

3 1761 02001799 2





☞ The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26 and 33. Prof. Skeat has finished *Partenay*; Dr. McKnight of Ohio *King Horn* and *Floris and Blanchefleur*; and Dr. Furnivall his *Political, Religious and Love Poems* and *Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest*. Dr. Otto Glanning has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and Dr. Furnivall has *Hali Meidenhad* in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes. As the Society's copies of the *Facsimile of the Epinal MS.* issued as an Extra Volume in 1883 are exhausted, Mr. J. H. Hessels, M.A., of St. John's Coll., Cambridge, has kindly undertaken an edition of the MS. for the Society. This will be substituted for the Facsimile as an 1883 book, but will be also issued to all the present Members.

**April 1904.** The Original-Series Texts for 1903 were: No. 122, Part II of *The Land MS. Troy-Book*, edited from the unique Laud MS. 595 by Dr. J. E. Wülfing; and No. 123, Part II of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, and its French original, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1903 are to be: No. LXXXVIII, *Le Morte Arthur*, in 8-line stanzas, re-edited from the unique MS. Harl. 2252, by Prof. J. Douglas Bruce (issued), No. LXXXIX, *Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality*, edited by Dr. Ernst Sieper, Part II.

The Original-Series Texts for 1904 will be No. 124, t. Hen. V, *Twenty-six Political and other Poems* from the Digby MS. 102, &c., edited by Dr. J. Kail, and No. 125, Part I of the *Medieval Records of a London City Church* (St. Mary-at-Hill), A.D. 1420-1559, copied and edited by Mr. Henry Littlehales from the Church Records in the Guildhall, the cost of the setting and corrections of the text being generously borne by its Editor. This book will show the income and outlay of the church; the drink provided for its Palm-Sunday players, its officers' excursions into Kent and Essex, its dealing with the Plague, the disposal of its goods at the Reformation, &c., &c., and will help our members to realize the church-life of its time. If the Society's funds will suffice, a third Text will be given in 1904, Part I of the *Alphabet of Tales*, a very interesting collection, english in the Northern Dialect, about 1440, from the Latin *Alphabetum Narrationum*, and edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks from the unique MS. in the King's Library in the British Museum; both the above-named texts are now at press. Those for 1905 and 1906 will probably be chosen from Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogue*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford MS. No. 85, by Mr. J. W. H. Atkins of Owen's College; a Northern Verse *Chronicle of England to 1327 A.D.*, in 42,000 lines, about 1420 A.D., edited by M. L. Perrin, B.A.; Prof. Bruce's Introduction to *The English Conquest of Ireland*, Part II; and Dr. Furnivall's edition of the *Lichfield Gilds*, which is all printed, and waits only for the Introduction, that Prof. E. C. K. Gomer has kindly undertaken to write for the book. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the english Capitula of Bp. Theodulf. The *Coventry Leet Book* is being copied for the Society by Miss M. Dornor Harris—helped by a contribution from the Common Council of the City,—and will be published by the Society (Miss Harris editing), as its contribution to our knowledge of the provincial city life of the 15th century.

Dr. Brie of Berlin has undertaken to edit the prose *Brul* or *Chronicle of Britain* attributed to Sir John Mandeville, and printed by Caxton. He has already examined more than 100 English MSS. and several French ones, to get the best text, and find out its source.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1904 will be chosen from Lydgate's *DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, Part III, edited by Miss Loeck; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Dr. E. A. Kock's edition of Lovelich's *Merlin* from the unique MS. in Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge; the *Macro Plays*, edited from Mr. Gurney's MS. by Dr. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard, M.A.; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes* (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Miss Kickert's re-edition of the Romance of *Emare*; Prof. I. Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c., ab. 1360, lately issued for the Roxburghe Club; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London*, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombrynge*, with other of the earliest english Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and Miss Warren's two-text edition of *The Dance of Death* from the Ellesmere and other MSS.

These Extra-Series Texts ought to be completed by their Editors: the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), *Promptorium Parvulorum*, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L.



Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society's edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew's insistence will meet with the sympathy of all our Members.

The Texts for the Extra Series in 1906 and 1907 will be chosen from *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction &c. by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; the Parallel-Text of the only two MSS. of the *Owl and Nightingale*, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes (at press); Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguillville's *Pilgrimage of the Sowle*, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguillville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguillville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguillville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,<sup>2</sup> a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.<sup>3</sup> A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:<sup>4</sup> "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,<sup>5</sup> Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguillville's first verse *Pèlerinage* into a prose *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*.<sup>6</sup> By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguillville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's englishing of Deguillville's *A B C* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberins A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem can be given, though that of an inserted

<sup>1</sup> He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJER's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 73-A.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

<sup>2</sup> The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

<sup>3</sup> These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

<sup>4</sup> Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

<sup>5</sup> According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

<sup>6</sup> These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.



theological prose treatise is incomplete. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,<sup>1</sup> and Additional 22,937<sup>2</sup> and 25,594<sup>3</sup>) are all of the First Version.

Besides his first *Pèlerinage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguillville wrote a second, "de l'ame separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,<sup>4</sup> at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Cains), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisher's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Man* is finisht, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage* of Jesus, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—the 'it is not an interlinear one'—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be looked on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trovisa's englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose,<sup>5</sup> Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Ancren Riwle*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmel. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbing, the living Hausknecht, Eichenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof.

<sup>1</sup> 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

<sup>2</sup> 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

<sup>3</sup> 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l'Âme: both incomplete.

<sup>4</sup> Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels &c.

<sup>5</sup> Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.

Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

## ORIGINAL SERIES.

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 16s. 1864
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 4s. "
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall, D.C.L. 4s. "
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. 1865
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8s. "
7. Genesis & Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 8s. "
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s. "
9. Thynne on Speght's ed. of Chaucer, A.D. 1599, ed. Dr. G. Kingsley and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 10s. "
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 2s. 6d. "
11. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. "
12. Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 1s. "
13. Sainte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne: re-edited by Dr. Otto Glauning. [Out of print. 1866
14. Kyng Horn, Floris and Blanchefleur, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby, B.D., re-ed. Dr. G. H. McKnight. 5s. "
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 7s. 6d. "
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s. "
17. Parallel Extracts from 45 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 1s. "
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne, re-edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. [At Press. "
19. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., Part II., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. 6d. "
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 1s. [Out of print. "
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. "
22. Partenay or Lusignan, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. "
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. 6d. "
24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1867
25. The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s. "
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS., ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s. [Out of print. "
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, a ryming Dictionary, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s. "
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1362 A.D.; Text A, Part I., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s. "
29. Old English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.). Part I. Edited by Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 7s. "
30. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s. "
31. Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s. 1868
32. Early English Meals and Manners: the Boke of Nourture of John Russell, the Bokes of Keruynge, Curtsaye, and Demeanor, the Babees Boke, Urbanitatis, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall. 12s. "
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry, ab. 1440 A.D. A Book for Daughters, ed. T. Wright, M.A. [Out of print. "
34. Old English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.). Part II., ed. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s. "
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s. "
36. Merlin, Part III. Ed. H. B. Wheatley. On Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie. 12s. 1869
37. Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., Ane Satyre of the Three Estaitis. Ed. F. Hall, D.C.L. 4s. "
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10s. 6d. "
39. Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy. Ed. D. Donaldson & G. A. Panton. Pt. I. 10s. 6d. "
40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Edit. Toulmin Smith and Lucy T. Smith, with an Essay on Gilds and Trades-Unions, by Dr. L. Brentano. 21s. 1870
41. William Lauder's Minor Poems. Ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s. "
42. Bernardus De Cura Rei Familiaris, Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. Ed. J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2s. "
43. Ratis Raving, and other Moral and Religious Pieces. Ed. J. R. Lumby, M.A. "
44. The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathe, or The Holy Grail: from the Vernon MS.; with W. de Worde's and Pynson's Lives of Joseph: ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 5s. 1871
45. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10s. "
46. Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross Poems, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
47. Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part V., ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 3s. "
48. The Times' Whistle, and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; ed. by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6s. "
49. An Old English Miscellany, containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, and Religious Poems of the 13th cent., ed. from the MSS. by the Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10s. 1872
50. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, ed. H. Sweet, M.A. Part II. 10s. "
51. The Life of St Juliana, 2 versions, A.D. 1230, with translations; ed. T. O. Cockayne & E. Brock. 2s. "



52. *Palladius on Husbandrie*, englisht (ab. 1420 A.D.), ed. Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A. Part I. 10s. 1872
53. *Old-English Homilies*, Series II., and three Hymns to the Virgin and God, 13th-century, with the music to two of them, in old and modern notation; ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s. 1873
54. *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, Text C: *Richard the Redeles* (by William, the author of the *Vision*) and *The Crowned King*; Part III., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 18s. "
55. *Generydes*, a Romance, ab. 1440 A.D., ed. W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Part I. 3s. "
56. *The Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy*, in alliterative verse; ed. by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the late Rev. G. A. Panton. Part II. 10s. 6d. 1874
57. *The Early English Version of the "Cursor Mundi"*; in four Texts, edited by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. Part I, with 2 photolithographic facsimiles. 10s. 6d. "
58. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. Part I. 8s. "
59. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part II. 15s. 1875
60. *Meditacyuns on the Soper of our Lorde* (by Robert of Brunne), edited by J. M. Cowper. 2s. 6d. "
61. *The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceeldoune*, from 5 MSS.; ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 10s. 6d. "
62. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part III. 15s. 1876
63. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part II. 7s. "
64. *Francis Thynne's Embleames and Epigrams*, A.D. 1600, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 7s. "
65. *Be Domes Dæge* (Bede's *De Die Judicii*), &c., ed. J. R. Lumby, B.D. 2s. "
66. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part IV., with 2 autotypes. 10s. 1877
67. *Notes on Piers Plowman*, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Part I. 21s. "
68. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in 4 Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part V. 25s. 1878
69. *Adam Davie's 5 Dreams about Edward II.*, &c., ed. F. Furnivall, M.A. 5s. "
70. *Generydes*, a Romance, ed. W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Part II. 4s. "
71. *The Lay Folks Mass-Book*, four texts, ed. Rev. Canon Simmons. 25s. 1879
72. *Palladius on Husbandrie*, englisht (ab. 1420 A.D.). Part II. Ed. S. J. Herrtage, B.A. 15s. "
73. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part III. 10s. 1880
74. *English Works of Wyclif*, hitherto unprinted, ed. F. D. Matthew, Esq. 20s. "
75. *Catholicon Anglicum*, an early English Dictionary, from Lord Monson's MS. A.D. 1483, ed., with Introduction & Notes, by S. J. Herrtage, B.A.; and with a Preface by H. B. Wheatley. 20s. 1881
76. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, in MS. Cott. Jul. E 7., ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. Part I. 10s. "
77. *Beowulf*, the unique MS. autotyped and transliterated, edited by Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D. 25s. 1882
78. *The Fifty Earliest English Wills*, in the Court of Probate, 1387-1439, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 7s. "
79. *King Alfred's Orosius*, from Lord Tollenache's 9th century MS., Part I, ed. H. Sweet, M.A. 13s. 1883
- 79b. *The Epinal Glossary*, 8th cent., ed. J. H. Hessel, M.A. 15s. [Preparing. "
80. *The Early-English Life of St. Katherine* and its Latin Original, ed. Dr. Einkenkel. 12s. 1884
81. *Piers Plowman*: Notes, Glossary, &c. Part IV, completing the work, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. 18s. "
82. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, MS. Cott. Jul. E 7., ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A., LL.D. Part II. 12s. 1885
83. *The Oldest English Texts, Charters*, &c., ed. H. Sweet, M.A. 20s. "
84. *Additional Analogs to 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,'* No. 12, by W. A. Clouston. 1s. 1886
85. *The Three Kings of Cologne*. 2 English Texts, and 1 Latin, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 17s. "
86. *Prose Lives of Women Saints*, ab. 1610 A.D., ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. C. Horstmann. 12s. "
87. *Early English Verse Lives of Saints* (earliest version), Land MS. 108, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 20s. 1887
88. *Hy. Bradshaw's Life of St. Werburge* (Pynson, 1521), ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 10s. "
89. *Voices and Virtues*, from the unique MS., ab. 1200 A.D., ed. Dr. F. Holthausen. Part I. 8s. 1888
90. *Anglo-Saxon and Latin Rule of St. Benet*, interlinear Glosses, ed. Dr. H. Logeman. 12s. "
91. *Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery-Books*, ab. 1430-1450, edited by Mr. T. Austin. 10s. "
92. *Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter*, from the Trin. Cambr. MS., ab. 1150 A.D., ed. F. Harsley, B.A. Pt. I. 12s. 1889
93. *Defensor's Liber Scintillarum*, edited from the MSS. by Ernest Rhodes, B.A. 12s. "
94. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, MS. Cott. Jul. E 7, Part III., ed. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. 12s. 1890
95. *The Old-English version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, re-ed. by Dr. Thomas Miller. Part I, § 1. 18s. "
96. *The Old-English version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, re-ed. by Dr. Thomas Miller. Pt. I, § 2. 15s. 1891
97. *The Earliest English Prose Psalter*, edited from its 2 MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring. Part I. 15s. "
98. *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.*, Part I., ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 20s. 1892
99. *Cursor Mundi*. Part VI. Preface, Notes, and Glossary, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
100. *Capgrave's Life of St. Katharine*, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann, with Forewords by Dr. Furnivall. 20s. 1893
101. *Cursor Mundi*. Part VII. Essay on the MSS., their Dialects, &c., by Dr. H. Hupe. 10s. "
102. *Landran's Chirurgie*, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker. Part I. 20s. 1894
103. *The Legend of the Cross*, from a 12th century MS., &c., ed. Prof. A. S. Napier, M.A., Ph.D. 7s. 6d. "
104. *The Exeter Book* (Anglo-Saxon Poems), re-edited from the unique MS. by I. Gollancz, M.A. Part I. 20s. 1895
105. *The Prymer or Lay-Folks' Prayer-Book*, Camb. Univ. MS., ab. 1420, ed. Henry Littlehales. Part I. 10s. "
106. *R. Misyng's Fire of Love and Mending of Life* (Hampole), 1434, 1435, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A. 15s. 1896
107. *The English Conquest of Ireland*, A.D. 1166-1185, 2 Texts, 1425, 1440, Pt. I., ed. Dr. Furnivall. 15s. "
108. *Child-Marriages and -Divorces, Trothplights*, &c. Chester Depositions, 1561-6, ed. Dr. Furnivall. 15s. 1897
109. *The Prymer or Lay-Folks' Prayer-Book*, ab. 1420, ed. Henry Littlehales. Part II. 10s. "
110. *The Old-English Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, ed. Dr. T. Miller. Part II, § 1. 15s. 1898
111. *The Old-English Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, ed. Dr. T. Miller. Part II, § 2. 15s. "
112. *Merlin*, Part IV: Outlines of the Legend of Merlin, by Prof. W. E. Mead, Ph.D. 15s. 1899
113. *Queen Elizabeth's Englishings of Boethius, Plutarch &c. &c.*, ed. Miss C. Pemberton. 15s. "



114. Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints, Part IV and last, ed. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D.	10s.	1900
115. Jacob's Well, edited from the unique Salisbury Cathedral MS. by Dr. A. Brandeis.	Part I. 10s.	"
116. An Old-English Martyrology, re-edited by Dr. G. Herzfeld.	10s.	"
117. Minor Poems of the Vernon MS., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.	Part II. 15s.	1901
118. The Lay Folks' Catechism, ed. by Canon Simmons and Rev. H. E. Nolloth, M.A.	5s.	"
119. Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (1303), and its French original, re-ed. by Dr. Furnivall.	Pt. I. 10s.	"
120. The Rule of St. Benet, in Northern Prose and Verse, & Caxton's Summary, ed. Dr. E. A. Kock.	15s.	1902
121. The Laud MS. Troy-Book, ed. from the unique Laud MS. 595, by Dr. J. E. Wulfling.	Part I. 15s.	"
122. The Laud MS. Troy-Book, ed. from the unique Laud MS. 595, by Dr. J. E. Wulfling.	Part II. 20s.	1903
123. Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (1303), and its French original, re-ed. by Dr. Furnivall.	Pt. II. 10s.	"
124. Twenty-six Political and other Poems from Digby MS. 102 &c., ed. by Dr. J. Kail.	10s.	1904
125. Medieval Records of a London City Church, ed. Henry Littlehales.	Pt. I. 20s.	"
126.		"
127.		1905

## EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1867-1901 (one guinea each year) are:—

I. William of Palerne; or, William and the Werwolf. Re-edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	13s.	1867
II. Early English Pronunciation with especial Reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part I. 10s.	"
III. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions. Ed. F. J. Furnivall.	5s.	1868
IV. Havelok the Dane. Re-edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	10s.	"
V. Chaucer's Boethius. Edited from the two best MSS. by Rev. Dr. R. Morris.	12s.	"
VI. Chevelere Assigne. Re-edited from the unique MS. by Lord Aldenham, M.A.	3s.	"
VII. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part II. 10s.	1869
VIII. Queene Elizabethes Achademy, &c. Ed. F. J. Furnivall. Essays on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti and Dr. E. Oswald.	13s.	"
IX. Awdley's Fraternyte of Vacabondes, Harman's Caveat, &c. Ed. E. Viles & F. J. Furnivall.	7s. 6d.	"
X. Andrew Boorde's Introduction of Knowledge, 1547, Dyetary of Helth, 1542, Barnes in Defence of the Berde, 1542-3. Ed. F. J. Furnivall.	18s.	1870
XI. Barbour's Bruce, Part I. Ed. from MSS. and editions, by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	12s.	"
XII. England in Henry VIII's Time: a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole & Lupset, by Thom. Starkey, Chaplain to Henry VIII. Ed. J. M. Cowper. Part II. 12s. (Part I. is No. XXXII, 1878, 8s.)		1871
XIII. A Supplicacyon of the Beggars, by Simon Fish, 1528-9 A.D., ed. F. J. Furnivall; with A Supplication to our Moste Soueraigne Lorde; A Supplication of the Poore Commons; and The Decaye of England by the Great Multitude of Sheep, ed. by J. M. Cowper, Esq.	6s.	"
XIV. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S.	Part III. 10s.	"
XV. Robert Crowley's Thirty-One Epigrams, Voyce of the Last Trumpet, Way to Wealth, &c., A.D. 1550-1, edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq.	12s.	1872
XVI. Chaucer's Treatise on the Astrolabe. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	6s.	"
XVII. The Complaynt of Scotlande, 1549 A.D., with 4 Tracts (1542-48), ed. Dr. Murray.	Part I. 10s.	"
XVIII. The Complaynt of Scotlande, 1549 A.D., ed. Dr. Murray.	Part II. 8s.	1873
XIX. Oure Ladyes Myroure, A.D. 1530, ed. Rev. J. H. Blunt, M.A.	24s.	"
XX. Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail (ab. 1450 A.D.), ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part I. 8s.	1874
XXI. Barbour's Bruce, Part II., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	4s.	"
XXII. Henry Brinklow's Complaynt of Roderick Mors (ab. 1542): and The Lamentacion of a Christian against the Citie of London, made by Roderigo Mors, A.D. 1545. Ed. J. M. Cowper.	9s.	"
XXIII. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part IV. 10s.	"
XXIV. Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part II. 10s.	1875
XXV. Guy of Warwick, 15th-century Version, ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part I. 20s.	"
XXVI. Guy of Warwick, 15th-century Version, ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part II. 14s.	1876
XXVII. Bp. Fisher's English Works (died 1535), ed. by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor.	Part I, the Text. 16s.	"
XXVIII. Lovelich's Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part III. 10s.	1877
XXIX. Barbour's Bruce. Part III., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	21s.	"
XXX. Lovelich's Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part IV. 15s.	1878
XXXI. The Alliterative Romance of Alexander and Dindimus, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.	6s.	"
XXXII. Starkey's "England in Henry VIII's time." Pt. I. Starkey's Life and Letters, ed. S. J. Herbage.	8s.	"
XXXIII. Gesta Romanorum (englist ab. 1440), ed. S. J. Herbage, B.A.	15s.	1879
XXXIV. The Charlemagne Romances:—1. Sir Ferumbras, from Ashm. MS. 33, ed. S. J. Herbage.	15s.	"
XXXV. Charlemagne Romances:—2. The Sege of Melayne, Sir Otuell, &c., ed. S. J. Herbage.	12s.	1880
XXXVI. Charlemagne Romances:—3. Lyf of Charles the Grete, Pt. I., ed. S. J. Herbage.	16s.	"
XXXVII. Charlemagne Romances:—4. Lyf of Charles the Grete, Pt. II., ed. S. J. Herbage.	15s.	1881
XXXVIII. Charlemagne Romances:—5. The Sowdone of Babylone, ed. Dr. Hansknecht.	15s.	"
XXXIX. Charlemagne Romances:—6. Rauf Colyear, Roland, Otuel, &c., ed. S. J. Herbage, B.A.	15s.	1882
XL. Charlemagne Romances:—7. Huon of Burdeux, Roland, Otuel, &c., ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Part I. 15s.	"
XLI. Charlemagne Romances:—8. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Pt. II. 15s.	1883
XLII. Guy of Warwick: 2 texts (Anehinleek MS. and Caius MS.), ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part I. 15s.	"
XLIII. Charlemagne Romances:—9. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Pt. III. 15s.	1884

XLIV. Charlemagne Romances:—10. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss Octavia Richardson. Pt. I.	15s.	1884
XLV. Charlemagne Romances:—11. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss O. Richardson. Pt. II.	20s.	1885
XLVI. Sir Bevis of Hamton, from the Auchinleck and other MSS., ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part I.	10s.	"
XLVII. The Wars of Alexander, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D.	20s.	1886
XLVIII. Sir Bevis of Hamton, ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part II.	10s.	"
XLIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Caius MSS.), Pt. II., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.	15s.	1887
L. Charlemagne Romances:—12. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A. Part IV.	5s.	"
LI. Torrent of Portyngale, from the unique MS. in the Chetham Library, ed. E. Adam, Ph.D.	10s.	"
LII. Bullein's Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence, 1578 (ed. 1, 1564). Ed. M. & A. H. Bullen.	10s.	1888
LIII. Vicary's Anatomie of the Body of Man, 1548, ed. 1577, ed. F. J. & Percy Funnivall. Part I.	15s.	"
LIV. Caxton's Englishing of Alain Chartier's Confial, ed. Dr. F. J. Funnivall & Prof. P. Meyer.	5s.	"
LIV. Barbour's Bruce, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. Part IV.	5s.	1889
LVI. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Pt. V., the present English Dialects.	25s.	"
LVII. Caxton's Eneydes, A.D. 1490, coll. with its French, ed. M. T. Culley, M.A. & Dr. F. J. Funnivall.	13s.	1890
LVIII. Caxton's Blanchardyn & Eglantine, c. 1489, extracts from ed. 1595, & French, ed. Dr. L. Kellner.	17s.	"
LIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Caius MSS.), Part III., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.	15s.	1891
LX. Lydgate's Temple of Glass, re-edited from the MSS, by Dr. J. Schiek.	15s.	"
LXI. Hoccleve's Minor Poems, I., from the Philipps and Durham MSS., ed. F. J. Funnivall, Ph.D.	15s.	1892
LXII. The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling. Part I.	15s.	"
LXIII. Thomas a Kempis's De Imitatione Christi, englisht ab. 1440, & 1502, ed. Prof. J. K. Ingram.	15s.	1893
LXIV. Caxton's Godfrey of Boloyne, or Last Siege of Jerusalem, 1481, ed. Dr. Mary N. Colvin.	15s.	"
LXV. Sir Bevis of Hamton, ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part III.	15s.	1894
LXVI. Lydgate's and Burgh's Secrees of Philisoffres, ab. 1445—50, ed. R. Steele, B.A.	15s.	"
LXVII. The Three Kings' Sons, a Romance, ab. 1500, Part I., the Text, ed. Dr. Funnivall.	10s.	1895
LXVIII. Melusine, the prose Romance, ab. 1500, Part I, the Text, ed. A. K. Donald.	20s.	"
LXIX. Lydgate's Assembly of the Gods, ed. Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, M.A., Ph.D.	15s.	1896
LXX. The Digby Plays, edited by Dr. F. J. Funnivall.	15s.	"
LXXI. The Towneley Plays, ed. Geo. England and A. W. Pollard, M.A.	15s.	1897
LXXII. Hoccleve's Regement of Princes, 1411-12, and 14 Poems, edited by Dr. F. J. Funnivall.	15s.	"
LXXIII. Hoccleve's Minor Poems, II., from the Ashburnham MS., ed. I. Gollancz, M.A. [At Press.	"	"
LXXIV. Secreta Secretorum, 3 prose Englishings, by Jas. Yonge, 1428, ed. R. Steele, B.A. Part I.	20s.	1898
LXXV. Speculum Guidonis de Warwyk, edited by Miss G. L. Morrill, M.A., Ph.D.	10s.	"
LXXVI. George Ashby's Poems, &c., ed. Miss Mary Bateson.	15s.	1899
LXXVII. Lydgate's DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, 1426, ed. Dr. F. J. Funnivall. Part I.	10s.	"
LXXVIII. The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene, by T. Robinson, c. 1620, ed. Dr. H. O. Sommer.	5s.	"
LXXIX. Caxton's Dialogues, English and French, c. 1483, ed. Henry Bradley, M.A.	10s.	1900
LXXX. Lydgate's Two Nightingale Poems, ed. Dr. Otto Glauning.	5s.	"
LXXXI. Gower's Confessio Amantis, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. Vol. I.	15s.	"
LXXXII. Gower's Confessio Amantis, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. Vol. II.	15s.	1901
LXXXIII. Lydgate's DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, 1426, ed. Dr. F. J. Funnivall. Pt. II.	10s.	"
LXXXIV. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, edited by Dr. E. Sieper. Part I.	5s.	"
LXXXV. Alexander Scott's Poems, 1568, from the unique Edinburgh MS., ed. A. K. Donald, B.A.	10s.	1902
LXXXVI. William of Shoreham's Poems, re-ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. M. Konrath. Part I.	10s.	"
LXXXVII. Two Coventry Corpus-Christi Plays, re-edited by Hardin Craig, M.A.	10s.	[At Press.
LXXXVIII. Le Morte Arthur, re-edited from the Harleian MS. 2522 by Prof. Bruce, Ph.D.	15s.	1903
LXXXIX. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, edited by Dr. E. Sieper. Part II.	15s.	"
XC. William of Shoreham's Poems, re-ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. M. Konrath. Part II.	[At Press.	1904
XCI.	"	"

## EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY TEXTS PREPARING.

Besides the Texts named as at press on p. 12 of the Cover of the Early English Text Society's last Books, the following Texts are also slowly preparing for the Society:—

### ORIGINAL SERIES.

The Earliest English Prose Psalter, ed. Dr. K. D. Buelbring. Part II.  
 The Earliest English Verse Psalter, 3 texts, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A.  
 Anglo-Saxon Poems, from the Vercelli MS., re-edited by Prof. I. Gollancz, M.A.  
 Anglo-Saxon Glosses to Latin Prayers and Hymns, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen.  
 All the Anglo-Saxon Homilies and Lives of Saints not accessible in English editions, including those of the Vercelli MS. &c., edited by Prof. Napier, M.A., Ph.D.  
 The Anglo-Saxon Psalms; all the MSS. in Parallel Texts, ed. Dr. H. Logeman and F. Harsley, B.A.  
 Beowulf, a critical Text, &c., edited by a Pupil of the late Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 Byrhtferth's Handbooc, edited by Prof. G. Hempl.  
 The Seven Sages, in the Northern Dialect, from a Cotton MS., edited by Dr. Squires.  
 The Master of the Game, a Book of Huntynge for Hen. V. when Prince of Wales. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Ailred's Rule of Nuns, &c., edited from the Vernon MS., by the Rev. Canon H. R. Bramley, M.A.  
 Early English Verse Lives of Saints, Standard Collection, from the Harl. MS. (*Editor wanted.*)



Early English Confessionals, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache's MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.  
 Gilbert Banastre's Poems, and other Boccaccio englishings, ed. by Prof. Dr. Max Förster.  
 Lanfranc's Chirurgie, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker, Part II.  
 William of Nassington's Mirror of Life, from Jn. of Waldby, edited by J. A. Herbert, M.A.  
 More Early English Wills from the Probate Registry at Somerset House. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishops' Registers, &c., edited by Dr. P. J. Furnivall.  
 Early Canterbury Wills, edited by William Cowper, B.A., and J. Meadows Cowper.  
 Early Norwich Wills, edited by Walter Rye and F. J. Furnivall.  
 The Cartularies of Osney Abbey and Godstow Nunnery, enlightst ab. 1450, ed. Rev. A. Clark, M.A.  
 Early Lyrical Poems from the Harl. MS. 2553, re-edited by Prof. Hall Griffin, M.A.  
 Alliterative Prophecies, edited from the MSS. by Prof. Brandl, Ph. D.  
 Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.  
 Bird and Beast Poems, a collection from MSS., edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Scire Mori, &c., from the Lichfield MS. 16, ed. Mrs. L. Grindon, LL.A., and Miss Florence Gilbert.  
 Nicholas Trivet's French Chronicle, from Sir A. Acland-Hood's unique MS., ed. by Miss Mary Bateson.  
 Early English Homilies in Harl. 2276 &c., c. 1400, ed. J. Friedländer.  
 Extracts from the Registers of Boughton, ed. H. Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Diary of Prior Moore of Worcester, A.D. 1518-35, from the unique MS., ed. Henry Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Pore Caitif, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.  
 Thomas Berkley's enlightst Vegetius on the Art of War, MS. 30 Magd. Coll. Oxf., ed. L. C. Wharton, M.A.

### EXTRA SERIES.

Bp. Fisher's English Works, Pt. II., with his Life and Letters, ed. Rev. Ronald Bayne, B.A. [*At Press.*]  
 Sir Tristrem, from the unique Auchinleck MS., edited by George F. Black.  
 John of Arderne's Surgery, c. 1425, ed. J. F. Payne, M.D.  
 De Guilleville's Pilgrimage of the Sowle, edited by Prof. Dr. Leon Kollner.  
 Vicary's Anatomic, 1548, from the unique MS. copy by George Jeans, edited by F. J. & Percy Furnivall.  
 Vicary's Anatomic, 1548, ed. 1577, edited by F. J. & Percy Furnivall. Part II. [*At Press.*]  
 A Compilation of Surgerye, from H. de Mandeville and Lanfrank, A.D. 1392, ed. Dr. J. F. Payne.  
 William Staunton's St. Patrick's Purgatory, &c., ed. Mr. G. P. Krapp, U.S.A.  
 Trevisa's Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum, re-edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Bullein's Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence, 1564, 1573, 1578. Ed. A. H. and M. Bullen. Pt. II.  
 The Romance of Boetius and Sidrac, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 The Romance of Clariodus, re-edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Sir Amadas, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Sir Degrevant, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. Luick.  
 Robert of Brunne's Chronicle of England, from the Inner Temple MS., ed. by Prof. W. E. Mead, Ph.D.  
 Maundeulle's Voiage and Travaile, re-edited from the Cotton MS. Titus C. 16, &c., by Miss M. Bateson.  
 Avowynge of Arthur, re-edited from the unique Ireland MS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Guy of Warwick, Copland's version, edited by a pupil of the late Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 Awdeley's Poems, re-edited from the unique MS. Douce 302, by Prof. Dr. E. Wülfing.  
 The Wyse Schilde and other early Treatises on Education, Northwich School, Harl. 2099 &c., ed. G. Collar, B.A.  
 Caxton's Dictes and Sayengis of Philosophers, 1477, with Lord Tollemache's MS. version, ed. S. I. Butler, Esq.  
 Caxton's Book of the Ordre of Chyualry, collated with Loutfut's Scotch copy. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Lydgate's Court of Sapience, edited by Dr. Borsdorf.  
 Lydgate's Lyfe of our Lady, ed. by Prof. Georg Fiedler, Ph.D.  
 Lydgate's Dance of Death, edited by Miss Florence Warren.  
 Lydgate's Life of St. Edmund, edited from the MSS. by Dr. Axel Erdmann.  
 Lydgate's Triumph Poems, edited by Dr. E. Sieper.  
 Lydgate's Minor Poems, edited by Dr. Otto Glauming.  
 Richard Coeur de Lion, re-edited from Harl. MS. 4690, by Prof. Hausknecht, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Athelstan, re-edited by a pupil of the late Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Sir Degare, re-edited by Dr. Breul.  
 Mulcaster's Positions 1581, and Elementarie 1582, ed. Dr. Th. Klaehr, Dresden.  
 Walton's verse Boethius de Consolatione, edited by Mark H. Liddell, U.S.A.  
 The Gospel of Nichodemus, edited by Ernest Riedel.  
 Sir Landeval and Sir Launfal, edited by Dr. Zimmermann.  
 Rolland's Seven Sages, the Scottish version of 1560, edited by George F. Black.

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the ORIGINAL SERIES, and £1 1s. for the EXTRA SERIES, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, crossed 'Union Bank of London,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists; but Members can get back Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.

64159  
25-11-38



*Achilles prepares a Spear to attack Hector, who fights terribly.* 321

The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.] 10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,		
Off two thousand was hit the best,		
For it scholde not on him berst	10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,		
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;		
He thouthe to sle Ector with-al—		to strike Hector with.
Alas the while! for he so schal!	10884	
<b>E</b> ctor rides & raykes a-boute,		Hector rides about, caring for nobody.
Off no man hadde he no doute,		
Off no mannes wyde he no thowte		

Though the Editor hoped to have issued his Notes and Glossary with this Part II for 1903, his many duties have not allowed him to prepare them yet. They will therefore appear in Part III; and if the Introduction is not ready in time for that, it will form Part IV.—F. J. F., Jan. 22, 1904.

And quye began him for to saye.	10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myzt,		is attacked by Hector
That he defende him ne myzt,		
He yeld his swerd & his knyff		
And bad Ector saue his lyff.	10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,		and taken prisoner.
But he wolde him prisoner haue."	X j	

Early English Confessionals, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache's MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.  
 Gilbert Banastre's Poems, and other Boccaccio englishings, ed. by Prof. Dr. Max Förster.  
 Lanfranc's Chirurgie, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker, Part II.  
 William of Nassington's Mirror of Life, from Jn. of Waldby, edited by J. A. Herbert, M.A.  
 More Early English Wills from the Probate Registry at Somerset House. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishops' Registers, &c., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.  
 Early Canterbury Wills, edited by William Cowper, B.A., and J. Meadows Cowper.  
 Early Norwich Wills, edited by Walter Rye and F. J. Furnivall.  
 The Cartularies of Oseney Abbey and Godstow Nunnery, englished ab. 1450, ed. Rev. A. Clark, M.A.  
 Early Lyrical Poems from the Harl. MS. 2253, re-edited by Prof. Hall Griffin, M.A.  
 Alliterative Prophecies, edited from the MSS. by Prof. Brandl, Ph. D.  
 Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.  
 Bird and Beast Poems, a collection from MSS., edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Seire Meri, &c., from the Lichfield MS. 16, ed. Mrs. L. Grindon, L.L.A., and Miss Florence Gilbert.  
 Nicholas Trivet's French Chronicle, from Sir A. Acland-Hood's unique MS., ed. by Miss Mary Bateson.  
 Early English Homilies in Harl. 2276 &c., c. 1400, ed. J. Friedländer.  
 Extracts from the Registers of Boughton, ed. Hy. Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Diary of Prior Moore of Worcester, A.D. 1518-35, from the unique MS., ed. Henry Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Pore Caitif, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.  
 Thomas Berkley's englished Vegetius on the Art of War, MS. 30 Magd. Coll. Oxf., ed. L. C. Wharton, M.A.

---

### EXTRA SERIES

---

Richard Ouer de Lion, re-edited from Harl. MS. 4690, by Prof. Hausknecht, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Athelstan, re-edited by a pupil of the late Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Sir Degare, re-edited by Dr. Brenl.  
 Mulcaster's Positions 1581. and Elementarie 1582, ed. Dr. Th. Klaehr, Dresden.  
 Walton's verse Boethius de Consolatione, edited by Mark H. Liddell, U.S.A.  
 The Gospel of Nichodemus, edited by Ernest Riedel.  
 Sir Landeval and Sir Launfal, edited by Dr. Zimmermann.  
 Rolland's Seven Sages, the Scottish version of 1560, edited by George F. Black.

---

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the ORIGINAL SERIES, and £1 1s. for the EXTRA SERIES, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, crossed 'Union Bank of London,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists; but Members can get back-Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.

64159  
 25-11-38

The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.]	10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,			
Off two thousand was hit the best,			
For it scholde not on him berst		10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,			
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;			
He thouthte to sle Ector with-al—			to strike
Alas the while! for he so schal!		10884	Hector with.
<b>E</b> ctor rides & raykes a-boute,			Hector rides
Off no man hadde he no doute,			about, caring
Off no mannes pride he ne thouzte,			for nobody.
Off no mannes leuyng told he nouzt,		10888	
To kyng ne knyzt zaff he no tent;			
That gode body ther-fore was schent,			
He fauzt euere-more In one,			
He leues stondyng be-fore him none,		10892	
He is to hem an euel gest,			
He fightes euere <i>with</i> -outen rest:			He fights with-
He sclow two thousand, er he be-lan;			out pause, and
Thei seyde he was non erthely man.		10896	slays 2,000 Greeks.
¶ Ther was a duk of gret astate,			A noble Greek
Azeyn Ector held debate,			duke coming
Among Troiens faste he skayred,			against him,
And hurt him sore, & euel hem payed.		10900	who has hurt many Trojans,
Ector loked toward that duke			
And saw his men of him rebuke,			
He hied him thedur with mychel hast,			
And quyk be-gan him for to cast:		10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myzt,			is attacked by
That he defende him ne myzt,			Hector
He zeld his swerd & his knyff			
And bad Ector saue his lyff.		10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,			and taken
But he wolde him prisoner haue."			prisoner.



¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Ectorem.*

Hector is  
about to take  
his prisoner  
out of the  
press:

¶ Ector was thanne faste a-boute [lf. 161, bk.] 10911  
Off that prece to haue him oute<sup>1</sup>; 10912

But men stode so on euery a side,  
That he myȝt not out with him ride :  
To haue him out was he not ethe,

his sword in  
its sheath,  
his shield on  
his back, he  
does not take  
notice of any-  
thing else.

He put his swerd In his schethe, 10916

He kest his scheld on his bak,  
To saue the kyng fro alle his pak ;  
To other ȝaf he no tent,

But he were with-oute, as he hadde ment. 10920

Achilles keeps  
aside,

**A**chilles held him euere a-rome,  
And saw that Ector ȝaff no gome  
To no man thenne but for to bryng  
Out of that prece that riche kyng :

10924

and seeing  
that Hector  
has neither  
spear nor  
sword at hand,

He hadde that tyme no spere In hand  
Ther-with to dere no man lyuand,  
His swerd was put In his skauberke,  
He was al bare but his hauberke  
On his brest & his stomak,  
His scheld was casten on his bak.

10928

¶ Achilles ther-to toke good hede  
And thoght, "but he that tyme spede,  
That he scholde neuere to dethe him do,  
But he myȝt that tyme come ther-to."

10932

he takes his  
spear, steals  
unawares  
upon Hector,  
and runs him  
through the  
body.

He stroke his stede & helde him faste,  
And to[k] his spere that wel wolde laste,  
And rod to him, er he were war,  
And thorow the bodi he him bar :

10936

¶ Thorow the bodi he him thrist,  
Er he were war & er he wyst ;  
He bar him down vpon the grounde  
Fro his hors with dethes wounde.

10940

**O** Demon saw Ector was dede,  
He saw his blod aboute sprede ;

10944

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sute*.

*Achilles is wounded by Odemon. Hector's Corpse is brought to Troy.* 323

The deth of him sore he rewed.	[lf. 162.]	10945	Odemon, on seeing Hector dead,
Whan that he saw he not remeued,			
Whan he saw him ligge so In pees,			
He stale be-hynde Achilles		10948	strikes Achilles down with an axe.
And smot him with a pollax sore,			
That of his hors he fel thore :			
He fel ouer his sadel bowe			
And lay In swoun a long throwe.		10952	Achilles swoons. Odemon flees.
And Odemoun flees a-weyward faste,			
Many a dart thei afftir him caste ;			
To the Troyens he gan him spede,			
That was his best, for he hadde nede.		10956	
¶ Thei toke Achilles of that throng,			Achilles is brought to his tent.
That he died not here hors a-mong,			
And layde him soffte vpon his scheld			
And lad him hom to his teld ;		10960	
And he myzt nother ride ne go,			
So was he sore smyten tho.			
And thei of Troye Ector out drow			The corpse of Hector is taken to Troy.
For drede of hors, with sorwe y-now,		10964	
And lad him hom to his paleis.			
And thus died Ector—as Dares sais.			
¶ That batayle that day thus gan to ende,			Both the armies retire.
Bothe the osten hamward gan wende :		10968	
Thei of Grece with Achilles,			
Ioyful and glad for his res ;			
And thei of Troie with Ector the gode,			
Al ded In his owne blode.		10972	
<b>L</b> Ord, the Ioye that Gregeis made !			The Greeks rejoice,
Thei ete & drank & made him glade			
With pipes & daunces & Iolyfte ;			
Gret Ioye it was her murthe to se.		10976	
Achilles thei dede alle glade,			and try to gladden Achilles.
Mechel murthe thei him made,	X [ij]		

324 *The Wounds of Achilles are dressed. The Poet's Complaint.*

Good physicians and surgeons take care of Achilles's wounds,

And dight him gode fisiciens, [lf. 162, bk.] 10979  
 With leche-crafft thes surgiens; 10980  
 Alle the helpe that thei myght  
 Thei it dede be day & nyght.  
 And thonked here godis In that place  
 That hadde sent hem som grace, 10984  
 To scle him that hadde hem most anoyed  
 And her Gregeis so foule distroied.

Hector is now dead!  
 The poet's complaint on Hector's death.

**N**OW is he ded, that gode knyzt,  
 That no man myzt with-stande In fight! 10988  
 Now is slay[n] that gode body  
 That men tolde so moche by!  
 That was so moche with alle men dred,  
 Now liggis he ded and for-bled! 10992  
 In Troie was neuere so gode knyzt born,  
 As thei of Troie hadde than for-lorn!  
 A better knyzt of chiuallrie  
 Was neuere born In Asye! 10996  
 Ne neuere was, ne neuere schal be  
 A better knyzt In armes than was he!

Death is addressed by the poet.  
 Nobody can withstand him.

¶ A dethe! that thow art quaynt!  
 Thi myght may no man speke ne playnt! 11000  
 So doughti a knyzt was neuere none  
 In erthe made of flesch ne bone,  
 That euere myght stonde of the a brayde,  
 Whan thow thi hand on him has layde. 11004  
 Thow art scharp as any bristeles,—  
 Wo is him that with the wrasteles!  
 For sicurly he goth the with,  
 Or thow him brekes lym or lyth, 11008  
 That he may not a-zeyn vp-rise  
 For myzt ne strengthe In no wyse;  
 For he schal dye In this world,—  
 So did this knyzt, that 3e haue herd. 11012



¶ *Lamentacio Troianorum pro morte Ectoris.*

- |  |            |       |                 |
|--|------------|-------|-----------------|
| Be he neuere so strong ne bold,              | [lf. 163.] | 11013 |                 |
| He is for-ȝeten & nouȝt of told,             |            |       | Everybody       |
| When he is ded & hennes past ;               |            |       | will be for-    |
| In erthe is none that euere may last.        |            | 11016 | gotten, when    |
| <b>E</b> ctor is ded & brouȝt to Troye,      |            |       | he is dead.     |
| With sore wepyng & no Ioye                   |            |       | Hector is       |
| Eche man ouer other cryed ;                  |            |       | brought to      |
| Wiff and man to hem thei hyed,               |            | 11020 | Troy.           |
| To wete what sorwe was.                      |            |       |                 |
| Euery man thanne cried ' alas ! '            |            |       | All come ask-   |
| Alle come thedir, ȝong and old,              |            |       | ing ' what is   |
| That ded bodi to be-hold :                   |            | 11024 | the matter ? '  |
| Ouer-al then <sup>1</sup> myȝt men here      |            |       |                 |
| An <sup>2</sup> hidous noyse, a delful bere, |            |       | The Trojans     |
| That ther was made of man & wyff,            |            |       | make a fear-    |
| Whan thei saw him with-outen lyff.           |            | 11028 | ful noise, when |
| ¶ Ther was many ' weylaway, '                |            |       | they see Hec-   |
| ' Harrow, ' ' alas, ' and ' out ay ' —       |            |       | tor dead.       |
| " That euere were thei of moder born !       |            |       |                 |
| For now schal thei be schent & lorn,         |            | 11032 |                 |
| Sithe he was ded that hem Alle sauēd."       |            |       |                 |
| Thei ferde alle as thei hadde rauēd          |            |       |                 |
| For dele that thei a-boute him made,         |            |       |                 |
| Thei wepe alle and were fade :               |            | 11036 | All weep and    |
| Ther was wryngyng of handes,                 |            |       | wring their     |
| When thei herde of that tythandes,           |            |       | hands, when     |
| For thei sette nouȝt by here lyues.          |            |       | they hear the   |
| ¶ The sorwe was gret among wyues,            |            | 11040 | sad news.       |
| The maydenes wepe with reuful teres,         |            |       |                 |
| Thei rent here clothēs and tar her heres ;   |            |       |                 |
| The burgeis & the Citeseyns,                 |            |       |                 |
| The gentil men of riche Troiens,             |            | 11044 |                 |
| Thei wepe wel sore & gredde,                 |            |       |                 |
| Many dayes sūche lyff ledde.                 |            |       |                 |

X iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And*.

326 *The Trojans bewail Hector. Lamentations of Priamus and his Children.*

	The kynges rente here clothes & tare, [lf. 163, bk.]	11047
	And cracched her hedes naked & bare;	11048
All the kings and ladies bewail Hector.	¶ Alle the kynges that ther ware, And alle the ladies lasse & mare That were of Troye <sup>1</sup> with-Inne the toun, In here Manere made processiou And brougt him to the kynges halle And leyde him on a clothe of palle With careful herte & sore wepynge.	11052
When Priamus gets sight of his son's corpse,	Ther was sone a delful metynge Be-twene the fader and the sone, Whan he was brougte to Ileone;	11056
he nearly goes mad,	The fader fel the sone vpon, And almost wod gan he gon.	11060
	<b>W</b> hen Priamus saw Ector was ded And be-spred with blod so red, His visage was blak & wan, Suche a sorwe toke he him than	11064
and swoons away.	That he lese al his myzt & fors And fel on swoun opon the'cors: And lay ther ded al In a swow, Til men him fro the bodi drow;	11068
	And nade thei him drawen a-way, He hadde mad ther his endyng-day.	
Nobody can tell the grief of Hector's brothers and sisters,	¶ Lord! what sorwe [made] Troyle his brother, Dephebus, & alle these other, And his sistur Cassandur, And his <sup>2</sup> brother Alysandur! Sicurly thei hadde suche care, That thei wolde that thei dede ware.	11072
	What may I say thanne by the quene, And by his suster Pollexene?	11076
and of his wife,	By Andromede, that frely fode, Whan sche saw ded Ector the gode	11080

<sup>1</sup> MS. of *Troye of Troie.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And of his.*

That was hir lord & hir husband,	[lf. 164.]	11081	
The dughtiest knyzt that lyued In land ?			
No man myzt that sorwe telle,			Nobody can describe
Ther-a-boute wol I not dwelle ;		11084	Andromede's sorrow.
But sicurly with-uten doute			
It were longe to be ther-a-boute :			
Ther was neuere erthely creature			
That myzt more sorwe endure,		11088	
For sche hadde as moche wo			
And peynes stronge In herte tho,			
As herte may thenke & tonge speke,			
And hit made nere hir herte breke.		11092	
<b>N</b> OW is he ded—as I tolde ;—			
Men myzt not longe his bodi holde			They were not able to keep
A-boue erthe with-oute sauour,			Hector's body
Thoow he were man of gret honour.		11096	long above earth,
For 3e wot wele—as alle men fynde,—			
Hit is thing a-3eyns man kynde			as is man's fate.
A man to holde saue & sound,			
When he is ded & a-boue ground.		11100	
But not-for-thi kyng Priamus			So Priamus
[Thought] “ wher <sup>1</sup> hit myght wele be thus,			
Where he myght saue Ector his sone			
Vngraueu with-oute corrupcion.”		11104	
¶ He sente afftir with reuerence			asks his wise men
The maystres of alle the science,			
And alle that couthe of barberie			
Or knew vertu of spicerie ;		11108	
Afftir alle the grametenes,			
Dioletikes and Astronomeynes ;			
And asked hem wel curtesly :			
“ Whether thei were alle so sly		11112	whether they can keep
To saue Ector with-oute poudre,			Hector's corpse
With-oute sauour or foule odoure,			without corruption.

X iiii

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Wher*.



¶ *Qualiter faciunt Ectorem quando mortuus fuerat.*

That he were not grauen In the molde." [lf. 164, bk.] III15

Thei seyde "thei hoped that thei scholde." III16

Thei told a-monges hem consayle,

How thei myzt best this entayle.

The wise men  
ask where  
the corpse is  
to be buried.  
'In Apollo's  
temple,' says  
Priamus.

Thei Asked him "where he scholde ligge ?

Where thei scholde his beryng bigge ?" III20

¶ He says "he scholde ligge y-wys

In the temple of Appolyns."

The maystres thanne In-myddis the quere,

Ryght be-fore the hey autere, III24

They build a  
golden taber-  
nacle before  
the high altar  
in the temple  
of Apollo.

A tabernacle ther thei wrouzte,

A craftly werk, when it was brouzte

Til ende and to perfeccioun.

Clene it was al enviroun, III28

¶ Ther werk was al of gold pure,

Ther thei made his sepulture.

Hector's corpse  
is set up,

But he was mad, he schold not greue a grot,

He was mad so he myzt not rot, III32

Thei held him hole &amp; alle entere

In his colour fair &amp; clere,

as if it were  
still alive;

As he hadde ben a lyues man.

Thei were wise that suche skyl can, III36

A dede body that so gan dyght.

As he lyued—til alle mennes sight—

In hide, In hew, In flesch, In fel

so that Hector  
sits there  
'without  
smell.'

Sat Ector ther with-oute smel, III40

As I schal say 3ow blyue—

But I schal furst the werk discryue.

**T**Hese Maystres and these riche clerkes

That witti were of crafty werkes, III44

That this thyng schold vndirtake

And that craft-werk to make,

Measure is  
taken for the  
tomb

Off brede [&amp;] lengthe toke thei met,

Or it were rayсед or vp-set, III48

Thei set it alle In foure pilers	[lf. 165]	11149	The tabernacle is set on four golden pillars,
Off pure gold at foure corneres,			
The pilers alle of red gold			
From a-boue to the mold ;		11152	
On eche a pilere stod an ymage			on which golden images of angels stand.
With louely chere & fair visage,			
With fair semblaunt & louely eyen,			
That alle were wroght of gold fyne,		11156	
As euerychon hadde ben an aungel bryzt			
Lokande faire on euery a wyght.			
¶ And certes so was alle the rove			The roof is of gold, too,
Off massi gold alle a-boue ;		11160	
And it was fair a-boute entent			and set with precious stones of all kinds ;
With precious stones verament,			
Hit stode ful of precious stones			
That were ther set for the nones ;		11164	
Alle manere stones that euere men knew,			
That were of force or any vertu,			
On that roff aboue were set,—			
Were thei neuere so fer y-fet :		11168	
<b>T</b> Her were stones of alle kynde,			
Grene, rede, blewe, and Inde ;			
Ther stood many a riche ston			
That as bryzt a-boute hem schon,		11172	they shine as bright as the sun.
As doth In somer the sonne bem ;			
A man may se to sowe a sem			
¶ In the furthest of the chirche			
A-boute mydnyght that thanne wold wirche.		11176	
Al was wrought of balewerie			
Opon the erthe al vpon hye,			
And men clombe op on greces smale			Crystal steps lead up to the tomb.
That were wroght of clene cristale.		11180	
The maystres that were wise & slye			
Thei sette an y-mage al vp on <sup>1</sup> hye			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *vpon*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt*<sup>1</sup> *tabernaculum Ectoris.*

Above the  
tabernacle  
they put a  
statue of Hec-  
tor threaten-  
ing the Greeks  
with his sword.

Off gold fair, of his gretnesse, [lf. 165, bk.] 11183  
Off his entayl and his liknesse, 11184  
With Ector sword y-drawe In hande  
The Gregeis alle manassande.  
The ymage was maked at de-vyce :  
To hem of Grece he turned his vyce 11188  
As he hadde stonden hem thretand  
With wrothely loke & fair semblaunt.

Many pin-  
nacles are set  
on the taber-  
nacle,

¶ Many a proude pight pynacle  
Stode a-boute that tabernacle; 11192  
And many craft[1]y coruen croket<sup>2</sup>  
Off massi gold that were y-bet  
Were grauen ther with leues diuerse :  
Al can I not reherse,— 11196

representing  
all sorts of  
leaves of trees,

But ther was corue & semeli schorn  
The leues of Oke & of hawethorn,  
The louely leues of the vyne,  
And many then I can not devyne : 11200

and grapes,

¶ The vyne-braunche with alle here grapes,  
And many other skynnes lapes,  
Many a pomel wel enbosed,  
Hit was wroght & wel engrosed 11204

and flowers, in  
relief.

With floures & leues wel en-leued.  
Now haue I<sup>3</sup> this werk discreued,  
Off that tabernacle that riche bothe;

Now I shall  
tell of the  
embalment :

Now wol I telle zow al the sothe, 11208  
How it was dight wel & fair,  
That he myght neuere rote ne pair :

**W**hen thei haue maked this al,—  
This Tabernacle that was rial,— 11212

On the dais  
they set a  
golden chair,  
and in it the  
corpse of  
Hector.

Off gold made thei a riche cheyere  
And sette it In that faire celere,  
The tabernacle stode hit y-myd,  
And gode Ector ther-In thei did. 11216

<sup>1</sup> MS. *faciunt*, the stroke over the *u* is erased.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *I. In.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *croked.*



Ector sat vpon that dese [lf. 166.] 11217

As he hadde lyued—with-oute les,—

He sat pertly bolde vp-right

As man that hadde ben In his myght ; 11220

So priueli was he ther tyed,

That he toward no syde wryed.

He hadde vpon him his garnement

That he In erthe on lyue [In] went, 11224

In his owne clothes was he clad—

For Priamus the kyng so bad.

**B**Vt herkenes now her ordinaunce :

What was the Maystres puruyaunce, 11228

What was her sleight and her cure,

That thei<sup>1</sup> him saued with-oute blemure

Off flesch or bon, of hyde or hewe,

But held him euere y-liche newe ? 11232

Thei made an hole In his haterel

& set<sup>2</sup> ther-In a fair vessel

That was ful of riche bayme,—

The some ther-of can I not avme ;— 11236

And other thyng ther was with melled,

That was noble & wel smelled.

Hit ran so down to his foreheued,

That no colour him was by-reued ; 11240

For thanne ran it down to his eyen

And saued the liddis and [the] brien<sup>3</sup>,

And so be-gan him for to lese

Vnto his thrillis of his nese ; 11244

And afftirward faste it sekes,

Til it come down to his chekes,

And kepes his gomes & rennes so lite<sup>4</sup>,

And his tethe makes faire & white, 11248

And al the face with the her

Was hole and sound, whil he sette ther.

Hector is tied to the chair so invisibly, that he seems to be alive.

Hearken now, how the 'masters' manage while embalming the dead body.

They put a vessel with ointment into his neck,

and make it drop over and through the head,—

to the nose,

and the cheeks, and the gums, and the teeth.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei thei*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Y set*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *vrien*, distinctly.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *solite*.

