



<County: Surrey>

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<Text: Partonope of Blois>

<fol. 8r><ill><1 word></ill> þis noyse & þis cryinge

<ill><1 word></ill> his meyne he armede hym faste

And to þe yate he hyede in haste

When he to þe barres come

His stede freshly þer he nome

He wende to haue hade issue fre

But of his *purpose* let was he

The kynge of france let was he

The kynge of fraunce at þ<sup>t</sup> reyse

And partonope þe erle of bloysse

And þer w<sup>t</sup> all þe kynges oste

Partonope hade þer at his coste

Fyve þousonde armede well

jn armore bright made of stell

That shet þe barres anone right

That þe hethyn hade no myght

Out of þe castell forþer to goo

There yede strokes manye þo

The frenche w<sup>t</sup> þe hethyn dede fight

Till vppon fill dyrke nyght

That none of hem myght oþer se

The kynge comon dyth his men let be

All þis skyrmyshe & all þis stryfe

And toke þe wey to poun tyfe

The hethyn take *sernogoure*

Her kynge & streight to þe toure

For it was nyght þey hym lede

All þey counsell hym & rede

To kepe þe castell in safe garde

To poun tyfe is rede þe kynge

And partonope bothe lusty & yonge  
 jn þis jorney hathe grete name  
 That þorwe fraunce þey proclame  
 His grete manhode & his worthynes  
 There-of þey spoke bothe more & lesse  
 For he helde soyche oppyn housolde  
 That welcome was þ<sup>t</sup> come wolde  
 Grete gyftes gafe he & ofte  
 <fol. 8v>Of clothis of golde velwet softe  
 And þer-to lovely eke was he  
 Not only to lordes but to all degre  
 That euery man of hym hade joye  
 They lekenede hym to ectore of troye  
 Thus is he spokyn of jn fraunce  
 That of his wyte & his gouernaunce  
 Come neuer soyche jn þ<sup>t</sup> contre  
 The pepill desyrethe hym gretly to se  
 And drewe to hym fro euery syde  
 Knyght squyre will not abyde  
 And all þ<sup>t</sup> come he dyde w<sup>t</sup>-holde  
 To plese hem all he dothe his myght  
 His worchipe to saue & þe right  
 Of fraunce & his lege lorde  
 From many partes of þe worde  
 Moche pepill come to hymwarde  
 Bothe be þousonde & by honderde  
 Of france was he a stronge poste  
 Day be day encreseth his oste  
 Ore þen a+month was all paste  
 Chevalry to hem drewe faste  
 That þer were nomberde jn þe felde  
 An honderde w<sup>t</sup> spere & shelde  
 The rerewarde of kynge *sernogour*~  
 Ys nowe come <rbd><1 word></rbd> where-jn þe flour~  
 Ys herberwyde of chevallrye  
 Wher~-fore anone he made do crye  
 That þey shulde all armede be  
 The nexte day þ<sup>t</sup> he myght se  
 What pepill he hade jn þe felde



Wheche were *nomberde* of *spere* & *shelde*  
An . c . þousonde w<sup>t</sup>-out arblastes  
W<sup>t</sup>-out *gildenes* & *archeres*  
Where-of þe *nombir* þey couthe not tell  
*Sernogour*~ þe *kynge* þ<sup>t</sup> was fell  
When all þis *pepill* he dyde se  
The *kynge* of *france* *manassede* he  
And seyde proudly j will not fail  
<fol. 9r>To holde þe *felde* & *gyf* *bataill*  
*Partonope* be *spyes* *heryth* all þis  
And to hem *sodenly* come is  
*Moche* *pepill* of *loryn* & of *fryslonde*  
W<sup>t</sup>out *letter* or~ *ony sonde*  
The *perres* þe *aungoyoyes* þe *gascoynes*  
The *frenche* þe *almaynes* þe *bruttons*  
*Moche* *pepill* þer come of *pavy*  
And also out of *lombardy*  
Be-twene þis *kynges* *samfaill*  
Ys set þe day of þer *bataill*  
Wyth *ordenance* w<sup>t</sup>out *nay*  
Shulde holde vpon þe *thursday*  
Whiche jn *olde tyme* not for to lye  
The day of *bataill* to *sygnefye*  
The *kynge* of *fraunce* *comondyth* be *wryte*  
And *bysshoppus* & *clergie* truly *byte*  
To goo on *pressession* for~ his *chevalrye*  
To do his *comondement* *faste* þey *hye*  
At *charse* shall *nowe* þis *bataill* be  
He þ<sup>t</sup> *hathe* þe *worse* *moste* *nedes* *fle*  
This *heigh* *kynge* *sernogoure*  
W<sup>t</sup> þe *worthy* *ser* *agysoure*  
Vnder þe *shawe* of *appill* *trees*  
Here *counsell* *helde* w<sup>t</sup> all *degres*  
Of þer *lordes* & of þer *knyghthode*  
An *honderde* *knyghtes* þ<sup>t</sup> of *manhode*  
Were *highly* *accountyde* þey *hade* þer  
That couthe well *dele* w<sup>t</sup> *shelde* & *spere*  
*Kynge* *sernogoure* hem *faste* *behelde*  
*Lordynges* he seyde to-morwe þe *felde*

