308. MS. apparently vnbocele.

Univ. Coll. MS.
The lady in great pity alights,
Grete pite hadde pis lady bright.
Downe of hir Mule she alight,
On fote þer-with to hym she came,
And of his chere grete heede * she name.
And when she hadde of hym take kepe,
For verey pite she gan to wepe,
And þen she seide: "For Goddis love, haue mercy
On þi-self, and now tell me why
Thou arte here, and what disese [leaf 52, back]
Is to þe falle; for yite some eace
Such cause myght be I may þe do."—
"Wolde God," seide he, "ye wolde now go
Forþe your wey, and let me be.
In shorte tyme God wole sende me
More disease þen I haue yite.
For I haue wele deserved * it.
Of foule and EvyH depe to dey
I haue deserved, and þerfore I
Desyre in no wise to hane conforte,
Ne to myne eace neuer make resorte.
Deth I seke, myght I hym fynde.

7320. MS. hete. 7332. MS. derserved.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Grete pete had this lady bryght. 7317
Donne of her mule anoon! She lyght, 7317
On foote þer-wyth to hym! She come,
And of hys chere grete kepe She nome.
And whan! She had of hym) take kepe,
For verray pite She gane to wepe, 7322
And thon) She seide: "For Goddes love,
haue myhte
On) they-self, and now tell me why
Thow art here, and what dysesse 7325
Ys to the falle; for yet som) case
Such cause myght be I may þe do."—
"Wold God," sayd he, "ye wold now go
Forth your way, and let me be. 7329
In Short tyme God wold sende me
More dysesse than) I haue yet.
For I haue wele deserved yt. 7332
Of foule and ensyth deth to dye
I haue deserved, and ther-for I
Desyre in no wyse to haue confort,
Ne to myne eace neuer make resorte.
Deth I seke, myght I hym fynde.

Rawl. MS.

Grete pete hade pis lady bright 7317
Donne of her mule anone she light,
On foote þer-with to hym she come,
And of his chere grete kepe nome. 7320
When she hade of hym take kepe,
For verray pite she gan to wepe.
Then she seyde: "For Goddes love,
mercy
On) by-sylle and tell me why 7324
Thow art here, and what dysseyse
Ys to þe falle; for yet som) esse
Soveche case myght be I may þe do."—
"Wold God," seyde he, "ye wolde goo
[leaf 52, back]
Furthe your wey, and let me be. 7329
In shorte tyme God sende wiþ me
More dysseyse þen I haue yet.
For I haue weþ deseryued it, 7332
A foule and eviþ deth to dye;
I haue deseryued it, and þer-fore I
Desyre in no wyse to haue conforte,
Ne to myne eyse neuer make resorte.
Deth I seke, myght hym fynde. 7337
Be wol not se me; I trowe he is blynde.
And pefore, lady, nowe lete me be.
Go forpe your wey, and sew your meany.”—
“Nay,” seide pe lady, “pat wole I not do.
I wole neuer departe pe fro,
TiH pi name pou haste tolde me.
Then wole I go and let pe be,
And right Even as thou lyst.
And soone I am syker some wilde beste
ShaH come and devoute the.
Fro hem I wrote pou mayst not fle.”
“LAdy,” he seide, “right fayre ye be.
But wote I neuer where pat ye
Be wife or mayden, with-outen doute,
But be pe meany pat is you a-boute,
Me thinketh of grete and highe degre
Be resone borne shuld ye be.
And ye a wonder occupac[i]on) hane
So longe to stonde here be a knave,
A brotheH, an oute-caste fro aH ping,
To holde with such felonye.

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He wold not se me; I trowe he ys blynde.
And ther-for, lady, nowe late me be.
Goth forth your wey, and shew your meler.”—
“Nay,” sa[y]d the lady, “that wol I not do.
I wolde never departe the fro,
TyH they name thou hast tolde me.
Thau wol I go and late the be,
And ryght even) as thou lyst.
And sone I am seker Some wylye best
ShaH come and devoute the.
Fro hem I wrote thou mayste not fle.”
“L Ady,” he sayd, “ryght fayre ye be.
But wol I nere where that ye
Be wyfe or mayden, wyth-outen) doute,
But be the meyne that ys yow a-boute,
Me thenketh of grete and hygh degre
Be resoun borne shuld ye be. [leaf 57, back]
And ye a wondre occupacion) have
So longe to stonde here be a knave,
A brotheH, an oute-caste fro aH thynge,
To holde wyth suche felonye.

---

He wyl not se me; I trowe he be blynde.
There-for, lady, nowe lete me be
Gothe your wey and sewe youre meyne.”
“Nay,” seide pe lady, “pat wyl I not do.
I wyll neuer departe the fro,
TiH pe name pou haste tolde me.
Then wyll I goo and let the be,
And right evyn) as pe lyste.
And sone I am seker som wilde beste
ShaH come and devoute the.
Fro hem I wot pou maiste not fle.”
“Lady,” he seyde, “right fayre ye be.
But wol I neuer where pat ye
Be wyfe ore mayde, with doute,
But be pe meyne you aboute,
Me thynke of grete and highe degre
Be resoun borne shuld ye be.
And ye a wonder occupacion) have
So longe to stonde be a knave
A brodeH, an oute-caste fro aH thynge,
To holde with soyche a felonye.

---

PARTONOPE.
I were right worthy for to dye
On a rope on a galowe tre.
What shuld a lady of your dege
With suchone holde any talkynge?
It were more fayre to holde your walkynge.
But sith ye list to knowe my name,
AH-though to me it be a shame,
I shaH now tell you as it is:
A false traytory is my name ywissee.
That I be called So is grete skille.
Ye mow go walke when ye wiff,
And I neuer pe wiser of your name."
Then answerd pe lady: "Be Seynt Iame,
My name I woU thow knowe wele, 7372
And of my kynrede if pou wylte feele:
My fadyr was an Empe/eur,
Which in his tyme bare pe floure
Of knyghthode; also he was right wise.
My Suster also is an Empe/ese,
And I a queene, and haue in honde
AH a kynge/dome; and pough I stonde

Univ. Coll. MS.
I were ryght worthy for to dye
On a rope vnder a galowe tre. 7360
What shuld a lady of youre dege
With soych on holde any talkynge?
Hit were more feyre to holde your talkynge
But seyth ye lyte to knowe my name
AH-though to me hyt be a shame, 7365
I shal now tell now as hyt ys:
A false traytor ys my name I-wyssee.
That I be called So ys grete Skytle.
Ye mow go walke whan ye wylle, 7369
And I never the wyser of your name."
Then answerd the lady: "Be Seynt Iame,
My name I wolU thow knowe wele, 7372
And of my kynrede if thou wylt feele.
My fadyr was an Empe/eur,
Which in his tyme bare the floure
Of kny[gh]thode; also he was ryght wyse.
My suster also ys an empresse,
And I a queene, and haue in honde
AH a kynge/dome; and thow I stonde

B[rit]ish Museum MS.

Rawl. MS.
Ye were right worthy for to dye
On a rope vnoder a galow tre. 7360
What shulde a lady of your dege
With soycn on holde talkynge?
Hit were more fayre to holde your talkynge
But seyth ye lyste to knowe my name
AH-though to me it be shame, 7365
I shal now teU you as it is: [leaf 53]
A false traytor is my name I-wis.
That I be callede so is grete skylt. 7368
Ye may go walke when ye wiff,
And I neuer pe wyser of youre name."
Then answerde pe lady: "Be sent Iame,
My name jou mayste knowe weU, 7372
And of my kynred yeU jou wylfe feele:
My fader was an emperour,
Whiche in his tyme bare pe floure
Of knyghtonde; also he was wyse. 7376
My suster also is an empresse,
And I a queene, and haue in honde
Alle a kynge/dome; pough I stonde
Here *jis* porely and speke with *pe*
Yite wepe *fuH* sore *pou* hast made me.
But treson I hate and it forsake.
My Right name forsothe is Wrake." *Loke* 7380
When he herde so hir name,
He knew hir wele, and *pen* for shame
His colour chaunged and aH his hew.
His grete sorowe gan to renewe;
And *perwith-aH* he wex so mate 7388
That to *pe* grounde he felt flatte
On swone anoone, with-outer more.
Wrake *pen* be-helde hym sore.
Within shorte tyme wele knew she
That it was Partonope.*
In armes she hent hym anoone right,
And comforted hym with hir myght.
"A lorde," she seide, "Omnipotent,
This man hym-self hath foule shent.
Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope!*
Where is your fisshe colour?" quod she,
"Be-come, fat some-tyme was rose Rede,

7393, 7398, MS. patronope.

---

Univ. Coll. MS.
Here thus poorly and speke wyth thee,
Yet wepe fuH sore thou hast made me.
But treson I hate and yt for-sake,
My ryght name for sothe ys Wrake." *Whenne* 7384
He herde her name, 7388
He knew her wele, and than) for shame
His colour changed and aH hys hew.
His grete Sorow gan to renewe;
And ther-wyth-aH he wex so mate 7388
That the ground he flyft flatt
On) swonn]e anon), wythouten]e more.
Vrak thau) be-heeld hym) sore.
Wyth-In Short tyme wele k[n]ew She
That hyt was Partonope. [leaf 58] 7393
In armes She hent hym)] anon)] ryght,
And comforted hym)] wyth her myght.
"A lord," She sayde, "omnypotent,
This man hym]self] hath foule Shent.
Loke vp, looke vp, Partonope! 7398
Where ys youre freshe colour?" quod she,
"Be-come that was som]e-tyme rose rede,

7393, 7398, MS. patronope.

---

Rawl. MS.
Here *jis* porely and speke with the
Yet wepe fuH sore *pou* hast made me.
But treson I hate and it for-sake. 7382
My right name for sothe hight Wrake.
When] he herde so here name, 7384
He knewe here weft, and *pen* for shame
His colour changyde and his hew.
His grete sorwe gan to renewe.
Ther-wyth-aH he wex so mate 7388
That to be grounde he fi]ft flatte
On swone anoone, with-out more.
Wrake *pen* be-helde hym sore.
With-in short tyme weft knewe she
That it was Partonope. 7393
In armes she hent hym right,
And comfort hym with hir myght.
"A lorde," she seide, "omnipotent,
This man hym-Selfe hathe foule shent.
Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope! 7398
Where is your freshe colour?" seide she,
"Be-come, fat was rose rede,

7400
And now is pale as ashen dede?
Why be your clothes thus to-tore?
I haue sey yourow hen-fore
FuH fresshe arrayed, with-onten drede.”
Of aH hir wordes toke he none hede.
Then of his dethe she gan to shere.
And pen she cried lowde in his Ere
A tale pat shuld be to hym plesyng.
Anoone she forged a fayre lesyng;
And pen she seid: “Fayre Partonope,*
My lady, my Suster, hate sent me
You to seke fuH many a myle.
But blessed be pilk while
That at pis tyme I haue you founde.
A-boute Fraunce I haue sought you rounde.
She hath wele assayed your trouthe,
And of your sorowe now hath she routh.
There feH forsothe a foule mysschaunce.
But now she knoweth your repentance
And pe sorowe pat ye haue take.

7410. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.
And now ys pale as ashen dede? 7401
Why be your clothes thus to-tore?
I haue sey yourow hen-fore
FuH fresshe arrayed, with-onten drede.”
Of aH hir wordes toke he none hede.
Then of his dethe she gan to shere.
And pen she cried lowde in his Ere
A tale pat shuld be to hym plesyng.
Anoone she forged a fayre lesyng; 7409
And pen she seid: “Fayre Partonope,
My lady, my Suster, hate sent me
You to seke fuH many a myle.

Rawl. MS.
And now is pale as ashen dede
Why bethe your clothys pus I-tore?
I haue sen you in tyme here to-fore
FuH freshe arayde, with-ont drede.”
Of aH hir wordes toke he none hede.
Then of his dethe was she in fere. 7406
Then she cryede lowde in his erer.
A tale pat shuld be to hym plesyng.
A-none she forgde a fayre lesyng. 7409
Then she seyde: “Feyre Partonope,
My lady, my syster, hath seent me
You to seke many a myle.

But byssyd be pat ylke whyle
That at pis tyme I haue you founde.
A-boute France I haue sought you rounde
She hath weyl assayed your trouthe,
And of your sorwe hath grete routh.
There-fore for sothe a foule myschaunce.
But nowe she knoweth your repentance
And pe sorowe pat ye haue take.
She hath chosen you to be hir make,
Hyr love, hir lorde, hir souerayngue.
I haue tolde you pe troupe pleyne.
Lette be your wepyng, it is but nyssete.
To launge right grete cause haue ye.
Rise vp haste, and come with me.
A place I haue, where pat ye
Shal be kept full pryvely.
My susters Castell * is faste by.
A-vey pes heeres shal be shawe.
Good mete and drynke ye shal haue,
And good bapes of herbes swete.
Then with my suster shal ye mete.
Go pe no firper youre helthe to seche,
For my selfe shal be your leche.
And I wole in no wise pat ye
Be sene of no creature but me,
Of man, ne woman, grome, ne page,
TiH pe blode in your visage,
And fresshe colour be come ayein,

7429. MS. castels.

Univ. Coll. MS.

She hath chosen you to be your make,
Hyr love, hyr lorde, hyr souerayngue.
I haue tolde you the troupe pleyne,
Lete be your wepyng, hyt ys but nysete.
To launge right grete cause haue ye.
Rise vp haste, and come with me.
A place I haue, where pat ye
Shulde be kep pe full pryvely.
My susters casteff ys faste by,
A-vey thys these herys shal be shawe.
Goode mete and drynke ye shal haue,
And good bateshe of erbes sweete.

[1 leaf 38, back]

Than wyth my suster Shul ye mete.
Goth no fether youre helthe to sech,
For my selfe shal be youre leche.
And I woff in no wyse that ye;
Be seyn) of none creature but me,
Of man), ne woman), grome, ne page,
TiH the blode in to your vysage,
And fresshe colour be come a-yein.

7427. MS. adds I place after place.

7424

7428

7432

7436

7440

7440. MS. woy or way; shawe written like shame.

Rawl. MS.

She hathe chose you to be youre make,
Hir love, here lorde, hir souerayne.
I haue you tolde pe trouble pleyne.
Let be your wepynge, it is but nysete.
To launge right grete cause had ye.
Rise vp haste, and come with me.
A place I haue, where pat ye
Shulde be kepet full pryvely.
My susters casteff is faste by.
A-vey pe heres shal be shawe.
Good mete and drynke ye shal haue,
And good bathis of erbis sweete.

Then with my syster shal ye mete.
Go no forper youre hele to seche,
For my-selfe shal be your leche.
I wif in no wyse pat ye
Be sen) of no creature but me,
Of man), ne woman), grome ne page,
TiH pe blode in-to your vesage
Of frasse colour be come ayein.

7440. MS. wey or way; shawe written like shame.
Then wole I aH folke you sene."
And with that worde Partonope*  [leaf 94]
A dedely Eye on hir caste he,
And sodenly from hir his Eye did falle,
And pitousely seide with-aH,
With symple voyce and herte colde,
To Wrak he seide: "pat ye haue tolde,
Ware I leve with fulH entent,
That my lady hath hir male-talent
Me for-gyven and so ytterly,
Sith pat I haue so traytoursly
With-oute cause did hir grete shame,
And made hir loste hir good name?
Lorde, where she wote, fayre Wrak,
That I haue þus moche sorowe make
For þe treason and þe foule falsenesse
That I hir did, and þus hir kyndnesse
Have I EviH quytte? lorde, where she
In any wyse coupe haue mercy on me?"
"Sir," she seide, "To you to lye,
It were to me grete velany.

7442. patronope.

Then wiH I aH folke you sene."
With þet worde Partonope
A dedely eye on hir caste he,
And sodenly fro hir his eye dyde faH,
And peteously he sayde wyth-alle, 7445
Wyth symple voyce and hert cold;
To Wrak he sayd: "That ye haue told,
Dare I leve wyth fulH entent 7448
That my lady hath hyr maletalent
Me for-gyfen) and so ytterly,
Syth that I haue So traytoursly 7451
Wyth-oute cause dyd hir grete Shame,
And made her lost her goode name?
Lorde, where she wete) now fayre Wrak,
That I thus moche sorow haue take
For the treson) and the foule falsenes
That I her dyd, and thus her kyndenes
Haue I euH quytte? lorde where she
In ony wyse cowde haue mercy on me?"
"Syr," she sayd," to you to lye, 7460
Hit were to me grete vylanye,
Ye ought to knowe hir as weef as I. 
She coude not suffre now truly 
You to longe to be in hevynesse; 
She is so full of gentilnesse."

To her seide Pan Partonope : *
"I belewe now sopelely that ye 
Hawe me seide, is verray troupe. 
Hir herte is full of pite and roupe. 
For in pis worlde, I youe sure, 
Was neuer brought forpe creature 
More habundaunt in womanhede. 
For in hir founde I, with-outen drede, 
Courtesy, fredam, and gentillnesse, 
Eounte, mercy, and eke mekenesse. 
For per is now no man on lyve 
The goodnesse coupe discryve 
That here-fore she did to me, 
When my service she had in chiere. 
Therfore pat ye haue seide, Wrake, 
Fully I belewe, and per-for take 
Me aH holy into your gouernaunce.

7462. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Ye ought to know her as weef as I. 
She coude not suffre now truly 
Yow to longe to be in hevynesse; 7464 
She ys so fuH of gentylnesse." 
To her sayd than Partonope : 
"I be-leewe now sothele all that ye 
Hawe me sayde, ys verray trouth. 7468 
Her hert ys fuH of pytee and Routhe. 
For in this world I yow ensure, 
Was neuer broght forth creature [leaf 90] 
More haboundant in womanhede, 7472 
For in her found I, wyth-outen drede, 
Curtesye, frodam, and gentylinesse, 
Bounte, mercy, and eke mekenesse, 
For ther ye now no man ow lyfe 7476 
The grete godenesse coude descryve 
That here a-fore she dyed to me, 
Whan my seruyse she had in cheerte. 
Ther-fore that ye haue send, Vrak, 7480 
Fully I belewe, and ther-for take 
Me aH holy in-to your gouernaunce.

Rawl. MS.
Ye ought to knowe hir as weef as I. 
She couthe not suffer nowe truly 
You to longe to be in heuynesse; 7464 
She is so fuH of Ientynnes." 
To here seyde Pen Partonope. 
"I be-leue nowe aH pat ye 
Hawe seyde me, is verray trouthe. 7468 
Hir hert is fuH of pete and routhe. 
For in pis worlde, I youe ensure, 
Was neuer broght forthe soych a creture, 
More habundante in Womanhede, 7472 
For in here fondé I with-out drede 
Courtesy, fredom and Ientynnesse, 
Bunte, fredom, and eke mekenesse. 
For per is nowe no man ow lyne 7476 
The grete godenesse couthe dysseruyue 
That here a-fore she dyde to me, 
When my seruyse she had in charyte. 
Therfore pat ye haue seyde, Wrake, 
Fully I be-leue and per-for take 7481 
Me aH holy in youre gouernaunce,
For yte I haue fultH good remembrance
How gentiH and how curteyse ye were
To me, when I my lady dere,
Your suster, hadde so foule be-trayed,
And for fere was so desmayed
Of hir meany, when they me sought,
Then prow hem aH ye me brought,
And helped me wele oute of pat contre.
This is pe seconde tyme pat ye
Haue me saved from horreble depe.
Therfore while me lasteth brepe,
Your servaunt for ever wole I be,
Sith my life ye haue pis in chyerte.
And forpe with you now wole I go.
But I not how pat I shalH do:
I am ouercome with ffeblenesse;
For be pe Rotes of pe grasse,
Sith I come hidder, haue ben my leyng.
On knees and elbowes is now my goyng;
I have no power to go pre pase.
My songe may be allas, allas."
Wrek of hym hadde grete pite.
Tendyrly for his wo wept she,
And seide: "pis was a grete cruelte
Of my suster to ordyne pat ye
Shuld be brought in pis forest
to lyve by herbes as dope a beste.
In pis," she seide, "she had no reasone." —
"Why," seide he, "I did her treasone,
Wherefore I haue deserved wele
Euer to lyve in care and dole,
TiH pat hir lust to for-yve me,
For as she wille so mote it be.
Hidder I brought an amblere gra\n
FuH late he was faste by me*;
FuH lene and megre now is he.
I trow he is fledde to þe see.
If any-body wolde hym hidder fette,
Vpon hym I myght wele sitte.
Then myght I streight ride forþ with you.

7517. faste by me] MS. fastened ay.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Vrak of hym had grete petee. 7504
Tendyrly for his wo wept she,
And sayd: "This was grete crueltee
Of my suster to ordynyn that ye
Shuld be brought in thys forest 7508
To leve be erbes as doth a beste.
In this She I ayd She had no reson.
"Why," sayde he, "I dyde her resoun
Where-for I haue deseryd wele 7572
Euer to lyve in care and doule,
TyH that her lust ys to for-yve me,
For as she wolle So mote hyt be.
Hedye I brought an ambler gra\n
FuH late he was here fast by 7517
FuH lene and megre now ys he.
I trow he ys fledde to the see.
Yf any-body hym hydyr wold fett 7520
Vpon hym I myght wele sett.
Then myght I streight ryde forth with you.

[1 leaf 59, back]
But with aff my hert I pray you,
To every wight it [vn]knowe be 7524
That my name is Partonope.
And lette me prively somewhere soiourne,
Where no man shal se me mourne,
Ne that my lady me euere se,
To haue pe more despit of me."—
"Certeis," seide pis good Wrak,
"Aff pis I darre weel vndirtake."
As they were spekyng of pis array,
They sawe where come his palfray.
Anone to hir pis hors was fette,
And Partonope * on hym was sette.
Straight to pe bothe hope they ride.
Calme was pe see, fayre was pe tide.
The bothe with good wiþ pey rowe eichone;
Thus atte shipp they were anoone.

7535. patronope.

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

But wyth aff myyn hert I pray yow now,
To evey wyght hyt vnknowe be 7524
That my name ys now Partonope;
And lute me pryvely som-where sorgeron
Where no man shall se me mone,
Ne that my lady me neuer see. 7528
To haue the men despyte of me."
"Sertes," sayde this goode Wrake, 7530
"Aff thys I dare weel vndirtake."
As they were spekyng of thys aray,
They sey where come hys Palfry.
Anone to her thys hors was fett,
And Partonope ou hym was sette, 7535
Strayght to the bothe they ryde.
Calme was the see, fayre was the tyde.
The bothe wyth good wyth they row eichone;
Thus at the Shyppe they were a-none.

**Rawcl. MS.**

But with aff my hert I pray you nowe,
To every wyght it vnknowe be 7524
That my name is Partonope,
And let me prively som-where soiourne
Where no man shall se me mone,
Ne that my lady me neuer see,[1 leaf 55]
To haue demore dyspyte on me."—
"Sertes," seyde pis good Wrake, 7530
"Aff pis I dare weel vndertake."
As they were spekyng of pis aray,
They sey where come his palfry.
Anone to her pis hors was fete,
And Partonope on hym was set.
Strayght to pe bothe bothe ryde. 7536
Calme was pe see, fayre was pe tyde
The bothe with good wiþ pey rowe eichon;
Thus at shipe pey were anoone.

**Clifden MS.**

. . . H myyn hert y pray you 7524
. . . yght it vnknowe be
. . . name is partanope
. . . me pryvely sumwhere soiounen
. . . maun shal se me mone
. . . my lady me euere see 7528

1 Bottom line.

. . . the more despite of me
. . . yde this Goode Wrake
. . . y darre weel vndertake
. . . were spekyng of this Aray
. . . . . . wyth lay row echon 7538
. . . . . . . were anoone

2 Top line of col.
In gothe Wrak, and Partanope,*
And in cometh after aH pe meany. 7540
Wrak Maruk to hir dyd cale:
"Which londe is next vs of * aH?"
Seith she, "now teH vs blyve. 7544
There I wolde we myght aryve."—
"Madame," seith Maruk, "now truly,
Here is an Ile but faste vs by.
The londe of Salence men do it calle;
That londe is next vs now of aH." 7548
To Maruk seide pis good Wrake:
"In aH pis haste I pray the make
Thy shippe redy in aH degre,
That vnder sayle in haste we be." 7552
Maruk biddeth his men a pase:
"Go hye you faste to pe wyndase,
And puH pe anker vp on haste!" 7556
The sayle perwith a-doune he caste.

7540. MS. patronope. 7443. vs of] MS. of vs.
7556. MS. on, scarcely in.

Univ. Coll. MS.
In goth Vrak and Partanope, 7540
And in cometh after aH the meyne.
Vrak Marooke to her dyde cale:
"Whych londe ys next vs of aH?"
Seyde She, "Now* teH vs blyve. 7544
There I wold wyth myth a-ryve."
"Madame," sayth Maruk, "truly,
Here ys an Ile but faste vs by.
The londe of Salence men do hit cale;
The londe ys next vs now of aH." 7549
To Maruk sayd this goode Vrak: [leaf 60]
"In aH the haste I pray the mak
They Shyppe redy in aH degre,
That vnder sayle in hast we be." 7552
Maruk byddyth hys men a pase:
"Goo hye yow fast to the wyndase,
And puH the Ankre vp in hast." 7556
The sayle ther-wyth a-doune he cast.

7544. MS. Mow.

Ravl. MS.
In gothe Wrake and Partonope, 7540
And in comyth after aH be meyne,
Wrake Marroke to her dyde cale:
"Which londe is next of vs aH?"
Seyde she: "Nowe teH vs blyve. 7544
There I wolde we myght aryve."—
"Madame," sayde Marroke, "truly
Here is an Ile faste vs by.
The londe of Salence men doth it cale;
That londe is nexte vs of aH." 7549
To Marroke sayde pis good Wrake:
"In aH the haste I pray the make
Thy shippe redy in aH degre,
That under sayd in haste we be."
Marroke byddyth his men a pase:
"Goo hye yow fast to the wyndase,
And puH pe anker vp in haste." 7556
The sayle perwith doune he caste.

Clifden MS.

... anop.
... aH t...
... myght... e 7545
... m sayde Marok trul...
... ys an yle but fast...
... and of Salence me...
... londe ys... vs...
... aruk... gode Vrak

... t... h... the... make
... ship... in all degree 7552
... vnder sayle in hast we be
... k byldeth hur men a place
... hyeth fast to the wyndace
... pulle the Ankor vp in hast 7556
... sayle ther-wyth a. owne he...
A better shippe myght no man fynde
Atte sayle, at wedyr, and at wynde [leaf 93, back]
At wyth they had, I you plight;
And forpe they sayle aff pat nyght,
Safe and sounde * with-outen nay.
To Salence they come be pat day
Gan shew, and pe sonne gan spryng.
To Wrake þis was glad tithing.
Salence is but a lyteH Ile.
Of length it is not ouer a myle
More þan it is nowe of brede,
A contro of plenteousnesse, as I rede,
FulH of aff maner swete delites.
There-in groweth dyuers spices.
Of corne and fleshe þer is grete plente,
Venesone, fresshe fyshe þer lakketh no deynte,
Wode, medowe, large in length,
Rounde a-boute in his strength.
Shorte tale to make with-outen more,

7562. sounde] MS. founde.

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

A betyr Shipp myght to man) fynde
At sayle, at wedyr, and at wynde
At wyth they had, I you plight; 7560
And forth they sayle aff that nyght,
Safe and sound wythouten) nay.
To Solence they come be that day 7563
Gan) shew, and the sonne gan) spryng.

Solence ys but a lyteH Ile,
Of length hyt ys not over a myle
More þan) hyt ys nowe of brede, 7563
A contro of plenteousnesse, as I rede,
FulH of aff maner swete delites.
There groweth ther-in dyvers spices,
Of corne) and fleshe ther ys grete plente.
Venyson), fresshe fysch, ther lakketh
no deynte 7573
Wode, medowe, large in lengthe,
Rounde a-boute in lys streight.
Shorte tale to make wythouten) more,

7562. sounde] MS. founde.

**Rawl. MS.**

A beter ship myght no man fynde
At nydH, at weder and at wynde
At wyth þey hade I you plight 7560
And furthe þey seylede aff þat nyght,
Safe and sounde with-outen nay.
To Salence þey come be þe day
Gan shewe and þe son spryng. 7564
To Wrake þis was good tydinges.
Salence is a lyteH Ile. [leaf 55, back]
Of length it is not ouer a myle
More þen it is nowe of brede, 7568
A contro of plenteousnesse as I rede,
FulH of aff maner swete delitys
Ther-in groweth dyvers spyses. 7571
Of corne and fleshe þer is grete plente,
Venyson, fyshe þer lakkede no deynte.
Wode, medewe þer large in length,
Rownde aboute in his streight. 7575
Shorte tale to make with-out more,

**Cliden MS.**

A bet . . . . .
At s . . . .
At v . . . . 7560
And . . . .

Saf . . .
To . . . .
Ga . . . 7564
To . . . .
The Emprisse, feyre Melioure, 7577
Yafe It hire Suster, good Wrake, 7577
To that entent yer-in to tak 7577
Hyr plesung whyle and her dysport, 7577
Amonge whan she wolde thedyr resorte. 7577
In this ile she hadde a fayre casteH, 7577
Stronge walled a-boute and diched wele. 7577
So erly in that mornynge. 7577
When she was landed, she made bryng 7577
Thidder so pryvely Partonope. 7577
Therof wist no life but only she, 7577
And wolde in no wise suffre him mourne. 7577
There she seide she shuld sogueurme. 7577
She made hym haue all maner delite. 7577
Within a while he gan haue apetite 7577
To mete and drynke and eke to reste. 7577
What he wolde haue he hadde hele beste. 7577
Sorowe hadde hym enfebled so sore, 7577
Many of his heeres were waxen here, 7577
Lee she made hym of a certeyn ashe, 7577

Univ. Coll. MS.

The emprisse, Feare Meliour, 7577
Yafe hyt her suster, goode Vrak, 7577
To that entent ther-yu to tak 7577
Hyr pleynge whyle and her dysport, 7577
Amonge whan she wold thedyr resorte. 7577
In this ile she had a fayre casteH, 7577
Stronge walled a-boute and diched wyll. 7577
So erli in that mornyng 7577
When she was londen, she made bryng 7577
Thedyr so pryvylly Partonope, 7577
There of wist no lyfe but only she, 7577
And wolde in no wyse suffre hym morone. 7577

Rawl. MS.

The emperesse, fayre Melyore, 7577
Yafe hir syster, fayre Wrake, 7577
To that entente her-in to tak 7577
Hir pleynge and hir dysporte, 7577
A-monge whan she dyde resorte. 7577
In his ile she hade a fayre casteH, 7577
Stronge wallede and decynde wyll. 7577
So erly in pat mornynge, 7577
When she was londen, made bryng 7577
Depe pryvely Partonope. 7577
Ther-of wyse no man but she, 7577
And wolde in No wyse suffir hym morne. 7577

Partonope is brought to a strong castle.

His grev hairs are chang'd by Urake's care.

7578. MS. patronope.
And ofte his hede perwith did wasshe.
The colour amended þen hugely.
And þerto she fayned pryvely

Letters, as they though had be 7600
Sent fro hir suster to Partonope,*
Of love endited so wele and goodly,
That he gan wex aþ fresshe and lusty.
The colour in his visage gan faste amende.
To be þus releved he neuer so wende.
Of hym no man, I darre vndertake,
Hadde knowleche, safe only Wrake,
And a mayden þat was fayre and fre, 7608
Borne of hye and noble degré.
A kyng was hir fadir, hir modyr a queen,
Cousyn to Wrake so bright and shene.
Wrake hir loved fuþ passyngly,
She was right fayre and þerto goodly.
This maydens name was Persewisse.
Fayre shap she was, and eke wisse,
Fre in gyvyng, curteyse in* dalyaunce. 7616

7601. MS. patronope. 7614. MS. apparently persowisse. 7616. in] MS. and.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And ofte hys hede ther-wyth dyd wasshe;
The colour amendyd than] howgely.
And ther-to She fayned pryvely
Letters as they thogh had be 7600
Sent for her suster to Partonope,
Of love en-dyted So wele and goodely,
That he gan wex aþ fresshe and lusti.
The colour in his vy sage gan] fast
To be thus relevid he neuer So wend.
Of hym] no man], I dare vnderstand,
Had'knowlech, safe onely Wrake,
And a mayden] that was fayre and free,
Borne of hye and noble degré.
A king was here fadyr, hir modyr a quene,
Cosyn] to Vrake so brygh[t] and sheen).
Vrake her loved fuþ passyngely, 7612
She was ryght fayre and ther-to goodely.
This maydens name was Persewysse.
Fayre shap She was, and eke wyse, 7615
Free in gyfyng, curteyse in dalyans.

Lowel. MS.

And ofte his hede þer-wyth dyd wasshe; 7597
The colour amendyde þen highely.
And þerto she peyned hir pryvely
Letteris, as þey taught hade be 7600
Sent fro hir syster to Partonope,
Ofte lone endytyde so weft and goodly,
That he gan wex fresshe and lusty.
The colour of his vysage gan a-mende.
To be þus releuyde he neuer wende.
1 Of hym no man], I dare vndertake,
Hade knowlage, safe only Wrake, 7607
And a mayde feyre and fre, [1 leaf 56]
Borne of high and nobit degré.
A kyng was here fader, hir moder a quene,
Cosyne to Wrake bright and shene.
Wrake hir lonyde fuþ passyngely, 7612
She was right feyre and þerto goodly.
* This maydes name was Percewysse.
Fayre shap she was, and eke wyse,
Fre in gyuy[n]ge, curteyse in dalyaunce.
She coude wele harpe, singe, and daunce, 7617
But of love toke she noone hede.
For who so wolde, with-outen drede, 7620
To hir speke of such matere,
Of hir shuld he haue no good chere.
Hir hert pat tyme was in such a plite, 7624
To speke of love she had noon apetite.
In such daliance wolde she not spende
Hir speche; but after she may amende.
As seith myn auctour, fuH hardly she
Did it not oonly for chastite,
Though she loved nepet to kyssse ne rage.

AH pis was but tendirnesse of age.
Wherfore is was but tendirnesse of age.
She shuld here-after more sharply
Of loves darte fele pe prickyng,
Which shuld hir wittes fuH soone bryng
For euer to forsake hir chastite.
For comynly it is not sene they be
Herborowed to-gedre now in oon plase,

Beaute and chastite; for ouer grete space [leaf 96, back]

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Univ. Coll. MS.

She coude weH harpe, syng, and daunce, 7617
But of love toke she now heede.
For who so wold, wythouten drede,
To here spek of such matere, 7620
Of here shulde he haue no good cheyre.
Her hert that tyme was such a plyte.
In such dalyance wold She not spende
Her speke[en] / But here-after she may amend.
As seith myn auctour, fuH hardly She
Dyd hyt not onely for chastite,
Thogh Sh alleged neyther to kyssse ne rage 7628
AH this was but tendre-ne[s] of age.

Wher-for myn auctour seyth truly
She shuld here-after more Sharpely
Of loys darte ferle the pryking, 7632
Which shuld hir wyttes fuH sone bring
For euer to forsake hir Chastite.
For comonly hyt ys not seyn they be
Herborured to-gedyr in oo plase,
Beawte and chastyte; for ouer grete spase [1 leaf 61]

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Ravol. MS.

She couthe weH harpe, syng, and daunce,
But of love toke she none hede.
For who so wolde, with-out drede,
To hir speke of soyche mater, 7620
Of hir shulde he haue no good chere.
Hir hert pat tyme was in soych plyte,
To speke of loine hade she no deylte.
In soyche dalyance wolde she not spende
Here speche; but here-after she may amende.
As seyth myne auctour goodly she
Dyd it not only for chastyte,
Though she louyde nepet kyssse ne Ragge,

AH pis was but tendernese of age. 7629
Where-for myn auctour seyth truly
She shulde here-after more sharply
Of loys darte fele the prykynges, 7632
Which shuld hir wyttys sone bryng
For euer to forsake chastyte.
For comynly it is not sen pat be
Herberwyde to-geder in on plase, 7636
Beawte and chastyte; for euer grete space
They wolde take, as tellyth myn auctour me.
For truly he seith how that they be
Two contraries to-gedre [to] dwelle,
For pe toone wole aH-wey pe toper seH.
For pat woman pat hath grete beaute,
And spendeth hir life in chastite,
Fairenes on hir is evill be-sette.
For chastite in no wise should be knette
To beaute : for they mow neuer acorde,
To-gedre in plesaunce to serve pe worlde.
For she pat lyveth in chastite,
When folke pley, pen lowreth she.
She hath no Ioy of mery dalyaunce.
Let hir go forpe with mysschaunce,
And beaute of hir neuer, take hede!
Ye mow not acorde, with-outen drede.
For beaute loveth aH gentilnesse,
Honour noble, and largesse,
Faire speche, and perto fuH of plesaunce,

Univ. Coll. MS.

They wold take, as tellyth myn auctour me.
For truly he sayth how that they be
Two contraries to-gydyr to dwelle, 7640
For the tone wot a-way the other shaft.
For that woman that hath grete beaute,
And spendyth her lyfe in chastite,
Fayrenes or hyr ys evyff be-sette. 7641
For chastite in no wyse shulde be knytt
To beaute ; for thy now neuer acorde,
To-gydyr in plesauns to serbe the world.
For She that lyueth in chastyte, 7648
Whan folke pley, than) lowreth She,
She hath no Ioy of myry dalyauns.
Late her go forth wyth myschauns.
And beaute of her neuer take hede!
Ye mow not a-corde, wyth-ouen drede.
For beaute bonyd aH gentylnesse, 7651
Honour noble, and largenesse,
Fayre spe[c]h, and ther-to fuft of
plesauns, 7656

Brow. MS.

They wolde take, as tellyth my autor me.
Truly he seyth howe pat pey he
To contraryouse to-gedre to dwelle, 7640
For pe ton wiff pat oper seH.
For pat woman) pat hathe beaute,
And spendydh here lyfe in chastythe,
Fayrenes on hir is iff be-sett. 7644
For chastite in no wyse shulde be knette
To beaute ; for pey with neuer acorde,
To-gedre in plesaunce to serve the worde.
For she pat leyveth in chasteye, 7648
When folke pley, pen lowrith she.
She hathe no Ioye of mery dalyaunce.
Let hir goo furth with mysschaunce,
And beaute of hir take none hede! 7652
Ye may not a-corde, with-out drede.
For beaute louyth aH gentylnesses,
Honoure nobille, and largeness,
Fayre speche, and perto fuft of plesaunce,

Clid. MS.

They wolde take, as tellyth my autor me.
Truly he seyth howe pat pey he
To contraryouse to-gedre to dwelle, 7640
For pe ton wiff pat oper seH.
For pat woman) pat hathe beaute,
And spendydh here lyfe in chastythe,
Fayrenes on hir is iff be-sett. 7644
For chastite in no wyse shulde be knette
To beaute ; for pey with neuer acorde,
To-gedre in plesaunce to serve the worde.
For she pat leyveth in chasteye, 7648
When folke pley, pen lowrith she.
She hathe no Ioye of mery dalyaunce.
Let hir goo furth with mysschaunce,
And beaute of hir take none hede! 7652
Ye may not a-corde, with-out drede.
For beaute louyth aH gentylnesse,
Honoure nobille, and largeness,
Fayre speche, and perto fuft of plesaunce,

1 Lete hur go forth wyth myschaunce
And beaute of hur neuer take hede! 7652
Ye may not Accord with-ouen drede
For beaute loueth A[H]t gentynesse

1 Top line, and at the back of l. 7512.
Lovynge bope play, to sing and daunce.
Chastite putteth beaute oute of array.
She wyl never suffre hir be fressehe and gay,
But shadowes hir euer with mournyng chiere;
Of hir she hath a fuh lewde fere.
For beaute desyryth to haue pe colour
Of pe faire fressehe rose flourre,
And loveth also to lyve in Iolyte,
Desyryng to haue hye prosperite,
But put foule pot may not haue
To hir love nope kyght ne knave,
Gentilman ne yeman of no degree,
Lette hir pan lyve in chastite.
Yyte vnknowe I love wele chastite
Better a grete dele pen she dope me:
For if I spoke to hir of any love,
Be God pat sitteth in heven a-bowe,

Univ. Coll. MS.

Louynge bope play, to syng, and dauns.
Chastite putteth beaute oute of array:
She wyth never suffre her be fresh and gay,
But shadowes here euer wyth mornyng cheyre;
Of her hath she a fuh lewde leere.
For beaute desyreth to have the colour
Of the fayre freysh Rose flourre,
And louth also to lyve in Iolyte, 7664
Desyryng to have hie prosperite,
But that foule that may not hane
To hir love neyther kyght ne knave,
(Gentyllman) ne yoman of no degre.
Late here) lyve in chastite, 7669
[Leaf 61, back]
Bettber a grett dele than she doth me:
For ye I speke to her of any love, 7672
Be God that sitteth in heven a-bowe.

Rawl. MS.

Louynge bope play, to syng and dauns.
Chastite putteth beaute oute of array:
She wyth never suffre her be fressehes
but shadow hir euer with mornyng chere.
Of hir she hath a fuh lewde flourre.
For beaute desyreth to have the colour
Off the freshe flayre rose flourre
And loneth Also to leve in Iolite 7664

Clifden MS.

Desyryng to have prosperite
but that froule pot may not hane
To hur lone nother kyght ne knave
Gentilman ne yoman of no de.
Leate hur than leve in Chastite
Ytte vnknowe y lone we Chastite
Better A grete dele than she doth me:
For ye I speke to hur of any lone 7672
by gode that syt the heven A-bowe.
To me she answereth so shortly,
That of her words a-bashed am I.
For when I wold some-tyme in counseylle [leaf 97] 7676
Shew my hert to hir somedele,
She answerd me in wordes so hye,
I hadde as lefe my counseylle crie
In London atte crosse in Chepe. 7680
She giffeth me cause ofter* to wepe
Then forto laughe, pis is no nay.
And some-tyme when pat I assay
To gife hir a yitte, broche or Rynge, 7684
That wolde she not take for no-ping.
Thus rude is chastite and not curtayse,
She hathe me grevyd in many wise.
But now wolde I lette all ladies be, 7688
And teff forpe of Partanope.*

Partanope * hath now clene forsake
The wodwouse life, and hape hym take

7681. ofter] MS. after. 7689, 7690. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To me She answeryd so Shortly,
That of hir wordes a-bashed am I.
For wand * I wold somi-tyme in coun-
saye 7676
Shew myny hert to hir somdele,
She answered me in wordes so hye,
I had as lyef my counsayll crie
In London at the crosse in Chepe, 7680
She giffeth me cause after to wepe
Than for to laagh, thys ys no nay,
And some-tyme whan that I assay
To gyfe her a yeft, broch or ryng, 7684
That wote She not take for no-thyng,
Thus rude ys chastyte and not curtayse,
She hathe me grevyd in many wyse.
But now I wote late all ladys be, 7688
And teff forth of Partanope
Partanope hath now for-sake
The wod-woys lyfe, and hath hym take

Rawcl. MS.

To me she answereth so shortly,
And of here wordes a-bashed am I.
For when I wold somi-tyme [in]
counselle 7676
She answerd me in wordes so hye,
I hade as lefe my counseylle crie
In London at the crosse in Chepe, 7680
She gyfteth me cause after to wepe
Than for to laugh, pis is no nay.
And some-tyme when I do assay
To gyfe here a broche ore a ryng,
That wote She not take fore no-thyng.
Thus is chastite not curtayse,
She hathe me grevyd in many wyse.
Nowe wote I lete all ladys be, [leaf 39]
And teff furthe of Partanope. 7689
Partanope hath clene for-sake
The wodwoys lyf and clene take

Cliffden MS.

To me she Aunswereth so shortly 7674
she genoth meca se After to wepe 7681
than forto laugh this is no nay
And some-tyme whan pat y assay
To gene hur a y . . broche or ryng 7684
That why sh . . take for no-thyng

This rude is Chastite and not curtay . .
She hath me gr. ved in many wyse
but now wolde I lete all ladys be 7688
And teff forth of partanope
. artanope hath now clene forsake
The wodwoys lyf and hath hym t . .
To be governed as fully 7692
Of fayre Wrak and of Persewy.
And they be redy, I you plight,
Hym to comforthe with aH hir myght.
Bothe hym wesse and lay hym softe.
She hym feyned letters fuf ofte
Of comforthe endited so goodly,
And bere an hande pat truly.
They were hym sent from Melionore 7700
To hele his wounde pat greved hym sore.
Certeis doublettes pey lette make hym fyne,
Gownes of Skarlette and eke of Satyne.
Hym lackked no-ping pat myght hym eace,
FuH glad they were hym to pleace.
And prow her grete cherisshyng
He wexe fuH fresshe, lusty, and lykyng,
And of his letters toke grete comforthe, 7708

7693. **MS. persowy**

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

To the govennaunce aH fully 7692
Of fayre Vrak and of Pursewy.
And they be redy, I you plight,
Hym) to comfort wyth aff her myght.
Both hym) washe and ley hym) soft.
She hym) feyned lettres fuf oft 7697
Of comfort endyted So goodely,
And bere an hond that truly.
They were hym) sent fro Melionore 7700
To hele his wound that greved hym sore.
Sertes doublettes they lett make hym)
fyne,
(gowners of Skarlet and eke of satyn).
Hym) lackked no-thyng that myght
hym) plese, 7704
FuH glad they were hym) to Ese.
And thorw her gret cheryssyng
He wexe fresshe, lusty, and lykyng,
And of his lettres toke grete com-
fort, 7708

**Rawl. MS.**

To be governed as fully 7692
Of fayre Wrake and of Persewy.
And be redy, I you plight,
Hym to comforthe with aH hir myght.
They hym washe and ley hym softe. 7696
She hym feynede lettres fuf ofte
Of comfort endytide fuf goodely,
And bare an hond that truly.
They were hym sent fro Melionore 7700
To hele his wonde pat was so sore.
Sertes pey let make hym fyne,
Gownys of skarlet and of satyn).
Hym lakede nothynge pat myght hym
eyse, 7704
FuH glade pey were hym to plese.
And pore here gret cheryssyng
He waxe fresshe, lusty and lekyng, 7703
And of lettres toke gret commfortynge,

**Clifden MS.**

To the Gouernaunce Alle fully 7692
Of fayre Vrak and of Persewy
And thay be redy now plght
hym to comfort wyth AHi her myght
both hym wassh and ley hym softe

1 At back of page beginning with l. 5142
Which were fayned to hym for despore.
Were not pes ladies foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym game
Of Meliors letters, and seide she hym sent,
Which on [n]eiper side was ment?
But blameworpi were they noone,
Sith for pe best it was done.
But atte last prow her despore, 7712
Hir fayre chiere, her fayned conforte,
He gan gedre to hym faste flesshe and blode,
And were lusty pat, by my hode,
When Wrak be-helde a-boute right wisely 7720
His fressh coloure, his persone so semely,
She ganne so nye fæt with hym in dotage,
Save pat wisdome restreynd corage,
And thought on hir Suster Mel[i]oure, 7724
How truly he loved hir and hadde done yore.
It was, she thought, but nycetye,
And aft pat fantasy she lete be.
Persewyse stode in pe same degre, 7728

Univ. Coll. MS.

Which were feyned to hym for dysporte. [leaf 62]
Where not this ladies foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym game
Of Melyours letters, and sand She hym sent,
Which on nether syde was ment?
But blame-worthy were they none,
Synth for the best yt was done,
But at the last thoor her dysporte. 7716
Her fayre chyere, her feyned confort,
He gan gedyr to hym fast flesshe and blode,
And wax lusty that, by my hode,
When Wrak be-helde a-boute right wysely,
His fresch coloure, hys persone so semely
She ganne so nye fæt with hym in dotage,
Same that wysdome restreynd corage,
And thought on hir Suster Melioure,
How truly he loved her and done yore.
Yt was, She thought, but nyseythe,
And aft that fantasy She late be.
Persewyse stode in the same degre, 7723

Ravl. MS.

Whiche were feynyd for dyssportyngne.
Where not pis ladies foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym game
Of Melyores lettres, and sayde she hym sent, 7712
Whiche on neyber syde was not ment?
But blame-worthy were pey none
Sethe for the beste it was done,
But at laste porwe hir dysporte, 7716
Here ferye chere, her feynyde conforte,
He gan to gader fleshe and blode,
And wax lusty pat, be my hode,
When Wrake be-helde hym wysly, 7720
His freshe coloure, his persone symly
She gan so nye fæt in dotage, [leaf 59, back]
Safe pat wysdome restreynde corage,
And thought on hir syster Melyore, 7724
Howe he louyde here and hade done yore.
Hit was, she pouht, but nysethe,
And aft pat fantasy she let be.
Persewyse stode in pe same degre, 7728
For she wan dalynence with Partonope.
His porte, his manere be-come so wele
That pough hir herte were made of stele,

No wonder it was pough it did melte. 7732
The fyre of love so made it svelte
In lovyng of pis Partonope,*
That almoste for-yete was chastite,
Save pat she wist wele and knewe 7736
To pis lady Melioure he was so trewe
That pough she loved, it myght not avayle,
And thought it was but loste travayle.
The hete of love hir herte did feyne;
With wise abdyng pe fyre she queyte.
Thus seith myn auctor after whom I write.
Blame not me: I moste endyte
As nye after hym as oun I may, 7744
Be it sope or less I can not say,
But now I lette pis Partonope *
And Perseywse, pis mayden fre,

7729, 7734, 7746. MS. patronope.  