	That licour ran so to his hals,	[lf. 166, bk.]	11251
	To his scholdres and his brest als;		11252
	¶ Ther is no Ioynt aboute his tharmes,		
The arms	It rennes so doun by his Armes,		
	And by his hond it so doun wendes,		
and fingers are preserved, too,	Til it come at his ffyngur endes.		11256
	And gret ffusoun ther doun rides		
	Ful wonderly by bothe his sydes,		
	So ffaste that licour dounward droppes,		
	That no thyng his rennyng stoppes,		11260
and the thighs, knees,	Til it were comen In-to his theis		
	And so 3ede doun In-to his kneis;		
	So it ran wonder schete,		
and feet.	Til it come doun to his fete.		11264
Another oint- ment is put to the feet, and spreads up- ward,	¶ Another vessel thenne ther stode,		
	Ful of baume ffresche <sup>1</sup> & gode,		
	And kest vpward his gode reles		
	And keped him so In flesche & gres.		11268
	That on 3ede vp, that other doun,		
	Fro his ffete to the croun;		
	When it aboue with that was met,		
	Bothe his feet ther-Inne was set.		11272
Thus the corpe is kept 'without savour.'	Thei 3aff In him suche odour,		
	That he was saff with-oute sauour:		
	Thus thei him made with here myzt		
	And keped him bothe day & nyzt.		11276
Then they arrange four mortars with ever-burning fires.	<b>W</b> hen this werk was thus be-went,		
	Thei made foure morteres pat euere brent;		
	Thei brenned nyght, thei brenned day,		
	With-uten sese thei brenned ay.		11280
	Thei were alle mad of gold schire,		
	On hem stode euere a flaume of fire,		
	That neyther water of broke ne of bek		
	Ne nothyng In erthe thei myzt slek.		11284

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ffresche*.

- Thei made afftir a parclos [lf. 167.] 11285 Through an open gate in the enclosure everybody can see Hector.
- That al a-boute that fair werk gos,  
With Gemewes folden on euery a side  
That bothe myzt spere and open wyde, 11288  
That Ector schewed & seen myzt be  
To euery man that him wolde se.
- N** Ow of Ector lete we be,  
And of Achilles speke we! 11292  
Off that strong knyght—as I sayde,  
How Gregeis In his bed him layde;  
His woundes greues him so sore,  
That al his myzt hath hē for-lore; 11296  
He may wel euel ete or drynke,  
Off merthe ne play may he non thinke.
- ¶ His grete woundes him greues sore,  
That he dredde to lyue no more. 11300  
The leches him confortes wonder wele  
And leues that he lyue schele,  
And makes him couere more & more  
And by her power heled his sore; 11304  
So that he may somdel ete  
And haue sauour vnto his mete.
- A** Gamenon the Emperour  
Sendes Messenger & corour, 11308  
That thei scholde bidde the kynges alle  
To <sup>1</sup> speke with him In his halle,  
And alle the lordes grete & smale  
To holde a counsel generale. 11312
- ¶ The Messangeres also swythe  
Thei fond the lordes glad and blithe  
Off Ector and his myschaunce,—  
Thei were so fayn of his lyueraunce,— 11316  
The Messageres bad alle & some:  
“To Agamenon thei scholde come;

Achilles lies in his tent, sorely wounded.

The physicians cure him, make him recover, and heal his wounds.

Agamemnon calls the Grecian kings and dukes to a council.

They are glad of Hector's mischance.



¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium.*

Schold non be-leue that corovne beres, [lf. 167, bk.] 11319  
 Ne sercle of gold that on hede weres, 11320  
 That thei ne schul come to his hale,  
 Kyng & duk and Amerale."

Agamemnon  
 welcomes the  
 Greek lords.

**A** Gamenoun ful hendeli  
 Kepis hem alle ful curtaysli, 11324  
 And did hem sitte more and lesse,  
 Euerychon afftir his state[1]i[ne]sse.

He addresses  
 them:

Agamenoun the Emperour  
 Spake to him with honour, 11328  
 He sette his speche fair & hende

'We ought to  
 thank our  
 gods for our  
 victory, and  
 for Hector's  
 death:

And seyde: 'lordynges, my dere frende,  
 Wel auzt vs to glorifie  
 Oure goddis that zeuen vs the Maystrie 11332  
 Off oure enemy that we haue sclayn;

without it we  
 should never  
 have attained  
 our end.

Ther-of we ben alle fayn  
 And gret worschepe & honour do,  
 For elles hadde we neuere comen ther-to, 11336

Since Hector  
 is dead, who  
 defended  
 them, we shall  
 be able to take  
 the Trojans'  
 city very soon.

¶ Whil he hadde leued, to oure purpos.  
 But now may we wel suppos,  
 Sithen he is ded that hem defende,  
 That thei haue alle theire endyng ende, 11340  
 And we schal lordis & maystres be  
 Off here godis & here Cite.

For whil he leued, myzt we not spede,  
 So was he douyti In his dede;  
 Vs myzt no grace for him by-falle, 11344  
 For he on vndid vs alle.

¶ We hadde no let but him alone,  
 But now is he ded & from vs gone, 11348  
 We schal that Cite lyghtly wyne  
 And alle that ben hit with-Inne;  
 For thei are now of no power  
 To kepe hem fro oure daunger, 11352

Sithen he is ded & fro hem went	[lf. 168.]	11353	
That vs al day so foule schent.			
It is to vs wel more a-vauntage			It is more ad-
That he is ded & loken In cage,		11356	vantage to us
Then we hadde sclayn In fight felle			that Hector is
Halff the men that with him dwelle.			dead, than if
¶ For he sclow mo him-selff alone			we had slain
Then alle that other did euerychone,		11360	half the Tro-
And we ben now—I vnderstande—			jans;
Mo then sixti <sup>1</sup> hundred thousande			for he alone
Off Mennes bodies gode and able,			slew more of us
That ben a-pert and defendable.		11364	than all the
<b>T</b> He dedis of Ector ben wide y-kyd,			others did.
That thei may not wel be hid:			
How fele kynges sclow he of oure			How many
With his myzt & his vigoure!		11368	kings and
How he sclow In his reuery			dukes did Hec-
The douyti kyng Prothesaly!			tor slay?
¶ Patrodus also, Achilles cosyn,			He slew
In his strengthe sclow he him!		11372	Protheselaus,
¶ How sclow he In his gret Ire			Patroclus,
Kyng Mennon, that lordly sire!			
We were echon of him a-dred.			Mennon,
How sclow he the gode kyng Ced!		11376	Ced(ius),
So did he kyng Polenete.			Polynetes,
He fond no man that to him was mete.			
He sclow also kyng Alphynor,			Alpenor,
And so he did kyng Prouenor		11380	Procenor,
That was a kyng of gret genterie,			
Off douytines and chualrie.			
¶ How sclow he with his force			
The myghti kyng of douyti Corce!		11384	the King of
He died with dynt: so he gart			Corce,
The noble kyng Pilozenart.			Pilogenart,

<sup>1</sup> *ti* over the line, inserted by another hand.

Yside,	¶ He sclow also the kyng Yside.	[lf. 168, bk.]	11387
	No man durst him a-byde.		11388
	He did also to dethe sone		
Letabone,	The douȝti kyng Letabone.		
Humere,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Humere ?		
	I wist neuere man that was his pere.		11392
Archilogus,	¶ He sclow oure kyng Archilogus,		
Episcropus,	And the kyng also Episcropus ;		
Archomene,	And so he did kyng Archomene,		
Palymene,	And the hardy kyng Palymene.		11396
Antipe,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Antipe ?		
Sanxipe,	And so he did kyng Sanxipe.		
	¶ He did vs moche sorwe and tene :		
Philoxene,	He sclow the gode kyng Philoxene ;		11400
	He smot to dethe vndir his fete		
Polibete,	The noble kyng Polibete,		
Phiebete,	Kyng Phiebete, and kyng Leankes,		
Leankes,	Alle he sclow oure gret vnthanes,		11404
	He smot her bodyes euen In-two ;		
	So did he other mo also.		
	We auȝt wele his bodi wary !		
Fume, Dary,	¶ He sclow kyng Fume & kyng Dary,		11408
and many others.	And Many duk and Amerelles ;		
	He sclow oure lordes & robbed oure halles,		
	And bar a-wey coffre & chest.		
Blest be he who slew Hec- tor ! Now he is dead,	He that him sclow mot be blest !		11412
	For now—I hope—he is ded		
	That did vs schame and qued,		
	That oure men so foule sclow,		
we can master all the others.	And we hem alle schal Maystre now		11416
	With-Inne a while at oure wille.		
Hearken to my plan !	But herkenes now ! this is my skylle :		
	¶ Thoow it be so that he be slayn,		
	Hap of ffyght is no certayn ;	{ No ma <sup>1</sup> }	11420

<sup>1</sup> n is struck out after *ma*.



- ¶ No man wot how it schal schape, [lf. 169.] 11421 Nobody knows  
 Who schal dye & who schal skape. the future.  
 Wherfore I say : sithe it so is  
 That by Achilles douȝtines 11424 So, as by  
 We are now brouȝt to oure aboue, Achilles we are  
 Me thinke it were to oure behoue "brought to  
 That we In feld fight no more, our above,"  
 Vn-til Achilles heled wore ; 11428 I think we  
 For we ar noght alle sure & sekir should not be-  
 With-oute him to wynne this bekir. gin fighting  
 With-oute him & his pouste again till  
 In certayn hope we may not be Achilles is  
 To haue of hem the victorie, healed,  
 Thoow thei for Ector be sorie. 11432
- ¶ Wherfore this is my menyng :  
 That it were good, at my wetyng, 11436  
 That we sende by kyng or knyȝt  
 To Priamus, to aske respit,  
 That we .viij. wekes the pees may haunte,  
 If thei the trewes so longe wol graunte, 11440 and we  
 And the dedes were enseled. should ask  
 By than may Achilles be heled, Priamus for a  
 And we may make oure-self clene truce of eight  
 Off sore woundes that doth vs tene.' weeks.' 11444
- W**Hen Agamenoun thus hadde sayd,  
 The lordis were alle wel a-payd :  
 Thei held his conseyl good & lele,  
 To haue the pees til he hadde hele; 11448 All the lords  
 Thei held it alle wel y-do, agree and  
 Thei graunted echon his conseyl to ; assent to  
 This lordes alle ȝaue ther assent Agamemnon's  
 To his counseyl & Iugement : 11452 advice.  
 That with-oute him and his absence  
 Wold thei not fight in ther presence. y j

¶ *Hic Greci pecierunt pacem Troianorum*<sup>1</sup> *per .viij. septimanas.*

The messengers prepare for their ride to Troy.	¶ The messageres were rapely dyght [lf. 169, bk.] Opon her erande to wende right, Thei busked hem & maked zare Opon her erande for to fare : Riche robes on hem are done, Thei toke her hors & zede sone— As kynges gode, kene, and wraske— The treus of hem of Troye to aske.	11455 11456    11460
They are let into that city, and tell Priamus	¶ When thei were comen to her Cite, In forme of pes thei asked entre ; Thei fond no man that hem werned. To Priamus told thei that erand :	11464
that they want a respite of two months,	“Two Monthes to haue [respit] ent[e]re <sup>2</sup> — For thei were comen as Messangere— Pees & trues, that thei myzt reste ; For thei ther-of hadde gret breste, For thei myzt not the stenche sustayn Off dede bodies that were ther slayn ; Thei wolde haue space ther bodyes brenne.” Priamus the treus graunt thenne By assent of his consayl ;	11468     11472
to burn their dead. Priamus,	Thei hadde no wil to haue batayl So sone afftir his sones ded ; For he was heuyer then the led, For Ector was so slayn him fro, . That he sayde not to hem ones ‘no.’	11476    11480
not wishing to have a battle so soon after his son's death, grants the truce.	<b>T</b> Hese Messageres haue sone y-sped, Off no man <sup>3</sup> ar thei now a-dred ; Thei ride hamward muri siggande <sup>4</sup> And tolde her men of this tydande : “How thei haue graunted thair grithe To be In pes two monethe.” Thei were alle glad of her sawes, Thei zaff hem alle to gamen & playes.	  11484  11488
The messengers return very glad,		
and all the Greeks are joyful.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troian*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. . . . *to haue entre; entre from l. 11464.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *noman*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *siggande*.

¶ <b>Hic Palamides Rex iratus fuit cum Imperatore</b> <sup>1</sup> .	
Saue the kyng Palamides—	[lf. 170.] 11489
He was neuere no tyme In pes,	
He playned him of his Emperour	
That was her alther gouernour,	11492
And seyde: "he was not worthi	
To haue of hem suche seruageri;	
Ther were other better then he	
To haue forsothe that dignite."	11496
¶ Vpon a day it so befel:	
Agamenoun—the sothe to tel—	
Hadde sent afftir the lordes alle	
"Thei scholde come In-to his halle";	11500
And as thei sete at most spekyng	
"How thei scholde to ende bryng	
Ther purpos & her gode espleyt,"	
Palamides be-thougt him streyt	11504
To put him out of his office:	
And ther-of did he as the vn-wyse.	
¶ Hit was a3eyn his genterie	
To haue to him so foule envye	11508
With-oute disert <sup>2</sup> or any mysdede;	
But not-for-thi so longe he 3ede:	
At the laste was he remeued,	
And another mad & newed.	11512
<b>P</b> Alamydes as he sat there,	
Off his spekyng coude blynne neuere,	
To Agamenoun offte he flote	
And made to him wordes hote;	11516
He seyde: "it was a-3eyn resoun	
That he hadde ben alle sesoun	
So longe vndir his gouernayle;	
Ther were other that coude more a-vayle	11520
And were more profitable,	
For he was not—he sayde—able	y ij

Only Palamydes complains of Agamemnon, of whom he is envious, and says he is not worthy.

Agamemnon convokes a council of war.

They deliberate how to bring their purpose to an end.

Palamydes tries to oust Agamemnon from his post.

Palamydes scolds Agamemnon,

and says it is against reason to have always the same Emperor; there are others fitter for the place.

<sup>1</sup> The sign in blue, the words in red.      <sup>2</sup> MS. *dishert*.



340 *Agamemnon answers that he has been chosen by general Assent.*

	Suche a state to reioye."	[lf. 170, bk.]	11523
	Agamenoun sat wel stille & coye,		11524
	When he hadde sayd his gret gole;		
Agamemnon full soberly answers Palamydes :	Agamenoun ful entempre		
	Answered him soburly,—		
	For he was euere wis & sly,—		11528
	¶ He seyde : ' Palamides,		
' I wonder why you can't cease your scolding.	I haue gret wondir thow can not sese		
	Off thi wordes & thi carpyng,		
	Whan we be thus In oure gaderyng.		11532
	Hopes thow, sire, I haue desire		
	To be ouer 3ow other lord or sire ?		
I don't desire to be your leader,	Nay certes, I desire it not !		
	Ne neuere with word ther-fore be-sou3t		11536
	To kyng ne kny3t, sir, by my thrift !—		
	Ne neuere ther-fore 3it 3aff 3ift.		
for I had nothing but troubles from this post ;	¶ For I hadde neuere vauntage ther-In,		
	But gret trauayle & mychel vn-wyn,		11540
	And of my body mychel vnrest		
	To ordayne 3ow wel, & kest		
	That alle thes folk were saueli led,		
	And how we my3t sonnest be sped.		11544
but I was chosen by general assent two years before you met us at Athens.	I was chosen by comune assent,		
	By playn counseyl In parlement		
	Off alle the lordes that ther were,		
	Saue 3e alone that was not there.		11548
	¶ We hadde ben 3it In Athenes,		
	Hadde we not a-biden the, Palamydes ;		
	For we dwelled ther two 3er and more,		
	Or thow to vs comen wore.		11552
	I hadde ther-fore not thin acord,		
	When I was chosen 3oure Aleres lord ;		
	For thow was not tho present,		
	But afftir longe fro vs absent.		11556

- ¶ But, Palamydes, thow myzt not say [lf. 171.] 11557 You can't say that anything has gone wrong through misleading.
- That euere fel vs by nyzt or day  
—I thanked it god—oure spedying  
By myn vn-wit or mysledying; 11560  
And also I am redi now & ay,  
For-whi it be,—3ow to pay—  
Off myn office to be deposed,  
For I wold not 3e supposed 11564  
No pride In me—nother sibbe ne frende,—  
I wold fayn of this office wende.  
And chese another—where 3e lyke—  
To haue my state—by heuene ryke!— 11568  
And I wol be vndir his byddying  
As other kynges of this gaderyng.'
- T**Hese lordes were alle gretly dered,  
Ther was non that answered; 11572  
But bad hem: "be In pees bothe,  
For thei wold not that thei were wrothe";  
Thei bad hem alle: "thei scholde not greue,"  
And ros vp alle and toke here leue; 11576  
Thei wente alle hamward<sup>1</sup> sone,  
Off that was ther no more to done.  
But sone a3eyn euen-tyde  
Agamenoun wold not abyde, 11580  
¶ Thorow alle that ost he did him crye:  
"That eche a man,—bothe lowe and hye,  
Kyng & duk and amerale,  
And alle the lordes gret & smale, 11584  
And alle that hadde tent or teld,  
Or any that was knyzt of any scheld,—  
Schuld be at morwe next folwande,—  
When it was day, the sonne schynande,— 11588  
At Agamenoun riche tent  
To holde a solenne parlement,

But I'm quite ready to go;

and then you can choose another commander.'

All the lords are angry,

and bid the disputants be at peace.

They go to their tents.

But in the evening Agamemnon summons them

to another meeting next morning.

y iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hamward*.

- Off certayn thynges to entrete; [lf. 171, bk.] 11591  
 And that thei scholde on no wise lete, 11592  
 For thei most nede hit alle I-here—  
 Kyng, duk, & bachelere,  
 And that were of that ost  
 Bothe the leste & the most." 11596
- Next morning  
 the Greek  
 lords meet  
 in Agamem-  
 non's tent.
- T**He day is comen, the nyght is gon;  
 The lordes aysen euerychon,  
 To Agamenoun Ar thei went,  
 To wete whi he afftir hem sent. 11600  
 When thei were comen & set doun alle  
 By Agamenoun In his halle,
- He says:  
 'As Palamydes  
 is angry with  
 my leadership,
- ¶ Agamenoun to hem sayde  
 "Off Palamydes and his vpbrayde, 11604  
 That be-gan so vpon him playne  
 That he was made her souerayne,"—  
 'And is ful wroth with my persone  
 And for my rial eleccione, 11608  
 And says "that I can not 3ow lede."  
 That dignite ther-fore I bede  
 To him or other, whan 3e wol chese,  
 For I wol fayn this honour lese. 11612
- I bid you  
 choose him or  
 any other;  
 I'll gladly give  
 up this honour.
- ¶ And not-for-thi, my bretheren<sup>1</sup> dere,  
 Kynges & dukes that now be here,—  
 Sithen we come fro Athenes,  
 That 3e 3oure souerayne ther me ches, 11616  
 And come thenne hidur In bote & barge,  
 Haue I among 3ow born charge  
 Off alle oure ost & oure meygne  
 In mechel thoght—and that wot 3e. 11620
- I have borne  
 this charge all  
 the time since  
 you chose me  
 at Athens,
- ¶ Gret besynes of 3oure kepyng  
 Hath refft me many ny3t slepyng,  
 To saue this ost fro perelle,  
 That scathe ne harm to 3ow non felle. 11624
- and it cost me  
 many nights'  
 sleep.

<sup>1</sup> Altered from *brotheren*.



¶ *Hic Agamenoun mutatur de officio suo. & Palamides electus  
est ad officium Imperatoris.*

And yet haue þe so wele be kept, [lf. 172.] 11625 And yet you  
Whether that þe woke or slept, have been well  
That we ar comen to oure aboue; kept during  
my leadership.

¶ Suche a chaunce is fallen to oure byhoue 11628  
Vndir me & my ledyng.

But I wol, som other kyng,  
Duk, prince, whether thei wil,  
Haue now the charge—& that is skyl: 11632 But I will now  
bear this  
charge!’

For I haue nede to be In pes.  
I wol therfore this state reles  
And be with other an vndirlyng,  
To haue my reste and my likyng.’ 11636

**A**lle that were there In the halle,  
Kynges & dukes and Ameralle, The kings  
retire from the  
tent

Drow hem out vpon a rowe  
By-side the tent vnder the wowe, 11640  
To take her avisement:

Thei haue alle þeuen here Iugement,  
That thei wole him remewe  
And haue another of hem newe. 11644 and resolve to  
remove  
Agamemnon,  
and appoint  
Palamydes.

¶ The Iugement is þeuen & taken:  
Agamenoun is for-saken,  
He is put out of his office;  
Palamydes is chosen y-wys 11648  
To be here alther emperour  
And here alther comaundour.

¶ This conseil is fully ent,  
And euery lord is home went 11652 The parlia-  
ment ends;  
the lords go  
home.

Her-of spake the Murmidones  
And told this tydynges to Achilles  
Off that newe lord Palamydes: 11656 The Myr-  
midons tell  
Achilles of  
Palamydes’s  
election.

“How he was chosen here alther lord  
By the lordis comune acorde.”

- When Achilles  
hears of this,  
he is very  
angry,
- When Achilles herde this tydandis, [lf. 172, bk.] 11659  
Out of his bed sclong he his handes, 11660  
As he that was euel payde  
Off these tythandis that him were sayde;  
His woundes bledde for-sothe & brake.  
With so gret herte Achilles spak 11664  
To alle that stode aboute his bed,  
And seyde: "that this was euel y-red  
To make among hem suche a chaunge"—  
'Now hope I that alle thei caunge! 11668  
¶ For of vs alle—so mot I the!—
- 'None was so  
wise as  
Agamemnon.
- Was ther non so wys as he,  
Ne non that coude so lede oure ost  
With witt and skylle, with-outen bost. 11672  
But I wol not be occasioun  
To vndo ȝoure eleccioun;  
Sithe he is chosen, I holde it gode.'  
And her eleccioun thus so stode, 11676  
And he belefft here Emperour  
As he was chosen with honour.
- Thus Pala-  
mydes is  
Emperor.  
When the  
truce is ended,
- T**He two Monthes are past,  
Bothe the parties dight hem fast, 11680  
Bothe the Troyens and the Grues;  
Her day is comen out of her trues.  
Kyng Priamus wolde be venged fayn  
His sones deth that was sclayn, 11684  
He seide: "he wolde him go  
To fight that day to venge his fo."
- Priamus—to  
avenge  
Hector's  
death—
- ¶ His batayles alle him-self ordeynes,  
With his right hond he hem ensaynes 11688  
And ȝeuet hem leue forth to wende;  
He prayes hem alle to venge her frende,  
Her Prince that was & gouernour,  
That som tyme was ther sauyour. 11692
- arranges the  
Trojan forces,  
and blesses  
them.

¶ *Hic Incipit bellum.*

Twenti thousandis knyztis fre	[lf. 173.]	11693	20,000 knights are in Pri- amus's battalion.
In his batayle than hadde he,			
I dar right wel & boldely say			
That ȝede to fyzt with him that day		11696	
An hundrid & fyffti thousand			
Off myghti men on hors ridand.			
<b>D</b> Ephebus ferst with his batayle			The first Trojan leaders are: Dephebus,
ȝede the Grekys <sup>1</sup> for to Assayle;		11700	Paris and the king of Persia,
Afftir him ȝede thanne Paris,			
With the kyng of Perce y-wys,			
And alle his men that he loued wele—			
With-uten Iren, with-uten stele,—		11704	
Bowes & arwes the Persays hadde,			(the Persians have bows and arrows,)
Thei wente forth sore a-dradde.			Priamus,
Priamus lad him-selff the thridde			
With xx <sup>ti</sup> thousand knyztis him amydde;		11708	
He bad Eueas scholde lede the fourthe			Eneas,
And leue him not for gode In erthe.			
¶ The fyffthe lad kyng Mennon;			Mennon,
And thus were thei In-sunder gon.		11712	
The sixte lad Polidomas.			Polidomas, and others.
And other lordes, as her wille was,			
Ladd aȝ that other, as he hem bad.			
Thei rode forth with semblaunt sad		11716	
To hem of Grece that thei aȝeyn stand			They meet the Greeks,
Al redy dight with spere In hand			
That thanne abode and here comyng:			
Hit was gret at her métyng.		11720	
¶ Euerychon of hem on other renne,			
Thei ferde as it had ben wod menne,			
Thei thrilled scheldes & speres brast,			A fierce battle follows.
Some were slayn, & som doun cast		11724	
Opon the grounde & lay flat,			
Thei ȝaff be-twene hem many a sqwat.			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *grekys* on erasure, by another hand.



*Hic Priamus. Rex. et Palamides pugnauerunt r<sup>f</sup>.*

Priamus gets  
sight of the  
new Greek  
Emperor Pala-  
mydes, meets  
him, and cuts  
him down.

**P**riamus saw Palamydes [lf. 173, bk.] 11727  
The Gregeis to her newe lord ches; 11728  
He rod to him with mychel strengthe

And bare him ouer his speres lengthe :

So Priamus bar Palamydes

And bad him reste ther In pes.

11732

Among Gregeis stroke he his stede,

The strongest of hem to grounde 3ede

That he mette with In his gret Ire.

The Gregeis alle be-gan to spire

11736

What he was that him so bare,

Among hem alle that made suche fare :

¶ He sclow hem so & bare hem down,

He wan that day ful gret renoun ;

11740

Moche prise & mochel los

Wan he that day among his fos.

He fights with  
all.

To eche a man his scheld he bedis,

Alle men spake ther of his dedis :

11744

He bare him so at that semble

That alle the los of that iourne <sup>1</sup>

He is the best  
of all in battle  
this day,

Be-lefft with him of more [&] lesse,

Off his gode dedis and his prowessse.

11748

for Achilles  
may not yet  
fight and must  
be at home.

For Achilles myzt not 3it ride,

Therfore at home he most abide ;

But hadde he ben ther with-oute drede,

He wolde haue tauzt him for to rede

11752

And to synge a sori sang,

Hadde he ben hem among.

Dephebus and  
the other  
Trojans slay  
many Greeks  
too.

¶ Dephebus folwes his fader,

He sclow down Gregeis al to-gader ;

11756

And then come Paris with his bowes

And castes men down and ouer-throwes,

With hem of Perce and her Turkes,

And schot Arwes among the Grues.

11760

<sup>1</sup> MS. *idone*.

But thanne come thedir sikerly	[lf. 174.]	11761	Neoptolomus comes up,
The stalworthest man of Grece party,			
¶ Neoptolamus was his name ;			
Kyng Sarpedoun thoght he to lame :		11764	attacks Sarpedon, and bears him down.
He 3aff him certes suche a dynt			
That Sarpedoun his stiropes tynt,			
He made him backward so stoupe			
That he fel ouer his hors croupe.		11768	
But Sarpedoun was not sore hurt,			But Sarpedon starts up
But hastily vpward stirt,			
As wrogehe <sup>1</sup> as he myzt be,			
And smot the kyng vpon the ye,		11772	and cleaves Neoptolomus's nose.
¶ That he cleue his nase In two pese.			Then many Greeks assail him,
Then come thedur many of Grece			
And leyde on him on euery a side ;			
He most nede on fote abyde,		11776	
For he myzt not his hors come to			so that he cannot get to his horse.
For no thyng that he myzt do,			
He was for-sothe In gret perel,			
For ffele Gregeis opon him ffele.		11780	
<b>T</b> He kyng of Perse, when he was war			The king of Persia rescues Sarpedon's horse from the Greeks.
How Sarpedoun on fote fau3t thar,			
And thei of Grece stode enviroun,—			
With alle his men come he thanne doun,		11784	
And Sarpedoun his hors did take			
For al that euere thei coude make.			
¶ And that saw duk Athenes,			
And the noble kny3t Menescenes,		11788	Menescene
He bad his men him folwe than,			
An hard werre he ther by-gan.			
Menelaus als aboute his hals			and Menelaus join the battle.
Kest his scheld and 3ede doun als,		11792	
And bad that al his retenaunce			
Schold him sewe with spere & launce.			

<sup>1</sup> The e on erasure.

348 *The Trojans are driven back, but Priamus slays many Greeks.*

	Euery a burne him busked 3are	[lf. 174, bk.]	11795
	To that assaut for to fare,		11796
	To that torpel <sup>1</sup> come alle that route		
	And be-kest that place aboute :		
Menescene and Menelaus slay the king of Persia, and drive his men back ;	¶ The kyng of Perce stode & fau3t, Thei slow him certes at that assaut, And al his men on bak thei schoff, And with force a3eyn hem droff.		11800
and though Sarpedon withstands them,	But Sarpedoun hem with-stode The proude Gregeis with hardi mode,		11804
	¶ Him was ful loth thenne to fle, Gret meruayle that tyme did he. But thei of Grece were so assamed, That thei of Troie no-thing gamed :		11808
his men are driven back too,	Wolde or nolde, on bak thei 3ede, For sikerli thei most nede.		
Priamus	<b>B</b> Vt Priamus, that kyng of age, As wood was as a best sauage :		11812
	When his men hadde lorn that place, The swot brast out at his face ; He rod thedur with-oute dwellyng, Ther was noyse & gret 3ellyng.		11816
rides to the battle-field	¶ Priamus rod to and fro, He thoght on hem to venge his wo ; Off sla3ter certis neuere he blynnys, He cleues hem down by the chynnes.		11820
and slays many Greeks.	But the Gregeis euere stille stode And fau3t a3eyn as thei were wode, Many of Troie that tyme thei perced, And many man to grounde reuersed.		11824
But the Greeks hold their own.	¶ The Gregeis then aboute be-held, Ther thei fau3t In the feld ; Thei saw hem fro the toun proloigned, And thei with hem so foule regroyned.		11828

<sup>1</sup> MS. *terpel*.



¶ *Magnum Bellum.*

Thei toke conseil hem be-twene,	[lf. 175.]	11829	The Greeks deliberate how to betray the Trojans.
How thei myzt hem traye and tene;			
Thei were be-thoght of sleght & art,			
Thei seyde: "thei wolde here folk depart		11832	
Be-twene the toun & hem to wende,			They try to cut them off from the city;
And so schold thei hem sonest schende."			
Thei rode ouer dale and doune			
To go be-twene hem & the toun.		11836	
¶ But Priamus fful wel perceued			but Priamus
How thei wolde haue him disceyued,			
With his men scely he turned			turns with his
And that way ful sone he werned.		11840	men and bars the Greeks' way.
With-uten dwellyng or any abode			
With his ffolk he thedur rode,			
Ther thei wolde haue had entre			
Be-twene hem & her Cite.		11844	
He brouzt with him gret multitude			
And laide vpon him strokes vnrude;			
He droff hem down a-3eyns her wille,			Hedriues them back against their will.
Maugre her tethe be-twene the hille.		11848	
¶ Gret defence the kyng made hath,			
Thei toke not of him that path;			
The Gregeis wolde the pase haue had.			
The Troiens lente hem strokes sad,		11852	They fight fiercely.
The Gregeis laid on faste ynow,			
Many of Troye ther thei sclow.			
A thousand were with blode be-ronnen,			
For thei that pase wolde haue wonnen;		11856	
Thei defende & thei assayle,			
Ther was be-twene hem a strong batayle.			
<b>B</b> Vt Paris com thanne on trauerse			Paris arrives with his men and the Persians.
With men of Armes and hem of Perse,		11860	
He come thedur with his buschement,			
With bolde bowes redy bent <sup>1</sup> :			

<sup>1</sup> Some indistinct scribblings at the foot of the page.

350 *A great Battle, only ended by Night. The King of Persia's Death.*

	Thei come sidelynge & ouer-twert, [lf. 175, bk.]	11863
	The Gregeis so foule ofte thei hert.	11864
Menelaus joins the Greeks.	But then come thedur Menelaus, With alle his folk he come thus :	
A great battle,	Gret was the sauȝt ther was be-gunnen, But tho thei lakked lyght of sonne.	11868
	Many dede bodies lay ther on grounde And lite went ther hole & sounde ;	
	¶ For hadde thei had lyght of sonne, The Gregeis the pase thenne had wonne.	11872
which is only ended by night.	But thei departed for faute of lyght And riden home with al her myght ; The Troiens riden to the toun, And the Gregeis to ther paულoun.	11876
The Trojans bewail the death of the king of Persia.	<b>T</b> He Troiens now her sorwe reherse For the kynges deth of Perse : Ther was non that longed to Troie, Kyng ne knyȝt, sqwyer ne boye,	11880
	That thei [ne] made gret del & sorwe Bothe an euen and on morwe.	
Specially does Paris mourn, who had loved him much.	Was non that made such wayment As did Paris verament :	11884
	He sorwed day & also nyght, For he him loued with al his myght.	
Paris counsels the embalming of the king's corpse, and sending it to Persia	¶ This was ther-fore Paris rede : "To boyle him and put him In lede, And lede him hom to his contre With taper & torche & gret rialte, With gret plente of fele candeles ; That he myght haue his burieles	11888
for burial.	And ligge among his antecessoures, The riche kynges, his predecessoures, And be ther grauen honorably By-fore his sones that dwelles ther-by,	11892 11896

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem ad inuicem per magnum tempus.*

In his londis that kynges schal be [lf. 176.] 11897

Aftir him In gret pouste."

**N**ight is comen, & day is gon, Night comes ;  
The[i] gon to bedde & slepen euerychon. 11900 all go to bed.

On morwe when it was day lyght, Next morning

The sonne was resen & schon bryght,

Kyng Priamus sente doun his sonde

To alle the Gregeis liggand on the stronde, 11904  
To Aske the trues—as Dares sais—  
A certeyn tyme to ben In pais. Priamus sends  
to the Greeks  
and demands  
a truce, as  
Dares says ;

But it is In his bokes wane.

How longe the trues were tane.

How longe the trues were tane ; 11908

How long that thei schold holde,

Dites ne Dares non ther tolde.

But thei haue graunt & surte founden<sup>1</sup>,

Many a rop was thanne vn-wounden, 11912

Many a cope & many an hode

That were prayسد worthe mechel gode,

Off gold, of silk, and som of say,

For then was Ector put a-way,

That thei scholde holde riche festis— 11916

As I fynde In here gestes.

**N**ow Ector Menyng-day schal be holden :

In Troye bene robis riche vnfolden 11920

That were layd vp be-fore the dayes,

With silke y-fled and riche arais,

And other newe lordis did make

For honour of that festis sake. 11924

Thorow the toun was hit done cry :

"That riche & poure, lowe & hy,

That euer longed In-to Troye,

Off ffyftene dayes schuld make no ioye, 11928

But lyue In wepyng & gret sorwe

The .xv. dayes euen & morwe,

it is to last  
fifteen days.

<sup>1</sup> This line on erasure, but by the same hand.

352 *Greeks and Trojans visit each other. Achilles goes to see Hector's Corpse.*

With-oute karole, with-oute daunce, [lf. 176, bk.] 11931  
In gode Ector remembraunce." 11932

¶ In his remembraunce & his mynde  
Ther was that heuynesse—as I fynde—  
Off Priamus and of riche kynges  
And of other grete lordynges;— 11936

After the  
fifteen days of  
woe, they are to  
dance and  
make merry.

"And whan the ffyftene dayes of wo  
Were fulfilled and a-go,  
Thei scholde make rialte,  
Mechel daunce & mechel gle." 11940

During the  
respice, the  
Trojans and  
Greeks visit  
each other.

**T**He while the festes thus endured,  
And eueryche were to other ensured,  
Thei of Troye hadde here comyng  
To hem of Grece & here spekyng; 11944  
And Gregeis come In-to the toun  
And where thei wolde vp & doun,  
Saue & sound where so hem liked;  
Thei fond no man that hem be-swiked. 11948

Achilles,  
who wants to  
see the Trojans'  
festival and  
how they live,

¶ Achilles wolde that tyme gange  
To se her festes and here sange,  
He thought algates he wolde se  
In Troye gret solennite. 11952  
Here contenaunce & here porture,  
Here myght, here sorwe, & here voysure,  
Here doying of there chere deuout,  
And how thei did Ector about. 11956

goes to the  
temple of  
Apollo, where  
the corpse of  
Hector lies in  
state.

¶ Achilles made him redi swithe,  
In-to the toun wente he blyue,  
And to the temple Apolynys  
ȝede he to se, what Ioye & blis 11960  
Aboute Ector Troyens made:  
He fond ther non that was glade,  
But makyng dele & gret wepyng;  
Be-fore Ector saw he sittyng

{Ectuba} 11964



- ¶ Ectuba, the semely quene, [lf. 177.] 11965 Hectuba, Pollexena, and  
And hir douzter Pollexene ; other ladies  
And fele ladies of gret genterie are there,  
Here ther In that companye. 11968 bewailing  
Thair heer faire a-boute hem spred, Hector's death;  
On eyther halff hit was fair sched, their hair is  
Hit hinged down by-nethe her pappes, loose ;  
By-nethe here mydeles, by-nethe here lappes. 11972
- ¶ Thei made gret del & sykyng, they sigh and  
Thei were echon In euel lykyng, weep.  
Mechel del & mechel mone  
A-boute Ector made thei echone. 11976
- Ector ȝit sat als entere  
And so fair In his solere,  
As he was furst ther ordeyned ;  
The baume so his body susteyned 11980  
Fro al appayryng & alle sauour,  
And ffro chaungyng of his colour.
- T**He tabernacle on eche a syde  
Was vn-done and opened wyde, 11984  
That eche man, bothe zong & old,  
On eche a syde Ector behold.
- ¶ Achilles loked on that werk faste ;  
As he his eyen aboute him caste, 11988  
So was he war of Pollexene  
Faste sittynge by the quene,  
He loked vpon the damysele  
And saw the teres fro hir fele. 11992  
But thoow that lady fair & swete  
Wonder sore & hertly grete,  
¶ Not-for-thi for alle hir payne  
Sche wex nother pale ne wayne, 11996  
Sche lost not of her fayrnesse,  
Off hir beaute ne hir swetnesse.

z j

	¶ <i>Hic Achilles Amat Pollexenam Filiam Regis Troiani</i> <sup>1</sup> ,	
All the woe cannot deprive her of her beauty.	Al hir wo ne al hir pyne [lf. 177, bk.]	11999
	Made hir not hur fayrnes tyne,	12000
	The teres that so fro hur ran	
	Made hir nother blo ne wan ;	
	Hit for-did no-thing hir sight,	
	Hir eyen were euere clere and bryght,	12004
	For alle here wepyng were thei not dym,	
	Ne sche not apayred In neuere <sup>2</sup> a lym.	
Nobody can describe her loveliness.	Ther is no man that is on lyue,	
	Hir fairnesse that myght discryue—	12008
	For siker sche was as fair a woman	
	As man scholde sette his eyen vpan.	
Achilles con- stantly gazes on her ; he never saw such a fair woman ;	<b>A</b> Chilles loked euere In on ;	
	So ffair a thyng as sche was on	12012
	Saw he neuere In al his lyue—	
	Widwe, ne mayden, ne non wyue.	
	As he loked In hir vysage,	
	His herte torned & his corage,	12016
he falls in love with her,	Him hadde leuere than any thyng	
	He hadde ben siker of that swetyng :	
	Alle his herte and his delite	
	Was to haue of hure a sight,	12020
and looks on her as if he were mad.	He loked on hir as he were mad.	
	The more lokyng to hir he had,	
The more he looks, the more he grows in love with her :	¶ His long lokyng hir louely sight	
	Be-rafft him clene of his myght ;	12024
	But he myght not his lokyng leue,	
	That thocht myght no man him byreue :	
he looks on her till night.	He loked to hir the while he myght,	
	Til the day was gon, & hit was nyght.	12028
	Off alle thinges that euere was wroght	
	Was non so mochel In his thocht ;	
	Him thocht it ȝede thorow his hert,	
	So sore sche made him ake and smert.	12032

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troiañ.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *neuere y.*

- W**hen it was nyzt, the quene vp ros, [lf. 178.] 12033  
 And Pollexene home with here gos;  
 Achilles loked aftir that wenche  
 With more longyng than man may thenche, 12036  
 Til sche out of the temple was went.  
 Achilles In hir loue then brent;  
 And this was al the bygynnyng  
 Off his sekenes and his lyggyng, 12040  
 That he aftir In his bed lay  
 For loue & longyng of that may.  
 ¶ When he myght hir no lenger se,  
 His herte for sorwe brast on thre, 12044  
 He turned him hom to his tent  
 And In his bed as-tite he went.  
 That nyght for-sothe litel he seleped,  
 He turned him offte & sore weped; 12048  
 Hir loue hade wounded him so depe,  
 That he myght not that nyght slepe.  
 He saw hir loue on him was gret,  
 Al his body brast on swete, 12052  
 He tholed for hir gret penaunce,  
 He waried thanne that foule myschaunce:  
 ¶ 'Alas,' seide he, 'that I was born!  
 That I am now thus foule lorn 12056  
 Thorow a mayden that is so tendre,  
 With-oute myzt, feble, & sklendre.  
 And he that was so mychel of myght,  
 The strengest that was In any fyght, 12060  
 Ector of Troye, that doughti man,  
 That price & honour of alle men wan,—  
 That alle the men that stalworthe wore  
 He ouercome with strokes sore, 12064  
 Alle that were styff & strong  
 That doughti knyzt to dethe throng; 2 ij

When Pollexena leaves the temple in the evening, Achilles, enamoured, looks after her.

He returns to his tent, and goes to bed; but for love he cannot sleep.

'Alas!' says he, 'that I am vanquished by a frail maiden!'

And though Hector, who was the strongest of all men,

and overcame all knights,

¶ *Lamentacio amoris Achillis.*

	I knewe neuere non that hadde that myght,— [lf. 178, bk.]	
	That was so strong ne douzti <sup>1</sup> wyght,—	12068
	Azeyn him that myzt stonde,	
	Whil he leued In this londe——	
could not van- quish me,	And ȝit he with alle his fforce	
	Ne myzt ouercome my carful corse !	12072
yet now I'm thus overcome by a frail woman !	And now am I thus ouercomen, That al my myght is fro me nomen	
	¶ Thorow a mayden feble & frele !	
How shall I be healed ?	How schal I come to my hele ?	12076
	Ho schal do me any medecyn ?	
She hates me for her brother whom I slew.	Sche hatis me & al my kyn For hir brother that I slow ;	
	I may not keuere,—I wot neuere how ?	12080
I can't draw her heart to me !	For I may not vnto me drawe Her hert for-sothe for loue ne awe !	
I cannot en- treat her for her love ;	Ne with prayeres may I not spede ; I may not to <sup>2</sup> hir my loue bede,	12084
	¶ I may not so of loue hir pray, I may not so that lady assay.	
nor can my riches tempt her,	Ne my richesse ne my gret ȝifte	
for she is richer than I am ;	May not hir hert to me lyfte,	12088
	For sche is richer for-sothe then I ; I wot neuere how to come hir by ?	
nor can I win her by my strength.	Ne—I wote wele—I may not spede Thorow my strengthe & my kynrede,	12092
Moreover, she is gentler than I am.	¶ For thoow my kyn be gentil & gode, Sche is comen of genteler blode	
	Then I or any of my lynage.	
How shall I manage it ?	How schal I my sorwe aswage,	12096
	When I no wise, no way can fynde By strengthe, richesse, ne by kynde, Ne with prayers hir loue to wynne ?	
My woe is great !	The wo is gret that I am Inne	12100

<sup>1</sup> MS. *strong douzti ne.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *so.*



¶ *Hic Achilles mandat nuncium ad Reginam.*

In gret wodnes am I now broght! [lf. 179.] 12101

Alas! how com I in-to this thoght!

I can not wete—so god me saue!—

How that I here loue schal haue? 12104

He leued that nyzt In that gret sorwe;

The sonne was risen faire at morwe,

A carful nyzt he thenne hadde lede,

Til he was risen vp of his bede. 12108

**A**T morwe whan he was rysen,

Off him selff was he a-grysen,

Off his sorwe so strong In myzt

That he hadde al that long nyzt. 12112

He called to him a siker man,

Al his consayl him telle bygan

And sayde: 'if thow wol trewe be,

Ful riche 3ifftes 3eue I the; 12116

For-sothe schal I faile the neuere,

I schal the make riche for euere.

¶ Go to Hectuba, the quene,

And say: "I loue so Pollexene,

That I schal falle for-sothe In rage, 12120

But I haue hir In mariage."

Bid hir sicurly my werdes byleue,

And if sche wol me hir doghter 3eue 12124

To me hastly In wedlak,

That I schal remewe al this pak:

The Gregeis alle schal I make go

To the lond that I come fro. 12128

¶ Al this ost schal I remewe—

As I am a knyzt trewe!—

Kynges & dukes, lord & sires,—

To gret honour to hire & hires 12132

With couenaunt & condicioune,

Iff sche wol haue me to hir sone.

Alas, that I  
know not how  
to get her  
love!

When the sun  
rises, Achilles  
has had a  
sorrowful  
night.  
In the morning  
he is afraid of  
himself;

he sends a mes-  
senger to  
Hectuba

asking for Pol-  
lexena as his  
wife,

and pledging  
himself to  
make all the  
Greeks go  
home.

358 *Achilles's Messenger comes to Hectuba. She deliberates with Priamus.*

Moreover, Achilles engages that the Greeks will not take any revenge,	Ne thei schal neuere amendes make, [lf. 179, bk.] 12135 Harme ne schame ne slaunder take, 12136 For alle the harme & vylony, Slauzt of men, ne robry <sup>1</sup> To hem of Grece that thei haue done— By him that made sonne & mone!— 12140 Ne for the quene dame Eleyne rape— If my couenaunt wille skape,— But Paris schal hir stille holde Vnto his wyff, be he right bolde.' 12144
even for the rape of Eleyne.	
The messenger ¶ goes to meet Hectuba,	This man was trewe as any stele, He vndirstode his erand wele, He wiste wel what he scholde say : He hyed him faste vpon his way, 12148 As faste as he myzt gone ; To Hectuba he come anone, He tolde hir al his mayster thocht, Word by word for-zate he noght. 12152
and tells her Achilles's mes- sage.	
She says	<b>H</b> Ectuba, the quene of pris, Was ful witti & ful wis, Sche seyde to him as luffy hende : 'Abyde me here, my louely frende! 12156 This thyng may not be ent With-uten my lord kyng assent. I schal ther-fore vn-til him gange, Sicurly I dwelle not lange. 12160 What he wol say, I wol the telle ; Ful longe schal I not fro the dwelle.'
that she must first consult with her hus- band.	
Hectuba goes to Priamus, and tells him Achilles's offer.	¶ Vnto the kyng the quene hir hyed, To him this consayl sche discryed : 12164 'What Achilles to him bed, For-whi his doughter he most wed ; How he scholde alle the Gregeis gare In-to ther contre for to fare, 12168

<sup>1</sup> Some indistinct scribblings under *br*.

¶ *Hic Priamus miratus est.*

And remewe & leue the sege, [lf. 180.] 12169

And be-come his man lege,

And Elayn leue with Alysandre

With-outen amendis, with-oute slaundre." 12172

**P** Ryamus chaunged al his blod,

When he al this vndirstod ;

Al his blod be-gan to colde,

When Hectuba thes wordes tolde ; 12176

In his herte ran many a thoght,

That he the quene hadde be-soght.

An hundrid sithe sore he siked,

When he thought how he be-swiked

His sone Ector that he sclow ;

At his herte was care y-now,

He thoght on his deth so fast,

The water of his eyen out-brast.

'Alas, the while!'—the kyng seyde tho—

'To graunte this thyng that me is wo !

How scholde I fynde In my wil

His askyng now to fulfil ?

How scholde I loue In body or gost

Thing In erthe I hate most ?

That refft me al my worldis Ioye,

That slow my sone, Ector of Troye !——

But for to eschewe al other perrel,

That more harm not to vs fel,

Azeyn this thyng may I not stryue ;

That I may haue myne other on lyue,

Myne other sones to haue lyuand,

I graunt his bone myn vn-willand :

So that he do furst alle these thynges

That he sente hidur In tydynges,

That we be [be-]trayed noght,

When we haue graunted al his thoght.'

Priamus is  
very much  
astonished at  
Hectuba's  
words.

He sighs very  
often, thinking  
of his son's  
murderer.

He weeps.

'Alas !' says  
he, 'how can I  
grant this ?

How can I  
love him  
whom I hate  
most ?

But to prevent  
the death of  
my other sons,

I will grant  
Achilles's  
proposal,  
provided that  
he fulfils his  
promises in  
advance.'

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit Pollexenam Achilli.*

Hectuba re- turns to the messenger and tells him that Priamus, Paris,	Hectuba, worthi In wede, To the Messenger a-3eyn 3ede: 'I haue'—sche seide—'thin erand sayd To Priamus, that wel is payd Off his askyng; so is Paris: Bothe are thei payde of his y-wys.	[lf. 180, bk.] 12203 12204 12208
and herself agree to the proposal of Achilles.	¶ And I for-sothe anendis me ¶ Schal do his wille, that schal he se; So that no thyng be broght to ende, Or euere my doghter fro me wende.'	12212
The messenger thanks her for the news,	The Messenger held vp his hondes And thonked hir of tho tythandes; When he hadde graunt of his askyng,	12216
returns, sing- ing, home,	On his way 3ede he syngyng: He toke his leue, for he was blythe. Ham-ward wente he thanne swithe,	12220
and gladdens his lord Achilles with the good news.	He made his lord bothe blythe & glad, He tolde him what answere he had Off Priamus, and of Hectuba, And of Paris; he seyde also: 'How thei hadde alle graunt his bone"— 'Alle thi wille for-sothe schal be done; Iff 3e wol do that 3e haue hete, Al schal be done with-oute lete.'	12224
Never did a bird in sum- mer sing more merrily	¶ IN somer was neuere no nyghtyngale, The throstel ne no wodewale, The throche ne the lauerok, The papeiay ne the throstel-cok So mery syngand In thaire note, As he be-gan thanne to lote; When that he was of here assured, Ne hadde not elles his wo endured.	12228 12232
than Achilles rejoices now.	But than be-gan he for to kest, How he myght do this thing best.	12236
He considers how best to carry out his promise.		



¶ **Hic Achilles mandauit post Reges Grecorum.**

That he be-het to the quene [lf. 181.] 12237

For hir dougter Pollexene

By his man, his Messenger ;

For hit was not In his power 12240

To remewe that company.

He thoght he hadde done foly,

That he hadde hight hem suche a thyng

That he myght not to ende bryng. 12244

¶ But not-for-thi, what vp so doun,

He traist so mechel In his renoun,

In his grete dedes & his chyua[1]rie

That he hadde done be-fore here eye, 12248

That if<sup>1</sup> he lefte hem In that byker,

In his herte was he sekir

That thei scholde leue al her querel,

For drede of harm & perel

12252 as they cannot  
do without him  
in the war.

That hem schulde falle In that stour,

Iff thei for-ȝede his socour.

**H** It was a day whil trewes last,

Achilles In his hert cast

12256 Achilles re-  
solves to  
summon the  
Greek lords to  
his tent.

That he wolde make the lordes alle

That were of Grece come to his halle :

His Messenger anon he sende

To alle the lordes that were him hende,

12260 He sends his  
messenger

And bad hem come al at ones

To speke with him In his wones.

to invite them.

¶ Ther was no lord that with-stode,

That ne thei als sone to him ȝode.

12264 All come,

When thei were comen thedur euerychon,

Thei sat as stille as any ston ;

Achilles sayde : ' lordynges, my peres,

Herkenes now to me and heres,

and sit down.  
Achilles ad-  
dresses them.

Why that I sende afftir ȝow

For thing that is for ȝowre prow.

12268

<sup>1</sup> if inserted over line.

Achilles says:	I haue meruayle what vs ayled	[lf. 181, bk.]	12271
	That we the kyng of Troye <sup>1</sup> assayled,		12272
	Whi that we this werre be-gan		
	For the loue of a womman?		
	We haue by-gonne folily this striff.		
" Was it not folly to begin a war for Menelaus's wife's sake?	¶ For Menelaus the kynges wiff.		12276
	¶ What deucl ayled us to leue oure londes		
	In other straunge mennes hondes?		
	As thoght we roght not of oure lyues <sup>2</sup>		
to leaue our children and wives alone at home?	Off oure childryn & oure wyues		12280
	At home that we behynde vs lefte;		
	An aunter were we schal se hem effte.		
	And we ar here at gret dispence		
	To make of this werre defence;		12284
	Oure goodis fast begynnes to waste,		
	We may be beggeres alle In haste.		
and to expose ourselves here to hunger and wounds?	¶ We suffur wo of oure bodyes		
	As men—me thyne—that are vn-wyse;		12288
	We take here not but woundes		
	And ligge In dikes as dede houndes.		
	Ne here is non a-monges vs alle		
	That wot w[h]at wol him by-falle;		12292
	For the beste of vs echon		
	May haue harm, and thei non,		
	In woundes sore & gret brosurcs.		
	He is a fole that him ensures		12296
	In his strengthe & In his myght,		
	For I my-selff haue ben euel dyght:		
A fool is he who relies upon his strength, for even I myself haue to suffer much,	¶ Many a wounde haue I here tholed,		
	My body hath ben y-holed.		12300
	Was I not hurt so sore now last		
	That I wende neuere to haue I-past?		
	I was for-sothe the deth so hende,		
and was just now nearly given up by you.	That non of 3ow my lyff ne wende.		12304

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troyl*, the *l* only badly altered to *e*.  
is following l. 12280.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. l. 12279

¶ *Hic consiluit eos ad reuertendum ad patriam.*

— —<sup>1</sup> With sorwe but ligge and dethe a-bide— [lf. 182.]

Off oure liggyng may not be-tyde 12306

But gret periles & drede of deth.

We take to vs an euel breth, 12308

¶ When we be-gonne furst this batayle,

And lefft oure contre euery dele,

And come her to gete batayle

On stronge men & hem assayle; 12312

So fele gode as we ther-by

Haue lorn of oures dispitously

That haue here ben a-mong vs slayn,

And al for the loue of dame Elayn! 12316

**B**y him that me to man has wrought!

We haue to dere hir lyff aboght,  
And many good men has sche mad sterue.

Another womman may we serue 12320

Menelaus for to haue

To his wyff,—so god me saue!—

That schal be genteler than was sche,

In many landes & many contre. 12324

¶ And we may remewe by skyl

With-oute blame, when so we wil;

For we haue take shenful vengauce

Off the wrong and of the greuaunce, 12328

Off the schame & of the slaunder

That to vs did Alysaunder:

For we haue slayn the dou3tiest man

That lyued In erthe, sithen we be-gan— 12332

¶ Ector that we haue don to dede,

He was alther lord and hede,

He was alther mayntenour.

Off his dedis with gret honour 12336

Now haue we wonne suche worschepe,

That we may wel with-oute schenchipe

We did  
wrong, when  
we exposed  
ourselves to  
death, leaving  
our country  
for Eleyne's  
sake.

We may pro-  
cure another  
wife for Mene-  
laus,

and return  
home with  
honour,

for we haue  
slain the  
maintainer of  
all our foes,  
Hector.

<sup>1</sup> No gap in MS., but the copyist seems to have dropt some lines.

¶ *Hic omnes Reges contradixerunt eum.*

We may now  
return home  
without  
shame;

And with-uten any schame, [lf. 182, bk.] 12339

With-oute reproues or any blame, 12340

When so we wil, hamward wende

To oure contre & oure frende.

And sicurly I rede also

and I advise  
you to do so.'

With-oute dwellyng that we go.' 12344

Thoas

**A** Non that riche kyng Thoas,

That Achilles Cosyn was,

and Menescene  
oppose him,  
and say :

And the duk Menescene

With-sayde him with mychel tene 12348

'Achilles, we  
must not leave  
the siege

And seyde : ' Achilles, wold neuere god

That we scholde now for euene or od

Leue the sege we haue by-gonnen,

before we have  
won the  
town.

Er we this Cite hadde y-wonnen, 12352

Sithen he is ded, roten & graven

That the toun & hem did sauē !

If we do so,  
the Trojans  
will think us  
cowards.'

Iff we leue it In suche a wyse,

Hit scholde be holden for cowardise; 12356

Men wolde holde vs recreaunt.

God for-bede we to this graunt !'

Achilles gets  
angry

¶ Achilles was wonder wrothe;

Be-fore hem alle he made his othe : 12360

"That he scholde neuere day ne nyzt

Helpe hem more with his myzt;

He nolde no thyng do for hem alle

For no thing that myzt be-falle ! 12364

and orders his  
men not to  
help the  
Greeks any  
longer.

¶ But thei wolde saue thaire lyf or lym;

And as thei loued derly him,

That thei scholde helpe no more Gregeis,

But holde hem stille & be In pays, 12368

And let hem do echon her best,

For he & alle his wolde be In rest."

