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1st Edition

TORRENT OF PORTUGAL.

An English Metrical Romance.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

FROM AN

UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,

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EDITED BY

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LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

4, OLD COMPTON STREET, SOHO SQUARE.

MDCCCXLII.

1842

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P R E F A C E.

THE manuscript, from which the following early English metrical romance is now for the first time printed, is a folio volume on paper of the fifteenth century, formerly in the possession of Dr. Farmer, and now preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester. An account of the entire contents of this volume is given in a small catalogue of the MSS. in that library recently published;* and it is not therefore necessary to describe the MS. more minutely in this place, further than to remark that it somewhat resembles in language and other characteristics the MS. in the Public Library at Cambridge, from which Mr. Wright printed the tale of “Jack and his Step-Mother.” It is very incorrectly written, and the copy of the romance of Torrente of Portugal, which occupies eighty-eight pages of the book, contains so many obvious blunders and omissions, that it may be conjectured

* 12mo. 1842, published by J. R. Smith. I communicated a more particular account of the manuscript under consideration to the Society of Antiquaries, which was read during the last session, (Feb. 17th.)

with great probability to have been written down from oral recitation.

With the exception of a few short fragments of a printed edition in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which the reader will find in the Appendix to the present work, no other copy of this romance is now known to exist, nor have we any allusions to it, or any data whatever on which to found a conjecture as to the date of its composition. It is probably, like the second copy of the romance of Horn, a modernized version of an older English romance, which was itself translated from the French. I have not been able to discover any traces of the French original; but there are some singular allusions to its origin in the poem itself. I allude to the frequent references to the "book of Rome,"—

"As the boke of Rome tellus."

There can be little doubt that this is a travesty by some rude minstrel, or copyist of the old phrase, "the Roman," frequently occurring in middle English poetry.—

"Heres now how the Romance sais." (Laurence Minot, p. 33.)

The term Roman (the origin of our modern word Romance,) was applied to signify the French language, in which most of the old romances were originally written.

The romance of *Torrent* is not in itself one of the most interesting class, although curious in its details, and valuable to the philologist. It is a rambling poem of adventures, without much plot; and, in fact, belongs to that genus of romances, which Chaucer intended to ridicule in his *Rhyme of Sir Thopas*. There are, however, in our poem, a few remarkable allusions, particularly that relating to *Veland*, one of the heroes of the Northern mythology, who is likewise mentioned in the romance of *Horn*, but in no other known English poem, though we have three allusions to him in Anglo-Saxon, and he is frequently mentioned in the early German and French romances.

The Berkshire local tradition of *Wayland Smith*, is derived from the Scandinavian legend of *Veland*, a fact not generally known. *Wayland Smith* is said to have taken up his abode in the Valley of the *White Horse*, in the midst of a number of upright, but, rude and misshapen stones. There he is said to shoe all horses brought thither, provided a piece of money be left upon one of the stones. Sir Walter Scott has transferred this legend to the sixteenth century, in his novel of "*Kenilworth*," and this circumstance rendering the subject more generally interesting, I am tempted to give here a

brief account of the Scandinavian version of the history of this redoubtable artificer.

The giant Vade, or Selande, had a son named Velant, who, at the age of nine years, was placed with a famous smith of Hunaland, called Mimit, in order to learn the art of forging iron. After leaving him three winters in Hunaland, Vade took him to a mountain called Kallona, the interior of which was inhabited by two dwarfs, who had the reputation of being more skilful in the working of iron than any other dwarfs,* or ordinary mortals. They manufactured swords, casques, and cuirasses, and were great adepts in the working of gold and silver, of which they made numberless trinkets. Vade agreed with the dwarfs that they should teach his son Velant, in the space of twelve months, all the arts of which they were masters; and for which they were to receive as a recompense a golden mark. Velant soon learned all that the dwarfs thought proper to teach him; and when his father returned, at the expiration of the appointed time, to take him away, the dwarfs offered to give him

* The Finlanders are often designated in the Sagas as dwarfs, and even sorcerers. They were of a very diminutive stature, and generally lived in the caverns of the mountains; hence their double appellation of dwarfs and necromancers.

back the golden mark, and teach his son as much again as he had already learned, if he should be allowed to remain under their care another year. Vade consented ; but the dwarfs, quickly repenting the bad bargain they had made, added this condition, that if, upon the appointed day, Vade did not appear to take away his son, they should be at liberty to kill him. To this Vade also gave his assent ; but, before his departure, he took his son aside, shewed him a sword, which he concealed in a certain spot at the foot of the mountain, and said to him, “If I should not arrive on the appointed day, sooner than allow yourself to be killed by those dwarfs, take this sword and put an end to your own existence, in order that my friends may say, I gave to the world a man, not a girl.” Velant promised to do so, and re-entered the mountain, where he soon became so skilful in the art of working metals, that the dwarfs became jealous of his superiority. Towards the close of the twelve months, Vade the giant set out for the mountain, where he arrived three days before the expiration of the time. But finding the entrance to the interior of the mountain not yet open, and being very much fatigued with his long journey, he fell asleep. During his slumber a violent storm arose, a part of the mountain gave way, and buried poor Vade under its fragments.

The day fixed upon for his appearance being come, the dwarfs issued from the mountain, but could perceive no traces of Vade the giant. His son Velant, after in vain searching for him, ran to where the sword was concealed, took it, and hiding it under his garments, followed the dwarfs into the mountain. He there killed them, instead of himself, took possession of their tools, loaded a horse with as much gold and silver as he could carry, and set out on his return to Denmark. Being stopped in his progress by a river, he cut down a tree, hollowed out its trunk, stowed his treasures into it, made a cover for it which made it impervious to the water, and getting into it himself, closed the lid, and committed himself to the mercy of the waves.

One day that the King of Jutland and his court were out on a fishing party, on the nets being drawn, there was found in one of them a singularly shaped trunk of a tree. In order to find out what it contained, they were going to break it to pieces, when suddenly a voice issued from the trunk, commanding the workmen to desist. On hearing which, the workmen ran away precipitately, crying out that there was a sorcerer hid in the piece of timber. In the meantime Velant opened the door of his prison; and on coming out, told the king

that he was no sorcerer, and that if he would spare his life and his treasure, he would render the king the most signal services. The king assented. Velant entered the royal service, and his charge was to take great care of the knives, which were every day placed before the king at table. One day, while he was washing these knives in the river, one of them fell out of his hands, and sunk to the bottom. Fearing to lose the royal favour, he went secretly to the forge belonging to the king's smith, and made a knife exactly similar to the one that had been lost. The first time the king made use of this knife at dinner, it not only cut the bread, but went clean through the wood of the table ! After this, and more wonderful feats with weapons of his construction, Velant passed for the most skilful workman in the kingdom, and manufactured for the king many precious articles in gold and silver.

So far the Icelandic *Vilkina Saga*, which enters into the subject much more at length. For further particulars connected with the history of the legend, I may refer the reader to the fifth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of France, 8vo. Paris, 1823, p. 217, and to Depping's dissertation on "Véland le Forgeron," 8vo. Paris, 1833.

It only remains for me to offer my best thanks to the Rev. C. G. Hulton, Librarian of Chetham College, who kindly afforded me every assistance while transcribing the manuscript; and to Sir Frederic Madden, who most liberally lent me his own transcript of the romance, made in the autumn of 1835. I ought to add that when I made my transcript, I was not aware that a copy had previously been taken by a gentleman, whose very superior knowledge both of the language and the subject would have produced an edition of this romance much more satisfactory than the present one.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

35, Alfred Place,
July 7th, 1842.

🍷 Torrent of Portugal.

*Here bygynneth a good tale of Torrente of
Portyngale.*

GOD, that ys worthy and bold
Heven and erthe have in hold,
 Fyld, watyr, and wynde,
Yeve use grace hevyn to wyne,
And brynge us owt off dedly synne,
 And in thy servyse to ende !

A stounde and ye wolle lyst be-dene,
Ale dowghtty men that evyr hathe byn,
 Wher so that they lende,
I schalle yow telle, ore I hense pase,
Off a knyght that dowghtty wase,
 In Rome ase clarkys ffynde.

In Portynggalle, that ryche londe,
 An erelle that wase wonande,
 That curtese wase and dowghtty ;
 Sone aftyr he had a sone,
 The feyerest that on fot myght gon,
 Tyrrant men seyde he hyght.

Be tyme he wase xvij. yer old,
 Of deddes of armys he wase bold, 20
 To felle bothe kyng and knyght ;
 And now commythe dethe appon a day
 And takythe hys father, ase I yow sey,
 For God ys most of myght.

The kyng of Portynggalle wase fayne ;
 Towarde hym he takythe Torrayne,
 That dowghtty ys in dedde ;
 And ther he fesomnyd in hys hond
 A good eyrldom in that lond,
 Bothe forest and downe. 30

The kyng hathe a dowghttyr feyer ase flowyr,
 Dyscenyre wase her name,
 Worthyest in wede.
 When Torrent had of her a syght,
 More he lovyd that swete wyte
 Than alle ys fathyrys londe.

For love of thys lady deyr,
 In dede of armys far and nere
 Aventorres gan he take ;
 With heve tymbyr and ovyr-ryde, 40
 Ther myght no man hys dent abydde,
 But to the erthe he them stroke.

Her father and other knyghttes mo
 Had farly how he ryd soo,
 And on a day to hyme spake :
 He seyde, “ Torrent, howe may thys byne,
 That thow dysplesyst thes knyghttes kene,
 And ordurres non wolle take ?”

Torrent sayde, “ So mot I the,
 And other sayment wolle I bee 50
 Ore I take ordor of knyght.”
 Tho he sware be hevyn kyng,
 Ther wase told hym a wondyr thyng
 In hys chambyr to nyght.

“ For the love of my doughter dere,
 Thow makyst good far and nere,
 In dedde of armys bryght ;
 And wyt thow wylle, so God me save !
 Thow schalle here wyne, yf thow her have,
 Be thow nevyr so wytht.” 60

Torrent sayd, “ Be Marré dere !
 And I were off armyse clere,
 Yowr dowghthyr me leve were.”
 The kyng seyde, “ Yf yt be soo,
 Ore vij. yere be ago,
 More schalle we here.

“ Durst thou, for my dowghttyr sake,
 A poynt of armys for to take,
 Withowt helpe of fere ?”
 Than seyde Torrant, “ So God me sped ! 70
 With anny man that syttythe on stede,
 Other far ore nere.”

Therof the kyng for tene wax wode ;
 “ Yf thou wylt make thy body good,
 Be trew and hold thy contenance.”
 Tho seyde Torrant, “ So God me sped ere !
 And I wyst in what sted they were,
 Fore no man wold I chaunce.”

“ Into the Grekes see a mylle
 Ther lyghttythe a gyant mauyle, 80
 Fulle evylle thou dourst hyme stond.
 My fayer forestes fellythe downe he,
 And ryche castelles in that contré,
 No ston lettythe he stond.”

Terrent sayd, “ Be Marre bryght !
 Yt ys gret sorrow that he hathe syght,
 The devylle of Helle hym blynd.”
 The knyght sayd, “ *Pericula more* be-dew[n]e,
 Thow darryst fulle evylle with thy ey him sew[n]e,
 He wold felle the with hys wynde.” 90

“ Now, be my trowthe,” seyde Torrent than,
 “ As I ame a jentylman,
 Yf I may hym fynd,
 Won fot wolle I not fro hym pase,
 Thow he be stronger than Samson wase,
 Or anny man of kynd.”

Hys squyerys they mornyd sore,
 Withowt fere that he schold fare
 To that gret jorney,
 With the gyant heygh for to fyght ; 100
 Begonmese that gyant hyght,
 That fynddes fare for aye.

To arme hyme Torrant goos,
 Hys good stede with him he takythe,
 Withowt squyer that day ;
 He takythe leve at lorddys hend,
 And on hys wey than he wynd,
 For hym alle they prayd.

Lytyle wyst Desonelle that jente,
 For whos love that he went, 110
 To fyght with that knave.
 Now God, that dyed appon a rode,
 Strengithe hym bothe bone and blod,
 The fyld for to have !

