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An Edition of the Middle English Romance:

Richard Coeur de Lion

by Philida MTA Schellekens

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(in two volumes)

VOLUME ONE

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Declaration

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**Text**

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Lord Jhesu, King of glorie,
swiche auentour and swiche victorie
þou sentest king Richard!
Miri it is to heren his stori
and of him to han in memorie
þat neuer no was couward!
Bokes men makeþ of Latyn,
cle[r]kes witen what is þerin,
boþe Almaundes and Pikard.
Romaunce make folk of Fraunce
of kniþtes þat were in destaucne,
þat dyed þurth dint of sward:
of Rouland, of Oliuer
and of þe ðe ðusse-per,
of Aisander and Charlmeyn.
and Ector, þe gret werrer,
and of Danys, le þis Oger,
of Artho(u)r and of Gaweyn.
Ac þis (r)omaunce of Frenys [be] wrougt
þat mani lewed no knowe nouȝt
in gest as so we seyn.
Þis lewed no can Freyns non
among an hundred vnneþe on,
in lede is nouȝt to leyn.
Noþeles, wiþ gode chere,
fele of hem wald yhere
noble gestes, ich vnderstond,
of douhty kniþtes of Ingland.
Perfore now ichil 30u rede
of a kniþt douhty of dede,
king Richard, þe werrour best
þat men findeþ in ani gest!
(N)ou al þat listen þis gining
Jhesu hem graunt gode ending!
 Ir Kyng Richard cam owt of a valey
 ffor to fulfellyn þe knyhtes p[ley].
 As a knyth þat were aventoures
 his atyr was orgilous,
 altogeder col-blac,
 wythowytyn ony kyn[es] lac.
 Vpon his crest a ravyn stod
 þat g(on)yd os he hadde be wod,
 abowte his nekke hynge a belle,
 a resoun by I schal gow telle:
 the kynde of a ravyn ys
 euere to ben in traveyle ywis;
 signyfaunse of þe belle,
 wyth holy kerke for to dwel[le]
 and I hout þe Sarazynys to grev[e]
 that were nowt in ryth bel[eue].
 A schaft he bar þat was ful strog[ng],
 hit was bote eytene foot long,
 hit was bothe gret and stowte,
 on and twenti inche abowte!
 The ferst man þat he mette,
 on his scheld a dynt he sette,
 that top ouer tayl to grounde he zede
 ffor al þe strenthe of his stede.
 Bothe hors and man he fel to grounde,
 wel ny he hadde his dedes wonde.
Anoder knyth, hardy and good,
vpon a stede, rod so blod,
he dede hym arme wel that tyde
and thowte ageyn that kyng to ryde.
A good spere on hond he bare,
kyng Richard of hym was ware,
into þe feld he thowte to ryde
ageyn þat knyt, wyth mekyly pride.
Trompis begunne forth to blowe
and kyrng Richard in a throwe
met wyth hym in þe feld
and bare away half his scheld.
His besauge þerwyth gan gon
after strok þat was on,
his pesan and his go[rge]re,
him ouerthowte þat he cam þ[e]! Richard in his sadyl stood
and there he houyd [and a]bod

[i]f a]ny knyth þat were so lele
[...]durst more wyth hym dele.
[... h]e saw þat þ[e] cam non
[and] prekyd his stede and let hym gon
[in]to a wode out of here syth
[and] in anoder he dede hym dyth.
[Vp]on a stede, red so blood,
[wyth all]le þe tyme þat on hym stod,
[...red armowre and eke man
[þat no man m]yth hym kenne than;
[vpon his]is crest a red hound
[.....]yd hynge toward þe grounde,
[that] was significacioun
[the] hethen folke to brynge doun.
[In that] place he houyd thare,
[ne d](u)rst no man to hym sfare!
[He ro]d þe renge al abowte,
[he held]e wythinne and eke wythowte.
M[eru]yle þei hadde of þat cas
that no man wyste quat he was.
A stowte baroun houyd besyde
and swore he wolde to hym ryde.
He tok his squyere his schaft to bere
tyl þat he was comyn hym nere,
his spere hymself he tok thanne
and prekyd his stede and let hym renne.
[T](h)e kyng hym hytte on þe scheld
[t](a)t he ffley doun in þe feld.
[T]hanne kyng Richard rod west
[ag]eyne, into þe same fforest,
[wyth]owyn ony fost or pryde,
[wyt] o squyere be his syde.
[T]o his logge he rod ful stoure
[a](nd) dede on hym a quoynt armoure
that was as quyth as mylke,
[and] his stede was al swylke.
[V]pon his crest a dowe wyth,
[i]n signyficacyoun of þe holy Spyrith,
to be trewe and wynne pris
and dystroyin Goddis enmyis.
(Q)wanne he was dyth rychely
(h)e tok a schaft sekyrly
that was a wol strong tre,
toward þe place þo went he
vp [and] doun, I swpl glyth,
2r to loke for þere were ony knyth.

Thanne was there a knyth hardy
þat was clepyd Sere Fouke Doly,
a nobyl man and a queyent of craft,
a master for to brekyn a schaft.
To þe knyth he ga[ñ] to calle
and seyde to hem: 'frendes alle,
gret scorn yt ys to God almyth
that we alle schul lete a knyth
gete honoure of þis game!
Now wyl I, be Goddes name,
brékyn a schaft wyth hym today.
Chew me on, faste,' he gan to [s][a][y]
'that ys styff and wylen not fiol[d]
wýth þat knyth þat ys so bold!
I schal wyth hym juste, iwys,
to loke qwedyr schal haue þe pris!
Thereof schulde be gret scornynge
and men keme and told þe kyng,
that a knyth had don vs þis schame
and getyn þe honour of oure game.
Wyth a schaft he justid al day
and euer he beryth yt hol away!
Hit wele brekyn for no nede,
he sittyth vpon a gud stede.
'Jhesu þat dyid for manmys synne
3eue me grace þat stede to wynne!'
This was þe ferst tyme, I yow plight,
that kyng Richard preyed his myght,
and of his strenþe he had gode game
and wente home a Goddes name
into þe castelle by a derne way,
that no man ne knewe hym þat day.
He vnarmed him, seker þu be.
Now of the knightes speke we
and of þe jostes that was þat day
and how they passed than away.
They comaunded hastely
the heraude to make a cry
and euerych man for to wende
home to his awne frende.
Sire ffouke wyst it nothyng
that yt was Richard, oure kyng!
He wende he had ben at Salysbery
in þe castel to make hym mery.
They prekyd her stedis and togeder set,
wyth a strok þe kyng hym mette
amyd þe scheld, wythowtyne tale,
that yt clef on peces smale
and wyth þat dynt so faste he thraste
that þe schaft al tobraste.
Sir ffouke fel doun, þe sothe to say,
the kyng rod fforth in his way.
Into þe forest þe weye he nam,
there wyst no man qwere he becam.
Sir ffouke Doly wyth mechiil payne
[on] hors was he set ageyne.
[Th]ils was þe fe[r]st tym, I 3ow plyth,
[th]at kyng Richard assayid his myth,
[and] of his strengthe he had game
[and] went hym hom in Goddes name
into þe castel, be a derne way,
that no man knewe hym of alle þat day.
[H]e vnarmyd hym, sekyr þu be.
[N](o)w of þe knytes speke we
[and of þat justes þat day
[and] how þei partyd þo away.
[Th]ey comandyd thanne hastly
[heraudes to make a cry
[and] euery man for to wende
[ho](m) to his owyn ffrende.
The kyng a messager gan sende
priueliche for to wende
to Sir Thomas of Miltoun
that was a noble baroun,
and to Sir ffouk Dolye,
‘that they come to me on bye,
that they dwellyn in non maner
tyl þat they ben bothen here!’
The messager his ways hente
and seide the kyng had isent,
þrielich to come hym to,
withoute lettyng that hit be do.
They hyden yerne in her way
and come to him vpon a day.
Tho þey come, þe kyng was glade,
and muche joy they made,
and seide to hem in mery soune:
‘Ye bene welcome, by seynt Symoun!
Lordynges,’ he seide, ‘wete ye noght
that ich hauc ordeyned in my þoght
into þe Holy Londe for to goo,
we three felawes and no moo,
al in palmers gyse
the Holy Londe to devyse?
To me ich wolle that ye be sworne,
that ye ne tel to no man iborne!’
They graunted hym his axkyng
withoute any gaynsaying,
‘With me to leue and to deye
and letyn for lone ne for eye!’
The kyng a messenger let sende previli for to wende to Sere Thomas of Multoun 
that was a nobil baroun, and to Sere fhouke Doly, 
that hei come to hem in hey, 
that hei ne dwelle in no manere 
tul hei ben bothe here. 
That messenger his weye went and seyde he kyng after hem sent, privili to come hym too, wythowtyn lettyng bat yt be soo. [T]hey heyid jarne in here way [and] kemyn to hym on a day. Do hei kemyn, he kyng was glad, and meky joye wyth hem he mad and seyde to hem wyth lowde steuene: '3e be welcome, be God in heuene!
Lordynges,' he seyde, 'wete 3e nowt qwat I haue ordeynyd in my thowt, into he Holy Lond for to goo, we thre felaws and no moo, alle in palmers gyse the Holy Lond to devise! So I wil bat we be sworn, that yt wete no man born!' Thei grantyd hym his askyng wythowtyn ony gaynseyng.
211 Vpon the boké þey leyden her honde
212 to the couenant for to stonde,
213 they kyste the boke alle ithree,
214 trewe felawes for to be.
215 Whan her couenant was imade
216 the kynge spake with hert glade:
217 'My leue frendes, with gode entent,
218 how ferde ye atte turnament?
219 Cam any strong knyght to your play?'
220 'Ye,' they seiden, 'par ma fay!
221 Auentures knyght ther cam ryde
222 in dyuers atyre, with muche pride!
223 He felde both hors and man,
224 hym ne myght non withstond ðan!
225 'Ye,' quathe þe kynge, 'my frendes be ye,
226 of that knyght I shalle yow say:
227 'Ich was thuder igon for certe!'
228 Tho were they glad and blithe in herte
229 that he loued her felawred,
230 ffor he wa[s] dowty man of dede
231 and also queynte in many case,
232 therfor they maden gret solas!
233 Trompours blewen and made a crye,
234 togeders they wente hastely.
235 By the xx day to þe ende
236 they were redy for to wende
237 with burdyn and scripe and slavyne,
238 as palmers were and pilgryme.
239 They toke leue of hure frende
240 and to shippe they gan wende.

230 was] wax
Opon a bok þei leyd here honde
they kyst þe bok alle thre,
thre ffolaws for to be.
And qwanne þe com[.]ant was mad
the kyng spak wyth herte glad:
‘My leue frend, wyth good entent,
how sped þe at þe turnement[t]?
Cam ther ony strong knyth to 3oure (p)[ley]?’
‘3a sertes, Sire,’ þei gunne to sey.
‘an auentoures knyth þer cam ryde
in dyuerse atyre, wyth mekyl pryde.
He ffield bothe hors and man,
him wyth myth stande non!’
‘3e,’ qod þe kyng, ‘my frend bothe.
of þat knyth I seye þe sothe:
I yt was, I gow telle for sert!’
[Th]o were þei blythe and glad in herte
that he louyth here felawrede,
þfor he was dowty man in de[d]e
and ful coynt in manye a cas,
therfore þei made gret solas!
Trumpis blowyn and madyn cry,
to mete þei wente hastily.
Be þe twenti day was to þe ende
they were redy for to wende
wyth pik, scrip and slaunyn,
o[s] palmers weryn in paynym.
Thei tok leue of here frende
and into schippe þei gunne wende.
They drow vp saile, be wynde was gode,  
and sailed ouer the salte floode.

Vpon Flaundres, forsohte to say,  
ariued kyng Richard and his felawes twey.

They wente uorbe alle ifere  
ffrom toune to toune, as ye may hure,
tyI they comyn to Braundes,

A shippe they flounden there  
into Cipres for to fare.

They sette vp saile, ich vnderstonde,  
at [F]amagus þey toke the londe.

Thare they dwelled xl dayes  
and sethe dede hem into þe see,

and sethe dede hem into þe see,

A[cr]ls, þat faire cite;

ffro þennes into þe Mascedoyne  
and to the cite Babeloyne

and to the cite of Cesare  
and ofcomen wys and ware,

and to the cite of Jerusalm,  
to Bethane and to Betheleme;

and to þe cite of Sudun Turpy  
and to the cite of Ebedie

and to þe castelle of Orglyus  
anto the cite of Peryus,

to Japhes and to Safranne,  
to Taberet and to Archane.

Thus visited they the Holi Londe,  
neigh thourghoute, ich vnderstond.
They drowyn vp seyle, þe wynd was gode, and seylyd ouer þe salt flod. Vp in Flaunderes, forsɔp to seye, the kynge him ariuyd and his felaws tw[eye]. They wentyn fforth al in fere fro toune to toune, as ȝe may here, [tyl þei keme to Braundis, that ys a cost of noble pris. A schippe þei fowndyn thare into Cypré for to fare. They settyyn vp seyl, I vnderstond, at [F]amagous þei tokyn lond. There þei dwellyd fourty dayis 3v [tyl þei knewyn þe londes laws [an]d sythyyn dede hem to se, into Acres, þat fayr cete; from dennyss into Maced[o]yne and to þe cete of Babiloyne and to þe cete of Cesar and to Innie, wys and war, and to þe cete of Jerusalem, to Betanye and to Bedlem;

and to þe castel of Orgoilous and to þe cete of Apirous, to Jafes and to Safran, to Tolloureyt and to Torquan. And thus þei welke, I vnderstond, ney throwowt þe Holy Lond.

252 Famagous] Samagous
257 Macedoyne] Macedeyne
271 So than homward þey han itight
272 into Engelond, with alle her myght.
273 Whenne they were passed þe Greke see
274 into Almayne þan ryden he,
275 and he that in Almayne was kyng
276 hated kyng Richard þourgh alle thyng!
277 Richard and his felawes twoo
278 into a towne they weren agoo.
279 They toke her inne þa sebelie
280 and yede to toune her mete to bye.
281 They brought in a gos to her mete,
282 hem longed swyth flessh to ete.
283 Kyng Richard the for bette,
284 Þouk Doly to the spite him sette,
285 Thomas of Miltoun stamped the wose,
286 wel dere they aboughte thulke gos!
287 Whenne the gos was rosted welle
288 in ther cam a minstrelle:
289 and if hit hure wille were
290 of his myrthe for to hure.
291 Richard hym answerde and seyde: ‘Nay,
292 we mote eten and go oure way!’
293 ‘Ye buthe vncurteys, so me thenke,
294 ye ne biddeth this mynstrel no drynke!
295 Ye were welle better by this day!’
296 thus by himselfe he gan to say.
297 His way he taketh faire and wel
298 sfort he com to þe castelle
299 ther the kyng of Almayne was;
300 and to the porter he made his pays
Sythyn homward þei hadde tyth
into Engelond, wyth alle here myth.
Qwanne þei were passyd þe Grykkys see
in Almayn þei must sone be,
and he þat in Almayn was kyng
hatyd Richard ouer al thyng!
Richard and his felaws too
into a cete þei be goo.
They tok here in þin sepelye
and gedyn into townne here mete to bye.
They bowtyn a gos to here mete,
they longyd gos fleysche to ete.
Kyng Richard þe fyre bete,
Syre þouke Doley to þe spete him sette,
Thomas of Multoun stampid was,
there bowte þei þat gos.
Qwanne þe gos was rostid wel
in þere cam a menstrel
and askyd yf here wil were
of his merthis for to here.
Richard answerd and seyde: 'Nay,
we muste etyn and go oure way!'
'3e ben vncurteyse, me thynke,
3e bodyn me nether mete ner drynke!
3e were betyr be þis day!
thus to hymself he gan to say.
His weye he takys fayr and wel
tul he cam to þe castel
there þe kyng of Almayn was;
to þe portere he mad his pas
and seyde: 'Wende in an hyynge
and sey þus to my lorde, the kyng,
ther buth icom vpon his londe
thre palmers, ich understonde,
the strongest men in Cristiante,
and ich wol telle whiche þey be:
kynge Richard that is so greym
and ii barons that be þwþ hym,
Sir ffouke Doly of renoune
and Sir Thomas of Miltoune!
The porter yede into þe halle
and tolde the lordes þhes wordes alle.
The kyng was glad of þat tythyng,
he swor his othe on hyynge:
'The mynstrelle that hath do þis dede,
fulle welle he shalle haue his mede!'
The kyng comaunded his knyghte þo
blyue to the cite go,
'And nyme the palmers al three
and bryngeth hem alle byfore me!'
fforth ther way they nomen,
to Richardus yn they comen
and axed: 'Ho is at inne here?'
Kynge Richard answereþ with mylde chere:
'We buth here palmers three,
oute of hethenesse now come we!' The knyghtes seyde on hyynge:
'Ye shalle speke with oure lorde, þe kyng,
ffor tythyng we wold hure fayne!'
They toke the palmers and went agayne.
Of þat lyoun I gyf nouth, him to sle I am bethowt!

Be tomorwe prime of day

his herte I gyf þe to play!

Do me to haue kerchis of sylke,
a doseyn, qwyth as ony mylke,
and a long irysh knyf
os þu wilt save my lyf!
Into þe presoun þu hem bryng
a lytyl before þe dawyng!

Sone qwanne evyn cam
the mayde to þe preson cam
and wyth here a nobyl knyth,
here soper was redy dyth.
Richard bad his tuo ffere
cum wyth hym to þe soper
and þe jaylowr also,
the maydyn bad yt schulde be so.
That nyth þei made mery inow
and to þe chambre þei hem drow.
Bothe Richard and þe swete wyth
togyder þei leyn al þat nyth,
tul on morwe þat y[t] was day
Richard bad here wende away.
‘Nay,’ sche seyde, ‘be God above,
I wyl here deyin for þi loue,
here wyth the I wyl abyde,
qwat deth so me tyde!’
Richard seyde: ‘Lady ffre,
I preye þu, wende henne fro me
or els þu wilte greue me sore!
Go hennes, lemmen, for Goddes ore!
The mayde aros and wente her way,
Richard slepte fort hit was day,
Richard the kerchyues toke on honde
and aboute his arme wonde
vnder his slyue harde icaste;
in hert was he noughte agaste!
Richard thought in that wyle
to sle the lyon with his gyle.
The sharpe knyf foryate he nought,
of grounde style hit was iwroght,
and semeliche in his kertylle stode,
abode the lyon, fers and wode.
With that come the gayler
and the knyghtes alle ifeer,
and lad the lyon hem amonge
with pawys bothe sharpe and strong.
The chambre-dore they hadde vndo
and the lyon they ladde him too.
Whan the lyon sey him, skete
he ramped on with his fete,
he yened wyde and ganne to rage
as wilde best that was sauage,
and kyng Richard also sket
in the lyones throte his arme he shete.
Alle in kerchefs his arme was wonde,
the lyon he strangeled in that stonde.
With his pawys his kyrtele he roff,
with þat, þe lyon to the erthe he droff.
or elle þu wilt me greue sore!
Go henne,' he seyde, 'for Goddes hore!
Þe maydyn ros and went here way,
Richard lay stille tyl yt was day
and sone he tok þe kerchis on honde,
abowt his arme he hem wonde
vnder his scleve, harde and faste;
in hert he wasnowt agaste!
Richard thouþ in þat wyle
to sle þe lioun wyþ his gile.
þe scharp knyf forgat he nowt,
of groundyn stel yt was wrout.
Alle sengyl in his kertyl he stood
and þe lioun frechelyc he abod.
Wyþ þat cam þe jaylere
and þe knytes alle în ffere,
and leddyne þe lioun hem amonge
wyþ cheynys boþe scharpe and longe.
The chambyr-dore þe dede vnþo
7v and letyn þe lioun gon hym to.
Qwanne þe lyon saw hym, sket
he raunsed hym wyþ his ffet
and gapyd wyde and gan to rage
o[s] a wyld best þat was sauage,
and kyng Richard also sket
in þe lioune throte his harm he schet.
Al in kerchis his harm was wonde,
the lyon he strangelyd on a stonde.
Wyþ his powys his kertiþ he rof,
wyþ [that], þe lioun to þe erthe he drof.
Richard with that knyf so smert
he smote the lyon to be hert.
Oute of his kerchefs his honde he drogh
and at that game Richard lough
and the kercheffes stille he lette.
Thus the lyon his make mette!
He opened him atte brest-bone
and toke his hert oute anone
and thonked God omnipotent
of the grace he hadde hem sent.
And of his dede of grete renoune
cleped he was Quere Lyon.
Now wente thes knyghtes alle fyve
and told [th]e kyng also blyue
that Richard and the lyon
togeders were in prisone.
Than seide he: 'By heuen Kyng,
ich am glad of that tything!
By this tyme ich wote fulle welle,
the lyon hath of him his delle!'  
Vp aros the doughtur yong
and seide thus to her fader, the kyng,
'Nay,' she saide, 'so God me rede,
I ne leue that he be dede!
He byhete atte soper-tyme
the lyon s hert today by prime!
The kyng comaunded his knyghtus anon
to the prison for to gone
and loke hasteliche and blythe
if that the deuylle were alyue.
Richard wyth þe knyf so smert
strok þe lyoun to þe hert.
Owt of his kerchis his arm he drow,
at þat gamyn Richard low
and þe kerchis stille he lette.
Pus þe lyoun wyth his macche mette!
He hopenyd hym at þe brest-bon
and tok owt his herte anon
and thankyd God omnipotent
of þe grace he hadde hym sent.
And for þis dede of gret renoun
he was icallyd Queor de Lyoun.
Now went þe knytes alle fyve
and told þe kyng also blyue
that Richard and þe lyoun
qwere togyder in presoun.
[T]hanne seyde he: 'Be heuyn Kyng,
I am glad of þis tydyng!
[B]e þis tyme I wot ful wel,
the lioun hath of him his del!'
Up aros his dowtersyng
and seyde to here flader, þe kyng,
'Nay,' sche seyde, 'so God me rede,
wel I wot he ys not dede!
He behyth me at soper-tyme
the lyounys hert today or prime!'
The kyng comawndyd þe knytes anon
to þe preson for to gon
and loke hastily and blyþe
for þat fyned be alyue.
And þe knytes also sone
the presoun-dore þei han vndone
and in þei kemyn alle and sone
and Richard seyde: ‘Þe ben welcome!’
They sey þe lyoun ly ded dor
8r and ȝedyn and told þe kyng beffore
that Richard was bothe hol and sound
and þe lyon lay ded vn ground.
The kyng seyde to þe quen tho:
‘Yf he here dwelle, he wil vus slo!
Do we hym raunson[m] þrow oure honde
and sythyn don hym owt of þis londe
and his ffelaws tweye.
His wykkyl dedys [h]e schul abeye!
Of lym and ston he had an house,
the kyng swor thanne be Jhesus,
þat hous kyng Richard felle schulde
fful of syluer and of gold,
or elle in preson to ben euermore,
thus had þe kyng his ȝoth swore.
Anon kyng Richard verament
into Engelond letteris feuve sent
to his owyn chancelere.
Pe letteris spokyn as ȝe mown here:
‘Kyng Richard lyth in prison
and must haue gret ramsom,
tresour þerwyth an hous to ffille
or elle in preson to ly stille!’
Thanne was mad, I vnderstond,
a tax. youn in þis lond,

671 raunson[m] raunso
674 he] þe
690 þa taxyou[n] taxacyou[n]
and many a page just try
and they made much enj
and all the noble friends con to.
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
and behold herons come to,
in abbeyis and in kyrkys both,
thereof þer were chalys too;
the ton þei tokyn wythowt lesyng
ffor to raunsom Richard þe kyng.
Qwanne þe tresoure cam þere yt schulde be,
wanne had þei swylke þre,
þhanne þei had inow and more
but al togeder yt leuyd thore.
Kyling Richard swore be seynt John
that he wolde haue too for on.
Thanne þe kyng, I vnderstond,
tok his dowter be þe honde
and bad here wyth Richard goo
owt of his lond for euerno,
and swor be his heye parage
there schuld sche haue non erytage.
Sone anon here moder, þe quen,
fiel doun on here knen
and seyde to þe kyng wyth wordes myld:
'Haf mercy on oure owyn chyld
and let here not wende wyth non of oure þfon,
ffor I swere be seynt John,
8v joye me comyht neuer non to me!'
The kyng seyde: 'I graunt here the!'
Thus cam Richard owt of presoun
and þer belefte þe ramsom.
A Freyns kniȝt, þe douke Miloun, and douke Renaud, a bold baroun.

Purth tresoun of þe counte Roys
Surri was lorn and þe holy Croys.
Pe douke Renaud was hewen smale
 al to peces, so seyt þe tale!
Pe douke Miloun was graunt his liif
 and fleyȝe ouȝe wip his wiȝf,
he was air of Surri lond,
king Baudewine sone, ich vnder[st]ond.

No man wist neuer seþ,
whar he bicom, no in what kep.
Ac þis lere and þis pite
sprong into al Cristiante.
Pe holy pope þat hiȝt Vrban
sent to alle Cristen man
and asoyled hem of her sinne
and saȝt hem paradys to winne,

Sone aftur þis pleyng
kyng Richard dud anoþer þyng:

ffor joy that her lorde was com to lond;
þeroþ þey thonket Goddes sonde.
Hom þey wente to her contres alle
and lefte the kyng with his mayne alle.
Now trauyle þei day and nyth
to Engelond wyth al here myth.
So long þei hadde ouernome,
into þis lond þei wer icome.
They were wolcome and fayr dyth
and qwanne þei hadde dwellyd a fourtenyth,
anon Richard, our e kyng,
dyth hym hors and oder thyng
alle þat wald þider gon,
to avengy Jhesu of his fon.
De king of Fraunce, wiþouten feylye,
þider went wiþ grete bateyle,
þe douke of Bloys, þe douke of Burgoyn,  
þe douke of Ostrike, þe douk of Sesoyn,  
þemperor of Almeyn,  
þe gode kniȝtes of Breteyne,
þerl of Flauwes, þerl of Coloyne,  
þerl of A(r)t(a)ys, þerl of Boloyn.  
Miche folk went [þider biforn]  
þat [n](e)þ(e h)adde her liif forlor  
in g[ret] wer and hunger hard  
as þe may here her afterward.  
In heruest after þe Natiuyte  
king Richard fenge his dignete  
and (be)r þe kinges ȝerd and þe croun  
at Winchester in þe gode toun.  
Pe neȝsenday after his fest  
þat was so riche and so honest,  
he bitoke his lond þe chauuncele  
and bicom Goddes palmer
ocrisynes Godes wiþerwines.
De erchebischop Baudeuines  
biform went wiþ kniȝtes afine  
bi Brandis and bi Coste(n)[tin]e.  
Ac alder-last and afterward  
com þe duhti king Richard.  
the londe he toke the chaunceller 
and bycome Goddes palmere  
ayene Goddes witherwyne.  
The erchebisshop, Sir Baudewyne,  
byfore he wente with knyghtes fyne  
by Braundis and by Costantyne.  
At alther-last, afterwarde,  
so com the douty kyng Richard,
and seyd: 'Go in heying 301
and [seye] thus to þi lord, þe kyng,
4r ther ben come vpon þi lond 302
thre palmers, I vndirstand, 303
the strengest men [in] Cristiante, 304
and I kan telle hym swyche þei be: 305
kyng Richard þat ys so grym 306
and to felaws he hath wyth hym, 307
Sir Þouke Doly of renoun 308
and Sere Thomas of Maltoun!' 309
The portere þede into þe halle 310
and told his lord þis wordys alle. 311
The kyng was glad of þat tydyng 312
and swor his oth be heuene Kyng: 313
'The menstral þat had don þat dede 314
schul haue wel his mede!' 315
The kyng comaw[n]dyd knytes tho 316
to þe cete for to goo, 317
'And take þe palmers alle thre 318
and brynge hem here before me!' 319
Eforth in here weye þei nomyn, 320
to Richardys in some þei comyn 321
and askyd: 'Wo ys at mete here?' 322
and Richard answerd in fayr manere: 323
'We ben here palmers thre, 324
owt of hethenesse iwys come we!' 325
The knytes seyde in heying: 326
'þe muste speke wyth oure lord, þe kyng, 327
þor fydinges he wolde here fayn!' 328
They tokyn þe palmers and wentyn a(g)ayn. 329
Whenne he kyng sey kyng Richard
[he seyd]: 'This is he, so dume garde,
this is my dedlich foo,
helle abigge, or that he go!
The kyng axed the palmers three:
'In my lond what seche ye?'
He seye to hem with felonye:
Ye bene icome my londe to spye
and some tresoune me to done!
Than seide kyng Richard swithe sone:
'We erun palmers, forsothe to sey,
and wenden here in Goddes way!'
The kyng [him] nempned kyng by name
and cleped him taylarde and seid hym shame:
'But for as mychelle as thow art kyng
and thes thy barons, withoute lesyng,
ne semeth nought thus to be dight,
therfor ich saye: hit is right,
ye shulle bene in a preson,
and that is skele and resoun!'
Richard seide with hert free:
'Thow dost not right, so mote I the!
Palmers that goth by the way,
thew ne sholdest hem dere nyght ne day!
Sir kyng, for thi courtasie,
do palmers no vylanye!
£for his loue that vs dere bought,
lefe vs gone and dere vs noght,
in aunte that may betyde,
in strange countre thoughe we walke wyde!'
D

Qwanne here lord sey kyng Richard
he seyd: 'Pis ys he, so dieu me gard,
he þat ys my dedly ffoo,
he schal abeyn [it] er he goo!' Tho askyd he þe palmers thre:
'In my lond qwat sekyn þe?' He seyde to hem wyth velanye:
'Je be come my lond to spye
and sum tresoun me to done!' Thanne seyde kyng Richard sone:
'We arn palmers, forsothe to seye, and went here in Goddes weye!'
The kyng callyd Richard be name and clepyd hym taylard and seyde hym schame:
'Wel I wot þu art a kyng
and these þi werrous, wythovrt lesyng,
Thou semyst not wel d(u)s to be dyth.
4v [T][h]erfor I seye þat yt ys ryth
that þu dwelle in a fowle doungoun,
wyth gret skyyle and wyth gret resoun!' Richard seyde wyth herte ffre:
'Thou dost not ryth, so thynkyth me!
Palmers þat gon be þe weye,
þu schuldyst hem greue nyth ner day!
Sire kyng, for þi curteysye,
do vs here no velanye!
þfor his loue þe dere bowt,
lat vs go and greue vs nowt,
par auenture þet þe may betyde
in strong cuntre to walkyn wyde!'
He comanded swythe sone
in prisoun they sholde be done.
The porter gonne hem vnderfonge
and toke kyng Richard by þe honde,
and boþe his felowes him with;
and ther ne hadde hii no grith
til that other day atte prime
the kyngus sone come þat tyme.
Ardoure was his right name,
he thought do kyng Richard shame
ffor he was holden, ich vnderstonde,
the strongest man of þat londe.
To the porter than seide he:
‘Thyne prisoners let me see!’
The porter seide: ‘Sir, at þy wille,
thi [b]ede, Sir, ich shalle fulfille!’
He brought hem forth sone anon
and Richard gan formest to gone.
The kyngus sone hym vndername:
‘Art þow Richard, the strong man,
as men seyne in euery londe?
Darst þow stonde a buffet of my honde,
and ich shal yeue the leue
another buffet me to yeue!’
Hastelich kyng Richard
grauntyd him in that forward.
The kyngus sone, fers and prout,
he yaue Richard swyche a egre clout,
the ffyre of his eyen [oute] sprong.
Richard thought he dude him wrong:

366 grith] greff
376 bede] deede
389 sprong oute] oute sprong
of Aufrik and of Bosie,
of al þe lond of Alisaundrie;
of grete Grece and of Tyre
and of many an odir empire.
*And* make him, yf he wolde, heþ sowdon
of al þe Ynde of preter John.
Richard anserwed þe massengeres:
'Fy on ȝu, foule losyngers,
on þow and Saladyn, ȝoure lord,
the deuyl hym honge be a cord!
Now go sey Saladyn
that tomorwe he make myn ffyn
ffor his dogges in myn ostage,
or þei schul deyin in evyl rage!
And I mowe leuyn fyve jere,
of al þe lond ȝe rekkenyd here,
I schal him nowt leue a fote,
so God sende myn soule bote!
Forlesyn I nold myn Lordes loue
ffor al þe londis vnder heuene aboue!
And but I haue þe holy Cros tomorow,
his ffolke schal al deyin in mekyl sorow!'  

The massengeres wentyn to Saladyn
*and* told þe begynnyng a ffyn:

and make hym high sowdan anoon
of al Inde to preter John.
Richard answered þe messengers:
'Fy on þow, vile losyngers,
goth and seith to Saladyn
that he to morow make fyn
ffor al his dogges in myn ostage,
or þey shal dye in high rage!
And y mot leue a fewe jere,
of al þe londes þat he nempneth here
I ne shal not leue him a foot,
as God me sende my sowle boot!
Forles ye ne wold my lordes loue
ffor al þe londe vnder heucyn aboue!
And but y haue þe roode tomorowe,
his folk shullen dye with muche sorowe!'  

The messengers went to Saladyne
*and* tolde him þe begynnyng and þe fyne:
Than was he in gret dolour, amorwe he sende hym more tresour: an hundred thousand pounde of gold, so much for Acres pay he wold!
The messager that tresour broughte and for the ostage hym bysoughte, than askede kyng Richard the roude anon that God was on to dethe don, and they answerden atte frome, they nuste whar hit was bycome.
Tho quath Richard: 'Sutthen hit is so, thenne wot I, what I haue to do! Your soudan is nought so sley for to blery myn eye!
He clepede his knyghtes sone anon and bad hem to the cite of Acres gon, 'And take the Sarasyns, sixti thousynd, and bynde the hondes hem byhynd,
so I shal teche Saladyn to preye me leue on Appolyn!' They were brought out of the toun but twenty he hulde to raunsoun, they were brought to a place euene, then hurde they crie an aungel of heuene and seyd: 'Sevnours, twyes, twyes, spareth noght, byheuedith thes!'
but he on morow þe holy Cros sent,
alle his ostagis weryn ischent!
Po was Saladyn in sorow
and sent more tresoure on morow:
ffyue and fifti m pound of gold,
so mekyl for Acris geuyn he wold!

Po was Saladyn in sorow
and sent more tresoure on morow:
ffyue and sixty thousand pound of golde,
so mucho for Acris geuyn he wold!

28v The massengeres þe tresowr browt
and of þe ostages him besowt
and Richard askyd þe holy Cros anon
that God was on to deth don.
They hym answered at frome,
they wysst not were yt was become.

Thanne seyde Richard: 'Son yt ys so,
I wot qwat I haue to do!
3oure sowdoun ys not so slye
that he schal blere myn eye!'

Kyg Richard [c]a[l][le]d knyȝtes anon
and bad hem faste to Acris gon,
'And take þe Sarazynys, sexti m,
and knette her handes hem behynd,
and lede hem out of þe cete
and heuedyn hem wythowt pete!
And so I schal teche Saladyne
to prey me leuyn on Appolyyn!' They browt hem alle wythout þe toun
but xx ti þei heldyn at rancyoun
and ledyng hem to place euene;
thanne herde he crye an angel of heuene
that cryid: 'S[ey]gnures, tues, tues,
ne spare not þese hethen dogges!'
kyng Richard hurde the aungeles vois
and thonkyde God and the holy Croys,
and byheuedede hem hasteliche
and caste the bodies in a diche.
And thus kyng Richard wan Acres,
God graunte his soule heuene blys!
Lusteth lordes, leue and dere,
of doughtinesse ye may here!
In somer at seynt Johnes tyde
whenne fooles gone murye chide,
kyng Richard turnde his ost to pas
toward the cite of Caiphas,
euer forth by the grete maryn,
toward the ryuere of Chalyn.
Saladyn hit hurde telle
and com aftur swith snelle
with sixti thousand Sarasyne kene,
and thoughte to dooure men tene
and ouertoke the rereward
and bygonne to fighte hard.
Hastely swerdes they drogh
and ofoure Cristene faste slogh.
Vnarmed was the rereward
and flogh in haste to kyng Richard.
And whenne kyng Richard wiste this,
the soudan slogh his men ywis,
They were beheded hastily and cast hem in a foule dyke.

Richard herde þat angelle voys and thankyd God and þe holy Croys.

Thus kyng Richard wan Acrys, God graunt vs alle heuene blys!

His dowty dedes whoso wol lere, the ende herkenyth and þe may here!

A lytyl before seynt Johnys tyde qwanne floule begynne to chyde, the kyng dede his men turne here pas to þe cete of Cayfas, al vp þe grete marine, vp be þe reuer of Chalyne.

Saladyn sone herd telle, he cam after flyande snelle wyth sixti m of Sarazynys kene, and þhou to don oure kyng gret tene and [o]uertok oure kyng rereward

and fleu hastily to kyng Richard.

Kyng Richard wyst þo in haste that his men weryn agast.
2911 on Erfael of Cipre he sette hym, falee,
2912 that was swift as eny awalewe.
2914
2915 Anon his baner he vnfeld,
2916 the Sarasyns hit byheld
2917 and also sone they myghte his baner se
2918 hii bygonne for to fle,
2919 and Richard after for to ryde
2920 and they withturnde hem that tyde
2921 and ryde togadre with raundoun,
2922 as alle the wordle sholde adoun.
2923 Kyng Richard byfore hym smot
2924 with his axe that bitere bot,
2925 he toheugh and tocarf,
2926 that many vndur his hond ther starf
2927 and gan to crie with vois of mounde:
2928 'Sleith doun-rightes thes hetynye hounde!'
2929 thus he gan to his men calle,
2930 abouten hym they comen alle.
2932
2933 And many a Cristene, be yogh siker,
2934 laught hure deth in that biker,
2935 thurgh a cart that was Huberd Ga(u)der
2936 that was aseten in a muer.
2937 Saladines two sones come
2938 and the armes hem bynome.
2939 The carter lis his hond ful right,
2940 ther was slawe many a knyght;
The kyng comaw[n]dyd swythe sone
in strong presoun þei schulde be done.
His jaylere hem gan vnderffong
and tok kyng Richard be þe hond,
and bothe his ffelaws him wyth;
there hadde þei no maner gryth
tyl þat odyr day at prime
the kynges sone [come] þat ylke tyme.
Ardoure was his name,
he thowte to do Richard schame
for he was holdyn, I vnderstond,
the strengest man of þat lond.
To þe portere þanne seyde he:
'[Thi] presoners let me see!'
The portere seyde: 'Sere, at þi wille,
þi comawndment I wil fulfille!'
He browt hem owt sone anon
and Richard gan ferst owt gon.
The kynges sone hym vndernam:
'Art þu Richard, þe strong man,
os men seyn in euery lond?
Darst þu stond a bofet of my hond,
and anon I gyf þe leue,
anoder buffet þu me geue!'
Hastily þe kyng Richard
grantyd hym þat forward.
The kynges sone, kene and proud,
gaf kyng Richard swylke a nere clout
þat þe fyre of his heyen sprong.
Richard þowte he dede hym wrong:
391 'I the swere, by seynt Gemelyne,
392 tomorwe this tyme I shalle paye thyne!'
393 The kyngus sone on hym lough
394 and seide he schulde haue his wille inogh
395 bothe of drynke and of mete,
396 of the best he wolde ete,
397 that he ne durste not wyte
398 ffir ffelbelses his dynt to quyte!
399 On the morwe, when hit was day,
400 kyng Richard aros withoute delay
401 and a fuyre he hath hym idight
402 and toke wax faire and bryght.
403 By the fuyre he wexed his honde
404 alle aboute, ich vnderstonde,
405 with alle his honde holych slight
406 to holde the payement that he bhight.
407 The kyngus sone cam to hym than
408 to holden forward as a trewe man,
409 and before kyng Richard stode
410 and spake to him with sterne mode:
411 'Smyghte Richard, with alle thy myght,
412 as thow art a stalworth knyght,
413 and if ich stoupe or felde
414 I ne kepte bere neuer shelde!'
415 Vnder his cheke his honde he leyde,
416 he thay hit sey the sothe seide:
417 fflessh and skyn awey he drowe
418 and to grounde a felle aswowe.
419 Atwoo was broke his cheke-bon,
420 worde ne spake he neuer none,
'I swere be seynt Elyne, tomorwe yt ys tyme to paye myn[e]!' The kynges sone on hym low and bad he schulde haf his wille now bothe of drynke and of mete, of þe beste þat he wolde hete, that him ne thorst yt not wyte ffor febyl his dynt to smyte! On þe morwe, qwanne yt was day, Richard aros wythowtyn þelay and a fere he hath hym dyth and tok wax fayr and bryth. Be þe fere he waxid his hond al abowte, I vnderstond.

The kynges sone cam to hym thanne to hold forward as a trewe manne, and before Richard stood and spak to hym wyth hyre and mod: 'Smyte Richard, wyth al þi myth, os þu art a trowe knyth, and yf euer I stope or held I kepe neuer to bere scheld!' Vnder his cheke his hond he leyd, he þat yt saw þe sothe seyde: ffleysche and skyn awey he drow, al doun he ffel in a swou, he al tobrast his cheke-bon, word ne spak he neuer non!
421 and þus he yaf his buffet,
422 God yeue his sowle in heuen part!
423 A knyght strute to the kyng
424 and tolde him of this tythyng,
425 that Richard hadde his sone islawe.
426 'Alas,' he seide, 'now hau I non!'
427 With that worde he felle aswowne
428 and knyghtes fele him vp drowe
429 and seide: 'Sir, dismay yow nought!'
430
431 The kyng axed hem an hie,
432 the knyghtes that stode him bye:
433 'That ye me telle of this cas,
434 in what maner he dede was!'
435 Stille hii stode, euerich one,
436 ffor sorwe myght hii telle none.
437 With that worde com the quene,
438 'Alas,' she seide, 'what may this bene?
439 Why is this sorwe and this fare?
440 Ho hath wroght alle this care?
441 'A, madame, ne wete ye nought?
442 Thy sone is to dethe ibrought!
443 'Sen þat ich was bore to man,
444 so myche sorwe to me ne came!
445 Al my joy is torned to woo,
446 ffor sorwe ich shalle myself sloo!
447
448 Her kerchefs she todrowe,
449 'Alas,' she seide, 'me is woo!'
A knyth sturt to þe kyng
and told hym þat tydyng,
that Richard hadde his sone islon.
‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘now haue I non!’
Wyth þat word he fel in a suown
and knytes sone vp hym drow
and seyde: ‘Sere, dysmay 3ou [n]out,
now ys don, yt helpyth 3ow nowt!’
The kyng hem askyd in hey,
the knytes þat stodyn hym bey:
‘Pat 3e me telle at þis cas,
in qwat maner þe dede was!’
Stille þei stodyn, eueric on,
ffor sorwe myth þei speke non.
Wyth þat word comyth þe quen,
‘Alas,’ sche seyde, ‘how may þis ben?’
Qwy ys þis sorwe and þis flare?
Wo hath wrowt al þis care?’
5v ‘[M]adame, wot 3e nowt?
(T)hi sone ys to deth ibrowt!’
‘Sythyn I was born to man,
so mekyl sorwe to me ne cam!
Al my joye ys turnyd to wo,
ffor sorwe I wil myself slo!’
Qwanne sche þis understand
ffor care sche wex nere wod,
here kerchys sche drow, here here also,
‘Alas,’ sche seyde, ‘me ys woo!’

429 nout] out
436 myth] there are four minims in the m of myth
451 She wrange her hondes that she was bore:
452 'In what maner is my sone forlore?
453 The kyng seide: 'Ich telle the,
454 he that here stant, tolde hit me.
455 Telle vs sothe, if thow can!' 
456 The kyng cleped the gaylour than 
457 to bere him witnesse of that sawe,
458 on what maner he was islawe.
459 The gaylour seide: 'Yestrenday 
460 youre sone cam in vuelle way
461 to the prisone-dore to me,
462 and seide he wolde þe prisoners see,
463 and ich hem fette forth anon,
464 Richard gan formest gone.
465 Ardor axed withoute lette
466 yf he durste stonde hym a buffet
467 and he wolde stond hym another
468 as he was kynges sone and ladies brother.
469 And Richard seide: 'By this light, 
470 smyte on, Sir, with alle thy myght!' 
471 Ardor tho Richard smote
472 that wel ney he ouerfope!
473 'Richard,' he seide, 'ich graunte the, 
474 tomorwe another thow yeue me!' 
475 254r The departed in this wyse, 
476 Richard amorwe gan arise 
477 and with that, [your] sone he cam 
478 and Richard ayene him nam 
479 as forwarde was bytwene hem to.
480 Richard him smote, as I yow sey,
Sche seyde alas, þat [sche]e was born,
In qwat maner was my sone lorn?
The kyng seyde: 'I telle the,
he þat here stondyth, told yt me.
Telle vs þe sothe, yt þu canne!'  
The knyth calyd þe jaylour thanne
to bere wytnes of þat sawe,
in qwat maner he was slawe.
The jaylour seyde: 'ȝysterday, at prime,
ȝoure sone cam in evyl tyme
to [þe] presoune-dore to me,
and seyde he wolde my presons se,
and I hem fettyd forth anon
and Richard gan formest owt gon.
He axid hym wythowt let
ffor he durst stonde hym a buffet
[and] he wolde hym anoder stonde
os he was kynge sone in londe.
And Richard seyde: 'Be þis lyth,
smyth on, Sere, wyth al þi myth!'
Ardoure wyth Richardes cheke so met
that in hand he him ouerset!
'Rerichard,' he seyde, 'I graunte the,
tomorwe anoder þu gyf me!'
Þei þo partid on þis wise,
Richard on morwe gan vp ryse
and wyth þat þoure sone cam'
and ageyne him Richard þo nam
os forward was betwene hem tweye.
'Reichard hym smot, as I sow seye,

451 sche] me
461 to þe] to
evene atwo the cheke-bon,
that he felle vpon the ston,
as I am swor to yow here,
thus hit was in this maner!
The kyng comaunded with egre mode
he shulde dwelle in prison stille,
ffor he hadde his [sone] islawe
he shulde be dampned by pe lawe.
To the prison the gayloure wente
and dude his lordes comaundement,
ffulle strong warde o[n] him he sette,
that day ete Richard no mete.
The kynges doughtur ley on boure
with her maydenes of gret honour.
Margery that mayden hight,
she loued Richard with alle her myght.
And the mayde before the none
to the prison gan she gone
and with her, maydenes thre,
‘Gayler,’ she seide, ‘let me see
thy prisoners hastely!’
‘Gladliche,’ he seide, ‘my lady!’
ffurth cam Richard, a noble man,
wel hendeUch he grete her {)an.
‘Damesele,’ he seide with hert fre,
‘what is thy wil, þow sey to me!’
‘Oute-take’ she seide, ‘God aboue,
of al, most I the loue!’
‘What may my loue availe the,
a poure prisoner, as thow may see!

