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The Forraye of Gadderis.

The Vowis.

Extracts from Sir Gilbert Hay's

“Buik of King Alexander the Conquerour”.

By

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Two years ago, I gave an analysis of a hitherto unpublished MS. at Taymouth Castle containing Sir Gilbert Hay's "Buik of King Alexander the Conquerour"<sup>1)</sup>. In that paper, I showed that Hay's poem is not to be identified with a book printed by Alexander Arbuthnot about the year 1580, and afterwards, in 1831, reprinted for the Bannatyne Club under the title of "*The Buik of the most noble and vailzeand Conquerour Alexander the Great*". Whereas Hay's work gives the whole of the fabulous History of Alexander the Great, from his birth to his death, Arbuthnot's volume only contains, in about 14 000 lines, two episodes loosely connected with the Life of King Alexander, viz. "*The Forraye of Gadderis*" and "*The Avowis*". These two episodes based on, or rather translated from, the Old French "*Le Fuerre de Gadres*" and "*Les Vœux du Paon*", are likewise to be found in the Taymouth MS., namely in folios 42b—50a and 90a—110a respectively, but in a materially altered and considerably abridged form, being condensed into ca. 2500 lines. It is these two extracts from the Taymouth MS. that I intend to publish in the present paper, in order to render a comparison between the two Scottish versions of "*The Forraye of Gadderis*" and "*The Avowis*" possible.

### Off the Forraye of Gadderis.

(Fol. 42b.)

The king ordanit his castell veill to keip  
Upone ane craige in middis of the deip,  
And garnisid<sup>2)</sup> to keip that na veschall  
Suld to the towne be sey bring na victuall,  
And syne landsidlingis befor the towne  
He gart ordand<sup>3)</sup> sa gret provisioune,  
That na mycht haif ischew nor entre  
Into the tovne nother be Land nor sey.  
Bot than the tovne sa hudge michtie vas,

That thair was na defalt vithe in the place  
Bot anerlie of men and verioris.  
Bot in the oist yame neidis furriouris.

(fol. 43a.)

Quhairfoir the king, to mak his purveing,  
Sevin hunderithe knichtis ordand in forraying  
To pas furthe and to fetch thame victuallis,  
And to furneis thame and garneis thair battellis,  
Becaus the towne traistit reskew vithout;  
Thay vald not zeild, bot held thame stif and stout.

<sup>1)</sup> The Taymouth Castle MS. of Sir Gilbert Hay's "Buik of King Alexander the Conquerour". — Wissen-  
schaftliche Beilage zum Jahresbericht der Zwölften Städtischen Realschule zu Berlin. Ostern 1898.

<sup>2)</sup> garnisoun?

<sup>3)</sup> ordane?

To gouerne thir sewin hunderithe knychtis vas  
Ordand Emenedus and perdicas,  
Leonides, Caulus, and Liconore,  
Philott, Nemas, Samsone, and Doridor.  
Thus semblit thay and to the forray gaine.  
Emenedus vas ordand thair chiftane.  
Thay var of chois sewin hunderitheknychtis keine,  
Quhilk everie knycht veill ane chiftane mycht  
haif beine,

And all yat nicht armit on hors thay raid,  
And in the vaill of Josophall thay baid,  
The quhilk vas full of riches and of guid,  
Of corne, cattell, vyne, and lyvis fuid.  
Than in the morning, quhan it vas licht of Day,  
Of fat cattell thay saesit ane michtie pray,  
And vther thing that vas to thame mistere  
Thay tuik vithe thame and thocht to mak gud  
chere,

The pray vas saesit, and futmen for to cache  
Of discurriouris thay send about the vache.  
Thay draif on fast, of na man stuid thay aw,  
And in the morning, efter that day couthe draw,  
The hirdis to the towne of Gadderis gais,  
Quhair thay had reddie mony fellone fais,  
And tald the duk betis the haill maner,  
And he gart semble sone a gret powar  
Vithe ane chiftane vas callit ochecherie,  
Maister of his hous, a cheiftane vyse and vorthe.  
Thay blew thair bewgillis of bane and oliphant,  
And semblit comownis ma than ten thowsand,  
Baithe fut and hors and followit on the pray,  
And on the feild befor thame in the vay  
Thame till abyde arrayit thair meinze;  
Bot thame yat few vas had na vill to fle.  
Quhen that thay saw the comownis cumand sa,  
(fol. 43b.)

It vas na neid to speir quhair the first suld ga;  
For or thay had thair battell put to point,

Thay maid the formest horsmen sa astoint  
That yai had na laser thame till array,  
Bot at the erd sa thik tha limmeris lay,  
Sum dede, sum dosit, sum amange thar hors feit.  
Ochchery<sup>1)</sup> and Emenedus ay could meit  
And on him brak his speir richt spedalie.  
Bot he that ever was wyse, var, and vorthe,  
Held vait on him at his income againe,  
And schupe till him ane straik vithe all his maine,  
And strak him hors and man dovne in the feild,  
That, or he rais, the lyf fra him he keild,  
And mony vther knichtis vas strikin doune  
That chiftanis war and keipers of the towne.  
Vithe that, thair futmen all vas at the flicht.  
Quhan that thay saw the formest vas sa dicht,  
Thay var begylit, for thay traistit ay  
The furreouris had beine sa thik as thay.  
Bot as I said befor, a man vorthe  
Is vorthe ane hunderithe in sic ane Jeopardie,  
Quhilk thair vas seine, for of tha ten thowsand  
Thay left ane thowsand in the feild lyand,  
And on the chais of futmen yai vald nocht  
Follow rycht far, for of thame yai na roucht,  
Bot gart thair awin men cache fast on the pray,  
For thay traistit till have ane vther assay.  
Than vas a knicht, callit Lusioun of Surry,  
That neir consing vas till ochchery<sup>2)</sup>,  
Quhilk perdicas befor had strikin doune.  
Bot he recoverit and past into the toune,  
And tauld duke betis how his ame vas slaine<sup>3)</sup>,  
And quhow thay war sa few and sa hardie,  
Skant ane thowsand and chasit all thar companie,  
Bot thay had hors and armour of vantage.  
Vithe that the duke betis begouthe to rais<sup>4)</sup>  
And vareit god and vrang his handis for teine,  
Sa faine he vald at that battell have beine,  
Inarmit him and gart varne all mankynd  
That lufit or thocht him ewer till haif till freind,

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *Ochechery*.

<sup>2)</sup> Read: *Ochecherie*.

<sup>3)</sup> Judging from the rhyme, a line appears to be wanting.

<sup>4)</sup> Read: *rage*.

In tovne and land, baithe hors and futt away  
To pas vithe him for to reskew that pray.  
He nicht not byde, he vas sa brint in ire.  
(fol. 44a.)

The forray vas ay passand into tyre.  
Vithe that the duke vithe thame that he mycht get  
Vithein the tovne vas passand to the zet.  
Thay blew thair bugliss, thair trumpetis, yair  
tabouris

Vithe sic ane feir vpon thair forreyouris  
And sic ane pompe, quhen thay passit fra ye zet,  
Thay thocht thay var for thame bot eitit met.  
Than sayd Lusian, consing to ochechery:  
"Lychtly thame not, bot gowerne zow vysly.  
Thocht ze be ma, quhan ewer ze come yame to,  
May fall percaice to mak zow all ado".  
The duke himself the deid hes tain in hand.  
He vas numberit vele neir threttie thovsant.  
His men he pairtit into thre battellis,  
Ane vther to be reddie gif ane faillis,  
And furthe he send discouriouris on all sydis,  
And into battell ordand veill he rydis.  
The first battell gouernit ane nobill knycht,  
Callit Lusian, quhilk vas baithe vyse and vycht.  
The tother battell gouernit ane gaudefere,  
Quhilk vas baithe vyse and vorthe man of vere.  
The thrid the duk had in his gouernance,  
And furthe thay raid thus intill ordinance  
Of josaphaill endlang the fare valie,  
Quhill at the last the forreyours thay see.  
Vithe that Emenedus can thame behald  
And all his companie in counsall cald,  
Sayd: "lo, Lordingis, zonder is ane gret surprise.  
I see cumand in battell duke Betis  
Vithe all powar that he may gudlie be.  
Thair is na bute bot owtherane do or die.  
Ve ar oure few to gif thame battell place,  
Bot mekill help standis in goddis grace,  
For in discomfort lyis naine amend.  
Mak vs guid cheir and stoutlie vs defend,  
And lat the futmen pas on vithe ye pray,  
And ve vill byde and keip the first affray".

Vithe yat the battellis var approcheand nere.  
Samsone knew veill the duke Betes banere,  
The quhilk vas cumand in the middell vard;  
On ewerie syd of him he had ane garde.  
Than sayd Emenedus: "Lord and havinnis king,  
(fol. 44b.)

Gif Alexander vist now of all this gaddering!  
Heir is baithe lose and Lordschip for to vin.  
I rede, ve send ane messenger or ve blin  
Till him to tyre and bid him speid him sone".  
And sayd to Lyconor: "grant me a bone,  
That ze vald pas, sen ze ar till him dere.  
He traistis zov best and maist guid vald heir  
And bid him saif our Lyvis and honour;  
Ve may not stand aganis sa stalwart stour,  
And ve sall do our best to keip the pray,  
Quhill that he come, it beis not drevin away".  
Than ansuered Liconor, said: "god forsheild  
That ewer my fute ga bakvart in the feild,  
Quhill I haif provit anis quhow it vill be  
That I haif bluid of thame or thay of me".  
Than callit he philot and till him sayd  
That he vald pas, and hairtlie till him prayd  
Till Alexander and till him schaw the dout,  
How that duk Betis vas cumin vithe sic ane rout,  
That mekill var sa few vithe him to strife,  
Bot sum of his best men most thorne the liffe.  
Pilot ansverit: "me think, that suld not be  
Vithouttin straik yat I sould schaip to flie,  
And leaf zov in the feild, my fallovis dere.  
In faithe, than var my vorscheip all in vere.  
Quhat vald men say, I var bot ane leare,  
Bot I hair sum talking that I var thair".  
Than till samsone prayit Emenedus:  
"Fair schir, sen that ze se vs vexit thus,  
Ze vald haif revthe and tak this embassade.  
For ocht ze had never vther service maid,  
Till Alexander ze servit zour varisone,  
To saif his men or thay be dungin doune.  
Heir cumis the pover haill of this empire,  
Of quhilk landis ze sould be Lord and syre.  
It is moir dreide of zov than of the leaf;

For be 3e taine, thair may na gold 3ov saif.  
 Quhairfoir me think, it settis best for 3ow  
 To do this message to the king as now".  
 Than answerit samsone vyse rycht vorthelie  
 Sayand: "I had lever consent that I  
 Sould tyne all rychtis of Lordschip and of Land  
 Na leif my feiris quhill I on fute may stand".  
 Than callit he vpon Leonides,  
 (fol. 45a.)

The quhilk vas dravand furthvart in the preis,  
 And till him hairtfullie he maid request  
 That he vald grant to pas at his behest,  
 Quhilk ansuerit schortlie sayand: "I traist nocht  
 That 3e of myne honour sa lytill roucht,  
 Vald 3e of me nov mak ane messinger  
 And sic ane pover on 3ow cumand here,  
 In faithe, 3e mak na messinger of me  
 Quhow<sup>1)</sup> I haif first assayit how it vilbe".  
 Syne sayd he: "perdicas, my brother dere,  
 Haif pitie of thir folk, I 3ov require!  
 For be thir folk discomfeist in this place,  
 King Alexander sall never haif blythnes.  
 Had I nocht chairge the chiftane for to be,  
 I sould not send na vther man na me."  
 Than answered perdicas that vas he bend<sup>2)</sup>,  
 Sayand: "3our vit is nothing to commend,  
 To send away na man yat mycht avail3ie;  
 Sic ane guid man may vin ane haill battell3e,  
 And simpillare men may do 3our message  
 That mycht not turne the feild to sic damage".  
 Vithe that caulus vas grathand vp his gere,  
 As vorthie man sould do in tyme of vere,  
 And till him sayd Emenedus: "fair Schir,  
 Quhat think 3e best be doine in thair mister?  
 Lo heir our fais cumand at our hand.  
 Ve ar few thair powar to gainstand.  
 Ve ar ondoine, bot ve ane message get.  
 To tak the pray a quhill thocht ve yame let,  
 Thay ar sa hudge and gret of quantitie  
 That at the last ve man other fle r<sup>3)</sup> dee.

That var pitie yan var our gude men loist.  
 Quhairfoir and 3e vald pas into the oist  
 And bring vithe 3ow sum men to mak rescours,  
 Than nicht 3e saif baithe our Lyvis and ho-  
 nouris".

Than ansuered Caulus as ane man of mude  
 Sayand: "I had lever ly butterand in my blude  
 And all my memberis revin my body fra  
 Na to consent a fute abak to ga.  
 Than var I mekill var na ane tratour,  
 To leif my fallowis into sa stalvart stour,  
 (fol. 45b.)

And tak ane knaffis office vpon hand  
 And thay in perell in the feild fechtand".  
 Syne till Arestes eftir he maid his maine  
 And to Antiochus to baithe as ane  
 Sayand yat "sen king Alexander is sa nere  
 And ve be tint for fault of messingere,  
 He vill it repute till vs gret folie.  
 Quhairfoir me think, ve sould advysitlie  
 Se for remede and mak sum messingere,  
 And not in our default be perrischit here.  
 I maine mair Alexander, the nobill king,  
 Quhilk for our dede sould mak sik doloring  
 That he sall never into the erd haif ioye".  
 Vithe that duke betis come in sic arraye,  
 Veill mair yan xxxii thovsand in a rout,  
 That he thame thocht till haif closit about  
 In sic maner that naine sould chaip away.  
 Bot heichtie men that pryde desawis ay  
 Throw thair outrage, suppois thay mony be,  
 Oft are defoulit vithe ane few menze.  
 Thay sayd schortlie thai sould never leave ye  
 feild,

Quhill hale var hors and harnes, speir and scheild.  
 To bring ane message in tyme of vere  
 Vithe hors and harnes haill and all thair gare,  
 It is na takin of vorthie man hardie,  
 Bot of herald or covart onvorthie.  
 Than till antionus his maine he maid,

Quhilk till him maid schort ansver or abaid  
 Sayand: "quhan I haif sein my blude rin dovne  
 Endlang my scheild, my cot and my blasoune,  
 Than var it tyme in message for to ga;  
 For thay may not him scorne yat cumis it fra".

Sa saw he orchit, ane pure locatoure,  
 Ane strainger cumand to be ane sodeoure,  
 And till him hecht gret lordschip for to gif,  
 And ever to be his freind quhill he mycht lif,  
 To pas to tyre and tak the charge in hand.  
 Vithe that the man quhilk vas his hors girdand,  
 Thinkand he sould strek dovne ane presoner,  
 To mak him riche and keip him fro mystere,  
 Than sayd he: "Lord, I am ane pure strangere,  
 And to be laill I haif far mare mystere,  
 For and I in my neving covart be,  
 Thair sall never man fra this day rev on me.  
 (fol. 46a.)

I haif the kingis gold and vage taine.  
 God gif me grace I may heir quyte his laine!  
 Gif I sould in the tyme of battall fle,  
 Than had he sett his guid full ill on me".

