

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, by  
Richard Morris**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight

Editor: Richard Morris

Release date: January 3, 2005 [EBook #14568]  
Most recently updated: April 21, 2021

Language: English, Middle English

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT  
\*\*\*

**Sir Gawayne**

and

**The Green Knight:**

**AN ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE-POEM,**

(AB. 1360 A.D.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF

**"EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS."**

**RE-EDITED FROM COTTON. MS. NERO, A.x., IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,**

BY

**RICHARD MORRIS,**

EDITOR OF HAMPOLE'S "PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE," "EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS," ETC.;

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

**SECOND EDITION, REVISED, 1869.**

**LONDON**

**PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY**

**BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW,**

MDCCCLXIV.

---

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

---

NOTE: The Old English "yogh" characters have been translated both upper and lower-case yoghs to digit 3's. There are Unicode allocations for these (in HTML [#540](#); and [#541](#);) but at present no font which implements these. Substituting the digit 3 seemed a workable compromise which anybody can read. The linked html ["Old English 'yogh' file"](#) uses [#540](#); and [#541](#);

---

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In re-editing the present romance-poem I have been saved all labour of transcription by using the very accurate text contained in Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne."

I have not only read his copy with the manuscript, but also the proof-sheets as they came to hand, hoping by this means to give the reader a text free from any errors of transcription.

The present edition differs from that of the earlier one in having the contractions of the manuscript expanded and side-notes added to the text to enable the reader to follow with some degree of ease the author's pleasant narrative of Sir Gawayne's adventures.

The Glossary is taken from Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne,"<sup>1</sup> to which, for the better interpretation of the text, I have made several additions, and have, moreover, glossed nearly all the words previously left unexplained.

For a description of the Manuscript, and particulars relating to the authorship and dialect of the present work, the reader is referred to the preface to *Early English Alliterative Poems*.

R.M.

LONDON,  
*December 22, 1864.*

[<sup>1</sup> Sir F. Madden has most generously placed at the disposal of the Early English Text Society any of his works which it may determine to re-edit.]

---

## INTRODUCTION.

No Knight of the Round Table has been so highly honoured by the old Romance-writers as Sir Gawayne, the son of Loth, and nephew to the renowned Arthur. They delighted to describe him as Gawayne the good, a man matchless on mould, the most gracious that under God lived, the hardiest of hand, the most fortunate in arms, and the most polite in hall, whose knowledge, knighthood, kindly works, doings, doughtiness, and deeds of arms were known in all lands.

When Arthur beheld the dead body of his kinsman lying on the ground bathed in blood, he is said to have exclaimed, "O righteous God, this blood were worthy to be preserved and enshrined in gold!" Our author, too, loves to speak of his hero in similar terms of praise, calling him the knight faultless in his five wits, void of every offence, and adorned with every earthly virtue. He represents him as one whose trust was in the five wounds, and in whom the five virtues which distinguished the true knight were more firmly established than in any other on earth.

The author of the present story, who, as we know from his religious poems, had an utter horror of moral impurity, could have chosen no better subject for a romance in which amusement and moral instruction were to be combined. In the following tale he shows how the true knight, though tempted sorely not once alone, but twice, nay thrice, breaks not his vow of chastity, but turns aside the tempter's shafts with the shield of purity and arm of faith, and so passes scatheless through the perilous defile of trial and opportunity seeming safe.

But while our author has borrowed many of the details of his story from the "Roman de Perceval" by Chrestien de Troyes, he has made the narrative more attractive by the introduction of several original and highly interesting passages which throw light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

The following elaborate descriptions are well deserving of especial notice:—

- I. The mode of completely arming a knight (ll. 568-589).
- II. The hunting and breaking the deer (ll. 1126-1359).
- III. The hunting and unlacing the wild boar (ll. 1412-1614).
- IV. A fox hunt (ll. 1675-1921).

The following is an outline of the story of Gawayne's adventures, more or less in the words of the writer himself:—

Arthur, the greatest of Britain's kings, holds the Christmas festival at Camelot, surrounded by the celebrated knights of the Round Table, noble lords, the most renowned under heaven, and ladies the loveliest that ever had life (ll. 37-57). This noble company celebrate the New Year by a religious service, by the bestowal of gifts, and the most joyous mirth. Lords and ladies take their seats at the table—Queen Guenever,

the grey-eyed, gaily dressed, sits at the dais, the high table, or table of state, where too sat Gawayne and Ywain together with other worthies of the Round Table (ll. 58-84, 107-115). Arthur, in mood as joyful as a child, his blood young and his brain wild, declares that he will not eat nor sit long at the table until some adventurous thing, some uncouth tale, some great marvel, or some encounter of arms has occurred to mark the return of the New Year (ll. 85-106).

The first course was announced with cracking of trumpets, with the noise of nakers and noble pipes.

"Each two had dishes twelve,  
Good beer and bright wine both."

Scarcely was the first course served when another noise than that of music was heard. There rushes in at the hall-door a knight of gigantic stature—the greatest on earth—in measure high. He was clothed entirely in green, and rode upon a green foal (ll. 116-178). Fair wavy hair fell about the shoulders of the Green Knight, and a great beard like a bush hung upon his breast (ll. 179-202).

The knight carried no helmet, shield, or spear, but in one hand a holly bough, and in the other an axe "huge and unmeet," the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor (ll. 203-220). Thus arrayed, the Green Knight enters the hall without saluting any one. The first word that he uttered was, "Where is the govenour of this gang? gladly would I see him and with himself speak reason." To the knights he cast his eye, looking for the most renowned. Much did the noble assembly marvel to see a man and a horse of such a hue, green as the grass. Even greener they seemed than green enamel on bright gold. Many marvels had they seen, but none such as this. They were afraid to answer, but sat stone-still in a dead silence, as if overpowered by sleep;

"Not all from fear, but some for courtesy" (ll. 221-249).

Then Arthur before the high dais salutes the Green Knight, bids him welcome, and entreats him to stay awhile at his Court. The knight says that his errand is not to abide in any dwelling, but to seek the most valiant of the heroes of the Round Table that he may put his courage to the proof, and thus satisfy himself as to the fame of Arthur's court. "I come," he says, "in peace, as ye may see by this branch that I bear here. Had I come with hostile intentions, I should not have left my hauberk, helmet, shield, sharp spear, and other weapons behind me. But because I desire no war, 'my weeds are softer.' If thou be so bold as all men say, thou wilt grant me the request I am about to make." "Sir courteous knight," replies Arthur, "if thou cravest battle only, here failest thou not to fight." "Nay," says the Green Knight, "I seek no fighting. Here about on this bench are only beardless children. Were I arrayed in arms on a high steed no man here would be a match for me (ll. 250-282). But it is now Christmas time, and this is the New Year, and I see around me many brave ones;—if any be so bold in his blood that dare strike a stroke for another, I shall give him this rich axe to do with it whatever he pleases. I shall abide the first blow just as I sit, and will stand him a stroke, stiff on this floor, provided that I deal him another in return.

And yet give I him respite,  
A twelvemonth and a day;  
Now haste and let see tite (soon)  
Dare any here-in ought say."

If he astounded them at first, much more so did he after this speech, and fear held them all silent. The knight, righting himself in his saddle, rolls fiercely his red eyes about, bends his bristly green brows, and strokes his beard awaiting a reply. But finding none that would carp with him, he exclaims, "What! is this Arthur's house, the fame of which has spread through so many realms? Forsooth, the renown of the Round Table is overturned by the word of one man's speech, for all tremble for dread without a blow being struck!" (ll. 283-313). With this he laughed so loud that Arthur blushed for very shame, and waxed as wroth as the wind. "I know no man," he says, "that is aghast at thy great words. Give me now thy axe and I will grant thee thy request!" Arthur seizes the axe, grasps the handle, and sternly brandishes it about, while the Green Knight, with a stern cheer and a dry countenance, stroking his beard and drawing down his coat, awaits the blow (ll. 314-335). Sir Gawayne, the nephew of the king, beseeches his uncle to let him undertake the encounter; and, at the earnest entreaty of his nobles, Arthur consents "to give Gawayne the game" (ll. 336-365).

Sir Gawayne then takes possession of the axe, but, before the blow is dealt, the Green Knight asks the name of his opponent. "In good faith," answers the good knight, "Gawayne I am called, that bids thee to this buffet, whatever may befall after, and at this time twelvemonth will take from thee another, with whatever weapon thou wilt, and with no wight else alive." "By Gog," quoth the Green Knight, "it pleases me well that I shall receive at thy fist that which I have sought here—moreover thou hast truly rehearsed the terms of the covenant,—but thou shalt first pledge me thy word that thou wilt seek me thyself, wheresoever on earth thou believest I may be found, and fetch

thee such wages as thou dealest me to-day before this company of doughty ones." "Where should I seek thee?" replies Gawayne, "where is thy place? I know not thee, thy court, or thy name. I wot not where thou dwellest, but teach me thereto, tell me how thou art called, and I shall endeavour to find thee,—and that I swear thee for truth and by my sure troth." "That is enough in New Year," says the groom in green, "if I tell thee when I have received the tap. When thou hast smitten me, then smartly I will teach thee of my house, my home, and my own name, so that thou mayest follow my track and fulfil the covenant between us. If I spend no speech, then speedest thou the better, for then mayest thou remain in thy own land and seek no further; but cease thy talking<sup>1</sup> (ll. 366-412). Take now thy grim tool to thee and let us see how thou knockest." "Gladly, sir, for sooth," quoth Gawayne, and his axe he brandishes.

[<sup>1</sup> This, I think, is the true explanation of *stokes*.]

The Green Knight adjusts himself on the ground, bends slightly his head, lays his long lovely locks over his crown, and lays bare his neck for the blow. Gawayne then gripped the axe, and, raising it on high, let it fall quickly upon the knight's neck and severed the head from the body. The fair head fell from the neck to the earth, and many turned it aside with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood burst from the body, yet the knight never faltered nor fell; but boldly he started forth on stiff shanks and fiercely rushed forward, seized his head, and lifted it up quickly. Then he runs to his horse, the bridle he catches, steps into his stirrups and strides aloft. His head by the hair he holds in his hands, and sits as firmly in his saddle as if no mishap had ailed him, though headless he was (ll. 413-439). He turned his ugly trunk about—that ugly body that bled,—and holding the head in his hand, he directed the face toward the "dearest on the dais." The head lifted up its eyelids and looked abroad, and thus much spoke with its mouth as ye may now hear:

"Loke, Gawayne, thou be prompt to go as thou hast promised, and seek till thou find me according to thy promise made in the hearing of these knights. Get thee to the Green Chapel, I charge thee, to fetch such a dint as thou hast dealt, to be returned on New Year's morn. As the Knight of the Green Chapel I am known to many, wherefore if thou seekest thou canst not fail to find me. Therefore come, or recreant be called." With a fierce start the reins he turns, rushes out of the hall-door, his head in his hand, so that the fire of the flint flew from the hoofs of his foal. To what kingdom he belonged knew none there, nor knew they from whence he had come. What then?

"The king and Gawayne there  
At that green (one) they laugh and grin."

Though Arthur wondered much at the marvel, he let no one see that he was at all troubled about it, but full loudly thus spake to his comely queen with courteous speech:

"Dear dame, to-day be never dismayed, well happens such craft at Christmas time. I may now proceed to meat, for I cannot deny that I have witnessed a wondrous adventure this day" (ll. 440-475).

He looked upon Sir Gawayne and said, "Now, sir, hang up thine axe, for enough has it hewn." So the weapon was hung up on high that all might look upon it, and "by true title thereof tell the wonder." Then all the knights hastened to their seats at the table, so did the king and our good knight, and they were there served with all dainties, "with all manner of meat and minstrelsy."

Though words were wanting when they first to seat went, now are their hands full of stern work, and the marvel affords them good subject for conversation. But a year passes full quickly and never returns,—the beginning is seldom like the end; wherefore this Christmas passed away and the year after, and each season in turn followed after another (ll. 476-520). Thus winter winds round again, and then Gawayne thinks of his wearisome journey (ll. 521-535). On All-hallows day Arthur entertains right nobly the lords and ladies of his court in honour of his nephew, for whom all courteous knights and lovely ladies were in great grief. Nevertheless they spoke only of mirth, and, though joyless themselves, made many a joke to cheer the good Sir Gawayne (ll. 536-565). Early on the morrow Sir Gawayne, with great ceremony, is arrayed in his armour (ll. 566-589), and thus completely equipped for his adventure he first hears mass, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur, the knights of the Round Table, and the lords and ladies of the court, who kiss him and commend him to Christ. He bids them all good day, as he thought, for evermore (ll. 590-669);

"*Very much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.*"

Now rides our knight through the realms of England with no companion but his foal, and no one to hold converse with save God alone. From Camelot, in Somersetshire, he proceeds through Gloucestershire and the adjoining counties into Montgomeryshire, and thence through North Wales to Holyhead, adjoining the Isle of Anglesea (ll. 670-700), from which he passes into the very narrow peninsula of Wirral, in Cheshire, where dwelt but few that loved God or man. Gawayne enquires after the Green Knight

of the Green Chapel, but all the inhabitants declare that they have never seen "any man of such hues of green."

The knight thence pursues his journey by strange paths, over hill and moor, encountering on his way not only serpents, wolves, bears, and boars, but wood satyrs and giants. But worse than all those, however, was the sharp winter, "when the cold clear water shed from the clouds, and froze ere it might fall to the earth. Nearly slain with the sleet he slept in his armour, more nights than enough, in naked rocks" (ll. 701-729).

Thus in peril and plight the knight travels on until Christmas-eve, and to Mary he makes his moan that she may direct him to some abode. On the morn he arrives at an immense forest, wondrously wild, surrounded by high hills on every side, where he found hoary oaks full huge, a hundred together. The hazel and the hawthorn intermingled were all overgrown with moss, and upon their boughs sat many sad birds that piteously piped for pain of the cold. Gawayne besought the Lord and Mary to guide him to some habitation where he might hear mass (ll. 730-762). Scarcely had he crossed himself thrice, when he perceived a dwelling in the wood set upon a hill. It was the loveliest castle he had ever beheld. It was pitched on a prairie, with a park all about it, enclosing many a tree for more than two miles. It shone as the sun through the bright oaks (ll. 763-772).

Gawayne urges on his steed Gringolet, and finds himself at the "chief gate." He called aloud, and soon there appeared a "porter" on the wall, who demanded his errand.

"Good sir," quoth Gawayne, "wouldst thou go to the high lord of this house, and crave a lodging for me?"

"Yea, by Peter!" replied the porter, "well I know that thou art welcome to dwell here as long as thou likest."

The drawbridge is soon let down, and the gates opened wide to receive the knight. Many noble ones hasten to bid him welcome (ll. 773-825). They take away his helmet, sword, and shield, and many a proud one presses forward to do him honour. They bring him into the hall, where a fire was brightly burning upon the hearth. Then the lord of the land<sup>1</sup> comes from his chamber and welcomes Sir Gawayne, telling him that he is to consider the place as his own. Our knight is next conducted to a bright bower, where was noble bedding—curtains of pure silk, with golden hems, and Tarsic tapestries upon the walls and the floors (ll. 826-859). Here the knight doffed his armour and put on rich robes, which so well became him, that all declared that a more comely knight Christ had never made (ll. 860-883).

[<sup>1</sup> Gawayne is now in the castle of the Green Knight, who, divested of his elvish or supernatural character, appears to our knight merely as a bold one with a beaver-hued beard.]

A table is soon raised, and Gawayne, having washed, proceeds to meat. Many dishes are set before him—"sews" of various kinds, fish of all kinds, some baked in bread, others broiled on the embers, some boiled, and others seasoned with spices. The knight expresses himself well pleased, and calls it a most noble and princely feast.

After dinner, in reply to numerous questions, he tells his host that he is Gawayne, one of the Knights of the Round Table. When this was made known great was the joy in the hall. Each one said softly to his companion, "Now we shall see courteous behaviour and learn the terms of noble discourse, since we have amongst us 'that fine father of nurture.' Truly God has highly favoured us in sending us such a noble guest as Sir Gawayne" (ll. 884-927). At the end of the Christmas festival Gawayne desires to take his departure from the castle, but his host persuades him to stay, promising to direct him to the Green Chapel (about two miles from the castle), that he may be there by the appointed time (ll. 1029-1082).

A covenant is made between them, the terms of which were that the lord of the castle should go out early to the chase, that Gawayne meanwhile should lie in his loft at his ease, then rise at his usual hour, and afterwards sit at table with his hostess, and that at the end of the day they should make an exchange of whatever they might obtain in the interim. "Whatever I win in the wood," says the lord, "shall be yours, and what thou gettest shall be mine" (ll. 1083-1125).

Full early before daybreak the folk uprise, saddle their horses, and truss their mails. The noble lord of the land, arrayed for riding, eats hastily a sop, and having heard mass, proceeds with a hundred hunters to hunt the wild deer (ll. 1126-1177).

All this time Gawayne lies in his gay bed. His nap is disturbed by a little noise at the door, which is softly opened. He heaves up his head out of the clothes, and, peeping through the curtains, beholds a most lovely lady (the wife of his host). She came towards the bed, and the knight laid himself down quickly, pretending to be asleep. The

lady stole to the bed, cast up the curtains, crept within, sat her softly on the bed-side, and waited some time till the knight should awake. After lurking awhile under the clothes considering what it all meant, Gawayne unlocked his eyelids, and put on a look of surprise, at the same time making the sign of the cross, as if afraid of some hidden danger (ll. 1178-1207). "Good morrow, sir," said that fair lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus. I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure." "Good morrow," quoth Gawayne, "I shall act according to your will with great pleasure, but permit me to rise that I may the more comfortably converse with you." "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one, "ye shall not rise from your bed, for since I have caught my knight I shall hold talk with him. I ween well that ye are Sir Gawayne that all the world worships, whose honour and courtesy are so greatly praised. Now ye are here, and we are alone (my lord and his men being afar off, other men, too, are in bed, so are my maidens), and the door is safely closed, I shall use my time well while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my person to do with it as ye please, and I will be your servant" (ll. 1208-1240).

Gawayne behaves most discreetly, for the remembrance of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel prevents him from thinking of love (ll. 1205-1289). At last the lady takes leave of the knight by catching him in her arms and kissing him (ll. 1290-1307). The day passes away merrily, and at dusk the Lord of the castle returns from the chase. He presents the venison to Gawayne according to the previous covenant between them. Our knight gives his host a kiss as the only piece of good fortune that had fallen to him during the day. "It is good," says the other, "and would be much better if ye would tell me where ye won such bliss" (ll. 1308-1394). "That was not in our covenant," replies Gawayne, "so try me no more." After much laughing on both sides they proceed to supper, and afterwards, while the choice wine is being carried round, Gawayne and his host renew their agreement. Late at night they take leave of each other and hasten to their beds. "By the time that the cock had crowed and cackled thrice" the lord was up, and after "meat and mass" were over the hunters make for the woods, where they give chase to a wild boar who had grown old and mischievous (ll. 1395-1467).

While the sportsmen are hunting this "wild swine" our lovely knight lies in his bed. He is not forgotten by the lady, who pays him an early visit, seeking to make further trial of his virtues. She sits softly by his side and tells him that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before (ll. 1468-1486). "I taught you of kissing," says she; "that becomes every courteous knight." Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden him. The lady replies that he is strong enough to enforce his own wishes. Our knight answers that every gift not given with a good will is worthless. His fair visitor then enquires how it is that he who is so skilled in the true sport of love and so renowned a knight, has never talked to her of love (ll. 1487-1524). "You ought," she says, "to show and teach a young thing like me some tokens of true-love's crafts; I come hither and sit here alone to learn of you some game; do teach me of your wit while my lord is from home." Gawayne replies that he cannot undertake the task of expounding true-love and tales of arms to one who has far more wisdom than he possesses. Thus did our knight avoid all appearance of evil, though sorely pressed to do what was wrong (ll. 1525-1552). The lady, having bestowed two kisses upon Sir Gawayne, takes her leave of him (ll. 1553-1557).

At the end of the day the lord of the castle returns home with the shields and head of the wild boar. He shows them to his guest, who declares that "such a brawn of a beast, nor such sides of a swine," he never before has seen. Gawayne takes possession of the spoil according to covenant, and in return he bestows two kisses upon his host, who declares that his guest has indeed been rich with "such chaffer" (ll. 1558-1647).

After much persuasion, Gawayne consents to stop at the castle another day (ll. 1648-1685). Early on the morrow the lord and his men hasten to the woods, and come upon the track of a fox, the hunting of which affords them plenty of employment and sport (ll. 1686-1730). Meanwhile our good knight sleeps soundly within his comely curtains. He is again visited by the lady of the castle. So gaily was she attired, and so "faultless of her features," that great joy warmed the heart of Sir Gawayne. With soft and pleasant smiles "they smite into mirth," and are soon engaged in conversation. Had not Mary thought of her knight, he would have been in great peril (ll. 1731-1769). So sorely does the fair one press him with her love, that he fears lest he should become a traitor to his host. The lady enquires whether he has a mistress to whom he has plighted his troth. The knight swears by St John that he neither has nor desires one. This answer causes the dame to sigh for sorrow, and telling him that she must depart, she asks for some gift, if it were only a glove, by which she might "think on the knight and lessen her grief" (ll. 1770-1800). Gawayne assures her that he has nothing worthy of her acceptance; that he is on an "uncouth errand," and therefore has "no men with no mails containing precious things," for which he is truly sorry.

Quoth that lovesome (one)—

"Though I had nought of yours,  
Yet should ye have of mine.

Thus saying, she offers him a rich ring of red gold "with a shining stone standing aloft," that shone like the beams of the bright sun. The knight refused the gift, as he had nothing to give in return. "Since ye refuse my ring," says the lady, "because it seems too rich, and ye would not be beholden to me, I shall give you my girdle that is less valuable" (ll. 1801-1835). But Gawayne replies that he will not accept gold or reward of any kind, though "ever in hot and in cold" he will be her true servant.

"Do ye refuse it," asks the lady, "because it seems simple and of little value? Whoso knew the virtues that are knit therein would estimate it more highly. For he who is girded with this green lace cannot be wounded or slain by any man under heaven." The knight thinks awhile, and it strikes him that this would be a "jewel for the jeopardy" that he had to undergo at the Green Chapel. So he not only accepts the lace, but promises to keep the possession of it a secret (ll. 1836-1865). By that time the lady had kissed him thrice, and she then takes "her leave and leaves him there."

Gawayne rises, dresses himself in noble array, and conceals the "love lace" where he might find it again. He then hies to mass, shrives him of his misdeeds, and obtains absolution. On his return to the hall he solaces the ladies with comely carols and all kinds of joy (ll. 1866-1892). The dark night came, and then the lord of the castle, having slain the fox, returns to his "dear home," where he finds a fire brightly turning and his guest amusing the ladies (ll. 1893-1927). Gawayne, in fulfilment of his agreement, kisses his host thrice.<sup>1</sup> "By Christ," quoth the other knight, "ye have caught much bliss. I have hunted all this day and nought have I got but the skin of this foul fox (the devil have the goods!), and that is full poor for to pay for such precious things" (ll. 1928-1951).

After the usual evening's entertainment, Gawayne retires to rest. The next morning, being New Year's day, is cold and stormy. Snow falls, and the dales are full of drift. Our knight in his bed locks his eyelids, but full little he sleeps. By each cock that crows he knows the hour, and before day-break he calls for his chamberlain, who quickly brings him his armour (ll. 1952-2014). While Gawayne clothed himself in his rich weeds he forgot not the "lace, the lady's gift," but with it doubly girded his loins. He wore it not for its rich ornaments, "but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer," and as a safeguard against sword or knife (ll. 2015-2046).

Having thanked his host and all the renowned assembly for the great kindness he had experienced at their hands, "he steps into stirrups and strides aloft" (ll. 2047-2068).

The drawbridge is let down, and the broad gates unbarred and borne open upon both sides, and the knight, after commending the castle to Christ, passes thereout and goes on his way accompanied by his guide, that should teach him to turn to that place where he should receive the much-dreaded blow. They climb over cliffs, where each hill had a hat and a mist-cloak, until the next morn, when they find themselves on a full high hill covered with snow. The servant bids his master remain awhile, saying, "I have brought you hither at this time, and now ye are not far from that noted place that ye have so often enquired after. The place that ye press to is esteemed full perilous, and there dwells a man in that waste the worst upon earth, for he is stiff and stern and loves to strike, and greater is he than any man upon middle-earth, and his body is bigger than the best four in Arthur's house. He keeps the Green Chapel; there passes none by that place, however proud in arms, that he does not 'ding him to death with dint of his hand.' He is a man immoderate and 'no mercy uses,' for be it churl or chaplain that by the chapel rides, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, it is as pleasant to him to kill them as to go alive himself. Wherefore I tell thee truly, 'come ye there, ye be killed, though ye had twenty lives to spend. He has dwelt there long of yore, and on field much sorrow has wrought. Against his sore dints ye may not defend you' (ll. 2069-2117). Therefore, good Sir Gawayne, let the man alone, and for God's sake go by some other path, and then I shall hie me home again. I swear to you by

[<sup>1</sup> He only in part keeps to his covenant, as he holds back the *love-lace*.]

God and all His saints that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne thanks his guide for his well-meant kindness, but declares that to the Green Chapel he will go, though the owner thereof be "a stern knave," for God can devise means to save his servants.

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life I will not hinder thee. Have thy helmet on thy head, thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side, till thou be brought to the bottom of the valley. Then look a little on the plain, on thy left hand, and thou shalt see in that slade the chapel itself, and the burly knight that guards it (ll. 2118-2148). Now, farewell Gawayne the noble! for all the gold upon ground I would not go with thee nor bear thee fellowship through this wood 'on foot farther.'" Thus having spoken, he gallops away and leaves the knight alone.

Gawayne now pursues his journey, rides through the dale, and looks about. He sees no

signs of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks, and the very shadows of the high woods seemed wild and distorted. No chapel, however, could he discover. After a while he sees a round hill by the side of a stream; thither he goes, alights, and fastens his horse to the branch of a tree. He walks about the hill, debating with himself what it might be. It had a hole in the one end and on each side, and everywhere overgrown with grass, but whether it was only an old cave or a crevice of an old crag he could not tell (ll. 2149-2188).

"Now, indeed," quoth Gawayne, "a desert is here; this oratory is ugly with herbs overgrown. It is a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions after the devil's manner.' Now I feel it is the fiend (the devil) in my five wits that has covenanted with me that he may destroy me. This is a chapel of misfortune—evil betide it! It is the most cursed kirk that ever I came in." With his helmet on his head, and spear in his hand, he roams up to the rock, and then he hears from that high hill beyond the brook a wondrous wild noise. Lo! it clattered in the cliff as if one upon a grindstone were grinding a scythe. It whirred like the water at a mill, and rushed and re-echoed, terrible to hear. "Though my life I forgo," says Gawayne, "no noise shall cause me to fear."

Then he cried aloud, "Who dwells in this place, discourse with me to hold? For now is good Gawayne going right here if any brave wight will hie him hither, either now or never" (ll. 2189-2216).

"Abide," quoth one on the bank above, over his head, "and thou shalt have all in haste that I promised thee once."

Soon there comes out of a hole in the crag, with a fell weapon a Danish axe quite new, the "man in the green," clothed as at first as his legs, locks and beard. But now he is on foot and walks on the earth. When he reaches the stream, he hops over and boldly strides about. He meets Sir Gawayne, who tells him that he is quite ready to fulfil his part of the compact. "Gawayne," quoth that 'green gome' (man), "may God preserve thee! Truly thou art welcome to my place, 'and thou hast timed thy travel' as a true man should. Thou knowest the covenants made between us, at this time twelve-month, that on New Year's day I should return thee thy blow. We are now in this valley by ourselves, and can do as we please (ll. 2217-2246). Have, therefore, thy helmet off thy head, and 'have here thy pay.' Let us have no more talk than when thou didst strike off my head with a single blow."

"Nay, by God!" quoth Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will for any harm that may happen, but will stand still while thou strikest."

Then he stoops a little and shows his bare neck, unmoved by any fear. The Green Knight takes up his "grim tool," and with all his force raises it aloft, as if he meant utterly to destroy him. As the axe came gliding down Gawayne "shrank a little with the shoulders from the sharp iron." The other withheld his weapon, and then reproved the prince with many proud words. "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed, that never feared for no host by hill nor by vale, for now thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm (ll. 2247-2272). Such cowardice of that knight did I never hear. I never flinched nor fled when thou didst aim at me in King Arthur's house. My head flew to my feet and yet I never fled, wherefore I deserve to be called the better man."

Quoth Gawayne, "I shunted once, but will do so no more, though my head fall on the stones. But hasten and bring me to the point; deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I shall stand thee a stroke and start no more until thine axe has hit me—have here my troth." "Have at thee, then," said the other, and heaves the axe aloft, and looks as savagely as if he were mad. He aims at the other mightily, but withholds his hand ere it might hurt. Gawayne readily abides the blow without flinching with any member, and stood still as a stone or a tree fixed in rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then merrily the other did speak, "Since now thou hast thy heart whole it behoves me to strike, so take care of thy neck." Gawayne answers with great wroth, "Thrash on, thou fierce man, thou threatenest too long; I believe thy own heart fails thee."

"Forsooth," quoth the other, "since thou speakest so boldly, I will no longer delay" (ll. 2273-2304). Then, contracting "both lips and brow," he made ready to strike, and let fall his axe on the bare neck of Sir Gawayne. "Though he hammered" fiercely, he only "severed the hide," causing the blood to flow. When Gawayne saw his blood on the snow, he quickly seized his helmet and placed it on his head. Then he drew out his bright sword, and thus angrily spoke: "Cease, man, of thy blow, bid me no more. I have received a stroke in this place without opposition, but if thou givest me any more readily shall I requite thee, of that be thou sure. Our covenant stipulates one stroke, and therefore now cease."

The Green Knight, resting on his axe, looks on Sir Gawayne, as bold and fearless he there stood, and then with a loud voice thus addresses the knight: "Bold knight, be not so wroth, no man here has wronged thee (ll. 2305-2339); I promised thee a stroke, and thou hast it, so hold thee well pleased. I could have dealt much worse with thee, and



caused thee much sorrow. Two blows I aimed at thee, for twice thou kissedst my fair wife; but I struck thee not, because thou restoredst them to me according to agreement. At the third time thou failedst, and therefore I have given thee that tap. That woven girdle, given thee by my own wife, belongs to me. I know well thy kisses, thy conduct also, and the wooing of my wife, for I wrought it myself. I sent her to try thee, and truly methinks thou art the most faultless man that ever on foot went. Still, sir, thou wert wanting in good faith; but as it proceeded from no immorality, thou being only desirous of saving thy life, the less I blame thee."

Gawayne stood confounded, the blood rushed into his face, and he shrank within himself for very shame. "Cursed," he cried, "be cowardice and covetousness both; in you are villany and vice, that virtue destroy." Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight in green, cursing his cowardice and covetousness. The Green Knight, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou hast confessed so clean, and acknowledged thy faults, that I hold thee as pure as thou hadst never forfeited since thou wast first born. I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come now to my castle, and we shall enjoy together the festivities of the New Year" (ll. 2340-2406).

"Nay, forsooth," quoth the knight, "but for your kindness may God requite you. Commend me to that courteous one your comely wife, who with her crafts has beguiled me. But it is no uncommon thing for a man to come to sorrow through women's wiles; for so was Adam beguiled with one, and Solomon with many. Samson was destroyed by Delilah, and David suffered much through Bathsheba. *'It were indeed great bliss for a man to love them well and believe them not.'* Since the greatest upon earth were so beguiled, methinks I should be excused. But God reward you for your girdle, which I will ever wear in remembrance of my fault, and when pride shall exalt me, a look to this love-lace shall lessen it (ll. 2407-2438). But since ye are the lord of yonder land, from whom I have received so much honour, tell me truly your right name, and I shall ask no more questions."

Quoth the other, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fay, who dwells in my house. Much has she learnt of Merlin, who knows all your knights at home. She brought me to your hall for to essay the prowess of the Round Table. She wrought this wonder to bereave you of your wits, hoping to have grieved Guenever and affrighted her to death by means of the man that spoke with his head in his hand before the high table. She is even thine aunt, Arthur's half sister; wherefore come to thine aunt, for all my household love thee."

Gawayne refuses to accompany the Green Knight, and so, with many embraces and kind wishes, they separate—the one to his castle, the other to Arthur's court.

After passing through many wild ways, our knight recovers from the wound in his neck, and at last comes safe and sound to the court of King Arthur. Great then was the joy of all; the king and queen kiss their brave knight, and make many enquiries about his journey. He tells them of his adventures, hiding nothing—"the chance of the chapel, the cheer of the knight, the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace." Groaning for grief and shame he shows them the cut in his neck, which he had received for his unfaithfulness (ll. 2439-2504). The king and his courtiers comfort the knight—they laugh loudly at his adventures, and unanimously agree that those lords and ladies that belonged to the Round Table, and each knight of the brotherhood should ever after wear a bright green belt for Gawayne's sake. And he upon whom it was conferred honoured it evermore after.

Thus in Arthur's time this adventure befell, whereof the "Brutus Books" bear witness (ll. 2505-2530).

I need not say that the *Brutus Books* we possess do not contain the legend here set forth, though it is not much more improbable than some of the statements contained in them. If the reader desires to know the relation in which this and the like stories stand to the original Arthur legends, he will find it discussed in Sir F. Madden's Preface to his edition of "Syr Gawayne," which also contains a sketch of the very different views taken of Sir Gawayne by the different Romance writers.

Into this and other *literary* questions I do not enter here, as I have nothing to add to Sir F. Madden's statements; but in the text of the Poem I have differed from him in some few readings, which will be found noticed in the Notes and Glossary.

As the manuscript is fast fading, I am glad that the existence of the Early English Text Society has enabled us to secure a wider diffusion of its contents before the original shall be no longer legible.

We want nothing but an increased supply of members to enable us to give to a large circle of readers many an equally interesting record of Early English minds.

# SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE KNY3T.

## [FYTTE THE FIRST.]

### I.

Sipen þe sege & þe assaut wat3 sesed at Troye,  
þe bor3 brittened & Brent to bronde3 & aske3,  
þe tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wro3t,  
4 Wat3 tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe;  
Hit wat3 Ennias þe athel, & his highe kynde,  
þat sipen depreced *prouinces*, & *patrounes* bicomē  
Welne3e of al þe wele *in* þe west iles,  
8 Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis *hym* swyþe,  
*With* gret bobbau<sup>n</sup>ce þat bur3e he biges vpon fyrst,  
& neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;  
Ticius to Tuskan [turnes,] & teldes bigymes;  
12 Langaberde *in* *Lumbardie* lyftes vp homes;  
& fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus  
On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he sette3,  
wyth *wyme*;  
16 Where werre, & wrake, & wonder,  
Bi syþe3 hat3 wont þer-*izme*,  
& oft boþe blysse & blunder  
Ful skete hat3 skyfted *syme*.

[Fol. 91a.]  
After the siege of Troy

Romulus built Rome,

and Felix Brutus founded Britain,

a land of war and wonder,

and oft of bliss and blunder.

### II.

20 Ande quen þis Bretayn wat3 bigged bi þis burn rych,  
Bolde bredden þer-*izme*, baret þat lofdē,  
In mony turned tyme tene þat wro3ten;  
Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft  
24 Pen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme.  
Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne kynges  
Ay wat3 Arthur þe hendest; as I haf herde telle;  
For-þi an *aunter* in erde I attle to schawe,  
28 þat a selly in si3t *summe* men hit holden,  
& an outrage awenture of *Arthure3* wondere3;  
If 3e wyl lysten þis laye bot on littel quile,  
I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I *in* toun herde,  
32 *with* tonge;  
As hit is stad & stoken,  
In stori stif & stronge,  
*With* lel letteres loken,  
36 *In* londe so hat3 ben longe.

Bold men increased in the Land,

and many marvels happened.

Of all Britain's kings Arthur was the noblest.

[Fol. 91b.]

Listen a while and ye shall hear the story of an "outrageous  
adventure."

### III.

þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse,  
*With* mony luflych lorde, lede3 of þe best,  
Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breþer,  
40 *With* rych reuel ory3t, & rechles merþes;  
þer *toumayed* tulkes bi-tyme3 ful mony,  
Iusted ful Iolilé þise gentyle kni3tes,  
Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.  
44 For þer þe fest wat3 ilyche ful fifteen dayes,  
With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men couþe a-vyse;  
Such glaumande gle glorious to here,  
Dere dyn vp-on day, *daunsyng* on ny3tes,  
48 Al wat3 hap vpon he3e *in* halle3 & chambre3,  
With lorde3 & ladies, as leuest *him* þo3t;  
With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned þer samen,  
þe most kyd kny3te3 vnder kryste seluen,  
52 & þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden,  
& he þe comlokest kyng þat þe court haldes;  
For al wat3 þis fayre folk *in* her first age,  
on sille;  
56 þe hapnest vnder heuen,  
Kyng hy3est mon of wylle,  
Hit were<sup>1</sup> now gret nye to neuē  
So hardy a here on hille.

Arthur held at Camelot his Christmas feast,

with all the knights of the Round Table,

full fifteen days.

All was joy in hall and chamber,

among brave knights and lovely ladies,

the happiest under heaven.

#### IV.

60	Wyle nw 3er wat3 so 3ep þat hæt wat3 nwe cummen, þat day doubble on þe dece wat3 þe douth serued, Fro þe kyng wat3 cummen <i>wiþ</i> kny3tes in to þe halle, þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende;	They celebrate the New Year with great joy.
64	Loude crye wat3 þer kest of clerke3 & oþer, Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte;	[Fol. 92]
68	& syþen riche forþ rummen to reche honde-selle, 3e3ed 3eres 3iftes on hi3, 3elde hem bi hond, Debated busyly aboute þo giftes;	Gifts are demanded and bestowed.
72	Ladies la3ed ful loude, þo3 þay lost haden, & he þat wan wat3 not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe. Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme;	Lords and ladies take their seats at the table.
76	When þay had waschen, worþpyly þay wenten to sete, þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed; Whene Guenore ful gay, grayþed in þe myddes. Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute,	Queen Guenever appears gaily dressed.
80	Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites in-noghe, þat were enbrawdred & beten wyth þe best gemmes, þat my3t be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye, in daye;	
84	þe comlokest to discrye, þer glent <i>wiþ</i> y3en gray, A semloker þat euer he sy3e, Soth mo3t no mon say.	A lady fairer of form might no one say he had ever before seen.

#### V.

88	Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued, He wat3 so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & sum-quat child gered, His lif liked hym ly3t, he louied þe lasse Aþer to lenge lye, or to longe sitte,	Arthur would not eat,  nor would he long sit
92	So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wylde; & also anoþer maner meued him eke, þat he þur3 nobelay had nomen, ho wolde neuer ete Vpon such a dere day, er hym deuised were Of sum auenturus þyng an vncouþe tale, Of sum mayn mæruayle, þat he my3t trawe,	until he had witnessed a "wondrous adventure" of some kind.
96	Of <sup>1</sup> alderes, of armes, of oþer auenturus, Oþer sum segg hym bi-so3t of sum siker kny3t, To Ioyne wyth hym in iustyng in Iopardé to lay, Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oþer, As fortune wolde fulsun hom þe fayrer to haue.	
100	þis wat3 [þe] kynges countenaunce where he in court were, At vch farand fest among his fre meny, in halle;	[Fol. 92b.]
104	þer-fore of face so fere. He sti3tle3 stif in stalle, Ful 3ep in þat nw 3ere, Much mirthe he mas <i>wiþ</i> alle.	He of face so bold makes much mirth with all.

<sup>1</sup> Of of, in MS.

#### VI.

108	Thus þer stondes in stale þe stif kyng his-seluen, Talkkande bifore þe hy3e table of trifles ful hende There gode Gawan wat3 grayþed, Gwenore bisyde & Agrauayn a la dure mayn on þat oþer syde sittes Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kni3tes;	The king talks with his knights.  Gawayne, Agravayn,
112	Bischop Bawdewyn abof bi-gine3 þe table, & Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit hym-seluen; þise were di3t on þe des, & derworþly serued, & siþen mony siker segge at þe sidborde3.	Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain sit on the dais.
116	þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes, Wyth mony baner ful bry3t, þat þer-bi henced, Nwe nakryn noyse <i>wiþ</i> þe noble pipes, Wylde werbles & wy3t wakned lote,	The first course is served with cracking of trumpets.

120 Pat mony hert ful hi3e hef at her towches;  
 Dayntes dryuen þer-wyth of ful dere metes,  
 Foysoun of þe fresche, & on so fele disches,  
 Pat pine to fynde þe place þe peple bi-forne  
 124 For to sette þe syluener,<sup>1</sup> þat sere sewes halden,  
 on clothe;  
 Iche lede as he loued hym-selue  
 Þer laght *wit*h-outhe loþe,  
 128 Ay two had disches twelue,  
 Good ber, & bry3t wyn boþe.

It consisted of all dainties in season.

Each two had dishes twelve,  
 good beer and bright wine both.

<sup>1</sup> *svlueren* (?) (dishes).

## VII.

Now wyl I of hor seruise say yow no more,  
 For veh wy3e may wel wit no wont þat þer were;  
 132 An oþer noyse ful newe ne3ed biliue,  
 þat þe lude my3t haf leue lif-lode to cach.  
 For vneþe wat3 þe noyce not a whyle sesed,  
 & þe fyrst *cource in þe court* kyndely serued,  
 136 Þer hales *in* at þe halle dor an aghlich mayster,  
 On þe most on þe molde on mesure hyghe;  
 Fro þe swyre to þe swange so sware & so þik,  
 & his lyndes & his lymes so longe & so grete,  
 140 Half etayn *in* erde I hope þat he were.  
 Bot mon most I algate *mym* hym to bene,  
 & þat þe myriest *in* his muckel þat my3t ride;  
 For of bak & of brest al were his bodi sturne,  
 144 Bot his wombe & his wast were worthily smale,  
 & alle his fetures fol3ande, *in* forme þat he hade,  
 ful clene;  
 For wonder of his hwe *men* hade,  
 148 Set *in* his semblaunt sene;  
 He ferde as freke were fade,  
 & ouer-al enker grene.

There was no want of anything.

Scarcely had the first course commenced,

when there rushes in at the hall-door a knight;

the tallest on earth

[Fol. 93.]

he must have been.

His back and breast were great,  
 but his belly and waist were small.

## VIII.

Ande al grayþed *in* grene þis gome & his wedes,  
 152 A strayt cote ful stre3t, þat stek on his sides,  
 A mere mantile abof, mensked *wit*h-ime,  
*Wit*h pelure pured apert þe pane ful clene,  
 156 *Wit*h blyþe blaumner ful bry3t, & his hod boþe,  
 þat wat3 la3t fro his lokke3, & layde on his schulderes  
 Heme wel haled, hose of þat same grene,  
 Pat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder,  
 Of bry3t golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche  
 160 & scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides;  
 & alle his vesture uerayly wat3 clene *verdure*,  
 Boþe þe barres of his belt & oþer blyþe stones,  
 þat were richely rayled *in* his aray clene,  
 164 Aboutte *m*-self & his sadel, vpon silk werke3,  
 þat were to tor for to telle of tryfles þe halue,  
 þat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & fly3es,  
 With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay *in* myddes;  
 168 Þe pendauztes of his payttrure, þe proude cropure  
 His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þe *me*  
 Þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same,  
 & his arsoun3 al after, & his aþel sturtes,  
 172 þat euer glemereð<sup>1</sup> & glent al of grene stones.  
 Þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke,  
 sertayn;  
 A grene hors gret & þikke,  
 176 A stede ful stif to strayne,  
*In* brawden brydel quik,  
 To þe gome he wat3 ful gayn.

He was clothed entirely in green.

His spurs were of bright gold.

His saddle was embroidered with birds and flies.

The foal that he rode upon was green;

it was a steed full stiff to guide.

[Fol. 93b.]

<sup>1</sup> *glemed* (?)

## IX.

180	Wel gay wat3 þis gome gered <i>in</i> grene, & þe here of his hed of his hors swete; Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes;	Gaily was the knight attired.
184	A much berd as <sup>1</sup> a busk ouer his brest henges, þat wyth his hi3lich here, þat of his hed reches, Wat3 eused al vmbe-torne, a-bof his elbowes, þat half his armes þer vnder were halched <i>in</i> þe wyse Of a kynge3 capados, þat closes his swyre.	His great beard, like a bush, hung on his breast.
188	þe mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke, Wel cressed & cemmed wyth knottes ful mony, Folden <i>in</i> wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene, Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde;	The horse's mane was decked with golden threads.
192	þe tayl & his toppyng twymen of a sute, & bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bry3t grene, Dubbed wyth ful dere stone3, as þe dok lasted, Syþen þrawen wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte, Per mony belle3 ful bry3t of brende golde rungen.	Its tail was bound with a green band.
196	Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes, Wat3 neuer sene <i>in</i> þat sale wyth sy3t er þat tyme, <i>with</i> y3e;	Such a foal nor a knight were never before seen.
200	He loked as layt so ly3t, So sayd al þat hym sy3e, Hit semed as no mon my3t, Vnder his dyntte3 dry3e.	It seemed that no man might endure his dints.

<sup>1</sup> as as, in MS.

## X.

204	Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauþer, Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes, Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwne ne to smyte, Bot <i>in</i> his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe, þat is grattest <i>in</i> grene, when greue3 ar bare,	The knight carried neither spear nor shield,  In one hand was a holly bough,
208	& an ax <i>in</i> his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete, A spetos sparþe to expoun <i>in</i> spelle quo-so my3t; þe hede of an eln3erde þe large lenkþe hade, þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen,	in the other an axe,
212	þe bit burnyst bry3t, <i>with</i> a brod egge, As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores; þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte, þat wat3 wounden wyth yrn to þe wande3 ende,	the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor,
216	& al bigrauen <i>with</i> grene, <i>in</i> gracious <sup>1</sup> werkes; A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede, & so after þe halme halched ful ofte, Wyth tryed tassele3 þerto tacched <i>in</i> -noghe, On botoun3 of þe bry3t grene brayden ful ryche.	[Fol. 94.] and the handle was encased in iron, curiously "graven with green, in gracious works."
220	þis hapel helde3 hym <i>in</i> , & þe halle entres, Driuande to þe he3e dece, dut he no woþe, Haylset he neuer one, bot he3e he ouer loked.	Thus arrayed the Green Knight enters the hall,  without saluting any one.
224	þe fyrst word þat he warp, "wher is," he sayd, "þe gouemour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde Se þat segg <i>in</i> sy3t, & <i>with</i> hym self speke raysoun."	He asks for the "governor" of the company,
228	To kny3te3 he kest his y3e, & reled hym vp & doun, He stemmed & con studie, Quo walt þer most renoun.	and looks for the most renowned.

<sup>1</sup> looks like gracons in MS.

## XI.

232	Ther wat3 lokyng on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde, For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene my3t, þat a hapel & a horse my3t such a hwe lach, As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed,	Much they marvel to see a man and a horse  as green as grass.
236	þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bry3ter; Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre, Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worch schulde. For fele sellye3 had þay sen, bot such neuer are, For-þi for fantoum & fayry3e þe folk þere hit demed;	Never before had they seen such a sight as this.
240	þer-fore to answare wat3 ar3e mony aþel freke,	They were afraid to answer,

& al stouned at his steuen, & stonstil seten,  
 In a swoghe sylence þur3 þe sale riche  
 244 As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3  
     *in* hy3e;  
     I deme hit not al for doute,  
 248 Bot *sum* for cortaysye,  
     Bot let *hym* þat al schulde loute,  
     Cast vnto þat wy3e.

and were as silent as if sleep had taken possession of them;

some from fear and others from courtesy.

## XII.

Þem Arþour bifore þe hi3 dece þat auenture byholde3,  
 & rekenly *hym* reuerenced, for rad was he neuere,  
 252 & sayde, "wy3e, welcum iwys to þis place,  
     Þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat,  
     Li3t luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye,  
     & quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after."  
 256 "Nay, as help me," *quod* þe hapel, "he þat on hy3e syttes,  
     To wone any quyle *in* þis won, hit wat3 not myn ernde;  
     Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hy3e,  
     & þy bur3 & þy burnes best ar holden,  
 260 Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,  
     Þe wy3test & þe worppest of þe worldes kynde,  
     Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure layke3;  
     & here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,  
 264 & þat hat3 wayned me hider, I-wyis, at þis tyme.  
     3e may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here,  
     þat I passe as *in* pes, & no ply3t seche;  
     For had I founded *in* fere, *in* fe3tyng wyse,  
 268 I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe,  
     A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bry3t,  
     Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als,  
     Bot for I wolde no were, my wede3 ar softer.  
 272 Bot if þou be so bold as alle burne3 tellen,  
     Þou wyl *grant* me godly þe gomen þat I ask,  
     bi ry3t."  
     Arthour con onsware,  
 276 & sayd, "*sir* cortays kny3t,  
     If þou craue batayl bare,  
     Here fayle3 þou not to fy3t."

Arthur salutes the Green Knight.

[Fol. 94b.]

bids him welcome, and invites him to stay awhile.

The knight says that he will not tarry.

He seeks the most valiant that he may prove him.

He comes in peace.

At home, however, he has both shield and spear.

Arthur assures him that he shall not fail to find an opponent worthy of him.

## XIII.

"Nay, frayst I no fy3t, *in* fayth I þe telle,  
 280 Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdle3 chylder;  
     If I were hasped *in* armes on a he3e stede,  
     Here is no mon me to mach, for my3te3 so<sup>1</sup> wayke.  
     For-þy I craue *in* þis court a crystmas gomen,  
 284 For hit is 3ol & nwe 3er, & here ar 3ep mony;  
     If any so hardy *in* þis hous holde3 *hym*-seluen,  
     Be so bolde *in* his blod, brayn *in* hys hede,  
     þat dar stifly strike a strok for an oþer,  
 288 I schal gif *hym* of my gyft þys giserne ryche,  
     þis ax, þat is heué *in*-nogh, to hondele as *hym* lykes,  
     & I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte.  
     If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle,  
 292 Lepe ly3tly me to, & lach þis weppen,  
     I quit clayme hit for euere, kepe hit as his auen,  
     & I schal stonde *hym* a strok, stif on þis flet,  
     Elle3 þou wyl di3t me þe dom to dele *hym* an oþer,  
 296 barlay;  
     & 3et gif *hym* respite,  
     A twelmonyth & a day;—  
     Now hy3e, & let se tite  
 300 Dar any her-*ime* o3t say."

"I seek no fight," says the knight.

"Here are only beardless children."

Here is no man to match me.

Here are brave ones many,

if any be bold enough to 'strike a stroke for another,'

this axe shall be his;

[Fol. 95.]

but I shall give him a 'stroke' in return

within a twelvemonth and a day."

<sup>1</sup> MS. fo.

## XIV.

If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þazne  
 Alle þe hered-men *in* halle, þe hy3 & þe lo3e;

Fear kept all silent.

The knight rolled his red eyes about,

304 Be renk on his rounce hym ruced in his sadel,  
 & runisch-ly his rede y3en he reled aboute,  
 Bende his bresed bro3e3, bly-cande grene,  
 Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.  
 308 When non wolde kepe hym *wiþ* carp he co3ed ful hy3e,  
 Ande rimed hym ful richley, & ry3t hym to speke:  
 "What, is þis Arþures hous," *quod* þe habel þemne,  
 "Þat al þe rous remes of, þur3 ryalmes so mony?  
 312 Where is now *your sourquydrye* & *your conquestes*,  
*Your gry[n]del-layk*, & *your greme*, & *your grete wordes*?  
 Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table  
 Ouer-walt wyth a worde of on wy3es speche;  
 For al dares for drede, *wiþ*-oute dynt schewed!"  
 316 Wyth þis he la3es so loude, þat þe lorde greued;  
 Þe blod schot for scham *in*-to his schyre face  
 & lere;  
 He wex as wroth as wynde,  
 320 So did alle þat þer were  
 Þe kyng as kene bi kynde,  
 Þen stod þat stif mon nere.

and bent his bristly green brows.  
 Waving his beard awhile, he exclaimed:

"What! is this Arthur's court?"

Forsooth the renown of the Round Table is overturned 'with a word of one man's speech.'"

Arthur blushes for shame.

He waxes as wroth as the wind.

## XV.

324 Ande sayde, "habel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys,  
 & as þou foly hat3 frayst, fynde þe be-houes;  
 I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.  
 Gif me now þy geserne, vpon gode3 halue,  
 & I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."  
 328 Ly3tly lepe3 he hym to, & la3t at his honde;  
 Þen feersly þat oþer freke vpon fote ly3tis.  
 Now hat3 Arthure his axe, & þe halme grype3,  
 & sturnely sture3 hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þo3t.  
 332 Þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hy3t,  
 Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more;  
 Wyth sturne schere<sup>1</sup> þer he stod, he stroked his berde,  
 & wyth a counþenauþce dry3e he dro3 doun his cote,  
 336 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dinte3,  
 Þen any burne vpon bench hade bro3t hym to drynk  
 of wyne,  
 Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,  
 340 To þe kyng he can enclyne,  
 "I be-seche now *wiþ* sa3e3 sene,  
 Þis melly mot be myne."