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For she wan dalynence with Partonope.
His porte, his maner be-come so wele
That pough his herte were made of stele,

No wonder it was pough it did melte. 7732
The fyre of love so made it svelte
In lovyng of pis Partonope,*
That almoste for-yete was chastite,
Save pat she wist wele and knewe 7736
To pis lady Melioure he was so trewe
That pough she loved, it myght not avayle,
And thought it was but loste travayle.
The hete of love hir herte did feyne;
With wise abdyng pe fyre she queyte.
Thus seith myn auctor after whom I write.
Blame me not; I moste endyte
As nye after hym as oun I may. 7744
Be it sothe or less I can not say,
But now I lette pis Partonope
And Perseywse, pat mayden fre,
To-gedere in dalyaunce* to haue in fere,
For now is come a messeyngere
From the Empresse Melioure
To Wrak, hir Suster; for wonder sore
She desyryth with hir to speke.
Wrak in no wise wil not breke
This grete ladies commandement.
[leaf 28]
After hir shipmen now faste she sente,
And chargyth hem her shipp be redy faste,
To see she wole go in all pe haste.
Wrak pat is bope redy and wise,
Is not aferde pough Persewise
At hir casteH leve with Partanope; *
For nedys coste leve moste she
Oon with hym pat knoweth pe couneylyle.
Of Persewise she wote is no pereH;
For she is wise, redy and stedfast.
The lasse of hir she is a-gaste,
How longe fro home she ever a-bye.
Hir shippe is redy, fayre is pe tyde.
Leve she taketh of Partanope,*

7748. MS. dalyaunce. 7756, 7760, 7768. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.
1 To gedyr in dalyaunc to haue in fere.
For [now] ys come a messangere 7749
Fro the emprese Melioure
T[o] Wrak, hir suster / for wondyr sore
She desyryth wyth her to speke. 7752
Wrak in no wyse wyth not brek
Thys grete ladies commandement.
After her Shypmen now fast She sent,
And chargyth hem) her Shyp be redy
fast, [leaf 62, back] 7756
To see she wole go in all hast.
Wrak that ys both redy and wyse,
Ys not a-fere thogh Perseywse
At her casteH leve wyth Partanope :
For nedys coste leve most She 7761
On wyth hym) that knoweth the
comayfH.
Of Perseywse She wot ys no pereH;
For She ys wyse, redy and stedfast.
The lasse of her She ys a-gast, 7765
How longe from home She ever a-bye.
Her Shyp ys redy, fayre ys the tyde.
Leve She taketh of Partanope, 7768

Rawl. MS.
To-gedere in dalyaunce to haue in fere.
For nowe is come a messegere 7749
Fro be emprese Melyoure
To Wrake hir syste ; for wonder sore
She desyryth with hir to speke. 7752
Wrake in no wyse wif not breke
This grete ladies commandemente.
After hir shipmen anone she sente.
And chargyth hem be redy faste, 7756
To see she with goo in all haste.
Wrake pat is both redy and wyse,
Ys not aferde pough Perseywse
At hir casteH leve with Partanope; 7760
For nedys coste leve moste she
On with hym pat knoweth pe couneyfH.
Of Perseywse she wot is no pereH:
For she is wyse, Redy and stedfast.
The lasse of hir she is a-gast, 7765
Howe longe fro hym pat she abyde.
Hir shipe is redy, fayre is pe tyde.
Lene she takyth of Partanope, 7768
To hir shipp now streight gope she. Forpe seyleth Wrak, pis mayden fre. In grete thought is Partonope.* Wrak wepeth gretely at hir departyng. Partonope* prayde hir a-bove aH ping She wolde to hym come soone ayein. "Therof," seid she, "I wolde be feyn." Wrake hath wedyr at poynte devise. FuH glad and mery is Persewye, Forpe seyleth Wrak vpon pe see, And in shorte tyme aryved is she At Chief de Oyre, where as Melyore, Hir friesister, hathe dwelled yore. Now arne pes Susters mette in feere, Eiper to ojer make good chere. Tappettes and quysshons to hem be sette. In an herber fuH grene be they sette There alone to take her dalyaunce. I trow they lust neper sing ne daunce, For Mel[i]ore ga[n] anoone to wepe. Hir Suster Wrak toke grete kepe

7771, 7773. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To her Shyp now streight goth She. Forth sayled Wrak thys mayden free. In grete thought ys Partonope. 7771 Wrak wepyth gretely-at her departyng. Partonope prayed hir abone aby thyng She wold sone come to hym) a-yein), "Therof," seyd She, "wold I be fayne."

Wrak hath were at poynt devye. 7776 Full glad and mery ys Persewye. Forth sayleth Wrak vpon the see, And in Short tyme a-ryved ys she At Cheif de oyre, where as Melioure, Her friesister, hathe dwelled yore. Now arne thes Sustres mett in feere. Eyer other to mak good cheyre. Tappettes and cussions to hem) be sett. [1 leaf 69] 7784 In an erber fay grene be they sett There alone to take her dalyaunce. I trow they lust nether syng ne daunce For Melioure ga[n] a-no[n] to wepe. 7788 Her suster Wrak tok grete kepe

Rawcl. MS.

To hir shipe streight goth [s]he. 7769 1 Forth saylyth Wrake pis mayde fre. In grete poynte is Partonope. [1 leaf 66] Wrake wepyth gretely at hir departyng. Partonope prayth hir abone aH thyng She wolde sone come to hym ayein. 7774 "There-of," seyd she, "I wolde be fayne."

Wrake hadhe weder at poynte devye. FuH glade and mery is Persewye. 7777 Furthe saylyth Wrake vpon be se, And in shorte tyme arynde is she At Cheif de oyre where as Melioure, 7780 Here feyre syster, hathe dwellyde yore. Here are pe systers mett in fere, Eyer to ojer make good chere. Tappettes and schesshons to hem be fet.

In an erber grene pey be set 7785 There alone to take her dalyaunce. I trowe pey lyste nooper syngne ne daunce For Melyore ga[n] anoone to wepe. 7788 Hir syster Wrake toke grete kepe

7771. 311
Of hir maner governaunce.
Hir (lought pis maner of dallyaunce
Was nyse what hir suster mente.
She wist not he verray entent
Of hir suster pat wept so sore.
And atte laste fayre Melyonoure
Of hir wepyng gan a-brayde,
And to hir Suster pus she seide:
"Vngracious am I, be God above,
That ever I was encombred be love.
It hath—she seide—me noyed sore.
But of pis materie speke we no more."
To hir answerd fayre Wlake:
"Trewly I never knew your make,
For wele I wote, he God above,
AH your wepyng is for love.
Ye wolde fayne hide it from me
And disfigure youre nysete,
But ye can not pat experyment.
I knowe to wele your entent.

_{After l. 7792 MS. adds a line:}_
She wist not what his Suster mente.
7804. be] MS. but.

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**Univ. Coll. MS.**

Of her maner governaunms.
Her thought thys maner of dallyans
Was nyse what her suster ment. 7792
She wist not the verray entent.
Of her suster that wept so sore.
And at the laste fayre Melyonoure
Of her wepyng gan a-brayde. 7796
And to her suster thus she sayde:
"Vngracious am I, be God above,
That ever I was encombred lo love.
Hyt hath—she sayd—me noyed fulf
sore. 7790
But of this materie speke we no more."
To her answered fayre Wlake:
Trewly I never knew your make,
"For wele I wote, be God a-bove, 7804
AH your wepyng ys for love.
Ye wolde fayne hyde hyt fro me
And thyss disfigure your nysete.
But ye can not that Experyment, 7808
I know to wele your entent.

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**Rowel MS.**

Of hir maner and governaunce.
Hir (lought pis maner of dallyaunce
Was nyse what hir suster ment. 7792
She wyste not he verray entente.
Of hir suster pat wept so sore.
And at the laste fayre Melionore
Of hir wepyng gan a-brayde. 7796
And to hir suster pus she seide:
"Vngracious am I, pus she seide,
"be God above,
That ever I was encomberde be lone.
Hit hathe—she seide—me noyed
sore: 7809
But of pis mater speke we no more." To hir answende fayre Wlake:
"Truly I never knew your make,
For wele I wote, be God above, 7804
AH your wepyng is for love.
Ye wolde fayne hyde it fro me
And dysfigure your nysete.
But ye can not pat experyment. 7808
I knowe wele your entent.

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7790. MS. governaunms (a above).
Love wolde fayne make you to speke,
Butthane cometh drede and maketh you breke
Yowre tale, and pat is hye folye. 7812
For, Suster, ye wote right wele pat I
Love you a-bowe aH erthly ping
And gladly wolde do your plesyng."

"BE God," quod pis lady, "pat is not so.

For ofte tymes ye haue me do
With your wordes fulH grete disease,
And you fulH lyteH me displeace.
Wordes of reprofe ye haue seide many oone
To me, and per to a yere is fulH gone
Or more, sith ye laste se me.
Here come ye but a lytH parde."

"For sothe," saide Wrake, "it is ago

More pen xij. monpes pat we two
To-geder in oon place mette.
A cause per was pat me did lette.
For ye laste tyme pat ye se me
Or I you, forsope Partonope*

7829. MS. patronope.

Unic. Coll. MS.

Love wolde make your fayn) to speke,
But than) cometh drede and makei) you breke
Your tale, and that ys hye foly. 7812
For, suster, ye wote ryght wele that I
Lone yow a-bowe aH erthly thyng,
And gladly wolde do your plesyng."

"BE God," quod thys lady, "that ys not so,

For ofte tymes haue ye me do
Wyth your wordes fulH of desseise,
And yow fulH lyteH me dysplese.
Wordes of reprofe ye haue seide many one
To me, and ther-to a yere ys fulH gone
Or more, syth ye laste syght me.
Here come yee but a lytH parde."

"For soth," sayd Wrake, "lyt ys a-go
[leaf 68, back] 7824
More than xij monthes thatt) we two
To-gedyr in oyn place mett.
A cause ther was that me dyde lette.
For the laste tyme that ye sye me 7825
Or I yow/for soth Partonope

Rawl. MS.

Lone wolde make you to speke,
Then comyth drede and maketh you breke
[leaf 69, back]
Yowre tale, and pat is hye foly. 7812
For, suster, ye wot right weH pat I
Lone you above aH erthly thynge
And gladly wolde do your plesyng."

"BE God," quod pis lady, "pat is not so.

For ofte tymes haue ye me do
Wyth your wordes fulH grete dysseyse,
And yow fulH lytH me dysplese.
Wordes of reprofe ye haue seide many one
To me, and per to is fulH gone 7821
Or more, sith laste ye syght me.
Here come ye but a lytH parde."

"For soth," syde Wrake, "it is a-go
7824
More pen xij monthes pat we two
To-geder in one place mett.
A cause per was pat we dyde lette.
For the laste tyme pat ye sey me, 7828
Ore I you, for sothe Partonope
Was here with you in his place,
And for his trespass I neghe your grace. [leaf 99]
Ye denied in no wise to here me
For wepyng or knelyng, more pen I hadde be
A straungre to you and no-ping kynne.
This made [me] vterly fro you fleene.
So vngoodly chere ye made me,
I toke my shippe, and wente to see
To haue passed many a straunge lande
And to se *pe wondres in many a strounde.
And herde suche tithinges pat liketh not me.
For truly your owne love Partonope*
Ye made lese his witte for aye.
This is verry stope, pis is no naye.
So moche sorowe for you he hath take,
Horne-wode he renneth for your sake.
For hym me nede no more to pray
Ne for hym knele, but* o ping I say:
"Gete you a-nother love, for he is gone.
It shal be longe or ye gete suchone.

7841. MS. patronope. 7847. but] MS. bot.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Was here wyth yow in thys place,
And for hys trespas I neghe your grace.
Ye deyned in no wyse to here me 7832
For wepyng or knelyng, more than I had be
A straungre to you and no-thyng kynne.
Thys made ye vterly fro you fleene.
So vngodely chere ye made me, 7836
I toke my Shyp, and wente to se
To haue passed many a straung stronde
And to se the wordes of many ponde.
And herde such tychings that lyketh not me. 7840
For trewly your owne lone Partonope
Ye made lost hys wytt for aye.
Thys ys verray soth wythonten nay.
So moch sorow for you he hath take,
Horne-wode he renneth for your sak.
For hym me nede no more to pray,
Ne for hym knele, but oc thyng I say:
"Gete you a-nother love, for he ys gone.
Hyt shal be longe or ye gete suchone.

Ravel. MS.
Was here with you in his place,
And for his trespass I myghede your grace.
Ye deynye in no wyse to here me 7832
For wepyng *and knelynge, more pen I hade be
A stronger to you and nothyng kynne.
This made me wyterly fro you flene.
So vngoodely per ye made chere to me,
I toke my shipe and went to se 7837
To have passede many a stronde,
And to se *pe wondres of many a londe.
I herde soychai tychynge fat lykith not me. 7840
For trewly youre lone Partonope
Ye haue made loste his wyte for aye.
This is sothe without naye. 7843
So meche sorwe for you he hathe take,
Horne-wode he rymythe for your sake.
For hym me nede no more to pray,7846
Ne for hym knele, but a thyng I seye:
"Gete you another lone, for he is gon. 7848
Hit shal be longe or ye have soychonl)
And sith ye have do so to hym, 7852
Thus ye worship gayly your kynne,
This is ye cause pat I haue you fledde. 7852
Partanope* in his world is but dede."

When ye lady herde pat Partanope* 7856
For love of hir wode Runne he,
A-boute hir hert she felt such peyn,
Moche wo she had hir to Restreyne 7860
Fro swonyng, for lope was she
That hir hevynesse aspyed shold be

Of Wrake, hir Syster, pat was hir dere.
But yit wist Wrake wele by hir chere
And be hir Colour bright and rede
That was chaunged into pale and dede,
That for love was aH hir hevynesse.
Yte Melyore did aH hir besynesse
To gete ayein hir fresshe hewe,
Hir dedely colour did renewe,
And to hir Syster did she speke 7864
And somewhat hir hert to hir breke:

"Syster," she seide, "it may wele be [Leaf 99, back]
In grete dysseyse lieth Partanope,* 7868

Univ. Coll. MS.

And syth ye have do so to hym, 7850
Thus ye worship gayly your kynne,
This is ye cause pat I haue you fledde.
Partanope in this world ys but dede."
W hat the lady herde pat Partanope 7862
Moche wo she had hir to restreyne
Fro swonyng[f]or, for loth was she
That hir hevynesse aspyed shold be

Of Wrake, hir syster, that was her dere.
But yit wyst Wrake wele be here chere,
And hir colour byght and rede
That was chaunged in-to pale and dede,
That for lone was aH herhevyynes.
Yt Melyore dyd aH her besynes [leaf 64]
To grete ayein her fresshe hewe,
Her dedely colour dyd renewe,
And to her syster dyd she speke 7868
And somewhat her hert to her breke.
"Syster," she seide, "it may wele be
In grete dysseyse lyth Partanope. [bee

Ravel. MS.

And sethe ye have do so to hym,
Thus ye worship gayly your kynne.
This is ye cause pat I haue you fledde.
Partanope in his world is but dede."
When ye lady herde pat Partanope 7864
For lone of hir wode ranne he, [Leaf 61]
A-boute hir hert she felt grete peyne.
More wo she hade hir to restreyne
For swonyng[f]or, for loth was she
That hir heuynes aspyde shold be
Of Wrake, hir syster, pat was hir dere.
But yit wyste Wrake be here chere
And hir colour bright and rede
That was chaunged to pale and dere.
That for lone was hir heuynes.
Yt Melyore dyd aH her besynes
To grete ayein her fresshe hewe,
Hir dedely colour dyd renewe,
And to hir syster dyd she speke 7868
And somewhat here hert gan to breke.
"Syster," she seide, "it may wele be
In grete dysseyse lyth Partanope. [bee
And if he were to me as chiere 7872
As ene he was, I coude you lere
To make hym as hole as ene he was,
That ene hym knewe I may say alas,
So falsely as he hath be-trayed me,
Causelesse, Suster, pat wote now ye.
Yte for your love, not for thy,
A medecyne I shalH you teche redely
That shalH in haste all hole hym make.' 7880
To hir answerd anoone Wrake:
"Nay, fayre Suster, be Seynt John,
There to haue [I] right layser noone.
Hele hym your-self if pat ye lust,
Ye knowe medeacynes pat ben beste.
For I knowe wele, and pat do ye:
In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope*
A man wele be-loved and of grete estate,
And your love hath made hym chekmate.
Ye loved hym first, to sey be troupe.
Suster, per of ye may haue routhe.

7887. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And yf he were to me as cheer 7872
As ene he was, I coude yow lere
To make hym as hole as ene he was,
That ene hym knewe I may say alas,
So falsely as he hath be-trayed me,
Causeles suster that wote now ye. 7877
Ye for your love, noght for thye,
A medecyn I sheH you tech redely
That shaft in hast and hole hym make.'

To her answered a non Wrake: 7881
"Nay, fayre suster, be Seynt John,
There to haue I rught leyser none.
Hele hym youre-self yf that ye lust,
Ye knowe medevyne that bene best.
For I knowe wele, and so do ye: 7886
In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope
A man weHll be-lonyd and grete estate,
And your love hath made hym chekmate. 7889
Ye loued hym fryst, to say theroth.
Suster, ther-of ye may haue routhe.

Rovl. MS.

And yf ye were to me as cheer 7872
As ene he was, I couth you lere
To make as hym hole as ene he was,
That ene hym knewe I may say alas,
So falsely as he hath be-trayed me, 7876
Causes, suster, but not nowe ye.
Yet for youre loue, not for thy,
A medysyn I shaH teche you redely
That shaH in haste all hole hym make.'— 7880
To hir anwerde a-none Wrake:
"Nay, fayre syster, be sent John,
There to haue I leyser none.
Hele hym your-self yeH pat ye lyste,
Ye knowe mydsyns pat ben beste, 7885
For I knowe weH, and so do ye:
In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope
A man weH belouye and of hye es-
estate, 7888
And youre loue hath made hym chekmate,
Ye louye hym fryste, so seyth be trouth.
Syster per-of ye may haue routhe.

【leaf 61, back】
Be crafte of false nygromansye
Hidder ye hym brought ful cursedly.
And in your service he come ne haddre,
He shuld not now hane roonne madde.
Suster, he loved you twoo yere and more.
He sawe you never. Trow ye not sore
It greved hym, yis so mote I the,
AH day with-oute company to be,
And never to speke with you but in pe nyght,
And yite of you pen to hane no* sight?
Though after be his counseylle he
Shope hym fully you to se.
What clepe ye pis? shuld pis be treason?
Me thinketh in pis hane ye no treason.
But discrecon now telleth me
He loved you better pan enuer ye
Did hym, pis is with-oute doute.
As a wilde beste he renneth a-boute,
Of mete ne drynke taketh he none hede,
Ne of slepe, wyth-oute dredre.

7901. [leaf 100]

Univ. Coll. MS.
Be crafte of fals nygromansye 7892
Hedyr yee hym brought ful cursedly.
And in your servyse he come ne hade, 7896
He shuld not now hane roonne madde,
Suster, he loued yow twoe yere and more.
He sawe yow never / trow yow not sore
Hyt greved hym / yess so mote I thee, 7900
Alle day wyth-oute company to be,
And never to speke wyth yow but in the nyght, 7908
And yet of yow than / to hane no sight?
Thogh after be his counsayl he
Shope hym fully yow to se.
What clepe ye this? shuld thys be treason?
Me thinketh in thys hane ye no reson.
But disseression now telleth me
He loued yow better than enuer ye
Dyde hym, thys ys wyth-oute doute.
As a wyld wy best renneth he non hede 7909
Ne of Slepe, wyth-outen dredre.

Rawl. MS.
Be crafte of false nygromansye 7892
Hedier ye hym brought ful cursedly;
And in youere servyse he come ne hade, 7900
He shuld none hane roonne made.
Syster, he louyde ij yere and more.
He sawe you never. Trowe you not soere
Hit greved hym, yef so mot I the,
AH day with-outen company to be,
And never to speke with you but on
pe nyght, 7908
And yet of you ben to haue no sight?
Though after be his counsell he
Shope hym fifty yow to see.
What clepe ye pis? shulde pis he treason?
Me thynke in pis ye have no reson.
But disseression tellhyth me
He louyde you better ben enuer ye
Dyde hym, pis is without doute. 7908
As a wilde beste he rynnyth aboute.

Of mete ne drynke take he no hede,
Ne of slepe, with-out dredre.

7909. [leaf 100] MS. perhaps un, meant for in.
Which of you now have betrayed another? 7912

Ye hym. And if he were my brother,
And he hadde his wyfe agayne,
O thing wolde I counseyle hym certeyn:
In love he shuld never do you servyce. 7916
He lyveth not pat can devise
A persone to hauve more semelynesse,
More beaute, more streight, more largesse,
Yty he hadde; and ye, suster Melior.
That hauve made hymlost, and mych more,
Of pis ye may make a fayre avaunte.

Yite somewhat me thinketh ye be repentaunte
Wepe now a lyttilli I you pray. 7924
God for ever I now renye,
If for hym I make request
To you; and some-tyme no greater feste
In no wise ye coude hauve made me
Then of his sorow to hauve pite;
But of my prayer toke ye none hiede.

Therefore, suster, so God me sped,

Univ. Coll. MS.

Which of you now hath betrayed other? 7912
Ye hym / for and he were my brother,
And he hadde / hys wytt a-gayne,
O thing wolde I counseylle hym certeyn:
In love he shuld / never do you servyce. 7916
He lyveth not that can devise
A persone to have more semelynesse,
More beaute, more streight, more largesse,
Tham he hadd / and ye, suster Melyonre.
That hauve made hym lost, and moch mor,
Of thys ye may make a fayre avaunte.
Yet somewhat me thenketh ye be repent[aunt].
Wepe now a lytill, I yow pray. 7924
God for now ever I now Renye,
Yf for hym I make I request
To yow / and som[tine] no greater feste
In no wyse ye coude hauve made me
Than of hys sorow to hauve hadd pite;
But of my prayer toke he no heed.
There-for, Suster, So God me sped,

Rowl. MS.

Whiche of you wete hauve betrayed
Ye hym. For and ye were my broder
And he hadde his wyte agayne [tayne:
A thynge wolde I counseyl hym ser-
In lune he shuld nener do you servyce.

He lenyth not yet cone devyse 7917
A persone to hauve more symlyneses,
More beaute, strengft, and largeneses,
Then he hadde ; and yeyster Melior,
That hauve made hym loste, and meche more,
Of pis ye may mak a fayre avaunte.
Yet somewhat ye be repentante.
Wepe nowe a lyttill, I you praye, 7924
God for ever I nowe Renye,
Yef for hym I make requeste
To you; and som[tine] no greater feste
In no wyse ye couth a made me [leaf 62]
Then of his sorwe to hauve hade pete.7929
But of my prayer take ye none hede.
There-for, syster, so God me sped,
And ye will hym hele or elles fynd, 7932
Go seke hym vnder pe wode lynde. 7936
There he rennethe wode as any hare.
But no force I will never care
For you ne for hym, while pat I lyve." 7940
When Me[li]ore herde pis grete reprofe
That Wrake, hir suster, to hir hath tolde,
Hir hert within hir body gan to colde,
And pought hir love, Partonope *
For euer in pis worlde loste hathe she.

"Suster," seide fayre Melioure,
"The cause pat I wepe so sore,
For Partonope * it is not sekyry.
But I shalh teH you pe cause why.
Suster, sith ye were laste with me,
Here hath ben a grete assemble
Of kynges, Erles, and eke barons,
And ah pat holde castelles and townes
Or any oper lordshipp of me,
AH they were in pat assemble.
Of ah her counseylle pis was pe acorde 7952

Univ. Coll. MS.

And ye will hym hele or elles fynd,
Go seke hym vnder pe wode lynde.
There he rennethe wode as any hare.
But no force I will never care
For you ne for hym, while pat I lyve.
When Melioure herde pis grete reprofe
That Wrake, hir suster, to hir hath tolde,
Hir hert within hir body gan to colde,
And pought hir love, Partonope *
For euer in pis worlde loste hathe she.

"Suster," seide fayre Melioure,
"The cause pat I wepe so sore,
For Partonope * it is not sekyry.
But I shalh teH you pe cause why.
Suster, sith ye were laste with me,
Here hath ben a grete assemble
Of kynges, Erles, and eke barons,
And ah pat holde castelles and townes
Or any oper lordshipp of me,
AH they were in pat assemble.
Of ah her counseylle pis was pe acorde 7952

Rorb. MS.

And ye will hym hele or elles fynd,
Go seke hym vnder pe wode lynd,
There he rennethe wode as any hare.
But no force I will never care
For you ne for hym, while pat I leve.
When Myl., re herde pis grete reprofe
That Wrake, hir suster, to hir hath tolde,
Hir hert within hir body gan to colde,
And pought hir love, Partonope *
For euer in pis worlde loste hathe she.

"Suster," seide fayre Melioure,
"The cause pat I wepe so sore,
For Partonope it is not sekyry.
But I shalh teH you pe cause why.
Syster, sethe ye were laste with me,
Here hath ben a grete assemble
Of kynges, erlis and of Barous,
That holde castelles and townes
Ore any oper lordship of me,
AH ye were at pat assemble.
Of ah her counseylle pis was pe acorde 7951
That I muste algate have a lorde.
Some seide pe Emperour of Spayne,
And some seide the Emperour of Almayne,
And some seide, for nere alliancë,
I shuld haue pe kyng of France.
But shortly to telle at oo worde,
AH pes lordis myght not acorde
To eny of pes pre persones,
The telle at Travers aH at ones.
Some spake shortly of hym of Spayne,
And some helde no-ping with Almayne,
Of the kyng of France they toke none hiede.
Thus they departed, with-out drede.
Then was pere a kyght pes heght Armes[l]us,
A semely personë for pe nonys,
Longe and brode, and bigge of bonys.
He was no man of grete lyvelode.
He passeth many a man in manhode.
He was ronne wele in yeeres,
His hiede was full of white heeres.
A man he was holde of grete renoyne;
Men toke heede gretely of his resone.

Univ. Coll. MS.
That I muste algate have a lord, 7953
Some did sayde the emperour of Spaye,
And some seid, for nere alliancë,
I shuld haue the kyng of France.
But shortly to telle at oo word,*
Alle these lordys myght not a-cord
To eny of these thre persones, 7960
They fyH at travers aH at ones.
Some spake shortly of hym of Spaye,
And som hecld no-thyng wyth Almayne,
Of the kyng of France they toke noH
heed,* 7964
Thus they departed, whythouten drede.
Thau was there a kyght hight Armens,
A semely person for the nonys, 7967
Long and broode, and bigge of bones.
He was no man of grete lyvelode.
He passyd many man in manhode
He was ronne wele in yeers,
His hiede was full of whyte herys. 7972
A man he was holde of grete renoyne;
Men toke heede gretely of his resone.

Rcel. MS.
That I muste algate have a lorde.
Some seide pe emperour of Spaye,
And som pe emperour of Almayne,
And some seide, for nere alvance,
I shulde haue pe kyng of France. 7957
But shortly to telle at on worde,
AH his lordes myght not acorde
To eny of his ij personys, 7960
Thye shal atravers shal onys.
Some spake shortly of hym of Spaye,
And som helde nothyng wyth Almayne,
Of pe kyng of France they toke none
hede, 7964
Thus they departyde, with-out drede.
Then was pe a kynght hight Armelus,
A symly person for the nonys,
Longe and brode, and bigge of bonys. [leaf 62, back]
He was a man of grete lyvelode,
He passede many on in manhode
He was ronne wele in yeers,
His hiede was full of whyte heris. 7972
A man he was holde of grete renoyne;
Men toke heede gretely of his resonne.
'Lordynges,' he seide, 'and it be your pleasyng, To gyve audience to my spekyng,
To a\(h\) pat of pis counsay\(H\) be,
Myn entent I pray you here and se.
I am wele ronne v\(p\) in age,
Not borne of hye lynage.
Yt\(e\) an olde proverbe seide is a\(h\) day:
Of a fole a wyse man may
Take witte, pis is with-outen drede.'
'Sey on,' seyd a\(h\), 'now God pe spele.'
'Lordynges,' he seide, 'with-outen fayle,
I am not able you to counsayle.
For who shaff a counsaylle yeve,
Hym is good to be warre of reprove,
Leste me sey he is worpi no wage,
He counsaylled pis for his owne a-vantage.
Lordinges, the entent of pis mater
I w\(i\)\(r\) you te\(H\), if ye lust to here.
Taketh it in no wise for no counsaylle.
But if ye think it may not a-vaylle
Herith it, and pen leyeth it on syde.

_PARTONOPE._

-Univ. Coll. MS.-

'Lordynges,' he sayd, 'and hyt be your plesyng
To gefe audience to my spekyng, 7976
To a\(h\) that of thys counsay\(H\) be,
Myn entent I pray yow here and se.
I am weff ronne v\(p\) in age,
Not borne of hye lenage. 7980
Yet and olde proverbe sayd ys a\(h\) day:
Of a foole a wyse man may
Take wytt, this ys wyth-oute drede.'
'Sey on,' sayd a\(h\) / 'now God the speede.' 7984
'Lordynges,' he seyd, 'wyth-oute fayle,
I am not able yow to counsayle.
For who shaff a counsay\(H\) yeve, 7987
Hym hys goode to be ware of reprove,
Lest men) sey he ys worthy no wage,
He counsayled this for hys owne a-vantage.
Lordyg(e)s) de entent of my mater
I wyth yow te\(H\), \(y\) fe lust to here. 7992
Taketh yt in no wyse for counsayle.
But hef ye thynke yt may not a-vaylle
Herith yt, and th\(a\)\(n\) ley hyt a-syde.

-Rawl. MS.-

'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'yef it be youre plesyng
To gyve audience to my spekyng, 7976
To a\(h\) pat of pis counsay\(H\) be,
Myn entent I pray ye here and se.
I am weff ronne v\(p\) in age,
But not borne of hye lenage. 7980
Yet an olde proverbe seide it is a\(h\)
Of a fole a wyssman may [day:
Take wytt, pis is with-out drede,'
'Sey on,' seyde a\(h\), 'nowe God the spede,' 7984
'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'with-out fai\(t\),
I am not abiff you to counseft,
For who shaff a counseft yene,
Hym is good to be ware of repreve, 7988
Lest men) sey he is worthy no wage,
He counsellled pis for his owne avan-
tagge.
Lordyg(e)s) pe entente of my mater
I wiff you te\(H\), yef ye luste to here, 7992
Taketh it in no wyse for no counseft.
But yef ye thynke it may a-vayff
Herith it, and pen ley it asyde.

Y
Ye wote wele how large and wyde
My ladies lordshipipes lye here a-boute.
To you it is not in grete doute
There is [no] lorde pat now is here,
But pat he is in lande a marchere
To some of þe lordes a-fore seide,
Eiche of hem þer-fore wolde be wele paide
To haue hym a kynge to whome he is a marchere,
Of hym to haue better lordship and chere.
Eiche man for his avauntage doþe chese,
Fuþ lytiH heede take they of my ladies ease.
This is no resone me pinketh, be my life.
I wole make an ende of aH þis strif,
And taketh good heed what I shalt sey,
My lady is of grete honour,
And of beaute she bereth þe floure.
Of aH women, þis wote ye,
That in þis worlde I trow be.
She is þerto but right tendyr of age.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye wote wele how large and wyde
My ladies lordshipipes lye here a-boute.
To you it is not in grete doute
There ys no lord that now ys here,
But he ys in londe a marchere
To som of [the] lordys a-fore sayd.
Eche of hem ther-for wolde be wyþ payde
To haue hym a king to whom he ys marcheyre,
Of hym to haue the better lordeship
And chere.
Eche man for his a-vauntage doþe chese;
Fuþ lyteH heede take they of my lades ese.
Thys ys no resond me thenketh, be my lyfe.
I woff make and end of aH thys stryfe.
And taketh goodede heed what I shalt sey,
I shal shewe yow a mene wey.
My lady ys of grete honoure,
And of beaute she bereth the floure.
Of aH women, this wote wele ye,
That in this world I trow be.
She ys therto / but ryght tendyr of age.

Rawl. MS.

Ye wot weH howe large and wyde
My ladies lordshipes lye here aboute.
To you it is not in grete doute
There is no lorde pat nowe is here
But pat he is in londe a marchere
The some of the lordeys afore seyde.
Eche of hem þer-fore were weþ payde
To haue hym a kynge to whom a marchere,
Of hym to haue þe beter lordship and chere.
Eche man for his avauntage dothe chese,
Fuþ lytiH heede take þey of my ladys eys.
This is no resond me thenketh, be my lyfe.
I wif make an ende of aH þis stryfe.
Takynge goodede xede what I shal sey,
I shal shewe yow a mene wey.
My lady is of grete honoure
And of beaute she bereth þe floure.
Of aH women, þis wot weH ye.
That in þis worlde I trowe be.
She is þerto right tender of age.
Many cite, castell, and pere village
That ben vnder hir gouernanuce,
Many a pore man may she avance.
Of lordes, of knyghtis eke she is so stronge
That no [man] may do hir no wronge.
Wherefore me thinketh that reason wolde
Hir soueraigne lorde chose she shold.
And if she chose a lorde for richesse,
If he lak manhode and prowesse,
This myght be mysschief to vs all.
Or it myght elles so be-safeth
She chose a man of smale degree,
So a gentilman borne pat he be,
Fre, curteis, stable, and debonaiere,
Stronge, wele shapen, of visage faire,
Manly, trew, friendly with to dele,
Such a man should do right wele.
If such were founde be her owne chesynge,
To vs pis myght neuer be reprovyng.
And how pis myght In brought be
I shal you teH, as thinketh me: 8036

Univ. Coll. MS.
Many Cyte, castell, and poor vylage
That be under the gouernance,
Many a poor man may she avaunce.
Of lordes, of knyghtes eke She ys so strong,
That no man may do her no wrong.
Wherefore me thinketh that reson wold
Hyr soueraigne lorde chose she shold.
1And yfh She chose a lord for Rhychesse,
Yf he lak manhode and prowesse, 8024
This myght be mysschynf to vs aH.
Or hvt myght elles so be-falle (leaf 60)
She chose a man of smale degree,
So a gentylman born) that he be, 8023
Fre, curtayse, stable, and debonayre,
Strong, weft shapen), of yssage fayre,
Manly, trew, friendly with to dele,
Such a man shuld do ryght wele. 8032
Yf such were founde be hir owne chesynge,
To vs thys myght neuer be reprovyng.
And how thys myght Inne brought be
I shal yow teH, as thinketh me: 8036

Rowl. MS.
Many Cete, castell, and pore vylage
That ben vnder her gouernance, 8017
And many a pore man she may avance.
Of lordes, knyghtes eke she is strong,
That no man may do hir no wronge, 8020
Where-for me thinke pat reson wold
Here souerayne lorde she chose she shold.
Yf she chose a lorde for Rhyches,
Yf he lak manhode and prowes 8024
This myght be mysschief of vs aH.
Ore ethes it myght be-safeth
She chose a man of lowe degree,
So a gentill man borne pat he be, 8023
Fre, courteseye, lentill and de-boneyre,
Stronge, weft shape, of vssage fayre,
Manly, true, friendly with to dele,
Soych a man shuld do right weft. 8032
Yff soyche were founde be hir chesynge,
To vs myght neuer be reprovinge.
And howe pis in brought myght be
I shal you teH, as thinketh me : 8036

Y 2
At witsonetyde pe next yere, 
Be writte lette be charged to be here 
Marchauntes of aH maner degree, 
That of pe queen holde any maner fee, 
Where they be free or Elles bounde, 
With her marchaundise vpon pe stronde, 
And that a fayre here holden be 
Of marchaundise of aH maner degree, 
And xv. dayes it shal be holden here. 

There should be booths, 
good wine, 
and all appurtenances 
of chivalry.

There shaH no man no custome bere, 
To pe fayres avantage pis gretely shaH be, 
Also peace prov all pe contre 
Be cried for straunger, as we devysen. 
They piche vp her boþes, and þer-in good wyne 
ShaH be to seH; it may not fayle 
There moste be plente of aH vitayle, 
Hors, armour that longeth to Chevalry, 
Wele beten Trappers, stedes to pe wey, 
Sheldes, spere peyntyd fuþ gay, 
Sadelles, helmes of aH maner assay,

Univ. Coll. MS. 

At whytsontyde pe nexte yere, 
Be wryte lette be chargeyd to be here 
Marchauntes of aH maner degree, 8039 
That of pe quene holde any maner fe, 
Where þey be fre / or elles bounde, 
Wyth her marchaundyse vpon þe stronde, 
And þat a fayre holdenþ be 
Of marchaundyse of aH maner degree, 
And xv. dayes it shalþ be holden here. 

Also pees / throw aH the Contree 8048 
Be cryed / for straunger as we devysyn). 
They þyčhes vp her boþes, and þer-in good wynþ 

Shalþ be to seþ, hyt may not fayle, 
There moste be plente of aH vytayle, 
Hors, armor that longeth to chevalry, 
Wele beten trappures, steedys to þe wey, 

Sheldes, spere peyntyd fuþ gay, 
Sadelles, helmes of aH maner assay,

8048. MS. rather paes.
That longeth to turneyng, may not be behynnde, 
To be solde men moste pere redy fynde. 
Be pen pore men her bopes vp haue 
Her good perin forto save, 
And eke grete marchaunces her pavyleone, 
It shal seme a right wele fayre towne.
On pe toper side ordeyned it mot be 
Herodes to ride in every contree 
That bene vnder cristen lay, 
To proclame vpon what day 
A Royial turnement here pen shaH be, 
And it shaH laste dayes pre.
Also to warne eich worpi knyght 
To shew her knyghthode and her myght, 
And how pe turnement shaH be-gynne, 
Who so euer happe pe gre to wynne, 
On monday next after pe faire day.
And al pe ferre straungers with-outen nay 
ShuH be herborowed on pis side;

8057. MS. turnemyng. 
8058. sold[e] the last two letters too rubbed to read.

Univ. Coll. MS.
That longeth to turnyng, may not be be-hynnde, 
To be sold men) must there redy fynde. 
Be than) pore men) her boothes vp haue 
Hir goode ther-In for to save, 
And eke grete marchaunges her pauylon), 
Hyt shaH seme a ryght wele fayre towne, 
On) the other syde ordenyd mote hit be 
Herewdes to ryde in evey contree 8064 
That be vndyr crystyn lay), 
To proclayme vpou what day 
A ryal turnement here than) shaH be, 
And yt shaH lest days the. 
Also to warne eche worthye knyght 
To shew her knyghthode and her myght, 
And how the turnement shaH be-gynne, 
Who so euer happe the gree to wynne, 
A monday next after the fare day.
And alle the ferre straungers wyth-outen nay
ShuH be herborowed on) thys syde;

8057. MS. turnemyng. 
8058. sold[e] the last two letters too rubbed to read.

Rawl. MS.
To be solde men) moste per redy fynde. 
Be pen pore men) per bothis haue 
Hir good per-in foreto saue, 
And eke grete marchantes per pavelyon), 
Hit shaH seme a right fayre towne.
On pat ope syde ordeyned mote be 
Herowdes to ryde in-to evey contree 
That ben vnder crystyn lay), 
To proclame vppon what day 
A Royial turment here shaH be, 
And it shaH laste dayes thre. 
Also to warne euery worthy kyght 
To shewe here kyngthode and here myght, 
And howe pe turnement shaH be-gyne, 
Who so ever happe pe gre to wynne
On monday nexte after pe fere day.
And all pe ferre stronger with-out nay 
ShuH be loggyde on pis syde;
In þe faire aþ þe topere shah abide. 8076
And my lady herborowed shah be
In þe dongeon) for more suerte.
Be hir also moste sytt þere
The lordes aþ þat shuH bere 8080
The charge of þe rightful Jugement,
Who þat shah have þe gree of þe turnancem.
Thre dayes þis turnament shah laste.
On þe fourte day þe Iuges moste caste 8084
Which doþe beste to* have þe degre.
Of þes moste vi. or vii. be
Chosen oute of þe worthiest,
And which my lady liketh best 8088
Hym she moste take for hir souerayne,
And here on þis medow faire and playne
The turnament holden shah be,
þat my lady and þe Iuges may se. 8092
Hidder shah come many a Riche marchaunte,
Fro Venyse, fro Ipers, and fro Gaunt,
To wyn vpon her Marchaundise.

8085. to] MS. moste.

In the fayre that aþ the other shah a-bide. 8076
In the dongeon) for more suertee,
Be her also most sytt there
The lordys aþ that shuH bere 8080
The charge of the ryght-ful Jugement,
Who that shah have gree of the turnament.
Th[re] dayes thys turnament shah fast.
On) the fourth dayes the Iuges must cast 8084
Which do best to have the gree.
Of these must vi or sevel be
Chosen) oute of the worthiest,
And which my lady) lyketh best 8088
Hym) she must take for her souerayne,
And here on) this medow fayre and playne
The turnament holden) shah be,
That my lady and the Iuges may se.
Hedyr shah come many a fayre merchant
Fro Venyse, ffo Ipers and fro Gaunt,
To wyn upon her Marchaundise.

Ravel. MS.

In þe fayre aþ þat oþer shah abyde. 8076
And my lady herberwyde shah be
In þe dongon for more suerte.
Be here also moste sytt þere
The lordes aþ þat shuH bere 8080
The charge of right-fult Jugement,
Who þat shah haue þe gre of þe turnent.
Thre days þis turnent shah laste.
On þe iiiij day Iuges moste caste 8084
Whyche do beste to have þe gre.
Of þese moste vi or vii be
Chosyn) out of the worthieste,
And which my lady louyth best0888
Hym she moste take for here souerayne.
And here on) þis medew fayre and playne
The turnement holde shah be, 8091
That my lady and þe Iuges may see.
Heþer shah come many a goodly mar-
chant
Fro Venyse, fro Iprys, and fro Gan
To wyn upon) þer marchantise.
Of þe turnement eke to have þe prise
Hedyr wyß come many a worthy
knught,
And þis wol be a Royaþ sight.

Lordynes, seide Armulus, 'what sey ye?
My tale is tolde, and if not be
Agreable vnto all your entente,
In you lyth now amendemente.'

When Armulus had his reasone seide,
The lordes per to agreed were and apayde.
Thus here shalþ be þis turnament,
And I am assented to her entente,
Which, Suster, to me is grete sorowe.

When I thinke þeron, Even and morowe,
I moste nedes falle in moche sighnyng.

Also, good suster, of my wepyng
This is þe cause, and not Partonope.

But, faire suster, I wolþ þat ye
In þis mater knowe aff my wiþ.
To love Partonope I have more skiyH
Then any of þo þat they wolþ chese,
Grete sorowe moste I haue þus to lese

---

Of þe turnement eke to have þe prye
Heþer wiþ come many a worthy
knught,
And þis wiþ be a ryauþ symght,
Lordynes,' sayd Armulus, 'what sey ye?
My tale ys tolde, and yf not be
A-greaþly vnto aff your entent,
In you lyeth now amendemente.' [leaf 67]

Wð Hæn Ernulus had his resoun sayd,
The lordys thereto a-greed and
were a-payd. 8104
Thus here shalþ be thys Inturnement,
And I am assentyd to here entent,
Which, suyster, to me ys grete sorow.
Whan I thynke þeron, evyn and
morow, 8108
I muste nedes falle in moche symght.
Also, goode suster, of my wepyng
This ys the cause, and not Partanope.
But sayre suster, I wolþ that yee 8112
In thys mater knowe aff aff my wyle.
To love Partonope I have more skyH
Than any of tho that they wolþ chese.
Grete sorowe moste I haue thus to lese
British Museum MS.

My love, my Ioy, my Partanope, For truly, suster, he moste nedes be
Moste in my thought, while I am alyve, To you a] holy I do me shryve."—
“Ey, God helpe," seide good Wракe, "What woman of you may I make?
Ye be, me thynketh, fuft vnstable;
Your here is ever so chaungable.
I haue grete mervayle, be God a-bowe.
Ye can Partanope* hope hate and love,
And pat comes and in oo day.
Grete Ioy of you haue I may.
Yite for lyteH your here compe chaunge,
I trowe, fro hym, and love a strange.

When Melior herde Wракe hir blame,
And to hir seide so moche shame,
For sowe she wist not what to do,
But wept as pough hir herte a-two
Shuld haue broste; and perwith she
Leyde hir downe on hir susters kne.
Longe after she seide fuft petously

8128. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

My love, my Ioy, my Partanope. 8117 For truly, suster, he must neues be
Moste in my thought, while I am alyve.
To you alholly I do me schryve."—
"Ey, God helpe," sayd good Wракe, 8121 "What woman of you may I make?
Ye be, me thynketh, fuft vnstable;
Your here is ever so chaungable.
I haue grete mervayle, be God above,
Ye can Partanope both hate and love,
And that at ones and in 00 day.
Grete Ioy of you hane I may, 8128
Yett for lyteH your hert cowde chaunge,
I trowe, fro hym, and love a strange.

When Melior herd Wракe her blame,
And to her sayd so moche shame, 8132
For sorwe she wyst not what to do,
But wept as thogh her hert a-two
Shuld haue broste, and ther-wyth she
Leyde her downe on her sisters kne.
Longe after she sayd fuft petously; 8137

Rowl. MS.

My lone, my Ioye, my Partonope, For truly, syster, he moste nedes be
Moste in my pouht, while I leue.
To you a] holy I wiith me shryve."—
"Ey, God helpe," seyde good Wракe, "What woman of you may I make?
Ye be, me thynketh, fuft vnstabil.;
Your here is ever fuft chaungable. 8124
I haue grete mervett, be God abone,
Ye can Partonope bothe hate and lone,
And yet at onys and in on day.
Grete Ioye of you haue I may. 8128
Yet for lytiH yorr hert comte change,
I trowe for hym, end lone a stronge,
When) Melior herde Wракe hir blame,
And to her seyde so meche shame. 8132
For sorwe she wyst not what to do,
But wypte as pough here hert atwo
Shuld haue broste, and per-with she
Leyde hir downe on hir syster kne. 8136
Longe after she seyde fuft petuously:
"Wrule, good suster, I crye you mercy. 
And for Goddes love, now consayll me 
My love to hawe I myght beste be 
Governd; for fully in you I trust, 
And ye can consayll me for þe beste."

"Suster," seide Wrule, "as pinkeþ me, 
Ye hawe sett your-self in good degre, 
And as now moste for your beste. 
Ye now chese whome ever ye liste 
Of suche compleccion ye mowe take 
Of browne, of bloye, or elles of blake, 
As is moste to your plesaunce. 
Wherfore desyre ye a fayrere chaunce?"

"Good suster," þen seide Melior, 
"Ye make myn herte wonder sore. 
And hardely, suster, grete syn þau ne ye 
Thus vngoodly to rehet me. 
Grete synne hau þat list dysplese 
A lady for love lyeth in desese."—
"That ys soþ," sayde good Wrule. 8157
"Hyt þys grete almes, I dare vnþyr-take, 
Thus vnGoodly to rehet me. 8153
Grete synne hauþ þat list dysplese 
A lady for love lyeth in desese."—
"That ys soþ," sayde good Wrule. 8157
"Hyt þys grete almes, I dare vnþyr-take,
A lady to sle a gentil knyght
That lov'yth her truly wyth aH his myght.

Then seide pe lady: "I fele wele
In loves daunger ye are neuer a dele.
But God may ordeyn here-after pat ye
In loves daunse caught may be.

Then aH pes Iapes wole ye leve,
Then shuH ye fele somewhat my greve."

pEn seide Wrake: "I will neuer more
To you speke, sith pat so sore
My wordes to you grevance be
For when God will, suster, mow ye
In love here-after full truly,
And pen I hote you pat neuer shalH I
Hym pat I love for no-thing hate,
For pat were an vngoodly debate."

Then seide Melior: "pis may wele be.
But when God of love and ye
Haue ben to-gedr pat ye hym serve,
And he you bynde tiH pat ye sterve,
Thus fro his servise neuer parte shalH ye.

Univ. Coll. MS.
A lady to sle a gentil knyght
That lov'yth her truly wyth aH his myght."

Then sayde the lady: "I fele wele
In loves daunger ye are neuer a dele.
But God may ordeyn here-after that ye
In loves daunse caught may be.

Then alle these Iapes wole ye leve,
Then shalH ye fele somewhat my greve."

ThaH sayd Vrak: "I will neuer more
To you speke, sith that sore
My wordys to you grevance be.
For whan God wyH, Suster, to you ye
In love her-after full truly,

And than I hote yow, neuer shalH I
Hym that I love for no-thing hate,
For that were an vngoodly debate."

ThaH sayd Meliorc: "Thys may wele be.
But whan God of love and ye
Haue bene to-gedyr, that ye hym serve,
And he you bynde tyH that ye sterve,
Thus fro his servyse neuer part shalH yee,

Rawl. MS.
A lady to sle a gentil knyght
That lov'yth her truly wyth aH his myght."

Then seide she: "I fele weH
In louys damage are ye neuer a dalle.
But God may ordeyne here-after pat ye
In louys daunse caught may be.

Then aH pis Iapis with ye lene,
Then shalH ye fele somewhat my grene."
Then shuH ye wele teH me 8180
To love ne to hate shuH ye hau ne no power, 8181
But as ye may be to hym moste pleisure."
Then seide Wrake: "If love me bynde
Hym to serve in such a kynde, 8184
What ping shaH make me my love to hate?
Be-twene vs rysse shaH neuer debate.
Truly, suster, I sey for me
Of his servise hauve I no deynte." — 8188
"Be ye feith, suster, pat I hym owe," 8189
Seid Melior, "ye shuH wele knowe
Bope pat and moche ofer ping more
Ye felte [neuer] sith tyne * ye were bore." 8192
Then seide Wrake: "Love ye on haste!
Hym to serve hauve I no haste:
For suster ye can neuer teH me
Where I love paramours in any degre." — 8196
"Ye, suster," pen seide Meliore,
"Ye know pat is a-goo fuH yore.
Where my herte was sette to love,
There it is abH-wey, be God a-bove. 8200

Univ. Coll. MS.
Then saH ye wele telle me 8192, sith tyne] MS. tyne sith.
To love ne to hate shuH ye hau ne no power, 8181
But as ye may be to hym moste pleisure." 8193
Then sayd Vrak: "Ye love me bynde
Hym to serve in such a kynde, 8184
What thynge shaH make me my love to hate?
Be-twene vs rysse shaH neuer debate.
Truly, suster, I sey nowe for me
Of his seruyce hauve I no deynte." 8194
"Be ye feith, suster, pat I hym owe," 8195
Seid Melior, "ye shuH wele knowe
Both that and moche othyr thynge more
Ye felte neuer syth tyne ye were bore." 8196
Then sayd Vrak: "Love ye on fast!
Hym to serve hauve I no hast.
For, suster[et], ye canne neuer teH me
Where I love paramour[et]s in any degre." 8197
"Ye, suster," than sayd Melior,
"Ye know that ys go fuH yore.
Where my hert was set to love,
There yt ys alwaye, be God above. 8200

Rawl. MS.
Then saH ye wele teH me 8180
To love ne to hate shuH ye hau ne no power, 8181
But as ye may be to hym moste pleisure." 8182
Then seye Wrake: "Love ye on fast!
Hym to serve in souche a kynde, 8184
What thynge shaH make me my love
to hate?
Be-twene vs rysse shaH neuer debate.
Truly, syster, I sey nowe for me
Of his seruyce hauve I no deynte."— 8183
"Be ye feith, syster, pat I hym owe," 8184
Seyle Melyore, "ye shuH wele knowe
Bothe pat and moche opher more
Ye felt neuer sethe ye were bore." 8185
Then seye Wrake: "Love ye on fast!
Hym to serve hauve I no hast.
For, syster, ye con neuer teH me
Where I love paramour in oudeye." — 8186
"Ye, syster," pen seye Melyore,8197
"Ye knowe pat is a-goo fuH yore.
Where myne hert was set to love,
There it is abH-wey, be God above. 8200
And, syster, ye speke euer of oo pinge, 8204
Ye can neuer make berof Endyng.
And as toucyng pis parlement, 8204
What my lordes perin haue ment, 8204
And what euer they meane, so mote I go, 8204
As me list beste so wiH I do.” 8204
Then seide hir suster Wrake :
“Pough ye litty heede here-of take 8208
In suche place ye be now brought,
Be ought or be it nought :
He þat wynneth þe turnament,
Ye moste haue hym by Jügement.”— 8212
“Suster,” she seide, “I shaH neuer take
For hem aH none opér make
But such as hathe aH hole my herte,
How sore þerof pat euer I smerte.”— 8216
“I wote neuer whome ye love beste,
But wele I wote ye haue skiff moste
To Partonope, whome[=euer] ye chese,
Who euer yow he shaH lese.” 8220
Then seide Melior : “It is not so,
I love hym truly and no mo.— 8222

Univ. Coll. MS.