487 his sone] his
491 ou] of
he al tobrast his cheke-bon,
bat word ne spak he neuer non,
so I am sworyn to 30U here,
yt was þus in þis manere!

6r The kyng comawndyd wyth egyr will[e]
he schulde leue in presoun stille,
ffor he had his sone islawe
he schulde be dammyd wyth londes lawe.
To þe presoun þe jaylour went
and dede his lordes comawndment,
fful strong ward on hym he sett,
ffor nothyng wolde he let.
The kynges dowter lay in here boure wyth here maydenys of gret honour,
Margeryce þe maydyn hyth,
sche louyd Richard wyth al here myth.
And þat maydyn, before þe non,
to þe presoun sche gan gon wyth her maydenys thre,
'Jaylour,' sche seyde, 'let me se
thy presons' sche seyde, 'hastily!'
'Gladly,' he seyde, 'my lady!'
fforth cam Richard, þat nobil man,
wel hendly he gret here þan.
'Damysel,' he seyde wyth hert ffre,
'qwat is þi wille to seye to me?'
'Owt-take' sche seyde, 'God aboue,
of alle thyng best I þe loue!'
'Qwat may my loue' he seyde, 'avayle þe,
a pore presonere, as þu may see!'
This is þe thrid day agone
that mete ne drynke ne had I non!
The lady hadde of hym pitee,
'Amended' she saide, 'hit shalle be!'
She comaunded the gayler snelle
that hee wer iserued welle,
'And þe irens fram him þow take,
I the comaunde for my sake,
and serue him welle in alle wyse
as thou wolte dwelle in thy seruice!
And to my boure thou shalt him bryng
after soper, in the euenyng,
in atyre of a squyer,
myself ich shalle yow helpe þere.
By Jhesu Crist and Semoune,
thow shalte haue a gode warsoun!
Atte euen he foryte hit not,
to her chambre he hath hym broght.
With that lady he dwelled stille
and with her pleyde alle his fille
tylle the seven dayes were gon,
therof wist non of his foon!
He was aspied of a knyght
how he came to hure anyght.
Preueliche he tolde þe kyng,
fforlayne was his daughter yong.
Thanne was the kyng sore amayde,
'Alas,' he seide, 'ich am betrayed!
That traitour hath my sone aslayne
and my faire doughtur forlayne!'
Thys ys þe thred day gon
þat mete ne drynke hadde I non!’
The mayde of hym hadde pete
and seyde amendyd yt schulde be.
Sche comawndyd þe jaylour so snalle
that he were servyd wel wyth alle,
‘And þe heyerne fro hym þu take,
I þe prey for my sake,
and serve hym wel in alle wyse
os þu wylt dwelle in þi servise!
And to my boure þu schalt him bryng
after þe soper, in þe euynyg,
in þe tyre of a squyre,
myself þu schalt fynde there.
Be Jhesu Cryst and be seynt Symeoun,
thou schalt haue þi warysoun!’
At heuyn he forgat hym yt nowt,
to here chambyr he hath him browt.

[Wyth t]hat maydyn he dwellyd stytle
and wyth here pleyid al his wille
tyl þe seuen dayis were gon,
theroff wyst non of his ffon!
He was asspyid on a nyth
qwanne he cam to here, ful ryth.
Preuili þei told þe kyng,
fforlayne was his dowter þyng.
Thanne was þe kyng sore amayid.
‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘I am betrayid!
That traytour hath my sone slayn
and my ffayr dowter forlayn!’
Smertly the kyng, without faille,
let ofsende alle his counseille
and of hem he axed rede,
how he myght do Richard to dede.
He tolde hem alle hough he had done,
the barons radde him also sone:
he hadde a lyon in a cage,
a wilde best and a sauage,
men seide if they were togeder steke,
on him wolde his best awreke!
Alle they seiden hit shulde be so,
thanne was the kyngus doughtur wo!
Whenne euerych man slepte in the castelle
the mayde wente to the gaylere.
Her bedde she hadde therin idight,
bi Richard she lay alle the nyghte
and alletogedres she tolde hym tho
how they hadde dampned hym to slo:
'Into a chambre þu shalt be do
and a lyon lete the to,
that is ofhungred swythe sore,
than wote ich well, thow lyuest no more!
Leue lemman,' seide she,
'tonyght wol we of londe flee,
with ous gold and tresoure
to have inough for euermore!'
Richard seide: 'Ich vnderstande
that were ayene the lawe in lond,
away to wende withouten leue,
the kyng wol ich not agreve!'
D
Smertly þe kyng, wythowt þayle,
let sende aftyr his coussayle
and of hem he axid red,
how he myghte do Richard to ded.
He told hem alle how he hadde don,
his barounus redyn hym ful son:
‘Ie hau a lyoun in a cage,
a wyld best and a sauage,
men seyn, were þei togeder steke,
of hym he wolde þe sone awreke!’
Alle þei seydyn yt schulde be so,
thanne was þe kynges dowter wo!
Qwanne euery man slep in þe castel
the maydyn went to þe jaylere.
Here bedde sche hadde þerinne dyth,
be Richard sche lay al þat myth
and altogeder sche told hym tho
how he was thrat to be slo:
‘In a chambre þu schalt be do
and þe lyoun latyn þe to,
that ys ahungryd swythe sore,
thanne wot I wel þu leuyst no more!
Leue lemmam,’ thanne seyd sche,
‘tonyth wil we owt londe ffe,
wyt vs gold and tresoure,
inow we schul haue euermore!’
Richard seyde: ‘I vnderstonde
that were ageyne þe lawe of londe,
awy to wendyn wythowtyn leue,
thy fband, þe kyng, myth þanne vs greve.

E
Of that Lyon noug ich yeve,
hym to sle wil I preve.
By the morwe, prime of day,
his hert yeve ich the to pray!
Do me haue kerchyues of selke,
xl, white as any mylke,
and a sharpe irish knyf
as thou wolde saf my lyf!
Into the prisone thow hem bryng
a lyte before eevenyg!
Sone whan the euen kam
the mayde pe way to the prison nam
and with here a noble knyght,
her soper was redy idight.
Richard bade his twey fere
come to him to the sopere
and the porter also,
the mayde bade hit shulde be so.
That nyght they were gladde inough
and sethe to chambre hem drough.
Bothe Richard and the swete wyghte
togeders they dwelled alle that nyght,
tyl amorwe hit was day,
Richard bade her wende away
and she seide: 'By God aboue,
ich wole deye for thy loue,
here with the ich wol abyde
thogh deth me shulde bytyde!'
Richard seide: 'Lady free,
ich the pray, wynde hennes fro me
and his barouns dede calle

and mad a ryche feste wyth alle.

The vz'ere day after he feste,

he was so ryche and so honeste,

his lond he tok his chancelere

and becam Goddes palmer

ageyn wedyr and ageyn wyndes.

And he erchebischop Baudewynes

bëforn he went wyth knytes ful ffyn

be Brandis and be Const[a]tin.

And at he laste and afterward

so cam he dowty kyng Richard.
To Marcile he went ful right
with erl, baroun and many a knyght,
with schipes, galies, grete and smale,
no coude no man but God pe tale!
Pe winde was bope gode and kene
and drof hem ouer to Messene.
Bifor pe gates of pe Griffouns
king Richard pipt his pauilouns.
Pe king of Fraunce þer he founde
in pauilouns bope quarre and rounde,
and aijer of hem kist oþer
and bicom þer sworn br[ó]þer
to wende into þe Holy Lond,
to wreken Jhesu, ich vnderstond.
A tresoun þought þe king of Fraunce,
to don king Richard a destance:
to king Tanker he sent a writ
þat turned him seþen to litel Witt-
þat king Richard wip strengpe of hond
wald him driue out of his lond.
Sir Tanker king of Poyl was,
for þat writt he seyd: ‘Alas!’
He sent anon a messanger
to þe king, his sone Roger,
þat was king of Cecyle lond,
he schuld com to his hond.
Also he ofsent his barouns,
erls, barouns of renounes.
Pai comen alle in o stede,
Pe king anon þe letter vndede

792 breþer] breþer
797 Tanker] Richard
808 lordynges] londynges
D

Pou were bettyr to be a pylgryme,
ffor to suffre many aayne,
thanne for to greve a Crysten kyng
that neuer mysdede þe in nothyng!
Richard was sore aschamyd
and of his wordes sore agramyd
and seyde: 'Tankere, þu art mystawt
to bere on me swylke a th(a)wt
and swylke a rage on me to bere
þat I [þe] schulde wyth armys dere,
and [s]wy[þ/c/h] tresoun on me souche,
I bere on my fleys þe holy crouche!
I wyl dwelle but a day,
9w to morwe I wil wende my way!
And I þe prey, Sire Tankere kyng,
þu procure on me non euyl thing!
ffor many man wenyth to greue oder,
on his hed fallith þe foder!
ffor qwo þat me waytyth any spyt,
hymself schal not passyn qwyt!'
'Syr,' qod Tankere, 'be not wroth for þis,
lo, here þe letter, forsothe iwyys,
that þe kyng of Frans me sent
thys ender day to present!'
Kyng Richard tho vnderstood,
the kyng of Frans welde him no good.
Kyng Richard and kyng Tankere kyst
and were ffirendes tho of þe best
þat myth be in any lond;
blessyd Jhesu Cristes sond!

E

850 I þe] I
851 swych] wyth
Kyng Richard went home alle stille
and suffred the kyng of Éfraunces wil,
and bought hym bestes and store,
and let both salt and slem
xxx hundred oxen and kene,
swyne and shepe he dude also,
but I ne can acount al tho!
And of whete and bene quarters xx ml
he bought, as we fynde,
flyss and foule and venesoune,
we ne can acount the right resone!
The kyng of Éfrance, as ich wene,
lay in þe cite of Missene,

vnder the house of the Hospitalle.
Oure Englyssh men wente into þe chepyng
and hent þer many a harde knokkyng.
The Éfrenssh men and þe Griffons don-rightes
thér þey slough oure Englissh knyghtes!
Whenne kyng Richard herde of this distance
he playned hym to þe kyng of Éfrance;
and [he] seide he helde no wardes
of the Englissh tailardes:
‘Go chast the Gryffones if þou myght,
ffor of me and myne men getist þu no right!’
Quëþ kyng Richard: ‘Šep hit is so,
ich wote what ich haue to do:
Ich wol me so awrekke
that alle þe worlde of me shalle speke!’
Befforn went kyng Richard,
the erle of Salisberi afterward,
that was clepid be pat day
Sire William pe Longspay;
the erle of Leycetir and of Herford
stowtly seuiyth pat lord.
Erle, barounus and squiers,
bowemen, speremen and alblasteres,
wyth kyng Richard pei com to reke
of Frenche and Grifouns to ben awreke.
The folke of pe cete asspiyd rathe
that pe Englysche men wolde him scha[ ]e.
They schetyn pe gate hastily
wyth barres pei fondyn perby,
and sythyn pei ronnyn vpon pe walle
and schotyn wyth spere and spryngalle
and spokyn to oure men samfayle:
‘Go hom, doggys wyth joure tayle,
10v or alle joure hostes and joure orgoil
men schal prestyn in joure koyl!’
Thus pei misdedyn and missayd
and al pe day kyng Richard trayd.
Oure kyng pat day for no nede
in batayl myth he not spede.
That nyth oure kyng and his barounus
went to here pauillounus.
Woso slep or hoso wok,
Richard pat nyth no reste ne tok!
He after sent his conselers
and of pe pors pe master mariners.
‘Lordinges,’ he seyd, ‘je be wiþ me, our consyl owe to be priue.
Alle we schul ouz vengi fonde
wiþ queyntise and wiþ strenghe of hond,
of þe Freyns and of þe Griffouns
þat haue despised our nacions!
Ich haue a castel, ich vnderstonde,
of timber made of Ingland
wiþ sex stages ful of turels,
wele yflorist wiþ kurnels.
Perin ich and mani a kniȝt
oȝeyn þe Freyns wil held fijt!
Mi castel schal haue a sornoun,
it schal be hoten þe Mate-griffoun.
Now mariners, armi wele your schippes
and holdeþ vp our manschippes,
and bi þe water half ȝe hem aseyl
and we in þe lond half wil, wiþouten feyly!
Joye ne comþ þer neuer to me
til ich of hem awreken be!’
Po men múȝþ þere ycrye:
‘A, help God and seynþ Marie!’
Pe mariners hem gun he(i)ȝe
boþe wiþ schippes and wiþ galeyȝe,
wiþ ore and seyl and spretelȝe also,
toward þe cite þai gun go.
Pe kniȝtes framed þat tre-castel
bifor þe cite on an hel.
Dis yseyȝe þe king of Fraunce
and seyd: ‘No haue ȝe no dotaunce
and seide: ‘Lordyngeþ that beth with me,
youre conseille oute to be priue.
Alle we shulle fenge fonde,
with queyntys and with strenghe of honde,
of the ßfrenssh and of þe Griffons
that hath dispised oure nacouns!
Ich haue a castelle, ich vnderstonde,
that was made of tymbre in Englonde
with vj stages imade of [tu]rells,
wel iflurshed with gode kernells.
Therin shalle be many a doughty knight
ayenst the ßfrenshe to holde þe fight.
The castelle shal haue a surnoun,
he shalle hote Maude-griffoun.
Maryners, arme welle your shippus,
and holde vp welle your manshippus;
and ye by the watur shalle hem aseille
and we bi the londe, samfaille!
Þor joye come neuer to me
or ich on hem awreke be!’
The mariners swithe on hye
greythed shippes and galie
with bowspretel and saile blyue,
into the cyte they gon to dryue.
Knyghtes framed the tree-castelle
al on the cite vpon an hille,
that him sawe the kyng of ßfrunce,
‘Lordyngeþ,’ he seide, ‘haue ye non dotaunce
To Marcil he went ryth
wyth erl, baroun and many a knyth,
wyth schippys, galeys, gret and smale,
coude no man but God þe tale!
Pe wynd was bothe gud and kene
and drof hem ouer to Myssene.
Before þe ȝates of þe Grifouns
kyng Richard py[th] his paulyouns.
The kyng of ȝfranse þer he liond
in his paulyoun, square and rounde,
and eyther of hem kyst odyr
and becom sworyn brodyr
to wende into þe Holy Londe,
to wreke þe Holy Londe,
A tresoun thowt þe kyng of Franse,
to do Richard a gret distane:
to kyng Tankere he sent a writ
-that turnyd hym to lytyl wyt-
that Richard wolde wyth strenthe of honde
dryvyn hym owt of his londe.
Tankere þe kyng of Poyle was,
ffor þat writ he seyde: 'Alas!'
Anon he sente a massenger
to his sone þat hyth Rogere,
that was kyng of Segile londe,
he schulde come to his hond;
and also after his barounys,
erle and lorde of gret renounus.
And qwanne þei keme to þat stede
the kyng þe letter vndede

788 pyth] pryckyd
805 Segile] Segile
806 his] his his
and seyd hou þe king of Fraunce
him hadde ywarned of a destaunce.

King Roger spac first aboue
and smot pes wiþ his gloue.
‘Merci,’ he seyd, ‘fader mine,
king Richard is a pilgrime,
ycroised into þe Holy Lond,
þat writt leȝþþ, ich vnstanþd!’

Y dar for þe king Richard swere
for him no tit þe neuer were!
Ac sende to him a messanger
þat he com to þe here,
he wil speke to þe wel fawe
and what he þenkeþ to þe be biknawe!’

326v
Pe king was peyed of þat conseyle,
he sent anon wiþouten feyle.
Amorwe Richard com to him ywis
into þe riche cite of Rys
and fond king Tanker in his halle
among his erls and barouns alle,
and alþer of hem gret alþer feir
wiþ milde wordes and boneir.
Sir Tanker seyd to king Richard:
‘Lo, Sir king, bi seyn Lethenard,
me is ydo for to wite
of frendes bi wel gode write,
þat þou art comen wiþ gret pouer
to reue me mi regne her!'
D

and seye dat he kyng of fraunce
had warnyd hym of dat stanse.

Kyng Roger spak furst aboue
and smot pes wyth his glowe:
'A mercy, fader, on bis tyme,
kyng Richard is a pilgryme
and gon into pe Holy Lond,
that letter lyth, I vnderstond!

Send to hym a massengere
dat he come to pe here,
he wille speke wyth pe fawe
and qwat he thenkys ben aknawe!' —
Pe kyng was payid wyth pat consayle
and sent after hym wythowtyn ffayle.
On morwe he conyth to hym iwyys
into pe riche cete of Rys
and fonde pe kyng Tankere in his halle
among his erle and barounus alle.
Eyther of hem gret odyr fayre
wyth myld wordes and debonayre.
'Sere,' qod Tankere to kyng Richard,
'lo Sere, be seynt Leynard,
me ys do for to wete
of frendes be wel gud wrete,
that þu art ycome wyth gret powere
to reve me my londes here!
"The were fairer to be a pilgrime, to see many a Saracyne, than to see one Cristen kyng that neuer mysde the no thyng!" Kyng Richard was sore ashamed and of this thything sore agramed and seide to Tancre: 'Dou art my[s]taught to have on me suche a thought and suche a tresoun on me suche, ich bere on my flessh the crouche! I shalle journey her but on day, and tomarwe wende my waye! I pray,' seide kyng Richard to Tancre kyng, 'profer me no vuelle thyng! Many went to greve other and in his owne nek fallep be foper! And hoso do[pe] me' qwa[pe] kyng Richard, 'eny dispite, himself schal nougty pasy quite!' Kyng Tankre seid: 'Sir, ne be not wro[e] for pis, lo, here the lettre iwy[s]! the kyng of Fraunce me sent this yonder day in present!' Than seide kyng Richard and vnderstode that he kyng of Fraunce wold hym no gode. He and Tancer po kest and bycom frendes in pe best that myght be in any lond; thonked be Jhesu Cristes sond!

843 than] that
847 mystaught] mytaught
Kynge Richard went ageyne ful stille
and suffryd þe Frenche kynges wille.
He vnvede his tresour
and bowte bestes to his stour.
[He] let beþe saltyn and slen
thre m oxen and keen,
swyn and schep so fele also,
ox man cowde tellyn tho!
Of wete and b[e]nys, twenty thousand
qwarteres he bowt, also I fond,
of fische, foulys and of venisoun,
I can not count þe ryth resoun!
The kyng of Frans, wythowtyn wene,
lay in þe cete of Messene,
and kyng Richard wythowtyn þe walle,
in hous of þe Hospitalle.
The Englysche men went to cheppyng
and oftyn þei hadde hard knokyng.
The Freyne men and Gryfons rytes
slowyn þe Englysche kny3tes!
Kynge Richard herd of þat stanse
and pleynyd hym to þe kyng of Frans;
and [he] seyde he held no wardys
of þe Englishe taylardedes:
'Cast þe Grefoune if þu myth,
ffor of my men þu getyst no ryth!'
Qod kyng Richard: 'Now yt ys so,
I wot qwat I haue to do:
of hem I schal me awreke
that many a man þeroffe schal speke!'
(C)ristemes is a tyme onest,
Richard anoure[d] wiþ riche fest.
(M)[ani] erl and [his] barouns
was sett in his paulouns
and were yserued wiþ plente
of mani a riche deynte.
Pan com ern a kniȝt on hast
vnepe he myȝt drawe his fnast.
He fel on knee and þus he seyd:
‘Merci king Richard, for Mari mayde,
of Freyns men and of Griffoun
mi broþer liþ sleyn in þe toun,
and wiþ him liþ sleyn sexten
of þine kniȝtes, gode and ken!

Ed 15b. Today and [s]t[erd]ay y told on rawe
bat (s)[ex] and þrithi þai han yslawe!
Ful fast liteleþ your Inglische he(pe),
leue Sir, takeþ berof kepe!
A[w][reke] ous Sir, manliche
or we schal riȝt hastliche
fle periil, ich vnderstonde,
and turn ȝoȝain til Inglonde!’
R[i]chard was wroþ and pec(k)ed mod
[t lok]ed as he w[er](e) wode.
P[e tab]e wiþ his fot he smot,
þa(t) [it] fel in þe flore fot-hot
and seyd he wald be awreke in hest,
he [n]old nouȝt wondy for Cristes fest.
Pe heyȝ[e] day of Cristenmesse
þai gu(n) hem armi more and lesse.
Crystemesse ys a tyme honest,
Richard honouryd þat ylike feste.
Alle his erle and his barounus
were set in here pauylounus
and were servyd wyth grete plente,
mete and drynke of yche deynte.
Per cam renny[n]g a knyth in haste,
vnethe he myi;h draw his blaste.
He fel on kneys and thusse he seyde:
'Mercy, kyng Richard, for Mary Maide,
wyth þe Frenche men and þe Grefoun
my broder lyth slayn in þe toun,
and wyth hem lyth slayn fyftene
of þi knytes, good and kene!
Today and yesterday I told on rowe
þer six and thretti þei han islawe!
fful faste þer lytel[eb] Englysche hep,
leue Sere, tac þerone good kep!
Awreke vs, Sere, manlyche
or we schul ryth hastilyche
ffle peril, I vnderstond,
and turne ageyne to Engelond!'  
Richard was wroth and pykkyd mod
and lokyd as he had be wood

and seyde he wolde be wrokyn in haste,
he wolde not spare for Cristes faste.
The heye day of Cristemesse
they armyd hem bothe more and lesse.
Before went douty kyng Richard,  
the erle of Salesbury com afturward,  
that was cleped by þat day  
Sir William de Longspay;  
the erle of Leycetre, the erl of Herford  
Stoutelich folwed her lord.  
Erls, barouns and sqwyers,  
bowmen, spermen and arblasters,  
with kyng Richard they gan reke  
of the frensh and Grifons to be wreke.  
The frensh aspied rathe  
that oure English wolde do hem skałe.  
Smertlich they shut þe gate  
with barres þey founde þerate.  
They yerne an hye vpon the walle,  
they shot with bowe and springalle  
and cleped English men, sanfaille:  
‘Go hom, dogges with youre taille,  
alle youre bost and youre orgulle  
me[n] shalle threst in youre culle!’  
Thus they duden and mysaide  
and alle that daye sore hem atrayde.
That nyght for no mede  
oure kyng in bataille myght not spede.  
At nyght kyng Richard and his barons  
wente to her paulyons.  
Hoso slepe or hoso woke,  
kyng Richard þat nyght no rest toke!
Amorwe he cleped his counsellours  
and of his vif portes his ma[r]iners.
'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'herkenyth to me,oure counsel behouyth to be priue. Alle we schul vs wreke fOND wyth cointyse and wyth strente of honde, on pe Frenche men and on pe Grefoun that hath dissipisd oure nacyoun! I haue a castel, I vnderstond, mad of tymbyr of Ingelond wyth sex stages and tureles, wel idyth wythowtyn les. Perinne I and many a knyth ageyne pe Grifouns wolde take pe fyth! My castel schal haue a sirenam, yt schal hattyn Mat-de-grifon. Now mariners, arme 30ure schipys swythe and 30ure strente on pe Grefoun kythe, in pe water half 3e hem asayle and I schal be pe lond, samfayle! Joye comyth neuer non to me or I of hem awrekyd be!' That nyth men herdyn gret crye: 'Help now, God and seynt Marye!' The marineres gunne hem heye bope wyth schip and wyth galey, wyth ore and sayle, spret also, toward pe cete bei gunne go. Pe knytes streynyd pe tre-castel before pe cete on an hil. 'ful oftyn tyne pe kying of Fruns seyde: 'Haue 3e no d[o]tanse
Inglische cowardes,
for hai no be bot mossardes!
Drisses now 3our mangunel
and kestes to her tre-castel
and schetep to hem wip alblast,
be tayled doggen to agast!
Nou herknej of Richard, our king:
h hadde do born in be daweing
targes and hurdis his folk alle
riqt bifoire be cite-walle.
His ost he dede at ones crie,
men miȝt it here into be skie:

Ed 16b 'Now lassee, cum Freyns musardes
and giȝf bateyl to be taylardes!'
Pe Freyns folk hem armed alle
and vrn anon vnto be walle.
Paȝi gun defendi and be Inglishe aseyl,
þer bogan a strong bateyl.
Pe Inglishe drouȝ wip alblast and bowe,
be Freyns and pe Griffounss fast paȝi slowe.
wip þat þe galeyes com to þe cite
and hadde neȝȝe won entre.
Paȝi hadde so mined vnder þe walle
þat mani a Griffoun gan doun falle,
wip hoked aruws and quarels
fele fel out of þe turels
and broken boþe legs and arm
and her neckes, þat was nan harm!
Pe Freyns com to her s[oc]jour
and cast wild-fir out of þe tour.

of thes English taylardes,
257a hii ne buth but mosardes!
Dighteth' he seide, 'youre mangonelles
and cast towarde youre tre-castelle
and shete to hem with arblast,
the tayle[d] dogges for to agast!
Sone after Richard, our kyng,
let bere in the dawnynge
targes and dores his folke alle
right afourne the citee-walle.
His oste at onys he dud crie
that men myght hem hure into þe sky.

They seide: 'Let se, Frenssh mosardes,
come now, yeve bataille to the taylardes!'
The Ûffresh men anon armed þem alle,
anon þey yede vnto the walle
and gan hem defende, oure Englishh to asail,
and þer bygunne a strong bataille.
Oure Englishh men with arblast and bowe
the Ûffresh and þe Gryffones fast þey slowȝ.
Than were the shippes comyn to þe cite
and allemost hadde wonne entre.
So harde they myned vnder the walle
that many a Griffon adoune þer falle,
with hoked harueys and quarells
many ther ful oute of the tyrells
and brake bothe legge and arme
and eke her nek, hit was non harme!
Then come Ûffresh men in þat stoure
and shot wilde-fuyre oute of the tour,
of þe Englishe taylardes,
sfor þei ne be but cowardes!
Ordeyne now 30ure magnel
and cast it to here trey-castel
and schete to hem wyth alblast,
the taylyd dogges to make agast!' Thanne Richard, þat was oure kyng, dede bere in þe dawnyng
t[arges] and bordes and his men alle
ryth before þe toun-walle.
Anon he dede his ost to crie,
men myth yt heryn into þe skye:
'Now come on þe Frenche musardes
and gyz batail to þe Englysche taylardes!'
The Frenche folke armyd hem alle
and comyn on hast to þe walle
and faste [gan] hem to assaylle;
ther began a strong bataylle.
The Englishe drow wyth alblast and bowe,
the Frenche and Grefons fellyn and flo[we].
Wyth þat comyth þe galeys to þe cete
and hadde ny wonyn entre.
They hadde ny mynyyd vnder þe walle
that many a Grefoun ðan doun falle,
wyth hoked arowes and wyth quarrel
many þet feldyn out of þe torelle
and brokyn boþe leg and arm
and sum here nekke, yt was no harm!
The Frenche men keme to socour
and kest wyld-fere to oure boure.
therwith, ich wote forsoth, iwys,
they slow and brent many Englissh.
But oure Englissh defended hem welle
with gode swerdes of broune stielle
and slough of hem grete chepis,
that many of hem ther lay on hepis.
At londe-yate kynge Richard stode,
helde his saute euerlich harde.
So manlich he toke on
that he ne lafte of his men neuer on.

When he come to him, he him tolde
tale of Englyssh stoute and bolde
and seide: 'Syr, ich haue aspied a sight
that makeʒ my hert light!
Here-vp Sir, is a yate on,
florsothe, hit haþ ward non!
The ffolke is gone to the wat[er]-toure
ffor to do hem þere socour.
Ther ye mowe withoute dent
haue entre i[n] now, verament!

effulle glad was kynge Richard
and manliche wente þedurwarde,
and many a knyght, doughty of dede,
priked after vpon her stede.
Kynge Richard entred withouten drede,
him folwed swythe the grete felawrede.
Anon his baner he vnfolde,
Griffons and þefrensh hit byholde.
I woot serteyne, forsothe, iyws,
they brennyd and slowyn many Englysche.
The Englysche men fendyd hem wel
wyth good swerdes mad of stel.
They slowyn of hem wyth good suepys
bat per of hem lay gret hepys,
and at the gate kyng Richard
held assaut euere-alyche hard
and so manly he tok on
that he les but fewe men.
He lokyd besyde and saw in hey
a knyth hym clepid wyth glory.
Kyng Richard cam and [he] hym told
tale of hem gode and bold:
‘A, Richard, I hauc spiyd now rith
a thyng bat makyth my herte ful lyth!
Here-vp I fond a gate vndon
bat ne hath ward non!
They be gon to the gates of the toure
for to do hem socoure.

11v (T)h[er]e we mowe wythowtyd dynt
entre in wele, verament!
[Blïpe] was tho kyng Richard
and heyid hym faste thedyrward.
Wel many a knyth, dowty in dede,
after hym prekyd on here stede.
The kyng entrid wythowtyn drede
and wyth hym a fayr felarede.
His baner on he walle he pult,
many a Grefoun yt beheld.
Vii cheynes kyng Richard
with his swerde atwo kar[r]f [in] the mydward
that were drawe for grete doute,
withinne the yate and withoute.
Portcolys and yates vp he wan
and yaf hem Goddes cours vppon her þan.
Right as greyhoundes stryked oute of lees,
kyng Richard priked thour[r]ghoute þe prees.
Ther myght men see by strete or lane
Frenssh [and] Griffons [take] her shame,
many to hous ranne in hast
and shette dores and wyndowes fast.
Oure Englishh with grete levours
breke hem vp with grete vigours,
alle that hii founde before hem stonde,
alle hii passed þou[r]3th Goddes sonde.
They breken cofers and toke tresour,
257v° golde, seluer and couertours.

Ther nas none of oure Englishh blode
that he ne hadde ther so mych gode
as he myght drawe and bere
to ship and paviloun, also I swere!
And euer cried oure kyng Richard:
'Sle doune-rightes thes Frenssh mosardes!'
Os þe gre[h]oun[d]s strekid out of les,
Richard prekyd into þe pres
wyth a sword on hond idrawe,
many a Grefoun he hath islawe!
Seuene cheynys wyth hys brod sword
Richard smot in þe mydward
that weryn drawyn for grete dowte,
wythin þe gates and wythowte.
Porcolys and ȝate vp he wan
and let in comyn ilke a man.

Por(e) men myth se be strete and lane
Frenche and Grefouns casche here bane,
summe to hous ronnyn faste,
dores and wyndounys schettyn faste.
The Englische hem brostyn wyth leuarns,
and slowin hem wyth gret vemauns,
elle þat þei fondyn and wolde stonde
tokyn here deth throw here honde.
They brokyn cofers and takyn tresour,
gold and siluer and couertoure,
rynges and brochis and spicerie
and al þat þei foundyn in tresorie.
Per was non of Englische blod
þat he ne hadde os mekyl good
os þei woldyn drawe and bere
to chep or pauyloun, I þu swere!
And euer cryd kyng Richard:
'Sle doun-rith þe Frenche coward

Pere myȝt men see (b)y s[tre]te and lane
Frensh and þe [Gri]ff(ons) tok her bane,
so(m) to hous (g)on f[...]
dores and w[yndowe]s þey shet fast.
Þe Engly[ssh] [ ] with levers
and sl(ow) h[em v](ygers),
al þat þ[e] hem stonde
we(n)t(e) [ ] honde.
Þei [ ] tok tresoures,
g[ ] couertours,
jue(ll) [ ] rey
al þat [ ] tresory.
Per ne [ ] s[sh] blood
þat he (ne) had[de as mu]che good
[ ] swore
sl[ ] coward
Ther com the kyng of Fraunce vnto Richard, our kyng,

and bade him cese for Goddes loue:

'And for thy viage and for thi loue

and for Jhesu Criste vs alle aboue!

And he wolde an honde take

ffor to amende alle the wrake

thatt he hadde him oth[er] his

anythyng done amys.

Kyng Richard hadde grete pitee

of the kyng that sate on knee,

he light adoune, so seith pe boke,

and in his armes he him toke

and seide: 'Let hit be pees and stille,

and I shal yeld vp pe toune at your wille!

Seide kyng Richard: 'Ne be thou not wro}) anon,

y haue me wreken of my fon

that hath my good knyghtes aquelde

and of me dispite itolde!'
and kyl we hem in oure batail
that we ne hauyn neuer no tayl!'
The kyng of Frans came prikyng
ageyne Richard, oure nobil kyng,
and sleel doun on kneys of his hors
and bad hym sesyn for Godys cros

and for he crowne and he loue
of Jhesu Crist þat ys aboue,
and he wolde on honde take
for hem alle pes to make,
that þei haddyn hym don or his,
anythyng forsothe amys.
Richard hadde gret pete
of þe kyng of Frans þat sat on kne,
and lith adoun, so seth þis bok,
and in his armys hym vp tok
and seyde yt schulde be pes and stille
and ȝeld hem þe cete at his wille;
and bad hym þat he [ne] schulde greue [hym] tho
þof he had vengid him of his fo
þat had his good knytes aqueld
and of himself þespithe teld.
The kyng of Frans began to preche
and bad Richard, be his soule leche,
the tresour ȝeld ageyne
that he hadde takyn of his men,
or elle he myth not in good fay
to Jerusalem take þe way.
Kynge Richard seyde: 'Þat tresoure

1081 s[ ] tayl
1082 þ[a]t [...]
1083 Th[e ] p[ri]kyng
1084 aȝeyn [...]
1085 a[nd] ho[rs]
1086 and [ ] Goddes croyes
1087 a[nd] [ ] þe lo(u)e
1088 o[f Jhesu] Crist þat [...]
1089 and he [wol][...]
1090 ffo[r] (he)[m ...] p(ees) [...]
1091 (þat) [e ] his,
1092 an[ ] (forsooth amys).
1093 RIchard [ ] [gr](ete) pit[e]e
1094 of þe [ ] sat on k[ne]e
1095 a[nd] [...]
1096 a[nd] [ ] tooke
1097 2v and seide it schuld be pees and stille
1098 and ȝelde him þat citee at his wille;
1099 and bade he shuld not greue him tho
1100 þaue he had vengyd him of his foo
1101 þat had his good knytes aqueld
1102 a[nd] of himself d[espite] to[l][de].
1103 (K)y[n]g P hilip (began) [...]
1104 and [ ] (leche)
1105 and þe t(re)sour [...]
1106 þat he [ad...]
1107 o[r e][ll]es he m[y]3[t ...]
1108 to Jerusalem...
1109 Kyng Richard saide þ[...]
1110
ne myght thou amend by disshonour,
that thou hast me done amys!
And thiself, thou dost amys,
when thow sentest that lettre to Tanker, be kynge,
to fauer me with thy lesynge!
And were we bothe togeders iswoor,
hoso breke he his pilgrimage he is forlore,
ober hoso maked any mydlay
bytwene vs tweyne in this way!
When abatid alle this distaunce
thenne cam too justes of Ffauunce
vpon twey high stedes ride,
and with kyng Richard they chide.
That on was ihothe Sir Ma[r]garite,
that other Sir Penpetite,
swythe sore oure kyng they traye,
they cleped him tailarde and hym mysaide.
Kyng Richard helde in his honde a tronchon tough
and toward the justes drough.
Sire Margarite he yaf a dynt þan,
a dynt vpon the hefd-panne,
his sculle brast with þat dynt,
his eyghen fley oute quetement,
that he felle doune dede almost,
Sir Huge Pempete was agast
and wolde haue flowen away, withouten faile.
Kyng Richard was sone atte his taile,
he yaf him a stroke vpon the molde
that hym thoght dede be he shulde.
Ternus and quernus he yaf him there

1121 Ffauunce] Ffauce
1124 Margarite] Magarite
D

[ne] myte amende þe dyshonoure
that þei han don or þis!
And thiself, þu dedyst amys,
vwanne þu sendist to Tankere, þe kyng,
to apeyere me wythowtyng lesyng!
We han þe weye to Jerusalem swore
and wosu yt brekyth, he ys forlore,
or wo þat makyth any delay
betwene vs in þis ilke way!
Qwanne abatyd was þat distauns
þer kemyn tueyne justises out of Frans,
vpon here stedes þei reyde
and toward Richard þei gonne cheyde.
That on was clepid Sire Margerise,
þat oder heyt Hewe Pimperise,
swythe sore þei him trayid,
clepid hym taylard and hym myssayd.
Richard held a trounsom tow
and faste toward hym he drow.
Syre Margerice he smot thanne
abovyn þe hed, vpon þe panne,
the helm he brast at þat dynt,
his ryth wyt he hath itynt.
Doun he fel ded almast,
Hew Pimperise was agast,
aweye he prekyd wythowtyng ffaylle
but Richard was sone at hys taylle,
he gaf hym a strok on þe mold
that hym thout deyin he schulde.
Ternys and quernys he gaf him there

E

[...][ht [...]
þat þey haue [...]
[ ] t[hi]self [...]
when þow sentest to T[an]ker [...]
to appaire me witho(u)t [...]
We haue þe way to [...]
and whoso bre(k)(e) þit he is forlor,
o(r) whoso make(b) [...]
bytwene vs and [...]
When þei abated [...]
[c](a)me twoo justi[s]es [...]
vpon hyghe stedes ...
and toward Richard [...]
That oon was [...]
(b)at othe[r] hy[st] [...]
swith soore b[ey ...]
and cleped h(im) [...]
Richard h(i)de a t(ro) [...]
and to hem fast he [...]
Sir Mar[garite [...]
[aboue on hygh vp[on] þe pan,
þe helme tobra[st] with þat dy[nt],
þe ry[st] eye [...]
quitement.
Doun he fel ded alma(st),
Hew Pimper[i]se was [agast],
aweye he p[r]k[e]de [...]
but Richard was so(n)e a[t ...]
3r he gau[e him a stroke vpon þe mold
þat h[e þou]st dye he sh[old].
Ternis and quer[n]is he raugt him þere

1111 ne myte] myte
1129 toward faste] faste toward
and seyde: 'Sir, thow shalt lere
ffor to myssagge thine ouerheflyng,
go playne yow to youre ffrenssh kyng!'
An erchebisshop come ther sone,
to kyng Richard he [b]adde a bone,
and for Goddes loue he cried mercy
that he shulde secy.

Kyng Richard graunted hem þan
and drof to pauelon al his men.
And yet to this day men may here speke
howoure Englissh men ther were wreke.

So kyng Richard soiourned in pes and rest
ffram Cristesmasse, tyme honest,
ffort hit was ayene the Lent,
his moder sent hym a faire present.
Elianore brought him Beringer,
the kynges doughtur of Nauerner.

Kyng Richard the precous
Beringer he shulde spouse
and he sayde nay, not in þat sesouns
and sayde þus: 'Men schuld þe lere
to chyde wyth þi overlyng,
go pleyne þe to ʒouere Frenche kyng!'
The erchebischop of Messene,
vpon his kneys he bad a bone,
to kyng Richard he sayde mercy
that he wolde þer sesy
and no more harm ne do
ffor Goddes loue þe pepil to.
Kyng Richard hym grauntyd than
and drow to pauyloun euyke a man.
Tul þis day men may here speke
how Englische blod was awreke.
Al þe qwyle þei were thare
they myth bye here chaffare,
was þer non so hardy man
þat a bold word durst speke hem ageyne!
Kyng Richard sesyd and rest
ffro Cristemese, þat heye flest,
and dwellyd, tul ageyne þe Lente
his moder him brought a fayr present.
Elyanore brouȝt him Beryngere,
the kynes dowtre of Na[ue]ere,
kyng Rogeris wyf cam wyth here than,
Jahan sche hythte, a ffayr woman.

Kyng Richard þe precyous
Berynger he schuld spouce
and heseyðe he nold not in swylk sesoun
he nolde her spouse amonge þe Griffouns.  
Aftur Estur, yf he hadde lyf,  
he wolde her spouse to his wyf.  
Alianore her leue toke  
and wente home, so seþ þe boke.  
In the March mone, withoute distance,  
his shippus letdigþe kyg of Fraunce,  
and as sone afterwarde  
et dight his shippus kyg Richard.  
Toward Acres then he wolde  
with myche store selfer and golde.  
John and Beringer, his wyf,  
dude him byfore to arif.  

Kyg Richard come after, so seith þe boke,  
alle his grete nawes for to loke,  
ffor the tempeste and for the wawes  
and eke for the maistres outlawes.  
III shippus ther were, as we fynde,  
towarde Cipres fast sailynge  
icharged with tresoure euery-delle,  
but a wonder cas ther byfelle: 
the[r] cam a tempest sodeynlich  
that lasted v dayes sothlich,  
that brake her mast and eke her ore,  
alle her takle, lasse and more;  
bowspret, ancre and rother,  
ropis, gables, on and other.  
The shippes were vp poyn to senk adoun
D

spouse here among þe Grefoun.
After Esteme, if he had lyff,
he wolde here spouse to ben his wif.
Elianore here leue tok
and went fforth, so seth þis bok.
In Marche monyth þe kyng of Frans
dede hym to chip, wythewtyn distans.
Qwanne he was redy, sone afterward
his ship deytit þe kyng Richard.
fforth to Acris forth he wold
wyth gret plente of siluer and of gold.

Johan, hys suster, wythewtyn wene
þer he dede for to sene.
Richard, as I fynd in boke,
cam behynde his naueie to loke,
for þe tempest and þe wauys
and also ffor þe strong outlaws.
ffoure chippis were chargyd, I fynd,
toward Cipres alle saylynd
wyth tresoure euery-a-del,
but sone a selcouth cas byfelle:
a tempest ros sodeynelyche
þat v dayis lastid hougelyche
and brast here mastes and here ore
and alle here takyl, lasse and more;
ankere, bowespret and roþer,
ropes, cordes, o[n] and [oþer].

E

[sp]ouse her amonge þe Grifone.
[ ] he had lyf
[he wolde he[r s]pouse to his w(if)
[ ] toke
[ ] seith þe boke
[ ] of [Ma]rche
[ ] withoute
3v When he was redy sone afterward
his sh(ip)pes dy3t kyng Richard.
fforth to [A](cris) þan þey wold
with [mu]che stor of syluer and gold.

Jone, h[is sister], withouten wene
ther [he de]de, †withoute b(e)ne.
Richard, as y fynde on boke,
come behy[nd]e his [n]au(e)y to lo(k)e,
ffor þe tempest and for þe wawes
and also þe strong outlawes.
ffoure ship[p]es were chargyd, y fynde,
toward [Cipr]es [fat] saylyng
with treso[ure] euery-delle,
but sone a selcouth cas byfelle:
a temp[es]t roos sodeynly
þat f(ye) da[yes] lastyd hydously
and bra[k]e h[er] mastes and her ore
and (h)er ta(cl)e, lasse and mo[re];
ancer, bo[w]s[pr]yte and roþer,
rop[es], cab[l]es, oon and other,
and were in point [o]f synke (a)down

1198 bows(pr)yte bo(b)s(pr)yte
as they were ayene Lymatoun.

lii shippis wente byfore anon

and alle tobarst ayene a stone

and alle to peces þey totere,

vnethe the men asaued were.

The ferthe ship byhynde dwellyd,

vnet the mareners hit aholde,

therin was John and Beringer,

that folke þan was kyng Richard dere.

The ship lasted in the depe,

þolke on þe londe myght wel wepe.

Efrenssh and Griffons, with short wordes,

come with axe and with swordes,

a grete slaughter of oure English þey maken

and spoyled alle hem naked.

Xvj hundred they brought of lyf

and into prisonus hundredes fyf

and as naked as they were bore,

that was sexty score forlore!

Of that shippe-breche þey were fulle blythe

the justice of Cipres ran ful swythe

and drowe cofres manyfolde

ffulle of tresoure and of golde,

dishses, coupes, broches and rynges,

many juells and riche þynges.

Ther nas no man by south ne north,

ne couth acounte what hit was worth,

and was borne þat tresoure

with þat emperoure.