He that schalle wend soche a wey,
 Yt were nede for hym to pray
 That Jeshu hym schuld save.
 Yt ys in the boke of Rome,
 Ther was no knyght of Kyrstendome
 That jorney durst crave. 120

Vj. days rydythe he
 By the cost of the feyer see,
 To seke the gyant kene :
 By the cost as he rode,
 In a forest longe and brode,
 And symly wase to se[n]e.

Hey sperrys ther he fonde,
 And gret olyvys growonde,
 Coverd in levys smale ;
 Sone wase he ware, ase y yow say, 130
 Uppon a mounteyn ther he laye,
 On slepe ase I wene.

Torrent on kne knelyd he,
 And besowght Jeshu so fre,
 That bowght hym with hys blod :
 “ Lord, ase thow dyd lyght for Mare !
 Let me never take velony,
 And gef me of thy fode !

“ Serttes, yf I hym slepyng slone,
 Manfulle ded were yt none, 140
 For my body, be the rode.”
 Tho Terrant blewe hys bugelle bold,
 To loke that he awake wold,
 And sythe ner hyme rode.

So fast aslepe he wase browght,
 Hys hornys blast awoke hyme nowght,
 He swellyd ase dothe the see.
 Torrent saw he wolle not wake,
 He reynyd hys sted unto a stake,
 Ase a jentylleman in fere. 150

So hy he sayd wase the mounteyne,
 Ther mygh no horse wyne hym ageyn,
 But yf he nowyd wold be ;
 Thowe the wey nevyr so wykkyd were,
 On hys wey gan he fare,
 In gret peraylle went hee.

Torent went to that mounten,
 He put hys spere hyme ageyne,
 “ Aryse, fellow !” gan he saye.
 “ Who made the so bold here to dwelle, 160
 My lordes frethe thus to felle ?
 Amendes the behovythe to pay.”

The gyant rysythe ase he had byn wod,
 And redyly by hyme stode,
 Besyd hyme on a lay ;
 And seyde, “ Sertes, yf I leve,
 Soche a wed I wolle the geff,
 To meve the evyr and ay.”

Thow the chyld were nevyr so yonge,
 The fyndes spere sparrythe hyme nothyng, 170
 Jeshu, the holttes horee ;
 Who had fare and nere byne,
 And never had of fytyng seyn,
 He myght a lernyd there.

The gyant the fyrst stroke to hym he cast,
 His good schyld alle to-brast
 In schevyres spred wase there ;
 Tho coud not he better ryd,
 But stond styлле tylle one were ded,
 The gyant lefte hym ther. 180

Torrent undyr hys spryt he spred,
 And abowght the body he hyme hente,
 As far as he myght last ;
 “ A ! fellow ! wylt thow so ? ”
 And to the grownd gan they goo,
 Of the mounteyn bothe downe gan they pase.

Ase the boke of Rome tellys,
 They tornyd xxxij. tymys,
 In armys walloyng fast.
 Yt tellythe in the boke of Rome, 190
 Evyr ase the gyant above come,
 Hys guttes owt of hys body rane.

At the fot of the mounteyn
 Ther lay a gret ragyd ston serteyn,
 Yt nyhed ys schuldyr bon ;
 Ther to that gyant felle that tyd,
 And also hys ryght syd,
 Ase he herd in Rome.

Thorow hyme that mad man,
 Torrent sone abovyn wane, 200
 And fast he gan warke,
 With a knyffe feyere and bryght,
 Torrent with alle hys myght
 Ther with he gard hyme dwelle.

Torent knelyd on hys kne,
 To Jeshu Cryst prayd he,
 That hathe thys world to wyld;
 “ Lord, lovyd, evyr lovyd, thowe be !
 The feyer fyld thow hast lent me !”
 Upp bothe hys handes held.

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“ Alle onely withowt any knave,
 Of the fynd the maystry to have,
 Of hym to wyn the fyld.”
 Now ys ther none other to say,
 Of hyme he wane the fyld that day,*
 I pray God hyme schyld.

Torrent went uppe ageyne
 To the mount, ase I gan sayne,
 The londes to se far and nere ;
 In the see a myle hyme thoȝt
 An hold wase rychyly wrowt,
 In that lond wase not here perre.

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The see wase ebbyd, I yow sey,
 Torrent thether toke the way,
 Werry allethow he were ;
 And ther he fownd ryche wayes,
 Towrres endentyd with presyos stonys,
 Schynyng ase crystallle clere.

* This line and the preceding one are repeated twice in the manuscript, which is evidently a mere clerical error.

The gattys off yron ther he fond,
 Therin Torrent gan wonde, 230

A nyghtes rest therein he toke ;
 And at the hale-dore ther wase
 A lyon and a lyonasse,
 Ther men betwene them twayne.

Fast etyng ase ye may here,
 Crystyn thow thow they were,
 Hys browys began to blowe ;
 And wit yow wille, Lord God yt wote,
 He durst goo no fote,
 Lest they wold hyme sle. 240

Torrant stod and beheld,
 And prayed to God that ale may wyld
 To send hyme harborrow good ;
 Sone hard he within a whalle
 The syghyng of a lady smalle,
 Sche weppte ase sche were wod.

Sche mornyd sore, and sayd, " Alas !
 That evyr kynges dowghthyr wase
 Over come of so jentylle blod !
 For now ame I holdyn here 250
 In lond with a fyndes fere."
 Torrent hard wher he stod.

“ Dere God !” seyð Torrant than,
 “ Yff ther be anny Crystyn man
 In thys hold of ston,
 That wolle, for the love of God of myght,
 Harbourrow a jentylman thys nyght,
 For I ame but on.”

“ Seynt Marry !” seyð that lady clere,
 “ What Crystyn man axithe harburrow here ?” 260
 Nere hym anon sche gothe.
 “ I wold harburrow the fulle fayne,
 But a gyant wylle the slayne ;”
 To hym sche mad here mone.

“ Say me now, fayer lady,
 Who owte thys plase schalle hyght,
 These tourres that are so feyer and bryght ?”
 Ther sche seyð, “ be hevyn kyng !
 Here ys a gyant dwellyng,
 That meche ys of myght. 270

“ Be my trowthe, and he the see,
 Were ther xx. lyvys in the,
 They dethe than wylle he dyght.
 Jeshu Cryst gef me grace,
 To hyde the in some prevé plase,
 Owt of the fyndes syght !

“ Evyr me thynkythe be thy tale,
 The song of the burdes smale
 On slepe hathe hyme browght.”

“ Ye,” seyde Torrent, “ ore he be wakyn, 280
 I schalle the telle soche a tokyn,
 Of hym thou have no thought.

“ But wolddes thou for thy gentré,
 Do the lyonnys downe lye,
 That they nye me nowght.”
 By the hande sche gane hym tane,
 And led hym in bewté them twayne ;
 Ryght ase sche wold they wrought.

The lady wase nevyr so adrad,
 Into the hale sche hym lad, 290
 That lemyred ase gold bryght ;
 Sche byrlyd whyt wyne and rede,
 “ Make use myrre ageyne ower dedd,
 I wot welle yt ys so dyght !”

“ Be my trowthe !” seyde Torrent,
 “ I wole be thy warrant,
 He comythe not here thys nyght.
 On soche a slepe he ys browght,
 Alle men of lyve wakythe hym nowght,
 But onely God alone.” 300

Blythe then wase that lady jent,
 For to onharnes Torrent,
 That dowghtty wase and bold ;
 “ Forsothe,” sche seyde, “ I wot wher ys
 The kynges sone of Prevense,
 Fast put in hold.

“ In a dongon that ys dym,
 Fowyre good erylles sonnys be with hyme,
 Ys fet in fere and fold.
 The gyant wan theme in a tyde, 310
 Ase they rane be the watyr syde,
 And put them in preson cold.

“ In an yron cage he hathe them done.”
 Torrent went thether sone,
 “ Are ye yet levand ?”
 The kynges sone askyd than,
 “ Yf ther were anny Crysten man
 Wold bryng use ow of bond.”

“ Lord !” he seyde, “ God Allemyght !
 I had levyr on a day to fyght, 320
 Than alle my fathyrys lond.”
 With an iryn malle styff and strong
 He brake upe an yron dore or longe,
 And sone the keyes he fond.

Owt he toke thys chyldyrn fyve,
 The feyrest that were on lyve
 I hold in anny sted.
 The lady wase fulle glad ;
 Sche byrlyd whyt wyn and redd,
 And sethyn to soper sone they yed. 330

“ Lordes,” he seyde, “ syn yow are her,
 I red yow mak ryght good cher,
 For now ys alle thy nede.”
 Thus he covyrd owt of care ;
 God, that sofryd wounddes sore,
 Grante use to sped welle !

Lorddes and ye wol lythe,
 The chyldyr namys I wolle telle blythe,
 Here kyn how they were me told ;
 The kynges sone, that dowghtty wase, 340
 Wase clepyd Verdownys,
 That dowghtty wase and bold.

The kynges dowghttyr of Gales lond,
 Elyonere, I undyrstond,
 That worthy wase in hold.
 And an erylles son that hyght Torren,
 Another Jakys of Berweyne,
 The forthe wase Amyas bold.

Into hys chambyr sche hyme led,
 Ther gold and sylvyr wase spred, 350
 And asur that wase blewe ;
 In yron ther he gan stond,
 Body and armys lygand,
 In powynt to trusse and goo.

Into a stabylle sche hym led,
 Eche toke a fulle feyer sted,
 They were to goo.
 And wote ye welle and undyrstond,
 Had byn the gyant belevand,
 They had not partyd soo. 360

They wolle not to bed gan,
 Tylle on the morrow the day spronge,
 Thus away to ffare.
 Torrant sperryd the gattys i-wyse,
 Alle that he lyst he clepyd hys,
 The keys and thyng he bare.

The lyon at the dore,
 Wase led to her mayster that wase befor,
 Un hym they fed them ther ;
 Upp won of the horse that wase ther levyd, 370
 Un hym thei trussyd the gyanntes hed,
 Thus helpt hym God ther.

Messengyres to the weye,
 To the kyng of Provyns I to sey,
 Hys sone ys owt of hold.
 Yoynge Torrent of Portynggalle 400
 Hathe browght hym owt of balle,
 And slayne the jeyant bold.

The kynges messenger, so mot I the,
 “ I wolle geff the towynnys thre,
 For the talles thow hast me told.”
 Lytylle and mykylle that ther were,
 Alle they mad good cher,
 Her prynse fayne se wold.

That they than to Gales yede,
 Yeftys to were hym no ned, 410
 Then downys had they;
 Ase they seylyd on a tyde,
 At Perrown on the see syd,
 * * * *

The kyng of Pervynse seyde, “ So mot I the !
 Yftles schalle they not be,
 That dare I sothely sey.”
 The kyng of Gales proferd hym feyer,
 “ Wed my dowghttyr and myn eyer,
 Whensoevyr thow may.” 420

The kyng of Pervense seyde, “ So mot I the !
 Thys seson yeftles schalle thow not be,
 Have here my ryng of gold ;
 My sword that so wylle ys wrowyt,
 A better than yt know I nowght
 Within Crystyn mold.

“ Yt ys ase glemyrryng ase the glase,
 Thorrow Velond wroght yt wase,
 Bettyr ys non to hold.

I have syne sum tyme in lond ;
 Loke thow hold yt with fulle hond,
 Whoso had yt of myn hond,
 I fawght therfor I told.”

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Tho wase Torrent blythe and glad,
 The good swerd ther he had,
 The name wase Adolake.
 A gret maynerlet he make,
 That lest alle a fortnyght,
 Whoso wille hys met take.

Evyry man toke ys leve, ase yow say,
 Homward to wend ther wey,
 Every man to take ys rest ;
 Tylle yt befelle uppon a day,
 Ase they went be the wey,
 The kyng to hys dowghttyr spake.

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“ Ye schalle take hed of a jeentylleman,
 A feyer poynt for yow he wane,
 Desonelle, at the last.”