He assures the knight that no one is afraid of his great words.

[Fol. 95b.]

Arthur seizes his axe.

The knight, stroking his beard, awaits the blow, and with a "dry countenance" draws down his coat.

Sir Gawayne beseeches the king to let him undertake the blow.

<sup>1</sup> chere (?).

## XVI.

344 "Wolde 3e, worþilych lorde," *quod* Gawan to þe kyng,  
 "Bid me bo3e fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,  
 Þat I wyth-oute vylanye my3t voyde þis table,  
 & þat my legge lady lyked not ille,  
 I wolde com to *your counseyl*, bifore *your cort ryche*.  
 348 For me þink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen,  
 Þer such an askyng is heuened so hy3e *in your sale*,  
 Þa33e 3our-self be talenttyf to take hit to *your-seluen*,  
 Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,  
 352 Þat vnder heuen, I hope, non ha3er er of wylle,  
 Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered;  
 I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,  
 & lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe,  
 356 Bot for as much as 3e ar myn em, I am only to prayse,  
 No bounté bot *your blod* I in my bodé knowe;  
 & syþen þis note is so nys, þat no3t hit yow falles,  
 & I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, folde3 hit to me,  
 360 & if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych,  
 bout blame."  
 Ryche to-geder con roun,  
 & syþen þay redder alle same,  
 364 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun,  
 & gif Gawan þe game.

He asks permission to leave the table; he says,

it is not meet that Arthur should be active in the matter,

while so many bold ones sit upon bench.

Although the weakest, he is quite ready to meet the Green Knight.

The nobles entreat Arthur to "give Gawayne the game."

## XVII.

Den comaunded þe kyng þe kny3t for to ryse;  
& he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre,  
368 Kneled doun bifore þe kyng, & cache3 þat weppen;  
& he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde,  
& gef hym godde3 blessyng, & gladly hym biddes  
þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe.  
372 "Kepe þe cosyn," *quod* þe kyng, "þat þou on kyrf sette,  
& if þou rede3 hym ry3t, redly I trowe,  
þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after.  
Gawan got3 to þe gome, *with* giserne in honde,  
376 & he baldly hym byde3, he bayst neu<sup>e</sup>r þe helder  
þen carppe3 to *sir* Gawan þe kny3t in þe grene,  
"Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrre passe.  
Fyrst I epe þe, habel, how þat þou hattes,  
380 þat þou me telle truly, as I tryst may?"  
"In god fayth," *quod* þe goode kny3t, "Gawan I hatte,  
þat bede þe þis buffet, quat-so bi-falle3 after,  
& at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoþer,  
384 Wyth what weppen so<sup>1</sup> þou wylt, & wyth no wy3 elle3,  
on lyue."  
þat oþer on-sware3 agayn,  
"Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue,  
388 As I am ferly fayn.  
þis dint þat þou schal dryue."

<sup>1</sup> MS. fo.

## XVIII.

"Bigog," *quod* þe grene kny3t, "*sir* Gawan, melykes,  
þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here;  
392 & þou hat3 redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,  
Clanly al þe couenau<sup>n</sup>t þat I þe kyng<sup>e</sup> asked,  
Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawþe,  
þat þou schal seche me þi-self, where-so þou hopes  
396 I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages  
As þou deles me to day, bifore þis douþe ryche."  
"Where schulde I wale þe," *quod* Gauan, "where is þy place?  
I wot neu<sup>e</sup>r where þou wonyes, bi hym þat me wro3t,  
400 Ne I know not þe, kny3t, þy cort, ne þi name.  
Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes,  
& I schal ware alle my wyt to *wyme* me þeder,  
& þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawþe."  
404 "þat is in-nogh in nwe 3er, hit nedes no more,"  
*Quod* þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,  
"3if I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue,  
& þou me smobely hat3 smyten, smartly I þe teche  
408 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,  
þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwarde3 holde,  
& if I spende no speche, þe<sup>m</sup>e spede3 þou þe better,  
For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre,  
412 bot slokes;  
Ta now þy gry<sup>m</sup>me tole to þe,  
& let se how þou cnoke3."  
"Gladly *sir*, for soþe,"  
416 *Quod* Gawan; his ax he strokes.

## XIX.

The grene kny3t vpon grounde grayþely hym dresses,  
A littel lut *with* þe hede, þe lere he discouere3,  
His longe louelych lokke3 he layd ouer his croun.  
420 Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe.  
Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hy3t,  
þe kay fot on þe folde he be-fore sette,  
Let hit doun ly3tly ly3t on þe naked,  
424 þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones,  
& schrank þur3 þe schyire grece, & scade hit in *twyme*,  
þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde.  
þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe,

[Fol. 96.]

The king gives his nephew his weapon,

and tells him to keep heart and hand steady.

The Green Knight enquires the name of his opponent.

Sir Gawayne tells him his name, and declares that he is willing to give and receive a blow.

The other thereof is glad.

"It pleases me well, Sir Gawayne," says the Green Knight, "that I shall receive a blow from thy fist; but thou must swear that thou wilt seek me,

to receive the blow in return."

"Where shall I seek thee?" says Sir Gawayne;

"tell me thy name and abode and I will find thee."

[Fol. 96*b*.]

"When thou hast smitten me," says the knight, "then tell I thee of my home and name;

if I speak not at all, so much the better for thee.

Take now thy grim tool, and let us see how thou knockest."

The Green Knight

puts his long lovely locks aside and lays bare his neck.

Sir Gawayne lets fall his axe

and severs the head from the body.

The head falls to the earth.

Many kick it aside with their feet.



428 Pat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled;  
 Þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe grene;  
 & nawþer faltered ne fel þe freke neu<sup>e</sup>r þe helder,  
 Bot stybly he start forth vpon styf schonkes,  
 432 & ru[n]yschly he ra3t out, þere as renkke3 stoden,  
 La3t to his lufly hed, & lyft hit vp sone;  
 & syþen bo3e3 to his blonk, þe brydel he cachche3,  
 Steppe3 *in* to stel bawe & stryde3 alofte,  
 436 & his hede by þe here *in* his honde halde3;  
 & as sadly þe segge *hym in* his sadel sette,  
 As non vnhap had *hym* ayled, þa3 hedle3 he<sup>1</sup> we[re],  
*in* stedde;  
 440 He brayde his bluk<sup>2</sup> aboute,  
 Pat vgly bodi þat bledde,  
 Moni on of *hym* had doute,  
 Bi þat his resou<sup>n</sup>3 were redde.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ho. <sup>2</sup> blunk (?).

## XX.

444 For þe hede in his honde he halde3 vp euen,  
 To-ward þe derrest on þe dece he dresse3 þe face,  
 & hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lydde3, & loked ful brode,  
 & meled þus much w<sup>it</sup>h his muthe, as 3e may now here.  
 448 "Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hette3,  
 & layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde,  
 As þou hat3 hette *in* þis halle, herande þise kny3tes;  
 To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe to fotte,  
 452 Such a dunt as þou hat3 dalt disserued þou habbe3,  
 To be 3ederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn;  
 Þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony;  
 For-þi me forto fynde if þou frayste3, fayle3 þou neu<sup>e</sup>r,  
 456 Þer-fore com, oþer recreau<sup>n</sup>t be calde þe be-houe<sup>us</sup>.  
 With a runisch rout þe rayne3 he torne3,  
 Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed *in* his hande,  
 Pat þe fyr of þe flynt fla3e fro fole houes.  
 460 To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere,  
 Neu<sup>e</sup>rmore þen þay wyste fram queþen he wat3 women;  
 what þe<sup>m</sup>e?  
 Þe kyng & Gawen þare,  
 464 At þat grene þay la3e & gre<sup>m</sup>e,  
 3et breued wat3 hit ful bare,  
 A meruayl among þo me<sup>m</sup>e.

## XXI.

468 Þa3 Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder,  
 He let no semblau<sup>n</sup>t be sene, bot sayde ful hy3e  
 To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche,  
 "Dere dame, to day demay yow neu<sup>e</sup>r;  
 Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse,  
 472 Laykyng of ent<sup>e</sup>rlude3, to la3e & to syng.  
 Among þise, kynde caroles of kny3te3 & ladye3;  
 Neu<sup>e</sup>r-þe-lece to my mete I may me wel dres,  
 For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake."  
 476 He glent vpon *sir* Gawen, & gaynly he sayde,  
 "Now *sir*, heng vp þyn ax, þat hat3 *in*-nogh hewen."  
 & hit wat3 don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,  
 Þer alle men for meruayl my3t on hit loke,  
 480 & bi trwe tytel þer-of to telle þe wonder.  
 Þe<sup>m</sup>e þay bo3ed to a borde þise burnes to-geder,  
 Þe kyng & þe gode kny3t, & kene me<sup>n</sup> hem serued  
 Of alle dayntye3 double, as derrest my3t falle,  
 484 Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe;  
 Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worþed an ende,  
 in londe.  
 Now þenk wel, *sir* Gawen,  
 488 For woþe þat þou ne wonde,  
 Þis auenture forto frayn,  
 Pat þou hat3 tan on honde.

# [FYTTE THE SECOND.]

## I.

492	This hanselle hat3 Arthur of auenturus on fyrst, In 3onge 3er, for he 3erned 3elpyng to here, Tha3 hym worde3 were wane, when þay to sete wenten; Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk staf-ful her hond. Gawan wat3 glad to be-gymne þose gomne3 in halle,	This marvel serves to keep up a brisk conversation in Court.
496	Bot þa3 þe ende be heuy, haf 3e no wonder; For þa3 men be <i>n</i> mery in mynde, quen þay han mayn drynk, A 3ere 3ernes ful 3erne, & 3elde3 neu <i>e</i> r lyke, Be forme to þe fynisment folde3 ful selden.	The year passes full quickly and never returns.
500	For-þi þis 3ol ouer-3ede, & þe 3ere after, & vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer; After crysten-masse com þe crabbed lentoun, þat frayste3 flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple	After Christmas comes the "crabbed Lenten."
504	Bot þe <i>m</i> e þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit þrepe3, Colde clenge3 adoun, cloude3 vp-lyften, Schyre schede3 þe rayn in schowre3 ful warme, Falle3 vpon fayre flat, flowre3 þere schewen,	Spring sets in and warm showers descend;
508	Boþe grounde3 & þe greue3 grene ar her wede3, Brydde3 busken to bylde, & bremlych syngen, For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer after, bi bonk;	the groves become green, birds build and sing, for joy of the summer that follows;
512	& blossom <i>e</i> 3 bolne to blowe, Bi rawe3 ryche & ronk, þe <i>n</i> note3 noble in-no3e, Ar herde in wod so wlonk.	blossoms begin to bloom,  and noble notes are heard in the woods [Fol. 98]

## II.

516	After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wynde3, Quen 3eferus syfle3 hym-self on sede3 & erbe3, Wela-wyme is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute. When þe donkande dewe drope3 of þe leue3, To bide a blysfyl blusch of þe bry3t sume.	Then the soft winds of summer,  beautiful are the flowers wet with dew-drops.
520	Bot þe <i>n</i> hy3es heruest, & hardenes hym sone. Warne3 hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype; He dryues wyth dro3t þe dust for to ryse.	But harvest approaches soon,  and drives the dust about.
524	Fro þe face of þe folde to fly3e ful hy3e; Wroþe wynde of þe welkyn wrastele3 w <i>it</i> h þe sume, þe leue3 lancen fro þe lynde, & ly3ten on þe grounde, & al grayes þe gres, þat grene wat3 ere;	The leaves drop off the trees, the grass becomes gray, and all ripens and rots.
528	þe <i>m</i> e al rype3 & rote3 þat ros vpon fyrst, & þus 3irne3 þe 3ere in 3isterdaye3 mony, & wynter wynde3 a3ayn, as þe worlde aske3 no sage.	Winter winds round again,
532	Til me3el-mas mone, Wat3 cumen wyth wynter wage; þe <i>n</i> þenkke3 Gawan ful sone, Of his anious uyage.	and then Sir Gawayne thinks of his dread journey.

## III.

536	3et quyl al-hal-day w <i>it</i> h Arþer he lenges, & he made a fare on þat fest, for þe freke3 sake, W <i>it</i> h much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table; Kny3te3 ful cortays & comlych ladies,	On All-hallows day Arthur makes a feast for his nephew's sake.
540	Al for luf of þat lede in longynge þay were, Bot neu <i>e</i> r-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot merþe, Mony ioyle3 for þat ientyle iape3 þer maden.	After meat, Sir Gawayne thus speaks to his uncle:
544	For aftter mete, w <i>it</i> h mournyng he mele3 to his eme, & speke3 of his passage, & pertly he sayde, "Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask; 3e knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more To telle yow tene3 þer-of neu <i>e</i> r bot trifel;	"Now, liege lord, I ask leave of you,
548	Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne, To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse." þe <i>m</i> e þe best of þe bur3 bo3ed to-geder, Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,	for I am bound on the morn to seek the Green Knight."
552	Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence,	[Fol. 98 <i>b</i> .]

<p>Launcelot, &amp; Lyonel, &amp; Lucan þe gode,  <i>Sir</i> Boos, &amp; <i>sir</i> Byduer, big <i>men</i> boþe,  556 &amp; mony oþer menskful, <i>wiþ</i> Mador de la Port.  Alle þis compayny of court com þe <i>kyng</i> nerre,  For to counseyl þe kny3t, with care at her hert;  þere wat3 much derue<sup>1</sup> doel driuen <i>in</i> þe sale,  560 þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat ernde,  To dry3e a delful dynt, &amp; dele no more  wyth bronde.  þe kny3t mad ay god chere,  &amp; sayde, "quat schuld I wonde,  564 Of destines derf &amp; dere,  What may mon do bot fonde?"</p>	<p>Many nobles, the best of the court, counsel and comfort him.</p> <p>Much sorrow prevails in the hall.</p> <p>Gawayne declares that he has nothing to fear.</p>
--	---

<sup>1</sup> derne (?).

#### IV.

<p>He dowelle3 þer al þat day, and dresse3 on þe morn,  568 Aske3 erly hys arme3, &amp; alle were þay bro3t  Fyrst a tule tapit, ty3t ouer þe flet,  &amp; miche wat3 þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte;  þe stif mon steppe3 þeron, &amp; þe stel hondole3,  572 Dubbed <i>in</i> a dublet of a dere tars,  &amp; syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft,  þat wyth a bry3t blaumner was bounden <i>wiþ-ime</i>;  þe me set þay þe sabatoun3 vpon þe segge fote3,  576 His lege3 lapped <i>in</i> stel <i>wiþ</i> luflych greue3,  <i>Wiþ</i> polayne3 piched þer-to, policed ful clene,  Aboute his kne3 knaged wyth knote3 of golde;  Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed  580 His thik þrawen þy3e3 <i>wiþ</i> þwonges to-tachched;  &amp; syþen þe brawden bryne of bry3t stel <i>ryng</i>e3,  Vmbe-weued þat wy3, vpon wlonk stuffe;  &amp; wel bornyst brace vpon his boþe armes,  584 <i>Wiþ</i> gode cowters &amp; gay, &amp; gloue3 of plate,  &amp; alle þe godlych gere þat <i>hym</i> gayn schulde  þat tyde;  Wyth ryche cote armure,  His gold spore3 spend <i>wiþ</i> pryde,  588 Gurde wyth a bront ful sure,  <i>Wiþ</i> silk sayn vmbe his syde.</p>	<p>On the morn he asks for his arms.</p> <p>A carpet is spread on the floor,  and he steps thereon.  He is dubbed in a doublet of Tarsic silk, and a well-made hood.</p> <p>They set steel slices on his feet, and lap his legs in steel greaves.</p> <p>Fair cuisses enclose his thighs,  and afterwards they put on the steel habergeon,  well-burnished braces, elbow pieces, and gloves of plate.</p> <p>Over all this is placed the coat armour.  His spurs are then fixed,  and his sword is attached to his side by a silken girdle.</p>
---	---

#### V.

<p>When he wat3 hasped <i>in</i> armes, his harnays wat3 ryche,  592 þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde;  So harnayst as he wat3 he herkne3 his masse,  Offred &amp; honoured at þe he3e auter;  Syþen he come3 to þe <i>kyng</i> &amp; to his cort fere3,  596 Lache3 lufly his leue at lorde3 &amp; ladye3;  &amp; þay <i>hym</i> kyst &amp; conueyed, bikende <i>hym</i> to kryst.  Bi þat wat3 Gryngolet grayth, &amp; gurde <i>wiþ</i> a sadel,  þat glemed ful gayly <i>wiþ</i> mony golde frenges,  600 Ay quere naylet ful nwe for þat note ryched;  þe brydel barred aboute, <i>wiþ</i> bry3t golde bounden;  þe apparayl of þe payttrure, &amp; of þe proude skyrte3,  þe cropore, &amp; þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsoune3;  604 &amp; al wat3 rayled on red ryche golde nayle3,  þat al glytered &amp; glent as glem of þe <i>sum</i>e.  þe me hentes he þe holme, &amp; hastily hit kysses,  þat wat3 stapled stifly, &amp; stoffed wyth-ime:  Hit wat3 hy3e on his hede, hasped bihynde,  608 Wyth a ly3tli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle,  Enbrawden &amp; bounden wyth þe best <i>gemme</i>3,  On brode sylkyn borde, &amp; brydde3 on seme3,  As papiaye3 paynted pernyng bitwene,  612 Tortors &amp; trulofe3 entayled so þyk,  As mony burde þer aboute had <i>ben</i> seuen wynter  <i>in</i> toune;  þe cercle wat3 more o prys,  616 þat vmbe-clypped hys croun,  Of diamauzte3 a deuys,</p>	<p>[Fol. 99a.]  Thus arrayed the knight hears mass,  and afterwards takes leave of Arthur and his court.</p> <p>By that time his horse Gringolet was ready,  the harness of which glittered like the "gleam of the sun."</p> <p>Then Sir Gawayne sets his helmet upon his head,  fastened behind with a "urisoun,"  richly embroidered with gems.</p> <p>The circle around the helmet was decked with diamonds.</p>
--	---

## VI.

620	Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr goule3, Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwe3; He brayde3 hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals kestes, þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre.	Then they show him his shield with the "pentangle" of pure gold.
624	& quy þe pentangel apende3 to þat prynce noble, I am <i>in</i> tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde; Hit is a syngne þat Salamon set sum-quyle, <i>In</i> bytoknyng of trawþe, bi tytly þat hit habbe3,	The "pentangle" was devised by Solomon as a token of truth.
628	For hit is a figure þat halde3 fyue poynte3, & vche lyne vmbe-lappe3 & louke3 <i>in</i> oþer, & ay quere hit is ende3, <sup>1</sup> & Englych hit callen Ouer-al, as I here, þe endeles knot.	[Fol. 99b] It is called the endless knot
632	For-þy hit acorde3 to þis kny3t, & to his cler arme3, For ay faythful <i>in</i> fyue & sere fyue syþe3, Gawan wat3 for gode knawen, & as golde pured, Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertue3 <sup>2</sup> <i>emoumed</i> <i>in</i> mote;	It well becomes the good Sir Gawayne,
636	For-þy þe pen-tangel nwe He ber <i>in</i> schelde & cote, As tulk of tale most trwe, & gentylest kny3t of lote.	a knight the truest of speech and the fairest of form.

<sup>1</sup> MS emdele3. <sup>2</sup> MS verertue3

## VII.

640	Fyrst he wat3 funden fautle3 <i>in</i> his fyue wytte3, & efte fayled neuer þe freke <i>in</i> his fyue fyngres, & alle his afyauunce vpon folde wat3 <i>in</i> þe fyue wounde3 þat Cryst ka3t on þe croys, as þe crede telle3;	He was found faultless in his five wits. His trust was in the five wounds.
644	& quere-so-euer þys mon <i>in</i> melly wat3 stad, His þro þo3t wat3 <i>in</i> þat, þur3 alle oþer þyng3, þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioye3, þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde;	
648	At þis cause þe kny3t comlyche hade <i>In</i> þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted, þat quen he blusched þerto, his belde neuer payred. þe fyrst <sup>1</sup> fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed,	The image of the Virgin was depicted upon his shield.
652	Wat3 frauunchyse, & fela3schyp for-be <sup>2</sup> al þyng; His clannes & his cortaysye croked were neuer, & pite, þat passe3 alle poynte3, þyse pure fyue Were harder happed on þat habel þen on any oþer.	In cleanness and courtesy he was never found wanting,
656	Now alle þese fyue syþe3, forsoþe, were fetled on þis kny3t, & vchone halched <i>in</i> oþer, þat non ende hade, & fyched vpon fyue poynte3, þat fayld neuer, Ne samned neuer <i>in</i> no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er],	
660	<i>With</i> -outen ende at any noke [a]i quere fynde, Where-euer þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende. þer-fore on his schene schelde schapen wat3 þe knot, þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowle3,	therefore was the endless knot fastened on his shield.
664	þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called, <i>with</i> lore.	[Fol. 100]
668	Now grayþed is Gawan gay, & la3t his launce ry3t þore, & gef hem alle goud day, He wende for euer more.	Sir Gawayne seizes his lance and bids all "good day."

<sup>1</sup> MS fyft. <sup>2</sup> for-bi (?).

## VIII.

672	He sperred þe sted <i>with</i> þe spure3, & sprong on his way, So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after; Al þat se3 þat semly syked <i>in</i> hert, & sayde soþly al same segges til oþer, Carande for þat comly, "bi Kryst, hit is scape, þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble!	He spurs his horse and goes on his way. All that saw that seemly one mourned in their hearts.
676	To fynde hys fere vpon folde, <i>in</i> fayth is not eþe;	They declared that his equal was not to be found upon earth.

Warloker to haf wro3t had more wyt bene,  
 & haf dy3t 3onder dere a duk to haue worþed;  
 680 A lowande leder of lede3 *in* londe *hym* wel seme3,  
 & so had better haf ben þen britned to no3t,  
 Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angarde3 pryde.  
 Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take,  
 684 As kny3te3 *in* caueloun3 on cryst-masse gomne3!"  
 Wel much wat3 þe warme water þat waltered of y3en,  
 When þat semly syre so3t fro þo wone3  
 þat<sup>1</sup> daye;  
 He made non abode,  
 688 Bot wy3tly went hys way,  
 Mony wylsum way he rode,  
 Þe bok as I herde say.

<sup>1</sup> MS. þad.

## IX.

Now ride3 þis renk þur3 þe ryalme of Logres,  
 692 *Sir* Gauan on Gode3 halue, þa3 *hym* no gomen þo3t;  
 Oft, leudle3 alone, he lenge3 on ny3te3,  
 Þer he fonde no3t *hym* byfore þe fare þat he lyked;  
 Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frythe3 & doune3,  
 696 Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,  
 Til þat he ne3ed ful noghe<sup>1</sup> *in* to þe Norþe Wale3;  
 Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he halde3,  
 & fare3 ouer þe forde3 by þe for-londe3,  
 700 Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk  
*In* þe wyldrenesse of Wyrale; wonde þer bot lyte  
 Þat auþer God oþer gome wyth goud hert louied.  
 & ay he frayned, as he ferde, at freke3 þat he met,  
 704 If þay hade herde any karp of a kny3t grene,  
*In* any grounde þer-about, of þe grene chapel;<sup>2</sup>  
 & al nykked *hym* wyth nay, þat neuer *in* her lyue  
 Þay se3e neuer no segge þat wat3 of suche hwe3  
 708 of grene.  
 Þe kny3t tok gates straunge,  
*In* mony a bonk vnbene,  
 His cher ful oft con chaunge,  
 712 Þat chapel er he my3t sene.

<sup>1</sup> nyghe (?). <sup>2</sup> MS. clapel.

## X.

Mony klyf he ouer-clambe *in* contraye3 straunge,  
 Fer floten fro his frende3 fremedly he ryde3;  
 716 At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wy3e passed,  
 He fonde a foo *hym* byfore, bot ferly hit were,  
 & þat so foule & so felle, þat fe3t *hym* by-hode;  
 So mony meruayl hi mount þer þe mon fynde3,  
 720 Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.  
 Sumwhyle wyth worme3 he werre3, & *with* wolues als,  
 Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, þat woned *in* þe knarre3,  
 Boþe wyth bulle3 & bere3, & bore3 oþer-quyle,  
 & etayne3, þat *hym* a-nelede, of þe he3e felle;  
 724 Nade he ben du3ty & dry3e, & dry3tyn had serued,  
 Douteles he hade ben ded, & dreped ful ofte.  
 For werre wrathed *hym* not so much, þat wynter was wors,  
 When þe colde cler water fro þe cloude3 schadden,  
 728 & fres er hit falle my3t to þe fale erþe;  
 Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped *in* his yrnes,  
 Mo ny3te3 þen *in*-noghe *in* naked rokke3,  
 Þer as claterande fro þe crest þe colde borne reme3,  
 732 & henged he3e ouer his hede *in* hard ysse-ikkles.  
 Þus *in* peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde,  
 Bi contray carye3 þis kny3t, tyl kryst-masse euen,  
 al one;  
 736 Þe kny3t wel þat tyde,  
 To Mary made his mone.  
 Þat ho *hym* red to ryde,  
 & wysse *hym* to sum wone.

It would have been better for him to have been a leader of men,  
 than to die by the hands of "an elvish man."

Much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.

Meanwhile many a weary way goes Sir Gawayne.

Now rides the knight through the realms of England.

He has no companion but his horse.

No men does he see till he approaches North Wales.

From Holyhead he passes into Wirral.

[Fol. 100b]

There he finds but few that loved God or man.

He enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel,

but can gain no tidings of him.

His cheer oft changed before he found the Chapel.

Many a cliff he climbed over;

many a ford and stream he crossed, and everywhere he found a foe.

It were too tedious to tell the tenth part of his adventures

with serpents, wolves, and wild men;

with bulls, bears, and boars.

Had he not been both brave and good, doubtless he had been dead.

The sharp winter was far worse than any war that ever troubled him.

Thus in peril he travels till Christmas-eve.

To the Virgin Mary he prays to guide him to some abode.

[Fol. 101.]

## XI.

740	Bi a mouzte on þe morne meryly he rydes, Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly wat3 wylde, Hi3e hille3 on vche a halue, & holt wode3 vnder, Of hore oke3 fill hoge a hundreth to-geder;	On the morn Sir Gawayne finds himself in a deep forest,  where were old oaks many a hundred.
744	þe hasel & þe ha3-þorne were harled al samen, Witþ ro3e raged mosse rayled ay-where, With mony brydde3 vnþlyþe vpon bare twyges, þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.	Many sad birds upon bare twigs piped piteously for the cold.
748	þe gome vpon Gryngolet glyde3 hem vnder, þur3 mony misy & myre, mon al hym one, Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde, To se þe seruy <sup>1</sup> of þat syre, þat on þat self ny3t	Through many a mire he goes, that he may celebrate the birth of Christ.
752	Of a burde wat3 borne, oure baret to quelle; & þerfore sykyng he sayde, "I be-seche þe, lorde, & Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere. Of sum herber, þer he3ly I my3t here masse.	He beseeches the Virgin Mary to direct him to some lodging where he may hear mass.
756	Ande þy matyne3 to-morne, mekely I ask, & þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue, & crede."	
760	He rode in his prayere, & cryed for his mysdede, He sayned hym in syþes sere, & sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"	Blessing himself, he says, "Cross of Christ, speed me!"

<sup>1</sup> seruyce (?).

## XII.

764	Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot þrye, Er he wat3 war in þe wod of a won in a mote. Abof a lauunde, on a lawe, loken vnder bo3e3, Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi þe diches;	Scarcely had he blessed himself thrice  when he saw a dwelling in the wood, set on a hill,  the comeliest castle that knight ever owned.
768	A castel þe comlokest þat euer kny3t a3te, Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute, Witþ a pyked palays, pyned ful pik, þat vmbe-te3e mony tre mo þen two myle.	
772	þat holde on þat on syde þe hapel auysed, As hit schemered & schon þur3 þe schyre oke3; þe me hat3 he hendly of his helme, & he3ly he þonke3 Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boþe, þat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened.	It shone as the sun through the bright oaks.  [Fol. 101b.]
776	"Now bone hostel," coþe þe burne, "I be-seche yow 3ette!" þe me gedere3 he to Gryngolet witþ þe gilt hele3, & he ful chauncely hat3 chosen to þe chef gate, þat bro3t bremly þe burne to þe bryge ende,	Sir Gawayne goes to the chief gate,  and finds the draw-bridge raised, and the gates shut fast.
780	in haste; þe bryge wat3 breme vp-brayde, þe 3ate3 wer stoken faste, þe walle3 were wel arayed,	
784	Hit dut no wynde3 blaste.	

## XIII.

788	þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed, Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place, þe walle wod in þe water wonderly depe, Ande eft a ful huge he3t hit haled vpon lofte, Of harde hewen ston vp to þe table3, Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, in þe best lawe;	The knight abides on the bank,  and observes the "huge height,"  with its battlements and watch towers.
792	& syþen garyte3 ful gaye gered bi-twene, Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful clene; A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuer, & immermore he be-helde þat halle ful hy3e, Towre telded bytwene trochet ful pik,	Bright and long were its round towers,  with their well-made capitals.
796	Fayre fylyole3 þat fy3ed, & ferlyly long, With coruon coprounes, craftyly sle3e; Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he in-no3e, Vpon bastel roue3, þat blenked ful quyte;	
800	So mony pynakle payntet wat3 poudred ay quere, Among þe castel carnele3, clambred so pik,	

Pat pared out of papure purely hit semed.  
 804 Be fre freke on þe fole hit fayr *in-n[ol]ghe þo3t*,  
 If he my3t *keuer* to com þe cloyster wyth-*ime*,  
 To herber *in þat* hostel, whyl halyday lested  
     auinant;  
 He calde, & sone þer com  
 808 A porter pure plesauzt,  
 On þe wal his ernd he nome,  
 & haylsed þe kny3t errauzt.

He thinks it fair enough if he might only come within the cloister.

He calls, and soon there comes a porter to know the knight's errand.

#### XIV.

812 "Gode *sir*," *quod* Gawan, "wolde3 þou go myn ernde,  
 To þe he3 lorde of þis hous, herber to craue?"  
 "3e, Peter," *quod* þe porter, "& purely I trowe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pat 3e be, wy3e, welcum to won quyle yow lyke3."  
 816 Þen 3ede þat wy3e a3ayn awyþe,  
 & folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe kny3t;  
 Þay let doun þe grete dra3t, & derely out 3eden,  
 & kneled doun on her knes vpon þe colde erþe,  
 To welcum þis ilk wy3, as worþy hom þo3t;  
 820 Þay 3olden hym þe brode 3ate, 3arked vp wyde,  
 & he hem raysed rekenly, & rod ouer þe brygge;  
 Sere segge3 hym sesed by sadel, quel<sup>2</sup> he ly3t,  
 & syþen stabeled his stede stif men *in-no3e*.  
 824 Kny3te3 & swyere3 comen doun þemme,  
 For to bryng þis burne<sup>3</sup> wyth blys *in-to* halle;  
 Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hi3ed *in-noghe*  
 For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,  
 828 His bronde & his blasoun boþe þay token.  
 Þen haylsed he ful hendly þo haþele3 vch one,  
 & mony proud mon þer presed, þat prynce to honou*r*;  
 Alle hasped *in* his he3 wede to halle þay hym women,  
 832 þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly breꝛmed.  
 Þemme þe lorde of þe lede loute3 fro his chambre,  
 For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flor;  
 He sayde, "3e ar welcum to welde as yow lyke3,  
 836 þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wylle  
     & welde."  
 "Graunt mercy," *quod* Gawayn,  
 "Þer Kryst hit yow for-3elde,"  
 840 As freke3 þat semed fayn,  
 Ayþer oþer *in* arme3 con felde.

"Good sir," says Gawayne, "ask the high lord of this house to grant me a lodging."

[Fol. 102.]

"You are welcome to dwell here as long as you like," replied the porter.

The draw-bridge is let down,

and the gate is opened wide to receive him.

His horse is well stabled.

Knights and squires bring Gawayne into the hall.

Many a one hastens to take his helmet and sword.

The lord of the country bids him welcome,

and they embrace each other.

<sup>1</sup> trowoe, MS. <sup>2</sup> quyle (?) or quen (?). <sup>3</sup> buurne, MS.

#### XV.

Gawayn gly3t on þe gome þat godly hym gret,  
 & þu3t hit a bolde burne þat þe bur3 a3te,  
 844 A hoge haþel for þe none3, & of hyghe elde;<sup>1</sup>  
 Brode bry3t wat3 his berde, & al beuer hwed,  
 Sturne stif on þe stryþþe on stal-worth schonke3,  
 Felle face as þe fyre, & fre of hys speche;  
 848 & wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þu3t,  
 To lede a lortschyp *in* lee of leude3 ful gode.  
 Þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & chefly *cumaunde*<sup>2</sup>  
 To delyuer hym a leude, hym lo3ly to serue;  
 852 & þere were boun at his bode burne3 *in-no3e*,  
 þat bro3t hym to a bry3t boure, þer beddyng wat3 noble,  
 Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde *hemme*3,  
 & couertore3 ful curious, *wit*h comlych pane3,  
 856 Of bry3t blaunni*e*r a-boue enbrawd*e*d bisyde3,  
 Rudele3 *re*mande on rope3, red golde *rynge*3,  
 Tapyte3 ty3t to þe wo3e, of tuly & tars,  
 & vnder fete, on þe flet, of fol3ande sute.  
 860 Þer he wat3 dispoyled, wyth speche3 of myerþe,  
 Þe burn of his bruny, & of his bry3t wede3;  
 Ryche robes ful rad renkke3 hem<sup>3</sup> bro3ten,  
 For to charge, & to chaunge, & chose of þe best.  
 864 Sone as he on hent, & happed þer-*ime*,  
 þat sete on hym<sup>4</sup> semly, wyth saylande skyrte3,

Gawayne looks on his host;  
a big bold one he seemed.

Beaver-hued was his broad beard,

and his face as "fell as the fire."

[Fol. 102*b*.]

The lord leads Gawayne to a chamber, and assigns him a page to wait upon him.

In this bright bower was noble bedding;

the curtains were of pure silk with golden hems;

Tarsic tapestries covered the walls and the floor.

Here the knight doffed his armour,

and put on rich robes,

868 Be ver by his uisage verayly hit semed  
Wel ne3 to vche haþel alle on hwes,  
Lowande & lufly, alle his *lymme*3 vnder,  
Pat a comloker kny3t neuer Kryst made,  
hem þo3t;  
872 Wheþen *in* worlde he were,  
Hit semed as he my3t  
Be prynce *wiþ*-outen pere,  
In felde þer felle men fy3t.

<sup>1</sup> eldee, MS. <sup>2</sup> clesly, MS. <sup>3</sup> hym (?). <sup>4</sup> MS. hyn.

## XVI.

876 A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole bremmed,  
Wat3 grayped for *sir* Gawan, graybely *wiþ* cloþe3,  
Whyssynes vpon queldepoyntes, þa[t] koynt wer boþe;  
& þemme a mere mantyle wat3 on þat mon cast,  
880 Of a broun bleeauzt, enbrauded ful ryche,  
& fayre furred wyth-*inne* *wiþ* felle3 of þe best,  
Alle of ermyn *in* erde, his hode of þe same;  
& he sete *in* þat settel semlych ryche,  
& achaufed hym chefly,<sup>1</sup> & þemme his cher mended.  
884 Sone wat3 telled vp a tapit, on treste3 ful fayre,  
Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed,  
Sanap, & salure, & syluer-*in* spone3;  
888 Be wy3e wesche at his wylle, & went to his mete  
Segge3 hym serued semly *in*-no3e,  
Wyth sere sewes & sete,<sup>2</sup> sesounde of þe best,  
Double felde, as hit falle3, & fele kyn fische3;  
892 Summe baken *in* bred, summe brad on þe glede3,  
Summe soþen, summe *in* sewe, sauered *wiþ* spyces,  
& ay sawes<sup>3</sup> so sle3e3, þat þe segge lyked.  
Be freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte,  
896 Ful hendely, quen alle þe haþeles re-hayted hym at one3  
as hende;  
"Þis penaunce now 3e take,  
& eft hit schal amende;"  
Pat mon much mæþe con make.  
900 For wyn *in* his hed þat wende.

<sup>1</sup> MS. cefly. <sup>2</sup> swete (?). <sup>3</sup> sewes (?).

## XVII.

904 Þemme wat3 spyed & spured vpon spare wyse.  
Bi preue poynte3 of þat prynce, put to hym-seluen,  
Pat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were,  
Pat aþel Arthure þe hende halde3 hym one,  
Pat is þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table;  
& hit wat3 Wawen hym-self þat *in* þat won sytte3,  
908 Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lymped.  
When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade,  
Loude la3ed he þerat, so lef hit hym þo3t,  
& alle þe men *in* þat mote maden much joye,  
To apere *in* his presense prestly þat tyme,  
912 Pat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes  
Apendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer,  
By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most.  
Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere,  
916 "Now schal we semlych se sle3te3 of þewe3,  
& þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble,  
Wich spede is *in* speche, vnspurd may we lerne,  
Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture;  
920 God hat3 geuen *vus* his grace godly for soþe,  
Pat such a gest as Gawan graunte3 *vus* to haue,  
When burne3 blyþe of his burþe schal sitte  
& synge.  
924 In menyng of manere3 mere,  
Þis burne now schal *vus* bryng,  
I hope þat may hym here,  
Schal lerne of luf-talkyng."

which well became him.

A more comely knight Christ never made.

A chair is placed for Sir Gawayne before the fireplace.

A mantle of fine linen, richly embroidered, is thrown over him.

A table is soon raised,  
and the knight, having washed, proceeded to meat.

[Fol. 103.]

He is served with numerous dishes;

with fish baked and broiled,  
or boiled and seasoned with spices.

He calls it a full noble feast,

and much mirth he makes, for the wine is in his head.

Sir Gawayne, in answer to questions put to him,

tells the prince that he is of Arthur's court.

When this was made known,

great was the joy in the hall.

Each one said softly to his mate,

"Now we shall see courteous manners and hear noble speech,

for we have amongst us the 'father of nurture.'

[Fol. 103b.]

He that may him hear shall learn of love-talking."



## XVIII.

928	Bi þat þe diner wat3 done, & þe dere vp, Hit wat3 ne3 at þe niy3t ne3ed þe tyme; Chaplayne3 <sup>1</sup> to þe chapeles chosen þe gate, Runge ful ryche, ry3t as þay schulden,		
932	To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde. þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als, In-to a comly closet coyntly ho entre3; Gawan glyde3 ful gay, & gos þeder sone;		to hear the evensong of the great season.
936	þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & lede3 hym to sytte, & couply hym knowe3, & calle3 hym his nome, & sayde he wat3 þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde; & he hym þonkked þroly, & ayþer halched oþer.		The lord of the castle and Sir Gawayne sit together during service.
940	& seten soberly samen þe seruise-quyle; þe me lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t. þe me com ho of hir closet, wïth mony cler burde3, Ho wat3 þe fayrest in felle, of flesche & of lyre,		His wife, accompanied by her maids, leaves her seat.
944	& of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer, & wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t. He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende; An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde,		She appeared even fairer than Guenever.
948	þat wat3 alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed, & he3ly honowred wïth hapele3 aboute. Bot yn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were, For if þe 3onge wat3 3ep, 3ol3e wat3 þat oþer;		An older lady (an ancient one she seemed) led her by the hand.
952	Riche red on þat on rayled ay quere, Rugh ronkled cheke3 þat oþer on rolled; Kerhofes of þat on wyth mony cler perle3 Hir brest & hir bry3t þrote bare displayed,		Very unlike were these two. if the young one was fair the other was yellow,  and had rough and wrinkled cheeks.
956	Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat scheduler <sup>2</sup> on hille3; þat oþer wyth a gorgere wat3 gered ouer þe swyre, Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn wïth mylk-quyte vayles, Hir frount folden in sylk, enfoubled ay quere,		The younger had breast and throat "bare displayed."
960	Toret & treieted wïth tryfle3 aboute, þat no3t wat3 bare of þat burde bot þe blake bro3es. þe tweyne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppe3, & þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered;		The ancient one exposed only her "black brows," her two eyes,  [Fol. 104.] nose, and naked lips, all sour and bleared.
964	A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle, for gode; Hir body wat3 schort & þik. Hir buttoke3 bay & brode,		Her body was short and thick; her buttocks broad and round.
968	More lykker-wys on to lyk, Wat3 þat scho hade on lode.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. [claplayne3.] <sup>2</sup> schedes (?).

## XIX.

972	When Gawayn gly3t on þat gay, þat graciously lokod, Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem a3aynes; þe alder he haylses, heldande ful lowe, þe loueloker he lappe3 a lyttel in arme3, He kysses hir comlyly, & kny3tly he mele3; þay kallen hym of a quoyntaunce, & he hit quyke aske3		With permission of the lord,  Sir Gawayne salutes the elder,  but the younger he kisses,
976	To be her seruauzt sothly, if hem-self lyked. þay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken Spyce3, þat vn-sparely men speded hom to bryng, & þe wymne-lych wyne þer-wïth vche tyme.		and begs to be her servant.  To chamber all go, where spices and wine are served.
980	þe lorde luflych aloft lepe3 ful ofte, Mymmed merthe to be made vpon mony syþe3. Hent he3ly of his hode, & on a spere hinged, & wayned hom to wymne þe worchip þer-of,		The lord takes off his hood and places it on a spear.
984	þat most myrþe my3t mene <sup>1</sup> þat crystenmas whyle; " & i schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best, Er me wont þe wede3, wïth help of my frende3."		He who makes most mirth is to win it.
988	þus wyth la3ande lote3 þe lorde hit tayt <sup>2</sup> make3, For to glade sir Gawayn wïth gomne3 in halle þat ny3t; Til þat hit wat3 tyme,		Night approaches, and then
992	þe kyng comaundet ly3t,		Sir Gawayne takes his leave and retires to rest.

Sir Gawen his leue con nyme,  
& to his bed hym di3t.

<sup>1</sup> meue (?). <sup>2</sup> layt (?).

## XX.

996 On þe morne, as vch mon myne3 þat tyme,  
[Þ]at dry3tyn for oure destyné to de3e wat3 borne,  
Wele waxe3 in vche a won in worlde, for his sake;  
So did hit þere on þat day, þur3 dayntes mony;  
Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt  
1000 Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best.  
Þe olde auucian wyf he3est ho sytte3;  
Þe lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;  
1004 Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder þay seten,  
Euen in-myddde3, as þe messe metely come;  
& syþen þur3 al þe sale, as hem best semed,  
Bi vche grome at his degre grayþely wat3 serued.  
1008 Þer wat3 mete, þer wat3 myrþe, þer wat3 much ioye,  
Þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were,  
& to poynte hit 3et I pyned me *parauenture*;  
Bot 3et I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde  
Such comfort of her compaynye ca3ten to-geder,  
1012 Þur3 her dere dalyaunce of her derne worde3,  
Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe;  
& hor play wat3 passande vche prynce gomen,  
in vayres;  
1016 Trumpe3 & nakerys,  
Much pypyng þer repayres,  
Vche mon tented hys,  
& þay two tented þayres.

On Christmas morn,  
joy reigns in every dwelling in the world.

So did it in the castle where our knight abode.  
[Fol. 104*b*.]

The lord and "the old ancient wife" sit together.

Gawayne sits by the wife of his host.

It were too tedious to tell of the meat, the mirth, and the joy  
that abounded everywhere.

Gawayne and his beautiful companion derive much comfort  
from each other's conversation.

Trumpets and nakers give forth their sounds.

## XXI.

1020 Much dut wat3 þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer,  
& þe þryd as þro þronge in þerafter;  
Þe ioye of sayn Ione3 day wat3 gentyle to here,  
& wat3 þe last of þe layk, leude3 þer þo3ten.  
1024 Þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne,  
For-þy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken,  
Daun3ed ful dre3ly wyth dere carole3;  
1028 At þe last, when hit wat3 late, þay lachen her leue,  
Vchon to wende on his way, þat wat3 wy3e stronge.  
Gawan gef hym god-day, þe god mon hym lachche3,  
Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] chymné bysyde,  
& þere he dra3e3 hym on-dry3e, & derely hym þonkke3,  
1032 Of þe wymne worschip &<sup>1</sup> he hym wayned hade,  
As to honour his hous on þat hy3e tyde,  
& enbelyse his bur3 w*ith* his bele chere.  
"I-wysse *sir*, quyl I leue, me worþe3 þe better,  
1036 Pat Gawayn hat3 ben my gest, at Godde3 awen fest."  
"Grant merci<sup>2</sup> *sir*," quod Gawayn, "in god fayth hit is yowre3,  
Al þe honour is *your* awen, þe he3e kyng yow 3elde;  
& I am wy3e at *your* wylle, to worch *your* hest,  
1040 As I am halden þer-to, in hy3e & in lo3e,  
bi ri3t."  
Þe lorde fast can hym payne,  
To holde lenger þe kny3t,  
1044 To hym answe3 Gawayn,  
Bi non way þat he my3t.

Great was the joy for three days.

St. John's-day was the last of the Christmas festival.

On the morrow many of the guests took their departure from  
the castle.

Sir Gawayne is thanked by his host for the honour and  
pleasure of his visit.

[Fol. 105.]

He endeavours to keep the knight at his court.

<sup>1</sup> þat (?). <sup>2</sup> merci, in MS.

## XXII.

1048 Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen,  
Quat derne<sup>1</sup> dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme,  
So kenly fro þe kynges kourt to kayre al his one,  
Er þe halidaye3 holly were halet out of toun?  
"For soþe *sir*," quod þe segge, "3e sayn bot þe trawþe  
A he3e ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo wone3,

He desires to know what had driven Sir Gawayne from  
Arthur's court before the end of the Christmas holidays.

The knight replies that "a high errand and a hasty one" had  
forced him to leave the court.

1052	For I am <i>summed</i> my selfe to sech to a place, I wot <sup>2</sup> <i>in</i> worlde wheder warde to wende, hit to fynde; I nolde, bot if I hit negh my3t on nw3eres morne, For alle þe londe <i>in</i> -wyth Logres, so me oure lorde help!	
1056	For-þy, <i>sir</i> , þis enquest I require yow here, þat 3e me telle <i>wiþ</i> trawþe, if euer 3e tale herde Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stonde3, & of þe kny3t þat hit kepes, of colour of grene?	He asks his host whether he has ever heard of the Green Chapel,
1060	þer wat3 stabled bi statut a steuen <i>vus</i> by-twene, To mete þat mon at þat mere, 3if I my3t last; & of þat ilk nw3ere hot neked now wonte3, & I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde,	for he has to be there on New Year's-day.
1064	Gladloker, bi Godde3 sun, þen any god welde! For-þi, I-wysse, bi 3owre wylle, wende me bi-houes, Naf I now to busy bot bare þre daye3, & me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde."	He would as lief die as fail in his errand.
1068	þemme la3ande <i>quod</i> þe lorde, "now leng þe by-houes, For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tyme3 ende, þe grene chapayle vpon grounde, greue yow no more; Bot 3e schal be <i>in</i> yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese,	The prince tells Sir Gawayne that he will teach him the way.
1072	Quyle forth dayej, & ferk on pe fyrst of pe 3ere, & cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow like3 in <i>spe</i> me;	[Fol. 105b]
1076	Dowelle3 whyle new 3eres daye, & rys, & rayke3 þemme, Mon schal yow sette <i>in</i> waye, Hit is not two myle <i>he</i> me."	The Green chapel is not more than two miles from the castle.

<sup>1</sup> derue (?). <sup>2</sup> not (?).

### XXIII.

1080	þemme wat3 Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he la3ed,— "Now I þonk yow þryuandely þur3 alle oþer þynge, Now acheued is my chaunce, I schal at <i>your</i> wylle Dowelle, & elle3 do quat 3e demen."	Then was Gawayne glad, and consents to tarry awhile at the castle.
1084	þemme sesed <i>hym</i> þe syre, & set <i>hym</i> bysyde, Let þe ladie3 be fette, to lyke <i>hem</i> þe better; þer wat3 seme solace by hem-self stille; þe lorde let for luf lote3 so myry, As wy3 þat wolde of his wyte, ne wyst quat he my3t.	The ladies are brought in to solace him.
1088	þemme he carped to þe kny3t, criande loude, "3e han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde; Wyl 3e halde þis hes here at þys one3?" "3e <i>sir</i> , for-soþe," sayd þe segge trwe, "Whyl I byde <i>in</i> yowre bor3e, be bayn to 3ow[r]le hest."	The lord of the castle asks the knight to grant him one request;
1092	"For 3e haf trauayled," <i>quod</i> þe tulk, "towen fro ferre, & syþen waked me wyth, 3e arn not wel waryst, Naþer of sostnauunce ne of slepe, soþly I knowe; 3e schal lenge <i>in</i> your lofte, & ly3e <i>in</i> your ese, To morn quyle þe messe-quyle, & to mete wende, When 3e wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yow schal sitte, & comfort yow <i>wiþ</i> compayny, til I to cort torne,	That he will stay in his chamber during mass time, and then go to meat with his hostess.
1100	3e lende; & I schal erly ryse, On <i>huntyng</i> wyl I wende." Gauayn grante3 alle þyse, Hym heldande, as þe hende.	Gawayne accedes to his request.

### XXIV.

1108	"3et firre," <i>quod</i> þe freke, "a forwarde we make; Quat-so-euer I <i>wyme in</i> þe wod, hit worþe3 to <i>youre</i> 3, & quat chek so 3e acheue, chaunge me þer-forne; Swete, swap we so, sware <i>wiþ</i> trawþe, Queþer, leude, so lymþ lere oþer better." "Bi God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn þe gode, "I grant þer-tylle, & þat yow lyst forto layke, lef hit me þynkes.	"Whatsoever," says the host, "I win in the wood shall be yours, and what check you achieve shall be mine."
1112	"Who bringe3 <i>vus</i> þis beuorage, þis bargayn is maked:" So sayde þe lorde of þat lede; þay la3ed vchone, þay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vnty3tel, <sup>1</sup> þise lorde3 & ladye3, quyle þat hem lyked; & syþen <i>wiþ</i> frenkysch fare & fele fayre lote3	[Fol. 106.] A bargain is made between them.
1116		

Pay stoden, & stemed, & styilly speken,  
 Kysten ful comlyly, & ka3ten her leue.  
 1120 *With* mony leude ful ly3t, & lemande torches,  
 Vche burne to his bed wat3 bro3t at þe laste,  
     ful softe;  
     To bed 3et er þay 3ede,  
     Recorded couenau<sup>te</sup>3 ofte;  
 1124 Þe olde lorde of þat leude,<sup>2</sup>  
     Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.

Night approaches and each "to his bed was brought at the last."

<sup>1</sup> vntyl ny3te (?). <sup>2</sup> lede (?).

## [FYTTE THE THIRD.]

### I.

Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen,  
 Gestes þat go wolde, hor grome3 þay calden,  
 1128 & þay busken vp bilyue, blonkke3 to sadel,  
 Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males,  
 Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde,  
 Lepen vp ly3tly, lachen her brydeles,  
 1132 Vche wy3e on his way, þer *hym* wel lyked.  
 Þe leue lorde of þe londe wat3 not þe last,  
 A-rayed for þe rydyng, *with* renkke3 ful mony;  
 Ete a sop hastyly, when he hade herde masse,  
 1136 *With* bugle to bent felde he buske3 by-lyue;  
 By þat þat any day-ly3t lemed vpon erþe,  
 He *with* his hapeles on hy3e horsse3 weren.  
 Þe<sup>me</sup> þise cacheres þat coupe, cowpled hor hounde3,  
 1140 Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þer-oute,  
 Blwe bygly *in* bugle3 þre bare mote;  
 Braches bayed þerfore, & breme noyse maked,  
 & þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went;  
 1144 A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle,  
     of þe best;  
     To trystors vewters 3od,  
     Couples huntres of kest,  
 1148 Þer ros for blaste3 gode,  
     Gret rurd *in* þat forest.

Before day-break folks uprise,

saddle their horses, and truss their mails.

Each goes where it pleases him best.

The noble lord of the land arrays himself for riding.

He eats a sop hastily and goes to mass.

Before day-light he and his men are on their horses.

Then the hounds are called out and coupled.

Three short notes are blown by the bugles.

A hundred hunters join in the chase.

To the stations the "fewters" go,

[Fol. 106*b*.]

and the dogs are cast off.