And, syster, ye speke euer of onð thyng, 8214
Ye can neuer make therof endyng,
And as touching þis parlement,
What my lordes þer-in haue ment,
And what euer they meane, so motte I go,
As me lust best so wele I do.” 8205
Than† sayd her suster Wrak : 8210
“Thow ye lyteH heede here-of take,
In such pore ye be now brought,
Hej ought or be hyt naught : 8210
He that wynneth the turnement,
Ye must haue hym indigent.”
“Suster,” She sayd, “I shaH neuer take
For hem aH none other make 8214
But such that hath aH hole my hert,
How sore therfor that euer I smerte.”— 8217
“I wote neuer whom5 ye love best. 8217
But wele I wote ye haue sylk mest
†To Partonope, whom6 euer ye chese,
Who euer yow /he shaH yow lese.” 8220
Than† sayde Melior : “Hyte as [is] not so,
I love hym truly and no moo.

Rawl. MS.

And, syster, ye speke euer of thyng, 8214
Ye con neuer make þer-of endyng.
And as toucyng þis parlemente,
What my lordes þer-in haue ment,8204
And what euer they meane, so mote I go,
As me list beste so wiH I do.” 8204
Then seide hir syster Wrake :
“Thow ye lyttif heede here-of take,
In soyche pyle ye be brought, 8209
Be it ought ore be it nought : 8209
He þat wynneth þe turnente,
Ye moste haue hym by fuggememe.”— 8220
“Suster,” she seide, “I shaH neuer take
For hem aH none other make 8214
But soyche as hath houly my herte,
Howe sore þerore þat euer I smerte.”— 8220
“I wote neuer whom ye love beste,
But weH I wote ye haue skiff meste
To Partonope, whom euer ye chese,
1 Who euer haue youe, he shall you lese.” 8222
Then seide Melyore : “It is not so.
I love hym truly and no mo. 8222
What euer þe Iuges deme a-bowe,
I yeve hym fully aH my love."— 8224
"To late þes wordes ye haue seide.
Ye moste nedes holde you paide
To haue hym your lorde þat be lugement
Hath borne hym beste in þe turnement."

Then seide Melior: "Ye sey now sope.
But sipe to me þis is so lope,
I shaH make hem leve her entent
And anulle aH þis turnement."

Then seide Wrake: "Þis may not be.
It is proclaamed in many a contree
That agreed ye be fully þerto;
What euer ye sey it moste be do." 8236

AH wepyng answerd Meliore:
"It hath be spoke so ferre afore
To aH þe worlde is now hilder comyng,
Of nought it serveth aH my repentyng!"

Then seide Wrake: "It wolte not be. 8240
AH þis wepyng for Partonope,
Lette þis go for euer with-outen fayle,
Thus is, suster, my fuH counsaylle." 8244

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Univ. Coll. MS.

What euer þe Iuges deme a-bowe,
I yeve hym fully aH my love."— 8224
"To lete thys wordes ye hane sayde.
Ye must nedes hold yow payde
To hane hym) your lord þat be lugement
Hath borne hym) best in the turnement." 8228

Then) sayd Melior: "Ye say now soth,
But syth to me thys ys so both,
I shaH make hem) leve her entent
And anulle aH this In-turment."

Then) sayd Wrak: "Thys may not be.
Hyt ys proclaymed in many a contre
That a-greed fully ye be ther-to;
What euer ye say hit must be do."

AH wepyng answered Melior: 8237
"Hit hath be spokeyd so ferre and nere
To aH the world ys now hedyr comyng,
Of nought hit serveth aH myn) repente-
yng!"

Then) sayd Wrak: "Late now be
AH this wepyng for Partonope.
Late this goo for euer wyth-outen fayle.
This ys, suster, my fuH counsayH."

Rawl. MS.

What euer the Iuges deme abowe,
I yene hym fully aH my loye."— 8224
"To late þis wordes ye hane sayde.
Ye moste nedes holde you payde
To hane hym þat be lugement
Hath borne hym þate in turnemente."

Then sayd Melyor: "Ye sey sothe.
But sothe to me þis is so lothe 8230
I shaH make hem) lene here entente
And anulle aH þis turnement."

Then) sayd Wrake: "It may not be.
Hit is proclaumde in many a contre
That agrede fully ye be þerto;
What euer ye sey it moste be do." 8236
AH wepynge anserwe Melyoure:
"Hit Hath be spoke so ferre afore.
AH þe worlde is heper comyng
Of nought servyth my repenteinge!"

Then) sayd Wrake: "Let nowe be
AH þis wepyng for Partonope.
Let þis goo for euer with-outente.
This is, suster, my fuH counsayeH." 8244
Ayein answerte faire Meliore:
"Nedes moste my herte be sore,
Sith prow myn owne folly
Myne hertes Ioy pus loste haue I."
"Suster," seide Wrike, pis faire mayde,
"The wordes be now to late seide.
For no doute pis ye shulH not se
At pis turnement Partonope.
And pis is pe moste wo of all:
In your power it may not faie
To chese your love pere as ye luste,
But where your Inyes likep beste.
To hym ye moste yene all your herte,
Though it do so youre herte smerte.
They shulH chese, but ye moste love.
Pis mariage, me pinketh, may not prove.
For who pat shalH love, as pinketh me,
The choyse allH in hym moste be.
Of pis it nedeth not to speke more.
But when I kneled and wept fuH sore,

After 8257 catchword: Though hit do youw sore.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A-yeine answerd fayre Meliore:
"Nedyes must my herte be sore
Syth throur myny ownd folly
Myne hertes Ioy thus loste haue I." 8248
"Systre," seide Wrike, this fayre mayde,
"This wordes be now to late seide.
For no doute this ye not shalH see
At this turnement Partonope. 8252
And this ys the most wo of all:
In your power hit may not faie
To chese youre love there as ye lust,
But where youre Inyes lyketh best. 8256
To hym ye must yeve all youre hert,
Thought yt do yow sore smerte. 8260
They shalH chese, but ye must love.
This Maryage me thynketh may not prove.
For who that shalH love, as thynketh me,
The choyse aigat in hym must be.
Of this nedeth not to speke no more.
But whanne I kneled and wept fuH sore, 8264

British Museum MS.

"Nedes moste my herte be sore,
Sith prow myn owne folly
Myne hertes Ioy pus loste haue I."
"Suster," seide Wrike, pis faire mayde,
"The wordes be now to late seide.
For no doute pis ye shalH not se
At pis turnement Partonope.
And pis is pe moste wo of all:
In your power it may not faie
To chese your love pere as ye luste,
But where your Inyes likep neste.
To hym ye moste yene all your herte,
Though it do so youre herte smerte.
They shalH chese, but ye moste love.
Pis mariage, me pinketh, may not prove.
For who pat shalH love, as pinketh me,
The choyse allH in hym moste be.
Of pis it nedeth not to speke more.
But when I kneled and wept fuH sore,
Praying you to for-gyf Partonope,
Then herde in no wyse myght I be.
But †is is a full olde sawe:
Nede hathe no maner of lawe.  
Therefor my counseylle is atte lestc:
Taketh hym to your love pat turnep leste.”
Now with †is wordes †is susters two
Ben risen, and into a chambre go.
And in shorte tyme †is fayre Wrake
Of hir suster hir leve hath take.
She pinketh fath longe, while she is †ere,
She wolde fath fayne be Elles-where.
Now shortly to speke, †is good Wrake
Of Melior hir suster leve hope take.
And Melior prayeth fayre that she
With hir atte turnement wil be,
And she hir graunted with good chere,
Saying: Suster, I wolde be †ere.”
Of hir leve takynge no more I make.
But streight to shipp gope Wrake.
Wynde and weder hope she at wiH.
To Salence she cometh fath softe and stille,
Fro shippe to casteH streight gope she.
When ware of hir was Partonope,*
Atte chambre dore some he hir mette,
And fath gladly eiche oper grette.
Of hir comyng fath glad was he,

Praying yow to for-gyf Partonope,
Than herd / in no wyse myght I be.
But this ys a fath olde sawe:
Nede had no maner of lawe.  
There-fore my consayH ys atte lestc:
Taketh hym to your love that turneth best.”
Now wyth thys wordes thys susters two
Bene rysen), and in-to Chamber goo.
And in Shorte tyme this fayre Wrak
Of hir suster leve taketh,  
She thenketh fath longe, while She ys there,
She wold fath fayne be elles where,  
Now Shortely to speke, this goode Wrak
Of Melyor, her Suster, leve hath take.
And Melior prayeth fayre that She
Wyth her atte turnement wold be,  
And She her graunted wyth good chere,
Saying: “Suster, I fath be there.”
Of her leve takynge no more I make.
But streight to Ship gooth Wrak.
Wynd and wedyr hope She at wylle.
To Salens She cometh fath softe and stytle,
Fro Ship to casteH streight goth She.
Whan) ware of her was Partonope,  
Atte Chambry dore some he her mett,
And fath goodely ech othe grette.
Of her home comyng fath glad was he,
Urake tells him about the tournament, adding that Melior sends him word that she will never be his wife if he does not come there.

And of his helthe moche Ioy made she. 8292
And with hym come faire Persewise To welcome hir lady be good avise.
And of pe turnement Wrake hym tolde,
And what pe cause is why it shuld be holde; 8296
And seide his love hym worde sente
If he come not to pe turnement,
Melior his wife neuer shuld be.
Then to Wrake seide * Partanope:
"And Godd gif me life, with-oute doute,
I shaH go forpe amonoge pe Route.
But what shaH I do? I have none armoure."—
"Care ye nought, for I you ensure
Ye shaH none laxe," seide good Wrake.
"For favere ne better, I dare vndertake,
Beth not to selle pis day in Parise,
Of strenger assayes ne better avise,
Stronge sheldes, favre sadels with cropers,
Light and faire shapen, and myghty colers,
Hauberk, hosen of mayle fuH bright,
And helme of fyne stele pat hath good sight.
A stede I shaH gyve you which is cole blak;
In hym I trowe ye shaH fynde no lak,
Wele rennyng and redy atte honde,
8300. MS. adds to after seide.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And of helthe moch Ioy made She. 8292
And wyth come favre Persewyse
To welcome her lady be goode a-vyse.
And of the turnement Wrake hym tolde,
And what the cause was hit shuld be hold;
1 And sayd his love hym word sent
Yf he come not to thurnement,
Melior his wyfe shuld neuer be.
Than to Wrake sayd Partanope: 8300
"And God gyfe me grace and lyfe,
wyth-outen) doute, [1 leaf 69, back]
I shaH go forth wyth at the route.
But what shaH I do? I have no armoure."—
"Care yow nought, for I yow en-
sure
8304
Ye shaH none laxe," sayd favre Vrak,
"For favere[r] ne better I dare vndyr-
take,
Beth not to selle this day in Paryse,
Of strenger assayes ne better devyse,
Stronge Sheldes, favre Sadylles wyth cropers,
8309
Lyght and favre Shapen), and myghti
colers,
Haubrek, hosen of mayle fuH bryght,
And helme of fyne stele pat hath good syght.
8312
A stede I shaH gyf yow which ys cole blak;
In hym I trowe ye shaH fynde no lak,
Wele rennyng and redy atte hand,
A better shalH be founde in no londe, 8316
Therefore sett fully your entent
To be at pat grete turnement;
For amonge thousandes of armed men
A fressher ne a better armed shalH ben
Man in pe felde pat ilke day
Then ye shalH be; and perfore assay
Of pe turnement to haue pe degrce,
For all your armynge I take vpon me.
For and ye liste hem to se nowe,
They shalH be brought afore you;
And at leyser ye shalH hem assay.
And what is not good to your pay,
It shalH be amended at good eace.”
And persevis wyth anoone wyth-oute lese
Fresshe harneys afore hym was brought.
What hym lust haue þere lakked nought.
This harenis he liked wonder wele;
He se neuer fayrere of Iren and stele.
The hosen of stele he did assay
If they were shape wele to his pay.
And Persewise with hir fresshe face
A-boute his legges gan hem lace.
The blood of stele thz were so bright,
Were wele shapen vnto his sight,
In hem defaute coupe he none fynde,
And Persewise pat was so kynde,
Brought him an hauberk fresshe and gay,
If it were mete to assay.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A better shalH be found in no lond. 8316
There-flore sett fully your entent
To be at that grete turnement;
For amonge thousandes of armed men
A fressher ne a better armed shalH ben.
Man in the feld that ylk day 8321
Then ye shalH be, and there-for assay
Of the turnement to haue degrce,
For all your armynge I take vpon me.
For and ye lyst hem) to se now, 8325
They shalH be brought a-fore yow;
And at leyser ye shalH hem assay.
And what ys not good for your pay, 8828
Hyt shalH be amended at good eace.”
And thir-wyth a-none * wyth-outen lees
Fresshe harneys a-fore hym) was brought.
What hym) lust haue lakked noght, 8332
Thys harneys he lyked wondyr wele;
He seygh neuer fayrer) of Iren) and stele.
The hosen of stele he dyd assay

PARTONOE.
This havberk upon him he did caste:
Of beaute hym wrought pat paste
Ah po pat ever he had sene be-fore.
This faire Persewisse with-oute more
With a girdle of golde hym girde a-bove,
Wele sette with perle; for somewhat love
This fayre mayde hath brought in suche plite,
Partonope to plese was ah hir delte.
And forpe anone with-outen faile
A-boute his neke a faire ventaille
She did lace, with-oute opes moo.
And faire Wrake hym brought po
A bright helme bourened fyne of stele,
With golde and perle sette fulH wele.
And right anoone with-oute lette
Vpon his heide Wrake it sette,
And knytyte pe gower a-boute his waste,
And to his shulders made it faste.
Wrake brought hym a swerde anoone.
Though prow pe worlde a man shuld gone
A passyng good swerde to fynde,
He wolde not hane lefte pat be-hynde;
And per to it was so bright and keen,
When he had it nakende sene,
He seide he se neuer such anofer;
Of golde pat was worp wele a fopere.
Wrake with pis swerde so bright
A-bove his hareneis anoone right

Rawl. MS.

1. This hanbreke vpon hym he caste:
Of beaute hym wrought pat paste [leaf 66]
Ah po bet ever he had sene be-fore. 8347
This Persewisse so feyre with-out more
With a gyrdle of golde hym gyarde abowe, 8349
Well set with perle; for somewhat lone
This feyre mayde hath brought in soyelie plight,
Partonope to plese was hir delte. 8352
And furthe anoone with-out failet
A-boute his nyke a feyre ventaille
She dyde lace, with-out opes mo.
And feyre Wrake hym brought po 8356
A bright helme burnyschede of sted.
She wolde haue gyerde, but he seide nay.
"Why?" seide Wrake, "I you pray.
What is your cause, for God ah-myght?"

Then seide Partonope anoone right:
"I wolde you tel why I it do.
For on a tyme it stode so
I stode wele in my ladies grace,
And were to-gedre in a place
Where I toke leve fro hir to goo,
This was pe charge she gave me po,
That neuer woman shulde girde me-
With my swerde; for truly she
Seide she shuld a-boute me pat swerde do.
And I prayde hir hertly it might be so.
I haue you tolde now pe cause why
Ye may not girde me truly."

\[8376\]

Partonope declares
that only his Lady
can do that.

Wrange pat was bope curteise and hende,
To hym answerd and seide: "My frende,
If it happe you, Partonope,
In bataylle pat in grete presye be,
And your swerde be any ping to longe.
Girde you with pe shorter thonge.
And I coupe yte ordeyne pat ye
Of hir with swerde to girde be,
And she of you shuld have no knowyng.
For I darre vndirtake you to bryng

\[8377\]

With my swerde, for truly she
Seide she wolde a-boute me pat swerde do,
Into a place where that ye
At right good leysere hir shuld se."

"Faire lady," seide Partonope,
"There is no man on lyve that may be
More be-holde to any creature
Then I am to you; perfore what I endure
On life, your man I moste nedes be.
And if pis behest ye haue made me,
Ye wolde parfourme as ye may say,
Of aH myn heale ye bere pe keye,
To bryng me in place pere I myght be
Myn hertly loy pus forto se,
And I vnknowen of any wight.
This were to me a blessed sight."

Then seide Wrake: "Sith my be-heste
To you may be so grote a feste,
I wiH do aH my fuH power
To brynge you to haue pis leyser."

Therwith she brought hym a fayre sheeld,
So freshe ypaynted that a feld
Of the beaute myght enlumened haue be.

---

1 To yow may be so grete a feste. 8414
I wytt do aH my fuH power [1 leaf 70]
To brynge yow to haue this leyser. 8416
There-wyth She brought hym a fayre sheeld,
So freshe ypaynted that a feld
Of the beaute myght enlumened haue be.
Grete [wonder per-of had Partonope.  
Large, strong it was, defensable in fight,*
And per-to it was passyng light.
And sith she made to hym brynge
A gitone of golde beten, a[f glitteryng, *
And nayles of golde it forto takke
Vpon a grete spere peynted blak.
This spere I spake of, was not longe ;
But when pis getone per-on did honge
A ffresher devysse coupe no man se. 
The sheld anone Partonope
So gay a-boute his neke did henge.
Vpon his stede po gan he spryngc,
With-oute Stireope full fresshly.
His spere in his hande he toke lustely.
Out of pe casteH po did he ride,
Into a medowe pat was longe and wyde,
His hors, his hareneis per to assay,
If it were easy, acordyng to his pay.
Stronge, swyte, weI bryled pe stede founde he.
Grete Ioy hadde pes maydens to se

8421. MS. sight.  8424. MS. glideryng.

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Univ. Coll. MS.
Grete there-of had Partonope. 8420
Large, strong hyt was, defensable in syght,
And ther-to hyt was passyng lyght.
And syght she made to hym bryng
A geton gold beten, a[f gleteryng, 8424
And nayles of gold hit for to takk
Vpon a grete spere peytet blak.
This spere I spake of, was not longe.
But whan this geton there-on dyd honge,
A ffresser devyse coude no man se.
The Shell anone Partonope
So gay a-boute his neke he hynge.
Vpon his stede tho gan he spryngc, 8432
Wyth-outo stypro fresshly.
His spere in his hond he toke sustely.
Oute of the casteH tho dyd he ryde
In to a medow that was larg and wyde,
His hors, his harneys ther to assay, 8437
Vf hit were esy, acordyng to hys pay.
Strong, swyfte, weII brydeIyd the sted fonde he.
Grete Ioy had these maydenes to se

---

Rawl. MS.
1 Grete wonder per-of hade Partonope.
Large, stronge it was, defensable in fight,
Ther-to hit was passyng light.
And sethe she made to hym bryng
A geton with golde betyn, a[f glettryng,
And nayled of golde it for to takke
Vpon a grete spere peytet blak.
This spere I spake of, was not longe.
When pis geton peron dyde honge,

---

A freshere devyse couthe man see. 8429
The shilde a-none Partonope
So gay aboute his nyke dyde hange.
Vpon his stede po gan he spryngc,
Wyth-outo stypro fresshly.
His spere in his honde he helde lustely.
Oute of pe casteH po dyde he ryde
In-to a medow, large and wyde, 8436
His hors, his harneys per to assay.
Yef it were esy acordyng to his pay.
Stronge, swyfte, weII brydeHede pe stede fondhe.
Grete Ioye hade pis maydens to se 8440
With hym-self how faire he ferde.
A-forne hadde they neuer seene ne herde
Of man yarmed so moche beaute sey.
Hym to se grete Ioy hadde they. 8441
Armed he was passyng semely.
Downe of his stede he lepe lustely,
When aII his assaies he hadde do.
Into a chambre streight did he go
Hym to vn-arme, with-outen more.
Wanke be-thoughte hir how Melior
With swerde moste girde Partonope.
In aII pe hastes to shippe gothe [s]he,
Toke of hym leve and pat ful goodly,
Chargeyng his wardeyns tendirly
They shulde hem kepe; and what hym lyste
He shulde not faile to haue of pe beste. 8456
Now good Wranke and faire Persewise
Bene vnnder sayle, and at poynte devise
They have the wynde and weder at wiH.
Hir be-heste she pinketh to fult-fyll.
Forpe sayleth her shippe in good array,
That within a nyght and half a day

Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyth hym-self how fayre he ferde. 8441
A-forne hadde they neuer seene ne herde
Of man yarmed so moche beaute sey.
Hym to se grete Ioy hadde they. 8441
Armed he was passyng semely.
Downe of his stede he lepe lustely,
When aII his assaies he hadde do.
Into a chambre streight did he go
Hym to vn-arme, with-outen more.
Wranke be-thoughte hir how Melior
With swerde moste girde Partonope.
In aII the hastes to Shippe gothe She, 8452
'Toke of hym leve and that ful goodely,
Chargeyng his wardeyns tendirly 8454
The shulde hym kepe; and what hym
lyst [1 leaf 70, back]
He shulde not fayle to haue of the best.
Now good Wranke and fayre Persewise
Bene vnnder sayle, and at poynte devise
They have the wynde and weder at wyth.
Hir be-heste she shenke to ful-full.
Forth sayleth her Shippe in good a-ray,
That wyth-in a nyght and half a day

Rawl. MS.

With hym-self so feyre he ferde.
Afore hade pey neuer sen ne herde
Of man I-armede so meche beute se.
Hym to se grete Ioye hade pey, 8441
Armede he was passyng symly.
Downe of his stede he lepte lustely,
When aII his assaies he hade I-do.
In-to a chambrere streghte dyde he goo
Hym to vnarme, with-outemore. 8449
Wranke be-boughte hir howe Melyore
With swerde moste gyride Partonope.
In aII the hastes to shipe gothe she, 8452
'Toke of hym leve and pat ful goodely,
Chargeyng his wardeyns tendirly 8454
They shulde hym kepe; and what hym
lyste [leaf 67, back]
He shulde not faite to haue the beste.
Nowe good Wranke and feyre Percewysse
Bethe vnnder saith; and at poynte-devyse 8458
They haue wynde and wepe at wiH.
Here be-heste pey yrnke to full-full.
Furthe she saylyth in good array, 8461
That with-in a nyght and a day
Vnder Chief de Oire is she come.
The londe fuH prively hape she nome,
That of hir comyng is no man wise,
Save she allone and Persewyse.
The privye posterns, I undertake,
Of pe paleys wele knoweth Wrake.
And prove a gardeyn, pat was fuH privye,
Cometh Wrake and faire Persewyse
Streight vnto pe chambre-dore,
Where as the maydens of Melior
Were a-slepe faste; and vp she nome
The lache of pe dore, and in she come.
“A-wake, a-wake!” she bade hem faste.
Oute of there slepe they breyde in haste.
They were a-wake so sodenly
That they wist never redely
In what place tho that they were,
And in pis stakeryng they gone feere.
Of pis affray had Wrake game,
And than eich woman by hir name
She called and seide: “Be not a-gast.
I am come hidder in grete haste

8480. fere] MS. rather feere.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Vn fry Chyef de Oyre ys She come. 8463
The londe fuH prively hath She nome,
That of her comyng ys no man wylwse,
Sawe She allone and Persewyse.
Thy privye posterns, I vn-dyr-take,
Of the paleys weft knoweth Vrake, 8468
And throw a gardeyn, that was fuH
prevy,
Cometh Vrake and fayre Persewyse
Streight vn-to the chamber-dore,
Where as the mayndens of Melior 8472
Were a-slepe fast; and vp She nome
The laech of the dore, and in she come.
“A-wak, a-wak,” she had hem fast.
Oute of there slepe they breyd in hast,
They were a-wake so sodenly 8477
That they wyst never redely
In what place tho they were,
And in this stakeryng they gone feere.
Of this affray had Vrake game, 8481
And than eich woman be her name
She calleth, and sayd: “Be not a-gast.
I am come hidvr in grete hast 8484

Rowl. MS.
Vnder Chyfe doyre she is I-come.
To londe fuH prevly she hathe nome,
That of hir co-my[n]ge no man wyse,
Safe she allone and Percewyse. 8466
The prevy posterne, I vn-der-take,
Of pe paleys weft knoweth Wrake.
And porwe a gardyn, pat was fuH prevy,
Comyth Wrake and syrle Percewyse
Streight in-to pe chambir-dore,
Where as pe mayndens of Melyore 8472
Were alslepe faste; vp She nome
The laece of pe dore, and in she come.
“A-wake, a-wake!” she bade hem faste.
Out of pe slepe pey brede in hast. 8476
They were awake so sodenly
That pey wyste never redely
In what place pe pat pey were,
And in pis stakeryng pey gan feere. 8480
Of pis affray hade Wrake game,
And pey(e) he she woman) by here name
She callede an seyde: “Be not agaste.
I am come heiper in grete hast 8484
To speke with my lady and suster dere."
Anoone the women made hir good chere,
And brought hir pere the lady lay,
And pen anoone, with-outen nay,
To bedde they yede euerichone,*
And lette pes ladies to-gedre allone.

Anoone as Melior wist pat Wrake
Hir suster was come, she gan to make
Grete Ioye, and seide: "Welcome be ye."—
"Madame," seide Wrake, "I come to se
"How it is with you, and how ye fare."—
"Allas!" seide Melior, "haue I grete care!"
For in my wittes I can not se
How pis turnement myght anulled be."— [leaf 167, back]

"Nay of pe anullyng speke ye no worde.
That is determynd by aH pe acorde 8500
Of your lordes and eke of you,
Wherefore I am come hidder nowe
To knowe and wete pe ful] entente
Which shuld holde pis turnement
8504. MS. euerichone.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To spek wyth my lady and suster dere."
A-none the women made her good chere, 8486
And brought her there her lady lay,
And than a-none, wyth-outen nay,
To bed they yede euerich-one, 8489
And lette these ladies to-gydyr a-lone.
Anoone as Melior wist that Wrake
Her suster was come, she gan to mak
Grete Ioye, and seide: "Well-come be ye."— [leaf 71]
"Madame," sayd Wrake, "I come to se
How hit ys wyth you, and how ye fare."—
"Alas," sayd Melior, "haue I grete care!" 8496
For in my wittes I can not se
How this turnement myght anulled Be."

"Nay of the anullyng speke ye no word,
That ys shermyned be aH the a-corde
Of youre lordes and eke of yow, 8501
Where-for I and come hedyr now
To know and wyte the ful] entente
Which shuld holde this turnement. 8504

Rutcl. MS.

To speke with my lady and syster dere."
Anoone pe women) hir good chere,
And brought here pe here lady lay.
Then anoone, with-out nay, 8488
To bed pe yede euerichone,
And lette pis ladies to-gedre allone.
"A-none as Melyore wysyte of Wrake
Hir syster was come, she gan to make
Grete Ioye, and seide: "Welcome be ye."— [leaf 68] 8493
"Madame," seye, "I come to se
Howe it is with yow, and howe ye fare!"—
"Allas," seye Melyore, "I haue grete care", 8496
For in my wyttes I can not se
Howe pis turnement myght anulled be."

"Of pe nullynge speke ye no worde.
That is determynde be aH pe acorde
Of youre lordes and eke of yow, 8501
Where-for I am come helper nowe
To knowe and wete pe ful] entente,
Which shal hold pis turnent 8504
Within, and who shalt be with-oute.
This is my comynge, with-oute doute."
The lady perwith gan so syght,
And toward God in heven an highe
Fyfh petously hir Eyen did caste.
And when pat was somwhat paste,
She aforsed hir to loke vp lightly,
That hir suster shuld not espaye
That in any hevynees she were.
Wrake in no wise myght for-bere
Hir susters sothes algate to telle,
She thought she wolde rynge hir belle :
"Lorde God! suster, what do ye mene?
Your olde maners be turned af clene.
I wote wel for love ye sorowe.
Your gladde chere of feynyng ye borowe,
Youre sighes ye murder* within your breste.
Lete hem breke outhe, let hem be wiste
Of me pat am your suster dere.
Or telle me wheper to go or where
I myghte your love verely se.

8521. murder[ ]MS. borowe.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyth-in, and ho shalt be wyth-oute,
This ys my comynge, wyth-outen) doute."
The lady ther-wyth gan) so syght,
And toward God in heven) and hyghie
Fyfh pete[s]y her ey[n] dyd cast. 8509
And whan) that was somewhat past,
She a-forsed her to loke vp lyght[r]ly,
That her suster shuld not asspye 8512
That in ony hevyynes She were.
Vrake in no wyse myght for-bere
Her sustres sothes algate to telle,
She thought She wold rynge her beff :
"Lorde God! suster, what do ye mene?
Your olde maneris be turned alle clene.
I wote wel for love ye sorow. 8519
Youre glad chere of feynyng ye borow,
Your sighes ye murder wyth-in youre brest. 8521
Late hym brek outhe, letem be wyst
Of me that am youre suster dere.
Or telle me weedyr to go or where 8524
I myght your love verely se.

8524, murder[ ]MS. borowe.

Rowel. MS.

With-in, and who shalt be with-out,
This is my comynge, with-outen) dout."
The lady per-with gan sigh.
Towarde God on hevy[ng] heigh 8508
Fyfh petously hir eyen dyde caste.
Whan) pat was somewhat paste,
She enforsyd hir to loke lightyelye,
That hir syster shulde not essepye 8512
That in heuyynes she were.
Wrake in no wyse myght for-bere
Hir syster sothis algate to toff,
She sought she wolde rynge here beff.
"Lorde God! syster, what do ye mene?
Youre olde maneris be turneded clene.
I wot wel for love ye sorwe.
Youre glad chere of feynyng ye borow,
Youre sighes ye murder wyth-in youre brest. 8520
Let hem breke out, let hem be wyste
Of me, pat am youre syster dere.
Ore tel me wheper to go or where 8524
I myghte your love verely se.
Ye can not hide pis crafte for me."

"Suster," seide pis lady Melyor, "The cause of my sorowyng long be-before 8528
Ye know wele. What nedeth ye
This vulgadly to rehete me?
My pride I wote wele truly
Hathe brought me so, pat fayne wolde I 8532
Be dede, and oute of pis worlde be brought.
I am so ful of heynnesse and pought
To thinke pat I did such reprefe
To my love as he hadde be a thefe, 8536
And he lowly me mercy did crie.
Yte me liste not to caste vp myn Eye 8540
To do hym grace, but despitously
Voyded hym myn house. Allas pat I hadde deied in pe same place,
Sith myn herte couth do no grace
To pat gentih, pat meke, pat hardy,
That wept vpoun me so tendirly, 8544
That faire, that swete above aH swetnesse,
And sawe hym for sorowe at grete distresse,
And on hym couthe I have no pite!

Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye can) not hyde this craft fro me." "Vuster," sayd this lady Melyor, "The cause of my sorowyng long be-before, 8528
Ye know wele. What nedyth ye
Thus vulgadly to rehete me?
My pryde I wote wele truly [leaf 108]
Hath broght me so, that fayn) wold I 8536
Be dede and oute of this world I-brought.
I am) so ful) of heynes and thought
To thynke that I dyd such reprefe
To my love as he had a thefe, 8536
And he lowly me mercy dyd crye
Yet me lyst not to caste vp myn eye
To do hym grace, but despitously
Voydyd hym my house. Allas that I had dyed in the same place, 8541
Synth myn) hert cowde do no grace
To that gentily, that meke, that harvy,
That wept upon) me so tendilry, 8544
That fayre, that swete a-bone aH swetness,
And saue hym for sorow at grete distresse,
And on hym cowde I have no pyte.

Rawl. MS.

Ye can) not hyde this craft fro me." "Suster," seide pis lady Melyore, "The cause of my sorowyng longe a-fore 8528
Ye know weft. What nedythe ye
Thus vulgadly to rehete me?
My pryde I wot weft truly [leaf 68 back]
Hathe brought me so, pat fayne wolde I 8536
Be dede, and out of pis worlde brought.
I am) so ful of heynes and pought 8534
To thinke pat I dyed soyche reprefe
To my love as he had a thefe, 8536
And he lowly me mercy dyd crye,
Yet me lyste not to caste vp myn eye
To do hym grace, but dysspytuousillye
Voydyde hym myn) howse. Allas that I Hade dyde in pat same place, 8541
Sethe myn) hert couthe do no grace
To pat gentily, pat meke and hardy,
That wepte on me so tenderly 8544
Grete resone it is pat ever I be
In sorowe and care with-oute delay.
I may wele curse pat ilke day
That I into pis worlde was brought,
Sith I of my love so liteH rought
That he is loste, and I lyve in sorowe,
My care aH like bope Even and morowe.
Therefore to dey I gretely desyre.
I wolde give dethe right grete hyre
To bryng me oute of care at ones!
Yte for me to deye but ones
It were not rightfull Iugement
Sith powe me þus is shente
That gentiH, worthy Partonope.
Therfor my rightfull Judgment shuld be
Ofte* to dey and neuer fuH dede."
Therwith piteously she wagged hir hede:
"Alas, faire suster, good Wrake,
Hadde I your good counsayle take,
I hadde not loste my Partonope!"
And with pat worde in swoone feH she.


Univ. Coll. MS.
Grete reson hyt ys that ever I be 8548
In sorow and care with-outen) delay.
I may wel corse that ylk day
That I in-to this world was brought,
Synth I of my love So lytele rought 9552
That he ys lost, and I leve in sorow.
My care aH lyke both even) and morow.
There-for to dye I gretely desyre.
I wold gyf deth ryght grete here 8556
To bryng me oute of care at ones!
Yet for me to dye but ones
Hit were not ryght-fuH Iugement,
Synth thowr me thus ys shent 8560
That gentyH, worthe Partanope.
There-for myryght fuH Iugement shuld be
Ofte to dye and neuer fuH dede."
Ther-wyth peterously She wagged her
hede: 8564
"Alas, fayre suster, goode Wrake,
Hadde I your good counsayle take,
I had not lost my Partanope!"
And wyth that word in swoone sheH
She. 8568

Rawl. MS.
In sorwe and care with-out delay. 8549
I may wel corse pat ilke day
That I in-to pis worlde was brought,
Seth I of my love so lytele rought. 3552
Alas, fayre syster Wrake, 8545
Hade I your good counsayle take,
I hade not loste my Partanope!"
With pat worde in swoone sh she. 8568
When Wraike sawe hir sweone for wo,
She was in poynte for pite po
To give hir conforte of Partonope.
And she be-thought hir and lete be,
Thinkyng: "Of aH pis she shah* be hayle,
She shah not knowe yite my counseyle,
For I thynke, or we departe a-two,
A fytte or tweyn she shah hawe moo
Of pis pley for Partonopes sake."
To pis lady pen seide Wraike,
"Madame," she seide, "how fare ye?"
Be your diseace I can wele se
This grete sekenesse is aH for love,
And I fele wele, be God a-bove,
AHH pis fayne ye wolde holde fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partonope
To make me weene it were for hym,
And yite your herte is on another pyn.
Ye hawe chose some new thinge,
And wolde put me in wenying
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH[ ]MS. hadde.

**British Museum MS.**

When Wraike sawe hir sweone for wo,
She was in poynte for pite po
To give hir conforte of Partonope.
And she be-thought hir and lete be,
Thinkyng: "Of aH pis she shah* be hayle,
She shah not knowe yite my counseyle,
For I thynke, or we departe a-two,
A fytte or tweyn she shah hawe moo
Of pis pley for Partonopes sake."
To pis lady pen seide Wraike,
"Madame," she seide, "how fare ye?"
Be your diseace I can wele se
This grete sekenesse is aH for love,
And I fele wele, be God a-bove,
AHH pis fayne ye wolde holde fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partonope
To make me weene it were for hym,
And yite your herte is on another pyn.
Ye hawe chose some new thinge,
And wolde put me in wenying
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH[ ]MS. hadde.

**Univ. Coll. MS.**

W Hau) Vrak saw her sawun] for wo,
A gyf her comfort of Partonope. [leaf 72]
And She be-thought her and late be,
Thenkyng: "Of aH this She shah be hayle,
She shah not know yt my counseyl,*
For I thynk, or we departe a-two,
A fytte or tweyn) She shah hawe more
Of this pley for Partonopes sake."
To this lady than) sayd Vrak:
"Madame," She Sayd, "how fare ye?"
Be your desesse I can) weH see
This grete Sykenes ys aH for love,
And I feel wele, be God a-bove,
Alle this fayne ye wolde holde fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partonope
To make me we) yte were for hym,
And yet your herte ys on a-nother pynye.
And hane chose some new thinge,
And wolde put me in wenying
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH[ ]MS. hadde.

**Rawl. MS.**

AHH pis ye wolde holde fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partonope
To make me weene it were for hym,
And yite your herte is on another pynye.
Ye hawe chose some newe thynke,
And wY put me in wenying[ ]
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH[ ]MS. hadde.
Madame, let aH pis Iapes be."

"Iapes, alas!" seide Meliore,
"My sorowe encreseth more and more,
Sith I fayne of you wolde have comeforte,
And me semeth it is your disporte
To se me deye with pis turnement.
Of you I am litiH be-ment.
FuH litiH have ye deled with love.
A man myght in pat wele prove,
Sith, suster, pat ye wote wele
For love aH pis wo now I fele,
And in pis mater so rude ye be,
Ye cane no mercy now haue on me,
Therfore in you it is wele sene
That in pis daunce ye haue not bene.
But yite it may here-aftter happe
Love in his daungere may so you clappe,
That my disease shat ye wele fele,
Though youre herte be now as stele.
Then shat ye fele in your mode
Where suche Iapes may do you good.

Madame, late aH these Iapys be."
"Iapys allass," sayd Meliore,
"My sorowe increaseth more and more,
Syth I fayne of you wold hawe comfort,
And me semeth hit ys youre dysport
To se me dye wyth this turnement.
Of yow am I lyteH be-ment,
FuH lyteH have ye delyed wyth love.
A man myght in that wele prove,
Syth, Sister, that ye wote wele
For love aH this wo now I fele,
In this mater so rude ye be,
Ye can no mercy now haue on me,
Therefore in you hit ys wele seende
That in this daunce ye hawe not been,

But yt may here-aftter after happe
Love in his daunger may so yow clappe,
That my dyssesse shat ye welle felee,
Thogh yow hert be nowe as stele.
Where such Iapes may do yow goode.
For and ever ye love as well as I,
Ye shall wele wele full sikerly
Ye shall haue nede of good confort.
Nowe me to scorn is your desporte.
Of o ping, suyster, I make you be- deste,
That God of love to such a feste
Can you bryng as I nowe hane.
As wisly God my soule save,
I wolde neuer dye, tith I myght se
You in such plite as ye se me.”

“Madame,” pen seide faire Wракe,
“My wordes I praye ye ne take
In Evr., for truly I meene not so.
But pis is my menyng, madame, lo :
For you to pinke on Partonope,
I holde it but foly and vanye.
For he is dede, with-outhen fayle,
And it is ordeyned be your cousayle,
And ye agreed be eke perto,
That who in turnemente best happe to do,
Hym shall ye haue pen to lorde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

For and ever ye love as well as I,
Ye shall wele wele full sikerly
Ye shall haue nede of good confort.
Nowe me to scornys your dysporte,
Of o thing, suister, I mak yow be- deste,
That God of love to such a feste
Canne nowe bryng as I nowe hane.
As wyssely God my soule save,
I wolde neuer dye, tith I myght see
Yowr in such plyte as ye se me.”

“Madame,” than seide fayre Wракe,
“My wordes I pray yow ye me take
In evry, for truly I meene not so,
But this ys my menyng, madame, loo :
For yow to think of Partonope,
I holde hit but foly and vanye.
For he ys dede, wythouten fayle,
And yt ys ordeyned be your counsayl,
And ye a-greed be eke ther-to,
That who in turnemente best happe to do,
Hym shall ye haue than to lord.

Racel. MS.

For and ye lone as well as I,
Ye shall wele wele full sikerly
Ye shall haue nede of grete confort,
Nowe me to scornys your dyssporte.
Of on thinke, suister, I make you a be[he]nte,
That God of lone to soycye a feste
Cannd you bryngye as I nowe hane.
As wysly God my soule saue,
I wolde neuer dye, tith I myght se
You in soycye plat as ye se me.”

“Madam,” pen seide fayre Wракe,
“My wordes I praye yow not take
In evry, for truly I meene not so.
This is my menyng, madam, lo :
This is of your counseille ye fuH acorde,  
And aH pis fully agreed ye be.  
It shaH [not] be interrupt for me."

This lady answere sore wepyng:
"I may make semblance to hym, wenying  
Be her counseille I wole take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH ye worlde  
My love yove fro Partonope.  
And yite pis turnement moste I se,  
And as hem luste a lorde me chese,  
And lete hem aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to colde ashes me brenne,  
If eiper counseille or my kyume  
Make a lorde or housbonde me take,  
Sith for euer now is loste my make.  
For wele I wote my Partonope  
FuH harde dethe hath suffred for me.  
I haue hym slayne, I wole hym quyte,  
If I may fynde a knyfe wold bite  
Throwe-oute my breste into my herte.  
I shaH not spare for no smerte  
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,  

"I may make semblance to hym, wenyng  
Be her counseille I wole take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH ye worlde  
My love yove fro Partonope.  
And yite pis turnement moste I se,  
And as hem luste a lorde me chese,  
And lete hem aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to colde ashes me brenne,  
If eiper counseille or my kyume  
Make a lorde or housbonde me take,  
Sith for euer now is loste my make.  
For wele I wote my Partonope  
FuH harde dethe hath suffred for me.  
I haue hym slayn, I wole hym quyte,  
If I may fynde a knyfe wold bite  
Throwe-oute my breste into my herto.  
I shaH not spare for no smerte  
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,  

This is of your counsall ye acorde,  
To pis fully agreed ye be,  
Hit shah be interrup for me."

This lady answere sore wepyngle:" 
"I may make hym semblances, wenying  
Be her counsall I will take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH ye worlde  
My love yeve fro Partonope.  
And yet pis turnement moste I se,  
And as hem luste a lorde me chese,  
And lete hem aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to colde ashes me brenne,  
Ye fether counsall or onky kyume  
Make lord or hosbond me to take,  
Synth for euer now ye loste my make.  
For wele I wote my Partonope  
FuH hard dethe hath suffred for me.  
I haue hym slayn, I wole hym quyte,  
Ye f may fynde a knyfe wold byte  
Throwe-oute my breste in-to my herto.  
I shaH not spare for no smerte  
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,  

British Museum MS.  
This is of your counseille ye acorde,  
And all this fully a-greed ye be,  
Hit shaH be interrup for me."

This lady answere sore wepyng:
"I may make semblance to hym, wenying  
Be her counseille I wole take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH ye worlde  
My love yove fro Partonope.  
And yet this turnement must I see,  
And as hem lust a lorde me chese,  
And late hem aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to colde ashes me brenne,  
Ye fether counsall or onky kyume  
Make lord or hosbond me to take,  
Synth for euer now ye loste my make.  
For wele I wote my Partonope  
FuH hard dethe hath suffred for me.  
I haue hym slayn, I wole hym quyte,  
Ye f may fynde a knyfe wold byte  
Throwe-oute my breste in-to my herto.  
I shaH not spare for no smerte  
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,  

Rowel. MS.  
This is of your counsel ye acorde,  
To pis fully agreed ye be,  
Hit shah not be interrupt for me."

This lady answere sore wepyng:
"I may make hym semblance, wenying  
Be her counsel I will take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH ye worlde  
My love yeve fro Partonope.  
And yet pis turnement most I se,  
And as hem lust a lorde me chese,  
And lete hem aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to colde ashes me brenne,  
Ye fether counsel or onky kyume  
Make lorde or hosbond me to take,  
Seth for euer is loste my make.  
For weH I wote my Partonope  
FuH hard dethe hath suffred for me.  
I haue hym slayn, I witt hym quyte,  
Ye f may fynde a knyfe witt byte  
Thorwe my breste in-to my herto.  
I shaH not spare for no smerte  
To sle my-self, be God abone,
Sith he is dede p[lus for my love, 8656
Er euer any o[per to housbonde I take." [leaf 169, bar._]

Hir fre[she colour pe[with gan slake.
In swone efte sones she felle anoone, 8660
And lay as dede as any stone.
For sothe Wrake, as p[inketh me,
Was gretely to blame, when p[at she 8664
Se hir suster so grete sorowe take,
And wolde no better chere hir make,
Ne gise her conforte of Partonope.
Ayein hir suster grete wrathe bare she,
As though fe{th and angry she hadde be,
That sethe a woman in suche degree,
[pat love hath brought in grete disease,
And knoweth how she may hir eace, 8668
And lust not. Lorde God! what herte hadde she?
Truly and god I sey now for me,
And I knew any in that degre,
On suchone couthe I hau[e grete pite. 8672
I not what hertes o[per folkes hau[e.
For me I sey, so God me save,

Univ. Coll. MS.

Syth he ys dede thus for my love, 8655
Ere euer any other to housbonde I take."

Her freshe color ther-wyth gan smake.
In swonne efte sones she fis[h a-nom, 8659
And lay as dede as any stone.
For soth Vrak, as th[inketh me, 8663
Was gretely to blame, whan that She
Sygh hir suster so grete sorow take,
And wold no better chere her make,
Ne gis her confort of Partonope,
A-yein) her suster grete wrath bare she,
As though fe[th and angry she hadde be, 8664
That seeth a woman in such degree,
That love hath brought in grete dysesse,
And knoweth how she may herte, 8669
And lust not / lord God what herte hath she? 8671
Trewly and god I sey now for me,
And I knew any in that degree, 8673
Of such one couthe I hau[e grete pyte.
I wast knowe what hertes other folkes hau[e,
For me I sey, so God me save,

Rawl. MS.

Sethe he is dede p[lus for my love.
Ore euer any o[per husbonde I take."

Here freshe colour pe[with gan slake.
In swone efte sones she fis[h anone 8657
And lay as dede as any stone.

Hir syster sigh here grete sorwe take,
And wolde no better chere hir make,
Ne gis her confort of Partonope.
Aye[n hir suster grete wrath bare she,
As fe[th and angry she hadde be, 8665
That sigh a woman in p[et degre,
That lone hath brought in grete dysstres, 8667
And knoweth howe she may here eysye,
And I knewe any in that plyte,
Hir to comforte were my delyte. 8676
For God made euery creature,
Man and woman, be nature
To love, and eke to loved be.
To women beaute perfore gave he, 8680
And of vertues grete habundaunce,
Curtesy, fredome goodly in dalyaunce,
Therfore in sope, as pinketh me,
Women in herte gretelty hath he.* 8684
God loved hem gretyly with-outen nay,
And so do I, nyght and day.

For and tho creatures pat so faire be,
Come neuer in heuen, I holde me
Quyte of paradise.  What shaft I do?
But then Wrake knewe wele po

Hir suster for love hadde grete disease.
Grete she hadde, and yite hir to pleace
Wolde she not, ne of hir counsayle

But seide: "Madame, I crye you mercy.

PARTONOPE.
Why be ye tormented so gretely? 8696
My counseylle is pat never ye
Thinke pat ping pat may not be,
But lette it passe, it is pe beste,
And sette your herte in eace and reste." 8700
"Nay suster," she seide, "it was never sene
One that loveth in eace to bene,
Ne in peace, ne in Reste, [for] in sone resone,
With hote lovers never acorde moone 8704
Ne right counsaylle, witte ne shilH.
Save only to haue her owne wytH.
Ah pe witte of pe worlde they sett at nought,
But fully a-greeth hem to her owne thought. 8708
Therfore pis is a fulH olde sawe :
Who may give to a lovere lawe?
For pough reasone wolde make a lovere se
That aH his foly, yte can not he
The wofuH bondes wele vnbynde.
In my-self now aH pis I fynde.
Therfore to love may I not chese,
Though I my wittes perfore lese. 8716

Univ. Coll. MS.

Why be ye tormented So gretely? 8696
My counsayH ys now that never ye
Thinke ys now that never ye
Thenk on) that tymne that may not be,
But late hit passe, hit ys the best,
And sette youre hert in eace and rest." 8700
"Nay, suster," She seide, "it was never seen)
One that loved in eace to bene,
Ne in peac, ne in rest, for in soth reson),
Wyth oute lovers never a-cord mouv)
Ne ryght / counsayH wytte ne skylle,
Sane onely to haue her own wyth.
Ah the wytte of the world they sett
But fully a-greeth hem) to her own
ThoH for this ys a fuH old sawe:
Who may gyte to a lover lawe?
For thoHit reson) wold make a lover se
That aff his foly, yet came not he 8712
Thoo wofuH bondes weH onH-bynde.
In my-self now aff thys I fynd.
ThoH for to love may I not chese,
ThoH I my wyttes ther-for lese. 8716

Rawl. MS.

But let it passe, it is the beste, 8699
And set youre hert in eyse and reste."—
"Nay syster," she seyde, "it was never seen
On pat lyouth in eyes to ben),
Ne in pease, ne reste, for in soyche reson)
Wyth hote louers never acorde moone
Ne right counsayH, wyte ne shih,
Safe only to haue her owen wyt.
Ah pe wyt of pe worlde sey set at
But fully agerthe hem) to her owne
ThoH for pis is a fuH old sawe:
Who may gyf to louder lawe?
TherefoH for to love may I not chese,
Though I my wytes her-for lese. 8716
These wordes be sope as I you say,
No wondyr thougt louers be in foly ay."

Wrake his suster answeryd po:
"EviiH is he at cace pat lyveth so,
For who so make love his Justice
He may not a-vaunte hym of no fraunchise,
But raper of bondage, as pinketh me.
In pat servise kepe I neuer to be.
But of pis materc speke we no more.
I pray you, medame, telle me afore:
When shah be-gyn pis turnement,
And which lordes shah gife Iugement,
And which be within, and which with-oute.
Ah to wete with-out doute
I come hidder, and you also to se,
And to wete wheedir pat ye
At pis tyme any knyghtis make."

This lady sate styH, for fuh a-wake
Oute of pis transe was she not yte.
Ouercome be feyntnesse styH she sette,
TiH longe and late, and atte laste

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Univ. Coll. MS.

These wordes be sotth that I you say,
No wondyr thought louers be in foly ay."

Wrake, her suster, answeryd tho:
"Evett ys he at ese that leveth so.
For who so make love his Justice,
He may not abaut hem of no fraunchise,
But rather of bondage, as thenketh me.
In that servyse kepe I neuer be.
But of this mater speke we no more.
I pray you, Madam, telle me afore:
When shah be-gyne this turment,
And which be wyth-in and who wyth-out,
Ah to wytte wyth-out doute
I come hideryr, and yow also to se,
And to wytte wedyr that ye
At this tyme ony knyghtes make."

This lady sate styH, for fuh a-wake
Out of this transe was she not yit.
Ouercome be feyntnesse styH she sytt,
TyH longe and late, and atte laste

---

RcaU. MS.

This wordes be sothe pat I you say,
No wonder pough louers be in foly ay."

Wrake asks particulars about the tournament, and whether any new knightes are to be created.

For who so make loue his Instysye,
He may not avancye hym of fraunchise,
But rather of bondage, as thynketh me.
In that servyse kepe I neuer to be.
But of his mater speke we no more.
I pray you, madam, telle me afore:
When shah be-gyne his turment,
And whiche lordes shah gife Iugement
And whiche be with-in and who with out.

Ah to wytte without doute
I come heoper and you also to se,
And wete whether pat ye
At pis tyme ony knyghtes make."