¶ And thus partid thei ful hirously,

Thei hadde meruayle how-gatis & whi 12372



That he was broght In suche a wille; [lf. 183.] 12373

But thei sayde net, but helde hem stille.

Achilles was euel apayed  
That thei his wille so with-sayd, 12376

Achilles is resolved not to help the Greeks any more.

To helpe hem more has he not ment,

He sayde: "thei schal sore repent

That thei haue azeyn him spoken";

He thoght on hem wel be wroken, 12380

He wolde no more jiff tent to thaym

Thenne he hadde<sup>1</sup> neuere ben on of hem.

¶ In this tyme her mete hem fayles,  
Thei haue gret faute of her vitayles: 12384

Famine appears in the Greek camp.

Hem<sup>2</sup> fayles fische, hem lakkes flesche,

Thei haue no corn for to thresche,

Thei haue but litel mete or drynke,

Ne other vitayles but litel thinke. 12388

¶ Palamydes, her Emperour,  
Hadde ther-of gret hydour; 12392

Palamydes convokes a parliament.

He toke consayl among his peres:

"Who scholde be here messageres 12392

To wende to feche hem drynk or mete,

That thei hadde somdel to ete,

That thei died not for defaute?

Vnnethe myzt thei for feble maute." 12396

¶ Kyng & duk & euery a lord  
Were echon at his acord, 12400

They send Agamemnon to King Thelaphus for fresh victuals.

That Agamenon thei wolde charge

Ther-fore to wende with bote & barge, 12400

To brynge hem som refeccioun,

Corn, & wyn, & venysoun,

Mele, & salt, & other store,

And vitayle hem—as thei were ore— 12404

Vn-to the kyng sir Thelaphus,

For his land was plenteuous

<sup>1</sup> MS. *halde*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Thei*.

¶ *Hic Imperator misit Agamenon ad Thelaphum Regem.*

Off corn, of best, of alle manere goode [lf. 183, bk.] 12407

That was to mannes note &amp; foode. 12408

Agamemnon  
sails off with  
many ships;

**A**gamenon with gode entent  
Did his Princes comaundement,  
With many schippes forth he ȝede;

the wind is  
good.

Thei sayled forth with gode spede, 12412

The wynde was good &amp; eke schrille,

Hit blew wel sone the lond vn-tille.

When thei hadde the lond y-lauzt,

Thelaphus  
gives them all  
sorts of vic-  
tuals:

Her schippes were sone vitayled &amp; frauzt. 12416

¶ Thelapus was of hem ful glad:

What-so thei wolde of him thei had,

He frauzt he[r] schippes &amp; here Coggis

meat,

With salt beffe &amp; fat hoggis, 12420

With many a bole &amp; wilde bore,

Vnto her schippes myzt holde no more

corn, and wine.

Off corn, of flour, &amp; gentil wyne,

Off seynt-pro-seynt, and maluesynes

As gode as come of grapes. 12424

Agamemnon  
hies back;

Agamenoun faste him rapes

With alle his schippis to take the se,

For he was frauzt as he wolde be;

12428

the wind is  
again good.

¶ The wynd was to hem good y-now,

Thei turned ster, and sail vp drow,

And sayled forth aft by the wynde—

Some be-fore &amp; some be-hynde—

12432

With alle her schippes &amp; dromondes

To Troy aȝeyn to here bondes.

They are re-  
ceived with  
much joy by  
the Greeks,  
who are very  
badly off from  
hunger.

With mychel Ioye were thei keped ther,

Ful fayn the Gregais of hem were, 12436

For thei haue ben ful enel at ese,

For honger thei were ful mys-ese.

Thei grond the corn as sone &amp; boke;

Tho myzt thei speke &amp; eke loke,

12440

When thei were sikur of gode vitayle. [lf. 184.] 12441

Palamydes lete reparayle

Alle the schippes that ther stode

With-Inne the hauen In the flode; 12444

He did hem alle ful wel amende,

When thei hadde nede efft to wende,

When thei of vitayles hadde nede<sup>1</sup>,

Off corn & wyn hem al to fede. 12448

**P**Alamydes arayes his naue,

Off vitayles haue thei plente;

The lowest of hem was fat & strong,

Thei ben echon bothe wilde & wlong. 12452

And day is went out of her trewes,

Michel bale among hem brewes;

Eche man lokes now al his gere,

That it be stiff & strong to were, 12456

That no thyng wante of hem ne fayle,

That thei may helpe with clowe or mayle.

¶ Thei are now redi In her armures

And heled aboute with couertoures 12460

Off siluer & gold, riche & dere,

Eche a man In his armure,

Thei of Troye & Grefounes.

But thei hadde the Murondones; 12464

But thei therfore leuen now In pes

With hem that tyme with Achilles.

Troiens thoght hem ded & foy,

Sithen thei hadde sclayn Ector of Troy; 12468

But ȝit fond thei, when thei were met,

Off her purpos wo that hem let,

And did gret schame & vylony

To alle the grete company. 12472

**I**N fel[d] ben thei now prest & proude,

Thei blew her hornes schrille & loude,

Palamydes  
orders the  
ships to be  
repaired.

The Greeks  
have now  
victuals  
enough, so  
that the  
lowest man  
can appease  
his hunger.

After the end  
of the truce all  
prepare for a  
new battle.

Both the  
Greeks and  
the Trojans  
are now well  
armed.

Only the  
Myrmidons  
remain at  
home with  
Achilles,

who thus did  
his men much  
shame.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. l. 12447 is following l. 12448.

## ¶ Incipit Bellum.

They ride together.	The batayles faste to-gedir drow,	[lf. 184, bk.]	12475
	The baneres with the wynd blew.		12476
	These ostes were bothe long & brod :		
A great battle follows : many fall.	When thei with spere to-gedir rod,		
	On ayther syde faste thei die ;		
	Her horses <sup>1</sup> snoure wel faste & nye,		12480
	On eche a syde thei strike & wynse.		
	Thei sclow ther many a prinse,		
	Many a gentil Erl & knyzt,		
	Kynges, dukes of mechel myzt.		12484
Dephebus, leader of the first Trojan battalion, meets the Greek King Croseus ;	¶ The furst batayle led Dephebus,		
	Azeyn him come kyng Croseus ;		
	The two men to-gedur samen—		
	Al on earnest & not on gamen—		12488
	Thei lete her brideles alle a-bandoun		
they break their spears,	And ran to-gedir with gret randoun,		
	That bothe her speres In-sunder brast.		
but Croseus is cast to the ground and dies.	But Croseus was to grounde cast,		12492
	That he myght neuere vp arise ;		
	He died anon In that ilke wyse.		
When the Greeks see Croseus dead,	¶ Ther was noyse and eke cry		
	Amonges the Gregeis witterly,		12496
	When thei saw him his lymes out-streke,		
	And that he myzt no more speke.		
they take re- venge for his death	Tho layd thei on as thei were wode :		
	Many walowed In his blode,		1250
	Thei sclow ther Troyens that it was wonder ;		
by slaying many hundred Trojans.	Ther was sclayn many an hunder		
	For the deth <sup>2</sup> of the riche kyng,		
	Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.		12504
Palamydes and Diomedes with 20,000 knights join the battle.	<b>B</b> Vt then come thedir Palamydes,		
	Her Emperour, & Diamedes,		
	With twenti thousand gode knyzt		
	Armed wel at alle ryztes.		
		{ Thelamaneus }	12508

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sorses*.<sup>2</sup> *deth* inserted by another hand over line.



¶ *Hic Palamides occidit Dephebum.*

Thelamaneus come with him <sup>1</sup> als,	[lf. 185.]	12509	Thelamonius arrives too ;
With his sword aboute his hals,			
With alle his men of gode assise			
Come he doun to that porprise.		12512	
Thelaman rode to sir Sisene,			he attacks
A noble knyzt, a good Troyene,			Sisene, a bas-
The kynges sone y-bore on bast :			tard son of
Thelamon rod to him In hast		12516	Priamus,
He smot him so—with-oute fable,—			and beats him
To fyght was he euere vn-able ;			down.
Afttirward In al his lyff			
Might sir Cisene neuere thriff.		12520	
¶ When Dephebus saw the wounde,			When Dephe-
And his brother falle to grounde,			bus sees his
Wel sore him greued In his red blod :			brother on the
He rod to Thelaman as he were wod,		12524	ground,
He smot him with so gret affray,			he attacks
He bar him fro his hors a-way ;			Thelamonius,
Wel sore he fel vpon the grounde			and unhorses
With a wide grysly wounde.		12528	and wounds
			him.
<b>P</b> Alamydes saw that he was doune <sup>2</sup> ,			Palamydes,
His feet hiere than his croune ;			on seeing this,
He swor he scholde that strok venge,			swears to take
Er that he went out of that reнге.		12532	revenge.
He toke to him a-stalworthe spere,			With a spear
To Dephebus he gan it bere ;			he attacks De-
To Iuste with him he him biddes,			phebus,
He bare him thorow the scheld ymyddes,		12536	and wounds
Thorow his plates In-to his brest ;			him severely
Opon the grounde ful stille he rest,			in the breast.
For In his body lefft the stompe,			
That he fel doun as it were a lompe.		12540	
¶ Sir Paris saw Dephebus falland,			Paris sees
For he was him ner-hand ;			Dephebus fall.
	¶ [j]		

<sup>1</sup> This word in the MS. is very indistinctly written, and looks more like *han* than *him*. <sup>2</sup> MS. *done*, the *v* inserted by another hand.

	He weped for him with bothe his eye, [lf. 185, bk.]	12543
	He wiste wel he scholde deye :	12544
Paris drags Dephebus away,	He drow him fro <sup>1</sup> the horses fete With michel care & herte grete, He bare him ney vn-to the toun Liggande ther In a ded swoun ;	12548
and lays him under the walls of Troy.	Thei leyde him doun vnder the walles, And Paris fast pououn him <sup>2</sup> falles :	
Dephebus then ¶ opens his eyes,	His eyen be-gan he than to open That were faste to-geder stoken,	12552
	He loked vp vpon Paris, He sayde : ' Paris, thow art not wys.'	
and addresses Paris : ' Why dost thou stand here ?	He seyde : ' Paris, my brother dere, Whi stondis thow by me here ?	12556
Wilt thou not aveuge me ?	Wolde thow suffer me to tyne My lyff, Paris, my brother myne, Er I be venged on my bane ?	
The spear must not be taken from my breast before I hear that my bane is dead.	Out of my brest schal neuere be tane The spere, til I haue herd tythandes That he be ded of thy two handes. As I haue loued the, Paris, brother, In al my lyff be-fore alle other—	12560 12564
Go and kill him !'	Go azeyn & worche wisly, That he be ded rather than I !'	
Paris returns to the battle,	<b>P</b> aris sone did him to gone With carful herte & mochel mone, He hadde of him gret compassioun, That al-most he fel a-doun : In-to that fight zede he wepande, And lefft his brother ther lygande.	12568 12572
takes out his bow,	When he come ther, a bowe he hente That was strong & wel y-bente ;	
and considers how best to hit Palamydes.	He kest aboute In al his wit Where he myzt that kyng best hit,	12576

- ¶ *Hic Paris occidit Palamidem Imperatorem.*  
 So that he myȝt him sone slo, [lf. 186.] 12577  
 That he on lyff went him not fro.  
 He soght afftir Palamydes, Paris looks for  
 Were he myȝt fynde him In that pres; 12580 Palamydes;  
 He was war, where he stode he sees him  
 Fyghtand fast as he were wode fighting with  
 A-ȝeyn the gode kyng Sarpedoun<sup>1</sup>, King Sarpe-  
 And he toke gode kepe ther-on. 12584 don.  
 ¶ Sarpedon hadde he assayled,  
 That the blod fro him down rayled; Sarpedon is  
 But that kyng Palamydes bleeding, but  
 Leftt Sarpedoun not so In pes: 12588 Palamydes  
 Opon his hede smote he him so, smites him  
 That he cleue it euen at-two; again on the  
 And he fel down vpon the grounde head,  
 And died with-Inne a litel stounde. so that he is  
 12592 cloven in two  
 When Paris saw what harm he did, and dies.  
 What gret sorwe ther was be-tid, When Paris  
 He toke an arwe that was entouched sees this,  
 With foule venym—as alle men souched:— he takes a  
 12596 poisoned arrow,  
 ¶ His bowe was bent, his takel redy, bends his bow,  
 And of his schot he was spedý:  
 Paris neuere be-lan for to wayte,  
 Til he hadde dreuen him to a bayte. 12600  
 When he saw him, at him he schet  
 And hitte him In his gorget, and shoots  
 That it ȝede thorow his pesayn Palamydes in  
 And cut In-two his mayster-veyn, 12604 the throat,  
 And smot him thorow-out his gorge so that he  
 That he fel ded—by seynt Iorge! falls down  
 dead.  
 D Elful cri & hidous,  
 A gret noyse & a meruelous 12608 The Greeks  
 Among Gregais was vp raysed; make a great  
 He myȝt not a-monges hem be pesed. noise.  
 ¶ ij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Sarpedon*.

372     *The Trojans pursue the Greeks, and plunder their Camp.*

The Greeks bewail the death of Palamydes,	Thei hadde suche del of here gyour, [lf. 186, bk.]	12611
	That he was dede so In that stour :	12612
	Afftir Paris thei folowed faste ;	
	But he was tho ful sore a-gaste,	
and put Paris to flight.	He smot his stede and hamward rode,	
	For drede of hem no lenger a-bode.	12616
Then they re- ¶ turn to their tents.	The Gregeis turned to her tent,	
	The Emperour was sore bement.	
The Trojans follow them.	The Troyens sone that aspied,	
	And to the Gregeis thei sone <sup>1</sup> relied :	12620
	Thei folwed hem with bryght swordis,	
	As bestis gone be-fore the herdis—	
	For-sothe at my discrecioun :	
	The Gregeis fley to her paunyloun.	12624
When they come to their halls,	But whan thei come to here haies,	
the Greeks dismount, and defend their dikes.	Ther the Gregeis made here stales,	
The Trojans alight,	Off her hors thei gon descende	
	And here dikes thei gan defende.	12628
	¶ When thei of Troye were y-war	
	What arest thei made thar,	
	Doun of her hors echone thei lyght,—	
	Kyng & squyer, duk & knyzt,—	12632
and fight on the dikes.	And sette her fet aȝeyn the dykes,	
	And euery man at other strikes.	
At last they enter the Grecian camp,	<b>T</b> hei entred In at the laste ;	
	Tho were the Gregeis sore a-gaste,	12636
	For her dikes thei hadde wonne	
	And In here Pauylons thei were ronne.	
and plunder it.	Thei robbed & refft alle that thei founde,	
	Thei sente to Troye many a fair sonde :	12640
	Coupes of gold, siluer vesseles,	
	Clothes of gold, and other Iuueles,	
	And al other thing that thei myght lacche :	
	Broches, rynges, what thei myght cacche.	12644

<sup>1</sup> MS. *fone*.



<b>P</b> aris thenne & <sup>1</sup> Troylus 3ede	[lf. 187.]	12645	Paris and Troylus, with 30,000 men, arrive
To the se with mochel spede			
With xxx <sup>ti</sup> thousand strong men,			
The Gregeis schippes for to bren;		12648	
Thei kest wildfir In here schippes,			and set fire to the Greek ships.
Fro schip to schip aboute it hippes.			
The schippes were sone on a blase,			
Thei brende bothe mast & wynlase,		12652	
Sterne & stere, ore & spretes,			
The schipmen In the water fletes.			
Ther ros a-boute hem many a spark,			
For the wynd was sumdel stark		12656	The wind being strong, the flames rise high,
And made the lowe rise on hey,			
That it be-ffaumed al the sky;			
Thei myght it se wel In-to Troye,			and the fire may be seen in Troy.
Thei hadde ther-fore mychel Ioye.		12660	Thelamonius
¶ But then come Thelamanyus,			
That noble kny3t & vigorous,			
And duk Nestor, that noble knyght,			and Nestor arrive,
With Men of Grece, with mochel myght:		12664	
When thei come to-gedir & met,			
Troyle bad faste the fir be bet,			
But Thelamon bad his men hit slek			and order the fire to be quenched.
With water of broke or of bek.		12668	A great battle.
Gret was the assaut that thei be-gonne,			
Euery man on other ronne;			
¶ Hedes reled aboute ouer-al,			Heads reel about as at football.
As men playe at the fote-bal;		12672	
Thei lay a-boute hem wonder thikke.			
The fight was lyther & eke wikke,			
Hit was gret ruthe for to se			
What men died at that medle!		12676	
Sicurly the sothe it is:			
Ne hadde it be Ayax prowes,			

‡ iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *to*.

- If Ajax and Nestor had not come, all the ships would have been barnt.  
 And Nestor, the duk, that with him went— [lf. 187, bk.]  
 Alle her schippes hadde ben brent, 12680  
 That thei made brenne al to coles,  
 With mochel wo that day thei tholes.
- ¶ The Gregeis were wel foule to-hewe,  
 Off hem vn-hurt were ther but fewe, 12684  
 For al the gras that was so grene  
 It was for-bled with knyghtes kene;  
 For thei myght not endure  
 For gret hete In thaire armure : 12688  
 Many drow out of that batayle  
 And kest of helm & her ventayle;  
 To cacche the wynd thei were fayn,  
 And went to batayle sone a-ȝeyn. 12692
- Heber, son of the king of Thrace, is sorely wounded with a spear,  
**T**He kynges sone of Trase, Heber,  
 He rod doun by her tentes ther,  
 He was wounded with a spere  
 Thorow his body In that were,  
 Hede & tre lefft bothe In him;  
 His eyen be-gan to waxe dym,  
 For sicurly his lyff was ent. 12696
- but he runs to the tent of Achilles  
 Vntil Achilles Heber went, 12700  
 That<sup>1</sup> dwelled at home with mochel tene  
 For the loue of Pollexene;  
 He In his herte Gregeis defied,  
 To wende with hem he denyed. 12704
- ¶ The kynges sone that so was lamed,  
 Achilles strongly he tho blamed :  
 “That he that day at hom him held  
 With alle his men—so hit is teld,— 12708  
 And lete ther naue so be brend,  
 And Gregays foule slayn & schend”;  
 ‘And thow myght saue hem fro this wo,  
 Iff thow wolde to fight go, 12712

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Thei*.

¶ *Hic Heber mortuus est.*

- With thi strengthe & thi myght, [lf. 188.] 12713  
 Iff thow hadde ben to-day at fight.  
 Hit comes the of euel wil,  
 That thow schalt holde the thus stil 12716  
 And wol not helpe thi contre-men,  
 Thow hast lorn of hem <sup>1</sup>M ten.  
 ¶ Thus Heber foule Achilles myssayd  
 And of vnkyndenes him foule vmbrayd; 12720  
 'How myght thow'—he sayde—'In herte fynde  
 To thi peple be so vn-kynde,  
 And wold not haue of hem mercy?  
 It is so sothe thi vilony! 12724  
 Men wol say opon the tresoun,  
 Sithen thow leuest with-oute resoun.'  
 ¶ Heber bad that men scholde drawe  
 The spere that sat thorow his mawe; 12728  
 Achilles men that spere out-drow,  
 And he fel down ther In a swow:  
 He died by-fore Achilles eyene  
 With mochel wo & mychel pyne. 12732  
**A** litel while—as I 3ow telle—  
 Herkenes now, how it be-felle!  
 Achilles cleped him to a seruant,  
 A strong man, a gode seriaunt,— 12736  
 At that batayle hadde y-bene,  
 That hadde the slaucht of Gregeis sene,  
 How thei died & how thei fore;—  
 He come then ridand In at the dore, 12740  
 Ther his lord Achilles standes.  
 Achilles asked: 'what tydandes?  
 How done the Gregeis, by thi fayth?  
 What was that noyse that was so layth? 12744  
 Is any lord of oures sclayn?  
 Loke the sothe thow not layn!'

'It is evil will  
to stay at  
home and not  
to help your  
countrymen,'

says Heber to  
Achilles;

'how can you  
be so unnatural  
and unmerci-  
ful?

People will  
call you a  
traitor.'

Then Heber  
asks Achilles's  
men to draw  
the spear from  
his wound.  
This done,  
he falls in a  
swoon and  
dies before  
Achilles's eyes.

Achilles asks a  
sergeant  
returning from  
the battle,

how it fares  
with the  
Greeks.

	<i>¶ Hic vnus homo narrauit Achillem de prelio.</i>	
The sergeant says: 'I was in the battle	The seriaunt seide: 'I was, lord, thare; I schal 3ow telle how thei fare:	[lf. 188, bk.] 12748
	Thei may say the wrother-hayle That thei this day 3ede to batayle; For sicurly: but better schape,	
I think none will escape without death or deadly wounds. The Trojans have burnt many of our ships, and slain our men like frogs. There are so many Trojans,	I trowe non of hem skape With-oute deth or dethes woundes. Thei haue brent many of oure dromondes And many schippes & cogges, And sclayn oure men as frogges;	12752 12756
that neither man nor boy remains in the city.	<i>¶</i> Some are ded, & some home fle. Ther is suche novmbre & plente, My lord, for-sothe of hem of Troye: I trowe forsothe, not a boye, Ne man that may his heued were, Swerd or staff to batayle bere For-sothe with-Inne the Cite walle, That thei ne are come to batayle alle.	12760 12764
And Pala- mydes has been slain by Paris, because he slew De- phebus.	<b>A</b> nd Palamydes, oure Emperour, He is sclayn In that stour; For that he sclow Dephebus, Paris hath him sclayn thus. But wold 3e, lord, do my rede, 3e scholde do a worschip-dede,	12768 12772
But ye might now win great praise, and be avenged on them.	<i>¶</i> Iff I durst hit to 3ow speke: 3e my3t now on hem be wreke, 3e myght now take suche vengauce, For euere 3e scholde 3oure los enhaunce; The Troiens alle 3e may now schende And wyne 3owre los with-uten ende.	12776
I can show you the way; and the Trojans are so wearied that they'll be frightened.	I can 3ow schewe to batayle now, 3e may se In batayle, howe The Troyens ar so for-fourzten & weri; Thei schal be ferd and so dreri,	12780



*But Achilles is so bound with Love, that he can't resolve on going to fight.* 377

And thei saw 3ow thedur ride,	[lf. 189.]	12781	As soon as the Trojans see you come on,
Thei durst not on of hem abide			
For al the good of mydelerd;			
Thei scholde of 3ow be so aferd,		12784	they will flee,
And thei hadde ones of the a sight.			
For thei ben now al out of myght,			as they are now worn out.
Thei may hem not defende longe;			
And thei dreden 3ow, for 3e ben stronge.		12788	
¶ Thorow al this world scholde it be spoken,			And every- body then will say,
How 3e haue 3ow of hem wroken,—			
And say that 3oure selff alone			that you alone van- quished the Trojans.
Discomfited hem of Troye euerychone,		12792	
And that 3oure selff In 3oure persone			
Did more then kynges and kynges sone,			
And more than al the men of Grece;			
To 3oure honour gretly it lyse.		12796	You will slay them, and win great honour by it.
3e <sup>1</sup> schal sle hem as ratons and mys,			
And wyn gret los for euere & prys.'			
<b>A</b> Chilles stode as he were founden;			Achilles is stupefied; but he is so in love with Pollexena
Wel stronge he was In loue bounden,		12800	
That maketh a man to morne & pyne,			
And makes hem offte his worschipe tyne,			
Hit makes men leue her honour,			
And makes hem take gret dishonour.		12804	
And so ferd it with-oute les			
By the lord sir Achilles:			
He herkenes al that euere this man			
Off the batayle telle can,		12808	
¶ But he wolde not for his prechyng,			that for all the messenger's preaching and sermonizing he cannot turn his heart,
Ne for al his sermonyng,			
Ne for no gode knyghtes dede			
Turne his herte & do his rede;		12812	
For he loued so dame Pollex[e]ne,			as he fears to anger his sweetheart.
And he was ferd he scholde her tene;			

378 *The Battle ends. Dephebus bids Men draw the Spear from his Chest.*

Achilles prefers to lose his honour rather than ir- ritate his love.	And leuere him was his los for-go [lf. 189, bk.] 12815
	Then for to falle In suche a wo. 12816
	Loue hath broght him In hir chare, On his bak derne loue he bare ;
False fortune never stopped chasing him, till he lost his life through her.	Fals fortune of him now filles, He put him riȝt In hir thilles, 12820 And sche be-lan neuere that knyȝt to chase, Til he by hir his lyff lase.
	¶ The fight was sesed of that day, Thei wente homward In aray ; 12824
Night ends the battle. All go home : Troylus and Paris go to Troy ; the Greeks to their tents. Dephebus is yet living, when Paris and Troylus return ;	It was nyȝt, the sonne wente doun, Troyle & Paris ȝede to toun, And thei of Grece went al at ones <sup>1</sup> To her tentis with weri bones. 12828
	¶ Dephebus was ȝit on lyue, When Paris come be-fore him blyue, And Troyle, his brother, sore wepand ; Dephebus was ȝit lyuand. 12832
they weep and cry	Thei wepe & crye as bestes braye, Thei wolde her lyff hadde ben a-waye ;
for his death.	For his deth were thei so wrothe, Thei wolde ther die with him bothe. 12836
Dephebus asks Paris	<b>D</b> ephebus lyfft vp his eye-lid, And asked his brether what thei did ; Than Dephebus to Paris saythe : ' Telle me, Paris, by thi faythe, 12840 My dere brother, if that thou wot : Where he be ded that me thus smot ? '
if Palamydes is dead.	¶ Paris saide : ' my brother hende, God let me neuere my bowe bende 12844 Ne drawe tacle of Aspyn wandis, But I sclow him with my handis ! ' He bad hem than that stode him next, Draw the spere out of his brest ; 12848
Paris says : ' I slew him with my own hands.' Dephebus orders the spear to be drawn from his breast.	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *atones*.

¶ *Dephebus mortuus est.*

Thei drow hit out byfore his eyen,	[lf. 190.]	12849	
Anon Dephebus gan to dyen.			Dephebus dies.
Thei wepe In Troye for his deth,			The Trojans
Thei spilled for him meche breth.		12852	weep for his death,
Bothe Priamus and Hectuba,			
Polexene & Cassandra,			
¶ Paris als and douyti Troyle,			
Thei prayed her god his soule assoyle;		12856	and pray to
And the Citesens & ladies alle			their god for
That were tho In that halle.			his soul.
But what scholde I longer dwelle,			
What del thei made zow to telle?		12860	But I must
I myzt not to-day ne to-morwe			not dwell any
Telle for-sothe her grete sorwe!			longer on the
			description of
			their great
			sorrow.
<b>P</b> riamus let make a molde			Priamus orders
Off Iasper-stones & riche golde,		12864	a golden coffin
And layd ther-In his sone so dere			to be made for
			his son,
With sore wepyng & heuy chere.			
Another tombe dede he also make			and another
For Sarpedoun the kynges sake,		12868	tomb for
And led him by his sone there			Sarpedon.
With wepyng sore of many a tere.			
For sicurly kyng Sarpedoun			
Was In his tyme a stalworth man,		12872	
A noble knyzt of vasselage,			
Hardi, & bold, and right sauage.			
¶ Among the Gregeis with-oute wenyng			The Greeks
Was mychel del & morriyng		12876	mourn for
For that kyng Palamydes.			Palamydes,
A newe leder the Gregeis ches,			
For thei myght not be with-oute			and choose a
An Emperour for that were doute.		12880	new com-
			mander.
Thei toke consayle, wham thei wolde haue			
That best coude ordeyne hem & saue;			

	¶ <i>Hic Agamenoun electus est ad officium Imperatoris.</i>	
Agamemnon is again elected commander of the Greeks.	Agamenon a3eyn thei chase, The eleccioun <sup>1</sup> of hem alle he hase ; And that was most by duk Nestor, For he spak most ther-for.	[lf. 190, bk.] 12883 12884
He orders them to be ready for a new battle next morning.	<b>A</b> Gamenoun is now Emperour I-mad a-3eyn with honour ; Alle the lordes he comaundes, That thei be redy In the landes Erly at morwe, whan it was day ; For 3it wol thei eftt assay, How thei may spede a-3eyn Dardanes, And venge hem on tho fel Troianes That haue thus slayn the doughti kyng Dispitously with thair schotyng.	12888 12892 12896
When the day dawns,	¶ The sterres passen and alle the cloudes, The day dawes, the Crowe croudes, The larkis synge, the cokkes crowe, The waytes faste her pipes blowe :	12900
the Greeks rise, and not- withstanding their wounds	The Gregeis risen vp of her couches With many woundes & many bocches, But thei let not ther-fore to go	
go to fight again.	Vnto the fyght that thei come fro. The sqwyers toke her harneis,	12904
They prepare their horses,	Her knaues ordeyned her palfreys, Thei[r] sadel-stedis & her cou[r]seres ;	
and ride out.	And rides forth knyghtes & sqwyers.	12908
	¶ Agamenoun In that matyne Ordaynet hem as thei schold bene.	
The Trojans do the same.	And thei of Troye by than were 3are Toward Gregeis for to fare.	12912
	With-Inne a while come thei to-gedur ; But it made tho a lothely wedur, Hit raynes faste, thondres, & blowes ; That wel was him that was with-Inne wowes.	12916

<sup>1</sup> The second *c* may be a *t*.



- But for al that wedur & the rayn [lf. 191.] 12917 Notwith-  
 Many a gode man ther was sclayn, standing the  
 Many a knyzt was ouer-thrown, bad weather,  
 Her bodies lay thik sawen. 12920 many are slain,
- ¶ Off Troye died many, but mo Griffons. but more  
 Troyle come ouer the dounes, Greeks than  
 With hardy hert & gret fferte Trojans.  
 Come he thedur to that poygne. 12924
- When he was comen a-mong that pres, Troylus slays  
 The Gregeis faste to dethe he sles ; many.  
 Thei were In poynt to lese the plase ;  
 But then come—as thei hadde grace— 12928  
 The gode douzti Diomedes  
 With his felawe Vlixes,  
 With twenti thousand doughti In place ;  
 The proude Troyens<sup>1</sup> thei gone to chace. 12932
- ¶ Gret slauzt was on bothe side ;  
 But thei myzt not longe abide,  
 The thonder & lyghtyng was so strong,  
 That gret sorwe hit wrouzt hem among : 12936  
 Thei with-drow hem sone for that wedur,  
 And toke her conseyl al to-gedur  
 To go home for that gret tempest,  
 For hem thoght hit was the best ; 12940  
 For so faste doun the water zet,  
 That thei were alle thorow wet.  
 Now are thei alle herbare & housed  
 Al be-rayned and be-toused, 12944  
 Thei did of armes & ded on clothes ;  
 Many of hem her lyff loses  
 For the wo that thei are Inne.  
 I holde : he hadde gret synne 12948  
 That furst the were of hem by-gan,  
 For he was bane of many a man.

but more  
Greeks than  
Trojans.

Troylus slays  
many.

The Greeks  
would have  
fled, if  
Diomedes and  
Ulixes had  
not come to  
their rescue  
with 20,000  
men.

But the storm  
compels both  
parties to  
desist from  
fighting,

as they are all  
wet through.

When they  
get home

they doff their  
arms.

Woe to him  
who first began  
this war !

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Gregeis*.

382 *Next Morning the Battle begins again. Troylus slays many Greeks.*

The troops sup, bewail their dead,	¶ When thei were comen, thei ȝede & souped, [lf. 191, bk.] And many on for his frend drouped And for hem-self thei seide 'alas' Thei wende neuere to passe that plas; And ȝit were thei so envious, So ful of Pride and meruelous, That hem was leuere echon to dye Than any of other mercy to crye.	12952       12956
and go to sleep; many a widow weeps.	When thei hadde souped, thei ȝede & sleped, And many a wydwe thanne weped, And made gret del & sikyng sore For her firendes thei hadde lore.	12960
Next morning they rise early,  take up arms,	<b>W</b> Hen thei hadde scleped & saw tyme, Thei ros vp be-fore the prime And tok her hors & her atyres, Swerd, bowes, and heded vires, And ȝede aȝeyn In-to the ffeldes Out of her toun & here teldis, And mete to-gedur with strokes hard.	12964     12968
and go to the field again.	Amonges hem alle was no coward, Echon other to sle coueytes, And alle men to sle waytes: Many a man to grounde was feld; But ther was non that euere him ȝeld, Whil thei myght hold swerd In honde, Or on her feet whil thei myȝt stonde.	12972     12976
There are no cowards among them;	¶ But Troile come thanne with his couyne; He bar a scheld of asure fyne, A lyoun of gold ther-on was paynt. When he was comen to that prasaunt Ther Troye <sup>1</sup> & Grece to-gedur ware, Many a man to grounde he bare, Many a lord that day he slow And fro her horsis doun hem drow.	12980     12984
Troylus and his company arrive;		
he slays many Greeks.		

¶ Then come thedir Diomedes, And his falawe Vlixes, And the gode Thelamanyus, A strong knyzt & a vigorous, Duk Menescene, and kyng Thoas ; Thei made ther sone a ferly chas. And Agamenoun, her Emperour, Come to that peple In that stour. Lord ! the Peple that ther was ded ! Thei smot of many Troyen hed,	[lf. 192]	12985	Diomedes, Ulixes, and Thelamonius,
		12988	Menescene, Thoas, and
		12992	Agamem- non arrive.
¶ The Peple lay as thikke as strawe, Or the corn whan it was sawe. Thei held to-gedur fight mortel Seuen dayes <i>continuel</i> ; They fau3t to-gedir seuen dayes With-ou <sup>ten</sup> rest, with-oute delayes, Til al the feld ouer-al a-boute Was be-sprad—euery a cloute— Off gode bodies that lay ded Off Troye & Grece—so god me red ! Seuen dayes to-gedir thei fau3t, That thei rest neuere but the nau3t. When thei hadde fou3ten a ful seuen nyght, The Gregeis asked then respit, Thei asked trewes & gryt[h]e To haue reste a two monethe, Til the dede men were leyd in graue ; No lenger wolde thei then craue.		12996	Many Trojans are killed.
		13000	The fight lasts seven days without interruption,
		13004	till the whole field is covered with dead bodies ;
		13008	they abstain only at night.
		13012	Then the Greeks ask for a truce of two months :
<b>T</b> Hei sent her men to Priamus, Ful witti men, & seyde thus : "That al the feld lay be-throng With dede bodyes with sauour strong" ; Thei asked the trewes wekes ey3te, For elles myght thei not fy3te ;		13016	they send messengers to Priamus.

	¶ <i>Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem .viij<sup>to</sup>. septimanas.</i>	
	Til alle the bodyes were y-graue, [lf. 192, bk.]	13019
	So long wolde thei the trewes haue.	13020
Priamus grants the truce.	The kyng hem graunted by a-visement	
	And ther-to made he his surment	
	To holde hem stable, and thei also,	
	And no dissait ther-In do.	13024
During the truce, Agamemnon meditates how to win back Achilles.	<b>T</b> He while that the trues last,	
	Agamenon In his herte cast,	
	How he myzt best Achilles brynge	
	With hem azeyn to here fyghtyng.	13028
He sends for Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes,	He sente afftir Diomedes,	
	Duk Nestor, and Vlixes;	
	When thei were comen, he bad hem tho:	
and bids them beseech Achilles to come and fight again.	“That thei scholde to Achilles go,	13032
	And thei scholde him by-seke	
	With faire wordes and with meke,	
	That he wolde come with hem to fyght”;	
	‘Now,’ seyde he, ‘kythe ȝoure slyght!’	13036
	¶ Let se now ȝoure qwayntyse,	
	That he ne late vs In no wyse!	
They go to Achilles;	Thei did her princes comaundement,	¶ <i>Hic miserunt ad Achillem<sup>1</sup>.</i>
	To Achilles alle thei went;	
he is glad to see them.	Off her comyng was he glad,	13041
	The lordis to sitte by him he bad;	
	Thei sette hem doun—as he hem bade,—	
	Thei dronken the wyn and made hem glade.	13044
Ulixes asks Achilles,	<b>U</b> Lixes, that most was wis,—	
	Coude non so wel say his devys,—	
	He seyde: ‘Achilles, be ȝoure leue!	
	That I schal say, take it not on greue:	13048
	I haue meruayle with-oute any othe,	
	Whi ȝe be with vs so wrothe?	
why he keeps back from the Greeks.	That ȝe of vs on this wise fille,	
	And haue turned ȝoure hert & wille	
	<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Aȝeyn vs all</span>	13052

<sup>1</sup> On the left side in MS.



A3eyn vs alle and 3oure owne dede,	[lf. 193.]	13053	
And 3e ben not with vs at rede.			
That 3e of vs on wyse fille,			
And haue turned 3oure herte & wille		13056	
A3eyn vs alle & 3oure owne dede,			
That 3e ben not with vs a rede <sup>1</sup> .			
Lete vs not dye In deth cruel !			
For-sothe 3e may helpe vs wel !		13060	'Let us not die,' he says, 'for you may help us.
¶ <sup>2</sup> Was it not furst 3oure owne entent,			Was it not your idea, as well as that of all the other kings,
And alle the lordes that with 3ow went,			
Kynges, & princes off gret power,			
And alle the lordes that now ligge her,—		13064	
Oure owne londis for to leue			to leave Greece and bereave Priamus of his land?
And Priamus his landis be-reue ?			
To sle alle his and exile,			
And do him-self to dethe vile ?		13068	
This riche Cite to ouerthrowe,			
The gaye toures to ligge lowe ?			
<b>H</b> ow may this be 3e ben thus straunge			Why then have you now changed your heart and left us,
That a3eyn vs thi hert chaunge ?		13072	
That 3e haue now on newe taken,			
And 3oure furst wil forsaken			
Affir the grete harme that thei haue done,			when the Trojans do us so much harm?
And 3it are redi to do alson <sup>e</sup> ?		13076	
Thei haue slayn many kynges of oures,			They have slain so many of ours and of yours,
And wounded 3ow, & slayn of 3oures ;			
¶ Thei haue vs ofte foule y-toyled,			
Oure Paulyons foule dispoyled,		13080	
Robbed oure godis & fro vs refft,			robbed us of our goods,
Litel haue thei with vs lefft ;			
Oure schippis haue thei many brent			and burnt our ships.
And many tyme In poynt to be schent.		13084	
For 3e haue with 3oure strengthe & myght			You have slain Hector,
Slayn that stalworth man In fyght,		25 [j]	

<sup>1</sup> ll. 13055-8 are an almost word-by-word repetition of ll. 13051-4.

<sup>2</sup> This sign almost blotted away.

- we are now on  
the point of  
winning,
- and Dephebus  
is dead too;
- they would  
surrender at  
once, if they  
saw you in the  
field.  
Don't you re-  
member the  
worship and  
the honour  
you won in  
this war?
- None is so  
strong as you  
are now.
- Will you lose  
your honour,
- and let the  
Greeks be  
slain?
- We pray you;  
for God's sake,  
to help us,
- and not to let  
us die.
- That al her socour & trust was In ; [lf. 193, bk.] 13087  
 We are now hem In poynt to wyn 13088  
 And for to sle eueryche a man,  
 Iff 3e helpe vs, as 3e by-gan.  
 And also Dephebus is now ded,  
 And thei are alle with-outen red ; 13092  
 Were 3e sen Armed In the felde,  
 Thei schal for drede of 3ow hem 3elde.  
**A** Chilles sir, for him 3ow wroght !  
 Haue 3e for-3eten, ne thenke 3e noght, 13096  
 What los & worschepe 3e haue wonne  
 With dedes that 3e haue her bygonne ?  
 3e haue done dedis In this stour,  
 3e haue wonne 3ow gret honour ; 13100  
 In al the world, brode ne lang,  
 Is non so dou3ti ne so strang—  
 I holde certes—as 3e are now,  
 Sithen 3e doghti Ector sclow ! 13104  
 ¶ Haue 3e no thought, sir, & mynde  
 That 3oure los thus schal be tynded ?  
 And suffre 3oure kynges and 3oure Gregeis  
 Be sclayn & storuen In this mareis, 13108  
 That 3e haue saued noble & kept  
 With my3t & strengthe eueryche a step ?  
 Michel blode haue 3e dispende,  
 To saue vs alle and to defende. 13112  
 ¶ We pray 3ow, sir, for goddis sake,  
 That 3e to 3owre furst wil take ?  
 That 3e lese not thus sone 3oure los,  
 Ne lete vs not dye of oure fos, 13116  
 And help vs & saue vs also !  
 For we may not with-oute 3ow do.  
 Oure Emperour—the sothe to say—  
 Sente vs hidur 3ow to pray, 13120

¶ **Hic Achilles contradixerunt eos.**

That 3e scholde vs In no wise ffayle, [lf. 194.] 13121

But be with vs at the nexte batayle

To ffyght a3eyn oure wicked enemys;

That we by 3ow may wyne the pris,

And than schal we haue the victori,

And but thow do thus, we ben sori.'

Chilles seyde to Ulixes:

**A** 'Certis, sir, it is no les!

Alle that 3e say, I knowe it wel;

But that was foly euery a del:

That when we were In suche a-tent,

I say that we were foully blent.

Hit was open surfetrie,

And on gret pride & folye,

¶ When alle these kynges scholde leue here londis

For-sothe In vncouthe mennes hondis—

Her rentes faire & gret Cites,—

To com & werre In straunge contres.

And al for loue of a womman

This perelous werre we by-gan,

And alle these kynges haue [ben] slayn

For the loue of dame Elayn.

¶ Say me now, sir Vlixes,

The noble kyng, Palamydes,

Hadde him not better<sup>1</sup> ben—I say—

Died at hom In his contray,

Then haue died In this prouince?

Him and euery another prince

That haue died here thus wickedly?

And al for loue of that lady!

¶ Also the man that most was bold

Off stalworthnes, & most of told,—

Ector of Troie with-oute pere—

Died he not In foule manere?

Come and  
rescue us in  
thenext battle,

else we shall  
be very sorry.'

Achilles  
answers:

'All you say I  
know well.  
But it was  
folly

to leave our  
lands and the  
goods in the  
hands of stran-  
gers,

and to make  
war in foreign  
lands,

all for the love  
of Eleyne.

Would not  
Palamydes  
have better  
died in his  
own land than  
here?

And all the  
other princes?

And Hector  
the peerless,

did he not  
die in foul  
manner?

<sup>1</sup> MS. *be better*.

So might I lose my life too, like Hector.	I se therfore: so mote I Lese my lyff so witterly!	[lf. 194, bk.] 13155 13156
Don't speak any more to me about this!	I warne þow ther-fore, lordynges, To me speke þe not of suche thynges, No more therfore þe me say! Off suche thynges þe may not pray, Aþeyn Troyens to þeue batayle— For hit is but lorn tranayle!	13160
Rather will I lose my fame and good name than my life.'	<b>M</b> E is leuere lese my name, Alle my los, & my gode fame, Then here to dye In wo & pyne And lye here stynkyng as a swyne.'	13164
Nestor and Diomedes repeat  that their Emperor, too, entreats Achilles to help them;  but in vain.	¶ Nestor duk and Diomedes Thei prayed bothe sir Achilles And seyde: "her Emperour him be-soght, That he wolde leue that wil & thoght That he was In, and Armes bere, And help hem to mayntene the werre." But alle her prayer and her sawe Were not that tyme worth an hawe.	13168 13172
	¶ Her fair speche myȝt him not brynge, Ne prayer nother of duk ne of kyng Put of his herte & his purpos, For noght that euere thei myght glos, Ne her alther Emperour.	13176
He says: 'It is greater honour to ask Priamus for peace than to be killed here.' The kings return to Agamemnon's tent.	But sayde "that it was more honour At Priamus to aske the pes, Then be to-hewen as other wes." ¶ The kynges saw thei myght not spede, Thei toke her leue and home þede; Thei fond her Emperour In his halle, Wel curteysly thei gret him alle. He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped"— 'What hath Achilles to þow seyde?	13180 13184 13188



¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam.*

Haue 3e gotten any grace ?	[lf. 195.]	13189	On Agamemnon's demand the messengers relate to him the whole of Achilles's refusal.
Thei seyde be-fore godis face,			
Thei tolde him al her answer :			
"How he nolde Troiens dere,		13192	
Ne come"—he sayde—"In batayle mortel";			
But seyde: "if that we wold do wel,			
We scholde aske pes at Priamus,			
And schold we neuere saue vs."		13196	
¶ <i>Hic Agamenon</i>			
'G Od that made bothe lond & se,'—			
Seide Agamenoun—"what may this be, timuit.			Agamemnon wonders why Achilles will not fight any longer,
That this gode knyzt sir Achilles			
Longeth thus sore afftir the pees ?		13200	
I wot neuere what it may be-mene.'			
He bad the kynges alle be-dene,			and summons a council of all the Greek leaders.
All that euere were In that ost			
Schold come bothe lest & most,		13204	
And alle these other lordes also,			
For thynges he wolde say hem to.			
With-Inne a while were thei alle met			Within a short while they all meet.
Ther to-geder and doun set.		13208	
¶ Agamenoun tolde his tale			
To alle the lordis In that sale :			Agamemnon tells them,
"How he hadde sent Diomedes,			how he sent Diomedes,
Duk Nestor, and Vlixes,		13212	Nestor, and Ulixes, to ask Achilles for help,
To pray Achilles for charite,"—			
'And for the loue of 3ow and me,			
That he wolde vs helpe In oure werre.			
And we of him be neuere the nerre,		13216	
For he swore gret othes to hem thore,			but that he swore never to bear arms against the Trojans.
He scholde bere armes neuere more			
¶ Kyng Priamus to distroye,			
Ne non of his to anye,—		13220	
For nouzt that we may do or bidde.			
He wold not die as other didde.			

Agamemnon  
asks the lords

to give their  
opinions.

Menelaussays:

'He is unwise  
who assents  
to peace;

now Hector  
and Dephebus  
are dead,

it will be  
easy—even  
without  
Achilles's  
help—to  
vanquish the  
others.'

But Nestor

and Ulixes

say: 'It is no  
wonder that  
you desire  
more war, for  
your wife's  
sake.

But we do  
not,—

we give it up,

and will have  
peace.'

And this [is] al the skyl whi  
That I for 3ow sende witterly,  
To here 3oure alther a-visement,  
Of<sup>1</sup> euer[y]che a man his Iugement.  
Telles here now 3oure best consayl:  
What schal we do of this batayl?' 13228

**M**Enelaus rose vp now anon  
And seyde: "he held him no wyse man  
Vn-to that pes that wolde assent;  
For the batayle was as good as ent, 13232  
Sithen thei hadde sclayn the knyght vigorous,  
Sir Ector, and Dephebus";  
'Thes other are ether to ouercome,  
Thei schal alle dye on a throme. 13236  
And thoow it be that Achilles  
Help vs not, but holde his pees,—  
With-oute his help & his vertu  
We schal these other sone vencu.' 13240

¶ But then ros vp Duk Nestor  
That I spak of right now be-for<sup>2</sup>,  
And the wise kny3t sir Vlixes  
That sat to-gedir on the des ; 13244  
Thei seyde: 'it is no wonder, sir,  
Thoow thow batayle more desir.

Al ffor the & for thi wiff  
These gode lordes haue lost her lyff, 13248  
And so may we lyghtly do,  
But we wil not that it<sup>3</sup> be so.

¶ For thi wyff this werre be-gan,  
We 3eue it vp here euery a man; 13252  
For hir haue we done here gret perel,  
But we forsake here oure querel;

We wol haue the pes euerychon, ¶ *Hic nolunt pug-*  
*nare vltorius*<sup>4</sup>. 13256  
Ther-a3eyn of vs is non ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *To*.

<sup>2</sup> After this last word *n* is erased.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *is*.

<sup>4</sup> In the left margin in MS.

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendū ad patriam suam*<sup>1</sup>.

For we haue lyued her many 3eres.' [lf. 196.] 13257

When sir Calcas that conseil heres,—

When Calchas  
hears this  
counsel,

When these kynges were at that acorde,

And dukes also and many a lorde, 13260

To lete the werre and haue the pees,—

He bad hem alle lete that res;

¶ He cried loude as he were wod

he rushes up  
like a madman,

Among the Gregeis ther thei stod, 13264

He sayde: 'alas, that 3e ben mased!

and says:  
'You are all  
mad!

3oure<sup>2</sup> wit is lorn and ful dased!

Hope 3e, lordynges, it is not ille

Don't you  
think it bad  
to act against  
the will of the  
god?

To do a3eyn 3oure godis wille, 13268

That he wol do 3ow alle him dispise?

God for-sakes him & hise.

God hath 3ow for-sothe be-hight

The victorye—my treuthe I plyght!— 13272

He promised  
you the vic-  
tory—I bear  
witness!—over  
all your ene-  
mies.

Off alle 3oure enemys & 3oure fos;

My-selff hit herde of god In Delos

That he the mastry 3ow be-het.

3oure<sup>2</sup> herte craftly ther-on 3e set, 13276

¶ Traystes wel In his prowesse!

For I herd it & bere witnesse,

I heard it my-  
self in Delos,

For I it herde In that Il[d]e:

"That 3e scholde be lordes with herte mylde, 13280

that ye should  
vanquish.

And that 3e scholde haue al the maystrye."

Loke 3e be bold ther-fore for-thi,

Therefore, be  
bold and trust  
in god,

Beth right bold, & trust In god!

And leues hem not for euen ne od, 13284

Til 3e haue wonnen the victory—

till you have  
the victory  
prophesied to  
you.

As god be-het 3ow trustely!

**W**hen this Clerk, sir Calcas,—

In Troye sumtyme bysshop was— 13288

Hadde sayde these wordes amonges hem alle,

Fro her purpos be-gan thei falle

25 [iiij]

<sup>1</sup> This rubric is just the same as that on lf. 195.

<sup>2</sup> MS. 3oure.

392 *On Calchas's Advice the Greeks resolve on pursuing the War.*

On Calchas's address, the Greeks vow never to leave this land with- out having cast down Troy and slain Priamus, Troilus, and Paris.	And toke aȝeyn her herte & wille, [lf. 196, bk.] 13291 And made a vow her god vn-tille : 13292 "Thei wold neuere passe of ther marches, Til proud Ilyon and alle his arches Were cast down, and Priamus, And that douȝti knyȝt Troilus, 13296 And fair Paris that was his sone, Were foule slayn with-oute raunsone.
Even without Achilles's help they trust to have the vic- tory.	¶ Thoow Achilles helpe hem noght, Thei vowed to god that thei ne roght ; 13300 Thow Achilles hem for-soke, Her godis scholde vn-to hem loke. Iff he be ferd of any chaunce, Lete him sitte & rede romaunce ! " 13304
They all agree ¶ not to go home,	¶ Now are the kynges all at red : Out of the place, for drede of ded, To her contres wil thei not wende, Til thei haue broght that fyght to ende. 13308 Off no thyng are thei a-bayst, In her goddis haue thei suche traist ; With-oute Achilles ar thei bold
but to fight on. Achilles is for- gotten, as if he had never been among them.	The fyght aȝeyn to take & hold. 13312 He is for-ȝeten with feble & strong, As thoow he hadde not ben hem among. Thei wente alle hom to here ostel,
They make merry, till the truce ends.	Thei daunsed & sang & made revel. 13316 The terme is went & passed a-way, The morwe next schal be her day That thei schal fyght to-gedur In feld, Ther schal be reuen many a scheld, 13320 Many a bryght basenet Schal be with blod foule y-wet.
Next day fighting will be renewed,	<b>D</b> Ay is went out of the trewes, Ther is gret noyse among the Grwes, 13324



¶ *Hic faciebant Magnum Bellum.*

- |  |            |       |   |
|--|------------|-------|---|
| Thei Arme hem faste at that tyde,          | [lf. 197.] | 13325 |   |
| To hem of Troye thei faste ride,           |            |       |   |
| Armed wel In her harneis.                  |            |       |   |
| Now gon to-gedur Troiens & Gregeis :       |            | 13328 | The Trojans and the Greeks meet with great eagerness. |
| The vanwardis met with gret hidoure,       |            |       |   |
| Thei rod to-gedur with gret vigoure ;      |            |       |   |
| ¶ A thousand speres brast In-sonder,       |            |       | A great battle begins.                                |
| Ther died knyghtes many hunder.            |            | 13332 |   |
| When thei to-gedir with speres rides,      |            |       |   |
| Many on the dethe ther abydes ;            |            |       | Many die,   |
| Thei toke ther many an euel garter,        |            |       |   |
| Some loste al his on quarter,              |            | 13336 | and many are wounded.                                 |
| Some his hede, & som his guttis ;          |            |       |   |
| Eche man other doun puttis.                |            |       |   |
| ¶ The stour was strong & perilous,         |            |       |   |
| The day was hote, the men yrous :          |            | 13340 |   |
| Thei schotte arwes & keste gaelokkis,      |            |       | They shoot their arrows,                              |
| Thei dyght foule her paltokkis ;           |            |       |   |
| Knyghtes falle, and stedis stray,          |            |       | knightes fall, and steeds stray.                      |
| The dede bodyes on hepe lay.               |            | 13344 |   |
| <b>B</b> Vt then come theder douzti Troyle |            |       | Troylus comes up, and,                                |
| And be-gan amonges hem royle,              |            |       |   |
| Among Gregeis be-gan he pugne,             |            |       |   |
| That thei made many a lothely groyne.      |            | 13348 |   |
| For his brother that thei sclow            |            |       | revenging his brother's death, slays many Greeks.     |
| He did hem sorwe & wo y-now ;              |            |       |   |
| His brother deth he hadde In mynde,—       |            |       |   |
| As thei of Grece fforsothe fynde,—         |            | 13352 |   |
| Ful shrewedly hem dyghtes,                 |            |       |   |
| He slow that day many knyghtes.            |            |       |   |
| ¶ Then come Menelaus ride                  |            |       | Menelaus and  |
| With men of Armes And mychel pride,        |            | 13356 |   |
| And the doghti Diomedes                    |            |       | Diomedes come up.                                     |
| With mychel peple to that pres,            |            |       |   |

394 *Night ends the Battle, which is taken up again next Morning.*

	With many knyghtes stronge & gode; [lf. 197; bk.]	13359
Menelaus and Diomedes slay many Trojans.	Thei sclow Troiens as thei were wode,	13360
	And felde hem thikke vpon the grounde.	
	Ther died of hem many thousonde,	
	On bothe halff thei scle men faste	
	Al the day, til euen laste.	13364
Night ends the battle;	For hit was nyght, the sonne goth west,	
	Thei drow hem homward to her rest,	
	Thei parted so fro that fyght	
they go home.	And zede hom alle, for it was nyght.	13368
	<b>T</b> Hei of Troie are In the toun,	
	And Gregeis In her paulyoun;	
	Euery man goth to his rescet,	
They take supper,	Her mete is dyght and to hem fet,	13372
	Thei sitte alle for to soupe	
	With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe;	
and then go to bed.	Many a man among hem drouped	
	And zede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped,	13376
	And rest hem til hit was day,	
	That thei myzt make a foule deray.	
The Greeks are ashamed of their defeat,	¶ For thei of Grece were sore a-gramed	
	And gretly tened and sore a-schamed	13380
	Off hem of Troye for that day be-forn,	
	For her gode men thei hadde lorn:	
and prepare to take re- venge next morning.	Thei samed hem alle on an hepe,	
	Thei toke her hors & vpward lepe,	13384
	Thei rod so forth vpon a renge,	
	For thei wolde hem fayn venge;	
They ride out of their camp	¶ Thei alle are went of here hales,	
	Thei passe her piles & her pales.	13388
	Wel hard thei to-geder rode	
with splendid banners.	With baneres faire & eke brode,	
	Som of sandel, som of ynde,	
	To-geder betande with the wynde.	13392

- The Gregeis toke thenne the feld; [lf. 198.] 13393  
 And thei of Troye that be-held  
 That thei were so to hem comande,  
 Thei ȝede a-ȝeyns hem faste ridande 13396 The Trojans  
 Off gode aray & gode manere, ride against  
 With many a spere and brod banere. the Greeks.  
 When thei come ner, to-gedur thei ran,  
 And sclow be-twene hem many a man; 13400 They meet;  
 Scheldes and helmes ȝede al to dust, many are  
 Thei toke ther many a sori crust. slain.  
**B**Vt the douȝti Diomedes  
 Ful wondirly the Troiens sles: 13404 Diomedes cuts  
 He smot of hondis with alle the nayles, down many  
 He made hem greued—it was meruayles,— Trojans.  
 He pared her chekes al aboute,  
 That al here tethe fellen oute. 13408  
 He sclow and woundid & bar to erthe  
 Two & thre and so the fferthe,  
 ¶ He smot of hedes, leg, & arme;  
 That day did he moche harme 13412  
 To hem of Troye & her meygne.  
 Troyle knewe, that it was he  
 That did his men that vilony;  
 He vowed to god: “he scholde a-by; 13416 Troylus, on  
 Iff he myȝt ride as he hath ment, seeing this,  
 On of hem scholde haue a dent.” rides up to  
 ¶ Diomedes he ascried, him,  
 And afftirward he him defied: 13420 and defies him.  
 ‘War the wel’—seyde he—‘fro me!  
 For thi dedis I defy the!’  
 ‘And I the!’ seyde the knyght;  
 ‘Her my treuthe to the I plyght: 13424 Diomedes  
 I wol the not certis refuse, accepts the  
 Ne thow schalt the fro me ascuse.’ challenge.

