Cornell Medieval Studies Presents

A Festival of Medieval Readings

Friday, December 4, 2015

A.D. White House
2. Domhnall mac Fhionnlaigh nan Dàn, *Òran na Comhachaig* [*Song of the Owl*; 16th-c. Scottish Gaelic], performed by: Joyce Campbell; Anne Carson; Colleen Cournoyer; Gunnhildur Jonatansdottir; Wayne Harbert; Bob Kibbee; Mimi Moynes
3. Pwyll and Rhiannon, from the first branch of the Middle Welsh Mabinogi, performed by: Emily Barth; Anne Carson; Cara DiGirolamo; Wayne Harbert; Gunnhildur Jonatansdottir; Kim McHenry; Bronwyn Mohlke; Mimi Moynes; Anne Marie Sheridan; Xan Stepp; Emily Stanton
4. Imam Busiri (1212-1294), *Al-Burdah* [The Mantle Adorned; Arabic], read by Rama Alhabian
5. *Draga brata I sestrice* [Brothers and Sisters], from *Klimantovićev zbornik I* [Klimantović’s Miscellany I, medieval Croatian, 1501-1512], read by E. Wayles Browne.
7. The Brut chronicle on the Battle of Bannockburn, read by Andrew Galloway.
8. Anonymous, “On the Loss of a Pet Goose” [Early Irish, 10th or 11th century], read by Xan Stepp
9. “Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight,” performed by Marybeth Ruether-Wu and Danielle Wu
Ysolt vait la u le cors veit, Ysolt goes to where she sees the body
Si se turne vers Orient, And turns to the east.
Pur lui prie pitusement: For him she prays piteously:
“Amis Tristran, quant mort vos vei, “Tristan, my love, since I see you dead,
5 Par raisun vivre puis ne dei. It is not right for me to live any longer.
Mort estes pur la meie amur You have died out of love for me;
Et jo muir, amis, par tendrur, And I die, love, of tender sorrow
Que jo a tens n’i poi venir Because I could not come here in time
Pur vos e vostre mal guarir. To cure you and your illness.
10 Amis, amis, pur vostre mort My love, my love, for your death
N’avorai ja mais de rien confort, I shall never have comfort from anything
Joie ne hait ne nul deduit. Or joy or gladness or any pleasure.
Icil orages seit destruit Accursed be that storm
Que tant me fist, amis, en mer, Which delayed me so long on the sea, my love,
15 Que n’i poi venir, demurer! That I could not come here.
Se jo fuïsse a tens venue, If I had come in time,
Vie vos oüïse rendue I would have given life back to you
E parlé dulcement a vos And spoken sweetly to you
De l’amur qu’ad esté entre nos; Of the love there has been between us;
Plaine oüïse nostre aventure, I would have bewailed our fate,
20 Nostre joie, nostre emveisure, Our joy, our merriment,
La paine e la grant dolur The pain and the great suffering
Qui ad esté en nostre amur, There has been in our love
E oüïse iço recordé And would have called this to mind
E vos baisié e acolé. And kissed you and embraced you.
25 Se jo n’ai peü vos guarir, If I have been unable to cure you,
Que ensemble poissum dunc murrir! Then may we be able to die together!
Since I could not come here in time
And did not know what had befallen you
And have come and found you dead,
I shall have comfort from the same drink.
For me you have lost your life,
And I shall do as a true lover:
For you I wish to die likewise.”
She embraces him and stretches out beside him,
Kisses his mouth and his face,
And clasps him very tightly to her.
Straining her body to his body, her mouth to his mouth,
She renders up her spirit at that moment
And dies beside him thus
Out of grief for her lover.
Tristan died of his longing;
Ysolt, because she could not come there in time.
Tristan died of his love
And fair Ysolt, of tender sorrow.
Odan na Comhachaig
Domhnall mac Fhionnlaigh nan Dàn 16th century

'A chomhachag bhochd na Sróine,
A-nochd is brònach do leaba,
'S ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnghail
'S beag iongadadh gur trom leat d' aigne.'

'Gur comhaois mise don daraig
O bha h-aillean beag sa chòinnich;
'S iomadh àl a chuir mi romham
'S mi comhachag bhochd na Sróine.'

'Ach a-nis atà tu aosda,
Déan-sa d'fhaosaid ris an t-sagart;
Is innis duinne gun euradh
Gach aon sgeula d'a bheil agad.'

"S furasta dhomhsa sin innse
Gach aon là millteach dhan d'rinneas
Cha raibh mi mionnach na breugach
Ged a bha mo bheul gun bhinneas.

• • •

'Creag mo chridhe-sa Creag Uanach,
An t-slatach ghlas dhuilleach chràobhach,
An tulach àrd àlainn fiadhaidh
'S gur cian a ghabh i on mhaorch.

Song of the Owl

'O forlorn Owl of Strone,
tonight your bed is mournful;
if you were alive in the time of Donnghal
no wonder your spirit is heavy.'

'I am ages with the oak tree
since its sapling was small in the moss;
many a brood have I begotten
yet I am the forlorn Owl of Strone.'

'But now that you are aged,
to the priest make confession,
and tell me without omission
every one of your stories.'

"The telling for me is easy
every punishing day I went through
I was prone neither to swearing or lying
Though my mouth lacked sweetness.

'Crag of my heart, Creag Uanach,
the branching one, green leafy wooded,
the high lovely summit for hunting,
a far cry from shores of shellfish.
Deth cha robh i riamh ag èisteachd
Ri sèideil na muice mara,
'S ann as tric a chuala i mòran
De chrònanaich an daimh allaidh.

Aoibhinn an obair an t-sealg,
Aoibhinn a meanmna 's a beachd;
'S mòr gum b'annsa leam a fonn
Na long is i dol fuidh rac.

Cha do chuir mi dùil san iasgach,
Bhith ga iarraidh leis a' mhaghar;
'S mòr gum b'annsa leam am fadhach
Siùbhal nan sliabh anns an fhoghar.

....

'S e fear mo chridhe-sa'n samhradh
'S am fear ceannghorm air gach bile,
Fanaidh gach damh donn na dhoire
Ri teas goile grèine gile.

'S glan ri shloinneadh an damh donn
A thig o Uillinn nam beann,
Mac na h-èilde ris an tom
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

From there she never had to listen
to the blowing of the whale;
more often did she hear the frequent
belling of the noble stag.

A delightful occupation is the hunt,
delightful its spirit and its design;
Far dearer to me is its mood
than a ship going under sail.

'I never cared much for trying
to catch saithe by fly-fishing;
far dearer to me the hunting--
traversing the hills in autumn.

The one I love is the Summer,
the one who makes green each treetop,
every stag in his thicket
against the scorching heat of the bright sunshine.

'Pure is the blood of the brown stag
that comes from the crook of the hills;
son of the hind at the knoll
that never bent his head through spite.
'Eighidh damh Beinne Bige
'S éighidh damh Cheanna Craige,
Freagraidh gach damh dhiubh d'a chéile
Fa cheann Locha Slibhe Snaige.

Chi mi an siud am beannan ruadh
Goirid o cheann Locha Trèig,
Creag Uanach am biodh an t-sealg,
'N grianan àrd am biodh na fèidh.

...•••

Mis' is tusa, a gadhair bhàin,
0, is olc ar turas don eilean;
Chaill thus' an tabhann san dàin,
Is bha sinn grathann ri ceanal

Thug a' choille dhiot's an earb,
's thug an t-àrd dhìomhais na fèidh;
Chan eil ciont' again deth araoan,
On laigh an aois oirnn gu lèir.

'Thus', an aois, chan eil thu meachair,
Giodh nach fheudamar do sheachnadh;
Cromaidh tu'n duine bhios direach,
'Dh'fhàsas gu fionalta gasda.'

Agus giorraichidh thu shaoghal,
Agus caolaichidh tu chasan;
Is fàgaidh tu cheann gun deudach,
Is tu eudann a chasadh.

