He myght hys god in trium
Softly se for his bones thi
shad ferne and holys "soft
In whome is herte and mysheres most
Beat the tale beginning
And also at the ending

So end our tale and so bygynne
The lefte of seuen stodes for to bygynne
After our hysfe at our laste ende
Do tope of seuen stode for to wende
many spoken of men that somuators red
That seuen sumptynes doubteth in tode
The while that god hem hysfe lente
That now ben stede and heueres stente
Off Edos Sp. and of Saulbapys
Off Kyng Richard 7 of Mabapys
Off Bristam and of Perneyle.
Off Touland vs and agiualds
Off Arthurou and of Ottomun
Off Charles t of Grassbalyn
Off landek home of land
In somuators that of hem ben munte
That seuenpes of hem gestes
It anganges and at seere stres
Here dedis ben in jemembrande
In many fauy somuators
But of the Southest Spright in seode
That out by fynd any stede
Spokes no man ne in somuators seede
Off his bataple ne of his dedis
Off that bataple spede no man
Here alle storie of somuators began

Sibyl Guilielmi Laud Archiepi Cantuar:
et Cancellarii Universitas Oxon.
1633.
The
Laud Troy Book,
A ROMANCE OF ABOUT 1400 A.D.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. (LAUD MISC. 595) IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,
WITH
INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY
J. ERNST WÜLFING, M.A., PH.D.,
AUTHOR OF 'DIE SYNTAX IN DEN WERKEN ALFREDS DES GROSSEN.'

PART I (LINES 1—10,876).
WITH A PHOTOTYPE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS.

PART II (LINES 10,877—18,664)

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD.
1902
HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY
TEMPORARY PREFACE.

The Laud Troy Book, of which I herewith offer the first part, was formerly thought to be a copy of the renowned poem of the monk of Bury; but it is another paraphrase of the Trojan war of about the year 1400. The Bodleian MS. containing it (Laud Misc. 595) is beautifully and distinctly written in one hand of about the beginning of the fifteenth century. No other copy of this poem has been found hitherto, but the Bodleian copy cannot be the original. The romance has 18,664 lines; it gives a description of the passage of the Argonauts, and of the first as well as of the second expedition of the Greeks against Troy; it is complete, as the end-lines show, though the return of the Greeks to their country is mentioned in only a few words. This part contains lines 1—10,876; the rest of the text is in active preparation for the press, and will, together with the 'Notes,' fill the second part; the third part will contain the Introduction and full Glossary.

J. E. W.

Bonn, October 7, 1902.

CORRECTIONS.

P. 56, note 3. Read 7647, 7650 for 7645, 7648.
P. 63, l. 2126. Read With-oute instead of Wtih-oute.
P. 115, l. 3892. Read . instead of ,
P. 119, l. 4008. Read thre instead of thré.
        4009. Read meyne instead of meyné.
LIST OF WORDS

FOR THE EXPLANATION OF, OR OTHER QUOTATIONS FOR, WHICH
THE EDITOR WILL BE THANKFUL TO ANY SCHOLAR.

19 Archeroun.
203 off ( = though, thouf ), 922,
1996, 2558, 4696, 6001,
6386, 6423, 6727, 7175,
7276, 7304, 7308, 9060,
9661, and oftener.
370 vmbre, cf. 4319.
1353 feute (= army, men, peo-
ple).
2184 coldful ( = dolful ?).
2225 herues.
3077 reuerted.
3112 ouerslake.
3598 prop.
4319 vmbre, cf. 370.
4504 with bond and fes (heraldic
terms ?).
4718 wouerle (heraldie).
4770 aloute.
5177 stale (= company).
5698 vale, 7796.
5699 flot.
5740 toptyre.
5754 soille.
5930 ladde.
5939 Real & Rok.
6500 horettes.
6547 Lorynge (= Lotharin-
gia ?).
6600 wrene
6754 plastre.
6794 ble.
6850 donne.
7261 lade.
7670 rebelnes.
8043 champes (heraldic ?).
8058 erbe-de-bothe ; 9474
erbe-debois.
8060 orfoyle-suand.
8062 horrible.
8194 tacte.
8216 synfan (musical instru-
ment, συμφωνία).
8597 lotes.
8628 bribours.
8641 bire.
8813 werei.
8917 trayse.
9316 blank.
9496 fauntelage (= Fr. en-
fantillage).
10096 aut.
10206 purful.
10717 zeled.
TROY BOOK;

LAUD MS. Misc. 595, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Alle-myghty god in trinite,

[If. 1.] Invocation.

Sothfaste god in persones thre,

Triune God,

Fadir, sone, and holi gost,

be with me

In whom is witte and myghtes most,

when I begin

Be at this tale begynnyn[g]

and end this tale!

And also at the endynge!

So ye ende cure tale and so bygynne,

The ioye of heuene al for to Wynne,

And also at the endyng!

Aftir oure lyff at oure laste ende,

To ioye of heuene alle for to wende!

Many spoken of men that romaunces rede

Sothfaste god in persones thre,

There are a great many romances of

Triune God,

Fadir, sone, and holi gost,

the doughty deeds of many

In whom is witte and myghtes most,

kings and heroes,

Be at this tale begynnyn[g]

At Mangeres and at grete ffestes.

And also at the endynge!

That now ben dede and hennes wente:

There are a
great

Off Bevis, Gy, and of Gauwayn,

many

Of kyng Richard, & of Owayn,

heroes

Off Tristram, and of Percyuale,

sung

Off Rouland Ris, and Aglauale,

at great

Off Archeron, and of Octouian,

festivals;

Off Charles, & of Cassibaldan,

but of the most

Off Hauelok, Horne, & of Wade;—

worthy hero,

In Romaunces that of hem ben made

and of his

That gestoures often dos of hem gestes

deeds and

At Mangeres and at grete ffestes.

battles,

Here dedis ben in remembraunce

nobody has yet

In many fair Romaunce;

sung.

But of the worthiost wyght in wede

But of the most

That euere by-strod any stede,

worthy hero,

Spekes no man, ne in romaunce redes

and of his

Off his batayle ne of his dedis.

deeds and

Off that batayle spekes no man,

battles,

There alle prowes of knyghtes be-gan;

of his

1 The tail of the A runs down to the last line of this page; this letter

is in red and blue paint, and is six lines high (see photo).

2 Erasure

of two or three letters between that and romaunces, and of one letter

after rede.
Hector was the great Trojan hero. Achilles alone withstood him.

Such a battle as that of Troy never was, and never will be again;

never better men were born, than those assembled before Troy.

On one side were over sixty kings and dukes with their armies;

and among them the best hero who ever lived, Hector of Troy:

none slew as many enemies as he;

none could stand his strokes and blows,

but Achilles alone, the best of all the Greeks.

Hearken now, and hear the sooth:

That was for-sothe of the batayle
That at Troye was saunfayle.

Off swyche a fyght as ther was one,
In al this world was neuer none,
Ne neuer schal be til domysday—
With-oute drede, I dar wel say;—
Ne neuer better men born ware,
Then were pan a-sembled thare;
Neuer was, ne neuer schal be
So many gode men at assemble—
I dar wel say, be my ffay,—
As were at that batayle of Troy.

For ther were, In that on side,
Sixti kynges and dukes of pride,
And sythen mo of gret feute,
With alle thaire folk and thaire meyne;
And ther was the beste bodi in dede
That euere 5it wered wede,
Sithen the world was made so ferre,
That was Ector, in eche a werre,
Ne that neuer sclow so many bodies—
Fygthyng In feld with his enemeyes—
Off worthi men that doughti were,
As duke Ector of Troye there;
For ther was neuer man that myght stand
A strong stroke of Ectores hand,
That he ne deyed In that stounde
With his dynt and falle to grounde,
But the strong Achilles,
That was best of alle that pres
Off the kynde of Gregeys,
As 3e schal here how it weys.

H Erkenes now, and 3e may here
The werre sothe alle plenere:

1 This sign is in blue paint, and so they are everywhere else in this MS.
2 This capital is in blue and red paint, and so they are everywhere else in the MS.
What was the forme enchesoun, [If. 2.] 67
The formest skyl and resoun,
That alle the kynges of Grecis formast Inued 68
And the Troyens so longe pursused;
And how the batayle was first be-gunnen, 72
And how Troye was sithen y-wonnen;
And—as the storie here beris recorde—
Alle the dedis of euery lorde,
And alle the dayes that thei faught there, 76
And alle the dedis as thei were
Of alle the lorde that thair faught,
And whiche of hem here dethe per laught;
And how fele termes and trewes 80
Where take be-twene Troyens and Gruwes,
And how longe euery trewe laste,
And how thai spedde when thei were paste;
And alle here wo and al here breste;
And how many tymes that thei reste
With-Inne ten 3ere that thei were thore,
Er that the town distroyed wore.

Dares, the heraud of Troye, sais, 84
And Dites that was of the Gregeis,—
For thei were euery day in the feld
And alle here dedis thay be-held,—
And as thei were thei wreten hem bothe;
Thei nolle not lette, for leef ne lothe,
The sothe to say with-outle les
Of gode Ector and Achilles,
And of alle the gode lorde echon;
And of alle here dedis schal lakke non.

And afftir hem come Maister Gy, 92
That was of Rome a Notary,
And fond here bokes In Athenes
Afftirwardes when it was pes,

1 The sign in blue, the name in red paint.
In Thessaly was a rich king, named Pollens. His queen, Tetes, was the mother of his renowned son, Achilles, who afterwards worked wonders in the Trojan war. The only and elder brother of Pollens, Eson, had grown blind and had given his rule to Pollens. But he, Eson, had a son, called Jason. All the lords of Thessaly served this child.

Polleus and Q. Tetes, parents of Achilles. Eson's son, Jason.

And turned it of Grew into Latyn, And wrot it faire in parchemyn In the manere as I schal telle. Hende, now herken to my spelle! In the lond of Thesalye— As telles vs the right storie— Was sumtyme a noble kyng, Riche of kyn and other thyng, That het Polleus, whil he hadde lyff, And Tetes het the qwene his wyff. On here gat he that doughti knyght In wedlac, that Achilles hight, That wondir wrought and gret meruayle Aftirward in Troye batayle. This Polleus hadde an eldur brother, That hight the Eson, he het non other. Eson was so lad with elde, That he ne myght his hondes welde: He toke Polleus al Thesaly With alle the Rentes and seygnory For to gouerne and for to 3eme, And bad alle him serue to queme, For thei schulde be in his pouste; For he was blynd and my3t nou3t se. That blynde kyng, that het Eson, Hadde a son, that het Jason, Strong, sturne, stalworthie & stoute, Off speche curtays, of contenaunce deouute, Large of 3iffes and [ryght] fvre, Wondur fair and ryght tempere. Alle the lordes of that lond Seruede that child to fote & hond For his prowes and his noblay, And loued him wel and queumed ay;

1 The signs in blue, the names in red paint; and so always. Here the last three stand in the left margin in MS.
Pollens grows jealous of Eson's son, Jason.

\textbf{Insula Colkos.}

Thai dede him as gret reuerence \[lf. 3\] 135
As Polleus kyng in his presence;
The lordis and alle the comunalte
Held that [child] 1 In gret cherte.

Polleus hadde wel gret envye
That men dede him suche seruagery;
He was aferd in his herte:
If that child 3ede forth In querte,
And afftirward my3t falle gret toyle,
And of that lond he wolde him spoyle;
For he was gret of wasselage
And loued with alle his baronage.

Night and day the kyng then thought,
How he myjt brynge that child to nought
With sum sley3te priuily,
That he were not schent ther-by.

He resolves on sending him to Colkos—to win the 'sheep'—from whence nobody has yet returned unslain.

So longe he that a-boute sought 2,
That it come thus in his thought,
Off a wondur selcouthe gile
To him by-traye that ilke while:
He thought sende that ilke childe
To Colkas,—that perilous Ilde,
That was so fer out in the est,—
To wynne that schepe, that wondur best,
That neuere man In come and 3ede a-gayn
Out of that Ile for-sothe vn-sclayn.
Therfore ther-at I most dwelle,
The manere of that Ile to telle.

\textbf{E}3onde the lond of Troye, gode men,—
I trowe: of Iorneys more than ten—
Ther was an Ile that het Colkos,
That alle the fyght of Troye by ros;
As I schal schewe by what skylle,
When my matere comes ther-tille.

1. child is not in the MS., but there is no blank either.
2. MS. that caste a-boute sought; perhaps caste aboute was the original, and our copyist tried to amend the rhyme aboute: thought by inserting sought, but forgot to cancel the caste; sechen about occurs again l. 1687.
3. These 'signatures' are all by a later hand.
The comune sawe was thorow alle Grece: [If. 3, bk.] 169
Ther was a schepe that bar a flece
With-In that Ile, that was of gold,
That neuer man that was on mold 172
With strengthe, my3te, ne with gynne
That ilke schepe myght not wynne;
That schepe was y-kepid day & ny3t 176
With Marc3, a2 god of mykel my3t.
Who-so wolde that schepe come to,
Many thinges he most do:
He most first fyghte with strong nete 180
That were hidous & wondir grete,
And out of here mouth thei keste fir
And brende men [&] here atir;
And whan he hadde the nete ouercomen, 184
That thei were mate and alle be-nomen,
Ther lay a plow3 with alle pe gere,—
And make hem drawe and that lond ere,
He moste 3oke hem in that plow,
The bestes bolde—if that he mow—
And make hem drawe and ere that lond 188
And holde that plow faste with his hond,
Til it were ered thorow and thorow.
Whan he hadde turned eche4 a forow,
He most fyght with a dragoun 193
And scele him, if he may or kun;
The dragoun was gret and meruelous,
Off sicht & body ful hidous; 196
No man wiste non suche by north ne be southe,
He keste brondes of fir out of his mouthe,—
Ther was none suche In no land—
Ther my3t no man his hete with-stand.
The brennyng brondes pat from him wente
Brende men In here garnement;

1 The k altered from l; cp. l. 743. 2 MS. as. 3 MS. aplow. 4 eche partly erased in MS.
Pelleus's plan to get Jason killed. He will hold a great Festival.

Off thei were armed neuere so wel,  
He breud hem thorow Iren & stel.  
Whan he hadde sclayn that dragoun,  
Out of his hede he most takoun  
Alle his tethe with his owne hond  
And sowe hem in that ered lond;  
Whan that thei were In that lond,  
Quiklyche ther wold ther-of stond  
Stalworthe men, clene armed kny3tis,  
Lyuand men at alle mennes sightis,  
And fight to-gidre with brondes bryjt,  
Til echon hadde sclayn other with her my3t.  
By these periles and other mo  
Sicurly by-houses him to go,  
That wolde that schepe wynne or haue;  
Ther was neuere non that my3t him saue  
From these bestes and fro here hete,  
That he ne1 scholde sone his lyf lete,

1 When Pelleus was be-thought of this,  
He was Ioyful and glad y-wys,  
He thoujt egge Iasoun ther-tille  
Thedur to go on his fre wille;  
And so my3t he be most blameles  
And of his deth be holden giltles;  
For were he1 went pidur fro home,  
He hoped neuere of his gayn-come.

Pelleus kyng send fer & ner  
Bothe Corour and Messanger  
Thorow his lond and bad hem crie  
That he wolde a Mangerie,  
A riche feste and a riale,  
And thedur schulde come gret & smale;  
He sente his lettres and his sond  
Affrir alle the grete of the lond,—

[If. 4.] 203
When he had slain this dran- 
gon, he had to pull out all its 
teeth and sow them;

204
therofn

208

210

212

Other dangers

216

he had to un-
dergo unaided.

220

Pelleus thinks

224

he will incite

228

Jason to go

there of his

own free will,

and leave the

king guiltless

of his death.

232

Pelleus invites

all his gran-
dees to a great

festival.

a iiiij 236

1 Inserted by a later hand over the line.
King Pelleus tempts his nephew Jason to win the Golden Fleece.

To Erle, lord, and bold baroun,— [If. 4, bk.] 237
And bad hem come to his toun,
For ther wolde he his feste holde
With ladies bryȝt and knyȝtes bolde. 240
Whan thei were comyn, thei were alle glad
With moche merthe that thei mad,
Til thre dayes were fulli paast,
This Mangeri then so longe 1 laast.
Pelleus kyng then—soth to say—
Be-fore the lordes of that contray
Spak to Iason, ther he stode
Barehed with-outen hode,— 248
He spak to him with fair semblaund,
With louely chere and speche smyland;
But it was fals and foule disseite,
For he him be-thouȝte thanne wel streite. 252

He seide: 'Iason, my dere Cosyn,
Thow art the beste knyȝt of al my kyn,
The worthiest man, the beste knyȝt;
I loue the wel—and that is ryȝt— 256
For I am douted and eke dred
Off kyng & knyȝt and less 2 mys-bed
Be the alone and thi prowes
Then by my lond and my riches.
I haue more Ioye of thi body
Then of alle the lond of Thesaly,
For thow art knyȝt with-outen pere—
Saue Ercules, that is thi fere.— 264
I trowe that thow myȝt fulfille
Alle thyngh that thow ȝaf the tille;
But if it were schepe felle!
That I haue herd men of telle
That is so hard for to wynne
In that Ile ther he is Inne!

1 so longe substituted for, and written (by the later hand) above attè; attè is crossed out. 2 MS. lest.
And yet I hope you might succeed in winning it.

Rewards are promised to him if he be successful.

**Jason is well pleased with his uncle's words, having no suspicion of their falseness.**

And yet I hope—so haue I roo,—
If thou woldest stue the ther-too
And put ther-to thi bysynes,
Thow scholde it haue with-oute distresse.
Then were thow ky3t of worschepe most
Off alle that wones in any cost,
If pow that flees with prowesse hadde;
Then were I, Cosyn, of the gladde,
For gret honour then dedest thow to me,
And ther-by schuldest honoured be;
And my lond aftir my day
Schulde be thyn—as I say,—
And also in my lyff treuly
Thow schulde be lord as wel as I,
And haue thi wille and thi comandement
Off alle that euere to me apent.'

Jason stode In his emys halle
By-fore his Eme and lordes alle,
He herkened alle that he euere ¹ sayd,
With his wordes he was wel payd;
The wordes ri3t wel to him liked,
He wist nou3t that he was beswiked,
He wende not the wordes that were spoken
Of him so to be a-wroken,
But for he scholde wynne gret loos
And be pe more drad of his foos,
He wiste wel if he seide 'nay'
By-fore the lordes, that he schulde ay
Holde him for a coward ²
And neuer-more of him take reward,
But hope it were for cowardise
That he durst not take a prise ³.

Jason seide: 'so mote I thriue,
This feste schal neuer be don so blyue,

¹ MS. he euere he.  ² MS. acoward.  ³ MS. aprise.
Jason is ready to undertake the enterprise, if a good vessel be prepared for him.

That I ne schal be redi to go
In-to that Ile, for wele or wo,
What-so-euere schal be-tyde;
I schal not longe thenne abyde,
If it be so 3e wil me fynde
That nedeful is to mannes kynde:

When King Pelleus hears his nephew consent, he is very glad, orders a ship to be built for him and promises to fulfill all his wishes.

A strong ship is built.

Pelleus kyng was wonder blythe.
A strong schip was mad swythe,
Strong & wyde and wondir large,
With his boot and his barge;

1 MS. schif.
The schippe that he made to Iason [If. 6.] 339
Afftir the wright was cleped 'Argon.' 340
Whan it was mad with seyl and mast,
Thei byed hem to fille it fast,—
With Mete and drynk it is wel frau3t,—
And worthi kny3tes with him be-tau3t;
To wende with him in his fere,
Many a dou3ti kny3t was there.

Among whiche was Hercules,
The strongest kny3t that euere wes,
That in that world was panne levand;
No man my3t his strok with-stand.
This was he that men of speke,
In erthe was non so my3ti freke,
Kyng, ne kny3t, ne Champion,
In Ile, ne in regioun,
That my3t with-stande that kny3tes strengthe
The mountans of a dayes lengthe.

This was he that strong man
That al the world speke of can;
He caste alle men that he wrasteled with,
Were thei neuer so strong of lith.
And Atthenes, the gode kny3t,
He wrasteled wit3h him wit3h al his my3t,
And Hercules him so hard thrist,
That alle his ribbes al to-brast.
This was he that in his dayes
In batayles hard and gret affrayes
He sclow geauntes with-outen tale,
He wroght amonges hem gret bale;
He sclow champiouns with-outen nombre,
So manye that no man my3t hem vmbre.
This was he that ilke kny3t,
That was so strong & of so moche my3t.
Jason sets sail, and at last lands on the Trojan coast.

Philosophy

What schulde I speke more of his dedis? [lf. 6, bk.] 373
Eche man that of him redis
Wot wele he was with-outen pere,
Whil that he was lyuande here;
I leue per-fore and turne eft
A-gayn to Jason ther-as I left.

The ship is ready;
Jason takes leave.

From this voyage will rise all the woe,
that Troy will be fordone, as I shall tell you soon.

They sail many a day and night, and at last, tired of the sea,
land on the coast of Troy.

His schippe was redi and set on-flote
With his barge & his bote;
Iason takis his leue to wende
At Pelleus & at other frende;
Hercules schal with him go.
Ther-of schal rise al this wo,
That Troie schal so foule be for-don,
As I schal telle 3ow sone.
Thei are schepped now eche a wyght,
The schip is 3are & redi dight,
Ther sail is drawe, the[i] wende forth faste,
In-to the see thei ben forth paste.
Thei sailen many a day and ny3t
With many stormes lyght,
Til thei were weri of the see;
Thei wolde fayn at reste be:
Vpon a day the mariner
Saw a lond that was hem ner;
Ther schip thei turned thedir prest,
For on that lond to take here rest.
Vpon that lond thei lepe vp alle,
An[d] of ther teld thei made an halle,
And ete & drank & made hem glad;
Thei were fayn that thei lond had.
The lond that thei were on lyght,
The lond of Troye that tyme hight;
Troie was not that tyme so strong,
Ne so moche, ne so long,
De Rege Lamedonie Troiani.

Wyde, ne large, ne no-thyng toward, [If. 7.] 407
As it was sethen affrirward 408
When Priamus hit made a-3eyn,
When Lamedon, his fadir, was sclayn.

The Greges hade seten but a stounde
And made hem merie on the grounde, 412
Or hit were told to Lamedon
That men were lyght his lond vpoñ,
Stout, & fers, and full gay,
That wel be-semed of gret noblay;
Thei wende thay wold hem robbe in hast;
Or brenne that lond and leue it wast;
Thei sayde: "it were good to wete here wille,
Whether thei were comen for good or ille;"— 420
'And bidde hem go and rise
And voyde this lond, if thei be wyse;
Or 3e schal hem honge and drawe,
If thei dwelle til the day dawe.' 424

Lamedon called a gret lordyng,
Wyse of speche & of beryng,
And bed him go to hem anon,
And take with him men gret won 428
And bidde hem wende out of his lond,
Or he wol reue hem foot and hond.

This riche lord his hors hath hent
And to the Gregeys he is went, 432
And sayde: 'lordynges, so god me mende,
Lamedon me to 30w sende,
Oure kyng, and seys: him mermayles
What 3e thakenen and what 3ow ayles,
Vpon his lond that 3e aryue;
And biddes 3ow hye hennes blyue,
That 3e be not founden here to-morwen;
For 3if 3e ben, 3e be for-lorn.
Jasod's answer to Lamedor's message. He agrees to leave.

He will now have the lyme and lythe,
If he to-morrow may mete 30 with.
Voydes this lond and dos be my red,—
Or seyrlly 3e ben alle ded!' 444

Jason was al a-stonasid
Off that pe knyxt thus to him said,
'He turned to his felawes ward:
'This kyng sais vs an ille forward
To voyds his lond with-outen gilt,
Or we schal elles alle be spilt;
For-sothe he nys not curtay sad
To vncouthe men that resten in pes
In his lond vpon a brynke, —
That non ille do, ne non harm thenke,
But reste vs here on this ryuage,—
To sende vs suche a message. 456
But I se wel he loues vs litel
That hates vs by suche a titel;
For we vpon his lond reste;
He loues litel an vncouthe geste.'

Ason thenne with heuy chere
Turned him to the messangere;
He sayde: 'lordying, I herde wel
Al thi message euery del.
God I drawe to oure wittenesse:
We reste here for no wickednesse,
But for to reste vs here a while;
For we haue sayled many a myle
And weri ben bothe more & lesse
And resten vs here for werinesse.
But say thi lord, my leue frende,
Out of his lond that we schal wende;
Say: "I se wel be his sonde,
He wil we reste not on his londe.'

1 MS. abrynke. 2 MS. amessage. 3 MS. otitel. 4 r corrected from l. 5 MS. awhile. 6 MS. amyle.
Hercules threatens Lamedon with war hereafter.

Belli inter Troianum & Grecos 1.

And say him: "'it may this wel be qwyt [lf. 8.]''

By some that thou seest here sit.''

Hercules, that douȝti knyȝt,
At Lamedon hadde gret dispit,

He was Angered and alle a-rage
Off this kyng and his message;

Him thoughte for tene his herte to-brak
That Iason then so mekely spak,

He was not payed with his sawe
'There now,' he says, 'felawe,

What in erthe so thow art,
Or he that sente the hidirward,

Say thi kyng: "this day thre ðer
Or ere he schal se me her

Vpon this place and other mo.
Out of his lond wil I not go
For his biddying, but lye here stille
Maugre his tethe, agayn his wille;

For he schal be so ouer-sette,
That we for him wol not lette

to do oure wille and oure lykyng.'

Go and say thus to the kyng!

Say him: "he has be-guȝnen a strif,
That he and his schal rewe his lyf'';

And bidde him be sekir her-of & bold,
And say that I him thus told!'

Hercules his lippes gnowe
For tene he hadde not folk y-nowe,
That he als-tide and sir Iason
Might not flyght with Lamedon.

But a-mong hem was no merie gale
Off alle that ther were, grete & smale,

Ther was not a schip ful of men,
And thei were mo then thousandes ten

1 This—and before it: 'Caret rubrica'—written in a very fine hand.
De Rege Cete in Ciuitate Ieconite.

Off bold kny3tes hardi & kene; [lf. 8, bk.] 509
What wolde thei alle to hem be sene!
Thei gadered vp alle that ther lay
And to their schip thei toke the way
And sailed forth vpon the see,
Til thei wolde comyn ther thei wolde be
In-to that Ile that hight Colkos.
Eche a man on londe than gos,
And leyde here sail thanne by the mast
And leff here schip teyghte fast.—
And this pe forme skyl to schewe was,
That Troie was lorn so foule a-cas,
Driuen doun and foule distroyed;
Ther-with were Troiens foule anyed,
For thei of Grece reste on here land
Fer fro the cete open pat sand;
For sir Jason and his nauee
Sette & reste vpon the see,
When thei wente out of Grece
To wynne the schepis goldyn flece.

In Colkos Ile a Cite was,
That men called thanne Reconitas 1
Fair and mekel, large and long,
With walles heye and wondir strong,
Ful of toures and heye paleis
Off riche kny3tes and burgeis.
A kyng that tyme, that hele Cetes,
Gouerned than that lond In pes;
With his baronage and his meyne,
Dwelleden thanne in that Cyte.
For al aboute that riche toun
Stode wodes and parkis enviroun,
That were replenysched wondirful
Off herte and hynde, bore and bul,

I N Colkos Ile a Cite was,
That men called thanne Reconitas 1,
Fair and mekel, large and long,
With walles heye and wondir strong,
Ful of toures and heye paleis
Off riche kny3tes and burgeis.
A kyng that tyme, that hele Cetes,
Gouerned than that lond In pes;
With his baronage and his meyne,
Dwelleden thanne in that Cyte.
For al aboute that riche toun
Stode wodes and parkis enviroun,
That were replenysched wondirful
Off herte and hynde, bore and bul,

1 MS. reconitas; the r quite distinct, though the rubric has Ieconite.
And other many saauge bestis;  
Be-twix that wode and that forestis  
Ther was large contray & playn,  
Faire wodes & fair Champayn,  
Ful of semely rennyng welles—  
As the romaunce the sothe telles—  
With-oute the cete that ther sprong;  
Ther was of briddes michel sang  
Thorow alle the 3er, and mykel cry,  
Off alle Ioyes gret melody.  

To that Cite & kyng Cetes  
3ode Jason and Hercules  
And alle the felawes that he hadde,  
In clothes of gold as kynges be-cladde.  
When kyng Cetes his men herde say  
That Gregeys come in that aray,  
In his paleis he spak hem with,  
Alle inpees and loue & gryth;  
He ros him vp out of his se  
As curtais kyng and kny^t so fre,  
Out of his halle with mykel spede  
With his men agayn hem spede  
And welcomed hem with louely chere  
And ledde hem bothe to-gedir in-fere  
And ther other ffelawes alle  
With gret worschepe In-to his halle.  
He dede hem sitte opon the benk,  
And bad his men bryng a drynk;  
When thei hadden dronken what her wille is,  
Sir Iason, the kny^t of pris,  
Tolde the cause of his comyng  
On fair manere to Cetes the kyng,  
And sayde "that he was comen to wynne,—  
If he myght spede,—of the golden skynne.  

1 MS. 3ode.  2 of is added above the line and ought to be deleted.
and asks his consent to his undertaking.

He prayed him ther of his gode wille, [lf. 9, bk.] 577
That he scholde graunte loude and stille
Holly his landes ordenaunce 1,
If him myȝt happen suche chaunce.” 580

The king grants his wish. They go to supper.

¶ The kyng graunted to fulfille
His desir and alle his wille ;
The kyng bad with mylde wordes :
“Anon thei scholde sette the bordes ;
Tyme hit was to sopere go,” he sayde ;—
The bordes were set, the clothes layde.
He called to him a knyȝt 2 wel hende
And him aftir his douȝter sende 3,
And seide, sche scholde comen a-doun
To glade his gestes of gret renoun.

¶ The knyȝt 4 zede to the mayden fire,
The kynges douȝter, dame Mede,
And bad here come with-ouþen dwellyng
With here Maydenes to the kyng.
Sche dwelled not longe—I vndirstonde :—
Whan sche hadde herd here fadir sonde,
Sche come doun vnto the table
With contenaunce good and stable,
And grette here fadir sikurly
And other knyȝtes that sete him by.
He bede here go and sitte that tyde
His vncothe the gest Iason be-syde ;
And Mede dede as here fadir bad,
And of his biddynge was wel glad.

Medea knew necromancy ;

O ff this Mede, this worthi may,
Sumwhat of here wol I say,
Off here wisdom and of here beryng,
Off here science & of here kunnyng:
Sche coude the science of clergy
And mochel of Nigramauncy ;

1 MS. ordenanaunce.  2 MS. aknyȝt.  3 MS. wende.
4 Originally knyȝtes in MS.; es erased.
Medea's magical might over all the powers of Nature.

De Medee Filia Regis Ceti.

In alle that lond [ne] was here pere [lf. 10.] 611 none was
cleverer than

As wide as men gos fer or mere,

Ne that was to here half so scley

Of cours of planetes and of the sky,

Ne couthe so many enchantement

As coude Medee, that may gent.

Sche coude with conjurisouns,

With here scleyghte & oresouns,

The day that was most fair & lyght

Make as derk as any nyght;

Sche coude also In selcouth wyse

Make the wynde bothe blowe & ryse

And make him so lowde blowe

As it scholde houses ouerthrowe;

Sche 1 couthe turne verement

Alle wederes and the firmament,

And here liked make it reyne

And if here liked make it schyne.

Sche coude do many selcouth thyng:

In somer when the leues spryng

Make stormes hem to drieue a-way

And make trees drye as clay;

Sche wolde also the trees that ware

In wynter-tyde naked & bare

Make hem florische a3eyn & bere,

That wynter hem my3t not dere.

In al the world was no man

So kunnyng of wit and wisdam—

As seyn these autours and these clerkes—

As was Medee In here werkes.

Melee sette here down to mete

By-twene her lord and Jason to ete,

Sche cast here eye wel offte vnfold

That Joyful kny3t to be-hold;

She knew how to make the light day dark as night,

the wind blow and overthrow houses,

rain come,

the sun shine,

and trees bear leaf in winter.

She sits down by the side of Jason and looks at this joyful knight.

1 MS. He.
Medea falls in love with Jason.

So fair a knight she has never seen; she desires that Jason may be hers.

She takes her leave and goes to her chamber.

She thinks both day and night, how she can carry out her love without shame.

After a fortnight, Cetes and Jason sitting together, send for Medea.

She, very glad, comes quickly.

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So fair a knyt at here likyng Sche saw neuere old ne 3ynyng; Here hadde leuere than al Assy e That he hadde ben in here baylye, Might sche brynge to that acord That he wolde be here lord; Gode in erthe ! that ¹ sche desires, But that Iason were one of heres. Sche hadde here herte so on him set, Here eye myyt sche not fro him let; Sche loued him so wondirly tho, That sche wiste neuere what to do, But toke here leue and be-gan to go To the chambr that sche come fro. Vnto the chambr sche is comyn, Loue hath here so vndir-nomyn, That tranayles here wondir strong With thought and sykyng euere among; Sche thenkith bothe day & ny3t How sche that loue performe myyt With-outen schame and vylonye, That sche were not reproued ther-by; Fayn sche wolde haue here wille, But sche my3t not come ther-tille. And thus leued sche fourtene ny3th In gret wo as any wy3th: Til hit be-fel vpon a day That kyng Cetes—soth to say— And Iason were to-gedur set And bad here men Medee doun fett In-to the halle of his paleis, To talke with the kny3tes curteis. Off the tydynges was Medee blithe : To hem doun sche come swythe;

¹ Perhaps naught was in the original.
And he bad here sitte be Iason,—  
That al here loue was vpon,—
And speake with him In fair manere,
As Mayden schulde to bachelere.
Medee did his comaundement;
But Cetes was ther-with ablent:
He wist not of Medee wille
That sche loued Iason stille.

When Iason saw that worthi wyght
So sitte on benche by him right,
He was wel glad, as him gon thenk;
Ercules ros vp of the benk,
And he sat be that worthi wenche
To wete what that mayden dede thenke.

Kyng Cetes with-oute doute
Spak to the knyf3tes him aboute,
Of Ercules asked tydynges,
At other knyf3tes of other thynges;
So to him 3af no man gome,
Knyft ne sqwyer, lord ne grome.
Medee say that sche was brouȝt,
To telle Iason of here thouȝt

With-oute heryng of any wyght:
'Sir Iason,' sche seide, 'thow art a knyȝt'
Off whiche I haue mochel rewthe
And gret compassioun, be my trewthe!
For I se wel and haue in mynde
That thow art comen of gentil kynde,
And art a louely creature,
And art hardy with-oute mesure;
For I se wel—and sothe hit is—
That thyn heye herte and thi hardines
Hath brouȝt the fro the lond of Grece
For to wynne the golden fleece,

1 MS. aknyȝt.  
2 MS. alouely.
Medea bids Jason go home. The Golden Fleece is kept by Mars.

De Medee.

Thorow whiche—is a sothe thyng— [lf. 11, bk.] 713
Thow schalt go to thyng endyng.
And I haue gret pyte
Off thi manhede and boute,
That thou thus foule schalt be spilt
For a schepis\(^1\) skyn that is ouer-gilt.
Ther-fore I 3ewe the consayle—
The beste that the may a-vayle—
That thouw wende hom hole and sound,
A-3eyn to thi lond with-oute any wound.'

Jason answers:

I thanne with chere deuout
Vnto that lady gan lout
And seyde louely, curtays & fre:
'A thousand tymes I thanke it the
Of thi goodnes and thi curtasye,
That thou hast reithe of my folie;
For youre biddyng outerly
I put for-sothe al my body.'

'S Wete Jason, my louely frend,—
Saide Medee, that mayden hend,—
'Has thou not the sothe herd telle
Off that fleece and the gret perille?
Or thou knowest not the sothe
That makes the so bold of othe,
Thow may ther-to make assay
And lese thi myjt and thi noblay.
For sekurly ther was neuer knyjt
That hadde that strengthe and that myjt,
That myjt with his hardinesse
That fleece wynne with doughttinesse:
For it is kepeth bothe nyght and day
With oure god Mars, that alle thyng may;
For ther is no man on lyue,
Agayn oure god that may stryue.

\(^1\) MS. aschepis.
Jason refuses to give up his Quest. Medea will advise him in it.

Therfore I praye 3ow for lorne or awe:  
Fro that peril 3ow with-drawe,  
That thow deye not thus sodenly  
For a lytel foly!

Jason sayde: 'my lady dere,  
Of this kepe I no more to here!  
Wene 3e my hert so to stere,  
Or with 3oure wordes me to dere,  
That I schulde this thing forsake  
That I gan ferst vndirtake?  
Me were leuere certes to deye  
Than to do that vylonie!

For now I haue it be-gonne,  
And I 3ede hom, or it were wonne—  
Me were leuere I were vnborne  
Then suche a schame were me before!  
For my deth schal I not lette,—  
If that I may,—that flece to fette!'

Medea seide: 'my derlyng,  
Is it thi wil for any thyng  
To putte thi deth be-fore thi lyff  
And to putte the to that stryff?  
I haue pite of thi ded,  
But I schal 3eue the suche a red ¹,  
That thow schalt come a-3eyn ful rathe  
And wynne that schepe with-outen skathe—  
If it be so thow wilt fulfille  
Mi desire and my wille.'

'Lady,' Jason thanne sayde,  
'Of that 3e sayn I holde me payde:  
What 3e schul in erthe ordeyne,  
I schal holde it for prow or payne  
The while that I am'lemen—  
I drawe to witnes god, oure kyng!'

¹ MS. aed.
Medea: 'If you promise to marry me and take me with you to Greece,

[I. If thou wilt be so trewe a man],
That thou wilt hete me to wedde,
And as thine spouse to brynge me to bedde,
And leue me neuere for wele ne wo,
And graunt me home with the to go
Out of this lond that is fair,—
Off whiche I schal be qwene and ayr,—
Vnto thi lond, to thi hous,
And wedde me there to thi spous:
I wolde make the that schepe-fel
Wynne to-morwe with-outen perele.’

Iason sayde to Medee:
‘Riche bene that thou proferest to me:
3oure-self to be in my bandoun
And al in my subieccioun,
That art the fairest that lyf beres
Or any clothe on erthe weres;
And also to saue me
Off alle perele that ther-Inne be,
And do me wynne that fleece of golde,
That no man may do that leues on molde
With-oute 3oure help, my derlyng!
That is to me a fair profering!
Body and herte to 3ow I profre,
And alle my-self to 3ow I offre:
I take 3ow here my trwthe I-ptypt 3,
That I schal neuere by day ne nypt
Do not a-3eyn 3oure lykyng
Ne forthermore neuere of 3oure byddyng!
And I schal with me 3oure-self lede
In-to my lond—so god me rede!—
And wedde 3ow there vnto my wyff
And leue 3ow neuere whil me last lyff!’

1 MS. aman.  2 MS. I. ptypt.
Medea asks Jason to make Oath that he'll keep his Troth with her. 25

Off that beheste was Medee fayn,
But sit sche wolde be more certayn
That he schulde here no-ways be-gile
Ne holde here afftir for no vile.
Sche sayde: 'Jason, be thow not wroth!
I wole that thow me make an oth,
That thow schalt trewly & trusly holde
Of alle that thow hast sayde & tolde;
For no-ways we may not now
Do this thyng be-twene vs two.
I wol that thow when day is gon
Come to my chambre sone anon,
When I schal sende aff[t]ir the,
That thow alway come to me;
And than schaltow make thi surment
Opon my god with sacrament,
And swere me ther by that god
Alle this to holde for euen or od.
And when thow hast thus wroujth & don,
Al thi wil schal I graunte son.'

Jason sayde: 'my ladi fre,
As 3e haue sayd, so schal it be!
When 3e haue afftir me send,
Wightlyche schal I to 3ow wend.'
And thus were thei bothe at one
Vpon the benche hem-self alone
And toke leue thenne and ros;
Vnto here Chambre faste sche gos.

Medea is vnto here chambre gone,
And here maydenes euerychone.
Here thought longe vnto nyght,
That sche my3t speke with that kny3t.
When ny3t was comyn and day past,
And alle in bedde vpon sclepe fast,
26 Jason swears, in Jove's name, to marry Medea, and never leave her.

At night she sends a girl, called Ane, for Jason.

Jasmi swears, in Jove's name, to marry Medea, and never leave her.

When they have met, Ane leaves them alone.

Medea bolts the doors, and makes Jason swear an oath.

So trewe a mayden hath sche nane,—

And bad here pryui to go

And 2 say: "Jason schuld come here to."

And Ane 3ede wel priuyli

And bad him come to here lady;

And he ros bothe blythe and glad

And dede as the mayden bad.

And when thei were to-gedur met,

Ane that him thedur fet

3ede here way with-out more

And lefft hem to-gedur thur.

When Medee saw Jason ther-In,

Sche sperid the doris with a pyn

And bad him sitte downe vpon here bed,—

With riche clothes hit was spred.

That faire lady, that louesom brid,

A Craffty cofre sche vn-did

And toke out an ymage, frely dyght

With fele torches and mochel lyght,

That 4 sacrid was In Iouis name.

'Iason,' seide that faire dame,

'Thow schalt thin hond on this god lay

And thow schalt holde that I schal say:"

On this ymage thow schalt swere,

Faith & treuthe thow schalt me bere,

And wedde me to thy wyff;

And leue me neuere whil I haue lyff.'

Jason swears to marry Medea, and never to leave her.

Iason sayde: 'my treuthe I layd,

To do al as thou hast sayd.'

And layde his treuthe on that ymage

To 4 take here the term of his age.

When sche hadde take of him that oth,

Thei caste of hem every cloth

1 MS. amayden. 2 MS. Ad. 3 MS. Ther. 4 MS. And.
Jaion concubuit cum Medee.

And 3ede bothe in-to a bed,—                        [If. 14.]  883 and go to bed,  
With riche clothes hit was spred.  
Alle that ny3t to-gedur thei lay,  
Til it was nere a-gayn the day.  

Iason sayde: ‘my derlyng dere,  
It is not good to dwelle here;  
But say me now, my derlyng,  
Wolt thow ordeyne for me o thyng,  
That I my3t thorow thi techyng  
My purpos wele to ende bryng ?  
For al the haste that I haue  
Is, swetyng,—so god me saue—  
Out of this Ile the to lede  
In-to my lond with-outen drede.’  

Sche seyde: ‘Iason, I am al 3are,  
When thow art redi, With the to fare!  
Rise we now vp! I schal the kenne  
With the neet that the ne brenne.  
For-3ete thow not my kennyng  
For no ferdnesse of brennyng!’  

Iason thenne and sche vp ros;  
And Medee to here forsure gos,  
And drow out relikes manye & gode,  
And toke Iason ther he stode  
And tau3t him how he scholde do,  
When he that Ile come to,  
That he were not with nete ybrend,  
Ne with the dragoun y-schend.  

3it of the forsure the lady rau3te  
A fair ymage and him by-tau3te,  
And bad him sclely with him bere,—  
For sorcery schuld him not dere:  
For it was alle with sorcery wroght,  
Alle sorcery it brou3te to nought.
And after that Medee out hente
A wel riche oynamente
And an-oyned alle his body,
Visage and alle witterly:
For hit for-did al brennyng of ffire,
Off hit brende neuere so schire.

And afterward that fair swetyng
By-tauȝt Jason a riche rynge,
That alle venym for-dede & strued,—
That he schul not be venym-noyed
That bar that riche ryng on him:
For it fordeide alle venym.

Medee tok with him thanne a writ,
And him bad he schuld bere it;
And when he come with-Inne that Ile,
That he schulde with herte mylde
On his knees him doun sette,
Er he that flece ȝede to fette;
And thris he scholde hit ouer-rede;
That he ne lefft for no drede.

Sche toke him theenne a riche licour,—
A viole ful of gode sauour,—
And bad he schulde that lycour poure,
When he come In-to the stoure,
In the mouthes of the neete,
For hit was wondur cleuand wete;
Then scholde thei holde here mouth to-gedur
And make no more so foule a wedur:—
'For if thow konne this in here mouthe throwe,
Thei schal no more no fir blowe!'

Jason says: 'I thank you;
I hope to bring you the fleece before evening.'

I Jason seide: 'I thank it the,
That thow hast thus ordeyned for me!
I hope, or it be euening,
That golden fleece to the bryng.'

1 MS. ariché.
He toke his leue at that may, [lf. 15.]
In-to his Chambre he tok the way,
Ther-In he lay and Hercules;
Wel stille he lay doun in pes,
Til it was cler day and lyght,
That the sunne schon wel bryght:
He ros vp and come him doun,
And alle his felawes enviroun.

O
Vt of his bed is Jason rysen,
To wende his way he is not grysen,
To wynne the schepe,—if he haue grace,—
Now he these thinges of Medee has.
He is comyn in-to the halle
With Hercules and his men alle;
To Cetes the kyng he is forth went.
He asked anon, what it be-ment,
He asked at him and at hisen,
Whi he was so erly rysen.

'Sir,' he saide, 'be godis ore!
That I thus dwelle me rewes sore;
I wol ther-fore make asay
To wynne the fleece—if I may:
3ene me leue and lete me go,
That I no lenger be ther-fro.'

Cetes saide: 'I haue gret drede,
That thow be dede and not wel spede;
I schal therfore haue harm and schame,
For men wol rette on me the blame;
But that thow art of wil so bold,
That I may not at home the hold—
God, that this world made round,
Brynge the aseyn hol and sound!'

Then was Jason wondir blythe,
He toke his armure and tyred him swythe,
Jason reaches Colchis, sees the Golden-fleeced Sheep, and its Oxen.

Jason goes to the island of Colchis where the sheep is.

In a boat he rows over the water;

then he arms himself well in iron and steel,

with helmet, shield and spear.

When he sees where the sheep is, he first becomes aware of the fire-breathing oxen.

He thinks of Medea and her gifts, and anoints himself.

Qualiter Jason fecit bellum.

And 3ede forth the schepe to wynne
To that Ile that he was Inne.
When he was comen ther it was,
Ther he schulde ouer the water pas
In-to that Ile In-to a bote
He kest his armes In fote hote
And rowed ouer with an ore.
When he was ouer that watur thore,
He armed him—as he coude wele—
Bothe in Iren and in stele,
And on his hed thanne sette
His trewe and trusti basenette,
And kest his scheld a-boute his hals,
And bere his spere with him als;
And 3af aboute him ful good kepe,
If he my3t be war of the schepe.
And thedirward Jason him drow,
To wynne the flece—if he mow.

Jason is now on londe lyght,
Armed wel and nobly dyght.
When he was comen to that stede,
Ther he saw the schepes trede,
On the first thenne was he ware,
Where the nete were standyng thare,
Kestyng fir with-oute sese
Of her mouthe with-oute relesse,
That alle the sky with-oute doute
Was on fire alle a-boute.
But he thought then on his swetyng,
Of dame Medee and her kennyng:
Ful radly thenne the boyste he hent
That was with the oynement;
Al his visage and his face
Anoynted ther-with sone he hase.

1 MS. abote.
He toke also that ymage bryʒt [lf. 16.]
That was of siluer made & dyʒt,
And hanged it aboute his hals a-boue,—
As Medee him bad do so for here lone,—
And turned it to the fir anon,
And the nete stood and loked ther-on;
And sette him doun meke & wyse
And redde his writ thanne thryse,
And when it was thries red,
To go to hem was not dred.
His perel thanne a-wey was rauʒt,
And with this nete faste he fauʒt:
The flaume of fir thenne on him caste
And brende his gode scheld on haste,
And his spere to his hond
To coles hit fel vpon the sond.

HE toke thenne that licour wete
And poured qwık into the nete;
And when it was with-Inne ther¹ lippes,
Faste to-gedur hit hem grippes,
That thei myʒt not her mouth vn-spere,
With hete Jason no more to sere.
When Jason hem thus discomfit
Thorow dame Medee that was perfit,
And saw a-boue that the aire
Was good and clene and ful fair,
And the nete myght fyght no more
Thorow here kennyng and here lore,
He toke hem be the horns long
And here hedes a-boue wrong,
And loked, if thei were tame ynow,
And ladde hem thanne vnto the plow,
And jokes hem and dede hem drawe,
And turned that lond with-outen awe.

¹ r by a later hand.
When he comes to the dragon,

Jason takes the ring, as Medea told him.

When the beast sees this, it leaves its burning and spitting, and looks on the stone.

Then Jason smites off its head; and takes its teeth out; and sows them;

armed men spring from them, and slay one another.

When he hadde don, he toke his way [If. 16, bk.] 1053
To the dragoun ther he lay;
And the dragoun sey him ney,
He made thanne an 1 hidous cry,
And hissed loude, and brondes blew,
Fyr faste on Jason he threw,
And spitte venym and keste aboute;
But Jason ther-of hadde no doute:
When he herde that how loude he hissed,
Jason dede as he was wissed,
He toke the ryng that sche toke him
For drede of fir & of venym,—
That bare a stone 2, was fair and grene,—
And held hit sone hem be-twene,
And keste it doun be-fore his syght.
And when the dragoun saw that lyght 3,
He lefte the fir and his breynnyng
And al foule venym of his spittyng,
And loked stabli on that ston,
And he beheld euere ther-on.
And whil the dragoun ther-to jaff tent,
His swerd Iason out hent
And smot the hed fro the bouke,
And the ryng with him toke 4
And in hold he gan hit do.
And when he hadde sclayn him so,
He wente—and so he my3t wele—
And drow his tethe out of his chavele,
And sewe hem thanne vpon the land
That he hadde ered on that sand.
Army men of hem ther sprong,
And echon on other faste dong,
Til alle were sclayn that were there;
On lyue leffte there none wore.

1 MS. and. 2 MS. astone. 3 MS. lyght, altered from syght. 4 MS. toke, altered from boke.
When Jason saw that ther was an ende  
Off alle that wondir enchaunte temende,  
Toward the schepe be-gan he go  
With-oute drede him to selo;  
With bothe his handes the schepe he slow,  
And fro the body the skyn he drow,  
And bare with him that schepes skyn  
With mochel Ioye & mochel wyn,  
Til he come to his bote;  
And lepe In with a merie note,  
And ouer to his felawes rode,  
Ther Hercules him a-bode,—  
Wondir blythe, Ioyful, and glad  
That thei on lyne him had.

Jason thenne and his Gregeis  
Rode to Cetes & to his paleis;  
When Cetes saw that Ioyful kyng  
Jason that schepes skyn bryng,  
He hadde ther gret envy  
That he raff him that drury;  
But euel semblant my3t he non make  
For Hercules and Jason sake,  
But dede hem sitte by his side  
And fair semblaunt made him that tyde.  
Then come 3ong and old  
The schepes skyn to be-hold,  
Thei hadde of Jason gret meruayle,  
How he it wan in batayle  
A3ens thair goddis wil and my3t;  
Thei hadde meruayle of suche a knyjt.

Jason now the fleece hath wonne,  
The tydynges thorow the Cete is ronne,  
Many a man come him to see,  
Ther he was set by dame Medee.

1 MS. amerie.
Jason and Hercules dwell another month with Cetes.

He dwellyd ther a ful mon[1]the,  [lf. 17, bk.] 1121
And Hercules kyng Cetes withe,—
And til a tyme that he & sche,
And Hercules and his meyne,
Stale away with-Inne a nyȝt
And ȝede to schepe by sterre lyȝt;
And drow vp sail, and scheped sone,
And wente hom forth by the mone.
The wynd be-gan to rise & to blowe
And brouȝt hem home in a throwe
To the lond of Thesalye,
Jason and his companye.

But he wel-comes him,
and gives him Thessaly, as he promised before he set off.

When Pelleus hears that Jason has come back alive, he is angry;

The word was told to Pelleus blyue
"That Jason was comen hom alyue,
And how he hadde brouȝt in-to Grece"—
'For-sothe’ thei seyden—"the golden flece.”
Wo was him of the tythandis:
He wrong to-gedir bothe his handes
For sorwe and wo and care of herte,
That he was comen home in qwerte.
But when he saw him comande,
He wente a-ȝeyn him with fair semblande,
And welcometh him wel home,
And was glad of his come,
And thonked god that he ferd wele,
And ȝaf him the lond, eche a dele
Off Thesalye that lond aboute,
So he be-het him, or he wente oute.

With this lond was he not payd;
He wolde be venged algate—he sayd—
Off Lamedone, the kyng of Troyene,
For he him dede reproue and tene.
To Hercules wel ofte he spake:
"That he that charge wolde take;

1 Cf. ll. 1686 and 9407.  2 & perhaps altered from v.
Hercules is to revenge Jason on Lamedon. Castor and Pollux will help.

Hic Incipit Bellum.

For elles myȝt it not come to ende;"— [lf. 18.] and bids Hercules carry this out.

'For thow hast many a noble frende,
Many a knyȝt¹, and many a kyng,
And wil be fayn at thi byddyng.'

Hercules seyde: 'ne drede the nouȝt!
Ful wel to ende it schal be brouȝt
To my worschepe, if my lyf last,
Or this ȝere be ful past.

Haue thow no care, ne make no mone!
But let me here with-al alone!
I schal so venge oure vilonye,
That thay schal ful sore abyde.'

Hercules the charge hath tane;
He thenkes to be that kynges bane,
He thenkes him scle with his hond,
If he may come to his lond.
At hom is he no lenger² abiden,
To Sportes is that knyȝt reden,—
That was a lond of Romanye³,—
Ther two bretheren were⁴ of chiualrye
Regned Inne by ther dayes.
Hercules ther the bretheren prayes
To wende with him ouer the see,
With armed folk a gret meyne,
To venge him on kyng Lamedon,
That kest him out and sir Iason
Off his lond, whan thai hem reste,
That dede him nother noye ne breste.
The bretheren bothe as knyȝtes hende
Thai were redi with him to wende,—
What day that he wolde assygne,—
With many worthi knyȝtes and dignye.
Castor hethe that on brother,
And Pollus called men that other.

¹ MS. aknyȝt.
² wol he erased after lenger.
³ altered from Romayne.
⁴ were ought to be struck out.

He goes to Sparta, and asks Castor and Pollux to partake in the expedition.

They are ready whenever he likes.

1164
1168
1172
1176
1180
1184
1188
Hercules prepares his Expedition to burn Troy.

Hercules toke lene at hom [lf. 18, bk.] 1189
And rode hym to Salom,
A lond that was to Grece longand,
That Thelaman thenne held 1 in his hand 1192
That was kyng of gret renoun,
An hardy knyht, a bold 2 baroun.
He prayed him that he wolde go
With him and other kynges mo,
That were of Greece, ouer the see,
Troye to brenne, that hye cete,
And venge him of that foule dispite
That Lamedon dede with gret vnri3te—
Not long tyme sithen past,—
That he him of his lond cast.

Thelaman seide: “hit schuld be don,
He was al redi at his boñ
To wende with him, as good and hende,
When he aftir him wol sende.”
Hercules thanne rode a-3eyn—
Off his be-heste he was ful fayn—
To Polleus kyng and bad that he
Schuld gader faste alle his meyne,
And alle that he my3t 3 purcha3e 4,
By love, or awe, or any manace 5.

He tok him thanne the nexte way
To Pilon lond—right as I say;—
Pylon was a lond also
That longed that tyme Grece to,
And duk Nestor was lord and sire
Ouer al that lond and that Empire;—
And prayed him of his frawnchesse 7
That he wolde wende with him and hesse 8,
To venge him on that kyng vilayn,
And helpe that he were ded and sclayn;

1 held inserted by a later hand above the line.  2 MS. abold.
3 with written by a later hand over line between my3t and purchase(s).
4 MS. purchases.  5 MS. manaces.  6 On the left side in MS.
7 ss perhaps written by the later hand.  8 The first s added by the later hand.
The expedition against Troy assembles in Thessaly in April.

And reue al his bothe lyff and lym, [lf. 19.] 1223
That wolde not soffre Iason ne hym 1 1224
On day reste to take,
Nother for prayer ne for sake.

Duk Nestor seide to Hercules:
'I am al 3are with-outen les 1228
To wende with the at thy biddyng,
And kny3tes fele with me to bryng,
To venge the of that vilonye
And do him knowe his folye.
I schal make me and myne 3are
With-outen dwellyng with the to fare.'

Hercules was thanne wel blythe,
A[3ayn to Pelleus 3ode he swythe. 1236
A[nd] whan he come to Thesalye,
He fonde a louely 1 companye
Of kynges and kny3tes to-gedur thore,
That for his help comen wore:
For thanne was comen Thelaman,
That dou3ti kyng, that noble man;
And the bretheren bothe two,
Castor kyng and Pollus also,
With alle here men and here nauue
Stondyng redi on the see;
And Pelleus was al redi dy3t
With many a bold baroun and kny3t;
And here schippes were vitayled,
Ther mete and drynke schal non be fayled.

Consilium Grecorum contra Troianos 2.
Alle the kynges bene now to-gedur,
And hit was ful meri wedur: 1252
That Marche was passed and Feuerer,
Hit was that tyme of the 3ere,
It was in-myddis of Averille; 2 c iij

1 MS. alouely. 2 This line is in red paint.
Hercules and the Greeks land unseen on Trojan soil.

The Greeks sail to Troy.

The unknown Greeks sail to Troy. After sunset they land, unseen by the Trojans. They pitch tents.

Before day-break Pelleus gathers the kings around him, and says:

First e indistinct in MS., might be o. 2 MS. asy3t.

The Greeks sail to Troy.

T[h]e wedir was clere, the wynd was stille. [If. 19, bk.] 1256
And alle these kynges to schip 3ede 1
To taken the see with-oute drede;
Thei sayled forth day and ny3t,
Til thei hadde of Troye a sy3t 2.
The sunne was set and al away doun,
Thanne thei hadde syght serst of the toune.
Thei toke the hauen, whan it was derk,
With-outen wetyng of prest or clerk,
And kest here ankyr on that sond
And 3ede alle vpon the lond,
For ther was non that euere hem lette;
Hit was longe afftir the sonne sette,
That no man wiste of thair comyng,
Kny3t ne sqwier, ne the kyng.
Eche man thanne his hors oute hentes,
And drow out Armure & here tentes,
Speres, darter, helmys, and scheldes;
Thei sette here paulyons & here teldes,
And sette here wacche ouer-al abowte,
That thei my3t reste with-oute dowte.

The Gregeis ben londit and proud y-pyght
With gay tentis arayed aryght.

Longe ar the day be-gan to sprynge,
Pelleus sent aboute tythynge
To eche a kyng that ther he lay
To come to him, or it were day.
Thei come echone to wete his wille;
When thei were comen and set doun stille,
Pelleus seide: 'my bretheren dere,
Now we ben to-gedur here,
Me thenketh it were good to speke,
How we my3t sonest vs wreke
Off oure fomen and oure enemys,
Advice of Hercules: Send half the army to Troy, keep half on shore.

To oure worschepe and to oure pris; [lf. 20.] 1290
And sane vs fro perele,
How so it euere it be-fele,
And take the toun with my3t and wyn,
And alle that euere is ther-In.'

Hercules, that dou3ti man,
Beefore alle other to speke he gan:
'Seres'—he sayde—'3oure skylles is good,
As ze haue seide, so vs be-hood.
This is myn avisement,
How thei schal sonest be schent:
3iff ze wole alle that it be so,
That we parte oure men atwo—
Er it be day and sonne vp-rise,—
That we be seuered in alle wise:
And ze, sir kyng, and Thelaman,
And I also, and sir Iason,
Schal be to-gedre In that on ende;
To the toun and we schal wende,
Er it be day or any lyght,
That no man of vs haue a syght :
For we schal hide vs In the vynes,
And when the sonne is vppe and rises,
We schal holde vs stille and coy
By-side the 3atis with-oute Troy.
And kyng Pollus, and duke Nestor,
And his brother kyng Castor,
Schal beleue here on the see
With alle here folk'and here naue.
And Nestor schal ferst with hem dele
With alle his men and his eschele,
And Castor schal be my red haue
The secunde warde—so god me saue!—
And kyng Pollus schal haue the thridde
When King Lamedon hears of our landing, he will come to fight with you on the shore, whilst we shall enter the town and slay all therein.

With alle the men that are him myd.  

H And when the kyng hath tydandes,
That we are restid on his landes,
And he comes out with his baronage
To fyght with hem on this ryuage,
We schal entre in-to the toun
And breke the walles & throwe hem doun,
And sce that we ther-Inne fynde,
Honge, and brenne, and faste bynde,
And do dye that vs dos^ dere.
Then schal we turne to were
And sce hem alle for vs & 3ow.
And thus thynketh me most for oure prow,
When thei may not fro vs fle
On no syde to no contre.'

King Pellens assents to this advice.

The kyng sayde: 'as haue I roo!'
"That hit was good his rede to do,
Better red schuld thei haue non
To confounden sone here fon.'
Thei parted here men In two parties;
And Hercules with his he hies
Vndir the tou9^ In the greues
And hides him there in the leues;
And duk Nestor lefft stille thore
With alle that with him wore.

It is ly3t day, the sonne is hye,
And Hercules the touw is nye
With-Inne the greues, ther leues sprynge;
And Lamedon has herd tydyncge
That thy of Grece with gret feute
Bene in his hauene with gret naue.
He armed him with-outen any bode
With alle his men and to hem rode,
With scheld and spere an[d] swerd in hande;

1 MS. do dos.
The battle begins; Nestor leads the Greek vanguard.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hic veniunt ad pugnandum.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>And whan Nestor saw hem comande, [If. 21.] Nestor sees them coming, and prepares battle.</td>
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<tr>
<td>He ordeyned him with-oute drede</td>
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<tr>
<td>With alle his men, and to hem ȝede; 1360</td>
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<tr>
<td>And ther be-gan a strong cuntre,</td>
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<td>Lamedon his dethe ther hent he;</td>
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<tr>
<td>He and his were wood oprixt,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Or endit were that fyȝt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1364</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amedon is armed wel,</td>
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<tr>
<td>His stede is trapped In iren &amp; stel;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Out of the touȝn is he now ryden,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And his men, that he hath bydden 1368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To go with him that ought were worthe,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Now are thei alle to-gedur forthe,</td>
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<tr>
<td>In-myddes the feld out of the touȝn</td>
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<td>Ridying ouer dale and doun, 1372</td>
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<tr>
<td>Toward the see to the Gregeis</td>
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<td>That he sei stonde in here harneis,</td>
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<td>Redi dight with hem to fflyght</td>
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<tr>
<td>With scheldes brode and swerdes bryght. 1376</td>
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<td>The Gregeis were not of hem dred; 1368</td>
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<td>Nestor that the vanwarde led,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whan he saw hem come to him ward,</td>
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<td>He busked to hem as hard 1380</td>
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<tr>
<td>And toke the feld brod and large</td>
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<tr>
<td>With Many a scheld¹, target, and targe;</td>
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<tr>
<td>And kepe him euene in the berd,</td>
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<tr>
<td>For he was nouȝt of him aferd. 1384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A dreadful dyn myȝt men thenne here,</td>
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<tr>
<td>A carful noyse, a dreadful² bere:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When thei were met to-gedur on hepis, 1388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euery man on other lepes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And beris him doun, &amp; throwys him vndur,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And leues him³ dede stryken asondur;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fel batayle was ther by-gonnen,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹ MS. ascheld. ² MS. adredful. ³ him written by a later hand over line.
The battle between the Greeks and Trojans: Castor helps Nestor.

When they were all to-gedur runnen. [lf. 21, bk.] 1392

The noyse was gret, the spere brake,
Whan eche man mette with his make;
Some were ded and thorow born,
And some hondes or legges lorn,
Some were wounded to the dethe,
Some my3t not drawe her brethe;
Helmes were holed, and scheldes cloven,
With grete strokes here hedes houen.
Kny3tes were feld, stedis strayed;
Wel bolde barons bledde and brayed,
To ther deth then were thei dyn3th
With swordes scharpe and brondis bry3th.
Gret sclaujter was be-twene hem there,
When Troye and Greece to-gedur were.

But Troiens with gret multitude
At the laste hadde strokes rude,
But zit a-bak thei droff alle Nestor men
Ouer mose and ouer ffen.

But when that noble kyng Castor.
Saw how thei ferde with the duke Nestor,
And saw how he a-bak was dreuen,
And his scheld with strokes reuen,—
With alle his men thedur he hyed
And hertely the Troiens defied.

CAstor kyng, that dou3ti kny3t,
Is comen doun to that fy3t,
To helpe Nestor, that worthi duk,
That he se Troyens so rebuk.

He sclow Troyens—as he were wode,—
He bare hem doun and schedde her blode;
So bitterly ferd he with:
Agayn hem hadde thei no gryth,
Thay my3t no more with-stande his myght,
Lamedon fights like a lion. Pollux helps the Greeks.  

So he was fers, stalworthe, and wyght. [lf. 22.]  
And so thei fouȝten and were wery,  
Off his strokes thei were sory.  

But Lamedon, that douȝti kyng,  
When he saw his men fleyng,  
With alle the men In his warde  
He ran thedur as a lyparde,  
And sclow Gregeis here and there  
As a lyon fers and fere.  
He felde doun some, and some flow,  
And of here hors doun hem drow,  
And lete hem lye, and some stornuen,  
Sore woundid and al for-koruen,  
Many he greued and al to-hewed;  
That he was knyȝt, ful wel he schewed:  
He ferd with hem so sorily,  
That thay discomfith were wel ny.  

But Lamedon saw, his men faȝt  
Ouer myȝt and out of maȝt,—  
What with loue and what with awe,—  
A litel a-bak he made hem drawe  
And gedered hem alle on an hepe  
As a witti kyng, myȝti, and ȝepe.  

Duke Nestor aboue his scheld  
Lamedon that tyme be-held:  
He saw alle men do his byddyng,
Lamedon fights with Nestor. Cedar unhorses Nestor.

He hoped therfore, he was here kyng. [lf. 22, bk.]
Alle thynges lefft—to him he zede,
To scele him, if he myȝt spede.

But Lamedon saw him comande
Towards him with spere In hande,
He smytes his stede and slakes his rayne,
And rod to him asaste a-gayne
An[d] brak his spere in many a splent
On duk Nestor In that dynt;
He harmed him nouȝt worth a thong,
For his Armes were so strong,
And elles hadde he ben sclayn
With Lamedon on the playn.

But Nestor on an-other wyse
Smot Lamedon by-fore al hyse:
He smot him on his scheld so
That he cleue hit euen In-two,
And bare him doun to the grounde.
And ȝaf him there an hidous wounde;
But he lepe vp with grete spede,
When he was born thus fro his stede,
And drow his swerd raply & smert—
As hardi man and bold of hert—
And made him romme aboute and way
To duke Nestor—the sothe to say.

A Newe-made knyȝt, that hyȝte Cedar,
Off Lamedon, his lord, was war
Among that prese faught on fote;
He thoghte the to do ther-of gode bote:
He smot Nestor on his gold plate,
That he zede doun in-myddes the gate;
He bar him fro his hors in fyght
By-fore his lord, in the kynges syght.
Whan Lamedon saw Nestor felde,

1 MS. asplent. 2 MS. athong. 3 b altered out of u.
Nestor is wounded by Lamedon.

He thought his stroke should be held: [If. 23.] He thought his stroke should be held. The stroke would be held. He should hold it. If. 23.

Lamedon, that worthy king, attacks Nestor again, and would have beaten him.

He hyed him fast to Nestor the And 3af strokes y-nowe and mo, He brak his coyfe and his ketil-hat, That to his hed sore it sat. He smot him so right in the face, That he hath lorn his solace; For he was ther so for-bled And with that kyng so ouerled, That he hadde dyed and ben for-don, Ne hadde him come socour son.

But then come to that stour
Many a Grek to his socour And fro the kyng of Troye him reffte, And elles had he his lyff ther leffte; Out of the pres [thei] him ladde, For of his lyff were thei adradde. And Lamedon, that douji man, A noble stede the whiles wan And lep vp qwyk with-oute fayle And strok forth in that batayle.

Pollus brother, kyng Castor, Saw Cedar, that felde duke Nestor; Wo was him for that fallyng, He thought to make of him vengyng: He rode to him, as he were wode, Vpon a stede worth mechal gode.

But ther be-fel another knyjt, That was of Troye, Secundam hyjt,— He was of Cedar blod and kyn, He was seker his ney cosyn,— He saw, how Castor wolde have hit him smetyn

1 MS. agrek. 2 MS. astede.
Castor wounds Secundam, and is wounded by Cedar.

Sydlyng, or he hadde weten, That wold he for non awyt:

Secundam, Be-twene hem the strok he cawyt
Cedar's cousin, And brast on kyng Castor his spere;
attacks Castor, But he myyt not him doun bere,

but is sorely Castor spere was tow and strong,—
wounded. Ther was non strenger in al that throng;

He smot Secundam in the syde A gret wunde and a wyde

When Cedar saw his Cosyn woundid, W

He was for del al confounded:

With drawnen sword—as a wode man—
Cedar thanne to Castor ran;

Cedar than in that wode brayd On Castor so wonderly layd,

He wounded him in his visage For his ffoly and his outrage,

wounds him That hit in alle his lyff was sene,—
in the face, And feld him doun vpon the grene;

and takes And his stede from him cau3t
away his horse. And his sqwyer him by-tau3t.

Now Castor is from his hors born, T

His stede was taken and fro him lorn;

Opon his fete he stode and fau3t, Many a strok 2 Cedar him rau3t,

Pollux, seeing And other mo that ther dede stande.
his brother But kyng Pollus was ner-hande
fighting on And saw, how Cedar & many other
foot with Ferd with kyng Castor, his 3 brother;
Cedar and Kyng Pollus then come him ney
many others, Thedur with al his company,

comes near He hadde with him In his eschele
with 1 MS. awyde.  MS. astrok.  3 MS. Castoris.
Pollux comes to his brother’s help. Lamedon collects his Knights. 47

Seuen hundrid kny3tes gode and lele. [If. 24.] 1562 seven hundred knights.
He ferde as he hadde y-raued,
So fayn he wolde his brother haue saued. 1564
He rod thanne al aboute
To his somen with gret route,
And amonges hem [made] ful gret pay;
To his brother he made him way,
And halp him fro his foos hondes,
And felde Troyens on the sones,
And brouȝt to Castor the Troyes stede,
And halp him vp at his grete nede.

Pollux kyng brende as the fyr
For gret wratthe, onde & ir1,
That he had so his brother dyght
And warisched him of his myght.
He saw a knyȝt agayn him—
His name was Eliachim,
The kynges sone Sartaginis,
And Lamedon Cosyn also y-wys—
He smot the knyȝt with al his myȝt
Ryght be-fore the kynges syȝt,
That he died be-fore his eyen
With mechel wo and mechel pyn.

Kyng Lamedon that be-held
His cosyn dyed In the feld,
3eld the gost be-fore him there,
He wepte for him ful many a tere2.
He sette his horn to his mouthe
And blew thries, as he wel couthe;
When he hadde blowen the thridd blast,
The knyȝtes come aboute him fast,
Thei asked him, what him was;
Lamedon saide to hem: ‘alas!
Se ȝe not my cosyn dere

1 MS. hir. 2 MS. atere.
The Greeks are driven back. Troy is taken, and its Trojans slain.

Lye be-fore me ded here,  
The kynges sone of Artage?  
Pollus scloew him In his rage.  
Now with alle the myght that ye konne  
Venge now my sistir sone!'  

When Lamedon hadde thus spoken  
Off his fomen to be wroken,  
Among the Grues then he presed  
And scloew many, or he sesed:.  
He bare kynges and lorde sown  
Off gret prise and gret renouw;  
The Troyens then scloew the Grues,  
That thei for wo chaunged thaire heweS;  
Thei were wounded and sore yebe,  
For thei were so ouersete,  
Thei fledde a-way and leftt here place;  
The Troyens thanne hem gon chace  
And droff hem to the sees bank,  
And hewes of hem armes & schank;  
The Gruwes for-sothe hadde deye[d] alle—  
So wo that tyme hem was by-falle  
With gret wo and encomber 1—  
Ne hadde ther come a messanger 2  
Out of Troye and brouȝt tydyngeS  
To hem of Troye and to here kynges:  
"That proude Griffons hath taken his toun  
And robbed hit and caste it doun,  
And sclayn alle that thei ther founde  
Stark ded vpon the grounde.'"  
And he him-self that brouȝt thythand  
Might not wel on his feet stande  
Ne on his hors wel ride,  
For he was smetyn thorow the syde,  
He myȝt not wel sitte in pese;  

1 MS. *encombrer.*  
2 MS. *amessanger.*
Lamedon is embarrassed; he blows his horn; his good men approach Troy, and see The Trojans near the shore are surrounded. Hercules slays many.

As they reden to Troye ward, Thei saw come many a lord
Many Gryffions on a srrape With mychel speede and mychel rape.
Thay loked be-hynde hem to the see:
Off hem that fledde how it myȝt be?
He saw hem come be-hynde his bak
Affir him a wel gode schak.

Thenne hadde the Troyens wel gret awe, For thei wiste neuere wheder to drawe, Thei were be-twene her fomen set.
Whan Hercules and thay were met,
Hit was gret del and pite
What martirdom he made to be;
For thai of Grece were mo than thay
The double-fold—sothe to say.

Hercules rides ouerall and rennes— As a fulmard doth affir the hennes— Al forsothe that he tas he sles;
Til he haue doun, he wol not ses.
He makes aboute him styes and wayes, His myȝt on hem he sayes.

As he rode so aboute raykand,
Lamedon is slain by Hercules. Few Trojans escape. Troy is looted.

Lamedon is killed by Hercules

Almost all the Trojans fall; only few escape.

The Greeks then go to Troy, and kill all they meet there.

They plunder all the goods, and carry off all the girls of gentle birth.

Lamedon occisus est.

Lamedon say he fyghtande,
That many a Greu hath sclayn that day;
He rod to him—so weylaway!—
And smot\(^1\) in-two bothe nekke and bon,
And kest the hed fro him anon;
Among the horses ther thei ran.
The Troyens then no counsel can,
When thei sey here lord so dede;
Off hem-self kan thei no rede,
Alle 3ede to dethe that hem abode;
Ther were ffewe that thennes rode,
For thei my3t no ferthere fle
To toure ne toune ne to cite.

Ow Lamedon is ded & sclayn,
And alle the kny3tes on the playn
With-oute the toune on the wolde,
Ther ne was leefft nother 3ong ne olde.
And thei of Grece ben went to Troye
With mery herte and mechel Ioye:
Alle that thei mette ther-In,
Thei dede to dethe, er thei wolde blyn.
Thei dwelled ther a ful\(^2\) monithe\(^3\)
In gode pees and in grithe,
Til thei hadde sought the toune aboute
And robbed hit with-oute doute
Off al the good ther-Inne was,
Er thay wolde thennes pas.
And alle the Maydenes that thei myght fynde,
That comen were of gentil kynde,
That louely were, 3ong, and free,
Thei ledde with hem ouer the see;
And helde hem there in gret seruage,
That were come of gret parage.

As thei of Grece the toune sought

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\(^1\) MS. smot. \(^2\) MS. aful. \(^3\) The MS. first had month, a later hand [?l] made i out of t, put an e behind the h, and alterèd this e to t; so the MS. now reads month.
In Lamedon's palace they find Oxonie, the king's daughter. 

In Lamedon's palace they find Oxonie, the king's daughter.

The Daughter of Lamedon is taken. She was Death to Trojan heroes.

Ciuitas Troicanus destructus est.

And mochel wo the Troyens wroght, [lf. 26.] 1698
Thei fond a fair Mayde and a curtays
In Lamedon kynges paleis,
That was of wonder gret beute,
The fairest may that man myytt se:
Long, and smal, and rijth tretis
Was that mayden schapen y-wys;
That blisful, that swete wyght
Dame Oxonie forsothe sche hight;
Sche was the kynges douȝter Troyene, Getyn in wedlak on the qwene.

Hercules toke Oxonie,
That kynges douȝter of genterie,
And ȝaf here Thelaman to mede,
In-to the toun for he furst ȝede;
For he was the furst man
That toke Troye, when thei it wan.
So weylaway! that sche was born!
So fele gode men for here were lorn
Afftirward wel many a day,
As ȝe afftirward here may;
For bi here roos al the wo,
That sixti thousand knyȝtes and mo
Deyd for her, and al here kyn,
And gode Ector, here owne Cosyn,
And gode Troyle, and Dephebus,
And here brother Priamus,
And Hectuba the gode qwene;
And here douȝter Pollexene;
And alle that to Troye longed
For hir rape the deth ther songed.
Thay of Grece haue robbed the toun,
And brend houses & throwen hem down;
Thay left right nouȝt that ought was worth,

1 MS. troyene; the first e written by later hand over line.
2 This line stands behind the next one in MS.
The Greeks sail home.

That thei ne bar hit with hem forth [lf. 26, bk.] 1732
To ther scheppis and her naue;
And sayled hom in sauete
With alle pe 1 riche tresor of Troye,
And leuyd ther-on with moche Ioye,
For thai were riche for euere more
The while thei on lyue wore.

King Thelaman keeps Oxonie as his leman.

| But Thelaman, that worthi kyng,          | 1740 |
| Dame Oxonie, that lady 3ong,            |      |
| Held alle his lyff to his leman        |      |
| And nold her not to his spouse tan;     |      |
| And sche was grettete than he           |      |
| Or alle his kyn by suche thre;         |      |
| Of her so was his lykyng 2             |      |
| And mo also of his osspryng 3.         |      |

But of here In his lechurie
Wan 4 he that kny3t of chiualrie:
Ayax Thelamonius,
That was so bold and vigurous,
Afftirward that at 1 Troyes batayle
Wrgoth manay 1 gret meruayle.—
Thus was Troye formas lorn and wonne,—
Fille the cuppe who-so konne!

Thro is downe and al to-rent
And lyth on the pament:
Ther nys nou3t stondende an hous
In al the toun to hide a hous 5,
That hit is 1 downe and ouerthrown,
Ther may the wynd wel colde blowen.
That tyme that this chaunce be-fel
Priamus—that sothe to tel—
A noble kny3t and a ful fair,
That was the kynges sone & his air,
Was not at home in that contre:

1 Over line by later hand.  2 A later hand has made many scrawl-
ings and scribblings in this and other lines on this page.  3 MS. osspryng.  4 MS. Whan.  5 MS. amous.
Friamus venit ad patriam suam.

He was fer out of that Cite, [lf. 27.] 1766
A strong Castel to be-sege,
That was holden with his men lege 1768
That were aȝeyn his fadir rebelle.
Off these tythandes herde he telle,
He laffe the sege that was be-gonne,—
And elles for-sothe it hadde be wonne 1772
The castel certes, hadde he a-byden;
But he is thennes with his men ryden
With carful herte and sore wepyng,
Til he wiste the sothe of this tythyng. 1776

Toward Troye he toke the way
With alle his men, the next that lay;
Til he come ther he neure belan.
Than was he a sori 1 man,
When he saw al downe and brend,
And his frendes dede and schend.
He sorwede day and ny3th,
Til he hadde ben a-wroken be his my3th;
He leuyd euere in gret wayment,
Til he was ney-honde yblent.

But at the laste his wo he leffte
And sayde, "he wolde make Troye effte 1780
Wel stronger than it was ore,
Widdur, lengur, and mochel more."

He dede seche ouer-al and sende
Afftir Masons fre and hende,
Sklatteres, Masons, and Carpenter,
And other Men of alle mister,
That schulde be-gynne to make that werk.
Priamus hath sette the merk,
How long, how brod it scholde be;
The wryghtes haue hewen many a tre2,
Postes, Pileres Many and grete;

1 MS. asori. 2 MS. atre.
They cut gray and white marble stones, and set images upon the walls.

The town is three days' journey long, and as broad.

The walls are three hundred feet high.

The lowest cote is fourscore and ten feet high.

The Masons on the stones bete,—

Bothe of Marbil white and gray,—

To make the werk as I 3ow say:

Euere was a ston of Marbil gray,
And another of white, of alle that lay.

Many an ymage ther was grauen,

Wel smethe were thei alle schauen,

To sette with-outen vpyn the walles.

On here chambres and on here halles

Ther was wroght alle maner best,

That was walkynge In any forest,

Were koruen on the walles envirom.

Many fair hous was in that toun.

Any worthi paleys and heyne

Ymade was ther of Masonrye.

Sithen god made first the world,

Off suche on haue 3e not herd

That was so mechel of strengthe:

Hit was thre dayes iornes of lengthe,

And as moche it was of brede—

As men doth on boke rede.

Suche a toune was neuere 3it non,

Ne neuere schal be—by god alon!—

As longe as this world schal stande,

In cristendome ne in hethen lande.

The wal fro the ground strengthe

Were thre hundred fetes on heygthe;

The lowest cote with-Inne the close,

That was wert and lest of lose,—

Sicurly as say alle men,—

Was foure-score fetes of heygthe and ten.

With-out the toune is mad a dike,

Ther was neuere toune that hadde it like!

Hit was diked down plum,
The five Sons of Priamus and Hectuba.

That no man my3th ther-ouer com. [Lf. 28.] 1834

And 3it he dede a paleis make
With-oute the diche, of many a stake,
That no man schulde the diche come to
Ne no harm to the toun do.
Afftir thanne so dede he make
A paleis for his owne sake,
And a rennand1 fair reuer.
But I wol not ther-of speke here,
For afftirward schal 3e here and see,
How [was] that werk of gret noble.

P

Priamus is lord and kyng—
Afftir Lamedons endyng—
Off Troie and many fair Cite
And of many other riche contre.
He hadde a lady to his wyff,
Hectuba, that lonely lyff;
On here gat he children fyue,
The doujtiest men that were on lyue.

¶ Gode Ector the first hyght ;
God made neuere a beter2 knyj3t
Off doujtinesse and of chiualrie
In cristendome ne in paynie.
The secunde brother het Paris,
The fairest knyj3t that lyued ywis.
The thridde name was Dephebus,
A doughti kny3t and vertuus ;
He was wys to 3eue consayl
Off alle that euere fel to batayl.
The fouthe hight Elenus ;
The 3ongest doughti Troylus,
A doughtier man than he was on
Off hem alle was neuere non,—
Saue Ector, that was his brother.

1 MS. arennand. 2 MS. abeter.
That neure was gotten suche another, [lf. 28, bk.] 1868
And Elenus, that was the fourthe,
The wisest knyȝth a-boue erthe:
Off alle science of Clergye,
Retorike, and astronomye,
He was forsothe a wis man 1,
Off alle science that any clerk can.

Priamus and
Hectuba have
also three
daughters:
Clusa, the
wife of Eneas,
who afterwards
betrayed Troy.
Woe on him!
The second
one, Cas-
sandra, was
wise and
witty.
The third
was the
fair
Pollexene.

He got thirty
other sons on
other women.

Troy being re-
built, Priamus
resolves to
hold a festival.

When Troye was wroght to the ende,
Priamus thought In his a-tende,
That he wolde make a greet feste
With all burgeis moste and lest:

1 MS. wisman.
2 On the left side in MS.
3 The MS. has Eueas throughout, cf. also ll. 5521, 7645, 7648, &c.
4 This line in red paint.
The day is set, the feste is made; [lf. 29.] 1901
When thei hadde eten and were glade,

Priamus spak to hem an hey,
With sykyng herte and heuy—
He seyde: 'lوردynges ʒe ben here alle!
The moste partie to me schal falle,
And we haue set a-ʒeyn oure toun
That thei of Grece hadde cast a-doun;
Thei haue don schame and vilonye
To me and to alle my progenye,
And to ʒow, gode men, also:
What schame myʒth thei vs more do
Then scle oure kyng In oure lond,
And bere away alle that thei fond,
And robbe¹ oure toun and brenne,
And lede a-way wymmen and men,
And holde hem there In foule bondage
That we held here of gret parage?
That was—lo—a foule² meschaunce!
It were now tyne to take vengaunce
That haue now oure frendes schent
And vs brought now in gret torment.
For we haue now a Cite strong,
Wide, brode, and wonder long,
To herbare men with-oute mesure.
For thei may not a-ʒeyns vs dure,
In oure owne lond to do vs dere—
Nought the value of a pere!
For we haue frendes gret plente,
That ben allied to ʒow and me,
That schal ben to vs in mayntenaunce
With alle her men and lyauce,
And we ben riche and haue tresoure,
Siluer and gold with-oute mesure,

¹ MS. roble, cf. 2675. ² MS. afoale.
Priamus proposes to send an Envoy to the Greeks, a very clever man.

To make of vitayles purueaunce [lf. 29, bk.] 1935
Tooure allers sustenaunce.
3e wot wele, that alle Assye
Is vndir me, the moste partye;
Wherfore me thenke: by resoun and skyl
We may vs venge, if that we wyl.
But for batayles ben euere in doute,
And er that it be brouzt aboute,
No man wote who schapis the better,
I rede that we sendeoure letter
Or elles Message by som lordyng
To hem of Grece that dide this thyng,
To make a-mendes of thaire trespas
That thei vs dede In this plas,
Off that thei brende and doun threwe
That we haue made a-yeyn newe,
And that thei robbed sooure lond
And sclow oure frendes with here hond.

If they will not do so, but will send back my sister,

But, as nobody can foreknow the end of a war,

I advise that we urge the Greeks by a messenger to make amends.

All agree, but think their envoy must be a very clever man.

But they will not do so, but will send back my sister,

To make of vitayles purueaunce [lf. 29, bk.] 1936
Tooure allers sustenaunce.
3e wot wele, that alle Assye
Is vndir me, the moste partye;
Wherfore me thenke: by resoun and skyl
We may vs venge, if that we wyl.
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But they will not do so, but will send back my sister,
Antenor goes to the Greek King Pelleus as the Trojan Envoy.

That on this Message schuld go,       [If. 30.] 1969
That thei for wratthe dede him not sclo."

The wisest man that thei had
Was Antenor; the kyng him bad
That he schulde on that erande wende,
To wete of hem alle the ende.

Antenor saide: 'sir, by the rode!
To telle the sothe so me be-houede.
I schal 3ow telle ffor no Latyn,
Off I schal therfore be sclayn—
For I am sworen be myn othe,
To say the sothe for leeff or lothe:

I come on Message fro the kyng of Troye
To 3ow, sir kyng,—so haue I ioye!

---

1 MS. To to do.  2 MS. gret me message.  3 MS. aworthi.  4 These two lines in red paint.
Antenor demands redress for Troy. Pelleus scorns his Demand.

The kynge of Troye to 30w me sende  
And asketh, whether 3e wol amende 1
The harme, the schame, the vlyony,
The Manslaughter and the robbery
Off his fadir that 3e sclow,
And of good that 3e fro him drow,
And of his sustir Oxonie,
That 3e haue here In 3oure balye
And make that ladi an hore to be
That is gentelour, then 3e or he
That holdes hir here on suche a manere 2
Sendes him home his sustir dere,
And 3it wol he alle other trespass
For-3eue, when he hir at home has,
And be in qwyte and in pees,
And his fader deth relese
And alle the good that 3e haue of his,
That no contake be-twene 3ow ris.'

When Pelleus kynge had herd this,
He was angered for-sote the y-wys,
With Priamus was he ful wroth;
Fro Antenor a litel he goth,
His mautalent to refrayne
That dede his herte mochel payne
For vilens wordes of Priamus.
To Antenor thanne seyde he thus:
He seyde, "he nolde 3eue a fecche,
He holdes him certes but a wrecche"—
'And thow that hast these tythynges brouȝt:
By him that al this world hath wrouȝt!
But thow go with-oute dwellynge,
In dispite of thi lord thi kynge
I schal do the to vyle dethe
With-oute consayle or other rede!'  

1 In the MS, line 2001 after l. 2002!  2 MS. amanere.
Antenor goes to Thelaman, and demands the return of Oxonie.

Antenor for ferd schoke,
With-oute leue his way he toke
Toward his schip wonder faste
And sayled forth, til he were paste
Out of his lond in-to the see
Fer fro him In his contre.
And sayled forth in his way
Many a ny3th and many a day,
Til he were comen to Salenne;
A fair Cite ther was thenne,
Ther Thelaman dwelled In
That pat Mayden held in syn.

When Antenor herde that tythand,
That Theleman was kyng of that land,
Out of his schip to him he soughte;
And asked, “whether he wolde oughte
With him that he aftir spired ?”
With the Troye[n]s was he a-greued,
For he wiste wel, if that thei my3th,
Thei wolde him reue the worthi wy3th.

Antenor sayde: ‘sir, herkenes now!
The kyng of Troye send me to 30w
And bad 3ow for 3oure curtesye
Sende him home dame Oxonye,
Out of his lond that 3e haue led,
That neuere wolde that lady wed,
But holde hir with 3ow here
As an hore and hores fere,
That is come of more honour
Than 3e, sir kyng, and alle 3our.
And 3if 3e wole this so do,
In pees may 3e for him be so.’

Thelaman stode & these wordes herde,
He swore by him that made this werlde:
But Thelaman threatens him,  "Out of his lond but if he hied,  If he ther-Inne myght be spyled,  He wolde him brynge In-to foule endyng  For Priamus lone, that fals kyng;"—  'But say thi kyng, that me mearuayles—  That nyse Cokard—what him ayles,  Off loue or pees to praye me,—  And 1 alle hise, him, and the,  And alle that ben 3ow toward;  But say, that I make forward:  He schal neuere haue that blisful birde,  But he hir wynne with dynt of swerde;  [I] wan that lady Oxonye  At Troyes toun with Chiuialrie.  Say thi kyng: "be i o wayes  I wol not do that he me prayses."  But hye the faste out of my lond,  Or thow schalt deye with myn hond!'  

Antenor a-vey him spedde,  Off Thelaman was he a-drede;  To his schip wel faste he 3ede  And sayled forth with gret spede,  Til he come to Acayas;  A worthi Cite thanne ther was,  Ther Castor dwelled and kyng Pollus.  When Antenor herde telle thus,  That these bretheren bothe were  In the toun to-gedur there,  He come to hem and tolde his tale  By-fore hem bothe in the sale.  But sicurly the kynges bothe,  When thei herde him speke, thei were wrothe;  In gret wratthe spak Castor  To the knyght sir Antenor,

1 MS. That.
Castor threatens Antenor, who sails to Pilon to see Nestor.

And bad him sese of his spekyng,—
"Or he schulde deye, be heuene kyng!"

He seyde: 'falawe, what-so thow art—
He that made the come hidirward,
I holde him a nyse\(^1\) cokard,
I wot no man of him a-ferd;
A nyse\(^1\) Iauel is he that the sendis,
That we schal make him amendis
Off alle things that is ydon,
Or sende him hom his suster son.

What wrecche is he that biddis vs thus,
When we hate him and he hates vs?
Vs is leuere werre than pees;
We wol not, that he relees
His fader dethe ne no-thyng elles,—
As thow thi message here vs telles—
For we dede his sire neuere suche schame,
That we ne schal do to him the same!
Other amendis wil we not make;
But In his dispite and for his sake
We schul do the to dethe vyle,
Iff thow dwelle here any while!'  

Antenor for wrathe wex al pale,
Wth-out leue a-way he stale,
As faste as he my3th skippe;
He toke the way to his schippe
And sayled a-way to the see,
For ther durst he no lenger bee.
To wende for-sothe to ende his nedis,
To Pilon faste the knyght him spedis;
Ther duk Nestor the knyght be-held,
And his erand as-tyde he teld.
Duk Nestor was ful of wrathe and ire
Toward Antenor, that proudly sire,

\(^1\) MS. any.e.
64 Nestor also rejects the Demand of Antenor, who then returns to Troy.

Nestor changes colour,

That for tene chaunged alle his hewe: [I. 32, bk.] 2137
He wex 30low, bloo, and blewe.
Antenor sees his colour meued,
That he come there ful sore him rewed; 2140
He hoped neuere themne to wende
With-outen deth and schamely ende.
Nestor sayde: ‘thow seruaunt lythur,
How artow so bold these wordes wethur
To speke hem here in my presence,
In my wratthe and myn offence?
Certes! ne were my genterye,
My fredom, and my curtesye,
Thow scholdest not passe fro me on lyue:
That I schulde thi chekis on-sundir dryue,
Or I scholde In 3oure kynges dispit
Thi bodi with hors to-drawe hit
Thorow-out my lond, and take vengeaunce
Off thi proude wordis and contenaunce.
But hye the faste of my sight,
Or—here my trowthe I the plight!— 2156
Thow schalt deye with mechel pyne,
If thow dwelle longe in lond myne!’
Antenor stale away fro him,
He dredde to lese bothe lyff and lym; 2160
He stale to schipe and sayled a-way,
For he dredde Nestor ay.
He sayled forthe on his iornay,
Til he come to Troie contray; 2164
Til he fond manye on glade,
For his come gret Ioye thei made.
Antenor is comen to Troye,
Off his comyng thei made Ioye, 2168
Al that lond and that Cite.
To Priamus as-tyde went he

{ And told }
Antenor tells Priamus his Demands are scorned.

Hic Rex Troianorum iratus est.

And told “what answere that he hadde, [lf. 33.
And how the lordis alle him badde
Out of here lond that he schulde ffle,
Or he scholde honge on a tre’,
Or al to-drawe him lym fro lym
In dispite forsothe of hym;”

‘For thei seythe alle by on sawe,
Thei tolde right nauȝt of thyn awe,
For of thi loue kepe thei nought;
Thi wratthe echon thay sette at nought.
And thi sustir most be bought
Wyth dynt of swerd, or thow getest hir nought.’

When Priamus this vn/dir-stode,
Wel coldful tho was his blode,
Gret sorwe in his herte made,
Ther myght no man that day him glade.
Then was the kyng bothe wan and pale
And sat down stille In the sale;
He was an-angred and greved,
That Antenor was so repreued
On his message a-monges the Grues;
That he come ther, wel sore him rewes,
And that thei set by him so lyght;
He thoght be wreken, if he myght,
Off here euel dedis and answeres,
And so he wol, and so he sweres.
Anon he dede aftir sende
The grete of Troye that were hende,
And spake thus to alle that wore
Comen then to-gedir thore;
He seide: ‘lordynges, 3e wot wel alle,
That ben now sembled In this hal,
I sente message—as 3e me consayled,
Ful wele I wende hit wolde avayled—

1 MS. atre. 2 MS. semblent.

They make Priamus full of sorrow.

He thinks of revenge, and sends for the lords of Troy.

When they are together, he says to them: 'I sent a messenger by your advice
The Address of Priamus to the Parliament of Trojan Lords.

to the Greek kings, who slew my father Lamedon:

To the kynges and lorde of Grece, [lf. 33, bk.] 2205
That robbed 3ow and this contree,
That Lamadon, my fader, sclow,
And 3oure kynrade to hem drow:

demanding that they should make amends,

If thei wolde amendes make
For curtesye and for oure sake,
That we myght In pes be so,
That ther were no more a-do;
Or if thei wold hit not amende,
That thei wolde my sustir sende,
And I and 3e wold be In pes,
And alle oure harmes make reles.

or send back my sister.

But Antenor, our Messenger, Is come home, as 3e se her;
3e haue alle herd of his tythynges,
And what answere fro hem he brynges:
Thei say thei haue of vs no drede,
Thei wolle non amendes bede;
Ne my sustir—the sothe to say—
Fro hem wolle thei not sende a-way,
But holde hir there in feble herues
In my dispit and my reproues.

But Antenor has come back, and you all know his news and answers:

The Greeks are not afraid of us, and will not send back my sister.

Now all people will wonder, why we don't take revenge on those who thus abuse us.

Now schal alle men on vs wondur,
If we so foule schal be put vndur,
That we no-wyse dar take vengaunce
Off hem that dede vs this greuance,
But sendes vs word: "that hem liketh wele
Of that thei dede eche a dele 1,
And that thei greuned vs neuer so sore,
That thei wolde greue vs more."
Wolde it neuer god, that it were so
Al that thei say that myght do!