To see quhat dule yan maid Emenedus,  
 Quhan he the battell sav in cumand thus,  
 And couthe not get ane messinger to send,  
 And to the heest god he him commend,  
 His lyf, his honour and of his companie  
 And of his maister, the nobill king vorthie.  
 Vithe that the teris come tikland ouer his face;  
 To heir his vordis than gret pitie it vas,  
 Sayand: "adew, moist vorthie king of price!  
 Adew, king Alexander of Dulariss!  
 Adev, my luif, adew quhom foir I die!  
 Nov vat I veill thow sall me never sie!  
 I am the caus of thair distructione;  
 I am the caus of thair confusioune;  
 For thow me bad to tak of thy meinze  
 Als monye as me list to tak vithe me,  
 And for my pryde and my hie arrogance  
 I did my vill and not thyne ordinance.  
 Now am I caus of all the perresching  
 Of all this pepill and of the nobill king.

God gif my lyf mycht succour all the leif  
 And I var dede and deip dovne in my grave!  
 Small tinsall var, suppois my deid var dicht;  
 Bot throv me vill sa mony vorthie knight  
 This day or evin baithe lyfis and guidis forlorne.  
 Ane hard fortune vas ordand me beforne.  
 Alace the day that I ever armes bere!"  
 Vithe that he sobbit and he sight sare.  
 Than come samsone and bad him mak guid  
 cheir,

And ondertuik to be his messingere;  
 Bot he vald first assay to brek his spere,  
 That he sum takin nicht till his maister bere.  
 Thus of sevin hunderithe knychtis yat thair var,  
 Thair vas not ane to be ane messingere.  
 Bot soft and fair 3it vas the futmen ay  
 Vnto the tovne of tyre dryvand the pray.

Thair vas none ho vithoutin mare abaid,  
 The duke ane menzie send befor him had  
 On the futmen to call againe the pray;  
 Bot veilie men that oft vas at the say  
 (fol. 46b.)

Foirsaw that cast and met thame in the front,  
 And veill tua hunderithe speris in a vront  
 Strak af the formest and the proudest,  
 Quhilk that to follow the leaf had no lest.  
 Vithe that the duke come formest in the rout,  
 Ane vorthie man, ane sturdie and a stout.  
 Till Samsone etlit him, for he him knew  
 Be his portray of armes and the hew,  
 And Samsone in the scheild ane straik him fest,  
 Quhill that his speir all into schunders brest.  
 The Duke him peirsit ondernethe the pape  
 And throw the cors him bere, sic vas his hape.  
 Vithe that his seinzie loud on hee he cryit.  
 Emenedus the straik had veill espyit,  
 And for deceais of Samsone almoist sownit;  
 For had he levit, he sould as king be crovnit.  
 "O Alexander", he sayd, "full va is the,  
 For vorthie samsone sall thov never mair see!  
 O gentill king, quhy sleipis thov sa lang,  
 Bot and thow vist yi folk var in sic thrar

<sup>1)</sup> Quhill? cf. 44b, 14.

<sup>2)</sup> cf. 48a, 19.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: or.

Sould neuer ioy nor blythenes licht thy hart,  
 Quhill that thow var in cuming hiddirvart.  
 Now ar thow lyk to tyne all thy vantage  
 Of his honour, vorscheip and vassalage".

Syne come thair ane vyse maister of the lawis,  
 Inarmit veill into the preis him drawis,  
 Ane proud man and ane michte lord vas he;  
 Men callit him saladyne of Sardaynzhe.  
 Emenedus vas brynie as onny bare  
 And vithe spurris he sped him and not to spare,  
 Gaif him ane straik of speir rycht stiridely,  
 The trunscheoun left stikand in his body.  
 Of Turkis thair vas ane gret companie,  
 Quhilk ay to Greikis had feide and fellonie.  
 Thay did evermair dispyce vith thame fechtand,  
 Thair chapit nane quhome of thay had onderhand.  
 Bot perdicas and eik Leonides  
 Thame counterit sa into the heit and preis,  
 That of thair chiftanis ay the proudest baid,  
 Guid men dravis to grettest men of haid,  
 Syne come ane knycht vas callit corneus  
 In companie vas to Antigonus,  
 Quhilk fellit ay the formest in the flott,  
 And turnit the hawbrek of mony haltand cott.

Into the battell vas ane knycht of pryse  
 Vas callit Gaudefeir of Dularyse.

(fol. 47a.)

He set on Arestes to do prowes,  
 And he againe him schup him sic dress,  
 Quhill baithe thair speiris surlie brak in sunder.  
 Thocht scheild and all var persit vas na vonder,  
 And ay vithe this Emenedus fechtand vas  
 Aganis the proudest he saw into the pres,  
 That na man micht the multitude rehers  
 That thare vas slaine of gadders and of pers;  
 For as thay pressit furthe into the chais,  
 The vordie knychtis of grece ay reddie vas,  
 And ay the formest to the erd yai strak  
 And gart the hindmest ay for reddour quaik,  
 And ay fechtand held thame in tareing,

Quhill thay sould haif sum tydingis fra the king.  
 Than sayd the duke: "gif all the men of grew  
 Be sic as thir few, number var annew  
 To conqueis all the leaf of this cuntrie.  
 Thay ar devillis, likis na man to be".  
 Emenedus tuk tent to Gaudefere,  
 Sa vorthie that governit him in vere,  
 That till him ane gret favour sa gef he.  
 It vas gret ioy vpon him for to see,  
 Sa vorthelie and knychtlie he him bere,  
 And derit thame mair na onny yat vas thair,  
 And he againe commendit Emenedus.  
 Zit ma tua fais ilk ane favour vther thus  
 And keip thair honour and thair obseruance  
 And to thair lord thair lawtie and alliance,  
 Be this Emenedus recomfort vas,  
 And thocht to mak revengane<sup>1)</sup> or he pas  
 For guid Samsone quham foir his hart vas sair,  
 And to the erd ane lord of gadders he bere  
 And throw the cors, quhill he vas deid all out.  
 Syne "macedone" thay cryit all vithe ane schout.  
 Quhen that he saw his pairtie held the feild  
 And mony vorthie man dede onder scheild,  
 Vithe that duke Betis on him set in haist  
 And brak his spere and kest him doune almaist.  
 Vithe that the turkis againe on thame relyid  
 And thair ensenze of pers and gadderis cryit,

(fol. 47b.)

Of macedone hurt mony men and hors,  
 Quhill almaist all vas vondit in the cors,  
 Thair harnes rent and bleidand vounder fast,  
 That ferlie vas quhill thay in stour mycht last.  
 Vithe that come salidins in on ane syde,  
 Ane nobill knycht, ane man of mekill pryde,  
 Vithe him sevin thovsant men in his battalze  
 Of tryit men, of all thair oist the vailzie,  
 And set vpon the Douzeperis till vmbedo,  
 Bot as thay var ane bovschot nere cumin to,  
 Sa saw thay Alexander and his ensenze  
 Cumand anon vithe ane full plesand menze,

The quhilk vas varnit in the saming day  
 Be futmen that var dryvers of the pray.  
 Quhan he it hard, lord God, quhat he vas va,  
 And sone to cum na sudiorne vald he ma,  
 Bot als sa fast as hors mycht hald his fete;  
 Bot thair vas na man yat mycht hald for gret,  
 To heir the maine that Alexander maid,  
 Quhan of the ded of samsone herd he had,  
 And quhov Emenedus vas voundit sare  
 Na nane left haill, nother les nor mare,  
 And pirrus and stout sabilor var deid.  
 He vas sa va, he vraithe and schuk his haid.  
 The teiris our his cheikis tiglit dovne,  
 That lytill ferly na he had fallin in sovne.  
 And as thay saw cumand thair emperour,  
 Than var thay standing in the stifest stour  
 And in the hardest that thay had beine yat day.  
 For bleid and fechting sa irkit var thay,  
 That thay behoffit on neid force thame to zeild,  
 Had not the king than cuming to the feild.  
 The duk Betes that saw the king cumand  
 Vithe sic ane oist, vas vounder sair dredand.  
 He vas the first that come in battell place,  
 And sone fra ane the lyf he couthe arais.  
 Sa throw the feild he doupit throw the preis,  
 Quhairin him thocht maist preis of fechting vas.  
 Than vas his men sa blyth quhen thay him knew,  
 That ilk ane of thame had ane curage new,  
 That sic ane vas befoir reddie to die  
 Quhilk as ane lyon stark againe vas he.  
 It may not be comptit here all thare deidis,  
 Bot till our purpois alsa far as neiddis.

(fol. 48a.)

Vithin ane stound, thair battellis bakit var  
 And all thair chiftanis put in gret despair.  
 The duke callit Gaudefere and till him sayde:  
 "Of this cuming I am na thing apayde.  
 This is a fortunied man vithe his menze.  
 Thair is not heir bot owtherane do or dee".  
 Vithe that into the citie thay gart cry

That all men sould to duke Bites rely  
 On hors and fut that micht ane vappin bere  
 And all nobillis armit vithe scheild and spere  
 Recomford thame, bade yame haif guid curage,  
 And till his narrest freindis send message  
 To send him help vnder gret panis strang.  
 Bot as I traist, that help vill byd to lang.  
 Emenedus, philot, and Liconor,  
 Quhan Alexander vas fechtand thame befoir,  
 Thay var as Lionis stark renevit againe,  
 Of his cuming thay var sa vonder faine.  
 Vithe that the kingis hart vas bendit hie,  
 And set to ane callit Calet de Nube,  
 And strak him baithe hors and man to the ground,  
 Quhilk straik dede<sup>1)</sup> fra ye hors he couthe re-  
 bound.

Syne to thalmone that duke vas of village,  
 And strak him dovne as lichtlie as ane paige.  
 He set his straik vithe sa gret force and mane,  
 That quhom he hit recoverit not againe.  
 Vithe that his spere vpon that duke he brekis,  
 And till ane vther vithe suorde ane straik he  
 reikis,

Hit him ourthrot the middill vithe sic a vill,  
 Vithe all his force and power put thairtill,  
 Quhill fra the middell vp flaw into the feild  
 Baithe bodee, helme, hawbrek, speir, and scheild,  
 The leggis sat in the sadill close and fast.  
 Vithe that duke Bites vas rycht sair agast.  
 Than gaudefere that vas ane nobill knight  
 Saw Alexander sa mony to deide had dicht,  
 His hairt encressit and thocht to prove him aneis.  
 Vithe that thay set vpone him all attanis,

(fol. 48b.)

The duk and gaudefere and vther tua.  
 The kingis speir vas brokin and him fra.  
 Bot Gaudefere quhilk had ane hors of price  
 Set on the king befoir the duk Bites  
 And hit the king in middes of the scheild  
 And strak him flatlingis dovne into the feild,

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *revengance*.

<sup>1)</sup> = stark dede, cf. fol. 49a, 31.

Quhill girthis and partall crakit all at anis  
Betuix his leggis oure the sadill gane is,  
And Gaudefere is passit by his vayis.  
Vithe that duke Bites till his feiris sayis:  
"Haif at him now! the king is at the erde".  
Than Busefall sa rampit and him sterde  
Vithe tuskis, hornis and feit he delt sik routis  
That naine nicht rest yat nere about ye king is<sup>1)</sup>  
Quhill Tholomie, Dauclein, and eik clissone  
Vithe thair battell vas cumand reddie boune,  
Reskewit the king and drest him in his gere,  
Sit him on hors, gaif him ane vther spere.  
Than vas the king mair eggir na before,  
That feill gart mony ane man yair lyvis lore.  
The douzepers yan gret vowis and mannance  
maid.

Jilk ane sayd and thay Gaudefere nov had,  
Be thair goddis all, he sould full dere aby.  
Than Alexander smylit ane lytill vy,  
Said: "ceis 3our manassing and lat him pas.  
He durst 3ow meit ilk ane be goddis grace  
Or onny of the vichtest of 3our rout,  
Ilk ane ane cours and serve 3ov all about,  
And fand I him in perrell in onny stour,  
I sould him save his lyf and his honour,  
Till have his hart, his lufe, and his convers,  
I had him lever na all the gold in pers,  
And here I 3ov command and all the leave  
That gif 3e may his lyf and honour save,  
That no man this day put him to the deide  
Vnder the paine of my everlasting feide;  
For I set not all harde men to sla,  
Bot Lofe and vorschep vill all vorthee to ma  
And keip kyndness to vorthen men that kynd is.  
Of all my fais I think to mak my freindis".

Withe this the kingis men vas cumand on  
And lowd thay cryit the senggie of macedone.  
The king Bites na thing veill favorit vas  
Withe his lordis quhilk gart thame leaf the  
place.

(fol. 49a.)

The grevis ver gret, the stour vas stout and  
- strang.  
The folk of gadderis had bein fechtand lang.  
Thay var sa irkit, faine vald haif bein away.  
Thair nicht men see guid laid on vther lay,  
And quhan thay saw yat thair vas na conforte,  
Bot cryit: "ossy, ossy, a mort, a mort"  
(Occide, occide, ad mortem, ad mortem),  
Thay tuik the flicht and fled tavarde the tovne.  
Bot ay the duchtist vas dungin dovne,  
For ay the best is hindmest in the flicht  
To keip and saif thair folk vithe all thair mycht.  
In the chais the best is ay formest  
And comounlie thair mellis the vortheest.  
The duke vas doilly yat his men var lost,  
For he vas never befor sa sair deforcit,  
And ewer he drev him hindmest for to see  
And succour thame quhair mister maist saw he,  
And vithe gaudefere of Dularis  
Quhilk vas baithe hardie, vorthen man, and vyse,  
Ane nobill verior in tyme of vere  
And veill in tyme couthe set ane straik of spere,  
And till him ay Emenedus had ee;  
Full mony of thair guid men slaine had he.  
Than the constabill of gadderis ardevall  
The quhilk vas sittand on ane fare destralle,  
Vithe otheris hindmest var into the flicht.  
Than dauclyn quhilk vas vorthen man and vicht  
Set on him and his spere in feutre kest  
And hit him quhill his hawbrek all to brest,  
Quhill throv the bodee flatlingis to the erd  
He bare him dovne stark dede that he not sterid.  
Than tholome the duke saw dravand hame  
And thocht gif he sould chaip it had bein schame,  
And drave at him and strak him af his steid  
And tuke his hors away vithe him to leid.  
Thus Lomnyer yat saw that all vas tint  
Schup him to do ane proves or he stint  
Sayand: "adew of the gadderis the honour.

(fol. 49b.)

This day of vourschip thay haif tynt the flour.  
Vithe that ane greik he hit vnder his blasoune  
And to the erde dede stif he strak him dovne.  
Vithe that vas cumand gentill Gaudefere<sup>1)</sup>  
And schup ane straik and hit ane man of pride<sup>2)</sup>  
Of Macedone, hit him vpone ane syde,  
Quhill quyte outthrov his cost his parmanone past  
And left the trounscheone stikand in him fast,  
And he fell dovne, he nicht na forther ga.  
Emenedus in hairt than vunder va,  
Quhan he saw sa the kingis men dung doune  
And thair fa men fast fleand to the tovne,  
And Gaudefere sa keipit the reirgairde,  
That quhair he vas, the flearis had na varde;  
For he drew ay betuix thame and the straikis,  
That mony a dynt baithe he dalis and takis.  
For aucht ve tell the deidis that ve ourrin,  
Ten thousand vorthiar deidis thair vas doine  
Na mony ane vther that ve mak of gret heist.  
Bot sum thing ve mon tell be the leist.  
This Gaudefere set him the folk to keip,  
As fra the lioune guid herde vald his scheip,  
And all the feild vithe slaine men var ourespred  
And all thair folk vas to the citie fled.  
Vpon his heid ane ladeis sleif beare he  
Quhilk vas the kingis dochter of Nube,  
And in his scheild tua liounis traist of gold.  
Vas never man mair vorthie on the molde.

