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SIRE DEGREVAUNT

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1896









THE ROMANCE OF SIR DEGRE-  
VAUNT ❀ ❀

Sire Degrevvaunt, & theynke & thanke

**L**ORD GODE IN  
Trynite,  
Yeff home hevenc  
for to se,  
That loveth the ga-  
mene and gle,  
And gestys to  
fede.  
Ther folke sitis  
in fere,

Shulde mene herkene and here  
Off gode that beffore hem were,  
That levede on arthede;  
And y schalle karppe off a knyght,  
That was both hardy and wyght,  
Sire Degrevaunt that hend hyght,  
That dowghty was of dede.  
Was nevere kyngh that he fond,  
In fraunce ne in Englund,  
Myght sette a schafft of hys hond  
One a stythe stede!

**W**YTH kyng Arrtor, y wene,  
And wyth Gwennor the quene,  
He was knowun for kene,

**A good knight** That comelych knyght;  
In Hethenesse and in Spayne,  
In fraunce and in Bryttayne,  
Wyth Persevalle and Gawayne,  
for herdy and wyght!  
He was dowghty and dere,  
And ther newew fulle nere,  
Ther he of dedys might yhere,  
By days or by nyght.  
forthy they name hem that stounde  
A knyght of tabulle round,  
As maked is in the mappemound,  
In storye full ryght.

**H**E was fayre mane and free,  
And gretlech yaff hym to gle,  
To harp and to sautre,  
And geterne full gay;  
Well to play in a rote,  
Off lewtyng, welle y wote,  
And syngyng many suet note,  
He bare the pryces aey.  
Yet gamenes hade he mere,  
Grehoundes for hert and hare,  
Both for bokes and the bare,

Be nyght and be day;  
 felle faukons and fayre,  
 Haukes of nobulle eyre,  
 Tylle his perke ganne repeyre,  
 By sexxti, y dar say.

A great  
 hunter  
 not given  
 to women

**H**E wold be upp or the day  
 To honte and to revay,  
 Gretly yaff hem to pley  
 Eche day to newe;  
 Tho here hys mas or he went,  
 Trewly in gode entaunt,  
 And seththe to bowe into the bente,  
 There games inne grewe.  
 Now to forest he founde,  
 Both wyt horne and with hound,  
 To breyng the deere to the grond  
 Was hys most glew;  
 Certus wyff wold he none,  
 Wench ne lemone,  
 Bot as an anker in a stone  
 He lyved evere trew.

Wealthy,  
ready  
to help,  
given  
to alms,  
deeds

**T**HERE was sesyd in hys hand  
A thousand poundus worth off land,  
Off rentes well settand,  
And muchelle delle more;  
An hounded plows in demaynus,  
fayere parkes inwyth haynus,  
Grett herdus in the playnus,  
Wyth muchelle tame store.  
Castelos wyth heygh wallus,  
Chambors wyth noble hallus,  
fayer stedes in the stallus,  
Lyard and soore;  
Wher he herd of anny cry,  
Evere he was redy,  
He passede never forth by  
In lond where they were.

**H**E lovede welle almos dede,  
Dowr men to cloth and fede,  
Wyth menske and manhede,  
Offe met he was fre;  
And also gester to calle,  
And mensteralus her in halle,  
He yaff hem robes off palle,  
Off gold and off fee.

In ych place whaer he comme,  
When he wente fram heme,  
They hade halowed hys name  
Wyth gret nobulle;  
In ych lond where he wentt,  
So many mene he hadd schennt,  
In justus and on tornament  
He whan evere the gre!

**H**ERE wonede an eorl him besyd,  
Ye a lord off mochelle pryd,  
That hadd viij. forestes ful wyd,  
And bowres fulle brode;  
He hade a grete spyt of the knyght,  
That was so hardy and wyght,  
And thought howe he best myght  
That dowghty to grode.  
He was sterne and stoute,  
And rode in a gay route,  
And brak hys parkes about,  
The best that he hade;  
Therinne he made a sory pley,  
The fattest he feld in fey  
By sixty one a day,  
Suche maystries he made!

The  
Earl lays  
waste  
Degre-  
vaunt's  
lands

**N**E drowhe reveres with fysh,  
And slogh hys forsteres ywys.  
The knyght wyste not of thys,  
for soth y yow say;  
for he was in the holy lond,  
Dede of armes for to fond,  
The hethenemene with hys hond  
He feld hem offten in fey.  
Hys steward hadd a lettre ysent,  
A mesyngere hath hyt hent,  
And forth hys wey ys ywent,  
As fast as ever he mey:  
When he tulle hys lord come,  
The lettre in hys hand he nome,  
He sey, Alle yood to schome!  
And went one hys wey.

**W**YTH the knyght was none abad,  
He buskyd hyme forth and rade  
fram the frount of the garnad,  
As faste as he myght;  
Sone he pased the see,  
He and hys meney,  
And come into hys contre  
By the twelthe nyght.

Tyll hys maner he went,  
A feyre place he fond schent,  
Hys husbondus that yaf rent  
Was yheryyed dounryght:  
His tenauntrie was alle done,  
The best in every tone;  
His fayre perkes wer comene,  
And lothlych bydyght!

He comes  
home and  
finds his  
lands  
harried

**H**E closed hys perkes ayene;  
His husbondus they were fayene,  
He lent hem oxone and wayne  
Of his owne store,  
And also sede for to sowe,  
Wyght horse for to drow,  
And thought werke be lawe,  
And wyth none other schore.  
forthi a lettre has he dyght  
To this eorl opon myght,  
He preyd hem to do him ryght,  
Ar telle hyme whereffore;  
And wyth sqwere he him sent,  
Off an hondred pond of rent,  
And forth hys wey ys he went  
To wytt hys answer.

He sends  
a squire  
to the  
Earl

**T**HE sqwyere wold noghte habyd,  
Bot forthe faste gunne he ryde  
Unto the palesse of Pryde,  
Thare the erle wounde:  
Sone so he of hym had syghte,  
Sir Sere of Cypirs he highte,  
Was buskede with many a knyghte  
In the foreste to hunte;  
He was steryne and stowte,  
With many knyghtes hym abowte.  
The sqwyere thoght gret dowte  
To byde his firste brount!  
Therefore wold he noghte lett,  
Sone with hym als he mett,  
Evene to hym was he sett  
With his horse front.

**T**HE squiere nolde nat downe lyght,  
Bot haylis this eorl opone hyght,  
And sethes bowrone and knyght,  
With wordes fulle wise;  
He held the lettre by the nooke,  
And to the eorle he hit toke;  
And he thereone gane loke,  
And seyde his avys,



And spake to the squiere,  
Ne were thow a messengere,  
Thow shuld abey ryght here,  
Undere this wode rys!  
I wulle fore thy lordes tene,  
Honte hys foresstus and grene,  
And breke his perkes bydene,  
Proudeste of prys!

The Earl  
wytes the  
Squire,  
who  
answers

**G**HANNE the squiere seyde sone,  
Syre, that is nat well done,  
Ye have lefft hyme bot whone  
In herde is nat to hyde:  
He that seyth that hit is ryght,  
Be he squiere othere knyght,  
Here my glove one to fyght,  
What chaunce so betyde!  
Syr, yeff hit be youre welle,  
Thenkes that ye han don ylle,  
Y rede ye amend to schkylle,  
for wothes is ever wyde!  
The eorl answeryd ywyse,  
Y wolle nat amend that mese,  
Y counte hyme nat at a cres  
for alle hys mechelle pryd!

The  
Squire  
tells how  
he has  
sped

**W**HAN the eorl wax worth,  
And swore many a gret owth,  
He schold be messaggere lothe  
But he hys wey wente!  
He toke his leve withouten nay,  
And wendus forth one his way,  
As fast as ever he may,  
Over the brode bent.  
He come home at the none,  
And told how he hade done;  
The knyght asked him as sone,  
What answer he sent.  
Sir, and he may as he ment,  
His game wolt he never stent,  
Thyself and he may the hent,  
I telle the, for yschent.

**W**HAN syr Degrevvaunt syght,  
And byheld the hevene upan hyght,  
Jhesus, save me in my ryght,  
And Maré me spede!  
And y schalle yeff Gode a vow,  
Some of us schalle hyt row!  
Hyt schalle not be for his prow,  
And y may right rede!

¶ Anone to armus they hom dyght,  
As fast as evere they myght,  
Both squier and knyght,  
Wys under wede;  
Ther was armed one hye  
Tene score knythis redy,  
And iij. hondred archerus by,  
fulle goode at here nede.