Troylus and Diomedes rush together.	Thei to-gedur as ffauouns ffyes, [lf. 198, bk.] For-sothe that on of hem a-byes : Diomedes brast his spere, But he did Troyle no-thing dere ;	13427 13428
Troylus smites ¶ Diomedes with all his might, wounds, and unhorses him.	¶ But Troyle smot him with al his mayn That ney-hande he hadde ben sclayn, He fel him fro his hors swonande Among her hors ded neyhande. When he was thus on grounde y-layd <sup>1</sup> ,	13432
Troylus mocks and reviles him for his leman Brix- aida. Diomedes's men drag him from beneath his horse, lay him on his shield, and bring him away to his tent.	Troyle ful foule him missayd. For Brixaida that was his leff, He reuyled him as he were a theff. But his men were for him dred : Thei drow him fro her hors tred, Thei leyd him on his scheld soffte And led him hom vn-to his loffte ; Wel sore y-hurt, In a swone, Thei bare him to his Paulyone.	13436 14440 13444
When Mene- laus sees this,	¶ When Menelaus that was him by Saw Troyle that knyght so sturdy For that wounde that Diomedes laught, He hadde ther-fore wel mechel aught, He wyste ful wel that he was hurt.	13448
he rushes towards Troy- lus,	Menelaus to Troyle sturt, He by-gan sir Troyle ban[n]c For him & rode to him thanne	13452
and, to avenge the fall of Diomedes, assails him ;	To venge the kyng Diomedes ; For or thei parted, he bouzt that res : ¶ Troylus spere was with-uten brekyng As he felde with that other kyng ;	13456
but he is wounded se- verely.	To Menelaus Troylus whirled That scheld and hauberk bothe thrilled, He bare him vndir his hors fete, Off his blod he was al wete.	13460

<sup>1</sup> MS. A second *thus* between *grounde* and *y-layd* in MS.



His men then qwyk him drow,—	[lf. 199.]	13461	
For him thei hadde sorwe y-now,—			
Thei toke & layde him on his scheld			Menelaus too
And bare him home vn-to his teld.		13464	is carried to his tent.
<b>W</b> Han Agamenoun, her Emperour,			When Aga- memnon sees
Saw his men so fare In that stour,—			that the Greeks
Thei were almost with-oute myght,			are almost put to flight,
Thei were ney-hande put to flyght,—		13468	
He gadered his men to-gedur samen,			he gathers his men.
And than be-gan a newe gamen ;			
Then come thedur Vlixes <sup>1</sup>			Ulixes,
With men of armes, a huge pres,		13472	
¶ And the gode kyng Thoas			Thoas,
That sori was ffor that kynges cas,			
And the gode kyng Thelamaneus,			Thelamonius,
And the gode kyng Menesceus.		13476	and Mene- scene come to the rescue,
Lord, the sorwe that ther by-gan !			and slay many Trojans.
Ther was slayn many a man,			
Many a man and many a knyght			
Was slayn that day In that fight.		13480	
Thei selow Troyens doun to grounde,			
And many flowe with hidous wounde.			
¶ Thelameneus tok a spere			Thelamonius
And to Troyle began it bere :		13484	severely wounds
He 3aff Troyle suche a weshayle			Troylus with a spear;
That he flow ouer his hors tayle,			
And 3aff him a wounde bitter and sore			
That on his scheld he was hom bore ;		13488	Troylus is car- ried from the battle-field.
His hors was eke <sup>tho</sup> y-slawe,			
Out of that batayle he was drawe.			
¶ Paris ferd as he were wod,			Paris slays many Greeks.
Many a Grew ther lost his blod ;		13492	
Thei leyde hem faste to grounde			
With many an hidous wounde.			

<sup>1</sup> Something erased after 'Vlixes.'

398 *The Greeks are driven back. Diomedes and Menelaus lie in Bed.*

	Gret was the slauzt and the wo	[lf. 199, bk.]	13495
	That among the Gregeis was tho.		13496
Agamemnon is sorely wounded.	¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour, Was sore hurt In that stour, And so was many a gode knyzt Dede & wounded In that fyght.		13500
The Greeks are driven back to their tents.	The stour was gret, the fyght plener, But Gregeis were of non <sup>1</sup> power A3eyn hem lengur to holde ficht; And eke it was ney the nyght,		13504
	For to her Pauyloun anon he went; For hadde thei abeden, thei hadde ben schent.		
	¶ Thei fledde echone with-Inne the diches With gret sorwe and sore sikes,		13508
Night ends the battle; the Trojans return home.	The Troyens ffolwed with her myght; But it was tho al at nyght: Thei wente hom to her Cite With her knyzttes & her meygne.		13512
Agamemnon is very sad, as he himself	<b>A</b> Gamenoun coude no gale, He hadde y-bled, he was pale; He saw what wo & perel		
	To him & his that day befel,		13516
and Diomedes are hurt so severely.	How Diomedes, that doughti kyng, Was hurt so sore at that Iustyng, And he myzt not him selff helpe; His sorwe coude he to no man 3elpe.		13520
Menelaus is wounded too.	And Menelaus <sup>2</sup> , his brother, eke He was so hurt that he lay seke.		
Both kings lie abed.	Bothe thes kynges In bed lay For harm thei toke of Troyle that day;		13524
	Wonder sore and delfully He was hurt & greuously, He dredde him sore to ffyght lengur, Til thei & he myght be strengur;		13528

<sup>1</sup> MS. *nom.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Meñelaus.*

¶ *Hic ceperunt Pacem ad inuicem per .vj. menses.*

For if he did, he hoped wele [lf. 200.] 13529

Off his men to lese gret dele.

He sente ther-fore to Priamus,

To Paris, and to sir Troylus, 13532

To haue a trewe a six moneth,

That thei myght rest In pes & grith.

¶ Priamus and his consayle

Graunte trewes with-oute fayle. 13536

And that was certis azeyn her wille

Off many of tho that longed him tille;

Thei seyde: "it was folý strong

To graunte Gregeis a trewe so long." 13540

But wham it likes & wam it rewes,

On bothe parties ben graunted trewes.

**B** Ryxaida that louely was,—

The Biscop[es] doghter Calcas, 13544

That fair louely womman,

That sumtyme was sir Troyle lemman,—

When the tydandes to hir was seyde

That Diomedes In bed was layde, 13548

Azeyn hir fadur comaundement

To vysite him ful ofte sche went;

For sche wiste he toke the falle

Off Troyle that was hir specialle. 13552

¶ Sche wiste wel In hir thoght

Off Troyle scholde sche neuere haue noght;

Sche hoped neuere of him mariage;

Sche chaunged her wil & corage: 13556

Doghti Troyle sche gan forsake,

To Diomedes sche gan hir take:

Sche sayde sche wolde with him dele

For any man, whan he hadde hele; 13560

For to him sche zaff al hir talent,

For he hadde mechel on hir y-spent,

Agamemnon  
sends to the  
Trojans for a  
truce of six  
months.

It is granted  
by Priamus,

against the  
will of many  
Trojans.

Brixaida,  
the daughter  
of Calchas,

on hearing  
that Diomedes  
is in bed,  
goes often  
to his tent  
against her  
father's will,

and, giving up  
the hope of  
ever being able  
to marry Troy-  
lus,

falls in love  
with Dio-  
medes,

- And loued hir wel, and sche him als— [lf. 200, bk.] 13563  
 As wymmen doth that often ben fals. 13564
- For half a year  
 they may now  
 rest :  
 they heal their  
 wounds ;
- h If<sup>1</sup> a ȝer may thei now reste,  
**A** The trewe is so be-twene hem feste ;  
 Thei may hele wele the whiles  
 Alle her bocchis & her biles, 13568  
 Thei may hem hele In here soiorning.  
 But it be In mys-kepyng,  
 Thei are mury In alle her woundes,  
 they go to hunt Thei go & hunte with her grehoundes, 13572  
 With hauke, brache, & with kenetes<sup>2</sup>,  
 Thei hunte conynges with here firettes.
- rabbits  
 with ferrets.  
 Agamemnon  
 fears the  
 Greeks might  
 not succeed  
 in the next  
 battle without  
 the help of  
 Achilles.  
 He sends for  
 Nestor.
- ¶ But Agamenoun hadde gret care  
 That the Gregeis scholde In fyght mysfare, 13576  
 But if thei myght Achilles pray  
 That he wolde helpe another Iornay.  
 He sent after by a knyght  
 Afftir duk Nestor, that man of myght ; 13580  
 He come to him at his sendyng,  
 And he was fayn of his comyng.  
 To Achilles bothe thai ȝede  
 To loke if that thei may spede ; 13584  
 ¶ Agamenoun his wil assayed,  
 Ful ffaire Achilles he ther prayed :  
 "That he wolde turne his herte & wil  
 And let the Gregeis so not spil, 13588  
 And come with hem In her batayle  
 And at her nede no more hem fayle."  
 But for al that thei be-souȝt,  
 Ne myȝt thei him chaunge right nouȝt ; 13592  
 He swore his othe & made a vow ;  
 'I wol no more helpe ȝow !  
 But this wol I for thi loue do,  
 And for thin, Nestor, also :
- Both go to  
 Achilles and  
 ask him to  
 help the  
 Greeks.
- But notwith-  
 standing all  
 their begging  
 he refuses.  
 He swears :  
 'I'll no more  
 help you ; but  
 this I'll grant  
 you,
- { Alle my men } 13596

<sup>1</sup> h inserted by later hand, erasure of some three or four letters after lf; the first writing seems to have been *After*. <sup>2</sup> Altered from *kenetf* for the sake of the rhyme.



Alle my men I wol 3ow graunte	[lf. 201.]	13597	to send to your help all my troops.'
That ben so stronge and vaylaunte,			
I wol that 3e tho with 3ow haue			
For 3oure loue—so god me saue!		13600	
But non Armes my-selff wil bere,			
Non of Troye to do no dere.'			
Thei were bothe fayn—by seynt Cristofore!—			They are both glad of his offer,
Off his gode wil & profre,		13604	
¶ Thei thonked him an hundred sithe :			and thank him.
“That he hadde mad hem so blythe,			
That thei myght haue the Murmidones			
To go to fyght with here Gryffones,		13608	
For thei were styff & eke stalworth.”			
Thei toke her leue and went forth			They return to their tents,
Bothe to-gedur In to her hales,			
Thei tolde the kynges this Loyful tales :		13612	and tell the kings the good news.
“How of his men thei hadde grauntise			
But thei myght not gete him in no wyse.”			
¶ The kynges were fayn and wonder glad			All are glad of Achilles's promise, but
That thei graunt of his men had,		13616	they would have liked better to have himself, than
But hem were leuere haue had him-selff			1,200 of his men.
Then of his men hundres twelff.			When the truce nears its end,
<b>W</b> Hen <sup>1</sup> it come ner the half 3ere <sup>2</sup> ende		13620	
That the trues scholde out-wende,			
And it nyed ner the day			
That the trewes passed away,			they prepare for a new battle,
The Gregeis made her harneis clene		13624	
And grond her speres scharp & kene;			both the Greeks and the Trojans.
And thei of Troye did the same,			
For ayther thoght do other schame.			
¶ When day was comen out of her trewes,			
Agamenoun <sup>3</sup> bad the Grwes :		13628	
“To Arme hem and dight hem faste,			
For it was tyme that thei were paste		28 j	

<sup>1</sup> The capital *W* is somewhat blotted.      <sup>2</sup> Between *the* and *3ere*,  
*laste* is cancelled, and *half* inserted over line by another hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Agamenon*.

¶ *Aliud Bellum.*

	In-to the feld a-ȝeyn her fos."	[lf. 201, bk.]	13631
They arm themselves,	Eche man to Arme him gos.		13632
	Ther was thanne a semely syght		
	Off many a gentil man & knyght		
mount their horses,	That semely set vpon her stedis ;		
	Many a sadel was ouergiltis,		
and take their swords.	Many a sword with golden hiltis.		
	Many baner blew a-boute,		
	Ful loude the wynd hem made route.		13640
Achilles bids his men, for Agamemnon's sake, to go to the fight,	¶ Achilles gadereð his knyghtes alle		
	Aboute him thanne In-to his halle,		
	He bad thei scholde her Armes take		
	For Agamenoun loue <sup>2</sup> and his sake ;		13644
	To alle his men worthi & digne		
and he gives them a new ensign.	Delyuered he a newe signe		
	As red as any blod,		
	And ȝaff hem leue with heuy mode		13648
	To wende forthe to her batayle,		
	Here foos boldly to assayle.		
Achilles weeps when they start.	<b>A</b> Chilles weped an hundred teres		
	At her wending vpon his leres ;		13652
	His men echon forthe stalked ;		
	Vnto the folk ful soffite thei walked.		
	Ther was by-gonne wel that tyme,		
	For it was thanne half way Prime :		13656
The Trojans slay many Greeks,	¶ The Troyens felde & slow Gregeis		
	Ful wonderly—as Dares says ;—		
	Troyle falles al that he hittes,		
	Many of hem her hert-blod spittes.		13660
	And thei of Troye died faste		
	As thikke as men myght caste		
			1
but are borne down by them.	The Gregeis hem cleuen alle down		13664
	And bere hem ouer her hors arsoune		
	That men myght here a perlusoun.		

<sup>1</sup> No gap in MS.<sup>2</sup> MS. *loue*.

- ¶ Duk Menescene defendis his folk, [lf. 202.] 13667 Menescene  
 He smot many In the nekke holk; 13668  
 And duk Nestor him wele halpe: and Nestor  
 Thei 3aff the Troyens many a talpe; slay many  
 On ayther syde thei fel to grounde Trojans.  
 With many a grym hidous wounde. 13672
- ¶ Thei fauzt al day whil the sonne schyned, They fight as  
 Fro the morwe that thei hadde dynded long as the  
 Vntil thei hadde of day no lyght; sun is shining;  
 Thei 3ede home for defaute of syght, 13676 only  
 And euery man wente to his Inne— night ends  
 Til thei my3t efft her note by-gynne. the battle.
- D**ay is comen, & nyght is gone, Next morning  
 The Gregeis are vppe & dyght echone, 13680  
 And thei of Troye are comen down,  
 Armed wel, out of the town.  
 Thei ran to-geder as wode thinges, they begin  
 Echon other al to-diggis; fighting anew. 13684  
 Many of hem ligge In a dwale,  
 May no man make acorde fynale.
- ¶ In erthe was neuere suche a semble: A greater  
 And that may alle men here & se 13688 battle never  
 That romaunce may vndirstonde & rede, was,  
 Other therto wol take hede.  
 In alle the bokes that men haue sene  
 Off douyti men that haue bene, 13692  
 When thei are thorow soght,  
 Sicurly ne fynde men noght  
 That suche a fyght In erthe befel,  
 Sithe Eue bare Caym and gode Abel; 13696 since Eue bore  
 That so fele kynges, dukes, and lordes Cain and Abel.  
 Were gadered to-gedur for on discordes.  
 Hit was neuere, lord! In geste ne sang  
 Off werre In erthe that last so lang, 26 ij 13700

	Ne that so many men to dethe wente [lf. 202, bk.]	13701
	As did ther, or the batayle ente ;—	
Never a siege lasted, nor will last, so long.	Ne neuere of sege that so longe lay,	
	Ne neuere schal to domysday ;—	13704
Never men fought so bravely and so long.	Ne men that myght so longe endure	
	To fight every day In her Armure	
	With-oute reste and with-oute sese,	
	That thei toke neuere trewe ne pese.	13708
	¶ Ne held thei not sumtyme assaut,	
They fought every day.	Day be day to-gedur thei faut,	
	That thei rest neuere ful doughtyly	
	A ful monethe contynuely.	13712
One may see thereby what strength they had.	But men may se ther-by that can,	
No one could now fight as long as they did.	What strengthe & myzt ther hadde a man ;	
	¶ For now lyues nother man ne knyzt	
	That if thei were put to that fyzt,	13716
	That thei ne scholde be for-done,	
	Long tyme or it were none ;	
	And thei be-gan at sonne rysyng.	
	But that liggis not In my spekyng,	13720
	I wol speke ther-of no more,	
	But turne a-zejn ther I was ore.	
The Trojans attack first.	<b>T</b> He stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne,	
	And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne	13724
	And made In her armure many a brek,	
	Many a man lay slawe ded sterck.	
Philomene	A riche kyng was called Philomene,	
	A worthi knyzt, a kynde Troiene,	13728
and Polidomas attack Thoas,	And also sir Palidomas,—	
	Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas :	
	¶ Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones,	
	Thei brosed his flesch and eke his bones ;	13732
	His myght vayled him not of two lekes,	
and take him prisoner.	Thei toke him maugre his chekes.	



- Off that prese drow thei him out, [lf. 203.] 13735  
 And drow him forth fro alle his rout. 13736
- ¶ But that saw thenne the Murmydones, The Myrmi-  
 How he was lad ffro his Gryffones; dons come to  
 But thei wolde him not so lete passe, the rescue of  
 Thei gadered alle a-boute Thoas: Thoas,  
 Thei tere for him many a ribbe 13740  
 Off many lord & many sibbe,  
 And many an hed thei al to-schyuered,  
 And fro her hand thei him delyuered. 13744
- T**Ho was Troyle ful sore tened : and deliver  
 That he was so dyght sore he mened, him.  
 He swor by god & by his swyre : Troylus is  
 "Thei scholde abyte that dyntes dere." enraged;  
 He strok his stede amonges hem alle, he will take  
 Some he sclow & some mad falle, revenge.  
 He brak her hedes vnder her hode. 13748  
 But thei manly a-zeyn him stode, He slays many  
 ¶ Thei sclow vndir him his stede Myrmidons;  
 That Troylus doun to grounde ȝede— but they kill  
 As he most nede—when his hors fayled. his horse.  
 But he lepe vp & hem assayled, 13752  
 Gret defence gan he make; He leaps up  
 But thei were besy him to take, again;  
 But he was closed him-self alone  
 Amonges hem on fote echone. 13756  
 ¶ But Paris thanne—whan he it wiste— they surround  
 Amonges the Gregeis In he thriste; him.  
 His halff-brother with-al him with, Paris  
 And many another of that kyth: 13760  
 Thei brak with force her scheltroun, and others  
 And sclow ther many a Murmidoun.  
 Another hors to Troyle was broght,  
 And he lepe vp—as he neuere roght 13764  
 26 i[ij] 13768 bring a new  
 horse to Troy-  
 lus.

	Off no lyues man that was his foo— [lf. 203, bk.]	13769
	He lepe vp sone as a roo.	
A great battle between Paris and the	For sir Troyle delyueraunce An hard batayle & gret distaunce	13772
Myrmidons for the deliverance of Troylus.	Be-gan Paris & hem be-twene, For Murimdones hadde mochel tene, Gret Angwys, & mochel wo That Troylus scholde so qwit go :	13776
The Myrmi- dons slay Margariton, a half-brother of Troylus (but cf. l. 10486 sqq.), and many others.	Thei leyde thanne Troiens hard vpon, Thei sclow that tyme Margariton, That was sir Troylus half-brother ; Ther died of Troyens many an <sup>1</sup> other	13780
Troylus	For the delyueraunce of sir Troyle, Many a Troien to dethe did royle. <b>T</b> Royle was horsed atte devise Vpon a stede of moche prise.	13784
plans to take revenge.	He thoght thei scholde not pas qwite ; He thoght to venge that foule dispite And vilony that thei hadde tan, Off hem that were his brothr ban :	13788
He slays many of the Myrmi- dons ; but they are clever :	He wounded hem, he felde & sclow, And of her horses doun hem drow ; But thei were wyse of werre & selye, Styff & strong, & ful dou3tye :	13792
they make a 'roundel' and a castle of themselves ; notwithstand- ing, they are put to flight at last.	<b>¶</b> Thei saw thei were In gret perel, Thei drow hem alle on a roundel And of hem-selff made thei castel. But that vayled hem not a wastel— For Troyle was euere on hem so asper, That many a riche ston of Iasper Smot he a-way vpon her crestes, And sclow hem as thei hadde ben bestes ; Thei lafft the feld & fledde hamward. Then was comynge thedirward	13796       13800

<sup>1</sup> MS. &.

The Emperour Agamenon	[lf. 204.]	13803	Agamemnon
And The duk Thelamon,		13804	and other
With alle here men Vlixes,			Greek leaders
So did the gentil Diomedes;			come to the
Menelaus come with hem thanne			rescue of the
With many a thousand armed menne :		13808	Myrmidons ;
The Murimdones thanne wel reschewed,			
To the Troyens than no game growed,			these are re-
For thei were some I-bore to grounde,			encouraged ;
And many ther dede In that stounde.		13812	
But when Troyle saw hem come socour			many Trojans
And sclow his men so In that stour,			are slain ;
¶ No lenger thanne sir Troyle abode <sup>1</sup> ,			
In-to that Cite sone he rode,		13816	but Troylus
Ther his men were most trauayled,			comes to help
And he the lordis alle assayled :			his men,
He sclow her men & fouly fouled,			
With hem so Troylus toyled,		13820	and slays
That only thorow sir Troylus myght			many of the
So were the Gregeis al discomfyght			Greeks ;
And flende faste as thei were wod,			
That Troyle reved many his blod.		13824	he puts them
<b>B</b> Vt <sup>2</sup> Ajax Thelamaneus,			even to flight.
That noble knyzt & vigorous,			Ajax,
Come than doun with many a spere			
The Troyens alle for to dere.		13828	
Duk Nestor with alle his myzt			Nestor,
Come theder tho with many a knyzt,			
And the noble kyng Thoas.			
Tho by-gan a grisly cas :		13832	and Thoas
Thei that fledde turned azeyn,			arrive to help
Thei sclow the Troyens with myzt & mayn ;			them ;
¶ The Gregeis wan a-zeyn the feld			they drive the
And droff hem than fro her tent & teld,	26 iii[j]	13836	Trojans back.

<sup>1</sup> ' *Hic deficit* ' written in the margin by another hand.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *BVut.*

- ¶ **Hic Achilles Interrogauit de hominibus suisque nouA.**  
 And droff hem thanne a-3eyn her wil [lf. 204, bk.] 13837  
 With gret sorwe that place vn-til.  
 But for Troyle & al his myght
- The Trojans  
 are put to  
 flight. The Troyens were y-put to flyght, 13840  
 The Gregeys folewes & made hem falle,  
 Thei flow to Troye the Troyens alle.
- Night ends the  
 battle. The day was gon, the nyght was comen,  
 The Gregeis went hom al & somen, 13844  
 Thei wente home al vpon a rase  
 With her prisouns & her purchase.
- The Myrmi-  
 dons return to  
 Achilles, **T**He Gregeis were fayn that it was nyzt,  
 For thei hadde trauayled a-3eyn her myzt; 13848  
 For if the sonne had lenger schyned,  
 Off her folk schold thei haue tynd.
- Thei made to him a lothely playnt  
 And seyde: "thei were alle a-taynt 13856  
 For gret angwys of that Iornay  
 That thei hadde suffred In fight that day."  
 Thei seyde also: "that many of his  
 Were sclayn at that gret appris." 13860
- He counts  
 them; He made hem come before him than  
 And tolde the bodyes of euery a man :
- ¶ When thei were rekened & told be tale  
 Be-fore Achilles In his hale, 13864  
 He fond a thousand of hem fayled  
 Off knyghtes that were y-rolled & tayled.  
 When thei were soght & alle ded founden,  
 He seyde: ' alas, that I was bounden 13868  
 In womannes loue & womannes bounde! '  
 Whan so many were ded founde,



He siked sore for hem & drouped.	[lf. 205.]	13871	Achilles sighs much, and cannot eat.
Ful litel mete that nyght he souped,		13872	He goes to bed very sorrowful.
To his bed Achilles went			
With carful herte & gret torment :			
He wolde him-self hadde ben ded,			
He wist neuere what was his red,		13876	He does not know whether he will
Whether he myght to batayle wende			avenge his friends now,
To venge his men or eke his frende,			or wait a while.
Or he scholde ȝit abyde			
To wete wat grace myȝt be-tyde.		13880	
He thoght al nyght so faste & wepe,			He deliberates about it the whole night, and cannot sleep.
That he myght for no thyng slepe :			Now he thinks he'll take re-venge,
¶ He thoght he wolde go at morne			and now he thinks he'll not go,
And venge his men that were y-lorne,		13884	
That thei of Troye hadde foule sclayn ;			
But then thoght he aȝeyn			
That if he [to] batayle ȝede,			
Off his erand he scholde not spede,		13888	because he would lose his sweetheart
Ne haue that louely to his wiff			
That he loued more than his lyff :			
That kynges douȝter Pollexene—			
For he hadde het trewely the quene		13892	by breaking the promise he made to the Trojan queen.
¶ That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis,			
But lete hem worthe & holde his pays.			
And if he ȝede tho & bikerd			
Aȝeyn the trouthe that he hadde sikerd,		13896	
He myght lyghtly that louely [grene],			
And thei scholde him no more leue,			
But sey it were a fals couyne—			
And so scholde he that lady tyne ;		13900	
And leuer were him his lyff to-gang,			
Er he for-ȝede hir loue out lang.			
<b>M</b> Any dayes lyued he so lange			So he passes many days.
In these paynes styff & strange,		13904	

Achilles waits,  
till the battle  
begins again ;

With-oute murthe and eke Ioye, [lf. 205, bk.] 13905

Til thei of Grece & thei of Troye

Scholde assemble to-gedur eftt,

for the foes  
will not stop  
till one party  
is victorious.

For that wolde thei for no thyng were lefft. 13908

Til that on part Maystres were,

Wold thei not leue her werre there.

¶ But it were ouer-gret takyng,

And wel gret the makyng,—

13912

But I cannot  
relate *all* the  
fights between  
Greeks and  
Trojans.

To telle the fightis that thei fau3t

And alle her dedis at alle her sau3t,

To telle here dedis and here fyght

Be-twene Troy & Grece—by goddis myght! 13916

Alle her dedis may I not telle,

For ther-vpon I wol not dwelle.

The day comes,  
on which they  
begin to fight  
again.

**T**He day is comen thei schul mete ;  
That foule baret wolde thei not lete,

13920

Thei hadde to-geder so gret envy

That thei wold not leue her foly.

They are ready  
for battle.

Bothe<sup>1</sup> parties were redi dight,

Thei wente to-geder with al her myght : 13924

When they  
meet, they  
shoot each  
other.

And whan thei were to-geder met,

Echon of hem on other schet—

As thei hadde ben wode & mad.

Many are  
slain ;

Ther died many a lord & lad,

13928

Many knyght & eke baroun,

And many other proude Gryffoun.

¶ Many a lord & gentil man

Was ded ther, er thei be-lan,

13932

Many a kynges sone of kynde—

I cannot name  
all of them.  
They fight  
seven days  
without inter-  
ruption.

I may not make of alle mynde.

But seuen dayes with-oute les

Fau3t thei to-geder with outen pes, 13936

Day be day with-oute trewes,

Til thei hadde lorn many of the Grwes.

<sup>1</sup> *Bothe* over *But* inserted by another hand.

- ¶ Achilles euere In pes him held, [lf. 206.] 13939 Achilles does  
That he bar neuere helme ne scheld 13940 not fight.
- Off al that while a-ȝeyn Troiens,  
To dere none of here Citesens.  
The Grewes by-gan faste to fayle,  
The Emperour seyde thanne: 'hylhayle! 13944 The Greeks  
We may now sone be al for-done, begin to fail,  
But if this lord helpe vs sone;  
But Achilles on vs rewe,  
Ther schal not skape of vs a Grewel' 13948
- W**Hen thei hadde fouȝten seuen dayes,  
Agamenoȝ Priamus prayes  
To graunte a trewes by othe & treuthe;  
For it to se hit was moche reuthe, 13952  
How alle the feld lay ful of men  
And lay & stank In that fen.  
Trewes longe wolde thei haue had,  
For Agamenoȝ was sore a-drad 13956 fearing he may  
That he scholde many of his men lese lose still more  
With hem of Troye & of Frese, men  
Iff thei mayntened lenger that stour;  
Thei asked therfore a long soiour. 13960 if the battle  
went on;
- ¶ But the Troyens seyde: "thei scholde now haue  
But that thei myght her dede men graue;"  
Thei wold no lenger the trewes graunte,  
Thei held hem alle recreaunt. 13964 but the Trojans  
grant only  
time to bury  
the dead.
- And that rewed Agamenoȝ sore  
And alle the Gregeis that with him wore,  
Thei myȝt no lenger the trewes haue;  
That rewed hem sore—so god me saue!— 13968 The Greeks are  
discontented  
therewith,
- For thei were wounded and al to-bete,  
And hadde biles and bocches grete  
For strokes thei ȝaff & eke toke,  
Whil thei to-gedur ffauȝt that woke. 13972 as they have so  
many wounds.

412 *When the Battle recommences, Menelaus and Paris unhorse each other.*

The Greeks  
are glad that  
they may bury  
their dead.

But ȝit were thei of that trewe fayn [lf. 206, bk.] 13973

That thei myȝt bery that thei hadde sclayn,

Thei gadered alle the bodyes colde

That lay ther ded vpon the wolde;

13976

And did alle the bodyes be brende,

Or the trewes was fully ende,—

Longe or the trewes was comen to ende,

That thei scholde eft to batayle wende.

13980

After the  
truce, war is  
resumed,

**T**He trewes ar went that thei had set,

The day is comen of her baret :

Thei toke ther many a strok & ffylche,

Thei tare her plates and her pilche,

13984

When bothe the parties to-geder were comen ;

many are  
slain.

Many Ane<sup>1</sup> his lyff was him be-nomen,

When bothe parties were met thare,

And to that batayle were alle ȝare.

13988

Menelaus  
attacks Paris ;

¶ Sir Menelaus Paris sawe,

To him he thought for to drawe ;

He hadde gret wil & couetyse

To se sir Paris feet a-ryse.

13992

He strok his stede & to him ran

For the loue of his lemman,

they unhorse  
each other.

To grounde were thei y-bore bothe,—

The knyȝtes were that tyme so wrothe.

13996

Polidomas

¶ Polidamas, Antenor sone,

With gret envy & gret raundone

For alle the men and al the pres

smites Ulixes.

With his swerd he smot Vlixes ;

14000

But he ȝaff not ther-of an hawe,

For he him held with swerd y-drawe.

Menescene  
dashes An-  
tenor to the  
ground.

The noble vaylaunt Menescene

Smot Antenor—& that was sene,—

14004

He ȝaff him suche a romelowe,

That he wente ouer his sadil-bowe ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Aue*.



¶ *Hic Archilogus interfecit Gryme Gwynel.*

He layde him as brod & flat	[lf. 207.]	14007	
As is a pike when he is splat.		14008	
¶ Then come ridande Philomene,			Philomene
A doghti kyng, a knyght Troyene :			assails Aga-
Agamenon he assayled			memnon,
That the blod of him doun rayled.		14012	wounds him,
Philomene, of so gret myght,			
Wolde ful euel haue him dyght,—			and would
But that him come socour sone,			have killed
I trowe his dayes hadde ben done.		14016	him, if succour
¶ But Thelameus to him toke hede			had not come.
And saw that he of help hadde nede,			But Thelameus
He toke a spere that was stalworthe,			arrives,
And turned his hors & rod forthe :		14020	
To Agamenon he him hyed			
And smot Philomene that he doun syed			and smites
Fro <sup>1</sup> his hors for his labour,			Philomene
For he wolde for to her Emperour.		14024	down.
<b>S</b> Trong was the stour, perelous, & fel ;			
Ther was a knyzt, het Gryme Gwynel,			Gryme Gwy-
He was on of Priamus sones—			nel, one of the
As I fynde In thes Canones—		14028	bastards of
That he hadde geten In his purchase,			Priamus,
In his murthe & his solace.			
Duk Nestor hadde a sone also,			
A doghti knyght, Archilogo ;		14032	
Thei mette to-geder, he & Gryme,—			
A gret vn-hap ! a foule fortune !			
¶ Archilogus bare sir Gryme thorowe,			is slain by
And lefft him ded In a forwe.		14036	Archilogus, a
The Troyens made gret del ther-fore,			son of Nestor.
Ther died for him mo thenne foure score ;			
For when that tale to Troyle was told,			
He myzt not for him fro wepyng hold,		14040	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ffor*.

- For he loued him with al his myght [lf. 207, bk.] 14041  
 For that he was so doghti a knyght.  
 Troylus eyen be-gan to slyse,  
 The Gregeis sone he gan dispyse : 14044  
 Many for him he be-hedit,  
 Echon fro other he sone schedit ;  
 Thei fled echon sir Troylus fro,  
 Thei made him way & lete him go ; 14048  
 He droff hem faste ouer doune & dale,  
 Among hem wrought he suche bale.  
 ¶ Thei were ney dreven to her Pauylons,  
 Ne hadde thanne comen the Murondons ; 14052  
 But the[i] styffly azeyn him stode,  
 But Troylus ferd as he were wode :  
 Whan he saw hem azeyn him stande,  
 He rod to hem faste manassande ; 14056  
 Vpon her hedes sette he suche dyntes,  
 The fyr fley out as it were of flyntes.  
 ¶ He was so sore with hem greued,  
 That many an hed he ther to-cleued, 14060  
 Here scheldes fro her scho[1]dres racched ;  
 Ful many a Gregeis he ther atached,  
 He bete hem so and so defouled,  
 That thei with blod were al be-stouled, 14064  
 As thei were paynt with rede coloures ;  
 He made hem like tormentoures,  
 Thei toke of him many a cloute.  
 Tho with al the haste that thei moute 14068  
 ¶ They flee, ¶ Thei turned the bak and fro him jede,—  
 On rounsi prekand, and on stede,—  
 Til thei were comen to her hales,  
 To saue her lyff ther In her sales. 14072  
 But Troylus slays many in their flight.  
 But Troyle & his afftir hem sted,  
 Thei sclow many of hem that fled ;

¶ *Hic fugerunt ad tentorias suas.*

To her tentis he hem droff.	[lf. 208.]	14075	The Greeks are
But ther turned thei a-3eyn & stroff,		14076	driven towards their tents,
For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wynne,			
But thei wolde not that thei come Inne :			
¶ Thei gadered alle vpon a route,			but there they
To holde the Troyens tho with-oute ;		14080	gather, and defend their camp.
But Troyens doun of her hors lyght,			However, the
And than be-gan the perilous fyght :			Trojans dis- mount,
For Troyens be-gan foule to fare ;			
Than by-gan Gregeis kare,		14084	and slay many Greeks.
The Troyens felde hem In her dike ;			
Tho by-gan thei sore to sike ;			
¶ Her my3t was nou3t a-3eyn Troiens.			
Troylus then, & Philomens,		14088	Troylus, Philo- mene, and Mennon put them to flight ;
And kyng Mennon made thanne entre			
And made hem fro her men to fle ;			
Thei flowe alle In-to her tentis,			they flee into their tents.
Many of the Gregeis her deth hentes :		14092	
<b>T</b> Hei made of hem gret tormentry,			
Ther was an hidous noyse & cry,			The clamour and noise of the Greeks slaughtered in their camp
Thei sclow hem In her paulyons ;		14096	
Wel delful was of hem the sounes,			
So wonderful and meruelous			
That hit was dredful & hidous :			
Hit ferde as hit hadde thondrid,			is so loud that Achilles hears it ;
Achilles was ther-of a-wondrid		14100	
¶ Off wham he herde that delful cry,			
He saw men come prikande him by			
That fiede fro that scomfiture,			
Makyng sorwe with-oute mesure.		14104	
Thei seyde : " alas that thei come thore,			some fugitives tell him the sad news.
For thei were lorn for euere-more !"			
With-out his tent smartly sterte he,			
To se what dele that myght be.		14108	

Achilles  
wonders what  
ails the  
Greeks,

and asks what  
the noise is  
about.

The fugitives  
say: 'We are  
so hurt

that we can't  
fight any  
longer.

You will never  
see Greeks or  
Myrmidons  
alive again.

They will soon  
be all dead.

All are fled to  
their tents,  
where many  
are slain.

They want  
succour very  
badly, and  
the clamour  
you hear comes  
from the  
dying.

You will soon  
see more than  
55,000 men  
attack you,

Achilles was gretly meruayled [lf. 208, bk.] 14109

What hem of Grece ayled.

He asked hem: "whi thei so ferde?

And what was the noyse that he herde?"— 14112

'How dos oure kynges, and oure Gregeis?

How bere thei hem a-3eyn the Frigais?' .

¶ 'Louely lord'—sayde thei that fledde—

'We are so hurt and so for-bledde,

14116

That we Are alle of nonpower

A3eyn hem to fyght any lenger.

Iff 3e wol off vs tydandis here,

Carful tydandes may 3e lere;

14120

¶ Herkenes now of oure tythandes!

Sicurly, lord, now vnderstandes:

3e schal neuere on lyue se Gryffons,

Ne non of alle 3oure Murimdons.

14124

We telle 3ow, lord, that thei of Grece

Schal sone be hewen al to pece,

For thei are alle discomfit

And alle haue taken the flyt;

14128

¶ Thei are alle fled In-to her tentis,

Ther many of hem the dethe hentis.

Thei defended here entres,

But thei felde doun bothe cordes & tres,

14132

And sclow oure Gregeis cruelly,

Woundes & stikes with-oute mercy.

Hem fayles now the grete socour,

And this is, lord, the grete clamour

14136

Off hem that dye, that grysly bray,—

That 3e haue herd and 3it may.

¶ Thei schal alle dye, er that thei sese;

And 3e that wene to stonde In pese,

14140

3e schal se sone on 3ow comande

Mo then ffyue & ffyfty thousande

{ Off Armed men }



**Hic Achilles Iratus est.**

Off armed men & armed knyghtes	[lf. 209.]	14143	who have already slain 10,000 Myrmidons.
That haue sclayn 3oure men now rightes,—		14144	
For thei haue slayn of 3oure gode men,			
Er we come thedir, thousandes ten,			
¶ And yet to sele thei not be-lyn;—			
And iff thai fynde the her-In		14148	When they come and see you standing naked and unarmed in your tent, they will immediately kill you,
In 3oure tent naked stondande,			
Thei leue the not on lyue lyuande ;			
For al the gold of hethen Spayne			
Leue 3e not here vnsclayne,		14152	
For thei hate 3ow ouer alle thyng.			as they hate you more than anybody for Hector's death.'
For Ector deth—by heuene kyng!—			
That were, lord, her herte wil,			
Might thei, lord, thi body spil.'		14156	
<b>A</b> Chilles chaunged al his mode,			Achilles looks around as if he were mad,
He loked aboute as he were wode			
When he herde this tydynges :			
He clapped his hondes, and alle his rynges		14160	and behaves like a lunatic;
Sicurly In-sonder brast ;			
To and fro his armes he cast,			
As he hadde ben a wod man ;			
Wel harde to swete he be-gan.		14164	
¶ Achilles seyde on that wolde			
To him that these tydandes tolde :			he asks if Troylus is among the Trojans ;
'Is ouzt Troyle In that place,			
That makes oure men thus to chase ?'		14168	
He sayde : 'lord, ther he is,			they answer 'yes.'
And alle oure men he dos amys ;			
For his wodnesse & his deray			
Alle oure men ben fled a-way ;		14172	
¶ For he is so strong In his myght,			
Ther may non a-byde him In fight.'			
'Alas !' he seyde, 'that euere Moder me bar !			'Alas !' says he, 'that ever mother bore me !
Whi ne were I right now thar ?	27 [j]	14176	

¶ **Hic Achilles Iratus est.**

Alas! that	Alas that euere me Moder bounde [lf. 209, bk.]	14177
	Or euere In <sup>1</sup> cradel me be-wounde!	
for a woman's love I let my enemies mur- der my kins- men.'	That I scholde for a wommanes sake	
	Let my enemys suche murther make	14180
	Off my Men and of my kyn, And do ther-of no medicyn!	
He grows so angry, that	¶ He was so ful <sup>2</sup> of tene & ire	
	That he bad fecche his atire;	14184
he forgets Pollexena and his promises given to the queen, has his armour and his steed brought to him, and rushes away.	He for-3ate ther Pollexene	
	And al that he be-het the qwene.	
	His stede was sone j <sup>s</sup> -dight	
	With clene harneis & bridel bryght,	14188
	He lepe vp anon vpon his stede	
	And sprang forth as sparke of glede.	
Like a mad- man he rides forth,	<b>A</b> Chilles rides as a man mad,	
	For his men was he not glad;	14192
	He myght that tene no lenger thole,	
	He brende In yre as any cole;	
	When he herde hem so grysly grone,	
	For hem he made moche mone:	14196
like a lion he goes from his tent to help his men.	As lyoun rampyng forth he went,	
	Wel Armed, out of his tent,	
	To socoure his men and helpe his Danes.	
	When he hem mette a-mong the Troyanes,	14200
He slays many Trojans;	He sclow hem faste as a tyraunt,	
	Many a man made he criaunt;	
	¶ He slees & felles al that he metes,	
	Thei falle thikkere than heryng fletes	14204
	In-myddes the se In here seole.	
all know him by his broad sword.	Alle men, thei knewe by his tole:	
	His sword was other halff fote brode;	
	Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode.	14208
	Thei knewe him that smot so sore,	
	Alle were a-drad that were thore,	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Or euere me In.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *sul.*<sup>3</sup> MS. *t.*

¶ *Hic Achilles pugnauit cum Troianis.*

Whan thei saw that he cam.	[lf. 210.]	14211	
Off hem made he gret Marterdam :		14212	Achilles fills every furrow with corpses ;
Euery forow Achilles filled,			
With dede bodies the erthe he hilled			
That he hadde sclayn In that stour,			
Sithe he was comen, In litel hour.		14216	
¶ Ther was kyng ne knyȝt so gode,			
That thei ne fled as thei were wode ;			all flee from him.
His noble sword, his bryght bronde,			His sword is bloody down to his hand.
Was blodly doun to his honde		14220	
For men that he hadde ther sclawe,			
Off many a knyght broght he of dawe.			
He fferde as it were a deucl of helle,			Like a devil he slays many Trojans.
Lord ! the peple that he gan qwelle !		14224	
Thei flow tho ffro her tent & hale,			
In the diches thei hadde mochel bale.			
The Murimdones come anon,			The Myrmi-
Now many Troyen to dethe gon ;		14228	dons turn up and kill Trojans.
Thei sorwed & cried as thei were wode,			
Many walwes In his blode.			
<b>T</b> He Gregeis tho were glad & blythe			The Greeks are glad, and
And thonked her goddis offte sythe,		14232	thank their gods that
That he was comen to that batayl.			Achilles came to battle.
Troylus then gan him meruayl :			
“ What deucl In helle hit myȝt be			When Troylus sees
That made the Troyens so to fle ? ”		14236	
By his swerd he him ches,			
He wiste ther-by hit was Achilles			that it is Achilles who
That made his Troyens so to fle ;			makes the Trojans flee,
Wod & wrothe thanne gan he be,		14240	he grows wroth
Durste no man aske whi he were wroth,			
When he bare armes aȝeyn his oth.			that he fights against his
¶ As a lyoun rores, to him he cried,			oath.
With hardy herte he him defied :	27 ij	14244	

¶ *Hic Achilles vulneratus est.*

- 'Go to Hell!' says Troilus to Achilles;  
'false traitor, have you not broken your oath? Defend yourself! I defy you!'
- He rides towards him;
- Achilles, in a fury because of his insolent words,
- throws his glove to him.
- They meet,
- cleave their shields with their spears, wound and unhorse each other.
- Achilles rises,
- but Troilus is taken off by his Trojans.
- 'In helle'—seyde he—'mot thou be loken! [lf. 210, bk.]  
Hastow now thin owne othe broken? 14246  
Thow hast euere ben a fals faytour,  
A losenger, a fals traytour!  
Were the fro me, I the defy,  
For if I may, thow schalt a-by! 14250  
He let his stede to him flyng  
Als harde as he myght slyng;  
And he to him with al his myght,  
For he at him hadde gret dispit 14254  
¶ For his wordes & his reueri  
Bothe of falsnes & losengeri  
That he on him bare; that he wolde *proue*:  
And ther-to he *profered* forth his gloue. 14258  
Him hadde leuere than al that I can telle,  
That he myzt Troyle qwelle.  
**S**Trong & stiff & hardi bothe  
Were the knyghtes that were wrothe: 14262  
Eyther on other her speres poygned,  
Wel hard to-geder tho thei loyned,  
Her scheldis roff, here speres brast,  
The knyghtes bothe to grounde were cast, 14266  
That nother of hem with-oute wounde  
Thei myght not rise nother hol ne sounde.  
¶ Achilles for-sothe was eucl hurt,  
Vpon his feet wel sone he sturt 14270  
And drow his swerd as man of myght,  
And wolde haue sclawe that gentil knyght.  
But alle the Troyens on an hepe  
By-fore him than wel sone gan lepe, 14274  
And doghti Troyle so thei defende  
That Achilles myght not come him hende,  
And ladde him home out of that place.  
Tho was it tyme to leue the chace, 14278



For hit was al atte nyght,	[lf. 211.]	14279	Night ends the battle.
And thei were veri of that fyght,		14280	
That hem lust to take her rest ;			
For that were thanne alther best.			
Achilles gan faste hamward gange ;			
Many day afftir & lange		14284	Achilles lies in bed for several days.
Lay he seke In his bed ;			
Off his wounde was he sore dred,			
For hit greued him so sore,			
He thought to venge him efft ther-fore.		14288	
<b>T</b> He Troyens thanne to <sup>1</sup> Troye zede alle			The Trojans return to Troy.
And Troylus to his fader halle,			Troylus relates the death of Gryme Gwynel;
He tolde him of the deth of Brunys ;			the Trojan ladies bewail him.
Then were mad hidus tuynes		14292	
Off many a gentil damysel			
For the deth of Gryme Gwynel.			
He tolde him also of the Iornay :			Then he relates the first success of the Trojans,
"How thei hadde fouzten to-gedur that day,		14296	
And how Gregeis were discomfith			
And foule put to the flyzt ;			
And how thei felde her Pauylons,			
And scholde haue sclayn alle the Gryffons		14300	
¶ Er euen-tyde at his hopyng,			
Hadde thei had no socoryng			and the attack of Achilles :
Off doghti sir Achilles,			
That foule ferde among her pres ;"—		14304	
'That Ilke knyght him-selff alone			'He alone made our men flee.'
Maked oure men to fle echone			
For any thyng that we coude do,			
And made vs lese oure worschepe so.'		14308	
¶ When Priamus herde these tydandis—			When Priamus hears that Achilles has broken his oath,
That Achilles azeyn couenandis			
That he hadde made & hem be-het			
At that <sup>2</sup> Iorne hem hadde let	27 [iij]	14312	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *of*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And at that*. Cf. l. 14313 & note.

And at that<sup>1</sup> semble sclayn his folk,—[lf. 211, bk.] 14313

he grows very  
sad,  
His herte for tene be-gan to bolke;  
Off tho tythandes was he not payde,  
and scolds his  
wife:  
His wiff ful foule he myssayde: 14316  
'Oh, that I had  
believed your  
words!'  
he says.  
'Certis, I was'—he seyde—'ful wrecched  
That I scholde by the so be drecched,  
Vn-to thi wordes that I 3aff ffayth!'—  
Priamus to his wiff sayth— 14320

'This false  
traitor has  
deceived us;  
' 'This fals<sup>2</sup> traytour has vs by-swyked,  
For my doghter vnto him lyked;  
He dede it certes for oure ille,  
For he of here wolde haue his wille 14324  
And holde hir In lecherie  
With his scleyzt & trecherie,  
And do vs alle a foule repreue  
As a fals for-sworen theffe. 14328

¶ And that semes by his falshede:  
and when he  
saw that he  
might not  
speed,  
he resolved on  
undoing me  
and mine.  
For<sup>3</sup> now he may not of hir spede  
At his wille by his dissayte;  
He be-thenkes him now ful strayte, 14332  
How he may best schende me & myne;  
That myght thow se with thin eyne.  
And elles hadde he holde couenaunt,—  
He is false,  
deceitful, and  
unchivalrous.  
But he is fals & euel thynkand 14336  
And doth alle thyng with gylerye,  
With no manhed ne chyualrie.'

Hectuba is  
much  
ashamed,  
**H** Ectuba was sore aschamed  
Off here lord that sche was blamed, 14340  
Hir Angred sore that euere spak sche  
Ther-of wordes two or thre;  
Sche cursed ofte his wickednesse,  
and curses  
Achilles's  
wickedness,  
His gylrie and his falsnesse. 14344  
And that mayden Pollexene  
Ther-of was ofte blo & grene,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *At that*. Cf. l. 14312 & note.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *sals*.    <sup>3</sup> MS. *for*.

Hit Angerd hir sore & displeased,	[lf. 212.]	14347	Pollexena, too,
Whan that hir loue hade so <sup>1</sup> spysed		14348	is very angry
That he be-het hir moder & here;			that her lover
Gret othes he made & by god swere,			broke his
That he ne scholde helpe Gregeis more			promise,
The while that thei dwelled thore.		14352	
¶ Sche chaunged chere & eke corage,			
For sche wolde fayn the mariage.			as she would
The kyng & quene were euel lykyng			have liked
For that dede,—by heuene kyng!		14356	marriage
Thei sette trestles & layde bordes			much.
With litel Ioye of any wordes;			The Trojans
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to bedde,			take supper,
Thei swor he scholde hir neuere wedde.		14360	go to bed, and
			swear that he
			shall never
			marry her.
<b>T</b> He Gregeis hem Armed, when it was day;			Next morning
Saue Achilles In his bed lay,			the Greeks
For his woundes he myȝt not ryse			arm them-
For alle the gode In that emprise.		14364	selves;
When Troyens herde the waytes horn,			Achilles stays
Thei ros vp erly on the morn;			in bed because
			of his wounds.
¶ Eche man thanne his armes craues,			The Trojans
Thei bad her ȝomen and her knaues			rise up,
Dight her hors & sadel hem faste.		14368	take their
			arms,
The <sup>2</sup> sadeles on hem sone were caste			
With double gerth as thei most nede,			and saddle
To make hem strong thei toke hede;		14372	their horses.
Many a stede broght thei forthe			
That gret tresour & mechel were worthe;			
¶ Her helmes were on her ventayles sperde.			
Thei lepe vp & forward ferde		14376	They ride out
With-oute the toun vpon a renge.			of the town.
By dere god! hit was elenge			
Eche a day se hem so fare,			
How echon other al tō-tare!		14380	

27 i[iij]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hade him so.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Thei.*

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium & pugnaverunt .vij.<sup>tem</sup> dies.*  
 Whentheiwere met, ther was no laughter, [lf. 212, bk.] 14381  
 But moche wo & gret slaughter.

The Trojans  
 array their  
 battalions.  
 The Greeks

**T**He Troyens had take the Champayn,  
 Thei are batayled In-myddis the playn. 14384  
 And thei of Grece when thei beheld

send their van-  
 guard before,

How thei of Troy hadde taken the feld,  
 Thei sente to hem her vanwarde  
 With brode baneres & hye standarde ; 14388

and come  
 themselves  
 behind.

And thei come afftir with many a knyzt,  
 With kynges & dukes of moche myzt,  
 With many a louely fair pensel  
 Off gold, of Inde, of fair sandel. 14392

A great battle  
 is fought.

Thei ran to-gedir, when thei a-proched,  
 Euery man thorow-out other broched ;  
 With speres, swerdes, & knyues  
 Echon<sup>1</sup> other al to-ryues. 14396

But I can-  
 not relate  
 all their  
 deeds,  
 as I should  
 never come to  
 an end.  
 They fight  
 seven days,

¶ But I may not her dedis alle sigge,  
 Therfore mote I my boke a-bregge ;  
 For to telle al that thei did there<sup>2</sup>  
 Til ende scholde I com nere. 14400

until they are  
 worn out,  
 and the field  
 is covered with  
 dead bodies.

But .vij. dayes fro thei be-gan,  
 Thei fauzt to-geder & neuere blan,  
 Til thei myzt for very no more,—  
 Her bodyes & bones were so sore, 14404  
 And alle her bones ful sore aked,  
 And thei were wery & for-waked ;  
 And al the feld was be-sprad  
 With dede bodyes,—who myght be glad ? 14408  
 Off bothe parties were many dede,  
 The nombre of hem coude I not rede.

¶ Seuene dayes fauzt thei to-gedre,  
 And al that while was mury wedre. 14412  
 For whan thei hadde fouzten .vij. dayes  
 With-oute rest to-gedur al-weyes,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Echon on.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *thore.*



¶ *Hic Greci miserunt nuncios suos ad Troianum.*

- ¶ Agamenoun thenne assayed, [lf. 213.] 14415 Agamenon  
Wh[er]e that fight myȝt be delayed, 14416 thinks it best  
Vntil Achilles couered wore<sup>1</sup> Achilles  
Off his sekenesse & of his sore; recovers;  
For th[e]i were not at no defence,  
But he were ther In presence. 14420 he sends  
He sente to Troye his messageres, messengers  
That were wel gode latymeres, to Priamus  
That coude wele say her Message  
And vndirstande many langage. 14424
- ¶ He bad hem wende to Priamus,  
To Paris, & to gode Troylus,  
And pray hem ffor her goddis sake:  
"Be-twene vs a trewe to make 14428 to ask for a  
A six monethe & no day wane,— truce of six  
For dede men are oure alther bane, months,  
We may for hem be lyghtly schent, so that both  
But if thei be the sonner brent. 14432 parties may  
Zeue vs leue her bodies brenne, be able to burn  
And hele the while oure seke menne,— the corpses.  
And thei may haue the same merit  
Thorow the trewe & this respit." 14436
- T**He gode kyng Vlixes,  
And his felawe Diomedes,  
To do this erande thei ben chosed:  
Thei did on robes wel a-losed 14440 they don very  
And furred wel with riche Ermyrn, rich apparel:  
As kynges that were of gentil kyn; furred robes,  
Thei were richly apparayled  
With riche gerdeles wel Anamayled, 14444 rich girdles,  
Thei drow riche hodes of ther pile and embroi-  
That alle were sewed with riche orivile; dered hoods.  
Thei wente to Troye In gode aray,—  
How richeli dyght, can I not say. 14448

<sup>1</sup> o altered from e.

426 *The Messengers are introduced to Priamus and say their Message.*

The Trojans, on seeing them arrive un- armed,	When thei of Troye sei hem come naked, [lf. 213, bk.] 14449	
	Thei hoped a trewe scholde be maked	
	Be-twene hem and Grece kyng;	
are glad,	Glad were thei In here thingkyng.	14452
and open the gate.	¶ A3eyns the kynges was done vp the 3ate, The kynges reden In ther-ate; Thei ride hem forth hand In hand With louely chere & fair semblaunt:	14456
The messen- gers go into the palace, greet the king,	Thei wente In-to that riche palais And grete the kyng with wordes curteis; And he 3eld sone her metyng And thanked sone her wel-comyng,	14460
and are wel- comed by him.	And sayde "thei were wel-come him to," And asked "what thei wolde haue do?"	
Ulixes	Ulixes kyng & his ffelawe By-fore the kyng a gode thrawe	14464
	Stode spekand & told her tale Be-fore the Troyens In that sale;	
speaks the message:	He seyse: 'sir, and 3oure wille were, Herkenes now vnto me here!	14468
	And I schal telle, sir kyng, to 3ow Whi we are comen hidur now:	
'Agamemnon	¶ Agamenoun, oure Emperour, That is oure a[l]ther gouernour,	14472
	Bad vs two hedur go To 3ow, sir kyng, with-outen mo	
asks for a truce,	To aske a trewe, if 3e assent With 3oure consail & parlement.	14476
	It is long tyme sithen we vs rest, Off medecyne haue we mechel brest;	
as we have fought so long, and scarcely any of us is unwounded.	¶ We haue fou3ten dayes many, That vnnethes of vs is any That we [n]are wounded or vnhesed, Strongly hurt or envysed,	14480

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem per .vj. Menses.*

Or bitterly beten with bitter strokes; [lf. 214.] 14483

We wolde ther-fore haue help of leches 14484

To hele oure woundes, er we fauȝt eft.