### II.

At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wylde;  
 Der drof *in* þe dale, doted for drede,  
 1152 Hi3ed to þe hy3e, bot heterly þay were  
 Restayed *with* þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed;  
 Þay let þe hertte3 haf þe gate, *with* þe hy3e hedes,  
 Þe breme bukke3 also, *with* hor brode paume3;  
 1156 For þe fre lorde hade de-fende *in* fermysoun tyme,  
 Þat þer schulde no mon mene<sup>1</sup> to þe male dere.  
 Þe hinde3 were halden *in*, *with* hay & war,  
 Þe does dryuen *with* gret dyn to þe depe slade3;  
 1160 Þer my3t mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes,  
 At vche [þat] wende vnder wande wapped a flone,  
 Þat bigly bote on þe broun, *with* ful brode hede3,  
 What! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkke3 þay de3en.  
 1164 & ay rachches *in* a res radly hem fol3es,  
 Huntere3 wyth hy3e horne hasted hem after,  
 Wyth such a crakkande kry, as klyffes haden brusten;  
 What wylde so at-waped wy3es þat schotten,  
 1168 Wat3 al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt.  
 Bi þay were tened at þe hy3e, & taysed to þe watre3,  
 Þe lede3 were so lerned at þe lo3e trysteres,  
 & þe gre-hounde3 so grete, þat geten hem bylyue,  
 1172 & hem to fylched, as fast as freke3 my3t loke,  
     þer ry3t.  
     Þe lorde for blys abloy  
     Ful oft con launce & ly3t,  
 1176 & drof þat day wyth Ioy  
     Thus to þe derk ny3t.

Roused by the clamour the deer rush to the heights,

but are soon driven back.

The harts and bucks are allowed to pass,

but the hinds and does are driven back to the shades.

As they fly they are shot by the bowmen.

The hounds and the hunters, with a loud cry, follow in pursuit.

Those that escaped the arrows are killed by the hounds.

The lord waxes joyful in the chase,

which lasted till the approach of night.

### III.

1180	<p>Þus layke3 þis lorde by lynde wode3 eue3, &amp; G. þe god mon, <i>in</i> gay bed lyge3, Lurkke3 quyl þe day-ly3t lemed on þe wowes, Vnder couertour ful clere, cortyned aboute; &amp; as <i>in</i> slomeryng he slode, sle3ly he herde A littel dyn at his dor, &amp; derfly vpon;</p>	<p>All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.  under "coverture full clear".  He hears a noise at his door.</p>
1184	<p>&amp; he heue3 vp his hed out of þe cloþes, A corner of þe cortyn he ca3t vp a lyttel, &amp; wayte3 warly þider-warde, quat hit be my3t. Hit wat3 þe ladi, loflyest to be-holde,</p>	<p>[Fol. 107.]  A lady, the loveliest to behold, enters softly.</p>
1188	<p>Þat dro3 þe dor after hir ful dernly<sup>1</sup> &amp; styлле, &amp; bo3ed to-warde þe bed; &amp; þe burne schamed. &amp; layde hym dou<i>n</i> lystyly, &amp; let as he slepte. &amp; ho stepped stilly. &amp; stel to his bedde,</p>	<p>She approaches the bed.  Gawayne pretends to be asleep.</p>
1192	<p>Kest vp þe cortyn, &amp; creped <i>wiþ</i>-i<i>me</i>, &amp; set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde, &amp; lenged þere selly longe, to loke <i>quen</i> he wakened. Þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,</p>	<p>The lady casts up the curtain and sits on the bedside.</p>
1196	<p>Compast <i>in</i> his concience to quat þat cace my3t Mene oþer amount, to meruayle hym þo3t; Bot 3et he sayde <i>in</i> hym-self, "more semly hit were To aspye wyth my spelle [in] space quat ho wolde."</p>	<p>Gawayne has much wonder thereat.</p>
1200	<p>Þen he wakenede, &amp; wroth, &amp; to hir warde torned, &amp; vn-louked his y3e-lydde3, &amp; let as hym wondered, &amp; sayned hym, as bi his sa3e þe sauer to worthe, <i>wiþ</i> hande;</p>	<p>He rouses himself up, unlocks his eyes, and looks as if he were astonished.</p>
1204	<p>Wyth chyme &amp; cheke ful swete, Boþe quit &amp; red <i>in</i>-blande, Ful lufly con ho lete, Wyth lyppe3 smal la3ande.</p>	

<sup>1</sup> deruly (?).

### IV.

1208	<p>"God moroun, <i>sir</i> Gawayn," sayde þat fayr lady, "3e ar a sleper vn-sly3e, þat mon may slyde hider; Now ar 3e tan astyt, bot true <i>vus</i> may schape, I schal bynde yow <i>in</i> your bedde, þat be 3e trayst."</p>	<p>"Good morrow", says the lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus.  I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure."</p>
1212	<p>Al la3ande þe lady lanced þo bourde3. "Goud moroun g[aye],"<sup>1</sup> <i>quod</i> Gawayn þe blyþe, "Me schal worþe at your wille, &amp; þat me wel lyke3, For I 3elde me 3ederly, &amp; 3e3e after grace,</p>	<p>"Good morrow," says the knight, "I am well pleased to be at your service;</p>
1216	<p>&amp; þat is þe best, be my dome, for me by-houe3 nede;" &amp; þus he bourded a-3ayn <i>wiþ</i> mony a blyþe la3ter. "Bot wolde 3e, lady louely, þe<i>n</i> leue me grante, &amp; de-prece your prysoun, &amp; pray hym to ryse,</p>	<p>but permit me to rise and dress myself."</p>
1220	<p>I wolde bo3e of þis bed, &amp; busk me better, I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth." "Nay, for soþe, beau <i>sir</i>," sayd þat swete, "3e schal not rise of your bedde, I ryche yow better,</p>	<p>[Fol. 107b] "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one,</p>
1224	<p>I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als, &amp; syþen karp wyth my kny3t þat I ka3t haue; For I wene wel, Iwysse, <i>sir</i> Wawen 3e are, Þat alle þe worlde worchipe3, quere-so 3e ride;</p>	<p>"I shall hold talk with you here.  I know well that you are Gawayne that all the world worships.</p>
1228	<p>Your honour, your hendelayk is hendely praysed <i>Wiþ</i> lorde3, wyth ladyes, <i>wiþ</i> alle þat lyf here. &amp; now 3e ar here, iwysse, &amp; we bot oure one; "My lorde &amp; his lede3 ar on lenþe faren,</p>	<p>We are by ourselves;  My lord and his men are far off.</p>
1232	<p>Oþer burne3 <i>in</i> her bedde, &amp; my burde3 als, Þe dor drawen, &amp; dit <i>wiþ</i> a derf haspe; &amp; syþen I haue <i>in</i> þis hous hym þat al lyke3, I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit laste3,</p>	<p>Other men are in their beds, so are my maidens. The door is safely closed. Since I have him in house that every one likes, I shall use my time well while it lasts.</p>
1236	<p><i>wiþ</i> tale; 3e ar welcum to my cors, Yowre awen won to wale, Me be-houe3 of fyne force,</p>	<p>Ye are welcome to my body.</p>
1240	<p>Your seruau<i>nt</i> be &amp; schale."</p>	<p>I shall be your servant."</p>

## V.

- 1244 "In god fayth," *quod* Gawayn, "gayn hit me þynkke3,  
þa3 I be not now he þat 3e of speken;  
To reche to such reuerence as 3e reherce here  
I am wy3e vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen;  
Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þo3t,  
At sa3e oþer at seruyce þat I sette my3t  
To þe plesau[n]ce of *your* prys, hit were a pure ioye."  
1248 "In god fayth, *sir* Gawayn," *quod* þe gay lady,  
"þe prys & þe prowes þat plese3 al oþer,  
If I hit lakked, oþer set at ly3t, hit were littel daynté;  
Bot hit ar ladyes *in-no*3e, þat leuer wer nowþe  
1252 Haf þe hende *in* hor holde, as I þe hadde here,  
To daly w*itt* derely *your* daynté worde3,  
Keuer hem comfort, & colen her care3,  
þen much of þe garysourn oþer golde þat<sup>1</sup> þay hauen;  
1256 Bot I louue<sup>2</sup> þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte halde3,  
I haf hit holly *in* my honde þat al desyres,  
þur3e grace."  
Scho made *hym* so gret chere,  
1260 þat wat3 so fayr of face,  
þe kny3t w*ith* speches skere,  
A[n]swared to vche a cace.
- "I am unworthy," says Sir Gawayne, "to reach to such reverence as ye rehearse.  
I shall be glad, however, to please you by word, or service."  
"There are ladies," says his visitor, "who would prefer thy company  
to much of the gold that they possess."  
[Fol. 108.]  
The knight answers the lady's questions.

<sup>1</sup> MS. þat þat. <sup>2</sup> louie or loune (?).

## VI.

- 1264 "Madame," *quod* þe myry mon, "Mary yow 3elde,  
For I haf founden, *in* god fayth, yowre frau[n]chis nobele,  
& oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hor dede3;  
Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen,  
Hit is þe worchyp of *your*-self, þat no3t hot wel come3."  
1268 "Bi Mary," *quod* þe menskful, "me þynk hit anoþer;  
For were I worth al þe wone of w*ymmen* alyue,  
& al þe wele of þe worlde were *in* my honde,  
& I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde,  
1272 For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpun þe kny3t here,  
Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblau[n]t,  
& þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee,  
þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen."  
1276 "I-wysse, worþy," *quod* þe wy3e, "3e haf waled wel better,  
Bot I am proude of þe prys þat 3e put on me,  
& soberly *your* seruau[n]t my souerayn I holde yow,  
& yowre kny3t I be-com, & Kryst yow for-3elde."  
1280 þus þay meled of much-quat, til myd-morn paste,  
& ay þe lady let lyk, a<sup>1</sup> *hym* loued mych;  
þe freke ferde w*ith* defence, & feted ful fayre.  
þa3 I were burde bry3test, þe burde *in* mynde hade,  
1284 þe lasse luf *in* his lode, for lur þat he so3t,  
boute hone;  
þe dunte þat schulde<sup>2</sup> *hym* deue,  
& nede3 hit most be done;  
1288 þe lady þem spek of leue.  
He granted hir ful sone.
- Gawayne tells her that he prefers her conversation before that of all others.  
The lady declares by Mary,  
that were she about to choose her a lord,  
she would select Gawayne before any man on earth.  
Gawayne tells her that he will become her own knight and faithful servant.  
The remembrance of his adventure prevents him from thinking of love.  
The lady takes leave of Sir Gawayne.

<sup>1</sup> and (?) <sup>2</sup> schulde, in MS.

## VII.

- þeme ho gef *hym* god-day, & wyth a glent la3ed.  
& as ho stod, ho stonyed *hym* wyth ful stor worde3:  
1292 "Now he þat spede3 vche spech, þis disport 3elde yow!  
Bot þat 3e be Gawan, hit got3 *in* mynde."  
"Quer-fore?" *quod* þe freke, & freschly he aske3,  
Ferde lest he hade fayled *in* foume of his castes;  
1296 Bot þe burde *hym* blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde,  
"So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden,  
& cortaysye is closed so clene *in* *hym*-seluen,
- With a laughing glance, she says,  
"I am doubtful whether ye be Gawayne.  
[Fol. 108b.]

1300	Couth not ly3tly haf lenged so long wyth a lady, Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his <i>courtaysye</i> , Bi <i>sum</i> towch of <i>summe</i> tryfle, at <i>sum</i> tale3 ende." <i>Ben quod</i> Wowen, "I-wysse, worþe as yow lyke3, I schal kysse at <i>your</i> comaundement, as a kny3t falle3,	Were it he, surely, ere this, he would have craved a kiss."  "I shall kiss," says the knight, "at your commandment."
1304	& fire <sup>1</sup> lest he displese yow, so <sup>2</sup> plede hit no more." Ho comes nerre <i>wiþ</i> þat, & cache3 <i>hym in</i> arme3, Loute3 luflych adoun, & þe leude kysse3; Pay comly byke <sup>m</sup> men to Kryst ayþer oþer;	With that the lady catches him in her arms and kisses him.
1308	Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, <i>wiþ</i> -outen dyn more. & he ryches <i>hym</i> to ryse, & rapes <i>hym</i> sone, Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,	Gawayne then rises and goes to mass.
1312	Bo3e3 forth, quen he wat3 boun, blyþely to masse, & þe <sup>m</sup> e he meued to his mete, þat <i>menskly</i> <i>hym</i> keped, & made myry al day til þe mone rysed, <i>wiþ</i> game;	He makes mirth all day till the moon rises,
1316	<i>Wiþ</i> <sup>3</sup> <i>neuer</i> freke fayrer fonge, Bitwene two so <i>dyngne</i> dame, þe alder & þe 3onge, Much solace set þay same.	between the "two dames," the older and the younger.

<sup>1</sup> fere (?). <sup>2</sup> fo, in MS. <sup>3</sup> Was (?) Nas (?).

## VIII.

1320	And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamne3, To <i>hunt in</i> holte3 & heþe, at <i>hynde3</i> barayne, Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe <i>sume</i> heldet, Of dos & of oþer dere, to deme were wonder. þe <sup>m</sup> e fersly þay flokked <i>in</i> folk at þe laste,	Meanwhile the lord of the land and his men hunt in woods and heaths.
1324	& quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked; þe best bo3ed þerto, <i>wiþ</i> burne3 <i>in</i> -noghe, Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were, & didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede aske3;	Quickly of the killed a " <i>quarry</i> " they make.
1328	Serched hem at þe asay, <i>summe</i> þat þer were, Two <i>fyngeres</i> þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle; Syþen þay slyt þe slot, sesed þe erber, Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten;	Then they set about <i>breaking</i> the deer.
1332	Syþen rytte þay þe foure <i>lymmes</i> , & rent of þe hyde, þen brek þay þe bale, þe bale3 out token, Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot; þay gryped to þe gargulun, & <i>grayþely</i> departed	They take away the <i>assay</i> or fat,  then they slit the <i>slot</i> and remove the <i>erber</i> . They afterwards rip the four limbs and rend off the hide.
1336	þe wesauzt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe gutte3; þen scher þay out þe schuldere3 <i>wiþ</i> her scharp knyue3, Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes; Sipen britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit <i>in</i> twymme,	They next open the belly [Fol. 109.] and take out the bowels.
1340	& eft at þe gargulun bigyne3 on þe <sup>m</sup> e, Ryue3 hit vp radly, ry3t to þe by3t, Voyde3 out þe a-vanters, & <i>verayly</i> þerafter Alle þe ryme3 by þe rybbe3 radly þay lance;	They then separate the <i>weasand</i> from the windhole and throw out the guts.
1344	So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge bone3, Euenden to þe haunche, þat hinged alle samen, & heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere, & þat þayneme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,	The shoulders are cut out, and the breast divided into halves.
1348	bi kynde; Bi þe by3t al of þe þy3es, þe lappe3 þay lance bi-hynde, To hewe hit <i>in</i> two þay hy3es,	The <i>numbles</i> are next removed.
1352	Bi þe bak-bon to vnbynde.	By the fork of the thighs,  the flaps are hewn in two by the backbone.

## IX.

1356	Boþe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þe <sup>m</sup> e, & syþen sunder þay þe syde3 swyft fro þe chyne, & þe corbeles fee þay kest <i>in</i> a greue; <sup>1</sup> þe <sup>m</sup> þurled þay ayþer þik side þur3, bi þe rybbe, & hinged þe <sup>m</sup> e a[y]þer bi ho3es of þe fourche3, Vche freke for his fee, as falle3 forto haue.	After this the head and neck are cut off, and the sides severed from the chine.
1360	Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay payr houndes, Wyth þe lyuer & þe ly3te3, þe leþer of þe paunche3, & bred baþed <i>in</i> blod, blende þer amonge3; Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachche3, Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,	With the liver, lights and paunches, they feed the hounds.
		Then they make for home.

1364 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif mote<sup>3</sup>.  
 Bi þat þe dayly<sup>3</sup>t wat<sup>3</sup> done, þe douthe wat<sup>3</sup> al wonen  
 In-to þe comly castel, þer þe kny<sup>3</sup>t bide<sup>3</sup>  
 ful stille;  
 1368 Wyth blys & bry<sup>3</sup>t fyr bette,  
 Þe lord is comen þer-tylle,  
 When Gawayn wyth hym mette,  
 Þer wat<sup>3</sup> bot wele at wylle.

Gawayne goes out to meet his host.

<sup>1</sup> grene (?).

## X.

1372 The<sup>me</sup> comaunded þe lorde in þat sale to samen alle þe meny<sup>[Fol. 109b.]</sup>

The lord commands all his household to assemble,  
 and the venison to be brought before him.

Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to ly<sup>3</sup>t w<sup>ith</sup> her burdes,  
 Bi-fore alle þe folk on þe flette, freke<sup>3</sup> he bedde<sup>3</sup>  
 Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne;

He calls Gawayne,

1376 & al godly in gomen Gawayn] he called,  
 Teche<sup>3</sup> hym to þe tayles of ful tayt bestes,  
 Schewe<sup>3</sup> hym þe schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.  
 "How paye<sup>3</sup> yow þis play? haf I prys w<sup>om</sup>nen?"

and asks him whether he does not deserve much praise for  
 his success in the chase.

1380 Haue I þryuandely þonk þur<sup>3</sup> my craft serued?"  
 "3e I-wysse," quod þat oþer wy<sup>3</sup>e, "here is wyth fayrest  
 Þat I se<sup>3</sup> þis seuen 3ere in sesoun of wynter."  
 "& al I gif yow, Gawayn," quod þe gome þemme,

On the knight expressing himself satisfied, he is told to take  
 the whole according to a former agreement between them.

1384 "For by a-corde of couenau<sup>nt</sup> 3e craue hit as your awen."  
 "Þis is soth," quod þe segge, "I say yow þatilke,

&<sup>1</sup> I haf worthyly þis wone<sup>3</sup> wyth-im<sup>e</sup>,  
 I-wysse w<sup>ith</sup> as god wylle hit worþe<sup>3</sup> to 3oure<sup>3</sup>."

Gawayne gives the knight a comely kiss in return.

1388 He hasppe<sup>3</sup> his fayre hals his arme<sup>3</sup> wyth-im<sup>e</sup>,  
 & kysses hym as comlyly as he<sup>2</sup> couþe awyse:  
 "Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,  
 I wowche hit saf fynly, þa<sup>3</sup> feler hit were."

1392 "Hit is god," quod þe god mon, "grant mercy þerfore,  
 Hit may be such, hit is þe better, &<sup>1</sup> 3e me breue wolde

His host desires to know where he has gotten such weal.

Where 3e wan þis ilk wele, biwytte of hor<sup>3</sup> seluen?"  
 "Þat wat<sup>3</sup> not forward," quod he, "frayst me no more,  
 1396 For 3e haftan þat yow tyde<sup>3</sup>, trawe<sup>3</sup>e non oþer  
 3e mowe."

As this does not enter into the covenant, he gets no answer to  
 his question.

Þay la<sup>3</sup>ed, & made hem blyþe,  
 Wyth lote<sup>3</sup> þat were to lowe,  
 1400 To soper þay 3ede asswyþe,  
 Wyth dayntes nwe in-nowe.

They then proceed to supper, where were dainties new and  
 enough.

<sup>1</sup> And = an. <sup>2</sup> ho, in MS. <sup>3</sup> your (?).

## XI.

And syþen by þe chymné in chamber þay seten.  
 Wy<sup>3</sup>e<sup>3</sup> þe walle wyn we<sup>3</sup>ed to hem oft,  
 1404 & efte in her bourdyng þay bayþen in þe morn,  
 To fylle þe same forwarde<sup>3</sup> þat þay by-fore maden,  
 Þat chaunce so bytyde<sup>3</sup> hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,  
 What nwe<sup>3</sup> so þay nome, at na<sup>3</sup>t quen þay metten  
 1408 þay acorded of þe couenau<sup>nte</sup><sup>3</sup> byfore þe court alle;  
 Þe beuerage wat<sup>3</sup> bro<sup>3</sup>t forth in bourde at þat tyme;  
 Þemme þay louelych le<sup>3</sup>ten leue at þe last,  
 Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.

By the hearth they sit.  
 Wine is carried round.

Again Sir Gawayne and his host renew their agreement.

1412 Bi þat þe coke hade crowe<sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup> & cakled bot pryse,  
 Þe lorde wat<sup>3</sup> lopen of his bedde, [&] þe leude<sup>3</sup> vch one,  
 So þat þe mete & þe masse wat<sup>3</sup> metely delyu<sup>er</sup>ed;  
 Þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,

[Fol. 110.]  
 Then they take leave of each other and hasten to bed.

Scarce had the cock cackled thrice when the lord was up.

1416 to chace;  
 He<sup>3</sup> w<sup>ith</sup> hunte & horne<sup>3</sup>,  
 Þur<sup>3</sup> playne<sup>3</sup> þay passe in space,  
 Vn-coupled among þo þorne<sup>3</sup>,  
 1420 Rache<sup>3</sup> þat ran on race.

With his hunters and horns they pursue the chase.

<sup>1</sup> crowed (?).

## XII.



1424	Sone þay calle of a quest <i>in</i> aker syde, þe <i>huzt</i> re-hayed þe <i>hounde3</i> , þat hit fyrst <i>mynged</i> , Wylde worde3 <i>hym</i> warp wyth a wrast noyce; þe <i>hownde3</i> þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe, & fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones; þe <i>me</i> such a glau <del>e</del> rande glam of gedered rachche3 Ros, þat þe rochere3 <i>rungen</i> aboute;	The hunters cheer on the hounds,  which fall to the scent forty at once.
1428	<i>Huntere3</i> hem hardened <i>wit</i> horne & wyth muthe. þe <i>n</i> al <i>in</i> a semblé sweyed to-geder, Bitwene a flosche <i>in</i> þat fryth, & a foo cragge; In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,	All come together by the side of a cliff.
1432	þe <i>r</i> as þe rogh rocher vn-rydely wat3 fallen, [þay] ferden to þe fyndyng, & freke3 hem <i>after</i> ; þay vmbe-kesten þe knarre & þe knot boþe. Wy3e3, whyl þay wysten wel wyt <i>im</i> e hem hit were, þe best þat þer breued wat3 wyth þe blod <i>hounde3</i> . þe <i>me</i> þay beten on þe buske3, & bede <i>hym</i> vp ryse, & he vnsoundly out so3t segge3 ouer-þwert, On þe sellokest swyn swenged out þere,	They look about on all sides,  and beat on the bushes.  Out there rushes a fierce wild boar,
1440	Long sythen for <sup>1</sup> þe sounder þat wi3t for-olde, For he wat3 b[este &] bor alþer grattest, [And eue]re quen he gronyed, þe <i>me</i> greued mony, For [þre a]t þe fyrst þrast he þry3t to þe erþe, 1444 & [sped hym] forth good sped, boute spyt more, [Ande þay] halowed hyghe ful hy3e & hay! hay! cryed Haden horne3 to mouþe heterly rechated;	At the first thrust he fells three to the ground.  [Fol. 110 <i>b</i> .] Full quickly the hunters pursue him.
1448	Mony wat3 þe myry mouthe of men & of <i>hounde3</i> , þat buskke3 <i>after</i> þis bor, <i>wit</i> h bost & wyth noyse, To quelle; Ful oft he byde3 þe baye, & mayme3 þe mute <i>Im</i> -melle, 1452 He hurte3 of þe <i>hounde3</i> , & þay Ful 3omerly 3aule & 3elle.	However, he attacks the hounds, causing them to yowl and yell.

<sup>1</sup> fro (?).

### XIII.

1456	Schalke3 to schote at <i>hym</i> schowen to þe <i>me</i> , Haled to hym of her arewe3, hitten hym oft; Bot þe poynte3 payred at þe pyth þat py3t <i>in</i> his schelde3, & þe barbe3 of his browe bite non wolde, þa3 þe schauen schaft schyndered <i>in</i> pece3, þe hede hypped a3ayn, were-so-eu <del>e</del> r hit hitte; 1460 Bot quon þe dynte3 <i>hym</i> dered of her dry3e stroke3, þe <i>n</i> , brayn-wod for bate, on burne3 he rase3, Hurte3 hem ful heterly þer he forth hy3e3, & mony ar3ed þerat, & on-lyte dro3en. 1464 Bot þe lorde on a ly3t horce launces hym <i>after</i> ; As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowe3, He rechated, & r[ode] <sup>1</sup> þur3 rone3 ful þyk, Suande þis wy[ld]e swyn til þe su3me schafted. 1468 þis day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse, Whyle oure luflych lede lys <i>in</i> his bedde, Gawayn grayþely at home, <i>in</i> gere3 ful ryche of hewe;	The bowmen send their arrows after this wild swine,  but they glide off shivered in pieces.  Enraged with the blows,  he attacks the hunters.  The lord of the land blows his bugle,  and pursues the boar.  All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.
1472	þe lady no3t for3ate, Com to <i>hym</i> to salue, Ful erly ho wat3 <i>hym</i> ate, His mode forto remwe.	

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is here almost illegible.

### XIV.

1476	Ho <i>commes</i> to þe cortyn, & at þe kny3t totes, <i>Sir</i> Wawen her welcumed worþy on fyrst, & ho <i>hym</i> 3elde3 a3ayn, ful 3erne of hir worde3, Sette3 hir soff[t]ly by his syde, & swyþely ho la3e3, 1480 & wyth a luflych loke ho layde <sup>1</sup> <i>hym</i> þyse worde3: "Sir; 3if 3e be Wawen, wonder me þynkke3, Wy3e þat is so wel wrast alway to god, & conne3 not of compaynye þe coste3 vnder-take,	The lady of the castle again visits Sir Gawayne.  Softly she sits by his side,
------	---	--

1484	<p>&amp; if mon <i>kemes</i> yow hom to knowe, 3e kest hom of <i>your mynde</i> <sup>[Fol. 111]</sup>          Pou hat<sup>3</sup> for-3eten 3ederly þat 3isterday I ta<sup>3</sup>tte          alder-truест token of talk þat I cowþe."          "What is þat?" <i>quod</i> þe wyghe, "I-wysse I wot neu<sup>er</sup>,</p>	<p>and tells the knight that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before.</p>
1488	<p>If hit be sothe þat 3e breue, þe blame is <i>my<sup>n</sup></i> awen."          "3et I kende yow of <i>kyssyng</i>," <i>quod</i> þe clere þe<sup>m</sup>e,          "Quere-so coun<sup>tenaun</sup>ce is couþe, quikly to clayme,          þat bic<sup>umes</sup> vche a kny<sup>3</sup>t, þat cortaysy vses."</p>	<p>"I taught you of kissing," she says, "that becomes every knight."</p>
1492	<p>"Do way," <i>quod</i> þat derf mon, "my dere, þat speche,          For þat durst I not do, lest I denayed were,          If I were werned, I were wrang I-wysse, 3if I <i>profered</i>."          "Ma fay," <i>quod</i> þe mere wyf, "3e may not be werned,</p>	<p>Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden.</p>
1496	<p>3e ar stif <i>in-noghe</i> to constrayne wyth strenkþe, 3if yow <i>lyke</i><sup>3</sup>,          3if any were so vilanous þat yow denaye<sup>2</sup> wolde."          "3e, be God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "good is <i>your</i> speche,          Bot þrete is vn-þryuande <i>in þede þer</i> I lende,</p>	<p>He is told that he is strong enough to enforce it.</p>
1500	<p>&amp; vche gift þat is geuen not <i>wiþ</i> goud wylle;          I am at <i>your</i> comaundement, to kysse quen yow <i>lyke</i><sup>3</sup>,          3e may lach quen yow lyst, &amp; leue quen yow þynk<sup>ke<sup>3</sup>,          in space."</sup></p>	<p>The knight replies that every gift is worthless that is not given willingly.</p>
1504	<p>    þe lady loute<sup>3</sup> a-doun,          &amp; comlyly kysses his face,          Much speche þay þer expoun,          Of druryes greme &amp; <i>grace</i>.</p>	<p>The lady stoops down and kisses him.</p>

<sup>1</sup> sayde (?). <sup>2</sup> de vaye, in MS.

## XV.

1508	<p>"I woled<sup>1</sup> wyt at yow, wy<sup>3</sup>e," þat worþy þer sayde,          "&amp; yow wrathed not þer-wyth, what were þe skylle,          þat so 3ong &amp; so 3epe, as 3e [ar] at þis tyme,          So cortayse, so kny<sup>3</sup>tyly, as 3e ar knowen oute,</p>	<p>"I would learn," she says, "why you, who are so young and active,</p>
1512	<p>&amp; of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng a-losed,          Is<sup>2</sup> þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes;          F[or] to telle of þis tenelyng of þis trwe kny<sup>3</sup>te<sup>3</sup>,          Hit is þe tytelet, token, &amp; tyxt of her werkke<sup>3</sup>,          How le[des] for her lele luf hor lyue<sup>3</sup> han auntered,          Endured for her drury dulful stounde<sup>3</sup>,          &amp; after wenged <i>wiþ</i> her walour &amp; voyded her care,          &amp; bro<sup>3</sup>t blysse <i>in-to</i> boure, <i>wiþ</i> bountees hor awen.</p>	<p>so skilled in the true sport of love,</p>
1516	<p>1520</p>	<p>and so renowned a knight,</p>
1520	<p>&amp; 3e ar kny<sup>3</sup>t com-lokest kyd of <i>your</i> elde,          Your worde &amp; <i>your</i> worchip walke<sup>3</sup> ay quere,          &amp; I haf seten by <i>your</i>-self here sere twyes,          3et herde I neu<sup>er</sup> of <i>your</i> hed helde no worde<sup>3</sup>          þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;          &amp; 3e, þat ar so cortays &amp; coynt of <i>your</i> hetes,          Oghe to a 3onke þynk 3ern to schewe,          &amp; teche <i>sum</i> tokene<sup>3</sup> of trweluf craftes.</p>	<p>[Fol. 111b.]          have never talked to me of love.</p>
1524	<p>1528</p>	<p>You ought to show a young thing like me some token of 'true-love's crafts.'</p>
1528	<p>Why ar 3e lewed, þat alle þe los welde<sup>3</sup>,          Oþer elles 3e demen me to dille, <i>your</i> dalyaun<sup>ce</sup> to herken?          for schame!          I com hider sengel, &amp; sitte,          To lerne at yow <i>sum</i> game,          Dos, teche<sup>3</sup> me of <i>your</i> wytte,          Whil my lorde is fro hame."</p>	<p>So teach me of your 'wit' while my lord is from home."</p>

<sup>1</sup> wolde (?). <sup>2</sup> In (?).

## XVI.

1536	<p>"In goud fayþe," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "God yow for<sup>3</sup>elde,          Gret is þe gode gle, &amp; gomen to me huge,          þat so worþy as 3e wolde <i>wyme</i> hidere,          &amp; pyne yow <i>wiþ</i> so pou<sup>er</sup> a mon, as play wyth <i>your</i> kny<sup>3</sup>t,          With any skyme<sup>3</sup> coun<sup>tenaun</sup>ce, hit keu<sup>ere</sup><sup>3</sup> me ese;</p>	<p>"It is a great pleasure to me," says Sir Gawayne, "to hear you talk,</p>
1540	<p>1544</p>	<p>but I cannot undertake the task to expound true-love and tales of arms.</p>
1540	<p>Bot to take þe toruayle<sup>1</sup> to my-self, to trwluf expoun,          &amp; towche þe teme<sup>3</sup> of tyxt, &amp; tale<sup>3</sup> of arme<sup>3</sup>,          To yow þat, I wot wel, welde<sup>3</sup> more sly<sup>3</sup>t          Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche          As I am, oþer euer schal, <i>in</i> erde þer I leue,          Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.</p>	<p>I will, however, act according to your will,</p>

1548	I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my my3t, As I am hy3ly bihalden, & euer-more wylle Be seruau <sup>nt</sup> to your-seluen, so saue me dry3tyn!" Þus hym frayned þat fre, & fondet hym ofte, Forto haf women hym to wo3e, what-so scho þo3t elle3, Bot he de fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed,	and ever be your servant."  Thus Gawayne defends himself.
1552	Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten, bot blysse; Þay la3ed & layked longe, At þe last scho con hym kysse,	The lady having kissed the knight, takes leave of him.
1556	Hir leue fayre con scho fonge, & went hir waye Iwysse.	

<sup>1</sup> tornayle (?).

## XVII.

1560	Then ruþes hym þe renk, & ryses to þe masse, & siþen hor diner wat3 dy3t & derely serued. Þe lede w <sup>ith</sup> þe ladye3 layked alle day, Bot þe lorde ouer þe londe3 launced ful ofte, Swe3 his vncely swyn, þat swynge3 bi þe bonkke3, & bote þe best of his brache3 þe bakke3 in sunder;	Gawayne rises, hears mass, and then dines. [Fol. 112.] Meanwhile the lord pursues the wild boar,
1564	þer he bode in his bay, tel <sup>1</sup> bawe-men hit breken, & made <sup>2</sup> hym, maw-gref his bed, forto mwe vtter; So felle flone3 per flete, when þe folk gedered; Bot 3et þe styffest to start bi stounde3 he made,	that bit the backs of his hounds asunder,  and caused the stiffest of the hunters to start.
1568	Til at þe last he wat3 so mat, he my3t no more reme, Bot in þe hast þat he my3t, he to a hole wymme3, Of a rasse, bi a rokk, þer reme3 þe boerne, He gete þe bonk at his bak, bigyne3 to scrape,	The boar runs into a hole in a rock by the side of a brook.
1572	þe froþe femed <sup>3</sup> at his mouth vnfayre bi þe wyke3, Whette3 his whyte tusche3; w <sup>ith</sup> hym þen irked Alle þe burne3 so bolde, þat hym by stoden, To nye hym on-ferum, bot ne3e hym non durst	The froth foams at his mouth.
1576	for woþe; He hade hurt so mony byforne, þat al þu3t <sup>4</sup> þe me ful loþe, Be more wyth his tusche3 torne,	None durst approach him,
1580	þat breme wat3 [&] brayn-wod bothe.	so many had he torn with his tusks.

<sup>1</sup> til (?). <sup>2</sup> madee, in MS. <sup>3</sup> fomed (?). <sup>4</sup> þo3t (?).

## XVIII.

1584	Til þe kny3t com hym-self, kachande his blonk, Sy3 hym byde at þe bay, his burne3 bysyde, He ly3tes luflych <sup>1</sup> adoun, leue3 his corsour, Brayde3 out a bry3t bront, & bigly forth stryde3, Founde3 fast þur3 þe forth, þer þe felle byde3, þe wylde wat3 war of þe wy3e w <sup>ith</sup> weppen in honde, Hef hy3ly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,	The knight, seeing the boar at bay,  alights from his horse,  and seeks to attack him with his sword.
1588	þat fele ferde for þe freke3, <sup>2</sup> lest felle hym þe worre; þe swyn sette3 hym out on þe segge euen, þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon hepe3, In þe wy3t-est of þe water, þe worre hade þat oþer;	The "swine sets out" upon the man,
1592	For þe mon merkke3 hym wel, as þay mette fyrst, Set sadly þe scharp in þe slot euen, Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered, & he 3arrande hym 3elde, & 3edoun <sup>3</sup> þe water,	who, aiming well,  wounds him in the pit of the stomach.
1596	ful tyt; A hundreth hounde3 hym hent, þat bremely con hym bite, Burne3 him bro3t to bent, & dogge3 to dethe endite.	[Fol. 112b.] The boar is soon bitten to death by a hundred hounds.
1600		

<sup>1</sup> MS. luslych. <sup>2</sup> freke (?). <sup>3</sup> 3ede doun (?).

## XIX.

There wat3 blawyn <sup>g</sup> of prys in mony breme home,	Then was there blowing of horns
--	---------------------------------

1604	<p>He3e halowing on hi3e, <i>wiþ</i> haþele3 þat my3t;          Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maystere3,          Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef huntres.  <i>þe</i>me a wy3e þat wat3 wys vpon wod crafte3,          To vnlace þis bor lufly bigymne3;</p>	<p>and baying of hounds.           One wise in woodcraft begins to unlace the boar.</p>
1608	<p>Fyrst he hewes of his hed, &amp; on hi3e sette3,          &amp; syþen rende3 him al roghē bi þe rygge after,          Brayde3 out þe boweles, bremne3 hom on glede,          With bred blent þer-<i>wiþ</i> his braches rewarde3;          Syþen he britne3 out þe brawen in bry3t brode [s]chelde3,</p>	<p>First he hews off the head, then rends him by the back.           He next removes the bowels, broils them on the ashes, and therewith rewards his hounds.</p>
1612	<p>&amp; hat3 out þe hastlette3, as hi3tly biseme3;          &amp; 3et hem halche3 al hole þe halue3 to-geder,          &amp; syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges.          Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home;</p>	<p>Then the hastlets are removed.          The two halves are next bound together and hung upon a pole.</p>
1616	<p>þe bores hed wat3 borne bifore þe burnes seluen,          þat him for-ferde in þe forþe, þur3 forse of his honde,              so stronge;</p>	<p>The boar's head is borne before the knight, who hastens home.</p>
1620	<p>Til he se3 <i>sir</i> Gawayne,          In halle <i>hym</i> þo3t ful longe,          He calde, &amp; he com gayn,          His fee3 þer for to fonge.</p>	<p>Gawayne is called to receive the spoil.</p>

## XX.

1624	<p>þe lorde ful lowde <i>wiþ</i> lote, &amp; la3ed myry,          When he se3e <i>sir</i> G: <i>wiþ</i> solace he speke3;          þe goude ladye3 were geten, &amp; gedered þe meyny,          He schewe3 hem þe schelde3, &amp; schapes hem þe tale,          Of þe largesse, &amp; þe lenþe, þe lipþerne3 also,</p>	<p>The lord of the land is well pleased when he sees Sir Gawayne,           He shows him the shields of the wild boar, and tells him of its length and breadth.</p>
1628	<p>Of þe were of þe wyldre swyn, in wod þer he fled.          þat oþer kny3t ful comly comended his dede3,          &amp; praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade;</p>	<p>Such a "brawn of a beast," Sir Gawayne says, he never has seen.</p>
1632	<p>For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde,          Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuer are.  <i>þe</i>me hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon hit praysed,          &amp; let lodly þerat þe lorde forte here:</p>	<p>[Fol. 113.]          Gawayne takes possession of it according to covenant,</p>
1636	<p>"Now Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe god mon, "þis gomen is <i>your</i> awen,          Bi fyn for-warde &amp; faste, faythely 3e knowe."          "Hit is sothe," <i>quod</i> þe segge, "&amp; as siker trwe;          Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawþe."          He [hent] þe haþel aboute þe halse, &amp; hendely <i>hym</i> kysses,</p>	<p>and in return kisses his host,</p>
1640	<p>&amp; efter-sones of þe same he serued <i>hym</i> þere.          "Now ar we euen," <i>quod</i> þe haþel, "in þis euen-tide,          Of alle þe couenauntes þat we kny3t, syþen I com hider,              bi lawe;"</p>	<p>who declares his guest to be the best he knows.</p>
1644	<p>þe lorde sayde, "bi saynt Gile,          3e ar þe best þat I knowe,          3e ben ryche in a whyle,          Such chaffer &amp; 3e drowe."</p>	

## XXI.

1648	<p><i>þe</i>me þay teldet table3 [on] trestes alofte,          Kesten cloþe3 vpon, clere ly3t þe3me          Wakned bi wo3e3, waxen torches          Segge3 sette, &amp; serued in sale al aboute;</p>	<p>Tables are raised aloft,          cloths cast upon them,          and torches are lighted.</p>
1652	<p>Much glam &amp; gle glent vp þer-ime,          Aboute þe fyre vpon flet, &amp; on fele wyse,          At þe soper &amp; after, mony aþel songe3,          As counldutes of kryst-masse, &amp; carole3 newe,</p>	<p>With much mirth and glee,           supper is served in the hall,</p>
1656	<p>With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle.          &amp; euer oure luflych kny3t þe lady bi-syde;          Such semblaunt to þat segge semly ho made,          Wyth stille stollen counzenaunce, þat stalworth to plese,</p>	<p>and ever our lovely knight by the lady sits,           who does all she can to please her companion.</p>
1660	<p>þat al for-wondered wat3 þe wy3e, &amp; wroth <i>wiþ</i> <i>hym</i>-seluen,          Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a-3ayne3,          Bot dalt <i>wiþ</i> hir al in daynte, how-se-euer þe dede turned              to wrast;</p>	<p>When they had long played in the hall,           they proceeded "to chamber."</p>
1664	<p>Quen þay hade played in halle,          As longe as hor wylle hom last,          To chambre he<sup>1</sup> con <i>hym</i> calle,          &amp; to þe chem-ne þay past.</p>	

## XXII.

1668	Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe, To norne on þe same note, on nwe3ere3 euen; Bot þe kny3t craued leue, to kayre on þe morn, For hit wat3 ne3 at þe terme, þat he to <sup>1</sup> schulde.	There they drank and discoursed.  Gawayne begs leave to depart on the morrow.
1672	þe lorde hym letted of þat, to lenge hym resteyed, & sayde, "as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe, Þou schal cheue to þe grene chapel, þy charres to make, Leude, on nw3ere3 ly3t, longe bifore pryme:	[Fol. 113 <i>b</i> .] His host swears to him, that he shall come to the Green Chapel on New Year's morn long before prime.
1676	For-þy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese, & I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towche3, Chauunge wyth þe cheuisauunce, bi þat I charre hider; For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe,	
1680	Now þrid tyme þrowe best þenk on þe morne, Make we mery quyl we may, & myzme vpon Ioye, For þe lur may mon lach, when so mon lyke3."	
1684	Þis wat3 grayþely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged, Bliþe bro3t wat3 hym drynk, & þay to bedde 3eden, <i>wiþ</i> li3t; <i>Sir</i> G: lis & slepes, Ful stille & softe al ni3t;	Our knight consents to remain for another night.  Full still and softly he sleeps all night.
1688	þe lorde þat his crafte3 kepes, Ful erly he wat3 di3t.	Early in the morning the lord is up.

## XXIII.

1692	After messe a morsel <sup>1</sup> he & his men token, Miry wat3 þe mornynge, his mounoure he askes; Alle þe habeles þat on horse schulde helden hym after, Were boun busked on hor blonkke3, bi-fore <sup>2</sup> þe halle 3ate3; Ferly fayre wat3 þe folde, for þe forst clenged, In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe summe, & ful clere coste3 <sup>3</sup> þe clowdes of þe welkyn. Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde, Rocheres rounge bi rys, for rurde of her hornes; Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade, Trayle3 ofte a trayteres <sup>4</sup> , bi traunt of her wyles; A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles, His fela3es fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful þike, Ruzmen forth in a rabel, in his ry3t fare; & he fyske3 hem by-fore, þay founden hym sone, & quen þay seghe hym with sy3t, þay sued hym fast, Wre3ande h[ym] ful [w]eterly with a wroth noyse; & he trantes & tornayee3 þur3 mony tene greue; Hamloune3, & herkene3, bi hegge3 ful ofte; At þe last bi a littel dich he lepe3 ouer a spezmé, Stele3 out ful stilly bi a strothe rande, Went haf wylt of þe wode, <i>wiþ</i> wyle3 fro þe houndes, þe me wat3 he went, er he wyst, to <sup>5</sup> a wale tryster, þer þre þro at a brich þrat hym at ones, al graye; He blenched a3ayn bilyue, & stifly start onstray, With alle þe wo on lyue, To þe wod he went away.	After mass, a morsel he take with his men.  Then were all on their horses before the hall-gates.  It was a clear frosty morning.  The hunters, dispersed by a wood's side,  come upon the track of a fox,  which is followed up by the hounds.  They soon get sight of the game,  and pursue him through many a rough grove.  [Fol. 114.] The fox at last leaps over a spinny, and by a rugged path seeks to get clear from the hounds.  He comes upon one of the hunting stations, where he is attacked by the dogs. However, he slips them,  and makes again for the wood.
------	---	--

<sup>1</sup> MS. nnorsel. <sup>2</sup> bi-forere, in MS. <sup>3</sup> caste3 (?). <sup>4</sup> trayveres (?). <sup>5</sup> to to, in MS.

## XXIV.

1720	Therme wat3 hit lif vpon list to lyþen þe hounde3, When alle þe mute hade hym met, menged to-geder, Suche a sor3e at þat sy3t þay sette on his hede, As alle þe clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes; Here he wat3 halawed, when hapele3 hym metten,	Then was it fine sport to listen to the hounds,  and the hallooing of the hunters.
------	--	--

1724	Loude he wat3 3ayned, <i>wiþ</i> 3arande speche; Per he wat3 þreted, & ofte þef called, & ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne my3t; Ofte he wat3 rumen at, when he out rayked,	There the fox was threatened and called a thief.
1728	& ofte reled <i>in</i> a3ayn, so reniarde wat3 wylé. & 3e he lad hem bi lag, mon, þe lorde & his meyny; On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd, ouer, vnder, Whyle þe hende kny3t at home holsuzmly slepe3, With- <i>inne</i> þe comly cortynes, on þe colde morne.	But Reynard was wily, and led them astray over mounts.  Meanwhile the knight at home soundly sleeps within his comely curtains.
1732	Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe, Ne þe purpose to payre, þat py3t <i>in</i> hir hert, Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder,	The lady of the castle, clothed in a rich mantle,
1736	In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erþe, þat wat3 furred ful fyne <i>wiþ</i> felle3, wel pured, No hwe3 goud on hir hede, bot þe ha3er stones Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty <i>in</i> clusteres;	her throat and bosom all bare,
1740	Hir þryuen face & hir prote þrowen al naked, Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke. Ho come3 <i>wiþ-inne</i> þe chambre dore, & closes hit hir after,	comes to Gawayne's chamber, opens a window, and says,
1744	Wayne3 <sup>1</sup> vp a wyndow, & on þe wy3e calle3, & radly þus re-hayted hym, <i>wiþ</i> hir riche worde3, <i>wiþ</i> <sup>2</sup> chere; "A! mon, how may þou slepe, Þis morning is so clere?"	"Ah! man, how canst thou sleep, [Fol. 114 <i>b</i> .] this morning is so clear?"
1748	He wat3 <i>in</i> drowping depe, Bot þe <i>me</i> he con hir here.	

<sup>1</sup> wayue3(?). <sup>2</sup> bi, à sec. manu.

## XXV.

1752	In dre3 droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble, As mon þat wat3 in mornyng of mony þro þo3tes, How þat destiné schulde þat day [dy3t] his wyrde, At þe grene chapel, when he þe þe gome metes, & bi-houes his buffet abide, with-oute debate more; Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes, Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & sware3 <i>wiþ</i> hast. þe lady luflych com la3ande swete, Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly him kyssed; He welcume3 hir worþily, with a wale chere; 1760 He se3 hir so glorious, & gayly atyred, So fautles of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes, Wi3t wallande Ioye warmed his hert; <i>Wiþ</i> smobe smylyng & smolt þay smeten <i>in-to</i> mæþe, 1764 þat al wat3 blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bi-twene, & <i>wyme</i> , Pay lanced wordes gode, Much wele þen wat3 þer- <i>inne</i> , 1768 Gret perile bi-twene hem stod, Nif mare of hir kny3t myme.	The knight was then dreaming of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel.  He awakes and speaks to his fair visitor,  who sweetly kisses him.  Great joy warms the heart of Sir Gawayne,  and "great peril between them stood."
------	---	---

## XXVI.

1772	For þat prynce of pris de-pressed hym so þikke. Nurned hym so ne3e þe þred, þat nede hym bi-houed, Oþer lach þer hir luf, oþer lodly re-fuse; He cared for his cortaysye, lest crapayn he were, & more for his meschef, 3if he schulde make syzme, & be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde a3t. 1776 "God schylde," <i>quod</i> þe schalk, "þat schal not be-falle!" <i>Wiþ</i> luf-la3yng a lyt, he layd hym by-syde Alle þe speche3 of specialté þat sprange of her mouthe. <i>Quod</i> þat burde to þe burne, "blame 3e disserue, 1780 3if 3e luf not þat lyf þat 3e lye nexte, Bifore alle þe wy3e3 <i>in</i> þe worlde, wounded <i>in</i> hert, Bot if 3e haf a lennman, a leuer, þat yow lyke3 better, & folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde, 1784 þat yow lausen ne lyst, & þat I leue nouþe; And þat 3e telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow, For alle þe lufe3 vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe, for gile." 1788 þe kny3t sayde, "be sayn Ion,"	The knight is sorely pressed.  He fears lest he should become a traitor to his host.  The lady inquire whether he has a mistress that he loves better than her. [Fol. 115.]  Sir Gawayne swears by St. John that he neither has nor
------	---	---

& smeþely con he smyle,  
"In fayth I welde ri3t non,  
Ne non wil welde þe quile."

desires one.

## XXVII.

- 1792 "Þat is a worde," *quod* þat wy3t, "þat worst is of alle,  
Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me þinkke3;  
Kysse me now coraly, & I schal cach heþen,  
I may bot *mourne* vpon molde, as may þat much louyes."  
1796 Sykande ho swe3e doun, & semly *hym* kyssed,  
& siþen ho seueres *hym* fro, & says as ho stondes,  
"Now, dere, at þis de-partyng, do me þis ese,  
Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if<sup>1</sup> hit were,  
1800 Þat I may *myzme* on þe mon, my *mourmyng* to lassen."  
"Now Iwysse," *quod* þat wy3e, "I wolde I hade here  
þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,  
For 3e haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte  
1804 More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche my3t,  
Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot nekede;  
Hit is not *your honour* to haf at þis tyme  
A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawayne3 gifte3,  
1808 & I am here [on] an erande *in erde3* vncouþe,  
& haue no men wyth no male3, *wiþ* menskful þinge3;  
Þat mislyke3 me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,<sup>2</sup>  
Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille,  
1812 ne pine."  
"Nay, hende of hy3e honours,"  
*Quod* þat lufsum vnder lyne,  
"Þa3 I hade o3t<sup>3</sup> of *youre3*,  
1816 3et schulde 3e haue of myne."

She then kisses him, sighing for sorrow.

She desires some gift,  
by which to remember him.

Gawayne tells her that she is worthy of a better gift than he  
can bestow.

He has no men with mails containing precious things.

Then says that lovesome,

"Though I had nought of yours, yet should ye have of mine."

<sup>1</sup> of, in MS. <sup>2</sup> tyme, in MS. <sup>3</sup> no3t (?).

## XXVIII.

- Ho ra3t *hym* a riche rynk<sup>1</sup> of red golde werke3,  
Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte,  
Þat bere blusschande beme3 as þe bry3t suzme;  
1820 Wyt 3e wel, hit wat3 worth wele ful hoge.  
Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde,  
"I wil no gifte3 for gode, my gay, at þis tyme;  
I haf none yow to norne, ne no3t wyl I take."  
1824 Ho bede hit *hym* ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes,  
& swere swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese nolde;  
& ho sore þat he forsoke, & sayde þer-after,  
"If 3e renay my rynk, to ryche for hit seme3,  
1828 3e wolde not so hy3ly halden be to me,  
I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse."  
Ho la3t a lace ly3tly, þat<sup>2</sup> leke vmbe hir syde3,  
Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle,  
1832 Gered hit wat3 *wiþ* grene sylke, & *wiþ* golde schaped,  
No3t bot arounde brayden, beten *wiþ* fyngre3;  
& þat ho bede to þe burne, & blyþely bi-so3t  
Þa3 hit vn-worþi were, þat he hit take wolde.  
1836 & he nay þat he nolde neghe *in* no wyse,  
Nauber golde ne garysoun, er God *hym* grace sende,  
To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen þere.  
"& þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow no3t,  
1840 & lette3 be *your* businesse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer  
to graunte;  
I am derely to yow biholde,  
Bi-cause of *your* sembelaunt,  
1844 & euer *in* hot & colde  
To be *your* trwe seruauht.

She offers him a gold ring,

but he refuses to accept it,  
[Fol. 115*b*.]  
as he has none to give in return.

Very sorrowful was that fair one on account of his refusal.

She takes off her "girdle,"

and beseeches him to take it.

Gawayne again refuses to accept anything,

but promises, "ever in hot and in cold, to be her true servant."

<sup>1</sup> ryng (?). <sup>2</sup> þat þat, in MS.

## XXIX.

"Now forsake 3e þis silke." sayde þe burde þe me,  
"For hit is symple *in* hit-self. & so hit wel seme3?"

"Do you refuse it," says the lady, because it is simple?

1848	Lo! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worþy; Bot who-so knew þe costes þat knit ar þer-izme, He wolde hit prayse at more prys, paraurenture; For quat gome so is gorde w <sup>ith</sup> þis grene lace,	Whoso knew the virtues that it possesses, would highly prize it. For he who is girded with this green lace,
1852	While he hit hade hemely halched aboute, þer is no haþel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat my3t; For he my3t not he slayn, for sly3t vpon erþe." þen kest þe kny3t, & hit come to his hert,	cannot be wounded or slain."
1856	Hit were a Iuel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged were, When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech; My <sup>3</sup> <sup>1</sup> he haf slypped to þe vn-slayn, þe sle3t were noble. þe <sup>me</sup> ho þulged with hir þrepe, & þoled hir to speke,	The knight thinks of his adventure at the Green Chapel. The lady presses him to accept the lace. [Fol. 116.]
1860	& ho bere on hym þe belt, & bede hit hym swyþe, & he granted, & [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle, & biso3t hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer,	He consents not only to take the girdle, but to keep the possession of it a secret.
1864	Bot to lelly layne for <sup>2</sup> hir lorde; þe leude hym acorde3. þat neuer wy3e schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay twayne, for no3te; He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe, Ful þro w <sup>ith</sup> hert & þo3t.	
1868	Bi þat on þrymne syþe, He hat3 kyst þe kny3t so to3t.	By that time the lady has kissed him thrice.