“ Syr,” sche seyde, “ be hevyn Kyng !
 Tylle ye me told, I knewe nothyng, 450
 For whoys love yt wase.”

“ Desonelle, so mot I the !
 Yt wase for the lowe of the
 That he trovylled so fast.
 I warne yow dowghttyr, be the rode,
 Yt ys for yow bothe good,
 Therto I red yow trust.”

Forthe sche browght a whyt sted,
 As whyt as the flowyr in med,
 Ys fytted blac ase slo. 460

“ Leman, have here thys fole,
 That dethe ys dynt schalt thou not have,
 Whylle thow settythe hyme appon.

And yf thow had perrovyd be,
 And hadyst ned fore to fle,
 Fast for to gone.”

The kyng of Portynggalle seyde, “ So mot I the !
 Torrent, I wel saffe of the,
 For better love may I none.”

Aftyward uppon a tyd, 470
 Ase the went be the watyres syd,
 The kyng and yong Torrent,
 The kyng wold fayne that he wer ded,
 And hym wyst in what maner,
 How he schuld be schent.

A false lettyr mad the kyng,
 And dyd messengyres forthe yt bryng,
 On the rever ase they went,
 To Torrent trew ase styll,
 Yf he love Desonelle wylle, 480
 Get her a facon jent.

Torrent the letter began to red,
 The kyng lestyned and nere yed,
 Ase he yt nevyr ad syne.
 “Syr,” he seyde, “what may thys be ?
 Loo, lord, come ner and see,
 Abowght a facon schene.

“I ne wot, so God me sped,
 In what lond they ne bred.”
 The kyng answerd, I wene, 490
 “In the forrest of Maudlen,
 Ther be hawkes, ase I herd seyne,
 That byn of lenage gene.”

And than seyde the kyng ontrew,
 " Yf thow get hawkys of gret valew,
 Bryng on of them to me."
 Torrent seyde, " So God me save !
 Yf yt betyd that I may have,
 At your wylle they schal be."

Hys squyeres bode he ther, 500
 Aftyr hys armor for to far,
 In the fylde byddythe he.
 They armyd hym in hys wed,
 Tho he bestrod another sted,
 And forthe than rod hee.

Torrent toke the wey ageyn
 Into the forest of Mawdleyne,
 In the wyldsome way ;
 Berrys he sawe stondyng,
 And wyld bestes ther goyng, 510
 Gret lyonys ther he fond.

In a wod that wase thyke,
 Yt drew nerehand nyght,
 And in the dawnyng of the day ;
 Harkyn, lordes, what I schalle sey,
 He and hys squyer partyd they,
 Carfulle they were that day.

The gyant seyde, " I undyrstond
 There ys sum Crystyn man nere hond,
 My dragon here I cry.
 By him that schope bothe watyr and lond !
 Alle that I can se before me stond, 570
 Dere schalle they abyde.

" Me thynkythe I here my dragon schowt,
 I deme ther be some dowghtty man hym abowght,
 I trow to long I ly.
 Yf I dwelle in my pylle of ston,
 And my cheff foster were gone,
 A false mayster were I."

Be the gyant wase redy dyght,
 Torrent had slayne the dragon ryght ;
 Thus gan God hyme scheld. 580
 To the mownteyne he toke the wey,
 To rest hyme alle that day,
 He had mystyr to be killyd.

Tylle the day began to spryng,
 Fowllys gan myrré to syng,
 Bothe in frethe and in feld.
 Leve we now of Torrent there,
 And speke we of thys squyer more,
 Jeshu hys sole fro helle schyld !

Hys squyer rod alle nyght, 590
 In a wod that wase fulle tyght,
 With meche care and gret fare,
 For to seke hys lord Torrent,
 That wysly wase from hyme sent ;
 And he wyst nevyr whethyr ne wher.

He durst nevyr cry ne schuot,
 For wyd bestes were hym abowght
 In the holttes hore ;
 A lyty whylle before the day,
 He toke into a ryde wey 600
 Hymeself to meche care.

Forthe he rod, I undyrstond,
 Tylle he an hey wey fond,
 Withowtyn any delay ;
 Also fast ase he myght fare,
 Fore berrys and apyes that ther were,
 Lest they wold hym byght.

The sone arose and schone bryght,
 Of a castylle he had a syght,
 That wase bothe feyer and whyte.
 The gyant hem se and ny yed, 610
 And seyde, “ fellow, so God me sped !
 Thow art welcom to me.

“ What dost thou here in my forest ?”

“ Lord, to seke an hawkys nest ;

Yff yt yowr wyl be.”

“ The behovythe to ley a wede.”

To an oke he hym led,

Gret ruthe yt wase to se.

In iiij. quarteres he hym drewe,

And every quarter uppon a bowe ;

620

Lord ! soche weys toke hee.

Ase Torrent in the mownteyn dyd ly,

Hym thought he hard a reufulle cry,

Gret fere ther hyme thought.

“ Seynt Marré !” seyde the chyld so fer,

“ Wherevyr my jentylle squyer myght be,

That I with me to wod browght.”

On he dyd hys harnes ageyne,

And worthe on hys sted serteyne,

And thetherward he sowght.

630

And wot yow wylle, I undyrstond,

In fowre quartyres he hym fownd,

For otherwyse wase yt nowght.

The gyant lenyd to a tre,

And behyld Torrent so free,

Forsothe, ase [I] yow seye.

Stomlyng thurrow frythe and fen,
 Tylle he com to a depe thorne,
 Ther myght non hym schere.
 Torrent wase glad, and folowyd fast,
 And hys spere on hym he brast,
 Good Adyloke yed hyme nere.

'The fynd in the watyr stod,
 He fawte ageyne ase he were wod,
 Alle the day in fere;
 Tho nere hond wase the day gone, 670
 Torrent wase so werry than,
 That on hys kne knelyd he.

“ Helpe, God, that alle may !
 Desonelle have good day !”
 Fro hym he cest hys schyld.
 Jeshu wold not he were slayne,
 To hym he sent a schowyr of rayne,
 Torrent fulle wylle yt kelyd.

The fynd saw he wase ny mate,
 Owt of the watyr he toke the gate, 680
 He thowght to wyne the fyld.
 Thoo wase 'Torrent ffresse and good,
 Nere the fynd sore he stod,
 Cryst hym save and see !

The fynd fawt with an yron staff;
 The fyrst stroke to hym he gaffe,
 He brast hys schyld on thre.
 Torrent undyr hys staff rane,
 To the hart he baryd hym than,
 And lothely cry gane he.

690

To the g[r]ownd he felle ase tyght;
 And Torrent gan his hed of smyght,
 And thus he wynnythe the gré.
 Torrent knelyd on the grownd,
 And thankyd God that ylke stownd,
 That soche grace hyme send.

Thus ij. journeys in thys woo,
 With hys handes slow gyantys too,
 That meny a man hathe schent.
 Torrent forthe frome hyme than yod,
 And met hyme xxiiij. fotte,
 Ther he lay on the bent.

700

Hedles he left hym there,
 Howt of the fyld the hed he bare,
 And to the castelle he went.
 To thys castelle he gan fare,
 Ther foud he armor and other gere,
 A swerd that wase bryght.

To the towre he toke the wey,
 Ther the gyantes bed lay, 710
 That rychyly wase dyght ;
 At the beddes hed he fond
 A swerd worthe an erllys lond,
 That meche wase of myght.

On the pomelle yt wase wret,
 Fro a prynce yt wase get,
 Mownpolyardus he hyght.
 The sarten withowt lese,
 A scheff chambyr sche hym chesys,
 Tylle on the morrow day. 720

To the stabulle tho' he yod ;
 There he fond a nobylle sted,
 Wase comely, whyt and grey.
 The gyanttes hed gan he take,
 And the dragonnys wold he not forsake,
 And went forthe on hys wey.

He left mor good in that sale,
 Then wase within alle Portynggalle,
 Ther ase the gyant laye.
 Tho he rod bothe day and nyght, 730
 Tylle he come to a castelle bryght,
 Ther ys lord gan dwelle.

The kyng ys gone to the gate,
 Torrent on kne he fond thereat,
 Schort talle for to telle.
 "Have thow thys in thyn hond,
 No nother hawkys ther I fond,
 At Mawdlenys welle."

The kyng ase, "so have I blyse!
 Torrent I trowe sybbe ys 740
 To the dewelle of helle.
 Here besyd dwellythe won on lond,
 Ther ys no knyghtes dynt may stond,
 So stronge he ys on grond."

"Syr," he sayd, "fore Sen Jame!
 What ys the gyantes name,
 . So evyr Good me sped!"
 "Syr," he seyde, "so mot I the!
 Slogus of Foulles, thus hyte hee,
 That wyt ys undyr wede." 750

Lytylle and mykylle, lese and more,
 Wondyr on the heddes thore,
 That Torrent had browght hem whome.
 "Lordes," seyde he, "be sen Myhelle!
 Syr kyng, but ye love hyme wylle,
 To yow yt ys gret schame."

Torent ordeynyd prystes v. fyve,
 To syng for hys squyerys lyve,
 And menythe hym by name.
 Therfor the lady whyt as swane, 760
 To Torrant here lord sche went than,
 Here hert wase to him tane.

Lettyrres come hetherward
 To the kyng of Portynggalle,
 To ax hys dowghttyr derre,
 Fro the kyng of Aragon,
 To wed her to hys yongeest son,
 The lady that ys so clere.

For Torrent schuld not her have,
 To hyme fyrst he here gafe, 770
 To the messenger ;
 And hys fast ageyn dyd pase,
 Whyle Torrent an huntyng wase,
 Therof schuld he not be ware.

On a morning ther ase hé lay,
 The kyng to the quene gan sey,
 “ Madame, for cheryté !
 Thow art oftyn hold wyse,
 Now wolle ye telle me yowr devyce,
 That how I may govern me ? 780

“ But I schalle make myn comnant so,
That there schalle non with hyme go,
Squyer ne swayne.”

“ Syr,” sche seyde, “ so mut I the !
To sore bestad hathe he be,
And wylle commyn ageyne.”

810

Tho the belles began to ryng,
Upe rose that ryche kyng,
And the lady in feree ;
And aftyrward they went to mase,
As the law of Holy Chyrge wase,
With nettes and solemnyté.

Trompettys on the walle gan blowe,
Knyghtes semlyd on a rowe,
Gret joy wase to see.

Torrent a syd bord began,
The squyeres nexte hym than,
That good knyghtes schuld be.

820

Ase they sat the myddes the mete,
The kyng wold not foreget,
To Torrent the kyng gan sey :
He seyde, “ Torrent, so God me sped !
Thow woldes fayne my dowghttyr have,
And hast lovyd her many a day.”

“ Ye, be trouthe !” seyde Torrent than,
 “ And yf that I were a ryche man, 830
 Right glad, *par ma fay.*”
 “ Yf thow durst, *par ma fay,*
 A poynt of armys undyrtake,
 Thow broke her wille fore ay.”

“ Ye,” seyde Torrent, “ ar I gan rage,
 Sekyrnes ye schalle me make
 Of yowr dowghttyr hend ;
 And aftyrward my ryght ys,
 Before xxvij. knyghtes,”
 And alle were Torrentes frenddes. 840

“ Now, good seris,” gan Torrant say
 “ Bere wittnes herof som daye,
 Ageyne yf God me send.”
 Torrent seyde, “ so mot I the !
 Wyst I where my jorney schold [be],
 Thether I me dyght.”

The kyng gaff hyme an answeere,
 “ In the lond of Calabur ther
 Wonnythe a gyant whyte ;
 And he ys bothe strong and bold, 850
 Slochys he hight, i the told,
 God send the ways ryght.”

Than quod Torrent, “ have goo day !
 And or I come ageyn, I schalle asay
 Whether the fynd can fyght.”
 Tho wold he no lenger abyde,
 He toke ys wey for to ryght
 On a sted of great valewe.

Into a chambyr he gothe,
 Hys leve of Desonelle he toke, 860
 Sche wepte alle men myght rewe.
 He seyde, “ lady, be styll !
 I schalle come ageyn than tylle,
 Thurrow helpe of Marry trewe.”