We may wilne that it were leſt,

Til we<sup>1</sup> be hole—he bad vs say,—

A six moneth euery day. 14488

¶ He wolde the trewe were be-twene vs fest,

Til we were heled In the best,

And ȝe ȝoure-self to reſte haue nede

To hele ȝoure ſores—ſo god me ſpede!

For I trowe ȝe haue ſom part—

Off ſpere or ſword or of dart—

Off ſom bryſure or ſom wounde,

ȝe are not al hol ne ſounde.

I wil therfore ȝow not fode,

We mot be-twene vs bere euen lode :

ȝiff ȝe the trewes aſſente to,

ȝe may hele ȝow, and we alſo.'

**P**riamus ſeyde: 'iff my conſayle

These couenandes wil entayle,

I ſchal acorde to here Iugement

By gode a-surte and ſacrament.'

He wente fro hem out of that halle

And called his men abouten him alle.

¶ He ſeide: 'lordynges, ȝe ben alle here,

ȝe are of my counſeyl al plenere,

And ȝe haue herd what theſe men aſke.

Telſe me now ſone In haſte :

Hope ȝe hit be oure profite

To take ſuche trewe & reſpit?

What ſchal I ſay to theſe lordynges,

Theſe Meſſageres, theſe riche kynges?

Wol ȝe the trewe? what is ȝoure wit?

Are ȝe wele auiſed ȝit?

We want the  
help of ſur-  
geons, before  
we fight again;

and you cer-  
tainly do ſo  
too.'

Priamus will  
aſk his coun-  
cillors if they  
will aſſent.

He calls them  
together,

and ſays:

'You haue  
heard what  
they aſk.  
Do you think  
it profitable to  
make a truce?'

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he*.

	Awise 3ow wel, ar 3e hem graunt,	[lf. 214, bk.]	14517
	That 3e be not afftir repentaunt.		
The Trojan councillors assent to the truce.	Thei seyde alle: 'sir, we be a-vysed:		
	Thei haue the trewe wel devysed,		14520
	We graunte the trewes a3eyns vs.'		
	'And I for me'—seyde Priamus.		
Priamus re- turns to the hall,	¶ Priamus ran to halle a-valed,		
and tells the Greeks that he and his barons grant the truce.	Ther these kynges to-gedur taled;		14524
	He sayde: "that he and his baronage		
	Wolde graunte the terme by gode ostage		
	A six monethe til thei were heled,		
	By siker dedes wel asseled."		14528
He bids them safely return,	He bad hem go sauely a3eyn		
	And holde the trewes for-sothe certayn,—		
for he and his should keep their oath well, and so should the Greeks.	¶ "For he & his scholde by her othe		
	Holde hem stable for leue or lothe;"		14532
	And bad: "that thei scholde do so als,		
	That thei were not founden fals;		
	And that euery man with-oute debate		
	Scholde gon & come erly and late		14536
	With-uten robberyng or reuyng,		
	With-oute any debate-makyng."		
Diomedes and Ulixes swear to do so,	These kynges swor bothe this—		
and take leave.	"So god 3eue hem Ioye and blis."		14540
	Priamus 3aff hem gode conge,		
	To wende her way and wel be.		
They return very glad to	<b>N</b> Ow ride these kynges murily,		
	To-gedir rydande Ioyfully;		14544
	Thei are ful fayn that thei haue sped,		
	Off no-thing now are thei adrad.		
the camp.	Vnto her tentis are thei reden;		
	Thei haue ther not longe abyden,		14548
	Thei hied hem to her Emperour,		
	Ther he sat vndir his couertour.		



- In his teldis thei him fond, [lf. 215.] 14551 Diomedes and  
Thei seyde: "thei hadde ben on his sond, 14552 Ulixes  
And that thei hadde wele done his nedis." go to Aga-  
And [he] hem blessed for her dedis; memnon,  
He asked: "whether thei treweus hadde and tell him  
A six monethe, as he hem badde?" 14556 the news,  
And thei sayde: "3e, sir, sicurly!  
Thei schal be holden treuly that the truce  
¶ The trewes stable a six monethe, is granted for  
On payne to lese bothe lym & lythe; 14560 half a year.  
And ther-to haue we hondes holden  
And truthis<sup>1</sup> plyzt & fyngres folden.  
The tydandes ran fro halle to halle,  
Eche man tolde other this tale: 14564 The Greeks  
"How here kynges haue ben at Troye are very glad  
And brouzt tydandes of moche Ioye, at this mes-  
How thei scholde reste a wel gode while." sage;  
Eche man thanne be-gan to smyle. 14568 they smile.  
**A** Gamenoun than was wel glad,  
And so was enery lord & lad,  
And enery a knyght that vndirstandis  
The right sothe of these tythandes. 14572  
Now enery man helis his soris,  
Every man his tentis restoris  
Off mete & drynke & other store,  
Wel better than thei were ore. 14576 They heal  
¶ Thei were fayn of that grace their wounds,  
Off her trewe so long a space, re-store their  
Vntil Achilles were y-couered. tents,  
Many a lord ouer him houered and procure  
Eche day him to solace; new victuals.  
He gan Troyle faste manace. 14580  
¶ He seyde: "when he hadde hele, Achilles is  
That he wolde with Troy[1]e dele, nursed by  
many lords;  
he menaces  
Troylus. 14584

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thruthis*.

	He wolde not lette for al Fraunce [lf. 215, bk.] 14585
	But he tok of him vengauce."
The Greeks think the Trojans are deceived	Thei sayde : "that Troyens were dissayued, And that thei nere not persayued 14588
	To graunte the trewes when thei it asked, For thei scholde now be euel a-tasted, Thei graunt the trewes In the dismoie.
and will be all slain, after Achilles is recovered.	For were it so that he were hole, 14592 He scholde scle Troyle and alle thos other, As he hadde done Ector, his brother."
	<b>W</b> Ele was hem thei scholde soiorne, It was for hem a noble turne : 14596
They gather grasses, make plasters and salves, and heal their wounds ;	Thei gadered gras on eche halue, And made plastres & eke salue, Thei dyght here woundes that sore gored. Off mete & drynke thei ben wel stored, 14600
they play at chess, eat and drink, and tell fables. All the surgeons of the whole army	Thei played at the chesse & tables, And ete & drank and tolde fables. And alle the leches that craftly were In al the ost that tyme there, 14604
	¶ Alle that coude of surgerye, Off Plasteres and of herberye,—
take care of Achilles ;	Hadde Achilles In that cure To hele his woundes & his visure : 14608
they nurse him well,	Thei 3aff to him wel gode kepyng To brynge him to his right slepyng, Thei made him drynkes of gode licour
and restore him to good health,	And brought a-3eyn his fair colour ; 14612 ¶ Thei 3aff him drynke many skyns, And heled him vp with medycyns, That he was hole, stalworthe, & fere
	In his strengthe & playn power, 14616
before the truce ends,	Er euere the trewes come fully out. Then were the Gregeis bolde & stout,

¶ **Hic Troiani ordinauerunt magnum Bellum.**

Whan he was hole & ȝede on fete.	[lf. 216.]	14619	
For tene his herte wex grete,		14620	Achilles is angry,
That Troyle did him the vilony;			
He hadde to him gret envy,			
He swore by god that dwelled In heuene			and swears to be revenged on
He scholde him sle for odde or euene.		14624	Troilus.
<b>A</b> Chilles is hol & clene In myȝt,			
Bold and strong, semely In syȝt,			
For he is hol In flesch & fel,			
And as hole as any pykerel.		14628	
Hit drawes faste vnto that day,			The truce nears its end.
That thei most nede leue her play			
And bygynne aȝeyn the werre,			
For no man may ther-fro hem sterre;		14632	No man may keep them back from fight, as they will never cease until one of them is undone.
Vntil that on for ay & euere			They prepare themselves for a new battle.
Be al for-done, thei blyn neuere.			
¶ Euery man ordeynes now his gere,		14636	
Sadel, & bridel, & stalworthe spere,			
Fresche atyre, wel gode newe helmes,			
And made hem gode staues of oke & elmes			
Ful of warres and of knottis,			
Piked staues with heuy bottis.		14640	
Achilles thinkes day & nyghtis,			
How he may sle douȝti knyȝtis;			
He nolde it lette for non aȝt			
That any man him ȝeue mauȝt.		14644	
<b>W</b> Hen the trewes were alle gone,			When the truce is ended, and all are healed,
And th[e]i were heled euerychone,			
And day was comen thei scholde fyght,			
And thei were rysen & redy dight,—		14648	
Eche man In his armure			
On gode stedis, be ȝe sure!—			
The Troyens ride to Ilyon;			the Trojans ride to Ilion.
Kyng Philomene & Mennon,		14652	

	Odeman & Eueas,	[lf. 216, bk.]	14653
	Antenor and Palamydas,		
	And eche a lord ȝede with his ost;		
The Trojans are waiting in Ilion for the orders of Troilus, how he may array them.	And alle men houed then a-cost		14656
	¶ Aboute Ilyon, that riche palais,		
	To here what Troyle to hem says:		
	"How he here batayles wolde devise,		
	In what manere and what wyse;		14660
	Ho schal haue the vaunwarde,		
	Who the myddel, and ho the rerewarde?"		
	So were thei redi In that mornynge,		
	Al redi dyght by sone rysyng.		14664
Troilus is very careful in arranging his troops well,	<b>D</b> Oghti Troyle faste him payned		
	That thei were wel ordeyned;		
	When thei were ordeyned wele & clene,		
and sends them out	He bad hem go forth al be-dene,		14668
	Euery lord with his Eschele,		
with all good wishes.	And come aȝeyn with Ioye & hele.		
The gate 'Dardanides' is opened;	The ȝate was than vndone & opone		
	That we by-fore hadde of y-spoken,		14672
	That ȝate was cleped Dardanydes:		
they go out,	Ther was of knyȝtes mechel pres,		
	¶ At the ȝates thei outward issed,		
	As doughti Troyle hem hadde wissed;		14676
and ride to- wards the Greek lists.	Thei ride to-gedir vpon a rase		
	Toward Gregeis a gode pase,		
	Til thei were comen nye here lystes.		
They wait till the Greeks come out.	Thei houed stille at here tristes,		14680
	Til thei se Gregeis oute comande		
	With brode baneres a-boute wayvande.		
	¶ Troyle now rides and his Troyanes		
	With his burgeis & Citeȝaynes		14684
	Out off Troye—alas the wo!		
	For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.		

Alas troye



Alas Troye ! what is thi grace ?	[lf. 217.]	14687	Alas, Troy !
To the fel neuere gode trace,		14688	
To the fel neuere gode chaunce,			thou and thine
Ne non of alle thi retenaunce !			never had good
Thoow thow be gay & glorious,			luck.
Thow were euere <sup>1</sup> on-gracious !		14692	
Off thow hede of Cites were,			Though thou
Blysful hap to the fel neuere !			wast the head
For better men were neuere lyuand,			of the cities,
Than were that tyme to the longand ;		14696	and thy people
And 3it was it here alther schap,			were the best
That thei died alle by myshap.			living,
¶ Ther-fore I trowe In my thoght :			they were all
Azens godis wille so were thei <sup>2</sup> wrought.		14700	to die.
Hadde destyne ben Ector frende,			
Or doghti Troylus that was so hende,			Had destiny
The Gregeis nad not hem sclayn ;			been the friend
But destene turned hem a3eyn,		14704	of Hector or
Destyne was here enemy			Troylus, the
And sclow hem bothe vnhappily.			Greeks would
And also died alle that other kynde			not have slain
Off gode men that were In mynde.		14708	them.
<b>T</b> He Gregeis saw the Troiens come			
Out of Troye alle on a throme,			The Greeks see
Armed wel In her maneres,			the Trojans
With faire penseles & brode baneres.		14712	come out of
The wannward than to hem thei sende,			Troy, well
The Middelward <sup>3</sup> come afterhende <sup>4</sup> ,			armed and
The rerwarde dwelled lange.			with banners.
But when Achilles scholde out gange,		14716	Achilles
¶ He gart his men vnto him calle ;			
And when thei stode aboute him alle,			
He sayde to hem with glad chere :			addresses his
' 3e ar my frendes leue & dere,	28 [j]	14720	soldiers.

<sup>1</sup> Some letters erased between *were* and *euere*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Middelward*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *asterhende*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *we*.

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium.*

Achilles says to his soldiers: 'I know your faithfulness.	I wot wel 3e loue me mechel With trewe herte & no-thing fel, And to do my bydding are 3e meke ;	[lf. 217, bk.] 14721
Do now what I beseech you !	Now for my loue I 3ow be-seke : To my sawe 3e 3eue good tent, And beth to me obedient.	14724
Ye know how Troylus wounded and unhorsed me the other day.	¶ 3e wot wel what affray I toke of Troyle that other day, Wiche an harm and a wounde ; And how I fel vpon the grounde ; Bode I neuere scuche a dispit.	14728
Help me now to take revenge for it on that boy !	Now helpis me that it were qwit ; But I be venged of that boy, In myn herte gete I neuere loy.	14732
	<b>T</b> Her-fore for my loue I 3ow pray That 3e do as I 3ow say :	14736
Don't care for any king or knight,	That 3e this day 3eue no gome To kyng ne knyzt <sup>1</sup> ne to grome, Man to sle ne to take, Ne non assaut to non make,—	14740
but only to get at Troylus.	But beth besi on alle thing, How 3e may him among 3ow bryng !	
	¶ When 3e thedir comen are And 3e of him may be ware, Be-closes him al a-boute That he fro 3ow go not oute, And stondis a-boute him on a throme	14744
And when you see him, sur- round him very closely,	That non of his may to him come Him to defende fro myn hond. Ful stille aboute 3it 3e stond,	14748
that his men may not help him,	And lete vs two oure myght schewe ; And I schal that boy al to-hewe. But loke that no man to vs come, That fro my hand that he be nome ;	14752
and let me fight with him alone.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *knytt*, but the scribe has tried to alter the first *t* to *3*.

¶ *Hic preliauerunt.*

- I schal him ful wel qwite [lf. 218.] 14755 I'll take re-  
 That his spere did on me bite, 14756 venge on that  
 And thus may I haue my wille  
 That foule boy for to spille.
- ¶ Ther-fore I pray 3ow alle—  
 For any thyng that may be-falle, 14760 And I pray you  
 And as I am 3oure a[1]ther lord— to do as I tell  
 That 3e be alle at this acord you.  
 And 3if to no-tyng elles kepe.  
 And with that word Achilles wepe,— 14764 Achilles weeps.  
 So wolde he fayn on him be venged.  
 The batayles ben to-gedir renged, A fierce battle  
 Thei of Troye & thei of Grece; begins:  
 Thei hewe here bodies al to pece, 14768  
 Thei did gret sorwe & mechel wo,  
 Whan thei gan to-gedir go.
- T**He stoure is styff & strong be-gonnen,  
 Euery man on other is ronnen, 14772  
 Thei haue her speres brosten & broken, spears are  
 Ful ffewe wordes ther were spoken; broken, few  
 At that tyme were many kastoun words are  
 A-3eyn the grounde that al to-brastoun, 14776 spoken.  
 Ther died many at that torpel.  
 But then come Troyle, y-armed wel,  
 With mechel peple of Armed kny3tes  
 Come he thedir at that rizes; 14780  
 With scheld enbrased & spere enbossed  
 A-mong the Gregeis he ran & pressed:  
 That he to ran, dethe was his dome;  
 Wel euel was he thedir wel-come. 14784
- ¶ When Troyle hadde broken his spere,  
 He toke his swerd that wel coude schere,  
 It was trenchaund & wel poynted,  
 With Gregeis blod it was anoynted 28 i[j] 14788

- Fro the poynt to the hilde, [lf. 218, bk.] 14789  
 Ful many Gregeis hadde it spilte.  
 Troilus wounds and slays many Greeks, He rased scheldes ffro here neckes,  
 ¶ He teres the mayles as it were sekkes, 14792  
 ¶ He bare hem doun to grounde al flat,  
 He ȝaff hem many a sori sqwat<sup>1</sup>;  
 He droff doun alle that come him by,  
 As doth bestes that ben hungry. 14796  
 Thei were noght to him worth a schelle,  
 He blan neuere to scle & felle  
 until midday; Fro he come thedir to the mydday,  
 then the Greeks begin to flee. That thei fro him fled a-way; 14800  
 Thei fled echon by on red,  
 And elles thei hadde ben alle ded.  
 H It was a litel be-fore the none,  
 A-boute mydday, that this was done 14804  
 That thei of Grece ffro Troye fled,  
 So were thei of his strokes dred.  
 Achilles and his men had not yet turned up; but when he hears the Greeks cry, and sees them flee, he bids his men rescue them. But Achilles ne none of hese  
 Were comen not to that purprese; 14808  
 But when he herde hem criande,  
 He loked & sey hem fleande,  
 He saw hem flee fro that purprise,  
 He bad his men be war & wyse. 14812  
 He was y-armed at alle rightes,  
 Strong & hole In alle his myghtes;  
 He tok his swerd that was so gode,  
 He takes his good sword. Hit wolde bite as it were wode, 14816  
 Ther was none suche hard ne towe;  
 Many a Troyen ther-with he sclowe.  
 He bad his men: "so mote thei thee"—  
 'Socoures now hem that now dothe fle!  
 Helpis now, for thei haue nede!' 14820  
 Achilles than to hem ȝede,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sqwat*.



- ¶ He bad his men thenk on his spellis [lf. 219.] 14823  
 And attende to [no] man ellis; 14824  
 And thei bad him be not abayst,—  
 “But on him he scholde trayst.”  
 He passed forth with his meyne  
 And socoured hem that he saw fle, 14828  
 Thei mette the Troyens In her wyse  
 Thei bare hem down at the burdise. and bear the  
 Trojans down.
- ¶ Achilles and his Murimdones  
 Socoured alle her Gryffones; 14832  
 For by her help and her comyng  
 Thei were tho lettid In her chasyng,  
 And Gregis keuered a-3eyn the feld  
 And made good visage with spere & scheld 14836  
 To her enemys ful boldly  
 And fau3t with hem apertly<sup>1</sup>.  
 The Greeks  
 recover the  
 field and  
 attack their  
 enemies.
- G**Regais turned and gete the place,  
 For Troyens were let of here chace. 14840  
 The Murimdones for-3ete no-thing  
 What was her lordes faire praying :  
 Among Troyens bothe ner & fer  
 Thei loked aboute In euery corner 14844  
 Off that batayle afftir sir Troyle,  
 Iff thei saw owqher that kny3t royle.  
 So were Thei war where he stode  
 Scleande Gregeis as he were wode : 14848  
 They find him  
 fighting quite  
 alone against  
 the Greeks,
- ¶ He was that tyme hi[m]-self alone,  
 Off hyse that tyme with him were none ;  
 Him faste ffightand alone thei founde  
 Opon the Gregais In that stounde. 14852  
 Thanne wente aboute him alle that frape,  
 That he my3t no-wayses skape,  
 And made a scheltrone him aboute  
 And spered him fro alle his route. 14856  
 and surround  
 him;

<sup>1</sup> t very indistinctly inserted over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Troylum.*

- Off Gryffons come ther many a knyzt [lf. 219, bk.] 14857  
 And halp the Murimdones with her myzt.
- Achilles is glad ¶ Achilles—lord ! that he was glad !  
 when he sees Off alle the world no more he bad ! 14860  
 Troylus sur-  
 rounded ; He come ridande on his stede,  
 Off sir Troyle toke he gode hede  
 How he sclow doun right his men  
 That thei lay dede In the fen. 14864
- he insults him. ‘ Turne the ’—he seyde—‘ fals gadelyng !  
 Thow schalt now dye—by heuene kyng !  
 My dispite schaltow sore abigge !  
 Kepe the fro me ! I the sigge.’ 14868
- They draw ¶ Thei drow her swerdes that were gode  
 their swords And hew to-gedir as thei were wode,  
 and wound The rede blod ran by here side,  
 each other. Thei made hem woundes longe & wyde : 14872
- Achilles hews Achilles hewys In-two his mayles,  
 Troylus’s The rede blod afftir rayles ;  
 helmet off He hew the helme al of his hede,  
 his head, and throws down His scheld sone he him be-reued. 14876  
 his shield.
- Troylus But Troyle defendis him by his myzt  
 defends him- With al his strengthe, that gentil knyzt.  
 self bravely ;  
 but Achilles is **B**Vt Achilles was so strong  
 stronger, That he myzt not endure long,— 14880
- and nobody No man myght to him come  
 can help For Murimdones that stode athrome,  
 Troylus ; The Gregeis also with al here myght[es]  
 Passyng twenty thousand knyghtes. 14884
- he grows ¶ Troyle was wery <sup>1</sup>, he myght not sitte,  
 weary and He was al faynt & out of witte  
 falls from For the blod that he gan blede,  
 his horse. Tho fel he doun of his stede. 14888
- Achilles draws Achilles tho lyght glad ynow  
 his sword, And his noble swerd out-drow

<sup>1</sup> *y* seems to be corrected from *i*.

¶ **Lamentacio Troianorum.**

And smot his hed fro the body	[lf. 220.]	14891	smites off
And throw <sup>1</sup> it away dispitously ;		14892	Troilus's head and throws it away,
He tyed his body at his hors tayl			
And drow him tho thorow the batayl.			
¶ Achilles has sir Troyle sclayn,			
And ther-of he is wonder fayn ;		14896	
Michel schame & vylony			
Did he tho that dede body :			
He tied him at his hors ers			binds the dead
And drow him ouer myre & Mers,		14900	corpe to his horse's tail, and drags it over the field.
Thorow her ost & her batayle			
He drow him at his hors tayle—			
As he hadde ben a cut-purs,			
Ne mygt he him haue don no wors.		14904	
¶ When it was told sir Palidomas <sup>2</sup> ,			When the
Antenor, & sir Eueas,—			Trojan kings are told this,
And his brother sir Paris			
When he herde telle of this,		14908	
He myght not speke no <sup>3</sup> word, but swoun,			Paris swoons.
Among hem alle tho fel he doun.			
¶ The Troyens than hadde sorwe y-now,			The Trojans
When thei saw how he him drow,		14912	rush upon the Greeks to take the body from Achilles ;
Thei ran on the Grues alle on a res			
To reue sir Troyle ffro Achilles.			
But thei of Grece so with-stode			
With egre wil & sturdy mode,		14916	
That thei myght not the Gregeis twyn			but they do not succeed.
Ne that body fro hem wyn.			
<b>A</b> wonder stoure and a cruel			A fierce battle begins,
Be-gan thei thanne & a mortel,		14920	
For alle the Troyens ther-about			
Gadered hem vpon a route,			
The ded body fro him to reue ;			
But Gregeis wolde it not leue.	28 i[iij]	14924	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *drow*.

<sup>2</sup> *idomas* written by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *speken o*.

	Achilles cleues alle her bones,	[lf. 220, bk.]	14925
	For sorwe thei crye & bitterly grones.		
When King Mennon hears this news,	¶ But when Mennon, that noble kyng,		
	Off Troyle herde this tydyng,		14928
	Whan he wyste that he was sclayn		
	And thorow that ost so foule drawyn,—		
	An hundrid siþe he seyde ‘alas!’		
he bewails the death of Troylus,	So was him wo that he ded was :		14932
	“Alas!”—seyde he that tyme & tyde—		
	“That euere scholde he that day a-byde		
	To se so noble a doghti knyght		
	Be so distroyed & foule dyght!’		14936
and presses to Achilles; he insults him:	With sore herte thorow alle that prese		
	Cried Mennon to Achilles,		
	¶ When he was comyn to him neye ;		
‘Traitor, Idefy thee! How couldst thou bind to thy horse’s tail and drag through the brooks	He sayde : ‘traytour, I the defye !		14940
	To thi’ hors tayl that knyght to bynde,		
	In thi foule herte how myght thou fynde ?		
	And drawe him thorow bekke & broke		
	That gentil knyzt that thou so toke,		14944
such a good and gentle knight?	That was so gode of vasselage <sup>2</sup> ,		
	Off douztines & of corage !		
Beware !	Ware the, traytour, now for me !		
	By him that made leff on tre :		14948
Thou shalt not drag him any farther!’	Thow schalt him no further drawe		
	With-oute harm for loue ne awe !’		
Achilles is furious that Mennon so despises him,	<b>L</b> Ord, that Achilles was wode !		
	That alle tho chaunged his blode !		14952
	That he sette him so at noght,		
	He thoght it scholde be dere a-boght ;		
and smites him with all his might.	He smot tho kyng Mennon a-zeyn		
	With al his power & his mayn,		14956
Mennonsmites him too,	And kyng Mennon to him with that ;		
	But Achilles In his sadel sat.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *his*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *baselage*.



But thorow his scheld & Aketoun	[lf. 221.]	14959	and pierces
He smot Achilles In that raundoun;		14960	Achilles's shield and 'aketoun.'
¶ Achilles was sore aschamed			Achilles is ashamed,
And of that dede foule a-gramed,			
Opou his swerd his hond he layde			
And swere by othe and seyde:		14964	and swears to bring Mennon down.
"That he scholde doun for leue or lothe!"—			
And therto Achilles swor his othe.			
¶ Achilles smot that knyzt sore,			He smites and unhorses him;
That he fel doun of his hors thore		14968	
Opou the grounde In a ded swone,			Mennon swoons.
And of his hors he fel a-doune.			
The Troyens than fro him wan;			
But 3it ther died many a man		14972	
With dynt of sword In that batayle,			
Thei suffred ther ful mechel trauayle.			
<b>T</b> He while thei were at this fight,			
The Troyens with strengthe & myght		14976	The Trojans recover the body of Troylus.
Troylus body a-way thei stale			
As faste as thei myght hale,			
Til it was stolen out of that ost,			
Vndir a dike layde a-cost.		14980	
Than gan these ostis parte atwynne,			The parties separate;
For of that fyghtyng wold thei blynne <sup>1</sup> ;			
And kyng Mennon a hors was brouzt,			Mennon is rehorsed.
But arst with Troyens was hit ful touzt.		14984	
¶ But it was euen, they myzt not dwelle,			Night ends the battle.
Thei departed, as I 3ow telle:			
Hit was ney the euenyng,			
The sonne was ney at his settyng;		14988	
And bothe parties hamward drow,			
For thei hadde foghten long y-now.			All go home,
The Gregeis 3ede to here tentis;			
And Paris vp that body hentes,		14992	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei not blynne*.

442 *The Corpse of Troylus is brought to Troy. All bewail his Death.*

Paris brings  
the corpse of  
Troylus to  
Troy.

And a-none hamward gan royle, [lf. 221, bk.] 14993  
And ledde with him the body of Troyle.

**T**Hei haue her fyght for this day ent;  
And thei of Troy hamward went, 14996  
The dede body with hem thei ledde,

Al of blod it is be-bled.

All the bells  
ring, and  
everybody  
weeps, know-  
ing that some  
one of theirs is  
dead.

At euery temple the belles ronge,  
Euery man wepe, and no man songe; 15000

And ther-by wiste alle tho of Troye

That some of heres were dede & foye.

Philomene & kyng Mennon

That body bar to Ylion, 15004

And alle the Troyens on a rowe

With loude crying and moche harrowe.

When they  
hear those  
bearing the  
corpse cry,  
they ask the  
reason.

¶ When thei of Troye hadde herd that cry,  
Thei asked "how?"—the chesoun whi 15008

Thei cried so and wepe so sore—

"And what he was that thei bare thore?

Iff he were lord of gret renoun?

Or any kyng of any regioun?" 15012

On hearing it  
is Troylus,

And thei answered & seyde a-zeyn:

"That it was Troyle that ther was sclayn."

¶ When thei of Troye the sothe wiste,

they wring  
their hands  
and bewail his  
death.

Ther was wrongen many a ffiste. 15016

'Alas'—thei seide—'now he is ded,

Now are we alle with-uten red!'

Thei wyste tho to lese her lyues,

Bothe here children & here wyues, 15020

And alle the godis euere thei aught;

Off here lyues tho rouzte thei naught.

So do his  
father and  
mother.

¶ The sorwe that the fadir made!

Ther was no man that him myght glade. 15024

Out off sorwe was not the quene,

Ne his suster Pollexene.

- Sche made for him sorwe y-now, [lf. 222.] 15027 Pollexena,  
 For dele hir body al to-drow, 15028  
 Hir louely heer sche al to-rent,  
 Sche cracched hir face & al to-schent,—  
 That it was ruthe & gret pite  
 So fair a lyff so dyght to se. 15032
- ¶ In gret mornynge was dame Heleyn, Eleyne, and  
 When sche wiste sir Troyle sclayn;  
 And his brother, sir Paris, Paris bewail  
 Gret sorwe made he y-wis: 15036 Troylus,  
 He sorwed bothe day & nyzt.  
 And so did euery lord & knyzt,  
 And alle that euere were In the toun;  
 For thei seide alle: "thei were a-doun,"— 15040  
 And al the nyght til the morwe  
 Lyued thei In gret sorwe.
- ¶ But the Gregeis were wel glad;  
 Lord, the Ioye that thei mad 15044  
 That her strong fo was sclayn!  
 Lord, that thei therfore were fayn!  
 Thei slepe al nyzt and made blythe,  
 And thonked her god ofte sithe, 15048  
 And solaced Achilles thei also  
 For that prowesse that he hadde y-do.  
 ¶ When day was comen, and nyzt gon,  
 Thei toke her hors euerychon<sup>1</sup> 15052  
 And rod azeyn In-to the feldis,  
 Out of the toun & of the teldis;  
 And be-gan a newe assaut,  
 Til hit was fer with-Inne the naut. 15056
- W**hen it was day, & thei sei lyght,  
 And thei were armed & redi dyght,  
 Out of Troye rod the Troyanes;  
 A-zeyn hem come alle the Danes, 15060

<sup>1</sup> *chon* on erasure, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Pugnabant per vij<sup>tem</sup> dies.*

	Wel arayed on horse rydande,	[lf. 222, bk.]	15061
	With fair scheld & spere In hande.		
Many are wounded,	Many a man ther strokes toke,		
	That many of hem her lyff for-soke ;		15064
	Many a body was ther to-koruen,		
many die.	And many gode knyzt was ther storuen.		
They fight the whole day, till night ends the battle.	¶ And thus ferde thay til it was nyght,		
	That thei of sonne had no syght,		15068
	That thei most nede take her rest.		
Next morning they begin again ;	On morwe were thei al prest		
	That ffyght aȝeyn to be-gynne ;		
	For that wolde thei neuere blynne,		15072
	Vnto that on were for-done,—		
	And that scholde now be sone.		
and thus they fight seven days without rest.	¶ And thus ffauzt thei to-gedur samen—		
	Alle on earnest & not on gamen—		15076
	With-oute rest dayes seuene ;		
It would take too much time to relate all their deeds ;	But alle her dedis may no man neuene,		
	For that wolde be to longe dwellyng,		
	To moche werk of my tellyng :		15080
	For who-so wolde aboute that dwelle		
	Alle her dedis for to telle,		
many books might be filled with them.	Many bokes myght men make ;		
	I wol not now vndirtake.—		15084
	¶ But seuene dayes with-uten pes,		
	With-oute rest—so saith Dares—		
	Fauzt thei to-gedir day for day,		
Only Achilles did not fight; he lay in bed healing his wounds.	Saue Achilles In his bed lay		15088
	To hele the woundes that he hadde cauzt,		
	When he & Mennon to-gedir fauzt		
	Off that fyght that thei hadde meled.		
	The seuenthe day whan he was heled		15092
	Off his woundes wel & fyn,		
	Off his Angwys & his pyn,		



¶ Incipit bellum In die septimo.

- He Armed him as other did, [lf. 223.] 15095 Achilles, on  
To go & fyght the Gregeis myd. 15096 the seventh  
¶ Then were the Gregeis bold & glad ; day of the  
Alle his men tho faire he bad <sup>1</sup>, battle, arms  
That when thei come to that batayle, himself  
That thei scholde alle Mennon assayle 15100 and instructs  
And close him alle envyrour, his men how  
That him myght helpe no man ; to surround  
And 3iff to no man elles entent, Mennon,  
But that he were amonges hem hent, 15104 and not to take  
That he myght do hem wreche, heed of any-  
And sle him for his <sup>2</sup> last speche, body else,  
And for he woundid him so sore— in order that  
He swore : " he scholde do so na more <sup>3</sup>." he may be  
¶ And therefore he bad his men not fayle avenged.  
To helpe him wele In that batayle ;  
Thei bad him holde him stille, They promise  
Hit scholde be done at his wille. 15112 to do so.  
**H**IT was upon the day seuend,  
Achilles thoght he wolde be euend  
Vpon the doghti kyng Mennoun.  
He bad her kynges & Agamenoun : 15116 Achilles bids  
"That he scholde the Gregeis aray, Agamemnon  
To se that day qwat thei do may ?"— array the bat-  
'For I my-selff that day schal lede talions.  
The formast warde, so god me spede !' 15120 Achilles will  
¶ Agamenoun tho hem arayed,— lead the first  
With baneres brode alle displayed,— one.  
And bad echon thei scholde hem hye Agamemnon  
Forward with her companye, bids them  
For thei of Troye were comen alle make haste,  
And with-uten her Cite walle 15124 as the Trojans  
In-to the feld, to take her stale, are already in  
With many riche amerale. 15128 the field.

<sup>1</sup> Some letters erased after *bad*.

<sup>2</sup> s on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *namore*.

	¶ Kyng Mennoun the vamwarde ledis, [lf. 223, bk.]	15129
	Vnto Achilles he him spedis ;	
Achilles and Mennon meet at once ;	When he saw him be-fore comande,	
	He hied to him faste ridande :	15132
	Rode thei to-gedir with gret envy	
	As faste as thei myght fly,	
they wound and unhorse each other,	Ayther smot other In-myddes the scheld,	
	That bothe fley on the feld	15136
	Fro her horses to the grounde,	
	That nother was with-uten wounde.	
and fight on on foot.	¶ But thei lepe vp & fauȝt on fote,	
	For tho was hem no more bote :	15140
But Mennon is alone.	But Mennon was his men with-oute,	
	Here horses ran fro hem a-boute ;	
	Ther was no man to him ȝaff gome,	
	Kyng ne sqwyer, knyȝt ne grome.	15144
Trojans and Greeks meet ;	<b>T</b> Royens mette & the Gryffons	
	With sword & spere & gret burdons,	
	With piked staues wel y-wrythen.	
a strong fight.	Ther was a fyght strong y-ȝeuen :	15148
Many are slain in this battle.	On bothe parties thei died thikke,	
	But thei schal leue non qwyk,	
The wounds are described.	Many a schanke brake thei In-sonder,	
	And many lay his hors fet vnder ;	15152
	Ech-on other smot & quelled	
	That thikke to grounde ded thei felled.	
	¶ Many an hed was al to-squat <sup>1</sup> ,	
	And many ded on his hors sat ;	15156
	Some loste nose, & some her tonges,	
	Som her lyuer, & som her longes.	
	The Murimdones when thei were ware	
When the Myrmidons see the combat between their lord and Mennon, they surround them,	Off kyng Mennon & his fare	15160
	A-ȝeyn her lord, thei hadde gret tene,	
	Thei closed him tho hem by-twene	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto squat*.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Mennonem Regem.*

- |   |            |       |  |
|---|------------|-------|--|
| That no help myght he haue                      | [lf. 224.] | 15163 |  |
| Off no Troiene—so god me saue!                  |            | 15164 | and keep the Trojans back.               |
| Thei holde hem oute with gret fyght             |            |       |  |
| And sclow the Troiens down right.               |            |       |  |
| ¶ Achilles and Mennoun fauzt In-fere,           |            |       | Achilles and Mennon fight hard;          |
| The strokes myght men fer here ;                |            | 15168 | both are very strong.                    |
| The knyghtes were bothe gode & strong,          |            |       |  |
| But her fyght myght not dure long :             |            |       |  |
| But Mennoun woundes Achilles sore,              |            |       | Mennon wounds Achilles severely,         |
| But Achilles did him wel more,                  |            | 15172 | but                                      |
| Thei fauzt to-gedir as thei were wode,          |            |       |  |
| Bothe thei ran al on blode.                     |            |       |  |
| ¶ Mennon scheld is al to-hewe,                  |            |       | Achilles cuts Mennon's shield to pieces, |
| He cutte his mayles rewe on rewe,               |            | 15176 |  |
| With his blod-brode bronde                      |            |       |  |
| He hewe his scheld to his honde :               |            |       |  |
| Mennon was faynt for many wounde,               |            |       | wounds him several times,                |
| Achilles smot him down to grounde,              |            | 15180 | throws him on the ground,                |
| He cleue his hede to his brest,                 |            |       | and cleaves his head.                    |
| He bad him lye ther & rest.                     |            |       |  |
| <b>M</b> Ennoun is ded, and that is harm ;      |            |       |  |
| He lithe ded In his blod warm.                  |            | 15184 |  |
| Trojens bere him a-way thore,                   |            |       | The Trojans take away Mennon's body; but |
| Thei were tho agast sore.                       |            |       |  |
| But then come down to that semble               |            |       |  |
| Menelaus with his meyne ;                       |            | 15188 | by Menelaus,                             |
| And so did duk Menescenes,                      |            |       | Menescene,                               |
| And Ajax Thelamens,                             |            |       | Ajax,                                    |
| And Diomedes with his peres,                    |            |       | and Diomedes                             |
| With his gode men & comperes :                  |            | 15192 |  |
| And hem of <sup>1</sup> Troye so schent & donge |            |       |  |
| And so stoutly among hem thronge,               |            |       |  |
| That thei made hem the feld for-sake            |            |       | they are put to flight.                  |
| And to the flyght for-sothe hem take.           |            | 15196 |  |

<sup>1</sup> of inserted by the same hand over line.

448 *The Trojans flee to their City, bar the Gates, and lament their Dead.*

The Trojans flee,	¶ The Troyens fledde, for thei hadde nede; [lf. 224, bk.]	15197
	Thei were echon In gret drede	
	For tho that Gregeis ouer-toke,	
	Aftir lyff myght thei not loke.	15200
many are slain and wounded;	Thei sclow the Troyens many on	
	And wounded also gret won;	
but others flee into their city	But alle that hadde space to fle	
	Flow In-to Troye, the strong Cite,	15204
and bar the doors.	And spered the gates with keye & lokke	
	To kepe out the Gregeis folke.	
	¶ The Cite gates are sperd & stoken,	
	That thei be not on hem broken;	15208
	And thei wente alle In-to her Innes.	
Hectuba bewails the death of her son Troylus,	But Hectuba, the quene, not blynnys	
	Reuful sorwe & dele to make	
	For doghti Troyle, her sones, sake;	15212
who is yet lying unburied.	For 3it he liggis vpon moldè,	
	I-buried In clothes of golde.	
Priamus weeps,	<b>P</b> riamus wepis and makes mone,	
	And so do alle the lordes echone,	15216
and so do Paris,	Paris wepis for him sore,	
	And so did his suster wel more,	
and Pollexena,	That faire mayden Pollexene,	
and all the others.	And Eche burgeis & Cite3ene.	15220
	For eche man cares now for his lyff,	
	For his children, & for his wiff.	
	For Mennoun kyng were thei sori,	
	Ther was non that he ne was drery.	15224
Hector, Dephe- bus, Troylus,	¶ Now is Ector ded, and Dephebus,	
	Troyle also the vigorous,	
and Mennoun are now dead;	And sir Mennoun, the doghti kyng.	
	"Alas, Alas!" thei gan to syng,	15228
only Paris is left.	For hem is left none but Paris,	
	Now of Troye is litel Prys.	

{p<sup>1</sup>Riamus}

<sup>1</sup> The rubricator forgot to paint over the small p.



¶ *Hic Troiani pecierunt pacem ad sepiliendum Troylum  
& Mennonem Reges*<sup>1</sup>.

- P**riamus calles his conseleres, [lf. 225.] 15231 Priamus sends  
And biddes hem chese two Messageres 15232 messengers to  
That ben witti and curtays, the Greeks ;  
That may wende on Message to the Gregays;  
He bede hem riche robis done on  
And wende to kyng Agamenoun<sup>2</sup>. 15236  
¶ The Messageres to Gregays wende, they go and  
The knyghtes curteys, gode, and hende, demand a  
A trewe to aske—as here kyng sayde ;— truce ;  
And thei hem graunt and are wel payde. 15240 which is  
And thei come a-geyn ridande granted.  
To telle him of her tydande, They ride back  
And seyde : ‘ the trewes are ferme & stable, to Troy  
Sicurly with-outen fflable.’ 15244 and relate the  
¶ The Troyens haue at Gregays ben, good news.  
And trewe is taken hem be-twen.  
A precious tombe for Troyle was wrought,  
And his body ther-In was broght ; 15248  
And leyde him ther-In bischopis thre  
With wonder gret solempnite :  
Ther was for him a riche offerynges  
Off Erles, Dukes, and of kynges. 15252  
¶<sup>3</sup> And Priamus made also  
Another tombe Menoun vnto,  
And did his men ther-Inne him brynge  
With fair seruice & gret offrynge. 15256  
And whan that seruice was al y-done,  
To her mete thei wente sone,  
Thei dight hem to her mete.  
But Hectuba has not for-gete 15260  
Off Troyle deth, that doughti knygt,  
That sche loued with al her mygt :  
Many a way that lady soght  
And wel narwe sche hir be-thoght, 29 j 15264

<sup>1</sup> One line in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Agamenon*.

<sup>3</sup> In the MS. the *next* line (15254) is standing here, after this sign.

¶ **Lamentacio Hectube.**

Hectuba considers how to be avenged on Achilles; she calls Paris to her,	How sche myght venge hir on that swayn [lf. 225, bk.] 15265 That hadde hir two sones sclayn. Sche called to hire hur sone Paris And seyde to him wepande y-wys :	15268
and says to him : 'Thou knowest how this Achilles has slain thy brothers.	¶ 'Paris'—sche seyde—'thow wost wele Off this Achilles euery dele. This wicked theff Achilles Thi bretheren hath sclayn with-oute les With his falshede & his quayntise, Ther-fore I wolde on alle wise Be venged on that wicked fode; Me were it leuer than any gode !	15272 15276
I will be avenged on this wicked beguiler.	I pray the : do thing that I bidde, That my consayl be not kidde.'	
Pray, do all I bid thee !'	Paris swor bothe loude & stille : "Alle her wil he wolde fulfille ; What thyng that sche wolde haue done <sup>1</sup> , Hit scholde be done swithe sone."	15280
Then Hectuba says to him :	<b>H</b> ectuba with drery mode Seide to Paris ther he stode :	15284
'This wicked man, peerless in battle, intends destroying all of us.	'This wicked man, this losengere In al this batayle hath no pere ; He wol vs alle distroye, But we the rather may him anoye.	15288
But as he is in love with Pollexena, and has several times prayed to have her in marriage,	This Achilles, wham I mene, Loues thi suster Pollexene, And has ofte sent his message Hir to haue In mariage ; ¶ He wolde neuere of sendyng blyn, Til he of me answeere myȝt wyn.	15292
I'll send and tell him that he may come and have her.	I wol therfore—so god me a-mende !— To-morwe erly afftir him sende And bid him derely : "come me tille, And he of hir schal haue his wille."	15296

<sup>1</sup> MS. *doð*; the scribe is very inconsistent in the endings *oð* and *oū*, he even rhymes *oñ* and *oū* sometimes, as here, and leaves the reader to decide which is right.

- And than wol I—so haue I blis!— [lf. 226.] 15299  
 In the temple of Apolynys 15300 Thou and  
 That thow be hid with certayn knyztis, some well-  
 Armed wel at alle rightes ; armed knights  
 And when he comes a-mong 3ow alle, shall hide in  
 That he be selayn,—what so be-falle !— the temple of  
 15304 Apollo, and  
 That he no wyse passe quyk, slay him  
 For that were then to vs ful wik.' there.'
- P**aris than answered & sayde : Paris answers :  
 ' Mi dere Moder, I holde me payde ' I agree ; all  
 15308 Off 3oure biddyng & 3oure consayl ; shall be done  
 Hit schal be done with-oute fayl.' so.'
- On morwe erly, whan it was day, In the early  
 Paris thanne with-oute delay morning Paris  
 15312 and twenty  
 Went to the temple, and ther him hid knights  
 With twenti armed knyztis myd hide in the  
 That were hardy & wondir strong, temple.  
 To sle Achilles hem among. 15316
- ¶ The sonne schon, the day was cler, Hectuba  
 Hectuba sente hir Messanger  
 Afftir that knyzt, sir Achilles,  
 And bad him faire : " whil it was pes, invites  
 15320 Come swithe home to hir house, Achilles to  
 And he scholde haue to his spouse her house,  
 Pollexene, that semely may, to have  
 That he so moche loued ay." Pollexena as  
 15324 his wife.
- ¶ When Achilles these tydynges herde, Achilles  
 With mochel Ioye & murthe he ferde, is very glad ;  
 For he was so with hir loue bounden :  
 Thoow he hadde of rede gold founden  
 15328 Au hundrid thousand pounce, though he had  
 He hadde not ben so glad that stounde found 100,000  
 As he was thanne—I vndirstande,— pounds of gold,  
 When he herde this tythande, he could not  
 29 i[j] 15332 have been  
 gladder.

¶ *Qualiter Achilles fuit occisus.*

- Achilles calls  
Archilogus, the  
son of Nestor :
- ¶ He called as sone vnto him tho [lf. 226, bk.] 15333  
 Duk Nestor sone <sup>1</sup> with-outen mo,  
 A doghti knyzt, sir Archilogus,  
 And seide anon to him thus : 15336  
 ‘ Archilogus, my trusti frend,  
 I pray the now : with me thow wende ;  
 On the is now my most trayst,  
 Ther-fore I am not a-bayst 15340  
 The to telle my priuete :  
 I’ll go to Troy ; I wol wende to that Cite,  
 I schal haste me thedir now ;  
 nobody else must know it. 15344  
 ¶ For I haue then suche tythandes had  
 That I am bothe mury & glad :  
 For I schal wende vn-to my wyff  
 That I loue more than my lyff ; 15348  
 I schal wedde that mayden clene,  
 The kynges doghter, Pollexene,  
 That is whitter then Blaunchefflour ;  
 And I haue loued hir *per* amour 15352  
 And suffred for hir moche pyne,  
 But now is sche on of myne.
- Therefore I’ll  
hasten.’
- ¶ I wol therfore to hir me spede,  
 That sche delaye no more this dede.’ 15356
- They ride  
together to  
Troy very  
merry.
- A**chilles than & his ffelawe  
 Rode so forth with mochel plawe,  
 With mury herte & mochel Ioye  
 Rode Achilles In-to Troye. 15360
- ¶ When thei were comen to Troye zate,  
 The porter was redi ther-ate,  
 And lete hem In with fair semblaunt,  
 And thei to Ylion rod syggand 15364  
 With mury herte & louely chere,  
 And that aboute thei ful dere :
- The porter  
lets them in,  
  
they ride to  
Ilion singing.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Nestorsone*.



For whan thei comen at that palays, [lf. 227.]	15367	Achilles and Archilogus
Thei fonde ther kny3tes curtays	15368	are led into the temple
Vnto the temple that hem ledde,		
Ther thei leide <sup>1</sup> her lyff to wedde.		
In-to the chirche when thei were gon,		
Thei spered the dores euerychon ;	15372	
And Paris thanne & his comperes		where Paris and his men are hidden.
Come walkyng out of here soleres		
Ther thei hadde ben In a-wayt,		
To brynge Achilles to his dissait.	15376	
¶ Achilles thei alle tho discried,		
And he hem alle boldely defied :		
Tho twenti knyghtes on a rowte		They attack Achilles and his fellow,
By-sette Achilles al abowte,	15380	
And euery man his sword out-drowe		
And seyde: 'Achilles, defende the nowel'		and shout: 'Thou must die to-day for the death of Troylus.'
For thow schalt for thi vilonye,		
For thi falshede & cowardye	15384	
That thow sir Troyle so foule slowe,		
Die this day, yff that we mowe.'		
<b>A</b> Chilles saw he was dissayued :		Achilles sees he is betrayed ;
Fro his necke his mantel he wayued,	15388	
And a-boute his Arme he caste,		
And with his hond he held it faste ;		
And smot a knyght amonges hem alle		he slays one of the Trojans,
And made him his swerd to falle.	15392	
His felawe was sclayn lyghtly,		but his fellow is knocked down.
But Achilles tho fau3t myghtly,		Achilles slays ten of his assailants.
And ten of tho that him assayled		
He sclow, er his herte fayled.	15396	
¶ But Paris stod fro his meyne,		Paris shoots three darts at Achilles.
And In his hond held dartes thre		
And kest hem at Achilles		
Ther he fau3t In-myddes the pres,	29 iij 15400	

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *leff*, but crossed out, and *leide* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles Interfectus fuit.*

	And wounded him, as he fauȝt thore, [lf. 227, bk.]	15401
	In his body with hem ful sore.	
Paris wounds Achilles severely, else he would have slain all twenty.	And nad Paris so him wounded, Alle his knyghtes hadde he comfoded	15404
	With his manhoud <sup>1</sup> , & thorow his myztes He hadde sclayn the .xx <sup>ti</sup> . knyȝtes.	
	But he hadde than many a wounde,	
Achilles dies.	Tho fel he ded vpon the grounde.	15408
	¶ Whan he was ded, thei him to-coruen ;	
Paris orders his body to be thrown to the rooks	When Paris saw that he was storuen, He bad hem take him by the leggis And throwe him ouer In-to the seggis	15412
	And let him ligge to roke & rauen ; He swor : " he scholde neuere be grauen,	
and dogs.	But he scholde to houndes mete, And rokis & rauenyng him scholde ete."	15416
	<b>B</b> Vt when that the quene Helayn Wyste that thei were so slayn, Sche come rennande thedir blyue	
	And sir Paris sche gan to schryue ;	15420
Eleyne asks Paris not to do shame to such a renowned knight.	Sche prayed for loue & curtasye : " He scholde not do that vylonye To that knyȝt that was alosed."	
	So sche spak & so sche glosed,	15424
Paris then has the corpse laid in the highway, that every Trojan may see it.	That he bad men scholde him lay Somwhere In Troye In an hye way, That euery man that likyng hadde Might hem be-holden & be gladde,	15428
	¶ Whan thei saw ded that ilke body That was that mortel enemy.	
The Trojans are very glad to see slain him whom they feared so much.	In Troye tho was mochel Ioye Among alle burgeis of Troye, When thei saw him ded & sclayn thore That thei be-fore hadde dred so sore.	15432

<sup>1</sup> *With* on erasure, but by the same hand ; in *manhoud* something has been altered, it seems to have been like . . . *hond*.

Thei sayde tho: "thei hadde no drede [lf. 228.]	15435	The Trojans
Off the Gregays ne of her dede,	15436	say they don't
For thei scholde neuere the Cite wyne,		fear the Greeks
Sithe he was ded her trust was Inne."		any more, as
¶ And thus was Achilles done to ded		they will never
Thorow a wicked woman red,	15440	win the City,
Thorow her sleight & consayl		since Achilles
Died the knyght with-oute fayl.		is dead.
And so hath many a-nother man		Thus Achilles
Died thorow red of a womman:	15444	was done to
That neuere were so gode knyghtes		death through
Off ffairnes, of connyng, ne of myghtes,		a wicked
¶ The beste body that euere ete bred		woman's
Thorow fals wymmen haue ben ded.	15448	advice,
And so did Achilles, the strong knyght,		like so many
Thorow a womman lost al his myght;		other good
And sche ther-afftir sclayn was		knights.
For the deth of Achilles.	15452	
<b>A</b> chilles ligges In gret wondryng		She was
Ded In Troye In gret wowenyng;		afterwards
Among the burgeis of the touz <sup>1</sup>		slain for the
The word goth bothe vp & doun <sup>1</sup> .	15456	death of
So fer the tythandis were told,		Achilles.
That duk Nestor, the knyzt so old,		
And alle the Gruwes gret & smale		The news of
Hadde yherd that sori tale.	15460	his death
¶ T[h]er was tho a delful cry & gale <sup>2</sup>		reaches Nestor
Among the Gregeis gret & smale,		
Thei wepyn for him more & les;		and the
Thei seyde: "thei were al redeles,	15464	Greeks.
Tho thei coude no more red,"—		They bewail it.
But seyde echon: 'now he is ded		
That al oure los & worschip wan!'		
Ther wepte for him many a man.	29 iiij 15468	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *toz* . . . *doun*, see note on p. 450.

<sup>2</sup> & *gale* inserted later, but by the same hand.

- ¶ *Hic Imperator Grecorum pecijt corpora Militum.*  
 The Greeks swear to give up the beleaguering.  
 Thei swor alle by her god lege, [lf. 228, bk.] 15469  
 That thei wolde alle byleue that sege,  
 Thei wolde no lenger holde it forth;  
 Thei held hem no-thing worth: 15472  
 Gret sorwe made thei al day,  
 That he was ded—I dar wel say.
- Agamemnon sends messengers to  
 A Gamenoun, her Emperour,  
 He sente to Troye a procuratour, 15476  
 Lordis, knyztis, & squyeres,  
 And bad the kyng, for her prayeres,  
 And also to sir Paris,  
 To graunte hem tho two bodyes 15480  
 To grauen hem the moldes vndir,  
 That men on hem no more wondir.
- Priamus and Paris, asking for the two bodies.  
 ¶ Priamus graunt the kynges bone  
 And seyde: "her wil scholde be done," 15484  
 And escused him of that dede,  
 Bothe of assent and of rede;  
 He bad thei scholde hem hom lede.  
 the Greeks bring the corpses home.  
 Thei toke hem tho bothe In<sup>1</sup> her wede<sup>2</sup> 15488  
 As bloddy as thei wore;  
 For Achilles thei wepyn sore  
 And ledes hem home to here Grues,  
 But euery a man his sorwe newes, 15492  
 Off no Ioye thei ne rought,  
 When he was so ded hom<sup>3</sup> brought.
- Then they ask leave to bury Achilles and his companion somewhere in the town.  
 A Chilles is to Gregais broght;  
 Priamus then thei be-soght: 15496  
 "That he wolde to hem graunte  
 That knyzt that was vayllaunte  
 In that toun to grauen somwher,  
 Wher he ordaynet for hem ther." 15500  
 ¶ Priamus wolde not werne,  
 He bad hem graue them In an herne

<sup>1</sup> MS. *In bothe.*

<sup>2</sup> *de* by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> *o* altered from *e*.