'The stag of Beinn Bheag bellows
and the stag of Kincraig bellows;
each stag answers the other
at the head of Loch Sliabh Snaige.

'Yonder I see the reddish hill
close to the head of Loch Treig,
Creag Uanach where the hunt was,
the high sunny pastures of the deer.

You and I, O white hound,
evil our journey to the island;
you have lost your habitual bark
Yet for a while we were happy.

The woods have robbed you of the roe,
and the heights have robbed me of the deer;
for neither of us is it a disgrace
since age lies on us both.

'You, age, are not gentle,
though we cannot avoid you;
you bend the man who was upright,
who grew up stately and handsome.'

And you shorten his lifespan
and make his legs skinny;
you leave his head toothless,
And make his face wrinkly.
Old age, dun-colored bristly,  
dribbling deaf and feeble,  
Why should I let you, leper,  
Deprive me of my bow by violence?

Age spoke to me again:  
'You are determined to continue  
going everywhere with that bow  
when a stick would serve you better.'

'It seems to me long since I gave up the hunting  
and mist is all that is left of the party  
who loved the baying of the greyhounds  
and from whom we'd drink without quarrel.

'Now since I've ceased roaming the hills  
and since the hard yew is not taut,  
and since I could not stand on a rock in the sea,  
it's a shame that I'm not in the grave.'

Pwyll and Rhiannon, from the first branch of the Mabinogi (Middle Welsh)

Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, had his main court in Arberth, in the shadow of the mountain called the High Seat of Arberth.

Narrator A threigylgueith yd oed yn Arberth, priflys idaw, a gwled darparedic idaw, ac
And one day he was in Arberth, his chief court, and a feast prepared for him, and

yniueroed mawr o wyr y gyt ac ef. A guedy y bwyta kyntaf, kyuodi y orymdeith
a large number of men together with him. And after the first course, Pwyll got up for a walk,

a oruc Pwyll, a chyrchu penn gorssed a oed uch llaw y llys, a elwit Gorssed Arberth.
and went to the top of the court that was above the mountain, called the High Seat of Arberth.

Nobleman “Arglwyd.” [heb un o'r llys], “kynneddyf yr orssed yw, pa dylyedauc bynnac a
Lord, said one from the court, the characteristic of the hill is that any noble who

eistedo arnei, nat a odyno heb un o'r deupeth, ay kymriw neu archolleu, neu
might sit on it will not go from it without one of two things—either [he will suffer] an injury or

ynteu a welei rywedawt.”
he will see a wonder.

Pwyll “Nyt oes amaf i ouyn cael kymriw neu archolleu ym plith hynn o niuer.
I am not afraid to be injured or wounded in the midst of such a host.

Ryuedawt hagen da oed gennyf pei ys guelwn. Mia af y'r orssed y eisted.”
A wonder, however, would be good for me to see. I will go, he said, to the high seat to sit.

Narrator Eisted a wnaeth ar yr orssed. Ac wal y bydynt yn eisted, wynt a welynt gweic ar
They sat on the high seat. And as they were sitting, they saw a woman on

uarch canwelw mawr aruchel, a gwisc eureit, llathreit, o bali amdanei, yn dyuot
a big high pale white, majestic horse, in a golden shining dress of brocaded silk, coming

ar hyt y prifford a gerdei heb law yr orssed. Kerdet araf, guastat oed gan y march
along the main road that went past the high seat. The horse had a slow, steady pace

ar uryt y neb a'ly guelei, ac yn dyuot y ogyuuch a'r orssed.
to the appearance of anone who saw, and it came up as high as the high seat.

Pwyll "A wyr, a oes ohonawchi, a adnappo y uarchoges?"
O men, said Pwyll, does any of you know this horsewoman?

Nobles "Nac oes, Arglwyd."
No Lord, they said
"Aet un yn y herbyn y wybot pwy yw."
Let one of you go, he said, up to her to find out who she is.

Un a gyuodes y uynyd, a phan doeth yn y herbyn y'r ford, neut athoed hi
One of them got up, and when he came up to her on the road, behold, she had gone

heibaw. Y hymlit a wnaeth ual y gallet gyntaf o pedestric. A fei mwyaf uei y past.
He pursued her as fast as he could at a walk. The greater

ury s ef, pella uf udei hitheu e wrthaw ef. A phan welas na thygei idaw y hymlit, his speed, the further he was from her. And when he saw that it would not avail to pursue her,

ymchwelut a oruc at Pwyll a dywedut wrthaw, he returned to Pwyll and said to him,

"Arglwyd ni thykya y pedestric yn y byt e hymlit hi."
Lord, he said, no walk in the world suffices for pursuing her.

"Ie, dos y'r llys, a chymer y march kyntaf a wypych, a dos ragot yn y hol."
Yes, said Pwyll, go to the court and get the fastest horse you know, and go after her.

Y march a gymerth, ac racdaw yd aeth; y maestir guastat a gauas, ac ef a He got the horse, and away he went; he got to the level ground, and he

dangosses yr ysparduneu y'r march. A ffei uwyaf y lladei ef y march, pella f showed the spurs to the horse. And the more he struck the horse the further

uydei hitheu e wrthaw ef. Yr vn gerdet a dechreuyssei hitheu, yd oed arnaw. Y she would be from him. The same pace that she had begun with she still had.

uarch ef a ballwys; a phan wybu ef ar y uarch pallu y bedestric, ymchwelut yn His horse failed, and when he saw that the horse was failing in its stride, he returned

yd oed Pwyll a wnaeth.
to Pwyll.

"Arglwyd, ny thykya y neb ymlit yr unbennes racco. Ny wydwn i Lord, he said, it doesn’t avail anyone to pursue that noblewoman. We do not know

varch gynt yn y kyuo yth no hwnnw, ac ni thygei ymi y hymlit hi."
a faster horse in the kingdom than that one, and it did not avail me to pursue her.

"Ie, y mae yno ryw ystyr hut. Awn parth a'r llys."
Yes said Pwyll, there is some magic meaning there. Let us go to the court.
[A 2nd attempt, the following day, is no more successful. On the 3rd day, they try again]

Pwyll

"Mae yr yniuer y buom ni doe ac echtoe ym penn yr orssed?"
Where is the host of us that there were yesterday and the day before at the top of the throne?

Nobles

"Llymma, Arglwyd!"
Here we are, Lord, they said.

Pwyll

"Awn y'r orssed y eiste, a thitheu," [heb ef, wrth was y uarch],
Let us go, she said, to the throne to sit, and you, he said to his horse groom,

"kyfrwya uy march yn da, a dabre ac ef y'r ford, a dwc uy ysparduneu gennyt."
saddle my horse well, and lead it to the road, and bring my spurs with you.

Narrator

Y gwas a wnaeth hynny. Dyuot yr orssed a orngant y eisted. Ny buant hayach o
The groom did that. They went to the high seat to sit. They were not there but a moment there

enkyt yno, yny welynt y uarchoges yn dyuot yr vn ford, ac yn un ansawd, ac vn gerdet.
before they saw the horsewoman go along the same road, in the same manner, and at the same pace.

Pwyll

"Ha was, mi a welaf y uarchoges. Moes uy march."
O groom, said Pwyll, I see the horsewoman. Give me my horse!

Narrator

Y skynnu a oruc Pwyll ar y uarch, ac nyt kynt yd yskynn ef ar y uarch, noc yd a
Pwyll got on his horse, and no sooner had he done so, than she

hitheu hebdaw ef. Troi yn y hol a oruc ef, a gadel y uarch drythyll, llamsachus y
goes past him. He turned after her, and letting his lively horse go with a prancing

gerdet. Ac ef a debygei, ar yr eil neit, neu ar y trydyd, y gordiwedei. Nyt oed
And it seemed to him that with the next leap or the third, he would overtake her. He was

nes hagen idi no chynt. Y uarch a gymhellaud o'r kerdet mwyaf a oed ganthaw.
onetheless no nearer to her than before. He compelled his horse to the fastest pace it had.