Thus he worthe on a stede;
 In hys wey Cryst hyme sped !
 Fore he yt nothyng knewe.
 He toke hym a redy wey,
 Thurrow Provyns he toke the wey,
 As hys jorney felle. 870

Tylle the castelle be the see
 And hy stret heldythe hee,
 Ther the kyng dwellyd.
 To the porter he gan seye,
 “ Wynd in fellow, I the pray,
 And thy lord than tylle.

“ Pray hym on won nyght in hys sale
 To harburrew Torrent of Portynggalle,
 Yf ys wille to bee.”

The porter dyd hys commandment, 880
 To the kyng he ys wente,
 And knelyd uppon his kne.

“ God blyse the, Lord, in thy sale !
 Torrent of Portynggale
 Thus sendythe me to the.
 He praythe yow, yf he myght,
 To harburrew hym thys won nyght,
 Yf yowr wille yt bee.”

The kyng swere be hym that dyed on tre,
 “ There ys no man in Crystyanté 890
 More welcome to me !”

The kyng arose, and to the gat yod,
 Lordes and other knygh[ht]es good,
 That were glad of hys commyng.

Into the hale he hyme browght,
 Ryche met spare they nowght
 Before Torrent fore to bryng.
 “ Syr,” sayd the kyng,, “ I pray thee,
 Where be thy men off armys free,
 That with the schuld wynd.” 900

“ Syr, to a lord I must ryde ;
 My squyer hongythe be my syde,
 No man schalle with me wend.”

“ Sir,” seyde the kyng, “ I pray the,
 Where schalle thy ded of armys bee,
 Yf yt be thy wylle?”

“ Ser,” he seyde uttyrly,
 “ At Calabur sekyrly,
 I ame alle redy ther tylle.

With a squyer, that welle can ryde, 910
 Fast be the see-sydde
 Schuld we pley ower fyle.

“ And wot ye wylle and undyrstound,
 Ther schalle no knyght come nere hond,
 Fore dred of denttes ylle.”

The kynges seyde, “ be Goddes ore !
 “ I rede that thou come not there,
 Fore why I wylle the seye.

“ Meche folke of that contré
 Come hether for soker of me, 920
 Bothe be nyght and day ;
 There ys a gyant of gret renoune,
 He dystrowythe bothe seté and towyn,
 And alle that evyr he may.

“ And ase the boke of Rome dothe telle,
 He wase get of the dewelle of helle,
 As hys moder on slepe lay.”

The kyng seyde, “ be Seynt Adryan,
 I rede another jentyllemane

 Be there and have degré.

930

“ I have a dowghttyr that ys me dere,
 Thow schalt here wed to thy fere,
 I wille geve here in hande.”

“ Gramarcy!” seyde he thane,

“ With my tonge so have I wrowght,

 To breke my day than wille I nowght.

“ Nedys me behovythe ther to bee.”

“ In Goddys name!” the kyng gane sayne,

“ Jeshu send the wille ageyne!

 Lord so mekylle of myghte!”

940

Menstrelles was them amonge,

Trompettes, harpys, and myrre songe,

 Delycyous nottis on hyght.

When tyme was, to bed they wente;

On the morrow rose Torrente,

 And toke leve on kyng and knyght,

And to a redy weyye,

Be a see-syde as yt laye,

 God send hym gattes ryght!

A hye stret hathe he none, 950
 Into Calabur he ys gone,

Within to days ore iij.;

Loo! come ther folkes hym ageyne,

Fast folloyng with cart and wayne,

Fro-ward the sytté.

“Dere God!” seyde Torrent nowe,

“Leve folkes, what ellythe yow nowe,

Soo fast fore to flee.”

“There ys a gyante here besyde,

In all thys countré fare and wyde, 960

No mane on lyve levythe hee.”

“Dere God!” sayde Torrant thane,

“Where schalle I fynd that lothly man?”

Then they answered hym ageyne,

“In a castylle besyd the see;

Slongus soo hyght hee,

Many a man had he slayne.

“We wot wille where he ys,

Before the knyghthode of Hongrys,

He wille not thus gone, 970

Tylle he have the ryche kyng

To hys presone for to bryngg,

To be lord of hymeself alone.”

Tho wold he no lenger abyd,
 But to the sytté gan he ryde,
 As fast as he myght fare ;
 Here barys felle and broke downe,
 And the gattes of gret renowne
 'Stondyng alle baree.

Men of armys stond hyme ageyne, 980
 Mo than fifty had he slayne,
 With gryme wounddes and sare.
 When 'Torrent of hym had a syght,
 'Thowe Desonelle be nevyr so bryght,
 He wille reve hym hys chaffer.

Torrent in the storrope stod,
 And prayd to God that dyed on rode,
 “ Lord! ase thow schalt all wyld at wyle,
 Gyff me grace to wynd the fyld,
 Undernethe spere and schyld, 990
 That thys fynd hym yeld
 Anon to me tulle.

“ A man schalle but onnys dyee ;
 I wille fyght while I may dryee :”
 He mad nobylle cher :
 When he had Jeshu prayd of grace,
 He wyscheyd hyme a battelle plase,
 Ther as hym lyst were.

Torrent hys spere asay began,
 Bothe schyld and spere than, 1000
 That they were sekyr and good.
 Aftyr that, within a throwe,
 Hys good horne gane he blowe,
 The gyant sawe wher he stodde.

Slongus of Flonthus staryd than,
 Quod Torrent, "yf thow be a gentylle-man,
 Or come of gentylle blod,
 Let be thy beytyng and thy ermyght,
 And come prove thy strenghe on me;
 Therefor I sowght the be the rodde. 1010

The gyant sayd, "be the roode!
 Dewelle of helle send the fode,
 Hither to seche me.
 By the nose I schalle the wryng,
 Thow berdles gadlyng,
 That alle helle schalle thow see."

The wey than to hym toke,
 And on hys bake her bare a croke,
 Wase x. fot long and thre:
 And thow he never so gret were, 1020
 Torrent thought not fare to fare.
 Tylle wone of them ded bee.

That alle in the sytté were
 Mad fulle nobile chere,
 That thys fynd wase dedde :
 fforthe they ran with stavys of tre, 1050
 Torrent seyde, “so mot I the,
 “Kepe hole hys hed.”

“Yf yt be broke, so God me sped,
 Yt ys wylle the worse to lede ;”
 That seson they dyd ase hyme bad ;
 Yt ys solas evyr among,
 Mo than thre hundred on a throng,
 Whan that he was dede.

Than the kyng of Calaber ayen hym went,
 Torrent be the hond he hent, 1060
 To the halle he gan hym lede ;
 And comaunded squiers tho
 Of her harnes for to do,
 And cloth hym in another wede.

Waytes on the walle gan blowe,
 Knyghtis assemled on a rowe,
 And sith to the deyse they yede ;
 “Sir,” quod the kyng, “of whens are ye ?”
 “Of Portingale, Sir,” said he,
 “I com heder to sech my deth.” 1070

fulle curtesly the kyng gan say;
 Torrent said on the other day,
 “Wylle ye wend with me,
 A litulle here beside to passe,
 There as the geauntes dwelling was
 His maner now for to see.”

To the castelle gan they gone,
 Richer saw they never none,
 Better myght none be.
 “Sir,” he said, “be God Allemyzt! 1080
 ffor thou hym slew that is dight,
 I vouche it save on the.

“I yeve the, ser, of alle my lond,
 And thereto an erledome of lond,
 fforsoth ye shalle it have.
 Omage thou shalte none ffyne,
 But evermore to the and thyne,
 ffrely, so God me save.”

Lordys, and ye liston wold,
 What was clepud the rich hold, 1090
 The castelle of Cardon.
 Two days or thre dwellith he there,
 And sith he takyth the way to ffare,
 Both at knyght and knave.

By the kyng of Provens he gan gane,
That he had oute i-tane

His son uppon a day.

Gentilmen were blith and ffayn,
That he in helth was comyn agayn,
That they myght with hym play.

1100

Thereof herd he sertayn[ly],
That Desonelle wedid shold be

With an uncouth aray.

And listonyth, lordis, of a chaunce,
Howe he lefte his countenance,
And takyth hym armes gay.

Byfore the kyng he fell on kne,
“ Good lord,” he said, “ for charité !

Yeve me order of knyght :

I wott welle ye are leryd,
My lordys dowghter shalle be wed
To a man off myght.”

1110

“ Sir,” he said, “ I trow she mone,
To the Prynce of Aragon ;

Gete the armes bryght.”

“ Swith,” he seith, “ that this be done,
That thou be there and wyn thy shone,
By this day sevynnyght.”

Sir Torrent ordenyth hym a sheld,
 It was ryche in every ffeld; 1120

Listenyth what he bare :

Of azure a squier off gold,
 Richely lett on mold.

Listonyth what he ware :

A dragon lying hym besyde,
 Hys mouth grennyng fulle wyde,
 Alle ffyghtyng as they were ;
 'The creste that on his hede shold stond,
 Hit was alle gold shynand,
 Thus previd he hym there. 1130

Lordys assemblid in sale,
 Welle mo than I have in tale,
 Or ellis gret wonder were ;
 There herd i-telle ffor certayn,
 That Desonelle wed shold be than,
 That was hymselfe ffulle dere.

And whan he herd of that ffare,
 Wers tydingis than were thare,
 Might he none gladly here.
 He wold not in passe, 1140
 Tille the myd mete was,
 The kyng and meny a knyght.

As they satt at theyre glade,
 In at the halle dur they rade,
 In arnes ffeyre and bryght ;
 With a squier that is ffre,
 Up to the lady ryduth he,
 That rychely was i-dight.

“ Lordys,” he said, “ among you alle,
 I chalenge thre coursus in the halle, 1150
 Delyver it me with right.”
 The kyng of Aragon sett her bye,
 And he defendid her nobely,
 “ I wylle none delyver the.”

His son said, “ so muste I thryve,
 There shalle no man just for my wiffe,
 But yf youre wylle it be.
 ffor her love did I never no dede,
 I shalle to day, so God me spede,
 Behold and ye shalle se.” 1160

“ Alas !” said Desonelle the dere,
 “ ffulle longe may I sitt here,
 Or Torrent chalenge me.”
 Trumpettes blew in the prese,
 Lordys stond on reugis,
 Ladyes lay over and beheld.

The prynce and Torrent than
 Eyther to other gan ren,
 Smertely in that ffield :
 Torrent sett on hym so sore, 1170
 That hors and man down he bore,
 And alle to-sheverd his sheld.

So they tombelid alle in ffere,
 That afterward of vij. yere
 The prynce none armes myght weld.
 Torrent said, “ so God me save !
 Other two coursus wylle I have,
 Yf ye do me law of lond.”

Gret lordys stond styлле,
 They said nether good ne ylle, 1180
 ffor tynding of his hond.
 The prynce of Aragon in they barre,
 With litulle worshipp and sydes sare,
 He had no fote on ffor to stond.

Thus thes lordys justid aye ;
 Better he had to have be away,
 Suche comffort there he ffound.
 He wold not in passe,
 Tille they at myd-mete was,
 On the other day at none. 1190

His squiers habite he had,
 Whan he to the deyse yad,
 Withoute couped shone ;
 And the hede on the bord he laid,
 “ Lo ! Ser kyng, hold this,” he said,
 “ Or ellis wroth we anon.”

They sett stille at the bord,
 None of hem spake one word,
 They spake nether ylle ne good ;
 But ryght that he had done, 1200
 Torrent at the syde-bord stode,
 “ Lystonyth, lordynges, gentille of blood,

“ ffor the love of God allemyght,
 The kyng heyght me his doughter dere,
 To ffyght with a ffendys ffere,
 That wekyd was and wight ;

“ To wed her to my wyffe,
 And halffe his kyngdome be his liffe,
 And after his days alle his ryght.
 Lokyth, lordys, you among, 1210
 Whether he do me ryght or wrong :”
 Tho waried hym both kyng and knyght.

Tho said the kyng of Aragon i-wys,
 “ Torrent, I wiste nothing of thys,
 A gret maister arte thou !”
 The kyng sware be Seynt Gryffen,
 “ With a sward thou shalte her wynne,
 Or thou have her nowe.

