

# The Prose Life of Alexander









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(THORNTON MS.)

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EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.

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1913 (*for* 1911).

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FROM THE THORNTON MS.

EDITED BY

J. S. WESTLAKE, M.A.

THE TEXT.

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE delay in issuing this important prose romance has been due to the prolonged illness of its editor, Mr. J. S. Westlake. Even now Mr. Westlake has not been able to attend to the revision and publication of the book. The collation with the manuscript has been made for the Society by Miss E. M. Thompson, the proofs have been read over by Mr. John Munro, and a few changes have been made in the side-notes, foot-notes and head-lines, which otherwise remain as Mr. Westlake left them. The translations from the Latin text which make good the lacunae in the manuscript have also been inserted by Mr. Westlake.

The Introduction, together with the Notes and Glossary, are reserved for a future volume. Mr. Westlake's elaborate side-notes provide, meanwhile, a useful epitome of the story.

The Society is greatly indebted to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln for depositing the manuscript in the British Museum, and to the Keeper of the Manuscripts, Mr. J. P. Gilson, for receiving it there.

I. G.

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THE PROSE LIFE OF ALEXANDER.



## LIFE OF ALEXANDER

THE most learned Egyptians who know of the size of the earth, the waves of the sea, and the order of the heavens (betokening the way of the stars and the turning of the  
4 skies), have bequeathed these things to the whole world through the highness and the wisdom of magic knowledge. And they tell of a king of that land, by name Anectanabus, great in understanding, and full of love in astrology and mathematics. Now,  
8 upon a day it happened that a messenger came, and said unto him that Artaxerxes, king of the Persians, was drawing nigh towards him with a very great force of foes. Yet he did not call out his army, nor get ready his advance. Instead of this,  
12 he hurried into his bed-chambers in his palace, and, taking down a brazen shell, which was full of rain-water, and holding in his hand a brazen rod, sought by magic spells to summon the devils. By which wizardry he felt, in the shell itself, the fleets  
16 sailing over him amid fearful affray.

Of the Wisdom of the Egyptians and of their king Anectanabus.

How Anectanabus saw by wizardry the oncoming of the Persian hosts.

Now there were lords of Anectanabus set in sway over his armies to guard the Persian border.

And one hapless man coming to him, besought him: 'O  
20 most mighty King Anectanabus, there ariseth against thee Artaxerxes, the king of the Persians, with an untold horde of foes and strange races. For they are Parthians, Medes, Persians, Syrians, Mesopotamians, Brapes, Phares, Argiri, Chaldaeans,  
24 Bachiri, Confires, Hircanians, and Agiophii, and many other folks coming from Eastern lands.' On hearing this, Anectanabus said, sighing: 'The trust that I gave to thee, heed thou right well; yet thy prowess hath not been the prowess of a doughty  
28 man, but the doings of a cowardly fellow. For worth showeth itself, not in the greatness of the folk, but in the steadfastness of their souls. Dost thou not know one lion putteth many

A lord of the Marshes tells him of the advancing myriads of foes and is chidden for his cowardice.

## 2 *Anectanabus's flight from the Persians. He greets Olympias.*

The king  
sees his  
further ill-  
luck by  
wizardry.

does to flight?' And having said these words, he went into his chamber alone, and made brazen shells, and filled them with rain-water, and held in his hand a palm rod, and gazing into this, began, as hard as he could, to utter spells, and beheld how 4 the Egyptians were being smitten down at the onslaught of the Barbarians' ships.

He fleeth  
unto  
Ethiopia  
and from  
Ethiopia to  
Macedonia  
and is  
there a  
soothsayer.

Forthwith he changed his dress, and shaved his head and beard, and took gold as much as he might bear, and which might 8 be needful to him to busy himself with wizardry. And thus he fled from Egypt, near by Pelusium. And at length, coming into Ethiopia, he put on linen apparel, [and] in the guise of an Egyptian seer went into Macedonia. And there he sate 12 himself, and before all the Greeks, and in their sight was sooth-saying. But the Egyptians, when they saw how Anectanabus was not at Court, went to Serapis, who was their greatest god, and besought him that he might give them answer as to 16 Anectanabus their king. And Serapis replied: 'Anectanabus, your king, is gone from Egypt because of Artaxerxes, the king of the Persians, who will subdue you unto his lordship. Nevertheless, when a short time hath flown by, he will come back 20 to shake off his thralldom, and will be avenged on your foes, and yoke them under you.' And as soon as they had got this answer, they made a kingly statue out of a black stone, in honour of Anectanabus. And they wrote on it, at his feet, this 24 saying, that it might be handed down for their offspring to think of. But Anectanabus remained in Macedonia, nor was he known.

The  
Egyptians  
learning  
his absence  
get an  
oracle why  
he is gone  
and when  
he shall  
come back  
again  
victorious.  
They make  
of him a  
black stone  
image.

### HOW ANECTANABUS WENT UP TO THE PALACE TO OLYMPIA THE QUEEN.

Philip,  
king of  
Macedon,  
being gone  
to battle,  
Anectana-  
bus meeting  
Olympia  
greets her  
and is  
answered.

In the meantime, Philip, king of Macedonia, went out to 28 battle. But Anectanabus went forward to the palace, that he might behold Olympias the queen, and see how fair she was. And when he saw her, his heart was smitten with love of her, and stretching forth his hand, he greeted her, saying, 32 'Hail, Queen of Macedonia,' disdaining to call her 'lady'. And she, Olympias, answered him, speaking thus: 'Hail, master, come thou and sit near.' And when he sate thus, Olympias

asked many things of him. 'Art thou not an Egyptian?' And Anectanabus answered: 'The word thou saidst was kingly, when thou didst name the Egyptians. For the Egyptians are  
4 wise, and read dreams, understand the birds of the air in their flight, open up the hidden places, and tell the fate of those newborn, babes. Of all these things, as a seer, I, too, have knowledge.' And Olympia saw how he gazed upon her, and spoke, 'Master, of  
8 what dost thou bethink thee, who thus lookest on me?' And Anectanabus answered, 'I call to my mind many answers of the gods. One answer had been that I was to look upon a queen.' And saying this, he drew forth from his breast a cleansing  
12 tablet of bronze and ivory, inwrought with gold and silver, and on its face were three whirls. The first contained in itself the Twelve Minds, and in the third, sun and moon were fashioned. Next to them, was seen a chain of ivory, and from it he  
16 pulled forth seven wonder-bright stars, that told the hours and birth-dooms of men, and seven carven stones, and two stones for the saving men whole.

And Olympia beheld these things, and said: 'Master, if  
20 thou wouldst I should believe thee, tell me the year, the day and hour of the king's birth.' And upon this, he said to the queen, 'Wishest thou to hear nothing else from me?' Quoth the queen, 'Tell me what shall fall out betwixt Philip and me, for  
24 men say that, when Philip shall come from the war, he will thrust me forth, and take another mate.' And Anectanabus answered: 'They prate of many things untruly; but ere a long time pass, it shall be as they say.' And the queen answered:  
28 'I beg thee, master, unveil me all the truth.' Thereupon Anectanabus:—'One of the mightiest gods shall share thy bed and uphold thee through all thy thrivings and downfalls, even if they be overstrong.' Olympia replied: 'I beseech thee, say  
32 what shape this god shall put on?' Anectanabus replied: 'Neither young, nor old; his beard besprinkled with white hairs. Wherefore, if this please thee, be ready for him, for at night shalt thou see him, and in thy sleep shall he lie by  
36 thee.' The queen said: 'If I behold this, neither as a seer, nor as godly, but, as the god himself, will I worship' [thee]. And at once Anectanabus said, 'Fare thee well, O queen.' After this Anectanabus, leaving the palace, and walking straight forth

And the queen hearing that he is an Egyptian asks him of many things.

He looks on her, and telling her of an oracle, shows the instruments of his sorcery.

Olympia asks as to the king's birth; and as to what shall befall her, for men foretell evil.

Anectanabus gainsays them and foretells that she shall be beloved and have the embraces of a god in man's shape.

Leaving  
her he digs  
up herbs  
that he  
may so  
delude her.

And  
having  
dreamt  
Olympia  
calls him  
to her, he  
tells her  
how to  
enable the  
god to come  
to her first  
seeming as  
a snake.

She gives  
him a  
chamber in  
the palace.

He lieth by  
the queen  
seemingly  
as a god  
and sealeth  
her womb,  
saying the  
child shall  
not be up-  
braided for  
his birth.

Thus  
was she  
cheated;  
and was  
with child.

But she, in  
fear, asks  
him how  
to escape  
Philip's  
wrath.

He comforts  
her and  
through  
wizardry  
makes  
King  
Philip  
dream a  
god is  
lying with  
his wife  
who, after,  
seals her  
womb,

to the city's camp in a desert spot, tore up herbs, and ground them, and took their juice, and wrought spells and other like things of the fiend, that in that same night Olympia might behold the god Hamon lying beside her, and saying to her 4 thereafter, 'Woman, thou hast conceived him who shall beshield thee.' And, on the morrow, Olympia awoke from her slumbers, and called Anectanabus to her, and told him of the dream she had beheld. Then Anectanabus said: 'If thou wilt give me 8 room in the palace, thou shalt see the god himself, face to face. For that god shall come to thee in the shape of a great snake, and soon after, taking on a manlike body, he shall seem to be in my likeness.' And to this Olympia said: 'As thou hast spoken, 12 master, do. Take to thyself a bed in the palace, and canst thou make good the truth thereof, I will deem thee to be the father of the boy.' And, about the first watch of the night, Anectanabus took on him, through spells and wizardry to be changed into 16 the shape of a great snake, and whistling on to the bedchamber of Olympia, to fly through. And he entered her room, and rose on to her bed, and with great love began to kiss her, and the kisses betokened to her who he was. And when he rose up 20 from the bed, he smote her on the womb, and spake: 'This begetting be thy avenging, and in no wise may it be upbraided of men.'

On such a fashion was Olympia cheated, who had lain with 24 a man as though he had been a god. And in the morning, Anectanabus went down from the palace, and the queen was with child.

And when she began to be big, she called unto her Anec- 28 tanabus, saying: 'Master, tell me, what doom will Philip wreak on me, when he shall come back?' And Anectanabus said to her, 'Be not afraid: god Hamon will champion thee.' And with these words he left the palace, and went outside the 32 town, to a barren spot. And, uprooting grasses, rubbed them, and grated them, and took their sap. And he caught a sea-bird, and began to sing over the herbs, and anoint the herbs with the sap. This he did in fellowship with the fiends, that he might 36 betray King Philip through a dream. And this was brought about. That same night the god Hamon appeared to Philip, in a dream, lying with his wife Olympia, and, the night ended, he

saw him touch her womb, and seal it with a golden ring. And on this ring there was a stone, and graven on this a lion's head, and the chariot of the sun, and a very sharp sword. And he  
4 said to her: 'Woman, thou hast conceived thy saviour.' And Philip awoke from his sleep, and calling Arideus, made known to him the dream, and what he had seen. And Arideus said: 'Philip, not from man, but from a god, hath thy wife conceived.  
8 In truth, the lion's head and the chariot of the sun and the sharp sword, foretold that he, who shall be born of her, shall journey to the East whence riseth the sun! And with the sharp sword shall he underyoke to himself the nations of the  
12 whole world.'

telling her  
she has  
conceived  
hersaviour.

And awak-  
ing from  
the dream  
his seer  
reads him  
its mean-  
ing, and  
that the  
child shall  
be glorious.

HOW ANECTANABUS IN THE SHAPE OF A MIGHTY DRAGON  
WENT TO THE FORE IN FRONT OF PHILIP AND OVERCAME  
HIS ENEMIES IN THE FRAY.

In the meanwhile, King Philip fought and won. For there appeared in the battle a dragon, who went before him and laid low his foes. And when he came back to Macedonia, he met  
16 and kissed Olympia. And King Philip gazed on her, and said, 'To whom, O Olympia, hast thou given thyself up. For sinned thou hast, yet not sinned, for as much as thou hast brooked frowardness from a god. But I have seen all that has  
20 been done by a god on thee, in a dream: therefore be blameless in my eyes, and the eyes of all men!'

With the  
dragon's  
aid King  
Philip wins  
the fight,  
and com-  
ing back he  
speaks as in  
joke to his  
wife as to  
what has  
befallen  
her.

HOW ANECTANABUS IN THE SHAPE OF A DRAGON CAME  
BEFORE PHILIP AT A FESTIVAL AND KISSED OLYMPIA.

On a certain day Philip was feasting with his lords and chieftains of Macedonia and with Olympia his wife. And  
24 Anectanabus through wizardry took on himself the shape of a dragon, and, passing through the midst of the couch whereon they lay apart, whistled so loudly that all the revellers were stricken with fear, and the greatest dread, and coming near  
28 Olympia, he put his head on her breast and kissed her. Philip, seeing this, spoke to Olympia, 'Woman, thee and all I tell; beheld this dragon, what time I laid my enemies low.'

At a feast  
Anectana-  
bus comes  
to Olympia  
as a dragon  
and Philip  
tells the  
guests  
what has  
happened.

HOW A BIRD LAID AN EGG IN PHILIP'S BOSOM AT WHOSE  
BREAKING THERE CAME FORTH A SERPENT, WHICH FORTH-  
WITH DIED.

A bird lays  
an egg  
in King  
Philip's  
lap, which  
breaking  
gives forth  
a snake,  
which  
before it  
can go back  
dies. His  
sorcerer  
reads him  
its mean-  
ing.

And a few days after this Philip the king was sitting in his palace, and there appeared unto him a little and most gentle bird, which flew into his bosom and laid an egg. And the egg, falling to the ground, was broken. And at once there crept 4 forth from it a very little snake. And it turned around, wishful to go into the egg, but, before it might put in its head, it was quenched. And Philip, seeing this, was heavily distressed, and called to him Arideus, and showed him the monstrous thing he 8 had seen. And Arideus said to him, 'King Philip, a son shall be born to thee, who shall reign after thy death, and shall fare forth over the whole world and sway all peoples, and ere he come back to the land of his birth, shall die by a most swift 12 death.'

The queen  
is com-  
forted by  
wizardry  
till the  
child is  
born.

And as the time of child-birth was drawing nigh, Olympia began to feel pain, and her womb was tormented, and she bade Arideus be called to her, and spoke with him: 'Master, my 16 womb is wrenched with very heavy labours.' Anectanabus [*sic in both editions 1489 and 1494*] then spake: 'Raise thyself awhile from thy throne, for in this hour the elements are troubled by the sun.' This was done, and the pain went from 20 her. And soon after, Anectanabus said to her, 'Sit down, O Queen!' and she sate herself and bore a child. And as soon as the boy was fallen on to the earth, a mighty thunderclap and thunderbolts, with tokens and lightnings came about through- 24 out the whole world. Then night was spread forth and lasted, it reaching unto the last hour of day. Then parts of the clouds fell down in Italy. And seeing these signs, Philip the king was afrighted, and went in to Olympia, and said: 'I deemed 28 that this little babe should in no wise be fostered. For he is not conceived of me, but of some god, for at his birth I beheld the heavens changed. Yet let him be fostered in my memory, as though he were my son, and follow in the stead of a son 32 I begot through another wife.' And when he said this, she handled the babe with great care. And the boy's face had the likeness neither of father nor mother. The hair on his head

Mighty  
wonders  
happen,  
and Philip  
is per-  
suaded to  
let the  
child be  
fostered  
as though  
he were his  
own son.

- was shaggy as a lion's. His eyes glistened like the stars, but each beamed with its own hue, one black, the other yellow. And his teeth were sharp, and his eager rush as a lion's. His shape foreshadowed his energy and forethought. By his parents he was called Alexander. In the schools, and wheresoever he sate, he strove with them in letters and disputations, and by his keen swiftness won the mastership. And when he was twelve years old, he was beweaponed for battle, and excelled in arms. And Philip, seeing how quick he was, praised him, and said: 'Son Alexander, I love thy speed, and wit of mind for its work. But I am sore and feel foolish that thy form is so unlike mine.'
- And Olympia heard this, and was greatly afraid. And she called hither Anectanabus, and said: 'Master, learn from me what Philip misdeemeth. For he said to Alexander, "Son, I love thy speed and wit of mind. But, that thy shape is unlike mine, I am saddened."' And Anectanabus began to think, and said: 'His thought is nowise harmful.' And gazing aloft as he was wont, he looked on a certain star, and riddled out his wish. And when Alexander heard this, he spake:
- 'The star thou seest is seen in the heavens?' And Anectanabus replied: 'My son, it is.' Alexander said: 'Canst thou show it unto me?' Anectanabus answered: 'Follow me in the hour of night, and I will show it unto thee.' Alexander said: 'Thy fate is not known to thee, or uncertain?' Anectanabus replied: 'Enough of this.' Alexander said: 'I would fain know it.' Anectanabus answered: 'In truth know that from my son shall come my death.' This said, as he went down from the palace, Alexander followed him in the hour of the evening without the city. And when they arrived up on to the ditch of the city, Anectanabus spake: 'Son Alexander, gaze thou on the stars; look how the star of Hercules is perplexed, and how Mercury's star is blithe. If I see Jove sparkling, my doom telleth me of my coming death at the hands of my son.' At this sight Alexander came up nigh to him, and made an onslaught on him, making him fall

The child is like neither father nor mother; his eyes are starlike, one black one yellow, his teeth sharp. He is called Alexander.

In the schools and at arms he excels all. Philip tells him how he loved him yet was grieved at his birth.

Olympia fearing tells this to Anectanabus, who says it is not harmful.

Anectanabus, being with Alexander, sees a star which when shown again, he announces to foretell his death at his son's hands. Alexander holding this a lie rushes against him.

[*The early Text begins.*]

- down in to þe dyke, and thare he felle, & was all to-frusched; and þa Alexander said vn-to hym one this wyse. 'Fals

Leaf 1.  
Anectanabus falls

into the  
dyke and  
Alexander  
tells him it  
is right  
punish-  
ment.

Anectana-  
bus tells  
Alexander  
that he is  
his own  
son.  
Alexander  
reproaches  
his mother.

wreche,' quop he, 'that presume3 to tell thynges þat ere to com, re3te als þou were a prophete, and knewe þe preuate3 of heuen. Now may þou see that þou lye3, And þare-fore þou arte worthy to hafe swilke a dede.' And thañ Anectanabus 4 ansuerd, & said: 'I wyste wele ynoghe,' quop he, 'þat I scholde die swylke a dede. Talde I no3te lange are to þe, that myñ awenñ soñ schulde slae me?' 'Whi, ame I thi soñ?' þañ quop Alexandire: '3aa, for sothe,' quop Anectanabus, 'I gat the.' 8 And wit þat word, he 3alde þe gaste. And thañ Alexander hert tendird oñ his Fader, And he take hym vp on his bakke, and bare hym to þe palace. And when his moder Olympias saw hym, Scho said vn-till hym. 'Soñ,' quop scho, 'what 12 es that?' 'Als thi foly hase made it,' quop he, 'so it es.' And thañ he gert berye hym wirchipfully.

A Prince of  
Macedonia  
brings a  
fierce horse  
to the  
palace  
which the  
king uses  
to slay evil-  
doers.

King Philip  
has an  
oracle of  
his gods.

Alexander  
taught the  
seven  
sciences by  
Aristotle  
and Calis-  
thenes.

<sup>1</sup>In the mene tyme, a prynce of Macedoyne broghte þe<sup>2</sup> kyng a horse vn-temed, a grete and a faire; & he was tyed oñ ilke 16 side wit chynes of Ireñ, for he walde wery meñ and ete þañ. This ilke horse was called Buktiphalas<sup>3</sup>, bi-cause of his vgly lukynge, For he hade a heued lyke a bulle, & knottills in his frount, as þay had bene þe bygynnyng of hournes. And when 20 þe kyng saw þe bewtee of this horse, he said till his seruandis, 'Take3 this horse and putte3 hym in a stable, and makes barre3 of yreñ be-fore hym, that thefe3 and oper mysdoers, þat sañ be done to dede, may be putt in-till hym, to be slaen of hym. 24 And þay didd soo. In þe mene tyme þe kyng Philippe had ane answeere of his goddes, that hee schulde regne nexte after hym, the whilke myghte ryde that wylde horse wit-owtten harme. So it fette þat Alexander þe whilke was þañ twelue 3ere 28 alde, wexe strange & re3te hardy, & was wysse and discrete; for he was wele lered & conmand in añ þe seuen sciences, þe whilke twa philosophirs had teched hym: þat es to say, Arestotle & Calistene. And one a day, as Alexander passed 32 for-by þe place þare als þe foresaide stode, he loked in betwene þe barre3 of yrnne and saw, bifore þe horse, mens hend and fete, & oper of paire membris, liggand scatered here & thare, and he had grete wonder þare-off. And he putt in his 36

<sup>1</sup> Space for miniature blank, ten lines.

<sup>2</sup> a changed by scribe into þe.

<sup>3</sup> Buktiphalas. In MS. a blot has

smudged out all the *i* except a dot, and obscured the *p*, making it look like *Bukts-phalas*, but it reads really as above.

- hande bitwene þe barreȝ, And þe horse \* strekede oute his nekke,  
als ferre als he myghte, and likked Alexander hand; and he  
knelid̃ doũd õd his kneesse, and bi-helde Alexander in þe vesage  
4 langly. And Alexander vnderstode wele þe wiȝf of þe horse,  
and opynd̃ the barreȝ, and went into þe horse, and straked̃ him  
softely on þe bakke wiȝ his riȝte hand; And belyfe þe horse  
wexe wonderly meke tiȝt Alexander; and riȝte as a honde wiȝf  
8 couche wheñ his maister biddes hym, so dide he tiȝt Alexander;  
and Alexander lukede besides hym, & sawe a sadiȝt & a brydeȝt  
hyng thare; and he tuke & dyd̃ þaȝd̃ õd hym, & leppe one his  
bakke; & rade furthe õd hym. And wheñ the kyng Philippe  
12 sawe hym do so, he said̃ vn-tiȝt hym 'Mi soȝd Alexander' quop̃  
he: 'Aȝt þe ansuers of our goddeȝ are fulfillede in the! For  
wheñ I ame dede, þou moȝd regne after me' And Alexander  
ansuerd̃, & said̃ 'I pray the, Fader,' quop̃ he, 'ordeyne me horse  
16 & meȝd, for I gaa seke dedeȝ of armeȝ.' 'For sothe' quop̃ þe  
kyng wiȝ a glade chere, 'Take þe a hundreth horse, and  
xl thosandeȝ pounde of golde; and take wiȝ the of þe worthieste  
knyghteȝ þat langeȝ to me, and wendis furthe.' And he didd̃ so.  
20 And he tuke wiȝ hym also a philosophre þat highte Eu-  
festius, whilke he traysted̃ mekiȝt in, And twelue childre þat  
he chese to be his playfers, and went hym furthe, and come  
in-tiȝt a contreth þat es called Polipone. And wheñ the  
24 kyng of þe land̃ herd̃ teȝt, þat swilke meȝd ware entred̃ in-to  
his rewme in swilke araye, he raysed̃ a gret Oste, and come  
agaynes Alexander for to feghte wiȝ hym. And wheñ he  
come nerehand̃ hym, he said̃ vn-tiȝt hym. 'Teȝt me' quop̃ he  
28 'whatt þou ert?' And Alexander ansuerd̃ 'I am Alexander'  
quop̃ he 'þe soȝd of Philippe, þe kyng of Macedoyne.' 'And  
what hopeȝ þou þat I be?' quop̃ þe kyng tiȝt hym. And  
Alexander ansuerd̃. 'þou ert kyng of Arridouns' quop̃ he.  
32 'Neuer-þe-lesse, if aȝt I do þe þat wirchippe þat I calle þe  
kyng, empride þe nathynge þare-of. For meȝd seeȝ ofte tymes  
meȝd þat ere in heghe astate coȝd to lawe degree, & meȝd þat  
ere in lawe degree, come tiȝt heghe astate.' 'þou sais riȝte  
36 wele' quop̃ þe kyng. 'Take hede to thyȝd̃ aweȝd̃ selfe!' And  
Alexander ansuerd̃ & said̃ 'Ga hetheñ away fra me' quop̃ he  
'for þou caȝd̃ say noghte to mee, ne I hafe noghte at do wiȝ þe.'  
And þaȝd̃ þe kyng was worder wrathe, And said̃ tiȝt Alexander

\* Leaf 1 bk.  
Alexander sees Bucephalus.  
Bucephalus bows and submits to him.

Philip sees Alexander riding Bucephalus and says the oracles are fulfilled.

Philip at Alexander's asking gives him arms and men to invade foreign territory.

Alexander's encounter with the King of the Arridons.

They quarrel fiercely.

\* Leaf. 2

The king  
challenges  
Alexander.  
Alexander  
accepts,  
and they  
both go  
home to  
gather  
forces.

'Luke on me' \* quop he 'pat spekes to the: Fore I swere the be my Fader hele, & I anes spitte in thi face, þou schale dye.' And wit þat he spitte at Alexander, & said: 'Take þe pare, þou biche whelpe, þat þe semez tilt hafe.' And Alexander 4 stepped furthe, & said vn-till hynd. 'For þou' quop he 'hase dispised me, by-cause I ame littill; I swere þe, bi þe pete of my Fader, & by my moders wambe, in þe whilke I was consayued of godd Amōn, þat þou schalt see mee, are oughte lange, in 8 þi rewme, redi to feghte wit þe; and owþer I schalt wynd thi rewme wit dynte of swerd, & brynge it vnder my subieccion, or þou schalt make me subiecte vn-to þe.' And þare þay assignede day of Batefle; and ayther of þam went hame fra 12 oper.

Alexander  
gathers his  
army,  
meets King  
Nicholas  
and slays  
him after  
the fight.

<sup>1</sup> And agaynes þe day of Batefle, Alexander, bi ascent & ordynance of kyng Philippe, gadird a grete Oste, & went to the place þare þe Batefle was assigned, and fand all redy þare, 16 kyng Nicoll and his oste. And þay trumped vp appon bathe þe parties, and bigan to feghte, & many men ware slaen on bathe þe sydez. Bot at þe laste, Alexander hade þe felde, & tuke kyng Nicholl, & gart smytte of his heued, & went in-till 20 his land, and conquered it; and his knyghtes went and coround hym kyng þare-off. And sythen he went hame till his fader, kyng Philippe, and fand hym sittand at the mete at a bridale: For he had put away fra hym his wyfe Olympias, Alexander 24 moder, and taken hym an-oper þat lighte Cleopatra; And Alexander went in-to þe hauffe, and said vn-to þe kyng Philipp: 'Fader,' quop he, 'I pray 3ow, þat for a rewarde of my firste iournee þat I hafe now made, 3ee graunte me to take 28 my Moder Olympias agayne vn-to 3ow, & do to hir as awe to be done to a qwenne<sup>2</sup>, rathere þan I gyffe hir to anoper kyng; so þat I be nozte 3oure enemy for euer. For this weddyng, þat 3e hafe now made here, es vnlesu!' When 32 he hadd said thir wordes, ane of þe þat satt at þe kynges burde, whase name was Lesias, ansuerd & said to þe kyng: 'lord' quop he 'þou schall hafe a son of Cleopatra, and he schalt regne after þe!' Alexander, than, was gretly greuede at his 36 wordes, and wit a wardrere þat he hade in his hande, he went

On his  
home-com-  
ing, he  
finds his  
father at  
bridal with  
a new wife,  
and begs  
him to take  
Olympia  
back again,

lest Alex-  
ander, giv-  
ing her to  
another  
king, be  
his foe.  
One Lesias  
jeeringly  
foretelling  
that Cleo-  
patra shall  
bear Philip  
an heir,

<sup>1</sup> Place for miniature blank, twelve half-lines.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *qwnne* with *e* inserted above text.

till hym and kellede<sup>1</sup> hym. Wheñ kyng Philippe sawe this,  
 he was gretly stirred; and rase vp, & gatt a swerde \* & ranne  
 to-wardez Alexander, for to hafe smytteñ hym. Bot onane  
 4 he felle down; and ay þe nerre Alexander þat he drewe, þe  
 mare he felle to the erthe riȝte as he bene ferd. And þañ  
 Alexander said vn-till hym: 'Philippe' quop he 'how es it  
 soo, that þou, þat hase wonñ wit dynt of swerde alle Grece,  
 8 ne hase now na strenghe to stande on thi fete.' And þañ  
 all þe hauße was troubbled, and the brydale letted. And  
 Alexander went abowte þe hauße, and keste douñ þe bourdez  
 wit þe mete, & þe drynke þat ware appoñ. þañ, and tuke  
 12 Cleopatra, and schotte<sup>2</sup> hir oute at þe hauße dore. And the  
 kyng Philippe, for sorowe þat he tuke till, felle grefe seke.  
 And a littill afterwardez, Alexander went till hym for to  
 vesett hym & comforth the hym, and said vn-till hym 'Philippe,'  
 16 quop he, 'if all it be noȝte semely, þat I calle þe be þi  
 propre name; neuere-þe-lesse, noȝte as þi soñ, bot as þi  
 gud' frend, I sañ teñe the myñ avice. It es fully my  
 consaile þat þou reconnselle agayne vn-to the my lady,  
 20 my Moder Olympias, and at þou grefe þe na-thinge at þe  
 dede of Lesias, ne take na heuynes to the þare-fore. For vn-  
 kyndely me thynke þat þou didd, and vngudely, þat þou drewe  
 þi swerde for to smytte me þare-wit.' And wheñ Philippe  
 24 herd þir wordes, his hert tendird, & he bigane to wepe. And  
 þañ Alexander went till his Moder Olympias, and said vn-till  
 hir: 'Be noȝte ferde' quop he 'ne be noȝte heuy to my fader,  
 for if alle thi trespas be preuee, & noȝte knawen, neuer-þe-lesse  
 28 þou erte in party to blame.' And wheñ he hade sayde thus, he  
 ledd hir furthe to þe kyng Philippe. And he tuk & kyssid  
 hir, and thus was scho reconnselde vn-till hym agayne.

<sup>3</sup>After þis, þare come messengers Fra Darius, þe emperour  
 32 of Perse, to kyng Philippe, and asked hym tribute And  
 Alexander answerd to thir messengers, & saide, 'Saise to Darius,  
 þour lorde,' quop he, 'þat señ þe tyme þat Philippe soñ was  
 waxen of age þe hen þat ay es waxen barayne & consumed

Alexander  
 slays him.  
 \* Leaf 2 bk.

King Philip  
 having in  
 vain sought  
 to kill  
 Alexander,  
 Alexander  
 upsets the  
 feast and  
 casts out  
 Cleopatra.

King Philip  
 having  
 fallen sick,  
 Alexander  
 goes to be  
 reconciled  
 with him.

Philip  
 weeps and  
 Alexander  
 brings  
 him and  
 Olympia  
 together  
 again.

Messengers  
 come from  
 Darius the  
 Emperor of  
 Persia, to  
 whom  
 Alexander  
 refuses the

<sup>1</sup> The first vowel is either a *y* changed into *e*, or an *e* changed into *y*. Hence it is uncertain if *kyllede* or *kellede* was written first. I think *kyllede* was first written and changed to *kellede* from the link with

next letter.

<sup>2</sup> MS. seems certainly when magnified to write *o*, *schotte*, although it is blotted.

<sup>3</sup> Space left for miniature, eleven half lines.

wonted tribute.

awaye, and so es Darius pryuede of his trybute.' And [when] thir messengers herd thir wordes; þay hade grete wounder of þam & of þe witt & þe wisdom of Alexander.

Armenia rises, Alexander subjugates it.

\* Leaf 3.

In þe mene tyme tythynges come to kyng Philippe, þat Ermonye, 4 þe whilke bi-fore was suget vn-till hym, was rebelle & raysse agaynes hym. And he garte \*semble a grete Oste, and sent Alexander thedir þare wit to feghte wit þam, and to putt þam agayne vnder his subieccion. Alexander than went wit this Oste 8 till Ermony & broghte it agayne in subieccion, as it was bi-fore.

Pansamy, a lord, covets Philip's wife and kingdom; he revolts and wounds king Philip to the death.

An in þe mene tyme, whils he was þare, a lorde of Macedoyne þe whilke highte Pansamy, a strange man & a balde, suget vn-to Philippe, and hade of lange tyme couette for to hafe þe quene 12 Olympias, conspirede agaynes þe kyng, and come with a grete multytude of folke appon þe kyng, to for-do hym. And when tythynges here of come to kyng Philippe, he went to mete hym in þe felde wit a fewe menzee. And when he sawe þe grete multi- 16 tude þat Pansamy hade wit hym, he turned & fledd, and Pansamy persued after hym, and ouerhied hym, and strake hym thurgh wit a spere, and ȝitt ife all he were greuously wonded, he dyed noȝte alsone, bot he laye halfe dede in the waye. And than 20 þe Macedoynes, þat wenede he hade bene dede, made mekill sorowe. And when þis iournee was done Pansamy was gretly empridede þare offe, & went in to þe kynges palace for to take þe qwene Olympias oute of it and hafe hir with hym. 24 And euen þe same tyme, Alexander come fra Hermony, & sawe<sup>1</sup> swylke trouble & styrrynge in the rewme, and hyed hym faste towarde þe kynges palace, and when Olympias herd tesse þat Alexander hir soñ had þe victorie of his enemys, 28 & was comande nere, Scho went furthe of þe palace at a preuee posterne to mete hir soñ, and to welcome hym hame. And alsone als scho come nere hym, scho criede appon hym & said:

Alexander comes back in the midst of the troubles and his mother goes to meet him.

'A A, my son Alexander, whare es þe grace & þe fortune 32 þat oure goddes highte the, þat es to say, þat þou scholde alwaye ouercome thynñ enemys & noȝte be ouercomen, þat Pansamy hase one þis wyse slaen thi Fader.' And alsone the worde come to Pansamy þat Alexander was comen, and he 36 went furthe of palace for to mete hym. And also faste als Alexander sawe hym, he oute wit a swerd and clafe his heued

Pansamy goes forth to meet Alexander, but Alexander slays him.

<sup>1</sup> MS. blotted at sawe.

in to þe tethe, & slewe hym. And ane of þe Oste said<sup>t</sup> tilt  
Alexander: 'Philippe þi fader' quop he, 'lyes dede in þe  
felde.' And þan Alexander went thedir thare he laye, and  
4 saw hym euen<sup>d</sup> at þe dyinge. And þan<sup>d</sup> he bega<sup>n</sup> faste for to  
wepe. And Philippe loked apo<sup>n</sup> hym, & said<sup>t</sup>. 'A A, my dere  
son Alexander,' quop he, 'wit a glade hert [I] may now dye,  
for þat þou so soun<sup>e</sup> hase venged<sup>t</sup> my dede,' & euen<sup>d</sup> wit \* þat  
8 worde he 3alde þe gaste. And Alexander wirchipfully gert  
hym be entered.

Alexander  
is told of  
his father's  
dying  
state. He  
goes to him  
and hears  
his last  
words.

Philip dies.

\* Leaf 3 bk.

<sup>1</sup> When kyng Philippe was entered, Alexander went and sett  
hym in his trone, and gerte calle by-fore hym alle þe folke þat  
12 was gader<sup>t</sup> thedir, lordes & oþer, and said<sup>t</sup> vn-to þam<sup>d</sup> on þis  
wyse. 'Me<sup>n</sup>,' quop he, 'of Macedoyne of Tracy, and of Grece  
byhaldez þe fegure of Alexander and puttez oute of 3our  
hertes drede of afte 3our enemys. For sekerly, and 3e wiþ take  
16 gude hertis to 3ow, thurghe þe helpe of oure goddis he schaff hafe  
þe ouerhande of af 3oure neghtebours, and 3our name schaff  
spred<sup>t</sup> ouer alle the werlde. And þare-fore ilkane of 3ow þat  
hase Armour, makes it redy, and he þat hase nane come to my  
20 palace & I saff gerre delyuer hym<sup>d</sup> af þat hym nedis, and ilk  
a ma<sup>n</sup> make hym redy to þe werre.' And when þe lordes and  
knyghtis þat ware of grete age, herd<sup>t</sup> thir wordes þay ansuerd<sup>t</sup>  
Alexander, & said<sup>t</sup> vn-tilt hym: 'lorde,' quop thaye, 'we hafe  
24 seruede 3oure fader a longe tyme & traueled<sup>t</sup> wit hym in his  
werres, & þare-fore we ere now so bryssed<sup>t</sup> in armes þat þare  
[es] no myghte lefte in vs for to suffre disesse þat often<sup>d</sup> tymes  
falles to me<sup>n</sup> of werre. For we ere streken<sup>d</sup> in grete age. And  
28 þare-fore, if it be plesynge vn-to 3ow, we consaile 3ow & we  
beseken 3owe, that 3e chese 3ow 3ong lordes & 3ong knyghtes,  
þat ere listy me<sup>n</sup> & able for to suffre disesse for to be wit 3ow.  
For here we giffe vp att armes if it be 3our wiþ & forsakes  
32 þam<sup>d</sup> for euer.' And þan<sup>d</sup> Alexander answerd<sup>t</sup> & said<sup>t</sup>: 'I wiþ  
rather,' quop he, 'chese þe sadnesse of an alde wyse ma<sup>n</sup> tha<sup>n</sup>  
þe vnavesy lightnesse of 3onge me<sup>n</sup>. For 3ong me<sup>n</sup> often  
tymes traystand<sup>t</sup> to mekiþ in thaire awen<sup>d</sup> doghtynes thurgh  
36 paire awen<sup>d</sup> foly ere mescheued<sup>t</sup>. Bot alde me<sup>n</sup> wirkes af by  
consaile & by witte.' When he had said thir wordes af me<sup>n</sup>

After  
Philip's  
burial,  
Alexander  
calls his  
folk to-  
gether and  
harangues  
them.

He foretells  
to them  
their rule  
over the  
world, and  
bids them  
get ready  
their wea-  
pons for  
war.

But those  
of great  
age beg  
leave that  
they  
should not  
be made to  
go on new  
wars, but  
rather the  
younger  
men.

Old men  
work with  
wisdom,  
young men  
with bold-  
ness and  
rashness.

<sup>1</sup> Twelve half lines space for miniature in MS.

They allow  
and con-  
sent to his  
words.

allowed his hie witte and hally pay assentede to hym for to do his lyste.

\* Leaf 4.

Gathering  
an army,  
Alexander  
ships to  
Italy, first  
taking  
Chalcedo-  
nia.

He takes  
tribute of  
the Ro-  
mans and  
of all  
Europe as  
far as the  
West  
Ocean.

Thence  
sailing to  
Africa he  
subjugates  
it.

The adven-  
ture with  
the hart.

He sacri-  
fices to  
Amon,  
praying  
the oracle.

He goes to  
Taphoresey  
and sacri-  
fices to his  
gods.

The Vision  
of Serapis.

<sup>1</sup> Sone after Alexander assemblede a grete Oste, & went bi Schippe to-wardez Ytaly, and als he come by Calcedoyne, he <sup>4</sup> assaylled it rehte strangly, and þe folke of Calcedoyne \* went to þe walles of þe Citee and defendid manly. Bot at the laste Alexander wañ the Citee, and fra thethyn he Schippede in-till Italy. And alsone als þe Romaynes herd of his comynge <sup>8</sup> þay were wonder ferde for hym, and the grete lordes of þe lande take fourty thowsandez of besandez and <sup>10</sup> corounes of golde, and went vn-till hym, and presant hym wit þam & bysoughte hym þat he scholde nohte werrey appon þam, ne <sup>12</sup> do þam na harme. And than Alexander take trybute of þe Romaynes, and of alle the folkes þat duelt bitwixe that & þe weste Ooceane, þe whilke regione es callede Europe, & lefte þam in gude pesse. 16

<sup>2</sup> Fra thethyn he Schippede in-till Affrice, in thee whilke he fande bot fewe þat rebelled agaynes hym and þarefore als [men] swa saye, euen sodeynly he conquerid it & broghte it vnder his subieccioñ. And fra Affric he went by Schippe till ane <sup>20</sup> Ile, þat es called Frontides, for to consaile wit a godd þat þay called Amon. And as Alexander & his men went to-wardez þe temple of þis for-said godd, þay mett in þe waye a grete hert þe whilke Alexander bad his men sla wit arowes. And <sup>24</sup> þay schott at hym; bot nane of þam myghte hitt hym. And þam Alexander take a bowe & schotte at hym & hitt hym & slewe hym. And þam Alexander went in-to þe temple, & made sacrafyce of þis hert vn-to godd Amon, and by-soughte <sup>28</sup> hym þat he schulde gyffe hym ansuares. When Alexander hade made his prayers þare to godd Amon, he went wit his Oste in-till a place þat highte Taphoresey, In þe whilke were feftene <sup>3</sup> gude townnes, & þay hade twelue grete reuers þat rane in-to <sup>32</sup> þe see, and at þe entree of þam in-to þe see þare was drawen ouer grete chynes of yryne, and thare Alexandir made Sacrafice till his goddez. And on þe same nyghte, a godd þat [hight] Serapis apperid vn-till hym in his slepe, cled in riche <sup>36</sup> clothynge in ane horrible forme & a dredefull, and said vn-till

<sup>1</sup> Three lines miniature S.

<sup>2</sup> Five lines miniature F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. has xv crossed through before *feftene*.

hym. 'Alexander,' quop he, 'may pou take pis montayne on pi schulder & bere it a-way?' Quop Alexander, 'how myghte any mañ do þat?' And Serapis ansuerd & said, 'righte as pis  
 4 montayne sañ neuer wit-owten \*end be removed hethen, so thi name & thi dedes schall be made mynde of to the worldes end.' And than Alexander prayed hym þat he walde prophycye hym what kyns dede he scholde die. Serapis ansuerd and said, 'It  
 8 es noghte spedfull till a man to knawe his paynefull endyng. For if he knewe it, peraventure, he scholde neuer hafe Ioye in his hert. Neuer þe lesse bi-cause pou hase prayede me to telle þe, I sañ say the. After a drynke pou schall take thi dede.  
 12 For in thi ȝouthe pou sañ make thyñ endyng. Bot spirre me noþer þe tyme ne þe houre when it schal be, For I wil on na wyse telle it to the. For-whi goddez of þe este partiez of þe werlde sañ telle the alle thi werdez.' When Alexander  
 16 wakkened of his dreame, he was reghte heuy, and sent þe maste substance of his Oste to þe Cite of Askalon and bad þam habide hym thare, and hym selfe & a certane of menze wit hym habade & thare he garte make a Citee & called it Alexander  
 20 after his awenñ name.

<sup>1</sup>In the mene tyme þe Egipcyens herd of þe comynges of Alexander, & þay went agaynes hym & submytt þam vn-till hym & resayffed hym wirchipfully. And when Alexander come  
 24 in-till Egipte, he fand ane ymage of a kyng made of blake stane curiously coruen, and he askede þe Egipciens whase ymage it was, and þay ansuerd & said, 'It es þe ymage,' quop þay, 'of Anectanabus that was kyng of Egipte nozte lange sythen  
 28 gane, þe wyseste & þe worthiest þat euer was þare-in.' For sothe quop <sup>2</sup>Alexander, 'Anectanabus was my Fader.' And þan he knelid douñ with grete reuerence & kyssed þe ymage. Fra thethyñ he went wit his Oste to Surry. But þe  
 32 Surriens agayne-stude <sup>3</sup>hym and faghte wit hyñ and slewe many of his knyghtes. Neuer þe lesse Alexander had þe victorie. And þan he went to Damaske, & Ensegged it & wanne it, and fra thethyñ he went to Sydon & wan it.  
 36 And þan he went vnto þe Citee of Tyre and layde Ensegge abowte it, and [in] pis Ensegge he laye many a day. And thare

\* Leaf 4 bk.

Serapis foretells him his lasting fame, his deeds, his death. But of some things Serapis may not speak.

Alexander awakens saddened. He sends his main strength on to Askal. Where he was he founded the city of Alexandria.

The Egyptians hearing of his coming submit. He sees the image of Anectanabus.

He acknowledges Anectanabus as his father.

He invades Syria, takes Damascus, Sidon, and sets about the siege of Tyre.

<sup>1</sup> Five half lines space for miniature I.

<sup>2</sup> quop Alexander in margin.

<sup>3</sup> Scribe wrote *agaynesande* and altered it to *agaynestude*.

Tyre resists  
stoutly,  
and he has  
to set a  
boom  
across the  
haven.

\* Leaf 5.

Alexander  
sends for  
help to Ja-  
dus, Bishop  
of the Jews,  
and also  
demands  
tribute.

The Bishop  
pleads the  
oath of  
fealty  
sworn to  
Darius.

Alexander  
swears to  
wreak ven-  
geance on  
the Jews.

He sends  
Meleager  
with 500  
men to  
Josaphat  
to forage.  
They de-  
feat the  
Lord of the  
country  
and slay  
him.