A guelet a wnaeth na thygyei idaw y hymlit.
And he saw that it would not avail for him to pursue her.

Pwyll

"A uorwyn, yr mwyn y gwr mwyhaf a gery, arho ui."
Then Pwyll spoke. Maiden, he said, for the one who you love most, stop!

Rhiannon

"Arhoaf yn llawen, ac oed lllassach y'r march, pei ass archut yr meityn."
I will gladly, she said, but it would have been better for the horse if you had asked a while ago.

Narrator

Sewyll, ac arhos a oruc y uorwyn, a gwaret y rann a dylyei uot am y hwyneb o
The maiden stopped and stood, and removed form her head the veil that should be on her face,
wisc y phenn, ac attal y golwc arnaw, a dechreu ymdidan ac ef.
which had kept his gaze from her, and began to converse with him.

Pwyll
"Arglwydes, pan doy di, a pha gerdet yssyd amat ti?"
Lady, he said, where are you going, and what errand are you on?

Rhiannon
"Kerdet wrth uy negesseu, a da yw gennyf dy welet ti."
I am coming on my errand, she said, and it is good for me to see you.

Pwyll
"Crassaw wrthyt y gennyf i."
My greeting to you, he said.

Narrator
Ac yna medlyaw a wnaeth, bot yn diuwyn ganthaw pryt a welsei o uorwyn:
And then he thought that every face he had ever seen of a maiden or woman was unpleasant

eiroet, a gwreic, y wrth y ffryt hi.
compared to her face.

Pwyll
"Arglwydes, a dyweddy di ymi dim o th negesseu?"
Lady, he said, will you tell me anything of your errand?

Rhiannon
"Dywedef, y rof a Duw. Pennaf neges uu ymi, keissaw dy welet ti."
I will, she said, between me and God. My main errand is to try to see you.

Pwyll
"Llyna y neges oreu gennyf i dy duyt ti idi. Ac a dyweddy di ymi pwy wyt?"
For me, that is the best errand you came for. And will you tell me who you are?

Rhiannon
"Dywedef, Arglwyd. Riannon, uerch Heueyd Hen, wyf i, a'm rodi y wr o'm
I will tell you, Lord. Rhiannon, daughter of Hefeydd the Old I am, and it is betrothed

hanwod yd ydrys. Ac ny mynneis innheu un gwr, a hynny o th garyat ti. Ac nys
to a man against my will that I am. And I didn’t want any man, out of love for you. And I

mynnaf eta, onyt ti a' m gwrthyt. Ac e wybot dy attep di am hynny e deuthum i.
still don’t want him, unless you refuse me. And to know your answer about that I have come.

Pwyll
"Rof i a Duw, llyna uy attep i iti, pei caffwn dewis ar holl wraged a morynnyon
Between me and God, here is my answer. If I had my choice of all women and maidens

y byt, y mae ti a dewisswn."
of the world, I would choose you.

Rhiannon
"Ie, os hynny a uynny, kyn uy rodi y wr arall, gwna oed a mi."
Yes, she said, if that is what you want, before I am given to another man, make a date with me.
Pwyll
"Goreu yw gennyf i, bo kyrtaf; ac yn y lle y mynnych ti, gwna yr oet."
The sooner the better with me, said Pwyll; in the place you wish, set the date.

Rhiannon
"Gwnaf, Arglwyd, blwydyn y heno, yn llys Heuydd, mi a baraf bot gwled
I will, Lord, she said. A year from tonight, in the court of Hefeydd, I will make a feast
darparedic yn barawt erbyn dy dyuot."
ready against your coming.

Pwyll
"Yn llawen, a mi a uydaf yn yr oet hwnnw."
Happily, he said. And I will be at that date.

Rhiannon
"Arglwyd, tric yn iach, a choffa gywiraw dy edewit, ac e ymdeith yd af i."
Lord, said she, be healthy, and remember to keep your promise, and I will leave now.

Narrator
A guahanau a wnaethont, a chyrchu a wnaeth ef parth a’e teulu a’e niuer.
And they parted, and he went to his retinue and his host.

Narrator
Odyna treulaw y ulwydyn hyt yr amser a wnaethont, ac ymgueiraw o Pwyll
From then on they passed the year until the appointed time, and Pwyll outfitted himself
ar y ganuet marchauc. Ef a aeth ryngtaw a llys Heuydd Hen. Ac ef a doeth y'r
as one of a hundred knights. He went between here and the court of Old Heyfedd, and came to
llys, a llawen uuwyd wrthaw, a dygyuor a llewenyd ac arlwy mawr a oed
the court, and was greeted with rejoicing and tumult and happiness and great preparations,
yn y erbyn, a holl uaranned y llys wrth y gynghor ef y treulwyty.
and all the resources of the court were spent according to his wish.

Ac ar dechreu kyuedach gwedy y bwyt, wynt a welynt
And at the beginning of the festivities after the food, they saw
yn dyuot y mywn, guas gwineu mawr teyrneid, a guisc o’bali amdanaw.
a lad come in, brown-haired, princely, with a garment of silk around him.

A phan doeth y gynted y neuad, kyuarch guell a oruc y Pwyll a’y gedymdeithon.
And when he came to the top of the hall, he saluted Pwyll and his companions.

Pwyll
“Cressaw Duw wrthyt, eneit, a dos y eisted.”
God’s welcome to you, dear soul, and come sit, said Pwyll

Gwawl
“Nac af; eirchat wyf a’m negets a wnaf.”
I will not, he said. I am a supplicant, and I will do my errand.

Pwyll
“Gwna yn llawen.”
Please do, said Pwyll.
"Arglwyd, wrthyt ti y mae uy neges i, ac y erchi it y dodwyf."
Lord, he said, my business is with you, and it is to ask you that I have come.

"Pa arch bynnac a erchych di y mi, hyt y gallwyf y gaffael, itti y byd."
Whatever request you make of me, as far as I can manage it, it will be yours.

"Och, paham y rody di attep y uelly?"
Oh, said Rhiannon, why did you give such an answer?

"Neus rodes y uelly, arglwydes, yg gwyd gwyrd." 
Indeed he gave it thus, Lady, said Gwawl.

"Eneit, beth yw dy arch di?"
Dear soul,” said Pwyll, what is your request?

"Y wreic uwyaf a garaf, yd wyt yn kyscu heno genthi."
The woman whom I love most, you will sleep with tonight.

"Ac y herchi hi a’r arlyw a’r darmerth yssyd ymma y dodwyf i.”
and I have come to ask for her and for the preparations which are here.

"Taw hyt y mynnych. Ny bu uuscrellach gwr ar y ssynwyr e hun nog ry uuost ti.”
Be quiet to the extent that you are able,” said Rhiannon. There was never a man feeble in his senses than you have been.

"Arglwydes, ny wydwn i pwy oed ef.”
Lady, he said, I didn’t know who he was!

"Llyna y gwr y mynyssit uy rodi i idaw o’m hanuod, Guawl uab Glut, 
This is the man that they wanted to give me to against my will, she said, Gwawl the son of Glud, 
gwr tormynnawc kyuoethawc. A chan derw yt dywedut y geir a dywedeist 
a man rich in hosts and wealthy. And since you have said the word that you said, 

dyro ui idaw rac anglot yt.”
give me to him; otherwise you’ll be dishonored.

"Arglwydes, ny wnn i pa ryw attep yw hwnnw. Ny allaf ui arnaf a dywedy di uyth.”
Lady, I don’t know what kind of an answer that is. I can never for the life of me do what you say.

"Dyro di ui idaw ef, a mi a wnaf na chaffo ef uiui uyth.”
Give me to him,” she said, and I will make it so that he will never get me.

"Pa furyf uyd hynny?"
How will that work? Pwyll asked.