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
arms, he  
and his

**A**NONE to the forest they found,  
There they stotede a stound;  
They pyght pavelouns round,  
And loggede that nyght.  
The eorle purveyede him an ost,  
And com in at another cost,  
Wyth his brag and his bost,  
Wyth many a ferres knyght;  
He uncouplede his houndus  
Withinne the knyghtus boundus;  
Bothe the grene and the groundus  
They halowede an hyght:  
Thus the forest they fray,  
Hertus bade at abey;  
One a launde by a ley  
These lordus downne lyght.

The  
hunting  
of the  
Earl

**S**EXTENE hertus wase yslayne,  
And wer brought to a pleyne,  
Byfore tho cheff cheventene  
Yleyd wer yffere.

Thane seys the erle on the land,  
Wher ys now sir Degrevvaund?  
Why wol not come this gyant  
To rescow his dere?

Hys proud hertes of grese  
Bereth no chartur of pes;  
We schalle have som ar we sese,  
Y wold he wer here!  
Trewely, are he went,  
He schuld the game repent,  
The proud lettre that he sent  
By hys squiere.

**S**YRE DEGREVVHUNT was so nere,  
That he the wordes can here;  
He seyde, Avaunt banere,  
And trompes apone hyght!  
Hys archerus that were thare,  
Both lase and the mare,  
As swythe were they thare,  
To shote were they dyght.

Thane the eorle was payd,  
Sone his batelle was reyde,  
He was nothyng afreyd  
Off that feris knyght;  
Now ar they met one a feld,  
Both with spere and with sheld,  
Wyghtly wepenes they weld,  
And fersly they fyght!

They  
join  
battle

**A**ND whan the batelle enjoined,  
With speres ferisly they foynede,  
There myght no sege be ensoyned,  
That faught in the feld;  
Wyth bryght swerdus one the bent  
Rych hawberkes they rent,  
Gleves gleteryng glent  
Opone geldene scheldus.  
They stykene stedus in stoure,  
Knyghtus thorow her armere,  
Lordus off honore,  
Opone the hethene heldus;  
Thenne foughtene so ferisly,  
Ther weste non so myghty,  
Who schold have the victory,  
Bot he that alle weldus.

The Earl  
is van-  
quished

**T**HE doughty knyght sure Degrevaunt  
Leys the lordes one the laund,  
Thorw jepun and jesseraund,  
And lames the ledes:  
Schyre scheldus they schrede,  
Many dowghty was dede,  
Ryche maylus wexen rede,  
So manye bolde dedus.  
Thus they fowghtene one frythe,  
Kene kyneghus inwith kyth,  
Wo wrekes thare wryth,  
These doughty one dedus!  
Burnes he hadde yborne doune,  
Gomes wyth gambisoune  
Lyes opone bent broune,  
And sterff undere stedus.

**S**IRE DEGREVAUNT, the gode knyght  
Brightenes the basnettus bryght;  
Hys feris ferysly they fyght,  
And felles home to grond:  
The knyghtus of the eorlus hous,  
That were yhalden so chyvalrous,  
And in batelle so bountyveus,  
They deydene alle that stond!

The eorl hove and beheld,  
Both with spere and with scheld,  
How they fayre in the feld,  
And syght unsound;  
The best mene that he ledde,  
He hadd ylefft home to wedde,  
With fyffty spers is he fledd,  
And wodelech was ywound.

He flees  
leaving  
many  
slain

**S**YR DEGRIVVANT and his mene  
feld home faste in the fene,  
As the deere in the dene  
To dethe he thame denges!  
Wyth scharpe exus of stelle  
He playtede here basnetus welle,  
Many a knyght gart he knelle  
In the mornyng.  
Sire Degrevant was fulle thro,  
Deperted her batelle atwo;  
The eorl fley and was wo,  
One a stede cane he spryng:  
He laf slawe in a slak  
forty score on a pak,  
Wyd opene one here bake,  
Dede in the lyng.

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
has lost  
not one

**S**YRE DEGREVVANT gat a sted,  
That was gode in ilk a ned;  
Many a side grat he bled,  
Thorow dent of his spere,  
And schased the eorl within a whylle,  
More then enleve mele.  
Many bold gert he syle,  
That byfore dud hym dere!  
He come schygyngge ayene,  
And of hys folk was fyene,  
And fond nevere one slayne,  
Ne worse be a pere.  
He knelyde doune in that place,  
And thankyd God of his grace;  
And alle wend that there was  
Tylle his feyre manere.

Here endyth the furst fit.

Howe say ye? will ye any more of hit?



**L**EVE TO SOPER THEY  
dyght,  
Both squiere and knyght;  
They daunsed and revelide  
that nyght,  
In hert were they blythe.



And whane the eorl come hame,  
He was wonded to schame;  
The lady ses he was lame,  
And swouned fulle swyth!  
Offte she cryed, Alas!  
Have ye nat perkus and chas?  
What schuld ye do a this place,  
Swych costus to kythe?  
☞ Dame, he seys, y was thare,  
And me rews now fulle sare,  
Y take my leve for evere mare  
Swych wronges to wrythe!

On the  
morrow  
Degre-  
vaunt  
rides to  
the Earl's  
castle and  
craves  
justing

**O**NE the morow sire Degrevaunt  
Dyght him at his avennaunt,  
On a sted ferraunt  
Yarmed at ryghtes.  
To the castelle he rad,  
With folkys that he had;  
At the barnekynch he abad,  
And lordelych doune lyghtes,  
And axed yef ther eny were,  
That wold hyme delyvere him ther  
Off thre corses of wer,  
Hym and xij. knythus;

The  
porter  
bears his  
message  
to the  
Earl,  
who re-  
fuses

He prayd the portere  
for to bene his mesengere,  
And to wit an answer,  
And anone he hym hytus.

**T**HE portere went to the halle,  
And to the eorl he cane calle,  
Her is comen to thus walle,  
V/armed apone a sted,  
Sire Degrevvant the gode knyght,  
With hey helmes bryght,  
Many bold mene and wyght,  
Wyse undere wede;  
He axit justes of were,  
And prays the of answer:  
He mad me his mesagere  
To walk one his ned.

✿ The eorl answerd an hy,  
Here is none redy,  
That schames that ilk doghety  
Sir Degrevaunt dedis.

**T**HE contase wendes to the halle,  
And hure doughter withalle;  
Sche was jentelle and smalle,

And lovesome to seyght.  
She lokyd one that aunterous,  
And seygh, Sire knyghtes,  
Thou art a mane marvelous,  
My troth y the plyght!  
Yeff Gode hath lent the grace,  
That thou hast vencoust thy foos,  
Ne sekes nat at oure ples  
Be day ne be nyght.

✻ The knyght spekes to that free,  
Maydame, wytes nat me,  
Muchelle mawgre hath he  
That chalangeth unryght!

**N**E sais, My perkes ar stroyed,  
And reveres endreyde;  
Y gretly ame anoyde,  
for south as y yow say!  
Whyle y wared in Spyane,  
He made my londes barreyne,  
My wodes and my warreyne,  
My wylde ys away!  
Y shalle do yow withowtene dred,  
He that dede me that dede,  
Y schalle quite heme his mede,

The  
Earl's  
daughter  
speaks  
with  
Degre-  
vaunt

He  
answers.  
She bids  
him make  
peace. He  
will fight  
it out

¶ telle yow in fay,  
Yeff y dey in the pleyne!  
That my fosteres hath slayne,  
He shalle award home eyane,  
As sone as y may!

**G**HANE spekes that wis inwith wane,  
Ye have welle good mene yslayne,  
¶ rede ye be at ane  
Or there dey any moo.

¶ The knyght answeres an hy,  
He schalle that bargayne aby,  
That dede me this vylany,  
As evere mote y goo!  
Madame, yef hit be youre welle,  
¶ pray yow take hit not to ille,  
¶ ame holdene thertylle  
To fyght on my foo;  
¶ telle yow trewly,  
Hyt leyves not so lyeghtly,  
Many dowghty schalle dey  
Or hyt ende soo!

**T**HE knyghth hoves in the feld  
Bothe weth ax and with sheld;  
The eorlus doughdere beheld  
That borlich and bolde,  
for he was armed so clene,  
With gold azoure fule schene,  
And with his trewe/loves bytwene,  
That frely to folde.  
She was comlech yclade,  
To ryche banrettes hur lade,  
Alle the beute sche hade  
Was joy to behold;  
Wyth love she wendus the knyght,  
In hert trewly he hyeght,  
That he shalle love that swet wyght,  
Acheve how hit wold.

Of his  
goodli-  
ness and  
hers

**N**Ow as evere hit cheve;  
The knyght takes his leve,  
Madame, takes not agreve  
A thyng that y yow say;  
Gret welle the eorl they lord,  
And sey we shalle not acord,  
Tylle my thyng be restored,  
That he hath done away.