“ ffor why, my son to her was wed,
 Gret lordys to churche her led, 1220
 I take wittnes of you alle ;
 Kyng Calamond have good day,
 Thou shalt i-bye it and I may,
 To God I make avowe.”

The emperoure of Rome ther was,
 Betwene these kynges gan he passe,
 And said, “ lordys, as sone,
 This squier that hath brought this hede,
 The kyng had wend he had the dede,
 And aventurly gan he gone ; 1230

“ I rede you take a day of restys,
 And do it uppon two knyghtes,
 And let no man be slayn.”
 Gret lordys that were thare,
 This talis lovid at that fare,
 And ordenyd than anon.

To the kyng com was,
 To send unto Sathanas,
 ffor a geaunt that hight Cate ;
 ffor to make hym knyght to his hond, 1240
 And sease hym in alle his lond ;
 The messingere toke the gate.

Gret othes he sware hym than,
 That he shold ffyght but with one man,
 And purvey hym he bad ;
 Iryn stavis two or thre,
 ffor to ffyght with Torrent ffre,
 Though he thereof ne wott.

Than take counselle of kyng and knyght,
 On lond that he shold not ffyght, 1250
 But ffar oute in the see ;
 In an yle long and brod,
 A gret payn there was made,
 That holdyn shold it be.

If Cate slew Torrent that ffre ys,
 Halfe Portyngale shold be his,
 To spend with dedys ffre ;
 And yf ser Torrent myght hym overcom,
 He shold have halfe Aragon,—
 Was better than suche thre. 1260

The gyaunt shipped in a while,
 And sett hym oute in an yle,
 That was grow both grene and gay ;
 Sir Torrent com prekand on a stede,
 Richely armed in his wede,
 “ Lordyngys,” gan he say,

“ It is semely ffor a knyght
 Uppon a stede ffor to ffyght.”

They said sone, “ nay,
 He is so hevy he can not ryde ;” 1270
 Torrent said, “ eville mut he betyde,
 ffalshode woo worth it aye !”

“ Sir, takyth houselle and shrefte !”
 To God he did his hondys lifte,
 And thankid hym of his sond ;
 “ Jeshu Cryste, I the praye,
 Send me myght and strengith this day,
 Ayen the ffend to stond !”

To the shipp ser Torent went,
 With the grace God had hym sent, 1280
 That was never ffayland ;
 Alle the lordys of that contré,
 ffrome Rome unto the Grekys se,
 On lond stode and beheld.

Whan ser Torrent into the ile was brought,
 The shipmen lenger wold tary nought,
 But hied hem sone ageyn ;
 The giaunt said, “ so must I the,
 Sir, thou art welcom to me,
 Thy deth is not to-layn !”

1290

The ffirste stroke to hym he yave,
 Oute of his hand flew his staff ;
 That thefe was fulle fayn :
 Tho ser Torrent went nere Cate,
 * * * * *
 He thought he wold hym have slayn.

The theff couth no better wonne ;
 Into the see rennyth he sone,
 As fast as he myght ffare :
 Sir Torrent gaderid good cobled stonys,
 Good and handsom ffor the nonys,
 That good and round were.

1300

Meny of them to hym he caste,
 He threw stonys on hym so faste,
 That he was sad and sore ;
 To the ground he did hym felle,
 Men myght here the fend yelle,
 Halfe a myle and more.

Sir Torent said as he was wonne,
 He thankid Jeshu, Maryes son, 1310
 That Kyng that sent hym myȝt!
 He said, "lordys, for charité,
 A bote that ye send to me,
 It is nerehand nyght."

They reysed a gale with a saylle,
 The geaunt to lond for to traylle,
 Alle men wonderid on that wight.
 Whan that they had so done,
 They went to ser Torent fulle sone,
 And shipped that comly knyght. 1320

The emperoure of Rome was there,
 Of Provens and of Calabere yare,
 And other kynges two or thre :
 They yave Ser Torent that he wan,
 Both the erth and the woman,
 And said welle worthy was he.

Sir Torent had in Aragon,
 The riche cité of Cargon,
 And alle that riche contré ;
 Archbeshoppes, as the law felle, 1330
 Departid the prynce and Dissonelle,
 With gret solempnité.

ffor Ser Torent the fend did falle,
 Gret lordys honoured hym alle,
 And for a doughty knyght hym tase.
 The kyng said, “ I understand,
 Thou hast fought ffor my doughter and my lond,
 And welle wonne her thou hase.”

He gave to ser Nycholas de Barr,
 A grett erldome and Amarr, 1340
 That abbey of hym redith ;
 ffor Jhesus love, moch of myght,
 That hym helpith day and nyght,
 Whan he to the battelle yede.

Lordys than at the laste,
 Echone on theyre way paste,
 And every man to his ;
 The Quene of Portingale was ffayn,
 That ser Torent was com agayn,
 And thankyd God of this. 1350

Than said the kyng, “ I understand
 Thou hast fought for my doughter, and my lond,
 And art my ward i-wys ;
 And I wylle not ageyn the say,
 But abyde halfe yere and a day,
 And broke her welle with blis.”

Torent said, “so muste I the,
 Sith it wylle no better be,
 I cord with that assent ;”
 After mete, as I you telle, 1360
 To speke with mayden Desonelle,
 To her chamber he went.

The damyselle so moche of pride,
 Set hym on her bed-syde,
 And said, “welcom verament.”
 Such gestenyng he aright,
 That there he dwellid alle nyȝt,
 With that lady gent.

Sir Torent dwellid thare
 Twelffe wekys and mare, 1370
 Tille letters com hym tille,
 ffro the kyng of Norway,—
 ffor Jhesus love he did hym praye,
 Yf it were his wylle,

He shold com as a doughty knyght,
 With a geaunt for to ffyght,
 That wylle his londys spylle ;
 He wold hym yeve his daughter dere,
 And halfe Norway, ffar and nere,
 Both be hold and be hylle. 1380

Shipp and takylle they dight,
 Stede and armour ffor to ffyght,
 To the bote they bare ;
 Gentilmen that were hend
 Toke her leve at theyre frend,
 With hym ffor to fare.

Kyng Colomond is not to layn,
 He wold that he cam never agayn,—
 Therefore God yeff hym care.
 So within the ffyfty dayes,
 He come into the lond of Norways,
 Hard contré ffound he thare.

1410

Thus ser Torrent forsoth is fare,
 A noble wynd dreffe hym thare,
 Was blowyng oute of the weste ;
 Of the coste of Norway they had a sight,
 * * * * * *
 Of sayling they were alle preste.

1420

So ffeyre a wynd had the knyght,
 A litulle beffore the mydnyght,
 He rode be a foreste ;
 The shipmen said, “ we be shent,
 Here dwellith a geaunt verament,
 On his lond are we sett !”

In a forest can they passe,
 Of Brasille, saith the boke, it was,
 With browes, brod and wyde ;
 Lyons and berys there they ffound,
 And wyld bestes aboute goand,
 Reysing on every side.

Thes men of armes with trayn,
 To the shipp they flew agayn,
 Into the see at that tyde ; 1460
 ffast from land row they began,
 Above they left that gentilman,
 With wyld bestis to have byde.

The shipmen of the same lond
 Ryved up, I understond,
 In another lond off hold ;
 There the kyng hymselfe lay,
 To the chamber they toke the way,
 And fals talis hym told.

ffor he wold not the geaunt abyde, 1470
 ffor alle this contrey feyre and wyde,
 Thouȝ he yeff it hym wold ;
 “ Sir kyng, ye have youreselfe
 Erlis ten or twelfe,
 Better know I none.

“ Send youre messingeris ffar and wyde,
ffor to ffelle the geauntes pride,

That youre doughter hath tane.”

“ I had lever to have that knyght,
With hym is grace of God Allemyȝte, 1480
To be here at his bane!”

ffulle litulle wist that riche kyng,
Of ser Torrentes ryding
In the forest alle alone ;
Thorouȝ helpe of God that with hym was,
ffro the wyld bestis gan he passe,
To an hye hylle.

A litulle while before the day,
He herd in a valey
A dynnyng and a yelle ; 1490
Theder than riduth he
To loke what thing it myȝt be,
What adventure that befelle.

It were two dragons stiff and strong,
Uppon theyre lay they sat and song,
Beside a depe welle ;
Sir Torent said thanne,
To God that made man,
And died uppon a tree,

“ Lord, as thou mayst alle weld, 1500
 Yeve me grace to wyn the feld,
 Of thes ffendys ontrewē !”
 Whan he had his prayers made,
 Pertely to hem he rade,
 And one thorouȝoute he bare.

Thus sped the knyght at his comyng,
 Thorough the helpe of hevyn kyng,
 Lord lovid muste thou be !
 The other dragon wold not flee,
 But shotith alle his myght ; 1510
 He smote ffire, that lothely thing,
 As it were the lightnyng,
 Uppon that comly knyght.

Therefore Ser Torent wold not lett,
 But on the dragon fast he bett,
 And overcome that foule wight ;
 Tho anon the day sprong, .
 ffowles rose, mery they song,
 The sonne arose on hyȝe.

Torent of the day was fulle blithe, 1520
 And of the valey he did hym swith,
 As fast as ever he may :
 To a mowntayn he rode ryght,
 Of a castelle he had a sight,
 With towrys hyȝe and gay.

He come into an hyȝe strete,
 ffew folke gan he mete,
 To wish hym the way ;
 To the gatys tho he rode,
 ffulle craftely they were made, 1530
 Of irun and eke of tree.

One tre standing there he ffound,
 Nyne oxen of that lond,
 Shold not drawe the tre ;
 The giaunt wrought up his walle,
 And laid stonys gret and smalle,
 A lothely man was he !

“ Now,” quod Torrent, “ I wot whare
 My squire be ffro me to fare,
 Ever waried thou be ! 1540
 Lord God, what is beste,
 So Jhesu me helpe, est or weste,
 I can not rede to done.

“ Yf I to the shipp fare,
 And no shipmen ffynd thare,
 It is long sith they were away ;
 Other wayes yf I wend,
 Wyld bestis wylle me shend,
 ffalshede woo worth it aye.

“ To ffyght with my Lordys enemy ;
 Whether that thou lyve or dye,
 He wylle quyte the thy mede !”
 Be that the giaunt had hym dight,
 Cam ageyn that gentille knyght,
 As bold as eny bere.

He bare on his nek a croke, 1590
 Woo were the man that he overtoke,
 It was twelfe ffete and more ;
 “ Sir,” he said, “ ffor charité,
 Loke curtes man that thou be,
 Yf thy wylle ware.

“ I have so fought alle this nyght,
 With thy ij. dragons wekyd and wight,
 They have bett me fulle sore !”
 The geaunt said, “ be my fay,
 Wors tydinges to me this day, 1600
 I myght not goodly here.

“ Thorough the valey as thou cam,
 My two dragons hast thou slayn,
 My solempnité they were ;
 To the I have fulle good gate,
 ffor thou slow my brother Cate,—
 That thou shalte by fulle dere.”

Betwene the giaunt and the knyght,
 Men myght se buffettes right,
 Whoso had be there ; 1610

Sir Torent yave to hym a brayd,
 He levid that the aungelle said,
 Of deth yave he no dynt.

Into the brest he hym bare,
 His spere-hede lefte he thare,
 So eville was hitt mynt ;
 The giaunt hym ayen smate
 Thorough his sheld and his plate,
 Into the flesh it sought.

And sith he pullith at his croke, 1620
 So fast into the flesh it toke,
 That oute myȝt he gete it nought ;
 On hym he hath it broke,
 Glad pluckys there he toke,
 Set sadly and sore.

Sir Torent stalworth satt,
 Oute of his handys he it gatt,
 No lenger dwellid he there ;
 Into the water he cast his sheld,
 Croke and alletogeders it held, 1630
 ffare after howsoever it ffare.

The geaunt folowid with alle his mayn,
 And he come never quyk agayn,
 God wold that so it ware ;
 Sir Torent bet hym there ;
 Tille that this fend did were,
 Or he thens wend.