Thus in the chase cumand Emendus<sup>3)</sup>  
Saw Gaudefere his pepill keipand thus  
And thocht on Samesone with ane gret regret  
And saw that Gaudefere vas desolate  
And had bot few to help him in a neid,  
And vithe his spurris his coursour he gart speid  
And thocht that he sould not pas lyfeles.  
Than Gaudefere that last vas in the chais  
Saw him approche and drest him till him evin.  
Thair vas na help bot at the god of hevin.  
Emenedus that ever vas guid and traist

Set him to meit and in his gere him drest.  
Bot Gaudefere him hit in mid the scheild.  
His speir in splenders brak and fell dovne in  
ye feild.  
Emenedus that saw him sumthing bare  
Befoire the scheild and ettelit him in thaire  
(fol. 50a.)  
And throv the breist him baere and clave his  
hairt,  
That he spak never vorde syne eftervart.  
Than Alexander quhilk saw the straik him lovit.  
For ioy and sorrow baithe his hairt removit,  
Sayand: "allaice, gif I thy lyf nicht save  
For onny gold or riches that I have!  
Thow art ane our gret Jovell to be tynt!"  
And gart men bring him furthe, or ever he stynt,  
Out of the feild to se gif he vald leif,  
Sayand of gold ten mulliounis he vald gif  
To haif his Lyfe, his hairt, and his guid vill;  
Bot all vas doine, na fortune vas thairtill.  
Than ordand he to 3erd him honorable,  
Gart mak ane sepulture richt rychelie  
In gadders in a tempill of marthus.  
Bot pitie vas to heir Emenedus,  
The reuthe and the regret yat he of him maid,  
And the grete sorrow that he for him had.  
Than spak ane presoner that thair vas taine,  
Quhilk vas ane cetoyre, a gadriane,  
Sayd, Alexander baithe and Emenedus  
Vas not sa va for samsone and pirrus  
As Gaudefere, bot in the tyme of vere,  
Thair may na man ane vther thair forbear.  
The vorschipe of the vere and the valoure  
Garris ewerie man do for his honour.  
Quhen Gaudefere vas dede, yair come attanis  
Ane gret battell of new tartarianis  
And vithe thame the admirall of Sliguze,  
Bot god vate quhat kyne a roustie men3e,  
Thay vare ane gret greislie companie  
On sturdie steidis cumin out of Arabie

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *ye king about is.*

<sup>1)</sup> A line seems to be wanting.

<sup>2)</sup> The MS. has this line twice running.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *Emendus*  
2\*

Thair vas rycht mony voundit at the cours,  
Bot at the neide point thay gat ay reskours.  
Philot vas strikin dovne and Liconor  
And veill reskevit as ve haif sayd befor.

Quhen Alexander that new battall had seine,  
Till him semblit the douzeperis all bedeine,  
And god vate quhatkin leveray on thay layd.  
The folk of Tartarie vas sa affrayit,  
Quhan thay sa gret ane multitude had sene  
Of vorthie men ly valterand on the greine,  
(fol. 50 b.)

Sum dede, sum voundit in thar deidlie thraw,  
And all the folk to gadderis fle yai saw.  
Than sayd thay: "this is nothing veill, gode vate.  
Heir is na bute, ve man ga on our gate".  
Sum kest thair armour and no delay yai mak,  
Sum fled and kest thare scheildis on thair bak,  
And ilk ane efter vther fled away.  
Thus of the battell brokin vas the array.  
Thay socht the feild and helpit nakit men  
And band thair voundis as thay nicht best do  
then.  
Emenedus and Liconor sa mekill bled  
That into sound thay fell dovne in that sted.

Vithe that the king his handis vrestit  
Sayand: "alas, my god, in the I traistit!  
Now am I sicker and I tyne this diery,  
Adew fra me the flour of victorie!  
Now sall I never haif ioy into my hairt  
And I may haif my memberis hale and quart,  
Quhill I his blude se sched into the place",  
Quhilk hes me reft sa royall a riches".

Vithe that the duke vas in the tovne inclosit  
And mony of his menzie the lyfe had losit,  
And Gaudefere vas dede and mony ma.  
Sa vas yare of the kingis oist alsua,  
Quhat hurt, quhat dede, a thowsand knichtis  
keine

In Josaphailze vas lyand on the grein,  
Quhair of befor the battell doine hes beine<sup>1)</sup>;  
And gart bring ane bottall of the balme ryall  
Quhilk in ane nicht vald mak all voundis haill  
Of thame that Lyf vald and thame to lyf var  
schapin.

For quhilum dede vill tak sum as vill happin.  
That nicht thay maid guid cheir into the oist;  
Thay had anuche and spairit for no coist.

### The Vowis.

(fol. 90 a.)

Than tuke the king in purpois for to pas  
In middill ynde to help the quein candas,  
Of quhilk the vay lay sum pairt throw caldere  
Nere by Dauriz that vas a gret citie  
Of quhilk the Lord is callit Famear,  
That vorthelie the king resaut thare  
And maid the king fewta and leige band  
Till hald of him his lordschip and his land;  
Syne tuik the vay to turs, the gret citie,  
Quhair quene candas vas vont duelland to be.

Thair on ane fair feild fer fra onny tovnnis  
Nere ane forrest thay stent thair pavilliounis  
Endlang ane rever in ane fare cuntrie<sup>2)</sup>  
To se the multitude of hir menzee  
And ludgit thair that nycht and on the morrow  
Ane ioyfull of that yat had na thocht of sorrow  
And on the morne als soine as day couthe spring,  
The king past furthe to here the foullis sing  
Endlang that rever in that fare forest  
All him allaine on hors as him thocht best,  
Armit at all vithe helme, spere, and scheild,

As he vald pas to fecht into the feild.  
He vald never ryde bot he var armit at all,  
For he vist not quhat chance mycht him befall,  
And as he past alaine alanerlie,  
Sa saw he cumand in ane rod him by  
Ane mekill man vithe berde and brovis bere,  
In habit blak inarmit as he var.  
Ane silkyn how under his choll vas knyt,  
Ane bever hat upon his haid vas sett;  
His govne vas of a grete roid cameta,  
Syd to the fute and heremyte lyk alsua;  
Ane pair of gret beddis at his belt he bere;  
Dovne over his schulderis in tatis hang his hare,  
Not vele ken myt<sup>1)</sup> na haldin in daintie;  
Ane matyne buik intill his hand had he,  
Ane pair of knoppit schone of basane gret  
Vitheouttin hois for burning of his fete.

Vithe that the king all sadlie halsit he  
In maner of the langage of Caldie.  
The king revardit him in that tyde  
And all his persoune graithely he espyid.

(fol. 90 b.)

Ane mekill man he vas vithe schulderis braid,  
In all his memberis vonder manly maid  
And lyk to be ane man in all degre,  
Suppois quheit hare and man of eild vas he.  
The king spak veill the langage of the land  
And had guid vill to stand vithe him talkand  
And sperit fast of the state of that cuntrie  
And faine vald vitt quhat kyn a man vas he.  
And he againe the king fast could espy  
And mervelit quhy he raid sa ainerly.  
The king said: "fair sir, plesit it zow to tell  
Quhat is zour name, quhair var ze vont to duell  
And quhat the caus is of zour vandering here  
In sik habit alaine vithe outtin fere".  
The vourthe man answered richt curteslie,  
For vourship cumis ever of a man vourthie,  
For him that the king apperit to be,

Ane man of state and of gret dignitie,  
He sayd: "fare schir, I am of calde borne.  
Sa vas my father and my mother me beforne.  
My brother vas Gaudefere dularis,  
The quhilk dyet in the veris of duke bites.  
His dede hes doine me mekill dule and dere<sup>2)</sup>,  
And haldis me here into ane heremytage  
To serwe my god into my latter aige  
To tak pennance into the day I dee,  
In this forrest to pray for him and me,  
And till ane tempill is callit tempill Marcus  
Everilk day on morrow I ga thus  
To se service and sacrifice to ma  
And all my lyfe thinkis to life sua.  
The dede of him hes maid my hart sa sare  
And of all varldis ioy I bid no mare.  
He vas a Lord of Land in this cuntrie,  
Of effezoune vithe mony a gret citie,  
And zit a thing mair eikis my doloure:  
He had a vyfe, a vorthee creatoure,  
The quhilk to name vas callit elidas  
Of gadderis, quhilk duke Bites sister vas,  
Quhilk fra that scho hard he vas endit sua,  
Scho eate never maite quhill hir hairt burst  
in tua.

Scho hes to him<sup>3)</sup> sonnys fare and fre  
And ane dochter, the farest that may be.

Claurus, the king of ynde, yat harhald hare,  
Is cuming to lay the seige vith all powar  
Till effuzoun and makis vovis gret,  
Bot he that ladye at his bandoune gett,  
He sall never thyne quhill he that citie vyn  
(fol. 91 a.)

And hing and haid that he findis thairin,  
And hir desyris and hir brether tua,  
To sawe thair lyvis gif thay may chaip sua".

Quhen the king had hard all this regret,  
The teris tiglit oure his chikis vett,  
Quhen that he hard him spaik of Gaudefere.

<sup>1)</sup> kenmyt = combed?

<sup>2)</sup> A line appears to be wanting here.

<sup>3)</sup> Here the word "tua" seems to have been left out by the scribe.

<sup>1)</sup> A line seems to be wanting here.

<sup>2)</sup> The text of the following lines is apparently corrupt.

Vithe that the knyght beheld him and drew nere,  
Sayand: "sweit sir, quhat menis this that 3e  
Makis sic cheir for the diseais of me?"  
"3is", sayis the king, "yat man that 3e of  
meine,

Thocht all the gold of babylone myne had bene,  
To haif him levand I vald gif it haill,  
To haif his freindschip and his lufe speciall".  
Than sayd the knyght: "Fair sir, I 3ow require  
The caus quhy 3e cum thus vaverand here,  
And quhair 3e duell and into quhat cuntrie;  
For 3e me seme ane man of gret dignitie,  
And mervellis to me to se 3ow sua  
In this forrest vitheouttin feiris ma.  
Men sayis that Alexander the conquerour  
Is cumin into this land to mak succoure  
And for to pas in ynde in conquering,  
For to mak vere on auld claurus the king.  
Quhairfoir sen 3e spaik langage of this land,  
Me think 3e sould not pas alaine thus vaverand.  
Thair ar the folk that hes my brothir slaine.  
Var not that caus, to pas thaire I var bane  
To ask supplie at him for his honoure.  
He hes sic name of vourschip and valoure".  
Than sayd the king and answered soberlie:  
"Fare sir, I counsall 3ow, not lat for thy.  
3e vat that that<sup>1)</sup> deid of vere is anterus  
And all the fortunis of it perrelus.  
Suppois ane man to day haif victorie  
And of the feild the victor helalye<sup>2)</sup>,  
He may not saif befor discumfetoure.  
Thair vill na man in battell do fawore,  
Bot traist veill and his deid mycht be foir  
seine

And it var knawin quhat man that he had beine,  
He sould haif had mare favouris na onny man  
That dede in battell sen the vere begane.  
For trewlye I am of the compainy  
And Alexander rycht vounder veill knaw I  
And quho he vas displesit of his dede

(fol. 91b.)

And he mycht ony vay haif set remede.  
Quhairfoir me think 3our hairt sould seberit be,  
Quhen that 3e vat quhat luif till him had he".

Then quhen the auld knicht hard him say  
yat he  
Knew Alexander and vas of his menize,  
His hart grew gret and boldnit in his breist,  
His curage grew and up his haid he keist.  
His memberis quik, his face begouthe to suell,  
For to his hart thair come a suddane knell,  
That for gret yre ane vord he nicht not speik.  
He had sic vill his brotheris deid to vreik,  
Thinkand rycht veill that he vas ane of tha  
That his brother helpit for to sla.  
Vithe that glowrand on him he threw his brow  
Sayand: "god gif I var bodin as 3ow,  
Thow sould forthink that ever thow come this  
vay,

Or I sould dee on the this ilk day".  
Than sayd the king and smylit a litill ve:  
"Sober 3ow, fare sir, and lat sic querrell be.  
Albeit 3e var armit in 3our gere,  
Me think 3e haif na mister of mare vere.  
Bot vald 3e listin and to my counsall tak,  
Percais the king sould sic confort to 3ow mak  
And sic ane mendis for 3our brotheris dede,  
It sould 3ow pleis and stainche all 3our fede;  
For I dar say, had 3e him anis seine  
And in his companie a quhile had beine,  
3e sould favoure and freindschip in him find  
And als vithe sic ressunis he suld 3ow bind,  
That be ressoune 3e sould haif him excusit  
And of his officiariis na thing be refusit,  
And I dar veill assuir 3ow and affy  
That and 3ow list cum till his cumpanie  
And speik vithe him and put away all breithe  
And be tretabill and sober in 3our vraithe,  
And he sould for 3our saik the seige rais  
Quhilk clarus to that citie posit hes,

And all 3our freindis put in libertie  
And mak thame lordis haill of thair cuntrie".

Vithe that the vourdie knicht kest vp his face,  
Than all his hart for ioy recomfort vas,  
Sayand: "fare sir, and I nicht in 3ow traist,  
I vald faine guidly vays of tretye taist,  
Vist I that he sic pover vithe him had,  
I sould pas furthe vithe 3ow but mare abaid;  
Vithe 3our counsall sic tretye to assay,  
To mak concorde and vaich vraith away;  
For to supplie my nevoyis and my nece,

(fol. 92a.)

I vald pas vithe 3ow to the land of grece".  
Then sayd the king vithe gret benignitie:  
"Tell me 3our name, 3our plesure gif it be".  
"Sir", sayd the knicht, "men callis me Cassamus.  
In all this cuntrie namit am I thus,  
Quhilk hes giffin oure the ioy of varldis glore  
For causis quhilk I haif tauld 3ow of before.  
I vas ane knicht quhill that my dayis docht,  
Bot now of all this varld I set richt nocht".  
Than sayd the king: "Cassamus, traist in me,  
For be the faithe that into ane knicht sould be,  
3e sall be sicker of all yat I haif sayd before,  
And here my faithe to 3ow I gif thairfoir".

All thus the vay into the oist he tais,  
And Cassamus, ye guid knicht, vithe him gais.  
As thay vas passand to the companie,  
Sa come antigonus that vas vorthee  
Vithe mony duchtly men yat vordie vas,  
Sickand the king in vod and vildirnes.  
Thay salust him vithe heidis unhelit bere  
And thanked God that thay had fund him  
thare.

Than Cassamus quhilk saw sic curtesy  
Maid to the king, beheld him mare redlye  
And in his mynd: "this is the king!" sayd he.  
"God grant me grace this for my proffeit be!"  
He vas agast and tuk in hart havie  
That he him maid sa lytill courtesy.  
Ane vther vay mekill reconfort he vas  
Of his gret pitie and his hamelines,

That sic a pitie of his brother he had  
And sic profferis of mendiment till him maid,  
The king beheld and saw he vas efferd  
And every man sa mervelit on his berd,  
That he him to the pavillione gart led  
And bad him mak guid cheir and haif na dred  
And semblit all the douzeperis ilk ane  
And tauld thame quho the king vas cumin and  
gaine

And quhow to Cassamus promiseist he hes  
Of effezone the seige for to rais  
And to freithe his neice and nevoyis deris  
Quhilkis thairin ar seigit as presoneris  
And als to put out of subiectioun  
Thair landis haill, thair castell, toure, and  
tovne,

Of quhilkis the douzeperis var richt veill content  
And tuke to purpois all vithe ane entent  
(fol. 92b.)

