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<Text: Romance of Gawain and Galeron>

<Tranche 1>

<fol. 1v>And Arthur with his erles earnestly rides
To teche hem to her tristres . þe trouthe for to telle
To here tristres he hem tau3t ho þe trouth trowes
Eche lorde with outenn lette
To ann oke he hem sette
With bowe and with barselette
Vnder þe bowes
¶ Vnder þe bowes þei bode þes burnes so bolde
To byker at þes baraynes in bonkes so bare
There might haþeles in hi3 herdes be holde
Herken huntyng in hast in holtes so hare
Þei kest of here couples in cliffes so colde
Conforte her~ kenettes to kele hem of care
Þei fel of þe femayles ful þik folde
With fressh houndes and fele þei folowenn her~ fare
With gret+questes and quelles
Both in frethes and felles
All the dure in þe delles
þei durkenn and dare
¶ Þen durken þe dere in þe dymme skuwes
Þat for drede of þe deth droupes þe do
Þai werray þe wilde swyne and worchenn hem wo
The huntis þei halowe in hurstes and huwes
And bluwe rechis ryally þei rann to þe ro
They gaf to no gamonn þat onn grounde gruwes
Þe grete grandes in þe grenes so gladly þei go
So gladly þei gonn in greues so grene
The king blowe rechis

And folowed fast onn þe tras
 With many Sergeant of mas
 þ^t solas to sene
 ¶ With solas þei semble þe pruddest in palle
 And suwenn to þe souerayne w^tin schaghes schene
 <fol. 2r>Al but *sir* Gawaynn gayest of all
 Beleues with Dame Gaynour in greues so grene
 Vnder a lorer ho was li3t þat lady so small
 Of box and of berber bigged ful bene
 Fast byfore vndre . þis ferly conn fall
 And þis mekel mervaille þat J shal of mene
 Now wol J of þis mervaille meve if i ~~might~~ mote
 The day wex als dirke
 As hit were mydni3t myrke
 There-of þe king was irke
 And li3t onn his fote
 ¶ Thus to fote ar þei farenn þes frekes vnfaynn
 And fleenn fro þe Forest to þe fewe felles
 For þe snererand snawe . snartly hem snelles
 There come a lede of þe lawe in londe is not to layne
 And glides to *sir* Gawaynn þe gates to gayne
 3auland and 3omerand with many loude 3elles
 Hit 3aules hit 3ameres w^t waymynges wete
 And seid with siking sare
 J ban þe body me bare
 Alas now kindeles my care
 J gloppe and J grete
 ¶ Then gloppenet and grete Gaynour þe gay
 And seid to *sir* Gawenn what is þi good rede
 Hit ar þe clippes of þe sonn J herd a clerk say
 And þus he confortes þe quene for his kni3thede
sir Cadour *sir* Cleges *sir* Costardyne . *sir* Cay
 þes kny3tes arnn vncurtays by crodde and by crede
 Þat þus oonly haue me laft onn my dep^e day
 with þe grisselist goost þat euer herd . J grede
 Of þe goost *quod* þe grome greue you no mare
 For J shal speke with þe sprete
 <fol. 2v>And of þe wayes J shall wete
 What may þe bales bete

Of þe bodi bare
 ¶ Bare was þe body and blak to þe bone
 Al bi-clagged in clay vncomly cladde
 Hit waried hit wayment as a womann
 But on hide ne on huwe no heling hit hadde
 Hit stemed hit stonayde . hit mused for madde
 Agaynn þe grisly goost *sir* Gawaynn is gone
 He rayked oute at a res for was neuer drad
 Drad was he neuer . ho so right redes
 On þe chef of þe clolle
 A pade pikes onn þe polle
 With eighen holked ful holle
 That gloed as þe gledes
 ¶ Al glowed as a glede þe goste þere ho glides
 Vmbe clipped him w^t a cloude of cleyng vnclere
 Skeled with serpentis all aboute þe sides
 To tell þe todes þer-onn my tonge wer full tere
 Þe burne braides oute þe bronde . and þe body bides
 Therefor þe cheualrous kni3t changed no chere
 Þe houndes hi3enn to þe wode and her~ hede hides
 For þe grisly goost made a grymm bere
 Þe birdes in þe bowes
 Þat onn þe goost glowes
 Þei skryke in þe skowes
 þ^t hapeles may here
 ¶ Hapelese mi3t here so fer into halle
 How chatered þe cholle þe chalus onn þe chynne
 Þenn coniuired þe kni3t . onn crist con he calle
 As þ^u was crucified onn croys to clanse vs of synn
 <fol. 3r>That þ^u sei me þe sothe wheþer þ^u shalle
 And whi þou walkest þes wayes þe wodes w^tin
 J was of figure and face fairest of alle
 Cristened and knowenn w^t kinges in my kynne
 J haue kinges in my kynn knowenn for kene
 God has me gevenn of his grace
 To dre my paynes in þis place
 J amm comenn in þis cace
 To speke w^t *your* quene
 Quene was J somm wile brighter of browes