We moste holde & gyfe bataill  
 To þe frenche þis ƒ may not faill  
 Ye be all bothe ware & wyse  
 Let iche man~ sey his avyse  
 To set our bataill jn ordenaunce  
 And se who shall haue þe gouernaunce  
 Of our wynges & oure archerye  
 <fol. 9v>Firste spake kynge loemers wordes hye  
 Of norwey he h was lorde & kynge  
 The Norweyes are at his byde bydyng  
 Sir he seyde it may not faill  
 To-morwe we shall haue bataill  
 And w<sup>t</sup> goddes grace þe victorye  
 Of þe frenche but hir chevalrye  
 Encreseth faste & also j sey  
 Moche pepill to him gynnyth to obey  
 The frenche are jn þer owne toure contre  
 And w<sup>t</sup> hem is on partonope  
 That to seke þe worlde ngh & ferre  
 A worthyer~ is not prevyde no-where  
 Of all þe frenche j vnderstonde  
 He is þe beste j dar~ vnderfonge  
 All þis pepill ayenste hym vs come  
 They ben more strenger þen þey were wone  
 They haue more better þe degre  
 Afore þis þe kynge hath made grete profre  
 Two honderde to fell of oure coffere  
 W<sup>t</sup> golde & syluer & grete Rychesse  
 Of mvlis of spayne a þousonde no lesse  
 A þousonde hors & xx<sup>ti</sup> lyouns  
 And a þousonde gosshawkes and faucouns  
 And oþer þ<sup>t</sup> be of oure counsaill  
 Shulde also be rewardyde well  
 W<sup>t</sup> coppus of syluer & golde fyne  
 Vppon þis condicion þ<sup>t</sup> we willyne  
 jn-to oure contre faste retorne  
 And jn france no lenger sojorne  
 And yet þis ye haue mowe  
 j counsell you for~ your~ crowne nowe

Ye stryfe no more let hym it haue  
 This is my rede so god me save  
 When he hade seyde stell he satte  
 A ryght grete while ore ony mate  
 Out wolde shewe ore more declare  
 Then~ kynge baburris wolde not spare  
 To tell his wyte & his avyse  
 He was Right symly & also wyse  
 And kynge he was of glytlonde  
 <fol. 10r>Many A jorney he toke on honde  
 Sir he seyde my broþer loemeres  
 jn armes is bothe myghty & fers  
 And well hathe seyde toychynge your~ warre  
 But well ye wot we come fro ferre  
 The crowne of his londe for~ to haue  
 More þer-for so god me saue  
 Youre oste to-morwe redy be  
 jn þe felde & þer may ye see  
 That þey be set jn ordenaunce  
 What euer sall hape ore chaunce  
 For we are ferre out of oure contre  
 Amonge our~ enemys þis knowe ye  
 Beter were vs manly to dye  
 Then jn trefte truste þer courtesye  
 His wyte hathe seyde kynge fabrus  
 Then answerde kynge markenes  
 Kynge he is & lorde of orkenye  
 j will not spare qd he to sey  
 My full reson & myn avyse  
 Kynge loemeres is manly & wyse  
 His counsell may vs meche availl  
 Ye knowe we haue moche travaill  
 And ferre out of oure contre  
 The frenche jn castell restede be  
 And beter are lernede of þe warre  
 Then we þ<sup>t</sup> come so ferre  
 And euery day þey wex more stronge  
 They haue þe right & we þe wronge  
 To esschewe fightynge ore soych dysstres