In som 3ate of that Cite,	[lf. 229.] 15503	They are
As hem thoght best, In that entre.	15504	allowed to
The Gregais than a-non did make		bury them
A tombe of Marbil gray & blake,		in a gate, and
Off Alabaster as white as mylke ;		erect a
¶ In al this world is non silke,	15508	gorgeous tomb.
So noble werk, ne so riche ;		
Ther is no tombe In erthe it lyche,		No tomb in the
So craffteli coruen, ne so precious,		whole world
With gold be-gon, ne so glorious,	15512	is like it.
With gold & gemmes so y-dyght,		
And schon a-nyzt as bryght ;		
That 3aff so bryght a gleme,		
As it hadde ben the sonne beme ;	15516	
Men seide : "ther was non suche y-wroght		
As wyde as men hadde erthe y-soght."		
<b>T</b> Hese knyptes are layd In monument,		The knights
And alle these lordes hom ben went	15520	are buried
Vnto her tentis & here hales.		therein.
Ther were amonges hem many tales :		The Greek
Some bad pul vp rope & stake,		lords
For thei wolde hamward schake ;	15524	return home
And some bad dyght schip & ore,		from the
For thei wolde dwelle ther no more.		burial ; they
"Thei wolde wende"—thei sayde—"In hast,		prepare to
To dwelle lengur it were but wast,	15528	give up the
When he was ded, that gentil knyzt,		siege.
That hadde her strengthe & her myzt."		
¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,		When
Herde this cry and clamour ;	15532	Agamemnon
He made anon a bedel crye		hears this, he
Thorow that ost al on hye :		calls them
"That eche a lord by on assent		together.
Scholde come to a parlement."	15536	

¶ *Consilium inter Reges Grecorum.*

	Ther was no lord that herde that word, [lf. 229, bk.]	15537
	That thei ne ros fro table & bord	
The Greek lords come,	And come to him ridande alle,	
	And sette hem doun In his halle	15540
and ask what is the matter.	To wete of him: "what he be-ment	
	That thei were alle afftir sent?	
	And whi he afftir hem sent so sone?"	
Agamemnon says:	'To wete'—he sayde—'what is to done,	15544
	<b>N</b> ow are 3e alle to-gedir here,	
	Kyng & duk alle In-fere:	
'They tell me	Hit is me told a newe tythyng,	
	That In this ost is gret gronyng	15548
	For this knyzt that thus is ded;	
that many of you intend to return home,	Here are manye at suche a red—	
	As I here say—to leue this place	
	And take the see opoun a race,	15552
	To wende hamward to here contre,—	
	For here wol thei no lenger be,	
because Achilles is dead.	Sithe he is ded that thei on traist,—	
	To dwelle lenger thei ben a-baist.	15556
	Tel me ther-fore 3oure Iugement—	
Will you do so indeed, or stay?	Whil 3e are here alle in present <sup>1</sup> —	
	Whether wil 3e duelle or wende?	
	Telle me the sothe, let here an ende!'	15560
	¶ When Agamenoun his tale hath ent	
	Be-fore the lordes that were present,	
All answer;	Eche man telles his resoun <sup>2</sup>	
	Afftir his owne discrecioun <sup>2</sup> ;	15564
some think it best to return home;	Some sayde: "thei held it best	
	To make hem redi & prest	
	To passe the see to here contre,"—	
	'For 3onder Cite neuere gete we	15568
	With non of vs that here are now,	
	Now he is ded & lith In throw <sup>3</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> This line, signed +, inserted by another hand in the left margin; cf. note 3. <sup>2</sup> MS. *resoun*... *discrecioun*, see note on p. 450. <sup>3</sup> The last line of this page, following this one, runs thus: *Therefore to wende henne is for oure prow*; it is struck out by the same hand probably which wrote line 15558, and put 'vacat' before pointing to line 15558.

- By wham we oure worschip wan; [lf. 230.] 15571  
 To dwelle lenger is no wis-dam.' 15572
- And some seyde: 'nay, it is not gode  
 To leue the sege & passe the flode,  
 For we are ner now oure honour,  
 We schal scle hem In fight, In stour, 15576  
 Or thei schal fayn this Cite zelde,  
 Er we haue holden a 3er this felde.
- ¶ To wynde the toun is now but hende:  
 Ther nys no man may hem defende, 15580  
 Sithen thei Ector for-3ede,  
 And Troyle that was doughti In dede,  
 And Dephebus, & kyng Mennoun.  
 Hit were schame to take so vpoun 15584  
 To leue the toun In suche a plyt,  
 When thei ben so ney discomfyt.  
 Eche man afftir his herte wille  
 Seide his resoun & his skylle, 15588
- ¶ Some wolde hom, & some dwelle:  
 But at the laste—the sothe to telle—  
 Thei were alle at this acord,  
 Kynges, duk, and euery a lord, 15592  
 Pat pey<sup>1</sup> the sege wolde holde stille  
 Til thei myzt hem of Troye<sup>2</sup> spille.  
 Thei swor echon that place to holde,  
 And not remewe for hote ne colde, 15596  
 Til thei of Troye were alle sclayn,  
 And wonne a-3eyn quene Helayn.
- ¶ For thei seide alle: "thoow it so were  
 That thei Achilles hadde not there, 15600  
 Thoow thei for-3ede him & his help,  
 Off her goddis myzt made thei 3elp."  
 Alle here hertis were trustely set  
 In here goddis that hem be-het<sup>3</sup>: 15604

others to stay  
for another  
year,

as the Trojans  
have nobody  
left to defend  
them.

Thus every-  
body states  
his opinion.

At last all  
agree to  
continue the  
siege.

They say:  
'Though we  
have lost  
Achilles, we  
may trust in  
our gods,

who pro-  
phesied

<sup>1</sup> These two first words on erasure.  
between y and e.

<sup>2</sup> l seems to be erased  
<sup>3</sup> A later hand made two lines full of scrib-  
blings, quite indistinct, and blotted out at once by the finger.

that we  
should con-  
quer the city,

'The Cite'—he sayde—'ze schal gete';— [lf. 230, bk.]  
Ther-fore the sege wolde thei not lete. 15606

Off here godis thei toke hede  
That hem be-het: "thei scholde spede 15608  
That thei scholde wynne hit In a throwe  
And alle toures doun throwe,"

As here goddes by-fore hadde told.  
"Thei myzt ther-fore be sur & bold 15612

slay the king,  
and burn Ilion.'

To sle the kyng & brenne Ilyoun,"—  
'As oure eldres did Lamedoun.'

Ajax proposes

**A** louely knyght, that het Ayax,—  
With lokkis faire, 3elow as wax, 15616  
Hongyng side aboute his swyre—

A kyng of Grece, a wel gret sire,—  
Stode vp thenne & tolde this tale  
To alle the lordes In that sale, 15620

And seyde: 'sithe he is take vs fro  
In wham oure help is thus for-go,  
Off this gode kyng, sir Achilles,—

to send for the  
son of Achilles,  
Pirrus,

Sende we to kyng Lycomedes 15624  
Afftir Achilles sone, sir Pirrus,

and ask him  
to avenge his  
father's death;

And bid him: "that he come now to vs  
To venge him on his fader bane,  
When he the ordre of knyzt hath tane." 15628

'for I have  
often heard,  
that without  
his help we  
shall never  
win Troy.'

¶ For I haue herd often say  
That we schal neuere by nyzt ne day  
With-oute him wynne this Cite,  
For thus say thay of oure destane; 15632

And the schal venge his fader dede  
And gete the toun & do hem quede.  
I rede therefore: do be my consayle,  
I trowe it schal vs alle a-vayle! 15636

They say his  
advice is good.

Thei seyde tho alle: "thei vndirstode  
That his consayl was to hem gode."



- ¶ Thei saide echon: "it was to done." [lf. 231.] 15639  
 Thei toke consayl among hem sone: 15640 The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.  
 "Wo scholde afftir Pirrus sende?  
 And who myzt best Afftir him wende  
 Off kynges alle of that baronage,  
 To wende for him In this message?" 15644
- ¶ Menelaus thei chese tho  
 Afftir Pirrus for to go  
 Ther Lycomedes dwelled at,—  
 To fecche that child that Pirrus hat 15648  
 To helpe hem to wynne the toun  
 And gete him los and gret renoun,  
 As his fader be-fore him did,  
 And be a knyzt of worschepe kid. 15652
- Off this is now no more to carpe,  
 For now ben speres grounden scharpe,  
 And euery man lokes his atyres,  
 Some to arwes, som to vires. 15656 They prepare their armour for a new battle.  
 Some now ben went al out of the trewes  
 Be-twix the Troyens & the Gruwes;  
 And day of fyght now is taken,—  
 Nother side wol it for-saken,— 15660 The truce ends
- ¶ The sixte day for-sothe of Iune,  
 As chaunce hem schop & fals fortune:  
 When the day is alther lengest,  
 And the hete of the sonne is strengest, 15664 when the sun shines hottest.  
 Aboute mydsomer—as 3e wele wote—  
 The day is long, the sonne is hote:—  
 The Gregays were alle arayed In the feld,  
 Couered with helm & with scheld, 15668 The Greeks are in the field,
- ¶ To begynne al newe the stour;  
 Eche lord with his baneour,  
 Armed wel with alle her myzt,  
 Wel y-harneyst & wel y-dyzt,— 15672 well armed.

Ajax goes to  
the battle,

Saue Ajax that dud folye, [lf. 231, bk.] 15673

Gret out-rage, & surfetrye :

Armes wold he bere none

To saue him fro woundis flesche ne bone, 15676

But al vn-armed on his stede

With-oute scheld to batayle he zede <sup>1</sup>,

Vpon his hede bare he no helme,

Ne spere of asche ne of Elme, 15680

Ne on his bak non haberioun,

Platis, pysane, ne aketoun ;

armed only  
with his sword.

But al naked saue his sword

Went forth that dou3ti burd. 15684

Priamus  
arranges his  
battalions ;

**P**riamus also made his men

Hye hem ouer more & fen,

With her enemys for to mete.

The Archeres alle that wel coude schete 15688

their leaders  
are : Paris,  
who weeps  
much for his  
brothers'  
death,

To sir Paris were thei be-tau3t,

To wende with him In that assau3t ;

The furst batayle that day he ledde,

Sore wepyng & sore adredde : 15692

¶ He wepis ful sore vndir his hatir

Many a tere of salt watir

For alle his brether that hadde ben souerayn,

Be-fore him were thei alle sclayn. 15696

Polidomas,

Afftir him wente Polidomas

Esdras,

With his batayle, and then Esdras,

And then come afftir him [&] alle his

Philomene,

The noble kyng Philomenys ; 15700

Eneas.

Eueas then with his batayle,—

The leste ost hadde he saunfayle.

¶ When thei were alle with-oute the 3atis,

And sey that thei most fyght algatis, 15704

And thei ned nother one nor other,

Gode Ector, ne Troyle his brother,

<sup>1</sup> MS. 3ode.

¶ *Hic Incipit Bellum Magnum.*

- Ne Dephebus that was so wys, [lf. 232.] 15707  
 Thei tolde of hem but litel pris : 15708  
 ‘ Alas ! ’—thei seide—‘ that we were born !  
 Oure gode lordes that we haue lorn ! ’
- ¶ The Troyens then to batayle ȝede The Trojans  
 With sori herte & mochel drede, 15712 go to battle  
 And bende her alblastes & her bowes, with heavy  
 And rayed hem on renge & rowes, hearts.  
 With baneres brode blawande a-boute.  
 Ther was tho an hidous schoute : 15716  
 When thei were met with speres,  
 Eche man other ouer-beres.  
 Many a Grew to dethe was schet, Many Greeks  
 When Paris men & thei were met ; 15720 are shot to  
 death,
- ¶ For Paris & his gode Archeres, for Paris and  
 His bowemen, & his Alblasteres his archers  
 Sclow hem thikkere with her arwes slay  
 Than tyndes of tre stondis In harwes. 15724  
 The stour was strong, the cry was gret,  
 Thei rored grisly as it hadde ben net.  
 Many a man with moche stryff  
 Loste that day bothe child & wyff, 15728  
 A thousand died for-sothe & mo more than  
 Er euen-tyde with moche wo. a thousand of  
 them.
- ¶ The day was hote, the wedur warme, The day is hot,  
 On bothe parties was gret harme : 15732  
 The fyght was sterne and wyk, the fight is  
 The peple died wondir thik ; strong,  
 When thei were alle to-gedir samed, many die,  
 Many a man ther was lamed, 15736 many are  
 And some be-gan donward to loute. wounded.  
 And Diomedes loked aboute  
 And saw kyng Philomenys  
 Play with the Gregays al on mys : 15740

Diomedes  
fights with  
Philomene  
a long time.

He toke a spere & ran him to, [lf. 232, bk.] 15741

And Philomene another also ;

Thei brak here speres & drow her brondis

And fauzt to-gedir on the sondis ;

15744

Thei smot to-gedir many a dynt

And sturdy strokes, er thei wolde stynt.

¶ But Philomenys & his men

Seventy  
Greeks are  
slain,

Hadde slaw of Gregais sixti & ten,

15748

Thei ferde the Gregais so foule with

That thei droff hem out of the frith ;

Diomedes flees.

Diomedes made he fle

For drede of him & his meyne,

15752

For he myght not In no manere

With-stonde that kyng & his power.

Philomene  
drives the  
Greeks back

**P**hilomene hath the better syde :

He made the Gregays on-bak to ride,

15756

Thei<sup>1</sup> 3ede backward a gode space,

And thei of Troye Grewes chace.

And that be-held duk Menescene,

And therfore hadde he gret tene :

15760

and chases  
them.

Menescene  
attacks

Polidomas

and unhorses  
him ;

¶ He rode to sir Palidamas

With a spere that stalworthe was<sup>2</sup>,

And smot him so that he 3ede down,

Op his fet & down his croun,

15764

And lay ther vndir his hors fete

Sore wounded opon the grete.

he intends to  
slay him,

Menescene drow his sword tho,

Polidamas thoght he to sclo ;

15768

And sicurly so he hadde done,

Ne hadde come him socour sone :

and would  
have done so,  
if Philomene  
had not come  
to his rescue.

¶ But when that doghti Philomene

Polidamas so falle hadde sene,

15772

And Menescene, that noble duk,

So vilensly him rebuk,

{ He wente }

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And*.

<sup>2</sup> *was* inserted with another point.



- He wente ridande to him anon [lf. 233.] 15775  
 As faste as he myght gon, 15776  
 And socoured him In that gret nede  
 And made him lepe upon his stede ; Philomene  
 And he fyghtande for him standes, delivers Poli-  
 Til he was brougt out of her handes. 15780 domas,  
 And elles for-sothe he hadde ben ded, else he would  
 Menescene elles had hadde his hed. have been  
 slain.  
**T**He stour is styff, the flight mortel,  
 The knyghtes are kene & cruel. 15784  
 Ajax—that I be-fore of told— Ajax is foolish ;  
 Was fol-hardi, & ouer-bold :  
 He rod al day with-oute Armure, though un-  
 And neuere tok harm ne blemure 15788 armed, he is  
 Off his bodi In that batayle ; not wounded  
 And that—thinketh me—was meruayle, during the  
 That he vnarmed scholde so ride whole day :  
 Fro morwe erly vn-to that tyde 15792  
 With-oute harm of his body ;  
 Hit was a wonder sicurly. it is quite  
 a wonder.  
 ¶ He rod the batayle thorow-out  
 And jaff that tyme many a clout, 15796 He wounds  
 Vntil he come to Paris ffolk :  
 Many made he here<sup>1</sup> blod to bolck,  
 Many of hem reffte he the lyue,  
 He sclow of hem .xx. & fyue ; 15800 and slays  
 Thoow he vn-armed were & naked, many Trojans  
 Gret martirdom of hem he maked. of Paris's  
 battalion.  
 ¶ But sir Paris ther-with was wrothe  
 And with gret tene swore his othe : 15804  
 That [he] or euen scholde him sclo,  
 On lyue scholde he not fro him go. Paris swears  
 to kill him.  
 The stalwortheeste bowe that Paris hadde,  
 Off noble tre sicur & sadde, 30 [j] 15808

<sup>1</sup> here inserted over line.

	He toke to him that rapely bent,	[lf. 233, bk.]	15809
	And an Arowe to him sent		
	That [was] venymed hede & vale,		
	That was forsothe that knyghtes bale :		15812
Paris wounds Ajax mortally with a poisoned arrow.	In-myddes the ribbes he him hit, That his herte blod he spit.	¶ Hic Paris	
	Ajax hadde his deth than ;	occidit Ajax <sup>1</sup>	
	To chaunge colour he be-gan,		15816
Ajax, feeling that he must die,	He wiste ther was non other red, He saw that he was tho but ded. He thought ther was no other bane		
	Off wham the deth he hade tane ;		15820
says to Paris :	¶ He called loude & saide : ‘ Paris, Thow hast me rafft this worldis blis ! Sicurli thow hast me slayn With thin Arowe & thi flayn !		15824
‘ Thou hast slain me with thy arrow ; but I’ll be avenged.	And I schal on the be a-wreke, The wile I may go & speke ; It is gode skyl that thow for-gange That loue that thow hast loued so lange		15828
It is time that thou leave thy love, for whom so many have been slain.	With mochel wrong & gret vn-right. Many a doghti kyng & knyzt Hath ben slayn In this ten zere, And that schalt thow bye so dere !		15832
Though I must die, thou shalt die before me !’	I telle the, Paris, witterly That thow schalt dye ere then I !’		
Ajax cleaves Paris’s head ;	<b>A</b> jax smot thanne Paris so, That bothe his chekes he cleue atwo ;		15836
	In-to the baly the gode sword sprong, And he fel dede among the throng.	¶ Hic Ajax occi-	
	And Ajax fer not fro him zede, Er he fel ded doun of his stede ;	dit Paris <sup>1</sup>	15840
both fall to the ground dead.	And so lay ded vpon the sand Side by syde, of aytheres hand.		

<sup>1</sup> On the *left* side in MS. ; signs blue, words red.

<p><b>T</b>He Troyens saw Paris ded falle ; [lf. 234.]  Sori men than were thei alle,  Whan he was ded of that wounde.</p>	<p>15843 15844</p>	<p>The Trojans, on seeing Paris fall,</p>
<p>Thei lyfft him vp upon the grounde  And fled away to that Cite  As faste as thei myght fle.</p>	<p>15848</p>	<p>take him up and flee to the city.</p>
<p>The Gregeis folewed afftir faste,  Wo was hem that was the laste !  I wote thei sclow at that flyghtes  Mo then a thousand knyghtes,  With-uten squyeres &amp; fotemen  That lefte dede ther In the fen.</p>	<p>15852</p>	<p>The Greeks  slay many of them ;</p>
<p>¶ Thei bare that day ded &amp; foy  Fro strete to strete thorow-out Troy,  Vntil thei come to Ilyoun ;  Kyng Philomene &amp; Odemoun  Thei leyde Paris In that fair hous  By-fore Helayne, the quene, his spous ;  Whan sche saw him ded ligge ther <sup>1</sup>,  Sche scratte her face &amp; tare hir heer  As wight that was with wo by-gon,  For him sche siked &amp; sore gan <sup>2</sup> gron ;  Sche was so ful of sorwe &amp; care,  Sche seyde : ' alas, that moder me bare,  Or fader me get In this world ! '</p>	<p>15856</p>	<p>but Philomene and Odemon succeed in bringing the corpse into the town. They lay Paris down before Eleyne ;</p>
<p>Hit was del se, how sche ferd  Whan sche saw him ded In his blod,  Sche ferde as womman that were wod.</p>	<p>15864</p>	<p>she bewails his death,</p>
<p>¶ His fader als for him weped sore ;  And so did alle that In Troy wore,  Euery man of his lyff dispaire<sup>3</sup>  And sori is of his wiff &amp; his ayres,  Thei leue to lese here heritage,  Here godis, &amp; alle here lynage.</p>	<p>15868</p>	<p>and so do Priamus and all the Trojans ; all despair.</p>
<p>30 [ij] 15876</p>	<p>15872</p>	

<sup>1</sup> This line inserted by another hand in the right margin, a cross standing in the left one between ll. 15860 and 15862. Cf. note 3.

<sup>2</sup> *gan* inserted by another hand over line.

<sup>3</sup> Between ll. 15873 and 15874 the following line is standing which is crossed out (cf. note 1): ' *Off his catel & sore payres.*'

¶ *Hic Paris sepultus est.*

	Off hem-selff coude thei no rede,	[lf. 234, bk.]	15877
	Now alle the kynges sones be dede.		
The Trojans are full of sorrow.	But In that sorwe & that wepyng,		
They weep. They erect a splendid tomb	The while he was In kepyng,		15880
of precious stones;	A tombe was made of precious stones,—		
	To lay him In, bothe body & bones,—		
	Off riche werk, of fair facture :		
	Off saphires, gold, & riche asure ;		15884
	¶ Hit was richer then other fyue ;		
to describe it at full length	I may not al the werk discryue,		
	Ne halff the richesse that ther was on		
	Off riche gold & precious ston ;		15888
would take too much time.	Hit were long tellyng,		
	Ther-on make I no dwellyng.		
	But when that seruice for him was seyde,		
Paris is buried therein.	And his body In tombe layd,		15892
	Euery man wente to his In,		
	For sorwe coude thei neuere blyn.		
	<b>P</b> aris is dede & doluen depe,		
	Night & day for him thei wepe,		15896
They bewail his death day and night,	With-uten reste thei wepe ay,		
	Thei are In mornyng nyght & day :		
	Echon to other of sorwe telles,		
	Thei tende to sorwe & nothyng elles,		15900
	Ther is non for wele ne wo		
and dare not go out.	That dar with-oute the ʒatis go.		
Agamemnon causes the Greek tents to be brought near the walls of Troy,	¶ Agamenon remues his place		
	And ner the toun his stede he tace,		15904
	He bad euery lord with tent & hale		
	With-oute dwellyng remue here sale,		
	And bad hem sette ner the toun		
	Hale & tent and Paupyloun.		15908
and sends a messenger to Priamus.	To Priamus, the kyng, he sende		
	And bad " that he scholde him defende		



¶ <i>Hic Troiani clausurunt Ianua sua per .ij. menses.</i>		
A3ejns the Gregeis, his enemys,	[lf. 235.]	15911
As a kyng of mochel pris ;		15912
And bad him " come with his meygne		Agamemnon challenges Priamus to come out with his troops to fight,
With-oute the 3ates of that Cite,		
That he the batayle to him nome		
Til that on of hem be ouercome,		
¶ As he was man of gret renoun		15916
Or kyng worthi to bere croun ;		
For suche a kyng schulde euere dispice,		
For that was token of cowardise ;		15920
And ligge not ther as an hog In sty,		and not to lie there as a hog in a sty ;
For that was to him a vilony."		
<b>B</b> <sup>Vt</sup> Priamus with that seyde " nay,"		but Priamus refuses.
Hem thurt no more of that play ;		
That wolde he no wyse graunte,		15924
To sende out kny3t ne sergaunte		
To fight with hem with-oute the walles,		
For no-thing that ther be-falles.		15928
With-Inne the toun whil thei dwelle stille		All remain in the town.
For fferd of more perel & ille,		
For he was ferd his men to tyne		
And die him-selff with moche pyne.		15932
¶ To fight with hem the Gregais assayed		The Greeks try several times to fight,
And therto wel offte thei prayed ;		
But al was noght that thei coude do,		
For he wolde not assente ther-to,		15936
Thei dwelled so forthe In the toun,		
And walked vp the toun & down,		
And kepte the 3ates and the walles		but the gates of Troy are not opened, only defended.
With alblasteres, bowes, & qwarelles,		
With many an armed knyght & man,		
That thei with-ouen the toun not wan.		
Thei helde so Troye a ful .ij. monethe,		
That thei fau3t neuere her fomen with,	30 [iij]	15944

	But kepte the toun so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.]	15945
	For ferd of hem that were with-oute.	
After two months the gates of Troy are opened	<b>T</b> wo Monethes the gates were stoken That thei were neuere vnloken,	15948
	Vntil a quene gentil & ffre Come hem to helpe fro fer contre.	
for Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons.	The quene was called Pantasaley, A noble womman of Chyualry,	15952
	Sche was quene of Amazone; For hir was furst the gates vndone :	
She arrives with 1,000 armed girls to help the Trojans.	Sche come thedir with a thousande Off hardi maydenes wel fyghtande,	15956
	To helpe Troyens, tho hir was tolde That the Gryffons proude & bolde With mechel ffolk & gret aray	
	Aboute the toun of Troye lay	15960
	And seged hem that were with-Inne, To seke the kyng, the toun to wynne.	
Hearken now of this queen and her maidens ! I'll tell yon of their land and manners :	<b>B</b> Vt herkenes now of the quene, And of hir maydenes bolde & kene !	15964
	I wol þow telle, if ȝe wol here, Off here lond the right manere ; Where it is, and what lande,	
	The manere schal ȝe vndirstande.	15968
	And elles wol ȝe haue meruayle— That wommen scholde go to batayle, Armed as men vpon her stedes, And be so doghti In her dedes.	15972
In the east end of the world is an island, Amazone, where wild and pround women dwell.	<b>I</b> N the est-ende of alle the world— As I In bokes haue I-herd— Is a lond, a louely Ilde, That wymmen dwelle In, wonder wilde, Off grete renoun and prowesse, That Amazone y-called is ;	¶ De Insula Amazone <sup>1</sup> . 15976

<sup>1</sup> On the *left* side in MS.

- Wymmen dwelle ther-Inne alone, [lf. 236.] 15979 They live  
Men with hem wol thei haue none. 15980 there alone,  
without men ;
- ¶ Off these wymmen the stori spekes  
And seythe : thei are strong frekes,  
Styff, & strong, stalworthe In werre  
Strokes to 3eue and to berre, 15984 they are good  
warriors.  
Armes to bere In many a stoure,  
To wyne hem los and gret honoure ;  
For alle here herte & couetyse  
Is to be of gret emprise. 15988
- ¶ Be-syde that Ile another Ile was,  
Long & large, brode In compas,  
Wonder fayr and delitable,  
Plenteuous and amyable,— 15992  
And telles vs the right story,  
That men with-oute company  
Off womman-kynde dwelles ther-In.  
To telle 3ow wol I begyn : 15996  
What vse thei haue, & what custome,  
And how thei to-gedir come ?  
where only  
men live,  
without the  
company  
of women.
- T**Hese wyse clerkes for-sothe telle,  
That these women that so alon dwelle 16000  
In the lond of Amazone,  
Comen to the lond ther men In wone  
Sicurly thries In the 3ere,  
go to visit the  
men thrice  
in the year ;  
And dwellen to-geder ther In-fere 16004  
To haue her murthes & delite  
And do here wille day & ny3te.
- ¶ These clerkes say and Philo3oferus :  
The womman to the man hir proferus, 16008  
For thei are also styff & strong  
That no man dar come hem among  
In-to her lond a3eyn here leue,  
they do not  
allow men  
to come to  
their  
island.  
For men hem schulde no-thyng greue 30 [iiij] 16012

The whole year the Amazons stay in their own land;	Ne nothyng done aȝeyn her wille.	[lf. 236, bk.]	16013
	In her lond holde thei hem stille,		
	Til tyme of ȝer that thei come doun		
	And dwelled with hem In tour & toun,		16016
only in April, May, and June they meet with the men,	And take her solace & here play—		
	That is In Iune, Aueril, & May <sup>1</sup> .		
and then return to their island. The female children are kept for ever in their own island,	¶ Euery ȝer these thre Monethe		
	Come thei to dwelle ther-In withe,		16020
	And wende aȝeyn than to her Il[d]e.		
	Iff it be so thei be with childe,		
but the male ones are brought up by them only till they are three years old,	And it be ought of womman-kynde,		
	Among the wymmen—thei it fynde—		16024
	In her lond ther stille it dwelles		
	Among hem euere—as my boke telles.		
and are then sent to their fathers.	¶ Iff it be man, thei brynge it forth		
	Til it be so moche worth,		16028
	That it can go and be so bold		
	That it be fully thre ȝer old;		
Penthesilea was then queen of this island;	And whan it is of thre ȝer elde		
	That it may it-self welde,		16032
	To that Ilde that is hem hende		
	Ther men dwelle, the childer thei sende		
she had been secretly in love with Hector.	To the fader and to his kyn,		
	To dwelle with hem the lond with-In.		16036
	That tyme—godemen!—of that prouynce ¶ De Pantasa-		
	Pantasalye was quene & prince,	lia Regina <sup>2</sup> .	
When she hears that the Greeks have crossed the sea,	A doghti Mayden & sterne,		
	That loued Ector wel longe derne		16040
	For his prowessse & his noblay		
	That sche herde of him often say.		
	When that quene, that frely fode		
	Off Amazone, so vndirstode		16044
	That thei of Grece were passed the see		
	And Priamus and his Cite		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *That is In. June. Aueril. & May.*<sup>2</sup> On the left side in MS.



- Hadde be-seged him & his londes wasted, [lf. 237.] 16047  
 Pantasalye to him sche hasted 16048 she hastens to  
 And toke with here Maydenes x. hundre come to Troy  
 That echon were hir baner vndre, with 1,000  
 To helpe the kyng for Ector sake maidens.  
 And do the Gregais mochel wrake. 16052  
 But sche wiste not of Ector ded,  
 To wende to Troye tho sche toke red ; She does not  
 Sche wiste right not, til sche come thore. know of  
 When that sche wiste, sche weped wel sore ; 16056 Hector's death  
 Sche hadde for him gret wo & payn, until she gets  
 When sche wiste that he was sclayn. there.  
 ¶ **P**Antasalye, that worthi wyght, Her grief  
 Is comen to Troye with-oute knyght, when she  
 With-uten knyghtes or any men, hears of it.  
 But fair companye of hir wymmen  
 That are hardi as men In dede,  
 Off lyues man haue thei no drede. 16064  
 But than hadde sche care In thought,  
 When Ector was to dethe y-brought ;  
 ¶ At hem of Grece hadde sche gret Ire,  
 Sche prayed the kyng for the loue of hire, 16068  
 That he wolde then the gates vndo  
 That sche myȝt wende the Gregais to,  
 For sche scholde so do,—sche him be-hight,—  
 That a mayden was worth a knyght 16072  
 And as strong and as ȝepe,  
 When thei were met on an hepe.  
 ¶ So longe prayed sche, he graunt hir bone ;  
 He bad a gate scholde be vn-done, 16076  
 He bad opon Dardanides ;  
 But him hadde leuere haue ben In pes,  
 For he was ferd what scholde be-tyde,  
 When he saw hem of Troye out-ride. 16080  
 and he at  
 last orders  
 a gate to be  
 opened for her

¶ *Hic Priamus ordinat Prelium magnum.*

The gate Dardanides is opened for Penthesilea.	¶ Dardanides that ȝate dos opon,	[lf. 237, bk.]	16081
	Pantasalye on horse is lopon		
	With hem of Troye and with alle hires,		
	Armed wel In al here tyres.		16084
Priamus arrays his troops as she orders, for she is their leader that day.	<b>P</b> riamus his men araied		
	As that lady him praied ;		
Penthesilea rides out	Sche was that day here souerayn,		
	Here ledere, & here cheuayntayn.		16088
	Pantasalye that ȝate rod oute		
	With-oute fere <sup>1</sup> & with-oute doute		
	Off hir enemys or of hir fos,		
	Ful hardeli to hem sche gos,		16092
with her girls ;	With hir Maydenes ridande be-syde		
	That wolde with hir In stour abyde.		
Philomene, Eneas, Polidomas,	¶ Kyng Philomene and Eueas,		
	And afftir that Polidomas,		16096
	Come with here batayles on a rowe,		
	And thei of Perse with qwyuer & bowe—		
and the Persians follow her.	That Paris was wont to lede—		
	Forth to ffyght with hem thai <sup>2</sup> ȝede.		16100
When the Greeks see them turn up, they are much astonished,	¶ When thei of Grece saw hem come out		
	So proudly praunsande & so stout,		
	Thei were echon gretly meruayled		
	What it myght be that hem ayled		16104
	That thei come out so proude & gay,		
	And ther-byfore not many a day		
as hitherto the Trojans durst not come out of the gates.	With-oute her ȝates durst thei not passe ?		
	Thei hadde meruayle how it was ?		16108
	But when thei saw hem out comande,		
	Eche man toke his harneis In hande		
The Greeks arm in haste,	And hyed hem that thei were clad,		
	For of here werre <sup>3</sup> were thei glad.		16112
and mount their horses.	¶ Thei lepe on horse with moche rape		
	And rod out vpon a frape,		

<sup>1</sup> *fere* inserted by another hand over line.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *that*.

<sup>3</sup> *werre* inserted over line by another hand.

¶ *Hic venerunt omnes ad Bellum.*

With manye brode gomfanoun,	[lf. 238.]	16115	
As lordis of gret renoun.		16116	
When thei were comen to-gedir there,			
A wonder noyse men myȝt here			
Off speres that thei brak & barst,			A fierce battle ensues.
Off knyȝtes that were to grounde cast.		16120	
Echon on other wolde be wroken,			
Ther were many bones broken,			The poet describes the wounds.
Hedis corven, heeres schorne,			
Scheldes reven, armes torne.		16124	
¶ But herkenes now, my louely frende,			Hearken now, how Penthesilea and her damsels
Off Pantasalye, that mayden hende,			
And hire hardi damyseles			
That come with hure & with hure penseles		16128	
How sche bare hir In that pres			• behave in that battle:
With hir Maydenes that sche ches;			
How sche bare that day the pris			Penthesilea fights best that day;
Off alle that fauȝt In that [emp]ris;		16132	she puts the Greeks to flight,
How sche made hem to flee,			
And how sche hem droff In-to the see;			
How sche hem felled & wounded,			
And scholde hem alle [haue] confounded,		16136	and would have confounded all of them, but for Diomedes.
Ne hadde y-ben withouten les			
The doghti kyng Diomedes.			
<b>N</b> ow ar thei alle to-gedere on hepis,			
Now euery man on other lepis,		16140	
Scheldis ryue, & speres crake,			They fight hard,
Eche man fightis with his make,			
Fotemen falle, stedis straye,			many fall and are wounded.
Knyȝtes wounded ligge & braye.		16144	
The dust ros so thikke on hye,			
That men myȝt not se the skye.			
¶ Pantasalye, that douȝti quene,			
Hatis Gregais—and that is sene:—		16148	

	¶ <i>Hic Pantasalia Regina pugnauit cum Regibus Grecorum.</i>	
	That douzti quene ful wel hem knowes, [lf. 238, bk.]	16149
Penthesilea slays many of the Greeks, and puts them to flight.	Sche keste hem doun & ouerthrowes ; With-Inne a while so fele sche hath sclawe, That thei fro hir a-weyward drawe ;	16152
	Thei knewe ful sone al hir strengthe, Thei fled fro hir on brede & lengthe.	
Menelaus, being envious of the quene,	<b>M</b> Enelaus hadde grete env Off that quene Pantasaly,	16156
	That sche the Gregais so defouled <sup>1</sup> ; On hir that tyme ful foule he schouled	
says he'll try to fight her.	And seyde : "that he wolde to hir ride To se whether sche wolde him abyde."	16160
He rides up to her,	He rode to hir with mochel Ire, And sche was war & keped that sire	
and is smitten down by her ;	And smot him euene In-myddes the scheld, That he fley ȝout In-myddes that feld ;	16164
	Among her horses stille he lay, Til that he was drawen a-way.	
she gives his horse to one of her girls.	By the rayne his stede sche cauzt And to a mayden sche him be-tauzt.	16168
Diomedes,	¶ Diomedes, that douzti kyng, By-held that tyme that Iustyng,	
on seeing Menelaus fall,	He saw the kyng falle a-doun, Vp the fete & doun the croun ;	16172
	His hors was lorn, & he on fote, He seyde : "ther-on he scholde do bote, That sturdy strok scholde sche abye."	
resolves to avenge him.	He rode thanne to Pantasalye	16176
He attacks the queen with all his might ;	With al the myght that euere he hadde, But sche was not of him a-dradde :	
they fight hard with spears,	Sche cauzt a spere, when sche was war That pat kyng to hir was war ;	16180
but the queen does not move in her saddle,	A sterne strok was hem by-twene, But on hir hors sat the quene	

<sup>1</sup> o corrected from e.



That bridel ne stirop sche ne tynt,	[lf. 239.]	16183	whilst
But he was feld down at that dynt;		16184	Diomedes is unhorsed.
Fro his nekke toke she his scheld			Penthesilea takes his shield and gives it to her handmaid.
And toke hir mayden for to weld,			
And bad: "that sche scholde it bere			
Euery day ther In that were,		16188	
In vilonye and In dispit			
Off him that it auzt, what so he hit."			
<b>K</b> yng Thelaman stode euere alone			Thelaman,
And saw the dedis that sche had done,		16192	on seeing her unhorse
He saw hir felle that douȝti kyng,			Diomedes,
And his scheld take with-oute lesyng			
Fro his nekke his vnthankes,			
And felde him down at his hors schankes;		16196	
And he was feld opon the grounde,			
And sche sat stille hol and sounde <sup>1</sup> .			
He herde neuere speke of suche a woman			
That feld In fyght so gode a man.		16200	
¶ Gret envy hadde he ther-ate,			is much enraged,
Opon hys <sup>2</sup> hors ther he <sup>3</sup> sate;			
He wex for tene blak as Cole,			
That schame myght he no lengur thole		16204	
That sche hadde done the kynges two,			and resolves on avenging both the kings.
He wolde assaye what he myght do:			He takes a spear,
¶ He toke a spere of stalworthe tre,—			
For he on hir wolde venged be,—		16208	
And rode to hir with gret herte;			and assails Penthesilea,
And sche him kepis rapely & smerte,			
Sche smot him euen In-myddis the scheld			but is unhorsed like the others.
That he fley out In-myddes the feld.		16212	
So sore to grounde the knyght sche puttis,			
That he wende he hadde to-brosten his guttis;			
And sche gurd forth among the Grewes <sup>4</sup>			
And mochel bale among hem brewes <sup>5</sup> :		16216	

<sup>1</sup> ll. 16197-8 are following ll. 16201-2 in MS., and are crossed out several times. <sup>2</sup> y and s on erasure. <sup>3</sup> s seems to be erased before he. <sup>4</sup> MS. *gregais*. <sup>5</sup> MS. *brennes*.

Penthesilea,	Sche turned a-zeyn to Thelaman	[lf. 239, bk.]	16217
	And sturdi strokes laid him an,		
	Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore		
	That sche of force toke him thore;		16220
with the help of Philomene,	With the help of Philomene		
	Sche did to him that day gret tene,		
takes Thelaman prisoner.	Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne		
	To lede him to Troye Cite.		16224
When Diomedes is risen and sees Thelaman led away,	¶ But Diomedes, when he was resen, Saw Thelaman was taken to prison, Toward the toun he saw him go,— Lord god, that him was wo!		16228
he calls his men together. 10,000 come,	He blewe his horn & samed his men, Ther come aboute him thousand ten Off doughti kny3tes swithe proude,		
and ask why he has blown.	And asked: "whi he blew so loude? What it be-mente? what it myght be?"		16232
'Don't you see,' he says, 'how Thelaman is taken prisoner?	He seyde: 'felawes, may 3e not se How Thelaman, that doghti kny3t, With hem of Troye is discomfy3t?		16236
	¶ Lo! where thei lede him toward toun Ouer dale and ouer doun! But sicurly, if I may spede, Thei schal him not to Troye lede.		16240
I beseech you,	I 3ow be-seke, falawes myne alle, For any-thing that may be-falle:		
don't fail me, till I've brought him back.'	In this gret nede fayle me not, Til I haue him fro hem y-brou3t!'		16244
Then he follows the Trojans who are carrying Thelaman off,	<b>W</b> hen he these wordes to hem hadde sayd, On his scholdur his spere he layd:		
	He ran to hem that Thelaman ledde, And thei of him were sore a-dredde,—		16248
and wounds some of them.	Some he <sup>1</sup> hurt & some by-heded, With stalworthe strokes he hem schedid.		

*Thelaman is rescued. Penthesilea incites her Maidens to take Revenge.* 479

To lete him go thei were fayn,	[lf. 240.]	16251	
That thei of him were not slayn.		16252	
¶ Thelaman <sup>1</sup> fro hem he toke			Thelaman is set free.
And faste awayward with him schoke.			
When the quene herde it say			Penthesilea,
How he from hem was led away,		16256	on hearing this,
For wratthe sche wax ner wode,—			
So sterne sche was In hir mode.			
That ladi thanne, Pantasalye,			
To hir Maydenes by-gan to crye		16260	calls her maidens together,
And gadered hem vpon a route ;			
When thei were comen hir aboute,			
Sche bad that thei stholde kythe here myght			and incites them to take revenge.
Bothe on kyng & eke on knyght.		16264	
<b>P</b> Antasalye, that Damysele,			
When sche herde telle how it felle			
That Thelaman was fro hem twyght			
Thorow Diomedes, that gentil knyzt,		16268	
Sche swor an othe ther: "for his sake			She swears she'll slay whoever she meets.
Sche wolde sele that sche myght take."			
Hir maydenes to-geder tho samed,			
Sche seyde: 'are ze not aschamed		16272	She addresses her girls: 'Are you not ashamed that this king has been delivered?
That this kyng is take fro zow ?			They shall pay for it.'
Felawes myn, I pray zow now:			She rushes among the Greeks,
For so haue I euere gode chaunce,			
Thei schal bye his lyueraunce.'		16276	
¶ Sche strok hir stede with hir spores,			
Ouer falow & ouer forwes			
Among the Gregais sche ther rennes—			
As dos the fulmard among the hennes.—		16280	
Many a scheld that lady rofe,			and breaks many shields and helmets
And many a basenet sche al to-drofe <sup>2</sup> ,			
Many a bak that day sche bowed,			
For Thelaman was so rescowed.		16284	because Thelaman was freed.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Diomedes*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *alto drofe*.

480 *The Greeks are sorely beaten, and driven back to their Tents.*

Many Greeks  
are slain or  
wounded;

Sche wounded & sclow & droff down [lf. 240, bk.] 16285

The men that most were of renoun,

Sche barst gerthes, paytrel, & pole;

The gentil quene delis hir dole 16288

Here & thore as sche hem takes,

Gret ma[r]tirdome of hem sche makes;

Vn-til here tentis sche hem reuersed,

In euery a side that ost sche persed. 16292

they are  
driven back to  
their tents.

None dare  
oppose the  
queen;

**W**As non of hem that tyme so bolde

Durst fyght with hir opon the wolde,

Not Diomedes, that vigorus,

neither  
Diomedes,  
nor Ajax,

Ne Ajax Thelamanyus, 16296

nor Menescene,

Ne that sturne knyzt Menescene

Durst not hyde hir In here tene,

nor Aga-  
memnon,  
nor anybody  
else;

Ne Agamenon, here Emperour,

Ne thei that were of most valour 16300

Not ones loke to hir ward<sup>1</sup>;

but all flee to  
their tents.

But alle thei flow awayward,

Vntil thei come to her tentis.

Many die,

Many a man her dethe ther hentis, 16304

as Pentesilea  
follows them,  
sword in hand.

¶ For sche hem chased with swerd In hande,

With loude vois hem manassande,

And droff hem ouer doune & dale,

And fro her tentis & fro here hale, 16308

They are  
driven back  
as far as the  
sea;  
there they  
turn and  
defend  
themselves.

Vntil thei come vnto the see

That thei no wyse myght fer flee.

Tho turned thei azeyn and fauzt,

As thei that tyme nede mauzt, 16312

Or haue ben draynt In the see.

So that quene by-gan to slee,

They would  
have died,  
had not  
Diomedes  
come to their  
rescue.

¶ Thei hadde died tho with gret trosture,

Ne hadde tho y-comen socoure:

For tho come than with-oute les 16316

The noble kyng Diomedes

And made

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hirward*.



And made of the Greces resistens	[lf. 241.]	16319	Diomedes
A-3eyn the quene & hir defens,		16320	gathers the Greeks,
And mayntened the fight tho			and maintains the fight,
A3eyn Troyens with mochel wo,			which is ended only by night.
Til it was nyght & day gone.			
Thei departed sone anone,		16324	
For hadde thei had day at wille,			
Many a Grew hadde thei don spille.			
¶ Thei of Troye rode to the town,			The Trojans
And Gregais to here Paunyloun ;		16328	return to the city, the
And set hem down In tent and hale,			Greeks to their tents ;
Wel sore & dreri, wan & pale			they are very weary, and
For werinesse of that Iornay,			sorry that they hadn't better
That it myght no better be that day.		16332	luck.
To dight here mete her men thei bad,			
To comforte hem for nede thei had,			
And ete & drank as thei myght,			They sup, and
And sone to reste thei hem dight ;		16336	go to bed.
For werinesse off that Iornee			
Nede to reste tho haued hee.			
<b>T</b> hat worthi wyght, that fair lady,			Penthesilea
That doghti quene, Pantasaly,		16340	
With hir Maydenes is comen to Troye			and her girls are much honoured in Troy.
With mochel murthe & mochel Ioye,			
For gret worschepe & los sche wan			
Off many kny3t & many man		16344	
For dedis that day that sche hadde done.			
The tydandes come to Priamus sone,			When
At hure Innes that sche was lyght			Priamus hears of her return,
With hir Maydenes stalworthe & wyght.		16348	
¶ When Priamus, the kyng, herde say			
That the worthi gentil may			
Was I-comen to hir Inne,—			
Til he come ther wolde he not blynne,	31 [j]	16352	he hastens to meet her.

	That noble quene to <sup>1</sup> thanke & se	[lf. 241, bk.]	16353
	That so hadde meyntened that melle		
	For him al day <sup>2</sup> to his honour;		
Priamus hopes to win by Pen- thesilea's help.	ȝit hoped he to be conquerour		16356
He pays her a visit,	By that quene of alle his foos.		
	Kyng Priamus to hir vp goos		
	With mury herte & glad chere,		
and thanks her.	And thanked hir on his manere		16360
	Off hir godenesse & noblay		
	That sche for him hadde done that day.		
He proffers her all his goods,	<b>K</b> Yng Priamus to hir him profered		
and gives her many jewels and presents:	And al his goodis to hir he offred,		16364
	And ȝaff hir ȝiftis many & fele,		
	Many worthi riche luele;		
	Many a noble riche present		
	The kyng to hir that euenyng sent:		16368
golden clothes,	Clothes of gold of mochel pride,		
horses, and	And stedes stronge vpon to ride,		
arms.	And gode Armure of gode a-tyre		
	Sent Priamus that nyght to hire.		16372
He is hopeful, ¶	He was so fayn of hir prowesse,		
	That he wende by hir doghtinesse		
	Off al his bale to haue bote.		
but before the year is out,	But he was—lord!—ȝit vndirfote,		16376
	Er that ȝer was al out-paste;		
his palace will be destroyed, and all his kindred.	That fair Palais was ouercaste		
	And distroyed, and al his kyn,—		
	Wyff, & child, & cosyn,—		16380
	And alle the kynrede that he hadde;		
	And that was ruthe, by seynt Chadde!		
The citizens are very glad of the queen's help. ¶	Ther was gret loye & solace		
	That euery a burgeis now hace		16384
	Off that noble doghti quene		
	And of hir Maydenes gode & kene.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he to*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *alday*.

Thei lyued ere In sykyng sore	[lf. 242.]	16387	
And In gret mornynge wore,		16388	
Thei make gret Ioye & melody			The Trojans are glad,
That thei haue hir In company,			
On euery part In that Cite,			
When thei herde of hir pouste.		16392	
For 3it hope thei sche schal relese			and hope to get peace by Penthesilea's help.
Hem of that wo, and sitte In pece			
Thorow hir gret myzt & hir dede,			
Iff sche may leue & rightfully spede.		16396	
¶ Sche called styward and boteler,			
Sergaunt, coke, & hir sqwyer,			Penthesilea takes supper.
And bad thei scholde her soper dyght,			
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.		16400	
The bordes were layd, the clothes spred,			
And thei were set & richely fed.			
Than afftirward thei gon to rest,			They go to bed.
Eche bodi his clothes of-kest,		16404	
And 3ede to bedde & wele <sup>1</sup> hem wrapped ;			
When thei were layd, sone thei napped			
<b>A</b> L the nyzt, til it was morn.			
Than was blownen many an horn,		16408	Next morning they prepare for a new battle,
Many an horn & many a beme,—			
Iff thei of Grece to hem toke 3eme.			
Thei ride al forth with-oute the 3atis,			and ride out.
The quene by-fore rydyng algatis		16412	
Opon a stede strong & store,			
With spere In hande & gilden spore.			
And thei of Grece be that were 3are			The Greeks are ready too,
A3eyn Troyens for to fare,		16416	
That thei se comande on a route <sup>2</sup> ;			
And not-for-thi thei were In doute			but are afraid to meet them.
To mete with hem an hundrid score			
For that day that was be-fore ;	31ij	16420	

<sup>1</sup> The first *e* altered from *o*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *aroute*.

The Greeks  
are forced to  
defend their  
lives.

The armies  
meet,

and fight all  
day.

And so they  
do many days,

till they are  
obliged to bury  
their dead.

Then both  
agree upon a  
truce of two  
months.

They swear on  
the relics to  
keep it well.

But ther lay non other amende, [lf. 242, bk.] 16421  
But<sup>1</sup> nedes most thei here lyff defende.

**N**ow thei mete with spere & scheld,  
Bothe parties In-myddre the feld 16424  
By-twene the hales and the toun;

Thei ride to-gedir with gret randoun,  
Euery man now hath of other envy;  
Ther was a carful company, 16428  
When thei were to-gedre met:  
Echon other al to-bet,

Sclow, & wounded, & thorow-bare;  
Non of hem wolde other spare. 16432

And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne  
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—  
That thei most part fro that fyght  
For wantyng of that dayes lyght. 16436

¶ And thus mette thei to-gedre efft  
Many a day or thei lefft,  
Til thei most the feld make clene  
Off men that were sclayn hem be-twene; 16440  
And thei hem-self so weri wore<sup>2</sup>

That thei myght fyght no more.  
Tho toke thei be-twene hem grithe  
To be In pes a two monethe, 16444

To reeste her bones that were weri  
By assent of bothe parti.

¶ The trewes was take monethes two,  
That non of hem schal other mysdo 16448  
Lastande the trewes a nedle worth:

The relykes are y-brought forth,  
And thei are sworne & made ther othe,  
Thei schal hem hadde for leue or lothe. 16452

¶ The Gregais alle toke consayl to wende,  
That thei wolde afftir Pirrus sende

<sup>1</sup> The capitol B is altered from V by the same hand.

<sup>2</sup> o altered from e.



¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt post Pirrum filium Achillis.*

To the kyng sir Lycomede, [lf. 243.] 16455

To help hem In that gret nede,— 16456

That was so tyff & strong In stoure.

Agamenoun, here Emperoure,

Bad than his brother Menelaus

With his meygne wende afftir Pirrus; 16460

And he as sone wente to the see

With his men & his naue,

And sayled forth with mochel spede

Vn-to that lord Lycomede. 16464

¶ When he was comen In-to that hauen,

He bad sqwyeres, zomen, & knauen

Lede out here hors upon the sonde;

And he lepe vp & rode to londe, 16468

With Lycomede til he was met:

With curtais wordis he him gret

And welcomed him with loueli chere,

And sette hem doun to-gedir In-fere 16472

In his hye halle upon the dese.

Then seyde the kyng Lycomedes:

'Sir kyng, to me welcome thow art!

But me meruayles what [t]he has gart 16476

Come fro thi Grues thus fer to me?

And what thow wole In this contre?

What tydandes haue ze broght hidur?

And what thow wol with the haue thidur? 16480

For wele I wot: with-oute skille

Art thow not comen this lond tille.'

¶ Menelaus to him then sayde:

'Sir Licomede, so thow be payde!

I schal the telle myn erande, whi 16484

That I come hedir sicurly:

The kynges of Grece alle In-fere

The gretes wele, as thow seis here, 16488

The Greeks  
send Menelaus  
to Licomedes  
for Pirrus.

Menelaus  
sails,

and reaches  
the harbour of  
Licomedes.

Licomedes  
welcomes  
Menelaus,

and asks him  
why he comes.

Menelaus  
answers:

'I'll tell you  
my business:

The Greek  
kings greet  
you.

486 *Menelaus gives his Message to Licomedes, who allows Pirrus to go.*

	Bothe by mouthe & eke by letter,	[lf. 243, bk.] 16489
They think it better for Pirrus, whom you keep here,	And sayn that it were moche better, Child Pirrus, that thow holdest here	
	In vn-manhed & foule manere,	16492
	To send to hem & to his kyn <sup>1</sup> ,	
to win honour,	And loos & worschipe to wyu,	
and to avenge ¶ his father's death.	¶ To venge his fader on his Enemys, When he were man of loos & pris ;	16496
	And be his fader fomen bane, The order of knyzt when he hadde tane, And not to ligge thus In scolcurye.	
It is villainy for you and for him,	Hit is, sir kyng, a vylonye	16500
	To the, sir, and to him bothe, The kynges of Grece with the are wrothe ;	
to keep him thus like a bird in a cage,	And thow him holdis as brid In cage, That he wynnes him no vasselage,	16504
	But leses his time & his loos, And helpis hem not azeyn here foos, As him by skyl auzt for to do. And thus bad thei me say the to.'	16508
Licomedes is angry,	<b>L</b> icomedes wex blo of blod,	
and says :	When he these wordes vndirstod ; ' Off god '—sayde he—' I take witnesse,	
	On no wise long on me non isse	16512
	That he hath dwelled so longe fro ȝow :	
' I did not know how to send him,	For I wiste neuere whi ne how I myght him sende, ne by what man ;	
and he did not know the way. ¶	¶ Ne he him-selff the way ne can.	16516
	But sithen the kynges for him haue sent, And thow thi-selff [art] here present, Child Pirrus, I the be-teche Thi fader deth to gete wreche.	16520
But now, Pirrus, I bid thee go and avenge thy father.	He[r] by the hand I the him bede, Ouer the see with the to lede	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And to hem & to his kyn.*

¶ *Hic venit Pirrus ad Grecos.*

- Vnto the lordis & kynges alle. [lf. 244.] 16523  
 I pray to god, that fair mot þow falle.' 16524 I wish you  
 good luck,  
 Menelaus is  
 very glad,  
**M** Enelaus when he herde that,  
 He was Ioyful ther he sat ;  
 Him thoght his herte wel hesed,  
 Whan he of him was feffed & sesed. 16528  
 He thoght no lenger ther to dwelle,  
 He hadde no tale lenger to telle ;  
 He toke his leue at him to go  
 To hem of Grece that he come fro. 16532  
 ¶ He bad god that made sonne & mone,  
 Brynge hem thedir sound & sone ;  
 And thei to-gedir verament  
 Vn-to the see thei ben y-went. 16536 He goes on  
 board with  
 Pirrus ;  
 When thei were comen to her schippis,  
 Eche man afftir other In hippis ;  
 And drow vp Anker & her ropes,  
 And caste on hem cloke & copes 16540 they weigh the  
 anchor,  
 To saue hem fro the salt water,  
 That it be-sprenged not her hater.  
 ¶ Thei sayled bothe day & nyght  
 With spede & haste that thei myght 16544 and sail day  
 and night,  
 Ouer strem & ouer wawe,  
 Vn-til thei stonde before hem sawe  
 Off trusti Troye the hye walles,  
 Here gaye toures, & her halles ; 16548 until they  
 arrive before  
 Troy.  
 On hem schon the sonne bem.  
 Thei sayled forth ouer that strem,  
 Til thei were come to here flote ;  
 Thei wente to londe tho by her bote, 16552 They land,  
 ¶ Thei leue her schippis & gon to londe  
 And riden to-gedir hond In honde,  
 Til thei come to here Pauylons  
 Among the Grues and the Gryffons. 31 [iiij] 16556 and ride to the  
 Greek camp.

Pirrus

**A**mong the Gregais Pirrus is lyght [lf. 244, bk.] 16557

A fair man, hardi, & wyght;

Many a lord Pirrus by-held,

Whan he was broght to that teld: 16560

is heartily wel-  
comed by the  
Greeks;  
he is much  
like his father.

Thei were echon for him ful glad,

Hem thought that thei his fader had

With hem a-zeyn, so was he lyche

To his fader—by heuene ryche! 16564

Agamemnon  
and all the  
other lords  
welcome him,

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

And alle the lordis did him honour,

And did him worschepe ther he stode,

And welcomed him with chere gode. 16568

and so do the  
Myrmidons.

The Murundones come to him than,

And welcomed him, euery man;

Ioyful & glad thei with him wore,

That he hem was comen thore. 16572

Agamemnon  
orders all  
Achilles's  
riches, tents,  
horses, arms,  
&c., to be  
given to  
Pirrus.

¶ Agamenoun as sone gan brynge

Al his fader riches & rynges:

Paulons, tentis, & his teldis,

Stedis, speres, helmys, & scheldis, 16576

And al his gode fair Armure,

And clothes of gold, fyne & pure,

Off say, of silk, bothe red & grene,—

And jaff hem Pirrus al be-dene. 16580

Next morning  
they dub him  
a knight;

The morwe Afftir thei made him knyzt,

Richely was he dubbed & dyzt.

Ajax girds him  
with the  
sword,

¶ Ayax Thelamaneus

Off hem was most glorious,

He gyrd his sword aboute his swire 16584

And sayde to him: 'Pirrus, leue sire!

I gird the with thi sword, take hede

To venge thi fader as thow most nede. 16588

and wishes  
him good luck.