"Mi a rodaf i’th law got uchechan, a chadw honno gennyt yn da. 
I will give into your hand a small bag, she said, and keep it well.
Amdanaf innheu, mi a wnaf oet ac ef, ulwydyn y heno, y gyscu gennyf; ac Concerning myself, I will make a date with him a year from tonight, to sleep with me; and at the

ym penn y ulwydyn, byd ditheu a'r got honn genhyt ar dy ganuet marchawc end of the year,” she said, you will be one of a hundred knights with this bag

yn y perllan uchot. A phan uo ef ar perued y digrifs h a' y gyuedach, dyret titheu in the orchard up above. And when he is in the middle of the fun and the feasting, you come in
dy hun y mywn, a dillat reudus amdanat, a'r got y'th law,'heb hi,'ac nac arch dim yourself with ragged clothes on, and the bag in your hand, she said, and don’t ask anything except the

namyn lloneit y got o uwyt. Minheu a baraf, bei dottit yssyd yn y seith filling of the bag with food. And I will make it so that if one put all the food in these seven
cantref hynn o uwyt a llynn yndi, na bydei launach no chynt. A guedy byryer llawer counties in it, it would not be any fuller than before. And after much has been put

yn y got, y gyscu cywdi amdanat, a'r got y'th law,'heb hi,'ac nac arch dim

yd, ef a ouyn yt a uyd llawn dy got ti uyth. Dywet titheu na uyd ony chuyyt into it, he will ask you if you bag will ever be full. Tell him that it will not,
dylyedauc tra chyuoeuhauc a guascu a' y deudroet y bwyt yn y got, a dywedut unless a very rich nobleman gets up and presses the food in the bag with his two feet and says

"Digawn ry dodet ymman". A minheu a baraf idaw ef uynet y sseghi y bwyt “Enough has been put in it.” And I will make him go to step on the food

yn y got. A phan el ef, tro ditheu y got, yny el ef dros y pen yn y got, in the bag. And when he does, you turn the bag until he goes over his head, and then

ac yna llad glwm ar garryeu y got. tie a knot in the strings of the bag.

Gwawl “Arglwyd, madws oed y mi cael attep am a archeis.” Lord, said Gwawl, it’s high time that I got an answer to what I asked.

Pwyll “Kymeint ac a ercheist, ‘o’r a uo y’ m medyant i, ti a’ y keffy.” As much as you asked, said Pwyll, of such as is in my control, you will have it.

Rhiannon “Eneit, am y wled a'r darpar yssyd yma, hwnnw a rodeis Dear soul,” said Rhiannon, concerning the feast and the preparations here, I gave these

i y wyr Dyuet ac y’r teulu a'r yniueroed yssyd ymma. Hwnnw nit eidawaf to the men of Dyfed, and to the retinue and the troops who are here. I will not allow this

y rodi neb. Blwydyn y heno ynteu, y byd gwled darparedic yn y llys honn to be given to anyone. A year from this night, there will be another feast prepared

i titheu, eneit, y gyscu gennyf innheu.” for you in this court, dear soul, to sleep with me.
Narrator  Gwawl a gerdawd ryngthaw a' y gyuoeth. Pwyll ynteu a doeth y Dyuet.  
Gwawl went between there and his kingdom. Pwyll himself went to Dyfed.

A'r ulwydyn honno a dreuolws pawb ohonunt hyt oet y wled a oed yn llwyd 
And that year each of them spent, until the date of the feast that would be in the court

Heuwyd Hen. Gwawl uab Glut a doeth part h a'r wled a oed darparedig idaw, 
of Old Heuwyd. Gwawl the son of Glud came toward the feast that was prepared for him,

a chyrchu y llwyd a wnaeth, a llawen uuwyd wrthaw. Pwyll ynteu Penn Annwn 
and approached the court, and there was rejoicing toward him. Pwyll himself, the king of Annwn,

a doeth y'r berllan ar y ganuet marchauc, ual y gorochymynnassei Riannon idaw, 
came to the orchard as one of a hundred knights, as Rhiannon had commanded him

a'r got ganthaw. Gwiscaw bratteu trwm ymdanaw a oruc Pwyll, a chymryt 
and he had the bag. Pwyll wore heavy rags about him, and he put

lloppaneu mawr am y draet. A phan wybu y bot ar dechreu kyuedach 
big rag boots on his feet. And when he knew that they were at the beginning of the festivities

wedy bwyta, dyuot racdaw y'r neuad, a guedy y dyuot y gynted y neuad, kyuarach 
after eating, he betook himself to the hall, and after going to the top of the hall, he saluted

guell a wnaeth y Wawl uab Glut, a'e gedymdeithon o wyr a gwraged. 
Gwawl the son of Glud, and his company of men and women.

Gwawl  "Duw a ro da yr, a chraessaw Duw wrthyt."
May God give good to you, said Gwawl, and the welcome of God to you.

Pwyll  "Arglwyd, Duw a dalo yr. Negessawl wyf wrthyt."
Lord, Pwyll said, May God reward you. I am a supplicant to you.

Gwawl  "Craessaw wrth dy neges, ac os arch gyuartal a erchy y mi, yn llawen ti a'e keffy."
A welcome to your errand, he said, and if it is a reasonable request to me you shall have it gladly.

Pwyll  "Kyuartal, arglwyd, nyt archaf onyt rac eisseu."
Reasonable, Lord, he said. I only ask out of necessity.

Sef arch a archaf, lloneit y got uechan a wely di o uwyt. 
What I ask is namely the filling of this small bag that you see with food.

Gwawl  "Arch didraha yw honno, a thi a' y keffy ym llawen.  Dygwch uwyt idaw."
That is a modest request," he said, and you shall have it gladly. Bring food to him, he said.

Narrator  Ruedi mawr o sswydwyrr a gyuodassant y uynyd a dechreu llenwi 
A large number of officers got up and began to fill

y got. Ac yr a uyrit yndi ny bydei lawnach no chynt.
the bag. But in spite of what was put in it it would not be fuller than before.
Gwawl  "Eneit, a uyd llawn dy got ti uyth?"
  Dear soul, said Gwawl, will your bag ever be full?

Pwyll  "Na uyd, y rof a Duw, er a dotter yndi uyth, ony chyuyt dylyedauc tir a dayar a
  It will not, between me and God, even if one put food in it forever, unless a nobleman of land and property
chyuuoeth a ssenghi a'y deudroet y bwyti yn y got, a dywedut, "Digawn ry dodet yma".
  gets up and treads on the food with his feet in the bag and says "Enough has been put here".

Rhiannon  "A geimát," [heb y Rhiannon wrth Gwawl], "kyuot y uynyd ar uyrr."
  O Hero, Rhiannon said to Gwawl, get up instantly.

Gwawl  "Kyuodaf yn llawen."
  I will gladly get up, he said.

Narrator  A chyuodi y uynyd a dodi y deudroet yn y got, a throi o Pwyll y got
  And he got up and put his feet in the bag, and Pwyll turned the bag
yn y uyd Guawl dros y penn yn y got, ac yn gyflyn caeu y got a llad
  until Gwawl was over his head in the bag, and quickly closed it and tied
clwm ar y carryeu, a dodi llef ar y gorn. Ac ar hynny, llyma y teulu am
  a knot in the strings, and gave a blast on his horn, and at that, his troops
penn y llys, ac yna kymryt pawb o'r niuer a doeth y gyt a Guawl a'y dodi
  surrounded the court, and they took every one of the troop that came with Gwawl and
yn y carchar e hun. A bwrw y bratteu a'r lloppaneu a'r yspeil didestyli
  put them in his own fetters. And Pwyll threw off the rags and the rag boots and
y amdanaw a oruc Pwyll. Ac mal y delei pob un o'e niuer ynteu y mywn,
  untidy garb from around him. And as each one of his troop came in,
y trawei pob un dymawt ar y got, ac y gounnei,' Beth yssyd ymma?'
  each would strike a blow on the bag, and ask "what is here?"