j counsell we take þ<sup>t</sup> Rychesse  
 And leue hem þ<sup>er</sup> contre & no mor~ warre  
 Sethe we may not hem conquerr~  
 Nowe is þis kynge holde right wyse  
 He hight sursyn kynge of surre londe  
 Many a vyage hathe take on honde  
 Seynge kynge markenes hathe well seyde  
 Safe of o+thynges j holde me payde  
 For~ þough myne+heyes be wex whyte  
 <fol. 10v>j will truly yet me aquyte  
 jn þis maner for ye seyde o+thynges  
 That wysly hathe loemes þe kynge  
 Of þ<sup>t</sup> wysdom can j no skill  
 Yonge men adayes nowe iche well  
 Take vpon~ hem to yeve counsell  
 And sey þ<sup>t</sup> men~ w<sup>t</sup> whyte heres  
 Dothe & wot not what þey mene  
 But in þe ende it will be sene  
 And so to yonge þe olde are lothe  
 j wot neuer howe þis counsell gothe  
 When þe kynge was jn his contre  
 jn pese & well at eyse was he  
 Ye couthe not suffer hym abyde þere  
 He moste gon out algate to conquere  
 And nowe ye counsell hym to gon  
 And say he shall haue grete wone  
 Of hors of golde & of ryches  
 The kynge of france myght none oþer do þen  
 For he hade no pour~ of men~  
 Nowe his aliance & all his kyne  
 W<sup>t</sup> grete poure to hym come bene  
 They be streng<sup>er</sup> of knyghthode þen we  
 For all his joye & comfort is partonope  
 Nowe he will not make soyche proferes  
 j trowe he will not on of his cofferes  
 Oppyn to gyffe vs of his goode  
 Me thyne he were þen worse þen wode  
 Of my reson j will make fyne  
 But good wysdome seyde kynge fabryne

He seyde we were jn þe wronge  
 There-for be reson þe lesse stronge  
 <fol. 11r> Yet shall ye make oppyn his coffere  
 Better is to worke þe charme  
 Then to leue & haue more harme  
 Thus playnly marras coinsellyth eche dell  
 Hereto þe hethyn acorde Right well  
 Safe kynge fabrus & kynge sursyne  
 Thorwe his counsell & his engyne  
 When *sernogour*~ herde þis counsell  
 Of marras þe justyse it was not well  
 Plesynge to hym ne to his entente  
 Yet for þe tyme he dyde consente  
 <fol. 11v> To marras counsell for~ his corage  
 To lorde knyght yeman ne page  
 He nolde dyscouer w<sup>t</sup>-out lesse  
 He seyde *serten* he wolde haue pesse  
 W<sup>t</sup> all france & make a+fyne  
 Of his ware & þen þe wyne  
 He askyth & drynketh w<sup>t</sup> hem anone  
 He comondyth his lordes ichon~  
 On~ þe morwe þ<sup>t</sup> þey ne faill  
 Hem to array to gyfe bataill  
 Vnto þe frenche on þe playne  
 Afore charse what euer we seyne  
 And þ<sup>t</sup> oure batailles in good array  
 Be set jn ordenance ~~jn goe~~ you praye  
 Then be we redy w<sup>t</sup> þem to fight  
 Yef nede be & þen good nyght  
 He bade his counsell euerychone  
 For he wolde to his reste gon  
 He yede to bede to haue his reste  
 But yet to slepe lytill hym lyste  
 For~ when he was on bede alone  
 Allas he seyde what may j done  
 j am shamede þis is no lese  
 And all þorwe counsell of marras  
 And of his false cowardye  
 He hathe made all my meyne