But the  
Lord of the  
city sends  
help and

his Oste suffred many dyscessez. For þat Cite was so strange  
in it-selfe by-cause of þe ground, þat it was sett apou, and  
by-cause of grete towres & many þat ware abowte it, and also  
bicause it was so enclosed wit the see þat it myghte noghte 4  
lightly \* be wonne by nane assawte. Alexander þan vmbi-  
thoghte hym, one what wyse he myghte best com to for to  
destruy þis citee, and he gerte make a grete bastell of tree, and  
sett it apou schippes in þe see euen forgaynes þe cete, so þat 8  
þare myghte no shippez come nere the hauē for to vetaille  
þe Citee or suppoell it wit men by-cause of þe bastelle. In  
þe mene tyme Alexander Oste hade grete defawte of vetaylls,  
and þan he sent lettres vnto Iadus, þat at that tyme was 12  
bischope & gouernoure of þe Iewes, and prayede hym for to  
suppoell hym wit som men, and also þat he walde send sum  
vetails for hym & his Oste, and he scholde pay for þan wit  
a glade chere, and þat he scholde also send hym the tribute 16  
þat he scholde gyffe Darius þe emperour of Perse. For hym  
ware better, he said, hafe his frenchippe þan þe frenchipe of  
Darius. The Bischope þan of þe Iewes ansuerd þe messangers  
þat broghte hym þe lettres & said, 'I hafe,' quop he, 'made 20  
athe to Darius, þat, whils he leffe, I schall neuer bere armes  
agaynes hym, and þarefore I ne may nozte do agaynes myn  
Athe.' The Messagers þan went till Alexander & talde hym  
þe bischopes ansuere, and he was greued & said, 'I make myn 24  
avowe,' quop he, 'vntill oure goddes, þat I schall take swilke  
vengeance on þe Iewes þat I sall make þan to knawe, whethir  
it es better to þan to be obeisant vn-to [my?] commandement,  
or vn-to þe kynges of Perse.' And he callede a duke, þat highte 28  
Melagere, and wit v men of armes, and badd þan gaa in to þe  
vale of Iosaphat, þe whilke was full of bestez & brynge of thase  
bestez to þe Oste for to vetaille þan wit. And ane Sampson,  
þat knewe þe cuntre wele was paire gyde. Þay went in to þe 32  
vale, and gadird to gedir catell wit-owte nombir & be-gan for  
to dryfe on þan. And he þat was lorde of þe cuntre, Theosellas  
bi name, rayse a grete multitude of folke and mett þan &  
faughte wit þan & slewe many of þan. Bot Melagere & his 36  
felaws at þat tym had þe better. And ane þat highte Caulus  
went baldly to Theosellas, & smate of his heued. All this was  
done bot a littill fra þe citee of Gadir. And þan Bertyne,

lorde of þe citee, seand<sup>r</sup> this, was gretely stirrede and ischewede  
owte of þe citee & wit xxx feghtyng me<sup>n</sup> and sett vp a schowte  
apond the \* Macedoynes alle at anes, that alle þe erthe trembled<sup>r</sup>  
4 wit-alle. And<sup>r</sup> when<sup>d</sup> þe Macedoyns saw that grete multytude  
of folke com<sup>d</sup> appond þam<sup>d</sup>, þay were rezte ferde. And þan  
Melagere walde hafe sent a Messangere to paire lorde Alexander,  
for to come & socoure þam<sup>d</sup>, bot he mygte fynd<sup>r</sup> na man þat  
8 walde vndertake þe Message. Than thir twa batalles met  
Samen<sup>d</sup> & faughte to-gedir, and thare was Sampson slaen,  
and Bertyne. And þe Macedoyns wit þe grete multitude of  
paire enemys ware dreuen<sup>d</sup> abakke, and lyke for to be dreuen<sup>d</sup>  
12 abakke & discomfites. And ane of þe grekkes, þat highte  
Arttes, seyng þe meschefe þay stode In, wan<sup>d</sup> hym owte of the  
Bataile & went in alle þe haste, þat he myghte, til<sup>r</sup> Alexander  
& talde hym þat þe Grekkes & þe Macedoynes ware in poynte  
16 to be mescheuede, bot if he suppoellde þam<sup>d</sup> þe tittere. And  
than Alexander lefte þe segge of Tyre, and went wit his  
Oste to þe vale of Iosaphat, and fand<sup>r</sup> his me<sup>n</sup> rizte harde  
by-stadde wit paire enemys. And he and his Oste vmbylapped<sup>r</sup>  
20 alle paire enemys, and daunge þam<sup>d</sup> dou<sup>n</sup> & slewe þam<sup>d</sup> ilke  
a moder so<sup>n</sup>. And when<sup>d</sup> he had so done he turned<sup>r</sup> agayne  
vn-to Tyre, and fande the Bastelle, þat he hade made in þe See,  
dongen<sup>d</sup> doune to þe grounde. For also<sup>n</sup> als Alexandere was  
24 gane fra Tire to þe vale of Iosaphat, Bala<sup>n</sup> þat was lorde of  
Tyre ischewid<sup>r</sup> oute of þe citee wit thee folke *pare-of*, & assailed<sup>r</sup>  
the bastell manfully, and tuk it & dange it doune. And when<sup>d</sup>  
Alexander sawe that, he was gretly angerde, and his hert  
28 wonder heuy, and so ware alle þe Macedoynes and the Grekes.  
In so mekil<sup>r</sup> thay ware nerehand<sup>r</sup> in dispeire for to wy<sup>n</sup> þe  
citee, and ware in poynte to hafe rissen<sup>1</sup> up þe segge. And  
one þe nyghte nexte suande, Alexander, als he laye & slept,  
32 dremyd<sup>r</sup> þat he hadd<sup>r</sup> in his hand<sup>r</sup> a grape, þe whilke hym  
thoghte he keste downe vnder his fete, and trade *pare-one*,  
& alsone *pare* ran<sup>d</sup> oute of it a grete dele of wyne. And when<sup>d</sup>  
Alexander wakned<sup>r</sup>, he called<sup>r</sup> til<sup>r</sup> hy<sup>n</sup> a Philosophre & talde  
36 hym his dreme. And þe Philosophre ansuerde, ‘be balde,’  
quop he, ‘& lefe nozte to ensegge Tyre, for þe grape þat pou

the Mace-  
donians  
are driven  
back.

\* Leaf 5 bk.

One of the  
Greeks  
sends for  
help to  
Alexander,  
who, leav-  
ing the  
siege of  
Tyre, out-  
flanks the  
enemy of  
Josaphat  
and slays  
them all.

Alexander,  
returning  
to Tyre,  
finds his  
boom  
thrown  
down, for  
Balan had  
sortied  
with all his  
people. So  
despairing  
are the  
Greeks  
that they  
almost give  
up the  
siege.

The next  
night Alex-  
ander  
dreams a  
dream and,  
when his

<sup>1</sup> MS. rissen, perhaps for *zissen*, but the same idiom is found elsewhere.

Philoso-  
pher in-  
terprets it,  
he is  
cheered.

helde in thi hand, and keste vnder thi fete, and trade *pare-one*,  
es þe Citee of Tyre, þe whilk þou sañt wynð thurgh strenth  
and trede it with thi fote, and *pare-fore* be na-thynge abaiste.<sup>7</sup>  
When Alexander herd thire wordes, he was gretly comforted, 4  
and vmbithoghte hym one whate wyse he myghte gette this  
Citee.

\* Leaf 6.

He makes  
another  
boom on  
ships  
higher  
than the  
highest  
city tower.  
He directs  
his men  
how to at-  
tack.

And than he \* garte make anoper bastelle in þe see, grettere,  
& hyere, and strangere þan þe toper was. For it was hie 8  
það þe hegheste towre of þe citee. And þis bastelle was tyede  
wit a hundrethe ankers. Það Alexander gert armede hyð<sup>1</sup>  
suerely & wele, & wente by hym ane vp apow this bastelle, and  
badd all his men þat pay schulde make þam redy for to feghte 12  
& to giffe assawte to þe citee. And alsone als pay sawe hym  
entire in to þe citee, pay scholde all at anes presse to þe walles,  
and scale þam, and clymbe ouer þe walles baldely & wyð þe  
citee. And when all men weren redy, hee gerte smyte 16  
sunder þe cabillis þat þe bastelle was tyed wit, & þe wawes  
of þe see bare it to þe walles of þe Citee. And Alexander  
delyuerlye stert apow [þe] walles, whare Balañ stode, and ran  
apow hym & slew hym and keste hym ouer þe walles in-to 20  
þe dyke of þe citee. And when þe Macedoyns & þe Grekes  
sawe Alexander entir in-to þe citee, pay schouffed to þe walles  
all at anes, and clambe ouer, sum wit leddirs sum on oper wyse  
wit-owtten any resistence. For þe Tyreyenes was so ferde by- 24  
cause of þe dedde of Balañ paire duc þat pay ne durste noghte  
turne agayne ne defende þe wallez. And on this wyse was þe  
citee taken and doungeñ doune to þe erthe.

Cutting the  
cables he  
lets the  
towers over  
the boom  
float in up-  
on the city.  
He, climb-  
ing the  
walls, slays  
Balan, and  
his follow-  
ers rush all  
at once in-  
to the city.  
Tyre is de-  
stroyed.

Alexander  
takes Gaza  
and  
marches on  
Jerusalem.

The Bishop  
of the Jews,  
hearing  
this, calls  
the Jews  
before him,  
and orders  
fasting,  
prayer, and  
sacrifice.

An Angel

Fra þe segge of Tyre Alexander & his men went to þe citee 28  
of Gaza and assailed it, & wit schorte while pay wan it. And  
Fra thethyñ hyed hym towardez Ierusalem for to ensegge it.

<sup>2</sup> Qwhen þe Bischope of þe Iewes herde tesse þat Alexander  
was commaund toward Ierusalem, he gert call bifore hym all 32  
þe iewes þat ware in þe citee, and talde þam þe tythynges þat  
ware talde hym. And sythen he commandid þam þat pay  
schuld com to þe temple, and be þare in praynge Fastynges  
and wakyng & in sacrafice makyng vn-to godd, bisekand hym 36  
of helpe & socoure. And pay did soo. And on þe nyghte nexte

<sup>1</sup> The *y* of *hyð* for *hym* is written over  
another letter scratched out.

<sup>2</sup> Twelve half lines space with miniature  
of a Q.

after, when þe Bischope hadd' made his sacrafice, and was  
 lyand in prayers, he fell on slomeryng and ane Angelle appered  
 vn-till hym, and sayd, 'Be nozte ferd,' quop he, 'bot swythe  
 4 gere araye honestly all þe stretis of (þe) citee, and caste open  
 the 3ates, and warne all þe folke þat þay aray þam in whitte  
 clethyng, and thi-selfe & alle þe prestis reuestez 3ow solempnely,  
 and to-morne arely wende3 furthe of þe citee agaynes Alexander  
 8 in processiou. For hym by-houez \* regne & be lorde of alle  
 þe werlde. Bot at þe laste þe wrethe of godd' sail falle apou  
 hym.' When þe bischope wakened of his slepe, he called till  
 hym þe iewes and talde þam his reuelacion, and bad þam do  
 12 all als þe Angelle hade schewed hym. And þay did so. For  
 þay arayed þe stretez of þe cetee and cledde þam in whitte  
 clethyng, and the bischope & þe prestis reueste þam, and  
 bathe thay and alle þe folke went furthe of þe citee till a place  
 16 where þe temple & all þe citee may be seen. And þare þay  
 habade þe comynge of Alexander. And when Alexander come  
 nere þis foresaid place, and sawe be-for hym swilke a multitude  
 of folke, cledde alle in whitte, and þe preste3 arayed solempnely  
 20 in riche vestymentis, and þe byschope also in his pontyfcales  
 and a mytir one his heued, and þare-apou a plate of golde,  
 where-one was wretyn þe name of grete godd' Tetragramaton, he  
 commaunded all his men þat þay schulde halde þam by-hynd  
 24 hym, and habyde till he com to þam. And he lighte off his  
 horse, and went bi hym ane to þe iewes, And knelid down to  
 þe erthe and wirchippede þe hye name of godd, þat he saw  
 þare wretyn apou þe bischopes heued. And þan alle þe iewes  
 28 knelid doun & saluste Alexander and cried all wit a voyce:  
 'lyff lyffe,' quop þay, 'grete Alexander, lyffe, lyffe the gretteste  
 Emperour of þe werlde, lyffe he þat sail ouer-com all men and  
 nozte be ouercome. Prynce maste glorious and maste worthy  
 32 of all þe prince3 þat regnez apou erthe.' When þe kynges of  
 Surry saw þis, þay hadd' grete wonder þare-off. And a prynce  
 of Alexanders, þat highte Parmenon, said vn-till Alexander:  
 'Mi lorde þe Emperour,' quop he, 'we mervelle vs gretely þat  
 36 þou, whan all men wirchipe3 and lowtez, wirchipe3 here þe  
 bischope of þe Iewes.' And Alexander ansuered, 'I wirchipe  
 nozte hym,' þis quop he, 'Bot Godd, whase state he presente3.  
 For when I was in Macedoyne, and vmbithoghte me, on what

of the Lord  
 appears by  
 night to  
 the High  
 Priest and  
 shows him  
 how the  
 city may  
 be freed—  
 and utters  
 a prophecy.

\* Leaf 6 bk.

The Bishop  
 awakens,  
 and, doing  
 as the  
 Angel bids,  
 he and his  
 people go  
 forth to  
 meet Alex-  
 ander, the  
 folk in  
 white, the  
 Bishop in  
 full Ponti-  
 ficals.

Alexander,  
 seeing  
 them, dis-  
 mounting,  
 kneels and  
 worships  
 the Name  
 of God.

Alexander,  
 being  
 asked, tells  
 them that  
 he wor-

ships not  
the High  
Priest but  
God, and  
this be-  
cause of a  
vision pro-  
mising him  
the con-  
quest of  
Darius.

He goes  
into Solo-  
mon's Tem-  
ple and  
sacrifices.  
The Bishop  
shows him  
the pro-  
phesy of  
Daniel.

\* Leaf 7.

The Bishop  
of the Jews  
asks that  
the laws of  
their  
fathers  
might be  
granted.

Alexander  
conquers  
the rest of  
Judaea.

Darius  
asks the  
fugitive  
Syrians as  
to what  
kind of  
man Alex-  
ander was.  
They show  
him a  
parchment

wyse I myȝte conquere Assye, I saw hym slepand, in swilk habite & in swylke araye; and he lete as he sett noȝte by me, bot went baldely furthe bi me. And for I see nane<sup>1</sup> in swilke arraye bot hym, I suppose it be he þat I saw in my slepe. 4 And þarefore I trowe þat thurgh þe helpe of Godd̄ I saff ouercom̄ Daryus, þe kyng of Perse, and his grete pryde fordo. And all̄ thynges þat I caste in my hert fo[r] to do, it es my full triste þat thurgh his helpe I saff fulfil̄ it, and wele bryng 8 it to end̄. And þis es þe cause I wirchipped hym.' And wheñ he hadd̄ said̄ thies wordes, he went in-to þe citee wit̄ the bischope & þe presteȝ, and went in-to þe temple þat Salamoñ made. And as þe bischope teched̄ hym̄ he offred̄ 12 sacrafice vn-to Godd̄. And þe bischope tuke Alexander in hande a buke of þe prophycye of Daniel\*, in þe whilke he fand̄e wretyn̄, þat a mañ of Grece sulde distruy þe powere of Perse<sup>2</sup>. And Alexander was reghte gladde, supposynge þat 16 it was hym-selfe. And þañ he gaffe þe bischoppe & þe oper presteȝ grete gyfteȝ & riche & precyous, And badd̄ þe bischope ashe of hym what so he walde. And the bischope askede þat he walde giffe þañ leue to vse þe same lawes þat þaire 20 faderes vsed̄ bifore þañ, and he graunted̄ it. And þañ þe bischoppe askede þat<sup>3</sup> walde giffe þe Iewes þat ware in Medee & in Babyloyn̄, leue for to vse þaire lawes, & he graunted̄ hym þat & all̄ oper thynges þat he walde aske. 24

<sup>4</sup> Alexander thañ went fra Ierusalem, & lefte thare Andromac his Messagere, and hym selfe & his Oste went to þe oper citeȝ þat ware in þe lande of Iudee, and at ilke a citee þat he come to, he was wirchipfully ressayued̄. In þe mene tyme þe 28 Surryens þat fledd̄ fra Alexander, went to Perse, and̄ talde þe emperour Darius how Alexander hadd̄ done to þañ. And Darius spirred̄ thaym̄ of his stature & of his schappe, and pay schewed̄ hym purtrayed̄ in a parchemyñ skyn̄ þe ymage of 32 Alexander. And alsone als Darius sawe it, he dispysed̄ Alexander bycause of his littill stature, and be-lyfe he gerte

<sup>1</sup> MS. *see nane* twice over: 'see nane, see nane.'

<sup>2</sup> A more open handwriting begins most clearly after *Perse*.

<sup>3</sup> Supply *he* between *þat* and *walde*.

<sup>4</sup> Eleven half lines space for a minia-

ture which is lacking. A square is roughly drawn out, and in the square the words '*hic incipit*' scribbled. Beside the miniature in the margin is written '*rex equitans*.'

write a *lettre* and sent it till Alexander. And *pare-wit* he sent hym a handbañ & *oper* certane lapez in scorne. And pis is þe tenour of þe *lettre* þat he sent till hym.

portrait  
and he despises him  
for his short stature.

Darius writes to Alexander, telling him how he has heard of his band of thieves and robbers, and that they could never overcome the power of Persia.

\* Leaf 7 bk.

He tells Alexander of his meanness and wretchedness who wishes, like some mouse crept out of her hole when the cat is gone, to dispart him in the broad lands of Persia. But Darius shall pounce upon him when least awaited.

It were a great gift to leave him Macedonia alone, under tribute. He had better go home to his mother's knee. He sends him a play ball as more beseeching him.

4 <sup>1</sup> 'Darius, kyng of kynges, and lord of all erthely lordes euē like vnto sonne schynande, wit þe goddez of Perse, vntill Alexander oure *seruand* we send. We haue vnderstanden now on late, whare-of we meruelle vs gretely, þat þou ert so rayse<sup>d</sup> in pride and vayne glorye, þat þou hase semblede togedir a company of robbours and thefez oute of þe weste parties, and castez þe for to comē in-till oure parties, supposynge thurgh þam for to ouer-sett and constreynne þe grete myghte & þe vertue of þe percyens, whase strenghte þou may neuer slokeñ ne ouercome, suppose þou gadirde & sembled togedir all þe werlde. For I do þe wele to wiete þou myghte nerehand alsonne nommer þe sternes of heuē, as þe folke of þe empire of Perse. Oure goddez also <sup>2</sup>, \* by whayn all pis werlde es gouerned & sustened, prayssez & commendeþ oure name passyng all *oper* nacyons. 'Bot nozte wit-standynge pis; þou as a littill bisne & a dwerghē, a halfe mañ & ortez of alle meñ, desyrand to ouer-  
20 passe þi littillnesse, rihte as a mouse crepez oute of hir hole, so þou ert cropeñ out of þe lande of Sethym, wenyngē wit a few rebawdez to conquere & optene þe landez of Perse brade & lange, & to ryotte & playe the in thaym as myesse douse in þe house  
24 whare na cattles ere. Bot I þat priuāly hase aspied thi gatez, when þou wenez moste seurely for to stertle abowte, I sall sterte apōn þe & take þe; & so in wrechidnes sall thi dayes fouly haue añ ende. 'A grete Foly þou dide for to take apōn the  
28 swylke a presumpcyon. It ware full faire to þe, if þou myghte bi oure lefe, wit oure beneuolence, ocupie all anely þe rewme of Macedoyne, zeldynge *parefore* till vs zereyly a certane tribute, if all þou couetid nozte oure empire. Pare-fore it es gude þat  
32 þou lefe thi fonned *purposse*, and wende hame agayne, and sett the in thi moder knee. And lo, I sende the here a littill bañe, wit þe whilke als a childe þou may play the. For þou ert bot a childe. It es mare semely þat þou vse childez gammez þan  
36 dedez of armes. 'We knawe wele thi pouert and thi nede, and

<sup>1</sup> Four half lines and miniature D with a king's head within.

<sup>2</sup> At bottom of leaf 7, first side, are

written in large characters indistinctly  
... *kychyn ys att a Rio* ...

Does Alexander dream of subduing the rich Empire of Persia. He advises him to return home again or he will send a force to hang him as a thief on a gibbet.

The messengers deliver Alexander the ball and the letters. His knights, hearing it read, are astounded and cast down.

\* Leaf 8.

Alexander consoles his men with the hope that what Darius says of the wealth of Persia may be true, and he exhorts them to fight for it manfully.

He bids his knights bind the messengers and lead them forth to be hanged. They lead them forth thus, but the messengers beg for mercy. Alexander tells them why he

pat pou hase vnnethes whare wit pou may sustene thi caytyfde corse. Wenez pou, thañ, to brynge vnder thi subieccioñ the empyre of Darius. I say the by my Fader saule, pat in the rewme of Perse *pare* es so grete plente of golde, pat, & it were 4 gadirde to gedir on a hepe, It schulde passe þe clerenes of þe soñ. Whare-fore we commande the, and straitely enioyneþ the, pat pou leue thi fole pride and thi vayne glory, & tourne hame agayne to Macedoyne. And if pou wilt nozte soo, we sañ sende 8 to þe a multitude of meñ of armeþ swilke ane saw þou neuer, þe whilke sañ take þe, and hyngþ þe hye oñ a gebett as a traytour and a mayster of theefeþ: and nozte as þe son of Philippe.'

<sup>1</sup> When þe messangers þat were sent fra Darius come to 12 king Alexander, pay gaffe hym the *lettres*, and þe bañte & oper certane Iapes, pat þe emperour sent hym in scorne. And Alexander tuke þe *lettres*, and gert rede it openly by-fore alle meñ, and Alexander knyghtes when pay herde þe tenour of þe 16 *lettres* ware gretly astonayde and wonder heuy. And when Alexander sawe þam so heuy by cause of þe *lettre*, he saide vn-to þam: 'a a, my worthy knyghtis,' quop he, 'are 3e fered for þe prowde wordeþ þat are contened in Darius *lettres*, wate 3e 20 noghte wele þat hundez, þat berkes\* mekill, byteþ meñ noghte so sone, als doeþ hundez þat commeþ one meñ wit-outten berkyngþ. We trewe wele þe *lettre* says sothe of some thyngþ, þat es to <sup>2</sup> saye, of þe grete plentee of golde, þat Darius sais he 24 hase. And þarefore late vs manly feghte wit hym and we sañ hafe þat golde. For þe grete multitude of his golde, als me thynke, schulde gare vs be balde and hardy for to fighte wit hym manly.' 28

When Alexander had saide thir wordeþ he bade his knyghtis take the messangers of Darius and bynd þaire handez bi-hynde þam, & lede þam furthe to the galowes, & hyngþ þam. And pay tuke þe messangers & baude þam, and began for to lede 32 þam furthe to þe galowes-warde, and þan þe messengers bigan for to crye rewfully vntill Alexander & sayd: 'A, A wirchipfull lorde & kynge', quop pay, 'whate hafe we trespaste, þat we schaff be haungede for oure kynges dedis'. And þan kyng 36 Alexander ansuerd: 'þe wordeþ of 3our Emperour', quop he, 'gers me do þis, þat sent 3ow vn-to me, as vnto a theeffe, as þe

<sup>1</sup> Five half lines space with a miniature W.

<sup>2</sup> to in margin of MS.

-ettre whilke 3e broghte witnessen: 'A, A lorde', quop pay, 'oure emperour sent<sup>1</sup> thus to 3ou: for 3our powere & 3our myghte was unknewen vn-till hym. Bot we be-seke 3ow late3  
4 vs gaa, and we schaff mak aknewen vntill hym 3our grete glory, 3our ryaltee, & 3our noblaye.'

will hang them. They promise to make known to Darius Alexander's real character. King Alexander, loosening them, bids them come to meat. They propose to Alexander that they should deliver Darius into his hands. He scornfully rejects it.

pan kyng Alexander badd his knyghtis lowse pan, and bryng pan in-till his hauffe, to 3e mete. And thare he made  
8 pan a grete feste & a ryall. And as pay satt at the mete, 3ir messangers saide vn till Alexander, 'lorde,' quop pay, 'if it be plesynge to 3our hye maiestee sende3 with vs a thowsand of doghty men of armes, and we saff delyuer pan 3e  
12 Emperour Darius,' and Alexander ansuerde agayne & said<sup>2</sup> 'Sittes stille', quop he, '& makes 3ow mery. For I tell 3ow in certayne, for 3e betrayinge of 3our kynge, I will noghte graunt 3ow a knyghte wit 3ow'. Apon 3e morne,  
16 Alexander gart write a lettre vn-to Darius, whareoffe 3e tenour was this.

### The letter of Alexandere<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Alexander, the son of Philippe & of qwene Olympias, vn-to Darius, kyng of 3e land pat schynes<sup>5</sup> wit 3e godde3 of Perse,  
20 we sende. If we graythely & sothefastly be-halde oure selfe pare es na thyng pat we here hafe pat we may bi righte caste ours, bot all it es lent vs for a tyme. For alle we pat ere whirlede aboute wit 3e whele of fortune, now ere we broghte  
24 fra riches in-to pouerte: now fra myrthe & ioy in-to Sorowe & heuyesse; and agaynwarde3: and now fra heghte, we are plunged in-to lawnesse. Pare-fore pare schulde na man pat es sett in hye degre triste to mekill in his hyennesse, that, thurgh  
28 pride & vayne glorye, he schulde despyse 3e dedis of oper men lesse\* pan he. For he wate neuer how sone 3e whele of fortune may turne abowte, and caste hym doune to lawe degree, pat sitte3 hye on-lofte: and rayse hym to hye wirchipe and  
32 grete noblaye pat bifore was pore and in lawe degree. And parefore the aughte to thynke grete schame, pat swilke a worthy emperour as men halde3 the, schulde sende swylke

Alexander, writing, reminds Darius of the unsteadfastness of earthly wealth. No man of high degree should scorn those lower, for he never knows when the wheel of Fortune may turn about.

\* Leaf 8 bk.

Therefore Darius should be ashamed that he, a great

the letter.

<sup>1</sup> sent in margin of MS.

<sup>2</sup> & said in margin.

<sup>3</sup> The rubric is wrongly placed in the MS. after *dignyte3*, p. 24, i.e. at the end of

<sup>4</sup> Five half lines with miniature A.

<sup>5</sup> *schynes* in margin of MS.

man, behaves  
so to Alexan-  
der, a little  
man.

The Undying  
Gods do not  
associate with  
men that die.

Alexander  
comes as a  
mortal man to  
fight Darius.  
Even if Darius  
overcome

Alexander he  
shall win no-  
thing by it, for  
he is but a  
little man and  
a thief.

Darius's boasts  
of the Persians  
of old have  
heartened  
them to attack  
the Empire.

The play ball  
that was sent  
was also a  
forecast of his  
rule over the  
world.

The other  
toys like-  
wise fore-  
tell his rule  
over all  
men. By  
the same,  
Darius has  
sent tri-  
bute to  
Alexander.

The letter  
is taken to  
Darius. He  
then  
marches on  
Persia.

\* Leaf 9.

Darius, re-  
ceiving

a message vnto me so littill a mañ and so pore. For þou ert  
euen lyke to þe sonne, as thi selfe says, sittande in þe trone of  
Nitas wit þe goddez of Perse. Bot goddez þat euermare are  
liffaunde & neuermare dyeþ, deynez nozte for to hafe þe fela- 4  
chipe of dedely meñ. Sekerly I am a dedely mañ; and to þe  
I come as to a dedely man, for to feghte wit the. Bot þou þat  
arte so grete & so glorious & calleþ thi selfe vndedely, þou sañt  
wynne na thyng of me, if alle þou hafe þe ouerhande of me. 8  
For þou hase ouercommen bot a littill mañ, and a theeffe<sup>3</sup> als  
þou sayse. And if I hafe þe ouerhande ouer the, It sañt be to me  
þe gretteste wirchipe þat euere byfett me, for als mekill als I sañt  
hase þe victorye of þe worthieste emperour of þe werlde. Bot 12  
þare þou saide, þat, in þe rewme of Perse, es so grete plentee  
of golde, þou hase scharpede oure hertiz, and made mare  
balde for to feghte with the, & for to wynne þat golde; for  
to relese oure pouerte wit-alf, & putte awaye our nede whilke 16  
þou says we hafe. In þat also, þat þou sent vs a hande-bañte  
and oper barne-laykaynes, þou prophicyed rizte, and betakend  
bi-fore, thynges þat we trewe, thurgh goddez helpe, sañt fañte  
vn-till vs. By þe rowndenes of þe bañte, we vnderstande 20  
all the werld aboute vs, þe whilke sañt fañte vnder oure subiec-  
cion. Bi þe tane of þe laykanes þat þou sent vs, þe whilke es  
made of wandeþ and crukeþ donwardeþ at þe ouerend, we vnder-  
stand þat all þe kynges of þe werlde, and all þe grete lordez, 24  
sañt lowte till vs. Bi þe toper laykañ, þat es of golde, and  
hase apon it, as it ware, a mannez hede, we vnderstande þat  
we sañt hafe þe victorye of all meñ and neuer be ouercommen.  
And þou þat ert so grete & so myghty hase now onwardeþ sent 28  
vs trybute, in als mekeñ als þou sent vs a handbañte, and þir  
oper thynges þat I rehersed by-fore, the whilke contenez in  
þañ so grete dignyteþ.

<sup>1</sup> When þis lettre was wreten, Alexander called till þe mes- 32  
sangers of þe Emperour of Perse, and gaffe þañ riche gyftes  
and betuke þañ þe lettre, and badd þañ bere it to þaire lorde.  
And þañ Alexander sembled his Oste, and by-gañ for to wende  
toward Perse. When the messangers of Perse come to þe 36  
emperour þay talde hym of þe grete ryalte of kyng Alexan-  
der \* and tuke hym the letters þat Alexander sent hym. And

<sup>1</sup> Four half lines space with miniature W.

pe emperour garte rede þam. And when he herd þam redde he was wonder wrathe, and sent a *lettre* belyue vn-till twa grete lordez that hadd þe gouernance of þe empire vnder hym sayand to þam on this wiese.

Alexander's letter, writes to his two great lords,

<sup>1</sup> 'Darius kyng of kynges and lorde of lordes vntill oure trewe legeþ Primus & Antyochus, gretynge and ioi. We here tell þat Alexander, Philippe sonne of Macedoyne, es so heghe raysede in pryde, þat he es rebeffe agaynes vs, & es commen in-till Asye, and hase destroyed it vtterly. And 3itt hym thynke nozte this ynoghe, bot he purposeþ hym for to come nere vs, and do þe same till operre cuntreþ of oure empire as he hase done tyll Asye. Wharefore we comande 3owe o payne of 3our legeance, þat 3e semble þe grete men & þe worthy of oure empyre, wit oper of our trewe legeþ; and, in all þe haste þat 3e may, gase & counters 3one childe, takand hym, and bryngand hym bi-fore oure presence, þat we may lasche hym wele, als a wanton childe schulde be: and clethe hym in purpoure; & so send hym till his moder Olympias wele chastyede. For it semeþ nozte to be a feghter: but for to vse childe gammeþ.

telling them of Alexander's boldness and bidding them take him prisoner so that Darius may whip him as a naughty child and send him home to his mother.

<sup>2</sup> Thire twa lordes Primus and Antyochus, when þay hadde redde this *lettre* of þe emperour, þay wrate agayne vntill him on this wyse. 'Vn-to Darius, kyng of kyngeþ, grete godd, Primus & Antiochus, seruyce þat þay kañ do. To 3our heghe maieste we make it aknawen, þat þe childe Alexandere, whilke 3e speke off, hase all vtterly destroyed 3our cuntree. And we sembled a grete multytude of folke, and faughte wit hym; bot he hase discomfit vs, and we were fayne for to flee. For unnethe myghte any of vs wyne awaye wit þe lyfe. Þarefore we þat 3e say ere helpers vnto 3owe, besekeþ 3our hye maiestee that 3e send sunð socoure till vs 3our trewe leges.' When Darius hadde redde þis *lettre*, þare come anoper messenger till hym and talde hym þat Alexander and his Oste hade lugged þam appon the water of Strume. And when Darius herd þat he wrate anoper *lettre* vntill Alexander, of whilke þis was þe tenour.

Primus and Antiochus reply, telling of their utter defeat at the hands of Alexander and begging for help.

Darius is told of the camping of Alexander on the river Strume.

<sup>3</sup> 'Darius, kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordez, vn-till oure seruande Alexander. Thorowte all þe werlde þe name of

Darius writes again to

<sup>1</sup> Space for four lines.

<sup>2</sup> Miniature and M space for four lines.

<sup>3</sup> Four half lines and space with a miniature D, with king's head within.

Alexander  
telling him  
to retire  
before his  
vengeance  
fall upon  
him.

\* Leaf 9 bk.

He sends  
him also a  
token of  
the num-  
ber of his  
own people.

They bring  
Alexander  
the letter.  
But he  
finds  
another  
meaning  
for the  
tokens.  
He hears of  
the heavy  
sickness of  
his mother.  
Altho' cast  
down by  
the news  
he writes a  
letter to  
Darius.  
He tells  
him that  
for other  
reasons he  
is forced  
unwilling-  
ly to re-  
turn, but  
bids him  
not put it

Darius es prayed & commended. Oure goddez also hase it wreten in thaire bukes. How thað durste þou be so balde, for to passe so many waters, and seez, Mountaynes & craggez, for to werraye agaynes oure royalle maiestee. A grete wirchip 4 me thynke it \* ware to þe, if þou myghte mawgre oures, hafe in possessioun þe kyngdome of Macedoyne all anely, wit-owtten mare. Tharefore the es better amend þe of thi mysdedis, þan we take swilke wreke appon the, þat oper men take bisne þare- 8 by, seð alle þe erthe wit-owtten oure lordchipe, may be callede wedowe. Torne agayne þarefore, we consaile þe, in-to thyñ awenñ cuntree, are oure wrethe and oure wreke falle apou þe. Neuer-þe-lesse, þat oure wirchippe & oure grete noblaye 12 be sumwhate knawen to þe, we sende the a malefull of chesseboffe sede, in takenning þare-of. Luke if þou may nombir & telle all þir chesseboffe sede, & if þou do þatt það may þe folke of oure oste be nowmerd. And if þou 16 may nozte do þat oure folke may nozte be nowmerd. Þarefor turnee hame agayne in-to þi cuntree and lefe þi foly þat þou hase byguñ, and take na mare apou þe swilke a presumpcion, for I tell þe we haffe men of armes wit-oute 20 nowmmere'.

<sup>1</sup> When þe Messengers of Darius come till Alexander, þay tuk hym þe lettre and þe malefull of chesseboffe sede. Alexander það gerte rede þe letter. And sythen he putt 24 his hand in þe male, and tuke of þe chesseboffe sede & putt in his mouthe, & chewed it, & said, 'I see wele', quop he, 'þat he hase many men, bot þay are rihte softe as this sede are'. In þe mene tyme þare come a Messenger till Alexander fra 28 Macedoyne: and talde hym þat his Moder Olympias was grefe seke. And [when] Alexander herd þis, he was wonder heuy. Neuer þe lesse, he wrate vn to Darius a lettre, þat spakke on this wyse.

32

<sup>2</sup> Alexander þe son of Philippe & of qwene Olympias vn-to Darius kynge of Perse, we sende. We do þe wele to wiete þat we hafe herde certane tythynges, whilke gers vs agayne 36 oure wiñ do þat we now sañ saye. Bot trow þou nozte þat we for fere or dowte of thi pride and þi wayne glorye turne hame agayne now till oure awenñ cuntre, Bot all anely for to vesett

<sup>1</sup> Four lines space with miniature W.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines space.

oure Moder Olympias, whilke lygges grefe seke. Bot wete þou wele, wit in schorte tym̄, we schall haste vs agayne, wit a grete nowmere of fresche knyghtis. And riȝte als þou sent vs a  
4 malefull of chessebolle sedeȝ; so we sende þe here a littill peper. For þou schulde witte þat riȝte as þe scharpenes of pis littill peper passeȝ þe multitude of þe chessebolle sedeȝ, riȝte so þe grete multitude of þe Persyenes saȝl be ouer-comeȄ wit a fewe  
8 knyghtis of Macedoyne.'

<sup>1</sup> This *lettre* be-kende Alexander to þe knyghtis of Darius, þe peper also, & bad̄ þam̄ bere þam̄ to þe emperour. And he gaffe þam̄ grete gyftes and riche, and sent þam̄ furthe.  
12 And þam̄ he turnede \* agayne wit his Oste towarde Macedoyne.

Thare was þe same tyme a wonder wyse maȄ of werre þe whilke highte Amorca, and he was prynce-werres in Araby, and lay þare wit a grete multitude of meȄ in awayte of  
16 Alexander & his Oste. And when̄ he herde tell of þe commyng of Alexander, he redied̄ hym for to kepe hym. And when̄ pay mett, pay faught to-geder all þe daye fra þe morne till þe euēȄ. And so pay dide all þase thre deyes. And þare was so mekiȝl  
20 folke dede in þat bataile, þat þe sone wexe eclypte & wit-drewe his lighte, vggande for to see so mekiȝl scheddyng of blude. Bot at laste þe Percyenes ware so thikke-falde felled̄ to þe grounde, þat þaire prynce Amorca turned̄ þe bakke & fledd̄,  
24 and vnnetheȝ myghte wynȄ awaye, and a fewe wit hym. So hastyly fledd̄ Amorca, þat he come nerehand̄ alson̄e to Darius, as his messagers did̄ þat come fra Alexander, and fand̄ Darius haldand̄ þe *lettre* in his hande, þat Alexander sent hym̄,  
28 and spirrande what Alexander did̄ wit þe chessbolle sedeȝ. And þe messangers ansuerd̄ & said̄: 'He tuke of þe chessbolle sedeȝ', quop̄ pay, 'and chewed̄ of þam̄, & said̄. I see wele,' quop̄ he, 'þat Darius hase many meȄ, bot pay are wonder softe';  
32 And than Darius tuk of þe peper, þat Alexander sent, and putt in his mouthe and chewed̄ it. And when he felide þe strenghe of it, and þe grete hete, he syghede sare, and saide: 'Alexander knyghtis', quop̄ he, 'are bot fewe, bot and pay be  
36 als strange in þam̄ selfe, as þis peper es in it selfe, pay saȝl fynde nane in þis werlde þat may agaynestande þam̄.' And þan ansuerde Amorca & saide, 'Forsothe, lorde', quop̄ he, 'ȝe

down to his own vainglory or pride. He shall come again with a fresh host. And he sends him in return a little pepper.

He dispatches Darius's messengers back with the letter.

\* Leaf 10.

Amorca tries to ambuscade Alexander.

They fought three whole days till the sun grew dark with dread, seeing the number of the slain. So many of the Persians were slain that at last Amorca had to flee. He fled so quickly to Darius that he found him reading Alexander's letter. Darius sighs at the sharpness of the pepper.

<sup>1</sup> Five lines space with miniature A.

Alexander's humility and courtesy to his fallen foes.

His further march.

Alexander sacrifices to the Sun in Phrygia.

\* Leaf 10 bk.

Alexander answers a flatterer, he had rather be a wise man's disciple than have the praises of Achilles.

Alexander marches again towards Persia.

The citizens of Abandria shut their gates against him. But

say sothe, Alexander hase few knyghtis, bot þay ere strange, þat hase slaen my knyghtis þat ware so many, so þat<sup>1</sup> vnnethez myghte I eschappe owte of paire handez.' Alexander, if alle<sup>2</sup> he hade þe victorie of his enemys, he bare hym neuer 4 þe hiere þare-fore, ne empridede hym nozte þare-of. Bot bathe Percyenez & the Macedoyns þat ware slaen, he gert brynge to beryeff. And þaȝ he come wit his Oste in-to Ceciff, whare many Citez submyt þaȝ vñ-tiff hym, and of that rewme, 8 þare went wit hym: xvij. M. feghtynge meȝ. And fra thethyȝ he come tiff Ysaury, þe whilke, wit-owtten any agayne standynge, was ȝolden vntiff hym. And Alexander went vp apoȝ þe Mounte Taurus, and fande þare a citee þat meȝ callede 12 Persypolis, and thare he tuk wit hym a certane of meȝ of Armes, and went so thurgh Asye, and waȝ many Citez. And so he come in-to Frigy, and went in-to þe temple of þe soȝ, and thare he made sacrafyce to þe soȝ. Fra thethyȝ, he come 16 to a reuere, þat es called Stamandra, and þare he said tiff his men. 'Blyste mote ȝe be',\* quop he, 'þat hase getyȝ þe comendacions & þe praysyngeȝ of þe gude doctour Homerus', and ane of his meȝ ansuerde & said, 'Mi lorde kyng', quop 20 he, 'Me thynke I may sauely writte ma praysyngeȝ, & lonyngeȝ of the, þaȝ Homerus did of þaȝ þat distruyede þe Citee of Trayane. For þou hase done in þi tyme ma wirchipfull thyngȝ, þaȝ euer did þay.' And Alexander [ansuerd,] & said, 24 'Me ware leuer,' quop he, 'be a wyse manes disciple þan for to hafe þe lonyngeȝ of Achilleȝ.' After this he remouede wit his Oste into Macedoyne, & fande his Modir Olympias wele couerd of hir sekenes, and suggournede þare wit her a while. 28 And thaȝ he ordeyned hym for to wende agayne into Persy, And keste hym for to logge at a Citee, þat meȝ calleȝ Abandryaȝ. The meȝ of þe Citee, wheȝ þay herde telle of his commynge, þay sperede þe ȝates of þe Citee, and wachede þe citee 32 one ilke a syde. And wheȝ Alexander saw þat, he went & assailede þe Citee. And þe burgeȝ of þe Citee, wheȝ þay sawe þat þe citee was nozte strange ynoghe of þe selfe, for to agaynstande þe assawte of paire enemys, þay criede tiff 36 Alexander & saide: 'Kyng Alexander,' quop þay, 'we spered'

<sup>1</sup> 'þat' almost blotted out by stain in MS.

<sup>2</sup> 'alle' almost blotted out by same stain as above.

noȝte þe ȝates of [the] citee to þat entent for to agaynestande  
the, Bot allanly for þe drede of Darius, kyng of Perse, þe  
whilke as it was tolde tiȝt vs, es purposede for to send his  
4 meȝ hedir, for to destruye vs & oure citee.' And þaȝ Alexander  
said vnto þaȝ agayȝ. 'Iffe ȝe wiȝt,' quop he, 'þat we distruy  
ȝow noghte, openeȝ ȝour ȝates, and when I hafe made an ende  
wiȝ Darius, þaȝ saȝt I come agayne, & speke wiȝ ȝowe.' And  
8 þaȝ þe Citazenes opened þe ȝates. Fra thethen þay went to  
Comnoliche. And fra thethyȝ to Bihoy, and so to Caldiple.  
Syne þay come<sup>1</sup> tiȝt a grete reuere, whare Alexander Oste hadd  
grete defaute of vetaȝs, and þaȝ his knyghtis murnede gretely  
12 and said, 'Oure horses,' quop þay, 'faylez vs ay mare & mare.'  
Alexander ansuerd, & said, 'A A, my doghty knyghtis,' quop  
he, 'þat ȝitt heder-towardeȝ hase in werreȝ suffred many  
perills & mekiȝt disesse, ere ȝe nowe in despeyre of ȝour hele  
16 for þe failynge of ȝour horseȝ, Saȝt we noȝte gete horseȝ ynowe,  
and we lyffe & hafe qwert, and if we dye we saȝt hafe na nede  
of horse, na þay may do us na prophete. Haste we vs þare-fore  
in aȝ þat we maye to þe place whare<sup>2</sup> we saȝt gete horseȝ wit-  
20 owteȝ nowmer, and vetaȝs also, bathe for oure selfe & for oure  
horseȝ.' When he hadd aȝ saide, þay went furthe and come tiȝt  
a place þat es called Luctus, þat es to saye wepynge,\*<sup>3</sup> whar þay  
fande vetaȝs ynoghe, and mete ynoghe for paire horse. Fra  
24 thethyȝ þay remoued & come tiȝt a place þat hatt Trigagantes,  
and þare þay lugeȝ þaȝ. And Alexander went in-to a temple  
of Apollo; whare als he aghteȝ to hafe made Sacrafice, and  
hafe hadd ansuere of that godd of certane thynges þat he walde  
28 hafe aschede. Bot a woman þat hiȝte ȝacora, whilke was preste  
of þat temple, talde Alexander þat þaȝ was noȝte þe tyme of  
ansuere. On þe Morne Alexander come to þe temple & made  
his sacrafice. And Apollo said tiȝt Alexander, 'Hercules,'  
32 quop he. And Alexander ansuerd, & said, 'Now þat þou  
calleȝ me Hercules,' quop he: 'I see wele þat aȝ thyȝ ansuers  
ere false.' Fra thethyn Alexander went till a citee þat es called  
Thebea, and said vn-to þe folke of þe citee: 'Sendeȝ me furthe,'  
36 quop he, 'foure hundreth knyghtis, wele armed, for to wend wiȝ

fearing  
him they  
tell him  
that they  
had done  
so to with-  
stand Da-  
rius. And  
they open  
their gates.

Alexan-  
der's  
knights  
complain  
that their  
horses are  
failing  
them.  
Alexander  
exhorts  
them to  
endure to  
the end.

\* Leaf 11.

Alexander  
gets a lying  
answer of  
Apollo,  
who calls  
him Her-  
cules.

Alexander  
calls on  
the The-  
beans to

<sup>1</sup> MS. *went* crossed through by the scribe,  
and replaced by *come* in MS. itself.

<sup>2</sup> *whare* corrected from *pare* in MS.

<sup>3</sup> On leaf 11 a more regular, orderly, and  
distinctive handwriting begins in the MS.

send him help. But they, refusing, shut their gates.

Alexander jeers at them.

He sends four thousand archers to shoot down the watches on the wall, two hundred miners to mine the walls, a hundred to burn down the gates, and four hundred engineers to batter the walls in. Himself with the rest lay by to help them when necessary.

The story of Cicesterus and Hismon.

\* Leaf 11 bk.

Alexander refuses mercy to the city, and raises it to the earth. Clitomarus, one of the citizens, fares away with the conquerors. The Thebeans ask

vs in suppoellyng of vs.' And when þe Thebeans herd thir wordez, þay spered þe zates of þe citee, for to agayne-stande *Alexander*, and went to þe wallez, and cried lowde þat *Alexander* myghte here: '*Alexander*,' quop þay, 'bot if [þou] gaa hethyð fra vs, we 4  
sañ do the a velany, & thi knyghtis also.' When *Alexander* herde this, he smyled & saide: '3e Thebeens,' quop he, 'þat ere so mekill praysed & commended of strenghe, Spere 3e 3our zates & saise 3e wiñ feghte wit me; þare es na doghety mañ of armez 8  
þat couetez for to haue wirchip and loos; þat wiñ close hym witin walles, bot fightes wit his enemys manly in þe felde.' When he hadd saide thir wordez, he bad þat foure thowsandez archers sulde gaa abowte þe citee wit paire bowes, & lay apon 12  
þaṁ wit arowes þat stode apon þe wallez. And he bad two hundreth meñ of armes ga to þe walles, and myne þaṁ doune, and a hundreth he bad take fyrebrandez, & gaa to þe zates & brynne þaṁ. And he ordeynde oper foure hundreth meñ, 16  
for to bett douñ þe walles wit Sewes of werre, Engynes and Gonnes & oper maner of Instrumentez of werre. And hym selfe, and þe remenant of þe oste lay nere þaṁ to socour þaṁ when þay hadd nede. And belyfe fra þay hadd gyffen assawte to þe 20  
citee, þe zates ware brynt, & mekill folke was slayne witin þe citee, Sum wit arowes, sum wit stanes of Engynes; þe Fire also by-gaṁ for to sett in housez wit-in þe citee, & rayse a grete lowe. In þe Oste of *Alexander* was, þe same tyme, a mañ þe 24  
whilke highte *Cicesterus*, a grete enemy to þe citee. He, when he sawe þe citee bryne, made righte mery.\* Bot a mañ of the citee þat highte *Hismon*, when he saw his cuntree þusgates be distruyed, come and felle one knees be-fore *Alexander*, and 28  
bigaṁ for to synge a sange of Musyke & of murnyge wit an Instrument of Musike, Supposyng þare-by for to drawe *Alexanders* herte to Mercy, & styrre hym to hafe rewthe on þe citee. *Alexander* be-helde hym, & sayde: '*Maister*,' quop he, 'where- 32  
to syngez þou me þis sange?' '*A A lorde*,' quop *Hismon*, 'to luke 3ife I myzte styrre þi herte to hafe mercy oñ þe citee.' And þaṁ *Alexander* was wonder wrahte, and bad dyngge þe walles of þe cetee douñ to þe harde erthe. And when þay had so done 36  
þay remoued & went paire way, and ane of þe worthieste meñ of þe citee, þe whilke hyghte *Clitomarus*, went wit þaṁ in company. Bot þe Thebeens þat ware lefte aftire þe birnyngge

of þe citee went to þe temple of Apollo, and askede weþer euer  
mare þaire citee sulde be repaireld agayne. Apollo ansuerde,  
& said, 'he þat schaff bygge þis citee agayne saff hafe thre  
4 victories. And when he hase geten thre victories, he saff  
onane come & reparell this citee, and bigge it agayne, also  
wele, als euer it was.'

an oracle of  
Apollo as to  
whether  
their city  
should ever  
be rebuilt.  
The answer  
is, it shall  
be rebuilt  
by a three-  
fold victor.