All  "Broch!"
  A badger, they would say.

Narrator  Sef kyfryw chware a wneynt, taraw a wnai bob un dymawt ar y got
  This was the sort of playing that they did: each would strike a blow on the bag,
ac a'e droet ac a throssawl; ac y uelly guare a'r got a wnaethont.
  either with his foot or with his staff, and so they played with the bag.

Pawb ual y delei a ouynnei, 'Pa chware a wnewch chwi uelly!'
  Each, as he came in, asked: "Which game do you make thus?"

All  "Guare broch yg got!"
  The game of the badger in the bag, they said.
Narrator Ac yna gyntaf y guarywyt broch yg got. And so Badger in the Bag was played for the first time on that occasion.

Gwallw “Arglwyd” [heb y gwr o'r got], “pei guarandawut uiui, nyt oed Lord,” said the man from the bag, if you would heed me, it would not be a dihenyd arnaf uy llad y mywn cot.” fitting death for me, to kill me in a bag.

Hefeydd “Arglwyd, guir a dyweit. Iawn yw yt y warandaw. Nyt dihenyt arnaw hynny.” Lord, said Old Hefeydd, he’s telling the truth. It would be good for you to listen to him. This isn’t the death for him.

Pwyll “Ie, mi a wnaf dy gynghor di amdanaw ef.” Yes said Pwyll, I will do what you advise concerning him.

Narrator Ac ar hynny y gollyngwyt ef o'r got, ac y rydhawyt y oreugwyr. And at that, he was let out of the bag, and his nobles were freed.

Gwallw “Ie, arglwyd, briwedic wyf i a chymriw mawr Yes, Lord, said Gwallw, I am battered and I got a bad wound a geueis, ac ennein yssyd reit y mi, ac y ymdeith yd af i, gan and I need a bath, so I will go away, with your permission, and I dy gannyat ti. A mi a adawaf wyrda drossof yma y attep y pawb o'r a'th ouynno di.” will leave gentlemen for me here to answer to everyone of those who you might desire.

Pwyll “Yn llawen, a gwna ditheu hynny.” Gladly, said Pwyll. Do that.

Narrator Guawl a aeth parth a'y gyuoeth. Y neuad ynteu a gyweirwyt Gwallw went back to his lands. And thereupon the hall was prepared y Pwyll a'e niuer ac y niuer y llys y am hynny, ac y'r bordeu yd for Pwyll and his host and the host of the court, and they went to the tables to aethont y eisted; ac ual yd eisteddyssant ulwydyn o'r nos honno yd sit, and as they had sat a year from that night, everyone sat eistedwys paub y nos honno. Bwyta a chyuedach a wnaethont, ac this night. Eating and carousing they did, amser a doeth y uynet y gyscu. Ac y'r ystauell yd aeth Pwyll a and the time came to go to sleep. And to their room went Pwyll and Riannon, a threulaw y nos honno drwy digriuwch a llonydwhch. Rhiannon, and spent that night in delight and happiness.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>english</th>
<th>Arabic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Is it from remembering past neighbors at Dhu Salam⁷ that you mingle with blood tears shed from your eyes?</td>
<td>امن تذكّر جيّران بدى سلم مزجت دمعا جري من مقلا بدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or has the wind blown from before Kazima³, and the lightning flashed in Idam’s⁴ dark?</td>
<td>أمّ هبت الريح من تلقاء كاظمة وأومض البرق في الطالب من إضم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What ails your eyes, that when you bid them cease they weep still more? What ails your heart, that when you bid it wake it wanders?</td>
<td>ما لعينك إن قلت اكتمامٍ وما لقلبك إن قلت استيق لهم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reckons the lovelorn man that his love may be concealed, when a torrent’s in one part of him, and in the other, a conflagration?</td>
<td>أيحسب الصب أن الحب منكتهم ما بين منسجم منه ومضطّرهم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But for passion, you wouldn’t weep at an abandoned camp, nor lie awake at night recalling the willow⁵ and the mount.⁶</td>
<td>لولا الهوى لم ترق دمعا على طالٍ ولا أرقت لذكر الباب والعلع</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So how do you deny your love, when witnesses of tears and sickness have testified to it against you?</td>
<td>كيفك تتكّر حبا بعد ما شهدت به عليك عدول الدموع والسقم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovesick passion has written upon your cheeks two tear-lines like yellow spice and red ‘anam⁷ fruit.</td>
<td>وثبتت الوجود خطيّة عبرة وضنى مثل البهر على خديك والعنم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes! My loved one’s spirit haunted me, and denied me my sleep. For love ever obstructs pleasures with</td>
<td>نعم سرى طيف من أهوى فارقني</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

² A Mythical Desert rendezvous of lovers.
³ A name of the City of Medina
⁴ A mountain near the City
⁵ A fragrant tree beneath which the Holy Prophet taught
⁶ A reference to Mount Hira near Mecca
⁷ A tree of Western Arabia whose fruit is used in the making of red dye
You who blame me for this chaste love: I seek your pardon! Yet had you judged fairly, you would not have blamed me at all.

May you be spared my state! I cannot hide my secret from my detractors; my sickness will not leave me.

You offer me sincere advice, but I hear it not. A lover is deaf to all his reproachers.

Thanks to its foolishness, my ill-urging ego has paid no heed to the warner: which hair and decrepitude.

Neither has it prepared fair deeds in hospitable welcome for a guest who has taken up residence on my head.

Had I understood, I would not have honored it; I would have used Katam-dye to hide what it disclosed.

Who will help me curb a bolting rebel’s willfulness in the way that a revel stallion may be curbed with reins?

Think not to break unlawful whims by satisfying them. Food only increases a glutton’s desire.

Fear the insidious snares of hunger and of satiety, for being hungry is sometimes worse than having gorged.
Empty out the tears from an eye that has stuffed itself with forbidden sights; hold hard to a diet of penitence.

The ego is like a child; neglect it, and it will grow still suckling; only if you wean it will it be weaned.

Frustrate its whim; be wary of giving it power, for whims pollute or pervert whatever they control.

Guard it as it grazes in the pastures of deeds. And should it find the grazing sweet, let it not roam

Many a delight has it approved which proves murderous, for some do not know that the fat contains a poison.

I ask God’s pardon for words not followed by deeds, for by them did I attribute progeny to a sterile man.

I commend goodness to you while not conforming myself. Being crooked, of what use is my command to be straight?

No optional devotions have I accumulated, ready for my demise; not have I fasted, not prayed, more than the minimum required.

**Draga bratja i sestrice**

Črvi hoću družbu zvati, 
š ňimi budu prěbivati. 
Telo mi hote raščiniti, 
v zemļu te ga obratiti.

**Dear brothers and sisters**

Worms I shall call my company, 
With them I shall dwell, 
They will decay my body 
and turn it into earth. (…)

**Tu mislimo, bratja, ča smo**

Smrt nosi oštru kosu, 
otpasti je s licem nosu. 
Ocire se naši zubi, 
biti ćemo tamni, grubi. 
Ogniti te naši skuti, 
ostati te goli žnuti.

**Brothers, let us think what we are**

Death carries a sharp scythe, 
The face and nose are to fall off. 
Our teeth will grin, 
We shall be dark and ugly. 
Our thighs will rot 
leaving only bare bones (…)

**Bratja, v mladost ne ufajte**

Moja rebra vsa ogńila, 
zato plači, družbo mila. 
Moji vlasi opuznuli, 
oči su mi osunuli, 
bela lica oplihnula, 
vsaja je lipost pobignula.