The thridde day afterward
Thre chippis wentyn agayn a ston
and brokyn euerich on,
al to peces þei brokyn there,
vnethe þe men savyd were.
The fferd chipe behynd dwellyd,
vnethe þe mariner had yt welmyd,
þerinne was Jhan and Beringere
and mekyl folke was þe kynge ful dere.
Þus yt befel in depe,
the folke on londe myth wepe
ffor þe Grefouns, at schort wordys,
kemyn wyth axys and wyth swerdes
and gret [s]lyt of oure Englische makyd
and dissployld hem nakyd.
þifty c þei brout of lyue
and dreyn to presoun hundris fyve
and also nakyd sexti skore
os þei were of here moder bore.
Of þe schipis brek þei were blythe
and heyid hem þedirward swythe
and drow vp cofers fel[e]ffold
sful of siluer and of gold,
dyches, coupes, brochis, rynges,
riche ju(e)les and oder thynges.
No man be south and be north
ne cowde telle qwat yt was worth,
and al is born þat tresoure
wederward wold þe emperour.
The fyrst day afterward

as þey c[om]e a3en(e) [Li]mas[own].
Her ship[p]es went (a3ens)t a st[oon]
and to[brast] euerch oon,
al to pe[ce]s þey breke þe[e],
vnethe þe men sa[ve]d w[er]e.
þe [ferd] ship behynde [d]welld,
vneþ[ ] withheld,
t[he]ryn[ne] was John and (B)eryn[ger]
a[n]d myche folke þe kynge ful [der].
Hit byfel ry3t in [the] depe,
þe fol[k] ...
c(o)m [ ] with
a[nd] dis[poiled ...
[ ] of [...
(a wind com) [driuin]g Richard
[ ] gret (n)a(u)[lays]
and his seyland galays
to bat [schip] bat stode in d(e)pe,
be gentil folk perin wepe.
Ac bo ba(i) [s]ey3e Richard, be king,
er wepe turned to ley3ing
and welcomed him wi(h) gr(e)t wor(shippes
and teld him be breche of his schippes,
and be robri of his tresour
and al bat Ober deshonour.
King Richard wex wel wrob
and ba(n) he swore a wel gret ob:

bi him bat al bing made of nou3t,
it schuld ben amended and abou3t!
He cleped Sir Steuen and Sir Willam
and Sir Robert of Turnham,
be gentil barouns of Ingland,
(k.t) of spe(ch)e and wigt of hond.
'[Go](p, s)iggeb,' he seyd, 'lemperour,
he 3el(d) 03ain mi tresour
o[r] ic(h) him swere bi seyn Denis,
ichil haue (p)re double of his;
and (3)eld min men out of prisoun
and f(or) be dede make ransou(n)
and (3)[eld] also (a)ni rob[ri],
or hastilich ichim warni
bo[pe] wi(h) spere and wi(h) launce

Thanne was kyng Richard wonder wrooth
and grymliche swore his othe
and swore by Jhesu, oure Sainioure,
abygge [it] shulde the emperoure,

'And bidde him, yelde ayene my tresour
and deluyere my men oute of prisou
and for that dede make raunsoun,
other ich wolde on him take vengeaunce

1245 abygge it] abygged
De wynd cam druyng kyng Richard 1231
wyth alle his gret naueis, 1232
he cam seylyng wyth his galeys 1233
to þe chip þat lay in depe, 1234
the jentil men sore gunne wepe. 1235
And qwanne þei sayn Richard, þe kyng, 1236
her wepyng was turnyd into lawyng. 1237

13v They welcomyd hym wyth worship 1238
and told þe breke of here schip 1239
and þe robbyn of here tresoure 1240
and al þat oder deseynoure. 1241
Richard thanne wex ful wroth 1242
and ful deply he swor his oth: 1243

be hym þat al þe world hath w[ro]uth, 1246
it schul be ful dere bowt! 1247
He c[li]pyd Sere Steuene and Sir Willyam 1248
and Sire Robert of Tur[n]ham, 1249
hys gentyl barounys of Engelond, 1250
wyse of speche, dowti of hond, 1251
'Go and say þe emperour 1252
he ȝeld ageyne my tresour 1253
or I hym swere be seynt Denyse, 1254
I wil haf þe dubbyl of hisse; 1255
and ȝeld my men out of preson 1256
or for þat dede make raunsom 1257
and amende ðe robrie, 1258
or hastyly I hym war[ny]e 1259
bothe wyth spere and wyth lance 1260

1247 wrouth] woruth
1248 clipyd] chippynnyd
1249 Turnham] Turham
1259 warnye ] waryne
a[n]on ichil take veniaunce!

Pe messangers wiþ gode entent
dede h(e)r lordes comandment
[and] gret ðemperour wel feir
wiþ milde wordes and boneir,
and (s)[e](y)d feir her message,
ðemperour bigan to rage.
(H)[e] gret wiþ pe telp and hard blewe,
a (k)niif a(f)ter Sir Ro(b)ard he þrew.
He bleynt, for þe kniif oway he lepe,
it fley3e in a dore a spanne depe!

Out, teylardes of mi paleis
and goþ, s(e)ggeþ 3our teyled (k)ing
(b)[at y n](o) owe him rïst nöpiing!
Ic(h) am wel glad of his ler[e],
[i]hil him yeld no[n] ober answere!
Ac he me schal finde redi tomorwe
at þe hauen to don him sorwe
[and] wirche him as michel wrake
as ich his men her haue ytake!
Pe messangers went out on rape
and were wel fein so to a[scap](e).
Þemperour steward wiþ gret anour
þan seyd þus to þempero(ur):
'Sir emperor, þou dost vn[rïst],
þou (h)addest almost yseleyn þe k(n)ït
þat is messa(n)ger and wiþ a (k)[in](g),
þe best b(o)[di] vnder sonne sch[in](e)ing!
Þou ha(st) þeself tresour ano(u)[..
of hym I wil take veniance!

The massengeres wyth good entent
dede here lordys comawndment
and grettyn þe emperour wel ffayre
wyth myld wordes and wyth debonayre,
[and] told fayre here massage.
The emperour began to rage
and grint faste wyth his tet and fast blew,
a knyf after Sere Rober þrew,
-he blenchyd þerfro and away lep,
yt fley in þe dore a span dpl!
and seythyn he cryid, as oncurteyse:
‘Goo out, taylardes, of my paleyse!
Go and sey 3oure taylyd kyng
that I ne houe hym nothyng!
I am glad of his lore,
I nyl hym gyf no oder answore!
And he schal me fynd at morwe
at þe hauyn to do hym sorwe
and wysche hym also mekyl wrake
os ony man þat euer was take!’
The massengere wentyn wyth rape

and ffayn þei were þat þei myth skape.
The emperour styward wyth gret honoure
seyde þus to þe emperour:
‘Sire emperour, þu dost vnriþ,
þu haddyst allmost slayn a knyth
þat is a messenger wyth a kyng,
the beste body vnder sonne schynyng!
þu hast þiself tresoure inow,
[3]eld him [h]is, þou hast gret [..  
for he is (c)[ro]ised and pilgrim  
and alle þe men þat be wiþ him!  
Lete him do his pilgrimage  
and scheld þeself fram damage!  
His eýsen tvingle(d) þemperour  
and smiled as a v(i)[l](e) fartour,  
a kniif he drouȝ ou(t) of his schaȝe,  
þerwiþ to don his steward sçaȝe.  
He cleped to him, wiþouten feyl,  
and seyd he (w)ald tel him h(is) conseyl.  
þe stewa(rd) sett him on kneþ (d)oun  
wiþ þat e(m)perour (to) roun,  
and þemperour of iuel trist  
car(f) of his nose bi þe grist  
and seyd: 'Treytour, þef, steward,  
go, pleyn þe to [þe] Ingilsche taylard,  
and say, ȝif he com opon mi [lo]nd  
y schal h(im) do swiche a schond  
and al(þ)e his men quic flen,  
bot he on ha[st] (t)ur[n] oȝen!'  
þe steward þo) his nose hent,  
he (w)ij(st) h(is vis)[a](ge) was yschent.  
Quic out of þe cour[t] he ran,  
leue no toke he of (n)o man.  
SA 1v° þe messangers merci he cride  
for Mari loue in þat tide,  
þat þai schuld telle her lord  
þe deshonour, ende and ord,  
and heyte hem ogeyn to lond,  
1291 thow hauest thiself tresour inogh!  
1292 He is croised and pilgryme  
1293 258v and alle the men þat beth with him!  
1294 Lete hem do her pilgrimage  
1295 and kepe thiselfe fro damage!  
1296 His eygen tvncled þe emperour  
1297 and smyled as a foule traitour,  
a knyf he drow oute of his shethe.  
1298 therwith to doo the steward skathe.  
1299 He cleped him to, withouten faile,  
1300 and seide he wolde telle him a conseille.  
1301 The steward kneled ther adoune  
with the emperour for to roune.  
1302 The fals man with vuel triste  
1303 karf of his nose by the griste  
1304 and seide: 'Traytour, thef, steward,  
go, pleyne the to kyng Richard,  
1305 and if he come vpon my londe  
1306 Ich shalle him do swyche a shonde  
1307 and alle his men quyke slen,  
1308 but he in hast toune ayene!  
1309 The steward his nose in hond hent,  
1310 iwys his face was al toshent.  
1311 Oute of the court blyue he ranne,  
1312 leue he toke of no man.  
1313 To the messagers [he] cried:  
1314 'for Mary loue,' he bade hem, 'abide!  
1315 Goth and telleth Richard, youre lorde,  
1316 this dissonourre, endyng and orde!  
1317 And bid him hye to the lond
3eld hym his, þu hast don wow, 1291
ffor he ys croyd and a pilgrim 1292
and alle þat euer be be hym! 1293
Lat hym do his pilgrimage 1294
and cheld þiself fro damage! 1295
His heynyn tuenkelyd þe emperour 1296
and smylyd as a vile traytour, 1297
a knyf he drow owt of his scheþe 1298
ffor to do þe styward s[k]athe. 1299
He clepyd hym to, wythowtyt ffaylle, 1300
and seyde he wolde speyyn in counsaille. 1301
De stiward on kneys set hym down 1302
wyt þe emperour for to roun, 1303
and þe emperour of evil trist 1304
carf of his nose be þe grist 1305
and seyde: 'Traytour, jef, styward, 1306
go pleyne þe to þe Englische taylar[d], 1307
and sey, yf he come on my lond 1308
I schal hym do swylke a schond 1309
and alle his men quik slein, 1310
but he turne hom again! 1311
The stiward his nose vp hent, 1312
he wist wel he wa^ ischent. 1313
Owt of þe paleysse he went þan, 1314
leue he tok of many a manne. 1315
The massengeres he mercy cryd 1316
ffor Mariys loue in þat tyid, 1317
that þei schulde telle here lord 1318
the dishonour euery word, 1319
and þat he heye hym to lond, 1320
Ichil sesy into 3our hond
alle þe keyes of eueri tour
þat oweþ þe fikel emperour.
Bid him, so me þerof awreke
þat men þerof wide speke,
and y schal bring him þis niȝt
þeperours douhteþ bright
and also an hundred knyghtes,
stout in armes and strong in fightes,
ogey þe fikel emperour
þat haþ ous don þis deshonour!

The messagers hem heyled hard
til þai com to king Richard,
and fond king Richard pleye
at þe ches in his galaye,
and þe of Richemounde wijþ him pleyd
ac Richard wan al þat þai leyd.
Pe messangers told him þe deshonour
þat hem dede þeperour,
and þe despite he dede to his steward
in despite of þe king Richard,
and þe stewardes presentyng,
his bihest and his helping.
Þan answerd þe king Richard,
in dede lyoun, in þouȝt leperd:
‘Of 3our sawes ich am blyþe,
now setteþ ous to lond swiþe!’
Wel gret cri aros fot-hot,
'I schal schewe him to his hond
alle þe keyis of þe heye toure
and ale þe emperouris tresoure.
God me so of him awreke
þat many man þerof may speke!
I schal brynge hym tonyth
the emperouris dowter bryth
and also an hundrid knyhtes,
stout in armys and bold in fytes,
ageyne þe fecul emperour
þat hath do me þis dishonour!'
out was schoten mani flot-bot.
De bowemen and pe alblasters
armed hem wip her vinteyners
and schoten pe quarels and pe flon,
also picke as h(a)y[l]ston.
Pe folk of pe cite gan to reme
and wer wel fein to bede flm.
Pe barouns and pe gode kniȝtes
after com anon riȝtes
wip her lord, þe king Richard,
þat neuer nas holden no coward!

KA

Kþng Richard, as I vnderstonde.
er he went out of Ingland
hadde don made an ax for þe nones
for to cleue Sarrazins bones.
Pe heued was wrouȝt wonder wel,
þeron was twenti pounde of stiel.
And þo he com [i]nto Cipre lond,
þilk ax he tok in his bond.
Al þat he hit, he tofraped,
þe Griffouns owaw[y] fast ascaped,
ac nàpeles mani he tocleued
þat her vpânkkes þer bileued,
and þe prisoun þo he com to
wip his ax he smot atvo
dores and barres and iren cheynes
and deliuerd his men out of peynes.
He dede hem alle deliueri cloþ,
for her despite he was ful wreþp
and swore bi God, our Sauiour,
owt was chotyn many a flod-bot.
Bowemen and alblasteres
armyn hem wyth here vintaners
and schotyn arwys and fion,
also thykke as ony ston.
The folke of þe cete gonne renne
and faste for to fle thenne.
His barounys and his gud knytes
after kemyn anon rytes
wyth here lord, kyng Richard,
þat neuer was holdyn coward!
Kyng Richard, I vnderstond,
or he went owt of Engelond
he let make an ax for þe nonys
flor to hewe wyth Sarazynys bonys.
The heuyd was wrouet wonder wel,
theron was tuenti pound of stel.
Qwanne he cam to Cypre lond
he tok þat ax in his hond.
Alle þat he hit, he al tofrapid,
the Grefons awey faste schapid,
but nertheles many of hem he so cleuyd
that ffele of hem þer beleuyd.
Qwanne he cam þe presoune-dore to
wyth his ax he smot ato
dores and barres and heyerne cheyne
and delyueryd his men owt of peyne.
He dede deliuer hem alle cloth
and for hem swor his oth
an swore be God and seynt Sauour,
it shulde abigge þe emperour.

1381 he shulde abigge, the emperourre.

1382 The folke of the citee bygan to renne,

1383 they were fulle fayne her way to flen!

1384 Tho that he toke, with wordes fewe, with his axe hem alle tohewe.

Alle þe burieys of þe toun

Richard lete sle wipouten ransoun,

her tresours and her juwels

he sesed as his owhen catels.

Tiding com to þe emperour,

king Richard was in Limacour and hadde his burieys to ded ydo,

no wonder was þei him wer wo!

He sent anon, wipouten feyl,

after alle his conseyl,

þat þai com to him an heye

to wreke him of his enemie.

His ost was comen bi midnigßt

and rady amorwe for to figt.

Ac herken now of þe steward,

he com onigßt to king Richard,

þe emperours doubter he brouȝt him wiþ

and gret Richard wiþ pes and griþ.

He fel on knes and gan to wepe and seyd: 'King Richard, Gode þe kepe!

Lo, icham bis ay for þe,

gentil lord, awreke þow me

and þe emperour doubter briȝt

here y þe take, gentil kniȝt!

SA 2a Pe keyes also y take þe here

1386 He name tresours and her jewels right for his owne catels.

1387 Tythyng was come to þe emperourre, kying Richard made þa veleyne a tourre

1388 and had his burgeys aslawe tho,

1389 no wonder though him were wo!

1390 Anon right, without faille,

1391 he sente aftur his conseille

1392 and bade hem come þudur on hye to wreke him of his enmye.

1393 His ost was redy by mydnyght and prest at morwe for to fight.

1394 Now speke we of the styward, how he come to kyng Richard

1395 and felle on knee and sore wepe and seide: 'Sir, God the kepe!

1396 Lo, ich am bye, eye for þe,

1397 gentil lorde, awreke þow me, and the emperours douhtur bryght

1398 and the emperours doubter brigt

1399 he[re] I betake the, hende knyght!

1400 how he come to kyng Richard

1401

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1410
it schul abeye þe emperour.

Alle þe burgeysys of þe toun
Richard let sle wythowt ramsoun,
here tresoure and here juelys
he nam, and alle here chateles.
Tydyng cam to þe emperour
that Richard was in Lemasoure
and hadd[e] his burgeysys to ded do,
no wonder was þof he was wo!
He sent anon, wythowtyn flaylle,
after alle his wyse consayl,
þat þey kemyn to hym on hy
to wreke hym of þat velony.
His ost was comyn to hym be nyth
and were redy for to fyth.
But hereth now of þe stiward,
how he cam to kyng Richard,
the emperouris dowter he browt hym wyth
and gret hym in pees and grith.
He ffel on kneys and gan to wepe
and seyde: 'Richard, God þe kepe!
Lo, how I am bes eyn for the,
gentil lord, awreke þu me!
The emperouris dowter brith
I take þe here þis ilke nyth!
The keyis also I take þe here

4r Tydyng com to þe emperour
þat Richard was in Lamasoure
and had his burgeys to deep do,
no [won]der was þauȝe him was wo!
He [sen]t [an]oon, withoute faile,
after his wyse counsaile
þat þey sh[ul]d com to hym on h(y3)e
t[o wreke] hym on þat vylonye
H[is] ost wa(s com) to hym (by) [m]y[ðny]ȝt
and [redy amorwe] for to fyȝt.
B[ut] he[rken no]w of þe stiward,
how he [com] to kyng [Ric]hard,
the [emperor]ues douȝter he brouȝt him w[ith]
and [g]rete Richard [with] pees and gryth
a[nd ] gan to wepe
and se[eide]: '(Richard), God þe kepe!
Lo, [h]ow y [am] b[i]ȝs...eye for þe
of ich castel in his pouwer;
an hundred knyghtes y zou bihete,
lo hem here at your fete!
Pa schal you lede and socour
o3cein þe fikel emperour,
þat ar tomorwe of his empire
þou schalt be boþe lord and sire!
Ac swete Sir, wipouten feyl
ȝete you bhouel mi conseyl:
ichil you lede bi a cost
pryueliche opon his ost,
in his pauiloun þe schal him take,
and þenkeþ opon þat woj[...] and wrake
þat he hap þou don er þis,
þ(e)ye þe him sle no force it nis!
M(i)chel lonked þe king Richard
of swiche conseyl þe steward.
He swore bi God, our Saueour,
his(þ) se schuld ben aboluþ wel sour.
Ten hundred stedes, gode and sour,
Richard lete wreye in trapour;
o(n) eueriche lepe an Ingliche knyȝt,
stout in armes and strong in fȝyt.
And as þe steward, siker apligt,
hem ladde bi þe moneligt,
so neyȝe þai com þe emerours pauilos
(o)f trompes þat þai herd þe sounes.
It was bifoþ þe daweing.
Þe steward seyd to þe king:

A
a c knyghtes I the byhote,
lo, here redy at my fote!
They wolle the helpe and socour
ayenst the swykelle emperour,
and er tomorwe thow shalte be sure
of his kyngedome and his empire!
And swete Sir, withoute faille,
yow behoueth my counseille:
ich wol the lede by a cost
pryuely vpon his ost,
that in his pauylion þow shalt hym take,
that thenkeþ do yow mychelle wrake
and also hath do yow er this,
æht ye hym slo, no fors hit is!
Myche him thonketh kyng Richard
of his counseile þe stewarde
and swor by Jhesu, ourue Saueoure,
his nose shulde be bought fulle soure.
Ten hundred stedes, good and suyre;
he let hem hele with good cropuyre;
on euerich lop an Englyssh knyght,
stout in armes and strong in fight.
And also the styward, siker aplight,
lad hem by the monelight,
sone þey come to þe emperours pauilion
that of þe trompes þey hurde þe soune.
A litel before the dawnyng,
the styward seid to Richard, oure kyng:
of be castel and al be pouere;
and an hundred knytes I be behy•
take hem here at 3oure fett-
bat schal 30w ledyn and do socour
ageyne be fecul emperour,
bat or tomorrow of be emp[yre]
3e schul be lord and syre!
And I 30w warne, wythropyn flaylles,
3e must do be my counsaille:
I wyl 3ou ledyn be a cost
priuylly vpon be ost,
in his pauyloun 3e schul hym take
and þenke vpon þat mekyl wrake
þat he hath 3ou don or þis,
15v thow 3e hym sle, non harm yt ys!
Mekyl hym thankyd kyng Richard
of his concel be god styward
and swor be God and seynt Savour
he schuld abeye þat dishonour.
X hundryd stedes, good and sure,
Richard let trappe in good armure;
on euery stede an Englishe knyth,
steffe in armys and bold in fyth.
And þe stiward, sekyr aplyth,
led hem be þe moneylth,

so nhy þei kemyn þei pauylouns
þat of þe trumpis þei herd þe soums.
It was before þe dawnyng,
the stiward seyde to þe kyng:

1416 empyre] emperour

1431 armure] amure
'Lasse, Richard, aseyl gern
\[pauiloun wi\] pe gilden ern!
\[p\]erin li\[p\] empero,
[wreke now \[p\]i deshonour!'
\[P(o)\] was \[R\]ichard as frische to fig(t)
as is \[p\]e faucoun to \[p\]e fi\[g\]t.
He priked for\[p\] opon his stede,
him folwed wi\[e\]e gret ferred.
\[Pe\] ax he held an hond ydrawe,
[m]ani Griffoun he ha\[p\] yslawe.
\[Pe waytes of \[p\]e ost \[p\]is yseye,
 loude \[p\]ai gun for to crie:
'As armes, lordinges, al and some,
we be\[p\] bitreyd and ynome,
His axe he hulde in his honde adrawe,
many a Griffon hit hadde aslawe.
The waytes of the ost \[pat\] isayen,
loude they gone for to ascrien:
'As armes, lordynges, alle and some,
we bath bytrayed and inome,
in a sory tyme ooure emperour
reued kyng Richard of his tresoure,
for [he] is come amonges vs
and smyte doune-rightes, by swete Jhesus!'
Oure English knyghtes for the nones
tohewe the Griffons, bob\[p\] body and bones,
and smyte cordes and leide adoune
many a riche pauylioun.
He cried to squyers and to knyghtus:
'Smyte, ley on, sle doune-rightes
and yeldeth the tresoure aseward
\[pat\] ye bynome kyng Richard!
Ye bath worpy for \[pat\] dede
with grymly wondes to ligge and blede!'
At emperours pauiloun kyng Richard
light adoune, so dude \[p\]e steward,
D

'Lat se Richard, assaye gerne
be pauyloun wyth [e] gildene erne!
Perinne lyth be emperour,
aweke now by dishonour!
Tho was Richard as freysche to fyth
as ys ffacoun to be fyth.
He prekyd forth on his stede,
hym folwyd many, dowty in dede.
Pe ax he hild on hond idrawe,
many a Grefoun he hath islawe.
The waytes of [e] ost pis gan aspye
and loude pei gon to crye:
'Lordis, o[s] armys, alle and summe,
we ben itroyd and inome,
in evyl tyme our emperour
robbyd kyng Richard of his tresour!
He ys comyn among vs
and sleth vs rith, be Jhesus!
The Englische knytes for be nonys
toheuydyn [e] Grifons, body and bonys,
and smotyn cordis asundry and fellony doun
many a ryche pauylon.
And euuer he cryid: 'Squere and knyth,
smytith and sleith adown-ryth,
3eld be tresour ageynneward
that 3e tokyn of kyng Richard!'
King Richard dede hem grete worlship
h(e) lete hem lede into his schip.
Sepbe at A[cr]es no were yfounde
paulouns of so michel mounde;
[c]oupes of gold, grete and smale,
[h]e hadde yfudde ywipouten tale;
[f]lorines, besauntes, white turneys,
silk, samite Sarrazinneys,
mani cofers, smale and gret,
were yfild and ful ybete.
To stedes fond þer þe king Richard,
þat on hete Fauel, þat oþer Lyard.
In al þe world no was her per,
dromedari no destrer,
stede, rabite no camayl,
þat ran so swift, wipouten fey(l).

but þat emperoure was fyled away
himself alone, er hit was day;
he was flowe, þe foule cowarde,
narwe him saught kyng Richard.

Alle was þe emperours paulion
silke, sendelle and sicladoune,
in this worlde nas hit illich,
ne by fele part so riche.
In Acres was non ifounde
paulyoun of so myche monde,
and kyng Richard with worship
lete hit bere into his ship.

Coupes of golde, withoute tale,
he fonde there, boþ grete and smale;
fflorens of golde and white torneys,
silke, samed of Sarazenus,
cofres bothe smal and grete,
wel ifulde and wel ibete.
Twey stedes founde þer kyng Richard,
that on Fauelle, þat oþer Lyard.
In the worlde nas her peer,
dromedarie ne destrer,
stede, rabite ne cameile,
goth non so swyfte, withoute faille!
And be emperour was flowin away
long or yt were ony day,
flowin was pat foule coward;
narow him sowt )e kyng Richard.
He ffond his clodes and his tresoure
and flowin was pat fowle traytour!
Long or ony day gan dawe
bei hadyn x m Grefouns is[l]awe.
Of sylk, sendel and sekelatoun
was be emperouris pauyloun,
in be world was non suyche
neuer ifoundyn, ne non so ryche.

Kyng Richard wyth gret worship
lete hem drawe to his ship.
Sithyn at Acris was neuer iffound
pauylon of so myche mounde,
cofres of gold, bope gret and smale,
ber beif fondyn wythowyn tale;
fflor[ely][n]tus, besauntes, wyte torneyse,
sylk, samite Sarazineyse,
many cofres, smale and grete,
were ifondyn and ful ibete.
To stedis fong be kyng Richard,
pat on heyte ffauel, pat ober Lyard.
In alle be world [ne] was here pere,
dromadory ne destrere,
stede, rabyte ne camayle,
pat ran so swyft, wythowyt fflaye.

Kyng Richard with gret worship
(d)ede him go into )e shippe.
Suche at Surfge were noon founde,
pauylons of so ryche mou(n)de,
coupes of gold, gret and smale,
bei hadden pere withoute tale;
fflorens, basauntes, without lees,
sylke, samite Sarysis[ynees],
mony cofres, smale and grete,
were yfyld and ful ybete.
Twoo steedes fonde kyng Richard,
pat oon higt Fauelle and pat other Lyard.
In al be world nas her pere,
dromedarye ne destreere,
stede, rabyte ne camaille,
pat ran so swith, without faile.
[ld] ben yseld! [his men] hadde (forlor(t)]

he hadde (pe) [T[idding] b[emperou(r) (w)as (y)come]

[pat] his douther wa(s y)a[nome]

and pat he heys[e] steward

hir hadde deliuerd to king [R]ichard.

Bi pat he wist wele, ywis,

bat he hadde don amis.

Messangers (h)e cle[pe](d) anon

and bade hem to king [R]ichard gon,

And sigg( ) (king)

(him) sent Godes gre[tyng]

(())(m)a[ge ichil him 3(el)(de]

and [al mi] lond of (h)im h(e)ld(e),

so pat he walid, par charit(te),

(in) [p]es (a)fter lete me!

P[e m]essangers wi[g gode entent

dede) her lordes comandement.

K[ing] Richard answerd þerto:

'Y grau(n)t, lordinges, þat it be so,

goþ and siggeþ your emperour

ba(t) he hap don gret deshonour,

when he hap robbed pilgrimes

b(a)[t] (w)ere toward peynimes,

and h(a)[t] (h)e yeld mi tresour eueric(h)-a-del

and if (h)[e] wil be mi speciel.

Kyn[g Richard] answerd tho:

'Lordynes, ich graunt þerto,

goþ and siggeth your emperour

that he dude disshonour,

when he robbed pilgrimes

that were toward paynys.

Bid him yeld that tresour eche-dele

if he wolde be my specialle.
£for a m pound itold
bat on schulde [not] be sold.
Al bat his men hadde forlore
seuen tyme dubyl he had þerfore.
Tedyng to þe emperour was icome
that his dowter was inome
and þat his heye styward
had here deluyeryd to kyng Richard.
Be þat he wiste wel, iwisw, 
that he had don amisse.
Messengeres he clepyd anon
and bade þei schulde to Richard gon,
'And seye þe emperour and þe kyng,
send hym Godes gretyng!
Homage I wil to hym golt
and al myn lond of hym hold,
so þat he wil, par charite,
in pees hereafter let me be.'

16v The messengeris wyth good entent,
dedyn here lordis comawndment
and keme byfore kyng Richard
and told as þe emperour sayd.
Kynge Richard seyde tho:
'I graunt, lordynges, bat it be so,
to sauȝte wyth ȝour emperour
that hath do me þis dishonour,

that he ȝel[d] my tresour euery-del
if he wil be my speciel,

1501 ffor a þousand pound ytolde
1502 þat (o)n ne shuld not ben ysole.
1503 Alle þat his men hadde forlore
1504 seuen dowlbe þei had þerfore.
1505 Tydynges to þe emperour was coom
1506 þ[at] his douȝter was ynoom
1507 an(d) þat his hygh steward
1508 had h[er] deleuered to kyng Richard.
1509 By þat h[e] wost ful wel, ywys,
þat he had doon amys.
[Me]ssengeres he cleped anoon
[an]d bade hem on hast to Richard goon,
'And seye goure lord and gour kyng,
[send] h[im] Goddes gretyng;
and homage y w(e)Ile him gylde
a[nd] al my londe of him helde,
5v so that he wolle, for charite,
in pees hereafter let me be!
Be messengeres with good entent
dede her lordes commaundement.

King Richard seide tho:
'I graunte, lordynges, bat it be so,
to sauȝte with ȝour emperour
þat hath do me this dishonour,
when he robbed þe pylgrimes
that weren toward þe paynymes,
þat he ȝelde my tresoure euery-del
as he wol be my specielle.

1525 sauȝte] sauȝte
And siggep al(s)o 3our emperour
pat he amende þe deshonour
pat he dede to his steward,
in despite of king Richard;
and þat he (c)o(m) arliche tomarwe
and cri he r of mer ci wiþ sorwe,
ōmage bi þer me sende (and) b(e)re
ōper elles [bi mi] (c)rou(n) y (s)were
he (no schal) nouþt haue a fot of lond,
neuer more out of min hond!'
Pe messangers (bi) on aco(r)d
told þus þemperour, her lord.
Emperour was ful wo
þat he þis dede schuld do.
To king Richard he co(m) amo(r)w(e),
in his hert was (mi)che sorwe.

Thulke day they weren atte acorde
and samen ete [at] o (b)ord.
In solas and in miche play
togider þai w weren al þat day,
and þo it [drewen to] þe [eue]
þe(m)perou(r) t(o)ke his I(e)u(e)

1535 that he dused] that dude
1556 ete] CCC
for he robbyd men, I vnderstond, that weryn toward þe Holy Lond.

And seye þus þe emperour that he mende my dishonour that he dede to þe stiward, in þespyth of kyng Richard; and þat he come herly tomorwe and crie mercy wyth mekyl sorwe. Homage he muste me sende or bere or be my croune I hym swere that he ne schal haue a fote a lond, neuer more owte of myn hond! The messengeris be on acord dedyn and told dusse to here lord. The emperour was ful wo that he schulde þat dede do, to kyng Richard he cam on morow, in his herte was mekyl sorow. He fel on kneyes, þus seth þe bok, and þe kyng be þe fote tok and crie mercy wyth good entent and Richard forgaf hym þat mahtalent. Þat day þei weryn at acord and boþe setyn at o bord, in solas and in mekyl play weryn þei alle þat ilke day. Qwanne yt cam to þe eue the em[pero]ur tok his leue

And seip to your emperoure þat he amende þ[e] dishonour that he dide to his steward, in dispite of kyng Richard; and that he com erly tomorrow and crie mercy with muche sorow, and homage by þere me sende or bere or by my croun y him swere þat he shal haue no foot of londe, neuer out of myn honde!' Þe messengeres by oon accord þede and tolde þis her lord. Þe emperoure was ful woo þat he shuld þe dede do, in his hert was muche sorow, to kyng Richard he com on morow and crie mercy wyth reuly entent and Richard forsgaf his mahtalent. Þfewte he dede and homage before al his baronage. Þat day þey were at acorde and togeder weren set at o bordere, in solace and in muche play were þey al þat ilke day. When it com to eve þe emperoure gan take his leue
and went qui(c) to his (o)stel,
in h(e)rt w[as] him no(p)ing wel.
[H]e held him[sel]f a vile coward
b(at) he dede (o)mage to king Rich[ar]d.
He hou3t h(o)[u] he him awreke mi[3t],
[vp] he ros an(o)n riج
to a cite [hig]t Bouent,
he com bi day verram[ent].
Þ(e (he) f)[on](d) ma[ni] (gr)[et si](re),
þe (he)3[e]st of al his e(m)pire.
To hem pley(n)ed þ(e)mp(e)rour
of þe scham[e] (and) [des][h]onour
(b)þ harth þe (he)lp of þe st[e]ward.
Vþ sturt Paskaþ, a gent baroun,
rique of castels, of gret renoun,
þilke stewardes em he was,
þat þe emperou[r] hadde sche(nt his) [face].
þ(e)mp(e)rour, þou art bi(c)lu3t
þ(o)u art (a)l[1] (a)bo(ut) nou3(t),
wiþouten enchesoun and jugement
þi gode steward þou hast ysch(ent)
þ(at) schuld, as he wele coup(e),
ous haue ysoco(u)[red] and saued nouþe;
and in þi wil ma(li)clo[u]s
also woldestow ser(u)e ous!
Y þ[ea] sigge at wordes bold:
(t) wiþ swiche a lord (w)[...}
to fij3t o3ain Richard, þe king,
þe best bodi vnder sonne sch[ining],
ffor to wende to his ostelle,
in hert him nas nothing welle.
He helde himself a coward
that he yelde homage to kyng Richard.
He thought how he him awreke myght,
but wente forth anon riج
to a cite men calleth Bouent,
he com by day verram
There he fonden many a gret sire,
the hiest of his empir(e).
To hem playned þat emperoure
of that ilke dishonour
that him dude kyng Richard,
though the help of his steward.
Vþ sturte Paskaþ, a nobille baroun,
a riche lordyng of gret renoune,
the stywardes eme forsoþe he was,
that þe emperour hadde shent his face
and seide: 'þir, thou arte bycau3t
ffor thou art aboute nou3t,
wiþouten encheson o[r] jugement
thow hauest þþy good styward shent
-that shulde ous haue isaued nouþe
and igouerned, as he wel coup(e-
thourugh þi wille maliciouse,
and so þou woldest serue ous!
And þerfore ich segge with wordes bolde:
with suche a lorde wolde we nat holde
ffor to fi3þ ayenst Richard kyng,
the best body vnder sonne shynyng,
and went to his onye ostel,
i[n] hert lykyd him not ful wel
and held himself for a coward
for he dede homage to kyng Richard,
and thowte how he awreke myght.
Vp he stirt anon ryth
to a cete that hyth Boueuen,
thevir he went verament.
Pere he ffond many a gret syre,
the heyest of alle the empire.
To hem pleyyd be emperour
of be schame and be dishonour
that hym had do kyng Richard,
þrow be helpe of be hey-styward.
Vp stert Paskye, a bold baroun,
a nobyl man of gret renoun,
the stywardes em forsoþe he was,
qwen be emperour had schent his fas.
'Sire emperour, þu art becawt
for þu art abowte naytw,
wythowytyn enchysen or jugement
þi nobil styward þu hast schent,
that schulde, as he wel cowthe,
han savyd vs alle nouthe!
In thy wille malycious
rytte so þu woldist servyn vs!
Perfor I seye wyth wordis bold:
of suylke a lord wil we not hold
to fytyne ageyne Richard, þe kyng,
the beste body vnder sonne schynynge,
ne none of alle my baronage
shalle be newere don homage!'  
Alle be other seide at an word
260v* that kyng Richard was her kynd lord,
and be emperour for his vilanye
were worthy for to die.
That emperour sey and vnderstod
that his barons nold him no gode.
To another citee he fledde and had hym bare,
in his hert was mychelle care.
Sone after the styward
told his counseille to kyng Richard
and seide in hert he was fulle woo
that the emperour was forlore so,
and lette him seche in alle wyse
and fonde him in [the] cite of Pyse.
Vnnen the our kyng Richard
wolde loke to hym ware,
ffor he hadde ibroke his treuthe,
kyng Richard nad of hym no reuthe
but bade a seriaunt fast him bynde,
bothe hondes hym byhynde,
and cast him into a galie
and lad hym into Surrye;
and swoor by Hym that made mone and sterre
ayens the Saracenus he shulde werre.
And whenne idoo was that res
he shulde haue his londe in pees
the erle of Leycestre as tydlye,
thurough counseille of his baronye,
ne non of alle þi baronage
ne schal þe neuer do homage!
They seydyn alle at o word
that Richard was here liche lord,
and þe emperour for his villanye
were worthy for to dye.
Pe emperour þo vnderstod
that his baronys wold hym no good.
To kyrke he ffley
and held hym þare,
in his herte was mekyl care.
Panne þe heystward
seyde þus to kyng Richard
that hym ouerþout swythe sore
17v that þe emperour was so forlore.
They dede hym seke on al wyse
and fonde hym in þe cete of Pyse,
and serteynyly kyng Richard
wold not loke to him ward,
þor he had broke his treuth,
of hym ne had he no reuth.
but þad a servant him faste bynde,
bothe his hondis him behynde,
and him kast in his gayly
and lede hym toward Surry;
and swor be Hym þat mad þat stere
ageyne þe Sarazyynys he schul were.
Qwanne al þis abatyd was
Richard sett[e] þe lond in pes
And þe erl of Leycetyr, wythowtyn lye,
throw þe concele of þe baronye,
1621 [he] made hym steward of pe lond
1622 and toke his reaume in his honde.
1623 There kyng Richard spoused Berenger,
1624 the kyngus doughtur of Nauer,
1625 and made ther richest spousyng
1626 that euer maked any kyng;
1627 and corouned himself emperour
1628 and her, emperice with honoure.
1629 And thus kyng Richard wonne Cipres,
1630 God graunte his soule heuene blys!
1631 And whenne the fest was holden, afterward

1632 260v b his shippes dight kyng Richard,
1633 toward Acres thenne he wolde
1634 with muche stoor of siluer and golde.
1635 Sixty score shippes, als I fynde,
1636 were forthward saylyng,
1637 and after come vifty galyes
1638 ffor to wardy the nauyes.

1643 So they seyled x dayes stille
1644 and hadde wynde and wether at wille.
1645 The endleuenth day pey had tempest,
1646 night ne day hadde they no [rest].
1647 Also they were in a stronge auentuer,
1648 they saye a dromounde withoute mesure,
he made him steward of that land
and held his reign in his hand.

There wedded king Richard Beryngere,
and made his richest wedding
that ever 3it made any king;
and crowned him emperor
and here emperour with much honor.

The festival lasted long afterward,
his ships' lane died the king
with great store of silver and gold,
with fifteen score ships, I find,
seiling forth with the wind,
and after came fifteen galleys
for to keep the navies.

Thus king Richard went Cyprus.
God grant us all heavyn bliss!

And also doubtly king Richard
sailed thence to Cyprus ward,
he had in his way wind at will
ten days, fair and still.

The electric day they sailed in tempest,
that night they had no rest
and as they were in great adventure,
they saw a dromond out of measure.
The dromond was heavy fraught,
venerable myth they sayle aw3t.
that was towarde the Saracenus
and charged with corne and with wynes,
with wilde-fuyre and other vitaille.
Kynge Richard saugh the dromound saunz faiile
and called of hastyng Trenchemer
and bade him in a galye wende nere
ffor to axe with wham they ware
and what they hadde in chafare.
Aleyne as tyd and men inough
to the dromunde they gonne to rowe
and axed with wham they ware
and what they hadde in chafare.
Thanne they answered to her latamer
wordes to Aleyne Trenchemer:
'We beth with the kyng of Fraunce, sanz faile,
ffrom Poyle we bryngeth his vitaile.
Al this moneth we haue bene in þe see,
toward Acres wolde we!'
'Wynde vp sayle,' saide Aleyne, 'swythe,
and sayle we forth with weders lythe!'
'Nay,' he sayde, 'by Thomas of Inde,
we mote nedes come byhynde
ffor we beoth so heuy ifraught,
annethe mowe we saile ou3t!'
Thanne saiide Alayne sone anone:
'I ne hure of yow speke, but on!
Late stonde vp me feren,
that we mowe hem iheren
and know by yowre tongus aftur þanne
ffor we nulleth ileue no man!'
Yt was toward þe Sarazynys, charged with corne and with wynes, charchid wyth corn and wyth wynys, wyth wild-floure and oþer vitalye, wyth wild-floure and wyth wynys, wyth wild-floure and oþer vitalye, Richard yt saw wythowtyn ffayle. [kyng Richard] s[a]w without [faile]. 
He bad of hastyng Trenchemere and aske wen þe dromond were [ ] in his galeye row[e] in his galeye row[e]
in his galeye row[e] and qwat þei haddyn in chaffare. [ ] be d[romond] were and qwat þei haddyn in chaffare. 

Thanne stod on þe bord here latimer [and] what [þe]y had in chaffa[re].
and seyde þus to Trenchemer:

'Wyth þe kyng of ffrausse we ben, sa(m)fa[ile], 'Wyth þe kyng of ffrausse we ben, sa(m)fa[ile], and bryng from Poyle þis vitayle.
A monyth we han comyn in þe see, and bryng from Poyle þis vitayle.
toward Acris wolde we!'

'A monye we ha[ue] l[e]y[n] (in) þe see, toward Acris [wolde] we!'

'Wynd vp þe sa[y]le and sayle, we swythe the whilis þe wynde is lythe!

'Nay,' he seyde, 'be Thomos of Ynde, 'Nay,' he seyde, 'be Thomos of Ynde, we must nede be behynde for we ben so heuy fraȝt, we must nede be behynde for we ben so heuy fraȝt, we may sa[y]le wyth ȝū nowt!' we may sa[y]le wyth ȝū nowt!'

'3et' seyde [þe] Aleyn sone anon, '3it' seide [þe] Aleyn sone anon, 'I here speke but þe alon!' 'I here speke but þe alon!'

Lat stond vp þi fere, Lat stond vp þi fere, þat we mowe hem alle here þat we mowe hem al here and knowe ȝoure tonges þanne and knowe ȝoure tonge þan and knowe ȝoure tonge þan for we wyl trowe nowt no man!' for we wyl trowe nowt no man!'

1651 Sarazynys] Sazazynys
1675 Aleyn] þe Aleyn
Thanne answered her lationer:

"With no mo ne spekest thow here,
we were tonyght in strong tempest,
our felawes taketh rest!"

Thanne seide Trenchemer Aleyne:

"To kyng Richard ich wol sayne
that ye beoth alle Sarazenus,
with corne icharged and with wynes!"

The Sarazenus sterete vp alle prest
and seide: 'Felawe, do thy best!
\[for kyng Richard and his galeys
we nolde yeue thre boterflyes!'

Aleyne sayled ayenewarde
ffort he come to kyng Richard.

He seide: 'My lorde, by seynt John,
hii beoth Saracenus, euerych one!'

Thanne saide our kyng of renoune,
his name was Quere de Lyoun:
'Of your sawes ich am blythe,
let see, euery man arme other swythe!
Ster thow my galie, Trenchemer,
ich wol assaile þe pautener!
With myne axe I wolole hem frape
that none of hem shalle ascape!'
His goude ax was forþ brought,
his goude armure foryte he nought.
Ther come to him mariners inough,
kyng Richard bade hem fast rowe:
'Roweth fast and who is faynt,
in vuelle water be he dreyn!'
SU'TES,' qod [the latemer,
'hu spekyst wyth no mo here,
þei weryn tonyth in tempest,
they leyin now and take here rest!'
Sertes,' qod Trenchemer Alein,
'to kyng Richard I schal seyn
that 3e ben alle Sarazynys,
charchid wyth corn and wyth wynys!'  
The Sarazynys stertyn vp alle prest
and seyd: 'Ffelaw, go do þi best!
Of 3oure kyng and of 3oure galeys
we gyff not twenty bot(a)ffleys!'  
Tho Trenchemere gan rowyn hard
tyl he cam to kyng Richard
and swor to hym be seynt John,
they weryn Sarazinyes, eueryc on.
Thanne spak oure kyng of grete renoun,
that hith Richard Queor de Lyoun:
'Of þis tydyng I am ful blythe,
araye vs alle swythe
and stere my galey, Trenchemer,
I wyl assayle þat pautenere!
Wyth my ax I schal hem ffrape
þat þer schal neuer on askape!
His ax was to hym ibrowt,
his oþer armure forgat he nowt.
Per cam to hym men inowe,
the kyng hem bad ffaste rowe,
'Rowe,' he seyd, 'whoso afeynth,
in evil water be he dreynth!'

1681 the latemer] Trenchemer  
1685 Alein] to Alein  
1702 pautenere] pautere
1711 Hii rowed harde and leyde tough
1712 and songe hayuelow rombelowe,
1713 that the galies yede as fast
1714 so quarelle doth of arblast,
1715 and as the dromounde come with be wynde,
1716 a large quarter byhynde
1717 the galie rente ote by the bronde
1718 into the see, ich vnderstonde.
1719 The Saracenus were i-armed wel
1720 bothe in iren and eke in stele,
1721 and stode on borde and fougten hard
1722 ayens the gode kyng Richard.
1723 Kyng Richard and his gode knyghtes
1724 slough the Saracenus doune-ryghtes,
1725 and as they gon worche hem woo
1726 ther gon risen mo and mo
1727 and foughten yerne, for be nones,
1728 sturne strokes with harde stones,
1729 oute of the top-castelle an hygh,
1730 kyng Richard was neuer his dep so neigh!
1731
1732
1733 Than come ther sone galies byhynde,
1734 ffast saylyng with the wynde,
1735 and stode on borde baron and knyght
1736 and helpe kyng Richard for to fight.
1737 A stronge byker ther bygan
1738 bytwene Sarazenus and Cristen men,
1739 with swerdes and with dartes kene,
1740 quarells flowen hem bytwene

1736 for to| fort to
They rowedyn ffaste and leydyn to
and songyn ebarombye.
The galey 3ede also ffaste
os quarel owt of alblaste,
and as þe galey cam wyth þe wynd,
a large quartere out behynd
the galey rent owt wyth þe brond
in þe se, I vnderstoned.
The Sarazynys weryn armyn wel
boþe in eryn and in stel,
and stodyn on bord and fau3te hard
ageyne þe dowty kyng
Richard.
But Richard and his dowty knytes
slowyn þe Sarazynys doun-rytes,
and as þei gonne hem werche wo
they stodyn euer vp, mo and mo
and rappyd at hem, for þe nonys,
sterne strokys wyth gret stonys,
ownt of þe top-castel yt fley
that Richard was neuer his deth so nhy!
The story seth þat kyng Richard
kawt þer many a strok ful hard.