He  
tells her  
he must  
have his  
gear again

Here afore myght he eyth  
Sone have made me aseyth;  
Nowe schalle he, magre his tyeth,  
for alle his grete arey!  
Trewly y undertake,  
Were hit not for youre sake,  
Y schalle hym wynly wake  
Or tomorow it were day!

**V**LETTE for my gentriose  
To do swych robberyse,  
for seche fayre laydes,  
There casteles to fray;  
Sene y mey do no mare,  
Tylle his freth wyle y fare,  
Y wolle no wyld best spare  
for soth alle this day!  
Anone to forest they founde,  
Both with horne and with hound,  
To breng the dere to the grond  
Alaund ther they lay:  
Thus this games he begane,  
Rachis reyally rane;  
Sexti bockes, ar he blane,  
Hadde he felde in fay.

**S**IRE DEGREVANT, ar he reste,  
Temedede the eorl one the beste,  
And hontede his forste  
Wyth bernus fulle bolde;  
His depe dychys he drowe,  
Hys whyght swannes he slow,  
Grete luces ynowe  
He gat home wold.  
Now hyme lykys no pley,  
To honte ne to revey,  
for mayd Melidore the may  
His care wax alle cold!  
As he hounted in a chas,  
He told his squier his case,  
That he loved in a place  
A frely to folde.

He hunts  
the Earl's  
land

**M**Y love is leliche ylyeght  
One a worthy wyeght,  
There is no berelle so bryght,  
Ne cristalle so clere;  
She is ware and wyse,  
Rode ronne hit ys,  
As the rose in the ris,  
Wyth tylle in lere.

He  
tells his  
Squire of  
his love  
for maid  
Melidore.  
The  
Squire  
asks who  
she is

She ys precious in palle,  
fere feyrest of alle,  
Y say hure ones one a walle,  
Y neyghed hure so nere;  
Y hade leve she were myne  
Thane alle the gold in the Reyne,  
fausoned one florene,  
She is myne so dere!

**H**IS squier answered ywyse,  
Lat me wyte what she is,  
And y wol syker the this,  
In payne of my lyff,  
That y wolle do that y mey,  
Both be nyght and be day,  
Yef y cane be any way  
Wyn hure to youre wyf;  
And here y shalle the ensure,  
Thi conselle nevere descure,  
Whylle my body may endure,  
Wyth swerd and wyth knyef  
That y shalle faythly fyeght,  
Both in wrong and in ryght,  
Or he be squier or knyght,  
Hyenese the wolle streff.



**M**ELYDORE ys hure naume,  
 Whyegh as the seys fame;  
 My bolde burnes wold me blame,  
 What bot is that y lye?  
 That I shoulde wow in a stede,  
 Ageyn alle mene rede,  
 And bothe my lyff and my dede  
 Ys loken in hur tye;  
 for she is frely and fair,  
 And the eorlus owne eyer,  
 I wolde nothing off their,  
 Broche ne bye.  
 I wolde aske tham na mare  
 But hyr body all bare,  
 And we frendes for evermare,  
 What doel that I drye!

**T**HAT sqwyer seyde hys avyse,  
 Think that ye ere enemys;  
 Lat some wye that ys wys  
 Walk one thus nede,  
 for I dare saffly swere,  
 Gyff he take the in werre,  
 Alle Englund here  
 Wold spek of thi dede,

The  
Squire  
tells him  
to take  
some  
other love;  
Degrivaunt  
gainsays  
it

And say hyt ys a folly,  
for to love thin enemy,  
Gyf thou gett a vylony,  
But maugre to mede;  
Other ladyes wolde say,  
Mygthe no womman the apay  
Bete maiede Mylder the may,  
Vlonkest on wede?

**T**HEN saide syr Degrivaunt,  
Thou shal not mak thin avaunt  
That I shall be recreaunt,  
for frende ne for fool  
Thou woldest halde me ful made,  
for the erle ful rade;  
Troust I be so made  
To leve my love so?  
At even arme the well  
Bothe in yren and in stel,  
And we shullen to the castel  
Bytwyx us owne two;  
Sertenly this ylke nyghth,  
I wyll see hyr with syghth,  
And spek with that byrde bryghth,  
for wel or for wo!

**T**O wryche coursers thei hente,  
And forthe here weys thei wente;  
Andir a lynd are thei lente,  
By a launde syde.  
Whyle hyt dawed lyghth day,  
The eorle buskede on hys way,  
Out at a posterne to play  
With knyghtis of pryde.  
Sir Degrivaunt helde hym styll,  
Whyle the eorle passyde the hyll,  
And seid hys squier hym tyll  
Pryvaly that tyde,  
I rede we hye us ful yerne  
In at the yond posterne,  
And let us halde us in derne  
The burde tyll abyde.

They two  
go to see  
the Maid,  
and note  
the Earl  
going out  
a gates

**S**YR DEGRIVAUNT tok non hede;  
In at the posterne he yede.  
The porter hade ben in drede,  
Hadd he ben thare.  
He that the yatt schulde kepe,  
He was go for to slepe;  
In at an orcherd thei lepe,  
Yarmede as thei ware.

They two  
go into a  
garden  
and abide  
the  
damsels  
going to  
church

The knyght and the squiere  
Resten in a rosere,  
Tylle the day wax clere,  
Andurne and mare;  
Whyle that hurde thei a bell  
Ryng in a chapell;  
To chyrche the gay dammisel  
Buskede hyr yare.

**S**CHE come in a vyolet,  
With whyghthe perl overfret,  
And saphyrus therinne isett  
On everyche a syde;  
All of pall work fyn,  
With miche and nevyn,  
Anerlud with ermyn,  
And overt for pryde.  
To tell hure botenus was toore,  
Anamelede with azoure;  
With topyes and trechoure  
Overtrasyd that tyde,  
Sche was recevyd a spanne  
Of any lyvand manne;  
Off rede golde the rybanne  
Glemyd hure syde.

**H**YR here was hyghthtyd on hold  
With a coronal of golde;  
Was never made upon mold  
So worthelyche wyghth.  
Sche was frely and fair,  
And well hyr semed hyr geyr,  
With ryche boses a payr,  
That derely were bydyghth  
With a front endent,  
With peyrl of orient,  
Out of Syprus was sent  
To that burd bryghth;  
Hur kerchevus was curyus,  
Hyr vyssag ful gracious.  
Sir Degrivaunt that amerus  
Had joye of that syghth.

**B**Y that the masse was iseid,  
The halle was ryaly areyd;  
The eorlle hadd irevayd,  
And in hys yerd lyghthus:  
Trompers tromped to the mete,  
They weshen and went to sette,  
So duden all the grete,  
Ladies and knyghttus.

When  
mass was  
said the  
Earl  
comes  
back, and  
eats in the  
hall

After  
dinner  
Mildore  
goes to  
the gar-  
den where  
they two  
are. He  
speaks  
to her

When the bordys were drawin,  
Ladyes rysen, was not to leyn,  
And wentten to chaumbur ageyne,  
Anon thei hom dyghthus;  
Dame Mildore and hyr may  
Went to the orcherd to play,  
Ther syr Degryvaunt lay  
Thei com anon ryghthus.

**S**YR DEGRIVAUNT withouten lett  
In an aley he hyr mete,  
And godlyche he hyr gret,  
That worthelyche wyghth,  
And seyde, Certys, lady and fre,  
Jhesu save the and see,  
Thi servaunt wold I be,  
My trougth I the plyghth I  
I wold spek, hadd I space,  
Prively in a place;  
My lyff ys loken in thi grace,  
Thou worthilyche wyghth I  
The byrd was gretely affraid,  
But natheles hoo was wel paid,  
He was so ryally arayd,  
That commolyche knyghth.

**T**HE byrd answerus on hyghth,  
Whethur thou be squier or knyghth,  
Me thenkus thou not dost ryghth,

Sothely to say;

That thou commyst armid on werre,

To maydenus to afferre,

That walkes in here erbere

Prively to play.

By God and by Sent Jame,

Y know not thi name,

Thou erte gretely to blame,

I tell the in fay!

**T**he knyght kneled hyr tyll,

Medame, yf hit be youre wyll,

I graunt I have done yll,

I may not ageyn/say.

She  
answers,  
and asks  
his name

**A**S God save me of synne,  
I myghth with non other gynne  
Tyl your spech for to wyne,

By day ne be nyghthe;

fro I telle the my name,

I am not for to blame,

And yf hit turne me to grame,

I shal anon/ryghth:

He tells  
her. She  
says he  
shall be  
hanged.  
He  
defends  
him

Hyt ys I, syre Degryvaunt!  
And hit were youre avenaunt,  
I wold be youre servaunt,  
As y am trew knyghth!  
Sho seyde, Tratur, lat be the,  
Be hym that dyed on tre,  
My lord hymself shal the see  
Hanged on hyghth!