And as I think we are stronger than they,

And as I think we are stronger than they,

1 MS. adele.
And we ben wel kynned and fyn, [If. 34.]
And haue a toune\(^1\) wil vs tyn.

\[^1\] Wherfore, lorde, me thynketh: gode wore
That we sone strengthe kyd hem thore,
That vs so foule hath reuyled.
I wolde, that thei were be-gyled,
As thei dede vs here of this toune,
Whan thei brende hit & kest it doun.
I wold, we sente ouer the see
Men of Armes gret plente,
That myght haue ryued vn-warned thore
On some of hem, or thay were wore,
And slee and robbe, brenne and reue
Alle that thei founde, and no-thyng leue;
Or if thei myght som ladi wynne,
That comen were of gentil kynne,
That we may holde inoure baylie
In-stede of dame Oxonye.'

\[^1\] The lorde ros vp alle that there ware,
An[d] seide trewely: "thei wold not spare
Body ne good ne non other thyng,
But al schulde be at his byddying,
His comandement and his wille
And of his fomen to fulfille."

Then was Priamus wondur blythe,
And thonked hem an hundred sythe.
Thai toke here leue hom to go
Aud toke hem leue on goddis half tho;
And bad hem thenke on alle thyng
To be euere redi at his sendyng.

Alle the lorde ben home gone;
Priamus is left al alone,
Saue his children and his meyne
Off that contra that were pryue.

---

\(^1\) MS. atoum.
Priamus bids Hector take sole charge of the conduct of the War.

Consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.

He is anoyed and al agrised, [lf. 34, bk.] 2273
That thay of Grece him so dispised;
The water brast out at his eyne,
So hadde his herte mochel pyne. 2276
He saw his children that were him by,
And spak to hem thus al an hy;
He sais: 'lordynges, be 3e ought,
What schame these Grues haue vs wrought!
How thei sclow 3oure gode azel!
And 3et ben thei of herte so fel,
That thei 3oure aunte foule fro 3ow holde
In hordam certes, as vs is tolde,
In schame of 3oures and gret dispite.
He exhorts them to revenge their grandfather's murder,

Me thynketh ther-of, that withalle 3oure mys3e,
Whil 3e are 3onge at 3oure begynnynge,
That 3e sette ther-on alle 3oure konnyng:
Off hem, that were my [fader] bane
And haue my suster fro me tane,
To venge 3ow, 3if that 3e mowe;
For litle prise sette thei be 3owe. 2284

He exhorts them to revenge their grandfather's murder,

And thou, Ector, myn eldest sone,
On my blessyng and on my benysone,
Take this charge holly on the,
I praye the for the loute of me! 2296
For I am fer passed in elde,
That I may not my-self welde,
And thou art hardi, strong, & bolde
Be-fore alle men, and most of tolde;
Thow passes alle men of strengthe & myght,
Men knowen nowher so hardy a knyght.
That arn vnbusom, sterne, and stought 1,
Thow makest hem fayn to the to lought 1;
Thi bretheren alle In hardinesse
Thow passes hem In doubtinesse.

1 MS. stought for 'stout' and lought for 'lout.' These forms show that, to the scribe, gh was not guttural.
Hector undertakes to be Commander-in-chief of the Trojan Army. 69

I make the ther-fore lord and sire [If. 35.] 2307 to be the leader of all the princes, knights, dukes and kings,
Off alle my lond and myn Empire 2308
And also of thi brotheres alle
And alle that eure vnto vs falle;
Prynce, knyjt, duke, and kyng,
Alle schal be at thi byddying.
And take this thyng on the be-dene,
For I make me here-of alle clene
And take hit the here In thyn hond;
For strenger than I thow art to fond
Suche lordschepe to vndirtake.
Say not nay, sone, for my sake!’

Hector sayde: ‘be god almyght!
I am most holden by skyl and right
To venge the dethe of myn aȝel
In stoures stiffe and strong batayle,
For I am eldest—as ȝe haue told—
Off alle my bretheren ȝong and old;
Therfore schulde I be resoun be best
And al my wit ther-to kest.
But on thyng, fader, I pray ȝow, dere,
That ȝe wolde now me here 2328
And haue it in gode memorie:
That ȝe be wele a-vysed and selye,
What ende ȝe hope hit wol come to.
For if it be bygunnen so
And it come to no good ende,
Then be we schent and alle oure frende,
And schal haue a schame 1 ther-by
With-outen ende and vilony.
I haue herd say and red in boke,
That a wis man 2 schal not loke
Afftir a thing that is atte begynnyng,
But eure-e-more afftir the endyng;

1 MS. aschame. 2 MS. wisman.
For many thynges begynnnes wele [lf. 35, bk.] 2341
And in the ende fares amys euery dele.
Wyte 3e not, that alle Aufrik
And al Europe euery stik 2344
Is vndirput to hem of Grece ?
How riche thei ben of rentes and sece ?
And how the lond is ful of kny3tes
That doughti ben and strong of fyghtes ? 2348
Thay ben richer for-sothe then we,
And mo als by thousandis thre !
For Oxonye is not so good,
That 3e, fader, and alle oure blood 2352
For hir scholde to vile deth be brou^t ;
Here ramsoun were to dere brou^t.
Sche may deye with-Inne a throwe,
And sche is old—alle men knowe ;— 2356
Leue therfore that 3e haue thoght,
That 3e ne turne 3oure wil to noght !
Ne thenk not, fader,—I 3ow pray—
That I thes wordes vnto 3ow say 2360
For drede of herte ne cowardyse !
By god of my my^t and seynt Denyse !
But for I wold, thorow prosperite
3oure gret worschepe and digni^e
Lasted euere In reste and pes,
And that 3oure honour schulde neuere sese.

But certes, fadur, I me drede,
If 3e folyly this werre lede, 2368
That 3e begynne a newe debate ;
3e schal lese for euere-more oure state
And oure worschepe and oure name,
And wynne vs schenscheppe and schame.'

Aris sat and held his pes ;
He herkenes al that Ector seys,
Paris urges the War. He will bring back a lovely Greek Girl. 71

When he saw Ector sitte in pes, 2375
Paris ros vp fro the des 2376
And spak on hye, herande hem alle 2377
That stode or sat In that halle ; 2378
He seyth: 'my lord, er 3e wende, 2379
I schal 3ow telle of a good ende 2380
That we schal haue of oure batayle, 2381
If we the Grues wol assayle.
How scholde we by skyl be a-ferd?
Suche a toun is non [on] mydlerd,
As is this toun is nowher non;
Ther is no man with fleche ne bon,
That in our toun may vs confounde;
It is so strong of walle and grounde.
Sende 3oure men and 3oure naue
Boldely, sir, ouer the see!
And als god 3ow mote amende,
Loke that 3e me with hem sende;
For I wot wel: it is my chaunce
To do the Gregeys gret greuaunce,
And oute of Grece to 3ow brynge
A gentil lady fair and 3ynge,
That is comen of gentil blode,
As fair and as gode
And as gret of genterye
As 3oure suster Oxonye.
And if 3e aske how I wot this,
I schal 3ow telle—so haue I blis:

And Hector's speech, Paris rises and says:
'I foretell a good end of our battle, if we assail the Greeks,
No such town as ours is elsewhere on earth.
Send our army and navy boldly over the sea!
And send me with them, for it is my chance to do the Greeks much harm,
and to bring from Greece a gentle, fair young lady.

Mercurius told me this in my sleep:

The noble god Mercurius
In my sclepyng he told me thus;
How, and wenne, and in what wyse,—
I schal 3ow telle, or 3e aryse.

This endir day, when I was sent
At 3oure biddyng and comandement

If.

Whan he saw Ector sitte in pes, 2375
Paris ros vp fro the des 2376
And spak on hye, herande hem alle 2377
That stode or sat In that halle ; 2378
He seyth: 'my lord, er 3e wende, 2379
I schal 3ow telle of a good ende 2380
That we schal haue of oure batayle, 2381
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How scholde we by skyl be a-ferd?
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I schal 3ow telle, or 3e aryse.

This endir day, when I was sent
At 3oure biddyng and comandement
Paris relates his Dream of three Goddesses being brought to him.

Hic Paris Filius Regis Troiani narratit patri suo de sompno suo.

When I was hunting in Little India, I 3ede to hunte the hert & hynde.

I found no deer till the afternoon. Off al that day fond I no best.

Then I was aware of a fair great hart; Then was I war of a grete hert,

I followed him till night, and then lost sight of him. I folwed him, til hit was nyght,

After having lain down and fallen asleep, And til of him I loste the syght

methought I saw a bright god bring to me three fair goddesses: Me thoght I saw a wondir thyng:

Pallas, I saw a god bryghter then the glemyng

Juno, Come to me in my dremyng,

1 MS. to the. 2 MS. agod.
The thridde goddesse was dame Venus.
That come with god Mercurius.

Mercurius sayde: "loke vp, Paris,
So haue thow Ioye In erthe or blis!
By-holde Right wel these thre goddesse,
For thei ben alle in gret distresse,
For a stryff is be-twene hem raysed;
But thorow the it schal be pesed,
For pei haue put hem in thi dome.
Loke therfore, thow 3yue gode gome,
That thow 3eue now rightful Iugement
Afftir thi sight and thin entent.

These thre goddesse this endur day
Sat at the feste of gret noblay;
An Appul was to hem ybroght,
A wondur fair and qweyntly wroght.
That appul is with-oute doute
With lettres of gold wreten aboute:
That it scholde trewly 3euen be
To the ffairest of the thre.
If that thow wol so moche do
That thow 3eue it dame Iuno,
So worthi a man In al this world
Is non leuyng—as man has herd,—
As sche treuly schal the make
For that semely appul sake.
And if thow 3eue it goddes Pallas,
Sche schal the 3eue, or thow pas,
Wit, and wisdam schaltow haue
More than thow woldest craue.
And 3if thow 3eue it to dame Venus,
Sche bad, I scholde telle the thus:
The ffairest wiff that is in Greece
To thi merite therfore sche bese.
Now loke wele, how thou demes, [lf. 37, bk.] 2477

I looked at them for a long time, and saw them all naked.

Venus seemed to me to be the fairest; and I gave her the apple. She promised me the fairest wife of Greece.

So you may let me pass the Greek sea. I shall do them much harm, for the gods do not lie.'

Then Dephebus says:
'If men knew beforehand that an undertaking would go amiss, nobody would begin anything at all.'

Vt sir Dephebus ros vp than,
And his reson thus be-gan 2504

And seide: 'lordynges, if it were so,
Off ech a thyng that men schulde do,
If thei caste that noht be-falle,
Nis no man 2 of vs nowher, bonde ne thralle,
That any-thyng scholde be-gynne, fro drede
That he scholde faye or euel spede.

1 MS. landoun. 2 MS. noman.
Therefore send Paris and me with ships; and if we win any noble lady, the Greeks will be glad to give back your sister for her sake.'

Elenus then rises and says: 'Father, beware!

I know all that will happen, and never yet told you a lie.

And so may we our chalange werke, For alle men schame now of vs speke.'

Elenus, the brother fourthe, Ros and stood vpon the erthe And seyde: 'fader, loke 3e be war, And alle that in this paleis ar!

3e wot wele alle, I haue ben ay Lered wele and can sothe say Off enery a thynge that is to come;
And that wot 3e bothe alle and some, That I seide neuere 3it prophecie, That it ne was sothe with-oute lye.

And I telle 3ow that ben here, And namely 3ow, my fader dere, That, if 3e sende my brother Paris To the lond of Greece y-wis

To Robbe, to reue, or harme to do, Alle we schal dye, and 3e also, And my Moder, 3oure wyff, the qwene, And alle 3oure sonses, and Pollexene;
And al this town schal turne to nau5t, If 3e fulfille that 3e haue thou3t:
For sikurly hit schal be brent, I-thrownen doun, and al to-rent.'

When Elenus hadde told his tale, The kyng fro drede gan wexe pale, Off his wordes was he a-ferd sore, And so were alle that there wore.

1 MS. achaunge.
Troylus laughs at Elenus, and urges the Trojan Lords to war.

His wordes thenne alle gon a-fere, [lf. 38, bk.] 2545
For thei wiste wele he' lyed neuer;
Ther was no man In that paleis
Amonges hem alle ther o word seys;
But sat alle stille everychon,
As who hadde schauen hem a croun 1.

Troylus starts up and says:

Troylus saw, thei sat al stille;
That knyght thoght ther-at ille,
Vpon his feet he start vp blyue
And seide: 'lordynges, so mote 3e thryue!
What may this be that 3ow now ayles?
For a caytiff herte ffayles,
Hauie 3e ther-of alle suche wondur?
Off men sought amonges a hundur,
A ffeblere herte schulde 3e not ffynde
Thow 3e sought henne in-to Inde;
3e 3eues him alle to clergie,
For he is ferd of Chiualrie.
Lete him go, if he be aferd,
To the temple, and schaue his berd,
And helpe the Clerkes belles to rynge,
And make him a prest 2 a masse 3 to syngge!
And that haue schame and drede
Off vilynge that men him bede,
Lete him go venge here mortel foos,
And flie reproues and wyn hem loos!
He is a fole 4 that wolde trowe,
That any man on erthe knowe
Off thing that is to come the sothe,
For suche is non, with-outen othe!
For chiualry wel sore he hates,
He wol neuer-more were yren plates.
Wherfore, sir kyng, are 3e frayed
And of his wordes euel payed?

1 MS. acrown.  2 MS. aprest.  3 MS. amasee.  4 MS. afole.
All assent; Paris and Dephebus raise an Army in ‘Pauonye.’

Hic concordati sunt de consilio eorum.

Dightes 3oure schipes and sende 3oure men [If. 39.] 2579
To greet Grece by thousandes and ten, 2580
And venge 3ow on 3oure enemys,
And turne 3oure schame to lose and pris!'
When he hadde sayd, he sat him doun,
And alle that were of that toun 2584
Blessed him for his manhede
And seide: “he was wise and good of rede.”
Thai seyde echon with-outen fayle:
“Thai wolde do Troylus consayle;” 2588
Thei bad the kyng: "how so it fare,
He scholde dyght his men al 3are;
No lengur thei wolde abyde
In-to Grece alle for to ryde.”

Now ben thei alle at on acorde,
Kyng and prince, duke and lorde,
In-to Grece for to go,
Be hit to wele or to wo. 2596

Priamus called with-oute more
His sone Paris to him thore,
And Dephebus, the brother thridde,
And bad him go hem mydde. 2600
He bede hem go to Pauonye
And gadur ther her gret chyualrye,
Knyghtes fele of gret feute,
To wende with hem ower the see. 2604

And thei anon with-oute abode
Toke ther leue and thedur rode.
When thei were come to that prouyne,
Thai told here erand to the prync;
Here askyng was not of him werned,
At his power he dede here herend.

The morwe sone, whan it was day,
Priamus sente by euery a way¹ 2612

¹ MS. away.
Hic Rex mandavit post Magnatos Troianos.

His Messangeres of Troye to crye, [lf. 39, bk.] 2613
That euery lord scholde faste hye
To his paleis with-oute dwellyng,
To here a-monges hem his tellyng.

Thei sped hem faste and zede anon;
When thei were comyn euerychon,
Kyng Priamus to hem thus sais:
'My trewe lordes, my trewe burgeis!
To 3ow alle it is right couthe,
How we ben in euery mannes mouthe
For the scheame and vilonye,
The Mansclau3ter and the robberye,
That Gregeis dede sumtyme to oure.
I wolde ther-fore by consayl 3oure
Venge vs alle, if we myght,
Off oure enemys, and that is right.

I thenke to sende Paris my sone,
To venge vs, if he conne.
But for I nolde noght a3eysns 3oure wil
Do no-thyng, and that is skyl,
I wol not do with-oute 3oure assent,
And theryfore afftir 3ow I sent.
Say me now 3oure owne lykyng:
How lykes 3ow my begynnyng?'

Ther was a knyt, het Partheus,—
His fader hight Euforbius,—
He seyde: 'my lord, my dere kyng!
I am 3oure knyght and 3oure vndirlyng,
3oure lordschepe to knowe and renuerence :
I hadde a fadir of gret science,
Ther was not In Europe ne in Assy
e
So wyse a man of Philosophye;
He tolde me offte—so god me spede!—
That, if Paris to Grece 3ede,
The Warning of Partheus. But Paris is to go to Greece. 79

A wyff with fors for to wynne,  
That 3e ther-by and alle 3oure kynne  
Schamely schul dye, and this fair toun  
Schal be brend and thrawen doun.

Therefore, my lord, my kyng dere,  
Venge the not In suche manere  
That 3e and 3oures be alle for-don!  
Leue 3oure purpos and turne it son!  
And if 3e wol algates wende,  
The Gregeis to qwelle and to schende,  
Let another then Paris go,  
Or elles we gon alle to wo,  
And alle kyn and al oure lynage  
Schal turne to nought; and this vilage,  
That is so noble, strong, and gay,  
Schal be brend with ffr a-way.'

GRete noyse and mochel cry  
Was 1 among the lordes witterly  
In the halle, when he thus sayde;  
Thei were echon with him euel I-payde,  
Thei [bad] him of his wordes sese  
And holde him stille and be in pese;  
Thei held al fals that he tolde,  
Thei sayde: "he raued, for he was olde;"  
Thei seyde echon by on speche,  
That Paris schold go to take wreche.—  
But when this word was told to Cassandre,  
That thei wold sende Alysandre  
In-to Grece to brenne and robbe,  
Sche by-gan to syke and sobbe 2.

Sche seyde: 'alas, that fair Cite!  
Noble Troye, thi destene
Is hard and wicke, that the schal falle!  
Tour and bour and other houses alle

1 MS. was. 2 MS. soble, cf. l. 1915.
The Lamentations of Cassandra. Priamus scorns them.

With-Inne a while it schal be doun thrawen, [lf. 40, bk.]
And alle schal be brend, with ffir sclawen.'

Alas, Priamus! What sin have you done, that you shall die so soon?

Why do you let Paris go to Greece?

Then she bids her father think of himself and his family, as they'll all die soon, if Paris goes to Greece.

But Priamus mocks her, and sends her away.

Had he followed her counsel, he'd not have died so soon.

Afftir then seide sche thus:

‘Alas, thow gode kyng Priamus!
What is thi synne that thow hast don,
That thow and thyne schal dye thus son?
And thow, my sadur ¹, what is thi synne,
That thow art wounden ² and lapped Inne?
And alle that euere thow hast born,
Schaltow se before the lorn.

Whi let ³e now Paris wende
In-to Greece, that vs schal schende?

Sche ran doun thenne in-to the halle,
And on her knees be-gan to falle,
And seyde: ‘lord kyng, I praye the:
Rewe on thi-selfff, thi wiff, and me,
And on thi sones faire and bolde!
For if it be—as men me tolde—
Iff that Paris to Greece schal wende,
Ther is no man ³ that schal defende,
That we ne schal dye with-Inne a while ⁴
Schenful dethe forsothe and vile.'

He bad hir go to hir chambur
And folde hir kercheues of silk & lambur.
So weylaway that it was so,
That he nolde afftir hir do!
For hadde he don afftir hir rede,
Hadde he not so sone ben dede,
Ne the Cite not be brent,
Ne alle hir kyn so foule be schent,
In al the world suche a Cite ⁵
Neuere was ne neuere schal be.

It was afftir vpon a day
In the monthe certes of May,

¹ Read modur? ² MS. wounded. ³ MS. noman. ⁴ MS. awhile. ⁵ MS. In al the world was suche a Cite.
Hic venit Paris ad Insulam Thitharie.

When Paris come fro① Pauonye  
And broght with him gret chialrye;
Thre thousand knythes that were assayed
Broght with him wel arayed;
And alle here schippis were redy dyght
And fraught with vitayles and wel pight.

And Priamus bid Polimodas,
Antenor, and Eueas,
That thei with Paris to Grece schulde wende,
To brynge this thyng to an ende.
Thei toke leue as-tyde and 3ede
To here schippis with mechel spede.
Thei sayled euere bothe day and nyght,
Til thei hadde of Grece a syght;
Thei saw an Ile of Gregeis land—
Het Thitharie, I vndir-stand ;—
Toward that Ile drow thei faste.
When thei come there, anker thei caste,
And tyed here schippis in that porte
And 3ede to londe to take disporate.

In that Ile of Thitharie
 Was a temple of Auncetrie
Set In honoure of Veneris,
Ther sche hadde mochel worschepe ywis ;
For alle the men of that land
Make to here gret offerand
Off siluer, gold, and tresour ;
Ther was richesse with-oute mesour.
For thei truste alle and vndirstode,
That no man myght do but gode,
The whil thei hadde help of here
Many a lond and many a schire.
For then held thei an hye feste-day
Off that goddesse with gret noblay :

① MS. to.
On here manere and there a-vise [lf. 41, bk.] 2749
Thei made to here gret sacrifice
Off Bolles, Bores, and other bestes.
When Paris herde of these festes, 2752
¶ He wente to that solennite,
The temple and that Ioye to se ;
And his ffelawys with [him] 3ede,
Semely dyght in golden wede,
And offered there, as other dede,
And his felawes forth myde.

He is clad like a king; the Greeks never saw a handsome man. 2756
¶ He was apparyled as a kyng;
Alle men seide, bothe old and 3yng:
"So fair a man saw thei neuere non,
Made in erthe of blod ne bon."
Men askede alle : "what he myght be,
And when he was, and of what contre,
And what he did in that lond thore ?"
Men spak of him bothe lasse & more,
Off his beute spak 3onge and olde.
At the laste the word was tolde 2768
¶ To qwene Eleyne, that was fair and milde,
That dwellid a litel with-oute the Ilde
In a castel gret & strong.
The los of Paris so wide sprong 2772
Off his noblay and beute,
That Elene saide : "sche wolde him se."
Sche did hir dight an hors of pris,
And toke with hir other ladies,
And 3ede thedir with hir comperes,
And in the temple made hir prayeres
To the goddesse that ther sat,
And made hir offryng aftir that.
Whan Paris herde of hir telle,
To the temple 3ede he snelle,
Paris and Helena fall in love with one another.

Gloriously and richely dight,  
And stode euene In hir syght;  
For he hadde many a long day  
Be-fore herd telle of hir & say,  
"That sche was the fairest wiff  
Off alle wymmen that euere bar lyff."

Aris thenne with meke mode  
A^eyn the qwene he 3ode and stode,  
And loked on hir euere in on ;

Thoghth him neuer that he hadde sen,  
Sithe in this world he hadde ben,  
Alle his hert was on hir set,

And when sche hadde of him a syght,  
Hir thoght him the fayrest knyght  
That sche hadde sene In al hir lyue ;  
Sche wolde wel fayn haue ben his wyiie.

Sche loked on him, and he on hir;  
Eyther other now desir,

How thei myght theire loue fulfille,  
Ne how to schewe here herte wille.  
But atte laste thei drowe hem nere

And spak to-gedir so In-fere,

That, er that thei thennes wente,  
Thei were bothe at on assente.

He toke then leue at qwene Eleyne,  
Off here spekyng he was fayne;

To his schippis he him hied,  
Ther thei stode faste tied.

He did a-non to him calle  
His felawes and his meyne alle ;  
When thei were comen to him thore,

He seide: 'lordynges, lesse and more!'
Paris proposes to rob the Temple of Venus,

3e wote wel whi we come hidur,  [If. 42, bk.] 2817
And what 3e wolde, and also whedur.

The principal cause of oure comyng
Is to aryue on Thelamon, the kyng,  2820
Our kynges suster for to wynne
With fight of sword or other gynne.
But sekirly that may we not!
We may not do that we haue thoght,
For he is strong and hath gode frende;
We gete hir not out of his bende,
Ne we ben not of pouste
Vnto hadde ne to take the Cite.

Wherfore, my dere lordynges,
That I telle 3ow now this tythynges:

In this Ile is now a qwene,
The fairest lady that man may sene,
That comen is of gret kynrede,
That Menelaus kynge has wede.
And in the temple—3e wot wel alle—
Arne clothes fele of gold and palle,
Ther [is] of gold gret plente,
Off siluer also gret quantite,
Siluer vessel ther is ynow.
Hit is a stede for oure prow;
We may be riche, if we wille,
And if 3e wolde assente ther-tille.

I rede, that we to-nyght echon,
When nyght is comen & day gon,
That we do on oure basynettis bryght,
And when we be armed and dight,
That we go robbe the temple sone
With-outen lyght of sonne or mone;
And al that we fynde ther-Inne,
Bere it away, or we be-lynne,
and carry off Helena. The Trojans plunder the Temple.

Hic Paris cepit Insulam cum Castello.

To oure schippis and leue it thore, [lf. 43.] 2851
And make vs riche for euermore; 2852
And al men that we ther fynde,
And wymmen also of gentil kynde
Lede we to oure contreis—
Gret worschepe hit were by alle weyes— 2856
And specially that lady fre,
Quene Eleyne, if it may be.
Iff we may hir home brynge
To oure contreis, and tythyng sprynge 2860
A-monges the Grues, that sche is tan,
And Menelaus fynde hir gan,
He schal be fayn a chaunge to make
Off Oxonye, I vndirtake. 2864

Lete se now, what se say?
Er nyght be gon and comen day,
I rede that we now take oure grace,
That god sende vs, whil we haue space.’ 2868
Some assented wel ther-to,
And some seyn “it is noght to do;”
But thei acorded atte laste,
When the day was gon and paste, 2872
And the sonne was went adoun,
And alle men on slepe In the toun,
To harme hem, when it was late,
And to the temple toke here gate, 2876
And robbed & reued alle that thei fond,
And ledde with hem In-to the lond:

Nght is comen, and day is went,
The Troyens haue here armour hent,
To the temple ben thei gon,
Paris and his men echon.
Alle that thei founden thei robbed & reft;
That ought was, no thyng was lefft. 2884

1 MS. almen. 2 A word has been erased here, and this second was is written upon the erasure.

And carry off all the men and women we find there, especially Queen Eleyne.

Menelaus will be glad to exchange her for Oxonie.

They agree to do so.

In the night Paris and his men go to the temple, rob all they find there,
The Trojans carry off Helena, slay Greeks, and plunder their Castle.

Alle that in the temple was founden,  [If. 43, bk.] 2885
Was to-geder lapped and wounden
And born in coffres to the see
And herbard ther-Inne in here naue.  2888
And Paris toke that lady swete
And led hir to his schippis schete,
And lefft hir there In the same kepyng
And other fele with hir wepyng.  2892

When Paris hadde on this wise done,
He 3ede a3eyn thedur sone
And toke echon to his seruage,
Man and womman, wiff and Page,
Ther was of this a wondir cry.
Ther stode a Castel a litel ther-by,
Gret, and stiff, and ful strong,
With dyche and walles wide and long;
Men of armes that Castel 3emed.
Whan that thei herd wyumen so remed,
Thei hadde meruayle what it myght be;
Thei resen vp, the sothe to se.
But of tythandes when thei herde,
How thei of Troie with hem ferde,
Thei armed hem with mochel haste;
But sekirly it was but waste,

For thei of Troye were mo than thai,—
The furthe dowble, I dar wel say—
And sclow hem foule, when thei were met;
Thei were with hem so ouer-set,
That thei myght not fro hem fle
Ne at here 3ates take entre;
Thei folwed hem so, that thei myght not pas.
And al the riches that ther was,
That thei myght fynde, that ought was worth,
Thei of Troye bar with hem forth.

The defenders of the castle

The defenders of the castle attack the Trojans, but are slain,

and their castle is plundered by the Trojans.
Hic Paris rapuit Elenam vxorem Menelan. [sic] Regis.

And eche man than with his god schippes [lf. 44.] 2919
And alle here good thedur skippes, 2920
And drow vp sayl and hyed hem fiaste
In-to the see, that thei were paste.

Paris hath now Eleyne wonne;
To take the see thei haue by-gonne, 2924
Thei sayled alle on a rawe,
Til thei were come ther thei were knawe,
The lond of Troye, Then were thei glad.
When thei were comen & the lond had, 2928
Thei were glad ther-of echone;
Saue Eleyne thanne made moche mone,
Fro hir lond that sche hath lorn,
And hir doughter that sche hadde born, 2932
And fro the kynges hir bretheren bothe.
But Paris therfore was ful wrothe.
He comforted hir and bad hir ses,
Leue hir sorwe and be In pcs. 2936
He called to him his Messanger
And bad him take a good Courser
And [ride] to Priamus, the kyng,
And telle him this tydyng:
"That he was comen to Thenedown
Saue and sound, with many a moun
That he hath wonnen with his hond
To be In seruage In his lond,
And that he hath broght so fair a lady,
To be In stede of Oxonye,
Off the gentillest kyn and blode,
That was be-3onde the Grekis flode."

The Messager as-tyde forth rode
To Priamus with-outen abode,
He tolde him tydynges of Paris:
"How he was comen home y-wys,
1 MS. And that.
Paris leads Helena to Troy. Priamus welcomes them.

When Priamus hears the news, he calls together all the Trojan lords, who are full of joy.

Next morning Paris with Eleyne rides to Troy;

Antenor, Dophebus, Eneas, and Polidonias accompany them.

Priamus and his barons go to welcome them.

And how he hadde by-3onde ywroght,  [Iff. 44, bk.] 2953
And of the qwene that he hom broght."

When Priamus herde these tythand,
He myght vnethe for Ioye stand
Opon his fete, so was he glad;

Alle the grete of Troye he bad
Come to him, tythandes to here.
And when his court was al plenere,
He bad him do his message
To alle the lordes that there were¹.
And he tolde hit al an hye,
That alle myght here that stood nye;

Then were Joyful the Troyens,
And gret Ioye made the citseyns.

Next morning Paris dede Eleyne wel dyght
Richely In gay wede,
And broght to hir a noble stede,
And he sette hir ther-on
And rode themne fro Thenedon
Toward Troye a wel soffte pas.
And his prisoneres he has
Sent by-fore vpon a route
With men and knyjtes alle aboute;

He made hem wende a litel before,
And he him-self and Antenore,
Dephebus and Eueas,
And also Polidonias,
Come afftirward with qwene Eleyne,
Rydyng soffte vpon the pleyne,
Til thei come at Troye ney-hande.
But out of the toun come ridande

Kyng Priamus with his baronage
And salute hem alle with good visage,

¹ Perhaps we ought to alter the last three words to:  & baronage.
The Marriage of Paris and Helena. The after Merry-making. 89

Hic Paris desponsuit Elenam Reginam.

And afftirward 3ede to the qwene [Iff. 45.] 2987
And profered hir his owne to bene. 2988
And so rode thay alle to Troye;
The folk ther-Inne made mochel Ioye,
Ther was gadered alle the toun
With mochel Ioye and processioun,
With alle Musik and menstrasye,
To kepe the qwene of genterye.

Priamus lyght of his palfray
At the 3ates In-myddes the way, 2996
And toke him-self qwene Eleyne
Amongis hem alle by the rayne,
And lad hir him-self alweys
Thorow the toun to his paleys.

Then on the morwe, when thei saw tyme,
A litel while be-fore the prime,
3ede lady Eleyne and sir Paris
Vnto the temple Palladis
And weddid hem to-gedir thore.
For afftirward it rewed hem ful sore,
And alle the gladnesse that thei hadde tho,
Turned hem to sorwe and to wo.

Now hath Paris weddid Eleyne;
Troyens ben ther-of wel fayne,
Mochel murthe and festes thei make
For sir Paris and Eleyn sake.
This riche feste lastis al-wayes
Til hit were xvijj dayes,
And alle the men of the Cite
Tentid to noght but to gamen and to gle.
But when Cassandre herde that tale,
That thei hadde mad a newe bridale
Off qwene Eleyne and Alisaundre,
Mechel dole made thenne Cassaundre.

All ride to Troy;
the Trojans welcome
Eleyne with
music and
minstrelsy.

Priamus leads her
through the
town to his
palace.
Next morning
Eleyne and
Paris are
married in the
temple of
Pallas. All
their glad-
ness turned
afterwards to
sorrow and
woe.

The Trojans
make merry
for eighteen
days.
Cassandra’s Lamentations. She warns all of their coming Woe.

But Cassandra laments:

Sche cried, sche wepid, and so ferde, That alle the Paleis here noyse herde. That alle the Paleis here noyse herde.
To the temple sche hir hyed, To the temple sche hir hyed,
And on the Troyens loude sche cried; And on the Troyens loude sche cried;
Sche seide: ‘alas, vnwitti men, Sche seide: ‘alas, vnwitti men,
Caytiff Troyens, and wyrrmen! Caytiff Troyens, and wyrrmen!
Whi make 3e alle this Ioye and song? Whi make 3e alle this Ioye and song?
Sicurly 3e haue gret wrong To make suche Ioye of here wedlak,
To make suche Ioye of here wedlak,
For it schal greue 3ow alle the pak, For it schal greue 3ow alle the pak,
For 3e schul se 3oure children sclayn For 3e schul se 3oure children sclayn
For weddyng of dame Eleyn, For weddyng of dame Eleyn,
And 3e 3oure-self Caytynes schal dye And 3e 3oure-self Caytynes schal dye
For mochel wo and turmentrye. For mochel wo and turmentrye.

A noble Troye! that art so hye,
This weddyng schaltow dere abye! This weddyng schaltow dere abye!
Thow schalt be thrown down in haste Thow schalt be thrown down in haste
For this weddyng, and lefft al waste! For this weddyng, and lefft al waste!
A Hectuba, gentil qwene! A Hectuba, gentil qwene!
Whi tholed thow alle that wo and tene Whi tholed thow alle that wo and tene
In thi noble children burthe, In thi noble children burthe,
When this vnsely caytff murthe Schal reue the alle thi sones here, Schal reue the alle thi sones here,
And Polexene, that is the dere; And Polexene, that is the dere;
And thow thi-self schal dye ther-by, And thow thi-self schal dye ther-by,
And thi lord also witterly! And thi lord also witterly!
Wiste 3e, what her-of wolde be-falle, Wiste 3e, what her-of wolde be-falle,
3e wolde lette this weddyng alle 3e wolde lette this weddyng alle
And sende hir home ouer the see And sende hir home ouer the see
To him that schulde hir lord be. To him that schulde hir lord be.
A Eleyne, thow wicked best! A Eleyne, thow wicked best!
Wo worth thi bones and thi fair fest! Wo worth thi bones and thi fair fest!
So inychel wo, or long be gou, So inychel wo, or long be gou,
As thow schalt make to vs echon! As thow schalt make to vs echon!
Cassandra is imprisoned. The Grief of Menelaus at the loss of Helena. 91

Suche sorwe sche made, and many mo [lf. 46.] 3055
Cassandre made among hem tho. 3056
But Priamus bad hir sitte stille,
For alle the toum thought ther-of ille.
For sche nolde do his byddying
For wele ne wo ne other thyng,
Then putte thei here in distresse
For here crying and hir wodnesse.

E Leyne is weddid to Paris
With mochel murthe and Ioye y-wys ; 3064
Eche man ther-of Ioye has,
Thei ledyn here lyff In gret solas.
But when the kyng Menelaus
Herde telle of this chauns,
That thei of Troye hadde lad away
Quene Eleyne vnto here pray,—
That was his owne gentil wiff,
That he loued as his lyff,—
Suche a sorwe to him he cau3te,
That his deth almost he lau3te:
He lay in swone longe, or he spak ought,
So was he so ney the dethe broght ; 3076
But when he reuerted and ros a3eyn,
'Alas,' he seyde, 'thow faire Eleyn!'
He made for hir gret waymentynge,
He my3th not se for his gretynge.

Duke Nestor come and herde
How that Menelaus ferde,
And comforted him with al his myght,
When he saw him in suche a plyght. 3084
But he no-wise myght comfort haue,
For he ferde as he scholde raue;
He toke his hors with-out abode
And to his lond wel faste he rode ;
And duke Nestor with him 3ede,— [If. 46, bk.] 3089
He wolde not leue him In that nede ;— 3092
For whan Troyens dede this trespas,
Menelaus at home not was,
He was with duke Nestor, that sire,
At his Cite that men called Pire.
When he was to his lond y-come,
His men were glad alle and some ;
Vn-to his brother a lettre ¹ he lete dyght,
That Agamenon that tyme hyght,
And to Pollus, and to kyng Castor,—
That I haue spoken of be-fore,—
That were his wyues bretheren bothe :
He prayed hem for leue or for lothe,
That thei scholde come with-outen dwellyng
And speke with him for any-thyng.

T O him 3ede these thre kynges,
When thei herde telle of these tydynges.
When Agamenon kyng was ware
That his brother was so ful of care,
He seyde : ‘brother, for heuene kyng !
Whi makestow al this waymentyng ?
Iff thow haue cause suche dole to make,
Lete it passe and ouer-slake !
For in sorwe and dele-makynge
Lenges non honour ne wynnyng.
The more sorwe thow mase,
Thi fomen gladdur is.
Thow greues alle that ben thi frende ;
Leue ther-fore and make an ende,
And seke vengaunce of this ilke dede !
And that is worschepe and manhede ;
The maner is of euery good knyght,
Off wrong, of schame, and of dispite.

¹ MS. alfré.
all the Greek Kings for aid. They'll gladly give it.

That him is don, vengaunce to take [lf. 47.] 3123
And not to wepe ne sorwe make. 3124

Leue brother! wostow euery dele,
That alle the kynges wele
Ben oure ffelawes and oure ffrenede
And wol with vs In oure help wende,
Off this Mescheff and this myschaunce
Off hem of Troye to take vengaunce?
Ther nys no kyng, and we him pry
To wende with vs, wol not say 'nay';
To alle the kynges of that land
And we schal do hem to vndirstand,
How thei the lond haue robbed and brend,
And sclayn thi men and foule hem schend,
And led away Eleyn, thi wyff,
And lefft thi-selff in wo and striff,
In dispite and In gret Ire
Off alle the kynges of Grece empire,
For the schame that thei dede hem,
Thei haue on vs venged hem.
And when thei heere of this tythandes,
Ther is no kyng of Grece landes,
That thei wol come with grete meyne
And wende with vs ouer the see,
And venge vs of the vylony
That we haue for dame Oxony,
And wynne a9eyn thi wiff Eleyne,
Maugre ther tethe, be thow certeyne!

Menelaus held his pees,
Off his sorwe he gan to sees;
At his biddyng and his counsayle
Thenne by-gan this clerkes to tayle
Parchemyn and lettres dite,
And many another afther to write.
Menelaus’s Letters. Castor and Pollux are drowned.

Hic Agamenon frater Menelaij misit litteras suas ad Reges Grecorum.

To all the Greek kings, to help him in taking vengeance for the carrying off of Eleyne.

Both her brothers were so wrathful, that they went on board at once to follow and kill Paris, but were drowned in a heavy tempest.

But sykurly to seye the sothe:
Bothe here bretheren were so wrothe,

Whan thei herde telle of this
That here suster ferd amys,—
Thei nolde a-byde for no flot,
But toke ther men and schippus ful hot
And zede als caste In-to the see
With thaire men and here naue;
For thei wende wele hem ouer-tane
Paris sone, and bene his bane.
But sykurly thei sayled not longe,
On In the see the wedur spronge,
That thei were drowned bothe two
And alle here men with hem also.
Hit was not fully two dayes past,
That thei were drowned bothe schip and mast,
And leffte here lyues ther to-gedur
In that tempest and that wedur.

A

Gamenon and his brother
To Thelaman and many other
Kyng and duke ther lettres sente,
To alle that dwelled fer or hente,
To the lond of Grece that langed;
And thei here lettres gladly fanged,
And whan thei hadde here lettres red,
Eneryche a kyng to hem thanne sped

1 MS. Gregeyns.
The Greeks choose Agamemnon their 'Emperor.'

Hic Reges Grecorum elegerunt Agamenon Imperatorem.

And come to hem many a myle, 

So that thei were with-Inne a while

Mo then sixti kynges thore,

That alle to Grece langed wore.

When thei were comen alle in present,

And non of hem was absent,

Menelaus told his cas:

"How he his wifl lorn has,

And how thei brende also his tounes

In dispite of alle the Gryffounes."

When alle the kynges herde this tale

How Troyens hadde don hem bale,

And hadde these grete playntes,—

Thei made a vowe to god and to his seyntes:

"That thei schuld gadre her naue

And wende with him ouer the see,

And with alle here men & here retenu

Wynne \( \text{\textsuperscript{1}} \) Eleyne his dru,

And throwe doun Troye and al to-brenne,

And venge hem on here fomene.

But it was good”—the lordes seyde alle—

"For thynges that myght befalle,

That thei chese hem an Emperour

To be alther gouernour,\

That were amonges h\( \text{\textsuperscript{em}} \) most of myght,

And ouer-se h\( \text{\textsuperscript{em}} \) alle with his syght;”—

'To rewle vs alle and to gounere,

Erly and late, loude and derne;

And that eche man do his biddynge,

Duke and prince, lord and kyng.'

Hei 5ede thanne to her parlement

And seide be dome and right Jugement,

That Agamenon was worthi

By-fore alle other sikurly

\( \text{\textsuperscript{1}} \) MS. And wynne.
The Expedition to Troy is preparing. The worthiest hero, Hector.

To bere the state and to be Emperour, \([\text{If. 48, bk.}]\)

For he was wise and good gyour.

Thei sayden alle with-outen les,

That to the hauen of Athenes

Was good to do her nau come,

For ther myght thei alle stonde In romme,

To alle the lordes that there were

Were redy dyght and samed there

With ther meyne, to passe the flood

Toward Troye, when thei seyen good.—

And whan thei hadde ordeyned this,

Thei toke ther leue In Ioye and blis;

And Agamenon and his brother

And echon partyd tho fro other;

And 3ede eche a man to his contre,

And gadered men and his naue,

And spede hem faste to Athenes

With gret naue and moche pres.

All men, beth now blythe!

Herkenes now to me and lythe!

Herkenes now! and 3e may here

Meruayles many In my matere:

In this talkyng may 3e here telle

Off ferly fyght, ffele and felle,

Of comely kynges corouned and kene,

That Troye distroyed alle be-dene,

And brende her houses on a blase;

And how that strong knyghtes here lyff lase.

Ther was the worthiest wyght In wede

That euer by-strode palfray or stede,

A bolder burns\(^1\) was neure non born—

Alas that he was lyghtly for-lorn!—

Ther was no man so strong of myght,

As was Ector, that gentil knyght.

\(^{1}\) MS. burde.
This Poem will tell all the Fights and the winning of Troy.

Was non so proud proued his pere, [lf. 49.] 3259
The whiles he was on lyue here;
For I slynde In prose and ryme,
Was non so strong In that tyme.
He dede x thousand bakkes bende;
Men spakes of him In euery londe,
For he was strong In doughtynes,
Mighty in strengthe and hardynes.
Of myght I may him not discryue,
Ther lyues non suche here on lyue,
As Ector was, that strong knyght;
For he passed al other of myght.
Som[what] wol I of him telle
And of other knyghtes felle,
Off him and of Troyle, his brother,
And of strong knyghtes many other:
How that batayle of Troye be-gan,
And how thai sythen the touz wan;
And how thei gadered here meyne
With al here store and there naue
In-to Athenes alle to-gedur,
And passed the see, when thei hadde wedur,
To Thenedon, and dwelled ther lange,
Er thei durste to Troye gange,—
For drede thei hadde of gode Ectore,
Off whom I haue spoken of before;—
And how thei sythen thenne paste
And come to Troye atte laste,
And lay ten 3ere be-fore the touz,
Er thei it wan and keste it douz;
And how Gregeis and Troyens thore
Faught ten 3ere and more;
And how thei of Grece were conqueroures
And brente Troye with alle the toures.

All men speak of Hector's strength and hardiness.
I'll tell of him and other strong knights, and of his brother Troylus:
How the battle began, how the town was won; how the Greeks gathered their army at Athens and came to Thenedon, where—afraid of Hector—they waited for a long time;
how at last they came to Troy, beleaguered it ten full years,
and then conquered it.
The Greeks assemble in the Harbour of Athens: Dares gives Names.

**Hic Greci congregati sunt.**

Hearken now! The tale begins.

**In February the kings met at Athens.**

Never before were so many knights and kings assembled, nor so many ships in one harbour.

Dares tells all their names and describes them; but this would take me too much time.

Certainly never was such a host together before.

Herkenes now, both grete and smale! [lf. 49, bk.] 3293

For now be-gynnes al this tale:

How thei dede, and how thei faught,

And what and how ther dethe thei caught.

It was a day off Feuerer,

That kynges, dukes, and Mariner

With here naue vpon a res

Were Gadered alle to Athenes,

With honour forth right

With Priamus and hese to fyght.

So fele knyghtes of gret renoun,

Ne so fele kynges corouned with croun,

Were neuere 3it at on semble,

Off on purpos, ne neuere schal be;

Ne so fele schippis In on hauen,

Ne so fele with swordes and stauen,

Was neuere sene for-sothe ne herde,

Sithen god made man first In this worlde.

Dares telles in His scripture

Off eche a kyng and his stature,

And here names and her makyng,

And discreues hem in alle thyng,

And the nombre that euery kyng broght,

And the wondres that thei wroght;

Gret tariyng it is to telle

That Dares makes vpon his spelle.

But sicurly with-oute lesyng:

Sithen that god made al thyng,

Suche a peple was neuere y-sene—

Off alle the tyme that hath bene—

To-geder broght at o samyng

Off kynges and knyghtes old and 3yng,

And so fele schippis on o flete,

Sethen shippus 3ede with sail or sprete.
There are more than 1,800,000 Greeks, under 68 Kings and Dukes.

Hic est numerus Grecorum vs. lxviiij. Reges & duces. et de militibus hominibus ad Arma. viij C. M\textdagger.

For sicuri with-oute lye [lf. 50.] 3327
On the Grecian side were sixty-eight kings and dukes.

There was vpon the o partye 3328
Sixti kynges and dukes also
And viij. sikerly with-outen mo.
Fonde ze euere in any story
To-geder suche a company 3332
Off kynges, dukes, and of princes,
That comen were fro here prouynces?
And so fele men broght on hepe,
That hardi were, doughti, and 3epe? 3336

For whan thei were with-oute les
Gadered alle in Athenes,
Thei nombred—I vndirstonde—
Mo than xviij. C. thousands, 3340
And mo by hundredes xviij. or xix;
And so fele men—I dar wel sene—
Off men of Armes—permasyf!—
To-gedre at ones\textsuperscript{1} sene was newere on o day, 3344
Sithen that god this world bygan,
Ne newere, sithen that batel bylan;
Ne newere man in erthe schal se,—
As longe as erthe sene schal be,— 3348
Ne so fele schippus to-gedur y-set,
As ther were thenne to-gedur met,

With doughti men gadered so.
Alas, Paris, what hastow do, 3352
When thow leddest away Eleyne!
So many gode knyghtes for hir schul be sclayne,
And alle thi kyn to dethe was brought.
Alas, Ector! he rewys my thought, 3356
That he schulde dye for his disert!
So strong he was In armes apert,
Ne newere wrong he wolde do.
Alas, that thi god Appollo 3360

\textsuperscript{1} MS. atones.

Alas, Paris, what woe have you wrought, by carrying off Eleyne!
Oh, that Hector should die for her, and all the others!
Oh, Paris, that Apollo had drowned you, before you brought Elyne home!

Alas, me rewe of Priamus, Off Hectuba, and gode Troylus, Off Pollexene, and Andromede!

Oh, noble Troy, thrown down by Paris's crime!

Agamemnon bids all the kings hold a parliament with him.

Ne hadde\(^1\) throwe the In the salt-flom, [lf. 50, bk.]
Er thou hast brought hir hom!
By Ihesu Crist of Nazareth!
I wolde, thou haddest taken the dethe,
When thou wentest to Tytharie,
To here and se that melodye!

Alas, Priamus, Hectuba, Troylus, Pollexene, and Andromede!

A noble Troye, that was rial,
A-doun is thrown with ston and\(d\) wal;
That made Paris and his euel wit.
And elles hit scholde haue stonde 3it
As longe as Ierusalem,
Ne hadde Paris ben and his fals drem.
Now artow doun, and thi toures hye,
For Paris flals a-voutrye!

Afterward vpon a day,
When alle these kynges of gret noblay
And the dukes were gadered thore,
Princes and Erles that worthi wore,
Agamenon, the Empeur,
Bad vnto his banyour:
"Thorow the toun that he schulde crye,
That euer lord scholde faste hye
With-oute the toun In-to the playn;
For ther he wolde In certayn
Holde with hem a parlament."
When these lordes were afftir sent,
Then dwelled thei not longe,
When thei wiste whedur to gonge.

\(^1\) he added above line, doubtful if by same or another hand.
Agamemnon dede thanne fette
Formes and stoles hem on to sette.
When thei were setyn alle a-doun
In that playn with-oute the toun,
A

Agamemnon seyde: 'lordynges,
Dukes, Princes, and corouned kynges,
Beth alle in pes—I 3ow pray—
And herkenes me, what I say:

'Never did more people come together than are now here.

Sithen god Adam and Eue wroght
And alle this world made of noght,
Saw I neuere suche peple samen—
Nother in ernest ne in gamen—
Off worthi lordis to-gedur infere,
As we ben now to-gedur here
Vpon o kyng to 3eue a-saute.
Loke, what schame the deuel him augthte,
That to him-self hath suche bale brewed,
That hath vs alle aȝeyn him meued!
How scholde he now with-stande
Vs alle that ben here sittande,
Whan fyue of oure with lasse emprise
Sclow his fadir and alle hise,
Wan1 his tounz with-Inne a throwe
And sette his paleis on a lowe?
But wete ȝe wel and beth siker,
That thei of Troye wote of this byker
That we on hem thenke to be-gynne
And here Cite with fors wynne,
And are aboute bothe nyght and day
To gete hem help alle that thai may,
To withstonde alle ourne myght.
Wherfore I rede, if ȝe thenke right,
That we sende som messanger
To Delos Ile that is here ner,
The Message to Delos: Apollo's Prophecy that they'll conquer Troy.

Hic Greci mandauerunt Achillem ad Appollum deum Grecorum.
—A litel fro Gregeis landes, Ther god Appollo ther-Inne standes—
and ask Apollo, what will befall.

The lords agree to send Achilles and his cousin Patroclus to Delos.

In Delos they sacrifice and ask Apollo to say them the sooth.

He answers, that they will conquer Troy before ten years go by.

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### Text:

Hie Greci and ask Apollo, what will befall.

"What schal be-tyde of this batayl Off oure proues and oure aferes, And what schal falle, whil we are there?" The lordes seyde also: 'so god vs spede!—

It were good Achilles 3ede Vpon that erande, if it lykes him, And Padrodus that is his cosyn.'

Thei prayed him alle that viage to take, To do so moche for her sake;

And he graunted as sone here bone. He toke a schip and wente sone To the see and sayled faste, Til thei were comen atte laste To the temple of Apollo,

And Patrodus with him also.

When thei were comen, thei wente to lande And made to him a riche offerande, And offered to him a grete quantite Off riche gold and of her mone, And kneled doua and him be-soght, That he wolde layne it noght,

But say the sothe: "what scholde be-tyde Off his Gregeis, if thei ride?"

A Polio sayde: 'Achilles, frend, To thi Grike's azeyn thow wend! And say, that thei be not agast, But treuly be syker and stedefast! Or this x 3ere go fully out, 3e schal Troyens with-oute dout Scle echon in fyght & stoures, And 3e of Grece be conquerour.'

1 MS. grikes, altered from grues.
A wondir cas that tyme be-felle [lf. 52.] 3463
In the temple—soth to telle,— 3464
When Achilles his answere had,
And Appollo go thenne him bad
And 1 to the 2 Grikes 3 telle his answere,
What scholde be-tyde of ther werre:
A noble Clerk, that het Calcas,—
Off hem of Troye bysshop was,—
In that Ile on londe lyght,
And to Appollo he him dyght 3472
And 3aff him 3iftes grete and fele,
And bad him that he scholde not hele,
But say him soth and sicurly:
"Who scholde haue the victory,
And whether schulde Mayster be;
Thei of Grece or Troye Cite?"

| Appollo seyde: "Calcas, be ware |
| That thow a-3eyn to Troye not ffare! |
| For sicurly I telle it the; |
| Or x. 3er passe, thou schat se |
| The kyng off Troye be lorn and schent, |
| And his toun be take and be brent. |
| But sjelawe the with wordes mylde |
| With Achilles In this Il[d]e, |
| And wende with him to his Gregeis |
| And dwelle with him, ther is pais; |
| For thow schalt haue to hem gret nede. |
| Be my counseyl, to hem thow spede!" |

C Alcas was a-Grised sore
Of these wordes that he herde thore; 3492
But whan he wiste and hadde knowyng,
That it was sir Achilles 3yng
That In the temple by-fore him stode,
Wel curtesly to him he 3ode

1 MS. And his. 2 MS. to the inserted above the line by another hand. 3 MS. grikes, altered from grues.

Calchas, a Trojan bishop, arrives,
Apollo advises him not to return to Troy,—as it will fall before ten years pass—
but to join Achilles and the Greeks.
Calchas is afraid at first,

...
to Achilles and offers him his service.

Achilles receives him friendly.

They sail to Greece.

Calchas is introduced to Agamemnon; Achilles relates Apollo’s answers.

When thei herde these tithandis,

The Greeks rejoice, and thank their Gods.

Calchas is rewarded.

Achilles and Calchas meet Agamemnon in his tent.
The Counsel of Calchas to the Greeks to delay no longer, but set sail.

Hic Achilles & Calcas ibant ad tentorium Imperatoris.

Ther alle the lordes of Grece were than [If. 53.] 3531 where all the Greek lords are assembled.
To-geder there with many a man;
The lordis welcomed hem alle
And sette hem doun in the halle.
A-Mong the lordes and other kynges
Calcas seyde: 'herkenes, lordynges,
Kynges and dukes that now are here,
Princes and Erles to-gedur in-fere!
Ne was 3oure entensioun,
When 3e come furst to this toun,
With 3oure naue to Troye to wende,
3oure enemys to qwelle and to schende?
Whi lye 3e here In pes so longe?
Hope 3e not, here 3ow amonge
That Priamus has here many spies,
That 3oure consayl to him [un-wries
And telle hem alle that 3e say?
Somer is passed ner-honde a-way;
3e do not elles but makes hem bolde
The toun a3eyn 3ow for to holde,
And steris the toun bothe nyght and day,
And geten hem help alle that thei may;
For thei holde 3ow so sore agast,
That 3e dar not with hem wrast:
For it passes more than a 3ere,
Sithen alle the lordes that are here
Were gadered here to-gedur,
And haue had right fair wedur,
And durst neuere passe the see.
What may thei wene, but it be
For cowardise and gret Ferdnesse,
For feblenesse and arwenesse?
Let sette 3oure schippis forth on flote,
Dromond, Caryke, barge, and bote,
And sayle forth with-outen dwellying, [lf. 53, bk.] 3565

So helpe 3ow god at 3oure endyng!
Ne tarieth not In 3ouere god dys beheste!
I warne 3ow bothe most and lest,e,
That 3ouere fals hertes and faynt byleue
May 3ouere goddis so moche greue,
That thei may bothe 3ow turne and lette
Off that thei haue 3ow hette.
Therfore to-morwe, whan it dawes,
I rede 3e take the wawes,
Whil 3e haue wedur at wille,
That wyntir-wedur 3ow ne spille.'
Alle the lordes that were thore
A-lowed 1 ri3th wel his lore:
"And it was profitable,
And the tyme was fair and able
To take the tyme with-oute drede;
Hit was schame—so god me spede—
That thei hadde dwelled so longe ther."
Agamenon bad alle that ther wer,
Lord and prince, Duke and kyng:
"That thei made hem redy In the euenyng,
That thei were redi erly at morwen,—
When thei herde him blowe his horne,—
With schip and sail, spret and ore;
For ther wolde thei dwelle no more."

Night is gon, the Cok hath crowen,
Agamenon hath his horn blowen;
And alle men thenne here schippis vnbonde,
And here Ankeres alle In-wonde,
And leffte the hauen and toke the see
With alle here schippis and here naue.
Thei drow ther sayl vnto the top;
Here schippis sayled gay and prop,

1 MS. A lowel.
In thei were comen in-to Troye listes,— [lf. 54.] 3599
A⁰, Priamus, if that thou wistes
The sorwe that comes to the and thine
Off noble Troye the gret ruyne!
Haddest thou don be Ectores rede,
Then haddest thou not be dede.
Now comes thi sorwe and thi wo,
Alas, thi Ioye schal ouer-go!—

|| These Gregeis saylen vpon a ras
Toward Troy with gret manas;
The wynd was good to ther byhoue,
Thei sailed on brod and gon by-loue,
Til thei come to Troye land.
Thei saw an hauen by-fore ham stand
With a Castel wondir strong,
With walles hye and dikes long.
Al that flote thedur drow,
For it was gret and mochel y-now
To herbare alle here schippis In;
Til thei come ther, thei nolde ² blyn.

|| The men that in the castel were,
When thei saw Gregeis there,
Out of the Castel faste thei ran,
Armed wel euery man;
To the see thei wolde wende,
That the Gregeis wolde defende,
That thei nedes mot on lande lyght;
For therto dede thei al here myght.
But thei were foles—that was sene,—
For thei lefft not on of Troyene,
That thei ne bere doun and sclow hem alle;
Aftir mercy myght thei not calle,
For of hem hadde thei no pite,
Thei brende her toun, bothe the tymber and tre,

³ MS. A. ⁴ MS. wolde.
The Greeks attack the strong Castle of Thenedon.

Hic Greci destruxerunt Insulam Thenodonis & ceperunt Castellum.

And Toke here castel and throwe it doun [If. 54, bk.] 3633
With alle the dyches enviroun.
And when thei hadde thus y-wroght
And the castel to grounde y-broght,
Thei 3ode to schip every man
And sayled forth to 1 Thenedam
That was fro Troye but six mile.
When thei were comen In-to that Ile,
Thei lete doun saile and ankeres caste
And bounden here schippis ther wel faste,
And Armed hem and 3ede to londe
And scow and robbed al that thei fonde.

Then the Greeks sail farther on to Thenedon,
where they land, to kill and rob.
There was a very strong castle,
where the Trojans had hidden all their riches
and many of their ladies.
The Greeks besiege it
with engines and ladders;
but the defenders slay many Greeks.

At Thenedoun a Castel stode,
Strong & styff, gret and gode,
With walles wroght wondir hye,
And dikes doluen depe and drye;
So strong was non in that contre
Saue Troye self, that riche Cite.
It was ful of gret riches
Off alle the contre more and les;
Thei dede here goodes thedur brynge,
When men tolde of Grues comyng,
And left hem ther for sekurnes;
And many a lady with hem is.

The Gregeis ben alande alle went,
Thei haue the toun taken and brent;
Vnto the Castel ar thei gon
And beseged it anon:
Thei sette engynes al aboute,
And grete stones thei did in route,
And som sette laddres to the walle.
But thei with-Inne gert hem alle:
Thei brak here neckis right on-sunder,
Thei scow of Grece mo than an hunder,

1 MS. *fro.*
With-Inne a while at that assaut
That thei with-Inne so longe han faut
And were so chaufed In here Armure,
That thei myght not for feble dure,
Ne on ther feet on the wal stande,
Ne holde her wepen In her hande.

\[lf. 55.\] Within a while the Trojans get tired and feeble.

Then 3ede to deth many Troyanes;
And 3it mo died of Gryffones,
For thei with-Inne greves hem sore,
Als feble as thei wore:
Thei bare Gregeis doun fro the walles
With grete speres and ledon balles,
And lefft hem lyinge in the dikes;
Echon of hem at other strykes,
Thei with-Inn and thei with-oute.
But then come efft a newe route
Off Gryffons felle, that hem assayled
And hem with-Inne so traunayled,
That thei moste dye or elles hem 3elde;
For thei myght not hem-self welde
For long fyghtyng and werynes,
Ne hem defende for feblenes.

Then clombe the Gregeis on the walles,
And some 3ede In at the wyndowes;
Then were Troyens In mochel drede,
And some out ouer the walles 3ede;
For sothe thei flow alle that ther ware.
Wiff ne childe nolde thei non spare,
Knyght ne squier, knaue ne boy,
Ne non that longed [vn-]to Troy.
Alle the goodis that there wore
Thei bare to schippis thore,
And brende the Castel and threwe it doun,
That men myght se to Troye toun

However, they kill many Greeks.
till a fresh band arrives,
and they cannot defend the castle any longer.
The Greeks climb the walls; the Trojans are put to flight.
The inhabitants are killed,
the goods plundered,
the castle burnt down.
The Booty from Thenedon is fairly divided by Agamemnon.

Ouer alle the hillis that were hye, Off Thenedoun the Gret Cite.

The Greeks rejoice.

Agamemnon commands that all the booty taken in Thenedon shall be brought to him.

It is brought.

He divides it among the most worthy warriors, and bids all come to a parliament next morning.
Agamemnon's Address to his Greeks: they must not wax proud.

\[ \text{Consilium Grecorum.} \]

The morwe afftir In the dawenyng, [lf. 56.]
Er the sonne be-gan to spryng, 3735
Were comen to him—or it was day— 3736
Alle the lordes that ther lay.
When thei were to-gedir met,
And echon doun by other set, 3740

A
gamenon seyde: 'lordynges,
Princes, dukes, and kynges!
Alle this world bothe ffer and ner
Spekes moche of oure Power 3744
And wot, that we are mochel of myght,
That no man may vs greue be ryght,
But we of hem vengaunce take.
But herkenes now alle for my sake!
I holde that power good euery tyde
That is with-oute the vice of pride,
For offte it falles many to wo.
And oure goddis hates hit also:
He that loues pride, or hit haunte,
Ther-with wol thei not graunte.—
I wolde ther-fore, that no man sayde,
Ne that it come vs In vmbrayde,
That we pride In oure doyng,
Ne we with pride be-gon this thyng.

\[ \text{Agamemmon admonishes them not to become proud,} \]

When they have met,

'Priamus is now of course more angry with us than ever, after we have burnt his castles and towns.'
Agamemnon advises the Greeks to beware of Pride.

The Trojans know that their town is very strong;
They have the privilege of being in their own country.

But I don't speak so for fear, as we may well confound them.

But again:

And thei haue geten hem gret pouste [lf. 56, bk.] 3769
And wote wel, that there Cite
Is bothe styff, stalworth, and strong,
Gret and mochel, large and long,
And ful of men and gode verroures,
That bold and hardy bene in stoures.
And thei that were lesse then we,
Thei are at home In here contre,
And that is tyme—so mote I thrype—
A wondir gret prerogatyue:
For offte men In theire owne contre
Scholde spede 30w, ther were les then we;
That is, men,—as mot I thriue—
A wonder gret prerogatyue.
But thenk not, that I say this
For drede neffer—so haue I blis—
That we may the Troyens spille
And take the toun azeyn ther wille:
For ther nys no kyng so strong,
Ne no toun so large ne long,
That we ne may hem confounde
And keste his Cite to the grounde.

But sikurly and be my fay!
Herfore it is, that I say:
If pride be non in our ne, ne,
We schal be worthi mochel mede.
3e wote alle wele that ben here,
That Priamus sent his messangere
And prayed vs alle curtesly,
To sende him home dame Oxony;
And we with pride seyde "nay."
That hem mysliked perfayfay!
And hadde we thenne his suster send
Home to him with-oute amend,
Hic miserunt nuncios suos ad Regem Trojanum.

Off all the harme that we him dud  [If. 57.] 3803
Hadde now not this harme tud  3804
That thei dede vs in Thitarie;
Thei hadde not made suche robrie,
Ne qwene Eleyn fro thene led
Fro the kyng that here hadde wed.  3808
I wot neuere what wol be-falle;
I rede ther-fore, if 3e rede alle,
That we sende oure Messager,
Wise and jepe, on fair maner,
And bid him wende to Troye Cite
To Priamus and his meyne,
And bidde the kyng: "sende vs a-3eyn
With-oute dwellyng the quene Eleyn  3812
And make amendes of that Paris
In Thitarie dede amys."
And if it be that he thus do,
Oure worschepe is certis saued so;
And we may home with-oute more wende,
For we haue made a worthi ende:
We may no more aske by skyl,
If thei wil alle this fulfil.  3820
And if it be that thei wol noght
Do that we haue hem be-soght,
And elles we wil with hem fyght
With alle oure power and oure myght;  3824
And men schal blame her wodnes
And [praysen] ws ffor 1 oure meknes.

And therefor, lordes, say me now:
Off this consail what thinke 3ow?"  3832
Some assented wel ther-to
And sayde, "it was wel to do;"
And some helde it for a cowardyse,
To make a pees In suche a wyse;  hj  3836

1 MS. ws and ff on erasure; behind ffor a word like secche seems to have stood.
Diomedes and Ulixes are sent to Priamus. They demand Helena.

* Hic ueniant duo Reges Grecorum ad Regem Troianum.

but at last all accept it.

But atte laste thei alle assent. [lf. 57, bk.] 3837

And on this erand two kynges went,

And on this erand two kynges went,

That noble kyng Diomedes,

That noble kyng Diomedes,

And his felawe, sir Vlixes 1.

And his felawe, sir Vlixes 1.

In Priamus's hall they make no obeisance and sit down fiercely.

But non of hem thei ones gret,

But non of hem thei ones gret,

Ulixes speaks their message:

But sette hem thei doun with semblaunt store

But sette hem thei doun with semblaunt store

A-3eyn the kynges in-myddis the flore.

A-3eyn the kynges in-myddis the flore.

Lixes 2 sais: 'haue 3e no meruayle,'

Lixes 2 sais: 'haue 3e no meruayle,'

That we, sir kyng, the nothyng hayle!

That we, sir kyng, the nothyng hayle!

For we knowe wel the for oure enemy,

For we knowe wel the for oure enemy,

And we be thin sicurly.

And we be thin sicurly.

But herkenes, what we wol say,

But herkenes, what we wol say,

And late vs wende on oure way:

And late vs wende on oure way:

II Agamenon,oure Empreour,

II Agamenon,oure Empreour,

That is kyng of gret fauour,

That is kyng of gret fauour,

Sendes the word and biddis the

Sendes the word and biddis the

By this kyng & also by me:

By this kyng & also by me:

"Sende to him Eleyne the quene,

"Sende to him Eleyne the quene,

If thou wilt be with-outen tene,

If thou wilt be with-outen tene,

And make amends to him holy

And make amends to him holy

Off the schame and vylony,

Off the schame and vylony,

That Paris dede to his brother,

That Paris dede to his brother,

To him also, and to many other."

To him also, and to many other."

And but if thou wil, he sendet the word:

And but if thou wil, he sendet the word:

"That thow schalt dye with spere and sword,

"That thow schalt dye with spere and sword,

And alle thi folk and thi meyne;

And alle thi folk and thi meyne;

And riche Troye, thi faire Cite,

And riche Troye, thi faire Cite,

Schal be brent and doun ytrowe,

Schal be brent and doun ytrowe,

And thow and thyne be broght wel lowe."'

And thow and thyne be broght wel lowe."'

P Riamus was with hem y-tened,

P Riamus was with hem y-tened,

Whan he saw what thei mened.

Whan he saw what thei mened.

1 V put before i by a later hand; cf. 3847.

2 Lixes; cf. note 1.
With-oute consail he answerde—
For here wordes him sore derede—
He seyde: 'what deuel may this be,
That ye amendes aske of me,
That haue my fader fro me sclayn,
And don my-self mychel payn,
And my suster fro me refilt,
And my men in seruage lefft,
By him that al this world wroght!
Me thinketh, that ye ourselfe ought
Make amendis to me and myne,
That ye haue do so moche pyne!
But wendes out swithe of my sight,
For of ye our wordes haue I dispit!
Ne were that ye come in message,
Veleyns dethe schulde be ye our wage;
For I am not with-oute Ire,
Whil I se 3ow, be my swyre!'

Diomedes sat and smyled,
When Priamus hem so reuyled;
He seyde: 'sir kyng, so mote I the!
If thow haue tene of him and me.
Thow schalt be more in doute
To bere thi lyff with the aboute;
For thow schalt se vnto the come
An .C. Mf on a throme
Off men of Armes wel y-dight,
With the, kyng, and thyne to fight.
For whan thow may not the defende,
And thei haue the and thi trouz brende,
That the schal sle and thyne also,
Iff that thow anger at vs two.'

Many Troien that ther stode
For tene and angur were ner wode,
That Dyomedes, the Gregeys,
Vn-to the kyng In his Paleys
Spake thus foule and vilously.
Many a Troien drow hem ney;
With drawen swordes vengaunce to take
Off him for his wordes sake.

But Priamus him-self vp ros,
And to his men wel sone he gos
And bad hem alle on lyff and lym,
Not so hardy to greue him.
Eueas, that by the kyng sat,
Was an-angered sore for that;
He saide: 'sir, if it were thi wille,
Me thenke that it were gret skille,
That he his wordes dere aboght,
That 3ow and vs hath set at noght ;
And ne were it drede of 3ow,
He scholde this wordis abye now.'

Dyomedes 3af no tale
Off alle that sat there In that sale,
He sayde to Eueas al on hye:
'Thow that sittes the kyng so neye,
God 5if grace, that I the mete
With-oute the toun by styre or strete!
I schal the qwite wel thi mede
Off thi gode wordes, so god me spede!'

But his felawe Vlixes
Bad him: "be stille and holde his peas
And leue his fare and his T Angelaung ;"
Hic Greci tenuerunt magnum consilium.

They ride back to Thenedon and relate the answer.

They return to the Greeks, who hold Councils of War.

Thei toke here horses some anon, [lf. 59.] 3939
And to the Gregeis gan thei gon 3940
Ouer downe and ouer dike,
As faze as thei myght prike,
Til thei come to Thenedon.
Thei sayde to Agamenoun 3944
And 1 alle the lordes that ther wore,
What answere that thei 3aff hem thore.

Thei made offte In her tentes:
How thei scholde do, and how to fete,
For Troye to wynne for that grete hete;
And how thei scholde lyue, whil thei were thore,
And w[h]ere thei scholde haue her store.—

Ret counsel and parlementes
Thei made offte In her tentes:
How thei scholde do, and how to fete,
For Troye to wynne for that grete hete;
And how thei scholde lyue, whil thei were thore,
And w[h]ere thei scholde haue her store.—

Vpon a day that emperour
Alle 2 the lordes of that honour 3960
In-to a playn dede clepe and calle;
When thei were comen to him alle,

He seide: 'lordynges, se 3e alle wele:
The Troyens 3eue of vs no dele;
With fairnes wil thei not loute,
Thei ben of herte so stout.
With myght and strengthe we mot conquere
Alle that in the town are there,—
And long also ben 3eres ten,—
For thei ben alle doughti men;
And we may hem not asaille,
But if vs come ofte vitayle.

1 MS. That. 2 MS. And alle.
Hic incipit bellum per Grecos contra Regem Cesile.

If you agree, let us send to Sicily and bid its king provide us with meat and drink.'

Achilles and Thelaphus are sent to Sicily:

They set sail with 3,000 knights.

When they land, King Theman comes to fight them.

When Agamenon hadde sayde thus,

And bidde him, that he wol puruay
Mete and drynke by nyght and day
And sende vs ouer with pees & reste;
And thus me thinket, it were beste.'

When Agamenon hadde sayde thus,

Achilles and sir Thelaphus—
That was Ercules owen sone—
Were chosen be eleccione,
To do this erande and wende ther way;
And nother of hem seide ' nay.'

Thei toke with hem, to passe the see,

Off doughti knyghtes thousands thre,
And sayled faste vnto that land
And lete here schippus In hauen stand,
And drow out horses and stedes
And here strong Iren wedes.

When Theman kyng herd say,
That thei of Greece In suche aray
Were opon his lond alyght,
He made him redi with hem to fyght;
He broght with him to that batayle
Off men of Armes and other pedayle
Thousandes fele and hundres als,
With swerdes and scheldes aboute here hals.
And whan Gregeis saw hem comande,
To putte hem thus out of that lande,
Opon a res thei to him rode,
And thei to him with-outen abode.
The King of Sicily opposes their Landing.  He is wounded by Achilles. 119

A great battle was be-twene hem tho,  [lf. 60.]  4007  A great battle follows.
For her enemys were wel the mo,
For sicur thei were suche thre
Then Achilles & his myné.
On euery side thei fel thikke doune,
Some alle dede, and som in swoon.
Off hem of Grece ther died gret won,
And of that other many on.
The Gregeis were of gret power,
Thei ne hadde endured in no maner,
Ne hadde Achilles I-bene
Agayn her foos—and that was sene.—
He saw many that him assayled
And his men wel thikke fayled;
He loked wel fase In here fyghtyng,
Where he myght se her kyng;
Where he faught, he was wel war,
And Gregeis faste to erthe he bar.

Achilles then vnto him prykes,
And many a strok to him he strikes,
And threwe him doune to the grounde
With many delful hidous wounde;
He thoght the kyng right ther sclo,
Or he wolde fro him go.

But Thelaphus that be-held
And kept that strok vpon his scheld,
He seide: 'Achilles, leue sire,
For goddis loue, leue thin Ire!
I pray 3ow for goddis ore,
That 3e to him do harme no more;
But 3eues me this curtaijs knyght,
That 3e haue ouercome in fyght.'

Achilles sayde: 'what may this be?
Thelaphus, what eyles the,
Thelaphus is appointed King of Sicily by the dying Themam.

Thelaphus replies:

Thelaphus seide: ‘sire, be my fay!
Al the sothe I schal 3ow say,
Now ar 3e hennes wende:
This man was my fadir frende,
And gret worschepe to me hath done;
By him, that made sonne & mone,
For him therfore mercy I craue,
The kny5tes body of the to haue.’

Achilles says:
‘Take him and do with him what you please.’

‘Thelaphus,’ he sayde, ‘take him the,
I 3eue him the al clene fro me ;
Do with him al thi wille,
Whether thow wil saue him or spille.’
Thelaphus toke vp thenne Themam,—
For bledyng he was blo and wan,—
And sente him home to his dwellyng;
Off here fyght made thei endyng.
But Themam prayed sir Achilles
And Thelaphus with-outen les :
“That thei wolde home with him wende,
For he was ney at his ende ;
And Thelaphus wolde he kyng make
And his reme to him take,
For of his body hadde he non air,
To kepe that lond that was so fair.”

To-geder bothe with him thei wente,
Whan the batayle was thus ente.
Whan thei come to his forselet,
And he was layde, and thay doun set,
He sente after his baronage,
And dede hem 1 make to him omage
And corouned him by-forn hem alle,
To be here kyng, right In that halle.

1 MS. hem, altered from him.
And thus Thelaphus is mad her kyng [lf. 61.] 4075
And has that lond in gouernyng,
For Theman dyed in that stede
And beryed he was with mochel pride.

Thelaphus is now lord and sire
Off al that lond and that empire
And alle the goodes that Theman hadde,
And alle ben hise, for so he badde;
For he is ded and richely graven.
And Achilles is In the haven,
And his schippus are richely fraught
With fleshe and fysche and other aught,
With corne and mele and tonnes of flour
And gentil wynes of good odour;
And maketh him redi forward to fare,
And Thelaphus makes him al 3are
With him a-3eyn to the Gregeis go,
To Thenedoun that he come fro. 4092

But Achilles to him says,
"That he scholde dwelle ther In pais
And puruyay vitayles and store,
That thei may lyue, whil that thei ben thore."

And Thelaphus dwellid stille
At his byddyng a3eyns his wille,
And Achilles toke the see
With his vitayles and his naue ;
And sayled forth to Thenedoun,
Ther he fond Agamenoun
And alle the lordis of that ost
Dwellynge stille in that cost.

And when thei herde of his comyng,
To him thei ran bothe lord and kyng
And welcomed him deuotly,
Of his comyng glad were thei.
The Greeks deliberate a full Year, how to capture Troy.

He relates how they sped.

"How he hadde sped," he tolde hem alle, [lf. 61, bk.] 4109
“And of Thelaphus how it was falle,
And dwelled ther stille and be lord and kyng
And purruay hem vitayles of alle thyng;”

He schewed the vitayles that thei hadde brought
With him to londe, he heled it noght.

Then were the Gregeis Proude and fayn,
That thei herde the certayn,
That he was lord of that kyndome
Fro whethen alle that riches is come.

Thei bad god 3eue him blis,
That so wisly him dud I-wys;
For now drede thei no-thyng,
Nother of mete ne of drynk.

Now hath Achilles hem vitayles brought.

Agamenon is In moche thoght,
How thei schul Troye be-sege best;
Many a wyle and wit the[i] kest,
Whether thei wente by day or by nyght
And take the land with-oute syght,
Whil thei of Troye were alle on schepe
And to hem wolde take no kepe;
But thei were ferd, if that thei went
By nyghtes tyme, lest thei were yschent
And breke her schippus on cragges and stones,
And lost hem selff al at ones.

And so dwelled the Gregeys thore
A ful twelue monthe and more,
That thei to Troye toke non hede;
So hadde thei alle of hem suche drede.
But Stace telles vs and says,
That thei lye so long in pays
For drede thei hadde of Ector knyght,
So mochel thei dreedde of his myght.

They are afraid to attack the Trojans by night, as they fear wrecking their ships on the crags.

So they wait a year without heeding Troy—for fear of Hector, as Stace (Statins) says.
Then seyde Diomedes:  

"How longe shal we lye her In pes,  
Gode men, kynges and dukes?  
Drede of herte vs alle rebukes!  
We ben so ferd of oure enemies,  
That thei bere vs to no prys;  
We haue now leyne and rest vs here—  
3e wot alle wel—more than a 3ere,  
That we durst neuere be water ne londe  
Se ones Troye right at honde.  
What may they wene but cowardise  
Off vs for-sothe and gret ffayntise,  
That we ben so of hem a-dred,  
That we for drede ben al mad?

Alas that we so longe a-byden,  
That we ne hadde rather to hem reden  
And the toun myghtily assayled,  
Sicurly it hadde vs a-vayled!  
For now drede thei vs right noght,  
For we haue noght to hem wroght,  
But spendoure good and oure vitayle;  
And that doth vs noght a-vayle.  
And thei hem gete lordes kene,  
A-3eyns vs hem to mayntene;  
For we haue sene, sethen we come hidur,  
Many kynges comen thedur  
With gret meyne and chiualrie,  
To helpe wel her partie.

Gret schame it is—as hit is sene—  
That we durst neuere Troye mene,  
Ne neuere durst we hit ones se,  
Kyng Priamus and his Cite!  
Whi dwelle we thus In suche manere?
I rede, dwelle we no lenger here,
The Greeks start for Troy. Agamemnon’s Orders.

Hic Imperator et omnes Reges Grecorum navigant versus Troianum.

not to dwell here any longer, but to sail at once to Troy.'

The kings assent and order their knights to be ready.

At daybreak Agamemnon blows his horn. The whole Greek navy sails out of the harbour.

Agamemnon orders Protheselaus to attack the harbour of Troy first.

Be it to wele or to wo—

I rede, that we hennes go,

"Ryse erly, when the day dawes,"

Put vs vsrth among the wawes,

With alleoure schippuswith mochel Ioye

Wende we to the Cite of Troye;

For we schal neuer other-wyse

Opon the Troyens lond arise.'

The kynges assented wel ther-to,

Thei sayde thei myght no betre do;

Thei let crie al on hye,

That euery knyght were thenne redy,

That thei were redy In the dawenyng

To wende forth with-oute dwellyng.

Night is went and gon a-way,

Day is dawed and is day,

It was a louely morn,

And Agamenon blew his horn.

Anon the lorde of the flete

Out with here schippis thei dede schete

Out of the hauenes in-to the see,

With al here men and ther naue.

And ther ordeyned that Emperour

And alle the lorde of gret honour,

Whiche of the schippis schal go by-fore,

And how fele hundres and score,

And whiche schal wende affirward,

And whiche in the mydward.

So that he ordeyned thus,

That the kyng Protheselus,

That was a kyng of gret noblay,

The hauen schulde furst asay

With an hundred schippis grete;

And he ther byddyng wold not lete.

1 MS. That.
The Grecian Fleet approaches the Trojan Coast.

He gadered his schippus on a route, [lf. 63.] 4211
And bad hem gadere him a-boute 4212
And sayle besyde him euer nye,
And drawe her sayl wel on hye,
And sette here baneres on the mast;
And sayle forth were thei not agast
Toward Troye a wel gode pas.
And alle these other vpon a ras,
Euery lord—as he was boden,—
Now are thei toward Troye reden 4220
With gret thretyng and manas hard.
Prothesely hath the vanward,
The lond of Troye for to take;
But furst schal he and alle hese qwake
For drede of deth, or thei take reste;
Er schal thei suffre mochel breste,
Or thei take bank or brynke;
Thei tolde it not as thei thynke. 4228

Regeis ben alle graythed 3are
To the toune of Troye to fare;
Thei ar comen so ney her wones,
That thei se bothe toures and stones 4232
And the subbarbes al aboute;
But thei hadde so moche doute,
How thei scholde on londe lyght
For hem of Troye whan thei hadde a syght;
For many a Troyen sen thei stonde
Armed wel opon the londe,
To put hem fro the water bankes,
That thei ne tok lond but ther vnthankes. 4240

But sicurly when thei of Troye,
Kyng and quene, knyght and boye,
Say the Gregeys sayles long and large,
Eche man hente bothe the sword and targe 4244
And drow forth hors and gret cou[r]ser, [lf. 63, blk.] 4245
And rode and ran to the ryer
With-oute heste of here kyng
Or with-outen Ectoris wetyng;
That Gregeys scholde no lond take
With-oute bale and mochel wrake.

But Prothesaly the formast was
Off alle the schippis In that ras,
Saw he not no better to do
Ne on no wise to come to,
But thorow strokes and fyght.
He sayled forthe to hem stre̓ght
With alle the schippis In his ledyng ;
But gret foly dede ther that kyng,
For he sayled In with a feble sayl
And pat was him to wrotherhayl:
For the wynd was hard and store
And so faste him to the lond bore,
Aþeyns the bank hem so droff,
That many a chippe¹ ther al to-roff,
And the men fel out and sank
Dede and drowned by the bank.
And tho that on the lond dede lepe
The Troyens leyde vpon an hepe,
Thei bare hem doun and sclow al-weyes
Doun to grounde the Gregeis ;
To sclé hem the Troyens not belened,
In-to the sky the strokes dened.
The Gregeys ʒolled and cried loude,
It was a-bouen hem lyke a cloude,
So fley the arwes to and fro
That the Gregeis dyed with mechel wo.
Lond and water was al rede
Off hem that were sclayn and dede.

¹ MS. chipp.
More Greeks land, and drive back the Trojans.

Sithen schippis 3ode\(^1\) furst with sayl and wynd, \([l.\ 64.]\)
Might neuere man In book fynd,
With so gret wo to gete land,
As the Gregeys d.de, I vnvirstand.

Rothesaly hath his naue
Neyhondes lorn and his meyne
Thorow his outrage and his vn-wit,
Opon the lond so harde he hit.
But than come sayland opon a Rowe
Affirward with sayles lowe
An hundrid schippis gret and stronge
With semely mastes fair and longe
In-to that hauen war and wisly,—
Ther other men were wel grisly,
In the water swam and flotered,
And there schippis a-boute totered;
And to the lond so soft thei sette,
That thei were nothyng lette
With bank ne cragge ne with ston.
But theunne come Troiens many on
To the lond to hem ful blyue,
Fro the lond hem to dryue.
But in the schippis were goode archeres
With dartes and gonnys & Arb[\^1]asteres;
The Gregeis thenne her bowes bent
And many an arwe thei hem sent,
Many a darte was ther cast and schotyn,
And many a bodi ouer-floten.
The Gregeis were apert and quyk,
That arwes on londe thei dede styk,
That many of Troye to dethe felt
With dynt of Arwe and of qwareff;
Thei drow a-bak—so were thei hurt.—
The Gregeis on the lond sturt

\(^1\) MS. \textit{jowe}.
And fought boldly and at devis
Opon the loud with here enemys;
Thei helden Troyens hard and stale,
But scholde thei neuer of bote herd bale,
Ne hadde ben Prothesaly,
T[h]e noble kyng of Filaundry.

The Greeks would never have held their ground but for Protheselaus, who helps them and kills many Trojans.

Nadde he ben and his noblay;
Hadde neuer Gregeys passed a-way;
For sicurly his doughtynes,
Alone his myþth and his prowes,
Saued alle the Grwes that ther were
Fyghtyng in feld tho there.

But for alle his myth 2 that he hadde 3
The Gregeis were so harde be-stadde,
That many on 4 on grounde lay,
For tho of Troye were mo than thay.
Hem were leuere dye than flee,
And to be drowned in the see;
To theire schippis hadde thei no teynt,
Thei were so for-foghten and almost faynt.

The Trojens droff hem bak-ward
With harde strokes the see toward,
Than were thei drenven to the bank,
That many fel In the see and sank.

But thenne come many a gret karik,
Ful of knyghtes wel ydyght;
Kyng Procenor and Archelaus
Come then to helpe Protheselaus;
With alle ther men on londe thei wente,
With hardi herte and good entente
To socour her frendes: that was hem leff,
In dount of dethe that was In myscheff.
Nestor comes to their Rescue. A fierce Battle follows. The Trojans flee.

But alle thei were In drede of dede\(^1\); [lf. 65.] But all of them would have died,
Schuld thei neuere haue eten brede, 4347
Not for hem alle ne Procenor, 4348
Ne hadde not come the duke Nestor:
But he come then to the batayle,
As faste as he myght sayle,
With many a schip and many a floyne;
For him and his schippis fil fair fortune,
And louely grace god to him sende,
That he and hise sauely des[c]ende\(^2\) 4352
Opon that lond with-oute hurtynge,
With-oute harme or schipe\(^3\) brekyng.

Then myght men se speres schake,
And many a man for drede qwake; 4360
Here swordes\(^4\) thriffly to-gedur rang,
Eche a man on other dang;
The arwes 3ede so thikke on hye,
That no man myght for hem se the skye; 4364
Arwes and quareles thikke flewe,
Every man on other hewe;
Thei fel don def ded on euery halue,
That neuere myght be heled with oyment ne salue. 4368

Then come a-londe kyng Alacris,
And Askalus with alle his,
With doughti knygthtes gode and fresche,
With grete speres of Oke and asche. 4372
Thei wounden the Troyens thikke,
And faught with hem wel quykke,
And thei of Troye bakward drowe;
And many fel ded In sowe. 4376

But fel Troyens stode be-syde,
That hadde not meved of alle that tyde,
Ne neuere 3aff stroke of al that day,
But by-held the batayle ay. 4380

1 MS. The last two letters of dede by a later hand on erasure.
2 MS. defende.
3 MS. schīp.
4 o corrected from e.
The Greeks are driven hack anew. Ulixes comes to their Rescue.

The reserves of the Trojans come up, slay and wound the Greeks, and drive them back again.

Then Ulixes and his men land, and help the Greeks;

Ulixes wounds many Trojans.

When Philomene sees this,

130 The Greeks are driven back anew. Ulixes comes to their Rescue.

<table>
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<th>Translation</th>
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<tr>
<td>4381</td>
<td>But whan thei sey her men hadde nede, [lf. 65, bk.]</td>
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<tr>
<td>4384</td>
<td>Thei come doun wel good spede; Thei socoured here felawes egrely And scelow the Gregeys bitterly; Thei wounded many in that poynt, Ther was lorn many a Ioynt, Many a leg and many a thye, Many an an bond and many a kne; Some loste his nase and his lyppis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4388</td>
<td>Thei droff hem bacward to here schippis, For drede of dethe and myghtles Thei were brougt al in distres, That thei hadde dyed with swerdes orde Or drownde vndir schippis borde, Ne hadde Vlixes comen then With many a knyght and doughti men.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4392</td>
<td>The Gregeis myght hem not defende, But Vlixes was then ner-hende And toke the londe, and 3ede forth streyght With alle his men to the fyght. The Grues toke herte In his comyng, That thei that were be-fore flyeng, Turned a-3eyn, and hertely ran On her fomen, and offte hem wan Off hem of Troye, be his helpyng.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4400</td>
<td>Vlixes then began to spryng A-mong Troyens anon, In many stedis bare he hem don, And hurt hem sore and left hem bledande With a spere he bar In hande, And wounded many gode Troyene.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4404</td>
<td>How he bare Troyens to the grounde, Wondir many In a stounde;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Single Combat between Philomene and Ulixes. Ulixes wins. 131

Him thought In-sonder his hert gnowe, [lf. 66.] 4415
That he dede Troyens so doun drowe; 4416
He thought to him for to ride,
To se if he him wolde abyde
And made him of his dedis sese.
Philomene rode to Vlixes
And jaff him certes suche a poppe,
That he fel ouer his hors croppre.

But Vlixes anon vp ros,
And to the kyng a-ȝeyn he gos
Off that strok to take vengaunce;
He smot Philomene with his launce
Ryght euen In-myddis his scheld,
That it flow out In the feld;
He brast his Pisan and his coloret
And claff his vayn In his goriet:
Vlixes jaff him suche a wounde,
That he fel dede almost to grounde;
Alle the Troyens that ther wore
Wende, he scholde haue dyed thore.

A grete wayment and hidous cry
Might men here then wittyly,
That the Troyens made y-wys
For the wounde of Philomenys.
Thei drow him fro his hors fet
And leyde him sofftyly and swete
Opon his scheld with grete wepyng,
As he hadde ben slepyng,
And bare him faire of that stede,
That men ne hors scholde on him tresde.

That fel faire for men of Grece,
Thei hadde elles dyed euery pece;
For certes ne hadde ben that combraunce,
That ne hadde fallen that myschaunce,

9—2
Thoas, Thelamanius, Menelaus, and Agamemnon rescue the Greeks.

Hic venit Imperator & omnes alij Reges Grecorum ad prelimum.
The Gregeis hadde neuere passed that place,  [lf. 66, bk.]
But thei had dyed,—suche was here grace. 4450

Hilomene was wounded ille.

Still the Greeks would have been beaten,
The 1 Gregeis were In poynt to spille;
Thei nyste what thei schulde haue don,
Ne hadde ben the kyng hurt so sone;
Thei hadde ben hewen euery a schrede,
But hem come help In that nede: 4452

if Thoas, For then come the kyng Thoas
With alle the naue that his was,
And the doughti Thelamanyous,
And with his schippis Menelaus,

and Agamennon
And the Empereour Agamenon;
Euery man the lond lepe on
And toke her hors and theder rode
With baneres blauwande bright and brode,
And the Gregeis were rescued,
And many a Troyen ther thei bowed,
And bare hem doun opon the grounde,
With speres scharpe and with hidous wounde. 4460

Protheselaus sits down to rest;
The noble kyng Prothesaly,
That alle that day so nobly
Hadde foughten ther In armes prest,
Sete be-syde to take his rest,
Ther the batayle was ffurst by-guane;
He saw the place was al by-ronne,
Spred with blod and dede bodyes,
That ther lay sclayn that hadde ben hes;
He saw hem sclayn and ligge ther,
He wepit for hem many a ter. 4472

he sees his men lying in their blood, and weeps.
Then he goes to fight again,
He toke his stede by the rayne,
To the fight he 3ede a-3ayne,
Ful of woundes and of Ire;
He brende for wo as any fire

1 MS. That.
The Trojans rescued by the Ethiopian King, the Greeks by Palamydes. 133

For his gode men that were sclayn
And al to-hewen¹ body and brayn.
He thoght, her dethe wolde he venge,
He sought the batayle euery renge;
Off strong ne feble toke he no kepe,
He sclow hem doun, as it were schepe,
Many gode Troyen that tyde
Sclow that kyng with woundes wyde
In his outrage and his wodnes;
The Troyens were then myghtles.

Unto her help and here refute
A worthi kyng and ful deuoute,
The noble kyng of Ethiope;
Then was ther many a 'blodes drope.
When comen Ethiopeines,
Gret hardines toke the Troyens,
Thei Turned a³eyn on ther fomen
And sclow hem doun by nyne and ten,
And droff hem to the water eft.
Ther schulde no Gregeis on lyue haue lefft,
Ne hadde comen Palamydes
With many a scheld, with bond and fes;
With hors and man was he thanne boun,
To that batayle he come soun
And bar doun men as he were wode,
And spilled faste the Troyens blode.

A doughti Troyen he by-helde,
That many a Gregeis In that felde
Hadde sclayn that day, sir Sygamon,
The kynges brother gode Mennon.
With a spere—was scharp y-grounde,
Better was non amonges hem aft yfounde,—
Palamydes to him rode,
That thorow his sydes bothe it glode.

¹ MS. alto hewen.
134

\[\textit{The Trojans flee. Hector rallies them.}\]

\[\textit{Hic venit Ector cum populo suo ad predium.}\]

That Segamon his lif for-3ede [lf. 67, bk.] 4517
And fel doun d by his stede.
He rod forth & left him lygand,
To the batayle faste smytand; 4520

Palamydes slays many Trojans,
He scow the Trojens—as he were wod—
And schedde wel mochel of here blod,
That thei myght sustre no longer;
Tho were the Grues wel the stronger, 4524
On every a syde the Troiens flede;
Then thei were hard be-stede,
With mochel noye and wo thei fauȝt.

so that they begin to flee,
The Gregeis then toke a drauȝt
Toward the tounz ney half a myle,
Many a Troyen died that while.

and the Greeks come nearer the town.

\[\textit{The noyse was moche & gret clamour;}\]

Hector hears the noise of the battle,
Ector herde hem make sorow,
For tene his herte began to bollen,
And bothe his chekes gret swollen;
He toke his armes and his atyre,
That were as bryght as siluer wyre;
A better man was neare on molde, 4536
He bar a scheld of rede golde,
With thre lyons paynted ther-In;
A delful note he thoght be-gyn.

\[\textit{Ector}^1 \text{ is armed, his stede be-strode,}\]

and golden shield,

\[\textit{He rod forth with-oute a-bode,}\]

\[\textit{Toward his men gan he gange,}\]

\[\textit{He saw the Troyens faste fleand,}\]

\[\textit{He rod to hem faste criand}\]

\[\textit{And bad: "thei scholde a-zeyn turne,"—}\]

\[\textit{Drede 3ow not 3oure enemies sturne!}\]

\[\textit{Ihesu lord! what thei were glad,}\]

\[\textit{When thei here noble leder had!}\]

1 MS. EEtor.
Hector slays King Protheselaus and many other Greeks.

Hic Ector occidit Prothesalium Regem.

Was non so feble his voyce [did] here, [lf. 68.] 4551 The Trojans are very glad of Hector's arrival, and turn again against their enemies.

But it amendid herte and chere,
And turned a-3eyn with hardi herte
A-3eyn here enimys wonder smerte.

Ector rode In that batayle,
Armes myght him non a-vayle;
Wo was him that he ful hit,
For of his lyff was he quyt.

He partid the Gregeis host in-sundir,
Eche man of him hadde wondir;
Off suche a man haue 3e non herd!
Alle that he hitte, to dethe thei ferd.

As he rode1 Gregeis thus sleande,
A3eyns him mette he comande
A doughti kyng, Prothesalye,
That many of Troye that day dede dye;
He smot him offte with his swerd naked,
That many Gregeis afftir qwaked;
With his swerd Ector him smot,
That he fel doun anon fot hot;
He cleff the body euen In halff,
As it hadde ben a clouen calff.

As non so bold, durst by him pas;
Eche man asked, "what he was?"
Thei fled fro him as fro the ded;
Whom that he hitte, ete neure brede.

The Gregeis pride Ector abasched,
He sclow so sele, er he sesed,
That alle were ferd that on him loked;
He maymed many, and made hem croked
Off legge, of arme, of fote, or too;
But 3it sclow he of hem wel moo.
Alle made him way and lete him ride,
Was non so bold durst him a-byde.

1 to inserted over line between rode and Gregeis.
Towards evening Hector retires from the battlefield. The sonne goth doun, it is ney cuen, [lf. 68, bk.] 4585

Hector retires from Battle. Achilles arrives to help the Greeks.

Achilles arriva to help the Greeks.

Towards evening Hector retires from the battlefield. The sonne goth doun, it is ney cuen, [lf. 68, bk.] 4585

Many a stroke hath Ector 3euen,
He was weri of men scleyng,
Off flyghtynge, and of strokes 3euyng,
For he sesid neuere with-oute fayle,—
And that was certes moche meruayle!—
Fro the tyme that he by-gan,
Off al that day he neuere belan.

\[ \text{1. Gregeis be-gan for to fle,} \]
And Ector rod to his Cite
And lefft that other ther flyghtande.

\[ \text{Achilles cam thenne faste saylande} \]
With alle his gode Mirmydanes;
With sword and spere and gret burdones
Vnto that batayle he him hyed,
The Gregeis thenne a-3eyn relyed;
Thei hadde comfort of his comyng,
On hem of Troye thei 1 gonne thryng.