To pas vithe cassamus, his brother dere,  
In mendiment of the dede of Gaudefere,  
And 3it mare for his vorthe brother saik  
Sa honorabill a mendis sald he mak  
That it sould be vourschip his freindis till.  
Vithe that he suere he dyet againe yare vill.  
For ane of the vourtheest rede speris vas he  
That vas in ynde, in pers, or in caldee.  
Than callit thay Cassamus and tauld him hale  
How that the king had ordaind in cunsall,  
Bad him in haist pas on till effezone  
To confort all his freindis and the tovne  
And bad thame mak guid cheir and be na thing  
agast;

Thay sould haif tythingis of thame in all haist,  
And vithe thame send thay spyis for to see  
How Clarus lay and in quhat degre  
And quhat kingis and princis vithe him vas  
And quhen thair purpois vas to salt the place.  
Quhen cassamus had hard thair ansuering,  
Sa plesit him the douzeperis and the king  
That for gret ioy almaist he had sownit  
And gruffingis dovne he knelit to the ground,

<sup>1)</sup> One "that" is to be left out.<sup>2)</sup> Read: *halely* = wholly.

Come crepand to the king to kiss his fete<sup>1)</sup>.  
The king vald not, bot raisit him be the hand  
And braissit him in his armes vp standand,  
And all the douzeperis about kissit cassamus,  
Bot 3it vas cuming not Emenedus.  
The king gart bring baithe clething and arming,  
Than for to see him vas a staitlie thing,  
He vas rycht mekill and als sa manlie maid,  
Ane semelie man vithe bramnis<sup>2)</sup> and schulderis  
breid,

Gart schaf his berd and coll his lokerand here  
And ay him seymit baith fare and semelyare.  
The king sayd: "cassamus, be goddis grace,  
I trow, and 3e var sted in battell plaice  
Vithe mony prince that 3e had loverand to,  
Thair suld na eild lat 3ou 3owr det to do.  
For all guid liklynes dessavis me,  
And onny fallow lyk man gar 3ow fle".  
The auld knicht sayd: quhen it cumis thairto,  
Thair is na man yat vat quhat he may do.  
Suppois ve think in battell beres to bind,  
Is naine sa guid bot he ane fere may find".  
The king sayde: "Cassamus, for luif of the,  
As langand Gaudefere, thy brother fre,  
I sall gar him that vas his fere in feild,  
Quhilk strak him throw the body and the scheild,  
Aquyt him vithe ane hunderithe knichtis keine,  
(fol. 93a.)

Of quhilkis myself ane of the first sall beine,  
That he throw cace and na thing purpositlie  
Be anter of vere as passand suddentlie,  
He vas sa noyit and birnand as in fyre  
For vourthe pirrus and Samsone, Lord of tyre,  
Quhilkis var strikin dovne and lost thair on ye  
land,  
Sair vondit in ane dede thraw thair lyand.  
Quhat vytt had he that saw his fellowis swa  
Sualtand to deid thair slaeris for to sla.  
Bot had men vittin his bewtie and estaite  
And yortheness als veill as ve now vatt,

He vald nocht, and he nicht savit be,  
For all the gold of pers haif sein him dee".  
Vithe that come Emenedus d'arcade  
Quhilk of the douzeperis thair hindmaist baide,  
Vithe him ane hunderithe knichtis in a rout.  
Than Cassamus begouth to luke about  
And him persavit and traistit veill it vas he  
Quhilk Gaudefere his brother had gart dee.  
Suppois his hart vas sair na mervell vas.  
First vas he pale, syne blekinnit all his face.

Than sayd the king that mycht his malice see  
"Sweit sir, lat all this malancolie be  
And here the excusacioune of this Lord,  
As all thai knichtis may to 3ow recorde,  
And tak him freindship vithe 3our hart  
And hald guid fellowschip fra thyne furthvart,  
And he sall further 3ow mare on ane day  
Na twentye tymes his dede 3ow proffeit may".  
Vithe that the knicht knellit before the king  
Sayand: "fare Lord, I am at 3our bidding".  
Vithe that guid speid he leit doune teris fall.  
Sa did the knichtis ilk ane baithe gret and small.  
Thus maid Emenedus his acquentance  
And eftir at the kingis ordinance  
Thay var maid freindis and kissit the kiss of  
pece,

Of quhilkis the lordis all reiosit vas.  
Syne vithe guid cheir the king past to the dyne.  
In guid accord thay drank togidder syne.  
The king sayd: "Cassamus, quhow may this be?  
3our brother vas far 3unger man na 3e.  
Thus mervellis me sen 3e ar mare of age,  
How sould his airis bruik 3our heritage".  
"Fare Lord", sayd he, "ve var of motheris tua.  
To barne my mother had me and na ma,  
And all my fatheris proper heritage  
(fol. 93b.)

Haldis vnder me and of my servage,  
Bot airis had I never of my body.  
Thairfoir my nevoyis brukis helaly;

Bot Gaudeferis vyf gret lady vas  
Of Ephezonne and mony ane vther plaice.  
Scho vas half sister to the duke bites  
That gart my brother dee in his service.  
Tua sonnis and ane dochter scho him bere,  
Ane callit Bites, ane vther Gaudefere,  
Vithe ane dochter quhilk callit is physonnias,  
In all caldee is naine sa fare of face,  
Vithe quhome king Clarus and his sonnis thre  
Ar oft in pleide quha sould best louit be.  
Bot scho had levar be revyn in quarteris  
And on ane gallus hing be the hairis  
Or that churle Judas suld hir lemane be  
Quhilk garris his brother mekill sorrow dre".

Thus cassamus at the king his leif hes taine.  
Mair semielie knicht in all that oist vas naine.  
The king callit the chiftane of caldee,  
Ane man of ane<sup>1)</sup> yat maist in traistit hee,  
Fyve hunderithe armit in his cumpanie<sup>2)</sup>.  
And gart him tak of men that vas vourthe  
To cassamus he bade thay suld be baine  
Baithe nicht and day to serve vithe all thair  
maine,

And certane trist as thane naine couthe thay mak,  
Bot bade him say that lady for hir saik  
He sould se Clarus bot he left the feild  
Vithe mony ane vourthe knicht vnder goldin  
scheild

And put hir anis in fredome and in rest,  
Syne lat hir mary quhair ever scho lykit best.  
Than Cassamus vithe his feiris maid him bove,  
The narrest vay to pas to effezone.  
Bot in his vay vas gret pharon the flude.  
Or he come thare, to pas it him behovid,  
Over quhilk the king for the fare ladyis saik  
Had undertaine fare briggis for to mak;  
For all the briggis that standis it vpone  
Fra ephesone all dovne to babylone  
Var all intill his enemeis handis;

For 3it had he nane conquest of tha landis.  
Thus Cassamus passit on his vayis vas<sup>3)</sup>.  
He had to ryde thre Jornayis and na les,  
Or he mycht cum to pharon the rever  
Quhare ephesone vas standand sum dele nere.  
Quhen he come to the tovne of ephesone,  
Fast to the 3ettis maid him prickand bove  
And his ensen3e loude him sevin cryit,  
Of quhilk the vatchis hes richt soine espyit  
(fol. 94a.)

Veind he had beine of clarus companie  
Quhilk cumin vas the citie to espye.  
Bot quhen thay vist the southe yat it vas he,  
The fyris of joy yai maid in that citie.  
He enterit soine and to the ladeis gais  
And till his nevoyis all his compt he mais,  
Quhilk vas sa blythe that slakit vas the sorrow  
And sleipit the sueitlier to morrow.  
The seige traistit yai nicht na pover be  
To do nor dre nor greif thair men3e,  
Nocht than thay var of guid men of the land,  
Sic as thay var vele ten or tuelf thowsand.  
Than marchiane quhilk of the nicht vatche had  
keiping,

The nicht had of the fyris persauing  
And past to Clarus on the morne tymelye  
Sayand thay traistit succuris sikkerlye  
Vithein the tovne, for sic fyris var maid  
Quhilk takin vas sum guid nevis yai had;  
Bad him bevar and send discurriouris fast  
On ather syd of men that var maist traist.

This Marchiane vas king clarus sister sone,  
And mony deidis of armes had he doine.  
He armit him and maid him redde bove  
And thocht to ryde about and se the tovne.  
Than cassamus had gart sembill hestalye  
Thre or four thowsande of the maist vorthe  
And thocht to Ische and strek vpon a side.  
Than marchiane that vas a man of mekill pryde

<sup>1)</sup> *maine*?

<sup>2)</sup> This line has to be placed after the following one.

<sup>3)</sup> The MS. has the word *vayis* twice.

<sup>1)</sup> A line appears to be wanting here.

<sup>2)</sup> *brawnis*?

Vas vithe his menze makand his devyse.  
 Than Cassamus Ischit on his best vyse  
 And vithe him Gaudefere and Bites zung.  
 Tavart the seige yai past in ane ling  
 And of the formest fellit gret fusoun.  
 Thay cray vithe Cassamus of Ephesoune.  
 Vithe that the sery into the oist vp rais  
 And all the Lordis to thair armes gais.  
 The marchiane that vas vorthe man of vere,  
 Was all redde and armit in his gere  
 Vithe his menze as ve befor haif said  
 And fra the king he past in a braid.  
 He tuik the feild vithe thame that vas redde,  
 Vithe mony a guid man in his companie.  
 Be that sir Cassamus had hewin dovne  
 Mony a proud man vithe mony a pavillioune.  
 Vithe that he saw syr marchiane to the feild  
 On hors enarmit baithe vithe speir and scheild,  
 (fol. 94b.)

Vithe him a gret battell reddie bovine,  
 Arrayit veill betuix him and the tovine.  
 Than Cassamus callit on Gaudefere,  
 Sayd: "bovine the, nevoy, now to streke yi spere!  
 Here is not ellis bot owther do or dee.  
 Thay ar of men four tymes ma than ve.  
 Bot, fare nevoy, be not dredand for thy,  
 For multitude makis na victorie".  
 Vithe that he cryit loud that all nicht here<sup>1)</sup>,  
 Bad thame be of guid confort and mak guid  
 chere

And every man be sikker of spere and scheild  
 And mark at the midvart of the feild  
 And gif god giffis thame grace to mak a slop,  
 Thay sould gar of the proudest hedis hop,  
 Think on thair cry and keip veill thair ensenze,  
 Hald alltogidder and be sicker of thair renze,  
 And here for me; vithe that he gaif a schout  
 And markit at the midvart of the rout  
 And hit marchiane in middis of the scheild,  
 Quhill hors and man lay flatlingis in ye feild.

And Gaudefere ane vther hes ouertaine,  
 Out throw the scheild the spere is quytlie gaine;  
 Had not his hawbert beine of mailze fyne,  
 He had beine quyt of drinking of the vyne.  
 And zung Bites beare him sa vourthelie  
 That of the freschast bleidand he gart ly,  
 And als the leif sa veill thair pageand playit  
 That mony ane vourthe to the ground vas layd,  
 Quhill sic ane flitt thay maid in thair battell  
 That all thair menize past out throw alhale,  
 And in againe that ilk vay thay strak,  
 And ilk vourthe chesit him a maik,  
 And throw and throw thay past twyis or thryis,  
 That quha vas dovne nicht not gudlie ryse.  
 Vithe that marchiane vas gottin on his fute,  
 And vther may suppois it vas na bute,  
 For he vas toppit soine and led away  
 Till Ephezoune vithe outin mair delay.  
 Than schupe thay thame for till be passand  
 hame.

Bot thay vald never turne the bak for schame,  
 Bot removeand and keipand thair meinze  
 And never thocht to turne the bak and flie.  
 And thair begaine for to engrege the stour.  
 (fol. 95 a.)

Thair nicht men see quha maist vas of valoure.  
 Zung Gaudefere richt vourthelie him beare,  
 Bot zung Bites full sare vas voundit thare.  
 Thay thocht to vmbelap thame all about;  
 Bot of the tovine thair come vithe sic ane schout  
 Ane new battell for to reskew thair men,  
 By Liklynes of thowsandis ma than ten,  
 And Cassamus held thame in bargaining,  
 Quhilk succour come vithe help of his consing,  
 Than rais the skry vpon the castell vall,  
 Quhilk all the Ladyes gart in sowning fall.  
 The caldeans stour vas vounder meruelus,  
 Quhilk Alexander had send vithe cassamus.  
 Of presoneris thay tuik a gret meinze  
 Of thame of ynde quhen thay begouthe to fle.

<sup>1)</sup> Through a mistake of the scribe's, the MS. has this line and the three following lines twice running.

Thair fyve thowsand chassit againe fyfteine.  
 Quhen thay the battell of the tovine had sene,  
 Baithe vas thair slaine and voundit mony ane,  
 The battall discomfist and the chiftane taine,  
 And all vithe honour past in the citie,  
 Or Clarus battell nicht enarmit be.

Than vas the lord of Bander, king of Mede,  
 Enarmit cumand on ane sturdee steid  
 Vithe twentye hunderithe thowsand in his com-  
 pany

Of men of ynde all armit richelie,  
 And tuke<sup>1)</sup> the citie the narrest vay,  
 Thinkand vithe myne and ledderis to assay,  
 To tak the tovine; bot that vas all in vaine,  
 For thay var schamefully put hame againe;  
 For thay var in dykis dungin dovne  
 Vithe cast of staine on all sydis at the tovine  
 And slaine vithe schot in sa gret quantitie  
 That thair<sup>2)</sup> var faine thair vay againe to fle.  
 Thair vas the king of meid, the banderane, taine  
 And in the dykis slaine full mony ane.  
 Zung Gaudefere at the portis strak him dovne,  
 Baithe hors and man, or he come to the tovine.  
 Quhat vo in hart than had clarus the king  
 That all his thre sonis gaine vas in hunting,  
 His men defoulit and mony taine and slaine  
 And all the leif cheist hame till him againe!  
 Bot, lord, quhat ioy into the citie vas  
 Betuix the lordis and dame physonas,  
 (fol. 95 b.)

Quhen brocht vas banderane for to feistit be  
 And mak his quentance vithe the ladeeis fre  
 And vtheris lordis that taine var in the pres,  
 In venus chalmer as the custome vas,  
 Quhair marchiane fell in amorus in sic kynd  
 That of his presoune he had na mair mynd,  
 And all the tovine sic ioy into thair hairt thay had  
 That of the seige lytill compt thay maid,  
 And als thay var recomfort man and paige

That Cassamus had left his heremytaige,  
 And als in Alexander attour all thing  
 Thair traist vas maist and recomforting,  
 And spairis not, bot ryaly spend<sup>3)</sup>.  
 All thus to venus chalmer haif thay gaine,  
 The bauderane, zung Gaudefere and the mar-  
 chian,

Quhare physonas, ydory and Edea  
 In chalmer ver vithe mony ladeis ma.  
 Thair vas zung Bites chosin king of Luife  
 And maid ane aithe that he sould but reprufe  
 Of all demandis gif richteous iudgment,  
 Belangand luif treulie by his entent.  
 Than Cassamus sayd to the presoneris:  
 "Vit zitt ze, Lordingis yat in this chalmer  
 thair is,

That ze sould heir be blyth in zour entent  
 And put away diseis and matalent  
 And think on nathing bot on ioy and blythines.  
 For anter of vere is every manis caice.  
 Malancolie puttis menis hairtis doune  
 And puttis all freindis to confusioune  
 And makis oure fais blythe of our malice  
 And dois thame sorrow, quhen ve ar veill at eis  
 Than sould ve schaip to mak our freindis faine,  
 Throw blythenes put our fais to paine".  
 Thus confort he the vourthe king of mede  
 Quhilk had anuche of blythenes or he zeid,  
 For he vas syne so he in amouris sett  
 Vithe ane that efter vele his barrett bett;  
 For he vas louit vithe Ladye ydory,  
 Quhilk vas the fairist and the maist lusty  
 Of all the ladyis that var in that place  
 Nixt Gaudeferis sister, dame physonas.  
 The bandriane vas ane vorthe man of hand,  
 Ane fair persoune of onny in all the land  
 And cumming doune fra the vourthe strynd  
 of troy  
 And nicht veill seme to be ane Ladees joy.