On hym had he hurt but ane,
 But lesse myght be a mannus bane,
 But God is fulle hend ; 1640
 Thorough grace of hym that alle shalle weld,
 There the knyght had the feld,
 Such grace God did hym send !

Be than it nyed nerehand nyȝt,
 To a castelle he rode right,
 Alle nyght there to lend ;
 In the castelle found he nought,
 That God on the rode bought,
 High uppon a toure.

As he caste aside loking, 1650
 He saw a lady in her bed syttyng,
 White as lylve fflowre ;
 Up arose that lady bryght,
 And said, “ Welcom, ser Knyght,
 That fast art in stoure.”

“ Damyselle, welcom mut thou be,
 Graunt thou me for charité,
 Of one nyghtis socoure !”

“ By Mary,” said that lady clere,
 “ Me forthinkith that thou com here, 1660
 Thy deth now is dight !

“ ffor here dwellith a geaunt,
 He is clepud Weraunt,
 He is of the deville betaught ;
 To day at morn he toke his croke,
 fforth at the yates the way he toke,
 And said he wold have a draught.

“ And here be chambers two or thre,
 In one of hem I shalle hide the,
 God the save ffrome harmes right !” 1670
 “ Certayn,” tho said the knyght,
 “ That theffe I saw to nyght
 Here beside a slate.

“ He was a ferly freke in ffyght,
 With hym faught a yong knyght,
 Ech on other laid good lode ;
 Methought welle as he stode,
 He was of the fendus blood,
 So rude was he made.

“ Dame, yf thou leve not me, 1680
 Com nere and thou shalt se
 Which of hem abode.”
 Blith was that lady bryght
 ffor to se that sight ;
 With the knyght went she.

Whan she cam where the geaunt lay,
 “ Sir,” she said, “ par ma ffay,
 I wott welle it is he ;
 Other he was of God Allemyght,
 Or Seynt George, oure lady knygt, 1690
 That there his bane hath be.

“ Yf eny Cryston man smyte hym down,
 He is worthy to have renown
 Thoroughoute alle Crystiaunté.”
 “ I have wonder,” said the knyght,
 “ How he gate the lady bryght
 ffro my lord the kyng.”

“ Sir,” she said, “ verament,
 As my fader on huntyng went,
 Erly in a mornyng ; 1700
 ffor his men pursued a dere,
 To his castelle that stondith here,—
 That doth my hondys wryng.

“ He is so long of bone and blood,
 He is the geaunt, be the rode,
 Som seith he riduth uppon.”
 “ Nay,” said the Kyng, “ verament, 1820
 It is the knyght that I after sent,
 I thanke God and seynt John !

“ ffor the geaunt slayn hath he,
 And wonne my daughter, welle is me !
 Alle his men are tane !”
 Wott ye welle, with joy and blis
 Sir Torent there recevid ys,
 As doughty man of dede.

The kyng and other lordys gent,
 Said, “ welcom, Sir Torent, 1830
 Into this uncouth lond!”
 Into a state they hym brought,
 Lechis sone his woundis sought,
 They said, “ so God hem spede !

“ Were there no lyve but ane,
 His liffe they wylle not undertane,
 ffor no gold ne ffor mede.”
 The lady wist not or than,
 That he was hurt, that gentilman,
 And sith she went hym tylle. 1840

She sought his woundus, and said thare,
 “Thou shalte lyve and wel fare,
 Yf the nothing evylle;
 My lord the kyng hath me hight,
 That thou shalt wed me, ser knyght,
 The fforward ye to fulleffylle.

“Damyselle, loo here my hond!
 And I take eny wyffe in this lond,
 It shalle be at thy wylle.”

Gendres was that ladyes name, 1850
 The geauntes hede he brought hame,
 And the dragons also.

Mene myght here a myle aboute,
 How on the dede hedys they did shoute,
 ffor the shame that they had hem wrought;
 Both with dede and with tong,
 ffyfte on the hedys dong,
 That to the ground they sought.

Sir Torrent dwellid thare
 Twelwe monythis and mare, 1860
 That fforwarder myȝt he nought;
 The kyng of Norway said, “nowe,
 ffals thevis, woo worth thou,
 fferly sotelle were ye.

“ Ye said the knyght wold not com ;
 Swith oute of my kingdome,
 Or hangid shalle ye be !”
 His squiers that fro hym fled,
 With sore strokys are they spred,
 Uppon the wanne see.

1870

And there they drenchid every man,
 Save one knave that to lond cam,
 And woo begone is he ;
 The child to lond that God sent,
 In Portyngale he is lent,
 In a riche town.

That hath hight be her day,
 And ever shalle, as I you say,
 That town of Peron ;
 Byfore the kyng he hym sett,
 ffulle welle thy men, lord, they grett,
 And in the see are they drowned.

1880

Desonelle said, “ where is Torent ?”
 “ In Norway, lady, verament :”
 On sownyng felle she down ;
 As she sownyd, this lady myld,
 Men myȝt se tokenyng of her child,
 Sterying on her right syde.

Gret ruth it was to telle,
 How her maydens on her felle, 1890
 Her to cover and to hide ;
 Tho the kyng said, “ my daughter do way,
 By God, thy myrth is gone for aye,
 Spousage wylle thou none lede !

“ Therefore thou shalt into the see,
 And that bastard within the,
 To lerne you ffor to ride.”
 Erlis and barons that were good,
 Byfore the kyng knelid and stode,
 ffor that lady free. 1900

The quene her moder on knees felle,
 “ ffor Jeshu is love, that haroed helle,
 Lord, have mercy on me !
 That ylke dede that she hath done,
 It was with an erlis sonne,
 Riche man i-nough is he.

“ And yf ye wylle not let her lyve,
 Right of lond ye her yeve,
 Tille she delyvered be.”
 This lady dwellith there, 1910
 That she delyvered were,
 Of men children two.

In poyntes they were gent,
 And like they were to Ser Torent,
 ffor his love they sufferid woo ;
 The kyng said, “ so mutt I thee,
 Thou shalte into the see,
 Withoute wordys moo !

“ Every kyngis doughter ffer and nere,
 At the shalle they lere, 1920
 Ayen the law to do.”
 Gret ruth it was to se,
 Whan they led that lady ffree,
 Oute of her faders lond.

The quene wexid tho nere wood,
 ffor her doughter, that gentille ffode,
 And knyghtis stode wepand ;
 A cloth of silke gan they ta,
 And partyd it betwene hem twa,
 Whan they clepud that lady yeng. 1930

An hunderid felle in sownyng,
 At Peron on the sond,
 Down knelid that lady clene ;
 “ Jhesu Cryste that com up here,
 On this strond, as I wenyd,
 That we may crystonyd bene.”

She said, “ knyghtis and ladyes gent,
 Grete welle my lord ser Torrent,
 Yeff ye hym ever sene !”

The wynd rose ayen the nyght, 1940
 ffro lond it blew that lady bryght,
 Uppon the see so grene.

Wyndes and wedors have her drevyn,
 That in a strest be they revyn,
 There wyld bestis were ;
 The see was eb and went her ffroo,
 And lefte her and her children two,
 Alone withoute ffere.

Her one child woke and began to wepe,
 The lady awoke oute of her slepe, 1950
 And said, “ be stille, my dere ;
 Jhesu Cryst hath sent us lond ;
 Yf there be any Cryston man nere hond,
 We shall have som socoure here.”

The carefulle lady was fulle blith,
 Up to lond she went swith,
 As fast as ever she myght ;
 Tho the day began to spryng,
 ffoulles arose and mery gan syng
 Delicious notys on hight. 1960

To a mowntayn went that lady free,
 Sone was sche warr of a cité,
 With towrus ffeyre and bryght ;
 Therefore i-wys she was fulle fayn,
 She sett her down, as I herd sayn,
 Her two children ffor to dight.

Uppon the low, the lady ffound
 An erber wrought with mannus hond,
 With herbis that were good ;
 A grype was in the mowntayn wonne ; 1970
 Away he bare her yong son,
 Over a water-fflood.

Over into a wyldernes,
 There Seynt Antony ermet was,
 There at his chapelle stode ;
 The other child down gan she lay,
 And on the ffoulle did shoute and crye,
 That she was nerehond wood.

Up she rose ageyn the roughe,
 With sorefulle hert and care inoughe, 1980
 Carefulle of blood and bone ;
 She sye it myght no better be,
 She knelid down uppon her kne,
 And thankid God and Seynt John !

There come a libard upon his pray,
 And her other child bare away,
 She thankid God there !
 And his moder Mary bryght,
 This lady is lefte alone ryght,
 The sorow she made there !

1990

That she myght no further ffare,
 “ Of one poynt is my care,
 As I do now understand ;
 So my children crystenyd were,
 Though they be with beestes there,
 Theyre liffe is in Goddus hond.”

The kyng of Jerusalem had bene
 At his brothers weddyng, I wene,
 That was lord of alle that lond ;
 As he com homward on his way,
 He saw where the liberd lay,
 With a child pleyand.

2000

Torrent had yeve his lady ringes two,
 And every child had one of tho,
 Hym withalle to save ;
 The kyng said, “ be Mary myld,
 Yonder is a liberd with a child,
 A mayden or a knave.”

Tho men of armes theder went,
 Anon they had theyre hors spent, 2010
 Her guttys oute she rave ;
 ffor no stroke wold she stynt,
 Tille they her slew with speris dynt,
 The child myght they not have.

Up they toke the child yong,
 And brought it beffore the kyng,
 Add undid the swathing band ;
 As his moder beffore had done,
 A gold ryng they ffound sone,
 Was closud in his hond. 2020

Tho said the kyng of Jerusalem,
 “ This child is come of gentille teme,
 Whereever this beest hym ffound.”
 The boke of Rome berith wytnes,
 The kyng hym named Leobertus,
 That was hent in hethyn lond.

Two squiers to the town gan flyng,
 And a noryse to the child did bryng,
 Hym to kepe ffrome grame ;
 He led it into his own lond, 2030
 And told the quene how he it ffond,
 By a water streme.

Whan the lady saw the ryng,
 She said, withoute lettyng,
 “ This child is com of gentille teme ;
 Thou hast none heyre thy lond to take,
 ffor Jhesu love, thou woldist hym make
 Prynce of Jerusalem.”

Now in boke as we rede,
 As Seynt Antony about yede, 2040
 Byddyng his orysoun ;
 Of the gripe he had a sight,
 How she flew in afflight,
 To her birdus was she boun.

Betwene her clawes she bare a child,
 He prayed to God and Mary myld,
 On lyve to send it down ;
 That man was welle with God Allemyst,
 At his fote gan she light,
 That foule of gret renown. 2050

Up he toke the child thare,
 To his auter he did it bere,
 There his chapelle stode ;
 A knave child there he ffound,
 There was closud in his hond
 A gold ryng riche and good.

“ ffrome a greffon he was refte,
 Of what lond that he is lefte,
 Of gentille blood was he :
 Thou hast none heyre thy lond to take,
 ffor Jhesu love thy sonne hym make,
 As in the stede of me.”

The kyng said, “ yf I may lyve,
 Helpe and hold I shalle hym yeve,
 And receyve hym as my son ;
 Sith thou hast this lond forsake, 2090
 My riche londys I shalle hym take,
 Whan he kepe them can.”

To a ffont they hym yave,
 And crystonyd this yong knave,
 ffro care he is wonne ;
 The holy man gave him name,
 That Jeshu shild hym ffrome shame,
 Antony fice Greffoun.

“ ffader, than have thou this ryng,
 I ffound it over this swete thing, 2100
 Kepe it yf thou may ;
 It is good in every sight,
 Yf God geve grace that he be knyght,
 Other be nyght or forme of day.”

Let we now this children dwelle,
 And speke we more of Desonelle,
 Her song was welaway ;
 God that died uppon the rode,
 Yff grace that she mete with good !
 Thus disparlid are thay.

2110

This lady walkyd alle alone,
 Amonge wyld bestis meny one,
 Ne wanted she no woo ;
 Anon the day began to spryng,
 And the ffoules gan to syng,
 With bliss on every bowȝe.