<sup>1</sup> Alexander fra þe citee of Thebe, went to Corynthe, and þare  
s come tiif hym certane lordes, prayand hym þat he walde come  
& see a wrestillynge. And he graunted þam. And to þis Ilke  
wrestillynge þare come folke witowtten nowmer. And when  
all men were gadirde, Alexander saide: 'whilk of 3owe,' quop  
12 he, 'saif gaa & be-gyn þis playe'. Clitomarus þan, of whayn  
I spake bifore, knelið bi-fore þe kyng, & saide: 'lorde,' quop  
he, '& 3e wolle vouche-saffe to giffe me leue, I wiif be-gyn.'  
And Alexander bad hym ga to. And Clitomarus went in-to þe  
16 place, and þe firste man þat come in his hande, at the first  
tourne he threwe hym wide open. And Alexander said vntiif  
hym: 'Caste thre men,' quop he, '& þou saif be coround'.  
þan þare come anoper man to Clitomarus and vnnethez he come  
20 in his handez, when he was casteð wyde open. And one þe  
same wyse he seruede þe thirde. And þan Alexander gart sett  
on his heuede a precious coroun, and þe kynges seruaunderz  
spirrede hym what his name was. 'My name,' quop he, 'es wit  
24 owtten citee'. When Alexander herde þat he saide vn-tiif  
hym: 'Thou noble wristiller,' quop he, 'whi arte þou called wit  
owtten citee.' 'Wirchipfull emperour,' quop he, 'be-fore þat 3e  
werede þe emperours Dyademe, I hadde a citee full of folkez  
28 & of reches. Bot now, sene 3e come to this astate & þis  
dignytee, I am spoylede & priuede of my citee.' And when  
[he] herde this, he wiste wele þat he ment of þe citee of  
Thebe. And þan he garte his sergeantez \* make a crye that  
32 [he] hadd giffen Clitomarus leue for to repairelle þe citee  
of Thebes. Fra Corinthe, Alexander and his oste remowed tiif  
a citee þat highte Platea, of þe whilke a man þat highte Scrassa-  
geras was prynee. And Alexander went to þe temple of Diane,  
36 and fande þare a woman preste, þe whilke was a mayden, & scho  
was araied lyke prestez of pat tymme. And when [scho] sawe  
Alexander, scho saide vn-tiif hym: 'Alexander,' quop scho, 'þou

Alexander  
is invited  
to a wrest-  
ling.

He asks  
who will  
begin.

Clitomarus  
begs the  
favour of  
so doing.

He wins  
once.  
Alexan-  
der's prom-  
ise.

He wins  
twice.  
He wins  
thrice.  
Crowning  
him they  
ask him  
his name.

He  
answers,  
'One with-  
out City.'  
How it be-  
fell with  
his answer.

\* Leaf 12.

From  
Corinth  
they go to  
Platea and  
the Tem-  
ple of  
Diana.  
The maid-  
en Priestess

<sup>1</sup> Five half lines space with miniature A, with knight within.

and her  
prophecy.

Scras-  
sageras  
curses the  
priestess,  
but it  
avails him  
nothing.

He falls  
from his  
Lordship  
and flees to  
Athens, and  
prevails on  
them to  
help him.

Alexander  
marches on  
Athens.

The letter  
of Alex-  
ander to  
the Athe-  
nians, tell-  
ing of his  
deeds and  
conquests.

He asks of  
them but  
ten philo-

arte welcomme. Pou schaff conquere all þe werlde.' One þe  
morne Scrassageras went to þe same temple, and alsone als þe  
preste sawe hym, scho saide vn-till hym: 'Scrassageras,' quop  
scho, 'what thou wit-in a schorte while pou schaff be priued' of 4  
þe lordchip þat pou now hase?' And when he herde þis he was  
righte wrathe wit hir, & saide, 'pou arte nozte worthy,' quop he,  
'for to be preste here. Alexander come to þe 3isterdaye, and pou  
prophicyed hym gude; And to me pou sais, þat I schaff lose all 8  
my lordechipe.' And scho ansuerd, & saide, 'Bee3 nozte angry  
to me,' quop scho: 'for all þis buse be fulfilled, and nathynge  
pare of lefte ne ouerhippede.' A littill after it felle þat  
Alexander was gretely angrede at Scrassageras, and tuke fra 12  
hym his lordchipe, & Scrassageras went to þe cite of Athene3,  
and sare wepande he complenede hym to þe citazenes of Athene3  
& talde þam how þat Alexander hadd priued hym of his lorde-  
chipe. And þan þe Atheneanes ware wonder [wrathe] towards 16  
Alexander, and made grete boste & manace, þat þay schold ryse  
agaynes hym, bot if he restorede Scrassageras agayne till his  
lordechipe. Alexander remowed his Oste fra Platea to þe citee  
of Athenes, and when [he] herde tesse þat þe Athenens ware 20  
wrathe till hym-warde, and manaced hym, he wrate vn-to þam  
a lettre þat spak one this wyse.

'<sup>1</sup> Alexander, þe son of Philippe and of qwene Olympias, vn  
to the Athenenes, gretynge. Fra þe tyme þat oure Fadir was 24  
dedde, & we were sett in þe Trone of his dingnytee, we went  
into þe weste Marches, whare all þe folke3 þat duelle3 thare  
for þe maste party zalde þam vn-till vs wit-owtten stresse.  
Fra þe citee of Rome to þe weste see occyane, all men sub- 28  
mytte þam vn-till vs þat wit oure awen fre will we hafe taken  
þam <sup>2</sup>till oure grace. And thase þat walde nozte submytt  
þam till vs wit fairenes, we hafe destruyed<sup>3</sup> þam & paire  
cite3, and doungeñ þam down to þe erthe. And now þis oper 32  
daye as we went fra Macedoyne & passed thurgh Asye: bi þe  
cite of Thebe, þe Thebeyens despysed vs, & lete as pay sett  
nozte by vs. Bot onane we garte pair pryde faile, and de-

<sup>1</sup> Four half lines space with minia-  
ture A.

<sup>2</sup> Here the scribe first has written 'to  
grace' and then erased it, substituting as

in text.

<sup>3</sup> The *uy* in *destruyed* has been substi-  
tuted for *uu* by the same scribe.

struyed<sup>t</sup> bathe þa<sup>n</sup> & thaire citee. And þare-fore we write vn-to 3ow; that 3e sende vs te<sup>n</sup> philosophres þat be wyse, \* by þe whilke we may be encensede and conselled<sup>t</sup>. For oþer thyng  
 4 wif we nane aske 3ow, Bot alle anely þat þe halde vs for 3our lorde & 3our kyng. And 3if 3e wifl nozte submytt 3owe vn-till vs, 3ow buse oþer be strangere þa<sup>n</sup> we, or ellis submytt yow to sum lordechip, þat be strangere þa<sup>n</sup> oures.’

8 <sup>1</sup>The Athenyenes redd<sup>t</sup> þis lettre and þan þay bigan to crye one highte. And ane, þat highte Eschille, stode vp amange 3 þa<sup>n</sup>, and said<sup>t</sup>: ‘It es fully my consell,’ quop he, ‘þat we o<sup>n</sup> na wise assent [to thise] wordez of Alexander.’ Alle þe folke þa<sup>n</sup>  
 12 þat was gadirde þare, prayed þe philosophre Demostines, þat he walde tell þa<sup>n</sup> his conselle, as touchynge þat matere. And he stude vp, & badd<sup>t</sup> all me<sup>n</sup> be still. And þa<sup>n</sup> he said<sup>t</sup> vn-to þa<sup>n</sup>. ‘Sirs,’ quop he, ‘I pray 3ow takes tent vn-to my wordez &  
 16 herkenes gudly what I saif say. If 3e fele 3ow of power, for tiff agayne-stande Alexander, & to supprise hym, þa<sup>n</sup> feghtes wit hym manly, and obeys nozte tiff his wordez. And if 3e suppose 3e be nozte strange ynoghe to feghte wit hym þan  
 20 here 3 hym, and obeys vn-tiff hym. 3e knawe wele, þat als oure eldirs telles vs, 3erses was a grett kyng, & a myghty, and many victories he gatt. And neuer þe lesse in Ellada he suffrede grete meschefe. Bot he, this Alexander, hase done  
 24 many batailles, in þe whilke he suffrede neuer disese bot alwaye had þe ouerhande. Þe Thirienes, I pray 3ow, ware [þai] nozte balde knyghtes and strange, and all paire lyfe hade bene excercysede in Armes? And whate profitede þa<sup>n</sup> paire strenghe?  
 28 Þe Thebienes also þat were so wyse, and so grete excercyse hadde in armes, fra þe firste tyme þat þe citee was bygged, whare-off seruede paire grete witt þa<sup>n</sup>, and paire grete strength, when Alexander assailede þa<sup>n</sup>? Þe Poliponiens faghte wit Alexander,  
 32 bot þay myghte na while agayne-stande his men of armes. Bot also<sup>n</sup> paire<sup>2</sup> ware disconfit and slaen. It es nozte vnknawen vn-to 3owe, how many citeez castellis & townnez for fere submittis þa<sup>n</sup> vn-tiff hym wit-owtten any assawte gyffynge. Þarefore,  
 36 it es nozte my consaile þat 3e be heuy, ne wrathe tiff Alexander

sophers to teach him  
 \* Leaf 12 bk.

rendering homage to him; or else must it either be stronger than Alexander or dependent on some stronger state.

The speech of Aeschylus against Alexander. The Athenians beg counsel of Demosthenes. He tells them if they feel themselves strong enough to resist, but if not then let them submit. He compares Alexander and Xerxes together.

He narrates Alexander's victorious campaign.

He advises them not to be froward towards Alexander.

<sup>1</sup> Four half lines space with miniature T.

recurs on p. 55, l. 29. Cf. Icelandic *þeir*. There is nothing left out nor is it a misprint.

<sup>2</sup> MS. reads ‘paire’ for þay. This form

Alexander is a wise and reasonable man, neither would he have put Sc rassageras out of his Lordship except for treason against him.

The Athenians commend this

\* Leaf 13.

counsel greatly and sent tribute but no philosophers.

He hears of the speeches of both Aeschylus and Demosthenes.

He writes them a letter.

The Letter of Alexander to the Athenians.

He had purposed a philosophic dispute with them, and have shown them his friends.

But their deeds showed otherwise. Whoso of them rises against him, he will make an example of. They, as knaves, think ill and fear ill.

He had put S. out of office for treason. They have despised his demand for ten philosophers.

for Sc rassageras. For all men knowes wele þat Alexander es a wonder wyse man & a warre, & a man þat gouernes hym by reson; and þarefore 3e may wele wete, he walde noȝte putt Sc rassageras oute of his lordechipe upon lesse þan forfett vn- 4 till hym.' Whē þe Athenyenes had herde þir wordeȝ, þay commedid gretly the conseiffe of Demostines, and than they ordeyned a coroun of golde þe weghte of .l. pounde, and sent Messangers þarewit, and wit tribute vn-till Alexander, bot 8 philosophres sent þay nane. \* And whē þire Messangers come till Alexander, þay gaffe hym þe coroun, and þe tribute, þat þe Athenyenes sent hym, and talde hym þat þay had highte hym a grete nowmer of cateffe. And whē Alexander had herd þam, 12 he vnderstode wele þe conceit of Eschilus þat conceitd þe Athenyenes to agaynestand hym, and also þe conceit of Demostenes that conceitde þam þe contrary, and þan he wrote a lettre to þam whare-of the Tenoure was this.

16

<sup>1</sup> 'Alexander þe son of Philippe and quene Olympias, for þe name of kynge wil we noȝte take apon vs, before we hafe oure enemys vnder oure subieccion: vn-to þe Athenyenes gretung. It es noȝte oure entent to come in 3our citee wit oure oste, 20 Bot allanly to come & dispuyte wit 3our philosophres, and to asche þam certane questyons, Oure purposse was also to hafe declared for oure trewe leggeȝ & oure gude Frendeȝ. Bot 3our dedeȝ proues þe contrary, as it <sup>2</sup> done vs till vnderstande. Oure 24 goddeȝ we take to witnesse, þat whilke of 3ow so ryseȝ agayneȝ vs, we sall take swilke wreke apon hym þat oper men sall take ensample þare-by. Bot 3e als schrewes, and euyll men, euer mare troweȝ ill, and thynkes ill. Wate 3e noȝte wele þat 28 þe Thebienes þat raise agaynes vs, hadd þaire mede als þay disserued. And 3e hassand in vs a wrange consayte, blameȝ vs, For we putt Sc rassageras owte of his Office the whilke <sup>3</sup> forfett gretly agaynes oure maieste. We sent vn-to 3ow bi 32 lettre for ten philosophres, bot 3e, noȝte knowande oure grete powere & oure myghte, despyed oure maundement and walde noȝte fulfill it. Neuer þe les if all 3e hafe offendid agaynes

<sup>1</sup> Four half lines with miniature A.

<sup>2</sup> The reader must probably here supply 'hase' between 'as it' and 'us till vnderstande', but as it occurs several times it

may be a syntactical peculiarity.

<sup>3</sup> The reader must probably supply *was* or *dede* between *þe whilke* and *forfett*, but see previous notice.

vs whider-towarde and bene disobeyande till oure maiestee, we forgiffe 3ow all 3our gilt, and þe greuance þat 3e hafe don vs, so þat 3e be obeyande vn-till vs, fra þis tyme forwarde. Com-  
4 forthes 3ow þarefore & beez mery, for of vs 3e schaff hafe na greuance ne na disesse be-cause 3e did after þe conceit of Demostynes.'

<sup>1</sup> When þe Athenyenes herd þis lettre redd, þay ware ri3te  
8 gladd, and þaþ Alexander & his Oste went fra thethynd vn-to Lacedoyne. Bot þe Lacedouns walde one na wyse obey vn-till Alexander, bot said ilkaþ of þaþ till oþer, 'latt vs no3te be lykke þe Athenyenes,' quop þay, 'þat drede þe manaschyng, and  
12 and þe boste of Alexander bot late vs schewe oure myzte, and oure strenghe and manly defende \* oure citee agayne3 hym.' When þay hadd saide, þay spered þe 3ates of þe cetee faste, and went manly to þe walles. And a grete nowmer of þaþ  
16 take þaþ schippe3 & went to þe see, a grete nauy, to feghte wit Alexander are he come to lande. And when Alexander saw this, he sent a lettre to þaþ sayand on this wyse.

<sup>2</sup> 'Alexander þe soþ of Philippe and of þe quene Olympias  
20 vn-to þe Lacedounes we sende. We conceit 3ow, þat þat, that 3our elders hase lefte 3ow, 3e kepe hale & sound & in sauete<sup>3</sup> and lyfte3 no3te 3our hende ouer hie to þe thynges þat þe may no3te reche to. And if 3e desire for to hafe ioy of 3our strenthe,  
24 dose swa þat 3e be worthy to hafe wirchipe of vs. Þarefore we comande 3ow, þat 3e turne agayne wit 3our schippe3, and leue3 þaþ, & gase to lande by 3our awenþ fire wiþ; or sekirly I sall sett fire in thaþ & brynne þaþ. And if 3ee dispice oure  
28 commandement, blame3 na maþ bot 3our selfe, if we wreke vs one 3owe.'

<sup>4</sup> The Lacedounes redd þis lettre, and when it was redd, þay ware wonder heuy. No3te for-thi þay redied þaþ to feghte.  
32 Bot Alexander arryued in an oþer coste, and come to þe citee are þay wiste and vmbylapped þe citee one ilke a syde, and assailede it strangly & dange þe Lacedouns of þe walles & slewe many of þaþ & wounded many, and sett fyre in þaire  
36 schippe3 & brynt þaþ. Þe remanant of þaþ þat ware lefte

Neverthe-  
less he will  
forgive  
them if  
they be  
good for  
the future,  
since they  
followed  
Demos-  
thenes'  
advice.

Alexander  
goes thence  
into Lacede-  
monia. But  
they would  
in no wise  
submit to

\* Leaf 13  
bk.

him. But  
despising  
him the  
Athenians  
manned  
the walls.  
Yet others  
of them fled  
over-seas,  
and others  
went to  
meet him  
in fight.<sup>1</sup>

The Letter  
of Alex-  
ander to  
the Lace-  
demonians  
bidding  
them re-  
turn and  
submit.

Alexander  
arrives by  
an unfore-  
seen way  
and sur-  
rounds  
them.

He attacks  
the city

<sup>1</sup> Three lines space miniature W.

<sup>2</sup> Four half lines with miniature A.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *sauete* with *u* written over

another letter.

<sup>4</sup> Four lines space with miniature T.

fiercely till  
they sur-  
render.

Alexander  
tells them  
they would  
not receive  
him peace-  
fully. there-  
fore are  
they come  
to this  
great  
harm.

Alexander  
reproaches  
them with  
overgreat  
conceit and  
quotes a  
homely  
proverb.

\* Leaf 14.

They  
thought in  
vain to  
have done  
to him as  
their fore-  
fathers did  
to King  
Xerxes.  
Darius  
hears of the  
coming of  
Alexander.  
He is  
greatly  
terrified  
and holds  
a council.  
The speech  
of Darius.  
He bewails  
that he has  
under-  
rated him,  
and sees  
that they  
must now  
look to  
their  
safety. He  
fears that  
God's Fore-  
sight helps  
Alexander  
so that he  
may even-  
tually con-  
quer  
Persia.

appon lyfe, when pay saw this grete meschefe come owte of þe  
citee vn-till Alexander, & fette douñ at his fete, & besoughte  
hym of mercy & of grace. And Alexander ansuerd, 'I come to  
3ow,' quop he, 'meke & mylde, bot in þat degre 3e walde no3te 4  
ressayffe me, þarefore now are 3our schippe3 brynned, and 3our  
citee distrayed, & 3our folke3 slayne. Warned I no3te be-fore  
þat 3e schulde no3te heue 3our hande3 ouer-hye to þe sternes,  
to þe whilke nane erthely mañ may wynñ. For wha so euer 8  
clymbe3 hier, þañ his fete may wynñ to suñ halde, he sañt  
falle onane douñ to þe grounde. And þarefore es þare a com-  
mone prouerbe: þat "wha sa hewes to hie, þe chippes wiff  
fañe in his egh." 3e wende hafe done till vs as 3our eldirs 12  
didde sumetyme till kynge 3erses, bot 3our wenyng dessayued  
3ow. For 3e myghte no3te agayne-stande vs when we assailde  
3ow.' Whan \* he hadd saide on this wise, he gaffe þañ leue to  
gaa whare þay walde. And thañ he remouede thethyñ & went 16  
to-warde Cicill. And when þe emperour Darius herd tell of þe  
comyng of Alexander, he was gretly abaiste and sent after añ  
his prince3, Dukes & Erles, & oþer grete lordes, & went till  
a consaile. And he saide vn-to þañ, 'I see wele,' quop he, 'þat 20  
he, this Alexander, þat gase thus abowte werrayand, waxe3  
gretly in wirchipe, and ay-whare whare he comme3 he hase þe  
victory. I wende he hadd bene a theeffe & a robbour, þat hadde  
went till cuntre3 þat ere wayke & feble, and durst no3te agayne- 24  
stande hym, & robbed þañ & spoyled þañ. Bot now, I see wele,  
he es a doghty mañ of Armes, & a noble werrayour. And ay  
þe mare þat I hafe depraued hym and despysed hym; þe mare  
ryse3 his name, & his wirchipe. I sent hym a balle, a toppe, 28  
& a scourge, for to lere barne-laykes; bot hym þat I called  
a disciple, he seme3 a mayster & whare-so-euer he gase, Fortune  
gase wit hym. Pare-fore vs byhoue3 to trete of oure hele,  
& of oure pople3, and pute awaye añ pride & añ foly: & 32  
namare despisse Alexander, saynge þat he es noghte, by cause  
we are emperour of Perse. For his littifnes waxes and oure  
gretnes decresse3. I hafe grete dowte, þat godde3 forluke  
helpe3 hym, so þat whils we ere abowte, & wene3 to putte hym 36  
out of Ellada, we be spoyled, by hym, of þe rewme of Perse.'

<sup>1</sup> When Darius hadd said thir worde3, his broder Coriather

<sup>1</sup> Four lines.

ansuerd, & said, 'pou hase here,' quop he, 'gretly magnified' & commendid Alexander, in that, pat pou sais he es mare feruent for to come in-to Perse, pan we in-till Ellada. And parefore  
 4 if it be plesyng vn-to 3our maiestee, vse 3e þe maners of Alexander, and so saff [3e] wele & peysably welde 3our empire & conquere many oper rewmes. Alexander, when he gase to bataile and saff feghte, he lates [nane] of his prynce3 ne his  
 8 oper lordez gaa be-fore, &<sup>1</sup> hym selfe come by-hynde, bot he gase bi-fore pan alle, and so rise3 his wirchip & his name.'

Darius' brother advises him to lead his own men in the van as Alexander does.

Quod Darius, 'wheper awe me to take sa ensample at  
 12 Alexander, or Alexander at me.' A prynce ansuerde & saide, 'Alexander,' quod he, 'es a warrer<sup>2</sup> man & a wyse, & hase trespaste in na degree & parefore he duse manly by hym selfe all pat he doe3. For he hase taken þe fourme of þe lyon.'  
 16 'Whare-by knawes pou þat,' quop Darius, \*and he ansuerd, & saide, 'whate tyme,' quop he, 'pat I was sent to Macedoyne for til aske tribute of kyng Philippe, I saw, bi his Figure & his wise ansuere, pat he schuld be a passyng man, bathe of witt,  
 20 & of doynge3. Thare-fore, if it be plesyng vn-to 3ow, I conseil pat 3e sende till all þe lande3 & cuntre3 pat lange3 to 3our empire, pat es to say to Parthy & Medy, Appollamy, Mesopotamy, Ytaly, Bactri, and till all þe remenant for pay ere  
 24 subiete3 vn-to 3ow a hundreth: c. and fifty l. of dyuerse<sup>3</sup> folke. To þe lordes of<sup>4</sup> all thire, I rede 3e sende commandyng pan, pat pay come to 3ow, in all þe haste pat pay may, with all þe men pat pay may gett whilk ere able to ga to werre<sup>5</sup>. And when  
 28 pay [ere] all sembled to gedir late vs beseke oure goddis of helpe. And pan Alexander when he see3 swilk a multitude of folke agaynes hym, his hert saff faile hym, and his mens also. And owper he saff for fere turne hame agayne till his  
 32 awen cuntree, or ell3 submytt hym vn-to 3ow.' And pan ansuerd anoper prynce, & sayde, 'This es a gud conceit,' quop he, 'bot it es no3te profitable. Wate pou no3te wele pat a wolfe

Darius demurs.

A prince tells him of the person of Alexander, and

\*Leaf 14 bk.

advises him to gather a tremendous force that Alexander's heart may fail him.

The counsel is commended but for the

<sup>1</sup> & is written in above the line in the MS. by the same scribe.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the abbreviation is here really a mere flourish, and we should read *warr*, though the contraction mark is well made.

<sup>3</sup> In MS. *deverse* was at first written,

and *y* substituted by the same scribe.

<sup>4</sup> *af* written and crossed out between *lordes* and *of*.

<sup>5</sup> *were* at first written and changed to *werre* by the scribe.

cowardice  
of the  
Persians  
and the  
wisdom of  
the Greeks.

Alexander  
gathers his  
host. He  
bathes in a  
cold river  
and gets a  
fever, to  
the great  
alarm of  
his army.

Alexander  
summons  
Philip his  
Physician,  
\* Leaf 15.

But an-  
other Lord  
is jealous  
of him  
and warns  
Alexander  
that Philip  
would  
poison  
him being  
in Darius'  
pay.

The Physi-  
cian comes  
to Alex-  
ander.

chase; a grete floke of schepe & gerse þam sparple. Righte so,  
and þe wysdome of þe grekes passe; oþer nacyons.'

<sup>1</sup> In this mene tym, Alexander sembled a gret multitude of  
folkez to þe nowmer of cc of feghtyng men, and remewed to 4  
warde Perse, & come tiff a reuere þat es called Mociona, of  
whilke þe water was wonder calde, & faire, & clere. And  
Alexander hadd a grete lyste for to be bathede þare-in, and went  
in-to it & bathed hym, & waschede hym þare-in, and also soñ 8  
he felle in a feuer and a heued-werke þare-wit, so þat he fure  
wonder iff. And when þe Macedoyns saw þaire lorde so grefe  
seke, þay were wonder heuy and reghte dredand, and said  
amanges selfe: 'And Darius,' quod þay, 'wete þat oure lorde 12  
Alexander be þus seke, he saff come & falle apoñ vs sodaynly,  
& fordo vs ilkan. For, and we hadd þe hele of oure lorde  
Alexander, we hadd comforth ynoghe & dredde no nacyon.'  
Than kyng Alexander called tiff hym his Phicisiene þat 16  
highte Phillippe & badd hym ordeyne hym a Medcyne for his  
sekenes. Þis ilk Phicisiene was <sup>2</sup> \* bot a ȝong mañ, bot he was  
a passyng kunnyng mañ and a soteff in aiff þe poyntes þat  
langed to phisic. And he highte Alexander, þat [by] a certane 20  
drynke he sulde onane make hym aiff hale. Nowe felf it, þat  
was wit Alexander a prynce, þat highte Parmenius & was  
lorde of hermony. This prynce hade grete envy to þis  
phicisiene, bi-cause þat Alexander luffede hym so passandly 24  
wele & belyfe he wrate tiff Alexander, and warned hym þat  
he schulde be warre wit Phillippe his phicisiene, and on na wyse  
resayfe þat drynke þat he walde gyffe hym. For he said, þat  
Darius had highte to giffe hym his doghter to wyffe & his 28  
kyngdom after his dissesse if swa ware, þat he myghte be any  
crafte make ane ende of hym. When Alexander hadde redd  
þis lettre he was na thyng troubled, so mekiff he tristede of  
þe conscience of his phisician.

32

In þe mene tyme, þis Phisician come tiff Alexander wit þe  
forsaid drynke, and Alexander tuk þis drynke in a hande & þe  
forsaid lettre in his oþer hande and biheld þe Phisician in  
þe vesage riȝte scharpely. To whome þe Phisician saide: 36

<sup>1</sup> Five lines space with miniature I.

<sup>2</sup> At bottom of leaf 14 obv. is written 'ff (fecit?) Sereu. Ser.'

'wirchipfull Emperour,' quop he, 'be na thyng fered bot drynke  
pe medecyne baldely,' and þaṇ onane Alexander tuk this drynke,  
& schewed Philippe þe lettre. And when Philippe had redde  
4 þe lettre, he said tilf Alexander: 'Now for sothe, my lorde,'  
quop he, 'I take oure goddes to witnesse þat I ne am noȝte  
gilty of this treson, þat here es wretyṇ.' Alexander þaṇ was  
aṇ hale als euer he was, & called vn-tilf Philyppe his phisician  
8 & embraced hym in his armes & said: 'Philippe,' quop he,  
'knaues þou how mekiff luffe & triste I hafe in the. Firste  
I dranke thi medecyne, & syne I schewede þe þe lettre þat  
was sent me agaynes the.' 'Mi lorde,' quop Philippe, 'I be-  
12 seke ȝow þat ȝe wolfe vochesaffe to send after myṇ accusour,  
and do hym come bi-fore ȝour presence þat þis lettre sent vn-to  
ȝow, and hase lered me for to do<sup>1</sup> swilk a hie treson. Be-lyfe  
þaṇ gerte Alexander send after Parmeny for to come vn-tilf  
16 hym, and gerte þe sothe be serched, & fande þat he was worthy  
þe dede. And þaṇ he gert girde of his heued.

Alexander  
takes the  
drink given  
him, and  
shows the  
Physician  
the letter.

Alexander  
declares to  
him his  
great trust.

The trial of  
the accuser.

<sup>2</sup> Fra þeine kyng Alexander removed his Oste tilf hermony þe  
mare & onane he conquered it, & put it vnder his subieccion.  
20 And fra þeine he trauailed many a day \*wit his Oste, and at þe  
laste come tilf a cuntre wonder drye, & full of creuesceȝ of  
cauerneȝ, & alde cisternes whare na water myghte be funden.  
And Fra þeine þay passede thurgh a cuntree, þat es called  
24 Andrias, to þe Reuere of Eufirates. And þare þay lugede þaṇ.  
þan Alexander garte brynge many grete treeȝ, for to make  
a brygge of ouer þat water, appon schippeȝ, and garte tye þaṇ  
Sameṇ wit chenys of Ireṇ & ireṇ nayleȝ. And when þe brigge  
28 was aṇ redy, he badde his knyghtes wende ouer apon it. Bot  
when þay saw þe grete reuer ryne so swiftly and with so  
a grete a byrre, thay dred þaṇ þat þe brygge schulde falle.  
For þay supposede þe chenys schuld breke be-cause of grete  
32 weghte. And, when Alexander saw þaṇ dredand on this  
wyse, he gert hirde-meṇ, þat were þare kepanṇ katell, wend  
ouer before, and warnede þat þe Oste schulde folowe þaṇ.  
Bot ȝit þe knyghtis ware ferde & durste noghte wende ouer.  
36 Thaṇ was Alexander riȝte wrathe and callede vntilf hym aṇ  
his prynces, & grete lordeȝ, and firste he went hym selfe ouer

Alexander  
conquers  
Armenia

\* Leaf 15  
bk.

the Greater  
and  
marches  
through  
deserts to  
the Eu-  
phrates.  
He builds a  
bridge of  
boats and  
logs, but  
his knights  
fear to cross  
it because  
of the  
fierceness  
of the  
current.  
Alexander  
sends  
herdsmen  
over, yet  
the knights  
durst not  
follow.  
Alexander  
then goes

<sup>1</sup> MS. repeats *for to do* twice.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines with miniature F.

first over  
the bridge  
with his  
princes.  
Then the  
army  
follows.  
Alexander  
destroys  
the bridge  
behind  
him. The  
knights  
murmur  
thereat,  
fearing dis-  
aster.

Alex-  
ander's  
speech to  
his men.

Let them  
all perish  
or con-  
quer, for  
they shall  
never see  
home again  
till they  
have over-  
thrown all  
their  
enemies.

Darius  
gathers a  
great force

\* Leaf 16.

to meet  
Alexander  
upon the  
river Ti-  
gris. But  
his men  
flee.

The brave  
Persian  
who dares  
alone try to  
take Alex-  
ander's life  
in disguise  
for the  
sake of the

þe bryges, & all his prynceȝ folowed hym, and sythen all þe  
Oste. Twa grete ryuers rynnes thurgh Medec, Mesopotamy  
and Babiloyne, þat es to say Tygre & Eufrates, and soo rynneȝ  
in-to þe reuere<sup>1</sup> of Nilus. When Alexander & all hys Oste 4  
ware past ouer Eufrates, he gert smyte sonder þe brygge þat he  
hadd gert make bifore, and dissolue ilk a pece þare-off fra oper.  
And when his knyghtis sawe that, þay ware reghte heuy and  
murnede gretly þarefore, and said emanges þam selfe, 'What 8  
saß we now doo,' quop þay, 'when we are harde by-stadde wit  
oure enemys & walde flee. For ouer þis reuere may we noȝte  
wynn.' And when Alexander perceyued þat murmoure of his  
folke, he said vn-to þam. 'What es þat,' quop he, 'þat ȝe say 12  
amangeȝ ȝow, "If it falle þat we flee owte of þe bataile."  
Sothely, I late ȝow wele wite, þat þis is þe cause whi I garte  
for-do þis brygg, þat I gert make; For-thi, þat owþer we schulde  
feghte manly or eßs if [we] walde flee, we schulde all perische at 16  
anes and all drynke of a coppe. For-whi þe victorie es noȝte  
aretted to þam þat flieȝ, Bot to þam þat babydeȝ, or folowes on  
þe chace. Þarefore comforthȝ ȝow wele, & bese balde of hertis,  
and thynke it bot a playe stalworthly to feghte. For I say 20  
ȝow sekerly; we ne schaff neuer see Macedoyne, be-fore we hafe  
ouercomen all oure enemys, And þam wit þe victorie we saß  
tourne hame agayne.'

<sup>2</sup>In þis mene tyme, kyng Darius gadirde a grete multitude 24  
of men agaynes Alexander, and ordeyned ouer þam fyve-  
hundreth \* chyftaynes of grete lordes and lured hym wit his  
men apou þe reuere of Tygre. And one a day thir twa  
kynges wit þaire bather Ostes mett to-gedir apou a faire felde 28  
and faughte to-gedir wonder egerly. Bot sone Darius men  
hadd þe werre & ȝode to grounde thikkfalde, slayne in þe felde.  
And when þe remenante saw þat, þay tuk þam to þe flighte.  
In Darius oste was a man of Perse, a doghety, & a balde; 32  
to whaym Darius highte, for to giffe his doghter to wyfe, if so  
were, þat he myghte, by any way, sla kyng Alexander. This  
man gatt hym clethyng and Armour like vn-to þe macedoyns,  
and went amangeȝ þam, as þay faghte, ay till he come by-hynd 36  
kyng Alexander. And alsoñ als he come nere hym, he lifte his

<sup>1</sup> Scribe first wrote *rerere* here, and then wrote a *y* (*ryrere*) over it. The process is

quite plain.

<sup>2</sup> Two lines with small miniature I.

swerde on heghte, & lete flye at hynd wit all þe myghte þat he  
hade, and hitt hym on þe heued so fercely, þat he perched<sup>1</sup> his  
bacenett, and drewe þe blode of hym. When Alexander knyghtis  
4 saw that: þay tuke hym anone, & broghte hym bifore Alexander,  
and Alexander, supposyng þat he hadde bene a macedoyne, saide  
vn-till hym. 'Wirchipfull man,' quop he, ' & doghety & strange  
what ayled þe at me, for to giffe suylke a strake, knewe þou  
8 noȝte wele þat it was I, Alexander ȝour helpere & ȝour allere  
seruande.' And [the] Percyene ansuerd, & said, 'Wiete þou  
wele wirchipfull emperour,' quop he, 'I ne ame na macedoyne,  
bot I am a mañ of Perse; and this dede I didd. For kyng  
12 Darius made me a promysse of his doghetir to wife, if I myghte  
brynge hym thi heid.' Than kyng Alexander called bi-for hym  
all his knyghtis and askede þaṁ what þaṁ thoghte was for to  
do wit this mañ. Sum ansuerde & saide þaṁ thoghte it beste  
16 to gerre smyte of his heid, Sum for to putt hym to þe fire for to  
brynne, Sum to gare drawe & hang hym. And when Alexander  
had herde þaire conceit, he ansuerd & said: 'Sirs,' quop he,  
'what wrange or what defawte caṁ ȝe fynde in þis mañ, Señ he  
20 hase besied hym tiṁ obey tiṁ his lordes commandement, and at  
his power fulfilled it. Whilke of ȝow, so demeȝ hym worthy to  
be dedde, es worthy in tyme commynge to hafe þe same dome.  
For if I commande ane of ȝow for to ga & sla Darius, þe same  
24 payne, that ȝe deme þis mañ for to suffre, ware ȝe worthy for to  
suffre ȝourselſe of Darius, if ȝe myȝte be getyṁ.' <sup>2</sup> And \* þan he  
commanded þat he schulde wende hame to his felawes wit-owtten  
any harme. When Darius herde þat his lordes ware slayne in  
28 grete nowmer, he gadered a grete multitude of knyghtis and of  
fotemeñ, and went vp on a hill þat es called Taurisius, and thare  
he made his mustre of his meñ, supposynge þat he schuld ouer-  
come Alexander thurgh multitude of folke. Bot alsoñ als þay  
32 mett wit þaire bathere osteȝ, and bigaṁ for to fighte, Darius  
meñ fledd and hymselfe also. And Alexander persuede hym  
vn-to þe citee of Bactriañ, and þare he lugged hym, and offerde  
Sacrafice tiṁ his godȝ. And on þe morne he garte assaile þe

King's  
daughter.

Alexander  
asks him  
why he did  
this. He  
answers.

Alexander  
asks coun-  
sel of his  
knights,  
what shall  
he do with  
this man?  
Alexander  
speaks to  
them, and  
shows this  
man forth  
to them as  
an ex-  
ample.  
And then  
he utters  
his will.

\* Leaf 16  
bk.

Darius  
gathers his  
men again  
to the fight,  
but yet  
again is he  
overcome.

Alexander  
pursues  
him.  
He con-  
quers Bac-

<sup>1</sup> The scribe wrote first 'perceed,' altered afterwards, in a very rough way, to 'perched.'

<sup>2</sup> MS. reads 'and he commanded' at

bottom of first side of leaf 16 and 'þan he commanded' on the top of second side of the same leaf.

trian,  
taking  
great trea-  
sure to-  
gether with  
Darius'  
mother and  
wife.

citee, and wanne it on werre. And in þe cheffe place *pare*-of he sett his trone. And all þir oper citez þat were abowte it, he wanne þam o werre, & putt þam vnder his subieccioñ. In þis ilke citee of Bactriañ, he fande tresour wit-owtten nowmer, and 4 also his moder, and his wyfe.

A Persian  
prince  
offers to  
betray  
Darius to  
Alexander  
if he will  
grant him  
ten thou-  
sand  
knights.  
Alex-  
ander's  
answer.

<sup>1</sup> And in þe mene tyme, whils *Alexander* lay at Batran: *pare* come a prynce of *Darius* oste vn-till *Alexander*, & said vn-till hym, 'Wirchipfull emperour,' quop he, 'I hafe a lang tyme bene 8 a knyght of *Darius*, and done hym grete seruyce; and zitt to this day I had neuer na reward of hym. And *pare*-fore if it like vn-to zowre maieste; take me ten thowsande of zour meñ of armes; and I hete zow, for to brynge to zour hande kyng 12 *Darius*, & þe maste parte of his oste.' And when *Alexander* had herde þis, he said vn-till hym. 'Frende,' quop he, 'I thanke þe mekill of thi faire promys. Neuer þe lesse, I late þe wite my meñ wiñ nozte beleue þat þou wiñ feghte agaynes thyñ owenn 16 peple.' In þe mene tyme a Prynce of *Darius* oste sent vn-till hym a letter, of whilk þis was þe tenour.

Letter of  
one of  
*Darius'*  
princes to  
*Darius* be-  
seeching  
help.

\* Leaf 17.

<sup>2</sup> 'To *Darius*, grete kyng of kynges, his lordes whilke he<sup>3</sup> hase ordeyned cheftaynes vnder hym Sende meke seruyce. Oftymes 20 be-fore this hafe we wreten to zour maieste, and now agayne we writte vn-to zow, & late zow wite þat þe macedoynes & kyng *Alexander*, as wode lyouns ere enterde\* oure landez, and all oure strenthes, as a wilde raueschande beste he hase destroyed: 24 & oure knyghtes slayne. And oppressed we are wit so grete tribulacionns, þat we [may] na lengare suffre his mawgree, ne his malece bere. Where-fore, mekly we be-seke zour benyngne maiestee, þat ze wiñ drawe to zoure mynde oure meke seruyce, 28 and swilke socoure vouchsaffe to send vs, þat we put off and agaynestande þe violence & þe malice of oure fore-said enemys.' When *Darius* had redde þis *lettre*, on ane he gert writte a lettir to kyng *Alexander*, sayand on þis wyse. 32

*Darius* to  
*Alexander*,  
reproach-  
ing his vain  
ambitions,  
thanking

<sup>4</sup> 'Daryus kyng of Perse and kyng of kynges, vn-to my seruande *Alexander*, I say. Now late *pare* es comen till oure eres tythynges: þat þou wenez to euen thi littilhede till oure heghe magnificence. Bot Sen it es impossible till a heuy asse, wit 36

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with miniature A and knight's head within.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines space with miniature T.

<sup>3</sup> MS. repeats 'he' twice.

<sup>4</sup> Three lines space with miniature D and a man's head within, much faded.

owtten wenges, or oper instrumentez of flying, for to be lifte vp to þe sternes, late noȝte thynd hert be raysede to hye in pride for þe victories þat þou hase geteñ. We hase wele herd tell þat  
 4 þou hase done gentilly, and schewed grete humanytee tilf oure moder, oure wyfe, & oure childre, and þarefore I late þe wele wite þat, als lang als þou dose wele to þaīd, þou saīd fynde me naue enemy to the. And if þou do iīf to þaīd þou saīd hafe þe  
 8 enemytee of me, and þarefore spare þaīd noghte, bot do to þaīd as þe liste. For somtyme þou saīd see & fele þe sentence of oure ire lighte apōd thi heghe pride.' Whēd Alexander hadd redde þis *lettre* he wrate hym Anoper agayne whare-off þe tenour  
 12 was this.

<sup>1</sup> 'Alexander þe soñ of Philippe & qwene Olympias to Darius kyng of Perse we write. Pride & vayne glorie hase oure goddez  
 16 aīf way hated; and takeȝ vengeance of dedly meñ þat takes apōd þaīd þe name of immortalitee. Bot þou, als I wele see, cesseeȝ noȝte ȝitt hider-to for to blasfeme in aīf þat þou may. Bot of that þat þou blameȝ me for þe benygnytes that I schewed  
 20 þi moder, þi wyfe, & þi childre; þou ert moued on a lewed fantasye. For I late þe wele wyte, I did it noȝte \* for to be thanked of the, ne for to hafe thi Beneuolence þarefore. Bot it come of a gentilnes of oure awenñ hert, fownded in vertu. Of  
 24 thee victories also whilke þe forlūke of godd hase sent vs, ere we na-tyng enpriddede. For we kawe wele þat oure goddis alwaye helpes vs, whilke þou ilk a daye dispysez & setteȝ at noȝte. And this saīd be þe laste letter þat I saīd writte vn-to  
 28 þe. Beware if þou wiīf, For I say the sekerly, I come to þe onane.' Þis *lettre* gaffe Alexander to þe messangers of Darius and many grete gifteȝ þare wit. Seyme,<sup>2</sup> he sent anoper *lettre*, tilf his prynceȝ & his lordez, of þis tenour.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander, þe soñ of Philippe & of þe quene Olympias vn-to  
 32 þe prynceȝ & þe lordez vnder our subieccioñ in Capadoce, In laodice, or ells whare duelland; gretyng, & gude grace. We charge ȝou & commandeȝ ȝow straytly þat ilkañ of ȝow ordayne vs in aīf þe haste þat ȝe may j<sup>m</sup> nete-hydes barked; &  
 36 send þaīd tilf Alexander, þat we and oure knyghtis may gere

him for his kindness to his wife and children, and enjoining him to continue his courtesy to them.

Alexander to Darius, reproaching him with assuming to himself the character of deity, spurning

\* Leaf 17 bk.

his proffered thanks, and leaving the decision of the matter to the gods.

Alexander writes to his Lords, ordering commissariat materials.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines space, miniature A, with king's head (much faded).

<sup>2</sup> MS. clearly reads *seyme*, it may be for 'seyine' (=seine).

<sup>3</sup> Four lines space, red capital A, much smudged; a small *a* written beside it in the margin.

make vs of þam clethyng, & schoees; And wit cameles þat 3e haue at Alexsander gerre cary þam to þe water of Eufates.' In þis mene tyme a prynce of Darius, Nostande by name, wrate to Darius on þis wise.

One of his barons writes to Darius, telling of his own defeat and the treachery of others.

<sup>1</sup> 'To Darius þe wirchipfull grete godd his seruande Nostand law seruyce. Me aughte nozte to sende swylk tythyng to 3our ryalle maiestee, bot grete nede gers me do it. þarefore be it knawen vn-to 3our hie lordchipe, þat twa grete pryncez of 3ours, & I, hase foghten wit kyng Alexander, And hym es fallen þe victorie, & slayne he hase thir twa worthy pryncez, & mekil oþer folke, and I fleed greuously wonded. And many worthi knyghtis of 3ours hase for-saken 3our lordchipe & ioyned þam till Alexander oste, þe whilk he hase wirchipfully, and hase giffen grete lordchipes of 3ours.' And when Darius had redd þis *lettre*, he sent in haste till Nostand, and commanded hym for till ordeyne a grete Oste; and manfully agaynestande þe folke of Macedoyne. He sent also a *lettre* to Porus kyng of Ynde, prayng hym to helpe hym agaynes Alexander, and Porus wrate agayne in þis manere.

Darius writes to him, ordering him to gather a great force, and to Porus, King of India, ask-  
\* Leaf 18.

ing help. Porus replies that he is at that time grievously sick, but that he will come as soon as possible with ten legions of knights.

<sup>2</sup> 'Porus, kyng of Ynde, vn-to Darius, kyng of Perse, gretyng. For þou hase prayed vs to come to the in helpyng <sup>3</sup> of the agaynes thyn enemys, we late the wete, þat we are redy & alwaye hase bene, for to com to helpe 3ow. Bot as at þis tyme we are lettete to com to 3ow, be-cause of grete seknesse þat we ere stadd in, Neuer þe lesse, sekerly, it es rihte heuy vn-till vs, & greuous, vn-till [vs to] here of þe grete injury þat es done vn-till 3ow. And þarefore we late 3ow wite, þat wit-in schorte tym, we sall come for to helpe 3ow wit ten legyouns of knyghtis.' Bot when Rodogorius, Darius moder, herd telle þat Darius hir son ordayned hym for to feghte agayne wit kyng Alexander scho was rihte sory and wrote a *lettre* vn-till hym þat contened this sentence.

Darius' mother writes to him, coun-

'To <sup>4</sup> kyng Darius, hir moste biloued son, Rodogorius, his modir sendez gretyng & ioy. I hafe vnderstanden þat 3e hafe assemblede 3our men, & mekil oþer folke also, for to feghte

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital T, much smudged; a small t written beside it in margin.

<sup>2</sup> Two lines with smudged capital P; a small p written in margin.

<sup>3</sup> On leaf 17 of *þe*, on leaf 18 of *the*.

<sup>4</sup> *Rodorius* scratched out. Four lines with large capital T in red; small t in margin beside.

- eftsones wit Alexander. Bot I late þe wite it wiþt availe þe nathynge. For þoghe 3e hadd' gadirde to gedir alle þe meñ in þe werlde duellyng, 3it 3e ware vnable to agayne-stande hym.
- 4 For þe forelue of godd' mayntenez hym, & vphalde3 hym. And þarefore dere soñ, it es my consell, 3our heghenesse of herte 3e lefe, & saß sumwhate fra 3our glory, and bese fauorable to þe gretnes of Alexander. For better it es to forga þat at 3e may
- 8 no3te halde, and haffe in pesse þan þat at 3e may halde, þan for too couett aß and be excluded' & for-ga aß.' When Darius redde þis *lettre*, he was gretly troubbled' and weped' bitterly, command' vn-till his mynde, his moder, his wyf, & his childer.
- 12 <sup>1</sup>In the mene tyme kyng Alexander remowed' his oste, and drew nere þe cite of Susis, in þe whilke Darius was lengand' the same tyme, so þat he myzte see aß þe heghe hille3 þat ware abownð þe citee. Þan Alexander commanded' aß his meñ, þat
- 16 ilkañ of þam suld cutte downe a brawnche of a tree, and bere þam furth wit þam & dryfe bi-fore þam aße manere of beste3 þat þay myzte fynde in þe way. And when the Percyenes saw þam fra þe heghe hille3 þay wondred' þam gretly. And Alexander come
- 20 wit his oste to þe citee of Susis and lugged hym nere besyde þe citee. And than he called' his prynce3 & his oper' lordez and said vn-to þam, 'Late vs,' quop he, 'send a messangere to kyng Darius & bidd' hym <sup>2</sup>owþer & com' feghte wit vs or eßs \*submyt
- 24 hym vn-till vs.' The nexte nyghte after, Godd' Amon apperede vn-till Alexander in his slepe bryngand' hym þe figure of Mercuri & a mantill, and anoper manere of garment of Macedoyne, and saide vn-till hym. 'Alexander, soñ,' quop hee, 'euer mare when
- 28 þou hase nede, saß I helpe the. And þarefore luke þou sende noghte to Darius þat messangere þat þou spake off. For I wiß þat þou thi selfe clethe thee wit my figure & wende thedir pi selfe; if aße it be perilous for to do, Dred þe na thyng, for
- 32 I saß be thi helpe, so þat þou saß hafe na maner of disesse.
- On þe morne when Alexander rase fra slepe, he was gretly comforthed' of his dreame & called till hym his prynce3 and talde þam alle his dreame, and þay assented aße, þat he schulde
- 36 wende to Darius in his propir person. And onane he called' vn-till hym ane of þe prince3, þe whilke highte Emulus. This

selling him to lower himself somewhat and yield to Alexander's greatness rather than lose all.