<sup>1)</sup> Probably the word *to* has to be supplied here.

<sup>2)</sup> A line seems to be wanting.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *thay*.

The chalmer vas fare and richelye arrayit  
And eik the banderane vas richt vele appayit  
(fol. 96a.)

To be in keiping of dame ydory  
To hald him blyth and strenthe malancoly.  
Bot phyzonais movit vithe ielosey  
Sayd to dame ydory all prevelye:  
Ze haif not failzeit for to cheis at richt,  
For ze haif chosin ane freche and vourthe knicht  
Of onny that is takin in this place

And lyk to stand into his Ladeis grace".  
"Madame", sayd scho, "treuly be my guid fay,  
Quhen I him saw in feild this hinder day,  
I had of him na suthefast vittering,  
Of his valour na that he vas a king,  
Bot as me thoct, he beare him vourthely  
And him defendit vunder manfully,  
Quhill hors nicht stand, quhat mycht he syne  
do mair,

Syne hors and man held baithe togidder thair".  
Syne efter vas the king of luif upsett  
And frechlie crownit vithe ane rois chaplett  
And maid ane aithe that he sould treulie say  
Till all demandis of luif as for that day  
And at ilk ane he sould thre questionis spere  
And thay till ansuere in thair best manere,  
The lawte for to say unfeinzeitlye  
Be thair vitting be faithe of thair body,  
And first he sperit at madin ydea,  
Gif ewer scho vas vithe luif distreinzeit sa  
That scho nicht nother eit, drink, na sleip  
Nor to na vther proffeit to tak keip,  
Quhill scho had of hir Luif sum conforting,  
The quhilk scho luffit best attoure all thing;  
Ane vther questionne quhider that scho  
Had levar vithe hir luif alaine to be,  
To se of fer baithe vissage and body  
Or for to graip or fail bot villanny  
And nowther him se, spaik na vthe<sup>1)</sup> plesance tak,  
Bot kiss and brais and na colatioune mak;

The thrid, gif that scho vist he louit hir not,  
Gif scho for thy vald turne fra him hir thoct.  
Than scho quhilk had ane Luif baithe fare  
and guid

And all the questionis rycht veill onderstuid,  
Nocht than suppois that scho vas zitt vntaymit  
Na of na taynt of villany had beine blamytt,  
Scho ansuered sueitlie and vithe guid missure.  
As to the first scho sayd: "I zow assure  
(fol. 96b.)

That I vas never vithe luif sa zit ouresett  
That ewer I lest to sleip or eatt my maitt,  
And zit I traist I lufe als veill my luife  
As onny Lady may do but reprufe.  
I vill not say that quhen I on<sup>2)</sup> think  
Na les me pleis baithe sleip, mete, and drink  
And vexis me and trublis all my mynd,  
Quhen I find him aither strainge or vnkynd.  
As to the tother questionne this I say  
That I had lever him see vithe Licht of day  
Vithe sic estaite as till him sould effere,  
As to him grape and nowtherane se nor here.  
For guidly plesant sicht may veill suffice  
To thame that may not meit in vther vayis<sup>3)</sup>,  
Bot for to feill and notherane speik nor see  
Na vther ioy bot hals and kiss and flee,  
Zit I had levar but byd in esperance  
Na meit sa neir and haif na mair plesance.  
Les vald me greif to luk on mete disting  
Na handill meit and eate thair of nathing.  
As to the thrid, certes, quhare I am sett,  
Suppois I vist my beall suld never be bett  
And that he var conquest vithe subteltie  
Or be riches his hart removit fra me  
Or eike fra bewtye or throw glaidlynness,  
As vtheris hes mair na I ges,  
Zit suld I never my hart fra him disseuer,  
Bot lufe him ay, suppois he luffit me never.  
Percais he may fra lufe to lufe ourcast  
And efter all best luif me at the last.

Thus in guid hoip I sall my dule ouredryfe  
And luif him best ever quhill he beis on Lyff.  
Thus menis lufe oft tymes be variabill  
And vemenis lufe ever suld be ferme and stabill,  
Na onny vemen may lufe ma na ane<sup>1)</sup>.

Than sayd the king: "maistres dame ydory,  
It may never be bot ze haif luif Joly.  
I ask zow for the faithe ze aucht to luife  
And alsa mot help zow at zour behuife,  
Quhen ze haif chosin ane to zour luif drowry,  
On quhome zour hart is set all helaly  
To bruk and iose into zour letter aige,  
To luif in lemonnry or in mariage.  
Ane vther questionne zit I vill zow mak:  
Quhen ze ar vexit for zour luffis saik,  
Quhen<sup>2)</sup> mair zow vexis, vanhop or desyre,  
Quhen lust in zow kendlit hes the fyre.  
The thrid, in quhat pairtis of zour body  
(fol. 97a.)

That luif zow vexis maist excidinglie".  
Quhen he had sayd, for schame scho chengit hew,  
As lufferis dois quhen thay of luif ar trew,  
And till him sayd: "fare schir, I most on nede  
Mak ansuering and bow quhen ze me bid.  
As to the first, I ansuere zow trewlie  
That I haif chosin, bot I vat not gif I  
Be chosin againe, for my luif is bot greine  
And may sa fall that let sall cum betueine.  
Bot var it all my vill, I say for me,  
I sould him never chainge ay quhill I dee.  
In quhat kynd that ever lykis him best me haif,  
I sall him lelalye luif over all the leif.  
As to the vther, desyre vexis me nocht,  
For my desyre is plesand to my thoct;  
For guid hoip in his companie ay vas  
And sall quhill I see vther lyklines.  
Of vanhop I had never zit knowlege,  
Becaus oure lyfe is of sa tender aige.  
Nocht thane but reddoure can I never be,  
For dout he for ane fairer chainge me.

As to the thrid, in quhat pairt maist I fele  
Maist vexand me, I can not tell zow vele;  
For quhen I see yat I luif lelalye,  
It trubillis all the pairtis of my body.  
Than I desyre to haif his mouthe to myne,  
Syne breist to breist and all the body syne  
In armis plett nakit vithe his guid vill  
And syne that var na villanny vs till".  
Than physonas smylit and maid small ene,  
Quhen ydory sayd that hir luif vas greine.  
Than sayd the king: "Certes I traist trewlye  
That scho hes sayd the soithe unfeinzeitlye".  
To phezonas his sister than sayd he:  
"My fare sister, now var it tyme that ze  
Vald sum thing say zour self for till excuse.  
Zow to discharge in sum thing zow behowis,  
And for the first demand at zow spere I  
Quhider in the plaice ze luif maist lelaly  
To see zour luif at laser at zour eis  
Or think on his beawty may mair zow pleis.  
Ane vther, gif zour luif var in battell place,  
As oft tymes happynis in the saming cace,  
(Fol. 97b.)

Quhider ze had lever zour brother takin var,  
Or zour luif var in fechting vounder sare.  
The thrid demande ze treulie tell to me  
Be quhat takinnis luif best may knawin be".  
The lady quhilk of luif small knowlege had,  
As to the first demande nane ansure maid,  
For scho vas zung and eik of tender aige  
And of the stoundis of luif had na knowledge,  
And sayd: "I luffit naine zit in prevetye  
Na man na nane dedenzeis to luif me,  
Bot I traist and I luffit onny vay<sup>3)</sup>  
And had my hart on him sett faithfully,  
I vald be les distrublit vithe thinking  
Na graithly him to see be mekill thing;  
For of sweit thoct I haif na displesance,  
Bot sic kendillis fyre to be at nere quentance.  
Thus vald sueit thoct far mare recomfort me

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *vther*.

<sup>2)</sup> The word *him* seems to be wanting here.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *vyse*.

<sup>1)</sup> A line seems to be wanting.

<sup>2)</sup> Read: *Quhat*.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *vy*.

Na on him luik and never the narrer be.  
 As to the tothir, I here thame say that luffis,  
 I vat not gif thame<sup>1)</sup> saw to thame reprowis,  
 For all thair kyn thay vald not mak sic care  
 As thay vald for the dede of thair luffere.  
 Quhairfoir me think I var not to repruife,  
 As vther vemen dois, to luif my luife.  
 As to thrid<sup>2)</sup>, I can not say trewlie  
 Quhill vithe my ame first counsallit var I".  
 Than sayd the king: "fare ame, sir cassamus,  
 Sen 3our Lady can nocht this vere discurs,  
 3e vald ryse and be to hir counselloure.  
 To help Ladyis it var gret honoure".  
 Than sayd sir Cassamus: "fare nece, lat be;  
 Of 3our demand nathing effeiris to me;  
 For gif<sup>3)</sup> can of this demand na skill,  
 3e sall ane vthe<sup>4)</sup> haif and ansuere till".  
 The king sayd: "eme, me think, 3e say ressoune.  
 I sall remowe to 3ow this questioune,  
 And as langand my sister phesonas,  
 I sall demand hir of vther cais,  
 That is to say quhidder that hid invy  
 Distrublis lufferis mair na ieloassy.  
 For I persawe the aithe is not to nyte,  
 That of sic thing scho may not hir acquyte".  
 Than vas scho far mair trublit na befoir,  
 For mony lufferis var sittand hir affoir,  
 To ansuere to the demand of ielousey,  
 Ilk ane vald think the ressoune, the quhy.  
 Scho studiet in hir mynd a lytill tyme,

(fol. 98 a.)

And oft tymes chaingit hewis and answered syne  
 And sayd: "sir king, certes, by my entent,  
 And I sould say efter my iudgment,  
 I vat not quhilk of thame mair vexis me,  
 For ane may not vithout ane vther be,  
 For quhen ane lady is strikin vithe ieloussy,  
 It may never be bot scho hes sum invy  
 At sum persoune at quhome scho is disparit,  
 That his luif thinkis mair vourthe and mare fare

And makis hir oure gret cheir and companie,  
 That vill scho haif at that persoune invye,  
 And till hir loue the ieloussy pertenis  
 That scho on him hes sum mistraist or venyss  
 That he vauld lichtlie hir for that persoune,  
 The quhilk to haite me I think scho hes  
 ressoune

And haif hir dispyte and gret invy,  
 Thus baithe alyk distrublis grevouslie".  
 Sayd Cassamus: "fare nece, I dar avow,  
 Gif onny man of amouris quytis 3ow  
 And strublanche vithe invye and ieloussy,  
 Quhair ever it be, yat it sall not be I".  
 Vithe that scho vox all reid and lukit dovne  
 And till hir vncle softlie couthe scho rovne:  
 "Quhy haif 3e me reproiffit so oppinlye?  
 Be god, 3e spaik oure plaine poetry".  
 Vithe that dame ydory smylit and scho leuche,  
 And the bauderane maid it vounder touche  
 Vithe blenkis giffin and 3eildit mony vayis  
 And sighand in thair hertis sayd oft syis:  
 "He cupid, god of Lufe, grant our desyre  
 And meis thir stoundis yat flamis our hairtis  
 in fyre!"

Than vas marchiane vithe madyne ydea  
 Sa straitlie sted that he vist of na va,  
 Thinkand that he sould stand in hir grace.  
 Bot scho that had hir hart in vther place,  
 Till Bites quhilk scho lufit of lang tyme<sup>5)</sup>  
 Scho gaif hir luif and vther vald scho nane,  
 To quhome scho keist luif blenkis ay betueine.  
 Luif quikinnis soine quhair auld luif anis hes  
 beine.

That<sup>6)</sup> to the banderane sayis the king of luif:  
 "Sir king of mede, now as 3e heit repruif  
 And luifis lawtie, that 3e vill soithlie say  
 In quhat kyn vayis luif be keipit may  
 And quhat the pointis ar, 3e vald tell me  
 (fol. 98 b.)

Throw quhilkis guid luif may langest keipit be".

<sup>1)</sup> that?<sup>2)</sup> Read: *the thrid*.<sup>3)</sup> 3e is to be supplied here.<sup>4)</sup> Read: *vther*.<sup>5)</sup> *again* is to be supplied here.<sup>6)</sup> *Than*?

The king cassell quhilk vas a nobill knicht,  
 Ane fare persone baithe vyse, vourthe and vicht,  
 Kest in his hart that he nicht ansuere sua  
 That vithe his vourschip saillie he mycht ga.  
 Than sayis the king of Luif: "3et vald I spere  
 Ane vther questioune 3it in this maner:  
 Quhidder, as 3e traist, that brute<sup>1)</sup> or bewtye  
 In lufe mare pugzeand and distrenzeand be,  
 That is to say, quhidder guidnes or fairness  
 Is to lufferis mare confort and blythnes.  
 The thrid, quhidder discomfort or esperance  
 Is mare dissavit in lufe throw fals semblance".  
 Than sayis the bandriane fare and courteslie:  
 "Sen I am sworne, on nede ansuere man I.  
 As to the first, certes I say for me,  
 Quhen luif is set in fare and guid pairtie,  
 Visdome, lawte, fredome, and guid vill  
 Makis lufe to lest and ewer be stark as steill.  
 For trewlie, and onny of thir four pointis failze,  
 The ende of lufe sall be of lytill vailze.  
 As to the tothir, I traist of freche bewtye  
 Mare ardand, pungzeand, and distreinzeand be  
 And soiner schawis furthe his ententioune  
 And secretlye inquirye of hir renovne  
 For beaute but it pas of mesure  
 And beaute oft tymes blekis hir honoure,  
 Quhen beantie may for vourschep beare the  
 flour,  
 And quha may haif thame baithe togidder tua,  
 Be ressoune sould covete forthir to ga.  
 Bot quhen a man to luif vald cheis a fyre,  
 I trow, beaute be the first messingere  
 And be the vise he sett him syne to ken  
 Of his guidnes be voce of vther men.  
 Bot fals hairtis for bewtie sum inclynis,  
 Of barren beaute the end ay foly syne is,  
 And better is vithe counsall cheis guid vyne  
 Na fare and ill and to deuode it syne.  
 As to the thrid, I traist that fals semblance  
 Dissavis ma to hinder na avance

Vnder guid hoip na throw discomforting;  
 For covatesie of menis guid vinning  
 Garris men traist that thay best lovit be,  
 Syne lovis ane vther far better in prevatie,  
 That is dissait of fals collusioune  
 And oft it cummis to ill conclusioun".

Than sayis the king: "fare eame, sir Cassamus,  
 (fol. 99 a.)