This lady sat still, for fuh awake
Out of pis trance was she not yet.
Ouercome be feyntnesse styH she syte,
TiH longe and late, and at the laste
A piteous sighe from hir she caste.
Somwhat hir hert is comen ayein.

Pitously tho spake pe queene.
With voyce fuH feble she tolde hir reasone,
As though she hadde be come from prisone.

"Suster," she seide, "pis Ermulus
Of Merbien, pat wiked Ar[e]ons,
Be whome pis turnement ordleynd is,
Fourteene nyght a-go he tolde me ywisse
Of aH pe kynges pat shulde be pere,
And of her loggyng aH pe manere.

He seide here shaH be pe sawden of Perse,
That to Cristes lawe is aduerse,
And leyth on Mahounde and Appollony.
With hym cometh a comberous meany.

I sawe in his rolles he hath also
xv. kynges hethen and mo,
That for my love aH cristien wole be.
To herborowe in his rolles also hath he

Of Emperours and kynges of Cristes lay
xxiiij, that wille pat day

Univ. Coll. MS.

A petevs sygh from her she cast,
Somwath her hert ys comen a-yen.
Petuusly tho spak the queen.
Wyth voyse fulH feble She tolde her resoun.
As thogh she had be come fro preson).
"Suster," she sayd, "this Ermulus
Of Merbien, that wikened areas.
But whom this turnament ordleynd ys,
Fourteene nyght a-go, he tolde me I-wisse
Of aH the kynges that shuld be there,
And of her loggyng aH the manere.
He sayd here shaH be the sawden of prece.

That to Cristes lawe ys aduerse,
And leeveth on Machound and Appolony.
Wyth hym cometh a comberous meyn.
I saw in his rolles he hath also
Xv kynges hethen and mo,
That for my love all crysten woff be.
To herborowe in his rolles also hath he

Of empereors and kynges of Cristes lay
XX and iiij that wyth that day

Rawl. MS.

A petuouse sigh fro her she caste,
Somwhat her hert was come agayne.
Petuously tho spake pe queene
With voyse feble she tolde hir resoun,

As though she had come fro preson.
"Suster," she seide, "pis Airmus
Of Merben, pat wykkede arons.
Be whom pis turnement ordene be,
Fortnyght ago he tolde me I-wysse

Of the kynges pat shulde be pere,
And of her logynge aH the maner.
He seide here shaH be pe soudan of Perse,
That to Cristes lawe is aduerse,
And lenyth on Mahumbec and Appolony,

With hym comyth a comberous mayne.
I saw in his rolles he hath also
Xv kynges hethey moo,
That for my loun aH crystyn woff be.
To herberwe in his rolles also hath he

Of emperors of crystyn lay
Rxxij and thre pat wille pat day
Be at his turnement with her powere.
Of all her lordshippe bope ferre and nere
Many oone in mariage pen wolde be here,
And many oone pat hathe no fere
Wolde be gladd to se pat day
To wynne worshipp if pat he may.
Then is ordeyned by pis Ermulus,
That pis turnement hath ordeyned pis,
AH Cristen on pis syde herborowed shal be,
The hepen on pe topere side, and so may we
Be in suerte, what so enuer be-falle.
For when pes peple bene gedred aff,
Ful grete Envy amonge hem shal arise.
It semed better at my devyse
To bene a bataylle pen a turnement. [leaf 111]
Perfore, suster, I haue ful ment
To haue on oure side pe cheveteyne,
pe grete Emperor of Almayne,
And with hym they of Denmarke,
at grete warre held in pe marche
On sklaneys, pat perilous men bene.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Be at this turnement wyth her powere.
Of all the lordshippes both ferre and nere
Many one in mariage than wolde be here,
And many one that hath no fere
Wolde be glad to see that day
To wynne worshiyp if he may.
That this turnement hat arayed thus,
AH crysten on this Syde herbourde shal be,
The heten on that other syde, and so may we
Be in seuritie, with so enuer be-falle.
For whom this peple bene gadered aff.
Ful grete envye a-mong hem shal be.
Hit semed better at my devyse
To bene a batayll at my turnement.
There-for, suster, I haue ful ment
To haue on oure syde the Cheveteyn,
The grete emperoure of Almayyn,
And wyth hym they of Denmarck
That grete warre held in the March
On sklaneys, that perilous men bene.

Ravl. MS.
Be at his turnement with here poure.
Of all here lordshipus ferre and nere
Many on in maryage wolde be here,
And mayne on pat hathe no fere. [leaf 71]
AH crystyn) on pis syde herberwede shal be,
The hetyn on pat oper syde and so may we
Be in seruite, what so enuer falle.
For when pis peple) be gaderde aff,
Ful grete envye among hem ryse.
Hit semyde beter at myne devyse
To be a bataff pen a turnement.
Thenfore, suster, I haue ful ment
To hane on youre syde the cheffeteyne,
The grete emperoure of Almayyn,
And with hym of Denmarck
That grete warre holde in pe marche.
And sklaynes pat perilus men ben.

8761. (?) wol, well, will (word blotted).
The kyng of Poyle and Sisile fuH kene
ShuH with pe Emperour be in his towne,
And aH pat longe to my regione.
Now haue ye herde of crystyans;
Now shaH I teH of sareynes:
Hedir shaH come pe sauden of Perce,
The kyng of Ynde, which is perverce
To Cristes lawe, and eke shaH be
The kyng of Mede and Parte, pande,
And eke the faire kyng of Sire,
That so gretely me dope desire.
Yte of hym haue I no deynte.
The kyng of Ermony here shaH be,
pat hath a contre fuH delectable:
The planetes peron be fuH stable.
pe daytes ben ener clere and mery,
The fieldes florished fresshly.
In pat rested pe ship of Noy,
When pe flode had done pe worlde noye.
Hidder comeyth the kyng of Palest
With grete power arrayde fuH honest,

The kyng of Poyle and Sisile fuH kene
ShuH wyth this emperoure be in this towne,
And aH that long to my regione.
Now haue ye herd of crysteans;
Now shaH I teH of Sarayyns:
Hedyr shaH come the Soudan of Perce.
The kyng of Inde, which ys perverce
To Cristes lawe, and eke shaH be
The Kyng of Mede and Parte, pande,
And eke the fayre kyng of Syre.
That so gretely me dothe desyre.
Yet of hym haue I no deynte.
The kyng of Ermony here shaH be.
That hath a contre full delectable;
The planetes ther-of be so stable,
The daytes ben ener clere and mery,
The fieldes florished fresshly.
In that rested the Ship of Noye,
Whan the fold had done the world noye.
Hedyr Cometh the kyng of Palest
Wyth grete powre arrayde fuH honest,

The kyng of Poyle and Sisile fuH kene
ShuH with pe Emperour be in his towne,
And aH pat longe to my regione.
Now haue ye herde of crystyans;
Now shaH I teH of sareynes:
Hedir shaH come pe sauden of Perce,
The kyng of Ynde, which is perverce
To Cristes lawe, and eke shaH be
The kyng of Mede and Parte, pande,
And eke the faire kyng of Sire,
That so gretely me dope desire.
Yte of hym haue I no deynte.
The kyng of Ermony here shaH be,
pat hath a contre fuH delectable:
The planetes peron be fuH stable.
pe daytes ben ener clere and mery,
The fieldes florished fresshly.
In pat rested pe ship of Noy,
When pe flode had done pe worlde noye.
Hidder comeyth the kyng of Palest
With grete power arrayde fuH honest,

8780. of crossed out before ever.

8784. of crossed out before ever.
And lordes of Egipte and Libye,
Then can mych crafte of astronomy.
The kyng of Fraunce, with-out doute,
He cometh to govern hem with-out doute.
He wole not haue me to wife.
But if þer rise debate or strife
FuH but he wole be ayeinste me.
The cause is, he seith, for Partonope
þrow me is loste, þat was his consyne.
Of his comyng now pis is þe fyne
If he may, be venged on me.
But I hope to be strenger þen he.  [leaf 111, back]  8812
He hath done his men to vnderstond,
How his comyng into my londe
Is not to venquysse þe turnement,
And to wedde me is not his entent.”  8816
But when she named Partonopes name,
What for sorowe and what for shame,
She had no power it ones to sowne,
But fell in a new sodeyn sowne.
When to hir-self she come ayein,
And wolde hauue seide Partonope fayn,

Univ. Coll. MS.
And lordes of Egipte and Libye,
They can meche crafte of megremonsy.
1 The kyng of Fraunce, with-out doute,
He comyth to gouverne hem with-out.
[1 leaf 71, back]  8805
He wolde not haue me to wyfe.
But yef þer debate ore stryffe,
FuH but he wull be a-yeinste me.
The cause ys, he seyth, for Partonope
Thorow me ys lost, that was his cossyn).
Of his comyng this ys the fyne
If he may be v[e]l[ing]ed of me.
But I hope to be strenger than he 8812
He hath done his men to vnder-stond,
His comyng now in-to my londe
Ys not to vynquyshe the turnement,
And to wedde me ys not hys entent.”
Buth whan) she named Partonapes name,  8817
What for sorowe and what for shame,
She had no powere hit ones to sowne,
But fyH in a new soden sowne.  8820
Whan) to her-self She come a-yen,
And wolld hauue seyd Partonope fayn,

Rawl. MS.
And lordes of Egypte and Libye
They con meche crafte of megremonsy.
1 The kyng of Fraunce, with-out doute,
He comyth to gouverne hem with-out.
[1 leaf 71, back]  8805
He wolde not haue me to wyfe.
But yef þer debate ore stryffe,
FuH but he wull be a-yeinste me.
The cause ys, he seyth, for Partonope
Thorow me ys lost, þat was his cossyn).
Of his comyng this ys the fyne
Yef he may be veinged on me.
But I hope to be strenger þen he 8812
He hath done his men to vnderstande,
His comyng nowe to his londe
Ys not to vynquyshe his turnement,
And to wedde me is not his entent. 8816
But when) she namyde Partonope,
What for sorwe and for shame,
She hade no purer it onys to sowne,
But fitt in a newe soden sowne.  8820
When) to her-sylfe she come ayen,
And wolde hauue seyd Partonope,
"Parto—Parto—" she seide at ones,
And full febly she seide efte sones:
"Nopee," that with voyce tremblyng,
And þerwith anoone feð in swonyng
Vpon hir bedde, and lay full stið.
And atte laste, as was Goddis wið,
From hir dise se she rose ayein.
Ful piteously þen seide þis queen:
"In wraþe comeþ hidder þe kyng ofFraunce,
And with hym bryngeth his allyaunce,
Grete noumbre of Erles and barons,
Folke of Payto and að þe Gascoignes.
The kyng of Bretayne eke þer shal þe be.
He is not right riche, but yte shal he
Bryng with hym many a worthy knyght.
They haue be proved in many a flyght.
The kyng of Englonde, þough he be ferre,
Wole be as sone here as he þat is nerre.
He is a rightwise man and ful sages;
Somewhat he is cropen in age.

Unio. Coll. MS.
"Parto. Parto," She sayd at ones,
And full febly she sayd efte sones:
"Nope" / that wyth voyces tremlyng,
And þer-wyth a-none fyð in swonyng
Apon her bed, and lay full styyle.
And at the last, as was Goddes wylle,
From her dyssesse she rose a-ye[n].
Full peteously than sayd this queen:
"In wraþ commeth hideryr the kyng of Fraunse,
And wyth hym brynged his alyanne,
Grete noumbre of Erles and barons,
Folk of Payto and aÆ the Gascoyns.
The kyng of Brethyn(e) eke there shal þe be.
He ys not ryght ryche, but yet shal he
Bryng wyth hym many a worthy kynight.
They haue be proved in many a flyght.
Þe kyng of Ingelond, thow he be ferre,
Wolþ be as sone here as he that ys nerre.
He ys a ryghttwos man(þ) and ful sages;
Somewhat he his cropon in age.

Rawl. MS.
"Parto—Parto—" she seyde at onys,
And febly she seyde efte sonys:
"Nope," þat with voyse tremblinge,
And þe-withe þe she fih in swonyinge
Vpon hir bedde, and lay full stið.
And at þe laste, as was Goddes wið,
Fro hir dysseyse she rose ayen.
Ful þetiusly þen seide þis quene:
"In wretþe cymeþ þe kyng þe Fraunce,
And with hym bryngyth þis alyaunce,
Grete nombe of erlis and barouns,
For of Peyte and aÆ þe gascoyns.
The kyng of Breteyn(e) eke here shal þe be.
He is not right ryche, but yet shal he
Bryng with hym many a worthy knyght.
They haue be proyde in many a flyght.
Þe kyng of Englonde, þough he be ferre,
Wolþ be as sone here as he þat is nerre.
He right a wyse man and a sages;
Somwhat he is cropon in age.
Many a knyght hider wole he brynge.
That wele in chambre can daunce and syng.
And as pe lyone fere in the feld
Wele dare they fught vnder sheldre,
Semely men, curteys and plesaunt,
Though they of hem-self make none avaunte.

There shaH be eke pe Emperor
Of Spayne, pe noble turneour,
That worthy is and ful of beaute.
His hepen lay he wolde leve for me. [leaf 112]
Many knyghts come in his company,
And many good hors pat be lusty.

The kyng of Navern, pe kyng of Valens,
The kyng of Garnat with hem of Palens,
And moche folke pat take no wage,
And many moo kynges pat ben sage,
Of whom I can not wele pe name,
But Ermulus hem aH telH can.

But suster, ye asked also of me
If any knyghtis made shuld be
A-fore pe turnement, and //at ordre take

\textit{Univ. Coll. MS.}

Many a knyght hedyr wof he bryng, That wyH in chamber both daunse and synge, And as the Lyon fere in the feld Wele dare they fght vnder sheld. Semely men, curteys and plesaun, Thow they of self make non avaun. 8848

\textit{Rawl. MS.}

Many a knyght he\`er he wif brynge, That we\` in chambe can daunse and synge, And as pe lyoun fers in ficht and felde We\` dare pey fght vnder sheldre. Symly, courtesy and plesaunce, Though pey of hem-selfe make non avant.

Here shaH be eke pe emperoure Of Spayn, pe noble conqueroure, That worthy is and ful of beaute. 8851 His hethyn lay he wif leue for me. Many knyghtes come in his company, And many a good hors pat is lusty. The kyng of Nauere, pe kyng of Valenice, The kyng of Garnat with hem of Palence, And moche folke pat take no wage, And many mo kynges pat beth sage, Of whom I can not wif pe name, But Ermulus hem aH telH can. Syster, ye askede also of me Yef ony knyght made shulde be Afore pat turnent and pat orde take

8848

8852
Of myn hande. To-morowe I shal make
Be tyme an hundred and many moo,
So I am avised pat it shal be do.
And who shal be Iuges of pe turnement,
Thes lords are choyn be myn assent:
The first is pe kyng of Affrike,
For his grete witte and his retorik.
He is wel lorne, and can many science,
He moste neded gyve good sentence.
And what euery he speke, it moste be
Shewyd in faire termes, for certeyny he
Hath witte ynow and grete discrese[i]ow,
[And fayre edyted shal be his reson]
The toper shal be [pe] kyng of Cartage,
A rightwyse man, for gretely in age
He is ronne; and anothe shal be
Kynge Clarins; grete werre hath he
Vpon pe saresynes yere be yere.
Bernard of Grece shal be his pere
8874. perhaps showed.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Of mynd hond / to-morow I shal make
Be tymen an hundred and many moo,
So am I avysyd that hit shal be doo.
And who shal be Iuges of the turnement,
These lords are choyn be myn assent:
The first ys the kyng of Affryke, 8869
For his grete wytte and his retoryke.
He ys welt lorne and can make many science,
He moste nede gyve goode sentence. 8872
And what euery he speke hit must be
Shewyd in fayre termes, for certeyny he
Hath wyll I-nowe and grete dyskreseion.

And fayre edyted shal be his reson\", 8876
The other shal be kyng of Cartage,
A ryghtwes man, for grete in age
He ys ronne; and anothe shal be
Kynge Clarins; grete werre hath he
Vpon the saresynes yere be yere.
Bernard of Grece shal be his feere,

Ravcl. MS.
Of myne hond. To-morwe I shal make
Be tymen an honderde and many moo,
So am I avysede it shal be do.
And who shal be Iuges of pat turnement,
These lords are choyn be myn assent:
The firste is pe kyng of Aufreke, 8869
For his grete wyte and his retoryke.
He is welt lorne in many syenwce,
He moste nede gyve good sentence.
What euery he speke, it moste be 8873
Shewyd in fayre termes, for sertenly he
Hath the wyte I-nowe and grete dyscreseion,

And fayre edytyde shal be his reson), 8876
The toper pe kyng of Targage,
A Right-wys man, in grete in age
He is ronne; anothe shal be
Kynge Clarins; grete werre holdyth he
Vpon the saresynes yere be yere.
Barnarde of Gryse shal be his feere,
He is now named he pryde kyng;
Of a full lawes he can moche ping.
The fourte shall be olde Genors,
The wise, he hardy kyng of mors.
The v. shal be kyng Corsabre,
That hath he kyngdome of Notabre.
The vij shal be of Getule kyng.
In his contre is full wonder ping:
It is full of apes, tigres, and beres,
Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lesers. [leaf 112, back]
He hath no plente of casteH ne toures.
He is called kyng Amforsus.
The vij. kyng hette Gondrede,
And his kyngdome is called Noemede.
Thes kynges shal be [chyf] Iugeoure;
They shal be with me in he toure.
Olde Ermulus eke shal be with me
To take hede who is worpi degree.
Now haue I tolde you, suster, truly
Of pe turnement pe avise by and by."
"Now," seyth Wrake, "aH pis is wele;
I can empugne it neuer a dele.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

1 He ys now namyd the thrid kyng.
Of a full lawes he can moche thing. 8884
The fourth shal be old Genors,\(^1\) leaf 76
The wyse, the hardy of king of mors.
The fyfte shal be kyng Sorsabre,
That holt the kyngdome of Nabre. 8888
The vij shal be of Getule kyng.
In his contre ys full wondyr thyng:
Hit ys full of apys, tygres, and berys,
Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lesers. 8892
He hath no plente of castelle ne toures,

His ys callyd kyng Amforsus. 8894
The Seventh kyng hathoth Gondred,
And his kyngdame ys callyd Noemed.
These kynges shal be chyf Iugeoure;
They shal be wyth me in the toure.
Olde Ermulus eke shal be wyth me
To take hede who ys worthy degree. 8900
Now hane I told yow, suster, truly
Of the turnement the avyse by and by."

"Now," seyth Wrake, "aH this wele;
I can empugne her neuer a dele. 8904

*Rawl. MS.*

He is nowe namyde the ijte kyng,
Of a full lawes he commche thyng. 8884
The fyrthe shal be pe olde Gornors,
The wyse, pe hardy kyng of mors.
The fift shal be kyng Corsabir,
That hathe pe kyngdom of Netabir.
The vijte shal be of Getale kyng. 8889
In his contre is full worthy thyng:
Hit is full of apys, tegres, and beris,
Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lyseres.
He hathe no plente of castehne toures.

He is callede kyng Anforsus.
The viijte kyng hight Gondrede,
And his kyngdome is callede Noemede.
These kyngses shal be chyfe Iugcoure;
They shal be with me in pe toure.
Olde Ermelsus eke shal be with me
To take hede who is worthy degree. 8900
"

"Nowe," seyth Wrake, "aH pis is weH;
I can enpyngne it neuer a deH. 8904
Now slepe I pray you hertly,  
For I wole go now ful privelly  
To shipp vnwetyng of any wight.  
Home I shal come vpon pe nyght,  
And if it like you, to-morow tyme  
I wole be with you hardely or pryme."—
"I pray you, suster," po seide pe queen;  
"Be tyme to-morowe pat ye bene."  
In pis wise hath Wrak take her leve.  
Persewise anoone she toke [he] pe sleve,  
And into shippe to-gedre they gone,  
And to her castel they come anoone.  
Then mette they with Partonope.  
With Ioyfulli herte he[n] welcome he.  
And Wrake hym [tolde] all pe entent  
Of pe Emperesse and of pe turment,  
And how she shuld on pe morow make  
Knyghtes; and persever faire Wrake  
That nyght of slepe toke liteH hiede.  
For besy she was, with-outen drede,  

Univ. Coll. MS.  
Now slepe I pray yow hertyly,  
For I wolH go nowe fulH prevelly  
To shippe vn-wyttyng of any wyght.  
Home I shal come vpon pe nyght,  
And if it like yow, to-morow tyme  
I wolde be with yow hardely or pryme."—
"I pray yow, suster," seide pe queen;  
"Be tyme to-morowe pat ye bene."  
In pis wyse hath Wrake take hery leve.  
Persewyse a-none She toke be the sleve,  
And in-to Ship to-gedyr they gone,  
And to her casteH they come a-none.  
Than mett they wyth Partonope,  
Wyth Ioyfulli Hert herna welcometh be.  
And Wrake hym told aH the entent  
Of the emperesse and of the turment,  
And how she shulde on the morow make  
Knyghtes; and ther-for fayre Wrake  
That nyght of slepe toke lytH hede.  
For besy she was, wyth-outen drede,  

Rawl. MS.  
Nowe slepe I praye yow hertyly,  
For I wolle go nowe fulH prevelly  
To shipe vn-wyttyng of any wyght.  
Home I shal come vpon pe nyght.  
And yeft it lyke yow, to-morowe be tyme  
I wolle be with yo[n] hardely or pryme."—
"I praye yow, syster," seyde pe queene,  
"Be tyme to-morowe here pat ye bene."  
In pis wyse hath Wrake here lene,  
Percewyse anoone she toke be sele,  
And to shipe togeder yey gon.  
And to pe casteH yey come ano.  
Then mette yey wyth Partonope.  
With Ioyfulli hert welcomed hem he.  
Wrake hym tolde aH pe entent  
Of pe emperes aHd pe turments,  
And howe she shulde on pe morowe make  
Knyghtes; and ther-for fayre Wrake  
That nyght of slepe toke lytH hede.  
For besy she was, wyth out drede,  

1 Knyghtes; and ther-for fayre Wrake
To arme hym in pe freshiste wise.
And longe or pe sonne gan rise,
To courte she brought Partonope,
[Her-self and Persewyse, and no mo meyne. 8928
And in-to a chambr where as she
Was wont to be herboured, Partonope]
Vnwetyng of any wight they hym lede.
And pere fuH prively vpou a bedde
They made hym rest til it was day.
And right sone after, with-outen nay, [leaf 119]
The sonne hir beames oute fresshe spredde.
It made pe vnluste to leve his bedde,
And rise and clope hym fresshe and gay
For Ioy of pat IoyfuH, mery day.

To courte po come ridyng fuH bright
Wele Iarmed po pat ordre of knyght
Shuld take of pis fayre Meliore.
And aH they light anoone atte dore
Of pe chambr where as Partonope


del. MS.

To arme hym in pe freshe wyse.
And longe ore pe son gan) ryse,
To Courte she brought Partonope,
Her-selfe and Percewyse, and no mo meyne. 8923
And in-to chambir where pat she
Was wont to herberwe, Partonope
Vnwetyng of ony wight pey hym lede.
And per fuH preyly vpon) a bedde
They made hym rest tiH yt was day.
And ryght some alter, wyth-outen) nay,
The sonne her bemes oute fresch spered.
Hit made the vnlust to leve his bedd,
And ryse and cloth hym) fresche and gay
For Ioy of that IoyfuH, mery day.

To Court tho come rydyng fuH
WeH I-armed tho that ordre of
Shuld take of This fayre Meliore.
And aH they light a-none atte dore
Of the chambr where as Partonope

Univ. Coll. MS.

To *arme hym) in the best wyse.
And long or the Sonne gan) aryse,
To Courte she broth Partonope,
Her-sef, and Persewyse, and no mo meyne, 8928
And in-to a chambr where as she
Was wont to be herboured, Partonope
Vn-wetyng of ony* wyght they hym) lede.
8931
And there fuH pryvvly vpon) a bedde
They made hym) rest tiH yt was day.
And ryght some alter, wyth-outen) nay,
The sonne her bemes oute fresch spered.
Hit made the vnlust to leve his bedd,
And ryse and cloth hym) fresche and gay
For Ioy of that IoyfuH, mery day.

To courte po come ridyng fuH bright
Wele Iarmed po pat ordre of knyght
Shuld take of pis Melyore.
And aH they light anoone atte dore
Of pe chambr where as Partonope

8922. MS. adds II before arme.
8931. ony] MS. my.
Was herbourid, and faste a-slepe was he,
For thow that chambre lyeth her wey.
Wrak a-non brought forthe the key,
And ther-wyth She waked Partonope.
To opyn the dore streight gote She.
In come they all, with-outen lesse.
Partonope pryvyly in pis prese
She maketh go with-outen more,
There as pis queen, faire Meliore,
In hir estate stonde fully Royally.
Then was he custome sikerly,
Who so ene shuld take the ordre of knyght,
In stele he moste be armed bright,
Bothe hede and fote and all in feere.
Also pat tym pe was pe manere,
His swerde aboute his neke shulde honge,
Were it shorte or were it longe,
Thit they it fro hym shuld take
That ther-wyth hym knyght shuld make.
Herfore all pis yonge men bene
Fresshe l-armede be-fore pe queen.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Was herbourid, and faste a-slepe was he,
For thow that chambre lyeth her wey.
Wrak a-non brought forthe the key,
And ther-wyth She waked Partonope.
To opyn the dore streight gote She.
In come they all, with-outen lesse.
Partonope pryvyly in pis prese
She maketh go with-outen more,
There as pis queen, faire Meliore,
In hir estate stonde fully Royally.
Then was he custome sikerly,
Who so ene shuld take the ordre of knyght,
In stele he moste be armed bright,
Bothe hede and fote and all in feere.
Also pat tym pe was pe manere,
His swerde aboute his neke shulde honge,
Were it shorte or were it longe,
Thit they it fro hym shuld take
That ther-wyth hym knyght shuld make.
Herfore all pis yonge men bene
Fresshe l-armede be-fore pe queen.

Rawl. MS.
Was herbourd, and faste a-slepe was he,
For thow that chambre lyeth her wey.
Wrak a-non brought forthe the key,
And ther-wyth She waked Partonope.
To opyn the dore streight gote She.
In come they all, with-outen lesse.
Partonope pryvyly in pis prese
She maketh go with-outen more,
There as pis queen, faire Meliore,
In hir estate stonde fully Royally.
Then was he custome sikerly,
Who so ene shuld take the ordre of knyght,
In stele he moste be armed bright,
Bothe hede and fote and all in feere.
Also pat tym pe was pe manere,
His swerde aboute his neke shulde honge,
Were it shorte or were it longe,
Thit they it fro hym shuld take
That ther-wyth hym knyght shuld make.
Herfore all pis yonge men bene
Fresshe l-armede be-fore pe queen.

Il. 955-56 are inverted in MS.
Amonge hem stoute Partanope.

FuH hevy and thoughtfuH is he,
Be-holdynge pe beaute of his lady,
So fayre, so freshe, and so semely,
Stondynge be-fore hym gay arrayed.
No wonder pough he were dismayed
To pinke how lovyng to hym she had be,
And prow his deffante Ah loste had he. 8968

His heere gan warpe, his colour gan chaunge, 8972
Seyngh his lady to hym so straunge,
That at his wiH was wonte to be.
Sore a-basshed on hir po loked he,
Thinking how he had hir be-trayed.
Gretely perow he was dismayed.
Yite neuer pe latter, with-outen lese,
To his lady he gan to prese 8980
Forte haue prayde hir of mercy and grace
Before aH folke in pat place.
Wrake aspyde wele be his manere
And be pe chaungyng of his chere, 8984
He was a-boute to play foly.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A-monge hem stond Partanope.
FuH hevy and thoughtfuH ys he,
Be-holdyngh the beaute of this lady,
So fayre, so fresch, and so semely, 8938
Stonding be-fore hym gay a-rayed.
No wondyr thought he were dismayed
To thynk how loveng to hym she had be,
And throw his defaunte ah lost had he. 8972
His hert gan quappe, his colour gan change,
Seynyng his lady to hym so straunge,
That atte hys wyH was wonte to be,
Sore a-basshed on her loked he, 8976
Thynkyngh how he had her be-trayed.
Gretely there-of was he dismayed.
Yet neuer the latter, with-outen lese,
To this lady he gan to prees 8980
For to a prayed her of mercy and grace
Be-fore aH folk in that place.
Wrake aspyde be hys manere
And be the chaungyng of his chere,
He was a-boute to play foly. 8985

Ravcl. MS.

Among the others before the Queen, thoughtful and sad.

He is on the point of asking his Lady's pardon publicly,
in spite of Urake's warning.

Shall he be, he.
Change, he.
Lady, he.
Change, he.
Sore abasshed on here lokede he, 8976
Thynkynge howe he hade be,
And barwe his defaunte ah loste hade he. 8972
His hert gan whape, his colour gan change,
Seynyng his lady to hym so stronge
That at his wiH was wonte to be.
Sore abasshed on here lokede he, 8976
Thynkynge howe he hade here betrayede.
Gretely per-ow he was dysmayde.
Yet neuer the latter, with-outen lese,
To his lady he gan to prese 8980
To praye here of mercy and grace
Before ah folke in pat place.
Wrake aspyde in his manere
And be pe changyng of his chere, 8984
He was aboute to play folye. 8984, or chongyng.

8980. [leaf 113, back]
Vpon a stole she dressed hir hye,
And hoved ascaunse: “Take heed of me,
And pinke what I have charged thee.”

But all for nought he toke none heede
Of her counsayl, ne of hir rede,
But was in purpose his lady fully
Of his trespass per to ask mercy,
And openly there to have know be.

But yite it happed pat lette was he:
Hir beaute so highle gan encrese
In all per sight of pis grete prese,
That they so pikk a-boute hir stode,

Though Partonope for lone hade be wode
He myght here come to [in] no wyse.
His felawes hir beaute so gan devyse,
Takynge grete heede of hir semely-hode,
Vpon a benche an highe as she stode,
Enen per vp right atte devyse,
That all vp right were in pe paleys,
Of hir myght have ful per sight,
Erle, baron, squyer, and knyght.
Clothis of golde a-boute her were spredde;
Hir to be-holde eiche man was gladd.

Now wole I teH you how she was cladde:
A mantiff honerable vpon she hadde
Of rede satyn ful good cremesyn,
Furred wele with fyne Ermyne.
9012
A kyrtif of pe same she hadde vndre.
Hir to be-holde was grete wondere,
That with beaute euer nature
Wolde so enbelice ony oo creature.
For pat euer longed to fuH beaute,
In hir persone a man myght se,
It nedeth not of array more to teH,
When pat of beaute she was pe heft.
In myrors to loke hadde she no nede
Ne of ffresshe atyre, with-outen drede.
For were she slepyng or elles a-wake,
Of beaute had she no make.

AH pis while stant Partonope,
Of his lady be-holdyng pe beaute.

9025. or stout ?

Univ. Coll. MS.
Erle, baron, Squyer, and knyght,
Clothis of golde a-boute her were spredde; 9007
Her to be-hold eche man) was gladd.
Now wotH I telle yow how She was cladde:
A mantiiH honerable vpon she had, 9015
Of red saten) ful good cremesyn,
Furred weith wyth fyne Ermyne),
A kyrtiiH of the same She had vndre.
Hyr to be-hold was grete wondere,
That wyth beaute euer nature
Wold so enbelyce ony oo creature.
For that euer longed to fuH beaute,
In hir persone a man myght see.
Hit nedith [not of aray more to telle,
Whan) that of beaute She was the heft.
In myrrour to love had She none nede,
Ne of freshe a-tyre, wyth-outen drede.
For were She slepyng or elles a-wake,
Of beaute had she no make.

Partonope.

9024

PARTONOPE.
No new love but old remembrance
Make him stand in such a trance,
That soudenly he was brought in such a case,
He wist not wele where he was.
And of his hune ye no meravyle.
For all his felawes, with-outhen fayle,
Were so highely caught with hir beautye,
That nye in the same plette were he.
What for shame and bashshednes
Partanope darrre not proe the prees
Passe to his lady pe ordre to take.
Who was pen wo but good Wrake?
So with grete feere atte laste
A-shamed to pe grounde his hede he caste,
That Melior in no wise shuld se
Howe, pat false Partanope,
What with shame and with grete fere,
To his lady he neghed nere.
From his nekke she toke his swerde,
A-boute his medle po it gyrdre,
And in suche a wise hir girdyng he felte,

Univ. Coll. MS.

No new love but old remembranue
Make hym stonde in such a trauene
That sodenly he was brought in such a case.
He wist not wele where he was.
And of his hune ye no meravyle.
For all his felawes, wyth-outhen nay, Were so highely caught wyth her beautye,
That nye in the same plette were he.
What for shame and bashshednes
Partanope dare not throw the prees
Passe to his ladydy the orde to take,
Who was than who but good Vrak!
So wyth grete fere att laste
A-shamed to the ground his face he cast,
That Melior in no wise shuld see
Howe he, pat false Partanope,
What wyth shame and wyth grete fere,
To his lady he neyghed nere.
From his nekk she toke his swerde,
A-boute his medlyf they hit gyrdre.
And in such a wyse her gyrdyng he felt,
His herte as metalle þen gan melte.
When from hir departe shuld [he],
And pough[t] it myght none ðer wise be,
His Eyen on hir sorrowful he caste,
And oute of hir presence he hiede faste. [leaf 114, back] 9052

This ladye toke heede of his chere.
She thought his porte and his manere
Likened moche to Partonope.
But ayeinward þen thought she :
"To þynke þis I haue grete wronge,
For sith he dyed it is go longe."
And þerwith she turned hir to Wrake.
"Suster," she seide, "be Goddes sake,
This knyght truly, as þinkeþ me,
Resemblith of stature and beaute
That worthy, þat semely— " and þerwith she
Of speche stinted, for in no degree
His name to sowne had she no myght.
Hir herte so gretely was of þe sight
Of hym distraught, þat as a lefe
With wynde yshake, so quoke þ hir brethe,

9068. MS. quake.

His hert as metæt þen gan mylte, 9048
Whan from hir departe shuld be,
And thought hit myght now other-wyse be,
His eyen on hir sorrowfully he cast, 9051
And oute of her presens he hyde fast.
This ladye toke heede of his chere.
She thought his port and his maner
Likened moche to Partonope.
But a-yenward than thought she : 9056
"To thynke þis I haue grete wronge,
For synth he dyed hit ys go longe."
And ther-wyth she turned her to Wrake.
"Suster," she seide, "be Goddes sake,
This knyght truly, as thynketh me,
Resemblith of stature and of beaute
That worthy, þat semely— " and ther-wyth she
Of speche stynpted, for in no degree 9064
His name to sowne had She no myght.
Her hert so gretely was of the syght
Of hym dysstraught that as a lefe
Wyth wynde I-sake / so quoke her brethe.

9068. MS. quake.
Hir herte, hir lYMmes eke so tremeled, 9072
His name in no wise couthe she rede.
Thus stode* pis lady amonge hem aH. 9076
Ofte was she in wit hym to caH,
But o ping made hir stonde in drede:
It hadde ben ayeinst hir womanhede.

**Partonope is now gone to his chamber.**

Now is Partonope, pis new kyngh,
Gone to his chamber, and ha p he see sight 9076
Of hir loste pat he now loveth beste.
His herte is sette in lytiH reste.
For olde love and new desyre
Hath sette his herte so hote on fyre,
That aH his sprites with hym be
So troubled pat to bedde gope he,
And leyth hym downe per to reste.
Now may he pinke what hym liste. 9084
Many mervelouse pough pinketh he.

"Now, lorde God," seide he, "when shal h be
This turnement, per as I myght
Presse my-self to be a kyngh?
Lorde, whe yper I shal lyve to pat day 9088

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**Univ. Coll. MS.**

Her hert, her lYMMes eke so tremeled, 9076
His name in (no) wyse cowde she rede.
Thus stode this lady a-monge hem aH.
Ofte was She in wyH hym cat, 9072
But o o thing made hir stonde in drede:

Hit had bene a-ynst her woman-hede

**Now ys Partonope, this new kyght,**
Gone to his chamber, and hath
the syght 9076

Of her loste that he now loveth best, 9077
1 His hert ys sett in lyteH rest,
For olde love and new desyre
Hath sette his hert so hote on fyre, 9080
That aH his sprytyes with hym be
So troubled that to bedde goth he,
And leyth hym downe there to rest.
Now may he thynk whath hym/l yst.
Many mervayles thought thenneth he.
"Now, lord God," sayde he, "whan shal he be 9086
This turnement, There a[s] I myght
Presse my-self to be a kyght? 9088
Lorde, wedyr I shal leue tyH that day,

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**Rawl. MS.**

Here hert, her lymes eke so tremblyde, 9077
1 Thus stode pis lady amonge hem aH.
Ofte was she in wit hym to caH, 9072
But o thynge made her stonde in drede:

Hit hadde ben a-yenst her womanhede.
* Nowe is Partonope, pis newe kyngh, 9081
Gon to his chambr, and hathe sight

Of here pat he louyth beste. 9077
His herte is set in lytiff reste.
For olde love and newe desyre
Hathe sette his hert so sore a fyre, 9080
That aH his spirittis with hym be
So troubled pat he bedde goth he,
And leyde hym downe per to reste.
Nowe may he thynke what he lyse.
Many a mervelous pough thynketh he.
"Nowe, lorde God," seyde he, "when shal he be
This turnement, per as I myght
Presse my-selfe to be a kyght? 9083
Lorde, where I shal leue to pat day,
Then wote I wele, with-outen nay,
I shal be at pat Turnement.
For herte and strength, pat God hath lent
To me, I shal spende, be I neuer so sore
Hurte; for wele I wote and knowe a-fore,
I shal per se my souereyn leche.
And hir beaute shal so me refreshes,
That in armes me shal teche,
Though my stroke be harde or nesshe,
Of myn enemys I wole not sette a risse."

Thus lieth this knyght Partonope,
Hym-self avayntyng faire and fre,
And in presumpcion falleth sore,
He weneth to haue pe degre perfore.
Ah pis made love, I vndertake.
To hym perwith come Wrake,
And to a privere chamber hym ledde,
And hym made reste on a bedde.
There was he saufe and oute of sight,
And per a-bode til it was nyght.
Oute of pe halle gothe Meliior.

---

Univ. Coll. MS.

Than wote I wele, wyth-outen nay,
I shal be at that turnement.
For herte and strength that God hath lent
To me, be I neuer so sore, I shal spend
Hurte; for weh I wote and know a-fore,
I shal there see my souereyn leche.
And her beaute shal so me refresh,
That in armes me shal teche, I thought my stroke be hard or nessie,
Of myn enemys this knyght wol not not sett a ryche."

Thus lyeth this knyght Partonope.
Hym-self a-vantynge faire and fre,
And in presumpcion fallyth sore,
He weneth to haue the gre theere-for.
Ah this made love, I vndyr-take.
To hym ther-wyth come Wrak,
And to a pryver chamber hym ledde,
And there hym made reste on a bedde.
There was he safe and out of syght,
And he a-bode tyff hit was derke nyght.
Oute of the halfe goth Meliior.

---

Rawl. MS.

Then wot I weH, with-outen nay,
I shal be at pis turnent,
For hert and strenght, pat God hath lent
To me, I shal spende, be I neuer so sore
Hurte; for weh I wot and knowe afoore,
I shal per se my souerayn leche.
And here beaute shal so me refreshe,
That in armes me shal teche,
Though my stroke be harde or nessie,
Of myne enemys I wih not set a russe."

"Thus lyeth pis knyght Partonope
Hym-selfe avantyng feyre and fre,
And in presumpcion fallyth sore,
He weneth to haue the gre per-fere.
Ah pis made love, I vndertake.
To hym per-with come Wrake,
And to a pryverse chamber hym lede,
And made hym reste vpon a bede.
1 Ther was he safe and out of sight,
And per abode tyff it was nyght. But of pe haH gothe Melyore.
Hir hede, she seide, oke full sore,
With hem myght she no longer bide.
She seide: "Wele mote ye ah be-tyde."
And toke hir leve in curteyse wise,
Better pen I can tell or devise.
Love-seke she was, withouten doute,
Grete grefe she felt aH a-boute.
The fyres darte of love so smerte
So prilled hadde hir meke herte,
That fleshe and blode, bode and veyne
Was fullfilled with grete peyne.
Therfore myght wele fayre Meliore
Sey hir hede oke pen full sore.
The day is paste, and now cometh Eve.
Of hir suster Wrake toke hir leve.
Hir meany metith with hir anoone.
Partonope she Cleped, and forse they gone
To pe haven, where as pe shipp of flote
Was she founde redy, and pen a bote
Hir meany calle, and hat in haste.
The bote to hir they rowed fast.

Her hede, she sayd, oke full sore.
Wyth hem myght she no longer abyde.
She sayd: "Wele mote ye aH be-tyde."
And toke her leve in curteyse wyse,
Better than I can tell or devyse.
Love-syke She was, wyth-outen doute,
Grete grefe She felt aH a-boute. [leaf 79]
The fyres dart of love so smerte
So threlled hadd her meke hert,
That fleshe and blode, bone and veyne
Was full-fyld wyth grete payne.
There-fore myght fayre Meliore
Sey hir hede oke full sore.
The day ys past, now cometh eve.
Of hir suster Wrake taketh leve.
Her meyne meteth wyth her a-mone.
Partanope she clepyth, and forth they gone
To the haven, where as the ship aflote
Was she fonde redy, and than a bote
Her meyne calH, and that in hast, 9130
The bote to her they rowed fast.

Here hede, she seyde, oke fuH sore.
With hem myght she no longer abyde.
She seyde "aH mot ye weH be-tyde."
And toke her leve fuH courtely,
Better pen I con tell in fey.
Lone-seke she was, with-outen doute,
Grete grefe she felt aH aboute. 9117
The fers dart of lone so smerte
So threlde hede here meke herte,
That fleshe and blode, senewe and veyne
Was fuH-filHde with grete payne. 9121
There-fore myght weH fayre Melyore
Sey her hede pen oke sore.
* The day is paste, and come is eve,
Of hir suster Wrake taketh leve. 9125
Hir meyne metith with hir anoone.
Partanope she clepyth, and furth pey gone
To pe shipe, where as pe shipe aflote
Was she fonde redy, and pen a bote
Here meyne callH, and hat in haste. 9130
The bote to her they rowde fast.
The shipmen hir heylen with good chere, 9132
To shippe they Rowe aP in fere.
The shippe when they were entred aP,
The maister maryner his men did caP
And bade hem faste pe ankere vp hale.
The saile per with they made avale,
And forpe they sayle afor pe wynde.

A better saylere can no man fynde,
Then was pat shipp at my devise.
With Wrake per was Persewise,
That loved some folke per full wele.
But so frowande turned fortune his whelc,
That was not be-loved agayne,
banked be fortune, so may we seyne.
For she pat I love with aP my herte,
Gifeth luteH force sohore I smerte.
The shippe I spake of, was full good.
FuH faste he sayleth prow pe folde,
So pat within a luteH while
They be come save into pe Ile
Of Salence with-oute any affray,
On morowe be pan it was day.


docom: 9132
To Shipp they Row aH in fere.
The shippe whan they were entred aH,
The mayster maryner hys men dyd caH,
And bad hem fast the anker vp hale.
The sayle ther-wyth they made a-vale,
And forth the sayle a-fore the wynde.
A better saylere can no man fynde
That was that Ship at my devyse.

That loved som folke there ryght wele,
But so froward turned fortune his whelc,
That was not be-loved ayen,
Thanked be fortune so may we seyme,
For she that I love wyth aH my hert,
Gyfeth lyteH forse how sore I smert.
The Shipp I spake of, was full goode.
FuH fast he sayleth thorow the folde,
So that wyth-yo a lyteH while
They be come safe in-to the yle
Of Salence wyth-oute] ony affray,
On morowe be than hit was day.


Rowe. MS.
The shipmen her haint with good chere.
To shipe pey rowe aH in fere.
The schipe when pey were entyrde aH,
The master marer his men dyde caH,
And bade hem faste pe ankere vp hale.
The sa1H per-with pey dyde avale.
Forpe pey sa1H afor pe wynde.
A better sa1leH can] no man] fynde,
Than] was pat shipe at my devyse.
With Wrake per was Percewyse,
That lounye som folke per] right weH.
For so frowarde turnede fortune his while,
That was not be-lounye agayne,
Thankede be fortune, so may we seyne,
For she pat I lone with aH my herte,
Gynyl lyteH fors, pouht I sorsmert
The shipe I spake of, was full goode.
FuH faste she saylede porwe pe folde,
So pat with-in a lyteH while
They be come faste in-to pe Ile
Of Salence with-oute ony fray.
On morwe be pat it was day.
Oute gothe þe ankere, downe gope þe saile.
Wrake hath ouercome wele hir travaylle.
To bote they gone and streight to londe.
The maryners they leve on þe stronde.
Wrake bade hem ofte fare wele,
And forþe she gothe to hir casteþ.
With aþ hir meany þere she mette.
On knees louly they hir grete,
And of hir comyng were fuþ gladde.
To stonde vp-right hem aþ she bade,
And into hir chambre streight she gothe.
In shorte tyme after borde and cloþe
Was leide, for it drew faste to pryme.
Sone after Wrake come in to dyne,
And with hir brought Partonope;
Of mete þere laked no deynte.
Thus day be day they fare right wele.
But Partonope makeþ grete dole,
So longe comyng ys þe day.
His armes ofte dype he assay.

Vpon a day, some after þe ascencion,

[Leaf 116]
When pe sonnes light hath foysone
Of heté, after dyner faire Wrake
Yode to hir chambre, and pought to take
Her reste, tith pe hote were a-go,
And toke Persewise with hir and no mo.
But so did not good Partonope.
Of any reste lititt heede toke he.
Were it be desteny or be sorte,
Vnwetyng of Wrake him to disporte
To pe see went, and toke a bote.
The see was fayre, pe wedyr was hote.
And forpe he sayleth vp in the see
A-fore pe wynde; but when pat he
Homward wolde a turned ayein,
The wynde was contrarie, it wolde not bene.
And þerto it blew so sturdely,
That perisshe hym dreedde fuH hugely.
Shipmen seide they couthe not se
But pat they moste serve pe see.
So hidously po the wynde gan blowe,
The coste on no side coupe they knowe.  
So within a lityH while,  \[9196\]  
Magre her hede, into an Ile  
They were dryve, where as they moste  
Aryve, or elles they ben but loste.  
This Ile was named Tenodoen,  \[9200\]  
Where they aH arryved bene.  
The lorde perof hight Armaunt,  
A devyiH and a cursed tyraunt.  
Large was he of body and a worthy knyght.  \[9204\]  
His moste Ioy was enuer to fight;  
To lust and turney was aH his play.  
Grete Ioy hadde he pen to essay  
To sle or mayme whom enuer he myght  \[leaf 116, back\].  \[9208\]  
And if it happed hym a worthy knyght  
To hurte or sle or elles mayme,  
perat wolde he laughe, and was fulH fayne.  
And if he put any man in prisone,  \[9212\]  
Oute shuld he neuer for no Raunson.  
When Partonope and his meany were  
In pat londe arryved for grete feere  
Of pe hidouse tempest on pe see,  \[9216\]
And anoone in haste they arrested be
Of men of the contre, and for the ladde
To his Tyrant; and then full gladde
Of hem was he; and full despitously
On hem he loked; and then full sodenly
With-out talkyng or speche more
Into a toure, where as full sore
They were fettered and stoked faste.
9224
On hem the dores were shitte in haste.

Lo! how sodenly fortune her whele
Hath * fro hym turned euery dele,
And chaunged wele into sorowe.

Lytle wende he that day be the morow
to haue sowped in pryson of that tyrant.

Lytyll ought a man to make a vaunte
Of wordelly prosperite or therof Ioy have,
For he that is desteyned to be a knave,
Lyveth more in suerte then a lorde.
This is sene at day, and so gothe the world.


Anone in haste pey arestede be
Of men of the contre, and further ledde
To pis tyrant; and then full glade 9219
Of hem was he; and then full gladde 9220
On hem he loked; and then full sodenly
With-out talkyng ore speche more
In-to a toure, and then full sore 9221
They were and stokked fast, 9222
On hem the dores were shett in fast.

Lo! how sodenly fortune her whele
Hath fro hym turned euery dele,
And chaunged welly into sorow. 9223
Lyth wast he that day be the morow
To haue sooped in pryson of that tyrant.
Lyth ought a man to make a vaunte
Of wordelly prosperite or therof Ioy have.
For he that is desteyned to be a knave,
Lyveth more in suerte then a lorde.
This is sene at day, and so gothe the world.

9229. MS. tyrant.
At Melior's bidding the two ladies repair to the court.

But now wole I tell of good Wrake And of Persewy, that now bene a-wake Fro slepe, and faste after Partonope Calle and clepe; but where that he Is become can no man sey. 9240 Wrake for sorwe is poynyte to dey, And Persewise also maketh moche moone. Hym forto seke is eiche man gone; But aH for nought it wole not be. 9244 Loste fro hem is now Partonope. With hem is bope Eve and morowe Wepyng and wayling and moche sorowe For pis knyght pat pus is loste. 9248 This life they endure vnto Pentecoste.

This lady queen Melior Wrake hir suster hapte sent fore With hir to be at pis grete feste. 9252 Hir comaundment ne her heste WiH she not breke, but maketh hir redy. And forpe she gothe, and also Persewy Taketh with, and forpe they wente, 9256

But now wole I tell of good Wrake And of Persewy, that now bene a-wake Fro slepe, and faste after Partonope Calle and clepe; but where that he Is become can no man sey. 9240 Wrake for sorwe is poynyte to dey, And Persewise also maketh moone. Hym forto seke is eiche man gone; But aH for nought it wole not be. 9244 Loste fro hem is now Partonope. With hem is bope Eve and morowe Wepyng and wayling and moche sorowe For pis knyght pat pus is loste. 9248 This life they endure vnto Pentecoste.