W<sup>t</sup>-drawe þer hertes & lothe to fight  
 Thus lyth þe kynge all þis nyght  
 Waltrynge & makynge moche mone  
 My worchipe for~-euer is gon  
 He seyde & nowe j wot right well  
 j haue hade harne þorwe his counsell  
 There-after to worke j haue ben glade  
 Of a Ryght poure man j hym made  
 My chefe justyce & eke an erle  
 But sethe of a churle j turnede þe name  
 jn-to an erle no wonder þough shame  
 jn þe ende be my rewarde  
 <fol. 12r>Sethe he is soyche a false cowarde  
 Provyde & also a traytur~ fell  
 Fro þis day furthe of my counsell  
 Shall he neuer be ne of þ<sup>t</sup> esstate  
 No man haue wonder þough my men me hate  
 For what þ<sup>t</sup> heuer he wolde me haue do  
 Though it were do it shulde be so  
 j sufferde hem myne men to presone  
 And of a+trewe man to make a+felonde  
 That he+dyde me þought it lawe  
 There-for men seyth an olde sawe  
 He to whom a+man dothe truste  
 Euer-more may defende hym beste  
 The bonde kenrede he made fre  
 And set hem all jn hye degre  
 Gafe hym castelles & cettes  
 And made chef of my prevetes  
 W<sup>t</sup> no gentill men toke he no hede  
 But all to make my jentilles so mate  
 And so wery þey be of þer lyfe  
 That þey be euer jn care & stryfe  
 Firste þey louyde me as þer kynge  
 Nowe þey hate me aboue all thyng  
 j may se well be þer chere  
 Though þey kepe it jn preve manere  
 For be þey payde well of þer wage  
 For~ to fight haue þey no corage



They loue more to syte jn pese  
 Than myne honour~ þ<sup>t</sup> hath marras  
 Made w<sup>t</sup> his highmes & w<sup>t</sup> his pryde  
 God yef me *grace* oo day to abyde  
 To saue my worchipe & þis vyage  
 j shall quyte hem all hir wage  
 That all my knyghthode þer-w<sup>t</sup> shall plese  
 And all þer hertes sette jn eyse  
 Nowe lyth he still & seyth no mor~  
 jn his herte he is wonder sor~  
 He sighede & sorwyde full tenderly  
 <fol. 12v>Allas he seyde howe may j  
 Beste jn þis case my honour saue  
 W<sup>t</sup> me is þer noþer knyght ne knave  
 That jn my quarell lyste to fight  
 They sey playnly j haue no right  
 This wordes to me full harde  
 For & j fight not a+veryer~ cowarde  
 This frenche for~-euer will me holde  
 j hade leuer a þousonde-folde  
 For~ to dye þen be shamyde  
 For~ þough j sey it j haue be namyde  
 The worthyeste þ<sup>t</sup> nowe is on lyve  
 And he anone þer-w<sup>t</sup> as blyve  
 Sent after a clerke of his counsell  
 That he louyde & trustede well  
 My frende he seyde haste þou not herde  
 Howe marris w<sup>t</sup> myne oste ferde  
 And howe falsly he hathe me be-trayed  
 And all my pour~ myghtly dysmayde  
 Sir seyde þis clerke you not dyssplese  
 Of þ<sup>t</sup> j shall sey it is no lese  
 All þe worlde so god me saue  
 Grete mervell hathe þ<sup>t</sup> þus a+knawe  
 That was þe sone of an ~~erle~~ chirle  
 ye haue enhancede & made an erle  
 For~ þis is sothe w<sup>t</sup>-out nay  
 He lovyde you neuer þe oure of on day  
 Though he to you be deboneur~

He wayth to haue tyme & leyser~  
 His maister to do som dysspyte  
 His kendenes so will he quyte  
 Thus hathe marras quyte hym to you  
 And j shall truly tell you howe  
 He dothe your~ knyghthode vnderstonde  
 Hit is youre will þey voyde þe londe  
 W<sup>t</sup> þe frenche þey will not bataill  
 And þ<sup>t</sup> jn you manhode dothe faill  
 Loo *sir* what love jn hym j fynde  
 When he *purposeth* to do false thyng  
 Soyche frendes were goode to leue behynde  
 <fol. 13r>This is þe wordes þus will þe kynge  
 All þe faute he putteth jn you  
 That hathe he playnle *provyde* nowe  
 Thus he hathe you be-trayede  
 W<sup>t</sup> his wordes he hathe dyssmayde  
 All your~ knyghthode & your~ oste  
 And be his doynge is all youre coste  
 Loste as tochyng þis vyage  
 For euery knawe & euery page  
 Sparyth not to speke & seyth þ<sup>t</sup> ye  
 Dare not do but right as he  
 Will you counsell & forþer-more  
 They seyn þ<sup>t</sup> ye haue here be-fore  
 Seyde þis londe ye wolde conquere  
 And cowardly nowe will ende *your* warre  
 To hem grete harme & you shame  
 His will is to put you jn blame  
 And w<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>t</sup> worde þe clerke gan wepe  
 So tenderly he couthe not lettee  
 Of a+grete while till þ<sup>t</sup> þe kynge  
 Bade hym be pese for~ of o+thyng  
 He hym be-pought & right þo  
 My frende he seyde þou shall goo  
 On my erende to þe kynge  
 Of fraunce & sey my pleseyng  
 Wheþer nowe yef þ<sup>t</sup> he wolde  
 That ij knyghtes fight shulde