**Brothers, place not your hopes in youth**

All of my ribs have decayed, 
and so weep, my dear companions. 
All of my hair has fallen out, 
my eyes have gone blind, 
my white face has diminished, 
all my beauty has fled. (…)

*Klimantovič ev zbornik I (1501–1512). (Klimantović’s Miscellany I)*

de Fenygges cheualer and Burlioun, sure qi James de Douglas embla le dist castel, la nuyt de quarrem pernaunt. Le dit Gilmyng fut mort dun sete, com teint la graunt tour. 4Peris Lebaud, cheualer, vn Gascoyne, fut viscount de Edernburgh, sure qi lez gentz Thomas Randolf Count de Murref, com le dit castel estoit assis, le emblèrent a le plus haut du Roche, de quoy il ne se dotoit. Le dit Peris deuënt Escotoys, a la foy Robert de Bruys qi puis aprés ly surmiis tresouny, ly fyst pendre et treynyr, com futis dit, pur ceo qi se douteit de ly, pur ceo qe trop estoit apert, pensant toutdize qi estoit llour point de ly greuer.

Ly dit Roy Edward couenoit treier celys partyes, ou al rescous du chastel de Stryuelin, il fut descomfist, et graunt nombure de sez gentz mortz, le Count de Gloucestre et autres tresnoblis gentez; et le Count de Herford pris a Botheuelle, com tanque la estoit retreit, ou du chastelain fut traye, qi puis futis deliers pur la femme Robert de Bruys et pur Leuesgue de Seint Andrew. Et coment cel descoumfiture enaueint, lez chronicis deuisent qe aprés ceo qi le Count de Athelis août emble la ville de saint Johan sure Willam Olifart capitayn depaer le Roy Dengleter, al vse Robert de Bruys, com cely qenherdaut estoit a ly al hour, mais tost ly guerpy, qi Robert se troy en ost deuaunt le chasteel de Striuelyn, ou Philip de Moubay cheualre quauoit le chasteel de Striuelyn a garder depaer le Roy Dengleter auoit pris condicion odi le dit Robert de Bruys du rende du dit castel com lauoit assys, qi sil ne fut rescousse; issi qi lost Dengleter venist a trois lieus pres le dit castel, dedenz .viij. iours apres le [f. 205] saint Johan en est adonges procheine auenir, qi ly renderoi le dit castel. Le dit Roy Edward Dengleter y enuenit pur la dit cause, ou le dit chasteleyn Philip ly encontra trois lieus du chastel ly Dymange la veil de saint Johan, qi ly disoit, qe y nenbsoignoit my qi uenist plus pres qi se tenoit rescous, si luy counta coment lez enmys aoüt fowez lez estoitz chemys du boys. Lez ioenes gentz ne arserent my, tindrent leur chemyns. Lauaut garde, dount le count de Gloucestre estoit gouvernor, entretent la voi dedenz le Park, ou tost furout recoillez par lez Escoccez quauoit purpris la voy, ou fu tue Peris de Mountforth cheualer, dez mains Robert de Bruis dun hache, com fut dit. Endemientiers le dit auaunt garde sez adresserent cel chemyn, Robert seignour de Clifford, et Henry de Beaumound od .iiij. centz homs de armes enviurerent le boys del autre couste ders le chastele, demurrèrent as beaux chaumps. Thomas Randolf count de Murref,

---

4. "Peris Lebaud" could also be interpreted as "Peris Lebouard", "Lebouard", or "Lebouard".

5. "Robert de Bruce" was a Scottish monarch and he was named in the text as a key figure in the Stirling Castle siege.

6. The text seems to mention an incident involving Robert Bruce and his attempt to capture the Earl of Atholl.

7. Refers to the capture of the Earl of Hereford by the Scots.

8. The chronicler notes that the Earl of Atholl was taken by William Oliphant, the King of England's captain.

9. The chronicler refers to the benefit of Robert Bruce, indicating his role in the siege and the subsequent events.

10. Robert drew up an army before Stirling Castle, where Philip de Mowbray, knight, who had the ward of the castle for the King of England, had made terms with Robert Bruce to surrender the castle if he was not relieved.

11. King Edward of England came there for this reason, where the constable, Philip, met him three leagues from the castle on Sunday, St John's eve [23 June].

12. The vanguard, of which the Earl of Gloucester was the commander, took to the road in the park, where they were soon repulsed by the Scots who had occupied the road.

b. marginal hand, pointing to 'Peris Lebaud'.

Tuesday [20 February, 1314]. Guillemin was killed by an arrow, as he held the great tower.4 Piers Libaud, knight, a Gascon, was sheriff of Edinburgh; when Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, besieged the castle, his men took it at the highest part of the Rock, which Piers had not been concerned about.5 Piers became Scottish, in the allegiance of Robert de Bruce, who afterwards suspected him of treason and had him hanged and drawn. It was said that he doubted him because he was too open; he believed that he had always been English at heart, and was waiting for his best chance to harm him.6