<sup>1</sup> my3t (?). <sup>2</sup> fro (?).

### XXX.

1872	The <sup>me</sup> lachche3 ho hir leue, & leue3 hym þere, For more myrþe of þat mon mo3t ho not gete; When ho <sup>1</sup> wat3 gon, sir G. gere3 hym sone, Rises, & riches hym in araye noble, Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym ra3t, Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde; 1876 Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye, Preuely aproched to a prest, & prayed hym þere þat he wolde lyfte <sup>2</sup> his lyf, & lern hym better, How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld seye heþen. 1880 þere he schrof hym schyrly, & schewed his mysdede3, Of þe more & þe myme, & merci beseche3, & of absolucioun he on þe segge calles; & he asoyled hym surely, & sette hym so clene, 1884 As dome3-day schulde haf ben di3t on þe morn. & syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes, W <sup>ith</sup> comlych caroles, & alle kymes ioye, As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk ny3t, 1888 w <sup>ith</sup> blys; Vche mon hade daynte þare, Of hym, & sayde Iwysse, þus myry he wat3 neuer are, 1892 Syn he com hider, er þis.	Then she takes her leave. Gawayne then dresses himself, and conceals the love-lace about his person. He then hies to mass, and shrives him of his misdeeds. and prays for absolution. He returns to the hall, and makes himself so merry among the ladies, with comely carols, that they said, "Thus merry was he never before since hither he came."
------	--	--

<sup>1</sup> he, in MS. <sup>2</sup> lyste (?).

### XXXI.

1896	Now hym lenge in þat lee, þer luf hym bi-tyde; 3et is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes, He hat3 forfaren þis fox, þat he fol3ed longe; As he sprent ouer a spe <sup>mné</sup> , to spye þe schrewe, þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe, Renaud com richchande þur3 a ro3e greue, & alle þe rabel in a res, ry3t at his hele3. 1900 þe wy3e wat3 war of þe wylde, & warly abides, & brayde3 out þe bry3t bronde, & at þe best caste3; & he schunt for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered, A rach rapes hym to, ry3t er he my3t, 1904 & ry3t bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle, & worried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse. þe lorde ly3te3 bilyue, & cache3 by <sup>1</sup> sone, Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes, 1908 Halde3 he3e ouer his hede, halowe3 faste, & þer bayen hym mony bray <sup>2</sup> hounde3;	Gawayne's host is still in the field. He has destroyed the fox. [Fol. 116b.] He spied Reynard coming through a "rough grove," and tried to hit him with his sword. The fox "shunts," and is seized by one of the dogs. The lord takes him out of the hound's mouth.
------	---	---



	Huntes hy3ed hem þeder, <i>wiþ</i> horne3 ful mony, Ay re-chatande ary3t til þay þe renk se3en;	Hunters hasten thither with horns full many.
1912	Bi þat wat3 comen his compeyny noble, Alle þat <i>euer</i> ber bugle blowed at ones, & alle þise <i>oþer</i> halowed, þat hade no hornes, Hit wat3 þe myriest mute þat <i>euer men</i> herde,	It was the merriest meet that ever was heard.
1916	Be rich rurd þat þer wat3 raysed for renaude saule, <i>wiþ</i> lote; Hor hounde3 þay þer rewarde,	The hounds are rewarded,
1920	Her <sup>3</sup> hede3 þay fawne & frote, & syþen þay tan reynarde, & tyrnen of his cote.	and then they take Reynard and "turn off his coat."

<sup>1</sup> *hym* (?). <sup>2</sup> *braþ* (?). <sup>3</sup> *Her her*, in MS.

### XXXII.

	& þe <sup>me</sup> þay helden to home, for hit wat3 nie3 ny3t, Strakande ful stoutly <i>in</i> hor store horne3;	The hunters then hasten home.
1924	þe lorde is ly3t at þe laste at hys lef home, Fynde3 fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side, Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad wat3 <i>wiþ</i> alle, Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioye,	The lord at last alights at his dear home,  where he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies.
1928	He were a bleaunt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erþe, His surkot semed <i>hym</i> wel, þat softe wat3 forred, & his hode of þat ilke hinged on his schulder, Blande al of blauzmer were boþe al aboute.	The knight comes forward and welcomes his host,
1932	He mete3 me þis god mon <i>in</i> mydde3 þe flore, & al with gomen he <i>hym</i> gret, & goudly he sayde, "I schal fyller vpon fyrst oure forwarde3 nouþe, þat we spedly han spoken, þer spared wat3 no drynk;"	[Fol. 117.] and according to covenant kisses him thrice. (See l. 1868.)
1936	þen acoles he [þe] kny3t, & kysses <i>hym</i> þryes, As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette coupe. "Bi Kryst," <i>quod</i> þat <i>oþer</i> kny3t, "3e cach much sele, <i>In</i> cheuisaunce of þis chaffer, 3if 3e hade goud chepe3."	"By Christ," says the other, "ye have had much bliss!"
1940	"3e of þe chepe no charg," <i>quod</i> chefly þat <i>oþer</i> , "As is pertly payed þe chepe3 þat I a3te." "Mary," <i>quod</i> þat <i>oþer</i> mon, "myn is bi-hynde, For I haf hunted al þis day, & no3t haf I geten,	I have hunted all day and have gotten nothing, but the skin of this foul fox, a poor reward for three such kisses."
1944	Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe gode3, & þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þinges, As 3e haf þry3t me here, þro suche þre cosses, so gode."	
1948	"I-no3," <i>quod</i> <i>sir</i> Gawayn, "I þonk yow, bi þe rode;" & how þe fox wat3 slayn, He tolde <i>hym</i> , as þay stode.	He then tells him how the fox was slain.

### XXXIII.

1952	With <i>merþe</i> & mynstralsye, wyth mete3 at hor wylle, Pay maden as mery as any men mo3ten, <i>Wiþ</i> la3yng of ladies, <i>wiþ</i> lote3 of bordes;	With much mirth and minstrelsy they made merry,
1956	Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe, Bot if þe douthe had doted, <i>oþer</i> dronken ben <i>oþer</i> , Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iape3, Til þe sesoun wat3 se3en, þat þay seuer moste;	until the time came for them to part.
1960	Burne3 to hor bedde be-houed at þe laste. þe <sup>me</sup> lo3ly his leue at þe lorde fyrst Fochche3 þis fre mon, & fayre he <i>hym</i> þonkke3; "Of such a sellyly <sup>1</sup> soiorne, as I haf hade here, <i>Your honour</i> , at þis hy3e fest, þe hy3e kyng yow 3elde!	Gawayne takes leave of his host.  and thanks him for his happy "sojourn."
1964	I 3ef yow me for on of <i>youre</i> 3, if yowre-self lyke3, For I mot nedes, as 3e wot, meue to morne; & 3e me take <i>sum</i> tolke, to teche, as 3e hy3t, þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer	He asks for a man to teach him the way to the Green Chapel.
1968	To dele, on nw3ere3 day, þe dome of my wyrdes." "In god fayþe," <i>quod</i> þe god mon. "wyth a goud wylle; Al þat <i>euer</i> I yow hy3t, halde schal I rede." þer asyngnes he a seruau <sup>nt</sup> , to sett <i>hym</i> <i>in</i> þe waye, & coundue <i>hym</i> by þe downe3, þat he no drechch had,	A servant is assigned to him, [Fol. 117 <i>b</i> .]
1972	For to f[e]rk þur3 þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest, bi greue.	

1976 De lorde Gawayn con þonk,  
Such worchip he wolde hym weue;  
Þen at þo ladye3 wlonk.  
De kny3t hat3 tan his leue.

and then he takes leave of the ladies,

<sup>1</sup> selly (?).

## XXXIV.

1980 With care & wyth kyssyng he carppe3 hem tille,  
& fele þryuande þonkke3 he þrat hom to haue,  
& þay 3elden hym a3ay[n] 3eply þat ilk;  
Pay bikende hym to Kryst, with ful colde sykyng3.  
1984 Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly de-partes;  
Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke,  
For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne,  
þat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute hym to serue;  
& vche segge as sore, to seuer with hym þere,  
1988 As þay hade wonde worpyly with þat wlonk euer.  
Þen with ledes & ly3t he wat3 ladde to his chambre,  
& blybely bro3t to his bedde, to be at his rest;  
3if he ne slepe soundyly, say ne dar I,  
1992 For he hade muche on þe morn to myme, 3if he wolde,  
in þo3t;  
Let hym ly3e þere stille,  
He hat3<sup>1</sup> nere þat he so3t,  
1996 & 3e wyl a whyle be stille,  
I schal telle yow how þay wro3t.

kissing them sorrowfully.

They commend him to Christ.

He then departs, thanking each one he meets "for his service and solace."

He retires to rest but sleeps but little,

for much has he to think of on the morrow.

Let him there lie still.

Be still awhile, and I shall tell how they wrought.

<sup>1</sup> wat3 (?).

## [FYTTE THE FOURTH.]

### I.

2000 Now ne3e3 þe nw3ere, & þe ny3t passe3,  
Þe day dryue3 to þe derk, as dry3tyn bidde3;  
Bot wylde wedere3 of þe worlde wakned þeroute,  
Clowdes kesten kently þe colde to þe erþe,  
Wyth ny3e<sup>1</sup> in-noghe of þe norþe, þe naked to tene;  
Þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snayped þe wylde;  
2004 Þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hy3e,  
& drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete.  
Þe leude lystened ful wel, þat le3 in his bedde,  
þa3 he lowke3 his lidde3, ful lyttel he slespes;  
2008 Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen.  
De-liueryly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged,  
For þere wat3 ly3t of a lau[m]pe, þat lemed in his chambre;  
He called to his chamberlayn, þat cofly hym swared,  
2012 & bede hym bryng hym his bruny, & his blonk sadel;  
þat oþer ferke3 hym vp, & feche3 hym his wede3,  
& grayþe3 me *sir* Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.  
Fyrst he clad hym in his cloþe3, þe colde for to were;  
2016 & syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely wat3 keped,  
Boþe his pau<sup>n</sup>ce, & his plate3, piked ful clene,  
Þe ryng3<sup>2</sup> rokked of þe roust, of his riche bruny;  
& al wat3 fresch as vpon fyrst, & he wat3 fayn þe<sup>m</sup>e  
2020 to þonk;  
He hade vpon vche pece,  
Wypped ful wel & wlonk;  
Þe gayest in to Grece,  
2024 Þe burne bede bryng his blonk.

New Year's Day approaches.

The weather is stormy.

Snow falls.

The dales are full of drift.

Gawayne in his bed hears each cock that crows.

[Fol. 118.]

He calls for his chamberlain, and bids him bring him his armour.

Men knock off the rust from his rich habergeon.

The knight then calls for his steed.

<sup>1</sup> nywe (?). <sup>2</sup> rynke3 (?).

### II.

2028 Whyle þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen;  
His cote, wyth be consau<sup>n</sup>ce of þe clere werke3,  
Ennurned vpon veluet vertuuus<sup>1</sup> stone3,  
Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded seme3,

While he clothed himself in his rich weeds,

	& fayre furred <i>wiþ-inne</i> wyth fayre pelures. 3et laft he not þe lace, þe ladie3 gifte, Pat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of <i>hym</i> -seluen;	he forgot not the "lace," the lady's gift,
2032	Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his bal3e haunche3, þe3m dressed he his drurye double <i>hym</i> aboute; Swyþe sweþled vmbe his swange swetely, þat kny3t, þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed,	but with it doubly girded his loins.
2036	Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat ryche wat3 to schewe. Bot wered not þis ilk wy3e for wele þis gordel, For pryde of þe pendaunte3, þa3 polyst þay were, & þa3 þe glyterande golde glent vpon ende3,	He wore it not for its rich ornaments,
2040	Bot forto sauen <i>hym</i> -self, when suffer <i>hym</i> by-houed, To hyde bale <i>wiþ</i> -oute dabate, of bronde <i>hym</i> to were, oþer knyffe;	"but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer."
2044	Bi þat þe bolde mon boun, Wyme3 þeroute bilyue, Alle þe meyny of renoun, He þonkke3 ofte ful ryue.	All the renowned assembly he thanks full oft.

<sup>1</sup> *vertuous* (?).

### III.

2048	The3me wat3 Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret wat3 & huge, & hade ben soioumed sauerly, & in a siker wyse, <i>Hym</i> lyst prik for poynt, þat proude hors þe3me; þe wy3e wyme3 <i>hym</i> to, & wyte3 on his lyre, & sayde soberly <i>hym</i> -self, & by his soth swere3,	[Fol. 118 <i>b</i> .] Then was Gringolet arrayed, full ready to prick on.
2052	"Here is a meyny in þis mote, þat on menske þenkke3, þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot þay haue; þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde; 3if þay for charyté cherysen a gest,	Gawayne returns thanks for the honour and kindness shown to him by all.
2056	& halden honour in her honde, þe hapel hem 3elde, þat halde3 þe heuen vpon hy3e, & also yow alle! & 3if I my3t lyf vpon londe lede any quyle, I schuld rech yow <i>sum</i> rewarde redyly, if I my3t."	
2060	þe3m steppe3 he in-to stirop, & stryde3 alofte; His schalk schewed <i>hym</i> his schelde, on schulder he hit la3t, Gorde3 to Gryngolet, <i>wiþ</i> his gilt hele3, & he starte3 on þe ston, stod he no lenger,	He then steps into his saddle,  and "starts on the stone" without more delay.
2064	to prauuce; His hapel on hors wat3 þe3me, þat bere his spere & launce. "þis kastel to Kryst I kenne, He gef hit ay god chaunce!"	"This castle to Christ I commend; may he give it ever good chance!"

### IV.

	The brygge wat3 brayde doun, & þe brode 3ate3 Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boþe halue;	The gates are soon opened.
2072	þe burne blessed <i>hym</i> bilyue, & þe brede3 passed; Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled, Gef <i>hym</i> God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue; & went on his way, <i>wiþ</i> his wy3e one, þat schulde teche <i>hym</i> to <i>tourne</i> to þat tene place,	The knight passes thereout,  and goes on his way accompanied by his guide.
2076	þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue. þay bo3en bi bonkke3, þer bo3e3 ar bare, þay clomben bi clyffe3, þer clenge3 þe colde;	They climb by cliffs,
2080	þe heuen wat3 vp halt, bot vgly þer vnder, Mist maged on þe mor, malt on þe mouzte3, Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge; Broke3 byled, & breke, bi bonkke3 aboute, Schyre schaterande on schore3, þer þay doun schowued.	where each "hill had a hat and a mist-cloak,"
2084	Welawylle wat3 þe way, þer þay bi wod schulden, Til hit wat3 sone sesoun, þat þe <i>sum</i> ryses, þat tyde;	[Fol. 119.] until daylight.
2088	þay were on a hille ful hy3e, þe quyte snaw lay bisyde; þe burne þat rod <i>hym</i> by Bede his mayster abide.	They were then on a "hill full high."  The servant bade his master abide, saying,

### V.

2092	"For I haf woznen yow hider, wy3e, at pis tyme, & now nar 3e not fer fro þat note place, Pat 3e han spied & spuryed so specially after; Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe, & 3e ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,	"I have brought you hither,  ye are not now far from the noted place.
2096	Wolde 3e worch bi my wytte, 3e worped þe better. þe place þat 3e prece to, ful perelous is halden; þer wone3 a wy3e in þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe; For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies, & more he is þen any mon vpon myddelerde, & his body bigger þen þe best fowre.	Full perilous is it esteemed. The lord of that 'waste' is stiff and stern.
2100	Pat ar in Arþure3 hous, Hestor <sup>1</sup> oþer oþer. He cheue3 þat chaunce at þe chapel grene;	His body is bigger 'than the best four in Arthur's house.'
2104	þer passes non bi þat place, so proude in his armes, þat he ne dyme3 hym to deþe, wíth dynt of his honde; For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses, For he hit chorle, oþer chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel rydes,	None passes by the Green Chapel, 'that he does not ding to death with dint of his hand.'
2108	Monk, oþer masse-prest, oþer any mon elles, Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go hym seluen. For-þy I say þe as soþe as 3e in sadel sitte, Com 3e þere, 3e be kylled, [I] may þe kny3t rede,	For be it churl or chaplain, monk, mass-priest, 'or any man else,' he kills them all.
2112	Trawe 3e me þat trwely, þa3 3e had twenty lyues to spende; He hat3 wonyd here ful 3ore, On bent much baret bende,	He has lived there full long.
2116	A3ayn his dynte3 sore, 3e may not yow defende."	Against his dints sore ye may not defend you.

<sup>1</sup> Hector (?).

## VI.

2120	"For-þy, goude sir Gawayn, let þe gome one, & got3 a-way sum oþer gate; vpon Godde3 halue; Cayre3 bi sum oþer kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede; & I schal hy3 me hom a3ayn, & hete yow fyrre, þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode hal3e3, As help me God & þe halydam, & oþe3 in-noghe, þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale, þat euer 3e fondet to fle, for freke þat I wýst." "Grant merci;" quod Gawayn, & gruchyng he sayde, "Wel worth þe wy3e, þat wolde3 my gode, & þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou wolde3! Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed, Founded for ferde for to fle, in fourme þat þou telle3, I were a kny3t kowarde, I my3t not <sup>1</sup> be excused. Bot I wy1 to þe chape1, for chaunce þat may falle, & talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste, Worþe hit wele, oþer wo, as þe wyrde lyke3 hit hafe;	Wherefore, good Sir Gawayne, let this man alone.  Go by some other region,  [Fol. 119b.] I swear by God and all His saints, that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."
2124		Gawayne replies that to shun this danger would mark him as a "coward knight."
2128		To the Chapel, therefore, he will go,
2132		though the owner thereof were a stern knave.
2136	þa3e he be a sturn knape, To sti3tel, & <sup>2</sup> stad wíth stauē, Ful wel con dry3tyn schape, His seruauzte3 forto saue."	"Full well can God devise his servants for to save."

<sup>1</sup> mot, in MS. <sup>2</sup> & &, in MS.

## VII.

2140	"Mary!" quod þat oþer mon, "now þou so much spelle3, þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þy-seluen, & þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe; Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere in þi honde, & ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi 3on rokke syde, Til þou be bro3t to þe boþem of þe brem valay; þe me loke a littel on þe lauunde, on þi lyfte honde, & þou schal se in þat slade þe self chapel, & þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepe3. Now fare3 wel on Gode3 half, Gawayn þe noble, For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go with þe, Ne bere þe fela3schip þur3 þis fryth on fote fyrre." Bi þat þe wy3e in þe wod wende3 his brydel, Hit þe hors wíth þe hele3, as harde as he my3t,	"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life,  take thy helmet on thy head, and thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side,  till thou come to the bottom of the valley; look a little to the left, and thou shalt see the Chapel itself and the man that guards it."  Having thus spoken the guide takes leave of the knight.
2144		
2148		
2152		

Lepe3 hym ouer þe launde, & leue3 þe kny3t þere,  
al one.

2156 "Bi Godde3 self," *quod* Gawayn,  
"I wyl nauþer grete ne grone,  
To Godde3 wylle I am ful bayn,  
& to hym I haf me tone."

"By God's self," says Sir Gawayne, "I will neither weep nor groan.

To God's will I am full ready."

## VIII.

2160 The<sup>m</sup>e gyrde3 he to Gryngolet, & gedere3 þe rake,  
Schowue3 *in* bi a schore, at a scha3e syde,  
Ride3 þur3 þe ro3e bonk, ry3t to þe dale;  
& þe<sup>m</sup>e he wayted hym aboute, & wylde hit hym þo3t,  
2164 & se3e no *syngne* of resette, bisyde3 nowhere,  
Bot hy3e bonkke3 & brent, vpon boþe halue,  
& ru3e knokled knarre3, *wiþ* knorned stone3;  
þe skwe3 of þe scowtes skayued<sup>1</sup> hym þo3t.  
2168 þe<sup>m</sup>e he houed, & wyth-hylde his hors at þat tyde,  
& ofte chaun<sup>g</sup>ed his cher, þe chapel to seche;  
He se3 non suche *in* no syde, & selly hym þo3t,  
Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];  
2172 A bal3 ber3, bi a bonke, þe bry<sup>m</sup>me by-syde,  
Bi a for3 of a flode, þat ferked þare;  
þe borne blubred þer-*ime*, as hit boyled hade.  
þe kny3t kache3 his caple, & com to þe lawe,  
2176 Li3te3 doun luflyly, & at a lynde tache3  
þe rayne, & his riche, with a ro3e braunche;  
þen[n]e he bo3e3 to þe ber3e, aboute hit he walke,  
D[e]batande *wiþ* hym-self, quat hit be my3t.  
2180 Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayþer syde,  
& ouer-growen *wiþ* gresse *in* glodes ay where,  
& al wat3 hol3 *in-wiþ*, nobot an olde caue,  
Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he couþe hit no3t deme  
2184 *wiþ* spelle,  
"We,<sup>2</sup> lorde," *quod* þe gentyle kny3t,  
"Wheþer þis be þe grene chapelle;  
He my3t aboute myd-ny3t,  
2188 [þ]e dele his matyznes telle!"

[Fol. 120.]

Then he pursues his journey,

rides through the dale, and looks about.

He sees no sign of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks.

No chapel could he discern.

At last he sees a hill by the side of a stream;

thither he goes,

alights and fastens his horse to a branch of a tree.

He walks around the hill, debating with himself what it might be,

and at last finds an old cave in the crag.

He prays that about midnight he may tell his matins.

<sup>1</sup> skayned (?). <sup>2</sup> wel (?).

## IX.

"Now i-wysse," *quod* Wowayn, "wysty is here;  
þis oritore is vgly, *wiþ* erbe3 ouer-growen;  
Wel biseme3 þe wy3e wruxled *in* grene  
2192 Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deuele3 wyse;  
Now I fele hit is þe fende, *in* my fyue wytte3,  
þat hat3 stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here;  
þis is a chapel of meschaun<sup>ce</sup>, þat chekke hit by-tyde,  
2196 Hit is þe corsesdest kyrk, þat euer i com *ime*!"  
With he3e helme on his hede, his laun<sup>ce</sup> *in* his honde,  
He rome3 vp to þe rokke of þo ro3 wone3;  
þene herde he of þat hy3e hil, *in* a harde roche,  
2200 Bi3onde þe broke, *in* a bonk, a wonder bre<sup>m</sup>e noyse,  
Quat! hit clatered *in* þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde,  
As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syþe;  
What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne,  
2204 What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here.  
þe<sup>m</sup>e "bi Godde," *quod* Gawayn, "þat gere as<sup>1</sup> I trowe,  
Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete,  
bi rote;  
2208 Let God worche we loo,  
Hit helppe3 me not a mote,  
My lif þa3 I for-goo,  
Drede dot3 me no lote."

"Truly," says Sir Gawayne, "a desert is here,

a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions in devil fashion.'

It is most cursed kirk that ever I entered."

[Fol. 120*b*.]

Roaming about he hears a loud noise,

from beyond the brook.

It clattered like the grinding of a scythe on a grindstone.

It whirred like a mill-stream.

"Though my life I forgo," says the knight, "no noise shall terrify me."

<sup>1</sup> at, in MS.

## X.

2212 The<sup>m</sup>e þe kny3t con calle ful hy3e,

Then cried he aloud,

	"Who sti3tle3 <i>in</i> þis sted, me steuen to holde? For now is gode Gawayn goande ry3t here, If any wy3e o3t wyl <i>wyme</i> hider fast,	"Who dwells here discourse with me to hold?" Now is the good Gawayne going aright
2216	Oþer now, oþer neuer, his nede3 to spede." "Abyde," <i>quod</i> on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his hede, "& þou schal haf al <i>in</i> hast, þat I þe hy3t ones." 3et he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe,	He hears a voice commanding him to abide where he is.
2220	& wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde ly3t; & syþen he keuere3 bi a cragge, & come3 of a hole, Whyrlande out of a wro, wyth a felle weppen,	Soon there comes out of a hole, with a fell weapon,
2224	A dene3 ax nwe dy3t, þe dynt <i>wiþ</i> [t]o 3elde <i>Wiþ</i> a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme, Fyled <i>in</i> a fylor, fowre fote large, Hit wat3 no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bry3t. & þe gome <i>in</i> þe erene gered as fyrst,	a Danish axe, quite new,  the "knight in green," clothed as before.
2228	Boþe þe lyre & þe legge3, lokke3, & berde, Saue þat fayre on his fote he founde3 on þe erþe, Sette þe stele to þe stone, & stalked bysyde.	When he reaches the stream, he hops over and strides about.
2232	When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde, He hypped ouer on hys ax, & orpedly stryde3, Bremly broþe on a bent, þat brode wat3 a-boute, on snawe.	
2236	<i>Sir</i> Gawayn þe kny3t con mete. He ne lutte <i>hym</i> no þyng lowe, þat oþer sayde, "now, <i>sir</i> swete, Of steuen mon may þe trowe."	[Fol. 121.] He meets Sir Gawayne without obeisance. The other tells him that he is now ready for conversation

## XI.

2240	"Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þat grene gome, "God þe mot loke! I-wysse þou art welcom, <sup>1</sup> wy3e, to my place, & þou hat3 tyled þi trauayl as <i>true</i> <sup>2</sup> mon schulde; & þou knowe3 þe couenaunte3 kest <i>vus</i> by-twene, At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled, 2244 & I schulde at þis nwe 3ere 3eþly þe quyte. & we ar <i>in</i> þis valay, <i>verayly</i> oure one, Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as <i>vus</i> like3; Haf þy <sup>3</sup> helme of þy hede, & haf here þy pay; 2248 Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þe me, "When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one." "Nay, bi God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þat me gost lante, I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat falle3; 2252 Botsty3tel þe vpon on strok, & I schal stonde stytle, & warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lyke3, no whare." He lened <i>wiþ</i> þe nek, & lutte, 2256 & schewed þat schyre al bare, & lette as he no3t dutte, For drede he wolde not dare.	"God preserve thee!" says the Green Knight,  "as a true knight 'thou hast timed thy travel' Thou knowest the covenant between us,  that on New Year's day I should return thy blow Here we are alone,  Have off thy helmet and take thy pay at once."  "By God," quoth Sir Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will."  Then he shows his bare neck,  and appears undaunted.
------	---	---

<sup>1</sup> welcon, in MS. <sup>2</sup> truee in MS. <sup>3</sup> MS. þy þy.

## XII.

2260	Then þe gome <i>in</i> þe grene grayþed <i>hym</i> swyþe, Gedere3 yp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte; <i>Wiþ</i> alle þe bur <i>in</i> his body he ber hit on lofte, Munt as ma3tyly, as marre <i>hym</i> he wolde; 2264 Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dre3 as he atled, þer hade ben ded of his dynt, þat do3ty wat3 euer. Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte <i>hym</i> bysyde, As hit com glydande adoun, on glode <i>hym</i> to schende, & schranke a lytel <i>wiþ</i> þe schulderes, for þe scharp yrne. 2268 þat oþer schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wyththalde3, & þe me repreued he þe prynce <i>wiþ</i> mony prowde worde3: "þou art not Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe gome, "þat is so goud halden, þat neuer ar3ed for no here, by hylle ne be vale, 2272 & now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harme3; Such cowardise of þat kny3t cowþe I neuer here. Nawþer fyked I, ne fla3e, freke, quen þou myntest, Ne kest no kauelacion, in kynge3 hous Arthor, 2276 My hede fla3 to my fote, & 3et fla3 I neuer; & þou, er any harme hent, ar3e3 <i>in</i> hert,	Then the man in green seizes his grim tool.  With all his force he raises it aloft.  As it came gliding down, Sir Gawayne shrank a little with his shoulders.  The other reproved him, saying, "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed,  [Fol. 121b.] for thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm. I never flinched when thou struckest.  My head flew to my foot, yet I never fled,
------	--	---

	Wherefore þe better burne me burde be called þer-fore."	wherefore I ought to be called the better man."
2280	<i>Quod</i> G: "I schunt one3, & so wyl I no more, Bot þa3 my hede falle on þe stone3, I con not hit restore.	"I shunted once," says Gawayne, "but will no more.
<b>XIII.</b>		
2284	Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, & bryng me to þe poynt, Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde, For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more, Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe."	Bring me to the point; deal me my destiny at once."
2288	"Haf at þe þe <sup>me</sup> ," <i>quod</i> þat oþer, & heue3 hit alofte, & wayte3 as wroþely, as he wode were; He mynte3 at hym ma3tyly, bot not þe mon ryue3, <sup>1</sup> With-helde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt my3t.	"Have at thee, then," says the other.  With that he aims at him a blow.
2292	Gawayn grayþely hit byde3, & glent w <sup>ith</sup> no membre, Bot stode styll as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer, þat rapeled is in roche grounde, w <sup>ith</sup> rote3 a hundreth. þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon in þe grene,	Gawayne never flinches, but stands as still as a stone.
2296	"So now þou hat3 þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]s; Halde þe now þe hy3e hode, þat Arþur þe ra3t, & kepe þy kanel at þis kest, 3if hit keuer may."	"Now," says the Green Knight, "I must hit thee, since thy heart is whole."
2300	G: ful gryndelly w <sup>ith</sup> greme þe <sup>me</sup> sayde, "Wy þresch on, þou þre mon, þou þrete3 to longe, I hope þat þi hert ar3e wyth þyn awen seluen." "For soþe," <i>quod</i> þat oþer freke, "so felly þou speke3, I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde,	"Thrash on," says the other.
2304	ri3t nowe." þe <sup>me</sup> tas he <sup>2</sup> hym stryþe to stryke, & frounses boþe lyppe & browe, No meruayle þa3 hym myslyke,	Then the Green Knight makes ready to strike.
2308	þat hoped of no rescowe.	

<sup>1</sup> ? *ryne3* = touches. <sup>2</sup> he he, in MS.

### XIV.

	He lyftes ly3tly his lome, & let hit doun fayre, W <sup>ith</sup> þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek þa3 he homered heterly, hurt hym no more,	He let fall his loom on the bare [Fol. 122.] neck of Sir Gawayne.
2312	Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde; þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þur3 þe schyre grece, þat þe schene blod <i>ouer</i> his schulderes schot to þe erþe. & quen þe burne se3 þe blode blenk on þe snawe,	The sharp weapon pierced the flesh so that the blood flowed.  When the knight saw the blood on the snow,
2316	He sprit forth spe <sup>me</sup> fote more þen a spere lenþe, Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast, Schot w <sup>ith</sup> his schuldere3 his fayre schelde vnder, Brayde3 out a bry3t sworde, & bremely he speke3;	he unsheathed his sword, and thus spake:
2320	Neuer syn þat he wat3 burne borne of his moder, Wat3 he neuer in þis worlde, wy3e half so blyþe:— "Blyme, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo; I haf a stroke in þis sted w <sup>ith</sup> -oute stryf hent,	"Cease, man, of thy blow.
2324	& if þow reche3 me any mo, I redyly schal quyte, & 3elde 3ederly a3ayn, & þer to 3e tryst, & foo;	If thou givest me any more, readily shall I requite thee.
2328	Bot on stroke here me falle3, þe couenauzt schop ry3t so, [Sikered] <sup>1</sup> in Arþure3 halle3, & þer-fore, hende, now hoo!"	Our agreement stipulates only one stroke."

<sup>1</sup> Illegible.

### XV.

2332	The habel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested, Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to be scharp lened, & loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde 3ede, How þat do3ty dredles deruely þer stonde3, Armed ful a3le3; in hert hit hym lyke3.	The Green Knight rested on his axe,  looked on Sir Gawayne, who appeared bold and fearless,
2336	þe <sup>m</sup> he mele3 muryly, wyth a much steuen,	

& wyth a r[alykande rurde he to þe renk sayde,  
 "Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel;  
 No mon here vn-manerly þe mys-boden habbe,  
 2340 Ne kyd, bot as couenaunde, at kynge3 kort schaped;  
 I hy3t þe a strok, & þou hit hat3, halde þe wel payed,  
 I relece þe of þe remnauzt, of ry3tes alle oþer;  
 3if<sup>1</sup> I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunzer,  
 2344 I couþe wroþeloker haf waret, [&] to þe haf wro3t anger.<sup>2</sup>  
 Fyrst I mansed þe muryly, wïth a mynt one,  
 & roue þe wyth no rof, sore wïth ry3t I þe profered,  
 2348 For þe forwarde that we fest in þe fyrst ny3t,  
 & þou trystly þe trawþe & trwly me halde3,  
 Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon shulde;  
 Þat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered,  
 Þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cosse3 me ra3te3,  
 2352 For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,  
 houte scape;  
 Trwe mon trwe restore,  
 Þe me þar mon drede no waþe;  
 2356 At þe þrid þou fayled þore,  
 & þer-for þat tappe ta þe.

<sup>1</sup> uf, in MS. <sup>2</sup> This word is doubtful.

## XVI.

For hit is my wede þat þou were3, þat ilke wouen girdel,  
 Myn owen wyf hit þe weued, I wot wel forsoþe;  
 2360 Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als,  
 & þe wowyng of my wyf, I wro3t hit myseluen;  
 I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkke3,  
 2364 On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote 3ede;  
 As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more,  
 So is Gawayn, in god fayth, bi oþer gay kny3te3.  
 Bot here you lakked a lyttel, *sir*; & lewte yow wanted,  
 2368 Bot þat wat3 for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauþer,  
 Bot for 3e lufed *your* lyf, þe lasse I yow blame."  
 Þat oþer stif mon in study stod a gret whyle;  
 So agreued for greme he gryed wïth-ime,  
 2372 Alle þe blode of his brest blende in his face,  
 Þat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked.  
 Þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,—  
 "Corsed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe!  
 In yow is vylany & vyse, þat vertue distrye3."  
 2376 Þe me he ka3t to þe knot, & þe kest lawse3,  
 Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen:  
 "Lo! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle!  
 For care of þy knobbe cowardyse me ta3t  
 2380 To a-corde me wïth couetyse, my kynde to for-sake,  
 þat is larges & lewte, þat longe3 to kny3te3.  
 Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer;  
 Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sor3e  
 2384 & care!  
 I bi-knowe yow, kny3t, here style,  
 Al fawty is my fare,  
 2388 Lete3 me ouer-take *your* wylle,  
 & efle I schal be ware."

## XVII.

The me lo3e þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde,  
 "I halde hit hardily<sup>1</sup> hole, þe harme þat I hade;  
 Þou art confessed so clene, be-knownen of þy mysses,  
 2392 & hat3 þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge,  
 I halde þe polysed of þat ply3t, & pured as clene,  
 As þou hade3 neuer forfeþed, syþen þou wat3 fyrst borne.  
 & I gif þe, *sir*, þe gurdel þat is golde hemmed;  
 2396 For hit is grene as my goune, *sir* G.; 3e maye  
 þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þrynge3  
 Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token  
 Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous kny3te3;  
 2400 & 3e schal in þis nwe 3er a3ayn to my wone3,  
 & we schyn reuel þe remnauzt of þis ryche fest,

and addressed him as follows: "Bold knight, be not so wroth,

I promised thee a stroke and thou hast it, be satisfied.

I could have dealt worse with thee.

I menaced thee with one blow for the covenant  
 [Fol. 122*b*.]  
 between us on the first night.

Another I aimed at thee because thou kissedst my wife.

A true man should restore truly, and then he need fear no harm.

Thou failedst at the third time, and therefore take thee that tap. (See l. 1861.)

For my weed (woven by my wife) thou wearest.

I know thy kisses and my wife's wooing.

I sent her to try thee, and faultless I found thee.

But yet thou sinnedst a little,

for love of thy life."

Gawayne stands confounded.

"Cursed," he says, "be cowardice and covetousness both!"

Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight.

He curses his cowardice,

and confesses himself to have been guilty of untruth.

[Fol. 123.]

Then the other, laughing, thus spoke:

"Thou art confessed so clean,

that I hold thee as pure as if thou hadst never been guilty.

I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle,

as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel.

Come again to my abode, and abide there for the remainder of the festival."



ful bene."  
 2404 Per laþed hym fast þe lorde,  
 & sayde, "with my wyf, I wene,  
 We schal yow wel acorde,  
 þat wat3 your enmy kene."

<sup>1</sup> hardilyly, in MS.

## XVIII.

2408 "Nay, for soþe," quod þe segge, & sesed hys helme,  
 & hat3 hit of hendely, & þe habel þonkke3,  
 "I haf soiornd sadly, sele yow bytyde,  
 & he 3elde hit yow 3are, þat 3arkke3 al menskes!  
 2412 & comaunðe3 me to þat cortays, your comlych fere,  
 Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladye3.  
 þat þus hor kny3t wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled.  
 Bot hit is no ferly, þa3 a fole madde,  
 & þur3 wyles of wymmen be wonen to sor3e;  
 2416 For so wat3 Adam in erde with one bygyled,  
 & Salamon with fele sere, & Samson eft sone3,  
 Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde, & Dauyth þer-after  
 Wat3 blended with Barsabe, þat much bale þoled.  
 2420 Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a wyme huge,  
 To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat coupe,  
 For þes wer forne<sup>1</sup> þe freest þat fol3ed alle þe sele,  
 Ex-ellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuen-ryche,  
 2424 þat mused;  
 & alle þay were bi-wyled,  
 With<sup>2</sup> wymmen þat þay vsed,  
 Þa3 I be now bigyled,  
 2428 Me þink me burde be excused."

<sup>1</sup> forme (?) <sup>2</sup> with wyth, in MS.

"Nay, forsooth," says Gawayne,

"I have sojourned sadly, but bliss betide thee!

Commend me to your comely wife and that other lady who  
 have beguiled me.

But it is no marvel for a man to be brought to grief through a  
 woman's wiles.

Adam, Solomon, Samson, and David were beguiled by women.

How could a man love them and believe them not?

[Fol. 123b.]

Though I be now beguiled, methinks I should be excused.

## XIX.

"Bot your gordel," quod G: "God yow for-3elde!  
 þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe wyme golde,  
 Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes,  
 2432 For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkke3,  
 Bot in syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte;  
 When I ride in renoun, remorde to myseluen  
 þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed,  
 2436 How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylþe;  
 & þus, quen pryde schal me pryk, for prowes of armes,  
 þe loke to þis luf lace schal leþe my hert.  
 Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer;  
 2440 Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde[r] londe, þer I haf lent izme,  
 Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow 3elde  
 þat vp-halde3 þe heuen, & on hy3 sitte3,—  
 How norne 3e yowre ry3t nome, & þemme no more?"  
 2444 "þat schal I telle þe trwly," quod þat oþer þemme,  
 "Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat in þis londe,  
 þur3 my3t of Morgne la Faye, þat in my hous lenges,  
 &<sup>1</sup> koyntyse of clergye, bi craftes wel lerned,  
 2448 þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho<sup>2</sup> taken;  
 For ho hat3 dalt drwry ful dere sum tyme,  
 With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle your kny3te3  
 at hame;  
 2452 Morgne þe goddes,  
 þer-fore hit is hir name;  
 Welde3 non so hy3e hawtesse,  
 þat ho ne con make ful tame.

<sup>1</sup> in (?). <sup>2</sup> ho hat3 (?).

But God reward you for your girdle.

I will wear it in remembrance of my fault.

And when pride shall prick me,  
 a look to this lace shall abate it.

But tell me your right name and I shall have done."

The Green Knight replies, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert,  
 through might of Morgain la Fey, the pupil of Merlin.

She can tame even the haughtiest.

## XX.

2456 Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to your wyme halle,  
 For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were,  
 þat remes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table;

It was she who caused me to test the renown of the Round  
 Table,

2460 Ho wayned me þis wonder, *your wytte* to reue,  
 For to haf greued *Gaynour*; & gart hir to dy3e.  
*With* gopnyng<sup>1</sup> of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych speked,  
*With* his hede *in* his honde, bifore þe hy3e table.  
 2464 Þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady;  
 Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arþure3 half suster,  
 Þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere *Vter after*  
 Hade Arþur vpon, þat apel is nowþe.  
 2468 Þerfore I eþe þe, hapel, to com to þy nauzt,  
 Make myry *in* my hous, my meny þe louies,  
 & I wol þe as wel, wy3e, bi my faythe,  
 As any gome vnder God, for þy grete traupe."  
 2472 & he nikked *hym* naye, he nolde bi no wayes;  
 Þay acolen & kyssen, [bikennen] ayþer oþer  
 To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ry3t þere,  
 on coolde;  
 Gawayn on blonk ful bene,  
 2476 To þe kyng3 bur3 buske3 bolde,  
 & þe kny3t *in* þe enker grene,  
 Whider-warde so euer he wolde.

<sup>1</sup> glopnyng (?).

## XXI.

2480 Wylde waye3 *in* þe worlde Wowen now ryde3,  
 On Gryngolet, þat þe *grace* hade geten of his lyue;  
 Ofte he herbered *in* house, & ofte al þeroute,  
 & mony a-venture *in* vale, & venquyst ofte,  
 2484 Þat I ne ty3t, at þis tyme, *in* tale to remene.  
 Þe hurt wat3 hole, þat he hade hent *in* his nek,  
 & þe blykkande belt he bere þeraboute,  
 A belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde,  
 2488 Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, *with* a knot,  
*In* tokenyng he wat3 tane *in* tech of a faute;  
 & þus he *commes* to þe court, kny3t al *in* sounde.  
 Þer wakned wele *in* þat wone, when wyst þe grete,  
 2492 Þat gode G: wat3 *commen*, gayn hit *hym* þo3t;  
 Þe kyng kysse3 þe kny3t, & þe whene alce,  
 & syþen mony syker kny3t, þat so3t *hym* to haylce,  
 Of his fare þat *hym* frayned, & ferlyly he telles;  
 2496 Biknowo3 alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—  
 Þe chauce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe kny3t,  
 Þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last.  
 Þe nirt *in* þe nek he naked hem schewed,  
 2500 Þat he la3t for his vnleute at þe leudes hondes,  
 for blame;  
 He tened quen he schulde telle,  
 He goned for gref & grame;  
 Þe blod *in* his face con melle,  
 2504 When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

## XXII.

2508 "Lo! lorde," *quod* þe leude, & þe lace hondeled,  
 "Þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek,  
 Þis is þe laþe & þe losse, þat I la3t haue,  
 Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf ca3t þare,  
 Þis is þe token of vn-trawþe, þat I am tan *ime*,  
 & I mot nede3 hit were, wyle I may last;  
 2512 For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit,  
 For þer hit one3 is tachched, twymme wil hit neuer."  
 Þe kyng comforte3 þe kny3t, & alle þe court als,  
 La3en loude þer-at, & luflyly acorden,  
 2516 Þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table,  
 Vche burne of þe broþer-hede a bauderyk schulde haue,  
 A bende, a belef *hym* aboute, of a bry3t grene,  
 & þat, for sake of þat segge, *in* swete to were.  
 For þat wat3 acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,  
 2520 & he honoured þat hit hade, euer-more after,  
 As hit is breued *in* þe best boke of romaunce.  
 Þus *in* *Arthurus* day þis aunter bitidde,  
 Þe Brutus boke3 þer-of beres wyttensse;

[Fol. 124.]  
 hoping to grieve Guenever and cause her death through fear.

She is even thine aunt.

Therefore come to her and make merry in my house."

Gawayne refuses to return with the Green Knight.

On horse full fair he bends to Arthur's hall.

Wild ways now Gawayne rides.

Oft he harboured in house and oft thereout.

The wound in his neck became whole.  
 He still carried about him the belt,

in token of his fault.  
 Thus he comes to the Court of King Arthur.  
 Great then was the joy of all.

The king and his knights ask him concerning his journey.

Gawayne tells them of his adventures,

[Fol. 124*b*.]  
 the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace.

He showed them the cut in his neck.

He groaned for grief and shame, and the blood rushed into his face.

"Lo!" says he, handling the lace, "this is the band of blame,

a token of my cowardice and covetousness,

I must needs wear it as long as I live."

The king comforts the knight, and all the court too.

Each knight of the brotherhood agrees to wear a bright green belt,

for Gawayne's sake,

who ever more honoured it.

Thus in Arthur's day this adventure befell.

- 2524 Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, bo3ed hider fyrst,  
 After þe segge & þe asaute wat3 sesed at Troye,  
 I-wysse;  
 Mony auntere3 here bi-forne,  
 2528 Haf fallen suche er þis:  
 Now þat bere þe croun of þorne, He that bore the crown of thorns bring us to His bliss!  
 He bryng vus to his blysse! AMEN.

NOTES.

- Line 8 Ricchis turns, goes,  
 The king ...  
*Ricchis* his reynys and the Renke metys:  
 Girden to gedur with þere grete speires.—T.B. l. 1232.
- 37 *Þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse.*  
*Camalot*, in Malory's "Morte Arthure," is said to be the same as Winchester. Ritson supposes it to be *Caer-went*, in Monmouthshire, and afterwards confounded with *Caer-wynt*, or *Winchester*. But popular tradition here seems the best guide, which assigned the site of *Camalot* to the ruins of a castle on a hill, near the church of South Cadbury, in Somersetshire (Sir F. Madden).
- 65 *Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte.*  
 Christmas celebrated anew, mentioned full often.  
 Sir F. Madden leaves the word *nayted* unexplained in his Glossary to "Syr Gawayne."
- 124 *syluener* = *sylueren*, i.e. silver dishes.
- 139 *lyndes* = *lendes*, loins.
- 142 *in his muckel*, in his greatness.
- 184 Wat3 eused al umbe-torne—? was trimmed, all cut evenly around; *umbe-torne* may be an error for *vmbe-corue* = cut round.
- 216 *in gracios werkes*. Sir F. Madden reads *gracons* for *gracios*, and suggests *Greek* as the meaning of it.
- 244-5 *As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3*  
*in hy3e.*  
 As all were fallen asleep so ceased their words  
 in haste (suddenly).  
 Sir F. Madden reads *slaked horlote3*, instead of *slaked hor lote3*, which, according to his glossary, signifies drunken vagabonds. He evidently takes *horlote3* to be another (and a very uncommon) form of *harlote3* = *harlots*. But *harlot*, or vagabond, would be a very inappropriate term to apply to the noble *Knights of the Round Table*. Moreover, *slaked* never, I think, means drunken. The general sense of the verb *slake* is to let loose, lessen, cease. Cf. lines 411-2, where *sloke*, another form of *slake*, occurs with a similar meaning:  
 — *layt no fyrre; bot slokes.*  
 — seek no further, but stop (cease).  
 Sir F. Madden suggests *blows* as the explanation of *slokes*. It is, however, a *verb* in the imperative mood.
- 286 *Brayn*. Mätzner suggests *brayn-wod*.
- 296 *barlay* = par loi. This word is exceedingly common in the T. Book (see l. 3391).  
 I bid you now, *barlay*, with besines at all  
 þat ye set you most soverainly my suster to gete.—T.B. l. 2780.
- 394 *siker*. Sir F. Madden reads *swer*.
- 440 *bluk*. Sir F. Madden suggests *blunk* (horse). I am inclined to keep to the reading of the MS., and explain *bluk* as = *bulk* = trunk. Cf. the use of the word *Blok* in "Early English Alliterative Poems," p. 100, l. 272.
- 558 *derue doel*, etc. = great grief. Sir F. Madden reads *derne*, i.e. secret, instead of *derue* (= *derf*). Cf. line 564.
- 577 *knaged*, fastened.  
 The braunches were borly, sum of bright gold,  
 With leuys full luffly, light of the same;  
 With burions aboue bright to beholde;  
 And fruit on yt fourmyt of fairest of shap,  
 Of mony kynd that was knyht, *knaged* aboue.—T.B. l. 4973.
- 629 *& ay quere hit is endele3*, etc.  
 And everywhere it is *endless*, etc.  
 Sir F. Madden reads *emdele3*, i.e. with equal sides.
- 652 *for-be* = *for-bi* = surpassing, beyond.
- 681 for *Hadet* read *Halet* = *haled* = exiled (?). See line 1049.
- 806 *auinant* = *auenaunt*, pleasantly. Sir F. Madden reads *amnant*.
- 954 *of*. Should we not read *on* (?)

- 957 *Bat ober wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer be swyre.*  
The *gorger* or *wimple* is stated first to have appeared in Edward the First's reign, and an example is found on the monument of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who died in 1269. From the poem, however, it would seem that the *gorger* was confined to elderly ladies (Sir F. Madden)
- 968 *More lykker-wys on to lyk,*  
*Wat3 bat scho had on lode.*  
A more pleasant one to like,  
Was that (one) she had under her control.
- 988 *tayt* = lively, and hence pleasant, agreeable.
- 1015 *in vayres*, in purity.
- 1020 *dut* = *dunt* (?) = *dint* (?), referring to *sword-sports*.
- 1022 *sayn[t] Ione3 day*. This is the 27th of December, and the last of the feast. Sometimes the Christmas festivities were prolonged to New Year's Day (Sir F. Madden).
- 1047 *derne dede* = secret deed. I would prefer to read *derue dede* = great deed. Cf. lines 558, 564.
- 1053 *I wot in worlde*, etc. = *I not* (I know not) *in worlde*, etc.
- 1054 *I nolde, bot if I hit negh my3t on nw3eres morne,*  
*For alle be londe in-wyth Logres*, etc.  
I would not [delay to set out], unless I might approach it on New Year's morn, for all the lands within England, etc.
- 1074 *in spenne* = *in space* = in the interval = meanwhile. See line 1503.
- 1160 *slentyng of arwes*. Sir F. Madden reads *sleutyng*.  
"Of drawyn swordis *sclentyng* to and fra,  
The brycht mettale, and othir armouris seir,  
Quharon the sonnys blenkis betis cleir,  
Glitteris and schane, and vnder bemys brycht,  
Castis ane new twynklyng or a lemand lycht."  
(G. Douglas' *Aeneid*, Vol. i, p. 421.)
- 1281 *let lyk* = appeared pleased.
- 1283 *Pa3 I were burde bry3test, be burde in mynde hade*, etc.  
The sense requires us to read:  
*Pa3 ho were burde bry3test, be burne in mynde hade*, etc.  
i.e., Though she were lady fairest, the knight in mind had, etc.
- 1440 *Long sythen [seuered] for be sounder bat wi3t for-olde*  
Long since separated from the *sounder* or herd that fierce (one) for-aged (grew very old).  
"Now to speke of the boore, the fyrste year he is  
A pygge of the *sounder* callyd, as haue I blys;  
The secunde yere an hogge, and soo shall he be,  
And an hoggistere, whan he is of yeres thre;  
And when he is foure yere, a boor shall he be,  
From the *sounder* of the swyne thenne departyth he;  
A synguler is he soo, for alone he woll go."  
(Book of St. Alban's, ed. 1496, sig. *d.*, i.)
- 1476 *totes* = looks, toots.  
Sho went up wightly by a walle syde.  
To the toppe of a toure and *tot* ouer the water.—T.B. l. 862.
- 1623 A verb [? *laledede* = cried] seems wanting after *lorde*.
- 1702 *fnasted*, breathed.  
These balfull bestes were, as the boke tellus,  
Full flaumond of fyre with *fnastyng* of logh.—T.B. l. 168.
- 1710 *a strothe rande* = a rugged path. Cf. the phrases *tene greue*, l. 1707; *ro3e greue*, l. 1898.
- 1729 *bi lag* = *be-lagh*(?) = below (?).
- 1719 *Thenne wat3 hit lif vpon list*, etc.  
Should we not read:  
*Thenne wat3 hit list vpon lif*, etc.  
i.e., Then was there joy in life, etc.
- 1780 *lyf* = *lef*(?), beloved (one).
- 1869 *Ho hat3 kyst be kny3t so to3t.*  
*She has kissed the knight so courteous.*  
Sir F. Madden explains *to3t*, promptly. *To3t* seems to be the same as the Northumbrian *taght* in the following extract from the "Morte Arthure":  
"There come in at the fyrste course, before the kyng seluene,  
Bare hevedys that ware bryghte, burnyste with sylver,  
Alle with *taghte* mene and *towne* in togers fulle ryche."—(p. 15.)  
The word *towne* (well-behaved) still exists in *wan-ton*, the original meaning of which was ill-mannered, ill-bred.
- 1909 *bray hounde3* = *brap hounde3*, i.e. fierce hounds.

- 1995 *He hat3 nere þat he so3t = He wat3 nere þat he so3t =* He was near to that which he sought.
- 2160 *gedere3 þe rake =* takes the path or way.
- 2167 *þe skwe3 of þe scowtes skayued hym þo3t.*  
The shadows of the hills appeared wild (desolate) to him. Sir F. Madden reads *skayned*, of which he gives no explanation. *Skayued = skayfed*, seems to be the N. Prov. English *scafe*, wild. Scotch *schaivie*, wild, mad. O.N. *skeifr*. Sw. *skef*, awry, distorted.
- 2204 *ronge =* clattered.
- 2211 *Drede dot3 me no lote =*  
No noise shall cause me to dread (fear).
- 2357 *& þer-for þat tappe ta þe.*  
And therefore take thee that tap.  
*ta þe =* take thee. Sir F. Madden reads *taþe = taketh*. See l. 413, where *to þe* rhymes with *sothe*. We have no imperatives in *th* in this poem.
- 2401 *We schyn reuel*, etc. Sir F. Madden reads *wasch yn reuel*. But *schyn = shall*. See Glossary to "Alliterative Poems."
- 2474 *on-coolde = on-colde = coldly =* sorrowfully.
- 2489 *in-sounde = soundly*, well. Cf. *in-blande = together; in-lyche*, alike; *inmydde3*, amidst.