Achilles be-gan Troyens to felle,
Some to wounde, and some to quelle;
Thei died faste on bothe parties,
He made aboutes him wayes and sties.

Achilles brouȝt with him ridand
Off men of Armes thre thousand;
Then hadde the Troyens ful gret doute
Thei fel doun dede ouer-al a-boute;
For then were Gregeis alle on londe,
With swords and speres & staff in honde,
Fyghtand faste In that assaut;
The Troyens faste ther dethe laut,
For Achilles widely
Sclow hem doun ful delfoly;
Thei myght no lenger him with-stande,
Thei turned the bak faste fleande,

1 MS. ι inserted by a later hand.
The Trojans are driven back into Troy. Night ends the Battle. 137

Toward Troye to saue here lyues. 4619
But Achilles afftir dryues,
He felde hem doun on enery side
And left hem liyng with woundes wide.

Thei ffowede hem to Troyes 5ate;
Wo was hem that come to late,
For he was sclayn with-out pite,
That ther by tyme hadde non entre.
It was hidous and right grisly
Off Troiens thenne to heere her cry,
The sadres saw here children bold
Lye ded In the strete Cold;
Then was ther dele with-out lau3ter;
The Gregeis made of hem gret slaughter,
And wounded hem in herhe fleyng.
But thei were settid of her entryng:

For then come ride the gode Troylus,
And his brother Dephebus,
And droff a-3eyn the ffel Gregis
With strokes sadde and mechel vnpes;
Hit was derk nyght by thenne y-wys,
Achilles 3ede with mochel blys,
With mochel l0ye and gret preysyng,
With his Gregeis to here restyng;
And thei of Troye with barre & haspe
Spered the 3ates with many a claspe,
That thei with-oute come not In
With-Inne the nyght with scleyght ne with gyn.

Gamenon lokes on euery syde
A place couenable on to abyde;
He bad hem alle, her tentis sette;
Thei swore alle, "thei wolde not lette;"
Thei sayde, "thei wolde neuer that place let;"
Or Troye were clene doune ybet." 4648

The Trojans flee to the city; Achilles wounds many of them,
especially those who are too late to enter the gates.

Troylus and Dephebus drive the Greeks back.
Achilles and his Greeks go to rest full of joy.
The Trojans bolt their gates.
Agamemnon allots places for the tents.

1 The last two words of this line, and the last three of the next, by a later hand, partially on erasure.  2 MS. wol Cold, a letter (probably d) being erased behind wol, and Cold added by a later hand.  3 MS. onto.  4 MS. Icche lette, Icche being crossed by a later hand, and lette added by the same.  5 MS. fyt, but inserted by a later hand on erasure.
The Greeks encamp, anchor their Ships, fetch Victuals and Arms,

Stedis was delyuered to euery a lord, [lf. 69, bk.] 4653
Thei ran alle to reste and cord,
To sette vp tentis, Paulyons to bylde;
Thei reysed vp bothe halle and tylde,
That riche were and mochel preysed;
Many a tent was ther vp-reysed,
Long, and round, and eke square,
Semely dyght & faire to her sight thare,
With eglis faire and riche In syght,
Off riche gold and mechele wyght,
With pomeles bright—with-oute fable—
Brode baneres on euery gable.

Opon her tentis thei dede en-haunse
Euery lord his contenaunce;
And thei that hadde no teld ne tent,
Scheldes and bowes faste thei bent
And be-gonnen a-boute hem bygge,
That thei myght ther-Inne lygge.
To thaire schippis faste thei zede
And drow out vitayles good spede,

Thei drow out larder of venyson,
Salt beff, and salt bacon,
And other flesch bothe fresche and salt,
Cornes, wynes, mele, and malt,
Grete tonnes ful of flour;
Riche Armor of riche a-tour,
Coffres grete with stele barrells,
That were ful of gode quarelles,
And other armes in grete tonnes,
Scheldes, helmes, darters, & gones,
And many other grete engynes;
And tyed her schippis with ropes & lynes,
And Ankeres grete kest on the sond,
That non of hem scholde wond.
Mules & hors bene put to cracche, [If. 70.] 4687
And afftir that thei sette here wacche 4688
With sicur men that wolde not slepe,
On euery a side that ost to kepe;
Thei dede falle bothe oke and plane 4692
And made fir In euery a lane,
That men myght se bothe ner and ferre
Ouer-al a-boute In eueryche a corner;

The fires 3euen a gret lyght,
As of hit hadde ben day-lyght. 4696
Mynstralles her pipes hente
And alle other of Instrumente,
Thei nakered, piped, and blew,
Vnto that the Cokkes crew.

And thus was thanne the sege be-gonne,
That laste ten yer, or Troye was wonne;
3it was it neuere wonne with fyght,
With the Gregeis, ne with ther myght;
Hit was be-trayed falsly—Alas!—
With Antenor and Eueas.

It is day, the Cok hath crowen,
Many an horn thanne was blowen,
Many an horn and many a pipe;
Thei be-gan her Armure gripe
Bothe In feld and In town;
Thei rered many a gomfanoun,
Baneres brode of fyne asure,
Grene, and white, of purpur pure,
Some were rede as vermyloun,
With pelotes, daunse, and Cheueroun,
Some with sauters engrêle,
And some with bastoun wouerle,
Off sable some, of siluer fyn,
And some of hem be-gan to schyn.

The Greeks set watches and kindle fires.
The minstrels play the whole night.
Thus begins the siege of Troy, which lasts ten years.
In the morning.
the Greeks take up their arms and rear their banners [which are described].
Hector arrays 9 Battalions. Their Leaders are Glaunton.

Hec Ector ordinat prælium suum.

Hector assembles his forces and divides them into nine battalions.

The first, of 2,000 men, is led by Glaunton, Theseus, and his son Archilogus, and has leave to march.

The second battalion (3,000) is given to Alkan and Antipe.

The third (3,000) is led by Troylus, whom Hector counsels

\[1\text{ MS. } \textit{then}. \]  \[2\text{ MS. } \textit{Tars}.\]
Hic Ector et alii Reges Troiani ibant ad prelimium.

These gode men In thi kepyng,  [lf. 71.] 4755
I praye oure goddis, a-3eyn zow bryng!  4756
But I praye the, my broder 1 dere,
By-for these kynge & kny3tes here,
That thow be wyse and not saujge;
3if the not to outrage!
I drede me sore, thi hastines,
Thi noble herte, and thi hardines
Schal make the bold and vs schent;
But thow take gode avisement,
Vnto thi-self to-day take hede!
I praye oure goddis, that wel zow spede!'  4760

Royle sayde in fair manere:
'3if my god me helpe, that is me dere,
Ne haue zc of me no doute,
I schal do zow ther aloute,
And do alle zoure comau3dement,
And kepe zoure heste in good entent.'  4772

He toke his leue as curtais and hende,
To his Enemys he gan wende;
His armes were gode and newe,
His scheld was of Asure blewe,
With thre Lyons of gold schynand;
Out of that zate he zede passand.

Aboute these batayles Ector him paynes,
The fourthe batayle 9 he ordeynes
Of th[r]e thousand and hundres seuene,
Off kny3tes gode—by god of heuene!—
With many a-nother dou3ti man,
Vndir that dou3ti kyng Vpan;
He was the strongest of that parti
Saue Ector him-self; but Dares ly.

The flyff batayle then Ector made
Off stronge kny3tes and eke sade,

1 MS. moder.  2 MS. kyng.  3 MS. batayles.
is made up of giantlike men of Cesoygne, 

Off doughti men with-oute ensogyne, [lf. 71, bk.] 4789
That comen were out of Cesoygne;
Thes ilké men were wonder stronge,
As gewinges methel and longe ;
The kynges armes were blewe and blo,
With-oute other signes mo.

under Polimodas.

He called to him Polimodas,
A dougty kyng, that hardi was ;
He made him lord and her leder,
And prayed god be her speder.

The sixth is led by Prosemen and Sterepes; they are archers.

The sixte batayle with-oute les
Ledes Prosemen and Sterepes;
Thei fauty vn-armed in here atyres
With longe Arwes and scharpe vires.
He cleped Dephebus that folk to lede,
And bad to hem to take good heede.
He bad also to kyng Esdras,
Opon his heued his helm to las;

and Philon.

Kyng Esdras and kyng Philon
Bothe thei dede her helmes on,
And wende to that batayle rude
With grete folk and multitude.

Philon's war-chariot is described.

Kyng Philon a noble cart,
A wonder werk, made hade gart :
It was clene and al yvore
Bothe be-hynde and eke be-fore,
Siluer and gold on aythe[r] whele
Was layd aboute fair an[d] wele;
Al was be-gon, syde and hemmes,
Ful of riche precious gemmes;
Suche a cart ne precious
Saw neuere man, ne so gracious.

That batayle lad Piktagorasen,
With kyng Philon and kyng Esdrasen.
The seuenthe batayle led Eueas;  
A strong kyng In euery plas,  
With a noble Amerale,  
That hete Eufen—so sayth the tale.—

The .viii. batayle led Paris,  
That Alysaundre het also y-wys,  
With the noble kyng of Perse,  
As Dares telles In his verse.

Ector sayde to Alysaundre:  
'Off the come al this foule sclaundre,  
For thi wyffes foule rape;  
I rede that thow wysly scape,  
That thow of hem be not dispised;  
Come not among hem vn-avised,  
Lete thyn ost be euere the by,  
That thi fomen come the not ny!'

Paris seyde thenne: 'so god me rede,  
I schal do, as ye haue seyde;  
I schal be euere at thin beste.'  
Thei ride forth with many a crest,  
With many a baner by the wynde,  
Some of sable, som of Inde.

Ector called to him blyue  
Off hardy kny^tes thosandes fyue,  
The stalworthest In Troye born;  
When thei come him byforn  
He made of hem the .ix. batayle.  
As Ector coude, he arayes hem wele,  
He bad hem be at his ledyng,  
Thei were wel glad of that biddyng.  
Ten of his brether that were hardye,  
He dede In that companye;  
Him-self 1 was armed In helme & bryny,  
His stede by-gan wel loude to hyny.

1 MS. self.
Hector takes Leave of Priamus, and rides forth.

Hector takes leave of his father;

he leaves 1,000 knights to guard him,

and will send him messengers from the battle-field.

Priamus says he relies on Hector alone, and will pray God to send him back whole and sound.

Hector rides forth,

Gret Ioye was of Ector ffayrnes,
Off his strengthe and his goodnes.
Dars the heraud— I the be-hote—
Many meruayles of him he wrote.

Ector sat on Galathea,
The swyftest hors that myght ga;
To his fader Priamus
Rode he thenne, and seyde thus:
‘My lord, my fader leue and dere,
A thousand knyghtes I leue 3ow here
With alle the pedel better and werre,
That the Gregeis vs not sterre,
To take oure toun with arte and scleghet,
The while we In feld feght.
3e ben wyse, good, and able,
Loke 3e be gode and defensable!
I schal 3ow sende with kny^tes and knapes,
How the batayle with vs scapes;
And afftir that I sende 3ow sonde,
Wele helpe 3e vs, if nede be-stonde.’

Kyng Priamus a5eyn answeres:
‘I prey god, that alle thyng weres,
Saue the this day fro dedly wounde
And sende the a3eyn hole and sounde!
God sende me gode tythandes & blys,
For in the now al myn hope is,
In thi wit and thi connyng,
In thi strengthe and thi gouernyng.’

At his fadur leue he toke,
And with his batayle forth he schoke.

Ector rode forth In gode vertuus,
Strong kny3t, hardy and prus,
So hardy kny3t was non a-losed;
Wel offte was he harde be-closed,
Hector goes to the Battle-field. The Trojan Ladies on the Walls. 145

Hic veniunt Greci ad Prælimum.

With the Gregeis alle vmbygon, [I. 73.] 4891 Hector is often surrounded by Greeks, but none dares attack him.
That of his men hadde he not on; 4892
With hundres fele and thousands bothe
Thei swore his deth with many an othe.
And he on fote, when his hors was sclayn,—
Sit dar I for-sothe sayn, 4896
That non durst on him hond lay,
Ne non so bold come In his way.
His armes were faire and bryȝt of hewe,
His scheld was of Æsure blewe,
In-myddes his scheld a lyon stode,
As rede as any blode.

He markys him bothe body and brest
With Appolyn that was to him trest. 4904
At his wendyng pan was he last,
Alle his batayles sone he past,
Til he was formest of hem alle.
The ladyes ȝede opon the walle,
Their myȝt thei se on euery syde,
How the batayle scholde betyde.

Ther was Eleyne, the faire qwene,
Hectuba and Pollexene, 4912
And hir sustir Cassaunder;
Opon the walles thei gan wander,
For to se and to be-holde,
How thei faȝt opon the wolde. 4916

A Game[n]on In his de-vyse ¹
Hadde ordeyned wel alle hise;
He hadde on horse, with pedales,
Six & twenti grete batayles. 4920
The formast warde ledde Patroodus,
A riche duk and a glorious;
When he that batayle toke to kepe,
Him hadde be betre layn to sclepe. 4924

¹ MS. de-gyse.

— 10 —
The Leaders of the separate Greek Battalions. A great Battle begins.

He was Achilles alyaunce, [lf. 73, bk.] 4925
And dede him gret greuaunce,
For he was his swornen brother,
So was that on to that other. 4928

The second is led by Diodemes, Kyng Menon, and Menescens.
The thridde, the furthe, and eke the fifft
Lad many a kyng that neuere hadde schrifft;
Alle thei were dede, bothe duk and kyng;
To telle her names were gret tariyng. 4932

Then come Nestor duk, and kyng Makaon;
The laste of alle come Agemenon,
Off ther ost as an Emperour
And ther alther gouernour. 4936

Achilles bar non Armes that\(^1\) day,
In his tent at home he lay
For a wounde, In strong aray
That he hadde caujt that other day. 4940

Now haue thei take the feld large
With helme, sword, and many targe,
Lased streyjt in cote-Armures,
Y-heled\(^2\) with riche covertoures,
Opon her stedes gaye trapped,
With yren and stele that were wel clapped
For dyntes of Arwes and schotyng;
Many man dyed at that metyng. 4944

Many a baner was displayed,
And many a stede aboute strayed
Among that ost Maystirles,
That ther lay ded, lyffles.
Ther were schankes al to-schiuered,
And many of his lyff deluyered,
Bakkes broken, bones brosten,
Many of here hors casten,

\(^1\) MS. thar. \(^2\) MS. y heled.
Patroclus is slain by Hector.

Magnum bellum.

Many a cote on erthe trayled,
Many a wyff her lord ther wayled,
When thei alle to-gedir mette,
The archerese faste a-boute hem schotte,
Thei scow and wounded many a score.
Ector rod his men be-fore
And Priked his stede, as he were wode,
That alle his sides ran on blode;
So ful of yre as Ector was,
When he saw so many come a-pas
Off so many Gregeis in his syght,
He wondred swythe, and so he myght.

Patrodus, a kyng gaylai d,
Was ledere of the vanward;
Ector come as a lyoun,
And Patrodus on a stede broun
Vnto Ector be-fore his men,
He strok his stede and dede him ren;
He bar Ector thorow the scheld,
But Ector faste his sadel held,
In-to the flesche he him smot,
And Ector to him [went] foot hot.

He wex thenne wood and wroth I-now,
Out of his schethe his sword he drow,
He smot Patroclus on the hed,
Styff ded he him leued.
His strok with-stode no basenet,
His strong helme, ne his palet,
He cleff his heued atwo,
And bad him smyte no more so.
Doun on the grounde Patroclus fley
Off his hors, that many it sey.

Ector saw his Armes schon
Off many a perle and riche ston;

Hector rides in front of his men.
Patroclus and Hector fight;
Hector’s shield is pierced,
but he kills Patroclus.

k ij 4992
Menon prevents Hector from despoiling the Corpse of Patroclus.

When Hector attempts to despoil the corpse of Patroclus,

Doun of his stede Ector lyght [lf. 74, bk.] 4993
That gode Armes to him dyght;
He held his stede be the rayne,
To spoyle the knyght that he hadde sclayne. 4996

Menon, who has 3,000 knights,

¶ Mennon led the ward the secunde,
He saw Patrodus on the grounde,
He saw Ector him wolde dispoyle,
But rather him thouthe with him toyle;
For Mennon to him ryght
With thre thousand knyghtis bryght;
Er he myght that body dispoyly,
Michel wo was sikurly! 5004

abuses Hector, and declares

Ennon rode to Ector right euene
And him myssayd with loude steuene,
He spak to him wordes vnlede
And seyde: ‘thow wolff, thow art wel grede!
Wenestow wynne that wyght rauyne,
Certes his harneyes schal neuer be thyne;
Off this pray schaltow not tast,
For thow schalt se comande in hast
Fyffti thousand the to distroye,
And alle thei thenke the to noye.’

he shall never have Patroclus’s arms,

¶ When Mennon hadde him myssayde,
Alle the hepe on him layde,
Thei thoght his stede fro him reue,
And him to scle and ded leue;
¶ Thei zaff him many a stroke to holde,
Thei made his knes vndir him ffolde,
With fyne fors thei made him knele;
Ector tho loked as a deuele:
Maugre her tethe vp he ros
A3eyn the wille of alle his fos,
He cleue hem with his swordis egge,
As man doth the tre with wegge.
Hector is attacked by Menon, Theseus, and Archilocus.

Many a bale he al to-rit¹, [If. 75.] 5027
Many aboute kyng Menon flit; 5028 retakes his horse.
He toke his stede maugre her chekes,
And aftir hem he sekes,
Opon his heued a strok to wynde,
A-mong his men 3if he him fynde; 5032
In that prese hadde he him sene,
He hadde on him venged bene.

But then come kyng Theseus, 5036
And his sone Archilocus,
And thre thousand knyghtes with bren bryght,
And Ector thei felle on right;
But he that formast to him ran,
For-sothe he was a fey man:

Ector sclow him hastyly, 5040
And alle other that come him by;
The Troyens fauʒt with gret force.
Ector rod to the ded cors, 5044
That he first sclow, that het Cartays,
To reue him his harneys;
The kyng of Grece,—I vndirstonde—
Come with knyghtes two thousande 5048
Aȝeyn Ector, and bad him let be:
‘Thow schalt not haue his Armes with the.’

Kyling Mennon come with moche route 5052
And be-sette Ector al aboute, 5053
Thei putte him certes fro his thoght,
The harneys of him nedeth him noght;
Loke aftir that, was it no bote.
Ector whan he was on fote 5056
With many thousandes vmbyset,
An hondrid Gregeis on him bet,
As fele as myght him reche,
But Ector toke euere on hem wreche:  k iiij 5060

¹ MS. alto rit.
The Death of Gorion.

In many syde his swerd bared, [lf. 75, bk.] 5061
And many an hed he of pared,
He was so laid with armes and legges
Als thikke as mire with segges,
He smot of and maymed thore;
He was be-set with Gregeis sore.

who takes the corpse up, and
bids his men bring it to his tent.

Mennon toke\(^1\) that ded body
And lyft it fro the erthe an hy,
And bad his men be-fore him lay;
And ther-with thei ride a-way
And bare it home to his tent,
For Ector scholde not haue his garnement. 5072

Ector was strongly assauled,
But al therfore nought availed;
He wende he scholde not fro hem scape,
But of his swerd euere thei lape. 5076
Ther was a kny\(z\), sir Goriou,\(n\)
A stalworthe knyght, with sir Menoun;
An hundrid were at his assent,
To scle Ector, that was his entent, 5080
And fro him toke with-oute ziff.
His noble stede that was so swyfft.
But Ector sclow of hem ffyftene
With-Inne a while with his swerd kene,
He defended him doughtily.
A-\(z\)eyn hem alle ful my3thly.

Gorion tries to slay Hector and take his horse;

A Trojan with two speres slays Gorion and another Greek.

but Hector kills fifteen of his men.

A Troyen stode be-syde lokande,
He hadde two speres In his hande; 5088
And sone he caste that on,
That hitte that kyng sir Goriou,\(n\)
That fro his body 3ede the soule;
Delfully then gan he 3oule. 5092

\(\) Another was on Ector brym,
That other sper cast he at him,

\(^1\) MS. \(t\)\(k\)e.
Hector is rescued by his Brother, Senabor. Troylus wounds Greeks. 151

Thorough-out his Armure gert he it flye; [lf. 76.] 5095
Then thei of Troye be-gan to crye, 5096
To held Ector he cried and grad
For that 1 perel that he was In stad.

When Senabor, his brother, herde
That Ector thus In batayle ferde,
He hied faste In al his myght
With al his ost In-to that fyght;
Thorough hem alle he to hem presed
And of that perel him relese.
Off his strong men that were myghti
At his comyng were sclayn thritti,
Off hem that hadde him vmbeceast
Thritti were ded, er thei past.

Then delt Ector dyntes a-rijt,
Alle 3ede to dethe that come in his sight;
He wolde not longe dwelle In here dette,
He sclow down right alle that he mette.
Alle 3ede to dethe afftir that tyde,
That were so bold his strok to abyde;
He was with Ire so chaufed and het,
His armes were al blod & al wet;
He dalte aboute him large lyuere,
Of his strokes was he so fre,
That alle toke part that come him ner,
Erle, duke, kny3t, & sqwyer.

Many a riche amerayle
Broght he that day to wrotherhayle
And af his dole, many a knyght
Toke her dethe with-oute respit.
He fond no man wel many sithe,
On whom he myjt his wratthe kythe.

Troylus was on that other syde
And 3af the Gregeis woundes wyde, k iij 5128

1 MS. For In that.
Menescene of Athens, with 3,000 men, comes against Troylus,
unhorses him, and takes him prisoner.

Menescene, seeing this, calls upon the Trojans to rescue Troylus.

He smot hem on that yren hat, [lf. 76, bk.] 5129
That ney the heued ofte it sat.

Then come to batayle Menescene,
The noble duk of gode Athene;
Thre thousand knyghtes were with him,
Sturne knyghtes and grym.
He saw Troyle fel hem of Grece,
He rafft hem hondes, legges, and nece,
He 5aff hem many an euel pat,
Menescen hadde dispite of that.

He rode to him and hitte him lowe,
And bare him oner his sadel-bowe,
That to the grounde down of his stede
—Nolde or wolde—Troyle 3ede,
And for-stonet and wolde swouny.

Menescen made him bo besy
With alle his men and his power,
Troylo to haue to his presoner ;
He put ther-to suche bysynes,
That Troylo, that lay in duysenes,
Was drawen out of hors trede,
And Menescen forth-with him lede
With mechel folk toward his prisoun ;
He wende, for him to haue raunsoun.

Her was a kyng—het Meseres—
Saw the duk of Athenes
Hath take Troylo, the kynges sone:
“Helpe him now, if that thei konne ;
3iff thei her leder refuse,
Iff he be taken In suche gyse.”
Echon loked thedirward,
Thei saw thei ledde Troylo thenward ;
With loude voyce thei hem a-scryed,
And duk Mescene, he hem defyed.
He rode to him that Troyke hath sayled, \[lf. 77.\] 5163
And with his spere to him taled:
He bare him thorow lyeure and longe,
He spak neuere afftir with tonge.

The kyng Antipe smot duk Mescene;
Nadde his armes the strenger bene,
Ne scholde he neuere haue spoken word,
Ne bred eten at no bord.

This kynges two with her power
Delyuered Troyke of that daunger,
Thi sclow of hem a gret part;
And Troyke was horsed with gret hy,
He dede him horse amonges hem alle 1.
Then be-gan Mescene to calle
Afftir help to Gregeis stale;
But ther-of Troyke saff no tale,
But fro his power is he refft,
Ther to come thenk he not eft.
I dar sothe saie with-oute borwe:
Menescen hath then gret sorwe.
When he has thus his presoner lorn,
To his mouthe he sette his horn;
In his horn blew he a blaste,
His men assemblent aboute him faste;
He prayed hem wel hertely:
"That thei schuld him helpe stalworthly,
To venge him on the kyng Troyene,
He hadde don him schame and tene."
He strok forth as a dragoun
And felde Troyens be-fore him doun;
As he rode In his wode res,
He met azeyn him Meseres,
The knyght that made him Troyle tyne,
On him wodly he rolled his eyne.

1 This line follows the next one in MS.
Meseres, Remus, and Menelaus are unhorsed, Merenes is slain.

Menescene hurls Meseres and another Trojan to the earth.

Four kings fight with one another.

Polimodas comes from Troy, and so does Remus;

He felde him with a spere of Mapul Among the feet of many capul
He preked forth and lefft him thore, For he myght harme him no more.
Vnto another he tho turned, That of his hors sone he fondred.

† Then come he to helpe stalward With alle his men the town toward,
With alle his feloun Oripisus; A-3eyn hem come Archilaus
With the kyng Procenore— Off whom I haue told of byfore;—
Hard batayle ther was sene Off four kynges hem be-twene.

Polimodas with-oute dwellyng

With alle the men of his ledyng
Afftir thatcome out of Troye,
With mecheleffairnes and mochel Ioye,
With many an hors and on fote,
Some to sclynge and som to schote.

Afftir that come kyng Remus,
A-3eyn him come kyng Menelaus;
Kyng Remus brought thousands the thre
Knyttes gode to that semble,

Menelaus brought suche two
And many man on fote also.

These kynges two to-gedur rode
With kene speres with-oute abode,
Vp jede thair feet & heued doun,
To the grounde jede the croun.

Polimodas rod to Merenes,
With his spere he him scles;
Hé was of elde of twenti 3ere,
And Eleyne Cosyn leue and dere,

1 MS. tho that.
Remus is wounded by Menelaus, and dragged away by his Men. 155

In his jouthehed and his floures, [lf. 78.] 5231
Hardi, styf, and strong In stoures. 5232

Menelaus saw that he was ded;
It was to him a carful red,
In his grete tene he smot Remus;
Opon his hed he smot him thus,
That thorow his helme he cleue his veyne;
His men wende, he hade ben sclayne,
He was smeten to the eye,
His men wende, he schuld dye;
Thei toke here red then to fle
And wente her way and let him be.

Polymodas hem made abyde,
He bad: "thei scholde a3eynward ryde;" 5244
He seyde: 'it is 3oure vylony,
Fle ffro 3oure lord so schamfully!'
Thei turned a3eyn at his byddyng,
Thei wolde haue ben wel Iangelyng
At home with strokes seueue or eygte
Then ben there among that fighte.
A-mong the horses ther lord thei found
With mochel sorwe and hard stounde;
Men helde him ouerthwert,
For he was brosed hed & hert;
Some toke abouen and some benethen,
Wel seke and sore bere thei him thethen. 5256

T

Here was a kyng—het Cilydis—
The fairest man that lyued y-wys,
So fair a man was non on lyue;
His fairnes myght no man discryue,
No man myght his fairnes say,
Ne with no colour hit portray.
Celidis smot Polimodas,
That Antenores sone was: 5264
Cilydis is killed by Polimodas; Hector is severely wounded.

‖ Adhuc magnum bellum.
He rode to him to his vnprowe [lf. 78, bk.] 5265
With a spere stalwo[r]the and towe,

‖ Polimodos to the erthe he bare
Off his hors, er he were ware;
Polidomas ful wroth vp-sterete,
He pulled him by the skirthe,
He sette a strok vnder his choke,
That he myght neure aftir loke;
For men myght se his tethe al white.
He lay ther ded as a kyte.

Meanwhile Hector slays many Greeks,

Ector ffe[d] the while and scelow
Alle that euere aboute him drow,
He felde and scelow the Gregeis euere,
Off al that day he sesed neure;
He sesed neure sethen he began,
He rod a-boute fro man to man.
If I durst say: the Gregeis blod,
That he hadde sclayn, a-boute him stod
In eche a batayle that he rod thorow,
As wynter water doth in forow.

‖ Ther come a kyng ridynge a-cost
In help of Grece with alle his ost,
With many a knyvt hard & smert;
He toke Ector at discouert
With a spere, was not lyght,
That made his mayles vnright.
It roff In-two and brast In-sonder;
It was a strok lyke a thonder.
That yren was scharp and stalworthe,
With that strok Ector hurte he.

‖ Ector loked on him wrothly,
He cried aftir^1 him hertly:
‘A-byde, thow coward kyng Tentan,
For the love^2 of thi lemman!

^1 MS. aftir aftir.  ^2 MS. lowe.
Hector is surrounded by the Greeks, and warned by Theseus. 157

A-byde and stond a strok of me, [If. 79.] 5299
As I haue don of the! 5300
Tentan was so sore aferd, King Tentan
He nolde abyde for al mydelherd, is afraid and flies.
He preyd away ouer the valowe
As swyft as any swalowe. 5304

Hector pursues him

As he rod aftuer walopande,
In his way mette he comande
A riche lord, an Amerayle;
Ector him felde—the sothe to tale—
He cleue his bodi in parties,
That ded of his [hors] he syes.

Hector pursues him and kills a Greek lord,

The Gregeis then sprede Ector wyde,
Thei thoght him take or to sle,
Thei Iuged him alle quyk to fle;
But he jaff not a flax-bete
Off alle her bost ne thaire threte;
With him was non that to him longed.
Many a strok thei of him fonged,
Many a body he cleff also,
And many made he hedles ther-to.

Hector pursues him and kills a Greek lord,

Thesetis was a kyng of Grece,
In euery syde Ector he see
Alle with Gregeis stoute;
He bad him: "of that presse go oute;"
He bad him with wordes hende:
'I warne the as thi ffrende,—
That the mys-falle non euel hap,—
"Ne that he fel In that trap,
It were a los to alle that were,
5328
But if that fat knyht mys-fere.""

Theseus warns Hector to leave the battle.

Ector him thonked with mylde mode,
For he was kyng curteis and gode,

5332
Hector thanks him mildly.
Polimodas is taken Prisoner, but rescued by Hector. *The Trojans fly.*

He thonked him of his gode wille; [lf. 79, bk.] 5333
Ector loked his men tille,
He saw the kyng Menelaus
And the kyng Thelamanyus
A-semble to Palodomus,
That in the prese fer fro him was;
He herde mochel noyse & cry,
Ector wiste wel ther-by,
Polydomas was feld and taken;
He stroke his stede ouer the laken,
Er he come ther, wold he not lette.
With the Gregeis wel sone he mette,
Polidomus thei were a-boute,
He 3aff hem many a sore cloute.

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

Seining Mene-
laus and
Thelamanius
attack Poli-
modas,

Hector dashes
upon them,

slays fifty
Greeks,

puts the others
to flight,

and rescues
Polimodas.

Menelaus,
Thealamanius,
and Episcre-
pus gather
their forces

and put the
Trojans to
flight.

Hector fights
alone,

He thonked him of his gode wille; [lf. 79, bk.] 5333
Ector loked his men tille,
He saw the kyng Menelaus
And the kyng Thelamanyus
A-semble to Palodomus,
That in the prese fer fro him was;
He herde mochel noyse & cry,
Ector wiste wel ther-by,
Polydomas was feld and taken;
He stroke his stede ouer the laken,
Er he come ther, wold he not lette.
With the Gregeis wel sone he mette,
Polidomus thei were a-boute,
He 3aff hem many a sore cloute.

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

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\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

\[ If. 79, bk. J \]

Hector fights
alone,

\[ MS. *ffiffy*. \]
Hector fights like a Lion, on foot. The Greeks dare not attack him. 159

Hic Ector fecit magnum bellum.\(^1\)

The Gregeis cam thenne enviroun, [lf. 80.] 5367

\* Ector fau̅t as [a] lyou̅ \* 5368
All the hepe to him a-croched.
For ther was non that him aproched,
For who-so come with-Inne his swerde,
Sodan deth was his werde. 5372
Off alle the Gregeis that pursued first
Was non so bold, that ones durst
Ones opon him hondes lay;
Alle his men were fled a-way; 5376

\* Thei hadde sclayn his stede him vnder. 5390
I dar wel say: he sclow an hundred,
He reffe many bothe legges and thies,
Hed and schuldres, armes & knekes;
Ther lay aboute him hondes & knokeles.
As thikke as any honysocles,
That In somer stondes In grene medes;
Many a wyff made he wedewes,
Many a lady lordles;
He fau̅t with more and eke with les,

\* But he was euere liche ffresche. 5388
Alle at ones thei on him thresche,
Dartes ke̅t and put with speres,
But Ector euere his bodi weres;
Was non so bold, durst come him nere,
The whiles he myght his armes stere. 5392

Als Gregeis, to 3ow I speke:
If 3e ben ought, now 3ow a-wreke! 5396
Now may 3e 3oure strengthe kythe
On him that greues 3ow offte sithe!
He is on fote, his stede is sclayn,
On fote he wil not fle aȝeyn,
For al the gold of Galilee
He wol not ffro 3ow fflee. 5400

\(^1\) MS. This line in black, not in red; in the right corner, not in the middle; very small.
Ye are ten thousand against him alone! Shame upon you!

*The Greeks are Cowards.*  
*Damaderon unhorses Polirason.*

3e ben-aboute him ten thousand,  
[lf. 80, bk.] 5401

How may 3e for schame let him stand?  
A-3eyn 3ow alle on creature!  
Hit is 3owre schame, 3e let him endure!

¶ 3e swore his deth at Thenedoun,  
Now is he amonges 3ow gon,  
Fyghtyng amonges 3ow alle;  
I pray god, that 3ow foule falle,
That may not don vnto him on!  
Gret schame is, if he thus gon!  

¶ Alas Achilles, that wicked dede,  
That selow him¹ so in vnmanhede!  
It was certes non honour,  
But reprove and gret clamour,
That ten thosand my3t him not falle,  
Ther he stode amonges hem alle.

¶ The Troyens were fro Ector fled,  
His bretheren faste aftir him gred,
Among her men faste him sought,  
But thei con fynde him nought.
A-mong the Gregeys thei him fond  
Be-set with mo then x. thousand,  
That wold him take or elles qwelle;  
But Alle thei myght him not felle.

¶ A-mong Gregeys the prese thei brake,  
Many an hed ther gan thei crake;  
His on brother Damaderoun  
Rode to a duk Polirasoun,  
That rod on a stede mechel & strong;  
Damaderoun vnto him sprong,  
He 3aff the duk a cruste of brede,  
That he fel doun and lefft his stede.  
Damaderoun was not ydel,  
He toke the stede by the brydel,

1 MS. *him* very small over line.
Ther-with faste he him spede, [lf. 81.]
And to Ector he him ledde.

Ector lepe on his stede ronke,
   And seyde: 'brother, I can the thonke.'
Dephebus come to that saut
With alle the men him was be-taut,
With arwes brode, bowe and qwyuere;
With him come many a man delyuere 1.
To that saut thei were wel rakel,
Eche man made redi his takel,
Bende her bowes and set her flone;
Among the Gregeis thei gert hem gone.

1 Many a Gregey was euel atyred,
   With brode 2 arwes al to-vired 3;
   Thei wounded hem with arwes brode.
The Troyens then forth rode
   With gret comforth vnto that fyght,
   That wel-ney before were discomfyght.

2 Dephebus wounded kyng Thentan
   In his visage, that it wex wan;
Dephebus wounded him so sore,
   That he ther-on thought euere more.

3 Whyntelle and kyng Moderne
Theseus kyng sey fro ferre,
Woundyng Troyens and sore bete,
And many on her lyff lete;
Bothe thei swore with grete stryff,
Thei wolde reue Theseus his lyff.
The ton rod to him with malsent,
That of his hors down he went;
He fel doun, and thei him toke,
Thei thoght him scle with grymly loke.
But Ector bad: "thei schold late be,"—
   'Lete him go qwite he dede for me!'

1 MS. & delyuere.  2 MS. browe.  3 MS. allo wired.

and leads it to Hector, who at once mounts it.
Dephebus then comes on with his archers,
who slay many Greeks.
Dephebus wounds Tentan in the face.
Whyntelle and Moderne attack Theseus and are about to kill him.
when Hector prevents them, because he warned him before (see l. 5321 sqq.).
Hic Cassibalanes Filius Regis Troiani occisus est.  
Theseus was neuere so glad,  
As when Ector his men bad;  
He thonked him an hundred sithe,  
To his Gregeis he rode blyue.  

Thoas then arrives with 5,000 Greeks;  
He kills Cassibalanes,  
A bastard brother of Hector's,  
and flees.  

Hector, enraged, cuts down many Greeks.  
Nestor comes with 5,000 Greeks;  

Esdras, Philon, and Reconitas oppose him.  

A great battle.

1 T has been washed out, but is distinctly legible.  
2 MS. bright.  
3 MS. felde.  
4 MS. He is.  
5 MS. reconitas, r quite distinct, but cp. l. 5511, and the note on l. 530 (p. 16).
Philon is rescued by Reconitas and Esdras. Eneas and Ajax fight. 163

With his swerd In honde drawn, [lf. 82.] 5503
Many Gregeis did he on dawen. 5504
The Gregeis vmbikest his cart
With many a kny3t hardi and smart,
Thei toke Philon his helm vnlasted,
The gold was of his cart defased
With grete strokes set ther-on,
Thiei hasted faste to scle Philon.

|| Iecomytas1 was ful of wo,
That Philon scholde with Gregeis go;
He saith: ‘Esdras, for him vs wroght!
How thei of Greece—ne sese thow noght—
Haue take Philon and led a-way?
Helpe we him, if that we may!’

|| The Troyens thanne at here callyng
Among Gregeis made gret hurlyng,
Thiei delt strokes for her frendes
And refit Philon of her bendes.

EVeas come with alle his folk,
With spere and swerd and gauelok,
With alle his kny3tes and his men,
And her leder, duke Eufren.

|| Ayax rode to Eueas,
And he to him a gret pas,
As harde as thei may ride;
Wolde nother of hem lenger abide.
Thiei stroke to-gedir with so gret myght,
That bothe vpon here pol lyght.

|| Ector toke to Eueas hede,
And saw he hadde lorn his stede;
He rod to him faste prikande
With his drawen swerd in hande,
He dede Eueas his swerd take,
And sclow the Gregeis for Ayax sake. 1 ij 5536

1 I quite distinct in MS., but cf. l. 5498.
The Greeks are put to Flight. Ajax despairs.

Here armes vayled not an hoppe, [If. 82, bk.] 5537
He smot In-two bothe chanel and choppe;
He sclow an hundrid then and mo,
Thei were so ferd, that alle tho 5540
Be-gan bacward to fle,
Thei durst not ones with eye him se.

Ayax thoght, he was be-swyked,
When his men a-way priked;
In his hert hadde he gret wo,
He wiste not what for to do;
He loked on bak toward here stale. 5544

So mery was neuere Nightyngale
Syngand In no hasel-crop,
Ne no child playing with his top1,
As Ayax was that ilke tyde,
When he hadde loked him be-syde: 5552

He saw be-hynde him stondying right
A ffresche Gregey, that was neuere aflyght
Out of that stede, toward that fyght
With twenti thousand rekened aryght; 5556
Ther was the flour of chialrye
Off Grece certes and Thesalye.
Vnto that batayle come thei hard
With baneres brode and here standard;
Ayax schewed his men that sight
And bad hem for schame fyght.

He kyng come then of Cassedone,
To helpe Ayax with-oute essoyne;
He broght with him to that poyne
Off gode knyghtes thousands tweyne. 5564

The same tyme come thedur also
With bothe her ostes kynges two,
With hem come thousands seuene;
Yet leffte be-hynde twyes eleuene 5568

1 MS. thop.
That al the day thenne hadde rest; [lf. 83.] 5571
Off hem of Grece were thei the best. 5572

¶ Then were the Troyens wel weri,
Thei myght not¹ for weri hem steri,
Thei were so for-fouȝten, that hem was wo;
Thei thoght alle aweyward go. 5576

¶ But Paris come thenne with his tropel²,
With alle his knyghtes hardi and fel.
Kyng Philicais Ector a-vised,
How he Gregeis selow & bursed ;
He rode to him with tene & hate,
To dere Ector come he to late;
To Ector with his sper he soughte,
But Philicais that strok boughte, 5584
Ector rod to him aȝeyn
And smot him thorow the bak and brayn,
That he neuere afftir grunt;
He was ded afftir that dunt. 5588

Then come [to] the batayle kyng Humere³
With many a cheld and brod banere,
With alle his knyȝtes, and Vlixes
That alle that day hadde rest in pes, 5592
So did the kyng sir Humelyne;
With him come many dreadful hyne.
Kyng Pollidari and Macheroun,
With alle his ost Agamenoun, 5596

¶ The kyng of Cypre, kyng Rody,
Come with many a man pat was mody;
To flyght come kyng Henes,
With alle his men Philotenes, 5600

¶ Kyng Hencus and many other,
Diodemes with his brother,—
Al that day stode as oxe in stalle,—
Now be thei comen to batayle alle. 1 iiij 5604

¹ MS. now. ² MS. torpel. ³ MS. humore, but cf. ll. 5705, 5709, 5718, 11391.
Hector to the Trojans’ Rescue. Paris slays the King of ‘Frese.’

Agamemon he was the laste; [lf. 83, bk.] 5605
Now ben thei alle to batayle paste.
But Ector helpe, the Troyens ben spilt—
I telle hem,—elles alle be kylt, 5608
But doughti Ector hem rescowe;
Many of her bakkes now schal bowe,
For sixti thousand ther ben or mo ¹
Off ffresche Gregeis to batayle ago. 5612

Paris kills the
King of
‘Frese.’

Paris smot the kyng of Frese,
With alle his mayles he gan lese;
He smot him with a spere off beche,
That he fel douz with-oute speche.
Ther was del with-oute play,
Mechel cry and weylaway,
The Gregeis were for him ful wo;
Vlixes thrette Paris to sclo— 5620
The kyng of Frese was his cosyn,
He was of Vlixes kyn,—
He rode to him with gret envye,
To take on Paris Maystrye:
He sclow his hors, he fel to grounde,
That was better than an hundrid pounde.

Ulixes threat-
ens to slay
Paris, the
King of
‘Frese’ being
his cousin;

he kills Paris’s
horse.

Ulixes on the
face,

Troyle saw Paris feld,
In poynt of dethe, or elles him 5eld; 5628
In his front he him smot,
The blod start out fot hot,
He set on him a foule seme;
By his face ran doun the strem
Off rede blode, but not-for-that
Vlixes In his sadel sat,
Of his hors fel he not doun,
He smot to Troyle with gret randoun,
And In his visage he him smyt,
A wicked strok—he him hit.

¹ MS. or now mo.
Hector encourages his fleeing Division to attack the Greeks anew. 167

Ector rode euere to and fro, [lf. 84.] 5639
He made Gregeis blak and blo; 5640
Alle that day aboute he rode
Fro ost to ost, he neuer abode;
He loked to his owne eschele,
He saw the Gregeis with him dele,
He saw hem dreuen out of that place.

Ector seyde tho: 'Alace!'
Al that day hadde thei ther ben,
Might thei her mayster not sen,
Out of the feld gan thei hem dresse,
Thei hadde so fousten, thei were mygh[t]les.
Whether he were wroth, myght no man aske;
He rode to hem bothe wode & thraske,
He spak to hem wordes mylde:
'Louely lordes, god it schilde,
Fer to fle; what haue ye thoght?
Haue ye for-sete, ne thenke ye noght,
What schame the Gregeis haue ye don?
Helpes now alle quyk & soun 1,
Turnes aseyn boldly with me!
I schal 3ow venge, so mote I the!
I schal a-saye—be seynt Loye,—
Thei nedé neuer so moche Ioye.'
And whan here lord was to hem come,
Thei wende wel rather to be for-nome,
Thei swore to him that—so helpe hem god—
Thei schal neuer [fle] for euene ne for od.

He incites them to think of the villainy done them by the Greeks, and to return to take revenge.

Ector brew the Gregeys bale,
He ledde his men douz by a vale 5668
A-gayn quayntly to the batayle;
Thei be-gan the Gregeis to assayle;
To pe Gregeis ffresche and so quykly,
That thei died thanne thikly; 1 iiiij 5672

1 MS. som.
Thoas surrounded, rescued by Menescene, who is wounded by Paris.

For Ector thenne euere hem to dethe wounded, [If. 84, bk.]
With-outen ende he hem confounded.
Thoas, that sclow Cassibalan,
Among the Troyens ¹ he rode and ran,
As hundes doth vpon his pray,
He did gret harm opon hem that day.

Thoas is assailed

by Qwyntelyne and

Qwyntelyne hadde him aspied,
Loude to his bretheren he cried:
‘That is the theff, oure brother sclow,
Scle him anon amonges 30w now!
Let him not go now al quyt
With-out ethe or som dispyt!’

other brothers of Cassibalanes, and is thrown down.

Thei rod alle to kyng Thoas,
Hem was ful loth to lete him pas;
Thei bare him doun, his swerd was broken,
As he amonges hem was loken;
His hed was bare, his helme was rached,
Thei scholde for euere him hane tached,
Ne hadde ben duk Menescene;
He halp him, and that was wel y-sene:
He ² smot Qwyntelyne opon the hat,
His hors bak he loste with that,
Aboute Thoas for he was most;
He ² felde another with-oute bost.

Paris wounds Menescene, but Menescene delivers Thoas.

Aris than be-gan to haze
A strong arwe vp to the vale,
To Menesenc he drow that flot,
In-myddis his ribbes wel sore he smot.
Duk Menesenc therfore ne lefft,
Til he hadde Thoas fro hem reff[†],
With many woundes and many a clyt
Ther the bretheres hadde him hyt.

Kyng Humere was almost wode,
That Ector spilt so moche blode;

¹ MS. gregeis. ² MS. A.
Hic venit Priamus Rex ad prelimum.

He cleff Gregeis as men do swyn,
He made of hem gret moryn.

Humeres¹ bowe was redy bent,
Him hadde ben better, it hadde ben brent;
A scharp Arwe ther-Inne he set
And so to Ector he hit schet,
He hitte him euene In his visage;
But Ector quyt him his wage,
He hitte him on his helme aboue,
Hit roff to-gederes as a gloue;
The strok 3ede to his herte colke,
Humere fel doun a-monges his folke,
He bente neuere after arblast ne bowe,
To schete ouer hilles ne ouer lowe.

The Gregeis hadde gret angryng,
That thei myght not him ² to dethe bryng,
With her men so foule he ferd;
Thei hadde him offt amonges hem spered,
Ther were knytes aboute him kene
Hundres mo then ffyffete;
But he was not of hem abast,
Opon him-selff mechel he trast,
To make him way who-so nolde,
And wende away euere whan he wolde.

Ector lefft fvyghtyng al to-gedur
And wente hom to his fadur,
And bad: “he scholde with-oute distaunce
Come with alle his puruyaunce,
That were lefft[t] with-Inne the walles.”

Priamws then his men calles,
He brought thre thousand freschi & rested,
Among the Gregeis In thei thrested;
Thei sclow ther many a gret sire,
When thei were comen In that toptyre.

¹ MS. Hume?. ² MS. hem.
Hector and Ajax unhorse each other. Some Commanders are slain.

Hector and Ajax meet and hew each other down. Hector and Ajax unhorse each other. Some Commanders are slain. Menelauss slays a Trojan. Celydonias slays a son of Thoas. Madon slays Ced. Sadolle slays a noted Greek. Margariton falls Thelamon, and he him. Famel strikes Procenor down. Duglas and Menescene fight; Diamor comes to rescue Duglas, Ayax rod to Ector fast, That bothe his speres In-sonder brast, Ther hors fel doun and thei 3ede ouer, Bothe were besy up to couer. Menelaus sclow that tyde An \(^1\) Emerayl on Troyens syde; Ector brother Celydonias Sclow the kynges sone Thoas; His half-brother Madouw of Clare Smot kyng Ced opon the bare, He smot him so opon the snoute, That bothe his eyen wenten oute. His other half-brother, Sir Sadolle, A riche Gregay smot In that soille, That his harneis & his hatereff Opon the grounde al blody fell. Another of hem, Margaritoun, Felde the while sir Thelamoun; But Thelaman at that Iustyng Made the blode out of him spryng. Famel bare Procenor doune, He hitte him sore vpon the croune. Duglas ran to Menescen With gret envye and Mechel ten, He hitte him with a stalworthe spere, But he my3t him not doun bere; Menescen smot a-3ein Duglas With his sword In-myddes the fas,— His viser vayled not worth a pese,— He wounded him in-myddes the nese. Diamor saw his brother blede, He thoght quyte Menescen his mede, He smot him vndir his hors bely; Then he was ferd, hit was no ferly:

\(^1\) MS. And.
Tentan helps Menescene; Hector attacks both; Ajax to the Rescue. 171

For then come the brother thridde; [If. 86.] 5775 and so does a third brother.
Menescen hadde than mys-be-tydde,
Ne hadde Tentan come to his socouryng,
He hadde be brouȝt to his endyng.

Menescen was feld, but up he ros,
He faught faste aȝeyn his fos,
He faȝt aȝeyn hem alle thre,
But myght it not so longe be,
For on his scheld was many an hole,
He myȝt not longe that traunayle thole.

Tentan saw his grete myscheue,
He was In poynt of euel preue,
Menescen myȝt was almost wast,
Tentan rod to him In hast,
And halp Manascen, that faȝt sore,
Aȝeyn Duglas and Diamore.

Ector saw, that Tentan was
Comen to helpe aȝeyn Duglas,
He thought hem bothe to encombe;
Him hadde ben better In-myddes Humbre,
Then he hadde it at his wille,
Thei myȝt haue rongen here soule-knylle.

Ector was with him ful wroth;
Thei hadde dyed for-sothe both,
Ne hadde y-come Ayax;
And In his hond he brouȝt an ax,
The schafft was bounden, long was the bit,
Many a strok smot he ther-myt.

A Thousand knyghtes alle at ones
Fel on Ector as bryddes in grones 1;
To saue Menescen and kyng Tentan,
For that sauyng died many a man.

Ector him hew as fileschi to pot,
The Gregeis died as schep In rot.

1 MS. groues (?).
Hector slays Merion, but is sorely wounded by Menescene.

† Hie Ector occidit Regem Merionem.
He was Justice, deth was her dome, [If. 86, bk.] 5809
Ector made aboute him rome,
Then fel gret encombranuce
For Tentan kyng delyuerance. 5812

But the Greeks flee from Hector;
who slays a full thousand of them. 5813
Hector meets Merion (Menon), who rescued the corpse of Patroclus,
abuses him, and
smites off his head.
When he tries to take his arms,
Menescene wounds him sorely.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Lines</th>
<th>Translation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5809</td>
<td>He was Justice, death was her dome.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| 5812 | Hector made about him, death.
Then fell great encumbrance.
For Tentan, king delivered. |
| 5813 | The Greeks turned and from him fled,|
Thei were so sore of him aferde,|
He scow that tyme a ful thousande. |
| 5816 | Merion, king come in his way,|
Ector him smyte he thoughte asay,|
For he bar Patroclus him fro,|
His lyff he dede ther for-go. |
| 5820 | Ector saw, that it was he,|
He schow by his godis dygnite:|
"He schuld neuere affir him chide, |
He schal a-bye his foule Pride!" |
| 5824 | 'Say, thow fals faytour, |
Thow losenger, thow fals traytour! |
Now is comen thin endyng-day, |
Thow that bar Patroclus a-way!' |
| 5828 | He rode to him and made him stoupe, |
He bar him ouer his hors croupe. |
| 5832 | And smot his hed fro the body; |
He saw his armes delytable, |
Fair, and clene, and amyable, |
Ector stod and hem vndid,— |
Sixti thousand, & he In-myd. |
| 5836 | Duk Menescen ther-of was war, |
How he Meriouz dispoyled thar; |
He rode to him and smot him depe,— |
For Ector toke to him no kepe,— |
With a spere he him trauersed, |
That alle his armes thorow he persed; |

¹ Cp. 1. 4997 sqq., where his name is Mennon.
He 3aff Ector an hidous sore,
Menescen fley ther-fore,
He nolde not Ector longe abyde,
Away he gan faste ryde.

Ector wiste him hurt he feled,
He rod on-syde and him keled;
So wisly his wounde he bond,
That no blode ther-of wonde.
He rode a-3eyn to that baret,
And many a man to dethe he bet.

For Dares telles In his bokes,
As man may se that ther-In lokes:
Or euere he belan afFter the wounde,
He sclow of kny3tes In a stounde
Passyng mo than ten hunder;
Off man was neuere so moche wounder.

The Gregeis were so for-dalled,
So for-foujt en, and so for-palled,
Thei hadde no wil hem to defende,
To dye echon ful wel thei wende.
The Gregeis flow vnto here tentis,
Mochel sorwe and wo thei hentes,
For Troyens hem folwed thorow tent & hale
And bare a-wey harneys and male.

Thei robbed clene al that thei founde
And sente To Troye many fair sonde
Off gold, siluer, & riche druri,
That thei fond In coffres and ty;
Thei leffte ther nother pot ne panne,
Dische ne dobler, cuppe ne kanne,
Pece ne Maser, ne riche Mesures,
Thei fond ther wel riche armures;

Thei myght onethes a-wey wagge
With siluer and gold, walet & bagge,
The Trojans set fire to the Ships. Hector has no Fortune this Day.

Hic Greci fugerunt Ectorem.

With riche gold and other vessel, [lf. 87, bk.] 5877
A-vey thei bere hit eyrydel.
Thei sette fir In schip and sflune;
The Gregeis made a reful wulf dune.
That day the Troyens were glad,
Lord! the loye that thei mad!

But Hector has no fortune this day; he might have had the victory,

But Ector was that day vnbllessed,
Off grace certes that day he myssed,
He myght that day the batayl haue ent
And alle the Gregeis clene haue schent,
That thei schulde neuere haue passed the see
With lyff ne lym to here contre;
But destene, that fortune ledes,
When he beholdis that men best spedis
With sicur traist of wel spedyng,
He makes hem leue somtyme a thyng
That he may haue at his wille,
That he schal neuere come ther-tille.

E rewes of Ector namely,
That myght that day wel sicurly
Haue sclayn alle his enemys,
And hem scowfed at [d]euys,
And al on-hap haue put a-way
Fro him and his, euere and ay;
For I haue herd offte say,
That he that wil not whan he may,
When he wolde, he getis it noght,
Then hit were ful faire be-sought,
Som tyme, as good hap nere,
That comes not ones In seuene 3ere.

Ector forsoke this grace also,
Ne myght he neuere come ther-to;
But fortune is sficul and frele,
He is a fole that hath hir lele;

Fortune is fickle: a fool is he who is loyal to her!

1 MS. op hap. 2 The sign in blue, the word in red paint, in MS. in the left margin.
Fortune was fickle to Alexander, Caesar, Arthur, Tiberius.

Many a body hath sche a-mayed
And many a man hath sche be-trayd.
I holde it certes a gret folye
To truste on here trecherie,
For sche is wonder variable,
Sche was neuere to no man stable;
The man that sche somtyme most likes,
Alther-sonnest sche be-swykes.

With Alisaunder how dede sche,
Whan he was most In maieste?
Al this world did sche him wynne,
And alle the kynges that were ther-Inne;
Sche hated him and thoght tresoun,
And 3aff him drynke foule poysoun;
And sche that kyng loued mechel,
Loke, how fals sche is and ffykel!

Iulius Cesar, that so was douted,
That al the world to him louted,—
When he his trust opon hir hadde,
Sche sclow him foule with a ladde.

How did sche sithen with kyng Arthure?
Sche was to him bothe sicur and sure,
Sche made him wynne In-to his hand
Northway, Wales, and Scotland,
Irland, Denmark, and al Burgoyne,
And ouercome hem of Saxsoygne,
Bretayne, Gaskoyne, and al Fraunce,
And al hath thorow hir gode chaunce;
Sche halpe him wel with Real & Rok,
And at the Castel of Bestok,

When he fau3t with dou3ti Frolle,
Ther he smot on-two his polle.
And the Romayce senatore,
Tyberius, kyng of gret valoure,

1 The signs in blue, the words in red paint.
Hector meets his Cousin Ajax, and invites him to come to Troy.

Thorow here sclow he Romayns. [If. 88, bk.] 5945
Som-tyme sche loues, & somtyme refrayns:
Off the kyng then sche filled,
Wel foule then the kny^t sche spilled,
His sustersone sche made his bane,
When sche hadde a-3eyn him tane.

Thus hath sche do with many mo,
For certeyn sothe with alle tho
That euere sche loued or euere schal;
Sche turns & trendeleas as doth a bal.

With Ector certes fel hit right so:
He myght neuere afftir come ther-to,
That he that day myght haue don;
Fortune turned fro him thus son,
For he that day his hap refused;
He was afftir therfore arused.

As he rode chasyng hem of Grece,
And myght haue hewen hem to pece,
And saued him fro alle perel
That him and his ther-afftir fel,
He met a3eyn him comyng right
His Aunte sone, that Ayax hight.
In the tyme of Lamedon
His Aunte was rausched with Thelamon;
He held here longe In payrement
And gat sir Ayax verament.
He knewe Ector, and Ector him,
He hadde elles for-gon his beste lym.
Ector seyde: 'my dere cosyn,
Come to Troye and se thi kyn:
Kyng Priamus, that is thin em,
And his Baronage, and his barnetem.
Gret worschepe—so god me saue!—
Shaltow In Troye amo[n]ges hem haue.'
Ajax refuses. Hector retires his Troops. Trojans bolt their Gates. 177

Hec Ector concedit Ayax [sic] peticcionem suam.  

Ajax says 'nay,' but prays him  

Ther-with-al seyde Ayax: 'nay! [lf. 89.]  

But, dere Cosyn, I the pray,—  

As thow me louest and art curtais,—  

No more harme do thes Gregeis!  

But let hem be this day in pes,  

And bid thin men that thei wol ces!'  

Hector grants this  

Ector thanne with moclch vnsele  

Graunted his askyng euery dele:  

Ector bar a litel ruet,  

Vnto his mouth his horn he set,  

Twyes or thries ther-In he blew;  

Wo were his men, when thei hit knewe,  

Thei leff[t] her chase and schippis brennyng,  

And come to him faste rennyng  

With sorwe & kare and moclch wo,  

That thei ne myght the Gregeis sclo.  

They return to Troy;  

Thei rode the Cite than tille,  

And sikurly this was the skille,  

The victorie that thei for-3ede  

And myght neuere afftir so wel spede;  

Ne hadde he graunted Ayax prayere,  

Schuld neuere Gregeis hadde powere,  

Off he were comen of his blod,  

That euere he wolde be so wod.  

They return to Troy;  

Royens hadde here 3ates stoken,  

With barre and bolt wel y-loken,  

Wel sekur arre thei wel kept,  

That, when men were In bedde and sclept,  

The Gregeis scholde hem not brest  

And wake hem so of her rest.  

In here bed sclept thei not longe,  

The Troyens, when the day spronge,  

Were Armed alle and redy dight,  

To wende ayeyn to that fyght.  

In the early morning they go again to the battle-field;  

M j 6012
A Truce granted to the Greeks; they bury and burn their Dead.

but the Greeks demand a truce for eight weeks,

which is granted.

The Greeks collect their dead,

bury some, and burn some.

Achilles bewails Patroclus,

and builds a rich tomb for him;

they make another tomb for Protheseclus.

But Gregeis hadde ther-to no nede, [lf. 89, bk.] 6013

Thei sent to Troye & asked and bede,

If that her consayl wolde hit loke,

Treus to haue an viij. woke.

Priamus and his consayl

Graunted the treus with-oute fayle,

And swor to holde hit stable and ferme

The treus in pes lastyng the termes.

Gregeis were fayn of that grauntyng,

For thei hadde nede of soiornyng;

When thei hadde treuse, thei sought the feld,

Ther thei hadde foughten; thei be-held

The bodyes 1 that ther ded lay,

That hadde be sclayn In fight that day;

Ther come of hem a foul sauour

And smot to hem a gret rancour.

But thei did wele and wrought wisly

Off the bodyes that were grisly,

Thelie wrought best to here be-houe,

Tho that thei wolde thei toke and groue,

And alle the other with fyr thei brent;

Many a man his frend be-ment.

Chilles made both euen & morwe

For Patroodus wel mochel sorwe,

But it was longe, or his del sclaked;

A riche tombe for him thei maked,

And layde ther-on that cors present

With gret wepe and wayment 2.

Thei made also of Marbul gray

Another tombe, ther-on to lay

The dooughti kyng Prothesalye,

That Ector sclow In his folye;

With gret worschepe and reuerence

Thei made aboute him gret dispence.

1 MS. boydies. 2 The last four letters added by another hand; the careless copyist saw the rhyme-words of the next lines and wrote way only.
The Trojans heal their Wounds. The Tomb of Cassibalanes.

And thei of Troye that wounded wore, [lf. 90.] 6047 The Trojans heal their wounds;
Th ei heled woundes lesse and mo re,
The while the trewe be-twene hem last;
Th ei toke medecyn and heled hem fast;
By that the treus were al gon,
Th ei were amended euerychon.

But Priamys myght not drynke ne etc.,
For he myght not for-gete
Off his sone Cassibalane,
He cursed faste that was his bane;
He de dede make a tomb[e I-wys
In the temple of Veneris,
Craffly correuen and wel endent 1,
And layd him In that monument
With carful herte and sore mornyng;
Hit reft hime many a nyghtes sceleyng.

The terme is gon now of treus,
Some it likes and some it reus;
Thei ben bothe y-dyght In feld & tou
With helm and scheld and haberiou,
To the fight a-jeyn to fare;
Off bothe partes thei ben thare.
Agamenon was gretly carked
In his office, his men he jarked
Euyrychon vnto that fygght,
Thei ben alle armed & redy dight.

The first batayle lad Achilles,
The secunde Diodemes,
Menelaus lad the thriddle
With many dougti men him mydde,
The furthe batayle lad Menescenes
That was lord of riche Athenes,
And that other he wel oderneyd
And with his goddis he hem sayned,

1 MS. ed inserted after endent, very dim and indistinct, as if blotted out at once after writing.
And bad hem gon In here name, [lf. 90, bk.] 6081
Here foos to schenschip and to schame.

Ector was besy and tentyff,
To ordeyne his, to saue her lyff:
The first batayle In kepyng hadde
Doughti Troyle, so Ector badde;
In alle that other gouernayle
Ordeyned he, as most myght avayle.
With his goddis he hem merked,
And alle his men he forward ferked
Out of the ton toward that place,
Ther thei scholde fight with sword & mace,
The Gregeis were with-oute the dikes,
With swerd and staff [&] with pikes;
Achilles led the formast warde,
As is als it were a lyparde.
Ayther of hem knewe other wele;
Thei rode ¹ to-gyder as men vnsele,
Thei were bothe mychel and strong of myjt;
Thei rod to-gederes at all ri3t
With kene speres and wel y-grounde,
That bothe thei fel on the londe.
But Ector start vp anon
And to his sadel he gan gon,
Ector lepe on his hors bak,
He hadde vertues with-oute lak;
He scole of the Gregeis many a score,
As he hadde ydon before,
He wounds and sles & maymes many,
Vnnenethes he leues stondying any
In any stide ther he may mete;
Thei caste at him and arwes schete,
A thousand men on him smyte,
But sword on him wol non bite:

¹ MS. Theirode.
Achilles and Hector meet again; Achilles unhorsed anew.

Fro stide to stide aboute he wynces, [lf. 91.] 6115
He slees kynges, dukes, & princes; 6116
Thei sfe fro him as ffox to hole,
No man may his strokes thole;
He is so wele with blode of men,
That no man may his armes ken. 6120

Achilles ros vp afftirward,
He toke his hors & lepe vpward,
To hem of Troye gan he gange,
Him thought gret schame he lay so lange;
Among Troiens did he gret harm,
He wounded hem in body and arm,
He ran amonges hem as a roo,
He sclow manye & wounded moo,
He hurt hem som & nolde not spare.
As he rod thus, he was ware
How Ector ferde with his Gregeis,
He wounded hem and sclow al weys; 6128
He thought he wold eft with him Iust,
He hadde to Ector a ful gret luste,
But Ector jaff him suche a but,
And fro his hors Ector him put,
That he fel to the grounde as a cat,
Wel euen vpon his ketil-hat. 6132

He and Hector meet again;
He and Hector meet again;
Achilles is unhorsed.
Hector is prevented from capturing his horse,
so that Achilles can remount.
1 MS. wounded.
Achilles severely wounded by Hector. Diomedes separates them.

¶ Hic Ector et Achilles pugnauerunt.
Off his Gregeis, ther Ector stode; [lf. 91, bk.] 6149
Fauȝt so faste, that stremes of blode
Ran in forwes ther of leyes,
Many a man be-fore him dyes.
With alle the myght that euere he wan
Achilles smot to Ector than,
With bothe his handes, with sword naked,
He smot Ector, that his hed craked,
That with the strok Ector enchyned;
But Ector not his stiropes tyned,
Noght In his sadel ones Icched,
Noght for that ones he quyched.

¶ His hert gret angur surmounted,
That Achilles was remounted,
And suche a strok sithen him ȝaue;
He thought he scholde another haue;
He turned his hors wel smartly
And smot to him wel hertly,
He smot him on his hed on hy,
The blod ran douw by his eye;
He brak his helm and his hed als,
The stremes of blode ran by his hals.

¶ Ayther on other began to hewe,
Here strong myght on other to schewe;
A delful fight was ther by-gonne,
Hadde thei hadde rome, thei hadde not belonne,
Vnto thei bothe, or that on,
Hadde ben hewed as flesche and bon;
Hadde no man comen hem be-twene,
Then scholde men the better haue sene.
But then come thedur Diodemes
And saw that no man myght hem ces;
With alle his men he neuere bylynned,
Til he hadde hem a-twynned

1 MS. at twynned.
Biornedes fights with Troylus; his Horse killed, they fight on foot.

Certes I holde he did synne, 6183
That he hem parted so atwynne, 6184
Vnto the ton hadde the gre, 6188
When thei were bothe In her pouste, 6188
And that men myght haue sey in doute, 6188
Whether scholde of hem to other loute.

But Diomedes was ful sicur,
Hadde he Achilles leff[e] In that beker,
That he scholde haue had no pouste,
Ne qwik with lyff ne grace hadde be.

T
Hen come thedur ridyng Troyle,
A-mong Gregeis he gan to royle,
When he com, he did meruayles.

Diomedes him assayles,
And Troylus him assayled also,
Litel loue was be-twene hem two;
Thei reden to-gedur with speres so faste,
That bothe were doun of hors caste;
Vnto Troyle faste he 3ede,
Ther he sat opon his stede.

He smot to Troyle opon his fote,
But Troylus did ther-In bote,
He smot his stede thorow the haunche,
He myght no more afftir launche;
His stede fel doun, and he him by,
Thei faȝt to-geder with envy,
But thei were horsed a-ȝeyn vp bothe;
Not-for-thi thei were so wrothe,
That eyther of hem to other sought,
When thei were on horse broght;
Many a strok was be-twene hem cast,
But Diomedes atte last
Troylus toke with gret violence;
But many of Troye In his defence

It was a great mistake to part Hector and Achilles, before one had beaten the other.

Diomedes fights with Troylus;
both are unhorsed;
Diomedes captures Troylus.
Again they are mounted and fight together.
Troylus is captured by Diomedes,
but rescued by the Trojans.

Battle between Menelaus and Paris.

A young Greek knight, Boetes, engages with Hector;

and is cloven in two by him.

His cousin, Archilogus, to avenge his death,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>His Ector occidit Beotem &amp; Archilogum.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>At that tyme ful smartly stryues</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In gret aventure and drede of here lyues,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And delyuered Troye out of his hand,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thei come strikand on the sond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To that batayle come Menelaus,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyng Henes, and Theseus;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A3eyn hem come of Troye Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With other kynges and alle his.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At that batayle died mechel folk,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eche stede stod ful, bothe plasch &amp; polk,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of mennes blode that died there.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ful sicurly Ector lefft neure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To sclo Gregeis, and hem confounde,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thei fled fro him as hares fro the hounde.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| T hat saw an hardy newe-made knyjt    |
| Off hem of Greece, Boetes hy3t,       | 6232 |
| That no man myght make Ector leue;    |
| This Boetes thoght, he wolde that reue |
| With a spere stalworthe and towe,     | 6236 |
| But [Ector] at that strok lowe         |
| And seyde to him: ‘what hastow don?   |
| Wolde thow wynne on me thi schon?’   |
| He jaff no more of his smytyng        |
| Then of a flyes bytyng,                | 6240 |
| But he smot him a3eyn so sore,        |
| That fro his heued down to his shore   |
| He cleue him down by the chyn,         |
| As it hadde ben a lard swyn;           | 6244 |
| He sent his stede Into his In.         |
| Archilogus was of his kyn;            |
| When he his cosyn ded saw,             |
| Him lyked noght with Ector plaw,      | 6248 |
| He thoght him venge, if he moght,     |
| He drank ful ille, and that was noght; |
Archilogus, as well as his Cousin Procenor, is cloven by Hector. 185

Him hadde ben better, he hadde ben than, [lf. 93.] 6251
When he Ector semyte be-gan, 6252
For him saued not his riche crowne;
He carf a-two bothe flesche and bon,
He culpunte him 1 as he 2 were an ele,
... 6256
He smote euen In-two his myddel
Ryght euen at his gerdul,
That half fel doune, and half sat stille,
His armes myght not do ther-tille.
Hit was a wondir sight to se,
When pe hors be-gan to fle,
A-mong the presse when he ran,
Op-on his bak with half a man.

Procenor was that kynges Cosyn;
When he saw his witer-wyn
Hadde him 4 sclaue, sore him rewed,
For-sothe ther-fore his bale he brewed,— 6268
The body was ther freli kut,—
And smot to Ector so ful but 5,—
He rode to him euen sydilyng—
Vn-til grounde he him bryng;
He smot him euene vndir the cheke,
That he made him the ground to seke.
Off him was not Ector perceyued,
He was of him wel sore disceyued;

... 6264 6266

Opon his hors lepe tite Ector,
He ouer-toke kyng Procenor,
He set a strok vpon his heued,
That he ete no more bred,
He cleff him euene in two parties;
On eyther syde his hors he lyes,
As it hadde ben two clouen stikkes,
Or of a swyn two clouen flikkes.

His  Ector occidit Procenorem Regem 6.

[1] h altered from b in MS.  
[3] No gap in MS.  
[5] b altered from h in MS.  
[6] This line in red paint ought to be the head-line, cp. special note. The head-line is erased.
Achilles saw his strokes echon, [If. 93, bk.] 6285
In his herte made he gret mon,
Procenor was of his lynage,
A riche kyng of gret parage; 6288
He saw alle dye, bothe duk and kyng,
That come or 3ede In Ector goyng.

Achilles bides his men attack Hector, saying that Achilles sayde: 'if he lyue longe,
Here is non of vs so stronge,
That euere schal wynne fro him lyue; 6292
Ther bees sat neuere so thikke on hyue,
Ne corn In lond is thikker sawen,
That he ne sclesoure men and ouer-thrown.'

Achilles maketh alle his men redy,
And kynges to of his contrey,
And seide: 'se 3e not, lordynges,
How Ector here to dethe brynges 6300
Alle that cometh vndir his hand?
I se no man 4 his strok with-stand!
If he laste longe In his outrage,
He sclees vs alle bothe lord and page.

But of this world if we mowe
Deliuere him! but I not howe:
Iff we myght be so quynte and scly,
That we vn-armed come him by. 6308
For iff he take vntil vs hede,
I wot wel we schal neuere sped e;
Go we alle vpon a ffrusche,
Opon the erthe we schal him crusche, 6312
We schal him scle and al to-colpen;
But we do thus, we ben not holpen.'

Thanne strok to Ector alle that rabel,
But he 3aff nouzt ther-of a babel, 6316
For he was war of hem comyng
And of here malice and here thynkyng.

1 MS. on lyue. 2 MS. In his lond. 3 MS. 3e se. 4 MS. noman.
The Greeks are put to flight. Hector calls his Troops back.

**Hic Achilles & alij Reges Grecorum fugierunt.**

Thei smot on him, as thei were wode, [lf. 94.]
But Ector euere here strokes stode,
He smot of heuedes with basenettis,
Ther is no bote, ther he his strok settis.

Hector puts Achilles and his army to flight.

Achilles fley with alle his sfrape,
He was ffayn that he myght scape,
He thought wel lone he dwelled there,
He wolde haue ben he roght neuere where.
For Alle Achilles trecherie
Thei wolde not sen his ffsnamye,
But fled a-way to her tentis,
For many of hem ther her hed of-hentis;

Hector puts Achilles and his army to flight.

For Ector euere hem schased,
Helm and Coyff he of-rased,
And sclow hem bothe songe and olde,
As wolues don schep that ben In folde.
Hadde thei had dayes lyght,—
But sicurly it was nyght,—
That non of hem myght other chese;
Ne Ector wolde not his men lese,

Night coming on, Hector calls his troops back;

Afster his men he be-gan to blowe,
For non of hem myght other knowe;
And that fel faire for the Gregeis—
What-so-euere any man seis—
Thei hadde elles ben bounden In thral,
Or thei scholde haue dyed al.

or all the Greeks would have been taken or slain.

For witnes beres her-off Dares,
And Tites also with-oute les,
On ayther syde were thei heraudes,
In wham my5t be no fraudes;
Thei were ther bothe euen & mo[r]ne.
Dares was of Troye borne,
Kyng Troyen and kyng Frigais,
Tites of Grece, and kyng Danais;

My witnesses are Dares the Trojan and Dites the Greek;
Guido translated Dares and Dites into Latin. Greeks curse their Leader.

Thei were with hem euere In the feld, [lf. 94, bk.] 6353
Whan thei stode and whan thei fled.

So saith the noble Clerk Cuydo,
He fond her bokes bothe two

With-oute lesyng or variaunce
In siker prose and no romaunce,
And he translated wel and fyne
Bothe her bokes In-to Latyne,
Bothe of Gru and Troye langage;
Heuene be his heritage!

It was nyght, the sterres gan schyne,
The Gregeis made gret dele and dyne
For her frendes that were sclayn,
And was be-reued blode and brayn;
For her frendes that died that day
Ther was cry and weylawey.

Thei swore by god In firmament:
'If Ector lyue, we are alle y-schent;
Schal non of vs a3eyn him pas,
Kyng ne kny3t, more ne las.
Waried worth hem vs hedir broght!
For here we lese, and wynne noght;
3it schal we lese and drye more
Oure lyues alle by goddis ore.'

Agam[en]on herde that playnt,
He saw his men were alle ataynt,
For her frendes thei made care,
Thei seyde: "thei scholde alle to deth fare";
Thei cried and seyde everychone:
"That he him-self sclow mo alone
Than alle that other of his parti";—
'Who may with-stonde suche An enemy?'

It was neuer man 3aff suche strokes;
Off a man were mad of okes,

1 MS. Anenemy.  2 MS. thaff.
Off Marbil gray and grete stones, [lf. 95.] 6387 even a man
And yren and stele were alle his bones, 6388 made of oak
He wolde hem al to-cleue— 6389 and stone
By him that made Adam and Eue!’

Agamemnon with care was cold,
He wiste neuere, how Gregeis to hold, 6392 Agamemnon
That thei a-3eyn to Grece ne ferde;
When he that playnt a-monges hem herde, 6400 decides to kill
In his herte he then kest,
To sle Ector, how myght he best. 6396
A-non he sende his sonde
To alle the kynges vpon that stronde,
As thei loued here lyues dere,
And prayed him in alle manere, 6400 and calls the
That thei wolde come for his loue alle
With-oute dwellyng In-to his halle.

These lordes qwyk with-oute dwellyng
Come to him In that euenyng, 6404 When they
Thei come to his pauyloun,
Duk, prince and kynges with croun;
Thei set hem doun vpon the des,
Thei hoped wel with-oute les, 6408
Whi that thei were afftir send;
Hit was for-sothe right, as thei wend.

Agamenon seide: ‘lordyngis, 6412
This man Ector to schame vs brynges,
Ther is of him greet noyse and cry,
3e here it wel, and so do I;
If he lyue longe and goth forth thus,
He wol slecoure men and alle vs, 6416 Hector will
He schal not leue with-Inne two 3ere
Off vs lyuande that now is here;
3e se wel alle, how he fares,
He chases vs as hound doth hares; 6420

1 MS. alto cleue.
Agamemnon mocks the Greeks. Why don't they slay Hector?

Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium ad occidendum Ectorem.

We shall not win Troy, so long as Hector lives.

We must slay him with sleight.'

They deliberate.

Agamemnon says:

'Why don't you slay him by treachery, as you see him every day?'

A Hector, thin ere aust to glowe,
For thow hast now fousten y-nowe;
Wold god, Ector, hit were the sayd
How thei haue thi deth purvayd!
The Greeks ask Achilles to kill Hector by Sleight.

Thow scholde be saffe at devys, [lf. 96.] 6455
Iff that thow wolde be war and wys 6456
And kepe the fro alle her gyn,
Thow woldest be war to come ther-In.

They ask Achilles to take this charge upon him,

Thes lordes ben alle In gret stody,
Some are pale, and some rody, 6460
And some sittes in a dwale,
For pure angur thei wax al pale;
Alle haue at Ector dispyte,
That he were ded with-oute refyte.

They prayed Achilles for her sake:
"That he wolde that charge take,
For ther was non so wele couthe
In al the world by northe ne southe,
Ne non that myght stonde strokes thre
In al this world of him but he;" 6468

For-thi we pray the with herte large,
On the thow woldest take that charge, 6472
And the owe best this nedis to do;
'For if he leue and come the to
And dele with at his layser,
Ther saues the nother kyng ne kayser,
That thow ne schalt thy lyff for-go,
For he the hatis and thenkes slo.

Fro him ful wel war the ought,
Opon thi strengthe truste thow nought, 6480 only he must
But on thi wit and on thi scleyght,
And holde the euere fro him on heyght;
Whan thow him sees in a myscheef,
Than schaltow him dedly greef 6484
By thi strengthe and thi wit;
So schal we of him be qwit,
And alle these other schal we kylle,
Scle and take at oure wille.' 6488
The council is ended, the Greeks go to sleep.

In the morning the Trojans rise and take their weapons

And thus haue thei her consayl ent, [lf. 96, bk.] 6489
And eche man is hamward went,
To ete and drynke and take her rest,
And to scelepe, whan hem likes best. 6492

It is now day, thei haue scelepen,
The Troyens risen & tok her wepen,
Her armes al byfore hem fecched,
Some ben gode, and som ben wrecched, 6496
For many an hole and many a clyfft
The day be-fore on hem was lefft;
And dede on helm and basenettes,
Plates and mayle with gode horetes,
Mayle of bras, and goode colers¹,
Aketones and genuleres;
Thei ordeyned hem and made hem graythe,
And thret Gregeis with wordes laythe. 6504

Now the sonne is vp rysen,
Thei brought forth bothe Mule and Fryson,
Hoby, stede, and gode rounsi;
Thei alle ben goynge and alle redi 6508
Toward the Gregeis with-oute the gates,
For thei wolde haue the fight al-gates.

Ector was be-fore al-weyes,
He belan neuere to scele the Gregeis,
He cleues hem, and thorow strikes,
And throwes hem In clyf and dikes,
He makes here hedes naked and bare,
The bodyes cleue In-to the scharre, 6516
He drow here schedels fro here nekkes,
Ther aketons ferd as toren sekkes;
Off his schedl made he present
To alle that wolde 3eue strok or hent; 6520
His sword was wel with alle a-kuoynt²
With kyng, and duke, and prince anoynyt;

¹ MS. coters. ² MS. a knoynyt.
Agamemnon attacks Paris, but is wounded by Hector.

Hic Greci et Troiani fecerunt magnum bellum.
Men were alle ferd of his lokyng. [lf. 97.] 6523
Men wolde seye “hit were lesyng,” 6524
Iff that a man the sothe sayde,
What men that day to grounde layde. 6525

Achilles holds him euere asyde,
He maketh him reidi to wayte his tyde; 6528
As fishe is dreven to the bayte,
So waytes he him at som defaute;
T[he]-vpon he euere duelles,
For he attenis to no-thyng elles,
For whan he may his tyme se
Opon Ector venged to be. 6532

Paris come with hem of Perse,
With many a baner diuere,
With bowys gode wel y-strenged;
A-mong Gregeis whan thei were menged,
Thei schotte many thorow bak and brest,
That neuere spak afftir with prest. 6540

Agamenon on syde houed,
With gode Armes and wel y-gloued;
He saw Paris was thedur y-comen,
That fro his brother his wiff hadde y-nomen;
He was to him wel greuous,
For he hadde wedded his brother spous,
Him were leuer than alle Lorynge,
That he myght his brother venge; 6548

He come to him ful wel batayled,
And with his ost Paris assayled.
Ector saw that Emperor
Was comen dowm In-to that stour, 6552
He lefft alle other and rod to him,
And 3aff him certes woundes grym,
He smot him thorow his gode hauberke,
Thorow his scheld and his serke,

Agamemnon attacks him,
Paris and the Persians join in the battle.
In-to the body and threwe him ouer;  [lf. 97, bk.] 6557
Hit was gret wonder he myght couer.

But Achilles was In a-gayt,

He come anon bothe stout and st[r]ayt,
With many a lord and many a kny3t,
When he saw him In suche a ply3t.

Ector was his men with-oute,
Achilles closed him al aboute,
That non of his scholde to him come;
But he 3aff not ther-of a throme,
He layde opon hem dyntes grete,
That sicurly thei made him swete;
Thei were many and held him hote,
Wherfore he ran al on swote.

Then come Troyle and Eueas
With [sword] & scheld and gode anlas,
Dryuand dow to helpe Ector;
Achilles was wel wroth ther-for.

When Diomedes saw Eueas,

A stalworthe spere to him he tas,
Wel ney his flanke his strok he tecles,
And strikes him with spere and pricles,
And he ran forth as foule that flyes.
But Eueas be war, he abyes
The bolde wordes that dede sclyng,
‘When that thow sittes by the kyng’;
For he reuyled him so vylenslye,—
He thougt right wel, he scholde abye,—
When he was sent In message;
But he be war, he getis his wage.
So soffte sailes nother schip ne bote,
As he rod thedur and to him smote;
He 3aff Eueas a grisly wounde,
And bare him doun to the grounde;
Eneas is abused by Diomedes. Fight between Hector and Achilles. 195

Out of his sadel he him selong [lf. 98.] 6591
Vilonsly among the throng, 6592

And seide vnto him his golde:
'Welcome be thow hedir to me!
Thow art the kynges conseler 1;
If I may mete the eft her,
And thow this batayle eft haunte,
I schal the teche for to chaunte,
I schal the teche bothe burdoun and mene,
Ne be thow neuere so wroth ne wrene!' 6600

Achilles fights with Ector set
With-oute wordes & with-oute flit,
Ther were dou3ti dyntes deled
With al the myght that thei weled, 6604
Ayther of hem on other layd;
Ther men my3t se wel hard brayd
Be-twene two kny3tes of hardi mode,
Thei fau3t to-gedur as thei were wode ; 6608
Strongur was neuere be-twene two kny3tes.
Ector sore Achilles dightes,
Opon his helme is many a score,
Many an hole, and many a bore ; 6612
So ney the deth Ector him dryues,
That his vertu fast vnthryues,
For sorily hadde he him dight;
Ther my3t men se bothe her myght. 6616

Ector was for-fou3ten al day,
And he dede not but wayted him ay,
To stele on him as a theff,
When he fond him at mysheff. 6620
He wende then haue don him of dawe
And his lymes al to-drawe 2,
But for al his quaynt thought
He was almost brought to nought ; 6624

1 Last e altered from a in MS. 2 MS. alto drawe.
Theseus and Diomedes to the Rescue of Achilles. Hector wounded.

¶ Adhuc Bellum.

His myght was al-most y-don, [lf. 98, bk.] 6625
Nadde him come help son,
Ector hadde y-taken him elles;
In many a stid his blod out quelles.

Theseus

¶ Him to helpe come Theseus kyng,
A strong knyn in alle thyng
Afs come thedur pricande sone;
He swore by him that sat in throne:
"That him were leuere be al quyk fflayn,
Then Achilles were take or sclayn."

and Diomedes

¶ Diomedes saw also,
That Achilles mygt not do;
Ector was on him so hidous,
So ful of wrathe and greuous,
That he was dryuen so ney the prikke,
That he myght not his lippis likke.

come to help

¶ Thes kynges thanne to Ector goth,
And swor his deth, as thei were wroth,
And layd on bothe halues tho,
And 3aff him strokes y-nowe & mo.

Achilles

¶ The kynges son to him lepe,
As kny5t that was good and 3epe,
And 3aff Ector a stroke vnride,
That the blod be-gan out glide;
The strok was huge and gret,
Men myght ther-with haue sclayn a net;
The strok was smetyn with gret folye,
He barst of his mayle thre & thrittye,

¶ He barst of hem mo than an hundur,
And persed his Armure, that hit was vndur;
Al he to-rent his armure,
That it come to his fflesche pure;
Afftir the strok the blode out sprong,
He hadde a strok a schaftmon long.
But Ector saff ther-of but lytel:  
Diomedes he saff a titel,  
And with his sword a comyssioun,  
That of his stede he fel a-doun,  
That men my3t se his yren breche;  
He saff not of hem a leke.  

All the other Greek kings come up,  

Then come theder Menelaus,  
Vlixes kyng, and Theseus,  
The du3ti kyng Palamydes,  
Ermules, and Polymetes,  
Neoptolomus, and kyng Schelene,  
The noble dou3ti duk Menescene,  
Duk Nestor, and kyng Thoas,  
With alle his men Philocoas;  

The kynges alle with here Meyne  
Come doun alle to that semble,  
With kny3tes, squier, Erle and swayn,  
Was non be-hynde—soth to sayn;—  
That were tho that strong be-sted,  
The blod was mochel that ther was bled.  

The Troiens saw hem come doun alle,  
Opon her men then gon thei falle,  
Than seyde the Troyens: 'go we echon,  
Go we to hem, go we gon!  
We schal of hem to grounde warpe  
With swordes bryght and speres scharpe.'  
Then was ther a woful metyng:  
Many a wyff made thei wepyng,  
Many a gaylard kny3t and gay—  
When thei were met—dyed that day.  

I Trowe, sythen men couthe wepyn bere,  
And hors bere sadel and other gere,  
Herde neuere man telle In boke ne rede  
So manye at ones lye dede,  

1 MS. wrape.
Description of the Wounds. Hector fights best; all flee from him.

**Description of the wounds:**

- At on Iornay lyte and deye.
- Some were smeten thorow the eye,
- Some to the brayn vn-to the crave,
- Some In-to the body, and some In-to the mawe,
- Some the schuldres, & som the mylte,
- Off bothe the parties were many on spilte.
- Eche man on other schetis,
  - As thikke as heryng fletis; [lf. 99, bk.] 6693 6696

**Limbs are lost.**

- Many a legge lay on that sond,
- Many on loste bothe arme & hond,
- Many an hed was smeten of thore;
- Thei cried and yelled as boles rode,
- Men myght here the cry a myle
- Off hem that dyed ther that while.

**Men’s cries are heard a mile off.**

- The brethe thei blew stode lyke a smoke,
- Hit ros ouer hem as the roke ¹,
- Hit ferd a-boute hem as a myst.
- Many a man to grounde ther dist
- With mouthe and nase, al her vnthonkes;
- Ector hewes of legges and schankes,
- Many a man doth he to dethe,
- He seses neuere, whil he hath brethe.

**Many bite the dust.**

**Hector fights best;**

- Off alle the men that euere god wroght
  - I haue most meruayle In my thought
  - Off Ector certis and of his dedes,
  - And so haue alle that of him redes:
  - Ther dar non stonde of him a box,
  - Thei fle fro him, as hen doth fro the fox.

**all flee from him:**

- I trowe, god made neuere suche a knyt,
- Ne 3af neuere man suche a myt,
- That euere was borne In toua or port,
- But it were only to Sampsonz fort,
- For he [was] seker with-out e pere
- Off alle the men that euere were.

¹ MS. reke.
Off Sampson hadde ben ther that tyde [lf. 100.]
And al that day hadde reden him be-syde,
He ne myt haue don no more then he
For al his myt and his pouste.
Red I neuere of knynt ne man,
That born was of woman\(^1\),
That dede the dedis that Ector did;
Alas, that euere him mys-be-tid!

*Agamenon and Pandale*

They rode to-gedur in that dale,
Ayther of hem made other tumble
Bothe on fyngur & on thumbe.
Menelaus saw Paris;
Off him wold he not mys;
His spere was strong, the hed wel steled,
He smot Paris, that he doun reled
Ouer & ouer, as were a snayl;
He bare him ouer his hors tayl.

\(^{\dagger}\) Paris ther-of gret schame thoght,
That he to grounde so sone was broght;
He ros vp ful pale and wan
For schame he hadde of fair Eleyn,
He was ther-of wel sore aschamed,
That he of Eleyne schulde be blamed,
That sche saw so foule a falle,
Ther sche was set In castel walle.

\(^{\dagger}\) Ulixes rod to kyng Arastre,
Thei fa\(\text{u}\)zt to-gedur In that plastre,
Strong batayle was be-twix hem two,
But atte laste be-tyd hem so,
That kyng Arastre so sone was priked,
That his eres the grounde likked;

\(^{\dagger}\) Ulixes toke the stede by the rest,
And sende him hom, he dede the best.

\(^1\) In the margin, by another hand, much faded, very indistinct:

*Druiung hour (!) I pray the to . . . my well ordered.*
Hupon, Polimodas, and Carras are slain.

Polidomes and kyng Hupoun
Eyther of hem barst other vpon,
That bothe here speris¹ barst,
That kyng Hupoun was ded douz cast ;
Affir that strok his tonge neuere wawed,
Hit was with him wel euel dawed.
Hupoun was a man of elde,
Palamydes that strok be-held,
He saw the kyng ligge & dye
Right ther be-fore his eye.

S
Ayd the kyng Palamydes:
‘Thow schalt abye, Palidomes!’
He strok him so sore sidlynge,
That of his hors fel that kynge,
As it were a clewe of thred;
Ne ete he neuere affir bred.
Now lyest thow ther on thi syde,
The deuel made the a stede be-stride,
For litel myght is In thi lymes.

Palamydes Hupoun vp nymes,
And sent him to his Pauyloun
With mychel lamentac[i]oun.

Neoptolomus
Rod to kyng Archilogus,
Athyer 3aff other suche a kayl,
That thei flowen ouer the hors tayl
Opon that playn, as it were two ratten,
Thei lay ston-stille as two cattes.

Carras is killed by Schelene.

Carras rod to kyng Schelene²,
Hiem hadde be beter at home to bene,
For Schelene 3aff him suche a balle,
That of his stede he made him falle,
He 3aff him suche a benedicite,
That he fel dede opon the ble.

¹ MS. stedis.
² MS. schelene.
Menescene, Philocoas, Remus, Cariolus, and Theseus unhorsed. 201

Afftir that kyng Philomene
Fel to ride to kyng Mescene,
But Mescene rod ouer his cropere
And lefft his stede, that was him dere;
Philomene sende him vnto hise,
For he him [wan] with valyauntise.

Philocoas and kyng Remus
Rod to-gedur wel irus,
That to the grounde rode bothe kynges,
As euen as thei were drawn with strenges.

Cariolus, a kyng corouned,
And Theseus kyng to-geder routed
With speres scharpe, that men myjt here;
When thei to-geder met In-fere,
Here speres brast al In-sunder,
As it were a blast of thonder;
The strokes were strong, here bakkes bent,
Ne hadde the speres a-sonder went,
Thei schuld haue dyed at my wenyng
Bothe to-geder at that metyng.
Here mayles barst, her aketons rofe,
The yren In-to the flesch drofe,
The blod gerd out, as were a gote,
Thei tumbled ouer bothe hed and throte;
Thei lay ston-stille In that plot,
As it hadde ben an erthe-clot.

Ector bretheren were mechel to prayse,
Many a doughti man thei reyse
Out of here sadles and bere hem bak,
And lefft hem ligge as a sak
With grisly wounde and al ded lefft;
That thei come neuere to batayle effte.

The doughti kyng sir Thelamon
Saw ther a kyng,—het sir Padon,—
Fight between Thelamon and Sir Padon (Sarpedon).

To him he wolde [faste] ride, [lf. 101, bk.] 6829
He smot his hors and made him glide
Ouer forow and ouer falow
As swyff[t] as any swalow, 6832
Til he him met atte speres ende;
Sir Pedoun a-3eyn him gan wende:
‘Thow semest,’—he sayde,—‘no lyuande creature,
In my god I the conjure !
And if thow be the deuel Sathanas,
I schal the mete In this plas.’
Theri ridden to-gedur with-oute fayle,
That theri fel doun top ouer tayle;
Theri mette so wel, that nother fayled,
That the blod fro hem rayled;
Theri fel doun vpon the grene,
That men wende ded theri hadde bene. 6844

A Bout Ector euere thei rayled;
The Gregeis euel he assayled,
He hewys hem offte alle to grotes,
He falles hem thikker, than the motes 6848
In somer-tide fflyen In the sonne,
He spares nother qwik ne donne,
Lord ne lady, riche ne pore,
Strong ne feble, stiff ne store. 6852

Achilles clepes to him Thoas,
A dou3ti kyng,—his cosyn was,—
He sayde: ‘Cosyn, I haue meruayle,
We are not worth a scnayle 6856
A-3eyn that man, that 3onde fyghtes
Vndir vs alle with myght & sceleghites;
He sles oure men by fyue and six,
He countes hem as thei were a kex;
He weries not, ne belynnes nere,
But lastes euere In his wode gere,
Achilles & Thoas attack Hector & wound him. Thoas’s Nose cut off: 203

Ryght as it were enchauntement; [lf. 102.] 6863
Many a knyght hath he schent. 6864
Go we to him on a closter,
Oure myght on him let vs now muster!
For now I hope and wot right wele,
His myght be passed som dele;
I trowe now wel, he be myghtles,
Or oure godis be not rightwes,
And he of myght is more than thay.
Go we and loke, what we do may!
And so schal we on him be wroken!
When Achilles hadde thus spoken,

These kynges two with-oute abode
As-tide thei to Ector rode,
And layde on him as lytherlynes 1
Many a strok the two cosynes,
Achilles and kyng Thoas;
Thei roffe his helme In that cas,
That hadde ben made of tre or lethar,
Hit greued not him of a feder;
Thei brast his helme In many a stede,
And made his blode aboute him sprede.

Thei did bothe certis ther myght,
To him sle or take In that fyght
With many a knyght bothe fat & megre.
But kyng Toas was on him egre,
Off Ector heued his helme he drow;
But Ector 3aff him strokes y-now,
With tene smot he that lorer,
That he brast helme and his viser,
And half his nase he did of-kerue,
Off suche a service he did him serue;
Thoas fel to grounde thore,
For he was wounded swythe the sore. 6896

1 MS. lytherhynes, but the down-stroke of the second h is crossed.
Thoas is taken prisoner to Troy. Thelamon is wounded.

Hector's brothers come to his aid,

Thoas is taken prisoner to Troy. Thelamon is wounded.

Ector brother come then alle, [lf. 102, bk.] 6897
     Thei saw Thoas by Ector falle,
     Thei ride to him and alle that other
     And help right wel Ector, her brother ;
     Thei faust with Gregeis meru[el]ously
     And bare hem doun dispitously ;

Achilles wolde no lengur abyde.
     Thei toke Thoas In al his pride
     And ladde him to Troie to here prisoun,
     Thei caste him In a depe dongoun,
     Thei thrat him alle, tho he was tan,
     For ther brother Cassibalan,
     That he hadde sclayn with glad spede,
     Thei him be-hight In alle mede.

Antenor and Dephebus
     Lad him to Troye ful greuous
     Of his woundses and his takyng,
     And also of his presonyng ;
     Thei lefft him ther In sicur warde,
     And went aȝeyn to her standarde.

Kyng Thelaman at that rescous
     Was born to grounde as a mous,
     The bretheren him threw to grounde tho,
     For he assayled Ector also
     With kyng Thoas and Achilles ;
     Him hadde ben better haue ben in pes,
     For suche a wounde thei him be-tauȝt,
     That he leffte bothe mayn and mauȝt.