Sen 3e best vat, ve pray the, tell to vs  
 And till vs 3ung folk of 3our visdome lere  
 Quhilk ar the thingis yat maist may lufferis dere.  
 Ane vther, quhat thing may thame maist empleis  
 And maist may hald thair luffers at thair eis.  
 The thrid, that 3e vauld trewly till vs schaw  
 Be quhat takynnis men may leill lufferis knaw".  
 The guid knicht sayis: "vithe gret difficultie,  
 Vith gret advise thir thingis man answered be.  
 Daingere, distres, vanhope, and fals sembland<sup>2)</sup>,  
 Vnlawte, vrechitnes, and foly curage,  
 Fede, ieloussy, and ouer oppin langage,  
 Thir ar the thingis that lele lufe may forlete,  
 And all thir contrareis may thare baillis bete.  
 As to the thrid point, all folk sould vit but  
 vene

That all trew luif removis fra the splene,  
 Quhilk makis his luif of his vill sum knowledge<sup>3)</sup>.  
 Thane is the ee the soverane messingere,  
 The quhilk discryvis hir beantie fer and nere,  
 Syne to the hart makis hir relatioune,  
 The quhilk declaris it to the vit comoune,  
 Than vit declaris sayand hir suete blenking  
 Cumis fra the hart vitheouttin feinzeing.  
 This is the first of guid takynnis but vere.  
 The ene ar ay the hairtis messingere.  
 This is the first takin and the best but 3e<sup>4)</sup>  
 Of all lufferis the suete blenk of yare ee<sup>4)</sup>,  
 The secound takynn is plesand comouning  
 Vithe lyknenes and suete colationing,  
 And nocht till irk na thing but na vay,  
 For guid luif thinkis of ane 3ere bot ane day.

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *bonte*.<sup>2)</sup> A line seems to be wanting.<sup>3)</sup> *but vene*?<sup>4)</sup> *eene*?

The thrid takyn is to gif giftis and tak  
And drowreis keip and vere for his ladyis faik<sup>1)</sup>;  
For ewer trew luif of guidis is liberall,  
Or ellis it cumis not of trew hart and hale.  
The ferd is quhen thay cum in Luif talking,  
Of all thair secrettis till haif comonyng,  
For be hir secret schawing he may see  
Gif that scho luifis him in all degree.  
For traist veill, quhair the hairt secret gais,  
Ther hairt is thair and residence thair mais.  
Quhair feingzeand lufferis hes na hop of hele,  
The outwart schawis and secret ay counsale.  
The fyft takyn of guid luif this may be,  
(fol. 99b.)

To be ioyus quhen thay him ioyus see,  
And quhen thay see him sad and at maleis,  
Quhair ist nathing at that tyme may thame pleis,  
And settis thame at all thair guid pover  
To floke thair syte and mak thair myrthis mare.  
The saxt is, quhen thay vat appeirand skaithe,  
Thay varne and lattis it at thair pover baithe,  
And blythelie to thair message makis guid cheir.  
Thair hors, thair hund, and thair falconer,  
His hynd may persaif be thair velcuming  
Gif scho thair maister lovis at oure all thing.  
The sevint takin is of ane guid luiffer  
That for nathing vill crab thame lait or are  
Na do na thing thame for to do maleis,  
Bot all thing do that may thame eis and pleis,  
And soine may be recounsellit in thair vraithe  
Na beris not lang tyme havily thair braithe,  
And gif thay falt makis rekleslie,  
Thair mend it soine vithe blythnes reddelye".

The king marchiane efter that him cais<sup>2)</sup>  
And thir questionis followand till him mais:  
In the first, quhidder lufferis hes mare lak  
In luif to be forsakyn or forsak,  
Or to thame quhilkis followis mair repruife  
Or maist forfettoure mais to the king of lufe.  
Ane vther syne at sum ansuering behuis

Quhidder that fals semblance or ane plaine  
refuis  
Is mare displesand till our maiestie  
Till lele luffere quhilk lippinnis in Laute,  
And quhat punitioun thairto is requyrit,  
For sic thing sould be punisit as effeirit.  
The thrid, gif ane lady may but villanny  
Luif ma na ane vnfeingzeand lelaly.  
The baudriane that vyse vas and persaveand  
And sum pairt of his fele had onderstand  
Sayd: "trewlie, Sir, be my discretioun  
Thare lyis thair in guid knowledge of ressoune,  
That is to say, be thair no caus quhy,  
Than the foirsaking hes na villanny.  
Bot and he maid onny forfettoure,  
Than hes he baithe the lak and the dishonour  
And thay that ar forsakyn and is causeles  
Ar vourthe to stand in luiffis grace.  
As to the tothir, I ansuere thus, syr kyng:  
Oft tyme gret guid cummis of dissemling;  
For gif ane luifer be sa helie sett  
That he vill dee bot gif his bale be bett,  
(fol. 100a.)

Than is it speidfull to put him in beleiff  
For dout the maledy of Lufe him greiff,  
And alsua efterwart sic aventoure may fall,  
Scho may him luif far better na thame all,  
Or he may fall in sum vther luffing,  
That hir refuse may hinder him na thing,  
Quhilk had scho fravartlie givin him refuse,  
He had tholit deid as mony vther dois.  
Bot gif it var of Luif in full curage,  
As vyse vemen full soine may haif knowledge,  
Ane schort refuis is mare expedient,  
Unfenzzeandly to schaw him hir entent.  
As to the thrid, I say zow zea schortlie,  
That vist scho tuenty that louit hir lelaly,  
Scho sould thame luif keipand hir self for<sup>3)</sup> lak  
And na disvourschip to hir honour tak,  
And not thane of ane vther vit for thy

And luif thame but lak and villanny.  
For ay the better voman mair bening  
Or ellis thay var not to zour seruice ding.  
The vourtheest ay and grettest of degre  
Hes maist of petie and benignitie;  
For petie in Ladyes hart is veill semand  
As in the gold ring is the diamand,  
And hart but pitie liknyt is bot dout  
As till ane gold ring quhen the staine is out.  
Bot pitie in ane vourthee ladyis hart and syne  
Lyis rycht far dovne as gold dois in the myne.  
Thus vourthe ladyis may luif mony ane  
Vithe guid trew luif and hald hir hart till ane  
And mak him nowther fail nor forfatoure,  
Bot saif hir vomanhaid and hir honour".  
Than sayd sir Cassamus: "faire nevoy dere,  
Sen ze haif spirit that to zow sald effere,  
Now fallis vs ilk ane to spere at zow,  
Ilk ane about on raw as ve sit now,  
And ze till ansuere vs in veritie,  
For till a king it effeiris not to be"<sup>1)</sup>.

Than sayis the king: "certes I am content  
For to declare efter my iudgment  
Of quhat thing that zow list to spere at me  
Efter my knowledge and possibilitee".  
Than sayis sir Cassamus: "dame ydea,  
(fol. 100b.)

It fallis zow now the first demand to ma,  
For ze var scho quhilk maid first ansuering.  
Begynn thairfoir and first demand the king".  
"I am content", scho sayis, "and here for me,  
For of demandis I haif alrede thre,  
And first of ane I spere at zow, sir king,  
Sen Ladeis sould keip honour in all thing,  
And scho haif mony lufferis at beheist  
And everilk ane is makand hir request  
And scho may not of all thay flok the syre<sup>2)</sup>  
To graint to every man his gret desyre,  
Bot gif scho mak hir first luif forfatoure  
And vithe that hurt baithe vourschip and honour,

Gif thay sould be content in that degre  
To haif guid lufe for lufe in prevatee  
And in presence apperit fre and fare calling  
And in absence gude vord and guid thinking.  
Ane vther questioun into zow cast,  
Quidder man or vomanis lufe is mare stedfast;  
For we se men oft tyme chainge luife  
And settis not by quha thairof thame repruife,  
And vemen of thair luifis ar sa fervent,  
Thay vald never chainge thame to thair lyvis end,  
Of quhat estaite that ever a persone be,  
And thay be anis acquent in prevatie.  
Allbeit scho micht haif bein a princis pere,  
Scho haittis him never, bot haldis him maist  
dere.

The thrid is this: quhilk maist displesand be  
Till the king of lufe and till his maiestie,  
Secret deid vnvittin of onny invy  
Or publict name, but deid of vellanny".  
"As to the first, I ansuere zow but glore,  
And scho haif fermelie set hir lufe before,  
Scho may thame grant ilk ane and honour saif,  
Guid luif for luif and vow it befor the laif,  
Nocht to rehers the names of the persoinis  
Na mak befor folk na comparisonis,  
Richt as befor into this place hard I,  
Mak thame guid cheir and luif bot velany.  
As to the tothir, becaus I am ane man,  
I man be set as pairty, bot not than,  
Sen I am king, I sould nother gaip nor glois;  
For of my chaplet than sould fall a rois.  
Thairfoir I vill say the gros veritie,  
Suppois sum men may think percaice I lee;  
I se few vemen parte vithe guid vill,  
Quhen thay ar givin vithe hart thair luiffer till,  
Quhair mony a man chaingis fra hand to hand  
And lykis not veill bot thay be ay newand.  
(fol. 101a.)

And ofter men findis caus of partitioun  
Na vemen dois vithe comparisoun,

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *saik*.

<sup>2)</sup> Read: *tais*.

<sup>3)</sup> *fra*?

And oft na dule ya mak at departing,  
 Quhen vemen makis ane mervellus murning,  
 And leif to byd and laithe to part away,  
 And followis men quhair ever thay vent away.  
 Quhair thay luif vele, thair hairt removis never,  
 Na vithe thair vill vald never fra thame dissever,  
 As for the thrid, thocht evill deid be secrett  
 As for a tyme, 3it oppynis it anis the 3ett,  
 And all deidis sall discouerit be,  
 And ever honour followis efter laute,  
 For na deimyng may be compared to deid.  
 Than sould ve do vele and na demyng dreid.  
 Nocht than vyse men sould attoure all thing  
 Keip thame veill fra all caus of ill demyng;  
 For men sees that folk for ill renoune  
 But caus in deid ar baneist af the tovne.  
 Thairfoir quha vill vmbeschew ill companie  
 And ill occatioune may lif ay honorable,  
 For ill renovne cumis never causles  
 But sum occasioun and sum lyklines.  
 All thus me think, as best applesis me,  
 Errar na dede lat saikles demyng be;  
 For sum vemen ar cleine as innocentis  
 Quhilk trowis na ill na thinkis in thair ententis,  
 And vther sum ar fals, suttell, and sle,  
 That can vele hyde and cover thare prevatye.  
 Gif thay suld haif beithe mereite alyk,  
 I var not vourthe to governe this kinrik".

Than sayd Cassamus: "dame ydory,  
 Now fallis 3ow to say 3our verdory".  
 The lady sayis: "I am all reddie bovine  
 Till ask declaring of my questioune.  
 At 3ow, sir king, I spere sen best 3e can,  
 Quhilk is the thewis of ane guid voman  
 That garris men thame Luif and hald thame  
 dere

And makis a pure voman a princis pere,  
 And vithe yat all ill maneris and ill thewis  
 That followis euer thir fule vemen and schrevis;  
 And efter syne 3our counsall gif to me,

How madynis in thair 3outhaid sould governit be".  
 Than fayis<sup>1)</sup> the king: "thir questionis ar gret.  
 (fol. 101 b.)

I man studie thay pointis for to gett.  
 As to the first, 3e sould rycht veill consider  
 That vomanis honour is mair tender and slidder  
 And eithar for to blek be mekill thing,  
 As fairest rois vill soiner tak feding.  
 Ane voman ever sould schame haif and red-  
 doure<sup>2)</sup>,

Ay full of pitie and humilitie,  
 And lytill of langage but gret mister be,  
 Nocht loud of lauchter na of langage crous  
 And ever be doand sum guid to the hous,  
 Nocht vsitt to sitt vithe tractilling in the tovne,  
 Na in the rew vithe naine rouk and rovne,  
 Na favour naine that speikis dishonoure,  
 Excuse the schame of every creatoure,  
 Be nocht lefull all tratlingis for to here,  
 Na to rehers, suppois sum vald it spere,  
 To thair freindis obeysand for to be  
 Of thingis that may thame honour and supple,  
 Of clething not oure proude nor dilicate,  
 Bot efter as may appere to thair estaite,  
 Of meitt and drink be not oure licorus,  
 For licheory oft followis, men says thus,  
 Na drowreis gif na giftis to resaife  
 Na sangis of plesance for to gif na craife  
 Nocht ouer hedstrang na syry<sup>3)</sup> to hir freindis,  
 Bot sober and sueite to all folk quhair scho  
 leindis,

Vse not ill Langage flyting stourt na stryfe  
 In hir defalt displesis nother man nor vyfe,  
 In hussychip stryve ay vithe hir nichtboure  
 Quha can maist thryftye be but dishonoure,  
 In feist nor kirk not pres to sit ouer he,  
 Nocht euerilk day elyke proude for to be,  
 Pres not to mend hir mak that god hes maide,  
 Venand to kepe the fairnes that vill faide,  
 Fra thay be passit xx 3eiris and mare,

The langere ay ve liff, the leitblier,  
 Keip sacrifice quha may and lif clenly,  
 Thank God of all and loife him ythandly,  
 Of all pure folk thay sould be peciable,  
 Do almes dede and ay be cheritable,  
 Gif never ill vord to folk behind thair bek  
 And lere to lufe all lede and naine to lak,  
 Be sad of feiris, of hede, of fute, of hand,  
 Nocht oure oft in the streite to be vaverand,  
 Clene farrand ay and lufe vele honestie  
 Hir selfe, hir husband, and hir menize,  
 Bot hald ay round and sempill plaine maner,  
 (fol. 102 a.)

Eitt and play, collatioune hald vithe hir pover  
 And fle ay fra defamit companie;  
 Sic as thay haint, sic ar thay comounlie,  
 Lufe not our mekill sleiping and swernes,  
 For mekill ill cumis oft of ydilnes,  
 Nocht leif to leip to playis and giglatryis,  
 Bot keip the feiris of vemen that ar vyse,  
 Keip laute to all lufferis day and nicht,  
 And keip hir pairt quhair scho hes lawty hecht,  
 And chainge never luif but gret caus manifest,  
 Bot ay the first trew luif be luifit best,  
 That scho haif never of lete luffer reprufe  
 That scho be fals and vnkynd till hir lufe,  
 Ga to thy preiching ay, gif onny be,  
 Fra drunkyn folk and fra taverne fle,  
 Ga to the mes gif yat scho guidly may,  
 And loif hir god ainis hairtie everilk day,  
 Lufe vele to pray and think on our ending,  
 For mekill grace cumis ay throw guid praying,  
 And oure all thing, as vther tyme sayd I,  
 Fle ill repare and cankerit companie.  
 And langand thevis yat ar not commendabill,  
 Quhilk makis vemen till all vytis habill  
 And garrit thame be lychtlyit and put abak,  
 Quhen thay throw thair misnourtour vynnys  
 a lak,

I can not schaw 3ow thame mair properlie  
 Na for to ken and knaw the contrarie  
 Of all guid thevis quhilkis I befor haif schavin.

Syne keip 3ow fra thame quhen 3e haif thame  
 knavin,  
 Fra ane contrarie is knavin be ane vther.  
 Quha knavis the taine, may lightly knaw the  
 vther.

As langand teiching of thay madinis 3ing,  
 How thay sould be leil in vertew ouer all thing,  
 Thair is not ellis bot cheis thame guid maistersis  
 Quhilk knaw thir thewis and vertewis mare  
 and les,

Hald thame of aw and chaistice thame of cheild,  
 Quhill visdome come throw vse and vit of eild.  
 Thairfoir 3ung Lordis ar put in curatry  
 Als lang as 3outhaid hes ouer thame maistry.  
 Thairfoir quha lykis owther lufe or Lady cheis,  
 Behauld first of quhat burgeoun that scho bees;  
 For guid mother dochter guid is to presome,  
 Sa scho be keipit out of ill custume.  
 All ill custume cumis throw ill companny  
 That oft makis mony vemen vnvourthy,  
 (fol. 102 b.)