“ Byrdus and bestis aye woo ye be !
 Alone ye have lefte me,
 My children ye slough !”
 As she walkid than alone,
 She sye lordys on huntyng gone,
 Nere hem she yede fulle sone.

2120

This carfulle lady cried faste,
 Than she herd this hornes blaste,
 By the yatis gone ;
 But into a wildernes,
 Amongist beests that wyld was,
 ffor drede she shold be slone.

Tille it were under of the day,
 She went in that wilsom way, 2130
 Into a lond playn ;
 The kyng of Nazareth huntid there,
 Among the hertis that gentille were ;
 Thereof she was fulle ffayn.

They had ferly kyng and knyght,
 Whens she come that lady bryght,
 Dwelling here alone :
 She said to a squier that there stode,
 “Who is lord of most jentille blood ?”
 And he answered her anon, 2140

“Thys ys the lond of Nazareth :
 Se where the kyng gethe,
 Of speche he is fulle bone :
 Alle in gold coverid is he.”
 “Gramercy, ser,” said she,
 And nere hym gan she gone.

Lordys anon ageyn her yode,
 ffor she was com of gentille blood,
 In her lond had they bene ;
 “God loke the ! lady ffree, 2150
 What makist thou in this contré ?”
 “Sir,” she said, “I wene.

“ Seynt Katryn I shold have sought,
 Wekyd weders me heder hath brought
 Into this fforest grene ;
 And alle is dede, I understand,
 Save myselfe that com to lond,
 With wyld beestis and kene. ’

“ Welcom,” he said, “ Desonelle,
 By a tokyn I shalle the telle, 2160
 Onys a stede I the sent ;
 Lady gent, ffeyre and ffree,
 To the shold I have wedid be,
 My love was on the lent !”

Knyghtis and squiers that there were,
 They horsid the lady there.
 And to the cité they went ;
 The quene was curtes of that lond,
 And toke the lady be the hond,
 And said, “ welcom, my lady gent ! 2170

“ Lady, thou art welcom here,
 As it all thyn own were,
 Alle this ffeyre contree .”
 “ Of one poynt was my care,
 And my two children crystonyd were,
 That in the wood were reft ffro me.”

“ Welcom art thou, Desonelle,
 In my chamber for to dwelle,
 Inough therein shall ye see.”

Leve we now that lady gent, 2180
 And speke we of ser Torrent,
 That was gentille and ffre.

The kyng of Norway is fulle woo,
 That Ser Torent wold wend hym ffro,
 That doughty was and bold ;
 “ Sir,” he said, “ abyde here,
 And wed my doughter that is me dere.”
 He said, in no wise he wold.

He shipped oute of the kynges sale,
 And ryved up in Portingale, 2190
 At another hold ;
 Whan he herd telle of Desonelle,
 Swith on sownyng there he felle,
 To the ground so cold.

The fals kyng of Portingale
 Sparid the yatis of his sale,
 ffor Torent the ffree ;
 He said, “ be Mary clere,
 Thou shalt no wyfe have here,
 Go sech her in the see ! 2200

“ With her she toke whelpis two,
To lerne to row wold she go.”

“ By God, thou liest !” quod he ;
“ Kyng Colomand here my hond,
And I be knyght levand,
I-quytt shalle it be !”

Torent wold no longer byde,
But sent letters on every side,
With fforce theder to hye ;
Theder com oute of Aragon, 2210
Noble knyghtes of gret renown,
With grett chevalrye.

Of Provyns and Calaber also,
Were doughty knyghtes meny moo,
They come alle to that crye !
Kyng Calomond had no knyght,
That with Ser Torent wold fyght,
Of alle that satt hym bye.

There wold none the yatis deffend,
But lett Ser Torent in wend, 2220
With his men every chone ;
Swith a counselle yede they to,
What deth they wold hym do,
ffor he his lady had slone.

“ Lordis,” he said, “ he is a kyng,
Men may hym nether hede ne heng.”

Thus said they everychone ;
They ordeyned a shipp alle of tree,
And sett hym oute into the see,
Among the wawes to gone.

2230

Gret lordis of that lond,
Assentid to that comland,
That hold shold it be ;
In the havyn of Portyngale,
There stode shippes of hede vale,
Of irun and of tree.

A bote of tre they brought hym befforn,
ffulle of holis it was boryn,

Howselle and shryfte had he ;
Sir Torent said, “ be Seynt John,
Sech thou gave my lady none,
No more men shall do the !”

2240

The shippmen brought Ser Colomond,
And sent hym fforth within a stound,

As ffar as it were ;
Wott ye welle and understand,
He come never ayen to lond,
Such stormes ffound he there.

Gret lordys of renown
 Betoke Ser Torent the crown, 2250
 To rejoyse it there ;
 Loo ! lordys of every lond,
 ffalshode wylle have a foule end,
 And wylle have evermore.

Sir Torent dwellid thare
 ffourty days in moche care,
 Season for to hold ;
 Sith he takith two knyghtes,
 To kepe his lond and his rightes,
 That doughty were and bold. 2260

He said, “madam,” to the quene,
 “Here than shalle the lady bene,
 To worth as ye wold.”
 He purveyd hym anon,
 To wend over the see fome,
 There God was bought and sold.

And ye now wille liston a stound,
 How he toke armes of Kyng Calomond,
 Listonyth what he bare.
 Off asure as ye may se, 2270
 With sylver shippes thre,
 Whoso had be thare.

ffor Desonelle is love so bryght,
 His londis he takyth to a knyght,
 And sith he is home to fare ;
 “ Portyngale ! have good day,
 ffor sevyn yere,par ma ffay !
 Peraventure somdele more.”

Sir Torent passid the Grekys flood,
 Into a lond bothe riche and good, 2280
 ffulle evyn he toke the way ;
 To the see of Quarelle,
 As the boke of Rome doth telle,
 There a soudan lay.

There he smote and set adown,
 And gave asaute into the town,
 That welle the storye says :
 So welle they vetelid were,
 That he lay there two yere,
 And sith into the town went they. 2290

And tho Ser Torent ffound on lyve,
 He comaudid with spere and knyffe,
 Smertely dede to be ;
 He said, “ we have be here,
 Moche of this two yere,
 And onward on the thrid.”

Alle the good that Ser Torent wan,
 He partid it among his men,
 Sylver, gold and ffee ;
 And sith he is boun to ride, 2300
 To a cité there besyde,
 That was worth such thre.

A soudan sent to Ser Torent than,
 With honger that thes people be slayn,
 Alle thes folke of this cité ;
 Yf ye thinke here to lye,
 Ye shalle have wyne and spycery,
 Inough is in this countré.

There he stode and smote adown,
 And leyd sege to the town ; 2310
 Six yere there he lay,
 By the vi. yere were alle done,
 With honger they were alle slone,
 That in the cité lay.

Now God do his soul mede,
 On the soudan he had a dede,
 Uppon every Good ffryday ;
 Jhesu sent hym strengith inough,
 With dynt of sword he hym slough,
 There went none quyk away. 2320

Down knelid that knyght,
 And thankid God with alle his myȝt,
 So ought he welle to say :
 The cité that Ser Torent was yn,
 Worldely goodis he left theryn,
 To kepe it nyght and day. .

Sevyn yere at the cité he lay,
 And had batelle every Good ffryday,
 Uppon the Sarzins bryght ;
 Sith he buskyd hym to ride, 2330
 Into a lond there besyde,
 Antioche it hight.

And be the vij. yere were gone,
 The child that the liberd had tane,
 ffound hym his fille of ffyght ;
 The kyng of Jerusalem herd telle,
 Of this lord good and felle,
 How doughtyly he hym bare.

Uppon his knyghtes can he calle, 2340
 Ordeyn swith among you alle,
 ffor nothing that ye spare ;
 They buskyd hem oute of the land,
 The nombre off ffyfty thousand,
 Ageyn Torent ffor to ffare.

The kyng of Jerusalem said thus,
 “ My dere son, Hobertious,
 That thou be bold and wight ;
 Thou shalt be here and defend the lond,
 ffrom that fals traytours hond,
 And take the ordre of a knyght.” 2350

He gave hym armes or he did passe,
 Right as he ffound was,
 Of gold he bare bryght ;
 A liberd of asure blay,
 A child betweene his armes tway :
 ffulle woo was her that it ought.

Sir Torent wold no longer abyde,
 But thederward gan heride,
 And to the feld were brought,
 Two knyghtes that were there in stede, 2360
 Many a man did they to blede,
 Such woundis they wrought.

There durst no man com Torent nere,
 But his son as ye may here,
 Though he knew hym nought ;
 Alle to nought he bet his shild,
 But he toke his fader in the feld,
 Though he thereof eville thought.

Whan Ser Torent was takyn than,
 His men fled than every man, 2370
 They durst no longer abyde ;
 Gret ruth it was to behold,
 How his sword he did uphold
 To his son that tyde.

To Jerusalem he did hym lede,
 His actone and his other wede,
 Alle be the kyngis side ;
 “ Sir,” he said, “ have no care,
 Thou shalt lyve and wel fare,
 But lower ys thy pryde !” 2380

ffro that Ser Torent was hem brought,
 Doughty men uppon him sought,
 And in preson they hym throuȝe ;
 His son above his hede lay,
 To kepe hym both nyȝt and day,
 He wist welle that he was strong.

Thus in preson as he was,
 Sore he sized and said, “ alas !”
 He couth none other songe ;
 Thus in bondys they held hym thare, 2390
 A twelfmonyth and somdele mare,
 The knyght thought ffulle long.

ffor he was curtes knight and free,
At the mete sett was he,

By the kyng at the deyse :

“ Sir thou haste i-bene

At justis and at tornementes kene,

Both in warr and in peas.

“ Sith thy dwelling shalle be here,

That thou woldist my son lere,

Hys tymber ffor to asay.”

“ Sir,” he said, “ I understand

2450

Affter the maner off my lond,

I shalle withouten lese.”

The castelle court was large within,

They made ryngis ffor to ren,

None but they alone ;

Every of hem to other rode,

ffeyrer turmentes than they made

Men sye never none.

The prynce in armes was fulle preste,

Thre shaftys on his fader he breste,

2460

In shevers they gan gone ;

Sir Torent said, “ so mut I thee,

A man of armes shalle thou be,

Stalworth of blood and bone !”

Harroldys of armes cryed on hight,
 The prynce and that other knyght,
 No more juste shalle thay ;
 But lordys of other lond,
 Every one to other fford,
 And sith went theyre way.

2470

Sixe wekys he dwellid there,
 Tille that alle delyvered were,
 That in the cité were ;
 Tho they held a gestonye,
 With alle maner of mynstralsye,
 Tylle the sevynth day.

Lordis with alle other thing,
 Toke leve at the kyng,
 Home theyre ways to passe ;
 That tyme they gave Torent to the floure,
 And the gre with moch honowre,
 As he welle worthy was.

2480

The kyng said, “ I shalle the yeve
 Liffe and lyvelode whille I lyve,
 Thyn armour as it was :”
 Whan he sye ffeyre ladyes wend,
 He thought on her that was so hend,
 And sighed and said, “ alas !”

The kyng of Nazareth home went,
There that his lady lent, 2490

In his own lede :

“ Sir,” she said, “ ffor Goddus pité,
What geutilman wan the gre ?”

He said, “ so God me spede !

“ One of the ffeyrest knyghtis,
That slepith on somer nyghtes,

Or walkyd in wede ;

He is so large of lym and lith,
Alle the world he hath justid with,

That come to that dede.” 2500

“ Good lord,” said Desonelle,
“ ffor Goddus love ye me telle,
What armes that ye bare !”

“ Damyselle also muste I the,
Sylver and asure beryth he,
That wott I well thare.

“ His creste is a noble lond,
A gyaunt with an hoke in hond,

This wott I welle he bare ;

He is so stiff at every stoure, 2510

He is prynce and victoure,

He wynneth the gree aye where.

“ Of Portyngale a knight he ys,
 He wanne the town of Raynes,
 And the cité of Quarellis ;
 At the last journey that he was sett,
 The prynce my broders son was gatt,
 And in his hond he ffelle.