## Sir Gawayne

and

## The Green Knight:

AN ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE-POEM,

(AB. 1360 A.D.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS."

RE-EDITED FROM COTTON. MS. NERO, A.x., IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

BY

RICHARD MORRIS,

EDITOR OF HAMPOLE'S "PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE," "EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS," ETC.;

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, 1869.

LONDON

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW,

MDCCCLXIV.

---

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

---

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In re-editing the present romance-poem I have been saved all labour of transcription by using the very accurate text contained in Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne."

I have not only read his copy with the manuscript, but also the proof-sheets as they came to hand, hoping by this means to give the reader a text free from any errors of transcription.

The present edition differs from that of the earlier one in having the contractions of the manuscript expanded and side-notes added to the text to enable the reader to follow with some degree of ease the author's pleasant narrative of Sir Gawayne's adventures.

The Glossary is taken from Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne,"<sup>1</sup> to which, for the better interpretation of the text, I have made several additions, and have, moreover, glossed nearly all the words previously left unexplained.

For a description of the Manuscript, and particulars relating to the authorship and dialect of the present work, the reader is referred to the preface to *Early English Alliterative Poems*.

R.M.

LONDON,  
December 22, 1864.

[<sup>1</sup> Sir F. Madden has most generously placed at the disposal of the Early English Text Society any of his works which it may determine to re-edit.]

---

## INTRODUCTION.

No Knight of the Round Table has been so highly honoured by the old Romance-writers as Sir Gawayne, the son of Loth, and nephew to the renowned Arthur. They delighted to describe him as Gawayne the good, a man matchless on mould, the most gracious that under God lived, the hardiest of hand, the most fortunate in arms, and the most polite in hall, whose knowledge, knighthood, kindly works, doings, doughtiness, and deeds of arms were known in all lands.

When Arthur beheld the dead body of his kinsman lying on the ground bathed in blood, he is said to have exclaimed, "O righteous God, this blood were worthy to be preserved and enshrined in gold!" Our author, too, loves to speak of his hero in similar terms of praise, calling him the knight faultless in his five wits, void of every offence, and adorned with every earthly virtue. He represents him as one whose trust was in the five wounds, and in whom the five virtues which distinguished the true knight were more firmly established than in any other on earth.

The author of the present story, who, as we know from his religious poems, had an utter horror of moral impurity, could have chosen no better subject for a romance in which amusement and moral instruction were to be combined. In the following tale he shows how the true knight, though tempted sorely not once alone, but twice, nay thrice, breaks not his vow of chastity, but turns aside the tempter's shafts with the shield of purity and arm of faith, and so passes scatheless through the perilous defile of trial and opportunity seeming safe.

But while our author has borrowed many of the details of his story from the "Roman de Perceval" by Chrestien de Troyes, he has made the narrative more attractive by the introduction of several original and highly interesting passages which throw light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

The following elaborate descriptions are well deserving of especial notice:—

- I. The mode of completely arming a knight (ll. 568-589).
- II. The hunting and breaking the deer (ll. 1126-1359).
- III. The hunting and unlacing the wild boar (ll. 1412-1614).
- IV. A fox hunt (ll. 1675-1921).

The following is an outline of the story of Gawayne's adventures, more or less in the words of the writer himself:—

Arthur, the greatest of Britain's kings, holds the Christmas festival at Camelot, surrounded by the celebrated knights of the Round Table, noble lords, the most renowned under heaven, and ladies the loveliest that ever had life (ll. 37-57). This noble company celebrate the New Year by a religious service, by the bestowal of gifts, and the most joyous mirth. Lords and ladies take their seats at the table—Queen Guenever, the grey-eyed, gaily dressed, sits at the daïs, the high table, or table of state, where too sat Gawayne and Ywain together with other worthies of the Round Table (ll. 58-84, 107-115). Arthur, in mood as joyful as a child, his blood young and his brain wild, declares that he will not eat nor sit long at the table until some adventurous thing, some uncouth tale, some great marvel, or some encounter of arms has occurred to mark the return of the New Year (ll. 85-106).

The first course was announced with cracking of trumpets, with the noise of nakers and

noble pipes.

"Each two had dishes twelve,  
Good beer and bright wine both."

Scarcely was the first course served when another noise than that of music was heard. There rushes in at the hall-door a knight of gigantic stature—the greatest on earth—in measure high. He was clothed entirely in green, and rode upon a green foal (ll. 116-178). Fair wavy hair fell about the shoulders of the Green Knight, and a great beard like a bush hung upon his breast (ll. 179-202).

The knight carried no helmet, shield, or spear, but in one hand a holly bough, and in the other an axe "huge and unmeet," the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor (ll. 203-220). Thus arrayed, the Green Knight enters the hall without saluting any one. The first word that he uttered was, "Where is the govenour of this gang? gladly would I see him and with himself speak reason." To the knights he cast his eye, looking for the most renowned. Much did the noble assembly marvel to see a man and a horse of such a hue, green as the grass. Even greener they seemed than green enamel on bright gold. Many marvels had they seen, but none such as this. They were afraid to answer, but sat stone-still in a dead silence, as if overpowered by sleep;

"Not all from fear, but some for courtesy" (ll. 221-249).

Then Arthur before the high daïs salutes the Green Knight, bids him welcome, and entreats him to stay awhile at his Court. The knight says that his errand is not to abide in any dwelling, but to seek the most valiant of the heroes of the Round Table that he may put his courage to the proof, and thus satisfy himself as to the fame of Arthur's court. "I come," he says, "in peace, as ye may see by this branch that I bear here. Had I come with hostile intentions, I should not have left my hauberk, helmet, shield, sharp spear, and other weapons behind me. But because I desire no war, 'my weeds are softer.' If thou be so bold as all men say, thou wilt grant me the request I am about to make." "Sir courteous knight," replies Arthur, "if thou cravest battle only, here failest thou not to fight." "Nay," says the Green Knight, "I seek no fighting. Here about on this bench are only beardless children. Were I arrayed in arms on a high steed no man here would be a match for me (ll. 250-282). But it is now Christmas time, and this is the New Year, and I see around me many brave ones;—if any be so bold in his blood that dare strike a stroke for another, I shall give him this rich axe to do with it whatever he pleases. I shall abide the first blow just as I sit, and will stand him a stroke, stiff on this floor, provided that I deal him another in return.

And yet give I him respite,  
A twelvemonth and a day;  
Now haste and let see tite (soon)  
Dare any here-in ought say."

If he astounded them at first, much more so did he after this speech, and fear held them all silent. The knight, righting himself in his saddle, rolls fiercely his red eyes about, bends his bristly green brows, and strokes his beard awaiting a reply. But finding none that would carp with him, he exclaims, "What! is this Arthur's house, the fame of which has spread through so many realms? Forsooth, the renown of the Round Table is overturned by the word of one man's speech, for all tremble for dread without a blow being struck!" (ll. 283-313). With this he laughed so loud that Arthur blushed for very shame, and waxed as wroth as the wind. "I know no man," he says, "that is aghast at thy great words. Give me now thy axe and I will grant thee thy request!" Arthur seizes the axe, grasps the handle, and sternly brandishes it about, while the Green Knight, with a stern cheer and a dry countenance, stroking his beard and drawing down his coat, awaits the blow (ll. 314-335). Sir Gawayne, the nephew of the king, beseeches his uncle to let him undertake the encounter; and, at the earnest entreaty of his nobles, Arthur consents "to give Gawayne the game" (ll. 336-365).

Sir Gawayne then takes possession of the axe, but, before the blow is dealt, the Green Knight asks the name of his opponent. "In good faith," answers the good knight, "Gawayne I am called, that bids thee to this buffet, whatever may befall after, and at this time twelvemonth will take from thee another, with whatever weapon thou wilt, and with no wight else alive." "By Gog," quoth the Green Knight, "it pleases me well that I shall receive at thy fist that which I have sought here—moreover thou hast truly rehearsed the terms of the covenant,—but thou shalt first pledge me thy word that thou wilt seek me thyself, wheresoever on earth thou believest I may be found, and fetch thee such wages as thou dealest me to-day before this company of doughty ones." "Where should I seek thee?" replies Gawayne, "where is thy place? I know not thee, thy court, or thy name. I wot not where thou dwellest, but teach me thereto, tell me how thou art called, and I shall endeavour to find thee,—and that I swear thee for truth and by my sure troth." "That is enough in New Year," says the groom in green, "if I tell thee when I have received the tap. When thou hast smitten me, then smartly I will teach thee of my house, my home, and my own name, so that thou mayest follow my track and fulfil the covenant between us. If I spend no speech, then speedest thou the better, for

then mayest thou remain in thy own land and seek no further; but cease thy talking<sup>1</sup> (ll. 366-412). Take now thy grim tool to thee and let us see how thou knockest." "Gladly, sir, for sooth," quoth Gawayne, and his axe he brandishes.

[<sup>1</sup> This, I think, is the true explanation of *slokes*.]

The Green Knight adjusts himself on the ground, bends slightly his head, lays his long lovely locks over his crown, and lays bare his neck for the blow. Gawayne then gripped the axe, and, raising it on high, let it fall quickly upon the knight's neck and severed the head from the body. The fair head fell from the neck to the earth, and many turned it aside with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood burst from the body, yet the knight never faltered nor fell; but boldly he started forth on stiff shanks and fiercely rushed forward, seized his head, and lifted it up quickly. Then he runs to his horse, the bridle he catches, steps into his stirrups and strides aloft. His head by the hair he holds in his hands, and sits as firmly in his saddle as if no mishap had ailed him, though headless he was (ll. 413-439). He turned his ugly trunk about—that ugly body that bled,—and holding the head in his hand, he directed the face toward the "dearest on the dais." The head lifted up its eyelids and looked abroad, and thus much spoke with its mouth as ye may now hear:

"Loke, Gawayne, thou be prompt to go as thou hast promised, and seek till thou find me according to thy promise made in the hearing of these knights. Get thee to the Green Chapel, I charge thee, to fetch such a dint as thou hast dealt, to be returned on New Year's morn. As the Knight of the Green Chapel I am known to many, wherefore if thou seekest thou canst not fail to find me. Therefore come, or recreant be called." With a fierce start the reins he turns, rushes out of the hall-door, his head in his hand, so that the fire of the flint flew from the hoofs of his foal. To what kingdom he belonged knew none there, nor knew they from whence he had come. What then?

"The king and Gawayne there  
At that green (one) they laugh and grin."

Though Arthur wondered much at the marvel, he let no one see that he was at all troubled about it, but full loudly thus spake to his comely queen with courteous speech:

"Dear dame, to-day be never dismayed, well happens such craft at Christmas time. I may now proceed to meat, for I cannot deny that I have witnessed a wondrous adventure this day" (ll. 440-475).

He looked upon Sir Gawayne and said, "Now, sir, hang up thine axe, for enough has it hewn." So the weapon was hung up on high that all might look upon it, and "by true title thereof tell the wonder." Then all the knights hastened to their seats at the table, so did the king and our good knight, and they were there served with all dainties, "with all manner of meat and minstrelsy."

Though words were wanting when they first to seat went, now are their hands full of stern work, and the marvel affords them good subject for conversation. But a year passes full quickly and never returns,—the beginning is seldom like the end; wherefore this Christmas passed away and the year after, and each season in turn followed after another (ll. 476-520). Thus winter winds round again, and then Gawayne thinks of his wearisome journey (ll. 521-535). On All-hallows day Arthur entertains right nobly the lords and ladies of his court in honour of his nephew, for whom all courteous knights and lovely ladies were in great grief. Nevertheless they spoke only of mirth, and, though joyless themselves, made many a joke to cheer the good Sir Gawayne (ll. 536-565). Early on the morrow Sir Gawayne, with great ceremony, is arrayed in his armour (ll. 566-589), and thus completely equipped for his adventure he first hears mass, and afterwards takes leave of Arthur, the knights of the Round Table, and the lords and ladies of the court, who kiss him and commend him to Christ. He bids them all good day, as he thought, for evermore (ll. 590-669);

"*Very much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.*"

Now rides our knight through the realms of England with no companion but his foal, and no one to hold converse with save God alone. From Camelot, in Somersetshire, he proceeds through Gloucestershire and the adjoining counties into Montgomeryshire, and thence through North Wales to Holyhead, adjoining the Isle of Anglesea (ll. 670-700), from which he passes into the very narrow peninsula of Wirral, in Cheshire, where dwelt but few that loved God or man. Gawayne enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel, but all the inhabitants declare that they have never seen "any man of such hues of green."

The knight thence pursues his journey by strange paths, over hill and moor, encountering on his way not only serpents, wolves, bulls, bears, and boars, but wood satyrs and giants. But worse than all those, however, was the sharp winter, "when the cold clear water shed from the clouds, and froze ere it might fall to the earth. Nearly slain with the sleet he slept in his armour, more nights than enough, in naked rocks" (ll.



Thus in peril and plight the knight travels on until Christmas-eve, and to Mary he makes his moan that she may direct him to some abode. On the morn he arrives at an immense forest, wondrously wild, surrounded by high hills on every side, where he found hoary oaks full huge, a hundred together. The hazel and the hawthorn intermingled were all overgrown with moss, and upon their boughs sat many sad birds that piteously piped for pain of the cold. Gawayne besought the Lord and Mary to guide him to some habitation where he might hear mass (ll. 730-762). Scarcely had he crossed himself thrice, when he perceived a dwelling in the wood set upon a hill. It was the loveliest castle he had ever beheld. It was pitched on a prairie, with a park all about it, enclosing many a tree for more than two miles. It shone as the sun through the bright oaks (ll. 763-772).

Gawayne urges on his steed Gringolet, and finds himself at the "chief gate." He called aloud, and soon there appeared a "porter" on the wall, who demanded his errand.

"Good sir," quoth Gawayne, "wouldst thou go to the high lord of this house, and crave a lodging for me?"

"Yea, by Peter!" replied the porter, "well I know that thou art welcome to dwell here as long as thou likest."

The drawbridge is soon let down, and the gates opened wide to receive the knight. Many noble ones hasten to bid him welcome (ll. 773-825). They take away his helmet, sword, and shield, and many a proud one presses forward to do him honour. They bring him into the hall, where a fire was brightly burning upon the hearth. Then the lord of the land<sup>1</sup> comes from his chamber and welcomes Sir Gawayne, telling him that he is to consider the place as his own. Our knight is next conducted to a bright bower, where was noble bedding—curtains of pure silk, with golden hems, and Tarsic tapestries upon the walls and the floors (ll. 826-859). Here the knight doffed his armour and put on rich robes, which so well became him, that all declared that a more comely knight Christ had never made (ll. 860-883).

[<sup>1</sup> Gawayne is now in the castle of the Green Knight, who, divested of his elvish or supernatural character, appears to our knight merely as a bold one with a beaver-hued beard.]

A table is soon raised, and Gawayne, having washed, proceeds to meat. Many dishes are set before him—"sews" of various kinds, fish of all kinds, some baked in bread, others broiled on the embers, some boiled, and others seasoned with spices. The knight expresses himself well pleased, and calls it a most noble and princely feast.

After dinner, in reply to numerous questions, he tells his host that he is Gawayne, one of the Knights of the Round Table. When this was made known great was the joy in the hall. Each one said softly to his companion, "Now we shall see courteous behaviour and learn the terms of noble discourse, since we have amongst us 'that fine father of nurture.' Truly God has highly favoured us in sending us such a noble guest as Sir Gawayne" (ll. 884-927). At the end of the Christmas festival Gawayne desires to take his departure from the castle, but his host persuades him to stay, promising to direct him to the Green Chapel (about two miles from the castle), that he may be there by the appointed time (ll. 1029-1082).

A covenant is made between them, the terms of which were that the lord of the castle should go out early to the chase, that Gawayne meanwhile should lie in his loft at his ease, then rise at his usual hour, and afterwards sit at table with his hostess, and that at the end of the day they should make an exchange of whatever they might obtain in the interim. "Whatever I win in the wood," says the lord, "shall be yours, and what thou gettest shall be mine" (ll. 1083-1125).

Full early before daybreak the folk uprise, saddle their horses, and truss their mails. The noble lord of the land, arrayed for riding, eats hastily a sop, and having heard mass, proceeds with a hundred hunters to hunt the wild deer (ll. 1126-1177).

All this time Gawayne lies in his gay bed. His nap is disturbed by a little noise at the door, which is softly opened. He heaves up his head out of the clothes, and, peeping through the curtains, beholds a most lovely lady (the wife of his host). She came towards the bed, and the knight laid himself down quickly, pretending to be asleep. The lady stole to the bed, cast up the curtains, crept within, sat her softly on the bed-side, and waited some time till the knight should awake. After lurking awhile under the clothes considering what it all meant, Gawayne unlocked his eyelids, and put on a look of surprise, at the same time making the sign of the cross, as if afraid of some hidden danger (ll. 1178-1207). "Good morrow, sir," said that fair lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus. I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure." "Good morrow," quoth Gawayne, "I shall act according to your will with great pleasure, but permit me to rise that I may the more comfortably converse with you." "Nay, beau sir,"

said that sweet one, "ye shall not rise from your bed, for since I have caught my knight I shall hold talk with him. I ween well that ye are Sir Gawayne that all the world worships, whose honour and courtesy are so greatly praised. Now ye are here, and we are alone (my lord and his men being afar off, other men, too, are in bed, so are my maidens), and the door is safely closed, I shall use my time well while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my person to do with it as ye please, and I will be your servant" (ll. 1208-1240).

Gawayne behaves most discreetly, for the remembrance of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel prevents him from thinking of love (ll. 1205-1289). At last the lady takes leave of the knight by catching him in her arms and kissing him (ll. 1290-1307). The day passes away merrily, and at dusk the Lord of the castle returns from the chase. He presents the venison to Gawayne according to the previous covenant between them. Our knight gives his host a kiss as the only piece of good fortune that had fallen to him during the day. "It is good," says the other, "and would be much better if ye would tell me where ye won such bliss" (ll. 1308-1394). "That was not in our covenant," replies Gawayne, "so try me no more." After much laughing on both sides they proceed to supper, and afterwards, while the choice wine is being carried round, Gawayne and his host renew their agreement. Late at night they take leave of each other and hasten to their beds. "By the time that the cock had crowed and cackled thrice" the lord was up, and after "meat and mass" were over the hunters make for the woods, where they give chase to a wild boar who had grown old and mischievous (ll. 1395-1467).

While the sportsmen are hunting this "wild swine" our lovely knight lies in his bed. He is not forgotten by the lady, who pays him an early visit, seeking to make further trial of his virtues. She sits softly by his side and tells him that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before (ll. 1468-1486). "I taught you of kissing," says she; "that becomes every courteous knight." Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden him. The lady replies that he is strong enough to enforce his own wishes. Our knight answers that every gift not given with a good will is worthless. His fair visitor then enquires how it is that he who is so skilled in the true sport of love and so renowned a knight, has never talked to her of love (ll. 1487-1524). "You ought," she says, "to show and teach a young thing like me some tokens of true-love's crafts; I come hither and sit here alone to learn of you some game; do teach me of your wit while my lord is from home." Gawayne replies that he cannot undertake the task of expounding true-love and tales of arms to one who has far more wisdom than he possesses. Thus did our knight avoid all appearance of evil, though sorely pressed to do what was wrong (ll. 1525-1552). The lady, having bestowed two kisses upon Sir Gawayne, takes her leave of him (ll. 1553-1557).

At the end of the day the lord of the castle returns home with the shields and head of the wild boar. He shows them to his guest, who declares that "such a brawn of a beast, nor such sides of a swine," he never before has seen. Gawayne takes possession of the spoil according to covenant, and in return he bestows two kisses upon his host, who declares that his guest has indeed been rich with "such chaffer" (ll. 1558-1647).

After much persuasion, Gawayne consents to stop at the castle another day (ll. 1648-1685). Early on the morrow the lord and his men hasten to the woods, and come upon the track of a fox, the hunting of which affords them plenty of employment and sport (ll. 1686-1730). Meanwhile our good knight sleeps soundly within his comely curtains. He is again visited by the lady of the castle. So gaily was she attired, and so "faultless of her features," that great joy warmed the heart of Sir Gawayne. With soft and pleasant smiles "they smite into mirth," and are soon engaged in conversation. Had not Mary thought of her knight, he would have been in great peril (ll. 1731-1769). So sorely does the fair one press him with her love, that he fears lest he should become a traitor to his host. The lady enquires whether he has a mistress to whom he has plighted his troth. The knight swears by St John that he neither has nor desires one. This answer causes the dame to sigh for sorrow, and telling him that she must depart, she asks for some gift, if it were only a glove, by which she might "think on the knight and lessen her grief" (ll. 1770-1800). Gawayne assures her that he has nothing worthy of her acceptance; that he is on an "uncouth errand," and therefore has "no men with no mails containing precious things," for which he is truly sorry.

Quoth that lovesome (one)—

"Though I had nought of yours,  
Yet should ye have of mine.

Thus saying, she offers him a rich ring of red gold "with a shining stone standing aloft," that shone like the beams of the bright sun. The knight refused the gift, as he had nothing to give in return. "Since ye refuse my ring," says the lady, "because it seems too rich, and ye would not be beholden to me, I shall give you my girdle that is less valuable" (ll. 1801-1835). But Gawayne replies that he will not accept gold or reward of any kind, though "ever in hot and in cold" he will be her true servant.

"Do ye refuse it," asks the lady, "because it seems simple and of little value? Whoso

knew the virtues that are knit therein would estimate it more highly. For he who is girded with this green lace cannot be wounded or slain by any man under heaven." The knight thinks awhile, and it strikes him that this would be a "jewel for the jeopardy" that he had to undergo at the Green Chapel. So he not only accepts the lace, but promises to keep the possession of it a secret (ll. 1836-1865). By that time the lady had kissed him thrice, and she then takes "her leave and leaves him there."

Gawayne rises, dresses himself in noble array, and conceals the "love lace" where he might find it again. He then hies to mass, shrives him of his misdeeds, and obtains absolution. On his return to the hall he solaces the ladies with comely carols and all kinds of joy (ll. 1866-1892). The dark night came, and then the lord of the castle, having slain the fox, returns to his "dear home," where he finds a fire brightly turning and his guest amusing the ladies (ll. 1893-1927). Gawayne, in fulfilment of his agreement, kisses his host thrice.<sup>1</sup> "By Christ," quoth the other knight, "ye have caught much bliss. I have hunted all this day and nought have I got but the skin of this foul fox (the devil have the goods!), and that is full poor for to pay for such precious things" (ll. 1928-1951).

After the usual evening's entertainment, Gawayne retires to rest. The next morning, being New Year's day, is cold and stormy. Snow falls, and the dales are full of drift. Our knight in his bed locks his eyelids, but full little he sleeps. By each cock that crows he knows the hour, and before day-break he calls for his chamberlain, who quickly brings him his armour (ll. 1952-2014). While Gawayne clothed himself in his rich weeds he forgot not the "lace, the lady's gift," but with it doubly girded his loins. He wore it not for its rich ornaments, "but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer," and as a safeguard against sword or knife (ll. 2015-2046).

Having thanked his host and all the renowned assembly for the great kindness he had experienced at their hands, "he steps into stirrups and strides aloft" (ll. 2047-2068).

The drawbridge is let down, and the broad gates unbarred and borne open upon both sides, and the knight, after commending the castle to Christ, passes thereout and goes on his way accompanied by his guide, that should teach him to turn to that place where he should receive the much-dreaded blow. They climb over cliffs, where each hill had a hat and a mist-cloak, until the next morn, when they find themselves on a full high hill covered with snow. The servant bids his master remain awhile, saying, "I have brought you hither at this time, and now ye are not far from that noted place that ye have so often enquired after. The place that ye press to is esteemed full perilous, and there dwells a man in that waste the worst upon earth, for he is stiff and stern and loves to strike, and greater is he than any man upon middle-earth, and his body is bigger than the best four in Arthur's house. He keeps the Green Chapel; there passes none by that place, however proud in arms, that he does not 'ding him to death with dint of his hand.' He is a man immoderate and 'no mercy uses,' for be it churl or chaplain that by the chapel rides, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, it is as pleasant to him to kill them as to go alive himself. Wherefore I tell thee truly, 'come ye there, ye be killed, though ye had twenty lives to spend. He has dwelt there long of yore, and on field much sorrow has wrought. Against his sore dints ye may not defend you' (ll. 2069-2117). Therefore, good Sir Gawayne, let the man alone, and for God's sake go by some other path, and then I shall hie me home again. I swear to you by

[<sup>1</sup> He only in part keeps to his covenant, as he holds back the *love-lace*.]

God and all His saints that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne thanks his guide for his well-meant kindness, but declares that to the Green Chapel he will go, though the owner thereof be "a stern knave," for God can devise means to save his servants.

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life I will not hinder thee. Have thy helmet on thy head, thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side, till thou be brought to the bottom of the valley. Then look a little on the plain, on thy left hand, and thou shalt see in that slade the chapel itself, and the burly knight that guards it (ll. 2118-2148). Now, farewell Gawayne the noble! for all the gold upon ground I would not go with thee nor bear thee fellowship through this wood 'on foot farther.'" Thus having spoken, he gallops away and leaves the knight alone.

Gawayne now pursues his journey, rides through the dale, and looks about. He sees no signs of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks, and the very shadows of the high woods seemed wild and distorted. No chapel, however, could he discover. After a while he sees a round hill by the side of a stream; thither he goes, alights, and fastens his horse to the branch of a tree. He walks about the hill, debating with himself what it might be. It had a hole in the one end and on each side, and everywhere overgrown with grass, but whether it was only an old cave or a crevice of an old crag he could not tell (ll. 2149-2188).

"Now, indeed," quoth Gawayne, "a desert is here; this oratory is ugly with herbs overgrown. It is a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his devotions after the devil's manner.' Now I feel it is the fiend (the devil) in my five wits that has covenanted with me that he may destroy me. This is a chapel of misfortune—evil betide it! It is the most cursed kirk that ever I came in." With his helmet on his head, and spear in his hand, he roams up to the rock, and then he hears from that high hill beyond the brook a wondrous wild noise. Lo! it clattered in the cliff as if one upon a grindstone were grinding a scythe. It whirred like the water at a mill, and rushed and re-echoed, terrible to hear. "Though my life I forgo," says Gawayne, "no noise shall cause me to fear."

Then he cried aloud, "Who dwells in this place, discourse with me to hold? For now is good Gawayne going right here if any brave wight will hie him hither, either now or never" (ll. 2189-2216).

"Abide," quoth one on the bank above, over his head, "and thou shalt have all in haste that I promised thee once."

Soon there comes out of a hole in the crag, with a fell weapon a Danish axe quite new, the "man in the green," clothed as at first as his legs, locks and beard. But now he is on foot and walks on the earth. When he reaches the stream, he hops over and boldly strides about. He meets Sir Gawayne, who tells him that he is quite ready to fulfil his part of the compact. "Gawayne," quoth that 'green gome' (man), "may God preserve thee! Truly thou art welcome to my place, 'and thou hast timed thy travel' as a true man should. Thou knowest the covenants made between us, at this time twelve-month, that on New Year's day I should return thee thy blow. We are now in this valley by ourselves, and can do as we please (ll. 2217-2246). Have, therefore, thy helmet off thy head, and 'have here thy pay.' Let us have no more talk than when thou didst strike off my head with a single blow."

"Nay, by God!" quoth Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will for any harm that may happen, but will stand still while thou strikest."

Then he stoops a little and shows his bare neck, unmoved by any fear. The Green Knight takes up his "grim tool," and with all his force raises it aloft, as if he meant utterly to destroy him. As the axe came gliding down Gawayne "shrank a little with the shoulders from the sharp iron." The other withheld his weapon, and then reproved the prince with many proud words. "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed, that never feared for no host by hill nor by vale, for now thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm (ll. 2247-2272). Such cowardice of that knight did I never hear. I never flinched nor fled when thou didst aim at me in King Arthur's house. My head flew to my feet and yet I never fled, wherefore I deserve to be called the better man."

Quoth Gawayne, "I shunted once, but will do so no more, though my head fall on the stones. But hasten and bring me to the point; deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I shall stand thee a stroke and start no more until thine axe has hit me—have here my troth." "Have at thee, then," said the other, and heaves the axe aloft, and looks as savagely as if he were mad. He aims at the other mightily, but withholds his hand ere it might hurt. Gawayne readily abides the blow without flinching with any member, and stood still as a stone or a tree fixed in rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then merrily the other did speak, "Since now thou hast thy heart whole it behoves me to strike, so take care of thy neck." Gawayne answers with great wroth, "Thrash on, thou fierce man, thou threatenest too long; I believe thy own heart fails thee."

"Forsooth," quoth the other, "since thou speakest so boldly, I will no longer delay" (ll. 2273-2304). Then, contracting "both lips and brow," he made ready to strike, and let fall his axe on the bare neck of Sir Gawayne. "Though he hammered" fiercely, he only "severed the hide," causing the blood to flow. When Gawayne saw his blood on the snow, he quickly seized his helmet and placed it on his head. Then he drew out his bright sword, and thus angrily spoke: "Cease, man, of thy blow, bid me no more. I have received a stroke in this place without opposition, but if thou givest me any more readily shall I requite thee, of that be thou sure. Our covenant stipulates one stroke, and therefore now cease."

The Green Knight, resting on his axe, looks on Sir Gawayne, as bold and fearless he there stood, and then with a loud voice thus addresses the knight: "Bold knight, be not so wroth, no man here has wronged thee (ll. 2305-2339); I promised thee a stroke, and thou hast it, so hold thee well pleased. I could have dealt much worse with thee, and caused thee much sorrow. Two blows I aimed at thee, for twice thou kissedst my fair wife; but I struck thee not, because thou restoredst them to me according to agreement. At the third time thou failedst, and therefore I have given thee that tap. That woven girdle, given thee by my own wife, belongs to me. I know well thy kisses, thy conduct also, and the wooing of my wife, for I wrought it myself. I sent her to try thee, and truly methinks thou art the most faultless man that ever on foot went. Still, sir, thou wert wanting in good faith; but as it proceeded from no immorality, thou being only desirous of saving thy life, the less I blame thee."

Gawayne stood confounded, the blood rushed into his face, and he shrank within himself for very shame. "Cursed," he cried, "be cowardice and covetousness both; in you are villany and vice, that virtue destroy." Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight in green, cursing his cowardice and covetousness. The Green Knight, laughing, thus spoke: "Thou hast confessed so clean, and acknowledged thy faults, that I hold thee as pure as thou hadst never forfeited since thou wast first born. I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come now to my castle, and we shall enjoy together the festivities of the New Year" (ll. 2340-2406).

"Nay, forsooth," quoth the knight, "but for your kindness may God requite you. Commend me to that courteous one your comely wife, who with her crafts has beguiled me. But it is no uncommon thing for a man to come to sorrow through women's wiles; for so was Adam beguiled with one, and Solomon with many. Samson was destroyed by Delilah, and David suffered much through Bathsheba. *'It were indeed great bliss for a man to love them well and believe them not.'* Since the greatest upon earth were so beguiled, methinks I should be excused. But God reward you for your girdle, which I will ever wear in remembrance of my fault, and when pride shall exalt me, a look to this love-lace shall lessen it (ll. 2407-2438). But since ye are the lord of yonder land, from whom I have received so much honour, tell me truly your right name, and I shall ask no more questions."

Quoth the other, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fay, who dwells in my house. Much has she learnt of Merlin, who knows all your knights at home. She brought me to your hall for to essay the prowess of the Round Table. She wrought this wonder to bereave you of your wits, hoping to have grieved Guenever and affrighted her to death by means of the man that spoke with his head in his hand before the high table. She is even thine aunt, Arthur's half sister; wherefore come to thine aunt, for all my household love thee."

Gawayne refuses to accompany the Green Knight, and so, with many embraces and kind wishes, they separate—the one to his castle, the other to Arthur's court.

After passing through many wild ways, our knight recovers from the wound in his neck, and at last comes safe and sound to the court of King Arthur. Great then was the joy of all; the king and queen kiss their brave knight, and make many enquiries about his journey. He tells them of his adventures, hiding nothing—"the chance of the chapel, the cheer of the knight, the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace." Groaning for grief and shame he shows them the cut in his neck, which he had received for his unfaithfulness (ll. 2439-2504). The king and his courtiers comfort the knight—they laugh loudly at his adventures, and unanimously agree that those lords and ladies that belonged to the Round Table, and each knight of the brotherhood should ever after wear a bright green belt for Gawayne's sake. And he upon whom it was conferred honoured it evermore after.

Thus in Arthur's time this adventure befell, whereof the "Brutus Books" bear witness (ll. 2505-2530).

I need not say that the *Brutus Books* we possess do not contain the legend here set forth, though it is not much more improbable than some of the statements contained in them. If the reader desires to know the relation in which this and the like stories stand to the original Arthur legends, he will find it discussed in Sir F. Madden's Preface to his edition of "Syr Gawayne," which also contains a sketch of the very different views taken of Sir Gawayne by the different Romance writers.

Into this and other *literary* questions I do not enter here, as I have nothing to add to Sir F. Madden's statements; but in the text of the Poem I have differed from him in some few readings, which will be found noticed in the Notes and Glossary.

As the manuscript is fast fading, I am glad that the existence of the Early English Text Society has enabled us to secure a wider diffusion of its contents before the original shall be no longer legible.

We want nothing but an increased supply of members to enable us to give to a large circle of readers many an equally interesting record of Early English minds.

---

## SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE KNYȜT.

### [FYTTE THE FIRST.]

#### I.

Sipen þe sege & þe assaut watȝ sesed at Troye,

[Fol. 91a.]  
After the siege of Troy

4 Be bor3 brittened & brent to brondez & askez,  
 Be tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wro3t,  
 Wat3 tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe;  
 Hit wat3 Ennias þe athel, & his highe kynde,  
 Þat siþen depreced *prouinces*, & *patrounes* bicomē  
 Welne3e of al þe wele *in* þe west iles,  
 8 Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis *hym* swyþe,  
*With* gret bobbau<sup>n</sup>ce þat bur3e he biges vpon fyrst,  
 & neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;  
 Ticius to Tuskan [turnes,] & teldes bigymes;  
 12 Langaberde *in* *Lumbardie* lyftes vp homes;  
 & fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus  
 On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he sette3,  
 wyth *wyme*;  
 16 Where werre, & wrake, & wonder,  
 Bi syþe3 hat3 wont þer-*ime*,  
 & oft boþe blysse & blunder  
 Ful skete hat3 skyfted *syme*.

Romulus built Rome,

and Felix Brutus founded Britain,

a land of war and wonder,

and oft of bliss and blunder.

## II.

20 Ande quen þis Bretayn wat3 bigged bi þis burn rych,  
 Bolde bredden þer-*ime*, baret þat lofdē,  
 In mony turned tyme tene þat wro3ten;  
 Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft  
 24 Þen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme.  
 Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne *kynges*  
 Ay wat3 Arthur þe hendest; as I haf herde telle;  
 For-þi an *aunter* in erde I attle to schawe,  
 28 Þat a selly in si3t *summe* men hit holden,  
 & an outrage awenture of *Arthure3 wondere3*;  
 If 3e wyl lystē þis laye bot on littel quile,  
 I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I *in* toun herde,  
 32 *with* tonge;  
 As hit is stad & stoken,  
 In stori stif & stronge,  
*With* lel *letteres* loken,  
 36 *In* londe so hat3 ben longe.

Bold men increased in the Land,

and many marvels happened.

Of all Britain's kings Arthur was the noblest.

[Fol. 91*b*.]

Listen a while and ye shall hear the story of an "outrageous adventure."

## III.

40 Þis *kyng* lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse,  
*With* mony luflych lorde, lede3 of þe best,  
 Rekenly of þe *rounde* table alle þo rich breþer,  
*With* rych reuel ory3t, & rechles mēþes;  
 Þer *toumayed* tulkes bi-tyme3 ful mony,  
 Iusted ful Iolilē þise gentyle kni3tes,  
 Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.  
 44 For þer þe fest wat3 ilyche ful fiften dayes,  
 With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men coupe a-vyse;  
 Such glaumande gle glorious to here,  
 Dere dyn vp-on day, *dau<sup>n</sup>syng* on ny3tes,  
 48 Al wat3 hap vpon he3e *in* halle3 & chambre3,  
 With lordez & ladies, as leuest *him* þo3t;  
 With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned þer samen,  
 Þe most kyd kny3te3 vnder kryste seluen,  
 52 & þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden,  
 & he þe comlokest *kyng* þat þe court haldes;  
 For al wat3 þis fayre folk *in* her first age,  
 on sille;  
 56 Þe hapnest vnder heuen,  
*Kyng* hy3est *mon* of wylle,  
 Hit were<sup>1</sup> now gret nye to neuē  
 So hardy a here on hille.

Arthur held at Camelot his Christmas feast,

with all the knights of the Round Table,

full fifteen days.

All was joy in hall and chamber,

among brave knights and lovely ladies,

the happiest under heaven.

<sup>1</sup> MS. werere.

## IV.

60 Wyle nw 3er wat3 so 3ep þat h3t wat3 nwe *cummen*,  
 Þat day double on þe dece wat3 þe douth serued,  
 Fro þe *kyng* wat3 *cummen* *with* kny3tes *in* to þe halle,  
 They celebrate the New Year with great joy.

64	Þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende; Loude crye wat3 þer kest of clerkez & oþer, Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte;	[Fol. 92]
68	& syþen riche forþ rumen to reche honde-selle, 3ezed 3eres 3iftes on hi3, 3elde hem bi hond, Debated busyly aboute þo giftes; Ladies la3ed ful loude, þo3 þay lost haden, & he þat wan wat3 not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe.	Gifts are demanded and bestowed.  Lords and ladies take their seats at the table.
72	Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme; When þay had waschen, worþyly þay wenten to sete, Þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed; Whene Guenore ful gay, grayþed <i>in</i> þe myddes.	Queen Guenever appears gaily dressed.
76	Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute, Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites <i>in-noghe</i> , Þat were enbrawd & beten wyth þe best gemmes,	
80	Þat myzt be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye, in daye; Þe comlokest to discrye, Þer glent <i>wiþ</i> y3en gray, A semloker þat euer he sy3e,	A lady fairer of form might no one say he had ever before seen.
84	Soth mozt no mon say.	

## V.

88	Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued, He wat3 so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & <i>sum</i> -quat child gered, His lif liked <i>hym</i> lyzt, he louied þe lasse Auþer to lenge lye, or to longe sitte,	Arthur would not eat,  nor would he long sit
92	So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wylde; & also anoþer maner meued <i>him</i> eke, Þat he þur3 nobelay had nomen, ho wolde neuer ete Vpon such a dere day, er <i>hym</i> deuised were Of <i>sum</i> auenturus þyng an vncouþe tale, Of <i>sum</i> mayn mæruayle, þat he myzt trawe,	until he had witnessed a "wondrous adventure" of some kind.
96	Of <sup>1</sup> alderes, of armes, of oþer auenturus, Oþer <i>sum</i> segg <i>hym</i> bi-sozt of <i>sum</i> siker knyzt, To Ioyne wyth <i>hym</i> <i>in</i> iustyng in Iopardé to lay, Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oþer, As fortune wolde fulsun <i>hom</i> þe fayrer to haue.	
100	Þis wat3 [þe] kynges countenaunce where he <i>in</i> court were, At vch farand fest among his fre meny, in halle;	[Fol. 92b.] He of face so bold makes much mirth with all.
104	Þer-fore of face so fere. He stiztle3 stif in stalle, Ful 3ep <i>in</i> þat nw 3ere, Much mirthe he mas <i>wiþ</i> alle.	

<sup>1</sup> Of of, in MS.

## VI.

108	Thus þer stondes <i>in</i> stale þe stif kyng his-seluen, Talkkande bifore þe hy3e table of trifles ful hende There gode Gawan wat3 grayþed, Gwenore bisyde & Agrauayn a la dure mayn on þat oþer syde sittes Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kniztes;	The king talks with his knights.  Gawayne, Agravayn,
112	Bischoþ Bawdewyn abof bi-gine3 þe table, & Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit <i>hym</i> -seluen; Þise were dizt on þe des, & derworþly serued, & siþen mony siker segge at þe sidborde3.	Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain sit on the dais.
116	Þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes, Wyth mony baner ful bryzt, þat þer-bi hinged, Nwe nakryn noyse <i>wiþ</i> þe noble pipes, Wylde werbles & wyzt wakned lote,	The first course is served with cracking of trumpets.
120	Þat mony hert ful hi3e hef at her towches; Dayntes dryuen þer-wyth of ful dere metes, Foyssoun of þe fresche, & on so fele disches, Þat pine to fynde þe place þe peple bi-forne	It consisted of all dainties in season.
124	For to sette þe syluener, <sup>1</sup> þat sere sewes halden, on clothe; Iche lede as he loued <i>hym</i> -selue Þer laght <i>wiþ</i> -outen loþe,	

128 Ay two had disches twelue,  
Good ber, & bryzt wyn boþe.

Each two had dishes twelve,  
good beer and bright wine both.

<sup>1</sup> svlueren (?) (dishes).

## VII.

Now wyl I of hor seruisse say yow no more,  
For veh wyze may wel wit no wont þat þer were;  
132 An oþer noyse ful newe nezed biliue,  
þat þe lude myzt haf leue lif-lode to cach.  
For vneþe wat3 þe noyce not a whyle sesed,  
& þe fyrst *cource in þe court* kyndely serued,  
136 þer hales *in* at þe halle dor an aghlich mayster,  
On þe most on þe molde on mesure hyghe;  
Fro þe swyre to þe swange so sware & so þik,  
& his lyndes & his lymes so longe & so grete,  
140 Half etayn *in* erde I hope þat he were.  
Bot mon most I algate mym hym to bene,  
& þat þe myriest *in* his muckel þat myzt ride;  
For of bak & of brest al were his bodi sturne,  
144 Bot his wombe & his wast were worthily smale,  
& alle his fetures fol3ande, *in* forme þat he hade,  
ful clene;  
For wonder of his hwe men hade,  
148 Set *in* his semblaunt sene;  
He ferde as freke were fade,  
& ouer-al enker grene.

There was no want of anything.

Scarcely had the first course commenced,

when there rushes in at the hall-door a knight;

the tallest on earth

[Fol. 93.]

he must have been.

His back and breast were great,  
but his belly and waist were small.

## VIII.

Ande al grayþed *in* grene þis gome & his wedes,  
152 A strayt cote ful strezt, þat stek on his sides,  
A mere mantile abof, mensked *with-ime*,  
*With* pelure pured apert þe pane ful clene,  
*With* blyþe blaumner ful bryzt, & his hod boþe,  
156 þat wat3 lazt fro his lokke3, & layde on his schulderes  
Heme wel haled, hose of þat same grene,  
þat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder,  
Of bryzt golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche  
& scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides;  
160 þat were richely rayled *in* his aray clene,  
Aboutte *hym-self* & his sadel, vpon silk werke3,  
þat were to tor for to telle of tryfles þe halue,  
þat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & flyzes,  
164 With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay *in* myddes;  
þe pendauztes of his payttrure, þe proude cropure  
His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þe *me*  
þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same,  
& his arsoun3 al after, & his apel sturtes,  
172 þat euer glemered<sup>1</sup> & glent al of grene stones.  
þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke,  
sertayn;  
A grene hors gret & þikke,  
176 A stede ful stif to strayne,  
*In* brawdren brydel quik,  
To þe gome he wat3 ful gayn.

He was clothed entirely in green.

His spurs were of bright gold.

His saddle was embroidered with birds and flies.

The foal that he rode upon was green;

it was a steed full stiff to guide.

[Fol. 93b.]

<sup>1</sup> glemed (?).

## IX.

Wel gay wat3 þis gome gered *in* grene,  
180 & þe here of his hed of his hors swete;  
Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes;  
A much berd as<sup>1</sup> a busk ouer his brest henges,  
þat wyth his hizlich here, þat of his hed reches,  
184 Wat3 euesed al vmbe-torne, a-bof his elbowes,  
þat half his armes þer vnder were halched *in* þe wyse  
Of a kynges capados, þat closes his swyre.

Gaily was the knight attired.

His great beard, like a bush, hung on his breast.



188	Be mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke, Wel cresped & cennmed wyth knottes ful mony, Folden <i>in</i> wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene, Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde; & bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bryzt grene, Dubbed wyth ful dere stone3, as þe dok lasted, Syþen þrawen wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte, Per mony belle3 ful bryzt of brende golde rungen. 200	The horse's mane was decked with golden threads.  Its tail was bound with a green band.  Such a foal nor a knight were never before seen.  It seemed that no man might endure his dints.
	196	Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes, Wat3 neuer sene <i>in</i> þat sale wyth syzt er þat tyme, <i>with</i> y3e; He loked as layt so lyzt, So sayd al þat hym sy3e, Hit semed as no mon myzt, Vnder his dyntte3 dry3e.

<sup>1</sup> as as, in MS.

## X.

204	Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauþer, Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes, Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwne ne to smyte, Bot <i>in</i> his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe, þat is grattest <i>in</i> grene, when greue3 ar bare, 208 & an ax <i>in</i> his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete, A spetos sparþe to expoun <i>in</i> spelle quo-so myzt; þe hede of an eln3erde þe large lenkþe hade, þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen, 212 þe bit burnyst bryzt, <i>with</i> a brod egge, As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores; þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte, þat wat3 wounden wyth yrn to þe wande3 ende, 216 & al bigrauen <i>with</i> grene, <i>in</i> gracios <sup>1</sup> werkes; A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede, & so after þe halme halched ful ofte, Wyth tryed tasselez þerto tacched <i>in</i> -noghe, 220 On botoum3 of þe bryzt grene brayden ful ryche. þis habel helde3 hym <i>in</i> , & þe halle entres, Driuande to þe he3e dece, dut he no woþe, Haylsed he neuer one, bot he3e he ouer loked. 224 þe fyrst word þat he warp, "wher is," he sayd, "þe gouemour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde Se þat segg <i>in</i> syzt, & <i>with</i> hym self speke raysoun." 228 To kny3te3 he kest his y3e, & reled hym vp & doun, He stemmed & con studie, Quo walt þer most renoun.	The knight carried neither spear nor shield,  In one hand was a holly bough,  in the other an axe,  the edge of which was as keen as a sharp razor,  [Fol. 94.] and the handle was encased in iron, curiously "graven with green, in gracious works."  Thus arrayed the Green Knight enters the hall,  without saluting any one.  He asks for the "governor" of the company,  and looks for the most renowned.
-----	---	--

<sup>1</sup> looks like gracons in MS.

## XI.

232	Ther wat3 lokyng on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde, For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene myzt, þat a habel & a horse myzt such a hwe lach, As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed, 236 þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bryzter; Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre, Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worch schulde. For fele sellye3 had þay sen, bot such neuer are, 240 For-þi for fantoum & fayry3e þe folk þere hit demed; þer-fore to answare wat3 ar3e mony aþel freke, & al stouen at his steuen, & stonstil seten, In a swoghe sylence þur3 þe sale riche 244 As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3 <i>in</i> hy3e; I deme hit not al for doute, Bot sum for cortaysye, 248 Bot let hym þat al schulde loute, Cast vnto þat wy3e.	Much they marvel to see a man and a horse  as green as grass.  Never before had they seen such a sight as this.  They were afraid to answer,  and were as silent as if sleep had taken possession of them;  some from fear and others from courtesy.
-----	---	--

## XII.

252 De *m* Arþour bifore þe hiȝ dece þat auenture byholdeȝ,  
& rekenly hym reuerenced, for rad was he neuere,  
& sayde, "wyȝe, welcum iwys to þis place,  
þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat,  
Ligt luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye,  
& quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after."  
256 "Nay, as help me," *quod* þe habel, "he þat on hyȝe syttes,  
To wone any quyle *in* þis won, hit watȝ not myn ernde;  
Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hyȝe,  
& þy burȝ & þy burnes best ar holden,  
260 Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,  
þe wyȝtest & þe worþyest of þe worldes kynde,  
Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure laykeȝ;  
& here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,  
264 & þat hatȝ wayned me hider, I-wyis, at þis tyme.  
Ȝe may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here,  
þat I passe as *in* pes, & no plyȝt seche;  
For had I founded *in* fere, *in* feȝtyng wyse,  
268 I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe,  
A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bryȝt,  
Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als,  
Bot for I wolde no were, my wedeȝ ar softer.  
272 Bot if þou be so bold as alle burneȝ tellen,  
þou wyl grant me godly þe gomen þat I ask,  
bi ryȝt."  
Arthour con onsware,  
276 & sayd, "*sir* cortays knyȝt,  
If þou craue batayl bare,  
Here fayleȝ þou not to fyȝt."

Arthur salutes the Green Knight.

[Fol. 94b.]

bids him welcome, and invites him to stay awhile.

The knight says that he will not tarry.

He seeks the most valiant that he may prove him.

He comes in peace.

At home, however, he has both shield and spear.

Arthur assures him that he shall not fail to find an opponent worthy of him.

## XIII.

280 "Nay, frayst I no fyȝt, *in* fayth I þe telle,  
Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdleȝ chylder;  
If I were hasped *in* armes on a heȝe stede,  
Here is no mon me to mach, for myȝteȝ so<sup>1</sup> wayke.  
For þy I craue *in* þis court a crystmas gomen,  
284 For hit is ȝol & nwe ȝer, & here ar ȝep mony;  
If any so hardy *in* þis hous holdeȝ hym-seluen,  
Be so bolde *in* his blod, brayn *in* hys hede,  
þat dar stifly strike a strok for an oþer,  
288 I schal gif hym of my gyft þys giserne ryche,  
þis ax, þat is heu e *in*-nogh, to hondele as hym lykes,  
& I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte.  
If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle,  
292 Lepe lyȝtly me to, & lach þis weppen,  
I quit clayme hit for euere, kepe hit as his auen,  
& I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on þis flet,  
Elleȝ þou wyl diȝt me þe dom to dele hym an oþer,  
296 barlay;  
& ȝet gif hym respite,  
A twelmonyth & a day;—  
Now hyȝe, & let se tite  
300 Dar any her-izne oȝt say."

"I seek no fight," says the knight.

"Here are only beardless children."

Here is no man to match me.

Here are brave ones many,

if any be bold enough to 'strike a stroke for another,'

this axe shall be his;

[Fol. 95.]

but I shall give him a 'stroke' in return

within a twelvemonth and a day."

<sup>1</sup> MS. fo.

## XIV.

304 If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þame  
Alle þe hered-men *in* halle, þe hyȝ & þe loȝe;  
þe renk on his rounce hym ruced *in* his sadel,  
& runisch-ly his rede yȝen he reled aboute,  
Bende his bresed broȝeȝ, bly-cande grene,  
Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.  
When non wolde kepe hym *with* carp he coȝed ful hyȝe,  
308 Ande rimed hym ful richley, & ryȝt hym to speke:  
"What, is þis Arþures hous," *quod* þe habel þe me,  
"þat al þe rous remes of, þurȝ ryalmes so mony?  
Where is now *your* sourquydrye & *your* conquestes,

Fear kept all silent.

The knight rolled his red eyes about,

and bent his bristly green brows.

Waving his beard awhile, he exclaimed:

"What! is this Arthur's court?"

312 Your gry[n]del-layk, & your greme, & your grete wordes?  
 Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table  
 Ou~~e~~r-walt wyth a worde of on wyzes speche;  
 For al dares for drede, w~~i~~th-oute dynt schewed!"  
 316 Wyth þis he lazes so loude, þat þe lorde greued;  
 Þe blod schot for scham *in*-to his schyre face  
 & lere;  
 He wex as wroth as wynde,  
 320 So did alle þat þer were  
 Þe kyng as kene bi kynde,  
 Þen stod þat stif mon nere.

Forsooth the renown of the Round Table is overturned 'with a word of one man's speech.'

Arthur blushes for shame.

He waxes as wroth as the wind.

## XV.

324 Ande sayde, "hæpel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys,  
 & as þou foly hat3 frayst, fynde þe be-houes;  
 I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.  
 Gif me now þy geserne, vpon gode3 halue,  
 & I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."  
 328 Lyztly lepez he hym to, & la3t at his honde;  
 Þen feersly þat oþer freke vpon fote lyztis.  
 Now hat3 Arthure his axe, & þe halme grypez,  
 & sturnely sture3 hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þo3t.  
 332 Þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hy3t,  
 Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more;  
 Wyth sturne schere<sup>1</sup> þer he stod, he stroked his berde,  
 & wyth a coun~~ten~~au~~n~~ce dryze he dro3 dou~~n~~ his cote,  
 336 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dinte3,  
 Þen any burne vpon bench hade bro3t hym to drynk  
 of wyne,  
 Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,  
 340 To þe kyng he can enclyne,  
 "I be-seche now w~~i~~th sa3e3 sene,  
 Þis melly mot be myne."

He assures the knight that no one is afraid of his great words.