This lady queen Melior Wrake hir suster hapte sent fore With hir to be at pis grete feste. 9252 Hir comaundment ne her heste WiH she not breke, but maketh hir redy. And forpe she gothe, and also Persewy Taketh with, and forpe they wente, 9256
Partonope grete lykes ever betement. 9260
Hevy they were and dutt of chere. Melyore sawe wele be her manere They were in hevnesse, and pen pought she: "Ah pis sorowe is now for me."
Therfor wole she make no question Of hir diseace, ne wete pe enchesone. Fro pat day vnto pe turnement 9264
In wo her lyfe ener they despent. Armaunt pat pus hath in prisone Partonope, and pinketh for no Raumson He shaft neuer be delyuered oute, Faste maketh hym redy, with-outen doute, To se pis turnement, pis grete feste, And for he wole know atte leste With hym he taketh speres xv vn To gete hym prise, if it wole bene. To shipp he gothe, as I writen fynde. The tide is fayre; atte wiH he hath pe wynde. In prisone feterid lieth Partonope. 9276
Armauntes wyfe grete haste hap she

Univ. Coll. MS.
Partonope grete lykes ever betement 9257
Hevy they were and dutt of chere. Melyore sawe wele be her manere They were in hevnesse, and than thought she: "Ah this sorow ys now for me."
There-fore woff She make no question Of her dyssesse, ne wyth the echeson. Fro that day vn-to the turnement. In wo her lyfe ener they dysspent. 9265
A Rmaunt that thus hath in prisone Partonope, and thynketh for no ramson He shaft neuer be delyuerved oute, 9263
Faste maketh hym redy, wyth-outen doute, To se this turnement, this grete fest. And for he wolt know at lest 9271
Wyth hym he taketh speres fyftene To gete hym prise, fyf yt woff beene. 1 To Ship he goth, as I wryte wynde. pe tyde ys fayre, at wyll he hath the wynde. 9275
In prisone feterid lyeth Partonope, Armauntes wyfe grete hast hath she

Rawl. MS.
Partonope grete lykes ever betement. 9257
Hevy pey were and dutt of chere. Melyore sawe weH be per manere They were in hevnys, and pen pought she: 9260
"Ah pis sorwe is nowe for me."
1 Ther-for wolde she make no questyone Of here desseyse ne the enchesone. From pat day vnto pe turnment 9264
In wo her lyues ener pey spent. 9272
Armant yatt pus hath in prisone Partonope, and thynketh for no ramson 1 [leaf 79, back]
He shaft neuer be delyuerved oute, Faste makyth hym redy, with-out doute, 9269
To se pis turnement, pis grete feste. And for he will knowe at pe leste, With hym he taketh speres xv 9272
To get hym pryse, yef it wolt bene. To schipe he goth as wryte fynde. The tyde is fayre, at wyl hath the wynde. In prisone feterde lyth Partonope. 9276
Armantes wyfe grete haste hathy she
His wife
go to see the
prisoners.

She pities
Partonope, and is
willing to let him out
of prison on bail.

Univ. Coll. M.S.

Tyll this prisoner she have sey.
The Layler she byddith bryng the key.
And in she goth hym for to se. 9280

To be of good comfort and of chere
To her answerith this prisoner:
"Gladde in hert shal I never be, 9284
Syt this turnement I may not se." 9287

This gentil lady had grete pite
Of his heynesse, and pen seide she:
"My faire frende, ye wote wele how
Armaunt in prisone hape put you,
And gif in charge highly to me
That ye be put in such suerte
That when he is come home ayen,
In his prisone ye founde bene.
Therefore I darre not lette you go
In no wise, but it wer so
Ye myght me fynde good suerte,
Fro shame and harme to save me."—
"Madame," he seide, "I wote you swere
Be pe ordre of knyght-hod that I bere,

Rawl. M.S.

Tyll pe prisoners she have sey.
The Laylour she byddith bryng pe key.
And in she goth hem to se. 9280
She prayseth pen faste to Partonope
To be of good comfort and of chere.
To her answereth pe prisoners:
"Gladde in hert shal I never be,
Syt pe turnement I may not se." 9284
Of his heynesse, and pen seide she:
"My faire frende, ye wote wele how
Armaunt in prisone hape put you,
And gif in charge highly to me
That ye be put in such suerte
That when he is come home ayen,
In his prisone ye founde bene.
Therefor I darre not lette you goo
In no wyse, but it were so
Ye myght me fynde good suerte,
Fro shame and harme to save me."—
"Madam," he seide, "I wiff you swere
Be pe order of knyghthode pat I bere,
Gife I scape from þens on lyve,
Ayein to prisone I shalH come as blyve.
Oþer hostage fynde I ne can,
But swere here to be your liege man."
And with þat worde he feH on kne.
The lady of hym hadde grete pite,
And wept fuH tenderly, and seide po:
"Sir, rise vp, for ye shalH go
With-oute othe makyng or suerte.
For ye semely truly forto be
A gentilH man, whens euer ye come.
Be youre semelyhode a man may deme
Your comyng ayein as my suerte.
I put aH in you. And if so be
To prisone ye yeld ye not ayein,
Come Armaunt home, þen shalH I bene
To-drawe or brente or elles slayne.
And sip that I am now so fayne
To do for you þat you may please,
Do so agayne þat I haue no diseace,
Ne lese me life; for in his cruelte

\[Univ. Coll. MS.\]
Gyff I scape fro thens on lyve, 9300
A-ye[n] to prysson I shalH come as blye.
Oþer hostage fynd I ne canne,
But swere here to be your leegemann."
And wyth that word he fyff on kne.
The lady of hym had grete pyte, 9305
And wept fuH tenderly, and seyd tho:
"Syre, ryse vp, for ye shalH goo
Wyth-oute othe makyng or sewerte.
For ye semely truly for to be 9309
A gentilH man, whens euer ye come.
Be youre semely-hode a man may deme
Your comyng a-ye[n] as my sewerte.
In putt aH in yow, and yf so be 9313
'To prysson ye yeld yow not a-ye[n],
Come arme[d] home, þan shalH I bene
[1 leaf 61, back]
To-drawe or brente or elles slayne. 9316
And syth that I am now so fayne
To do for yow that yow may please,
Do so a-ye[n] that I haue no dysse, 9320
Ne lese my lyffe /ffor in his cruelte

\[Rawl. MS.\]
1 Gyff I skape fro þens on lyue, 9300
Aye to prysson I shalH come blye.
Oþer hostage fynd I ne can,
But swere here to be your lege man."
And with þat worde he hift on kne.
The lady of hym had grete pete,
And wept tenderly, and seyde po:
"Sir, ryse vp, for ye shalH goo
Wyth-out othe makyng ore seurt. 9308
For ye semely truly for to be 9309
A lentH man, whens euer ye come.
Be your semelyhede a man may deme
Youre comyng[a]y[n]e a[yen] is my seurt.
I put aH in you. And yf so be 9313
To prysson ye yeld yow not agayne,
Come Armaunt home, þen shalH I bene
To-drawe ore brente ore elles slayne.
And sethe þat I am nowe so fayne
To do for you þat may you plese, 9318
Do so a[yen] þat I haue no dysseyse,
Ne lese my lyfe; ffor in his cruelte
He reketh lityH though I slayne be.
At pis tym for you pis woI do.
Arme you right wele, and lette you go.
A stede ye shal haue pat is so wight.
Be then ye knowe hym, grete delite
Wyl ye haue on hym to ride.
A better stede may no man [stride].
A sadyH to hym he shal haue mete,
The brideH and pe croper with golde ybete.
Of bright syluer shal be your shelse,
A better shal noone come in pe felde. [leaf 118]
A sper se shal haue, and peron a getone,
Wyle I-bete with siluer, pat passeth pe arsone.
It shal hange of pe saditH pat ye in ride.
A swerde ye shal haue be your side,
And for your love I wole [you] it lene,
Harde and pliaunte and eke right kene.
And if God sende you pat grace
Fro pe turnement on lyve into pis place

Univ. Coll. MS.

He reketh lyteH though I slayne be.
At this tym for you this woI do.
Arme you right welle, and late you goo.
A stede ye shal haue that ys so wyght.
Be than ye knowe hym, in grete delyte
While ye haue on hym to ryde.
A better stede may no man sryde.
A sadyH to hym he shal haue mete,
The Brydeth and the Cropur wyth gDd
I-bete.
Of bryght seluer shal be your sheld,
A better shal none come in the feeld.
A sper se shal haue, and there-on a geton,
Wyle I-bete wyth syluer, that passith the arson.
Hit shal hang / of the SadyH that ye in ryde.
A swerd ye shal haue be youre syde,
And for youre love I wolt you hit lene,
Hard and pliaunte and ryght kene. 9337

If parchment does not

RwL. MS.

He reketh lityH though I slayne be.
At pis tym for you pis wyl I do. 9322
Arme you right wyl, and let you goo.
A stede ye shal haue pat is wight.
Be than ye knowe hym, grete delyte
Wyl ye haue on hym to ryde. 9326
A better stede may no man sryde.
A sadyH to hym ye shal haue mete,
The brydeth and cropur wyth golde bete. 9329
Of bright syluer shal be your sheld,
A better shal none come in the felde.
A sper se shal haue and per-on
Gytton,
Wyl bete wyth syluer, pe passeth pe arson.
Hit shal hang in sadyH pat ye in ryde.
A swerd ye shal haue be your syde,
For youre lene I wyl it you lene, 9336
Harde and pliaunte and eke right kene.

1And ye God sende you pat grace
Fro pe turnement alyue in-to pis place
[1 leaf 99, back]
Sanfe and sounde to Retourne ayein, 
In my kepynge þen shalt ye bene. 
And be ye ones in disposicion, 
I hope to gete you oute of prisone. 
And if in turnement ye happe to deye,
My Ioye is gone, þen may I sey, 
And Armaunt come home ayein, 
With his swerde he wole me slene. 
Thinketh what I do for your love nowe.
My lyfe, my dethe lieth a-night in you.”
Highly hir thanked þen Partonope. 
But I can not wele sey where she
Hath wisely done, or as elles a folke. 
Sith he is þus passed þe layle
His armoure to hym deluyed hath she.
In þe nyght to shipp streight goþe he,
And to Cheyfdoiere, where as þe turnement 
Shuld be holde, pidde hath he ment.
To seyld; he was lothe to be by-hynde.
But wele with hym was not þe wynde, 
Whereof hym-self gan faste dismaye.
The shipmen seide they wolde assay

(Univ. Coll. MS.)

Sanne a sonne to retorne a-yein), 9340
In my kepynge than shalt ye been. 
And be ye onys in dysposicion, 
I hope to gete yow oute of prisone. 
And if in turnement ye happe to deye, 
My Ioye ys gone, than may I sey, 9345  
And armente come home ayen, 
Wyth this Sweorde he wold me slene.
Thenketh what I do for your love now.  
9348
My lyfe, my dethe lyeth a-night in yow.”
Hyghly her thanketh than) Partonope.
But I can not wele sey where she
Hath wysely done, or as elles a folke.
1Sythe he ys thus passed the Iole, 9353
His armed to dylixured hath she,
In the nyght to Ship streight gote he,
And to Cheyf doyre, were as the turnement 
[4 leaf 82] 9356
Shuld be holde, thedyr hath he ment.
To seyde; he was loth to be by-hynde.
But wele wythed was not the wynd,
Whereof hym-self ganne faste dysmaye.
The Shipmen sayde they wold assay

(PARTONOPE)

(Rawl. MS.)

Safe and sounde to retorne ayen), 9340
In my kepynge þen shalt ye been. 
And be ye onys in dysposicion, 
I hope to gete yow out of prisone. 
And if in turnement ye happe to deye, 
My Ioye is gone, þen shalt I sey, 9345
And Armaunt come home ayen, 
With his swerde he wille me slene.
Thenketh what I do for your love nowe.
My-selfe, my deth lyeth in you.” 9349
Highly hir thankede Partonope.
But I can not weft sey where she
Hathe wysely done, or elles a folke.
Sethe he þus passede þe gatoth, 9353
His armoure hym deluyedde hathe she. 
In þe nyght streight gothe he, 
And to Cheife doyre, where þe turnment 
Shuld be holde, dethir hathe he ment.  
9357
To saith; he is lothe to be by-hynde. 
But weft with hym was not þe wynde, 
Whereof he gan) sore dysmaye. 9360
The shipmen sayde þey wolde assay

C C
Univ. Coll. MS.

To Chief-doiere right wele hym bryng.
And if the wynde wolde for no ſeing
Serve hem wele to bryng hem þere,
They wolde aryve then elles where
Fro þe turnement but x. myle,
Where he on londe in shorte while
He myght it ride, and þen Partonope
Prayeþe hem aþ it myght so be.
Of the lady hath he take leve;
His hye troupe nowe wol he prove.
He sayled forþe, and or mydnyght [leaf 118, back]
To pat port he come ful right,
Where as nedes he moste aryve.
He maketh no tarying, but as blyve
Gothe to londe, and armeth hym bright.
Into his sadile he lepeth ful light.
The shipmen aþ he biddeth fare wele,
And forþe he rideþ armed in stele.
To* Chief-doiere he hath ten myle.
Be þen he hadde ridden but a while,
He was entred into þe forest.

Ravl. MS.

To Chyfe doyre hym to bryng.  
And yef þe wynde for nothynge  9363  
Serve hym to bryng hym þere,  9364  
They wolde aryve elles where  
Fro þe turnment but x myle,  9366  
"Were ye on londe in shorte whyle  
Ye myght it ryde," and þen Partonope  
Prayeþe hem aþ it myght so be.  9369  
* Of hir he hathe take leue;  9371  
His trouthe nowe wile she preue.
He sayleþe furtþ, and or mydnyght  
To þat port he came ful right,  9373  
Where as nedes he muste a-ryve.
He maketh þe taryng, but as blyve
Goth to londe, and armèd hym bryght.
In to his sadyþ he lepeth ful right.
The Ship-men aþ he lyddeþ fare wele,
Forþe he rydeth armed in stele.  9379  
To Chyfe doyre he hathe ten myle.
But þanþ he had ridden but a while,
He was entred in-to þe forest.

1 [leaf 81]  
He sayled furth, and or mydnyght  
To þat port he come ful right,  9373  
Where as nedes he moste aryue
He maketh no taryning, but as blyve
Gothe to londe, and armède hym right.
In to his sadyþ he lepeth light.  9377  
The shipmen aþ he lyddeþ fare weþt,
And furthe he rydeth armède in steþ.
Then to Chyfe doyre he hathe x myle.
Be þenþ he hathe redyn but a wyle,  9381  
He was enterþeþe in-to þe forest,
Where as he fult many a beste
Was fult wilde he hadde made tame.
There-in to hunte was all his game.
AII that was, it is go fult yore.
Therein he hath sleye many a bore.
The wey to he castehe he knew no wele.
Yit hadde he in his herte hope care and dele,
Thinkynge of that was passed to-fore,
Which prow his lewdnesse he hath lore.
Forth on his wey rideth Partonope,
Hangyng his hede, as pough that he
Of wordely Ioy had yove right nought.
And as he rode pus in a thought,
A kyght that was fult large of body,
His lynnemes wele shape and that passyngly,
His here was bloy, I-medellede some dele
With white heres, that wonder wele
Be-come his visage, and pen he hadde
A rody borne and Eyen right gladdde,
There as the way was somwhat turnyng,
On a grey stede he come freshe ryding.
In pis maner wise arrayed is he, 9404
As he come coursyng with his meany,
On stedes trapped full fresh and gay.
Eche hadde in honde, with-outen nay,
A spere aft rede depeynted wele,
A getone peron of rede sendele,
Wele beten with golde of his devise.

After hem came ridyng squyers of prise,
Fyve, and eiche man bare a shelede, [leaf 119]
So fresshly depeynted pat aft pe felde
Enlymed was of pis fresshe array.
Thus rideth pis knyght toward this tournay.
So fresshe in his wey forge rideth he, 9416
Tih atte laste he had of Partonope
A sight and goodly he seide
To his squyers: "Ye moste a-byde,
And ride softly; for yonde I se
A man I armed, what so enuer he be.
If I hym knowe wete wole I.
Loke ye come after full softly."
From his meyne he prikked faste,

Univ. Coll. MS.

On a grey stede he come fresch ryding.
In this maner of wyse a-rayed ys he,
As he came coursyng wyth his meyne,
On stedes trapped fulf fresh and gay.
Eche had in honde, wyth-outen nay,
A spere aft redy depeynted wele, 9408
A geton there of rede sendele,
Wele beten wyth golde of his devise.
After hym came ryding Squyers of prise,
Fyve, and eche man bare a shelede, 9412
So fresshe de-paynted that aft the feld
Enlymed was of this fresshe a-ray.
Thus rideth this knyght toward the
turney.
So fressh in his wey forth rydeth he,
TyH att laste he had of Partonope 9417
A syght, and goodly he sayd
To his Squyers "Ye must a-byde,
And ryde softly; for yonde I see 9420
A man I armed, what so enuer he be,
Yf I hym knowe wytte woff I.
Loke ye come after fuft softly."
From his meyne he preked in hast,

Rawl. MS.

On a grey stede he come rydynghe.
In pis maner wyse arrayde was he, 9404
As he come coursyng wyth his meyne,
On stedes trappede freshe and gay.
Eche hade in honde, wyth-out nay,
A spere aft rede depeyntede weff, 9408
A gyttone peron of rede sendeH,
Weff betyn with golde of his devyse.
After hym come rydyng squyres of prise,
Fyve, and eche man bare a shelede, 9412
So freshe deponentde pat aft pe felde
Enlemyde was of pe fresshe array.
Thus rydyyth pe knyght towards the
turney.
So freshe in his wye rydyyth he, 9416
Tih at pe laste he had of Partonope [leafe 81, back]
A sight, and pe goodly he seyde,
1 To his squyers he seyde: "Albye,
And ryde softly; for yender I see 9420
A man I armede, what enuer he be.
Yef I hym knowe wyte woff I.
Loke ye come after fuft softly."
Fro his meyne he preked in haste, 9424
And to Partonope he come in haste.
He be-helde his persone right wele
But he knewe hym never a dele,
And then he seide: "Sir, wele ouertake!"
And he pat aH pis worlde did make
Of nought pe save! and sir, tell me
Whens ye come, and whedir wolde ye,
What man ye be, and what is your name?"
Therof, thought Partonope, myght rise grame,
My name to discouer now so hastely.
And forpe he ridedh full soberly,
And eke he thought "right lope were me"
To make a lesyng," and þen seide he:
"Sire, of ferre contre borne am I,
But þens pat I come is faste by
A place, where as I purchased me
Hors and harnesys, as ye may se.
Thow I be not freshe and gay,
Yite fayne wolde I se þis tourney.
My name is clepyde Partonope.
What is your name now telleth me."

Univ. Coll. MS.
And to Partonope he come as fast.
He be-helde his persone ryght wele, 9426
But he knew him never a dele.
And than he seyde: "Sir, wele a-take!"
And he that aft this wold dyd make
Of nought, the save! and sir, telle me
Whens ye come, and wedyr woff yee,
What man he be, and what ys your name." [leaf 83] 9432
There-of, thought Partonope, myght
ryse grame,
My name to dyscouer now so hastely.
And forth he rydeth fult soberly,
And eke he thowght[t] "ryght lothi
were me 9436
To make a lesyng," and than seyde he:
"Sir, of ferre contre borne am I,
But then that I come ys fast by
A place, whe[r] as I purchased me 9440
Horse and harnesys, as ye may see.
Thow I be not freshe and gay,
Yet fayne wolde I see this turnay.
My name ys clepyed Partonope. 9444
What his youre name now telleth me."

Rawl. MS.
And to Partonope he faste.
He be-helde his persone right weft,
But he knewe hym never a deft. 9427
And þen he seyde: "Sir, weft a-take!
And he pat aft þis worlde dyde make
Of nought, þe save! and sir, tell me
Whens ye come, and wheder wyf yé,
What man ye be, what is your name." 9432
Ther-of, thought Partonope, myght ryse
grame,
My name to dyscouer so hastely.
And furthe he rydeth full soberly,
And eke he thought "lothe were me 9436
To make a lesyng," and þen seyde he:
"Sir, of ferre contre borne am I,
But þens þat I come is faste by
A place, where as I purchased me 9440
Hors and harnesys, as ye may se.
Thow I be not freshe and gay
Yet fayne wolde I see þis turney.
My name is clepyde Partonope. 9444
What is your name tellyth me."
"Sir," seide the kyght, "truly
Gaudyns le Bloys called am I.
Of huntyng and hawkynge I can skil;
Amonge lordes and kyng Res I am knowe wele.
Borne am I of Spaine and of Castile,
That is hens fuly many a myle,
Sone I am, with-outen nay,
To a Riche man, but on Cristes lay
He leveth not, and gone it is
More pen xxx wynter Iwisse
That I toke pe ordre of kynght.
And streight into Fraunce po I me dight,
For pere was weerre pat tymne so stronge,
There was I a sawdioure longe.
At Toures, in pe mynster of seynt Martyn, Ther fore-soke I Mahounde and Appolynye, And Cristendome toke in pe fonce stone! Of my kynnesmen there made I my foone. And sith I have lyved as a sawdeoure, A pore man, but no purchasoure.

The strangr knight sayd his name is Gaudyn le Bloys.
He was born in Spain.
His father was a heathen;
but he himselfe was christened at Toures.

"Sir," sayd the kyng, "truly
Gaudyns the bloys called am I,
Of huntyng and hawkynge I can skille,
Among lordes and kynghtes I am knowe wele.
Borne am I of Spaine and of Castyle, That ys hens fuly many a myle.
Sone I am, with-outen nay, 9452
To a rych man;/ but on Cristes lay
He leveth not, and gone hit ys
More thananxxx wentyr I-wysse
That I toke the ordre of kynght. 9456
And streight in-to Fransse tho I me dyght,
For there was werre that tymne stronge.
There was I a sowdyore long.
At Toures, in the mynster of seynt Martyn, 9460
There fore-soke I Mahound and Appolyn, And Cristendome toke in the fonce stone.
Of my kynnesmen ther made I my feon. 9463
And sith I have lyved as a sowdyor, A pour man, but no purchasoure.

Univ. Coll. MS.

"Sir," sayd the kyng, "truly
Gaudyns le Bloys called am I,
Of huntyng and hawkynge I can skil.
Among lordes and kynghtes I am knowe wele.
Borne am I of Spaine and of Castell, That is hens many a myle.
Sone I am, with-outen nay,
To a ryche man, but on Cristes lay
He leveth not, and gone hit ys
More pen xxx wynter Iwisse
That I toke order of kynght.
And streight in-to France I me dight,
1 For pere was warre pat tymne stronge.
Ther was I a sowdyore longe. 9459
At Toures, in mynster of sent Martyn, Ther fore-soke I Mahombe and Appolyn, 1 leaf 2
And christendome toke in pe foncestone.
Of my kynysmen pere made I my fonce. 9463
And sethe I have leyved as a sowdyre, A pour man, but no purchasoure.

Ranel. MS.
And now am I toward pis turney,  
Here be-hynde comes myn array.  
With all myn herte I am gladde nowe  
That I have ouer taken you.  
For mery it is to have company,  
And it semeth to me ful truly  
That ye be a man of worship;  
Therefore of you wole I take kepe.  
I have a pore house here faste by  
There as shal be holde pe turney  
Therefore I pray you, sir, pat ye  
Wole now herborowe with me,  
And I wol be your bachelere,  
With all myn hert to do you pleasure,  
And be your servaunt day be day,  
As longe as shal laste pis turney."—  
To hym tho answerde Partonope:  
"With all myn hert I thanke the  
And eke that lord that made vs mete.  
Your Company in no wise wole I lette.  
Your knyght to be is myn entent,  
I am at your commandement."

Univ. Coll. MS.

And now am I toward this turney.  
Here be-hynde comes myn array.  
Wyth all myn hert I am glad now  
That I have ouer-taken your.  
For mery hit ys to have Company,  
And hit semeth to me ful truly  
That ye be a man of worship;  
Therefore of you wol I take kepe.  
I have a powere hous here fast by,  
There as shall be holde the turney.  
Therefore I pray you, syr, that ye  
Wol now herborowe wyth me.  
And I wol be your bachelere,  
Wyth all myn hert do you pleasure,  
And be your servaunt day by day,  
As longe as shall last this turnay."—  
To hym tho answerst Partonope:  
"Wyth all myn hert I thank thee,  
And eke that lord that made vs mete.  
Your company in no wyse wol I lette.  
Your knyght to be is myn entent,  
I am at your commandement."  

Ravcl. MS.

And nowe am I towarde pis turney.  
Here behynde comyth myn array.  
With all myn hert I am glade nowe  
That I have ouer-take you."

And eke that lord that made vs mete.  
Your company no wyse will I lette.  
To be your knyght is myne entent,  
I am at your comondement."
Thanne forth they ryde to-gedyre in feere, 9488
Eche to oper maketh good chere,
TyH they come in a right fayre vale,
Fayre with florouns to make shorte tale,
There as they hope herborowed shal be. [leaf 120] 9492
From hors þen liȝteth Partonope.
They wolde not herborowe in house ne towne.
Her men pyght vp a pavyllone
Enbrowded with golde hope fresshe and gay,
Right faste be the felde þere as the turney
Shuld be holde, with-outen faile.
They hadde plente of good vytaile,
Her men were besy hem to glade,
And eiche to oper good chere made.
To sopere they gone and sette to reste.
On morow when þe sonne in þe easte
Hir gan shew as rede as fyre,
Thes two knyghtis þat had desyre,
To se worshippe and grete manhede,
Risen, and in þe freshest wede

Univ. Coll. MS.

Then forpe to-gedre they ride in fere, 9488
Eiche to oper maketh good chere,
TilH they come in a right fayre vale,
Fayre with flourouns to make shorte tale,
There as they hope herborowed shaH be.
From hors þen liȝteth Partonope.
They wolde not herborowe in house ne towne.
Her men pyght vp a pavyllone
Enbrowded with golde hope fresshe and gay,
Right faste be the felde þere as the turney
Shuld be holde, with-outen faile.
They hadde plente of good vytaile,
Her men were besy hem to glade,
And eiche to oper good chere made.
To sopere they gone and sette to reste.
On morow when þe sonne in þe easte
Hir gan shew as rede as fyre,
Thes two knyghtis þat had desyre,
To se worshippe and grete manhede,
Risen, and in þe freshest wede

Rawl. MS.

Then furthe þey ryde in fere, 9488
Eiche to oper maketh good chere,
TilH þey come in a fayre vale,
Feyre with flourouns to make shorte tale,
Ther as þey bothe herberwe shaH. 9492
Fro hors þen liȝt Partonope.
They wolde herberwe in house ne towne.
Hire men pight vp a pavelon, eache to othre good cheyer made.
To supper þey gon and sete to reste.
On þe morowe, when þe son in þe easte
Hir gan shewe rede as fere, 9504
These two knyghtes þat had desyre
To se worshippe and grete manhede,
Rysen, and in þere freshest wede 9507
That longeth to arnes they ben dight.  
And forþ they yede a-non rytght  
Masse to here wyth goode Entent.  
Her other myeene there whiles went 
To make redy aB her array.  
When masse was done, pe soppe to say, 
Toward pe turnement they ride,  
Fresshe y-armed at pe tide.  
Her snyeres be-fore hem he sente 
Into pe place of pe turnement,  
Ledyng her stedes trapped wele 
In mayle made of fyne stele.

| Grete spers they bere and helmes bright. | 9520 |
| Of hem it was a good sight. | 9524 |
| After come þes knyghtis softly ridyng, | 9524 |
| And of þis tur[n]e[ment prively talkyng, | 9524 |
| Where they wyth-oute shuld first be gymn, | 9524 |
| Or elles they þat be with-in. | 9524 |
| Upon the towre of Chief-deoire | 9524 |
| Oure þe brigge sitteth Melyore, | 9524 |
| The fayre, the fresshe, þe goodliest | 9524 |
| That was in her tyme and eke þe best | 9524 |

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And with his Wrape and Persewyse.
Of his beate now in no wise
Canne I speke, for hope they be
In grete sorowe for Partonope.
They haue so wept, they be aH pale.
Forpe wiff I now teH my tale.

A bove in the tour with Melior be
The seven lordes pat pe dege
Of pis turnement moste give algate ;
Lordes they ben of grete state.
Thes be her names with-outen more :
Corsoul, Gernalz, Claryns, Genor,
Cursabir, Anffrons, and Goundred,
And olde Arcus, with-outen drede.

Thes sitte to-gedre be-holdyng pe feld, 
Many a bright helme and many a sheld,
Fresshly depeyned with grete bendes.
Knyghtes come ridyng with many pousandes.
Into companies departed they be.
Two fayre reynes ordeyned haue he,
Wherein pes lordes shuld turney.

Univ. Coll. MS.
And wyth her Vrak and Persewyse,
Of her beate in no wyse
Thanne I speke, for bothe they be 9532
In grete Sorow for Partunope.
They han so wept, they be aH pale.
Forth wyth I now teH my tale.
A bove in the tour wyth Melior be
The seven lordes that the dege 9537
Of this turnement most gyf an Gate ;
Lordes they be of grete state.
These be here namys wyth-outen more :
Corsoul, Gernalz, Clarins, Genore, 9541
Cursabyr, Anfrons, and Goundred,
And old Arcus, wyth-outen drede.
These sytte to-gedyr be-holding the feld, 9544
Many a bright helme and many a sheeld,
Fresshly depeyned wyth grete bendes.
Knyghtes come ridyng wyth many thousands,
In to campannees de-parted they be.
Two fayre Reynes ordeyned haue he,
Where-in these lordys shuld turney.

Rowl. MS.
And with here Wrape an Persewyse.
Of hir beate in no wyse
Con I speke, for bothe he be 9532
In grete sorwe for Partonope.
They han so wepte, he be aH pale,
Furthe wyth I nowe teH my tale.
Abone in pe tour with Melyore be
The seyny lordes pat pe dege 9537
Of pis turnment moste gyfe algate ;
Lordes he be of grete estate.
These ben her namys wyth outen more :
Corsul, Gormake, Clarawns, Gynore,
Cursabir, Anfrons, and Goundred,
And olde Arcus, with-outen drede.
These sat to-geder be-holdingpe feld, 
Many a bright helme and many a sheld,
Freshly depentyde with grete bendes.
Knyghtes come rydyng with pousandes.
In to companies departyde they be,9548.
To feyer Renge ordeynehe haue he
Where-in pis lordes shalH turne.
Let se who shal beginne pe play.

Now Gaudyn pat is to Partonope
Bothe servaunt and felawe, now pinkep he,
For who so enuer pe turnement be-gynne,
Be he withoute or within,
They will hym fyrst assaile,
This is Gaudyns first counsaylle.
Also they thought pat they wolde bene
First in pe feld to be wele seen.
Therfore anoone her stedes they take,
On with her helmes and redy hem make.
Vp afor hem her spere borne be,
And after cometh Gaudyn and Partonope,
Into pe Reynes rydyng avisely.
Kynge Corsoul pat on pe toure an hye
Sate as a Iuge be fayre Melior,
Aspyed pe knyghtis ferre afor
Or any of his felawes pat sate hym by.
And pat he seide: "Siris, truly,
Yonder I se come knyghtis twoyn
[leaf 121]

Univ. Coll. MS.
Late se who shal be-gynne the playe,
Now Gaudyn pat ys to Partanope
Both felawe and servaunt, now thynketh he,
For who so enuer the turnement be-gynne,
Be he wylthoute or wylth Inne,
They wyl hym fyrst assaile,
This ys Gaudyns fyrst counsaile.
Also they thonght that they wold been
Fyrst in the feld to be wele seen.
There fore a non her stedes they take,
On wylth her helmes and redy hem make.
Vp afor hem her spere borne be,
And after cometh Gaudyn and Partanope
In to the Reynes rydyng avysely.
Kynge Corsoule that on the toure and hye
Sate as a Iuge be fayre Malorie,
Aspyed these knyghtes ferre and forer
Or any of his felawes that satt hym by.
And than seyd: "Siris, truly,
Yonder I see come knyghtes twoyn

Ravl. MS.
Let se who shal beginne pe play.
"Nowe Gaudyn pat is to Partonope
Bothe servaunt and servaunt nowe thynketh he,
Who so enuer the turnement be-gynne,
Be he withoute or withoute Inne,
They wyl hym firste assail,
This is Gaudyns counsaile.
Also bye boughth pat bye wolde bene
Firste in pe feld to be wele seen,
Therfore anoone her stedes they take,
On with her helmes and redy hem make.
Vp afore hem her spere borne be,
And after come Gaudyn and Partonope,
In to Pe Renges rydyng avysely.
Kynge Cursolat pat on pe toure on hye
Sat as a Iuge before Melore
Aspyed his knyghtes ferre afor.
Or any of his felawes pat stode hym by.
And pat he seye: "Siris, truly,
Yonder I se come knyghtes twoyn
That in her harenys hem fayne demene,
And better pen many oper pat I se.
Worship-full knyghtes pei seme to be.
Of hem first late vs take hiede
In pe begynnynge how they spede.
If they do wele, pen wole we
Do axe what knyghtes they be." Now sitte they stih, and sey no more,
But se how men full harde and sore
In pe Reynes her horse to renne assay
Vnder Trappurs with golde bete full Gay.
And soone after into pe felde
Aft pe worlde is come in helme and sheld.
And then pe Inges with-outen doute
Thught pat they pat were with-oute
Were not so stronge as they within.
Harde were for hem to be-gynne.
They within, with-unke les, 9588
On hem with-outke faste ganne prese.
That se pei that were with-outke.

Univ. Coll. MS.

That in her harenys hem fayne demene,
And better pen many an oper pat I see.
Worship-full knyghtes pei seme to be.
Of hem first late vs take hede 9574
In the be-gynnyng How they spede.
Ye they do weel, than woel we 9576
Do axe what knyghtes they be." Now sett they styH, and sey no more,
But se how men full hard and sore
In the Reynes hors to renne assay 9580
Vnde yr trappures wyth gold bete full gay.
And sone after in-to the feld
Aft the word ys come in helme and sheild.
And than the Inges, wyth-outen doute, 9584
Thought that they that were wyth-outke
Where not so strong as they wyth-Inne,
Hard were for hem to be-gynne. 9587
1 They wyth-Inne, wyth-outke lees,
[1 leaf 85]
On hem wyth-outke faste ganne prese.
That sey they that were wyth-outke.

Rawl. MS.

That in her harenys hem fayne demene,
And better pen many an oper pat I see.
Worship-full knyghtes pei seme to be,
On hem firste let vs take hede 9574
In the be-gynnyng hym howe they spede.
Vf they do welle, pen wille we 9576
Do axe what knyghtes pat pei be." Nowe sit pei still, and sey no more,
But se howe men ful harde and sore
In ye reynes rynke pei hors to assay
Vnder trappours of golde betyn gay.
And sone after in-to pe felde 9582
AH pe worlde is come in helme and sheild.
Then pe Inges, with-out doute, 9584
Thought pat pei pat were with-outke
Were not so stronge as pei with-Inne.
1 Harde were with hem to begyne.
They with-In, with-out lese, 9588
[1 leaf 83, back]
On hem wythout gan faste prese.
That sey pei pat were with-out.

The combat begins.
The outer party do not seem to be as strong as the inner.
They thought for ait pe grete route
That was within, they wolde a-bide,
And freashly to hem they ganne to ride,
And manly putt hem In a-ye.
The seide Gaudyn to Partonope:
"Go we hens, no lenger wolle we abide."
Into þis prese þen gan they ride
As faste as here hors myght hem bere.
Eiche hadde in honde a grete sper.
Throw the prese withoute lette
Her hors hem bare, and þen they mette
With tweyn, and Gaudyn smote þe tone,
That from his hors he voyded anoone,
And flatte feH vpon þe grounde.
Partonope in þe same stounde
With his felowe so sore mette,
That oute of his sadH withoute lette
Atte sperre pouynge hyn smote,
That to þe grounde wele I wote
He feH flatte. [What] wolle ye more?
This cours he Ranne so faste and sore,
His sperre brake, it myght not last.  

Univ. Coll. MS.

They thought for ait the grete rowte
That was with-Ine they wold abyde,
And freashly to hym they ganne ryde,
And manly put hem In a-ye.  9604
Then sayd Gaudyn and Partonope:
"Go we hens, no lenger wolle we a-bye."  9596
In to þis prese thane ganne they ryde
As fast as her hors myght hem bere.
Eche hadd in honde a grete sper.
Thorow the prese wyth-outen lette 9600
Her hors hem bare and than they mette
Wyth tweyne, and Gaudyn smote the tone,
That from his hors he voyde a-non,
And flatte fyH vpon the ground.  9604
Partonope In the same stound
With his felowe so sore mett,
That out of his sadyth wyth-outen lette
At sperre pount he hym smote,  9608
That to grounde wef I wote
He fyH flatt. What wolle ye more?
This course he ranne so faste and sore,
His sperre brak, hit myght not last.  9612

Rawcl. MS.

They pouht for ait þe grete route
That was wyth-in, þey wolde abyde.
And freashly to hem þey gon ryde, 9593
And manly put hem in a-ye.
Then seide Gaudyn to Partonope:
"Go we hens, no lenger we abyde."  9596
Into þe prese þen gon þey ryde 9597
As faste as þer hors myght hem bere.
Eche hade in honde a grete sper.
Thorowe þe prese wyth-oout let 9600
Here hors hem bare, and þen þey mete
With ðy, and Gaudyn smote þet one,
That from his hors he voydeth anoone,
And flat fyll on þe grounde.  9604
Partonope in þe same stound
With his felowe so sore he mete,
That out of his sadH wyth-oout let
He fyll flat: what wolle þe more?  9610
The course he ran so faste and sore,
His sperre brake, it myght not last.
They that be-gann pis turnement,
Seide pe knyghtis hadde wele do,
And a while brepen hem tho.

"LO," seide Coursoule, "I wist wele
Thes two knyghtis coupe good skil

The tronchone away fro hym he caste,
And therwith he pulled oute his swerde,
And as a fiers lyon pen he ferde,
And leide on picke hym rounde a-boute.

Thre to hym assayed of pe route,
And hew on his helme and on his sheeld.
But one of hem into pe felde
Oute of his sadiH he made lepe,
It was no tyme for hym to slepe.
The toother two on hym leide faste,
But prowe the Keynes from hem he paste,
Gaudyn smote oone of pe pre,
That from his hede he made pan fle
His helme of stele bourned bright,
And force he passed prow pe fight,
And to Partonope streight he went.

They that be-gann pis turnement,
Seide pe knyghtis hadde wele do,

"LO," said Corsul, "I wyst wele
These two knyghtes cowde goode skil
On pis crafte; so first seide I."
The seide ye queen: "Cousyn, truly,
So softly as they come In afore,
Now they have hem welo yborne.
And namely he with ye silver sheld
Fare faire with his harenis in ye felde."
She thought she sholdke knowe hym wele,
But she coude not remembre never a dele.
Thinketh she wher pis be Partonope,
With his gouvernance wele pleased is she.

Of turneyng now gyne they rest,
And soone after they made hem prest
The turnement to be-gynn ayen.
The Emperour of Almayne per myght ye sene,
A manly cheveteyn in ye felde;
With hym was many helm and sheld.
The soudan of Perce was pere also
With the Emperour, and they two do
Moche wo to hem pat be with-out.
The soudan is full proude and stoute.

Univ. Coll. MS.

On this Craft; so fyrest seyd I."
The sayde the queen: "Cousyn, truly,
So softly as they come In a-fore, 9636
Now they have hem wo I-bore.
And namely he wyth the silver sheld
Fare wyth wyth his harneys in the felde."
She thought she shold have know hym wo
But she coude not remembre never a dele.
Thynketh she wher this be Partonope,
Wyth his goervernysz wo plesysh ys she.

Off turneyng gyne now they rest,
And sone after they made hym prest
The turnement to be-gynn ayen.
The emperoure of Almayne there myght ye sene,
A manly Cheventeyn in the felde;
Wyth hym was many helm and sheld.
The soudan of pyroq was there also
Wyth the emperoure, and they tewe do
Moch wo to hem that he wyth-out.
This soudan ys full proude and stoute.

Rowel. MS.

On pis crafte; so fyrist seye 1."
Tho seyde ye queen: "Cousyn, truly,
So softly as they come In afore, 9636
Nowe ye have hem wo I-bore.
And namely he wyth the silver sheld
Fare wyth wyth his harneys in the felde."
She bought she shulde a knowe hym wo
But she coude remembre never a dele.
Thynketh she wher pis be Partonope,
Wyth his goervernysz wo plesed shes she.

Of turnyng nowe gyne wo ye rest,
And sone after wo made hem prest
The turnement to be-gynn agayn.
The Emperour of Almayne per myght ye sene,
A manly cheveteyn in ye felde; 9613
Wyth hym was many helm and sheld.
The soudan of Pers was per also
Wyth wyth emperour and they two do
Moche wo to hem with-out. 9652
The soudan is full proude and stoute.
and valiant knight.
He loves Molior, and hopes to win her.

In olden days ladies were won in various ways,

He is a lover,* what wilt ye more?
His souerayne lady is Melyore.
On his manhede moste trusteth he,
And that he hate a grete meyne,
That waiteth upon hym euermore.
He wenyth to wynne faire Molior.
He is yonge, and darre were fight,
Stronge, lusty, and a semely knyght.
Oute of nombre richesse hath he.
He thinketh no man his felawe shuld be.
Men wonne her ladies in dymes dege,
Some with manhole and chevalry,
Some prow beaute and curtesye,
Some with faire speche and richesse,
Some prow strength, some be largesse.
Agh pat is go with-outen nay,
The worlde is turned a-nothe way,
For neyuer richesse ne beaute
Ne fayre speche in no dege
May make a man his love to wynne,

Univ. Coll. MS.

He ys a lover, what wolde ye more?
His souerayn lady ys Molior.
On his manhode mokh trusteth he,
And thereeto hath a grete meyne,
That waiteth upon hym euermore.
He wenyth to wynne fayre Molior.
He ys yonge, and dare were fight,
Stronge, lusty, a semely knyght.
Oute of nombre rych hath he.
He thinketh no man his felowe shuld be.

And in theo dayes were wote ye
Men wonne her ladies in dymes dege,
Some whyt manhole and chevalry,
Some Thorow beaute and Curtesye,
Some wyth fayre speche and Richesse,
Some throw strenght, som be largesse.
Agh that ys go wyth-outen nay,
The worlde ys turned a-nodyr way.
For neyther Richesse ne beaute,
Ne fayre speche in no dege
May make a man his love to wynne,

Rawl. MS.

He is a lover, what wilt ye more?
His souerayne lady is Melyore.
On Mahombe moche trustyth he.
That waiteth upon hym euermore.
He wenyth to wynne to fayre Molior.
He is yonge, and dare were fight,
Stronge, lusty, and a semely knyght.
Out of nombre rych hath he.
He thinketh no man his felowe shuld be.

And in theo dayes were wote ye
Men wonne her ladies in dymes dege,
Some with manhole and chevalry,
Some prow beaute and courtesye,
Some with faire speche and richesse,
Some prow strength, some be largesse.
Agh pat is go with-out nay,
The worlde is turned anothe way,
For neyther richesse ne beaute,
Ne fayre speche ne dege
May make a man his love to wynne,
They be so sore a-ferde to synne.
Of fredame, curteisy, ne of largesse
They take none heedes; for holynesse
Hath so caught hem in his service,
Of wordly lustes now in no Wise
Take they heedes, but only to wyrche,
But they may please God and his chirche.
For every day erly they rise.
To chirche they gone to here servise
Of God, and hardly the they be
Til it be noone; for holynesse
Hath so cauglit hem in his service,
Of wordly lustes now in no wyse
Take they heedes, but only to wyrche,
That they may please God and his chirche.
For every day erly they Ryse,
To chirche they gone to here service
Of God / and hardlyly the they be
Til he be none / for dame chastyte
Governeth hem in such wise,
From knelyng hem luste not ones to Rise.
To go to her dyner haue they none haste;
They rekke never how long they fast.
Of fresch array take they now heedes;
They goe cloathed in homely weede.
They wolde not swere never an othe
But nay or ye, it is sothe.
But in olde tyme ladies wolde
Haue mercy on lovers pat in cares colde
Loved, and for love had grete disease.

Univ. Coll. MS.

They be so sore a-ferde to synne. 9675
Of fredam), Curteysy, ne of largesse
They take none heedes; for holynesse
Hath so caught hem in his service,
Of wordly lustes now in no Wyse
Take they heedes, but only to wyrche,
That they may please God and his chirche.
For every day erly they Ryse, 9682
To chirche they gone to here service
Of God / and hardlyly there they be
Til he be none / for dame chastyt.
Governeth hem in such Wyse; 9686
From knelyng hem lust not ones to ryse.
To go to her dyner haue they none hast; 9688
They rekke never how long they fast.
Of freschi array take they now heedes;
They goe cloathed in homely weede.
They wyfe swere never an othe 9692
But nay or ye hit his soth.
But In olde tyme ladies wold
Haue mercy of loners that in cares colde
Loved, and for love had grete disesse.
Some tyule ladies such folke wolde please;
But in these dayes hit ys no-thing so.
For be a lovere neuer so wo,
His lady list not hym make chiere.
9700
For his compleynt pei wole not here
Neper be speche neper letter wrytyng,
They wole not rede it for no ping.
9704
A^ pat men sey they take in grief;
I trow chastite hath made hem defe.
Of pis materpe speke we no more,
But I wole now of Melioure
The sultan jousts so well,
and has such a large retinue,
that nobody dares to attack him.

Some tyule ladies such folke wolde please;
But in these dayes it is no-thing so.
For be a lover neuer so wo,
His lady list not hym make chiere.
9700
For his compleynt pei wole not here
Neper be speche neper letter wrytyng,
They wole not rede it for no ping.
9704
A^ pat men sey they take in grief;
I trow chastite hath made hem defe.
Of pis materpe speke we no more,
But I wole now of Melioure
TeH forpe aH myne entent,
And of pis lusti turnement.
The soudan is now in pe felde
Richely armed, pat of spere and sheeld
Canne skih ynowe, with-oten doute,
His meyny wele armed hym aboute.
9712
He hath wele Inusted with-oten nay,
Many a knyght pat ilke day
And squyer eke to grounde hath caste.
9716
To mete with hym men be agaste.
Both feere and CrueH also is he

Of pis materpe speke we no more,
But I wilit now of Melioure
TeH furthe aH myne entent
9706
Of pis lusty turnement.
The soudan is nowe in pe felde
Rychly armed, pat of spere and sheeld
Canne skih ynowe, with-outen doute, His meyny weH armed hym aboute.
9712
He hath weH Inusted wyth-outen nay,
Many a knyght wyth-ile day
And a squyer eke to grounde hath caste.
9716
To mete with hym men were agaste.
But fers and creweH also is he.
His men a-boute hym so thicke be
A-fore and be-hynde with-oute faile,
That no man hym darre wele assaile.
The lordes pat I spake of be-fore,
pat on pe toure be Meliore
Sitte to gife pe Ingement,
Prayse hym gretely by one assent.
This soudan, pus lusty knyght,
Enforceth his hert with ah him myght
To wyn his lady Meliore.
A grete sperre in hande with-oute more
He taketh, and in hys reste it caste.  [leaf 123]
And prowe pe Reynes he Ranne faste
As ever his stede hym myght bere
Men of hym po had such fere,
And of pe meany hym aboute,
pat pe soudan prow pe route
Rode to and fro; no man hym mette
Of his Lustyng hym ones [to] lette.

Meliore encounters the Sultan.

\[\text{Partonope,}\]

\[\text{His men a-boute hym so thicke be}\]
\[\text{A-fore and be-hynde with-oute faile,}\]
\[\text{That no man hym darre wele assaile.}\]
\[\text{The lordes pat I spake of be-fore,}\]
\[\text{pat on pe toure be Meliore}\]
\[\text{Sitte to gife pe Ingement,}\]
\[\text{Prayse hym gretely by one assent.}\]
\[\text{This soudan, pus lusty knyght,}\]
\[\text{Enforceth his hert with ah him myght}\]
\[\text{To wyn his lady Meliore.}\]
\[\text{A grete sperre in hande with-oute more}\]
\[\text{He taketh, and in hys reste it caste.}\]
\[\text{And prowe pe Reynes he Ranne faste}\]
\[\text{As ever his stede hym myght bere}\]
\[\text{Men of hym po had such fere,}\]
\[\text{And of pe meany hym aboute,}\]
\[\text{pat pe soudan prow pe route}\]
\[\text{Rode to and fro; no man hym mette}\]
\[\text{Of his Lustyng hym ones [to] lette.}\]

\[\text{Partonope encounters the Sultan.}\]
"Be thou as proud as Lucefere, 9740
I shaft assay on pe my spere
To breke anoone, if pat I may."
9744
And jrpe he rideth in pat array;
Of his course no man hym lette.
The sauden and he to-gedre mette.
So fiersly on peces her speres flie,
Yite per was no man coupe se
Who hadde pe better, for her bakkes did bende,
And after opere speres anoone they sende.
Ayein to-gedre now do they go.
At pat course they mette so,
Eiche gafe opere suche a stroke,
As though per had ben an oke
With a Crakke had made a falle,
Such a noyse it made with-aH.
Her speres to-braste, and they hope two
Kept her sadels right wele po.
The soudan like a wilde beste
For angre Coupe haue no reste.
And per with anoone in his hete
For a spere fuH passyng grete

In the third encounter, Partonope

"Be pou as proud as Lucifere, 9740
I shaft assay on pe my spere
To breke anoone, yet pat I may."
9744
And furthe he rydeth in that array.
Of this course no man hym lett. 9744
The sowdan and he to-gedyr mett.
1 So feersly / on peces her speres flie,
Yet ther was no man cowde see
Who hadde the better for her bakkes dyd bend,
[1Leaf 87] 9748
And after other speres a-none they send.
A-yen to-gedyr nowe they go.
At that Course they mette so,
Eche gafe other suche a stroke 9752
As though there had ben a noke
Wyth a crakke had made a falle.
Such a noyse hit made wyth-aH.
Her speres to-braste, and they both two
9756
Kept her Sadelles Ryght wele two,
The Saudon lyke a wyld best
For anger cow[de] haue no rest.
And thrye-wyth a-none in his hete 9760
For a spere fuiH passyng grete

Roel. MS.

Ayein to-gedre nowe bey goo.
At pat course bey mette so,
Eche gafe opere soych a stroke, 9752
As bough per hadde ben an oke
With a crake hade made faH,
Soyehe a noyse it made with-aH.
Her speres braste, and bey bothe two
9757
Kept per sadilles right weH po.
The Saudan lyke a wyld beste
For anger couthe haue no reste.
Ther-with anoone in his hete 9760
For a spere passyng grete
He sent, and in his a-rest hit caste.
Partonope þer-with in grete haste
Of Gaudyn toke a grete spere þo. 9764
Therewith þe Soudan he it so
Into þe vpper of þe shelde
That tisswe and boele into þe felde
Fley and al to þe pieces brake. 9768
The spere a fote prow þe shelde stake.
The Soudan hym hit tho ayein, [leaf 123, back]
þat his shelde he made flene
From his shuldre into þe layre.
Betwene hem be-gynneth a sharpe fayre.
Partonope here-of was shamefast,
The soudan gladed, and forþe passed
þrow þe reynes were faryngly.
Kyng Clarlys in þe toure an hye
Seide the soudan þe better hadde.
Cursolote hym answered with wordes sadde:
"The white shelde is now at grounde,
But his maister on hors is founde."
Cursolote at þat tyme seide but lyte;

Univ. Coll. MS.
He sent, and in his a-rest hit caste.
Partonope In grete hast
Of Gaudyns toke a grete spere tho. 9764
There-wyth the Soudan he hit so
In-to the vpper of the Sheld,
That tyssew and boele in-to the feeld
Fly and al to þe pieces brake. 9768
The spere a fote throw the Sheld stake.
The Soudan hym hit so a-yen,
That this shelde he made flene
From the shuldre in-to the layre. 9772
Betweon hem be-gynneth a sharpe fayre.
Partonope her-of was shame-fast.
The Soudan gladded, and forth past
Throw the Reynes were faryngly. 9776
Kyng Clarlys in the toure and hye
Seyd the Soudan better hadde.
Cursolot hym answeryth wyth wordes sadde:
"The whitte shelde ys now at ground,
But his maister on hors ys found." Cursolot at that tyme seyd but lyte;

Rawl. MS.
He sent, and in his a-rest hit caste.
Partonope þer-with in grete haste
Of Gaudyn toke a grete spere þo. 9764
In-to þe vpper of þe shelde,
That tisswe and boele in-to þe felde
Fley, and al to þe pieces brake. 9768
The spere as styte þorwe þe shelde stake.
The Soudan þo hym hit ayen,
That his shulder in-to þe layre. 9772
Betwene hem begynneth a sharpe fayre.