Thenn berell or Brangwaynn þes burdes so bolde
 Of al gamenn or gle þat onn grounde growes
 Gretter þenn dame Gaynour of Garsonn and golde
 Of palaies of parkes of pondes of plowes
 Of townes of toures of tresour vntolde
 Of Castelles of contreyes of craggess of clowes
 Now amm J cau3t oute of kide to cares so colde
 Into care am J caught and couched in clay
 Lo *sir* curtays kny3t
 How delfulle deth has me di3t
 Lete me onys haue a sight
 Of Gaynour þe gay
 ¶ After Gaynour þe gay *sir* Gawynn is gonn
 And to þe body he her~ brou3t and to þe burde bright
 Welcomm waynour J-wis worthi in wonn
 Lo how delful deth has þi dame di3t
 J was radder of rode þenn rose in þe ronnn
 My ler~ as þe lele louchd onn hight
 Now am J a *graceles* gost and grisly J gronn
 With lucyfer in a lake lo3 am J light
 Take truly tent ti3t nowe by me
 For al þi fressh foroure
 <fol. 3v> Muse onn my mirrour .
 For king and Emperour
 Thus shul ye be
 ¶ Þus di3t wil 3ou di3t thare þou not do<ill><end of the word></ill>
 Pere-onn hertly take hede while þou art here
 Whann þou art richest araied & ridest in þi route
 Haue pite onn þe poer þ^u art of power
 Burnes and burdes . þat benn þe aboute
 Whenn þi body is bamed and brou3t onn a ber~
 Penn lite wynn þe light þat now wil þe loute
 For þenn he helpes no þing but holy *praier*
 Þe *praier* of poer may purchas þe pes
 Of that þou yeues at þe þete
 Whan þou art set in þi sete
 With al merthes at mete
 And dayntes on+des
 ¶ With riche dayntes on des þi diotes art di3t

And J in danger and doel in dongonn J dwelle
 Naxte<?> and nedefull . naked onn night
 Þer folo me a ferde of fendes of helle
 Pey hurle me vnhendely . þei harme me in hi3t
 Jn bras and in brymston . J brenn as a belle
 Was neuer wrought in þis world a wofuller wight
 Hit were ful tore any tonge . my *turment* to telle
 Nowe wil y of my *turment* tel or J go
 Thenk hertly onn þis
 Fonde to mende thi mys
 Thou art warned y-wys
 Be war~ be my wo
 ¶ Wo is me for þi wo *quod waynour* ywys
 But one þing wold J wite if þi wil ware
 Jf auþer matens or mas mi3t mende þi mys
 Or eny meble onn molde . my *merthe* were þe mare
 <fol. 4r>If bedis of bisshopps might bring þe to blisse
 Or couentes in cloistre mi3t kere þe of care
 If þ^u be my moder . grete wonder hit is
 That al þi burly body is brou3t to be so bare
 I bare þe of my body what bote is h^t J layn
 J brak a solempne a-vowe
 And no mann wist h^t but þowe
 By þ^t tokenn þ^u trowe
 Þat soþely J saynn
 ¶ Say sothely what may þe sauen y-wys
 And J shal make sere menn to singe for þi sake
 But þe baleful bestes þ^t onn þi body is
 Al bledis my ble . þi bones arnn so blake
 Þat is luf *paramour* listes and delites
 Þat has me li3t and laft lo3 in a lake
 Al þe welth of þe world þat awaye witis
 With þe wilde wormes þ^t worche me wrake
 Wrake þei me worchenn waynour Jwys
 Were thritty trentaies donn
 By-twene vnder and non
 Mi soule socoured with sonn
 And brought to þe blys
 ¶ To blisse bring þe þe barne þ^t brought the onn rode