[Fol. 95b.]

Arthur seizes his axe.

The knight, stroking his beard, awaits the blow, and with a "dry countenance" draws down his coat.

Sir Gawayne beseeches the king to let him undertake the blow.

<sup>1</sup> chere (?).

## XVI.

344 "Wolde 3e, worþilych lorde," *quod* Gawan to þe kyng,  
 "Bid me bo3e fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,  
 þat I wyth-oute vylanye my3t voyde þis table,  
 & þat my legge lady lyked not ille,  
 348 I wolde com to your counseyl, bifore your cort ryche.  
 For me þink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen,  
 Þer such an askyng is heuened so hy3e *in your* sale,  
 Þa33e 3our-self be talenttyf to take hit to your-seluen,  
 352 Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,  
 þat vnder heuen, I hope, non hazer er of wylle,  
 Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered;  
 I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,  
 & lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe,  
 356 Bot for as much as 3e ar myn em, I am only to prayse,  
 No bounté bot your blod I in my bodé knowe;  
 & syþen þis note is so nys, þat no3t hit yow falles,  
 & I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, folde3 hit to me,  
 360 & if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych,  
 bout blame."  
 Rych to-geder con roun,  
 & syþen þay redder alle same,  
 364 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun,  
 & gif Gawan þe game.

He asks permission to leave the table; he says,

it is not meet that Arthur should be active in the matter,

while so many bold ones sit upon bench.

Although the weakest, he is quite ready to meet the Green Knight.

The nobles entreat Arthur to "give Gawayne the game."

## XVII.

Þen comaunded þe kyng þe kny3t for to ryse;  
 & he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre,  
 368 Kneled dou~~n~~ bifore þe kyng, & cache3 þat weppen;  
 & he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde,  
 & gef hym godde3 blessyng, & gladly hym biddes  
 þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe.  
 372 "Kepe þe cosyn," *quod* þe kyng, "þat þou on kyrf sette,

[Fol. 96.]

The king gives his nephew his weapon,

and tells him to keep heart and hand steady.

& if þou redeþ hym ryzt, redly I trowe,  
 Þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after.  
 376 Gawan gotþ to þe gome, w<sup>ith</sup> giserne in honde,  
 & he baldly hym bydeþ, he bayst neuer þe helder  
 Þen carpeþ to *sir* Gawan þe knyzt in þe grene,  
 "Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrre passe.  
 380 Fyrst I eþe þe, haþel, how þat þou hattes,  
 Þat þou me telle truly, as I trust may?"  
 "In god fayth," *quod* þe goode knyzt, "Gawan I hatte,  
 Þat bede þe þis buffet, quat-so bi-falleþ after,  
 & at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoþer,  
 384 Wyth what weppen so<sup>1</sup> þou wylt, & wyth no wyþ elleþ,  
 on lyue."  
 Þat oþer on-swareþ agayn,  
 "Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue,  
 388 As I am ferly fayn.  
 Þis dint þat þou schal dryue."

The Green Knight enquires the name of his opponent.

Sir Gawayne tells him his name, and declares that he is willing to give and receive a blow.

The other thereof is glad.

<sup>1</sup> MS. fo.

## XVIII.

"Bigog," *quod* þe grene knyzt, "*sir* Gawan, melykes,  
 392 Þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here;  
 & þou hatþ redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,  
 Clanly al þe couenauzt þat I þe kyngþ asked,  
 Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawþe,  
 396 Þat þou schal seche me þi-self, where-so þou hopes  
 I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages  
 As þou deles me to day, bifore þis douþe ryche."  
 "Where schulde I wale þe," *quod* Gauan, "where is þy place?  
 400 I wot neuer where þou wonyes, bi hym þat me wrozt,  
 Ne I know not þe, knyzt, þy cort, ne þi name.  
 Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes,  
 & I schal ware alle my wyt to wyme me þeder,  
 & þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawep."  
 404 "Þat is in-nogh in nwe 3er, hit nedes no more,"  
*Quod* þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,  
 "3if I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue,  
 & þou me smoþely hatþ smyten, smartly I þe teche  
 408 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,  
 Þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwardeþ holde,  
 & if I spende no speche, þemme spedeþ þou þe better,  
 For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre,  
 412 bot slokes;  
 Ta now þy grymme tole to þe,  
 & let se how þou cnokeþ."  
 "Gladly *sir*, for soþe,"  
 416 *Quod* Gawan; his ax he strokes.

"It pleases me well, Sir Gawayne," says the Green Knight, "that I shall receive a blow from thy fist; but thou must swear that thou wilt seek me,

to receive the blow in return."

"Where shall I seek thee?" says Sir Gawayne;

"tell me thy name and abode and I will find thee."

[Fol. 96b.]

"When thou hast smitten me," says the knight, "then tell I thee of my home and name;

if I speak not at all, so much the better for thee.

Take now thy grim tool, and let us see how thou knockest."

## XIX.

The grene knyzt vpon grounde grayþely hym dresses,  
 A littel lut w<sup>ith</sup> þe hede, þe lere he discouereþ,  
 420 His longe louelych lokkeþ he layd ouer his croun.  
 Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe.  
 Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hyzt,  
 Þe kay fot on þe folde he be-fore sette,  
 424 Let hit doun lyztly lyzt on þe naked,  
 Þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones,  
 & schrank þurþ þe schyire grece, & scade hit in twymme,  
 Þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde.  
 428 Þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe,  
 Þat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled;  
 Þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe grene;  
 & nawþer faltæred ne fel þe freke neuer þe helder,  
 Bot styþly he start forth vpon styf schonkes,  
 432 & ru[n]lyschly he raþt out, þere as renkkeþ stoden,  
 Laþt to his lufly hed, & lyft hit vp sone;  
 & syþen boþeþ to his blonk, þe brydel he cachcheþ,  
 Steppeþ in to stel bawe & strydeþ alofte,  
 436 & his hede by þe here in his honde haldeþ;  
 & as sadly þe segge hym in his sadel sette,

The Green Knight

puts his long lovely locks aside and lays bare his neck.

Sir Gawayne lets fall his axe

and severs the head from the body.

The head falls to the earth.

Many kick it aside with their feet.

The knight never falters;

he rushes forth, seizes his head,

steps into the saddle,

holding the while the head in his hand by the hair,

As non vnhap had hym ayled, þa3 hedlez he<sup>1</sup> we[re],  
in stedde;

440 He brayde his bluk<sup>2</sup> aboute,  
þat vgly bodi þat bledde,  
Moni on of hym had doute,  
Bi þat his resou<sup>uz</sup> were redde.

and turns his horse about.

[Fol. 97.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. ho. <sup>2</sup> blunk (?).

## XX.

444 For þe hede in his honde he haldez vp euen,  
To-ward þe derrest on þe dece he dresse3 þe face,  
& hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lydde3, & loked ful brode,  
& meled þus much w<sup>ith</sup> his muthe, as 3e may now here.  
448 "Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hettez,  
& layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde,  
As þou hatz hette in þis halle, herande þise kny3tes;  
To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe to fotte,  
452 Such a dunt as þou hatz dalt disserued þou habbez,  
To be zederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn;  
þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony;  
For-þi me forto fynde if þou frayste3, faylez þou neu<sup>er</sup>,  
456 þer-fore com, oþ<sup>er</sup> recreau<sup>nt</sup> be calde þe be-houe<sup>us</sup>."  
With a runisch rout þe raynez he torne3,  
Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed in his hande,  
þat þe fyr of þe flynt flaze fro fole houes.  
460 To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere,  
Neu<sup>er</sup>more þen þay wyste fram queþen he watz women;  
what þe<sup>me</sup>?  
þe kyng & Gawen þare,  
464 At þat grene þay laze & gre<sup>me</sup>,  
3et breued watz hit ful bare,  
A meruayl among þo me<sup>me</sup>.

The head lifts up its eyelids,

and addresses Sir Gawayne; "Look thou, be ready to go as thou hast promised,

and seek till thou findest me.  
Get thee to the Green Chapel,

there to receive a blow on New Year's morn.

Fail thou never;  
come, or recreant be called."

The Green Knight then rushes out of the hall, his head in his hand.

At that green one Arthur and Gawayne "laugh and grin."

## XXI.

468 þa3 Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder,  
He let no semblau<sup>nt</sup> be sene, bot sayde ful hy3e  
To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche,  
"Dere dame, to day demay yow neu<sup>er</sup>;  
472 Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse,  
Laykyng of enterlude3, to laze & to syng.  
Among þise, kynde caroles of kny3tez & ladyez;  
Neu<sup>er</sup>-þe-lece to my mete I may me wel dres,  
For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake."  
476 He glent vpon sir Gawen, & gaynly he sayde,  
"Now sir, heng vp þyn ax, þat hatz in-nogh hewen."  
& hit watz don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,  
þer alle men for meruayl my3t on hit loke,  
480 & bi trwe tytel þer-of to telle þe wonder.  
þe<sup>me</sup> þay bo3ed to a borde þise burnes to-geder,  
þe kyng & þe gode kny3t, & kene men hem serued  
Of alle dayntye3 double, as derrest my3t falle,  
484 Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe;  
Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worþed an ende,  
in londe.  
Now þenk wel, sir Gawen,  
488 For woþe þat þou ne wonde,  
þis auenture forto frayn,  
þat þou hatz tan on honde.

Arthur addresses the queen:

"Dear dame, be not dismayed; such marvels well become the Christmas festival;

I may now go to meat.

Sir Gawayne, hang up thine axe.  
[Fol. 97b.]

The king and his knights sit feasting at the board till day is ended.

Now beware, Sir Gawayne, lest thou fail to seek the adventure that thou hast taken in hand.

## [FYTTE THE SECOND.]

### I.

492 This hanselle hatz Arthur of auenturus on fyrst,  
In 3onge 3er, for he 3erned 3elpyng to here,  
Tha3 hym wordez were wane, when þay to sete wenten;  
Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk staf-ful her hond.  
Gawan watz glad to be-gy<sup>me</sup> þose gomnez in halle,  
496 Bot þa3 þe ende be heuy, haf 3e no wonder;

This marvel serves to keep up a brisk conversation in Court.

	For þa3 men be <i>n</i> mery in my <i>n</i> de, quen þay han mayn drynk, A 3ere 3ernes ful 3erne, & 3elde3 neu <i>e</i> r lyke, Pe forme to þe fynisment folde3 ful seldom.	The year passes full quickly and never returns.
500	For-þi þis 3ol ou <i>e</i> r-3ede, & þe 3ere after, & vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer, After crysten-masse com þe crabbed lentoun, Pat frayste3 flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple	After Christmas comes the "crabbed Lenten."
504	Bot þe <i>m</i> e þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit þrepe3, Colde clenge3 adoun, cloude3 vp-lyften, Schyre schede3 þe rayn in schowre3 ful warme, Falle3 vpon fayre flat, flowre3 þere schewen,	Spring sets in and warm showers descend;
508	Boþe grounde3 & þe greue3 grene ar her wede3, Brydde3 busken to bylde, & bremlych syngen, For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer after, bi bonk;	the groves become green, birds build and sing, for joy of the summer that follows;
512	& blossom <i>e</i> 3 bolne to blowe, Bi rawe3 ryche & ronk, Be <i>n</i> note3 noble in-no3e, Ar herde in wod so wlonk.	blossoms begin to bloom,  and noble notes are heard in the woods [Fol. 98]

## II.

516	After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wynde3, Quen 3eferus sylfe3 hym-self on sede3 & erbe3, Wela-wym <i>e</i> is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute. When þe donkande dewe drope3 of þe leue3, To bide a blysfyl blusch of þe bryzt sume.	Then the soft winds of summer,  beautiful are the flowers wet with dew-drops.
520	Bot þe <i>n</i> hy3es heruest, & hardenes hym sone. Warne3 hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype; He dryues wyth drozt þe dust for to ryse.	But harvest approaches soon,  and drives the dust about.
524	Fro þe face of þe folde to fly3e ful hy3e; Wroþe wynde of þe welkyn wrastele3 w <i>it</i> h þe sume, þe leue3 lancen fro þe lynde, & ly3ten on þe grounde, & al grayes þe gres, þat grene wat3 ere;	The leaves drop off the trees, the grass becomes gray, and all ripens and rots.
528	þe <i>m</i> e al rype3 & rote3 þat ros vpon fyrst, & þus 3irne3 þe 3ere in 3isterdaye3 mony, & wynter wynde3 a3ayn, as þe worlde aske3 no sage.	Winter winds round again,
532	Til me3el-mas mone, Wat3 cumen wyth wynter wage; þen þenkke3 Gawan ful sone, Of his anious uyage.	and then Sir Gawayne thinks of his dread journey.

## III.

536	3et quyl al-hal-day w <i>it</i> h Arþer he lenges, & he made a fare on þat fest, for þe freke3 sake, W <i>it</i> h much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table; Kny3te3 ful cortays & comlych ladies,	On All-hallows day Arthur makes a feast for his nephew's sake.
540	Al for luf of þat lede in longynge þay were, Bot neu <i>e</i> r-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot merþe, Mony ioyle3 for þat ientyle iape3 þer maden. For after mete, w <i>it</i> h moumyng he mele3 to his eme, 544 & speke3 of his passage, & pertly he sayde, "Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask; 3e knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more To telle yow tene3 þer-of neu <i>e</i> r bot trifel;	After meat, Sir Gawayne thus speaks to his uncle:  "Now, liege lord, I ask leave of you,
548	Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne, To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse." þe <i>m</i> e þe best of þe bur3 bo3ed to-geder, Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,	for I am bound on the morn to seek the Green Knight."
552	Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence, Launcelot, & Lyonel, & Lucan þe gode, Sir Boos, & sir Byduer, big men boþe, & mony oþer menskful, w <i>it</i> h Mador de la Port.	[Fol. 98 <i>b</i> .]  Many nobles, the best of the court, counsel and comfort him.
556	Alle þis compayny of court com þe kyng nerre, For to counseyl þe knyzt, with care at her hert; þere wat3 much derue <sup>1</sup> doel driuen in þe sale, þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat ernde,	Much sorrow prevails in the hall.
560	To dry3e a delful dynt, & dele no more wyth bronde. þe knyzt mad ay god chere, & sayde, "quat schuld I wonde,	

564	Of destines derf & dere, What may mon do bot fonde?"	Gawayne declares that he has nothing to fear.
	<sup>1</sup> derne (?).	
<b>IV.</b>		
568	He dowellez þer al þat day, and dressez on þe morn, Askez erly hys armez, & alle were þay brozt Fyrst a tule tapit, tyzt ouer þe flet, & miche wat3 þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte; þe stif mon steppez þeron, & þe stel hondolez, Dubbed in a dublet of a dere tars, & syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft, þat wyth a bryzt blauzner was bounden <i>wiþ-izme</i> ; þe me set þay þe sabatoum3 vpon þe segge fotez, His lege3 lapped in stel <i>wiþ</i> luflych greue3, 576 <i>Wiþ</i> polayne3 piched þer-to, policed ful clene, Aboute his kne3 knaged wyth knote3 of golde; Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed His thik þrawen þyze3 <i>wiþ</i> þwonges to-tachched; 580 & syþen þe brawdren bryne of bryzt stel rynge3, Vmbe-weued þat wy3, vpon wlonk stuffe; & wel bornyst brace vpon his bope armes, <i>Wiþ</i> gode cowters & gay, & glouez of plate, 584 & alle þe godlych gere þat hym gayn schulde þat tyde; Wyth ryche cote armure, His gold spore3 spend <i>wiþ</i> pryde, 588     Gurde wyth a bront ful sure, <i>Wiþ</i> silk sayn vmbe his syde.	On the morn he asks for his arms.  A carpet is spread on the floor,  and he steps thereon. He is dubbed in a doublet of Tarsic silk, and a well-made hood.  They set steel slices on his feet, and lap his legs in steel greaves.  Fair cuisses enclose his thighs,  and afterwards they put on the steel habergeon,  well-burnished braces, elbow pieces, and gloves of plate.  Over all this is placed the coat armour. His spurs are then fixed, and his sword is attached to his side by a silken girdle.

## V.

592	When he wat3 hasped in armes, his harnays wat3 ryche, þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde; So harnayst as he wat3 he herkne3 his masse, Offred & honoured at þe heze auter; Syþen he come3 to þe kyng & to his cort fere3, Lache3 lufly his leue at lordez & ladye3; 596 & þay hym kyst & conueyed, bikende hym to kryst. Bi þat wat3 Gryngolet grayth, & gurde <i>wiþ</i> a sadel, þat glemed ful gayly <i>wiþ</i> mony golde frenges, Ay quere naylet ful nwe for þat note ryched; 600 þe brydel barred aboute, <i>wiþ</i> bryzt golde bounden; þe apparayl of þe payttrure, & of þe proude skyrte3, þe cropore, & þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsoune3; & al wat3 rayled on red ryche golde nayle3, 604 þat al glytered & glent as glem of þe sume. þe me hentes he þe holme, & hastily hit kysses, þat wat3 stapled stifly, & stoffed wyth-izme: Hit wat3 hyze on his hede, hasped bihynde, 608 Wyth a lyztli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle, Enbrawdren & bounden wyth þe best gemme3, On brode sylkyn borde, & brydde3 on seme3, As papiaye3 paynted pernyng bitwene, 612 Tortors & trulofez entayled so þyk, As mony burde þer aboute had þen seuen wynter in toune; þe cercle wat3 more o prys, 616     þat vmbe-clypped hys croun, Of diamauzte3 a deuys, þat bope were bryzt & broun.	[Fol. 99a.] Thus arrayed the knight hears mass,  and afterwards takes leave of Arthur and his court.  By that time his horse Gringolet was ready,  the harness of which glittered like the "gleam of the sun."  Then Sir Gawayne sets his helmet upon his head,  fastened behind with a "urisoun," richly embroidered with gems.  The circle around the helmet was decked with diamonds.
-----	---	--

## VI.

620	Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr goulez, Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwe3; He braydez hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals kestes, þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre. & quy þe pentangel apende3 to þat prynce noble, 624 I am in tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde; Hit is a syngne þat Salamon set sum-quyle,	Then they show him his shield with the "pentangle" of pure gold.  The "pentangle" was devised by Solomon as a token of truth.
-----	--	---

628	<p><i>In</i> bytoknyng of trawþe, bi tytly þat hit habbeþ,          For hit is a figure þat haldeþ fyue poynteþ,          &amp; vche lyne vmbe-lappeþ &amp; loukeþ <i>in</i> oþer,          &amp; ay quere hit is endeþ,<sup>1</sup> &amp; Englych hit callen          Ou<del>e</del>r-al, as I here, þe endeles knot.          For-þy hit acordeþ to þis knyzt, &amp; to his cler armeþ,          For ay faythful <i>in</i> fyue &amp; sere fyue syþeþ,          Gawan watþ for gode knawen, &amp; as golde pured,          Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertueþ<sup>2</sup> <i>emoumed</i>  <i>in</i> mote;</p>	<p>[Fol. 99b]</p> <p>It is called the endless knot</p> <p>It well becomes the good Sir Gawayne,</p>
636	<p>For-þy þe pen-tangel nwe          He ber <i>in</i> schelde &amp; cote,          As tulk of tale most trwe,          &amp; gentylest knyzt of lote.</p>	<p>a knight the truest of speech and the fairest of form.</p>

<sup>1</sup> MS emdeþeþ. <sup>2</sup> MS verertueþ

## VII.

640	<p>Fyrst he watþ funden fautleþ <i>in</i> his fyue wytteþ,          &amp; efte fayled neu<del>e</del>r þe freke <i>in</i> his fyue fyngres,          &amp; alle his afyau<del>n</del>ce vpon folde watþ <i>in</i> þe fyue woundeþ          þat Cryst kaþt on þe croys, as þe crede telleþ;          &amp; quere-so-eu<del>e</del>r þys mon <i>in</i> melly watþ stad,          His þro þoþt watþ <i>in</i> þat, þurþ alle oþer þyngeþ,          þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioyeþ,          þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde;</p>	<p>He was found faultless in his five wits.          His trust was in the five wounds.</p>
644	<p>At þis cause þe knyzt comlyche hade  <i>In</i> þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted,          þat quen he blusched þerto, his helde neu<del>e</del>r payred.</p>	<p>The image of the Virgin was depicted upon his shield.</p>
648	<p>þe fyrst<sup>1</sup> fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed,          Watþ fraunchyse, &amp; felaþschyp for-be<sup>2</sup> al þyng;          His clannes &amp; his cortaysye croked were neu<del>e</del>r,          &amp; pite, þat passeþ alle poynteþ, þyse pure fyue          Were harder happed on þat haþel þen on any oþer.</p>	<p>In cleanness and courtesy he was never found wanting,</p>
652	<p>Now alle þese fyue syþeþ, forsoþe, were fetled on þis knyzt,          &amp; vchone halched <i>in</i> oþer, þat non ende hade,          &amp; fyched vpon fyue poynteþ, þat fayld neu<del>e</del>r,          Ne samned neu<del>e</del>r <i>in</i> no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er],          W<del>i</del>th-uten ende at any noke [a]i quere fynde,          Where-eu<del>e</del>r þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende.          Þer-fore on his schene schelde schapen watþ þe knot,          þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowleþ,</p>	<p>therefore was the endless knot fastened on his shield.</p>
656	<p>þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called,  <i>wi</i>th lore.</p>	<p>[Fol. 100]</p>
660	<p>Now grayþed is Gawan gay,          &amp; laþt his launce ryzt þore,          &amp; gef hem alle goud day,          He wende for eu<del>e</del>r more.</p>	<p>Sir Gawayne seizes his lance and bids all "good day."</p>
664	<p></p>	<p></p>

<sup>1</sup> MS fyft. <sup>2</sup> for-bi (?).

## VIII.

672	<p>He sperred þe sted <i>wi</i>th þe spureþ, &amp; sprong on his way,          So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after;          Al þat seþ þat semly syked <i>in</i> hert,          &amp; sayde soþly al same segges til oþer,          Carande for þat comly, "bi Kryst, hit is scape,          þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble!</p>	<p>He spurs his horse and goes on his way.          All that saw that seemly one mourned in their hearts.</p>
676	<p>To fynde hys fere vpon folde, <i>in</i> fayth is not eþe;          Warloker to haf wrozt had more wyt bene,          &amp; haf dyzt zonder dere a duk to haue worþed;          A lowande leder of ledeþ <i>in</i> londe hym wel semeþ,          &amp; so had better haf ben þen britned to nozt,          Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angardeþ pryde.          Who knew eu<del>e</del>r any kyng such counsel to take,          As knyþteþ <i>in</i> cauelounþ on cryst-masse gomneþ!"</p>	<p>They declared that his equal was not to be found upon earth.          It would have been better for him to have been a leader of men,          than to die by the hands of "an elvish man."</p>
680	<p>Wel much watþ þe warme water þat waltered of yþen,          When þat semly syre sozt fro þo woneþ          þat<sup>1</sup> daye;          He made non abode,</p>	<p>Much was the warm water that poured from eyes that day.</p>
684	<p></p>	<p></p>



688 Bot wyztly went hys way,  
Mony wylsum way he rode,  
Be bok as I herde say.

<sup>1</sup> MS. þad.

## IX.

692 Now rideþ þis renk þurþ þe ryalme of Logres,  
*Sir* Gauan on Godeþ halue, þaþ hym no gomen þoþt;  
Oft, leudleþ alone, he lengeþ on nyþteþ,  
Per he fonde noþt hym byfore þe fare þat he lyked;  
696 Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frytheþ & douneþ,  
Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,  
Til þat he neþed ful noghe<sup>1</sup> in to þe Norþe Waleþ;  
Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he haldeþ,  
700 & fareþ ouer þe fordeþ by þe for-londeþ,  
Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk  
In þe wyldrenesse of Wyrale; wonde þer bot lyte  
þat auþer God oþer gome wyth goud hert louied.  
704 & ay he frayned, as he ferde, at frekeþ þat he met,  
If þay hade herde any karp of a knyþt grene,  
In any grounde þer-about, of þe grene chapel;<sup>2</sup>  
& al nykked hym wyth nay, þat neuer in her lyue  
708 þay seþe neuer no segge þat watþ of suche hweþ  
of grene.  
Be knyþt tok gates straunge,  
In mony a bonk vnbene,  
His cher ful oft con chaunge,  
712 þat chapel er he myþt sene.

<sup>1</sup> nyghe (?). <sup>2</sup> MS. clapel.

## X.

Mony klyf he ouer-clambe in contrayeþ straunge,  
Fer floten fro his frendeþ fremedly he rydeþ;  
716 At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wyþe passed,  
He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were,  
& þat so foule & so felle, þat feþt hym by-hode;  
So mony meruayl hi mount þer þe mon fyndeþ,  
720 Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.  
Sumwhyle wyth wormeþ he werreþ, & wíth wolues als,  
Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, þat woned in þe knarreþ,  
Boþe wyth bulleþ & bereþ, & boreþ oþer-quyle,  
724 & etayneþ, þat hym a-nelede, of þe heþe felle;  
Nade he ben duþty & dryþe, & dryþtyn had serued,  
Douteles he hade ben ded, & dreped ful ofte.  
For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter was wors,  
When þe colde cler water fro þe cloudeþ schadden,  
728 & fres er hit falle myþt to þe fale erþe;  
Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped in his yrnes,  
Mo nyþteþ þe in in-noghe in naked rokkeþ,  
þer as claterande fro þe crest þe colde borne remeþ,  
732 & hengeþ heþe ouer his hede in hard ýsse-ikkles.  
þus in peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde,  
Bi contray caryeþ þis knyþt, tyl kryst-masse euen,  
al one;  
736 Be knyþt wel þat tyde,  
To Mary made his mone.  
þat ho hym red to ryde,  
& wysse hym to sum wone.

## XI.

740 Bi a mounte on þe morne meryly he rydes,  
Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly watþ wylde,  
Hiþe hilleþ on vche a halue, & holt wodeþ vnder,  
Of hore okeþ fill hoge a hundreth to-geder;  
744 Be hasel & þe haþ-þorne were harled al samen,  
Wíth roþe raged mosse rayled ay-where,  
With mony brydþeþ vnblyþe vpon bare twyges,

Meanwhile many a weary way goes Sir Gawayne.

Now rides the knight through the realms of England.

He has no companion but his horse.

No men does he see till he approaches North Wales.

From Holyhead he passes into Wirral.

[Fol. 100b]

There he finds but few that loved God or man.

He enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel,

but can gain no tidings of him.

His cheer oft changed before he found the Chapel.

Many a cliff he climbed over;

many a ford and stream he crossed, and everywhere he found a foe.

It were too tedious to tell the tenth part of his adventures

with serpents, wolves, and wild men;

with bulls, bears, and boars.

Had he not been both brave and good, doubtless he had been dead.

The sharp winter was far worse than any war that ever troubled him.

Thus in peril he travels till Christmas-eve.

To the Virgin Mary he prays to guide him to some abode.

[Fol. 101.]

On the morn Sir Gawayne finds himself in a deep forest,

where were old oaks many a hundred.

Many sad birds upon bare twigs piped piteously for the cold.

748 Pat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.  
 Þe gome vpon Gryngolet glydeþ hem vnder,  
 Þurþ mony misy & myre, mon al hym one,  
 Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde,  
 To se þe seruy<sup>1</sup> of þat syre, þat on þat self nyzt  
 752 Of a burde watþ borne, oure baret to quelle;  
 & þefore sykyng he sayde, "I be-seche þe, lorde,  
 & Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere.  
 Of sum herber, þer heþly I myzt here masse.  
 756 Ande þy matyneþ to-morne, mekely I ask,  
 & þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue,  
 & crede."  
 He rode in his prayere,  
 760 & cryed for his mysdede,  
 He sayned hym in syþes sere,  
 & sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"

Through many a mire he goes, that he may celebrate the birth of Christ.

He beseeches the Virgin Mary to direct him to some lodging where he may hear mass.

Blessing himself, he says, "Cross of Christ, speed me!"

<sup>1</sup> seruyce (?).

## XII.

764 Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot þrye,  
 Er he watþ war in þe wod of a won in a mote.  
 Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder boþeþ,  
 Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi þe diches;  
 A castel þe comlokest þat euer knyzt aþte,  
 768 Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,  
 With a pyked palays, pyned ful þik,  
 Pat vmbe-teþe mony tre mo þen two myle.  
 Pat holde on þat on syde þe habel auysed,  
 772 As hit schemered & schon þurþ þe schyre okeþ;  
 Þe me hatþ he hendly of his helme, & heþly he þonkeþ  
 Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boþe,  
 Pat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened.  
 776 "Now bone hostel," coþe þe burne, "I be-seche yow zette!"  
 Þe me gedereþ he to Gryngolet with þe gilt heleþ,  
 & he ful chauncely hatþ chosen to þe chef gate,  
 Pat brozt bremly þe burne to þe bryge ende,  
 780 in haste;  
 Þe bryge watþ bre me vp-brayde,  
 Þe zateþ wer stoken faste,  
 Þe walleþ were wel arayed,  
 784 Hit dut no wyndeþ blaste.

Scarcely had he blessed himself thrice

when he saw a dwelling in the wood, set on a hill,

the comeliest castle that knight ever owned.

It shone as the sun through the bright oaks.

[Fol. 101*b*.]

Sir Gawayne goes to the chief gate,

and finds the draw-bridge raised, and the gates shut fast.

## XIII.

Þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed,  
 Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place,  
 Þe walle wod in þe water wonderly depe,  
 788 Ande eft a ful huge heþt hit haled vpon lofte,  
 Of harde hewen ston vp to þe tableþ,  
 Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, in þe best lawe;  
 & syþen garyteþ ful gaye gered bi-twene,  
 792 Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful clene;  
 A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuere;  
 & immermore he be-helde þat halle ful hyþe,  
 Towre telled bytwene trochet ful þik,  
 796 Fayre fylvoleþ þat fyzed, & ferlyly long,  
 With coruon coprounes, craftyly sleþe;  
 Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he in-noþe,  
 Vpon bastel roueþ, þat blenked ful quyte;  
 800 So mony pynakle payntet watþ poudred ay quere,  
 Among þe castel carneleþ, clambred so þik,  
 Pat pared out of papure purely hit semed.  
 Þe fre freke on þe fole hit fayr in-n[ol]ghe þoþt,  
 804 If he myzt keuer to com þe cloyster wyth-imne,  
 To herber in þat hostel, whyl halyday lested  
 auinant;  
 He calde, & sone þer com  
 808 A porter pure plesauzt,  
 On þe wal his ernd he nome,  
 & haylsed þe knyzt errauzt.

The knight abides on the bank,

and observes the "huge height,"

with its battlements and watch towers.

Bright and long were its round towers,

with their well-made capitals.

He thinks it fair enough if he might only come within the cloister.

He calls, and soon there comes a porter to know the knight's errand.

## XIV.

812	<p>"Gode <i>sir</i>," <i>quod</i> Gawan, "woldeþ þou go myn ernde, To þe he3 lorde of þis hous, herber to craue?"</p> <p>"3e, Peter," <i>quod</i> þe porter, "&amp; purely I trowe,<sup>1</sup> þat 3e be, wy3e, welcum to won quyle yow lyke3." þen 3ede þat wy3e azayn awyþe,</p>	"Good sir," says Gawayne, "ask the high lord of this house to grant me a lodging."
		[Fol. 102.]
		"You are welcome to dwell here as long as you like," replied the porter.
816	<p>&amp; folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe knyzt; þay let doun þe grete drazt, &amp; derely out 3eden, &amp; kneled doun on her knes vpon þe colde erþe, To welcum þis ilk wy3, as worþy hom þo3t;</p>	The draw-bridge is let down,
820	<p>þay 3olden hym þe brode 3ate, 3arked vp wyde, &amp; he hem raysed rekenly, &amp; rod ouer þe brygge; Sere segge3 hym sesed by sadel, quel<sup>2</sup> he lyzt, &amp; syþen stabeled his stede stif men <i>in-no3e</i>.</p>	and the gate is opened wide to receive him.
824	<p>Knyzte3 &amp; swyere3 comen doun þe3me, For to bryng þis burne<sup>3</sup> wyth blys <i>in-to</i> halle; Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hized <i>in-noghe</i> For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,</p>	His horse is well stabled. Knights and squires bring Gawayne into the hall.
828	<p>His bronde &amp; his blasoun boþe þay token. þen haylsed he ful hendly þo haþele3 vch one, &amp; mony proud mon þer pre3ed, þat prynce to honou<i>r</i>; Alle hasped <i>in</i> his he3 wede to halle þay hym women, þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly bre3med.</p>	Many a one hastens to take his helmet and sword.
832	<p>þe3me þe lorde of þe lede loute3 fro his chambre, For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flor; He sayde, "3e ar welcum to welde as yow lyke3, þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wylle &amp; welde."</p>	The lord of the country bids him welcome,
836	<p>"Graunt mercy," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þer Kryst hit yow for-3elde," As freke3 þat semed fayn, Ayþer oþer <i>in</i> arme3 con felde.</p>	and they embrace each other.
840		

<sup>1</sup> trowoe, MS. <sup>2</sup> quyle (?) or quen (?). <sup>3</sup> buerne, MS.

## XV.

844	<p>Gawayn glyzt on þe gome þat godly hym gret, &amp; þu3t hit a bolde burne þat þe bur3 a3te, A hoge haþel for þe none3, &amp; of hyghe elde;<sup>1</sup> Brode bryzt wat3 his berde, &amp; al beuer hwed, Sturne stif on þe stryþþe on stal-worth schonke3, Felle face as þe fyre, &amp; fre of hys speche;</p>	Gawayne looks on his host; a big bold one he seemed.
848	<p>&amp; wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þu3t, To lede a lortschyp <i>in</i> lee of leude3 ful gode. þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, &amp; chefly <i>cumaunde3</i><sup>2</sup> To delyuer hym a leude, hym lo3ly to serue;</p>	Beaver-hued was his broad beard, and his face as "fell as the fire."
852	<p>&amp; þere were boun at his bode burne3 <i>in-no3e</i>, þat brozt hym to a bryzt boure, þer beddyng wat3 noble, Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde <i>hemme3</i>, &amp; couertore3 ful curious, <i>wiþ</i> comlych pane3, Of bryzt blaunni<i>er</i> a-boue enbrawd<i>ed</i> bisyde3,</p>	[Fol. 102 <i>b</i> .] The lord leads Gawayne to a chamber, and assigns him a page to wait upon him.
856	<p>Rudelez <i>remnande</i> on rope3, red golde <i>rynge3</i>, Tapyte3 tyzt to þe wo3e, of tuly &amp; tars, &amp; vnder fete, on þe flet, of fol3ande sute.</p>	In this bright bower was noble bedding; the curtains were of pure silk with golden hems;
860	<p>þer he wat3 dispoyled, wyth speche3 of myerþe, þe burn of his bruny, &amp; of his bryzt wede3; Ryche robes ful rad renkke3 hem<sup>3</sup> bro3ten, For to charge, &amp; to chaunge, &amp; chose of þe best.</p>	Tarsic tapestries covered the walls and the floor. Here the knight doffed his armour, and put on rich robes,
864	<p>Sone as he on hent, &amp; happed þer-ime, þat sete on hym<sup>4</sup> semly, wyth saylande skyrte3, þe ver by his uisage verayly hit semed Wel ne3 to vche haþel alle on hwes,</p>	which well became him.
868	<p>Lowande &amp; lufly, alle his <i>lymme3</i> vnder, þat a comloker knyzt neuer Kryst made, hem þo3t; Wheþen <i>in</i> worlde he were, Hit semed as he myzt Be prynce <i>wiþ</i>-outen pere, <i>In</i> felde þer felle men fyzt.</p>	A more comely knight Christ never made.
872		

## XVI.

876 A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole bremed,  
Wat3 grayþed for *sir* Gawan, grayþely *wiþ* cloþe3,  
Whyssynes vpon queldepoyntes, þa[t] koynt wer þoþe;  
& þe me a mere mantyle wat3 on þat mon cast,  
880 Of a broun bleeaunt, enbrauded ful ryche,  
& fayre furred wyth-*inne* *wiþ* felle3 of þe best,  
Alle of ermyn *in* erde, his hode of þe same;  
& he sete *in* þat settel semlych ryche,  
& achaufed hym chefly,<sup>1</sup> & þe me his cher mended.  
884 Sone wat3 telled vp a tapit, on treste3 ful fayre,  
Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed,  
Sanap, & salure, & syluer-*in* spone3;  
888 Þe wy3e wesche at his wyll, & went to his mete  
Segge3 hym serued semly *in*-no3e,  
Wyth sere sewes & sete,<sup>2</sup> sesounde of þe best,  
Double felde, as hit falle3, & fele kyn fische3;  
892 Summe baken *in* bred, summe brad on þe glede3,  
Summe soþen, summe *in* sewe, sauered *wiþ* spyces,  
& ay sawes<sup>3</sup> so sle3e3, þat þe segge lyked.  
Þe freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte,  
896 Ful hendely, quen alle þe haþeles re-hayted hym at one3  
as hende;  
"Þis penaunce now 3e take,  
& eft hit schal amende;"  
890 Þat mon much merþe con make.  
For wyn *in* his hed þat wende.

<sup>1</sup> MS. cefly. <sup>2</sup> swete (?). <sup>3</sup> sewes (?).

## XVII.

894 Þe me wat3 spyed & spured vpon spare wyse.  
Bi preue poynte3 of þat prynce, put to hym-seluen,  
Þat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were,  
Þat aþel Arthure þe hende halde3 hym one,  
Þat is þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table;  
& hit wat3 Wawen hym-self þat *in* þat won sytte3,  
908 Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lymped.  
When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade,  
Loude la3ed he þerat, so lef hit hym þo3t,  
& alle þe men *in* þat mote maden much joye,  
912 To apere *in* his presense prestly þat tyme,  
Þat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes  
Aþendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer,  
By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most.  
916 Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere,  
"Now schal we semlych se sle3te3 of þewe3,  
& þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble,  
Wich spede is *in* speche, vnspurd may we lerne,  
920 Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture;  
God hat3 geuen *vus* his grace godly for soþe,  
Þat such a gest as Gawan graunte3 *vus* to haue,  
When burne3 blyþe of his burþe schal sitte  
& synge.  
924 *In* menyng of manere3 mere,  
Þis burne now schal *vus* bryng,  
I hope þat may hym here,  
Schal lerne of luf-talkyng."

## XVIII.

928 Bi þat þe diner wat3 done, & þe dere vp,  
Hit wat3 ne3 at þe ni3t ne3ed þe tyme;  
Chaplayne3<sup>1</sup> to þe chapeles chosen þe gate,  
Runge ful rychely, ry3t as þay schulden,  
932 To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde.  
Þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als,  
*In*-to a comly closet coyntly ho entre3;

A chair is placed for Sir Gawayne before the fireplace.

A mantle of fine linen, richly embroidered, is thrown over him.

A table is soon raised,  
and the knight, having washed, proceeded to meat.

[Fol. 103.]

He is served with numerous dishes;

with fish baked and broiled,  
or boiled and seasoned with spices.

He calls it a full noble feast,

and much mirth he makes, for the wine is in his head.

Sir Gawayne, in answer to questions put to him,

tells the prince that he is of Arthur's court.

When this was made known,

great was the joy in the hall.

Each one said softly to his mate,

"Now we shall see courteous manners and hear noble speech,

for we have amongst us the 'father of nurture.'

[Fol. 103b.]

He that may him hear shall learn of love-talking."

After dinner the company go to the chapel,

to hear the evensong of the great season.

936	Gawan glyde3 ful gay, & gos þeder sone; þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & lede3 hym to sytte, & couply hym knowe3, & calle3 hym his nome, & sayde he wat3 þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde; & he hym þonkked þroly, & ayþer halched oþer.	The lord of the castle and Sir Gawayne sit together during service.
940	& seten soberly samen þe seruisse-quyle; þe me lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t. þe me com ho of hir closet, wïth mony cler burde3, Ho wat3 þe fayrest in felle, of flesche & of lyre, & of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer, & wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t. He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende; An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde, þat wat3 alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed, & he3ly honowred wïth hapele3 aboute. Bot yn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were, For if þe 3onge wat3 3ep, 3ol3e wat3 þat oþer;	His wife, accompanied by her maids, leaves her seat.  She appeared even fairer than Guenever.  An older lady (an ancient one she seemed) led her by the hand.  Very unlike were these two. if the young one was fair the other was yellow,
944	Riche red on þat on rayled ay quere, Rugh ronkled cheke3 þat oþer on rolled; Kerhofes of þat on wyth mony cler perle3 Hir brest & hir bryzt þrote bare displayed,	and had rough and wrinkled cheeks.  The younger had breast and throat "bare displayed."
948	Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat scheduler <sup>2</sup> on hille3; þat oþer wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre, Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn wïth mylk-quyte vayles, Hir frount folden in sylk, enfouled ay quere, Toret & treieted wïth tryfle3 aboute, þat no3t wat3 bare of þat burde bot þe blake bro3es. þe tweyne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppe3, & þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered;	The ancient one exposed only her "black brows," her two eyes,  [Fol. 104.] nose, and naked lips, all sour and bleared.
952	A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle, for gode; Hir body wat3 schort & þik. Hir buttoke3 bay & brode, More lykker-wys on to lyk, Wat3 þat scho hade on lode.	Her body was short and thick; her buttocks broad and round.
956		
960		
964		
968		

<sup>1</sup> MS. [claplayne3.] <sup>2</sup> schedes (?).

## XIX.

972	When Gawayn glyzt on þat gay, þat graciously loked, Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem a3aynes; þe alder he hayl3es, heldande ful lowe, þe loueloker he lappe3 a lyttel in arme3, He kysses hir comlyly, & kny3tly he mele3; Pay kallen hym of a quoyntaunce, & he hit quyk aske3 To be her seruau3t sothly, if hem-self lyked. Pay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken Spyce3, þat vn-sparely men speded hom to bryng, & þe wymne-lych wyne þer-wïth vche tyme. þe lorde luflych aloft lepe3 ful ofte, Mymmed mæthe to be made vpon mony syþe3. Hent he3ly of his hode, & on a spere hinged, & wayned hom to wymne þe worchip þer-of, þat most myrþe my3t mene <sup>1</sup> þat crystenmas whyle; "& i schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best, Er me wont þe wede3, wïth help of my frende3." þus wyth la3ande lote3 þe lorde hit tayt <sup>2</sup> make3, For to glade sir Gawayn wïth gomne3 in halle þat ny3t; Til þat hit wat3 tyme, þe kyng comaundet ly3t, Sir Gawen his leue con nyme, & to his bed hym di3t.	With permission of the lord,  Sir Gawayne salutes the elder,  but the younger he kisses,  and begs to be her servant.  To chamber all go, where spices and wine are served.  The lord takes off his hood and places it on a spear.  He who makes most mirth is to win it.  Night approaches, and then  Sir Gawayne takes his leave and retires to rest.
-----	---	--

<sup>1</sup> meue (?). <sup>2</sup> layt (?).

## XX.

996	On þe morne, as vch mon myne3 þat tyme, [þ]at dry3tyn for oure destyné to de3e wat3 borne, Wele waxe3 in vche a won in worlde, for his sake;	On Christmas morn, joy reigns in every dwelling in the world.
-----	--	--

1000	So did hit þere on þat day, þurȝ dayntes mony; Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best. þe olde auncian wyf heȝest ho sytteȝ; þe lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;	So did it in the castle where our knight abode. [Fol. 104 <i>b</i> .]  The lord and "the old ancient wife" sit together.
1004	Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder þay seten, Euen <i>in-myddeȝ</i> , as þe messe metely come; & syþen þurȝ al þe sale, as hem best semed, Bi vche grome at his degre <i>grayþely</i> watȝ serued. þer watȝ mete, þer watȝ myrþe, þer watȝ much ioie,	Gawayne sits by the wife of his host.  It were too tedious to tell of the meat, the mirth, and the joy that abounded everywhere.
1008	þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were, & to poynte hit ȝet I pyned me <i>paraueȝture</i> ; Bot ȝet I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde Such comfort of her compaynye caȝten to-geder,	Gawayne and his beautiful companion derive much comfort from each other's conversation.
1012	þurȝ her dere dalyaunce of her derne wordeȝ, Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe; & hor play watȝ passande vche prynce gomen, <i>in</i> vayres;	
1016	Trumpeȝ & nakerys, Much pypyng þer repayres, Vche mon tented hys, & þay two tented þayres.	Trumpets and nakers give forth their sounds.

## XXI.

1020	Much dut watȝ þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer, & þe þryd as þro þronge <i>in</i> þerafter; þe ioie of sayn Ioneȝ day watȝ gentyle to here, & watȝ þe last of þe layk, leudeȝ þer þoȝten.	Great was the joy for three days.  St. John's-day was the last of the Christmas festival.
1024	þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne, For-þy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken, Daunsed ful dreȝly wyth dere caroleȝ;	
1028	At þe last, when hit watȝ late, þay lachen her leue, Vchon to wende on his way, þat watȝ wyȝe stronge. Gawan gef hym god-day, þe god mon hym lachcheȝ, Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] <i>chymné</i> bysyde, & þere he draȝeȝ hym on-dryȝe, & derely hym þonkkeȝ,	On the morrow many of the guests took their departure from the castle.  Sir Gawayne is thanked by his host for the honour and pleasure of his visit.
1032	Of þe wymne worschip & <sup>1</sup> he hym wayned hade, As to honou <i>r</i> his hous on þat hyȝe tyde, & enbelyse his burȝ <i>wit</i> h his bele chere. "I-wysse <i>sir</i> , quyl I leue, me worþeȝ þe better, þat Gawayn hatȝ ben my gest, at Goddeȝ awen fest."	[Fol. 105.]
1036	"Grant merci <sup>2</sup> <i>sir</i> ," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, " <i>in</i> god fayth hit is yowreȝ, Al þe honou <i>r</i> is <i>your</i> awen, þe heȝe kyng yow ȝelde; & I am wyȝe at <i>your</i> wylle, to worch <i>your</i> e hest, As I am halden þer-to, <i>in</i> hyȝe & <i>in</i> loȝe, bi riȝt."	
1040	þe lorde fast can hym payne, To holde lenger þe knyȝt, To hym answeȝ Gawayn, Bi non way þat he myȝt.	He endeavours to keep the knight at his court.
1044		

<sup>1</sup> þat (?). <sup>2</sup> merci, in MS.

## XXII.

1048	Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen, Quat derne <sup>1</sup> dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme, So kenly fro þe kynges kourt to kayre al his one, Er þe halidayeȝ holly were halet out of toun? "For soþe <i>sir</i> ," <i>quod</i> þe segge, "ȝe sayn bot þe trawþe A heȝe ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo woneȝ, For I am summed my selfe to sech to a place, I wot <sup>2</sup> <i>in</i> worlde wheder warde to wende, hit to fynde; I nolde, bot if I hit negh myȝt on nwȝeres morne, For alle þe londe <i>in</i> -wyth Logres, so me oure lorde help! For-þy, <i>sir</i> , þis enquest I require yow here, þat ȝe me telle <i>wit</i> h trawþe, if euer ȝe tale herde Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stondeȝ, & of þe knyȝt þat hit kepes, of colou <i>r</i> of grene? þer watȝ stabled bi statut a steuen <i>vus</i> by-twene, To mete þat mon at þat mere, ȝif I myȝt last;	He desires to know what had driven Sir Gawayne from Arthur's court before the end of the Christmas holidays.  The knight replies that "a high errand and a hasty one" had forced him to leave the court.  He asks his host whether he has ever heard of the Green Chapel,  for he has to be there on New Year's-day.
1052		
1056		
1060		

1064	& of þat ilk nwʒere hot neked now wonteʒ, & I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde, Gladloker, bi Goddeʒ sun, þen any god welde! For-þi, I-wysse, bi ʒowre wylle, wende me bi-houes, Naf I now to busy bot bare þre dayeʒ, & me als fayn to falle feye as fayl of myyn ernde."	He would as lief die as fail in his errand.  The prince tells Sir Gawayne that he will teach him the way.
1068	Þeʒme laʒande <i>quod</i> þe lorde, "now leng þe by-houes, For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tymeʒ ende, Þe grene chapayle vpon grounde, greue yow no more; Bot ʒe schal be <i>in</i> yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese, Quyle forþh dayej, & ferk on pe fyrst of pe ʒere, & cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow likeʒ in <i>speʒme</i> ; Dowelleʒ whyle new ʒeres daye, & rys, & raykeʒ þeʒme, Mon schal yow sette <i>in</i> waye, Hit is not two myle heʒme."	[Fol. 105 <i>b</i> ]  The Green chapel is not more than two miles from the castle.

<sup>1</sup> derue (?). <sup>2</sup> not (?).

### XXIII.

1080	Þeʒme watʒ Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he laʒed,— "Now I þonk yow þryuandely þurʒ alle oþer þynge, Now acheued is my chauce, I schal at <i>your</i> wylle Dowelle, & elleʒ do quat ʒe demen."	Then was Gawayne glad,  and consents to tarry awhile at the castle.
1084	Þeʒme sesed <i>hym</i> þe syre, & set <i>hym</i> bysyde, Let þe ladiez be fette, to lyke <i>hem</i> þe better; Þer watʒ seme solace by hem-self stille; Þe lorde let for luf loteʒ so myry, As wyʒ þat wolde of his wyte, ne wylt quat he myʒt.	The ladies are brought in to solace him.
1088	Þeʒme he carped to þe knyʒt, criande loude, "ʒe han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde; Wyl ʒe halde þis hes here at þys oneʒ?" "ʒe <i>sir</i> , for-soþe," sayd þe segge trwe, "Why! I byde <i>in</i> yowre borʒe, be bayn to ʒow[r]e hest." "For ʒe haf trauayled," <i>quod</i> þe tulk, "towen fro ferre, & syþen waked me wyth, ʒe arn not wel waryst, Nauþer of sostnauce ne of slepe, soþly I knowe; ʒe schal lenge <i>in</i> your lofte, & lyʒe <i>in</i> your ese, To morn quyle þe messe-quyle, & to mete wende, When ʒe wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yow schal sitte, & comfort yow <i>wiþ</i> compayny, til I to cort torne, ʒe lende; & I schal erly ryse, On <i>huntyng</i> wyl I wende." Gauayn <i>granteʒ</i> alle þyse, <i>Hym</i> heldande, as þe hende.	The lord of the castle asks the knight to grant him one request;  That he will stay in his chamber during mass time,  and then go to meat with his hostess.  Gawayne accedes to his request.

### XXIV.

1108	"ʒet firre," <i>quod</i> þe freke, "a forwarde we make; Quat-so-euer I <i>wymme in</i> þe wod, hit worþeʒ to <i>youreʒ</i> , & quat chek so ʒe acheue, chauce me þer-forne; Swete, swap we so, sware <i>wiþ</i> trawþe, Queþer, leude, so lymþ lere oþer better." "Bi God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn þe gode, "I <i>grant</i> þer-tylle, & þat yow lyst forto layke, lef hit me þynkes.	"Whatsoever," says the host, "I win in the wood shall be yours,  and what check you achieve shall be mine."  [Fol. 106.] A bargain is made between them.
1112	"Who bringeʒ <i>vus</i> þis beuerage, þis bargayn is maked:" So sayde þe lorde of þat lede; þay laʒed vchone, Þay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vntyʒtel, <sup>1</sup> Þise lordeʒ & ladyeʒ, quyle þat hem lyked; & syþen <i>wiþ</i> frenkysch fare & fele fayre loteʒ Þay stoden, & stemed, & stylylly speken, Kysten ful comlyly, & kaʒten her leue. <i>Wiþ</i> mony leude ful lyʒt, & lemande torches, Vche burne to his bed watʒ broʒt at þe laste, ful softe; To bed ʒet er þay ʒede, Recorded couenaunteʒ ofte;	Night approaches and each "to his bed was brought at the last."  Night approaches and each "to his bed was brought at the last."
1124	Þe olde lorde of þat leude, <sup>2</sup> Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.	

## [FYTTE THE THIRD.]

### I.

1128	Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen, Gestes þat go wolde, hor gromeþ þay calden, & þay busken vp bilyue, blonkkeþ þat sadel, Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males, Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde, Lepen vp lyztly, lachen her brydeles,	Before day-break folks uprise, saddle their horses, and truss their mails.
1132	Vche wyze on his way, þer hym wel lyked. þe leue lorde of þe londe watz not þe last, A-rayed for þe rydyng, w <sup>ith</sup> renkkeþ ful mony; Ete a sop hastyly, when he hade herde masse,	Each goes where it pleases him best. The noble lord of the land arrays himself for riding. He eats a sop hastily and goes to mass.
1136	W <sup>ith</sup> bugle to bent felde he buskeþ by-lyue; By þat þat any day-lyzt lemed vpon erþe, He w <sup>ith</sup> his hapeles on hyze horsses weren.	Before day-light he and his men are on their horses.
1140	þe me þise cacheres þat couþe, cowpld hor houndeþ, Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þer-oute, Blwe bygly in bugleþ þre bare mote; Braches bayed þerfore, & bre me noyse maked, & þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went;	Then the hounds are called out and coupled. Three short notes are blown by the bugles. A hundred hunters join in the chase.
1144	A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle, of þe best; To trystors vewters 3od, Couples huntes of kest,	To the stations the "fewters" go,
1148	þer ros for blasteþ gode, Gret rurd in þat forest.	[Fol. 106b.] and the dogs are cast off.