Alexander comes to Susa, driving before him a crowd of beasts. He decides to send a messenger to Darius.

\* Leaf 18 bk.

The Vision of God Amon in the night, who tells Alexander to go alone to Darius in his figure.

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with large red capital I; small i written in margin.

<sup>2</sup> hym inserted afterwards in left-hand margin.

Alexander  
rides with  
a single  
knight to  
the River  
Grancus  
which was  
frozen over.

He will not  
allow his  
knight to  
fare further  
with him.

The river  
ever freezes  
in the  
night and  
thaws in  
the morn-  
ing.

The Per-  
sians are  
amazed at  
him. Alex-  
ander  
comes to  
Darius and  
summons  
him to give  
tribute or  
fight.

prynce was a wyghte mañ, & an hardy & wonder trewe till  
Alexander. And þañ Alexander bad hym lepe one a horse, and  
brynge wit hym a noper horse & folow hym. And he didd<sup>1</sup> so.  
And when þay come to gedir to þe water of Graunte, þat in þe 4  
langage of Perse es called<sup>1</sup> Struma, þay fande it frosen ouer, and  
Alexander onane chaunged he<sup>1</sup> wede, & lefte þe foresaid<sup>1</sup> prynce  
wit twa horse at þe water-syde and hym selfe, wit þe horse þat  
he satt apoñ, went ouer þe water apoñ þe Ys, towarde þe citee of 8  
Susis. And his prynce besoghte hym þat he walde suffre hym  
wende wit hym, ne perauenture any disesse fette hym by þe  
waye. And Alexander ansuerd<sup>1</sup> & sayde, 'Habyde me here,' quop  
he, 'For he sañ be my helpere, whañ in dremez I sawe appere 12  
vn-to me.' This ilke water I spake of bi-fore, all þe wynter seson  
ilke a nyghte was frosen all ouer; bot tymely in þe mornynge als  
sone als þe warme soñ smate apoñ it, þañ it dissoluede agayne,  
& rañ wonder swiftly; þe brede of þat water es þe space of a 16  
furlange. When Alexander come to þe 3ate of þe citee the  
Perciens, when þay saw hym, hadd<sup>1</sup> grete wonder of his figure,  
and wend<sup>1</sup> he hadd<sup>1</sup> bene a godd<sup>1</sup>, and onane þay asked<sup>1</sup> hym what  
he was? And he ansuerd<sup>1</sup>, and said<sup>1</sup> he was a messangere sent 20  
fra kyng Alexander to paire lorde Darius, and be-lyfe þay broghte  
hym til hym. Darius, when Alexander come bi fore hym, said  
vn-til hym. 'Whethyñ ert þou,' quop he? 'I ame,' quop  
Alexander, 'sent vn-to þe fra kyng Alexander to wiete where 24  
to þou taries to come till hym to gyffe hym bateñe. Owthir  
come & feghte manfully wit thyne enemys or ellis submitte þe  
till hym & \* pay<sup>2</sup> hym tribute.'

\* Leaf 19.

And Darius heard him and said, 'Art thou then the Alexander 28  
who with such madness shaped thy speech, for I see thou  
holdest thyself not from words as a messenger doth, but art  
bold as a king. Yet know that by thy words I am not  
frightened at all. Come dine with me this day.' And with 32  
these words, he reached out his hand to him and took him by  
his right, and led him into the palace. And Alexander,  
musing, began to say: 'A right good token hath this barbarian  
wrought me when he clasped my right hand and drew me into 36

<sup>1</sup> MS. reads 'he'. We ought perhaps to substitute 'his'.

<sup>2</sup> Pay him tribute is written at the

bottom of leaf 18; between that leaf and what is now leaf 19 a whole leaf is missing.

the palace, because, as the gods say sooth, ere long the palace shall be mine.' And going in, Darius and Alexander lay by a table, and the daintiest feast was laid out. And Darius' 4 marshall gazed hard at Alexander face to face. And the table was wreathed in cleanest gold. But the Persians, seeing Alexander's shape, yet knew nothing of what wisdom, doughtiness, and strength lurked in this small body. The dishes and tables 8 and seats were wrought of the finest gold. The cup-bearers bore cups in golden vessels and rarest jewels. And when a cup was handed to Alexander, he hid it in his breast. And another cup was brought to him and he did the same, and thus too with 12 a third. And those who bore the cups, seeing this, gave the news to the Emperor Darius. And he, hearing of it, rose up, saying: 'Friend, what is this that thou doest, hiding the cups in thy breast?' And Alexander: 'In our king's feasts the 16 guests are wont, whenever they will, to take their drinking-vessels. But, as this seemeth to you unworthy, I will give them back forthwith.' And with these words he gave them back to the cup-bearers. But the Persians who sate at the 20 feast said each to each, 'a good custom, indeed, and one to be praised.' And some lords, too, praised this way and exalted it. But one of the Princes of Darius, called Anapolus, sitting at the feast, gazed hard at Alexander and his face. For he had seen 24 him when, at Darius' bidding, he went into Macedonia to take tribute of Philip. He, knowing his voice and looking on his face, began to think to himself and say: 'Is this not Alexander?' And rising at once he drew near to Darius, saying: 28 'This messenger whom thou beholdest is Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon.' And Alexander, seeing them with each other in talk, knew they were speaking of him and he was known. And at this he rose up from his place and leapt away 32 from the board. And taking a blazing torch from a Persian's hand, himself mounted his palfrey, which he found ready outside Darius's palace, and fled in the swiftest flight. And the Persians seeing this, taking weapons, mounted their steeds with 36 a mighty stir, and quickly followed after Alexander. And in the darkness of the nightfall, they began to stray, some scratched their faces by the tree-boughs, some falling into ditches. But Alexander, bearing his blazing torch in hand, fared straight

The Feast of Darius and its magnificence.

Alexander hides the golden cups in his breast. Darius chides him. Alexander answers by giving them to the cup-bearers.

Alexander is recognized by one who had been in Macedon. He tells Darius.

Alexander flees away and is pursued by the Persians. He escapes in the darkness.

Darius on his throne sees the golden image of Xerxes break, which foretokens the end of the Persian Empire. Alexander swims the river, but his horse is lost.

forward. Now, Darius sate on his throne and thought of Alexander and how great his daring was. He saw a statue of gold of Xerxes the Persian king, who sate below the high-seat in the hall. And at once the statue broke and was all scattered 4 asunder. And Darius seeing this was smitten with heaviness of heart and began to weep sorely and long. And he said: 'This foretokeneth the wasting of my life, and the utter downfall of the Persian kingdom.' Alexander, however, coming to 8 the river Grancus, found it swollen, and leapt athwart it. But ere he was over the stream burst its banks, and swept his horse away; with great hardship Alexander escaped and met Eumulus, his lord. And thus he went back to his army and 12 told them of Darius, how he had dealt with him, and the torch with which he had fled away.

#### HOW ALEXANDER PUT HEART INTO HIS HOST ANEW.

Alexander gathers his army.

And on the following day, he gathered his army, which told two hundred and twenty thousand of weaponed men. And 16 he went up

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Leaf 19. Alexander's harangue to his men, telling them to have trust in their own bravery.

\*on a hye place & comforted his men and said vn-to þam: 'þe multitude of þe percienes,' quop he, 'may noȝte be euend to þe multitude of þe greckes. For sewrly we are ma þan pay. And 20 if pay were ane hundreth sythes maa then wee, late noȝte ȝour hertis faile ȝow þarefore. For I telle ȝow a grete multitude of flyes may do na harme till a fewee waspes.' And when þe Oste had herde thire wordes þay commendide hym halelely wit a 24 voyce.

Darius crosses the river Grancus with a mighty army and meets Alexander in battle.

<sup>1</sup> Than þe emperour Darius remowed his oste, and come to þe reuere of Graunt on þe nyghte, and went ouer ou þe ysȝ, and þar he lugged hym. The Oste of Darius was wonder grete and 28 strange. For þay hadd in paire oste X<sup>m</sup> cartes ordaynd For þe werre, and grete multitude of Olyfanteȝ, wit towres of tree on þam, stuffed wit feghtyng men. And sone after appon a day thir twa kynges wit paire osteȝ mett samen 32 on a faire felde, Darius wit his men, and Alexander wit his men.

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with large cursive ornamental T of new type and decorative style.

Than Alexander lept apouȝ his horse, þat highte Buctiphalas, and rade furthe bi-fore aȝ his oste, and houed in þe myddes waye bi-twene þe twa osten. And when þe Percyenes saw hym, 4 þay had grete wonder of hym, and ware riȝte ferde for hym, by cause he was so vggly. Neuere-þe-lesse þay tromped vp & went to-warde Alexander. And sone þe bateȝ ioyned, & faghte to-gedir fersely, and many meȝ dyed on ayther party; þare was so 8 thikke schott of arowes, þat þe ayer was couerde, as it had bene wit a clowde. Some faghte wit swerdeȝ, sum wit speres, sum wit axes, & sum wit arowes. Þe felde lay full of folke, sum dede, sum halfe-dede, & sum greuously wonded. Thay begaȝ 12 for to feghte at þe soȝ-rysyng, and faghte to þe soȝ-settyng. Bot þare dyed many ma of þe Percyenes þan þare dide of Macedoyns.

Alexander mounts Bucephalus and rides between the two armies. The Persians are afraid of his ugliness. The battle begins and lasts the day. The Persians lose more than the Greeks.

And when Darius sawe his meȝ falle so thikke in þe felde, he 16 lefte þe felde, and fledd, and þe Percyenes seyng that, þay fledd also. Bot þaȝ þaire cartes of werre rane amange þe Percyens & slewe of þaȝ folke wit-owte nowmer & namely of fote-meȝ. For by þat tyme it was myrke nyghte, and þay ne myȝte noȝte see 20 for tiȝt eschewe þaȝ. When Darius come\* to the foresaid watere he fande it froseȝ, and ouer he went. And when he was ouer, þe oper lordes of perse went appouȝ þe ysȝ, so grete a multitude þat þay couerde þe ysȝ fra þe taa banke to þe toper, 24 & þat a grete brede, & þaȝ onane þe ysȝ brake als sone als Darius was paste ouer, & aȝ þat ware on þe ysȝ ware perischte, ilk a moder soȝ, & drowneȝ in þe water. Þe remanaunt, when þay come to the water, þay myȝte noȝte wyȝd ouer. And þaȝ þe 28 Macedoynes come, & dange þaȝ downe. In this batelle þare was slaen of þe Percyenes ccc<sup>m</sup> wit-owteȝ thase þat were drowned.

Darius flees and his flight causes the confusion of his army.

\*Leaf 19 bk.

He crosses the ice, but his Lords are drowned in its breaking.

Kyng Darius fledd to þe citee of Susis, & went in tiȝt his 32 palace, & felle downe to þe grounde, & sigheand & wepande wit a sare hert, he said theis wordes: 'Allas, full wa es me, vnhappye wriche, þat euer I was borne, for þe ire & þe indignaciȝ of heuȝ es falleȝ one mee. For I Darius þat lifte 36 my seluȝ vp to þe sternes, Now am I broghte lawe to þe erthe. Now es Darius, þat conquerede aȝ þe Este nacyons, & made þaȝ subiecte & tributaries vn-tiȝt hym, fayne for to flee fra his enemys and submytte hym vn-to þaȝ. And it ware

Darius flees to the city of Susa. He bewails his lot, for he is fallen from his greatness. He moralizes on the present and future lives, and quotes sacred passages.

knaweñ vn-to þe wreched mañ, what schulde falle till hym after-wardeþ, he schulde hafe littill thoghte of þe tyme presentt, bot one þe tyme to come solde his thoþte be. In a poynte of a daye it falles, þat þe meke es raysede vp to þe clowddeþ, and þe 4 prowde es putt to noþte.' And when he hade saide thir wordes, he rase vp, & satt & wrate a *lettre* vn-till Alexander, sayande on this wyese.

He writes to Alexander.

He praises the great wisdom of Alexander, who even knows what is to come.

Nevertheless he reminds him of his earthly birth, and warns him against pride. For often the end of a man ill accords with the beginning. He reminds him of the fate of Xerxes.

<sup>1</sup> 'Till his lorde Alexander, kyng of Macedoyne, Darius, kyng 8 of Perse, gretying & Joy. We hafe wele vnderstanden by þat that we hafe herde of þowe and sene, þat þe hafe in þow grete wysedom & a hye witt: so þat noþte allanly þe knawe thynges þat are present or passede, bot also thynges þat ere 12 for to come, and þarefore all thynges, þat þe doo: þe do it wit-owteñ any lakke or repreue. Neuer-þe-lesse hafeþ in mynde þat riþte as wee ware, so ware þe geteñ & borne of a fleschly womañ. And þare fore rayse noþte þour herte to hye 16 bi-cause of þour prowessche & þour doghty dedis, so þat þe forgete þour laste ende. For ofte tymes we see þat þe lattere end of a mañ discordes wit þe firste. It sufficeþ till a wer-ryoure for to gete þe victorie of his enemys, þofe all he 20 schewe noþte alle þe malice þat he may. Remembre þow of þe wirchipfull kyng þerses oure progenytour, þat many victoryes gatt & schane in alle prosperiteez, Be-fore he raysed his hert in pride passande mesure. Alle þe wirchippe þat he hadd 24 wonñ be-fore, he loste in Ellada, þarefore remembre þow, þat all þe wirchipes & þe victoryes þat þe hafe geteñ by þe forluke of <sup>2</sup> godd'

Darius demands his mother, wife, and children, offering therefor his treasure and the kingship over the Medes and Persians.

\* \* \* \* \*  
ye got this victory. To us then who beseech grant your 28 mercy. Yield us our mother, our sons, and wife, and we will render unto you the treasures we have in Aydem and Susa and Batram, the which our fathers hoarded and hid in earthen cellars. And we will give you the kingship of the Medes and 32 Persians, that thus ye may have and keep what victory Jove the all-mighty hath granted you.'

<sup>1</sup> Four lines space with decorated miniature T.

<sup>2</sup> 'by þe forluke of godd' is written at the bottom of leaf 18 bk. Between this leaf and what is now numbered leaf 20

a whole leaf is missing; and we are plunged into the middle of quite a different letter of Darius on leaf 20, which is addressed to Porus.

HOW THE MESSENGERS OF DARIUS GAVE ALEXANDER THE  
LETTER, AND HIS ANSWER.

The messengers of Darius coming then to Alexander gave him the letter, which Alexander read soon before them all. Then one of his chieftains, called Parmerion, said to Alexander:  
4 'Most mighty emperor, take all the wealth which Darius covenants unto thee, and give back to him his wife and sons.' And, hearing this, Alexander called to him the messengers of Darius, and before all spoke thus, saying: 'Tell ye to your  
8 emperor we wonder first that he misdeemed his mother, wife, and sons to be betrayed by our hands. If he be overcome, bid him not promise us a reward. If he bow himself to our yoke, all his honours and the majesty of God shall be laid  
12 bare to our sway. If he be not overcome, let him do us battle once again.' This said, he gave them rich gifts and sent them forth away. Then he bade the soldiers take up and gather the bodies of the dead and bury them in graves:  
16 and he bade them heal those that were wounded.

A noble of Alexander counsels him to accept these terms. But he will not. But bids Darius either submit himself or do battle.

He orders the dead to be buried.

HOW ALEXANDER ENCAMPED BY THE STREAM GRANCUS.

Then he encamped with his host by the stream of Grancus, and wintered there some days. And there he offered up victims to the gods. And about the river there were palaces,  
20 and they were the fairest, raised up with greatest skill, and Xerxes the King of the Persians had built them. Alexander, seeing them, bade them be burned. And soon after this, stirred by ruth, he gave word none should dare touch them.  
24 And there too was a most fair and very wide field in which the Kings and Deemsters of Persia were of old buried. And digging into this field the Macedonians found in the graves gemmed vases. And there they found the grave of Ninus the  
28 King of Assyria and Persia, which was hollowed out of a single amethyst, and engraven on the outside with palm-leaves and sundry kinds of birds. And so bright was the amethyst that even from the outside the man's body appeared whole.  
32 And in this place was a narrow and evil tower on which stood many men, some with cut legs, some with broken thighs, some with torn hands, and some blinded. They hearing

He encamps with his army by the Grancus and sacrifices.

Alexander commands the palaces to be burnt.

The burying-place of the Kings and Judges of Persia, wherein treasure is found. The grave of Ninus and its wonders. The Tower of the Maimed Men.

They be-  
seech  
mercy of  
Alexander,  
who re-  
stores them  
to their  
own.  
For they  
were nobles  
dispossess-  
ed by  
Darius.

the noise of the armed men cried out to Alexander, who hearing their cries, bade them be taken thence. And seeing them was struck with ruth and wept, and bade each one be given ten thousand drachmas, and be restored every one to his own. For Darius kept them in prison, since they were of noble birth, and awarded all their possessions to his thralls. In the meantime the messengers from Alexander to Darius told all that Alexander had said. And Darius hearing this began to get ready for the fight. And he wrote another letter to Porus King of India, which runneth as follows:—

Darius'  
letter to  
Porus,  
King of  
India.

#### THE LETTER SENT BY DARIUS TO PORUS KING OF INDIA.

He asks  
him again  
for help  
against  
Alexander,  
since he  
has re-  
solved to  
fight to the  
very death.  
For it is  
better to  
die in the  
field than to  
see the end  
of his king-  
dom and  
people.

‘Darius King of the Persians to Porus King of Our Indians joy. We asked but lately of you, and again we ask you to come and help against those who strive to overthrow our palace. We know well also that the like harm will light on you. For this Alexander, who fighteth thus, hath an unquenchable and wild soul, which like a lion ceaseth not, and is like the sea when stirred by mighty winds. Furthermore, unwillingly though it be, we have gathered numberless races, and we have taken our counsel to fight with him to the very death.

20

\* Leaf 20.

Darius  
writes to  
Porus to  
succour  
him for the  
sake of  
himself, his  
dynasty,  
and his  
people,  
promising  
him help  
and the  
spoils of  
Alexander.  
He warns  
him that as  
Alexander  
had done  
to him, so  
would be  
done to  
Porus.

\* better vs es for to dy manly in þe felde þan for to see þe mescheffe of oure pople & þe dissolacion of oure rewme. Wharefore, hafand reward and compassiō of oure disesse, we be-seke 3ow, þat 3e late oure prayeres sattell in 3our hert, & helpe for to succour vs now at oure nede, hafand in 3oure mynde þe grete noblaye of oure progenytours. And I seure 3ow þat [I sall] giffe ilke a fote-maṇ þat come3 wit 3ow, thre pece3 of golde, And ilke a horse-maṇ, fyve pece3 of golde, And also mete & drynke ynoghe to 3ow & all 3our meṇ. And whare so 3e lugge 3ow, we schaffe fynde 3ow a hundreth & fourscore tentes curyously wroghte. And also we schaff gyffe 3ow Alexander horse Buktyphalas, and alle appairait, & þe araye þat langes till Alexander hallely schaff be 3ours and also all þe spoylle of his folke sall be dalte amange3 3oure folke. Wherefore we beseke 3ow þat also soṇ als this

lettre commeȝ to ȝow, ȝe haste ȝow tiȝ vs in all þat ȝe may.  
For wite ȝe wele for certayne, that riȝte als he done tiȝ  
vs, so he purpose hym in tyme commynge for to do to ȝowe.'

4 <sup>1</sup>In the men tyme, certane meȝ of Darius went fra hym  
& come tiȝ Alexander, & talde hym, þat Darius purposede  
hym for to feghte wit hym eftesones, and had sent tiȝ Porus,

Alexander  
hearing of  
this  
through  
treachery  
marches  
against  
Darius.

8 When Alexander herd þis, be-lyfe he remowed his Oste to  
ward Darius, thynkand in his herte þat he wolde on na wyse  
take apoȝ hym þe name of Emperour be-fore he hadd wonȝ  
Darius and his rewme one werre. And when Darius herde

12 of þe commynge of Alexander, he dredd hym gretly & þe  
percyenes also. Bot þare was two prynces of Darius, of þe  
whilke þe tane highte Bisso & þe toper Ariobarsantes, thir  
twa when pair <sup>2</sup>herd of þe comynge of Alexander, conspyred

Two nobles  
of Darius  
conspire to  
slay him  
that they  
may have  
reward of  
Alexander.

16 to-gedir for to slaa paire lord Darius, supposyng for tiȝ hafe  
a grete thanke of Alexander, and a gret reward for paire dede.  
And ayther of þaȝ ware sworne tiȝ oper. And thaȝ thay

went to þe kynges palace, and come intiȝ his chamber wit  
20 drawen swerdes in paire handes, and fand Darius bi hym  
ane. And when Darius saw that, he trowed wele þat þay

wolde sla hym, And said vn-to þaȝ: 'Dere frendes, hedir  
to wardeȝ hafe I called ȝow my seruaunderes, bot now I call ȝow

Darius see-  
ing them  
begs for  
mercy, and  
foretells  
the future  
vengeance  
of Alex-  
ander. But  
they slay  
him.

24 my lordes. What ayles ȝow at me þat ȝe wiȝ sla me? Haes  
Alexander cheriste þe macedoynes mare þaȝ I hafe done ȝow?  
Hafe I noȝte sorow & disese ynoghe of enemyse wit-owtten?

Bot if ȝe conspire agaynes me for to sla me wit owtten gilt,  
28 I say for sothe, & ȝe sla me \* thus preuelye, And Alexander

\* Leaf 20  
bk.

may gete ȝow, he wiȝ take mare cruell vengeance one ȝow, then  
on any theues. For sothely it es na comforthe ne lykyng tiȝ  
ane Emperour to fynd an oper Emperour murthered wit his awenȝ

32 meȝ.' Bot þay were na-thynge stirrede to petee, ne tendernesse,  
ne mercy, thurgh his wordeȝ, Bot went tiȝ hym and wit grete  
cruelnesse smate hym, & al-to magle hym, and went faste paire

waye, & lefte hym for dede.

36 <sup>3</sup>And when Alexander herd tell þat Darius was slayne he

Alexander  
hearing of

<sup>1</sup> Five lines space with a capital I.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *pair* for *pay*, just as on leaf 34,  
l. 23. Cf. Icelandic *þeir*. There is no mis-

take here, as the two spellings vary *paire*  
and *pair* on leaves 34, 54.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines with red capital A.

his death  
enters  
Susa with-  
out resist-  
ance.  
The con-  
spirators  
hide them-  
selves.

Alexander  
goes to the  
room  
where  
Darius lies  
dying.

Alexander  
has pity  
on Darius  
and pro-  
mises him  
all he once  
had if he  
will but  
live.

Alexander  
says he  
would  
rather give  
his own  
Empire to  
Darius  
than be-  
hold him  
dead.

\* Leaf 21.

Darius em-  
braces  
Alexander.

Darius'  
speech to  
Alexander  
on the  
worthless-  
ness and  
unstead-  
fastness of

went ouer þe water of Graunt, and all his Oste wit hym, and  
come to þe cetee of Susis. And alsone als þe Percyenes saw  
hym, Thay Opened þe ȝates of þe citee, & rescheyued hym wit  
grete wirchipe. And when þe prynces þat slewe Darius wiste 4  
þat Alexander was comen in-to þe citee þay went & helde þam  
in hidils ay till þay myȝte gete knoweynge of Alexander wiff,  
as towchand þat that þay hadd done to Darius. Alexander þam  
went in-to þe kynges Palace, and as he went þare-in he 8  
merueyled hym gretly of þe biggyng þare-off. For Cirus þe  
kyng of Perse gert bigg it ryally. And the pament þareoffe  
was made of stanes of dyuerse colours, & þe walles all enueround  
wit fyne golde & precyous stanes & sternes lyke to þe firmament, 12  
and pelers of golde þat bare vp þe werke. When Alexander  
saw all this curious werke, he meruailed hym gretly. And  
than he went to þe chambre þare Darius laye halfe dede.  
And alsone als he saw hym he hadd grete rewthe & compassion 16  
of hym, and he tuke off his awen mantill & couerd [hym] þare-  
wit, & went and graped his wondes and wepid for hym riȝt  
tenderly, & said un-till hym. 'Rise vp, sir Darius,' quop he, ' &  
be of gude comforthe. And als frely as euer þou reioysede thy 20  
Empire, so mot þou ȝitt do, And be als myghty, & als gloryouse  
als euer þou was. I swere the here by oure myȝty goddes & by  
þe faythe in my body, þat here I resigne vn-to the all thy 24  
empyre, desyrand souerayngly for to hafe þe lyfe of the, as þe  
son of <sup>1</sup> þe Fader, For sekerly it es vnfitand & unsemly till ane  
emperor for to be reioysede of an oþer emperours mescheffe &  
disesse, when fortune hase forsaken hym. Telle me, sir, what  
þay are þat hase thus faren wit the, and I sewre þe als I am 28  
trew man I sail venge the to þe uttereste.' And \* when  
Alexander had said this & mekil mare, Sare wepand Darius  
putt furthe his hande, and layde his arme abowte Alexander  
nekke, and kyssed his breste, his nekke, & his hande, & saide 32  
thir wordez, thare that here folowes. <sup>2</sup> 'A, dere son Alexander,'  
quop he, 'als thi heghe witt knawes wele, all this werlde es  
corrupt and sett in malice. For þe souerayne forluke of godd,  
all thynges knawande fra þe begynnyng, and hafand felyng 36  
of þe wirkynges for to come, made man in that wyse, at þe

<sup>1</sup> þe is written in above the line in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines miniature with ornamented red capital A.

begynnynge, þat nathynge es in hym stable ne faste. So þat all  
 thynges þat ere passande & werldely, fra þat he faile of  
 gouernance, tournes alsoñ tiſſ hym in contrarye. For if godd'  
 4 hadd' ordeyned' all thynges esy to mañ and alwaye wit-owtten  
 chaungynge sent hym prosperitee, mañ schulde be lyftede vp  
 so hie in pryde & in vayne glorye, þat he solde noȝte arett alle  
 his wele-fare & his welthe vn-to godd', bot tiſſ his awenñ desert  
 8 & his awenñ vertu. And so schulde meñ gaa fra þaire makare.  
 On þe toper syde if þe heghe wyssedom of godd' hadd' made  
 þe werlde on þat wyse þat all illes and infelicytes fell apoon mañ  
 wit-owtten any maner of gudenesse, so many freletese sulde folow  
 12 þe kynde of mañ, þat we schulde all be drawen in-to þe gilder  
 of disparacion, so þat we solde hafe na triste in þe gudnes of  
 godd'. And þarefore grete godd' wolde so wisely skifte all  
 thynges, þat, when a mañ full of felicitye, thurgh his heghe  
 16 pride will noȝte knawe his makere, Fra þe heghte of pride in-to  
 þe pitte of mekenes & lawnes he mon be plungedede. So þat he  
 þat thurgh pride & felicitye forgatt his godd', thurgh fallynge in  
 wrechidnesse & disesse hafe mynde of his godd'. Reghte als þou  
 20 may see bi me, my dere soñ Alexander, þat was raysede vp so  
 hye in pride & vayne glorye, thurgh reches & prosperitee þat  
 felle vn-to me, þat I trowed noȝte þat I was goddes creature  
 bot goddes Felawe. And þañ, thurgh blyndenness of pride,  
 24 I couthe noȝte see that, þat now, thurgh scharpenesse of mekenes  
 and mescheffe, I see clerely & knawes. Bot if it happen þat any  
 mañ be vmbilappede wit grete infelicitee, so þat he, despairand'  
 of þe grace of godd', supposse na remedy, ne nane lukes eftere;  
 28 \* þañ oure lorde godd' raysez hym vp to þe heghte of prosperitee,  
 so þat þañ he, þat bi-cause of wrechidnes & infelicitee, myȝte  
 noȝte see godd' ne knawe hym, thurgh felicitye & prosperitee  
 knawes þat he, þat may bryng a mañ to lawe state, may rayse  
 32 a mañ tiſſ heghe degree. And he þat may rayse a mañ tiſſ  
 heghe degree, may putt hym to lawnesse agayne, when hym lyst,  
 and þarefore, soñ, late noȝte thy hert ryse to hye in pride, for þe  
 victoryes þat godd' hase sent the, if all þou may do now whate þe  
 36 list riȝt as [<sup>1</sup> þou] were a godd'. Bot alway thyne on thy laste  
 ende. For þou ert a dedly mañ, and ilk a day if þou be-halde  
 graythely þou may see thy dedd' bi-fore thyñ eghne. Consedirs

all earthly  
things,

with par-  
ticular  
application  
to him-  
self.

On the pre-  
sumption  
of those  
who have

\* Leaf 21  
bk.

great  
wealth.

On the  
power of  
God to put  
down the  
mighty  
from their  
seats, and  
to lift up  
them of  
low degree.

<sup>1</sup> þou may have been left out by the scribe beginning a new line.

Darius asks  
burial of  
Alexander,  
and that  
both  
peoples  
should  
comethere-  
to. And  
wills there-  
to that both  
empires be  
one. He  
bids him be  
merciful to  
his widow,  
and take  
his daugh-  
ter Roxana  
to wife. He  
dies.

Alexander  
buries  
Darius in  
royal state.  
He bears  
the bier  
himself.  
The Mace-  
donians  
and the  
Persians go  
before it.  
Alexander  
seats him-  
self on the  
\* Leaf 22.

throne of  
Cyrus, and  
is crowned  
with the  
crown of  
Darius.

The throne  
of seven  
steps with  
its mystic  
meanings  
inwrought.

pou noȝte how oure lyffe may be lykkened to þe werke of Eranes,  
pat so sotelly makes þaire webbes? Bot alsoñ als a little blaste  
of wynde puffes apoñ þam, þay breke, & falles to grownde. Be-  
halde & see how gloriūs I was ȝisterday & how wrechede I am 4  
to-day, & how law I am broghte. I was lorde nerehande of  
all þe werlde, & now I hafe na power of myñ awenð selfe.  
Now I be-seke the, soñ, þat þou wilt bery me wit thy  
benynge handes. And suffre for to come to myñ exequise bathe 8  
þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes. And fra this tyme forwardeȝ,  
þe empire of Macedoyne & þe empire of perse be bathe ane.  
Haffe recomend vn-to the my Moder Rodogoñ, & trete hir  
wirchipfully as thyñ awenð Moder. And I be-seke þe also, 12  
pat þou be Mercyable to my wyfe. And if <sup>1</sup> it be lykyng to þe,  
take Rosañ my dogheter to thi wyfe. For semely it es, þat ȝe  
be ioynede to-geder þat er comenð of so wirchipfull progenitours,  
For þou of kyng Philippe, and scho of kyng Darius. And of 16  
ȝow twa may a wirchipfull & a noble fruyte sprynge.' And  
riȝte as he had saide thir wordeȝ he swelt in Alexander armes.  
Kyng Alexander, þañ, after þe custom was for to bery  
emperours, gert araye Darius body als ryally as he couthe. 20  
And wit all þe solempnyte and wirchipe þat myghte be done,  
he helped hym selfe for to bere þe bere, sare wepande, and  
gert þe Macedoynes & þe Percyenes gaa bi-fore þe bere. The  
persyenes also weped wonder faste, noȝte allanly for þe dede 24  
of Darius, bot for petee of þaire hertis, þat þay saw Alexander  
wepe so enterely. And when Darius was beried Alexander  
went agayne to þe palace.

<sup>2</sup> And one þe morne Alexander went and sett hym in a trone 28  
all of golde & precyous stanes, the whilke Cyrus sumtyme gert  
\* make þat was kynge of Perse. And the Macedoynes and þe  
Persyenes sett apoñ his hede a coroune þat was Darius, þe  
whilke was so precious, þat men knewe nane like it in na lande. 32  
For all þe palace schane thurgh bryghtness of þe precyous  
stones, þat were sett pare-in. And þe trone was all of golde,  
& of precious stanes, & of þe sege pare-offe was vii seuen <sup>3</sup> cubeteȝ  
heghe fra þe grounde, and a grece of seuen greeȝ was made 36

<sup>1</sup> *it* written in above by the scribe.

<sup>2</sup> Two lines space with miniature A.

<sup>3</sup> 'vii' occurs at the end of one line, and 'seven' at the beginning of the next.

pare-to, whare-by kynges ascended pare-to. And thir greez were made wonder craftyly & curyously. The firste gree was of ane amatist. The seconde gree was of a Smaragd. The thredd<sup>4</sup> gree was of a Topaz. The ferthe gree was of a granat. The fifte was of ane adamand. The sext was of fyn golde. And the seuennt was of clay. And thay ware nozt <sup>1</sup>[wit-o]wtten grete causez ordeyned one pis wysc.

8 For þe first gree w[as a]ne <sup>2</sup>amatist, for amange all oper stanes it hase this vertu, that it represses & haldez donne þe fumositee of wyne & þe myghte pare-offe, & suffers nozte a man þat bere it <sup>3</sup>on hym be troubled in his witt ne in his mynde  
12 thurgh drownkeness. And, on þe same wise, solde ilke a kyng be of perfite witt & mynde, & thurgh nane occasion do na mysse. The secund gree was of a Smaragd, þe whilke clarifyez & kepez þe sighte of hym þat beres [it] apou hym, and so schulde  
16 a kyng hafe clere sighte of his hert, wysely for to see & discerne that þat es spedfull & profitable bathe for hym selfe & for þe comon profit. The thirdd gree was of a Topaz, þe whilke es so clere, þat & a man bi-halde hym selfe pare-in, it sall seme  
20 till hym, as his hede ware tournede downwardez, and his fete vpwardez; And it be-takenes þat a kyng schulde alway take hede till his laste ende. The ferthe gree was of a Granat whilk passez all manere of precious stanes in reedness: & betakens  
24 þat a kyng suld be schamfull for till consent till any thyng þat es vnlefull. The fifte was of ane Adamande. þe Adamande es so harde þat it may nozte be broken nowþer with yreñ ne wit stane, bot if it firste be enoynted wit gayte blode. On þe same  
28 wyse a kyng suld be of so grete constance & sadnesse þat, for na prayere, ne for na worldely gude, he solde nozte bewgh fra þe way of ryght-wisnesse. The sexte gree was of fyne gold: for rihte as gold passez all maner of metalle in bewtee, & in pre-  
32 cioustee; rihte so a kyng awe to be <sup>4</sup>preferred before oper men & gouernours of þam. \* þe seuent was of Clay, till þat entent þat a man þat es raysed vp to þe dingnyte of a kyng sulde alway vmbythynk hym þat he was made of erthe, & at þe laste

The first step of amethyst, that a king be not drunken but walk soberly and steadfastly. The second of emerald, that a king see well those things which belong to his rank. The third of topaz, which reminds him of his latter end, showing him upside down. The fourth of garnet, which makes him shame to do unlawfully. The fifth of diamond, which means that a king should be righteous. The sixth of gold, to show the greatness of kings.  
\* Leaf 22 bk.  
The seventh of clay, to

<sup>1</sup> Piece gone in MS. Reads —*witten*. The beginning of a *w* occurs before the hole, and the latter half of an *o* after it—so it must clearly be read '*witowitten*'.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *w* and a gap follows as above;

read, of course, '*was a-*'.

<sup>3</sup> *it* written in above line.

<sup>4</sup> MS. has in another hand in bottom of margin '*preferred before*' written over again.

show him  
above all  
he is but  
dust and  
deathly.

Alex-  
ander's  
letter to all  
lands—announcing  
that he sits  
on the  
throne of  
Darius.  
He orders  
that all  
things  
should be  
as they  
were  
before.

He com-  
mands  
security of  
tenure to  
all, and free  
trade be-  
tween  
Hellas and  
all Persia.  
Alexander  
promises a  
fitting re-  
ward to  
them that  
slew  
Darius.

They de-  
clare them-  
selves.

\* Leaf 23.  
Alexander  
bids them  
be taken

to þe erthe he saff agayne. When Alexander was sett apou this trone, coronnde wit his diademe, & þe Macedoynes & þe persenes standyng abowte hym: be-fore þam alle he gert write a lettre tilf all cuntreez, þat was of this tenour.

<sup>1</sup> ' Alexander the son of godd Amoñ & qwene Olympias kyng of kynges & lorde of lordes, tilf alle Dukes, Pryncez, Erles, Baronne, maisters, & tilf all þe folke of Perse: ioy & grace. Señ it es plesynge to godd, þat I sitt one þe trone of Darius, & be lorde of þe persyenes, grete cause I hafe for to be reioyist gretely þare-offe, ne were it for þe gret multitude of folke þat ere slayne. Bot señ it so es þat godd hase ordeynede me to be þour lorde,<sup>2</sup> and þour gouernour, þare-fore we commande þow þat in ilke a citee, thurghowte þe lordchipe of Perse, þe ordeyne prynce and gouernours as þare was in Darius tyme, to þe wilke we commande þow þat þe be obeyande as þe before-tymes hafe bene, and that þay do rihte tilf ilke a mañ at þaire powere. Also it es oure wilf and oure commandement, þat ilke a mañ welde & reioyse paysabily his landes and his possessiouns. We commande alsoo, þat fra this lande of perse vn-tilf Ellada, & fra thethyñ to Macedoyne, be redy way & open so þat ilke a mañ þat wilf may passe bathe in and owte, wit merchandyse or any oþer erandes þat þay hafe at do, and Joy & pese be vn-to þowe.'

<sup>3</sup> þan gert Alexander all meñ be still, and said one this wyse: ' Whilke of þow so slew myñ enemy Darius; come forth forthe be-for me, and I shaft giffe þow worthy mede, & conable wirchipe do þam, I swere bi oure godde þat ere Almyzty, & bi my moste biloved moder Olympias, þat I saff gyffe þam worthy mede.' When Alexander had saide thir wordes þe persyenes wepede wonderly sare. And than þe twa mañ-morthireres Bisso and Aryobarzantes come bi-fore Alexander, and sayde vn-tilf hym: ' Wirchipfull emperour,' quop þay, ' we ere thase þat slew Darius thyne enemy wit oure Awenñ hende.' And when Alexander saw þam, he bade his knyghtes belyfe ga & take þam, & bynde \* þam, & lede þam to Darius grafe, & þare smyte of þaire heuedes. And than þay ansuerd, & saide vn-tilf Alexander: ' A, A, wirchipfull emperour,' quop þay,

<sup>1</sup> Ten lines blank space for a miniature.

<sup>2</sup> In MS. between 'be þour lorde' and 'and þour gouernour' is written '& lorde

of þe persyenes', but it has been erased by the scribe.

<sup>3</sup> Three lines space with red capital p.

- 'swore þou noȝte tiſſ vs, bi oure goddeȝ þat ere Almyȝty, & bi þe hele of thi moder Olympias, þat þou ſolde gerre do vs na harme, bot þat þou ſolde giff vs a worthi reward.' And
- 4 Alexander ſaide agayne vn-to þam: 'So aughte me wele for to ſwere, for to gette knawying of þe ſlaers of Darius. For I ſolde neuer haſe getyȝ knawying þare-offe had I noȝte ſworne ſo. And
- 8 ȝitt I ſaſſ ſafe myȝd athe wele ynoghe. For it was al-way myȝd entent, þat if I myȝte wete what þay ware, þay ſolde haſe ſwilke a rewarde. For þay þat ſlaes þaire awenȝ lorde it es a taken þat þay wiſſ haſe na conſcience to ſla anoþer maȝd.' And
- 12 when þe perseyenes herde this þay by-gaȝ to prayſe Alexander & to commende hym and blyſſe hym as he had bene a goddȝ. þam kyng Alexander gert hede tha twa homycydes. And aſſ þe rewme he ſett in gouernance of certayne lordes. Amanges
- 16 oper þare was ane alde lorde was eme to Darius, þe whilke highte Climitus, þat was gretly luffede wiȝ þe perseyenes; And Alexander at þe request of aſſ the perseyenes ordeyned hym for to be chefe gouernour vnder hym of aſſ perſe. And one þe morne Alexander ſett hym in his trone, wiȝ his corouȝ on his hede,
- 20 and efter þe biddynng of Darius he commande to brynge bi-fore hym Roſaȝ, Darius doghter, wiȝ a corouȝ oȝ hir hede, ſett fuſſ of precious ſtanes. And þare, as þe maner was of þe perseyenes, he tuke hir to his wyfe, and made hir to ſitt wiȝ hym in his
- 24 trone & command aſſ meȝd to wirchiþe hir als quene. And þam þe perseyenes were wonderly glade, & onane þay broȝte þaire goddeȝ bi-fore Alexander, and bi-gaȝ to wirchiþe hym, & loue hym riȝte als he hade bene a goddȝ, and ſaid vn-till hym,
- 28 hallely wiȝ a voyce, 'þou thi ſelfe es a goddȝ, For that þat es plesande tiſſ oure goddes alway þou doſe.' And when Alexander ſaw this, he was gretly troubled & riȝte ferde & ſaid vn-to þam: 'Wirchifuſſ ſirs,' quop he, 'I pray ȝow þat ȝe
- 32 wirchiþe me noȝte as a goddȝ, for ſothely I am as ȝe are, a corrupteþle & a dedly maȝd, and in me þare es na parceſſ of the godhede. And þarefore, I beſeke ȝow, ceſſeȝ of this wirchiþe þat ȝe do me.'
- 36 <sup>1</sup> þan gert Alexander write a lēttre tiſſ Olympias his moder & tiſſ Arestotle his maister, makand mencyoȝd of aſſ þe batayſſs & þe diſeſſeȝ þat he hadȝ ſuffred in Perſe, and of þe grete reches

and be-headed. They plead his own words. But it avails them nought.

They are slain. Alexander makes Darius' uncle governor of the Persians.

Alexander weds Roxana, Darius' daughter.

The Persians worship Alexander as a god.

He chides them for it.

Alexander writes to his mother and to Aristotle.

<sup>1</sup> Five lines with large capital þ.

He com-  
\*Leaf 23  
bk.  
mands an  
eight days'  
feast for  
the mar-  
riage.  
Alexander  
marches  
against  
Porus of  
India,  
through  
waste  
country,  
with great  
rivers and  
caverns.  
The Mace-  
donians  
murmur at  
the con-  
tinued  
wars and  
marches,  
and against  
Alex-  
ander's  
ambition.  
They fain  
would  
leave him.

King Alex-  
ander  
divides the  
Mace-  
donians  
and the  
Persians.

Alexander  
rebukes the  
Greeks  
that they  
would  
leave him  
alone with  
rebellious  
Persians.  
He reminds  
them of  
what he  
has done

pat he fande þare, of þe whilke he & aȝt his meȝn ware made riche. And also he wrate vn-to þam,\* þat þay scholde make grete solempnytee lastyng aghte dayes be-cause of þe weddyng of Alexander & Rosaȝ Darius doghter. And so did Alexander, 4 in Perse, wit þe maceydoynes & þe persyenes, many a daye.

<sup>1</sup> Affter this kyng Alexander sembled a grete Oste, bathe of macedoyns & of persyenes, and went towarde Inde for to werre apoȝ Porus, kyng of Inde, þe whilke ordeynede hym for to 8 come & helpe kyng Darius. And, when Alexander was entered in-till Inde, he went thurgh wildernes & waste cuntree, whare in ware grete reuers and many grete caues & cauernes. And þaȝ Alexander & his meȝn wex wery, & irkede riȝte sare. And 12 þe prynces of macedoyne & of grece murmourede amange þam gretly, & saide ilkaȝ till oþer: 'It myȝte hafe sufficed till vs, þat we hafe ouer-sett kyng Darius, & conqerred þe kyngdom of Perse. Where-be seke we forthire in-till Inde, þe whilke es 16 full of wilde besteȝ, and leues oure awenȝ landeȝ. Ne þis Alexander nane oþer thyngȝ desyreȝ, bot for to wende abowte and thurgh werre to bryngȝ aȝt þe worlde vndere his subieccion. For werre & debate unrescheȝ his body so fer furth þat, and he 20 ristede any lange tyme witowteȝ werre, riȝte als it were for defaute of mete he schulde faile & dye. Leue we hym þarefore, and turne we agayne vn-till oure awenȝ cuntree, and late hym wende furthe wit the persyenes, if he wiȝt.' When 24 Alexander herde þis, he garte aȝt þe Oste habide, and he went and stodde in ane heghe place amange þam, & sayde one this wise: 'Departis ȝow in twaa, so þat þe persyenes be by þam-selfe and þe Macedoynes and þe grekes bi þam-selfe.' 28 And when þay hadd so done, Alexander saide to þe Macedoynes and þe grekes: 'A A, myne owenȝ dere knyghtis,' quop he, 'wele [ȝe] knawe þat thir persyenes, vn-to þis day, hase bene con- 32 trary & rebettes vn-to ȝow & to me, and ȝe wiȝt now lefe me here wit þam, and tourne agayne to ȝour awenȝ cuntree. Wele ȝe wate, þat when ȝour hertes were troubbledȝ, & fered, for þe wordes þat ware contened in Darius lettres, I thurgh my speche & my conseil comforthed ȝour hertis. And afterwarde, when we 36 come in-to þe felde agaynes oure enemys, I went bi-fore ȝow aȝt.

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with miniature A with a barrel drawn within on its side, and a tree

springing from it. Small a written in the margin beside it.

And I by myñ ane was þe firste mañ þat entrede þe batayle.  
 And 3itt more-ouer, as 3e wele wate, I take apoñ me for to be  
 3oure allere messangere vn-to kynge Darius. And þare, for  
 4 3ow, I putt my selfe in many grete \*perills. And þarefore,  
 witte3 wele for certayne, þat, ri3te as hedirtowarde3, we hafe  
 ouercomeñ oure enemys and hade þe better of þañ, ri3te so fro  
 heþein-forwarde3, thurgh þe helpe of oure godde3 we sañ ouer-  
 8 come oure enemys, & hafe þe victorie of þañ. And þare-fore I  
 say 3ow forsothe, þat, all if 3e will tourne agayne to grece &  
 macedoyne, I sañ no3te tourne agayne oñ na wyse, þat 3e may  
 knawe þat, wit-owtten̄ gouernance of a kynge, nane Oste may  
 12 wynne na wirchipe.' Whē Alexander had said þus, all þe  
 pryñce3 of Macedoyne and of þe grekes schamede gretely, and  
 askede mercy & forgifnesse, sayande one this wyse: 'Moste  
 wirchipfull emperour, oure lyfe lyes hallely in 3our hande.  
 16 Whedir so euer 3e will goo we will gladly felowe 3our hye  
 maiestee; þose we schulde all dye for 3ow oñ a daye, we sañ  
 folow 3ow & neuer lese 3ow.' And þañ pay remowed fra þeinne<sup>1</sup>  
 and come in-till a cuntree of Inde þat es called Phisiaceñ, in þe  
 20 laste ende of July. And þare mette hym þe embassatours of  
 Porus kyng of Inde, and broghte hym lettres fra Porus, þat said  
 oñ this wyse.