Pat was crucified *onn* croys and crowned with þorne
 As þou was cristened and *crisomed* w^t candel and code
 Folowed in fontestone *onn* frely byforne
 Mary the mi3ti myldest of mode
 Of whomm þe blisful barne *in* bedlem was borne
 Lene me *grace* þ^t J may grete þe w^t gode
 And mynge the with matens and masses *onn* morne
 To mende vs w^t masses . grete myster hit were
 For him þat rest *onn* þe rode
 <fol. 4v>Gyf fast of þi goode
 To folke þat failenn þe fode
 While þ^u art here

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 8r><line 20> The king *commaunded* krudeli þe erlis son@ of kent
 Curtaysly in þis case . take kepe to þe kni3t
 with riche dayntees or day he dyned in his tente
 After buskes him in a brene . þat burneshed was bri3t~
 Siþenn to waynour wisly he went
 He laft in here warde his worthy wight
 After aither in high *hour*<?> horses þei hent
 And at þe listes *onn* þe lande lordely donn li3t~
 Bothe þes two burnes baldest of blode
 Þe kinges chaier is set
 Quene on a chacelet
 Many galiard gret <this line on fol. 8v>
 For gawaynn þe gode
 <fol. 8v><line 2> ¶ Gawaynn and Galeronn gurdenn her~ stedes
 Al in gleterand golde . gay was here gere
 Þe lordes by-lyue hom to list ledes
 With many *seriant* of mace as was þe maner~e
 The burnes broched þe blonkes . þat þe side bledis
 Ayþer freke oponn folde has fastned his spere
 Shaftes in shide wode . þei shindre in shedes
 So iolile þes gentil Justed *onn* were
 Shaftes þei shindr~ in sheldes so shene
 And siþenn with brondes bright

Riche mayles þei ri3t
 There encontres þe kni3t
 w^t gawynn onn grene
 ¶ Gawynn was gaily graped in grene
 With his Griffons of golde engreled full gay
 Trifeled with tranes and true-loves bitwene
 On a stargand stede þat strikes onn stray
 Þat oper in his turnaying he talkes in tene
 Whi drawes þ^u þe on dregh & makes siche deray
 He swapped him ynn at þe swyre with a swerde kene
 That greued *sir* Gawaynn to his dep̄ day
 The dyntes of þat doughty were doutwis bydene
 Fifte mayles and mo
 The swerde swapt in two
 The canel bone also
 And clef his shelde shene
 ¶ He clef þorgh þe cantell þ^t couered þe kni3t
 Thorgh þe shiand shelde a shaftmonn and mare
 And þenn þe lady loude lowe vpon hight
 And Gawaynn greches þerw^t and gremed ful sare
 J shal rewarde þe þi route if J conn rede right
 <fol. 9r>He folowed in onn þe Freke . with a fressh fare
 Þorgh blasonn and brene . þ^t burneshed wer~ bri3t~
 With a burlich bronde thorgh him he bare
 The bronde was bloody þat burneshed was bri3t~
 Then gloppeden þat gay
 Hit was no ferly in fay
 Þe sturne strikes onn stray
 Jn stiropes stri3t~
 ¶ Streyte in his steroppes . stoutely he strikes
 And wayues at *sir* wawaynn als he were wode
 Penn his lemmann on lowde skirles and skirkes
 Whenn þat burly burne blenket onn blode
 Lordes and ladies of þat laiike likes
 And þonked god fele sithe for Gawaynn þe gode
 With a swap of a swerde . þat swapel him swykes
 He stroke of þe stede hede . streite þere he stode
 The faire fole fondred . and fel to þe grounde
 Gawaynn gloppeden in hert