Tho cam þer seuene galeys behynd
to þe dromond quik seylyng,
and stodyn on bord baroun and knyth
to helpe here lord for to fyth.
Strong batayl þer began
betwen hem and þe hethen men,
wyth swerdis, gleuyys and fauchouns kene
and kene quarelle flowin betwene

They rowed fast men ynow
and song heualow rombelow.
þe galye 3ede also fast
as þe quarel(e) out of þe alblast,
and as þe dromond com with wynd,
a large quarter out behynd
þe galey rent out with the b[ron]de
i(n)to the see, vnderstonde.
The Sarazynys were armyd welle
bothe in yren and in steele,
and stoden aborde and fau3te fast and h[arde]
a(y)en þe dou3ty kyng Richard.
[But] Richard and his good kny3tes
slowe þe Sarzyzyns doun-ry3tes,
and [as] þey gon w[e]rch[e] hem woo
[be]y stood vp eu(er) moo and [moo]
and rapped at him for the [n]oo{ne}[s],
st[e]r[ne] strokes (with) gret [stoones],
out of þe top-castel an hye
þat Richard nas neuer his dep so nye!
[Pe story seith þat kyng Richard
hent þere mony a stroke ful hard.
Po com seven galeys behynd
to þe dromond fast seylung,
and stood aborde baroun and kny3t
to helpe her lord for to fy3t.
Strong batayle began þere ban
bytwene hem and þe hethen men,
with s(c)heldes and with sper(es) keene
and tglowyng quarel[l]s hem] bytwene,
1741 als thikke, withoute stent,
1742 als fuyre oute of the thunder-dent.
1743 In that biker that was so harde
1744 into the dromounde entred kyng Richard,
1745 and when he was come in an hast,
1746 he dressed his rigge towards þe maste.
1747 Al that euer his ax araught,
1748 smertlich his deth he laught.
1749 Some he raught on þe bassyn
1750 and cleue his hefde vnto þe chyn,
1751 and some to þe gurdellstede
1752 and some to the shippes brede;
1753 some in the nek hit he,
1754 that helme and hefed fley into þe see.
1755 He[r] armure ferde as hit were wax
1756 ayenst kyng Richard axe.
1757 The Saracenus, as I yow telle,
1758 went hit were a fende of helle
1759 and ouere borde lopyn he
1760 and dreynte hemself in the see.
1761 Six hundred he hath aquelde
1762 but xxty Saracenus he withhelde,
1763 that him shulde here witnesse
1764 of that bataille in Acrasse.
1765 Kyng Richard in the dromounde, sanz faile,
1766 ffonde ther store and grete vitaille,
1767 many barells of fuyre gregeys
1768 and many thousand bowe turkeys.
1769 Also he founde many barells
1770 ffulle of arwes and quarells;

1755 her] he
also thykke, wythoutyn stynt,  
aos doth hayle after thonder-dynt.  
And in þat batayl þat was so hard  
into þe dromond cam Richard.  
Qwanne he was comyn in on hast  
his bak he dressyd to þe mast,  
wyth his ax womso he raȝt  
wel sone his deth þere he caȝt.  
Summe he smot on þe basyn  
and clef þe hed doun to þe chyn,  
and summe to þe gerdilstede  
and summe ffley al þe chippis brede;  
and summe on þe hal[s] smot he  
that helm and heuyd fley into þe see,  
ffor here armoure ferde as wax  
ageyne kyng Richardes ax.  
The Sarazynys seydyn, as [I] telle,  
he was a devyl comyn fro helle,  
and ouer þe bord þanne lepyn he  
and drenchid hemseluyyn in þe see.  
Thretty þousand þer weryn aqueld  
but xxxti kyng Richard had held,  
that þei schulde bere witnesse  
at þe cete of Acris.  
They ffoundyn in þe dromond, samffayl,  
mekyl store and gret vitayl,  
many barrell of fyr greggeis  
and many þousand of bowe turkeys,  
hokyd arrowis and quarella,  
þei ffoundyn þere and many barelle;  
[al]so þyk, with[yt]yn s(t)y(n)tu,  
as hayle deþ afte[r] thonder-dynt.  
But in þe beker [þat w]as so hard  
in[to] þe dromond went Richard.  
When he was [com] þyn oon hast  
[þe] (ry)gge he dressed to þe [m]ast,  
[with] his axe whomso he raȝt  
[his de]leth soone þer he ca(u)ȝt.  
s[om] he s[not o]n þe basyn  
a[n]d clef þe hed doun to þe chyn,  
[an]d som to þe shippes brede  
and s[om in] in þe nek smot he  
(bat) hel(m) and hed fley into þe see,  
ffor þe (ar)mour ferde [as] wax  
a(3e)yn kyng Richardes axe.  
[T]he s[to]ry [v]s seide, as y telle,  
he was a d[euel] com fro helle,  
[an]d (so)[m] le[p]t ouer þe borde  
and drench[e]d hemself on þe flode[e].  
[...] hund[re]d [þ]ere were queld  
[bu[t]] b[....] king Richard h(i)[m] held  
[ ] and [ber]e wyttenes  
[bey] ffounde in þe (drom)[un]d saunfaile  
[ ] of greete [v]ytaile  
[ ] of [fire] grygeys  
[and ma]ny [bousan]d bowe [tur]keys,  
8v of hokyd arowes and quarella,  
they fonde þeryn moony barelle;
Ed 2r

and of whete grete plente, 1771
  gold and siluer and opey deynte. 1772
Of tresour no had [h]e half pe mounde 1773
  þat in þat dromond was yfounde, 1774
for it adreynt al in þe flod 1775
ar vncharged was half þe gode. 1776
  Ævaunced was al Cristiante, 1777
for hadde þe dromond wiþ swiche plente 1778
ypassed to Acres fram king Richard, 1779
an hundred winter afterward 1780
for alle þe Cristen vnder sonne 1781
no hadde Acres ben ywonne! 1782
  Þus king Richard wan þe dromond 1783
tþurth Godes help and seynt Edmond. 1784
King Richard wiþ al his miȝt 1785
toward Acres gan him dight. 1786
  And as he seyled toward Surrie 1787
our king was warned bi a spie, 1788
hou þat þe folk of heþen lawe 1789
a wel gret cheyn þai had don drawe 1790
ouer þe hauen of Acres fers; 1791
  and was yfastned in to pilers, 1792
 þat no schip schuld in wiȝne 1793
n(o) þai nouȝt out, þat were wiþinne. 1794
  And þerfore seuen yer and more 1795
al Cristen kings layen þore, 1796
  and wiþ gret hunger suffred peyine 1797
for letting of þat ich cheyne. 1798

1773 had þe fonde grete plenteë, 261
whete he fonde grete plenteë, 1771
  of golde and siluer grete deynte. 1772
Of tresoure had [h]e not half þe mondo 1773
  as in the dromonde was ifounde, 1774
for hit adreynt in the flode 1775
or half vncharged were þe gode. 1776
  Auanced was alle Cristiante, 1777
but hadde þe dromonde passed þe see 1778
and icome to Acres fram kyng Richard, 1779
an hundred wynter afterwarde, 1780
for alle Cristen men vnder sonne 1781
had neuer Acres be wonne! 1782
  And þus kyng Richard wan þe dromound 1783
though help of God and seynt Edmond. 1784
Kyng Richard anon right 1785
towarde Acres gan hym dight, 1786
  and als he was toward Surry 1787
he was iwarned of a spye, 1788
that þe folke of þe heþen lawe 1789
haddæ a grete cheyne idrawe 1790
ouer the hauen of Acres fers 1791
that was ifastened at twey pilers, 1792
that no man shulde þe toune wynne 1793
ne non oute, þat were withinne. 1794
  261b Therfor vii yere and more 1795
Cristen kynge lay þore, 1796
  vii yere in grete peyne 1797
ffor the lettyng of the cheyne. 1798

1773 had þe] hade
1795 winne[ winne

1773 had þe] hadde
and of wete gret plente,  
gold and syluer gret deynte.  
Of tresoure ne had he neuer þe mond  
19v os in þe dromond was ifound,  
but yt adrenchid in þe flod  
or half vnchargyd were þe good.  
Avansyd was al Cristente,  
ffor had þe dromond wyth swylke plente  
ipassyd Acris from kyng Richard,  
a hundryd wynter afterward,  
ffor alle þe Cristen men vnnder sonne  
ne had Acris ben iwonno!  
Kyng Richard wan þe dromond  
throw Goddis helpe and sent Edmond.  
Kygng Richard wyth al his myth  
toward Acris he gan him dyth,  
wyth his queyntyse and his gin  
the Holy Lond for to wyn.  
And as he went toward Surye  
he was warnyd of a spye,  
wow þe folk of hethen lawe  
a gret cheyne þei haddyn idrawe  
ouer þe havyn of Acris fers  
and yfestenyd to twayne pillers,  
that non to chip schuld wynne  
ne non owt, þat was þerinne.  
And þerfor seyvn þere and more  
alle Cristen kynges loyn þore,  
and for gret hongir suffryd payne  
ffor þe lattynge of þat chayne.

1771 and of whete gret plente,
1772 gold and syluer gret deynte.
1773 Of tresoure ne had he half þe [mound
1774 as in þe dromond was yfound,
1775 but it drenched in the flood
1776 or half vncharged was þe good.
1777 Auaunce it wolde al Crystyante,
1778 ffor had þe dromond with suche (pl)ente
1779 passyd to Acrys [rom] king Richard,
1780 an hundred wynter [after]ward,
1781 ffor al þe Cristen men vnnder sonne
1782 shuld no5t Ac[r]ys haue b[en] wo[n]e
e
1783 Kyng Richard won(nne) þe [dro]mound
1784 with Goddes help a(n)d seynt [Edj]mond.
1785 Kyng Richard with al his my3t
1786 toward [Acrjs he went (r)yt,
1787 with his queyntyse and with his gy(nn)e
1788 the Hooly Lond for to wynne.
1789 And as h(e) w(en)t toward S[urry]
1790 he was war(n)yd of a spye,
1791 how þe folk of hethen lawe
1792 a gret cheyne þey had ydrawe
1793 ouer þe hauen of Acrys feer[s]
1794 and yfestenit to twoo pylers,
1795 þat no ship shuld yn wynne
1796 ne noon out, þat were þerynne.
1797 And þerfore seven seere and more
1798 al Cristen kynges I(e)yen þoore,
1799 a grete hunger suffred and peyn
1800 ffor þe lattynge of þe cheyne.

1784 Edmond] Symond  
1794 yfestenit] yfesten it
Ed 2r

Po Richard herd þis tiding
for joie his hert bigan to spring,
and swore and seyd in þis þouȝt:
‘Al þat schuld hem helpe nouȝt!’
A swiþe strong galay he tok
and Trenchemer, so seyt þe bok,
stired his galaye riȝt euyn
al amidward þe hauen.
Weren þe mariniers saȝȝt or wroȝe,
he dede hem rowe and sayly boþe
and seyd: ‘Whoso feynþe at þis nede,
on iuel deþ be he dede!’
[þe galay]e ȝede also swift
[as fou]l(e) doþ bi þe lift

Ed 2r

And wen[n]e kyng Richard hurde þis
in herte he was ful glad iwyys,
and swor and seide in his bough
that ne shulde hem helpe nought.
A swythe stronge galay he toke
and Trenchemer, so seyth the boke,
stered the galaye fulle euene
right anydward the hauen.
Weren þe mariniers glad oþer wroþe,
he dude hem sayle and rowe both,
that the galie yede also swyfte
as doth the fowelle by þe lyfte;
and oure kyng that was so gode
in forship with his axe he stode
and wenne he com to þe cheyne,
at on st[r]oke he smote hit atweyne.

Alle oure barons seide verement
that hit was a noble dent
-þfor gladnesses of þat ylke dede
coppes fast aboute yede
with wyne, piement and cl[ar]re-
and sailed to Acres, þat cite.

Kyng Richard out of his galie
shette wyld[e]-fuyre vnto the skye,
he cast fuyr gregesys on þe see,
as al on fuyre weren he,
Kyng RicAord herd þis tydyng, 1801
sfor joye his herte gan to spryng, 1802
and swor and seyde in his thowt: 1803
‘Al þat schul hym helpe ryth nowt!’ 1804
A swythe strong galey he tok 1805
and Trenchemer, so seth pe bok, 1806
he sterid þe galey ful heuene 1807
ryth into þe myddis of þe hauene. 1808
Were þe maryneris sauȝt or wreþe, 1809
he mad hem to sayle ond rowe hoþe 1810
and seyde: ‘Woso faylith at nede, 1811
in euyl deth be he dede!’ 1812
The galey þede also wyth 1813
2or os any fowle þat flyth in flyth. 1814
Kyng RicAord þat was so good 1815
wȝth his ax in þe schip stood, 1816
wanne he cam before þe chayne 1817
he smot a dynt wyth my thr and mayn. 1818
He carf þe chayne, þat þei myyth se, 1819
þat botdyn endys fellyn in þe see. 1820
Alle þe mariners seydyn verament 1821
that yt was a nobil dynt 1822
-and sfor þe joye of þat dede 1823
the coppe fластe abowtyn þede 1824
of good wyn, piment and claree- 1825
and seylyd toward Acris cete. 1826
Kyng Richard out of his galeys 1827
kést wild-fyre into þe skyes 1828
and fyre gregyes into þe see, 1829
also on fyere yt had be. 1830
His trumpes gede in his galye,
men migt it here into þe skye,
tabours and horns Sarzinays,
þe se brent al o fer gregeys.
Þe Sarrazins þat were in Acres toun
run to þe walles gret raundoun,
and of þat fare hadde gret wonder
for wilde-fer brent aboue and vnder!
Þe Cristen kinges, princes and pages,
erls, barouns and bondage
for þe coming of king Richard
to þe see þai vrn afoward,
to see Richardes galaye seyl,
his minstreles and his riche parayl.
For þai seye neuer swiche coming
to Acres, of no Cristen king!
King Richard after þis meruayl
went quic olo nd saurdey l.
Þe king o Fraunce ogain him cam
and bi þe hond he him nam
and kist him wiþ gret anour,
so dede mani an emperour.
All þe kings of Cristiante
þat þere hadde long ybe
and lay þer seuen þer in dolour,
him vnderfeng wiþ gret honour.
Þe erchebishop þat was of Pise
dede king Richard his seruise
into a pauiloun, in priuete,
Trumpis weryn in ilke galey, 1831
men myth hem heryn into þe skye, 1832
[men m](y3t) hem here into þe sky,
tabouris and hornys Sarsineis, 1833
(ta)bers and hores Saryzyns,
the se brent al of feyre greges. 1834
[the] [see] brent al of fire grygge[i]s.
þe Sarazynys in Acris toun 1835
ronny to þe walle wyth gret randoun
and of þe feyre haddyn gret wondyr,
and of þat fare þ[e]y [h]adde[n] gre[te w]onde[r],
the wild-þeyre brent aboue and vnder! 1836
Crestene knytes, bondys and pages,
filtr for þe comyng of kyng Richard
to se ronyg at þe forward
to se Richardys galey seyle,
hi[s] menstralle and his oþer parayle.
filtr for þei saw neuer swilk comyng
to Acres wyth no Cristen kyng!
Kyng Richard after þat mervayle
cam quik to lond samfayle.
The kyng of Tars ageyne hym cam
and be þe hond hym nam
and kyst hym wyth gret honour,
so dede many an emperour.
20v Alle þe kynges of Cristente
haddyn þere so longe ihe,
seuen þere leyin in gret dolour,
they hem fflongyd wyth gret honour.
The erchebyschop of Pyse
ded kyng Richard his servyse
[see] fire
and sethen þey 3ede as 3e shul here,
to into a pauyloun, as 3e mowe here.

1832 myth myth myth
1844 his his
and teld him þer a refulle tale
of wicked aventure, many and fale,
and seide: 'Kynge Richard, þou shalle hure,
this sege haneth ilast many a yere.

for the may hit nought ben iholed,
muche payne we habbeþ iholed.

We ne haueþ here no castelle
that ouþ any warde felle,
but a wyde dyche and a depe,
therinne oure bodyes for to kepe,
the barþycanes for þe nones
were iþwright with harde stones.

And þo our diche was ymade,
Salidin þeroþ was glad
and com to ouþ wiþ gret rout
and bisett ouþ al about;
and wiþ Markes þe Monferaunt
þat leueþ in Mahoun and Teruagant.

He was a Cristen king sumwhile,
he doþ ouþ schame and more gile
þan þe soudan and alle his ost.
Fader and Son(e) and holy Gost
graunt him grace of world schame,
Markes Fer(un)t bi his name!
Our first bataile sikerliche
was wiþe strong and dedliche,
wele fouȝten our Cristen knyghtes
and slouȝ mani of hem doun-rightes.
Our Cristen hadde þe meystrie,
þe Sarra[z]jins flowe wiþ wo and crye.
He told Richard a delful tale
of harde aventures, grete and smale,
and seyd: 'Sere, ye mowe here,
his sege hat lastyd seuene yerse.
Yt may nought be forhold
that mechil wo we han ithold,
ffor we ne had no castel
abowte vs, ne toure [ne] walle,
but a wyde dek and a depe
we madyn vs for to kepe,
wyth barbycans, fffor þe nonys
that weryn mad of grete stonys.
And qwanne þe dyk was ymad
Saladyn, þe sowdyn, was fful glad
and cam to us wyth grete route
to besette us al abowte;
and wyth hym Malkous Monferaunt
that leuyth on Mahond and Termegan.
He was a Cristenyd kyng somtyme,
he doth vs more sorwe and pyne
thanne þe sowedoun and alle his ost!
þe fader and sone and holy Gost
graunt hym grace of werdlys schame,
Malkous Þeraunt be his name!
Oure first batayl sekyrylyche
was ful strong and ful dedlyche,
wel fowtyn oure Cristen knytes
and slowyn þe Sarazynys doun-rites.
The Cristen þo haddyn þe maystrye,
the Sarazynys þo fleddyn and crye.

1861 He tolde Richard a dou[ll]ful tale
of harde [a]u[entures, grete and smale,
and seid: 'Sir, to me 3e here,
this sege hath last [þis] seuene 3ere.
Hit [maly] not be forholde,
muche penaunce we haue þoolde
ffor we ne had n(o) castelle
about vs, neiþhe[r] tou[r] ne walle,
but a wyde [dy]c[e] he and dep[e]
wee maad vs for to kepe,
with barbycauns for þe noony
þat weren w(r)ought of greet stoon[es].
And when oure dyche was y[maa](d)
S(a)lad(y)n, þe sowdan, was glaad
and [cam] to vs with gre[ee]t rout
and bysett [vs] (al) about;
And with his [Ma(])cus Feraunt
þat le[uy]th on [.....] Term[ega]unt.
He was a [......] kny3t somtyme,
he do[th] vs [more] sorow and pyne
th(e)[nn]e [......] and [al] his [ø]st!
g[raun]t him grace of worldis [schamee,
Mal(cus) Þef[er]aunt by his name!
Oure [f]irst bataile se[e]rlyche
was fu[ll] (strong) and f[ul] (de)[ly]ch,
wel fowtyn oure knyst[e]s
a(nd) [.....] þe [Sar]yz[yns] do(un)-ry3[tes].
We slow (i)n the flyng fel of hem þo and þai of ous fel also. And y schal tel you bi what cas to mani man it fel, alalas: (o)s we dede þe Sarrazins to dede bifel so þat a noble stede outreyd fram a peynym, þe Cristen fast folwed him. Þe Sarrazins seyge þai com and flowen oside, alle and som, and com on ous wip strong fígt and slow3 mani a Cristen kniȝt, 1

Ed 2v þat þer were lorn, (ar) we [wist], þe best bodis (v)nder Crist]: þer(l) of Ferres of Ingland, no was non so douhty of honde, and þemperour of Almayn and Janine of pleyn Speyne. Elleuen þousend of our meyne þus were þer sleyn wip gret pite. Perof þe soudan was wel glad, amorwe a newe saut he made, he lete take alle cors, bope of man and of hors, and cast in water of our wil, ous to apoison and to aquel. No dede he neuer a wers dede to Cristen men, for no nede, for þurth þat poisson and þat breþ fourti þousand token her deþ!

1891 In the flyng we slow many of hem þo and hii fele of ous duden also. 1892 And I shal teles telle though what cas 1893 hit fel many man to, alas: 1894 and so we dude hem to dede, 1895 byfelle hit so þat a stede 1896 outrayed fram a paynem, 1897 the Cristen folwed fast him. 1898 The Saracen saugh þat fol[k]e come, they flowe asyde, alle and some, and suth þey tourned with gret fíght and slough þe Cristen men doun-right. 1899 And ther we lore, er we wist, the best bodies vnder Crist: 1899 the erle Ferres of Engelond, 1900 ther nas non so doughty of honde and þat emperowr of Almayne and Janyn, the erle of pleyn Spayne. 1901 And ther we lore with gret pite endleue thousand of oure mayne. 1902 The soudan thereof was fulle glad, on morwe a newe saute he mad 1903 and let take þe dede corps. 1904 hope of men and of hors. 1905 unde leue thousand of oure welle. 1906 and Ccist in water of our wel, ous to apoison and to aquel. 1907 No dede he neuer a wers dede to Cristen men, for no nede, 1908 for þurth þat poisson and of þat br[e]th 1909 fourty thousande toke her deth!

1899 folke] forlde 1910 thousand] thounsand 1919 breth] broth
We slowyn ffele of hem tho
and þei of vs dedyn also.

I schal gu telle be qwat cas
many man cam to sorwe, alias:
so we þe Sarazynys dedyn to dede
Verybel, þat noble stede,
owtrayd from a paynym,
the Cristen men folwyd hym.
The Sarazynys sowin þat þ[e]i com
and flowyn on syde, alle and sum,
and turnyd ageyn wyth strengthe and fyth
and slowyn many a dowty knyth.
Per we loryn, woso yt wist,
the beste bodyes vnder Crist:
þe erl of þerers of Engelond,
was non so dowty of his hond,
and þe emperour of Almayn,
Janyn, þe erl of pleyn Spayn.
Eytenë þousand of oure meyne
þer weryn slayn wythoutyn pete.
Perof þe saudan was ful glad,
on morwe newe saunt he mad
and let takyn alle þe cors,
boþe of man and of hors,
and kest hem into þe water of oure welle,
vs to poysoun and vs to quelle.
Ne dede he neuer no wers dede
to Cristen men for no nede,
þfor throw þat poysoun and þat breth
þforty þousand tok here deth!
Son after Newe[yer], ny[s] not to hyde,
the thridde cas ganne vs bytyde:
a ship come sailyng in the see,
with whete icharged grete plente,
with wilde-fuyre and armur Bryght,
to helpe pe Saracenus for to fight.

Our folk tok to rede, saunfayl,
that hii wolde the ship assaile,
so they dude to oure damage,
the wynde blewe hard with vuelle rage.
The Saracenus drough vp her saille
and oversailed oure men, saunz faille.

There we lore lxti score,
the best bodies that myght be bore!
Th[at] was the bygynnyng of oure care
that we habbe haued the vii^e yare!

And yut I shalle telle more
that haueth igreued vs ful sore:
on a seynt James day verement
the Saracenus oute of Acres went,
a litel myle ther byside,
and pight pavylions, rounde and wyde,
and soiourned ther long while
and alle hit was ous to gyle.

Oure Cristen men þat were wight,
erle, barone and knyght,
they seye the Sarazenus hadde grete riches
and wer therof in grete distres.
They thought wynne to her preye
of þat richesse and nobleye.
Seuene 3ere aftyr þis tyde
anoder cas vs gan betyde:
a schip cam seyland be þe se,
chargeyd wyth wefte gret plente,
wyth bred, fir and armys bryth,
to helpe þe Sarazynys for to fyth.
Oure folke þanne seydyn, samfayle,
that þei wold go þe folk to assayle
and so þei dedyn to oure damage,
the wynd blew hard wyth gret rage;
the Sarazynys drow vp here saylle
and oure folke ouersaylyd, samfaylle.
There we lore sixty skore
os good as ony myght be bore!
That was [þe] begynnyng of oure care
that vs hath grevyd sare!
Jet þe schul here wel more
that vs hath grevyd swythe sore:
on seynt Jamys day verament
the Sarazynys owt of Acris went,
wel a myle vs besyde,
and settyn paulyounus, rounde and wyde,
and soiurnyd þer long wyle
and al yt was vs to begyle.
Oure Cristen men þat weryn wyth,
erl, baroun, squier and knyht,
they seydyn þe Sarazynys haddyn ryches
and we þeroff had gret destres,
and þowt to wynne to oure pray
al þat rychesse and nobulay.
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<td>Fifti þousend hem armed wel</td>
<td>Vifty thousand armed hem wele</td>
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<td>boþe in iren and in stiel</td>
<td>bothe in yren and in stele</td>
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<td>and forþ þai went to bateyling;</td>
<td>and priked toward þe bataillyng;</td>
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<td>þe Sarrazins seyge her coming</td>
<td>the Saracen seygh her comyng</td>
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<td>and flowe aside swiðe fast</td>
<td>and flowe aside swithe fast,</td>
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<td>and our [men] after com on hast</td>
<td>and oure folke come after in haste</td>
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<td>and gun to ride grete raundoun</td>
<td>and priked fast with grete raundoun</td>
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<td>and priked to her pauloun.</td>
<td>ffort hii come to her paulyoun.</td>
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1956 our men] our
ffyue hundrid hem armyd wel
bothe in eroun and in stel
ffor to wend to bataylng;
the Sarazynys were war of oure comyng
and flowl on syde swythe flaste,
and oure men after kast
and gunnyyn to prekyn wyth gret randoun
ryth to here pauyloun.

They ffounddyn þerinne no ffelarede,
they wendyn þei hadyn be flon for drede,
they ffoundyn þerinne bred and wynys,
þiluer and golt and badekenys,
vessel of siluer and of golt,
wel more þan þei takyn schulde;
ryche metes þei fondyn there
and þat abouȝt oure folk ful dere!

Somme stodyn and summe setyn doun,
etyn and dronkyn gret flowsoun,
after here mete þe pauyloun new
wyth here swerdis al tohewe
and chargid here hors wyth vitayle,
þo [nyse men schulde don samfayle.
Gold and siluer in male þei putt
and wyth here gerdil abowte hem knott,
qwanne ylke man hadde his charge
womward þei gunnyyn, wythowtyn targe.
The Sarazynys saw hem fleand
and kemyn after hem flingand
scharpe swerdis wyth gret rowte,
and beset oure ffolke al abowte.

ffyue thousand hem armed well
boþ in iren and in stêl
ffor to wend to batayling;
þe Sarysyns were ware of oure comyng
and flêde asyde swyth fast,
and oure men com in hast
and gan preke with gret raundoun(n)
ryȝt to here pauyloun.

Þey founde þere bredde and ryche wynes,
gold and syluer and baudekynes,
vesselle of syluer and of golt,
wel more þey take shold;
riche meetes þere graythed were
and þat abouȝt oure men ful dere!
Som stod and som sat doun
and ete and dro[n]ke good fowsou[n),
after meete þe pauylons new
with her swerdes al tohew
and charged her horses with wytayle,
as nyse men shulde samfaile.
Sum her males oway cast
and o3ain þe Sarrazins fouȝten fast,
ac þer we lorn þousandes hue and ten,
noble kniȝtes and douhty men.
Þat cas agreued ous swiȝe sore
þat we wende to haue be forlore,
ac God almigti, heuen king,
ous sent sone soucreying:
þe douhty erl of Chaumepeyn
and fele kniȝtes of Bretayn
327r
and Randolf þe Glaunuyles
and Jon þe Nel and his broþer Miles
and Baudewines, a clerk wel mirre,
þe erchebischop of Canterberie;
wip him com his nevou,
a baroun of gret vertu,
Hubers and Gauter of Ingland
oȝain þe Sarrazins to stond;
and fele kniȝtes of Hungrie
and ðeuer gret cheualrie.
Þo we held a strong bateyl
ac sone ous fel an hard cas saurnfeyl:
At Mighelmesse, it mot be told,
þe weder gan wax swithe cold.
Þo fel boþe reyn and hayl
and snowe, fif fet depe, saurnfayl,
listinges and þonder and weders touȝ,
for hunger our folk it slouȝ.
For hunger we lorn and cold windes
of our folk sexti þousendes.
They gonne here malis awey to caste
and flowtyn ageyn þe Sarazynys ffaeste,
and þer were lorn þousandes ten,
nobyl knytes and dowty men.
That cas grevyd vs so sore
that we wendyn a ben forloire,
but God in heuene, heye Kyng,
send vs sone socouryn:
the douty erl of Cha[n]payne
and ffele knytyes of Bretayne,
Sire Randolf þe Glandeuile
and John þe Nel and his broder Mile,
and Sere Baudewyne, a clerk mery,
the erchebischop of Cauntirbery;
wyth hym cam þanne his neveu,
a riche duke of gret vertu,
Hubert and Gauter of Engelond
ageyne þe Sarazynys for to stond;
and ffele dukys of Hungrye
and oþer gret chevalrye.
Po we holdyn a strong batayle,
an hard cas vs befel samfayle:
at Myhelmesse, it must be told,
the weder was waxyn swythe the cold.
Yt fel boþe rayn and hayl,
the snowe fyue fote dep, samfayle,
that mekyl of oure ffolke yt slow.
†for hungyr we lorn and cold wyndes
of oure men sixty þousandes.
Po our gode hors we sloug 2011
and sopen and ete pe guttes tou3,
pe flesche was delt wip gret deynote,
perof hadde no man plente!
To colopes we coruen pe hede
and on pe coles we dede hem brede;
in water we boyled pe blod
and bat ou3 pou3t mete gode!
A quarter of whete men ou3 sold
for sexti pounde of florines ytold,
for fourti pounde men seld an ox
pe he were bot litel ywox;
a swine men sold for an hunder florin
and a gos for half-mark of gold fin,
for an henne, to sike pinges,
men 3af of pans fifteen schillinges;
and for an aye pans elleuen
and for a pere sex or seuen
and for an appel men 3af pans sex;
and pus bigan our derj to wex
and storuen for hunger and for wo.
Pe riche men tok to rede po,
a riche diole for to di3t
to barouns and to pouer kni3t.

A
The goude hors there we slough
and soden and eten the guttes tough,
the flessh therof we deled with deynote,
therof hadde no man plente!
Alle to peces we tere pe huyde
and in the fuyre hit bradde as tyde;
in watur we boyledoure hors blode
and bat we thought mete gode!
A quarter whete men vs solde
ffor sixty pounde of rede golde,
and for fourty pounde an oxe
though he nere but lytelle iwox;
and for xi florens a swyne,
a gos for half a mark of gold fyne
and for an hen, to sike thynges,
men yeue of pans fynf shillynges;
and for an eye pans enleuene
and for an appel sixe or seuene
and for two notes pans sixe;
and thus gan oure folke onwexe
and deyde for hunger and for woo.
Riche men toke hem to rede tho
a riche diole for to di3t
to squyers and pouer knyght.
Twelue pans men 3af to eueri che,
sex to oper bat were nou3t so riche
and four to be smale wigtes.
Pus pe riche her diole di3tes,
periwip pe more and pe lasse,
pai bou3t flesche of hors and asse,
And bo ooure good hors we slow
and sythyn etyn pe guttys tow,
the flesche was delyd wyth deynte
berooffe hadde we no plente!
On tweyne peces we corvyn pe hed
and on pe cole we gunne yt brede;
in pe water we boylyd pe blood
and vs yt thowte swythe good.
A qwartere of wete men sold
ffor fourty pound pe penis told,
ffor sexti pound men sold an oxe
bof he were but lytyl waxe;
a swyn for a hundrid schelyng,
a gos for half a mark, I f fynd,
ffor an henne, to seke thynes,
men gaf fyftene schelynges;
and for an hey penys elleuene
and for a pere sexe or seuene
and for an appyl men gaf sexe;
bosse gan ooure wost vnwexe
and storvyn ffor hungyr and for wo.
The ryche tok hem to red bo
a gret dole for to dyth
to barounus and to pore knyth.
Tuel penys men gaf to eueriche,
sex to hem bat weryn ryche,
ffoure to pe smale wytes.
Bus pe ryche here dole dytes,
Perwyth pe more and pe lasse
bowt hem fyleysche of hors and asse,
no mist ðæ haue non ðæ ðing
for white turneys no for starling!
Y haue ðæ told, king Richard, Sir,
of ðis folk al ðæ ler
and ðæ damage of Acres ost,
ynerd ðæ ðat holy Gost
and ðæ mist of swete Æhesus,
ðæ ðat ðæ today hàp sent to ðus!
For þurð help of ðæ, we hopen alle
ðæ vile Sarrazins adoun falle!
King Richard wepe wið eyzen bope
and seþen he seyd ðæ:  
'Sir erchebischop, bid for ðus,
that mist ðæs sende Crist Æhesus
his fæn to fæle and to destrue,
ðæ ðæ no more ðæ ðus anoye!
Richard tok leue and lepe on stede
and roofe him out of ðat ferred,
he roofe about ðat clos diche
toward Acres sikerlich,
þil he com to ðæ Hospitale
of seyn Jon, as þy finde in tale.
Per he dede telt his pauiloun
and arere his Mate-griffoun,
þæ was a tre-castel ful ðine,
to asayl þæ Sarrazin
þæ ðat ðæ mist into Acres sen.
He hadde schippes of hiuen o beon,
when his castel was framed fair and wel
he lete sett þerin a mangonel

ffor they ne myght fynde non other þing
ffor whith tourneys ne for sterlinge!
Now kyng Richard, thow hauest hurde here
of oure ffolke alle þæ lerer
and þæ damage of Acres ost,
but ihered [be] that holi Gost
and the myght of swete Æhesus,
that sente the here amonges vs!
ffor thurgh thyne helpe we hopeþ alle
the Saracenus adoune to falle!'  
Kyng Richard wepe with his eyen bope
and suth he seide thus forsothe:
'Sire erchebischop, prey for vs,
that myght vs sende swete Æhesus
his fomen for to destroye
and hye ouc neuer more anoye!
He toke his leue and lept on his stede
and priked oute of that felawere:
and rode aboute a close diche
toward Acres sikerlich,
ffor to com to the Hospitall
of seynt John, as men syngþ in tale.
Ther kyng Richard pight his pauyioun
and letre arere his Maude-griffoun,
that was a castelle, gode and fyne,
ffor to assaille the Sarasyne.
Thirtene shippes fulle of beon
ne myth þei haue non ðeðer thyng
ffor halpeny ne for ferthyng!
I haf þe told, Richard Sere,
of þis folke and of þis leere
and þe damage of Acris ost,
blüssyd be þe holy Gost
and þe myth of sweete Jhesus,
that þe today hath sent to vs!
ffor throw thyng help we hopyn alle
the fâals Sarazynys to doun fᵃˡˡᵉ!'
Richard wept wyth his eynys bothe
and seyde sithyn þos forsothe:
‘Sir erchebischop, bydde for vs,
that vs sende grace sweete Jhesus
his ffon to fellyn and to distroye,
that þei no more þe anoye!’
Richard tok leue of þat fiered
and stirt upon Ffauue, his stede,
and rod abowte þe clos dyche
to and ffo sekyrlyche,
tul he cam to þe Ospytall
of seynt John, as I ffynd in tal.
He dede teldyn his pauyloun
and let set vp his Mat-grifoun,
that was a tre-castel ful fynn,
to geuyn asauȝt to þe Sarazynys
þath he myth to Acris seen.
He had thretty schippis of ben
and qwanne þe castel was fframyd wel
he set þerinne a magnel
and comand his folk biliue

to feche him vp man a behive.
Pa smitten tabours and trumpes blowe
and sauted to þe cite aprowe,
and king Richard in Acres cite
lete cast behyues gret plente.
þe weder was hot in somers tide,
þe ben brust out bi ich a side
and were atened and ful of grame
and dede þe Sarrazins michel schame.
Pa stunggen hem in her visage,
þat alle þai gun for to rage,
þai hidde hem doun in depe celer,
no man durst com hem ner,
and seyd: ‘King Richard is ful fel!’
when his fleyzen bite so wel.
Anoþer gin Richard vp sett
þat was ycleped Robinett,
a strong gine for þe noþes,
þat cast into Acres hard stones.
King Richard, þe conquerour,
cleped on hast his minour
and bad him mini vp þe tour
þat was ycleped Maudit-colour,
and swore his oþ bi seyn Simoun,
bot it were brouȝt adoun
ar none, and þe vtmast wal,
he schuld hewe his bodi small!

Kyng Richard into Acres citee
caste beohyuen grete plente.
The weder was hote in somers tyde,
the beon barst oute in eche syde
and were anoyed and agramed
and dede the Saracenus myche shame
and stonge hem in her visage,
that hii bygonne for to rage.
They flowen into a depe celer
that they ne durst come hem non nere,
and seide that the kyng was fulle fel,
when his flies bote so welle.

Kyng Richard cleped his mynour
and bade him myne into þe toure
and swor his othe by sent Symeon,
but hit were ibrought adoune
by none, atte vttemest walle,
he shulde be hewe to peces smalle!
Another gynne ther was vp isette
that was ihote Robynet,
and comawndyd his men blyuys
to bryng vp of his benhyuys.
He let smyte tabouris and trumpis blowe
and gaf asaugt on a throw,
kyng Richard into hat cete
kest his benhyuys gret plente.
The sonne was hot in hat tyde,
the beys brostyn owt on euery syde
and weryn atenyd and ful of grame,
the Sarazynys pei dedyn gret schame
and stongyn hem in here visage,
that ffele begunnyn for to rage
and heddyn hem in depe selere,
that non ne durst hem leyin ner.
Pei seydyn Richard was ful fidle
qwanne his flyis betyn so wel.

Anoder gyn Richard vp set
that was callyd Robinet,
a strong gyn for pe nonys,
and kest into Acris gret stonyes.
Kyng Richard, pe conquerour,
(c)lepid ffaste his mynour
and bad hym myne vnder pe tour
that was icallyd Mau[dit]-calour,
and swor his oth be seynt Symeoun,
but yf yt were ffellyd adoun
or non, pe most walle,
he schuld be heuyn to peces smal!
a noble gyn for the nones,
to cast into Acres harde stones.
The mynours bygonne to myne fast
and þe gynne stones to cast.
Kynge Richard was in Maude-gryffoun
and saugh her dedes in the toune.
Wheþer the Sarazines flough,
archers arwes after hem drough
and arblastes with gaynes smert
thou[r]gh þe heued and þe hert.
The Saracen was i-armed alle
and ronne in hast vpon þe walle.
in white scheten þai gun hem wrien
for þe biteing of his fleyjen.
King Richard was in his Mat-griffoun
and seyde her dedes in þe toun
and whiderward ever so þai flowe
his archers after hem drowe,
and alblasters gaynes smert
þurth legges and armes, heued and hert.
The frenshe men, with grete nobley,
gonne to myne that vlke day,
that the vtttest wal was doun cast
and many a Saracene slawe in hast.
So kynge Richard sped þer
þat he was called conquerer,
The mynouris gunne to myne faste
and þe engynouris stonys to caste.

The Sarazynys hem armyd alle
and ronnyn in hast to þe walle,
alle here visage begunne to vrye
ffor þe bytyng of þat flye.
They seydyn he dede mekyl pyne
that he wolde bope þrow and myne!

Richard was in his Mat-de-grifoun
and saw here dedis in þe toun,
wedirward þe Sarazynys fl(o)w,
þe arche[r]s to hem arowys drow
and alblasteris wyth gaynys smerte
throw leg and heuyd, arm and herte.
The Frenche men in þat day
helpyn to myn wyth gret noblay,
the most wal was doun cast,
the Sarazynys fleyn in hast.
That day so kyng Richard sped þer
that he was holdyn a conquerour,
for better he sped þat day ar none
than ne al þe Cristen kynges in vii yere had idon!
The Saracenes with mysauntere
ffledden into the hiegh toure
and lighten torches abouten þe walle,
men myght se hit oueralle.
The torches casten a gret light,
that bytokeneþ a newe fyght
that was icome fro Engelond,
wherfor hii myght nat withstonde,
bute Saladyne, that her soudan,
come to helpe with many a man.
The soudan was ten myle then
and sauȝ the torches fast brenne.
He gadered his folke togedere
as thykke as rayne falleth in wethere,
and assembled hem vpon a playne
byside Acres, vpon a mounteyne.
Sixty thousand fotemen, I fynde,
knyches of hay he dude hem bynde,
to go byfore hasteliche
ffor to fulle þe Cristen diche,
þrey a res to haue rede
to do the Cristen men to dede,
and aftwr come anon rightes
an hundred thousand, strong in fightes.
By ordre they come in here maner,
of rede sendelle here baner
with thre gryffons ipeynted welle
and of assure a grete bordelle.
E for bettyr he sped þat day or non
than þei haddyn alle seuen gere don!
The Sarazynys myth nowt doure
but flowyn into þe ryche toure
and lytyn torchis abouyn þe walle,
men myth hem sen oueral.
The torchis kestyn greet lyth
and þat betokenyd new fyth
that was comyn ffrom Ingilond,

24r the qweche þei myth nowt wythstond
but yf Saladyn, þe sowdon,
hem come to helpe wyth many on.
Saladyn was ten myle thenen
and saw þe torchis brith brenen.
He gaddryd his folke togyder
also thykke as hayl in weder,
they assemblyd on a pleyn
besyde Acris, on a mow[n]tayn.
Sixty þousand, as I ffynd,
ffotemen he dede kny[ch]es bynde
and bad hem goo before hastelyche
to ffelwyn þe Cristen menys dyche.
The Sarazynys takyn hem to red
to do Cristen men to ded,
after com barounys and kny[þ]tes,
a hundryd þousand, bold in ffytes.
Be ordere þei kemyn on her maners,
of red sendel were her baners
wyth thre grefouns ipeyntyd wel
and of say was þe bendel.

D
ffor bettyr he sped þat day or non
than þei haddyn alle seuen gere don!
The Sarazynys myth nowt doure
but flowyn into þe ryche toure
and lytyn torchis abouyn þe walle,
men myth hem sen oueral.
The torchis kestyn greet lyth
and þat betokenyd new fyth
that was comyn ffrom Ingilond,

2148 mowntayn] mowntayn
2150 knycchos] knyþtes

11r He gedered þen his folk togederu
also þyk as haile in weder,
þey assembled on a pleyn
byside Acris, vpon a montayn.
Sixti þousand, so y fynde,
ffotmen he dide kny[ch]es bynde
and bade hem go byfore hastelyche
ffor to fulle þe Criste mennes dyche.
The Sarazyns token hem to reede
to do Cristen men to dede,
after come barouns and knyþtes,
an c þousand, bold in fyþtes.
By order þey come in her maners,
of r[ed] sendel was her baners
[with] þre gryffons peynted welle
and of assure þe bendelle.

2150 knyþches bynde] knyþtes behynde
And after come as fele
barons by gentille skele,
here goffanouns and her penselle
were iwrought of grete sendelle,
on eche was a dragoun
als he fight with a lyoun.
The first were rede and pes bep grene,

\[2168 \text{tho came the feth ost bydene}
\begin{align*}
\text{with vif and fyfty thousand knyghtes,} \\
\text{in Inde i-armed to alle rightes,} \\
\text{her baner was peynted, so seith pe Latyn,} \\
\text{with iii bores hefdes of golde fyne.} \\
\text{And after come, as white as snowe,} \\
\text{sexti thousand on a rewe,} \\
\text{therinne was the soudan Saladyne} \\
\text{and his nevew Morenelyne;} \\
\text{here baner was, withoute fable,} \\
\text{thre Saracenus heedes of sabelle,} \\
\text{ishaped bothe roume and large,} \\
of baleyne was bothe shilde and targe. \\
\text{No man may telle pe route} \\
\text{bysette oure Cristene men aboute,} \\
\text{the fotmen cast the knycches of hay} \\
to make pe horsmen redy way. \\
\text{They hadde allemost i-entred negh} \\
\text{But Jhesu Crist, pat sit on hye,} \\
\text{thereto he toke gome} \\
\text{that non Saracene therinne come!}
\end{align*}

\[2182 \text{tha] tha} \]
Sone after com hastelych
barou(n)s rydyng gentillych,
here go(m)fanou(n)s and her pencelle
were wrou3t of greene sendelle,
on euvery baner was a dragou(n)
that faust wyth a lyoun.
The fu[r]st were red, þe oder grene,
that keme to þe batal bedene,
sixe and forti þousand, I fynde,
that weryn clothid alle in Hende,
here baners ipeyntyd, so seth þe Latyn,
wyth thre boris hedis of gold ffyn.
And after keme vpon a rowe
sexti þousand on a þ[ro]we,
There among was Saladyn
and his newwe Mirabolyn;
here baners weryn, wythowtyn ffable,
wyth thre Sarazynys hedis of sable,
(on euvery baner was a dragou(n)
that faust wyth a lyoun.
The fu[r]st were red, þe oder grene,
that keme to þe batal bedene,
sixe and forti þousand, I fynde,
that weryn clothid alle in Hende,
here baners ipeyntyd, so seth þe Latyn,
wyth thre boris hedis of gold ffyn.

The Sarazynys haddyn enterid ny
but God of heuene þerto isy!

2167 furst] fussst
2174 þrowe] þgorwe
Crye aros in Cristen ost:

'Sus, seignours, as armes tost!'

But we haue the better socour,

we buth ilore, by seynt Sauour!

Ther men myght see many wight man

smartlich to his armes tan,

and wente hem to the diche

fort defende hem hasteliche.

Ther men myght see many an heued

smertelich fram the body weued

and many a knyght þere les his armes

and many a stede drough his tharmes;

and many a gentille mannys hond

was ilore in þat stounde,

and many a doughty body, sanz faille,

was islawe in þat bataille.

But kyng Richard was seke tho,

al Cristendom to muche woo!

He ne myght not of his bed him stere

thogh his pauilion were on fuyre.

Therfor the kyng of Ffraunce let cri
amonges alle the Cristene company

that no man for dethes doute

passe þe close diche withoute,

but helde hem alle stille þerinne,

that no Saracene sholde in wynne.

And if ther wer eny in icome

smarteliche þat he were inome

and anon ido to deth,

that non raunsoun for him yede.
The cry aros þrow þe ost:
‘(S)us, seynours[r]s, as armes tost!’
But we han þe betyr socoure,
we ben begyled, be seyn Saviour!
Per myth men sen many a man
hastily to his armys ran,
and dede hem alle to þe dych
to defend hem hastilich.
Per was many gentil heuyd
quicli from þe body weuyd
and many a stede þere drow his tharmys
and many a man þere les his armys;
and many a gentyl manis hond
lay ofsmetyyn on þe sond,
and many dowty kuy3tes samfayl
weryn slayn in þat batayl.
Kynge Richard was seek þo,
al Cristendam to mekyl wo!
He ne mygt a fote hym stere
þof his paulyouns were on fere.
Per þe kung of Frans let crie
among alle Cristen companye
that non ne schulde for dedis douȝte
passe þe Cristen dyck wythowte.
Therfor þe heldyn hem wythinne,
that þe Sarazyns schulde hem not wynne.
[and] þo þat inne weryn icome
wyth Cristen men þei were inome
and hastili were don to ded,
ffor hem þede no ramsom to mede!