<sup>2</sup> 'Porus kyng of Inde: vn-to þe theeffe Alexander, þat thurgh  
 24 thifte & robbery many citee3 wynne3, biddyng we send. Señ  
 þou ert dedely: wharto wene3 þou þat þou ert of powere to  
 agaynstande godd̄ þat es vn-dedely. A grete fole, me thynke,  
 þou ert þat hase eghne, and cane nott see. Trowes þou we be lyke  
 28 vn-to þe Percyenes þat þou hase made subiecte3 vn-to the? Þou  
 hase foughten̄ hedir-towarde wit softe meñ & cowarde3, & for  
 þou hase ouercomeñ þañ, þou wene3, þat thi littillness sañ  
 brynge oure hye maiestee vnder thi subieccion; þe whilke es  
 32 vnpossyble for to bee, bot if godde3 submytt þañ vn-to meñ,  
 and þe erthe be euen lyke to þe heuen. I late the wiete, þat I  
 may no3te be ouercommen̄ for no3te allanly meñ bot also godde3  
 doee3 seruyce to my name. Wate þou no3te wele, þat ane  
 36 Dynise, þe fader of Bachus, come in-till Inde, wit a grete Oste  
 for to feghte, bot onane he tournede þe bakke & fledd̄, for he

for them,  
 and what  
 they will  
 do to-  
 gether.

\* Leaf 24.

But what-  
 ever they  
 do, he will  
 go on-  
 wards.

They be-  
 come  
 ashamed of  
 themselves  
 and beg for  
 forgive-  
 ness.

They con-  
 tinue their  
 march and  
 meet the  
 ambas-  
 sadors of  
 Porus.

Porus'  
 letter to  
 Alexander.

He tells  
 him of the  
 superiority  
 of the  
 Indians to  
 the Per-  
 sians.

The gods  
 also fight  
 for India.  
 The  
 Indians  
 overcame  
 Dionysius.

<sup>1</sup> MS. reads *þeiñe*.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines space for miniature *P*. *P* written in the page beside it.

He advises  
him to go  
back again  
to Mace-  
donia.  
Before  
Xerxes'  
time the  
Macedo-  
nians gave  
tribute to  
India, but  
the Indians  
recked

\* Leaf 24  
bk.

naught of  
Macedonia,  
for it was a  
barren and  
little land.

Alex-  
ander's  
knights are  
troubled at  
the letter.

He tells  
them  
Eastern  
folks are  
like wild  
beasts  
trusting  
but in their  
strength.

Alex-  
ander's  
letter to  
Porus.  
Porus'  
words have  
stirred on  
the Greeks  
to win so  
great and  
fruitful a  
land as  
India, as  
well as to  
crush  
Porus'  
pride.  
For Porus  
is but a

was noȝte of powere to agaynstande þe vertu of meñ of Inde. And þarefore, or any schame or mischeffe com̄ to þe; we con-  
sell the & commandeȝ the, þat in all þe haste þat þou may, þou  
tourne hame agayne to thyne awenð lande. Fore wele þou 4  
knewes, þat, bi-fore ȝerxes was kynge of Perse, þe macedoynes  
gaffe tribute tiȝt Inde. Bot, by-cause þat þaire lande es  
barayne & vnprofitable, & na thyngȝ þer-in plesande tiȝt a  
kynge: þe meñ of Inde sett noȝte þare-by. For ilke a mañ, 8  
desyres mare a large lande & a plenteuous: þan \*a strayte lande  
& a barayne. And þarefore, ȝitt the thirde tourne, I comaunde  
the that þou tourne hame to thyne awenð lande. And neuer, in  
thi lyfe, couette to hafe Lordschipe þare þou may nane gete.' 12

<sup>1</sup> When þis lettre was comeñ tiȝt Alexander, he gerte rede it  
be-fore all meñ. And when his knyghtis hadd' herde þe tenour  
of þis lettre, þay were trublede. And Alexander sayde vn-to  
þam: 'My wirchippfull knyghtis,' quop he, 'late noȝte ȝour 16  
hertis be trublede ne fered' for Porus lettre. Hafe ȝe noȝte in  
mynde, wit how grete pride Darius wrate vn-tiȝt vs dyuerse  
tymes? I say ȝow sotheley þat all þe folke of thyse Este parties  
hase þaire hertis & þaire wittis lyke vn-to þe bestes þat þay 20  
duellē wit-all, þat es at say, Tygres, Pardes, & oþer wilde  
bestis, wilke full selden ere slaenð of meñ, and þare-fore þay  
triste all in þaire strengthe.' And when Alexander hade said  
thir wordes, he garte writte a lettre vn-to Porus kynge of Inde 24  
whare-of this was the tenour.

<sup>2</sup> 'Kyng of kynges and lorde of lordes, Alexander þe soñ of  
godd' Amoñ & þe quene Olympias, vn-to Porus we sende. Þou  
hase scharpede oure wittes, & gyffē vs hardynesse for to feghte 28  
agaynes þe, whare þou says þat macedoyne es bot a littiȝt lande  
& barayne of all thyng þat gude es. And Inde, þou says, es  
large, & plenteuous of all gudeȝ & reches. And þare-fore we  
saȝt enforce vs to feghte wit the at all oure myghte, for to con- 32  
quere thi landȝ þat, þou sais, es so full of reches. And, for  
þou haldeȝ vs pouer, & of na reputaciō, þare-fore we desire  
for to ascende to þe heghte of thi majestie. And also þare þou  
says, þat noȝte allanly vn-to meñ, bot also vn-to goddeȝ þou erte 36  
emperour, I saȝt come to the, for to feght wit þe, as wit aȝ

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with miniature *W* and small *w* written alongside in the margin.

<sup>2</sup> Eleven lines blank space without either miniature or small letter at side.

haythen man full of Pompe & pride and vayne glory, & nozte  
as wit a godd. For all þe werlde may nozte <sup>1</sup>agaynstand þe  
wrethe of a godd. Þer-fore, seþ þe elementis of this aere, þat  
4 es at say Thunners, leuenyngez and water, may nozte bere þe  
indygnacion of goddez, how schulde þaþ dedely meþ mowe  
agaynstande paire wrethe? And þare-fore I late the \* wele  
witte þat þi founde proudd speche trubbleþ me nozte ne mouez  
8 me neuer a dele.'

heathen  
man full of  
pride.  
He  
threatens  
him with  
the wrath  
of the gods.

\* Leaf 25.

<sup>2</sup> When Porus hadd þis lettre, he was wondere wrathe &  
assemblede a grete Oste of meþ, and a grete multitude of  
Olyphanntes wit þe whilke þe meþ of Inde ere wount for to  
12 feghte, and went agaynes Alexander. This Oste of Porus was  
rizte grete & strange, for þare ware þer in xiiij. cartes of were  
and viij<sup>c</sup> Oliphanntez, and ilk an Olyphante hadd a toure of tree  
apouþ his bakke, & in ilke a toure xxx meþ. Þare ware also  
16 oper feghting meþ on horse and on fote wit-owten nowmer.  
And when þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes sawe þe grete  
multitude bathe of meþ & of Olyphaunteþ, þay were fered, &  
gretely stonayde. Neuer þe lesse, bathe þe partyes ordayned  
20 þaþ to bateþ, and arayed þaire bateþs, Alexander on his syde,  
and Porus on his syde. And Alexander lepe vp-on his horse  
Buktiphalas & prikkede bi-fore all his meþ, and comanded,  
þat þe Medoynes & þe persyenes sulde firste begynþ to feghte.  
24 And so þay did; & hym selfe wit þe grekes, and þe macedoynes  
stode on þe toþer syde, redy to succour þaþ when myster ware.  
And for þe Olyphaunteþ also, Alexander gert make suylike aþ  
ordynance. He gert make xxiiij ymageþ of brasse, and gert fiþ  
28 þaþ full of dry wodde. And he gerte make also cartes of yreþ,  
for to bere thir ymageþ before þe Olyphaunteþ and when þe  
Osteþ came nere to-gedir he gert sett fyre in þe wodd þat was in  
þe ymages. And when þe Olyphaunteþ saw þir ymages, þay  
32 wende þat þay hadd bene meþ and schott owte þaire groynes,  
as þay were wount for to do for tiþ hafe weryed þaþ. And  
alsone thurgh þe grete hete, þay were brynned and thaþ thay  
gaffe bakke, & fledd for drede to brynne þayre groynes. And  
36 þare-fore þe meþ þat were abowþ in þe toures myghte nozte  
wyþ to for to feghte. And when Porus saw that he was reghte

Porus is  
angered at  
the letter  
and  
gathers a  
great army  
with  
elephants.  
Its  
numbers  
and array.

Alex-  
ander's  
allies are  
startled by  
the appear-  
ance of the  
elephants  
and the  
Indian  
army.

Alex-  
ander's  
device for  
over-  
coming the  
elephants.

<sup>1</sup> *agaynstand* written in the margin, with a  
mark of insertion over against it in the text.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines space with red capital *W*.  
Small *w* in margin next it.

The allies  
begin the  
battle and  
fight for  
thirty  
days.  
When ex-  
hausted  
they are re-

\* Leaf 25  
bk.

placed by  
the Greeks  
and Mace-  
donians.

Utter de-  
feat of the  
Indians  
and flight  
of Porus.

Siege and  
capture of  
Porus' city.  
The riches  
of Porus'  
palace.

The walls  
were plated  
with gold  
an inch  
thick.

The palace  
gates were  
of ivory  
and ebony.

The won-  
ders of the  
hall. The  
golden  
birds that  
sang as  
though  
alive.

sary. þaṇ þe Medoynes & þe persyenes, wit arowes and speres & oper dyuerse wapynes of werre, slewe thykfalce of þe meṇ of Inde. And thus þay faghte contenuelly xxx<sup>ti</sup> days, & mekiṯ pople of bathe þe parties ware dede. And at þe laste þe 4 Medoynes, & þe persyenes, begaṇ faste for to fayle. And when Alexander saw that, he was wondere wrathe, and entrede in-to þe bateṯṯe, sittand on his horse Buctiphalas, \*and faghte mann-fully, & þe grekes & þe macedoynes wit hym. And his horse 8 also helped hym gretely. And thaṇ belyfe þe Indynes begaṇ gretely for to fayle. And when Porus saw that he turned þe bakke & fledd. And þaṇ þe Indynes þat ware leste oṇ lyfe fledd also. And Alexander lugeṯ hym thare wit his Oste and 12 made Sacrafice tiṯṯ his goddeꝝ and commaunded for to bery þe dedd bodys, bathe of Indynes & of þe persyenes & þe Macedoynes.

<sup>1</sup> Sone after, apōṇ a day, Alexander ensegedd Porus citee & 16 wanṇ it, and went in-tiṯṯ Porus Palace, whare-In he fande <sup>2</sup> mare reches þaṇ any maṇ wiṯṯ trowe. For he fande þare-in xṯ pelers of Massy golde, ilkaṇ of a grete thikness & a grete lenthe, wit paire chapytraṯṯes. And bitwene þe pelers of golde, 20 ware hyngande venetteꝝ of golde & syluere, wit leues of golde. And þe brawncheꝝ of this venett ware suṇ of cristalle, suṇ of Margariteꝝ, suṇ of Smaragdes, & suṇ of Onyches, and þay semed as þay hade bene verray vynes. þe walles also of þe 24 palace ware couerde aṯ ouer wit plates of golde, þe whilke when þe Macedoynes cutte in soundre & brakke, þay fande þat þay ware a gret ynche thikke. And þir walles ware sett full of diuerse precious stanes, þat es at say, of charebuncles, Smaragdes, 28 Margarites & Amatistes. And þe ȝates of þe Palace ware of Euour wonder whitt, & þe bandeꝝ of þaṇ, & þe legges of Ebene. þe chambirs, also, of þis Palace, were aṯ of Cipresse, and þe beddeꝝ in þaṇ ware sett full of Margariteꝝ, Smaragdeꝝ, & 32 charebuncles. þe hauf, also, of þis Palace, was sett full of ymages of golde, & bi-twiṯ þaṇ stode perlatanes of golde, in þe branches of whilke þare were many manners of fewles & ilke a fewle was colourede, & paynted after his kynde asked, þe 36 bekes of þaṇ, & þe clowes ware aṯ of fyne golde. And ay,

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital ornate S, and small s in margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> MS. repeats *he fande* twice.

when Porus liste, thir fewles thurgh crafte of music walde syng after paire kynde askede & was. He fande also in þat Palace veselles wit-owten nowmer, sum of golde, sum of Cristalle, 4 Sum of oper maneres of precyouse stanes, sum of Suluere, and þat all maner of vesell þat men sulde be serued offe. Bot þare were bot fewe of þam of Siluere.

The riches of the treasury. There is but little silver.

<sup>1</sup> Fra thethynd, Alexander remowede his Oste & come to þe 8 gates of Caspee, and þare he lused hym. It was a noble lande & a gude. Bot þare ware þare-In many maners \* of nedders and of wilde bestez. Fra þeine Alexander sent a lettre till Talifride quene of Amazon, of þis tenour.

\* Leaf 26.

12 <sup>2</sup> Kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordes, Alexander, þe son of godd Amōn, & þe quene Olympias, vn-to Talifride þe quene of Amazon, ioy. The grete Bataylles þat we hafe hadd wit kyng Darius, & how we hafe conquered all his rewme, and his 16 lordchipes, we trowe be noghte unknawen vn-to 3ow. And also how we hafe foghten with Porus þe kyng of Inde & his cheeffe citee wonnen. And also wit many oper folkes, & þay ware neuer of powere to agaynstande vs, þe whilke we suppose 20 be nozte vnknawen vn-to 3owe. Wherefore we sende 3ow worde, & commande 3ow, þat 3e sende vs tribute, if 3e will þat wee com nozte to 3ow to do 3ow disesse.'

Alexander's letter to the Queen of the Amazons mentioning his victories and demanding tribute.

And vn-to this lettre Talifride made ansuere by lettre one this 24 wyse.

<sup>3</sup> Talyfride quene of Amazon wit oper grete ladys of oure rewme, vn-till Alexander, kyng of Macedoyne, joy. We hafe wele herde telle of þe hye witt þat es in the, thurgh whilke þou 28 hase in mynde thynges þat ere passede, and dispose thynges þat ere present, and knawe thynges þat ere to come. Avyse the wele þarefore are þou come till vs, what trebulacionnez & disesse may falle the in thi comynge. For þare was neuer 32 nane 3it þat werreyed agayne vs þat ne he had schame þare-offe at þe ende. And þarefore take hede to thi last ende. For grete schame it es till a wyse man thurgh indiscrecion to falle in mescheffe. Bot if it be lykyng to þe, to knawe our con- 36 uersacyon, and oure habitacion, we declare it vn-to þe be oure

The answer of the Queen of the Amazons. She has heard of his victory. She warns him of the danger of attacking the Amazons.

She describes their land

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with miniature capital F and small f beside in the margin.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with ornate capital K and small k in margin beside.

<sup>3</sup> Twelve lines space for miniature which is lacking. Written in the margin is 'Regina Talibus cum duabus astantibus'.

and their  
manners.  
They are in  
an island  
girdled  
round by a  
river. The  
men dwell  
on the  
other side  
of the river.  
How they  
breed their  
kind.

\* Leaf 26  
bk.

How they  
ride to war.

Their hus-  
bands  
honour  
them at  
their re-  
turn. They  
will fight  
Alexander,  
who will  
get no  
honour  
through  
victory over  
women, but  
rather if he  
be over-  
thrown, to  
the women  
shall it be  
great  
honour, to  
him great  
shame.  
Alexander  
laughs and  
sends them  
another  
letter, tell-  
ing them  
that he has  
conquered  
three parts  
of the  
world and  
never been  
withstood.

present *lettres*, *pat* oure *habitacio*n es in ane *Ile*, *pat* es closede  
abowte wit a grete reuer *pat* no<sup>per</sup> hase bygynnyng nor  
endynnge. Bot on a syde we hafe a straye entree. And the  
nowmer of women *pat* duellez *per-in* es cexiiii<sup>m</sup> *pat* ere nozte 4  
fild wit me<sup>n</sup>. For oure husbandez duellez nozte amangez vs  
ne no no<sup>per</sup> ma<sup>n</sup>, Bot on *pe* to<sup>per</sup> syde of *pe* reuer. And ilke  
a zere we make a solempne feste in the wirchipe of Iubiter  
xxx days. And *pa*n we go till oure husbandez, and duellez 8  
wit *pa*n o<sup>per</sup> xxx dayes & hase oure luste and oure disporte  
\* to-gedir as kynde askes. And if any of vs consayfe & bere  
a childe if it be a male *pe* modere kepis it seuē zere and  
tha<sup>n</sup> sendez it to *pe* fadere. And if scho bere a mayde<sup>n</sup> 12  
childe *pe* moder haldez it wit hir & techez it oure maners.  
Whe<sup>n</sup> we goo to werre agayne zoure enemys we ere c<sup>m</sup> rydand<sup>r</sup>  
one horse wele armede. And su<sup>m</sup> of vs hase bowes & arowes,  
and su<sup>m</sup> speres, and o<sup>per</sup> diuerse wapyne. And *pe* remanent 16  
kepez oure *Ile*. And whe<sup>n</sup> we come wit the victorie oure  
husbandez does vs grete wirchipe. And *pare*-fore if *po*u come  
agaynes vs we late the witt *pat* we will feghte wit the at all  
oure myzte. And if it happen<sup>n</sup> *pat* *po*u hafe *pe* victory of vs, 20  
wirchipe sa<sup>ll</sup> it nane be to the bi-cause *po*u hase discomfit  
women. And if we discomfit the, it sa<sup>ll</sup> be an heghe wirchippe  
till vs, *pat* we may discomfit so wirchipfull an emperour; and  
to the it sa<sup>ll</sup> be a hye reproue. Where-fore we sygnifie vn-to 24  
*pe* by oure *lettres* *pat* *po*u come nozte agaynes vs for sekerly  
*pare* may grete dysese come *pare*-offe, *pat* *pera*uenture *po*u  
knauez nozte now offe at *pis* tymme.'

Whe<sup>n</sup> Alexander hadd<sup>r</sup> redd<sup>r</sup> *pis* *lettre*, he bega<sup>n</sup> to lawghe. 28  
And onane he garte writte ano<sup>per</sup> *lettre*, and sent it to  
Talyfride, whare-offe *pe* tenour was this.

<sup>1</sup> 'Alexander kyng of kynges and of lordez, the so<sup>n</sup> of godd<sup>r</sup>  
Amon & *pe* qwene Olympias, to Talyfride quene of Amazon 32  
and *pe* o<sup>per</sup> ladys of *pe* same rewme: ioy. We late zow weite  
*pat* thre parties of *pe* werlde, *pat* es to say, Asye, Affric, &  
Europe we hafe conquered and made subiects vn-till vs, & *pare*  
was neuer nane of *pa*n *pat* myzte agaynstande oure powere. 36  
And if we now suld nozte be of powere, to feghte with zowe  
it ware ane heghe schame till us. Neuer-*pe*-lesse for als mekill

<sup>1</sup> Thirteen lines blank space for a miniature.

als we lufe *your conuersacioñ* we consell pat *ze come*<sup>1</sup> forth of  
*your Ile & your husbondez* wit *zow*, and appere in oure  
 presence. For we swere *zow* bi god Amoñ oure Fader, & by  
 4 all oure goddez pat *ze sail* hafe na disesse of vs. Bot gyffez vs  
 sumwhat in name of tribute and we schaff fynd *zow* and *zoure*  
*Amazonns* pat come \* wit *zow* horse ynowe. And when *zou*  
 listees for to wende hame agayne, *ze schaff* hafe gude leue.  
 8 And when *pe Amazons* hadd redd<sup>t</sup> *pis lettre*, *pay* went to  
 consell, and thoghte it was beste for to ascent vn-till hym.  
 And *pañ* *pay* sent hym x stedes *pe beste* pat myzte be funden  
 in any cuntree, and x oþer horse *pe beste* pat myzte be geten,  
 12 and a grete sum of golde. And Talifride hir selfe and oþer  
 ladys wit hir went un-till hym, and accorded<sup>t</sup> wit hym, and  
 went hame agayne, wonder glade and blythe.

<sup>2</sup> In *pe mene tyme* it was talde Alexander, pat Porus, *pe kyng*  
 16 of Inde, was in Bactriceñ, and assembled a grete Oste for to  
 feghte eftsonns wit hym. And when Alexander herde this, he  
 remowede his Oste, and chese owte c.l of duyercs pat knewe *pe*  
 cuntree, for to hafe *pe gouernance* of his Oste, and to lede *pañ*  
 20 seurlly thurgh pat strange cuntree. In *pe Monethe* of Auguste,  
 when *pe son* es maste hate, *pay* bigañ for to take *paire iournee*.  
 And thay went thurgh a dry cuntree, sandye, & wit-owtten  
 water. And nedlyngez *pañ* byhoued<sup>t</sup> wende armede, *pare* was  
 24 so grete plentee of neddys, and crueft<sup>3</sup> wylde bestes. For  
 thies forsaid gydez ware mare fauorable to Porus, *pañ* till  
 Alexander & his Oste, and *pare-fore* *pay* ledd<sup>t</sup> *pañ* thurgh  
 swilke barrayne and perilous cuntreez. And when Alexander  
 28 saw it schope thus, and that his consell byfore had sayd *pe sothe*,  
 pat es at say, bathe his awnñ frendez and meñ of Caspy, pat  
 conseld<sup>t</sup> hym pat he suld nozte hye hym ouerfaste, ne triste to  
 mekiñ to stranzgers; *pañ* he commanded<sup>t</sup> pat all meñ schulde  
 32 wende armed<sup>t</sup>: & so *pay* did<sup>t</sup>. And *pañ* all *pe Oste* schane rizte  
 as it had bene sternes, for sum of *paire armours* ware of golde,  
 sum of siluer, and sum of precious stanes. And when Alexander  
 saw *pe araye* of his Oste, and *paire baners* bi-fore *pañ*  
 36 Schynande so faire, he was rizte gladde. Neuer-pe-les grete  
 disese he hadd<sup>t</sup>, pat nowþer he, ne his meñ, myzte fynde na water.

He summons them before him and advises them to give tribute.

\* Leaf 27.

The Amazons assent to the terms of the letter.

Alexander moves his army against Porus through the desert in the month of August. The desert is waterless and full of snakes and wild beasts, for the guides were favourable to Porus. Alexander then remembers the wise words of his council. They all go armed, so that the whole army gleams like the stars, with banners and a shining mail.

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

<sup>2</sup> Six lines with miniature *I*, covering with

its foliage three-quarters of the margin.

<sup>3</sup> *wh* turned into *wy*.

A Macedonian knight finds water in a hollow and brings it to Alexander in his helmet. Alexander refuses it lest he alone of all go refreshed. He

\*Leaf 27 bk.

casts it down upon the rocks and goes without, so that all his followers are comforted as though they had drunken water.

On the morrow they come to a river with reeds on its banks as high as pine trees. They drink of the water; it slew many of them with a flux.

Alexander is greatly distressed, not only for his knights but also for the many beasts of burden that bear their things, and the flocks and herds that go with them.

So it felle þat a knyghte of Macedoyne þat hyzte zephilus fand water standynge in an holle stane, þat was gadird pare of þe dewe of þe heuen, the whilke þis forsaide knyghte putt in his Bacenett, & brozthe it tiſt Alexander for to drynke. And 4 Alexander saide un-tiſt hym, 'I suppose,' quop he, 'þat I drynke þis water, saſt þe Macedoynes & þe persyenes be any thyng refreschede þareby, or I saſt haſt aſt þe refreschyng be my selfe.' And he ansuerd, & saide, 'þou aſt ane lorde,' quop he, 'saſt be 8 comforthed þareby.' Quop Alexander þaȝ, 'And \* if 3e<sup>1</sup> saſt aſt perische trowes þou þat it solde be lykand to mee, for to lyfe in sorowe & disese seyng þe dedd of þe Macedoynes & þe persyenes?' And be-lyue he garte heſte downȝ þe water on þe 12 erthe be-fore aſt his meȝ. And wheȝ his knyghtis saw that, þay were hugely comforthede þare-by riȝte als Ilkaȝ of þaȝ haddȝ dronkeȝ a grete draughte of water, and þaȝ went furthe þaire waye. And oȝ þe morne, þay come tiſt a reuere whase 16 bankes was growandȝ fuȝ of grete redys & þay ware als hye as pyne-treese; 3a, for þe maste partie of xȝ fote lunge. Than baddȝ [he] that þay drawe of þe water and bryng to þe Oste. Bot aſt þat dranke þare-offe it keſte þaȝ in-tiſt a flux, and slewe 20 a grete hepe of þaȝ. For þat water was wonder ſcharpe, and als bittire als any mekiſt gyrse. Bot þaȝ was Alexander gretly diſſessedȝ & aſt his Oste noȝte allanly of þaȝ-selfe, bot also for þaire horſez & þaire beſtez þat þay leddȝ wiȝ þaȝ þe whilke bi-gaȝ 24 for to faile for thryſte. Alexander haddȝ wiȝ hym a thowsande Olyphanteȝ þat bare his golde, And foure hundreth cartes of werre and jm & cc wayneȝ. He haddȝ also in his Oste ccc<sup>m</sup> horſe meȝ and muyles & camelles witowteȝ nowmer, þat bare þaire 28 vetails, and oper thynges þat was necessarye to þe Oste; also oxenȝ and kye, ſchepe and swyne, wiȝ-owteȝ nowmer, þe whilke perischt for defaute of drynke. Sumȝ of Alexander knyghtes lykkedȝ Ireȝ, Sumȝ dranke oyle, & sum ware at so grete meſchefe 32 þat þay dranke þaire aweȝ stalyng. And thare was so grete habundance of nedders & oper venymous beſteez, þat þaȝ by-houedȝ nedeȝ traueſſe armedȝ, and þat was a grete nuy to þaȝ & aȝ heghe disese. Þaȝ was Alexander wonder<sup>2</sup> ſorye & namely 36 for þe disese þat his Oste ſuffrede.

<sup>1</sup> On first side of leaf 27 *3e sall* is written, but on the second side *3e ſchal*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. undoubtedly reads *worder*, but one must substitute *wonder*.

<sup>1</sup> And as þay went endlande þis reuere, abowte þe viii houre  
of þe day, þay come till a castell þat stode in a littill Ile in þis  
forsaid ryuere; And this castell was made of þe forsaide redeȝ.  
4 þe brede of this ryuer was foure furlange lenth. And in þat  
castell þay sawe a few men. And þan Alexander bad his men  
spirre þan þat ware in þe castell in þe langage of Inde where  
þay myghte fynde any swete watir able for to drynke. And  
8 also soñ als þay spake to þan þay with-drewe þan & hidd.  
And Alexander gerte schotte arowes in-to þe castell and þan  
þay hidd þan wele þe mare. And when Alexander saw \*that  
þay walde one na wyse speke wit hym, he hadd a certane of his  
12 knyghtes nakne þan & swyme ouer þe water to þe castell. And  
þan xxxvii balde knyghtis & hardy of Macedoyne nakned þan,  
and tuke ilkan of þan a swerde in his hande & went in-to þe  
water & swame it to þay were passede þe ferthe parte þare-offe.  
16 And sodeynly thare rase oute of þe water a grete multitude  
of besteȝ, þat ere called ypotaynes, grettere of body than an  
olyphant, and deuored thir knyghtis euer-ilkanne. And þan  
was Alexander rizte sare greuede, and be-lyfe garte take þe  
20 forsaide guydeȝ cl & caste þan in-to þe water. And onane  
þe ypotaynes deuored þan.

And Alexander thoghte it was noȝte spedfull langare to stryffe  
wit thase monstres, and garte tromppe vp and remowed his  
24 Oste fra þeine, and went so all þat day wondere wery for thriste.  
And also þay hadd grete disese & nuye of wilde <sup>2</sup> Beste þat come  
apon þan, þat es to say, of lyones, beres, vnycornes, tygres,  
and pardeȝ, wit þe whilke þay faughte & grete traueff hade.  
28 <sup>3</sup> And as þay went on þis wyse wit grete angere & disese  
aboute þe elleued houre þay saw a littill bate in þe riuer made  
of rede and men rowande þare-in. And Alexander gert spirre  
þan in þe langage of Inde, where þay myȝte fynde any fresche  
32 water. And þay talde where & schewed þan a place a littill  
þeine where-in þay saide þay scholde fynde a grete staunke of  
swete water and gude. And þan Alexander & hys Oste went  
all aboute þat ryuere, & come till þis forsaide stanke and lugged  
36 þan aboute it. And Alexander comanded þat þay sulde felle

In what  
fearful  
ways his  
knights try  
to quench  
their  
thirst.  
Going  
along the  
banks they  
come to a  
little isle  
with a  
castle,

\* Leaf 28.

wherein are  
men who  
will give  
them no  
answer.  
Alexander  
bids  
certain of  
his knights  
swim the  
stream.  
They swim  
the river,  
but are de-  
voured by  
hippopo-  
tami.  
Alexander  
throws the  
guides into  
the river  
and they  
are de-  
voured  
also.  
They travel  
onwards  
greatly  
worried by  
wild beasts.  
At the  
eleventh  
hour they  
meet a  
small boat  
whose crew  
direct them  
to a great  
pond of  
freshwater.  
They camp  
round the

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with miniature *A* and small  
*a* written in MS. margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> *of* deleted by the scribe before *Beste*.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines with red capital *A* and  
small *a* in the MS. margin beside.

pond. Alexander bids that they fell a great wood of huge reeds that grow around it.

When the moon rises a great crowd of scorpions come down to drink. And there come snakes also and many-hued dragons. These have crested heads with

\* Leaf 28 bk.

golden breasts and open mouths.

Their breath slew any quick thing it smote upon and out of their eyes came fiery flames.

Alexander comforts his frightened knights.

Alexander shows how to fight them with nets, and slays many of them.

How many men of

Alexander fell thereby.

The wondrous crabs that then attack them.

Then come white Lions

a wodd' þat growed' faste þare-by three myle on lenthe, & allis mekil' on brede. Þat wodde was all of þe redez þat I spak of bi-fore, and þe stanke was a myle oñ lenth. Þañ Alexander comanded' þat þay sulde make many fires in þe Oste, and gerte 4 trompe to þe mete. And alsoñ þe mone be-gañ to schynne þare come a grete multitude of scorpyons to-warde þe stanke for to take þañ a drynke. And þañ þare come oper manere of nedders, and dragones wonder grete of dyuerse colours. 8 And all þat cuntree resounned' of þe noyse & þe hissingeþ þat þay made. Þir dragones come dounne fra þe hye moun-taynes for to drynke of þe stanke, and þay hadd' crestis one þaire heddeþ & þaire bresteþ ware bryghte lyk golde, & þaire 12 mowthes open. Þaire aande slewe any qwik thyng þat it smate apoñ, and oute of þaire eghne þare come flammes of fyre. And when Alexander & his Oste saw þañ þay ware riþt \*fered' for þañ. For þay wende þay schulde hafe weried' þañ 16 ilkañ. And þañ Alexander comforted' þañ and saide vn-to þañ: 'Mi wirchipufl' knyghtes,' quop he, 'bees nozte agaste of þañ, bot does ilkane as þe see me do.' And þañ he tuk a nett & sett it bi-twixe hym & þañ and tuke his schelde & his spere 20 & faughte wit þañ manfully. And when his knyghtes saw þat þay ware gretly comforted' & be-lyfe tuke þaire wapynneþ & didd' als þay sawe Alexander doo, and slewe of þañ a grete multitude, whatt thurgh dyuerse wapynneþ, what in þaire fyres. 24 And of Alexander knyghtes þe dragones slewe xxti & xxxti fotemen. After þañ, þare come owte of þe forsaide wodde of redeþ, Crabbes of a wonderufl' greteness; and þaire bakkes ware harder þañ cocadrilleþ. And when þe knyghtis smate þañ one 28 þe bakkes wit þaire speres, þay myzte nozte perche þañ, ne na harme do þañ. Neuer-þe-lesse þay slewe many of þañ in þaire Fires and þe remenant of þañ gatt in-to þe staunke. And aboute þe sexte houre of þe nyghte þare come apoñ þañ whytt 32 lyones grettere þañ Bulles, and þay schoke þaire heuedeþ at þañ & grete manace made in þaire manere. Þañ þe knyghtes keped' þañ in þaire nettis and slew þam. After this þare com apoñ þañ þañ a grete multitude of swynne þat ware all of a 36 wonderufl' mekilness, wit tuskes of a cubett lenthe. And wit þañ þare come wilde men & women of þe whilke ilkañ hadd' sex hende. Bot Alexander & his knyghtes keped' þañ in þaire

- nettis & slewe many of þam. And on þis wyse *Alexander* & his Oste was gretly diseseð. þam comanded *Alexander* þat þay schuld make many fyres wit-owtten þe Oste aboute þe stanke.
- 4 After this þare come apouð þam a wondere grete beste, grettere & strangere þan aȝ Olyphaunt, and he hadde in his frunte three lange hornes. And he was schapen lyke a horse & he was all blakke. And þis beste was called in þe langage of Inde
- 8 'Anddontrucion'. And or he went to þe water at drynke, he assailed þe Oste. Bot *Alexander* went here & þare amange þe oste & comforthed þam. This ilke beste slewe of his knyghtes xxviiij and bare donne lij and at þe laste it felle in þe nettis and
- 12 was slayne. After þis þare come oute of þe redeȝ a grete multitude of mysȝ als grete als foxes, and ete up þe dede bodys. Þare was na qwike thyngȝ, þat þay bate þat ne also son it dyed. Bot harme did þay nane \*to þe oste. þam come þare flyande
- 16 amange þam bakkes, grettere þam wilde dowfes, and þaire tethe ware lyke men-tethe. And þay didd men mekil dise and hurte many men. Of sum þay bate offe þe nese; of sum þe eres. In þe mornenyng arely þare come many fewlis als
- 20 grete as wlturs, reed of colour, and þaire fete & þaire bekes all blakke. Bot þay didd na dise to þe oste, bot went to þe stanke-syde & drewe fisches & eleȝ oute of þe water, & ete þam.
- 24 <sup>1</sup> þan lefte *Alexander* þir perilous placeȝ, and come wit his Oste, in-to þe cuntree of *Bactrice*, þe whilke was full of golde & oper reches. And þe men of þe cuntree resayfed hym benyngly & wirchipfully and gaffe hym and his Oste grete giftes.
- 28 And þare he habade xxti dayes. In þat cuntree þay sawe trees þat, in-stedde of leues, bare wolfe; þe whilke folkeȝ of þe cuntree gaderd & made clathe þare-offe. þe knyghtes of *Alexander* wex wonder balde & strange of hert because of
- 32 þe victoryes þay hadd wonne of þe wilde besteȝ before neuenned.
- <sup>2</sup> Fra thethyn, *Alexander* remowed his Oste and come to þe place whare *Porus* lay wit þe folke þat he hadd assembled.
- 36 And one þe morne bathe *Alexander* and *Porus* tuke þaire grounde & arayed þaire batells for to feghte. And than

greater than bulls. Then follow huge swine with great tusks. And with them six-handed men and women. They make great fires around the pond. Then comes a horselike beast greater than an elephant. *Alexander* again

\* Leaf 29.

rallies his men. It slays many, but is at last slain. Mice as big as foxes eat up the dead bodies. Whatsoever they bit at once died. Then come bats greater than wild doves. They march into *Bactria* where they are well received. The wool-bearing trees. The knights take courage because of the strange beasts they

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red ornate capital p, but small t scribbled in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines space with red capital S and small s written in the margin beside.

have conquered.  
The armies  
of Porus  
and Alexander  
are arrayed  
against  
each other.  
The Indians  
fall heavily.  
Porus  
challenges  
Alexander  
to single  
combat.  
The king-  
ship of the  
nations to  
abide by  
the out-  
come.  
For Porus  
being a  
great man  
scorned  
Alexander.

\* Leaf 29  
bk.

Porus hits  
Alexander  
on the  
head.

Alexander  
slays Porus  
by a trick.  
The Indians  
fight  
on for their  
dead king.  
Alexander  
chides  
them for  
fighting  
when their  
leader is  
dead.

Alexander  
bespeaks  
them peace  
and surety.

They are  
right glad  
and wor-

Alexander lepped apou his horse Buktiphalas and went bifore his Oste & þaṇ þay trumpede up & þe batell̃s joyned̃ sameṇ, & faghte to-gedir riȝte sare. Bot þe Indienes fell̃ thikfalde in þe batell̃ as corne dose in þe felde be-fore þe sythe. 4  
<sup>1</sup> And when Porus saw that, he went and stode bi-fore all̃ his meṇ, and cryed̃ vn-till̃ Alexander, & saide on this wyse: 'It sitteȝ noȝte till̃ an emperour,' quop he, 'to lose his meṇ þus in vayne. Bot it sitteȝ till̃ hym for to determyne his 8 cause with his awenñ handeȝ. And þarefore late thi folke stand still̃ on þe ta syde, & myṇ on þe toper & late the & me feghte to gedir hand̃ for hand̃. And if it happeñ þat þou ouer-come me, my folke & I saff̃ be subiecteȝ vn-to þe. And <sup>12</sup> if I ouer come the, thañ thou & thi folkeȝ be subiecteȝ vn-to me.' Thir wordeȝ said Porus dispysand̃ Alexander, bi-cause þat he was a maṇ of littill̃ stature. For he was bot three cubites hye, & Porus was fyfe cubetes hye & mare. And þare- <sup>16</sup> fore he traysted̃ hym all̃ in strenghe of his body, noȝte knawande þe vertu & þe hardnes þat was hidd̃ in Alexander.  
 \*And than bathe þe osten stode still̃ ant lete þe twa kynges feghte sameṇ, Porus gaffe Alexander a grete str[a]ke <sup>20</sup> oñ þe hede, & was in poynte to hafe felled̃ hym. And theñ Porus knyghtes sett vp a grete Schowte. And Porus tourned̃ hym to þaṇ-warde for to reprove þaṇ for þaire schowtting. And Alexander went till̃ hym manfully & tuke his swerd̃ in <sup>24</sup> bathe his handeȝ & lete flye at hym & hitt̃ hym fullbott one þe heued̃ & slew hym. And wheñ þe Indienes saw that þay bi-gan scharply for to fighte wit Alexander & his oste. Vn-to whayme Alexander spake & sayde: 'Wrechis,' quop he, <sup>28</sup> 'wharto feghte ȝe seṇ ȝour kynges es dede. Wate ȝe noȝte wele that thare na gouernour es þe folke are sparpled̃ be-lyfe als schepe þat ere wit-owtteñ ane hirde.' Þe Indienes ansuerd̃ & saide: 'Vs es leuer,' quop þay, 'fighte manfully, and dye in the <sup>32</sup> felde, þaṇ for to see þe dissolacioṇ of oure folke, and oure lande be destroyed̃ & wasted!' 'Leues ȝour feghtynge,' quop Alexander, ' & wendeȝ hame to ȝour howseȝ pesaybly & seurely. For I swere ȝow bi oure goddeȝ, if ȝee will̃ do so, ȝe saff̃ hafe no harme, ne <sup>36</sup> ȝour lande saff̃ noȝte be destroyed̃ ne spoyled̃, bicause þat ȝe hafe foghten so manfully for ȝour kynges.' And wheñ þe Indienes

<sup>1</sup> Robert Louson is scribbled here in the right-hand margin.

herde thir wordes þay keste fra þam þaire wapynez & thanked Alexander and wirchiped him riȝte als he hadd bene a godd. Than kyng Alexander lugeð hym þare & his Oste wit hym, & he command to bery þe dede corsez þat ware slayne in þe Bateñ, and offred sacrafice tiȝt his goddez. Also he garte Entere Porus þe kyng of Inde wirchipfully.

<sup>1</sup>Fra thethynd Alexander remowed his Oste & come tiȝt a cuntree þat was called Oxidraces. The folkes of þat cuntree are wonder Symple men, and noȝte prowde, & þay are called Gumnosophiste. Þay feghte neuer mare ne stryfes. Þay ga alway naked, & citez ne townnez hafe þay nane, Bot duellez in lugez & in caues. When þe kyng of þis folke herd teȝt of þe commyng of Alexander he wrate a lettre, & sent vn-tiȝt hym whare-offe this was the tenour.

<sup>2</sup>\* 'The coruptible Gumnosophist vn-tiȝt Alexander a man wee wryte. We here teȝt þat þou commez to werre apou vs, whare of we merueylle vs gretly. For wit vs saȝt þou fynd nathyng þat þou may spoyle vs offe. For we hafe na thyng elles amangez vs, bot allanly whare with we may sustene oure wafull bodys. What may þou þan take fra vs. Bot if þou come for to feght wit vs, feghte on. For I late the wele witt, þat oure symplenes wiȝt we on na wyse lefe.' When Alexander had redd this lettre he sent ane ansuere agayne on this wyse. 'Paisably,' quop he, 'wiȝt we com to ȝow and no violence do ȝow.' And þan he wente in-to þe cuntree whare þay duelled. And he saw þam ga naked & duelle in luges & in caues, & þaire wyfes & þaire childre away fra þam, walkand wit wilde bestez. And he hadd grete marueylle, & asked þam if þay hadd any oper howsez. And þay ansuerde & said, 'Nay. Bot in thir holettez duelle we alwaye & in þir caues.' And Alexander commendid gretely þaire symplenesse, and bad þam aske hym whate-so þay walde. And þay ansuerd & sayde, 'Gyffe vs,' quop þay, 'vndedlynnesse, so þat we mow noȝte dye; for oper reches couet we nane.' Quop Alexander, 'I am dedely my selfe, how þan may I giffe ȝou vndedlynnes?' And when þay herd hym say soo þan þay ansuerd & sayde on this wyse. 'A, A, wreched man,' quop þay, 'whare to wendez þou þus

ship Alexander as a god.  
King Alexander offers sacrifice and buries Porus worshipfully.  
King Alexander comes to the Gymnosophists, a strange people.

\* Leaf 30.  
The letter of their king to Alexander, telling him he has naught to win of them.

Alexander commends them and comes peaceably to them.  
He sees them leading the life of nature.

He admires their ways greatly and offers them a boon.  
They ask for deathlessness.  
They chide him for his ambition when they

<sup>1</sup> Five lines with red capital *F* and small *f* written in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *T*.

hear he  
also must  
die.  
He says he  
is driven  
on to con-  
quer by the  
might of  
God, which  
will not  
allow him  
to rest. He  
goes  
thence.

He comes  
to the  
pillars of  
Hercules,  
which are  
statues,

\* Leaf 30  
bk.

one of gold  
and one of  
silver.

He finds  
them  
hollow and  
puts money  
therein.

He  
marches  
thence into  
a cold and  
mirky wil-  
derness.

They come  
to a great  
river, on the  
other side  
of which  
are fair  
women

foully clad,  
who bear  
weapons of  
silver since  
other metal  
have they  
none.  
There were  
no men  
amongst  
them.

about, & quellez so many men, & soo many ilke dediz dooes  
sen pou wate wele pat pou saff dye.' 'For sothe,' quop he, 'pe  
cause whi I do it es of pe prouydence of godd. For hys  
mynystre I am, doand pe commandement of hym. 3ee wate 4  
wele pat pe see es nozte trubbled of hym selfe. Bot when pe  
wynde entres in-till hym, pañ it stirrez hym & troublez hym.  
I walde hafe ristedd and lefte all werre. Bot pare es anoper  
spyryte & suffres it nozte be in reste.' And when Alexander 8  
hadde said thir wordez he lefte pañ & went till anoper  
cuntree.

<sup>1</sup> Anoper day, he come wit his Oste till a place wharee twa  
ymagez ware, pe whilke Ercules gart make & sett in pat place. 12  
And pe tane of pañ was of fyne golde and pe toper of fyne  
Siluere, & the lenthe of aythir of pañ was twa cubettis.  
When Alexander saw pir ymagez, \* he gert perche<sup>2</sup> pañ for  
to witt, wheper pay ware holle or massy. And he fand 16  
pat pay were a party hofte. And he garte stoppe pe hole  
agayne and putt in pañ a thowsande nobles, & fyve hundreth.  
And fra peine he remowed his Oste, and entrede in-till  
a wildirnesse calde & myrk, so pat pay myghte vnnethes a 20  
kawe anoper or see anoper. And fra thythin pay went seuē  
daye iournee and entred in-till a wildirnesse, and come till  
a grete reuere. And bi-3onde pat riuer pay saw wonder faire  
& wele vesaged women cled in foule clethyng & horrible; and 24  
pay hadd in paire handez wapne made all of siluere, bicause  
pay hadd noper Ireñ ne stele. And pay rade one horse. And  
men saw pay nane amangez pañ. And when pe Oste walde  
hafe passede ouer this ryuere, pay myzte nozte be cause it was 28  
rizte brade and full of dragones and oper monstres.

<sup>3</sup> Fra thethin pay went aboute towardez pe lefte party of<sup>4</sup>  
Inde and come till a dry Marras full of gret redez. And as  
pay passed thurgh pat Marras, be-lyue pare come owte of pe 32  
rede a beste lyke ane ypotayne, whase breste was lyke to pe  
cocadrille, and his bakke lyk a sawe, and his tethe wonder  
grete, & als scharpe as a suerde; bot in his gangyng he was

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Bottom of leaf 30 right-hand side reads as above *gert perche*; top of leaf 30 turning over to the left-hand side reads *garte*

*perche*.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* written in the margin beside.

<sup>4</sup> MS. of twice.

als slaw als a snyle. And, in his oute-come, he slew twa knyghtis of *Alexander*. This ilke beste myȝte pay on na wyse perche wit paire speres. Bot wit mellis of yreñ pay slew it.

They come to a dry morass and meet a terrible beast. They come to the uttermost isles of India. There come a great multitude of elephants against them. But Alexander overcomes them by a trick.

- 4 <sup>1</sup> And fra peine pay trauelde thritty day iournez and come to pe vttermaste iles of Inde, & pare pay lugeñ þam beside a ryuere þat es callede in þat langage of Inde Hemmahurer. And aboute þe Eleuend<sup>r</sup> houre þar come owte of þe woddez a grete multitude of Olyphantes & come apoñ þam wit a gret birre & paire groynes opyñ. And onane *Alexander* lepe apoñ his horse Buktiphalas and busked hym agaynes þam and badd þe macedoynes þat pay solde tak paire horse and ilk a mañ a swyne in
- 12 a bande, & wende agaynes þe olyphantis. And when þe olyphantes saw þam, pay come gapande wit paire groynez redy te tak þam. And when þe Macedoynes saw þat pay ware fered and durste noȝte go to þam. And *Alexander* saide vn-to þam,
- 16 'My wirchipfull knyghtes,' quop he, 'bese of gud comforte and dredez ȝow na-tynge. For, and ȝe wiñt gare ȝoure swyne crye faste \* ȝe schall see all þir Olyphantes flee anoñ.' And alsone als þe Olyphantes herde þe crye of þe swyne, and þe
- 20 noyse of paire trompes, pay fledd and durste noȝte habyde. And *Alexander* & his meñ pursued tham, and what wit nettis, whatt wit swerdes & speres, pay slewe of þam a grete multitude, and come agayne to thaire tentis.