Thei bare him to his Pauyloun,
     Til he come ther In a ded swoun.
     Menelaus kest al his wit,
     How he myȝt Paris best hit ;

Paris saw wel his waytyng,
     He was war of his laykyng,
Menelaus is wounded by Paris with a poisoned Arrow.

Off his euel wil was Paris war; [l. 103.] 6931
His bowe he bente al redi thar, 6932
He set ther-In a kene beket
And to Menelaus he hit schet;
That hed was mad with foule venym.
Paris wel euene schot at him, 6936
And he fel doun, as he scholde dye,
The blod ran out of his eye.

Paris at him euel taysed;
Fro the grounde his men him raysed, 6940
And bare him home to his hale,
And laide him doun In-myddes the sale.
To him come sithen surgiens
And other noble ficisiens;
His wounde ful wisly then he soghte,
When thei were to him broghte.

Thei 3af him drynke & gode medecynes,
And slaked him then of his pynes, 6948
Thei schof aboute wel soffe his flesche,
With good wateres thei him weche,
Thei greythed him gode oynement.
When he was dyght, his stede he hent, 6952
And rod a3eyn to that stour,
And sought Paris with semblant sour;

He swor by goddis dyng[ne]te,
He schuld on him wel venged be. 6956
When Paris hadde with him thus toyled,
Off his Armes he him dispoyled,
He cast of al his armure,
And faust with him In cors pure,
With bowe and arwe fedred with po,
He wroght amonges hem mechel wo.

Menelaus was wel war,
That Paris thenne non armes bar, 6964

Paris wounds
Menelaus in the eye with a poisoned arrow.

Paris is brought to his tent,

where his wound is dressed.

He attacks
Paris anew, who now fights without armour.
But was al naked In his clothes;  
He swor his dethe with gret othes,  
A stalworth sper to him he kipped  
With stelen hed that wel was tipped.  
I hope wel Paris ded hadde ben,  
Ne hadde Eneas gon be-tw'en,  
That he myght not Paris come to,  
For no-thyng that thei my3t do.  

I hope wel Paris ded hadde ben,  
Ne hadde Eneas gon be-tw'en,  
That he myght not Paris come to,  
For no-thyng that thei myjt do.  

Ector saw al that fare,  
How he was lad to Troye al bare.  
To Menelaus 3aff he tent,  
To sele his brother how he hadde ment;  
Ector therfore was sore greued,  
Ther-fore his helme In-two he cleued,  
Thorow his coyfe his gode swerd bot;  
Menelaus ther-fore not flote,  
Ne hadde no wordes him to speke,  
Ne hadde no my3t him-self to wreke.  

Ector wolde haue taken him fayn,  
He put ther-to my3t and mayn;  
But ther come many a moder barne,  
Duk and kyng,—I the warne,—  
With alle her kny3tes, him to rescowe,  
For he lay stille as a sowe;  
Ther come mo knyghtes to his defence  
Than ben now In alle Tarence.  

On Ector alle thei gan leye,  
Many a body he did ther dye,  
Many a man to dethe gos,  
For thei lette him of his purpos;
The Greeks are put to Flight. Night ends the Battle.

Hic Greci fugerunt.

But Hector puts the Greeks to flight,

He sclees hem & falles that he reches, [Iff. 104.]

He maymed hem and ouer-al slees,

That he hadde neuere more pees,

Many a man he ther spilles;

The Gregeys fileis ouer dales & hilles,

Toward her tentis on eche a side.

Ector after euere chases,

Thei fledde him as hare doth hound;

Men my3t haue filled a gret dromound,

And euere he folowed manassand.

He swar here deth by bok and belle,

Scholde neuere man ne creature

Haue went fro1 that batel sure,

Hadde thei of Troye had day-lyght,—

So were thei ferd and discomfyght;—

But sterres ros vpon the sky,

Ector leftt his chase for-thi

And turned hem to his Cite,

With kyng, duk, and his meyne;

And did sone off hem her harneys

& set hem doun on benche & deys2,

And made her bones nesche and souple,

For ther was many a worthi couple,

For gret trauayle that thei hadde had

Off thaire restyng were thei glad.

Ow is Ector comen to halle,

And the stedis stabeled alle,

Then was reysed many a table,

Now is Ector comen to halle.

And the stedis stabeled alle,

Then was reysed many a table,

1 MS. for.  2 This line written in the margin very neatly, but by the same hand.—The last line of this MS. page (not printed here) is repeated there on the back of the leaf as first line.
The Trojans have Supper, bar the Gates, and go to Rest.

The Trojans go to supper.

The bordes were layd, the clothes spred, And thei are set and richely fed
With mete and drynke, grete plente,
With vernage, Cret, and clarre,
With other drynkes and riche metes.

Priamus bars the gates.

But Priamus no-thyng for-3etes
To make thaire 3ates fast—
He was of the Gregeis so sore agast,—
With many bare and many a croke,
And men y-nowe the 3ates to loke,
That alle men that were trauayled
Schulde, when Gregeis hem assayled
With noyse or cry or any affray,
In thaire bed [be] ther thei lay.

His men feast.

The 3ates he keped, and thei ben sere
To ete and drynke and make gode chere,
To ete & drynke can thei not sese,
Thei were serued with many a messe,
With many noble diners rost,
With mete bakyn, sothen, and tost.

The clothes were drawen, when pei had eten;
Kyng and duk, and alle that ther seten,
Layd be-side hem bothe the gerdel and pouche,

They go to sleep.

And wente than alle to thaire couche,
And held hem vnder couertoure,
And schepte wel a gode mesure,—
Til nyght was gon, and sonne schon wyde,
That men myst se on eche a syde.

In the morning.

With mechel noyse thei hem atyred,
Thei hadde long schept and were en-yred,
And as thei her armure held In hande,
Kyng Priamus sente his thithande,
That thei schulde be that day In pees
And make hem alle wele at es.

Priamws send

1 This line is in the MS. a repetition of the last line of the preceding page, where only leyd is written instead of layd. See footnote 2 on preceding page.
2 MS. layd.
Priamus convokes a Parliament of his Sons and privy Councillors.

Priamus sends his messengers,
And after his private counselors,
To king and duke and to Ector,
And after Troy and Antenor,
Til Dephebus and Eueas,
Paris and Polamyes,
That thei scholde come to his Paleis,
To here his consayl ther alweis.

Thei spedde hem faste euerychon:
Thei is comen kyng Monnon,
Gode Ector, and many another,
Troylus, and Dephebus his brother,
To Priamus that were priue,
What he wolde, to here and se.
When thei were y-comen alle
To Ylion In-to the halle,
Thei sat hem doun on that days,
Thei were stille and held her pays;
Saue Priamus, that kyng corouned,
Was non of hem that o word souned.

He spak to hem with glad chere
And seyde: ‘lordynges, 3e are me dere;
With-oute 3oure wil and 3oure assent
Wol I not do, so haue I ment.
I schal 3ow telle myn herte wille,
What is my resoun and my skylle,
Whi I haue sent aftir 3ow;
Sittes stille and herkenes now!

Me thinketh oure goddis speciale
And haue vs 3euen grete riale,
For vs haue thei mechel wrought;
To honour hem ful wel we ought.
Thei loue vs wel specially,
And worchin for vs rially,
Priamus proposes to put his Prisoner, Thoas, to Death.

Ther fore schal we on alle wyse [lf. 105, bk.] 7101
Do to oure goddis sacrific
With riche offerand and gret dispense,
And hem worshcepe and do reuerence.

We mot ned hem glorifye,
That they gave us our foe,
Thoas, as a prisoner.

That hath vs sent oure enemye
And schamely lyght In oure prisoun,
That vs hath don gret tresoun
With force and armes and cruelte,
That wolde sle bothe 3ow and me,
To robbe oure goddis, and oure Cite brenne,
And oure wyues ledde henne,
And make oure childer thral and cherles,
That schulde be kynges, dukes, and Erles;
And we hem ones greued,
By alle the gode non ther leued!

Me thinketh by resoun, and 3ow thynk als,
That this freke and traytour fals
Be 3oure consayl and Iugement
With-oute the toum be ybrent,
Or fle him quyk al by the lawe,
Or with wilde hors him to-drawe,
Or elles hong him on galowe-tre,
That wolde distroye 3oure Cite;
And so schal alle these other drede.

What sey 3e now, what 3e rede?
Lete se now, what dethe demes,
Wheche deth of thes him best semes?
Schal he be qwartered with a knyff?
To se him ded, were al my lyff!

Ther was no kyng that croune bered,
That Priamus that tyme answered
With word, whan he was demand;
But sat stille as dere on the land,

1 MS. qwarteler.
Eneas disagrees, as Thoas is one of the highest Greek Kings. 211

But were of that strong stonayd, [lf. 106.] 7135 All are astonished and silent.

Of hem alle no word thei sayd. 7136

Eueas was wis, witti, and lered,
To speke than was he not fered,
He saw the kyng hadde wratthe I-tane
For the dethe of Cassibalane,
The kynges sone, he loued best;
For wratthe him thought his herte brast.

If By-fore the kyng Eueas stode,
And spak to him with milde mode,
And sayde to him as the wyse:
‘Nolde god, that any of thise
Schamful dethe that to him deme!
Hit is wel better that 3e him 3eme
Hole and sound In gode saute,’
For we wot neuere,—no more wot 3e,—
What may be-falle som tyme to 3oure,
How it wol schape to vs and oure.

If The doughtiest man that euere was born
May falle, be tan, or elles lorn
Among his fos be chaunce and happe.
God made neuere so dou3ti a schappe,
That was so michel of strengthe & myght,
Geaunt, champiouw, ne other knyght,
He mot be take In batayle;
Al day we sene it, no meruayle!

III Ther-fore, sire, I do not rede
That 3e do thus Thoas to dede,
For 3e wot wel, my lord the kyng,
That kyng Toas and his ospryng
Is comen of alle the beste lynage
Off hem of Grece that ben of age;
Alle the gret blod of Grece
Ben some his Emes, and some his nece, 0 [ij] 7168

Thoas is a relative of almost all the Greek nobles.
Rector supports Eneas’s Advice to keep Thoas as a Prisoner.

Allo of his kyn, and to him longe, [lf. 106, bk.] 7169
Ther is non gretter hem amonge.
So thei wolde do to oure frende,
If any come in here bende,
And if vs the same Jugement,
The beste of vs if thei mowe hent;
Off som of oure hit myght be-tyde,
Se him haue suche a chaunce
For al þe lond of Spayne & Fraunce 1.

Therefore I advise that we keep him as a prisoner, in order to change him for one of our folk, if opportunity should arise.

If one of ours should come into the same case, you certainly would not like him to be judged thus.

Hector supports this counsel.

Hector
Priamus says: ‘They will deem us cowards if we do so.

If rede therfore, kyng Thoas saue;
The same a-þeyn þe mowe it haue,
þe may sit kyng Thoas chaunge
For on of oure or for som strange.
Ther-fore, lord, if I durst it say,
I wolde 3ow rede and also pray,
That þe wolde kepe kyng Thoas wele;
Hit may be-quyt 3ow euer dele.

Gode Ector, assente ther-to
And rede thi fader, to do right so!’
He radde his fader “that consail holde
That Eueas hadde ther tolde”;—
‘I holde his consail gode and trewe.
If þe him scle, hit may 3ow rewe;
For if any of 3oure be y-take,
We may him chaunge and so pees make.’

Priamus held him not payde,
That Ector thus to him sayde;
In his entent yet he lefste
And sayde to Ector wrothely efste:
‘And if we do with Thoas thus,—
What schal oure enemys saye of vs,
That we haue of hem suche awe,
That we dar not do the lawe?’

And therto amonges hem be wel ðawe 2;

1 This line inserted in the margin, like l. 7024.
2 No gap in MS.
3 The last word, ðawe, on erasure.
Thei schal drede vs the lesse
And holde vs ferd and herllesse.
But not-for-thi! a-3eyn my wille,
I schal assente 3oure conseil tille."
And so was Thoas saued fro ded
Thorow gode Ector and Eueas red.
And Eueas 3ede to Eleyne, to se
That curtays quene of gret bewte.

King Thoas herte be-gan to qwake,
He wende to be hanged al nake;
But Ector wolde he were saued.

Priamus wolde that Troye hadde be paued
With hethen hond and euery a membre;
That he hadde bended or Septembre,
If he my5t haue had his wille;
But Ector wold not lete him spille,
And thus hadde thei that conseil ent.
The nyght is comen, the day is went,
Euery man to his In owe,
The wayte be-gan nyght to blowe,
Mone ne sterre saw man non,
The cloudes haue hem ouer-gon;
It wex al dym with derk cloude,
The wynde be-gan to blowe loude,
The wynd turned In-to the west,
Hit made a wonder gret tempest.
Among Gregeis blew many a blast
And alle ther tentis to grounde cast;
So wonderly the wynd it blewe,
That alle here tentis ouer-threwre;
Al 3ede to grounde bothe tent and hale,
Here ropes vayled not of a schale.
Wo is hem In here 1 sclepes,
The wynd brast bothe tre and ropes,

1 MS. hem.
A dreadful Thunderstorm and torrential Rain frighten the Greeks

Ther was no stake that fast held, [lf. 107, bk.] 7239
Nother of Pauyloun ne of teld. 7240
Hit was as derk as helle,
Might no man se—the sothe to telle,—
To set a-3eyn teld ne tent;
Thel were almost with wedir schent. 7244

It thunders, It be-gan dredly to thunder;

rains, snows, Thei hadde nouzt to hele hem vnder.

hails, Hit blew, it rayned, and eke sneewe,
Thei turned for cold bothe hide & hewe;

and lightens, It thundred loude, it ffres, hit hayled,
Michel wo that nyght hem ayled;

and the Greeks are very much afraid.

Thel hadde of the elementes.
Aftter that be-gan it rayne,
As al the world scholde be sclayne;
As water rennes In a goute,
The sky gan falle hem aboute. 7260
Vp In the sky thei it hadde lade,
Men myght with-Inne a wyle wade
A-mong the hors vp to the hamme,
Than lefte no man synge his gamme; 7264

They think Noah's flood has come again.

They were a-ferd of Noye flode
Hadde comen a-3eyn, thei vndrirstode.
Al was fir in the firmament,
As it scholde the world haue brent;
The stedes starte out of here stalle
And ran aboute faste with-alle,
Men wende, that thei hadden ben wode;
The sky was as red as any blode. 7272
Hem selff to helpe thai ne my3t, [lf. 108.] 7273
I-wis thei hadde a vile ny3t;
It my3t haue ben no worse wedur,
Off heuene & erthe hadde gon to-gedur. 7276

Thei banned & cursed alle tho,
That made thedur hem for to go
Fro thayre gode and fro ther wiff,
To lede ther so karful lyff. 7280

Lord, the sorwe that hem was with!
That ny3t hadde thei non other grith,
Thei quok for cold, thei were al wete,
Thei longed sore afftir hete. 7284

IN sorwe and wo the Gregeis are,
For drede of dethe thei droupe & dare;
That thei come ther ful ofte thei playn,
Thei hopeth ful wel to be a-tayn 7288
To neuere se thing that thei owe,
Wiff ne child, moder ne mowe.
Thei sorwe thus, til hit be day;
"And her ffrendes"— thei seyde ay— 7292
"That lay ther dede, and som were roten,
Some smetyn, & some were schoten;"—

‘Alas!’ thei seyde, ‘this foul vnwit, 7296
We were with sorwe so combred and knyt!
Whan that we passed the Grekysche see,
We knewe ful lytel Ector pouste;
Hadde we knowen,—as we do now,—
Than hadde we wrought afftir oure prow, 7300
And saue d vs, and we dispende;
For now may vs no man amende,
Thes wederes done vs mechel tene.
What wonder is, of we vs mene?
We leue oure lord and oure frende,
And we ligge here in stormes, and schende; O iiiij
After the Storm, the Battle begins again in the Morning.

Er we wende hen, we schal be sclayn; [If. 108, bk.] 7307
Litet wondir is, of we vs playn. 7308

A
Ector, that we ne hadde knowen
Thi doustines, er we hadde sownen!
Schulde neuere kyng ne Emperour,
Duke ne knyt, ne vauesour,
Haue made vs passe the salte strem
For alle the gode of Jerusalem!
Thei made gret del and playnyng;
But it be-gan to leue raynyng,
When the storm ceases,

¶ The wynd sesid the gret blast,
The sneuyng then no lenger last,
The tempest then be-gan to sese,
The thonder slaked & held her pese.
Thei were glad of the sesed tempest,
Thei were ful glad to cacche rest.

¶ The ny3t is gon, the cloudes with-drawe,
The day be-gan for to dawe,
The sonne schon, the wedir cleres;
The Troyens then with brode baneres
Next morning

¶ Were redi armed In the feld,
On stedes stronge, with spere and scheld;
The 3ates were open, and thei rod out.
The Gregeis of hem hadde gret dout,
But not-for-thi thei hadde no nede,
And the Greeks

¶ Thei armed hem with mechel spede,
And made hem redi to the fight—
With alle her power and here myght—
Prepare for a new battle.

¶ A-3eyn Ector, that thei drede sore,
With alle here men bothe lasse and more
Here strengthe to kythe, her ny3t to proue
Off hem of Troye that thei saw houe
In-myddes the feld, and hem abode.
When both parties to-gedur rode,
Achilles, leading the first Battalion, fights with King Hupon.

Hic Rex Hupon Troianus mortuus est.

Delful dyntes thei deled and dalt; [lf. 109.]

Many in his armes swalt,
Er euen come and day was gon.
Suche batayle was ther neuere non
Betwene two kynges on lande ne se,
Neuere was, ne neuere schal be.

Othe parties ben y-dyght,
With scheld and spere and brynes bryȝt,
In playn feld on gode aray;
Ther is no speche of no loue-day,
For eche man wol on other be wreke,—
What bote is than of loue to speke?

Achilles with his Murmindones
Passed ouer dales and dounes;
He rides ouer dounes and dales
With alle his men out of his hales,
With baneres brode and many a sygne,
With many a worthi knyȝt and digne.

The first batayle sir Achilles
To lede that day for-sothe ches;
Out of his tent he is now yssed,
To kyng Hupoun was he wel wyssed,
A douȝti knyȝt of gret a-fere;
But him thoght euel that he come there:
Hupoun was michel and long,
Hey and brod, mechel & strong,
He was mechel as a geaunt;
But him hadde ben better to haue ben at Gaunt
Or haue leyn seke in his bed,
Then he that day batayle hadde led.

Achilles smot him with a spere,
That al his Armes gan to-tere,
He smot him thorow bothe flesči & bone
And thorow his armes euerychone;
Hector kills Octomene. A Fight between Diomedes and Antipe.

Hupon is unhorsed. Thoow he were mecheI and long, [lf. 109, bk.] 7375
Out of his sadel he him scelong. 7376

Hector fights with Octomene, To Ector rod kyng Octomene
With hate and moche tene, 7380
He come to Ector faste fleande
With a stalworthe spere In hande,
He smot Ector, that his spere barst. ‘The deuel the honge hard and fast!’
Seide Ector, ‘what eyles the?’
Whi hastow thus smetyn me?’ 7384

Hector was with him ful wrothe,
He drow his swerd and to him gothe,
And smytes him on a-nother manere;
Of his scheld a ful quartere 7388
He carff a-ways at that strikyng;
The stroke was smyten at his lykyng,
He smote him doun vnto his chyn,
That men myjt se the tethe with-In. 7392

Diomedes and Antipe fight Diodemes and kyyng Antipe,
With-oute trompe or pipe
Or any other Melodye,
Thei redyn to-geder with gret envye; 7396
Here speres brast In splentes,
But thei fel not with here dentes,
With that Iustyng ne that Iornay.
But thei 3ede not quyte a-way:

Thei drow here swerdes of here scauberkis
And smot on scheldes and hauberkes,
The rynges brast, the nayles out,
Thei were strawed al a-bout;
Her woundes bledde, her flesci was tamet,
The holest of hem ful sore was lamet.
But at the laste be-tydde it so,
That Diodemes smot In-two 7408
Antipe is slain. Hector is attacked by Episcropus and Cedius.

Thorow douztines duk Antipe gorge, [lf. 110.] 7409
With his sword—was fair of forge,—
That he fel ded on gresse and rote,
Off that wounde he hadde no bote.

Glorious kyng lord Ihesu!
Who-so hadde sen Ector vertu,
How he the Gregeis ther renuered 1,
Helmes and hauberk how he persed,
How he hem sclow by two and on,—
He wolde hame sworn by Peter and Ion,
By Marie bryst and persones thre:
That god that is In vnite
Made neuere man that was so goode,
Ne so many schedde of mannes blode,
Ne non so strong as Ector was.
By him myzt no man pas,
That he myzt take or hent,
That the lyff a-way ne went.
Ector slees the men of Gree,
Thei dyed thikkere then men dryues gece
To chepyng-touM for to selle;
It is a wondur for to telle,
What men he sclow In felde,
A-mong his foos how he him welde.

Her come two kynges In that batayle,
That saw Ector aboute rayle,
As faucoun flees affitt drake,
A-mong Gregeis gret murdir make;
He made hem fle for drede a-ferd,
As hound dos dere of his herd.
That on was kyng Episcropus,
That other his brother Cedyes;
Thei rod to Ector bothe at ones,
For to cleue him bothe fleisch and bones.

1 MS. reuered.
Episcropus defies Hector. Hector glorifies his Descent.

But Ector 3aff off hem ri3t nou3t, [lf. 110, bk.] 7443
Thei fond bothe that thei hadde sou3t;
Episcropus, that ape and owle,
Spak to Ector wordes foule,
He called him "fitz-a-putayn 1;"
And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn."

But Ector jaff of ifif hew rii5t,noujt,[If. no,bk.]
Thei fond bothe that thei hadde sou^t;
Episcropus, that ape and owle,
Spak to Ector wordes foule,
He called him "fitz-a-putayn 1;"
And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn."

Episcropus, that ape and owle,
Spak to Ector wordes foule,
He called him "fitz-a-putayn 1;"
And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn."

|| Than seide Ector: 'as I am kny3t,
Thow schalt of me haue a foul dispit,
Of me, thow kyng Episcropus,—

Thow hast defouled me thus!'

Episcropus Ector defies.
'E fals ataynted traytour, thow lyes;'
Saide Ector, 'I was neuer thral,
I am fre, and my kynde al;
In al my kyn is no throle,
But kyng and duk; kny3t & erle;
My ffader is a gentil kyng,
Suche is non In thyn ospreyng!

|| Fyfftene kynges, genteler than thow,
Doth him omage and fewte now;
And I, his sone, kny3t, and Air,
Vndir me is man and mair,
Duke and Prince, and kny3tes strong,
And alle that euere to him long.
My moder is a gentil quene,
A trewe lady, and euere hath bene;

|| Schel did her lord euere falshed,
But euere was trewe In word and dede.
It semes wel thanne, that I am fre,
I may be skyl no cherl be!

Thi proude wordes schal I slake.
I drede euere man of thi nacioune,
Whi scholde I now fle a glotoun.

1 MS. fitz aputayn.
Episcropus is killed by Hector. Cedius will avenge him.

Hic Ector occidit Episcropum Regem et Cedium Regem.

Suche a caytyff, suche a wrecche! [lf. 111.] 7477
I holde the not worth a fecche!

Then was wroth Episcropus
That Ector spake to him so spitous;
Dispitusly Ector he myssayde,
And sadly to him he layde
With al his strengthe and al his myght,
With Ector sone he gan to fyght.
Episcropus that schrewe vnorne
Might not his word performe;

Ector sone to him gan take,
He thoght him venge of that wrake;
Ector bare his sword on hye,—
For he hadde no spere him bye,—
He jaff the kyng Episcropus
Suche a recumbentibus,
He smot In-two bothe helme & mayle,
Coleret and the ventayle;
He carff him doun In-to his vent,
That to the deth sone he went.

'Thow art now dede and ouer-throwen,
Thi bostful wordes that thow blowen,
Velenly thow hast thi mede;
To myssay thow efft take hede!'

Cedius saw his brother sclayn,
The swot ran douz—so doth the rayn—
And of his eye douz by his lere,
For his brother that was him dere.
'Alas,' seide he, 'that euere I was born!
I se my brother In-sonder schorn,
I schal him venge—what-so be-tydes—
Thow my hert brest out at my sydes.'
A thousand knyghtes that douzti were
Cedius hadde with him there;
Cedius and his thousand Knights unhorse and surround Hector.

Alle he called to him tho, [lf. III, bk.] 7511
And many other Gregeis mo;
And asked him: "what was his wille?
Whi he so called and cried him tille?"

¶ Thei asked of him: "what him ayled?"
And he seide: "his lyff him fayled,
No-thyng In erthe myght do him bote,
Er he saw Ector on his fote,"—
' For he hath sclayn my dere brother,
Episcropus, and many other;
And him folwe I thus aboute,
To seche Ector among the route,
And leue him not, vnto he be founde,
Ded or sclayn, or cast to grounde.' 7524

¶ Cedius then with-oute lesyng
Souȝt Ector faste with gret sikyng;
A thousand knyȝtes rod with him than
With many another douȝti man,
To scele Ector and him wounde.

Thei ȝede him to seke & sone him founde,
And of his stede thei bare him doun,
And ȝede to Ector alle en-viroun;
And that me thenke no meruayle,
For he wist not of here consayle.

For her euel wil ful thei boght.

Cedius strok to him wel offte;
Ector saw his arme on loffte
Al redi him for to strike,
Then gan Ector sore myslyke;
¶ Than seide Ector to Cedyus:
'Wenestow to sle me thus?'
Hector cuts off Cedius’s Arm. Greek Kings and Princes assemble. 223

I sette at nouȝt alle thi Coueye, 
Whil I may se ȝow with myn eye!

Ector fæf kyng Cedius on
And cleff a-two his schuldur-bon,
That hond & arme bothe fley a-way;
The kyng fel a-doun, and ther he lay.

Then come thedir Menelaus,
And also the stronge Archilaus,
And also the stronge Thelamon
With many a knyȝt, & kyng Makaron,
The noble kyng Diodemes
With many a thousand, & Vlixes;
Ther come also the riche Athene,
The noble man Duk Mescene.
The riche kyng ther Emperour,
That was her alther gouernour,
He come doun with the rerwarde
Strong and yrus as any lyparde.

These kynges comes with here batayles,
Eche man thanne Ector assayles;
Thei died faste on euery syde.
Alas now! how schal Ector abyde
These kynges alle and her power,
Whan hem come socour fer and ner?

Prime was past, hit was Midday,
And ney-honde none—as I ȝow say.
Whan alle that armes bere myght—
Off hem of Greece thei fayled lyght—
Were comen doun to that batayle
With men & hors and pedayle,
With bowe and Arwe and alblast;
Then were the Troyens sore agast,
For thei hadde fouȝten for the best
Al the day withouten rest.
The Trojans are put to Flight. Phillus is slain by Achilles.

For then were comen the kynges alle [lf. 112, bk.] 7579
And begonne on hem to falle, 7580
Thei were ffiresch, these other wery.
Then were the Troyens al sory;
Thei keped the Gregeys not-for-thi
And stode a-3eyn strongfully;
But thei my3t not endure so longe,
The Gregeis were that tyme so stronge,
That thei be-gan so to fle.
It myght with hem no better be,
So weri thei ben and ouer-charged,
Here secour foule fro hem targed.
Achilles folwed and alle hise,
He ouer-toke the kyng Philluse;
Phillus turned and with him fau3t,
But suche a stroke Achilles him rau3t
With his hondes sicurly,
That he fel dede ther sodanly.
Ector saw that Phillus was ded,
‘Alas’—seide he—‘that I ete bred
That euere was mad of corn of whete,
That I schulde se my men so bete!
I may not longe it suffry
Off that Achilles with his sculkery.’
He turned and loked his men toward:
Thei flowe the while faste a-wayward,
Thei wolde not bide be doune ne dale,
For that the Gregeis were so stale.
Then my3t men se the Gregeis ride,
Thei closed Ector on eche a side,
Some be-hynde and some be-fore.
Ther was a kyng—het Alpenore—
Another also het Doryus,
Thei were to Ector envyous;
Doryus and Alpenor are slain by Hector. The Trojans return.

On eche a side Doryus him strikes, [If. 113.] 7613 Doryus and several other Greeks strike at Hector.
With his spere ful harde he prikes; 7616
Ector deled aboute lyueray
To alle that euere come In his way.

¶ Then men myȝt se swordsse drawe—
Thikkere then trees by wode-schawe—
A-boute Ector, to bere him doun ; 7620
Theri thoght he scholde neuer come to toun,
But leue ther as a caytyff
Clene ded with-oute lyff.

A Thousand swerdes aboute him clatered,—
As Masons hadde on stones batered,— 7624
But al was nouȝt thei were aboute,
For hem alle hadde he no doute :
He deled a-boute him suche strokes,
That he carf bothe hed and chokes,
Hond and foot & haterelle ; 7628
Many on ded to grounde felle.
He sclow for-sothe the kynges two,
And many a-nother knyȝt also. 7632

¶ To scl the Gregeis hadde he neuer pees ;
He cried and sayde to Achilles :
‘Thow sclow long er a kyng of myne,
Now haue I sclawe two of thyne. 7636
Come thi-selff to venge hem ;
I ȝeue of the right nouȝt certyn !’

¶ The Troiens thanne that were fled,
When thei sey how Ector sped, 7640 The Trojans, seeing Hector’s success,
How he him-self that stour mayntened,
With hem-selff ful sore thei tened ;
When he hadde sclayn the kynges bothe, 7644 return.
With hem-selff thei were wrothe,
Thei turned aȝeyn on thaire enemys,
And died faste on bothe parties. 1
Eneas slays Amphimates. Hector is much pressed and annoyed.

Hic Amphimates Rex Interfectus est.

A kyng of Greece ther-with he scow;
Amphimates his name was kyd.
That Eneas ther to dethe dyd.

The Troiens keuered a-3eyn the feld,
A3eyn the Gregeis fast thei held.
Ther was a duk of gret emprise,
That saw Ector hem alle to-brise
Alle tho of Greece that he my3t reche;
Ful ffayn wold he take wreche.

He swore by him that sit in trone
And made bothe sonne and Mone:
"He wolde him lette of his doyng,
Off his slaw3t and his quellyng."
Wel boldely to him he Joyned,
And with his spere faste ffoyneyed,
That his mayles barst in-sonder,—
That thoght Ector moche wonder;—
He drow his sword and hoved stille
And fauzt with Ector al his fille.

Gret my3t the duke schewed thore,
He layde on Ector strokes s3re,
He lettid him moche of his prowes,
Off his scleyng and his rebelnes.

Ector was with-al anoyed:
'Now is my my3t strongly distroyed,'
Ector sayde, 'whan I schal thole
Off on that is not worth a cole
Suche vilony and suche repruse.
I may wel say, I am refuyse
Off alle the kynges sones of Troye,
When that I suffre of suche a boye
Suche vilonye to me be done,—
Ne se I neuere sonne ne mone!

A great Greek duke

attacks Hector,

and presses him hard.

Hector is much annoyed and ashamed.
Hic venit sagittarius.

But how shall there thy strokes a-bye, [If. 114.] 7681
Thi hardines and thy folye!
I schal kembe 1 thi zelow lokke!

He saff the duk suche a knokke,
That helm and coyfe In-sunder 3ede;
He cleue him doun vnto his stede,
That he fel doun on that other side.

' Now wil thou jiff me leue for to ride,
Where that I loue & thou not me lette!
Now hastow that I the be-hette!'

Now cometh a-nother kyng Episcropus
With many a kny3t a-venterus,
Out of Troie comes he ridande
With men of Armes thre thousande.

With him come A quaynt Archer,
That mad is on suche a mane:\nHe is halff hors and halff man.
With hem of Troye thedir he ran;
This archer ran to fight al naked.
Herkenes now, how he was maked!
Fro his navel downward
He was hors, and man vpward;
As a hors hadde he foure fete
That he ran on, whan he schete;
Bak and bely of hors & tayle,
Thus was he maked saunfayle;

His [s]kyn was hard and no-thyng thenne,
His pyntel was of hors-kynne.
And al that was fro the navel above,
Al was man—for goddis loue:—
Sides and ribbes, hed and hals,
Bak and brest, & visage als,
Armes, scholdres, chekes, & eres,—
Al was of man that he op weres.

1 MS. kemble.

The Greek lord is cloven down by Hector.
The Trojan king Episcropus arrives with 3,000 men and a quaint Archer.
This Archer, being all naked, is like a horse from the navel downwards.
And like a man from the navel upwards.
The Centaur is described. The Sight of him frightens the Horses.

His voice alone is not human, for he neighs like a horse.

Saue that he hadde of man no voyce,—[If. 114, bk.] 7715
As an hors made he the noyce,
As it were an hors—for-sothe—he neyed.—
Many a man thorow him ther dyed!—
Tethe and gomes and mannes mouth—
Now lyues no man by north ne south,
That euere saw suche a best
In feld ne toune ne in no forest!

Al was of man bothe nese & throte,
And fyngres als for his schote ;
But alle his membres lasse and more
Were al be-grown with hors-hore,
Bak and bely, & legge and nase,
Brest, Armes, & his visage ;
As he were a hors, he neyest & ondes 1.
His eyen were lyke to brenmande brondes ;
He fierd, as he scholde men hauue brent
With spark of fire that fro him glent ;
His vice was red as any fir.
Bowe and arwe was his atir.

W
Han he was comen, he bent his bowe ;
Alle that euere him sawe
Were ferd of him and strongly wondred ;
The horses snored, as it hadde thondred—
So were thei of him agrysed,
So brend his eyen and dredful glysed.
Ther durst not on loke to him ward,
Here hors turned awayward ;

Thei wolde haue fled out of the feld,
But eche a man his hors held :
With mochel wo thei hem resteyd,
To make hem dwelle thei offte assayed ;
Thei held hem stille with bridel & reyne,
With mechel wo and mechel peyne.

1 Line 7729 after 7730 in MS.
Hector and the Archer pursue the flying Greeks to their Tents. 229

This Archer schotes & sendes Arwes, [lf. 115-] 7749
He slees the Gregeis, as men take sparwes
With lym or net or lymjerdes,
Hors & man that Archer ferdes;
And Ector slee al that he hittes.
Ther is no man that on hors sittes
Off hem of Grece, that may restay
Ther hors lenger, but fled a-way;
Ther is no man that ther abydes,
But eche man awayward rydes
To here tentis & Pauelons.
Achilles with his Murmondons 1
Vnto his strength the a-weyward prikes;
Ector faste afftir him strikes
With hem of Troie; and that archer,
He schet aboute him fer & ner
With arwes that were wel I-heded 2;
The Gregeis offte In-sunder hem scheded.

A wonder chaunce he did hem thore:
When thei of Grece discomfited wore
And to ther tentis a-weyward fledde,
Her Archer faste Afftir hem spedde;
The Archer hadde so smartly ronnen,
That he hadde lond of hem wonnen.
As he thus ran aboute schetande,
He saw a3ein him come prikande
Diomedes vnto his tentis;
The archer thenne an Arwe out-hentis,
He smot at him—so was he thare—
Diomedes was wel ware,
To schote at him so was he prest;
He wiste neure, whedir he my3t best
To his pauylounz for to ride,
For he most ride that Archer be-side,—

The Archer slays many Greeks,
and so does Hector.
The Greeks flee to their tents,
Achilles and his Myrmidons not excepted.
The Archer pursues them, always shooting.
The Archer goes too far,
and is met by Diomedes.
Diomedes doubts whether to ride on to his pavilion,

1 MS. Murmondous. 2 Line 7765 after 7766 in MS.
The Archer is killed by Diomedes. The Greeks rejoin the Battle.

Hic Diomedes occidit sagittarium.

Or if he turned a-ewayward,— [lf. 115, bk.]
His enemies come on him bakward:
For if he come a-monges her hondes,
For al the godis of Gregeis londes
Wold thei not lette the kyng quyk go,
With lyff and lym hem go fro.

He was In gret a-visement,
How he myght passe and be not schent;
He saw be-fore him that foule best,
The Troyens afftir him with many a crest.

The Archer was the kyng so hende,
To scle that kyng wel he wende:
To that kyng he gan to hale,
And drow an Arwe vp to the vale;
And as he was In his losyng,
Diomedes, that dou3ti kyng,
Hadde his sword al redi drawe,
That many of Troie hadde done of dawe.

He strok his stede & to him rode,
Ar euere arwe fro him glode:
He smot the best vpon the bak
And 3aff him right an euel knak;
He smot his bak [right] in-sunder,
That he fel doun his hors fete vnder.

Ow are the Gregeis fayn and bolde,
The Archer lyes vpon the wolde
Sclayn and dede, as men telles;
None is ther that langer dwelles,
Thei turned a-3eyn and toke the feld,
Thei droff Troians fro tent to teld.

To Ector rennes Achilles,—
But [of] him 3eues he not two strees,
He kepte him and not for-soke.
A stalworth spere to him he toke
Achilles and Hector unhorse each other. Hector's Horse is captured. 231

And smot Ector with myght and mayn, [If. 116.] 7817 Hector and Achilles meet and unhorse each other.
And he smot him for-sothe a-3eyn,
That eyther fel doun, er euere thei wiste,
That bothe her eres the grounde kiste. 7820

¶ But Ector was hurt the sorour,
For he come doun fro the fferour
As he had ben a man [a-]rage.
He toke Ector at his a-vauntage, 7824
Wher-by Ector In his ffallynge
Toke wel more the brussynge,
And lenger lay his hors beside
Then Achilles dede that tide. 7828

¶ Achilles ros op wittylry
And lepe on hors sicurly,
He layde his bond on Ector stede
And went a-way wel gode spede. 7832

Ector was risen and vp-stode,
He loked aboute as he were wode,
And swor I-tened 1 and he sporles,
The blod ran out at his nase-throlles;
When he fro him his hors saw lede,
Mouthe & nase began to blede,
For tene & wo his hew chaunged.
Ector afftir Achilles sewed, 7840

¶ Opon his feet faste he hyes,—
To his men faste he cryes:
‘Se 3e not, how myn enemy
Ledes a-way my hors 3ow by’? 7844
Iff he him lede thus fro 3ow alle,
Foule reproues 3ow schal be-falle!
But 3e him sonner ouertake,
3e bene not alle worthi an hake!’ 7848

¶ Eche man than afftir rides,
Is none lengur that then a-bydes, 7852

1 MS. & tened.
**Hector’s Horse is retaken. Antenor is taken Prisoner.**

Hector takes bloody revenge. 

Antenor rides about striking, —

On the other side of the battle-field Antenor fights.

The Greeks take him prisoner, and send him to their tents.

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1 MS. *Ector.*  
2 MS. *that thei him.*  
3 MS. *his.*
Therfore was he ful sorī,—  
That was his sone, was him bi:
His hert forsothe wex al cold,
When the tydandes were y-told.

† Gret meruayles tho in hem he wrouȝt,
Off his lyff as he nad rouȝt,
But he ne hade no space at his lykyng,
For it was thenne ney euenyng;

‡ The day was gon, thei hadde no lyght,
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.
To dwelle lenger thei was not gode,
The[i] leue slyghtyng, as hem be-hode,
And turned hom with weri bones,—
Eche man to his owne wones,—
Vn-Armed hem, and wente to restē;
To house come many a weri geste.

¶ Thei layde borde & clothe & 3ede to mete.
Polidomas myȝt not for-ȝete
Off al that nyȝt for no thyng
His dere fader takyng:
Ful litel he drank and les ȝte,
The teres fel to his fete.

¶ Off alle that nyȝt myȝt he not slepe,
Al that nyȝt he lay and wepe,
Til hit was day, the sonne gan sychyne,
Euermore dure his pyne.
Then he ros vp, as most nede,
To arme him, his men to lede,
Aȝeyn Gregais to fight to-morn.
Wo was him, that he was born,
For sorwe and care and mornyng
That he toke for his lordis takyng.

¶ The nyght is passed, hit is day,
The sonne hath dreuen the sterres away,
The Trojans and Greeks rise, take Breakfast, and fight again.

Ther is no sterre opon the sky; [lf. 117, bk.] 7919
The sonne is resen & schynes on by, 7920
Fair & bry3t he schewes his bemes. 7921
Thei risen vp of here dremes,
Off Troie and Grece [the kny3tes] bothe; 7924
Many of hem schal be wrothe:

\[ \text{Haddde thei of here swenen taken tent,} \]
That thei hade wyten, what it hade ment,
When hardi thynges thei did mete,
Tho that schold her lyf for-lete!
But ther-of toke thei kepe no-thyng,
But busked hem In the dawyng,
And Armed hem In sail & schip;
And than thei 3ede and toke a sop,
Thei ete a sop, and afftir dranke,
For In batayle thei wolde be strang.

\[ \text{When thei wente out of here hale,} \]
Many drank nother wyn ne ale
Afther that, ne ete, ne drank,
But layen ded & foule stank!
Eche man sclow other & felle doun,
Many of hem come neuere to tovn
Hole azeyn, as thei 3ede out;
Some lefft his hed, and som his snout,
Some to-hewen and foule ferd with;
Some les his lyff, and som his lyth.

\[ \text{Han bothe parties to-gedir wore,} \]
Thei smetyn to-gedur strokys sore:
When thei were comen out of her hales,
And thei of Troye out of here sales
And passed her 3ates & here dikes,
Eche man at other strikes;
He drow his swerd, and he his bowe,
Mechel sorwe ther was y-sowe:
The Battle lasts from Morning till Night. Many are slain.

He anon, his knyff he drawes, —And he is ded,—and ouer-throwes,
He schakes his spere, he rides overre,
And he fel doune I-hurt 1 wel sorre,
He is ded, and he is sclayn,
And he is born thorow the brayn,
He ses his lyuer and his entrelles;
Michel is the wo that hem ayles.

And thus ferde thei fro that thei ros
Til the day a-weyward gos,
And nyght was comen, and lyght was fayled.
Ector euere aboute rayled,
As 2 faucoun doth opon his pray;
The bodyes thikke aboute him lay,
That ther lay with dethis wounde;
Many a kny3t fel to the grounde.
Ful sorily he hem ransaked
Fro that morwe that he waked
Til euen-tide that home he 3ede,
For he hadde neure so moche nede
To help and socour his meygne,
As he hadde at that Iorne.

For Gregeis were so styff and stronge,
That thei his men doune sclow & sclonge,
As thei of hem hadde 3eue right nou3t;
But euere among thei it dere bou3t:
For Ector sclow hem al a-boute,
Many Gregeis made he loute;

Ector hem sclow, as it were mys,
Thei died faste on bothe parties
Off hem of Troye & of Gregeis,
Thei lefft liggyng many karkeis.
Echon wolde other sclo,
Off Grece died fele, of Troye wel mo.

1 MS. and hurt. 2 MS. And.

They wound one another with knives and spears.
This direful battle lasts from morning till night.
Hector—like a falcon—pursues and kills the Greeks.

On both sides many are slain, but more Trojans than Greeks.
Hector alone prevails against the Greeks. Night ends the Battle.

Glad was he that ther ascaped. [lf. 118, bk.] 7987
The better side the Gregeis shaped 7988
As for that day—as I herde telle.
With hem of Troye so it be-felle:

Had not
Hector been
among the
Trojans, all of
them would
have been put
to flight;

he alone is
victorious
against the
Greeks.

And thus he heldis with gret labour
Aȝeyn Gregeis al day that stour,
Til nyȝt was comen and day gon,
And thei departid everychon
On bothe parties more and les,
For it was so gret derknes.

Both the
Trojans and
Greeks bewail
their dead.

The wyues of Troye made gret mornyng;
Amonges the Gregeis was gret roryng,
Thei blew and cried—as wilde bere brayes—
For her frendes that died tho dayes;
Thei wende neuere that day abye,
That thei scholde hom with her lyff ride,
To passe ouer the Grekiss wawes.
Thei hadde In honde wel carful sawes
A-mong the grete and the smale,
Al nyȝt ther-of thei hadde here tale.

1 MS. *apul.*
Agamemnon sends Diomedes and Ulixes to Priamus to ask for a Truce.

Agamemnon sends messengers to Priamus to ask for a truce of three months.

Diomedes and Ulixes are the messengers.

Breakers of the truce are to be punished.

That now of hem schuld other dere
With non harm In maner of were
Lastyng the terme of that trewe,
And who-so did, it scholde him rewe;
Thei be Ingement const[?]eyned
To suffre therfore that men ordeyned.

The messengers do very rich apparel (which is described):

The kynghtes were fair & clene with-alle,
Here hodes dyght with gold ribanes,—
Better weres non among the Danes;—
Thei were with gold wel I-fret,
The floures of gold on hem set,
With wilde bestes and fflyande ffoules,
Liouns, lipardes, ernes, and owles

1 MS. he did.
They are adorned with most precious stones of great value.

The Greek messengers ask for admission at the gates of Troy.

Off riche gold that louely schon; [I. 119, bk.] 8055
In hem stode many a riche ston,
Saphur riche, and selidone,
Erbe-de-bothe, & Cassidone,
And euere among the dyamaund,
Sewed wel with gode orfolye-suand;

They are adorned with most precious stones

The frette of gold was like a belle,
So were thei gret & horrible;
Worth michel gode thei were apraysiaed,
Thei were so couchèd and hye vp-rayseyed.

Thei rode to-geder with-oute debate;
Thei are now comen to Troye gate,
In forme of pes thei aske entre:
"To lete hem In for charite,
That thei my3t wende with-out outrage
To Priamus on here message."

The gates are opened and vndon,
The kynges were leten In son,
Thei were I-kept with curtesye.

Delon, a Trojan knight,

Ther was a kny3t of genterye,
A riche man, that het Delon,
A gret courser sat he vpon;
He was In Troye bothe geten & born,
He saw the kynges come him be-forn.

On his hors that he be-strode
A3eyn tho kynges he thenne rode,
And kept hem faire as kny3t curtays,
And led hem In-to the kynges palays;
He led hem bothe In-to the halle;
The kynges were at the mete alle,

leads them to Priamus,

Priamus and his kny3tes of my3t;
Ther-Inne was a louely sight.
When Delon broght thes messageres
To the kyng and his consaleres,
Priamus bids the Greek Messengers wait for the Answer. 239

To speke with him, her erand to scheue,— [If. 120.]
Off his consayl were ther but fewe. 8090

Delon broght hem to the bordis,
Thei gret the kyng with lonely wordis,
Thei told her erand and asked respit:
“That alle my3t reste, bothe knaue & kny3t,
On bothe parties monthes thre
By siker hostage & gode surte.” 8096

With lonely wordes and faire spekynges
Kyng Priamus answered the kynges:

Priamus assures them of his trustworthiness
and assents to their demand,

But 3e wot wel: It is not skylle,
That I assente the trewees tille
With-oute red of my consayle,
Off my baronage, & myn avayle
That ar with me In myn enprise.
But I for 30w now schal arise
And herkyn, what my consayl sais;
So longe 3e schal dwelle In peis.
Iff thei assent, I graunt for me:
What thei wol say, 3e schal sone se.”

Priamus re-tires from the dinner-table.

Priamus wol no lengur ete,
He settis a-way drynke & mete,
For curtasie of his two gestis
He settis a-way borde and trestis.
All Priamus's Councillors, except Hector, grant the Truce.

He wolde thei were some answerd, [If. 120, bk.] 8123
That ther drecchynge hem not dered. 8124

Priamus calls all the Trojan nobles together, 8125

Priamus did to him calle
Kynge and dukes and lordes alle;
Thei stode aboute him on a rowe,
He spak to hem with wordes lowe:
‘Wol 3e thus longtime trewes fullfille?’
Sayde Priamus—‘say me 3oure wille:
What schal I tille1 hem now say?
Schal I seye: “3e,” or: “nay”?
Avise 3ow now alle In-fere,
Now 3e ben to-geder here:
What is 3oure wit? how thenke 3ow?
Hope 3e hit be for oure prow
To graunt this trewe? wol 3e assente?
Telle me 3oure best a-visemente!’

All the kings say: ‘It is no shame to grant the truce, as the Greeks have come to ask for it.’

He kyng[es] sayde by on name:
“To graunt trewe, it was no schame,”—
‘Sithen thei it aske at oure request,
Hit is worchepe to oure behest;
And we may reste vs the whiles,
For we ben ful of woundes and biles,
That ben ful of quytour & wores;
We may the while hele oure sores.
We wol the trewe graunte and hauen,
Sithen thei comen hit to crauen.’

They all assent, 8127

Ther was no lordyng In that halle,
That thei ne graunte the trewes alle
And wel apayed—saue Ektor one;
Ther-to spak he wordes none;
He saw what thei alle thought,
Therfore wolde he say right nought;
He saw it was al ther2 lykyng
To be In pes and haue restyng;

1 MS. telle. 2 MS. alther.
Hector thinks the Greeks' Demand a Snare.

\[ Hic Greci pecierunt pacem. \]

And not-for-thi hit liked him ille, \[ \text{[lf. 121.]} \]
That thei schuld ligge so longe stille,
And for he was not al wel payd,
To hem thus mechel Ector sayd:

\[ 'The Gregeis haue the trewes craue, \]
For thei wolde her ded men graue;
I dar wel say: hit is not so.
But I wol not the trewes vndo,
Sethen 3e alle the trewes wol holde;
I wole it be as 3e haue tolde;
But I dar say that thei thenke falsnesse\(^1\),
Thei are purvayd of gret queyntenesse.

\[ I wot ful wel, her mete hem fayles, \]
Thei haue defaunt of here vitayles;
Thei may not fyght, for strengthe hem fayles.
Thei schal the whiles puruay vitayles,
Off corn, wyne, and other store,
And be better thanne thei were ore.
And we that whileoure good schal waste,
Hit wol vs faile now In haste;
Thei wol mis-lede\(^2\) vs with a trayn.
What good be-houes vs to sustayn

\[ The folk that is with vs her-In? \]
Where schul we the godis wyn,
To mayntene vs and holde oury luyes?
I trowe that roste schal oury knyues,
When we haue no bred for to kerue;
I not wher-of thei schal vs serue,
We may be serued with-outen brede.
But now 3e haue graunted to take hede

\[ His trewes to holde, I say for me: \]
I wole right wel thei holden be;
For I schal neuere a3eyn calle
That thyng that 3e assenten alle.

\[ Q [j] \]

\(^1\) MS. salnesse distinctly. \(^2\) MS. vs lede.
Both Trojans and Greeks are glad of the Truce: they make merry.

I wol 3oure hele and 3oure wel-fare; [If. 121, bk.] 8191

I will not oppose all the others.'

The Trojans are very glad of the truce.

The Greeks. So are the Greeks.

The Grecian messengers return with the good news.

The Greeks sing and dance.

They get fresh provisions, and heal their wounds.

I if 3e mys-serde, it were my care;
I wole right wel that we vs reste,
Then may we be bothe tacte & preste
A3eyns the terme the trewe comes out,
We may be thenne bothe stuyff and stout.
I holde me payd of 3oure Iugement,
I wol not fro 3ow disasent.'

Then were the Troiens mury & glad,
When thei leue of Ector had,
That thei scholde reste so longe;
Many man for Ioye songe.
Hit was gret murthe & Ioye
To hem of Grece and eke of Troye,
That trewe is tane and last so longe;
That thei myght bothe ride & gonge
To take her murthe and her solace,
Eche man is glad In that place.

These lordes toke leue of the kyng
And wente hom al hying;
And to the Gregais hom he brynges
Off his trewis gode tydynges,
That thei of Troie hath graunt the trewes.
Then myʒt men here many glewes,
Pipe and Trompe, and many nakeres,
Synfan, lute, and Citoleres;
Ther was so many a daunce.

Thei made tho gret puruyaunce
Off corn and hay, of wyn and otes,
And thei songen wel merie notes;
Thei hele her woundes In gret quiete,
With mochel Ioye thei dronke and ete.
And thei of Troye were as fayn
Off here reste, bothe knyʒt & swayn,

1 MS. we.
Thoas is exchanged for Antenor. Prisoners are freed.

Thoas is exchanged for Antenor. Prisoners are freed.

And hele her woundes at here layser,—[If. 122.] 8225
Kyng[es] and kny3t[es] & kayer.
And al the while the trewe held,
The[i] speke to-geder In toune & field;
And that riche kyng Thoas,
That with Ector takyn was,
Scholde go quyte to his Pauyloun,
And Antenor home to Troye toun.

Ayther of hem the prisons hom sendes
With-out raunsoun & with-out amedes,
For that on that other is gre;
And so schal thei quyte be.

The trewe is graunt & schal be holden:
Riche robes were then vnfolden:
Many a coffre was vnstoken,
To drawe out robes that were y-loken;
Eche man his coffre vnsperes
And takes gerdeles of riche barres
With bokeles of gold and fair pendaunt,
Wel anamayled with the mordaunt;

Many a broche and many an oche,
To stike on hede and on pouche.
Thei toke out rynges and made hem gay,
Thei leued In Ioye & mechel play,
The whiles the trewe last;
But al was lefft, when that past.
Whil it was trewe, was many hode
Gayli wered with mochel gode;

When thei were gon, thei layde hem doun
And toke the stelen haberioun,
The ketil-hattes and stelen hure,
And layd away the gay pelure;
Thei toke her spores with kene roweles,
And leyde a-way the riche jeweles. 8256

The Trojans, too, heal their wounds.
Thoas is exchanged for Antenor.
Each side frees its prisoners.
During the truce all don rich robes,
girdles,
brooches,
rings,
and gay hoods,
but put them off when the truce ends, and take up arms.

1 MS. reveles.
During the truce,

Hector proposes to visit the Greek camp.

He rides out of Troy with many lords.

Agamemnon and the other kings welcome him. Achilles invites him to his tent.

Hector accepts and goes with Achilles; they drink wine and make merry.

Hector visits Agamemnon, and is invited by Achilles to his Tent.

During the truce,

Hector visited the Greek camp.

He rode out of Troy with many lords.

Agamemnon and the other kings welcomed him. Achilles invited him to his tent.

Hector accepted and went with Achilles; they drank wine and made merry.

Hic Ector ibat ad Reges Grecorum in tempore pacis.

It was a day lasting the truce, [If. 122, bk.] 8259

And eche a lord his clothynge newes; 8260

Ector was fair and semely dyght.

The day was fair, the sonne was bryght,

Merye synges the nyghtyngale,

The throstil, and the wilde wode-wale;

It is gret Ioye to here the larke

In toun and feld, fforest and parke.

Ector sayde: "that he wolde go

Achilles to se and other mo;

He wolde with him haue daliaunce,

To se her hertes and her contenaunce."

He rod him out of his Cite,

The lordes of Greece for to se;

With him 3ede many a riche lordyng,

Many a duke, and many a kyng.

He was welcomed with gret honour

To Agamenoun her Emperhowr,

The kynges did him worschepe alle;

Achilles bed him to his halle,

Ful Inwardly he him be-sought:

"That he fro him departid noght,

Til thei to-gedir In his tent

Hadde dronken vernage and pyment,

And that thei my3t to-gedur carpe;—

Hit were him leuere then note of harpe."

Ector graunted alle his prayeres,

He 3ede with him and alle his feres.

When thei were comen and alle doun set,

The wyn was asked and forth y-fet;

At here comyng thei made fair wedur

And spak of many thynges to-gedur.

Achilles euere Ector be-holdes,

His legges anon on crosse he foldes,
Achilles' Address to Hector: he had longed to see him unarmed. 245

For he was naked, he was fayn. [lf. 123.] 8293
He myȝt not his tong constrayn,
He most nedes say out his wille, [lf. 132.] 1 8295
He myȝt not holde his tongue stille;
And that was mochel his vilony,
He sayde to Ector al an hy:

\[ \text{‘Sithen I se the, I haue desired} \]
\[ \text{To se the, Ector, vn-atired;} \]
\[ \text{And now hastow me loyful maked,} \]
\[ \text{Now I se the vn-dight and naked;} \]
\[ \text{And I hadde sclayn the,} \]
\[ \text{Then wolde I fayn be;} \]
\[ \text{And I haue offte assayed my myȝt,} \]
\[ \text{When we haue met to-gedur In fight;} \]
\[ \text{Ful sorefully hastow me gret,} \]
\[ \text{When that thow with me has met;} \]
\[ \text{Mi blod thow} \^ 2 \text{ hast offte y-tamed, [lf. 132, bk.] 8309} \]
\[ \text{I haue of the wel offte be lamed,} \]
\[ \text{Many a strok has thow me payed;} \]
\[ \text{By thi strokes haue I assayed} \]
\[ \text{That thow art stalworth and strong;} \]
\[ \text{Thoow I the hate, I do the no wrong,} \]

\[ \text{‘I am very glad to see thee unarmed.} \]
\[ \text{I have often tried to slay thee,} \]
\[ \text{but thou woundedst me often.} \]
\[ \text{I know thou art stalwart and strong.} \]

\[ \text{I am ȝit hurt of thi strykynge.} \]
\[ \text{Hit were therfore al my lykyng,} \]
\[ \text{That I myȝt sclie the with my honde;} \]
\[ \text{I hate the mochel, for my frend} \^ 4 \]
\[ \text{That thow sclow the formast day} \]
\[ \text{In thi wodenes and thi deray.} \]
\[ \text{Patrodus kyng I loued wele;} \]
\[ \text{Many sore mete and mele} \]
\[ \text{Hastow made me for to ete,} \]

\[ \text{No full year will pass,} \]

1 For the disorder of the MS. from here to line 9124 consult the Introduction, and my paper in the Engl. Stud. 29, p. 390 sqq. 2 R iiiij below this line in the right corner of the page. 3 MS. that thow. 4 e might be o.
Hector's Answer to Achilles: he mocks him.

With my hond schal I the sclo,
That hath brouȝt me In this wo;
For me to sclo euere thow thenkes,
And ther-a-boute faste thow swynkes.'

Hector sat & held his pes,

That herkenes alle that he seis,
Til he hadde saide his gret gole:

'Hastow no more to say to me?
Hastow sayde what thow wilt?
Thow puttist vpon me gret gilt
But me thynke it is no curtesye,
But vnmanhede & vylonye!
Thow bad me come to thi pauylons,
To drynke with the Murmiadons;
Thow prayes my knyztes and my burgeis,
To drynke here with thi Gregeis;

 forfeiture: 8327
That me among thy men thow threttes.
Sicurly I schal thurste sore,
Or I drynke with the eftt more!
Thow schalt here me no more chide,
I 3eue [riȝt] not of thi pride:
By him that made al mydelerd!
I am of the no-thyng aferd,
I 3eue not a threden lace
Off thyuel wil and thi manace!
Wel I wot and am certayn,
Thow wolde be glad, hadde thow me sclayn;
Offt hastow me assayled,
When thi wille hath not a-vayled.

Ther was neuere theff In no hostage,
That wayted better his a-vaugntage,
To do his stelthe and his robrye,
Than thow waytest me In skolkerye;

1 This rubric is head-line of If. 133.
But thou hast ben glad al-wey, to ride
With broken hede and blody syde.
Sir Achilles, thou art wilful? 
—Sayde Ector—'and vskylful ;
No meruayle is—so god me saue!—
Thow I to the gret herte haue.
Sicurly I haue no wrong,
Afftir thi dethe thow me long ;
Thow hates me with-oute desert,
And that is knownen and apert.
Me & myne thow wolde distroye,
And art aboute me to noye
In al that euere thow mayt,
And waytes me with dissait
With alle thi men botha day & ny3t,
For to scle me, siff thow my3t.
It were therfore a-3eynes kynde,
In my herte if thow schold fynde
In any wyse to loue the,
That to the dethe hates me :
And if I may, I schal not sclupe
For thi proude wordes, or many wepe ;
If I may leue two 3er to the ende,
Wel flewe of 3ow schal hennes wende.
I hope ri3t wel and me affye,
That thorow my strengthe alle 3c schal dye,
Thow and alle the lordes of Grece ;
I schal 3ow hewe al to pece.

And sythen thow [be] of such mode
That thow fyndis thyn herte gode,
That thow thi-selff wil with me fight
And ther thow wolde do thi myght,—
Do, that vche a kyng and lord
Off hem of Grece to this a-cord :

1 MS. thi self distinctly.
Hector tells his Conditions to Achilles, and bids him not say 'Nay.'

That thou and I to-geder don be
To-morwe erly, that men may se,
In feld flyghtynge with-outen respite,
Til thou or I be discomfite.

If thou be victorious,

† And if I falle In thi daungere
With any vn-hap or noun-powere,
That thi god suche grace the sende
That I fro the not defende:
I schal the swere good sothnesse
Opon my goddis more and lesse;
And 3it schal I the borwes fynde,
That fader and Moder and al my kynde
Schal go a-way with-oute dwellynge
Or with-oute godis sellynge,
And leue the al with thyny and the,
And thei and I schal hennes fle.
And 3it may thow almes the wynne,— [If. 134.]
For we do euel and mychel synne,
Off mannys blod that we don spille,—
Iff that thow wol holde ther-tille.

But if I vanquish thee,

† Iff happe so with me schape
That thow may no wyse askape
Fro me with-oute discomfiture,
Make thi Gregeis make me sure
By borow and book and sikur band 1,
That thei schal wende out of this land,
And vs be her In gode quyete.
And but thow do, so thow be-hete,
I prayse the lasse than I dede ore;
Iff thatoure men schal fyght more.
But lete it be on vs y-done
To-morwe be tymne, or hit be none!
And wyn worschepe who that may!
God for-bede that thow say "nay"!

† MS. sikurband.

1
Achilles was greatly ashamed
That Ector thus foule him defamed,
He was a-schamed many-folde
That he so litel by him tolde
Among his men ther In his halle,
That he asked him fight amongst hem alle
Be-twene hem two with-outen mo.
He was Angwysched so for wo,
That of his forhede barst the swote,
That al his face ther-of was wote;
He ferde as he hadde ben araged,
That Ector him that batayle waged,
And seyde to him as man that yred:
'Thow schalt haue that thow hast desired!
I se rijt wel thi conetise:
Thow settes on me In alle wyse,

¶ Hic Achilles iuravit & optulit ciroticas suas
ad pugnandum cum Ectore.¹

To fight with me In feld alone; [lf. 134, bk.] 8445
I 3eue not of the a bone!
¶ But here my trowthe to the I plyght
To-morwe erly with the to fight, 8448
And thereto here I 3eue the pe gloue,
Be-twene vs two alone to proue
With strengthe or my3t, whether thow or I
In fight schal hane the victory;
And thereto here my gloue I bede,
In trewe forward to holde this dede.'
'And I hit take,' gode Ector sayde;
'For I was neuere so wele apayde,
In-to this world sithen I was brouȝt—
By him that al this world hath wrouȝt!'
¶ Ther is no man that spakes with tonge
In al this world, old ne ȝonge, 8460
Lered ne lewed ², lord ne lad,
May telle the Ioye that Ector had,

¹ This rubric is head-line of lf. 134, bk. ² MS. lewel, cf. l. 3578.
The news of the proposed single combat of Achilles and Hector runs through the Greek camp, and what conditions are agreed upon.

The news of the proposed single combat runs through the Greek camp.

Ne foule with his mury song,
As Ector hath his gloue to fong.
But that thyng my3t not be hid:
Among the Gregeis it was kyd,
That Achilles hadde take on hande,
The next day aftir ffolwande
To fight with Ector man for man.
This thing wel swithe a-boute ran
Fro kyng to kyng, fro halle to boure:
So it was seyde to the Emperoure
And alle that other kynges be-dene,
How fight was taken hem be-twene,
And no man my3t here ire a-swage
And thei hadde 3euen to-gedur wage:
And if it schape be-twene hem thore
That Ector discomfit wore,
Catel, godes, and the land
Schal be-leue In Gregeis hand;
And if it happe with Ector so
That Achilles he my^t sclo,
That he and his schul dwelle in pes,
And alle the Gregeis on a res
Out of that lond thei schul wende,
And ther no lenger schold thei lende.

When the Greeks hear of this challenge, they are very angry, and are resolved not to agree to the terms.

T
Hes thinges were y-told and brou3t,
The Gregeis wondred In here thou3t,
Hem wondred of Achilles,
That he on that wyse graunted pes,
To fight with Ector al alone;
Ther-fore thei maked moche mone,
Off that couenaund that hem was told;
The kynges seyde: "thei wolde not hold";
Kynes and dukes and lordes alle
Seide: "thei wolde ageyn that calle, 8495

1 For the disorder of the MS. at this place cf. Introduction.
Both Greeks and Trojans prevent the Fight between Hector and Achilles. 251

Thei wolde for-sake it eu^ry a dele,
Thei nold not so put her quarele
In a-venture ne In Iopardie."
Thei seyde: "it was but folye";
Thei seyde: "it was not so done."
Thei made hem redi alle & some,

Alle the lordes that ther ware,
To Achilles for to fare;
Thei hyed faste, wold thei not blynne,
Er thei come to his Inne,
Ther thei bothe to-geder stode.
These lordes alle to hem 3ode,

Achilles his wordis alle with-sayde,
Ther-with were thei eu^el ypayde
Off his profre ne of his a-vaunt;
That he hem bad, wold thei not graunt:
Thei wolde neyther putte lyff ne lym
A-3eyn Ector for-sothe In hym;
Thei seyde: "it was not equyte,
That lyff & lym schuld so put be"—
'Off so fele kynges as are are now here
Be-twene 3ow In such manere.'

Roiens come thedir gret won,
The lordes of Grece ben ther echon;
Ther standes a-boute hem many hundre
To parte the kny^tes two In-sundre;
Thei seyde echon at on assent:  [lf. 126, bk.] 8523
"Thei wolde not holde that Igement."

Ector my^st not the batayle haue,
He my^st no more ther-of craue,
For thei of Grece with-sayd it alle,
Kyng & kny^t, bothe fre and thralle.
Hit was no bote hem to greue,
Off hem of Grece toke he his leue,
Hector returns to Troy. The Poet bewails the Trojans' Fate.

Hector and his men ride back to Troy very angry.

Opon his hors vpward he lyghtes
And wente to Troie with alle his knyghtes,
An-angered sore and alle his.
Thei of Grece toke ther-of no pris,
Hem angered sore that he come thore;
Achilles schold abye hit sore.
Thei wolde his hond were an harowe-tynde,
His herte a myllston for to grynde,
His flesche & bon as assches smale,
Ther-wolde thei 3eue no tale.

Alas! that Hector did not have this fight,
And that the Greeks said "Nay";
woe befell all the Trojans in consequence.

Las Ector, what was the schaped,
When he fro the so skaped!
Fals fortune was not thi ffrend,
Whan sche deleynered him fro hir bend;
Sche made the Gregais alle say "nay,"
For sche hadde cast his endyng-day.
Kyng Priamus, where was thi grace?
Thi happe was take fro the, alas!—
When thei of Grece that feyth vnidid;
Hit hadde the vayled, hadde it be-tid,
And 1 Hectuba, thi worthi quene,
And thi dou3ter Pollexene,
And also to Andromede,
Nadde no man no fight for-bede.
Alas! that it was so for-bed!
Elles schold 3e ful wele haue sped.

It would have benefited Troy and all its inhabitants,
if that single combat had been allowed.

Hic Ector ibat ad Troianum 2.

A noble Troye, thow fair Cite,
Hit hadde a-vayled alle thin and the,
Thi toures hye and thi faire walles,
Thi ladies alle with golden palles,
And alle that woned with-Inne the,
Iff that batayle hadde y-be!
Fortune hated the so sore
And alle that In thi Cite wore,

1 MS. That. 2 This rubric is head-line of lf. 127.
Hector returns to Ilion, and is honoured by the Trojan Ladies.

That he wolde not lette it be so,
But sche wolde the and thine for-do ;
And ther-fore letted sche that batayle,
And elles not, I say saunce-ffayle.

Ector is comen to Ilyoune,
Fro hem of Grece vnto his toune;
In-to that worthy halle he gose,
The ladyes alle a-3eyn him rose,
Thei kept him alle with gret honour,
Lord and lady and vauesour ;
Thei loued him alle with herte and mouth,
That any good or loue couth.
For he on defendet hem alle,
That no harm hem did be-falle :

The while that he was lyuande,
Thei were sicur of his hande,
Thei hadde gret trist In his dede;
The while he leued 1, thei hadde no drede.
When he was ded, than ros here bale;
Alle thei died by oure tale,

Alle were dede and put to prisons
And put In gret subieccions,—
Saue Eucas and Antenor,
Goddis curs haue thei ther-for !
Thei were saued and alle theires,
Seruaunt, mayden, wiff, and Ayres.

For thei dissayued her lige lord, [lf. 127, bk.] 
The denel hem honge vpon a cord !
Haue thei neuere so good pardoun,
For thei wroujt suche a gret tresoun !

It drawes faste toward the day,
The trewes wendes faste a-way ;
Ther is no man that lengur lotes
Off these gay golden cotes ;

1 First e corrected from o by the scribe himself.
Preparations for a new Battle. Hector arrays his Troops.

Thei garnysched here swerdes, speres, & clubbes,
Eche man now his harneis rubbes,
That thei be clene and Parisaunt;
Now is besy eche good seruaunt,
Ther is no man that now is ydel:
Some make re
di sadel & bridel,
Some her horses thei let scho;
Eche man lokes what is to do.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When the truce approaches its end, they prepare again for a battle.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The women are very sorrowful, and curse him who first began the war.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Now eche man to fyght him 3ares,
Now euery wiff for hir lord cares
A-3eyn that nexte sembl
e,
For no man wot how it schal be,—
When thei gon out at morwen-tyde,
Who schal dye, and who schal abyde?
Alle curses that ilke man,
On hem the werre 

Fader and Moder and alle his 

For sorwe and wo that thei  ben In.

Thre monthes the trewes was tan,
Now are thei passed, and no day wan;
And thei of Troye ben 3arked 3are
Out of Troye for to fare;
What folk he hath Ector 

With-Inne the walles he  hem arays;
Thei were arayed, er hit were prime.
Dares says: he hadde that tyme

Off kny
tes strong an hundred thousand [lf. 128.]
That dou\nti were and wel fightand, 

With-outen 3emen and sqwyeres, 
With-outen bribours and arblasteres, 
With-outen men that were on fote—
So god do my soule bote!

Hctor then partied his men:
To Troyle he taun\nt thousandes ten
Off dou\nti kny\ntes In his ledyng;
He prayed: 'his god be his spedyng,
And be his help and his gouernayle,
And spede hem wel in that batayle,
That him that day be-tyd not mys!

He called to him then Paris,
With louely wordes he him be-tau5t
Alle that coude on bowe-draut,
And alle that bare arwe or bire
Be-tau3t he hem In here A-tire;
Thre thousand kny3tes that mechel were worth
Off dou3t mi men called he forth,
Armed wel opon here stedes,
To be with hem In al here nedes,
Fro men of armes hem to rescouere,
For thei were most with-oute Armure.

Then come Dephebus and Eueas,
Ayther of hem her batayle has:
Thre thousand kny3tes Dephebus ledis,
Armed wele In iren wedes;
But Eueas brynges with him wel mo;
Than be-gan thei for to go.

Ector has with him ffyftene
Thousandes kny3tes gode and clene,
To him-seluen that were reserued;
Euer an ost is dight and serued;
With his batayle passed the 3ates, [If. 128, bk.]
Assayle he[m] furst he wolte algates.

Worthi kyng of Grece, Phillus,
Was In the feld redy by this,
With many a man on horse and fote,—
To telle the nombre it is no bote;—
The fferste batayle that day he ledde,
Him hadde be better that he ne hadde.

\(^1\) MS. ferthe.
Then comes Menelaus with 7,000 men, Menelaus come affir that With spere & scheld and many a bat, 8667
Douȝti knyȝtes thousands seuen— Here names alle can I not neuene:
Theri toke the feld and passed the boundes
On stedes that were worth many poundes. 8672

Diomedes with 7,000, Diomedes with as fele
Knyȝtes of worschepe and of wele
3ede forth affir to that stour;
Hem liked wel her gouvernour. 8676

Achilles with 7,000, Now goth to ffyght Diomedes,
And affir him comes sir Achilles
With douȝti knyȝtes seuen thousand,
With brijt bryneis fair schynand. 8680
Thei rode to-gedur wel sare,
Many a stalworthe knyȝt thare.

Xanthippus, Affter him come Xancipus,
Ajax Thelamonius, And Ayax Thelamanyus, 8684
Agamemnon with alle his ost,
With many a knyȝt ridande a-cost;
The nombre was gret that come with him
Off hardy knyȝtes stone and grym; 8688
Ther was many on that Ector thret,
That bouȝt thei sore, when thei met.

The sonne schynes on euery a tre, 8691
Hit is a fair matyne:
Ector is out of Troie reden,
The Gregeis longe hath he a-byden, 8693

Hector awaits the Greeks.
Ector is out of Troie reden,
The Gregeis longe hath he a-byden,
Affter hem on horse he houe:
Who-so-euer come first, he wolde aproue. 8696
Many an ost saw he comyng,
Rydande faste whil thei may ffyng,
With baneres brode and gold-be-gon;
The sonne on hem wel faire schon. 8700
And many an armes was ther reversed;  
Iff on bare sable hit was diuersed:

He bar of gold and of goulles,  
He bare bestes and he bare foules,  
He bare apes and he bar cheuronne\(^1\),  
And he of siluer with a cloue chestone,  
He bare a bend and he an horne,  
He bare his corners gerone,  
He beres grene and he asure,  
Engreled with a fair bordure,

He beres an egle and he mereletis\(^2\),  
And he a daunce and he pelettis\(^3\),  
And he hath rose & he has molettis,  
And he hermyne and he crouelit.
And thus haue thei her armes schiffted,

Ther baneres are wel hye lyffted;
Euery a lord his baneroure
Biddis him go be-fore the stoure.

Ow are the Gregeis and alle of Troye
Arayed In the feld and haldes hem coy\(\)e;
The formast ost assembled ner
A wonder noyse that men may her
Off staves & swordes and speres brekyng
With-oute wordes or any spekyng.
A-3eyn Ector and his Troiance
Ther were In the feld that tyme of Danes\(^4\),

\[\text{Hic Ector occidit Phillum Regem}^5.\]

Off men of Greece kny\(\)tes bold\[\text{[lf. 129, bk.]}\]
Horsed mo then the double-fold.
Phillis spredis bank and hirste,
With mochel folk come he down fir\(\)ste:

The Troiens first Phillus assayled,  
But with Ector euel he was hayled:
Ector loked and saw Phillis
Come ridande before alle his,

\(^1\) MS. *chueronne*. \(^2\) MS. *more lectis*; but it seems to be the earlier form of 'martlets.' \(^3\) MS. *perelectis*; the stroke through the tail of \(p\) seems to be a scribal error. \(^4\) Signature in the right corner: R. \(^5\) This rubric is the head-line of lf. 129, bk.

\(8701\) The Grecian banners and emblems are described.
\(8704\)
\(8708\)
\(8712\)
\(8716\)
\(8720\) Both armies are arrayed.
\(8724\)
\(8727\)
\(8728\)
\(8732\) The Trojans first assail Phillus.
Phillus is slain by Hector. Xanthippus goes to revenge him.

Hector assails and wounds Phillus;

Armed wel and gloriosly;
He rod to him dispitosly,
He smot him thorow his doublet,
Ryght as it hadde ben an net;
He hadde non Armes non so gode,
That his stroke that tyme with-stode:
He bare him thorow bak and bely,
Ther-of hadde many a man sely;
Phillis fel to grounde al flat.
As a ded body, when he hadde that. 8735
8736

Phillus dies.

Off Phillis deth was michel cry,
Many a sword was houen an hy,
Off Phillis deth thei toke veniaunce:
Ther was broken many a launce,
Many an hed was thanne y-craked,
And many a scheld al to-schaked,
Schankes to-schyuered, bones y-broken,
On Ector wolde thei fayn be broken. 8748

The Greeks take vengeance for his death.

Off Phillis deth thei toke veniaunce:
Ther was broken many a launce,
Many an hed was thanne y-craked,
And many a scheld al to-schaked,
Schankes to-schyuered, bones y-broken,
On Ector wolde thei fayn be broken. 8752

His nephew Xanthippus

When Xancipus that noyse herde,
He wist wel that som mysferde
Off hem of Greece that were fyghtand,
With alle his men thedir drawand. 8756

And as he come thedirward,
A wounded knyʒ brouȝt him tythand,
That Phillis was ded of Ector hand. 8760

Hic Ector occidit Xancipum Regem.

Phillus was that kynges Eme: 8761 [lf. 130.]
He stode as he hadde ben In dreme,
He honged his heued as he hadde dremed,
As he hadde died for sorwe hit semed;
He made for him gret wayment,
He rod forth ful of mautalent
To that batayle on his stede,
To venge his deth, if he myght spede. 8768

1 A line is wanting here, but no room left; but see note 2.
2 Hic caret ʃ (i.e. hie caret versus) is inserted under this line in the margin by another hand; cf. note 1. Space is left for a line.
Xanthippus, trying to take Revenge for Phillus, is slain by Hector.

He felde Troyens at his comyng
And sclow hem doun old and yng,
He ferde as man that hadde ben wode,
So he destroyed the Troyens blode;
To seche Ector wold he not blynne,
Til he him fond, he is vnwynne;
He fond Ector among the pres:
To scle the Gregais wold he not ses,
As hongre lyoun bestes vories;
Ther nis no tre so thikke of chiries,
As Gregeis ligge aboute him couched,
All yede to grende that he out touched.

When Xancipus of him hadde sight,
He wende he scholde have made him lyght:
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,
Ector vnwarned doun to bere;
But sicurlich he myȝt nouȝt:
Xancipus that strok a-bouȝt.

Ector to him was wrothe y-now,
To Xancipus a strok he drow
In his wodenes & In his wratthe,
That he fel ded doun In that patthe;
His hed yede doun, & vp his breke,
The grounde sone gan he seke.
Thei toke him vp & went homward
With gret care and sikyng hard.

Achilles come thanne ffast ridande [lf. 130, bk.]
As a deuel with foule semblande,
With alle the knyȝtes that he ledde
A-boute Ector he hem spredde:
Ther was gret noyse and clamour,
The Gregeis for tene turned colour,
That he was ded so reufully;
Thei sclow thanne Troyens carefully.

1 MS. honger.  2 Signature in the right corner: R.
The Trojans are driven back, but Hector rallies them.

The Trojans begin to flee. Troyens be-gan to faile faste,
Thei myȝt not wel lengur laste,
So were Gregeis manye and stronge,
The Troyens than a bacward thei thronge.

Hector alone fights on, B Vt Ector stode a-mong hem alle:
He sclow Gregeis and made hem to falle,
He droff a bak bothe jonge & olde,
And made the Troiens her place to holde.
Troiens abode In gret perel,
In many stedis to dethe thei fel,
So thei werei thei be-gan to go.

and makes them keep their place. Achilles slays many Trojans, and the dukes
Achilles thanne be-gan to sclo
The Troiens, faste he hem rebukes,
He sclow of Troiens two gode dukes:
That on was duke Euforbius,
A noble knyȝt and a vertuus;
That other hight duk Lataoun,
A gentil lord, a stalworth man.

Achilles and Lataon. Thei were men of gret vertuse,
Doughti, strong, and [of] prouese.
It was wonder thei myȝt a-byde,
The Troiens were so fewe that tyde,
That thei nade ben alle quelled,
Hit was gret wonder how thei dwelled.

It is a wonder that the Trojans are not all killed. But Hector rallies and defends them against the Greeks,
But Ector held enere the felde,
He zaff of hem alle nouȝt a nelde;
The while that he hadde his hele, [lf. 131.]
Ther he sclow Gregeys as vn-vele,
And Mayntend wel that stour
With gret trauayle and labour.

though he is surrounded by many of them. The stour was strong, thei blew & blustred,
A-boute Ector the Gregeis clustred
Ryght as thei drow aboute a swarm,
He toke of hem that tyme gret harm:

1 MS. nouȝt alle anelde.
Hector is surrounded, and wounded in the Face; he must retire. 261

Some dartes at him slong,
Some with swordes at him flong,
Thei 3ede him a-boute and made hote,
Many a man on him ther smot;
And he 3aff hem a3eyn suche pattis,
That thei fel doun as dede cattis.

But not-for-thi so it be-fell,
That he was hurt at that turpeff,
But he wiste neuere vnethe of wham,
Ne how, ne whenne that it cam ?
In his visage was he smetyn—
As I fynde of him ywreten,—
That blod ran out gret plente,
That hit was mœruayle for to se:
It bled faste as it were wode,
Vnto the ground ran the blode,
Ouer his eyen the blod so ran,
That he myȝt knowe wel no man.

The Troiens then that gan se,
A-woyward faste gan thei fle;
Thei were a-ferd and discomfit,
When thei saw Ector so dyght.
Ector was ful lothe to fle,
If it myȝt any other be;
But he was dreven bacward streghth,
For he myȝt not se to ffyght 1:
Hadde not his visage hen ren, [lf. 131, bk.] 8863
He nad not ben bakward dreuen;
He faузt a-ȝeyn with mychel pyne,
But whan he lyfft vpward his eyne
Toward Troye and se ther stande
Opon the walles to hem lokande

Hecub that gentil quene,
And his suster Pollexene,

1 In the right corner the signature: R.
When Hector sees the Trojan ladies on the walls of the town,

And his wiff dame Andromede,
And hende Eleyn so fair In wede,
And saw Gregeis him bakward dryue:
‘Alas!’ he sayde, ‘I am on lyue!
I wolde I were with-outen lyff!
I se be-fore me stonde my wiff
And alle these other faire ladyes,
And beholden bothe parties
And haue be-helded alle oure dedes;
And for my visage a littil bledes,

he bewails his weakness,

\[ 8871 \]

Thei se now me on bak be-set,
Mi vylony it wol be ret.

What may they wene but I be saynt,
Fals of herte, and a-taynt,
Or of the dethe that I haue drede,
That I thus fle for that I blede?
But be him that made alle thyng,
Tre to growe and gras to spryng!
I schal hem quyte her traualye,
If that I be hole and hayle.

and wonders what they think of him.

\[ 8872 \]

\[ 8876 \]

\[ 8880 \]

\[ 8884 \]

\[ 8888 \]

He resolves not to leave the field before taking revenge.

\[ 8892 \]

\[ 8896 \]

\[ [lf. 132.] \]

\[ 8900 \]

\[ 8904 \]

So he returns, and on seeing Mennon pressing the Trojans hard, 

Ector be-held how kyng Mennon
How the TROIENS fast vpon,

\[ 1 \] MS. honde.
As man that were out of his wit;
He vowed to god: "it scholde be quy
Alle the harm that he hadde don
To him and his, er it were non."
'Thoy hast,' he seide, 'my men defouled,
Me and myne bakward retroyled;

Sithen thoy dos harm, thoy schalt haue some:
Were the fro me, for now I come!'
Ector rod to Mennon than
And brake his hede and his pan,
That of [his] hede ran blod y-wys,—
That were euell for Mennon this:
A man schuld not so sone say "trayse," [lf. 123.]  
As he fel ded & held his payse,
That neuere so moche that he ones quycched
Ne his lymes ones clechted.

Achilles hadde than sorwe y-now,
When he saw how Ector selow
The kyng Mennon, his cosyn dere;
A loftely cry men my3t then here
That thei of Grece among hem made,
When thei saw Mennon ded & fade.
His tethe for tene Achilles gnastrid:
'Many a gode,' he sayde, 'hastow maystrid
And ouercomen with thi prowesse,
And sclayn fele In thi wodenesse.

Ther may no-thyng me to Ioye brynge,
Til I se the at thyne endynge.'
A stalworth spere off wonder tre—
That was gretter than other thre—
Achilles toke to him tho,
For he thoght Ector to selo:

He smot Ector with al his mayn,
For he wolde him fayn haue slayn;

1 For disorder of MS. at this place cf. Introduction.
Achilles wounds Hector, but is not able to unhorse him, though his spear is broken.

Achilles wounds Hector, and Hector breaks the helmet of Achilles and wounds him, so that he almost sinks down.

Thorow his scheld his sperre drof
That his hauberk al to-roff,
And depe In-to his flech it ran,
That the blod fast out span.

But 
For his prise and his renoun,
Yet he hadde no sperre that tyde
That he myght a3eyn him ride.

Achilles sperre in-sonder barst,
But Ector was not doun cast:

Hic Ector & Achilles pugnauerunt.

He held his hors & sat ston-stille,—
Achilles my5t [him] not kylle,—
That strok abode he hertly
And smot to him a-3eyn smartly:

Opon his hed he leyde suche dyntes,
That helm and Coyse brast al In splyntes,
The blod brast out at his eris.

Hadde he laste longe In his wode geris,
Achilles hadde 3euen vp his dische,
Hadde he neuere eten flesche ne fische
He my5t not the strokes susteyne,

But held his hors with mechel payne,
That he fel not doun at ilke a braid,
With euery strok that Ector layd
On his hede, so sete thai sore,
With mechel strengthe his my5t thai wore.

On euery a side Achilles schakes
With euery a strok that he ther takes,
Now be-fore and now be-hynde,
As levis wagges with the wynde.

Ector saw Achilles wagge
As with the wynd doth the flagge,
On euery a side he louted lowe,
He was In poynt to ouer-throwe

1 MS. to roff.  2 In the right corner the signature: Q.  3 This rubric is head-line of If. 123, bk.
With eche a strok that he ther toke, 8973
Out of his sadel almost he shoke, 8974
He my3t not sette stille In pes. 8975
Then sayde Ector: ‘Achilles!’ 8976
Achilles!’ Ector sayde he,

¶ ‘Whi couetys thow to fight with me?
When thow sese tyme, on me thow sekes.
I trowe right wel that thi hed akes; 8980
I schal the sco, hadde I layser;
Ne scholde of thin ost kyng ne Cayser

¶ Ad hue bellum. 8982
By heuen tyde thi lyff scholde saue, [lf. 124.] 8983
That thow of me thi deth schuld haue.’ 8984

¶ Achilles myght him not answere,
For thene come Troyle with many spere,
With many spere and many a darte,
And made him and Ector departe: 8988
Troyle rod euen be-twene hem two,
For he Achilles thought for-do.
A wonder stoure ther was by-gonnen,
Er man my3t a forlong haue ronnen, 8992

¶ Ther were fflyue hundred kny3tes sclayn
Off hem of Grece opon the playn;
Thei hadde but litel to-geder streuen,
Er thei of Grece were bacward dreuen. 8996
But Menelaus, when he beheld
How thei of Grece had lorn the feld,
Onpon his stede the kyng him dresses,
To Troiens euen he him gesses; 9000
He lased his helm, his spere he ri3tes,
And rides thedir with alle his kny3tes.

H E halp hem wel and wan hem erthe,
He felde the thridde & sclow the fether; 9004
He and his bare Troiens ouer,
And hem of Grece made hem couer

1 MS. Achilles Achilles. 2 This rubric is head-line of lf. 124.
And tok the feld the Troiens opon.
But then come theditor kyng Odomoun
Out of Troye with mechel folk,
He spared neyther the appul ne the colk,
Vn-till he come to [the] Melle :
Many a man then myȝt thei se

9012

Set vp the fet and doun the hed,
And many lefft among hem ded.

he meets Menelaus,

To Menelaus Odomoun rode,
And Menelaus him abode ¹;
But Odomoun, that douȝti kyng, [lf. 124, bk.]
Toke Menelaus In that swyng

9016

And him bare ouer his hors tayl:
He ȝaff him there suche a wassail,
That he lay longe In colde swot ;
Odemoun on his face smot
And wounded him among alle hyse,
That he myȝt not wel vp aryse.

9020

Demoun sielle Menelaus,

And that be-held douȝti Troylus :
He saw the kyng on grounde lyand,

9024

When Troylus arrives,

Troyle come faste thedurst ridand,
He wolde him take wonder ffayn,
That he myȝt haue lad him to Elayn ;
He departid alle the route,
He and Odomoun were aboute
To take the kyng, and so the[1] did.
But not[-for-]thi it so be-tid,
That thei that tyme so wel not sped,
Out of that pres thei him not led :

9028

9032

9036

9040

but are not able to get him out of the press.

For ther was then so mychel pres—
For-thi be-gan than to encres,—
So fele batayles a-boute him spred,
That thei were sone with hem so sted,

¹ In the right corner of this page is the signature: Q iiiij.
Diomedes unhorses Troylus, captures his Horse and sends it to Cressida. 267

Thei myx3t not lede fro hem not ferre
For al here myx3t and her powere.

For than come Diomedes doun
With many a worthi bold baroun
And many a kny3t dou3ti In dede:
When thei saw Troyle a-weyward lede
Menelaus her ost outward,
Thei hyed hem faste thedirward.
When he come ner, he stroke his stede,
That he made bothe his sides blede:
I trowe ther was neuere wilde ro
That ran faster then his stede tho.

He strok Troilus \(^1\) so wonder sore,
That fro his hors fel he doun thore;
And ther-fore was it no pris:
He hadde a spere at his deuys,
And Troyle that tyme hadde non;
Thow he hadde broke bak and bon,
Me thynke it hadde ben litel wonder,
Off Troyle lay his hors fete vnnder.
He toke his hors and lad a-way,
He sente it to the semely may,

Vn-til Cresseide, pat \(^2\) fair womman,
That sumtyme was Troyle lemmman:
A bishopis dou3ter that het Calcas,
That sumtyme byschop In Troye was,
Her mayster-byschop of the lawe;
But he was ferd of that sawe,
That ther god saynt Appollo
In Delos yle had sayd him to \(^3\):

HE sayde: “that Troye scholde be distroyed.”
He was therfore ful sore \(^4\) anoyed,
He durst not wende to Troye a3eyn
For ferd he scholde haue ben sclayn:

They are prevented from doing so by Diomedes coming up with many knights.

Diomedes unhorses Troylus,

Diomedes unhorses Troylus's late leman.

Cressida is the daughter of the Trojan bishopCalchas, who was frightened by Apollo's prophecy, and went over to the Greeks.

\(^1\) lus on erasure. \(^2\) Vn—pat on erasure by another hand. \(^3\) MS. so. \(^4\) MS. fulsore.
He dwelled stille with the Gregeis
A-mong her ost—as Dares sais,—
Or elles to lese his lyff he wende.
Affir his daughter theder he sende:

Calchas bids
Diomedes and Ulxes

ask Priamus to send him Cressida from Troylus.

Priamus does so.

Diomedes is in love with Cressida,

and so sends her the horse of Troylus.

Pon the grounde ther he lay,
His stede was taken & lad away;
Wo was him that it was so!

But he ne my3t not do ther-to:
But he ros vp and drow his blade
And rome aboute him he made,

Hector has seen his fall,

and takes revenge on the Greeks.

He saw him wel to grounde go,
His stede ytaken and lad him fro;
He was ney wod for ire and tene:
He wolde meruayle, that had sene
What wonder that Ector wroght!
Many a man that stede dere boght;

He drow hem doun, as men doth dere
In wilde wodis to lordis lardere:
Achilles and all the Greeks flee to their tents;
Hector pursues them and slays many of them.

The Greeks were in point of vnployng: [lf. 135.]
Ne hadde ther comen ther riche kyng,
That riche kyng her Empyre,
Agamemmon, to here socour,—
Schuld neuere haue passed no Dane,
Ne haue ben lengur in bat wane.
The peple was gret he with him brouȝt,
On hem of Troye ful harde thei souȝt;

The Greeks would have been undone,
if Agamemnon had not come to their rescue.
He brings with him many fresh troops;
they drive the Trojans back to the walls of Troy.
Polimodas comes to help the Trojans; he is assailed by Diomedes.

That thei nere sclayn and ouercomen [lf. 135, bk.] 9143
For Gregeis that ouer hem were ronnen. 9144
But then come thedur Polydomas,
That 3it In Troye al ffresch was,
With wonder mychel quantite
Off kny3tes, of men of gret surte. 9148

Olydomas a spere hath lauȝt
With al the ost him was be-tauȝt
Out of Troye is he no ryden:
His men hath he prayed & bidden
To help wel Ector In that stoure,
That thei myȝt haue for here labour
Off Ector bothe loue and thonk;
He rides forth by brynke & bonk
To assaut with that abuscement.
Now are thei alle out of Troye went
And comen alle to that semble
With stour sembland & gret ferte:
Thei bresten here spere and drow her swerdes
And beten on hem, as don herdes
On weri bestis that drow In the plow;
Ther was amouges hem sorwe ynow. 9164

But Diomedes he beholdes
Polydomas, how that he boldes 1
Them 2 of Troye with his sokeryng,
And deres Gregeis with his fyghtyng
And the feld make hem lese:
A stalworth spere to him doth chese
Polydomas ouer to bere,
That the Gregeis schuld not dere. 9172

But Polimodas 3 Polydomas was wel perceyued
Off his comyng, he him wayued
And toke a spere stalworth & strong
And met him so In that forlong,

1 The last four letters by another hand on erasure.  
2 MS. Then.
Diomedes is struck down by Polimodas, his Horse given to Troylus. 271

\textit{\textbf{\textit{Ad huc magnum bellum.}}}

That he \textit{3ede doun} \& his hors bothe, \textit{lf. 136.} 9177 strikes Diomedes down,
Were he ther-of neuere so wrothe.

\textit{Diomedes ful sore was hurt,}
But his stede ros, and he \textit{vp stert}; \textit{9180}
captures his horse, and gives it to Troylus.
Polydomas ther-of was fayn,
He toke the stede by the rayn,
A-boute his hand the brydel he knyt
And \textit{3aff him Troyle}, ther he \textit{faust 3it} \textit{9184}
Opon his feet with his enmys;
Ther was no foule so merye on ris,

\textit{Then Troilus was whene he hors hadde;}
Lord In heuene, what he was gladde! \textit{9188}
He takes that stede and sone on lepes, and scelow the Gregeis doun on hepes.

\textit{Vt Achilles loket to Troyle,}
And saw how he \textit{be-gan to royle,} \textit{9192}
When he hadde hors, a-monges Gregeis:

'This is no gamen,' Achilles \textit{seis;}
Achilles \textit{rod to him sone,}
For he \textit{wende wele he hadde done.} \textit{9196}

\textit{But Troyle was war of his comyng,}
He \textit{3aff ri3t not of his thretyng:}
A \textit{stalworthe spere he to him sesed,}
And smot his hors and him so fesed, \textit{9200}
but is unhorsed by Troylus.
He bar Achilles quyte and clene
Out of his sadel vpon the grene;
He made Achilles to reste thore,
So was he wounded wonder sore, \textit{9204}
Achilles starts up, and—
surrounded by the Greeks—

\textit{He made his eres the grounde likke.}
But he \textit{ros vp stoutly and quykke,}
As he no harm hadde y-lacched;
Troyle wold with more haue macched, \textit{9208}
He wolde haue hurt him fayn sarror,
But the Gregeis held him then forror,
Achilles assails Troylus again; Hector fights with Achilles.

To Achilles he myȝt come noght, [lf. 136, bk.] 9211
For-sothe to him, as he hadde thoȝht. 9212

Achilles is vpward cropen,
Opon his hors he is lopen:
Him were leuere than al Lubik,
That he myȝt Troyle to dethe strike;
He and his smot at him alle,
As men smeten atte balle.

Hector comes to his rescue, and
But Ector was ther-of war,
How thei be-gan with Troyle to fare;
He hied him thedir wonder swythe,
When Troyle saw him, he was blythe:
He ȝaff Achilles suche a dasche,
That al his helm be-gan to crasche,
He smot In-to his serkelet.
Now are thei to-geder met
Among her men hem two alone,
Thei delen dyntis wel gode wonè;
Be-twene hem two was gret hate,
Thei haue be-gonnen a gret bate:
Eyther on other be-gan to hewe,
Here strengte to kythe, her myȝt to schewe,
Dredful dyntis be-twene hem dele;
He is a fole, with hem wol mele!
Thei are now bothe on hors-backis,
Ether of hem on other hackis
With swerdes scharpe opon her scheld;
A strong batayle was ther In feld.

Eyther on other be-gan to hewe,
Here strengte to kythe, her myȝt to schewe,
Dredful dyntis be-twene hem dele;
He is a fole, with hem wol mele!
Thei are now bothe on hors-backis,
Ether of hem on other hackis
With swerdes scharpe opon her scheld;
A strong batayle was ther In feld.