Pe crye aros þrouȝe þe oste:
‘Suse, seignours, as armes toste!’
But we haue þe better socoure,
we ben begyled, by seyn Saviour!
Per myȝt men see moony a wyȝt man
þat hastely to his armes ran,
and dide hem al to þe diche
to defende hem ful hastelyche.
Pere mony a gentel heued
quikly fro þe boody weuyd
and moony l[...]ges and mony a(xe)
and moony a stede þere dr(o)we his (þ)[ar](mes);
and mony gentyl mannes hond
lay ysmeten on þe sond,
and mony [a] k[n]y3[t] samfaile
was slayn in þat (ba)tayle.
Kynge Richard was seke tho,
alle Cristen men to muche wo!
He ne myȝt a foot him stere
þauȝe his paulyoun (w)[ere] a[erre]
Perfore þe kung of Fr[a]nce let crie
among þe Cristen [c]omp[an]ye
þat no shuld for deth[es] dout
passe þe Cristen dyck with(o)ut.
Perfore þey h(e)lde h(tm) with(y)[nee]
ffor þe Saryzyns shuld h[e]m [no]t wy[nn]e
moony S[ar]zy[n]s þo [...]
and þo þat w[ere ......] co[me]
hastely w(e)re [don to] d[ede]
ffor hem w(as) [no ra]nsom [...]

2192 seynours] seynours
The Saracen preuued nyght and day
to wynne the diche, if they may,
the barbycan they breken adoune
and hadden almost in icome,
and almost inne icome,
but God that made mone and sonne,
heled kyng Richard of his sekenesse
in that nede and that destresse.
And whenne Richard that bataylle understod
for wrath hit brent negh his blode
and dude him arme wel tho,
as a knyght myght do.

Hi[s] arblasters byfore him cast,
that many a Sarasyne deyde in hast,
byfor him wente his Templers,
his Gascons and his Hospitalers.
Kynge Richard among the Saraynes rit
and some into the sadelle he slyt.
The kyng he hit aboue the shilde,
that helme and heued fleigh into þe feld,
another stroke he haueth iwrought,
that alle his armur halp him noght.
The Sarazynys sped hem day and nyth the dyke to wynne, yf þei myth.
The barbicans þei brokeyn adoun and ney hauðyn mad enter comon, almost haddyn þe Sarazynys iwayne, but God þat mad boþe mone and sonne, he helyd oure kyng of his sekenesse in þat neþe and þat dystresse. Þo he þe batayl vndrestod full wroth hem þhout brend his blod, he armyd hym also wel þo os ony kyng myth do. Al his ost was him abowt, I þu seye: a nobyl rowt! His alblasteris befor him fast, many a Sarazyne þei doun cast, Beñorn went his Templers, his Gascouns and his Ospitelers. Oure kyng aȝeyne þe Sarazynys ryth, sumne to þe sadyl he smyth. The kyng of Torkeye he smot on þe schel[ld], that helm and heuyd fley in þe feld, anoder he hath a strok ibrouit, þat al his armoure servyd of nouȝt;

2229 barbicans] balbicans
Into the saddle he clef be ferthe,
al that he hitte, he drof to erthe.

[Blythe] was Cristen felawrede
of oure folke and of oure dede,
ther nas none armure pat stod his axe,
na more þane hote knyf doth waxe!

And whenne the soudon seigh him so strong
he seide the fende hem was amonge

and fleigh with alle his baronage
to a cite men calleth Gage,
but certaynelich þe rerewarde
was islayne with kyng Richard.
And tho that in Acres were
bycome fulle of sorrow and care,
whenne they seigh the soudon flee
and kyng Richard doune-right hem slee.
They hem assailed with arblast and bowe
and many a Saraseyne they slowe.
So last the strong fyght
twey dayes and twoo nyght
and euere in eyther half, saunz faille,
was iliche strong bataylle.
The Saracenus myght no lenger dure
but fledden into the hiegh toure

2255 blythe] that
the thredde fferd þat he may hytte
no man may his strok wythsette.
Al blythe was þe Cristen felarede
of kyng Richard and of his dede,
ffor non armys stood azen his ax,
no more þan hot knyf ageyn þe wax!
To hem he hew wyth his hond,
no man myth his strok stond.
Qwanne þe sowdoun saw hym so strong
he seyde þe deuyl was hem among,
ffor þat he saw þe folke þat he slow
wyth al his ost awey he drow
and ffl[e]d wyth his baronage
to a toun men calyd Solage,
and sert al his reward
was slayn wyth kyng Richard.

25v And þo þat in Acris were
were ful of sorwe and care,
qwanne þei saw þe sowdoun fle
and kyng Richard faste sle.
They hem assayid wyth alblast and bow,
many a Sarazyne þei feld and slow.
To dayis and too nythtes
the Cristen men heldyn þe fygtes
and euer a lyche hard, saunfayle,
lastid betwen hem þe batayl.
The thredde day wyth gret doloure
the Sarazynys fleddyn into þe toure
and cried trewes and parlement

to kyng Richard that was so gent,

and also to the kyng of ffraunce

they cried mercy, withoute distaunce.

Vp than stode her latumer

and cried aloude with voys cler

and seyde: 'Lusteth to me, lordynes,

ich wolle you telle good tythynges:

oure soudan sent worde by me,

he wille that Acres i-yolde be

and Jerusalem, to youre hond,

and of Surreye alle þat londe

to flum Jordayne, the water clere,

ffor x thousand besauntes by yere;

and yf that ye wolle so

ye shulleth haue pees for euermoo,

with þat ye make kyng of Surrey

Marcus feraunt of grete mastrie,

ffor he is strongest man iwyys

of Cristendom or of hethenesse!

Thanne seide kyng Richarde,

‘Thou lixt,’ he seide, ‘þow foule ‘sh[er]ward,

in euery gaderyng and in þ[r]es

Marcus is bothe fals and lees!

He was cristene[d] by my fader day

and now he hath renayed his lay!

2303 pres] pees
2309 cristened] cristene
2281 shreward] sherward
and cridyn trues and parlament

to kyng Richard that was so gent,
and also to he kyng of. France

they cridyn mercy for hire dystance.

Anon vp stod here latimer

and cryid aloude wyth voise clere,

'Herkenyth,' he seyde, 'lوردynge,'
to you I bryng good tydynge

that Saladyne sent be me:

he wil hat Acris golden be

and Jerusalem, into youre hond,

and Surry and al hat lond,

and he flym Jordan, hat water cler,

for ten m beaunt be zere;

and if hat ze wil so

ze schul hauyn pes euermo,

so hat ze make kyng of Surrye

Malkous Ferant of gret maistrye,

for he is he strongest knyth iwyys

of Cristendam or of hethenesse!'
He is wors than a hounde, he robbed sixti thousand pond of pe Hospitale honde, that my fader sende into pis londe that was to name kyng Henre Cristen men to gouernye.

And by Mary that bar Jhesus, fynde I the traytour amonges vs other by nyght other by day, with wilde hors he shalle be drawe!

Thanne answered pe kyng of Fraunce to kyng Richard withoute distaunce:

'Suffre Sir, beaw amys, thow hauest wrong, by seynt Denys, that thou thretest Sir Marcus, that neuer dute pe amys. If he hath ought seiden the tylle he shalle amenden to thy wille!

Ich am his borow Sir, take my gloue, lo, her Sir, for my loue!' 'Nay Sir,' quod Richard, 'by God, my Lorde, I nelle speke to the traytour neuer a worde. Neuer hadde be lore Acres toune, nadde be his tresoune!
and y[es] becomyn a Sarazyne,
God hym gyf wel evyl pyne!
He ys wers han a hond,
he robbyd sexti m pound
of be Ospitelers hond,
that my ffather sent into his lond
-that was clepyd kyng Henry-
Cristen men to gouerny.
I hym hote out of his ost
or hym swere be the holy Gost
and be Mary bat bar Jhesus,
ffynd I hym among vs
eypher be nyth or be dawe,
wyth [wyld hors he schal be drawe!]
Anon answerd the kyng of Frans
to kyng Richard, wythowtyn dystance:
‘A, suffyr, Sere, I pray the
and let now swylke wordes be!

‘Du hast wrong, be seynt Denys,
that Du thretist be marchis!

If he hath out don ille
it schal be mendyd at thi wille!
I am his borow, lo, here my gloue,
take yt, Sere, for my loue!’

‘I wil’ seyde Richard, ‘be Jhesus, my lord,
speke wyth the traytoure nowt a word.
Ne had neuer be lorn Acris toun
but throw his fals tresoun!
Let yele ayene my faders tresoure
and Jerusalem, with honoure,
and than my wrath ich him foryeve
And els neuer while pat I leue!
The kyng of France was wroth therefor
but he ne durste speke no more,
for euer he dradde of duntes hard
to vnderfonge of kyng Richard.
Whenne here latumer hurde this,
that kyng ne moste noght be Marcus,
he seyde: 'Lusteth to me, lordynges,
I wille yogh telle othwr tythynges
that beth more to your wille,
lateth oure men passen stylle,
withoute dunt, withoute harme,
with lyf, lyme, legges and arme,
and we wille yulde yogh this toun
and the holic Croyz of renoun;
sixti thousend prisouns also,
an hundred thousand besauns and mo,
and also ye may fynde here-ynne
ryche armure and muche wynne:
helmes, hauberges, sixti thousand,
here al redy, ye may fynd;
whete ynogh and othwr store
for your ost, seue yer and more.
Bute ye our bode willeth fonge
we mowe holde yogh withoute longe
and euere to fynde a man of oure
for to sle ten of youre.
D

3eld ageyne þat tresour
and Jerusalem wyth gret honour,
and þanne my wrath I hym forgyf
euermore, wil þat I lyf!"
The kyng of Frans was wroth þerfore
but he durst speke no more,
ffor euere he dredd him of dyntes hard
to vnderffonge [of] kyng Richard.
And þo [be] latimere herd þís,
that Malkows schulde not be marchis,
'Now I beske ȝu, lordynges,

26v takyth oþer presentynges
that ys more at ȝoure wille
and let ȝoure folke passe stille
wyth lyf, wyth lym, wyth hond, wyth arm,
wythowtyn dynt, wythowtyn harm,
and we schul ȝelde hys ȝe toun
and þe holy Cros of renoun;
sixti m presouns þerto,
wyth ȝa m besand and mo,
and hauyn ȝe schul allso here-inne
mekyl armoure and riche wynne:
helmyes, havberkys, sexti m,
and oþer ryches ȝe schul ffynde;
wete inow and oþer tresoure
ffor al þís seuen seuer and more.
And yf ȝe wil not þis affong
ȝe may ȝu holdyn þere long
and euere to ffynd on of ȝoure
ffor to sle too of ȝoure.

E

2341 tresour] tresonour
2348 of kyng] kyng
2349 þo [be] þo
2351 also] asso
We haueth here-ynne, withoute fable,
syxti thousand men defensable,
bute we pruyeth for loue of God
that ye willeth take oure bod!

Than answerede kyng Richard:

In my half I holde foreward,
sey thugh me, myscreaunt,
who shal be borgh othur waraunt
of the tresour th[ul]gh behotest vs

yf we letet yogh passe thus?’

’sire,’ he seyde, ‘we haueth herinne
Sarasyns of ryche kunne
that ye mogh take to ostage,
fort ye haue your payage.

Hit shal be payed att Halwe-masse
every ferthyng more and lasse!’

Thanne answerde kyng Richard:

In myn half I holde foreward
yf that ye willeth vs quit in late!
I[t] shal be do swithe whate.’

Tho kyng Richard was inne ycome
he toke to ostage alle and some.
Ther nas nothur lasse ne more,
alle the while hii were thore,
that moste out of Acres toun
fort hii hadde paid that raunson,
and the holy Crois therwith,
er hii moste haue pes and grith.

2381 thugh] thgh
2392 it] ich
for we han here-inne, wythowtyn ffable,
sexti m men fensable,
but we beske for 3oure good
\( \text{bat} \) 3e welyn ffong 3oure gude.
Take \( \text{bat} \) tresoure, more and lasse,
and vs from 3u quit passe!'
Anon seyde \( \text{be} \) kynge Richard
to \( \text{be} \) Sarazyne a forward:
'Sire, me \( \text{banne} \) must grant,
w[o] schal be \( \text{bi} \) warant
of \( \text{be} \) tresoure \( \text{bu} \) hitist vs
and I 3u late passe \( \text{bus} \)\?'
'And Sere, we han here menne,
Sarazins of ryche kenne,
that \( \text{se} \) mow takyn to 3oure ostage
tyl \( \text{bat} \) 3e han 3oure payage;
that schal ben at Alhaluyn-messe,
every ferdyng more and lasse!'
Anon answered kynge Richard:
'On myne half I graunt \( \text{bat} \) forward
if \( \text{bat} \) 3e wil vs quit in letel!'
'It schal be don,' \( \text{be} \) seyde as skete.
27r Than they let hem anon
and \( \text{be} \) toke to ostage eueryc oon
and into presoun put hem pore,
3ong and eld, lesse and more.
Ne must non owt of Acris toun
tul payid was \( \text{bat} \) ransom
and \( \text{be} \) holy Cros \( \text{berwyth} \)
or \( \text{be} \) haddyn pes or grith.

2378 Sarazyne] Sarazyme
2380 wo] we

12r Than they let hem anoon
and they toke to ostage eueryc oon
and into prison put hem pore,
3onge and olde, lasse and more.
Ther most noon out of Acris toun
tul paide \( \text{bat} \) was \( \text{bat} \) raunsom
and \( \text{be} \) hooly Croys \( \text{berwith} \),
or they hadden pes and gryth.
Ther was founde muchel eight
that was departed among the knyght.
Contek was atte acountynge,
the beste parte hadde Richard, oure kyng.
Alle the prisouns that were in the toun,
he yef hem cloth, gret foysoun,
he yef hem mete and armes bright
and made hem egre for to fight,
and toke hem into his partys
to venge God of his enimys.
Sone therafter bitidde a chaunce
bytwine Richard and the kyng of fraunce,
als they pleiden atte ches.
Thanne seyde kyng Phelip in a res:
"Kynge Richard, they thugh wynne
al this lond thurgh thy gynne,
I am lord, siker thugh be,
and I wolle bere the dignyte!"
"The dignyte," quath kyng Richard,
"thugh lixt, by seynt Leonard!
I the swere, by seynt Marie,
of my purchas ne getest thugh wrth a flye!
Yf thugh wilt haue dignite
265v° go wyn hyt with thy meyne
and fonde, if thugh hauest grace,
of the soudan to gete purchase!
I swere by seynt Thomas of Inde,
of my purchas thugh art byhynde!"
ffor wratth worth sike the kyng of fraunce,
his lechis seyde, withoute distaunce,
The was foundyn mekle eygtes
that was partid among his knytes.
ConTek ðer was at ðe incomyng
but ðe best hadde Richard,oure kynge.
The Cristyne presouns in Acris toun
Richard gaf hem cloþis, gret foyisoun,
mete and drynk and armys bryth
and made hem egre for to fyth,
and tok hem on his partye
to vengyn God of his enmye.
Sone þere-aftyr ffel a chance
þat Richard and þe kyng of Ffrans
togedir pleyid at þe ches.
Thanne seyd Philip in Acris:
'Richard, I wot wel þu m[ih]tyst wynne
al þis lond wyth coythse and gynne,
but I am lord, secere ye be,
and wil haue þe dygnite!'
'The dygnite,' seyd kyng Richard,
'Þu lyist, be God and sent Edward!
Of my purcha[s], be seynt Marie,
þu schalt haue no partye!
If þu wilt haue þe dygnite
gete yt þiself wyth þi meyne!
And ffond, yf þu haue grace,
of Saladyn to gete purchase!
ffor be seynt Thomas of Inde,
of my purchase þu art behynde!' Perfor euilyd þe kyng of Frans,
his leche seyde wythowlyn distance

2415 mihyst| mhitist
2421 purchae| purchal

2410 enmye| enmyse
that he ne sholde neuer hol be,
but he to ffraunce tourne aye.
The kyng of ffraunce tho vndurstode
that hure consail wa^ trywe and goode,
his shippes he dighte, more and lasse,
and wente hom atte Halwemassee.

Kyng Richard on hym gan to crie
and seyde he dude vilenye
that he wolde for any maladie
wende of the lond of Surrye,
er he hadde do Godes seruyce,
for lif or deth, in any wise.
The kyng of ffraunce wolde hym nogh here
but wente forth on this manere,
for they departede thus, forsoth,
euere aftur were they wroth.
On the morwe kyng Richard
dighte hym to Jafes ward
and ladde with hym a gret oste
in the name of the holy Goste.

Saladyn, that heigh soudan,
lay logged with many a man,
with many a tente and pauyloun,
to kepe Nazares toun.
The kyng [this] councel vnderstood
and seyde he leche was trewe and good.

He tok leue at kyng Richard
and at he oder afterward.
The duke of Burgonye [in] his stede he leet
and of his ffolk a party gret.
Richard fast on hym gan crye
and seyde he dede gret vilanye
that he wolde ffor maladye
owt of he lond of Surry,
wyd he were in Godes servyse,
ffor lyf or det or any wyse.
Kync Philip nold him not here,
he partyd wrathe in his maner
and after pat partyng, forsoke,
euer after pat he were wrode.
Richard [we]nt pat next nyth
toward Jaffes wyth many a knyth,
wyth hym he led gret ost
in he name of he holy Gost.
Be a doune he went acost
wythowtyn tene, wythowtyn bost.
Ther Saladyn, he soward,
was iloggyd wyth many a man,
wyt many tentes and pauyloun,
to kepe Nazarepis, pat gud toun.

[R]ychard went [e ne]xte ny3t
toward Jaffes with moony a kny3t.
with h(y)[m] he had ful grete hoo[t]l
in he name of he hooly Gost.
By a doun he went on cost
p(r)[yu]ely, withoute boost.
Pere Saladyn, he hegh sowd(an),
was logged with moony a man,
with [m]ony tentes and pa[u]yro[un],
ffor to kepe Nazareth to[u]n.
2461 The wey was narwe, saunz doute,
2462 therfore kyng Richard rod aboute.
2463 Byside fflum Jordan he gan hym reste,
2464 to sle the Sarasyns he was preste,
2465 for to fighte vppon the pleyn,
2466 that nolde the soudan Saladyn
2467 for he hadde in memorye
2468 265v² that he ne sholde wynne the victorye.
De weys were narow, wythowtyn dowte,
the kyng hym dede þeþor wythowte.
At þe flem Jordan he gan rest,
to sle þe Sarazynys he was prest,
on þe morow to fytyn on þe pleyn,
but so wold not Salaydyn
ffor he had in his memorye
he schuld not haue þe victorye.

2461 De ways were [n]a[ro]w s[ans] do[u]t[e],
2462 þe kyng held þeþor(e) without.
2463 A[t] flom Jordan he gan rest,
2464 to sleþe þe Saryzyns he w(as pr)est,
2465 a(m)or(o)w to fiȝt vpon þe playn,
2466 but þat wold not Saladyn,
2467 ffor he had i(n) his memorye
2468 þat he shul not haue þe victorye.
2469 k[yng] [R]ichard had in Acres noome
2470 (of) Saryzyns þat þeder coome
2471 (þat) [were hi]s most enemyse
2472 [hard]y kny3t[es of gret pry[s]e]
2473 of hethenesse gret lordynge,
2474 princes, dukes, erles and kinges,
2475 ameralles and mony a sowdan,
2476 her names y ne telle can.
2477 De prisoners þat lay yfetered fast
2478 to the sowdan þey souȝt fast:
2479 'We bere on vs so feele cheynes
2480 and his men don vs grete peynes,
2481 we mow neither sitte ne ligge
2482 but þe vs out of prisou(n) bygge,
2483 and with som raunsom vs helpe and borowe
2484 or we shul dye or þe þrydde morowel'
2485 De sowdan was ryȝt woo þeþore.
2486 Kynges and d[ukes] wel twoo score,
2487 amerals and mony anoþer lord,
2488 þey seide: 'We rede to make accord
2489 with king Richard þat is so stout
2490 ffor to delyeuere oure children out,
bat ðey ne be neith[er] honged ne drawe.

Of tresoure king Richard wold be fawe,

bat our children com hoom h[ele]

charge we mules, be our co[njs(e)le,

of brande gold and of baudek[y]nes

ffor ou[re] heires to make fyynes.

M[-] Inglish men louen giftes!

Of gold xx mennes lyftes

was laide on mules and on (r)abet.

Ten erl[s] cloþed in sanyt

to king Richard þa(t) brouȝt,

o(n) knees of grace þey h[im] besouȝt:

'Our sowdan sent ȝow þis tresoure

and (w)il be ȝowre frende euermore,

ffor þe prisoners þat ȝe [... ny]me

a[n](d] let hem goo with lyf and lyme

of prisoun þu hem lete,

þat hem no man slee ne bete!

ffor alle þey ben douȝty vassail(es),

kinges sones and amerailes,

þe best to Înde at þis tyme

þat ben (y)[n] al pay[n]yme;

and our ost most trusteth to

Saladyn hem loueth also.

Noon of hem lese he ne wold

ffor a toun ful of goolde!

King Richard þouȝt with hert myld:

'þis gold to take God me shilde!

Amonge ȝow parte it, þow charge,

ffor y haue brouȝt in ship and barge
more gold and siluer now with me,

pan hap your lord suche brie!

To his tresoure haue y non nede,

but, for my loue, y 30w beede

to meete with me pot 3e dwelle

and after mete y wol 30w telle,

proute counsaile y shal 30w answere

what word 3e shul your lord bere!

They graunt him with good wille,

King Richard cleped a baroun him tylle

and in consayle toke him alloon:

'I shal þe telle what þu shalt doon:

pruely go to þe prisoun,

to þe Saryzyns of most renoun,

þat ben bore of riche kyn,

pruely slee hem þerynne.

But when þe hedes ben ofsmyte

loke þat euery name be wryte

Upon a scrowe of parchemyn,

and here þe hedes to þe kycho

and in a caudron do hem cast,

bide þe cook seeth hem fast!

And loke þe beere be of stripe

and of her hed and of berd and lype.

When y am set and shal ete,

loke [il]t be not forsete,

se[r]ue hem þerwith in þis manere:

Ley euery hed in a platore

and b[ry]ng it forth whoot in honde,

[v]pw[a]rd þe wysage, þe teeth grennande.
...and loke þey be nothing Rowe
and […]t þe name aboue þe browe,
what he hight and of what kyn boore,
and an hoot heed bryng me byfore.
þfast þerof ete y shalle,
so y be paide wel with alle,
as it were of a tender chike
to see how þe other like!
Pe baroun, so seith þe gest,
dide anoon þe kynges behest.
At noon to meete þe wayte blew,
þe messengers it not knew,
Richard's lawe ne his custoom.
'Frendes,' he seide, 'þe ben welcom!'
To hem Richard [was] compenable,
þey were sette at þe pryd table.
Þeron was spred a clooth of sylke,
and a sanape, white as mylke;
salt was sette but no breed,
water ne wyne, white ne reed.
The Saryzyns were set and gan stare.
'Alas,' þey seide, 'How shal we fare?'
King Richard was set on doyse
with dukes, erles, proude in prese.
Éfro kycchyn com þe furst cours,
with trompes, pipes and tabours.
The steward toke greet þeeme
to serue king Richard to queueme,
lest after mete him tyd harme.
A Saryzyns hed he brouȝt warme,
he bare to Richard, it was not cleued,

pe name ywreton in his forheued.

The messangers were yseruid so:
cuer an heed bytwene twoo,
and in pe forhed wrete pe name,
perof pey hadden al grame.

Who pey weren, when pey seyen,
pe teers ran doun of her eyzen
and whenne pey pe letter radden
to be slaw soth pey dradden.
Richard his eyzen on hem he brewe,
how pey gon chaunge her hewe.

For her frendes pey syked soore

pat pey hadden loore for evernoore,
of her kynde blood pey were.
Po pey myzt wel forbere
ffor to pleye or for to laughe
pey nolde her mees neghe,
ne ete perof no mosselle.

King Richard behilde so welle
pe knyzt pat shulde Richard serue,
with a sherp knyff pe heued gan kerue.
King Richard ete with hert good,
pe Saryzyns wende he had be wood.
Either sat stytle and poked other:
'Certes pis is pe deyllses brother,
pat sleep oure men and bus hem eteth!' King Richard nothing forzeteth,
king Richard aboute him gan loke 3erne,

with wroþ semblant and yʒen sterne.
De messengers bo he bad:

2613 and loke þat se be wel at ese!

2614 Why kerue 3e not of joure mese

2615 and eteth now as y doo?

2616 Tel me why se loure soo!

2617 þey sat stille and soore quooke,

2618 þey durst neither speke ne loke,

2619 into þe erthe þey wold haue croope,

2620 to be slayn wel þey hope.

2621 Noon of hem answerd him no word,

2622 q(uo)d Richard bereth froo þe bord

2623 þat messe þat was byfore him sette.

2624 'And other meete se him fette!

2625 M(en) brouȝt bred, withoute bost,

2626 Venesoun, crane(s an)d good rost,

2627 pyment, clarrey and drynkes [l]ythe,

2628 king Richard bade hem be blithe.

2629 Mete ne drynke myȝt þey noon brouke,

2630 þey bit her lyppes and fast sowke,

2631 was noon of hem þat ete lust.

2632 King Richard her þouȝt wel wist

14v and seide: 'Frendes, be se not scoymes!

2634 This is þe maner of myn hous

2635 to be servid first, God woot,

2636 with a Saryzyns hed al whoot.

2637 But þoure maner y ne knew,

2638 as y am Cristen kyng and trew.

2639 3e shul þerof be certeyn,

2640 in saf condit to wynde aȝeyn,
ffor y ne wol for nothing
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)at suche a loos of me shuld spryng,
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)at y were velayn of maners
ffor to mysdo messengers!!
Whan ñey had ete and cloth was folde
king Richard gan hem beholde,
on knees ñey asked leue to goon.
Of hem al was ñer noon
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)at in message ñeder coom,
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)at him had leuer be at hoom
with her frendes and her kyndes,
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)an al ñe good ñat is in Inde!
Kyng Richard spake to ñe eldest man:
'Goth hoom and biddeth youre soudan
his malencoly ñat he abate.
Sey him ñat 3e com to late.
Slowliche was youre jorney gessed,
or 3e com ñe flessh was dressed
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)at men shuld serue with me,
bus at noon, and my mayne,
say him it shal not availe,
\(\hat{\text{p}}\)ause he forbarre vs youre vitaile,
flessh and fyssh, samon and kungsour,
we shul not dye for noon hungour
while ñat we mow wynne in fight
and slee ñe Saryzyns doun-ryst,
wesshe ñe flessh and sethe it with brede:
with a Saryzyn y may wel fede
euery day nyne or ten
of my good Cristen men!!
2671 King Richard seide: 'Y 30w waraunt:
2672 þer is no flesshe so noresshaunt
2673 to myn Inglyssh Cristen men,
2674 pertreche, heroun, plouer ne swan,
2675 cow ne ox, ship ne swyn,
2676 as is þe flessh of a Saryzyne.
2677 þere he is fat and tendere
2678 I and my men ben leene and sklendere!
2679 While any Saryzyn quyk be,
2680 lyuyng in al this contree,
2681 ffor meete wil we nouȝt care,
2682 wel fast aboute wil we fare!
2683 Euer day we shulle eete
2684 al þe Saryzyns þat we may gete.
2685 Into Ingelond wille we not goon,
2686 til they ben ete euerych oon!'
2687 The messengers aȝeyn hem twmyd,
2688 byfore her lord þey com and mornyd.
2689 Þe eldest tolde þe sowdan.
2690 king Richard was a noble man.
2691 'Perof bewar, lord, y the warne,
2692 in this worlde is noon so bold ne sterne!
2693 On knees we told him oure tale
2694 but vs ne geyned no gale.
2695 Of þy golde wolde he noon,
2696 he seith he hath wel better woon
2697 of riche tresoure þan hast þow.
2698 '—[—] vs,' he seide, 'y þeue it 3ow,
2699 tresoure and clooth, gold and palle,
2700 depart it among 3ow alle!'
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2701</td>
<td>To mete he bade us abyde,</td>
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<tr>
<td>2702</td>
<td>we were set at bord besyde,</td>
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<tr>
<td>2703</td>
<td>that stood Richardis table nyge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2704</td>
<td>what þeron com wel we syge,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2705</td>
<td>what messe byfore Richard com</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2706</td>
<td>wel we behelde, and good ȝeem(e) nam!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2707</td>
<td>A knygt brouȝt fro þe kechtyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2708</td>
<td>an hed soden of a Saryzyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2709</td>
<td>without herre, in a platere brode.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2710</td>
<td>His name was wreton in þe shoode</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2711</td>
<td>and fastened aboue his eyȝen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2712</td>
<td>Me stant no drede for to seyeȝen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2713</td>
<td>15v whos hed it was, men gan aske.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2714</td>
<td>'Þe sowdans son of Damaske!'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2715</td>
<td>At þe borde as we sate in fere,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2716</td>
<td>we were seruid in this manere:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2717</td>
<td>ever an hed bytwene twaye,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2718</td>
<td>ffor sorow þo we wende to deye.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2719</td>
<td>When we dede rede þe letter ryȝt,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2720</td>
<td>whos sone he was and what he hight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2721</td>
<td>the teers ron doun by oure berde,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2722</td>
<td>to be þere slayn we were aferde!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2723</td>
<td>Per com byfore my felow and me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2724</td>
<td>þe kynges sones hed of Nauerne,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2725</td>
<td>and his of Perce, þat sat me by,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2726</td>
<td>þe þyrd was of Samary,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2727</td>
<td>þe fourth was of Egypt,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2728</td>
<td>þo eueryche of us with ȝȝen wept,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2729</td>
<td>þe fyfte hed was of Aufryke,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2730</td>
<td>ffor sorow þo we gan syke!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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2705 ȝeeme nam] ȝeemenam
2707 kechyn] kechoun
Oure hertes tobrast almost asounder,

lord, sete mow here of a wounder:

byfore king Richard a knyght in hast
carue of the hed and he ete fast.

With teeth he gnew þe flessh herde

and as a wood lyon he ferde.

With his ey3en steep and grym

he spake and we behelde him.

ffor drede þo we wende to sterue:

he bade vs þat we shuld kerue

oure m(e)sse and ete as he dide!

To Mahound we bade [our]e bede,

ffro deth þat he be oure waraunt!

ffor sorow we made sory semblaunt.

'BEEP mery' he seide, 'yf it be your wille!

Dooth gladly and lyketh not ylle,

ffor y know not your gyse,

in my court þis is þe service!

After mete we toke leue,

he spake to vs wordes breue:

'þe shal gon hoome in save condyte,

no man shal do sow no dispite!'
but slee vp al þat he may fynde,
sethe þe ðlesshe and with teeth grynde!
Hunger, ywys, shal hem noon ayle,
into Ingelonde wille he not saile
tille he haue made clene werk
boþ of preest and of clerk!
Saladyne grunted þo for iere.
Kinges, princes and moony a syre
seiden: ‘Alas, þat we haue loore
oure heires ofoure boody bore
þat weren so wyght men and so strong!
Wele-away we leue to longe!
Herde we neuer wonder suche,
he is a deuel sekerlyche!
Allas, þat euer þis worre was bygoon,
now king Richard hath Acrys woon.
He hath ment, þif he may forsooth,
wynne est and west, north and south
and ete our children and vs!
Lord Saladyn, we rede þus:
ssende to him and beseche him eft
ffor þese þat been on lyue lefte
riche jewelles for þe noones
and mony precious stoones,
charged in harnaise and in cofer.
Þif so he wille, þow him profer
ffor to lete Jhesu and Mary.
Þef him lond, a grete party,
þat he be in pees and lete werre,
ffor-þat he is come so ferre
The soudan by his seruauns
sende kyng Richard riche presauns
and bysoughte for alle his men
that he hadde to ostage taen,
that he wolde take raunson
and deliure his men out of prison.
And if he wolde his God forsake
and Mahunde for his lord take,
of Surry he wold make hym kyng
and of Egipte, that ryche thyng;
of Sarras and of Babiloyne,
of Arrabye and of Sess[y]yne,
The thred day before þe vpsteyng of Jhesu Crist,oure heuen Kyng, Saladyn sent his servant to kyng Blchard wyth riche presant and besent him of his man that he hadde to ostage tan; and preyid he myth gyf ramsom for alle the Sarazynys in his toun. And yf he wolde Jhesu forsake and Mahond to lord take, of Surry he wolde make him kyng and of Egype, þat rychy thynge; of Damasour and of Babloyne, of Arabie and of Sesonye,
of Aufryk, of Aboger
and of alle the londes of Alisaunder;
of grete Grece and eke of Tyre,
of many anothur heigh empire.
He wolde hym make heigh soudan anon
ouer alle Inde to prester John.
Kync Richard answerde the messagers:
  'Fy on yogh, losyngers,
on yogh and Salayn, your lord,
  the deuel honge yogh by a cord!
Goth and seggeth Salayn
but he tomorwe make my fyn,
alle his dogges in ostage,
they shulleth deye with yuelle rage,
and but he me sende the roude tomorwe,
they shulleth deye in care and sorwe!
I wolde nought lese my Lordes loue
for alle the golde vndur heuene aboue!
And if y mote lyue a fewe yer,
of alle the londes ye nemneth her
I wole hym leue noght a foote,
so God me sende my saule boote!
The messagers gonne forth wende
and tolde the soudan word and ende.
On Efauel of Cypre he sat, ful falow,
that was as swyft as any swalow,
in þis werd at grete nede
was neuer ifoundyn a bettre stede!
The kynges baner was vnfold,
many man yt dede behold.
As sone as þey þe baneris myth se
the Sarazyns [g]unne awey to flee.
Oure Cristen folke cam þeder ryde
and turnyd hem agen þat tyde
and leydyn on hem wyth gret randoun,
als al þe world shuld a go down.
Kyng Richard befor smot
wyth his ax þat bytterlyc bot,
he hem hew and al tocarf,
many an heþen hond þere sterf.
The kyng cryd wyth voyse of moun[n]:
‘Sle doun ryth þe heþen houndes!’
Thus Richard his folke gan calle,
his men kemyn abowe him alle.
Neuer was man on erthe ryth
that better cowthe wyth hem flyth,
but many Cristen men, I telle secur,
weryn slayn in þat becur.
A cart þat was Hubertus Gautyre
was ouersett in a myre.
Saladynys sone þere cam
and here hernyse hem benam.
The cartere les his hond, aplyth,
therfor was slayn many a knyth.
that harneys kepte fourty,
therof were slawe thrytty.
Kyng Richard hiede hym thuder whate
but almost he com to late,
in his hond he huld a tronchon good,
many a Sarasyne he lett blood.

Ther was non armure verrement
so good, that myght withstonde his dent!
The Longespey, that ulke tyde,
leyde on faste by eche a syde.
Adoun hit felle, alle that he smot
with his fauchoun that bytter bot.
The bataille was fulle doutus
and to oure folk fulle perillous.
The hete was so wondur strong,
the poudur ros hem among.

Mo deyde for hete, at shorte wordes,
than dude for axes and for swerdes.
Kyng Richard was negh atteynt
and in the poudur almost adreynt.
On kneyes thanne he gan to falle
and Jhesu Crist bygan to calle,
to Jhesu and to his Modur Marie,
als y fynde in his storye.
Thanne com George, oure Lady knyght,
vppon a stede, good and lyght,
Here pauylounus þei gone þer told
and tyl nyth þei come þer-hold
for to abyde þe batayl
that cam be water, samfaile.
Sertes, þat was þe worst dwellyng
þat euer dwellyd Richard, our kyng!
Perwylys þe sowdoun Saladyn
sent aftir mony a Sarazyn
to bete adoun þe castelle,
ceteis, tounys and [tor]elle.
Fyrst þei betyn doun þe castel
þat was clepyd [Mi]rabel,
and after þe castel Calafyn
þat was mad of ston and lym.
Of Sesarye þei felldyn þe wal
and þe toure of Ar[su]r alle
Jafis castel þei felldyn adoun
and þe good castel Toren;
castel Pilcrim þei felldyn þare
and þe good castel Lazare,
the castel of seynt Jorge Dereyne
þei betyn doun and madyn pleyne.
The walleþei felldyn of Jerusalem
and þe walle of Bedlem,
many castelle þei letyn stond
and þe castel of Herkeys lond.
We knewe no mo þei lete
but þat þei weryn ifellyn and doun bete,
and þus þei dedyn wythowyn let
ffor Richard schuld haue no recet.

Her pauylouns þey gan þere telde
and til it was nygt þere hem helde
ffor to abide her vitaile
that com by water, samfaile.
That was þe worst dwellyng
that euer dwelled Richard, þe kyng!
Þat while þe sowdan Saladyn
sent after mony a Saryzyn
to bete doun þe castelle,
citeis, tounes and t[o]relle.
Þfirst þey bete adoun þe castelle
þat was ycleped Myrabelle,
and after þe castelle [C]alafyme
that was made of ston and lyme.
Of Sesary þey felde þe walle
and þe toure of Assure withalle,
Jaffis castelle þey bete adoun
and þe good castelle [T]oroun;
castel Pilgrime þey feld þere
and þe good castel Lazare,
and þe good castel of seynt George Dirrayn
thei feld al doun and made al playn.
Pe walles þey felde of Jerusalem
and þe walles of Bethelem,
Maiden castel þey lete stonde
and þe castel of Herkys londe.
By þat cost no mo þey lete
þat þey nere felde and doun bete,
and þus þey dede without let
ffor Richard schuld haue no reset.
And when the soudan had so done
Kynge Richard he sente to
and seyde he wolde the nexte morwe
mete hym in the feld, with sorwe,
and with a lancelto hym ryde
-yf he dorste hym abyde-
vnder the forest of Assour
he wolde asay hys valour.
Kynge Richard made hit nothyng togh
but for that tydyng ful smere he logh.
He comaundede al his ost
in the name of that holy Gost,
the shulle that nyght with gret vigour
resten hem vnder Arisour,
and euery man make hym redy than
to figlite with that soudan.
A seynt Marie euen, the Natiuite,
this ilke batayle sholde be.
Many was that hethyn man
with Saladyn come than:
of Inde, of Perce, of Babiloyne,
of Arabie and Sessoyne,
of Aufrick and of Auboge graundre,
of alle the londes of Alissaundre;
of grete Grece and eke of Tire,
of many anothur heigh empire,
of mo londes than eny man can telle,
but He that made heuene and helle!
That nyght kynge Richard, with honour,
was vndur the forest of Assour.
a thousand tabores and ryth mo
[at] onus smetyn togeder bo,
that alle be erthe denyd vnder;
per myth men asem gret wonder!
Speke we of Richard, our kyng,
how he cam wyth his [gyng]:
he was armyd wyth splentes of stel
and sat vpon his stede fauvel.
Wel him semyd baroun and knyth
that so wel coude ordeyne and dyth!
The first ost [to] be Templers
he 3af and [to] be Ospytelers,
and bad hem gon in Goddes name
the devyl to chenchip and to schame.
Jakes be N[e]ys and John de Neles
the Templers haddyn be ffyrst [eschele,
in be world be nere
better bodyis han bei were!
ffort bei prekyd, as I fynde,
wyth knytes xx þousand
and be Sarazynys þat bei mette,
wyth grym strokes bei hem grette.
Many a Sarazyn hat þer is fyne
31v and his soule [went] to Appolyn.
Po þat deyid of oure
went to God, oure Sauyoure.
Jakes de Neys was a good knyth,
slow þe Sarazynys do[un]-ryth,
he prekyd before his folke to rape
wyt his too sonys, and þat was skaþe!

3091 þre þousand taburers and 3it wel moo
at oones þey smote togeder þo,
þat al þe erthe hem donye vnder;
þere men myȝt here gret wonder!
Now speke we of Richard, þe kyng,
how he coom to batalyng:
he was armed in splyntes of stele
and sate vppon his stede Fauele.
Wel him louyd baroun and knyȝt
ffor he couthe wel ordeyn his fyȝt!

20r The first bataile to þe Templers
he 3af and to the Hospitelers,
and bade hem go in Goddes name
þe fend to shenship and to shame.
Jakys de Nyse and John de Nyse
before hem went in þat prese,
in al þe world þer nere
better knyȝtes þan þey were!
ffurth þey preked, y vnderstonde,
with good knyȝtes xx þousande
and þe Sarazynys þat þey mette
with grete launces þey hem grette.
Many a Sarazyn þat þere his fyn
and his sole wente to Appolyn.
And þo þat wenten to dep of oure
went to Criste, oure Sauyoure.
Jakys de Nys was a good knyȝt,
to sle þe Sarazynys he dide his myȝt,
he pryked tofore his folk to rathe
with his twoo sones, and þat was scathe!
Thre thousand Turkes come with bost
bytwyne Jakes and his ost,
that non help ne com hym to
for nought that euere myghte they do,
ne he myghte hym nought withdrawe
for the folk of the hethyn lawe.

Nyne sides he was yfeld
and euere he keuered hym with his sheld.
He hadde non helpe of Templers
ne euere the mo of Ospitelers,
but natheles wel he faught,
that the Sarasyns slogh hym naught.
He kepte hym euere with his swerd
and euere cried to Jhesu, oure Lord:
‘Nough I shal deye for thi loue,
receyue my soule to heuene aboue!’
D

ffor þat hare[n]ys kep[te] forty
and of hem were slayn þretty.
Richard hyed him þed[e]r ful rate
and almost he cam to late,
in his hond his ax ful good
and mony on he lete blood.

29v [On] hop[e] sydys he leye on
[gre]te strokys ful gret won.
P[e]r was non armure verament
that myht stondyn his dynt.

Doun þei felle þat he smot
wyth his fauc[h]oun þat wele bot.
That batayl was dotous
and to oure folke perlous.
The hete þat day was so strong
and þe pouder fleigh hem among,
and stoppyd þe Cristen mennys wond
that þey felle ded in þe sond.
Mo storvyn for hete, at schort wordes,
thanne for dynt of sper[e] or swerdes.
Richard was almost ateynt
and in þat strong pouder adreynt.
Doun on his kneys he gan falle
and on Jhesu helpe to calle,
ffor þe loue of his modir Marie,
oso wyndyn in þe storye.
He saw were cam seynt Jorge, þe kny[t],
upon a stede, good and lyth,

E

ffor þat harna[e]se kep[te] kep[ty] forty
and þerof weren slaw þretty.
Richard hyed þed[e]r with þat
and almost he com to late,
in his hond an axe ful good,
mony of hem he lete blood.

On euery side he leide on
g[re]te st[ro]kes ful good woon.
Per was [non] armour verament
þat myht withstonde his dynt.
William Longespayn in þat tyde
leide on harde on euery a syde.
Doun he feld al þat he smoot
with his fauchoun þat bitter boot.
ffor þat bataile was douteouse
and to oure folk perlous.
Pe heete of þe day was so stronge
and þe pouder fleighþ hem among
and stopped þe Cristen hond,
þat þey fel ded on þe sond.
Mo sterue for hete, at short prossesse,
þan for dynt of sper[e] or swerdes.
Richard was almost ataynt
and in þat strong pouder draynt.
Doun on knees he gan falle
and of Jhesu help doth calle,
ffor loue of his Moder Mary,
as we finde in story.
He sawe com ryde seynt George, þe kny[t],
on a stede, good and ly[t],

2941 harnys kep[e] kep[e] forty
2942 kep[e] kep[e] forty
2943 kep[e] kep[e] forty
2944 kep[e] kep[e] forty
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2997 kep[e] kep[e] forty
2998 kep[e] kep[e] forty
2999 kep[e] kep[e] forty
3000 kep[e] kep[e] forty
his armes were so whit so flour,
he bar the croys of red colour.
Alle that he mette that vlke stounde,
ners and man he drof to grounde,
and the wynde gan wexe lythe,
sturne strokes they gon be kythe.

Bertrum Braundis, that Lumbard,
Roberd of Tur[n]am and kyng Richard,
alle that ayenst hem gon be dryue,
smartly they refte hem hure lyue!
The Sarasyns flowe to reset,
into the cite of Nasareth;
they were hasted att a spore,
that moche of hure folk hii lore.

Tho was kyng Richard glad and blithe
and thonked Jhesu many a sythe,
and alle they made gret solas
for the wynnyng of Cayphas.
Erliche on morwe kyng Richard let crię
that alle his oste sholde on hie
toward the cite of Palastyn,
euer forth by the gret maryn.
in armys wyth so þe floure,
wyth a cros of red coloure.
Al þat he smot in þat stondé,
hors and man, felle to gronde
and þe wynd gan waxyn lyth,
the Cristen men gonne strokys kyþe.
Po kyng Richard sawe þat syþt
in his hert he was fulle liȝt
and egrýly, wyþhowtyn fayle,
he gan þe Sarazynys to asayle.
Sir Brandyse, þe good Lumbard,
Rober of Turn[h]am and kyng Richard,

They were so hyd at a spore
that mekyl of here folk þei lore.
Kyng Richard nathelæs
went to þe cete of Cayfas,
of þis victorie þei weryn blyþe
and thankyd God many sithe,
30r alle þei madyn gret solas
ffor þe wynnyng of Cayfas.
Sone on morow he dede crie
among þe ost, þei schuld hye
toward þe cete of Palastyne,
rit forþ þei þe] maryne.

2971 in armour white as þe floure,
with a cros of red coloure.
Alle þat he smot in þat stounde,
hors and man þe fel to gronde
and þe wynd gan waxe lythe,
þe Cristen gan her strokes kythe.
Po king Richard sawe þat syþt
in his hert he was fulle liȝt
and egrýly, withoutyn faile,
he gan þe Sarazynys to asaile.
Sir Braundys, þe good Lumbart,
Robert [Turn]ham an[d] king Richard,
here þese þre knyþes roode,
þat day was þe way wel broode!
And al þat gun aþen hem dryue,
sone þey were brouȝt of lyue.