“ The prynce of Grece leth nere,
 There may no juster be his pere, 2520
 fforsoth as I you telle,
 A dede of armes I shalle do crye,
 And send after hym in hye.”
 Blith was Desonelle.

This dede was cried ffar and nere,
 The kyng of Jerusalem did it here,
 In what lond that it shold be ;
 He said, “ sone, anon right,
 Dight the and thy Cryston knyght,
 fforsothe theder wille we.” 2530

Gret lordys that herith this crye,
 Theder come richely,
 Everyman in his degré ;
 The kyng of Grece did assigne,
 With hym come Antony ffiz Greffon,
 With moche solempnité.

'Torent so sore to hym rode,
 That he bare hym to the ground,
 And let hym lye in the ffield;
 There was no man hyge ne lowe,
 That myght make 'Torent to bowe,
 Ne his bak to bend. 2590

They justyd and turneyd there,
 And everyman ffound his pere,
 There was caught no dethis dynt;
 Of alle the justis that there ware,
 Torent the floure away bare,
 And his sounys in that tyde.

And on the morow whan it was day,
 Amonge all the lordys gay,
 That worthy were in wede,
 Desonelle wold no lenger lend, 2600
 But to Ser 'Torent gan she wend,
 And on her kne she knelid.

She said, "welcom, my lord Ser 'Torent!"
 "And so be ye, my lady gent;"
 In sownyng than felle she;
 Up they coveryd that lady hend,
 And to mete did they wend,
 With joye and solempnit .

Dame Desonelle besought the kyng,
 That she myght withoute lesyng 2610
 Sytt with Torent alone :
 “ Yes, lady, be hevyn kyng,
 There shall be no lettyng,
 ffor welle worthy is he, be Seynt John !”

Tho they washid and went to mete,
 And rially they were sett,
 And servid worthely verament ;
 Every lord in the halle,
 As his state wold beffalle,
 Were couplid with ladyes gent. 2620

But of alle ladyes that were there sene,
 So ffaire myght there none bene,
 As was Dame Desonelle ;
 Thes two kyngis that doughty ys,
 To the cité come i-wys
 With moche meyne.

To the castelle they toke the way,
 There the kyng of Nazareth lay,
 With hym to speke on high ;
 At none the quene etc in the halle, 2630
 Amongist the ladyes overalle,
 That couth moche curteyse.

The kyng of Grece said, “ my brother,
Antony my son brought me another :”

She saith, “ soth be Seynt John !”

The kyng said, “ sith it is so, 2660

Kys ye your fader bothe,

And axe hym his blessing !”

Down they knelid on her kne,

“ Thy blessing, ffader, for charitè !”

“ Welcom, children yong !”

Thus in arnes he hem hent,

A blither man than Ser Torent

Was there none levyng.

It was no wonder thouse it so were,

He had his wiffe and his children there, 2670

His joye began to spryng ;

Of alle the justis that were thare,

Away the gre his sonnys bare,

That doughty were in dede.

Torent knelid uppon his knee,

And said, “ God yeld you, lordys free,

Thes children that ye have ffed ;

Ever we wille be at youre wille,

What jurney ye wille put us tylle,

So Jhesu be oure spede !”

2680

The quene said, " verament,
 I se the armes of Ser Torent,
 I wott welle it is he."
 A blither lady myȝt none be,
 She went ageyn hym to the see,
 With armd knyghtes kene.

2710

Torent she toke by the hond,
 " Lordys of uncouth lond,
 Welcom muste ye bene!"
 Whan she sye Desonelle,
 Swith in sownyng she felle,
 To the ground so kene.

Torent gan her up ta,
 " Here bene her children twa,
 On lyve thou shalt hem see."
 In the castelle of Portyngale
 Arose trumpes hede vale,
 To mete they went on hye.

2720

He sent letters ffar and nere,
 The lordys that of valew were,
 They come to that gestonye ;
 The emperoure of Rome,
 To that gestonye he come,
 A noble knyght on hyȝe.

Whan alle thes lordys com ware,
 Torrent weddid that lady clere ; 2730

A justyng did he crye :
 So it ffelle uppon a day,
 The kyng of Jerusalem gan say,
 “ Sir, thy sonne I ffound,

“ Lying in a libertes mouth,
 And no good he ne couth,
 Dede he was nerehond !
 Wold thou that he dwellid with me,
 Tille that I dede be,
 And sith rejoyse my lond ?” 2740

Before lordys of gret renown,
 Torent gave hym his son ;
 The kyng of Grece said, “ Ser knyght,
 I yeff thy son alle my right,
 To the Grekys flood I plight,
 Wouch thou save he dwelle with me !”

“ Yea, Lord, so mut I thee,

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God yeld you alle this good !”
 ffor Ser Torent was stiff in stoure, 2750
 They chose hym ffor Emperoure,
 Beste of bone and blood.

Gret lordys that there were,
 ffourty days dwellith there,
 And sith her way they yode ;
 He yave his sonnys, as ye may here,
 Two swerdys that were hym dere,
 Ech of hem one had they.

Sith he did make up tyed
 Chirchus and Abbeys wide, 2760
 ffor hym and his to praye ;
 In Rome this Romans berith the crown,
 Of alle kerpyng of renown,
 He leyth in Rome in a feire abbey.

Now Jhesu Cryst that alle hath wrought,
 As he on the rode us bought,
 He geve us his blessing!
 And as he died for you and me,
 He graunt us in blisse to be,
 Oute of this world whan we shalle wend!
 Amen. 2770

Explicit Torent of Portyngale.

A P P E N D I X.

[In Douce's Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford are preserved six fragments of an early printed edition of the preceding romance, supposed to come from Pynson's press, but no perfect copy is I believe known to exist. I here insert copies of them in the order in which they are preserved.]

I.

Thus the lady dwelled there
'Tyll that she delyuered were
Of men chyldren two
Of all poyntes were they gent
Lyke were they to Sir Torent
For his loue suffred they wo
'The kynge sayd so mote I the
Thou shalt into the se
Without wordes mo
Every kynges doughter fer and nere
At the they shall lere
Agaynst right to do
Great ruthe it was to se
Whan they led that lady fre
Out of hir faders lande
'The quene hir moder was nere wode

For hir doughter that gentyll fode
 Knyghtes stode wepynge
 A clothe of sylke toke they tho
 And departed it bytwene the chyldren two
 Therin they were wonde
 Whan they had shypped that gentyll thyng
 Anone she fell in swownyng
 At Peron on the sonde
 Whan that lady was downe fall
 On Jesu Cryste dyd she call
 To defende hir with his honde
 Rightfull God ye me sende
 Some good londe on to lende
 That my chyldren may crystened be
 She sayd ladyes fayre and gent
 Great well my lorde Sir Torent
 Yf euer ye hym se
 The wynde arose on the nyght
 Fro the londe it blewe that lady bryght
 Into the se so grene
 Wyndes and weders hathe hir dryuen
 That in a forest she is aryuen
 Where wylde bestys were
 The se was ebbe and went hem fro
 And left hir and hir chyldren two
 ne without any fere
 Hir one chylde began to wepe
 The lady awoke out of hir slepe

And sayde be styll my dere
 Jhesu Cryste hathe sent vs lande
 Yf there be any Crysten man at haude
 We shall haue socoure here
 The carefull lady then was blythe
 To the londe she went full swythe
 As fast as she myght
 Tyll the day began to sprynge
 Foules on trees merely gan synge
 Delicyous notes on hyght
 To a hyll went that lady fre
 Where she was ware of a cyté
 With toures fayre and bryght
 Therof I wys she was fayne
 She let hir downe as I herd sayne
 Hir chyldren for to dyght.

II.

Than sayde [the] kyn[g] vntrue
 And ye fynde hawes of great value
 Brynge me one with the
 Torent sayd so God me saue
 Yf it betyde that I any haue
 At your wyll shall they be
 To his squyer bade he thare
 After his armoure to fare
 In the felde abode he
 They armed hym in his wede

He bestrode a noble stede
 Torent toke the way agayne
 Unto the forest of Maudelayne
 In a wylsome way
 Berys and apes there founde he
 And wylde bestis great plenté
 And lyons where they lay
 In a wode that is tyght
 It drewe towarde the nyght
 By dymmyuge of the day
 Lysten lordes of them came wo
 He and his squyer departed in two
 Carefull men then were they
 At a shedyng of a rome
 Eyther departed other frome
 As I vnderstande
 Torent taketh a dolefull way
 Downe into a deep valay.

III.

The kynge of Nazareth sent hym me
 Torent I wot saue hym on the
 For better loue I none
 Afterwarde upon a tyde
 As they walked by the ryuers syde
 The kynge and yonge Torent
 This lorde wolde fayne that he dede were
 And he wyst nat on what manere

Howe he myght hym shent
 A fals letter made the kynge
 And made a messangere it brynge
 On the ryuer syde as they went
 To Torent that was true as stele
 If he loued Dyssonel wele
 Gete hir a faucon gent
 Torent the letter began to rede
 The kynge came nere and lystened
 As thoughe he it neuer had sene
 The kynge sayde what may this be
 Lorde it is sent to me
 For a faucon shene
 I ne wote so God me spede
 In what londe that they brede
 The kynge sayde as I herde sayne
 In the forest of Maudelayne.

IV.

By the se syde as it lay
 God sende hym gatys ryght
 An hye waye hath he nome
 Into Calabre is he come
 Within two dayes or thre
 So he met folke hym agayne
 Fast comynge with carte and wayne
 Frowarde the se
 Dere God sayd Torent now

Good folke what eyleth you
 That ye thus fast fle
 There lyeth a gyaunte here besyde
 In all this londe brode and wyde
 No man on lyue leueth he
 Dere God sayd Torente then
 Whereuer be that fendes den
 They answered hym anone
 In a castell in the see
 Slogus they sayd hyght he
 Many a man he hath slone
 We wote full well where he doth ly
 Before the cyté of Hungry.

V.

For why I wyll the saye
 Moche folke of that countré
 Cometh heder for socoure to me
 Bothe by nyghte and by daye
 There is a gyaunte of grete renowne
 He destroyeth bothe cyté and towne
 And all that he may
 As bokes of rome tell
 He was goten with the deuyll of hell
 As his moder slepyng lay
 The kynge sayde by Saynt Adryan
 I rede another gentylman
 Be there and haue the degré

I haue a doughter that me is dere
 Thou shalte wedde her to thy fere
 And yf it thy wyll be
 Two duchyes in honde
 I wyll gyue her in londe
 Gramercy syr said he
 With my tonge I haue so wrought
 To breke my day wyll I nought
 Nedes me behoueth there to be
 On Goddes name the kynge gan sayue
 Jhesu brynge the saffe agayne
 Lorde moche of myght
 Mynstralsy was them anouge
 With harpe fedyll and songe
 Delycyous notes on hyghe
 Whan it was tyme to bed they wente
 And on the morowe rose Torente.
 And toke leve of kynge and knyght
 And toke a redy way.

VI.

And the good squyres after h[yn]
 That knyghtes sholde be
 As they were amyddes theyr
 The kynge wolde not forgete
 To Torente than sayd he
 He sayd so God me saue
 Fayne thou woldest my dough[ter haue]

Thou hast loued her many a [daye]
 Ye by my trouthe sayd Torente
 And I were a ryche man
 Ryght gladly by my faye
 If thou durst for her sake
 A poynte of armes vndertake
 Thou broke her vp for ay
 Ye sayde he or I go
 Sykernes thou make me so
 Of thy doughter hende
 Ye and after all my ryghtes
 By vij. score of hardy knyghtes
 Al they were Torentes frende
 Now good lordes I you praye
 Bere wytnes of this day
 Agayne yf God me sende
 Torente sayd so may I the
 Wyst I where my jorney shold [be]
 Thyder I wolde me dyghte
 The kyngge gaue hym an answ[ere]
 In the londe of Calebre
 There wonneth a gyaunte wyghte
 Slogus he hyght as I the tolde
 God sende the that waye ryghte.

THE END.

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