Both on horse-back fight with their swords
and tear each other's 'aketouns.'

Here Aketouns roff as hadde ben pokes,
Ayther of hem on other strokis,
And tar here armes that were newe,
A wicked brothe thei ther brewe;
With swerdes gode that were trenchaunt
Fauȝt thei to-gedur by that hil pendaunt. {Ector fyghtes
The E in blue paint.
Ector fightes with Achilles, [lf. r37.] Hector fights fiercely with Achilles,
He hewys his mayles res by res, wounds him sorely,
He hewys hem alle In taterwagges, and unhorses him.
His hauberk heng alle In ragges;
And he 3eues him a-3eyn good pay,
The grettest strokes that he may.

But Ector 3aff Achilles one
And claff his flesci on-to the bone,
Hit barst his helme & his coyfe eke,
And it made him the grounde seke:
The stroke was gret—as I 3ow tolde,—
Achilles my3t not his sadel holde,
Opon his hors my3t he not sitte,
When sir Ector hadde him so hitte.

He left his hors and fel to grounde
And swoned sore In that stounde;
Top ouer tayl he gan loute.
The Gregeis gadered him aboute,
His Murmidones were alle agast
He hadde be sclayn, for he was cast;
Thei stode aboute him alle fyghtande,
For Ector scholde not come him hande,
Til he were rysen & vpward couered:
Many a man aboute him houered,
His body al for to fende,
That Ector schold not come him hende.

Then my3t men se strokes ride,
Gregeis feld on eche a syde
That thedir come In his defence,
For thei made ther thanne resistance
A-3eyns Ector & his Troians:
He sclow that tyme a thousand Danes
That then defended sir Achilles,
Many on swalt In his owne gres.

Hector wounds Achilles, unhorses him, and slays many of the Greeks. 273
Ector wolde Achilles take,
And the Gregeis defence did make:
Thelamon, Agamemnon, and Menescene
come to his rescue,
and bring him a new horse.

But night ends the battle, else Achilles would have died in the field.

The Trojans return to Troy; the Greeks to their tents.
They take supper and go to bed.  

Next morning they arm themselves anew.

The stour a-ȝeyn wolde thei be-gynne,  
For good on erthe wol thei not blynne;  
Her hors are brouȝt, and thei vp lepe,  
As thei hadde don that day be-fore;  
Ther died be-twene hem many a score.

They begin to fight again;

many are slain on both sides.

Othe parties In the feld were prest,  
In pees wol thei neuer rest;  
Eche man rides vnto his macche,  
Many a man here deth there lacche.

Whan thei to-gedre were met with speres,  
Many on other ouer beres;  
Thei drow here swerdes of good metal;  
Er it be nyȝt, manye dye schal.

Echon on 1 other ffaste doth bete,  
Ryght as threschers doth on whete;  
On smytes his felawe thorow the pap,  
And he þeues him a sori wap.

1,000 knights are slain.  
Never did a fight arise from so little cause!

Never were so many lords slain in a battle!

1 MS. or.

As were at Troye—sithen man was maked!
The Poet describes the Wounds. They fight 30 Days without stay.

Hic pugnant .xxx. dies absque respectu.

Some were smyten of by the knes, [lf. 138, bk.] 9347
Some thorow-out bothe thies, 9348
Some lay dede, & som cast down,
And some lay wounded and brostoun;
Some In his body bar a tronchoun,
As it were put In with a ponchoun. 9352

The while thei myghten endure,
Thei threw doun men—I telle 3ow sure,—
Thei smyten hors and helmes barst,
The while the brethe wold hem last. 9356

Mich sorwe hem was a-mong;
Sicurly hit were to long

Me to telle, and 3ow to here,
How thei fauȝt echon In-fere,
I may not al the dedis devyse;
Ther wolde no boke it al suffise
Alle here dedis for to holde,
If thai schulde alle be y-tolde,
And I schulde alle here dedis say,
How thei fauȝt to-geder euery day.
The bible ne no Missale,
The legende ne no Iornale,
The Grael ne the Tropere,
Schold not holde here dedis plenere.

For .xxx. ti dayes with-oueten pes
Thei fauȝt to-gedur with-oueten ses,
Al was sprad bothe diche and bank
With dede bodies that lay & stank.
Men redes In gestes of douȝti men,
How thei fouȝten to-geder dayes ten,— 9376
Euery day with-oueten rest,—
To se whiche of hem were best;
Men tellen of Ywayn and Wade
In gestes that of hem ben made, 9380

They are wounded many ways.

They fight as long as they can breathe.

The poet is not able to tell all their deeds;

no book would be big enough to hold them.

They fight 30 days without respite.

In other tales men fight ten days,
After the 30 Days Priamus demands and gets a Truce for 6 Months. 277

How thei faucht a day or two, [lf. 139.] 9381
And aftir that more than so:
Thei faucht fouartene nyght,
And that was kampious right.

But I say: Ector and his feris,
Achilles als & his comperis,
Thei faucht to-geder dayes thre,
And wold thei not in pes be;
Thei faucht to-gedir fourtene nyght,
And that was the Troiens right;
With-outen rest thei faucht al-eyes,
Til thei hadden fousten .xxx. ti dayes—
Every day til it was ny3t,
That neuere be-lan whil thei hadde lyght.

Now wol I of this thing telle,
I may not alle here dedis melle;
For mochel wo be-twene hem wex:
Off Ector brethere were sclayn sex
With-In the dayes that thei so faucht,
And Ector also a sore wounde lau3t
In his visage on of that day,
Wherby Ector In his bed lay
In Ylion a ful gret stounde,
Er he were hol of that wounde.

Hretti dayes when he hadde foughten
With-outen reste bothe euen & oughten,
Priamus sente to the Gregeis
Kyngeis two that were curtayes,
And other lordes mo wente hem with,
Trewe to aske a six monyth.
And thei it graunte al at her wille,
Thei were fa3n to holde hem stille
And rest In pes al that terme;
The trewes is graunt and holden ferme,

or a fortnight;
but Hector and Achilles and their men
fight 30 days, every day till night separates them.
Six of Hector's brothers are slain,
and Hector himself is sorely wounded in the face.
Priamus then demands a truce for six months, which is granted by the Greeks.

S iiij
The Conditions of the Truce. The Injured heal their Wounds.

No one is to harm a foe.

If he does, he'll be hanged.

Now everybody heals his wounds.

Hector lies on a bed in a great hall in Ilion.

and all the lords and ladies come to comfort him.
The Hall of Ilion and its precious Outfit are described.

Hit was an halle of gret noblay, Aula. [lf. 140.] The hall of Ilion has very high towers.
The halle ther-as Ector lay; Men would not believe me, if I should try to describe them fully.
The toures were of out-done hight, 9452
I-made with wonder art and slight.
If thow wolt that halle discryue, 9456
Sicurly se wolde not leue
The wonder werk of the Pyleres;
Men wolde holde hem grete lyeres,
Man wolde wene that men did lye,
And holde it alle for fairie.

But man wolde wene In his thoght,
That suche werk myght neuere be wroght; 9460
For now is non so glorious,
Ne non In this world so vertuous,
As Ilion was the while it stode,
I-set ful of stones and perles gode; 9464
Roof and walls and all other parts
Roof and wal and euery a gable,
Dore and wyndowe, trestles and table,
are covered with gold
Courbel, beme, and euery a ston,
With riche gold was vmbygon.

Alle the walles of that wones 9468
 Were thikke y-set with precious stones;
A thousand rubies on a rowe
Were set a-bouen on the wowe.
Roof and walls and all other parts
Ther stode a-long & eke a-crois
Many a riche erbe-debois;
The matistre and a riche saphur,
And other stones many & sur;
Ther stode many a charbocle-ston,
That as bry5t aboute hem schoon
In that halle aboute mydnyght,
they shine at midnight as bright as a summer day.
As doth the somerday lyght.
That halle was brode & long,
Off semely werk sicur & strong,

1 In red paint.
The twelve alabaster Columns of the Hall; its tremendous Height.

Qualiter palacium Regis Troiani factum est.

Two hundred feet was it be-met. [If. 140, bk.] 9483

On stones twelve was hit al set 9484

Off Alabaster that wele were wrought,
It was gret mervayle how thei were bouȝt
Vnto that werk to rayse that ground,
It was mervayle where men thei found. 9488

He was worthi be called a clerk,
That of twelve stones made suche a werk.
The halle flore was paued al
Thorowout with clene cristal;
In euery a hirne was set a post
Off worthi werk with mychel cost;
On euery a post stode an ymage
As he hadde ben In fauntel-age;
Alle were wrought of gold fyn,
Hede, body, visage, and eyn.

Ther was no man 1 In al that land
That he ne wende thei hadde ben lyuand:
So vereili thei loked and Smyled,
Many a man ther-with was giled;
Off here makyng and of here lokes
Many mervayles In his bokis. 9504

Dares wrot—I telle it sow,—
That I wol not speke of now:
"The walles of that halle streȝt 9507
Were two thousand fet of heȝt,
And hit ther-to ffyue hundrid als,"—
As Dares seis that neuere was fals.

Dares seis: "the toures were so hy,
That thei wente to the sky,
So ney were thei the firmament
A-boue the cloudes verament,
A man that stode with-oute doute
On hem, myȝt se al the lond aboute, 9516

1 MS. noman. 2 In one line, sign blue, words red; but on the left side in MS.
And other londes a-cost also
On euery a side, that marches ther-to.”

Then were thei hye verament,
Thei hadde nede of a good fundement;
Euery a ston of Marbil was
As smethe as any glas,
Euery a ston was smethe schauen.
The walles were with bestes grauen,
Ther was no best In wildernes,
Forest, ne feld, more ne les,
That thei ne were ther wele entayled,
Wilde ne tame non ther fayled.

Before the dore was set a tre,
That fair and semely was to se:
The tre was al of riche gold
Fro the grounde vnto the mold,
And alle the bowes of that erberye
Were siluer & gold with-outen lye;
For euere was on of siluer bryt,
A-nother of gold that was so lyt.

Ther was neuere fruyt that euere grewe
That thei ne hongen ther In here hewe,
But al was ² siluer and gold with-Inne.
This werk was mad with quaynte gynne.
In that halle ende was mad his dese,
Richeli made it was alweyes:

At one end of the hall is a dais;
at the other, an altar with an image of Jupiter.

1 Sign in blue, words in red (in two lines thus).
2 MS. But al

that was.

that was.

Every foundation-stone is of marble.
The walls are engraved with all sorts of beasts.

With silver and golden boughs and all kinds of fruits.
Hector, lying wounded, is comforted.

For whan he wolde his help craued, [lf. 141, bk.] 9551
He wende he myȝt him haue saueyd. 9552

This image of Jupiter is of pure gold. 9553

A faire ymage that kyng did make
Off fyn gold ffor his goddis sake;
On that auter did he sette hit,
Off pure gold was hit I-bet;
Hit was .xv. cubitis long.

It was sette hit there with mochel song,
With fythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
With mochel merthe and melodye.

He sette hit there with mochel song,
With fythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
With mochel merthe and melodye.

He settet hit there with mochel song,
With fythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
With mochel merthe and melodye.

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With fythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
With mochel merthe and melodye.

He settet hit there with mochel song,
With fythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
With mochel merthe and melodye.
Six Sons of Priamus are buried. Hector recovers.

Hic Ector sanatus est.

He bad that echon schuld haue [If. 142.] 9585 each one in a special grave.
By him-self a riche graue:
Here graues were sone y-made
Bothe with schouele & with spade;
And leyd hem ther-In bothe body & bones,
And heled a-bouen with riche stones.
And so was grauen eche a brother,
A litel echon fro other.

Thei of Grece her riche kynges
Graued also, hère lordynges;
And tho that were of lasse renoun
Thei gadered to hepes with-oute the toun 9596
And brende her bodyes alle by-dene,
And made the feld of hem ful clene,
That no stynk of hem schulde rise,
Hem to dere on no wyse.

Hector heles and coueres faste,
His Angwys almost a-way is paste,
He may bothe go & stonde,
In that halle is he walkande;
And alle these other ben ner-honde heled.
Delful dyntis were ther deled,
When thei were heled and comen samen;
Ther by-gynne a grisly gamen:
Many on schal to the dethe wende,
Er thei efft-sones make an ende.

For Ector was fful sore a-greued
That his visage was so cleued;
He het his men for euene or od,
That ther hors be faste y-schod,
And her harneis redi dight,
Her aketoun strong, her brynys bryght;
‘That hors ne harneis 3ow not faile
A-3eyn the tyme of oure batayle.’
The Truce ends. The Trojans and Greeks prepare to renew the War.

When winter ends,

Winter is went—as I wene— [If. 142, bk.] 9619

The leues grown In greues grene, 9620

The Trojans are bothe stiff & stout, 9624

And so ar Danes and eke Gregeis:

The Trojans and Greeks prepare for a fresh battle, and array their troops.

The ladies are in sorrow for their husbands.

The troves is passed and alle termened,

The Trewes is passed and alle termened, 9628

And alle ben redy & haue dyne,

The lordes hem busked & toke her caples, 9636

Many an helme is set on hede

Men brynge hem speres of gode maples,

That long er nyght schal ligge dede; 9632

And scheldes stronge thei brynge als,

Men brynge hem speres of gode maples,

The ladys for her lordes caren,

And scheldes stronge thei brynge als,

For thei wot neuere how thei schal faren;

To honge semely a-boute her hals. 9640

Thei made gret mornyng a-mong,

Ector bad thei schulde ride,

Thei tare hir heer, hir handis wrong.

Thei wol not lenger here abyde:

Thei ride out of the toune

Thei rode forth out of the toune 9644

With scheld and spere & gonfanoun.

And thei of Grece were gadered alle

With-oute the diche be-fore the walle,

And thei of Troye ridden down a dale, 9648

In-myddis the feld ther standis her stale. 9650

Til thei mete to-geder bothe;

Two hundred thousand schal be wrothe 9652

Er thei do parte fro her frende,

That schal be sclayn, er thei thennes wende.
Hector opens the Battle, and slays 1,000 Greeks.

Adhuc bellum. 

Now are thei bothe In the feld arrayed, [lf. 143.]  
Baneres brode ther ben displayed;  
On nother side was non so bold  
That thei ne be-gynne sone to cold,  
Whan thei schal mete thore:  
The beste of hem a-bached wore,  
Saue Ector on that neuere was ferd ;  
He 3eues of hem not a 3erd,  
Off alle her fare, of thai were mo,  
For he blan neuere to wende and sclo  

Alle he myght mete with & ouer-take;  
He be-gynnes a-boute him to make  
Wayes to drique In bothe cart & wayn.  
Many Gregeis other gan frayn:  
"How thei myzt sclo him ther he rode?"  
But ther was non that him a-bode:  
He 3ede doun or lost his lyff.  
He sclow a thousand In that stryff,  
When bothe parties to-gedur were;  
Many a man died there.  

Ther was gret del to se hem mete,  
So fele fel doun vndir hors fete,  
That neuere myzt affirward arise,  
Thei made a schrewed marchaundise:  
Eche slo other, as thei were wode,  
Thei made no ruthe of mannes blode;  
Some is cloven In-to the shere,  
Some has lorn bothe cheke & ere,  
Some hath lorn lyuer & gut,  
Was many man ded doun put,  
Many hath lorn eye & browe;  
Euerychon wolde his frend rescowe,  
Than comes he & he also  
And girdes his bak euen a-two.  

1 In the top right corner, in a very fine hand.
Hector is the strongest Knight; nobody can resist him but Achilles.

Thus they fight till night ends the battle.

And thus ferd thei fro that thei met, [If. 143, bk.]
Til the sonne was doun set; 9687
Thei blan neuere to smyte ne slo,
Many a bak thei made al blo. 9688

Hector rides thrice through the Greek host, and kills many.

Ector fyghtes with his enemys, 9692
Thorow here ost he rod thris,
From man to man a-boute he skyppis,
Thei fel affir him as hit were shepis:
For siker, sithe erthe by-gan,
Was not made a better man,
That so stronge dedes In Armes did;
Alas that euer he mys-be-tid!

Off man was neuere so moche reuthe,
For he was good & loued trewthe;
Ther was no man that did suche dedis
Off alle the knytes that men of redis,
Ther was neuere man his strok my3t stande,
That toke a ful stroke of his hande,—
Saue Achilles that strong kny3t,
For he was man of moche my3t.—
Ther was no side of al that ost
That he ne rode thorow for alle her bost.

He sclow to grounde al that he toke,
The beste of hem for drede quoke,
Thei were alle aferd of that on kny3t,
For he was man of moche my3t.
The Gregeis alle his sword knewe,
Many a man to grounde he hewe;
And tho he bar doun or ouer,
Ful ffewe a-3eyn ne myght couer,—
Vn-til that lyff so sore he smot.
The sonne schon bry3t, the day was hot.

Hit greued hem sore of Grece,
Thei sat toterynge as it were gece—

1 MS. pet.
Achilles meets Hector several Times, but dares not attack him. 287

What for the strokes & the hete!  
The Gregeis wel sore he gan bete,  
He made of hem gret martirdam:  
I trowe, sithen god made Adam,  
Dud neuere man so gret meruayles,  
In fightes fele and gret batayles  
He scow so many gret of renoun,  
Armed with helme and hauberiou,  
As Ector did his owne hand,  
The while he was In erthe lyvand.  
Gret voyce was tho hem among,  
Swerdis ther on helmes rong,  
Many an helme was ther clatered,  
And many hede al to-batered  
Ector makes of hem gret hepes,  
Fro man to man a-boute he lepis;  
As thik as leue on the tre  
He sles hem doun by two or thre.  
Thorow the feld hit is wel sene  
In euery stede ther he hath bene,  
For it is layd with dede bodies  
Thikkere than trees ar set In ris.  
He makes a-boute him roume & way.  
Achilles wot not what to say,  
Offte hath he that day him met,  
But he my3t neuere his proues bet,  
Ne he durst not for ferd of gyle  
Dele with him that ilke whyle,  
And if he scholde not haue grace,  
To parte with him out of that place.  
The Gregeis saw this fare was nou3t  
A-3eyn the dedis that Ector wrou3t,  
Thei my3t not y-wis lenger endure,  
Thei swalt almost In her Armure;  

[1f. 144.] 9721  
Since Adam's days never man did so many and great wonders in battle as Hector did.  
9724  
9728  
9732  
9736  
9740  
9744  
9748  
9752  

1 MS. alto batered.
Hector puts the Greeks to Flight and returns to Troy. His Reception.

The Greeks flee;

Hector follows and slays them.

He drives Achilles back to his camp

and then returnsto Troy

with his prisoners.

Priamus receives him

with much joy, and so do the other Trojans.

He blesses Hector, and so do all the other lords and ladies.

The Greeks fled everychon, and that was best,—  [If. 144, bk.]
The sonne was drawen to his rest,
And that was fair to here be-houe,—
For thei hadde elles suel proue.
The Gregeis fled with michel hast;
Wo was hem that was the last,—
Ector sclow hem In that chace.
Men myst ffolwe hem by the trace
Off deede bodyes he lefft ligande,
The Gregeis he sclow fleande.

Achilles was not then the laste,
That he were then he hyed faste;
And Ector faste afftir him prikes,
He drof him home vn-to his dikes
And turned a-3eyn—for it was ny3t,—
He faust lenger than he hadde sy3t:
He rod to Troye with his prisonnes
And lefft hem In her pauylonnes.

Ector is to Troy riden,

Priamus him hath abiden.

Off his mete and his sopere,
Thei are now set to-geder In-sere,
Thei are wel serued with many metis,
With murthe & play thei sitte In setis:
His fader him makes mochel Ioye,
And so did alle that were In Troye.

The fader blessed offte his sone;
He hadde ther many a benysone
Off lordis faire & fre ladyse,
Of kny3tes kene and men of pryse.
For ther died mo at that semble,
That Ector sclow at that Iorne
With his hand—as thei seyde alle—
Then alle that euere fre and thralle.

So fele
Next Morning a fresh Battle begins, which lasts twelve Days.

So fele men died then In o day [lf. 145.] 9789
Off no mannes hond—I dar wel say—
In hard batayle that Armed were,
As Ector slow with his hand there;—
He was wel serued, honourd & kepe.
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to slepe
And rest hem, til the sonne vp rose:
Eche man then to arme him gose,
After supper they go to bed,
If Thei toke her horses & here a-tyre
With swerdes gode aboute here swire,
and early next morning prepare for a new battle.
And ryden forth vp a res.
N
Ten thousand schal her lyff for-sake,
Ow haue thei taken the feld bothe,
Ful Irrous & Inly wrothe.
Thei are now 1 to-geder met,
Her speres ar broken, and arwes schet,
Thei drowe her swordes of here scauberkes,
Thei drowe her swordes of here scauberkes,
The riche armure thei al to-kerue;
Thei cutte In-two bothe lyuer & mawes,
Thei cutte In-two bothe lyuer & mawes,
Thei faust thus clene dayes twelue,
Thei faust thus clene dayes twelue,
They fight full 12 days.
Whil thei hadde day & myst out se,
They fight full 12 days.
Walde thei neuere In pes be.
They fight full 12 days.
Thei faust thus clene dayes twelue,
Til thei hadde nedre here dede men delue,
And thei of Grece mouth not ordayn
To fyght for-sothe no more sustayn;
And with Ector holden waken 2,
And with Ector holden waken 2,
So were thei ouercomen & taken
So were thei ouercomen & taken
1 MS. not. 2 At the foot of the page are some scribblings upside down.
T [j]
The Greeks demand and are granted a Truce for thirty Days.

That the most rest or elles dye. [lf. 145, bk.] 9823
It was past afftir the Maye, 9824
The weder was hot, the sonne schon,
The Gregeis made ther-fore gret mone:
For thorw fight and the hete
Many on left that day the swete. 9828

After 12 days' fight,

Welf dayes faust thei to-geder
With-outen rest In that hote weder;
Be-twene hem died many a lord,
Whil thei were at that discord;
Many a lord on syther syde
Were ded In tho twelue dayes tyde.
The Gregeis my3t fyght no more,
Thei asked trewes with sikyng sore,
Off xxti dayes thei faire be-sou3t,
Til the dede were In the erthe brou3t,
And til that hete were al doun;
For elles hadde thei ben ded echoun:
So gret was thanne the hete In feld,
Thei my3t not lyue In tent & teld
That wounded were or hurtynge hadde.

Oh, Priamus, how mad you were to grant the truce so lightly! All the Greeks would have been killed if you had finished that battle.

A, Priamus! that thow was madde,
When thow the trewes so ly3tly graunted!
For haddes thow thenne that batayle haunted,
Thei schulde haue died with gret vilte,
With swerd at that gret mortalite!
But fortune was thi foo mortel
And schop thi wo perpetuel;
And for sche wolde thi blysse were doun,
Sche made the graunte the trewes soun.
For sicur I wot with-outen drede:
The formast day the trewes out 3ede,
That thei to-geder In feld were met,
Her blis & Ioye for euere was let.
The Greeks heal their Wounds during the Truce of thirty Days. 291

\[ \text{Hic Priamus concedit pacem xxx. dies.} \]

Priamus hath granted the truce: [Iff. 146.]

The Greeks make murthe & glewe,
Thei were neuere of trewe so blythe;
Thei thanked her god fele sithe,
For thei saued hem by her pauste
Fro that gret mortalite;
Thei maken to him gret offeryng
With many broche & many ryng,
And thanked hem of here dede,
For thei wende efft better spede.

Thei were ful fayn thei were at rest,
For thei ther-of hadde mychel brest,
Thei heled her woundes lesse & more,
That woundes haue or any sore.
So were thei hole or thritti day,
For themen was the grette hetr away,
And thei were styff & stout
To renne & ride al a-bout,
And do al thyng that mister was,
Thei dredde not the Troyens a gras.

Thritti dayes are now ful-filled,
Alas! noble Troye, thow schalt be spilled,
Thrawen doun & ligge al wast,
For thow schalt lese thi lord In hast!
This is the day of thin vnwyn,
Alle may wepe that the ben In,
Kyng and quene that to the longe;
Wele may thow wepe & leue thi songe!
Alle Troiens may say: weylaway!
That euere come this Ilke day!

Alas thi chambres & thi boures,
Thi faire haff and thi toures,
Thi semely 3ates & thi faire walles,
And alle thi crafftly corven balles!

19—2
Fair Ilion, thou must fall!  

Thou oughtest to curse the day in which thou wast born, as Job did,

and the day on which battle began again after this truce.

Priamus, on this day thou shalt lose thy honour and all,

for Hector shall die!

Thou oughtest to curse this day, when thy false gods did not help thee.

---

Priamus, this is the day

That thou shalt lose thy noblay,

Thyn honour & thy reverence!

This day thou leses thy seygnorie,

For gode Ector this day schal dye,

That the defended and thi kynrede,

Thi landes & thi manhede.

Now artow lord of thi landis,

Many a duk byefore the standis,

The hodes offe & bare the heued,—

Sone schal it fro the be reued!

That now bene thyne be trouthe y-ply3t,

Schal lete of the wel sone ful ly3t!

The au3t euere to curse that day,

That fals god now the helpe ne may;

---

1 MS. offte.
The Poet's Lamentation over the Trojans' Fate continued.

At this nede may he not helpe [If. 147.] 9925
No more then may a dogge whelpe.1
Mochel sorwe was the toward,
When thei of Troye ride out-ward;
And so was also thi faire wyff,
Wherfore scho aftir lase hir lyff;
And Pollexene with-outen gilt
Aftirward therfore was spilt.

A doujti Troyle, at euery a dede,
Vn-to that day that thou take hede!
What harme that day to the be-felle!
Thow may telle of thi tenselle,
And say, if thow be riʒt be halwed,
Alas, that euere that day be-dawed—
For to lese that the was leue & dere!
For if he hadde lyued thre ʒere,
Thow haddest ben kyng of many a land
Thorow strengthe of thi brother hand;
For whan he died, ʒe died alle;
Suche hap was to ʒow be-falle.

Alass, lady dame Andromede,
This is the day that thou may drede;
This is the day of thi gret wo,
For thow schal now thi lord for-go!
Thow schal lese the worthiest knyʒt
That euere was wedded to any wyʒt;
For hadde he lyued, thow hadde be quene
Off many a land—& that was sene,—
Thow haddest ben quene of Troye & dame.
But now schal it turne al to schame,
For thow scha[1]t falle In suche maystry,
That the schal lede In vylony,
In sclaunder and In foule schendyng,
Al thi lyff to thyn endyng.

1 MS. welpe.

Much sorrow was to come on thee,
Priamus, when thy Trojans now rode out, and
on Hectuba, too, and on Pollexena,
who lost their lives.
Alas, Troylus!

He would have become king of many lands, if Hector had not died.
For Andromede this is the worst of days,
for she will lose that worthiest knight, her husband.
The Poet ends his Lamentations on the Misfortune of Troy.

Alas, ye knights, now ye are bold for Hector's sake; but ye will soon curse the day of your birth! Oh, citizens of Troy, you were so liberal, and gentle, and courteous; but all this will turn to nought!

All of you will die, when Hector is gone! All your treasures will be given to the Greeks!

Kny3tes kene that ben of Troye, Now make murthe and morch Ioye; Alle Are 3e bold for Ector sake, Gret is the murthe that 3e may make, But sit schal 3e, or sonne go dow, Sey "alas!" for sorwe & care, "That day that euere 3oure moder 3ow bare!"

Curteis Citeseyns, Trewe & triste gode Troiens, Herde I neuere of no burgeis That were so hende & so curteis. Alas! me rewes 3oure destene,— That were of 3oure 3ifffes so fre, Off noble blod & genterye, Off gret manhede & curtesye,— That 3oure noblay & 3oure largesse, 3oure curtesye & 3oure richesse Schal turne to nou3t, and 3e also! Fals fortune wol 3ow for-do, For deth has sche y-schaped, Sch.e wil no wyse that he be skaped. And he be ded & fro 3ow gon, 3e ben dede euerychon! 3oure brochis brode & al 3oure byes That now ligges In 3oure tyes, 3oure tresoure & 3oure florayns Wol sche dele to kny3tis & swayns Off hem of Greece that are 3oure foos. This is the day that all goos, 3oure gret noblay & 3oure seygnorye Schal urne to dele & waymentrye.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hic Andromeda vsor Ectoris somniauit de morte ipsius.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The laste nyȝt the treweys out-ȝede,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That thei schulde fliȝt afftir the day,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By her lord In hir bed sche lay:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A dredful dreme that lady dremed,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That In hir selepe sche cried &amp; scremed.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The while sche was In hir selepe,
Ector ȝaff to hir good kepe,
Sche was sore & sche was dredful,
To wakyn hir it was nedful;
He waked hir & seide: 'swetyng,
Thow art ful ferd In thi selepyng.
Whi fares thow thus? what ayles the?
Whi art thow ferd? what may this be?
'Alas!' sayde sche, 'my gentil lord!
But thow wil do be myn acord,
Sicurly thow ne art but dede,—
But thow wil do afftir my rede,—
And I am lorn for euere also,
And thi lovely children two!
For I am sicur be my dreme,
That I am lorn, and thi barne-teme;
And thow art ded with-outen fayle,
If thow this day go to batayle.

For I wot be my drem to-nyȝt:
If thow to-morne gos to fyȝt,
With-oute the deth may thow not passe;
Then may I say for the "alas!
That I was borne!" for care & sorwe.
Be-leue at hom, my lord, to-morwe
And come not there,—I the be-seche!—
To my prayeres thow be my leche,
Be at home, til al be done!
For goddis loue here my bone!'
Hector bids Andromede not to fear, and not to believe in Dreams.

Hector bids Andromede:

He is very angry with his wife's silliness, and bids her stop weeping.

But Andromede is full of sorrow and tears her hair.

---

1 MS. 3, distinctly, not v; cf. l. 10746.  2 MS. or.
Andromede begs Hector to keep Hector back from the Battle-field. 297

That euere schuld sche abide the day!" [If. 149.] 10061

Sche wente as sche were wod a-way.

To Hectuba, his moder, sche ran,—
As sche hadde ben a wod womman,—
And to hir suster Pollexene;
Thei wende that sche wod hadde bene,
Thei asked "whi that sche so ferde?"
'For tydandes that I haue herde
And sene also slepyng to-nyzt,'
Saide Andromede, that bridde bryzt,
'A dreme for-sothe that not lyes,
That thus mechel signifies:
That, If my lord this day out gauge,
On lyue lyues he not lange;
If he this day to batayle go,
His enemys schal or euen him sclo.
A-jeyn comes he on lyue no more,
If he go out—be goddis ore!

But thow that bare him of thi sidis
And has for-don the Gregeis pridis—
Off Chiuairie he is the flour,
And thi defence & thi socour,
That saues the & thi housbonde,
Thi tounes, thi toures, & thi londe,
Thi sones & alle thi doughtres als,—
Let him neuere dye of no wyk-hals!
Make him at hom this day to be,
That he come not at that semblie!
For be he ded & fro vs went,—
That we were borne schal vs repent!'

Hectuba for ferd & drede
Was ner wod, when Andromede
These tydandes whan sche hir tolde,
For sche wiste neuere, how him to holde,
The three Ladies go and tell the Dream to Priamus.

Hic Andromeda narruit Regi & Regine.  
That he come not at that assaut; \[lf. 149, bk.\]  
Sche hadde for him ful mychel aut,  
Gret sorwe then made the quene;  
And so hadde als dame Pollexene.  

Pollexenasays:  
'Let us to the king, and bid him keep Hector at home.'  
The three ladies go to Priamus.

Andromede relates her dream to her father-in-law,  
and implores him to keep Hector at home.

Priamus, on hearing this dream, begins to weep.

1 th erased after the last word of this line.
Priamus promises to keep Hector back from the Battle.

Him thought his herte gan to breke; [Iff. 150.] Priamus is full of sorrow;

He stode longe, or he myght speke,
For sorwe & care that he hadde hent,
When he wiste what the dreme ment.

‘Whether I schal,’ he sayde, ‘alas!
Lese my Ioye & my solas,
Mi defence & my socour,
And lede my liff In dishonour,
In wo, & drede, & paynes strong,
And alle that euere vn-to me long,

Scholde I now lese my gode sone?
I schal him helpe, if I cone,
That he this day go not to fyght
On hors ne fote,—by god al-myght!—
That he die neuere for vnhap.
For if he may this on day seckap,
Wel wot I that he schal schende
Alle his fos & saue his frenede.

For may he passe his destane,
Conquerour then schal he be
Off his fo-men, thei schal hem zelde
To him & his and fle the felda.’

The sonne be-gynnes on hye to schyne,
Troiens ar alle set to dyne,
Thei ben served with many a coupe;
Euel schal thei or even droupe,
For thei schal se or even ded
The beste body that euere ete bred.

Ector ordeynes his batayles alle,
He biddis hem Troyle to him calle;
And he come to him faste ridande,
With helme on hed & spere In hande,
Armed wel In iren wede.
Ector bad that he scholde lede

he says: ‘Shall I now lose my solace and my joy, my good son?’

for, if he escapes to-day, he will vanquish all his foes by-and-by.’

When the sun rises,

Hector arrays his battalions.
Hector arrays his Nine Battalions. Priamus lets them go.

The leaders of the nine Trojan battalions are:

1. Troylus
2. Paris
3. Eneas
4. Folimodas
5. Sarpedon
6. Episcropus
7. Is left out altogether.
8. Forcius
9. Philomene

He called to him Paris, his brother, And bad that he scholde lede that other.

Affir that he called Eueas,— And he come a ful gode pas,— He ses: ‘Eueas, I the bidde That thow lede the batayle thridde;
And thow the ferte, Polydomas, To helpe him when he nede has.’

The sixte ledde kyng Episcropus, A noble kyng and curtayus, With many a douȝti bachelir.
Ector bad hem come him ner A douȝti kyng with visage grym. The eyght batayle be-tauȝt he him: He hete Forcius—I undirstande,— He bad him lede the ward eyghtande.

The ix. batayle—as I wene— Be-tauȝt Ector to Philomene. A douȝti kyng of gret pouste, Hardi of hert and gret bounte, And other kynges that comen were In help of Troye, that were thore.

Priamus gives them leave to go.

Hie incipit Bellum in quo Ector Interfectus fuit.

The formast warde, the furste eschele, [If. 150, bk.] And come a-ȝeyn with Ioye and hele.
He called to him Paris, his brother, And bad that he scholde lede that other.

Priamus the kyng [hem] seyngned, When Ector badde hem thus ordeyned;
He zaff echon to that batayle Leue to wende, her fos to assayle;
For thei of Grece were comen be than With-oute her diches, eueryche man,

1 MS. Pollexene.
Priamus bids Hector stay at Home. Hector chides Hectuba.

And redi dight, & hem abode; [lf. 151.] 10197
And thei of Troye vnto hem rode.
But he bad Ector al on hye,
Heryng alle that were him nye:
“That he ne scholde that day armes bere
No entermete him of that were,
But be at hom with him that day—
On his blessyng, & say not nay.”

Lord! so he wex wod wroth
Toward his wyff, purful & loth!
When his ffader Priamus
Be-fore hem Alle hadde bidden him thus:
Ful vilensly his wyff he chidde
For that schame that sche him didde;
But he wold not do his biddyng,
He bade his men vnto him bryng
His hauberiouw and his target,
His Aketoun and his basenet.

His men did as he hem bad.
When Andromede saw hir lord had
His Armure In hand to Arme him with,
Sche cried out on kyn & kyth,
That sche was brou^t In-to this world.
When Hectuba this word herd,

Sche ran thedir as sche were wod
Be-fore Ector ther he stod;
Vpon hir knes tho fel the quene,
And his suster Pollexene,
And Andromede kneled also
And broght with hir hirdur two:
That on of hem was 3it so 3ong 2
That he ne coude speke with tong,
He coude ete no bred of whete,
He soukede then his moder tete.

1 MS. alle, probably meant for Alle. 2 MS. jong.
Hecuba, Pollexena, Helena, Andromede, beg Hector not to fight.

Hecuba and Pollexena pray him, too, but all in vain. Andromede, on seeing this, swoons away.

When she recovers, she begs Hector, for her and her children's sake, to stay.

P
Pollexena & quene Elyne
Prayed him also,—al was In vayne.

When Andromede saw al that,
How bis Moder ther on knes sat,
Vpon hir knes sore wepande,
And quene Elyne loude cryande,
His sustres alle with sore chere,
And [he] wolde hem not here :

Sche toke the child In her lap
That was soukyng at her pap,
By-fore his feet fel sche doun
For sorwe & care In a ded sowne.

When sche was rysen & sat on knes :
' This is thi sone that thow here ses,'
Seyde Andromede, ' & I thi wiff.
For him that made bothe deth and lyff!
Beleue at hom this day with me
And go not out to this semble !

And if thin [mod] be now so hard
That thow of me haue no reward,
Rewe opon this zonge thyng,
Thi sones bothe that I here bryng !
Notwithstanding all their Prayers, Hector goes to the Battle.

That I ne dye neuer ne thei euel ded, [lf. 152.] 10265
Ne go so pore to begge oure bred
In straunge land & In exile,
Saue me & hem fro deth vile! 10268
And lete vs now thin Armes of take
For thi louely childer sake!
And leue her-Inne this day alone
That thow this day bere Armes none!'

The ladies hadde gret pyne,
The water ran out of here ey3ene,
That it wet that louely lere;
3it wolde he not hir prayeres here. 10276
His wiff wepes with reuful chere,
The teres fallen on hir lere,
Off hir eyen hit rennes out,
Thei wete hir chekes al a-bout,
Sche sfalles offte In ded sownyng:
But he 3aff of hem no thyng,

But Armed him & toke his stede,
And lep vp some & fro hem 3ede; 10284
Toward the feld he hyed him faste
Fro the ladies, that he were paste.

When Andromede saw hir lord go,
Lord god! what hir was wo! 10288
Sche skrat hir face—as sche were wod—
Til it was ronnen al on blod,
Sche rente hir clothes & hir heer tare;
Mechel sorwe made sche thare,
Sche was almost of hir wit.
The lady thanne hir clothes vp knyt,

Sche ran to kyng Priamus,
As sche that was ful angwisus'. 10296
So was sche blod and al for-scrat,
That kyng ne none that by him sat

1 MS. ful of angwisus.
Andromede prays Priamus again to keep Hector back.

That they don't know her at first.

Wiste In erthe what sche was. [lf. 152, bk.] 10299

When thei hir knew, thei seyde: 'alas!'— 10300

'What ayles the, my derlyng?'

To hir seyde Priamus, the kyng.

Before she can speak, she swoons.

Er sche my3t speke, sche swoned ther,
Alle hadde reuthe aboute hir wer ;

¶ Thei were alle so sore mernayled,
What that louely lady ayled.

Then falling on her knees

When sche was rysen, sche sat on knees,
Hir heer was rent & torn In pes ;
Sche cried loude and seide alweyes,
"Sche myght for no thyng be In pes."

She seyde: 'sir kyng, whi sittes thow here ?

Why did you let Hector go to the battle?

Wol thow now lese thi sone dere ? 10312
Thow scholde haue 3euen to him entent !
For ri3t to batayle he is went ;
Now is he gon & fforward reden ;
His stede Armed he is be-striden,
Vn-to the batayle for to gange ;
Iff thow fro him dwelle out lange,
That he fro the thedir may wende,
Thow art for-done, & alle thi frende ;

¶ Thow schalt him neuere se more on lyue,
But thow ouertake him swythe.
For be it so that he come thore,
On lyue ne sese thow him no more !' 10324

Priamus then takes his horse, and gallops after Hector.

The kyng anon with-oute abode
To his hors that he on rode,
And lepe vp sone with-outen tariyng
And rod afftir him with herte sikyng :

¶ He priked his hors on the pament,
That afftir his feet the fir out glent ;
For no thyng wolde the kyng abide,
Or he sey him where he gan ride.

He rode
Adhuc Magnum bellum.

He rode and toke him by the rayne, [lf. 153.] Priamus takes Hector's horse by the rein,
And pulled his stede wrothely a-3ayne, 10333
And sayde: 'Ector, thow art to blame!
I comaunde the In my goddis name,— Priamus commands him
In him that is so ful of my3t
And maked bothe day & ny3t,—
That thow no further go fro me,
But turne a-3eyn to thi Cite!
As thow art treuly my sone,
In my blessyng & benysone!'

Ector offte his fader with-sayd, Hector opposes his father, but is brought by him to the city against his will.
But he his stede to him brayd,
And broujt him thanne a-3eyns his wille, 10344
With his praieres, the Cite tille.
In the paleys Ector doun lyght, Hector does not doff his armour,
But he wolde not him vndyght, but stays at home full of anger.
10348
Off his armure & his a-tire;
He lefft at home with moche ire, That he was not at that sau3t.
The Gregeis with the Troyens fau3t 10352
With hardi herte and gret reddure:
Ther was be-twene hem a grisly stoure, Fight between the Greeks and the Trojans.
Many a kny3t on grounde ther lay,
And many an hors ther wente a-way,— 10356
Her guttes trayled on the grounde,—
That neuere afftir her maystres founde.

Troylus woundes Gregeis and sles, 10360
And he by-holdes wel Diomedes, Troylus meets Diomedes,
He hadde to him wel gret envy:
He thought to do with him Maystry,—
That him were leuere then gret catel,—
That he myght scle him In that batel; 10364
Whom he hates for Cressida's sake.
He hated him for his lemman,
Cresseida 1, that fair womman.

1 Cress, possibly by same hand, on erasure.
Diomedes and Troylus fight. Menelaus parts them.

Diomedes and Troylus unhorse each other; they would have slain one another, had not Menelaus parted them.

Menelaus is accompanied by many knights and barons.

He meets Meseres, and unhorses him. The Greeks gather round Meseres, and take him prisoner.

He toke a spere stalworth and strong, [lf. 153, bk.]
To bere down Troyle a-mong the throng;
But Troyle saw him come ridande
And toke a stalworth spere in hande,
And rode to him with my3t and mayn,
[And Diomedes him a3eyn.]¹
That thei fel bothe opon the grene:
And toke here stedis as kny3tes kene,
And bothe her swordis out thei drow
And fiau3t to-geder long y-now,
Til thei were stoned hede and brayn.
That on that other wolde haue sclayn,
Ne hadde than comen Menelaus
With al his ost opon Troylus;
For he come thenne with gret meyne
And made these kny3tes departye.
And elles I trowe with-outen les
Troyle hadde sclayn Diomedes!

Menelaus is comen down With many kny3t and bold baroun:
When his men with here Ioyned,
Many a man was ther assoyned
Off ther lyff ther at her mote,
That neuere afftirward come to bote.

When Menelaus was In that presse,
He saw a kyng—het Messeres,—
He smot that kyng vpon the scheld,
That he fel down opon the feld.
When the Gregeis saw him falle,
Thei gadered a-boute him alle:
Messeres wolde defende his cors,
But sicurly he hadde no fors;
Thei made a serkel al a-boute,
That he my3t not go with-oute.
Thei toke that kyng a-mong hem a-none

¹ No gap in MS.
Troylus rescues Meseres. Thelamonius unhorses Polidomas. 307

And with him gan a-vey gone, [If. 154.] 10402
To lede him to here paulyouns 10404
And put him with ther other prisouns.
But Troyle by-gan theder to loke 10408
And say, how thay of Greece him toke:
He vowed to god, "he scholde be wo,
Or thei that kyng with hem lete go."

He rode thedir with-oute dwelllyng 10412 and frees him.
And be-lan neuere of men fellyng,
Til he hadde take him fro her bondis
And delyuered him out of his bondis.
The Gregeis saw that thei mowst nouȝt
Lede him a-way, as thei hadde thouȝt:
Thei thoght his hede of for to strike
And lene him liggand vpon the dike,

But come Troyle, the douȝti knyȝt, 10416 The Greeks
And many of hem scelow In here fyȝt
And made that kyng a-way to scape
For al that ost & alle that frape;
Then 1 were Troyens bold and Ioyus.
But than come douȝ Thelamanyus
With thre thousand of douȝti knyȝtes,
To helpe Gregeis with al her myȝtes;
On that side come he douȝ ridande,
Ther Polidomas was sfyghtande.

Thelamanyus with a spere
To Polidomas rode with were
And bar him douȝ, er he was war,
And with that Iustus he smot him sar
And threw him douȝ ouer his hors ers,
That long aftirward he was the wers.
He was In poynt tho him to ȝelde,
But then come Troyle to that felde
And Thelamon myȝtily assayled

1 MS. But then.
Troylus rescues and rehorses Polidomas.

Paris arrays his archers.

And so hertly on him trauyled, [Ilf. 154, bk.] 10436

That on hors brouȝt he Polidomas
Swyfliche as he rather was.

P Aris hath his men araied,
His baner is before disp[1]ayed,
He gaderes his men aboute him nowe
And biddis that thei schal him folowe:
To that assail wil he now wende,
His men echon her bowes thei bende,
And sette In takel long and brode;
To that assail thei with him rode
And schotte Gregeis & did him skathe.
But Achilles was al to rathe,—

Armed wel & redi dight,—
To come thyn with many a knyȝt:
With al his ost come he doun tho,
The Trolens faste be-gan to sclo.

The Trolens feste faste be-gan to sclo.

He hem sles & doun hem kest,
Scheldes ryued, & helmes berst;
His men were euere more him ner
And halp him wel at his mestier:

Thei leyd on Trolens strokes large,
And so thei gan hem ouer-charge
With stalworth strokes of her hand,
That thei myȝt no lenger stand.

Thei leyd on Trolens strokes large,
And so thei gan hem ouer-charge
With stalworth strokes of her hand,
That thei myȝt no lenger stand.

The Trolens thanne be-gan to fle,
Faste ridande to here Cite,
As faste as thei myght prike;
Thei spared nother doun ne dike,
Til thei come at here cite ȝates.

The Trolens thanne be-gan to fle,
Faste ridande to here Cite,
As faste as thei myght prike;
Thei spared nother doun ne dike,
Til thei come at here cite ȝates.

Achilles folwed hem algates
Ouer dales & ouer dounes
With his Gregeis & Murmidounes;
He sclow of hem that tyme gret won,
Achilles slays Margariton. Thelamonius parts the Trojans. 309

Thei fled a-way fro him echon. [lf. 155.]

Hic Achilles occidit Margariton filius [sic] Regis Troiani.

T
He kynges sone Margariton
Saw he come hem vpon,
And sclow his men—as lyoun bestis
That is for-hungred In Wilde forestis;—
He my3t him no lenger suffer In no wyse
For al the gode that was In prise:
He turned his stede vn-to him son,
To fyght with him was he bon,
He smot vnto him strokes thore
As breme as any bore.

He made Achilles leue his chace,
That he no lenger mordur mace;
Off his chasyng he him restayed:
Many a strok ther was payed,
He lent him fele and him qwyt;
But Margariton was so hit,
Er he partid fro his handes,
That he fel ded vpon the sandis.
The Troiens made an hidous cri,
When he was ded so sodanly.
The dou3ti Thelamanyus
To hem of Troye was envious,
He chased the Troiens & thret
And many of hem to grounde bet.

But Paris harde his men defendis,
Many an arwe he hem sendis;
But for auzt that he my3t do,
And al his ost with also,
Thei were put vnto fly3t,
Wenkyst foule, & discomfist.
Thei token the town with mychel sped—
To saue her lyues for thei hadde nede,—

1 This line in red paint at this very place.
2 In one line in MS.; the sign in blue, the words in red paint.
When Hector sees Margariton dead, he rushes to the Battle-field.

The Trojans bring the body of Margariton to Ilion, and bewail his death. When Hector sees his brother slain, he grows very angry, and gets his horse.

When he hears that Achilles slew Margariton and put the Trojans to flight, Hector rushes to the battle-field, without taking notice of his fleeing men entering the town.

And brouȝt with hem that ded body, Til thei come at Ilion And leyde their douz Margariton Vpon the grounde al bledande:

Many on for him was wepande. Ector saw his brother slayn,— And for him wapes knyst & swayn,— His colour chaunged, his herte ros, For tene Ector he wode gos: As he hadde fallen In a rage;

He lased his helme & toke his stede, ‘Tel me,’ he sayde, ‘who dede that dede?’

What is he that my brother sclow? I schal him venge, if I mow!’ Thei seide: ‘it was sir Achilles That sclow him with-oute les, And put vs to discomfiture, For we myȝt him not endure; A-ȝeyn him may we make no defence With-oute ȝoure help & ȝoure presence.’

Ector thanne with wrothful herte Vpon his hors lepe vp smerte, He strok his stede so with his spores That he lepe ouer lond & forwes; He spared no ston ne cause, Til he mette with his meyne.

Right at the þatis met he his men, Fleande be twelue & ten; To hem wold he spake wordis non, But to his enemys þede he alon: His fomen were sone of him dred, And thei wex bold that furst were fled,
Hector avenges Margaritou's Death, by slaying many Greeks.

Hic Ector ibat ad prelimium.

For whan thei hadde of him a syght, [lf. 156.] 10537
Thei were not ferd of kyng ne kny3t.

Hector is of Troye y-went,
He brak his fader comauement,
He thoght not on his benysoun
That dou3ti kny3t of gret renoun:
He schal lese his lyff or euen 1-tyde,
A@eyn to Troie schal he not ride.
With his lyff hit rewes me sore,
That he that day come thore!

Alas! that day he hadde no grace
To be at home, as him radde wace;
But sicurly he myght not fle
On no manere his destane:
His ffader wist not of his wendyng,
He jede ther-fore to his endyng.
He sclow Gregeis and kest hem doun
And droff hem alle out of the touw;

The rayn fel neuere so thike on rise
As Ector sclow his enemys;
Was non so stiff hem among
That he ne sclow hem or doun selong,
That he my3t take or ouer-reche.
Off Margaritouw toke he wreche,
He venged him with dynt of sword,
He sclow that day many a lord.
Alle that feld was vmbesprade
Off dede kny3tes that lay & bleddde:
For sicurly he was so wroth,
That wham he hit to dethe he goth;

Among Gregeis he rayked, treled,
With his swerd that wel was steled,
Was non so strong that him sittis
The strong strokes that he hem hittis.

1 MS. euel.
Achilles keeps back from Hector, who fights terribly.

He slow alle tho & sefide \[ref. 156, bk.\] riȝt
With dynt of sword that he recche myȝt.

Achilles then, that lordly sire,
Wolde not abide him In his Ire,
But euere [held] fro him alone,
Euere til Ector were gone.
Hadde he a-biden him In his wratthe,
He scholde haue had an euel batthe,
He scholde haue bathed In his blode.

Was none so strong that him with-stode,
That he ne lay ded vpon the sondes
With stalworth strokes of his hondes.
If a man hadde with him ben
A-mong Troiens, and hadde sen
Alle the meruayles that he wrouȝt,
He wolde euere haue In his thouȝt
Off his endyng and his myschaunce,
And of his foule encombraunce
As he hadde of his lyue.
He slow of hem hundres fyue
And ten ther-to, er he wolde sese;
He droff aȝeyn-ward alle the prese,
He droff hem aȝeyn bacward
For drede of dethe her tentis toward.

The Greeks are driven back to their tents.

None may withstand Hector's strokes.

Ector fightes vpon that hethe,
Many a man doth he to dethe:
That he-ne fel down In the strete;
He deled a-boute him euel knockis,
Her armure ferde as it were frockis.
Al that euere stode In his way
He felde hem down as clottis of clay,
He smot a man som-tyme on-two,
And som-tyme man & hors also;

1 MS. fe[t] do. 2 MS. per to.
Hector slays many Greeks; among them, Euripolus and Hastidius.

He sclow and wounded 3ong and olde, [lf. 157.] 10605
A3eyn his strok my3t no stel holde.

\[1\] Hit was a wonder for to se,
What men he sclow at that Iorne;
To se the syght hit was delful,
How every plud of blod stode ful\(^1\)
Off men that he ther slees & felles,
The blod ran down as water of welles.

\[2\] He barst her mayles and al to-tatred,
The scheldis of hem he al to-clatered.
Thei knewe wel sone that it was he,
And fro his strokes gan [t]he[i] flé;
He sclow of hem many a score.
His men that were y-fled\(^2\) be-fore,
He turned a-3eyn In that assaut,
And bitterly with hem he faut.

A Doukti duke, Euripolus,
An[d] an other, Hastidius,
He saw how Ector scheldes roff
And al that ost a-3eyn-ward droff:
He ffauzt his on a-3eyn alle,
He sclow her men and made hem falle,
The blod of men a-boute him flowed.
Vnto her goddis thei bothe a-vowed
"For al his fare he scholde be\(^3\) met,
And of his dedis he scholde be let."

\[3\] When these dukes hadde bothe y-sworn,
With alle her men thei wente be-forn
And layd opon him strokes faste,
And al a-boute him thei be-caste.
But I wot neure, what it a-vayled?
For whan he was with hem assayled,
He sclow hem bothe In-myddes the ost
For al here Iangelynge and her bost;

\(^1\) MS. stodeful. \(^2\) MS. yfeld. \(^3\) b altered from h.
And many an-other moder sone
He brak of bothe the scheltrone:
Thei fled a-way as thei myȝt go,—
For thei saw he \(^1\) wolde hem \(^2\) slo,—
Thei durst therfore no lenger dwelle,
But fled fro him—the sothe to telle.

\[\text{If. 157, bk.}\]

The stoure was gret and perilous,
The noyse was gret & hidous:
Troiens were than a-ȝeyn turned,
That fyrst for drede her fomen scorne;
Opon her fōso ȝede thei hedelynge
And wounded sore bothe knys∪tes & kynge.
But thei of Grece Polidomas toke
And faste a-weyward with him schoke,

\[\text{MS. encombranser.}\]
Thei wende haue had him prisoner,
But thei be-fel foule encomber\(^3\)
Off his takyng & his ledyng:
Thei myȝt him not to her tentis bryng,
As thei wende to haue y-done,
For Ector come to hem sone.

Whan he was war of his takyng,
He come to him faste schakyng;
Among that hepe strok he his stede
Polidomas that then wolde lede,
And dalt ther strokes on eche a side
To his fomen that were vnride.
He bar here feet ouer thaire hede,
Many of hem did he to dede;
He sclow that tyme two hundred & mo
With his bond for-sothe tho.
Polidomas that thenne led,
Thei lete him go, and fro him fled.
He made a-mong hem suche debate,
That thei were ferd of him & mate;

\[\text{1 MS. he saw thei. 2 MS. him. 3 MS. encombranser.}\]
The scribe first wrote encombranse, and then forgot to strike out the rans, when he altered it to encomber; cf. l. 1617.
Hector must die this Day! He wounds Achilles several times.

Thei lete go quyte Polidomas, [I. 158.] 10673
And seide euerychon that while ‘alas!’

Hem Angered sore, when he was tan.
For he was two hundred mennes ban 10676
Or it was passed myd-outer-none;
Hadde him last lyff, he hadde for-done
The Gregeis alle with-oute lye,
But he most nede that day dye;
For destane ches his chaunce so,
That he most nede that day go to,
That day forsothe, or it were euén—
As Andromede saw In here sweeen.

† Herkenes! as 3e schal here,
How he died & In what manere:
For ther byfore long y-gon
He fauxt with Gregeis many on,
He fauxt somtyme with ten thousand,
2it myxt thei not his strokes with-stand;
Was non so strong on Gregeis side,
That durst him In his yre a-byde.
Achilles met neuere with him 3it,
That he ne 3af him an euel fit;
For al his myxt & his prowes
He partied neuere fro him harmsles,
That he ne was wounded & euel dyght
For all that he was so hardy a knyght.

Ector hath quytt Polidomas
And brouȝt him out of al that cas,
He rightes his helm & wele amendes,
And to his meyne he him sendes,
And askes of hem: “whether that thei slepe,
Whi thei the lord no better kepe?”

† He turned him then to hem of Grece
And hewes her bodies al to pece;
Hector is attacked and wounded by Leochynes, a Greek Duke.

The Greeks say, if God will not help them, they will all be undone.

The Greek duke Leochynes, on seeing Hector kill so many Greeks, attacks him, and hurts him in the head. Hector does not care for the wound, but he grows very angry.

Thei sall affitir him as doth the leues [lf. 158, bk.] 10707
In wynter-tyme that growes on greues; 10708
He layde hem douz alle be-dene
And made the way of hem ful clene.
Ther my3t non stande that he smot;
The Gregeis made a sore lot
And seyde: "but god did bote,
Thel were euerychon vndir his fote."

Ther was o Grece an Ameral,
That saw how Ector wrou^t bale 10716
A-mong Gregeis, how he hem 3eled,
And with his swerd he hem steked:
He felde hem douz as hadde ben tres.
The duk men cleped Leochynes;
Him thoght for sorwe his herte bledis,
Ful faste to Ector he him spedis
And stroke him with al his my3t,
For he him fond In suche a ply3t 10724
That he wende for-sothe certayn
That he scholde him hane sclayn.

But hit was noght as he supposed,
Thow he were duk & kny3t a-losed,
Thow he were duk & kny3t a-pert
And fond him thenne at discouert:
He selow him not, but hurt him so
That helm & coyfe cleue In-two, 10732
And carf of him bothe heer & hide,
And 3aff Ector a wounde vnride.

But Ector stille on his hors sat,
That he fel not to grounde with that;
But whan he felte that he was smetyn,—
As men fynde of him y-wreten,—
He was so wroth, & wex ner wode,
That he of him hadde so rau3t blode:
Leochynes is slain by Hector. Achilles plans to kill Hector by craft.

Hector smites Leochynes to death.

Then he smot him vpon the hede, [lf. 159.] 10741

That he ete neuere affir brede;
He smot him vpon his crowne,
That to his hors he cleue him doune;
He cleue him euen in-two amyddes—
'Go on deblis'! he him biddes,
'Ho made the,' he sayde, 'so bold
To smyte me thus, and not me told?'

The duk hade of him suche housetelle,
On bothe the sides his hors he felle;
As he hadde ben a clouen hogge,
The duke hanged as a frogge.
For wratthe & tene that Ector was hirt,
Many ffo ro her lyues sterst;
He made suche hepes of dede bodies
Off dou3ti kny3tes that were of pris,
That non durst him than a-byde
Ne In his way not ones ryde.

Achilles houes euere atrayn
And saw what lordes he hadde sclayn,
Lordes and kny3tes In his wodnesse,
Mo then he coude nombre or gesse.
Achilles than In his herte thoght:
"But if Ector were to dethe broght
Hastily with som qweyntyse,
Or sclegh, by som skynnes wyse,
The Gregeis scholde neuere day y-se
That thei of Troye schuld Maystered be;
For no strengthe my3t a-vayle,
For nou3t that he coude assayle."
He ceste therfore In his wit,
How thei my3t of him be qwit
With som quayntyse that he my3t do,
That he were the deth sone brou3t to.

1 Cf. note to l. 10027, p. 296.
The Greek Duke Polynetes, a Wooer of Achilles' Sister, meets Hector.

Whilst Achilles is considering the best way to slay Hector,

Many a sleight & many a compas [lf. 159, bk.] 10775
Achilles In his hert cast,
How he my3t Ector ful-fille
His strong compas & alle his wille.
Whil Achilles him be-thoght.
How Ector scholde to dethe be broužt,

Hector sees the Greek duke Polynetes slaying many Trojans:

Ector saw a duk ridande
Among that prese with sword In hande,
He felde Troiens In many stedes,
And on her bodies rides & tredes.
The duk was cleped Polynetes,
He come thedir for Achilles
At him his sustur for to craue,
For he wolde hir to his wiff haue;

he was a wooer of Achilles' sister,

He was a man of moche hauyng,
Ther was non richer kny3t ne kync
A-mong hem alle In that route
Then was that duk with-oute doute ;
Fro the ferthest side of Inde
Come he thedir, so was he kynde
To Achilles for his suster sake,
For he wolde hir haue to his make.

he came from remotest India.

As he rode thus a-boute r[a]ykande,
With hem of Troye thus laykande,
He met Ector right In his way;
That Angred him sone—I dar wel say:
Ector saw how that he sclow
His men of Troye wel y-now,
He felde hem downe & hurt hem ofte :
He spake to him nother loude ne soffte,

When Hector meets him,

He layd at him with gret dispite,
He asked not ones what he hite,
But lete a strok to him fle
Opon his hed a-bouen his eye;

he strikes him over the eye
Polt\netes is cloven down by Hector. Achilles swears Revenge.

|| Hic Ector occidit Polynetes.  
He cleue his helm & scheld eke,  
He cleue him douz In-to the breke.  
The Gregeis than be-gan to daren,  
When thei the duk say so faren;  
Ther were none armes that him with-stode,—  
Were thei maked neuer so gode,—  
A-3eyn the strok that he smot,  
That thei [ne brast] a-none fot hot.  

Thei seyde: “he was the deuel of helle,  
And thei were foles ther lengur to dwelle,  
A3eyn him fight lengur to holde;  
Ne were thei kny3tes neuer so bolde”—  
‘He cleuesoure men as him-self lykes,  
He kyllesoure men & to dethe strikes.’  
Thei seyde: “the deuel of helle pit!  
Out of here land myght thei not flit,  
A3eyn Ector batayle to rayse,  
So wele as thei were alle at ayse  
At home vche-on\footnote{1} In thaire contre;  
The deuel hem made to passe the se,  
To ligge ther ded vpon the sondes  
I-sclawe\footnote{2} with the Troyens handes.”

Hat\footnote{3} duk was cloen In two parties,  
On eyther halff his hors he lyes;  
Hit was ruthe se how he honged,  
A-boute the sadel the hors him flonged,  
Til he him ouer his sadel cast  
Vndir hors feet at the last.

To se that duke was it lothely;
Achilles loket then wrothely  
Vpon Ector with-outen les,  
For he hadde sclayn Polynetes.  
He swere “he scholde venge that kny3t,  
If his god wolde, with al his my3t.”

\footnote{1} on over line, but by the same hand.  
\footnote{2} MS. I. sclawe.  
\footnote{3} MS. W\text{hat}.
Achilles dresses his Wound, and returns to the Battle-field.

Achilles assails Hector.

Achilles than to Ector rennes,— [Ls. 160, bk.] 10843
As lyoun doth out of her dennes,
When thei are hungered, afftir bestes
That thei se walke In wilde forestes:
He wende haue smeten Ector sore;
But he was hurt, or he come thore,
For Ector was war of him wel,
He wiste his purpos euery del,
He wiste wel al that he ment.
A darte to him Ector sent,
And at Achilles he it threw,
That he hit wele, he knew;
Thorow his scheld a dart he droff,
That scheld and hauberck al to-roff;
Thorow his Aketoun & his hide
He smot him eueli thorow his side.

Hector wounds him with a dart in the side.

Achilles saw that he was hurt,
Off his purpos was he lurt;
He saw he hadde euere the werre,
He held his hors & wolde no ferre,
But rod him to his Pauyloun,
And kest of helme and aketoun,
And bond his hed & wel stopped;
His herte for Anger ffaste hopped,
That he toke of him suche dispit.
He byndes his woundes & wel dit¹,
And kest vpon him newe a-tire,
And rides a-þeyn In mochel Ire
And thankes that he schal Ector sclo,
Thow he ther to dethe go.

Achilles goes to his tent,
dresses his wound,
and returns to the battle.

Achilles now his stede be-strides,
To fight a-þeyn faste he rides;
His wounde is wel & wisly boundoun,
He² take a spere was kyndely groundoun. {The spere}

¹ Cf. note to ll. 2303-4. ² MS. To.
Though the Editor hoped to have issued his Notes and Glossary with this Part II for 1903, his many duties have not allowed him to prepare them yet. They will therefore appear in Part III; and if the Introduction is not ready in time for that, it will form Part IV.—F. J. F., Jan. 22, 1904.
Achilles prepares a Spear to attack Hector, who fights terribly.

The spear was tow & long, [1f. 161.]  
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,  10877
Off two thousand was hit the best,  
For it scholde not on him berst  
By no manere In his strikynge,  
Hit was a speere at his lykynge;  
He thouthe to sle Ector with-al—  
Alas the while! for he so schal!

Ector rides & rāykes a-boute,  10884
Off no man hadde he no doute,  
Off no mannes pride he ne thouȝte,  
Off no mannnes leuyng told he nouȝt,  
To kyng ne knyȝt 3aff he no tent;  
That gode body ther-fore was schent,  
He faȝt euere-more In one,  
He leues stondyng be-fore him none,  10892
He is to hem an euel gest,  
He fightes euere with-outen rest:  
He sclow two thousand, er he be-lan;  
Thei seyde he was non erthy man.  10896

Ther was a duk of gret astate,  
Aȝeyn Ector held debate,  
Among Troiens faste he skayred,  
And hurt him sore, & euel hem payed.  10900
Ector loked toward that duke  
And saw his men of him rebuke,  
He hied him thedur with mychel hast,  
And quyk be-gan him for to cast:  10904

Ector him droff so with his myȝt,  
That he defende him ne myȝt,  
He ȝeld his swerd & his knyff  
And bad Ector saue his lyff.  10908
And Ector sayde: “he wolde him saue,  
But he wolde him prisoner haue.”

A noble Greek duke coming against him, who has hurt many Trojans, is attacked by Hector and taken prisoner.
Hector tries to bring off his Prisoner. Achilles slays Hector.

Hector is about to take his prisoner out of the press:

his sword in its sheath, his shield on his back, he does not take notice of anything else.

Achilles keeps aside, and seeing that Hector has neither spear nor sword at hand,

he takes his spear, steals unawares upon Hector, and runs him through the body.

Hector was thanne faste a-boute; Off that prece to haue him oute; But men stode so on euery a side, That he my3t not out with him ride: To haue him out was he not ethe, He put his swerd In his schethe, He kest his scheld on his bak, To saue the kyng fro alle his pak; To other 3af he no tent, But he were with-oute, as he hadde ment. Achilles held him euere a-rome, And saw that Ector 3aff no gome To no man thenne but for to bryng Out of that prece that riche kyng: He hadde that tyme no spere In hand Ther-with to dere no man lyuand, His swerd was put In his skauberke, He was al bare but his hauberke On his brest & his stomak, His scheld was casten on his bak. Achilles ther-to toke good hede And thoght, “but he that tyme spede, That he scholde neuere to dethe him do, But he my3t that tyme come ther-to.” He stroke his stede & helde him faste, And to[k] his spere that wel wolde laste, And rod to him, er he were war, And thorow the bodi he him bar:

Thorow the bodi he him thrist, Er he were war & er he wyst; He bar him down upon the grounde Fro his hors with dethes wounde. O Demon saw Ector was dede, He saw his blod aboute sprede;
Achilles is wounded by Odemon. Hector's Corpse is brought to Troy. 323

The deth of him sore he rewed. [If. 162.] Odemon, on seeing Hector dead,

Whan that he saw he not remeuéd, 10945
Whan he saw him ligge so In pees, 10948
He stale be-hynde Achilles 10949
And smot him with a pollax sore,

That of his hors he fel thore: 10951
He fel ouer his sadel bowe 10952
And lay In swoun a long throwe. 10953
And Odemoun flees a-veyward faste, 10954
Many a dart thei afftir him caste ; 10955
To the Troyens he gan him spede,

That was his best, for he hadde nede. 10956  

¶ Thei toke Achilles of that thong, 10957
That he died not here hors a-mong,
And layde him soffte vpon his scheld 10958
And lad him hom to his teld;

And he my3t nother ride ne go,

So was he sore Smyten tho.
And thei of Troye Ector out drow
For drede of hors, with sorwe y-now,
And lad him hom to his paleis.
And thus died Ector—as Dares sais.

¶ That batayle that day thus gan to ende,
Bothe the ostes hamward gan wende:
Thei of Grece with Achilles,
Joyful and glad for his res;
And thei of Troie with Ector the gode,
Al ded In his owne blode. 10962

L Ord, the Ioye that Gregeis made!
Thei ete & drank & made him glade
With pipes & daunces & Iolyffte;
Gret Ioye it was her murthe to se.

Achilles thei dede alle glade,
Mechel murthe thei him made,

X [ij] 10976

21—2
The Wounds of Achilles are dressed. The Poet's Complaint.

Good physicians and surgeons take care of Achilles's wounds.

And dight him gode fisiciens, [If. 162, bk.] 10979
With leche-crafft thes surgiens;
Alle the helpe that thei myght
Thei it dede be day & nyght.
And thonked here godis In that place
That hadde sent hem som grace,
To scele him that hadde hem most anoyed
And her Gregeis so soule distroied.

Hector is now dead!
The poet's complaint on Hector's death.

Now is he ded, that gode kny3t,
That no man myjt with-stande In fight! 10988
Now is sclay[n] that gode body
That men tolde so moche by!
That was so moche with alle men dread,
Now liggis he ded and for-bled!
In Troie was neuere so gode kny3t born,
As thei of Troie hadde than for-lorn!
A better kny3t of chialrie
Was neuere born In Asye!
Ne neuere was, ne neuere schal be
A better kny3t In armes than was he!

Death is addressed by the poet.
Nobody can withstand him.

A dethe! that thow art quaynt!
Thi myght may no man speke ne playnt! 11000
So doughti a kny3t was neuere none
In erthe made of flesch ne bone,
That euere myght stonde of the a Brayde,
Whan thow thi hand on him has layde.
Thow art scharp as any bristeles,—
Wo is him that with the wrasteles!
For sicurly he goth the with,
Or thow him brekes lym or lyth, 11008
That he may not a-3eyn vp-rise
For my3t ne strengthe In no wyse;
For he schal dye In this world,—
So did this kny3t, that 3e haue herd.
Hector is brought to Troy.  The Trojans' Lamentations.

Lamentacio Troianorum pro morte Ectoris.

Be he neuere so strong ne bold,  
[lf. 163.] 11013

Everybody will be forgotten, when he is dead.

He is for-seten & nouȝt of told,
When he is ded & hennes past;
In erthe is none that euere may last.  11016

Hector is brought to Troy.

Ector is ded & brouȝt to Troye,
With sore wepyng & no Ioye
Eche man ouer other cryed;
Wiff and man to hem thei hyed,
To wete what sorwe was.
Eeuery man thanne cried 'alas!'
Alle come thedir, 3ong and old,
That ded bodi to be-hold:
Ouer-al then 1 myȝt men here
An 2 hidous noyse, a delful bere,
That ther was made of man & wyff,
Whan thei saw him with-outen lyff.  
11020

All come asking 'what is the matter?'

Ther was many 'weylaway,'
 'Harrow,' 'alas,' and 'out ay'—
"That euere were thei of moder born!
For now schal thei be schent & lorn,
Sithe he was ded that hem Alle saued."
Thei ferde alle as thei hadde raued
For dele that thei a-boute him made,
Thei wepe alle and were fade:
Ther was wryngynge of handes,
When thei herde of that tythandes,
For thei sette nouȝt by here lyues.  
11024

The Trojans make a fearful noise, when they see Hector dead.

Ther was many 'weylaway,'
'THarrow,' 'alas,' and 'out ay'—
"That euere were thei of moder born!
For now schal thei be schent & lorn,
Sithe he was ded that hem Alle saued."
Thei ferde alle as thei hadde raued
For dele that thei a-boute him made,
Thei wepe alle and were fade:
Ther was wryngynge of handes,
When thei herde of that tythandes,
For thei sette nouȝt by here lyues.  
11028

All weep and wring their hands, when they hear the sad news.

The sorwe was gret among wyues,
The maydenes wepe with reuful teres,
Thei rent here clothes and tar her heres;
The burgeis & the Citeseyns,
The gentil men of riche Troiens,
Thei wepe wel sore & gredde,
Many dayes suche lyff leddie.  
X iiij 11032

1 MS. thei.  
2 MS. And.
The kynges rente here clothes & tare, [lf. 163, bk.] 11047
And cracched her hedes naked & bare;

All the kings and ladies bewail Hector.

Facsimile

Allle the kynges that ther ware,
And alle the ladies lasse & mare
That were of Troye with-Inne the toun,
In here Manere made processions
And brouȝt him to the kynges halle
And leyde him on a clothe of palle
With careful herte & sore wepynge.

When Priamus gets sight of his son's corpse,

Ther was sone a delful metynge
Be-twene the fader and the sone,
Whan he was brouȝt to Ileone;
The fader fel the sone vpon,
And almost wod gan he gon.

He nearly goes mad,

WHen Priamus saw Ector was ded
And be-spred with blod so red,
His visage was blak & wan,
Suche a sorwe toke he him than
That he lese al his myȝt & fors
And fel on swown opo the cors:
And lay ther ded al In a swow,
Til men him fro the bodi drow;
And nade thei him drawen a-way,
He hadde mad ther his endyng-day.

Sicurly thei hadde suche care,
That thei wolde that thei dede ware.
What may I say thanne by the quene,
And by his suster Pollexene?

Nobody can tell the grief of Hector's brothers and sisters,

Lord! what sorwe [made] Troyle his brother,
Dephebus, & alle these other,
And his sistur Cassandur,
And his 2 brother Alysandur!
Sicurly thei hadde suche care,
That thei wolde that thei dede ware.
What may I say thanne by the quene,
And by his suster Pollexene?

And of his wife.

By Andromede, that frely fode,
Whan sche saw ded Ector the gode

1 MS. of Troye of Troie. 2 MS. And of his.
Andromède's Sorrow. Consultations on the Embalming of Hector. 327

That was hir lord & hir husband, 

The dughtiest knyxt that lyued in land?

No man myzt that sorwe telle,

Ther-a-boute wol I not dwelle;

But sicurly with-outen doute

It were longe to be ther-a-boute:

Ther was neuere erhely creature

That myzt more sorwe endure,

For sche hadde as moche wo

And peynes stronge In herte tho,

As herte may thenke & tonge speke,

And hit made nere hir herte breke.

Now is he ded—as I tolde;—

Men myzt not longe his bodi holde

A-boue erthe with-outen sanour,

Thoow he were man of gret honour.

For 3e wot wele—as alle men fynde,—

Hit is thing a-3eyns mn kynde

A man to holde saue & sound,

When he is ded & a-boue ground.

But not-for-thi kyng Priamus

[Thought] "wher1 hit myght wele be thus,

Where he myght saue Ector his sone

Vngrauen with-oute corrupcione."

\[1\] MS. Wher.

They were not able to keep Hector's body long above earth,

as is man's fate.

So Priamus

asks his wise men

whether they can keep Hector's corpse without corruption.
Hector's Corpse is set up in a Tabernacle in Apollo's Temple.

Qualiter faciunt Ectorem quando mortuus fuerat.

That he were not grauen In the molde." [Ilf. 164, bk.] III15

Thei seyde “thei hoped that thei scholde.”

III16

Thei told a-monges hem consayle,

How thei myȝt best this entayle.

Thei Asked him “where he scholde ligge ?

Where thei scholde his berying bigge ?”

He says “he scholde ligge y-wys

In the temple of Appolynys.”

The maystres thanne In-myddis the quere,

Ryght be-fore the hey autere,

A tabernacle ther thei wrouȝte,

A craffly werk, when it was brouȝte

Til ende and to perfeccioun.

Clene it was al enviroun,

THER werk was al of gold pure,

Ther thei made his sepulture.

But he was mad, he schold not greue a grot,

He was mad so he myȝt not rot,

Thei held him hole & alle entere

In his colour fair & clere,

As he hadde ben a lynes man.

Thei were wise that suche skyl can,

A dede body that so gan dyght.

As he lyued—til alle mennes sight—

In hide, In hew, In flesch, In fel

Sat Ector ther with-oute smel,

As I schal say ȝow blyue—

But I schal furst the werk discryue.

Hese Maystres and these riche clerkes

That witti were of craffty werkes,

That this thyng schold vndirtake

And that crafft-werk to make,

Off brede [&) lengthe toke thei met,

Or it were raysed or vp-set.
Description of Hector's Tomb; its golden Pillars and Roof. 329

Thei set it alle In foure pilers
Off pure gold at foure corneres,
The pilers alle of red gold
From a-boue to the mold;
On eche a pilere stod an ymage
With louely chere & fair visage,
With fair semblaunt & louely eyen,
That alle were wreght of gold fyne,
As euerychon hadde ben an aungel bry3t
Lokande faire on euery a wyght.

And certes so was alle the rove
Off massi gold alle a-bowe;
And it was fair a-boute entent
With precious stones verament,
Hit stode ful of precious stones
That were ther set for the nones;
Alle manere stones that euere men knew,
That were of force or any vertu,
On that roff aboue were set,—
Were thei neuere so fer y-fet:

Her were stones of alle kynde,
Grene, rede, blewe, and Inde;
Ther stood many a riche ston
That as bry3t a-boute hem schon,
As doth In somer the sonne bem;
A man may se to sowe a sem

In the furthest of the chirche
A-boute mydnyght that thanne wold wirche.
Al was wreght of balewerie
Opon the erthe al vpon hye,
And men clombe op on greces smale
That were wreght of clene cristale.
The maystres that were wise & slye
Thei sette an y-mage al vp on1 hye

1 MS. vpon.
Qualiter faciunt tabernaculum Ectoris.

Off gold fair, of his gretnesse, [lf. 165, bk.] 11183
Off his entayl and his liknesse, 11184
With Ector sword y-drawe In hande
The Gregeis alle manassande.
The ymage was maked at de-uyce :
To hem of Greece he turned his vyce 11188
As he hadde stonden hem thretand
With wrothely loke & fair semblaunt.

Many pin-nacles are set on the tabernacle,
representing all sorts of leaves of trees,
and grapes,
and flowers, in relief.
Now I shall tell of the embalmment:

When thei haue maked this al,—
This Tabernacle that was rial,—
Off gold made thei a riche cheyere
And sette it In that faire celere,
The tabernacle stode hit y-myd,
And gode Ector ther-In thei did.

1 MS. faciut, the stroke over the u is erased.  2 MS. croked.

11192
11196
11200
11204
11208
11212
A Description of how Hector’s Corpse was embalmed from Top to Toe. 331

Ector sat vpon that dese  
As he hadde lyued—with-oute les,—  
He sat pertly bolde vp-right  
As man that hadde ben In his myght ;  
So priueli was he ther tyed,  
That he toward no syde wryed.  
He hadde vpon him his garnement  
That he In erthe on lyue [In] went,  
In his owne clothes was he clad—  
For Priames the kyng so bad.

Vt herkenes now her ordinaunce :
What was the Maystres puruyaunce,  
What was her sleyght and her cure,  
That thei¹ him sauned with-oute blemure  
Off fflesch or bon, of hyde or hewe,  
But held him euere y-liche newe ?  
Thei made an hole In his haterel  
& set² ther-In a fair vessel  
That was ful of riche bavme,—  
The some ther-of can I not avme;—  
And other thyng ther was with melled,  
That was noble & wel smelled.

Hit ran so douT to his foreheued,  
That no colour him was by-reued ;  
For thanne ran it douT to his eyen  
And sauned the liddis and [the] brien³,  
And so be-gan him for to lese  
Vnto his thrillis of his nese ;  
And afftirward faste it sekes,  
Til it come douT to his chekes,  
And kepes his golmes & rennes so lite⁴,  
And his tethe makes faire & white,  
And al the face with the her  
Was hole and sound, whil he sette ther.

¹ MS. thei thei. ² MS. Y set. ³ MS. vrien, distinctly. ⁴ MS. solite.
The Description of the Embalming of Hector continued.

The arms and fingers are preserved, too,

That licour ran so to his hals,  
To his scholdres and his brest als;

Ther is no Ioynt aboute his tharmes,  
It rennes so down by his Armes,

And by his hond it so down wendes,

Til it come at his fyngur endes.

Ful wonderly by bothe his sydes,

So ffaste that licour downward droppes,

That no thyng his rennyng stoppes,

And gret ffusoun ther down rides

Til it were comen In-to his theis

And so zede down In-to his kneis;

So it ran wonder schete,

Til it come down to his fete.

Another vessel thenne ther stode,

Ful of baume ffresche \(^1\) & gode,

And kest vpward his gode reles

And keped him so In flesche & gres.

That on zede vp, that other down,

Fro his fete to the croun;

When it aboue with that was met,

Bothe his feet ther-Inne was set.

Thei zaff In him suche odour,

That he was saff with-oute sauour:

Thus thei him made with here my3t

And keped him bothe day & ny3t.

When this werk was thus be-went,

Thei made foure morteres pat euere brent;

Thei brenned nyght, thei brenned day,

With-outen sese thei brenned ay.

Thei were alle mad of gold schire,

On hem stode euere a flaume of fire,

That neyther water of broke ne of bek

Ne nothyng In erthe thei my3t slek.

\(^1\) MS. ffresche.
Thei made aftir a parclos
That al a-boute that fair werk gos,
With Gemewes folden on every a side
That bothe myȝt spere and open wyde,
That Ector schewed & seen myȝt be
To every man that him wolde se.

Ow of Ector lete we be,
And of Achilles speke we!
Off that strong knyght—as I sayde,

How Gregeis In his bed him layde;
His woundes greues him so sore,
That al his myȝt hath he for-lore;
He may wel euel ete or drynke,
Off merthe ne play may he non thinke.

His grete woundes him greues sore,
That he dredde to lyue no more.
The leches him comfortes wonder wele
And leues that he lyue schele,
And makes him couere more & more
And by her power heled his sore,
So that he may somdel ete
And haue saunor vnto his mete—

Agamenon the Emperour
Sendes Messanger & corour,
That thei scholde bidde the kynges alle
To ¹ speke with him In his halle,
And alle the lordez grete & smale
To holde a counsel generale.

The Messangeres also swythe
Thei fond the lordez glad and blithe
Off Ector and his myschaunce,—
Thei were so fayn of his lyueraunce,—
The Messageres bad alle & some:
"To Agamenon thei scholde come;

¹ MS. And.
Agamemnon says that, Hector being dead, they'll soon take Troy.

Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium.

Schold non be-leue that corovne beres, [lf. 167, bk.] 11319
Ne sercle of gold that on hedeg were,
That thei ne schul come to his hale,
Kyng & duk and Amerale.

Agamenoun ful hendeli

Kepis hem alle ful curtaysli,
And did hem sitte more and lesse,
Euerychon afftir his state[1][ne]sse.

Spake to him with honour,
He sette his speche fair & hende

And seyde: 'lordynges, my dere frende,
Wel auȝt vs to glorifie
Oure goddis that ȝeuen vs the Maystrie
Off oure enemy that we haue sclayn;
Ther-of we ben alle fayn
And gret worschepe & honour do,
For elles hadde we neuere comen ther-to,

Whil he hadde leued, to oure purpos.
But now may we wel suppos,
Sithen he is ded that hem defende,
That thei haue alle theire endyng ende,
And we schal lordis & maystres be
Off here godis & here Cite.
For whil he leued, myȝt we not spedex, 11334
So was he douȝti In his dede;
Vs myȝt no grace for him by-falle,
For he on vnديد vs alle.

We hadde no let but him alone,
But now is he ded & from vs gone,
We schal that Cite lyghtly wynne
And alle that ben hit with-Inne;
For thei are now of no power
To kepe hem fro oure daunger,
Sithen he is ded & fro hem went [lf. 168.]  
That vs al day so foule schent.  
It is to vs wel more a-vauntage  
That he is ded & loken In cage,  
Then we hadde sclayn In fight felle  
Halff the men that with him dwelle.  

† For he sclow mo him-sellff alone  
Then alle that other did euerychone,  
And we ben now—I vnderstande—  
Mo then sixti 1 hundred thousande  
Off Mennes bodies gode and able,  
That ben a-pert and defendable.  

THe dedis of Ector ben wide y-kyd,  
That thei may not wel be hid:  
How fele kynges sclow he of ourre  
With his my⁴ᵗ & his vigoure!  
How he sclow In his reuery  
The dou⁴tı kyng Prothesaly!  
† Patroclus also, Achilles cosyn,  
In his strengthe sclow he him!  
† How sclow he In his gret Ire  
Kyng Mennon, that lordly sire!  
We were echon of him a-dred.  
How sclow he the gode kyng Ced!  
So did he kyng Polenet.  
He fond no man that to him was mete.  
He sclow also kyng Alphenor,  
And so he did kyng Prouenor  
That was a kyng of gret genterie,  
Off douȝtines and chiualrie.  
† How sclow he with his force  
The myghti kyng of douȝtı Corce!  
He died with dynt: so he gart  
The noble kyng Pilogenart.  

1 ti over the line, inserted by another hand.
Agamemnon enumerates more Victims of Hector's Sword.

Yside, He scow also the kyng Yside. [lf. 168, bk.]
No man durst him a-bye.
He did also to dethe sone
Yside, The dou3ti kyng Letabone.
Letabone, Ne scow he not the kyng Humere?
Humere, I wist neuere man that was his pere.
Humere, Archilogus, He scow oure kyng Archilogus,
Archilogus, And the kyng also Episcropus;
Episcropus, And so he did kyng Archomene,
Archomene, Palymene, And the hardy kyng Palymene.
Palymene, Antipe, Ne scow he not the kyng Antipe?
Antipe, Sanxipe, And so he did kyng Sanxipe.
Sanxipe, Fume, Dary, He scow he who sclew Hector! Now he is dead,
and many others. He that him scow mot be blest!
Fume, Dary, He that him scow mot be blest!
and many And Many duk and Amerelles;
others, He scow oure lorde & robbed oure halles,
we can master And bar a-way coffre & chest.
all the others. That did vs schame and qued,
we can master That oure men so foule scow,
all the others. And we hem alle schal Maystre now
Hearken to With-Inne a while at oure wille.
my plan! But herkenes now! this is my skylle:

\[No ma^1\]

1 n is struck out after ma.
Agamemnon proposes to ask for a Truce, until Achilles is recovered.  337

No man wot how it schal shape, [lf. 169.]  11421  Nobody knows the future.
Who schal dye & who schal skape.  
Wherfore I say: sithe it so is
That by Achilles douynes  11424  So, as by Achilles we are "brought to our above,"
We are now brouȝt to oure aboue,  
Me thinke it were to oure behoue
That we In feld fight no more,  11428  I think we should not begin fighting again till Achilles is healed, 
Vn-till Achilles heled wore;
For we ar noght alle sure & sekir  
With-oute him to wynne this bekir.
With-oute him & his pouste  11432  "brought to our above,"
In certayn hope we may not be
To hauue of hem the victorie,  11436  and we should ask Priamus for a truce of eight weeks.
Thoow thei for Ector be sore.

Wherfore this is my menyng:
That it were good, at my wetyng,  11440  "brought to our above,"
That we sende by kyng or knyȝt
To Priamus, to aske respit,  11444  All the lords agree and assent to Agamemnon's advice.
That we .viij. wekes the pees may haunte,
If thei the trewes so longe wol graunte,
And the dedes were enseled.
By than may Achilles be heled,
And we may make oure-self clene
Off sore woundes that doth vs tene.'

When Agamenoun thus hadde sayd,  11448  "brought to our above,"
The lordis were alle wel a-payd :
Thel held his conseyl good & lele,
To hauue the pees til he hadde hele;
Thel held it alle wel y-do,
Thel graunted echon his conseyl to;
This lorde alle ȝaue ther assent
To his counseyl & Iugement :
That with-oute him and his absence  11452  "brought to our above,"
Wold thei not fight in ther presence.
Greek Messengers ask for and get a Truce of two Months from Priam.

The messengers prepare for their ride to Troy.

They are let into that city, and tell Priamus that they want a respite of two months, to burn their dead.

Priamus, not wishing to have a battle so soon after his son's death, grants the truce.

The messengers return very glad, and all the Greeks are joyful.

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1 MS. Troian.
2 MS. ... to have entre; entre from l. 11464.
3 MS. noman.
4 MS. siggande.
Palamydes, envious of Agamemnon, proposes to have another Emperor. 339

\[ \text{¶ Hic Palamides Rex iratus fuit cum Imperatore}. \]

Saue the kyng Palamides—
He was neuer no tyme In pes,
He playned him of his Emperour
That was her alther gouernour,
And sayde: "he was not worthi
To haue of hem suche seruageri;
Ther were other better then he
To haue forsothe that dignite."

\[ \text{¶ Vpon a day it so befel:} \]

Agamenon—the sothe to tel—
Hadde sent aftir the lordes alle
"Thei scholde come In-to his halle";
And as thei sete at most spekyng
"How thei scholde to ende bryng
Ther purpos & her gode espleyt,"
Palamides be-thought him streyt
To put him out of his office:
And ther-of did he as the vn-wyse.

\[ \text{¶ Hit was a3eyn his genterie} \]

To haue to him so foule envye
With-oute disert or any mysdede;
But not-for-thi so longe he 3ede:
At the laste was he remeued,
And another mad & newed.

P

Alamydes as he sat there,
Off his spekyng coude blynne neuer,
To Agamenoun ofte he flote
And made to him wordes hote;
He sayde: "it was a-3eyn resoun
That he hadde ben alle sesoun
So longe vn-dir his gouernayle;
Ther were other that coude more a-vayle
And were more profitable,
For he was not—he sayde—able

1 The sign in blue, the words in red. 2 MS. dishert.
Agamemnon answered that he has been chosen by general assent. 

Suche a state to reioye." [lf. 170, bk.] 11523

Agamenoun sat wel stille & coye, 11524
When he hadde sayd his grete gode;

Agamenoun ful entempre

Answered him soberly,—
For he was euere wis & sly,—

He sayde: 'Palamides,

'I wonder why you can't cease your scolding.

For I haue grete wondir thow can not sese
Off thi wordes & thi carpyng,
When we be thus In oure gaderyng.

Hopes thow, sire, I haue desire
To be ouer 3ow other lord or sire?

Nay certes, I desire it not!

Ne neuere with word ther-fore be-sou3t
To kyng ne kny3t, sir, by my thrift!—
Ne neuere ther-fore 3it 3aff 3ift.

For I hadde neuere vauntage ther-In,
But grete trauayle & mychel vn-wyn,
And of my body mychel vnrest
To ordayne 3ow wel, & kest
That alle thes folk were saueli led,
And how we my3t sonnest be sped.

I was chosen by comune assent,
By playn counseyl In parlement
Off alle the lوردes that ther were,
Saue 3e alone that was not there.

We hadde ben 3it In Athenes,
Hadde we not a-biden the, Palamydes;
For we dwelled ther two 3er and more,
Or thow to vs comen wore.

I hadde ther-fore not thin acord,
When I was chosen 3oure Aleres lord;
For thow was not tho present,
But affir longe fro vs absent.
Agamemnon offers to resign. The Lords ask him not to do so.

But, Palamydes, thou might not say
That euere fel vs by ny3t or day
—I thanked it god—oure spedyng
By myn vn-wit or mysledyng;
And also I am redi now & ay,
For-whi it be,—3ow to pay—
Off myn office to be deposed,
For I wold not 3e supposed
No pride In me—nother sibbe ne frende,—
I wold fayn of this office wende.
And chese another—where 3e lyke—
To haue my state—by heuene ryke!—
And I wol be vndir his byddyng
As other kynges of this gaderyng.'

These lordes were alle gretly dered,
Ther was non that answered;
But bad hem: "be In pees bothe,
For thei wold not that thei were wrothe";
Thei bad hem alle: "thei scholde not greue,"
And ros vp alle and toke here leue;
Thei wente alle hamward 1 sone,
Off that was ther no more to done.
But sone a3eyn euen-tyde
Agamenoun wold not abyde,
Thorow alle that ost he did him crye:
"That eche a man,—bothe lowe and hye,
Kyng & duk and amerale,
And alle the lordes gret & smale,
And alle that hadde tent or teld,
Or any that was kny3t of any scheld,—
Schuld be at morwe next folwande,—
When it was day, the sonne schynande,—
At Agamenoun riche tent
To holde a solenne parlament,

1 MS. hamward.
Next morning the Greek lords meet in Agamemnon’s tent.

He says: ‘As Palamydes is angry with my leadership, and my royal election, I bid you choose him or any other; I’ll gladly give up this honour. I have borne this charge all the time since you chose me at Athens, and it cost me many nights’ sleep.

Off certayn thynges to entrete; And that thei scholde on no wise lete, For thei most nede hit alle I-here— Kyng, duk, & bachelere, And that were of that ost Bothe the lest & the most.”

The day is comen, the nyght is gon;
The lordes aysen euerychon,
To Agamenon Ar thei went,
To wete whi he aftir hem sent.
When thei were comen & set doun alle
By Agamenon In his halle,

Agamenon to hem sayde
“Off Palamydes and his vpbrayde,
That be-gan so vpon him playne
That he was made her souerayne,”—
‘And is ful wroti with my persone.
And for my rial eleccione,
And says “that I can not 30w lede.”
That dignite ther-fore I bede
To him or other, whan 3e wol chese,
For I wol fayn this honour lese.

And not-for-thi, my bretheren¹ dere,
Kynges & dukes that now be here,—
Sithen we come fro Athenes,
That 3e 3oure souerayne ther me ches,
And come thenne hidur In bote & barge,
Haue I among 30w born charge
Off alle ouro ost & ouro meygnne
In mechel thoght—and that wot 3e.

Gret besynes of 3oure kepyng
Hath reft me many nyzt slepyng,
To saue this ost fro perelle,
That scathe ne harm to 30w non felle.

¹ Altered from bretheren.
The Greek Lords choose Palamydes instead of Agamemnon.

Hic Agamenoun mutatur de officio suo. & Palamides electus est ad officium Imperatoris.

And yet you have been well kept during my leadership.

But I will now resign it. May some one else bear this charge!

The kings retire from the tent and resolve to remove Agamemnon, and appoint Palamydes.

The parli-ment ends; the lords go home.

The Myr-midons tell Achilles of Palamydes's election.

And yet you have been well kept during my leadership.

And yet you have been well kept during my leadership.
Achilles is angry at the Change in Leadership, but assents.

When Achilles hears of this, he is very angry,

When Achilles herde this tydandis, [lf. 172, bk.] 11659
Out of his bed sclang he his handes,
As he that was euel payde
Off these tythandis that him were sayde;
His woundes bledde for-sothe & brake.
With so gret herte Achilles spak
To alle that stode aboute his bed,
And seyde: "that this was euel y-red
To make among hem suche a chaunge"—
'Now hope I that alle thei caunge!'

"For of vs alle—so mot I the!—
Was ther non so wys as he,
Ne non that coude so lede oure ost
With witt and skylle, withouten bost.
But I wol not be occasioun
To vndo youre eleccioun;
Sithe he is chosen, I holde it gode.'
And her eleccioun thus so stode,
And he beleft here Emperour
As he was chosen with honour.

Thus Pala-
mydes is
Emperor.
When the
truce is ended,

He two Monthes are past,
Bothe the parties dight hem fast,
Bothe the Troyens and the Grues;
Her day is comen out of her trues.

Priamus—to
avenge
Hector's
death—

Kyng Priamus wolde be venged fayn
His sones deth that was sclayn,
He seide: "he wolde him go
To fight that day to venge his fo.'

"His batayles alle him-self ordeynes,
With his right hond he hem ensaynes
And yeuet hem leue forth to wende;
He prayes hem alle to venge her frende,
Her Prince that was & gouernour,
That som tyme was ther sayour.
Hic Incipit bellum.

Twenti thousandis kny3tis fre [lf. 173.] 11693 20,000 knights are in Priamus's battalion.

In his batayle than hadde he,
I dar right wel & boldely say
That 3ede to fy3t with him that day
An hundrid & ffyfthi thousand
Off myghti men on hors ridand.

Ephebus ferst with his batayle
3ede the Grekys 1 for to Assayle;
Aftir him 3ede thanne Paris,
With the kyng of Perce y-wys,
And alle his men that he loued wele—
With-outen Iren, with-outen stcle,—
Bowes & arwes the Persays hadde,
Thei wente forth sore a-dradde.
Priamus lad him-selff the thridde
With xxthi thousand kny3tis him amydde;
He bad Eueas scholde lede the fourthe
And leue him not for gode In erthe.

The fyfifthi lad kyng Mennon;
And thus were thei In-sunder gon,
The sixte lad Polidomas.
And other lordes, as her wille was,
Ladd aft that other, as he hem bad.
Thei rode forth with semblaunt sad
To hem of Greece that thei a3eyn stand
Al redy dight with spere In hand
That thanne abode and here comyng:
Hit was gret at her metyng.