1 Partonope here-of was shamefaste.
The soudan gladdyde, and furthe past
Thorwe þe reynes faryngly, 9776
Kyng Clarlyns in the toure on hye
Seyde þe soudan þe better hadde.
Curselot anserwe wordes sadde: 9779
[leaf 85, back]
"The wyte shelde is nowe at grounde,
But his maister on hors is founde."
Curselot at þat tyme seyde but lyte;
For after he thought he wolde quyte
Kyng Claryns, when Partonope
Hadde mette he Soudan in such degre,
That he were quyte amyde felde.
Meliour hym herde, and eke be-helde
The tornement and aff he route.
LyteH Ioy perof, withouten doute,
She hadde, for fewe of hem she knewe.
In lovyng her hert was ever trewe.
Parton[ope] asked a sheld in haste
Gaudyn pat on hym lokep faste,
Fuß fresch y-paynted of siluer bright.
It was right sure and per-to light.
A spere he toke bope grete and fyne.
Therwith he ranne to a saryesyre,
Armauns he hight with-oute more,
Partonope to hym Ranne so sore,
And in he sheld so hym hitte,
That in his sadile lenger to sitte
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye,
And fell to grounde, aff men it se.
This Armauns was holde a worpi man.

Univ. Coll. MS.

For after he thought he wolde quyte
Kyng Claryns, when Partonope
9784
Hadde mette he Soudan in such degre,
That he were quyte amyde felde.
Meliour hym herde, and eke be-helde
The tornement and aff he route.
LyteH Ioy perof, withouten doute,
She hadde, for fewe of hem she knewe.
In lovyng her hert was ever trewe.
Parton[ope] asked a sheld in haste
Gaudyn pat on hym lokep faste,
Fuß fresch y-paynted of siluer bright.
It was right sure and per-to light.
A spere he toke bope grete and fyne.
Therwith he ranne to a saryesyre,
Armauns he hight with-oute more,
Partonope to hym Ranne so sore,
And in he sheld so hym hitte,
That in his sadile lenger to sitte
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye,
And fell to grounde, aff men it se.
This Armauns was holde a worpi man.

Rawl. MS.

For after he thought he wolde quyte
Kyng Claryns, when Partonope
9784
Hadde mette he Soudan in such degre,
That he were quyte amyde felde.
Meliour hym herde, and eke be-helde
The tornement and aff he route.
LyteH Ioy perof, withouten doute,
She hadde, for fewe of hem she knewe.
In lovyng her hert was ever trewe.
Parton[ope] asked a sheld in haste
Gaudyn pat on hym lokep faste,
Fuß fresch y-paynted of siluer bright.
It was right sure and per-to light.
A spere he toke bope grete and fyne.
Therwith he ranne to a saryesyre,
Armauns he hight with-oute more,
Partonope to hym Ranne so sore,
And in he sheld so hym hitte,
That in his sadile lenger to sitte
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye,
And fell to grounde, aff men it se.
This Armauns was holde a worpi man.
Partonope forbe on hors-bak name
Throw þe Reynes right to þe soudan.
And þere he smote a knyght called Logan
That þe soudan loved wele þan,
And to grounde gothe hors and man.  
[leaf 124]
Atte soudans fote aþ þis was doo.
The soudan was wode for angre þo,
And his sper þen toke in hast,
And to Partonope rideth as feste
þrow þe prese hym forto fynde,
And throw the ventaylle in his neke behynde
He hym smote with his sper þo,
That aþ to þeece it brake a-twoo.
His swerde þerwith þo pulled he
And smote vpon þe helme of Partonope.
When he aspyede þat it was he,
His swerde he pulled oute anoon Right.
On hym he leide with aþ his myght,
And on his helme suche strokes gafe he,
The rede fyre þer-oft did oute flie.
And thus they hurle þrow þe prese,

Univ. Coll. MS.
Partonope forþ a bakk name
Thorw the Reyynes ryght to the Sowdan.
And þere he smot a knyght callyth Logan,
That the sowdan wele þan,
And to ground goth hors and man.
Atte Sowdan foote aþ this was doo.
The Sowdan was wode for angre þo,
And his sper þen toke in hast,
And to Partonope rydeth as faste
Thorw the prese hym for to fynde.
And throw the ventayll in his nek behynde
He hym smote wyth his sper þo,
That aþ to þesys hit brak in two.
His swerd þere-wyth oute pullyth he,
And smote vpon þe helme of Partonope.
Whan þe he aspyede þat hit was he,
His swerd he pulled oute anoon ryght.
On hym he leyde wyth aþ his myght,
And on þis helme suche strokes gafe he,
The Rede fyre there-oft dyd oute flie.
[leaf 58] 9824
And thus they hurle forth throw the prese,

Rawl. MS.
Partonope furthe on hors-bake name
Thorwe þe renge of þe soudan.
Ther he smote a knyght callede Logan,
That þe soudan lonyde weft þan.
At þe soudans fote aþ þis was doo.
The Soudan was wode for angre þo,
And his sper þen toke in hast,
And to Partonope Rydith faste
Thorwe þe þrese hym to fynde,
And þorwe þe ventaith in þe nyke behynde
He hym smote with his sper þo,
That aþ to þeece it brake tho.
His swerde þerwith pulled out he,
And smote on þe helme of Partonope.
When he asspyede þat it was he,
His swerde he pulled out right.
On hym he leyde with aþ his myght,
And on þis helme soyche strokes gaf he,
The rede fyre þer-oft dyd oute flie.
Thus þey hurle þorwe þe þrese,
British Museum MS.

Tith Partonope, with-outte any lese, Was passed pe Reynes of pe soudan, So ferforth tith hat he came To pe walles of pe toure Wherein sate faire Meliore. And atte laste pen Partonope Aspired how ferre passed was he Throw pe strength of pe soudan, Tho hym to pinke he beg-an How he hadde folyde ydo, For many a saresyn on hym po Leide on righte faste and blyve, That it was wonder how he on lyve Might passe pat grete pronge. But Gaudyn of herte fuH stronge Sawe at mysschief Partonope, And in his reste his spere leide he, And fiersly into pe prese he passed. A saresyn from hors-bak he casted, A worpi knyght pat hight Bry. The saresynes sette vp a deviH crye. To pe morreis kyng he was a good poste,

Univ. Coll. MS.

Tith Partonope, with-outte any lese, Was passed the Reynes of the Sowdan, So fer-forth tith that he came To the walles of the towe, Where-in sate fayre Meliorse And at the laste pen Partonope Aspyed how ferre past was he Throw the strynght of the Sowdan, Tho hym to thynke he be-ganne How he had follyly I-do, For many a Sarason on hym tho Led on righte faste and by-lyve, That hit was wondyr how he on lyve Myght passe that grete th[r]onge But Gaudyns of hert fuH stronge Sawe at myschief Partonope, And in his rest his spere lyed he, And fershly in-to the prese he past. A Sarason fro hors-bak he caste, A worpi knyght that hight Bry. The Sarasyns sett vp on a deviH crye, To the morreys kyng he was a good poste,
For he was constable of his oste.  

His spere brake, oute gothe his swerde ;  
As a lyon fierse he ferde.
Armaunt he smote, anope r knyght,  
So from his hors-bak he made hym light.
His helme was pe first pat came to grounde.  
Grete strokes he yave in pat stounde.
So manly at pat tyme sojely was he,  
That rescowed was good Partonope
With-oute mayne or grete wounde.
Wele quyte hym Gaudyn pat stounde.
But bosome achafed were right wele,*  
And many a stroke ganne pey fele. *
The sondan hurtte was somdele.  
That kyng Corsolot * aspyed wele,  
And gladde is he of his decline.
The wordes he seide to Claryne :  
"The sondan hovent as hyvy as lede,  
The tothe-ache I throw be in his hede.
Sir, be not wrope of pat I seye,  
The white sheled pinketh not to dye.

9859. MS. wele right.  
9860. MS. And grete strokes hadde many a knyght.  
9862. MS. Corsolto.

For he was Constable of his oste. 9848  
His spere brak, oute gotth his Swerd ;  
As a lyon fierse he ferde.
Armaunt he smote anothe r knyght,  
So fro hors-bak he made hym lyght.
His helme was the first that come to ground.  
[leaf 98, back] 9853
Grete strokes he yafe in that stounde.  
So manly at that tyne sothly was he,  
That rescowed was good Partonope 9856  
Wyth-oute mayne or grete wounde.  
Wele quyte hym (Gaudyn) that stounde,  
But both a-clashe were ryght wele,  
And many a stroke ganne they feele. 9860  

The sondan hurt was som dele.  
That kyng Cursolot aspyed wele,  
1 And glad ys he of his decline,  
These wordes he sayd to Claryng: 9864  
"The Sowden) hometh as hevy as lede,  
The tothe-ache I throw be in his hede.
Syr, be not wrothe of that I seye,  
The white Sheeld thenketh not to dye

King Cur-  
solit is glad  
that the  
Sultan has  
not got the  
letter of  
the knight  
of the white  
shield.

9856. rescowede] o like e.
At this tyme in the souldans dette,
For skylfully wyth hym hape he mette.
Gaudyn and eke Partonope
From the turny wyth-drawn be
Into an haue-thorne hem to aventure;
Of goth her helmes be one assente.
The kyng of Fraunce be-helde hem wele,
And then he knew hem neuer a dele.
To the Empeour of Spayne he seide he:
"These two knyghtis fulle good men be,
And beste in the turny haue done his day."
Seide the Empeour: "That is an easy assay.
In the be-gynnyng they payn to faste.
Comenly suche men mow not laste;
Prysaunteres such folke called be.
That allday men may soply se
Such laste not but lyttel while.—
Therewith the Empeour gan smyle—
But wole ye make a good essay,
Take [hede] of hem pe prid day."

At pis tyme in the souldans dette,
For skylfully he hathe hym mett."
Be kynge of Fraunce answerde ayee:
"On be prid day, how euer it be,
Of pis day they wole hane pe prise,
They moste nede be myn avise."

Gaudyn and also Partonope
After her refreshyng hope be
Into þes reynes turned ayein.
Fresshe and lusty yarmed they bene.
Eiche of hem toke hym his shelde,
Many a man þo hem be-helde.
Into þe Reynes they come fresshly,
Eiche hadde in hande a spere fuþ sturdy.
They spare no man þat hem wole lyde,
They were right lusty at þat tyme.
Fuþ wele they luste that ilke day,
There was no man drust hem assay,
But of hym they hadde þe victory,
So sore her aduersaries they did wryn.
The day gan fast drawe to an ende,
That eiche man þought home to wende,
And turney no more as for þat nyght.
The kyng of Syre he made a fyght,
Comyng in sodelyn wyth his meanye.
A worthy and a noble knyght was he.
When eiche man wende home forto go,
He and his meanye despitously tho
On eve ry syde gan ley on faste.
Men toke her sheeldes to hem in hast.

The kyng of Fraunce answered a-yee:
"On the third day, how euer it be,
Of this day they wyþ hane the prise,
They moste nede be myn avise."

Gaudyn and also Partonope
After her refreselnyng botþ be
In-to the reynes turneth a-yein,
Fresshe and lusty I-arméd they bene.
Eche of hem toke hym his shelde,
Many a man do hem be-helde.
In-to the Reynes they come fresschly,
Ech had in hand a spere fuþ sturdy.
They spare no man that hem wol thrue
Fresshe and lusty yarmed they bene.
Eiche of hem toke hym his shelde,
Many a man þo hem be-helde.
Gaudyn anoone with sper and shelde
Turned ayein into pe felde,
je duke of Loreyn anoone hym mette;
Eiche be oyer fuft lytefi they sette.
Good knyghtis they were bopte two.
But yte Gaudyn myshapped po.
For je kyng of Syre in pat felde
So fiersly hym hitte in pe shelde,
That from his hors he made hym light. [leaf 125, back]
When Partonope sawe pat sight,
That Gaudyn his frende was atte grounde,
With a sper bope grete and rounde
He Ranne to the kyng pan of Syre,
And hym hitte with so grete an Ire,
Oute of his sadile he made hym lepe.
Gaudyn per-of anoone toke kepe
And fresshly sesyd the kynges stede.
But or he myght hym any firper lede,
The kynges meany to hym so raught,
pat of hem many a stroke he caught.
And in pis meane while a saresyne
Is lepte to pe hors of Gaudyn.

Univ. Coll. MS.
Gaudyn) a-non) wyth sper and schyeld
Turned a-yein in-to the feeld.
The duke of Loreyn) a-non) hym) mett;
Eiche be other fuft lytefi tho sett. 9920
Goode knyghtes they were boþe two.
But yet Gaudyns mys-happed tho,
For the kyng of Syre in that feld
So fersely hit hym/on) the Sheeld, 9924
That from) his hors he made hym) lyght.
Whan) Partonope saw that syght,
That Gaudyn) his feere was to ground,
Wyth a sper bothe grete and round, 9928
He ranne to the kyng than) of Syre,
And hym) hit wyth so grete an Ire,
Oute of his savyH) he made hym) lepe.
Gaudyn) thereof a-non) toke kepe, 9932
And fresshly sesyd the kynges stede.
But or he myght hym) ony further
leeed,
The kynges meany to hym) so ranth,
That of hem) many a stroke he cauth.
And in this mene while a saresyne 9937
Ys lepte on) the hors of Gaudyn).

Rawl. MS.
Gaudyn anoone with sper and shelde
Turnede a-yein to) pe felde.
The duke of Loreyne anoone hym met;
Eiche by oyer fuft lytifi) pey set. 9920
Good knyghtes) pey were boþe two.
But yet Gaudyn myshappye po.
For pe kyng of Scyre in] pe) felde
So fersely hit hym on) pe) shelde,
That from) his hors he made hym) lyght.
When Partonope sawe pat sight,
That Gaudyn) his feere was at) grounde,
With a sper bothe grete and round
He Ran) to pe kyng of Scyre, 9929
And hit hym with so grete ire
Out of his sadile he made hym) lepe.
Gaudyn) per-of toke) good) kepe, 9932
And fresshly sesed) pe kynges stede.
But or he myght hym) ony further
leeed,
The kynges men to hym) so raught,
That of hem) many a stroke) cauth.
In pis mene while a saresyne 9937
Ys lepte on) pe) hors) of Gaudyn). [leaf 87]
Partonope pat hym never fayled at nede,
[Thought to gete ayen his stede],
9940
Leide on so faste rounde a-boute,
He hathe hym rescowed from ah pe route,
9944
That harmelasse escaped bope they be.
For besy is ah pe kynges meanye
Of Syre hym prow pe place to lede
On fote; for loste he hadde his stede.
9948
AH folke herwith departed anoone
From pe turnement and straighte gone
To her logneyung in grete haste.
The nyght failleth on hem wonder faste.
The herowdes crye: "A hosteH, a hosteH!"
9952
Partonope and Gaudyn pat right weH
In pe turnement haue bore hem pat day,
To her loggeyung they ride in fresche array.
Curbolote sethe hem bope two
To her loggyung harmelasse go.
9956
He seide: "God blessed thow be,
Bope my firendes yonder I see

Univ. Coll. MS.

Partonope that hym) never fayled at nede,
Leyde on) so fast hym) rounde a-boute,
He hath hym) rescowed from ah the rowte,
That harmes scapeth they be.
For besy ys aH the kynges meyne
Of Syre hym) thought the prese to lede
On) fott; he hath for lost his stede.
Al folke her-wyth departed a-non
Fro the turnement, and streyght gone
To her loggeyung in grete hast.
Partonope and Gaudyn) that ryght weH
In the turnement haue bore hem) that day,
To her loggyung they ryde in fresch array.
Curbolote sethe hem) both two
To her loggyung harmelasse they go, 9956
He seyd: "God blessed thow be,
Both my firendes yonde I see

Rale. MS.

Partonope hym not failede at nede,
Thought to gete ayen his stede, 9940
Leyde out so faste hym aboute,
He hathe hym rescowed fro pe Route
That harmes escaped bothe pey be.
For besy is ah pe kynges meyne 9944
Of Syre hym borwe pe pres to lede
On fote for loste he hade his stede
* AH folke with pis departede anoone
Fro pe turnent and straighte gone 9948
To her logynge in grete haste
The nyght fullyth on hem faste
The heroundes crye an hosteH!
Partonope and Gaudyn) but right weH
In pe turnent haue bore hem) pe day,
To her logynge pey rede in freshe array.
Curbolote sethe hem bothe two
To her logynge harmelasse go, 9956
He sceyd: "God blyssede pon be,
Bothe my firendes yen I see.
To her herborowe go saufe and sounde.
I wolde it hadde coste me an hundred pounde,
Be so I wiste what they were.
But wele I wote, he pat dope bere
The white sheld, be myn avise,
Of pis day is worthy pe prise.”

Ah po pat hym herde, seide not ones nay,
Save kyng Claryns; for to his pay
In no wise pes wordes were seide.
“The prid day shull we knowe pe breide.
Be pat tyme moche ping may falle.
Ye be to hasty now forto calle
Hym beste pat berefull white sheld
Of aH pat were to-day in pe felde.
FuH yore it is now ago
I hane herde sey, and ope mo,
That who so yeveth hasty Jugement
Moste be pe first pat shali repent.”

Verwith pes knyghtis bope two
Of pes pinges more speke pei not po.
But Partonope and gentilH Gaudyne

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Univ. Coll. MS.

To her herborw go safe and sound,
I wolde yt had coste me an hundred pound
Be so I wistes wath they were,
But weft I wote he that doth bere
The white shelt, be myn avise,
Of this day ys worthie the pryse.”
All do that hem herd, seyd not onys nay,
Saf kyng Claryns; for to his pay
In no wyse these wordes were sayd.
“The thryd day Shall we knowe the shryd.
Be that tyme mooch thynge may falle.
He and ye be to hasty now for to cale
Hym best that beryth the whyte Sheld
Of aH that were to-day in the feld. 9972
Full yore now hit ys a-goo
I hane herd sey, and other moo,
That who so yeveth hasty Ingebung
Must be the first that shal repent.”
There-wyth these knyghtis both two
Of these thynge more spak they not tho.
But Partonope and gentilH Gaudyne

---

Rawl. MS.

I wolde I wyste what they were.
Weft I wolte, he pat dothe here
Bere pe whyte sheld, be mynye avyse,
Of his day is worthy pe pryse.”
Ah po pat hym herde, seide not onys nay,
Saf kyngge Clarins; for to his pay
In no wyse his wordes were seyd.
“The iij day we shal knowe pe bravylde.
Be pe tyme meche thynge shal falle.
Ye be to hasty nowe to cale
Hym beste pat beryth pe whyte sheld
Of aH pe that were to-day in the feld. 9972
Full yore now it is agoo
I hane herde sey, and ope mo,
That who so yevyth hasty jugement
Moste be pe fyrste pe shal repent.”
Ther-wylk his knyghtes bothe twoo
Of his thynge more speke pei po. 9978
Arne at her soper and drynke pe wyne
As freshe as to hem may be brought.
Of her grete strokes they rekke nought.
Gaudyn beholdeth wele Partonope,
And greteley merwayne of his beauté,
How semely he was, how longe, how brode.
Hym to be-holde ful longe he stode.
And he thought ever in his corage:
He myght not be borne of pore lynage.
And wele he sighe pat he was pensifie,
He pought his herte was in grete stryfe.
Of pis grete merwayne thó hadde he,
What cause or what it myght be
That made hym in suche hevynesse.
Hym thought he hadde cause of gladnesse.
Hym to conforte in his herte he caste,
And merely he brake oute atte laste,
And seide: "My frende Partonope,
What is pe cause pat ye mow be
In hevynes saF so sodenly ?
I trowe for ye haue so manly
Now borne you in pis turnement,
Ye are aferde lest pe lugement
To haue pis lady shuld falle* on you. [leaf 90, back]
Be gladde man, loke vpp lightely nowe,
And bere pe wele pe prid day.

What cause or what hyt myght be 9992
That made hym in such hevynesse.
Hym thought he had cause of gladnesse.
Hym to comforte in his hert he cast
And merryly brak oute at the last, 9996
And sayd: "My frende Partonope,
What ys the cause that ye now be
In hevynes saF so sodenly ?
I trow for ye haue so manly 10000
Now borne yow in this turnement,
Ye are a-ferd last the lugement
To haue this lady shuld falle on yow.
Be glad man), loke vp lyghtely nowe,
And bere the wele the thyrd day.
British Museum MS.

And then I dare savely say  10006
Thou shalt have her and moche more:"
Partanope þere-wyth sighed sore,
And seyd: "I were wele, hadde I þat!"
Gaudyn þerwith on his bedde sate,
And made hym redy to take his rest.
To do þe same Partanope made hym prest.  10012
To bedde they go for þat nyght.
On morowe as sone as þe sonne bright
Ganne shewe her beames oute of her spere,
They ben risen masse forto here.  10016
And þen after arme hem be oone assent,
And made hem redy to þe turnement.
Thildo be they come with her squyers
Fressliely ryding vpon her dextreres.
Into þe felde they do as they mowe.
Curseleþ hem seeth, and then he lowe.
And Claryn seide: "Lo, yonder I se
Be the morowe now come be  10024
Thes tweynþ þat yester-evyn fyll late
Caught þe laste stroke; and yte algate
It semeth they wolde þe first wyne.
Lette se who shalþ þis game be-gynne."
  10028
TO felde is come þe fierce soudan,
In his company many a lusty man,
And faire renge hem in þe felde.
Herawdes hem nombred a thousand sheld.  10032

Univ. Coll. MS.

And made hem redy to the turnement.
Thy therbe they come wyth her squyers
Fresshelie ryding vpon her dextrere.
[leaf 90, back]  10020
In-to the feeld they do as they mowe.
Curseleþ hem seeth, and thanþ he lowe.
And Claryn seyd: "Lo, yonder I se
Be the morow now come be  10024
These tweynþ that yster-evyn fyll late
Caught the laste stroke; and yte algate
Hyte semyth they wolþ the first wyne.
Late se how saft this game begynne."
To feld ys come the fresch Sawdan,
In his company many a lusty man,
And fayre Ranghe hem in the feeld.
Herawdes hem nombred a thousand sheld,
  10032
This sawdan, this lusty knyght,
Taketh his sheld aneone right,
Sette helme on heede, and taketh his spere.

Partonope that hoveth from hym ferre,
Was redy aneone withouten lette.

This soone to-gedre they mette
FutH fresshly, men myght se, I trowe.
The soudan bare his spere to lowe.

There he hadde wente to haue smytte Partonope
Amyddes pe sheld, it happed pat he
Smote his sadH in pe fore arson.

The spere so lowe dissended a-downe,
pat it into peces fley into pe felde.
Partonope hym hitte amydde the sheld
So sturdyly in aH his myght,
That fro his hors he made hym light,
And leide hym flatte pen in pe mede.
Partonope perwith seced his stede,
But it was not for hym* to abyde.

And pen he seide: "Who lust to ride
Lepe on his bake, take hym aneone."
To pe rescowe come of pe sawdan
A thousand Knyghtes and many moo.

Who lust to laughe but Cursolote pe?
And pen he seide to kyng Claryne:
"This game is be-gonne wele a-fyne."
FuH besy nowe aH pes knyghtes be

Thesultan is over-thrown.

Unic. Coll. MS.

This Sawdan), that lusty knyght,
Taketh his Sheld a-non[r] gight,
Sett helme on hede, and taketh his spere.

Partonope that hoveth fro hym ferre,
Was redy a-non[r] wyth-outen lett.
Thus sone to-gydyr they mett
FufH fresshly, men myght se, I trowe.
The sawdan bare his spere to low.

There he hadde wente smyt Partonope
A-myddys The Sheld, hit happed that he
Smote his sadH in the fore arson,
The spere so low descendyd a-doune,
That hit on] peesis fly in-to the feld.

Partonope hym] hit a-myde the Sheld
So sturdyly in aH his myght,
That fro his hors he made hym] light,
And leyd hym] flatt than] in the med.
Partonope there-wyth se[slyth his steed,
But it was noght for hym] to abyde.
And than] he seyd: "Who lust to ryde
Lepe on] his bak, take hym] a-none."
To the rescow of the sawdan
A thousand knyghtes and many on]

Who lust to laughe but Cursolote th0?
And than] he seyd to kyng Claryne:
"This game ys be-gonne wele a-fyne."
FuH besy nowe aH these knghtes be

[leaf 91]
Her maister to rescowe, and Partonope, 10060
Seith to pe soudan he myght no more do.
The prese was so grete a-boute hym bo.
He wele be-thought hym, and atte laste
Fresschely into pe prese he praste.
And a sarjesyn he yave suche a dynte,
To pe grounde he feH; he was but shent.
Partonope on hym no-ping a-bode,
But fiersly prow pe prese he rode,
And manly prow pe prese he paste.
Or he was warre, he come as faste
Vnto pe gate which was pe toure
Where as Meliore, pe fresshe floure, 10072
Sate in a wyndowe and loked oute.
Anoone as Partonope with-oute doute
Aspied his lady and sawe hir pare,
He spared at pat tyme for no fere,
But salowed* his lady fuH piteously,
And seide: "Of your servaunte now hau mercy,
And take pis token now of me!"
And þer-with-aH good Partonope
Put vp his spere and proffered his getone,
Seyn þe feld and aH þe towné.
Vpon his getone she did loke,
And fro þe spere to hir she it toke, [leaf 127, back] 10084
And seide to hym: "TeH me ayein

Univ. Coll. MS.

He salutes his Lady,
and asks her mercy.
At the same time he lifts his spear
and offers her the flag.
The Queen takes it, and begs

Her mayster to re[s]ew, and Partanope
Seyth to the Soudan he myght no more do.
The prese was so grete about hym tho.
He weH be-thought hym, and at the last
Fresschely in-to the prese he tharst.10664
And a Sarjysyn he yave such a dent,
To the grounde he feH, he was shent.
Partonope on hym no-thing a-bode,
But fresschely throw the prese he rode,
And manly throw that prese past.10669
Are he was ware, he come as fast
Vn-to the gate which was the toure
Where as Meliore the fresch floure,
Sate in a wyndowe and loked oute.

A-none as Partanope wyth-outen doute
A-spyed his lady and sawe here there,
He spared at that tyme for no fere,
But salowed his lady fuH piteously,
And sayd: "Of youre servaunte now hau mercy,
And tak this token now of me!"
And there-wyth-aH goode Partanope
Put vp his spere and proferd his geton
de- 
Seyn the feld and aH the towné.
Vpon this geton She dyd loke,
And fro the spere to her She hit tooke,
And sayd to hym: "TeH me a-yein

10077. salowed] MS. folowed.
What ye seide and what ye meane,
I vnderstande not, and _per-fore tefH me._

But at that tyme it myght not be,
He was in grete pereH of his life saun; faile.
Three men of armes dyd hym assayle
With grete spers on euery side.
It was for hym no lenger a-bide.
His swerde he pulled oute delyuerly,
And bete aH pre fro hym fuH manly.
And forpe into þe Reynes he þraste,
And a-boute hym leide on faste.
In pereH of his life nedo moste he.  
For in-myddes his Enemeyce fuH but was he,
And þrow the meany he moste nedes passe,
For aH his felawshipþ be-yonde hem wasse.
Gaudyn seeth Partonope in grete doute,
And boldly loketh hym a-boute,
And feersly amonge hem In gothe he
And leide on faste, Ioy it was to se,
As he that coupe wele of þat crafte.
And þus in helpe Partonope he rafte
From his Enemeyce hondes with-oute doute,
And harmeles are scaped þrawe þe route.
This is wele, what wolde ye more?
Lete vs speke of faire Meliore,
For she hath now take his getone
Melior unties the flag from the spear.

Of Partonope, but what pe enchesone
Or cause he hadde it hir [to] take,
She can not wotte [ne] for whose sake.
She wolde it hadde be a deviH wey
pat she so lewde was in pat aray.
On pe speire it was fastened,
And she* per-fro it vnvede,
Wherof men speke pan dishonour,
And seide pat man was hir paramour.
Though a lady for pe best a ping do,
Men haue such Ioy to lye so,
They wole it turne aH for pe worste,
They haue no Ioy to say the beste.
Suche mennes tonges gone euer on wheles.
This is pe cause, for moste with kelys
Is her dalyaunce and her comenynge.
And for they mowe hem lightly bryng
To be foles at her commaundment,
Peirfor they gife suche Iugement
On aH opere, and wene they were
Of such condicions and suche manere.
Of pes ladies it fareth not so:
Chaungeable in love they be neuer mo,
Of troupe in stabylnes they bere pe floure,
In hem is peynted gentylnes and honoure.
Therefore aH men pat be so light of tongue

Of Partonope, but what the encheson) 10112
Or cause he had hire to take 10113
She can) not witte, ne for whos sake.
She wold hit had be a devyH a-vey
That she so lewde was In that aray.
On) the speire hit was fastened, 10117
And she there-fro hit vn-dede,
Where-of men) spake than) dyshon-
on[re],
And sayd that man) was here para-
monour. 10120
Thought a lady for the best a thing do,
Men) haue Suche Ioy to lye So,
They wold hit turne aH for the worst,
They haue no Ioy to say pe best, 10124
Suche mennys tonges gone euer on wheles,

This ys the cause, for must wyth kelys.
Ys her dalyaunse and her comonyng,
And for they mow hem) lyghtly bryng 10128
To be foles at her commaundement
There-for they gyfe suche Iugement
On) aH other, and wene they were
Of suche condycones and suche maner.
Of these ladyes hit fareth not so:
Chaungeable in love they be neuer mo.
Of troupe in stabylH-nesse they bere the floure,
In hym ys peynted gentylnesse and honoure.
There-for aH men)

Univ. Coll. MS. ends with this catchword.
That as a grete beH pat longe is ronge
Noyse her lesynges. God gife hem grace
Not amonge ladies to dweH any space.

Now lete [us] speke of faire Meliore,
That hath taken into pe toure
Partonopes geton from his spere,
That into pe felde was sene fuH ferre.
And eviH tonges perof speke faste,
And for pe worste they euer it caste,
And she wiste neuer what he was.
And if she hadde, she wolde haue percase
FuH gladde [be] to haue done hym eace.
For whome shuld a lady be glad to pleace
But hym on whome hir herte is sette?
For and they hadde be to-gedre mette,
No man wolde blame hir, as trow I,
Though she had pleased hym hertely.
For who so euer love, I you plight,
Of hym-self he hath but litiH myght.
Therfore, lordynge, as pinketh me,
In no defaute pan hadde she be,
Though she hadde shewed hym solace and game,
And he to hir do also pe same.
The emperesse Partonope not vndirstode.
But Wrake pat faste be hir abode,
Herde and wiste wele what he seide.
And perwith sodenly pis faire maide
Chonged hir fressh colour rede
Into pale or wann as asshes dede.
Persewise perof toke grete hiede.
Wrak with Persewise and no mo
Into pe batilment to-gedre go
In counsyale to haue her talkyng,
Where they spake many dyuers ping.
Atte laste seide Wrake to Persewise:
"TeH me now fully your avise,
What man pat was pat right now late
Hoved on hors-bak here atte yate,
And profered my lady his gay getone?
What suppose ye was his enchesone!

Mellor does not understand who offered the flag to her.
What seide he to my lady, herde not ye?  
Serteyn,* Persewise, it was Partonope,  
Our * ffrendes, wolde God he were here  
Prively, pat we myght make hym chiere.  
Thanne shulde we here of new tithinge,  
Sith we se hym, where his a-bidyng  
Hath be, and how pat he came here.”  
Ye may axe me, lorde, what chere  
Was with Persewise, pis faire maide,  
When Wrake þes wordes hath seide,  
And yite it shal þir neuer avayle,  
Wheþere she make it open or counsaylle.  
Thus many a man his love be-sette,  
To hym it were a grete dele bette  
To be a recluse or elles a frere,  
Or elles be dede and leide on bere,  
Where he shal dwelle for euer-more,  
Then hathe he an ende of his sore.  
“Fayre suster,” tho seide the queen),  
“Of counseylle to I not what I meen).  
My wittes be destroubled in many wise.  
For in my herte I can not devise  
Who or what man it myght be,  
That armed atte wyndowe seide to me:  
‘Wo be þe tyme pat I euer you sighe.’  
T[h]o wordes to my herte sitte so nyghe  
þat be aþ-myghty God sittiing above,  
They made me pinke vpon my love.  
And þerwith myn olde sekenesse toke me.  
Me thought be his speche it shulde be he.  
And þan to me he put vp his spere,  
Me thought þan I durst wele swere  
It hadde bene he.  Lawde folde þat I am,  
And yete I knowe wele þat many a man  
Wote wele he is dede, and I wote also,  
Allas, good suster, what shal I do?  
I amc but dede, my peynes be so sore.”  
Wrake þo hadde pite of Meliore,

10179. MS. inserts seide after Serteyn.  
And thought po she wolde telle every dele, 10216
For to hir suster she had not quytte hir wele,
And seide: "Madame, I you beseche
In lounly wise and with herte meke
To forgife me pat I hae me mys-take
To you my lady, for Cristes owne sake."—
"Sey on, suster," po seide pis queen.
"Be-twene you and me shaH be no meane
But ye your-self; what euer be mydsdo,
I it you fowyve, and lette it go,
And eiche of vs lette oper truly trust.
Ye shuH fynde it for pe beste,
For I am to you hope suster and queen.
Tell me oute fully what ye meane."
"Madame," she seide, "not longe ago
I shope me with certeyn men to go
Vnto pe see forto disporte and play,
And to Arderne I helde the streight way,
And vnder pat forest I did aryve.
Therin I yede and pen as blyve
Amonge pe wilde bestes peere I fonde
Partonope crepyng on knees and honde,
The moste pitouse and vgly creature
That God gave to any fygure.
Herebes and grasse to seke for his leyving,
Olde, roten and torne was his cloping.
FuH bare his body, eich man myght se [leaf 129, back]
In pat ferefulH place, whereof I hade pite.
And ofte tymye he sighed wonder sore,
And per-with he seide: ‘Alas, faire Meliore!’
And pane I come of hym to haue knowyng.
But I couthe not knowe hym for no-ping,
ThH atte laste welny dede was he,
Than me pought it shuld be
Be his persone pis Partonope.
And hadde I not seide to hym pat ye
Grete hym wele with aH your herte,
He hadde suffred elles dehpes smerte.
Shorte to sey, I brought hym forpe with me
Home to Salence with fayre trete.
Hym haue I kept full tenderly.
A toyfut man hym full ofte made I,
Seying to hym ye grete hym ofte wele.
That made his sorowe fro hym go euerydele,
And so was lusty as he euer was be-fore.
Fayrere was he neuer sith he was bore.
Into your courte I brought hym privelly,
And bade hym presse to you boldly
To be gyrde of you as oper were.
FuH ofte tyme chaunged þen his chere.
Amonge oper with swerde ye hym girde,
And þerwith me thought ye ferde
As thoughe ye hadde not be wele at eace.
And þen truly, with-outen leace,
I voyded hym soone from your presence,
And he with me into Salence
Yode ayein, where as he come fro.
IX dayes a-fore þe Assenc[j]on þan happed þo
He yede his way, where he be-come I nyste,
Wherfore I wepte fuH ofte, and wronge my fiste.
And sith I swere you be my fey,
I sawe hym neuer til þis same day
Ne wheþer to go him to seche.
And now I knew hym be his speche.
For hym fuH ofte I haue wrought you wo,
Now lieth in you mercy hym do.
I haue bore you on honde þe cowe was wode, [leaf 130]
His peyn to avenge it did me good."
Lorde, and many a man hadde be þere,
And of þese ladies sene þe manere,
As longe as I haue tolde my tale,
Some of hir colour should hawe wex pale,
Hir wryngyng, hir grete wepyng.
They coupe no place fynde of resting,
But euer wandryng to and fro,
And many a sighlyng euer put þer-to.
For trusteth as siker as any day
In hote lovyng is but liteH play.
And when Meliore shuld yeve answere,
She coupe in no wise for-bere

She brought him to court, and Melior herself girded him with his sword.
Afterwards he was lost.
Now she recognized his voice.

Melior dares scarcely believe it is Partonope.
But wept and sighed to and to,
And seide: "'Suster, grace ye me do!
Tell me truly if he it were,
That at a windowe proffered his sperre,
And me with his getone mercy asked so?" *
Then seide Wrake: "Madame, so mote I go,
It was he, it nedeth not to swere perfore."—
"A lorde!" seide pis queen, faire Meliore,
"What he is hardly, gentiH, and meke,
That prowes his Enemeye pis wolde me seke.
The lorde above merveyles can wele done,
That can herborowe so in oo persone
A lyons herte and a lambe also.
How louly cried he mercy me to
Of pat I haue to hym foule mysdo,
And put his life in pereH per-to.
Who ever thinketh his lady to conquere,
Go to my love; for he can hym lere
How ferto love; myn herte can acorde,
For he hath conquered many a lorde.
O good God in heven! where pat Partonope
Of pis turnement shal haue pe degre!
Trewly as yete he is not in pe feldc
Proved so worthy vnder helme and sheldc.
So seide kyng Cursonolote yester-day,
And troupe perof he may wele say.
Go we, suster, to hym and that anoone, [leaf 130, back]
He canne wele telle how aH shal gone."

Now is pis lady risen from pe place
Where as she sate, for in trouble case
Be hir wittes, and in hevynesse
Stondeth hir herte and grete distresse.
Place she can none fynde in to a-byde.
Hir trouble in no wise can she hide,
But to and fro she gope and sometyme sitte,
In moche dynersete stonde hir witte.
No wonder it is, for in grete dispaye
Hath she be* longe of hir loves repayre.
For she wende fully dede pat he were,

How courageous and gentle he is!
Would God the prize were award-ed him.
She rises, troubled at heart,
And now on lyve she may hym here.

Wetith wele * pat many a dyuers pought

The sight of hym hath in hir herte brouught.

Atte laste to hir hir suster she toke

Be the hande, as seith pe frensh boke,

And forpe they yode bope in fere,

TIlH they [were] pere pe kynges were.

And right anoone, with-oute any more lettyng,

ibe kyng Cursolote pis lady was sittyng,

For he was goodly, somwhat to hir entent.

Anoone she asked hym of the turnement,

Who turneth beste and who shaH haue pe prise.

"For sope," seide Cursolote, "as be myn avise,

He pat armed is vnder pe white shedde

Hath borne hym beste yite in pe felde.

Se how manly he dope tournay,

And in [the] prese how brode he maketh wey.

Se how many he proweth to grounde,

Se what strokes he leyeth a-boute hym rounde.

Me thinketh grete [Ioy] it is hym to se."

Claryns sate stiH as he hadde be

Defe, or pat he hadde no luste to here

Cursolote pis prise, it semed to be his chere.

But pen seide Claryns: "I se be pe Soudan,

Amonge pe barbarens how he takep on).

Neuer pe lattere I saye he with pe white shedde

Dothe Inly wele amonge aH pe felde."

[leaf 131]

This faire queen, lady Meliore,

Of her talkyng toke hiede no more,

But fully purposeth to be-holde and se

How wele hir love dothe, Partonope.

Hym to be-holde was aH hir Ioy.

Now lete vs speke of Gaudyn le Bloy,

That euer was redy in aH degre

To waite wele upon Partonope,

And he on hym with aH his myghtes.

Bope they were fuH noble knyghtes.

Now cometh on faste pe prid day

10336. M.S. wole.

After 10360. catchword Dope Inly wele.
That degree shal be yeve of pis turney.
The kyng of Fraunce his spere hathe take.
Fresshe lustes pinketh he to make,
He wolde make hem of hym to speke.  10376
Many a faire spere po did he breke.
The Emperor of Almayne pis be-helde,
And in grete haste henge on his sheldc,  10380
And charged a certeyn of his men,
Were it a dosen, twenty or ten,
That on her feithe and her liegeance  10384
They shuH sette on pe kyng of Fraunce,
And prowe hym to grounde, if they myght.  10388
The Empcror hym-self anoone right
Vpon the kyng of Fraunce dophe presc
With aH his meany in pat rese.
From hors they prew hym on pe grounde,
Grete strokes on hym they leide rounde.  10392
His state RoyaH wolde they not spare.
Anoone hereof Partonope was ware,
He cried Moun-Ioy with aH his herte.  10396
His spores made his stede to smerte.
Angre his herte so sette on fyre,
That to pe Emperor in grete Ire
He ranne, and with his spere hym hitte,  10400
That in his sadiH he couthe not sitte,
But from his hors he voyded anoone.
There was not panne a lyteH to done,
And Meliore pe queen pis wele be-helde. [leaf 131, back] 10404
There myght men se a besy felde
Of ffrensshe, Bretons, and eke normans,
Was besy to rescowe pe kyng of Fraunce.
After pes contrees made her assemble,  10408
Perelous and sharpe was pe medle.
The prese wes grete, men myght not se
Who was the beste in no degre.
But yite Partonope bare hym so,
That aH men knew wele po  10412
That he was cause of pe kyng of Fraunce
Rescove, where as in ballaunce
Lay his worship; wherfore pat he

The King of France is now running courses.
The Emperor of Germany assails him with his retinue.
Partonope sets up the war-cry of the French. He spurs his steed,
and throws him off his horse.
and un-horses the Emperor.
The King thanks him,
Thanked full ofte Partonope,  
And seide full ofte: "Sir, gramercy!  
For prow youre helpe rescowed am I."  
And full softly answerd Partonope:  
"Ofter pan pis tyme so haue I be."  
What he seide he kyng Right witterly  
Vnderstode [not], for he so softly  
Tho wordes seide, pat noone shuld here,  
The ffrensh-men to hym gan presere  
Hym to be-holde, and afin eichone  
Preised hym for a semely persone,  
And seide a ffrenshse man myght [he] wele be.  
In grekes tonge po * answered he,  
For he wolde pat they hym not knewe.  
Gaudyn le Bloyse, pat was full trewe  
To Partonope, pan he come anoone:  
"Me mervayleth gretely, be Seynt Iolin,  
Why with pis folke ye hove here.  
It were your worshipp to be elles-where.  
What hove ye pus? What is your entent?  
Think ye to holde here a parlement?  
It were more worshipp to you, I gesse,  
To aspie where any worpinesse  
Were on handylyng, and per to be."—  
"Ye sey me sothe," seide Partonope.  
Gaudyn wolde not lette hym reste,  
But into pe turnement amonge pe beste [leaf 132]  
Made hym to go hye worshipp to wynne.  
He loved hym po as he had be of his kynne,  
For if he a-life wele wiste he  
Might from pe turnement scape, shuld be  
Choose of aff persons oone of pe beste,  
The prise for to bere of pat feste.  
The Kings discuss the combat.  
Thes Ingeours, the kynges two,  
AH pis doying be-helde wele po,  
How pat rescowed was pe kyng of Fraunce,  
There as his worshipp lay in baillanne,  
And how cause hereof was Partonope.  
Every wight pat myght wele se.
Tho seide Cursole to kyng Claryne:
"pis white knyght pat I caH myne,
Bereth hym wele. How pinketh ye?"
Then seide Claryn: "Right wele hape he
Borne hym truly at pis rescoves,
For pis medle was right perilous.
But yte I shaH it not sey
That he is beste of this tourney."
Meliore to pis fayne wolde haue spoke.
Her herte for hete was on a smoke,
That Claryn liste not better to say
Of Partonope at pat day.
His wordes made made hir herte,
Love fuH sore maketh her smerte.
Who chaunged colours but Meliore po?
She durst not answere fuH perto
AH as she pought, for womanhede.
For EviH tonges hadde she drede.
Yite to hem seide pis lady po:
"Sires, me pinketh, so mote I go,
Who so hath do beste dope right wele.
LiteH wote we what they fele.
The white shelde hape do wele pis day,
No man hym like, it is noo nay."
The kyng of Fraunce is right anguysshous,
With Partonope to speke eke desyrous.
But Gaudyn wolde not lette hym soiourne,  [leaf 132, back]
But into pe turney made hym retourne,
Where as he leide on so on every side,
His Enemeyce dare not hym a-bide.
What shuH we of hym more sey:
Throwe pe thikest he maketh suche a wey,
Pat where were hundre[d]s he made pleyne.
Here-of despite hath pe Emperor of Almayne,
And pought he wolde take vengeance.
He sette his men first in ordenaunce,
And hadde hem into a place of pe felde.
A stronge man was he with spere and shelde.
Gaudyn toke hiede of pis assemble.
"Be-holde," he seide, "my herte dope tremble.
Yondre men jinketh to make array.
On hem * pou maiste pi-self wele assay."

Partonope, pis yonge lusty knyght,
Is so reioysed of pat faire sight,
And of his lady in pe hye toure,
That pere is neper duke ne Emperoure
But pat he dare myghtely assayle,
Be it in turnement or in bataylle.
The almayns herewith made a crie,
And aH pe sirenshe with a voice defye,
And on hem at ones with a grete hete,
So oute of pe Reynes [pe] freynshe-men bete.
Anoone with pis sawe Partonope
And Gaudyn his felawe, anoone they be
With-drawe a-side and toke her grounde,
Her meany aboute hem drowe ful rounde.
Nowe is Gaudyn and Partonope
Faire bataylled in pe felde with her meanye.
Anoone as the Ermyns ener redy were,
Where pat pey sene pe freynshe banere,
With aH her myght hem wolde assaile.
The duke of Bauoire pen wolde not faylle
Hem to helpe with aH his myght.
Partonope sette on hem anoone right,
And with pe duke so sore he mette,
With a grete spere on hym he sette, [leaf 138]
That to pe grounde he leide hors and man.
Pat he lefte hym and forpe he ranne,
And with pe same course he hit Besone,
That of his saditH he voyded pe arsone.
Nevew he was to the Emperour,
He hadde be pat day in many a shoure,
And bore hym wele and eke manly.
Gaudyn le Bloys sette on po fiersly.
He mette with oone hight Franke le graunt.
He gafe hym a stroke pat made hym avaunt.
Fro hors to grounde he made hym light;
His helme fley fro hym in aH her sight.
This Gaudyn and pis Partonope

10492, hem] MS. hen.
Leide a-boute hem, lo it was to se. 10532
Now cometh pe Soudan with aH his route with many a gay shelde and spere stoute. The Sultan, invoking Mahomet and Apollin,
He a-voweth to Mahounde and Appolyne
Of pis medelere he wole make a fyne. rides at Gaudin and throws him to the ground.
And forto holde his grete suerte 10536
In pe reste anoone his spere caste he. Partonope bears the Sultan down with his spear,
To Gaudyn sO fiersly he ranne po, 10544
And in pe shelde hym hit so, Partonope
He made hym voyde in haste his sete, but the Sultan's men raise him up again, and lead Gaudin towards the standard.
And leide hym at Partonopes fete * Shamefaste, sory, and aH dismayed.
Shamefaste, sory, and aH dismayed.
Partonope here-of was not wele paide.
He shope hym fiersly to pe Soudan ride, 10548
And with his spere amydde pe side Partonope bears the Sultan down with his spear,
He hym hitt, with-outen faille, but the Sultan's men raise him up again, and lead Gaudin towards the standard.
That oute of his sadiH he made hym saile Amyddes his felowes * and pat eichone. Partonope rushes in among them to rescue Gaudin.
Amysdes his felowes * and pat eichone.
But they on hors-bake hym helpe anoone, 10552
And Gaudyn despitously they haue take, Partonope
And fiersly ledde hym toward pe stake Or to pe stondarte, where euer it be, but the Sultan's men raise him up again, and lead Gaudin towards the standard.
Or to pe stondarte, where euer it be,
That men wiste descomfite was he. Partonope
That is statute of pe turnemente.

Partonope aH pis sore lemence, For neuer in oo day sith he was bore, [leaf 133, back] 10556
Was he so hevy neuer be-fore, but the Sultan's men raise him up again, and lead Gaudin towards the standard.
Ne neuer his herte brought in such care. Tho to ley on he wolde not spare.
Tho to ley on he wolde not spare.
With his spere he ranne to a sareysyne, 10560
That in his armes held faste Gaudyne, And hym hadde leide ouerthwarte his hors nek.
Partonope herwith mode gan pekke. Partonope
Fiersely to pe sareysyne ranne he po, 10564
And with his spere hym hit so, That in his sadiH myght he not bide.
That in his sadiH myght he not bide.
His spere hadde he loste in his side. His spere hadde he loste in his side.
Therwith pe shafte aH to-refe; 10568
Of his grete Ire he made a good prefe.
Of his grete Ire he made a good prefe.