**C**HAN syr Degryvaunt lough,  
As he stod under the bow,  
Madame, ye wyteth me with wough,  
Gyf hyt be youre wyll!  
I had never no gylt,  
Of al that blod that was spylt,  
That wyll I prove, as thou wyllt,  
Above the yondur hyll:  
Corteys lady and wyse,  
As thou arte pervenke of pryse,  
I do me on thi gentryse,  
Why wolt thou me spyll?  
And I be slayn in this stede,  
Thou shalt be cause of my dede;  
Yet wolt thou rew that rede,  
And lyke hyt ful yll!



**S**HE said, Tratur, thou shalt bye!  
Why were thou so hardye  
To do me this vylanye,  
By day ar by nyghth?  
for oure folk that thou hast slayn,  
Thou shalt be honged and drawyn,  
Therof my fadyr wol be fayn  
To see that with syghth!

☛ The knyght spak to this fre,  
Seththe hyt may no bettur be,  
Go feche all your many  
With me for to fyghth;  
And here my trougth er I leton,  
The geyest of hem shal gron,  
Gyf ther come fourty for on,  
My trougth I the plyghth!

**A**ND her my trougth I the plyghthe,  
Tho that lepeth now ful lyghth  
Shal be fay, and we fyghth,  
for all here michel pryde!

☛ The stout man was astered,  
Hys squiere raughth hym hys swerd;  
Thanne the borlych berde  
No lenger durst byde.

He bids  
her bring  
all to  
fight him.  
She goes  
to her  
chamber

Her maid  
asks a  
boon, the  
Knight  
for her-  
self

Tyl hyr chaumbur sche went,  
And swore the knyghth shulde be schent.  
The mayde hur hood of hoe hent,  
And knelyd that tyde;  
Meydame, oppon yowlus nyghthe  
My waryson ye me hyghth;  
Y ne axe the bote yonde knyghth  
To slep by my syde!

**B**LVE the burde gat a blame,  
But sche ne let for no schame,  
That sche ne asked the same,  
Sothly to say.

Damesel, go do thi best,  
I pray the let me have my rest;  
Go and glad thi gest,  
In all the devyl way!  
for as ever Gode me save,  
Haddest thou asked a knave,  
The symplust that I have,  
Hadd be more to my pay:  
I swere the by Goddus grace,  
Come he ever in this place,  
He passed never syche a pace,  
By nyghthe ne by day!

**D**HYDAME, sche seid, gramercy  
Of thi gret cortesy.  
Blyve a chaumbur therby

Busked was yare,  
And in sche feches the knyghth,  
Prevaly withouten syghthe,  
As wymmen conn mychel slyghth,  
And ther wylles ware.  
Sche dyght to hys sopere  
The foules of the ryvere,  
Ther was no deyntethus to dere,  
Ne spyces to spare.  
The knyght sat at hys avenaunt,  
In a gentyl jesseraunt;  
The mayd mad hym semblaunt,  
And hys met schare.

**O**f all the met that she schare,  
The knyght ete never the mare;  
Whan he syghthe ful sare,  
The mayden gan smyle.  
Sone aftyr he seys,  
What useth the eorl a/dayes?  
Hontes he ar revayes?  
What does he this whyle?

She is  
yea/said  
and  
makes  
feast  
to the  
Knight,  
who will  
not eat

They  
talk of  
the Earl

☞ The burd answerus ageyn,  
Seth the hys chyvalry was slayn,  
He passed never out on the playn  
Halvendel a myle;  
Hys hurtus has hym so yderyd,  
He has byn gretely afferyd:  
The yatus has byn ay ysperyd  
for dred of thi gyle!

**O**R hys yatis be ysperyd,  
I shal mak hym afferyd,  
I shal schak hym by the berd  
The nexte tyme we mete!  
But I let for hur sake,  
That I have chosen to my mak,  
Sche doys me unwynly to wak,  
With wongus ful wete!  
I had levere sche were saughthe,  
Then all the golde in hys aughthe,  
And I in armus hade ylaughthe  
That commely and swete.  
Thane durste I saffly syng,  
Was never emporoure ne kyng  
More at hys lykyng,  
And honde I the hete.

And of  
Mildore,  
and of a  
tourney

**T**HE mayd answerus ageyn,  
Me think thou travelus in vayn,  
Thou hast oure kunred yslayn,  
How myght hit so be?

I swere the by Godus myghthe,  
Com thou ever in hur syghthe,  
Thou bes honged on hyghthe  
Hyie one a tref

Hyr preferrys paramoure  
Both dukes and emperoure;  
Hyt were hyr disonowre  
for to taken the:

The duke of Gerle for hir has sent,  
That he wol have a tornament,  
Hyt ys my lordys assent,  
Withynne for to be.

**T**HOU duke comes of so gret arey  
To juste and to tornay;  
Thou comes nat at that play  
By counsayl of me.

Hyt is my lordys ensent,  
Come thou to that torniment,  
Sertaynly thou be schent  
And all thi meynye!

He gives  
her the  
Squire

¶ Damesele, withouten drede,  
Thou hast warnyd me of this dede;  
Of this gret gentyl rede  
God foryelde the!  
And y swere be Sent Luke,  
I shal juste with that duke,  
Or I gete a rebuke,  
How ever that hyt be!

¶ **A**ND, damesel, for thi chere,  
And for my god sopere,  
Thou shalt have my squiere,  
Lok yf the paye;  
Here igyf I yow be band  
An c. pownd worth of land,  
To tak hyr by the hond,  
And do as y the saye.

¶ Whan here trouthus were plyghthe,  
Sone torches were ilyghthe,  
And gaff hym ordyr of knyghthe,  
for sothe as I say.

¶ Recumaunde, for Godys pyne,  
To my lady and thinne,  
As thou wolt that I be thin,  
To my dethus day!

**R**ECOMMEND me pryvaly  
To that fayre lady,  
Or hur thonke lyghtherely

That I am pore;

Ther shal emporoure ne kyng,

That shal hyr to bed bryng,

That I shall make a lettyng,

I sey the tho sothe.

Here my trouth I the plyghthe,

Seyn fyrst I see hyr with syghthe,

I sleped never o nyghthe

Halvendel an houre!

Pray that corteys and hende

That sche wold be my frend,

And some socoure me send

for hyr mychel honowre.

**T**HE maïd seïs, I take on hand,  
That I shal do thyn errand,  
Or I be flemyd out of lond,

Y lete for no dred;

I shall teche the a gyn

Out of this castel to wyn,

And how thou shal come in

Thyn erond to spede.

Would be  
recom-  
mended  
to the  
Lady

The maid  
tells the  
Knight of  
a secret  
entrance  
through  
the wall

Ther ys a place in the wall,  
Bytwyne the chaumber and the hal,  
Thor lyghthe a mychel watur/wal  
Of fourty feyt brede:  
Ther shalt thou come in a nyghthe  
Prevaly withouten syghth,  
And here thi chaumber shal by dyght,  
And I can ryghth rede.

**D**AMESEL, for Godus grace,  
Teche me to that ylke place.  
The maid prevaly apace  
Passes byforne,  
And ledes hym out at a gate,  
In at a watur/gate,  
Ther men vytayled by bate  
That castel with corne.  
At ebbe of the see,  
Thou shalt not wad to the kne.  
The knyght kyst that fre.  
Erly at the morne  
fayir thei passed that flode,  
To tho forest thei youd,  
And toke here stedus where thei stod  
Undur the hawthorne.



**S**YRE Degryvaunt ys whom went  
And aftyr hys reten sent;  
To that gret tornament

Thei busked hem yare.

But leve we now that gentyl knyght,  
And spek we of that byrd bryght;  
How thei gestened that nyght  
Carp wyll we mare.

Erly one the mowroun

The lady lough hyr to scorne,  
Sche seys, Thi maydynhed is lorne,  
God gyf the care!

☛ Maydame, gyff hyt so be,  
Hyt deres no man but me!  
I fouchesaff on that fre,  
And hyt so ware.

**T**HO lady loughwes uppon hyght,  
Damesele, for Godys myght,  
How peyis the that knyght,

As evere mote thou the?

☛ I dare make myn avaunt  
for my lord syre Degryvaunt,  
Corteys and avenaunt,  
I know non so fre!

The Lady  
mocks  
the maid

**The maïd  
says Sir  
Degré-  
vaunt  
sends her  
a ring as  
a token** Sertaynly this ylke nyghthe,  
Hys squier ys mad knyghthe,  
He and I ys trouthe plyghthe  
My housbond to be;  
And he hath gyf us by band,  
An c. pownd worth of land:  
Here the chartur in thi hand,  
Thiself may hyt see!