He bids his men take swine against Leaf 31.

them and makes the swine squeal.

- 24 <sup>2</sup> Anoper day pay removed þeine, and trauelde thurgh the same woddez of <sup>3</sup> Inde. And pay fand þe pare women with berdis rechande down to paire pappes, & paire heuedeȝ playne abownne, and pay ware cledd all in skynnes. Pay chasede thir
- 28 women and sum of þam pay tuke & broghte þam tiñt *Alexander*. And he gart spirre þam in the langage of Inde, how pay liffed in thase woddes, whare na duellyng was of meñ. And pay ansuered & said, 'We lyffe all,' quop pay, 'wit venyson þat we
- 32 take in thir woddes thurgh huntynge.'

They march thence through the forests of India and come upon wild women with long beards.

<sup>4</sup> When pay ware passed oute of thir woddez pay come in-tiñt a faire felde vn-tiñt a place whare this forsaid riwere ran. And pare pay fand bath meñ & women all naked. And pay ware

And they find also other tribes of wild men

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *A* and small *a* beside it in margin.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with capital *A* in red, and small *a* beside.

<sup>3</sup> *pnde* altered into Inde.

<sup>4</sup> Four lines with red capital *W* and small *w* written in the margin beside.

and  
women.

They go  
thence fif-  
teen days  
till they  
meet the  
Cynoce-  
phali  
whom they  
overcome.

They  
march  
forty days  
to a barren  
land with  
no hills,  
and a  
terrible  
east  
wind blows  
over it and  
causes fires  
and disease  
throughout  
the camp.  
They fear  
it is be-  
cause of  
Alex-

\* Leaf 31  
bk.

ander's  
ambition.  
He tells  
them it is  
because  
of the  
Equinox.  
Then they  
go thence  
twenty-five  
days to a  
green  
valley  
where is  
fearful  
cold. They  
light fires  
against the  
snow-  
storms.  
Rain comes  
and the  
snow stops,  
but five

als rughe of hare as pay hade bene bestes. Whase kynde & custom it was als wele to be in pe water, als on pe lande. And als sone als pay saw Alexander Oste onane pay fledd to pe water, and dowked in-till it. Fra peine pay traueled xv day iournee, 4 and entred in-till woddes pat ware full of cynocephals, pe whilke als son als pay saw Alexander & his oste onane pay assailed pam. Bot Alexander & his men, what wit arowes whate wit speres & nettes slew a grete multitude of pam, and 8 pe remenaunt of pam fledd here and thare in pe woddez.

<sup>1</sup> Fra thethynd pay went fourty dayes & come in-till a cham-payne cuntree, pat was all Barayne, and na hye place ne na hilles myghte be sene on na syde. And as it ware aboute pe xj 12 houre of pe day, pare bigan so grete a wynde to blawe oute of pe Este pat it blew doune to pe erthe all thaire tentis & paire luges. And pare was grete disese ymang pe oste. For pe wynde tuk fire-brandes oute of fyres pat pay hadd made, and 16 smate dyuerse men & brynte pam. And pan Alexander knyghtes mournurede gretly & said amangez pam, 'pe wrethe & pe wreke of oure goddez,' quop pay, 'fallez apou vs, Bicause we seke to ferre towarde pe son rysynge.' 'My wirchipfull 20 knyghtez,' quop Alexander, 'bese \* of gud comforthe and no thyng ferde for this tempeste es nozte fallen thurgh wrethe of oure goddes bot be-cause of equinox of heruest.' When pe wynde was cessed pay gadirde to-gedir pat pe wynd hadd 24 sparpled.

<sup>2</sup> Fra peine pay went xxv days and come in-till a grene valay, and pare pay lugged pam. Than commanded Alexander pat pay schuld make many fyres. For it began for to be vn- 28 sufferable calde. And thare be-gan for to falle grete flawghtis of snawe, as pay had bene grete lokkes of wolfe. When Alexander saw that, he was ferde pat it schuld nozte hafe cessed sone, and bad his men pat pay suld tred doune pe snawe & full 32 it wit paire fete. And paire fyres also helpe pam gretly. Neuer-pe-lesse pare ware fyve hundrethe of pe Oste dedd thurgh pat snawe, pe whilk Alexander gart bery. Pan pare felle a pass-and grete rayne, and pe snaw cessed. Wit pe rayne, also, pare 36 come so thikke a myste, pat contennually three days to gedir pay

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* in margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* in the margin beside.

saw na sonð. And oute of þe clude þat hange abownd þam þer  
fett as it hadd bene grete fyrebrandez þe whilk brynt many of  
thaire tenttis and of þaire luges. And onane Alexander offred  
4 sacrafice till his goddez and bad his knyghtis put alde ryuend  
clathez wate bi-fore þe fire, and he made his prayere. And also  
sonð the whedir wexe clere & faire.

<sup>1</sup> Fra thethin, þay remowed and come till a grete ryuere þat  
8 es called Ganges & þare þay lugged þam. And as þay loked  
ouer on the toper syde, þay saw twa or thre men walke up &  
down þare. And Alexander badd his men spirre þand in þe  
langage of Inde what þey ware. And þay ansuered & said.  
12 'We are Bragmayns,' quoth þay. Alexander hadd grete desyre  
to speke wit þe Bragmayns. Bot he myzte nozte wynnd ouer  
þe water; it was so depe & so brade Bot if it had bene in þe  
monethe of July and Auguste. And also it was full of ypotaynes  
16 & scorpyones and cocadrilles, out taken in þe forsaid monethes.  
And when he saw þat he myghte on na wyse wynnd ouer he was  
rezte heuy. And belyfe he garte make a lyttill bate of redis, &  
couerde it wit nowtte hydis & gerte pykk it wele bathe wit-in &  
20 wit-owtten. And when þe bate was made, he gert a knyght of  
his gang in-to it, and gaffe hym a lettre wit hym for to bere  
\* to Dindimus, þat was kyng of þe Bragmayns, of whilk lettre þis  
was þe tenour.

24 <sup>2</sup> 'Kyng of kynges and lorde of lordez, Alexander þe sonð of  
godd Amound & of þe quene Olympias, vn-to Dindimus kyng  
of Bragmayns, ioy. Euer seind we were comend to þat age þat  
we couthe discerne by-twix gud & ill we hafe desyred soueraynly  
28 for to hafe wysdomme & konnyng, & for to putt away fra  
vs ignorance & vnconnyng. For as þe wise techynge of oure  
philosophres declares opynly, Eloquence wit owttend witt & wis-  
domd dose ofte-sythes mare skathe þand gude. Parefore we hafe  
32 wele vnderstanden by relacion of dyuerse men, þat 3our lyfe &  
3our maners are diuised and diuerse fra all oper men; so þat  
noþer on þe See ne on þe lande 3e seke na helpe and þat 3e  
3eme anoper manere of doctryne þand we hafe lerende of oure  
36 doctours. Whare-fore we pray 3ow þat 3e will certyfyte vs bi  
3our lettres of 3our lyffe and 3our maners and 3our doctryne. For

hundred  
have died.  
Then  
comes a  
great mist  
with the  
rain, out of  
which fall  
firebrands.  
Alexander  
offers sacri-  
fice to  
his gods  
and the  
weather  
becomes  
clear.  
They come  
to the  
Ganges, on  
the other  
side of  
which are  
the Brah-  
mans.  
They can-  
not cross  
because of  
the danger-  
ous beasts.  
He sends a  
knight  
over in a  
boat with a

\*Leaf 32.

letter to  
Dindimus,  
king of the  
Brahmans.  
Alex-  
ander's  
letter to  
Dindimus,  
asking the  
Brahmans  
the reason  
for their  
strange  
manners,  
since he  
fain would  
learn wis-  
dom of  
them.

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with capital *F* and small *f*  
written in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with capital *K* in red,  
and small *k* in the margin beside.

Since by  
giving an-  
other man  
goodness  
one loses no  
goodness  
oneself.  
He makes a  
compari-  
son.

Dindimus'  
letter to  
Alexander.

Wisdom  
may be  
bought  
with no  
price.

\* Leaf 32  
bk.

He com-  
mends wis-  
dom in  
Alexander  
as an Em-  
peror.  
Their ways  
are other  
than those  
of the  
Greeks.  
The Greeks  
shall have  
no profit  
because of  
their war-  
likeness.

The Brah-  
mins lead  
a simple  
life and  
eschew the  
worship of  
many gods.  
They do  
not till  
nor fish.  
They trust

peraventure we may take *pare* of sum gud Ensamble, and *your* wysdome & *your* gudnesse neuer be *pe* lesse. For it es na harme till a mañ thurgh his gudnes to make anoper mañ gude as he es. The whilk I may proue bi this simylitūd—I supposse a mañ hadd<sup>4</sup> in his hand a lyght candill, many oper candills may be lyghted *pare* at, & it lose na-thinge of his lyghte. And riȝte so it es of *pe* gudnesse of a mañ. For many meñ may take gude ensamble of hym & his gudnesse be na thyng enmenuste *pareby*. Where-<sup>8</sup> fore ȝitt eft-sons we pray ȝow pat wit-owtten any taryinge or delay, ȝe schowe vs *pe* maners of *your* lyffying.' Than kyng Dindimus resaffed<sup>1</sup> pis *lettre* wirchipfully and wrate anoper agayne of this tenour.

12

<sup>1</sup> 'Dyndimus maister of *pe* Bragmayns vn-to kyng Alexander ioy & gretynge. We hafe wele vndirstanden by *pe* tenour of thi *lettres*, pat ȝou desyres gretly for to hafe verray connyng and perfitt wysdom; *pe* whilke are mekiñ better pañ any<sup>16</sup> kyngdom; for ȝay may neuer be boghte wit na pryce, wherefore I comend<sup>2</sup> *pe* gretly, knawying pat ȝou arte a wyse mañ. For ane Emperour wit-owtten \* wysdom, es noghte lorde of his subiectis, Bot his sugettis ere lordes of hym. ȝe wrate<sup>20</sup> vntill vs, praying vs for to schewe ȝowe oure maners of lyffynge, ilke a poynte efter oper, *pe* whilke we halde impossible for to doo. For oure maner of lyffynge es full ferre dyuerse fra ȝours. For noȝer we wirchipe *pe* goddes pat ȝe wirchipe,<sup>24</sup> ne ledis *pe* lyfe pat ȝe lede. And if I writte ȝowe oughte of oure maner of lyffying, ȝe may hafe na sauoure *pare* in, be-cause ȝe are besily ocupied<sup>3</sup> wit dedis of armes. Neuer-*pe*-lesse pat ȝe say noȝte pat I layne oure lyfe fra ȝow for envy, Als<sup>28</sup> mekiñ as comeȝ to my mynde at ȝis tyme I salñ writt vnto ȝow of oure maners.

<sup>2</sup> 'We Bragmayns ledeȝ a symple lyfe & a clene and *pe* wirchipyng of many goddes we eschu. We do na synnes ne<sup>32</sup> we wiñ hafe na mare pañ reson of kynde ashes. All thynges we suffer & pat, say we, es necessary & ynoghe, pat es noȝte ouermekiñ. We tifle na lande, ne erylles, ne sawes, ne ȝokes noȝer ox ne horse in plughe ne in carte. Ne nett caste we nane in *pe*<sup>36</sup> see, for to take fysche; Ne hunttyng ne fewlyng vse we

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with capital *D* in red, and small *d* in margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines with red capital *W*, and small *w* in margin.

nanne. Mete & drynke hafe we ynoghe, and oper mete seke we  
 nane, bot þat þe erthe oure allere moder wit-owtten mannes  
 labour brynges furthe. Wit swilke metis we fiff oure wambes,  
 4 whilke nuzes vs nozte, ne na harme dose. And 3it of swilke  
 metis we fiff nozte oure bodis to full. For amange3 vs it es an  
 vn-semely thyng & an vn-leefull to see a grete-belyed man.  
 And þare-for ere we all oure lyfe tym wit-owtten sekenesse  
 8 & lyffe3 lang & alwaye are in gude hele til oure lyffes ende.  
 We vse neuer-mare na medcyns ne sekens na helpe for þe hele of  
 oure bodys. At a terme of deede endes oure lyfes, for ane of vs  
 leues na langere þan an-oper, Bot efter þe order of þe birth of  
 12 man, þe terme of deede comes til ilke a man. Thare come3  
 nane of vs at na fire for na calde, ne clathe3 come3 þare nane  
 apoñ vs, Bot alway we ga naked. We fulfiff neuer þe desyres  
 of oure bodys. Thurgh pacyence we suffree all thynges. All  
 16 oure inwarde enemys we slaa, So þat we drede nane enemys  
 wit-owtten. For lightlyer es a citee or a castelle taken þat es  
 ensegged bathe wit inwarde enemys & wit-owtten, þan þat þat  
 es ensegged allanly wit owtwarde enemys. Bot þou, emperour,  
 20 feghtes agaynes owtwarde3 enemys for [to] foster & nuresche thyñ  
 inwarde3 enemys, þe whilke ere fendes of helthe. We Bragmayns  
 has slayne all oure inwarde3 enemys and þarefore we drede nane  
 owtwarde enemys ne nane helpe sekens for to hafe agayne3 þam\*  
 24 noþer be see ne be land. Bot we ere always sewre ynoghe,  
 and lyffe3 wit-owtten any drede. Oure bodys we hiff wit  
 þe leues of trees and þe fruyte of þam we ete. We ete mylke  
 also and drynkes water of a gude ryuere or of swete welles.  
 28 We wirchippe a godd, and til hym alwaye we 3elde lonynges.  
 We desire þe life of þe werlde þat es to come, and vs liste nozte  
 here þe pyng þat turnes to na profett. We spekke nozte  
 mekiff, Bot when we ere artede for to speke we say nozte bot  
 32 þe sothe, and onane we halde vs still. Reches luffe we nozte.  
 Couetise es a thyng þat may nozte be filled, þe whilke ofte-  
 sythe3 brynges a man til a mescheuous ende. Wrethe ne  
 envie es þare nane amange3 vs, ne nane of vs es strangere þan  
 36 anoper. Of the pouert þat we hafe we ere riche, for we hafe it  
 in comon. We strife neuer mare, ne beres neuer wapen. We  
 bere peesse ilkan til oper of custom, nozte thurgh vertu.  
 Domes hafe we nane amanges vs, for we do nane ill, wharefore

to mother  
 earth.  
 They use  
 such meats  
 as do them  
 no harm,  
 nor do they  
 eat too  
 much, and  
 there are  
 no great-  
 bellied men  
 amongst  
 them. They  
 have no  
 sickness  
 nor medi-  
 cines. They  
 live the  
 fixed term  
 of life.  
 They have  
 no fire for  
 cold. They  
 conquer  
 themselves.  
 Alexander  
 conquers  
 others and  
 is con-  
 quered by  
 his inner  
 enemies.  
 Therefore  
 do the  
 Brahmins  
 \* Leaf 33.  
 dread no  
 foes. They  
 are clad in  
 leaves and  
 drink  
 water.  
 They wor-  
 ship one  
 god and  
 desire eter-  
 nal life.  
 They love  
 not long  
 speech nor  
 covetous-  
 ness.  
 They are  
 all of equal  
 might and  
 riches, and  
 bear no  
 weapons.  
 Neither  
 have they  
 dooms, for  
 they do no  
 ill.

Neither need  
they mercy.  
They have no  
avarice, adul-  
tery, or  
lechery, and  
have therefore  
no penance or  
sudden death.

They are ar-  
rayed in no  
bright clothes.

They always  
keep to the  
same trades.  
They use no  
baths.

They will  
make no other  
man serve  
them.

They have no  
houses nor  
vessels, but  
live in caves  
and crags.  
They sleep on  
the earth.

\* Leaf 33 bk.

Their houses  
become their  
graves.

They sail not  
the seas for  
trade.

They seek no  
eloquence but  
rather sim-  
plicity of  
speech. They

have no philo-  
sophers, for  
such are liars  
and of un-  
steadfast  
speech.

But in their  
schools they  
learn wisdom  
and righteous-  
ness.

They love not  
plays.

we schulde be called vn-to dome. A law *pare es pat* es contrary  
til oure kynde. For we do na mercy, bi-cause we do no thyng  
wharefore we sulde aske mercy. We do na labour *pat pertenez*  
to couetise or auarice. We giffe nozte oure bodyse to lechorye, 4  
we do nane advowtrye, ne we do na synn wharefore vs sulde  
nede to do penance. We fynde na fawte in na thyng, For we  
all does that *pat* righte es. We dye na sodeyne dede, For  
thurgh foule dedis we corrupte nozte *pe* ayere. We vse na 8  
clathes *pat* are littede of dyuerse coloures. Oure wiffes ne are  
nozte gayly arayed for to plesse vs. Ne wit *pañ* we comon nozte  
bi-cause of luste of lecherye, bot bi-cause of childre getyng.  
Our wyffes sekis na *noþer* clethyng, *pañ* *pe* forlue of godd 12  
hase granted *pañ*. And whaa dare take apoon hym for to  
chaunge his wirkyng, an heghe syn vs thynke it ware till any  
mañ for to presume to do it. Baththis vse we nane, ne warme  
water to wasche oure bodys wit all. *pe* Soñ mynistres vs hete, 16  
and *pe* dewe of *pe* ayer ministres vs moyster & wete. We hafe  
na thoghte of na thyng, ne we schewe na lordechipe abownd  
*oper* meñ *pat* ere lyke vn-till us. For a grete crueltee we  
halde it to constreyne a mañ to serue vs, whayme kynde & 20  
*pe* forlue of godd hase made oure broþer als fre als we are.  
We brynne na stanes for to make lyme off and *pare-wit* to make  
vs howses at dueñle in, and curiouse palases: ne vessel make  
we nane. In caues or creuyces of craggis we duelle, whare thare 24  
comez na noyse of wyndes \* ne whare vs thare drede na rayne.  
On *pe* erthe we slepe wit-owtten any besynesse. Swilk  
howses we hafe; in *pe* whilke, whils we lyffe, we duelle,  
and wheñ we dye, pay ere oure graues. We sayle nozte in 28  
*pe* see aboute na merchandyse, in *pe* whilke pay suffre many  
perills *pat* sayles *parein* & many *meruaylles* cañ tell offe.  
The crafte of Eloquence & faire speche, lere we nozte for to  
polishe oure wordes; Bot thurgh *pe* sympilnesse *pat* we hafe 32  
*pat* suffres vs nozte to lye, all oure speche we speke. Scoles  
of philosophres haunt wee nozte, whase techechynges es  
alway discordand & na thyng certayne, ne stabill diffines,  
bot for *pe* mare partye lyes. Bot *pa* scoles we haunte in *pe* 36  
whilke we lere to lyffe vertuosly and also thynges *pat* teches  
vs for to do no wrange to no mañ. Bot after verray right-  
wisnesse to helpe ilk mañ at oure powere. Plays lufe we nane.

Bot if vs liste hafe any disporte we take & redeȝ þe lyfes  
 & þe dedis of oure Auncestres, and oure predicessours. And  
 if we fynde any thyng in þam þat es cause of laughtre  
 4 þar-at we wepe & makes dole. Neuer-þe-lesse we behalde  
 oper thynges of þe whilke oure hertis ere gladdide and grete  
 lykyng has, þat es at say, heuen-schyne wit sternes wit-owt  
 nowmer; þe son faire & bryghte, of whase bryghtnesse all  
 8 þe werlde takes lyghte and hete. The see we se alwaye  
 of purpoure coloure, and when tempesteȝ ryseȝ þare-in it dis-  
 truyes noȝte þe land þat es nere it, as it does in ȝoure  
 partes. Bot he embraceȝ it as his sister and gase aboute it.  
 12 And in þe se we see many dyuerse kyndeȝ of Fisches,  
 Delphines & porpaseȝ layke þam. We hafe lykyng also for  
 to bihalde faire feldes alouer floresched wit flores of þe whilke  
 a swete reflaire enters in-till oure noseȝ, in þe whilke  
 16 a sensible saule hase maste delite. Also we delit vs in faire  
 placeȝ of woddeȝ & of swete welles whare we here swete  
 sangeȝ of fewles. This customs hafe we al-way, þe whilke, &  
 þou walde halde noȝte bot a while, we trowe þou suld thynke  
 20 þam riȝte hard. Blame noȝte me, for all þat þou requerede  
 me be þi lettres I send þe wretyn. Neuer-þe-less, and it  
 sulde noȝt displese the, I walde tell þe a littill of oure  
 doctryne þe whilke makes oure lyfe to seme harde vn-to þe.  
 24 ȝee hafe wit-in a schorte while conquered & made sugete  
 vn-to ȝour empire all Asy, Europe, & Affryke. As ȝour selfe  
 hase<sup>1</sup> sayde \* ȝe make þe lighte of þe son to faile, when ȝe  
 seke þe termes of his course thurgh werre. ȝe ete all manere  
 28 of thynges<sup>2</sup> þat comeȝ till hande, And ȝour vesages semeȝ as  
 ȝe ware fastande & hungry. ȝe slaa ȝour childre makande  
 sacrafice of þam to Mawmetes. ȝe sawe discorde bi-twix  
 kynges and thase þat schulde be meke ȝe stirre for to be  
 32 prowde. ȝe make men to thynke þat grete space of landes  
 suficeȝ þam noȝte And so pay seke duellynge placeȝ of heuen.  
 'Also thurgh ȝour goddes ȝe do many ill dedis, as pay didd  
 þam selfe, Ensample of Iubiter ȝour godd & of Proserpyna þat  
 36 ȝe wirchiþe as a goddessse. For Iubiter defouled many mens

But they rather read of the lives and deeds of their forefathers and weep if there be any cause for laughter. They are glad in the brightness of nature and its delights. He will tell Alexander a little of their doctrine. Alexander has conquered the world, and made the sun pale. The visages of his men grow thin and hungry. They offer their children to Maumets. Alexander sows  
 \* Leaf 34.  
 discord between kings and ever desires more ground. The gods of the Greeks do ill deeds and they are fools that serve such. The Greeks fain con-

<sup>1</sup> Scribblings at the bottom of leaf 33 bk. :—'P.', 'G.' below the P., then 'H. Amen. Do For'.

<sup>2</sup> Scribe originally wrote *thynkes*, but changed the *k* into a *g*, thus *thynges*.

quer other  
men.

They change  
their laws,  
and do but  
hold with  
fine speech,  
loving gold  
and silver and  
rich things.  
The Greeks  
live in glut-  
tony and fall  
sick.

The wisdom of  
the Brahmins  
surpasses all  
that of the  
Greeks.  
They burn the  
bodies of the  
dead and do  
not give back  
to earth what  
earth has  
given forth.  
The Brah-  
mins slay no  
beasts in the  
worship of  
God, neither  
do they have  
gold nor  
silver nor  
precious  
things in His  
service, since  
for none of  
these things  
does God hear  
man, but only  
for his good  
works.  
Prayer is the  
word and the  
word is God.  
Therefore are  
the Greeks  
fools, holding  
themselves  
\* Leaf 34 bk.  
heavenly and  
thinking they  
communicate  
with God  
whilst they  
defile

wyfes, and Proserpyna made many meñ to do advowtry wit hir. Full wreched & full hye fules pay ere, þat swilke goddes wirchipes. 3e wiſt noȝte suffer meñ lyfe in þaire awenēd libertee bot makes þam ȝour thralles & ȝour sugetes. 3e deme 4 noȝte riȝtwisly, 3e gerre ȝour iugeȝ change ȝour lawes as ȝow liste. 3e say many thynges þat sulde be donne, bot 3e do þam noȝte. 3e halde na mañ wysse bot hym þat hase Eloquence of speche. 3e hafe aſt ȝour witt in ȝour tungeȝ, and aſt ȝour 8 wysdome es in ȝour mouthe. 3e lufe golde & siluer & gaders þam to-gedir and desyreȝ to hafe grete howseȝ & hye, and grete multitude of seruandeȝ. 3e ete & drynk to mekiſt, so þat oftymes ȝour stomake thurgh grete repleccion es greued & many 12 sekenesse þare-thurgh 3e fall in, & so ofte sythes dyes before ȝour tyme. 3e wolde euer-mare halde ȝour reches and aſt thynges þat 3e may gete. Bot aſt thynges at þe laste leues ȝow. Þe wysdom allanly of þe Bragmayns passeȝ aſt ȝour witt & 16 ȝour wysdom. For, & we wele consedere, þe same moder þat broghte forthe stanes & trees, of þe same was bathe oure bygynnyng & ȝours. 3e honowre ȝour Sepultours curiously wit golde & syluer, and in vesselle made of precyouse stanes 3e putt 20 þe asse of ȝour bodys, when þay ere brynned. And what may be werre þam for tiſt take þe banes, þat þe erthe sulde hafe, for to ga brynd þam, and noȝte suffere þe erthe resayffe his element þe whilke he broghte forthe.

24  
'We sla na besteȝ in þe wirchipe of goddeȝ. Nee temples make we nane, for to sett in ymageȝ of golde or of siluere in þe name of false goddeȝ, as 3e do; ne awters of golde and of precious stanes. 3e hafe swilke a lawe for to honoure ȝour 28 goddeȝ wit ȝour gudes for þat þay saſt here ȝour prayers. Bot we vndirstande & wate wele þat noȝer for golde ne siluer; ne for þe blode of calues nor gayte ne schepe Godd heres any mañ. Bot for gude werkes þe whilke Godd lufes, and thurgh 32 þe wordes of deuote prayere. Godd wiſt here a mañ for þe worde. For thurgh worde we ere lyke to Godd. For Godd'es worde,\* and þat worde made aſt þe werlde and thurgh þat worde aſt thynges hase beyng, Mouyng & lyfe. That worde wirchipe 36 wee and luffes & honowres. Godd es a spirite. And he lufes na-tyng bot þat that es clene. Wherefore we halde ȝow full grete foles, that weneȝ ȝour kynde be heuenly, and þat 3e hafe

communicacion with Godd, And neuer-pe-less files *your* kynde wit advowtries & fornicacions & seruyce of Mawmettis & false goddis, and many oper wikkede dedis: ilke a day þis 3e do.

4 Þis 3e luffe, and þarefore when 3e ere dede ye saß suffere tourmentis wit-owtten nowmer. 3e wene þat Godd will be mercyable vn-to 3ow bi-cause þat 3e offre hym blode & flesse of dyuerse beste3. Bot we on þe contrarye wyse luffe3 cleunnesse bathe of  
8 Body & of saule, so þat we mowe hafe after þis lyfe ioy þat neuer saß hafe ende.

their own kind with foul sins and idolatry. When they die they shall suffer endless pain and their slain beasts avail them nought.

‘3ee serue no3te a Godd þat regnez in heuen, Bot 3e do seruyce to many false goddis. For als so many membrs, als 3e hafe on  
12 *your* bodys, als many goddis 3e wirchipe & serues. For 3e caste a mañ þe lesse werlde, and rizte as a mañ here hase many lymmes, so 3e say þare are many goddes in heuen. 3e say Iuno es godd of þe hert, bi-cause he was wonder angry; and Mars 3e

The Greeks serve not one God but many. They have for every human member a god.

16 say es godd of þe breste, bi-cause he was prynce of Batellis. Mercury 3e caste godd of þe tung, bi-cause he was wonder euloquent in spekyng. Hercules 3e trowe be godd of þe armes, Bi-cause he did twelfe passande dedes of armes. 3ee trowe

The account of all the Greek gods and their evil doings.

20 Bacus be godd of þe throtte, for he fande firste drounkynnesse. Couetise, 3e say, es godd of þe lyuer, for he was þe firste lechoure þat euer was. And 3e say þat he hase in his hande a byrnand fyrebrande whare-wit he styrres þe luste of lechery. Cereris

24 3e caste godd of þe wambe, bi-cause scho was þe firste Fynder of wheete. And Venus, be-cause scho was moder of lechery, 3e say scho es godd of þe preuee membres of mañ & womañ.

Mynerua, bi-cause scho was fynder of many werkes, 3e say  
28 wisdom ristez in her, and þare-fore 3e cast hir godd of þe heued.

Thus they give all their body over to numberless gods, not worshipping the one Creator, but rather false gods that bring them into

And on þis wyse all þe body of mañ 3e deuyde in goddes, & na party þareoffe 3e lefe in *your* awen powere. Ne 3e trowe no3te that a godd þat es in heuen made *your* bodys of noghte.

32 False goddes 3e wirchipe þat saß brynge 3ow to thralledome & schame & schenchipe, and to thayñ 3e make sacrafice & tribute payes. Vn-to Mars 3e offere a Bare. To Bacus 3e

offere a gayte; To Iune a pacoke; To Iubiter a Bulle; To  
36 Appollo \* a swane<sup>1</sup>; To Venus a doufe; To Mynerua ane

\* Leaf 35. thraldom. The sacrifices

owle; To Cereris floure; To Mercury hony. And Hercules 3e onowren wit floures & grene braunches of treesse3. Þe temple

<sup>1</sup> Bottom of leaf 34 swanne, top of leaf 35 swane.

which they  
offer to  
their gods.  
The gods  
become not  
their  
helpers but  
their tor-  
mentors,  
egging  
them on to  
all evils.  
Yet they  
must  
hearken to  
them.

Righteous  
punish-  
ment for  
the ill deeds  
of the  
Greeks.

The prayers  
of the  
Greeks are  
evil, so that  
they are  
harmed  
whether  
such be  
heard or  
not.

All the tor-  
ments of  
hell are in  
the Greeks  
through  
their own  
vices.

And the  
bodies of  
the Greeks  
are a living  
hell.

of Couetyse 3e enourne wit rose3. Afte 3our myghte & 3oure  
triste 3e putt in þam þat may 3ow na-thing helpe at nede.  
Now sothely 3e pray þaīd noȝte to be 3our helpers, Bot  
3oure tourmentours. For it byhoues nedis be þat, als many 4  
goddess als 3e wirchipe & gyffez þaīd powere of 3our lymmes,  
als many tourmente3 3e suffere. Ane of 3our goddess stirres  
3ow to fornycacion. Ane oper to ete & drynke to mekill, and  
anoþer to feghte & stryffe. All ere pay 3our lordes, and to 8  
þaīd 3e obey & serues and wirchippes. So þat wonder it es  
þat 3our wrechid bodys fayles noȝte for þe many seruyce3 þat  
3e do to so many goddess. And gud rizte it es þat 3e serue  
swilke goddess bi-cause of þe many wikkede dedis þat 3e do. 12  
And for 3e wiłł noȝte cesse of 3our ill dedis, þarefore 3e serue  
swilke goddess till 3our awenēd harme, For euermare pay desyre  
þat 3e do ill. If 3our goddess here 3ow when 3e pray to þam,  
pay do 3ow harme in 3our conscience. For þat that 3e pray 16  
fore es ill. And if pay here 3ow noghte, þaīd ere pay contrarye  
to 3our desyres. Wharefore whethir pay here 3ow, or pay here  
3ow noghte, euer-mare pay do 3ow disesse. Þise ere þa<sup>1</sup>  
tourmente3 þat oure doctours talde vs offe, þat here in this 20  
werlde tourmente3 3ow as 3e ware dede. For, and 3e consyder  
wele, þare may no man suffere wers tourment þaīd 3e doo.  
For all þe takens þat oure doctours telle3 vs ere in helle,  
and we see þaīd in 3owe.<sup>2</sup> Þare are many paynes in helle, 24  
3e suffre paynes when 3e wake for to do advowtres, forny-  
cacions, & thiftes, mañ-slawghters. And namely, þat 3e bee  
filled of werldly reches; 3a, & of worldly rechesse. For oure  
doctours says, þare es in helle so mekill thriste, þat it may 28  
neuer be slokend; and 3e haue so grete Couetyse of worldely  
reches þat 3e may neuer be full. Pay say also þat in helle þare  
es a hunde þat es callede Cerberus þe whilke hase thre heuedes;  
And if 3ee conseder ryȝte, 3our wambes are lyke Cerberus. 32  
For mekill etyng & drynkkyng, pay say also, þare es<sup>3</sup> in  
helle a maner of nedder þat es called Idra. And 3e for þe  
many vice3, þat 3e hafe bicause of 3our full wambe3 may be  
callede Idra. Wharefore & we bi-helde wele all þe illes þat 36

<sup>1</sup> MS. reads *þa*.

<sup>2</sup> in *3owe* inserted in the right-hand margin by the same scribe.

<sup>3</sup> MS. twice over, *þare es*.

are in helle, þay dueſte in ʒow. \* Waa es ʒow, wreches, þat swilke a mysbileue haldes; where-fore after þis lyfe, ʒe moð suffere paynes wit-owtteð nowmer.' Wheñ Alexander hadd' redd' þis  
 4 *lettre*, he was wonder wrathe, be-cause of iniury of his goddeʒ. Neuer-þe-less, be-lyfe he gart write anoþer agayne of this tenour.

\* Leaf 35 bk.  
 Woe to the Greeks.  
 Alexander is angry at this letter, and replies to Dindimus.

<sup>1</sup> 'Kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordez, Alexander þe soñ of  
 8 godd' Amoñ and of þe quene Olympias, to Dindimus, kyng of þe Bragmayns, gretyng. If all be fuñ trew amanges ʒow þat þou hase sent wretyñ in thy *lettres*, þañ allanly ʒe are gude meñ in þis werlde; for as þou says ʒe do nañ iñ.  
 12 Bot wit þou wele<sup>2</sup> for certayne, þat þis maner of lyffying commeʒ noʒte of vertu bot of custom. All thynges þat we do, ʒe saye es synñ. And all þe crafteʒ, þat ere amangeʒ vs on þe same wyse, ʒe say, þay ere synnes. ʒe wiñ distroye all þe  
 16 customs þat mañ-kynde hedir-towarde hase hadd' & vsed. Owther ʒe schew bi ʒour wordez, þat ʒe are goddeʒ, or eñs tiñ goddes ʒe hafe envy. And þare-fore ʒe say, as ʒe say, I may noʒt write to ʒow all þe order of ʒour lyffying. Bot als mekiñ þare-offe  
 20 als I may vnderstande at this tyme, I salñ writte vn-to ʒow. ʒee say ʒe vse noʒte for to tiñ þe erthe, ne sawe na corne, ne plante na vynes, ne sett na trees, na to make na faire howseʒ. And þe cause here-of as it wele semes es for ʒe hafe na Ireñ,  
 24 where-of ʒe myghte make ʒow tuyles for to wirke with-añle. And þare-fore ʒow by-houes nedes ett herbes & lede an harde lyfe, ryʒte as besteʒ. For ʒe may nowþer gette brede ne flesche ne fysche. Does noʒt wolves oñ þe same wyse, þe whilke, wheñ  
 28 þay may noʒte gete þaire fiñ of flesche, þay fiñ þaire belys of þe erthe? And it ware lefuñ or lykande to ʒow to come tiñ oure cuntree, we sulde lere na wisdom of ʒoure nede. And þare-fore late ʒour hunger habye at hame in ʒour awenñ cuntree.  
 32 þat mañ es noʒte mekills at commend' þat alwayes lyffes in disesse. Bot he es gretly to commend', þat in reches lyffeʒ attemperally. Bot and meñ schulde be commendid' þat are oppressed wit disesse, þañ sulde blynd meñ, leprouse meñ,  
 36 & oþer swilke ouer all oþer be commendid'; þe blynde, for he sees noʒt at desyre; þe pouer, for he hase noʒte at do. And we walde make oure duellynge in ʒour cuntree we sulde suffere

If it be as Dindimus says, then truly the Brahmins only are good.  
 Yet the Brahmins do this through custom, eschewing all civilization, and envy of the gods.  
 Their sparingness and virtues come from their poverty and the poorness of their country.  
 They are even as wolves.  
 If they come to Greece the Greeks should learn naught of them, so let them abide at home.  
 Poverty is not to be praised, but temperance in riches, nor are the maimed to be praised that they

<sup>1</sup> Five lines spaced red capital *K* with small *k* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Bot wit þou wele repeated in MS.

do no ill,  
since their  
defect

\* Leaf 36.  
hinders  
them.  
Their chas-  
tity is due  
to want of  
food.  
But the  
Brahmins  
live as mere  
beasts.

The Brah-  
mins seek  
no learn-  
ing, having  
beastlike  
no feeling  
or delight  
in good.  
But men  
can rejoice  
through  
free will.  
The  
changes of  
the world  
and of the  
ages of  
man are  
even as the  
day  
brightens  
and  
darkens,  
even as a  
child is  
simple,  
youth pre-  
sumptuous,  
and old age  
stable.  
Who will  
look for the  
opposite?  
The de-  
lights of the  
senses and  
of those  
things  
given us by  
earth, sea,  
and sky.  
Abstinence  
from this is

pouert & wrechidnes riȝte as ȝe do. ȝe say also þat ȝour wyfes vseȝ na prowde aray for to plese þaire husbandedȝ, and þe cause es for þay hafe na noþer \* thyng for tiȝt araye þam̄ wit.<sup>1</sup> Also ȝe say ȝe do nane advowtries ne fornycaciouns. And þat es na 4 meruaile! For-whi, how sulde þay hafe luste to lechery pat etes noȝte. Luste of lechery es noȝte comonly, bot yf it come of hete of þe leuer or elȝs of habundance of mete & drynke. Bot ȝe ete na-thyng bot herbes & roteȝ, as ȝe ware swyne, 8 & drynkes water & vnnethes may ȝe slokeȝ ȝour hunger and þarefore ȝe hafe naȝd appitite to women.

‘ȝe hafe na liste to studie aboute lerynge, ne ȝe seke na mercy ne dees nane tiȝt oper. And aȝt this ȝe hafe in comon̄ 12 wit besteȝ. For riȝte as besteȝ hase nowþer reson̄ ne discreciȝn, ne hase na felynge of gude, riȝte so þay hafe na delite in gode. Bot tiȝt vs resonable men̄ þat has free wiȝt of kynde ere many lykynges & blandeschyngeȝ granted. For it es im-possible þat 16 þis werlde wyde & brade sulde noȝte hafe sum̄ chaungynge of gouernance; So þat ne after heuyness & sorowe, Ioy & myrthe sulde noȝte folowe.<sup>2</sup> For-why manes wiȝt es variable & chaunge-able þat chaungeȝ wit þe heuen̄ abowȝn. On þe same wyse 20 manes hert es dyuerse. For when̄ þe day es clere, manes hert es gladde & blythe. And when̄ þe day es derke, manes wittis are derke & dulle & heuy. Also men̄ chaungeȝ thurȝh dyuerse ages. For barnehed̄ reioyse it in sympilnesse, ȝouthede in 24 presumptuosnes, And grete elde in stabilnes. For wha wiȝt luke efter wysdome in a childe, In a ȝunge man̄ stabillnes, or in an alde man̄ wildenes? Many delitable thynges comeȝ tiȝt oure mynde. For sum̄ we See wit oure eghne; Sum̄ we hafe 28 thurȝh herynge; Sum̄ we fele thurȝh smellyng; Sum̄ thurȝh tastyng; and Sum̄ thurȝh towchyng. Sumtyme we hafe delite in salutaciouns & swete sangeȝ & melodys of dyuerse Instrumenteȝ. Of þe erthe we hafe al maner of gud fruyteȝ; 32 of þe see we hafe habundance of fysche, and of þe ayere delyte of fewles of dyuerse kyndis. If þou abstene þe fra aȝt thies owthir it es for pride or for envy. For pride, þat þou dispyseȝ swilke precyouse gifteȝ. For envy bi-cause þay ere noȝte gyffen̄ 36 ȝow, as þat þay ere to vs. Bot efter myȝd opynyȝn I deme þat

<sup>1</sup> Leaf 35 þam wit; leaf 36 þam wit.

<sup>2</sup> The second vowel in folowe is difficult to read. It looks like folewe.

your lyffing and your maners commes mare of foundnesse þan  
of wysdom. For seð 3e are með 3e schulde hafe þe vertu3 of  
a resonable creature, and þat hafe 3e no3hte.' When Dindimus  
4 hadd redd' þis *lettre*, onane he wrate anoper to kyng Alexander  
of þis tenour.

due either to  
pride or  
peevishness.  
He deems the  
Brahmins live  
so through  
folly.

<sup>1</sup> 'Dyndimus, þe mayster of þe Bragmayus, vn-till Alexander,  
gretyng. We hafe vndirstand þe tenour of þi *lettres* & þus we  
8 ansuere. We er no3te \* lordez of this werlde, as we sulde euermare  
lyffe þare in. But we ere pilgrymes in þis werlde, and wheñ  
dede comme3 we wende till oper habytacions. Oure Synnez  
greuez vs no3te, ne we duelle no3te in þe tabernacles of  
12 synners.<sup>2</sup> We do na thyfte. And for þe conscyence þat we  
haue, we gaa no3te furthe in open. We say no3te þat we ere  
goddes, ne nane envy hase vn-to þan. Godd' þat made all þat  
es in þis werlde, he ordeyned many diuerse thynges. For  
16 warne dyuersitees ware of thynges þe werld my3te noghte  
stande. Godd' gaffe mañ fre will, for to discerne of all thynges  
þat ere in þe werld, and chese whilke hym lyste. Whare-fore  
he þat leues þe iff & chese3 þe gude, no3te godd', but goddes  
20 frende he may be called. Be-cause þat we lyffe contently,  
and in quiete & reste, 3e say þat we ere goddez, or elles  
þat we hafe envy to goddez. But this suspeccion þat 3e  
hafe of vs, pertenez to 3ow. For 3e þat ere blawen full of  
24 þe wynde of pride 3e aray your bodys wit glorious clethyng,  
and on your fyngers, 3e putt iowells of golde & precious  
stones.

Dindimus to  
Alexander.

\* Leaf 36 bk.

Man is not  
lord of this  
world, but a  
pilgrim in it.  
The virtue of  
the Brahmins.

God made  
things di-  
verse so that  
the world  
might endure.

He gave man  
free will to  
choose of all  
that which  
him list. Not  
they, but the  
Greeks, seem  
envious of  
the gods.

'Bot I pray 3ow, what profit does þis 3ow: Golde and siluer  
28 saues no3te a manes saule, ne sustenez no3te mens bodys. Bot  
we þat knawes þe verray profitt of golde, and þe kynd þare-  
offe, when vs thristez, & gase to þe ryuere for to take vs a  
drynke, if we fynde golde in þe way, we trede apoñ it wit oure  
32 fete. For golde noper fille3 vs wheñ we hunger, ne slokens  
oure thriste, ne it hele3 no3te a mañ þat es seke. If a mañ  
thriste & drynke water, it puttez away his thriste. Also if a  
mañ hunger & ete mete, it does away his hunger. Bot and  
36 golde ware of þe same kynde, als soñ als a mañ hadd' it, þe vice  
of Couetyse suld be slokynde in hym. Be þis cause es golde iff.

Gold and  
silver save  
none. They  
despise it as  
useless,  
quenching  
neither  
hunger nor  
thirst.

Neither does  
it slack the  
vice of  
covetousness.

<sup>1</sup> Two lines with small red capital *D* and  
small cursive *d* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *synners* with a contraction mark  
over the *y*.

The more  
one has the  
more one  
desires.  
The Greeks  
worship  
wicked  
men, being  
themselves  
wicked,  
offering up  
beasts to  
their idols.  
Thus do  
they, who  
shall die,  
honour  
themselves.

For ay þe mare þat a mañ hase þare-offe, þe mare he couetes.  
Wikkede meñ are wyrchippede amangeȝ ȝow. For comonly a  
mañ luffes hym þat es lyke tiſt hym ſelfeñ. ȝe ſay þat godd'  
takes nane hede tiſt dedly thynges. And neuer-þe-lesse ȝe bygge 4  
temples, and makes autres in þaṁ, and settis vp mawmettes  
abownḁ þaṁ, and grete delyte hase whenḁ beſtes ere offerde, &  
in þaṁ, and at ȝour name es noysede, þis was done to þi  
fader, to thyñ Eldfader, & tiſt aſt thi progenytours. And þe 8  
ſame alſo es highte on-to þe. Wit ſwilke wirchipes þay ere  
rewarded, þat knawes noȝte þaṁ ſelfe dedly.' When Alexander  
hadd' redd' þis lettre onane he ſente anoper agayne and that was  
of this tenour þe whilk þat folowes.<sup>1</sup>

\* Leaf 37.  
Alexander  
to Dindi-  
mus.  
The Brah-  
mins live  
as they do  
because  
they do not  
mingle  
with other  
men, but  
are shut  
off from  
them.  
They ſuffer  
even as  
those who  
lie in  
prison.  
He holds  
them as  
wretched  
fools, and  
could he  
but do it  
would  
march to-  
wards them  
with an  
army to  
make them  
leave their  
miserable  
life and  
become  
warriors.

<sup>2</sup> \* ' Alexander, þe ſoñ of godd' Amoñ & of þe quene Olympias,  
kyng of kynges & lorde of lordez, vn-to Dyndymus kyng of þe  
Bragmayns we ſende. For als mekiſt als ȝour duellynge es in  
þat partye of þe werlde fra þe begynnyng, where na ſtrangers 16  
may comḁ to ȝow, bot if it be riȝte fewe, ne ȝe may noȝte paſſe  
forthe of ȝour cuntree, but als ſwa ſay ȝe, are parred' in, and na  
ferrere may paſſe; þarefore ȝe magnyfy ȝour manere of lyffynge  
and ſuppoſeȝ þat ȝe are blyſſed' be-cause þat ȝe er ſo ſpered' in, 20  
þat if ȝe walde neuer ſo gladly paſſe furthe for to lere þe  
cuſtomes þat oper meñ vſeȝ, ȝe may noȝte; and nyſt-ȝe wiſt-ȝe,  
ȝow by-houeȝ nedis ſuffere þat cayteſſtee þat ȝe lyffe in. Where-  
fore it ſemeȝ bi ȝour techynge, that þay þat liggeȝ in preſonḁ, 24  
are als mekiſt at comend' als ȝe, þe whilke vn-to þaire lyues ende  
ſuffres ſorowe and nede. And as me thynke, þe gudneſſe þat ȝe ruſe  
ȝow offe, may wele be lykkened' to þe paynes of þaim þat ere in  
preſonḁ. And ſo þat that oure lawe demes to be done t[i]ll wikked' 28  
meñ, ȝe ſuffere kyndely. And þare-fore hym þat we halde wyſe,  
ȝe halde an Ebbere fule<sup>3</sup>. Sothely me thynk ȝour lyffynge es  
noȝte blyſſed' bot wrechid' and as it ware a chaſtyng to ȝowe.  
I ſwere ȝow by oure goddeȝ of myghte, þat, & I myghte come 32  
to ȝow with an oſte, I ſulde gare ȝow leue ȝour wrechid' lyfe,  
and by-come meñ of armes, als many of ȝow als ware able.'  
When Alexander had' ſent this lettre tiſt Dyndimus he gart

<sup>1</sup> The ſecond vowel of *folowes* is often written ſo ſmall as to render it uncertain whether it is an *o* or *e*.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *A*.