They were so hard at þe spore
þat mucho of her folk þey lore.
King Richard nathelæs
went into þe cite of Cayphas,
of þis victorie he was blyþe
and þanked God an hundred sithe,
and al þey made grete solas
ffor þe wynnyng of Caifas.
Sone amorow he dide crie
among his ost þey shuld hye
toward þe cite of Palastyn,
riȝt forth by þe maryn.
Thy psy pauyloun he telte
and al to longe ther he dwelte,
for to abyde his vitayle
that cam by the water, saunfaile.
Certes, that was the worste dwellynge
that euere made Richard,oure kyng.
The while the soudan Saladin
sente aftur many a Sarasyn
for to bete adoun castelles,
cites, toures and torelles.
Furst the beten adoun the castel
that was called Mirabel,
and the castel Calasyn
that was a swythe noble gyn.
Of Cesarie they fulden the wal
and the toon of Assure al,
Jafes castel they beten adoun
and the good castel Turoun;
castel Pilegrym the fulden there
and the good castel of Offere,
the castel of seynt George Doreyn
they fulde adoun and made pleyn.
The walles they fulde of Jerusalem
and the walles of Bethleem,
Mayde castel they lete stonde
and the castel of Haucus londe.
By alle the cost were no mo ylete
that hii nere adoun bete,
and al that he dude withoute let
for Richard sholde hauc no reset.
And wanne þei haddyn þus ido
kyng Richard þei sowtynt to
and seyd þei wold on þe morow
metyn hym wyth mekyly sorow,
and wyth lances ageyn him ryde
-if he durst hem abyde-
nder þe forest of Archoure
þei woldyn assay his valoure.
Kyng Richard mad yt not tow
but for þat tydyng swe)cþe he low.
He let criþ in al þ[e] ost
in þe name of þe holy Gost,
that þei schuldyn wyth vigoure
that nyth herberw in Archoure,
and settynt hem alle redy þan
on morow to fytyn wyth þe soudon.
On seynt Marie evyn, þe Natiuite,
this batayl schul be.
Many was þe hethen man
that wyth þe soudoun cam þan:
of Ynde, of P[erce], of Babiloyne,
of Arabye and of Cessonye,
of Aufryke and of Bossye,
of þe lond of Alysandrye;
of gret Grece and of Tyre
and of many anodir empire.
Of mo londes þan I can telle,
or ony, but þe Lord of heuene and helle!
That nyth was Richard in Archoure,
in þe forest of Lessoure.

And when þey had þus do
kyng Richard þey sent vnto
and seide þey wold on þe morow
mete him with muche sorow,
and with lances aȝen him ryde
-sif he durst him abyde-
nder þe forest of Assoure
þey wolde assay his valoure.
Richard made it nouȝt towȝe
but for þat tydyng fast he lowȝe.
He dide criþ into al his ost
in þe name of the hooly Gost,
and bade þey shulde with grete vigour
þat nyȝt ha[r]baro[w] in Arson,
and dyȝt hem al redy þan
amorow to fyȝt with þe sowdan.
On seynt Mary even, þe Natiuite,
þe bataile þere shulde bee.
Mony was þe hethen man
that with Saladyn com þan:
of Inde and of Perce and of Babyloyn,
of Arabe and of Sessonyn,
of Aufryeke and Libie:
and al þe lond of Alisandrye;
of grete Grece and of Tyre
and of mony anoth[a]r empire,
of moo londes þan y can of telle
or eny man but it be Lord of heuene and helle!
That nyȝt was Richard in Arson,
in þe forest of Lessoure.
3061 With hym he hadde of Engelonde
3062 wise knyghtes and dooughty of honde,
3063 much Frensh folk and Templers,
3064 Gascoines fele and Ospitelers,
3065 of P[ro]uince fair companye,
3066 of Poile and of Lumbardye,
3067 of Gene, Sisile and Tuscan.
3068 He hadde with hym many a doghty man
3069 of Ostric and of Alymayne
3070 that wel coude fight vppon the playne.
3071 Lordlynges, ye shulle ywyte
3072 hogh this bataylle was ysmyte:
3073 the soudan com by a mountayne
3074 [and] ouerspradde hulle and playne.
3075 An hundred thousent, seyde a spie,
3076 com in the ferste companye
3077 with longe speres and hegh stedes,
3078 of goold and asure was hure wedes.
3079 Sixty thousent come afterward
3080 of Sarasens both stout and stark,
3081 hure gunfanouns and hure pensel
3082 were wroght of grene sendel.
3083 And aftar come fyue and fifty thousend
3084 with Saladin, the soudan, byhynd,
3085 and stille they come and nothyng arnde,
3086 hure armure ferde as hit barnde.
3087 Thre thousent Tourkeys come atte laste
3088 with bowe tourkeys and arblaste,
Wyth hym were of Engelond
knytes good, I understonde,
Efrenche folk and his Templeres,
his Gascouns and his Ospyteleres;
of Prouynce, fayre cumpanye,
of Poyle and of Lumbardye,
of Jene, Secile and of Toskan.
Per was many a dousty man

of Cristen bat weryn hende,
non fayrer to the worldes ende!
And as shul here as it is wrete,
how bat batayl was ismete:
Saladyn cam be a mountayne
and ouerspred bope hyl and pleyne.

Sixtyn m, seyt Ie story,
kemyn in Ie flyrst cumpany
wyth long berdes and heyde stedes,
of goold and assure were her wedes.
Efour m kemyn afterward
of Sarazyynes, stout and hard,
wyth many pensel of sekelatoun,
of sendel grene and of broun.
Almost fyve and fyfteousand
wyth Saladyn kemyn behynde,
they kemyn stille and nowt ernand,
here armys ferd os fyre brennyng.
Thre thousand Torkes comyn at Ie last
wyth bowe torkes and arblast,
3091 an hundred tanbours and wel mo
3092 and alle att ones smyte tho,
3093 that alle the erthe dyneth hem vndur;
3094 ther men myght se gret wondwr!
3095 But wulle ye hure of Richard, our kyng,
3096 hogh he com with his geng:
3097 he was armed with plente of styl
3098 and sat unpon his stede fis fauuel.
3099 Alle hym louede, baron and knyght,
3100 so welle he couthe ordeyne his fight!
3101 The furste bataille to the Templers
3102 he yaf and to the Ospiteleres,
3103 and bad hem go in Godes name
3104 the fayne to shinshipe and to shame.
3105 Jakes de Neis and Jhon de N[es]les
3106 before they wente into pres,
3107 267v in al this wide wordle ther nere
3108 betere knyghtes than hii were!
3109 They wente byfore, also we fynde,
3110 with knyghtes sixti thousende.
3111 With Sarasyns sone they mette,
3112 with grymly launces they hem grette,
3113 that many an hethin Sarasyn
3114 they slogh and sende to helle-pyn.
3115 And alle that euere deide of oure
3116 wente to Jhesu, oure Sauyoure.
3117 Jakes de Neis was a doughty knyght,
3118 to sle the Sarasyns he preyde myght,
3119 fro his oste he pricke to rathe
3120 with his sones and that was skathe!

3105 de Neles] de Nles
Ten thousand Turkeis com with boost bytwene Sir James and his ost.

Per myght noon help com him too for nothing þat þey myght do,
nor he ne myght him withdraue for þe folk of hethen lawe.

Hit was grete pite, by Jhesu Crist, þat king Richard þerof ne wist,
for he was ȝit al behinde and ordeyned þretty þousande.

Po shul þe duk of Burgoyne lede, and þe duk of Coloyne.

Þey gan pryke her destre irs aȝen þe hethen payneneres.
But James and his soones twoo almost were slawen tho,
and he leide on aryȝt and stered him as a douȝty knyȝt.

He and his soones slowe twenty and ten of þe vile hethen men,
20v nyne sythes his hors was felde and euer he keuerd him vnder his shelde.
He had no help of no Templere ne of noon Hospiteler,
neuerþeþ þe þat he ouerraȝt.
Þey leide on him with axe and swerde and euer he cryed: 'Mercy, Jhesu lorde!
I shal dye for thy loue,
recyeue my soule in heuen aboue!'
The Sarasyns with hure mase
al tofrussad hym in that plase,
hym and his sones bothe,
Therefore kyng Richard wexid wrothe,
that was rathe by Jhesu Crist,
kyng Richard therof noght wist
for he was hymself byhynde
and ordeyned twenty thousynde;
that sholde the duke of Burgoyne lede, and the erl of B[oloyne].
They so com and dude hure deuers
ayenst the hethyn pautoners.
And whenne kyng Richard wiste this,
[that] ded was Jakes de Neys,
‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘this is wronge,
byhynde y dwelle al to longe!’
He smot his stede with spore of golde,
sywe hym that siwe wolde!
In his honde a launce he hulde,
he gurt an amiral thurgh the shilde,
the hed smot thurgh that hethyn herte,
I undwrstonde, hit gan to smerte!
With that kyng Richard his hond withdrogh
and with that launce a kyng he slogh,
and so he dude anothur amural
and fyue dukes, withoute fail!
With that ilke launce silf
kyng Richard slogh kynges twelf;
the thrittethe into the chyne he carf,
the launce barst, the Sarasyn starf.
The Sarazynys leydyn on hym wyth mace
and slowin hym in þat place,
32r hym and his sonys boþe;
Perfor Richard made hem wroþe!

Qwanne kyng Richard wist þis,
that slayn was Jakis de Neys,
‘Allas,’ he seyde, ‘þat [is] wrong,
that I haue dwellyd so long!’
He smot þeauelle wyth spore of gold,
sewe him woso sewyn wold!
A lance in his hond he held,
on amorayle he smyt on þe scheld,
the spere carf þrow þe herte,
I vnderstond yt gan him smerte!
His hond swyþe he drow,
wyth þat lance a kyg he slow,
and so he dede a merayle
and fyve dukys, wythowtyn ffaylle!
Wyth þat ilke lance selue
Richard slow kynes twelue;
the þrettente þrow þe chyn he carf,
the spere brast, þe Sarazyn starf.

When kyng Richard wist þis,
þat slayn was Jakis de Nys,
‘Allas,’ he seide, ‘þis is wrong,
behynde we dwelle al to long!’
He smot Fauel wyth spores of gold,
sewe him whoso sew wold!
A launce in his honde he helde,
a meralle he smote on þe schelde,
þe spere carf þrouȝ his hert,
I vnderstond it gan him smert!
And with þe launce a kyng he slowȝe,
his honde swith aȝen he drowȝe,
and five dukys, withoute faile,
and so he dede also an ameraile!
With þat ilke launce silue
king Richard slow knyȝtes twelue;
þe prettyp to þe hert he carf,
þe launce brake, þe Sarazyn starf.
In his forarsun his axe heng,
anon hit toke Richard, our kyng.
Som men he smot on the shuldur-bon,
he clef hym into the sadel anon
and somme vpon that iren hode,
that atte gurdelle his axe astode.

Of my tale ne beoth noght awondred,
the Frenshe sey, he slogh a hundred
or he reste, in a rawe
-wherof is maked this Englissh sawe-.

The Sarasyms in here paulions
seide, kyng Richardes men ferde as lyons,
and that [they] with hure folk fare
as gryhund doth with the hare,
and smartly on horse lepyn,
sheld and sper to hem they grepyn.

Many a man ther slogh othur,
many a Sarasyn les his brothur
and many of that hethin houndes
with hure teith gnowe the grondes,
that by the blod o[n] the gras
men myght wyte where kyng Richard was.
The good ax on his arsoun hyng,
kyng Richard anon yt feng
and smot summe on þe schulder-bon
and clef doun to þe gyrdilwon,

and summe he paryd of þe croune,
that helm and heuyd fel adoun,
ffor non armys wrouth wyth hond
[ne] myght Richardes ax wythstond.
Of my tale be ȝu [not] awondryd,
the romance seth he slow a hundrid
-wherof is mad þis Englische sa[we]-
or he restyd him on a Jrawn.
Him folouyd many a Englisch knyth
þat manlic holpyn him to fyth,
they leydyn on as þey were wode,
the valeys ronnyn al on blode!
The Sarazynys in here pauiloun
32v saw hym fytyyn as a lyoun,
and þat þei wyth þe Sarazynys faryn
os grehoundis don wyth þe haryn.
Vpon here stedis quyk þei lepyn,
speris and lances on hym þei brekyn.
Many of hem slow þan oder,
many a Sarazyn slow his owyn broder,
many on deyid of þe hondis,
many on wyth þeth gnowyyn þe grondes.
Be þe red blod on þe gres
men myght se were Richard was.

His good axe on his arson hyng,
anon it toke Richard, oure kyng.
He smot som on þe shulder-bon
and carue him to þe arson anoon,

and of som he pared so þe croun
þat helme and hed fel adoun.
Non armour þat euer made honde
ne myȝt Richardis ax withstood.
21r Of my tale be not awondered,
þe gesst telleth he slowȝ an hundred
-wherof is made þis Inglissh sawe-
or he rested him any Jrawn.
Him folowyn mony an Inglessh knyt
þat manly halp him for to fyȝt,
þei leiden on as þey were wood,
þe valeys ron al on bloode!
The Sarayzynys in her pauylouns
sey hem fyȝt as lyouns,
and þat Richard did with hem fare
as þe grehound doth with þe hare.
Vpon her stedes quyly þey lepen
and toke with hem al her wepon.
Mony a man þere sowe other,
mony a Sarayzyn lost his brother,
mony of þe hethen houndes
with þer tethe gnew þe groundes.
By þe blod vpon þe gras
men myȝt se where Richard was.
Breyn and blod he shadde ynogh,
many a stede his guttes drogh,
ther was many an empty sadelle,
that bywep the child in the cradelle.
He thought rescowe Jakes de Neim
but at he com, he was sleyn,
he and [his] sones anon
were tohwew, flessh and bon.
Kynge Richard wente to pauloun
in despit of Mahun,
and dude hym fressh a lyte
alle the Sarasyns in despite.
He wente into bataille ayein,
many a Sarasin he hath sleyn
and leid on faste in eche a syde,
the Sarasyns ne durste no leng abyde,
but six thousand and seue skore
kyng Richard drof hym before,
vp ayenst an hegh cliue
thei fley as deor that were dryue,
and for the drede of kyng Richard
of the clif they fulle adounward,
and al toburste hors and man,
that non come to gode of ham!
That sey the soudan Saladin,
welle he wente his lyf to tyn
and lefte his pauloon and his tent
and fley away verement.
Then kyng Richard sey the soudan fleing,
he rod aftur faste flygyng,
Brayne and blod þei bleddyng inow,
many an hors his guttes drow,
þer was many an empty sadil
and slayn þe sone and þe fader.
He þowt to wreke þe Jakys de Neys
and or he cam he was slayn iwis,
þfor he and his sonys anon
were hewyn boðe fleysche and boon.
Kyng Richard hem led to a pauyloun
in spyt of here god Mahoun.

Po fayt Richard on euery syde,
þe Sarazynys durst no lenger byde.
Sixti þousand and seven skoore
at oones Richard drof hem byfore,
vp to an hygh cleue
þey fled as dere þat were dreue,
and for dout of kyng Richard
þei fellyn alle in þe clef donward,
and þo brostyn hors and man,
ne past þer non alyue þan!
That saw þe sowdoun Saladyn,
he was agast his lyf to tyn,
he left þauyloun and tent
and fley away verament.
Kyng Richard saw him fleand
and cam after faste flyngand,
3241 to sle hym was his thoght
3242 but he myghte hym take noght.
3243 Of a footman a bowe he toke
3244 and drogh an arwe vp to the hoke
3245 and sente hit to that soudan anon,
3246 hit fley thurghout his shulder-bon.
3247 And thus the soudan with dolour
3248 fley fro the bataille of Assour.
3249 But sixtis thousand of hethin lawe
3250 in that bataille were slawe,
3251 and of Cristene but fyf skore,
3252 iblessed be Jhesu Crist therfore!
3253 Alle was the soudans pauilon
3254 [of] silk, sendel, of ciclaton,
3255 his chapun al of castelle,
3256 of gold and seluer [the] penselle.
3257 Many was the noble geste,
3258 ther was portreid of wilde beste,
3259 of tigris, dragons, lyon, lebard,
3260 and al this wan ther kyng Richard.
3261
3262
3263
3264
3265 Bacon, carcois and veneson,
3266 oure Cristene hadde so gret feison
3267 that ther was nothyr more ne lasse,
3268 that wiste where hure good to tasse!
3269 Kyng Richard wenfe with honour
3270 into that cite of Assur

3254 of silk] silk
3256 the penselle] and penselle
to sle þe sowdoun he had þouȝt
but for he myȝt ouertake him nouȝt.
Of a footman a bow he tok
and drow an arow to þe hook
and sent yt to þe sowdoun anon
ryth þat it fleye þrouȝe his pol-boon.
And þus þe sawdoun with dolour
ffley fro þe bataile of Archerouere.
Sixty þousand þere were slawe,
Sarazynys of þe hethen lawe,
of Cristen men but ten score,
blisycl be God þerfor!
Richard tok here pauylons
of sendel, of sekelatons,
that weryn ischape os castelle,
of gold were þe pomelle.
Many was þe noble jestes,
þeronne was schapyn wyld bestes,
tygris, dragons, lyouns, lebardes,
and al yt was kyng Richardes.
B[ō]ndon cofris and gret male
þei haddyn þer, wythowtyn tale.
Of tresoure þei haddyn so good won,
þei ne wist þerwyth qwat to don,
bacoun, karkeys and venysoun,
the Cristen haddyn gret floysoun,
þat þei ne wiste erly nor late
wom þei mythte here good betake.
Richard went wyth gret honoure
into þe cete of Archerouere

3261 bondon] bindon
3271 and restid hym there al that nyght
3272 and thankede God, fulle of myght.
3273 Erly amorwe kyng Richard aros
3274 wide sprung his good los,
3275 and called of Naplus, Sire Gauter,
3276 that was his maister Ospiteler,
3277
3278 and bad hym into the feld ten
3279 there the bataille hadde ben,
3280 and take Jakes, the baroun,
3281 and lede hym to Jerusalem toun
3282 and burye hym ther in erthe
3283 for that he was werthe.
3284 Hastely, withoute cheste,
3285 was do the kyngis heste.
3286
3287 And thus kyng Richard wan Assur,
3288 God grunte his soule gret honour!
and rested him there all night and thanked Jesus full of might. 3272 and thanked Jesus, full of might.
On morow when he kyng aroos his dedes were worthy and his loos. 3274
but neitheles he cleped [Sir] Gauter that was his maister Ospitelerere, 3275 but natheles he cleped [Sir] Gauter
that was his maister Ospitelerere,
he bad him take wyth him knygtes, 3277 and bade him take with him his knygtes,
stout in armes and bolde in fy3tes, 3278 stout in armes and bolde in fy3tes,
and go into the feld wyth barounus bold 3279 and go into the feld with baroun bold
and lede Sire Jakeys, the baroun, 3282 into Arsoure, the barun,
and led Sire Jakeys, the baroun, 3282 and laden Jakes, the barun,
into Arsoure, the barun, 3282 and bury him there in erthe 3283 and bury him there in erthe
ffor he was of gret worjye. 3284 ffor he was a man muche worth.
Anon was don, wythoutyn jest. 3285 All was do, without chest,
hastely the kynges hest. 3286 Thus king Richard wan Arsoure,
Thus kyng Richard wan Archoure, 3287 Thus king Richard wan Archoure,
God gyf his soule mekyl honour! 3288 God sende his sowle muche honour! God gyf his soule mekyl honour!
Fro the bataile to Babyloyn he fled pyn. 3291 Therfore Richard, without distaunce,
Fro the bataile to Babyloyn he fled pyn. 3291 Therfore Richard, without distaunce,
he sojourned in Acris citee 3294 he sojourned in Acris citee
that tyme, as y telle it lye! 3295 that tyme, as y telle it lye!
He com to Richard, without faile, 3296 and he him asked consaile
and he him asked consaile 3296 and he him asked consaile
3297 gif he wolde, without essoyn, 3298 wende with him to Babyloyn,
3299 ffor had he that citee woon 3300 ffor had he that citee woon
banne had we wel oure game bygonne,
'The sawdan ful of couetis
he is fled, forsoth, ywys!'
As Richard and Philip 
be sowdan sent faire and hende,
his barouns he sent after 
at tyme 
and assembled moony a boold payyme.
Sixty þousand were tolde
of gylde spores in þe þ[e]lde
without footmen and pedaile,
þat þere was come vnto bataile,
as he seide þat was þe aspye,
þat tolde þe folk on bothe partye.
Twenty hundred þousand of hethen men
to bataile had þe sowdan þan.
Now lysteneth, both jong and olde,
ffor his loue þat Judas solde,
thoo men þat louen trowth and ryght 
euer he sendeth hem strength and myjt!
Þat was þere ful wel yseene
of Cristen ost, withoutyn weene,
ne were no mo, y nderstonde,
in alle but viii score þousende.
Kyg Richard sixty þousand ladde
and for Philip and his me[n] were so rad,
an hundred þousand had hee
by þat oo side of þe citee,
to kepe yn þe Saryzyns stout
þat noon of hem myjt passe out.
Ffor Richard on þat other side lay
and to bataile redy euery day
3331 with magnelles and with spryngalle,
3332 with many an arowe and mony quarelle.
3333 Pe was no Saryzyn so stout
3334 þat ouer þe walle durst loke out.
3335 Pe citee was so strong withynne
3336 þat no man myȝt to hem wynne.
3337 Pe stronge gynnes for the noones
3338 brake þe walles of harde stoones,
3339 her gates and her barbyken.
3340 Be þu seker, þe hethen men
3341 made a countryng, harde and strong,
3342 þat many men died þer among.
3343 Ffor had kyng Philip trew be
3344 at þe sege of þat citee,
3345 þer had neuer ascaped man,
3346 hethen king ne sowdan,
3347 þat þey ne had be slawe doun-ryȝt;
3348 ffor king Richard ageyn þe nyȝt
3349 whenne þe sonne was gon to rest
3350 with his oste he wolde be prest.
3351 He saue a countryng smert,
3352 myȝt him no paynym ouerstert.
3353 He slow hem doun, grete plente,
3354 and wilde-fire cast into þe citee.
3355 23r The Saryzyns defended hem fast
3356 with bowe turkeis and arblast,
3357 harde fyȝt was hem bytwene
3358 as þey seide þat myȝt it seene.
3359 Arowes, quarelles as þyk gan fle
3360 as mootes in þe soon þat men myȝt se,
and wilde-fire þe folk to brenne.
Then conceile toke þe hethen men
to fyȝt with him in the feld:
þe cite wolde þey nouȝt ȝelde,
of Richard myȝt þey nouȝt spede
to take trews at no neede
ffor nothing Richard seide þan,
tyle they had slawe þe sowdan
and brend al þat were in þe citee.
þe messengers þan turned aȝee
to þat other side of þat toun
and cryed trews with gret rauȝsom
to Philip, king of Fraunce.
And he hem graunted, with meschaunce,
ffor a porcioun of golde;
and elles had þe toun be ȝolde
and alle þe Saryzyns yslawe
and þan had Richard be fawe!
And al his men to Richard fylle
ffor þat other side was styyle.
Richard wende þat Philip fouȝt
but he and his men dide nouȝt
but made hem mery euery nyȝt,
they were traytours in þat fyȝt!
He [l]oued no crownes to crake
but tresoure with tresoun to take.
King Philip to Richard gan sende
þat he myȝt him no lenger defende,
ffor hunger he and his men also
must breke þe sege and goo.
3391  Sory was king Richard ēan
3392  and seide: 'Traitoure, f[a]ls man,
3393  ffor couetyse of tresoure
3394  he doth himself grete dishonour
3395  that he shuld ē Saryzyns respite ȝeue,
3396  hit is harme ēat suche men lyue,
3397  to breke ē sege and to withdrawe!'
3398  Þen were ē Saryzyns wonder fawe,
3399  muche joye was hem amonge,
3400  mynstrelles trumpede and made mery songe.
3401  The nexte day after ēen
3402  messengers com from ēe sowdan
3403  and gret Richard in ēis manere
3404  and seid: 'Sir, ȝif ēy wille were,
3405  my lord by me to ēe sent
3406  ȝif ēu wilt graunt in present,
3407  thow art strong of flessh and boones
3408  and he is douȝty, for the noones,
3409  ēu dost him grete harme and teene
3410  and distroyest his citees bydene!
3411  Al ȝat ēu worrest it is wrong,
3412  ēu sleest his men and etist among!
3413  Thow claymest herytage in his londe,
3414  he doth ēe wel to vnderstonde
3415  ȝat ȝow ne hast ȝerto no ryȝt!
3416  Þow seist ȝy God is ful of myȝt,
3417  wilt ȝow graunt with spere and shilde
3418  þyfelue to preue it in þe feelde,
3419  wheþer be of more powere
3420  Jhesu Crist or Jubitere?
He sent þe to sey þis:

3422 3if þu wilt haue an hors of his.

3423 In al þe londes þat þu hast goon

3424 suche a stede sey þu neuer noon,

3425 ffauel of Cipre ne Bayard, þy steede,

3426 be noȝt half worth so muche at neede!

3427 If þu wilt, þis ilke daye

3428 it shal be brouȝt þe to assaye!

3429 Richard seide: 'þu seist welle,

3430 suche an hors, by seynt Michell, 

3431 I wolde haue to ryde vpon

3432 ffor myn were þbyn and al forgon.

3433 And y shal for my lordes loue,

3434 þat vs alle sittethe aboue,

3435 24r and his own hors be good

3436 with a spere y shal shede his blood,

3437 yf he wolde graȝnte and holde

3438 in þe maner, as þu hast tolde.

3439 Bid him sende þat hors to me

3440 and y wil assaye what he be,

3441 3if he be trusty, samfaile,

3442 and kepe noon other into bataile!' 

3443 The messengers anoon hoom went

3444 and tolde þe sowdan, with good entent,

3445 þat Richard wolde him in þe felde mete.

3446 Pe ric[he] sowdan also skeete

3447 a messengere he sent on high

3448 after a clerk of negremancy.

3449 He couth conjure, as y þe telle,

3450 by þe deuelles crafte in helle,

3446 riche] Richard
two stronge deuelles out of þe ayre
in likenes of twoo steedes faire.
Lyche þey were of hew and here,
as þey seide þat were þere.
Neuer was seyn noon suche,
þat oon was a mare ulyche,
that other a colt, a noble stede;
where þat þey were in every dede
þer was neuer knyjt so bold,
þat when þe mere neȝe wolde
shuld it hold aȝens his wille,
þat he ne wolde renne here tille
and knele adoun and sowke his dame.
Þe while þe sowdan with shame
shuld king Richard quelle.
Al þus þe angel gan him telle
that com to him about mydnyȝt
and seide: 'Awake, Goddes knyjt,
my Lorde þe doth to vnderstonde
þat þe shal come an hors to honde
-sfare it is, of body pyt-
to betraye þe, yt þe sowdan myȝt.
On him to ryde haue þu no drede,
he shal þe help at thy nede!
24v Puruey a tree booth greet and strong
þat it be fouerty foot long,
and trusse it ouerȝwart his maane.
Al þat he meteȝ shal haue shame!
Take a brydeleþ be aungel seide,
'and make it fast aboute his heued
and put þe brydel in his mouth,
þu maist him turne north and south,
he shal þe servue at thy wille
when þe sowdan ryde þe tille!
Haue a speres hed of steele,
he hath noon armour wrouȝt so weele
þat he ne wyl persh, þe þow bold!
When þe aungel had him so told
anoon to heuen aȝen he went.
Amorow þe hors was to him sent,
king Richard þerof was blythe.
A sadel he dyȝt for him swythe,
þe arsons were of ireyn towȝe
ffor þey shulde be strong ynowȝe
and with a cheyne he gyrde him fast,
a brydel on his hed he cast
as þe aungel him had tauȝt;
two good hookes forȝat he nouȝt,
in his arsoun he sette byfore.
With waxe he dide his eres þore
and seide: 'By þe apposteles twelue,
þauȝ þu be þe deuyl himselfe,
þu shalt servue at þis nede,
by Him þat on þe roode gan blede
and suffryd grymly woundes fyve
and sethen roos fro deth to lyve,
and gan þe fendas pouste felle
and brouȝt mankynd out of helle
and sethe styed into heuyn!
Now God for his names sevyn,
3511 of ilke God in persones þree,
3512 in his name, y hoote the,
3513 that þu serue me at my wylle!
3514 He shook his heued and stood ful stytle.
3515 25r Kyng Richard made mery al nyȝt.
3516 Amorow when it was daylyȝt
3517 sixti saudans þere were, stout,
3518 þat of þe citee comen out
3519 and batailed hem on a ryuer
3520 with bryȝt helmes and armour clere.
3521 þat day was tolde, without lesyng,
3522 of sawdans and of hethen king
3523 an hundred and ȝit moo,
3524 þe lest of hem brouȝt with hem þoo
3525 twenti þousand and ten.
3526 Agens oon of oure men
3527 were a d[o]seen at þe lest,
3528 te oste ferde as a forest.
3529 Of Saryzyns was so gret an host
3530 welle a ten myle of þe cost.
3531 They made shiltrynges bataile to abyde,
3532 messengers bytwene gan ryde
3533 to king Philip and king Richard
3534 ȝif þey wolde holde forward
3535 þat þey hadden sette þe day afoore;
3536 the Saryzyns redy wore,
3537 twenty c þousand þer ben,
3538 king Richard houyd and gan hem sen.
3539 Al was keuered felde and playnes
3540 with barouns, knyȝtes and swaynes.

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3527 d[o]seen] dese[n]
They trumped loude and mad sown,
be Cristen men made hem boun.
King Richard nothing him dred,
‘As armes!’ to his folk he gred
and seide: ‘Felowes, for be rood,
looke 3e be of comfort good
ffor, yf we gete be pris today,
of hetenhes al the noblay
ffor euermore we haue woon!
He þat made moone and soon,
he be oure help and 3eue vs myȝt
aȝyn þe Saryzyns to holde fyȝt
with swerd and axe made of steele.
And but y this day mete hem wele
25v euer fro hennes forward
hold me for a coward!
But euer Cristen man and page
þis day haue to his wage,
þrouȝ Goddes helpe and þrouȝ myn,
an heed of a Saryzyn!
Suche werkes among hem shal y make
of þat y may ouertake,
and fro þis tyme tyl domesday
they shul speke of king Richard’s pay!
Þe Cristen men were armed wele
bothe in yren and in steele,
þe king of Êfraunce, without faile,
was þoo redy for to assaile.
Aboute þe Saryzyns þey gan ryde,
shiltron þey dyȝt batailes to abyde.
Pey forstopped hem þe lande-ways,
þey myȝt not flee into þecontreys
ne socoure noon to hem coom
til þey were slayn or noome.
But þe ſirens™ men þat y of tolde,
þer was noon of hem so bolde
to touche þe Saryzyns shiltrom
tyl king Richard was ycoom.
Now hath Richard with his oste
beclosed hem by another coste
bytwene hem and þe citee
þat no Saragyn ne myȝt flee.
Þat on held assaut ful harde,
þre ostes held Richard
to the citee þat noon myȝt out,
were he neuer so strong ne stout.
And twoo hostes with him he hadde,
bryng him his hors anoon he bade
þat þe sawdan had him sent.
He seide: 'With his owne present
I shal him mete longe or nyȝt!'
To hors þo he was dyȝt,
him lakked nothing þat he ne hadde,
his men brouȝt him al þat he hem badde.
A square tree of fourty feet
byfore his sadel anoon he hete,
ffast þat men shulde it brase
þat it failed at noo case.
A quayntise of þe kings own
vpon þe hors was ythrown,
D

3601 vpon þe arsoun an axe of steele
3602 and by þat other side a masuele.
3603 Himself was wryed with þe best,
3604 plates of steele men on him kest,
3605 an helme he hadde of rych entaille,
3606 trusty and trew was his ventaile;
3607 on his crest a culuer white
3608 þat signified þe hooly Spiryte,
3609 vpon a cros þe culuer stoode
3610 of gold ðaue, rych and goode,
3611 and vnder þe croys Mary and John,
3612 as He was on þe rood don,
3613 in þe signe for whom he fouȝt.
3614 His good spere forȝate he nouȝt,
3615 on þat shafte wolde he haue
3616 Goddes high name ygruue.
3617 Now herkeneþ how þey ben swore
3618 or þey goo to bataile byfore,
3619 ðgif þat so were þat Richard myȝt
3620 slee þe saudan in feld with fyȝt,
3621 he and his ost shulde goo
3622 at her wille, euerych oon,
3623 into þe citee of Babyloyn
3624 and al þe kyngdome of Massydoyn
3625 he shulde haue vnder honde.
3626 And yf þe soudan of þat londe
3627 myȝt slee Richard in þe felde
3628 with swerd, axe or shilde,
3629 þat Cristen men shulde goo
3630 out of þe londe for euermoo,
and Saryzyns to do what þei wolde.
Quod Richard: 'In my tyme ye holde
þerto my gloue, as trew knygt!'
Þey ben armed and redy dygt,
kyng Richard into saddel lepe,
who þat wille, take kepe!
To se þat fi(3)t it was seire,
þe stedes ron with grete ire
as harre as þey myȝt dure,
after her feet sprung þe fure.
Taburres bete and trumpes blew,
þer myȝt men see in a þrowe
how king Richard, þe nobel man,
encountred with þe high sowdan,
þat pris was hold of al Damasse,
his trust vppon his steede was.
Perfore, as þe book vs telles,
his crouper hynge al ful of belles
and [his] paytrelle and his arsun,
thre nyle men myȝt here þe soun.
His mare neyed when þe belles rang
with grete pryde, withoute lesyng.
A fauchon on his honde he bare
þfor he þougȝt he wolde þare
have slawe Richard with tresoun.
When his hors kneled adoun
as a ffoole þat shulde souke,
he was tofore war of þe pouke,
his eres were stopped fast,
þerfore Richard was nouȝt agast.

3647 telles] tellothes
3649 his paytrelle] paytrelle
3657 ffoole] ffoole
He stooke þe fende and fast he geth
and ȝauæ þe sordan dýnt of deth,
and on his helme, verament,
was paynted a serpent.
With þat sp[e]re þat Richard helde
he bare him þrouȝ vnder þe sheld.
Pere myȝt him noon armoure last,
brydel and paytrelle al tobrast,
his girpes and his styropes also,
his mare to ground fel þoo.
Maugrey his berde he dide him stoupc
bakwarde ouer his hors croupe,
his feet toward þe firmament.
Anoon Richard his spere out hent
27r
and lafte him vpon þe grene
and smot þe fende with spores kene.
In þe name of þe hooly Gost
he went into þe hethen ost,
anoon as he was come
he tobrake her shiltroun,
and al þat euere before him stroode
hors and man to grounde þede.
Twenty foot on euery side
whom þat he ouertoke þat tyde
of her lyfes was waraunt noon,
þrouȝe-out of þe ost he gan goon.
As byn swarme aboute an hyve
þe Cristen men gan after dryue.
When þe Freñsh men þe sooth wisten,
þat þe maistry hadde þe Cristen,

3665 spere] spire
they were bold and good hert toke,
swerdes and speres fast þey shooke.
Þey slowe þe Saryzyns doun-ryȝt,
of Ingelonde moony a doȝty knyȝt,
þey went wele þat ilke day,
and of Salesbury þe Longespay
to grounde he felde with his honde
alle þat he byfore him founde.
And next king Richard euer was
Þouk Doly and of Multoun Thomas,
where þat eny of hem coom
þey spared neyther lord ne groom
þat þey ne smote al adoun.
The Saryzyns þat weren in þe toun
gonne to wepe with her eyȝen
ffor grete sorow þat þey seȝen,
and ful loude mercy þey cryed
and sette vp þe ȝates wyde,
and at her wille þey yn coom,
þe Cristen hadde þe citee noom!
Hastely anoon withalle
þey sette her baner on þe walle,
þe kinges baner of Ingelonde.
This Saladyne gan vnderstonde
that þe cite golde was.
He gan to crye: 'Allas, allas,
þe priȝe of hethenes is ydoon!'
He gan to flee aȝen ful soon
and fayn he was þat he so myȝt!
And king Richard, þe noble knyȝt,
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when he saw þe sowdan fle,
‘Abyde coward,’ þen seide he,
‘I shal preue þat þu art fals
and al þy cursed goddes als!’
Richard after highed faste,
þe sowdan was ful soore agast.
A wood byfore him he seye,
þederward fast fled hee.
Richard went þe wood nere,
he douted him of encombrete,
he myȝt not in for his tree,
sone he turned his hors aȝee
and mette with an hethen kyng,
his axe he toke out of þe ryng
and cleue his hed into þe brest
þat his lyf no lenger lest.
Sex he slowȝ of hethen kynges,
to tel þe sothe in al þinges.
In þat bataile, y vnderstonde,
moȝ þan sixty þoungde
[of] empte sadelle aboute ȝede,
vp to þe ancles [w]as þe blood.
Aboute þey ȝede with grete pride,
the man þat wolde, myȝt ryde.
Þe bataile lasted tyl þat was nyȝt
and when þey hadden slawe doun-ryȝt
þe Saryzyns þat þey myȝt ouertake,
grete joy þe Cristen gan make.
Þey kneled and þanked God of heuyn
and worshiped him with myleste steuyn
and tyl þe citee þey gon goon,
of gold and syluer þey hadden good woon.
þey founde ynowe, withoute faile,
mete and drynke and other vitale.

3755 28r Kyng and erle and barouns and knyȝt
toke her rest þerynne þat nyȝt.

3756 Kyng Richard amorow ros,
to here masse anon he gos.

3757 Saryzyns to him come
and prayed [of him] Cristendome.

3758 Þere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3759 Þere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3760 Þere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3761 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3762 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3763 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3764 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3765 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3766 Pere were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3767 The were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3768 The were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3769 The were Cristened, y vnderstonde,
moþ þan twenty þousand,
chirches þey made of Cristen lawe
and her Mahoun adoun gan drawe,
and þo þat wold not Cristened be
Richard let slee withoute pitee.

3770 Than spake Philip a word of pride:
‘King Richard,’ he seide, ‘lysteneth to me,
Jerusalem þat rych citee
þauȝe þow it wynne, it shal be myn!’
‘By God’ quod Richard, ‘and by seynt Austyn
and as God do my sowle boote,
of my wynnyng nouȝt 00 foote
thow shalt nouȝt haue of my londe!
I do þe wel to vnderstonde,
þif þow wilt haue þe dignite
gete it þyself with þy meyne,

3760 of him] him of
Kyng Richard anon, with good entent,
to that cite of Jafes he went.
The kynges paulon afyn
was teld in on gardyn
T[h]anne went he to Jafes wyth his ost,
in þe name of þe holy Gost.
Hys pauylouns, fayr and fyne,
he dede teldyn in a gardyn,
and other lordynges gunne sprede
hure paulon in grene mede.
Kyg Richard and his meyne al
of that cite maden the wal,
that ther was no[n in] Sarasynes
half so strong ne [of] ryches.
Therin kyng Richard dude Berynger,
his quene that was hym leof ond der,
and Johane of Sisile, his suster quene,
for the myghte atte [ese] bene.
Ther myghte come by the see
of alle good gret plente,

and many a myle, saun doute,
ynogh they myghte wende aboute.

To Turrien they dude hem by drem,
ffour myle fro Jerusalem.
Tho made oure Cristen ost gret blisse,
for they wente wel to wisse

haue wonne Jerusalem cite alle,
so they hadde do, withoute faille,
sire Gauter of Naplus, Hospitiler,
ther was he no good consailer!

3815 non in] no
3816 ne of] ne
3820 ese] see
oder lordys gunne abowte sprede
wel fayr in a grene mede.
Kync Richard wyth his men alle
vpon þe cete he mad a walle,
that in alle Surry was non yt lyche,
so strong iwront ne so rych.
Perinne he dede Beringer,
his quen þat was his lef and dere,
and Jhone, his suster þat was a quene,
for þei schulde at ese bene.
To hem cam good from þe se,
rychesse of gret plente.
They haddyn fele noble kny3tcs,
stoute in armys and bold in fyjtes;
men inowe myt ryde abowte
ffele myle, wythowytyn dowte.
The kyng sojurnyd wyth gret honour
til Jafes was mad alle souour,
to Torye he went be brem
ffoure myle from Jerusalem.
Tho haddyn þe Cristen gret blysse,
ffor þei wendyn wel, iwisse,
þei schuldyn on morow homward in here jurne
qwanne þei haddyn womyn Jerusalem cete.

And so þei haddyn, wythowytyn faylle,
ne hadde be Gauteris counsaylle,
Gauter naples, þe Ospitelere,
þer was he no good counselere!
Anon, wythowytyn lesyng,
'Kyng Richard' he seide, 'and thogh winne
Jerusalem with thy gynee,
alle the folk shal seche the stede anon
that God was on to dethe don.

High and lowe, sweyn and grom,
smartly than wille wende hom.
Ac turne ayen to Chaloyne,
the wey lith toward Babiloyne
and drawe the vp to the paynym
and thogh shalt wel bisette thy tym!
Saladyn, the heigh soudan,
thogh shalt hym sle or al quyke tan!'  
Kyng Richard to his consail luste
they hit nere with the beste,
many corles and barons bothe
for that consail were wrothe
and wente hom to hure contre
and left kyng Richard stille be.
Kyng Richard to Caloine went
and fond the walles al torent.
Muche and large was that cite,
kyng Richard hadde therof pite
and anon bisoghte the lordynges alle
of that cite make the walle.

Alle lordyngus sone anon
thus he seyde to oure kyng:

"Richard, yf þu Jerusalem wynne
þrow þi covetyse and þi gynne,
þi folke schal [seche] þe stede anon
that God was onne to deth don.
And qwanne þei han don here viage
and holy al here pilgrimage,
heye and lowe, squier and grom,
hastily wyl heyn hom.

Turne 3ou on syde, toward Chaloyne,
that weye ys toward Babiloyne
and drawe 3ou ford into paynym,
wel 3e schul besettyn 3oure tyme!
And Saladyn, þe soudon,
3e schul him þer quik tane!
To his counsel þe kyng lyst
þof yt were not þe best,
many erl and baroun, forsoþe,
ffor þat tydyng þei were ful wroþe
and wentyn hom into here cuntre
and let Richard þere stille be.
The kyng anon to Chaloyne went
and sone þe walle al torent.
Mekyl and faire was þe cete,
the kyng þerof had pete
and besouȝt þe lordes alle
abowte þe cete to make a walle;
and seyd he wold make halfnedelle
ageynys hem alle, of þat walle.
The gentil men, eueric on,
grauntith hym his wille to don,
alle but on was fulle of prude,
he wolde helpe for no nede.

Kyng Richard bygan to trauaille
aboute the walles, withoute faile,
so dude both on and othur,
fader and sone, em and brothur.
They maden morter and bere ston
by hure myght, euerich on.
Ther was kyng ne emperour
that ne bere ston or made morter
bute the duke of Oistrich,
euer he thoght Richard biswich.
Vpon a day kyng Richard hym mette
and wel faire he hym grette
and bad hym for his courtesy
of the walles make his party.
And he answerede in this manere,
his fadur was nothwr mason ne carpenter,
‘and they the walles al toshake
y wole neuere helpe hem make!’
Kyng Richard thanne peckyde errour,
wrathe made hym change his colour!
The duk byfore the breste he smot
with his ryght foot, God hit wot,
that [on] a ston hym ouerthrew,

3900 that on a ston] that a ston
grantyd his askyng anon.

That sawe þe duke of Ostrik,
euer he þouȝt Richard to suyk!
Kyng Richard gan to travayle
abowte þe wallyng, wythowtyn fayle,
34v so dede iwysse on and oder,
ffader and eyme, sone and broder
maden mortere and leydyn ston
wyth here myth, euerych on.
Eueri kyng or emperowr
stonus þei leydyn and mortour
saw he þat was ful of pride,
he wolde hem helpe for no nede!

Vpon a day Richard him mette
and wyth fayre wordis him grette
and preyid þe duke for his curteysye
to make þe wal on his partye.
And he anwerid on his manere:
‘My fader was neuer masoun ne carpentere,
and þof youre walles al toshake
I schal hem neuer helpe nor make!’
Kyng Richard pickyd gret erroure,
ffor wrathe he changid his colour,
vpon þe brest þe duke he smot
wyth his fote, God yt wot!
Vpon a ston he ouerthrew

E
alle his askinges, euerych oon,
sauþ þe duke of Ostryche,
euer he þougȝt Richard to beswyche!
King Richard bygan to travayle
aboute þe walles, without faile,
so dede bothe oon and other,
ffader and eyme, son and brother,
and maden morter and leiden stoon
by her myȝt, euerych oon.
Euery king and emp[er]ere
stones þey bare or mortere
29v sauþ þe duke ful of pryde,
he nolde hem help in þat tyde!

Vpon a day Richard him mette
and with feire wordes he him grette
and bade þe duke for his curtasye
make þe walle in his partye.
And he answered in his manere:
‘My fader was neither mason ne carpentere,
and þauȝe youre walles al toshake
I shal hem neuer help to make!’
Tho king Richard pykked erroure,
ffor wrooth he chaunged his colour,
vpon þe brest þe duke he smot
with his foot, God it woot!
Vpon a ston he ouerþrew,
hit was welle do, by seynt Matheu!

‘Fy, a deblis foule coward,
in helle be thugh hanged hard!
I hote the quic out of this ost,
the curs haue thugh of that holy Gost!

For by Marie, that bar Jhesus,
fynde I the, tretour, amonges vs
ouer this ilke dayes thre,
myself I wole thy bane be!
Treator, we truelith by day and nyght,
in werre, in wakyng and in fight,
and thugh liest on thy pauloun
and restust the as a glotoun
and drynkest wyn, good and strong,
and slepist al the nyght long!
I shal tobreke thy baner
and caste hit into the ryuer!’

Hom thanne went the duk ful wroth,
his owene lif gan wexe loth,
and for that spite he was vnblithe
and trussed his harnes als swithe
and seyde he wolde awreke be,
yf euere he myght his tyme se.