**G**HAN that lady was glad  
By sche that chartur had rad,  
Had thou syre Degrivaunant had,  
Then had thou wel igon.  
Nay, meydame, so mot I thryve,  
Ther ys now lady on lyve,  
That he wol wed to wyff,  
But only the allone.  
Y warne the of o thing,  
Ther shall be emporoure ne kyng,  
That shal the to bede bryng,  
I owttake none,  
That hee wol make a lettyng;  
He sendys the syche a gretying,  
Lo! here ys a rede gold ryng,  
With a ryche stone.

**T**HE lady loked on that ryng,  
Hyt was a gyfte fore a kyng,  
This ys a merveyulous thing!  
Wenus thou I be wode  
To do syche a foly,  
To love my lordys enemy,  
Thow he were to so dowghty?  
Nay, by the rode!  
Y do the wele for to wyte,  
Y nel non housbond have yte:  
Seye the knyghthe whan ye mete,  
I wol hym no gude!  
The duk of Gerle hase ihyght  
That he wol soupe here this nyght,  
And gyf my chaumbur were idyght,  
Nothing foryeed.

**T**HE duk ys comen over the see  
With a ful grete meyne;  
The eorl cortays and fre  
fayre hym gan praye  
To dwel at hys costage,  
At bouche and court and wage,  
With knyght, squiere, and page,  
Tyl the tent day.

Mildore  
says she  
is to wed  
the Duke  
of Gerle

**The Duke  
comes;  
the Earl  
tells him  
of his  
quarrel**

A thousaund hors and thre  
Of the dukus meyne  
Ylke nyght tok lyvere  
Off cowne and off hay;  
The ryche duk whan he eet,  
The eorle hertely hym hete,  
And with mayd Myldore the swet,  
To have hyre for ay.

**T**HE knyghthus of the eorles house  
Held the duk so chyvalrous,  
for he was gay and amorous,  
And made hyt so tow.  
The eorl told hym anon,  
What armes he hadde cone,  
And how hys chyvalre was slone  
Undir the wod bowe.

**T**he baneret that wonnes here by  
Wol asayl the cry,  
He wroghthe me this vylany,  
And dud me this woughe!

**T**he duk answerus on hyghthe,  
Here my trouth I the plyghthe,  
Whedur he wol tornay or fyghthe,  
He shal have inow!

**T**HE duk answerus on hyghthe,  
Wherby knowus thou the  
knyghthe?

The eorle taughth hym ful ryghthe,  
With wordys, I wene.

He beres in cheef of azour,  
Engrelyd with a satur,  
With doubule tressour,  
And treweloves bytwene;  
Bot his bagges are blake,  
for he wol no man forsake,  
A lyoun tyed to an ake  
Off gold and of grene:  
An helme ryche to behold;  
He beres a dolfyn of gold,  
With trewelovus in the mold,  
Compasyd ful clene.

**H**E ys a lyoun in feld,  
When he ys spred undur scheld!  
Hys helme shal be wel steled,  
That stond shal as stak:  
He ys so stalloworth in stoure,  
By seynt Martyn of Toure,  
Couthe he love paramoure,  
I knew never hys mak!

He tells  
the Duke  
of the  
Knight's  
coat-  
armour

The Duke  
will fight  
Degré-  
vaunt

All the londes that I welde,  
Wold I gyf in my yelde,  
To se hym falde in the feld,  
Ho wold hyt undurtake.

✚ The duk lough hym to scorune,  
Hys othe heylly has iswrun,  
He shal abyte to mowrun,  
Syre, for thi sake!

**A**ND on morow the duk hym dyghthe,  
Also fast as he mighthe,  
The eorl hardy and wyghthe,  
Cruel and kene.

The sonne schonne en clere,  
They uschen in with banere,  
V. hunderyd knyghtus in fere,  
Iarmed ful clene,

And the servitourus bysyde:  
All that contray so wyde  
Come thedur that tyde,  
That solas to sene.

Sire Degrivaunt out of the west  
Brougth out of the forest  
Thre hundred knyghttus of the best,  
Was greythed al on grene.

They  
fight

**T**HER was non so hardy,  
That durst asayl the cry;  
Thei held this duk so doughty,  
for hys mychel pryd.  
But when thei se syre Degrivans  
Com armed up a ferauns,  
Thei thonked Gode of here shaunce,  
All that other syde!  
Than thei drowe hym ful nere,  
Baneret and bachelere,  
To ben undur hys banere,  
To tornay that tyde,  
With trompe and with nakere,  
And the scalmuse clere;  
folke frouschen in fere,  
In herd ys not to hyde.

**A**ND when the renkus gane mete,  
fele was fouled undur fete,  
Knyghthus strewed in the strete,  
Stonyyed with stedys;  
With swerdus smartely thei smyt,  
Thei teme sadils ful tyte,  
Ther was no lengur delyte,  
These worthely in wedus!

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
strikes  
down the  
Duke

Baronus syttys on the bent  
With shuldrys shamly shent;  
Bryghthe browus and bent  
Brodelyche bledus!  
Manye harmes has thei hent,  
That was never at hore asent,  
To come to that tornament,  
To do suche dedus.

**S**YRE DEGRIVAUNT, withouten les,  
Prykkus fast therow the pres;  
To the cheventayn he ches,  
And raughth hym a strok:  
The duk dotered to the ground,  
On erthe swyfftly he swounded,  
Syre Degrivaunt, within a stound,  
He wan hys sted blak.  
He was stalworghth in stoure,  
for he loved paramoure;  
The lady lay in the toure  
That shuld be hys mak.  
Syre Degrivaunt, are he blan,  
This sey many a man,  
Syxty stedus he wan,  
And broughth to stak.



**S**YRE DEGREVHUNT every day,  
The sertayn soth for to say,  
Al the prys of the play  
Was put on that fre;  
Sone that doughty undur sheld  
Had yvenkessyd the feld,  
Many a man hym byheld,  
So hardy was he!  
Ladyes seyden al/bydene,  
Bothe contasse and qwene,  
Yond gentyl knyght on grene  
Hath deservyd the gre!  
Bryghthe burdus in ther boure  
Loved that knyghth paramoure,  
Gret ladyes of honoure,  
And alle that hym seyen.

The Duke  
and the  
Earl go  
home

**T**HE duk was horsed agayn,  
And prycked fast thorw the playne;  
The eorl and he with a trayn  
To the castel gan fare:  
Thane an heroud gon crye,  
And prayd al the chyvalrye  
To soupe at the maungerye,  
Gyff ther wyllus ware.

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
holds his  
own feast

The good knyght syre Degryvaunce,  
He had ymade repurveaunce  
for al hys retenaunce,  
fourty days and mare,  
In the syde at a fel,  
At a wel feyre castel,  
Whyle hym was lefte for to dwel,  
for to sle care.

**T**HE sterne knyghthus and the stout,  
Whylk that tornyment without,  
Ryden away in hys rout,  
Thre hundred and mo;  
And c. pound and a stede  
He send the mynstralus to mede,  
Off gyffte was he never gnede,  
for wele nor for wol  
Tyl hys castel he rade,  
A ryal maungerye he made,  
Alle the bold ther abade,  
Ther scapyd non hym fro.  
At even seyde syr Degryvauns,  
I wol se the countenauns  
Of the chyvalrye of frauns,  
As ever mote I go!

**S**YR Degryvaunt at evyn/lyghthus  
Armed hym at al ryghthus,  
And callyd to hym tolly knyghthus,  
That pryvest were ay;  
Have dyght yow on stedus  
In two damysel wedus,  
for I wol found in my nedus  
As fast as I may.  
Tak ether of yow a spere,  
Bothe of pes and of were,  
Greyth myn hors on hore gere,  
And lok that thei be gay;  
That they be trapped a get,  
In topteler and in mauntolet,  
In a fyn vyolet,  
And makes non delay.

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
takes two  
knights

**A**ND whan here hors were held,  
Thei toke ther sperus & there scheldus,  
And prycked fast over the felde,  
No lenger wolde thei dwel;  
And sythen thei ryden even west  
Thorw a fayr forest,  
With two trompess of the best,  
That range as a bell.

Rides  
into the  
Earl's  
hall, and  
chal-  
lenges  
the Duke  
for  
Myldor

On an hull he gan hym rest,  
Thei gaf hym hys helm in hys rest,  
He was the sternest gest  
fro heven to helle!  
Syr Degrivaunt, withouten abad,  
To the eorlus castel he rade,  
He found the yat so brad,  
Swyche hap hym felle.