Euerychon of hem on other renne,
Thei ferde as it had ben wod menne,
Thei thrilled scheldes & speres brast,
Some were sclayn, & som doun cast
Opon the grounde & lay flat,
Thei 5aff be-twene hem many a sqwat.

1 MS. grekys on erasure, by another hand.
Priamus unhorses Palamydes, and is the best in Battle this Day.

Hic Priamus. Rec. et Palamides pugnauerunt r.'

Priamus saw Palamydes [lf. 173, bk.] 11727

The Gregeis to her newe lord ches; 11728

He rod to him with mychel strengthe

And bare him ouer his speres lengthe:

So Priamus bar Palamydes
And bad him reste ther In pes.

Among Gregeis stroke he his stede,
The strongest of hem to grounde 3ede
That he mette with In his gret Ire.
The Gregeis alle be-gan to spire
What he was that him so bare,
Among hem alle that made suche fare:

He scelow hem so & bare hem down,
He wan that day ful gret renoun;
Moche prise & mochel los
Wan he that day among his fos.

To eche a man his scheld he bedis,
Alle men spake ther of his dedis:
He bare him so at that sembl
That alle the los of that iourne
Be-lefft with him of more [&] lesse,
Off his gode dedis and his prowesse.

For Achilles myjt not 3it ride,
Therfore at home he most abide;
But hadde he ben ther with-outede drede,
He wolde haue taun3 him for to rede
And to syrge a sorie sang,
Haddhe he ben hem among.

Dephebus folwes his fader,

He scelow dow3 Gregeis al to-gader;
And then come Paris with his bowes
And castes men dow3 and ouer-throwes,
With hem of Perce and her Turkes,
And schot Arwes among the Grues.

1 MS. toné.
Sarpedon is unhorsed by Neoptolomus; the Persian King helps him.

But thanne come thedir sikerly [If. 174.] 11761 Neoptolomus comes up, The stalworthest man of Greece party,

Neoptolomus was his name; 11764 attacks Sarpedon, and

Kyng Sarpedoun thoght he to lame: 11764 bears him

He 3aff him certes suche a dynt

That Sarpedoun his stiropes tynt,

He made him bacward so stoupe

That he fel ouer his hors croupe.

But Sarpedoun was not sore hurt,

But hastily vpward stirt,

As wroghe as he my3t be,

And smot the kyng vpon the ye,

That he cleue his nase In two pese.

Then come thedur many of Greece
And leyde on him on euery a side;

He most nede on fote abyde,

For he my3t not his hors come to

For no thyng that he my3t do,

He was for-sothe In gret perel,

For ffele Gregeis opon him fiel.

The kyng of Perse, when he was war

How Sarpedoun on fote fau3t thar,

And thei of Greece stode enviroun,—

With alle his men come he thanne douu

And Sarpedoun his hors did take

For al that euere thei coude make.

And that saw duk Athenes,

And the noble kny3t Menescenes,

He bad his men him folwe than,

An hard werre he ther by-gan.

Menelaus als aboute his hals

Kest his scheld and zede douu als,

And bad that al his retenaunce

Schold him sewe with spere & launce.

1 The e on erasure.
The Trojans are driven back, but Priamus slays many Greeks.

Every a burne him busked 3are
To that assault for to fare,
To that torpel 1 come alle that route
And be-kest that place aboute:

The kyng of Perse stode & faȝt,
Thei slow him certes at that assault,
And al his men on bak thei schoff,
And with force aȝyn hem droff.
But Sarpedoun hem with-stode
The proude Gregeis with hardi mode,

Him was ful loth thenne to fle,
Gret meruayle that tyme did he.
But thei of Grece were so assamed,
That thei of Troie no-thyng gamed:
Wolde or nolde, on bak thei ȝede,
For sikerli thei most nede.

BVT Priamus, that kyng of age,
As wood was as a best savage:
When his men hadde lorn that place,
The swot brast out at his face;
He rod thedur with-oute dwellyng,
Ther was noyse & gret ȝellyng.

Priamus rod to and fro,
He thought on hem to venge his wo;
Off slaȝter certis neuere he blynnes,
He cleues hem down by the chynnes.
But the Gregeis euere stille stode
And faȝt aȝyn as thei were wode,
Many of Troie that tyme thei perced,
And many man to grounde reuersed.

The Gregeis then aboute be-held,
Ther thei faȝt In the feld;
Thei saw hem fro the toun proloigned,
And thei with hem so foule regroynd.

1 MS. torpel.
The Greeks in vain try to cut off the Trojans from their City. 349

¶ Magnum Bellum.

Thei toke conseil hem be-twene, [lf. 175.] 11829
How thei my3t hem traye and tene;
Thei were be-thoght of sleght & art,
Thei seyde: “thei wolde here folk depart
Be-twene the toune & hem to wende,
And so schold thei hem sonest schende.”
Thei rode ouer dale and doune
To go be-twene hem & the toune. 11836

But Priamus fful wel perceued
How thei wolde haue him discyued,
With his men solely he turned
And that way ful sone he werned. 11840
With-outen dwellyng or any abode
With his ffolk he thedur rode,
Ther thei wolde haue had entre
Be-twene hem & her Cite. 11844
He brouȝt with him gret multitude
And laide vpon him strokes vnrude;
He droff hem douȝ a-ȝeyns her wille,
Maugre her tethe be-twene the hille. 11848

Gret defence the kyng made hath,
Thei toke not of him that path;
The Gregeis wolde the pase haue had.
The Troiens lente hem strokes sad,
The Gregeis laid on faste ynow,
Many of Troye ther thei sclow.
A thousand were with blode be-ronnen,
For thei that pase wolde haue wonnen;
Thei defende & thei assayle,
Ther was be-twene hem a strong batayle.

B

Vt Paris com thanne on trauersse
With men of Armes and hem of Perse, 11860
He come thedur with his buschement,
With bolde bowes redy bent 1:

1 Some indistinct scribblings at the foot of the page.
A great Battle, only ended by Night. The King of Persia's Death.

Thei come sidelynge & ouer-twert, [If. 175, bk.] 11863
The Gregeis so foule osfte thei hert. 11864

Menelaus joins the Greeks.
But then come thedur Menelaus,
With alle his folk he come thus:

A great battle,
Gret was the saugt ther was be-guwnen,
But tho thei lakked lyght of sonne. 11868
Many dede bodies lay ther on grounde
And lite went ther hole & sounde;

For hadde thei had lyght of sonne,
The Gregeis the pase thenne had wonne. 11873
But thei departed for faute of lyght
And ridden home with al her myght;
The Troiens ridden to the toun,
And the Gregeis to ther pauyloun. 11876

The Trojans now her sorwe rehearse

For the kynges deth of Perse:

Ther was non that longed to Troie,
Kyng ne kny5t, sqwyer ne boye,
That thei [ne] made gret del & sorwe
Bothe an euen and on morwe.

Was non that made such wayment:
As did Paris verament:
He sorwed day & also nyght,
For he him loued with al his myght.

This was ther-fore Paris rede:
"To Boyle him and put him In lede,
And lede him hom to his contre
With taper & torche & gret rialte,
With gret plente of fele candeles;
That he myght haue his burieles
And ligge among his antecessoures,
The riche kynges, his predecessoures,
And be ther grauen honorably
By-fore his sones that dwelles ther-by,
A Truce is demanded by, and granted to Priamus.

Hic pecierunt pacem ad invicem per magnum tempus.

In his londis that kynges schal be

Affir him In gret pouste.”

Night is comen, & day is gon,

On morwe when it was day lyght,

The sonne was resen & schon bryght,

Kyng Priamus sente doun his sonde

To alle the Gregeis liggand on the stronde,

To Aske the trues—as Dares sais—

A certeyn tyme to ben In pais.

But it is In his bokes wane

How longe the trues were tane;

How long that thei schold holde,

Dites ne Dares non ther tolde.

But thei haue graunt & surte founden ¹,

Many a rop was thanne vn-wounden,

Many a cope & many an hode

That were prayede worthe mechel gode,

Off gold, of silk, and som of say,

For then was Ector put a-way,

That thei scholdel holde riche festis—

As I fynde In here gestes.

Now Ector Menyng-day schal be holden:

In Troye bene robis riche vnfolden

That were layd vp be-fore the dayes,

With silke y-filed and riche arais,

And other newe lordis did make

For honour of that festis sake.

Thorow the toune was hit done cry:

“That riche & poure, lowe & hy,

That euere longed In-to Troye,

Off fyftene dayes schuld make no ioye,

But lyue In wepyng & gret sorwe

The .xv. dayes euen & morwe,

¹ This line on erasure, but by the same hand.
Achilles, who wants to see the Trojans’ festival and how they live, goes to the temple of Apollo, where the corpse of Hector lies in state.

With-oute karole, with-oute daunce, [lf. 176, bk.] 11931
In gode Ector remembraunce.” 11932

In his remembraunce & his mynde
Ther was that heuynesse—as I fynde—
Off Priamus and of riche kynges
And of other grete lordynges;—
“And whan the fyfsten dayes of wo
Were fulfilled and a-go,
Thei scholde make rialte,
Mechel daunce & mechel gle.” 11940

The while the festes thus endured,
And eueryche were to other ensured,
Thei of Troye hadde here comyng
To hem of Grece & here spekyng;
And Gregeis come In-to the town
And where they wolde vp & doun,
Saue & sound where so hem liked;
Thei fond no man that hem be-swiked.

Achilles wolde that tyme gange
To se her festes and here sange,
He thought algates he wolde se
In Troye gret solennite.
Here contenaunce & here porture,
Here myght, here sorwe, & here voysure,
Here doyng of there chere deuout,
And how they did Ector about.

Achilles made him redi swithe,
In-to the town wente he blyue,
And to the temple Apolynys
3ede he to se, what Ioye & blis
Aboute Ector Troyens made:
He fond ther non that was glade,
But makyng dele & grete wepyng;
Be-fore Ector saw he sittyng

\{Ectuba\} 11964
The Ladies bewail Hector. Achilles gazes on Pollexena.

Ectuba, the semely quene,  
And hir douzter Pollexene;  
And fele ladies of gret genterie  
Here ther In that companye.  

Their heer faire a-boute hem spred,  
On eyther halff hit was fair sched,  
Hit henged douz by-nethe her pappes,  
By-nethe here mydeles, by-nethe here lappes.

Thei made gret del & sykyng,  
Thei were echon In euel lykyng,  
Mechel del & mechel mone  
A-boute Ector made thei echone.

Ector zit sat als entere  
And so fair In his solere,  
As he was furst ther ordeyed;  
The baume so his body susteyned

Fro al appayryng & alle sauour,  
And ffro chaungyng of his colour.  

The tabernacle on eche a syde  
Was vn-done and opened wyde,  
That eche man, bothe 30ng & old,  
On eche a syde Ector behold.

Achilles loked on that werk faste;  
As he his eyen aboute him caste,  
So was he war of Pollexene  
Faste sittynge by the quene,  
He loked vpon the damysele  
And saw the teres fro hir fele.  
But thoow that lady fair & swete  
Wonder sore & hertyly grete,

Not-for-thi for alle hir payne  
Sche wex nother pale ne wayne,  
Sche lost not of her fayrnesse,  
Off hir beaute ne hir swetnesse.
Achilles falls in Love with the beautiful Pollexena.

Hic Achilles Amat Pollexenam Filiam Regis Troian:  

Al hir wo ne al hir pyne [lf. 177, bk.]  
Made hir not hur fayrnes tyne,  
The teres that so fro hur ran  
Made hir nother blo ne wan;  
Hit for-did no-thyng hir sight,  
Hir eyen were euere clere and bryght,  
For alle here wepyng were thei not dym,  
Ne sche not apayred In neuere  
Ther is no man that is on lyue,  
Hir fairnesse that myght discryue—  
For siker sche was as fair a woman  
As man scholde sette his eyen vpan.

Achilles constandy gazes on her; he never saw such a fair woman; he falls in love with her, and looks on her as if he were mad. The more he looks, the more he grows in love with her: he looks on her till night.

Nobody can describe her loveliness.

All the woe cannot deprive her of her beauty.

Widwe, ne mayden, ne non wyue.  
As he loked In hir vysage,  
His herte torned & his corage,  
Him hadde leuere than any thyng  
He hadde ben siker of that swetyng:  
Alle his herte and his delite  
Was to haue of hure a sight,  
He loked on hir as he were mad.  
The more lokyng to hir he had,  
His long lokyng hir louely sight  
Be-rafft him clene of his myght;  
But he myght not his lokyng leue,  
That thoght myght no man him byreue:  
He loked to hir the while he myght,  
Til the day was gon, & hit was nyght.  
Off alle thinges that euere was wroght  
Was non so mochel In his thoght;  
Him thoght it 3ede thorow his hert,  
So sore sche made him ake and smert.

1 MS. Troiaβ.  2 MS. neuere y.
When it was nyght, the quene vp ros,[If. 178.] 12033
And Pollexene home with here gos;
Achilles loked afftir that wenche
With more longyng than man may thenche, 12036
Til sche out of the temple was went.
Achilles In hir loue then brent;
And this was al the bygynnynge
Off his sekenes and his lyggyng,
That he afftir In his bed lay
* For loue & longyng of that may.

* When he myght hir no lenger se,
His herte for sorwe brast on thre, 12044
He turned him hom to his tent
And In his bed as-tite he went.
That nyght for-sothe litel he seleped,
He turned him ofte & sore weped;
Hir loue hade wounded him so depe,
That he myght not that nyght slepe.
He saw hir loue on him was gret,
Al his body brast on swete,
He tholed for hir gret penaunce,
He waried thanne that foule myschaunce:

* 'Alas,' seide he, 'that I was born!
That I am now thus foule lorn
Thorow a mayden that is so tendre,
With-oute my3t, feble, & sklendre.
And he that was so mychel of myght,
The strengest that was In any fyght,
Ector of Troye, that doughti man,
That price & honour of alle men wan,—
That alle the men that stalworthe wore
He ouercome with strokes sore,
Alle that were styff & strong
That doughti kny3t to dethe throng;

When Pollexena leaves the temple in the evening, Achilles, enamoured, looks after her.
He returns to his tent, and goes to bed; but for love he cannot sleep.
'Alas!' says he, 'that I am vanquished by a frail maiden!
And though Hector, who was the strongest of all men,
and overcame all knights,
Achilles curses his Fate, as he does not know how to win Pollexena.

Lamentacio amoris Achillis.

I knewe neuere non that hadde that myght,— [lf. 178, bk.]
That was so strong ne dou3ti1 wyght,—
Aȝeyn him that myȝt stonde,
Whil he leued In this londe——

And ȝit he with alle his sforce
Ne myȝt overcome my careful corse !

And now am I thus ouercomen,
That al my myȝt is fro me nomen

How shall I be healed?

How schal I come to my hele ?
Ho schal do me any medecyn ?
Sche hatis me & al my kyn
For hir brother that I slow ;
I may not keuere,—I wot neuere how ?

For I may not vnto me drawe
Her hert for-ȝothe for loue ne awe !
Ne with prayers may I not spede ;
I may not to ȝ hir my loue bede,

I may not so of loue hir pray,
I may not so that lady assay.

Ne my richesse ne my gret jisffe
May not hir hert to me lyisffe,
For sche is richer for-%othe then I ;
I wot neuere how to come hir by ?
Ne—I wote wele—I may not spede
Thow my strenthe & my kynrede,

For thoow my kyn be gentil & gode,
Sche is comen of genteler blode
Then I or any of my lynage.

My woe is great !

How schal I my sorwe aswage,
When I no wise, no way can fynde
By strenthe, richesse, ne by kynde,
Ne with prayers hir loue to wynne ?
The wo is gret that I am Inne

1 MS. strong douȝti ne.  2 MS. so.
Achilles offers Hectuba to remove the Greek Army for Pollexena.

¶ Achilles mandat nuncium ad Reginam.
In gret wodnes am I now broght! [lf. 179.] 12101
Alas! how com I in-to this thoght!
I can not wete—so god me saue!—
How that I here loue schal haue? 12104
He leued that nyʒt In that gret sorwe;
The sonne was risen faire at morwe,
A carful nyʒt he thenne hadde lede,
Til he was risen vp of his bede.

Alas, that I know not how to get her love!
When the sun rises, Achilles has had a sorrowful night.
In the morning he is afraid of himself;

At morwe when he was rysen,
Off him selff was he a-grysen,
Off his sorwe so strong In myʒt
That he hadde al that long nyʒt.
He called to him a siker man,
Al his consayl him telle bygan
And sayde: 'if thow wol trewe be,
Ful riche ʒiftes ʒeue I the;
For-sothe schal I faile the neuere,
I schal the make riche for euere.

Go to Hectuba, the quene,
And say: "I loue so Pollexene,
That I schal falle for-sothe In rage,
But I haue hir In mariage."
Bid hir sicurly my werdes bylue,
And if sche wol me hir doghter ʒeue
To me hastly In wedlak,
That I schal remewe al this pak:
The Gregeis alle schal I make go
To the lond that I come fro.

Al this ost schal I remewe—
As I am a knyʒt trewe!—
Kynges & dukes, lord & sires,—
To gret honour to hire & hires
With couenaunt & condicioune,
Iff sche wol haue me to hir sone.
Achilles's Messenger comes to Hectuba. She deliberates with Priamus.

Moreover, Achilles engages that the Greeks will not take any revenge, even for the rape of Eleyne.

Ne thei schal neuere amendes make, [if. 179, bk.] 12135
Harme ne schame ne sclaundry take,
For alle the harme & vlyony,
Slaunt of men, ne robry 1
To hem of Grece that thei haue done—
By him that made sonne & mones!—
Ne for the quene dame Eleyne rape—
If my couenaunt wiltke skape,—
But Paris schal hir stille holde
Vnto his wyff, be he right bolde.'

The messenger goes to meet Hectuba, and tells her Achilles's message.

This man was trewe as any steele,
He vndirstode his erand wele,
He wiste wel what he scholde say:
He hyed him faste vpon his way,
As faste as he my3t gone;
To Hectuba he come anone,
He tolde hir al his mayster thoght,
Word by word for-jate he nogh.

Hectuba, the quene of pris,
Was ful witti & ful wis,
Sche sayde to him as lufly hende:
'Abyde me here, my louely frende!
This thyng may not be ent
With-outen my lord kyng assent.
I schal ther-fore vn-til him gange,
Sicurly I dwelle not lange.
What he wolle say, I wol the telle;
Ful longe schal I not fro the dwelle.'

Hectuba goes to Priamus, and tells him Achilles's offer.

Vnto the kyng the quene hir hyed,
To him this consayl sche discryed:
"What Achilles to him bed,
For-whi his daughtuer he most wed;
How he scholde alle the Gregeis gare
In-to ther contre for to fare,
Priamus grants Achilles's Demand only for his other Sons' sake. 359

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hic Priamus miratus est.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>And renewe &amp; leue the sege, [If. 180.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And be-come his man lege,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Elayn leue with Alysaundre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With-outen amendis, with-oute slaundre.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Priamus is very much astonished at Hectuba's words.

Ryamus chaunged al his blod, |
When he al this vndirstod ; |
Al his blod be-gan to colde, |
When Hectuba thes wordes tolde ; |
In his herte ran many a thoght, |
That he the quene hadde be-soght. |
An hundrid sithe sore he siked, |
When he thougth how he be-swiked |
His sone Ector that he scow ; |
At his herte was care y-now, |
He thougth on his deth so fast, |
The water of his eyen out-brast. |
‘Alas, the while!’—the kyng seyde tho— |
‘To graunte this thyng that me is wo ! |
How scholde I fynde In my wil |
His askyng now to fulfil ? |
How scholde I loue In body or gost |
Thing In erthe I hate most ? |
That reft me al my worldis Ioye, |
That slow my sone, Ector of Troye!— |
But for to eschewe al other perrel, |
That more harm not to vs fel, |
A3eyn this thyng may I not stryue ; |
That I may haue myne other on lyue, |
Myne other sones to haue lyuand, |
I graunt his bone myn vn-willand : |
So that he do furst alle these thynges |
That he sente hidur In tydynges, |
That we be [be-]trayed noght, |
When we haue graunted al his thoght.' 

He sighs very often, thinking of his son's murderer.

He weeps.

‘Alas!’ says he, 'how can I grant this?

How can I love him whom I hate most?

But to prevent the death of my other sons,

I will grant Achilles's proposal, provided that he fulfils his promises in advance.'
Achilles is very glad at Priamus's Consent.

Hec Priamus concedit Pollexenam Achilli.

Hectuba, worthi In wede,
To the Messanger a-3eyn 3ede:
‘I haue’—sche seide—‘thin erand sayd
To Priamus, that wel is payd
Off his askyng; so is Paris:
Bothe are thei payde of his y-wys.
And I for-sothe anendis me
Schal do his wille, that schal he se;
So that no thyrng he broght to ende,
Or euere my doghter fro me wende.’
The Messager held vp his hondes
And thonked hir of tho tythandes;
When he hadde graunt of his askyng,
On his way 3ede he syngyng:
He toke his leue, for he was blythe.
Ham-ward wente he thanne swithe,
He made his lord bothe blythe & glad,
He tolde him what answere he had
Off Priamus, and of Hectuba,
And of Paris; he sayde alsa:
“How thei hadde alle graunt his bone”—
‘Alle thi wille for-sothe schal be done;
Iff 3e wol do that 3e haue hete,
Al schal be done with-oute lete.’

Never did a
bird in sum-
mer sing more
merrily
than Achilles
rejoices now.

He considers
how best to
carry out his
promise.

IN somer was neuere no nyghtyngale,
The throstel ne no wodewale,
The throche ne the laueroke,
The papeiay ne the throstel-cok
So mery syngand In thaire note,
As he be-gan thanne to lote;
When that he was of here assured,
Ne hadde not elles his wo endured.
But than be-gan he for to kest,
How he myght do this thing best.
Hec Achilles mandauit post Reges Grecorum.

That he be-bet to the queue [lf. 181.] 
For hir douhter Pollexene
By his man, his Messager;
For hit was not In his power
To renewe that company.
He thoght he hadde done foly,
That he hadde hight hem suche a thyng
That he myght not to ende bryng.

But not-for-thi, what vp so dow,
He traist so mechel In his renoun,
In his grete dedes & his chyua[1]rie
That he hadde done be-fore here eye,
That if he leffte hem In that byker,
In his herte was he sekir
That thei scholde leue al her querel,
For drede of harm & perel
That hem schulde falle In that stour,
Iff thei for-3ede his socour.

It was a day whil trewes last,
Achilles In his hert cast
That he wolde make the lorde alle
That were of Greece come to his halle:
His Messager anon he sende
To alle the lorde that were him hende,
And bad hem come al at ones
To speke with him In his wones.

There was no lord that with-stode,
That ne thei als sone to him 3ode.
When thei were comen thedur euerychon,
Thei sat as stille as any ston;
Achilles sayde: 'lordynges, my peres,
Herkenes now to me and heres,
Why that I sende afftir 3ow
For thing that is for 3owre prow.

Achilles thinks he was foolish to promise so much, but he still hopes that for his great deeds
the dukes will grant his request,
as they cannot do without him in the war.
Achilles resolves to summon the Greek lords to his tent.
He sends his messenger
to invite them,
All come,
and sit down.
Achilles addresses them.
Achilles says:

I have meruayle what vs ayled

That we the kyng of Troye \(^1\) assayed,

Whi that we this werre be-gan

For the lone of a woman?

We haue by-gonne folily this striff

For Menelaus the kynges wiff.

\(\text{If. 181, bk.}\)

Was it not folly to begin a war for

Menelaus's wife's sake?

to leave our children and wives alone at home?

What deuel ayled us to leue oure londes

In other straunge mennes hondes?

As thoght we roght not of oure lyues \(^2\)

Off oure childryn & oure wyues

At home that we behynde vs leffte;

An aunter were we schal se hem effte.

And we ar here at gret dispence

To make of this werre defence;

Oure goodis fast begynnes to waste,

We may be beggeres alle In haste.

and to expose ourselves here to hunger and wounds?

We suffur wo of oure bodyes

As men—me thynke—that are vn-wyse;

We take here not but woundes

And ligge In dikes as dede houndes.

Ne here is non a-monges vs alle

That wot w[h]at wol him by-falle;

For the beste of vs echon

May haue harm, and thei non,

In woundes sore & gret brosures.

He is a fole that him ensures

In his strengthe & In his myght,

For I my-selff haue ben euel dyght:

Many a wounde haue I here tholed,

My body hath ben y-holed.

Was I not hurt so sore now last

That I wende nueere to haue I-past?

I was for-sothe the deth so hende,

That non of 3ow my lyff ne wende.

\(^1\) MS. Troyl, the l only badly altered to e.

\(^2\) In the MS. l. 12279 is following l. 12280.
Achilles proposes to procure a new Wife for Menelaus & to return.

Hic consiluit eos ad reuertendum ad patriam.
— — With sorwe but ligge and dethe a-bide— [lf. 182.]
Offoure liggyng may not be-tyde
But gret periles & drede of deth.
We take to vs an euel breth,

When we be-gonne furst this batayle,
And lefft our contre euer y dele,
And come her to gete batayle
On stronge men & hem assayle;
So fele gode as we ther-by
Haue lorn of oures dispitously
That haue here ben a-mong vs slayn,
And al for the loue of dame Elayn!
By him that me to man has wroght!
We haue to dere hir lyff aboght,
And many good men has sche mad sterue.
Another womman may we serue
Menelaus for to haue
To his wyff,—so god me saue!—
That schal be genteler than was sche,
In many landes & many contre.
And we may remewe by skyl
With-oute blame, when so we wil;
For we haue take shenful vengaunce
Off the wrong and of the greuaunce,
Off the schame & of the slaunder
That to vs did Alysaunder:
For we haue sclayn the dou3tie8t man
That lyued In erthe, sithen we be-gan—
Ector that we haue don to dede,
He was alther lord and hede,
He was alther maytenour.
Off his dedis with gret honour
Now haue we wonne suche worshepe,
That we may wel with-oute schenchipe

1 No gap in MS., but the copyist seems to have dropt some lines.
Thoas and Menescene oppose Achilles, who bids his Men refuse Help.

We may now return home without shame;

and I advise you to do so.'

Thoas and Menescene oppose him, and say:

'Achilles, we must not leave the siege before we have won the town.

If we do so, the Trojans will think us cowards.'

Achilles gets angry

and orders his men not to help the Greeks any longer.

Hic omnes Reges contradixerunt eum.
And with-outen any schame, [lf. 182, bk.] 12339

With-oute reproues or any blame, 12340

When so we wil, hamward wende To ooure contre & ooure frende.

And sicurly I rede also

With-oute dwellung that we go.'

Non that riche kyng Thoas,
That Achilles Cosyn was,
And the duk Menescene

With-sayde him with mychel tene

And seyde: 'Achilles, wold neuere god
That we scholde now for euene or od
Leue the sege we hauie by-gonnen,
Er we this Cite hadde y-wonnen,
Sithen he is ded, roten & graven
That the town & hem did sauen!
If we leue it In suche a wyse,
Hit scholde be holden for cowardise;
Men wolde holde vs recreaunt.
God for-bede we to this graunt!'

Achilles was wonder wrothe;
Be-fore hem alle he made his othe:
"That he scholde neuere day ne nyzt
Helpe hem more with his nyzt;
He nolde no thyng do for hem alle
For no thing that nyzt be-falle!"

But thei wolde saue thaire lyf or lym;
And as thei loued derly him,
That thei scholde helpe no more Gregeis,
But holde hem stille & be In pays,
And let hem do echon her best,
For he & alle his wolde be In rest.'

And thus partid thei ful hirously,
Thei hadde meruayle how-gatis & whi
The Greeks send Agamemnon to King Thelaphus for fresh Victuals. 365

That he was broght In suche a wille; [lf. 183.] 12373
But thei sayde not, but helde hem stille.

Achilles was euel apayed
That thei his wille so with-sayd,
To helpe hem more has he not ment,
He sayde: “thei schal sore repent
That thei haue aȝeyn him spoken”;
He thoght on hem wel be wroken,
He wolde no more ȝiff tent to thaym
Thenne he hadde neuer ben on of hem.

In this tyme her mete hem fayles,
Thei haue gret faute of her vitayles:
Hem 2 fayles fiche, hem lakkes filesche,
Thei haue no corn for to thresche,
Thei haue but litel mete or drynke,
Ne other vitayles but litel thinke.

Palamydes, her Emperour,
Hadde ther-of gret hydour;
He toke consayl among his peres:
“Who scholde be here messageres
To wende to feche hem drynk or mete,
That thei hadde somdel to ete,
That thei died not for defaute?
Vnnethe myȝt thei for feble maute.”

Kyne & duk & euery a lord
Were echon at his acord,
That Agamenon thei wolde charge
Ther-fore to wende with bote & barge,
To brynghe hem som refeccioun,
Corn, & wyn, & venysoun,
Mele, & salt, & other store,
And vitayle hem—as thei were ore—
Vn-to the kyng sir Thelaphus,
For his land was plenteuous

1 MS. halde.  2 MS. Thei.
Agamemnon's Expedition. He brings Victuals to the Greek Camp.

His Imperator misit Agamennon ad Thelaphum Regem.

Off corn, of best, of alle manere goode [lf. 183, bk.] 12407
That was to mannes note & foode.

Agamenon with gode entent
Did his Princes comauement,
With many schippes forth he 3ede;
Thei sayled forth with gode spede,
The wynde was good & eke schrille,
Hit blew wel sone the lond vn-tille.
When thei hadde the lond y-lauȝt,
Her schippes were sone vitayled & frauȝt.

Thelapus was of hem ful glad:
What-so thei wolde of him thei had,
He frauȝt he[r] schippes & here Coggis
With salt beffe & fat hoggis,
With many a bole & wilde bore,
Vnto her schippes myȝt holde no more
Off corn, of flour, & gentil wynes,
Off seynt-pro-seynt, and maluesynes
As gode as come of grapes.

Agamenon faste him rapes
With alle his schippis to take the se,
For he was frauȝt as he wolde be;
The wynde was to hem good y-now,
Thei turned ster, and sail vp drow,
And sayled forth aff by the wynde—
Some be-fore & some be-hynde—
With alle her schippes & dromondes
To Troy aȝeyn to here bondes,
With mychet Ioye were thei kepeth ther,
Ful fayn the Gregais of hem were,
For thei haue ben ful euel at ese,
For honger thei were ful mys-es.
Thei grond the corn as sone & boke;
Tho myȝt thei speke & eke loke,
Palamydes repairs the Vessels. A new Battle is preparing.

When thei were sikur of gode vitayle. [lf. 184.] 12441
Palamydes letye reparayle
Alle the schippes that ther stode
With-Inne the hauen In the flode; 12444
He did hem alle ful wel amende,
When thei hadde nede efft to wende,
When thei of vitayles hadde nede 1,
Off corn & wyn hem al to fede. 12448
Alamydes arayes his naue,
Off vitayles haue thei plente;
Thei ben echon bothe wilde & wlong. 12452
And day is went out of her trewes,
Michel bale among hem brewes;
Eche man lokes now al his gere,
That it be stiff & strong to were, 12456
That no thyng wante of hem ne fayle,
That thei may helpe with clowe or mayle.

Thei are now redi In her armures
And heled aboute with couertoures 12460
Off siluer & gold, riche & dere,
Eche a man In his armure,
Thei of Troye & Grefounes.
But thei hadde the Murondones; 12464
But thei therfore leuen now In pes
With hem that tyme with Achilles.
Troiens thoght hem ded & soy,
Sithen thei hadde sclayn Ector of Troy; 12468
Bat hitting thei, when thei were met,
Off her purpos wo that hem let,
And did grete schame & vylony
To alle the grete company. 12472

In the MS. 1. 12447 is following 1. 12448.

1 In the MS. 1. 12447 is following 1. 12448.
They ride together.  They ride together.

A great battle follows: many fall.  The batayles faste to-gedir drow,

A great battle follows: many fall.  The baneres with the wynd blew.  [lf. 184, bk.]  12475

These ostes were bothe long & brod:  Thee slow ther many a prinse,

When thei with spere to-gedir rod,  Many a gentil Erl & kny3t,

On ayther syde faste thei die;  Kynges, dukes of mechel my3t.  12480

Her horses¹ snoure wel faste & nye,  Thei s low ther many a prinse,

On eche a syde thei strike & wynse.  Many a gentil Erl & kny3t,

Thei slay the many a prinse,  Kynges, dukes of mechel my³t.  12484

Dephebus, leader of the first Trojan battalion, meets the Greek King Croseus;  Thei leate her bridelœ alle a-bandoun

they break their spears,  And ran to-gedir with gret randoun,

but Croseus is cast to the ground and dies.  That bothe her speres In-sunder brast.

When the Greeks see Croseus dead,  But Croseus was to grounde cast,

they take revenge for his death  That he myght neuere vp arise;

by slaying many hundred Trojans.  He died anon In that ilke wyse.

Palamydesand Diomedes with 20,000 knights join the battle.  Ther was noyse and eke cry

Vt then come thedir Palamydes,  Amonges the Gregeis witterly,

Her Empourour, & Diomedes,  When thei saw him his lymes out-streke,

With twenti thousand gode kny³tes  And that he my³t no more speke.

Armed wel at alle rij³tes.  Tho layd thei on as thei were wode:

¹ MS. sorese.  ² deth inserted by another hand over line.

[Incipit Bellum.]  Many walowed In his blode,

Thei s low ther Troyens that it was wonder;  Many walowed In his blode,

Ther was sclayn many an hunder  Many walowed In his blode,

For the deth² of the riche kyng,  Many walowed In his blode,

Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.  Ther was sclayn many an hunder

Vt then come thedir Palamydes,  For the deth² of the riche kyng,

Her Empourour, & Diomedes,  Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.

With twenti thousand gode kny³tes  Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.

Armed wel at alle rij³tes.  Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.

12508
Thelamonius bears Sisene down; Dephebus unhorses Thelamonius.

1 Hic Palamides occidit Dephebun.

Thelamaneus come with him\(^1\) als,  \[lf. 185.\] 12509 Thelamonius arrives too;
With his sword aboute his hals,
With alle his men of gode assise
Come he down to that porprise.
Thelaman rode to sir Sisene,
A noble kny3t, a good Troyene,
The kynges sone y-bore on bast:
Thelamon rod to him In hast
He smot him so—with-oute fable,—
To fyght was he euere vn-able;
Afftirward In al his lyff
Might sir Cisene neuere thriff.

1 When Dephebus saw the wounde,
And his brother falle to grounde,
Wel sore him greued In his red blod:
He rod to Thelaman as he were wod,
He smot him with so gret affray,
He bar him fro his hors a-way;
Wel sore he fel vpon the grounde
With a wide grysly wounde.

P Alamydes saw that he was done\(^2\),
His feet hierc than his croune;
He swor he scholde that strok venge,
Er that he went out of that renge.
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,
To Dephebus he gan it bere;
To Iuste with him he him biddes,
He bare him thorow the scheld ymyydes,
Thorow his plates In-to his brest;
Opon the grounde ful stille he rest,
For In his body left the stompe,
That he fel douz as it were a lompe.

4 Sir Paris saw Dephebus falland,
For he was him ner-hand;

1 This word in the MS. is very indistinctly written, and looks more like han than him.  
2 MS. done, the v inserted by another hand.
Dephebus bids Paris take Revenge.  Paris returns to the Battle.

He woped for him with bothe his eye, [lf. 185, bk.] 12543
He wiste wel he scholde deye: 12544
Dephebus drags away,  
He drow him fro 1 the horses fete  
With michel care & herte grete,  
He bare him ney vn-to the tow
Liggande ther In a ded swoun; 12548
and lays him under the walls of Troy.  
Thei leyde him dozu vnnder the walles,  
And Paris fast opoun him 2 falles:
Dephebus then opens his eyes,  
His eyen be-gan he than to open  
That were faste to-geder stoken,  
He loked vp vpon Paris,
and addresses Paris: 'Why dost thou stand here?'  
He sayde: 'Paris, thow art not wys.'  
He seyde: 'Paris, my brother dere,  
Whi stondis thow by me here?' 12556
Wilt thou not avenge me?  
Wolde thow suffer me to tyne  
My lyff, Paris, my brother myne,  
Er I be venged on my bane?

The spear must not be taken from my breast before I hear that my bane is dead.  
Out of my brest schal neuere be tane  
The spere, til I haue herd tyhandes  
That he be ded of thy two handes.  
As I haue loued the, Paris, brother,  
In al my lyff be-fore alle other—  
Go a3eyn & worche wisly,  
That he be ded rather than I!' 12564

Go and kill him!"  
Paris returns to the battle,  
PAris sone did him to gone  
With carful herte & mochel mone,  
He hadde of him gret compassiouw,  
That al-most he fel a-doune 1: 
In-to that fight 3ede he wepande,  
And lefis his brother ther lygande. 12572

takes out his bow,  
When he come ther, a bowe he hente  
That was strong & wel y-bente ;  
He kest aboute In al his wit  
Where he my3t that kyng best hit, 12576

1 MS. for.  
2 MS. his.
Hic Paris occidit Palamidem Imperatorem.

So that he myȝt him sone sclo, [lf. 186.] 12577
That he on lyff went him not fro.

He soght afftir Palamydes,
Were he myght fynde him In that pres; 12580
He was war, where he stode
Fyghtand fast as he were wode
Aȝeyn the gode kyng Sarpedoun ¹,
And he toke gode kepe ther-on. 12584

Sarpedon hadde he assayled,
That the blod fro him down rayled;
But that kyng Palamydes
Left Sarpedoun not so In pes: 12588
Opon his hede smote he him so,
That he cleue it euen at-two;
And he fel down vpon the grounde
And died with-Inne a litel stounde.
When Paris saw what harm he did,
What gret sorwe ther was be-tid,
He toke an arwe that was entouched
With foule venym—as alle men souchd:— 12592

His bowe was bent, his takel redy,
And of his schot he was spedy:
Paris neuere be-lan for to wayte,
Til he hadde dreuen him to a bayte:
When he saw him, at him he schet
And hitte him In his gorget,
That it ȝede thorow his pesayn
And cut In-two his mayster-veyn,
And smot him thorow-out his gorge
That he fel ded—by seynt Iorge!

Elful cri & hidous,
A gret noyse & a meruelous 12608
Among Gregais was vp raysed;
He myȝt not a-monges hem be pesed. ² ij

¹ MS. Sarpedon.

24—2

Paris looks for Palamydes;
he sees him fighting with King Sarpedon.
Sarpedon is bleeding, but Palamydes smites him again on the head, so that he is cloven in two and dies.
When Paris sees this, he takes a poisoned arrow, bends his bow, and shoots Palamydes in the throat, so that he falls down dead.
The Greeks make a great noise.
The Trojans pursue the Greeks, and plunder their Camp.

The Greeks bewail the death of Palamydes, and put Paris to flight. Then they return to their tents. The Trojans follow them. When they come to their halls, the Greeks dismount, and defend their dikes. The Trojans alight, and fight on the dikes. At last they enter the Grecian camp, and plunder it.

Thei hadde suche del of here gyour, [If. 186, bk.] 12611
That he was dede so In that stour: 12612
Afftir Paris thei folowed faste;
But he was tho' ful sore a-gaste,
He smot his stede and hamward rode,
For drede of hem no lenger a-bode. 12616

Then thei re-turn to their tents. The Gregeis turned to her tent, The Emperour was sore bement.
Thei folwed hem with bryght swordis,
As bestis gone be-fore the herdis—
For-sothe at my discrecioun:
The Gregeis fley to her pauyloun.

When thei of Troye were y-war
Whatarestheimade thar,
Down of her hors echone thei lyght,—
Kyling & squyer, duk & kny\textsc{t},—
And sette her fet a\textsc{p}cy\textsc{n} the dykes,
And eu\textsc{r}y man at other strikes.

Theti entered In at the laste;
Tho were the Gregeis sore a-gaste,
For her dikes thei hadde wonne
And In here Pauylons thei were ronne.
Thei robbed & reft alle that thei founde,
Thei sente to Troye many a fair sonde:
Coupes of gold, siluer vesseles,
Clothes of gold, and other Iuweles,
And al other thing that thei myght lacche:
Broches, rynges, what thei myght cacche. 12644

1 MS. \textit{fune}. 
Paris and Troylus set fire to the Greek Ships. A Battle follows.

Paris and Troylus, with 30,000 men, arrive and set fire to the Greek ships.

Paris thenne &\(^1\) Troylus 3ede

To the se with mochel spede
With xxx\(^{11}\) thousand strong men,
The Gregeis schippes for to bren;
Thei kest wildfir In here schippes,
Fro schip to schip aboute it hipples.
The schippes were sone on a blase,
Thei brende bothe mast & wynlase,
Sterne & stere, ore & spretes,
The schipmen In the water fletes.

Thei keste bothe hem many a spark,
For the wynd was sumdel stark
And made the lowe rise on hey,
That it be-flaumed al the sky;
Thei myght it se wel In-to Troye,
Thei hadde ther-fore mychel Ioye.

But then come Thelamanyus,
That noble knyjt & vigorous,
And duk Nestor, that noble knyght,
With Men of Grece, with mochel myght:
When thei come to-gedir & met,
Troyle bad faste the fir be bet,
But Thelamon bad his men hit slek
With water of broke or of bek.
Gret was the assaut that thei be-gonne,
Euery man on other ronne;

Hedes reled aboute over-al,
As men playe at the fote-bal;
Thei lay a-boute hem wonder thikke.
The fight was lyther & eke wikke,
Hit was gret ruthe for to se
What men died at that medle!

Sicurly the sothe it is:
Ne hadde it be Ayax prowes,

\(^{1}\) MS. to.
Heber, sorely wounded, goes to Achilles and blames him.

If Ajax and Nestor had not come, all the ships would have been burnt.

Almost all the Greeks were wounded.

Heber, son of the king of Thrace, is sorely wounded with a spear.

but he runs to the tent of Achilles

and blames him for his not helping the Greeks in their sad distress.

And Nestor, the duk, that with him went— [lf. 187, bk.]

Alle her schipples hadde ben brent,

That thei made brene al to coles,

With mochel wo that day thei tholes.

The Gregeis were wel foule to-hewe,

Off hem vn-hurt were ther but fewe,

For al the gras that was so grene

It was for-bled with knyghtes kene;

For thei myght not endure

For gret hete In thaire armure:

Many drow out of that batayle

And kest of helm & her ventayle;

To cacche the wynd thei were sayn,

And went to batayle sone a-3eyn.

The kynges sone of Trase, Heber,

He rod doux by her tentes ther,

He was wounded with a spere

Thorow his body In that were,

Hede & tre lefft bothe In him;

His eyen be-gan to waxe dym,

For sicurly his lyff was ent.

Vntil Achilles Heber went,

That\(^1\) dwelled at home with mochel tene

For the loue of Pollexene;

He In his herte Gregeis defied,

To wende with hem he denied.

The kynges sone that so was lamed,

Achilles strongly he tho blamed:

"That he that day at hom him held

With alle his men—so hit is teld,—

And lete ther naue so be brend,

And Gregays foule alayn & schend";

And thow myght saue hem fro this wo,

If thow wolde to fight go,

\(^1\) MS. Thei.
Heber reproaches Achilles for not helping the Greeks. Then he dies. 375

Hic Heber mortuus est.

With thi strengthe & thi myght, [If. 188.] 12713
Iff thow hadde ben to-day at fight.
Hit comes the of euel wil,
That thow schalt holde the thus stil
And wol not helpe thi contre-men,
Thow hast lorn of hem M ten.'

Thus Heber foule Achilles myssayd
And of vnkyndenes him foule vmbrayd;
' How myght thow'—he sayde—' In herte fynde
To thi peple be so vn-kynde,
And wold not haue of hem mercy?
It is so sothe thi vilony!
Men wol say opon the tresoun,
Sithen thow leuest with-oute resoun.'

Heber bad that men scholde drawe
The spere that sat thorow his mawe;
Achilles men that spere out-drow,
And he fel down ther In a swow:
He died by-fore Achilles eyene
With mochel wo & mychel pyne.

A litel while—as I saw telle—
Herkenes now, how it be-felle!
Achilles cleped him to a servaunt,
A strong man, a gode seriaunt,—
At that batayle hadde y-bene,
That hadde the slauzt of Gregeis sene,
How thei died & how thei fore;—
He come then ridand In at the dore,
Ther his lord Achilles standes.
Achilles asked: 'what tydandes?
How done the Gregeis, by thi fayth?
What was that noyse that was so layth?
Is any lord of oures sclayn?
Loke the sothe thow not layn!'
A Sergeant tells Achilles of the Misfortunes of the Greeks.

Hic unus homo narravit Achillem de prilio.

The sergeant says: 'I was in the battle.'

The seriatum seide: 'I was, lord, there; I schal 3ow telle how thei fare:

Thei may say the wrother-hayle
That thei this day 3ede to batayle;
For sicurly: but better schape,

I trowe non of hem skape

With-oute deth or dethes woundes.
Thei haue Brent many of oure dromondes
And many schippes & cogges,
And sclayn oure men as frogges;

Some are ded, & some home fie.
Ther is suche novmbre & plente,
My lord, for-sothe of hem of Troye:

I trowe forsothe, not a boye,
Ne man that may his heued were,
Swerd or staff to batayle bere
For-sothe with-Inne the Cite walle,
That thei ne are come to batayle alle.

And Palamydes,oure Emperour,
He is sclayn In that stour;
For that he sclow Dephebus,
Paris hath him sclayn thus.

But wold 3e, lord, do my rede,
3e scholde do a worshipe-dede,
If I durst hit to 3ow speke:
3e my3t now on hem be wreke,
3e myght now take suche vengaunce,
For euere 3e scholde 3oure los enhaunce;
The Troiens alle 3e may now schende
And wynne 3owre los with-outen ende.

I can shewe to batayle nowe,
3e may se In batayle, howe
The Troyens ar so for-fou3ten & weri;
Thei schal be ferd and so dreri,
But Achilles is so bound with Love, that he can't resolve on going to fight. 377

And thei saw 30w thedur ride, 1 If. 189. 12781 As soon as
Thei durst not on of hem abide the Trojans
For al the good of mydelerd; see you come
Thei scholde of 30w be so aferd, on,
And thei hadde ones of the a sight. 12784 they will flee,
For thei ben now al out of myght, as they are
Thei may hem not defende longe; now worn
And thei dreen 30w, for 3e ben stronge. out.

Thorow al this world scholde it be spoken,
How 3e haue 30w of hem wroken,— And everybody then will say,
And say that 3oure selff alone that you
Discomfited hem of Troye euerychone, alone van-
And that 3oure selff In 3oure persone quished the
Did more then kynges and kynges sone, Trojans.
And more than al the men of Grece;
To 3oure honour Gretly it lyse. 12792 You will slay
3e 1 schal sle hem as ratons and mys, them, and win
And wyn gret los for euere & prys.' great honour
Achilles stode as he were founden;
Wel stronge he was In loue bounden, by it.'
That maketh a man to morne & pyne,
And makes hem offte his worschipe tyne,
Hit makes men leue her honour,
And makes hem take gret dishonour. 12796 You will slay
And so ferd it with-out e les
By the lord sir Achilles:
He herkenes al that euere this man
Off the batayle telle can, 12808 that for all the
But he wolde not for his prechyng,
Ne for al his sermonyng,
Ne for no gode knyghtes dede
Turne his herte & do his rede;
For he loued so dame Pollex[e]ne,
And he was ferd he scholde her tene;
1 MS. 3e.
The Battle ends. Dephebus bids Men draw the Spear from his Chest.

And leuere him was his los for-go [lf. 189, bk.] 12815
Then for to falle In suche a wo.
Loue hath broght him In hir chare,
On his bak derne loue he bare;
Fals fortune of him now filles,
He put him r3t In hir thilles,
And sche be-lan neuere that kny3t to chase,
Til he by hir his lyff las.

¶ The fight was sesed of that day,
Thei wente homward In aray;
 night ends the
It was ny3t, the sonne wente doun,
Troyle & Paris 3ede to toun,
And thei of Grece went al at ones
To her tentis with weri bones.

¶ Dephebus was 3it on lyue,
When Paris come be-fore him blyue,
And Troyle, his brother, sore wepand;
Dephebus was 3it lyuand.
Thei wepe & crye as bestes braye,
Thei wolde her lyff hadde ben a-waye;
For his deth were thei so wrothe,
Thei wolde ther die with him bothe.

Dephebus asks
Paris
D
ephebus lyfft vp his eye-lid,
And asked his brother what thei did;
Than Dephebus to Paris saythe:
'Telle me, Paris, by thi saythe,
My dere brother, if that thow wot:
Where he be ded that me thus smot?'

¶ Paris saide: 'my brother hende,
God let me neuere my bowe bende
Ne drawe tacle of Aspyn wandis,
But I sclow him with my handis!
He bad hem than that stode him next,
Draw the spere out of his brest;

1 MS. atones.
Dephebus dies and is lamented. He and Sarpedon are entombed. 379

¶ Dephebus mortuus est.
Thei drow hit out byfore his eyen, [lf. 190.] 12849
Anon Dephebus gan to dyen.
Thei wepe In Troye for his deth,
Thei spilled for him meche breth.
Bothe Priamus and Hectuba,
Polexene & Cassandra,
¶ Paris als and dou3ti Troyle,
Thei prayed her god his soule assoyle;
And the Citezens & ladies alle
That were tho In that halle.
But what scholde I longer dwelle,
What del thei made 3ow to telle?
I my3t not to-day ne to-morwe
Telle for-sothe her grete sorwe!

Riamus let make a molde
Off Iasper-stones & riche golde,
And layd ther-In his sone so dere
With sore wepyng & heuy chere.
Another tombe dede he also make
For Sarpedoun the kynges sake,
And led him by his sone there
With wepyng sore of many a tere.
For sicurly kyng Sarpedoun
Was In his tyme a stalworth man,
A noble kny3t of vasselage,
Hardi, & bold, and right sauge.

¶ Among the Gregeis with-oute wenyng
Was mychel del & mournyng
For that kyng Palamydes.
A newe leder the Gregeis ches,
For thei myght not be with-oute
An Emperour for that were doute.
Thei toke consayle, wham thei wolde haue
That best coude ordeyne hem & saue;

Dephebus dies.
The Trojans weep for his death.
and pray to their god for his soul.
But I must not dwell any longer on the description of their great sorrow.
Priamus orders a golden coffin to be made for his son,
and another tomb for Sarpedon.
The Greeks mourn for Palamydes,
and choose a new commander.
Agamemnon is again elected commander of the Greeks.

He orders them to be ready for a new battle next morning.

When the day dawns,

The Greeks rise, and notwithstanding their wounds
go to fight again.

They prepare their horses, and ride out.

It storms, rains, and thunders when the battle begins.

---

Hic Agamenoun electus est ad officium Imperatoris.

Agamenon aȝeyn thei chase,

Theelectioun of hem alle he hase;

And that was most by duk Nestor,

For he spak most ther-for.

A Gamenoun is now Empeour

I-mad aȝeyn with honour;

Alle the lordes he combatdes,

That thei be redy In the landes

Erly at morwe, when it was day;

For ȝit wol thei efft assay,

How thei may spede aȝeyn Dardanes,

And venge hem on tho fel Troianes

That haue thus slayn the douȝhty kyng

Dispitously with thair schotyng.

The sterres passen and alle the cloudes,

The day dawes, the Crowe croudes,

The larkis synge, the cokkes crowe,

The waytes faste her pipes blowe:

The Gregeis risen vp of her couches

With many wounds & many bocches,

But thei let not ther-fore to go

Vnto the fyght that thei come fro.

The sqwyers toke her harneis,

Her knaues ordeyned her palfreys,

Th[er] sadel-stedis & her cou[r]seres;

And rides forth knytyes & sqwyers.

Agamenoun In that matyne

Ordaynet hem as thei schold bene.

And thei of Troye by than were ȝare

Toward Gregeis for to fare.

With-Inne a while come thei to-gedur;

But it made tho a lothely wedur,

Hit raynes faste, thondres, & blowes,

That wel was him that was with-Inne wowes.

---

1 The second c may be a t.
In this Battle many are slain; a heavy Storm ends it.

But for all that wedur & the rayn [If. 191.] 12917 Notwithstanding the bad weather, many are slain,
Many a gode man ther was sclayn,
Many a knyft was ouer-throwen,
Her bodies lay thick sawen.

381

but more Greeks than Trojans.

Off Troye died many, but mo Griffons.
Troye come ouer the dounes,
With hardy hert & gret fferste
Come he thedur to that poynque.
When he was comen a-mong that pres,
The Gregeis faste to dethe he sles;
Thei were In poyn to lese the plase;
But then come—as thei hadde grace—
The gode dou3ti Diomedes
With his felawe Ulixes,
With twenti thousand doughti In place;
The proude Troyens¹ thei gone to chace.

Troylus slays many.

The Greeks would have fled, if
Diomedes and Ulixes had not come to their rescue with 20,000 men.

But the storm compels both parties to desist from fighting,

Gret sla3t was on bothe side;
But thei my3t not longe abide,
The thonder & lyghtyng was so strong,
That gret sorwe hit wrou3t hem among:
Thei with-drow hem sone for that wedur,
And toke her conseyl al to-gedur
To go home for that gret tempest,
For hem thought hit was the best;
For so faste doun the water 3et,
That thei were alle thorow wet.

Woe to him who first began this war!

N

Ow are thei alle herbared & housed
Al be-rayned and be-toused,
Thei did of armes & ded on clothes;
Many of hem her lyff loses
For the wo that thei are Inne.
I holde: he hadde gret synne
That first the were of hem by-gan,
For he was bane of many a man.

¹ MS. Gregeis.
Next Morning the Battle begins again. Troylus slays many Greeks.

The troops sup, bewail their dead,

When thei were comen, thei 3ede & souped, [lf. 191, bk.]
And many on for his frend drouped
And for hem-selff thei seide 'alas'
Thei wende neuere to passe that plas;
And 3it were thei so envious,
So ful of Pride and meruelous,
That hem was lenere echon to dye
Than any of other mercy to crye.

and go to sleep;

When thei hadde souped, thei 3ede & sleped,
And many a wydwe thanne weped,
And made gret del & sikyng sore
For her ffrendes thei hadde lore.

many a widow weeps.

Next morning they rise early,

When thei hadde sleped & saw tyme,

Thei ros vp be-fore the prime

And tok her hors & her atyes,

take up arms,

Swerd, bowes, and heded vires,

and go to the field again.

And 3ede a3eyn In-to the ffeldes
Out of her touz & here teldis,
And mete to-gedur with strokes hard.

There are no cowards among them;

Amonges hem alle was no coward,

Echon other to sle coueytes,

and go to sleep;

And alle men to sle waytes:

many a widow weeps.

Many a man to grounde was feld;

no one yields himself up.

But ther was non that euere him 3eld,

Troilus and his company arrive;

Whil thei myght hold swerd In honde,

he slays many Greeks.

Or on her feet whil thei myzt stonde.

But Troile come thanne with his couyne;

He bar a scheld of asure fyne,

He bar a scheld of asure fyne,
A lyoun of gold ther-on was paynt.

When he was comen to that prasaynt

Ther Troye ¹ & Grece to-gedur ware,

Many a man to grounde he bare,

Many a lord that day he slow

And fro her horsis douz hem drow.

¹ MS. Troyl.
They fight seven Days. The Greeks ask for an eight Weeks' Respite.

Then come thedir Diomedes, And his falawe Vlixes, 
And the gode Thelamanyus, A strong kny3t & a vigorous, 
Duk Menescene, and kyng Thoas ; 
Thei made ther sone a ferly chas. 
And Agamenoun, her Emperour, Come to that peple In that storr. Lord! the Peple that ther was ded!
Thei smot of many Troyen hed, 

The Peple lay as thikke as strawe, Or the corn whan it was sawe. 
Thei held to-gedur fight mortel Seuen dayes continuelp; 
They fau5t to-gedir seuen dayes With-outen rest; with-oute delayes, 
Til al the feld ouer-al a-boute Was be-sprad—euery a cloute—
Off gode bodies that lay ded 
Off Troye & Greece—so god me red ! Seuen dayes to-gedir thei fau3t, That thei rest neuere but the nau3t.
When thei hadde fou3ten a ful seuen nyght, 
The Gregeis asked then respit, 
Thei asked trewes & gryt[h]e To haue reste a two monethe, 
Til the dede men were leyd in graue ; No lenger wolde thei then craue. 

Thei sent her men to Priamus, 
Ful witti men, & seyde thus: "That al the feld lay be-throng With dede bodyes with sauour strong"; 
Thei asked the trewes wekes ey3te, For elles myght thei not fy3te;
During the Truce, Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes are sent to Achilles.

During the Truce, Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes are sent to Achilles.

| During the Truce, Agamemnon mediates how to win back Achilles. |
| --- | --- |
| He sends for Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes; and bids them beseech Achilles to come and fight again. |
| They go to Achilles; he is glad to see them. |
| Ulixes asks Achilles, why he keeps back from the Greeks. |

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"Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem viijto. septimanas.

Til alle the bodyes were y-graue, [lf. 192, bk.] Hie miserunt pacem ad Achillem.1

So long wolde thei the trewes haue.

The kynge hem graunted by a-visement

And ther-to made he his surment

To holde hem stable, and thei also,

And no dissait ther-In do.

He while that the trewes last,

Agamenon In his herte cast,

How he my5t best Achilles brynge

With hem aȝeyn to here fyghtyne.

He sente aftir Diomedes,

Duk Nestor, and Vlixes;

When thei were comen, he bad hem tho:

"That thei scholde to Achilles go,

And thei scholde him by-seke

With faire wordes and with meke,

That he wolde come with hem to fyght";

'Now,' seyde he, 'kythe ȝoure slyght!'

Let se now ȝoure qwayntyse,

That he ne late vs In no wyse!'

They did her princes commaundement, to Achilles alle thei went;

Off her comyng was he glad,

The lordis to sitte by him he bad;

Thei sette hem doun—as he hem bade,—

Thei dronken the wyn and made hem glade.

Ulixes, that most was wis,—

Coude non so wel say his devys,—

He seyde: 'Achilles, be ȝoure leue!

That I schal say, take it not on greue:

I haue meruayle with-oute any othe,

Whi ȝe be with vs so wrothe?

That ȝe of vs on this wise fille,

And haue turned ȝoure hert & wille {Aȝeyn vs aff}.

---

1 On the left side in MS.
A3eyn vs alle and 3oure owne dede, [If. 193.] 13053
And 3e ben not with vs at rede.
That 3e of vs on wyse fille,
And haue turned 3oure herte & wille 13056
A3eyn vs alle & 3oure owne dede,
That 3e ben not with vs a rede.'
Lete vs not dye In deth cruel !
For-sothe 3e may helpe vs wel!

'Let us not die,' he says, 'for you may help us.
Was it not your idea, as well as that of all the other kings,
to leave Greece and bereave Priamus of his land?

Was it not furst 3oure owne entent,
And alle the lorde that with 3ow went,
Kynges, & princes off gret power,
And alle the lorde that now ligge her,—
Oure owne londis for to leue
And Priamus his landis be-reue?

13056
To sle alle his and exile,
And do him-self to dethe vile ?
This riche Cite to ouerthrowe,
The gaye toures to ligge lowe ?

Why then have you now changed your heart and left us,
when the Trojans do us so much harm?
They have slain so many of ours and of yours,

Thei haue vs ofte foule y-toyled,
Oure Pauylons foule dispoyled,
Robbedoure godis & fro vs reftt,
Litel haue thei with vs lefft;
Oure schippis haue thei many brent
And many tyme In poynt to be schent.
For 3e haue with 3oure strengthe & myght
Slayn that stalworth man In fyght,

This sign almost blotted away.

1 ll. 13055–8 are an almost word-by-word repetition of ll. 13051–4.
2 This sign almost blotted away.
we are now on the point of winning,

and Dephebus is dead too;

they would surrender at once, if they saw you in the field.

Don't you remember the worship and the honour you won in this war?

With dedes that 3e haue her bygonne?

3e haue done dedis In this stour,

3e haue wonne 3ow gret honour ;

In al the world, brode ne lang,

Is non so dougi ne so strang—

I holde certes—as 3e are now,

Sithen 3e doghti Ector sclow!

Will you lose your honour,

and let the Greeks be slain?

Haue 3e no thoght, sir, & mynde

That 3oure los thus schal be tyned ?

And suffre 3oure kynges and 3oure Gregeis

Be sclayn & stornuen In this mareis,

That 3e haue saued noble & kept

With my3t & strengthe everyche a step ?

Michel blode haue 3e dispende,

To saue vs alle and to defende.

We pray you, for God's sake, to help us,

and not to let us die.

We pray 3ow, sir, for goddis sake,

That 3e to 3owre furst wil take ?

That 3e lese not thus sone 3oure los,

Ne lete vs not dye of oure fos,

And help vs & saue vs also !

For we may not with-oute 3ow do.

Oure Empourr— the sothe to say—

Sente vs hidur 3ow to pray,
Ulixes ends his Address. The Answer of Achilles. 387

¶ His Achilles contradixerunt eos.

That ye scholde vs In no wise flaye,  [lf. 194.] 13121
But be with vs at the nexte batayle
To flught ajeynoure wicked enemys;
That we by zow may wynne the pris,
And than schal we have the victori,
And but thow do thus, we ben sori.'

Chilles seyde to Ulixes:
'Certis, sir, it is no les!
Alle that ye say, I knowe it wel;
But that was foly every a del:
That when we were In suche a-tent,
I say that we were fouly blent.
Hit was open surfetrie,
And on gret pride & folye,

¶ When alle these kynges scholde leue here londis
For-sothe In vncouthe mennes hondis—
Her rentes faire & gret Cites,—
To com & werre In straunge contres.
And al for loue of a woman
This perelous werre we by-gan,
And alle these kynges haue [ben] sclayn
For the loue of dame Elayn.

¶ Say me now, sir Vlixes,
The noble kyng, Palamydes,
Hadde him not better 1 ben—I say—
Died at hom In his contray,
Then haue died In this prouince?
Him and euer y another prince
That haue died here thus wickedly?
And al for loue of that lady!

¶ Also the man that most was bold
Off stalworthnes, & most of told,—
Ector of Troie with-oute pere—
Died he not In foule manere?

1 MS. be better.

Come and rescue us in the next battle,
else we shall be very sorry.'
Achilles answers:
'All you say I know well.
But it was folly
to leave our lands and goods in the hands of strangers,
and to make war in foreign lands,
all for the love of Eleyne.
Would not Palamydes have better died in his own land than here?
And all the other princes?
And Hector the peerless,
did he not die in foul manner?
Achilles refuses Help, though Diomede and Nestor ask him too.

So might I lose my life too, like Hector.

Don't speak any more to me about this!

Rather will I lose my fame and good name than my life.

Nestor and Diomedes repeat

Thei prayed bothe sir Achilles
And seyde: "her Emperour him be-soght,
That he wolde leue that wil & thoght
That he was In, and Armes bere,
And help hem to mayntene the werre."

But alle her prayer and her sawe
Were not that tyme worth an hawe.

Her fair speche myzt him not brynge,
Ne prayer nother of duk ne of kyngge
Put of his herte & his peurpos,
For noght that euer thei myght glos,
Ne her alther Emperour.

But sayde "that it was more honour
At Priamus to aske the pes,
Then be to-hewen as other wes."

The kynges saw thei myght not spede,
Thei toke her leue and home zede;
Thei fond her Emperour In his halle,
Wel curteslys thei gret him alle.
He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped"—
'What hath Achilles to 3ow seyd?'
Agamemnon, hearing the Messengers' Answer, convokes a Parliament. 389

¶ Consilium Grecorum ad réuertendum ad patriam suam.

Haue 3e geten any grace?’ [If. 195.] 13189
On Agamemnon's demand the messengers relate to him the whole of Achilles's refusal.

Thei seyde be-fore godis face,
Thei tolde him al her answere:
"How he nolde Troiens dere,
Ne come"—he sayde—"In batayle mortel";
But seyde: "if that we wold do wel,
We scholde aske pes at Priamus,
And schold we neuere saue vs.'" 13196

"Od that made bothe lond & se,—¶ Hic Agamenon

Seide Agamenoun—' what may this be, timuit. Agamemnon wonders why Achilles will not fight any longer, and summons a council of all the Greek leaders.

That this gode knyzt sir Achilles
Longeth thus sore afftir the pes?
I wot neuere what it may be-mene.'
He bad the kynges alle be-dene,
All that euere were In that ost
Schold come bothe lest & most,
And alle these other lordes also,
For thynges he wolde say hem to.
With-Inne a while were thei alle met
Ther to-geder and douz set.

¶ Agamenoun tolde his tale
To alle the lordis In that sale:
"How he hadde sent Diomedes,
Duk Nestor, and Vlixes,
To pray Achilles for charite,'"—
'And for the loue of 3ow and me,
That he wolde vs helpe In our werre.
And we of him be neuere the nerre,
For he swore gret othes to hem thore,
He scholde bere armes neuere more

¶ Kyng Priamus to distroye,
Ne non of his to anoye,—
For noust that we may do or bidde.
He wold not die as other didde. 25 [iiij]
Menelaus argues against Peace, Nestor and Ulixes for it.

Agamemnon asks the lords to give their opinions.

And this [is] al the skyl whi
That I for 3ow sende witterly,
To here 3oure alther a-viseent,
Of\(^1\) eu[er][y]che a man his Iugement.
Telles here now 3oure best consayl:
What schal we do of this batayl?'

Menelaus says:

\(\text{\textbf{M}}\) Enelaus rose vp now anon

And seyde: "he held him no wyse man
Vn-to that pes that wolde assent;
For the batayle was as good as ent,
Sithen thei hadde sclayn the knyght vigorous,
Sir Ector, and Dephebus";
'Thes other are ether to overconwe,
Thei schal alle dye on a throme.
And thow it be that Achilles Help vs not, but holde his pees,—
With-oute his help & his vertu—
We schal these other sone vencu.'

But Nestor and Ulixes say:

\(\text{\textbf{M}}\) But then ros vp Duk Nestor

That I spak of right now be-for\(^2\),
And the wise knyt s[ir] Vlixes
That sat to-gedir on the des;
Thei seyde: "it is no wonder, sir,
Thow thow batayle more desir.
Al for the & for this wiff
These gode lordes haue lost her lyff,
And so may we lyghtly do,
But we wil not that it\(^3\) be so.

But we do not,—

For thi wyff this werre be-gan,
We 3eue it vp here euery a man;
For hir haue we done here gret perel,
But we forsake here our querel;

and will have peace.'

We wol haue the pes euerychon,
Ther-a3eyn of vs is non;

1 MS. To. 2 After this last word n is erased. 3 MS. is. 4 In the left margin in MS.
When Calchas hears this counsel,
be rushes up like a madman,
and says:
'You are all mad!
Don't you think it bad to act against the will of the god?'
He promised you the victory—I bear witness!—over all your enemies.

When this Clerk, sir Calcas,—
I heard it myself in Delos,
that ye should vanquish.
Therefore, be bold and trust in god,
till you have the victory prophesied to you.'

When Calchas that counsel heres,—
be rushes up like a madman,
and says:
'You are all mad!
Don't you think it bad to act against the will of the god?'
He promised you the victory—I bear witness!—over all your enemies.

When Calchas that counsel heres,—
be rushes up like a madman,
and says:
'You are all mad!
Don't you think it bad to act against the will of the god?'
He promised you the victory—I bear witness!—over all your enemies.
On Calchas's address, the Greeks vow never to leave this land without having cast down Troy and slain Priamus, Troylus, and Paris.

And toke aȝeyn her herte & wille, [If. 196, bk.] 13291
And made a vow her god vn-tille:
"Thei wold neuere passe of ther marches,
Til proud Ilyon and alle his arches
Were cast down, and Priamus,
And that douȝti knyȝt Troylus,
And fair Paris that was his sone,
Were foule slayn with-oute raunsone.

Even without Achilles's help they trust to have the victory.

Thow Achilles helpe hem noght,
Thei vowed to god that thei ne roght;
Thow Achilles hem for-soke,
Her godis scholde vn-to hem loke.
If he be ferd of any chaunce,
Lete him sitte & rede romaunce!" 13304

They all agree not to go home, but to fight on.

They make merry, till the truce ends.

Next day fighting will be renewed.

Now are the kynges all at red:
Out of the place, for drede of ded,
To her contres wil thei not wende,
Til thei haue broght that fyght to ende.
Off no thyng are thei a-bayst,
In her goddis haue thei suche traist;
With-oute Achilles ar thei bold
The fyght aȝeyn to take & hold.
He is for-geten with feble & strong,
As thoow he hadde not ben hem among.
Thei wente alle hem to here ostel,
Thei daunsed & sang & made revel.
The termes is went & passed a-way,
The morwe next schal be her day
That thei schal fyght to-gedur In feld,
Ther schal be reuen many a scheld,
Many a bryght basenet
Schal be with blod foule y-wet.

D Ay is went out of the trewes,
Ther is grete noyse among the Grwes,
The Battle begins again; Troylus slays many Greeks.

Hic faciebant Magnum Bellum.
Thei Arme hem faste at that tyde, The Trojans and the Greeks meet with great eager-ness.
To hem of Troye thei faste ride, [lf. 197.] A great battle begins.
Armed wel In her harneis.
Now gon to-gedur Troiens & Gregeis: 13328
The vanwardis met with gret hidoure, Many die,
Thei rod to-gedur with gret vigoure; and many are wounded.

A thousand speres brast In-sonder,
Ther died knyłtes many hunder.
When thei to-gedir with speres rides, Many die,
Many on the dethe ther abydes; and many are wounded.
Thei toke ther many an euel garter,
Some loste al his on quarter,
Some his hede, & som his guttis; Troys comes up, and,
Eche man other doun puttis.

The stour was strong & perilous,
The day was hote, the men yrous: They shoot their arrows,
Thei schotte arwes & keste gauelokkis, knights fall, and steeds stray.
Thei dyght foule her paltokkis; Troylus comes up, and,
Knyghtes falle, and stedis stray,
The dede bodyes on hepe lay. Troys comes up, and,

BVT then come theder doujti Troyle
And be-gan amonges hem royle,
Among Gregeis be-gan he pugne,
That thei made many a lothely groyne. revering his brother's death, slays many Greeks.
For his brother that thei sclow
He did hem sorwe & wo y-now ;
His brother deth he hadde In mynde,—
As thei of Grece fforsophe the fynde,—
Ful shrewedly hem dyghtes,
He slow that day many knyghtes.

Then come Menelaus ride
With men of Armes And mychel pride,
And the doghti Diomedes
With mychel peple to that pres,

Menelaus and

Diomedes come up.
Night ends the Battle, which is taken up again next Morning.

Menelaus and Diomedes slay many Trojans.
With many knyghtes stronge & gode; [lf. 197, bk.] 13359
Thei scelow Troiens as thei were wode,
And felde hem thikke vpon the grounde.
Ther died of hem many thousonde,
On bothe halff thei sele men faste
Al the day, til euyn laste.

Night ends the battle;
For hit was nyght, the sonne goth west,
Thei drow hem homward to her rest,
Thei parted so fro that fyght
And 3ede hom alle, for it was nyght.

They take supper,
Her mete is dyght and to hem fet,
Thei sitte alle for to soupe
With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe;
Many a man among hem drouped
And 3ede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped,
And rest hem til hit was day,
That thei my3t make a foule deray.

and then go to bed.
Thei of Troie are In the tow,
And Gregeis In her paulyoun;
Evry man goth to his rescet,
Her mete is dyght and to hem fet,
Thei sitte alle for to soupe
With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe;
Many a man among hem drouped
And 3ede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped,
And rest hem til hit was day,
That thei my3t make a foule deray.

The Greeks are ashamed of their defeat,
For thei of Grece were sore a-gramed
And gretly tened and sore a-schamed
Off hem of Troye for that day be-forn,
For her gode men thei hadde lorn:
Thei samed hem alle on an hepe,
Thei toke her hors & vpward lepe,
Thei rod so forth vpon a renge,
For thei wolde hem fayn venge;
Thei alle are went of here hales,
Thei passe her piles & her pales.

They ride out of their camp
With baneres faire & eke brode,
Som of sandel, som of ynde,
To-geder betande with the wynde.

Wel hard thei to-geder rode
With baneres faire & eke brode,
Som of sandel, som of ynde,
To-geder betande with the wynde.
The Battle begins. Diomedes slays many Trojans. Troylus meets him.

The Gregeis toke themne the feld; [If. 198.] 13393
And thei of Troye that be-held
That thei were so to hem comande,
Thei 3ede a-3eyns hem faste ridande
Off gode aray & gode manere,
With many a spere and brod banere.
When thei come ner, to-gedur thei ran,
And sclow be-twene hem many a man;
Scheldes and helmes 3ede al to dust,
Thei toke ther many a sori crust.

Bv t the dou3ti Diomedes
Ful wonderly the Troiens sles:
He smot of hondis with alle the nayles,
He made hem greued—it was meruayles,—
He pared his chekes al aboute,
That al here tethe fallen oute.
He sclow and woundid & bar to erthe
Two & thre and so the fferthe,
He smot of hedes, leg, & arme;
That day did he moche harme
To hem of Troye & her meygne.
Troyle knewe, that it was he
That did his men that vilony;
He vowed to god: "he scholde a-by;"
Iff he my3t ride as he hath ment,
On hem scholde haue a dent."
Diomedes he ascried,
And afftirward he him defied:
'War the wel'—seyde he—'fro me!
For thi dedis I defye the!'
'And I the!' seyde the knyght,
'Her my treuthe to the I plyght:
I wol the not certis refuse,
Ne thow schalt the fro me ascuse.'
Troylus and Diomedes rush together.

Thei to-gedur as ffaucons fflyes, [lf. 198, bk.] 13427

For sothe that on of hem a-eyes:

Diomedes brast his spere,

But he did Troyle no-thyng dere;

But Troyle smotes him with al his mayn

That ney-hande he hadde ben sclayn,

He fel him fro his hors swonande

Among her hors ded neyhande.

When he was thus on grounde y-layd 1,

Troyle ful foule him missayd

For Brixaida that was his leff,

He reyled him as he were a theff.

But his men were for him dred:

Thei drow him fro her hors tred,

Thei leyd him on his scheld softe

And led him hom vn-to his loffte;

Wel sore y-hurt, In a swone,

Thei bare him to his Paulyone.

When Menelaus that was him by

Saw Troyle that knyght so sturdy

For that wounde that Diomedes laught,

He hadde ther-fore wel mechel aught,

He wyste ful wel that he was hurt.

Menelaus to Troyle sturt,

He by-gan sir Troyle ban[n]e

For him & rode to him thanne

To venge the kyng Diomedes;

For or thei parted, he bougt that res:

Troylus spere was with-outen brekyng

As he felde with that other kyng;

To Menelaus Troylus whirled

That scheld and hauberke bothe thrilled,

He bare him vn-dir his hors fete,

Off his blod he was al wete.

1 MS. A second thus between grounde and y-layd in MS.
His men then qwyk him drow,—  
For him thei hadde sorwe y-now,—  
Thei toke & layde him on his scheld  
And bare him home vn-to his teld.  

W

Han Agamennon, her Emperor,  
Saw his men so fare In that stour,—  
Thei were almost with-oute myght,  
Thei were ney-hande put to flyght,—  
He gadered his men to-gedur samen,  
And than be-gan a newe gamen;  
Then come thedur Ulixes  
With men of armes, a huge pres,  

And the gode kyng Thoas  
That sorii was ffor that kynges cas,  
And the gode kyng Thelamaneus,  
And the gode kyng Menesceus.  
Lord, the sorwe that ther by-gan!  
Ther was slayn many a man,  
Many a man and many a knyght  
Was sclayn that day In that fight.  
Thei sclow Troyens doun to grounde,  
And many flowe with hidous wounde.  

Thelameneus tok a spere  
And to Troyle began it bere:  
He 3aff Troyle suche a weshayle  
That he flow ouer his hors tayle,  
And 3aff him a wounde bitter and sore  
That on his scheld he was hom bore;  
His hors was eke tho y-slawe,  
Out of that batayle he was drawe.  

Paris ferd as he were wod,  
Many a Grew ther lost his blod;  
Thei leyde hem faste to grounde  
With many an hidous wounde.  

1 Something erased after 'Ulixes.'
The Greeks are driven back. Diomedes and Menelaus lie in Bed.

Gret was the slaught and the wo [lf. 199, bk.] 13495
That among the Gregeis was tho. 13496

Agamemnon is sorely wounded.

Agamenoun, her Emperour,
Was sore hurt In that stour,
And so was many a gode knyght
Dede & wounded In that fyght.
The stour was grete, the fyght plener,
But Gregeis were of non power
A3eyn hem lengur to holde fight;
And eke it was ney the nyght,
For to her Pauyloun anon he went;
For hadde thei abeden, thei hadde ben schent.

The Greeks are driven back to their tents.

Thei fledde echone with-Inne the ditches
With gret sorwe and sore sikes,
The Troyens ffolwed with her myght;
But it was tho al at nyght:
Thei wente hom to her Cite
With her knyghtes & her meygne.

Night ends the battle; the Trojans return home.

Agamenoun coude no gale,
He hadde y-bled, he was pale;
He saw what wo & perel
To him & his that day besel,
How Diomedes, that doughti kyng,
Was hurt so sore at that Iustyng,
And he myght not him selff helpe;
His sorwe coude he to no man zelpe.
And Menelaus², his brother, eke
He was so hurt that he lay seke.
Both thes kynges In bed lay
For harm thei toke of Troyle that day;
Wonder sore and delfully
He was hurt & greuously,
He drede him sore to flyght lengur,
Til thei & he myght be strengur;

1 MS. nom.  2 MS. Meñelaus.
A Truce is granted to the Greeks. Brixaida in love with Diomedes. 399

Hic ceperunt Pacem ad invicem per .vj. menses.  
For if he did, he hoped wele [lf. 200.] 13529
Off his men to lese gret dele.  
He sente ther-fore to Priamus, 13532
To Paris, and to sir Troylus,  
To haue a trewe a six moneth,  
That thei myght rest In pes & grith.  
It is granted by Priamus, against the will of many Trojans.

Priamus and his consayle  
Graunte trewes with-oute fayle. 13536
And that was certis æweyn her wille  
Off many of tho that longed him tille;  
Thei seyde: “it was foly strong
To graunte Gregeis a trewe so long.” 13540
But wham it likes & wam it rewe,
On bothe parties ben graunted trewes.  
Brixaida, the daughter of Calchas,
on hearing that Diomedes is in bed,
goeth often to his tent against her father's will,
and, giving up the hope of ever being able to marry Troylus,
falls in love with Diomedes.

Brixaida that louely was,—
The Biscop[es] doghter Calcas, 13544
That fair louely womman,  
That sumtyme was sir Troyle lemmann,—
When the tydandes to hir was seyde
That Diomedes In bed was layde, 13548
Æweyn hir fadur comaundement
To vysite him ful offte sche went;
For sche wiste he toke the falle
Off Troyle that was hir specialle. 13552

Sche wiste wel In hir thoght
Off Troyle scholde sche neuere haue noght;
Sche hoped neuere of him mariage;
Sche chaunged her wil & corage: 13556
Doghti Troyle sche gan forsake,
To Diomedes sche gan hir take:
Sche sayde sche wolde with him dele
For any man, whan he hadde hele; 13560
For to him sche 3aff al hir talent,
For he hadde mechel on hir y-spent,
And loued hir wel, and sche him als—[If. 200, bk.] 13563
As wymmen doth that offten ben fals. 13564

For half a year they may now rest:
they heal their wounds;

A

h

A

If 1 a yer may thei now reste,
The trewe is so be-twene hem feste;
Thei may hele wele the whiles
Alle her bocchis & her biles,
Thei may hem hele In here soiornyng.
But it be In mys-kepyng,
Thei are mury In alle her woundes,
Thei go & hunte with her grehoundes,
With hauke, brache, & with kenetess 2,
Thei hunte conynges with here ffirettes.

But Agamemoun hadde gret care
That the Gregeis scholde In fyght mysfare,
But if thei myght Achilles pray
That he wolde helpe another lornay.
He sent affter by a knyght
Aftir duk Nestor, that man of myght;
He come to him at his sendyng,
And he was fayn of his comyng.
To Achilles bothe thai 3ede
To loke if that thei may spede;

Agamenouw his wil assayed,
Ful faire Achilles he ther prayed:
"That he wolde turne his herte & wil
And let the Gregeis so not spil,
And come with hem In her batayle
And at her nede no more hem fayle."

But for al that thei be-souȝt,
Ne myȝt thei him chaunge right nouȝt;
He swore his othe & made a vow;
'I wol no more helpe ȝow!
But this wol I for thi loun do,
And for thin, Nestor, also:

1 * inserted by later hand, erasure of some three or four letters after If; the first writing seems to have been After. 2 Altered from kenelß for the sake of the rhyme.
Achilles gladdens the Greeks by promising to send his Troops as Helpers.

Alle my men I wol 3ow graunte thence [lf. 201.]
That ben so stronge and vaylaunte,
I wol that 3e tho with 3ow haue
For 3oure loue—so god me saue!
But non Armes my-selff wil bere,
Non of Troye to do no dere.'

They were bothe fayn—by seynt Cristofore!—
Off his gode wil & profre,

They thonked him an hundred sithe:
"That he hadde mad hem so blythe,
That thei myght haue the Murmidones
to go to fyght with here Gryffones,
For thei were styff & eke stalworth."

They toke her leue and went forth
Bothe to-gedur In to her hales,
Thei tolde the kynges this Ioyful tales:
"How of his men thei hadde grauntise
But thei myght not gete him in no wyse."

The kynges were fayn and wonder glad
That thei graunt of his men had,
But hem were leuere haue had him-selff
Then of his men hundres twelff.

When it come ner the half 3ere.² ende
That the trues scholde out-wende,
And it nyed ner the day
That the trewez passed away,
The Gregeis made her harneis clene
And grond her speres scharp & kene;
And thei of Troye did the same,
For ayther thougt dother other schame.

When day was comen out of her trewez,
Agamenouʒ³ bad the Grwes:
"To Arme hem and dight hem faste,
For it was tyme that thei were paste

1 The capital W is somewhat blotched. 2 Between the and 3ere, laste is cancelled, and half inserted over line by another hand. 3 MS. Agamenouʒ.

They are both glad of his offer,
and thank him.

They return to their tents,
and tell the kings the good news.

All are glad of Achilles's promise, but they would have liked better to have himself, than 1,200 of his men.

When the truce nears its end, they prepare for a new battle, both the Greeks and the Trojans.

13597 to send to your help all my troops.
13600 They are both glad of his offer,
13604 and thank him.
13608 They return to their tents,
13612 and tell the kings the good news.
13616 All are glad of Achilles's promise, but they would have liked better to have himself, than 1,200 of his men.
13620 When the truce nears its end, they prepare for a new battle, both the Greeks and the Trojans.
13624 When the truce nears its end, they prepare for a new battle, both the Greeks and the Trojans.
26 j
They arm themselves,

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They arm themselves,
A great Battle is ended by Night only.

Duk Menescene defendis his folk, He smot many In the nekke holk; And duk Nestor him wele halpe: Thei 3aff the Troyens many a talpe; On ayther syde thei fel to grounde With many a grym hidous wounde.

They fauzt al day whil the sonne schyned, Fro the morwe that thei hadde dyned Vntil thei hadde of day no lyght; Thei 3ede home for defaute of syght, And euery man wente to his Inne— Til thei myzt efft her note by-gynne.

Ay is comen, & nyght is gone, The Gregeis are vppe & dyght echone, And thei of Troye are comen doun, Armed wel, out of the toun.

Thei ran to-geder as wode things, Echon other al to-diggis; Many of hem ligge In a dwale, May no man make acorde fynale.

In erthe was neuere suche a semble: And that may alle men here & se That romaunce may vndirstonde & rede, Other therto wol take hede. In alle the bokes that men haue sene Off douʒti men that haue bene, When thei are thorow soght, Sicurly ne fynde men noght That suche a fyght In erthe befel, Sithe Eue bare Caym and gode Abel;

That so fele kynges, dukes, and lordes Were gadered to-gedur for on discordes. Hit was neuere, lord! In geste ne sang Off werre In erthe that last so lang,

Duk Menescene and Nestor slay many Trojans.

They fight as long as the sun is shining; only night ends the battle.

Next morning they begin fighting anew.

A greater battle never was.

since Eve bore Cain and Abel.
When a new Battle begins, Thoas is taken prisoner.

Never a siege lasted, nor will last, so long.

Never men fought so bravely and so long.

They fought every day.

One may see thereby what strength they had.

No one could now fight as long as they did.

The Trojans attack first.

The stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne,
And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne

And made In her armure many a brek,
Many a man lay slawe ded sterk.

A riche kyng was called Philomene,
A worthy kny3t, a kynde Troiene,

And also sir Polidomas,—

Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas:

Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones,
Thei brosed his flesch and eke his bones;
His myght vayled him not of two lekes,

and take him prisoner.

Ne that so many men to dethe wente [lf. 202, bk.]
As did ther, or the batayle ente;
Ne neuer of sege that so longe lay,
Ne neuer schal to domysday;
Ne men that myght so longe endure
To fight every day In her Armure
With-oute reste and with-oute sese,
That thei toke neuer trewe ne pese.

Ne held thei not sumtyme assaut,
Day be day to-gedur thei faut,
That thei rest neuer ful doughtyly
A ful monethe continuely.

But men may se ther-by that can,
What strengthe & my3t ther hadde a man;

For now lyues nother man ne kny3t
That if thei were put to that sy3t,
That thei ne scholde be for-done,
Long tyme or it were none;
And thei be-gan at sonne rysyng.
But that liggis not In my spekyng,
I wol speke ther-of no more,
But turne a-3eyn ther I was ore.

He stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne,
And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne

And made In her armure many a brek,
Many a man lay slawe ded sterk.

A riche kyng was called Philomene,
A worthy kny3t, a kynde Troiene,

And also sir Palidomas,—

Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas:

Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones,
Thei brosed his flesch and eke his bones;
His myght vayled him not of two lekes,

Thei toke him maugre his chekes.
Off that prese drow thei him out, [lf. 203.] 13735
And drow him forth fro alle his rout. 13736

But that saw thenne the Murmydones,
 How he was lad fro his Gryffones ;
 But thei wolde him not so lete passe,
Thei gadered alle a-boute Thoas:
Thei tere for him many a ribbe
Off many lord & many sibbe,
And many an hed thei al to-schyuered,
And fro her hand thei him deluyered.

Tho was Troyle ful sore tened :
 That he was so dyght sore he mened,
 He swor by god & by his swyre :
 "Thei scholde abye that dyntes dere."
He strok his stede amonges hem alle,
Some he sclow & some mad falle,
He brak her hedes vnder her hode.
But thei manly a-3eyn him stode,

Thei sclow vndir him his stede
 That Troylus douz to grounde 3ede—
As he most nede—when his hors fayled.
But he lepe vp & hem assayled,
Gret defence gan he make ;
But thei were besy him to take,
But he was closed him-self alone
Amonges hem on fote echone.

But Paris thanne—when he it wiste—
Amonges the Gregeis In he thriste ;
His halff-brother with-al him with,
And many another of that kyth :
Thei brak with force her scheltroun,
And sclow ther many a Murmidouz.
Another hors to Troyle was broght,
And he lepe vp—as he neuere roght 26 l[ij] 13768

The Myrmi-...dons come to the rescue of Thoas,
and deliver him.
Troylus is enraged;
he will take revenge.

He sways many Myrmydons;
but they kill his horse.

He leaps up again;
they surround him.

Paris
and others
bring a new horse to Troylus.
A great battle between Paris and the Myrmidons for the deliverance of Troylus; he routs the Myrmidons.

Troylus plans to take revenge. He slays many of the Myrmidons; but they are clever:

they make a 'roundel' and a castle of themselves; notwithstanding, they are put to flight at last.

Off no lyues man that was his foo— [lf. 203, bk.] 13769

He lepe vp sone as a roo.

For sir Troyle delyueraunce
An hard batayle & gret distaunce 13772
Be-gan Paris & hem be-twene,
For Murimdones hadde mochel tene,
Gret Ang wys, & mochel wo
That Troylus scholde so qwit go:
Thei leyde thanne Troiens hard vpon,
Thei sclow that tyne Margaritōn,
That was sir Troylus half-brother;
Ther died of Troyens many an other
For the delyueraunce of sir Troyle,
Many a Troien to dethe did royle.

Royle was horsed atte devise
Vpon a stede of moche prise.
He thoght thei scholde not pas qwite;
He thoght to venge that foule dispite
And vilony that thei hadde tan,
Off hem that were his brothr ban:
He wounded hem, he felde & sclow,
And of her horses doum hem drow;
But thei were wyse of werre & slye,
Styff & strong, & ful douȝtye:

[ MS. &.

1 They saw thei were In gret perel,
Thei drow hem alle on a roundel
And of hem-sellf made thei castel.
But that vayled hem not a wastel—
For Troyle was euere on hem so asper,
That many a riche ston of Jasper
Smot he a-way vpon her crestes,
And sclow hem as thei hadde ben bestes;
Thei laft the feld & fledde hamward.
Then was comynge thedirward

1 MS. cā.
The Greeks are rescued, the Trojans put to Flight.

The Emperour Agamemon
And The duk Thelamôn,
With alle here men Vlixes,
So did the gentil Diomedes;
Menelaus come with hem thanne
With many a thousand armed menne:
The Murimidones thanne wel reschewed,
To the Troyens than no game grewed,
For thei were some I-bore to grounde,
And many ther dede In that stounde.
But when Troyle saw hem come socour
And scow his men so In that stour,
* No longer thanne sir Troyle abode^, In-to that Cite sone he rode
Ther his men were most travayled,
And he the lordis alle assayed:
He scow her men & fouly fouled,
With hem so Troylus toyled,
That only thorow sir Troylus myght
So were the Gregeis al discomfyght
And flende faste as thei were wod,
That Troyle reveed many his blod.

B
Vt^ 2 Ayax Thelamanewes,
That noble knyjt & vigorous,
Come than douw with many a spere
The Troyens alle for to dere.
Duk Nestor with alle his myȝt
Come theder tho with many a knyjt,
And the noble kyng Thoas.
Tho by-gan a grisly cas:
Thei that fledde turned aȝeyn,
Thei scow the Troyens with myȝt & mayn;
* The Gregeis wan a-ȝeyn the feld
And droff hem than fro her tent & teld, 26 iii[j] 13836

1 'Hic deficit' written in the margin by another hand.
2 MS. B\footnote{Vt.}
The Battle ends. The Myrmidons relate their Disaster to Achilles.

Hic Achilles Interrogauit de hominibus suisque nouA.
And droff hem thanne a-3eyn her wil [lf. 204, bk.] 13837
With gret sorwe that place vn-til.
But for Troye & al his myght 13840
The Troyens were y-put to flyght,
The Gregeys folowes & made hem falle,
Thei flow to Troye the Troyens alle.
The day was gon, the nyght was comen,
The Gregeis went hom al' & somen, 13844
Thei wente home al vpon a rase
With her prisouns & her purchase.
Thei Gregeis were fayn that it was nyjt;
For thei hadde traunyled a-3eyn her my3t;
For if the sonne had lenger schyned,
Off her folk schold thei haue tyned.
The Murimidones to-gedur alle 13852
3ede to her lordes halle,
Alle for-wounded & for-bled.
He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped."
Thei made to him a lothely playnt 13856
And seyde: "thei were alle a-taynt
For gret angwys of that Iornay
That thei hadde suffred In fight that day."
Thei seyde also: "that many of his
Were sclayn at that gret appris."
He made hem come before him than
And told the bodyes of euery a man:
When thei were rekened & told be tale 13864
Be-fore Achilles In his hale,
He fond a thousand of hem fayled
Off kny3tes that were y-rolled & tayled.
When thei were soght & alle ded founden,
He seyde: 'alas, that I was bounden
In womanes loue & womanes bounde!
When so many were ded founde,
Achilles deliberates whether he will help the Greeks, or not.

He siked sore for hem & drouped. [lf. 205.] 13871 Achilles sighs much, and cannot eat. 13872 He goes to bed very sorrowful.

Ful litel mete that nyght he souped, 13873 He does not know whether he will
To his bed Achilles went'avenge his friends now, or wait
With carful herte & gret torment: a while.
He wolde him-self hadde ben ded, 13876 He deliberates about it the whole night, and cannot
He wist neuere what was his red, sleep.
Whether he myght to batayle wende Now he thinks
To venge his men or eke his frende, he'll take re-
Or he scholde 3it abyde venge,
To wete wat grace my3t be-tyde, and now he
He thoght al nyght so faste & wepe, thinks he'll not
That he myght for no thyng slepe: go, because he

¶ He thoght he wolde go at morne would lose his sweetheart
And venge his men that were y-lorne, by breaking
That thei of Troye hadde foule sclayn; the promise he
But then thoght he a3eyn made to the
That if he [to] batayle zede, Trojan queen.
Off his erand he scholde not spede,
Ne haue that louely to his wiff That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis,
That he loued more than his lyff: But lete hem worth & holde his pays.
That kynges doujter Pollexene— And if he 3ede tho & bikerd
For he hadde het trewely the quene A3eyn the trouthe that he hadde sikerd,
¶ That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis, He myght lyghtly that louely [greue],
But lete hem worthe & holde his pays. And thei scholde him no more leue,
And if he 3ede tho & bikerd But sey it were a fals couyne—
A3eyn the trouthe that he hadde sikerd, And so scholde he that lady tyne;
He myght lyghtly that louely [greue], And leuer were him his lyff to-gang,
And thei scholde him no more leue, Er he for-3ede hir loue out lang.
But sey it were a fals couyne—
And so scholde he that lady tyne; So he passes
And leuer were him his lyff to-gang, many days.
Er he for-3ede hir loue out lang.

Any dayes lyued he so lange 13904
In these paynes styff & strange,
A fresh great Battle, in which many Greeks fall.

Achilles waits, till the battle begins again; for the foes will not stop till one party is victorious.

With-oute murthe and eke Ioye, [lf. 205, bk.] 13905
By thei of Grece & thei of Troye Scholde assemble to-gedur efft,
For that wolde thei for no thyng were lefft. 13908
By thei on part Maystres were, Wold thei not leue her werre there.

But it were ouer-gret takyng,
And weel gret the makyng,—
To telle the fightis that thei fauzt And alle her dedis at alle her sauzt,
To telle here dedis and here fyght Be-twene Troy & Grece—by goddis myght!
Alle her dedis may I not telle, For ther-vpon I wol not dwelle.

But I cannot relate all the fights between Greeks and Trojans.

The day comes, on which they begin to fight again.

That foule baret wolde thei not lete, Thei hadde to-geder so gret envy That thei wold not leue her foly.

Bothe 1 parties were redi dight,
Thei wente to-geder with al her myght:
And whan thei were to-geder met, Echon of hem on other schet— As thei hadde ben wode & mad.

Ther died many a lord & lad, Many knyght & eke baroune, And many other proude Gryffoun.

Many a lord & gentil man

Was ded ther, er thei be-lan, Many a kynges sone of kynde— I may not make of alle mynde.

But seuen dayes with-oute les Faunz thei to-geder with outen pes, Day be day with-oute trewes, Til thei hadde lorn many of the Grwes.

I cannot name all of them. They fight seven days without interruption.

1 Bothe over But inserted by another hand.
After seven Days, Agamemnon asks for a Truce.

Achilles euere In pes him held, [lf. 206.]
That he bar neuere helme ne scheld
Off al that while a-3eyn Troiens,
To dere none of here Citenses.
The Grewes by-gan faste to fayle,
The Emperour seyde thanne: 'bylhayle!
We may now sone be al for-done,
But if this lord helpe vs sone;
But Achilles on vs rewe,
Ther schal not skape of vs a Grewe !'

When thei hadde fouzten seuen dayes,
Agamenoû Priamus prays
To graunte a trewes by othe & treuthe;
For it to se hit was moche reuthe,
How alle the feld lay ful of men
And lay & stank In that fen.
Trewes longe wolde thei haue had,
For Agamenoû was sore a-drad
That he scholde many of his men lese
With hem of Troye & of Frese,
If thei mayntened lenger that stour;
Thei asked therfore a long soiour.