Partonope in haste his swerde po drowe,
Harde, fayre, and bright, and sharpe enowe.
Therwith he leide so faste a-boute,
Tho pat he hitte were in grete doute.
For here lay oone and youde ano<per.
Of Iren and stele fu< many a fo<per
He made in shorte tyme lyse atte erthe.
As a lyon pat wode was he ferde,
That hongry was and lakked his pray,
So ferde he when pat he sey
He myght not rescowe gentiH Gaudyns,
So pkke a-boute hym were pe sareseyne.
But pan did he a mervelouse dede:
To pe Soudan fiersly he yede,
And aboute pe mediH hym caught.
For aH pat pe Soudan coupe fight
Oute of his sad<he hym lifte,
And aH his strength fro hym refte,
And on his sad<bowe hym be-forne
He hym leide, in entente to hane hym borne
Hym a-wey, and per-with anone
The sareseyne lefte Gaudyn eichone.
To rescowe her lorde faste they wente.
Gaudyn pe stede be pe brideH hente
Of pe Soudan, as yode astraye,
Iarmed and trapped fuH fresshe and gay,
And into pe sad<he lightly he lepe.
Now is no tyme for hym to slepe.
Oute his swerde fiersly he caught,
Manly perwith he did fight.
Then myght men sore fight per<se:
Some smyte prow pe legge, and some pe knee,
Some lay atte grounde gronyng fuH sore,
Many oone per hadde his hors for-lore.
There was to-broke bope helme and shelde.
Many men did lye in pe felde,
Many to pe standarte were I-bore,
For they hadde that day her worshipp lore.
But speke we now forpe of Partonope.
In grete per<H forsothe stante he.
He weneth pe Soudan a-way to here.
On hym pere light many a spere.
Wherewith cometh in pe kyng of Fraunce, 10612 The King of France arrives.
And unter his arme a myghti launce.
He come in helpynge of Partonope.
Knyghtly and manly bore hym he.
A proude Saresyue polo he slowe,
Wherfore I trowe Partonope loughe,
For he was pe first pat be-ganne
To make rescowe vpon pe Soudan.
And ne hadde pe Soudan rescowed he,
Dede hadde be pane Partonope.
The kyng of Fraunce did right wele po,
And a-fere eke pat it happed so
That his meany for wery with-drowe.
The medle forpe on game wexe full rowe.
Yite blessed be God, Erle Partonope Saufe fro aH pereH scaped is he.
Now are pe ffren-she hanle be-sette 10628 The French are beaten.
And oute of pe felde aH to-bette.
This be-helde wele pe kyng of Fraunce, pat his men wente to myschaunce.
Withoute counsaille allone stode he, 10632 and the
And pan he drew hym to Partonope, Pat Kyng bears
For he knew and wiste wele afyne Patonope to help him.
But if pe helpe were of Partonope and Gaudyn, [leaf 134, back]
pe worshipp of Fraunce shuld come to nought. 10636
Therfore pe kyng Partonope be-sought,
And pat tyme he wolde be his comfortoure,
In Saluac[i]oii of his grete honoure.
"With right good whiH," seide Partonope. 10640 Hearing
His spere and his sheldre to hym taketh he the cry of
Girde in amonge hem and cried "Mon Ioy!"
When pe ffren-she herde crie pe kyngis worde, the French
To hym they feH by oone acoerde.
Four thousand and moo with pat crie 10644 vigorously,
Sette on her adversaries so hardely, and put
pat from her grounde they put hem to flight, their
More pan a bowe-shote as to her sight.
To turney pei wolde aH new be gone,

PARTONOPE.
But weste so ferre was drawe pe sonne,
That "al hosteH" pe herodes gan crie.
Eiche man to his logyng pe gan hye.
But Gaudyn and fresshe Partonope
Laste in pe felde of ah wolde be,
And first as so yerly by pe morowe.
It neded not hem of manhode to borewe.
Now fro pe felde go they to her loggyng.
Of hem toke hiede Cursolote pat worpi kyng,
Where as he Sate an hye vpon pe toure.
God he panned hyely of her honoure,
For in pe be-gynnynge alwey seide he:
"Worpi men they seme forto be."
And namely pat bare pe white shelde
He lyked best of any man in pe felde.
Many sey wele of hem pat wele haue do,
And many oone hathe Envye perto.
The good alwey liste wele to sey,
And eviH tongues lust but Iape and play.
Of pis false worlde pis is pe gouernaunce,
Good and EviH haue dyuers purvyance.
But who trow ye sighed now so sore
As did pis queen, faire Meliore?
That hir love ah day wele be-helde,
And now seeth hym go oute of pe felde,
And she may with hym neiper speke ne se,
Ne where his loggyng is wote not she,
Ne wheper she shaH se hym ayecin.
She stoute in doute, and pus her spirites bene,
As I suppose, in grete troublenesse.
Ye ladies pat haue love, ye knowe, I gesse.
For I deme and she hadde good leysere,
With hym to speke, it [had] bene her pleasure,
And elles merayle* me pinketh it had be,
Sith for hir love so moche sorowe hath he,
And his desyre is euer fresshe and newe
Hir to serve and be fuH trewe,
And put his body eke to grete laboure
For hir sake to wynne worshipp and honoure.

10633. MS. merayleth.
But as þe frenshe boke now telleth me,
Hevy and pensyfe and in grete care is she.
For when he departed oute of hir sight,
Hir coloure þat was wonte to be fresshe and bright,
Was weye* pale and like a dedely hewe.
It semed þerby þat in love she was trewe.
Thes two kynges of hir toke leve anoone,
And she and they to her loggyng was gone.
Gladde was she þat she myght be allone,
For she kept þat no wight hadde know hir moone.

And þen she seide: "Lorde God, of hevyn kyng,
Of þis arraye what shalþ bo þe endyng?"
Good lorde, haue ye now no pite
Of hem þat in grete hevynesse be?
Faire lorde, wole ye hane no mercy
Of folke þat in disese be, and þat am I?
Haue ye no pite now of þat herte
That for love suffereth peynes smerte?
My feþ herte hath so gouerned me,
What for wilfullnesse and his cruelte,
When I my love myght hane hadde in peace,
Of aþ my Ioy he made me a foule releace,
For on my love I founde suche noldenesse,
God yave neuer woman so hye a richesse
As he yave me, while þat I hadde hym. [leaf 135, back]
What woman such one couþe wynne?'
He and I were fully of oone acorde.
I helde hym for my souereyn lorde.
Of aþ worþi he is þe worpiest,
The semeliest, and also þe gentilest.
And allas! how tendirly he on me wepe* 
With his faire Eyen, and yite but liteH kepe*
I toke per-of, and yite þis worþi also
Me mercy cried fulH mekely perto.
Lo! þe vnstabilnesse of my vnkynde herte*
Couþe not se what shuld fulle hereof, allas.
For now I can se and fele wele in my thought

10692. MS. adds and after weye. 10719. MS. wepte.
10720. MS. kept. 10723. MS. adds als after herte.
That he hadde tresspassed litle or elles nought.
But I arrette* in hym gile and eke false tresone.
But now in pat I wote I hadde no reasone.
So highely of me pat tyme rebuked he was,
That in wanhope euerisith level he was,
And pought vnable hym-self to have loy of me.
Yte prow his Enemeyece pe laste day come he,
And of his spere proffered me pe getone,
As a prisoner pat gladly wold his raunsone
Yolde to his maister and his souereyne.
Wherfore my herte telleth me agayne
He hopeth yite to stonde in my grace.
But where he is be-come or in what place,
Alias, it is vnknowe now to me.
And if it were my faire Partonope,
I wolde yow sewe, and ones with you speke.
Alias, for wo my herte wiH to-breke.
And yte [I] wote, if I shuld hym sewe,
That were a thing done of pe newe.
For womanhode wolde not pat it be so,
And if it wolde, sone wolde I be a-go.
But alias it may no-thing so be.
For a woman pat paramour loveth," quod she,
"Moste kepe counseylle, lest she faHe in blame,
Hir privey thoughtes for blemysshyng of hir name.
For pought she love a man with aH hir myght,
Of whate estate he be, lorde, squyer, or knyght,
Of hir governaunce so wise she moste be,
That no man espie pat she hath any deynte
More of hym pen of any oper wight.
Thus moste she governe hir in mennes sight.
And if pat fyre of love brenne hir so,
As ofte happeth, and if she pen any ping do
Be loke, or speche, talkyng, or be play,
So pat he pat she loveth pinke in any way
He cane fynde cause of love to hir to speke,
And aH his herte perwith to hir dope breke,
And seith he loveth hir beste of any wight,
Though she wolde pen swere and troupe plight,
She hadde never løy, be God pat sitteth a-bore,
Of any man pat speketh to hir of love.
For of such wordes take I never cure,
Though she love hym fuyt hote oute of mesure.
What maketh pis but verye shame?
She wolde for no-ping pat hundred were hir name.
But men forsöpe they live in grete eace.
For pough love bryng hem in disease,
For shame they lette not, but gope forge boldly
To make compleynyte to her souerayne lady,
And pat is dayle; hardely they do not cese.
They spare not for tonges ne for prese,
Or elles letters sende day be day.
Thus besely her ladies wole they assay,
And go and come and euer mercy crie.
What woman is pat euer can denye?
And on her ladies pis they crie and crave,
TiH atte laste aH her wiH they haue.
Men mowe speke and sende with penne and Inke
What they wole, and women mow* but pinke.
Men fuyt hote of women loved haue be,
Which was neu'er spoke of in noo degre.
Why was pat? for they wolde neuer descouere
Her hevy thoughtes ; wherfore I you ensure,
Thought hath so encombeled hir meke herte,
That they haue of dethe felte pe peynes smerte.
Allas, wretched caytife pat am I! [leaf 136, back]
That euer womane I was, wele-a-vey!
How shaH I do? how shaH I love haue?
Where is he nowe I not, so God me save?
Wheper I shaH go now my love to fynde.
That may not be; in pis case love is blynde.
So now he moste nedes be fro me.
I am a woman, and aH men shuld se
My hye foly, and scy pat I were wode.
My love also perof shuld pinke no good."
An hundred such wordes hap pus seide Meliore,
And pought an hundred pousand poughtes more,
For in lovers herte mo poughtes dwelle

"Men are at liberty to speak of their love.
"A woman must love in silence."

[

10768
10772
10776
10780
10784
10788
10792
10796
10800

Such thoughts haunt Melior during the night.

10784. mow] MS. now.
Then an hundred thousand tonges wele telle.
Meliore is poughtfully and hevy as iede,
And for sorow she [is] nyhande dede.
But Wrake of hir þen toke good kepê.
That nyght she hadde but lytliH slepe,
Ne Partonope, hir love, neuer þe moo
But þat he was ouer-travelid soo.

A morowe yerly bope risen now be,
Gaudyn le Bloys and Partonope.
To Partonope þen seide gentiH Gaudyn:
"Of aH your labour now cometh þe fyne,
Ye haue wele be-gonne, with-oute faile,
But aH þat certeyn may liteH avayle,
As sey þes olde men, but if þe ende
Be wele parfouremed in þe same kynde."
To hym þo answerde Partonope:
"Thes wordes ye seyn fuH trew they be,
Thing wele ended is wele be-gonne,
To bene a maister and yonge men lere,
How they shuH governe her shelde and spere.
Here-of recorde here wele may I
That ye be a maister, and þat fuH sturdy,
Ye wol not suffre your prentise to be,
A cowarde in his crafte in no degree."

Now they ben cloped and gone to messe,
Her servauntes at* wiH, bope more and lasse,
A¼ ping make redy ayeins masse be do.
Then be they armed, and streight þei go
To hors, and fressh rideth forge þe to felde.
Kyng Curselote in þe toure hem be-helde,
And knewe wele þat they hadde be euerðy day
The first in þe felde of aH þe array.
Meliore of hem toke good hiede also.
Toward þe castelH come Partonope þo,
With his meany ridying lustely.
Anoone as Meliore gan þat espie,
Hir herte in hir body gan to qwape,
She rose and on hir fete gan to stappe.
Hir Ioy was hym to se algate.
He hoveth a-fore pe casteH yate.
It was þo shitte for yerly day. 10844
Anoone as ene[er] Parton[o]p[e]s say
The gates vndoyng wele aferre,
To hym he toke bope shelle and spere.
And happed þat Armans his mortaH fo 10848
First oute atte yate did go
Of aH oþer men, and þat in haste.
Partonope his spere in þe Reste caste,
And to þis Armans fiersly he rode,
And fro þe stede þat he be-strode 10852
Oute of þe SadiH he hym caste.
Partonope sesed his stede in haste.
Within þe casteH was do þis þing. 10856
For Partonope þere was noone abiding.
To þe gate perf ore turned he ayein.
On hors-bak armed þen knyghtes þer bene
The stede to lede oute hym forto lette. 10860
But Gaudy[n] le Bloys so with hem mette,
That magre her hedes þe yates passed he,
And þis is rescowed Partonope
Through Gaudyn his fiende, þat worpi knyght. 10864
Aþ þis did Partonope in his loves sight.
Kýng Cursolote, oone of þe chief Ingeoure,
That with Meliore a-bove in þe toure
Sate first of aþ men, þo seide he:
"Thes men þat vnder þe white shelle be,
Certeys benworþi, be myn avise, [leaf 187, back] 10868
Of þis turnement to bere þe prise."—
"Ye haste you to faste," seide kyng Claryn.
"The prefe of aþ wolde be in þe fyn."
So eich man seide what hym lyste,
But Meliore þought he did beste,
She durst not speke, yite she wolde fayne, 10876
But Claryns wordes liketh she not certayne.
She loved better Cursolote, for aþ-wey he
Like[d] were ene gentilH Partonope.
Still now sitteth Meliore, and dare not speke. 10880
To no man darre she hir herte breke,
But holdeth in hir þoughtes fulH prively.
Thoughts are free.

Thoughts are generated by the eye.

Women are loved, some for beauty, some for other attractive qualities.

The Poet's lady possesses all these charms,

but she does not love him, as he loves her.

Therfore this proverbe is seide full truly:
Thought to a man is ever fire;
What ever he luste pinke may he.
With-oute speche pat is an eace,
Yite there-while his herte is in diseace.
The expression of poughtes of aH maner ping
In mannus hert hap his abidyng,
Be it hote love or any ping elles.
To aH pes poughtes pe chief ledere is
The Eye, and namely of lovers crafte.
For provewe pe sight is ofte rafe
Fro man bope herte, wisdame, and resone,
As loneg as of poughtes lasteth pe sesone.
Some man loveth his lady for beaute,
And if pat lak pat semely is she.
If thei lak beaute and semelyhode,
Yite may be loved, for they haue good.
And some for they be goodly with-aH to dele,
And some for they can wele syng and reveH,
And some for her skynne and for her handes eke,
And some for they can wele loke meke,
And so for dyners causes aH loved be.
God for-bede pat aH men shulde sette hem in beaute,
For in the worlde pan shuld be moche to done,
Eiche man shuld be besy to love oo persone.

And I dare sey truly as for me,
I love oon in pe worlde, where ener she be.
Bounte, beaute, curtesy, and gentilnesse,
Estate, fredome, womanhode, and such richesse,
God hath departed with hir so habundauntly,
That in pe worlde I dare sey sikerly
Another such one lively not as she is.
In hir can I se no-ping amyssse,
Save oo ping, truly, pat liketh not me:
In hir herte she can not fynde in noo degre
Me forto love as I hir truly do;
Wherfore ofte she maketh me pinke so,
Which wolde he cause hastely me to bryng,
There as I shalH haue my lonyg abidyng.
BE-gonne wele now is pe turnement.
Eiche man mervailleth of pe hardyment
That is in pe persone of yonge Partonope. 10924
He lusteth, he turneyth, pat mervaylle is to se.
And Gaudyn also in pe tofer syde
To euer man fiersly dope he ride, 10927
That eiche man sey: "Be-holde yonder knyghtes twoo."
And with her fyngers show where they go.
And so hem govern forp thilke day,
That of hem speketh all pe hole turney.
Oute of pe casteH now is come Armaunt 10932
On hors-bak armed with proude semblaunt,
And to pe Soudan po streight gothe he,
And hym salowed and seide: "Sir, se ye Yonde proude maister with pe white sheldte?
He seith hym-self he hap scomfite pe feldte.
The better of you he seith he hape also.
I herde hym sey pat with myn Eeres two.
Go we," he seide, "let vs avenged be
On pat proude losseH, pat aH men now se
Oute of pe feldte anoone he shaH be bete.
I my-self shaH yeve hym pe firste hete."
In pis wise answerd pe soudan Armaunt: 10936
"Sir, when herde ye hym make pis avaunt ?
Of hym I trowe to-day atte casteH yate
FuH yerly he mette with you per-ate. [leaf 138, back]
Herde ye pes wordes with hym po,
When he oue of pe casteH ayein shuld go ? 10948
With hym I wote wele he ledde your stede.
Giffe ye hym now pis for his mede."
When Armaunt herde pe soudan hym scorne. 10952
Tho was he wodder pan he was be-forne.
He seide no more, but turned ayein
Fro pe soudan with aH his meane.
Amydde pe turnement is Partonope. 10956
Faire dedes of armes now dope he.
Now he is In, and now he is oute.
Whome he euer mette of pe route
To grounde gothe oper hors or man,
Or elles bope so fiersly he ranne.
Armaunt be-helde wele aH pis.
"What me happe," he pought, "I-wisse
I wole me shape with hym to mete."
10964
His stede he spirreth po with grete hete.
10965
His grete malice may he not hide,
But shapeth fully on pe wronge side
10966
With a stronge sper to hame hit Partonope.
10968
Yite as God wolde, per of warre was he.
He bleynt a-side, and lete hym go by.
In his retoure Partonope ful spitousely
With Armaunt mette, and hym so hitte
10972
That in his sadi he myght not sitte.
Throw aH his harneis and his shulde-bone
His sper at pat course he made gone.
Partonope on hym po turned ayein.
10976
Armauntes men so pik a-boute hym bene,
That of pis shorte tale now to make,
Her lorde they haue rescowed and take,
And with hym famt to his logeyng wende.
Partonope elles of hym haddde made an ende.
Now Armauntes wouude is serched and sought,
Wele tented and bounde aH for nought.
Armde in no wise myght he be.
10984
But on an aumblere now sitteth he.
In his logefng no lenger wol he bide,
But into pe felde now dope he ride,
And streight gothe to pe kyng of Sire,
10988
That Meliore to haue had grete desire.
Now seith Cursolote kyng: "Yitピンketh me
The white sheld is worthy to hame pe gre.
For sope to sey now and not to lye,
10992
His felawe is not in pis company."—
"God save hem aH," pen seide Meliore,
And with pat she sighed ful sore,
And to hir-self seide fulH sohty:
10996
"AH-myghty God send hym the victorie."
Now to felde is come pe kyng of Syre
And pe kyng of Meede, whos herte of fyre
Is sette fulH sore for Meliore sake.
11000
AH her retynewe anoone they take
Fresshly in bataylle in pat felde.
And Gaudyn le Bloys hem faste be-helde,
And to hym he called Partonope,

And þan he seide: "Be-helde and se
Which a meany stoute, faire in bataille.
My counsylle is not hem to assaille."

Anoone as Partonope þes wordes hende,
As a wode lyow fiersly he ferde.

With hym þat tyme was noone a-bode,
In amonge thes meany fiersly he rode.

The kyng of Mede was armed in bleue.
From his hors ferre he hym þrewwe,
And as he turned in ayein,
He hit anoþer which in certeyn
Was nevewe to þe kyng of Sire.

He hym hit þan with so grete Ire,
That of his sadiþ he made hym voyde þe arsone,
The firste þat come [to] grounde was his crowne.

This be-helde wele aþ þe kynges meane,
On Partonope aþ wode they be.

Now ley they on [on] every side,
To Partonope fiersly they ride,
And with a spere oone so hym hitte
Vpon þe side he myght not sitte
In his sadiþ, but downe he lepe.

Anoone here-of Gaudyn toke kepe.
He was so sory he wist not what to do.

His swerde Partonope drew oute þo,
And leide so sore hym rounde aboute,
From hym he voyded aþ þe route.

Now on fote is yonge Partonoþe.
Armaunt for angre nye wode is he,
And on þe meany faste gan crie:
"What ayleth you fro hym so faste to hye?"

Turneth in ayein!" and þerwith he
Come prikyng nere Partonope.

Anoone Partonope knewe it was he,
His swerde anoone at hym lete flye,
And on þe hede on hye hym hitte,
That hede and visage to þe shulders slitte.

Fro his hors to grounde dede feþ he.
He mounts Armant's horse and joins Gaudin, who is in peril of his life.

On his horse he lepe Partonope, and manly he pryked provere at he route, and come to Gaudyn hat stode in doubt.

Of his owne life, for sore faught he to rescowe his frende Partonope.

Now is Partonope and Gaudyn mette, Fiche for oper haue be wele bete. And now they hove hem to a-brethe with all her meany upon he hethe.

Now is pe soudan come to pe felde. He brought but fewe spere ne sheld, Lythe over an hundred of archers and all.

Partonope to hym Gaudyn did calle: "Lo, where yondere hoveth pe soudan, That so moche worliveness in armes can.

Of all this turnement pe worlpest is he. He wole from vs aH haue awaye pe gre.

He is so grete a lorde of valoure,* In armes can no man be his pere. Therfore it semeth me verely

He shal haue of vs pe victory."—

"What?" seyde Gaudyn, "stonte pe wynde in that dore?"

Is your herte wexe so pitouse and pore That sodenly ye yive it vp aH at ones, [leaf 140]

And sey so worthy a man here noone is? So moche leuer hadde I with hym to mete, Than for his manhode cowardly hym lete.

Who hath owersettede you of your worde? I-wisse, It semeth ye haue take with him truesse.

AH hevy and sory stante Partonope, 11072

1060. valour] MS. habour or perhaps halour.

Ravel. MS.

1 Nowe is pe soudan come to pe felde. 11052

He brought but fewe spere ne sheld.

2 He is so grete a lorde of valoure, 11060

In armes can no man be his pere.

Ther it semyth me verly [1 leaf 87, back]

He shal haue pe victory.

4 What?" seyde Gaudyn, "stonte pe wynde in pe dore? 11061

Ys youre hert wox so petuose and poure; That sodenly ye yve it vp at onys, And sey so worthy a man here non is? So moche leuer hade I with hym to mete 11063

Then for his manhode cowardly hym bete."

5 Hevy and sory stont Partonope
When of his frende scorned is he,
And thought Gaudyn shuld knowe and se
Eyse truse he-twene vs two be.
He drewe hym toward pe Souldans side.
"O course," pought he, "to hym wolde I ride."
In pe reste anoone he caste his spere,
As faste as his stede myght hym bere
Toward pis hethen lorde he ranne,
And to hym as fiersly come pe soudan.
And at her metynge it happed so,
Of Partonope pe Soudan failed po,
And Partonope pan so sore hym hitte
That power in his SadiH fort to sitt
Hadde he noone, but to grounde flatte.
And when Partonope was warre of hat,
From his hors anoone he light,
And halpe vp pe soudan with aH his myght,
And be pe bridH delyuered hym his stede.
Men seide hat was a gentiH dede.
On his hors po lepe Partonope,
And or in his sadiH downe set was he,
The Souldans men with hym so metten,
That of hem he was fuH sore beten.
Gaudyn a-boute hym leide sore on po.
The hethen men mette with hym so,
That aH to-clatred was his seldhe:
On peses it flewe into pe felde.
Right EviH and sore bothe bete they be.
Grete thanke amonge her Enemyce hape he.
FuH amerouse and lusty is Partonope.
The soudan stonte in pe same degre.
Love hope hem sette in oo place bope,
Wherefore ofte they haue be wrope,
And Meliore her lady, pe fresshe floure,
Afore hem sitteth an hye in pe toure,
Which maketh her hertes bope so lusty,
That ech of hem to oper is hardy.
Now they putt bope two ah her myght,
Bothe Partonope and pe hethen knyght.
Eche oper assaille they full manly,
Therfore to-gedre full despitously,
Noone of hem now dope oper spare.
In her hertes haue they grete care
That pe sonne westwarde dope wende.
The day full faste draweth to pe ende,
Which day is ordeyned be full assent
To make an ende of pe turnement.
Now as wode bores or lyons two
Partonope and pe soudan gan go
With sper, with Gisarne, and with swerde.
As they hadde be wode bope they ferde,
Now is [pe] turnement on eiche side meruelouse
And to be-holde wonder perilouse,
For eiche man dope nowe what he may.
Nyght cometh on, faste passeth pe day.
The mynstralles pipen and sownen pe claryon.
Fro pe hors into pe felde is he prowedowne.
In gone pe speres sadly vnder pe arme,
Many oone go to grounde and yte cache no harme,
The good hors men now fiersly they ride,
Through hauberke gothe pe spleere into pe syde,
Oute with swerdes a-boute helmes rounde,
He pat smyttet from the hors lyeth on pe grounde.
Oute gothe pe mases, stirop, and pe gesarne,
Some is broke pe shulldre-bone, and some pe arme,
Some is broken pe thye and lieth gronyng sore,
Some hath Insted fresshly and may no more.
There come in stedes trapped ah in mayle,
Faire with her felawes, pat bakward they do saile
And for wery of fight some are I-take

MS. foughten.
And magre her hele ben ladde to pe stake.
Ye wote wele of aH ping moste be an ende, [leaf 141] 11144
The Day is nye ydo, pe sonne dope faste wende.
Herawdes faste "aH hosteh" now done erie.
The Soudan for aH pat fro felde wolde not hye.
In he priketh faste and gyveth many a dynete, 11148
And pought he wolde be-gynne a newe turnemen.
The kynges from pe toure beayne to come downe.
Vnethe pe turnemen departe pei mowne.
Now hath faire Meliore made torches light, 11152
Forayne of Partonope wolde she haue sight.
Longe this lady Partonope be-ledde.
She knew hym be no-ping but be his shelde,
That [is] for-clatred and so for-bete, 11156
be moste dele perof henge at his fete.
And when she hadde hym longe be-holde,
She thought in hir body hir herte gan colde,
That she ne myght with hym a spoke, 11160
be hevynesse of hir herte fully to haue broke,
And if she wolde not to save hir honour,
And eke to nye hir stode pe Iegour.
And with pis anoone departed be 11164
The Soudan and Partonope.
Within pe casteH is herborowed pe soudan,
And Partonope with-oute, wherfore a sory man
Is he; for after hym is shitte pe yate 11168
Of pe casteH; and pis scomsite and mate
Is he ridden vnto his logeyng.
He can haue loy of no maner ping.
His herte is so encombred with Ielousy, 11172
That aH his ymaginationes bene foly.
For pis in his herte he pinketh fully:
"In pis tun[ne]ment pe soudan hap do better pan I,
And he of astate is so grete a lorde,
That aH hir counselylle be one acorde
Of pis tunement wole gyve hym pe degre.
Thus haue I loste my love," seide he.
And yte he pought a gretter foly. 11180
His herte in pis matere tolde hym pleynly
That pe Soudan she hadde chose to make,
And he wiste wele that he was for-sake. [leaf 141, back]
Also he demyd it was hir pleisure
To parfourme aH pe soudans desyre,
And pat she loved hym in suche maner,
That lovely to beld he thei yode in fere.
That aH his wite were desposed with Iealousy,
That aH his wite were desposed to foly.
Ya wode and wors hardely was he
To pinke his souereyn lady shuld be
Of po condicions or such gouernance.
Fye, me thinketh pis was a foule mysschaunce.
And of pe soudan lete vs now here.
Now is pe soudan to his herborow gone.
He is so hevy pat what to done
He ne wote ; but pis demeth he
The prise of pe turney hape Partonope,
And loste for euer is his lady bright.
As for hym pis lieth he aH nyght
Sighynge, sorowyng, and wepyng sore.
And on pe topher side queen) Meliore
Thinketh pat neuer shaH she
After pat tyme se Partonope,
Supposyng pat pe Luggiers wolde deme
That she pat is so highe a queen
Shuld not agre hir to so pore a kuyght,
And eke what he was per knew no wight,
Saue she and her suster good Wrake.
Thus she is aferde to lese hir make.
Castyng perelles many now to and fro,
This lady is aH nyght in care and wo.
A sory nyght have now þes pre,
Meliore, þe soudan, and Parstonope.

Aþ nyght they lye faste musyng
In whathe plite fortune WiH hem bryng. 

LyteH reste pat nyght hap Parstonope.
Therfore on morowe erly riseth he,
And Gaudyn fro slepe is now awake.

Love hadde no power hym to make
For-bere his slepe not half a nyght.
Parstonope seide to hym anon e:
"Myn owne broþer, gentill Gaudyn,
Sith of þis turney is made a fynne,
Me moste go vnto Tenedon.*"
A-gayne to yelde me þere to prisoun.
To Arnantyes wyte so I be-hight,
To þar fourme þis my troupe I plight.
I wolde for no good false holde be."

Here-to seide Gaudyn: "I me a-griee.
It were a shame þat a lytel sloug[t]h
Shuld make a knyght to breke his trouth."
To hym þo seide this Parstonope:
"Ye moste nedes go forpe with me
In hope I shalþ be better spede.
To youre helpe I haue grete ned e.
Through your mediacion it may so be
þat of prisone she will make me fre."
The wey they conne, it nedeth no gide,*

11126. MS. atonedenou. 
gide] MS. ned e.

PARTONOPE.
They set forth, and arrive at the Lady's castle.

Gaudyn addresses her,

Gaudyn ad-dresses her.

They set forth, and arrive at the Lady's castle.

Gentil Gaudyn and Partonope, And with the lady soon they mette. 11244

FuH goodly in langage do they grete, And she hem welcomed with good chere.

To hir seide Gaudyn in pis manere: "Madame, it is not to you vnknowe That gone it is but a liteH prow In pis londe pis knyght was take And brought to Armaunt pat is your make, And also lorde chief of pis contree, Which prugh tiranny and his crueltie Causeles commanded hym to prisone Perpetually, and not for raunsone. When Armaunt was gone to pe turnement, That was your lorde, and yite be your assent, Ye suffred pis knyght upon his suerte To go and pis turnement to se, On pis condic[i]on he shuld not soiourne Long þere, but soone make retourne Ayein to prisone to yelde his body, Leste Armaunt yowr lorde shuld sodenly Be wrope with you, and pat wonder were. He is now dede and lieth on bere. And not for thy pis trewe knyght Is come to holde pat he be-hight, That is nowe his body to prisoun! Praying now pat for Raunsonc Delyuered fro prisone he may be, As custome is of euery contree."

"Sir," seide pis lady, "God helpe me so, That he was prisoned I was fuH wo, And pat he wote as wele as I.

The Lady gladly re-leases him.

and informs her of the death of her husband.

He hopes she will allow Partonope to be ransomed.

Toward þe castell he gyon ryde. Nowe deÐer þe gyon þe ride. Gentil Gaudyn and Partonope, And with þe lady sone þe met. 11244 FuH goodly in langage do here grete. She hem welcomyde with good chere, 'To here seyde Gaudyn in pis manere:

Ys come to holde þat he be-hight."

"Sir," seyde þis lady, "God helpe me so, That he was presonde I was fuH wo, And þat he wote as well as I.
But, sir, I tell you full truly,
Sith he is nowe at my governance,
God forbede that cruelte or vengeance
In any woman founde shal be;
A foule illusion it were to se,
For in hem moste ever be mercy and roupe.

And sith pis knyght hath kept his troupe,
And his fredame stant all in me,
Of prisone I will that ever he be fre.
For as a knyght he hath kept his heste.
Ye shal have leve to go for* me."
And perwith-all pis Partonope
Thanked hir hyely of hir good grace,
And after that they taried no space,
But toke leve of that lady fre.
Fuft gladde and Ioyfully now bope they be.
Thei take hir hors and homwarde thei ride,
Eiche of hem to oper is true gyde.
And so within after dayes pre
Into pe forest come they be,
There as her* loggyng a-fore was.
Right in a launde fuft grene of gras
Her men anoone bere pight her tente.
There they abide be oone assent
Of pe Iugemen to here and se  [leaf 143]
To whome thei wolde give pe degree
Of pis turnement, for they be swore
Who so hath pe prise shal haue Meliore.

At nyght to bedde bope gone be,

11286. for MS. fro. 11296. her] MS. his.

Rowel. MS.

But, sir, I teft you truly,
Seth he is nowe at my governaunce,
God forbede pat cruelte or vengeaunce
In any woman founde shulde be,
A foule illusion it were to se.
Seth he his fredom stont in me,
Of preson I will pat he be fre,
For as a knyght he hathe kepethis heste.

Ye shal have leve to goo for me."
And perwith-all Partonope
Thanked here of here good grace.11288
And after pat peye taryede no space,
But toke leue of pat lady fre.
Fuft glade and Ioyfully bothe peye be.
They take per hors and homwarde peye ryde.
Eeche to oper of hem is trewe gyde.
Wyth-in dayes after thre
To pe Iugement come peye be.

11275
11282
11284
11288
11300
11304
Gaudyn and eke Partonope.
Thei hadde travailed, tyme was to reste.
Yite some of hem had litliH liste
To slepe, and þat was Partonope.
For aHH nyght sighyng with sorowe was he,
Turnyng and walowyng, carying faste,
For euer in herte he was a-gaste
His lady to lese, þat he loveth so;
He wote not what is best to do.
Thus lieth þus man aHH nyght wayling,
TiH þat þe gray day ganne sprynge.
And when he sey it was day-light,
Vpwarde he dresseth hym anoone right.
He called Gaudyn and bade hym rise.
To hym he seide þan in þis wise:
“Rise vp, þroþer, and go we henne,
Leste we be laste of aHH menne.
Go we and waite vpon þis lugging,
For in taryng vs myght repent.”—
“What!” seide Gaudyn, “how may þis be
That so yerly a risere* becomen are ye?
For as long as euer lasted the turney,
I rose þan firste and called every day,
And now myn office on yow ye take.
I holde me peide ye conne þis a-wake.
Yite after my counseylle doþe nowe a lite.
AHH-pough ye haue noone apetite
Neþer to slepe ne reste take,
It his fuH yerly for vs to a-wake.
This morowe give vs leisere to slepe,
For I darre vndirtake to kepe
The tyme and þe houre of lugging,
For when þe queen and lordes be present,
For vs þan is tyme þudderwarde to ride.
We wolde be sene on everþy side. [leaf 143, back]
When aHH folke be come, þen come wolde we,
We shaþ þe better a grete dele sene be.
On hors we wolde sitte armed bright,
Oure speres in oure hande redy to fight.

11325. MS. arisere.
For as a-fore we come to þe turnement,
Right so wole we come to the lugement.
For freshe vpon oure hors wole we ride,
Ooure meany a-boute vs on euery side.
Oure getons displayed beteone so bright.
And þerefore I pray you with all my myght,
Lette vs a while oure reste take.
And afterwarde when we bene a-wake,
We wole rise and masse here,
And after we wole dyne in feere.
For firste to slepe and afterward dyne,
Wiþ make þi coloure fuþt freshe and fyne*
To a-pere, and shewe in thy visage
Where þou be yonge or elles in age.
For many oone shatt on you loke and se,
Anoone as ye vnarmed be."
To Gaudyns counsaylle good Partonope
With att his herte a-greed is he.  
As they haue seide right so they done.
When they haue dyned, forþe thei gone
Fresshly armed to þis lugement,
Where as thei fynde be-fore hem present
Mel[i]ore þe queen with att her counsaylle,
Which that day with-ouтен fayle
Moste ordeyne what þe dome shaþ be
Of þis turnement, and how þe degre
Shaþ be demenyd, and in what wise.
Fuþ harde it were now to devise
How many dyuers thoughtes made þer be
In þe herte of noble Partonope,
That hoveth on hors l-arme bright,
Fuþ fresshly in his ladies sight.
In clothe of golde þat was att white
His stede was trapped, and grete delite
Al men hadde on hym to se.
Now of Gaudyn speke wole we,
That on hors sitteth fuþ lustely
Trapped in cloþe of golde fuþ fresshly,
That as scarlete as rose was rede,
11354. to] MS. go we.  11355. fyne] MS. myne.
His helme of stele vpon his hede.
Now aH pe Iuges assembled be 11384
To-gedre, as thei mow se
Of aH pe felde pe fuH array.
Thei mow no firfer, pis is pe day
Assigned laste of aH pe dayes pere 11388
To gife Iugement, bope ferre and nere,
To hym pat hap I-borne hym beste.
Now is pe soudan pere aH preste,
With huge peple hym a-boute 11392
To putt pe Iuges in seere and doute,
pat they shuld be fayne to gife pe gre
To hym, and yete forsothe stode he
Be-twene hope and drede his lady to lese,
Or elles to haue bir if he myght not chese.
AII pe felde be-holdeth pe Iugeoure.
And Meliore pe queen is in a toure, 11400
Where as she wepeth and maketh grete moone,
For fere pat she shuld euer for-gone
Hir love, hir Ioy, hir erthly make.
And on pe toper side sighed Wrake,
And soroweth as moche as done she,
For fere to lese good Partonope.
Thei canne in no wise her care with-drawe,
Of loves servauntes suche is pe lawe.
Cursolote the kyng beholdeth fuH wele 11408
Thes ij knyghtes armed in stele.
Be-fore he was fuH hevy and pensife.
The sight of hem hath apsid the strife.
He knew hem wele be herre array, 11412
For to pe turnement day be day
He se hem come in pe same wise.
Anoone from his chaire po did he rise
And departed pe peple here and pere,
And made pes knyghtes to come nere.
When pe peple departed was,
And they be comen into pe place, [leaf 144, back]
Where as Cursolote comannd hem be, 11420
From hors pan lighteth Partonope.
And Gaudyn also, his owne make.
To her men her hors then thei take.
Thes lordes pat shaft give Iugement,
They acorde be oone assent
pis faire queen, this fresshe floure,
Moste come downe oute of hir toure,
And sitte in place where as she
May wele sene hem pat chose be
To haue the gre of pis turnement.
And on pe toper party is redy present
This noble knyght called pe Soudan,
And with hym many a worpi man.
With hym is come pe kyng of Sire,
That loveth ladies of fresshe atire.
And with hym is of Eremeny pe kyng,
That loveth faire ladies a-bove aH ping.
The kyng of Spayne, pe kyng of Libie
For love of ladies reche not deye.
There is also pe kyng of Valence,
bat euer hath Ioy to be in presence
Of faire ladies fresshe and bright,
And perto he is a worthi knyght.
The kyng of Meroby is pere also,
bat love hath done fuH moche wo.
And eiche of pes wole leve her lay,
If Meliore liketh, pis is no nay.
Yite aH mow not be * Iugement
Hane pe degre of pis turnement.
Eiche leveth in drede, yite hope they wele,
And loke how fortune wole turne her whele.
Now cometh pe queen downe fro pe toure,
Eiche man is gladde to do hir honoure.
She leveth in hope, yite hath she drede,
Leste of hir love she shuld not spede.

Rawcl. MS.
* The lordses pat shaft yeve Iugement,
They acorde by on assent 11425
The feyre quene, pe freshe floure
Moste come downe oute of pe toure,
And syt in plase where pat she 11428
May se hem pat chosyn be.

11424 The judges request
Melior to descend from the tower.

11428 Many kings
who accom-
pamy the
Sultan are
willing to
abandon
their hea-
then faith
for Melior's
sake.

11432 Many kings
who accom-
pamy the
Sultan are
willing to
abandon
their hea-
then faith
for Melior's
sake.

11436 The Queen
descends.
Eiche man is gladde on hir to se,  
They mervail grete ly of hir beaute.  
She is faire shapen and fresshe cladde,  
Hir porte womanly, hir chere saddle.  
This was some after pat morow [gan] spryng,  
Men seide she was an hevenly ping.  
It were Impossible, thei seide, prugh nature  
Might be brought forpe suche a creature.  
Theire they seide to shew her coloure  
For hir love downe vnto pe toure  
Were comen pe sonne from hir spiere,  
Of kynne they supposed thei were right nere.  
The cristens pat chose were for pe degre  
Speke myche ping of hir grete beaute,  
And seide pere was neuer sene be-forne  
In erth so faire a creature borne,  
Safe only she pat was modir and maide,  
With whome pe trenyte was so wele paide,  
He deyned to sende his blessed sone  
Be pe holy goste in hir to wone.  
Whan Gaudyn hir beaute hadde wele sene,  
In pe worlde he wende hadde noone such bene,  
But after when he hadde sene faire Wrake,  
The prise of Meliore gan faste a-slake.  
In his hert,* for pe pought he  
Hir suster Wrake was fairere pe she.  
Lo, how sodenly love hath sette on fyre  
His herte and put aH his desyre  
Vpon Wrake, hir to serve a-bove aH ping.  
Now hoppe if he can, he is come to pe ringes.  
There he be-forne hath slept fuH softe  
He shaH now walow and turne fuH ofte.  
Now cometh Meliore prow aH pis prese,  
And on pe right side with-outen lese  
She is ladde of Cursolote pe kyng,  
Whome she trusteth of aH men leyng.  
And on hir lifte side gothe kyng Claryn  
To lede hir to a place where tappett and cusshen  
Of clothe of golde were faire yspre.  

11480. his hert] MS. hert his.
To preise hir beaute eich man is gladde.

In hir no defeute couthe men se,

Save pat she semyth pensif to be. [leaf 145, back]

Ah pis tymne stonte Partonope
So of his lady be-holdynge pe beaute,

That pe herte in his body swalt for wo,

For of pe Soudan he dreedeth hym so,

Leste he were chosen to hauue the degre,

And pat his lady loste hath he.

Thus stondeth he eu^r ymagynyng

pat from hete he falleth into a quakyng.

As though he were in pe fleuer agewe.

Every trew louer on hym ought to rewe.

Partonopes wo now wolde I lete,

And speke of Meliore pat to hir sete
Is brought be-tweno pe kynges two,

And with-outen any wordes moo

On pe benche thei downe hir sette,

And on knee eiche lorde hir faire grette.

And on benches every where a-boute
Thei ben sette with-oute any doute,

The kynges and pe lordes be oone assente

pat deme now pis turnement.

Kyng Anferus pe speke first be-gan,

For of scole he was a lerned man,

And perto he was wele ronne in yeres.

Rody was his face, and white was his heeres.

He was wele taught and perto curteise.

Next to pe quene he be-gan pe deise:

"Madame, of your highe excellence

And it like you pat in your presence

I reherce what pe cause may be

That here is nowe so grete assemble

Of aH estastes bothe riche and poore.

---

Rawl. MS.

Anferus kyng speke be-gan), 11518
For af scole he was a lernede man),
And perto he was wef ronne in yeres.
Rody was his face, white were his heris.
He was weff taught and perto curteise.

Nexte pe quene he be-gan pe doyse:
" Madam, of youre highe excellence
1 And it leke you pat in youre presenence
I reherce what pe cause may be [1 leaf 89]
That here is nowe so grete assemble
Of aH estastes bothe riche and poore.
Those who have been found worthy of the prize stand before the Queen.

They will now be enumerated, and the Queen may choose the one she likes best.

Madam, ye are desired so sore
What for your riches and your beaute,
That prove the world so named be ye.
Ye now not lyve with-oute a lorde,
Wherefore ye wote wele be aH pe acorde
Of your baronage in playne parliament
Was ordeyned to crie a turnement.
Who so euer pat worshipi hadde pe degre
Your soureyn lorde shuld be.
And so be aH youre lorde avise
They pat ben worpi to haue pe prise
Of pis worshipful turnement
Here they stonde be-fore you present.
And as wissely God helpe me so
There is noone chosen of aH po
For affeccion of love ne of drede,
I dare wele say, ne for no mede.
Now shaH I teH you what they be
That are chosen to haue pe degre,
Whens they be bore, and of what lynage,
And wheypher thei be yonge or elles of age,
And where they be bore to * heritage or no,
And of what condicion thei be also.
For what they ben I knowe fuH wele,
The troupe I haue enquered euery dele,
When I haue tolde of meste and leste,
Whome euer your herte can like beste
Good reason is pat ye hym chese.
I trowe pat shaH be moste your eace.

11550. MS. adds her before heritage.
Lo, aH pes pat stonde on pis side,
The worle to seke pat is so wide,
Worpiel knuyghtes can no man se,
And pes be pe persones pat chosen be.
But of your counseylle pis is pe avise,
To vj. of pes they yeve pe full prise.
Of cristen men be chosen the,
And as many of hethen now per be.
Of cristen pe names first I wolde telle
And then her condicions, and where they dwelle.

"There are three Christians, and three heathens."

pe first is pe kynge of Fraunce.
If ye liste knowe of his alyaunce,
And ye wolde ye sege of Troy rede.
There ye shal fynde, with-outen drede.
That reigned in Troy; of hym he came,
Which kynge of Troy loste pe honour
For Parys, his sone, pat he did ffavour
In pe Ravesshyng of feyre Elyne,
Which matere is declared ful pleyne
In the boke called pe sege of Troy.
And if ye liste ye may haue Ioy
The kynge of Fraunce to haue to lorde.
I dare wele sey provwe-out pe worlde
Knoweth no man levying a semeliere
Ne of condicions more gentillere.
Right-fuH, hardy and trew is he,

"The first is the King of France."

Ravel. MS.

Loo, aH pes pat stont in pis syde, 11558
The worle to seke pat is so wyde,
Worthere knuyghtes con no man se,
And pes be pe persones pat cosyn be.
Of youre counseylle pis is pe avys,
To vi. of pes yeve yeve pe pryse.
Of crystyn men be cosyn thre, 11561
As many of hethyn nowe per be.
Of crystyn pe namys firste wiH I te,H
And per condysions, and where pey dwelH.
The firste is pe kynge of Fraunce. 11568
Yef ye lyste to knowe of his alyaunce,
And ye wiH pe sege of Troy rede,
There ye shal fynde, with-outen drede,

1 He is of pe Iyne of kynge Pryam, 11572
That reynede in Troye; of hym he cam,
(1 leaf 89, back)
Whiche kynge of Troy loste pe honoure,
For Paris, his son, pat dyde favure
In pe Revershyng of feyre Elyne.11576
Whiche mater is declarede feyre and pleyne
In pe boke callede pe sege of Troye.
And yef ye lyste ye may haue Ioye
The kynge of Fraunce to haue to lorde,
I dare weH sey provwe-out pe wor[l]de
Knoweth no man leuy[n]ge a synylere,
Ne of condysion) more lentillere.
RightfuH, hardy and true is he, 11584
Merciful, louyng in euery degr.  
Richesse and youthe haue withall.  
Kyne Lohers men do hym calle.  
The tope eristen is called Gaudyn.  
Lyke pryse of hym hath kyng Claryn.  
Yte is he right worpi for the none,  
Semely he is and bigge of bones.  
I can not wele tehe of what lynage  
He is come, but wele in age  
He is ronne, as be his heeris,  
He passeth more þen fifti yeris.  
Fore man he is and borne in Castile.  
He hath rid full many a myle  
To se contrees and gete him honour.  
His levyng he getith be his laboure,  
For a worthy knyght he is of his honde,  
He hath hym so preved in many a londe.  
An hethen man borne was he.  
Sith amonge eristen he hath be  
Cherisshed and worshipped many a day.  
That he hath forsaken hethen lay,  
And be-come eristenyd, God blessed þou be.  
Thus in pis wise come forde is he  
Be his honde of worpinesse,  
Whiche is more worship þen richesse.  
But he hath a maister here and souereyn  
Whome he hath full and pleyn  
Gyven frute of his travaile and laboure.  
That what to hym shuld falle of honour

Rowl. MS.  
Merciful, lounge in every degree.  
Kyng Lohers men do hym calle.  
Ryches and youte he dothe withall.  
The toper eristen is callede Gaudyn.  
Lyke pryse of hym hath kyng Claryn.  
Yet he is worthye for þe nonys,  
Semely he is and large of bonys.  
I can not wele of what lynage  
He is come, but wele in age  
He is ronne, as be his heres,  
He passyth no þeul fifti yeris.  
Poure he is and borne in Castele.  
He hath rede full many a myle.

An hethen man borne was he.  
Sethe amonge eristen he haue þe  
Cherisshed and worshipe many a day.  
That he haue forsake hethen lay,  
And be-come eristende, God byssede þou be.  
Thus in pis wyse come furde is he  
Be his honde of worthynes,  
Which is more worship þen Ryches.  
But he haue a maister and souereyn  
Whome he haue gefen full and pleyn  
The frute of his travaile and laboure.  
What þat to hym shulde falle of honour,
He founcheit safe his maister it have.
Wherfore me thinketh, so God me save,
It nedeth of hym to speke no worde;
But let vs nowe speke of his lorde,
Which was armed vnder a sheilde
Of siluer bright, and in pe felde
Eche day he was first of all,
And Partonope men do hym call,
That in tur[n]ament many did grewe,
And ever he in pe felde was laste at Eve.
A worpier knyght, be my savioure,
Sawe I neuer in felde, ne better his honour
Conthe save pen he now hath do.
And of his tacches to speke also,
He is fre, curteys, gentil and meke.
There is no boiinte in hym to seke.
And forto speke of his kynrede,
To pe kyng of Fraunce, with-outen drede,
He is nye cousyn, wete right wele,
I haue enquered pis nowe everydele.
And forto speke of his lifelode,
Two Erldomes he hath riche and good.
Of londe forsothe he hathe no more,
But he is riche ynowe of tresoure.
Now haue I tolde you of pe cristens fre,
And I wolte tellich which pe hethen be.
The first of pe hethen is pe Soudan.
Mervale it is pat ever any man
Might hane so hye a frende of nature.
For she hathe don ah hir myght and cure
Of hir tresoure to gif hym so grete foysone,
That yer is no man can sey be reasone
Pat any ping lakketh in hym of wele,
For riche Knowe he is and trew as stele,
Semely of persone, stronge and yonge.
Of faire shappe hym lakketh no-ping,
Light and delyuer, mery and gladde,
And amonge his counseyle wise and sadde.
Of his be-heste he is full stable,
And in dones ah-way merciable.
AH-pough in bataille he be chevalrouse,
To hem pat hym offende he ys* despitouse.
And for to telle of his kyurede,
Loke which of you pe bible can rede,
And fynde who made pe arke of Noye,
Of his lyne come downe is he.
And of his nobley to make a fyne,
AH is wele, save pat a sariesne
Is he borne, and yte seith he
To haue my lady christened witt be.
His lordes name is caHed Margarise,
Of AH bountes * he berepe pe prise.
The seconde hepen is fresshe and yonge.

His name is Sades, of Syre pe kynge.

Semely he is, curteise and chevalrous, 11668
Rightfull, free, and passyng vertuous.
Of olde and gentil kynrede is he, 11672
As eiche kynge moste nedes be.
But for to teht of his alaynace, 11676
So olde it is oute of remembrannce.
The prid hethen hight Anpatrys.
He is yonge, semoly and right wise, 11680
Lorde and kynge of pe londe of Xoby.
With swerde he come to pat seignyorye;
Wherefore hem thought it was pe best;
Sith he wan pat reme be conqueste,
To haue hym her governour and lorde,
And so chosen hym kyng be one acorde.
He is right worthy, of grete richesse, 11684
But of pe turnement, as I gesse,
He loketh no-ping after pe degre.
To pe soudan his lorde hath he
Gyve aH his service and his laboure,
For at pis tyme he is his soudyoure.
Nowe, Madame, I haue you tolde
Of the vj chosen, which bene olde,
And which yonge, and how they be
Borne of blode, and of whatcontre,
And what they be of condicion,
And how pat Gaudyn and Anpatrise

Rawl. MS.