Quhilkis var, quhare thay saw bot gudlynes  
 Na ill exempill na ill lyklines,  
 Ay under aw quhill thay come to thair aige  
 Teichit vithe vourthe vemen of knowledge  
 And ay vele chastyed, quhair ever thay do amis  
 And choularez, vantoune and oure rekles,  
 Than sould thay be baithe chaist and cheritabill  
 Vourthe, vise, and till all verteuis abill,  
 Than vauld thay be vemen of gret valoure  
 And do thair freindis vourschip and honour,  
 And quha giffis thair bairnis naine instructioun  
 Na for misdeid na for punitioun,  
 Bot favouris thame into thair vantounes,  
 Quhilkis bringis to vse of vickitnes  
 And makis thame heidstrang and incorrigibill  
 And garris thair freindis haif punitioun horribill,  
 For as to godvart yai maist of the vytt  
 And do thay veill the maist of the mereitt".

Than sayd Sir cassamus: "fare nevo king,  
 Me think, 3e mak richt guidlie answering".  
 Syne sayd he to his nece: "dame phezonas,  
 4\*

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *sayis*.

<sup>2)</sup> A line seems to be wanting.

<sup>3)</sup> *fyry*?

Now fallis 3ow say furthe for goddis grace  
 Sum guidlie thing quhilk may vs lufferis lere  
 To confort vs and schort vs in this vere".  
 Than physonas sayis: "eme, me lykis veill  
 The best vays I may efter my fele,  
 And first I spere at 3ow, fare brother king,  
 Sen 3e of luif sould knaw all guidly thing,  
 3e vald declare the best vays that 3e can  
 Quhilkis ar the thewis of a fare voman  
 And quhow and quhair men sould thame knaw,  
 In quhat pairt of hir body, he or Law,  
 And quhow mony thay ar and in quhat degre,  
 And for all questionis thus may suffice me.  
 Bot 3itt I spere at 3ow quha knawis the cours,  
 Quhiddel lufe hes ma of plesance or dolouris".  
 Than sayd the king: "sister, be my fyance,  
 Thair is na man fra ephezone to france  
 Bot it sould stonys his ententioune  
 To ansuere vele to sic ane questioune;  
 For naine to it may ansuere suithfastly  
 Bot he that knavis thair beauteis properlie;  
 And becaus that men hes mare vsance  
 For to cheis beautye be thair avin plesance,  
 I vill 3ow first all my skill declare  
 By syis and treais how mony that thay ar,  
 Thair hew, thair figoure, and thair qualyte,  
 (fol. 103a.)

To see quha best can find the propertie.  
 In first fare hede yat hes ane proper plite  
 Sould haif thre thingis reid, thre thingis quhite,  
 The<sup>1)</sup> schort, thre lang, thre narrow, and thre  
 brede,  
 Thre strate, thre large that langis voman hede,  
 Thre hard, thre soft, thre he, and thre law,  
 Thre gret, thre small quha covattis thame to  
 knaw,  
 3it mon thair be thre laichis, and thre lowis,  
 Men knawis veill quhen blumand beauty growis.  
 Bot efter this thre mottis mon thair be

And als thre pottis that eikis hir beawtie.  
 Here traist I thair is four and fyfty than  
 Of bewteis langand ane fair voman.  
 Now every man say his ententioune  
 Eftir his plesance and opinioune,  
 Quhair and quhat place thir foir said thingis  
 sould be,  
 Quhat pairt of voman and in quhat degre".

Quhen thay var bourdand into this maner,  
 Sa come thair fast rinnand ane messingere  
 Quhilk fra the seige nev cumin vas fra the  
 chais<sup>2)</sup>

Thre sonis of clarus quilk gret vovis hes maid  
 For till assailze the tovne but mair abaid  
 On every syde vpon the secund day  
 And first ane mighty buschement sould thay lay,  
 Nere by the tovne about the 3ettis to lay,  
 For Gaudefere vald failze<sup>3)</sup> reddely,  
 To see gif thay may conquest onny peris  
 Out of the tovne to lous thair presoneris,  
 Syne efter that ane buschment brokyn had,  
 Than sould the king come on but mair abaid  
 To sault the tovne vpon the vaikest syde,  
 And syne sould cum into the saming tyde  
 His vthir tua sonis vpon the tother pairt,  
 Ilk ane ane battall mighty and stalvart,  
 Claring the prince of dalmaty the hicht<sup>4)</sup>,  
 His eldest soine, ane prince of mekill nicht,  
 Vithe him a prince is callit donaciane  
 That vourthe lordis had vithe him mony ane.  
 The vther sone vas callit Caleos,  
 Vas prince of Balmatyne and famagos,  
 Ye thrid vas callit porrus and vas maist 3ung,  
 Quhilk had the buschement into governing,  
 Vithe him ane prince vas callit synodus  
 Quhilk vas ane vourthe man and cheualrus,  
 (fol. 103b.)

Syne vithe the king and vnder his baner  
 The king of nube vithe mony baichlere

Vithe mekill pryde, pompe and dignitie,  
 Vithe mony vourthe prince of that cuntrie.  
 Quhen that the messingere his taill had sayd  
 Till cassamus quhilk vas lytill affrayd  
 Sayd to the cheild: "fare freind, quhat movis the  
 To bring sic tythingis in this vyse to me?"  
 "Schir", sayd the chyld, "I am borne of 3our  
 land.

My father in this citie is vynnand.  
 I vas takin vithe thame this hinderday  
 Vitheout the tovne and led vithe thame away  
 And gart me swere thame for to serwe trewly  
 As lang as I vas in thair company,  
 Bot sen of thair service I am here now,  
 I mak na fault to thame, I dar avow".  
 Than rais the Lordis and drew to counselling,  
 That thay vald send to Alexander the king  
 In guidlie haist and schaw him all the cace  
 How Clarus and his soinis purposit vas  
 And all the fessoune for to mak him kend  
 And prayand him sum succour to thame send.  
 The messinger vas furthe vithe send in haist  
 And mett the king vas cumand vith all traist,  
 Vithe him ane messingere of candus the quene  
 Quhilk vithe gret giftis at him oft tyme had  
 beine

And tauld him all the cace all helalye  
 How Cassamus and all his company  
 Vas for to be assailzeit on the morne  
 Quhilk but he help the citie vould be lorne,  
 Than chesit he out dauclyn and perdicas,  
 Caulus and Liconor and arestes  
 And vithe ilk ane ane thowsand knichtis kene  
 Quhilk of before in armes veill provit had beine,  
 And for to governe thame emenedus  
 Vithe help of Gaudefere and cassamus  
 Quhilk to the citie come the nicht before  
 And semblit all the lordis him affore  
 And sett tua buschmentis in the fore dawning  
 To met the cuming of Clarus the king.

In ilk buschement fyve thowsand thair vas  
 Nere by the maister portis of the place  
 And of the taine Bites had governance,  
 Emenedus the tothir in ordinance,  
 And all the leif vas ordand for to sailzee  
 (fol. 104a.)

Vithe Cassamus into the gret battailze,  
 And Gaudefere sould byd into the tovne  
 Ay to be redde vithe ane gret garnyssoune  
 For to supple gif onny mister var  
 Gif onny vald assailze oure all quhare.  
 Than porrus, or onny day couthe draw  
 His buschement layd tymelie that na man saw,  
 Syne efter come his brether seueraly,  
 Ilk ane ane battall vithe thame oppinly,  
 Syne come the king vithe ane gret multitude  
 Vithe mony vourthe prince and men of guid,  
 And every man past to his governance,  
 As thay var sett be thair first ordenance,  
 The salt past to the tovne on every syde.  
 Vithe that the portis vp vas cassin vyde  
 And furthe thair threw ane gret multitude  
 Vithe Cassamus quhilk vas a chiftane guid  
 That Clarus men astonist vas gretlie,  
 Quhen thay saw cumand sic ane companie,  
 And soine thay semblit at the point of spere  
 And did thair dett as vorthee men of vere.  
 Quhen thay var all thair sa fast fechtand thus,  
 Than porrus buschment brak on Cassamus  
 Vpon ane syd and sidlingis in behind  
 And vithe that had the pulder and the vind  
 And sic a stoure of dust attoure thame draiff  
 That thay nicht not thair multitud persaife.  
 Than 3ung Bites quhilk in the buschment lay  
 Saw quhair his ame vas set in sic assay  
 And he brak on vpon ane vther hand  
 Quhair porrus vithe his buschment vas fechtand.  
 Than in ye ost yare rais vp sic ane scry  
 Quhilk Clarus hard and all his companie  
 And quhair he tocht<sup>1)</sup> for till haif givin the salt,

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thre*.

<sup>2)</sup> A line appears to be wanting.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *sailze*.

<sup>4)</sup> *the taine vas hicht? or he hecht?*

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

He left and tocht<sup>1)</sup> his men vald haif sum falt  
 And chaingit plaice and come to thaire succoure  
 Vithe mony vourthe prince of gret valour  
 And tocht<sup>1)</sup> thair vas na ma bot that yay saw  
 And prissit thame quha first mycht hider draw  
 And throw thair haist thay brak thair avin array,  
 For na despair of vther men had thay.  
 Than nere thairby lay duk emenedus  
 (fol. 104b.)

And saw all sett vpon sir cassamus  
 And tocht<sup>1)</sup> his tyme vas cuming and gaif a  
 schout

And followit on thame togidder in a rout  
 And loud thay cryit the seinze of macedone  
 And ay on the narrest strak thay on.  
 Quhen Clarus and his menze saw that sicht,  
 Veind Alexander had cumin and tuk the flicht.  
 Than Clarus sonis that faucht vithe cassamus  
 Saw that thair father vas fled and chassit thus  
 And thay var sted intill ane stalvart stour  
 And vald haif bein away vithe small honour  
 And threw about and vald haif left the plaine<sup>2)</sup>.  
 Than porrus that vicht man and vourthe vas  
 Stude still and strak and baid the vtterest,  
 Quhill Bites all the leafe away had chessit.  
 Bot efter thame sa lang he held the chais,  
 Quhill caleos him of his hors couthe rais  
 And to pavillionis led him presoner.  
 Than cassamus quhilk saw porrus cum nere  
 He spurd his hors and tawart him he sterd  
 And hors and man he strak baithe to the erd.  
 Vithe that his men, quhen he vas strikin dovne,  
 The narrest gait drew to the pavillioune.  
 Thus vas the feild discomfeist all and fled  
 And all the men ilk ane fra vther sched.  
 Than all the companny vithe sir Cassamus  
 Followit on to confort duk emenedus  
 The quhilk vas prouddie fechtand in the chais  
 And mony a man had left on land lyfeles,  
 And taine vas mony a proud presoner.

Than semblit thay the force of thair pover  
 And altogidder to the tovne is gaine  
 And porrus presoner vithe thame hes taine.  
 Bot Lord quhat ioy vas than into the tovne,  
 Quhen thay saw duke emenedoune  
 And vithe him cassamus quhilk porrus led  
 And all the leaf var taine or slaine or fled.  
 Bot for zung Bites all men maid gret maine,  
 For thay vist not quhider he vas taine or slaine.

Than Clarus king, quhen he this sorrow saw,  
 Begouthe his berd to schaik and vissage thrav  
 And vring his hand and sichand sayd allaice  
 That ever he layd the seige to that place!  
 And syne he send efter his sonnis tua,  
 The thrid vas taine, thairfoir his hart vas va.  
 (fol. 105a.)

The king of nube, the prince of pynekarny  
 Vas vithe him thair and fled full fast away.  
 Than semblit thay to tak counsall and rede  
 How in this thing vas best to sett remeid;  
 For sic suppryse had never clarus taine  
 And maid ane vow that treti sould be naine.  
 Efter soine come Caleos and Clarinus  
 Quhilk for thair brother var vounder dolorus  
 Sayand: "father, sped zow delyuerly  
 And send for all zour pover hestaly,  
 For Alexander the king of macedone  
 Vithe gret power is cumand zow vpone,  
 And his entent is set for conquest hale  
 And vill here of na treti bot battell.  
 Zone var his men that maid on vs sic chais  
 Quhilkis var vithe cassamus vp in the place.  
 Ane gret pover is thare in garnesoune,  
 And Alexander lyis zit bezond pharoune  
 And thinkis for to pas the rever soine.  
 Thairfoir my counsall is ze send but hone  
 Ouer all the cuntre soine zour messingeris  
 Vithe counsall of our Lordis that now heir is  
 And that ze vald assay to mak tretis  
 To get my brother porrus for Bites,

For merchiane and the Bandriane send hostage  
 And sic lyk men as thay of personage,  
 For thay ar vise and vourthe men of vere  
 To help thair freindis and thair fais to dere,  
 And to the oist of Alexander spyis he send  
 Traistand throw battall this vere mon tak ane  
 end".

All this vas doine as it devysit vas,  
 And fourthe thay send message to ilk place,  
 And spyis to the citie send thay syne  
 And als to Alexander of dularyne,  
 To see thair purposis and thair maner hale,  
 The number and the force of thair battall.

Than in the citie vas gret ioy and gammyng,  
 Qubair Lordis and Ladyis oft vas sittand seim-  
 myng.

And oft in chalmer quhair few vther vist  
 Thay had plesance and lyking at thair list.  
 Sa it befell that porrus alanerlie  
 (fol. 105b.)

Saw sittand pownys on venus chalmer nuke  
 To quhilk schir porrus yat handly couthe luke.  
 Sa come ane cheild vithe ane staine bow in  
 hand

Vithe lanyn pellokis ta avenand.  
 Than cassamus quhilk till him vas cumand  
 Saw that he vas in a stude musand,  
 And for to put him out of his pensye  
 Sayd: "tak this bow; gif ze can schute, lat see".  
 Than pirrus tuk the bow and tasit anyis,  
 And sett in ane of the maist havie staynis.  
 Bot for to schute him tocht<sup>1)</sup> it vas folie,  
 Becaus the pownys belangit the lady,  
 Than Cassamus sayis: "Schut, schir, for goddis  
 grace!"

Thair is pownys mai than xx in this place".  
 Vithe that he ettillit and drew vithe all his micht  
 And hatt the pownin vpon the heid all richt,  
 Quhill dovne he fell, thair vas na dome bot deide,  
 For vithe the staine all brusit vas his haid.

Sa come the lady furthe, dame physonas  
 And sayd: "sir, ze haif doine a rekles cace.  
 Ze haif brokin zoure saife conditt on me  
 That thus but leife my foullis hes gart dee",  
 And tuik him thair into hir armes baithe  
 Sayand: "sen I find zow into my skaithe,  
 I vill areist zow as my presonere.  
 Ze man pas vithe me and thir ladees here".  
 And into venus chalmer thay him led.  
 The powne thay tuike and to the stevart bed  
 It sould be grathit and dicht to the denneris  
 And thairat sould be all the presoneris.  
 The feist vas maid, the lordis at the deis,  
 Ane maydyn brocht the pownin at the first  
 maiss  
 And presentit it befor sir cassamus  
 As father of armes, eldest and aventurus;  
 And<sup>2)</sup> excusit him and sayd hir: "nay,  
 Thare is here ane mare vourthee allvaye",  
 And bad bere it to vorthe arestes  
 And syne to porrus quhilk ay vourthe vas,  
 And thay excusit and ay bad him begin  
 And<sup>3)</sup> father of armes to all that vas thairin.