And moche Ioye haue thow of thin ordur of knyzt,

As thi fader hadde that venged vs In fyzt.'



Two lordes of Grece, princes, skete	[lf. 245.]	16591	Two princes
Set his spores on his fete,		16592	buckle on his spurs.
That were of gold, pure & ffyn.			
Then myzt men here a mechel dyn			
Off Trompes, pipes, & other glues			
Among the Gregais & the Grues.		16596	
Gret was the murthe & the melody			The Greeks
That ther was of Menstralcye;			make a great festival,
¶ The Grues held gret feste & strong			
Many dayes afftir and long,		16600	
And made gret loye & solace <sup>1</sup>			and are very merry.
In worschipe of him that newe knyzt was.			
<b>P</b> irrus is knyght gode & gay,			Pirrus is a
Off ffair porture, of gode aray,		16604	good and gay knight,
Off wel riche apparayle,			
Off gentil blod, of fair entayle;			of gentle blood.
He prayes tho his Murundones			He bids his
That thei go sette here Paulyones,		16608	Myrmidons set up their tents as in his father's time.
As thei were wont to stande			
The while his fader was lyuande.			
And thei on to-geder went			
And did her lordes comandement;		16612	They do so.
And his tentis tho thei maked,			
Faste & sekirly thei hem staked			
In-to the erthe with lyne & cordes;			
And sette his tentis by other lordes.		16616	
¶ And whiles the trues last			Pirrus gets to
A-qwynted with the knyzt fast,			know all the other lords.
In fair manere & gode beryng.			
He was a-qweynt with euery kyng,		16620	
Er euere the trewes was fully ent;			
But it is ny verament,			Thetruceends.
3e that thei be-twene hem set			
The trewes to holde as thei be-het.		16624	

<sup>1</sup> ce very small on erasure.

Both sides  
prepare for a  
fresh battle.

Pirrus, in his  
father's  
armour,  
leads the van-  
guard :

he rides out

with all his  
men ;

and so do all  
the other  
kings,

with 70,000  
men.  
The poet  
enumerates all  
the Greek  
leaders.

**T**He trewes are past with-oute faile, [lf. 245, bk.]  
And day is comen of here batayle : 16628

Thei buske hem faste & bowes bende,  
Vnto the fyght azeyn to wende. 16628

Pirrus In his fader wede  
That vaunwarde that day he dos lede,  
¶ He hath his batayle wel arayed  
Off men byfore offte assayed ; 16632

He is wel dight & horsed als,  
His fader scheld aboute his hals  
And Achilles swerd also,—  
Many man to dethe ther-with was do,— 16636

¶ His armes Are stronge & sicur.  
And he with that rides In-to that bicur,  
He passes forth ouer the dikes

With his men that wel him likes, 16640  
And takes the fel[d] brod & large  
Couered vndir helm<sup>1</sup> & targe.

And euery a-nother kyng  
With alle her men In her ledyng, 16644  
Knyght & sqwyer, erle & swayn,  
Rode & zede vn-to that playn  
Ther thei were wont for to fyght,  
With thosandes sixti two & eyght. 16648

¶ Ther was the duk Menescene  
With alle his men, & kyng Chelene,  
So was the kyng Menelaus,  
And Ajax Thelemanus, 16652  
Dux Nestor, & Vlixes,  
And the doghti Diomedes,  
Theseus kyng, & Thelamon,  
And the Emperour Agameon, 16656  
Polinytes, & kyng Thoas:  
Tho rod thei forth on a pas,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *him*.

Euery a lord with his ost,	[lf. 246.]	16659	
Proudly pyght lest and most.		16660	
¶ And thei of Troye were comen out			The Trojans
With-oute drede or any dout,			come out too.
Off here enemys hadde thei no drede.			
Bothe the parties to-gedur 3ede,		16664	The parties
A wicked werre thei ther by-gan,			meet; a
Thei selow ten thousand, er thei blan.			wicked war
			begins, 10,000
			are slain.]
<b>N</b> ow are thei to-gedir samen,			
Alle on earnest & not on gamen;		16668	
Now are thei to-gedir broght,			
A woful day schal ther be wroght:			
The speremen ride, the bowemen schote,			Spearmen
Thei fel faste ded at horses fote,		16672	ride, bowmen
The swordmen smyte & strokes 3eue,			shoot,
Helmes breke, & scheldes cleue.			swordsmen
			smite;
¶ Lordes & laddes lesen her lyues,			helms
Echon other rendis & ryues;		16676	are broken,
A bitter bale haue thei be-gonne,			shields cloven
Now this folk to-gedir is ronne.			Many lose
Ther were bowes al to-broken <sup>1</sup> ,			their lives.
Stedis stiked & thorow-stoken,		16680	
Helmes holed, & heuedis houen,			
Knees & cropes with knyues clouen,			The several
Schonkes schyuered, schuldres schorne,			wounds are
Blodi burnes In bostis borne;		16684	described.
With ferli fare tho freykes ferde,			
Off suche an hepe neuere I herde.			
¶ Pirrus prikes aboute & praunses,			Pirrus rushes
Fro man to man aboute he launses		16688	about,
Al his strengthe for to assay,			
He dud gret harm on hem that day;			and does much
His fader Armes that day he bare.			harm that day.
Off Palamides so was he ware		16692	He meets
			Palamides (i.e.
			Polidomas).

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto broken*.

	A-3eyn the Gryffons fyghtyng faste, [lf. 246, bk.] 16693 Grues & Gregais doun he caste.	
Pirrus attacks Polidomas.	¶ He turned his stede to him sone, He thoght on him to wynne his schone: 16696 He rode to him with so gret haste That al his spere In-sunder braste, That he fel doun upon the grounde And hadde a wel greuouse wounde. 16700 His gode sword sone he drow, He wol him take if he mow, Or of his hand ther be sclayn; Ther-to putte he al his mayn. 16704	
Polidomas is unhorsed and wounded severely.	¶ But that be-held kyng Philomene, He saw the fyght hem be-twene; He saw the knyzt Palamydes <sup>1</sup> In gret perel of Pirrus was, 16708 For that newe knyzt Pirrus Was with him ful noyus, For he thoght him so mate & make, That he scholde sle him or take. 16712	
comes to his rescue	But Philomene hit myght not thole: To Pirrus turned he his fole, And led with him al his meyne— Two thousandes knyztes & hundres thre,— 16716 And put Pirrus fro his euel wille, That he ne scholde his falawe spille Ne that tyme him not dere, For no-tyng that he myght swere. 16720	
with 2,300 men.	<b>P</b> irrus for-sothe hadde gret dispit That he fro him scholde be quyt, With Philomene was he wrothe: He leues that other and to him gothe, 16724 With tene of herte kepte he that kyng, And toke him thanne In suche a swyng	
Pirrus is very angry with Philomene, and attacks him.		

<sup>1</sup> e seems to be altered to a.



That he bar him tayl ouer top,	[lf. 247.]	16727	Pirrus unhorses
That he lay ther as a sop.		16728	Philomene,
¶ Then myȝt men here a wondir cry			
Off alle his men stode him by,			
For Pirrus wolde her lord haue,			and tries to
And thei wolde him fayn saue :		16732	take him
Thei wol ther her lyues stende,			prisoner.
But thei may here lord defende ;			
Thei put hem certes In gret perel			Philomene's
To saue her lord In that torpel.		16736	men try to
But al was not that thei coude do,			deliver their
For thei no-wyse myght come him to,			lord,
For Murundones were so wode			but in vain.
That thei her strengthe styffly with-stode.		16740	
<b>P</b> Alidomas come thanne rennande,			Polidomas
And al his ost with wepen in hande,			then comes to
To socoure & helpe kyng Philomene,			his rescue,
As he did him In his gret tene ;		16744	
But he myght not ffor that he couthe,			but in vain.
For al that he was knyȝt In his ȝouth,			
He myght not saue him fro her handis,			
That thei ne him toke & putte In bandis		16748	The Myrmi-
To lede him to Pirrus tent.			dons would
But of her purpos were thei rent,			have captured
For that lonely lady fre			Philomene,
Qwit him out of here pouste.		16752	had not
¶ The stour was fel & strong,			Penthesilea
The hilles of here strokes rong :			turned up.
Pantasalye come thedur than			
With many hardy kene womman,		16756	Penthesilea
A sterne stede the quene be-strode,			arrives,
Among the Gregays that lady rode ;			
Sche sclow & felde many & fele,—			and slays and
The sothe to say and not to hele.		16760	wounds many
			Greeks.

- Hir armes were white as swannes flawe ; [lf. 247, bk.] 16761  
 The Grues hir dredde whan thei hir sawe,  
 For sche on hem gret Angur did .  
 And sche to hem hir strengthe so kid. 16764
- Ajax, onseeing ¶  
 Penthesilea  
 slay so many  
 Greeks,  
 attacks and  
 unhorses her ;  
 but she leaps  
 up,  
 and swears to  
 take revenge :  
 she hurls Ajax ¶  
 down,  
 takes his  
 horse,  
 rides among  
 the Greeks,  
 and slays  
 many.  
 When she  
 hears of  
 Philomene's  
 capture,  
 she swears  
 she'll free him. ¶
- ¶ Thelamanyus Ajax was war  
 That sche to grounde Gregais bar,  
 In his herte hadde he gret Ire :  
 He toke a spere & rode to hire 16768  
 And bar that ladi fro hur stede,  
 Vn-warned or sche toke hede.  
 But sche lepe vp as myghti quene,  
 Hardi & bold, doghti & kene, 16772  
 Opon hir feet with-oute dwellyng,  
 And swor that he schold that <sup>1</sup> fellyng  
 In that day wel sore a-bye :  
 Sche lete a stroke vpon him flye, 16776  
 Sche zaff him certis suche a pat  
 That down to grounde he fel flat ;  
 Sche toke hir hors & lepe vp tite—  
 Maugre hir foos that stode be-syde— 16780  
 And rod hir thanne among the Grues  
 And mechel bale amonges hem breues,  
 Sche wrought hem wo In hir wode res,  
 And many sche slees er sche hadde pes. 16784
- P**Antasalye hir stede by-strides,  
 Among Gregais & Grues rides ;  
 Tydynges were that ladi tolde  
 That sir Pirrus, that newe knyzt bolde, 16788  
 Hadde Philomene, that kyng, tan  
 And swor that he <sup>2</sup> scholde be his ban.  
 That bold mayden meved hir blod,  
 When sche tho tydandes vndirstode ; 16792  
 Sche vowes to god & alle his halowes :  
 " He scholde not lede him ouer the ffallowes

<sup>1</sup> MS. *bye that*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *she*.

- To tent ne Paunyloun that he hadde." [lf. 248.] 16795  
 Alle hir Maydenes than sche badde 16796 Penthesilea  
 To folwe hir where sche zede, calls her  
 And leue hir not for no nede. maidens  
 together,
- ¶ With-oute mo wordes went sche forth, who at once  
 With alle hir maydenes that mechel were worth, 16800 ride up  
 To Pirrus & to his Murundones to Pirrus and  
 That with the help of her Gryffones his Myrmi-  
 Hadde taken that kyng Philomene. dons.  
 Harde strokes gan sche hem lene, 16804 She wounds  
 ¶ The Murundones sche sondres & schedes, and slays  
 And fele of hem sche maymes & hedes; many of them.  
 Many a baly scho ther rittes  
 And many a scheld sche al to-sclittes<sup>1</sup>; 16808  
 Many a knyzt les his entrayles.  
 So harde the quene hem assayles.
- U Hen Pirrus saw that mescheff—  
 Sche felde his men at gret repreue, 16812 When Pirrus  
 How thei were hurt and euel dyght, sees this mis-  
 Wounded euele and discomfyght chief,  
 With that quene Pantasalye,—  
 Opon his men be-gan he crye 16816  
 And sayde: 'men, for him 3ow boght!  
 What do 3e? ne schame 3e noght  
 To dye so foule of feble thinges?  
 A few wommen to dethe 3ow brynges? 16820  
 ¶ But turnes a3eyn & folowes me,  
 And thei schal sone discomfit be!  
 Ther schal but fewe—so mote I thryue!—  
 Off hem passe away on lyue!' 16824  
 He let thenne go kyng Philomene  
 From him & hise qwite and clene  
 With-oute ramsoun or any mede,  
 For he myght him not thennes lede. 16828 as he cannot  
 carry him off.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto sclittes*.

	<b>P</b> Antasalye herde his speche, [lf. 248, bk.] 16829 On him sche thoght to take wreche :	
Penthesilea rides up to him and says :	Sche drow toward him ner And seyde to him, that he myght her :	16832
' I despise thee and thy words !	' Off thi proude wordes ne of thi sawe Ne of thi-selff I ȝeue not an hawe ! By him that made al mydelerde !	
I do not fear thee ! I despise thee for thy father's cowardice, who slew Hector,	Off the am I not a-ferde, But now and euere I the dispise For thi fader cowardise, That he falsly sclow that knyght That passed al other In strengthe & myght,	16836    16840
the most worthy knight on earth !	¶ In doghtinesse & In valoure,— Off Chiualrie he was the floure,— The worthi knyzt Ector the gode !	
Every man ought to avenge his death on thee and thine,	Alle the men of gentil blode Aught to venge his deth by skylle On the & alle that longeth the tille ! And not only al gentil men,	16844
and even we, the women, have come to avenge him.	But we that are here wymmen Are comen to venge with oure myght The deth of that gentil knyght !	16848
I hope we shall do so for thy false father's sake. May his soul burn in hell !	¶ For ȝit I hope that I & myne Schal venge his dethe on the & thine, For that fals traytour coward, thi sire ! His soule mot brenne In helle fire ! At hir wordes Pirrus not smyled, When he herde him so reuyled :	16852    16856
Pirrus rides to her to take revenge ;	With-oute worde & mochel tene Rode sir Pirrus to the quene, To venge him if that he myght ; And whan sche saw come that knyght, Sche slaked hir bridel & rayne	16860
she rushes towards him.	And ran to him with al hir mayne,	{ Sche kept }



¶ *Hic Pirrus pugnauit cum Pantasalie Regina.*

And <sup>1</sup> kept that knyght In hir rennyng. [lf. 249.] 16863

In his grete tene and herte-brennyng<sup>1</sup> 16864

¶ Pirrus smot Pantasalye

Pirrus fights  
with Penthe-  
silea; he breaks  
his spear on  
her shield;

Opon the scheld so an hye,

That al his spere In-sunder brast;

But sche was not doun cast. 16868

But sche smot him wers than so,

Sche brast hir spere on him In-two

And bare him ouer the sadel y-wis,

she unhorses  
him.

That he hadde leue the grounde to kys. 16872

But sicurli he ros vp sone,

He rises up

To venge that schame that sche had done

Vn to him by-fore his folke,

For tene his herte began to bolke: 16876

¶ Stalworthe strokes sadde & sore

and strikes  
her several  
times.

Pirrus strok at hir thore,

Thei made tho so gode pay

That al her harneis was of blod ray; 16880

Al on blod was her harneis.

But theane come many proude Gregeis

And partid hem sone a-twynne,

Then the  
Greeks come  
up and divide  
them.

And of her baret made hem blynne, 16884

And broght Pirrus a stede strong

And horsed him hem among.

**P**irrus now & Pantasalie

Bene partid with gret envie; 16888

Pan[ta]salye hir men relies,

Philomene to hir he hyes

And thanked hir of his lyueraunce,

Philomene  
thanks  
Penthesilea for  
saving his life.

And prayes god: "3eue hir gode chaunce; 16892

For sicurly nadde sche bene,

His lyff hadde ben lorn elene."

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

Agamemnon,

Come then doun vnto that stour, 32 [j] 16896

<sup>1</sup> And, though the catch-word on lf. 248, bk. is *Sche*.

Diomedes, the Duke of Athens, and all the Greeks arrive.	With Alle his men Diomedes ; So did the duk of Athenes, And alle thes other kynges euerychone With bowe, ablaster, and flone.	[lf. 249, bk.] 16897    16900
Penthesilea is angry with the Greeks. Philomene,	¶ The quene with hir men asamed, With the Gregeis was sche gamed, And the gode kyng Philomenys Relyed aȝeyn to hir al his ; And then come thedir a gode pas Kyng Remus, & Eueas, To socour hem with her meyne. Sicurly then myght men se	    16904    16908
Remus, and Eneas, come to help her.	A wonder stour a-ȝeyn be-gynne, To se who scholde the felde wyne.	
A fresh battle begins.	¶ When ayther of hem were so refresched, Echon on other dong & thresched, That thei fel down as water fro yse ; Many a worthi man of prise Be-twene hem tho her liff thei tynte, Off that assaut er thei wolde stynte.	  16912    16916
Many fall,  many die.	Pirrus rode among the Troiens, He bete down of her Citesens And sclow right fele,—as Dares sais,— He halp wel that day Gregais.	   16920
Pirrus slays many Trojans,	<b>P</b> irrus rode to sir Glamicon <sup>1</sup> , A knyght that was Antenor sone <sup>1</sup> , Palidomas was his half-brother, On lyue that tyme hadde he non other,— Off Another moder born ; His lyff for-sothe has he lorn : For sir Pirrus In his wode layke, In his rydyng & In his rayke,	    16924    16928
rides up to Glamicon,  a half-brother of Polidomas,	With his sword smot he so sore, That he among hem died thore.	
smites him, and kills him.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. . . . oð . . . soð; see note on p. 450.

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Glamiconem.*

¶ Pantasalye by-fore hir eyne	[lf. 250.]	16931	When
Saw Glamicoun die with pyne,		16932	Penthesilea
Sche saw him die bothe blak & blo ;			sees Glamicon
For him sche was In herte wo,			die,
And for-fouzten as sche was			she grows
Sche come fro hir meygne a-pas		16936	angry
And rod to him ouer-twert.			and attacks
And Pirrus it saw with Irus hert,			Pirrus again ;
And saw that quene to him ride			
As faste as sche myzt glide :		16940	
He cauhte a spere—I the be-hete—			Pirrus seizes
Strong & styff, that quene to mete ;			a spear,
¶ He stroke his stede & mette the quene,			and meets her ;
And so did sche him, & that was sene !		16944	
Ayther other so assayled,			both are
That nyether of other fayled ;			unhorsed,
Thei mette so that bothe zede doun			
Fro her hors opoun <sup>1</sup> her croun.		16948	
¶ But sone & smert bothe vp ros,			but get up
And ayther of hem to hors gos,			again,
And lepe vp with mochel spede ;			
And eyther of hem to other zede,		16952	
And fauzt to-gedur harde & longe,			and fight
Til thei were partid with that thronge.			fiercely
Or elles longe or it hadde be nyght,			until they are
That on hadde be foule discomfight.		16956	separated.
<b>P</b> olidomas when he herde say			Polidomas, on
His brother had mad his endyng-day,			hearing of his
Wo was him whan he hit wiste :			brother's
Among the Gregais he him thruste,		16960	death,
He sclow & faste leyde to grounde,			
He zaff the Gregais many a wounde,			slays and
And sclow hem doun as he were wood ;			wounds many
Thei lay & sprauled In her blood.	32 [ij]	16964	Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> MS. perhaps *opon*.

Penthesilea slays many.	And the quene Pantasalye—	[lf. 250, bk.]	16965
	Thorow hir many doth dye :		
	So thorow here bothe myght <sup>1</sup>		
The Greeks flee,	The Gregais were sone discomfight <sup>2</sup>		16968
	And fledde away & lefft her place,		
	And thei hem folwed a long pace.		
the Trojans follow them. Only Dio- medes, Pirrus, and Thela- manius resist them.	¶ But Diomedes, and sir Pirrus, And the doghti Thelamenyus, These thre thanne hur chase with-stode And thei no further backward ȝode, But turned aȝeyn & lefft here fyght,		16972
Night ends the battle ;	For it was ner-hond the nyght : The sonne was went In-to the west, Hit was ney set & gon to rest <sup>3</sup> ; And thei departed with weri bones		16976
they go home,	And ȝede alle hom to her wones,—		16980
	¶ Some to tentis & some to toun,—		
doff their arms, sup, and go to bed.	Did of her Armes & set hem doun, Ete & drank and ȝede to bedde, Whan thei were alle wel y-fedde,—		16984
They rise again to fight till one wins.	And ros a-ȝeyn when thei myght se, For thei wol not-lete it so be, Vn-to that on were vndirlyng, And that other lord & <sup>4</sup> kyng.		16988
	Night is went with his merke cloude, The waites blew, the Cokkes croude, The sonne is rysen & schynes bryght, And thei are vppe & redi dyght		16992
They prepare for a new battle.	Vnto her note aȝeyn to go, Ther thei the nyght be-fore come fro. Thei are horsed & Armed redi to fare, Thei are aȝeyn to-gedir thare, Ther are thei to-gedir met ; If any lefft In other det,		16996

<sup>1</sup> MS. *myghtes*.      <sup>2</sup> MS. *discomfightes*.  
the margin, but blotted and therefore indistinct.

<sup>3</sup> Scribblings in  
<sup>4</sup> MS. *a*.



Thei thenke hit schal be wel quyt.	[lf. 251.]	16999	
Thei fare as thei <sup>1</sup> were out of wyt,		17000	A fierce and dire battle.
¶ So betis & lais echon on other Stalworth strokes as a ffother, Ryues, & rendes, and doun beres, Woundes, & sleeves, & al to-teres,—		17004	
Fro morwe erly that thei hadde sonne Til it was nyght thei neuere blonne, And thus ferde thei with-ouen les			They fight from morning till night,
Many a day, er thei hadde pes.		17008	many days.
¶ But by him that schope book & belle! Alle here dedis may I not telle, How thei fauzt to-geder euery day ; Alle here dedis may I not say.		17012	But I cannot relate all their deeds,
For sicurly with-oute fayle— As was wreten of that batayle:—			
<b>T</b> Hei fauzt to-geder a ful foure woke That thei neuere reste ne toke,		17016	for they fought four full weeks, without taking rest.
Day by day to lande & forow ; And alle the fold <sup>2</sup> thorow & thorow Lay sprad with dede bodies, As it hadde ben rattis or mys.		17020	
For sicurly by-twene hem was sclayn With-Inne the dayes In that champayn			
¶ —As Dares seis—thousandes ten Off men of Armes & doghti men, With-oute comune & other pedale,— That was wel mo with-oute fayle. And the quene Pantasalie		17024	10,000 knights are slain,  more common soldiers,
Off hir Maydenes a gret partie Hadde tynt with-Inne a while & <sup>3</sup> lorn, That lay ther ded al to-schorn.		17028	and a great many Amazons.
Viiij & xx <sup>ti</sup> dayes plener Held thei the fight al entier <sup>4</sup>	32 [iij]	17032	

<sup>1</sup> *thei* twice in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *folk*.

<sup>3</sup> & is somewhat blotted.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *entrer*.

¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem inter eos ad sepeliendum corpora mortuorum.*

	Day by day vpon the wold,	[lf. 251, bk.]	17033
	That thei reste neuere—as I ȝow told—		
When the whole field	Til al that place & al that feld,		
	Ther the fyght [was] be-twene hem held,		17036
is covered with corpses,	Was spred ful of dede bodies		
	As thei myght ligge y-wis.		
the armies agree on another truce,	And than was take another trewes		
	Be-twix the Troyens & the Grwes,		17040
	That thei myȝt make clene the feld;		
to bury their dead.	That ligge so ded vndir her scheld,		
	That thei with hem efft were not let,		
	When thei were efft-sones y-met.		17044
The truce is taken; the last one,	<b>T</b> He trewes ar take & almost past,		
	And sicurly these arn the last		
	That euere schal Troyens or Grues take;		
	For now schal thei an ende make;		17048
for the next battle will end the war,	The next batayle schal be her ende;		
	For than schal Troye to schame wende,		
	And so schal alle the riche Troyens,		
as the Trojans will lose their 'maintainer.'	For thei schal lese that hem mayntens.		17052
	¶ Schal neuere the kyng ne non of hise		
	For al his noble & his vpprise		
	A-ȝeyn Gregeis mayntene more stoure,		
	For now lesen thei her mayntenoure		17056
All their goods and houses will be burnt, and they will all die;	And alle the gode that thei owe,		
	And here houses brende on a lowe;		
	And thei schal go to dethe vile,		
	Euerychon with-Inne a while.		17060
but by false treason only! God curse them!	¶ But that schal be by fals tresoun;		
	God ȝeue hem his malesoun		
	That <sup>1</sup> the tresoun schope & wrought		
	And that hit so aboute broght!		17064
Antenor and Eneas are the traitors.	That was Antenor & Eueas—		
	God ȝeue hem an euel gras!		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And*.

Come thei neuere In heuene riche,	[lf. 252.]	17067	
That thei wolde so her lord be-swyke		17068	
And al that gentil nacioun !			
Schal be put In-to dampnacioun !			
<b>T</b> Erme is went out of the trewe,			The truce ends ;
And that may men of Troye rewe :		17072	
For if thei wiste what wolde be-tyde,			if the Trojans knew what was coming they would not ride out.
Thei wolde not out of Troye ride.			
But now ben thei of Troye out-gon,			
Wel on horse is euerychone ;		17076	
¶ In-to the feld are thei alle went,			But they go into the field.
With scharp sword & bowe bent			
For to schete & smyte In haste ;			
And thei of Grece ben comyng faste.		17080	
Ful wel are thei now batayled,			
And echon other faste assayled			The battle begins.
With swordes & speres scharpe ;			
Off alle her dedis may I not carpe.		17084	
¶ But Pirrus saw Pantasaly ;			Pirrus and Penthesilea meet ;
Be-twene hem two was gret envy :			
He rode to hir, & sche to him,			
Ayther was on other brym ;		17088	
Pirrus smot that ladi so,			
That he to-barst his spere In-two			Pirrus breaks his spear,
And thrilled thorow-out hir scheld.			
But that quene hir sadel held		17092	but cannot unhorse the queen ;
That sche fel not with his smytyng,			she smites him,
But sche smot him with-oute flytyng			
And zaff him on vn-to his mede,			
That hir spere In-sunder zede ;		17096	breaks her spear too,
But he fel not ther-with to grounde,			
But sche zaff him an hidous wounde			but wounds Pirrus severely ;
That of hir spere a gret parti			the spear-head sticks in his body.
Leftt stone-stille In his bodi.	32 [iiij]	17100	

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Pantasaliam Reginam.*

**P**irrus is smeten & euel dyght, [lf. 252, bk.] 17101  
His blod ran out with mochel myght;

The Greeks  
fear for  
Pirrus,

they can't pull  
the spear out  
of his wound.

They attack  
the Trojans.

For him was made a gret cry  
Off alle the Grues that were him by; 17104

For thei were alle In mochel doute  
How the spere-hed scholde gon oute  
With-oute lesyng of his lyff.

Then be-gan a delful stryff 17108

To hem of Troye ther thei stode:  
For alle the Grues were ney wode

That sche smot him so greuously;  
Thei cried on hir dispitously, 17112

¶ Thei vowed to god thei scholde hir slo.

Many Greeks  
charge the  
queen;

Many a Grewe & Gregais tho  
ȝede aboute that douȝti quene  
And did hir mochel wo & tene, 17116

they break her  
helmet,

Thei brak hir helm & hir hauberk  
And made al blod hir white scherk,  
Thei brast on-sonder many a mayle,  
The stalworthe lace of hir ventayle, 17120

and wound  
her in the  
head.

Sicurly In-to her hare  
Thei maken hir hed naked & bare.

Pirrus,

¶ When Pirrus saw hir hed al naked,  
In his body thoow he were staked 17124

not caring for  
life or death,

With his spere-hede, to hir he soght  
As he of his lyff not roght;  
Off lyff ne deth ȝaff he no tale,  
But that he myȝt brewe hir bale 17128

smites her left  
arm off with a  
heavy blow.

When he saw hir In suche a poynt:  
He smot hir euene In the Ioynt  
Be-twene the sholder & the scheld,  
That hir lefft arme fflow In the feld, 17132

Penthesilea  
dies.

And sche fel ded & stille lay  
Among hir horses as clot of<sup>1</sup> clay;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *In*.



And Pirrus In his greuaunce	[lf. 253.]	17135	
Toke on hir a foule vengauce,		17136	
For he lefft not of hir a spot			
That he ne hit hewe as flesch to pot.			Pirrus cuts her
And he him-selff wex than so wan			body into
For blod that out of his wounde ran,		17140	pieces,
That he amonges hem fel ther doun			and then falls
Fro his hors In a dede swoun ;			down in a dead
¶ But his gode men <sup>1</sup> lyff[t] him on loffte			swoon ;
And on his scheld laide him soffte		17144	
And bare him hom to his tentis,			he is carried
And did of alle his garnementis			to his tent,
And laide him faire vpon his bed,			and put to bed.
For he was feble and al by-bled.		17148	
<b>P</b> Antasalie is ded & sclayn,			Penthesilea
And thei of Grece are ther-of ffayn ;			being dead,
But hir maydenes haue sorwe y-now,			her girls
Many a Grewe that tyme thei sclow.		17152	
Thei were so for the quene en-yred,			
To dye ther thei desired :			
Troyens thanne & tho wymmen			
Sclow two thousand doghti men.		17156	slay 2,000
¶ But what myght that a-vayle,			Greeks.
Whil ther were 3it with-outte fayle			But what can
Thre hundrid thousand of Gregais knyghtes,			that avail ?
Off bold men & stronge In fyghtes,		17160	
And of sqwyers gret multitude ?			
And 3aff thanne strokes wel vnrude,			
And sclow the Troyens as thei were wode,			The Greeks
That men myght haue bathed In here blode :		17164	kill
¶ Dares seith "thei sclow that tyde			
Ten thousand men of Troians <sup>2</sup> syde."			10,000
Wherfore alle that myght ffe			Trojans ; the
Fled away to hir Cite		17168	others flee
			towards Troy.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *godemen*.

<sup>2</sup> *Trojans* by another hand on erasure.

The Trojans  
shut and bolt  
the gates.

And spered the 3ates wel and faste [lf. 253, bk.] 17169

With many a spire that wel wolde laste,

With lokke & keye, haspe & pyn;

And held hem alle the toun with-In, 17172

For of the Gregais hadde thei suche doute

That thei wolde no more passe oute:

¶ The Troyens wol no more out-wende,

For now is broght the fight to ende; 17176

Thei 3eue no tent to no-thing elles—

Non that In the toun dwelles—

They only  
watch their  
walls;

But her walles for to wayte,

That thei with-oute with no dissayte, 17180

With no qwayntise<sup>1</sup>, ne with no wile

By day ne nyȝt hem t[h]o by-gyle.

For thei are sicur y-now & traist,

That thei ne thar no-thing be a-baist; 17184

whose great  
height will  
protect them.

For thei wot wel thei are so hye,

That no-thing In erthe but foule that flye

May come hem to, for out thei do eyȝt,

But if it were with tresoun or sleȝt. 17188

**T**He waytes is set, the toun kept,

That thei wele & sicurly slept.

The Greeks  
surround the  
city,

But thei of Grece haue hem be-cast

With the sege wele & faste

On euery a side ouer-al aboute, 17192

That thei may not for hem come oute.

But ther-of haue thei no drede,

But if thei haue of vitayles nede; 17196

but the  
Trojans are  
not afraid, as  
they are safe  
so long as they  
have food.

¶ For thei may leue & wele fare

With-Inne the toun for euer-mare,

But it be so that hem fayle

Corn, or wyn, or other vytayle. 17200

The Troyens make gret del echone,

Gret mornyng, & mochel mone;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *qwanytise*.

*The Trojans bewail Penthesilea. Her Corpse is thrown into a Pool.* 507

Alle that euere to Troye out long	[lf. 254.]	17203	All the
Maken gret dele and sorwe strong,—		17204	Trojans bewail Penthesilea's death ;
¶ Kyng & knyȝt,—whan thei hem thenche			
Off that worthi doughti wenche,			
That noble quene Pantasalie,			
That hem defended so nobly.		17208	
The sorwe is gret that thei alle make			they are sorry that they cannot get her corpse.
For hir dethe & for hir sake,			
That thei may not hir bodi haue—			
As hem wel auȝt—In erthe to graue.		17212	
¶ The Gregais wol not hir bodi grauen,			The Greeks will not bury it ;
But let hit ligge to roke & rauē ;			
But sir Pirrus with that seyde : ‘ nay !			but Pirrus pleads
Hit is no skyl ’—he sayde—‘ parfay !		17216	
That so douȝti a body as sche			
A-bouen erthe vn-grauen be,			
Ne be with best ne foule y-schent !			for entombing it.
But fair be layd In monument ! ’		17220	
¶ But Diomedes verament			Diomedes opposes him.
With-sayde sir Pirrus Iugement,			
He seyde for-sothe “ that hir bodi			
To ligge In erthe is not worthi.”		17224	
But ther-to come it at the laste			
That In a lake that quene was caste,			They cast the queen into a lake.
For thei seyde “ thei wolde hir not brynge			
To sepulcre ne to bureyng.”		17228	
<b>P</b> Antasalye liggis In a pole ;			
The Troyens make moche dole <sup>1</sup> ,			The Trojans bewail her ; <sup>2</sup>
Thei make sorwe that sche is ded ;			
For now are thei with-outen red,		17232	as they are now helpless.
Thei haue no hope to no <sup>2</sup> socour ;			
With-Inne the toun make thei soiour,			
For thei se wel : hem is no bote			
A-ȝeyn Gregays more to mote.		17236	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *dele*, but the first *e* seems to be corrected to *o*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *to no so*.

Anchises,	Anchises, that waried wyght,	[lf. 254, bk.]	17237
	That Ancien <sup>1</sup> schrewe, that olde knyght,—		
Eneas,	And his sone, fals Eueas,—		
Antenor,	And Antenor—thes thre, alas !—		17240
and Polidomas	And his sone Palidamas—		
plot to save their own lives and goods and wives,	These foure be-gan the compas :		
	How thei myght best saue her lyues		
	And alle her godis & here wyues :		17244
	¶ Thei toke amonges hem many consayle,		
	What myght best to hem a-vayle ?		
	But at the laste, thus thei ent,		
	That thei were alle at this assent :		17248
	“That if thei were dryuen ther-to		
	That thei myght no more do,		
and to betray king Priamus and his folk.	Thei scholde the kyng & his be-swyke,		
	To saue hem foure and that hem lyke,		17252
	Alle here kynrede & here frende,—		
	And Priamus & his to schende.”		
They will advise him	¶ So sayde thei be-twene hem thore :		
	To consayle the kyng that it gode wore		17256
to make peace with the Greeks,	A fynal pees of Grues to craue,		
	For so myght he his lyff saue ;		
	And that he wolde take a-ȝeyn		
and give Eleyne back to Menelaus.	To Menelaus the quene Eleyne,		17260
	And make amendes of that Paris		
	Hadde done to hem & heris amys,		
	And do restore that he & hise		
	Hadde born fro hem In any wyse.		17264
But which of the Greeks will assent to this ?	¶ But who myght leue that any lord		
	Off hem of Grece that wold acord ?		
	To graunte the pees to hem so sone		
	Afftir the harm that thei hadde done,		17268
	And greued hem sore & ofte anoyed,		
	And so fele lordes of hem distroyed ;		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Ancien*; cf. l. 17838.



¶ Qualiter Priamus & omnes alij. Troiani decepti fuerunt.

And thei haue hope the toun to wyne, [lf. 255.] 17271

And alle the godis that ben ther-Inne; 17272

For In the toun so bold none was,

With-oute the gates that durst pas.

But sicurly ther myght men se

That it myȝt not but tresoun be,

17276

The plot can  
be carried out  
only by  
treason.

Openly & discouert,

And it was tresoun riȝt apert.

But thei myght speke of a pees,

Thei myght not elles speke with Gregais,

17280

For to telle hem of here wille,

How the toun wolde thei tresoun & spille.

**T**Hese traytours that this toun wol traye,

The traitors  
go to Priamus

Thei are went her erande to saye

17284

To the kyng In the sale :

Boldely thei telle bothe her tale

Be-fore the kyng & lordes fele ;

But her tresoun thei wol slely hele,

17288

Thei wil not telle what thei thenke—

but dissem-  
ble their  
treason.

The deuel hem mot In helle senke !

¶ When Priamus saw of pees thei touched,

Off here wordes no gode he souched :

17292

Though  
Priamus  
suspects it,

Him thocht it was no gode tokenyng

That thei of pes made *procuryng*

Afftir the harm that he hadde tan

Off hem that were his sones ban,

17296

Him thocht it souned to no gode

That thei of pees hadde turned her mode ;

¶ He saw right wele here two assent,

To traye the toun that thei haue ment,

17300

And not-for-thi he held him stille

And lete him speke & say here wille,

he keepssilent,  
and lets them  
speak.

For he wolde not lette hem *perceyue*

That he saw thei wolde him disceyue.

17304

¶ *Hic Antenor & Eueas loquitur de pace In decepcione Regis.*

- He spak to hem & seide: 'lordynges! [lf. 255, bk.] 17305
- Priamus will deliberate with his coun-  
cillors. I wil a-vise me of thes thynges;  
I wol not ȝeue her-of Iugement  
With-oute consayl & avisement.' 17308
- Eneas scorn-  
fully ¶ Fals Eueas scornfulli be-gan  
Vn-to the kyng speke than,  
advises him to He seyde: 'and thow wol consayle take,  
give in to their I rede that thow oures not for-sake. 17312  
proposal. If the hit like, the ne thar non other;  
Iff thow dost not, thow may take other.'
- Priamus says that ¶ The kyng answered with wordes meke:  
'Lordynges!'—he sais—'I ȝow be-seke 17316  
That with my wordes ȝe wrathe ȝow not!  
For ȝe wot wele—by him vs bouȝt!—  
That I haue done ȝoure consayl here,  
In al my lyff I wayved hit neuere. 17320  
And ȝe say now: "I holde it gode."
- perhaps another plan will be better for both of them. But if it were I vndirstode  
A-nother were more vn-to oure prow,  
Me thenke it scholde not greue ȝow 17324  
Thoow I lefft ȝoure & let it be,  
And toke that wolde helpe ȝow & me.'
- Antenor urges that **A**Ntenor ros fro the des  
And seide: 'sir kyng! to speke of pes 17328  
It is not euel—I vndirstonde,—  
But good to ȝow and alle ȝoure londe;  
For ȝe wot wel what noye & care  
That ȝe & ȝoures now Inne are: 17332
- 'There are 50 kings before the gates resolved to take the town and burn it and slay all. ¶ Be-fore ȝoure ȝatis ligge ffyfty kynges  
That wil not parte for no thynges,  
Til thei may this toun ouer-throwe  
And alle the houses sette on a lowe, 17336  
And sle, sir kyng, ȝow & ȝoure  
And vs also and alle oure.

- Ne 3e may not with-stonde her myzt, [lf. 256.] 17339 You are not  
 ♀ Ne 3e dar not with hem fyzt, 17340 able to with-  
 And 3e ar now of nom-power, stand, or fight  
 Ne vs comes no help fer ne ner. them ;  
 ¶ For-whi I say : better hit is there is no  
 Off two harmes to chose the les : hope of help.  
 Better is vs & 3ow also 17344 Therefore try  
 That 3e sende the Gregais to, to make peace,  
 To loke if thei wil graunt 3ow grith  
 Off a ffynal pes, lyff and lyth ;— 17348  
 And 3eue a-3eyn Eleyne, the quene, restore  
 For wham fele lordis haue ded bene ;— Eleyne,  
 And alle the godis a-3eyn restore— and all the  
 And, if thei wil, 3et somdel more,— 17352 goods Paris  
 That Paris In his robbery stole in  
 Toke fro hem In Thesaly.' Thessaly.'
- A** Mphimacus to speke hadde haste, Amphimacus,  
 On of the kynges sones a-baste ; a bastard son  
 He ros vp thanne with teneful herte of Priamus,  
 And seide to him wordes smerte, answers :  
 Herynge alle that <sup>1</sup> set on benche :  
 ' Thi wyles ben wicked, so ben thi wrenche ! ' 17360 ' Wicked is thy  
 He seide : ' gode men <sup>2</sup>, opon my treuthe ! plan,  
 Thow art fals, and that is reuthe ! thou art a  
 Thi herte is turned, & so it semes, traitor !  
 That thi kyng & vs thus demes ! 17364  
 In the for-sothe is now no trayst,  
 When thow these wordes vn-to vs sayst !  
 ¶ For thi kyng scholde thow suffre mescheff, Thou oughtest  
 Er thow saw him falle In any repreff, 17368 to die for thy  
 And thow now procurest him vylonye ! king before he  
 Erst scholdestow with him die ! is harmed.  
 Wele may men se : thi herte is chaunged !  
 For we are not 3it so mys-kannged, 17372 But we are not  
<sup>1</sup> that twice in MS. <sup>2</sup> MS. *godemen*. yet so  
 weakened,

that 30,000  
men cannot  
die before  
that.'

That er schal twenti thousand men [lf. 256, bk.] 17373

Die ther-to and thousandes ten.'

Ful wylusly he him with-sayde,

For he was no-thing with him payde.

17376

Eneas  
answers :

¶ But Eueas thanne his wordes pesed,

With faire wordes his herte he sesed ;

He<sup>1</sup> seyde vnto him at the laste :

' We are be-  
leaguered too  
narrowly,

' The Gregeis haue vs vmbe-caste,

17380

That we dar no more fyght with hem,

Ne open oure 3ates for drede of hem ;

A-nother way—if we be sly—

By-houes vs seke to haue vs by,

17384

And sicurly it is non other

and must get  
peace.'

Then bye the pes, my leue brother !'

**F**Or alle the good of hethen Spayne

Myght the kyng him [not] refrayne,

17388

He was so ful of care & wo ;

Priamus  
says to the  
traitors :  
' You are to  
blame.  
Shame upon  
you ! How can  
you be so un-  
kind to me ?

Vnto the traytours seide he tho :

' Certes'—he seyde—' 3e are to blame !

3e were worthi to suffre schame !

17392

In 3oure herte how myght 3e ffynde

A-3eyn me now to be vnkynde ?

In my gret elde to waxe vn-trewe

That euere 3it haue ben me drewe ?

17396

¶ And nother of 3ow may certes say

That I did neuere be nyght ne day

Any-thing a-3eyn Gregays

I never did  
anything  
against the  
Greeks

In tyme of werre ne of pays

17400

That harmed hem an heryng-tayle,

That it ne was by 3oure consayle.

And thow, Eueas, was cheff consaylour

To Paris, my sone, In his labour

17400

To rawische Heleyne & lede hir away ;

Thow may not say ther-of " nay" :

{ Ne hadde }

without your  
counsel.  
Thou, Eneas,  
wast the chief  
adviser for  
Paris to steal  
Eleynne.



- Ne hadde, Eueas, thi conseyl bene, [lf. 257.] 17407  
 Eleyne ne hadde this toun sene. 17408  
 And now afftir my sones ded And now both  
 I se ȝow two at otheres red of you advise  
 To consail me, to lese my name me to lose my  
 And falle for euere In foule schame, 17412 reputation,  
 That I scholde now me meke  
 The Gregais mercy to be-seke to appeal for  
 That haue alle my sones sclayn mercy to those  
 And done me wo & mechel payn ; 17416 Greeks who  
 And ȝit scholde I hem merci crye slew my sons !  
 And pes & loue of hem bye <sup>1</sup> ?  
 ¶ Hit were a schame to alle my kynde  
 That I scholde me to hem bynde, — 17420  
 So haue I of my bodi hele !  
 This consayl is nother good ne lele, Your counsel  
 But waried worthe the tonge it tolde ! is not loyal !  
 For I drede we ben alle solde, 17424 Cursed be the  
 For we ben lorn maugre oure tethe, tongue which  
 Ryght noght it is—& that we sethe.' gave it !  
 ¶ Eueas thanne was wonder wrothe, I fear we are  
 He ros vp & thenne gothe ; sold and lost !  
 He was Angred with that sawe, Eneas, very  
 Off his kyng stode him none awe. angry, 17428  
 Wordes fele of gret outrage,—  
 Herande alle the baronage,— 17432 speaks villain-  
 S Pake he thanne vn-to the kyng, ous words  
 That were veleyns wordes & vn-sittyng. against the  
 He gos hamward vnto his halle king,  
 With-oute leue of hem alle, 17436 and leaves the  
 He wolde no leue at hem nym. hall with  
 But Antenor ȝede home with hym ; Antenor.  
 Thei are bothe hom to-gedur went.  
 By him that made bothe Twede & Trent! 33 [j] 17440

<sup>1</sup> Order in MS., 17418, 17417.

¶ *Hic Priamus flebat.*

Iff the kyng hadde wist here consayl, [lf. 257, bk.] 17441  
It hadde ben to hem to wrother-hayl!

Priamus  
weeps,

as he sees that  
his death is  
near.

He sends for  
Amphimacus,

and says :

' We are both  
one flesh and  
blood,

let us with-  
stand the two  
traitors  
together!

They hope the  
Greeks will  
slay me, and  
then have  
this rich town.  
I should like  
to prevent  
this : to-  
morrow be  
armed with  
some friends,

and when  
the traitors  
ride home,

cut them both  
down !'  
Amphimacus  
agrees.

**P**riamus ryses and sore wepis  
That al his brest the water wetis, 17444

For he parseyued apertly  
That his deth for-sothe is ney ;  
The kynges herte ful sore tendres.

The kyng thanne sone sendes 17448

Afttir his soone Amphimacus,

And seis ful rewfully to him thus,

Sore wepyng and bitterly :

' I am thi fader, sone, witterly ; 17452

We are bothe of on blod & flesche,

Holde we to-gedur for hard or nesche!

¶ Lete vs with-stonde whil that we may

The two traitoures, sone, I the pray! 17456

I se thei haue to-gedir spoken

That thei myzt on vs be wroken ;

Thei thenke the Grues schal sle me

And to haue this riche Cite. 17460

I wolde fayn do bote ther-In,

Iff that I myght with any gyn :

¶ To-morwe next I wol thow be

With priue folk of oure meygne 17464

Armed wele, when 3e haue dyne ;

That no man wite of 3oure couyne,

Vn-til we haue al fully ent

Oure consayl & oure parlement. 17468

And whan it is comen to euen-tyde

That thei bothe schal hamwardis ride,

I wol that thow & thine out-wende

And bothe the traytours al to-rende.' 17472

¶ Amphimacus seide : " it scholde be done,

By him that made bothe sonne & mone! "

- But al this myght not hem a-vayle: [lf. 258.] 17475  
 I wot neuere how that here consayle 17476  
 Was told [anon] to Eueas,  
 That he scholde dye for his trespas  
 That he hadde wratthed that day the kyng  
 And Antenor with his spekyng. 17480
- E**Neas<sup>1</sup> thanne was wroth y-now:  
 To alle his goddis he made a vow  
 That he wolde on him be wreke,  
 Iff that he myȝt go or speke. 17484  
 He sente as sone his messenger  
 Afftir Antenor, his comper;  
 And he come sone at his sonde  
 And him al redi ther he fonde. 17488  
 Eneas<sup>2</sup> told him tydande  
 Off the kyng & his couenande,  
 And "how he wolde sle hem bothe,  
 So was he to hem wrothe." 17492
- ¶ Thes two to-gedir swere:  
 "That thei scholde fight to-geder there,  
 The town to traye and tho ther-In,  
 And do sle hem & alle her kyn;  
 Thei schal not lette for leue ne lothe."  
 And ther-to haue thei sworn her othe:—  
 'And if so to-morwe<sup>3</sup> it<sup>4</sup> be-tide  
 þat<sup>5</sup> he wol vs at home abide,  
 We schal come on suche parayle  
 That if he thenke vs assayle,  
 ¶ Off his purpos schal he be rent:  
 He schal not do as he hath ment.  
 I ȝeue right not of alle his tene,  
 Not the value of a bene;  
 For I wot wele: we schal be war  
 Off him, er we come thar.' 33 [ij] 17508
- I don't know how Eneas heard that he should die.
- He is very angry and vows to be avenged.
- He sends for Antenor,
- and tells him the news.
- Both swear that they will fight in the council, to betray the town and slay all the folk.
- 'We shall come so well prepared, that Priamus will not be able to do as he likes. I don't care for his anger at all.'

<sup>1</sup> N altered from U by another hand.

<sup>2</sup> n by another hand on

erasure. <sup>3</sup> to by another hand on erasure.

<sup>4</sup> it inserted by

another hand over line. <sup>5</sup> And crossed out at this place in the MS.,

þ<sup>6</sup> inserted by another hand in the margin.

	<b>E</b> Rly on morwe whan it was tyme— [lf. 258, bk.] 17509	
	I trowe a litel afftir the Prime—	
Priamus in- vites the lords to a parlia- ment with Antenor and Eneas.	Priamus kyng sent his message To alle the lordes of his vilage, 17512 To Antenor & Eueas, And bad hem come an hasti pas To Ylion vn-to that kyng, That thei ne made no dwellyng; 17516	
	¶ And thei bad hem azejn gone, For thei wolde come a-none. Thei armed hem at alle rightes And toke with hem noble knyghtes, 17520 And come for-sothe to the palais, Armed wel In her harneis. The kyng of hem was sore affrayed, For he saw thanne he was be-wrayed; 17524	
Antenor and Eneas arm, and come with an escort of knights.	The kyng thanne to his sone gos And biddis him lette of his purpos, He seyde: 'sone, leue this thyng! We ben be-wreyed—by heuene kyng!' 17528	
Priamus, seeing his plan is discovered,	¶ When these lordes were comen alle, Thei sette hem doun In that halle, And thei be-gan to-geder trete. Eueas wolde his wil not lete, 17532	
He bids his son give up their purpose.	He stode vp thanne & boldely spak To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak Be-twene hem of Grece—iff thei moste <sup>1</sup> — A fynal pes, what-so it coste;— 17536	
When all are assembled,	¶ 'But 3e done, 3e bene alle lorn For defaute of wyn & corn; 3oure vitayles may not longe laste That ne som-tyme thei wil be paste, 17540	
Eneas	Then schal 3e be wel euel at ayse <sup>2</sup> And dye afftir that gret myssayse.	
again proposes to make peace with the Greeks,		
or they'll be lost soon,		
as their victuals won't last.		

<sup>1</sup> e inserted later, but by the same hand.<sup>2</sup> MS. *atayse*.



- ¶ Therefore lettes for no man [lf. 259.] 17543 'Therefore try  
To make a pees—if 3e can,— 17544 to have peace.'
- And come at one sone with the Grues!' But Priamus that sayng refuces, Priamus  
He him with-sais In fair manere; refuses,  
But ther was non that wold him here, 17548 but all want  
Thei seyde echon: "thei vndirstode peace.  
The pees ffor hem was fair & gode  
At suche a plyght as thei were at."  
And thus sayde alle that ther sat; 17552
- ¶ Saue Priamus with-seide it ay, Priamus alone  
For he was ferd thei wolde him tray. dissents, as he  
But Eueas In his wickednesse fears betrayal.  
Seide to him In gret felnesse: But Eneas  
17556 says:  
'Wherto, sir kyng, makestow it so?  
Wenes thow oure wille for-do  
By thi Powere & thi maystrie?  
Wil thow, nele thow—the pees schal be!' 17560
- P**riamus tho held him stille, Priamus says:  
For he most nede suffre her wille;  
He seyde: 'lordynges, now 3e it say  
That it is gode the Grues to pray 17564  
That thei wol graunte vs, for of oure,  
A fynal pees to here honoure,—  
Sithen 3e it say, I wol also  
A3eyn my wille—so haue I ro! 17568  
For I am ferd hit schal vs rewe  
A pees to praye of any Grewe!' for I fear  
The Troyens then Antenor chese we'll rue it.'
- To do her erande to gete hem pese, 17572 Antenor is  
Off a fynal pes if thei myght spede chosen to treat  
For siluer, gold, or any mede. for peace with  
the Greeks.
- T**Hei 3ede with braunches of Olyue-tre  
Upon the walles, that thei my3t se, 33 [iij] 17576 The Trojans go  
upon the walls  
with olive-  
branches.

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios ad Grecos.*

	In tokene of pees & saue condit. [lf. 259, bk.]	17577
The Greeks make the same sign.	Whan thei of Grece hadde sen that sight, The same tokene made thei a-zeyn.	
	The Troyens ther-of were ful fayn,	17580
Antenor is let down from the wall,	Thei lete Antenor a-non doun By the wal out of the toun ; And whan he was on grounde set,	
and goes to the Greek camp.	He ȝede to Grues with-oute let.	17584
He tells Agamemnon his message.	Whan he was comen to here hailes, Her Emperour told he his tales : " How he was comen fro her kyng To make by-twene hem sauȝtlyng."	17588
	¶ The Emperour sente afftir other kynges, To here the sothe of these tydynges ; When thei were alle to-gedere thore, He saide " that thre men, if it wore,	17592
	That wolde be trewe & trusti frende, To brynge this thyng to an ende."	
The Greek lords choose three men as negotiators.	Thei chose thre men tho for hem alle : " That what-so-euere scholde ther-of be-falle, Thei scholde holde her ordinaunce With tresoun or with disceyuaunce "	17596
They swear	¶ And ther made <sup>1</sup> thei alle her othes By boke & belle & holy clothes	17600
	That longed to her sacrament : " Thei scholde holde her surment."	
to hold all that is agreed on. The ' King of Grete,'	<b>T</b> hat one of hem was kyng of Grete, The Gregais all by him wel lete ;	17604
Diomedes,	That other was Diomedes,	
and Ulixes are chosen.	The thridde of hem was Vlixes. These thre the Gregais for hem toke That what-soeuere thei wolde loke, Thei wolde holde ferme & stable With-oute dissayte or any fable.	17608

<sup>1</sup> *made* twice in MS., the second one crossed out.

¶ *Consilium inter Antenorem. & Reges Grecorum.*

- ¶ Thei asked him: "what was the thynges [lf. 260.] 17611 They ask for  
That he to hem tydandes brynges?" 17612 his message.
- He seyde: 'lordynges, I wol 3ow telle:  
My thinges that I wol 3ow of melle,  
I wolde that no man here but I  
And 3e thre kynges witterly 17616  
That chosen were of euery lord,  
To loke if we foure may a-cord.
- ¶ For if I tolde hit al on hye for if not,  
That men my3t here it openlye, 17620  
Hit my3t be wist In other place,  
And I be schent ther-by by cace I might be  
And lese my trauayle & lese my way harmed.  
And gete me harm ther-by parfay. 17624  
I wol therfore that 3e thre  
Come here by-syde and speke with me,  
That this thing may be priuay,  
Iff that it be vnto 3oure pay.' 17628 Therefore re-  
tire with me.'
- T**Hese thre kynges And Antenore They retire.  
Fro the ffolk<sup>1</sup> thei 3ede a-fore;  
Antenor thanne, that lyther schrewe, Antenor tells  
Be-gan his fulshede to hem schewe: them 17632  
He tolde hem of his tresoun  
That he wolde do In schort sesoun,  
"How he wolde by-traye the toun  
And putte it al In her bandoun. . . . 17636 how he  
Thus mechel to say to this couenande, will betray  
That thei alle thre holde vp her hande the city;  
And swere by him In heuene was:  
'Thei scholde saue him & Eueas, 17640 and bids them  
And alle her godis & her houses, hold up their  
Here kynrede & al here spouses, hands, and  
And her frendes that thei wolde chese swear that  
That thei of<sup>1</sup> heres scholde not lese.'" 33 [iiij] 17644 they will spare  
him and  
Eneas, and all  
their kindred  
and property.

<sup>1</sup> of inserted over line.

The Greek  
kings are glad  
of the news,

¶ The sothe to say the kynges were glad, [lf. 260, bk.] 17645

Whan thei of him this tydandes had

That thei the toun so sone myght wynne

And haue the godis that were ther-Inne, 17648

Kyng, & quene, and al his fe.

and swear

The kynges swore all thre

By him that made bothe erthe & heuene :

to spare them.

"Theischoldehem saue,thoowther weresuche seuene"; 17652

And ther-to her trewthes thei plyght.

Antenor  
promises

And he hem treuly be-hight

That he wolde couenande holde

to betray Troy,  
if they keep it  
secret.

To be-traye Troye, that Cite bolde,

17656

For-whi that thei [hit] holde priue,

That non it wiste but thei & he.

**N**ow hath this traytour be-trayed Troye,—

These kynges maken moche Ioye,—

17660

For him & Eueas it is solde.