He huld hym al to good forward,
in helle be he hanged hard!
Thurgh treson and thurgh trecherie
and thurgh the waityng of a spie,
kyng Richard he dude shame
yt was wel don, by seynt Mathew!
'Ma fye, traytour, foule coward,
hangyd be th wyth a cord so hard!
Go faste owt of th ost,
the cours haue th of th holy Gost!
Be th sydys of swete Jhesus,
ffynd I th amongus vs
or th ilke dayis thre,
myself schal th bane be!

36r Of th spyte he was vnbl ye
and trussid vp his harneyse swythe
and swor be God in Trenyte
if he myghte his tyme se,
he schuld hym so of Richard awreke
bat many man th of schulde speke.
[He] held hym al to wel forward,
hanged be th wyth a cord hard!
Throw tresoun and trechery
and brou th warrynge of a spye,
he dede Richard mekyl schame,
3931 that turnde Cristendom to grame!
3932 Hadde he a lite lengur in ost
3933 had lif, for that holy Gost,
3934 ouer kynges, dukus and emperours
3935 he sholde haue be pris conquerours!
3936 Al Cristendom and al paynym
3937 sholde haue holde vnder hym!
3938 269r' The duk ful faste hied hym thanne,
3939 hym thoughte his herte wolde brenne;
3940 with hym wente the duk of Bur^oyne,
3941 the folk of Æfraunce and the erl of Boloyn.
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3950 Kyng Richard lafte stille with his Englessh
3951 and made the walles alleweis,
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3955 both by day and by nyght
3956 fort hit were siker, aplight.
3957 And whenne Richard with gret peyne
3958 hadde made the walles of Caleyne,
3959 he thoughte, as I euer mende,
3960 to Babiloyne for to wende.
that tumyd Engelond al to grame!
A lytyl lengere had he most
ileuyd, for þe holy Gost,
ouer duke, kyng and emperour
he had ben lord and conquerour!
Al Cristendam and paynym
they haddyn holdyn alle of hym!
The duke of Ostrick heyid him fast
awy wyth his men ful faste;
wyth hym went þe duke of Borgonye,
the folke of Frans and of Coloyne.
The kyng let brestyn his baner
and kest yt into a ryuer
and criyd on hym wyth voyse step:
'Go hom, wreche, coward and slip!
Ne cum þu neuer on no wyse
neuer eft in Godis servyse!'
The duke awey prekyd þene,
ffor wrethe his hert gan to brenne.
The kyng belefte wyth his Inglyssh,
Tuskans, Lumbardes, Gascouns, iwis,
Scottes, Irische and of Bretayne,
Walis, Gascons and folke of Spayne;
and madyn þe walle day and nyth
tyli þei were at strong ply3th.

The duk of Ostryche highed him fast
awy with his folk in hast;
and þe folk of France and þe erle of Boloyn.
Kyring Richard let breke his baner
and cast it into þe ryuer
and cried on him with wordes steepe:
'How coward, scrue, aslepe!
Ne cum no more in no wyse
neuer eft in Goddes servyse!'
The duk awey preked fast,
ffor wrath almost his hert tobrast.
Þe kyring belefte with his Inglyssh,
Tuskaynes, Lumbardes, Gascoynes, ywys,
Scottes, Yressh and Brytayns,
Caleweys, Geneweys and men of Spayn,
and maden þe walle day and ny3t
til þey were strong, aply3t.
When þe kyring with grete peyn
hadde made þe walles of Chaloyyn,
him com a þou3t, as y arst mende,
to Babylöyn for to wende.
The furste nyght, in the name of Mary, he lay in the cite of ffemely. Ther kyng Richard armed hym wel, bothe in iren and in stel, and by the maryn forth he went to Albarie, a castel gent. Hit was a castel Sarasines, ful of stor and of riches, both of fat flesssh and of lene, whete and ote, puse and bene. Kyng Richard wan hit and soiournede there thre monthes alle plenere, and sente his spies ech weyes for to waite thilke contreis. Of castel Daron kyng Richard herde altogader hogh hit ferde, that was ful of Saraynys that were of Godes withurwynes. Kyng Richard hiede hym thuder faste this ilke Saraynys to agaste, and so he spedde in his journay, he com thuder on seynt James day. Thanne was the castel of such ston that he doute unde saut non. Aboute the castel was a diche, he hadde seye non siche.
Al his host with him he tas
and went forth a wel good pas.
Þe fythe nyȝt, in þe name of Marye,
he lay in þe toun of Seboly.
Amorowe he dide him arme welle,
both in iring and in stеле.
By þe ryuer forth he went
to Abathic, a castel gent,
þat was a castel of Saryzyns,
ful of store and ryche wynes,
bothe of fat flesshe and of leenes,
wheete, ootes, pesoun and beenes.
The king it wan and sojourned þere
þre dayes al playnere,
and set spies by every wyes
ffor to asspye þe countrys.
Off castel Daroun king Richard herde
altogeder how it ferde,
alle it was ful of Saryzyns
þat weren Goddes verye enemys.
Richard went þederward in hast
to make þe Saryzins al agast.
So longe þey went in hur way,
þey come þeder by seynt Jones day.
They beseged þe castel Daroun,
both to wynne þe castel and toun.
Þe castel was made of suche stoon
þat it ne doubted of sautes noon.
Aboute þe castel was a diche,
þey sawe neuer noon it lyche.
The Sarasyns cried in their language:

'Cristen hondes in euell rage,
but ye the soner wende hom,
here ye haue founde your dom!'  

Whenne kyng Richard hurde that cry
he swor by God and oure Lady
the Sarasyns sholde be honged alle,
[or] such cas hem sholde byfalle.
The gunne hem defende, oure Englissh to asaile,
and ther bygan a strong bataille.

Al that day and al that nyght
the Cristen and hethine hulde fight.
Oure Cristen sey thei myght noght spede,
kyng Richard toke anothur rede
and went hym forth with al his Englissh
to ripe rixen in a marissh
to fulle the duches of Daroun
and wynne the castel of the toun.
Two gynnes he sett vp, for the nones,
for to caste harde stones,
by the water the gynne anon,
the Maude-grifon was that on,
isett an heigh upon an hille,
to bete adoun tour and castelle.

Kyling Richard leyte risshen faste
bynde, and in the duch hem caste,
The Saryzyns cryden in her langage:
'Cristen houndes of euyl rage,
but ȝif ȝe wende some hoome
ȝe shul haue ȝoȝe dome!'
Kyng Richard herde hem so crye
and swore by God and seynt Marye
ȝe Saryzyns shulde be honged alle,
or suche a chaunce shuld befalle.
The Cristen assailed, ȝey gan defende,
and many a quarelle ȝey gan yn sende.
Al ȝat day and al ȝat nyȝt
Ȝey and ȝe Cristen held fyȝt.
King Richard saw he myȝt not spede,
anon he toke another rede,
ȝe dide al ȝe Ingelyssh
to repe russes in marys
31r to ful ȝe diche of Daroun,
to wyn ȝe castelle and ȝe toun.
Two grete engynnes, for ȝe nones,
Richard set vp for to cast stoones.
By ȝe water Ȝey were brouȝt anoon,
th[e M]at-griffoun was ȝat oon
Ȝat was arered vppon an hille
to breke ȝe toun and ȝe castelle,
Ȝat other engyn was Robenet,
on another hille it was set.
Richard bent a mangenelle
and let cast to ȝe castelle.
Ȝe king dide ȝe rysshes fast
bynd and into ȝe dyche cast

4012 the Mat-griffoun] that griffoun
the gret duch al playn he made,
the Sarasyus therof hadde no drade.
Wilde-fur theron hii caste,
the risshen wexed on fure in haste
and so withynne a litel stounde
hit brende the duch into the grounde,
and of oure folk many hondred
of that dede were awondred.
But the mangelons nyght and day
they breke the walles al the way,
Robinet and the Maude-griffoun
al that thei hitte hit fel adoun,
that the vttest wal was doun cast
and many a Sarasyne slawe in hast.
They fulled vp the gret duche
†res a res sycourliche.
Tho myghte our Cristen men ful wel
tre into Daron castel!
The erl of Leicetre, sire Roberd,
the trewest body of myddelerd,
he was the ferste man, sanfaile,
that the castel gan to saile.
Anon he lufte vp his baner
and smot in with his destrer.
The Sarasynes with messanture
floghwen into the hegh toure,
ac many on stod withoute
and foghte ther in dethus doute,
and al playn þe dyche made,
þe Saryzyns þerof hadde no drade.
Wilde-fire þeron þey cast,
þe risses were aȝre as fast
and brenþ noon to þe ground
sone withyn a litel stound,
and of oure folk mony hundred
þerof þey were al woundred.
The engynnes þrew alwey
and brak þe walles nyȝt and day,
Robynet and Mat-gryffoun
al þat þey hit, þey brake adoun.
Sone withynne a litel stound
the vtmost walle was broke to ground.
A[le] þey fullyde þe grete dyche
with stoones and erthe hastelyche.
Tho myȝt þe Cristen ryȝt welle
entre ryȝt to Daroun castelle!
þe erl of Leisestre, Sir Robert,
þe best body of mylderd,
he was þe first, withoute faile,
that castel Doroun gan assaille.
Vp he lyfte his banere
and yn he smot with his destrere.
The Saryzyns with messauntere
ffled into þe hygh toure
þat was swith strong and sterke
and ymade of Saryzyns werk.
þe þat was swith strong and sterke
and faȝt fast for grete doute.

4039 þe erl] erl
and smete many a strok ful hard
ayenst the doghty Robard.

Roberd of Turnham with his fauchoun
gan to crake many a crow,
the erl of Leicetre, the erl of Richemounde,
they wolde spare non hethin hounde.

Amongus hem com kyng Richard,
to fighte no thyng he ne spard.

Al on fote they toke the fighte,
and whenne they hadde of kyng Richard a sighte,
hogh large was his payment,
ther wolde non abyde his dent.

And anon they wente, withoute fable,
and slogh hure hors in hure stable,
that myghte bere knyght at nede,
faire destre and high stede.

Whete and flour, flesh in lardur,
alle togedre they setten on fur,
And þen þe erl, Sir Robert
þey seue mony a strook ful hard,
mony an hed þere was cleuyd
and mony fro þe body weued.
Sheldes fele were cloue atwoo
and mony stedes steked also.
Syr Robert of [Turn]ham with his fauchoun
creaked þere mony a crown,
Longespay and þe erl of Rychemond,
þey wold spare non hethen hound.
Al þat euer her swerdes raȝt
they cleuyd at þe first draȝt.
Ther dyed mony a Cristen man
and of þe paynymes suche ten.
The Cristen cryed: 'Help vs God sone!'
and þe Saryzyns: 'Help vs Mahoun!'
Among hem com kyng Richard,
to fȝt wil nothing [he] spard.
Moony oon in a lytel stound
with his axe he brouȝt to ground.
Al on foot he gan fyȝt,
the Saryzyns had of hym a syȝt,
how large was his payment,
oon durst of hem byde his dynt.
Anon þey went, withoute fable,
and slowȝ her horses in her stable,
the best destreres and stedes
þat myȝt bere any knyȝt at nedes.
Wit[e], foure, flessh and lardere
al togeder þey sette aȝre,
yutte hem was leuere do so
than hure vitaille helpe hure fo.
By the breth kyng Richard aspide
and leyd on faste that ilke tyde.
Alle that he myghte with his axe take,
on othur amendis he wolde make.

The Sarasynes, with mesauntour,
slonge wilde-fur out of the tour,
the wilde-fur flegh aboute smert,
muchel of oure Cristene folk hit hert.
Oure Cristene myght duelle no thrawe,
anon they gunne hem withdrawe,
wel a myle fro Daron castel.

They caste abrod many a fur-barel
and so withynne a lytel space,
thurgh the myght of Godes grace,
the castel wexid on fur al
fro the tour to the vtteste wal,
and brende hous and also hurdes,
much smoke ther was, ywis.
The Sarasynes, that were in the tour,
they were on swithe gret dolour,
in the hete they were ateynt
and in the smoke negh adreynt.
it was hem leuer so do
the vitailes shuld help her foo.
By þe broth Richard it aspyed
and slow hem doun on every syde.
Al þat he myȝt ouertake,
noon amendes most þey make.
He gan ass[aille] þe high toure
with wyȝt men of grete valoure.
The Saryzyns in þe toure an high
sey her endyng-day was nye.
Wild-fire sone on hast
amonge þe Inglessh men þey cast,
about þey þe fire smert,
mony Cristen men it hert.
Þey myȝt no lenger fire drawe,
anoon þey gan hem withdrawe,
a mile fro Daroun castelle.
Þey shote moony a fire-barelle
and sone after a lytel space,
þrouȝ þe myȝt of Goddes grace,
the castel worth afire alle
ffro þe toure to þe otmast walle.
The hous brent and þe hurdesse,
gret smoke þere aroos, ywys.
The þat were in þe toure
were in so gret doloure,
in smoke þey were almost dreynt
and in þat strong heete ateyn.
Wel ten cried att on word:
'Mercy kyng Richard, leue lord,
et vs come doun out of this tour
and we wolleth the yiue gret honour!
A thousent ponde we wolleth yiue and mo,
with that we mote come the to!
Nay,' seide Richard, 'by Jhesu Crist,
by his deth and his vprist,
ye ne shulle neuere come adoun
fort I haue that raunsoun,
and yitte ye shulle be at my wille,
whether I wolle yogh saue or spille
othur ye shulle ther right sterue!'
'A lord,' hii seyde, 'we wole the serue,
al thy wille with vs to do,
with that we mote come the to.
Brenne vs, lord, hange othur sle,
al ourfre fredom is in the!

Kyling Richard grunted thenne
and commaunded al his menne
for to take the Sarasines to borwe
foro the sunne arise amorwe,
and they that nolde, as I fynde,
kyng Richard hem leit faste bynde
Than þey cryed at oo worde:
'Mercy Richard, lyue lord,
lat vs passe out of þis toure
and þu shalt haue grete tresoure!
With lyf and lyme let vs goo,
a þousand pound we 3eue þe too!' Th(enn)e seide Richard: 'By Jhesu Crist,
by his deþ and by his vpryst,
3e shul neuer come adoun
or y be payde of my raun(s)om,
and afterward be at my wylle,
wheder y wyl 3ow saue or spylle
or 3e shul ry3t þere sterue!' 'Lord, we wylle' he seide, 'þe serue,
al þy wille with vs þu do,
with þat we mowe com þe too,
to honge vs, to brenne, to drawe or to sle,
at þy wille, lord, shal it be!' Kyng Richard graunted anoon þan
and bade mony a Cristen man:
32v 'Lete þe Saryzyns to borowe
tyl þe soon aryse tomarowe!'
It was doon amorow, y fynde,
king Richard let hem fast bynde
on a playn, vnder þe walle,
king Richard let hem be heded alle.

He þat payde a þousand pound
he my3t passe hool and sound,
and who so muche wolde yiue,
to a certeyn day he leit hym lyue,
and whoso wolde yiue no raunsoun,
ful sone his hed was strike adoun.
And thus kyng Richard wan Daron,
God grante his soule his beneson!

Whenne kyng Richard hadde wonne Daroun
he dude hym to anothur toun,
to Gaters with faire meyne
for to bysege that cite.
Ye that wollith here hogh he hit wan,
ye mogh hure of a doghty man,
a strong werrowr and a queynte,
nowher was holden in herte feynte.
Than was the lord of Gaters
iholde a man of muche pris,
and glad to fight ayenst his fo
but in that tyme he was noght so:
he was falle so into ylde
that he myghte non armes wielde;
but as he dude a faire queyntise.
Ye shulle hure in which wise,
amydde the toun vpon a stage
he leit make a marbel ymage,
and crowned hym stoutly as a kyng
and comaundid his men, old and ying,
that hii ne sholde ben aknowe
to non Cristen, hegh ne lowe,
Herkenyth lordynges, most and lest, now comyth þe best of þis jest:

after þe wynnyng of Daroun
Richard went to anoder toun, to Gatris wyth grete m[e]yne
to besiege þat citee.
Herkenyth wel how he yt wan, þe shul here of a douȝty man, a stow[t] werroure and a queynte, that neuer was holdyn feynt.

He þat was holdyn lord of Gatris had ben a man of mekyl pris, and fel to fytyyn ageynys his fo but at þat tymc he was not so, ffor he was fallyn into ȝelde that he myth not him bewelde; but he dede a fayr coynyte.

Herkenyth now on qwat wyse amyddis þe toun he mad a stage and þeron a marbul ymage
crownd stowtlyc as a kyng. He dede his folke to swere, old and ȝyng, that þei schulde neuer ben aknowe to Cristyne, noyder heye nor lowe,
that hii hadde lord of dignite
but the ymage in that cite.
Kyng Richard, werrour kene,
his saut he gan alle bydene,
mangelons and springal he bent
and stones to that cite sent.
The Sarasynes tho mercy cride,
they wolde sett vp the gates wide

and let hym come in at his wille
yf he wolde noght the peple spille.
Kyng Richard graunteth without les
and hadde his entre alle in pes.
Thanne axide he att the furste word
of that cite who was the lord,
and they answerd to the kyng
that hii hadde non othur lording
but the ymage of marbul fyn,
Termagaunt and Appolyn.
Kyng Richard, as we fyndeth in boke,
on that ymage gan to loke,
hogh huge he was wroght and s[t]erne,
to hem he saide also yerne:
'Sarasines, withoute faile,
of your lord I haue meruaile!

Ac yf I may thurgh the myght of God
that bought vs thurgh his swete blod,
D

that ðei haddyn lord of dignyte
but ðe ymage in ðe cete.
Thanne kyng Richard, ðe kene,
began asawt al bedene.
Springalle and magnelle he bent
and stonys into ðe cete he sent.

The lord of Gatris verament
in pes a man to him sent,
yf yt were Richard's wille
that he schuld not his pepil spille.
Richard yt grauntyd wythowtyn les
and ðei haddyn entre and pes.
Richard askyd at ðe first word,
of ðat cete wo wa was here lord.
ðei answerd, without lesyng,
ðat ðei heldyn of non oder kyng
but of ðe ymage of marbul fyne
and Mahoun, here lord, and Appolyn.
Richard stood, so seyth ðe boc,
and on ðat ymage faste he lok,
[w]ou houge he was wroug and how stern[e]
and to ðe men he seyde 3erne:
‘Lordynges,’ he seyde, ‘wythowtyyn ffayle,
of youre lord I haue mervayle!

If I may wyth helpe of my God
ðat bowt me dere wyth his blod,

E

that ðey had no lord of dignite
but ðe ymage in ðe citee.

33r Kyng Richard, þe werryour kene,
bygan ðe assaut al bydene.
Spryngalles and magnelles he bent
and stones to ðe cite sent.
ðe Saryzyns cryden fast
and wolde let him ynne in hast,

5if it were þe kinges wylle
þat he wold not þe peple spylle.
Richard hem graunted without lees
for to entre al in pees.
Richard axed at þe first word
of þat citee who was lord,
and þey answer[de], without lesyng,
þat þey ne had lord ne kyng
but an ymage of marbul fyne
and Mahoun and Appolyne.
King Richard stood, so seith þe booke,
and on þe ymage fast gan looke.

Anoon he seide without faile:
‘Of 30ure lord y haue mervayle,
how houge he is and how sterne!’
And to þe men he seide 3erne:
‘Jif y may with help of my God
þat bowȝt vs al with his blood,
with a shafte smyte his necke asunder
and ye move ase alle that wonder,
wille [ye] than leue vpou my lord?
'Ye!' they seide alle att on word.
Kynge Richard lette make hym a shafte
of tristy tre and kynde crafte,
for hit sholde welle laste,
he lette bynde therto fulle faste
four yeord lengthe of stule and ire.
And suyth kynge Richard, the gret sire,
whenne hit was redy vppon to sen
he sette theron a c[ornal] ken.
Efauuel of Cipre he dude forth fetthe
and in the sadel he hym sette
and rod his cours to the stage
and in the face he smot that ymage,
the hed fleigh fro the body onsounder
and slogh fyue Sarasynes at stode Jiervnder.
Al that puple seyde than
he was an aungel and no man,
and bycome Cristen thore,
yong and olde, lasse and more;
smertly ther, withoute lesynge,
hure olde lord they gunne forth brynge
and tolde hym al his compassement.
Kynge Richard lough with good entent
and yaf hym the cite to winne and to welde,
thogh he leuede [to] Adomus elde.
wyth a schaft smyte his necke on sonder
that 3e alle may se þat wonder,
wold 3e þan leue on my Lord?

'3e!' þei seide alle at ðo word.
Thanne Richard let dressyn a schaft
of [t]ouȝ tre and kynd craft,
and for yt schulde be strong and last
he let bynde þerto wol foste
an-long foure þerdis of stel and hyre.
And þan Richard, þe grete syre,
let set þeron a coronal kene.
Qwanne yt was redy on to sene
ffauuel of Cypre he let forth fethe,
and in þe sadil he him sette
and rood his cors ryȝt to þe stage
and smot vpon þat ymage,
that þe hed fley from þe body on sond[er],
and slowe fyue Sarazynys þat stodyn þeron[er].
Alle þe Sarazynys seydyn þan
he was an aungel and no man,
and alle becom cristenyd þore,
old and ȝong, lesse and more;
and hastily, wythowtyn dwellynge,
here lord þei brouȝtyn to þe kynge
and toldyn þe kynge here compas[m]ent.
Kynge Richard low wyth good entent
and gaf hem þe cete to wold
and of hym þei schuld yt held.
To Chaloyne Richard went ageyne
forth be þe maryne, sothe to seyne.

with a shaft smyte asonder
þat 3e al may se þat wonder,
wyl 3e þen leue on my Lord?

'Sha!' þey seide at ðo word.
Þan king Richard dight him a shafte
off strong tree and kynd crafte,
and for it schulde be strong and last
he let bynde þerto wel fast
enlonges foure þerdes of steel and yre.
And þan Richard, þat grete syre,
let set þeron a coronal kene.
When it was redy on to seene
ffauel of Cipre fourth was fet,
and in þe sadel he him set
and rood his cors ryȝt to þe stage
and in þis wyse he smot þe ymage,
That þe hed fley fro þe body asounder
and slowe fyue Saryzyns þat stoden þervnder.
Alle þe Sarysyns saide þanne
he was an angel and no man,
and al bycom Cristen þore,
ȝonge and olde, lasse and more;
and hastely, without dwellynge,
hir lord þey brouȝt to the kynge
and tolde him her compasment.
Kynge Richard lowȝ with good entent
and ȝaue him þe cete to wold
and of him þey shuld it hold.
To Chalon Richard went aȝeyn
ffurth by þe maryn, sothe to sayen.
There kyng Richard armed hym welle
for to bysege a strong castelle
that was a litel bysides hym,
three myle fro castel Pilgrim.
Thulke castel was called Lefr(e)wide
with thulke walles and toures of prude.
Whenne Sarasynes hurd of Richard come,
they flogh away alle and some

and setten vp the yates yerne
and flowen out att the posterne.

That noble cite verement
kyng Richard wan withoute dent.
Èfro thene he wente to Gebelyn,
there the Ospiteleres woned in
and the Templers bothe ifere,
that keptin hit many a yere.
And whenne they were slawe with brond,
the soudan toke hit into his hond,
in that cite was seynt Anne bore
that oure Lady was of core.
Kyng Richard there pight his pauiloun
and with force toke the toun.
271r² The Sarasynes he slogh same,
that leude noght in Godes name.
...he sojurnyd a seuenytli wyth wel many a dougty knyth.

He put his pauylounus fayr and wel ffor to besegyn þat strong castel that was a lytil besydyn hym, þre myle from þe castel of Pilgrim,

wyth thykke walle and toure wyde, ffor yt was clepid Lucypryde. The Sarazynys sowyn ffor he was come, ffor grete drede þey wende to be nome. Here hertes were ful of care and wo and alle be nyth þei gone to go.

The gates þei settyn [vp] swyple 3erne and fowyn awey by a posterne. ffor al þis wyde medilscrde ne durst þei abyde kyng Richard. That nobil castel verament Richard wan wythowtyn dynt.

ffrom þennys he went to [G]ebolyn. Ospitelers haddyn wonyd þerinne and þe Temple[r]s in fere and haddyn yt kept many a 3ere. Tho Baudewynys was sclayn, þe strong, Saladyn yt held wyth wrong, in þat cite was seynt Anne ibore þat oure Lady was of ikore.

Po pitte þe kyng his pauyloun and sone he hadde wonne þe toun and slow þe Sarazynys alle same þat wold not leuyn in Goddis name.

Pere he sojourne a fourteny3t with ful mony a dou3ty kny3t, and py3t his pauyloun faire and welle to besiege a stronge castelle þat was a lytel beside him, thre myle from castel Pylyg[r]ym, with þykke wall es on every syde, hit was hote Lucypyrede. The Saryzyns sawe þat he was com, ffor grete drede þey wende to be noom. In hert þey were ful sore adradde and al ny3t away þey fledde. The gates þey [vn]shitte swyth 3erne and fled away by a posterne. ffor al þis wyde myddelerd ne durst þey abyde king Richard, that noble castel verament Richard wanne withoute dynt. ffro þennes he went to Gebylyn, Hospitaleres hadden woonde þeryn and þe Tempeleres in fere and had kep it moony a 3ere. Whan [B]audewyn was slaw, þe strong, Saladyn it held with wronge, in þat cite was seynt Anne boore that oure Lady was of ycoore.

Tho py3t þe king his pauyloun and with force he toke the toun and slowe þe Saryzyns al in same that wold nou3t leue in Goddes name.
Sertus, ther come a wicked tidynge
to Quer de Lion, Richard,oure kyng,
that of Engelond his brothwr Johon
that was the deuelus flessh and bon,
thurgh strenthe of his barones summe
the chaunceler hii hadde nome;
and hymself, with strenthe of honde,
wolde crowny hymself kyng of londe
att Ester-tide afturward.

Thenne answerde kyng Richard,
'What deuel, hogh goth this,
hait Johon of me no more pris?

Yf he wiste I were on lyue
he wolde noght with me striue!

And if Johon hym crouneth at Ester-tide
whare wile he me abyde?
Ther is no kyng in Cristiante
that shal Johon waranty me!

Kync Richard of this tidynge
in herte he huld hit lesynge,
and by the marin forth he wente
to Bethanie, the castel gente,
Ther cam þe first wyckyd tydyng

to Queor de Lyoun, oure kyng:

of Engelond þe kyng John
that was þe fended flesche and bon,
throw helpe of barounus som,
the chanceler he was inom;

and wold þrow mastrie of hond
croune hym kyng of Engelond
at þe Estere afterward.

Thanne answerd oure kyng Richard,
'Qwat deuyl,' he seide, 'how goth Þis,
telle men of Richard no more pris?
He hopith þat I leue not long,
3er therfor he wold do me wrong!
Yf he hopith I were on lyue
he wold not ageynys me stryue!
I schal me of him awreke
þat many man þerof schal speke!
Yf he croune him at Estere-tyde
were wil he me þan me abyde?
Per nys no kyg in Cristyente,
sertes, þat schal his warant be.
I may yt leue for no nede
þat John my broder wold do þat deye!
'3es Sere,' seyde þe messengere,
'he hath so don, be seynt Richere!'
Kyg Richard al Þis tydyng
he held yt for a fayre lesyng
and from [G]ebelyne he went
to Betonye, a castel gent,
and ther he slogh many a hethin man
and that riche cite he wan.
Thanne come ther outhur messagers
and tolde to Richard, the fers,
that Johon his brothur wolde bere
his crone at Ester, they gunne to swere.
Kync Richard was lot[h] withdrawe his hond
er he hadde wonne that Holy Lond
and slawe the soudan with dunt of swerd
and avenged Jhesu, oure Lord.
but he thoughte aftur than,
he wold lete there his man
and into Engelond he wolde te
with a swythe priue mayne,
27th and abate the werre anon
bytwyne hym and his brothur John;
and come aye on hyenge
to fullulle his bygynnynge.
And als he thoughte thus in herte
ther com a stout Sarasyne sterte,
that owed Kync Richard raunson
for the wynnyng of Daron,
and seyde: 'Thugh shat quyte me here
and alle oure outhur ostagere,
and thurgh my queyntise and my gynne
I wole do the tresour to wynne,
mo than an hundred thousand pounde
of floreyns of gold, red and rounde;
Dere he slow many a nobul man
and þat nobul cite he wan.
Do cam oder messangeres,
boþe stout men and ffers,
and told þat John wolde here
croune at Esterne, I þu swere.
Loth was Richard to drawyn his hond
tul he had wonnyn þe Holy Lond
and Saladyn wonnyn wyth dynt of swerde
and wrekyn Jhesu, oure Lord.
And beþout hym after þenne
that he schulde leue þer alle his menne
and wyth his prevy mene
into Engelond he wold te,
and pesyn þe were anon
betwen him and his broþer John;
and cum ageyne on heing
and fulfille his begynnyng.
Os he þouȝt þus in hert
a stout Sarazyn gan in stert,
he haut Richard gret ransom
ffor þe wy[n]lyng of þe castel Daroun.
He spac to Richard apertelyche
among his pepil, pore and ryche:
'Sir kyng, þu schalt me quit sekere
and alle þyn oder ostagere!
Throw þin coynyse and þi gyn,
I schal þe do gret tresoure to wynne,
mo þan a m pond,
ffloreynys of gold, hol and rond;

E
and þere he slow mony an heþen man
and þat noble citee wan.
Tho com þer messangeres,
both stout men and fers,
and tolde þat John wolde bere
crowne at Ester, y 30w swere.
34v Loth was Richard to withdraue his honde
tyl þat he had wonne þe Hooly Londe
and slawe þe sowdan wyth dynt of swerde
and avenged Jhesu, oure Lord.
But he beþouȝt him after þen
þat he wold leue þere al his men
and with priue meyne
into Ingelond wold asee,
and sesse þe werre anoon
bytwene him and his brother John;
and come aȝeyn in his hyȝhynge
and fullfiȝt his begynynge.
As he þouȝt þus in his hert
a stout Saryzyn can yn stert,
he auȝt Richard grete raunsoun
ffor þe wynnyng of castel Daroun.
He spake to Richard appertelyche
among his men, pore and ryche:
'Sir kyng, þu shalt me quyte skere
and al thyn other ostagere,
and þrouȝ my queynyse and my gynne
I shal þe do gret tresoure to wynne,
more þan an hundred þousand pound
of florans þat ben red and round:
of Saladin the soudan tresour  
and othur richesse of his stor'

Kyng Richard seide: ‘Thugh myscreaunt,  
as thugh leuest on Termagaunt,  
telle me what folk hit is  
-I wene hit be alle feyntis-  
that ledith the tresour, sanfaille!’

‘Sire, ther beth thre thousand camaille  
and fif hundred ther beth also  
of assen and of mulen bo,  
that ledeth gold to Saladin,  
[t]ried seluer, good and fyn,  
whete and flour and spicerie,  
clothes of silk and cloth therbye!’

Kyng Richard seide: ‘So God the deme,  
is ther folk the tresour to yeme?’

‘Ye Sire, ther beth byfore  
knyghtes riding sixti skore  
and after cometh thousandes ten  
of swythe stronge hethyn men.  
I hurde hem telle in hure rounyng  
they were aferd of Richard, oure kynge!’

Quath kyng Richard: ‘They shulle hit fynde,  
thogh ther were sixti thousende  
27lv° and were I bute myself allone  
I durst hem abyde, everych one,
of Saladyn ye soudoun tresore,
mekyl rychesse and oþer store!

Þerto I leye to ostage my lyff
and myn childryn and my wyff,
but I do þe to wynne þat pray
do me to deth ón þis day!

Kyng Richard seyde: ‘Þu myscreant,
I wot þu leuyth on Termegant,
telle me now quwat folc it is
-I wene yt be but feynytys-
that ledyn þe tresoure, wythowtyn fayle!’

‘Sir, þer ben v hundred camayle
and v c ben also
hassis and mulis and git moo,
that ledyn gold to Saladyn,
of gret tresoure and ryth fyn,
of wete and of spicery,
of sylke and sendel ryth trie!’

Richard seyde: ‘So God þe deme,
is þer mekył folke it to þeem?’

‘Óe Sere,’ he seyde, ‘þer ben before
knyȝtes rydyng sexti score
and after come suylke ten
of suyþe strong hethen men.
I herd hem speke in here rownyng,
they weryn adred of þe Englisch kyng!’

Richard seyde: ‘Þat schul þei fynnde,
þow þer were fourti þowsand
I wold hem metyn, eueryc on,
þof I were myself alon!

of kyng Salad(a)ynes tresoure
and muche more of other store!

Þerto y leye in hostage my lyf
and my children and my wyf,
but y do þe wynne þat pray
on euyl dethe do me day!’

King Richard seid: ‘þu mystery-man,
as þu leyst in Turmegan,
tel me now what folk is þis
-I wene it is but feyntis-
þat ledyn tresoure, without faile!’

‘Syr, þer ben v hundred camaille
and fyve hundred þer ben also
asses and mules and ȝit moo,
þat ledyn tresoure to Saladyn,
tried seluer and gold fyn,
35r of whete and of spycereye,
clothes of sylk þat ben ful trye!’

Richard seide: ‘So God me deme,
is þer muche folc þat tresour to þeeme?’

‘Óe Sir,’ he seide, ‘þer [ben] before
knyȝtes rydyng sexty score
and after com suche ten
of swyth strong hethen men.
I herde hem speke in her rownyng,
they were agast of þe Inglyssh kyng!’

Richard seide: ‘Þat shal he fynde,
þauȝe þer were sixty þowsand
I wolde hem mete, euerych on,
þauȝe y were but myself alon.'
withoute help of any man
I shal hem sle or al quic] tan!
Without help of eny man
I wolde hem slee or quyk tan!
Seye þu me anoon ryȝt,
where shal y fynde hem tonȝt?
'There by southe miles ten
tere mast þu he þethen men,
þere wyl þey rest and abyde
tył more folk com ryde!'
'As armes!' he cryed anon, his barouns hem armed anoon þen.
Byfore went his Templeres,
his Gascoignes and his Ospitaleres.
His ost was grayde on hihyng
and went forthe wyth þe kyng.

Al þat nyȝt þat faire couay
they ryde forth on hur way.
Pan seide þe spye to þe kyng:
'Sir, make here þi dwellying,
they ben logged in þe toun,
I wil go and spie here roun.
Now I wil to hem go
and brewe hem a drynke of wo
and schewyn hem þat þe kyng Richard
his at Jafes into Engelond ward.
They wil me leuyn wyth þe best
and þanne þei wil go to rest
and þanne, Sire, mayth þu wend
and take hem alle slepynd!'
'ffey, a del-wey,' qod þe kyng,
'God þe gyf euyl endyng!'
Thenne seyde the spie to kyng Richard:
'Thy peer is noght in myddelard,
ne man of so muchel renoun,
wel myghte he hotc Quer de Lyon!
But therfore wolle y noght forhele:
ther beth of Sarasyns thre so fele
as thugh hast folk in this contre,
certeynly I telle hit the!
Kyng Richard seyde: 'God yiue the care,
therfore is my herte nought sare!
'Oon' he seide, 'of my Cristene men
is worth Sarasyns nyne and ten!
The mo ther ben, the mo I shal slon,
to venge God vppon his fon!'
forth wente a Sarasyn aftwr then
to spie aftwr the hethin men
and alle he waiteth his compassyng
and tolde hit to Richard oure kyng
and gan to crie a Sarasyn thare:
'Quer de Lyon, nough they fare!'
I am no traytour, take gud kep, to slee men, wil þei lyn and slep!

Be cler day on þe feldes, þu schalt se helmys and scheldes!
Be yt erl, baroun or kyng, þere schul þei han here endyng!
The Sarazyn oure kyng answerd:
'Thi pere ys not in þe mydylȝerd, duke, baroun, ne no knyth,
that ys so dowty ne so wyth,
ne non so mekyl of renoun,
wel may þu heyte Queor de Lyoun!
Perfor I wele yt not forhele;
þer be Sarazynys tuo so fele
os þu hast folk in þis cuntre,
stedly I telle yt þe!'
Richard seyde wytwytyn care:
39v 'Therfor is not myn herte sare,
ffor on of myn Cristen men
ys worth of Sarazynys sexti and ten!
ffast þeder mowe we gon
and wreke Jhesu of his ffon!
fforth went a spye after þan
and spyid faste þe hethen men,
he asspiyd here compassyng
and told yt Richard, oure kyng.
Þan he cryd: 'As armys þare,
Queor de Lyoun, tyme is to fare!'
Anon the doughty kyng Richard
lup vpon his stede Lyard.
His barons and his Templers
lupon vpon hure destres
and flongen toward the hethyn ost
in the name of the holy Gost.

Kyng Richard gan on bere
thurgh the body with a spere.
Anon leped kyng Richard
on his stede pat hyth Lyard.
His Englische and his Templers
lebyn þo on here desteris
and flowyn þo þe hethen ost
in þe name of þe holy Gost.
Alle þe Sarazyns wyth noblay
to þe soudoun woldyn here way,
kyng Richard smot hem among,
þer began no blysful song
but to Termegant and to Mahond
þei criyd help and to Platoun.
Kyngh Richard gan on bere
þthrow þe herte wyth a spere
and so he servyd an emoryle
and fyve dukys wythowtyn fayle.
Afterword his ax he drow,
many an hethen hond he slow,
somme he clef into þe sadil,
boþe þe sone and þe fader.
A kyng he clef into þe arson,
him halpe not Sere Mahoun,
an erl he smot on þe heyerne hed,
to þe gyrdyl þe ax wod.
Wel many was þe Sarazyn
that he sent to helle-pyn.
So wytly þei gonnen spede,
þei slowin þere many a stede.
The Templers and þe Ospitaleres
kemyn þer on fayr desteris.
His erlus and his barons ferde as wode lyons.
Many on laughte dithes wounde that lyuede no stounde, that wolde no more Richard mete nothwr by stic[he]le ne by strete.
Nogh moghe ye hur alle the wynnyng thart wan there Richard, oure kyng:
hors of pris and gret camaille, fif thousand and ten, saunfaile, he hadde six hundred of coursers that were charged with tresers.
He hadde fiftene hundred assen that bere wyn and oile, more and lasse, and also many with whete-rede.
Ther dude Richard a noble dede:
whan he alle that tresour wan he went hom to his men
So longe they faugt, so seith the story, that Richard wanne he victory throw help of his Cristen knygtes, stout in armes and bold in fyghtes, but also fele he slowe aloon as hey dide, euerych on.

And many scaped wyth dethis wound that ne leued but a stond, they wolden Richard no more mete noyber be weye nor be strete.

The hethen had gret mysse than of he good pat Richard wanne: hors of price and gret camayle, hors of price and ten samfaile, with fyne syluer and gold ful trye.

Mules he had three hundred and moo that coupes and pieces bare thoo, and fiftene hundred asses; with him oyle, more and lasse, and also fele with wheete-rede.

Pere dide king Richard a noble ded: when he al bis tresoure wan he went hom to his men ban

4458 sanz there are three minims for n
into Constantyn, the noble,
with that tresour and with that meoble.
He yaf the heigh, he yaf the lowe
of his purchas good inowe,
he yaf hem stedes and coursours
and partide among hem his tresouris;
and so he partide his purchas
among alle Cristyne byloued he was!
So thenne, withinne a litel stounde
come messagers of mounde,
the bisshop of Chestre was that on,
the othur the abbot of seynt Albon,
and broghte lettres speciale
aselid with a b[a]rones scale,
that seyde his brothur wolde bere
his corone att Ester, they gonne to swere.

Kyng Richard seyde: 'By Godes payne,
nogh haueth the deuel muchel mayne!
Alle hure bost and hure deray
they shulle abie yet som day!'
Kyng Richard, with good entent,
to the cite of Jafes went
into Betanye, that ous noble, 

with that tresoure and with that meoble.

He gaf be heye, he gaf be lowe 
of his purchas meche, I trowe, 
he gaf hem destriis and coursoure 
and partyd among hem his tresoure.

So Richard partid his purchas, 
of many land chef lord he was. 
Sone afterward, in a stond 
kenyn messengers of monde, 
the bishop of Chester was be ton 
and be abbot of seynt Albon, 
and browyn letteris specielle 
selyd wyth be barouns sel.

They hym told his broffer John 
35v [wolde do] be crowne vpon 
[at E]sterne to wuld be kyndom, 
'But ye sunner come hoom, 
for be kyng of Frauns wyth envye 
was iresyn in Normandye. 
'Qwat,' qod Richard, 'be Goddes payn, 
deuy hath no[w] mekyl mayn! 
for alle here vest and al here deray 
et be schul bowin sum day!' 

Per he sojurnyd tyl Halvy[un]-messe 
and panne to Jafes he gan passe.
4501 and for seuen yer and more
4502 that ilke castelle he let store.
4503 Fiue thousand men, armed welle,
4504 he lefte to wite that castelle
4505 and for to loke wel that lond
4506 out of the Sarasyns hond,
4507 but he ayen come myghte
4508 fro Engelond, as he hadde tiglite.
4509 And thenne he dude hym to Acres ward,
4510 the doghty body, kyng Richard.
4511
4512 Nogh of the soudan speke we,
4513 what sorwe he made and pite
4514 whenne he hurde of that cas
4515 hogh his tresour robed was.
4516 He bad his godes and cursed his
4517 and seide he wolde be wreke of this,
4518
4519
4520
4521
4522
4523 and seyde he wolde wreke be
4524 if euere he myghte his tyme se.
4525 In that tyme a spie com in
4526 and thus he tolde Salady
4527 ‘Lord,’ he seyde, ‘be blithe of mode
4528 for y the brynge tidinges good,
4529 to thyn herte a noble present:
4530 kyng Richard is to Acres went!
For seven gere and for more
he gan þe castel to astore.
V þousand, I fynd in boke,
[he] let þere þe castel loke
ffor to kepe wel þat londe
out of Saladynys hond,
tyl ageyne come he myth
ffrom Ingelond, God it dyth!
And þanne he þout to Acris ward,
the dowty body, kyng Richard.
[O]f Saladyn now begynneth my jest
þat makyth noyse and gret chest.

Wroth he was and al abobed
ffor his tresour was irobbyd,
and for his men were islawe
he betyth his Goddes and cursith his lawe,
and swor he wold awrekyd be
if he myth his tyme se.
So þat tyme þer cam a spye in
and told þus to Saladyn:
A lord, be now blyþe of mood,
I þe bryng tydyncs good,
to þi[n]e hert a blyþe present:
yng Richard is to Acris iwent!

ffor seven gere and for more
he dide þe castel wel store.
FFyftene þousand, y fynde in boke,
he lafte þat castel for to looke,
ffor to kepe wel þat londe
out of þe Saryzyns honde,
37: tyl he aȝeyn com myȝt
ffrom Ingloand, as he had tyȝt.
And þen he went to Acres ward,
þat douȝty body, king Richard.

Off Saladyn now speke we,
what dool he made and what pyte
when he herd of þat cas
þat his tresour robbed was.
Wroth he was and al abobbyd
ffor his tresoure was so robbyd,
and for his men were so slawe
he bete his goddes and cursed his lawe,
and swore he wolde awreke be
3if he myȝt euer his tyme see.
So þat tyme a spye com yn
and tolde þis to Saladyn,
‘A lord,’ he seith, ‘be blyth of mood
ffor y bryng tything good,
to þyn hert a blythe present:
yng Richard is to Acres went!
Ouer he wole into Engelond for hym is come such a sond, for John his brother wolde here his corone at Ester! they gone to swere. 'Jafes castel he hath storid ryght with erl, baroun, many a knyght, fifty thousand, y wot fulle welle, for to kepe Jafes castelle, forte he come fro his owene thede if he myghte so wel spede. Nogh lat se lord, withoute faille, fro his body [k]u[t]uth his taille!' Ofte was the soudan wel and wo, neuer gladder then he was tho! The spie he yaf an hundred besant that broghte hym that ilke presant, and therto he yaf hym a fair destrer and a robe furred with blanner. Tho wolde the soudan lengur abyde but sente aboute in euery side vpon lyne and vpon lyf, vpon children, vpon wif, that euery man come blyue to helpe out of londe to dryue kyng Richard with the grete taile. To hym com many an ammiraile,
D
for ouer he wold to Ingelond,
him ys come swylke a sond
that is brouther John, y pe sure,
wyel now his croune were!
Jafes he hath stored aryzt
wyth many a ful knyth,
for fbye thousand, I wot ful wel,
schul kepe pe toun and pe castele,
if he may so wel spede
tyl he come from his nede.
Now let se, (l)ord, wythowtyne faile,
ffrom his body cutte his tayle!
Saladyn was ofteyn wel and wo
but neuer so wel as he was po!
The spye he gaf an hundred besand
the tydyng him brouyt to presant,
and a ful fayr destrer
and a robe furryd wyth blandener.
Tho nold he not long abyde,
[h]e sent about on yche a syde
[vpon] leme, vpon lyff,
[vpon] childerne vpon wyff,
[to come] to him blype
[... out of] lond to dryue
[ ] his grete tayle.
[ ] an emyraile
[ ] many a kyng
[and ] [heth]en hey lordyng
[of ] Arabie,
E
for ouer he wol to Ingelonde,
him is come suche sond
that John his brother, y 30w swere,
wyel elles his croun bere!
Jaffys he hath stored ryzt
with mony a baroun and gentyl knyzt,
xv thousand, y wote ful welle,
to kepe pe toun and pe castele
3if bat 3e may so wel spede,
tyl bat he com fro his lede.
Now let see lord, without faile,
ffro his body kytte pe tayle!
Ofte was Saladyne wel (a)nd woo
but neuer so wel as he was po!
De spye he 3aue an hundred beysaundes
pat brouyt him þese new tydynges,
and also a feire destrere
and a robe furryd with blaundynere.
Tho wolde he no lenger abyde,
he sent about on euerly syde
vpon her lond and vpon her lyf,
vpon her children and vpon her wyf,
pat þey come to him bluye
and help him of l[ond] to dryue
kyng Richard with his grete tayle.
To him com mony a meraille,
mony a duke and mony a kyng
and mony an hethen lordyng,
of Egypt and of Arabye,
of Capadocy and of Barberye,
of Inde, of Perce, of Babiloyne,
of Arabie and Sessoyne,
of Aufrick and of Aubone
_and of alle the londes of Alisaundre,
of grete Grece and eke of Tire,
of of many onothur gret empire;
of many mo londes than eny man can telle
but he that made heuene and helle.
Kyng Charleman [ne] Alisaundre,
of whom that was so rich a slaundre,
they hadde never such an ost
bi the contre that lay in cost,
ffyf myle hit was in brede
_and more, I wene, so God me rede!
Twenty mile hit was in lengthe,
that was anoste of gret strengthe,
_al that erthe duneth hem vnder,
ther men myghte hure gret wonder!
To Jafes castel he went ful sket,
oure Cristen men the gates shet.
A strong biker ther bygan
bytwyne hem and the hethyn men.
So strong and hard was that bataile
that hit ferde, withoute faile,
of [A]scholoyne,
of Samarye and of B]abiloyne,
of grete Grece and of Tyre
and of mony another empyre;
of alle he}en londes, I fynd,
ffro þe Grec[ky]s see to 3end.