Of he were hasty and smert
 Oute of sterops he stert
 Fro grisselt þe goode
 ¶ Grisselt *quod* Gawaynn . gonn is . god wote
 He was þe burlokest blonke . þat eu~ bote brede
 By him þat in bedeleem was borne euer to ben~ *our* bote
 J shall venge þe to-day . if J conn right rede.
 Go fecche me my fresonn fairest on fote
 He may stonde þe in stoure in as mekle stede
 No more for þe faire fole . þenn for a rissh rote
 But for doel of þe dombe best . þ' þus shuld be dede
 J mourne for no montur~ . for J may gete mare
 Als he stode by his stede
 Pat was so goode at nede
 Ner Gawaynn wax wede<this line on fol. 9v>
 So siked he sare
 <fol. 9v><line 2> ¶ Thus wepus for wo wowaynn þe wight
 And wenys him to quyte þat wonded is sare
 Pat oþer dro3 him on dre3t for drede of þe kni3t
 And boldly broched his blonk onn þe bent bare
 Þus may þ^u dryve forthe þe day to þe derk night
 The sonn was passed by þat . mydday and mare
 With-in þe listes þe lede lordly donn light
 Touard þe burne with his bronde . he busked him þare
 To bataile þey bowe with brondes so bright
 Shene sheldes wer~ shred
 Bright brenes by bled
 Many dou3ti were a-dred
 So fersely þei fight
 ¶ Thus þei feght onn fote onn þat fair~ felde
 As fressh as a lyonn . þat fautes þe fille
 Wilele þes wight menn . þair~ wepenes þey welde
 He brouched him yn with his bronde vnder þe brode shelde
 Þorgh þe waast of þe body . and wonded him ille
 Þe swerd stent for no stuf . hit was so wel steled
 Pat oþer startis onn bak and stondis stonn stille
 Though he were stonayed þat stonde . he strikes ful sare
 He gurdes to *sir* Gawaynn
 Thorgh ventaile and pesaynn

He wanted noght to be slaynn
 Þe brede of ann hare
 ¶ Hardely þenn þes hapelese . onn helmes þey hewe
 Þei betenn downe beriles and bourdures bright
 Shildes on shildres . þ^t shene were to shewe
 Fretted were in fyne golde þei failenn in fight
 Stones of Jral þey strenkel and strewe
 Stiþe stapeles of stele þey strike donn sti3t
 <fol. 10r>Burnes bannenn þe tyme . þe bargann was brewe
 The doughti with dyntes . so delfully were dight
 Thenn gretes Gaynour w^t bothe her~ gray ene
 For þo dou3ti þat fi3t
 Were manly mached of might
 With-oute resonn or right
 As al menn sene
 ¶ Thus gretis Gaynour with bob^e her~ gray yene
 For gref of sir Gawaynn . grisly was wounded
 The knight of corage was cruel and kene
 And with a stele bronde þat sturne oft stoned
 Al þe cost of kny3t . he carf downe clene
 Þorgh þe riche mailes . þat ronke were and rounde
 With a teneful touche he ta3t him in tene
 He gurdes sir Galeronn groueling on gronde
 Grisly onn gronde he groned onn grene
 Als wounded as he was
 Sone vnredely he ras
 And folowed fast onn his tras
 W^t a swerde kene
 ¶ Kenely þ^t cruel keuered onn hi3t
 And with a sca<?> of care in cantil he strikes
 And wayues at sir Wawynn þ^t worpely wight
 But him lymped þe worse . and þat me wel likes
 He atteled with a slenk haf slaynn him in ~~sight~~ sli3t
 Þe swerd swapped onn his swange . & onn þe mayle slikes
 And Gawaynn bi þe coler keppes þe kni3t
 Þenn his lemann onn loft skrilles and skrikes
 Ho gretes onn Gaynour w^t gronyng grylle
 Lady makeles of might
 Haf mercy onn yondre kni3t