God wolde it were the burgeis tolde !

To hide his  
treason,  
Antenor asks  
that Taltibeus  
shall go  
with him to  
the Trojans,  
so that they  
may believe  
him the better.

For he wolde his tresoun hide :

He bad a kyng scholde with him ride

17664

In-to the toun out of the feld,

Taltibeus, a kyng of eld ;

And that thei myght credence of him ȝeue

And the more him leue.

17668

He demands  
the corpse of  
Penthesilea.

¶ He asked eke for curtesye

ȝeue him the quene Pantasalye,

That thei myght that cors entere.

But that with-sayde alle that were there,

17672

For thei hir hated In certayn ;

For afftir thei graunted [hit] with <sup>1</sup> payn.

The Greeks  
grant it  
unwillingly.  
Antenor and  
Taltibeus go  
to Troy.

¶ He toke his leue & went his way,

And Taltibyus with him parfay ;

17676

And thei of Troye opened the ȝatis,

And thei rode In ful faire al-gatis

<sup>1</sup> MS. *with him*.



And sente the kyng word of her come, [lf. 261.]	17679	
And rod forth vn-to him home.	17680	
<b>T</b> He morwe afftir the kyng did sende		Next morning
Afftir his burgeis gode & hende,		Priamus con-
Alle that euere were In the toun.		vokes a par-
When thei were come, thei sete down;	17684	liament.
He bad Antenor by his Omage :		He asks
" How he hadde sped In his message,		Antenor how
That he scholde ther sey <sup>1</sup> In presence		he sped.
And In here alther Audience."	17688	
¶ The fals traytour—the deucl him cheke !—		This false
To hem gan he sclely speke,		traitor speaks
He schewed to hem but flaterye,		artfully.
For he wolde hele his traytourie,	17692	To conceal his
But tolde a prologe mochel & long ;		treachery, he
He seide : ' gode men, the Grues are strong,		makes a long
Off gret power and wasselage,		prologue : 'The
Off curtesie & gret parage	17696	Greeks are
Off kynges & lordes & of her men lege,		strong enough
Longe y-now to holde the sege,		to keep up the
Hardy y-now to fyght & bekir,		siege much
Knyghtes trewe & wondir sekir.	17700	longer ;
¶ By-holdes now a-boute & loke :		
Thei breke neuere trewes that euere thei toke ;		they never
And we are so dryuen to noght,		broke a truce.
Al to wrecches we are broght,	17704	We are almost
To care & wo & mochel sorwe,		undone,
Night & day, euen & morwe.		and are full of
Wherefore, gode men, hit were wisdam		sorrow.
That 3e consayl amonges 3ow nam :	17708	So it is best for
By what way that 3oure wayment		us
Might come to ende & best be ent ?		to end the war ;
¶ But therto certis schal 3e not come		but this will
With-oute tresor a gret somme :	17712	cost us much.

<sup>1</sup> *sey* inserted by another hand over line.

- All ought to  
bring a large  
sum to buy  
peace.
- I rede euery man bothe more & lesse [lf. 261, bk.] 17713  
That is of myzt and of richesse,  
And specially vnto oure kyng,  
That he be helpande vn-to this thyng; 17716  
For we no-wyse In pes may be  
With-oute tresor gret quantite.  
For better is vs oure gode for-go  
Thanne euere to leue In noye & wo! ' 17720  
Lo! how slely he hem blente  
With his sleyght & his Argument!
- He adds: ¶ Then did the traytour more quayntise,  
For he wolde In no wyse 17724  
His ffals tresoun that thei perceyue,  
And for he wolde hem clene disceyue;  
He sayde also In that throwe:  
'The Gregais wil may I not knowe; 17728  
I rede that Eueas with me wende  
To brynge this thyng better to ende.'
- 'Send Eneas  
with me to the  
Greeks to  
know their  
will.'
- ¶ The Troyens alle his sawe alowed,  
Thei seyde: "he scholde be wele aprowed 17732  
By Eueas<sup>1</sup>—so haue thei reste!;—  
That he with ȝede that was beste."  
Wherfore thei Iugged euerychone  
That thei two to Grues scholde gone. 17736
- The parlia-  
ment ends.
- T**Hei haue now done her parlement,  
And alle the lordes ben<sup>2</sup> hom went,  
Priamus, the Troyane kyng,  
In-to his Chambre goth wepyng, 17740  
He scrat his hede & tare his heer,  
Out of his eyen fel many a teer;  
He saw wele here sotilnesse,  
Here ffalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744  
He cursed that tyme that he was born,  
So doghty sones as he hadde lorn!
- Priamus  
weeps,
- as he sees  
their falseness.

<sup>1</sup> u might be n; cf. note to l. 17489.<sup>2</sup> ben inserted over line  
by the same hand, hom crossed out before it, and repeated behind it.

- “ And now to leue of her batayle, [lf. 262.] 17747 Priamus  
Most he ȝeue al his catayle 17748 laments that  
That he hadde geten by olde dayes ! he must give  
And ende his lyff In gret affrayes ” ;— his all for  
‘ Wolde god I were now certayn peace,  
To haue my lyff & be not: sclayn ! 17752 and is not sure  
ȝet wolde I thanne haue some Ioye. that he can  
But er y trowe the toun of Troye save his life.  
Schal be by-traied & go to pyne,  
And I schal dye & alle myne.’ 17756
- A** Ntenor and fals Eueas <sup>1</sup>— Antenor and  
Se thei neuere god In the fas !— Eneas  
Thei are bothe went to hem of Grece, go to the  
To saue her bodyes & here fece, 17760 Greeks,  
And priueli to traye the toun,  
To brenne Ylioun & caste it down.  
When thei hadde spoken a ful gode while and treat with  
How thei myght Troyens best by-gyle, 17764 them.  
¶ The Gregais bad “ that Vlixes  
And his felawe Diomedes  
With Antenor and his comperes  
To Troye scholde wende alle In-feres, 17768  
To wite of hem what thei wolde ȝeue  
That thei scholde hem no lenger greue,  
And for to telle hem what thei craue  
Iff thei scholde hem let pes haue.” 17772  
Thei ȝede alle forth here way snel  
To the toun with-oute dwel ;  
¶ To Priamus when thei were comen,  
He did his men as sone somen 17776  
Bidde his lordis & his burgeis,  
To-morwe to come to his paleis.  
When thei were comen & al down <sup>2</sup> set  
And thei were alle to-gedir y-met, 17780

<sup>1</sup> “ might be n; cf. note to 17489.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *aldoun*.

- In the Trojan  
parliament  
Ulixes de-  
mands,
- Vlixes stode & tolde his erande: [lf. 262, bk.] 17781  
 'This thyng may not be wernade;  
 Iff ȝe wil haue the sauȝtlyng,  
 ȝe most graunte her askyng.' 17784
- (1) that they  
exile Amphi-  
macus,
- ¶ He saide: 'the Grues asken thynges two:  
 That on is that ȝe most do  
 Out of this toun & this Ile  
 Amphilacus vntil exile, 17788  
 That he come neuere a-ȝeyn on lyue';—  
 And this the Troyens graunte blyue;—
- and (2) that  
they give  
enough gold  
and corn for  
every Greek.
- ¶ 'That other is that ȝe do fet—  
 For to ȝeue hem to here profet— 17792  
 Off gold & corn so gret porcioun  
 Vnto here a[l]ther reffeccioun,  
 That euery a man haue so gode store  
 To haue y-now for euere more.' 17796
- While he  
speaks  
a terrible  
noise is heard  
in the hall.
- G**Ret meruayle among hem alle  
 In his spekyng fel In that halle:  
 A wonder noyse amonges hem thore  
 Was tho y-herd of hem that wore. 17800
- They wonder  
what it can be.
- What that myȝt be thei were ameruayled;  
 The kynges wende men hadde hem assayled;  
 Some men wende the noyce thei herde  
 Hadde ben the kynges childres so ferde 17804  
 For her brother Amphilacus,  
 For her<sup>1</sup> fadir Priamus  
 And for her<sup>1</sup> brother schulde be exiled,  
 With Antenor that so was be-gyled. 17808
- ¶ Eche man loked what hit was,  
 Nobody knows  
 But ther was non In al that plas  
 Ne in that hye Cite  
 That coude wete what it myȝt be, 17812  
 Ne whethen that it come, ne how.  
 Eueryche a lord hamward hem drow,
- whence it  
comes,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *his*.



- ¶ *Hic Antenor narrauit Regibus Grecorum de reliqu[i]o Palladij.*  
 And ent here consayl tho alle sone, . [lf. 263.] 17815 The parlia-  
 And went home when thei hadde done. 17816 ment ends.
- A** Ntenor him hamward spedde,  
 The kynges two with him ledde  
 In-to a wondir priue place,  
 Ther thei to speke hadde good space. 17820  
 Antenor re-  
 tires with the  
 Greek kings  
 to a privy  
 place.
- ¶ To Antenor seyde Vlixes  
 That sat by him vpon the des :  
 'I haue meruayle whi thow delayes  
 These thynges for vs so many dayes,  
 That thow ne brynges hit to no purpos. 17824  
 blames  
 him for  
 delaying the  
 treason so  
 long.
- Loke that thow vs no-tyng glos  
 And brynge vs slely In a bek,  
 For thow brynges hit to non affek.' 17828
- ¶ Antenor swor & sayde "nay,  
 Bothe he & Eueas nyzt and day,  
 So helpe him god"—'we were ther-about';—  
 "But on<sup>1</sup> thing broght hem In doute";— 17832  
 Antenor  
 swears that he  
 and Eneas are  
 about it day  
 and night;  
 'but one thing  
 hinders us.
- 'I wol 3ow telle, what thing hit is  
 That bryngis vs In gret gastnes :
- ¶ The sothe is this: that kyng Ylus,—  
 As oure bokes telles vs,— 17836  
 King Ilus  
 of Troy,  
 who founded  
 Iliou,
- A worthi knyzt, a kyng Troyen,  
 Off long tyme and Ancien<sup>2</sup>,  
 That Ilyon did sette & dyght—  
 And Ilyon afftir him hit hight,— — 17840  
 With-Inne this toun this kyng did make  
 For her goddis Pallus sake  
 A riche temple, fair & long,  
 Brod & wide & wonder strong. 17844  
 had a rich  
 temple built  
 for the goddess  
 Pallas in this  
 town.
- ¶ When it was made al, aboute the roue  
 That scholde be set the temple aboue  
 A wonder thing out of the sky  
 Off goddis grace fel fro an hy, 17848  
 When it was  
 ready,  
 a wondrous  
 thing fell from  
 the sky,

<sup>1</sup> MS. no.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Amycien*; cf. l. 17238.

	That did the harde wow cleue <sup>1</sup> & bende [lf. 263, bk.]	17849
close to the high altar,	Ryght at the hye-aüter ende; And In the wow him-selff hit sette,	
and stuck there so fast	As faste as hit were 3ette	17852
that only the priests could get it out.	With sement or with any glewe, That no man may hit thenne remewe <sup>2</sup> Saue the prestes that hit kepe, Be thei wakyng or a-slepe,—	17856
It is of wood, but nobody knows of what kind.	And thei hit kepe & al day <sup>3</sup> se. Men say that hit is most of tre, ¶ But "what tre" can no man knowe Off alle the kernes <sup>4</sup> that it owe,	17860
So long as it is there, no one can take the town by treason. It is called "Palladin" after the god- dess Pallas.	Ne what forme, ne what hewe; But hit is thyng of suche vertue : The while hit is the toun with-Inne, May non the toun with tresoun wyne. ¶ Palladin that thing called is Aftir Pallas—the sothe hit is ;— Fro hir It come also, I wene. Now haue I told 3ow al be dene—	17864
This is what delays us !' Diomedes answers : 'As this is so,	So helpe me god & my long way ! That maketh al oure let & oure delay.' <b>D</b> iomedes thanne answered : 'Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered <sup>5</sup> That hit one the toun may saue, That we ne may by no way haue For no thyng that may be-falle, The while hit is with-Inne the walle—	17868
it is nonsense to waste our time.'	¶ Then thenkes me, sir, witterly, That we do alle a gret foly That we do noght with-oute fayle, But lese oure speche & oure trauayle.'	17876
Antenor says :	Antenor seyde : 'by heuene kyng ! Iff 3e haue wonder of oure taryng,	17880

<sup>1</sup> MS. *clene*.<sup>2</sup> The second *e* altered to *o* in MS.<sup>3</sup> MS. *alday*.<sup>4</sup> MS. *kernes*.<sup>5</sup> MS. *dared*.

This is the cause & the resoun	[lf. 264.]	17883	'This is the
And alle the verray enchesoun,		17884	only reason of
That 3e & we are thus delayed.			our delay.
But al this while haue I assayed,			But mean-
And ofte haue I be-soght the prest			while I have
That kepis this thyng & hit is next,		17888	prevailed on
And haue by-het him gret tresour			the priest
To haue certis for his labour—			
¶ And so haue I the prest be-soght,			
That In certayn haue I him broght		17892	
That he som nyght schal go with me			to go with me
For gret tresor & mychel fe,			some night;
And then schal I sende to 3ow			then I shall
And ende this thing to 3oure prow.'		17896	send for you.'
And thanne thei partid & toke her leue;			They start;
That god him 3eue an euel preue!			
<b>N</b> ow haue thei lefft alle her tales,			the Greek
And the kynges gon to her sales.		17900	kings return
And Antenor anon he wente			to their camp,
To Priamus that he hadde blente;			Antenor
He bad him anon sende vp & doun			bids Priamus
To alle the burgeis of the tonn		17904	convoke the
That were with-Inne the Cite 3atis,			citizens.
That thei scholde come to him al-gatis.			
¶ And whan thei herde of this tydandes,			
Is non that lenger sittis ne standes,		17908	They come
That thei ne 3ede alle or rode			
To his Palais with-oute abode.			to his palace.
When thei were comen & set on rowe,			
Echon by other—as hem owe,—		17912	
Antenor ros & seyde: 'lordyngis!			Antenor says:
I wol telle 3ow of oure spekyngis,			'I'll tell you
What the Grues & I haue spokyn,			of my negotia-
What thei wol haue, or elles be wroken.		17916	tions with the
			Greeks.

The Greeks demand 1,000,000 pounds of gold,	This is the somme that Gregays aske, [lf. 264, bk.] 17917 That thei wole haue vnto her taske : Ten hundrid thousand pound of golde ;— Ther is no man is maked of molde 17920 That may ther-of vs alegge, For thei wol not ther-of abregge ;— And as moche of siluer bryghte <sup>1</sup> 3e mot hem 3eue with-oute respite ; 17924 An hundrid charge also of whete. And tho bad thei me with hem trete, ¶ For sicurly thei wol no lasse.
as much silver,	Therefore, gode men <sup>2</sup> , if [be] 3oure ese 17928 To haue the lyff & fle the ded, Than is this forsothe my red : That 3e 3eue hem this two her wage
and 100 loads of wheat.	And let go caste a taylage 17932 A-mong the riche & the pore,— To pese her wratthe for euere more,— And gadir hit faste on gret hepis, For thei wol haue shippes 3epis.' 17936
Therefore, if you like life better than death,	<b>N</b> ow is the taylage cast & layde, That somme was sone y-puruayde, The while it was In gaderyng.
you'd better raise the money by a tax.'	Antenor, that lyther thyng, 17940 Spake to the prest of the lawe That what with 3efftis & with awe, What for drede, what for mede, That he the prest so ouer-3ede, 17944 That he bad him at euen come, And he scholde haue Palladone.
The tax is laid, and the sum provided.	¶ Antenor come thenne on a nyght, And that prest, that wicked wyght, 17948 3aff him that relike that was so riche,— In al Assye was ther non liche ;
Antenor bribes the priest,	{ And he sende }

<sup>1</sup> e added afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *godemen*.



And he sende it to Vlixes,	[lf. 265.]	17951	Antenor sends
And to his felawe Diomedes.		17952	the relic to
The Troyens gadered the gold & corn			Ulixes and
Erly at euen and on morn;			Diomedes.
Thei leyde that good & that fee			The Trojans
In the temple of Menerne.		17956	collect the
¶ Then seyde the riche Citesenes			gold and corn,
And alle these other pore Troyenes,			and put them
That thei wolde make a sacrifice			in the temple
To her godis of gret aprice,		17960	of Minerva.
To thanke hem of grace that thei sende			When they
That her batayle is thus at ende.			sacrifice to
<b>T</b> Hei broght tho many boles & bores,			their gods,
With lowyng & with loude rores;			
But ther be-tydde tho two miracles		17964	and thank
That were to hem gret obstacles:			them that the
When be-fore the Auteres were layd the bestis,—			war is ended,
As was that tyme that lawe hestis—		17968	
That were doun come thedir, & renne			and when the
To sette In fir, and do hit brenne,			bulls and boars
Thei did brynge the kiddis drye—			are brought
For hit scholde brenne clere & hye,—		17972	to the altar,
And colis also In bollis & wyndel:			two miracles
Thei myght no fir make ther-on kyndel,			occur:
For noght that thei coude blowe			
Not ones sette hit on a lowe.		17976	
¶ The Troyens were tho vn-blythe,			
Thei tende hire fir more than ten sithe,			
But it jede out by on & on,			
That sacrifice myght thei make non.		17980	is ten times
¶ That other wonder, gode men, y-wis			lighted,
That hem be-fel that tyme, was this:			and ten times
Ther come fleyng that tyme an Erne			goes out.
Vn-to the temple, fleande sterne,	34 [j]	17984	
			Then a big
			eagle flies to
			the temple,

and bears away the entrails from the altar to the Greek ships.	And al the entrayle, as hit lay	[lf. 265, bk.]	17985
	Off her bestis, bare he hit a-way ;		
	Be-twene here clauwes sche hem kyppis,		
	And beres hem to the Gregais schippis.		17988
All the Trojans are much afraid at these tokens.	Alle the Troyens that ther wore,		
	Off this two thinges abaist hem sore,		
	For thei se by here tokenynges bothe		
	That here godis with hem were wrothe ;		17992
	But whi it was, wiste thei neuere,		
	But alle ther-of affrayed were.		
The Greeks make a brazen horse,	<b>T</b> He Gregais were slely by-thoght,		
	A wonder werk hadde thei wroght :		17996
	Thei did make an hors of bras,		
	Suche a-nother neuere sene was ;		
holding 1,000 knights inside.	A thousand knyghtes myght ther-Inne ;		
	Ther-on was many a selcouthe gynne :		18000
	Dores brode that opened wyde,		
	A thousand men ther myght a-byde,		
	But no man was of eye so bryght		
	That myght with-oute of hem se sight.		18004
The allies of Priamus are angry with his treaty,	¶ The kynges alle that comen wore		
	To Priamus to socoure thore,		
	When hit was done hem to vndirstonde		
	That Priamus so foule a couenande		18008
	Hadde mad to Grues to ben at one,		
and depart.	Thei toke her leue at him echone,		
	To wende hom to her contrese,		
	And lefte him ther, & hem of Grece.		18012
Philomene takes back only 250 knights out of 2,000 he had brought ;	¶ Kyng Philomene had two thousand knyghtes		
	That come with him, thei worthi wyghtes		
	Ledde hem aȝeyn to his lande		
	But two hundrid & fyffti of hem lyuande ;		18016
he carries with him the corpse of Penthesilea.	He ledde with him Pantasalye,		
	The worthi body of that ladye,		

¶ *Hic rogauit ad pacem & concordiam.*

- And foure hundrid of damyseles [lf. 266.] 18c19  
 That lyued afftir that turpeles, 18o20  
 Vn-to the land of Amazone,  
 To berye hir ther sche þar croune.  
 They intend  
 to bury the  
 queen in her  
 own land.
- H** It was a day, that lyther fende,  
 Antenor, wolde his tresoun ende, 18o24  
 Whan Palladin was y-stolne;  
 Antenor is  
 about to fulfil  
 his treason:  
 the Palladium  
 is stolen,  
 though the  
 Trojans do not  
 know it.
- And ȝit was hit fro Troyens holne;  
 And thei of Grece her hors hadde ent.  
 To sette a day was here entent, 18o28  
 That Priamus & his Troyanes,  
 Alle the Grues & the Danes,  
 With-oute the toun, opoun the wolde,  
 The Greeks  
 and the Tro-  
 jans arrange  
 a love-day.
- Be-twene hem that loueday schal holde. 18o32
- ¶ Priamus is comen oute,  
 And mechel folk him aboute;  
 And thei of Grece sicurly,  
 Lordes & kynges ther redi. 18o36  
 Thei did the relikes brynge,  
 Her messe-bok that thei on synge,  
 Here sayntenarius<sup>1</sup> with al her gere,  
 They bring  
 thesanctuaries  
 to swear on.
- That bothe the parties on scholde swere. 18o40
- ¶ Diomedes was ffurst that swore,  
 And made his othe vpon the flore;  
 He swor by al here sayntwaries,  
 Diomedes  
 swears first,
- And by him that al this world gyes, 18o44  
 Off heuene & erthe al-myghti god:  
 That he scholde neuere, for euene ne od,  
 never to break  
 his covenant  
 with Antenor,
- Breke the couenandes that he made  
 With Antenor, so worth he glade. 18o48
- ¶ And so swor alle these other kynges  
 That were of Grece gret lordynges.  
 Off thai that toun afftir did for-lorn,  
 ȝit thei seyde thei were not for-sworn, 34 [ij] 18o52  
 and so do all  
 the other  
 Greek lords.  
 Though they  
 destroyed the  
 town after-  
 wards, they  
 said they were  
 not forsworn,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sayntenarius*.

because both  
swore to betray  
it without  
mercy.

For thei swore bothe to traye the toun [lf. 266, bk.] 18053

With-oute mercy or any pardoun.

But Priamus & alle hyes

Made her othe on an-other wyes :

18056

Priamus and  
his Trojans  
swear to  
keep the peace  
truly.

¶ Thei swor to holde the pees treuly,

With-oute desert, parfity;

Thei were ther-with foule by-gyled

They were  
beguiled,  
as they did not  
know the  
Greeks'  
falseness.

And afftirward foule dispoyled,

18060

For thei wiste not of here fallas;

Therfore here lyff thei lore, allas!

Priamus de-  
livers Eleyne  
to the Greeks,

**W**Han thei hadde sworn & mad surte,

Kyng Priamus with herte fre

18064

Made men go afftir quene Helayne;

And he zaff hem that lady a3eyne,

and asks them

And prayed hem for his loue sake :

not to harm her

That sche of hem non harm scholde take,

18068

Vilony, ne no maugre,

for her stay in  
Troy.

For that sche was In that contre;

And thei seyde "nay" with ficul thoght.

They tell  
Priamus

But Priamus thei hadde be-soght :

18072

"That he wol graunte hem alle a bone,

That for here loue it myght be done."

that they have  
had a horse  
made for the  
goddess Pallas,  
because they  
stole the Pal-  
ladium,  
and they fear  
her vengeance,

¶ Thei saide : "thei hadde an hors done make

For her godes Pallas sake,

18076

For that thei stale out of here chirche

Palladine<sup>1</sup>, whan it was derke ;"—

' And we are ferd alle for hir vengauce ;

Hit is therfore oure ordinaunce,

18080

In hir cherche-3erd to do hit sette

They mean to  
put that brazen  
horse in her  
churchyard.

An hors of bras that we haue gette

In hir honour—we telle it 3ow—

For that is, sir, oure alther a-vow.

18084

They ask leave  
to do so.

¶ We praye 3ow therfore : werne vs not

That it may now to hir be broght.'

<sup>1</sup> Or *Palladium*? MS. . . *in* or . . . *in*.



*By bad Advice, Priamus allows the Horse to be brought into Troy.* 533

Priamus stode as he were dased,	[lf. 267.]	18087	Priamus is amazed
He was for meruayle al a-mased,		18088	
When he herde the Gregays say			when he hears.
That thei that relike hadde away ;			that the
He hadde meruayle how hit myght be,			Greeks have
Who hadde done him that blynde bounte ?		18092	stolen that
But sicurly the blame was layde			relic.
On Vlises, for it was seyde			
"That he stale hit with Nigramancye,			They say :
Fo[r] he was connyng of gret fayrye."		18096	'Ulixes stole it
<b>P</b> riamus stode as stille as ston,			with necro-
Word to hem spake he non,			mancy.'
He Answered not to here askyng,			Priamus stands
Better ne wors, ne non skynnes thyng.		18100	stone-still,
But Antenor & Eueas			and cannot
That bothe were ther In that plas,			speak.
Thei seide : "It was wel to do,			
Thei did the toun a worschepe tho,		18104	But Antenor
It was a presaunt fair & hende			and Eneas say :
Vn-to the toun with-uten ende."			
¶ Priamus graunt hem tho her wille,			'It is a very
For he saw nede he moste ther-tille.		18108	fair present
The Gregeis thanne, bothe gret & smale			for our town.'
And alle that dwelled In tent & hale,			
ȝede with gret processiou			
And with mochel deuoc[i]oun		18112	Thus Priamus
This brasen hors for to hale			grants the
Ouer doune & ouer dale ;			request.
Thei drow hit ouer leye & falowe,			The Greeks,
To offer hit to that carful halowe.		18116	
¶ When thei were comen to Troye ȝate,			in a great
Tho wolde it not In ther-ate :			procession,
Hit was so brod, gret, and hye,			
It myght not In ther sicurly.			drag the horse
			towards Troy.
			At the gate
			they see
			it is too large
			to be brought
			in.
	34 [ijj]	18120	

- Tho most thei the walles breke, [lf. 267, bk.] 18121  
 Iff that hors scholde ther-In reke;  
 Thei breke ther-of a gret pece  
 Off brede, of heȝhte, that thei of Grece 18124  
 That her hors thei myght In-drawe;  
 The Troyens lowe, whan thei it sawe.  
 ¶ Thei halpe hit In with mochel sang,  
 Sicurly tho did thei wrang 18128  
 To make ther-fore Ioye & play,  
 Hem oght better sey: "waylaway!  
 That euere it come with-Inne the diches!"  
 But euery a Troyen now it lykes, 18132  
 But hit schal turne to mochel care  
 To alle the Troyens that ther ware.  
 ¶ He hors is now with-Inne the toun.  
 Ther was a knyght that het Symoun 18136  
 That thei of Grece hadde put ther-In,  
 A worthi knyȝt of gentil kyn;  
 A thousand knyghtes were put with him <sup>1</sup>  
 And was charged on lyff and lym 18140  
 That thei scholde holde hem stille & coy,  
 That thei perceyued not of Troy;  
 Til hit be wele with-Inne the nyght,  
 That thei of Troye to bedde be dyght. 18144  
 ¶ Thei bad thanne his dores vn-do  
 And come than out, & his also,  
 And of stre gete him a wase  
 And make on the walles ther-of a blase, 18148  
 That thei myght wele & worldly kenne  
 By that fir that so scholde brenne,  
 Whan thei scholde come In that euenyng,  
 And knowe also by that tokenyng, 18152  
 When thei of Troye were alle on slepe  
 That thei ȝaff to hem no kepe,

Part of the  
wall is broken  
down to let the  
horse in.

The Trojans,  
on seeing this,  
help, laugh,  
and sing.  
They did  
wrong;

they ought  
rather to have  
said 'Alas!'

The horse is  
now in the  
town.

Simon

and 1,000  
knights are  
hidden in it;  
they have  
orders to creep  
out of it,

when the Tro-  
jans sleep,

and to give a  
sign to the  
Greeks by a  
torch.

<sup>1</sup> The order in MS. is 18139, 18138.

¶ <i>Hic Greci receperunt pecuniam.</i>			
That thei myght sle hem In her bed,	[lf. 268.]	18155	
That thei no wise fro hem fled.		18156	
¶ The Gregeis asked thanne her fret,			The Greeks ask for the 'fret.'
The somme of corn that hem was het,			
The somme of siluer & of gold			
That thei of hem haue schold;		18160	
Priamus badde <sup>1</sup> tho his meygne			Priamus orders it to be given them.
That it scholde quyk delyuered be.			
The Gregais toke that riche tresore			The Greeks carry it out of the town
And drowe it alle with-oute dore		18164	
Off the temple of Menerue,			
And by her men sende hom that fe			
Vn-to her tentis & Paulyons,			to their tents
To dele amonges the riche Gryffons;		18168	
The corn bare thei vnto the see			and ships.
And charged ther-with alle her nauee.			
And when thei hadde al this ent,			
To Priamus thei message sent		18172	Then they send a message to Priamus that they will sail home.
And seyde "that thei wolde hamward wende			
Out of his lond vnto here frende";			
He bad hem "go In godis name			He bids them 'go in God's name.'
And god schilde hem fro schame!"		18176	
<b>T</b> Hei losed bothe Anker & cordes, ¶ <i>Hic Greci vadunt</i>			They weigh anchor,
And drow vp tentis of kynges & lordes, <b>ad Mare.</b>			
Thei gone to schippes & to bote			
That longe hadde stonden ther In flote;		18180	
Thei drow here sayles that alle myght se			and prepare to depart.
That were In Troye, that riche Cite.			
Thei were wel fayn when thei saw go			The Trojans are glad,
That hadde done hem so mochel wo,		18184	
Thei wende thei hadde ben al quyt;			and hope to be 'quit' now.
But hem scholde falle gret wo ȝit,			
For thei schal dye In gret affray,			
Twenti thousand, er hit be day.		18188	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hadde*.

¶ *Hic Greci exierunt de Caballo & occiderunt Troianos.*

Priamus re-  
turns to Iliou.  
The Greeks  
sail to Thene-  
don,

¶ Pryamus wendes to Ilioun, [lf. 268, bk.] 18189

And Gregais sayles to Thenedoun;  
The wynd is swyfft, the schippis dryued,  
At Thenadoun were thei aryued; 18192

and have  
supper there.

Er the sonne was go to reste,  
Thei hadde souped of the beste,  
With mochel murthe, play, & Ioye,  
For thei were siker tho of Troye. 18196

In the night  
the Trojans go  
to bed quite  
secure.

**H** It is forth nyghtes, the sterres ben rysen,  
The sely caytyues Troyens not wysen,  
Thei ȝede to slepe alle In bedde,  
Off no-thing were thei a-dredde; 18200  
Thei wende thei hadde ben saue & sure,  
With-oute dissait or foule aventure.

The Greek  
knights hidden  
in the horse

¶ The knyghtes that were In that hors stopped,  
Thei were nother mased ne mopped; 18204  
When Troyens were In bed on slepe,

come out of  
it, and give the  
signal to the  
Greeks.

Out of the hors echon thei crepe,  
Thei gete than a gret wase,  
Opon the walles thei made a blase: 18208

These enter  
through the  
gap in the wall,

Alle the Gregeis tho come to toun  
And ther thei hadde the wal cast doun  
That day be-fore, a wel gret gappe,  
Thei come alle In to gret vn-happe. 18212

break into the  
houses,  
massacre all,

¶ Thei brast vp dores with Iren y-bounde,  
Thei sclow al that thei ther founde,  
Man & womman & also childe,  
Stoute & sterne, meke and mylde, 18216  
Wiff & mayden, ȝong & old;  
On lyue wolde thei non hold.  
Thei hadde no mercy ne no pite  
Off ȝonge<sup>1</sup> children, ne ladijs fre; 18220  
Thei robbed & rafft alle that thei founde,  
To lede with hem In-to her londe.

and loot every-  
thing they  
find.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ȝouge*.



Mochel blod that nyght thei schedde, [lf. 269.]	18223	
It was no wonder of thei dredde,	18224	
To crye mercy was hem no bote,		The Trojans
Thoow thei fellen vnto here fote ;		cry for mercy,
The cry was gret & fer herd		but it does not
Off hem that thus to dethe ferd.	18228	avail them.
<b>P</b> Ryamus herde In-to his toure		Priamus, on
That delful noyse & clamoure,		hearing the
He was sori & eke a-baist,		shrieks,
He wiste wele thanne he was be-traist	18232	
With Antenor and Eueas ;		
Gret was the sorwe that he thanne mas :		
Out of his bed anon he ros		
And to his temple faste he gos	18236	goes to the
By-fore his god Appolynes,		temple of
The dir he dight him faste y-wys ;		Apollo,
By-fore his god vpon the grees		
He sette him doun on <sup>1</sup> his knees,	18240	and kneels
His deth bodily to a-byde ;		down
For he ne myght him fro hem hide,		to await
For he was man with-oute drede—		his death.
In eche a romaunce as I rede.—	18244	
¶ Temple & chirche, boure and halle,		
The Gregeis dispoyled and robbed alle ;		The Greeks
The riche vessel of gold y-wrought,		rob the temples
Off siluer also, for-3ate thei noght.	18248	and churches ;
Prest, ne clerk, ne sextayn		
Leffte the Gregais non vn-sclayn ;		all the priests
Twenti thosand Citeseyns,		are killed ;
Off knyghtes & lordis, gode Troiens,	18252	20,000 citizens
Were sclayn ther, er day spronge,		are slain be-
With hidous cry & sorwe stronge.		fore daybreak.
¶ The kynges doghter, wise Cassandre,		
Sche nyst In erthe whedir to wandre,	18256	

<sup>1</sup> on inserted over line.

Cassandra flees to the temple of Minerva.	But at the laste alone fled sche In-to the temple of Menerue, And seide wel offte: 'alas, alas! That euere that fight be-gonne was!'	[lf. 269, bk.] 18257    18260
Hector'swidow, ¶ Andromede,	Ector wyff, dame Andromede, Sche ran faste fro strete to strete	
with her two children,	With hir two children In hir armes; For drede of here gret harmes	18264
when she sees Cassandra,	Sche nyste In erthe whedir to fare, But as scho ran, so was sche ware Where Cassandre be-fore hir zede	
follows her into the tem- ple.	In-to the temple with gode spede, And sche afftir hir gan go In-to the temple with mechel wo. Mechel was the sorwe thei two made, Ther was no thyng that hem myght glade.	18268   18272
By daybreak	<b>T</b> Oward the day faste it drawes, The nyght is gon, the day dawes;	
Antenor and Eneas lead	Antenor and Eueas— In helle thei wone with Sathanas!—	18276
Pirrus and his troops to the king's palace.	Thai ledde tho sir Pirrus To the Castel of Priamus. Whan Pirrus with the Gregais Was y-comen to that Palais,	18280
They break in,	Thei brast vp dores with gret engyn, And afftirward thei wente In.	
slay all there- in,	¶ Alle that thei fond down thei sclow With-oute mercy, with sorwe y-now;	18284
especially the women,	Many a curtais ladi swete In that Palais to dethe thai bete That comen were of hye lynage, Off kynges blod In mariage;	18288
and loot all the treasure.	Thei lefft nother lowe ne hye. Thei robbed al his tresor that thei sye;	

¶ *Hic ffugarunt bona palacii Regis.*

Thei smot alle that for-set,	[lf. 270.]	18291	
Halle, & boure, & hye toret.		18292	
¶ Pirrus soght afftir the kyng,			Pirrus looks for the king,
Fro hous to hous, In his byggyng;			
And afftir that to the temple he ran,			
And ther fond he that carful man :		18296	finds him in the temple,
Pirrus tho was glad y-now,			
His swerd sone out he drow			
And al to-hewe him euery bone,	¶ <i>Rex occi-</i>		slays him,
Ryght be-fore the auter-stone,	<i>ditur.</i>		
That al the Auter was al by-bled		18301	and bespatters the altar with his blood,
With his blod that ther was sched.			Hectuba and Pollexena
<b>H</b> Ectuba, that louely quene,		18304	
And hir doghter Pollexene,	¶ <i>Regina</i>		are afraid, and flee;
Thei were so frayed & ferd,	¶ <i>ffugit.</i>		
That thei ran out of that 3erd;			
Thei were aferd the Gregais to mete,			
Thei ran aboute fro strete to strete.		18308	
As thei ran, wiste thei not whedir,			
Thei mette Eueas bothe to-gedir :			they meet Eneas.
¶ When Hectuba on him hath sight,			When Hectuba sees him, she
Sche myssayde him anon right,		18312	reproaches him for having betrayed his lord,
Off tresoun sche him sone vmbraide :			
‘Fals traytour!’—to him sche sayde,—			
‘How myght thou, for soule synne,			
So fals a tresoun to be-gynne?		18316	
How myght thou In thi fals herte fynde,			
Fals traytour, to be so vnkynde			
To do thi lord suche schenschip,			
That hadde done alle thi worschip?		18320	
¶ He 3aff the his doghter to wyue			‘He gave thee his daughter,’ she says, ‘he worshipped and loved thee, and relied upon thee;
Be-ffore alle men that were on lyue,			
He worschepid the & loued the ay,			
In the was al his trust & ffay,		18324	

and thou slewest him for his goodness.	And thow hast made him sclayn & hise [lf. 270, bk.] 18325	
How couldst thou do so?	For his godenesse & ffraunchise!	
	How myght thow, man, this tresoun thenke,	
	For ferd In helle leste thow synke?	18328
But since thou didst so, have mercy on me,	But sithen thow hast done <sup>1</sup> al this wrake,	
	Do on me mercy for goddis sake,	
	That thow myght take sum merite:	
and save us from all Greeks!	Saue vs two to-day fro dispite	18332
	Fro alle Gregais on godis name,	
	That thei do vs two no schame!	
Eneas pities them,	¶ Eueas hadde of hir pite,	
	He seyde: 'comes bothe & folewes me!'	18336
and brings them to an old waste place,	He ledde hem to an old place,	
	An old tour that for-saken was	
	Off long tyme, that hadde ben wast;	
	He hyed hem with mechel hast	18340
	For drede lest thei were y-wraied,	
	And lefft hem there sore affrayed.	
	¶ As thei the toun thus a-boght soght,	
Ajax, in the temple of Minerva,	Ayax Thelamenyus was broght	18344
	In-to the temple of Menerue,	
	With many Gregais comen is he:	
finds Hector's wife and Cas- sandra,	Ther fond he sitte Ector wyff	
	That was ful sori of hir lyff,	18348
	And wise Cassandre that mochel was worth;	
and leads them off.	He broght hem bothe to-gedir forth,	
	The ladyes bothe with him he ledde	
	Ful sore wepyng & sore a-dredde.	18352
	<b>K</b> yng Priamus is ded & sclayn,	
	Lord & lady, knyght & swayn,	
	And al that euere In Ilyon was,	
	By these fals traytours compas,	18356
	By Antenor and Eueas;	
	In helle mot be her wonyng-plas!	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *don*.



¶ *Hic villa Troiani destruitur.*

- ¶ When thei had sclaȳn al that ther wore, [lf. 271.] 18359  
 ȝit wolde thei do malice more : 18360  
 Thei caste al doun thes worthi wones,  
 Led & tyle, sclat & stones,  
 Halles, Chamberes, & toures,  
 Vowes, walles, & alle her boures ; 18364  
 The glorious halle so richely dyght  
 Thei threwe it doun In gret dispit ;
- ¶ The Pilers pight with marbil gray  
 Thei pulled doun & caste a-way, 18368  
 Thei caste doun chambres hye & base.  
 Tho by-gan many a blase  
 To sette fir on that Cite,  
 That many a myle men myght hit se. 18372  
 The toures brennen, the reke vp ros,  
 The toun of tounes to noght gos ;  
 The sparkes sprongen In-to the aire,  
 Thei brenned the schireues & the mayre 18376  
 And eche a lordes riche tenement,  
 Til al the toun was lorn & brent ;
- ¶ Alle saue the traytours mansions  
 And alle her kynnes possessions 18380  
 That the toun so foule be-swyked,—  
 For on her houses thei hadde stiked  
 Certayn signes that wele were knowen ;  
 Thei were not therfore ouer-thrownen, 18384  
 As couenand was be-twixen hem ent,  
 Therfore her houses was not brent.
- T**Roye is doune & ouer-thrownen,  
 Tour & bour, walle & wownen ; 18388  
 Thei are alle dede & foule schent,  
 And the toun is doune & brent.
- ¶ Agamenoun<sup>1</sup> did do then crye,  
 That euery a kyng scholde hem hye 18392

When all the  
Trojans are  
slain,  
the Greeks  
destroy all the  
houses,  
halls,  
and walls ;

pull down the  
marble pillars,

and burn the  
whole town.

Only the  
houses of the  
traitors and  
their kindred  
are spared,  
for they had  
stuck up signs  
on them.

Agamemnon  
convokes a  
parliament.

<sup>1</sup> MS. . . . on.

¶ *Hic partita sunt bona inter Reges.*

The Greeks are  
to bring into  
the temple of  
Minerva  
all they looted;

In-to the temple of Menerue, [lf. 271, bk.] 18393

And euery a lord with his meyne;

And brynge with hem al that thei wan

With-Inne the toun of any man, 18396

To dele as best wolde by-falle

In comune sight be-fore hem alle.

And thei did alle as he hem bad,

Thei broght with hem that thei had; 18400

And so was hit deled verament

By gode resoun & Iugement

To euery a lord & knyght

Affir his state & his myght. 18404

Agamemnon  
asks to have  
Cassandra for  
all his trouble.

**A** Gamenoun, here Emperour, ¶ *Hic Agamenon*  
By-soght hem, for his labour ¶ *petit Cassandram pro*  
For to 3eue him to his mede, *labore suo*<sup>1</sup>.

For al his trauayle & his dele, 18408

The kynges doghter, Cassandre the wyse,

That sche myght be on of hise.

No man can  
tell what goods  
fell to every  
lord;

¶ The tonge of no man may telle,

What godis to euery lord felle; 18412

For sicur ther ne was no kyng,

That he ne hadde as moche thing

they get as  
much gold  
and precious  
stones

Off riche gold & precious stones

To lede with hem to her wones, 18416

as they desire.

As thei wolde desire & haue

Or with her tonge on any wyse craue;

And so hadde dukes & eke knyghtes,

Sqwyeres, 3emen, & other wyghtes. 18420

Their ships  
are not able  
to carry all  
the treasures;  
they leave yet  
more.

¶ Here schippes myght not lede her tresour

That euery man hadde for his labour,

And 3it thei lefft mochel more,

Gold, & siluer, & other tresore, 18424

That no man wolde hond ther-on set,

Ne here schippes no more ffret,

<sup>1</sup> On the left side in MS.

For thei hadde filled bothe schip & barge [lf. 272.]	18427	
Al the while thei durst hem charge.	18428	
<b>A</b> Ntenor & Eueas		Antenor and Eneas plead
Be-soght the lordes of her grace :		for the lives of
“ To graunte Heleyne hir lyff		Eleyne and
And Andromede, Ectoris wyff,	18432	Andromede,
For thei hadde ben al-weys		
To hem bothe hende & curteys ; ”		
‘ And whan Paris hadde Achilles sclayn		
And let him ligge so foule be-sclayn	18436	
In-myddes the strete to rauen & rokes,—		as they saved
Scholde haue to-drawen him <i>with</i> her crokes,—		the corpse of
¶ These two ffor him thei be-soght		Achilles from
That he myght to burieles be broght.	18440	being cast to
Wherefore it is worthi,		the rooks (cp.
That 3e here lyues to hem graunty.’		l. 15417 sqq.).
The kynges it graunt by comune assent,		
And seyde it was gode Iugement.	18444	Their request
Heleyne <sup>1</sup> & Andromede		is granted.
Bede tho alle those lordes swete		Eleyne and
Off here mercy and thaire good wille,		Andromede
That thei wolde not hir children spille.	18448	plead for their
¶ The kynges hadde of hem gret ruthe,		children ;
Thei swor alle by her treuthe		
That thei scholde hem non harm do ;		the kings
And thus saued thei the childryn two :	18452	agree
And sithen was on a kyng In Grece,		to spare both.
Off riche londes & riche fece,		One of them
Off alle the londes kyng Pirrus		was afterwards
And of the londes of kyng Pelleus.	18456	king of the
¶ Thei ordeyned a-monges hem as blyue,		lands of Pirrus
That alle that were lefft on lyue		and Pelleus.
Off ladyes, comen of genterye,		
With-oute schame or vylonye	18460	They ordain,
		moreover,
		that all gentle-
		women yet
		living

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Helenus*.

544 *A Tempest hinders the Departure. Pollexena must be sacrificed.*

are to be set at liberty.	Scholde go & come & no-thing lese, [lf. 272, bk.]	18461
	Or dwelle ther stille, whether thei wolde chese.	
They resolve to return home ; but their departure is delayed by a great tempest,	¶ Thei ordeyned also thei wolde hom wende, Euery man vnto his frende.	18464
	But that myght not that tyme be For gret tempest on the see ; Thei dwelled so ther alle to-gedir	
lasting a full month.	A ful Monethe for that euel wedir, Thei were echon ther-of euel tened,	18468
They ask Calchas what it means.	Thei asked Calcas : “ what it be-mened That thei no wyse the see myght pas In-to here londes, as here wille was ? ”	18472
He answers :	¶ That gret Clerk Calcas tho seyde :	
‘ The gods of Hell are angry with you,	‘ For thei of helle are with 3ow euel payde ; It is the wodenesse ’—he sayde—‘ of helle That makes vs here so longe dwelle,	18476
because the death of Achilles is not yet avenged ;	For 3e forsothe haue venged noght Achilles deth, as 3e wel oght ; 3it haue 3e lefft on lyue & vn-tane Sche that was Achilles bane,—	18480
you must sacrifice his murderess,	And yff 3e wol passe of londe, Off hir 3e mot make him offrande For sicur : but sche to dethe gange,	
or you’ll have to dwell here long.’	3e may dwelle here wel lange.’	18484
Pirrus searches for Pollexena ;	<b>P</b> irrus was of this an-yred, Afftir Pollexene he enspired And asked what was of hir be-tyd ;	
they say she must be hidden somewhere.	He seide for-sothe that sche was hid, For sche was nowher ded ne tane, And al men wiste, that sche was wane ; And al that ost seyde sicurly, That sche was lyuande witterly.	18488
The kings send for Antenor.	¶ The kynges alle were wroth ther-fore And sent afftir sir Antenore,	18492

And asked }



- And asked at him : " where sche was done ? " [lf. 273.] Antenor is asked  
 Thei bad " that he scholde telle sone, 18496  
 Where thei hadde hid Dame Pollexene  
 And Hectuba, the qwene ? " where Pollexena and Hectuba are hidden.
- ¶ He swor by god & by his face :  
 " That he ne wiste where sche wace ; 18500 He swears he does not know ;  
 He wyst neuere, where thei were be-comen  
 Sithen the tyme that thei were y-nomen." but they think he does.  
 But thei bare him stiffly an hande,  
 That he wiste where thei were dwellande. 18504
- A**Ntenor was sore a-greued  
 That the Gregais him not leued,  
 He sette his wit and al his tent  
 To wete than where the ladies lent. 18508  
 So longe he soght fro day to day,  
 Strete by strete, & way be way,  
 And sente a-boute oueral his sonde,  
 That at the laste thei hem fonde : 18512  
 Bothe were In a depe bour,  
 That was vnder an old tour. and at last finds the ladies under an old tower.
- ¶ When he of hir hadde a sight,  
 He drow out thanne that worthi wyght, 18516  
 And to Agamenoun<sup>1</sup> with hir he wente  
 And made to him of hir a presente ;  
 And he sent hir to sir Pirrus,  
 That of hir comyng was Ioyus. 18520  
 He drags Pollexena out, and sends her to Agamenon.  
 He sends her to Pirrus,
- ¶ Pollexene is taken & founden,  
 As a theff thei haue hir bounden :  
 Pirrus bad " sche scholde be sent  
 To his fadres monument, 18524  
 For he wolde that sche scholde haue  
 Hir deth vpon his fader graue." who orders her to be taken to his father's monument, and slain there.  
 Thei ledde hir forth by the hand  
 To hir deth, wel sore wepand. 18528

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *oð* very distinctly here, not *oñ*.

546 *The Greek Kings pity Pollexena. She is not guilty of Achilles's Death.*

The kings of Greece	¶ The kynges of Grece herd say	[lf. 273, bk.]	18529
	“That thei hadde take that worthi may Thorow Calcas the prestes rede, And that thei haue hir to the dede”;		18532
come to see Pollexena.	The kynges ran hir to se, And alle that other comunalte.		
They pity her,	¶ When thei saw hir, thei seyde: “alas! That suche a ladi as sche was Off schap, of hede, & of bewte, Scholde so vile ther ded be With-oute desert or any gilt, That suche a bodi scholde be spilt.”		18536 18540
and weep for her. Before the tomb she wrings her hands, weeps,	Many a lord & many a kyng Wepe wel so[re] for that swetyng. <b>B</b> E-fore that tombe that mayden stondes <sup>1</sup> , Wryngyng bother hir white hondes <sup>1</sup> , Wel reufully that lady gretis, That al hir brest that water wetis.		18544
and says: ‘You slay me wrongfully! for I am guiltless of Achilles’s death.	Sche seide: ‘lordynges, by god al-myght! 3e do me sle with mochel vn-right! For—by that god that maked pes!— Off that knyghtes deth am I giltles; For I was neuere occasioun Off his dethe ne enchesoun, Ne neuere 3it was at that assent That he that tyme to dethe went;		18548
But I don’t fear death,	¶ But Angured me sore of his schedyng,— So helpe me god at myn endyng! Not-for-thi the <sup>2</sup> deth I ne drede, Thus carefully, so Crist me spede!		18552 18556
for I would rather die here a virgin,	For me is leuere In my contre Be slayn In my virginite, That I falle not In 3oure handis, Pan <sup>3</sup> go with 3ow In-to 3oure landis		18560
than go with you			

<sup>1</sup> The abbreviations here are not *p*, but *u*.  
crossed out here, and *the* inserted over line.  
another hand to the left, *And* being crossed out.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. *to* is  
<sup>3</sup> *Pan* inserted by

¶ *Hic Pirrus Interfecit Pollexenam.*

And be ther defouled & for-layn	[lf. 274.]	18563	and be the concubine of my father's murderers.
With þow that haue my fader slayn.		18564	
Lette come the deth when þe wille,			I am ready for death !'
For I am redi now ther-tille !'			Pirrus slays her,
¶ Pirrus thanne his swerd out-drow			
And that ladi sone he sclow,		18568	
And hewe to gobetis al hir flesch,			cuts her to pieces, and washes the tomb with her blood.
And with hir blod the tombe wesch.			Hectuba, on seeing her daughter dead,
When Hectuba, that gentil quene,			
Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene,		18572	
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode,			
¶ The quene for-sothe wex ner wode,			goes mad, stones and bites men.
And felde men with stones & smot,			
And as an hound hem gnow & bot,		18576	
And tare here clothes & on hem spit,—			
So was sche wode & out of wit.			
When thei saw hir for wode so wilde,			
Thei did lede hir to an Ilde	¶ <i>Hic Regina</i>	18580	She is brought to the island Aulidis, and there stoned to death.
With-oute the toun—het Aulidis,—	<i>mortua est.</i>		
And stoned hir to dethe y-wis.			
¶ And made ther a tombe fair & hye,			They make a tomb for her, which is still to be seen.
And leyde ther-Inne that quenes bodye ;		18584	
That standes þit vnto this day,			
As sais tho men that wenden that way ;			
And beres that stede þit the name,			
That thei for hir þaff the name.		18588	
<b>T</b> He quene is ded by these traytours fals <sup>1</sup> ,			The queen and her daughter Pollexena are killed by these false traitors, so are all her sons,
And Pollexene, hir doghter, als,			and Priamus, her husband, and his whole house,
And alle hir sones that oght were worth			and all his friends and men,
Are slayn & dede & passed forth ;		18592	
And Priamus, hir lord, the kyng,			
Is ded also, & his hous gyng ;			
He is ded and his kynred,			
And alle his frendis & his manred ;	35 [ij]	18596	

<sup>1</sup> MS. has a small cross at this place ; cf. note on p. 548.

except the two traitors and their folk.	Is non on lyue lyuande ffre	[lf. 274, bk.]	18597
But afterwards they are exiled for their falseness,	Saue thes traytours & her meyne.		
	¶ And 3it afftirward hit schop so		
	That the traytours bothe two		18600
	For here ffalsnesse were afftir demed		
	To be exiled & afftir flemed—		
with all their kindred.	With al here kyn & here lynage—		
	For her wickednesse & her outrage ;		18604
	Afftir the Gregais were I-went,		
	Wel foule were thei afftir schent.		
They help the Greeks as long as they are there, destroying the town, and annoying its people. Now the Greeks are bold and victorious.	¶ But al the while that thei were thare,		
	Thei did the Cite moche care		18608
	And halp the Gregeis to distroye		
	And alle the folk foule annoye.		
	<b>N</b> ow ben the Grues wonder bolde		
	And bene alle lordes,—as I 3ow tolde ;—		18612
	And al this is at here wille		
	That thei wolde haue, bothe loude & stille.		
Agamemnon orders them	Agamenoun let crye		
	Thorow alle that companye,		18616
	In tour & toun, by way & strete :		
	“ That no man scholde for no man lete,		
to be ready next morning for departure.	That thei alle at morwe be tyme,		
	Be-twix sonne risyng & the prime,		18620
	Were al redi at here naue		
	To passe forth ouer the see,		
	With alle her godis & her thing		
	That thei wole to schipe bryng <sup>1</sup> .”		18624
When the sun rises, they sail off.	¶ The nyght was gon, the sonne a-ros,		
	Fro the lond the schippes gos ;		
	With alle her meyne that with hem was		
	To schipe thei wente a gode pas,		18628
	And drow vp sayl to the top ;		
	And sayled homward alle on a throp,		

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has another small cross at this place ; cf. note on p. 547.



Euery lord to his contre,	[lf. 275.]	18631	Every lord
With Ioye & blysse & mechel gle,		18632	returns home,
And tresour I-now <sup>1</sup> for euere-mo :			full of joy,
Kyngis & knyghtes, & sqwyers also,			and with
And alle other hadde gret store,			treasures
Gold & siluer for euere-more.		18636	of gold and
¶ And thus was Troye dryuen doun			silver.
And y-lore thorow strong tresoun,			Thus Troy was
And alle the gode lordis dede,—			destroyed by
As In this romaunce men may rede ;		18640	treason,
And thus the Grues were conquerours			and all the
And wel riche with here tresoures,			good lords are
And hadde y-now for euere-more			dead,—as you
Alle that at that batayle wore.		18644	may read in
¶ And thus endis this strong batayle			this Romance.
That was of Troye saunfayle,			
That dured ten ȝere euery day,—			Thus ends the
As the romaunce ther-of doth say,—		18648	ten years' Tro-
<b>O</b> ff Troye batayle, that fair cyte.			jan war,
Now god that died vpon the tre,			
That schede ther his swete blode			as this
Opon that blisful croys, that rode,		18652	Romance tells
For synful mannes saluacioun,			it soothly.
Graunt vs alle his benysoun,			Now God who
Gode lyff and gode endyng,			died at the
A gode soule to heuene bryng,		18656	cross,
And graunte vs of his swete grace			
Ther-In to haue a swete place !			give his bless-
¶ And he that this romaunce wrought & made,			ing to us all,
Lord In heuene, thow him glade,		18660	
And gode lyff In erthe to lede,			and especially
And heuene blysse vnto his mede ;			to him who
And graunte hit mot so be !			made this
Sayeth alle Amen, for charite ! <sup>2</sup>			Romance !
	35 [iij]	18664	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *I. now.*

<sup>2</sup> On lf. 275, bk. is written by the same hand the rubric: *Hic Bellum de Troye finit Et Greci transierunt versus Patriam suam.* Some scribbling follows. See description of MS. in the Introduction.

## LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

- P. 92, l. 3122. *Delete full stop at end of line*  
 P. 135, l. 4551. *Delete [did]*  
 P. 141, l. 4763. *Read , instead of ;*  
     l. 4764. *Read : instead of ,*  
 P. 159, l. 5368. *Put a comma at end of line*  
     l. 5381. *Delete full stop at end of line*  
 P. 161, l. 5456. *Put a hyphen between euee and more*  
 P. 163, l. 5507. *Put a comma after Philon*  
 P. 171, l. 5804. *Put , instead of ;*  
     l. 5805. *Put ; instead of ,*  
 P. 191, l. 6474. *Delete the inverted comma*  
 P. 203, l. 6877. *Read lyther hynes for lytherlynes*  
 P. 294, l. 9992. *Read turne for urne*  
 P. 301, l. 10202. *Read Ne for No*  
 P. 340, l. 11544. *Put a hyphen between be and sped*

## NOTES.

to be published as part 3.





RECEIVED  
JAN 15 1955

4

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