**A**ND rydes up to the des,  
As thei were servid of here mes,  
To mayd Myldor he ches,  
And chalangys that fre!  
The duk sterte up an hyght,  
Here my trouthe y the plyght,  
I shal delyver the this bryght,  
Tomorow shalt thou se,  
Bytwene undurne and prime;  
Loke at thou come at that time,  
Other swowne shal in sweme,  
The lady shall i se.  
And trewly, withouten les,  
Thou shalt be servid, or I sess,  
Bothe of werre and of pess,  
Of ayther cours thre.

**T**HE knyghth was so dresse,  
Hytt was gret joye to se,  
So fayre an horsman as he  
Seye thei never are;  
Some loked one hys stede,  
And some on hys rygh wede,  
And some the resone gan rede  
What the knyghthe bare.  
He loutes down to them alle,  
Bothe to the riche and to the smalle,  
And rydys out of the halle,  
And buskys hym yare.  
Of all that loked one the knyght,  
Was non that knew hym with syght,  
Bot mayden Myldor the bryght,  
Of all that ther ware.

None  
knows  
him but  
Myldor.  
He rides  
home

**N**AMMARD he rydes ryghth,  
And as fast as he myghth,  
On the mowro he hym dyghth  
Ryghth as he dude are;  
And fyndys the duk in the feld,  
Bothe with spere and with scheld:  
The eorl hoved and byheld,  
Brem as a bare!

And rides  
into the  
field  
on the  
morrow

Than seid the duke one the land,  
Whare ys now this geand?  
He wol hald no covenant,  
for alle hys gret fare!  
But when he say syre Degrivaunt  
Come armed up a feraunt,  
Hys hert wex recreaunt,  
And syghth ful sare!

**T**HE duke send a squiere  
To wytt what hys wyll were,  
To juste o pesse or off were,  
So sore he hym dredus!  
The knyght answerd thertyll,  
Bothe with resone and with skyll,  
Hyt shal be at hys wyll,  
Tak hap what ledus!  
Then the doughty hym dyghth  
As faste as thei myghth,  
Thei set helmus on hyghth,  
Thes doughty on dedus:  
To gret sperus of pese  
Bothe these lordes hem chese,  
And prikes fast thorw the prese  
Opon stout stedus.

**T**HER stedes styrres hom faste,  
The knyghthus jusset or thy cast,  
Ther good speres al tobrast,  
On molde whenne thai mett;  
Syr Degrivaunt, as he had ment,  
And gaf the duk swych a dynt,  
That bothe styroppus he tynt,  
And hond I the hete.  
The duke rekyvered agyne,  
Hys frenchepys were fayn,  
Thei proford hym paynmayn,  
Vernage and Crete;  
The duk swore by gret God of hevene,  
Wold my hors so evene,  
Yet wold I sett all one seven  
for Myldor the swet!

They  
run with  
spears of  
peace:  
the Duke  
loses his  
stirrups

**W** gret sperus ha they ton,  
And gerd there stedus whyll thei gron!  
Wytt yow wel that many on  
Lokede on them two;  
The doughty knyghthus of pryde,  
Thorw the renckus gon thei ryde,  
Bote they myssede at that tyde,  
Thorw hap hyt fell so.

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
pierces  
the  
Duke's  
shield.  
Myldor  
brings  
him the  
Duke's  
horse

The good knyghth, syre Huntorus,  
Come in at the thryd cours,  
for he loved paramours,  
In hert that he was thro,  
And strykus the duk thorw the scheld,  
Wyd opon in the feld;  
The eorl hoved and byheld,  
In hert he was wol

**T**HE damessel toke the stede,  
And thorw the renkus gone hym lede  
And seys, Have this for thi mede,  
Tyl thou gete mo.

¶ Yet she spekys a word of pride,  
On this stede wol I ryde  
By my lemmanus syde,  
In lond whare I go.

¶ That knyght dressyd hym in hys gere,  
Hys felawe raughth hym a spere,  
A scharpe wepon of were,  
The duk for to slo;  
And seis, Syre duke avenaunt,  
I pray the hold couvenaunt,  
Yondur ys a knyghthe erraunt,  
Why taryest thou hym so?



**T**HE duk lay on the grownd,  
On erthe swyftely he swound,  
He was stonyed that stownd,  
Trewely that tyde;  
And yit she cryes upon hyghth,  
Yondur ys armed a knyghth,  
All redy and ydyghth,  
Thi comes for to abyde.

**T**he duke answerd thertyle,  
Bothe with reson and skyle,  
I am yhurte ful yle,  
In herd is not to hyde!  
Pray hym tak hit nat agreff,  
He ses I am at myscheff,  
Y hathe nat y my lyff,  
So sore ys my syde!

**S**YRE DEGRIVHANT toke hys stede,  
And gaff the mynstrallus to mede,  
And to forest thei spede  
As faste as thei may;  
The duke that was this ydyght,  
He toke his leve that ylk nyght  
Bothe with baroun and with knyght,  
And went one hys way.

The Duke  
will not  
run again;  
he goes  
away that  
night

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
on the  
morrow  
comes  
to the  
castle;  
the maïd  
lets him  
in

Sire Degrivaunt on the morwoun  
Come agé to the thorun,  
Ther hys stede stod byforun,  
And lenges all that day;  
Privayly at the nyghth  
He come in with hys knyghth,  
To spek with Myldore the bryghth,  
Spede yf he may.

**T**HE mayde wyst by a gyne,  
That the knyghth was comen in;  
The lady of heye kyne  
Perseved the thought.

☙ Damesele, so have I rest,  
Thou hast geton the a gest  
Off wylde men of the west,  
Delayne thou hom noughth;  
Privayly withouten syghth  
Do me carp with that knyghth,  
Here my trougth y the plyghth,  
Hee has dere yboughth!

☙ Thanne the mayden was glade,  
Sche dude as the lady bade,  
And up at the grese hoe him lade,  
And to chaumbur hym broughth.

**T**HE lady of honowre  
Metes the knyght in the doure,  
Knelyd down in the floure,  
And fel hym to feet;  
frek as fuyre in the flynt  
He in armes had hyre hynt,  
And thrytty sythes, are he stynt,  
He kyst that swet!

☞ Welcome, syre Hunterous,  
Me thenkus thou art mervelous;  
Wyst my lord of this hous,  
With grame he wolde the gret!

☞ Swythe chayres was isete,  
And quyschonus of vyolete,  
Thus this semely was isete  
With mouth for to mete.

**D**AMESELE, loke ther be  
A fuyre in the chymene,  
fagattus of fyre tre,  
That fetchyd was yare.

☞ Sche sett a bourd of yvore,  
Trestellus ordeyned therfor,  
Clothus keverede that over,  
Swyche seye thei never are!

The Lady  
kneels  
before  
him: he  
kisses  
her. She  
bids the  
service

They  
wash and  
sit to  
supper

Towellus of Elyssham,  
Whyghth as the seeys fame,  
Sanappus of the same,  
Thus servyd thei ware;  
With a gyld salere,  
Basyn and ewere,  
Watyre of everrose clere,  
They wesche ryghth thare.

**D**HYNEMHYN prevayly  
Sche brought fram the pantry,  
And served that semely,  
Same ther thei seet.  
Sche brought fram the kychene  
A scheld of a wylde swynne,  
Hastelettus in galantyne,  
An hand yow hete.  
Seththe sche brought hom in haste,  
Ploverys poudryd in paste,  
Ther ware metus with the maste,  
I do yow to wytte;  
fatt conyngus and ynewe,  
fesauntus and corelewe,  
Ryche she tham drewe  
Vernage and Crete.

**T**O tell here metus was tere,  
That was served at here soperre,  
Ther was no dentethus to dere,  
Ne spyces to spare;  
And evere sche drow hom the wyn,  
Bothe the Roche and the Reyn,  
And the good Malvesyn  
felde sche hom yare.  
And evere Myldore sche sete  
Harpyng notus ful swet,  
And other whyle sche et,  
Whan hur leveste ware;  
Songe yeddyngus above,  
Swyche murthus they move,  
In the chaumbur of love  
Thus thei sleye care!

Of the  
chamber  
of love

**T**HER was a ryall rooffe  
In the chaumbur of loffe,  
Hyt was buskyd above  
With besauntus ful bryghth  
All off ruel bon,  
Whyghth oger and parpon,  
Mony a derewrothe stone,  
Endentyd and dyghthe.

The  
imagery  
thereof

Ther men myghth se, ho that wolde,  
Arcangelus of rede golde,  
fyfty mad of o molde,  
Lowynge ful lyghth;  
With the Pocalyps of Jon,  
The Powlus Pystolus everychon,  
The Parabolus of Salamon  
Payntyd ful ryghth.