But the Troyens seyde: "thei scholde non haue
But that thei myght her dede men graue;"
Thei wold no lenger the trewes graunte,
Thei held hem alle recreaunt.
And that rewed Agamenoû sore
And alle the Gregeis that with him wore,
Thei myȝt no lenger the trewes haue;
That rewed hem sore—so god me saue!—
For thei were wounded and al to-bete,
And hadde biles and bocches grete
For strokes thei jaff & eke toke,
Whil thei to-gedur ffaȝt that woke.
When the Battle recommences, Menelaus and Paris unhorse each other.

The Greeks are glad that they may bury their dead.

But 3it were thei of that trewe sayn [lf. 206, bk.] 13973
That thei my3t bery that thei hadde sclayn,
Thei gadered alle the bodyes colde
That lay ther ded vpon the wolde;
And did alle the bodyes be brende,
Or the trewes was fully ende,—
Longe or the trewes was comen to ende,
That thei scholde efft to batayle wende.

After the truce, war is resumed,

He trewes ar went that thei had set,
The day is comen of her baret:
Thei toke ther many a strok & ffyleche,
Thei tare her plates and her pilche,
When bothe the parties to-geder were comen;
Many Ane" his lyff was him be-nomen,
When bothe parties were met thare,
And to that batayle were alle 3are.

Many are slain.

Menelaus attacks Paris;

Sir Menelaus Paris sawe,
To him he thought for to drawe;
He hadde grete wil & couetyse
To se sir Paris feet a-ryse.
He strok his stede & to him ran
For the loue of his lemman,
To grounde were thei y-bore bothe,—
The knytes were that tyme so wrothe.

they unhorse each other.

Polidamas, Antenor sone,
With grete envy & grete raundone
For alle the men and al the pres
With his swerd he smot Vlixes;
But he 3aff not ther-of an hawe,
For he him held with swerd y-drawe.

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With grete envy & grete raundone
For alle the men and al the pres
With his swerd he smot Vlixes;
But he 3aff not ther-of an hawe,
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With grete envy & grete raundone
For alle the men and al the pres
With his swerd he smot Vlixes;
But he 3aff not ther-of an hawe,
For he him held with swerd y-drawe.

Menescene dashes Antenor to the ground.

The noble vaylaunt Menescene
Smot Antenor—and that was sene,—
He 3aff him suche a romelowe,
That he wente ouer his sadil-bowe;

1 MS. Aue.
Agamemnon is wounded. Gryme Gwynel, Priam's Bastard, is slain.

Hic Archilocus interfecit Gryme Gwynel.

He layde him as brod & flat [lf. 207.]
As is-a pike when he is splat.

Then come ridande Philomene,
A doghti kyng, a knyght Troyene:
Agamenon he assayled
That the blod of him doun rayled.
Philomene, of so gret myght,
Wolde ful euel haue him dyght,—
But that him come socour sone,
I trowe his dayes hadde ben done.

But Thelameus to him toke hede
And saw that he of help hadde nede,
He toke a spere that was stalworthe,
And turned his hors & rod forthe:
To Agamenon he him hyed
And smot Philomene that he doun syed
Fro his hors for his labour,
For he wolde for to her Emperour.

Strong was the stour, perelous, & fel;
Ther was a knyqt, het Gryme Gwynel,
He was on of Priamus sones—
As I fynde In thes Canones—
That he hadde geten In his purchase,
In his murthe & his solace.
Duk Nestor hadde a sone also,
A doghti knyght, Archilogo;
Thei mette to-geder, he & Gryme,—
A gret vn-hap! a foule fortune!

Archilocus bare sir Gryme thorowre,
And lefft him ded In a forwe.
The Troyens made gret del ther-fore,
Ther died for him mo thenne foure score;
For when that tale to Troyle was told,
He my3t not for him fro wepyng hold,
The Greeks are driven back to their Tents by Troylus.

For he loued him with al his myght  [If. 207, bk.] 14041
For that he was so doghti a knyght.
Troylus eyen be-gan to slyse,
The Gregeis sone he gan dispysse:
Many for him he be-hedit,
Echon fro other he sone schedit;
Thei fled echon sir Troylus fro,
They made him way & lете him go;
He droff hem faste ouer doune & dale,
Among hem wroght he suche bale.

Troylus avenges Gryme's death,
and drives the Greeks back.

Even the Myrmidons, who come to their rescue,
are badly beaten and wounded.

They flee,
till they come to their tents;
but Troylus slays many in their flight.

11 Thei were ney dreven to her Paynlons,
Ne hadde thanne comen the Murondons;
But the[i] styffly aȝeyn him stode,
But Troylus ferd as he were wode:
Whan he saw hem aȝeyn him stande,
He rod to hem faste manassande;
Vpon her hedes sette he suche dyntes,
The fyr fley out as it were of fflyntes.

He was so sore with hem greued,
That many an hed he ther to-cleued,
Here scheldes fro her scho[1]dres racched;
Ful many a Gregeis he ther atacched,
He bete hem so and so defouled,
That thei with blod were al be-stouled,
As thei were paynt with rede coloures;
He made hem like tormentoures,
Thei toke of him many a cloute,
Tho with al the haste that thei moute

They turned the bak and fro him ȝede,—
On rounsi prékand, and on stede,—
Til thei were comen to her hales,
To saue her lyff ther In her sales.
But Troyle & his afftir hem sted,
Thei sclow many of hem that fled;
The Greeks are attacked in their Camp. Achilles hears the Noise.

The Greeks are driven towards their tents, but there they gather, and defend their camp. However, the Trojans dismount, and slay many Greeks.

The Greeks are driven towards their tents, but there they gather, and defend their camp. However, the Trojans dismount, and slay many Greeks.

To her tentis he hem droff. [lf. 208.] The Greeks are driven towards their tents, but there they gather, and defend their camp. However, the Trojans dismount.

But ther turned thei a·zeyn & stroff, and they flee into their tents.

For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wynne, and they flee into their tents.

But thei wolde not that thei come Inne: the clamour and noise of the Greeks slaughtered in their camp is so loud that Achilles hears it;

Hie fugerunt ad tentorias suas. some fugitives tell him the sad news.

To her tentis he hem droff. Achilles was ther·of a·wondrid

[lf. 208.] 14075 The Greeks are driven towards their tents,

But ther turned thei a·zeyn & stroff, and they flee into their tents.

For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wynne, and they flee into their tents.

But thei wolde not that thei come Inne:

Thei gadered alle vpon a route,

To holde the Troyens tho with·oute;

But Troyens doun of her hors lyght,

And than be·gan the perilous fyght:

For Troyens be·gan foule to fare;

Than by·gan Gregeis kare,

The Troyens felde hem In her dike;

Tho by·gan thei sore to sike;

Her my3t was nou3t a·zeyn Troiens.

Troylus then, & Philomens,

And kyng Mennon made thanne entre

And made hem fro her men to fle;

Thei flowe alle In·to her tentis,

Many of the Gregeis her deth hentes:

Hei made of hem gret tormentry,

Ther was an hidous noyse & cry,

Thei sclow hem In her pauylons;

Wel delful was of hem the sounes,

So wonderful and meruelous

That hit was dreadful & hidous:

Hit ferde as hit hadde thondrid,

Achilles was ther·of a·wondrid

Off wham he herde that delful cry,

He saw men come prikande him by

That flede fro that scomfiture,

Makynge sorwe with·oute mesure.

Thei seyde: "alas that thei come thore,

For thei were lorn for euere·more!"

With·ou·te his tent smartly ster·te he,

To se what dele that myght be.
Achilles was greatly meruayed [I. 208, bk.]

What hem of Greece ayled.
He asked hem: "whi thei so ferde?"
And what was the noyse that he herde?"—
'How dosoure kynges, and our Gregeis?'
How bere thei hem a-3eyn the Frigais?'
Louely lord'—sayde thei that fledde—
'We are so hurt and so for-bledde,
That we Are alle of nompower
A3eyn hem to fyght any lenger.
Iff 3e wol off vs tydandis here,
Carful tydandes may 3e lere;
Herkenes now of oure tythandes!
Sicurly, lord, now vndirstandes:
3e schal neuere on lyue se Gryffons,
Ne non of alle 3oure Murimdons.
We telle 3ow, lord, that thei of Grece
Schal sone be hewen al to pece,
For thei are alle discomfit
And alle haue taken the flyt;
Thei are alle fled In-to her tentis,
Ther many of hem the dethe hentis.
Thei defended here entres,
But thei felde down bothe cordes & tres,
And sclow our Gregeis cruelly,
Woundes & stikes with-oute mercy.
Hem fayles now the grete socour,
And this is, lord, the grete clamour
Off hem that dye, that grysly bray,—
That 3e haue herd and 3it may.
Thei schal alle dye, er that thei sese;
And 3e that wene to stonde In pese,
3e schal se sone on 3ow comande
Mo then sfyue & sfyffty thousande

Off Armed men
Achilles flies into a Rage, when he hears the Fugitives' Story.

Hic Achilles Iratus est.

Off armed men & armed kny3tes [If. 209.] 14143 who have already slain 10,000 Myrmidons.
That haue sclayn 3oure men now rightes,— 14144
For thei haue slayn of 3oure gode men,
Er we come thedir, thousands ten,

And yet to sce thei not be-lyn;—
And iff thai fynde the her-In
In 3oure tent naked stondande,
Thei,leue the not on lyue lyuande ;
For al the gold of hethen Spayne
Leue 3e not here vnsclayne,
For thei hate 3ow ouer alle thyng.
For Ector deth—by heuene kyng!—
That were, lord, her herte wil,
Might thei, lord, thi body spil.'

Achilles chaunged al his mode,
He loked aboute as he were wode
When he herde this tydynges :
He clapped his hondes, and alle his rynges
Sicurly In-sonder brast ;
To and fro his armes he cast,
As he hadde ben a wod man ;
Wel harde to swete he be-gan.

Achilles seyde on that wolde
To him that these tydandes tolde :
'Is oujt Troyle In that place,
That makes our men thus to chase?'
He sayde: 'lord, ther he is,
And alle our men he dos amys ;
For his wodnesse & his deryay
Alle our men ben fled a-way ;

For he is so strong In his myght,
Ther may non a-byde him In fight.'

'Alas!' he seyde, 'that euere Moder me bar !
Whi ne were I right now thar ?

When they come and see you standing naked and unarmed in your tent, they will immediately kill you,
as they hate you more than anybody for Hector's death.'

Achilles looks around as if he were mad,
and behaves like a lunatic;

he asks if Troylus is among the Trojans;
they answer 'yes.'

'Alas!' says he, 'that ever mother bore me!'
Achilles in a Fury rushes forth to Battle.

Hic Achilles Iratus est.

Alas! that for a woman's love I let my enemies murder my kinsmen.

He grows so angry, that he forgets Pollexena and his promises given to the queen, has his armour and his steed brought to him, and rushes away. Like a madman he rides forth.

Achilles rides as a man mad,

For his men was he not glad;

He myght that tene no lenger thole,

He brende In yre as any cole;

When he herde hem so grysly grone,

For hem he made moche mone:

As lyouz rampyng forth he went,

Wel Armed, out of his tent,

To socoure his men and helpe his Danes.

When he hem mette a-mong the Troyanes,

He sclow hem faste as a tyraunt,

Many a man made he criaunt;

He slees & felles al that he metes,

Thei falle thikkere than heryg fletes

In-myddes the se In here scole.

Alle men, thei knewe by his tole:

His sword was other halff fote brode;

Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode.

Thei knewe him that smot so sore,

Achilles in a Fury rushes forth to Battle.

Alas! that euere me Moder bounde  [lf. 209, bk.] 14177

Or euere In 1 cradel me be-wounde!

That I scholde for a wommanes sake

Let my enemys suche murther make

Off my Men and of my kyn,

And do ther-of no medicyn!

He was so ful 2 of tene & ire

That he bad fecche his atire;

He for-jate ther Polexene

And al that he be-het the qwene.

His stede was sone j3-dight

With clene harneis & bridel bryght,

He lepe vp anon vpon his stede

And sprang forth as spark of glede.

He slays many Trojans;

 Alle men, thei knewe by his tole:

His sword was other halff fote brode;

Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode.

Thei knewe him that smot so sore,

Achilles in a Fury rushes forth to Battle.

1 MS. Or euere me In.  2 MS. sul.  3 MS. 1.
Achilles slays many Trojans; Troylius sees him and attacks him. 419

Hic Achilles pugnauit cum Troianis.

Whan thei saw that he cam. [If. 210.] 14211
Off hem made he gret Marterdam : 14212
Euery forow Achilles filled,
With dede bodies the erthe he hilled
That he hadde sclayn In that stour,
Sithe he was comen, In litel hour. 14216

Ther was kyng ne knyzt so gode,
That thei ne fled as thei were wode;
His noble sword, his bryght bronde,
Was blody down to his honde 14220
For men that he hadde ther sclawe,
Off many a knyght broght he of dawe.
He sferde as it were a devuel of helle,
Lord! the peple that he gan qwelle! 14224
Thei flow tho sfo her tent & hale,
In the diches thei hadde mochel bale.
The Murimdones come anon,
Now many Troyen to dethe gon ; 14228
Thei sorwed & cried as thei were wode,
Many walwes In his blode.

The Gregeis tho were glad & blythe
And thanked her goddis offte sythe, 14232
That he was comen to that batayl.
Troylus then gan him meruayl:
"What devuel In helle hit myzt be
That made the Troyens so to fle?"
14236
By his swerd he him ches,
He wiste ther-by hit was Achilles
That made his Troyens so to fle;
Wod & wrothe thanne gan he be, 14240
Durste no man aske whi he were wroth,
When he bare armes aȝeyn his oth.

As a lyouz rores, to him he cried,
With hardy herte he him defied: 27 ij 14244

27—2
Troylus and Achilles unhorse each other; Troylus is rescued.

Hic Achilles victoratus est.

'Go to hell!' says Troylus to Achilles;

false traitor, have you not broken your oath? Defend yourself!

He rides towards him;

Achilles, in a fury because of his insolent words,

Threw his glove to him.

They meet,

Cleave their shields with their spears, wound and unhorse each other.

Achilles rises,

but Troylus is taken off by his Trojans.

'In helle'—say he—'not thow be loken! [If. 210, bk.]

Hastow now thin owne othe broken?

Thow hast euere ben a fals faytour, A losenger, a fals traytour!

Were the fro me, I the defy,

For if I may, thow schalt a-by!

He let his stede to him flyng

Als harde as he myght slyng;

And he to him with al his myght,

For he at him hadde gret dispit

For his wordes & his reueri

Bothe of falsnes & losengeri That he on him bare; that he wolde proue:

And ther-to he profered forth his gloue.

Him hadde leuere than al that I can telle,

That he myght Troyle qwelle.

Strong & stiff & hardi bothe

Were the knyghtes that were wrothe:

Eyther on other her speres poyned, Wel hard to-geder tho thei Ioyned,

Her scheldis roff, here speres brast,

The knyghtes bothe to grounde were cast,

That nother of hem with-oute wounde

Thei myght not rise nother hol ne sounde.

Achilles for-sothe was euel hurt,

Vpon his feet wel sone he sturt

And drow his swerd as man of myght, And wolde haue sclawe that gentil knyght.

But alle the Troyens on an hepe

By-fore him than wel sone gan lepe, And doghti Troyle so thei defende

That Achilles myght not come him hende, And ladde him home out of that place.

Tho was it tyme to leue the chace,
For hit was al atte nyght,
And thei were weri of that fyght,
That hem lust to take her rest;
For that were thanne alther best.
Achilles gan faste hamward gange;
Many day afftir & lange
Lay he seke In his bed;
Off his wounde was he sore dred,
For hit greued him so sore,
He thoght to venge him eft ther-fore.

The Troyens thanne to 1 Troye 3ede alle
And Troylus to his fader halle,
He tolde him of the deth of Brunes;
Then were mad hidus tuynes
Off many a gentil damysel
For the deth of Gryme Gwynel.
He tolde him also of the Iornay:
"How thei hadde foujten to-gedur that day,
And how Gregeis were discomfith
And foule put to the flyt;
And how thei felde her Pauylons,
And scholde haue sclayn alle the Gryffons

Er euen-tyde at his hopynge,
Hadde thei no socoryng
Off doghti sir Achilles,
That foule ferde among her pres;" —
'That Ilke knyght him-sellf alone
Maked oure men to fle echone
For any thyng that we coude do,
And made vs lese oure worschepe so.'

When Priamus herde these tydandis—
That Achilles a3eyn couenandis
That he hadde made & hem be-het
At that 2 Iorne hem hadde let

1 MS. of. 2 MS. And at that. Cf. l. 14313 & note.
And at that 1 semblie scayn his folk,—[lf. 211, bk.] 14313

Priamus scolds Hector for having given in to Achilles.

he grows very sad,

His herte for tene be-gan to bokl;

Off tho tyhandes was he not payde,

His wiff ful foule he myssayde:

'Oh, that I had believed your words!' he says.

1 This false traitor has deceived us;

For my doghter vnto him lyked;

He dede it certes for ourle ille,

For he of here wolde haue his wille

And holde hir In lecherie

With his seley3t & trecherie,

And do vs alle a foule repuere

As a fals for-sworen theffe.

2 This false 2 traytour has vs by-swyked,

For my doghter vnto him lyked;

He dede it certes for ourle ille,

For he of here wolde haue his wille

And holde hir In lecherie

With his seley3t & trecherie,

And do vs alle a foule repuere

As a fals for-sworen theffe.

3 And that semes by his falshede:

For 3 now he may not of hir spede

At his wille by his dissayte;

He be-thenkes him now ful strayte,

How he may best schende me & myne;

That myght thow se with thin eyne.

And elles hadde he holde couenaunt,—

But he is fals & euel thynkand

And doth alle thyng with gylyere,

With no manhed ne chualrie.'

Hectuba was sore aschamed

Off here lord that sche was blamed,

Hir Angred sore that euere spake sche

Ther-of wordes two or thre;

Sche cursed offte his wickednesse,

His gylyrie and his falsnesse.

And that mayden Pollexene

Ther-of was offte blo & grene,

1 MS. At that. Cf. l. 14312 & note. 2 MS. sals. 3 MS. for.
Hit Angerd hir sore & displeased, [If. 212.]  
Whan that hir loue hade so spysed  
That he be-het hir moder & here;  
Gret othes he made & by god swere,  
That he ne scholde helpe Gregeis more  
The while that thei dwelled thore.  

Pollexena, too, is very angry that her lover broke his promise,  
as she would have liked marriage much.  
The Trojans take supper, go to bed, and swear that he shall never marry her.  
Next morning the Greeks arm themselves; Achilles stays in bed because of his wounds.  
The Trojans rise up, take their arms, and saddle their horses.  
They ride out of the town.

Sche chaunged chere & eke corage,  
For sche wolde fayn the mariage.  
The kyng & quene were euel lykyng  
For that dede,—by heuene kyng!  
Thei sette trestles & layde bordes  
With litel loye of any wordes;  
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to bedde,  
Thei swor he scholde hir neuere wedde.

The Gregeis hem Armed, when it was day;  
Saue Achilles In his bed lay,  
For his woundes he myjt not ryse  
For alle the gode In that emprise.  
When Troyens herde the waytes horn,  
Thei ros vp erly on the morn;

Eche man thanne his armes craues,  
Thei bad her 3omen and her knaues  
Dight her hors & sadel hem faste.  
The 2 sadeles on hem sone were caste  
With double gerth as thei most nede,  
To make hem strong thei toke hede;  
Many a stede broght thei forthe  
That gret tresour & mechel were worthe;

Her helmes were on her ventayles sperde.  
Thei lepe vp & forward ferde  
With-oute the toun vpon a renge.  
By dere god! hit was elenge  
Eche a day se hem so fare,  
How echon other al to-tare!

1 MS. hade him so.  
2 MS. Thei.
The fresh Battle lasts seven Days.

Hic ibant ad predium & pugnauerunt vijèm dies. 
Whentheni were met, ther was no laughter, [lf. 212, bk.] But moche wo & gret slaughter.

The Trojans array their battalions.

The Greeks send their vanguard before, and come themselves behind.

A great battle is fought.

But I cannot relate all their deeds, as I should never come to an end.

They fight seven days, until they are worn out, and the field is covered with dead bodies.

The Trojans had take the Champayn, Thei are batayled In-myddis the playn.

And thei of Grece when thei beheld

How thei of Troy hadde taken the feld, Thei sente to hem her vanwarde With brode baneres & hye standarde;

And thei come afftir with many a knyght, With kynges & dukes of moche myȝt, With many a louely fair pensel Off gold, of Inde, of fair sandel.

Thei ran to-gedir, when thei a-proched, Euery man thorow-out other broched; With speres, swerdes, & knyues

Echon 1 other al to-ryues.

But I may not her dedis alle sigge, Therfore mote I my boke a-bregge;

For to telle al that thei did there 2 Til ende scholde I com nere.

But vij. dayes fro thei be-gan, Thei faȝt to-geder & neuere blan, Til thei myȝt for wery no more,— Her bodyes & bones were so sore, And alle her bones ful sore aked, And thei were wery & for-waked;

And al the feld was be-sprad With dede bodyes,—who myght be glad?

Off bothe parties were many dede, The nombre of hem coude I not rede.

Seuër dayes faȝt thei to-gedre, And al that while was mury wedre.

For whan thei hadde fouȝten vij. dayes

With-oute rest to-gedur al-weyes,

1 MS. Echon on. 2 MS. thore.
Hic Greci miserunt nuncios suos ad Troianum.

Agamenon thenne essayed,

Wh[er]e that fight my3t be delayed,

Vntil Achilles couered wore

Off his sekenesse & of his sore ;

For th[e]i were not at no defence,

But he were ther In presence.

He sente to Troye his messageres,

That were wel gode latymeres,

That coude were say her Message

And vndirstande many langage.

He bad hem wende to Priamus,

To Paris, & to gode Troylus,

And pray hem for her goddis sake:

"Be-twene vs a trewe to make

A six monethe & no day wane,—

For dede men are oure alther bane,

We may for hem be lyghtly schent,

But if thei be the sonner brent.

3eue vs leue her bodies brenne,

And hele the while oure seke menne,—

And thei may haue the same merit

Thorow the trewe & this respit."

He gode kyng Vlixes,

And his felawe Diomedes,

To do this erande thei ben chased :

Thei did on robes wel a-losed

And furred wel with riche Ermyn,

As kynges that were of gentil kyn ;

Thei were richly apparyled

With riche gerdeles wel Anamayled,

Thei drow riche hodes of ther pile

That alle were sewed with riche orivile ;

Thei wente to Troye In gode aray,—

How richeli dyght, can I not say.

1 o altered from e.
The Messengers are introduced to Priamus and say their Message.

When thei of Troye sei hem come naked, [If. 213, bk.] 14449
Thei hoped a trewe scholde be maked
Be-twene hem and Grece kyng;
are glad,
and open the

and are wel-

and are wel-

Ulizes

speaks the

message:

Agamemnon

asks for a

truce,

as we have

fought so long,

and scarcely

any of us is

unwounded.

The Trojans, on seeing them arrive unarmed, are glad, and open the gate.

The messengers go into the palace, greet the king, and are welcomed by him.

Ulixes

Byefore the kyng a gode thrawe
Stode spekand & told her tale
Be-fore the Troyens In that sale;
He seyse: 'sir, and zoure wille were,
Herkenes now vnto me here!
And I schal telle, sir kyng, to 3ow
Whi we are comen hidur now:

'Agamenoue, oure Emperour,
That is oure a[1]ther gouernour,
Bad vs two hedur go
To 3ow, sir kyng, with-outen mo
To aske a trewe, if 3e assent
With 3oure consail & parlement.
It is long tyme sithen we vs rest,
Off medecyne haue we mechel brest;

We haue fouȝten dayes many,
That vnnenes of vs is any
That we [n]are wounded or vnhesed,
Strongly hurt or envysed,
Priamus asks his Councillors if they will grant the Truce.

"Hic pecierunt pacem per vi. Menses.

Or bitterly beten with bitter strokes; [lf. 214.] We wolde ther-fore haue help of leches To hele oure woundes, er we saust efft. We may wilne that it were lefft, Til we be hole—he bad vs say,— A six moneth euyer day.

He wolde the trewe were be-twene vs fest, Til we were heled In the best, And ye youre-self to reste haue nede To hele youre sores—so god me spede! For I trowe ye haue som part— Off spere or sword or of dart— Off som brysure or som wounde, ye are not al hol ne sounde. I wil thersore 3ow not fode, We mot be-twene vs bere euene lode:

If ye the trewe assente to,

Ye may hele 30w, and we also.'

Priamus seyde: 'iff my consayle These couenandes wil entayle, I schal acorde to here lugement By gode a-surte and sacrament.'

He wente fro hem out of that halie And called his men abouten him alle.

He seide: 'lordynges, ye ben alle here, ye are of my counseyl al plenere, And ye haue herd what these men aske. Telles me now sone In haste:

Hope ye hit beoure profite To take suche trewe & respite?

What schal I say to thes lordynges, These Messageres, these riche kynges? Wol ye the trewe? what is your wit?

Are ye were avised 3it?"

1 MS. he.
The Truce is granted; the Greek Messengers return to their Camp.

Avise 3ow wel, ar 3e hem graunt, [If. 214, bk.] 14517
That 3e be not affir repentaunt.
Thei sayde alle: 'sir, we be a-vysed:
Thei haue the trewe wel devysed,
We graunte the trewes a3eyns vs.'
'And I for me'—sayde Priamus.

The Trojan counsellors assent to the truce.

Priamus returns to the hall,
and tells the Greeks that he and his barons grant the truce.

He bids them safely return,
for he and his should keep their oath well,
and so should the Greeks.

Diomedes and Ulixes swear to do so,
and take leave.

They return very glad to the camp.

Ow ride these kynges murily,
To-gedir rydande Ioyfully;
Thei are ful fayn that thei haue sped,
Off no-thyng now are thei adrad.
Vnto her tentis are thei reden;
Thei haue ther not lunge abyden,
Thei hied hem to her Emperour,
Ther he sat vndir his couertour.
In his teldis thei him fond, [lf. 215.]  
Thei seyde: “thei hadde ben on his sond,  
And that thei hadde wele done his nedis.”  
And [he] hem blessed for her dedis;  
He asked: “whether thei treweus hadde  
A six monethe, as he hem badde?”  
And thei sayde: “ye, sir, sicurly!  
Thei schal be holden treuly

The Greeks are very glad. Achilles and they heal their Wound.

Diomedes and Ulixes go to Agamemnon, and tell him the news, that the truce is granted for half a year.

The Greeks are very glad at this message;

The Greeks are very glad at this message;

They heal their wounds, re-store their tents, and procure new victuals.

Achilles is nursed by many lords; he menaces Troylus.

1 MS. thruthis.
The Greeks heal their Wounds; Achilles especially is well nursed.

He wolde not lette for al Fraunce [lf. 215, bk.] 14585
But he tok of him vengance.”

Thei sayde: “that Troyens were dissayued,
And that thei were not persayued 14588
To graunte the trewes when thei it asked,
For thei scholde now be euel a-tasted,
Thei graunt the trewes In the dismole.

For were it so that he were hole,
He scholde scle Troyle and alle thos other,
As he hadde done Ector, his brother.”

W Ele was hem thei scholde soiorne,
It was for hem a noble turne:

They gather grasses, make plasters and salves, and heal their wounds;

and will be all slain, after Achilles is recovered.

They play at chess, eat and drink, and tell fables.

All the surgeons of the whole army

take care of Achilles;

they nurse him well,

and restore him to good health,

before the truce ends.

Theyi gadered grasses on eche halue,
And made plastres & eke salue,
Thei dyght here woundes that sore gored.

Off mete & drynke thei ben wel stored,
Thei played at the cheesse & tables,
And etc & drank and tolde fables.

And alle the leches that crafftly were

In al the ost that tyme there,

Alle that coude of surgerye,
Off Plasteres and of herberye,—

Hadde Achilles In that cure

To hele his woundes & his visure:
Thei 3aff to him wel gode kepyng
To brynge him to his right slepyng,
Thei made him drynkes of gode licour

And broght a-3eyn his fair colour;

Thei 3aff him drynke many skyns,
And heled him vp with medycyns,
That he was hole, stalworthe, & fere
In his strenglethe & playn power,

Er euere the trewes come fully out.

Then were the Gregeis bolde & stout,
Achilles recovers. A new Battle is being prepared.

Hic Troiani ordinauerunt magnum Bellum.

When he was hole & 3ede on fete.  
For tene his herte wex grete,  
That Troyle did him the vilony;  
He hadde to him gret envy,  
He swore by god that dwelled In heuene  
He scholde him scle for odde or euene.

Achilles is hol & clene In myjt,  
Bold and strong, semely In syjt,  
For he is hol In flesch & fel,  
And as hole as any pykerel.

Hit drawes faste vnto that day,  
That thei most nede leue her play  
And bygynne a3eyn the werre,  
For no man may ther-fro hem sterre;  
Vntil that on for ay & euere.

The truce nears its end.

Every man ordeynes now his gere,  
Sadel, & bridel, & stavlythe spere,  
Fresche atyre, wel gode newe helmes,  
And made hem gode staues of oke & elmes  
Ful of warres and of knottis,  
Piked staues with heuy bottis.

Achilles thinkes day & nyghtis,  
How he may sle dou3ti kny3tis;  
He nolde it lette for non aun3t  
That any man him 3eue maust.

When the trewe was alle gone,  
And th[e]i were heled euerychone,  
And day was comen thei scholde fyght,  
And thei were rysen & redy dight,—

Eche man In his armure  
On gode stedis, be 3e sure!—  
The Troyens ride to Ilyon;  
Kyng Philomene & Mennon,
Troylus arranges his Battalions; they advance towards the Greeks.

The Trojans are waiting in Ilion for the orders of Troylus, how he may array them.

Troylus is very careful in arranging his troops well, and sends them out with all good wishes. The gate 'Dardanides' is opened; they go out, and ride towards the Greek lists.

They wait till the Greeks come out.

Troylus now rides and his Troyanes With his burgis & Cite3aynes Out off Troye—alas the wo! For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.

Odeman & Eueas, Antenor and Palamydas, And eche a lord 3ede with his ost; And alle men houed then a-cost

"How he here batayles wolde devise, In what manere and what wyse; Ho schal haue the vaunwarde, Who the myddel, and ho the rerewarde?"

So were thei redi In that mornyng, Al redi dyght by sone rysyng.

D Oghti Troyle faste him payned That thei were wel ordeyned; When thei were ordeyned wele & clene, He bad hem go forth al be-dene, Euer lord with his Eschele, And come a3eyn with Ioye & hele. The 3ate was than vndone & opone That we by-fore hadde of y-spoken, That 3ate was cleped Dardanydes:

Ther was of kny5tes mechel pres, At the 3ates thei outward issed, As doughti Troyle hem hadde wissed; Thei ride to-gedir vpon a rase Toward Gregeis a gode pase, Til thei were comen nye here lystes. Thei houed stille at here tristes, Til thei se Gregeis oute comande With brode baneres a-boute wayvande.

Out off Troye—alas the wo!

For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.
Alas Troye! what is thi grace?  [If. 217.] 14687
To the fel neuere gode trace,
To the fel neuere gode chaunce,
Ne non of alle thi retenaunce!
Thow thow be gay & glorious,
Thow were euere\(^1\) on-gracious!
Off thow hede of Cites were,
Blysful hap to the fel neuere!
For better men were euere lyuand,
Than were that tyme to the longand;
And hit was it here alther schap,
That thei died alle by myshap.

Ther-fore I trowe In my thought:
A3ens godis wille so were thei\(^2\) wroght.
Hadde destyne ben Ector frende,
Or doghti Troylus that was so hende,
The Gregeis nad not hem sclayn;
But destene turned hem a3eyn,
Destyne was here enemy
And sclow hem bothe vnhappily.
And also died alle that other kynde
Off gode men that were In mynde.

The Gregeis saw the Troiens come
Out of Troye alle on a throme,
Armed wel In her maneres,
With faire penseles & brode baneres.
The wannward than to hem thei sende,
The Middelward\(^3\) come afterhende\(^4\),
The rerwarde dwelled lange.
But when Achilles scholde out gange,
He gart his men vnto him calle;
And when thei stode aboute him alle,
He sayde to hem with glad chere:
'\text{Je ar my frendes leue & dere,}' \[28\ [j]\ 14720

\(^1\) Some letters erased between \text{were} and euere.
\(^2\) MS. \text{we.}
\(^3\) MS. Mildelward.
\(^4\) MS. asterhende.
Hic ibant ad predium.

Achilles bides his Men surround him and Troylus when they fight.

Achilles says to his soldiers:
'I know your faithfulness.

Now for my loue I sow be-seke:
To my sawe 3e zene good tent,
And beth to me obedient.

Ye know how Troylus wounded and unhorsed me the other day.

Help me now to take revenge for it on that boy!

Don't care for any king or knight,

but only to get at Troylus.

And when you see him, surround him very closely,

that his men may not help him,

and let me fight with him alone.

Hie ibant ad predium.

I wot wel 3e loue me mechel [If. 217, bk.] 14721
With trewe herte & no-thyng fikel, And to do my byddynge are 3e meke;
Now for my loue I sow be-seke: To my sawe 3e zene good tent,
And beth to me obedient.

Ye wot wel what affray I toke of Troyle that other day,
Wiche an harm and a wounde;
And how I fel upon the grounde;
Bode I neuere scuche a dispit.

Help me now to take revenge for it on that boy!

Don't care for any king or knight,

but only to get at Troylus.

And when you see him, surround him very closely,

that his men may not help him,

and let me fight with him alone.

When 3e thedir comen are

And 3e of him may be ware,
Be-closes him al a-boute
That he fro 3ow go not oute,
And stondis a-boute him on a throme
That non of his may to him come
Him to defende fro myn hond.
Ful stille a-boute 3it 3e stond,
And lete vs two oure myght schewe;
And I schal that boy al to-hewe.
But loke that no man to vs come,
That fro my hand that he be nome;

1 MS. knytt, but the scribe has tried to alter the first t to ʒ.
The Battle begins. Troylus slays many Greeks.

![Image](https://example.com/image1.png)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I'll take revenge on that boy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>And I pray you to do as I tell you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Achilles weeps.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>A fierce battle begins:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Every man on other is runnen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>spears are broken, few words are spoken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Troylus rushes against the Greeks, with many knights;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>all he meets he kills.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

The stoure is styff & strong be-gonnen,

Every man on other is runnen,

Thei haue her speres brosten & broken,

Ful fiewe wordes ther were spoken;

At that tyme were many kastoune

A-yeyn the grounde that al to-brastoune,

Ther died many at that torpel.

But then come Troyle, y-armed wel,

With mechel peple of Armed knȳtes

Come he thedir at that ri̊tes;

With scheld enbrased & spere enbossed

A-mong the Gregeis he ran & pressed:

That he to ran, dethe was his dome;

Wel euel was he thedir wel-come.

When Troyle hadde broken his spere,

He toke his swerd that wel coude schere,

It was trenchaund & wel poynted,

With Gregeis blod it was anoynted
Achilles, on seeing so many Greeks slain, bids his Men to the Rescue.

Fro the poynt to the hilte,                      [I. 218, bk.] 14789
Ful many Gregeis hadde it spilte.
He rased scheldes ffoe here neckes,
He teres the mayles as it were sekkes,
He bare hem doun to grounde al fflat,
He 3aff hem man y a sorri squat;
He droff doun alle that come him by,
As doth bestes that ben hungry.
Thei were noght to him worth a schelle,
He blan newere to scle & felle
Fro he come thedir to the mydday,
That thei fro him fled a-way;
Thei fled echon by on red,
And elles thei hadde ben alle ded.

H It was a litel be-fore the none,
   A-boute mydday, that this was done
   That thei of Grece ffoe Troyle fled,
So were thei of his strokes dred.
But Achilles ne none of hese
Were comen not to that purprese;
But when he herde hem criande,
He loked & sey hem fleande,
He saw hem fée ffoe that purprise,
He bad his men be war & wyse.
He was y-armed at alle rightes,
Strong & hole In alle his myghtes;
He tok his swerd that was so gode,
Hit wolde bite as it were wode,
Ther was none suche hard ne towe;
Many a Troyen ther-with he sclowe.
He bad his men: "so mote thei thee"—
'Socoures now hem that now dothe fée!'
Helpis now, for thei hau ne de!
Achilles than to hem 3ede,

1 MS. sīgwat.
The Myrmidons drive the Trojans back, and surround Troylus.

1 He bad his men thenk on his spellis [lf. 219.] 14823
And attende to [no] man ellis; 14824
And thei bad him be not abayst,—
"But on him he scholde tryst."
He passed forth with his meyne
And socoured hem that he saw fle,
Thei mette the Troyens In her wyse
Thei bare hem doun at the burdise.

1 Achilles and his Murimdones
Socoured alle her Gryffones ; 14832
For by her help and her comyng
Thei were tho lettid In her chasyng,
And Gregis keuered a-3eyn the feld
And made good visage with spere & scheld 14836
To her enemys ful boldely
And faźt with hem apertly 1.

Gregais turned and gete the place,
For Troyens were let of here chace. 14840
The Murimdones for-3ete no-thyng
What was her lorde faire praying :
Among Troyens bothe ner & fer
Thei loked aboute In euery corner 14844
Off that batayle afftir sir Troyle,
Iff thei saw owqher that knyẓt royle.
So were Thei war where he stode
Scleande Gregeis as he were wode :

He was that tyme hi[m]-selff alone,
Off hyse that tyme with him were none;
Him foste flyghtand alone thei founde
Opon the Gregais In that stounde. 14852
Thanne wente aboute him alle that frape,
That he myʒt no-wayes skape,
And made a scheltrone him aboute
And spered him fro alle his route.

1 t very indistinctly inserted over line.
Fight between Achilles and Troylus; Troylus is sorely wounded.

Achilles is glad when he sees Troylus surrounded; he insults him.

They draw their swords and wound each other.

Achilles hews Troylus's helmet off his head, and throws down his shield.

Troylus defends himself bravely; but Achilles is stronger, and nobody can help Troylus;

he grows weary and falls from his horse.

Achilles draws his sword,
Achilles has sir Troylus slain,
And ther-of he is wonder fayn;
Michel schame & vlyony
Did he tho that dede body:
He tyed his body at his hors tayl
And drow him tho therow the batayl.

When it was told sir Palidomas, Antenor, & sir Eueas,—
When thei saw how he him drow,
Thei ran on the Grues alle on a res
To reue sir Troyles ffro Achilles.
But thei of Grece so with-stode
With egre wil & sturdy mode,
That thei myght not the Gregeis twyn
Ne that body fro hem wyn.

A wonder stoure and a cruel
Be-gan thei thanne & a mortel,
For alle the Troyens ther-aboute
Gadered hem vpon a route,
The ded body fro him to reue;
But Gregeis wolde it not leue.

\[ MS. drow. \]
\[ idomas written by another hand on erasure. \]
Achilles cleues alle her bones, [lf. 220, bk.] 14925

For sorwe thei crye & bitterly grones.

But when Mennon, that noble kyng,

Off Troyle herde this tydying,

When he wyste that he was sclayn

And thorow that ost so foule drawyn,—

An hundrid sithe he seyde ‘alas!’

So was him wo that he ded was:

“Alas!”—seyde he that tyme & tyde—

“That euere scholde he that day a-byde

To se so noble a doghti knyght

Be so distroyed & foule dyght!’

With sore herte thorow alle that prese

Cried Mennon to Achilles,

‘Traitor, I defy thee! How couldst thou bind to thy horse’s tail and drag through the brooks such a good and gentle knight? Beware! Thou shalt not drag him any farther!’

Achilles is furious that Mennon so despises him,

and smites him with all his might.

Mennon smites him too,

When King Mennon hears this news,

he bewails the death of Troylus,

and presses to Achilles; he insults him:

When he was comyn to him neye;

He sayde: ‘traytour, I the defye!

To thi' hors tayl that knyght to bynde,

In thi foule herte how myght thow fynde?

And drawe him thorow bekke & broke

That gentil knyjt that thow so tok,

That was so gode of vasselage',

Off douztines & of corage!

Ware the, traytour, now for me!

By him that made leff on tre:

Thow schalt him no further drawe

With-oute harm for loue ne awe!

L Ord, that Achilles was wode!

That alle tho chaunged his blode!

That he sette him so at noght,

He thoght it scholde be dere a-boght;

He smot tho kyng Mennon a-3eyn

With al his power & his mayn,

And kyng Mennon to him with that;

But Achilles In his sadel sat.

1 MS. his. 2 MS. basselage.
Mennon is unhorsed by Achilles. Night ends the Battle.

But thorow his scheld & Aketoun
He smot Achilles In that raundoun;

Achilles was sore aschamed
And of that dede foule a-gramed,
Open his swerp his hond he layde
And swere by ote and seyde:
"That he scholde doun for leue or lothe!"
And therto Achilles swor his ote.

Achilles smot that knyjt sore,
That he fel doun of his hors thore
Opon the grounde In a ded swone,
And of his hors he fel a-doune.
The Troyens than fro him wan;
But hit ther died many a man
With dynt of sword In that batayle,
Thei suffred ther ful mechel traualye.

The while thei were at this fight,
The Troyens with strengthe & myght
Troylus body a-way thei stale
As faste as thei myght hale,
Til it was stolen out of that ost,
Vndir a dike layde a-cost.
Than gan these ostis parte atwynne,
For of that fyghtyng wold thei blynne;1
And kyng Mennon a hors was broujt,
But arst with Troyens was hit ful toujt.

But it was euyn, they myjt not dwelle,
Thei departed, as I sow telle:
Hit was ney the enenyng,
The sonne was ney at his settyng;
And bothe parties hamward drow,
For thei hadde fughten long y-now.
The Gregeis 3ede to here tentis;
And Paris vp that body hentes,

1 MS. thei not blynne.
Paris brings the corpse of Troylus to Troy.

And a-none hamward gan royle, [lf. 221, bk.] 14993
And ledde with him the body of Troyle.

The corpse of Troylus is brought to Troy, All bewail his Beath

T

Hei haue her fyght for this day ent;
And thei of Troy hamward went,
The dede body with hem thei ledde,
Al of blod it is be-bled.

All the bells ring, and everybody weeps, knowing that some one of theirs is dead.

At euery temple the belles ronge,
Euery man wepe, and no man songe;
And ther-by wiste alle tho of Troye
That some of heres were dede & foye.
Philomene & kyng Mennon
That body bar to Ylion,
And alle the Troyens on a rowe
With loude criyng and moche harrowe.

When they hear those bearing the corpse cry, they ask the reason.

When thei of Troye hadde herd that cry,
Thei asked “how?”—the chesoun whi
Thei cried so and wepe so sore—
“And what he-was that thei bare thore?
If he were lord of gret renoun?
Or any kyng of any regiuon?”
And thei answered & seyde a-zejyn :
“That it was Troyle that ther was sclayyn.”

On hearing it is Troylus,
they wring their hands and bewail his death.

When thei of Troye the sothe wiste,
Ther was wrongen many a ffiste.
‘Alas’—thei seide—‘now he is ded,
Now are we alle with-outen red!’
Thei wyste tho to lese her lyues,
Bothe here children & here wyues,
And alle the godis euere thei aught;
Off here lyues tho rouyte thei naught.

So do his father and mother.

The sorwe that the fadir made!
Ther was no man that him myght glade.
Out off sorwe was not the quene,
Ne his suster Pollexene.

Sche made for him sorwe y-now, [lf. 222.] 15027 Pollexena, 15028
For dele hir body al to-drow,
Hir louely heer sche al to-rent,
Sche cracched hir face & al to-schent,—
That it was ruthe & gret pite
So fair a lyff so dyght to se.

† In gret mornyng was dame Heleyn,
When sche wiste sir Troye sclayn;
And his brother, sir Paris,
Gret sorwe made he y-wis:
He sorwed bothe day & nyjt.
And so did euery lord & knyjt,
And alle that euere were In the toun;
For thei seide alle: "thei were a-doun,"— 15040
And al the nyght til the morwe
Lyued thei In gret sorwe.

But the Gregeis were wel glad;
Lord, the Ioye that thei mad 15044
That her strong fo was sclayn! 15048
Lord, that thei therfore were fayn!
Thei sclupe al nyjt and made blythe,
And thonked her god offte sithe,
And solaced Achilles thei also
For that prowesse that he hadde y-do.

† When day was comen, and nyjt gon,
Thei toke her hors euerychon 1 15052
And rod a3eyn In-to the feldis,
Out of the toun & of the teldis;
And be-gan a newe assaut,
Til hit was fer with-Inne the naut.

When it was day, & thei sei lyght,
And thei were armed & redi dyght,
Out of Troye rod the Troyanes;
A-3eyn hem come alle the Danes,

1 chon on erasure, but by the same hand.
A Fight of seven Days.  Achilles, wounded, is in Bed.

\(<\text{Hic Pugnabanti per vij}^\text{item dies}\>\)

Wel arayed on horse rydande, \[\text{[If. 222, bk.]}\] 15061
With fair scheld & spere In hande.
Many are wounded,
Many a man ther strokes toke,
That many of hem her lyff for-soke; 15064
Many a body was ther to-koruen,
many die.
And many gode kny\(\text{t}\) was ther storuen.

They fight the whole day,
till night ends the battle.
Next morning they begin again;
and thus they fight seven days without rest.
It would take too much time to relate all their deeds;
many books might be filled with them.

\[\text{And thus ferde thay til it was nyght,} \]
That thei of sonne had no syght,
That thei most nede take her rest.
On morwe were thei al prest
That fyght a\(\text{zeyn}\) to be-gynne;
For that wolde thei neuere blyyne,
Vnto that on were for-done,—
And that scholde now be sone.

And thus ffa\(\text{t}\) thei to-gedur samen—
Alle on ernest & not on gamen—
With-oute rest dayes seuene;
But alle her dedis may no man neuene,
For that wolde be to longe dwellyng,
To moche werk of my tellyng:
For who-so wolde aboute that dwelle
Alle her dedis for to telle,
Many bokes myght men make;
I wol not now vndirtake.—

But seuene dayes with-outen pes,
With-oute rest—so saith Dares—
Faa\(\text{t}\) thei to-gedir day for day,
Saue Achilles In his bed lay
To hele the woundes that he hadde cau\(\text{t}\),
When he & Mennon to-gedir faa\(\text{t}\)
Off that fyght that thei hadde meled.
The seuenthe day whan he was heled
Off his woundes wel & fyn,
Off his Angwys & his pyn,
Achilles instructs the Myrmidons how to surround Mennon.

¶ Incipit bellum In die septimo.

He Armed him as other did, To go & fyght the Gregeis myd. Achilles, on the seventh day of the battle, arms himself and instructs his men how to surround Mennon.

¶ Then were the Gregeis bold & glad; Alle his men tho faire he bad 1, That when thei come to that batayle, That thei scholde alle Mennon assayle And close him alle envyroun, That him myght helpe no man; And jiff to no man elles entent, But that he were amonges hem hent, That he myght do hem wrecche, And sle him for his 2 last speche, And for he woundid him so sore— He swore: "he scholde do so na more." 3

¶ And therfore he bad his men not fayle To helpe him wele In that batayle; Thei bad him holde him stille, Hit scholde be done at his wille. They promise to do so.

H IT was opon the day seuend, Achilles thought he wolde be euend Vpon the doghti kyng Mennoun. Achilles bids Agamemnon array the battalions. Achilles will lead the first one.

He bad her kynges & Agamenoun: "That he scholde the Gregeis aray, To se that day qwat thei do may?"— 'For I my-selff that day schal lede The formast warde, so god me spede!' Agamemnon bids them make haste,

¶ Agamenoun tho hem arayed,— With baneres brode alle displayed,— And bad echon thei scholde hem hye Forward with her companye, For thei of Troye were comen alle And with-ou ten her Cite walle In-to the feld, to take her stale, With many riche amerale.

1 Some letters erased after bad. 2 s on erasure. 3 MS. namore.
Fight between Mennon and Achilles; Mennon is surrounded.

Achilles and Mennon meet at once;

When he saw him be-fore comande,
He hied to him faste ridande:
Rode thei to-gedir with gret envy
As faste as thei myght fly,
Ayther smot other In-myddes the scheld,
That bothe fey on the feld
Fro her horses to the grounde,
That nother was with-outen wounde.

But thei lepe vp & fau^t on fote,
For tho was hem no more bote:
But Mennon was his men with-oute,
Here horses ran fro hem a-boute;
Ther was no man to him 3aff gome,
Kyang ne sqwyer, kny^t ne grome.

Royens mette & the Gryffons
With sword & sper & gret burdons,
With piked staues wel y-wrythen.

Ther was a fyght strong y-jeuen:
On bothe parties thei died thikke,
But thei schal leue non qwyk,
Many a schanke brake thei In-sonder,
And many lay his hors fet vnder;
Ech-on other smot & quelled
That thikke to grounde ded thei felled.

Many an hed was al to-squat,
And many ded on his hors sat;
Some loste nose, & some her tonges,
Som her lyuer, & som her longes.
The Murimdones when thei were ware
Off kyng Mennon & his fare
A-3eyn her lord, thei hadde gret tene,
Thei closed him tho hem by-twene

1 Ms. allo squat.
Mennon is slain by Achilles; the Trojans are put to Flight.

Hic Achilles occidit Mennonem Regem.

That no help myght he haue [lf. 224.] 15163
Off no Troiene—so god me saue! 15164
Thei holde hem oute with gret fyght
And scow the Troiens down right.

Achilles and Mennon faught In-fere,
The strokes myght men fer here; 15168
The knyghtes were bothe gode & strong,
But her fyght myght not dure long:
But Mennon wounds Achilles sore,
But Achilles did him wel more,
Thei faught to-gedir as thei were wode,
Bothe thei ran al on blode.

Mennon scheld is al to-hewe,
He cutte his mayles rewe on rewe, 15176
With his blod-brode bronde
He hewe his scheld to his honde:
Mennon was faynt for many wounde,
Achilles smot him down to grounde,
He cleue his hede to his brest,
He bad him lye ther & rest.

Mennon is ded, and that is harm;
He lithe ded In his blod warm. 15184
Troyens bere him a-way thore,
Thei were tho agast sore.
But then come down to that sembl 
Menelaus with his meyne;
And so did duk Menescenes,
And Ayx Thelamens,
And Diomedes with his peres,
With his gode men & comperes: 15192
And hem of 1 Troye so schent & donge
And so stoutly among hem thronge,
That thei made hem the feld for-sake
And to the flyght for-sothe hem take. 15196

1 of inserted by the same hand over line.
The Trojans flee,

The Trojans fledde, for thei hadde nede; [If. 224, bk.] 15197
Th ei were echon In gret drede
For tho that Gregeis ouer-toke,
Affir lyff myght thei not loke. 15200

many are slain and wounded;
Thei scow the Troyens many on
And wounded also gret won;
But alle that hadde space to fle
Flow In-to Troye, the strong Cite, 15204
And spered the 3ates with keye & lokke
To kepe out the Gregeis folke.

Hectuba bewails the death of her son Troylus,
The Cite 3ates are sperd & stoken,
That thei be not on hem broken;
And thei wente alle In-to her Innes.
But Hectuba, the quene, not blynnes
Reuful sorwe & dele to make
For doghti Troyle, her sones, sake; 15212
For 3it he liggis vpon molde,
I-buried In clothes of golde.

Priamus weeps, and so do Paris,
Riamus wepis and makes mone,
And so do alle the lordes echone,
Paris wepis for him sore,

and Pollexena, and all the others.
And so did his suster wel more,
That faire mayden Pollexene,
And Eche burgeis & Citezene. 15220
For eche man cares now for his lyff,
For his children, & for his wiff.
For Mennoun kyng were thei sorri,
Ther was non that he ne was drery. 15224

Hector, Dephebus, Troylus,
Now is Ector ded, and Dephebus,
Troyle also the vigorous,
And sir Mennoun, the doghti kyng.
and Mennon are now dead;
"Alas, Alas!" thei gan to syng, 15228
only Paris is left.
For hem is lefft none but Paris,
Now of Troye is litel Pryse.

1 The rubricator forgot to paint over the small p.
A Truce is granted to Priamus. Tombs of Troylus & Mennon.

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Hic Troiani pecierunt pacem ad sepiliendum Troyllum & Mennonem Reges.

Priamus calles his conseleres, [lf. 225.] And biddles hem these two Messageres That ben witti and curtays, That may wende on Message to the Gregays; He bede hem riche robis done on And wende to kyng Agamenon.

The Messageres to Gregays wende, The knytes curtays, gode, and hende, A trewe as to aske—as here kyng sayde;— And thei hem graunt and are wel payde.

And thei come a-3eyn ridande To telle him of her tydande, And seyde: 'the trewes are ferme & stable, Sicurly with-outen fiable.'

The Troyens haue at Gregays ben, And trewe is taken hem be-twen. A precious tombe for Troyle was wroght, And his body ther-In was broght; And leyde him ther-In bischopis thre With wonder gret solemnitie: Ther was for him a riche offerynges Off Erles, Dukes, and of kynges.

And Priamus made also Another tombe Menonun vnto, And did his men ther-Inne him brynge With fair service & gret offfrynge. And whan that service was al y-done, To her mete thei wente sone, Thei dight hem to her mete. But Hectuba has not for-3ete Off Troyle deth, that doughti kny3t, That sche loued with al her my3t:

Many a way that lady soght And wel narwe sche hir be-thoght,
Hectuba tells Paris her Plan for slaying Achilles.

Hectuba considers how to be avenged on Achilles; she calls Paris to her, and says to him: 'Thou knowest how this Achilles has slain thy brothers.'

I will be avenged on this wicked beguiler.

Pray, do all I bid thee!' Paris swears to do so.

Then Hectuba says to him:

'This wicked man, peerless in battle, intends destroying all of us. But as he is in love with Pollexena, and has several times prayed to have her in marriage, I'll send and tell him that he may come and have her.'

How sche myght venge hir on that swayn [lf. 225, bk.] That hadde hir two sones sclayn.
Sche called to hire hur sone Paris And seyde to him wepande y-wys:

'Paris'—sche seyde—'thow wost wele Off this Achilles euery dele.
This wicked theff Achilles Thi bretheren hath sclayn with-oute les With his falsede & his quayntise,
Ther-fore I wolde on alle wise Be venged on that wicked fode;
Me were it leuer than any gode! I pray the: do thing that I bidde,
That my consayl be not kidde.'

Paris swor bothe loude & stille:
"Alle her wil he wolde fulfille;
What thyng that sche wolde haue done 1,
Hit scholde be done swithe sone."

Hectuba with drery mode Seide to Paris ther he stode: 'This wicked man, this losengere In al this batayle hath no pere;
He wol vs alle distroye,
But we the rather may him anoye.
This Achilles, whom I mene,
Loues thi suster Pollexene,
And has ofte sent his message
Hir to haue In mariage;

He wolde neuere of sendyng blyn,
Til he of me answere my3t wyn.
I wol therfore—so god me a-mende!—
To-morwe erly aftir him sende
And bid him derely: "come me tille,
And he of hir schal haue his wille."

1 MS. doW; the scribe is very inconsistent in the endings oW and oW, he even rhymes oW and oW sometimes, as here, and leaves the reader to decide which is right.
Hectuba invites Achilles to Troy, promising him Pollexena.

And than wol I—so haue I blis!— [lf. 226.] 15299

In the temple of Apolynys
That thow be hid with certayn kny3tis,
Armed wel at alle rightes;
And when he comes a-mong 3ow alle,
That he be sclayn,—what so be-falle!—
That he no wyse passe quyk,
For that were then to vs ful wik.'

Paris than answered & sayde:
'Mi dere Moder, I holde me payde
Off 3oure biddyng & 3oure consayl;
Hit schal be done with-oute fayl.'

On morwe erly, whan it was day,
Paris thanne with-oute delay
Wente to the temple, and ther him hid
With twenti armed kny3tes myd
That were hardy & wondir strong,
To scl Achilles hem among.

The sonne schon, the day was cler,
Hectuba sente hir Messanger
Afftir that kny3t, sir Achilles,
And bad him faire: "whil it was pes,
Come swithe home to hir house,
And he scholde haue to his spouse
Pollexene, that semely may,
That he so moche loued ay.'

When Achilles these tydynges herde,
With mochel Ioye & murthe he ferde,
For he was so with hir loue bounden:
Thoow he hadde of rede gold founden
An hundrid thousand pounde,
He hadde not ben so glad that stounde
As he was thanne—I vndirstande,—
When he herde this tythande.

Thou and some well-armed knights shall hide in the temple of Apollo, and slay him there.'

Paris answers: 'I agree; all shall be done so.'

In the early morning Paris
and twenty knights hide in the temple.

Hectuba invites Achilles to her house, to have Pollexena as his wife.

Achilles is very glad;

though he had found 100,000 pounds of gold, he could not have been gladder.
Achilles calls Archilagus, the son of Nestor:

He called as sone vnto him tho [lf. 226, bk.] 15333

Duk Nestor sone with-outen mo,
A doghty kny3t, sir Archilagus,
And seide anon to him thus:
'Achilagus, my trusti frend,
I pray the nou: with me thow wende;
On the is now my most trayst,
Ther-fore I am not a-bayst
The to telle my priuete:
I wol wende to that Cite,
I schal haste me thedir now;
Schal no man wyte but only thow.
For I haue then suche tythandes had
That I am bothe mury & glad:
For I schal wende vn-to my wyff
That I loue more than my lyff;
I schal wedde that mayden clene,
The kynges doghter, Pollexene,
That is whitter then Blauncheflour;
And I haue loued hir per amour
And suffred for hir moche pyne,
But now is sche on of myne.
I wol therfore to hir me spede,
That sche delaye no more this dede.' 15356

They ride together to Troy very merry.

Achilles than & his ffelawe
Rode so forth with mochel plawe,
With mury herte & mochel Ioye
Rode Achilles In-to Troye. 15360

When thei were comen to Troye gate,
The porter was redi ther-ate,
And lete hem In with fair semblaunt,
And thei to Ylion rod syggand
With mury herte & louely chere,
And that aboute thei ful dere:

1 MS. Nestorsone.
The light of Achilles in the Temple against Paris and his Fellows. 453

For whan thei comen at that palays, [If. 227.] Achilles and Archilogus are led into the temple
Thei fonde ther knyjtes curtays
Vnto the temple that hem ledde,
Ther thei leide 1 her lyff to wedde.
In-to the chirche when thei were gon,
Thei spered the dores euerychon;
And Paris thanne & his compere
Come walkyng out of here soleres
Ther thei hadde ben In a-wayt,
To brynge Achilles to his dissait.

| Achilles thei alle tho discried, | They attack Achilles and his fellow, |
| And he hem alle boldly defied: | and shout: 'Thou must die to-day for the death of Troylus.' |
| Tho twenti knyghtes on a rowte | Achilles sees he is betrayed; |
| By-sette Achilles al abowte, | he slays one of the Trojans, |
| And euery man his sword out-drowe | but his fellow is knocked down. |
| And seyde: 'Achilles, defende the nowe! | Achilles slays ten of his assailants. |
| For thow schalt for thi vilonye, | Paris shoots three darts at Achilles. |
| For thi falshede & cowardye | |
| That thow sir Troyle so foule slowe, | |
| Die this day, yff that we mowe.' | |

Achilles saw he was dissayued:
Fro his necke his mantel he wayued,
And a-boute his Arme he caste,
And with his hond he held it faste;
And smot a knyght amonges hem alle
And made him his swerd to falle.
His felawe was sclayn lyghtly,
But Achilles tho faust myghtly,
And ten of tho that him assayled
He sclow, er his herte fayled.

| But Paris stod fro his meyne, | Paris shoots three darts at Achilles. |
| And In his hond held dartes thre | |
| And kest hem at Achilles | |
| Ther he faust In-myddes the pres, | 29 iij 15400 |

1 The MS. has leff, but crossed out, and leide inserted by another hand over line.
Achilles is killed by Paris; his Corpse is thrown in the Highway.

**Hie Achilles Interfectus fuit.**

And wounded him, as he faust thore; [lf. 227, bk.] 15401

In his body with hem ful sore.

And nad Paris so him wounded,

Alle his knyghtes hadde he comfonded 15404

With his manhoud, & thorow his myztes

He hadde sclayn the xxth. knyztes.

But he hadde than many a wounde,

Tho fel he ded vpon the grounde. 15408

When he was ded, thei him to-coruen;

When Paris saw that he was storuen,

He bad hem take him by the leggis

And throwe him ouer In-to the seggis 15412

And let him ligge to roke & rauen;

He swor: “he scholde neuere be grauen,

But he scholde to houndes mete,

And rokis & rauenys him scholde ete.” 15416

Whan that the quene Helayn Wyste that thei were so slayn, Sche come rennande thedir blyue And sir Paris sche gan to schryue; 15420

Sche prayed for lOue & curtasye:

“He scholde not do that vylonye To that knyzt that was alosed.”

So sche spak & so sche glosed, 15424

That he bad men scholde him lay Somwhere In Troye In an hye way, That euery man that likyng hadde Might hem be-holden & be gladde, 15428

Whan thei saw ded that ilke body That was that mortel enemy. 15432

In Troye tho was mochel Ioye

Among alle burgeis of Troye,

When thei saw him ded & sclayn thore

That thei be-fore hadde dred so sore.

1 With on erasure, but by the same hand; in manhoud something has been altered, it seems to have been like... hond.
The News of Achilles's Death reaches the Greeks; they weep for him.

The news of Achilles's death reaches the Greeks; they weep for him.

"Thei sayde tho: "thei hadde no drede [lf. 228."
Off the Gregays ne of her dede,
For thei scholde neuere the Cite wynne,
Sithe he was ded her trust was Inne."

And thus was Achilles done to ded
Thorow a wicked woman red,
Thorow her sleght & consayl
Died the knyght with-oute fayl.
And so hath many a-nother man
Died thorow red of a womman:
That neuere were so gode knyghtes
Off finness, of connyng, ne of myghtes,

The beste body that euere ete bred
Thorow fals wyremen haue ben ded.
And so did Achilles, the strong knyght,
Thorow a womman lost all his myght;
And sche ther-afftir sclayn was
For the deth of Achilles.

Chilles ligges In gret wondryng
Ded In Troye In gret wowenyng;
Among the burgeis of the toune

The word goth bothe vp & doun.
So fer the tythandis were told,
That duk Nestor, the knygt so old,
And alle the Gruwes gret & smale
Hadde yherd that sori tale.

T[h]er was tho a delful cry & gale
Among the Gregeis gret & smale,
Thei wepyn for him more & les;
Thei seyde: "thei were al redeles,
Tho thei coude no more red,"—
But seyde echon: 'now he is ded
That al oure los & worship wan!'
Ther wepte for him many a man.

1 MS. to\(\)... dow, see note on p. 450.
2 & gale inserted later, but by the same hand.
The Trojans allow Achilles's Corpse to be taken to the Greek Camp.

Hic Imperator Grecorum pecijt corpora Militum.

The Greeks swear to give up the beleaguering.

Thei swor alle by her god lege, [lf. 228, bk.] 15469
That thei wolde alle byleue that sege,
Thei wolde no lenger holde it forth;
Thei held hem no-thyng worth: 15472
Gret sorwe made thei al day,
That he was ded—I dar wel say.

Agamemnon sends messengers to Priamus and Paris, asking for the two bodies.

A
Gamennouz, her Emperour,
He sente to Troye a procurator,
Lordis, kny3tis, & squyeres,
And bad the kyng, for her prayers,
And also to sir Paris,
To graunte hem tho two bodyes
To grauen hem the moldes vndir,
That men on hem no more wondir.

Priamus grants this;

Priamus graunt the kynges bone
And seyde: "her wil scholde be done,"
And escused him of that dede,
Bothe of assent and of rede;
He bad thei scholde hem hom lede.
Thei toke hem tho bothe In thei weder
As blody as thei wore;
For Achilles thei wepyne sore
And ledes hem home to here Grues,
But euery a man his sorwe newes,
Off no Ioye thei ne rought,
When he was so ded hom brought.

The Greeks bring the corpses home.

A
Chilles is to Gregais broght;
Priamus then thei be-soght:
"That he wolde to hem graunte
That kny3t that was vayllaunte
In that toune to grauen somwher,
Wher he ordayneft for hem ther."

Then they ask leave to bury Achilles and his companion somewhere in the town.

A
Priamus wolde not werne,
He bad hem graue them In an herne

1 MS. In bothe.  
2 de by another hand on erasure.  
3 o altered from e.
In som 3ate of that Cite, [If. 229.]
As hem thoght best, In that entre.
The Gregais than a-non did make
A tomb of Marbil gray & blake,
Off Alabaster as white as mylke;
In al this world is non silke,
So noble werk, ne so riche;
Ther is no tombe In erthe it lyche,
So craftei coruen, ne so precius,
With gold be-gon, ne so glorious,
With gold & gemmes so y-dyght,
And schon a-ny3t as bryght;
That zaff so bryght a gleme,
As it hadde ben the sonne beme;
Men seide: "ther was non suche y-wroght
As wyde as men hadde erthe y-soght."

These kny3tes are layd In monument,
And alle these lordes hom ben went
Vnto her tentis & here hales.
Ther were amonges hem many tales:
Some bad pul vp rope & stake,
For thei wolde hamward schake;
And some bad dyght schip & ore,
For thei wolde dwelle ther no more.
"Thei wolde wende"—thei sayde—"In hast,
To dwelle lengur it were but wast,
When he was ded, that gentil kny3t,
That hadde her strengthe & her my3t."

Agamenoun, her Emperour,
Herde this cry and clamour;
He made anon a bedel crye
Thorow that ost al on hye:
"That eche a lord by on assent
Scholde come to a parlement."
Agamemnon asks the Greek Lords if they will return.

Consilium inter Reges Grecorum.

The Greek lords come, and ask what is the matter.

Agamemnon says:

'They tell me that many of you intend to return home, because Achilles is dead.

Will you do so indeed, or stay?'

All answer;

some think it best to return home;

that many of you intend to return home,

because Achilles is dead.

When Agamemnon his tale hath ent

Before the lordes that were present,

Eche man telles his resoun;

Afftir his owne discreciou,

Some sayde: "thei held it best

To make hem redi & prest

To passe the see to here contre,'——

"For zonder Cite neure gete we

With non of vs that here are now,

Now he is ded & lith In throw.'

1 This line, signed +, inserted by another hand in the left margin; cf. note 3. 2 MS. reso[... discrsio[... see note on p. 450. 3 The last line of this page, following this one, runs thus: Therfore to wende strenne is for oure prow; it is struck out by the same hand probably which wrote line 15558, and put 'vacat' before pointing to line 15558.
The Greek Lords agree to continue the Siege of Troy.

By whom we oure worship wan;  [lf. 230.] 15571
To dwelle lenger is no wis-dam.' 15572
And some seyde: 'nay, it is not gode
To leue the sege & passe the flode,
For we are ner now oure honour,
We schal sele hem In fight, In stour, 15576
Or thei schal fayn this Cite gelse,
Er we haue holden a yer this felde.

To wynne the toun is now but hende:
Ther nys no man may hem defende,
Sithen thei Ector for-3ede,
And Troyle that was doughti In dede,
And Dephebus, & kyng Mennoun.
Hit were schame to take so vpoun 15584
To leue the toun In suche a plyt,
When thei ben so ney discomfyt.'
Eche man afftir his herte wille
Seide his reson & his skylle,

Some wolde hom, & some dwelle:
But at the laste—the sothe to telle—
Thei were alle at this acord,
Kynges, duk, and euery a lord,
Pat pey 1 the sege wolde holde stille
Til thei my3t hem of Troye 2 spille.
Thei swor echon that place to holde,
And not remewe for hote ne colde,
Til thei of Troye were alle sclayn,
And wonne a-3eyn quene Helayn.

For thei seide alle: "thoow it so were
That thei Achilles hadde not there,
Thoow thei for-3ede him & his help,
Off her goddis my3t made thei 3elp."
Alle here hertis were trustely set
In here goddis that hem be-het 4:

1 These two first words on erasure.  2 I seems to be erased between y and e.  3 A later hand made two lines full of scribblings, quite indistinct, and blotted out at once by the finger.  4 who prophesied
Ajax proposes to send for Pirrus, the Son of Achilles.

That we should conquer the city,

'The Cite'—he sayde—'3e schal gete';— [Ilf. 230, bk.]

Therfore the sege wolde thei not lethe. 15606

Off here godis thei toke hede
That hem be-het: "thei scholde spede
That thei scholde wynne hit In a throwe
And alle toures down throwe,"

As here goddes by-fore hadde told.

"Thei myȝt ther-fore be sur & bold 15612
To scle the kyng & brenne Ilyoun,'—

'Asoure eldres did Lamedoun.'

Ajax proposes

A lonely knyght, that het Ayax,—

With lokkis faire, ȝelow as wax,

Hongyng side aboute his swyre—

A kyng of Grece, a wel gret sire,—
Stode vp thenne & tolde this tale
To alle the lordes In that sale,
And seyde: 'sithe he is take vs fro
In wham our help is thus for-go,
Off this gode kyng, sir Achilles,—

Sende we to kyng Lycomedes
Aftir Achilles sone, sir Pirrus,
And bid him: "that he come now to vs
To venge him on his fader bane,
When he the ordre of knyȝt hath tane."

For I haue herd ofteyn say
That we schal neuer by nyȝt ne day
With-oute him wynne this Cite,
For thus say thay of oure destane;
And he schal venge his fader dede
And gete the towne & do hem quede.
I rede therfore: do be my consayle,
I trowe it schal vs alle a-vayle!'

Thei seyde tho alle: "thei vndirstode
That his consayl was to hem gode."
Menelaus is sent for Pirrus. A fresh Battle is prepared.

Menelaus is sent for Pirrus.

Afresh Battle is prepared.

The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.

They choose Menelans for this work.

They prepare their armour for a new battle.

The truce ends on the 6th of June, when the sun shines hottest.

The Greeks are in the field, well armed.

Menelaus thei chese tho

Menelaus is sent for Pirrus.

Afresh Battle is prepared.

Thei toke consayl among hem sone:

Wescholde aftir Pirrus sende?

And who my3t best Aftir him wende

Off kynges alle of that baronage,

To wende for him In this message?

They prepare their armour for a new battle.

The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.

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And who my3t best Aftir him wende

Off kynges alle of that baronage,

To wende for him In this message?

They prepare their armour for a new battle.

The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.

They choose Menelans for this work.
Priamus arranges his Battalions. The Trojan Leaders.

Ajax goes to the battle,

Sent Ayax that dud folye,  
Gret out-rage, & surfetrye:

Armes wold he bere none
To saue him fro woundis flesche ne bone,
But al vn-armed on his stede
With-out scheld to batayle he 3ede;
Vpon his hede bare he no helme,
Ne spere of asche ne of Elme,
Ne on his bak non haberioun,
Platis, pysane, ne aketoun;
But al naked saue his sword
Went forth that dougil burd.

Priamus also made his men
Hye hem ouer more & fen,
With her enemys for to mete.

The Archeres alle that wel coude schete
To sir Paris were thei be-tauȝt,
To wende with him In that assauȝt;
The first batayle that day he ledde,
Sore wepyng & sore adredde:
He wepis ful sore vndir his hatir
Many a tere of salt watir
For alle his brother that hadde ben souerayn,
Be-fore him were thei alle sclayn.
Affir him wente Polidomas
With his batayle, and then Esdras,
And then come affir him [&] alle his
The noble kyng Philomenys;
Eueas then with his batayle,—
The leste ost hadde he saunfayle.

When thei were alle with-out the zatis,
And say that thei most fyght algatis,
And thei ned nother one nor other,
Gode Ector, ne Troyle his brother.

1 MS. 30d.
Paris and his Archers slay a great many Greeks.

Hic Incipit Bellum Magnum.

Ne Dephebus that was so wys, [lf. 232.] 15707
Thei tolde of hem but litel pris:
‘Alas!’—thei seide—‘that we were born!
Oure gode lordes that we have lorn!’

The Troyens then to batayle 3ede
With sori herte & mochel drede,
And bende her alblastes & her bowes,
And rayed hem on renge & rowes,
With baneres brode blawande a-boute.

Ther was tho an hidous schoute:
When thei were met with speres,
Eche man other ouer-beres.
Many a Grew to dethe was schet,
When Paris men & thei were met;

For Paris & his gode Archeres,
His bowemen, & his Alblasteres
Sclow hem thikkere with her arwes
Than tyndes of tre stondis In harwes.
The stourd was strong, the cry was gret,
Thei rored grisly as it hadde ben net.
Many a man with moche styff
Loste that day bothe child & wyff,
A thousand died for-sothe & mo
Er euen-tyde with moche wo.

The day was hote, the wedur warme,
On bothe parties was gret harme:
The fyght was sterne and wyk,
The peple died wondir thik;
When thei were alle to-gedir samed,
Many a man ther was lamed,
And some be-gan donward to loute.
And Diomedes loked aboute
And saw kyng Philomenys
Play with the Gregays al on mys:
Diomedes fights with Philomene a long time.

He took a spere & ran him to, [lf. 232, bk.] 15741
And Philomene another also;
Thei brak here speres & drow her brondis
And fayé to-gedir on the sondis;
Thei smot to-gedir many a dynt
And sturdy strokes, er thei wolde stynt.

But Philomenys & his men
Haddé slaw of Gregais sixti & ten, 15748
Thei ferde the Gregais so foule with
That thei droff hem out of the frith;
Diomedes made he fle
For drede of him & his meyne,
For he myght not In no manere
With-stonde that kyng & his power.

Philomene hath the better syde:
He made the Gregays on-bak to ride, 15756
Thei 1 3ede bacward a gode space,
And thei of Troye Grewes chace.
And that be-held duk Menescene,
And therfore hadde he gret tene:

He rode to sir Palidamas
With a spere that stalworthe was 2,
And smot him so that he 3ede doun,
Op his fet & doun his crown,
And lay ther vndir his hors fete
Sore wounded opon the grete.
Menescene drow his sword tho,
Polidamas thought he to scole;
And sicurly so he hadde done,
Ne hadde come him socour sone:

But when that doghti Philomene
Polidamas so falle hadde sene,
And Menescene, that noble duk,
So vilensly him rebuk,

1 MS. And. 2 was inserted with another paint.
Ajax, though unarmed, is not wounded the whole day.

He wente ridande to him anon [lf. 233.] 15775
As faste as he myght gon,
And socoured him In that gret nede 15776
And made him lepe opon his stede;
And he fyghtande for him standes,
Til he was brouȝt out of her handes. 15780
And elles for-sothe he hadde ben ded,
Menescene elles had hadde his hed.

The stour is styff, the flīght mortel,
The knyghtes are kene & cruel. 15784

Ayax—that I be-fore of told—
Was fol-hardi, & ouer-bold:
He rod al day with-oute Armure,
And neuer tok harm ne blemure 15788
Off his bodi In that batayle;
And that—thinketh me—was meruayle,
That he vnarmed scholde so ride
Fro morwe erly vn-to that tyde 15792
With-oute harm of his body;
Hit was a wonder sicurly.

He rod the batayle thorow-out
And ȝaff that tyme many a clout,
Vntil he come to Paris folk:
Many made he her[ ]e blod to bolk,
Many of hem reffe he the lyue,
He sclow of hem xx. & fyue; 15800
Thoow he vn-armed were & naked,
Gret martirdom of hem he maked.

But sir Paris ther-with was wrothe
And with gret tene swore his othe:
That [he] or euyn scholde him sclo,
On lyue scholde he not fro him go.
The stalwortheste bowe that Paris hadde,
Off noble tre sicur & sadde, 30 [j] 15808

—*—

Philomene delivers Polidomus,
else he would have been slain.
Ajax is foolish;
though unarmed, he is not wounded during the whole day:
it is quite a wonder.
He wounds and slays many Trojans of Paris's battalion.
Paris swears to kill him.

1 here inserted over line.
Paris wounds Ajax mortally, but is himself killed by the dying Ajax.

He toke to him that rapely bent, [lf. 233, bk.] 15809
And an Arowe to him sent
That [was] venymed hede & vale,
That was forsothe that knyghtes bale:
In myddes the ribbes he him hit,
That his herte blod he spit.
Ajax hadde his deth than;
To chaunge colour he be gan,
He wiste ther was non other red,
He saw that he was tho but ded.
He thoght ther was no other bane
Off wham the deth he hade tane;
Thou hast me raft this worldis bliss!
'Sicurli thou hast me sclayn
With thin Arowe & thi flayn!
And I schal on the be a wreke,
The wile I may go & speke;
It is gode skyl that thou for-gange
That loue that thou hast loued so lange
With mochel wrong & gret vn-right.
Many a doghti kyng & knyjt
Hath ben sclayn In this ten 3ere,
And that schalt thou bye so dere!
I telle the, Paris, witterly
That thou schalt dye ere then I!'  

Ajax smot thanne Paris so,
That bothe his chekes he cleue atwo;
In to the baly the gode sword sprong,
And he fel dede among the throng.
And Ayax fer not fro him 3ede,
Er he fel ded dow of his stede;
And so lay ded vpon the sand
Side by syde, of aytheres hand.

1 On the left side in MS.; signs blue, words red.
The Trojans saw Paris dead fall; [ll. 234.] The Trojans, on seeing Paris fall, take him up and flee to the city.
Sori men than were thei alle, The Greeks slay many of them;
Whan he was dead of that wounde, with-outen squyeres & fotemen
Thei lyft him vp opon the grounde That lefte dede ther In the fen.
And fled away to that Cite
As feste as thei myght fle.
The Gregeis folewed aftir faste,
Wo was hem that, was the laste!
I wote thei sclow at that flyghtes
Mo then a thousand knyghtes,
With-outen squyeres & fotemen
That lefte dede ther In the fen.

Thei bare that day ded & foy
Fro strete to strete thorow-out Troy,
Vntil thei come to Ilyoun;
Kyng Philomene & Odemoun
Thei leyde Paris In that fair hous
By-fore Helayne, the quene, his spous;
Whan sche saw him ded ligge ther ¹,
Sche scratte her face & tare hir heer
As wight that was with wo by-gon,
For him sche siked & sore gan ² gron;
Sche was so ful of sorwe & care,
Sche sezde: 'alas, that moder me bare,
Or fader me get In this world!'
Hit was del se, how sche ferd
Whan sche saw him ded In his blod,
Sche ferd as womman that were wod.

His fader als for him weped sore;
And so did alle that In Troy wore,
Euery man of his lyff displaires ³
And sori is of his wiff & his ayres,
Thei leue to lese here heritage,
Here godis, & alle here lynage.

¹ This line inserted by another hand in the right margin, a cross standing in the left one between ll. 15860 and 15862. Cf. note 3.
² gan inserted by another hand over line.
³ Between ll. 15873 and 15874 the following line is standing which is crossed out (cf. note 1): 'Off his catel & sore payres.'
A Tomb is erected for Paris. The Greek Tents under the Walls.

§ Hic Paris sepultus est.

Off hem-self coude thei no rede, [lf. 234, bk.] 15877
Now alle the kynges sones be dede.
But In that sorwe & that wepyng,
The while he was In kepyng,
A tombe was made of precious stones,—
To lay him In, bothe body & bones,—
Off riche werk, of fair facture:
Off saphires, gold, & riche asure;

§ Hit was richer then other fyue;
I may not al the werk discryue,
Ne halff the richesse that ther was on
Off riche gold & precious ston;
Hit were long tellyng,
Ther-on make I no dwellyng.
But when that seruice for him wasseyde,
And his body In tombe layd,
Evry man wente to his In,
För sorwe coude thei neuere blyn.

P Aris is dede & doluen depe,
Night & day for him thei wepe,
With-outen reste thei wepe ay,
Thei are In mornyng nyght & day:
Echon to other of sorwe telles,
Thei tende to sorwe & nothyng elles,
Ther is non for wele ne wo
That dar with-oute the 3atis go.

§ Agamenon remues his place
And ner the toun his stede he tace,
He had euery lord with tent & hale
With-oute dwellyng remue here sale,
And bad hem sette ner the toun
Hale & tent and Pauyloun.
To Priamus, the kyng, he sende
And bad “ that he scholde him defende
Agamemnon challenges Priamus; but he won't leave the Town.

Hic Troiani clausurunt Ianua sua per iij. menses.

A3eyns the Gregeis, his enimys, [lf. 235.] As a kyng of mochel pris";
And bad him "come with his meygne
With-oute the 3ates of that Cite,
That he the batayle to him nome
Til that on of hem be ouercome,

As he was man of gret renoun
Or kyng worthi to bere crown;
For suche a kyng schulde euere dispice,
For that was token of cowardise;
And ligge not ther as an hog In sty,
For that was to him a vilony."

Vt Priamus with that seyde "nay,"
Hem thurt no more of that play;
That wolde he no wyse graunte,
To sende out kny3t ne sergaunte
To fight with hem with-oute the walles,
For no-thing that ther be-falles.
With-Inne the towne whil thei dwelle stille
For fferd of more perel & ille,
For he was ferd his men to tyne
And die him-selff with moche pyne.

To fight with hem the Gregais assayed
Aud therto wel offte thei prayed ;
But al was noght that thei coude do,
For he wolde not assente ther-to,
Thei dwelled so forthe In the towne,
And walked vp the towne & doun,
And kep the 3ates and the walles
With alblasteres, bowes, & qwarelles,
With many an armed knyght & man,
That thei with-outen the town not wan.
Thei helde so Troye a ful .ij. monethe,
That thei faust neuer her fomen with, 30 [iiij]

Agamemnon challenges Priamus to come out with his troops to fight,
Penthesilea, the Queen of the Amazons, arrives in Troy.

But kepte the town so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.] 15945
For Ford of hem that were with-oute.

Two Moneth's the gates were stoken
That thei were neuere vnloken,
Vntil a quene gentil & fire
Come hem to helpe fro fer contre.
The quene was called Pantasaley,
A noble womman of Chyualry,
Sche was quene of Amazone;
For hir was first the gates vndone:
Sche come thedir with a thousande
Off hardi maydenes wel fyghtande,
To helpe Troyens, tho hir was tolde
That the Gryffons proude & bolde
With meche folk & gret aray
Aboute the town of Troye lay
And seged hem that were with-Inne,
To sele the kyng, the town to wynne.

Hearken now of this quene and her maidens! I'll tell you of their land and manners:

But kepte the town so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.] 15945
For Ford of hem that were with-oute.

Two Moneth's the gates were stoken
That thei were neuere vnloken,
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That the Gryffons proude & bolde
With meche folk & gret aray
Aboute the town of Troye lay
And seged hem that were with-Inne,
To sele the kyng, the town to wynne.

Hearken now of this quene and her maidens! I'll tell you of their land and manners:

In the east end of the world is an island, Amazone, where wild and proud women dwell.

That wyermen dwelle In, wonder wilde,
Off grete renoun and prowesse,
That Amazone y-called is;

1 On the left side in MS.
Wymmen dwelle ther-Inne alone, [L. 236.] 15979 They live there alone, without men;
Men with hem wol thei haue none. 15980 they are good warriors.

Off these wymmen the stori spakes And seythe: thei are strong frekes, Styff, & strong, stalworth the In werre Strokes to 3eue and to berre, 15984
Armes to berre In many a stoure, To wynne hem los and gret stoure;
For alle here herte & couetyse Is to be of gret emprysse. 15988

Be-syde that Ile another Ile was, Long & large, brode In compas, Wonder fayr and delitable, Plenteous and amyable,— 15992
And telles vs the right story, That men with-oute company Off womman-kynde dwellles ther-In. 15996
To telle 3ow wol I begyn:
What vse thei haue, & what custome, And how thei to-gedir come?

These wyse clerkes for-sothe telle, That these wommen that so alon dwelle 16000 They say that these Amazons
In the lond of Amazone, Comen to the lond ther men In wonel go to visit the men thrice in the year;
Sicurly thries In the 3ere, And dwellen to-geder ther In-fere 16004
To haue her murthes & delite And do here wille day & nyzte.

These clerkes say and Philo3oferus: The womman to the man hir proferus, 16008 they do not allow men to come to their island.
For thei are also styff & strong That no man dar come hem among In-to her lond azeyn here leue, For men hem schulde no-thyng greue 30 [iiiij] 16012
How the Amazons treat their male and female Children.

The whole year the Amazons stay in their own land;

No nothyng done a3eyn her wille. [If. 236, bk.] 16013

In her lond holde thei hem stille,

Til tyme of 3er that thei come down

And dwelled with hem In tour & toun, 16016

And take her solace & here play—

That is In June, Aueril, & May 1.

only in April, May, and June they meet with the men,

Euer y 3er these thre Monethe

Come thei to dwelle ther-In withe, 16020

And wende a3eyn than to her II[d]e.

and then return to their island.

If it be so thei be with childe,

The female children are kept for ever in their own island,

And it be ought of womman-kynde,

but the male ones are brought up by them only till they are three years old,

Among the wymen—thei it fynde— 16024

and are then sent to their fathers.

In her lond ther stille it dwelles

If it be man, thei brynge it forth 16028

Til it be so moche worth,

That it can go and be so bold

That it be fully thre 3er old;

That it may it-selff welde,

To that 11de that is hem hende

To that ymde that is her hende

Ther men dwelle, the childer thei sende

To the fader and to his kyn,

To dwelle with hem the lond with-In. 16036

That tyme—godemen!—of thatprouyntce [De Pantasarlia Regina 2.

Penthesilea was then queen of this island;

A doghti Mayden & sterne,

she had been secretly in love with Hector.

For his prouesse & his noblay

When she hears that the Greeks have crossed the sea,

That sche herde of him offten say.

That thei of Greece were passed the see

And Priamus and his Cite

1 MS. That is In. June, Aueril, & May.

2 On the left side in MS.
Penthesilea arrives in Troy, and weeps for Hector's Death.

Hadde be-seged him & his londes wasted, [If. 237.] she hastens to come to Troy with 1,000 maidens.
Pantasalye to him sche hasted 16048
And toke with here Maydenes x. hundre She does not know of Hector's death until she gets there.
That echon were hir baner vndre, Her grief when she hears of it.
To helpe the kyng for Ector sake
And do the Gregais mochel wrake.
But sche wiste not of Ector ded,
To wende to Troye tho sche toke red;
Sche wiste right not, til sche come thore.
When that sche wiste, sche weped wel sore;
Sche hadde for him gret wo & payn,
When sche wiste that he was sclayn.

PAntasalye, that worthi wyght, 16060
Is comen to Troye with-oute knyght, No knights are in her company, but her maidens are as brave as men,
With-outen kny3tes or any men,
But fair companye of hir wymmen
That are hardi as men In dede,
Off lyues man haue thei no drede. 16064
But than hadde sche care In thoght,
When Ector was to dethe y-brought;

At hem of Greece hadde sche gret Ire, 16068 Penthesilea prays Priamus to let her fight the Greeks,
Sche prayed the kyng for the loue of hire,
That he wolde then the 3ates vndo
That sche my3t wende the Gregais to,
For sche scholde so do,—sche him be-hight,—
That a mayden was worth a knyght 16072
And as strong and as 3epe,
When thei were met on an hepe.

So longe prayed sche, he graunt hir bone; 16076 and he at last orders a gate to be opened for her
He bad a 3ate scholde be vn-done,
He bad opon Dardanides;
But him hadde leuere haue ben In pes,
For he was ferd what scholde be-tyde,
When he saw hem of Troye out-ride.
474  *Penthesilea leads her Maidens and the Trojans out of the City.*

"Hic Priamus ordinat Prelium magnum."

The gate Dardanides that 3ate dos opon,  
Pantasalye on horse is lopen  
With hem of Troye and with alle hires,  
Armed wel In al here tyres.  

Priamus his men arrayed  
As that lady him praised;  
Sche was that day here souerayn,

Here lepered, & here cheuayntayn.  
Pantasalye that 3ate rod oute  
With-outen fere 1 & with-oute doute  
Off hir enemys or of hir fos,  
Ful hardeli to hem sche gos,

with her girls;  
With hir Maydenes ridande be-syde  
That wolde with hir In stour abyde.

Philomene, Eneas, Polidomas,  

and the Persians follow her.

When the Greeks see them turn up,  
So proudly praunsande & so stout,  
Thei were echon gretly meruayled  
What it myght be that hem ayled  
That thei come out so proude & ggy,

as hitherto the Trojans durst not come out of the gates.

The Greeks arm in haste,  
Eche man toke his harneis In hande  
And hyed hem that thei were clad,  
For of here werre 2 were thei glad.

and mount their horses.  
Thei lepe on horse with moche rape  
And rod out vpon a frape,

1 fere inserted by another hand over line.  
2 MS. that.  
3 werre inserted over line by another hand.
A fierce Battle: Penthesilea fights best of all.

Hic venerunt omnes ad Bellum.

With manye brode gomfanoun, [lf. 238.] 16115
As lordis of gret renoun.
When thei were comen to-gedir there,
A wonder noyse men myʒt here
Off speres that thei brak & barst,
Off knyʒtes that were to grounde cast.
Echon on other wolde be wroken,
Ther were many bones broken,
Hedis corven, heeres schorne,
Scheldes reven, armes torne.

But herkenes now, my louely frende,
Off Pantasalye, that mayden hende,
And hire hardi damyseles
That come with hure & with hure penseles
How sche bare hir In that pres
With hir Maydenes that sche ches ;
How sche bare that day the pris
Off alle that faust In that [emp]ris ;
How sche made hem to flee,
And how sche hem droff In-to the see ;
How sche hem felled & wounded,
And scholde hem alle [hauε] confounded,
Ne hadde y-ben withouten les
The doghti kyng Diomedes.

Ow ar thei alle to-gedere on hepis,
Now euery man on other lepis,
Scheldis ryue, & speres crake,
Eche man fightis with his make,
Fotemen falle, stedis straye,
Knyʒtes wounded ligge & braye.
The dust ros so thikke on hye,
That men myʒt not se the skye.

Pantasalye, that douʒti quene,
Hatis Gregais—and that is sene — 16148
Penthesilea, having unhorsed Menelaus, is attacked by Diomedes.

Penthesilea slays many of the Greeks, and puts them to flight.

Menelaus, being envious of the queen, says he'll try to fight her.

He rides up to her, and is smitten down by her;

she gives his horse to one of her girls.

Diomedes, on seeing Menelaus fall, resolves to avenge him.

He attacks the queen with all his might;

they fight hard with spears, but the queen does not move in her saddle,

\[ \text{Hic Pantasalia Regina pugnuit cum Regibus Graecorum.} \]

That douʒti quene ful wel hem knowes, [If. 238, bk.] 16149

Sche keste hem down & ouerthrowes;
With-Inne a while so fele sche hath sclawe,
That thei fro hir a-veyward drawe;
Thei knewe ful sone al hir strengthe,
Thei fled fro hir on brede & lengthe.

Menelaus hadde grete envy
Off that quene Pantasaly,
That sche the Gregais so defouled;

On hir that tyme ful foule he schouled
And seyde: “that he wolde to hir ride
To se whether sche wolde him abyde.”

He rode to hir with mochel Ire,
And sche was war & keped that sire
And smot him euene In-myddes the scheld,
That he fley out In-myddes that feld;
Among her horses stille he lay,
Til that he was drawen a-way.

By the rayne his stede sche cauʒt
And to a mayden sche him be-tauʒt.

Diomedes, that douʒti kyng,
By-held that tyme that Iustying,
He saw the kyng falle a-doun,
Vp the fete & doue the crowu;
His hors was lorn, & he on fote,
He seyde: “ther-on he scholde do bote,
That sturdy strok scholdes sche abye.”

He rode thanne to Pantasalye
With al the myght that cuere he hadde,
But sche was not of him a-dradde:
Sche cauʒt a spere, when sche was war
That pat kyng to hir was war;
A sterne strok was hem by-twene,
But on hir hors sat the quene

1 o corrected from e.
Diomedes is unhorsed by Penthesilea; Thelaman tries to take Revenge. 477

That bridel ne stirop sche ne tynt, [lf. 239.] 16183 whilst
But he was feld down at that dynt; 16184
Fro his nekke toke she his scheld
And toke hir mayden for to weld,
And bad: “that sche scholde it bere
Euery day ther In that were, 16188
In vilonye and In dispit
Off him that it aȝt, what so he hit.”

K yng Thelaman stode euere alone
And saw the dedis that sche had done, 16192
He saw hir felle that douȝti kyng,
And his scheld take with-oute lesyng
Fro his nekke his vnthankes,
And felde him douȝ at his hors schankes; 16196
And he was feld opon the grounde,
And sche sat stille hol and sounde ¹.
He herde neuere speke of suche a woman
That feld In fyght so gode a man. 16200

¶ Gret envy hadde he ther-ate,
Opon hys ² hors ther he ³ sate;
He wex for tene blak as Cole,
That schame myght he no lengur thole 16204
That sche hadde done the kynges two,
He wolde assaye what he myght do:

¶ He toke a spere of stalworthre tre,—
For he on hir wolde venged be,— 16208
And rode to hir with gret herte;
And sche him kepis rapely & smerte,
Sche smot him euyn In-myddis the scheld
That he fley out In-myddes the feld. 16212
So sore to gronde the knyght sche puttis,
That he wende he hadde to-brosten his guttis;
And sche gurd forth among the Grewes ⁴
And mochel bale among hem brewes ⁵:

¹ ll. 16197–8 are following ll. 16201–2 in MS., and are crossed out
several times. ² y and s on erasure. ³ s seems to be erased
before he. ⁴ MS. gregais. ⁵ MS. brennes.
Thelaman is taken Prisoner. Diomedes calls up his Men.

Penthesilea, with the help of Philomene, takes Thelaman prisoner.

When Diomedes is risen and sees Thelaman led away,

he calls his men together. 10,000 come, and ask why he has blown.

'Don't you see,' he says, 'how Thelaman is taken prisoner?'

But Diomedes, when he was resen, Saw Thelaman was taken to prison, Toward the town he saw him go,— Lord god, that him was wo!

He blew his horn & samed his men, Ther come aboute him thousand, ten Off doughti kny^t^es swithe proude, And asked: "whi he blew so loude?" What it be-mente? what it myght be?"

He seyde: 'felawes, may ye not se How Thelaman, that dogn^t^ kny^t^, With hem of Troye is discomfy/^t/^?'

Lo! where thei lede him toward town Ouer dale and ouer doun! But sicurly, if I may spede, Thei schal him not to Troye lede.

I beseech you, don't fail me, till I've brought him back.' Then he follows the Trojans who are carrying Thelaman off, and wounds some of them.

Sche turned a-3eyn to Thelaman [lf. 239, bk.] Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore Sche did to him that day gret tene, Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne To lede him to Troye Cite.

And sturdi strokes laid him an, Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore That sche of force toke him thore;

With the help of Philomene Sche did to him that day gret tene, Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne To lede him to Troye Cite.

And sturdi strokes laid him an, Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore That sche of force toke him thore;
Thelaman is rescued. Penthesilea incites her Maidens to take Revenge. 479

To lete him go thei were fayn, \[lf. 240.\] 16251
That thei of him were not sclayn. 16252

\(\text{Thelaman}^1\) fro hem he toke
And faste aweyward with him schoke.
When the quene herde it say
How he from hem was led away, 16256
For wratte the sche wax ner wode,—
So sterne sche was In hir mode.
That ladi thanne, Pantasalye,
To hir Maydenes by-gan to crye
And gadered hem vpon a route;
When thei were comen hir aboute,
Sche bad that thei scholde kythe here myght
Bothe on kyng \& eke on knyght.