<sup>3</sup> *fou* written in MS. before *fule* and ſcratched out. This word *fon* or *fou* was complete and not a half-written word, as the MS. ſhows.

rayse vp a pelare of Marble a wonder grete, & an heghe, and  
gart writt *pare*-apon this title wit lettres of grewe, of latyne,  
and of þe langage of Inde. 'I Alexander, Philipp son of  
4 Macedoyne, after þe discomfytour & þe dedd of Darius & Porus  
come on werre vn-to this place.'

<sup>1</sup> Fra þeine kyng Alexander & his Oste remowed & come in-  
till a felde, þat was called Actea & *pare* pay lugeð. Abowte  
8 þat felde was a thikke wodd of tresse berand fruyte; of þe  
whilke wilde men þat duelt in þe Same wodd vrede for till hafe  
paire fude, whase bodyes ware grete as geauntez, and paire  
clethyng ware made of skynnes of dyuerse beste. And when  
12 pay saw Alexander Oste luge *pare*, onane *pare* come oute of þe  
wodd, a grete multitude of þam wit lange rodde in paire handz &  
bi-gað for to feghte wit þe oste. And þan Alexander commanded  
þat all [þe] oste schulde sette vp a schowte at anes. And also  
16 sone als þe wylde\* men herde þat<sup>2</sup> noyse, pay were wondere fered  
be-cause pay had neuer be-fore herde swilke a noyse. And than  
pay be-gað to flee hedir & thedir in þe wodd. And Alexander &  
his men persued þam and slewe of þam vic xxx iiij. And pay slew  
20 of Alexander knyghtes xxvij. In þat felde Alexander & his  
oste leuged iij dayes and vetailed þam of þat fruyte þat growed  
in þe wodd.

<sup>3</sup> Fra þeine pay remowed and come till a grete ryuer, & lugeð  
24 þam *pare*. And as it ware abowte none, *pare* come apon þam  
a wilde man, als mekiß als a geaunte. And he was rughe of  
hare all ouer, and his hede was lyke till a swyne, And his voyce  
also. And when Alexander saw hym, he bad his knyghtis tak  
28 hym & bryng hym bi-for hym. And when pay come abowte  
hym, he was na thyng fered, ne fledd nozte, bot stodd baldly bi-  
fore þam. And when Alexander saw that, he comanded þat pay  
sulde take a zonge damesell & nakkeð hir & sett hir bi-fore hym.  
32 And pay did soo. And onane, he ranne apon hir romyand as  
he hadd bene wodd. Bot þe knyghtes wit grete deficultee refte  
hyr fra hym. And ay he romyed & made grete mane. And  
efte pay broghte hym till Alexander and sett hym bi-fore hym.  
36 And Alexander wonderd gretly of his figure. And þan he

Alexander  
raised up  
a pillar and  
wrote his  
victories  
on it in  
Greek,  
Latin, and  
in the lan-  
guage of  
India.  
They come  
to a forest  
full of wild  
men eating  
fruit and  
clothed in  
the skins of  
beasts.  
They fight  
Alexander  
with rods  
in their  
hands.

\* Leaf 37  
bk.

The Greeks  
put them  
to flight by  
shouting,  
and slay  
many of  
them.

They come  
to a great  
river and  
stay there.  
There they  
meet a won-  
drous wild  
man with  
a swine's  
head and  
voice.

They tempt  
him with a  
naked dam-  
sel and

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *F*.

<sup>3</sup> Five lines with large red *F*, small *f*

<sup>2</sup> *þat* at the bottom of leaf 37 and *þe* at  
the top of leaf 37 bk.

beside.

then burn him alive. They come to a wondrous woodland with trees that spring up in the daytime and at sunset sink back into the earth, with fruit of sweet smell but of bitter taste.

A knight takes of this, but is smitten dead by an evil spirit, and a voice proclaims the same to any that come nigh. In that

\* Leaf 38.

place are tame birds, and who touches them is scorched by fire. They come to a mountain, climb for 8 days, and at the top they fight dragons, etc. Going down they come into a dark valley with wondrous trees and streams, and a mountain with thick air.

gerte bynd hym tilf a tree & make a fyre abowte hym & brynne hym. And so pay didd. <sup>1</sup> Fra peine pay remowed & come tilf anoper felde in pe whilke pare ware growand treesse, of a wonderfull heghte, and pay bigan for to sprynge vp at pe son rysynge ; 4 And bi pe son settinge pay wyted a-way in-to pe erthe agayne. At pe firste houre of pe day pay bi-gan to sprynge oute of pe erthe, & so pay wex ay to myddaye, and pan pay bi-gan to decresse. And by pe son settinge pay ware in pe erthe agayne, 8 And was na thyng of pan sene bi-fore on pe morne. Pir treeesse bare a fruyte wonder swete of reffayre bot pay [ware] bitter of taste. When Alexander saw pat fruyte he bade a knyghte bryng hym pareoffe. And he went & tuk pare-offe, and onane 12 a wikked spirit smate hym, and be-lyfe he was dede. And pan pay herd a voyce in pe ayer pat said on pis wyse: 'What man so neghes pir treeesse he sail dye onane.' Pare was also in pat felde fewles wonder meke & tame. Bot what man so layde 16 hande on any of pan, onane pare come fire oute of pan, & brynt hym rihte greuosly.

\* <sup>2</sup> Than pay remowed fra peine, And come tilf a Mountayne, pat was so hye, pat pay ware viij dayes in gangyng ar pay 20 myzte wyne to pe heghte pare-offe. And when pay come to pe heghte of it, pare come agaynes pan a grete multitude of dragones, Serpentes, and lyones pe whilke turmentid Alexander & his men reghte gretely. And at pe laste, pay askaped paire 24 daungere, and went doune of pe mountayne and come in-tilf a vaylay pat was so myrke pat vnnethes myghte ane of pan See anoper. In pat depe valay ware treeesse growand of whilke pe fruyte & pe lefes ware wonder sauory in pe tastynge, and reueils 28 of water faire & clere. Aghte dayes contenuelly pay saw na son. And at pe viij days end pay come to pe fote of a mountayne whare all pe Oste thurgh a wikked thikk ayer ware so gretley disessed pat pay ware in poynte to hafe bene choked 32 pare-offe. And when pay come a-bownd on pe mountayne, pay fand pe ayer mare soteff, and pe lighte of pe day mare clere. And pus pay ware wendand vpwarde, on pis Mountayne Elleuen, xj, days wit grete trauaile. And when pay come to pe 36

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *T* and

a dragon within, and the head of a dragon above with sting out.

hegheste of þis Mountayne, þay saw on þe toper syde faire weder  
& bryghte. And þaȳ þay went doun of þis Mountayne, and  
come in til a grete playne of whilke þe erthe was wonder rede.  
4 And in þis playne þare were growande treesse wit-owtten  
nowmer; and þay passed noȝte a cubit in heghte, & þaire fruyte  
& þaire lefes were passandly swete as þay had bene fyges. And  
þay fande þare reueſs riȝte many, of clere water as cristalle.  
8 And it was als nureschand to manes body, as it hadd bene  
mylke wit-outen eny oper mete. Thurgh þat ilk playne þay  
went fourty .xl. days and þaȳ þay com til wonder heghe  
Mountaynes; and it semed as þe toppes had towched þe firma-  
12 ment. And þir Mountaynes ware als brant vp-riȝte as þay had  
bene walles. So þat þare was na clymyng vpon þam. And at  
þe laste þay fande twa passageȝ be-twix þase Mountaynes, of  
whilke, þe tane streched to-warde þe west, and þe toper towarde  
16 þe Este. Than Alexander demed þat that duysoȳ be-twix þase  
Mountaynes was made thurgh Noye flode. And þaȳ þay went  
by þat passage þat streched to warde þe Este Seuē days.  
And on þe heghten .viij. day þay fande a Basilisc þat meȳ  
20 calleȝ a Cocatrys, a grete & ane horrible. And bicause of his  
grete elde he was fouſt stynkand. \* þis ilke Basilisc was so  
venymous, þat noȝte all anely thurgh his stynke, bot also  
thurgh his sighte allane, whayȳ so he loked on, he sulde dy  
24 onane; þaȳ þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes, as þay passede  
thurgh þe strait way dyed thikk-falde thurgh þe sighte of þat  
Basilisc. And when Alexander knyghtis saw that periff, þay  
durste passe na forther bot said amangeȝ þam: 'þe vertue of  
28 oure goddes,' quoth þay, 'es bifore vs, þat schewes vs þat we  
schulde ga na forthir.' Bot Alexander went bi hym ane vpon  
an heghe cragge, where he myghte see on ferrome fra hym.  
And þaȳ he saw this pestellencius beste þe Basilisc lygg  
32 slepande in myddes of þe passage. þe kynde of hym was þat,  
als so sone als he felid a maȳ or a beste com nere hym,  
for to open his eghne & stare appon þam, and als many  
als he loked on, solde sudaynly falle doun & dye. When  
36 Alexander had sene hym, Be lyfe he went dounne of þe<sup>2</sup>  
cragge, and gart sett a merke þat na maȳ sulde passe. And

They climb  
this mountain  
for eleven days  
and then they  
come through  
clear weather  
into a land of  
red earth grow-  
ing dwarf trees  
with wonder-  
fully sweet  
fruit. And  
here they  
find crystal  
streams whose  
waters nourish  
as though they  
were milk.  
They march  
through that  
plain forty  
days, and then  
they come to  
mountains  
whose tops  
reach the skies  
and in which  
were two  
passages, one  
towards the  
west and the  
other towards

\* Leaf 38 bk.  
the east, which  
Alexander  
thinks were  
made by the  
Flood. They go  
east seven  
days.  
On the  
eighth day  
they find a  
Basilisk that  
slays through  
look alone.  
He kills many.  
Alexander sur-  
veys him from  
afar off.

<sup>1</sup> þat inserted above the line by scribe.

<sup>2</sup> g first turned into c, then finally erased between þe and cragge.

Alexander approaches him shielded by a mirror, so that the Basilisk slays himself with his own glances.

The Basilisk being slain they burn him, and praise Alexander.

At last they found their way barred, and must come back to the plain. Then they went westward fifteen days and then to the left.

They come to a mountain of adamant hung

\* Leaf 39.

around with chains of gold and with sapphire steps.

Alexander goes up the mountain with twelve princes, and finds a wondrous palace of precious

það he gart a pavysse be made seuēd cubites of lenghte & foure oñ brede; and oñ þe vtter syde þare-offe he gart sett a grete Mirroure, And a large. And at þe nethir ende of þe pavisse he gart nayle a burde þe lenthe of a cubit for to couere 4 wit his legges, and his fete, so þat na party of hym myzte be sene. And þan Alexander tuk þis pavisse in his handis, and went towarde this Basilisc, and warned his meñ þat nañ of þam sulde passe his termes. And when he come nere þe 8 basilisc, þe basilisc opynde his eghne. And wit a grete ire he bi-helde þe Mirroure and saw hym-selfe þare-in. And of þe refleccion of þe bemes of his sighte strykande appoñ hym-selfe Sudanly he was dede. And when Alexander knewe wele þat 12 he was dede, he called tiff his knyghtis; And bad þam come see hym þat slewe paire felawes. And when þay come tiff hym, þay saw þe Basilisc dede. And það þay comended & prayssed gretly his hardynesse and his hye witt, And went & 16 brynede þe Basilisc at þe commandement of Alexander.

<sup>1</sup> Fra þeine þay went tiff þey come to þe ferreste of þat waye; and ferrere myzte þay nozte wynñ. For þare ware so hye Mountaynes agaynes þam and craggēs like walles þat þay 20 myzte passe no forþer. And það þay turned agayne, and come to þe forsaide playne; and went by þat way þat streched towarde þe weste fyvftene .xv. days. And það þay lefte þat way, And turnede oñ þe lefte hande. And so þay went foure score 24 <sup>xx</sup> iiij days, and at þe laste þay come tiff a Mountayne of adamande; and at þe fute þare-offe þare hange chynes of golde. Þis Mountayne hadd made \* of saphyres twa thowsande 28 greez & a halfe, by þe whilke meñ ascendid to þe summit of þe Mountayne. And þare Alexander & his Oste lured þam.

<sup>2</sup> And on þe morne Alexander Offerd sacrafice tiff his goddes, And það he tuk with hym xij twelue pryncez of þe wyrchip- 32 fulleste þat he hade, and went vp bi þe forsaide greez till he come abouñ oñ þe Mountayne. And þare he fandē a palace wonder faire and curiously wroghte; and it hade twelve 3ates and thre score & teñ wyndows. And þe lyntails bathe of þe 36 durs and of þe wyndows ware of fyñ golde, wele burnesch, and þat Palace was called þe howse of þe soñ. Þare was also

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *A*.

- a temple all of golde & of precious stanes, And bi-fore þe  
dores þare-offe þare was a vyne of golde, berande grapes of  
charbuncles, of Rubyes, Dyamandez, and many oper maneres of  
4 precious stanes. þaṇ kyng Alexander & his princeȝ went in-to  
þe palace; and fande þare a maṇ liggand in a bedd of golde, and  
couerd wit a riche clathe of golde. And he was riȝte a mekiṯ  
maṇ and a faire, And his berde & his heued ware als whitt  
8 als any wofle; and hym semed lyke a Bischope. Als soṇ als  
Alexander & his prynceȝ saw þis alde maṇ þay kneliḏ dounne  
on paire kneesse and saluste hym. And he ansuerd & saide:  
'Welcom Alexander,' quop he, 'I tesse the þou salṯ see, þat neuer  
12 flescly maṇ bi-fore this tyme sawe; And þou salṯ here þat neuer  
erthly maṇ herde are.' And Alexander ansuerd & sayd: 'Maste  
blyssed alde maṇ,' quoth he, 'how hase þou knawying of me?'  
'For sothe,' quoth he, 'bi-fore Noy flode couerde all þe erthe,  
16 knewe I bathe the, & thi dedis. I wate wele þou desyres for  
to See þe haly treeȝ of þe Soṇ And þe Mone þe wilke telleȝ  
thynges þat ere to come.' 'Ȝaa for sothe,' quop Alexander,  
'þer es na-tynge þat I desyre mare, þaṇ for to see þaṇ.'  
20 And he was riȝt gladd. þaṇ saide þe alde maṇ tiṯ hym:  
'And ȝe be clene of flescly dede wit women, þaṇ es it leefuṯ  
to ȝow to see þaṇ and to entir in-to þat haly place þat es  
a sette of godd. And if ȝe be noȝte clene, it es noȝte leefuṯ  
24 to ȝow.' 'Ȝis, sir, sothely,' quop Alexander, 'we ere clene.'  
þaṇ raise þe alde maṇ vp of þe bedd þat he lay in, and  
said vn-to þaṇ: 'Putteȝ offe ȝour rynges,' quop he, 'and ȝoure  
clathes, & ȝour schone, and folowes me.' And þay dyḏ<sup>1</sup> so.  
28 And þaṇ Alexander tuk wit hym tholomeus and Antiochus,  
& folowed þe alde maṇ, and went thurgh þe wodd þat  
was abouṇ oṇ þe Mountayne closed with mannes handes.  
þe \* treesse of þat wodd ware an hundreth .c. fote lange &  
32 hye, and þay ware lyke lorers or Olyue treesse; And out  
of þaṇ þare raṇ rykyles & fynne bawme. And as þay went  
thurgh þat wodd þay saw a tree wondere hye, in þe wilke  
þare satt a mekiṯ fewle. þat tree hadd noþer þare-oṇ lefes ne  
36 fruyte. þe fewle þat satt þare-oṇ hadd oṇ his hedd a creste  
lyk tiṯ a pacokke, & his beke also crested. Abowte his nekke,  
he hadd fethirs lyke golde. þe hynder of hym was lyk purple;

metal and  
stones.

He goes  
into the  
palace.  
He finds an  
aged man  
there of  
Bishop-like  
appear-  
ance.

He kneels  
and salutes  
him.

The aged  
man speaks  
and tells  
him he  
shall see  
and hear  
what never  
earthly  
man did  
before. He  
shall have  
his desire  
and know  
the future.  
He can only  
see the holy  
trees of the  
sun and the  
moon if  
clean of  
fleschly  
deeds.  
He must  
put off  
every-  
thing to see  
them.

Alexander,  
Ptolemy,  
and Anti-  
ochus fol-  
low the

\* Leaf 39  
bk.

old man  
through the  
wood on the  
mountain,  
through  
wondrous  
trees that  
shed in-  
cense and  
balm.

<sup>1</sup> The scribe first wrote *de* and then changed the *e* into a *y*, making it into *dyd*.

They  
see the  
Phoenix.  
They come  
to the holy  
trees of the  
sun and  
the moon.  
The old  
man tells  
him to look  
up and  
think and  
the Spirit  
of the Trees  
shall an-  
swer his  
thought.  
These trees  
were high.  
The leaves  
of the sun  
tree golden  
red, of the  
moon tree  
shining  
white.  
Alexander  
would sac-  
rifice to  
these trees  
but may  
not. The  
sun tree  
speaks in  
Indian or  
Greek, the  
moon tree  
begins in  
Greek and  
ends in the  
language of  
India. He  
gets his  
answer. He  
shall win  
the world  
but never  
see home  
again.

\* Leaf 40.

Twenty  
months

and þe tayle was ounnded ouerthwert, wit a colour reede as  
rose & wit blewe. And his fethers ware riȝte faire schynand.  
When Alexander saw þis fewle he was gretely meruailled of  
þe faired of hym; þaȝ saide þe Alde maȝ: 'Alexander,' quop 4  
he, 'þis ilke fewle þat þou here seese es a fenix.' And þaȝ  
pay went forþer thurgh þe forsaide wodd, And come to thiese  
haly treeȝ of þe soȝn & þe mone þat growed in myddeȝ of þe  
wodde. And þaȝ þe alde maȝ saide tiȝt Alexander: 'Luke vp,' 8  
quop he, 'to ȝone haly treeȝ, and thynke in thi hert what  
preuatee so þe liste, and þou saȝt hafe a trewe ansuere. Bot  
luke þat þou speke na worde in opyȝ. And þare-by saȝt þou  
witt þat it es a gude spiritt, þat knowes thi thoghte.' Thir 12  
twa treeȝ were wonder hye. And þe tree of þe Soȝn had leues  
lyk fyne golde, reed & faire schynande. And þe tree of þe  
mone had lefes whitt als syluer & faire schynande. And  
þaȝ walde Alexander hafe Offrede Sacrafyce to þir treeȝ. Bot 16  
þe alde maȝ walde noȝte suffre hym, bot saide: 'It es noȝte  
leuefuȝt,' quop he, 'in þis haly place, nowþer to offre encense,  
ne to slaa na besteȝ, Bot to knele douȝ to þe boles of þir treeȝ  
& kysse þaȝ & pray þe soȝn & þe mone to giffe trew answers.' 20  
And þan Alexander spirred þe alde maȝ, in what langage þe  
treeȝ sulde giffe þaire answers. And þe alde maȝ ansuerd &  
saide: 'The tree of þe Son,' quop he, 'answers owþer aȝt in þe  
langage of Inde or eȝls of grewe. And þe tree of þe Mone 24  
begynneȝ wit þe langage of grewe & endeȝ wit þe langage of Inde.'  
And as pay stode þus spekande, Sudaynly þare come  
a bryghte beme fra þe weste þat schane ouer aȝt þe wodde.  
And þaȝ Alexander kneled douȝ, and kyssede þe treeȝ an 28  
thoght þus in his hert: 'Saȝt I conquere aȝt þe werlde, and  
afterwardeȝ wit þe victorye wende hame to Macedoyne tiȝt my  
moder Olympias, and my sisters? And \* þaȝ þe tree of þe soȝn  
ansuerd softly in þe langage of Inde, And saide þir verseȝ: 32

'Tú dominātorum orbis dominus simul et pater extas,  
Set patrum rignum<sup>1</sup> per tempora nulla videbis;'

þat es at say, 'þou ert bathe lorde & fader of aȝte þe werlde,  
Bot þe Rewme of thy Fadyrs saȝt þou neuer see wit thyȝ eghne.' 36  
þaȝ byȝaȝ Alexander to thynke how lange he sulde lyffe,

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS.

and whate dedd<sup>r</sup> he sulde dye. And þe tree of þe Mone shall he  
ansuerd<sup>r</sup> by þir twa versez: live and his  
friend shall  
poison him.

‘Anno completo viues & mensibus octo,

4 De quo confidis tibi mortis pocula dabit.’

þat es at saye, ‘A twluemonthes & aughte monethes sañ þou lyffe.

And þa<sup>n</sup> he þat þou traiste<sup>z</sup> o<sup>n</sup>, sañ giffe þee a drynke of dedd<sup>r</sup>.’

þa<sup>n</sup> bi-ga<sup>n</sup> Alexander to thynke in his hert o<sup>n</sup> þis wyse,

8 ‘Tell me nòw, hály trèe,

Wha he ès þat sall sláa mée.’

And þa<sup>n</sup> þe tree of þe so<sup>n</sup> ansuerd<sup>r</sup> by þir twa versez:

‘Si tibi pandatur vir qui tua facta resoluet,

12 Illum confrynges & sic mea carmina fallent.’

þat es at say: ‘And I schew the þe manes name, þat sañ v<sup>n</sup>do  
thi dedis, þou wilt slaa hym, and so sañ my prophycye fayle.’

And þa<sup>n</sup> þe forsaide ald ma<sup>n</sup> sayd<sup>r</sup> titl Alexander: ‘Disese

16 na mare þir trees,’ quop he, ‘wit thyne askynges. Bot tourne

we agayne, as we come hedir.’ And þa<sup>n</sup> Alexander & his twa

prynce<sup>z</sup> wit hym tourned agayne wit þe alde ma<sup>n</sup>. And ay as

he went, he waped<sup>r</sup> bitterly, bi-cause of his schorte tyme; and

20 his prynce<sup>z</sup> also waped ri<sup>z</sup>te sare. Bot he commanded þa<sup>n</sup> þat

þay schulde no<sup>z</sup>te tesse to na ma<sup>n</sup> of his Oste þat that þay hadd<sup>r</sup>

herde & sene. And when þay ware comen to þe forsaide Palace

þe alde [man] said<sup>r</sup> vn-till Alexander: ‘Torne bakke agayne,’

24 quoth he, ‘for it es no<sup>z</sup>te leefull to na ma<sup>n</sup> to passe forthire.

If þe liste wende toward þe weste, þou sañ no<sup>z</sup>te traueffe full

lange are þou come to þe place, whare þe liste to bee.’ And

when þe alde ma<sup>n</sup> had said<sup>r</sup> þir wordez, he went in-to þe palace

28 and Alexander and his twa prynce<sup>z</sup> went dou<sup>n</sup> by þe forsaide

gree<sup>z</sup> & come to þe Oste.

<sup>1</sup> Apon þe morne Alexander & his Oste remowed þeine & went

agayneward fyftene days, And come agayne to þe forsaid<sup>r</sup>

32 playne & þare þay lused þa<sup>n</sup>. And þare at þe entree of þa

twa forsaid<sup>r</sup> ways, Alexander gart rayse vp twa pelers of Marble,

and by-twixe þa<sup>n</sup> he haude a table of golde, on þe whilke was

wretyn in þe langage of grewe, hebrew, of latyne, and of Inde,

36 one this wyse: ‘I, Alexander, Phillipp<sup>o</sup> so<sup>n</sup> of Macedoyne,

Did he  
but know  
the man's  
name, he  
would try  
to undo the  
prophecies.  
The old  
man bids  
him not  
incommode  
the trees.

He goes  
away weep-  
ing.  
He com-  
mands his  
friends to  
tell no  
man.  
The old  
man bids  
him turn  
back and  
travel to  
the west.

Alexander  
journeys  
fifteen  
days and  
then raises  
up two  
marble  
pillars,  
between  
them a  
table of

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital A.

gold with  
letters in  
Greek,  
\* Leaf 40  
bk.

Hebrew,  
Latin, and  
Indian,  
telling of  
his great  
deeds and  
guiding  
after-  
comers.  
Thence  
they go  
westwards  
towards  
Macedonia  
and come  
to the  
country of  
Prasiac.  
The men  
of the  
country  
bring him  
presents.  
There is  
in that  
country a  
city of  
precious  
stones  
ruled over  
by a widow  
queen and  
her sons.  
Alexander  
writes to  
Queen  
Candace  
sending  
presents,  
asking her  
to come  
that they  
may offer  
sacrifice  
together.  
Queen  
Candace  
writes to  
Alexander  
on his con-  
quests, but  
proclaims  
that they  
may not

sett thir pelers here, after þe dedd̄ of Darius kyng of Perse  
and of Porus kyng of Inde. What mañ so wilþ passe forþer  
late hym̄ \* tourne one þe lefte hand. For wha so tourneþ one  
þe rihte hande he saþ fynde many obstacleþ & greuanceþ þat 4  
saþ peraunture lett his agayne-commynge.'

<sup>1</sup> Fra þeine þay remowed thurgh þat playne and lefte pase  
strayte wayes, takand̄ þe way westeward̄ þe gayneste towarde  
Macedoyne. And at þe laste þay come tiþ a cuntree þat highte s  
Prasiac, And þare þay lugeð þam̄. And when̄ men̄ of þat  
cuntree herd̄ of þe commynge of Alexander, wit grete wirchipe  
þay broghte hym grete presanteþ of swilk thynges as þay hadd̄  
in þaire lande, þat es at say, skynnes of fischeþ lyke vn-to þe 12  
skynnes of pardes, or of lyouns also, and lawmpray skynnes of  
sex cubites lange. In þat cuntree was a noble citee aþ of  
precyous stanes made wit-owtten̄ tyme or sande, sett apoñ an  
hiff. Of þe whilke citee, a wirchifuþ lady and a faire hadd̄ 16  
þe lordechipe. Þis lady was wedowe and scho hadd̄ three  
sones. The firste of þam̄ highte Candeolus, þe secand̄ Mar-  
cipius, And þe thirde hight Carator. To þis lady Alexander  
sent a lettre of þis tenour :

<sup>2</sup> 'Alexander þe soñ of godd̄ Amoñ & of þe quene Olympias,  
kyng of kynges & lorde of lordes vn-to quene Candace of Meroñ  
ioy & gretynge. We sende þow ane ymage of godd̄ Amoñ aþ  
of fyne golde; And þarefore comeþ tiþ vs þat we may wende 24  
togeder to þe Mountayne for to make sacrafyce þare to godd̄  
Amon.' When̄ þe Qwene Candace hadd̄ redd̄ þis lettre, Scho  
sent hir embassatours tiþ kyng Alexander wit grete presanteþ  
and with a lettre of this tenour :

<sup>3</sup> 'Candace, quene of Meroñ, vn-tiþ Alexander, kyng of  
kynges, ioi. Wele we knawe þat þe hafe by reuelacioñ of  
godd̄ Amoñ þat þe schulde conquere Perse, Inde and Egipte,  
and subiecte vn-to þow aþ oper nacions. And aþ þat þe hafe 32  
done, nozte allanly was graunted̄ bot also of aþ oper goddeþ.  
Tiþ vs þat hase faire saules & bryghte it nedeþ noghte to make  
sacrafyce to godd̄ Amoñ in þe Mountaynes. Neuer-þe-lesse  
bicause we wilþ nozte offende þowere maiestatee, we sende tiþ 36

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital F and small  
f in margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital A and

a beside.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines with red capital C and c in  
the margin.

Amon<sup>1</sup> ȝoure godd<sup>r</sup> a Coro<sup>n</sup> of golde and precyouse stanes, And  
 te<sup>n</sup> chynes<sup>1</sup> of golde sett full of precious stanes. And vn-to  
 ȝow we sende a hundrethe Besaunteȝ of golde; And twa  
 4 hundreth papeiayes closed<sup>r</sup> in cageȝ<sup>\*</sup> of golde, c childer of  
 Ethipes, cc apes, cccc Olyphantis, xxxiii<sup>xx</sup> vnycornes, iij panter  
 skynnez, of pardez & lyounes cccc, and we beseke ȝowre hye  
 maieste pat ȝe wi<sup>ll</sup> notyfye vn-till vs bi ȝour wirchipfull lettres,  
 8 wheder ȝe haue conquered<sup>r</sup> alle þe werlde and made it subiecte  
 vn-to ȝow or noȝte.<sup>r</sup> Amangeȝ her embassatours pat scho sent  
 till Alexander þare was a wonder crafty & a sute<sup>ll</sup> payntoure.  
 And hym scho charged<sup>r</sup> pat he schulde besely by-halde Alexander  
 12 & purtray his fygure in a parchemy<sup>n</sup> skyn<sup>n</sup> and brynge it to hir.  
 And so he did<sup>r</sup>. Alexander ressayued<sup>r</sup> þe forsaid<sup>r</sup> gyftes reuerently  
 and sent hir noble gyftes agayne wi<sup>th</sup> hir embassatours. And  
 when<sup>n</sup> þay come hame þe payntour tuke hir þe fegure of Alexander  
 16 purtrayed<sup>r</sup> as I saide be-fore. And when<sup>n</sup> þe quene saw it, Scho  
 was riȝte gladde, for scho desyred<sup>r</sup> gretly for to see his fygure.

<sup>2</sup> After þis ane of þe quene sonnes pat hight Candeolus went  
 furthe of þe Citee wi<sup>th</sup> his wyfe and a fewe of his menȝee for to  
 20 take þe sporte. And onane þe kyng of þe Bebrikes, knawying  
 þe fairehed<sup>r</sup> of Candeolus wyfe, come appon<sup>n</sup> þam<sup>n</sup> with a grete  
 multitude of me<sup>n</sup>, and slew many of Candeolus menȝee and  
 reſte hym his wyfe & went his way. And þan<sup>n</sup> Candeolus and  
 24 his me<sup>n</sup> pat ware lefte on lyfe went till Alexander Oste for to  
 be-seke hym of helpe agaynes þe kynge of Bebrikes. And þe  
 waches of þe oste tuke Candeolus & broghte hym bi-fore  
 Tholomeus, pat was þe secund<sup>r</sup> person<sup>n</sup> after Alexander. And  
 28 Tholomeus spirred<sup>r</sup> hym what he was, & what he did<sup>r</sup> þare.  
 ‘I am,’ quop he, ‘quene Candace so<sup>n</sup> and þis day als I went  
 wi<sup>th</sup> my wyfe & a preuee menȝee for to take þe sporte, þe kynge  
 of þe Bebrikes come apo<sup>n</sup> vs wi<sup>th</sup> a grete multitude of me<sup>n</sup> and  
 32 hase slayne many of my menȝee & reſte me my wyfe. And  
 þare-fore I am come<sup>n</sup> heder for to beseke my lord<sup>r</sup>, þe Emperour,  
 of helpe & socoure.’ When Tholomeus had herd<sup>r</sup> þis onane  
 he garte take kepe of Candeolus & went till Alexander tentis  
 36 and wakkned<sup>r</sup> Alexander & talde hym & talde ilk a dele pat  
 Candeolus had talde hym. And when<sup>n</sup> Alexander hadd<sup>r</sup> herde

sacrifice  
 to Amon.  
 Neverthe-  
 less.

\* Leaf 41.  
 she  
 sends him  
 presents—  
 a crown of  
 gold, a  
 hundred  
 bezants,  
 slave-  
 children,  
 and vari-  
 ous strange  
 beasts.  
 These gifts  
 she sends  
 by a painter  
 who is to  
 portray  
 Alexander  
 on a parch-  
 ment skin.  
 And so it  
 was done.

Candeolus  
 goes out of  
 the city  
 with his  
 wife and a  
 few for  
 sport. A  
 hostile  
 king know-  
 ing the  
 wife's  
 beauty  
 comes and  
 reaves her  
 away. Can-  
 deolus  
 comes for  
 help and  
 is brought  
 to Ptolemy.  
 He pro-  
 claims who  
 he is and  
 his errand.

Ptolemy  
 sends to  
 Alexander  
 and  
 wakens  
 him.

<sup>1</sup> *Chenes* first written; but when the scribe had written *e* he wrote *y* over it

and joined it to the next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *A*.

Alexander  
bids Pto-  
\* Leaf 41  
bk.  
lem put on  
a crown as  
though he  
were Alex-  
ander and  
let him  
send for  
Antiochus,  
and Alex-  
ander will  
come as  
Antiochus  
and ask  
counsel of  
Alexander  
as though  
he were  
Antiochus.  
Ptolemy  
does as  
Alexander  
bids him.  
Alexander  
then coun-  
sels that  
the king  
should be  
command-  
ed to de-  
liver up  
Candeolus'  
wife that  
night  
or other-  
wise de-  
stroy his  
city.  
Candeolus  
thanks  
Alexander  
as though  
he were  
Antiochus.  
Alexander  
does as he  
counsels  
and with a  
great force  
calls on  
the king  
to deliver  
back Can-  
deolus' wife  
or else they  
will burn

his tale he badd' hym gange agayne tilf his tent and do a  
corouñ oñ his hede and putt apoñ hyñ þe kynges clothyng,  
\* and sett hym in the kynges trone & say vn-to Candeolus  
þat he was kyng Alexander. 'And bidd an of thi meñ,' 4  
quop he, 'feche vn-to þe Antyochus, And late hym bryng me  
to þe insteed' of Antyochus, and wheñ I come bi-for thee telle  
me bi-fore Candeolus<sup>1</sup> aif þat he talde the. And aske me  
conseff, als I ware Antyochus, what es beste to do in þat mater.' 8  
Tholomeus went and didd' aif als Alexander badd' hym. And  
he asched' Alexander in stedd' of Antyochus be-fore Candeolus  
what was beste to do. And Alexander ansuerd' & sayde on  
herand' Candeolus: 'Wirchipfull Emperour,' quop he, 'if it be 12  
plesynge to 3our maiestee I wilf go wit Candeolus þis same  
nyghte to þe kyng of þe Bebrikes, and comande hym one 3our  
byhalue þat he 3elde Candeolus his wyfe agayne. And if he  
wilf no3te do soo, I saif late hym witt þat 3e saif sende a grete 16  
powere to his Citee & bryne it vp stikke & stourre.' When  
Candeolus hadd' herde hym say þus, he knelyd' vn-till hym &  
said': 'A a, wirchipfull Antyochus,' quop he, 'wele walde it seme  
þe for to be a kyng for þe hye witt and þe manhede þat es 20  
in the.' Than kyng Alexander take wit hym a grete powere  
and went apoñ þe same nyghte wit Candeolus vn-to þe Citee,  
whare þe kyng of þe Bebrikes lay. And whañ pay come to þe  
citee, þe waytes cryed' apoñ þañ, and askede what pay ware. 24  
And Alexander ansuerd' & sayd': 'Candeolus,' quop he, 'es here  
wit ane Oste of meñ, and þe cause of his commynge es to be  
restorede agayne of his wyfe þe whilke 3our kyng raueste away  
fro hyñ þis same day. And my lord' kyng Alexander com- 28  
mande3 3ow þat 3e delyuer hir anone, or sewrely we saif brynne  
this citee & 3our selfe are we passe hethyñ.' And wheñ þe meñ  
of þe citee herde this, pay ware ferde ynoghe<sup>2</sup> and onane went  
to þe kynges palace & brakke vp þe 3ates, & take Candeolus 32  
wyfe & delyuerd' hir till hir lorde. Þañ Candeolus kneled' douñ  
till Alexander & saide vn-till hym: 'A a, my dere frende,' quop  
he, 'wirchipfull Antyochus, Blyssed mot þou be for þis grete  
gudnes þat þou hase schewed' mee. And I beseke the nowe þat 36

<sup>1</sup> The scribe has written *Antyochus* instead of *Candeolus*, then scratched it out, and written *Candeolus* again.

<sup>2</sup> The scribe has first written *ynghē* and inserted the *o* above.

pou wilt vouche-saffe for to wende with me vn-to my moder quene Candace, þat scho may rewarde þe for þis þat pou hase done for me.' And when Alexander herde this he was riȝte gladde. For  
4 he had gretely desyrede for to see quene Candace & hir citee also. And þan he sayd: 'Goo we,' quop he, 'to þe emperour and asche hym leue.' And þay did soo; and when he had leue, he went wit Candeolus. And as þay went to-gedir þay come till<sup>1</sup> heghe  
8 mountaynes þat reched vp to þe clowdes and apoñ þam þare growed trees of a wonderfull heghte lyke \* vn-to<sup>2</sup> cedres þat bare appylls of Inde riȝte grete, Of þe whilk Alexander wonnderde hym gretly. Þay saw also þare vynes growe wit wondere grete  
12 bobbis of grapes; for a mañ myȝte vnnetheȝ bere añ of þam. Þare ware also trees þat bare nutteȝ als grete als gourddeȝ. And þare ware also many apes. Fra þeine þay went & come to þe citee of quene Candace.  
16 And when Candace herd tell þat hir soñ Candeolus and his wyfe ware comande and ware safe & sounde, And at a messangere of kyng Alexander come wit þam, scho was wonder gladde; and onane scho arayed hir ryally as a  
20 quene suld be, and sett apoñ hir hedde a crouñ full ryche all of golde sett full of precyouse stanes, and went furthe wit hir lordes to þe ȝates of hir palace, for to mete hir soñ Candeolus and Alexander messenger. This quene was a won-  
24 dere faire lady & a semely; And when Alexander saw hir, hym thoghte als he hade sene his moder Olympias. Hir palace was wonder ryalle & precyouse and all þe ruffe þare-of schane wit golde & precyouse stanes. Than quene Candace tuke Alexander  
28 bi þe hande, And ledd hym vp till hir chambir, whare þare ware beddes arayed wit þe fyneste clathes of golde þat myghte be getyñ; And þat chambir was of golde & precyous stanes, þe whilke are called Onychyns & þe burdeȝ & þe bynkes of  
32 euour & Smaragdeȝ & Amatistes. Þe Pelers of þe Palace ware all of Marble, And þar ware grauen in þam cartes of werre, þat semed to mannes sighte as þay hadd bene rynnand; And Olyphauntes tredand meñ vnder paire fete. Vndernethe þat  
36 Palace rane a water wonder swete, & clere as any cristalle.

the city. The citizens revolt and return Candeolus' wife. Candeolus thanks Alexander again as Antiochus, and invites him to come to his mother's city. At this Alex-

\* Leaf 42. ander is glad, for he had greatly desired to see Queen Candace and her city. They ask leave of the Emperor as it were. He goes with Candeolus. They come to mountains that reach up to the sky, with wondrous tall trees and vines with great bunches of grapes and nut-like gourds, and many apes were there. They come to Candace, who comes arrayed to meet them as a queen. She is of great beauty; and her palace is rich. She takes him to her privy chamber with its wonderful works of art.

<sup>1</sup> The scribe first wrote 'an heghe', but then scratched out the *an*.

<sup>2</sup> On leaf 41 we have the words *lyke to*

*þe cedres*. On leaf 42 it continues *lyke vn-to cedres*.

The next day she goes alone with Alexander to her withdrawing room, which lies beyond her bedroom. Her withdrawing room is moved on wheels by elephants. Alexander utters his wonder.

\* Leaf 42 bk.

Queen Candace addresses him by name. Alexander's fear.

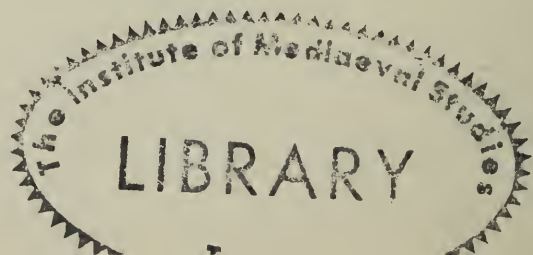
She shows him his portrait. Alexander fears again.

She rails at him that he, the conqueror of the world, is fallen into a woman's hands.

Alexander is angered. She rails at him further.

pat day Alexander etc wit quene Candace & hir childire.  
<sup>1</sup> Apou þe morne quene Candace tuk Alexander by þe right hande & ledd hym in-till hir bedd-chambir, and nane wit þaṁ, Bot pay twa allaṁ. Þis chambir was couerde all ouer wit-in 4 wit golde & precious stanes. And it schane wit-in, as it had bene þe sonne. And outh of þis chambir scho ledd hym in-till a wit-drawyng chambir made of cypresse. Þis chambir was sett apou foure wheles by crafte of clergy; And twenty xx<sup>ti</sup> Oly- 8 phauntis drewe it whedir as scho wolde hafe it. And when Alexander & þe quene ware entrede in-to pat chambir, onane it stirredd & by-gan for to remowe. And þaṁ Alexander was astonayde & meruaylled hym gretly & said vn-to þe 12 quene: 'For sothe,' quop he, '& þir meruailis ware in oure cuntree þay ware riȝte commendable & mekill worthy \* to be praysede.' The quene answerde: 'þou saise sothe, Alexander,' quop scho, 'þay ware mare commendable amange þe Grekez, 16 þaṁ amange vs.' And also sone als Alexander herde hys name be neuenede, he was gretly trubblede, and his vesage bi-gaṁ to waxe pale, and his chere to change. And than the quene said eft vn-to hym: 'Alexander,' quop she, 'for to schewe 20 þe mare verrayly þat þou ert Alexander, com with me.' And þaṁ scho tuk hym by þe hande & leedde hym in-till anoþer chambir, and schewed hym þare his awenid Fyfigure purtrayed in a parchemyṁ skyne. And when Alexander saw þat, he wex 24 pale & wanne & biganne to tremblee. And þaṁ þe quene said vn-till hym: 'Alexander,' quop scho, 'where-fore ert þou ferde, & why chaunge þou chere. Thou þat hase distroyed all þe werlde; conquerour of Perse, of Inde, of Mede, and many oþer 28 rewmes & landez, Now arte þou witowtten scheddyng of blode fallen in þe dawngere & in þe handez of quene Candace vnausyli. And þare-by may þou wele knawe þat a manes hert sulde on na wyse be enhanced in pride. For if all it bee þat ofte tymmes 32 grete prosperitee fail to maṁ, Sodaynly falleȝ aduersitee till hym when he leste wenes.' When Alexander herde þis he bigaṁ to grayste wit þe teethe and to torne his hede hedir & thedir, And quene Candace saide vn-till hym: 'Whare to 36 angers þou þe,' quop scho, '& trubleȝ thi selfe? What may now thi grete Imperiaḽ glory, thi witt & thi mighte serue

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital A.



the offe?' Alexander ansuerde & said: 'Forsothe', quop Alexander, 'resonably I am angry at my selfe bi-cause I hafe na swerde here.' Quop þe quene: 'I suppose þou hadd a swerde, nowe, what walde do þare-wit?' 'Sothely,' quop he, 'bi-cause I hafe wilfully betrayed my-selfe vn-to þe. First I solde sla þe and þaṇ, I dowte it noȝt, I sulde be slayne for þe.' 'Now for sothe,' quop scho, 'þis was wisely & maṇfully sayde. Neuer-þe-less be nathynge heuy. For as þou delyuerde my soṇ wyfe Candeolus oute of þe daungere of þe kyng of Bebrikes Swaa saff I delyuer the oute of þe daungere of thyṇ enemys þat þou hase here. For I say þe in certayne, and it ware knaweṇ þat þou ware here vn-to my menȝee, onane þay walde slaa þe by-cause þou slewe Porus þe kyng of Inde. For my soṇ wyfe Carator was his doughter.' And wheṇ scho had said þis, Scho tuk Alexander bi þe hande & ledd hym forthe in-till hir forchambire and said vntill hir sones: 'My dere sonnes,' quop scho, 'I pray ȝow late vs make þis knyghte of Alexander gude chere, and schew hym aṇ þe humanytee þat we caṇ. For Alexander has schewed vs grete frendchipe and grete gudnesse.' And þaṇ hir ȝongeste ansuerde & said: 'Moder,' \* quop he, 'sothe it es þat he es a messangere of Alexanders, & a knyghte of his, and þat he delyuerde my broþer wyfe of þe handeȝ of þe kyng of þe Bebrikes and broghte hym & hir hame vn-till vs bathe safe & sownde. Neuer-þe-lesse my wyfe constreyneȝ me for to do Antyochus to dede bi-cause of þe dede of hir Fadir Porus, whilke Alexander slewe, So þat Alexander may hafe sorow for his knyghte. Quop quene Candace þaṇ: 'Lefe soṇ, what wirchipṇ may we get þare-offe if we slaa this knyghte þus traytourusly.' And þaṇ Candeolus sayde wit a grete Ire, 'Þis knyghte,' quop he, 'saued me & my wyfe & broghte vs hedir safe & sonde; And als saffe saff I hafe hym, agayne till his lorde, or I saff be dede þarefore.' And Carator ansuerde & saide: 'Broþer,' quop he, 'what says þou? wilt þou þat aythere of vs here slaa oþer?' 'In gud faythe broþer,' quop he, 'it es noȝte my wilt, ne my liste. Neuer-þe-lesse if it be thi liste, I am redy, rather þaṇ þis knyghte be dedde.' And wheṇ þe quene saw þat hir sonnes walde ayther of þaṇ slaa oþer, scho was wonder sary, and tuk Alexander oṇ syde, and saide vn-till hym preualy: 'A, a, kyng Alexander,'

Alexander is angry at himself. Had he but a sword he would slay her and die for it. She commends him, therefore she bids him not fear, for since he helped her son she will deliver him from another son who is Porus' son-in-law. She introduces Alexander as one of his own knights, Antiochus.

\* Leaf 43  
Her younger son would slay him for his wife's sake, to grieve Alexander.

Candeolus offers to defend Alexander with his own life.

Candace appeals to Alexander to save her sons from

combat by  
his wit, so  
that either  
slay not  
other.  
Alexander  
promises to  
do so.  
Alexander  
offers to  
betray  
Alexander  
to Carator.

Carator  
assents.

Queen  
Candace  
parts from  
Alexander  
with many  
gifts.

\* Leaf 43  
bk.

Alexander  
and Can-  
deolus  
come to  
a cave.  
Alexander,  
sacrificing,  
goes in.  
He sees a  
great god  
sitting with  
eyes like  
stars.  
The god  
greets him.

quop scho, 'whi wilt þou noȝte schewe thi witt, and helpe  
thurgh thi wisdom þat my sonnes slaa noȝt ayther of þam  
oper?' And Alexander answerde and said: 'Late me goo  
speke wit þam,' quop he. And scho lete hym goo. And 4  
he went to þam and sayde vn-to Carator: 'For sothe, Carator,'  
quop he, 'I late þe wite þat if þou slaa me, þou saill wyne bot  
lyttill wirchipe pareoffe. For I say þe, kyng Alexander hase  
many worthyer knyghtis wit hym þam I am; And parefore he 8  
wilt hafe littill sorowe for my dede. Trowes þou þat and  
Alexander hadd' lufed me wele þat he walde hafe sent me hyder  
to be killed amangeȝ ȝowe. Bot if þou wilt þat I beken the  
Alexander þe slaere of þi wyfe fader & bryng hym bi-for the, 12  
Swere me þat what so I asche þe, þou saill graunte mee it, And  
I sure þe bi þe faythe of my body, I saill bryng Alexander in-to  
þis palace be-fore þe.' And when Carator herde this, he was  
rizte glade, and trowed þat that Alexander said. And so ware 16  
þe twa breper pesede, And highte Alexander þat his askynge  
sulde be fulfilled als ferforthe als þaire powere reched, if so ware  
þat he helde couenant. þam quene Candace leedd Alexander on  
syde & sayd vn-till hym in preuatee: 'Wele ware me,' quop scho, 20  
'myghte I ilke day hafe þe present be-fore myn eghne as I hafe  
myn awenn childere. For thurgh the sulde I ouercome all  
myn Enemys.' And þam [scho] gaffe Alexander a coroun of golde  
sett full of precyous dyamandez, and a mantill Imperiall 24  
of a clathe of golde \* wit sternes wofen pare-in, and sett full of  
precyouse stanes. And þam scho kyssed hym & oper preuee  
thynges didd till hym, And badde hym goo in hir blyssynge.