Charl, þe kyn[g, ne Alisaun]der,
of whom is made muche sclaunder,
þat ha]e never ha]e
os in þe countre lay
v myle yt was in [brede]
and more, I wene, so God [me spede]!
And xxti [m] it was in [lengthe]
this was an ost of gret [strengthe],
þat alle þe erthe denyd [vnder],
þer men myth asen gret wond[er].
Jafes, þe cete, about þei sette
many a Cristen man to lett.
Per was in a lytul throw
40v on boþe half mekyl folk slawe.

So strong and so hard was þat batayl
that yt ferd, wythowty fayle,
as hit hadde fro hecne light
of helmes that were so bright.
And allegate oure Cristene men wel faught,
though hii slogh the Sarasyns, hit se[r]yd noght.
Also hit ferde, der no man axe,
as they were fro grounde waxe,
that no slaughter with swerdes kene
ne myghte among hem be sene.
Oure Cristen men flogh into the castel
and kepte the gates swithe wel,
the Sarasynes the cite nome
to hure wille and hure dome.
Anon bygunne the Sarasy
the castel-wal to vudermyn,
oure Cristene men for the nones
tofrusshid hem with harde stones.
They went aboute the castel-wal
and shoten and throwen oueral,
many was the brennyng quarel
they shoten into Jafes castel,
Oueral they preuede best
oure Cristene men to greuy mest,
so att laste a yate they founde
that was noght sperrid in that stounde.
 Ther they hadde a stronge metyng
with speris and with launce gretyng.
To wedde they lefte a thousand men
and of oure Cristene bute ten.

4594 seruyd] semyd
os yt had ben from heven lyth,
so cler yt was of swerdes bryth.
The Cristen men ful wel fawt,
to sle þe Sarazynys sparyd þei nowt.
The ferdyn os of þe herthe þei sprong,
so many þer were, old and 3ong,
þat no slaut of swerdes kene
in þat batayl [ne] myth be sene.
The Cristen flowin into þe castel
and kept þe 3ates suyþe wel,
the Sarazynys þe ceté nome
to her wille and to her dome.
Thanne begynne þe Sarazy[ne]
the castel-wal to vndermine,
and þe Cristen for þe non[es]
tobrestyn hem, body and [bones].
The Sarazynys 3edy[m...]
and schotyn in ouer[alle]e,
many a brennynd [...]
they schotyn into ... and oure to hem [...]
many of hem [...]
They soutyn [ ] best
the Criste [ ] mest
at þe la[st] ]ond
now3[t] [ ] and in þei wond.
Þer þei [ ]g metyn
wyth [ ]rdes keruynq.
[ ]dyn a m men
[ ] slayn siche ten.

as it hadde be heuyn ly3t,
so clere it was of swerdes bry3t.
And euer þe Cristen men wel fou3t,
to sleþ þe Sarazynys ne spared þey nou3t.
They ferde as of þe ground þey sprong,
so fele þey were, olde and 3ong,
þat no slauter of swerde keene
þer my3t nou3t be yseene.
38r The Cristen flow to þe castelle
and kept þe gates swith welle,
þe Sarzyyne þe citée noome
to her wille and her doome.
Þo bygan þe Saryzyne
þe castel-wal to vndermyne,
the Cristen men for þe noones
alle tofrusshed hem with stoones.
Þe Saryzyne 3ede aboute þe walle
and sheet yn oueralle,
mony a brennyng quarelle
þey sheet into þe castelle,
and oure to hem ... to hem sheet as swythe
and mony of hem þey made vulbythe!
Þe Saryzyne souȝt where þey myȝt best
greue Cristen men mest,
atte þe last a gate þey found
nowȝt hard yshet in þat stound,
but þere þey founde a strong metyn
of axes and of swerdes keruynq.
To wed þey lafte a þousand men,
of þe Cristen were slawe but ten.
Were the Sarasyns neuer so stout,
att the yate they puld hem out.
But that day for no nede
the Sarasyns myght noght spede.
Att even by the more cler
oure Cristene sent a messenger
to Richard kyng to Acres cite,
and prayde him for Godes pite
that he sholde to hem come
othur hii were alle ynome.
And tolde hym altogadre that cas
of the soudans ost, hogh hit was,
but he come to hem anon
they were forlore euerych on.
Kung Richard answerede anon right:
'Wel knowe I the soudans fight,
he wole make bute a litel deray
and als quic he wole flen away!
I ne wille for hym thider wende
but good socour I wol hem sende!'
Were þe Saryzyns neuer so stout,
at þe gate men droue hem out.
Pat day for no nede
the Saryzyns myght noþing spede.
Anyȝt by the moone clere
þe Cristen sente a messengere
to kyng Richard to Acrys cite,
and bade him for Goddes pite
that he shulde to hem come
or elles þey were al ynome.
þey tolde him al þe harde cas
of þe heten ost how it was:
‘But þe com to hem anoon,
þey ben forlore, euerych oon!’
Richard answerd anoon ryȝt:
‘Wel y know þe sowdans fyȝt,
he wyl make a lytet derray
and anoon flee away!
I nyl for him to hem wende
but sone y wyl hem socourc sende!’
He cleped to him his newewe,
a ryche duk of grete vertu,
he hight Sir Henry of Champayn
and him wende to Jaffys playn.
‘And take with þe’ he seide, ‘þyn oste
and abate þe sowdannes boste!’
‘As armes!’ he dyde crye
among his ost, þat þey shulde hye
with Sir Henry for to wende
and Jaffys help and to defende;
both frensh and eke Lumbard
thurgh the byddyng of kyng Richard.
On morwe ther wente with ther! Henry
many a baron and knyght hardy,

fful sone the soudan his ost [they] sey
that al [the] contre hit bywrey,
and whenne the soudan of hem herde
smartly ayenst hem he ferde.
And whenne the erl Henri hit wiste
he fledde ayen, by Jhesu Criste,
but he made no tarienge
tille he come to Richard,oure kynge.
He sey never in non herde
in alle this myddelyerde
halfandel the pople of men
the soudan hadde by doun and den.
‘No tunge’ he seide, ‘may hem telle,
I wene hii beth come fro helle!’
Thanne answerid kyng Richard:
‘fhi,a deblis, foule coward!
I shal neuer, by God aboue,
triste to no frenssh mannnes loue!

4661 they sey] sey
4662 the] a
a\[4651\]\[\text{3en}\] \(\text{be}\) sowdan Saladyne,
\[4652\]‘\(\text{Awreke}\) 30\(\text{w}\) of \(\text{be}\) Saryzyn!’

Amorow went with Sir Herry
\[4656\]mony a baroun and kny3t hardy:
\[4657\]Gascoynes, Spaynardes and Lumbardes,
\[4658\]at \(\text{be}\) commaundement of kyng Richardes.
\[4659\]They went furth by the maryn
\[4660\]tyl \(\text{pey}\) come at Palestyn,
\[4661\]of Saledynes ost \(\text{pey}\) sey
\[4662\]al \(\text{be}\) contrey was bewray.
\[4663\]Of her comyng \(\text{be}\) sowdan herde,
\[4664\]swith to hem ward he ferde.
\[4665\]When \(\text{pe}\) duk Herry \(\text{bis}\) wist
\[4666\]he turned a3eyn, by Jhesu Criste,
\[4667\]bat \(\text{he}\) ne had no taryyng
\[4668\]tyl \(\text{he}\) come to Richard, oure kyng,
\[4669\]and seide \(\text{he sawe neuer ne herde}
\[4670\]in al \(\text{be}\) wyde myddelerde
\[4671\]nou3t haluendele \(\text{be}\) peple of men
\[4672\]bat Saladyn had by doun and den.
\[4673\]‘No tonge’ he seide, ‘may hem tel,
\[4674\]I wene \(\text{pey}\) com out of hel!’
\[4675\]Then answerd king Richard:
\[4676\]‘ffye, a deuelles, \(\text{bu}\) foule coward!
\[4677\]I shal neuer, for \(\text{by}\) love,
\[4678\]trist to Frenssh man, by God aboue!
\[4679\]\(\text{Po}\) Cristen men \(\text{bat}\) in Jaffys beeth
\[4680\]mow wite \(\text{be}\) her deethe,
Thurgh thi defaute I am sor dred,
my good barones beth bysted!
Myn men that in Jafes beth
mowe wite the hurte deth!

For the loue of seynt Marie
grethe smartyly my galie!
Nogh to shipe, on and othur,
fader and son, em and brothur!
Alle that euer loueth me
nogh to shipe pur charite!
And alle that wepne bere myght
to shipe they wente anon right
and went ayen to Jafes ward
with our lord kyng Richard.
Lystneth nogh, my tale is soth,
thogh y ne swere on non oth!
I wole rede romaunce non
of Perse ne of Pene ne Ipmadon,
of Alisaundre ne Charlemayn,
of kyng Ar[t]hour ne of Gawayn,
e of Lancelot du Lak,
Be(e)ues, Gy ne Cidrak,
of Oliuer ne of Otuan,
e of Ector, the stronge man;
of Jason ne of Ercules,
of Eneas ne of Achilles.
Y ne leue neuere, par ma fay,
that by the tym of hurte day
dude ani of hem so doghty a dede,
so strong a bataille ne so [gret] wighthede,

4700 Arthour] Archour
4710 so gret] so
for thy defaute y am adrad

bat my good barouns ben harvestad!

Now for þe loue of seynt Marye
take me quykly my galye!

Now to ship, oon and other,
ffader and son, em and brother!

Al þat euer loue me
now to ship, for charyte?

Al þat wepyn bere myȝt
to ship went anoon ryȝt
and hyed hem to Jaffes warde
with þe douȝty kyng Richard.

Herkeneneth to my tale sothe
þauȝ y swere ȝow noon othe!

I wyl ȝow rede romaunse noon
of Pertenöp ne of Ypomedon,
ne Alysaunder ne of Charlemayn,
ne of Arthur ne of Gawayn,
ne of Launcelet de Lake,
ne of Beues ne Gy ne Sydrake,
ne of Ely ne of Octauyan,
ne of Ettor, þe strong man;
ne of Jasyn ne of Ercules,
ne of Enneas ne of Achilles.

I trowe neuer, par ma fay,
in þe tyme of her day
dede noon of hem so douȝty dede
with stronge batayle ne with steede,
as dude kyng Richard, without faille,
at Jafes in that bataille
with his axe and with his swerd,
his soule asole Jhesu,oure Lord!
Hit was aboute high mydnyght
that mone and sterre shene bright,
kyng Richard to Jafes come
with his galeys, alle and some,
he loked toward the castelle,
he ne hurde pipe ne flogelle.
Thanne he drogh hym nyr the loud
yf he myghte ought vnderstond,
273b but he couthe noght aspie
by no manere menestraucie
that eny quik man in the castel ware,
ful bycam Richard of alle care!
‘Alas,’ he seide, ‘that I was bore,
my goode barons beth nogh forlore!

Aslawe is Robert of Leycestre
that was my curteis maistre,
euery her on hym was worth a knyght;
and Robert of Tur[n]ham that was wight
Sire Bertram and Sire Pipard
in bataille were wis and hard;
and othur mo of my barons,
the beste of alle my regiouns,

4736 Turnham] Turkham
as dide king Richard, withoute faile,
at Jaffes in that batayle
with his axe and with his swerd,
his sowle assoyle oure swete Lord!
Hit was byfore þe myndnyȝt,
moone and sterre gon shyne brȝt,
Richard was to Jaffys com
with his galeys, alle and soom,
and herken[ed] toward þe castel,
he ne herde pipe ne flogelle.
They drowe hem nere to þe londe
þif þey myȝt vnderstonde,
but þey ne myȝt nowȝwere aspye
no noyse ne noo mynstralsye
what quyk man in þe castel ware,
þo was king Richard ful of care.
‘Alas,’ he seid, ‘þat y was bore,
my good barons y haue forlore!’
ful hard þan wept king Richard
and wrong his hond and tare his berd,
‘A Jhesu, now þy socoure,
to longe haue y made sojour!’
Now slayn is Robert of Laycester
that was my curtaise maister,
every here of him was worth a knyȝt;
and Robert [Turn]ham þat was so wyȝt
and Sir Brandis and Sir Pypard,
in bataile þey were wys and hard;
and mony of my good barouns,
the best of alle regiouns,
beth nogh slawe and al totoare,
allas, hogh y leue for sore!
Hadde I come bytyme hider
y myght haue saued hem alle togider!
But y be wreke of Saladyn
certes I shal my joie tyn!
Thus kyng Richard wailed ay
forte hit was ayein the day.
Thanne com a wayte into a cernel
and pipid a lite into a flogel,
he hadde pipid but on sithe
that he ne made many a herte blithe!
He loked adoun and segh the galeys,
kung Richard and his nauyes,
shipes and galeis wel he knew,
and thanne a murier note he blew
and pipid: ‘Seignours, ore sus, ore sus,
kung Richard is come amonges vs!’

Eorlis, barons, squier and knyght
to the walle lepin anon right
and whenne they sey Richard, hure lord,
alle hii criede att on word:
‘Welome, lord, in Godes name,
oure care is turnd to game!’

Kyng Richard tho he wiste this,
he hadde neuer so muche blis.
He gan to crie: ‘As armes yare!’
to hem that with hym icome ware.
they be slawe and totore,
how may ye leue longe perfore!
Had ye com betyme heder
I myght haue sauyd al togeder!
Certes, ye shal never be blyth man
tyl y be wore of þe sowdan!
Thus waylede kyng Richard aye
tyl it was aþen þe daye.
A wayte wente to þe torelle
and yped a mot with a flogelle,
he ne yped but a sythe,
mony an hert he made blythe!
He loked adoun and sawe galeys
and alle kyng Richard's naueys,
shippes, galeys ful wel he knewe,
a mery noote þan he blewewe
and yped: 'Seignours, or sus, or sus,
king Richard is amonges vs!'
When þe Cristen men herd þis
in hert þey were glad, ywys!
Erl, baroun, squyer and knyght
to þe walles ronne anoon ryt
(þ)nd saw kyng Richard, her lord,
þey welcomed him with myld word
and seide: 'Welcom lord, in Goddes name,
al oure care is turnyd to game!'
King [Richard] had never in hert, ywys,
haluendel so muche blys.
'As armes!' he cryed þere,
aþen þe Saryzyns he wold fare,
'Taketh me myn axe an honde
that was mad in Engelonde,
this day hit shal do me seruise,
that many a Sarasyn shal hit grise.
No more hurc armure I doute
than hit were a pulche-cloute!
Lordinge, we haueth lif but on,
sulle we dure flessh and bon
for to cleyme oure heritage?
Sle we the paynyms in euel rage,
and who that douteth hure manas,
haue he never sight of Godes fas!'  
Alther-ferst hymself on londe lep,
of a doseyn he made an hep.
He gan to crie with vois cler:
'Where beth this hethyn pautener
that haueth the cite of Jafes nome?
With myn axe I am come
to warante that I haue do,
wassail I shal drynk yogh to!'  
On euery side he leide on, aplitght,
and slogh the Sarasyns down-right.
We ne haue lygf but oon,
selle we it dere, flessh and boon,
ffor to chalange oure herytage
slec we þe Saryzyns in euyl rage!
Whoso dredeth him for manace
mot he se never God in þe face!
Take meyn axe in myn honde
that was made in Ingelonde,
no more her armes y ne dout
then it were a pylche clout!
The soth today men shul ysee
throug Goddes help in Trûnte!
Alþer-first alond he lept,
of a dozen he made an hepe.
He gan to crye with voys clere:
‘Where is þe hepen pautenere
that haþ þe cite of Jaffis nome?
With my pollax y am com
to warraunt wel þat þy haue do!
Wasseile,’ he seide, ‘y drynke 3ow too!’
He leide on, seker apryþt,
and slouþ þe Saryzyns doun-rýþt.
The Sarasyus flogh -and were al mat- wel faste out att the yat.
The Sarasyus were so yargh, hem thoghte the yates al to nargh
and runne to the wal of the toun, in eevry syde they fulle adoun
And alle they criede in this manere
as ye shulle forward here:
'Maltan scerre neir her bieu,
loier feir meir ter memore!'
This is to seinge iwis:
'The Englissh deuel comen is,
273v yf he vs mete we shulle deye,
 fle we quicly out of his weye!' Out of the cite they floghen ech on
that ther ne lafte noght on.
Bute wel foure hundred or fyue
kyng Richard hemsylf broght of lyue.
Anon he stabled vp his destrer
and att the yate sette a porter,
therl of Leicestre, sire Roberd,
fette hym forth his stede Liard.
Kyng Richard lup into his sadel anon
of the playn erthe that he stod on.
Kyng Richard was armed wel
bothe in iren and in stil,
and smertly he rod out att the yate,
two hethyn kynges he mette therate
with sixti thousand Sarasyns fers,
with he[l]m on hed and bright baners.

4830 helm| hem
4801  Pe Saryzyns fled -and were al mate-
4802  wel fast out at pe gate.
4803  In hert þey were sore arowe
4804  þat þe gate þougt hem to narow
4805  and ronqe to þe walles of þe toun,
4806  by euer side þey fel adoun
4807  and euer cryde on his manere
4808  as þe shul now yhere:
4809  'Malkun sterran nararbrus,
4810  loyr fer noner to memorus!'
4811  This is to sey in Inglyssh:
4812  'Pe Ingilissh deuyl comen is
4813  and but yf we flee out of weye
4814  in euyl deeth we shul deye!'  
4815  þey fled out of þe toun anoone,
4816  þeryn belefe neuer oon
4817  saue foure hundred or fyue,
4818  but þey were brouȝt of lyue.
4819  þey ledde vp her destreis
4820  and at þe gate set porteres.
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4825  Tho king Richard lep on Ffauel,
4826  wel y-armed in yren and stel,
4827  and rod him out at þe gate,
4828  the king of Egypt he met þerate
4829  with sixty þousand Saryzyns fers,
4830  with armes bryȝt and brood baners.
That on kyng in that helm he hitte
that into the sadel adoun hym slitte,
that othr he raghte on the iren hod
that att the gurdelle his axe astod.

And his eorles and his barons
gonne to fighte as wode lyons
and slogh the Sarasyns also blyue,
as gras falleth before the sithe.
The Sarasyns that myghten gon,
ayen they flowen euerych on
to Saladin his gret ost
that fiftene myle lay in cost.

Many a Sarasyn and hethin lordyng
yeld hym to Richard, oure kyng.
He toke hem into ostage tho
and hadde a thousand prisons and mo.
The chas lasted swithe long
til hit come to euesonge.

Ther kyng Richard pight his pauiloun
and dwellide alle nyght withoute the town,
and that nyght with mylke herte
he conforteth his barons smerte.
King Richard on ðe helme him hit,
doun to the ground he him slitte,
anðer he smot on ðe yrene hood,
at his brest ðe dynt withstood.
His Templers and his barons
ffauȝt as egre lyouns
and slouȝe ðe Saryzyns swythe,
as gras falleth before ðe sythe.
ðe Saryzyns saw no better woon
but fledde away euerych oon
to Saladynes grete ost
ðat fourty myle lay in cost.
Sixty þousand, par ma fay,
þe sowdan lost þat ylke day,
for her armoure ferde as wax
aȝen king Richard's axe.
Mony a Sarazyn and high lordyn
3olde hem to Richard,oure kyng;
Richard put hem in ostage þoo,
þere were a þousand prisoners and moo.
ðe chase lasted swythe long
tyl it com to euynsong,
Richard rood after þoo it was nyȝt
and mony a Saryzyn to deth he dyȝt,
that no man it may accompte
how feele of hem it wold amount!
King Richard left without þe toun
and nyȝt þere his paulyoun,
and þat nyȝt with good hert
he comforted his barouns smert.
4861 Bute ye shall have on the morwe,
4862 that was a day of much sorwe,
4863 the strongest bataille, I vsndurstonde,
4864 that euer was in any londe!
4865 And ye that woloth the bataille lere,
4866 herkneth Sires, and ye may here!
4867 As kyng Richard sat ate soper
4868 and gladid his barons with milde cher
4869 and conforted hem with good wyn,
4870 ther come two messagers fro Saladyn
4871 and stode kyng Richard before
4872 with longe berdes and with hore;
4873 of two mules they weren light,
4874 in silk and gold thei were dight.
4875 Either huld othwr by the hond
4876 and seide: 'Kyng Richard, nogh vsndurstond,
4877 oure soudan and oure hegh kyng
4878 sende the here this axing:
4879 yf thugh were so hardy a knyght
4880 that dourtest abide here al this nyght
4881 tille tomorwe that hit day ware,
4882 of thi lif thugh were bare,
4883 for thi lif and thine barans
4884 we woloth noght yuie two scalans!
4885 He wol e the take with strength of honde
4886 for he hath folk of fele londe,
4887 of Inde major and Turkie,
4888 of Maranfeld and of Arabie.
4861 But ðe shul here of ðe morowe,
4862 þat was a day of muche sorowe,
4863 it was ðe grettest bataile, y vnderstonde,
4864 ðat euer was in eny londe!
4865 And þo ðat wille þis bataile lere,
4866 hende herkenep and ðe shul here!
4867 As king Richard sat at sopere
4868 and gladed his barons with good chere
4869 and conforted hem with good wyn,
4870 two messengers com fro Saladyn
4871 and stodyn him byfore
4872 with longe berdes and white hoore;
4873 of ii mules þey were lyʒt,
4874 in clooth of sulk þey were dyʒt.
4875 Eche helde other by the honde
4876 and seide: 'Sir king, vnderstonde,
4877 oure lord Saladyn, þe highe kyng;
4878 haþ þe sent þis askyng:
4879 ʒiþ þu were so hardy knyȝt
4880 þat þu durst abyde him in fīʒt
4881 tomorow when it day were,
4882 of blisse þu sholdest be al bare.
4883 ffor þy lyf and þy barons
4884 I wol not ʒeue twoo scalons!
4885 He wil take þe with strenþ of honde
4886 ffor he hath folk of mony a londe,
4887 Egregyens and of Turky,
4888 Moriens and of Arabie,
4889 Baselles and Embociens,
4890 fful egre knyȝttes of defens;
He haueth thre hundred kynges, without faille, and fiftene hundred of ammiraille.

Therth may vnethe hem bere, the folk that cometh the to dere!

By oure red do ryght welle and turn ayein to Jafes castelle,

ther thugh myght on saf warde be tulle thugh haue sey hure meyne,

yf thugh sixte thugh myght noght stonde, turn ayein to thyn owene londe!

So thugh myght thi deth fie, hom to Engelond by the see!

In wratthe kyng Richard tok a loff, the crouste in his hond al toroff

and seide to the Sarasyn: ‘God yiue the euel fyn,
yogh and Saladin, your lord The deuel hange yogh by a cord!

Goth and seieth Saladyn, in despit of Appolyn

I wille abide her the tyme tille tomorwe hit be prime!
4891 Egipciens and of Capadocy,
4892 of Ynde major and of Surry,
4893 of Ynde and of Ascolyn,
4894 of Samarye and of Babyloun.
4895 of euery twenty þousand, samfaile,
4896 and fyve þousand of ameraile.
4897 Pe grounde vnnej may hem bere,
4898 þe folk þat comeþ þe to dere!
4899 By oure red do rygt welle
4900 and turne aȝeyn to Jaffes castelle,
4901 in saue warde þu myȝt þere be
4902 tyl þu haue sende after more meyne,
4903 and yf þu see þu maist not stonde,
4904 turne aȝen to þyn owne londe!
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4907 In ire Richard toke a lof
4908 and in his hondes it al toroof
4909 and seide to þe Sarazynes:
4910 'God þeue ȝow euyl fynes,
4911 and Saladyn, ȝoure lord,
4912 þe deuyl him hong with cord!
4913 ffor ȝoure counsaile and ȝour tydyng
4914 God þeue ȝow euyl endyng!
4915 Goþ and seith Saladyn,
4916 in dispite of Appolyn
4917 I wyl abyde him betyme
4918 þauȝe he com tomarowe or prime!
4919 And þauȝe y were myself alloone
4920 I wolde abide hem euerych one,

4911 lord] lorde
4912 cord] cordes
And sey I wole erly on morwe
brewe hym a drinke of sorwe,
and sey that I hym avie
and alle his cursed companie,
and if that dogge cometh to me
my axe shal his bane be!

The messagers beth forth went
to do hure lorde's commaundement.
Saladyu hadde meruaille than
and seide he was non erthly man:
'He is sum denel or seyt,
his myght is neuere founde ateynt!'
Anon he makuth his ordenyng,
therof ne roghte Richard oure kynge!
Anyght he wente to Jafes ward
for to take kyng Richard.
Kync Richard therof toke no kepe
but in bedde ful softe slepe
forte hit was in the dawenyng,
than ne hurde Richard a shrichyng.
Thurgh Godes grace an aunget of heuene
that spak to hym with mylde steuene:
'Aris and lep vpon 'ffauuel
and turn ayein to Jafes castel!
Thugh hast slept longe inogh,
thugh shalt hit fynde hard and togh!
and quod the dogges wyl com to me
my pollax her bane shal bee!
And seith him that ye defye
al his cursed companye!
Goth now and seith him thus:
es he haue of swete Jesus!
Pe messengers went to Saladin
and tolde he begynnyng and he syn.
Saladin meruailed that
and seide he was no worldly man:
'He is a devyl or a seynt,
his myght fonde y neuer feyn!
Anoon he made his ordenyng
ffor to take Richard, our king.

Perof Richard toke no kepe
but al he lay aslepe
tyl aȝen he dawyn,
þan hard he a shille criyng.
Throuȝ Goddes grace an angel of heuyn
seide to him with mylde steuyn:
'Aryse and lepe on Fauelle
and turne aȝeyn to Jaffys castelle!
Pu hast yslept longe ynowȝ,
thow shalt it fynde harde and towȝ!

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4951 Er thugh come to that cite,
4952 thugh shalt be wroth and thi meyne,
4953 and aftur the bataille do by my hes
4954 with the soudan make thi pes.
4955 Tak trues and let thi baronage
4956 to the ffium do hure pilgrimage,
4957 to Caluarye and Jerusalem,
4958 to Nazareth and to Bethleem;
4959 and lat hem wende hom aftur than
4960 and com thugh aftur with thi shipman,
4961 for thugh hast fele fon, I vndurstonde,
4962 here and in thin owene londe!
4963 Vp,' seide the aungel, 'and wel spede,
4964 thugh haddest neuere more nede!'
4965 He sturte vp as he wolde wele
4966 and lup on haste vp on his stede
4967 and gan to crie: 'Ore sus, ore sus,
4968 ous haueth warned swet Jhesus!'
4969 He blew and cried: 'As armes wate!'
4970 but almost he com to late
4971 for the soudan and alle his tem
4972 was bitwyne the castel and hem
4973 and thudwr he was hymself come
4974 kyng Richard to haue nome.
4975 That was to Richard a sory peyn
4976 for he myght nought his ost ordeyn,
4977 but priked forth on ffaueel
4978 and let his lance bite wel.
4979 Therwith he slogh, withoute dout,.
4980 the kynges of the soudans route.
Or þu com to þat citee
þow shalt be wrapsed and þy meyne,
after þe bataile do be myn hees
with þe sowdan make pees.
Take trews and let þy baronage
to þe flom do her pilgrimage,
to Na(z)areth and Bedlem,
to Caluery and to Jerusalem;
and let hem go hom after þen;
and com þu after with þy shipmen,
ffor þu hast enemys, y vnderstonde,
here and in þyn own loude!
Vp, 'seide þe angell, 'and wel þu spede,
þow haddest neuer so muche nede!'
Richard aros as he wolde wede
and spronge vpon Fauel, his stede,
and seide: 'Lordynges, or sus, or sus,
þus haþ vs werned swete Jhesus!
'As armes!' he cryed þare
ageyn þe Saryzyns for to fare,
but Saladyne and his men
were com bytwene Jaffys and hem.
Þeder he was by nyȝt come,
king Richard to haue ynome.
Þat was to Richard grete peyn,
he nyȝt noȝt his ost ordeyn,
byfore he preked on Fauel,
his swerde he dide bite wonder wel.
Þerwith he sloug, withoute doute,
þre kinges of þe Saryzyns route.
His hors was stronge, hymself good,
horsman hym noght withstood.
He al tohew the hethin cors
and into grounde threwe hors.
Who that sey his containaunce,
wolde hym haue in memoraunce!

They gunne as thikke fro hym flen
as fro the hue doth the ben,
and with his axe adoun he swep
of Sarasyne, as wolf doth shep.

Englissh and ffreish gunne after ryde,
to fight they were fressh that tide.
Vpon the Sarasyne they flonge
with swerdes and with speres stronge,
and leid on with alle hure myght
and slogh the Sarasynes doun-right.

But therof was fulle litel kepe,
so much peple vpon an hepe
that no slaughter with swerdes kene
ne myghte among hem ben sene!

Thanne was ther a mere withoute Jafes,
a myle brod, withoute les,
maugre alle the Sarases, Richard sire
fiff hundred he drof into that mire.
Ther men myght se the hethin men
ligge and bathin in the fen,
and who that wolde comen vp,
kyng Richard yaf hym drinke of his cup!

4984 throwe] threwe
His hors was ste, himself was good,
hors ne man him nouȝt withstood.
ffor to hewe þe hepen cors
al to grounde, he made no fors.
He þat had seye his countenaunce,
wold him haue had in membraunce!
Þey gan fro him also fast dryue
as been doon fro þe hyue,
whom þat he hit with his swerde
neuer after spake he word!
The Inglyssh and þe Yryssh gon after ryde,
to fiȝt þey were ful fers þat tyde.
Vpon þe Saryzyns fast þey donge
with axes and with swerdes stronge,
þey smete harde with her myȝt
and slowȝe þe Saryzyns doun-ryȝt.
But þerof was ful lytel kepe,
so mony of hem þer were on hepe
þat no slaȝter, withoute faile,
ne myȝt be seene in þat bataile!
A myre þer was withoute Jaffys,
a myle longe, withoute lees,
maugrey hem alle kyng Richard, þe sire,
sixty þousand drof into þat mire.
Þere myȝt men see þe heethen men
lye and bathe hem on þe feen,
and þo þat wolde com vp
drank of kyng Richardoȝs cup!
What dreyn and what slawe,
the soudan les of hetin lawe
sixti thousand in a stounde,
as hit is in frensh founde.

King Richard thanne wente ayeyn
to helpe his ost with myght and meyn,
nogh he was both her and there
to helpe hem with his powere.

Ther was neuere man, I her do telle,
on man so many men to quelle,
and in the meste peril of that bataille
cyng Richard saw, saunz faille,
his newe, Sire Henrie of Champayne,
of his hors fulld in the playne.

The Sarayns hadde hym vnder honde,
to slen hym faste they gonne fonde,
hit hadde be his day laste
nadde kyng Richard come in haste.

He gan to cri with hegh voice:
‘Help, God and the holy Croice!
This ilke day my newe shilde
fro deth of this dogges wilde!
Lordinges,’ he seide, ‘leggeth on,
lateth of this hounds skape non
and I myself shal preue to smyte
whathur my polax wole ought byte!’

Ther men myght se [hin] with myght and mayn,
shede the Sarayns blod and brayn!
5011 What ydraynt and what yslawe,
5012 þe Saryzyns lost of þe hethen lawe
5013 an hundred þousand in a stounde,
5014 in þe Frensli, as it is found.
5015 The kynge Richard went ageyn
5016 to help his men with al his mayn,
5017 now he was þere and now here
5018 to gouerne him with his powere.
5019 Þat was neuer man þat herde telle
5020 that 00 man so mony gan quelle,
5021 but in þe most peril of þat bataile
5022 kynge Richard saw, withoute faile,
5023 his neuew, Sir Herry of Champayn,
5024 ffel of his hors in þe playn.
5025 The Saryzyns had him vnder hond,
5026 to sle him fast gan þey found,
5027 hit had ybe his day last
5028 ne had Richard com in hast.
5029 Richard cryde with hygh voys:
5030 'Help God and þe hooly Croys!
5031 My neuew today from shame shilde,
5032 fflo deeth of þese dogges wilde!
5033 Lordynges,' seid Richard, 'leith oon,
5034 þat of þese dogges scape noon
5035 and y myself wille preue to smyte
5036 3if my pollax wyl ouȝt byte!
5037 Po myȝt men see him with mayn,
5038 shede þe Saryzyns blood and brayn!
5039 Vpon þat place þat grene was
5040 moony a soule went to Sathanas.
By the dinnynge of the mire
men knew wher yede Richard sire.
His Templers come hym to socour,
ther bygan a strong scour.

Bertram Braundis, the good Lumbard,
Robert of Turnham and kyng Richard,
ther tho thre knyghtes rood
ther was slawe a wey fulle brood,
that foure wenes myght hem mete,
so many a Sarasyn lost that swete!

And att laste with gret payn
kyng Richard wan therl of Champayn,
and brogh hym ayen vpon his stede
that swithe good was to nede;
and bad hym wende by his side
and noght a foot fro hym ryde.
Than com a messager ther reke
with kyng Richard for to speke
By þe denyng of þe more
men myȝt here where Richard woore.
Þe Templeres com to socoure
and bygan an harde stoure,
they leide oon as þey were wood,
þe valeys ranne al in blood.
Longespyn was a douȝtȝy knyȝt,
as he were wood, he gan to fyȝt.
Þe king of Marrok met him in þe felde,
with a spere he smot him in þe sheld
þat he tumbled, samfaile,
topsaile ouer his hors taile
þat on his hed he lyȝt,
he brake his nek, y ȝow plyȝt!
Þe erl of Leycestre, Sir Robert,
þe erl of Rychemond and king Richerd,
þere þese þre knyȝtes rood
þat day was þe wey ful brood,
þat foure waynes myȝt mete,
so mony left þere þe sweete!
On either half was moony a boody
islawe, þat was ful hardy.
Atte last with grete payn
he wan þe erl of Champayn,
and brouȝt him on his steede
þat was swythe good at nede;
and bade þat he shuld ryde
ryȝt by his owne syde.
With þat co[m]e a messengere reke
with king Richard for to speke
and seide: 'Sire, for Godes pite,
turn ayen to Jafes cite!
Helid is both montayn and playn,
Alisandre ne Charlemayn
hadde neuere such a route
als is the cite alle aboute!
The yates beth on fire sett,
Sire, of Jafes castelett!
Thine men mowe nothwr in ne out,
of the, lord, they haue gret dout,
ffor ye mowe noght into the cite ride
ne in feld, what aunter bytide.
And also I warne the, saunz faille,
much is pered thi bataille:
the patriark nomen is
and John the Nel slaw, ywis;
Willeam of Arsur and Sire Gerard,
Sire Bertran and sire Pipard,
thes betli slawe and wel mo!'
Kyng Richard hym bithoghte tho
and gan to crie: 'Aturne arere,
every man to his banere!'
Many on byfore hym shet
with spere and with lance gret,
with swerdus and with macis bothe,
ofte hii made kyng Richard wrothe,
and slogh Pfauuel vndur hym.
Tho wexed Richard wroth and grym,
D

and seide: 'Sir, pur charyte,
turne azen to Jaffys citee!
Ihelyd is both hille and playn,
kyng Alysaunter ne Charlemayn
hadde neuer half pe route
as is pe cite now aboute!

3e mow [nou3t] into pe cite ryde
in the feld whatso betyde,
and [l] sow warne, withoute faile.
muche is paired of your bataile:
pe patryark taken is
and John the Neel yslayn, ywys;
William of Arasoun and Sir Gerard
and Bertram Braundes, pe good Lumbard.
pe se ben slaw and wel moo!' King Richard behouȝt him þoo
and gan to crye: 'Turniz arere,
euer man with his banere!

But of þe Saryzyns moony oon
to him þey lowe, euerych oon,
and slouȝe ᵭfauel vnder him.
Pan was Richard woo and grym,

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5071 and seide: 'Sir, pur charyte,
5072 turne azen to Jaffys citee!
5073 Ihelyd is both hille and playn,
5074 kkyng Alysaunter ne Charlemayn
5075 hadde neuer half þe route
5076 as is þe cite now aboute!
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5081 3e mow [nouȝt] into þe cite ryde
5082 in the feld whatso betyde,
5083 and [l] sow warne, withoute faile.
5084 muche is paired of your bataile:
5085 þe patryark taken is
5086 and John the Neel yslayn, ywys;
5087 William of Arasoun and Sir Gerard
5088 and Bertram Braundes, þe good Lumbard.
5089 þese ben slaw and wel moo!' King Richard behouȝt him þoo
5090 and gan to crye: 'Turniz arere,
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5097 But of þe Saryzyns moony oon
5098 to him þey lowe, euerych oon,
5099 and slouȝe ᵭfauel vnder him.
5100 Pan was Richard woo and grym,

5081 mow nouȝt] mow
5083 and l] and
5086 Neel] Ne(b)el
out of his arsen his axe he drogh
and that ilke Sarasyne he slogh
that under hym stikid his stede,
therfor he laght dethis mede!
On fote he was and on he leide,
many on under his hond ther deide.

What byfore and what bihynde,
mo than a thousand, as I finde,
he slogh the while he was on fote,
that hem ne com na more bote.
Saladyne sones com ride
with ten thousand by hure side
and gane to crie to kyng Richard:
'Aydd the, treitour, foule couhard,
other y shal the slen in this place!'
'Thugh lixt,' quath Richard, 'by Godes grace!' and with his axe he smot hym tho,
that euen his myddel he carf atwo,
half his body fulle adown
and halfendel sat in his arsoun.
'Of the' quath Richard, 'y am siker!'
His brothur com into that biker
vppon a stede, with gret raundoun,
he thoghte to bere Richard adoun.
He yaf hym a wonde thurgh the ryght arme
that dude Richard muche harme:
vppon the speres hed was venym.
Kyne Richard smot stoutly hym,
his axe fro þe arson he drowȝe,
þe Saryzyns þerwith he slowȝe
þat hadden steked vnder him his steede,
þerfore þey lefte her hed to mede!
Afoot he was, on he leyde,
mony hundred of his hond dyed.
Al þat his axe take myȝt
anoon he slowȝ adoun-ryȝt.
What byfore and what behynde,
a þousand Saryzyns, y fynde,
he slowȝ þoo he was on foot,
com þer neuer oon to boote.
Saladynes twoo soones com ryde
and x þousand Saryzyns by her syde
44r and gon crye to kyng Richard:
‘Aȝelde þe, traytoure, foule coward,
or we shul þe slee in þis place!’
‘3e lye,’ seide Richard, ‘by Goddes grace!’
With þat oon Richard met þoo,
with his axe he smot him soo
þat half his boody fel adoun,
and half he left in þe ersoun.
‘Of þe’ quod Richard, ‘y am seker!’
His brother com to þat bycour
vppon a steede, with grete randoun,
and þouȝt to bere Richard adoun,
and saue him a wounde þrouȝe þe arme
þat dide Richard muache harme,
ffor on his speres hed was venym.
And Richard stoutly smot to him,
that hors and man ful ded to grounde,

'Ly ther,' seide Richard, 'thugh hethin hounde,
shalton neuer telle SaladjTi
that thugh me madest my lyf to tyn!'

Thanne come ther fiue dukes and with hure genge
and bisette Richard, oure kynge,
and kyng Richard withinne a thrawe
this fiue dukes haueth slawe
and many hundredes aftur than
of swiche strong hethyn man.
And att laste, they hit were late,
kyng Richard wan Jafes gate.

Therl of Leycestre, Sire Robard,
brought hym his stede Liard.

Kyng Richard into the sadel lep,
the flowe the Sarasyns as hit were shep!
Kyng Richard rod aftur til hit was nyght
and slogh alle that he take myght,
ther were slawe in playn [and] den
ten hundred thousand hethyn men.
Kyng Richard with good entent
to that cite of Jafes went.
5131  þat hors and man fel to ground,
5132  ‘Lye þere,’ quod Richard, ‘þu hethen hound,
5133  þow shalt neuer tel Saladyne
5134  þat þu dedest me my lyf to tyne!’
5135  Than fyve dukes of hethenesse
5136  com with her ost more and lasse
5137  and byset Richard, oure kyng,
5138  and þouȝt him to deeth bryng.
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5141  But Richard in a lytel þrawe
5142  þo fyue dukes he had yslawe
5143  and mony hundred after þen
5144  of swythe strong hethen men.
5145  At þe last, þauȝe it were late,
5146  Richard wanne to Jaffys gate.
5147  Po were þe Cristen men ful seker
5148  þat þey shulde wynne þe byker!
5149  The erl of Leycestre, Sir Robert,
5150  brouȝt him his stede Lyarde.
5151  King Richard in þe sadel lepe,
5152  þoo fled þe Saryzyns as it were shepe!
5153  Richard rood after tyl it was nyȝt
5154  and slowȝ al þat he ouertake myȝt,
5155  þere were slayn in playn and den
5156  ten hundred þousand hethen men.
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5159  Pen myȝt Richard, without lees,
5160  go to þe gates of Jaffes,
On morwe he sent aftur Robert Sabouile and sire Willeam the Wateruile,
Sire Hubert and Robert of Turnham,
Sire Bertram Braundis and John de seynt John.
‘Goth’ he seide, ‘to the soudan
and sey, myself ayen thrity man
in the felde y wole with hem fight for to doreine Godes ryght.
And if I hem sle, haue the lond
euer to Cristene mannys hond;
and if the Sarasyne mowe sle me
the lond shal euer the soudans be!
And if he wolde [nought] vnduretonde oure sawes,
sey: thre yer, thre monthes and thre dawes
I axe triwes of the soudan,
to wende hom and come ayen than!’
The messagers beth forth went
and dude hure lordes commaundement.
The soudan wolde graunte that bataille
fiue hundred yenst Richard noght, saunfaille,
but if he wolde on morwe come
the trewes sholde ben nome;
And whenne the messagers hurde this word
they went ayen to hure lord
and tolde so to Richard, the fers,
and ſankede þe Kyng of glorye
and Marye of þat victorye,
ffor sethe þe world was first bygon
a fairer batel was neuer ywoon!
Amorow he sent Ŝabouyle
and Sir Robert þe Watteruyle,
Hubert and Robert [Turn]ham
to Ŝalady, þe hye sowdan,
that himself and fyue of his men
wolde fy3t aſen fyue hundred and ten.
In wyde feld þey wold fy3t
and gourne Goddes ry3t,
and 3iſ he it wan, to haue þe londe
euer into Cristen monnes honde;
and 3iſ þe Ŝarysyns my3t hem slee
þe londe shuld euer hur owne bee.
'And yf he wyl nou3t here 3oure sawes,
seſ þat iii 3ere and þree dawes
I aske trewes of þat sowdan,
to go to my lond and com aʒayn!' The messengers forth gan wynde
and tolde þe sowdan word and ende,
but þe sowdan wold nou3t assent þerto,
ffyue þousand aſen him shuld goo,
or amorow 3iſ he wolde com
þe trews shuld be ynome.

Dus tolde þe messengeres
this ilke triwe messagers.
The nexte day afterward
the soudan made good foreward:
certeyn trewis, att his wille,
both loude and also stille,
thurgh alle the lond to the flum,
to alle, that wolde gon and com,
alle thulke thre yer.
Cristine men, fur and ner,
myghte go to Jerusalem,
to the Sepulcre and to Bethleem,
to Oliuete and to Nazare[th we]lle,
to Jafes and to Maide castelle,
and to alle othwr pilgrimage
withoute harme othwr damage.
Thus kyng Richard, the doghty man,
made pes bitwyne hym and the soudan
and sithe he cam, I vndurstonde,
the wey toward Engelonde;
and hamward was shoten alias
at castel Gailard, ther he was.
The duk of Ostrich in the castel
with his ost was dight ful wel.
The wedur was hot in someres tide,
kyng Richard thoghte ther to abide
at Gailard, vndur the castel.
He wende he myghte haue kelid hym wel
and bysegid the castel Gailard
Prose
byside Lemo[ges] and strongly assailed hit,
so that the vii kln of Aprille, as the

5202 Nazareth wele] Nazarelle
5219 Lemoges] Lemones
5191 to king Richard that was so fers.
5192 The nexte day he made forward
5193 trews to take with king Richard
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5196 that he lond to the flow
5197 fro Acres, all that wolde coom
5198 all to there.
5199 Cristen men, fer and nere,
5200 must go to Jerusalem,
5201 to the Sepulcre and Bedlem,
5202 to Olyuete and to Nazareth welle,
5203 to Jaffys and to Maiden castel.
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kyng went aboute the castelle to
avise hit, vnarmed, a knyght, cleped
Peris Besile, sodenly bende his
arblast vppon the walles and haply with
a gayn smot the kyng in the lifte
shuldre and made dedely wounde.
Kynge Richard tho let his men calle
and bad hem dighten alle,
and swor by see and sunne,
til that castel weren wonne,
sholdc mete ne drinke
neuere in his body sinke!
He sett vp Robynet in that tide,
on that on castel side
and on that othur half of the toun
he let arere the Maude-griffoun;
and to the castel hii threw stones
and breke the walles for the nones.
And withinne a litel tide
into the castel he gan ryde
and slogh before and byhinde,
that he myghte tofore hym fynde.
And euere byleued the quarelle
stikyng faste in his shelder.
And when the kyng sey that he was
in peril of deth, he let ofsende iii
abbotes of Cisteaux ordre, that is of grey