King Edward agreed to go these parts, where, at the relief of Stirling castle, he was defeated, and a great number of his men were killed, [including] the Earl of Gloucester and other great noblemen; and the Earl of Hereford was captured at Bothwell (which was as far as he had retreated), where he was betrayed by the constable. He was exchanged afterwards, for the wife of Robert de Bruce and the bishop of St Andrews.7 And as to how this defeat happened, the chronicles8 relate that after the Earl of Atholl had taken the town of Perth from William Oliphant, the King of England's captain,9 for the benefit of Robert Bruce (as he was an adherent of him at the time, though he soon deserted him)10, Robert drew up an army before Stirling castle, where Philip de Mowbray, knight, who had the ward of the castle for the King of England, had made terms with Robert Bruce to surrender the castle when it was besieged, if he was not relieved; unless the English army came nearer than three leagues from the castle, within eight days of [f. 205] St John's day in the summer next to come [i.e., by 1 July], he would surrender the castle.11 King Edward of England came there for this reason, where the constable, Philip, met him three leagues from the castle on Sunday, St John's eve [23 June]. He said to the king that he need not trouble himself to come any nearer, as he considered himself relieved, and then he related how the enemy had dug up the narrow paths through the wood. The young men would not stop, but held their course. The vanguard, of which the Earl of Gloucester was the commander, took to the road in the park, where they were soon repulsed by the Scots who had occupied the road. Here Peter de Montfort, knight, was killed at the hands of Robert Bruce, with an axe, so it was said.12 While the vanguard took this road, Robert, Lord Clifford, and Henry de Beaumont, with three hundred men-at-arms, went round the wood on the other side, towards the castle, keeping to open fields. Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, Robert Bruce's nephew and the leader of the Scottish vanguard, having heard that his uncle had thrown back the English
A newt Robert de Bruys, qui dustre estoit del auuant garde Descoce, aoit oy se souvnunc aloit rebote le auuantgad dez Engles al autre part du boys, pensa qil vousist aoit sa part, isst du boys od sa batal, empristent le beau chaumpue deuers le dieus seignours auuant nomez. Monsire Henry de Beaumont disoit as soens, Retreyoms nous vn poy, lessez lez uenir, donez lez champs. Thomas Gray cheualer ly disoit, Sire, ieo me doute qant tez dorrez en le hour, pur quoi tout auerount trop tost. Voir, fesoit le dit Henry, Si tu eiez poour, fuez; Sire, fesoit ly dit Thomas, pur poour ne fueray ieo huy, si fery cheual des esperouns entre ly et Willam Dayncourt cheualer, assemblerent en my lieu dez enemys. Willam fust mort, Thomas fust pris, souen cheual tue dez launces, ly meisme tyre od eaux a pee, qii sen alerent descoumifer le auuant dit route de .i seignours outriemem. Lez vns deqz feuerent au chastel, aleres al ost le roy, qy ia auoit gerpy la voy du boys, estoit venus en vn plain deuers leau de Forth, outre Bannokburn, vn mauues parfoud ruselle marras, ou le dit ost dez Engles detruiserent, demurrerent tout nuyt, duremment auoit deuffeountenance, et estoit de trop mal couyne pur la iorue passe. Lez Escoces hu boys penserent qe assitz auoit ils bien fait quant a la iourney, estoit tout en point de auoir deloge, et dauoir deden la nuyt, trey deden dez Leuenaux, plus fort pays, quant Alexander de Setoun cheualer qii a la voy Denglere estoit, et uenuz illoeqes ouesque le roy, sen deparist [f. 205v] priument hors del est engles sen alla a Robert de Bruys hu boys, qii ly disoit, Sire, ore est temps si lainas mes empeyns a entremetler a Escote reconquer, lez Engles oint perdu leur quers et sount descoumfitz, ne attenedent rien, fors vn soedain apert assaut. Si ly couta leur couyn, qii ly disoit sure sa test et sure pain destre perdue et tranevez, qse il lez uoloit surrecor le matin, il lez descoumfoiz legerement saunz perde. Par exictement de qii, ils empristrent a combate, et au matin au solail leuauant, isserent le boys en tres bataillies a pee, tindrent redement leur chemyn deuers lost dez Engles, qii tot la nuyt auoit estre armez, leur cheueuas freinez, qii monterent a cheual od graunt affray qii nestoint my acustomeyz pur descendre a coumbatre a pee, ou lez ditz Escotez auoit pris ensamplar a lez Flemenges, qii deuaut auoit a Courtray descoumfitz a pe le poaar de France. Lez auoit ditz Escoces uindrent de tot aleyn en schiltrome, assemblerent sur lez bataillies des engles, qii entassiez estoit, qii rien remuuerent deuers eaux, tanqe lors cheueuas estoient enbauillez dez launces. Lez gentz dereir dez Engles recoilleuz hu fosse de Bannokburne, chescun cheoit sur autre. Lez bataills dez Engles, desaroutez par bouter dez vanguard on the other side of the wood, decided that he wanted his share [of the action]; he came out of the wood with his battle and took the open field in front of the two aforementioned lords. Sir Henry de Beaumont said to his men, 'Let us pull back a little, let them come, give them the field'. Thomas Gray, knight, said to him, 'Sir, I doubt that we should give them so much ground now, for they'll have the lot all too easily'. 'Right', said Henry, 'if you're afraid, then flee'; 'Sir', said Thomas, 'I shall not flee for fear today', and spurring his horse with William Dayncourt, knight,13 they charged into the midst of the enemy. William was killed, Thomas was captured, his horse killed by spears, and he himself was taken with [the Scots] on foot, as they went on to defeat the forces of the two lords outright.14 Some of these fled to the castle, others to the king's army, which had already left the woodland road and had come to a plain near the river Forth, beyond the Bannockburn, a foul, deep, marshy stream, where the English army unpacked and remained all the night, having seriously lost face, and in a very poor state from the past day's fighting. The Scots in the wood reckoned that they had done well enough during the day's fighting, and were on the point of decamping, and moving into the Lennox, a more defensible country, when Alexander de Seton, knight,15 who was of the English allegiance, and had come there with the king, [f. 205a] secretly left the English army and came to Robert Bruce in the wood. He said to him, 'Sir, now is the time if ever you thought to try your hand at reconquering Scotland; the English have lost heart and are defeated, they expect nothing but a sudden, open assault'. He described their situation to him, saying by his own head and on pain of being hanged and drawn, that if [Robert] wished to attack them in the morning, he would defeat them easily without loss.16 With his encouragement, they decided to fight, and in the morning at sunrise, they came out of the woods on foot in three battles, and steadily held their course towards the English army, which had been armed for all of the night, their horses bridled. [The English] mounted on horseback in great consternation, for they were not at all used to dismounting to fight on foot, while the Scots had taken the example of the Flemings, who had previously defeated on foot the forces of France, at Coutra. The Scots came quickly, lined in schiltroms, and attacked the English battles, which were crushed together so that they could not move against them, whilst their horses were being disembowelled by spears. The men in the English rear fell back on the Bannockburn ditch, falling one over another. The English battles, disarrayed by the blows of spear points to their
pointez dez launces sur lez cheueaux, commencerent a fuyre. Ceaux gestoient assignez au freyn le roy, aparecreun le meschief, treierent le roy auaunter par la reyn hors de chaumpe deuers le chastel, maugre qil enhust, qil enuyte sen departist. Qe com lez cheualers Descoe gestoient a pee penderent od lour mairns sur la couertour du destreir le roy, de ly auoir arestu, il ferist dereir ly si redredm od vn massu qe y nestoit nul qil conscuezt, qil ne ly abatist a terre. Com ceaux qauoint sa reyne ly tyreerent toutdiz auaun, Gillis de Argenten vn de eaux, vn cheualer renome, qe noueulem estoit uenuz de outre mere de gueres Lemperour Henry de Lussemburgh, disoit au roy, Sire, vostre reyne me fust baillez, ore estez a sauuet; vezz cy vostre chastel, ou vostre corps purra estre sauue. Jeo nay pas este acoustome a fuyre, ne plus auaunter ne voil ieo faire; a Dieux vous comaunde. Si fey cheual dez esperouns, si reenal a sembler, ou fust mort. Le destrier le roy fust enbuaillé, qe plus auaunter ne poaist. Il fust remounte sur vn courseir qti tout enuyrroun le boys de Torre fust amene, et par les playnes de Lownesse; ceaux qe sen alerent od ly furounst sauuez, touz lez autres auoient meschief. Le roy eschapa a graunt payn de illoeques, se trey deuers Dunbarre, ou le Count [f. 206] Patrik de la Marche ly rescueut honourablemente, et ly bailla son chastel, et voiz deizelmes la place, et touz lez soens, pur cee qe nul ne vst doute ne suspessous qil feist a soue seigneur rien fors soun deuoir, qar il estoit al hoir soum homager. De illoeques sen departe le roy par mere a Berewyk, et puis deuers le sew. Edward de Brus freir au Robert le Roy Descoe desirairut a estre Roy, passa en Ireland od graunt poair hors Descoe, en espoir de le auoir conqyus, qe demura illoeques aj. aunz et dimy, qi fist illoeques meruailes daarmes par grauntz meschief, et de vitallis et dez autres aunementz et grauntz pays conquist, qir seroit vne graut romanze a remenytuor tout. Il se clamra Roy de Roys de Ireland. Il fust descoumffist et mort a Dundal, par lez Engles du pays, qy pur surquidery ne voiroit attendre souz poair, qe procumenement estoit arruyez, et pres de ly a vii. lieus. En seisme le temps, le Roy Dengealer enuyu la Count de Aroundel cheuetayn sur la Marche Descoe, qf fist rebukez a Lintelly en la forest de Jedeworth, por James de Dougals, et mort Thomas de Richemond. Ly dit Count se retray deuers le sew, saunz plus faire. Le dit James descoumffist autrefoit la garrison de Berewike, a Scaithmoor, ou furrount mors toutes playnes de Gascoins. Il auoit vn autrefoit par couyne dez faus traitres des Marchies, vn