That is so delfull di3t
 Jf hit be thi wille
 <fol. 10v>¶ Wisly dame waynour to þe king went
 Ho cau3t of her coronall and kneled *him* tille
 As þou art ioy roial richest of rent
 And J þi wife wedded at þi owne wille
 Pes burnes in þe bataile so blede on þe bent
 They arnn very J-wis and wonded full ille
 Porgh her~ shene sheldes . her~ shuldres ar~ shent
 The grones of *sir* Gawaynn dos my hert grille
 The grones of *sir* Gawaynn . greuenn me sare
 Woldest þou leve lorde
 Make pes knightes accorde
 Hit were a grete conforde
 For all þ^t þer~ ware
 ¶ Thenn spak *sir* Galeronn to Gawayn@ þe good
 J wende neuer wee in þis world had benn half so wi3t
 Her~ J make þe releyse renke by þe rode
 And by rial reyson@ . relese þe my right
 And siþenn make the monradenn w^t a mylde mode
 As mann of medlert . makeles of might
 He talkes touard þe king onn hie þer he stode
 And bede þat burly his bronde þ^t burneshed was bri3t~
 Of rentes and richesse J make þe releyse
 Downe kneled þe kni3t
 And carped wordes onn hi3t~
 The king stode vp-right~
 And commaunded pes
 ¶ The king commaunded pes and cried on@ hi3t~
 And Gawaynn was goodly and last for his sake
 Penn lordes to listes þey lopen ful li3t
Sir Gwaynn fi3 Griann and Arrak fi3 lake
Sir Drurelat and Moylard þat most wer~ of mi3t
 Boþe pes trauayled menn þey truly vp take
 <fol. 11r>Vnneth mi3t~ þo sturne stonde vp-ri3t~
 What for buffetes and blode . her blees wex blake
 Her~ blees were brosed . for beting of brondes
 With-outenn more lettyng
 Di3t was here sa3tlyng

Bifore þe comly king
 Þei held vp her~ hondes
 ¶ Here J gif *sir* Gawaynn w^t gersonn and golde
 Al þe Glamergann londe w^t greues so grene
 Þe worship of wales at wil and at wolde
 With Criffones Castelles curnelled ful clene
 Eke vlstur halle to hafe and to holde
 Wayford and waterforde *in* wales J wene
 Two baronrees in Bretayne w^t burghes so bolde
 Þat arnn batailed abou3t And bigged ful bene
 J shal di3t þe a duke and dubbe þe with honde
 With þi þou sa3til wiþ þe kni3t
 Þat is so hardi and wi3t
 And relese him his ri3t
 And *graunte* him his londe
 ¶ Here J gif *sir* Galeronn *quod* G . w^t-outen any gile
 Al þe londes and þe lithes fro lauer to layre
 Connok and carlele Conyngham and kile
 Þet if he ~~haf~~ ^[of] cheualry <exp>and</exp> chalange ~~hit~~ ^[ham] <?> for air~
 Þe loþ~ þe lemok þe loynak þe lile
 With frethis and forestes and fosses so faire
 Vnder *your* lordeship to lenge þe ^[here a] while
 And to þe rounde table ^[to make] a repaire
 J shal refeff him in felde *in* forestes so ~~fare~~ ^[fair]
 Boþe þe king and þe quene
 And al þe dou3ti by dene
 Þorgh þe greues so grene
 to ~~his lyves ende~~ Carlele þei cair~
 <fol. 11v>¶ The king to Carlele is comenn w^t kni3tes so kene
 And al þe rounde table onn rial aray
 Þe wees þat werenn wounded so wopely J wene
 Surgenes sone saned soþely to say
 Bothe confortes þe knightes . þe king and þe quene
 Thei were dubbed dukes both onn a day
 There he wedded his wife slonkest J wene
 With giftes and garsons *sir* Galeron~ þe gay
 Þus þat hapel in hi3 w^t-holdes þat hende
 Whann he was saned sonde
 Þei made *sir* Galeron~ þat stonde



A kni3t of þe table ronde
To his lyves ende
¶ Waynour gared wisely write in þe west
To al þe religious to rede and to singe
Prestes with *processionn* to *pray* were prest
W^t a mylionn of masses to make þe mynnynge
Boke-lered menn . bisshops þe best
Þorgh al Bretayne besely þe burde gared ryng
Þis ferely bifelle in englund forest
Vnder a holte so hore at a huntyng
Suche a huntyng in haast is no3t to be hide
Thus to forest þey fore
Þes sterne knightes in store
In þe tyme of arthore
This ant~ betide.