<sup>1</sup> Than kyng Alexander and Candeolus went furthe all that 28  
daye, And come till a grete spelunc, and pare pay herberde  
þam. And Candeolus saide till Alexander: 'In this spelunc,'  
quop hee, 'þat you here seeȝ all goddeȝ ere wount for to ete and  
halde þaire consaill.' And þam onane Alexander made sacra- 32  
fyceȝ till his goddeȝ and enterde in-to þe caue by hym ane.  
And pare he sawe a myrke clowde, & in þat myrknesse, he sawe  
as it ware bryghte sternes, and amangeȝ pase sternes he saw  
a grete godd sitt, And his eghne lyke twa lanternes. And when 36  
Alexander saw hym he was so fered þat he was as it hadd bene

<sup>1</sup> Red capital *T* in four lines space and small *t* in margin.

in a transynge. And þaṁ þe godd<sup>1</sup> said vn-to hyṁ: 'Haile,  
Alexander,' quop he. And Alexander ansuerde & said: 'Lorde,'  
quop he, 'what art þou?' 'I am,' quop he, 'Sensonchosis  
4 þat gouerneþ þe kyngdom of þe werlde and þat hase made meṁ  
sugettes vn-to the. And þou hase bigged þiselfe many ryaffe  
citeez. Bot temple walde þou nane make in þe wirchippe of  
me.' And Alexander ansuerd & said: 'Lorde,' quop he, '& þou  
8 wiſſ graunt me þat I saſſ wit prosperitee come in-to Macedoyne  
I saſſ ordayne the a temple þare saſſ noȝte be swilke anoper  
in aſſ þe werlde.' And he ansuerd agayne & saide: 'For  
sothe,' quop hee, 'Macedoyne saſſ þou neuer see wit thyṁ  
12 eghne. Neuer-pe-lesse walke Innermare & luke what þou seeþ.'  
Alexander þaṁ went forthirmare & saw anoper myrke clowde  
and saw a godd<sup>1</sup> sitt in a trone lyke a kynge, and Alexander said  
vn-till hym: 'Lorde,' quop he, 'what art þou?' 'I am,' quop he,  
16 'þe begynnynge of aſſ goddez and Serapis es my name. I sawe  
the in þe lande of liby & nowe I see þe here.' 'Serapis,'  
quop Alexander, 'I beseke þe teſſe me wha it es þat saſſ sla  
me.' Quod Serapis: 'I talde þe bi-fore, þat and þe cause  
20 of a manes dede ware knawen vn-till hym, he solde dy for  
sorowe. Þou hase bygged a gloricus citee agaynes þe whilke  
many emperours saſſ fighte. Þare-in saſſ thi graue be made  
and þare-in saſſ þou be beried.' And þaṁ Alexander come oute  
24 of þe caue, and tuke his leue at Candeolus and went till his Oste.

<sup>1</sup> One þe morne he remowed his Oste And come till a valay  
þat was full of grete <sup>2</sup>serpentes þe whilk hade in þaire heuedis  
Grete smaragdez. Thir serpenteþ<sup>\*</sup> lyffede aſſ wit gyngere and  
28 pepir þat growede in þe valaye. And ilke a ȝere þay feghte to-  
gedir and many of þaṁ slaeþ oper. Off þe forsaide Smaragdes  
tuk Alexander suṁ wit hym of þe gretteste þat he couthe  
gett.  
32 <sup>3</sup>Fra þeine þay remowed & come in-till a place in þe whilke  
þare ware besteþ þat hade one ilke a fote twa clees as swyne  
hase, and pase clees ware three fote brade wit þe whilke þay  
smate Alexander knyghtes. Þay had also heuedes lyke swyne  
36 & tayles lyke lyouns. Þare ware also amangeþ þaṁ grypes þe

Sensoncho-  
sis reproves  
Alex-  
ander's  
neglect  
of him.  
Alexander  
swears to  
build him  
a temple in  
Macedonia.  
The god  
tells him he  
shall never  
see it again.

Alexander  
goes fur-  
ther into  
the cave  
and sees a  
god en-  
throned in  
the dark,  
Serapis,  
who fore-  
tells him  
where  
he shall  
be buried.

On the  
morrow he  
removes

\* Leaf 44.  
his army  
and comes  
to a valley  
of strange  
serpents.  
They see  
other  
strange  
beasts and  
griffons  
who attack  
Alex-  
ander's  
knights.  
They could

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital O and small o in the margin.

<sup>2</sup> MS. 'serpe' crossed out and 'serpentes'

written.

<sup>3</sup> Three lines with red capital F and small f in the margin beside.

carry off a knight and his horse.

Alexander's knights fight manfully against them.

They come to a great river and make boats to cross over. The people of the country send Alexander gifts.

They find women in that river who slay men.

Two of them they capture.

They come to Gog and

\* Leaf 44 bk.

Magog, who are the ten tribes of Israel led out of their own land by a Persian king. They ask Alexander leave to come forth.

whilke smate kynghtes in þe vesageȝ reghte felly. Þay ware so strange þat ane of þam wolde bere away an armed knyghte & his horse also. Það kynge Alexander rade hedir & þedir amangeȝ his meñ and comforthed þam and badd þam feghte 4 manly agaynes þam wit speres and wit arowes. And so þay did. Bot þare was slayne of Alexander knyghtes ccviii.

<sup>1</sup> And fra þeine þay remowed and come till a grete ryuer þe whilke was twenty furlange on brede fra þe ta banke to 8 þe toper. And on þase bankes þare growed redis wonder grete and hye. Of þase redes garte Alexander mak bates & anoynte þam wit terre & talgh of bestez, And badd his knyghtis row ouer þe water in þase bates. And þay did soo. And when þe 12 [pople]<sup>2</sup> of þe cunntree herde tell of þe commynge of Alexander & his Oste, þay sent hym gyftes of swylk thyngeȝ als was in þaire cuntree, þat es at say Grete spoungeȝ bathe whitte & purpure & schelles of þe see so grete þat an of þam walde 16 halde twa pekkes or three. Þay sent hym also wormes þat þay drew owte of þat ryuer grettere það a manes thee, and þay ware swetter of taste það any fysche. Þay gaffe hym Cukstoles aft rede þat ware of a wonderfull gretnesse. In þat ryuer ware 20 womans þat ware wonder faire & þay hade on þam mekill here þat rechedd douñ to thaire fete. Þir women, when þay saw any straunge meñ swymme in þat riuer, owþer þay drowned þam in þe water, or ellis þay walde lede þam to þe redeȝ þat 24 growed on þe water bankes and garre þam lye by þam ay till any lyfe was in þam. Þe Macedoynes persued þam & tuke twa of þam and broghte þam till Alexander,\* and þay ware als white as any snawe, and þay ware ten fote lange and þaire 28 teethe ware lyke dogge teethe.

<sup>3</sup> Efter this Alexander went and closed in a maner of folkes þat are called Gog & Magog, with-in þe hilleȝ of Caspy. Þis folkeȝ were of þe ten kyndeȝ of Israel, and þay ware leedd owte 32 of þaire awenn land bi a kyng of Perse be-cause of þaire synneȝ and halden in thralledom. And þay asched Alexander leue for to wende furth of þat cuntree. And Alexander gert spirre þe cause of þaire thraldom, and he was encensed þat be-cause þay 36

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> MS. reads, *And when þe of þe cunntree*

(?þe[i] of, &c.).

<sup>3</sup> Three lines with red capital *E* and small *e* in the margin beside.

hadd<sup>r</sup> forsaken<sup>d</sup> paire goddez lawe, þat es at say, godd<sup>r</sup> of Isrl̄,  
and wirchipe<sup>d</sup> Calues & oper Mawmettes, þare-fore þay ware  
ledd<sup>r</sup> oute of paire awen<sup>d</sup> lande & halde<sup>d</sup> in thralldom<sup>d</sup>, and þat  
4 prophetes had prophiced<sup>r</sup> be-fore þat þay sulde neuer come oute  
of thralldom<sup>d</sup> bi-fore agayne þe day of dome. And þa<sup>n</sup> Alexander  
ansuerde & said þat he sulde sperre þa<sup>m</sup> I<sup>n</sup> mare seurely. And  
þa<sup>n</sup> he garte close a<sup>ll</sup> þe entreez wit stane & lyme & sand<sup>r</sup>, Bot  
8 a<sup>ll</sup> þat he garte make on þe day was fordome o<sup>n</sup> þe nyghte. And  
when<sup>d</sup> Alexander saw þat mannes laboure myghte nozte stande in  
stede, he bi-soghte godd<sup>r</sup> of Isrl̄ þat if it ware his liste þat þay  
hābade þare, þat he walde close þa<sup>m</sup> in. And þe nexte nyghte  
12 a<sup>ftir</sup> ilk a cragge felle ti<sup>ft</sup> oper, and so þare may nathynge  
passe in nor owte. And þare-by it semez þat it es nozte goddez  
wi<sup>ll</sup> þat þay come oute. Neuer-þe-lesse abowte þe Ende of þe  
werlde þay sa<sup>ft</sup> breke oute and do meki<sup>ll</sup> schathe & slaa many  
16 me<sup>n</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Fra þeine þay remowed<sup>r</sup> & come to þe grete See Océane. In  
þat See þay sawe ane Ile a litti<sup>ll</sup> fra þe lande. And in þat Ile  
þay herde me<sup>n</sup> speke grewe. And þa<sup>n</sup> Alexander commanded<sup>r</sup>  
20 þat su<sup>m</sup> of his knyghts sulde do off paire clathes and swyme  
ouer to þe ile. And þay did<sup>r</sup> soo. And als sone als þay come  
in þe See þare come gret crabbes vp oute of þe water & pullede  
þa<sup>m</sup> downne to þe grounde & drownned<sup>r</sup> þa<sup>m</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Thanne remowed<sup>r</sup> þay fra thethy<sup>n</sup> and went ay endlande  
þe See syde to-warde þe solstice of wynter trauellande x<sup>i</sup> days;  
and at þe laste þay come to a reede See, and þare þay lugede  
þa<sup>m</sup>. Þare was faste by a Mountayne wonder hye, One  
28 þe whilke Alexander went vp. And when<sup>d</sup> he was abow<sup>n</sup> o<sup>n</sup>  
þe heghte þare-offe, hym thoghte þat he was nerre þe Firmament  
þan þe erthe; þa<sup>n</sup> he ymagned<sup>r</sup> in his hert swilk a gyn<sup>d</sup> how  
he myghte make \* grippes bere hym vp in-to þe ayere. And  
32 onane he come doune of þe Mountayne and garte come bi-fore  
hym his Maistre wrightes and comandid<sup>r</sup> þa<sup>m</sup> þat þay sulde  
make hym a chayer and trelesse it wit barrez of Ire<sup>n</sup> one ilk  
a syde so þat he myzte sauely sitt þare-in. And þa<sup>n</sup> he gart  
36 brynge foure gripes and tye þa<sup>m</sup> faste wit Ire<sup>n</sup> cheynes vn-to þe  
chayere, and in þe ouermare party of þe chayere he gart putt

But he  
learns that  
they had  
forsaken  
the True  
God for  
idols, and  
therefore  
they are  
banished  
and im-  
prisoned  
till Doms-  
day.

Alexander  
says he  
shall bar  
them in  
more  
surely.  
God an-  
swers his  
prayers,  
and rocks  
fall down  
and shut  
them in  
until  
Doomsday,  
when they  
shall come  
forth to do  
great harm.

They come  
to the sea  
and an isle  
near the  
shore.  
They hear  
men speak  
Greek  
there.  
Alex-  
ander's  
messengers  
to the isle  
are killed  
by crabs.  
They travel  
along the

\* Leaf 45.  
seashore to  
the Red  
Sea.

Alexander  
goes up a  
mountain.  
His master  
workers  
make him

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines with red capital *T* and small capital *T* in margin.

a chair  
whereby  
he is borne  
by griffons  
up into the  
air.

He comes  
down about  
ten days'  
march  
from his  
army.  
Then he  
lusteth to  
know the  
depths of  
the sea.  
The master  
glaziers  
make him  
a glazen  
cage with  
iron bars  
and it is  
lowered  
down  
into the  
sea, and  
there he  
beholds  
many won-  
ders and  
strange  
beasts until  
he is drawn  
up again  
by his  
knights.

They  
march on  
and have  
to fight  
\* Leaf 45  
bk.  
strange  
horned  
beasts.  
They come  
to the wil-  
derness of

mete for þe grippes. And þaṇ he wente and sett hym in þe chayere. And onane þe grippes bare hym vp in þe ayer so hye þat *Alexander* thoghte all þe erthe na mare þaṇ a flure þare meṇ thresscheȝ corne, and þe See lyke a dragon abowte 4 þe erthe. Þaṇ sodaynly a specyall vertu of godd' vmbilapped þe grippes þat gart þaṇ discende doune to þe erthe in a felde : ten .x. day iournee fra þe Oste, and he hadd' na hurt ne na schathe in þe chayere. Bot wit grete disesse at þe laste he 8 come till his Oste.

<sup>1</sup> After þis *Alexander* ymagened in his hert þat he walde know þe preuates þat are in þe see. And onane he gart come bifore hym all þe Maister glasyers þat ware in þe Oste, And comandede 12 þaṇ to make hym a grete tounne of passandly clere glasse þat he myghte thurgh it clerely see all maner of thynges þat ware witowtten it. And when it was made he gart trelesse it al abowte witowtten wit barres of yreṇ and feste þare-to lang cheynes of 16 yreṇ, and gart a certane of þe strangeste & maste tristy knyghtes þat langed vn-till hym halde þir cheynes. And þaṇ he went in-to þe tounne & gart pykke wele þe entree whare he went in, and þaṇ late it douṇ into þe See. And þare he sawe dyuerse 20 schappes of fisches of dyuerse colours; and suṇ he sawe hafe þe schappe of dyuerse bestez here one þe lande, gangande on fete as bestez dose here & etande fruyte of treesse þat growez on þe See grunde. Þir bestez come till hym. Bot onane as þay 24 saw hym thorow þe glasse þay fledde fra hym. He sawe þare also many oper meruaylous thynges, þe whilke he walde tell na maṇ bi-cause meṇ walde noghte hafe trowed þaṇ if he had talde þaṇ, and at a certayne houre þase þat he hadd' assyngned 28 be-fore, his knyghtes drewe hym vp oute of þe See.

<sup>2</sup> Fra þeine þay Remowed Folowande þe bankes of þe Rede See, and lugged þaṇ in a place, whare þare ware wylde Bestez that hade on þaire heuedis hornes lyke vn-to \* sawes, and þay 32 ware als scharpe als swerdeȝ. And with thire hornes þay slewe & hurte many knyghtis of Alexanders & cloue þaire cheldes in sonder. Neuer-þe-lesse *Alexander* knyghtis slew of þaṇ ccccli.

<sup>3</sup> And fra þeine þay remowed and come in-till wilderness 36

<sup>1</sup> Four lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines with red capital *F* and

small *f* in margin besides.

<sup>3</sup> Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

bitwex þe reed<sup>1</sup> See and Araby, whare grete multitude of Pepir  
growed<sup>2</sup>; And þare ware many grete nedders wit hornnes on  
þaire hedes lyke tuppe hornes, wit þe whilke þay smate Alex-  
4 ander knyghtis riȝt felly. Off þase nedderes slew þe Macedoynes  
a grete party.

pepper  
trees and  
horned  
adders.

<sup>1</sup> Þeine þay removed<sup>3</sup> and lugged<sup>4</sup> in a place whare many  
Rynosephales ware, þe whilke hade heuedes & manes lyke  
8 horseȝ. And þay hade grete bodys, and wonder grete teethe  
and lange, and oute of þaire mouthes þay schotte flawmeȝ  
of fyre. And when þay saw þe Oste luge þare þay come  
& assaylled<sup>5</sup> þam. And Alexander raȝd hyder and thedir  
12 amangeȝ þe oste and comforted<sup>6</sup> his knyghtes and bad þam  
feghte manly wit þase monstres. And so þay didd<sup>7</sup>. Neuer-þe-  
lesse þare ware a grete multitude of his knyghtis slayne of þase  
besteȝ. Bot of þe Rynosephales þare was slayne an hugge  
16 multitude.

They meet  
and have  
to fight  
Rhinoceri  
that spit  
forth fire.

They fight  
them  
fiercely.

<sup>2</sup> Þam þay removed<sup>8</sup> fra þeine and come in-till a champayne  
cuntree and lugged<sup>9</sup> þam þare, And lay þare a certane days,  
Bi-cause of his horse Buktyphalas þat felt seke þare; of þe  
20 whilke sekenesse he dyed<sup>10</sup>. And when Alexander saw hym dedd<sup>11</sup>  
he made grete dole for hym and weped<sup>12</sup> for hym riȝt sare. For  
he hadd<sup>13</sup> borne hym in many a Bateȝle, and broghte [hym] oute of  
many pereȝls. And þare-fore when he was dede Alexander  
24 gart doo aboute hym grete exequyes and gart make hym a full  
riche toumbe & a hye and did<sup>14</sup> hym þare-in and made a grete  
citee þare, þe whilke in mynde of his horse he gart call<sup>15</sup> Bukty-  
phalas.

Alex-  
ander's  
steed Buce-  
phalus dies.  
He makes  
a rich tomb  
and builds  
a city  
round him.

28 <sup>3</sup> Fra þeine þay removed<sup>16</sup> and come till a ryuere <sup>4</sup> þat was called<sup>17</sup>  
Cytan or Deciracy whare men of þe cuntree broghte hym  
ȝ Olyphantes and ȝ cartes of werre. And fra þeine þay  
removed<sup>18</sup> & come till kynge ȝerses palace. And in þat Palace  
32 þay fande beddeȝ of clene golde many a thowsande. Þare ware  
also grete fewles white als doufes, þe whilke had knawying  
be-fore of a seke maȝ wheder he schulde lyffe or dye. For  
if þay by-helde þe seke maȝ in þe vesage, he schulde mende &  
36 fare wele. And if þay tourned<sup>19</sup> þam awaywarde witowtten

They come  
to the  
palace of  
Xerxes.

The birds  
that fore-  
tell the life  
or death of  
a man.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines.

<sup>2</sup> Three lines.

<sup>3</sup> MS. has a small *f* written in margin,  
but no space for the large capital to be put.

<sup>4</sup> The scribe first wrote *rever*, then  
altered it to *ryver*, then scratched it all out  
and wrote *ryvere* after it.

\* Leaf 46. doute he schulde dye,\* and if pay tourned hym þe bakke wit owtteñ dowte he sulde dye.

They come  
to Babylon  
and cap-  
ture it.

Thence  
Alexander  
writes to  
his mother  
and to  
Aristotle.

<sup>1</sup> F Ra þeine pay remowed and come to þe grete Citee of Babiloyne and wanne it oo werre and slew þe kynge þare-offe 4 & þe Captayne also. And þare he duelled vn-till his lyffes end, and þat was Bot vij seuē Monethes. In þat mene tyme Alexander sent a *lettre* till Olympias his Moder and till his Mayster Arestotle, latand þam witte of þe Batells and þe dysse 8 þat pay suffred bathe wynters and Somers in Inde and oper cuntreez, and also of þe Batells þat pay had hadd wit dyuerse Monstres. And þañ Arestotle wrate anoper *lettre* till Alexander agayne þe whilke was of this tenour :

Aristotle  
writes to  
Alexander  
again  
praising  
him greatly  
for his  
victories.

<sup>2</sup> ' Un-till Alexandere þe grete kynge of kyngez Arestotle sendez ioy and seruyce. When I hade redde *your* wychipfull *lettres* I was gretly astonayd. For whilke cause I desyre with all myñ hert for to fynde lonynge þat I myghte zelde vn-to þe. 16 I take witnesse at oure goddez þat for þe passande hardenesse of þi hert & þe grete auentours þat þou hase put þe in, þou erte wele worthy for to be loued & praysede. For þou hase sene & assayed thynges þat neuer mañ or þis durste assaye. Where-for 20 thankynge & lonynge I zelde to þe makere of all þis wyde werlde þat swylke victoryes hase grantede vn-to þe. For þou hase ouercommen all & nane hase ouercomen þe. Full blyssede are all thy prynceþ þat hase bene obeyande vnto þe, and helped þe 24 in all thi disseses.'

Alexander  
has a won-  
drous  
throne  
made.

<sup>3</sup> Afftir þis Alexander gart make in Babyloyn a wonder curious trone <sup>4</sup> of golde, þare was nozte swilke anoper in þe werlde. For þe grekez broghte so mekiñ golde oute of perse & 28 oute of Inde, þat it ware wonder for to telle. Þis ilke toure was twlue cubytez hye and by twelue greceþ <sup>5</sup> meñ ascended þare-too, and þase greeþ ware all of golde. Þis trone was wonderfully wroghte and sett apouñ twelue ymageþ of golde, þe 32 whilke trone þe forsaid ymageþ helde vp wit paire hende. And on þase twelue ymageþ ware wretyn þe names of þe twelue prynceþ of Macedoyne. Þe seet of þe trone was of a Smaragde,

The throne  
of Alex-  
ander with  
its images,  
its ruby,  
and its in-  
scriptions.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with big capital *F* followed by small capital.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *U* and small *u* in the margin.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines with red capital *A* and

small *a* in the margin beside.

<sup>4</sup> *toure* scratched out and *trone* written in.

<sup>5</sup> The first part of this word reads *gr + blot + ceþ*.

& þe sydeȝ þare off ware of Topazes & in ilkan of þe greeȝ ware sett dyuerse maneres of precyouse stanes. In þe summyt of þis trone þare was sett a ruby þat schane on þe nyghte as it hade  
4 bene þe Mone. In þis trone also was þare sett oñ ilke a syde dyuerse ymageȝ on þe whilke ware wretyn bathe in latyne & in grew\* verseȝ þat contened aȝ þe nammes of þe rewmes & cuntreeȝ þat Alexandere had conquered and ware sugetes vn-till hym.

\* Leaf 46 bk.

8 <sup>1</sup> After þis <sup>4</sup> Alexander gert make a corow of golde sett full of aȝ maner of precyouse stanes, and gert wryte apoñ it a tytyle in grew & in latyn: 'Ortus & occasus, Aquilo michi seruit & Auster.' þat es at saye: 'Est & weste, Northe & southe dose  
12 seruyce vn-to me.' In the mene tyme whils Alexander was in babyloyne, a womañ was delyuer of a knaue childe þe whilke fra þe heuede to þe nauyȝ hadd schappe of mañ, & was borne dedd. And fra þe nauyȝ downwardeȝ it had lyknesse of dyuerse  
16 besteȝ and was qwykke. þis Monstre was taken & broghte till Alexander; and als soñ als he saw it he meruaylled gretly þare-off, and gart come bi-fore hym a philosopher þat couthe of wiche-crafte, & aschede hym what it sygnyfyed. And when þe  
20 philosopher saw it, he syghede, & saye wepand sayde vn-to hym: 'Sothely wirchipfull emperour,' quop he, 'þe tyme commeȝ nere that þou saȝt passe oute of this werlde.' 'Telle me,' quop Alexander, 'whareby þou knawes þat.' And þe philosophre  
24 ansuerde & sayde: 'My lorde,' quop he, 'þe halfe of þis Monstre þat hase þe schappe of mañ & es dedd, betakens þat þou saȝt passe out of þis werlde in haste. And þe toþer party þat hase þe lyknes of dyuerse besteȝ & es on lyfe, betakyngeȝ þe kynges  
28 þat saȝt come after þe. Bot þare saȝt nane of þañ be lyke vn-to þe, na mare þañ a beste es lyke vn-till a mañ.' When Alexander herde þis he was wonder heuy, and sare wepand he sayde on þis wyse: 'O Allmyghty Iubiter,' quop he, 'what  
32 meneȝ it þat my dayes saȝt be so schortte? Me thynke þat it had bene semely þat I had leffed langere for till haf endid thynges þat are in my thoghte. Bot for als mekiȝ als it es noȝte plesande vn-to þe, I beseke the þat þou resayffe me when  
36 I saȝt passe hethen als thyñ aweñ seruante.'

The crown of Alexander and the inscriptions thereon.

The strange child born in Babylon half alive and half dead, half man and half animal, and the meaning it has. The death of Alexander and the coming of his successor. In what they shall not be like him.

The sorrow of Alexander.

Antipator wishes for

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *I* and small *i* in margin beside.

the death  
of Alex-  
ander, who  
is warned  
of him by  
Olympias.

\* Leaf 47.

He buys  
poison and  
gives it to  
his son to  
have it  
given to  
Alexander  
by a pro-  
tégé whom  
he has  
struck.

His protégé  
gives  
the king  
a drop of  
poison in  
his cup  
from his  
thumb.  
Alexander  
cries  
out with  
pain, but  
forbears  
awhile  
to leave  
the feast.

Antipater, þe wilke of langetyme be-fore haddʒ casten for  
þe dedde of *Alexander*; And wit many oper þat he haddʒ con-  
fedred vn-till hym he conspyredʒ for to brynge it tyll ende, bot  
he myghte neuer come aboute þer-with. For Olympias, Alex- 4  
ander moder, wrate vn-till hym ofte-sythes and warnedʒ hym  
þat he scholde be warre wit Antipater & his childre, and here-  
fore was Antypater wonder sary. So apoñ a tyme he vmby-  
thoghte hym þat he myghte neuer come aboute wit his purpose 8  
for to slaa *Alexander*, bot if it ware thurgh enpuysonynge. \*And  
so apoñ a daye he went till a Soteff leche, and boghte of hym  
a maner of drynke made of puyson that was so felle & so ranke  
þat þare myghte no vesselle halde it Bot a vessell made of Ireñ; 12  
and þare-in he putt it. And þañ he gaffe it his soñ Cassandre,  
and badʒ hym bere it till his broþer Iobas and bydʒ hym, quop  
he, gyffe it to kyng *Alexander* in his drynke, when he seeþ his  
tyme. This ilk Iobas was a faire þong mañ & was duellyng with 16  
*Alexander*, and gretly by-luffede & cheriste of hym. Bot so it  
be-felle apoñ a tyme þat *Alexander* smate Iobas on þe heued  
wit a warderere for na trespasse. Whare-fore Iobas was gretly  
angredʒ and greuedʒ at *Alexander* and consentedʒ till his dede, and 20  
tuke þe puyson of his broþer þat was ordeynedʒ for *Alexander*  
dede þat luffedʒ hym so mekill.

<sup>1</sup> And apoñ a daye *Alexander* gart ordeyne a grete reuette  
in Babyloyn and calledʒ þare too all his prynceþ on ilke a syde. 24  
And as he satt at þe mete Iimage his prynceþ he was wonder  
mery & gladde & iocundʒ, and rehetedʒ his lordez & prayedʒ þañ  
þat þay schulde be mery. Þañ Iobas þat seruedʒ þe kyng of his  
coupe tuke of þe puyson a porcyon, and putt it vnder þe nayle 28  
of his thowme, and broghte þe coppe to þe kynge full of wyne.  
And as he gaffe it to þe kynge, he lete þe puyson falle in þe  
wyne priualy. And als sone als þe kyng haddʒ dronkeñ þe  
puyson, Sudaynly he gaffe a grete scryke, and lenedʒ hym downñ 32  
toward þe riþte syde. For hym thoghte reghte als a mañ haddʒ  
smyten hym in-to þe lyuere wit a suerde. Neuer-þe-lesse  
he feynedʒ & forbare a while & suffredʒ a grete penance, and  
when he myþte na langere habýde, he rase vp fra þe burde and 36  
saide till his lordez & his knyghtes: 'Lordyngis,' quop he,

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

'I pray 3ow sitt 3e stilt & ete3 & drynke3 & bee3 mery.' Bot  
 pay ware gretly troubbled and rase vp fra þe burde3 and stode  
 witowtteð for to see þe ende. And Alexander went in-till  
 4 his chambir gretly tourmentid, and soghte a fethir for to putt  
 in his throtte for to garre hym hafe a vomet of þe puysoñ  
 þat he hadd resayffed. And Iobas, þat was cheffe of all this  
 hye tresoñ, gatt a fethir & enoynt it wit þe same puysoñ  
 8 & broghte it till Alexander; and he tuk it & putt it in his  
 throtte, and belyfe \* þe puysoñ vexed hym ay mare & mare.  
 And þañ Alexander bade ane gauge & open þe palace 3ates  
 þat ware on Eufirates banke. And alle þat ny3te he woke  
 12 in grete paynez & tourment. And aboute mydny3thte he rase  
 oute of þe bedde þat he lay in and putt oute þe lyghte þat brynt  
 by-fore hym, and for he myghte noghte ga vprighte3, he creped  
 one hende & one fete doune to-warde Eufrate3 for till hafe  
 16 drowned hym selfe, þat þe strenth of þe water my3th hafe  
 borne hym away whare neuer mañ solde hafe fuñ hym.

He uses a  
 feather to  
 spew it  
 forth, but  
 again the  
 feather is  
 poisoned.

\* Leaf 47  
 bk.  
 In his  
 agony he  
 goes to the  
 Euphrates  
 to drown  
 himself.

And Rosañ his wyfe folowed as faste as scho myghte. And  
 when scho come to hym scho felle vpon hym & embraced hym  
 20 in hir armes & said vn-till hym: 'Allas, my lorde Alexander,'  
 quop scho, 'wilt þou now leue me & gaa slaa thi-selfe.' And  
 scho wepe þat it was dole to see; and Alexander ansuerde  
 & sayde: 'I beseke þe Rosañ,' quop he, 'þat ert so dere to me  
 24 & so swete, late nane wit of myñ Endyng, if all it be þat we  
 may na langare hafe ioy togedir.' And þañ Rosañ ledd  
 Alexander agayne to his bedd, and layde her armes aboute his  
 nekke and kyssede hym many a tyme, and sare wepand said  
 28 vn-till hym: 'A, A, my swete lorde,' quop scho, 'if þine ende be  
 nowe comen, ordayne firste for vs or 3e passe hepine.' And  
 onane he callede vn-till hym Iobas & bade hym feche vn-till  
 hym Semyoñ his notary. And when he was comen he garte  
 32 bere hym down in-to þe hauße, and he garte come by-fore hym  
 all his prynce3 & bade his notary wryte his testament bi-fore  
 þañ all oñ þis wyse.

But his  
 wife  
 Roxana  
 follows and  
 prevents  
 him  
 and tries to  
 console  
 him.

She asks  
 him first to  
 provide for  
 her.

He calls his  
 notary.

<sup>1</sup> 'ARestotle oure dere Maister, we comande the & prayse the,  
 36 þat of oure awen tresour þou sende to þe preste3 of Egipt þat  
 ministrez in þe temple, whare-in oure body sañ be beryed

He com-  
 mands  
 Aristotle  
 to give to

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital A, and small a in the margin beside,  
 small capital R following.

the Egyptian priest  
of his man-  
soleum.  
Ptolemy  
is the  
governor.  
If Roxana  
bear a man  
child he  
shall be  
Emperor;  
\* Leaf 48.  
if a girl  
they shall  
choose  
their own.  
He appor-  
tions his  
domains.

The earth-  
quake.

The Macedo-  
nians  
come  
armed and  
demand to  
see their  
Emperor.

He prays  
his knights  
bear him  
before  
them.

He praises  
them.  
They speak  
with him  
and pray

& entered, ȝ besandez of golde. Also I wilȝ that Tholomeus þat  
es kepare of oure body be ȝour Gouvernour, And forgetis noghte  
my laste wilȝ, Bot lateȝ my testament be alway bi-fore ȝour  
eghne so þat it be fulfilled & noghte forgetyȝ. My wilȝ es 4  
also þat if Rosaȝ my wyfe be delyuer of a knafe childe þat he be  
ȝour Emperour and gyffeȝ hym what name so ȝow liste, and  
if scho be delyuer of a mayden childe, þaȝ es it my wilȝ þat the  
Macedoynes chese þaȝ a kynge, and þat my wyfe be lady of \* aȝ 8  
my mobles. Also I wilȝ þat Tholomeus be kyng of Egipt, and  
þat he tak tiȝ his wyfe Cleopatra, þat my Fader wedded sum-  
tyme here bi-fore, and þat he be lorde & prynce ouer aȝ þe  
lordeȝ of þe Este eueȝ vn-to Bactriaȝ. Also I wilȝ þat my 12  
broþer Arrideus be kyng of þe Pelopones, also þat Cleopater  
be kyng of Perse, Mellagere kyng of Ethopy, And Anthiochus be  
kyng vn-to þe landeȝ of Gog & magoge, Aresteȝ kyng of Inde,  
Lissymacus lorde of Seleuce, Lythamoȝ kyng of hungary, Caulus 16  
kyng of Ermony, Illicus kyng of Dalmace. Symeoȝ my Notary,  
wilȝ I, be Kyng of Capadoce & Pamphily, Cassander & Iobas be  
lordeȝ vn-to þe Ryuer þat es called Soff, Antipater þaire Fader  
be kyng of Cicile.' Wheȝ this testament was in wrytynge 20  
bi-fore Alexander Sodeynly þare come a thonnere & a leuennynge  
& ane erthedouȝ riȝte a hedous, so þat aȝ babyloyne qwoke  
þare-wit. And than thorowte aȝ Babyloyne þe noyse rase þat  
Alexander was dede. And þaȝ aȝ þe Macedoynes rasse hallely 24  
and come armed to þe Palace, and cryed on þe prynceȝ & said  
vn-to þaȝ: 'Sothely,' quop þay, 'but if ȝe onane schewe vs oure  
Emperour we saȝ slaȝ ȝow ilk ane.' And wheȝ kyng Alexander  
herde swilke noyse he askede whate it ment, and þe prynceȝ 28  
ansuerde & sayde: 'þe Macedoynes,' quop þay, 'are comoȝ armede  
hedir before þe ȝates, & says sekerly bot if þay see ȝow þay saȝ  
slaȝ vs aȝe are þay passe hepine.' And wheȝ Alexander herde  
þis, he badd his knyghtis þat þay scholde take hym vp, and bere 32  
hym in-to þe consistorye. And þay did soo. And þaȝ he garte  
open þe Palace ȝates þat þe Macedoynes myȝte come by-fore  
hym. And þaȝ kyng Alexander be-gaȝ to comend þaȝ of  
þaire strenth & þaire grete doghtynes, and charged þaȝ þat 36  
þay scholde be in pesse & reste ilkane wit oper. þaȝ þe  
Macedoynes, sare wepande, sayde vn-tiȝ Alexander: 'A, A,  
wirchipfull,' quop þay, 'ordayne & tesse vs are ȝe passe

- heyne wham̄ 3e wiſt þat be oure emperour efter 3ow.' And Alexander ansuerd̄ & sayde, 'A, A, my dere knyghtis,' quop he, 'wheñ I am dede whaym̄ so 3e wiſt cheſe, be 3our emperour  
 4 efter mee.' And þay ansuerde, 'Lord,' quop þay, 'we beſeke 3owe þat 3e wiſt graunt vs Perdic to be oure Emperour.' 'I vouche wele ſaffe,' quop Alexander, 'þat Perdic be 3our Emperour. Gers hym come be-fore mee.' <sup>1</sup>And wheñ he was  
 8 comeñ by-fore hym he gaffe hym þe kyngdome\* of Macedoyne wit þe Emperourchipe. And he gaffe hym also Roſañ for to be his wyffe, and prayed̄ hym þat he walde be gude & gentiſt tiſt hir. And þan he kyssede aſt þe lordez & þe knyghtis of  
 12 Macedoyne ilkane after oper, and ſighed and weped̄ wonder ſare. Pare was þañ so grete dole & wepynge, þat it was lyke a thonere. For meñ Supposez þat nozte allanly meñ made Sorow for þe dede of so worthy ane Emperour, Bot also þe soñ  
 16 and aſt þe oper planetis and elementes ware troubled.
- <sup>2</sup>A prynce of Macedoyne stode nere Alexander bedd̄ þat highte Seleucus, & wit grete dole & wepynge he ſayd̄: 'A, A, þou wirchipfull emperour,' quop he, 'what ſaſt we do wheñ þou  
 20 ert dede. Philippe þi fader gouerned̄ vs wele & aſte oure rewme, Bot þe gentiſnes & þe largesse of the na tunge may teſt.' And þañ Alexander sett hym vp in his bedd̄ and gaffe hym ſelfe a grete flappe on þe cheke and by-gañ for to wepe ri3te  
 24 bitterly, and in þe langage of Macedoyne, he ſayde on þis wyſe :  
 'Full waa es me vnhappy wreche,' quop he, 'þat euer I was borne to mañ. For now Alexander dyes and Macedoyne ſaſt waxe ay lesse & lesse and emeniſche day bi day.' Thañ aſt þe Macedoynes wit an hye voyce and bitter wepynge ſayd vn-tiſt hym : 'Better it ware tiſt vs,' quop þay, 'for to dy wit þe þañ for to ſe þe dy in oure preſence. For wele we wate þat, efter þe dede of the, þe kyngdom̄ of Macedoyne es vndone for euere.  
 32 Allas oure wirchipfull Alexander, why leſes þou vs here and wende3 away be thyñ ane, withowten̄ thi Macedoynes?' Thañ kyng Alexander alway ſighand̄ & wepand̄ ſaid vn-to þam : 'A, A, my dere Macedoynes,' quop he, 'fra this tym̄ forwarde  
 36 ſaſt neuer 3our name haſe lordchipe ouer þe Barbarenēs.' And þañ þe Macedoynes cryed̄ and ſayde : 'O wirchipfull lorde,' quop

him for  
Perdicas  
for their  
king.

He gives  
\* Leaf 48  
bk.  
Perdicas  
Macedonia  
and the  
Emperor-  
ship,  
and also  
Roxana as  
wife.  
He kisses  
all the  
Mace-  
donian  
Lords.

Seleucus  
grieves by  
Alex-  
ander's  
bedside  
that they  
shall have  
no good  
leader.

Alexander  
bewails his  
fate that  
Macedonia  
shall  
dwindle  
with his  
death.  
All the  
Mace-  
donians  
say it were  
better to  
die with  
him.

The grief  
of the  
Mace-  
donians.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines with red capital *A*, and smaller *a* in the margin beside.

<sup>2</sup> Four lines with red capital *A*, and small *a* in the margin beside.

Alexander  
sends rich  
gifts to the  
Temple of  
Apollo in  
Athenes and  
makes  
order for  
the em-  
balming of  
his body.

\* Leaf 49.

His death.

The  
funeral of  
Alexander.

His burial  
and  
wonderful  
tomb.

The de-  
scription of  
Alexander.

The years  
of his life  
and his  
warlike  
deeds.

pay, 'þou ledd<sup>r</sup> vs in-to Perse, Arraby, and Inde, and vn-to the  
werlde<sup>3</sup> ende, and in-to what cuntree þat þe liste wende; why,  
lorde, fleez þou now fra vs? Lede vs wit the whedir so þou gase.'  
þa<sup>n</sup> kyng Alexander sent to þe templee of Appollo i<sup>n</sup> 4  
Athenes many riche iowels, and on þe same wyse ti<sup>l</sup>l a<sup>l</sup>l oper  
temples. And þa<sup>n</sup> he commanded<sup>r</sup> þat whe<sup>n</sup> he ware dede, pay  
schulde enoynte his body and embawme it wit riche oynementes,  
þe whilke kepis menes bodys in graues wit-owtten corrupcioun. 8  
þa<sup>n</sup> he badde Tholomeus þat he scholde [take] a *ċ* besantes of  
golde, & pare-off gere make hym a tombe in Alexander. And  
onane \* as he had<sup>r</sup> commanded<sup>r</sup> hym þus, one-seeand<sup>r</sup> þa<sup>n</sup> a<sup>l</sup>l, he  
swelt. And þa<sup>n</sup> his pryncez lifte vp his body, and did<sup>r</sup> apo<sup>n</sup> his 12  
clethyng of astate and putt a riche corou<sup>n</sup> o<sup>n</sup> his heued, and  
sett hym in þe emperours chayer, þe whilke twelue pryncez  
drewe wit paire breste<sup>3</sup> fra Babiloyne ti<sup>l</sup>l Alexander. Tholo-  
meus went alway bi-fore þe chayere wepande & sayande one þis 16  
wyse: 'Full waa es me, My lord<sup>r</sup> Alexander, waa es me. For in  
a<sup>l</sup>l thi lyfe slew þou neuer so many me<sup>n</sup> as þou dose nowe after  
þi dede.' A<sup>l</sup>l Alexanders knyghtis also weped<sup>r</sup> & made grete  
dole & sayde o<sup>n</sup> þis wyse: 'Waa es vs wrechis! whatt schaff wee 20  
now do after þe dede of oure lorde Alexander? Whedir schaff we  
now gaa or whate partye may we now chese? Where schaff  
we now get any helpe ti<sup>l</sup>l oure lyfelade?' One þis wyse þay  
went wepand<sup>r</sup> after Alexander, ti<sup>l</sup>l þay come ti<sup>l</sup>l þe citee of 24  
Alexander. And þare þay beryed<sup>r</sup> hym in a toumbe þat was  
rizte hye and wonder curyouslye wroghte. Þis tombe was a<sup>l</sup>l  
of fyne golde sett full of precyous stanes, and o<sup>n</sup> þat toumbe  
þer was sett xxx ymages of golde wonder craftily made. 28

<sup>1</sup> Alexander was a ma<sup>n</sup> bot of a comou<sup>n</sup> stature, wit a lange  
nekke, Faire eghne & glad<sup>r</sup>, his chekes ruddy, and a<sup>l</sup>l þe reme-  
nant of his lymmes ware faire & semely & lyke vn-ti<sup>l</sup>l a lorde.  
He ouercome a<sup>l</sup>l me<sup>n</sup> & neuer was ouercomen. The lenthe 32  
of his lyffe was xxxij zere, twa & thritty zere & seuē monethes.  
Fra þe twentyd<sup>r</sup> zere of his birthe he gaffe hym to werre, and in  
twelue zere he conquered<sup>r</sup> a<sup>l</sup>l þe werlde, and made subiect un-ti<sup>l</sup>l  
hym alky<sup>n</sup> nacyons. Seuē monethes he ristede hym. He was 36  
borne on þe vij kl of January, and dyed<sup>r</sup> o<sup>n</sup> þe vij kl of August.

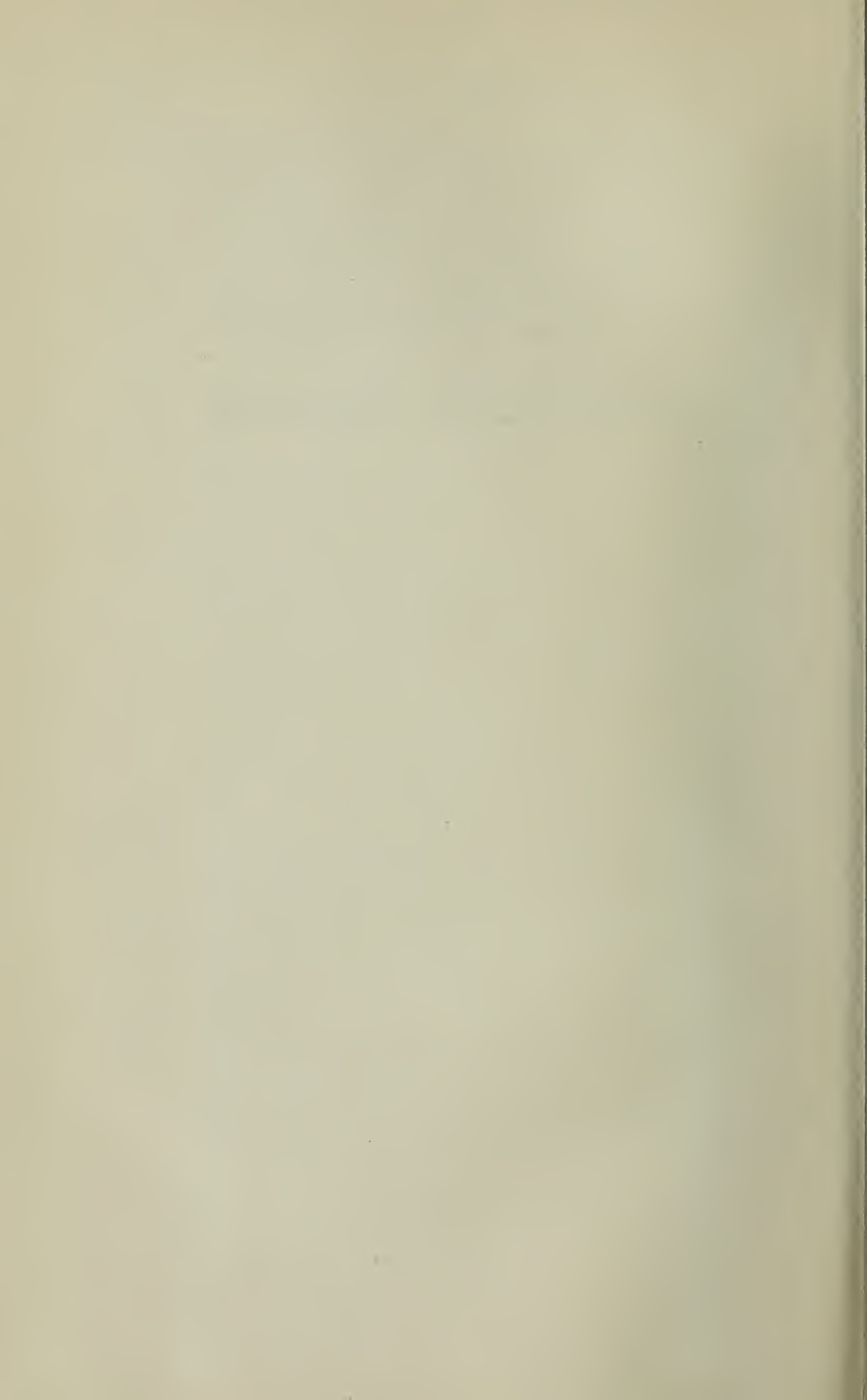
<sup>1</sup> Large red capital A.

He byggid also in his lyfe xij grete citeez þat hider-to-wardez  
 bene enhabyt, and þis are paire names. Firste *Alexander* þat  
 es called yprysilicas, þe secund *Alexander* es called *Bepyporum*,  
 4 þe thrid *Alexander* es callede *Sithia*, þe ferthe *Alexander* es  
 called *Bicontristi*, þe fifte *Alexander* es called *Perauctoñ*, þe sext  
*Alexander* es called *Buctiphaloñ*, þe seuent es called vnder þe  
 ryuer of Tygre, þe aghtend New Babiloyne, þe nyend *Aptreadam*,  
 8 þe tend *Messagetes*, þe elleuend *Ypsyacoñ*, þe twelfed es called  
 Egipt.

The twelve  
 great cities  
 that he  
 built.

Explicit vita Alexandry magni conquestoris.

Here endeþ þe lyf of gret *Alexander conquerour* of all þe  
 12 worlde.







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The prose life of Alexander.

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