**A**ND the foure gossellorus  
Syttyng on pyllorus;  
Hend, herkeneth and herus,  
Gyf hyt be youre wyll.  
Hustyn and Gregory,  
Jerome and Ambrose,  
Thus the foure doctorus  
Lystened than tyll:  
There was purtred in ston  
The fylesoferus everychon,  
The story of Absolon,  
That lyked ful ylle;  
With an orrelegge one hyghth  
To ryng the ours at nyghth,  
To waken Myldore the bryghth,  
With bellus to knyll.

**S**QUARE wyndowus of glas,  
The rechest that ever was,  
The moynelus was off bras  
Made with menne handus;  
Alle the wallus of geete,  
With gaye gablettus and grete,  
Kynggus syttyng in ther sete  
Out of sure londus.  
Grete Charlus with the croune,  
Syr Godfray the Boyloune,  
And Arthur the Bretoune,  
With here bryght broundus.  
The floure was paned overal  
With a clere crystal,  
And overe keveryd with a pal,  
Afflore where she stondes.

**N**UR bede was off aszure,  
With testur and celure,  
With a bryght bordure  
Compasyd ful clene;  
And all a storrye as hit was  
Of Ydoyne and Amadas,  
Perreye in ylke a plas,  
And papageyes of grene.

And the  
glass

The  
fairness  
of the  
bed

The scochenus of many knyght  
Of gold and cyprus was idyght,  
Brode besauntus and bryght,  
And trelouus bytwene;  
Ther was at hur testere  
The kyngus owne banere:  
Was nevere bede rychere  
Of empryce ne qwene!

**H**YRE schetus of sylk  
Chalk/whyghth as the mylk,  
Quyltus poyned of that ylk,  
Touseled they ware;  
Coddys of sendall,  
Knoppus of crystal,  
That was mad in Westfal  
With women of lare.  
Hyt was a mervelous thing  
To se the rydalus hyng,  
With mony a rede gold ryng,  
That home up bare;  
The cordes that thei one ran,  
The duk Betyse hom wan,  
Mayd Medyore hom span  
Of mere maydenus hare.



**R**YGHȚ abought mydnyght,  
Seyd syre Degrivaunt the knyght,  
When wolt thou, the worthely wyght,

Lysten me tyll?

for love my hert wyl tobrest,

When wylt thou bryng me to rest?

Lady, wysse me the best,

Gyf hyt be thi wyll.

☛ The burde answered fulle yare,

Nevene thou that eny mare,

Thou schalt rew hit ful sare,

And lyke hit ful ylle!

Sertes tho thou were a kyng,

Thou touchest non swych thing,

Or thou wed me with a ryng,

And maryage fulfyll!

**L**Eff thou well, withouten lette,

The ferste tyme y the mette,

Myn hert on the was sette,

And my love on the lyghth!

I thoughte never to have non

Lord nothur lemman,

Bot onely the allon;

Caysere ne knyghth,

f

Melidore  
will wed  
Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt

Their  
troth is  
plight

Kyng ne non conquerour,  
Ne no lord of honour,  
And gyff hit were the emperour,  
Most proved of myghth!  
forthy, syre, hald the styлле,  
Whyle thou get my fadyr wylle.  
✿ Tho knyght sentus thertylle,  
And trouthus thei plyghth.

**A**ND whan here trouthus was plyght,  
Than here hertus were lyght,  
Was never faukons off flyght  
So fayn as thei ware!  
Thai lay down in ther bedde,  
In ryche clothus was spred,  
Wytte ye wel, or thei were wed,  
Thei synnyd nat thare.  
Than spekus tho burd bryghth  
To syre Degrivaunt the knyghth,  
Swet syre, come ylke nyghth,  
And loke how we fare.  
✿ And the bold bachylere  
Toke the damysele clere;  
This thei dured that yere,  
Thre quarterus and mare.

**A**T missomere in a nyghth,  
The mone schone wondur bryght,  
Sire Degriuaunt and hys knyght  
Busked to wend.

The doughty knyghthus so fre  
Lyghth down by a tre;  
A prout fostere gane tham se  
A/laund ther thei lende,  
And folewes hom thorw the wode,  
Alle the weyes that thei yode,  
And how thei passed the flode,  
The knyghthus so hende:  
So dud the weyt one the walle,  
The eorlus owne mynstralle,  
Sey tham wende to the halle,  
And wyst nevere what hyt mende.

**T**HE pypere haldus hys pays,  
Tyl no man he hyt says;  
Mynstralus shuld be cortays,  
And skyl that thei ben.  
The foster tolde anone/ryghthus  
To the eorle and hys knyghthus,  
How thei come armede a/nyghthus,  
As he hadde ysen.

**A**  
forester  
espies Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt

An  
ambush  
is set

The styward was chyvalrous,  
Syre Eymour the kayous,  
With offycyrus of that hous,  
Cruel and kene,  
A gret buschement hadde he sette,  
Ther the fostere hom mette,  
And thoughth syre Degrivaunt lette  
The wayes ful grene.

**T**HE stywarde heyle hath swornne,  
And he come be this thornne,  
We bryng hys hed on the mornne,  
And non othur mede!

☛ Dame Myldor wist righte noughth  
What al this folkys had thoughth,  
She wende no man that had bene wroughth  
Hadde wyten of hore dede;  
And syre Degrivaunt hadde yhighth,  
Ryghth as he was trew knyghth,  
To speke with Myldore that nyghth,  
And lette for no drede.

God, as ye are muchel of myght,  
Save syre Degrivaunt the knyght,  
And lene hym grace in that fyght  
Wel for to spede!

**S**YRE Degrivaunt at eveneslyghth  
Armede hym and hys knyghth,  
And toke on privayly for syghth  
Two gownes off grene;  
Nothur schelde ne spere,  
Ne no wepen of werre,  
Bot twey swerdus thei berre  
Off florence ful kene.  
Whan thei come to the slac,  
The bolde buschament brac  
Mounte opone stedus blake  
Armede ful clene.  
Sire Degrivaunt, ys nat to layne,  
Blyve hys swerde had ydrayne,  
He that come formast was slayne  
In the schaw schene!

They fall  
on Sir  
Degrivaunt

**W**HAN thei syre Degrivaunt mett,  
Sevene sperus one hym ysett  
Evene in hys bassonett  
Brasten a two.  
Some bare hym thorw the gowne,  
Some brast one hys haberjowne;  
Hys sqwyere was borne downe,  
Hys swerd cast hym fro!

He  
scatters  
his way-  
layers

Then syre Degrivaunt lyghth,  
And rescowede hys knyghth,  
And cryed to hym an hyghth,  
Why wolt thou lyen so?  
The beste stedes that thei hade  
By the scholders he them scharde,  
He was never so hard ystade  
for wele ne for wo!

**T**HE styward syre Eymere  
Com a lytyl to nere,  
Hys hede by the colere  
He kerves away!  
The body syttys opon the hors,  
Hyt was uncomely to the cors,  
The stede stert over a fosse,  
And strykys astray;  
Y wyst never how hyt ferde.  
He betus hom fast to the erthe;  
With hys two honde swerde  
He made swyche paye,  
That sixty lay one the feld,  
Bothe with spere and with schelde,  
That never wepen myghth welde  
Sen that ylke day!

**T**HE panter, the botelere,  
The eorlus cheff sqwyere,  
They lyes slay yfere

In the schawe schene!  
Than the remenaunt fles  
On the sort that thei sees,  
And some lorkus undur tres  
In slowes unshene.

Thonkede be Godes grace,  
He has venkest hys face,  
And made a chyvalrous chace,  
That crewel and kene!  
Noughth fourty fot fram the wal,  
He slowe the marchal of the hal,  
And other gode sqwyers withal,  
Mo then fyftene!

**B**Y that hyt dawed ney day,  
By that he hade endyd this play,  
Some scaped away,  
And many one was slayne.  
Than sayd syre Degrivaunt the knyght,  
Here my trouthe y the plyght,  
I shal speke with Myldore to nyght,  
To dey in the payne.

He slays  
many

He  
comes to  
Melidore

¶ Thei set here stedus ther thei stode,  
And fayre passede the flode,  
To the eorlus castel thei yode  
The gatus ful gayn:  
Than the lady so bryghth,  
fayre she welcomed the knyghth;  
She had nat hard of hore fyghth,  
Therof were thei fayn.

**S**HE had wondur in hyr wyt,  
Why here clothus ware tosylt,  
As thei in holtus had ben hyt  
With dyntus of spere:  
There gay gownus of grene  
Were ful schamely besene;  
¶ Leve syre, where have ye bene,  
Youre clothus to tere?  
¶ The knyghth sat semely,  
And seide tyl hyre prevely,  
We sey never selly  
That shoulde us aughth dere;  
But as we came by a thorne,  
Thus wer oure gownus totorne;  
We shalle have new tomorne,  
We cownte hyt not a payre.