For~ our~ right jn þis bataill  
 For~ well j wot j myght not faill  
 And iche of vs brynge our~ oste  
 Many a good knyght þer shall be loste  
 Wher~fore my will wer~ fully þis  
 That he wolde ordeyne a knygh of his  
 Be he jentill-man~ oon or~ oþere  
 And my-selfe will be þ<sup>t</sup> oþer  
 Yef j be slayne jn þ<sup>t</sup> fight  
 Ther~ is noþer kyng squyr~ ne knyght  
 <fol. 13v>jn my oste but þ<sup>t</sup> þey shull do  
 To hym omage or~ þen j goo  
 On þis condicion þ<sup>t</sup> þey haue leue  
 This londe to passe w<sup>t</sup>-out greue  
 And vnder his condyte þ<sup>t</sup> þey be  
 Till þey be passede all þis contre  
 And j shall make hem swere also  
 Heþer to sende my son to do  
 Homage to hym jn þe same degre  
 And also yef it happe me  
 To sle his champion w<sup>t</sup> my honde  
 That he shall holde all his londe  
 Of me by omage and by *seruyse*  
 As j myselfe will devyse  
 Myn owne mene to hym to do  
 The same to me he moste do also  
 Go wryte a+leter of þis mater  
 And to þe kyng faste it bere  
*Sir* seyde þe clerke j shall goo wryte  
 All the mater & it endyte  
 And to þe kyng of france it bere  
 A god *mercy* in grete fere  
 May stonde your~ pepill and namly  
 Tho þ<sup>t</sup> be lordes of þe gre truly  
 That soyche a+bataill on you will take  
 Youre manly hert all þis doth make  
 And w<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>t</sup> worde þe clerke dyde turne  
 And went his wey for lenger sojorne  
 W<sup>t</sup> þe kyng wolde þen not he

Sethe it myght no better be  
 He wrote þis letter & went his wey  
 He come to pountyfe be þe day  
 Was dawyde þ<sup>t</sup> he myght see  
 All aboute & streight yede he  
 To þe kynge and faste dyde call  
 The porter let þe bryge downe fall  
 He askede anone what he myght be  
 The clerke seyde a+mesengere he  
 That nedes moste speke w<sup>t</sup> þe kynge  
 <fol. 14r>For~ letteris of credence j hym brynge  
 The porter let hym jn anone  
 To-geder jn-to þe hall þey gon  
 Ther~ þey fonde þe kynges stewarde  
 A+knyght he semyde & no cowarde  
 To hym anone seyde þe porter  
 Sir come is a+mesyngere  
 And seyth he moste for~ ony+thyng  
 Speke w<sup>t</sup> our~ lorde þe kynge  
 The stewarde seyde he was welcome  
 And be þe honde he hathe hym nome  
 And to þe chambir~ dore hym lede  
 Then was þe kynge jn his bede  
 jn-to þe chambir~ þe stewarde yede  
 The mesengere no+fo<sup>[r]</sup>þer he lede  
 Gode morwe he seyde to þe kynge  
 Sir j hope Right good tydyng  
 And ye will ryse ye shall here  
 For her~ is come a+mesenger~  
 Fro oon of þe hethyn kynges  
 Letteris he hathe w<sup>t</sup> newe tydynges  
 j hope to god þ<sup>t</sup> þey be goode  
 Ser seyde þe kynge be þe rode  
 They be welcome what-euer þey be