#### OF THE WOWIS:

Ther Cassamus the present tuke in gre  
 And maid ane vow that every man nicht see,  
 (fol. 106a.)  
 And ever he saw king clarus at the nede,  
 He sould gar lymmys brist or sydis bleid  
 And put in anter lyfe, Land, and riches,  
 Or he sould help to put him of distres.  
 Than sayd porrus: "Lord, thankit mot ze be.  
 Ze schaw that man of gret honour ar ze".  
 Syne vas the powin presentit till arestes  
 Vithe ane fare Lady, berare of the meis,  
 And he avovit a vow for his honour  
 As he quhilk vas a man of gret valour,  
 He sould thae ladyis manteme and defend  
 And lelaly serue thame quhill the veir tuik  
 end

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

<sup>2)</sup> Read: *plaice*.

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

<sup>2)</sup> And *he*?

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *As*.

Vithe leif and tolance of Alexander the king  
 Quhome first he sould obay attoure all thing.  
 Syne vas the powin presentit to perdicas  
 The quhilk in armes ever vourthe vas,  
 Quhilk maid his vow befor all that vas thair  
 That, quhen the battellis baithe assemblit var,  
 He sould licht dovne in middes of the feild  
 In all his armour, baithe vithe speir and  
 scheild

And on his fute in battell sould abyde  
 In middis the stour, betyde quhat may betyde  
 And not againe as that day lep on hors,  
 Bot gif he vin ane on the feild perforce.  
 Syne nixt to him vas sittand physonas  
 Quhilk maid ane vow as scho that madyne vas  
 That scho sould never tak lemane na spousall  
 And<sup>1)</sup> be the ordinance and the counsall  
 Of Alexander the nobill conquerour  
 Quhilk in this land is cummyn in our succoure.  
 Than porrus that vas sittand nixt thairby  
 Maid his avow befor the companie  
 Sayand bot he had sonze racionabill  
 Quhilk befor all men sould be excusabill  
 And he nicht mette in feild Emenedone,  
 Other graithe sould birst or he sould bere him  
 dovne

And seais his hors and led away vithe me  
 Throw quhilk the battell sould discumfist be.  
 Syne sat the Baudriane that vas king of meide  
 Quhilk vourthe man vas provit in every deide,  
 (fol. 106b.)

Maid vow, and he nicht Alexander anis see  
 In battell place that ane of thame sould dee,  
 Or ellis he sould his sourd fra him arais  
 And bere away in dispyte of his face,  
 Sa fra the dede that god vald keip him first,  
 Fra lake of hors, fra spere on lymnis brist.  
 Than answered caulone that him narrest vas  
 And maid his vow, and his var nere the place,  
 That or he past fra thyne ane akir braid,

He sould forrew that ever he did that deide,  
 That outhir he sould that sword fra him arage  
 Or ellis his haide sould leif him in ostage  
 Or eik his helme fra buclere, brand or brace  
 Attoure his hedis on force he sould arrais  
 And baithe his swerde and helme sould tak  
 him fra

Or ellis on force his nek sould birst in tua.  
 Syne efter that sat madyn ydea  
 Quhilk for Bites his hart vas vounder va,  
 Quhilk maid hir vow that, quhill hir lyfe mycht  
 last,

Hir first luffer sould ever be lovit best  
 And ewer sa did, sen first tyme scho him knew  
 Ne never his lyftyme chaingit him for na new  
 For gold na gere, farehede, Lordschip na land,  
 Bot it var force yat scho nicht not vithstand.  
 Nixt efter that satt vourthe Leones  
 Quhilk maid his vow yat he sould never ceis  
 Quhill he come to king clarus pavillioune  
 On hors enarmit vithe his scheild and burdoune  
 And deid of armes of chaleos clame,  
 To serwe him for his ladees saik and dame  
 And not to leif for manis dred nor aw,  
 Thocht all thair battell standand be on raw.  
 Syne efter that satt gentill Gaudefere  
 Quhilk of his eild vas vise and var in vere:  
 He maid his vow, quhen baithe the kingis of  
 pride

Var in battall arrayit in every syde,  
 To clarus banner furthevithe sould him draw  
 And streik it dovne for onny manis aw  
 And syne licht dovne and put his hors in renze  
 And in handis on force to ceis the ansengzie.  
 Syne efter that sittand vas ydory  
 Quhilk ouer all luffit the boudriane lelaly.  
 Scho maid hir vow that furthe vithe scho  
 sould ga  
 Vithe hir consing and vther ladyis tua  
 To tempill marcus to mak sacrefeice,

<sup>1)</sup> Bot?

To send hir lufe fare fortune at devyse  
 On kneis at prayer all tyme of the stoure,  
 (fol. 107a.)

To saife his lyfe, his landis, his honoure.  
 Thane Marchiane that vas sittand hir besyde,  
 Advisit him of ane vow as ane man of pryde  
 And maid his vow that every man nicht here  
 That in defence of his lordis bannere,  
 Quhen gaudefere had maid his enterprise  
 And seasit had his banner on this vise,  
 Againe his vill he sould it fra him arais,  
 Or ane of thame sould leve into ye place.

Than vas the powin depairtit in the hall  
 To lordis and ladyis baithe gret and small,  
 And syne thay passit to dance and revelling,  
 Sa that the Baudreane yat of meid vas king  
 Nicht se that of thair seage thay had na tocht<sup>1)</sup>,  
 Na for to tak thair plesance sparit nocht.  
 Than Leonides quhilk sic ane vow had maid  
 Enarmit on his hors but mare abaid  
 King clarus pavillioune in haist ne passit till  
 Vithe caleos his vow for to fulfill,  
 Quhilk vas content and servit him in haist  
 And furthvithe in the feild enarmit past  
 And strak togidder sa trewlie in the scheild  
 That hors and man lay flatlingis in the feild.  
 On every syde thair vas na gret chesoun,  
 Quhen hors and man vas cleinly strikin downn.  
 Than clarus quhilk vas present vas sa blythe  
 That hors and man he gart lift vp belyve  
 And fare giftis he gaif Leonides  
 And gart convoy him hame out of the preis  
 And gret honour and vourschip did him to  
 And chairgit all his oist rycht sa to do,  
 And or he past, of trevis yai till him spak  
 Sayand till men of honour var na lak,  
 Gife onny lordis var taine presoners,  
 To chainge corpis for corpis and feiris for feiris,  
 And gif sum of thame var of he parage,  
 To tak for thame sum resonabill hoistage,

And gif it plesit party thair devise  
 To chainge first marchiane for bites,  
 And for porrus and Bandriane, king of meid  
 (fol. 107b.)

Thay sould thame gretter lordis in hostage leid,  
 And he grantit his guid vord for to do  
 Als fast as till his fallowis he come to,  
 And furthevithe thair thay ordand messingeris  
 To send in tretye for the presoneris  
 And askit the Ladyis for king clarus saik  
 That thay vald help the tretye for to mak,  
 And als till cassamus for his courtesie  
 Thay maid request that thay vald here tretye,  
 The quhilk vas doine and chaingis givin and  
 taine,

For porrus cassaell and the marcheane  
 And vnder hop of tretteis and recorde  
 To mak all peace vithe Clarus king, yare Lord.  
 Thus tua princis for thir lordis vas taine  
 And send away Bites for Marchiane.  
 This porrus that saw his father at mischance  
 Repriuit him sare of his misgovernance.  
 Than Clarus gart reconfort his meinze  
 Sayand all thing sould veill amendit be,  
 And all his princis and lordis assemblit hale  
 To mak the ordinance of his battell,  
 And fyve battellis he ordand for to be,  
 Himselfe, the Bandriane, and his sonis thre  
 To governe thair oist and lede alhelaly  
 Vithe vther princis in thair companny.

Than vas Emenedus past againe  
 Till Alexander and tauld him of ye traine  
 Quhilk clarus to the citie had purposit  
 And how he tocht<sup>1)</sup> the citie till haif posit  
 For till assailze the citie of ephesoune,  
 And haif<sup>2)</sup> the vorthe men vithe in the tovene  
 Vithe cassamus, zung gaudefere and Bites  
 Quhilk in the vere ar vorthe men and vise  
 Had taine and slaine all that thame lykit yare  
 And chaist againe Clarus and his pover

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

<sup>2)</sup> *how?*

And not for thy that he vas in the chais  
To help the ladeis as veill vourthe vas,  
For he vas not freindit vithe Gaudefere  
And zung Bites he lest not cum mare nere.  
Than vas king Alexander cuming to pharaon  
And nere thairby plantit his pavillioune  
And to the citie send his messingere  
And ordand thame thay sould mak guid chere.

(fol. 108a.)

Than cassamus quhilk hard of that tything  
In haist he past to Alexander the king  
And vithe Gaudefere and zung Betoun  
And maid thaire freindschip vithe Emenedoune  
And tauld the king vitheouttin onny failze  
That on the thrid day clarus in battailze  
Vas past for to cum vithe all pover  
And all his princis semblit fare and nere  
On all sydis the citie till assailze  
To tak on force or ellis to haif battailze.  
Than haif thay tauld the vowis to the king  
The quhilk thairof had lytill affraying.  
Than zung Bites quhilk vas not at the vow  
Said: "perdicas, schir, I vill pas vithe zow  
On fute in middes of the battell for to vend,  
Quhill god and fortune sum grace till vs send,  
And that as now here to my vow mak I".  
Syne sayd ane knicht of his avin companie  
That "certes ze sall not pass zour allaine,  
Ane hunderithe in zour companie sall gane  
On fute vithe zow and tak zour aventure  
Of zour avin land of sturde men and sture".  
Than sayis the king to Cassamus: "now ga  
To ephesoune and all men redde ma.  
I sall be thair to morne vithe goddis grace;  
For zit this nicht I sall the revar pas".  
Thus Cassamus past vntill ephsoine is.  
The king gart soine pluk vp the pavillionis  
And trumpit vp and oure the pharoun past.  
He tuke bot few men and of the vourtheest,  
And on the morne airlie to ephesoune

Till meit the seige thay come to the tovne.  
The king send efter thame of the citie  
And bad thame that thay sould be reddie,  
Quhen ever thay saw his battell moveand var,  
Thay sould cum on vithe all thair hail povere,  
And of his battall thair maid ordaning  
And taucht his bridill till Caulon in keiping;  
For on thair vow before sum tocht<sup>1)</sup> he had  
That prince porrus to the powin had maid.

Than king clarus quhilk vas a hardy knicht  
Come to the tovne in battell as he hecht.  
Of Alexander guid persaving had he;

(fol. 108b.)

Bot quhair he saw he vas sa few menze,  
He vas not red, for he vas gret pover  
And had of men ane multitude vell mare.  
Bot Alexander quhilk had not sic fyance  
In multitude knew veill thair governance;  
For men of ynde are pompis and syry,  
Thinkand of all men till obayit bee,  
And he vist vell thay luffit not thair king,  
For he vas covatous attoure all thing  
And had gret hetrent to thame of caldee.  
Thairfoir in battell ordand he to be  
The men of caldee vithe the men of pers,  
For thay var vont togidder in veris convers.  
Quhen Gaudefere var arrayit vithe duk Bites,  
Vithe him of caldee var the men of pris,  
And in his avin battell ordand he to be<sup>2)</sup>  
The men of grece and macedone to be,  
The quhilkis in all var bot fyftein thowsand  
And in the tovne ver als monny nere hand.  
Bot king Clarus vas thryis or four tymes ma  
Of quhilkis yare luffit him full few of tha.  
Quhat vill ze mair? the bemes begouth to blaw  
And all the chiftanis to the battell draw.  
The king met claurus cumand to the tovne  
And on the tothir hand the garnisoune.  
On ather hand sic dainteis thair vas delt  
On irne palcokkis mony ane hiddeus pelt.

Of men of ynde thair feld vas mony ane  
Vithe mekill craiche and cry and taucht machane.  
I may not byde to tell ilk dele;  
Bot every mon thair vowis keipit veill.  
Into the feild Bites and perdicas  
Vithe tua hunderithe on fute dovne lichtit vas  
And in the battell keipit thair avow  
And mekill guid thay did, I dar avow;  
For thay var ay baithe help, confort, and beild  
To mony men that fled var in the feild.  
Into the fore front cumand vas porrus  
Quhilk vowit to strek dovne Emenedus,  
And he of him vas alsa var againe.  
And vpone ferrand mett him in the plaine.  
Thay strak togidder baithe sa sturdelye  
And governit thame sa veill and manfully  
And baithe attanis thay hit in mid the scheild,  
Quhill hors and man lay flatlingis in the feild,  
(fol. 109a.)

And in a glois a quhile thay lay on sterde;  
Bot porrus first recouertit and tuke erde  
And saw farrand standand his maister by  
And claucht to him and lap on him in hy.  
Vithe that come zung Bites and perdicas  
And saw Emenedus dovne strikin vas  
And claucht him vp in handis and him hynt  
And saw he had na vound na deidis dynt  
And sone on porrus<sup>1)</sup> thay have him sett  
And all that for to bete vas, yai him bett.

Syne come Marchiane and strak dovne per-  
dicas,

And he that richt vyse and vourthe vas  
Recouertit sone throw help of zung Bites,  
And all his feiris he horsit at devise;  
For sic ane counter vas maide veill nere  
thame by  
That sone horssit vas all his companny;  
For Tholome strak dovne thair Caleos  
Vithe mony vther men of prince Saligos

And sett his purpois clarus till assailze.  
Syne come schir cassamus vithe his battailze,  
And or he come, clarus vas strikin dovne;  
For perdicas set him on his arsoune.  
Thare come sir cassamus and maid him reskew,  
And as befoire he hecht to keip his vow,  
Arestes on the king of pinkarny  
Vithe his battell put him in hard assay.  
Syne come the lord of Bandre, king of Mede,  
Richt stoutlie standand on a sturde steide  
And saw the king of macedone at large  
And drest in his geir vithe spere and targe  
And tocht<sup>2)</sup> vpon the vow that he had maid  
And to the king he sett but mare abaid  
The *veil persaut of him vas*<sup>3)</sup>  
Spurd Bussifall and till him couthe he dress  
And baithe in middes the scheild thay hit treulie,  
Quhill baithe the speris thay brak richt hestalie,  
And eftervart vithe brandis birneist bricht  
Thay strak togidder vithe sic a force and micht;  
The king the Baudreane hit vpone the heovet,  
Quhill in the helme a dempill in he devitt,  
And gart him gravell vpon his arsoune dovne.  
Than in a bricht the bandriane maid him bovine  
(fol. 109b.)

And to the king he ettlit sic a straik  
That in his lyfe he gat never zit the maik  
And hit him sidlingis on the charnall pyn  
Vithe all his force as fast as he micht vyn,  
Quhill our the sadill he lay in ane suewche.  
Vithe that the suerd out of his hand he dreuche  
And turnit his hors and vald haif bein him by.  
Vithe that come caulus richt delyuerly  
And till him hynt and hitt him on the hewett  
Vpon the place quhair that his helme vas devett  
And cleave the helme sidlingis quhill blude out  
sprang  
And oure his hors sidlingis on syde he hang.  
Than caulus hes him hit vpon the hals,

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

<sup>2)</sup> Omit: *to be*.

<sup>1)</sup> The word "hors" appears to be wanting here.

<sup>2)</sup> Read: *thocht*.

<sup>3)</sup> These words are written with fresher ink.