### II.

1152	At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wylde; Der drof in þe dale, doted for drede, Hized to þe hyze, bot heterly þay were Restayed w <sup>ith</sup> þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed; þay let þe hertteþ haf þe gate, w <sup>ith</sup> þe hyze hedes, þe bre me bukkeþ also, w <sup>ith</sup> hor brode paumeþ;	Roused by the clamour the deer rush to the heights,  but are soon driven back. The harts and bucks are allowed to pass,
1156	For þe fre lorde hade de-fende in fermysoun tyme, þat þer schulde no mon mene <sup>1</sup> to þe male dere. þe hindeþ were halden in, w <sup>ith</sup> hay & war, þe does dryuen w <sup>ith</sup> gret dyn to þe depe sladeþ;	but the hinds and does are driven back to the shades.
1160	þer myzt mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes, At vche [þat] wende vnder wande wapped a flone, þat bigly bote on þe broun, w <sup>ith</sup> ful brode hedeþ, What! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkkeþ þay deþen.	As they fly they are shot by the bowmen.
1164	& ay rachches in a res radly hem folþes, Huntreþ wyth hyze horne hasted hem after, Wyth such a crakkande kry, as klyffes haden brusten; What wylde so at-waped wyzes þat schotten,	The hounds and the hunters, with a loud cry, follow in pursuit.  Those that escaped the arrows are killed by the hounds.
1168	Watz al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt. Bi þay were tened at þe hyze, & taysed to þe wattreþ, þe ledeþ were so lerned at þe loze trysteres, & þe gre-houndeþ so grete, þat geten hem bylyue, & hem to fylched, as fast as frekeþ myzt loke, þer ryzt.	The lord waxes joyful in the chase,
1176	þe lorde for blys abloy Ful oft con launce & lyzt, & drof þat day wyth loy Thus to þe derk nyzt.	which lasted till the approach of night.

<sup>1</sup> meue (?).

### III.

1180	þus laykeþ þis lorde by lynde wodeþ eueþ, & G. þe god mon, in gay bed lygeþ, Lurkkeþ quyl þe day-lyzt lemed on þe woves, Vnder couerto <sup>ur</sup> ful clere, cortyned aboute; & as in slomeryng he slode, slezly he herde A littel dyn at his dor, & derfly vpon;	All this time Gawayne lies a-bed. under "coverture full clear".  He hears a noise at his door.
------	---	---



1184	& he heue3 vp his hed out of þe cloþes, A corner of þe cortyn he ca3t vp a lyttel, & wayte3 warly bider-warde, quat hit be my3t. Hit wat3 þe ladi, loflyest to be-holde,	[Fol. 107.]  A lady, the loveliest to behold, enters softly.
1188	þat dro3 þe dor after hir ful dernly <sup>1</sup> & style, & bo3ed to-warde þe bed; & þe burne schamed. & layde hym doun lystyly, & let as he slepte. & ho stepped stilly, & stel to his bedde,	She approaches the bed.  Gawayne pretends to be asleep.
1192	Kest vp þe cortyn, & creped w <i>ith</i> -ime, & set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde, & lenged þere selly longe, to loke quen he wakened. þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,	The lady casts up the curtain and sits on the bedside.
1196	Compast in his concience to quat þat cace my3t Mene oþer amount, to meruayle hym þo3t; Bot 3et he sayde in hym-self, "more semly hit were To aspye wyth my spelle [in] space quat ho wolde."	Gawayne has much wonder thereat.
1200	þen he wakenede, & wroth, & to hir warde torned, & vn-louked his y3e-lydde3, & let as hym wondered, & sayned hym, as bi his sa3e þe sauer to worthe, w <i>ith</i> hande;	He rouses himself up, unlocks his eyes, and looks as if he were astonished.
1204	Wyth chymne & cheke ful swete, Boþe quit & red in-blande, Ful lufly con ho lete, Wyth lyppe3 smal lazande.	
	<sup>1</sup> deruly (?).	
<b>IV.</b>		
1208	"God moroun, <i>sir</i> Gawayn," sayde þat fayr lady, "3e ar a sleper vn-sly3e, þat mon may slyde hider; Now ar 3e tan astyt, bot true <i>vus</i> may schape, I schal bynde yow in <i>your</i> bedde, þat be 3e trayst:"	"Good morrow", says the lady, "ye are a careless sleeper to let one enter thus.  I shall bind you in your bed, of that be ye sure."
1212	Al lazande þe lady lanced þo bourde3. "Goud moroun g[aye]," <sup>1</sup> <i>quod</i> Gawayn þe blyþe, "Me schal worþe at <i>your</i> wille, & þat me wel lyke3, For I zelde me 3ederly, & 3e3e after grace, & þat is þe best, be my dome, for me by-houe3 nede;"	"Good morrow," says the knight, "I am well pleased to be at your service;  but permit me to rise and dress myself."
1216	& þus he bourded a-3ayn w <i>ith</i> mony a blyþe lazter. "Bot wolde 3e, lady louely, þen leue me grante, & de-prece <i>your</i> prysoun, & pray hym to ryse,	
1220	I wolde bo3e of þis bed, & busk me better; I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth." "Nay, for soþe, beau <i>sir</i> ," sayd þat swete, "3e schal not rise of <i>your</i> bedde, I ryche yow better,	[Fol. 107b] "Nay, beau sir," said that sweet one, "I shall hold talk with you here.
1224	I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als, & syþen karp wyth my kny3t þat I ka3t haue; For I wene wel, Iwysse, <i>sir</i> Wawen 3e are, þat alle þe worlde worchipe3, quere-so 3e ride; Your honour, <i>your</i> hendelayk is hendely praysed	I know well that you are Gawayne that all the woild worships.
1228	W <i>ith</i> lorde3, wyth ladyes, w <i>ith</i> alle þat lyf bere. & now 3e ar here, iwysse, & we bot oure one; "My lorde & his lede3 ar on lenþe faren, Oþer burne3 in her bedde, & my burde3 als, þe dor drawen, & dit w <i>ith</i> a derf haspe; & syþen I haue in þis hous hym þat al lyke3, I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit laste3, w <i>ith</i> tale;	We are by ourselves;  My lord and his men are far off. Other men are in their beds, so are my maidens. The door is safely closed. Since I have him in house that every one likes, I shall use my time well while it lasts.
1232		
1236	3e ar welcum to my cors, Yowre awen won to wale, Me be-houe3 of fyne force, Your seruau <sup>t</sup> be & schale."	Ye are welcome to my body.
1240		I shall be your servant."

<sup>1</sup> This word is illegible in the MS.

## V.

1244	"In god fayth," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "gayn hit me þynkke3, þa3 I be not now he þat 3e of speken; To reche to such reuerence as 3e reherce here I am wy3e vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen; Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þo3t, At sa3e oþer at seruyce þat I sette my3t	"I am unworthy," says Sir Gawayne, "to reach to such reverence as ye rehearse.  I shall be glad, however, to please you by word, or service."
------	---	---

1248	To þe plesau[n]ce of <i>your</i> prys, hit were a pure ioye." "In god fayth, <i>sir</i> Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe gay lady, "Þe prys & þe prowes þat plesez al oþer, If I hit lakked, oþer set at lyzt, hit were littel daynté; Bot hit ar ladyes <i>in-noze</i> , þat leuer wer nowþe	"There are ladies," says his visitor, "who would prefer thy company
1252	Haf þe hende <i>in</i> hor holde, as I þe hadde here, To daly <i>wiþt</i> derely <i>your</i> daynté wordez, Keuer hem comfort, & colen her carez, Þen much of þe garysourn oþer golde þat <sup>1</sup> þay hauen;	to much of the gold that they possess."
1256	Bot I louue <sup>2</sup> þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte haldez, I haf hit holly <i>in</i> my honde þat al desyres, þurze grace." Scho made <i>hym</i> so gret chere, Pat wat3 so fayr of face,	[Fol. 108.] The knight answers the lady's questions.
1260	Þe knyzt <i>wiþh</i> speches skere, A[n]swared to vche a cace.	

<sup>1</sup> MS. þat þat. <sup>2</sup> louie or loune (?).

## VI.

1264	"Madame," <i>quod</i> þe myry mon, "Mary yow zelde, For I haf founden, <i>in</i> god fayth, yowre fraunchis nobele, & oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hor dedez; Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen, Hit is þe worchyp of <i>your</i> -self, þat nozt hot wel comez."	Gawayne tells her that he prefers her conversation before that of all others.
1268	"Bi Mary," <i>quod</i> þe menskful, "me þynk hit an oþer; For were I worth al þe wone of <i>wymmen</i> alyue, & al þe wele of þe worlde were <i>in</i> my honde, & I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde, For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpun þe knyzt here, Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblau[n]t, & þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee, Þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen."	The lady declares by Mary,  that were she about to choose her a lord,
1272	"I-wysse, worþy," <i>quod</i> þe wyze, "ze haf waled wel better; Bot I am proude of þe prys þat ze put on me, & soberly <i>your</i> seruau[n]t my souerayn I holde yow, & yowre knyzt I be-com, & Kryst yow for-zelde."	she would select Gawayne before any man on earth.
1276	Þus þay meled of much-quat, til myd-morn paste, & ay þe lady let lyk, a <sup>1</sup> <i>hym</i> loued mych; Þe freke ferde <i>wiþh</i> defence, & feted ful fayre. Þaz I were burde bryztest, þe burde <i>in</i> mynde hade,	Gawayne tells her that he will become her own knight and faithful servant.
1280	Þe lasse luf <i>in</i> his lode, for lur þat he sozt, boute hone; Þe dunte þat schulde <sup>2</sup> <i>hym</i> deue, & nede3 hit most be done;	The remembrance of his adventure prevents him from thinking of love.
1284	Þe lady þem spek of leue. He granted hir ful sone.	The lady takes leave of Sir Gawayne.

<sup>1</sup> and (?) <sup>2</sup> sclulde, in MS.

## VII.

1292	Þe me ho gef <i>hym</i> god-day, & wyth a glent lazed. & as ho stod, ho stonyed <i>hym</i> wyth ful stor wordez: "Now he þat spedez vche spech, þis disport zelde yow! Bot þat ze be Gawan, hit got3 <i>in</i> mynde." "Quer-fore?" <i>quod</i> þe freke, & freschly he askez, Ferde lest he hade fayled <i>in fourme</i> of his castes;	With a laughing glance, she says,  "I am doubtful whether ye be Gawayne.
1296	Bot þe burde <i>hym</i> blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde, "So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden, & cortaysye is closed so clene <i>in hym</i> -seluen, Couth not lyztly haf lenged so long wyth a lady, Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his <i>courtaysye</i> , Bi <i>sum</i> towch of <i>summe</i> tryfle, at <i>sum</i> tale3 ende."	[Fol. 108b.]  Were it he, surely, ere this, he would have craved a kiss."
1300	Þen <i>quod</i> Wowen, "I-wysse, worþe as yow lykez, I schal kysse at <i>your</i> comaundement, as a knyzt falle3, & fire <sup>1</sup> lest he displese yow, so <sup>2</sup> plede hit no more." Ho comes nerre <i>wiþh</i> þat, & cache3 <i>hym in</i> arme3, Loute3 luflych adoun, & þe leude kyssez; Þay comly bykemmen to Kryst ayþer oþer;	"I shall kiss," says the knight, "at your commandment."
1304	Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, <i>wiþh</i> -outen dyn more.	With that the lady catches him in her arms and kisses him.
1308		

& he ryches *hym* to ryse, & rapes *hym* sone,  
 Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,  
 1312 Boʒeʒ forth, quen he watʒ *boun*, blyþely to masse,  
 & þe*me* he meued to his mete, þat *menskly* *hym* keped,  
 & made myry al day til þe mone rysed,  
 with game;  
 1316 With<sup>3</sup> *neuer* freke fayrer fonge,  
 Bitwene two so *dyngne* dame,  
 Þe alder & þe ʒonge,  
 Much solace set þay same.

<sup>1</sup> fere (?). <sup>2</sup> fo, in MS. <sup>3</sup> Was (?) Nas (?).

## VIII.

And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamneʒ,  
 1320 To hunt *in* holteʒ & heþe, at hyndeʒ barayne,  
 Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe *summe* heldet,  
 Of dos & of oþer dere, to deme were wonder.  
 1324 Þe*me* fersly þay flokked *in* folk at þe laste,  
 & quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked;  
 Þe best boʒed þerto, with burneʒ *in*-noghe,  
 Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were,  
 & didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede askeʒ;  
 1328 Serched hem at þe asay, *summe* þat þer were,  
 Two *fyngeres* þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle;  
 Syþen þay slyt þe slot, sesed þe erber,  
 Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten;  
 1332 Syþen rytte þay þe foure *lymmes*, & rent of þe hyde,  
 Þen brek þay þe bale, þe baleʒ out token,  
 Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot;  
 Þay gryped to þe garguluz, & grayþely departed  
 1336 Þe wesauzt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe gutteʒ;  
 Þen scher þay out þe schuldereʒ with her scharp knyueʒ,  
 Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes;  
 Sipe<sup>n</sup> britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit *in* twyyme,  
 1340 & eft at þe garguluz bigyneʒ on þe*me*,  
 Ryueʒ hit vp radly, ryʒt to þe byʒt,  
 Voydeʒ out þe a-vanters, & verayly þerafter  
 Alle þe rymeʒ by þe rybbeʒ radly þay lance;  
 1344 So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge boneʒ,  
 Euenden to þe haunche, þat hinged alle samen,  
 & heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere,  
 & þat þayneme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,  
 1348 bi kynde;  
 Bi þe byʒt al of þe þyʒes,  
 Þe lappeʒ þay lance bi-hynde,  
 To hewe hit *in* two þay hyʒes,  
 1352 Bi þe bak-bon to vnbynde.

Gawayne then rises and goes to mass.

He makes mirth all day till the moon rises,

between the "two dames," the older and the younger.

Meanwhile the lord of the land and his men hunt in woods and heaths.

Quickly of the killed a "quarry" they make.

Then they set about *breaking* the deer.

They take away the *assay* or fat,

then they slit the *slot* and remove the *erber*.

They afterwards rip the four limbs and rend off the hide.

They next open the belly

[Fol. 109.]  
and take out the bowels.

They then separate the *weasand* from the windhole and throw out the guts.

The shoulders are cut out, and the breast divided into halves.

The *numbles* are next removed.

By the fork of the thighs,

the flaps are hewn in two by the backbone.

## IX.

Boþe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þe*me*,  
 & syþen sunder þay þe sydeʒ swyft fro þe chyne,  
 & þe corbeles fee þay kest *in* a greue;<sup>1</sup>  
 1356 Þe*m* þurled þay ayþer þik side þurʒ, bi þe rybbe,  
 & hinged þe*me* a[ly]þer bi hoʒes of þe fourcheʒ,  
 Vche freke for his fee, as falleʒ forto haue.  
 Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay þayr houndes,  
 1360 Wyth þe lyuer & þe lyʒteʒ, þe leþer of þe pauncheʒ,  
 & bred baþed *in* blod, blende þer amongeʒ;  
 Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachcheʒ,  
 Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,  
 1364 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif moteʒ.  
 Bi þat þe daylyʒt watʒ done, þe douthe watʒ al wonen  
*In*-to þe comly castel, þer þe knyʒt bideʒ  
 ful stille;  
 1368 Wyth blys & bryʒt fyr bette,  
 Þe lord is comen þer-tylle,  
 When Gawayn wyth *hym* mette,  
 Þer watʒ bot wele at wylle.

After this the head and neck are cut off, and the sides severed from the chine.

With the liver, lights and paunches, they feed the hounds.

Then they make for home.

Gawayne goes out to meet his host.

<sup>1</sup> grene (?).

## X.

- 1372 The *me* comaunder þe lorde *in* þat sale to samen alle þe meny<sup>[Fol. 109b.]</sup>  
Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to lyzt *wiþ* her burdes,  
Bi-fore alle þe folk on þe flette, frekeþ he beddeþ  
Verayly his venysoun to fech *hym* byfore;  
1376 & al godly *in* gomen Gaway[n] he called,  
Techeþ *hym* to þe tayles of ful tait bestes,  
Scheweþ *hym* þe schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.  
"How payeþ yow þis play? haf I prys women?"  
1380 Haue I þryuandely þonk þurþ my craft serued?"  
"Ȝe I-wysse," *quod* þat oþer wyȜe, "here is wayth fayrest  
þat I seþ þis seuen Ȝere *in* sesoun of wynter."  
" & al I gif yow, Gawayn," *quod* þe gome þe me,  
1384 "For by a-corde of couenau[n]t Ȝe craue hit as *your* awen."  
"Þis is soth," *quod* þe segge, "I say yow þatilke,  
&<sup>1</sup> I haf worthyly þis woneþ wyth-*ime*,  
I-wysse *wiþ* as god wylle hit worþeþ to Ȝoureþ."  
1388 He haspeþ his fayre hals his armeþ wyth-*ime*,  
& kysses *hym* as comlyly as he<sup>2</sup> coupe awyse:  
"Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,  
I wowche hit saf fynly, þaþ feler hit were."  
1392 "Hit is god," *quod* þe god mon, "*grant* mercy þe fore,  
Hit may be such, hit is þe better, &<sup>1</sup> Ȝe me breue wolde  
Where Ȝe wan þis ilk wele, biwytte of hor<sup>3</sup> seluen?"  
"þat watþ not forward," *quod* he, "frayst me no more,  
1396 For Ȝe haftan þat yow tydeþ, traweȜe non oþer  
Ȝe mowe."  
Pay lazed, & made hem blyþe,  
Wyth loteþ þat were to lowe,  
1400 To soper þay Ȝede asswyþe,  
Wyth dayntes nwe *in*-nowe.

<sup>1</sup> And = an. <sup>2</sup> ho, in MS. <sup>3</sup> your (?).

## XI.

- And syþen by þe chymné *in* chamber þay seten.  
WyȜeþ þe walle wyn weȜed to hem oft,  
1404 & efte *in* her bourdyng þay bayþen *in* þe morn,  
To fylle þe same forwardeþ þat þay by-fore maden,  
þat chaunce so bytydeþ hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,  
1408 What nweþ so þay nome, at naȜt quen þay metten  
þay acorded of þe couenau[n]teþ byfore þe court alle;  
þe beuerage watþ broȜt forth *in* bourde at þat tyme;  
þe me þay louelych leȜten leue at þe last,  
Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.  
1412 Bi þat þe coke hade croweþ<sup>1</sup> & cakled bot þryse,  
þe lorde watþ lopen of his bedde, [&] þe leudeþ vch one,  
So þat þe mete & þe masse watþ metely delyuered;  
þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,  
1416 to chace;  
Heþ *wiþ* hunte & horneþ,  
þurþ playneþ þay passe *in* space,  
Vn-coupled among þo þorneþ,  
1420 Racheþ þat ran on race.

<sup>1</sup> crowed (?).

## XII.

- Sone þay calle of a quest *in* aker syde,  
þe hunt re-hayted þe houndeþ, þat hit fyrst mynged,  
1424 Wylde wordeþ *hym* warp wyth a wrast noyce;  
þe howndeþ þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe,  
& fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones;  
þe me such a glau<sup>e</sup>rande glam of gedered rachcheþ  
Ros, þat þe rochereþ rungen aboute;  
1428 Huntereþ hem hardened *wiþ* horne & wyth muthe.  
þe n al *in* a semblé sweyed to-geder,  
Bitwene a flosche *in* þat fryth, & a foo cragge;  
In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,

1432	<p><i>Þer</i> as <i>þe</i> rogh rocher vn-rydely wat3 fallen,  [<i>Þay</i>] ferdn to <i>þe</i> fyndyng, &amp; freke3 hem after;  <i>Þay</i> vmbe-kesten <i>þe</i> knarre &amp; <i>þe</i> knot boþe.  Wy3e3, whyl <i>þay</i> wysten wel wyt <i>imne</i> hem hit were,  <i>þe</i> best þat <i>þer</i> breued wat3 wyth <i>þe</i> blod hounde3.  <i>Þe</i>me <i>þay</i> beten on <i>þe</i> buske3, &amp; bede <i>hym</i> vp ryse,  &amp; he vnsoundly out so3t segge3 ouer-þwert,  On <i>þe</i> sellokest swyn swenged out <i>þere</i>,</p>	<p>They look about on all sides,  and beat on the bushes.  Out there rushes a fierce wild boar,</p>
1440	<p>Long sythen for<sup>1</sup> <i>þe</i> sounder þat wizt for-olde,  For he wat3 b[este &amp;] bor alþer grattest,  [And eue]re quen he gronyed, <i>þe</i>me greued mony,  For [<i>þre</i> a]t <i>þe</i> fyrst þrast he þryzt to <i>þe</i> erþe,  &amp; [<i>sped</i> hym] forth good sped, boute spyt more,  [Ande <i>þay</i>] halowed hyghe ful hy3e &amp; hay! hay! cryed  Haden horne3 to mouþe heterly rechated;  Mony wat3 <i>þe</i> myry mouthe of men &amp; of hounde3,  Pat buskke3 after þis bor, with bost &amp; wyth noyse,  To quelle;</p>	<p>At the first thrust he fells three to the ground.  [Fol. 110<i>b</i>.] Full quickly the hunters pursue him.</p>
1448	<p>Ful oft he byde3 <i>þe</i> baye,  &amp; mayme3 <i>þe</i> mute <i>lzm</i>-melle,  He hurte3 of <i>þe</i> hounde3, &amp; þay  Ful 3omerly 3aule &amp; 3elle.</p>	<p>However, he attacks the hounds, causing them to yowl and yell.</p>

<sup>1</sup> fro (?).

### XIII.

1456	<p>Schalke3 to schote at <i>hym</i> schowen to <i>þe</i>me,  Haled to <i>hym</i> of her arewe3, hitten <i>hym</i> oft;  Bot <i>þe</i> poynte3 payred at <i>þe</i> pyth þat pyzt in his schelde3,  &amp; <i>þe</i> barbe3 of his browe bite non wolde,  Þa3 <i>þe</i> schauen schaft schyndered in pece3,  <i>þe</i> hede hypped a3ayn, were-so-euer hit hitte;  Bot quon <i>þe</i> dynte3 <i>hym</i> dered of her dry3e stroke3,  Pen, brayn-wod for bate, on burne3 he rase3,  Hurte3 hem ful heterly þer he forth hy3e3,  &amp; mony ar3ed þerat, &amp; on-lyte dro3en.  Bot <i>þe</i> lorde on a lyzt horce launces <i>hym</i> after;  As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowe3,  He rechated, &amp; r[ode]<sup>1</sup> þur3 rone3 ful þyk,  Suande þis wy[l]de swyn til <i>þe</i> sume schafted.  Dis day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse,  Whyle oure luflych lede lys in his bedde,  Gawayn grayþely at home, in gere3 ful ryche  of hewe;</p>	<p>The bowmen send their arrows after this wild swine,  but they glide off shivered in pieces.  Enraged with the blows,  he attacks the hunters.  The lord of the land blows his bugle,  and pursues the boar.  All this time Gawayne lies a-bed.</p>
1472	<p><i>Þe</i> lady no3t for3ate,  Com to <i>hym</i> to salue,  Ful erly ho wat3 <i>hym</i> ate,  His mode forto remwe.</p>	

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is here almost illegible.

### XIV.

1476	<p>Ho <i>commes</i> to <i>þe</i> cortyn, &amp; at <i>þe</i> knyzt totes,  <i>Sir</i> Wawen her welcumed worþy on fyrst,  &amp; ho <i>hym</i> 3elde3 a3ayn, ful 3erne of hir worde3,  Sette3 hir sofl[t]ly by his syde, &amp; swyþely ho la3e3,  &amp; wyth a luflych loke ho layde<sup>1</sup> <i>hym</i> þyse worde3:  "<i>Sir</i>, 3if 3e be Wawen, wonder me þynkke3,  Wy3e þat is so wel wrast alway to god,  &amp; conne3 not of compaynye <i>þe</i> costez vnder-take,  &amp; if mon kemnes yow hom to knowe, 3e kest hom of <i>your mynde</i>;  þou hat3 for-3eten zederly þat 3isterday I taztte  alder-truest token of talk þat I cowþe."  "<i>What</i> is þat?" <i>quod</i> <i>þe</i> wyghe, "<i>I</i>-wysse <i>I</i> wot <i>neuer</i>,  If hit be sothe þat 3e breue, <i>þe</i> blame is <i>my</i>n awen."  "<i>3et</i> <i>I</i> kende yow of <i>kyssyng</i>," <i>quod</i> <i>þe</i> clere <i>þe</i>me,  "<i>Quere</i>-so countenance is couþe, quikly to clayme,  þat <i>bicum</i>es vche a knyzt, þat cortaysy vses."  "<i>Do</i> way," <i>quod</i> þat derf mon, "<i>my</i> dere, þat speche,  For þat durst <i>I</i> not do, lest <i>I</i> denyed were,  If <i>I</i> were werned, <i>I</i> were wrang <i>I</i>-wysse, 3if <i>I</i> <i>profered</i>."</p>	<p>The lady of the castle again visits Sir Gawayne.  Softly she sits by his side,  [Fol. 111] and tells the knight that he has forgotten what she taught him the day before.  "<i>I</i> taught you of kissing," she says, "that becomes every knight."  Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden.</p>
------	---	---

- 1496 "Ma fay," *quod* þe mere wyf, "3e may not be werned,  
 3e ar stif *in-noghe* to constrayne wyth strenkþe, 3if yow lyke3, He is told that he is strong enough to enforce it.  
 3if any were so vilanous þat yow denaye<sup>2</sup> wolde."  
 "3e, be God," *quod* Gawayn, "good is *your* speche,  
 1500 Bot þrete is vn-þryuande *in þede þer* I lende,  
 & vche gift þat is geuen not *with* goud wylle;  
 I am at *your* comaundement, to kysse quen yow lyke3,  
 3e may lach quen yow lyst, & leue quen yow þynkke3,  
 in space."  
 1504 Þe lady loute3 a-doun,  
 & comlyly kysses his face,  
 Much speche þay þer expoun,  
 Of druryes greme & *grace*.  
 The knight replies that every gift is worthless that is not given willingly.  
 The lady stoops down and kisses him.

<sup>1</sup> sayde (?). <sup>2</sup> de vaye, in MS.

## XV.

- 1508 "I woled<sup>1</sup> wyt at yow, wy3e," þat worþy þer sayde,  
 "& yow wrathed not þer-wyth, what were þe skylle,  
 þat so 3ong & so 3epe, as 3e [ar] at þis tyme,  
 1512 So cortayse, so kny3tyly, as 3e ar knowen oute,  
 & of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng a-losed,  
 Is<sup>2</sup> þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes;  
 F[or] to telle of þis tenelyng of þis trwe kny3te3,  
 Hit is þe tytelet, token, & tyxt of her werkke3,  
 1516 How le[des] for her lele luf hor lyue3 han auntered,  
 Endured for her drury dulful stounde3,  
 & after wenged *with* her walour & voyded her care,  
 & bro3t blysse *in-to* boure, *with* bountees hor awen.  
 1520 & 3e ar kny3t com-lokest kyd of *your* elde,  
*Your* worde & *your* worchip walke3 ay quere,  
 & I haf seten by *your*-self here sere twyes,  
 3et herde I neuer of *your* hed helde no worde3  
 1524 þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;  
 & 3e, þat ar so cortays & coynt of *your* hetes,  
 Oghe to a 3onke þynk 3ern to schewe,  
 & teche *sum* tokene3 of trweluf craftes.  
 1528 Why ar 3e lewed, þat alle þe los welde3,  
 Oþer elles 3e demen me to dille, *your* dalyaunce to herken?  
 for schame!  
 I com hider sengel, & sitte,  
 1532 To lerne at yow *sum* game,  
 Dos, teche3 me of *your* wytte,  
 Whil my lorde is fro hame."  
 and so renowned a knight,  
 [Fol. 111*b*.]  
 have never talked to me of love.  
 You ought to show a young thing like me some token of 'true-love's crafts.'

<sup>1</sup> wolde (?). <sup>2</sup> In (?).

## XVI.

- 1536 "In goud fayþe," *quod* Gawayn, "God yow for3elde,  
 Gret is þe gode gle, & gomen to me huge,  
 þat so worþy as 3e wolde wyme hidere,  
 & pyne yow *with* so pouer a mon, as play wyth *your* kny3t,  
 1540 With any skyme3 counテナunce, hit keuere3 me ese;  
 Bot to take þe toruayle<sup>1</sup> to my-self, to trwluf expoun,  
 & towche þe teme3 of tyxt, & tale3 of arme3,  
 To yow þat, I wot wel, welde3 more sly3t  
 Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche  
 1544 As I am, oþer euer schal, *in* erde þer I leue,  
 Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.  
 I wolde yowre wynnyng worche at my my3t,  
 As I am hy3ly bihalden, & euer-more wylle  
 1548 Be seruauant to *your*-seluen, so saue me dry3tyn!"  
 Þus hym frayned þat fre, & fondet hym ofte,  
 Forto haf women hym to wo3e, what-so scho þo3t elle3,  
 Bot he de fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed,  
 1552 Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten,  
 bot blysse;  
 Þay lazed & layked longe,  
 At þe last scho con hym kysse,  
 1556 Hir leue fayre con scho fonge,  
 "It is a great pleasure to me," says Sir Gawayne, "to hear you talk,  
 but I cannot undertake the task to expound true-love and tales of arms.  
 I will, however, act according to your will,  
 and ever be your servant."  
 Thus Gawayne defends himself.  
 The lady having kissed the knight, takes leave of him.

& went hir waye Iwysse.

<sup>1</sup> tornayle (?).

## XVII.

Then ruþes hym þe renk, & ryses to þe masse,  
& syþen hor diner wat3 dyzt & derely serued.  
1560 Þe lede wïth þe ladye3 layked alle day,  
Bot þe lorde ouer þe londe3 launced ful ofte,  
Swe3 his vncely swyn, þat swynge3 bi þe bonkke3,  
& bote þe best of his brache3 þe bakke3 in sunder;  
1564 Þer he bode in his bay, tel<sup>1</sup> bawe-men hit breken,  
& made<sup>2</sup> hym, maw-gref his bed, forto mwe vtter;  
So felle flone3 per flete, when þe folk gedered;  
Bot zet þe styffest to start bi stounde3 he made,  
1568 Til at þe last he wat3 so mat, he myzt no more reþme,  
Bot in þe hast þat he myzt, he to a hole wyme3,  
Of a rasse, bi a rokk, þer reþme3 þe boerne,  
He gete þe bonk at his bak, bigyne3 to scrape,  
1572 Þe froþe femed<sup>3</sup> at his mouth vnfayre bi þe wyke3,  
Whette3 his whyte tusche3; wïth hym þen irked  
Alle þe burne3 so bolde, þat hym by stoden,  
To nye hym on-ferum, bot ne3e hym non durst  
1576 for woþe;  
He hade hurt so mony byforne,  
Þat al þu3t<sup>4</sup> þeþme ful loþe,  
Be more wyth his tusche3 torne,  
1580 Þat breme wat3 [&] brayn-wod bothe.

Gawayne rises, hears mass, and then dines.

[Fol. 112.]

Meanwhile the lord pursues the wild boar,

that bit the backs of his hounds asunder,

and caused the stiffest of the hunters to start.

The boar runs into a hole in a rock by the side of a brook.

The froth foams at his mouth.

None durst approach him,

so many had he torn with his tusks.

<sup>1</sup> til (?). <sup>2</sup> madee, in MS. <sup>3</sup> fomed (?). <sup>4</sup> þo3t (?).

## XVIII.

Til þe knyzt com hym-self, kachande his blonk,  
Sy3 hym byde at þe bay, his burne3 bysyde,  
He lyztes luflych<sup>1</sup> adoun, leue3 his corsour,  
1584 Brayde3 out a bryzt bront, & bigly forth stryde3,  
Founde3 fast þur3 þe forth, þer þe felle byde3,  
Þe wylde wat3 war of þe wy3e wïth weppen in honde,  
Hef hy3ly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,  
1588 Þat fele ferde for þe freke3,<sup>2</sup> lest felle hym þe worre;  
Þe swyn sette3 hym out on þe segge euen,  
Þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon heþe3,  
In þe wyzt-est of þe water, þe worre hade þat oþer;  
1592 For þe mon merkke3 hym wel, as þay mette fyrst,  
Set sadly þe scharp in þe slot euen,  
Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered,  
& he 3arrande hym 3elde, & 3edoun<sup>3</sup> þe water,  
1596 ful tyt;  
A hundreth hounde3 hym hent,  
Þat bremely con hym bite,  
Burne3 him bro3t to bent,  
1600 & dogge3 to dethe endite.

The knight, seeing the boar at bay,

alights from his horse,

and seeks to attack him with his sword.

The "swine sets out" upon the man,

who, aiming well,

wounds him in the pit of the stomach.

[Fol. 112b.]

The boar is soon bitten to death by a hundred hounds.

<sup>1</sup> MS. luslych. <sup>2</sup> freke (?). <sup>3</sup> zede doun (?).

## XIX.

There wat3 blawyng of prys in mony breme home,  
He3e halowng on hi3e, wïth hapele3 þat myzt;  
Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maystere3,  
1604 Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef hu3tes.  
Þeþme a wy3e þat wat3 wys vpon wod crafte3,  
To vnlace þis bor lufly bigyme3;  
Fyrst he hewes of his hed, & on hi3e sette3,  
1608 & syþen rende3 him al roghe bi þe rygge after,  
Brayde3 out þe boweles, breþme3 hom on glede,  
With bred blent þer-wïth his braches rewarder;  
Syþen he britne3 out þe brawen in bryzt brode [s]chelde3,  
1612 & hat3 out þe hastlette3, as hi3tly biseme3;

Then was there blowing of horns

and baying of hounds.

One wise in woodcraft begins to unlace the boar.

First he hews off the head, then rends him by the back.

He next removes the bowels, broils them on the ashes, and therewith rewards his hounds.

Then the hastlets are removed.

	& 3et hem halche3 al hole þe halue3 to-geder, & syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges. Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home;	The two halves are next bound together and hung upon a pole.
1616	þe bores hed wat3 borne bifore þe burnes seluen, þat him for-ferde <i>in</i> þe forþe, þur3 forse of his honde, so stronge; Til he se3 <i>sir</i> Gawayne, 1620 <i>In</i> halle <i>hym</i> þo3t ful longe, He calde, & he com gayn, His fee3 þer for to fonge.	The boar's head is borne before the knight, who hastens home.  Gawayne is called to receive the spoil.

## XX.

1624	þe lorde ful lowde <i>with</i> lote, & la3ed myry, When he se3e <i>sir</i> G: <i>with</i> solace he speke3; þe goude ladye3 were geten, & gedered þe meyny, He schewe3 hem þe schelde3, & schapes hem þe tale, Of þe largesse, & þe lenþe, þe liþerne3 also, 1628 Of þe were of þe wylde swyn, <i>in</i> wod þer he fled. þat oþer kny3t ful comly comended his dede3, & praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade; For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde, 1632 Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuer are. þe me hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon hit praysed, & let lodly þerat þe lorde forte here: "Now Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe god mon, "þis gomen is <i>your</i> awen, 1636 Bi fyn for-warde & faste, faythely 3e knowe." "Hit is sothe," <i>quod</i> þe segge, "& as siker trwe; Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawþe." He [hent] þe hæpel aboute þe halse, & hendely <i>hym</i> kysses, 1640 & efter-sones of þe same he serued <i>hym</i> þere. "Now ar we euen," <i>quod</i> þe hæpel, "in þis euen-tide, Of alle þe couenauntes þat we kny3t, syþen I com hider, bi lawe;" 1644 þe lorde sayde, "bi saynt Gile, 3e ar þe best þat I knowe, 3e ben ryche <i>in</i> a whyle, Such chaffer & 3e drowe."	The lord of the land is well pleased when he sees Sir Gawayne,  He shows him the shields of the wild boar, and tells him of its length and breadth.  Such a "brawn of a beast," Sir Gawayne says, he never has seen. [Fol. 113.] Gawayne takes possession of it according to covenant,  and in return kisses his host,  who declares his guest to be the best he knows.
------	--	---

## XXI.

1648	þe me þay teldet table3 [on] trestes alofte, Kesten cloþe3 vpon, clere ly3t þe me Wakned bi wo3e3, waxen torches Segge3 sette, & serued <i>in</i> sale al aboute; 1652 Much glam & gle glent vp þer-ime, Aboute þe fyre vpon flet, & on fele wyse, At þe soper & after, mony aþel songe3, As coun3dutes of kryst-masse, & carole3 newe, 1656 With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle. & euer oure luflych kny3t þe lady bi-syde; Such semblau3t to þat segge semly ho made, Wyth stille stollen coun3tenau3ce, þat stalworth to plese, 1660 þat al for-wondered wat3 þe wy3e, & wroth <i>with</i> <i>hym</i> -seluen, Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a-3ayne3, Bot dalt <i>with</i> hir al <i>in</i> daynte, how-se-euer þe dede turned to wrast; 1664 Quen þay hade played <i>in</i> halle, As longe as hor wylle hom last, To chambre he <sup>1</sup> con <i>hym</i> calle, & to þe chem-ne þay past.	Tables are raised aloft, cloths cast upon them, and torches are lighted.  With much mirth and glee,  supper is served in the hall,  and ever our lovely knight by the lady sits,  who does all she can to please her companion.  When they had long played in the hall,  they proceeded "to chamber."
------	--	---

<sup>1</sup> ho (?).

## XXII.

1668	Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe, To norne on þe same note, on nwe3ere3 euen; Bot þe kny3t craued leue, to kayre on þe morn, For hit wat3 ne3 at þe terme, þat he to <sup>1</sup> schulde. 1672 þe lorde <i>hym</i> letted of þat, to lenge <i>hym</i> resteyed, & sayde, "as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe,	There they drank and discoursed.  Gawayne begs leave to depart on the morrow.  [Fol. 113b.] His host swears to him,
------	---	--



	Pou schal cheue to þe grene chapel, þy charres to make, Leude, on nw3ere3 lyzt, longe bifore pryme:	that he shall come to the Green Chapel on New Year's morn long before prime.
1676	For-þy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese, & I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towche3, Chauunge wyth þe cheuisauunce, bi þat I charre hider;	
1680	For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe, Now þrid tyme þrowe best þenk on þe morne, Make we mery quyl we may, & myzme vpon Ioye, For þe lur may mon lach, when so mon lyke3."	
1684	þis wat3 graybely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged, Bliþe brozt wat3 hym drynk, & þay to bedde zeden, w <sup>ith</sup> lizt;	Our knight consents to remain for another night.
	Sir G: lis & slepes, Ful stille & softe al nizt;	Full still and softly he sleeps all night.
1688	þe lorde þat his crafte3 kepes, Ful erly he wat3 dizt.	Early in the morning the lord is up.

<sup>1</sup> te (?).

### XXIII.

	After messe a morsel <sup>1</sup> he & his men token, Miry wat3 þe mornynge, his mounture he askes;	After mass, a morsel he take with his men.
1692	Alle þe habeles þat on horse schulde helden hym after, Were bou <sup>n</sup> busked on hor blonkke3, bi-fore <sup>2</sup> þe halle zate3; Ferly fayre wat3 þe folde, for þe forst clenged, In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe sume,	Then were all on their horses before the hall-gates. It was a clear frosty morning.
1696	& ful clere costez <sup>3</sup> þe clowdes of þe welkyn. Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde, Rocheres rounge bi rys, for rurde of her hornes;	The hunters, dispersed by a wood's side,
1700	Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade, Traylez ofte a trayteres <sup>4</sup> , bi traunt of her wyles; A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles, His felazes fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful þike,	come upon the track of a fox, which is followed up by the hounds.
1704	Ruzmen forth in a rabel, in his ryzt fare; & he fyske3 hem by-fore, þay founden hym sone, & quen þay seghe hym with syzt, þay sued hym fast, Wrezande h[ym] ful [w]leterly with a wroth noyse;	They soon get sight of the game,
1708	& he trantes & tornayee3 þur3 mony tene greue; Hamlounez, & herkenez, bi heggez ful ofte; At þe last bi a littel dich he lepez ouer a spezné, Stelez out ful stilly bi a strothe rande, Went haf wylt of þe wode, w <sup>ith</sup> wyle3 fro þe houndes,	and pursue him through many a rough grove.
1712	þezme wat3 he went, er he wyst, to <sup>5</sup> a wale tryster, þer þre þro at a þrich þrat hym at ones, al graye;	[Fol. 114.] The fox at last leaps over a spinny, and by a rugged path seeks to get clear from the hounds.
1716	He blenched azayn bilyue, & stifly start onstray, With alle þe wo on lyue, To þe wod he went away.	He comes upon one of the hunting stations, where he is attacked by the dogs. However, he slips them, and makes again for the wood.

<sup>1</sup> MS. nnorsel. <sup>2</sup> bi-forere, in MS. <sup>3</sup> caste3 (?). <sup>4</sup> trayveres (?). <sup>5</sup> to to, in MS.

### XXIV.

1720	Thezme wat3 hit lif vpon list to lyþen þe houndez, When alle þe mute hade hym met, menged to-geder, Suche a sor3e at þat syzt þay sette on his hede, As alle þe clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes;	Then was it fine sport to listen to the hounds, and the hallooing of the hunters.
1724	Here he wat3 halawed, when habelez hym metten, Loude he wat3 zayned, w <sup>ith</sup> zarande speche; þer he wat3 þreted, & ofte þef called, & ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne myzt;	There the fox was threatened and called a thief.
1728	Ofte he wat3 ruzmen at, when he out rayked, & ofte reled in azayn, so reniarde wat3 wylé. & ze he lad hem bi lag, mon, þe lorde & his meyny; On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd, ouer, vnder,	But Reynard was wily, and led them astray over mounts.
1732	Whyle þe hende knyzt at home holsumly slepez, With-izme þe comly cortynes, on þe colde morne. Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe, Ne þe purpose to payre, þat pyzt in hir hert, Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder,	Meanwhile the knight at home soundly sleeps within his comely curtains.

1736	In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erþe, Þat wat3 furred ful fyne <i>wiþ</i> felle3, wel pured, No hwe3 goud on hir hede, bot þe hazer stones Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty <i>in</i> clusteres;	The lady of the castle, clothed in a rich mantle,
1740	Hir þryuen face & hir prote browen al naked, Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke. Ho come3 <i>wiþ-imme</i> þe chambre dore, & closes hit hir after,	her throat and bosom all bare, comes to Gawayne's chamber,
1744	Wayne3 <sup>1</sup> vp a wyndow, & on þe wy3e calle3, & radly þus re-hayted hym, <i>wiþ</i> hir riche worde3, <i>wiþ</i> <sup>2</sup> chere; "A! mon, how may þou slepe, Þis morning is so clere?"	opens a window, and says, "Ah! man, how canst thou sleep, [Fol. 114 <i>b</i> .] this morning is so clear?"
1748	He wat3 <i>in</i> drowping depe, Bot þe <i>me</i> he con hir here.	

<sup>1</sup> wayue3(?). <sup>2</sup> bi, à sec. manu.

## XXV.

1752	In dre3 droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble, As mon þat wat3 in mornyng of mony þro þo3tes, How þat destiné schulde þat day [dy3t] his wyrde, At þe grene chapel, when he þe gome metes, & bi-houes his buffet abide, with-oute debate more; Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes, Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & sware3 <i>wiþ</i> hast. þe lady luflych com la3ande swete, Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly him kyssed; He welcume3 hir worþily, with a wale chere; He se3 hir so glorio <i>us</i> , & gayly atyred, So fautles of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes, Wi3t wallande Ioye warmed his hert; <i>Wiþ</i> smope smylyng & smolt þay smeten <i>in-to</i> merþe, Þat al wat3 blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bi-twene, & wymne, Þay lanced wordes gode, Much wele þen wat3 þer- <i>ime</i> , Gret perile bi-twene hem stod, Nif mare of hir kny3t myme.	The knight was then dreaming of his forthcoming adventure at the Green Chapel.  He awakes and speaks to his fair visitor,  who sweetly kisses him.  Great joy warms the heart of Sir Gawayne,  and "great peril between them stood."
------	---	---

## XXVI.

1772	For þat prynce of pris de-presed hym so þikke. Nurned hym so ne3e þe þred, þat nede hym bi-houed, Oþer lach þer hir luf, oþer lodly re-fuse; He cared for his cortaysye, lest crapaun he were, & more for his meschef, 3if he schulde make symne, & be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde a3t. "God schylde," <i>quod</i> þe schalk, "þat schal not be-falle!" <i>Wiþ</i> luf-la3yng a lyt, he layd hym by-syde Alle þe speche3 of specialté þat sprange of her mouthe. <i>Quod</i> þat burde to þe burne, "blame 3e disserue, 3if 3e luf not þat lyf þat 3e lye nexte, Bifore alle þe wy3e3 <i>in</i> þe worlde, wounded <i>in</i> hert, Bot if 3e haf a lemman, a leuer, þat yow lyke3 better, & folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde, Þat yow lausen ne lyst, & þat I leue nouþe; And þat 3e telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow, For alle þe lufe3 vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe, for gile." þe kny3t sayde, "be sayn Ion," & smeþely con he smyle, "In fayth I welde ri3t non, Ne non wil welde þe quile."	The knight is sorely pressed.  He fears lest he should become a traitor to his host.  The lady inquire whether he has a mistress that he loves better than her. [Fol. 115.]  Sir Gawayne swears by St. John that he neither has nor desires one.
------	--	---

## XXVII.

1792	"Þat is a worde," <i>quod</i> þat wy3t, "þat worst is of alle, Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me þinkke3; Kysse me now coraly, & I schal cach heþen, I may bot moume vpon molde, as may þat much louyes." 1796 Sykande ho swe3e doun, & semly hym kyssed,	She then kisses him, sighing for sorrow.
------	---	--

& siþen ho seueres hym fro, & says as ho stondes,  
 "Now, dere, at þis de-partyng, do me þis ese,  
 1800 Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if<sup>1</sup> hit were,  
 þat I may mynne on þe mon, my mournyng to lassen."  
 "Now Iwysse," *quod* þat wyȝe, "I wolde I hade here  
 þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,  
 1804 For ȝe haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte  
 More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche myȝt,  
 Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot naked;  
 Hit is not *your honour* to haf at þis tyme  
 1808 A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawayneȝ gifteȝ,  
 & I am here [on] an erande *in* erdeȝ vncouþe,  
 & haue no men wyth no maleȝ, *wiþ* mensful þingȝ;  
 þat mislykeȝ me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,<sup>2</sup>  
 Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille,  
 1812 ne pine."  
 "Nay, hende of hyȝe honours,"  
*Quod* þat lufsum vnder lyne,  
 "Þaȝ I hade oȝt<sup>3</sup> of *youreȝ*,  
 1816 ȝet schulde ȝe haue of myne."

She desires some gift,  
 by which to remember him.

Gawayne tells her that she is worthy of a better gift than he can bestow.

He has no men with mails containing precious things.

Then says that lovesome,

"Though I had nought of yours, yet should ye have of mine."

<sup>1</sup> of, in MS. <sup>2</sup> tyme, in MS. <sup>3</sup> noȝt (?).

## XXVIII.

Ho raȝt hym a riche rynk<sup>1</sup> of red golde werkeȝ,  
 Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte,  
 1820 þat bere blusschande bemeȝ as þe bryȝt sume;  
 Wyt ȝe wel, hit watȝ worth wele ful hoge.  
 Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde,  
 "I wil no gifteȝ for gode, my gay, at þis tyme;  
 I haf none yow to norne, ne noȝt wyl I take."  
 1824 Ho bede hit hym ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes,  
 & swere swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese nolde;  
 & ho sore þat he forsoke, & sayde þer-after,  
 "If ȝe renay my rynk, to ryche for hit semeȝ,  
 1828 ȝe wolde not so hyȝly halden be to me,  
 I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse."  
 Ho laȝt a lace lyȝtly, þat<sup>2</sup> leke vmbe hir sydeȝ,  
 Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle,  
 1832 Gered hit watȝ *wiþ* grene sylke, & *wiþ* golde schaped,  
 Noȝt bot arounde brayden, beten *wiþ* fyngreȝ;  
 & þat ho bede to þe burne, & blyþely bi-soȝt  
 1836 Þaȝ hit vn-worþi were, þat he hit take wolde.  
 & he nay þat he nolde neghe *in* no wyse,  
 Nauþer golde ne garysoun, er God hym *grace* sende,  
 To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen þere.  
 "& þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow noȝt,  
 1840 & letteȝ be *your* businessse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer  
 to graunte;  
 I am derely to yow biholde,  
 Bi-cause of *your* sembelauȝt,  
 1844 & euer *in* hot & colde  
 To be *your* trwe seruauȝt.

She offers him a gold ring,

but he refuses to accept it,  
 [Fol. 115*b*.]  
 as he has none to give in return.

Very sorrowful was that fair one on account of his refusal.

She takes off her "girdle,"

and beseeches him to take it.

Gawayne again refuses to accept anything,

but promises, "ever in hot and in cold, to be her true servant."

<sup>1</sup> ryng (?). <sup>2</sup> þat þat, in MS.

## XXIX.

"Now forsake ȝe þis silke." sayde þe burde þe me,  
 "For hit is symple *in* hit-self. & so hit wel semeȝ?  
 1848 Lo! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worþy;  
 Bot who-so knew þe costes þat knit ar þer-izme,  
 Ho quat hit prayse at more prys, paraenture;  
 For quat gome so is gorde *wiþ* þis grene lace,  
 1852 While he hit hade hemely halched aboute,  
 Þer is no haþel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat myȝt;  
 For he myȝt not he slayn, for slyȝt vpon erþe."  
 Þen kest þe knyȝt, & hit come to his hert,  
 1856 Hit were a luel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged were,  
 When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech;  
 Myȝt<sup>1</sup> he haf slypped to þe vn-slayn, þe sleȝt were noble.

"Do you refuse it," says the lady, because it is simple?

Whoso knew the virtues that it possesses, would highly prize it.

For he who is girded with this green lace,

cannot be wounded or slain."

The knight thinks of his adventure at the Green Chapel.

The lady presses him to accept the lace.

1860	<p>þe me ho þulged with hir þrepe, &amp; þoled hir to speke,  &amp; ho bere on hym þe belt, &amp; bede hit hym swyþe,  &amp; he <i>granted</i>, &amp; [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle,  &amp; bisoþt hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer,  Bot to lelly layne for<sup>2</sup> hir lorde; þe leude hym acordeþ.</p>	[Fol. 116.]  He consents not only to take the girdle, but to keep the possession of it a secret.
1864	<p>þat neuer wyþe schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay twayne,  for noþte;  He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe,  Ful þro <i>wiþ</i> hert &amp; þoþt.</p>	
1868	<p>Bi þat on þryme syþe,  He hatþ kyst þe knyþt so toþt.</p>	By that time the lady has kissed him thrice.
	<p><sup>1</sup> myþt (?). <sup>2</sup> fro (?).</p>	

### XXX.

1872	<p>The me lachcheþ ho hir leue, &amp; leueþ hym þere,  For more myrþe of þat mon moþt ho not gete;  When ho<sup>1</sup> watþ gon, <i>sir</i> G. gereþ hym sone,  Rises, &amp; riches hym <i>in</i> araye noble,  Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym raþt,  Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde;</p>	Then she takes her leave.  Gawayne then dresses himself,  and conceals the love-lace about his person.
1876	<p>Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye,  Preuely aproched to a prest, &amp; prayed hym þere  þat he wolde lyfte<sup>2</sup> his lyf, &amp; lern hym better,  How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld seye heþen.</p>	He then hies to mass,  and shrives him of his misdeeds.
1880	<p>þere he schrof hym schyrly, &amp; schewed his mysdedeþ,  Of þe more &amp; þe myme, &amp; merci besecheþ,  &amp; of absolucioun he on þe segge calles;</p>	and prays for absolution.
1884	<p>&amp; he asoyled hym surely, &amp; sette hym so clene,  As domeþ-day schulde haf ben diþt on þe morn.  &amp; syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes,  <i>Wiþ</i> comlych caroles, &amp; alle <i>kymes</i> ioie,  As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk nyþt,</p>	He returns to the hall, and makes himself so merry among the ladies,  with comely carols,
1888	<p><i>wiþ</i> blys;  Vche mon hade daynte þare,  Of hym, &amp; sayde Iwysse,  þus myry he watþ neuer are,</p>	that they said, "Thus merry was he never before since hither he came."
1892	<p>Syn he com hider, er þis.</p>	
	<p><sup>1</sup> he, in MS. <sup>2</sup> lyste (?).</p>	

### XXXI.

1896	<p>Now hym lenge <i>in</i> þat lee, þer luf hym bi-tyde;  þet is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes,  He hatþ forfaren þis fox, þat he folþed longe;  As he spent ouer a spenné, to spye þe schrewe,  þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe,  Renaud com richchande þurþ a roþe greue,  &amp; alle þe rabel <i>in</i> a res, ryþt at his heleþ.</p>	Gawayne's host is still in the field.  He has destroyed the fox.  [Fol. 116b.] He spied Reynard coming through a "rough grove,"
1900	<p>þe wyþe watþ war of þe wylde, &amp; warly abides,  &amp; braydeþ out þe bryþt bronde, &amp; at þe best casteþ;  &amp; he schuzt for þe scharp, &amp; schulde haf arered,  A rach rapes hym to, ryþt er he myþt,</p>	and tried to hit him with his sword.  The fox "shunts," and is seized by one of the dogs.
1904	<p>&amp; ryþt bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle,  &amp; worried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse.  þe lorde lyþteþ bilyue, &amp; cacheþ by<sup>1</sup> sone,  Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes,</p>	The lord takes him out of the hound's mouth.
1908	<p>Haldeþ heþe ouer his hede, haloweþ faste,  &amp; þer bayen hym mony bray<sup>2</sup> houndeþ;  Huntes hyþed hem þeder, <i>wiþ</i> horneþ ful mony,  Ay re-chatande aryþt til þay þe renk seþen;</p>	Hunters hasten thither with horns full many.
1912	<p>Bi þat watþ comen his compeyny noble,  Alle þat euer ber bugle blowed at ones,  &amp; alle þise oþer halowed, þat hade no hornes,  Hit watþ þe myriest mute þat euer men herde,</p>	It was the merriest meet that ever was heard.
1916	<p>þe rich rurd þat þer watþ raysed for renaude saule,  <i>wiþ</i> lote;  Hor houndeþ þay þer rewarde,</p>	The hounds are rewarded,
1920	<p>Her<sup>3</sup> hedeþ þay fawne &amp; frote,  &amp; syþen þay tan reynarde,</p>	and then they take Reynard and "turn off his coat."