---

horses, began to flee. Seeing this misfortune, those who had been assigned to the king's reins pulled him away from the field by his rein, towards the castle, against his will, for it pained him to leave. When the Scottish knights, who were on foot, grabbed the caparison of the king's warhorse with their hands to bring him to a halt, he struck behind him with a mace, so forcefully that there were none that he hit, whom he did not beat to the ground. As those who had his rein drew him further forward, one of them, Giles de Argentine, a renowned knight who had recently come from overseas from the wars of the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, said to the king, 'Sir, your rein was committed to me, now you are in safety; see, here is your castle, where you will be safe. I am not accustomed to fleeing, and I don't wish to go any further; I commend you to God.' He put his spurs to his horse, and went back to fight, where he was killed. The king's warhorse was wounded in the belly, and could not go any further. He was remounted on a riding horse, which was led all the way round the Torwood, and to the plains of Lothian; those who came away with him were saved, all the others came to grief. The king escaped from there with great difficulty, and took himself to Dunbar, where [f. 206] Patrick, Earl of March, received him honourably and handed over his castle, leaving the place himself along with all his men, so that there should be neither doubt nor suspicion that he had done anything to his king save his duty, since at the time he was his liegeman. From there, the king left by sea for Berwick, and then for the south. Aspiring to be a king, Edward de Bruce, brother of Robert, King of Scotland, crossed to Ireland with a great force from Scotland, in the hope of conquering it. He remained there two and a half years, and performed there marvellous feats of arms through great hardship, and captured supplies and other materials and much land; it would take a great romance to recount it all. He proclaimed himself King of kings of Ireland. He was defeated and killed at Dundalk by the English of the land, as through arrogance, he did not want to wait for his forces, which had recently arrived, and were just six leagues from him. At the same time, the King of England appointed the Earl of Arundel as commander on the Scottish March. He was defeated at Lintalee in Jedburgh forest by James de Douglas, and Thomas de Richmond was killed. The earl withdrew to the south, without doing anything more. On another occasion, the same James defeated the garrison of Berwick at Scaithmoor, where a great many Gascons were killed. At another time, by the connivance of false traitors of the Marches, there was a defeat at Berwick on the
208 Bruce defeats Edwa. II at Bannockburn. [CH. CLXXXVIII

lande he Kyng and his lordes, he ordeynede an hoste, and
into England, into Northumberland, and clene destroide the
contreye. And when Kyng Edward herde his tidynge, he let
aassemble his host, and mette he Scots at Strewlyn, in the day of
the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist, in the viij day of his regne,
and in the zere of our Lord E thecm of Christ, MCCC & xiiij. Alas
he scow and losse pat he was done! for he was slayn, ne noble
Eril Gilbert of Clare, Sire Robert of Clifford, a baroun, and
men & opere; & of opere peple pat no man cown nombre; and
pere Kyng Edward was acotisete. And Sir Edmund of Maule, he kynges stiward, for drede went and drenchede himself in a
fresh ryser he pat is called Bannockbourne; perefore he
said, in reprofe and despite of Kyng Edward, foralsemiche he as he
louede forto go by wateres, and also for he was destomfede at
Bannockbourne, he perefore maides de made a songe of,
in pat centre, of Kyng Edward of Englande and in his maner pat he 16
songe—

Maydenes of Engelande, sake may ye mornes,
For ynt ye haue [lost] your lemmans at Bannockeneth
wip lavelough.

What wende ye Kyng of Englande haue gethe\[get\]Scottande
wip Rombylogh.

When Kyng Edward was acotisete, he was wonder sory, and
faste felle wip his folne pat was late alit; and went to
Berewik, and pere helde him. And after, he toke hostages, pat is
to seyn, vij childerone, of ryche or of teuon; and he Kyng
went to London, and toke conseil of jinges pat were nedful
vnto his resume of Englande.

And in the same tyme hit biffelle pat he was in Englande,
a rybade pat men called Joha Tauner; and he went and saide
pat he was goode Kyng Edwardus sonne, and lete him calle
Edward of Carnarvon; and perefore he was taken at Oxenfords, and
pere chalangede he frede Carmes chiche pat Kyng Edward
dade jene, he chiche churche some tyme was ye Kyngus

CH. CLXXXIX) Berwick taken. Cardinals robb'd. Famine. 209

Halle. & And afterwas he joyned to Northampton, and
draw, and pere 2 hongede for his falsene, and pat he was
wode, he confessede, and saide biforn al he folo, pat he deuel
4 bighthede him pat he shulde be Kyng of Englande; and pat he
had seruede he deuel 11 jere.

How ye towne of Berwik was taken 1 prouz treson; & how ij
Cardynales were robbet in Engelande. Capitulio Centesimo

Mayde of Englelande, on the mornes,
For thyne ye haue [lost] your lemmans at Bannockeneth
wip lavelough.

What wende ye Kyng of Englande haue geth\[get\]Scottande
wip Rombylogh.

When Kyng Edward was acotisete, he was wonder sory, and
faste felle wip his folne pat was late alit; and went to
Berewik, and pere helde him. And after, he toke hostages, pat is
to seyn, vij childerone, of ryche or of teuon; and he Kyng
went to London, and toke conseil of jinges pat were nedful
vnto his resume of Englande.

And in the same tyme hit biffelle pat he was in Englande,
a rybade pat men called Joha Tauner; and he went and saide
pat he was goode Kyng Edwardus sonne, and lete him calle
Edward of Carnarvon; and perefore he was taken at Oxenfords, and
pere chalangede he frede Carmes chiche pat Kyng Edward
dade jene, he chiche churche some tyme was ye Kyngus

1 tydnyge O. 2 assembled O. 3 Estreunel O. 4 Estreunel O. 5 om. O. 6 om. O. 7 om. DO. 8 per DO. for he. 9 him D. hym ym. 10 wherfore DO. 11 lef 119. 12 forasmyche O. 13 gone D. om. 14-15 om. D. 16 om. D. 17 gotDO. 18 MS. faste faste, with second faste underlined for omission. 19 on lip D. 20 weten D. wetes O. 21 to sic D. nyme O. 22 me DO. 23 taken DO. 24 jere he DO. 25 yowe O. 26 Chiche was O.
37. On the Loss of a Pet Goose

1. O Mór of Moyne in Mag Stiul, less of a bird is no great occasion for grief. If you consider that you yourself must die, is it not an offence against your reason to lament a goose?

2. Daughter of allwart Domnachad, who, like all women, carry things to excess, are you acquainted with storytelling, as your baseness would suggest, when your lovely goose so inflames your heart?

3. Have you not heard . . . that Conn of the Hundred Battles, hero of Cus, is dead, and Cormac too, and Art? Neither the son nor the grandson can effect anything.

4. Have you not heard of the fate of good Crimthann son of Fidach, who belonged to a glorious and noble family, and, in the south, of Éogan Tailech who brought trouble to Clu Muil?

5. Have you not heard of the harsh fettering, that wrathful Roibh Feidhlich is dead, and Crimthann of the Champion’s heart, and Lugaid of the two Red Stripes?

6. Have you not heard of the . . . whence fugitive came by a cry of woe? Have you not heard of that night-watch in the past whereby Conaire of Coil was crushed?

7. Have you not heard that the good warrior Mongín fell in a conflict on the borders, and that gentle Cermit Míbél, son of the swift Dagda, has perished?

8. Have you not heard that he of the nimble hand has perished, Cú Chulainn who was a delightful champion?—And no man had ever subdued him of all that ever gripped a spear.

9. Have you not heard of the ill-famed strange act of violence concerning Fothad Canán, nor of the royal warrior in the past whose name was Finn, leader of the Pian?

10. Have you not heard of Fergus, though he was glorious, of whose fame every mighty sea-way was full, and of Munannín son of Lor, O Mór, dear as a child to me?

11. There are geese in Ireland in Brian’s time, Brian who has won rule over golden Elbba; good is the friend you have in Brian: the lord of Conn Mara is generous, O Mór.
“Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight”


Fair lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,
Aye as the gowans grow gay
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn.
The first morning in May

'If I had yen horn that I hear blawing,
And yen elf-knight to sleep in my bosom.'
This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.

'It's a very strange matter, fair maiden,' said he,
'I canna blaw my horn but ye call on me.
But will ye go to yon greenwood side?
If ye canna gang, I will cause you to ride.'

He leapt on a horse, and she on another,
And they rode on to the greenwood together.
'Light down, light down, lady Isabel,' said he,
'We are come to the place where ye are to die.'

'Hae mercy, hae mercy, kind sir, on me,
Till ance my dear father and mother I see.'
'Seven king's-daughters here hae I slain,
And ye shall be the eight o them.'

“O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,
That we may hae some rest before that I die.”
She stroakd him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,
Wi a sma charm she lulld him fast asleep.

Wi his ain sword-belt sae fast as she ban him,
Wi his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him.
“If seven king's-daughters here ye hae slain,
Lye ye here, a husband to them a.”

---

1 i.e., *With his own sword belt so quickly she bound him, / With his own dagger so sorely she stabbed him.*