His name is Sades, of Syre kyng.
Symply he is, courteysse and chevalrus, 11669
Rightfull, fre, and full vertuous. 11672
Of olde and gentil kynrede is he,
As iche kynge moste nedes be.
But for to teht of his alaynace, 11675
So olde it is out of remembrannce.
The 3thyn hight Anpatrys.
He is yonge, symly and wyse, 11678
Lorde and kynge of pe londe of Xoby.
With swerde he come to pat seynorye;
Wherefore he thought it is pe beste,
Sethe he want pat reme be conqueste,
To haue here governour and lorde,
And so choose hym kynge by on acorde.
He is of right grete Rychesse,
But of pe turnement, as I gesse, 11681
He lokyth nothyng after pe degre.
The soudan his lorde hathe he
Gyve aH his servyse and laboure,
For at pis tyme he is his soudyre.
Nowe, madam, I haue you tolde
Of pe vi chosyn which be olde,
And which yonge, and who pey be
Borne of blode, and of what contre,
And what pey be of condicion, 11683
And how pey be of reputacion)
And how pat Gaudyn and Anpatrise
And how pat Gaudyn and Anpatrise

And so chose hym kynge by on acorde.
He is of right grete Rychesse,
But of pe turnement, as I gesse, 11685
He lokyth nothyng after pe degre.
The soudan his lorde hath he
Gyve aH his servyse and laboure,
For at pis tyme he is his soudyre.
Nowe, madam, I haue you tolde
Of pe vi chosyn which be olde,
And which yonge, and who pey be
Borne of blode, and of what contre,
And what pey be of condicion, 11688
And how pey be of reputacion)

And how pat Gaudyn and Anpatrise

1 And how pat Gaudyn and Anpatrise
Haue dismytted hem clene of pe prise,
So of pe chosen yite foure pere be. [leaf 148] 11696
Wherefore I counselle fully pat ye
Of theire persones take good hede;
For I haue seide, so God me spede,
AII myn entent full and pleyne.
Now lete vs here anoper certeyne.”
Thus hath Amphornus made conclusion
Of his tale, but now to his reason
Of aII pes lordes anwære none,
But stII thei sitte as any stone.
And so it semed be her chiere
They were acorded aII in fere
be Soudan shuld haue fully dege,
Save only Coursolote, that Partonope
Loved wele, but what myght he do?
Of aII be Inegours pere were no mo
That list hym forper in any wise.
Kyng Claryn of aII first gan rise,
And seide playnly pat be Soudan
He held of aII be worpiest man,
And beste hath deserved pis dege,
“ Wherfore, madame,” he seide, “ moste ye
Giffe hym your love and take hym for lorde.
What is my cause in shorte worde
I shaH you sey, for ayn in the topere pre
Sette his semlyhode and his bounte,
And richesse he hathe of aII ping,

**Ravel. MS.**

Haue dyssmyttyde hem clene of e peryse,
So of e chosen yite foure e be. 11696
Where-for e counseff fully pat ye
Of e pes persones take good hede;
For e haue seyde, so God me spede,
AII myne entent full and playne. 11700
Nowe lete vs here anoper sertayne.”
Thus hathe Anferus made conclusion
Of his tale; but nowe to his reson
Of aII his lordes anwære none, 11704
But stiff e syte as any stone.
And so it semyde by e chere
They were acordyde aII in fere 11707
The soudan) shuH haue fully dege,
Safe only Courslot, pat Partonope
Lonyde weH, but what myght he do?
Of aII be lugges per were no moo
That lyste hym forper in ony wyse.
Kyng Claryons firste gan rise, 11713
And seyde playnly pat be soudan
He held of aII be worthyeste man,
And beste hathe desravyde pis dege,
“ Wher-for, madame, he seide, “ moste ye
Gyf hym your love, and take hym to
lorde. 11718
What is my cause, in shorte werde
I shaH you sey, ayn pat opeH thre
Sette his semlyhode and his boute,
And Ryches he hathe of aII thynge,
More pen hath any oper Kyng.
And perto for your love wole he
Afore vs at nowe cristened be,
And at his peple saund doubtance
His were to God an hye plessance."
Now hath Clarlyn seide his wiff
He sette hym downe, and pen full stiff
Sitte at his lordes and sey no worde.
It semeth they ben at of some acorde
Fully to parfourme Clarlyn entente,
Forte do his dome thei be fully consent,
And no man hym contraried in no wise. [leaf 143, back]
Lorde, what herte couple now devise
The grete sorowe pat hath Meliore?
Within hir herte feleh she grete sore,
Sith at hir lordes be one assent
So fayne to gyve trewe Iugement,
And she to lese ever hir love also
What meravyll is it pough she were wo?
This lady hadde leuer to deye
Pen Clarlynse Iugement to obye.
For be Meliore it sheweth full wele
That ladies in love be trewe as stette.
For she in no wise hir love wole lese
The worpiest knyght in pe worlde to chese.
Neper for bounte nor for richesse,
Ne fore at his prise of nobilnesse
Wolde she have pe Soulant of Perce.
Hir herte to hym is at-wey perverse.

Ravel. M.S.

More pen hath the any oper thyng.
There to for youre love wiff he.
Afore vs at nowe crystended be,
And at his peple saund doubtance.
This were to God an hye plessance."
Nowe hath the Clarins seide his wiff.
He set hym downe, and pen full stiff
Satte at his lordes and seyde no worde.
Hit semeth to be at of on acorde
Fully to parforme Clarlyn entente,
1 For to his dome pey be fully assent,
And no man contraryed in no wyse.

Lorde, what hert couthe devyse
The grete sorwe pat hath Meliore?
With in here hert she felyth grete sore,
Sethe at hir lordes be on assent
So fayne to gyf trewe Iugement.
And she to lese ever her love also.
What merveyll is it pough she were wo?
This lady hadde leuer to dye.
Then Clarions Iugement to obye.
For be Meliore it shewyde weft
That ladies in lone be true as stef.
Erneul stands up, and claims the right of speaking.

Now God, that all ladies hath made,
Gyve hem grace in herte to be glade,
And that all tongues moved may be
That speke lightly of ladies in any degre.

Now Arnolfe, that first in parlement
Moved and styrred to haue his turnement,
And ordeyned lorde domes-men to be,
Of which for certayne oone was he,
On his fote stode vp to se his reasone,
For topper lorde sate all downe.
Semely of stature for sothe was he,
His visage was manly on to se.
Worthie he was, and white was his hearys,
For love ne hate wolde he not leve
The troupe to sey, whome euere he greue.

And pen seide he: "It is not unknowe
To all you lorde, as I now trowe,
That in this laste parlement
It was accorded all be oure assent
Certeyne lorde chosen shuld be
Of his turnement to give pat degre,
Which to-gedra nowe be here.
And though pat I vnworthy were,
Chosen I was to be one of you.
Wherfore I thinke, so motte I go,
In his materly pleyntly to quyte me.
For ye all, me thinketh, enclyned be
Fuly to kyng Claryns sentence.
Hym ye haue gyve ful good audience,
And no man, me pinketh, answerith pero.

Nowe Arnelus that olde, that firste in parlement
Menye and styrted to haue his turnement,
And ordeyned lorde domes-men to be,
Of whiche serven on was he.
His visage was manly on to se.
Worthye he was, and whyte of heres,
Holden right-wyse, that asketh soyeche yeres.
For lome ne hate wolde he not leve
The trouthe to sey, whom euere he greue.
Then seyde he: "It is not unknowe
To all yonder lordes, as I trowe,
That in this laste parlement
Hit was accordyde be oure assent.
This proverbe was said full longe ago:

'Who so holdeth hym still doth assent.' 11784

But I wole sey nowe myn entent,
Wrope perwith so who euere be:
His dome in no wise plesteth me.
Gaudyn and Anpatris ben put oute
The gre to haue, pis is no doute.
Yite they haue bore hem full wele,
Better were euere armed in stele.
And bothe in pis wise acordyde be,
Though they hadde deserved pis degré.
To her lorde thei haue gyve her honoure,
Be hold hem paide of her laboure.

Now forto speke of pe kynge of Sire,
I sey we owe al forto desyre
He he put fully fro pis degré.
And pis is my cause pough pat he
Be full stronge, semely and desyrous,
Yonge, hardy, and full corageous,
And in bataile euere so chevalrous,
Yite oone vice shent al, for he is despitouse,
That when he hath no werre but is in peace,
To pe pore peple can he not cese
But euere do extorc[ion] and tyrannye.
This is verrey soth, I wole not lye.
Neper for love, drede, nor hate,
He can not lyve without debate.

Now forto speke of pe kynge of Fraunce,
Of kyn is he and grete alyaunce.
But forto make hym oon of pe gre [leaf 142, back] 11812
I can not acorde perto now, parde,
For pat moste nedes he for worpinesse,
Neper for state ne for grete richesse.

Roule MS.

But be wrothe who so euere he, 11789
His dome in no wyse plesyth me.
Gandy and Anpatrise be put oute
The gre to haue, pis is no doute. 11789
Yet pey haue borne hem full wele,
Better were euere armede in stele.
And bothe in pis wyse acordyde be,
Though hade descreuyde pis degré.
To her lorde they gyfe pe honoure,
They holde hem payde of her laboure.
Nowe to speke of pe kynge of Seyre,
I sey we owe al to desyre
He he put fully fro pis degré.
This is my cause pough pat he
And forto make hym passyng worthy,
I see for me, I wote neuer whye.
For in bataille when he is a-bove,
His grete manhode þen wole he prove,
And when to hym turneth contrarie,
That he is put of so myghtely,
And in any wise rebewked is he,
So gretely abasslied he wolde be,
That aH his myghtes so hym faile,
Of liteH defence is he in bataile.
Þerfore to chese hym one of þe prise
Ye shal not haue myn avise.
Of þe soudan now forto sey
I can not fynde be no way
To teH of his tacches ne of his lynage,
Ne in bataylle more of corage,
þen Anphoros be-fore hath seide.
Of his resone I holde me wele peide;
For on bataile he is fieres in assaylyng.
Though he be rebuked, yite in his deffendyng
He is hardy, myghty, and wole not fle.
So in knyghthode may no man be
Worþier alowed in no wise,
And in grete turnementis fuH ofte þe prise
Hath he hadde, þat wote I wele,
A worþier was neuer arméd in stele.
But here stonte arméd a semely knyght
Vnder a shede of siluer bright,
Whos name is called Partonope.
Of þe Erldome of Bloys lorde is he.
And his condicions here to reherse,
I dare wele say the soudan of Perse,
Ne þe kyng of Syre, ne noone of aH,
Be-gynne fro þe grettest vnto þe smaH,
Of condicions is more vertuouse,
Ne in armes more hardy and chevalrous.
With-outen cause shal he neuer-more
Be founde despitouse to riche ne pore,
And he is goyng into his best[e] age.

11816. best[e], a hole in MS. for e.
And to speke of his naturall [ly]mage,
In cristendome is none worpier kynrede
Then he is come of, withouten drede.
In many a mortall battaille hape he be,
In listes often eke fought hape he,
And ever of his Enemye ne better hape hadde,
In many grete perelles he hap be staddle.
For when he hath ben in so hardle plite
That many of his meany hap be descomfite,
Ben he his kynghthode hape wele proved,
For manly he hathem aH relieved.
The freenshe men know wele aH pis,
For it is not go full longe I-wisse,
Her kynges worshipp in aH oure sight
Oft he saved, wherfore a knyght
Worpiest of aH proved is he
To hane enery-where [p]is degre.
What pough pe soudan [haue] more of prowesse,
My lady nedeth not to his richesse;
Of wordly goodes she hap grete plente.
And if to-gedre they wedded be,
If hym luste to holde werre,
He may not faile ynowe to conquere,
For enough he hath and haue shaH.
The soudans parte shaH be full smaH
bat he shaH haue of pis degre.
Though Claryns sey bat he wole be
Cristened now my ladys sake,
And aH his peple, wherfore we make
Of his profyre so grete deynte,
It is but easy, as now pinketh me,
For eiche man may pinke in his thought
For Goddes sake it is right nought,
But onely for luste and covetise,
And Evil shuld chief bat emprise
bat were not do for Goddes sake.
For when he hadde full possession take
Of lady and shepe all in feere,  [leaf 150, back] 11892
He wolde dresse all ping on his maner,
And make vs Cristes lawe forsake,
Or she vs, pis dare I vndirtake.

There fore these we Partonope,
For under Cristes lawe bounde is he.
Be hym may faH no grevaunce.
And if it be my ladies plesaunce,
Lette hir wedde hym be oure assent,
This is fully my Jugement.
I not where I deserve panke or magre
Of my lady, but trewly pe gre
He hath beste deserved of pis turnement.
The sothe I wolde sey you, poughe I be shent.
A semelier ne more worpi coupe ye not fynde,
Though ye sought hens into Ynde.”

When Armulus hadde his tale tolde,
Thes kynes * thought he was to bolde.

And from her Jugement to make hem vary.
But when Meliore herd pat he
Nemped hir name, and seide poughe she
Were wrothe or paide, he wolde be trewe,
More rody somwhat she waxe of hewe.
“Armulus,” she seide, “I wote pat ye
My desyre had neuer so in chierte
To leve a troupe and se[y] pe wronge,

11909. kynes] MS. knyghtes.

Rand. MS.

1 Let here wede hym be oure assent,
This fully my Jugement,  11901
I not wheter I deserue thanke ore
magre  [leaf 92]
Of my lady, but truly degre
He hathe beste desemyde of pis tur-
ment.  11904
The sothe I wiff sey, poughe I be
shent.
A symlyere no-where con ye not
fynde,
Though ye sought hens to Ynde.”
* When Armelus hade his tale tolde,

These kynes poughe he was bolde
AH per entente to contrayre,
And fro pe Jugement make hem varye.
But when Meliore herde pat he  11912
Namyde here name and sayde poughe she
Were wrothe ore payde, he wolde be
More rody som-what she waxe of hewe.
“Armelus,” she seyde, “I wot pat ye
My desyere ye had neuer so in chyrie
To leve a trouthe and se[y] a wronge.
Bough ye hadde magre or elles ponke.
Ye were never wonte to use gabbyng
In no maner for to do any pleesynge
Of what persone, so ever he be.
And I dare say, as for me,
Yite come never in myne entente;
But ye shold yeve trew jugement.
And so ye do, I dare say truly.
The fourth therof enquirerdaua I.
What woman ever an housebonde take.
This is a thing pat ever is stable.
Duryng her lyves it is not variable.
Therfore a lady ought right wele be
Avised whose to what persone pat she
Shuld give his body with his honoure,
Of her Garlande fairest is pat flower.
The firensshe I wote wele is [fut]H of bounte,
But vnarmed wolde I hy[m se].
And if I like wyll his persone,
Then wote I what is to done:

11936–37. The brackets indicate hole in MS.


1 Thowe ye hadde magr . . . ellis thonk
Ye were never wont to use gabbyng
In no maner for to do [the] [pleisynge]
Of what persone so ever [he] be, 1 leaf 6
And Y dar say well as for me
Ye come never in myne entente
But ye shold gene true jugement
And so ye do Y dar say truly
The thouth therof enquired haue I
What woman ever did husband take
That man hur lord She most make
This is a thing that ever is stable
Duryng her lyves it is not variable
Therfore a lady might right well be
Ayysed vnto what persone that she
Shold gene hur body with hur honoure
Of hur garlande fayrest is that flower
The firensshe y wote wyll y sullue of
bonyt[e]
But vnarmed wolde Y fayn see
And yf Y lyke well hi[s] persone
Than wote Y what is to done

Rawl. MS.

Though ye hade magre evee thonke,
Ye were never wont to use gabbyng
In no maner to do plesynge
Of what persone, so ever he be.
And I dare sey, as for me,
Hit come never in myne entente
But ye shulde yene true jugement.
And so ye do, I dare sey truly.
The thouth [per of] enquirede hame I
What ever woman an husband take,
That man her lord she most make,
This is a thinge [pat] ever is stably.
Duryngge [per of] lyves it is not varyable.
Therfor a lady ought right wyll he
Ayysed to what persone [pat she]
Shulde gyve her body with honoure.
Of her garlond feyreste is pat flower.
The frende I wot wyll is full of bonte,
But vnarmed wolde I hem se.
And yeft I lyke weft his persone,
Then wot I what is to done; [leaf 2, back]
British Museum MS.

I wole be his, and he shal be myn, 11940
What ever ye deme, pis shal be pe fyne.
And if he be not to my pleasey, The soudan to haue is my desire.
He seith pleyntly for pe love of me 11944
He wole be crisstened and all his contre.
Armulus," she seide, "I wote wele pat ye
My desyre had neuer so in chyerte.
To leye a troupe and sey a wronge,
For men wole sey ye lyve to longe.
Armulus, to worshippe good hede take,
And ye lordes aH for Goddes sake,
For ye shal neuer fynde pat I 11952
Fro worshippfull a-warde voyde truly.
But Cursolote, I hawe mych meruaile pat ye
In pis mater so dull to be.
What ever they sey ye sey right nought,
My worshipp lyth no-ping in your thought.
As longe as pis turney did laste
I herde you preise wonder faste
O persone prisely amonche hem aH, 11960


Y wyll be his and he shall be myne
What ever ye deme ys [foo]the the the
fyne
And ye he be not to my lesyre
The Soudan to have my desyre 11943
And sayth playnly for the lone of me
He wyll be crystnede and all his contre
Armulus she sayde Y wote well that ye
My desyre had neuer so [in] chyerte.
To leue a trouth and say ... brong
Than myght men say y [li]ved to long
Armulus to my worshippe good hede ye
take
And ye lordes all for Goddes sake
for ye shall neuer fynde that Y 11952
Fro worshippfull a wyll avoyde truly.
But Cursolot Y have mo meruaile
that ye
" But why does not Cursol say something?"
Yn this mater so dull be 11955
Whatener thay say ye say rygth nought
My worship lyth nothyng in youre thought
As long as this turney dede last
Y herd yow preysi wo . . . .

Rawl. MS.

I wif be his, and he shal be myn, 11941
What ever ye deme pis shal be pe fyne,
And ye he be not to my plesure,
The soudan to have is my desyre.
He seith pleynly for the lone of me
He wif be crystnde and all his contre.
Armules," she seide, "I wot pat ye
My desyre had neuer so in chyrite.
To leue a trouth and sey a wronge.
Armules, to worshippe good hede take,
And ye lordes aH for Goddes sake,
For ye shal neuer fynde pat I 11952
Fro worshippe arv ye o worde truly.
Cursolot, I have merueH pat ye
In pis mater so dull be. 11955
What ever sey sey sey sey nought.
My worship lyth nothyng in your thought.
As longe as pis turney dyde laste
I herde you preise wonder faste
O persone presysely amonche hem aH,
And now it semeth that he is fallt
Oute of your preise. What may pis be?
In soden change now fallt are ye.
But changeth as often [as] ye liste,
Where I wole be I wote beste.
But shame it were to you to varye
From your beheste or it contrarye.
Wherfore I thinke not of all pis yere
To make you vary for my prayer."—
"Madame," seide Cursolote the kyng,
"The cause of my stbye sittynge
Is to here and knowe Armulus resoun;"
This is all now myn enchesone. [leaf 151, lack]
For truly, as be myn avis,
The frenshe is worpi to haue pe prysse.
For when we pe luges to-geder were
A-bowe in pe toure, for love ne fere
We shal fall not spare be oone assent
But to gife a trew lugesement.
Some of vs ben accorded fully
The soudan shal haue you truly,
And some holdeth now pe contrarie,


Yn sodeyn change now fallt ary ye
But changeth as often as Y' lyseth 11964
Where Y' wylle be Y' wote best
But shame it were to you to varye
From youre beheste or be contrarye
Wherfore Y' think not of all this yere
To make you vary for my prayer
Madam sayde Cursolot the kyng
The cause of my style sittynge
Ys to here and knowe Armulus resoun
This is now all myn enchesoun 11973
For truly as by myn aduyse
The frenshe is worthy to have the price
For whanne we the j[u]ggles togeder where
11976
Abone in the toure for [lo]the ne fere
We shall not spare by one assent
But to gene a trewe judgement
Sonne of vs ben accorded fully 11980
The Soudan shal haue yow truly
And some holdeth now the contrarie

Recel. MS.

Nowe it semyth that he is fallt 11961
Out of your pryse. What may pis be?
In sodeyn change nowe are ye.
But change as ofte as ye lyseth, 11964
Where I wille be I wote beste.
Shame it is to you to varye
For youre be-heste ore it to contrarye
Where-for I thinke not of all pis yere
To make you wery of my prayer."—
"Madame," sayde Courslot the kyng,
"The cause of my st-by sittynge
Ys to here of Armulus resoun;" 11972
This is nowe myne enchesoun.
For truly, as be myne avys,
The frenche is worthy to haue pe pryse.
For when pe luggesto-geder were, 11976
Abone in pe toure, for love ne fere
We shall not spare be on assent
But to gyse true lugesement.
If the Queen examines them separately in the tower, she will know the truth.

Therefore in Judgment we do vary.

Let the two knights divest themselves of their armour: her eye will then judge.

Meliour approves of this proposal.

The Queen examines them separately in the tower, she will know the truth.

If the Queen examines them separately in the tower, she will know the truth.

474 British Museum MS.

But, madame, wole ye do wisely,

Examineth hem now a-sondry,

And pat in-to pe toure ye gone,

And sendeth after vs one be one,

And charge euery man be his fay

Pat he to you oweth, and lete hym say

Pleynly to you aH his entent

How they wole gife her Judgment,

And that they not spare for love ne drede

Ne for grete profers of mede,

Thau shal ye wete of hem prively

That they spare now to sey openly.

And commaindeth hem bope two

That vnarme hem faste thei do,

Thau shal ye knowe wele be sight

Which is pe semelier knyght,

And lete your Eye your Iuge be.”—

“Ye sey pe beste, for God,” seith she.

“Hke ought wele lyke me be reasone and skilH

That shuld haue my body and good at wiH.

And forfo what some euer ye deme,

I am ye your lady and your queen),

My choice tieyth in pe semelyhede of [pe] two ;

The kynges in no wise may vary here-fro.

To whome my herte can beste acorde,

Hym wilH I chese to be my lorde.

The kynges may not gretyly merveyled be,


Wherfore þyn yugement we do vary

But Madam wyll ye do wyslye 11984

Examyneth hem now a sondry

And that into the toure ayen ye
gone

And sendeth after us by one and one

And charge euery man by her fay

That he to you oweth and lete hem

say 11989

Pleynly to you all his entent

How they will gine her judgment

And that they nat s[ves]e for lune ne

drede 11992

Ne for no grete profers [ne] mede

Thanne shulde ye wex of hem privelye

That they spare now to say openly

And commaindeth hem both two

And vnarme them safelye they do

Than shall ye know well by syght

Wheeche is the semelier knyght

And lete youre ye youre juge be 12000

Ye se the best for God sayde she

He ought well lyke me by reson and

skyle

That shold haue my body and goode

at wyll 12003

[The] kynges may not then a mer-

veyled be
though I choose hym that best liketh me."
And herewith-what commandeth she
these lords unarmed faste to be.
The soudan unarmed hym in haste,
And riche cloapes on hym do]pe caste.
A sereke of gold full of precious stones
On his hedde he hadde, that nowhere on is
Richer ne fayre to any mannes sight.
He was a passyng semely knyght.
Now is he come before the queen.
All hym praise that hym seen,
And sayde plainly that conquered hath he
Of all this turnements [the] price and gree
The kyngis hym prayed wonder fast
His dome to gene thay made grete hast
They sayde what shuld we longer tary
Our judgement come no man contrary
[S]one after cometh yonne Partonope
Among the prees, and but esely is he
Arrayed, as for [to] speke of cloathing,
Save as he had grete eace of oo ping:
She pat was lady of pat place,
He hoped wele to stonde in hir grace.
His beste frende save she was Gaudyn.
A kyrtell of scarlet he had on fyne.

12014-16. The brackets indicate hole in MS.
12017. oon is] MS. ones.
A-bove he was gyrdé with a gyrdH,
Wele harneised with golde aboute his mediH.
A-bove pat he had vpon a mantiH
With dyuers bestes embrowded fuH well
Of golde of Sipres and eke of Venyse.
Of his clothing more to devise
It nedeth not sey, aH pat wete we
pat oute of prisone straignt comeþ he
To pis turney worshipp to wynne.
He founde þere neþer frendship ne kynne
Hym to refresshe in any degre,
Save only Gaudyn, with hem mette he
Throw Goddes grace vpon þe way,
And he hym cloþed in such aray
As for hym-self he had þere.
It was but of þe homely manere.
But what pat euer his aray be
Be-fore his lady now stonte he
And Gaudyn to-gedere honde in honde.
But when he hadde a while stonde
Ah vnarmed his lady to se,
FulH gretelý a-basshed þo waxe he,
Seyng his souereyn lady there.
That a-fore had made hym grete chere
With aH herte, body, and myght,
And he as an untrewe kynght
Had hir deceyved and broke hir suerte.
In suche despoynye þo stode he,
That ofte þe colour in his face

[Then]he he was gyrd wyth a gyrdHl
[With] dyuerce bestes embrowded full
wel
[Of] Gold and of Cipre and eke of
Venyse
[Of] his clothynge more to devyse
[I] nede not to say all that wete we
[Th]at oute of prison straight cometh
he
[In] this turney worshipp to wynne
[He] fonde there neþer [fr]enþip ne
kynne
[Hi]m to refresshe in any degre
[Sa]ne only Gaudyn with hym met he

Waxe suddenly rede for fere of hir grace
He had for ever offended so highely,
That his rosy colour paled sodelny.
Thus in grete fere stonte Partonope.
Of thousandes of peple be-holden is he,
And eiche man seide as hem liste.
But all they conclude pe semeliest
Of po two persons certeyn was he,
Wherfore pe kynges pe prise and degre
Hym yove fully be oone assent,
And made ende of her Jugement.
Of po lorde pat loved pe soudan
Contraried pe Jugement not oon man,
And all pe pleple cried be oone assent :
"This is nowe a trewe Jugement."

Armulus de Marbury vp anoone stode,
And seide the Jugement was right good.
To pe kynges he seide : "Sires, what say ye?"
Thei hym answered and seide : " We be
To pis Jugement acorded full playnly,
If it be plesaunt vnto my lady."
And as I trowe and dare say truly,
Ayeinste Meliore his herte it yode not gretely.
For though gretely trespassed hath he,
Hir herte was full of mercy and pite.
To Armulus yite seide she po :
" Myn owne choise ye haue put me fro.

Was sodelny reede for she of hir grace
He hadde for ever offended so heyly
That his rose colour paled sodelny
Thus in grete fere stonte Partonope
Of thousandes of peple beholden ys he
And ehe man sayde as hem lyst
But all they conclude the semilyst
Of the two persones sertayne was he
Wherfore the kyngs the prince and the gree
Hym yeue fully by one assent
And made end of her jugement
Of the lorde that loned the Soudan
Contraried the jugement not oon man
And all the peple cryde by one assent
This is now a trewe jugement

Partonope looks better than the Sultan,
and the kings nomanously agree to give the price to him.

Ernoul is content.

Melior feigns to prefer the Sultan.

[leaf 153]
Einoal protects that the award is just.

Melior dissembles her joy.

The Sultan is stunned with grief.

He departs, meditating vengeance.

Partonope is happy!

For my will was to have had pe Soudan.
Ye haue yove me to anoper m[an].”—
“Medame,” seide Armulus, “for lo[ve n]e drede,
Ne plesaunce of you, so God me sp[e]de,
We haue at pis tym ye yove pe degre.
For only beste deserved it hath he.”
Lo, pis lady in herte was gladde
Of hir Iugement ; yite she made
As though she had no deynte
That to hir was Iuged Partonope.
And yite if thei chose anopere,
She had leuer be raunsoned for many a fopere
Of golde, pen to haue loste Partonope so.
Thus wele and better can ladies do.
Therfore I counseyle now every lover
To his soucreyn lady so truly hym bere,
pat he may worthely of hir aske grace.
For pough it happe hym in some place
Of hir to be answerd fuH lightly,
Yite loke he hir serve perseverantly.
For in longe service it may happe pat she
Wolde shew hym of hir benignyte.

Now let vs speke of pis Soudan,
That stonte stih as a mased man,
CarefuH, pensife, and hevy of chere,
That chonged clene is aH his manere,
Loste for euer is* his plesaunce,
Wherfore he pinketh hie vengeauncc.*
To take on homward turned is he,
With aH his oste into his contre.
Thus fuH of care departeth pe Soudan.
And Partonope abideth as a glad man,
And Cursolote by pe hande anone hym taketh,
And of hym to Meliore a present maketh.

12093-95. The brackets indicate hole in MS.
12118. is] MS. as.
12119-20 are inverted in MS.


[My] wyll was to haue hadde ye Soudan . . Armu’us . . love ne drede
[Ye h]ane give me to another man * * * *
Wherof so glad and Joyfull is she,
That to-gedre in armes clasped thei be,
And kysses and talke and make good chere,
And is for-yete pat done is ferne yere.
Rehersed is no-ping, but ah gladnesse.  
[leaf 153, back]  
The hertes pat a-fore were in distresse.
Be now at large and oute of prison[c].
Joy is come, paide is pe Raunsone.
For Partonope hap now ah his d[es]yre.
And ah ping pat may be to his plesyre
To hym ayeinward now dope she.
bus in endlesse blisse baped thei be,
The good hertes of pes lovers two.
Ya, who can teH po loies now*
That they bene In firsope not I.
But pe sorowe and pe care fuH truly
That longeth to love, pat can I teH.
Thei are in heven, and now I in hell.
Now lete vs teH of Partonope
And of his lady, pat to-gedre be
In joy and welthe with plesaunce.
Now hath Partonope cause to daunce.
For into a chambr e now is he ladde,
And in riche clopes fuH wele y-cladde.
The day of mariage in haste is sette,
To chirche royally pei be bope fette.
A patriarche dope the solemnpyte;
Knytte in wedloke to-gedre thei be.
Of mariage no longer wolde thei abide,
For longe abidden hath he pat tide.
The patriarche, with-oute any more lete,
On eiper of her hedes a crowne he sette
Of golde, fuH riche of stones and perrie.
And bus hath now Partonope
Receyued pe dignyte of a kyng.
Lo, what it is to be true in lovyng.
He is a kyng, and she also a queen,
Knytte to-gedre in Goddes lawe they ben.

12132, 12134. The brackets indicate hole in MS.
12139. po loies now] M.S. now loies who.
The wedding festivities are splendid.

Many trompe now dope per sowne,
Also taketh vp many a claryoun.
Pipes and makers so many assemble,
As though all pe worlde shuld tremble.
The feste is holde fuH royally,
And also served they be stately,
As suche persones oweth to be. [leaf 154]
Of mete pere laketh no deynte.
It nedeth not to make reheresynge
Of pe names pat ben pe[r] of kynges,
Ne of dukes, Erles, n[e of baro]ny,
Ne of pe nombre of grete ch[i]valry,
Of patriarches and Erchbissshoppes also.
I lete bishoppes, abbotes, and priours go.
What nedeth it to speke of trechetours?
Of her nyse playes or of gestours,
Or of chauntoirs pe grete maisters,
Or of herawdes, rebawdes, or wyne tasters?
But lete us teH, when pe feste was do,
How pes hote lovers to chamber go,
And after how they ben brought to bedde,
And how pat nyght her life they ledde,
And in what Ioy then they be.
But pis may not be declared for me,
Ne what her Ioy was, ne her delite,
For I was neuer yite in pat plite.
But in hye plesaunce I lete hem be,
And pray to God of love pat he
His seruaunte departe so of his grace,
That they may stonde in pe same case
In which faire Melior and her love hath be.
And pus Endeth pe Romans of Partonope.

12164
12168
12172
12176
12180
12184
12188
12192

12173-75. Hole in MS. Conjectural letters in brackets.
Whilum ther was a noble kynge,
That was dowghtty holden in dede.
Atte instys and atte turnementtynge
Hee bare hym weelle upon a stede.
He was curteys in alle thynge,
And whit lawte his land dede leede.
He hadde thanne two dowghttris yinge,
That frely fayre thay were for [alle] stede.
They were the Feyreste maydenis two
That evere men knewe on any syde.
Here Moder, thee queene, deyde hem fro,
That lonely was of hewe and hyde.
Melior was thee Eldere maydenys name,
That wonder fayire was on to see,
And as a wyght moost worthily in wane.
Vrake was kleped here suster free;
Melior was wyght as whalis boon,
With Rode as Reed as Rose is of hewe.
Soo fayir a foede men myghtte fynde noon,
Thorghw alle thee worlde to remewe.
Thorghw alle thee worlde to wende,
Scholde men fynde noon so fayir.
Here fader the king, Curteyis and heende,
Made mayde Melior his ayir.
That goodly Mayde gay under gore,
That was so bryght and holde of here ble.
Hendely was she sette to lore,
As lawe wolde of that cuntree.
All bare whanne hier vesage wore,
A swettere thyng myghtte noman see.
In a twelve-Monethe sche lerned more
Thanne other Clerkys dede in verys three.
So weelle lernede that Mayden gent.
And she knew magic arts.

That fair was as flowr on hille,
That sche cowthe with a chaumentment
Worche alle thyng to hiere owne wille.
Wyght as swan sche hadde the swire,
That swete and swathel was to be-holde.
As leyle leef sche hadde the lyire,
Bryght browys, fayre bent and bolde,
Hiere heer fyerde as droht gold wyre,
That lovely was to feele and foole.
Whanne sche was tiffed in hiere attire,
Man knewen noon swych atte will to holde.
[They of hiere] will were [fully at oo],
That were so fayr and fre [hat stonde].
Whanne hiere fader dyde [hem fru],
Thanne was she quene of that londe.
[She] that was fayr of fote and honde,
[And so] Riche a quene of [goodly chere],
[Therefore sche sente] bothe feer and nere,
Thorghw alle Reawmis sche sente hiere sonde
To loke who best myghtte * been here pere.
And atte the laste a chyilde they fonde
That of vysage was fayir and klere.
Hee was fayir in alle thyng
And swiche dwayne on spere and lawnce,
And cosyn was to thee Riche kyng
That atte that tym was kyng of Prawnce.
Hee was so goodly a creature
That to hym every man yaf voyis.
That was seyen in halle and bowre
Over all othere he hadde thee choyis.
He was ryght stif in every stowr,
With-owten best or other greet noyse.
Hee was wyght as is the lylie flowr.
His name was Pertinepe de Bloys,
The Messageris thanne wenten hoom,
And tolde the Mayden this tidynge
Soo fayr a chyild sawe they never noon:
Hee is Earl of Bloys and cosyn to the kyng.
Thanne this Mayde so bryght of blee
In hertte that werde sone she hunte.
And thoughtte the chyld hiero-self to see
Fulle sone with her enchawntement.
Previly hiero greythis that bryght of blee.
In-to thee Keawme of Prawne sche wente,
And sone com unto the selle Citee
Theer this gentell chyld was lente.
Sche dwellede theer to see this chyld
That soo dowhtty was of his dede,
Whittene thanne is the flour in feyld ;
Sche sawe nevere noon of his fayrhede.
A while this lady dwellede thare.
Thee chyld hiero lyked oftetymes to sene,
Best to asspye what his condicionys ware.
For they were bothe goode and klene.
So fayire a chyld she sawe neuvere are : His colour was so bryght and schene.
Thanne home ayen gan she to fare,
But noman ne wyste where she hadde bene.
   All hiero lone on hym was lente
That was as wyght as whalis boone.
She thoughtwte whit her enchawntement
To haue that worthy under wone.
Afterward it fell uppon a day
Thee kyng on huntynge he wolde ryde
With horn and howndys for to play.
Pertinope wentte by his syde.
Thorgw enhawntement of that may
They Reysede an hart with hornis wyde.
Thee chyld gan folwe faste on his way,
Till that he come to thee see-syde.
So feer he folwede after that deer,
As the Romaw[m]e serteynly sayis,
That horn no hownd myghte hee noon here,
But entrede Ryght in-to Ardenays.
Ardenays was * a wyilde forest,
That no man durste hunte thare
For liowns, liberdys, and other wylde beestis
That gryisly were in holtis hare.

109. was twier.
Dragounys dreifully drowen of Reste
And made this chyld aferde fulle sore.
And thanne to God up his hertte hee caste.
Hee sayde: "Ihesu, Mercy thyne Oore!"
Ne let me nevere here to been shent,
As thow suffredst woundys wyde."

Thanne thorghw thee Maydenys enchauntment
A schip come seilynge hym faste be-syde.
Thee chyld a-feerd was under bowgh.
Noo man thorte hym ther-offe wyte;
For dragoun owt of here dennys they drogh,
And made thee chyld haue sorwe in syghtte.
Thee schip come seilynge faste j-nowgh,
And atte a banke it longe gan to a-byde.
Thee chyld thanne wendis in-to that schowgh;
It was covered with samyte that tyde.
His hors, his howndes to hym were browght,
But * hee ne wiste in what manere.

Soo fayire a vesselle that schip him thawght,
Hee hadde seen noon that nyghtte be the peere.
Thee chyld stode thee schip with-inne,
And it avaled froo thee banke with-owte dowte.
Thee sayil to thee Mast-top sone gan wynne.
By thanne hee sawe no man hym a-bowte.
Bryght as gold thanne gane hit brente,
Withstonys that weren Riche and stowte.
Afeerdnesse than in his herte gan renne,
For of thee devell hee hadde great dowte.
Greet dowte hee hadde of a cwi1bersaunce,
And besowghtte to God with herte free
To schilde and saue hym from meschaunce,
For hee ne sawe nowt but thee wyilde see.
Thanne thorghw hier enchauntmentis Rygth
Thee schip was alle gooldly by-goone.
As gold a-bowte hit gleterede bryght
And sette with manye a Rialle stone.
His herte to God hee haf up on heyghe,
Prayinge hym to saue hym blood and boone,
And blessede hym well with alle his myghte,
The Shorter Version.

And evere to owre makyng his mone. 152
His moone hee made with herette and honde.
Thee gentill chyld that was so free,
Hee sayledo ower the stronde,
And so hee arryuede atte a fayr Citee.

Upoun the lond whanne hee was lente,
Owt of the schip he made hym bowne.
His hors, his howndys up he hem lente,
Hee sawe neure eere so fayr a towne.
Thanne there dwellede thee Mayde gent
In a Castell of greet renown.

Thanne there dwellede thee Mayde fen;
In a Castell of greet renown.

Thede the way witterly hee went,
And in that place he lyghtte a-down.
Whanne this gentel chyld was a-lyght,
His hors, his howndys were taken him froo,
And yit saw hee noon erthely man with syght.
Thanne thowghtte hym wonde it sholde be soo.
Ryght euen to the hall hee hym spedde,
This curteys chyld dowghtty and sley.
The boord was sette, the kloht was sprudde.
Hym hungrede sore and drowe hym ney;
In styf travaile hee hadde been stadde.
Hee wychs and wentte to benche on hey.

Thee cvnily cloth [ . . . . . . . ].
Towailys wyghtte as chalk [ . . . . ].
By-fore hym were spred fulle good and [ . . ].
Basyn and lauere was brought hym tille,
Sette with manye a Ryche stoone
To serve thee semely chyld in halle.
But man no woman sawe he noone.

Hee ne sawe no man that was by,
But basyns, lauouris abowte gunne glide,
As it were atte a greet Mangerie
The Shorter Version.

With fayr semblawnt on every a syde. 192

All thys queintise theer was done

Thorghwe thee Maydenis Enchauntement.

Spicis theer come with that Ryght sone,
In chargeowris of golde abowte they went.

Wyin after thanne drank hee sone.

Thanne biernys bourdys of trestelys hent.

To God thee chyild ay bade his bone
To saue hym froo thee fendys cvmberment.

As that day thus was he fedde
With fayr servise atte his wille.

Afterwards he is led to bed by torchlight.

He eats and drinks.

Hee

He is

and

the

torches

disappear.

&nd

and

The lady soon joins him.

She orders him to leave the bed.

He begs her to have pity on him.

Hee

He is

Undressed,

Atte Eeven whanne he sholde go to bedde,

Hee was browght a fayr chavmber tille.

This gentil chyilde Pertinope
Into a Chavmber was hee * gone. [* MS. was hee was.]

Ryght greete torchys uppon to see
By-fore hym were lyght fulle good won.

Hee fonde a bed of a Riche blee
With clothys of golde alle by-gone.

A-down thanne sat that chyild so free,
And his array was taken of anone.

Thee Chavmber was peynted full Rially
Of Bataylis that were full gay and stowte.
The chyild to bedde thanne gan heye.

The torchis sone were doon owte.

Also sone as hee missede the lyght,
That the torchis awey were hentte,
His hertte to God he lefte up Ryght,
And made his prayeris with good entente.

[He] blessede hym with alle his myght.
[And] sone thanne come that lady gent.
[Sche] of hiere Robis [was sone] vndyght.
[Streyght] unto that bed sche went.
[And into] bed whanne she was greythed,
[Thanne] of hiere speche gan sche [on hey]the,
[And saide]: "Thow that thus here art beaded,
[Arise and] voyde my chavmber swythe!"

Thanne saide hee: "Lady, haue mercy on me
For thee loun of Ihesu curteys and kynde,
For I am sted in a stravnge cunteere.
That I me woot wheeder to wende."

Thee gentelle chyyl Pertinope,
Sone hee neghede thanne that lady hende.
In Armes hee klipte that womman fre.
Softe as selk hee gan hierc lynde.
And hee was bothe soft and swete
In Armes bothe to fele and fodele.
Of hone longynge hee wolde nowt lete,
But wroghtte his will with the hyerde boode.
Whanne he hadde his [will] so wroght,
Thanne spake to hym that lady gente:
"Pertinope, mysemynforte thee nowght."
And with lone in Armes sche hym hente,
And se[de]: " Fro Frawnce I haue thee browghtte
Thorghw crate of myne enchantemente.
Loke that thou bee stable of thoughtte,
For alle my lone is on thee hente.
Hollyche my lone is lent on thee
As for thee worthieste vnder wede.
But for alle thee gold in Christianee
I ne wolde not ellys hane done that dede.
Thow art comen of thee genteleste blood
That in this world men knewen here byfore,
Of thee king of Frawnce fayr and good,
And also of thee kyende of sire Ectore.
And fore-thy my love so on the stood,
That me longede to thee Kyght sore.
Now welcome be thow, frely fode,
And worchen thow shalt after my lore.
Yif that thow yerne me for to see
Of all this twelue-Monthe aynst my will,
Thanne forboost thow bothe thee a me.
For-thy bee trewe and holde thee stille.
Yif thou wilt * dou as I thee say
And hele weH owre provytee,
Gled shalt * thow have thee with to play
I-nowght to wende thorughw echc cunteere.
The kyng of Frawnce that most dou May
When they arise in the morning, Gaudin encourages Partonope to fight well, otherwise his army is lost.

Gaudin will help him.

Having heard mass they ride to the field.

The old duke notices them. The king of France arrays the outer party.

Ne shaH nowt haue so greet plentee. Thyself art stalworth stowt man and gay, And bataylis shalt thou seche and see. Whanne than kryst thouw woldest haue Gold ovther seluyr for to spende, Of noman I ne wolde that thou it crave. Inowgh with queyntise I wolde thee sende.”

In thee morwe whanne they aRoos, Thee knyght toke his armies hym tH. Pertinope seyde hee wery was, And Gaudyn seyde: “For shame, bee stH. But thou bee dowghttj now this day, All is nowt worht as thou weeH woost. Bere thee weeH now in thyss turnay, Ore ellys thy longe travaile is lost. Thee sowdan thenkyht to haue that may Whit his Richesse and his greet boost, Forto bee whit hiero bothe nyght and day, And lord and syre of all that coost. Loke now that thou bee dowghttj in dede, For thou shalt haue greet helpe of mee. For whanne that thou art wery in thy wede, Thenk vppon thy lady free.”

But whanne thyss lordys hadde herd masse, They assembled were alle by-dene. LyteH and mekyH, more and lasse, AH they weren apparayled clene. Thanne come there knyghttis twoo A softe paas fram thee foreste Ryde. The Oolde dewk to his felawys seyde thoo: “Now come my children that wolde abyde.”

The kyng of Frawnce was man dowghttj, Amongis his folkys theer bee Roode And arrayde thee vtter partye Whit theyre baneris bryghtte and broode. Theer was noysse of Menstralceye, Trwumps, tabowris and nakernis made. Theerwhit they casten vp a lowd crye. Thee folk they joynede, for heygh they had.

END OF FRAGMENT.
Early English Text Society.

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The Early English Text Society was started by the late Dr. Furnivall in 1864 for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England had long rested, of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early language and life.

On the starting of the Society, so many Texts of importance were at once taken in hand by its Editors, that it became necessary in 1867 to open, besides the Original Series with which the Society began, an Extra Series which should be mainly devoted to fresh editions of all that is most valuable in printed MSS. and Caxton's and other black-letter books, though first editions of MSS. will not be excluded when the convenience of issuing them demands their inclusion in the Extra Series.

During the forty-eight years of the Society's existence, it has produced, with whatever shortcomings, and at a cost of over £30,000, an amount of good solid work for which all students of our Language, and some of our Literature, must be grateful, and which has rendered possible the beginnings (at least) of proper Histories and Dictionaries of that Language and Literature, and has illustrated the thoughts, the life, the manners and customs of our forefathers and foremothers.

But the Society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Cynewulf, Chaucer, and Shakspere, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech. 'Let the dead past bury its dead' is still the cry of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of America, in the matter of language. The Society has never had money enough to produce the Texts that could easily have been got ready for it: and many Editors are now anxious to send to press the work they have prepared. The necessity has therefore arisen for trying to increase the number of the Society's members, and to induce its well-wishers to help it by gifts of money, either in one sum or by instalments. The Committee trust that every Member will bring before his or her friends and acquaintances the Society's claims for liberal support. Until all Early English MSS. are printed, no proper History of our Language or Social Life is possible.

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 Is. a year for the Original Series, and £1 Is. for the Extra Series, due in advance on the 1st of January, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. Dalziel, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists but Members can get back-Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.
November 1911. A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopas was sketched by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition of Political, Religious and Love Poems, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS., prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued next year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original Series Texts for 1909 were No. 137, the Twelfth-Century Homilies in MS. Bodley 313, edited by Prof. A. O. Belfour, M.A., Part I, the Text; and No. 138, the Coventry Last Book, Part III, edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris, completing the original text of the Book.

The Original Series Texts for 1910 were No. 139, John Aisbernæ's Treatises on Fistulæ in ane, etc., edited by D'Arcy Power, M.D., English about 1425 from the Latin, of about 1399 A.D.; No. 140, Cyprian's Lives of St. Augustine and St. Gilbert of Sempringham, A.D. 1451, edited by J. J. Munro.

The Original Series Texts for 1911 were, No. 141, Earth upon Earth, all the known texts, edited by Miss Hibba Murray, M.A.; No. 142, The English Register of Godwin's nursery, Part III, containing Forewords, Grammar Notes and Indexes, edited by Dr. Andrew Clark; and No. 143, The Works of Alexander, edited from the Thornton MS. by J. S. Westlake, M.A. (still at press).

The Texts for future years will be chosen from Part III of The Brut; Part III of the Alphabet of Tales, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part II of the English Register of Osney Abbey, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark; Part II of Prof. Belfour's Twelfth Century Homilies; and Part IV of Miss Dormer Harris's Coventry Last Book. Later Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brune's Handling of Spenser, with a Glossary of Win. of Waddington's French words in his Manuel des Poètes, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson Brown; Part II of the Exeter Lector—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, Litt. D.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holtham's Vices and Virtues; Part II of Jacob's Well, edited by Dr. Brandels; the Alliterative Siege of Jerusalem, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kolbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the Minor Poems of the Vernon MS. by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's Quadrilogue, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford No. 83, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins; and the Early Verse and Prose in the Harleian MS. 2253, re-edited by Miss Hibba Murray. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough having given the Society a copy of the Ludovicus Cancille, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the English version of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra Series Texts for 1909 were, No. CIV, The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays, re-edited by O. Waterhouse, M.A.; and No. CV, The Tale of Beryn, with a Prologue of the merry Adventure of the Parsoner with a Tapster at Canterbury, printed from a cast of the Chaucer Society's plates. As the Society hadn't money enough to pay for its Troy Book, Part II, in 1909, it had to take that out of its income of 1909; and it was therefore obliged to borrow from the Chaucer Society the amusing Tale of Beryn, edited by the late Dr. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone.

The Extra Series Texts for 1910 were No. CVI, Lydgate's Troy Book, Part III, containing Books IV and V, completing the text, edited by H. Bergen, Ph.D.; and No. CVII, Lydgate's Minor Poems, Part I, Religious Poems, with the Lydgate Canon, edited by H. N. MacCracken, Ph.D.

The Extra Series Texts for 1911 were, No. CVIII, Lydgate's Siege of Thebes, Part I, the text, edited from the MSS. by Dr. A. Erdmann; and No. CIX, Partenope, Part I, edited from its 3 MSS. by Dr. A. T. Boltker.

Future Extra Series Texts will be Lydgate's Minor Poems, Part II, Secular Poems, ed. by Dr. H. N. MacCracken; Lydgate's Troy Book, Part IV, edited by Dr. H. Bergen; Ly Maledictum, re-edited by Prof. Debremont; Lydgate's Romance of Merlin, re-edited by Prof. E. A. Koch, Part II; Miss Eleanor Power's re-edition of Sir Gawthorpe and Sir Perceval; Miss K. B. Lowes's re-edition of Hylton's Ladder of Perfection; Miss Warren's two-text edition of The Dance of Death from the Eellsquare and other MS.; The Owl and Nightingale, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of Mirk's...
Festival, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath’s re-editioi of William of Shorham’s Poems, Part II; Prof. Israel Gollancz’s re-editioi of two Alliterative Poems, Winn or and Waster, &c.; about 1869; Dr. Norman Moore’s re-editioi of The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London, from the unique MS. about 1425, which gives an account of the founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; The Craft of Nombringe, with other of the earliest English Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B. A.; and the Second Part of the prose Romance of Melusine—Introduction, with ten fasciinies of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B. A.

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include The Three Kings’ Sons, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collatioi of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen’s editions of John Hart’s Orthographie (MS. 1551 a. d.; black-letter 1569), and Method to teach Reading, 1570; Deguilleville’s Pilgrimage of the Soole, in English prose, edited by Mr. Hans Koetstner. (For the three prose versions of The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years’ work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years’ work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have over 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville’s Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham’s MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and luckily all the E. E. T. S’s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Sens, wrote his first verse Pilgrimage de l’Homme in 1330-1 when he was 36. 1 Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of i t, 2 a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, ab. 1430 a.d., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Fr. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Land Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740. 3 A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John’s Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Land MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Fr. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library; 4 “The Pilgrim or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World,” copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy “was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1615, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1619; and from thence by W. A. 1655.” This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his Pilgrim’s Progress. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Heritages edition of the Gesta Romanorum for the Society. In February 1644, 5 Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville’s first verse Pilgrimage into a prose Pilgrimage de la vie humaine. 6 By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes’s French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society’s edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville’s Pilgrimage de l’Homme, a.d. 1355 or -6, was Englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426, and, thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, John Stowe, a complete text of Lydgate’s poem has been edited for the Society by Dr. Furnivall. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4339, 7 and Additional 22,937 8 and 25,594 9 ) are all of the First Version.

1 He was born about 1295. See Abbe Goujet’s Bibliothèque française, Vol. IX, p. 734. P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.
2 The Roxburghe Club’s copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.
3 These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.
4 Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.
5 According to Lord Aldenham’s MS.
6 These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.
7 16th cent., containing only the Vie humaine.
8 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ’s.
9 14th cent., containing the Vie humaine and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l’Ami: both incomplete.
Besides his first *Pélerinage de l'Homme* in its two versions, Degraveville wrote a second, "de l'ame separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Jesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems, by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regiment of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615, at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1, 7, and Cains), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of additions' as Caxton says, and some shortening too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englischer's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englancing of the *Soule* has been copied and will be edited for the Society by Mr. Hans Koesstner. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englancing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin reduction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Lomman has prepared for a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—"that it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallellised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that fresh Subscribers are always wanted, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English Lives of Saints, sooner or later. The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmore MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c., will repeat the Land set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Land 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trevisa's englashing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the medieval *Cyclopaedia of Science*, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. An Editor for it is wanted. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of *Elfrie's prose*, Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of *Elfrie's Metrical Homilies*. The late Prof. Kolbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Aureae Rerum*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four; and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thimmoller. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society, which has done such admirable work under its founders Prof. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1857, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zapitz and Kölling, the living Hanischke, Ewenkel, Haenisch, Kahne, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandes, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kuck; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (als, now dead)—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Prof. Mcal, McKnight, Hulme, Bryce, Craig, Drs. Bergen, Maetsock, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has called forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

1 Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, lawny, &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels, &c.

2 Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the *Elfrie Society*, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.
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