& tyrnen of his cote.

<sup>1</sup> *hym* (?). <sup>2</sup> *braþ* (?). <sup>3</sup> Her her, in MS.

### XXXII.

	& þe me þay helden to home, for hit wat3 niez nyzt, Strakande ful stoutly <i>in</i> hor store hornez; 1924 Þe lorde is lyzt at þe laste at hys lef home, Fynde3 fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side, Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad wat3 <i>wiþ</i> alle, Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioye, 1928 He were a bleauzt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erþe, His surkot semed <i>hym</i> wel, þat softe wat3 forred, & his hode of þat ilke hinged on his schulder, Blande al of blauzmer were boþe al aboute. 1932 He mete3 me þis god mon <i>in</i> mydde3 þe flore, & al with gomen he <i>hym</i> gret, & goudly he sayde, "I schal fülle vpon fyrst oure forwarde3 nouþe, þat we spedly han spoken, þer spared wat3 no drynk;" 1936 Þen acoles he [þe] knyzt, & kysses <i>hym</i> þryes, As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette coupe. "Bi Kryst," <i>quod</i> þat oþer knyzt, "3e cach much sele, <i>In</i> cheuisaunce of þis chaffer, 3if 3e hade goud chepe3." 1940 "3e of þe chepe no charg," <i>quod</i> chefly þat oþer, "As is pertly payed þe chepe3 þat I a3te." "Mary," <i>quod</i> þat oþer mon, "myn is bi-hynde, For I haf hunted al þis day, & nozt haf I geten, 1944 Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe gode3, & þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þingez, As 3e haf þryzt me here, þro suche þre cosses, so gode." 1948 "I-no3," <i>quod</i> sir Gawayn, "I þonk yow, bi þe rode;" & how þe fox wat3 slayn, He tolde <i>hym</i> , as þay stode.	The hunters then hasten home.  The lord at last alights at his dear home,  where he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies.    The knight comes forward and welcomes his host,   [Fol. 117.] and according to covenant kisses him thrice. (See l. 1868.) "By Christ," says the other, "ye have had much bliss!"    I have hunted all day and have gotten nothing, but the skin of this foul fox, a poor reward for three such kisses."    He then tells him how the fox was slain.
--	---	--

### XXXIII.

1952	With merþe & mynstralsye, wyth mete3 at hor wylle, Þay maden as mery as any men mo3ten, <i>Wiþ</i> lazynge of ladies, <i>wiþ</i> lote3 of bordes; Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe, 1956 Bot if þe douthe had doted, oþer dronken ben oþer, Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iape3, Til þe sesoun wat3 se3en, þat þay seuer moste; Burne3 to hor bedde be-houed at þe laste. 1960 Þe me lo3ly his leue at þe lorde fyrst Fochche3 þis fre mon, & fayre he <i>hym</i> þonkke3; "Of such a sellyly <sup>1</sup> soiorne, as I haf hade here, <i>Your</i> honour, at þis hy3e fest, þe hy3e kyng yow 3elde! 1964 I 3ef yow me for on of <i>youre3</i> , if yowre-self lyke3, For I mot nedes, as 3e wot, meue to morne; & 3e me take <i>sum</i> tolke, to teche, as 3e hyzt, þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer 1968 To dele, on nw3ere3 day, þe dome of my wyrdes." "In god fayþe," <i>quod</i> þe god mon. "wyth a goud wylle; Al þat euer I yow hyzt, halde schal I rede." þer asyngnes he a seruauzt, to sett <i>hym</i> <i>in</i> þe waye, 1972 & coundue <i>hym</i> by þe downe3, þat he no drechch had, For to fle]rk þur3 þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest, bi greue. 1976 Þe lorde Gawayn con þonk, Such worchip he wolde <i>hym</i> weue; þen at þo ladye3 wlonk. þe knyzt hat3 tan his leue.	With much mirth and minstrelsy they made merry,       until the time came for them to part.  Gawayne takes leave of his host.  and thanks him for his happy "sojourn."   He asks for a man to teach him the way to the Green Chapel.   A servant is assigned to him, [Fol. 117 <i>b</i> .]   and then he takes leave of the ladies,
------	---	--

<sup>1</sup> selly (?).

### XXXIV.

With care & wyth kyssyng he carppe3 hem tille,

kissing them sorrowfully.

1980	& fele þryuande þonkkeþ he þrat hom to haue, & þay ʒelden hym aʒay[n] ʒeþly þat ilk; Pay bikende hym to Kryst, <i>wiþ</i> ful colde sykynges. Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly de-partes;	They commend him to Christ. He then departs, thanking each one he meets "for his service and solace."
1984	Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke, For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne, Þat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute hym to serue; & vche segge as sore, to seuer <i>wiþ</i> hym þere,	
1988	As þay hade wonde worþyly <i>wiþ</i> þat wlonk euer. Þen <i>wiþ</i> ledes & lyʒt he watʒ ladde to his chambre, & blybely broʒt to his bedde, to be at his rest; ʒif he ne slepe soundyly, say ne dar I,	He retires to rest but sleeps but little,
1992	For he hade muche on þe morn to mymne, ʒif he wolde, in þoʒt; Let hym lyʒe þere stille,	for much has he to think of on the morrow.  Let him there lie still.
1996	He hatʒ <sup>1</sup> nere þat he soʒt, & ʒe wyl a whyle be stille, I schal telle yow how þay wroʒt.	Be still awhile, and I shall tell how they wrought.

<sup>1</sup> watʒ (?).

## [FYTTE THE FOURTH.]

### I.

2000	Now neʒeþ þe nwʒere, & þe nyʒt passeþ, Þe day dryueþ to þe derk, as dryʒtyn biddeþ; Bot wylde wedereþ of þe worlde wakned þeroute, Clowdes kesten kenly þe colde to þe erþe, Wyth nyʒe <sup>1</sup> in-noghe of þe norþe, þe naked to tene; Þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snayped þe wylde;	New Year's Day approaches.  The weather is stormy.  Snow falls.
2004	Þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hyʒe, & drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete. Þe leude lystened ful wel, þat leʒ in his bedde, Þaʒ he lowkeþ his liddeþ, ful lyttel he slespes;	The dales are full of drift.  Gawayne in his bed hears each cock that crows.
2008	Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen. De-liueryly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged, For þere watʒ lyʒt of a lau[m]þe, þat lemed in his chambre; He called to his chamberlayn, þat cofly hym swared, & bede hym bryng hym his bruny, & his blonk sadel; Þat oþer ferkeþ hym vp, & fecheþ hym his wedeþ, & grayþeþ me <i>sir</i> Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.	[Fol. 118.]  He calls for his chamberlain, and bids him bring him his armour.
2012	Fyrst he clad hym in his cloþeþ, þe colde for to were; & syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely watʒ keped, Boþe his pauñce, & his plateþ, piked ful clene, Þe rynges <sup>2</sup> rokked of þe roust, of his riche bruny; & al watʒ fresch as vpon fyrst, & he watʒ fayn þemme to þonk;	Men knock off the rust from his rich habergeon.
2020	He hade vpon vche pece, Wypped ful wel & wlonk; Þe gayest in to Grece, Þe burne bede bryng his blonk.	The knight then calls for his steed.
2024		

<sup>1</sup> nywe (?). <sup>2</sup> rynkeþ (?).

### II.

2028	Whyle þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen; His cote, wyth be consyaunce of þe clere werkeþ, Ennurned vpon veluet <i>vertuous</i> <sup>1</sup> stoneþ, Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded semeþ, & fayre furred <i>wiþ-imne</i> wyth fayre pelures. ʒet laft he not þe lace, þe ladieþ gifte, Þat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of hym-seluen;	While he clothed himself in his rich weeds,  he forgot not the "lace," the lady's gift,
2032	Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his balʒe hauñcheþ, Þem dressed he his drurye double hym aboute; Swyþe sweþled vmbe his swange swetely, þat knyʒt, Þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed, Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat ryche watʒ to schewe.	but with it doubly girded his loins.
2036	Bot wered not þis ilk wyʒe for wele þis gordel, For pryde of þe pendauñteþ, þaʒ polyst þay were, & þaʒ þe glyterande golde glent vpon endeþ,	He wore it not for its rich ornaments,

2040	Bot forto sau <i>en</i> hym-self, when suffer hym by-houed, To byde bale <i>wi</i> th-oute dabate, of bronde hym to were, o <sup>pe</sup> r knyffe;	"but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer."
2044	Bi þat þe bolde mon bou <i>n</i> , Wyme <i>3</i> þeroute bilyue, Alle þe meyny of renou <i>n</i> , He þonkke <i>3</i> ofte ful ryue.	All the renowned assembly he thanks full oft.

<sup>1</sup> *vertuous* (?).

### III.

2048	The <i>m</i> e wat <i>3</i> Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret wat <i>3</i> & huge, & hade ben soio <i>urn</i> ed sau <i>er</i> ly, & <i>in</i> a siker wyse, Hym lyst prik for poy <i>nt</i> , þat proude hors þe <i>m</i> e; þe wy <i>3</i> e wyme <i>3</i> hym to, & wyte <i>3</i> on his lyre, & sayde soberly hym-self, & by his soth swere <i>3</i> ,	[Fol. 118 <i>b</i> .] Then was Gringolet arrayed, full ready to prick on.
2052	"Here is a meyny <i>in</i> þis mote, þat on menske þenkke <i>3</i> , þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot þay haue; þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde; þif þay for charyté cherysen a gest, & halden honou <i>r</i> <i>in</i> her honde, þe habel hem zelde, þat halde <i>3</i> þe heuen vpon hy <i>3</i> e, & also yow alle! & þif I my <i>3</i> t lyf vpon londe lede any quyle, I schuld rech yow sum rewarde redyly, if I my <i>3</i> t."	Gawayne returns thanks for the honour and kindness shown to him by all.
2056	þe <i>m</i> steppe <i>3</i> he <i>in</i> -to stirop, & stryde <i>3</i> alofte; His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder he hit la <i>3</i> t, Gorde <i>3</i> to Gryngolet, <i>wi</i> th his gilt hele <i>3</i> , & he starte <i>3</i> on þe ston, stod he no lenger, to prau <i>n</i> ce;	He then steps into his saddle,  and "starts on the stone" without more delay.
2064	His habel on hors wat <i>3</i> þe <i>m</i> e, þat bere his spere & lau <i>n</i> ce. "þis kastel to Kryst I ke <i>m</i> e, He gef hit ay god chaun <i>ce</i> !"	"This castle to Christ I commend; may he give it ever good chance!"

### IV.

2072	The brygge wat <i>3</i> brayde doun, & þe brode zate <i>3</i> Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boþe halue; þe burne blessed hym bilyue, & þe brede <i>3</i> passed; Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled, Gef hym God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue; & went on his way, <i>wi</i> th his wy <i>3</i> e one, þat schulde teche hym to tou <i>rn</i> e to þat tene place, þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue.	The gates are soon opened.  The knight passes thereout,  and goes on his way accompanied by his guide.
2076	þay bozen bi bonkke <i>3</i> , þer boze <i>3</i> ar bare, þay clomben bi clyffe <i>3</i> , þer clenge <i>3</i> þe colde; þe heuen wat <i>3</i> vp halt, bot vgly þer vnder, Mist mugged on þe mor, malt on þe mou <i>n</i> te <i>3</i> , Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge; Broke <i>3</i> byled, & breke, bi bonkke <i>3</i> aboute, Schyre schaterande on schore <i>3</i> , þer þay doun schowued.	They climb by cliffs,  where each "hill had a hat and a mist-cloak,"
2084	Welawylle wat <i>3</i> þe way, þer þay bi wod schulden, Til hit wat <i>3</i> sone sesou <i>n</i> , þat þe sume ryses, þat tyde; þay were on a hille ful hy <i>3</i> e, þe quyte snaw lay bisyde; þe burne þat rod hym by Bede his mayster abide.	[Fol. 119.] until daylight.  They were then on a "hill full high."  The servant bade his master abide, saying,

### V.

2092	"For I haf wo <i>m</i> en yow hider, wy <i>3</i> e, at þis tyme, & now nar þe not fer fro þat note place, þat þe han spied & spuryed so specially after; Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe, & þe ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,	"I have brought you hither,  ye are not now far from the noted place.
2096	Wolde þe worch bi my wytte, þe worþed þe better. þe place þat þe prece to, ful perelous is halden; þer wone <i>3</i> a wy <i>3</i> e <i>in</i> þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe; For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies, & more he is þe <i>n</i> any mon vpon myddelerde, & his body bigger þe <i>n</i> þe best fowre.	Full perilous is it esteemed. The lord of that 'waste' is stiff and stern.  His body is bigger 'than the best four in Arthur's house.'

Pat ar *in* Arpures hous, Hestor<sup>1</sup> oþer oþer.  
 He cheueþ þat chaunce at þe chapel grene;  
 2104 Per passes non bi þat place, so proude *in* his armes,  
 þat he ne dymez hym to deþe, *with* dynt of his honde;  
 For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses,  
 2108 For he hit chorle, oþer chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel rydes,  
 Monk, oþer masse-prest, oþer any mon elles,  
 Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go hym seluen.  
 For-þy I say þe as soþe as 3e *in* sadel sitte,  
 Com 3e þere, 3e be kylled, [I] may þe knyzt rede,  
 2112 Trawe 3e me þat trwely, þa3 3e had twenty lyues  
 to spende;  
 He hat3 wonyd here ful 3ore,  
 On bent much baret bende,  
 2116 A3ayn his dynte3 sore,  
 3e may not yow defende."

<sup>1</sup> Hector (?).

## VI.

"For-þy, goude *sir* Gawayn, let þe gome one,  
 & got3 a-way sum oþer gate; vpon Godde3 halue;  
 2120 Cayrez bi sum oþer kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede;  
 & I schal hy3 me hom a3ayn, & hete yow fyrre,  
 þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode hal3e3,  
 2124 As help me God & þe halydam, & oþe3 *in*-noghe,  
 þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale,  
 þat euer 3e fondet to fle, for freke þat I wyst."  
 "Grant merci;" *quod* Gawayn, & gruchyng he sayde,  
 2128 "Wel worth þe wy3e, þat wolde3 my gode,  
 & þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou wolde3!  
 Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed,  
 Founded for ferde for to fle, *in* fourme þat þou telle3,  
 I were a knyzt kowarde, I myzt not<sup>1</sup> be excused.  
 2132 Bot I wy1 to þe chape1, for chaunce þat may falle,  
 & talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste,  
 Worþe hit wele, oþer wo, as þe wyrde lyke3  
 hit hafe;  
 2136 Þa3e he be a sturn knape,  
 To stiztel, &<sup>2</sup> stad *with* staue,  
 Ful wel con dryztyn schape,  
 His seruauzte3 forto saue."

<sup>1</sup> mot, in MS. <sup>2</sup> & &, in MS.

## VII.

2140 "Mary!" *quod* þat oþer mon, "now þou so much spelle3,  
 þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þy-seluen,  
 & þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe;  
 2144 Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere *in* þi honde,  
 & ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi 3on rokke syde,  
 Til þou be brozt to þe boþem of þe brem valay;  
 Þe me loke a littel on þe launde, on þi lyfte honde,  
 2148 & þou schal se *in* þat slade þe self chapel,  
 & þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepe3.  
 Now fare3 wel on Gode3 half, Gawayn þe noble,  
 For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go with þe,  
 Ne bere þe felazschip þur3 þis fryth on fote fyrre."  
 2152 Bi þat þe wy3e *in* þe wod wende3 his brydel,  
 Hit þe hors *with* þe hele3, as harde as he myzt,  
 Lepe3 hym ouer þe launde, & leue3 þe knyzt þere,  
 al one.  
 2156 "Bi Godde3 self," *quod* Gawayn,  
 "I wyl nauþer grete ne grone,  
 To Godde3 wylle I am ful bayn,  
 & to hym I haf me tone."

None passes by the Green Chapel, 'that he does not ding to death with dint of his hand.'

For be it churl or chaplain, monk, mass-priest, 'or any man else,' he kills them all.

He has lived there full long.

Against his dints sore ye may not defend you.

Wherefore, good Sir Gawayne, let this man alone.

Go by some other region,

[Fol. 119b.]

I swear by God and all His saints, that I will never say that ever ye attempted to flee from any man."

Gawayne replies that to shun this danger would mark him as a "coward knight."

To the Chapel, therefore, he will go,

though the owner thereof were a stern knave.

"Full well can God devise his servants for to save."

"Mary!" quoth the other, "since it pleases thee to lose thy life,

take thy helmet on thy head, and thy spear in thy hand, and ride down this path by yon rock-side,

till thou come to the bottom of the valley;

look a little to the left,

and thou shalt see the Chapel itself and the man that guards it."

Having thus spoken the guide takes leave of the knight.

"By God's self," says Sir Gawayne, "I will neither weep nor groan.

To God's will I am full ready."

## VIII.

2160 The me gyrde3 he to Gryngolet, & gedere3 þe rake,

[Fol. 120.]



2164	Schowue3 <i>in</i> bi a schore, at a schaze syde, Ride3 þur3 þe ro3e bonk, ryzt to þe dale; & þe <sup>m</sup> e he wayted <i>hym</i> aboute, & wylde hit <i>hym</i> þo3t, & seze no <i>syngne</i> of resette, bisyde3 nowhere, Bot hy3e bonkke3 & brent, vpon boþe halue, & ru3e knokled knarre3, <i>wiþh</i> knornd stone3; þe skwe3 of þe scowtes skayued <sup>1</sup> <i>hym</i> þo3t.	Then he pursues his journey, rides through the dale, and looks about.  He sees no sign of a resting-place, but only high and steep banks.
2168	þe <sup>m</sup> e he houed, & wyth-hylde his hors at þat tyde, & ofte chaunged his cher, þe chapel to seche; He se3 non suche <i>in</i> no syde, & selly <i>hym</i> þo3t, Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];	No chapel could he discern.
2172	A bal3 ber3, bi a bonke, þe bry <sup>m</sup> me by-syde, Bi a for3 of a flode, þat ferked þare; þe borne blubred þer- <i>ime</i> , as hit boyled hade.	At last he sees a hill by the side of a stream;
2176	þe knyzt kache3 his caple, & com to þe lawe, Lizte3 doun luflyly, & at a lynde tache3 þe rayne, & his riche, with a ro3e braunche; þen[n]e he bo3e3 to þe ber3e, aboute hit he walke, D[e]batande <i>wiþh</i> <i>hym</i> -self, quat hit be myzt.	thither he goes, alights and fastens his horse to a branch of a tree.
2180	Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayþer syde, & ouer-grown <i>wiþh</i> gresse <i>in</i> glodes ay where, & al wat3 hol3 <i>in-wiþh</i> , nobot an olde caue, Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he couþe hit nozt deme	He walks around the hill, debating with himself what it might be,  and at last finds an old cave in the crag.
2184	<i>wiþh</i> spelle, "We, <sup>2</sup> lorde," <i>quod</i> þe gentyle knyzt, "Wheþer þis be þe grene chapelle; He myzt aboute myd-nyzt,	He prays that about midnight he may tell his matins.
2188	[þ]e dele his matyznes telle!"	

<sup>1</sup> skayned (?). <sup>2</sup> wel (?).

## IX.

2192	"Now i-wysse," <i>quod</i> Wowayn, "wysty is here; þis oritore is vgly, <i>wiþh</i> erbe3 ouer-grown; Wel biseme3 þe wy3e wruxled <i>in</i> grene Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deuele3 wyse; Now I fele hit is þe fende, <i>in</i> my fyue wytte3, þat hat3 stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here; þis is a chapel of meschaun3e, þat chekke hit by-tyde,	"Truly," says Sir Gawayne, "a desert is here,  a fitting place for the man in green to 'deal here his deuotions in devil fashion.'
2196	Hit is þe corsesdest kyrk, þat euer i com <i>ime</i> !" With he3e helme on his hede, his laun3e <i>in</i> his honde, He rome3 vp to þe rokke of þo ro3 wone3; þene herde he of þat hy3e hil, <i>in</i> a harde roche, 2200 Bizonde þe broke, <i>in</i> a bonk, a wonder bre <sup>m</sup> e noyse, Quat! hit clatered <i>in</i> þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde, As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syþe; What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne, 2204 What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here. þe <sup>m</sup> e "bi Godde," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þat gere as <sup>1</sup> I trowe, Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete, bi rote; 2208 Let God worche we loo, Hit helppe3 me not a mote, My lif þa3 I for-goo, Drede dot3 me no lote."	It is most cursed kirk that ever I entered."  [Fol. 120b.] Roaming about he hears a loud noise,  from beyond the brook. It clattered like the grinding of a scythe on a grindstone.  It whirred like a mill-stream.  "Though my life I forgo," says the knight, "no noise shall terrify me."

<sup>1</sup> at, in MS.

## X.

2212	The <sup>m</sup> e þe knyzt con calle ful hy3e, "Who stiztle3 <i>in</i> þis sted, me steuen to holde? For now is gode Gawayn goande ryzt here, If any wy3e o3t wyl wy <sup>m</sup> e hider fast, 2216 Oþer now, oþer neuer, his nede3 to spede." "Abyde," <i>quod</i> on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his hede, "& þou schal haf al <i>in</i> hast, þat I þe hyzt ones." 3et he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe, 2220 & wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde lyzt; & syþen he keuere3 bi a cragge, & come3 of a hole, Whyrlande out of a wro, wyth a felle weppen, A dene3 ax nwe dyzt, þe dynt <i>wiþh</i> [t]o 3elde	Then cried he aloud, "Who dwells here discourse with me to hold?" Now is the good Gawayne going aright  He hears a voice commanding him to abide where he is.  Soon there comes out of a hole, with a fell weapon,  a Danish axe, quite new,
------	--	--

2224	<p><i>With</i> a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme,  Fyled <i>in</i> a fylor, fowre fote large,  Hit wat3 no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bryzt.  &amp; þe gome <i>in</i> þe erene gered as fyrst,</p>	the "knight in green," clothed as before.
2228	<p>Boþe þe lyre &amp; þe leggez, lokkez, &amp; berde,  Saue þat fayre on his fote he foundez on þe erþe,  Sette þe stele to þe stone, &amp; stalked bysyde.  When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde,</p>	When he reaches the stream, he hops over and strides about.
2232	<p>He hypped ouer on hys ax, &amp; orpedly strydez,  Bremly broþe on a bent, þat brode wat3 a-boute,  on snawe.</p>	
2236	<p><i>Sir</i> Gawayn þe knyzt con mete.  He ne lutte <i>hym</i> no þyng lowe,  þat oþer sayde, "now, <i>sir</i> swete,  Of steuen mon may þe trowe."</p>	<p>[Fol. 121.]  He meets <i>Sir</i> Gawayne without obeisance.  The other tells him that he is now ready for conversation</p>

## XI.

2240	<p>"Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þat grene gome, "God þe mot loke!  I-wysse þou art welcom,<sup>1</sup> wyze, to my place,  &amp; þou hat3 tyled þi trauayl as <i>true</i><sup>2</sup> mon schulde;  &amp; þou knowez þe couenaunte3 kest <i>vus</i> by-twene,  At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled,  &amp; I schulde at þis nwe zere 3eþly þe quyte.  &amp; we ar <i>in</i> þis valay, <i>verayly</i> oure one,  Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as <i>vus</i> like3;  Haf þy<sup>3</sup> helme of þy hede, &amp; haf here þy pay;  Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þe me,  "When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one."  "Nay, bi God," <i>quod</i> Gawayn, "þat me gost lante,  I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat falle3;  Botstyztel þe vpon on strok, &amp; I schal stonde stylle,  &amp; warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lykez,  no whare."  He lened <i>with</i> þe nek, &amp; lutte,  &amp; schewed þat schyre al bare,  &amp; lette as he nozt dutte,  For drede he wolde not dare.</p>	<p>"God preserve thee!" says the Green Knight,    "as a true knight 'thou hast timed thy travel'  Thou knowest the covenant between us,    that on New Year's day I should return thy blow  Here we are alone,    Have off thy helmet and take thy pay at once."    "By God," quoth <i>Sir</i> Gawayne, "I shall not begrudge thee thy will."    Then he shows his bare neck,    and appears undaunted.</p>
------	--	---

<sup>1</sup> welcon, in MS. <sup>2</sup> *truee* in MS. <sup>3</sup> MS. þy þy.

## XII.

2260	<p>Then þe gome <i>in</i> þe grene grayþed <i>hym</i> swyþe,  Gedere3 yp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte;  <i>With</i> alle þe bur <i>in</i> his body he ber hit on lofte,  Munt as ma3tyly, as marre <i>hym</i> he wolde;  Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dre3 as he atled,  þer hade ben ded of his dynt, þat dozty wat3 euer.  Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte <i>hym</i> bysyde,  As hit com glydande adoun, on glode <i>hym</i> to schende,  &amp; schranke a lytel <i>with</i> þe schulderes, for þe scharp yrne.  þat oþer schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wyththaldez,  &amp; þe me repreued he þe prynce <i>with</i> mony prowde wordez;  "þou art not Gawayn," <i>quod</i> þe gome, "þat is so goud halden,  þat neuer arzed for no here, by hylle ne be vale,  &amp; now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harmez;  Such cowardise of þat knyzt cowþe I neuer here.  Nawþer fyked I, ne flaze, freke, quen þou myntest,  Ne kest no kauelacion, in kynges hous Arthor,  My hede fla3 to my fote, &amp; zet fla3 I neuer,  &amp; þou, er any harme hent, ar3ez <i>in</i> hert,  Wherfore þe better burne me burde be called  þer-fore."  <i>Quod</i> G.; "I schunt one3,  &amp; so wyl I no more,  Bot pa3 my hede falle on þe stone3,  I con not hit restore.</p>	<p>Then the man in green seizes his grim tool.    With all his force he raises it aloft.    As it came gliding down,  <i>Sir</i> Gawayne shrank a little with his shoulders.    The other reproved him, saying,  "Thou art not Gawayne that is so good esteemed,    [Fol. 121<i>b</i>.]  for thou fleest for fear before thou feelest harm.  I never flinched when thou struckest.    My head flew to my foot, yet I never fled,    wherefore I ought to be called the better man."    "I shunted once," says Gawayne, "but will no more.</p>
------	--	---

## XIII.

2284	<p>Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, &amp; bryng me to þe poynt,</p>	<p>Bring me to the point; deal me my destiny at once."</p>
------	--	--

2288	Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde, For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more, Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe." "Haf at þe þe me," <i>quod</i> þat oþer, & heueþ hit alofte, & wayteþ as wroþely, as he wode were;	"Have at thee, then," says the other.  With that he aims at him a blow.
2292	He mynteþ at hym maþtyly, bot not þe mon ryueþ, <sup>1</sup> With-helde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt myþt. Gawayn grayþely hit bydeþ, & glent w <i>ith</i> no membre, Bot stode styll as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer, þat rabeled is <i>in</i> roche grounde, w <i>ith</i> roteþ a hundreth.	Gawayne never flinches, but stands as still as a stone.
2296	þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon <i>in</i> þe grene, "So now þou hatþ þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]s; Halde þe now þe hyþe hode, þat Arþur þe raþt, & kepe þy kanel at þis kest, 3if hit keuer may." G: ful gryndelly w <i>ith</i> greme þe me sayde,	"Now," says the Green Knight, "I must hit thee, since thy heart is whole."
2300	"Wy þresch on, þou þro mon, þou þreteþ to longe, I hope þat þi hert arþe wyth þyn awen seluen." "For soþe," <i>quod</i> þat oþer freke, "so felly þou spekeþ, I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde,	"Thrash on," says the other.
2304	riþt nowe." þe me tas he <sup>2</sup> hym stryþe to stryke, & frounses boþe lyppe & browe, No meruayle þaþ hym myslyke,	Then the Green Knight makes ready to strike.
2308	þat hoped of no rescowe.	

<sup>1</sup> ? *ryneþ* = touches. <sup>2</sup> he he, in MS.

#### XIV.

2312	He lyftes lyþtly his lome, & let hit dou <i>n</i> fayre, W <i>ith</i> þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek þaþ he homered heterly, hurt hym no more, Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde; þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þurþ þe schyre grece, þat þe schene blod <i>over</i> his schulderes schot to þe erþe. & quen þe burne seþ þe blode blenk on þe snawe, He sprit forth spe <i>me</i> fote more þen a spere lenþe, Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast, Schot w <i>ith</i> his schuldereþ his fayre schelde vnder, Braydeþ out a bryþt sworde, & bremely he spekeþ; 2320 Neu <i>er</i> syn þat he watþ burne borne of his moder, Watþ he neu <i>er</i> <i>in</i> þis worlde, wyþe half so blyþe:— "Blyme, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo; I haf a stroke <i>in</i> þis sted w <i>ith</i> -oute stryf hent, 2324 & if þow recheþ me any mo, I redyly schal quyte, & 3elde 3ederly aþayn, & þer to 3e tryst, & foo; Bot on stroke here me falleþ, 2328 þe couenau <i>nt</i> schop ryþt so, [Sikered] <sup>1</sup> in Arþureþ halleþ, & þer-fore, hende, now hoo!"	He let fall his loom on the bare [Fol. 122.] neck of Sir Gawayne.  The sharp weapon pierced the flesh so that the blood flowed.  When the knight saw the blood on the snow,  he unsheathed his sword, and thus spake:  "Cease, man, of thy blow.  If thou givest me any more, readily shall I requite thee.  Our agreement stipulates only one stroke."
------	---	---

<sup>1</sup> Illegible.

#### XV.

2332	The haþel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested, Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to be scharp lened, & loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde 3ede, How þat doþty dredles deruely þer stondeþ, Armed ful aþleþ; <i>in</i> hert hit hym lykeþ. 2336 þe me he meleþ muryly, wyth a much steuen, & wyth a r[aly]kande rurde he to þe renk sayde, "Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel; No mon here vn-manerly þe mys-boden habbe, 2340 Ne kyd, bot as couenau <i>nde</i> , at kynges kort schaped; I hyþt þe a strok, & þou hit hatþ, halde þe wel payed, I relece þe of þe remnau <i>nt</i> , of ryþtes alle oþer; 3if <sup>1</sup> I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraun <i>ter</i> , 2344 I couþe wroþeloker haf waret, [&] to þe haf wroþt anger. <sup>2</sup> Fyrst I mansed þe muryly, w <i>ith</i> a mynt one, & roue þe wyth no rof, sore w <i>ith</i> ryþt I þe profered,	The Green Knight rested on his axe,  looked on Sir Gawayne, who appeared bold and fearless,  and addressed him as follows: "Bold knight, be not so wroth,  I promised thee a stroke and thou hast it, be satisfied.  I could have dealt worse with thee.  I menaced thee with one blow for the covenant
------	---	---

2348 For þe forwarde that we fest *in* þe fyrst nyzt,  
 & þou trustyly þe trawþe & trwly me haldeþ,  
 Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon shulde;  
 Pat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered,  
 2352 Þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cossez me raztez,  
 For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,  
 houte scape;  
 Trwe mon trwe restore,  
 Þezne þar mon drede no waþe;  
 2356 At þe brid þou fayled þore,  
 & þer-for þat tappe ta þe.

[Fol. 122*b*.]  
 between us on the first night.

Another I aimed at thee because thou kissedst my wife.

A true man should restore truly, and then he need fear no harm.

Thou failedst at the third time, and therefore take thee that tap. (See l. 1861.)

<sup>1</sup> uf, in MS. <sup>2</sup> This word is doubtful.

## XVI.

2360 For hit is my wede þat þou wereþ, þat ilke wouen girdel,  
 Myn owen wyf hit þe weued, I wot wel forsoþe;  
 Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als,  
 & þe wowyng of my wyf, I wrozt hit myseluen;  
 I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkkeþ,  
 On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote zede;  
 2364 As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more,  
 So is Gawayn, *in* god fayth, bi oþer gay knyzteþ.  
 Bot here you lakked a lyttel, *sir*; & lewte yow wanted,  
 Bot þat wat3 for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauþer,  
 2368 Bot for ze lufed *your* lyf, þe lasse I yow blame."  
 Pat oþer stif mon *in* study stod a gret whyle;  
 So agreued for greme he gryed *wiþ*-*ime*,  
 Alle þe blode of his brest blende *in* his face,  
 2372 Pat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked.  
 Þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,—  
 "Corsed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe!  
*In* yow is vylany & vyse, þat *vertue* distryez."  
 2376 Þezne he kazt to þe knot, & þe kest lawsez,  
 Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen:  
 "Lo! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle!  
 For care of þy knokke cowardyse me tazt  
 2380 To a-corde me *wiþ* couetyse, my kynde to for-sake,  
 þat is larges & lewte, þat longez to knyzteþ.  
 Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer;  
 Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sorze  
 2384 & care!  
 I bi-knowe yow, knyzt, here style,  
 Al fawty is my fare,  
 Letez me ouer-take *your* wylle,  
 2388 & efle I schal be ware."

For my weed (woven by my wife) thou wearest.

I know thy kisses and my wife's wooing.

I sent her to try thee, and faultless I found thee.

But yet thou sinnedst a little,

for love of thy life."

Gawayne stands confounded.

"Cursed," he says, "be cowardice and covetousness both!"

Then he takes off the girdle and throws it to the knight.

He curses his cowardice,

and confesses himself to have been guilty of untruth.

[Fol. 123.]

## XVII.

Therme loze þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde,  
 "I halde hit hardily<sup>1</sup> hole, þe harme þat I hade;  
 2392 Þou art confessed so clene, be-knownen of þy mysses,  
 & hat3 þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge,  
 I halde þe polysed of þat plyzt, & pured as clene,  
 As þou hadeþ neuer forfeþed, syþen þou wat3 fyrst borne.  
 & I gif þe, *sir*, þe gurdel þat is golde hemmed;  
 2396 For hit is grene as my goune, *sir* G., ze maye  
 þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þryngeþ  
 Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token  
 Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous knyzteþ;  
 2400 & ze schal *in* þis nwe zer azayn to my woneþ,  
 & we schyn reuel þe remnaut of þis ryche fest,  
 ful bene."  
 2404 Þer laþed hym fast þe lorde,  
 & sayde, "*wiþ* my wyf, I wene,  
 We schal yow wel acorde,  
 þat wat3 *your* enemy kene."

Then the other, laughing, thus spoke:

"Thou art confessed so clean,

that I hold thee as pure as if thou hadst never been guilty.

I give thee, sir, the gold-hemmed girdle,

as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel.

Come again to my abode, and abide there for the remainder of the festival."

<sup>1</sup> hardilyly, in MS.

## XVIII.

2408	"Nay, for soþe," <i>quod</i> þe segge, & sesed hys helme, & hat3 hit of hendely, & þe habel þonkke3, "I haf soiornd sadly, sele yow bytyde, & he zelde hit yow 3are, þat 3arkke3 al me <sup>n</sup> skes! & comaunde3 me to þat cortays, <i>your</i> comlych fere,	"Nay, forsooth," says Gawayne,  "I have sojourned sadly, but bliss betide thee!  Commend me to your comely wife and that other lady who have beguiled me.  But it is no marvel for a man to be brought to grief through a woman's wiles. Adam, Solomon, Samson, and David were beguiled by women.
2412	Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladye3. þat þus hor kny3t wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled. Bot hit is no ferly, þa3 a fole madde, & þur3 wyles of wymm <sup>e</sup> n be wonen to sor3e;	
2416	For so wat3 Adam <i>in</i> erde <i>wiþ</i> one bygyled, & Salamon <i>wiþ</i> fele sere, & Samson eft sone3, Dalyda dalt <i>hym</i> hys wyrde, & Dauyth þer-after Wat3 blended <i>wiþ</i> Barsabe, þat much bale þoled.	
2420	Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a wyme hugre, To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat coupe, For þes wer forne <sup>1</sup> þe freest þat fol3ed alle þe sele, Ex-ellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuen-ryche,	How could a man love them and believe them not?  [Fol. 123b.]
2424	þat mused; & alle þay were bi-wyled, With <sup>2</sup> wymm <sup>e</sup> n þat þay vsed, þa3 I be now bigyled,	
2428	Me þink me burde be excused."	Though I be now beguiled, methinks I should be excused.

<sup>1</sup> forme (?) <sup>2</sup> with wyth, in MS.

## XIX.

2432	"Bot <i>your</i> gordel," <i>quod</i> G: "God yow for-3elde! þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe wyme golde, Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes, For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkke3, Bot <i>in</i> syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte; When I ride <i>in</i> renoun, remorde to myseluen þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed, How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylþe; & þus, quen pryde schal me pryk, for prowes of armes, þe loke to þis luf lace schal leþe my hert. Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer; Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde[r] londe, þer I haf lent <i>ime</i> , Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow zelde þat vp-halde3 þe heuen, & on hy3 sitte3,— How norne 3e yowre ry3t nome, & þe <sup>m</sup> e no more?" "þat schal I telle þe trwly," <i>quod</i> þat oþer þe <sup>m</sup> e, "Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat <i>in</i> þis londe, þur3 my3t of Morgne la Faye, þat <i>in</i> my hous lenges, & <sup>1</sup> koyntyse of clergye, bi craftes wel lerned, þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho <sup>2</sup> taken; For ho hat3 dalt drwry ful dere <i>sum</i> tyme, With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle <i>your</i> kny3te3 at hame; Morgne þe goddes, þer-fore hit is hir name; Welde3 non so hy3e hawtesse, þat ho ne con make ful tame.	But God reward you for your girdle.  I will wear it in remembrance of my fault.  And when pride shall prick me, a look to this lace shall abate it.  But tell me your right name and I shall have done."  The Green Knight replies, "I am called Bernlak de Hautdesert, through might of Morgain la Fey, the pupil of Merlin.
2448		
2452		She can tame even the haughtiest.

<sup>1</sup> in (?). <sup>2</sup> ho hat3 (?).

## XX.

2456	Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to <i>your</i> wyme halle, For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were, þat remes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table; Ho wayned me þis wonder, <i>your</i> wytte3 to reue, For to haf greued Gaynour, & gart hir to dy3e. <i>Wiþ</i> gopnyng <sup>1</sup> of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych speked, <i>Wiþ</i> his hede <i>in</i> his honde, bifore þe hy3e table. þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady; Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arpure3 half suster, þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere <i>Vter</i> after Hade Arpur vpon, þat apel is nowþe. þerfore I eþe þe, habel, to com to þy nauzt, Make myry <i>in</i> my hous, my meny þe louies,	It was she who caused me to test the renown of the Round Table,  [Fol. 124.] hoping to grieve Guenever and cause her death through fear.  She is even thine aunt.  Therefore come to her and make merry in my house."
2460		
2464		
2468		

2472	& I wol þe as wel, wyȝe, bi my faythe, As any gome vnder God, for þy grete traube." & he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes; Pay acolen & kyssen, [bikennen] ayber oþer To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ryȝt þere, on coolde; Gawayn on blonk ful bene, To þe kynges burȝ buskes bolde, & þe knyȝt in þe enker grene, Whider-warde so euer he wolde.	Gawayne refuses to return with the Green Knight.  On horse full fair he bends to Arthur's hall.
	<sup>1</sup> glopnyng (?).	
<b>XXI.</b>		
2480	Wylde wayes in þe worlde Wowen now rydeȝ, On Gryngolet, þat þe grace hade geten of his lyue; Ofte he herbered in house, & ofte al þeroute, & mony a-venture in vale, & venquyst ofte, Þat I ne tyȝt, at þis tyme, in tale to remene.	Wild ways now Gawayne rides.  Oft he harboured in house and oft thereout.
2484	Þe hurt watȝ hole, þat he hade hent in his nek, & þe blykkande belt he bere þeraboute, A belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde, Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, with a knot,	The wound in his neck became whole. He still carried about him the belt,
2488	In tokenyng he watȝ tane in tech of a faute; & þus he commes to þe court, knyȝt al in sounde. Þer wakned wele in þat wone, when wyst þe grete, Þat gode G: watȝ commen, gayn hit hym þoȝt;	in token of his fault. Thus he comes to the Court of King Arthur. Great then was the joy of all.
2492	Þe kyng kysseȝ þe knyȝt, & þe whene alce, & syþen mony syker knyȝt, þat soȝt hym to haylce, Of his fare þat hym frayned, & ferlyly he telles; Biknowoȝ alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—	The king and his knights ask him concerning his journey.  Gawayne tells them of his adventures,
2496	Þe chaunce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe knyȝt, Þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last. Þe nirt in þe nek he naked hem schewed, Þat he laȝt for his vnleute at þe leudes hondes,	[Fol. 124b.] the love of the lady, and lastly of the lace.  He showed them the cut in his neck.
2500	for blame; He tened quen he schulde telle, He gromed for gref & grame; Þe blod in his face con melle,	He groaned for grief and shame, and the blood rushed into his face.
2504	When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.	
<b>XXII.</b>		
2508	"Lo! lorde," quod þe leude, & þe lace hondeled, "Þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek, Þis is þe laȝe & þe losse, þat I laȝt haue, Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf caȝt þare, Þis is þe token of vn-trawþe, þat I am tan izne, & I mot nedeȝ hit were, wyle I may last;	"Lo!" says he, handling the lace, "this is the band of blame,  a token of my cowardice and covetousness,  I must needs wear it as long as I live."
2512	For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit, For þer hit oneȝ is tachched, twymne wil hit neuer." Þe kyng comferteȝ þe knyȝt, & alle þe court als, Laȝen loude þer-at, & luflyly acorden, Þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table,	The king comforts the knight, and all the court too.
2516	Vche burne of þe broþer-hede a bauderyk schulde haue, A bende, a belef hym aboute, of a bryȝt grene, & þat, for sake of þat segge, in swete to were. For þat watȝ acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,	Each knight of the brotherhood agrees to wear a bright green belt,  for Gawayne's sake,
2520	& he honoured þat hit hade, euer-more after, As hit is breued in þe best boke of romaunce. Þus in Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde, Þe Brutus bokees þer-of beres wyttensesse;	who ever more honoured it.  Thus in Arthur's day this adventure befell.
2524	Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, boȝed hider fyrst, After þe segge & þe asaute watȝ sesed at Troye, I-wysse;	
2528	Mony auntereȝ here bi-forne, Haf fallen suche er þis: Now þat bere þe crown of þorne, He bryng vus to his blysse! AMEN.	He that bore the crown of thorns bring us to His bliss!

- Line 8 Ricchis turns, goes,  
The king ...  
*Ricchis* his reynys and the Renke metys:  
Girden to gedur with þere grete speires.—T.B. l. 1232.
- 37 *Bis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse.*  
*Camalot*, in Malory's "Morte Arthure," is said to be the same as Winchester. Ritson supposes it to be *Caer-went*, in Monmouthshire, and afterwards confounded with *Caer-wynt*, or *Winchester*. But popular tradition here seems the best guide, which assigned the site of *Camalot* to the ruins of a castle on a hill, near the church of South Cadbury, in Somersetshire (Sir F. Madden).
- 65 *Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte.*  
Christmas celebrated anew, mentioned full often.  
Sir F. Madden leaves the word *nayted* unexplained in his Glossary to "Syr Gawayne."
- 124 *syluener = sylueren*, i.e. silver dishes.
- 139 *lyndes = lendes*, loins.
- 142 *in his muckel*, in his greatness.
- 184 *Wat3 euesed al umbe-torne*—? was trimmed, all cut evenly around; *umbe-torne* may be an error for *vmbe-corue* = cut round.
- 216 *in gracios werkes*. Sir F. Madden reads *gracons* for *gracios*, and suggests *Greek* as the meaning of it.
- 244-5 *As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote3  
in hy3e.*  
As all were fallen asleep so ceased their words  
in haste (suddenly).  
Sir F. Madden reads *slaked horlote3*, instead of *slaked hor lote3*, which, according to his glossary, signifies drunken vagabonds. He evidently takes *horlote3* to be another (and a very uncommon) form of *harlote3* = *harlots*. But *harlot*, or vagabond, would be a very inappropriate term to apply to the noble *Knights of the Round Table*. Moreover, *slaked* never, I think, means drunken. The general sense of the verb *slake* is to let loose, lessen, cease. Cf. lines 411-2, where *sloke*, another form of *slake*, occurs with a similar meaning:  
— *layt no fyrre; bot slokes.*  
— seek no further, but stop (cease).  
Sir F. Madden suggests *blows* as the explanation of *slokes*. It is, however, a *verb* in the imperative mood.
- 286 *Brayn*. Mätzner suggests *brayn-wod*.
- 296 *barlay* = par loi. This word is exceedingly common in the T. Book (see l. 3391).  
I bid you now, *barlay*, with besines at all  
þat ye set you most soverainly my suster to gete.—T.B. l. 2780.
- 394 *siker*. Sir F. Madden reads *swer*.
- 440 *bluk*. Sir F. Madden suggests *blunk* (horse). I am inclined to keep to the reading of the MS., and explain *bluk* as = *bulk* = trunk. Cf. the use of the word *Blok* in "Early English Alliterative Poems," p. 100, l. 272.
- 558 *derue doel*, etc. = great grief. Sir F. Madden reads *derne*, i.e. secret, instead of *derue* (= *derf*). Cf. line 564.
- 577 *knaged*, fastened.  
The braunches were borly, sum of bright gold,  
With leuys full luffly, light of the same;  
With burions aboue bright to beholde;  
And fruit on yt fourmyt of fairest of shap,  
Of mony kynd that was knyht, *knagged* aboue.—T.B. l. 4973.
- 629 *& ay quere hit is endele3*, etc.  
And everywhere it is *endless*, etc.  
Sir F. Madden reads *emdelez*, i.e. with equal sides.
- 652 *for-be* = *for-bi* = surpassing, beyond.
- 681 for *Hadet* read *Halet* = *haled* = exiled (?). See line 1049.
- 806 *auinant* = *auenaunt*, pleasantly. Sir F. Madden reads *amnant*.
- 954 *of*. Should we not read *on* (?)
- 957 *þat oper wyth a gorger wat3 gered ouer þe swyre.*  
The *gorger* or *wimple* is stated first to have appeared in Edward the First's reign, and an example is found on the monument of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who died in 1269. From the poem, however, it would seem that the *gorger* was confined to elderly ladies (Sir F. Madden)
- 968 *More lykker-wys on to lyk,  
Wat3 þat scho had on lode.*  
A more pleasant one to like,  
Was that (one) she had under her control.
- 988 *tayt* = lively, and hence pleasant, agreeable.
- 1015 *in vayres*, in purity.

- 1020 *dut = dunt (?) = dint (?)*, referring to *sword-sports*.
- 1022 *sayn[t] loneʒ day*. This is the 27th of December, and the last of the feast. Sometimes the Christmas festivities were prolonged to New Year's Day (Sir F. Madden).
- 1047 *derne dede = secret deed*. I would prefer to read *derue dede = great deed*. Cf. lines 558, 564.
- 1053 *I wot in worlde*, etc. = *I not* (I know not) *in worlde*, etc.
- 1054 *I nolde, bot if I hit negh myzt on nwzeres morne,*  
*For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres*, etc.  
I would not [delay to set out], unless I might approach it on New Year's morn, for all the lands within England, etc.
- 1074 *in spenne = in space = in the interval = meanwhile*. See line 1503.
- 1160 *slentyng of arwes*. Sir F. Madden reads *sleutyng*.  
"Of drawyn swordis *scleutyng* to and fra,  
The brycht mettale, and othir armouris seir,  
Quharon the sonnys blenkis betis cleir,  
Glitteris and schane, and vnder bemys brycht,  
Castis ane new twynklyng or a lemand lycht."  
(G. Douglas' *Æneid*, Vol. i, p. 421.)
- 1281 *let lyk = appeared pleased*.
- 1283 *þaʒ I were burde bryʒtest, þe burde in mynde hade*, etc.  
The sense requires us to read:  
*þaʒ ho were burde bryʒtest, þe burne in mynde hade*, etc.  
i.e., Though she were lady fairest, the knight in mind had, etc.
- 1440 *Long sythen [seuered] for þe sounder þat wizt for-olde*  
Long since separated from the *sounder* or herd that fierce (one) for-aged (grew very old).  
"Now to speke of the boore, the fyrste year he is  
A pygge of the *sounder* callyd, as haue I blys;  
The secounde yere an hogge, and soo shall he be,  
And an hoggestere, whan he is of yeres thre;  
And when he is foure yere, a boor shall he be,  
From the *sounder* of the swyne thenne departyth he;  
A synguler is he soo, for alone he woll go."  
(Book of St. Alban's, ed. 1496, sig. *d.*, i.)
- 1476 *totes = looks, toots*.  
Sho went up wightly by a walle syde.  
To the toppe of a toure and *tot* ouer the water.—T.B. l. 862.
- 1623 A verb [? *lalede = cried*] seems wanting after *lorde*.
- 1702 *fnasted*, breathed.  
These balfull bestes were, as the boke tellus,  
Full flaumond of fyre with *fnastyng* of logh.—T.B. l. 168.
- 1710 *a strothe rande = a rugged path*. Cf. the phrases *tene greue*, l. 1707; *roʒe greue*, l. 1898.
- 1729 *bi lag = be-lagh(?) = below (?)*.
- 1719 *Thenne watʒ hit lif vpon list*, etc.  
Should we not read:  
*Thenne watʒ hit list vpon lif*, etc.  
i.e., Then was there joy in life, etc.
- 1780 *lyf = lef(?)*, beloved (one).
- 1869 *Ho hatʒ kyst þe knyʒt so toʒt.*  
*She has kissed the knight so courteous.*  
Sir F. Madden explains *toʒt*, promptly. *Toʒt* seems to be the same as the Northumbrian *taght* in the following extract from the "Morte Arthure":  
"There come in at the fyrste course, before the kyng seluene,  
Bare hevedys that ware bryghte, burnyste with sylver,  
Alle with *taghte* mene and *towne* in togers fulle ryche."—(p. 15.)  
The word *towne* (well-behaved) still exists in *wan-ton*, the original meaning of which was ill-mannered, ill-bred.
- 1909 *bray houndeʒ = brap houndeʒ*, i.e. fierce hounds.
- 1995 *He hatʒ nere þat he soʒt = He watʒ nere þat he soʒt = He was near to that which he sought*.
- 2160 *gedereʒ þe rake = takes the path or way*.
- 2167 *þe skweʒ of þe scowtes skayued hym þoʒt.*  
The shadows of the hills appeared wild (desolate) to him. Sir F. Madden reads *skayned*, of which he gives no explanation. *Skayued = skayfed*, seems to be the N. Prov. English *scafe*, wild. Scotch *schaivie*, wild, mad. O.N. *skeifr*. Sw. *skef*, awry, distorted.
- 2204 *ronge = clattered*.
- 2211 *Drede dotʒ me no lote =*  
No noise shall cause me to dread (fear).



- 2357 & *þer-for þat tappe ta þe*.  
 And therefore take thee that tap.  
*ta þe* = take thee. Sir F. Madden reads *tape = taketh*. See l. 413, where *to þe*  
 rhymes with *sothe*. We have no imperatives in *th* in this poem.
- 2401 *We schyn reuel*, etc. Sir F. Madden reads *wasch yn reuel*. But *schyn* = shall. See  
 Glossary to "Alliterative Poems."
- 2474 *on-coolde* = *on-colde* = *coldly* = sorrowfully.
- 2489 *in-sounde* = *soundly*, well. Cf. *in-blande* = together; *in-lyche*, alike; *inmyddez*,  
 amidst.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE  
 THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE  
 PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the

works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

### **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.