**T**HE knyght hath foughten as a bare,  
Therefore hym fersted ful sare;  
The mayde broughth hym ful yare  
The spyces and the wyn.  
Dyverse spices thei ete,  
And ofte with mowthus thei mete;  
Sche broughthe hem Vernage and Crete,  
And wyne of the Reyne.  
He toke his leve at the day  
At mayde Myldore the may,  
Yet wyste ho note of the fray  
That she hard seth yne.  
The knyght one wendys his way,  
Ther the dede men lay,  
And seyde soufft one his play,  
Yondur was stout hyne!

They  
bring  
home  
the dead  
men

**T**HEI broughthe home on bere  
The stywarde syre Eymere,  
And other gode sqwyere,  
Off fryththus unfayne;  
And cryide out over alle,  
Both gret and smalle.  
The mayde wyndus to the halle  
Tythyngus to frayne.

The Earl  
accuses  
Melidore

The yorle spekus to that fre,  
Y wytt syr Degrivaunt and the  
The slaughthtur of my mene;  
This is yowre false treyne!  
By Hym that dyede one tre,  
This day shall thou dede be!  
I wat well hit es he  
That hase the belayne!

**T**HE mayde answerd agayne,  
And seis, Peter! I am fayne  
And that knyghth be not slayne;  
What bote is that I lye?  
Sene he was chosene my fyrst make,  
Shall I hym never forsake,  
Whatkyns dethe that I take,  
Or dool that I drye!  
Thane the yorle wax wode,  
And swore be bonus and blode,  
Mete ne drynk shall do me gode,  
Ar I se the dye!  
The contasse knelyd tho anone,  
Gode schylde, syr, that he be slone,  
We hade never chyld but hyr one!  
And cryid ful hye.

**T**HE contasse cryed, Alas!  
Ye have ben to longe foas;  
Wycked tonge hit mas,  
God yif them shame!  
I dare savely say,  
The knyghth went one his way,  
Owre men bysett hym the way,  
He was not to blame.  
Was not his fosteres slayne  
While he werred in Spayne?  
Hys woddys and hys waryne,  
Ye made hem alle tame!  
Y rede ye saughthle with the knyght,  
That is so hardy and wyght,  
And graunte hym Myldore the bryght,  
By hyr ryghth name!

Myldore  
confesses  
her love

**T**HAN spekus Myldore the bryghth,  
Ther was but he and a knyghth,  
I spake with hym this nyghth,  
Why shulde I spare?  
He is my love and my lorde,  
Myne hele and my counforde,  
Hyt is gode ye be acorde,  
And yowre wyllus ware:

Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
comes  
openly to  
the castle

And gif ye holde us a/gret,  
Shall I never ete mete.  
The yorl for angur gane swet,  
And syghthe ful sare;  
Damesele, ar thou be spylte,  
I forgiff the the gylte,  
Hit is alle as thou wylte;  
I cane say na mare!

**B**LYVE a lettur ho sent,  
Thorw the yorlus comandment;  
A messengere has hit hent,  
With tythingus ful newe.  
She bad hym cume prively  
With hys best chyvalry,  
As he was gode and doughty,  
And holdene for trewe;  
And hoe shuld make swych acord  
Bytwene hym and hur lorde,  
That shulde be a coumforde  
Tyl alle that hym ever knewe.  
Yet syr Degrivant hym drade,  
Syxty knyghthus he clade,  
Tyl the yorlus castel he spede  
By the day dewe.

**T**H E yorle metus hym withoute,  
With sterne knyghthus and stoute,  
Wonder low gane he loute,  
And haylus that hende;  
And says, Syr, by Goddys grace,  
Welcome to this place,  
We have ben to longe fase,  
Now wyl I be thi frende.

**P**rively that no man wyste,  
Alle wrongus was redressyde,  
The yorle and he hade keste,  
And to chaumbur thei wende.  
Withoutyne more rehersynge  
Made was the saughthlynge,  
He grauntyd hym Myldore the yinge  
Tille hys lyves ende.

**W**AS never sych a purvyaunce  
In Englund ne in fraunce,  
As was at sir Degrivaunce  
And Myldore the schene;  
Ther com tyl hir weddyng  
An emperoure and a kyng,  
Erchebyschopbz with ryng  
Mo then fyftene!

All  
wrongs  
are  
righted

Of the  
company  
at the  
wedding

The mayster of hospitalle  
Come over with a cardinale,  
The gret kyng of Portyngalle,  
With knyghthus ful kene;  
Alle the lordys of that lond  
Was holy at that offorand,  
And ladyes, y undyrstond,  
Emperyce and qwene!

**O**NE the Trinite day,  
Thus in romance herd y say,  
He toke hyr in Godus lay  
Tylle hys lyvys ende.  
Solempnely a cardinal,  
Revescyd with a pontifical,  
Sang the masse ryal,  
And wedded that hend.  
And the ryche Emperoure  
Gaff hyre at the kyrke dore,  
With worschyp and honoure,  
As for his owne frend;  
And saw gold in that stonde,  
Welle a thowsand ponde,  
Lay glyteryng in the gronde,  
By the way as thei wende!

**G**HANE thei semelede in sale,  
Kyng and cardynale,  
And the emperoure ryale,  
With barnus ful bolde;  
So dud ladies bydene,  
Both contasse and qwene,  
Bryghth burdys and schene,  
Was joye to beholde!  
fro the mangery bygane,  
Wyne in condyt rane  
Redy tyll ylke mane,  
Take ho so wolde.  
Ther com in a daunse  
ix. doseperus of fraunce,  
Methowghth syche a countynaunce  
Was joye to beholde!

**K**NETTE never mane so wys,  
That couth telle the servise,  
Ne srye the metys of prys  
Was servyd in that sale;  
Mynstrallus hade in halle  
Grete gyftys withalle,  
Ryche robus of palle,  
With garnementus hale.

Of the  
feast and  
merriment  
thereat

The  
Earl and  
Countess  
die; Sir  
Degre-  
vaunt  
takes the  
heritage

Ylike day that fourtynyghth  
Justyng of seryd knyghthus,  
To revele ho best myghth,  
With wyne and with ale;  
And one the fyftethe day,  
Thus in romaunce herd I say,  
They toke here leve and went here way,  
Thys worthely to w.....

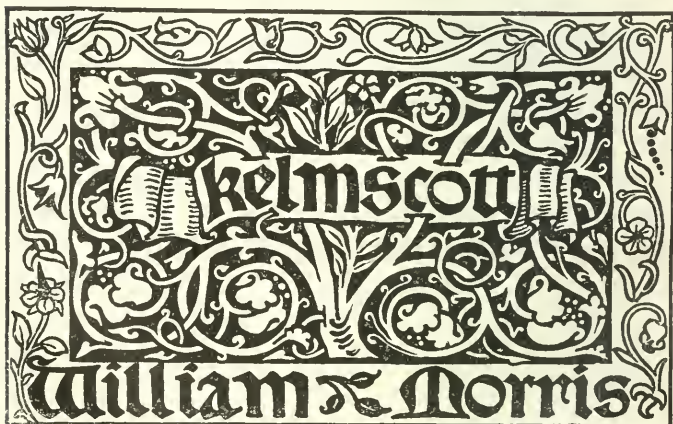
**A**L thei maketh ther avaunt  
Off the lord syre Degrivaunt,  
Cortays and avenaunt,  
Ladyes and knyghthus.  
He gaff stedus that stound  
Worth a thousand pound,  
Withouten haukes and hound,  
And faukun of flyghthus!  
The yorle dyede that same yere,  
And the contasse clere;  
Bothe hore beryelus yffere  
Was gayly bydyghth.  
Syr Degrivaunt bylefte ther eyre,  
With brod londus and faire,  
Was never perus myghth hym peyre  
By resone ne ryghth.



**G**HRVTTV wyntur and mare  
Thei lyvede togydur without care,  
And sevene chyldur she hym bare,  
That worthly in wede;  
And sene sche dyed, y undurstond,  
He seysed hys eyre with hys hond,  
And went into the Holy Lond,  
Hevene be hys mede!  
At Port/gaff was he slone,  
for/justyd with a Soudone:  
Thus to Gode is he gone,  
Thus doughty in dede!  
Lord Gode in Trinite  
Gyff hem Heven for to see,  
That loves gamene and gle,  
And gestus to fede!  
*Amen. Explicit syr Degrevaunt.*

*Of the  
ending  
of those  
twain*

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