\(\text{P}\)

Antasalye, that Damysel,
When sche herde telle how it felle
That Thelaman was fro hem twyght
Thorow Diomedes, that gentil kny\(\text{\textcopyright}t,\) 16268
Sche swor an othe ther: "for his sake
Sche wolde sclae that sche myght take."
Hir maydenes to-geder tho-samed,
Sche seyde: 'are 3e not aschamed
That this kyng is take fro 3ow ?
Felawes myn, I pray 3ow now:
For so haue I euere gode chaunce,
Thei schal bye his lyneraunce.' 16276

\(\text{sche strok hir stede with hir spores,}\)
Ouer falow \& ouer forwes
Among the Gregais sche ther rennes—
As dos the fulmard among the hennes.— 16280
Many a scheld that lady rose,
And many a basenet sche al to-drofe\(^2\),
Many a bak that day sche bowed,
For Thelaman was so rescowed. 16284

1 MS. Diomedes. 2 MS. alto drofe.
Many Greeks are slain or wounded; they are driven back to their tents. None dare oppose the queen; neither Diomedes, nor Ajax, nor Menescene, nor Agamemnon, nor anybody else; but all flee to their tents. Many die, as Penthesilea follows them, sword in hand. They are driven back as far as the sea; there they turn and defend themselves. They would have died, had not Diomedes come to their rescue. Sche wounded & scow & droff down [If. 240, bk.] 16285
The men that most were of renoun, Sche barst gerthes, paytrel, & pole; The gentil quene delis hir dole 16288
Here & thore as sche hem takes, Gret ma[r]tirdome of hem sche makes; Vn-til here tentis sche hem reuersed, In euery a side that ost sche persed. 16292

As non of hem that tyme so bolde
Durst fyght with hir opon the wolde,
Not Diomedes, that vigorus,
Ne Ayax Thelamanyus,
Ne that sturne knyzt Menescene
Durst not byde hir In here tene,
Ne Agamenon, here Empourer,
Ne thei that were of most valour
Not ones loke to hir ward 1;
But alle thei flow aweyward,
Vntil thei come to her tentis.
Many a man her dethe ther hentis,
For sche hem chased with swerd In hande,
With loude vois hem manassande,
And droff hem ouer doune & dale,
And fro her tentis & fro here hale,
Vntil thei come vnto the see
That thei no wyse myght fer flee.
Tho turned thei aȝeyn and faȝt,
As thei that tyme nede mauȝt,
Or haue ben draynt In the see.
So that quene by-gan to slee,
Ther hadde died tho with gret trosture,
Ne hadde tho y-comen socoure:
For tho come than with-oute les
The noble kyng Diomedes

1 MS. hirward.
And made of the Greces resistens [If. 241.] 16319 Diomedes gathers the Greeks, 16320 and maintains the fight, 16321 which is ended only by night.

The Trojans return to the city, the Greeks to their tents; 16328 they are very weary, and sorry that they hadn't better luck.

They sup, and go to bed.

Penthesilea

and her girls are much honoured in Troy.

When Priamus hears of her return, 16348

When Priamus, the kyng, herde say 31 [j] 16352 he hastens to meet her.

That the worthi gentil may
Was I-comen to hir Inne,—

Til he come ther wolde he not blynne,
Priamus pays a Visit to Penthesilea, and gives her many Gifts.

Priamus hopes to win by Penthesilea's help.

He pays her a visit, and thanks her.

He proffers her all his goods, and gives her many jewels and presents:
- golden clothes,
- horses, and arms.

He is hopeful, but before the year is out, his palace will be destroyed, and all his kindred.

The citizens are very glad of the queen's help.

That noble queene to\(^1\) thanke & se \[lf. 241, bk.\] 16353
That so hadde meyntened that melle
For him al day\(^2\) to his honour;

3it hoped he to be conquerour
By that queene of alle his foos.

K Yng Priamus to hir vp goos
With mary herte & glad chere,
And thanked hir on his manere
Off hir godenesse & noblay
That sche for him hadde done that day.

K Yng Priamus to hir him proffered
And al his goodis to hir he offred,
And 3aff hir 3ifftis many & fele,
Many worthi riche Iuele;
Many a noble riche present
The kyng to hir that euenyng sent:
Clothes of gold of mochel pride,
And stedes stronge vpon to ride,
And gode Armure of gode a-tyre
Sent Priamus that nyght to hire.

He was so fayn of hir prowesse,
That he wende by hir doghtinesse
Off al his bale to haue bote.
But he was—lord!—3it vndirfote,
Er that 3er was al out-paste;
That fair Palais was ouercaste
And distroyed, and al his kyn,—
Wyff, & child, & cosyn,—
And alle the kynrede that he hadde;
And that was ruthe, by seynt Chadde!

Ther was gret Ioye & solace
That euery a burgeois now hace
Off that noble doghti quene
And of hir Maydenes gode & kene.

\(^1\) MS. he to. \(^2\) MS. alday.
The Trojans are hopeful. Next Morning a fresh Battle begins.

The Trojans are glad, and hope to get peace by Penthesilea's help.

Sche called styward and boteler,
Sergaunt, coke, & hir sqwyer,
And bad thei scholde her soper dyght,
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.
The bordes were layd, the clothes spred,
And thei were set & richely fed.
Than afftirward thei gon to rest,
Eche bodi his clothes of-kest,
And 3ede to bedde & wele¹ hem wrapped ;
When thei were layd, sone thei napped
L the nyȝt, til it was morn.

Than was blowen many an horn,
Many an horn & many a beme,—
Iff thei of Greece to hem toke ȝeme.
Thei ride al forth with-oute the ȝatis,
The quene by-fore rydyng algatis
Opon a stede strong & store,
With sperre In hande & gilden spore.
And thei of Greece be that were ȝare
Aȝeyn Troyens for to fare,
That thei se comande on a route²;
And not-for-thi thei were In doute
To mete with hem an hundred score
For that day that was be-fore ;

¹ The first e altered from e. ² MS, a route.
After a fresh Battle of many Days they agree on a Truce.

But ther lay non other amende, [lf. 242, bk.] 16421
But¹ nedes most thei here lyff defende.

NWV
Ow thei mete with spere & scheld,
Bothe parties In-myddde the feld
By-twene the hales and the toun;

Thei meet, and fight all day.

Thei ride to-gedir with gret randoun,
Every man now hath of other envy;
Ther was a carful company,
When thei were to-gedre met:
Echon other al to-bet,
Sclow, & wounded, & thorow-bare;
Non of hem wolde other spare.
And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—
That thei most part fro that fyght
For wantyng of that dayes lyght.

And so they do many days,
till they are obliged to bury their dead.

And thus mette thei to-gedre efft
Many a day or thei lefft,
Til thei most the feld make clene
Off men that were sclayn hem be-twene,
And thei hem-selff so weri wore²
That thei myght fyght no more.
Tho toke thei be-twene hem grathe
To be In pes a two monethe,
To reste her bones that were weri
By assent of bothe parti.

The trewes was take monethes two,
That non of hem schal other mysdo
Lastande the trewes a nedle worth:
The relykes are y-brought forth,
And thei are sworne & made ther othe,
Thei schal hem hadde for leue or lothe.

The Greeks are forced to defend their lives.
The armies meet, and fight all day.
And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—
That thei most part fro that fyght
For wantyng of that dayes lyght.

Then both agree upon a truce of two months.

They swear on the relics to keep it well.

¹ The capital B is altered from V by the same hand.
² o altered from e.
The Greeks send Menelaus to fetch Pirrus, the Son of Achilles.

Hic Greci mandauerunt post Pirrum filium Achillis.

To the kyng sir Lycomede, [If. 243.] 16455
To help hem In that gret nede,— 16456
That was so tyff & strong In stoure.
Agamenoun, here Emperoroue,
Bad than his brother Menelaus
With his meyne wende afftir Pirrus;
And he as sone wente to the see
With his men & his naue,
And sayled forth with mochel spede
Vn-to that lord Lycomede. 16464

When he was comen In-to that hauen,
He bad sqwyeres, 3omen, & knauen
Lede out here hors opon the sonde;
And he lepe vp & rode to londe,
With Lycomede til he was met:
With curtais wordis he him gret
And welcomed him with loueli chere,
And sett hem doun to-gedir In-fere
In his hye halle opon the dese.
Then seyde the kyng Lycomedes:
Sir kyng, to me welcome thow art!
But me meruyles what [t]he has gart 16476
Come fro thi Grues thus fer to me?
And what thow wole In this contre?
What tydandes haue ze broght hidur?
And what thow wol with the haue thidur?
For wele I wot: with-oute skille:
Art thow not comen this lond tille.' 16480

Menelaus to him then sayde:
'Sir Lycomede, so thow be payde!' 16484
I schal the telle myn erande, whi
That I come hedir sicurly:
The kynges of Grece alle In-fere
The gretes wele, as thow seis here,
Menelaus gives his Message to Licomedes, who allows Pirrus to go.

Bothe by mouthe & eke by letter,  
And sayn that it were moche better,  
Child Pirrus, that thow holdest here  
In vn-manhed & foule manere,  
To send to hem & to his kyn¹,

And los & worschipe to wyn,  
To venge his fader on his Enemys,  
When he were man of los & pris;  
And be his fader fomen bane,  
The order of knyżt when he hadde tane,  
And not to ligge thus In scolcurye.

Hit is, sir kyng, a vylonye  
To the, sir, and to him bothe,  
The kynges of Grece with the are wrothe;  
And thow him holdis as brid In wrothe;  
That he wynnes him no vasselage,  
But leses his time & his loos,  
And helpis hem not ażeyn here foos,  
As him by skyl auyt for to do.  
And,thus bad thei me say the to.'

Licome de wex blo of blod,  
When he these wordes vndirstod;  
'Off god'—sayde he—'I take witnesse,  
On no wise long on me non isse  
That he hath dwelled so longe fro sow:  
For I wiste neuere whi ne how  
I myght him sende, ne by what man;  
Ne he him-selff the way ne can,  
But sithen the kynges for him haue sent,  
And thow thi-selff [art] here present,  
Child Pirrus, I the be-teche  
Thi fader deth to gete wreche.  
He[r] by the hand I the him bede,  
Ouer the see with the to lede

¹ MS. And to hem & to his kyn.
Menelaus and Pirrus sail to Troy.

¶ Hic venit Pirrus ad Grecos.
Vnto the lordis & kynges alle. [If. 244.] 16523
I pray to god, that fair mot 30w falle.' 16524

Menelaus when he herde that,
He was Joyful ther he sat;
Him thoght his herte wel hesed,

When he of him was seffed & sesed.
He thoght no lenger ther to dwelle,
He hadde no tale lenger to telle;
He toke his leue at him to go
To hem of Grece that he come fro.

He bad god that made sonne & mone,
Brynge hem thedir sound & sone;
And thei to-gedir verament
Vn-to the see thei ben y-went.
When thei were comen to her schippis,
Eche man afftir other In hippis;
And drow vp Anker & her ropes,
And caste on hem cloke & copes
To saue hem fro the salt water,
That it be-sprenged not her hater.

Thei sayled bothe day & nyght
With spede & haste that thei myght
Ouer strem & ouer wawe,
Vn-till thei stonde before hem sawe
Off trusti Troye the hye walles,
Here gaye toures, & her halles;
On hem schon the sonne bem.
Thei sayled forth ouer that strem,
Til thei were come to here flote;
Thei wente to londe tho by her bote,

Thei leue her schippis & gon to londe
And riden to-gedir hond In honde,
Til thei come to here Pauylons
Among the Grues and the Gryffons. 31 [iii] 16556
A mong the Gregais Pirrus is lyght [l. 244, bk.] 16557

A fair man, hardi, & wyght;
Many a lord Pirrus by-held,

Pirrus

is heartily welcomed by the Greeks;
he is much like his father.

is welcoming Pirrus by the Greeks;
he is much like his father.

Agamemnon and all the other lords welcome him,
and so do the Myrmidons.

Agamemnon orders all Achilles's riches, tents, horses, arms, &c., to be given to Pirrus.

Next morning they dub him a knight;
Ajax girds him with the sword,

and wishes him good luck.

Pirrus is welcomed and dubbed a Knight by the Greek Kings.

Agamemnon, her Emperor,
And alle the lordis did him honour,
And did him worchepe ther he stode,
And welcomed him with chere gode.
The Murundones come to him than,
And welcomed him, euery man;
Joyful & glad thei with him wore,
That he hem was come thore.

Agamemnon as sone gan brynge
Al his fader richesse & ryngge:
Pauelons, tentis, & his teldis,
Stedis, speres, helmys, & scheldis,
And al his gode fair Armure,
And clothes of gold, fyne & pure,
Off say, of silkis, bothe red & grene,—
And 3aff hem Pirrus al be-dene.
The morwe Aftir thei made him knyʒt,
Richely was he dubbed & dysʒt.

Off hem was most glorious,
He gyrd his sword aboute his swire
And sayde to him: 'Pirrus, leue sire!
I gird the with thi sword, take hede
To venge thi fader as thow most nede.
And moche Ioye haue thow of thin ordur of knyʒt,
As thi fader hadde that venged vs In fyʒt.'
Two lordes of Grece, princes, skete  
Set his spores on his fete,  
That were of gold, pure & ffyn.  
Then my3t men here a mechel dyn  
Off Trompes, pipes, & other glues  
Among the Gregais & the Grues.  
Gret was the murthe & the melody  
That ther was of Menstralcy:

The Grues held gret feste & strong  
Many dayes afftir and long,  
And made gret Ioye & solace  
In worschip of him that newe kny3t was.

Pirrus is knyght gode & gay,  
Off ffair porture, of gode aray,  
Off wel riche apparyle,  
Off gentil blod, of fair entayle;  
He prayes tho his Murundones  
That thei go sette here Pauylones,  
As thei were wont to stande  
The while his fader was lyuande.  
And thei on to-geder went  
And did her lorde comandement;  
And his tentis tho thei maked,  
Faste & sekirly thei hem staked  
In-to the erthe with lyne & cordes;  
And sette his tentis by other lorde.
Both sides prepare for a fresh battle.

Pirrus, in his father's armour, leads the vanguard:

He rides out
with all his men;

and so do all the other kings,

with 70,000 men. The poet enumerates all the Greek leaders.

He trewes are past with-oute failie, [If. 245, bk.]
And day is comen of here batayle:

Vnto the fyght aȝeyn to wende.

Pirrus In his fader wede
That vaunwarde that day he dos lede,

He hath his batayle wel arayed
Off men before offte assayed;
He is wel dight & horsed als,
His fader scheld aboute his hals
And Achilles swerd also,—
Many man to dethe ther-with was do,—

His armes Are stronge & sicur.
And he with that rides In-to that bicur,
He passes forth over the dikes
With his men that wel him likes,
And takes the fel[d] brod & large
Covered vndir helm & target.

And euery a-ntoher kyng
With alle her men In her ledynge,
Knyght & sqwyer, erle & swayn,
Rode & zede vn-to that playn
Ther thei were wont for to fyght,
With thosandes sixti two & eyght.

Ther was the duk Menescene
With alle his men, & kyng Cheleine,
So was the kyng Menelaus,
And Ayax Thelemaneus,
Dux Nestor, & Vlixes,
And the doghti Diomedes,
Theseus kyng, & Thealamon,
And the Emperour Agameon,
Polinytes, & kyng Thoas:
Tho rod thei forth on a pas,
A fierce Battle. Wounds are described.

Every a lord with his ost,  
Proudly pyght lest and most.

And thei of Troye were comen out  
With-oute drede or any dout,  
Off here enemys hadde thei no drede.  
Bothe the parties to-gedur 3ede,  
A wicked weren thei ther by-gan,  
Thei sclow ten thousand, er thei blan.

Now are thei to-gedir samen,  
Alle on ernest & not on gamen;  
Now are thei to-gedir broght,  
A woful day schal ther be wroght:

The speremen ride, the bowemen schote,  
Thei fel faste ded at horses fote,  
The swordmen Smyte & strokes 3eue,  
Helmes breke, & scheldes cleue.

Lordes & laddes lesen her lyues,  
Echon other rendis & ryues;  
A bitter bale haue thei be-gonne,  
Now this folk to-gedir is ronne.  
Ther were bowes al to-broken 1,  
Stedis stiked & thorow-stoken,  
Helmes holed, & heuedis houen,  
Knees & cropes with knyues clouen,  
Schonkes schyuered, schuldres schorne,  
Blodi burnes In bostis borne;  
With ferli fare tho freykes ferde,  
Off suche an hepe neuere I herde.

Pirrus prikes aboute & prauuses,  
Fro man to man aboute he luynses  
Al his strengthe for to assay,  
He dud gret harm on hem that day;  
His fader Armes that day he bare.  
Off Palamides so was he ware

1 MS. alto broken.
Pirrus attacks Polidomas.

He turned his stede to him sone,
He thought on him to wynne his schone:
He rode to him with so gret haste
That al his spere In-sunder braste,
That he fell down opon the grounde
And hadde a wel greuous wounde.

Philomene, on seeing Pirrus about to kill Polidomas,

But that be-held kyng Philomene,
He saw the fyght hem be-twene;
He saw the knyfet Palamydes
In gret perel of Pirrus was,
For that newe knyfet Pirrus
Was with him ful noyus,
For he thought him so mate & make,
That he scholde scle him or take.

But Philomene hit myght not thole:
To Pirrus turned he his fole,
And led with him al his meyne—
Two thousandes knyfetes & hundres thre,—
And put Pirrus fro his euel wille,
That he ne scholde his falawe spille
Ne that tyme he not dere,
For no-thyng that he myght swere.

Pirrus for-sothe hadde gret dispit
That he fro him scholde be quyt,
With Philomene was he wrothe:
He leues that other and to him gothe,
With tene of herte kepte he that kyng,
And toke him thanne In suche a swyng

1 e seems to be altered to a.
Philomene is unhorsed by Pirrus, rescued by Penthesilea. 493

That he bar him tayl ouer top, 16727
That he lay ther as a sop. 16728
Pirrus unhorses Philomene,

† Then myyt men here a wondir cry
Off alle his men stode him by,
For Pirrus wolde her lord haue,
And thei wolde him sayn saue:
Thei wol ther her lyues stende,
But thei may here lord defende;
Thei put hem certes In gret perel
To saue her lord In that torpel.
But al was not that thei coude do,
For thei no-wyse myght come him to,
For Murundones were so wode
That thei her strengthe styffly with-stode. 16740

Philomene's men try to deliver their lord,
but in vain.

P
Alidomas come thanne rennande,
And al his ost with wepen in hande,
To socoure & helpe kyng Philomene,
As he did him In his gret tene;
But he myght not for that he couthe,
For al that he was kny3t In his 3outhe,
He myght not saue him fro her handis,
That thei ne him toke & putte In bandis
To lede him to Pirrus tent.
But of her purpos were thei rent,
For that louely lady fre
Qwit him out of here pouste.

The Myrmi-

dons would
have captured
Philomene,

† The stour was fel & strong,
The hilles of here strokes rong:
Pantasalye come thedur than
With many hardy kene womman,
A sterne stede the quene be-strode,
Among the Gregays that lady rode;
Sche sclow & felde many & fele,—
The sothe to say and not to hele.

Penthesilea turns up.

and slays many Greeks.

16752
16756
16758
16760

16744 but in vain.
16748
16752
16756
16760
16748

Ajax, on seeing Penthesilea slay so many Greeks,
attacks and unhorses her;
but she leaps up,
and swears to take revenge:
she hurls Ajax down,
takes his horse,
rides among the Greeks,
and slays many.

When she hears of Philomene's capture,

she swears she'll free him.

Hir armes were white as swannes flawe ; [lf. 247, bk.] 16761
The Grues hir dredde when thei hir sawe,
For sche on hem gret Angur did
And sche to hem hir strengthe so kid. 16764

Thelamanyus Ayax was war
That sche to grounde Gregais bar,
In his herte hadde he gret Ire:
He toke a spere & rode to hire
And bar that ladi fro hur stede,
Vn-warned or sche toke hede.

But sche lepe vp as myghti quene,
Hardi & bold, doghti & kene,
Opon hir feet with-oute dwellyng,
And swor that he schold that 1 fellyng
In that day wel sore a-bye :
Sche lete a stroke vpon him flye,
Sche 3aff him certis suche a pat
That down to grounde he fel flat ;
Sche toke hir hors & lepe vp tite—
Maugre hir foos that stode be-syde—
And rod hir thanne among the Grues
And mechel bale amonges hem breues,
Sche wroght hem wo In hir wode res,
And many sche slees er sche hadde pes. 16784

Antasalye hir stede by-strides,
Among Gregais & Grues rides;
Tydynges were that ladi tolde
That sir Pirrus, that newe knyzt bolde,
Hadde Philomene, that kyng, tan
And swor that he 2 scholde be his ban.
That bold mayden meved hir blod,
When sche tho tydandes vndirstode ;

Sche vowes to god & alle his halowes:
"He scholde not lede him ouer the ffolowes

1 MS. bye that. 2 MS. she.
To tent ne Paulyloun that he hadde." [lf. 248.] 16795
Alle hir Maydenes than sche badde 16796
To folwe hir where sche 3ede,
And leue hir not for no nede.

With-oute mo wordes went sche forth,
With alle hir maydenes that mechel were worth, 16800
To Pirrus & to his Murundones
That with the help of her Gryffones
Hadde taken that kyng Philomene.
Harde strokes gan sche hem lene,

The Murundones sche sondres & schedes,
And fele of hem sche maymes & hedes;
Many a baly scho ther rittes
And many a scheld sche al to-sclittes;
Many a kny3t les his entrayles.
So harde the queene hem assayles.

When Pirrus sees this mischief,

U Hen Pirrus saw that mescheff—
Sche felde his men at gret repreue,
How thei were hurt and euel dyght,
Wounded euele and discomfyght
With that queene Pantasalye,—
Opon his men be-gan he crye
And sayde: 'men, for him 3ow boght!
What do 3e? ne schame 3e noght
To dye so foule of feble things?
A few wommen to dethe 3ow brynges?

But turnes a3eyn & folowes me,
And thei schal some discomfit be!
Ther schal but fewe—so mote I thryue!—
Off hem passe away on lyue!' 16824

He let thenne go kyng Philomene
From him & hise qwite and clene
With-oute ramsoun or any mede,
For he myght him not themes lede.

1 MS. alto sclittes.
Penthesilea addresses Pirrus and gives him a severe Scolding.

Antasalye herde his speche, [lf. 248, bk.] 16829

On him sche thought to take wreche:
Sche drow toward him ner
And seyde to him, that he myght her:
'Off thi proude wordes ne of thi sawe
Ne of thi-selff I 3eue not an hawe!
By him that made al mydelerde!'
Off the am I not a-ferde,
But now and euere I the dispise
For thi fader cowardise,
That he falsly sclow that knyght
That passed al other In strengthe & myght,

In doghtinesse & In valoure,—
Off Chiualarm he was the floure,—
The worthi knygt Hector the gode!
Alle the men of gentil blode
Aught to venge his deth by skylle
On the & alle that longeth the tille!
And not only al gentil men,
But we that are here wymmen
Are comen to venge withoure myght
The deth of that gentil knyght!

For 3it I hope that I & myne
Schal venge his deth on the & thine,
For that fals traytour coward, thi sire!
His soule mot breune In helle fire!'
At hir wordes Pirrus not smyled,
When he herde him so reuyled:
With-oute worde & mochel tene
Rode sir Pirrus to the quene,
To venge him if that he myght;
And whan sche saw come that knyght,
Sche slaked hir bridel & rayne
And ran to him with al hir mayne,
Pirrus is unhorsed by Penthesilea; Philomene thanks her.

And kept that knyght In hir rennyng. [Iff. 249.] 16863
In his grete tene and herte-brennyng 16864

Pirrus smot Pantasalye
Opon the scheld so an hye,
That al his spere In-sunder brast;
But sche was not doun cast. 16868
But sche smot him wers than so,
Sche brast hir spere on him In-two
And bare him over the saddel y-wis,
That he hadde leue the grounde to kys. 16872
But sicurli he ros vp sone,
To venge that schame that sche had done
Vn to him by-fore his folke,
For tene his herte began to bolke: 16876

Stalworthe strokes sadde & sore
Pirrus strok at hir thore,
Thei made tho so gode pay
That al her harneis was of blod ray; 16880
Al on blod was her harneis.
But thenne come many proude Gregeis
And partid hem sone a-twynne,
And of her baret made hem blynne,
And broght Pirrus a stede strong
And horsed him hem among.

Pirrus now & Pantasalie
Bene partid with gret envie;
Pan[t]a]salye hir men relies,
Philomene to hir he hyes
And thanked hir of his lyueraunce,
And prayes god: "3ene hir gode chaunce;
For sicurly nadde sche bene,
His lyff hadde ben lorn clene."

Agamenouz, her Empourer,
Come then doun vnto that stour, 32 [j] 16896

1 And, though the catch-word on Iff. 248, bk. is Sche.
New Forces arrive, a fresh Battle begins, Glamicon is killed.

Diomedes, with all his men Diomedes; so did the duke of Athenes, and all the Greeks arrive.

Penthesilea is angry with the Greeks.

Philomene, Remus, and Eneas, come to help her.

A fresh battle begins.

When any of them were so refreshed, Pirrus rode among the Troiens, many slays many Trojans, Pirrus rides up to Glamicon, a half-brother of Polidomas, Pirrus rodes to sir Glamicon, a knight that was Antenor's son; Palidomas was his half-brother,

Many fall, many die.

Many a worthi man of yse; Be-twene hem thei liff thei tynte, Off that assaut er thei wolde stynte.

Pirrus rode to sir Glamicon, A knyght that was Antenor sone, Palidomas was his half-brother,

On lyue that tyme hadde he non other,— Off Another moder born;

His lyff for-sothe has he lorn:

For sir Pirrus In his wode layke, In his rydynge & In his rayke,

smites him, and kills him.

With his sword smot he so sore,

That he among hem died thore.

1 MS. ... o... o...; see note on p. 450.
Single Combat between Penthesilea and Pirrus; they are separated.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hic Pirrus occidit Glamiconem.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pantasalye by-fore hir eyne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saw Glamicon die with pyne,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sché saw him die bothe blak &amp; blo;</td>
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<tr>
<td>For him sché was In herte wo,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And for-fouxten as sché was</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sché come fro hir meygne a-pas</td>
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<tr>
<td>And rod to him ouer-twurt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And Pirrus it saw with Irus hert,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And saw that quene to him ride</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As faste as sché myzt glide:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He cauzte a spere—I the be-hete—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong &amp; styff, that quene to mete;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He stroke his stede &amp; mette the quene,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And so did sché him, &amp; that was sene!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayther other so assayled,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That neyther of other fayled ;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thei mette so that bothe 3ede doun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fro her hors opoun i her crowen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>But sone &amp; smert bothe vp ros,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And ayther of hem to hors gos,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And lepe vp with mochel spede ;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And eyther of hem to other 3ede,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And faust to-gedur harde &amp; longe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Til thei were partid with that thronge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or elles longe or it hadde be nyght,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That on-hadde be foule discomfite.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Polidomas, when he herde say
His brother had mad his endyng-day,
Wo was him when he hit wiste:
Among the Gregais he him thruste,
He sclow & faste leyde to grounde,
He jaff the Gregais many a wounde,
And sclow hem doun as he were wood;
Thei lay & sprauled In her blood.

1 MS. perhaps opoii.

When Penthesilea sees Glamicon die, she grows angry
and attacks Pirrus again;
Pirrus seizes a spear, and meets her;
both are unhorsed, but get up again,
and fight fiercely until they are separated.

Polidomas, on hearing of his brother's death,
slays and wounds many Greeks.

32 [ij]
The Greeks flee, but Night ends the Battle.

And the quene Pantasalye—

Thorow hir many doth dye:

So thorow here bothe myght

The Gregais were some discomfight

And fledde away & left her place,

And thei hem folwed a long pace.

But Diomedes, and sir Pirrus,

These thre thanne hur chase with-stode

And thei no further bacward 3ode,

But turned aȝeyn & lefft here fyght,

For it was ner-hond the nyght:

The sonne was went In-to the west,

Hit was n ey set & gon to rest ;

And thei departed with weri bones

And ȝede alle hom to her wones,—

Some to tentis & some to toun,—

Did of her Armes & set hem doun,

Ete & drank and ȝede to bedde,

Whan thei were alle wel y-fedde,—

And ros aȝeyn when thei myght se,

For thei wol not lete it so be,

Vn-to that on were vndirlyng,

And that other lord & kyng.

Night is went with his merke cloude,

The waits blew, the Cokkes croude,

The sonne is rysen & schynes bryght,

And thei are vppe & redi dyght

Vnto her note aȝeyn to go,

Ther thei the nyght be-fore come fro.

Thei are horsed & Armed redi to fare,

Thei are aȝeyn to-gedir thare,

Ther are thei to-gedir met ;

Iff any lefft In other det,

1 MS. myghtes. 2 MS. discomfightes. 3 Scribblings in the margin, but blotted and therefore indistinct. 4 MS. a.
They fight four Weeks without Interruption; 10,000 Knights slain.

They thenke hit schal be wel quyt.

They fare as they were out of wyt,

So betis & lais echon on other
Stalworth strokes as a fother,
Ryues, & rendes, and doun beres,
Woundes, & sleeis, & al to-teres,—

Fro morwe erly that thei hadde sonne
Til it was nyght thei neuere blonne
And thus ferde thei with-outen les
Many a day, er thei hadde pes.

But by him that schope book & belle!
Alle here dedis may I not telle,
How thei faught to-geder euery day;
Alle here dedis may I not say.

For sicurly with-oute fayle—
As was wretan of that batayle:—

Thei faught to-geder a ful foure woke
That thei neuere reste ne toke,
Day by day to lande & forow;
And alle the fold thorow & thow
Lay sprad with dede bodies,
As it hadde ben rattis or mys.

For sicurly by-twen hem was sclayn
With-Inne the dayes In that champayn
—As Dares seis—thousands ten
Off men of Armes & doghti men,
With-oute comune & other pedale,—
That was wel mo with-oute fayle.
And the queene Pantasalie
Off hir Maydenes a gret partie
Haddie tynt with-Inne a while & a lorn,
That lay ther ded al to-schorn.

Vij & xxth dayes, plener
Held thei the fight al entier

1 thei twice in MS. 2 MS. folk. 3 & is somewhat blotted.

16999 17000 17004 17008 17012 17016 17020 17024 17028 17032
A fierce and dire battle.

They fight from morning till night,

many days.

But I cannot relate all their deeds,

for they fought four full weeks, without taking rest.

10,000 knights are slain,

more common soldiers,

and a great many Amazons.

MS. entrec.
A Truce is agreed upon, which will be the last one.

Hic ceperunt pacem inter eos ad sepellendum corpora mortuorum.

Day by day upon the wold, [Iff. 251, bk.] 17033
That they rest now— as I now told—
When the whole field
is covered with corpses,
the armies agree on another truce,
to bury their dead.

The truce is taken; the last one,

for the next battle will end the war,
as the Trojans will lose their 'maintainer.'

All their goods and houses will be burnt, and they will all die;
but by false treason only! God curse them!

Antenor and Eneas are the traitors.

* MS. And.
The Battle begins again; Pirrus is wounded by Penthesilea.

Come thei neuere In heuene riché, [lf. 252.] 17067
That thei wolde so her lord be-swyke 17068
And al that gentil nacioun!
Schal be put In-to dampnacioune!

Come thei neuere In heuene riché,
And that may men of Troye rewe:
For if thei wiste what wolde be-tyde,
Thei wolde not out of Troye ride.
But now ben thei of Troye out-gon,
Wel on horse is eueri-chone;

In-to the feld are thei alle went,
With scharp sword & bowe bent
For to schete & Smyte In haste;
And thei of Grece ben comyng fasté.
Ful wel are thei now batayled,
And echon other fasté assayed
With swordes & speres scharp;
Off alle her dedis may I not carpe.

But Pirrus saw Pantasaly;
Be-twene hem two was gret envy:
He rode to hir, & she to him,
Ayther was on other brym;
Pirrus smot that ladi so,
That he to-barst his spere In-two
And thrilled thorow-out hir scheld.
But that quene hir sadel held
That sche fel not with his smytynge,
But sche smot him with-oute flytyng
And saff him on vn-to his mede,
That hir spere In-sunder 3ede;
But he fel not ther-with to grounde,
But sche saff him an hidous wounde
That of hir spere a gret partí
Lefft stone-stille In his bodi.

The truce ends;
if the Trojans knew what was coming they would not ride out.

But they go into the field.

Pirrus and Penthesilea meet;
Pirrus breaks his spear,
buts cannot unhorse the queen;
she smites him,
breaks her spear too,
buts wounds Pirrus severely;
the spear-head sticks in his body.
Hic Pirrus occidit Pantasaliam Reginam.

Pirrus is smeten & euel dyght, [lf. 252, bk.] 17101
His blod ran out with mochel myght;
For him was made a gret cry

The Greeks fear for Pirrus,
they can't pull the spear out of his wound.

Off alle the Grues that were him by;
For thei were alle In mochel doute
How the spere-hed scholde gon oute
With-oute lesyng of his lyff.

They attack the Trojans.
Then be-gan a delful stryff
To hem of Troye ther thei stode:
For alle the Grues were ney wode
That sche smot him so greuously;
Thei cried on hir dispitously,

They vowed to god thei scholde hir sclo.
Many a Grewe & Gregais tho
3ede abouthe that douȝti queene
And did hir mochel wo & tene,

Many Greeks charge the queen;
they break her helmet,
and wound her in the head.

Thei brak hir helm & hir hauberk
And made al blod hir white scherk,
Thei brast on-sonder many a mayle,
The stalworte lace of hir ventayle,
Sicurly In-to her hare
Thei maken hir hed naked & bare.

When Pirrus saw hir hed al naked,
In his body thoow he were staked
With his spere-hede, to hir he soght
As he of his lyff not roght;

Pirrus, not caring for life or death,

Off lyff ne deth ȝaff he no tale,
But that he myȝt brewe hir bale
When he saw hir In suche a poynt:

smites her left arm off with a heavy blow.

He smot hir euene In the Ioynt
Be-twene the sholder & the scheld,
That hir lefft arme fflow In the feld,

Penthesilea dies.
And sche fel ded & stille lay
Among hir horses as clot of 1 clay;

1 MS. In.
And Pirrus In his greuaunce  
[If. 253.]  
17135

Toke on hir a foule vengaunce,  
17136

For he lefft not of hir a spot  
Pirrus cuts her body into pieces,

That he ne hit Hewe as flesch to pot.  

And he him-selff wex than so wan  
and then falls down in a dead swoon;

For blod that out of his wounde ran,  

That he amonges hem fel ther doun  

Fro his hors In a dede swoon;  

¶ But his gode men lyff[h] him on lofte  

And on his scheld laide him softe  
he is carried to his tent,

And bare him hom to his tentis,  

And did of alle his garnementis  
and put to bed.

And laide him faire vpon his bed,  

For he was feble and al by-bled.  

Antasalie is ded & sclayn,  

Penthesilea being dead,

And thei of Grece are ther-of sfiayn;  

But hir maydenes haue sorwe y-now,  

Many a Grewe that tyme thei sclow.  

Thei were so for the quene en-yred,  

To dye ther thei desired:  

Troyens thanne & tho wymmen  
slay 2,000 Greeks.

Sclow two thousand doghti men.  

¶ But what myght that a-vayle,  

Whil ther were 3it with-oute fayle  
Thei sounid thousand of Gregais knyghtes,  
Thei were so for the quene en-yred,  

Troyens thanne & tho wymmen  

The Greeks kill

Sclow two thousand doghti men.  

The Greeks kill

¶ Dares seith „thei sclow that tyde  
Ten thousand men of Troians² syde.”  

Wherfore alle that myghte fle  

Fled away to hir Cite  

10,000 Trojans; the others flee towards Troy.

¶ Dares seith „thei sclow that tyde  
Ten thousand men of Troians² syde.”  

Wherfore alle that myghte fle  

Fled away to hir Cite  

1 MS. godemen.  
² Troians by another hand on erasure.
The Trojans bolt the gates, and think their Walls unsurmountable.

The Trojans shut and bolt the gates.

And spered the gates well and faste  
With many a spire that wel wolde laste,  [lf. 253, bk.] 17169
With lokke & keye, haspe & pyn;
And held hem alle the town with-In,  17172
For of the Gregais hadde thei suche doute
That thei wolde no more passe oute:

The Trojans wol no more out-wende,  17176
For now is broght the fight to ende;
Thei 3eue no tent to no-thyng elles—
Non that In the town dwelles—
But her walles for to wayte,
That thei with-oute with no dissayte,
With no qwayntise 1, ne with no wile
By day ne ny3t hem t[h]o by-gyle.
For thei are sicur y-now & traist,
That thei ne thar no-thyng be a-baist;
For thei wot wel thei are so hye,
That no-thyng In erthe but foule that flye
May come hem to, for out thei do ey3t,
But if it were with tresoun or slest.

The waytes is set, the town kept,
That thei wele & sicurly slept.
But thei of Greece haue hem be-cast
With the sege wele & faste  17192
On euery a side ouer-al aboute,
That thei may not for hem come oute.
But ther-of haue thei no drede,
But if thei haue of vitayles nede;
For thei may leue & wele fare
With-Inne the town for euer-mare,
But it be so that hem fayle
Corn, or wyn, or other vytayle.
The Trojens make gret del echone,
Gret mornyng, & mochel mone;

1 MS. qwanytise.
The Trojans bewail Penthesilea. Her Corpse is thrown into a Pool. 507

Alle that euere to Troye out long [Iff. 254.] 17203
Maken gret dele and sorwe strong,—

Kyng & knyht,—when thei hem thenche
Off that worthi doughti wenche,
That noble quene Pantasalie,
That hem defended so nobly.
The sorwe is gret that thei alle make
For hir dethe & for hir sake,
That thei may not hir bodi haue—
As hem wel a3t—In erthe to graue.

The Gregais wol not hir bodi grauen,
But let hit ligge to roke & rauen;
But sir Pirrus with that seyde: ‘nay!
Hit is no skyl’—he sayde—‘parfay!
That so dou3ti a body as sche
A-bouen erthe vn-grauen be,
Ne be with best ne foule y-schent!
But fair be layd In monument!’

But Diomedes verament
With-saye sir Pirrus Iugement,
He seyde for-sothe “that hir bodi
To ligge In erthe is not worthi.”
But ther-to come it at the laste
That In a lake that quene was caste,
For thei seyde “thei wolde hir not brynge
To sepulcre ne to bureyng.”

Antasalye liggis In a pole;
The Troyens make moche dole 1,
Thei make sorwe that sche is ded;
For now are thei with-outen red,
Thei haue no hope to no 2 socour;
With-Inne the toun make thei soiour,
For thei se wel: hem is no bote
A-3eyn Gregays more to mote.

1 MS. dele, but the first e seems to be corrected to o.
2 MS. to no so.
Anchises, and Eneas
plot to save
their own
lives and
goods and
wives,
and to betray
king Priamus
and his folk.

They will advise him
to make peace
with the Greeks,

and give
Eleyne back to
Menelaus.

But which of
the Greeks
will assent to
this?

Anchises, that waried wyght,
That Ancien schrew, that olde knyght,—

And his sone, fals Eueas,—

And Antenor—the s dre, alas!—

And his sone Palidamas—

These foue be-gan the compas:
How thei myght best saue her lyues
And alle her godis & here wyues:

Thel toke amonges hem many consayle,
What myght best to hem a-vayle?
But at the laste, thus thei ent,
That thei were alle at this assent:
"That if thei were dryuen ther-to
That thei myght no more do,
Thei scholde the kyng & his be-swyke,
To saue hem foure and that hem lyke,
Alle here kynrede & here frende,—
And Priamus & his to schende."

So sayde thei be-twene hem thore:
To consayle the kyng that it gode wore
A fynal pees of Grues to craue,
For so myght he his lyff saue;
And that he wolde take a-3eyn
To Menelaus the quene Eleyn,
And make amendes of that Paris
Hadde done to hem & heris amys,
And do restore that he & hise
Hadde born fro hem In any wyse.

But who myght leue that any lord
Off hem of Grece that wold acord?
To graunte the pees to hem so sone
Affir the harm that thei hadde done,
And greued hem sore & ofte anoyed,
And so fele lordes of hem distroyed;

1 MS. Amicen; cf. l. 17838.
The Traitors tell their Plan to King Priamus.

Qualiter Priamus & omnes alij. Troiani decepti fuerunt.
And thei haue hope the town to wynne, [If. 255.] 17271
And alle the godis that ben ther-Inne;
For In the town so bold none was,
With-oute the gates that durst pas.
But sicurly ther myght men so
That it myzt not but tresoun be,
Openly & discouert,
And it was tresoun rizt apert.
But thei myght speke of a pees,
Thei myght not elles speke with Gregais,
For to telle hem of here wille,
How the town wolde thei tresoun & spille.

These traytours that this town wol traye,
Thei are went her erande to saye
To the kyng In the sale:
Boldely thei telle bothe her tale
Be-fore the kyng & lordes fele;
But her tresoun thei wol slely hele,
Thei wil not telle what thei thenke—
The deuel hem mot In helle senke!

When Priamus saw of pees thei touched,
Off here wordes no gode he souched:
Him thoght it was no gode tokenyng
That thei of pes made procuryng
Aftir the harm that he hadde tan
Off hem that were his sones ban,
Him thoght it souned to no gode
That thei of pees hadde turned her mode;

He saw right wele here two assent,
To traye the town that thei haue ment,
And not-for-thi he held him stille
And let he speke & say here wille,
For he wolde not lette hem perceyue
That he saw thei wolde him disceyeue.

The plot can be carried out only by treason.
The traitors go to Priamus and tell him their plan, but dissemble their treason.
Though Priamus suspects it, he keepssilent, and lets them speak.
A Discourse between Eneas, Priamus, and Antenor.

He spak to hem & seide: 'lordynges! [lf. 255, bk.]'

Priamus will deliberate with his counsellors.

Eneas scornfully advises him to give in to their proposal.

Priamus says that perhaps another plan will be better for both of them.

Antenor urges that

There are 50 kings before the gates resolved to take the town and burn it and slay all.
Antenor advises the Restoring of Helena. Amphimacus abuses him. 511

Ne 3e may not with-stonde her my3t, [Lr. 256.] 17339 You are not able to withstand, or fight them;
Ne 3e dar not with hem fy3t, 17340 there is no hope of help.
And 3e ar now of nom-power,
Ne vs comes no help fer ne ner.

For-whi I say: better hit is

Off two harmes to chose the les:
Better is vs & 3ow also
That 3e sende the Gregais to,
To loke if thei wil graunt 3ow grith
Off a ffynal pes, lyf and lyth;— 17348 restore
And 3eue a-3eyn Eleyne, the quene,
For wham fele lordis haue ded bene;— and all the goods Paris stole in
And alle the godis a-3eyn restore—
And, if thei wil, 3et somdel more,— 17352 Thessaly.'
That Paris In his robbery
Toke fro hem In Thesaly.'

Amphimacus to speke hadde haste;
On of the kynges sones a-baste;
He ros vp thanne with teneful herte
And seide to him wordes smerte,
Herynge alle that set on benche:
' Thi wyles ben wicked, so ben thi wrenche!' 17360 'Wicked is thy plan,
He seide: 'gode men 2, opon my treuthe!
Thow art fals, and that is reuthe!
Thi herte is turned, & so it semes,
That thi kyng & vs thus demes! 17364 Thou oughtest to die for thy
In the for-sothe is now no trayst,
When thow these wordes vn-to vs sayst!

For thi kyng scholde thow suffre meschew,
Er thow saw him falle In any repreff,
And thow now procurest him vylonye!
Erst scholdestow with him die!
Wele may men se: thi herte is chaunged!
For we are not hit so mys-kannged,

1 that twice in MS. 2 MS. godemen.

17344 Therefore try to make peace,
17348 restore Eleyne,
17352 And all the goods Paris stole in Thessaly.'
17356 Amphimacus, a bastard son of Priamus,
17360 'Wicked is thy plan,
17364 Thou oughtest to die for thy king before he is harmed.
17372 But we are not yet so weakened,
Eneas advises to make Peace too. Priamus blames him.

That er schal twenti thousand men [If. 256, bk.] 17373
Die ther-to and thoundres ten.'
Ful wylusly he him with-sayde,
For he was no-thyng with him payde.' 17376

But Eneas thanne his wordes pesed,
With faire wordes his herte he sesed
He 1 seyde vnto him at the laste:

' The Gregeis haue vs vmbe-caste,
That we dar no more fyght with hem,
Ne openoure 3ates for drede of hem;
A-nother way—if we be sly—
By-houses vs seke to haue vs by,
And sicurly it is non other
Then bye the pes, my lene brother!'

For alle the good of heten Spayne
Myght the kyng him [not] refrayne,
He was so ful of care & wo;

Vnto the traytoures seide he tho:
'Certes'—he seyde—'3e are to blame!
3e were worthi to suffre schame!
In 3oure herte how myght 3e ffynde
A-3eyn me now to be vnkynde?
In my grete case to waxe vn-trewe
That enere zit haue ben me drewe?

And nother of 3ow may certes say
That I did neure be nyght ne day
Any-thyng a-3eyn Gregays
In tyme of werre ne of pays
That harmed hem an beryng-tayle,
That it ne was by 3oure consayle.
And thow, Eueas, was cheff consaylour
To Paris, my sone, In his labour
To rawische Heleyne & lede hir away;
Thow may not say ther-of “nay”:

1 MS. Thei.
And now both of you advise me to lose my reputation, to appeal for mercy to those Greeks who slew my sons!

Your counsel is not loyal! Cursed be the tongue which gave it! I fear we are sold and lost!

Eneas, very angry;
speaks villainous words against the king.

And leaves the hall with Antenor.

Order in MS., 17418, 17417.
Priamus and Amphimacus resolve on murdering the Traitors.

\[ \text{Hic Priamus flebat.} \]

If the kyng hadde wist here consayl, \[1f. 257, bk.\]

It hadde ben to hem wrother-hayl!

That al his brest the water wetis,

For he parseyued apertly

That his deth for-sothe is ney;

The kynges herte ful sore tendres.

The kyng thanne sone sendes

Afftir his sone Amphimacus,

And seis ful rewfully to him thus,

Sore wepyng and bitterly:

"I am thi fader, sone, witterly;

We are bothe of on blod & flesche,

Holde we to-gedur for hard or nescbe!

Lete vs with-stonde whil that we may

The two traitoures, sone, I the pray!

I se thei haue to-gedir spoken

That thei myzt on vs be wroken;

Thei thenke the Grues schal sle me

And to haue this riche Cite.

I wolde fayn do bote ther-In,

Iff that I myght with any gyn:

To-morwe next I wol thow be

With priue folk ofoure meygne

Armed wel, when ze haue dyne;

That no man wite of zoure couyne,

Vn-til we haue al fully ent

Oure consayl & oure parlement.

And whan it is comen to euen-tyde

That thei bothe schal hamwards ride,

I wol that thow & thine out-wende

And bothe the traytours al to-rende.'

Amphimacus seide: "it scholde be done,

By him that made bothe sone & mones!"
But all this myght not hem a-vayle: [If. 258.] 17475
I don't know how Eneas heard that he should die.

I wot newere how that here consayle 17476
Was told [anon] to Eueas,
That he scholde dye for his trespas
That he hadde wratthed that day the kyng
And Antenor with his spekyng.

Eneas thenne was wroth y-now:
To alle his goddis he made a vow
That he wolde on him be wreke,
Iff that he my3t go or speke. 17484
He sente as sone his messager
Afftir Antenor, his comper;
And he come sone at his sonde
And him al redi ther he fonde. 17488

Eneas told him tydande
Off the kyng & his couenande,
And "how he wolde sle hem bothe,
So was he to hem wrothe." 17492

Thes two to-gedir swere:
"That thei scholde fight to-geder there,
The toun to traye and tho ther-In,
And do sle hem & alle her kyn;
Thei schal not lette for leue ne lothe."
And ther-to haue thei sworn her othe:
'And if so to-morwe it be-tide
Pat he wol vs at home abide,
We schal come on suche parayle
That if he thenke vs assayle,

Off his purpos schal he be rent:
He schal not do as he hath ment.
I 3ene right not of alle his tene,
Not the value of a bene;
For I wot wele: we schal be war
Off him, er we come thar.' 33 [ij] 17508

1 N altered from U by another hand. 2 s by another hand on erasure. 3 to by another hand on erasure. 4 it inserted by another hand over line. 5 And crossed out at this place in the MS., β inserted by another hand in the margin.
Priamus gives up his Plan. Eneas advises the Trojans to make Peace.

Priamus invites the lords to a parliament with Antenor and Eneas.

To alle the lordes of his vilage,
To Antenor & Eneas,
And bad hem come an hasti pas
To Ylion vn-to that kyng,
That thei ne made no dwellyng;
And thei bad hem a3eyn gone,
For thei wolde come a-none.

Antenor and Eneas arm, and come with an escort of knights.

Thei armed hem at alle rightes
And toke with hem noble knyghtes,
And come for-sothe to the palais,
Armed wel In her harneis.

Priamus, seeing his plan is discovered,

The kyng of hem was sore affrayed,
For he saw thanne he was be-wrayed;
The kyng thanne to his sone gos
And biddis him lette of his purpos,
He seyde: 'sone, leue this thynge!
We ben be-wreyed—by heuene kyng!'

bids his son give up their purpose.

When all are assembled,

When these lordes were comen alle,
Thei sette hem down In that halle,
And thei be-gan to-geder trete.

Eneas

Eueas wolde his wil not lete,
He stode vp thanne & boldly spak
To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak
Be-twene hem of Grece—iff thei moste
A fynal pes, what-so it coste;—

again proposes to make peace with the Greeks,

To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak
Be-twene hem of Grece—iff thei moste
A fynal pes, what-so it coste;—

or they'll be lost soon,

'T But 3e done, 3e bene alle lorn
For defaute of wyn & corn;
3oure vitayles may not longe laste
That ne som-tyme thei wil be paste,
Then schal 3e be wel euel at ayse
And dye afftir that gret myssayse.

1 o inserted later, but by the same hand. 2 MS. atayse.
Therefore lettes for no man  
To make a pees—if 3e can,—  
And come at one sone with the Grues!'  
But Priamus that saiynng refuces,  
He him with-sais In fair manere;  
But ther was non that wold him here,  
Thei sayde echon: "thei vndirstode  
The pees for hem was fair & gode  
At suche a plyght as thei were at."
And thus sayde alle that ther sat;  

Therefore try to have peace.'  

Priamus refues,  
but all want peace.  

Saue Priamus with-seide it ay,  
For he was ferd thei wolde him tray.  
But Eueas In his wickednesse  
Seide to him In gret fenesse:  
' Wherto, sir kyng, makestow it so ?  
Wenes thow oure wille for-do  
By thi Powere & thi maystrie?  
Wil thow, nele thow—the pees schal be!'

Priamus alone dissents, as he fears betrayal.  
But Eneas says:  
' Will you or will you not,sir kyng, peace will be,'  

Ryanus tho held him stille,  
For he most nede suffre her wille;  
He sayde: 'lordsynges, now 3e it say  
That it is gode the Grues to pray  
That thei wol graunte vs, for of oure,  
A fyonal pees to here honoure,—  
Sithen 3e it say, I wol also  
A3eyn my wille—so haue I ro!  
For I am ferd hit schal vs rewe  
A pees to praye of any Grewe!'  
The Troyens then Antenor chese  
To do her erande to gete hem pese,  
Off a fyonal pes if thei myght spede  
For siluer, gold, or any mede.

The Trojans go upon the walls with olive-branches.
Hic miserunt nuncios ad Grecos.

In token of peace and union
Whan they of Greece had seen that sight,
The same token made they a-again.
The Trojans thereof were full; they
Thei let Antenor anon down
By the wall out of the town;
And whan he was on ground set,
He spake to Grae with out let.
Whan he was come to here hales,
Her Emperor told he his tales:
"How he was come from her kyng
To make by-twixt hem sanctlyng."

The Emperor sent for other kings,
To here the soth of these tidings;
When they were all to-gedere there,
He said "That thre men, if it were,
That wolde be trewe and trustyndie,
To bryng this thyng to an ende."
Thei chose thre men tho for hem alle:
"That what-so-euer scholde ther-of be-falle,
Thei scholde holde her ordinaunce
With tresoun or with discewance."
And ther made they alle her othes
By boke & belle & holy clothes
That longed to her sacrament:
"Thei scholde holde her surprum."
That one of them was kyng of Grete,
The Gregais all by him wel lete;
That other was Diomedes,
The thriddle of hem was Ulixes.
These thre the Gregais for hem toke
That what-soeuere thei wolde loke,
Thei wolde holde ferme & stable
With-oute dissayte or any fable.

1 made twice in MS., the second one crossed out.
Antenor tells them their Plan, and bids them swear to spare them. 519

\[ Consilium inter Antenorem. & Reges Grecorum. \]

They ask for his message.

Thei asked him: "what was the thynges [If. 260.] 17611
That he to hem tydandes brynges?"

Antenor says: 'What I tell you must be kept secret between us;

He seyde: 'lordynges, I wol 3ow telle:
My thinges that I wol 3ow of melle,
I wolde that no man here but I
And 3e thre kynges witterly
That chosen were of euery lord,
To loke if we foure may a-cord.'

I wolde that no man here but I
And je thre kynges witterly
That chosen were of euery lord,
To loke if we foure may a-cord.

They ask for his message.

For if I tolde hit al on hye
That men myzt here it openlye,
Hit myzt be wist In other place,
And I be schent ther-by by cace
And lese my trauayle & lese my way
And gete me harm ther-by parfay.
I wol therfore that 3e thre
Come here by-syde and speke with me,
That this thing may be priuay,
Iff that it be vnto joure pay.'

They ask for his message.

These thre kynges And Antenore
Fro the ffolk4 thei 3ede a-fore;
Antenor thanne, that lyther schrewwe,
Be-gan his falshed to hem schewwe:
He tolde hem of his tresoun
That he wolde do In schort sesoun,
"How he wolde by-traye the toun
And putte it al In her bandoun. . .
Thus mechel to say to this couenande,
That thei alle thre holde vp her hande
And swere by him In heuene was:
' Thei scholde saue him & Eueas,
And alle her godis & her houses,
Here kynrede & al here spouses,
And her frendes that thei wolde chese
That thei of1 heres scholde not lese.'" 33[iiij] 17644

1 of inserted over line.
The Greek lords swear. Antenor returns to Troy with Taltibeus.

The Greek kings are glad of the news, and swear to spare them. The kings swore all three.

The Greek lords swear. Anterior returms to Troy with Taltiheus.

An tenor promises to betray Troy, if they keep it secret.

To hide his treason, Antenor asks that Taltibeus shall go with him to the Trojans, so that they may believe him the better.

He demands the corpse of Penthesilea. The Greeks grant it unwillingly. Antenor and Taltibeus go to Troy.

The sothe to say the kynges were glad, [Ilf. 260, bk.] 17645

When thei of him this tydandes had
That thei the town so sone myght wynne
And haue the godis that were ther-Inne,
Kyg, & quene, and al his fe.

The kynges swore all thre
By him that made bothe erthe & heuene:
"Theischolde hem saue, thoow ther were sucht seune"; 17652
And ther-to her trewthes thei plyght.

And he hem treuly be-hight
That he wolde couenande holde
To be-traye Troye, that Cite bolde,
For-whi that thei [hit] holde priue,
That non it wiste but thei & he.

Ow hath this traytour be-trayed Troye,—
These kynges maken moche Ioye,—
For him & Eueas it is solde.

God wolde it were the burgeis tolde!

For he wolde his tresouTi hide:
He bad a kyng scholde with him ride
In-to the town out of the feld,
Taltibeus, a kyng of eld;
And that thei myght credence of him 3eue
And the more him leue.

He asked eke for curtesye
3eue him the quene Pantasalye,
That thei myght that cors entere.
But that with-sayde alle that were there,
For thei hir hated In certayn;
For afftir thei graunted [hit] with 1 payn.

He toke his leue & went his way,
And Taltibyus with him parfay;
And thei of Troye opened the 3atis,
And thei rode In ful faire al-gatis

1 MS. with him.
Priamus calls a Parliament, and bids Antenor tell his News.

And sente the kyng word of her come, [lf. 261.] 17679
And rod forth vn-to him home. 17680

The morwe aftir the kyng did sende
Afftir his burgeis gode & hende,
Alle that euere were In the toun.
When thei were come, thei sete down;
He bad Antenor by his Omage:
"How he hadde sped In his message,
That he scholde ther sey 1 In presence
And In here alther Audience."

The fals traytour—the deuel him cheke!—
To hem gan he scely speke,
He schewed to hem but flaterye,
For he wolde hele his traytourie,
But tolde a prologe mochel & long;
He seide: 'gode men, the Grues are strong,
Off gret power and wasselling,
Off curtesie & gret parage
Off kynges & lordes & of her men lege,
Longe y-now to holde the sege,
Hardy y-now to fyght & bekir,
Knyghtes trewe & wondir sekir.

By-holdes now a-boute & loke:
Thei breke neuere trewe that euere thei toke;
And we are so dryuen to noght,
Al to wrecches we are breught,
To care & wo & mochel sorwe,
Night & day, euen & morwe.
Wherfore, gode men, hit were wisdam
That 3e consayl amonges 3ow nam:
By what way that 30ure wayment
Might come to ende & best be ent?

But therto certis schel 3e not come
With-oute tresor a gret somme:

1 sey inserted by another hand over line.
Afttenor advises the Trojans to treat anew with the Greeks.

All ought to bring a large sum to buy peace.

I rede euery man bothe more & lesse [lf. 261, bk.] 17713
That is of myzt and of richesse,
And specially vn to oure kyng,
That he be helpande vn-to this thyng;
For we no-wyse In pes may be
With-oute tresor gret quantite.

We'd better lose our goods than live in woe.'

That is of myjt and of richesse,
And specially vnto oure kyng,
That he be helpande vn-to this thyng;
For we no-wyse In pes may be
With-oute tresor gret quantite.

He adds:

Send Eneas with me to the Grees to know their will.

The Trojans consent.

The parliament ends.

Priamus weeps,

as he sees their falseness.

Hei haue now done her parlement,
And alle the lordes ben² hom went,
Priamus, the Troyane kyng,
In-to his Chambre goth wepyng,
He scrat his hede & tare his heer,
Out of his eyen fel many a teer;
He saw wele here sotilnesse,
Here ffalschede, & her lithernesse,
He cursed that tyme that he was born,
So doghty sones as he hadde lorn!

₁ "might be n; cf. note to l. 17489.
² ben inserted over line by the same hand, hom crossed out before it, and repeated behind it.
Antenor and Eneas treat with the Greeks for Peace.

“And now to leue of her batayle, Most he 3ene al his catayle That he hadde geten by olde dayes! And ende his lyff In gret affrayes”;— ‘Wolde god I were now certayn To haue my lyff & be not sclayn! Jet wolde I thanne haue some Ioye. But er y trowe the toune of Troye Schal be by-traied & go to pyne, And I schal dye & alle myne.’

Se thei neuere god In the fas!—
Thei are bothe went to hem of Grece, To saue her bodyes & here fece, And priueli to traye the toune, To brenne Ylioun & caste it down. When thei hadde spoken a ful gode while How thei myght Troyens best by-gyle, The Gregais bad “that Ulixes And his felawe Diomedes With Antenor and his comperes To Troye scholde wende alle In-feres, To wite of hem what thei wolde 3eue That thei scholde hem no lenger greue, And for to telle hem what thei craue Iff thei scholde hem let pes haue.”

They 3ede alle forth here way snel To the toune with-oute dwel ;

To Priamus when thei were comen, He did his men as sone somen Bidde his lordis & his burgeis, To-morwe to come to his paleis. When thei were comen & al doun set And thei were alle to-gedir y-met,

1 u might be n; cf. note to 17489. 2 MS. aldoun.
In the Trojan parliament
Ulixes demands,

Vlixes stode & tolde his erande: [lf. 262, bk.] 17781
‘This thyng may not be wernade;
Iff 3e wil haue the sauntlyng,
3e most graunte her askyng.’ 17784

\[\text{He saide: ‘the Grues asken thynges two:}
That on is that 3e most do
Out of this town & this Ile
Amphimacus vntil exile,
That he come neuer a-3eyn on lyue’;—
And this the Troyens graunte blyue;—
\]

\[\text{‘That other is that 3e do fet—}
For to 3eue hem to here profet—
Off gold & corn so gret porcioun
Vnto here a[1]ther refeccioun,
That euery a man haue so gode store
To haue y-now for euere more.’ 17796
\]

Ret meruayle among hem alle
In his spekyng fel In that halle:
A wonder noyse amonges hem thore
Was tho y-herd of hem that wore.
What that my3t be thei were ameruayled;
The kyng’es wende men hadde hem assayled;
Some men wende the noyce thei herde
Hadd he the kynges childres so ferde 17804
For her brother Amphimacus,
For her fadir Priamus
And for her brother schulde be exiled,
With Antenor that so was be-gyled. 17808

\[\text{Eche man loked what hit was,}
But ther was non In al that plac
Ne in that hye Cite
That coude wete what it my3t be,
Ne whethen that it come, ne how.
Eueryche a lord hamward hem drow, 17812
\]

\[\text{\textsuperscript{1} MS. his.}\]
Antenor retires with Diomedes and Ulixes. The Hindrance to Peace.

Hic Antenor narraurit Regibus Grecorum de reliqu[i]o Palladij.  
And ent here consayl tho alle sone, [lf. 263.]  Antenor retires with the Greek kings to a privy place.  
And went home when thei hadde done.  Antenor retires with the Greek kings to a privy place.  

Antenor him hamward spedde,  The kynges two with him ledde  
The kynges two with him leddy  
In-to a wondir priue place,  Ther thei to speke hadde good space.  

To Antenor sayde Ulixes  
That sat by him vpon the des:  
‘I haue meruayle whi thow delayes  
These thynges for vs so many dayes,  That thow ne brynges hit to no purpos.

Loke that thow vs no-thyng glos  
And brynge vs slely In a bek,  
For thow brynges hit to non affek.’  

Antenor swor & sayde “nay,  
Bothe he & Eueas ny3t and day,  
So helpe him god”—‘we were ther-aboute’;—  
“But on¹ thing broght hem In doute”;—  
¹but one thing hinders us.

‘I wol 3ow telle, what thing hit is  
That bryngis vs In gret gastnes:

The sothe is this: that kyng Ylus,—  
Asoure bokes telles vs,—  
A worthi kny3t, a kyng Troyen,  
Off long tyme and Ancien²;  
That Ilyon did sette & dyght—  
And Ilyon aftir him hit hight,— —  
With-Inne this toun this kyng did make  
For her goddis Pallus sake  
A riche temple, fair & long,  
Brod & wide & wonder strong.  
²MS. Amycien; cf. l. 17238.

When it was made al, aboute the roue  
That scholde be set the temple aboue  
A wonder thing out of the sky  
Off goddis grace fel fro an hy,  

¹ MS. no.  
² MS. Amycien; cf. l. 17238.
close to the high altar,
and stuck there so fast
that only the priests could get it out.

It is of wood, but nobody knows of what kind.

So long as it is there, no one can take the town by treason. It is called "Palladin" after the goddess Pallas.

This is what delays us!

Diomedes answers: 'As this is so,

it is nonsense to waste our time.'

Antenor says:

"Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered" That hit one the town may saue, That we ne may by no way haue For no thyng that may be-falle, The while hit is with-Inne the walle— Then thankes me, sir, witterly, That we do alle a gret foly That we do noght with-oute fayle, But leseoure speche & oure trauayle.'

Antenor seyde: 'by heuene kyng!
Iff ye haue wonder of oure taryng,

That did the harde wow cleue & bende [lf. 263, bk.] Ryght at the hye-auter ende; And in the wow him-selff hit sette, As faste as hit were sette With sement or with any glewe, That no man may hit thenne remewe Saue the prestes that hit kepe, Be thei wakyng or a-slepe,— And thei hit kepe & al day se. Men say that hit is most of tre, But "what tre" can no man knowe Off alle the kernes that it owe, Ne what forme, ne what hewe; But hit is thyng of suche vertue: The while hit is the town with-Inne, May non the town with tresoun wynne. Palladin that thing called is Aftir Pallas—the sothe hit is;— Fro hir It come also, I wene. Now haue I told sow al be dene— So helpe me god & my long way! That maketh al oure let & oure delay.'

Diomedes thanne answered:

That hit the tou9^ with-Inne, May non the tou3 with tresoun wynne. Palladin that thing called is Aftir Pallas—the sothe hit is;— Fro hir It come also, I wene. Now haue I told sow al be dene— So helpe me god & my long way! That maketh al oure let & oure delay.'

Diomedes thanne answered: 'Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered That hit one the town may saue, That we ne may by no way haue For no thyng that may be-falle, The while hit is with-Inne the walle— Then thankes me, sir, witterly, That we do alle a gret foly That we do noght with-oute fayle, But leseoure speche & oure trauayle.'

Antenor seyde: 'by heuene kyng!
Iff ye haue wonder of oure taryng,

1 MS. cleene. 2 The second e altered to o in MS. 3 MS. alday.
4 MS. kerues. 5 MS. dared.
This is the cause & the resoun  [lf. 264.]  17883  'This is the only reason of our delay.
And alle the verry enchescoun,
That 3e & we are thus delayed.
But al this while haue I assayed,
And ofte haue I be-soght the prest
That kepis this thyng & hit is next,
And haue by-het him gret tresour
To haue certis for his labour—
And so haue I the prest be-soght,
That In certayn haue I him broght
That he som nyght schal go with me
For gret tresor & mychel fe,
And then schal I sende to 3ow
And ende this thing to 3oure prow.'
And thanne thei partid & toke her leue;
That god him jeue an euel preue!
Ow haue thei lefft alle her tales,
And the kynges gon to her sales.
And Antenor anon he wente
To Priamus that he hadde blente;
He bad him anon sende vp & doun
To alle the burgeis of the toun
That were with-Inne the Cite 3atis,
That thei scholde come to him al-gatis.
And whan thei herde of this tydandes,
Is non that lenger sittis ne standes,
That thei ne 3ede alle or rode
To his Palais with-oute abode.
When thei were comen & set on rowe,
Echon by other—as hem owe,—
Antenor ros & seyde: 'lordyngis!
I wol telle 3ow of our spekyngis,
What the Grues & I haue spokyn,
What thei wol haue, or elles be wroken.
A Tax, to raise the War Indemnity. The ‘Palladium’ is delivered up.

This is the somme that Gregays aske, [lf. 264, bk.] 17917
That thei wol haue vnto her taske:
Ten hundred thousand pound of golde;—
Ther is no man is maked of molde
That may ther-of vs alegge,
For thei wol not ther-of abregge;—
And as moche of siluer bryghte
3e mot hem 3eue with-oute respite;
An hundred charge also of whete.
And tho bad thei me with hem trete,
For sicurly thei wol no lasse.

Therefore, if you like life better than death,
you’d better raise the money by a tax.'

The tax is laid, and the sum provided.

The Greeks demand
1,000,000 pounds of gold,
as much silver,
and 100 loads of wheat.

That thei wole haue vnto her taske:
Ten hundred thousand pound of golde;—
Ther is no man is maked of molde
That may ther-of vs alegge,
For thei wol not ther-of abregge;—
And as moche of siluer bryghte
3e mot hem 3eue with-oute respite;
An hundred charge also of whete.
And tho bad thei me with hem trete,
For sicurly thei wol no lasse.

Therefore, gode men 2, if [be] 3oure ese
To haue the lyff & fle the ded,
Than is this forsothe my red:
That 3e 3eue hem this two her wage
And let go caste a taylage
A-mong the riche & the pore,—
To pese her wratthe for euere more,—
And gadir hit faste on gret hepis,
For thei wol haue shippes 3epis.'

Ow is the taylage cast & layde,
That somme was sone y-puruayde,
The while it was In gaderyng.

Antenor bribes the priest,

Antenor, that lyther thyng,
Spake to the prest of the lawe
That what with 3efftis & with awe,
What for drede, what for mede,
That he the prest so ouer-3ede,
That he bad him at euen come,
And he scholde haue Palladone.

Antenor come thenne on a nyght,
And that prest, that wicked wyght,
3aff him that reliek that was so riche,—
In al Assy e was ther non liche; {And he sende}

1 e added afterwards. 2 MS. godemen.
And he sende it to Vlixes, [If. 265.] 17951
And to his felawe Diomedes. 17952
The Troyens gadered the gold & corn
Erly at euern and on morn;
Thei leyde that good & that fee
In the temple of Menerue. 17956

Then seyde the riche Citesenes
And alle these other pore Troyenes,
That thei wolde make a sacrifice
To her godis of gret aprice,
To thanke hem of grace that thei sende
That her batayle is thus at ende.

Thei broght tho many boles & bores,
With lowyng & with loude rores; 17964
But ther be-tydde tho two miracles
That were to hem gret obstacles:
When be-fore the Auteres were layd the bestis,—
As was that tyme that lawe hestis—
That were douw come thedir, & renne
To sette In fir, and do hit brenne,
Thei did brynge the kiddis drye—
For hit scholde brenne clere & hye,—
And colis also In bollis & wyndel:
Thei myght no fir make ther-on kyndel,
For noght that thei coude blowe
Not ones settte hit on a lowe.

The Troyens were tho vn-blythe,
Thei tende hire fir more than ten sithe,
But it jede out by on & on,
That sacrifice myght thei make non.

That other wonder, gode men, y-wis
That hem be-fel that tyme, was this:
Ther come fleynge that tyme an Erne
Vn-to the temple, fleande sterne, 34 [j] 17984

Antenor sends the relic to Ulixes and Diomedes.
The Trojans collect the gold and corn, and put them in the temple of Minerva.

When they sacrifice to their gods, and thank them that the war is ended, and when the bulls and boars are brought to the altar, two miracles occur:
The altar fire is ten times lighted, and ten times goes out.

Then a big eagle flies to the temple,
The Brazen Horse. The Allies of the Trojans leave them.

And al the entrayle, as hit lay [l. 265, bk.] 17985
Off her bestis, bare he hit a-way;
Be-twene here clauwes sche hem kyppis,
And beres hem to the Gregais schippis. 17988

Alle the Troyens that ther wore,
Off this two thinges abaist hem sore,
For thei se by here tokenynges bothe
That here godis with hem were wrothe;
But whi it was, wiste thei neuere,
But alle ther-of affrayed were.

The Greeks make a brazen horse,
holding 1,000 knights inside.

The allies of Priamus are angry with his treaty,
and depart.

Philomene takes back only 250 knights out of 2,000 he had brought;
he carries with him the corpse of Penthesilea.

Kyng Philomene had two thousand knyghtes
That come with him, thei worthi wyghtes
Ledde hem aeyn to his lande
But two hundrid & ffyfthi of hem lyuande;
He ledde with him Pantasalye,
The worthi body of that ladye,
The Greeks and the Trojans arrange a 'Love-Day.'  

Hic rogauit ad pacem & concordiam.

And four hundred of damyseles [If. 266.]  
That lyued afftir that turpeles,  
Vnt the land of Amazone,  
To berye hir ther sche bar crowne.  

It was a day, that lyther fende,  
Antenor, wolde his tresoun ende,  
Whan Palladin was y-stolne;  
And hit was hit fro Troyens holne;  
And thei of Greece her hors hadde ent.  
To sette a day was here entent,  
That Priamus & his Troyanes,  
Alle the Grues & the Danes,  
With-oute the town, opoun the wolde,  
Be-twene hem that loueday schal holde.  

Priamus is come oute,  
And mechel folk him aboute;  
And thei of Greece sicurly,  
Lorde & kynges ther rod.  
Thei did the relikes brynge,  
Her messe-bok that thei on synge,  
Here saynteuarius with al her gere,  
That bothe the parties on scholde swere.  

Diomedes was ffrust that swore,  
And made his othe vpon the flore;  
He swor by al here sayntwaries,  
And by him that al this world gyes,  
Off heuene & erthe al-myghti god:  
That he scholde neuere, for euene ne od,  
Breke the couenandes that he made  
With Antenor, so worth he glade.  

And so swor alle these other kynges  
That were of Greece gret lordynges.  
Off thai that town afftir did for-lorn,  
3it thei seyde thei were not for-sworn,  

1 MS. sayntenarius.
Helena given back to the Greeks. May the Brazen Horse enter Troy?

For they swore bothe to traye the town [lf. 266, bk.]
With-oute mercy or any pardoun.
But Priamus & alle hyes
Made her othe on an-other wyes:

Priamus and his Trojans swear to keep the peace truly.
They were beguned,
as they did not know the Greeks' falseness.

Priamus delivers Eleyne to the Greeks,
and asks them not to harm her for her stay in Troy.

They tell Priamus that they have had a horse made for the goddess Pallas, because they stole the Palladium, and they fear her vengeance.

They mean to put that brazen horse in her churchyard.

They ask leave to do so.

Han thei hadde sworn & mad surte,
Kyng Priamus with herte fre
Made men go afftir quene Helayne;

And he 3aff hem that lady 3eyne,
And prayed hem for his loue sake:
That sche of hem non harm scholde take,
Vilony, ne no maugre,
For that sche was In that contre;
And thei seyde “nay” with ficul thoght.

But Priamus thei hadde be-soght:
“That he wol graunte hem alle a bone,
That for here loue it myght be done.”

"Thei saide: “thei hadde an hors done make
For her godes Pallas sake,
For that thei stale out of here chirche Palladine, whan it was derke;” —
‘And we are ferd alle for hir vengaunce;
Hit is therfore our ordinaunce,
In hir cherche-3erd to do hit sette
An hors of bras that we hane gette
In hir honour—we telle it 3ow—
For that is, sir, our alther a-vow.

We pray 3ow therfore: werne vs not
That it may now to hir be broght.’

1 Or Palladium? MS. ... or ...
Priamus stode as he were dased,  [lf. 267.] 18087
He was for meruayle al a-mased,  18088
When he herde the Gregays say
That thei that relike hadde away;
He hadde meruayle how hit myght be,
Who hadde done him that blynde bounte?
But sicurly the blame was layde
On Vlixes, for it was seyde
"That he stale hit with Nigramancye,
Fo[r] he was connynge of gret fayrye."
P
Priamus stode as stille as ston,
Word to hem spake he non,
He Answered not to here askyng,
Better ne wors, ne non skynnes thyng.
But Antenor & Eueas
That bothe were ther In that plas,
Thei seide: "It was wel to do,
Thei did the town a worschepe tho,
It was a presaunt fair & hende
Vn-to the town with-outen ende."

Priamus graunt hem tho her wille,
For he saw nede he moste ther-tille.
The Gregeis thanne, bothe gret & smale
And alle that dwelled In tent & hale,
3ede with gret processioun
And with mochel deuoc[i]oun
This brasen hors for to hale
Ouer doune & ouer dale;
Thei drow hit ouer leye & falowe,
To offer hit to that carful halowe.

When thei were comen to Troye 3ate,
Tho wolde it not In ther-ate:
Hit was so brod, gret, and hye,
It myght not In ther sicurly.
The City Wall is broken down for the Brazen Horse's Entry.

Tho most thei the walles breke,  [If. 267, bk.] 18121
Iff that hors scholde ther-In reke;
Thei breke ther-of a gret pece
Off brede, of heyghte, that thei of Grece
That her hors thei myght In-drawe;
The Troyens lowe, whan thei it sawe.
Thel halpe hit In with mochel sang,
Sicrly tho did thei wrang
To make ther-fore Ioye & play,
Hem oght better sse: "waylayway!
That euere it come with-Inne the ditches!
But euery a Troyen now it lykes,
But hit schal turne to mochel care
To alle the Troyens that ther ware.

The hors is now with-Inne the town.

Ther was a knyght that het Symoun
That thei of Grece hadde put ther-In,
A worthi knygt of gentil kyn;
A thousand knyghtes were put with him 1
And was charged on lyff and lym
That thei scholde holde hem stille & coy,
That thei perceyued not of Troy;
Til hit be wele with-Inne the nyght,
That thei of Troye to bedde be dyght.

Simon

and 1,000
knights are
hidden in it;
they have
orders to creep
out of it,

when the Tro-
jans sleep,

and to give a
sign to the
Greeks by a
torch.

1 The order in MS. is 18139, 18138.
The War-Indemnity is delivered to the Greeks, who pretend to sail. 535

¶ Hic Greci receperunt pecuniam.
That thei myght sle hem In her bed, [If. 268.] 18155
That thei no wise fro hem fled.

¶ The Grecis asked thanne her fret,
The somme of corn that hem was het,
The somme of siluer & of gold
That thei of hem haue schold;
Priamus badde ' tho his meygne
That it scholde quyk delyuered be.
The Grecis toke that riche tresore
And drowe it alle with-oute dore
Off the temple of Menerue,
And by her men sende hom that fe
Vn-to her tentis & Pauylons,
To dele amonges the riche Gryffons;
The corn bare thei vnto the see
And charged ther-with alle her nauue.
And when thei hadde al this ent,
To Priamus thei message sent
And seyde " that thei wolde hamward wende
Out of his lond vnto here frende";
He bad hem " go In godis name
And god schilde hem fro schame!" 18176

Thei loste bothe Anker & cordes, ¶ Hic Greci vadunt
And drow vp Anker & botes, ad Mare.
Thei gone to schippes & to bote
That longe hadde stonden ther In flote;
Thei drow here sayles that alle myght se
That were In Troye, that riche Cite.
Thei were wel fayn when thei saw go
That hadde done hem so mochel wo,
Thei wende thei hadde ben al quyt;
But hem scholde falle gret wo 3it,
For thei schal dye In gret affray,
Twenti thousand, er hit be day. 34 iiij 18188

1 MS. hadde.
In the Night, the Greeks break into the Town, and massacre all.

| His Greci exierunt de Caballo & occiderunt Troianos. |
| Pryamus wendes to Ilioun, | [lf. 268, bk.] 18189 |
| And Gregais sayles to Thenedoun; |
| The wynd is swyff, the schippis dryued, |
| At Thenadoun were thei aryued; |
| Er the sonne was go to reste, |
| Thei hadde souped of the beste, |
| With mochel murthe, play, & Ioye, |
| For thei were siker tho of Troye. |

H

| It is forth nyghtes, the sterres ben rysen, |
| The sely caytyues Troyens not wysen, |
| Thei 3ede to sclupe alle In bedde, |
| Off no-thing were thei a-dreddde; |
| Thei wende thei hadde ben saue & sure, |
| With-oute dissait or foule aventure. |

| The knyghtes that were In that hors stopped, |
| Thei were nother mased ne mopped; |
| When Troyens were In bed on sclupe, |
| Out of the hors echon thei crepe, |
| Thei gete than a gret wase, |
| Opon the walles thei made a blase: |
| Alle the Gregeis tho come to towne |
| And ther thei hadde the wal cast doun |
| That day be-fore, a wel gret gappe, |
| Thei come alle In to gret vn-happe. |

break into the houses, massacre all,

| Thei brast vp dores with Iren y-bounde, |
| Thei sclow al that thei ther founde, |
| Man & womman & also childe, |
| Stoute & sterne, meke and mylde, |
| Wiff & mayden, 3ong & old; |
| On lyne wolde thei non hold. |
| Thei hadde no mercy ne no pite |
| Off 3onge\(^1\) children, ne ladijs fre; |
| Thei robbed & raftt alle that thei founde, |
| To lede with hem In-to her londe. |

\(^1\) MS. jounge.
Priamus prays in the Temple of Apollo; 20,000 Trojans are slain. 537

Mochel blod that nyght thei schedde, [If. 269.] 18223
It was no wonder of thei dredde, 18224
To crye mercy was hem no bote,
Thoow thei fallen vnto here fote;
The cry was gret & fer herd
Off hem that thus to dethe ferd.

Priamus heerde In-to his toure
That delfal noyse & clamoure,
He was sorri & eke a-baist,
With Antenor and Eueas;
Gret was the sorwe that he thanne mas:
Out of his bed anon he ros
And to his temple faste he gos
By-fore his god Appolynes,
Thedir he dight him faste y-wys;
By-fore his god vpon the grees
He sette him doun on ε his knees,
His deth bodily to a-bye;
For he ne myght him fro hem hide,
For he was man with-out drede—
In eche a romane as I rede.— 18244

Temple & chirche, boure and halle,
The Gregeis dispoyled and robbed alle;
The riche vessel of gold y-wroght,
Off siluer also, for-3ate thei noght.
Prest, ne clerk, ne sextayn
Leftte the Gregais non vn-sclayn;
Twenti thosand Citeseyns,
Off knyghtes & lordis, gode Troiens,
Were sclayn ther, er day spronge,
With hidous cry & sorwe stronge.

The kynges doghter, wise Cassandre,
Sche nyst In erthe whedir to wandre,
1 on inserted over line.

The Trojan cry for mercy, but it does not avail them.
Priamus, on hearing the shrieks,

18223 The Trojans cry for mercy, but it does not avail them.
18224 Priamus, on hearing the shrieks,
Cassandra flees to the temple of Minerva. But at the laste alone fled sche [It. 269, bk.] 18257

In-to the temple of Menerue,
And seide wel ofte: 'alas, alas!
That euere that fight be-gonne was!'

Hector's swidow, Andromede, Ector wyff, dame Andromede,
Sche ran faste fro strete to strete
With hir two children In hir armes;
For drede of here gret harms.
Sche nyyste In erthe whedir to fare,
But as scho ran, so was sche ware
Where Cassandre be-fore hir 3ede
In-to the temple with gode spede,
And sche afftir hir gan go
In-to the temple with mechel wo.
Mechel was the sorwe thei two mad,
Ther was no thyng that hem myght glade.

By daybreak Toward the day faste it drawes,
The nyght is gon, the day dawes;

Antenor and Eneas—
In helle thei won with Sathanas!—
Thai ledde tho sir Pirrus
to the Castel of Priamus.
Whan Pirrus with the Gregais
Was y-comen to that Palais,
They break in,
Thei brast vp dores with gret engyn,
And afftirward thei wente In.

slaughter all there-in,
Alle that thei fond down thei scow
With oute mercy, with sorwe y-now;

especially the women,
Many a curtains ladi swete
In that Palais to dethe thai bete
That comen were of hye lynage,
Off kynges blod In mariage;
Thei lefft nother lowe ne hye.

and loot all the treasure,
Thei robbed al his tresor that thei sye;
Friamus murdered Hectuba.

Hectuba and Pollexena meet Eneas.

Hec fflugarunt bona palacii Regis.
Thei smot alle that for-set, [If. 270.]
Halle, & bour, & hye toret.

Pirrus seght affir the kyng,
Fro hous to hous, In his byggyng;
And affir that to the temple he ran,
And ther fond he that carful man:
Pirrus tho was glad y-now,
His sword sone out he drow
And al to-hewe him euery bone,
Ryght be-fore the auter-stone,
That al the Auter was al by-bled
With his blod that ther was sched.

Ectuba, that louely quene,
And hir doghter Pollexene,
Thei were so frayd & ferd,
That thei ran out of that 3erd;
Thei were aferd the Gregais to mete,
Thei ran aboute fro strete to strete.
As thei ran, wiste thei not whedir,
Thei mette Eueas bothe to-gedir:

When Hectuba on him hath sight,
Sche myssayde him anon right,
Off tresoun sche him sone vmbraide:
'Fals traytour!'—to him sche sayde,—
'How myght thow, for soule synne,
So ffals a tresoun to be-gynne?
How myght thow In thi fals herte fynde,
Fals traytour, to be so vnkynde
To do thi lord suche schenschip,
That hadde done alle thi worship ?

He gave thee his daughter,' she says, 'he worshipped
and loved thee, and relied upon thee;
Hectuba & Pollexena saved; Andromede & Cassandra captured.

And thou hast made him slayn & his sir. [lf. 270, bk.]

For his godenesse & &fraunchise!

How couldst thou do so?

But since thou didst so, have mercy on me,

and save us from all Greeks!

Eneas pities them,

and brings them to an old waste place.

And thouest made him slayn & his sir.

For his godenesse & 

For ferd In helle lest thou synke?

But sithen thou hast done al this wrake,

Do on me mercy for goddis sake,

That thou myght take sum merite:

Saue vs two to-day fro dispite

Fro alle Gregais on godis name,

That thei do vs two no schame!'

As thei the touw thus a-boght soght,

Ayax Thelamencyus was broght

In-to the temple of Menerue,

With many Gregais comen is he:

Ther fond he sitte Ector wyff

That was ful sori of hir lyff,

And wise Cassandre that mochel was worth;

He broght hem bothe to-gedir forth,

The ladyes bothe with him he leddde

Ful sore wepyng & sore a-dredde.

Kyng Priamus is ded & slayn,

Lord & lady, knyght & swayn,

And al that euere In Ilyon was,

By these fals traytoures compas,

By Antenor and Eueas;

In helle mot be her wonyng-plas!

1 MS. dow.
When all are slain, the Temples and Houses are burnt down.

¶ Hic villa Troiani destruitur.

When thei had sclayn al that ther wore, [If. 27 I.] 18359
3it wolde thei do malice more:
Thei caste al doun thes worthi wones,
Led & tyle, sclat & stones,
Halles, Chamberes, & toures,
Vowes, walles, & alle her boures;
The glorious halle so richely dyght
Thei threwe it doun In gret dispit;

¶ The Pilers pight with marbil gray
Thei pulled doun & caste a-way,
Thei caste doun chambres hye & base.
Tho by-gan many a blaze
To sette fir on that Cite,
That many a myle men myght hit se.
The toures brennen, the reke vp ros,
The toun of tounes to noght gos;
The sparkes sprongen In-to the aire,
Thei brênned the schireues & the mayre
And eche a lordes richè tenement,
Til al the toun was lorn & brent;

¶ Alle saue the traytoures mansions
And alle her kynnes possessions
That the toun so foule be-swyked,—
For on her houses thei hadde stiked
Certayn signes that wele were knowen;
Thei were not therfore ouer-throwen,
As couenand was be-twixen hem ent,
Therfore her houses was not brent.

Troye is doune & ouer-throwen,
Tour & bour, walle & wowen;
Thei are alle dede & foule schent,
And the toun is doune & brent.

¶ Agamenoun ¹ did do then crye,
That euery a kyng scholde hem hye

¹ MS. . . . or.
The Greeks divide the Booty. Cassandra is delivered to Agamemnon.

The Greeks are to bring into the temple of Minerva all they looted; they divide the spoil 'by good reason.'

Agamemnon asks to have Cassandra for all his trouble.

No man can tell what goods fell to every lord;
they get as much gold and precious stones as they desire.

Their ships are not able to carry all the treasures; they leave yet more.

In-to the temple of Menerue, [lf. 271, bk.] 18393
And euery a lord with his meyne;
And brynge with hem al that thei wan
With-Inne the town of any man, 18396
To dele as best wolde by-falle
In comune sight be-fore hem alle.
And thei did alle as he hem bad,
Thei broght with hem that thei had;
And so was hit deled verament
By gode resoun & Iugement
To euery a lord & knyght
Affir his state & his myght.

By-sought hem, for his labour
For to 3eue him to his mede,
For al his traunyle & his dele,
The kynges doghter, Cassandre the wyse,
That sche myght be on of hise.

The tonge of no man may telle,
What godis to euery lord felle;
For sicur ther ne was no kyng,
That he ne hadde as moche thing
Off riche gold & precious stones
To lede with hem to her wones,
As thei wolde desire & haue
Or with her tonge on any wyse cranue;
And so hadde dukes & eke kny3tes,
Sqwyreres, zemen, & other wyghtes.

Here schippes myght not lede her tresour
That euery man hadde for his labour,
And zit thei lefft mochel more,
Gold, & siluer, & other tresore,
That no man wolde hond ther-on set,
Ne here schippes no more sflret,

Hic partita sunt bona inter Reges.

| Hic Agamenon |
| petit Cassandram pro labore suo 1.

1 On the left side in MS.
For thei hadde filled bothe schip & barge [lf. 272.] 18427
Al the while thei durst hem charge. 18428

Antenor & Eueas
Be-soght the lordes of her grace:
"To graunte Heleyne hir lyff
And Andromede, Ectoris wyff,
For thei hadde ben al-weys
To hem bothe hende & curteys;
And when Paris hadde Achilles sclayn
And let him ligge so foule be-sclayn
In-myddes the strete to rauen & rokes,—
Scholde haue to-drawen him with her crokes,—

These two for him thei be-soght
That he myght to burieles be broght.
Wherfore it is worthi,
That se here lyues to hem graunty.
The kynges it graunt by comune assent,
And seyde it was gode Juegoement.
Heleyne 1 & Andromede
Bede tho alle those lordes swete
Off here mercy and thaire good wille,
That thei wolde not hir children spille.

Hei kynges hadde of hem gret ruthe,
Thei swor alle by her treuthe
That thei scholde hem non harm do;
And thus saued thei the childryn two:
And sitthen was on a kyng In Grece,
Off riche londes & riche sece,
Off alle the londes kyng Pirrus
And of the londes of kyng Pelleus.

Thei ordeyned a-monges hem as blyue,
That alle that were lefft on lyue
Off ladyes, comen of genterye,
With-oute schame or vylonye

1 MS. Helenus.
A Tempest hinders the Departure. Pollexena must be sacrificed.

They resolve to return home; but their departure is delayed by a great tempest, lasting a full month.

They ask Calchas what it means.

He answers:

"The gods of Hell are angry with you, because the death of Achilles is not yet avenged; you must sacrifice his murderess, or you'll have to dwell here long."

Pirrus searches for Pollexena; they say she must be hidden somewhere.

The kings send for Antenor.

Scholde go & come & no-thing lese, [If. 272, bk.]

Or dwelle ther stille, whether thei wolde chese.

Thei ordyned also thei wolde hom wende,

Euery man vnto his frende.

But that myght not that tyme be

For gret tempest on the see;

Thei dwelled so ther alle to-gedir

A ful Monethe for that euel wedir,

Thei were echon ther-of euel tened,

Thei asked Calcas: "what it be-mened

That thei no wyse the see myght pas

In-to here londes, as here wille was?"

That gret Clerk Calcas tho sayde:

"For thei of helle are with 3ow euel payde;
It is the wodenessen — he sayde — of helle
That makes vs here so longe dwelle,
For 3e forsothe haue venged noght
Achilles deth, as 3e wel oght;
3it haue 3e lefft on lyue & vn-tane
Sche that was Achilles bane,—
And yff 3e wol passe of londe,
Off hir 3e mot make him offrande
For sicur: but sche to dethe gange,
3e may dwelle here wel lange.'

Irrus was of this an-yred,
Aftir Pollexene he enspired
And asked what was of hir be-tyd;

He seide for-sothe that sche was hid,
For sche was nowher ded ne tane,
And al men wiste, that sche was wane;
And al that ost seyde sicurly,
That sche was lyuande witterly.

The kynges alle were wroth ther-fore
And sent aftir sir Antenore,
Antenor searches for, and finds Pollexena. She is to be slain. 545

And asked at him: "where sche was done?" [lf. 273.]
Thei bad "that he scholde telle sone,
Where thei hadde hid Dame Pollexene
And Hectuba, the qwene?"

"That he ne wiste where sche wace;
He wyst neuer, where thei were be-comen
Sithen the tyme that thei were y-nomen."
But thei bare him stiffly an hande,
That he wiste where thei were dwellande.

Antenor was sore a-greued
That the Gregais him not leued,
He sette his wit and al his tent
To wete than where the ladies lent.
So longe he soght fro day to day,
Strete by strete, & way be way,
And sente a-boute oueral his sonde,
That at the laste thei hem fonde:
Bothe were In a depe bour,
That was vnder an old tour.

When he of hir hadde a sight,
He drow out thanne that worthi wyght,
And to Agamenon with hir he wente
And made to him of hir a presente;
And he sent hir to sir Pirrus,
That of hir comyng was Ioyus.

Pollexena is taken & founden,
As a thff thei haue hir bounden:
Pirrus bad "sche scholde be sent
To his ffadres monument,
For he wolde that sche scholde haue
Hir deth vpon his fader graue."
Thei ledde hir forth by the hand
To hir deth, wel sore wepand.

1 The MS. has o only very distinctly here, not o.
The kings of Greece, when they saw her, spoke: "Alas! You slay me wrongfully! for I am guileless of Achilles's death."

They come to see Pollexena, they pity her, and weep for her. Before the tomb, she wrings her hands, and says:

"You slay me wrongfully! for I am guileless of Achilles's death."

But I don't fear death,

for I would rather die here a virgin,

than go with you,

"Not for thee the death I ne drede, Thus carefully, so Crist me sped!"

For me is leuere In my contre

That I falle not In youre handis,

"Pan" go with 30w In-to youre landis

The abbreviations here are not \( \mathcal{P} \), but \( \mathcal{C} \). In the MS. to is crossed out here, and the inserted over line. Another hand to the left, And being crossed out.
Pirrus sacrifices Pollexena; Hectuba goes mad, and is stoned.

Pirrus thanne his swerd out-drow,
And that ladi sone he scow,
And hewe to gobetis al hir flesch,
And with hir blod the tombe wesch.
When Hectuba, that gentil quene,
Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene,
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode,

When Hectuba, that gentil quene,
Saw sawd hir doghter Pollexene,
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode,

When thei saw hir for wode so wilde,
Thei did lede hir to an Ilde
With-oute the toun—het Aulidis,— mortua est.
And stoned hir to dethe y-wis.

She is brought to the island Aulidis, and there stoned to death.

They make a tomb for her, which is still to be seen.

And made ther a tombe fair & hye,
And leyde ther-Inne that quenes bodye;
That standes 3it vnto this day,
As sais tho men that wenden that way;
And beres that stede 3it the name,
That thei for hir 3aff the name.

The queen and her daughter Pollexena are killed by these false traitors, so are all her sons, and Priamus, her husband, and his whole house, and all his friends and men.

Pirrus slays her,
cuts her to pieces, and washes the tomb with her blood.
Hectuba, on seeing her daughter dead,
goes mad, stones and bites men.

1 MS. has a small cross at this place; cf. note on p. 548.
Agamemnon orders the Greeks to prepare, and they sail off.

except the two traitors and their folk.

But afterwards they are exiled for their false ness.

with all their kindred.

They help the Greeks as long as they are there, destroying the town, and annoying its people. Now the Greeks are bold and victorious.

Is non on lyue lyuande fire

Sawe thes traytours & her meyne.

And hit affirward hit schop so

That the traytoures bothe two

For here falsnesse were affir demed

To be exiled & affir flemed—

With al here kyn & here lynage—

For her wickednesse & her outrage;

Affir the Gregais were I-went,

Wel foule were thei affir schent.

But al the while that thei were thare,

Thei did the Cite moche care

And halp the Gregeis to distroye

And alle the folk foule annoye.

Now ben the Grues wonder bolde

And bene alle lorde,—as I 3ow tolde;—

And al this is at here will.

That thei wolde haue, bothe loude & stille.

Agamenon let crye

Thorow alle that companye,

In tour & touz, by way & strete:

"That no man scholde for no man lete,

That thei alle at morwe be tyme,

Be-twix sonne risyng & the prime,

Were al redi at here naue

To passe forth ower the see,

With alle her godis & her thing

That thei wolde to schipe bryng 1."

The nyght was gon, the sonne a-ros,

Fro the lond the schippes gos;

With alle her meyne that with hem was

To schipe thei wente a gode pas,

And drov vp sayl to the top;

And sayled homward alle on a throp,

1 The MS. has another small cross at this place; cf. note on p. 547.
Every lord returns home, full of joy, and with treasures of gold and silver. Thus Troy was destroyed by treason, and all the good lords are dead,—as you may read in this Romance.

Thus ends the ten years' Trojan war, as this Romance tells it soothly. Now God who died at the cross, give his blessing to us all, and especially to him who made this Romance!

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LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

P. 92, l. 3122. Delete full stop at end of line
P. 135, l. 4551. Delete [did]
P. 141, l. 4763. Read , instead of ;
   l. 4764. Read ; instead of ,
P. 159, l. 5368. Put a comma at end of line
   l. 5381. Delete full stop at end of line
P. 161, l. 5456. Put a hyphen between euere and more
P. 163, l. 5597. Put a comma after Philon
P. 171, l. 5804. Put , instead of ;
   l. 5805. Put ; instead of ,
P. 191, l. 6474. Delete the inverted comma
P. 203, l. 6877. Read lyther hynes for lytherlynes
P. 294, l. 9992. Read turne for urne
P. 301, l. 10202. Read Ne for No
P. 340, l. 11544. Put a hyphen between be and sped